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Sub Editor	Lesley Millar
Art Editors	Sindy Emmerich
	Mandy Porter
	Natasha van Zyl
Typing Editor	Lynette Dicey

EDITORIAL

Well, at last the longed for time has come. The "big book" has been completed! Until we got down to the nitty gritty of putting this magazine together, we had no idea that it could be so much fun; in fact for the first two terms of this year, we lived in constant fear of the day when we would have to start assembling art, photographs and all the rest!

1986 has been a golden year for Rolt and we hope that everyone who looks back in the magazine in the future, will gain a true reflection of the house the way it has been this year.

We decided on our theme after our house social, towards the end of the second term. Thinking back on that evening at Lindy Newton Thompson's house, we decided that we had somehow to include the essence of Rolt, FUN, in our magazine. Hence the funny and crazy little characters dashing in and out of most pages, who are all members of Rolt - house of fun. Whether slogging it out in class or sweating it out in sport or even just catching a tan during break, Rolt's do it with a difference: they do it crazily, extravagantly and hilariously. We have tried to capture and convey this atmosphere in our magazine.

Our committee was made up of six girls, all in Std 9. Thank-you is hardly enough to say to Lesley for always being there and to Sindy, Mandy, Lynette and Natasha, thanks for doing a great job! We have all been fortunate to have the opportunity to pull together and produce the 1986 record for our house.

THE EDITOR

HOUSE TUTOR'S REPORT

It is rather difficult for me to contribute to this magazine as the high standard which Rolt has always maintained has been adequately handled by our girls. This year should be no exception and under the editorship of Caroline Symons, I am sure that we should be able to repeat last year's achievement and win the magazine award.

Our activities in the various events of the year will be well recorded elsewhere in these pages but I would like to express sincere thanks to our very efficient House Captain, Lynette Murray, for her untiring efforts in keeping the Rolt flag flying. Special mention should be made of her contribution to the highly successful social gathering at the home of Mrs Newton Thompson. I shall always shudder at the sight of Marsh mallows!!! Congratulations must also be extended to Lyn on her selection for the Western Province School's Hockey "A" Team.

In the "Stork Stakes", Rolt has also come to the fore with Mrs Charlesworth and Mrs Crowther romping home as winners with the arrival of Mark and Jacques Jonathan respectively. Congratulations to both moms. In their places we are pleased to welcome three new staff members - Mrs Allen, Mrs Peacock and Mrs Esterhuyse. We know that they will give our house their whole-hearted support.

I take this opportunity of wishing the house continued success towards the attainment of the Efficiency Shield. However, only with co-operation and participation of ALL girls in the house can we hope to achieve maximum results. So put everything into it. Remember that a chain is as strong as it's weakest link.

Bert Blake



OUR ROLT PAPA, MR CLARKE

Rolt House Social 1986



A real "Chubby Bunny"





Fun ??



After dinner blues.



"Chubby Bunny" winners -
26 marshmallows which is
a new record.

HOUSE REPORT

Rolt set out at the beginning of the year to do its very best in all spheres of school life. We kicked off with an early sports victory in the inter-house swimming gala and diving competition. Our swimmers swam superbly and with the help of our very lively cheerleaders, Rolt definitely outsang the other houses! Support from the whole house was fantastic. Congratulations to Heather Dicey, our swimming and diving captain, who put so much effort into both these events.

Most of the Inter-house events so far this year has been sporting events, and I am glad to say that Rolt members have always participated with great enthusiasm and with the lively house spirit which makes Rolt the happy house it is. I feel that the enjoyment which goes along with the competition is most important and it is a pleasure to be able to say that although Rolt does have talent, it is also full of sportsmanship.

Rolt girls have achieved not only within the school bounds this year. Carolynne McGhie has been chosen to go to California as a Rotary Exchange Student next year. Well done Carolynne, and all the best for an exciting year ahead!

On the academic front, Rolt has had some pleasing results and I hope that everyone does her best in the December exams.

