

HERSCHEL



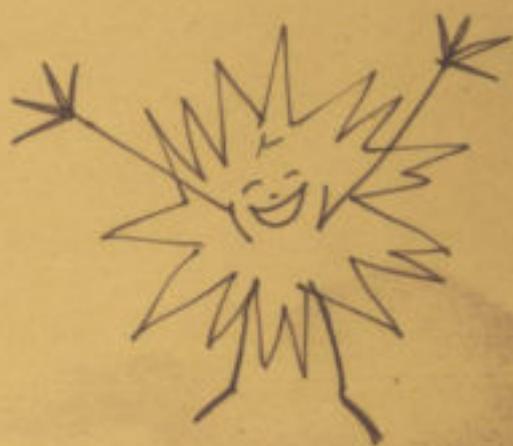
rolt '84



Rolt:



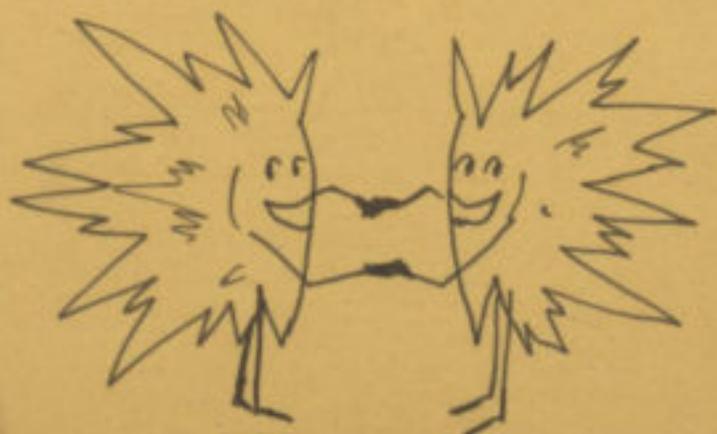
a



**shining
example**

contents

| | |
|---------------------------|--------|
| EDITORIAL | 3 |
| HOUSE REPORTS | 5 |
| ROLT ... THEN | 11 |
| REACHING OUT | 14 |
| SPORT | 16 |
| CREATIVE WRITING | 28 |
| English | 29 |
| Afrikaans | 62 |
| French | 89 |
| African languages | 97/100 |
| Hebrew | 107 |
| GLOBE TROTTERS | 111 |
| 'RASSING SOCIETY | 122 |
| ROLT REPS ON TOUR | 135 |
| ROCK 'n ROLTING | 142 |
| ON STAGE | 150 |
| ROLT RAYS REVEALED! | 153 |
| ROLT RAYS | 170 |



EDITORIAL

Knowing the high standard set by past magazines, especially those of 1982 and 1983, made the task of editing this magazine that much more difficult:

With the enormity of the task set before us, Sonja Petrus, Deirdré Murray and myself plunged into it head first. Our tiny, close committee could be seen hounding helpful Rolt girls for reports, essays, photographs, poems and ideas. This was all facilitated by the unmistakable spirit and willingness of the Rolt girls. This not only amazed me, but jealous fellow editors as well:

One might wonder how we came on our theme "Rolt Rays". Well, we thought and thought and thought about Rolt - what it meant to the school, what it meant to the House and what it meant to us. Then we hit on Rolt Rays: bright, warm and bouncy!

From there Sonja took over. All the rays and headings were her responsibility. Deirdré spent mornings, little breaks, big breaks and afternoons ticking away at the typewriter. Soon all we talked about was the Rolt magazine. Schoolwork suffered, appearances suffered and much sleep was lost!

Both Sonja and Deirdré kept me on my toes and without them this magazine would not have been the success that it is. Not only have we become the best of friends, but I feel we could tackle another hundred of these Rolt Magazines together!

And so to all you lucky people, ENJOY THIS MAGAZINE!

KAREN DUDLEY
Editor



SONJA PETRUS (ART EDITOR)
AND KAREN DUDLEY (EDITOR)
MAGAZINE IN THE MAKING...



DEIDRÉ MURRAY -
HARD AT WORK



SONJA PETRUS
ART EDITOR



ALL THREE OF US :

DEIDRÉ MURRAY, KAREN DUDLEY
AND SONJA PETRUS ...

**house
reports**

H

OUSEMASTER'S REPORT

My sympathy has always been with a Rector faced with the unenviable task of taking over a parish from a well-established and popular minister.

At the beginning of this year I found myself in a similar plight when I was asked to "step into the shoes" of Mrs Stockwell, who for so many years, had been dedicated Housemistress of this House. On behalf of both teachers and pupils alike, I say a very big "THANK YOU" to Mother Rolt for her untiring efforts.

My early fears proved to be unfounded as the girls, so ably headed by Alison McMillan, have shown wonderful spirit, as evidenced by their achievements. Of the seven inter-house events staged thus far, they have won six, detailed reports of their successes appearing elsewhere in this magazine. With badminton, quiz, sports day and magazine contests still remaining, every effort must be made to maintain this high standard.

Needless to say, we have our sights set on the Efficiency Shield, to make it a fifth consecutive year of gaining this prestigious award.

We are proud to have in our ranks the Head Girl, Niki Caine, and the Head of the Boarding House, Nicki Newton-King. They are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which they have executed their respective duties. I think that the innovation of the designation "Vice Head Girl" has proved to be a good one and has been well deserved by the incumbent.

I am indeed honoured to be the Rolt Housemaster.

Bert Clarke



R

OLT HOUSE REPORT



"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rolt! - you are like dynamite!"

As house captain for 1984, I can with all confidence say and feel that these words are truly appropriate to the spirit of Rolt house, a house full of talent and spirit and above all sportmanship.

At the beginning of the year I made clear of what my aims for the house would be. I feel that winning is very important but that enjoyment and sportmanship is of chief importance and that if one can understand that principle, then only is one a TRUE winner.

Before we mention this year's credits, I would like to extend my congratulations to Sandy for being such a dynamic and energetic house captain last year. It is due to Sandy's leadership and Rolt's keen participation that we managed to once again win the efficiency shield. I hope that Rolt will be able to repeat the same this year!

We were all very sad to see Mrs. Stockwell leave us at the end of last year. Mrs. Stockwell has been Rolt's mum for many years and was someone who one could always approach and was always willing to help. She is also to be thanked for all her work in the inter-house events and for being such a super house-mistress!

Then this year Rolt made history by being the first house ever to have a house master. Mr. Clarke our typing master took over leadership/...



leadership at the beginning of the year and is now our new house master. He has been so helpful to me this year and always is full of new ideas and house spirit. I would like to thank you Mr Clarke for all your support and help you've given me this year!

The first inter-house event this year was the swimming gala. This was definitely the highlight of the year's events. Although we came '3rd' I felt that Rolt showed the most spirit and had the prettiest cheer leaders! Thankx goes to Niki Caine (captain) for all her hard work in organizing the team - this is no easy task! Thank also goes to Rolt's 5 cheer leaders namely, Clodagh Mannion, Ilse Richter, Jacky Kolbe, Kyra Pratt and Alison Kebble.

However, the tennis was a different story. Rolt had no problem in winning the tennis cup this year, only losing one game, well done Tennis Stars! The diving inter-house competition proved equally successful with Rolt 1st, Jagger 2nd and Merriman 3rd. Thank and congratulations go to Clodagh who was captain and won the cup for the best diver!

The last inter-house event in the 1st quarter was the music competition. This event demanded a lot of time and dedication. I would like to thank Niki Caine for such a superb leadership and for her time (which is precious!) and patience dedicated here. Thank also goes to Karen Dudley for her excellent performance as conductor. Well done Karen! Rolt managed to come 1st, followed by Jagger 2nd and Merriman 3rd. The competition was divided into 3 sections. Firstly a compulsory song, secondly the instrumental section represented by Alexia Billings, Niki Caine and Lerissa Peters and finally/...



finally the choice item where we sang "Suiker bossie" This, if I may say so, was quite delightful!

In the 2nd quarter, the only inter-house event was Netball. This is always rather fun as very few people still play Netball.

Rolt did very well to win this, the open team having a close shave against Jagger. The open team won 2, the U15 won 1 and lost 1.

Thank you to Niki Newton-King and Christine Dunkley for their help.

This year each member of Rolt was expected to bring a jersey for our annual charity effort. I would like to thank Diane Stringer for help in so efficiently collecting the jerseys and to the Rolt members for co-operating. The jerseys were delivered to the Annie Stackle Home in Mitchell's Plain. They were most grateful to us for our kind donation. As Mr Clarke said, I felt it is so important that we remember those less fortunate than ourselves especially in the cold winter.

On the academic side, Rolt has maintained a steady average of 4,3. This is no mean achievement and is a good average comparison with Jagger and Merriman. I would like to congratulate the Rolt boffins and mention those who have maintained "A" aggregates throughout the year. Sonya Petrus, Marion Bladegroen, Lesley Millar, Narseema Banday and Lerissa Peter.

Not only have the Rolt girls achieved within the school bounds but in extra activities outside of school. Congratulations go to two of our matrics, Sally Dicey and Sue Levett who were chosen as Rotary Exchange students for 1985. Sally is going to the state of Oregon in America and Sue to Australia. The best of luck to both of you! Three of our Rolt girls have made



provincial sides this year. Alison McMillan for hockey and Niki Ekstein and Lucy Burns for Squash.

Best of luck goes to Annã Collie for her role as Maria in "The Sound of Music," Herschel's annual school production.

Congratulations go to Alison Kebble for her outstanding results in her ballet exams. Alison did 3 exams this year of which she obtained 2 honours and 1 Merit.

I would now like to wish Karen Dudley as editor of this magazine the best of luck and hope you don't get too many grey hairs. Thank also go to Sonja Petrus (art editor) and Deirdrã Murray (co - editor). Thank you for all your hard work!

A final thank you go to the house prefects Niki Caine, Niki Newton-King and Christine Dunckley. Thank you for all your help and how great it is to have our head girl, Niki Caine and vice-head Niki Newton-King in Rolt houses.

My final words of thankx go to all the wonderfull Rolt members for being so co - operative. Let's keep the Rolt flag flying high and once again have the Efficiency Shield on our victory shelf. Good luck to next year's House Captain. May it be a full and rewarding year for you!

Let's go Rolt!



Alison McMillan
House Captain

roft...

then...

ROLT ... THEN ...

The Houses were officially instituted in the time of the second Head Mistress, Mrs Robinson. Rolt came to be known after Dean Rolt who was the Dean of Cape Town Cathedral at the time Herschel was founded. He was at the school's opening ceremony and was involved in its founding and was on its first board. John William Jagger, our founder, contributed financially and John Xavier Merri-man was the man of education behind the school. However, it was old Dean Rolt who contributed spiritually.

In 1931 there were 13 girls in Rolt. Each House met every Friday afternoon at 2.40 pm. The meeting commenced with the House prayer. Then the order marks and distinctions were reported and recorded. A collection was taken to provide money for sewing materials for garments to send to such charities as Child Welfare and the "Home for friendless girls".

Every alternate Friday, the whole time of the meeting was given to House game practises and girls contributed enthusiastically. Since then Rolt has again and again won the Efficiency Shield.

Old Rolt Rays have become leaders in many various fields, once again stretching fingers of warmth into all sections of our community.



KAREN DUDLEY
Std 9

P AST HOUSE CAPTAINS

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1960 Hilary Simpson | 1973 Fiona McLachlan |
| 1961 Marion van der Bijl | 1974 Susan Dowdle |
| 1962 Rosemary MacKenzie | 1975 Margot McLachlan |
| 1963 Karin Attwell | 1976 Sharron Gird |
| 1964 Jennifer Rhodes | 1977 Peta Simpson |
| 1965 Alison Boyes | 1978 Siobhan Mannion Karen Corder |
| 1966 Beverly Moore | 1979 Yvette Stockwell |
| 1967 Fiona Dicey | 1980 Jane Dicey |
| 1968 Gail Dicey | 1981 Toni Beck |
| 1969 Moira Little | 1982 Janice McMillan |
| 1970 Janet Graaff | 1983 Sandra Newton-Thompson |
| 1971 Tessa Mallet | 1984 Alison McMillan |
| 1972 Hanneli Muller | |



ALISON M. MILLAN
HEAD OF ROLT 1984

**reaching
out**

R

OLT CHARITY

As head of Rolt House, I strongly believe that service to our community is a very important aspect to be considered. I feel that we should not only be enthusiastic in the inter-house efforts which produce some form of recognition but most of all, show an interest in serving our community.

Every term each member of Rolt gives a donation of R1,00. This all adds up to a fine sum of money. For many years Rolt has been giving donations to The Tembualu Day Centre. I plan this year to send the money to a different charity organization or even more than one organization.

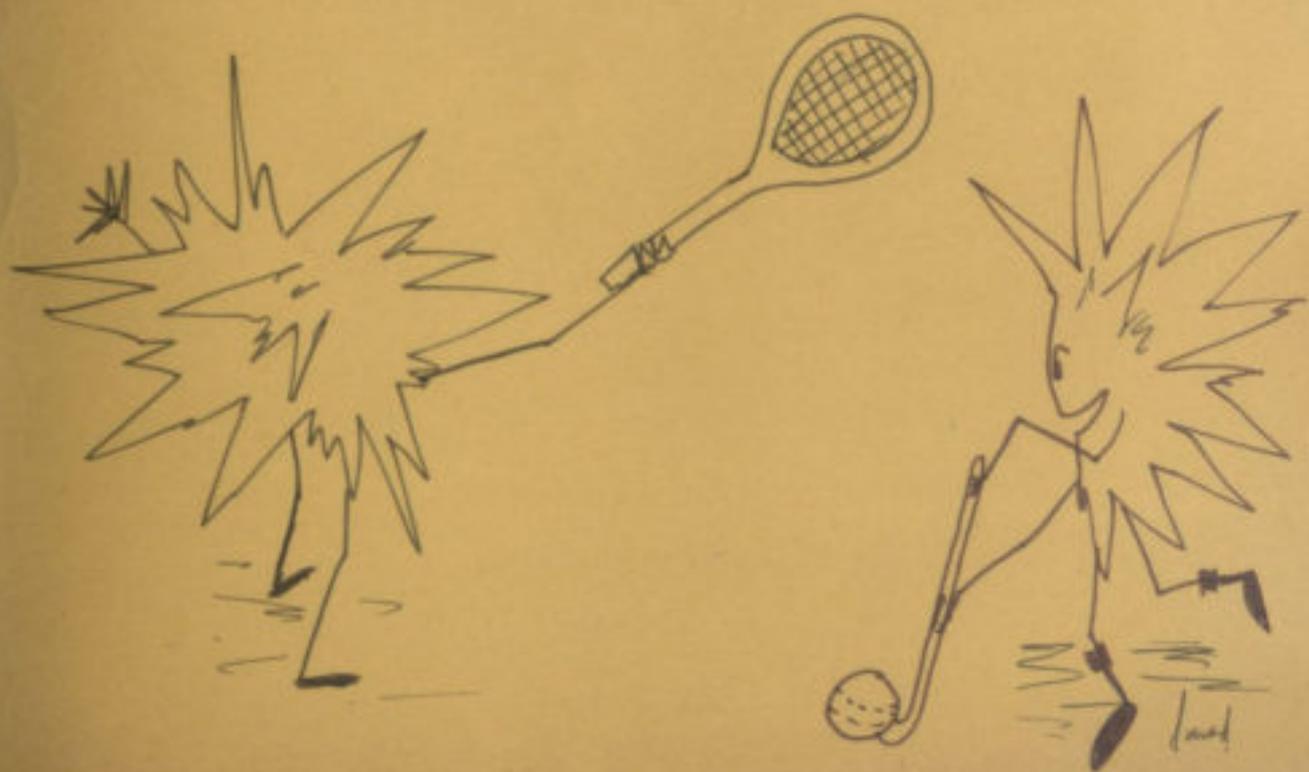
Our second charity effort happens in the cold and wet second term. Each member is required to hand in a jersey which will be given to a child who would greatly appreciate some warmth in the cold months. This year our jerseys went to the Anne Starke Home in Mitchells Plain. This organization is geared to provide homes for children who have no parents or whose parents cannot afford to look after them. The jerseys were very much appreciated by all at the home which made the project all the more valuable and successful!

ALISON MCHILLAN
House Captain





sport



RN NETBALL REPORT

With a highly successful Interhouse Netball Tournament behind us I can safely claim that we are the best.

At present Rolt is very ably represented by:

- L. Frater
- S. Koester
- H. Dicey
- H. Smither
- P. Newton-King
- H. van Zyl

in the under 15 A and B teams.

This year Herschel has not entered the Open League and in view of this the ageing Rolt Open Team did well to defeat both their opponents in the Open section.

Well done to all players and good luck to everyone for the remainder of the season.

NICKY NEWTON-KING
Netball Captain



R

B

ROLT HOCKEY REPORT

This year, the mighty Rolt warriors once again showed their talents on the hockey field in the annual inter-house event. This was held on Wednesday 1st August and despite the cold weather the Rolt supporters and Mr Clark cheered our two teams into victory! The U/15 team first defeated Merriman 2-0 and then went on to beat Jagger 1-0. It was up to the seniors to do the rest which they managed to achieve by first beating Jagger 2-0 and then Merriman 2-0. Thankyou to all who showed enthusiasm and house spirit by good, fighting hockey!

Perhaps Rolts success in the inter-house hockey is due to their experienced 1st team players. Representing Rolt in the 1st hockey team this year are:

Alison McMillan (Captain)

Nicky Newton King

Janice Upton

Sally Koster

Deirdre Murray

Lynnette Murray

Cathy Stamper



A special congratulations goes to Sally Koster who has done very well to make the side. Sally is still U/15 and only in Standard 7. Along with Sally are many other promising Rolt juniors which puts us in good stead for future years! Keep up the good hockey Rolt and remember: Put your boots on the ground and shoot for the goals! Goodluck next year!

Alison McMillan (Rolt Captain)

BADMINTON REPORT

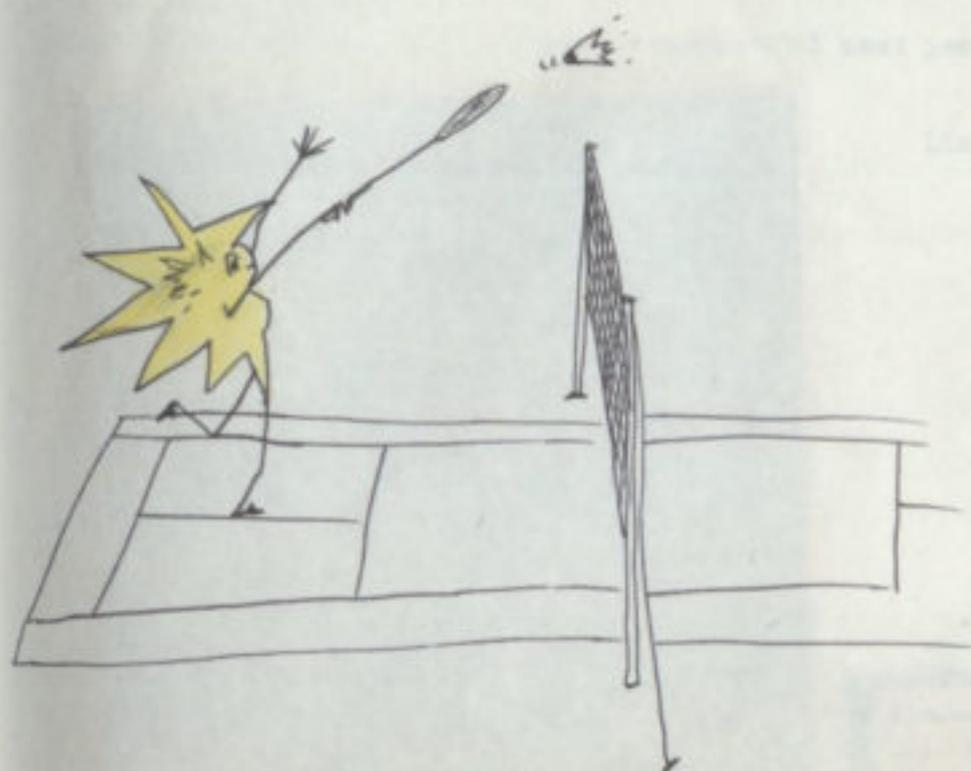
This year there seems to have been a growing interest in Badminton with many beginners joining. Practices were well attended and because of enthusiasm amongst the girls and our coach's hard work, there was a marked improvement in the game.

In matches played against other schools the team players showed great determination and all the matches were played in good spirit. In spite of the fact that we were victorious in very few matches, everybody enjoyed most matches and did their best.

In this field too, Rolt managed to send out rays to add spirit and warmth! Always a shining example.

Good luck for the rest of the year to all!

SONJA PETRUS
Std 9



Rolt Squash Report

Congratulations to the Rolt squash players who played exceptionally well, and won the Inter-House Squash Competition. Nicky Newton-King, Lucy Burns, Nicky Eckstein and Athena Scott represented Rolt and were successful in beating our most formidable opponents - Jagger - by only one point with the score in games being 12 each.

As from the beginning of this squash season Herschel has, for the first time, entered a team into the League and we play every Friday afternoon against different schools. There are four people in a team, three of whom are in Rolt:- Lucy Burns, Nicky Eckstein and myself.

Congratulations go to Lucy Burns, Nicky Eckstein and Athena Scott who played for Western Province Squash teams during the June/July holidays. So, lets keep up the high standard of squash and I hope Rolt squash players will be just as successful next year!

Linda Graaff.



Nicki Newton-King
in action!

S

WIMMING TEAM REPORT

Although the swimming team has not been rewarded materially for their efforts this season, I think that we can be satisfied with the marked improvement of the team as a whole. Perhaps next year, with the 1984 matrices out of the way (we're not a particularly aqua - orientated class,) the team will reach the material success that it deserves.

I say "deserves" because Mrs Botha and the team have worked and trained extremely hard to better the standard of swimming at Herschel.

At the beginning of the year, we were all rather unfit. However, Mrs Botha eased us onto the swimming season with a gentle three hours a week of training. We progressed steadily so that by the end of the season, we were covering more than twice the distance in these sessions.

We competed in several galas amongst local schools e.g. Wynberg, Rustenburg, Ellerale, Springfield. Although we never managed to win any of these galas, we did provide some useful competition for these schools.

In our Inter-house gala, Rolt didn't shine, but who needs to shine when it's 30°C and you're wearing yellow? Merriman cruised in first, Jagger second and Rolt third.

The swimming team spent a fun afternoon on Fish Hoek beach, the Monday after Inter-house. After tea at Miss Geldard's cottage, we tried to burn up those excess calories by running along the beach and/...



SWIMMING GALA



TOP LEFT: RALT CHEERLEADERS CLOUDAGH MANNION, ILSE RICHTER, KYRA PRATT, ALISON KESBLE AND JACKIE KOLBE.



RALT TAKES THE PLUNGE

and jumping about in the waves.

Two weeks before the Inter-Schools gala, we began stiff early morning training as well as our usual afternoon practises.

We entered the Inter-Schools gala superfit, determined to do our best. Fiona Gilliland (Merriman) is to be congratulated on winning the 50 m butterfly and the 50 m backstroke.

(We've decided to make her an honorary Rolt-house member.)

Herschel came fourth over all.

Well done to you all.

Good luck to the 1985 swimming team.

NIKI CAINE
Std 10



NIKI CAINE
SWIMMING CAPTAIN

D

IVING REPORT

Rolt was once again successful this year in winning both the Inter-house diving and the Individual diving trophy. The Individual trophy was won by Clodagh Mannion.

We wer delighted to have Sandy Newton-Thompson, an ex-Rolt diver and house captain, as one of the three judges.

Congratulations to all the divers and good luck for the future, may 1985 be just as successful as this year has been.

CLODAGH MANNION
Diving captain



WATCHING DIVING ...

COREIN FELT, REBECCA CARSON, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, TAVIA BOTHA.

TENNIS REPORT

This year, "in the tennis world", the Rolt Girls have once again reigned supreme!

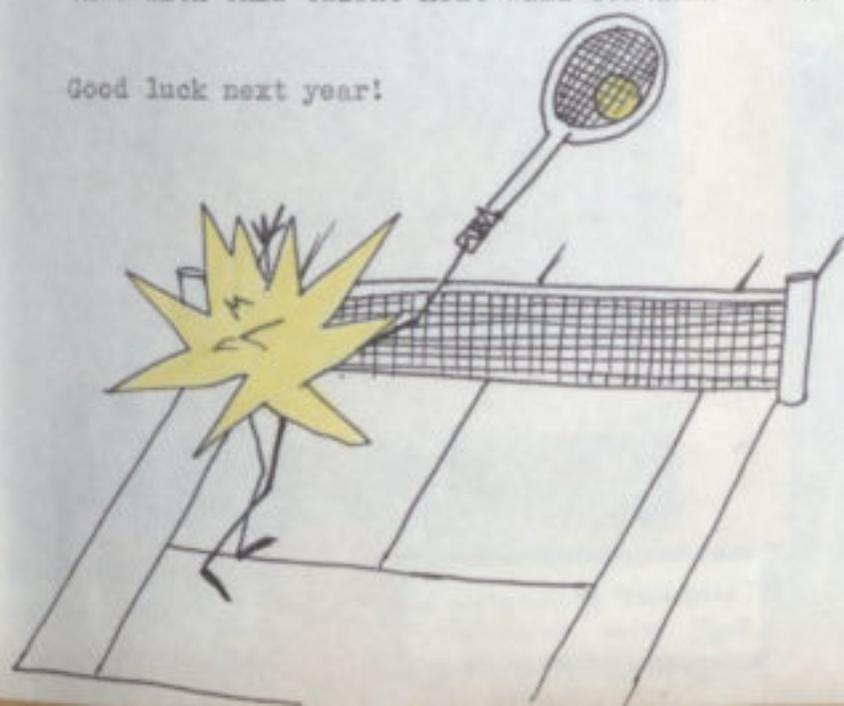
In the Herschel first tennis team, consisting of 4 players, 3 were members of Rolt. Namely: Alison McMillan, Nicky Newton-King and Deirdré Murray. Although the first team was not that successful this year, Herschel gaining 11th position in the league, these girls as well as other Rolt team members, contributed much of their time and dedication to the school teams.

In the inter-house tennis tournament, held in the first term, Rolt did extremely well to win the event losing only one match. Merriman came second followed by Jagger.

Congratulations to Lynette Murray and Kim Porter for becoming the 1984 under 15 doubles champions and Alison McMillan for being both the singles and doubles open champion.

I was most encouraged this year to discover that so many of our team tennis girls are from Rolt. I therefore have full confidence that with this talent Rolt will continue to do well.

Good luck next year!



ALISON McMILLAN
Tennis Captain



SPORTSDAY



J-T-R-E-T-C-H
Aliison Kekäle



LYNETTE MURRAY
AND KIM FORTEE
DO IT TOGETHER.

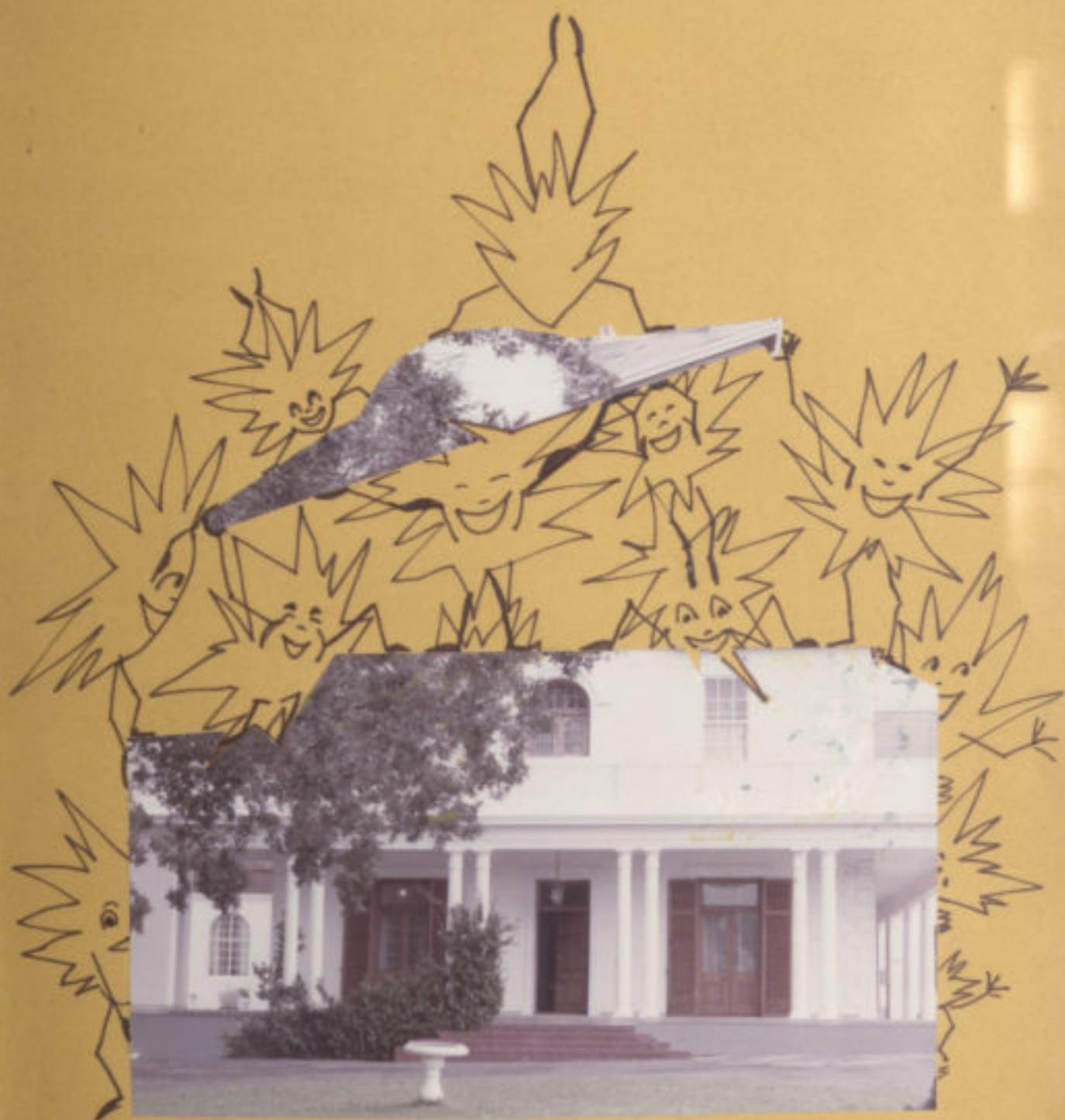


UP AND OVER!

A WINNING THROW?
Natasha van Zyl



ROLT RAISES THE ROOF...



creative writing

english



M_y Valley

Midday. The Cape Sun beats down and its warm life-giving rays heat every part of the valley. In my lane, vines on either side close me in, and the dark fertile earth beneath my bare feet is warm. It drinks in the sun. The back of my neck is being scorched and my dark experienced arms move nimbly among the dusty leaves, retrieving the young succulent bunches.

I was born to this valley as was my father and his father. The rest of my family are working in other lanes, the vines forming neat walls on either side of them. Other families, like ours, start from whitewashed huts at dawn every morning. But now our days are different. It is harvest time. We are reaping the fruits of our hard work. There has been just enough rain to water the vines, just enough frost to make them strong and just enough sun to ripen them. The spirits among my fellow-workers are high. Indeed we have waited all year for these days.

Somewhere, a girl is singing and now a chorus of labourers joins her. Around my head, a fruit fly buzzes. Beside these sounds my feet move slowly, soundlessly in the soft soil.

Into my basket I place only the best and firmest bunches. The dark round grapes are at their peak. They have the sweet unique taste of the Cape valleys. When I off load my full sweet-smelling basket the truck will take them away. The heavy bunches will be crushed, preserved and treated to make the best of Cape wines. Wines that are famous. Wines in demand.

The/...

The air hangs moist and heavy among the vines. The smell is familiar. It is home. The smell of slightly fermented grapes mingles with the rich earthy smell of the ground.

Every muscle under my sunburnt skin works in constant intense motion. Now and again the frilly edges of the leaves tickle my limbs. I handle the shears in my hands cleverly, never puncturing or bruising the delicate fruits. My experienced eyes know which bunches to leave on the mother vine, which to pick for the waiting vehicle. Nowhere is one as in tune with the elements as here, alone and yet not alone between the walls of grapes, surrounded by the low smooth Boland hills with the sun high in a cloudless sky and the earth soft and motherly beneath you.

I know the land as I know the grapes. I am as much part of it as the branch is part of the vine. Here I am content. Here I am at peace with myself. My roots are deep in this valley. My valley.

KAREN DUDLEY
Std 9



A ROMANCE

Two pairs of eyes

Locked within

each others gaze.

A smile...

That magical feeling

overpowers the mind.

The beginnings and an end

of two human lives.

A kiss...

Two bodies becoming one.

Engulfed

by the grip of love.

CORIEN FELT
Std 8



LYNDA - ANNE FERGUSON

B

REAKING AWAY

"But, John, Sylvia said that it's the thing over on the continent, and anyway it would be one in the eye for Mr. Shaw, not to mention his stuck-up wife ..." Angela ran down like a clockwork doll, and fell silent. Her husband remained impassive and unresponsive.

"John!"

With an exaggerated sigh John laid down his morning paper, and began to list in his 'boardroom voice', the reasons as to just why they could not afford (or as Angela would later complain to her bridge club, would not afford) a new car, least of all a bright crimson E-type Jaguar sports car.

"But, sweetie, ..."

John felt imitation sweep over him as his wife smiled girlishly up at him. Then he felt the foreboding tension in his right shoulder. Sure enough, only moments later, his hand began to shake and his arm to jerk, not badly this time, only enough to make the tea-cup rattle in the saucer as he carefully replaced it.

The attacks were frequent now, they needed less provocation, but then, John reasoned, he was under more pressure, what with his polite yet potentially dangerous battle with Graham Shaw for the new position of 'Board Manager', Old man Harris was sure to step down from his throne soon, he was getting too old, too shaky to deal with a bank as big as Nelson's.

The/...

The 'phone rang shrilly, breaking in on his private musings; he glanced across at his wife, and a fresh flood of irritation swamped him. Why did she have to pout and sulk like a little girl, at her age it was ridiculous. Once he had found it attractive, now it only infuriated him.

"Answer the phone, John."

Angela's whining tone spurred him into irritated action. He thrust himself from his chair and in four strides had reached the nearest 'phone.

"Good morning! Brock-Bank here," he ground out.

"Good morning, Mr. Brock-Bank." The voice was unemotional and came from a long way off, or seemed to. "This is Doctor Pinder's secretary. I am contacting you in connection with your appointment on Friday."

John's pulse-rate soared. He began to sweat very slightly on his bare shaven upper-lip. He hated his monthly appointments; every time it was the same.

"No improvement I'm afraid, Mr. Brock-Bank. You haven't been resting have you? I've told you not to allow yourself to be pressurised. Don't rush things, look after yourself. Relax, don't get tense. You only have two alternatives, one, to stop becoming tense, ease the pressure, or two, get worse, and rapidly. I won't hide the truth from you. You're going down-hill, rapidly. Epilepsy isn't a game, Mr. Brock-Bank."

"Ky/...

"My pills aren't helping me anymore," John's voice was hoarse, he felt humiliated. A healthy man is a whole man, an unhealthy man is an unwhole man! His grandfather used to intone in an effort to make him eat his greens. Well they hadn't worked! He still had epilepsy, mildly. Thank God! But epilepsy it was.

"I'll give you a stronger dose," Dr. Pinder replied, "but I cannot keep on raising the amount of such a potent drug. It may help to restrain your epilepsy, but can have damaging results to other organs, particularly your brain."

"Thank-you, doctor" was all John could manage to say without being physically ill on the spot. What was he going to do?

"Hell?"

"Yes?"

"Isn't that your boss standing out there?"

"Probably."

"But there!"

"Well, everyone has to be somewhere."

"But in the fountain?"

Hell breathed an exasperated sigh. He got up and walked over to where Paul was standing at the window. If this was a joke ... he'd push the little upstart of the window.

"Oh/ ...

"Oh! my God!"

Hell raced for the lift, at the same time yelling at Paul to get Mr. Shaw on the intercom and to him that Mr. Brock-Bank desired his attention on a matter immediately.

As Hell tore down the steps into the bank's front courtyard wherein stood a lovely marble fountain, fortunately not playing at that moment, wherein stood Mr. Brock-Bank in his very expensive leather uppers and immaculate three-piece suit. In his hand he held his brief-case and umbrella, on his face was an expression of tranquility and calm.

"Mr. Brock-Bank?" Hell's voice was soft and hesitant. "Mr. Brock-Bank, don't you think you should come out of there and dry off? You'll catch the most awful cold standing there."

"Hellid, what's happening, man?"

Hell turned to face Mr. Harris and Mr. Shaw as they gazed in amazement at the sight of one of Britain's leading bank-managers, standing, fully clothed, in a fountain.

"Good God, Brock-Bank, what are you doing, man?" asked Mr. Harris.

"He doesn't answer sir," said Hell quietly, "and he doesn't seem to want to come out."

"Well, get in there and take him out."

And so it was that two more well-known banking figures were seen seen/...

seen to climb into the fountain, shortly afterwards all three climbed out and left the court-yard.