A big thank-you to the magazine committee for all the hard work they have put into our house magazine this year. "Rolt - House of Fun" is an apt title for the magazine as it is a true reflection of the house in 1986.

I would also like to thank all Rolt Staff, prefects and girls for their co-operation and support throughout the year. Last, but definitely not least, a big thank-you to Mr Clarke for everything he has done to help me, as well as the rest of the house.

I am proud to have been head of Rolt and I hope that next year's head and prefects have a happy and successful year.

Keep the Rolt spirit high, give it all you've got and good luck, Rolt!

Lynette Murray Std. 10
HEAD OF HOUSE



LYNN MURRAY -OUR HOUSE CAPTAIN.
NOTICE THE TIN COLLECTION
WEIGHING DOWN ONE SHOULDER !

SHAKESPEARE WASN'T KIDDING WHEN HE SAID, "BEWARE MACDUFF"

As 1986 is Mrs Duff's first year as headmistress of Herschel, we thought it would be fitting to include her in our magazine. House magazines are a record of school life during the years and having a new headmistress is certainly a highlight in Herschel life!

Mrs Duff has come to Herschel after having been headmistress of St. John's School in Pietermaritzburg for five years. In other words, she knows all the tricks of the trade and we won't have any chance to get away with blue murder! When Mrs Duff first arrived at Herschel, we knew her as Mrs Mac Donald but within the first few week, she stunned and surprised the school by announcing her engagement to Dr Duff! A month or so later, we had to get used to calling her by her new name, which wasn't an easy job.

We asked Mrs Duff what her first impressions of Herschel were. Her immediate reply was a large, unsupressed smile and she went on to say that she was struck at once by the charm and atmosphere of the school while being impressed by the gracious buildings. However, her face suddenly became serious, with almost a frown appearing on her forehead when she said that the size of the hall had shattered her when she first saw it. This, however, has been the attitude towards our school hall for a good many years. Our music, art and drama facilities, on the other hand, are thought of highly by Mrs Duff.

A few major changes are on the cards for Herschel. Mrs Duff wishes to build a modern hall and theatre, combined in one building. Everyone agrees that this is becoming a necessity as the school grows bigger year by year. Mrs Duff would also like to see a resources centre built for the school where more indepth studies on our society and environment can take place. This complex would also house a hobbies centre, a computer centre and perhaps photography department. These are all plans for the

future though, and in the mean time, we are doing well with the facilities available to us.

Mrs Duff moved into her newly constructed home on the Cabbage Patch during the June/July holidays this year and says that she is happy to be living on the school property. She hopes to entertain girls there as soon as she is properly settled in and we all look forward to seeing the interior of the house, which we last saw when it was being built.

We wish Mrs Duff every happiness at Herschel and we are pleased and proud to have her as our headmistress.

THE EDITOR



MRS DUFF

down
down



MICHELLE



NEO

Detention!!!!



LYNNE



LYNNE



NICKY



JILL



HEATHER

HOW TO LEARN TO READ LESS



SAMANTHA DRUMMOND-HAY STD 10

TEACHERS



MEV. LOUW

Name: Mevrouw.

Any particulars: After all these years you should know them.

Former or present nicknames: You should know.

Secret admirers: Boy George, Bruce Springsteen.

The most appealing part of you: My wealth.

Your favourite quote, saying or cliché: Die essensie van intelligensie
is assosiasie.

MRS BEAMES

Name: D.E.B.!

Any particulars: a) Type "Winter" in new Colour Guide
b) Very particular about completing this questionnaire
without divulging any information!

Present or former nicknames: None (but am quite accustomed to being
addressed as Mrs. Umm ...; "Mr. Clark;
or even "Mummy" in class)

Secret admirers: Secrets cannot be shared!

The most appealing part of you?: The retreating form at 3 o'clock!

Your favorite saying, quote or cliché: "Last lesson of the afternoon"
By D.H.Lawrence

MRS STEYTLER

Name: Sandra Steytler.

Any particulars: mad about mountains.

Former or present nicknames: I hate being called Sandy.

Secret admirers: there can't be any.

The most appealing part of you: how would I know?