"Mr. Brock-Bank was suffering from hallucinations, brought on by a drug he was using to help control a mild case of epilepsy."

Dr. Pinder looked at Mr. Harris. "He was under too much pressure and this necessitated an increase from the normal dose."

John smiled; he felt marvellous, on top of the world. Nothing seemed to matter anymore. Every time he took those pills Doctor Pinder had given him, he 'cast care away'. John giggled to himself.

Suddenly he had the urge to wet his feet again. He ran into the bathroom where he stood in the toilet bowl and gazed at the ceiling. He was at peace with the world, for the first time since he could remember, he felt happy.

The box stood there in the bedroom, the box that was his key to break out of his life. Each little yellow and green capsule had the power to make his life livable. He reached for it, took one, thought of his wife and took another. Eventually when the box was empty, he lay down and drifted away.

"Permanent brain damage! Colossal damage! No chance of coming out of it." The comments whirled around him, he heard them from the end of the tunnel, then he turned and broke away.

LYNETTE TURNER
Std 9



C

OOK OF THE YEAR

One of my greatest ambitions was to become renowned as a great cook. This ambition quite possibly stemmed from my inability to cook anything. My capabilities in the kitchen were limited to boiling water and burning the toast.

My mother despaired that when I got married I would not know how to fry an egg or cook my husband a decent meal, and she firmly believes in the saying "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

I was constantly teased by friends and family alike over my limited cooking abilities, and the result of their criticism was that I determined to become a great cook, one who could cook anything and do it better than anyone else.

This was, of course, a high goal for someone who could not even fry an egg, let alone cook a meal any gourmet would be proud to eat. I was determined to succeed though, and to prove, to myself as well as to others, that I could cook if I put my mind to it.

My cooking career began with several disastrous attempts in the kitchen at home, when I happened to be alone in the house. I eventually realised that if I was to get anywhere I would have to get help.

I enrolled at a cooking school, where I had sessions every Monday, Tuesday/...

Tuesday and Thursday evening. During the days I worked to earn enough money to pay my fee, because I was determined to do everything myself, without depending on support from anyone else.

I was the worst pupil in my class and was even advised by the teacher that perhaps I was just not cut out to be a cook of any great standard. I refused to be put off by this advice, and after about seven months even my teacher had to admit that I had made a definite improvement.

My parents then offered to finance an overseas trip for me, and although at first reluctant to have to leave the school before having completed the course, I eventually accepted with the idea in mind of being able to further my cooking experience overseas.

I ended up spending two years overseas, travelling through various countries and learning how to cook many new and exciting dishes. By the time I returned home, I felt confident enough to compete against any of the great cooks of my country, which is exactly what I did.

I had heard about a competition that was to be held in Johannesburg for the 'Cook of the Year' award. I decided to enter, as a test of my cooking abilities and to see where I stood in relation to the really talented cooks.

The competition lasted one week, and by the end of that time I was so sick of the sight, taste and smell of food, I felt that I never wanted/...

wanted to cook another thing.

I was also thoroughly disheartened because everyone else seemed so much more organised and aware of what they were actually cooking than I was. I was convinced I would not even come fiftieth, never mind first.

Imagine my surprise then, when on the last day the judges read out my name in first place! I had proved to myself and to everyone else that I could cook!

MARIAN BLADERGROEN
Std 9



KIM PORTER
STD 8

M Y DOG

Small and quick

Tawny and soft

Her short little legs

carry her cuddlesome body,

while her tail and ears

are alert to all calls.

Curiosity leads her to all

sounds and smells,

Sniffing them out until

satisfied

Much running, much barking

this dog is our guard.

Always loyal to me

coming at my command

looking with loving brown eyes,

she awaits her well earned praise.

Breave and affectionate

active, and still

This is my dog,

and she knows my will!

JACKY ALING
Std 6

S TONES

"This is a warning, I repeat, this is a warning. All people living in the Minoler Valley and within a radius of twenty kilometres, must evacuate the area immediately. Mount Granoly is about to erupt. This is a warning... "

Deep in the crust the stone community was buzzing with excitement. The temperature was almost two thousand degrees Celsius and everyone was preparing for the journey ahead. My friend Lavarati was talking incoherently about things that did not make any sense. She was very nervous. I was a bit nervous too, but more excited at being able to see the world outside. I had heard it was rather... AAAH...

Sorry about that, the eruption took me by surprise. I am now lying at the foot of my old home, Grandy. It is rather cold, but in time I shall get used to it. I'll continue from where I left off before the eruption. Suddenly I felt myself being pushed up by the most tremendous force - a hot, gooey liquid. I could see my friends Lavarati, Magma, Ashti, Gasmile and many others rushing past. The heat was not so intense and we were just getting our breath back when a large number of glowing, red stones, whom I did not recognise, crashed into us sending us shooting upwards with them. Chips of us were flying and I felt rather sore and small after I had collided with the red newcomers. Suddenly the temperature dropped and I know I must be/...

outside in the open air. I hoped the outside world would be a pleasant place to live in.

I came down to earth with a bump and lay in shocked silence. All around I heard groans and thuds, but I did not care and fell into an exhausted sleep. When I awoke I saw a most beautiful sight. In the distance a great orange ball was rising, the air around was also streaked with orange and yellow. I had never imagined anything could be that beautiful and could not wait to see the rest of this world.

KATEY ABBOTT
Std 8



CHRISTINE DUNCLEY

STD 10

D OUGHNTS

"It is amazing really," he thought, raising the cup to his lips, "the similarity between a saucer and a doughnut and a doughnut. A hole in the middle, a round outer edge..."

He had been sitting just like this, two and a half months ago, having tea. The tea had been weak because he had already used the teabag. It was his last. The cup had been cracked, his last, and the tea had seeped through the chink and formed a ring in the saucer round the base of the cup.

He thought it a magic circle now, a circle of inspiration; mushrooms rooted in a fairy ring. For it was the similarity between the saucer and the doughnut lying on the blue paper napkin that had first brought his attention to the simple perfection of doughnuts.

He had not quite been able to understand the idea; it was elusive. In a frenzy of frustrated rage he had leapt to his feet and hurtled down the narrow stairs to the cakeshop below. He had bought all the doughnuts there and had stumbled upstairs clutching them gently in their blue paper bag, not wanting to crush their fragile perfection.

Back in his room he had set the scene carefully. Then, for two and a half months he had composed it; now it was finished. "Doughnuts". It was a masterpiece, delicate, yet strong. A tumble of life and song, blended to precarious harmony.

And/...

And now he was exhausted; it was all he could do to eat the fresh doughnut on the blue napkin and sip his tea out of the cracked cup. He fell asleep in the dusty sunbeams, his head on the table.

The wind sighed, and breathed softly through the windows, shuffling over the dust on the top of the cupboards that had been neglected during the creation. It shuffled over the dusty chair, pushed back against the wall, and over the dusty bed. It contemplated corner and pushed papers off the dusty desk. And then it glanced at the solitary easel, bearing the gleaming painting. It peered, it blinked, and then it slowly filled its lungs with the evening air.

The breath hissed slyly through the winds teeth, whirling the dust, wheeling the dust, flinging it high. It was flung onto the glistening, freshly-varnished face of the painting, clinging and obscuring it forever.

JESSICA TURNER
Std 7

T HE WEAKEST LINK

When Father's company went bankrupt last year our family was put under immense emotional and physical strain. He not only went bankrupt, but also lost his job and therefore we had to move into a smaller house; attend a different school; make new friends; start all over again.

"Even though we have lost everything," father said, "we still have one another, and therefore, we should stick together and help each other."

I felt so sorry for my poor father. He tried so hard to keep everybody happy. Every day I could see him getting older, losing his warmth and vitality; his humour and his quick smile. After six weeks he still had not found a job; and it filled me with despair to see the helpless look in his eyes.

"Where is Joey?" father asked as he walked into the sittingroom. "Why is he never here when I need him most?"

These words cut into my heart like a knife. Joey, my only brother, who was seventeen (one year older than me) had many friends and was always off to some party or the other. Our moving house had affected his life most and he was the only one who never talked about or tried to help solve our problem. This really hurt father because, like all fathers, he loved his son and needed him to show that he cared and appreciated what little father tried to give; but he was just never there.

Poor/...

Poor mum also found it hard to communicate with the neighbours. She accepted the fact that we had to live there, but she could not "step down" to the level of the people in the neighbourhood who were mostly skilled and unskilled labourers and their poorly educated wives. She was most distressed when Joey brought home a young man who looked like a typical gangster; and she refused to speak to the poor man.

"If you are not prepared to speak to my new friends, don't bother to try and speak to me!" Joey shouted, very hurt, as he ran to the door.

After two weeks of not speaking to each other, father persuaded them both that it did more harm than good and all was well between them again. Mother even agreed to have the Fisher's over for lunch one Sunday.

This proved to be the strangest experience we have ever had in our lives. Mr Fisher, a plumber, was a very ordinary looking man: poorly dressed; but as friendly as any other plumber. His wife Sandra, was a spectacle: she was middle-aged, plump and dressed in what looked to me like her teenage daughter's punk party outfit. Not only was it too colourful, but also too small. John, the son who looked like a gangster, tried his best to appear friendly and not as stonefaced as gangsters should. We were later informed by his mother that he was the one who refused to let her bring her five other children. Mary, the daughter, was warm and loving, bubbling/...

bubbling over with life and I immediately liked her as a friend - not having made any other friends as yet.

It is amazing how people's faces change as soon as they see a plate of good food in front of them. Not only do their mouths open but also their hearts. We found the people under the strange exteriors during that meal. I was surprised to see the intimacy of John's relationship with Joey as they sat there stuffing food into their mouths.

From the day Joey - the weak link in our family chain - brought these warm, friendly people into our home, the strange new world became a bit more familiar to us and we were no longer afraid of going out there, like Joey, and exploring it.

SONJA PETRUS
Std 9



KERRY HOFFMAN
STD 8

A CHALLENGE

I cleared my throat: "Well,..." I began.

"Ahh, come on," was the interruption. "I bet you're just chicken. I bet you couldn't do it!"

"I could too, but it's just that, well, we're not supposed to and it might ruin him," I replied.

"Go on ahead," came my uncle Matty's voice from behind me.

I was staying with him and his two children for a couple of months, while my father was in hospital having a back operation. Uncle Matty had a big ranch and always welcomed extra help, especially unpaid help. After living on a ranch all life I was used to breaking in horses and to herding cattle.

"Only be very careful that you don't get get hurt. That fellow is very wild," continued Matty

Slowly I turned and looked towards the subject of our discussion.

He was standing looking at us with his head held high, ears pricked as though listening to our conversation. As he stood staring at me, I could see pride, fear and distrust of human beings shining from intelligent eyes.

Suddenly he wheeled onto his hindlegs, screaming a challenge at me, his forelegs thrashing the air wildly. Then falling back onto all fours, he kicked up his hindlegs and galloped round and round the/...

the corral sending dust flying in his wake. He was a magnificent sight, the supple muscles rippling beneath the glossy black satin of his coat. All four white feet beat a tattoo upon the hard ground until coming to a sudden halt, he stood trembling in the middle of the corral.

"The saddle and bridle are hanging on the gate. There is also a halter there if you want it." Matty's voice was the first to break the silence.

"I'll just take the halter," I replied.

Ignoring the people gathered round the fence, I walked to the gate and picking up the halter, ducked under the rails. As I walked towards the black stallion I thought he looked like a mighty knight in shining black armour, ready to fight the battle which would lead either to freedom or service under his enemies' command for life.

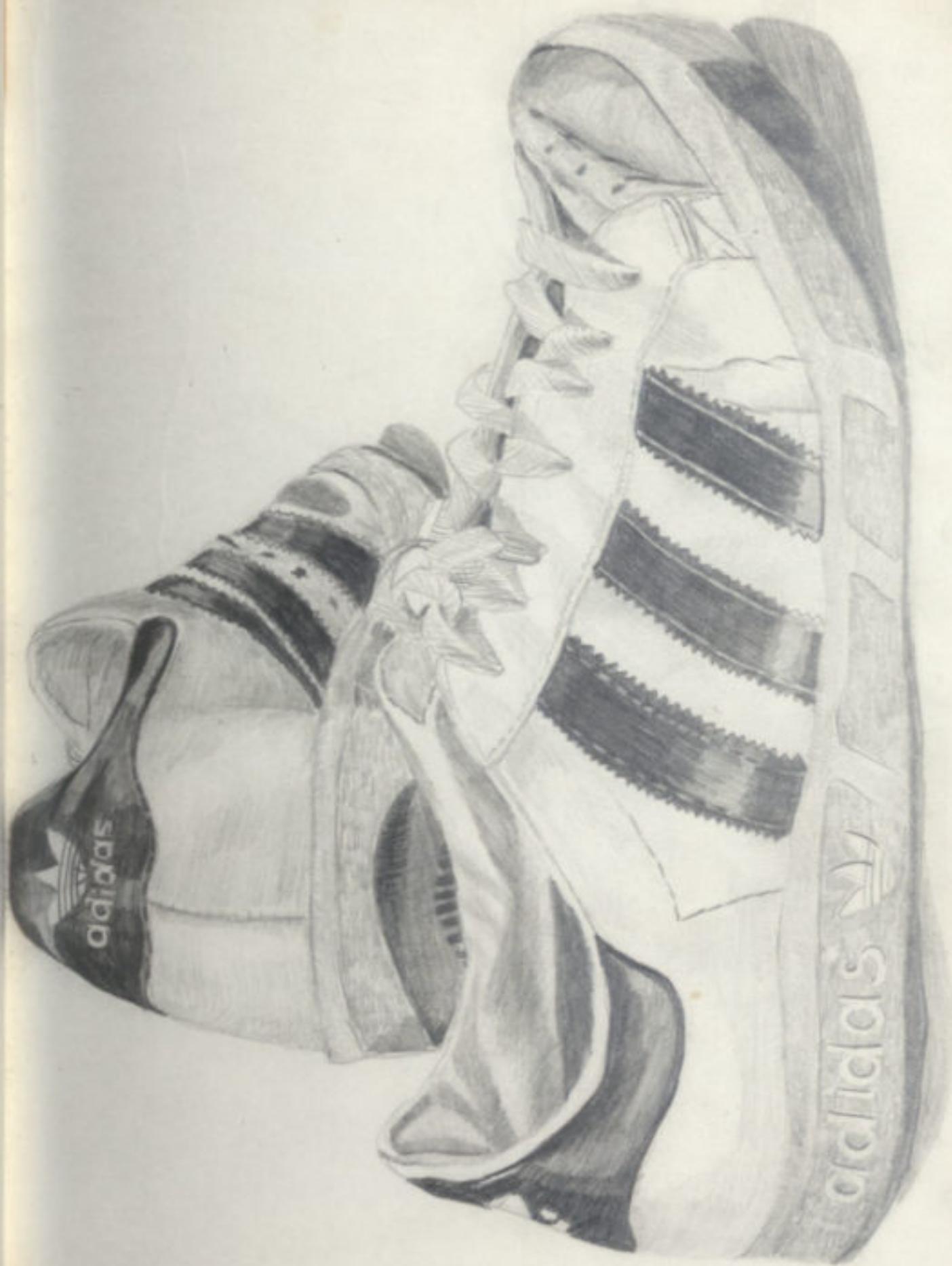
Ten yards from the stallion I stopped walking and stood quietly in front of him letting him get used to the smell of me. Then I started talking to him in a steady, soothing voice. Slowly the look of fear and distrust left his eyes, leaving only the pride of what he was, a magnificent animal, behind.

I advanced closer, hoping that he would not shy at the last minute, but he held his ground. When I was at his side I lifted my hand to rub him gently under the mane. He flinched and then stood still. I turned round and quietly slid the halter on, leaving the rope loose to/...

to dangle on the ground. I carried on talking and patting him. I leant slightly on his back letting him get used to the feel of me, then moving up towards his head to get hold of the rope, I swung up onto his back. He moved a step or two but did nothing else. After a while I touched him lightly with my heels. He moved forward slowly, accustoming himself to the weight on his back.

After circling the corral once or twice I slid from his back and then got on again and sent him round the feild. I did this many times and, as the sun began to dip behind the mountains, I slid off for the larst time. As I was slipping the halter off he suddenly thrust his nose into the crook of my arm in a sign of affection. I then knew I was winning this battle and in the process had gained a new and faithful friend.

HEATHER DICEY
Std 8w



SONJA PETRUS
STD 9

T HE BEACH

Beyond the breakwater, lies a long sweeping coastline. The land dips a little, not enough to be called a valley, but a sort of small meteorological enclave. In this long stretch of uninhabited wilderness nestles a small cluster of houses, a place too small to have a name. Moored to the rocks are a few boats, their wooden bottoms scratched from rubbing against the gritty, coarse sand. The sea gulls fly low over the water, observing any sign of life in the area. To the east lie the salt pans, busy and productive. They have not disturbed the little beach; they have not noticed it.

SARAH PENNY
Std 6

ESCAPE

A month ago I was locked up in a dark, smelly place. The castle dungeons. All that I had done was to walk into the castle grounds and pick one beautiful flower. It was my favourite kind. It was a rose. In this place it is against the law to pick a wealthy mans flowers. So there I was all alone because of one beautiful red rose.

By this time I had grown accustomed to the conditions of the dungeons, and the regular twelve hour 'visits' from the guard, who wore spectacles and brought my food on a tin plate and then threw it at me. The rather disgusting food was eaten with a knife that I had made with a part of my bed.

I was beginning to be full of revenge at these people who were keeping me in there, so I eventually formulated a plan of escape.....

The next time the guard came in I pretended that I had a sore stomach and lay on my rickety old bed, moaning and groaning until the man left the tin pate on the floor and walked out. After eating the food, I hid the plate with the knife. Now I was all set with the tin plate and knife with the blunt edge and heavy handle. On the next call at 7pm, I was to become free.

As the door opened, I grabbed him by his hair and knocked him over the head with the tin plate and knife. I changed into his clothes after stripping him, and put on his spectacles which had shot across the floor. Now I was the dungeon guard.

My heart was pounding in my chest as I walked down the corridor and

up the steps to ground level, trying to appear calm. I walked out into the open.....across the lawns.....across the road..... and over to the town, all without meeting a soul. I could hardly believe that it was all so easy. All in a gaurd's uniform. I then caught a carriage to my farm, far in the country. They would not look for me there. No, they would not. I was free.

Larissa Peter
Std 6



afrikaans



U SOU VERSTAAN WAAROM EK VANDAG 'N BIETJIE VERSIGTIGER

IS WANNEER EK DIE STRAAT OORSTEEK"

Dit was 'n Saterdagoggend en ek was op pad na die stad om 'n verjaarsdagpresent vir my broer te koop.