Your favorite quote, saying or cliché: You'll thank me one day.

MRS MARR

Name:

Any particulars?: Very particular.

Former or present nicknames: N.A.

Secret admirers?: Too many to enumerate

The most appealing part of you: Isn't it obvious?

Your favorite saying, quote or cliché: TGIF





MEV. LOUW AND MRS BEAMES

MRS STEYTLER AND MRS MARR



MRS PEACOCK

Name: Marianne.

Any particulars: I have a son and a daughter, like to travel and I always want things to happen fast.

Present or former nicknames: My previous pupils translated my surname.

Secret admirers: You said "secret".

The most appealing part of you: My car.

Your favorite saying, quote or cliché: "I'm trying to teach you the language of my heart".

MRS ALLEN

Name: Paddy Allen.

Any particulars?: State secret.

Former or present nicknames: Confidential.

Secret admirers: Too many to enumerate.

The most appealing part of you?: If you are perfect how can one part be better than the other?

Your favorite saying, quote or cliché: Ever since I gave up hoping I've felt much better.



MRS PEACOCK

PADDY ALLEN



MRS ESTERHUYSE

Name: Cynthia

Any particulars?: Yes - Crazy about Cote d'Or chocs.

Present or former nicknames: Angel

Secret admirers: Ben Hur

The most appealing part of you?: My petite shell-like pink ears.

Your favorite saying, quote or cliché: So what's new?

MRS BROCKBANK

Name: Brockbank

Any particulars?: Itchy feet.

Present or former nicknames: Jenny-Wren.

Secret admirers: King Kong.

The most appealing part of you?: 2nd toe on left foot.

Your favorite saying, quote or cliché: The lack of money is the root of
all evil.

MR CLARKE

Name: Bert

Any particulars?: Sorry - they were confiscated

Present or former nicknames: Too many to mention.

Secret admirers: So secret, even I don't know

The most appealing part of you?: Take a guess.

Your favorite saying, quote or cliché: Use your blinking loaf.





MRS ESTERHYSE

MR. CLARKE



CLUBS



CHRISTIAN UNION REPORTCommittee

Chairman: Susan Mayer

Secretary: Shelley Woode

Other members: Jessica Turner

Suki Jaffe

Janet Wray-Young

The aim of "C.U." this year has been to attract new members and to provide interesting programmes for the present members. Our meetings have been held weekly on Friday during lunch breaks. This year we have been able to hold our meetings in Mrs Sadler's music room and have had the use of an overhead-projector for our song sheets. We have also had permission to use the piano and record player for the meetings that have involved music.

Several outside speakers have been invited to come and talk to us or give their testimonies. "Relish 7", a Christian band, has come twice this year and on each occasion has drawn large numbers of people. In the second term we hired the video "Joni" which tells the story of a paralysed girl who becomes a Christian. We watched the video during two consecutive lunch breaks and enjoyed it thoroughly as it served as a real eye-opener for many of us.

Other meetings have been held internally and have involved singing, prayer and discussion on various topics. A Monday meeting was introduced earlier this year but was not very successful.

During the rest of the year we hope to have many more speakers and videos, and to make C.U. meetings as interesting as possible.

Jessica Turner Std. 9

CHOIR REPORT

The Choir has had a relatively full programme this year. We sang at Founder's Day and at five weddings, of which four were at Christ Church, Constantia and the other one at Christ Church, Kenilworth.

During the next two terms we are going to be singing at the Headmasters' Conference at Bishops with St. George's, St. Cyprian's, Bishops and Western Province choirs. We will be singing Hiawatha's Wedding Feast. We have a number of school functions also to sing at: a music workshop; Prize giving and of course our school Carol Service, which is the choir's highlight of the year.

We have had a very exciting year and hope to make a success of everything we sing.

Jenny Köster Std. 9



SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB

The word "sociological" means "to do with society and humans" and is derived from the Latin word "socius", meaning "partner" or "ally". During our Sociological Club meetings we have different speakers talking to us on many varying subjects, which are all aspects of our society.