Dit was 'n heerlike dag en ek het omtrent nege-uur van die huis af vertrek sodat ek die halftien-trein sou kon haal. Op pad na die stasie moes ek op een plek 'n baie besige straat oorsteek. Ek was halfpad tot by hierdie punt, toe raak die lug skielik bewolk. Waarvandaan hulle gekom het, kan ek nie raai nie. Ek weet net dat die dag skielik nie meer so mooi was nie.

Dit het liggies begin reën toe ek by die straat aankom en soos ek geweet het, was dit baie besig. Ek het 'n paar minute in die reën gestaan en hoop dat die verkeer 'n bietjie minder sou word. Na 'n rukkie het dit vir my gelyk asof die straat 'n bietjie stiller was, maar toe ek die straat betree, hoor ek 'n getoet amper reg voor my, of so het ek gedink.

Ek het opgekyk amper reg in die gesig van 'n aankomende vragmotor. My bene het lam geword van skok en ek kon hulle nie lig om terug te tree op die sypaadjie nie. Ek het net daar gestaan en dink dat dit die einde was.

Toe voel ek hande my beetgryp en uit die gevaar na die kant van die straat trek. Toe het ek my bewussyn verloor.

Dit was seker maar net 'n paar minute later dat ek weer wakker geword het, maar dit het soos ure gevoel. Daar was 'n klomp mense om my en al wat ek wou doen, was wegkom, maar ek was so lam van die skok dat ek net daar bly lê het. Ek dink iemand het my adres gevra en my huis toe

geneem; want ek hoor toe my moeder se stem angstig vra wat gebeur
het.

Ek was daarna 'n lang ruk bang om alleen oor die straat te loop en ek
dink u sal verstaan waarom ek vandag 'n bietjie versigtiger is wa-
neer ek die staat oorsteek."

Marian Bladergroen

Std 9



DIE MOEITE WERD

"Ag, jy's skoon mal in jou kop!" het my vriendin gereageer toe ek haar van my plan vertel.

"Ek weet nie hoekom jy soveel geld betaal om te gaan kyk hoe jaag 'n klomp lomp manne 'n bal op die gras rond nie," was 'n ander se opmerking.

Ek was vasbeslote om te gaan. Die Franse sou nie gou weer kom toer nie en teen daardie tyd sou Jean-Pierre Rives, een van my helde, te oud wees om nog aan rugby deel te neem. Alhoewel my ouers aangebied het om te betaal, het ek besluit om self vir die vlieg-en rugbykaartjie te betaal. Die vliegtuig was vol en die meeste mense was op pad Pretoria toe om te kyk "hoe die Bokke die Hane onderstebo hardloop".

Aangesien die Franse net een wedstryd teen die Springbokke sou speel, was Loftus Versveld volgepak. Dit was 'n warm dag, maar alsaal het bankvas bly sit gedurende die voorwedstryde. Teen eenuur se kant het ek besef dat al die opwinding my honger gemaak het. Toe ek my beursie oopmaak om vir die pastei en koeldrank te betaal, was daar net vyf rand oor, skaars genoeg om vir die kos te betaal. Ek het geskrik. Die vierhonderd rand het bra gou opgeraak. My re-toerkaartjie het nou well driehonderd en dertig rand gekos en die rugbykaartjie vyftien rand, maar kon die program en aandenkings en ander kleinighede regtig soveel gekos het?

Vergete was die geldsake toe daar 'n stilte oor Loftus Versveld daal net voor die spanne hul opwagting gemaak het. Ek, soos talle ander/...

ander toeskouers, kon my opgewondenheid nie bedwing toe die spanne op die veld verskyn het nie en het luidrugtig begin skree en klap. Ai, om daardie blonde Fransmannetjie in die lewende lywe te sien! My hart het in my bors gebons (seker soos die harte van tagtig persent van die vroulike geslag wat hom gesien het!).

Die wedstryd was oor, die Bokke het gewen en ek was op op pad huis toe. My gunstellingspan het gewen en ek het een van my lewensideale verwesenlik - om Jean-Pierre Rives in lewende lywe te sien en alhoewel dit so baie geld gekos het, glo ek nog dat dit die moeite werd was.

DEIRDRE MURRAY
Std 9



SONJA PETRUS
STD 9

OD IS OUD

Dit is grys,
dit is broos:
dit is vaal,
dit is koud
en die hart verlang na die verlore jeug -

dis oud.

Dit is lewe geleef,
hande wat nou beef,
dit is 'n graf wat wag,
dis 'n traan vir vandag -
dis oud.

NET...

'n Tere oomblik

van geluk,

'n stralende oog

'n sagte druk...

SONJA PETRUS

Std 9

O

UPA - SOOS EK HOM ONTHOU

19 APRIL 1984

My oupa was 'n groot man met swart, gryse hare en blou-blou oë. Hy en ouma het op Aberdeen gebly in die Karoo. Hy was 'n baie streng man en almal was bang vir hom. Byna elke aand het ons voor 'n groot vuur buite op die veldstoeltjies gaan sit. Ek het altyd op sy skoot gesit en hy het baie stories vir my vertel.

Ek onthou hom met 'n groot geweer en hy het altyd 'n bok huis toe gebring as hy gaan skiet het. Sy twee honde het altyd saam met hom gegaan. Eendag het hy baie siek geword en hy moes hospitaal toe gaan op Baufort-Wes. Hy het weer gesond geword, maar hy was nie my ou oupa nie. Daarna het hy amper nooit gaan bok skiet nie en hy het nie vir my baie stories vertel nie. Toe het oupa en ouma van die plaas weggetrek en in Baufort-Wes gaan bly. Hy het toe twee klein hondjies gekoop en hulle het altyd op sy bed gaan slaap. Sy hare het gryser geraak, maar hy was nog baie streng.

Hy het baie jonk doodgegaan, maar ek onthou my oupa as 'n sterk man. Almal het van hom gehou en toe hy nog so siek was, was hy op die kerkraad, hy het baie uitsappies vir die skool gereël en hy was ook op die dorpsraad. Hy het ook sy eie motor bestuur. My oupa was 'n baie spesiale mens: ek sal nou nooit vergeet nie!

SASCHA MEYER
Std 6

Posbus 8
KENDREW
6283
19 April 1984

Liewe Cathy

Baie dankie vir die brief wat ek van jou ontvang het. Ek is werklik baie spyt dat ek die vakansie nie by jou kan deurbring nie.

Soos jy weet, is my vader onlangs na 'n klein dorpie in die Transvaal verplaas. Ons het net voor die vakansie getrek en dit is juis die rede waarom ek nie by jou kon kom kuier nie. Ek haat dit vreeslik hier in die Traansvaal. Ek raak so verveeld, vernaslik gedurende vakansies en naweke, want hier is net mooi niks wat ons tieners kan doen nie. Die mense hou nooit disko's of partytjies nie, maar gelukkig kan ons (by die sportklub) elke nou en dan 'n potjie tennis speel. My nuwe skool is net so erg. Die meeste van die leerlinge is so pieperig en te soet; hulle irriteer my. Al wat hulle ooit doen, is werk en heeldag by die huis bly. Ek wens jou pa sal jou hiernatoe stuur, want dit sal my soveel gelukkiger maak.

Fraat asseblief met jou pa en sê vir hom hoe graag jy wil kom kuier.

Groete tuis.

Jou vriendin

Lynette

Jagerwirt-Hotel
Hoofstraat 11
KITZBUHEL
0110
Oostenryk

Beste Lindsay

Die weer daar by julle is seker ideaal terwyl ek hier in
perature van minus vyf sit!

Ek geniet my vakansie terdeë en na tien dae kan ek ski s
om bang te wees dat ek óf my been, óf die van 'n ander persoon
gaan breek. Hoewel ek al die oefening geniet, is dit teleurstel-
lend om te meld hoe min publieke vervoer daar is. Na 'n paar
uur se ski, wil 'n mens nie nog na jou hotel toe loop nie, maar
die meeste van die tyd is dit die enigste manier waarop jy daar
sal kom.

Ons gaan eet asper elke aan uit en ek is baie beindruk d
harde werk wat die vroue doen, veral in die restaurante. is
gewoonlik net drie of vier vroue en dit blyk dat die hel. sig-
heid vlot verloop sonder die hulp van mans.

Dra my groet oor aan almal tuis.

Jou vriendin
Deirdré

DEIRDRE MURRAY
Std 9



D DIE AFKEID

Ek het die nodige voorbereidings getref en hou "al my goed bymekaar en ek is gereed om te vertrek" het ek gesê terwyl ek deur toe gestap het.

Ek moes diep asemhaal om my emosies onder beheer te hou. Dit sal die eerste wees dat ek en Jenny meer as 'n week van mekaar af sal wees. Ek het 'n maand gelede 'n brief ontvang wat my bevel het om my twee jaar diens vir die land te doen aangesien ek my gradd aan die universiteit geslaag het.

Jenny het nader gestap met tranes wat aanhouden uit haar oë gestroom het. Ek het haar spyf vas gehou. Ek wens daardie oomblik kon vir ewigheid aangegaan het, maar ek moes afskeid neem en my twee jaar diens in die vloot begin. Selfs die hond het met sy stert tussen sy bene gesit met sy oë op my.

"Tot siens. Ek het jou lief."

Die deur het agter my gesluit en dit het gevoel of selfs die deur sy aan die anderkant van haar wou gehad het.

Gedurende die stap stasie toe was my kop vol gedagtes. Ek kon niks rondom my hoor nie, net my gedagtes oor die volgende twee jaar.

Vier uur die volgende môre het ons almal by die hoofvloot in Simonstad aangekom. Die eerst twee dae moes ons, ons eie klere dra. Toe het ons uniforms gekry en ons eie versittings is huis toe gestuur.

In die volgende twaalf weke moes ons al die basiese dinge leer.

Ons moes baiekeer, soms drie keer op 'n dag, in 'n vloot uitgegaan.

Een/...

N

Een keer moes ons drie aande ter see bly en daar was ses manne in
elke klein kajuit met 'n klein partyspoort; dus was dit amper heel
donker.

ALISON DAY
Std 8

... die heel lankste afstande in my skooljaar ge-
... die heel lankste afstande in my skooljaar ge-
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... die heel lankste afstande in my skooljaar ge-

'N NAG WAT EK NOOIT SAL VERGEET NIE

Daardie aand was ek alleen en doodmoeg. Ek wou net insluimer toe ek 'n vloerplank hoor kraak.

Ek het die dag die heel laaste eksamen in my skoolloopbaan geskrywe en ek het baie verlig gevoel, maar was uiters moeg en wou net alleen wees. My pa het voorgestel dat ek vir 'n paar dae met vakansie gaan. Natuurlik het ek gedink dat dit 'n wonderlike plan was en het dadelik 'n paar klere gaan inpak. My pa het vir my die sleutels van ons vakansiehuis op Nature's Valley gegee en ek het so gou moontlik vertrek.

Ek het uiteindelik na 'n lang reis daar aangekom. Ek was doodmoeg. Ek het die huis oopgesluit en gou-gou my bed opgemaak. Daar was geen elektrisiteit nie, maar ek was gelukkig dat dit nog lig genoeg was om te sien wat ek doen. Ek het toe 'n bietjie aandete voorberei en op die stoep gaan sit om my kos en die vars lug te geniet. Ek het onmiddelik beter gevoel - weg van die aaklige lewe in die stad. Toe ek klaar geëet het, het ek na my kamer gestap. Teen die tyd was dit al pikdonker, en daar was nie 'n enkele kers in die huis nie. Alles was doodstil en net toe ek wou insluimer het ek die ou voerplank hoor kraak. Ek het dadelik penregop gesit. Alles was weer stil, toe dink ek dit was seker net my verbeelding. Ek het weer gesê, maar binnekort het 'n voerplank weer gekraak.

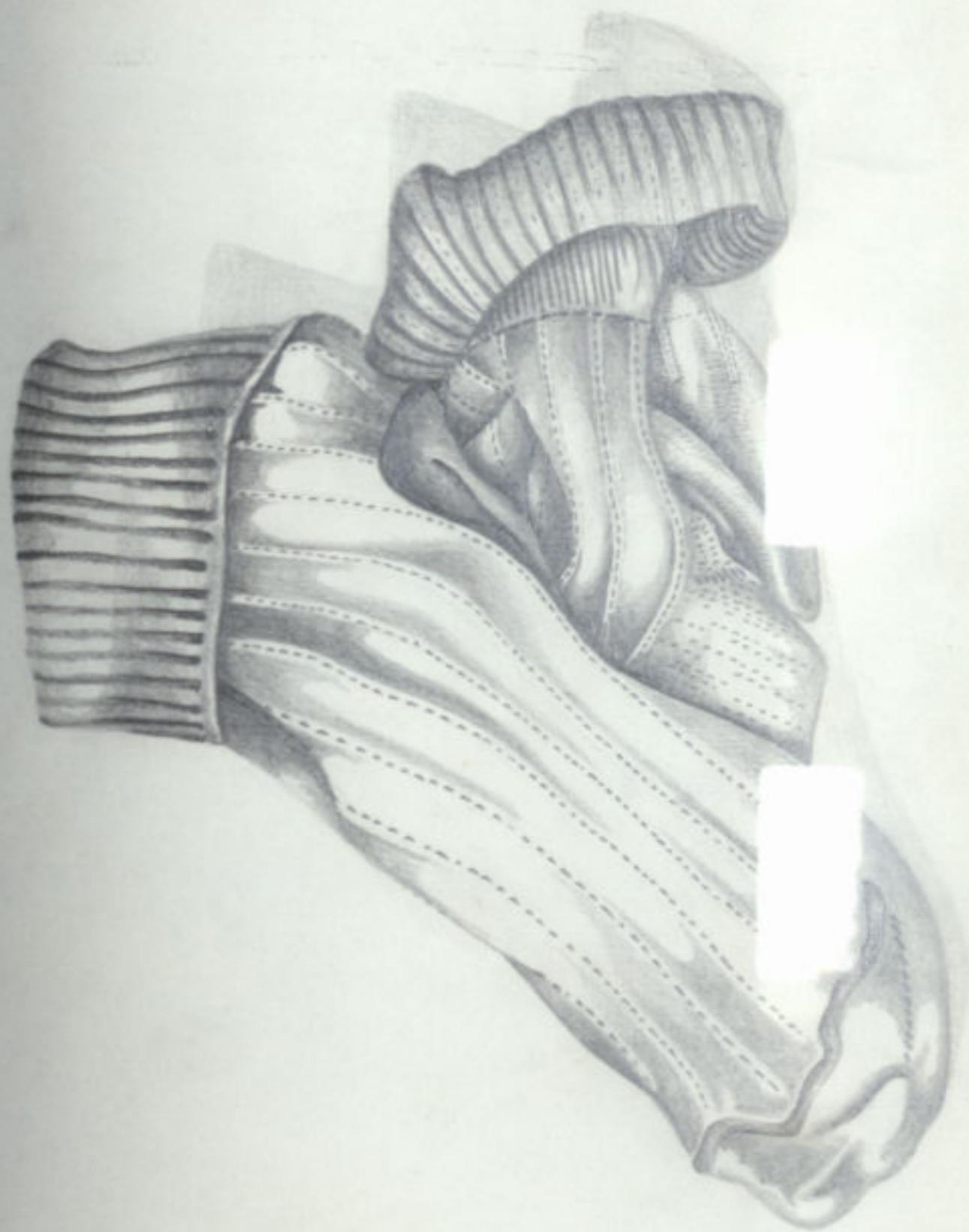
Voordat ek in my bed kon opsit, het ek 'n paar groot oë en 'n mond vol spierwit tande voor my gesig gesien. Dit het gevoel of my hart enige oomblik sou gaan staan, maar gelukkig het dit nie. Ek het dadelik/...

dadelik begin skree, want as dit 'n moordenaar was, sou ek niks kon doen nie. Daar was geen telefoon of elektrisiteit nie. Wat kon ek doen? Die man het my arms gegryp en begin lag. Ek was histories. Ek het pas my eindeksamen geskrywe - wat het ek gedoen dat God my so moes straf? Binne 'n paar sekondes was alles weer stil. 'n Sagte stem het met my begin praat. 'n Stem wat baie bekend geklink het. Dadelik het ek geweet wie dit was - my kêrel!

By het toe verduidelik hoekom hy daar was. Hy wou die vakansie by my deurbring. Alhoewel my kêrel gesê het dat hy my net wou verras het, was ek nog nooit in my lewe so kwaad vir hom nie.

Ek het my vakansie taamlik geniet, maar ek sal nooit weer alleen gaan nie, en my kêrel het belowe dat hy my nooit weer sou probeer "verras" nie.

LYNETTE MURRAY
Std 8



CHRISTINE DUNCELEY
STD 10

BR^{ËN}

Dit is droog

Daar is niks

Met 'n paar bosse

Eul lyk so alleen

So skaars.

Dit is 'n donker nag

Met geen sterre

Skielik is daar donderweer

en dan blits

en dan die reën.

Dit reën hard nou

Dis nat en koud

Die water loop vol flood

Af by die berge

rend die bome

Deur die strome

en dae later in die see.

JENNY KOSTER
Std. 7

B BLARE IN DIE WIND

Terwyl ek op my rug onder 'n boom lê, sien ek hoe die wind blare van die takke afbreek en wegvoer. Dit is Herfs en die blare wat op my rondfladder in die sagte, warm wind is óf geel, goud óf ligtebruin, selfs donkerbruin. In weerwil van hul broosheid, het hulle in hul kleure 'n warmte wat die koelheid van die lug minder opmerklik maak. Ek dink terug aan die Lente; aan die groen blaartjies wat die boom toe gehad het; en die herinnering laat my aan klein babatjies en hul vars, delikate voorkoms dink...

Die groot, sterk boom spruit voort die klein groen blaartjies, styf vasgeheg aan die takke van die boom wat beskerm en voed. Hoe hulpeloos is klein kindertjies tog nie. Sonder hul ouers is hul verlore en sterf hulle sekerlik. Die boom reik dieper en verder die grond in met sy wortels om die klein blaartjies van water en voedingstowwe te voorsien; so ook doen ouers alles in hul vermoë om hul kinders gelukkig en gesond te hou. Net soos die klein groen blaartjies van die Lente, is die kinders van die wêreld 'n teken van hoop en voortbestaan.

Die boom rangekik die blaartjies sodat hulle die maksimum sonlig asook die maksimum beskerming teen wind en weer verkry. Ouers plaas hul kinders in goeie skole; neem hul gereeld kerk toe en weerhou hulle van die ewels van die wêreld sodat hulle net aan die goeie en mooi dinge in die lewe blootgestel word. Die blaartjies groei en soos hulle groei versamel hulle voedingstowwe/...

voedingstowwe net soos die kind deur middel van die ouer kennis en wysheid opdoen.

Dan kom daar 'n dag wanneer die blaartjie volwasse is en die boom van voedsel help voorsien. Te danke aan alles wat die ouers vir hulle kinders gedoen het, kom daar 'n dag wanneer die kinders hul ouers kan begin help om die lewe voller en ryker te maak. Hulle bespreek probleme saam, gaan saam deur beproewinge, en geniet daardie spesiale oomblikke saam. Die boom en die blare staan nou in hul volle glorie en 'n hegte band bestaan tussen die twee.

Daar kom 'n dag - seker die vreeslikste dag in die lewe van enige blaar - wanneer die boom sy voeding aan die blaar stopsit. Die ouer moedig die kind aan om op sy eie voete te staan en die lewe aan te durf. Die blaar se kleur word dowwer en hy verloor sy groen jeugdigheid. Die kind kan nie verstaan waarom hy alleen moet staan of waarheen om te gaan nie. Dit is seker die grootste beproewing wat ons moet deurmaak. Na 'n rukkie verkry die blaar egter 'n diep, warm goue kleur, en versier hy weereens die wêreld. Die jongman besef wat hom te doen staan.

Dit is dan nie so 'n groot beproewing wanneer hy uiteindelik deur die wind van die lewe meegevoer word nie. Hy aanvaar die uitdagings wat die lewe bied, al word hy ook tot die uithoeke van die/...

E

die wêreld gewaai. Alleen kan die mens dan deur die lewe gaan al
voel dit soms asof hy doeleloos rondfladder.

Die blaar kom uiteindelik op die stukkie grond te lande. Daar
word hy ontbind en word hy weer deel van die grond en dien hy as
voedingstof vir ander plante en bome vir hul voortbestaan. Die
mens vind 'n roeping in die lewe waardeur hy die lewe vir sy na-
geelag op een of ander manier help vergemaklik. Ons is dus nie
net blare in die wind nie, maar die "voedingstof" vir die mens
van môre. Alles wat ons gedurende ons tydjie op die aarde verrig,
sal help om die lewe van die wat na ons kom te vergemaklik.

Ons lewenspatroon is dus byna soos die van 'n blaar. Geen wonder
dat ons 'n stamboom gebruik om ons herkoms aan te dui nie!

SONJA PETRUS
std9

E K ONTHOU NOG DAARDIE DAG

Ek wonder soms waarom my pa ons verlaat het. Ek kan daardie dag nog onthou toe ons saam gespeel het. Hy was my vriend. Ek het hom só liefgehad en toe eendag, het hy weggegaan.

Ek onthou nog daardie dag. Ek was net tien jaar oud en het nooit gedroom dat so iets met ons gesin kon gebeur nie. Ek was verkeerd. Dit was 'n Vrydagaand en ek het by my vriend gespeel. Om halfses het ek besluit om huis toe te gaan. Toe ek om die hoek van ons straat gedraai het, het ek gesien dat my pa se motor in die straat staan. Dit was vir my snaaks omdat my pa gewoonlik laat by die huis aangekom het. Toe ek die voordeur oopgemaak het, het ek my sa hoor huil. Ek het niks gesê nie, maar het net gewag om te hoor wat my pa aan haar sê. Sy stem was sag en verskonend. Hy het gesê dat hy nie meer saam met ons kan lewe nie en dat hy 'n bietjie tyd alleen nodig het. My ma het niks gesê nie. Ek het in die sitkamer in gestap en Pa het net na my gekyk en gesê:

"Totsiens, Johnny. Jy moet soet wees en vir Ma sorg. Ek het jou nog lief, ou seun, en jy moet nooit anders dink nie!" Toe was hy weg. Dit het my seergemaak, maar ek het nie gehuil nie. Ek het net aan sy woorde gedink.

"Jy moet vir Ma sorg." My pa het my vertrou. Hy het geweet dat ek groot genoeg was om vir my ma te sorg. Ek het daar besluit dat ek nooit my ma sou verlaat nie.

Ek/...

Ek dink nog aan my pa en wonder waar hy is en of hy nog lewe. Ek was baie verward, maar nou verstaan ek hoekom hy ons verlaat het. My pa het sy plig versuim en hy het dit geweet, maar partykeer wil 'n mens alleen wees. My pa het so gevoel. Die dag toe hy ons verlaat het, het ek geweet dat ons hom nooit weer sou sien nie, maar ek het nooit opgehou om hom lief te hê nie.

CAROLYNNE MCGHIE

Std 8



V RYDAG DIE DERTIENDE

Almal is bang vir Vrydag, die dertiende omdat allerhande soort slegte dinge (soos mense sê) op daardie dag moet gebeur. Vir my is dit ook so. Nou wil ek vir jou vertel wat gebeur het toe ek net tien jaar oud was...

Ek het vroeg wakker geword omdat dit vakansietyd was. Ons het die vorige week besluit om per boot na Hermanus toe te gaan. Dit sou ons net 'n week geneem het. Ons het om agtuur van Kaapstad se hawe vertrek, en ons al vier was baie opgewonde. Ek dink dat dit omtrent twaalfuur was toe ons 'n groot walvis langs ons gesien het! Ek het so geskrik! Die walvis het langs ons geswem en toe het dit onder die water gegaan. Ons het nie geweet waarheen die walvis gegaan het nie, en toe skielik het die boot op en af begin gaan. Sou het ons geweet waarheen hy gegaan het... onder ons boot! Ek het nog nooit so bang in my lewe gevoel nie, want jy is so klein in die groot see en jy kan niks daaraan doen nie. Die walvis het moeg geword en weggeswem, maar ons was nog 'n bietjie flou.

Toe ons by Hermanus gekom het, was ek so bly om droë land onder my voete te voel. Om hierdie rede sal ek altyd vir Vrydag, die dertiende, bang wees.

LARISSA PETER
Std. 6

O

P 'n EILAND

Ek, soos talle miljoene ander romantiese jongmeisies het gedroom van 'n lewe op 'n afgeleë eiland in die Stille Oseaan. 'n Eiland onbewoon en onberykbaar, ver van die vasteland af, en omring deur stil blou water.

Sou die dag het ek gehoor van 'n skrywer wat ook dié droom gedeel het. Vir hom het dit 'n waarheid geword. Hy wou 'n jaar met 'n meisie op 'n eiland woon en daarna wou hy 'n boek oor sy onderwindinge skryf. Dus het hy vir so 'n meisie geadveteer en hy moes met die regte een uit die geïnteresseerdes kies. Hulle moes in die huwelik tree en daarna moes hulle die enigste mense op die eiland in die oseaan sou wees. Saam met hulle moes hulle ook hulle benodigdhede bymeekaarskraap. Net die belangrikste dinge kon saamgeneem word. Hulle moes hul eie groente kweek en klere sou mos onnodig wees en die wilde diere as daar enigiets van die aard op die eiland was, moes daarvoor sorg. Net water, medisyne, noodblikkieskos, en doodbelangrikings is saamgeneem.

En toe? Ja, die eerste paar maande was wel voorspoedig. Alhoewel hul naerder geword het, was hul nog gelukkig en tevrede en van voedsame kos was daar genoeg. Op die onbewone eilandjie van een kilometer lank en 'n paar honderd meter wyd het die twee sordvry saamgewoon. Gelukkig het hulle 'n goeie verhouding gehad en die eiland was wel 'n droomeiland wat alles daarop gehad het behalwe mensetende ondiere.

Toe/...

Toe het dinge begin okeefloop. Daar was 'n droogte en hul kleinvee het begin vrek. Hulle groente het begin skaars word en hulle moes hul noodblikkies kos gebruik. Daar was geen vars water nie en hulle het begin siek word. Hulle het gely aan velprobleme, uitvallende hare, gewigsverlies en allerhande dinge as gevolg van ~~geen~~ geen voedsel en vas water. Die goeie verhouding was op 'n end en ses nooit tevore nie het hulle na die vasteland verlang. Hulle omstandighede het erger geword en tog was daar geen teken van reën, geen teken van 'n reddingsboot nie. Hoe kon hulle so iets in die middel van die Stille Oseaan met geen teken van enige mense verwag. Sou hulle drie maande lank nog so uithou? Dit was so 'n kort rukkie en so lank.

Altes was bewusteloos toe bewoners van 'n ander eiland hulle gevind het. Dit was lank voordat hulle weer gesond was. Hoe hulle terug huis toe gekom het om hulle ongelooflike storie te vertel, weet ek nie!

Ek sal eerder daarvoor droom as om op so 'n eiland te woon. Baie mense is vir my belangrik. Ek sou nie sonder my bedorwe, maklike lewe kan klaarkom nie.

KAREN DUDLEY
Std 9

frerich





Je n'étais pas un enfant mignon; au contraire, j'étais un coquin. Je taquinais tous mes amis, je mentais aux grands-personnes et j'étais toujours gouailleuse. Jusqu'à l'âge de huit ans, je continuais à mener cette vie terrible sans me demander pourquoi je n'avais aucun ami. Tout le monde m'agacait et préférais rester rester toute seule.

Tout a changé quand j'ai rencontré Eugénie. Elle avait un visage affreux, mais le caractère très doux et gentil. J'ai commencé, comme d'habitude, la caracolier mais sans réussir. Elle m'a souri et a éclaté de rire là où les autres ont éclaté en sanglots. Ça m'étonnait. Par moments ses joues potelées rougissaient quand j'ai dit qu'elle était une fille grognon qui louchait. Elle m'a répondu d'une voix douce que j'étais vraiment beau et costaud. Cela m'étonné d'avantage.

Je ne suis mis à songer à cette petite folle qui était si sympathique. J'étais gêné parce que je l'a traité si mal et je ne suis rendu compte qu'elle était une vraie amie. J'ai arrêté de faire les moues quand j'avais tort et j'ai essayé d'être plus pudique et plus charmant. Ensuite je m'intéressais aux sentiments d'autres et j'ai commencé à compter sur Eugénie.

À l'âge de dix huit ans, j'étais un homme confiant et grâce à Eugénie j'avais beaucoup d'amis. Je réussissais aux études et au sport/...

sport . J'étais déjà tombé amoureux de plusieurs jeunes filles.

Et Eugénie? Elle ne portait plus les lunettes mais elle n'était pas coquette comme toutes les autres filles. J'étais son héros et elle était ma biche.

Nicola Caine

Std 10

M

Y FIRST LOVE

I was not a cute child; on the contrary, I was a rascal. I used to tease all my friends, I told fibs to adults and I was always jeering. Until the age of eight, I continued to lead this awful life without wondering why I had no friends.

Everyone irritated me and I preferred to remain on my own.

Everything changed when I met Eugenie. She had a frightful face but a most gentle and kind hearted personality. As usual, I began to tease her, but without success. She smiled at me and collapsed laughing where others would have burst out crying. This astonished me. At times, when I said that she was a sullen girl who squinted, her podgy cheeks would redden. She replied in a gentle voice, that I was really handsome and strong. This astounded me even more.

I began to wonder about this little crazy girl who was so likeable. I was embarrassed because I had treated her so badly and I realized that she was a real friend. I stopped sulking when I was wrong and I tried to be more modest and charming. Eventually I became more concerned with how other people felt and I began to rely on Eugenie.

At the age of eighteen, I was a bold man and thanks to Eugenie I had many friends I was succeeding both in my studies and at sport. I had already fallen in love with several girls. And Eugenie? She no longer wore glasses, but she was not flirtatious like all the other girls. I was her hero and she was my sweetheart.

Q'EST-CE QUI VOUS INTERESSE A L'ECOLE EN PARTICULIER?

Beaucoup d'élèves disent qu'elles détestent l'école et elles vivent pour le weekend et pour les vacances. C'est vrai, moi aussi, j'attends le weekend particulièrement le vendredi mais j'ai appris (peut-être parce que je suis peu âgée et vage et je suis dans la classe de neuf) que J'aime l'école. En effet, c'est la chose la plus intéressante dans ma vie à ce moment (en outre les garçons!) Sans l'école les vacances seraient très ennuyeuses, n'est-ce pas?

Quand on y pense, les études sont très indispensables pour la vie quand on finit à l'école et pour l'avenir. Moi, je veux aller à l'université et aussi, les études sont indispensables parce qu'elles nous enseignent les actions pour la vie journalière. A l'école on est à la page avec l'actualité qui est très important.

Il y a aussi les aspects sociaux. Le lundi je m'amuse à écouter toutes les nouvelles et tout ce qui s'est passé pendant le weekend. Le grand nombre d'amies que j'ai faites à l'école très spéciales pour moi.

Mes matières favorites sont l'histoire et la biologie. Je pense travailler pendant la semaine mais je suis de l'avis que les maîtresses ne doivent pas donner le devoir pour le weekend.

J'estime qu'on ne peut que apprécié l'Herchel quand on était à une autre école. A mon ancienne école, il y avait des classes énormes et les mauvais inférieurs. Quelquefois il y avait des

W
PEACE THROUGHOUT
classes avec une cinquantaine d'élèves et les professeurs
n'étaient pas liés à leurs élèves. Ici, à Herschel, nous avons
de bon maîtresses qui sont très qualifiées. Alors que il y
avait beaucoup d'élèves dans mon ancienne classe il n'y a mainte-
nant plus de vingt-cinq filles dans une classes. Des maîtresses
peuvent maintenant faire attention à leurs élèves en particulier
et approfondissent leurs matières et c'est la raison pourquoi les
cours m'intéressent.

A l'école je joue aussi du piano et au squash. Le trimestre pro-
chaine, je ferai la poterie. L'école donne aussi toutes les
faciletés pour le sport et les choix en sus.

Je suis de l'avis que nous profiterions de toutes que nous avons
et aurions les dessus!

Karen Dudley

Std 9

FRENCH TRANSLATION

WHAT INTERESTS YOU AT SCHOOL IN PARTICULAR?

Many girls say that they hate school and they live for the weekend or the holidays. It's true, I too wait for the weekend, especially Friday but I have come to understand (perhaps because I am older and wiser and in standard 9) that I love school. In fact, it is the most interesting thing in my life at this moment (besides boys)! Without school the holidays would be boring, not so?

When one thinks about it, studies are essential for life when one finishes school and for the future. As for me, I wish to go to university and also, studies are essential because they teach us things for daily living. At school one is kept up to date on current events which is very important.

There is also the social aspect. Every Monday I have fun listening to all the news and everything that has happened over the weekend. Many of the friends that I have made at school are very special to me.

My favourite subjects are history and biology. I can work during the week but in my opinion, teachers should not give homework for the weekend.

I think that one can only appreciate Herschel when one has been to another school. At my old school there were enormous classes and/...

and lessons were very inferior. Sometimes there were classes of fifty pupils and the teachers were not on good terms with their pupils. Here, at Herschel, we have good teachers who are highly qualified. Whereas there were many pupils in my old class, there are now just twenty-five girls in one class. The teachers can now pay special attention to their pupils and can go deeply into their subjects and this is the reason why lessons interest me.

At school I also play the piano and squash. Next term I shall do pottery. The school offers all facilities for sport and extra mural activities.

I feel that we should take advantage of all that we have - and we have the best

KAREN DUDLEY
Std 9

seasothno



T S

ESOTHO LULLABY

E itse ke etela mpharane ngwana mme
Ka fumana ngwana mogotsi alla ngwana mme
Ka tswela kante ka seka meyogo ngwana mme
Ooi oi ngwana mme

Ooi oi

Wena mosadi towe oyang kampong
Bitsa mme ka moo ore ngwana walla

Ooi oi ngwana mme

Ooi oi

Ooi oi ooi Ngwana wa lla

Otla pepiwa kemang

Ha mmaye atimana kgotswana tsa nku

Ntataye atimana sekese pense

Ooi oi ngwana mme

Ooi oi

ZANELE BACELA
Std 7L

T RANSLATION OF SESOTHO LULLABY

When I went away to visit

I found my friend's baby crying

I went outside and cried

Oh! mummy's baby

Oh! oh!

Hey you woman passing by

Call mother and tell her the baby is crying

Oh! oh! mummy's baby

Oh! oh!

Oh! oh! oh! The baby is crying

Who will piggy-back her

When her mother cannot even spare a piece of meat

Her father not even six pence

Oh! oh! mummy's baby

Oh! oh'.

ZANELE BACELA
Std 7L

xhosa



U NDOPHO

Udopho wayethandwa kakhulu ngunina. Wawungenwa xa esteketisa esithi, "Ndopho mntwana wamaphupha am!" UNdopho wayese kangangokuba wayelitsibile ilitye lika Phungele. Kodwa ese kangaka ke wayelukhuni esikolweni esesedenge sokwenyani. Nangona wayemdala soko kwibanga lakhe wayedlukha lee ngabantwana abalula kunaye. Vangene kwibanga elingu Sub-A eneminyaka elishumi, kuba umama wakhe wayesithi uNdopho usemncinane gqitha kwaye wayeza kugula singqele xa aya esikolweni. Nangoku wayesiya esikolweni ubungiswa xa uNdopho eghube kahubi ezimviweni esithi unina. "UNdopho usemncinane ingqondo yakhe ayikakheni kakuhle, kwaye intloko yomntwan'am iza kughenene zezi fundo azifundiswa zezi tishala." Wakhula entantanyiswa ngolo hlobo ngumama wakhe. U-Sub A wamphinda phinda kathathu. Washiywa lee ngabo bantwana wayeqale nabo kuba skukho banga wayingaliphindaphindi. Ibanga lesithandethu walifunda sele yindoda epheloyo enentshebe eyintlekisa apho esikolweni. Ngenxa yokuhlehwe ngabanye abantwana waphuma esikolweni waza wayinkuntsela yesihange. Wayehamba ehlaba abantu bathi baza kukhaleza kuye abe ligwele ngumsindo anyuse ilonhwe sele naye ngoku epina ukuphuma ngomtu. UNdopho xa engenayo imali wayeyifuna ngenkani kumama wakhe aze umama wakhe ngenxa yothando olungalunganga amnike. Ngenye imini umama wakhe waye engenayo nyhani imati waza unyana wakhe wayifuna ngenkani wamkhuphele nemele wathi usa kumhlabo. Vatswine umama kaNdopho esithi, "Ndopho nyana wam ayinanuba nguwe lo ufuna ukundihleba hamhlanje" UNdopho wathi, "Ukuba akuyikhuphi le mali ndiyakuhlabe". Wathi umama wakhe, "Ndopho mntwan'am andinayo nyhani, withi mandiyithathi ephi". UNdopho zange amamele wayifoka/...

wayifoka govo imele emzibene wakhe wathi xa esifa umama wakhe wathi,
"Ndopho- - -o, mnta- - na- -m, u-ndi- -ndi- -da- -nisi- -le". Saba
njabo isiphelo somama owayemthande ngokunggalungile umntwana wakhe,
owathi wambulala okugqibeleni.

NEO BACELA
Std 8

N DOPHO

Ndopho was very much loved by his mother. His mother was forever saying, "Ndopho, child of my dreams, I love you very much!"