At the beginning of the first term this year, Mrs Dorstal from the Institute for Future Research, University of Stellenbosch, came to talk to us about the problems facing South Africa in the next fifteen years. Her speech shocked many of us and made us realize that it is our generation who will have to solve these problems!

Later on in the term, we were addressed by Mrs Zuck, a clinical psychologist, on eating disorders of the teenager. This is a subject very close to home and her talk was greatly appreciated as it offered us advice on diets and advice on other matters concerning young ladies!

When the excitement of Halley's Comet was reaching its climax, Professor Feast spoke to us about the history of the Comet and corrected false facts which we had been led to believe about it. His talk was extremely interesting and very topical at the time.

These are only a few of the many talks we have been lucky enough to listen to during Sociological Club this year. On some occasions the meetings take the form of slide shows or films. These talks, slide shows and films serve to broaden our education beyond the limits of a classroom and play a valuable rôle in expanding our general knowledge.

We owe a big thank-you to Mrs Steytler for all the effort she has put into Sociological Club this year as we realize that finding some-one who will hold Herschel Std 8's, and Std 9's and Matric's interest for an hour every week, is a difficult job.

Caroline Symons Std. 9



DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The debating society started the year with a fun debate against Bishops. In the senior division, Herschel proved that Adam was definitely not a "rough draft", although the Bishops boys came close to convincing us that he was! In the junior section, the topic "Co-education is a necessity for a balanced education" came under fire. Although this started off by being hilariously funny, it eventually disintegrated to a level which was quite crude at times. Both debates, however, were extremely entertaining and enjoyable.

Although the inter-schools aspect of the debating society has been somewhat neglected this year, the Speaker's Forum has been very active. Interesting speeches on Feminism and Feminists; the Lybian Crisis as a cause for World War 3; Vision for South Africa and the disintegration of the English language, were given. The avid and enthusiastic response and participation of the audiences made these events particularly enjoyable.

I think that speakers have learnt a great deal this year and that next year there will be more oppotunities for us to debate against other schools.

Larissa Peter Std. 8



MOUNTAIN CLUB

Judging by the number of names already down on the notice for the Boland Trail in September, it is obvious that the Mountain Club, led by our "fearless" Mrs Feast, is steadily gaining popularity.

Since the success of the Swellendam Trail last year in September, we have been treated with more and more extravagant expeditions. Some of these include climbing to the top of Lion's Head to see the sunset and feeling our way down the chains in the thickening dusk; walking along the coast to Seal Island in Houtbay, a route not often taken as we discovered when we were faced with sandstone cliffs and wild, crashing waves. You must think I am very melodramatic but if you had been there you would definitely agree with me. Our hunch that Mrs Feast may just be romantic was justified when she organised an evening walk (avec sunset) with an even bigger party of Bishop's boys!

We are all looking forward to an action-packed, surprise - filled Boland trail. Who knows what horrors we might have to face: dried prune dinners; spider hut-mates; shorts sun tans and double bookings - all of which we had to face last year in Swellendam!

Natasha van Zyl STD. 9



HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT

The Historical Society, comprising of Std. 8, 9 and 10 history students has met four times this year.

During the first term, on Monday 24 February, a group of fifteen girls, accompanied by Mrs Beames, Mrs Crowther and Mrs Weerts, visited Groote Schuur, the former residence of all South African Prime Ministers.

We were escorted by security guards to the house, where we were met by Mrs White, our guide for the afternoon. We were all fascinated by the contents of the house, especially the four huge tapestries, worth about R5 million each. It was most ^fsurprising to be told that nothing in the house was insured as the cost of doing so would be far too great.

Everyone enjoyed the outing tremendously and our thanks go to the teachers for their organisation.

Also during the first term a lunchtime debate entitled "History is governed by Geography" was proposed by the matric geography girls and opposed by history girls. After a close battle, the history team was victorious.

During the second and third terms two more lunchtime debates were held. One entitled "The Japanese had justifiable cause for bombing Pearl Harbour in 1941" and the other "The Monarchy is outdated". Both proved to be most enjoyable.