Ndopho was extremely rude and naughty. While he was like this, he was very, very naughty and stupid at school. Although he was a bit old for his standard, the younger children were far more intelligent than him. He started school at the ripe age of ten because his mother kept on saying that he was going to get flu from the cold of the morning. Even when he was already at school his mother would always be on his side when he did badly in the exams and say, "Ndopho is still very, very young and his brain has not developed yet and my child's brain is going to split in half from the hectic hours of school!"

He grew up very spoiled by his mother. He repeated Sub A three times and the children he started with were far ahead of him as the years went by because there was not one standard that he did not repeat. He did standard six when he was already a man and he was the joke at the school. Because everyone laughed at him, he quit school and became a first class thug.

He went around stabbing people and when they went to complain to the mother, her blood boiled with anger and she protected her son in every way.

Ndopho did not have any money, he asked his mother to give him some by force. His mother, because of her wrong love gave it to him. One day his mother really did not have any money and when she told him that he took out a knife. She screamed and said that she really did/...

did not have any. Ndopho said, "If you don't hurry up and give it to me, I'll stab you to death!"

The mother cried and she could not believe that it was her son that was torturing her in such a way. Ndopho did not want to listen and he stabbed his mother to death. While she was dying she said, "Ndopho, my child, you have disappointed me."

That was the end of the mother who loved her child in a very wrong way and could not correct him when he did something wrong, but quite surprisingly she was killed by that same son.

NEO BACELA
Std 8

BAYETHE MADUNA!

Isibe wayesaziwa uMaduna.
Yavungensweli eziyolweni
Esindywaleni nasemingwabeni
Ivakude kuthiwe nqumathandekhithshini
Engangendlela awaye ebawa ngayo.
Ubungafik' eququzela phakathi kwabafazi
Ukomo ushukuma ngalo lonke ixesha.
Eshafuna enqaziwamntu
Kuthiwa wohlukana nabafazi bakhe abathathu
Eba wayethi efik'e khaya
Abe seletsibel'embiz'esiphakela
Engabanga sathetha agqithele kwammelwane
Salapho wofika ahlale nqasesitovini.
Isibe wayesaziw'uMaduna
Isigidiva sendoda esityel'ukutya kwayo.

GWEN SIYOTULA
Std 10

HAIL MADUNA!

Everybody knew Maduna.

You would not miss him in

places of entertainment.

In shebeens and in funerals

They used to call him "lover of the kitchen"

Because of his greediness.

You would always find him amongst the women

Chewing all the time.

What nobody but himself knew

It is said that he was divorced from his wives

He used to come home, go straight to the pots

Dish out for himself and go to the neighbours

Where he will sit next to the stove untill he gets

His Food.

Maduna was well known

A well-built man who always eats his Food.

GWEN SIYOTULA
Std 10

hebrew



שהצ וצשלים, לחלון פיא קופצת
מצפת לראות רצף לחלון למרפסת.
פוא צוהר ומהט חטוף לפ לורק
פיא מסמיקה וקוראת לו
אך פוא כהר גואר ושורק.
פוא כלפי חתיך מותק של החג
רקן חהל שפוא לא שם עליה
אפילו לא פיכור
יש לו אופנוע וקסדה
לפופצה חטובה
ופוגר פ'ח'י שחללו לפי לה
צפ טיפת אהבה
כל בוקר אותו הברך,
צורו הברך ל'א'ה'ה.
פוא מבסוט לטוס הרחובות
פיא ח'י האצה
לא איכפת לו אפ היא צומרת לחלון
או שג'א הכלל איננו
כ' אתפאופנוע
כוא אוהה פחגפ 'ותר ממכה!

REBECCA GARSON
Std 8

HEBREW TRANSLATION

It is twenty past seven
she runs to the window
anticipates a sight,
runs from the window to the porch.
He passes and steals a glance at her
she blushes and calls him
but he has already left whistling.
He is such a handsome guy
pity that he is not with her
he has a motorbike and helmet
the only thing that he lacks,
is a bit of love
in his heart, each morning,
the same incident, each evening too.
He is content to roam the streets
she lives in sadness
it makes no difference to him
if she stands there, alone.
It is you, the motor-bike,
that he fancies most!



globe

trotters



M

Y HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND

In the June/July holidays I had a wonderful holiday in England and Ireland.

I spent three weeks in England, mainly London, travelling around seeing all the famous sites and spending a lot of time at well known places such as Covent Gardens, Kings Road, Carnaby Street, Harrods, Selfridges and Oxford Street. Harrods was supposedly having their summer sale but they still charged £7(R14) for an alicie band! I could not help laughing!

I travelled down to the South West region where I stayed with friends on a farm in Somerset. I also went down to the Dorset coast and stayed in a hotel in the seaside town of Poole. The weather at the coast was gorgeous and I got thouroughly burnt but it was very good to have the warmth of the sun again!

I spent the last week of my holiday in the south of Ireland in a town called Sligo which is about a four hour drive from Dublin travelling north-west. The weather was lovely here as well and I spent most of the week either at the beach or trying to windsurf or out in the garden.

It was a memorable holiday and I had great fun. I hope everyone who goes there in future will enjoy it as much as I did.

ALEXIA BILLINGS
Std 9



VIEW FROM HOTEL IN POOLE
AT 7.00 am

EVERYBODIE'S DREAM

We left on the 9 January 1982 on the South Atlantic Race from Cape Town to Uruguay. There were 9 of us on board for the long stretch of miles ahead of us before we reached Rio. My sister and I were both very seasick and did not get over it like other people do. In spite of this we enjoyed ourselves very much. Our trip wasn't the way it was planned. Nearly the whole trip from Cape Town to Uruguay we had no wind and so decided to pull out of the race and head for Rio. We arrived in Rio after 32 days at sea, so we were only too pleased to get to land.

At that time of the year (February) the people in Rio are getting ready for carnival. We stayed long enough in Rio to see the carnival. Our stay in Rio was enjoyable at times, but other times it was not so pleasant. After Rio we went to a place called Natal. Natal is situated just on the bulge of Brazil. There we stayed for at least 2 weeks before we left for the Carribean. Our stay in Natal was very pleasant and much better after Rio. We left on the 28 March 1982 for the island called Granada. The sail from Natal to Granada wasn't so long, so it wasn't bad at all.

We arrived in Granada on the 9 April 1982. I must say it was a wonderful island and the people were very friendly. Our stay here was very short. We then cruised slowly up the islands until we got to the island St Lucia. Here my brother worked in a charter company so we stayed quite some time until we went to Martenique.

Our/...

Our stay here was just great! We did a lot of sight-seeing and then went back to St Lucia. All in all we stayed in St Lucia for 8 months. In that time my sister returned to South Africa and we cruised the islands down south until we headed for the north. We left the Carribean on the 9 April 1983 for the island Bermuda.

The first few days there was no wind but then a awful storm hit us in the Bermuda triangle. Our arrival in Bermuda was pleasing after a awful trip. The stay in Bermuda was the best stay I had. I suppose you could say it was one of the most beautiful places. I flew from Bermuda to Holland and waited until my mom and dad arrived by yacht. When my parents left for Spain and Portugal, I flew to meet them there. We paid a quick visit to Gibraltar and then we went to the island Madeira. After Madeira we went to the Canary Island's. First we visited Tenirif, but it wasn't an interesting place at all. It was very dry, but there was still some lovely sight-seeing on top of the volcano which is about 11 000 foot high and after this island a quick visit to Grande Canaree.

After these islands we crossed the Atlantic again to Recife in Brazil. Recife is a very nice place and we enjoyed ourselves very much. So our last stop was Rio and some islands near Rio. We had a super time at Rio. Then we visited the islands which were a paradise and these were left behind very sadly as we knew that it was the last stop before South Africa.

Our/...

Our trip from Brazil to South Africa was awful, we experienced 3 storms, one hurricane and our mast went overboard. But luckily we were a steel yacht and so made it to Walvis Bay. After three days in Walvis Bay I flew to Cape Town and my mom, dad and two other crew members sailed down to Cape Town. That is where the trip started and ended. We were sorry it ended but life cannot go on like a dream.

TINEKE FELT
Std 7B



LEFT: ILHA GRANDE, BRAZIL.
BELOW: ILHA GRANDE, BRAZIL
FAR BELOW, LEFT: MADEIRA
" " , RIGHT: LEAVING
CAPE
TOWN



T

HE FRENCH TOUR

24 June Sunday

At 9:00am the U.T.A flight for Paris took off! Great excitement all round to see the lights of Paris from the aeroplanes! At our hotel, St Anne, in Paris, our rooms were gorgeous, so spacious. After all the giggling and silliness we got to sleep at 3:00am. By this time in Paris, ofcourse, everything is still so lively and very noisy!

25 June Monday

With Mrs Steytler leading at a rapid pace we spent our 1st day walking along the Seine River, towards the Notre Dame Cathedral. Inside, the stained glass windows were magnificent. Later we walked through the beautiful flower market to the student quater. Here we stopped at a side-street café and had lunch. After a bit of shopping we took the metro back to St Anne.

26 June Tuesday

Today we walked around the smart area of Paris and went into fruit and cake shops that had the most scrumptious array of foods, I have ever seen. The clothes shops were also wonderful. After lunch and a little snooze in a park we walked down the Champs Elysées. After an afternoon of shopping we went out to a typical french restaurant. Here a waiter was giving Mrs Steytler the eye and asked her out, but she declined his offer, thinking she could do better than a waiter. After a very pleasant evening walking along the streets and speaking to different people in our attempted french/...

french, we got back to St Anne very late.

27 June Wednesday

Today we set off for the Louvre Museum where we saw the Mona Lisa and all the beautiful gothic paintings and statues. We also went to the Jeu de Pommes museum to see more recent paintings of Van Gogh etc. This evening we went to the pompedou centre to see the Graphic Art of Picasso.

28 June Thursday

Today I set off to Versaille with Lois and the others went to see the Chartre Cathedral. The gardens and the palace of Louis XIV was exquisite. This evening we went to the student quater where we saw enthralling side shows.

29 June Friday

Today we took the metro to the Eiffel Tower, where we had a fantastic view of the city of Paris. Then we went for a Seine river boat trip. After that we went to see Napoleons tomb and the beautiful sculptures in the Rodin museum. This evening we all went out to visit some of Madame Steytler's friends and they took us on a night out in Paris. We all relished every moment in the car, as our feet were aching from trailing after Mrs Steytler for the past week.

30 June Saturday

Today we were allowed to do anything we liked. First of all, Lisa and I went off to buy for our picnic lunch of cherries and rolls and cheese and water, then the whole gang left for a relaxing picnic/...

picnic in a nearby park called the Palais Royale. We seated ourselves near a fountain and had a wonderful lunch feeding the hundreds of pigeons around us. Then the group separated off in pairs to go and do some shopping. Lots of gorgeous goodies were bought by all.

1 July Sunday

This morning, feeling very depressed we left Paris Station for our two and half week stay in Angers. During our train journey we were all feeling very nervous to meet our french families and have to speak french the whole time. At Angers station our families were there to meet us and we all separated off to our different houses.

Our time in Angers

Every morning we would all meet at the Centre d'Anglais (the name of our school) where it was such a relief to relax with each other and speak English. The lessons started at 9:00am and ended at 12:00, with an half an hour break inbetween. Angers is situated in the Loire valley which is famous for its chateaux's all situated in the countryside. A feir of the most beautiful chateaux's were Brissac and Chenonceaux. One of our highlights during our stay in Angers was a weekend at Mont St Michelle and Bastille day at St Malo. St Michelle was a very large abbey erected on a rocky island. On the 14 July at St Malo, a little beach resort, we danced the rock n roll on the cobbled streets and watched the fantastic colours of the fireworks. We really did have our fill with culture and we saw many more chapels, churches, museums and abbey's/...

abbey's. The most spectacular abbey being Fontevraud. There were also the most superb tapestries that we saw, which took ten years for 2 000 workers to complete.

Altogether the most wonderful time was spent by all during our two week stay. Although speaking our third language was terribly difficult we all managed somehow and had a marvellous time with our families and our teachers. So when it was time to leave a great deal of tears were shed and long stages of depression were to come. When we got back to Cape Town, however, it was so wonderful to see our families again that we forgot our sadness and just remembered all our good times.

KYRA PRATT
Std 9



KYRA AND FRIEND
NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, PARIS

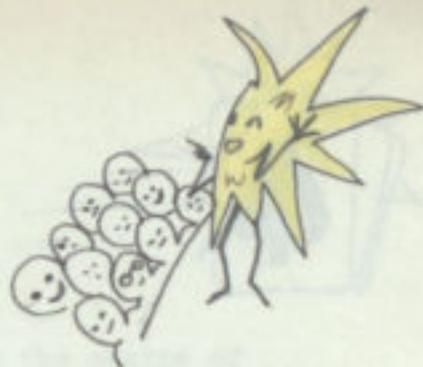
KYRA PRATT AND KATHY
JEARLE
MIDDLE ROW: TYPICAL
SIDEWALK CAFE.
KYRA AT NOTRE DAME
CATHEDRAL
BOTTOM ROW: LUNCH AT
THE ROYAL GARDENS,
MONT ST. MICHELLE



**raising
society...**

D

EBATING SOCIETY



Our first debate, this year, was held at Westerford High. We decided to try and steer clear from the conventional sort of topics, which, as a result of repeated use, have become somewhat hackneyed. So instead of debating the good old "that Military Service should be made compulsory for women" sort of debate, we chose a ridiculous but amusing topic, i.e. "that red is better than blue." This debate, which Herschel won, was most amusing.

Our next debating evening was held at Herschel against Bishops. Our Junior debate "that zips are better than buttons" provided first-class entertainment and invoked many hilarious comments from the floor. Bishops vehemently expressed their preference for zips. They said, amongst other things, that they found zips easier to operate. Is their concern labour-saving? The senior debate "that man is nothing without human relationships" made for some meaty discussion!

We were fortunate to make the semi-finals at the Senior Interschool's Debating Competition.

In the second term, we debated against St. Cyprians. We also held a series of internal debates during lunch breaks which were of a surprisingly high standard. These debates gave a variety of girls a chance to speak and revealed much hidden potential.

This term we will be sending a team of five (Std.9 and 10) to participate in the Inter Schools Forum Discussion. Good luck to all!

Nicola Caine Std. 10

B

RIDGE CLUB: REPORT



The Bridge Club, founded by Miss Geldard, has been the centre of some amusing activity for the first half of the year (not the least of which was attributed to the promised clash with nameless mate adversaries). After cultivating a hoat of inspired bidders (note not gamblers!) who are unfortunately mostly Matrics, a new crop was started on the long but ultimately satisfying road to match competence.

Many humerous sessions in Miss Geldard's sittingroom and a term later we had enough players to enter the Interschool Bridge Competition at Bishops. Although Herschel did not feature in the final score, Nicky Newton-King (Rolt) and Stephanie Dutkiewittez did very well to come second overall in the Duplicate Bridge Competition held among the first couples of each school.

But I think for the "dedicated" players, the highlight was the long awaited match against Bishops. After the fiercely competed hands were finaly put away we were given tea (and some a chance to talk to their secret idols.)

Although at present there are not many Rolt girls in the Bridge Club I think that the number of interested would-be-players will soon rectify this matter.

NICKY NEWTON-KING
Chairman of school Bridge Club

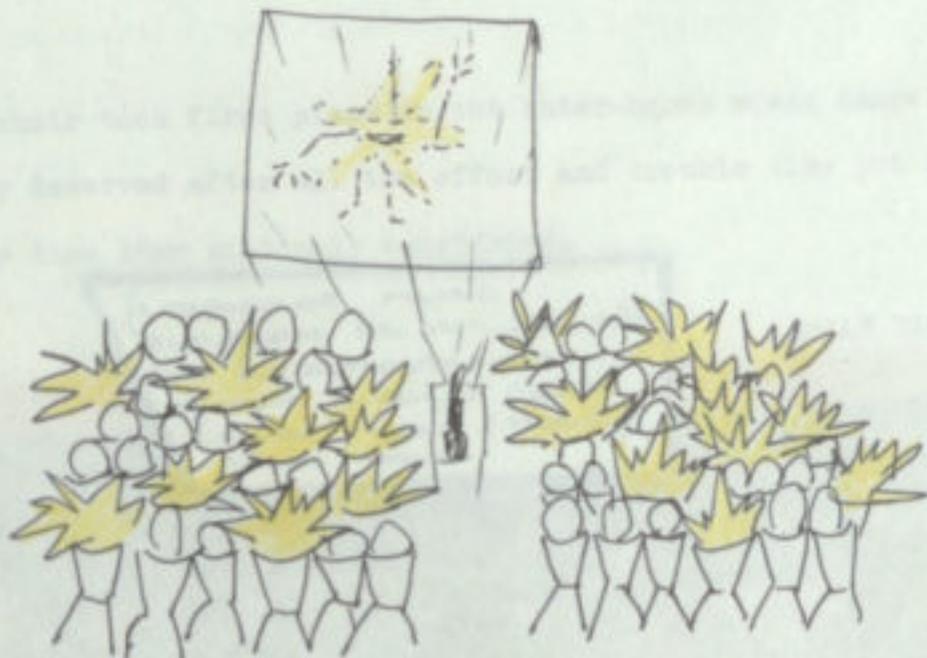
SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB

Every Wednesday, during the last two lessons of the day, Std's 8-10 see films or hear fascinating people who discuss their professions with us.

The films and talks that we have had will stand us in good stead in the future. One of the most interesting talks was one on the Maldives, a group of beautiful islands in the Indian Ocean. We were shown many lovely slides and posters of the islands were put up in the hall during the talk. Among other talks we have had include: self-protection for women; ornithology; legal contracts and a most interesting talk on our founder, Sir John Herschel.

This term we are due to have a talk by the very talented opera singer, Mrs Everlyn Dalberg, which I am sure will prove very interesting.

CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS
Std 8



C HOIR REPORT

The following Rolt girls are in the school choir:

Lucy Burns, Niki Caine, Lynette Dicey, Sally Dicey, Karen Dudley, Gail Fitzpatrick, Alison Kebble, Jenny Koster, Kyra Pratt, Samantha Rogers and Corien Pelt.

Although, judging by the number of events at which the choir has sung, this year does not seem to be as active as last year but nevertheless the choir members have all put a great deal of effort and time into practising. The choir sang at an old Herschelian's wedding in Rondebosch on the 28th of January. Soon after there was the Founder's Day Service at which the choir sang beautifully. Recently the choir sang with the SACS' choir at "AN EVENING OF VOCAL MUSIC". It was great fun and we had the opportunity to sing songs which were different from the usual repertoire. Dorrit Zelezniak (Jagger) sang a beautiful solo which was greatly appreciated by the audience.

The Rolt choir took first place in the inter-house music competition, which they deserved after all the effort and trouble they put into it and the time they willingly sacrificed.

INTERHOUSE MUSIC
"SUILEBOS EK WIL JOU HÊ!"
AND INSTRUMENTALISTS
Alexia Billings (Cello)
Lemisa Reter (violin)
Nikki Caine

SALLY DICEY



C

CHRISTIAN UNION



Christian Union has been continuing this year with weekly meetings every Thursday.

To many these meetings have been a blessing. During the first two terms we have been concentrating much on outreach meeting with speakers such as Paul West, a fundi on the "Christian and Rock Music" as well as being Christian Union's favourite guest singer.

Ivan Toms, a doctor at the SACLA Clinic at Crossroads was especially challenging as we thought of people with basic material and spiritual needs right on our doorstep and we were called to put Christianity into practise. Captain Chrestie, another Herschel favourite held a series of meetings which were of value to all.

The arrival of the "A-team" towards the end of the second term saw a change in the life of Herschel C.U. The team headed by Rev. Cook of Christ Church, Kenilworth, and consisting of other people working with Scripture Union in Private schools led assemblies, took Divinity lessons and held daily lunch time meetings. Their theme was "Why bother with Jesus?" Girls responded very well and the team answered very well considering all the questions asked concerning Christianity and their songs, plays, talks and panels gave everyone much to think about. We were sad to see the team leave since they had become friends whom we felt we could talk and share with. There was many a sad boarder too as the team had spent much time in the boarding house. Ian..... and Mark....., were not only dedicated and warm Christians but super guys too! The team held special follow-up meetings and since their visit, C.U. numbers have grown with many excited new members.

In/...

R

In meetings, girls are no longer afraid of sharing and inhibitions about being a Christian in Herschel are fading. Many lives have been changed.

We have started a system of prayer partners and personally, the time spent with my partner has become very special to me.

Rolt girls, as usual, have contributed much, once again spreading inner rays to reach every dark nook in Herschel!

C.U. committee members are:

- Linda Willis (Jagger) :Treasurer
- Beth Stuart-Finley (Jagger) :Secretary
- Sue Bettger (Jagger)
- Bennita Oswell (Jagger)
- Sonja Petrus (Rolt) :Advertising Secretary

Teachers in charge are Mrs Holland and Miss McKenna.

Thanks to them for their unfailing support.

KAREN DUDLEY
C.U. Chairlady

REACTION TO THE MISSION

- Personally the Mission meant a lot for me. The careful introduction of God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit and the relevance of them to us today made me, decide to turn to Jesus. The team was warm and friendly and really made it worthwhile especially to the boarders.
- I think the Mission that came were friendly and what I liked about them, was that they didn't shove it down your throats. It was great fun.
- I think it was very well organised and they were interesting without being too pushy.
- I thought it was put across in a very different and interesting way.
- Very down to earth and young but also very meaningful.
- This has made a good impression on the Herschel girls.
- I thought that the mission influenced everybody's religious beliefs. They were all in all great fun.
- I thought they were fantastic and they were not too boring.
- I thought that they had a lot of meaning and they were very good.
- They were great when they came to talk to the boarders.
- The mission did for my religion what cream does for an apple pie!

THE MISSION

Jan Anderson and Sonja Remus
engrossed in conversation



Jan sings



Karin Hutchings
and Kassy Ziele

Charlotte Saunders and
Zynette Murray with
Mark Robinson ↓



B

BOARDERS BIBLE STUDIES

Since the S.U. Mission to Herschel many girls have entered into a relationship with Christ. Many others have gained a wider knowledge of this subject and some were eager to find out more. Thanks to the work of the Holy Spirit and the willingness of some of the leaders of the Mission, a group of Boarders started to meet regularly every Monday evening for Bible studies and Praise.

Thanks to Mark and Kathy for their help and understanding in our growth. God be with Mark who has returned to England to continue his studies.

May this group and its members continue to grow in the knowledge and understanding of God and so bear the fruits of the Spirit.

SONJA PETRUS
Std 9

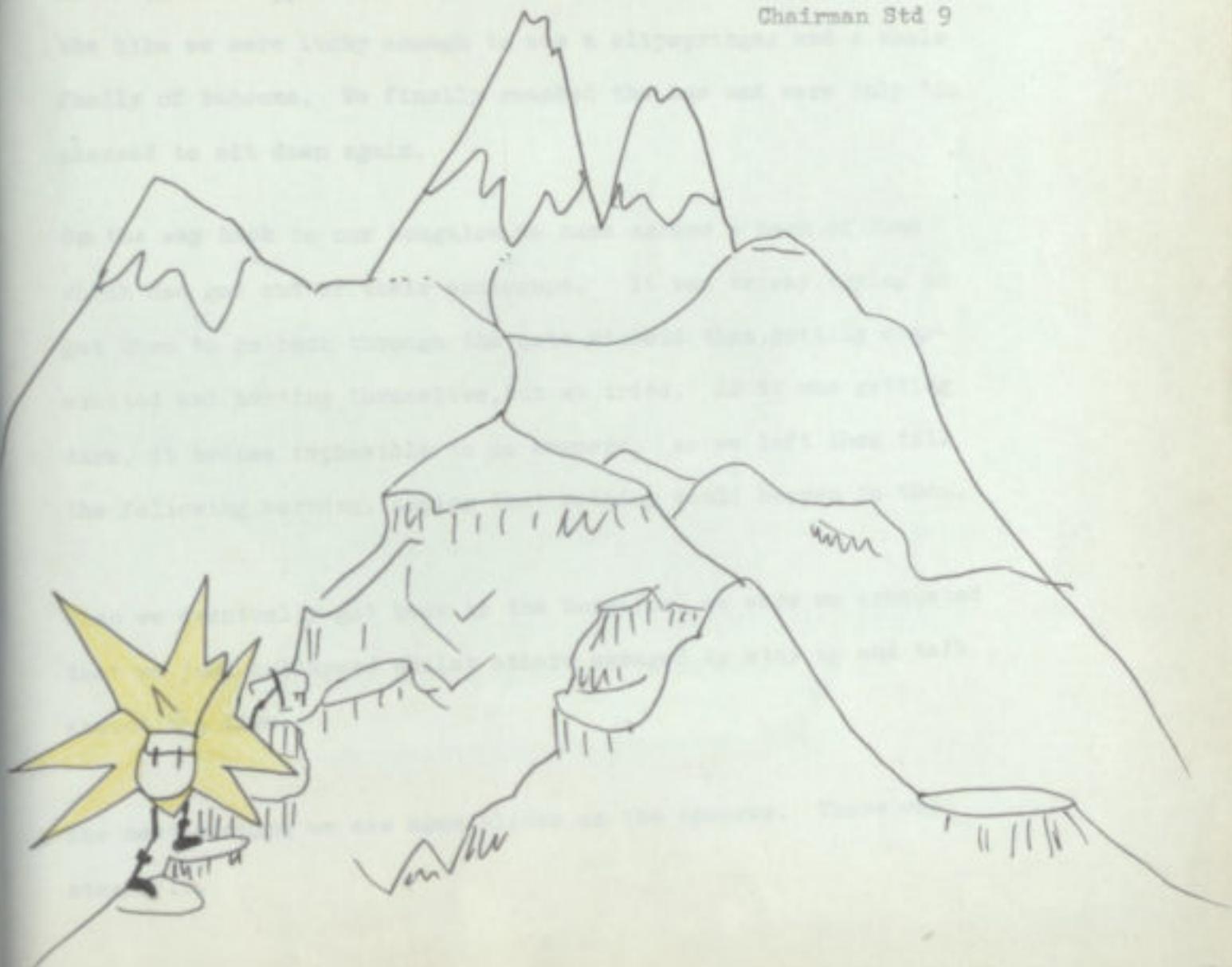


MOUNTAIN CLUB

So far this year, Mountain Club has not been very active due to bad weather conditions. We have, however, managed several walks up Table Mountain, taking such routes as Skeleton Gorge, Nursery Ravine, porcupine (wood) Ravine/butress and they have proved to be very enjoyable and not too strenuous!

Mountain club cannot survive without members so it would be encouraging to have a large club. Several outings are to be arranged later this year including a rock-climbing expedition and having the exhilarating experience of ab-sailing.

ALEXIA BILLINGS
Chairman Std 9



E

NVIRONMENTAL WEEKEND

Having arrived after a long journey we unloaded the bus and laid out our sleeping bags on our bunks. We sat around the fire and became orientated in our new surroundings, learning more about the vegetation in the area and how it was related to the vegetation in respect to the world. The following morning we wer up early, sliding down the dunes. After breakfast we drove to the foot of Potberg where we started, what seemed for some of us, to be an endless hike. We all learnt a tremendous amount about various interesting plants which we frequently stopped to observe. We stopped for lunch on the crest of Potberg and admired the magnificent view. Later on we stopped for a drink from a mountain stream. During the hike we were lucky enough to see a klipspringer and a whole family of baboons. We finally reached the bus and were only too pleased to sit down again.

On the way back to our bungalow we came across a herd of buck which had got out of their enclosure. It was tricky trying to get them to go back through the gate without them getting over-excited and hurting themselves, but we tried. As it was getting dark, it became impossible to do anymore, so we left them till the following morning, hoping that nothing would happen to them.

When we eventually got back to the bungalow, we were so exhausted that we just collapsed whilst others managed to stay up and talk around the fire.

The next morning we saw some slides on the reserve. Those who stayed/...

stayed up late finding it difficult to stay awake. For those who managed to stay awake the discussion which developed from the slides proved very interesting.

We had lunch at the main homestead from where we could see beautiful flamingos down below, beside the lake. Having thanked our guides, we took to the road once more, after a worthwhile and most enjoyable weekend.

Our thanks go to Mrs Charlesworth, her husband and especially Alan Butcher for making it all possible.

LYNDA-ANNE FERGUSON
Std 9



ALEXIA BILLINGS IN THE VELD...

rolt reps on tour



H

HERSCHEL HOCKEY/TENNIS TOUR



A rather excited bunch of the sporty Herschelians left D.P. Malan Airport on the 22nd of June for Durban to begin the 1984 Hockey/Tennis Tour which took place in Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

The weather in Natal was superb and we all took full advantage of it, knowing that we would be returning to a somewhat icy Cape Town. The tour consisted of 25 members of which 13 played hockey, 10 played tennis and of course our two stars of the tour, Mrs Botha and Mrs Hudson, who did an excellent job with the organizing and in keeping the 'hooligans' at bay!

We stayed at the Y.M.C.A. in Pietermaritzburg and all 23 of us ended up in one average size room which resulted in a rather cosy sleeping arrangement! This became our home for the week and we were all rather sad to say good bye to the kind friends we had met there.

Both the hockey and tennis teams played matches every day. The schools we played are as follows: G.H.S., Wickham, Epworth, St. John's, Carter and Collegiate. The hockey team managed to maintain an undefeated record winning 2 games and drawing 4. However the tennis girls, while playing good tennis, won 2 and lost 3 matches.

This being a tennis and hockey tour, the social side of it came second. However, we managed to see Durban twice, payed a visit to the Lion Park outside Pietermaritzburg, had a picnic lunch at the Midmar Dam and spent some time viewing the Howick Falls. We also/...

W



also managed to pay a visit to the Pietermaritzburg Museum which is full of invaluable and interesting information. One of the many Rolt members on tour, Deirdré Murray, had her birthday on tour. On the night of her birthday we gave her a surprise party which went off very well. One of the highlights of the tour was our final dinner at the Lion Park Restaurant which was an evening full of wonderful memories.

When Saturday the 30th of June arrived, we could not believe how quickly the time had passed. Yes, sadly it was back to Cape Town. It is thanks to both Mrs Botha and Mrs Hudson that the tour was such a success and such a wonderful experience!

ALISON MCMILLAN
Hockey and Tennis Captain

UNBEATABLE COMBINATION !!



ALISON, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT ?!

W

ESTERN PROVINCE U/16 SQUASH TOUR

During the June/July holidays, an inter-provincial squash tournament was held in Stellenbosch. Lucy Burns and Nicola Eckstein played in the U/16 Western Province B team. The tournament was held from the 7 - 13 July and we stayed at the Lydia Residence in Stellenbosch. For the first three days, an individual section was run, which was won by a girl from Northern Transvaal. On the first day of our inter-provincial matches, we played Orange Free State, whom we beat. That afternoon we played Natal, to whom we lost. The following day we played Northern Transvaal and Eastern Province, and we beat both provinces. On the last day we played Border, who were very strong, and we lost. Overall, WP came 3rd with Border winning, and Natal coming second. Prize giving was held on the last day, which was enjoyed by all.

We had great fun on the tour, and visited Gilbey's Wine Farm one afternoon. We spent many evenings at "Barry's Restaurant" where we were given free milkshakes.

We really had a fantastic tour, and look forward to playing in more tournaments.



LUCY BURNS
Std 7

SCRIPTURE UNION HOUSEPARTY

DISAKLOOF

After the success of the S.U. Mission to Herschel, I was very keen on going to the Disakloof Houseparty during the June holidays. I must admit that as the time drew near I felt a bit unsure about whether I really wanted to go, but I felt a bit better when I remembered that it was open to both Christians and non-Christians and the people there would thus be trying to learn more about Christianity. I really did not know what to expect or whether there would be any other Herschel girls.

On my arrival I was met by warm and friendly leaders and showed to a cabin where I was to spend the next week. I must admit that the setting was beautiful. Little white cottages sat amongst the trees on the slope of the mountain with a view of the sea in the distance.

Did I say I was afraid I would be the only Herschel girl? My eyes nearly popped out when I saw a whole busload full of Herschel girls arrive! Rolt was well represented and although they were a bit unsure of the situation they were all full of bounce! There were many other girls from St. Cyprians as well as one Bishop's and one Rondebosch guy. We all had to wear name tags which said "My name is Sonja, what is yours?" and soon everyone got to know each other. The leaders were mainly university students and Paul, the head leader, was a full-time member of S.U.

We got up at 7.45 every morning and had breakfast and later in the morning/...

morning we had a meeting where various aspects of Christianity were discussed. The talks were given by young people to which all of us could relate. The first talk we had was by Ian Anderson on the "Bible" from which we learnt that there is more proof of Jesus' existence (not only in the Bible) than there is for the fact that Napoleon existed!

Every morning we had a variety of activities to choose from. We could, for example, go on a long or short hike, go to the beach, go into Hermanus to play tennis, squash or golf. Everybody enjoyed these well-organized activities and other activities which included eating waffles in Hermanus; lying around camp eating and reading or talking; playing rugby and ... after all that, sleeping.

Then we had lunch which always proved to be very exciting because each leader had a turn to prepare a meal - male or female. These proved to be of excellent quality!

After lunch there was an optional Bible reading. This gave all who attended a wider knowledge and greater insight into the Bible.

We then had fun and games which lasted the entire afternoon. We were free to participate in these and also to talk to any of the leaders about problems we were experiencing. Our youngest camper was Louel, the 3 month old son of our leader, Paul Calwick.

At 5.30 we all came together for a formal meeting during which we were given serious talks which again proved very interesting and enriching. The topics included Physical and Emotional healing, the Holy Spirit and Churches.

We/...

We had our marvelous suppers and after that, Games of Skill and Dexterity, in the hall. These were really very tiring to quieten us down for our evening "quiet time" with our room mates and leaders in our cabins. This was the time that we really drew close to each other and God. We discussed many different aspects of Christianity. And then after a long and tiring day...zzz.

One of the most exciting activities at the camp was our own Olympic Games. I was a member of the Japanese team and guess what our colour was? Yellow, of course!

We also had to Hunt the Spies in Hermanus after a telephone call from the police. "Spies" (leaders) turned up in unexpected places with unexpected faces in restaurants, shop windows (dressed as dolls), blind men, petrol attendants and hairdressers. Many a time we got strange glances from the inhabitants of Hermanus.

Apart from the fun and laughter, we learned about genuine friendships and a real relationship with the Lord. Everybody left the camp having built new friendships, not only with people but with God as well.

Our prayer is that each person who came to the camp should continue to grow in a relationship with God and so bear the beautiful fruits of kindness, gentleness, love and self-control.

SONJA PETRUS
Std 9

“rock’n rolting”



M

ATRIC DANCE

One soon realizes that for fifty girls with different personalities to come to an agreement is not as simple as it seems. Everyone has their own opinions and ideas and it took us a while before we came up with a solution to the theme. Then came the task of keeping it a secret from the rest of the school, so we sent out a couple of rumours to send them off the scent; the real theme being Loth Lorien, the enchanted forest.

After many hours of heated discussion and changes of plans time and again, (like changing the colour of the tablecloth overlays from yellow to pink to white and back to pink and back to white until we finally decided they were unnecessary) we finally got down to the painting and final organizing and final organizing and final organizing.

After a holiday of intensive painting we were starting to feel slightly more optimistic and within two weeks the day had arrived for decorating and putting our thoughts into action. Feeling somewhat jaded from the day's work, yet very happy with the result, we all went home to prepare ourselves for the night ahead.

The moment we had waited for since junior school days had finally arrived and it was everything it was meant to be. After a short before-party to get us in the mood and to give us a chance to see everyone, we moved to school for the dance. Our weeks of discussion and hard labour had paid off and provided a beautiful setting and a delicious meal to compliment it. The atmosphere was incredible and teachers/...

teachers and girls had a "rave".

With spirits still high, yet slight disappointment that all was over, we moved on to the after-party. We danced and danced until in the end we were dancing to stay awake, knowing that if we stopped we would not see it through to sunrise. The numbers dwindled and the number of sleeping bodies grew until there were only a handful awake to greet the day. Yet again the party moved and we were off to the champagne breakfast for croissants and champagne and orange juice and another chance to fall asleep.

It was a night not easily forgotten, a night spent in the enchanted forest of Loth Lorien, a night which was worth waiting for all those years!

CHRISTINE DUNCKLEY
Std 10



SALLY DICEY and PARTNER

T HE STD 9 FORM DANCE

This year's std. 9 form dance was held at the Grossehawes beautiful home in Bishops Court.

It was an enchanting evening with both male and female looking exceptionally lovely.

At approximately 8pm the couples wafted in to the beat of soft background music. The garden was majestically decorated and the pool was fringed with light balloons and floating candles. The dominating colour was (of course) yellow teamed together with white. It all added to the cheerfulness and gaiety of the evening.

A little later the party was in full swing. Everyone was dancing and chatting and generally getting on extremely well together which created a very warm and friendly atmosphere. The spirit was great.

We were also joined by Miss Geldard in the course of the evening and she was found very popular with the boys because a few of our partners left us to request her permission for a dance.

Eventually but sadly another form dance (in this case our last form dance) had ended and everyone left with glorious memories of a wonderful evening.

On behalf of all the Rolt std. 9's I would like to thank Mr and Mrs Grossehawer and Natassha (of Jagger) very much for the use of their magnificent home and their hospitality on the Friday evening 10th March 1984.