Further outings to historical homes under reconstruction, such as the Vallunburg Homestead, have been planned for the third term.

Nicole Champin Std. 8

SCIENTIA REPORT

Scientia, Herschel's general knowledge club, is one of the most recent additions to our group of societies. The meetings, which are usually well attended, are held every alternate Wednesday at lunch break and are expertly organised by Mrs Thompson; during these meetings, two groups compete against each other, attempting to answer questions covering a great many topics. During the first term, an interhouse quiz was held in the hall. The Rolt team comprised:

Carolynne McGhie

Lesley Millar

Naseema Barday

Although, in the end, we were not victorious, we really enjoyed ourselves and the fun and challenge was shared by all the spectators as well.

Mrs Thompson must be credited for her enthusiasm and interest and all members are very grateful to her for her hard work.

Lesley Millar Std. 9



SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY CLUB REPORT

Time seems to have flown this year with regard to our Social Responsibility Club. In the first term we had a large Easter egg collection in the school. Every girl had to bring four Easter eggs which, having been gathered up and sorted out, were given to the St. Francis Home for Handicapped children. We hope Easter was made a little brighter than usual for the unfortunate children at the home.

At the beginning of winter this year, with the arrival of many cold, wet and windy days, thousands of people were left homeless at Crossroads. Mrs Marr with the help of some Social Responsibility members, co-ordinated a large collection of blankets, food, jerseys and any household gear to support the Crossroads Fund. The co-operation and willingness with which many girls responded to this cause was excellent.

We have had continuous requests during the year to participate in street collections for various organisations. On many Saturday mornings there have been plenty of Herschel girls to be found on street corners in Claremont, doing their bit by street collecting.

Two years ago, we began a project called "Rent-a-Granny". Through the Red Cross Hospital, girls adopted an elderly person and visited them on a regular basis, usually once a week. The girls still keep in close contact with the friends they made.

We hope to go from strength to strength in the club and to serve our purpose which is to be socially responsible.

Caroline Symons Std. 9



POTTERY REPORT

Since the beginning of the year, pottery with Mrs Lapping has consisted of about sixty girls. Our biggest project this year has been sculptures of people and the human body-creations range from noses to bottoms!

There was much excitement when we made pinch pots for Rhaku and Sawdust firings. These firings are different to the normal firing and produce a totally different kind of pot.

Stray shoes with a unique quality were collected and pupils made sculptures out of them. The results were so good that it was extremely hard to tell the difference between the original shoe and the replica.

"Thanks" to Mrs Lapping for a very exciting year with many new ideas. She never seems to run out of inspiring projects and continues to amaze not only me but all her pupils.

Audra Carey Std 7

BRIDGE CLUB REPORT

The Bridge Club meets every Wednesday afternoon after school. This has enabled many more day girls to play bridge as the club used to meet at night time last year. Unfortunately, very few of last year's players are still involved; however, this year many more new members have joined. Sally and Jenny Köster, Suki Jaffe and Larissa Peter are regular Rolt members of the Bridge Club. We have not played at any competitions this year as we are working hard to improve our skills but we will hopefully be competing in the near future. Bridge is a very relaxing game and is socially of great benefit especially in years after school. Mrs Adderly is the teacher in charge and must be thanked for all she does for the club.

Sally Köster Std. 9



CREATIVE WORK



WE THOUGHT IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN HERE!

The news was out! The front page of the Daily Insecticide was covered in the story and the helpless plea on everyone's lips was, "we thought it could never happen here! "

It came as a complete shock. No insect in the whole of the underground city of Buglia had ever even pondered on the idea but now it had become a reality. Within the next week they were going to churn up, demolish and finally tar over the capital of all the Buglia cities around the world.

The situation was disastrous. Buglia, apart from housing around two million fleas, ants, stink bugs and crickets, was also the site for the International Parliament of Crawling Insects. Not even their motto, "Insects last, Bagon don't" could be any help to their approach to the situation.

It was a case of mass hysteria and panic. The city had to be evacuated within the next few days.

Dragon Flies were called in and loaded up with anything from museum antiques to larvae and Earthworm Tunnel seven was completely blocked. Pupils were marched in trains to safety and even wasps from a private airline, "Beeline Travels" were hired to help carry the honey stores out of the city. Everyone was called upon to do their bit, including the Kamakazi beetles, who were especially useful in the delicate task of transporting "nitclear" bombs.

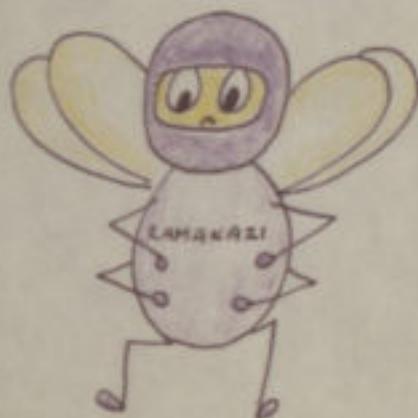
There was no-time for sleep. The governing grasshopper was in a state of turmoil. Buglia since its day of Independance had never suffered such a disaster. But the big question was: who was the traitor? Who was the undercover ally of the Cape City Council? They had the Federal

Bureau for Insect Investigation on the case but who knows how long an investigation on the case would take, especially with the city in this state. Suddenly the noise outside subsided and there was a tremendous shaking, vibrating feeling ... "Jonny, Jonny, were you day-dreaming again?" It was the hot breath of the infuriated teacher on my neck. "You have an exam to write and hand in in thirty minutes! You had better get going, if you want to finish."

"Not again," I groaned as I desperately scribbled down a very insubstantial answer to the first question. I must really try to get out of this day-dreaming habit.

"Calling all residents of Buglia. I have an important announcement to make," the voice of the governing grasshopper boomed over the loud-speaker ...

Natasha van Zyl Std. 9



FREEDOM

Growing together-

Black and White.

Laughing and crying together,

Breaking down the barrier between their colours.

Will they ever be free?

We can create freedom for others-

This will come in time.

It is not enough ...

"Enough" will be when

the white boy

takes the hand of the black boy,

and gives him his name ...

with love ...

Sindy Emmerich Std. 9



SINDY EMMERICH STD 9

LISA KODE STD 8



A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

She, who is the trusty slave of man, seated upon a nose, enables us to do what our eyes normally cannot. Her beautiful figure, that is designed to fit neatly on the face; flowing round and wasp waisted. Her slender arms stretch right round and her delicate hands gently hold our head behind the ear lobes. Her frame is artistically moulded from durable plastic and elegantly coloured a pale to brown tortoiseshell. Her fine precious lenses are carefully ground and polished from clear glass. To achieve the right curvature that compensates for the flaw on our eyes, the lenses are then singly fitted into their sturdy frames and finally, complete, she sparkles and is ready for use. She, the most magnificent wonder, can make fuzzy turn clear, tiny turn to large, far turn to near, in fact, in all her splendour, she can make the failing human eye see.

Nira Lincoln Std, 6



A HIDDEN LAND

There is a land I know of, far away, where reality sleeps and the abstract floats over the ground like a gentle mist. The trees are stark and there is an open sky; and the light is quite different; and the air is still since the weatherman retired. Elusive forms, half there, half not, flit through the trees with indolent stealth and if your eyes turn inwards you can see them, perhaps. It is a land of thoughts and dreams. It's where I go when my mind drifts away and my eyes turn inward and follow the thoughts into dark corners and over invisible borders.

This land could be the backdrop of a play, for it is so stark and so simple it's hardly there. When I came to watch, my musings and ponderings slip out from behind the trees and dance lightfooted over the powdery earth. They bow and twist and knot themselves; dance furiously, faster, and faster, and then spin apart into showering droplets that fall in a lucid spray to curtsy and slip off into the dark. Here in this land, on this stage, a drama is played out and my dreams are enacted. When the applause has died I'm a little bit older, a little bit wiser and little bit closer to knowing myself.