Thank-you

Alison Kebble



FROM LEFT: SOMJA PETRUS WITH PARTNER
PHILIP MURBURN, NICI INCE AND GERALD
BUGAON-CLARE, HELEN BOTHA AND CEAID
COPELAND, MARCUS SINDY-YOUNG AND
JACQUE E.

T HE STD 8 FORM DANCE

The endless arguments in Std 8 eventually ended when we decided that our colour scheme would be bright yellow and white, the photographs would be black and white and that it will not be a "sit-down" supper.

But that was not the end. Throughout the first term the only subject which was discussed before school, during breaks, after school, on the telephone, was the Form dance.

Eventually the 3rd of March arrived. The atmosphere was in the beginning quite tense but after a while everyone started relaxing. The Rolt Girls all looked superb in their satins, taffetta's and chiffons.

The food was all prepared by extremely willing mom's who we had much to thank for. During the evening was some mistake because no one saw food for about 2 hours. Being our first form dance, we were terribly nervous and afraid to eat although we were ravenous.

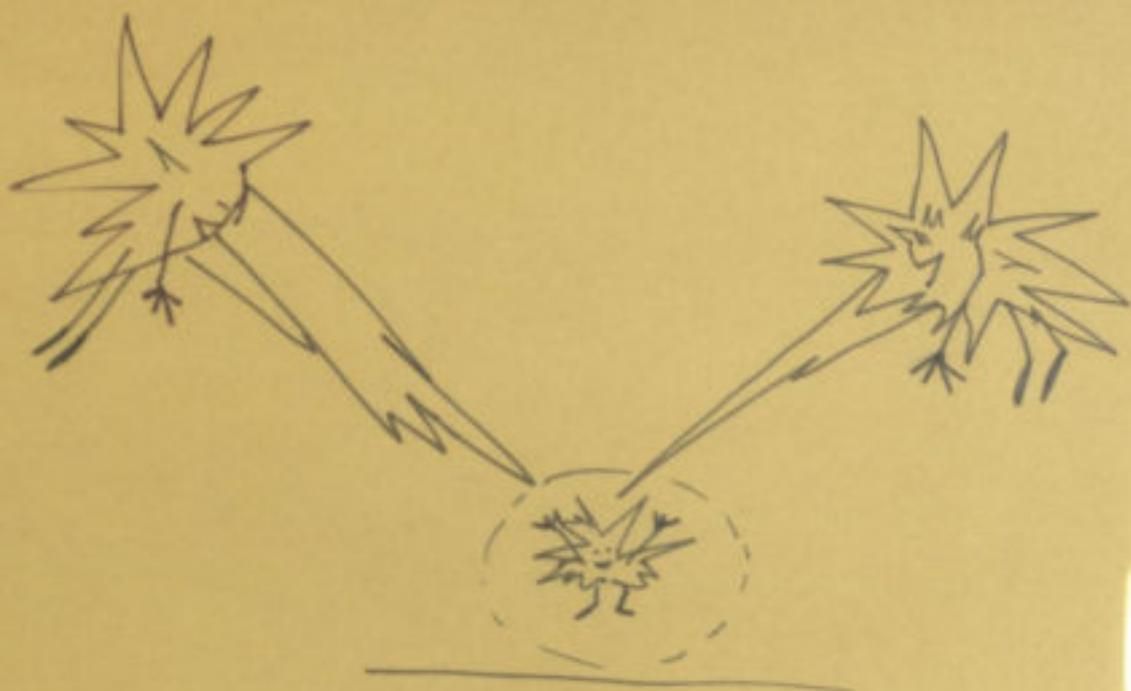
Eventually this fantastic evening came to a close. Everyone at first thought it would be an anti-climax but thanks to all the girls who really made the evening worthwhile. Most of all, the Rolt girls would like to thank Mrs. Sedgwick who gave up her home and evening for us.

JILL ATTWOOD
STD 8



STD 8 FORMAL DANCE!

BACK ROW: CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, TANIA BOTHA, LINDA NEWTON - THOMPSON,
SAMANTHA DEUMMOND - MAY, CORENE FELT
FRONT ROW: CAROLANNE M. G. HIE, JILL ATTWOOD, NICI BILSTEIN, KATHY ABBOTT



on stage



I INTER-HOUSE DRAMA

On the eve of 21 September, there was a nervous buzz about the school. The Ladies Room and the Drama room was packed with very nervous actresses.

Bundled into a section of the drama room were the Rolt actresses, all being painted and clothed in various different items, words were being hurriedly rehearsed and an occasional nervous giggle was let loose.

Herriman and Jagger were the competitors and we were ready to do our best.

The Herriman play, was 'The House of Bernara Alba', and it was staged first. It was a serious drama which required a great amount of work and practice which was obviously achieved as it was performed outstandingly well.

The ROLT girls were on reset to perform a farce 'A Red Spy at Night', right from the very beginning of the play the girls seemed to have captured the entire attention of the audience and the whole hall was filled with hearty laughs from the audience. The play went off very well and suprisingly enough no words were forgotten as Wihelmina Bray, our Producer/Director, expected. Our special thanks go to her and all the backstage workers who helped to make it a success.

The third play on the programme was performed by Jagger, namely 'What are you Doing Here', it was a delightful play and it also went/...

went off very well indeed and was enjoyed tremendously by all.

The tension reached its climax as we awaited the results:

Merriman pulled off a well deserved first place and won a trophy.

Rolt Spirit, however, was kept up and it was an evening of sportsman-
ship and friendliness which left us all with happy memories of a
night to be remembered.

Alison Keble
Std 9 C

P.S. Alison Keble won the trophy for the best actress - congratulations.

Editor



ALISON KEBBLE ... ACTRESS ?!

**roft rays
revealed
!**

PROFILE: MR CLARKE

PLACE OF BIRTH? East London

DATE OF BIRTH? 13 March 1921

SCHOOL AND/OR UNIVERSITY ATTENDED? Selborne College

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? VW Microbus

MAN/WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE? Wife - Molly

CHILDREN - IF ANY, HOW MANY? 2

PST HATE? Herschel pupils???

PST LIKE? Tennis

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME? Weather forecast

FAVOURITE FILM/MUSIC? Rolt choir

WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? Not yet ready to meet my Maker

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? Empangeni

MENTION 3 USES OF A COKE TIN IF YOU WERE STRANDED ON A DESERTED

ISLAND: 1. Knock it full of holes with a Bic.

2. Build sand castles.

3. Empty the sea.



MR CLARK - ROLT DAD

★ PROFILE: MRS CHARLESWORTH

PLACE OF BIRTH? Springs, Transvaal

DATE OF BIRTH? 13 May

SCHOOL AND/OR UNIVERSITY ATTENDED? Parktown Girls High School (JHB),

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? Ford - Ford Wits University

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? Escort XR3

MAN/WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE? Husband - Tim

CHILDREN - IF ANY, HOW MANY? None

PET HATE? Bad drivers

PET LIKE? Outdoor weekends

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME? No favourites

FAVOURITE FILM/MUSIC? Piddler on the Roof

WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? Tom Selleck

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? England, Europe or

Okavango

MENTION 3 USES OF A COKE TIN IF YOU WERE STRANDED ON A DESERTED

- ISLAND:
1. Water receptacle
 2. Cook in (with difficulty!)
 3. Sit on (with even more difficulty!!)



PROFILE: MRS BEAMES

PLACE OF BIRTH? Southern Hemisphere

DATE OF BIRTH? 20th century

SCHOOL AND/OR UNIVERSITY ATTENDED? U.C.T.

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? Ford - Ferrari preferred

MAN/WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE? Businessman - playboy preferred

CHILDREN - IF ANY, HOW MANY? 2

FET HATE? Profile questions

FET LIKE? Thomas Magnum

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME? Magnum

FAVOURITE FILM/MUSIC?

WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? Thomas Magnum

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? Hawaii

MENTION 3 USES OF A COKE TIN IF YOU WERE STRANDED ON A DESERTED

ISLAND: 1. Drum

2. Pillow

3. Mirror



PROFILE: MRS MARR

PLACE OF BIRTH? Don't remember

DATE OF BIRTH? In the reign of King Edward VIII

SCHOOL AND/OR UNIVERSITY ATTENDED? Borstal

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? Porsche 944 Alphine white with 4 stereo speakers.

CHILDREN - IF ANY, HOW MANY? Many

HAN/WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE? ????

PET HATE? Coat-hangers

PET LIKE? Flowers

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME? Derrick

FAVOURITE FILM/MUSIC? Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young

WHOM WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? Princess Diana

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? Not to Sun City

MENTION 3 USES OF A COKE TIN IF YOU WERE STRANDED ON A DESERTED

ISLAND: Don't know



★
PROFILE: MRS STEYTLER

PLACE OF BIRTH? Nottingham, England (Robin Hood Country)

DATE OF BIRTH? 30 May 1954

SCHOOL AND/OR UNIVERSITY ATTENDED? London University

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? A totally unreliable Golf and a Raleigh

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? bicycle.

MAN/WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE? ???!!

CHILDREN - IF ANY, HOW MANY? None, all are now bigger than I am.

PET HATE? Smoking

PET LIKE? Red Wine

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME? No TV

FAVOURITE FILM/MUSIC? Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing

WHOM WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? I've met him already

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? France then Nepal

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? then France then the

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? Andes then France.

MENTION 3 USES OF A COKE TIN IF YOU WERE STRANDED ON A DESERTED

ISLAND: 1. For growing sprouts.

2. For washing

3. For mud cakes.



PROFILE: MRS LOUW

PLACE OF BIRTH? Volksrust

DATE OF BIRTH? 1.1.1869

SCHOOL AND/OR UNIVERSITY ATTENDED? Hermansburg, Natal and Stellenbosch University

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? Triumph

MAN/WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE? Guess!!

CHILDREN - IF ANY, HOW MANY? Two

PET HATE? Noise

PET LIKE? Beautiful porcelain

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME? The Thorn Birds

FAVOURITE FILM/MUSIC? Sophie's Choice

WHOM WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? President Reagan

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? Greece

MENTION 3 USES OF A COKE TIN IF YOU WERE STRANDED ON DESERTED

ISLAND: 1. Cup

2. Cooking utensil

3. Scoop



PROFILE: MRS CROWTHER

PLACE OF BIRTH? Cape Town

DATE OF BIRTH? 19.2.19?? (My secret, but if you really want to know, 1964!!)

SCHOOL AND/OR UNIVERSITY ATTENDED? D.F. Malan High School and Stellenbosch University

WHAT CAR DO YOU DRIVE? Ford Escort

MAN/WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE? Husband - Jonathan

CHILDREN - IF ANY, HOW MANY? None, but what about Rommel, a lovely little Sausage Dachshund!

PET HATE? Grocery shopping

PET LIKE? Holidays

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME? The News

FAVOURITE FILM/MUSIC? Definitely more than one!

WHOM WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? Richard Gere

WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO GO ON HOLIDAY? The Far East

MENTION 3 USES OF A COKE TIN IF YOU WERE STRANDED ON A DESERTED

ISLAND: No comment





ROLT STAFF: Mrs Louw, Mr Clark, Mrs Marr,
Mrs Staylor, (BOTTOM ROW): Mrs Charlesworth,
Mrs Croucher, Mrs Beames.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF OUR HEAD GIRL

Like ten million other people, I wake up to the sound of my alarm clock at about 7 a.m.. I then hop on my bicycle and ride to school. The last bell goes at 8.10 a.m., so I try to be there by 7.55 a.m. (I confess I don't always make it). On Bluish Mondays, I arrive at at 8.09 a.m..

I visit Miss Geldard for a few minutes somewhere between 8.10 and 8.20. A minute before the 8.20 bell for assembly, I usually find that I have forgotten either to fetch my hymn book or diary (for notices) or that one notice that I would remember without writing down. Shortly after 8.20, I ring the ship's bell and then march off to assembly. I stand on the stage and glare at anyone that looks like they are itching to speak and try to look as official as I can. After assembly I give notices. On a Bluish Monday, I make a few faux pas, but at least they wake some of us up.

Then it's back to class. It's usually impossible to reach the classroom without someone asking something like "I can't do my detention today, what must I do?" or "I know we are not supposed to wear jewelry, but have you found a thin silver chain?" or, if the Monday is bluish, "Will you sponsor me?".

The lessons before little break usually pass quite uneventfully. Little break is usually the time for delivering messages, nagging people and collecting money. All is peaceful until lunch break notices. On a Bluish Monday everyone starts getting restless and/...

and talkative and I feel like the devil, himself, depriving everyone of their lunch break. Then after notices two out of the five girls that I asked to see me, don't turn up because they were too busy exchanging notes about "that lushious creature" that they met over the weekend to listen to notices. Lunch time is often relaxing. On Bluish Mondays I might attend a Debating Society meeting, or I might have to re-arrange a few detentions.

NIKI CAINE
Headgirl



D
PART OF ME WILL ALWAYS BE
WITH YOU

(By Larry S. Cheagges)

Every moment that we are together
I'm learning something
And that knowledge becomes a permanent part of me
Though my feelings will be different a year from now
Part of the difference is you.

Because of you, I am a different person
And the person I will grow to become
With or without you by my side
Will have gotten there partly because of you
If you were not in my life right now
I could not be what I am right now
Nor would I be growing
In exactly the same way.

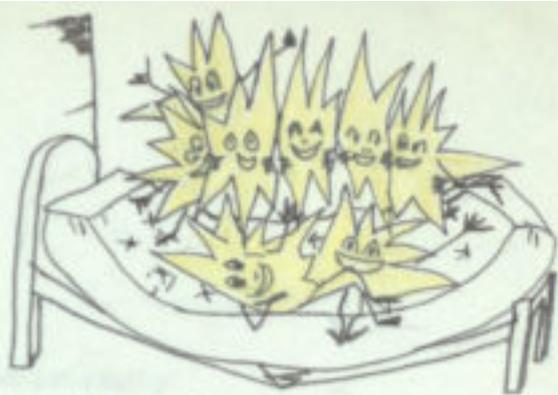
Much of what I grow toward and change within myself
Has to do with what I respond to in you
What I learn from you,
What I understand about myself through you
A part of me will always be with you
And a part of you will always be me
That much is certain
No matter what else happens.

SUBMITTED BY ASTRID LEVELT,
CANADIAN ROTARY EXCHANGE
STUDENT. WE'LL REALLY
MISS HER! THIS RADIANT
ROMBERG COULD ONLY BE A
ROLF BAW!



T

HE STD 9 ROLT BOARDERS



Eight of the fourteen Std 9 boarders are from Rolt. Three of the four Std 9 sub-prefects are from Rolt, namely: Deirdré Murray, Sonja Petrus and Alison Kebble. Apart from the fact that they were given an extremely difficult duty, they all manage to keep their cheerful personalities as well as keeping up with all their duties.

The rest of the clan are better seen than heard! Unfortunately this has been a bit of a problem ever since we arrived at Herschel!

Jackie Kolbe is the mole of the Std 9's. She is always in her room with her reflections and her sunglasses and in the summer, lying in her bikini.

Nici Ince is seldom seen upstairs due to certain vows to a male in Paarl. She spends her time on the phone to him or writing letters. Exeats are always a shortage to her.

Lynette Turner knows no other world other than that of love and horror stories. She is also the local chemist, masseur, consultant and beautician.

Marian Bladergroen still needs time to get the average figure of a boarder, but however with her mouse appetite, it could take longer than usual.

Alison Kebble and her voice can be heard all around. She is the actor of the clan and has endless designs on the singer, Rick Springfield/...

Springfield.

Deirdré Murray also has endless desires for the famous rugby player Carel du Plessis! She is also famous for burning her curls in Chapel.

Sonja Petrus has an excellent appetite, for food as well as work. She is well known for her delightful tunes while snoring and keeping the rest of us awake!

Cathy Stamper is notorious for talking in her sleep about the many hunkie surfers (with pink costumes and pink surfboards) from the Brass Bell!

CATHY STAMPER
NICI INCE
Std 9

M

ATRIC ROLT RAVES

For Rolt girls raving is a way of life, and for most of us life begins at 3pm on Friday afternoons, when the final bell announces the start of the WEEKEND! The Rolt Matrics, namely Christine, Sally, Hicki, Niki, Ilse, Alison, Susan, Clodagh, Linda, Sue and Janice can be found at various places around the Peninsula on Friday nights - legally or illegally!!

Christine, Janice and Sally will more than likely be found in the company of three young up and coming engineers. Linda will be at some gathering with a happy snapper. Niki C will be in Stellenbosch, doing everything except watching David Kramer. Sue is waiting loyally for her officer who is in P.E.

Inbetween JAWLING around Town, Susan Gatt can be found at the Race Course. Clodagh will be found at the Shub's house, enjoying the Pantry Delicacies. Alison spends a lot of time training, but also enjoys various nocturnal activities. For Ilse, army absence makes the fond heart wander. Niki Newton-King is a farmer at heart, and enjoys the rural life on weekends.

This is just a brief resurié of the Matric Rolt Raves, most of which have been censored.

"ANONYMOUS"

THE CAT CAME BACK...



R_{OLT} RAYS

What House has more spirit than Rolt? Even Jagger and Merrimen show some grudging respect! Herschel without Rolt Girls would be like the earth without the sun. Each Rolt Ray generates boundless warmth and brightness making not only Rolt a name to be proud of but Herschel a school to be loved. Niki Caine and Nicki Newton-King, our head girls, are shining Roltarians whom we love. Ally McMillan, our head of House, just radiates all that Rolt stands for. Each individual Rolt Ray is special and different. Some excell in art. Others are born actresses or outstanding sportswomen, singers, academics or dancers. There are loud Rays, quiet Rays, funny Rays and energetic Rays. Whatever, we are Rolt girls, and proud of it!

KAREN DUDLEY
Std 9



DLT RAYS



O LD DEAN ROLT

Old Dean Rolt was a jolly old fellow
He worked for the school and left Rolt yellow.
Rolt is a house which brings to one's mind
A bevy of girls of superior kind.
Undaunting, persevering Mr Clarke at the fore
Stepping out together we'll surely have to score.
Big Rolts, little Rólts,
Herschel's yellow thunderbolts!

Rolts in the classroom, Rolts in the the play
Since the swinging twenties, we've featured all the way.
Skirts on the ankle, skirts on the knee,
Cool, calm, collected, unchanging are we.
Winning or losing we'll give them a jolt,
Confidently bearing the badge and name of Rolt.
Big Rolts, little Rolts,
Herschel's yellow thunderbolts!



A

CKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The magazine committee wishes to express its thanks to all, staff and pupils alike, who contributed to this project, but in particular to those who devoted untiring effort and endless hours of sheer hard work. This magazine would be incomplete without special mention of their names.

The Std 8 and Std 9 Rolt typists, especially Diane Stringer.
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MAGAZINE COMMITTEE