Often the land seems to be made of icy filligree, with scratchy branches etching mystic signs into a black sky. Then the light is pure and white and glances off the pale faces hidden in dark crannies. Then the hidden souls of hidden people come out and edge shyly up to you and then it is a land where pretences have been stripped away and where all that remains of the people I know, is a pitiful glance and a naked white face.

Sometimes the air is hot and the light is bright. The trees cast no shadows and the air throbs with the sound of crickets. The trees are shrivelled and there is nothing to be seen in the glare of the white light, except myself. And then in the empty, sleepy world of my subconscious the thoughts hide in me, in search of shade, and I softly sleep. Then the light drains away and dreams come to take my hand and lead me out to other worlds, past the border of sleep.

But what I have found, more and more, is that it is a land of doubts and fears. I go there when nothing seems solid or secure and the rotted, crumbling tree trunks sigh and sift into oblivion at my touch. Then the land is bare and the white light above, no sun, no moon, hangs like a naked lightbulb, wakening all the dark corners where doubts and fears hide. I cannot hide my face for the light is everywhere and there is no escape.

Whatever this land may be or seem, it is a place where I can see few people's souls unwrapped and honest. It's where I go when I need to understand, to ponder. Here my secret inner being, so vulnerable, so fragile, can be looked at and examined without fear that breath will blow it away forever.

Jessica Turner Std.9

IT HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

The fire alarm was ringing and I had to get out. Where was the door? I couldn't see anything. The fire alarm was still ringing. I pushed the door and bumped straight into Mum. It had all been a dream. Thank heavens for that! But I could still hear the fire alarm until I realized it was my alarm clock which I had set the night before. I switched it off and looked at Mum who had a worried expression on her face. "It is 6.45, Darling. I advise you to get up."

Half an hour later I was walking down the road on my way to school. I usually rode my bike to school but it was broken that week. Everything was quiet except the continual noise from my shoes. There were not many cars on the road and I felt a happy feeling in my heart. Suddenly I saw a grey car stop next to me and a fair headed boy asked me if I wanted a lift. Mum and Dad were endlessly lecturing me about not accepting lifts from strangers so I said that I only had to walk another block, which was a lie. The boy said he would walk with me so he got out of the car and took my bag. I pulled at it but he took no notice of me. He then ran to his car and drove off ... with my bag. I was scared as well as furious so I went screaming and crying to school.

When I got to school, I could hardly believe my eyes. There on my desk was my bag. I was so amazed for the rest of the day that I failed most of my tests and to think that it all happened on the way to school!

Jean Dicey Std. 7

BREAD

She had already knocked and was waiting patiently. Soon a cold, empty face appeared around the opening door.

"Yes?" asked the voice of a woman.

"Sal missus asseblief vir my kind 'n stukkie brood gee; hy kry honger?" she begged.

"Wait here," ordered the woman.

The door closed and she stood waiting...hoping. After a few moments the door opened again and a slice of bread was dumped into her outstretched hands.

"Dankie, missus. Baie dankie, missus, dankie," but the door had already closed, so her thanks went unheard. She turned slowly away from the closed door that separated her from the luxury and warmth of the white house.

The child had begun to whine and she swung him up on to her hip and moved slowly down the street. Gently, she placed pieces of bread into his little, open mouth and then wiped the crumbs from his face. His nose had started to run, so she wiped it with the back of her hand. He was still whining, so she softly crooned a lullaby, hoping that he would fall asleep. He had not been himself lately; the usual excitement and bounce in him had disappeared and his cough had begun to worry her. It was because they had no shelter at night that he had caught this cold, of that she was sure. But where could they sleep; they had no home of their own. And that morsel of bread would have to keep him satisfied until she could beg some more for him. But now, all she was worried about, was finding somewhere for them to sleep.

They spent the night in an old, deserted warehouse in the back-end of

town. The windows had long since been smashed and the wind howled through the hostile building. She clutched her child protectively to her bosom to keep him warm, but she could still feel him shiver. The newspapers that she had draped over did not provide much warmth, but at least they had a dry place to sleep - for now.

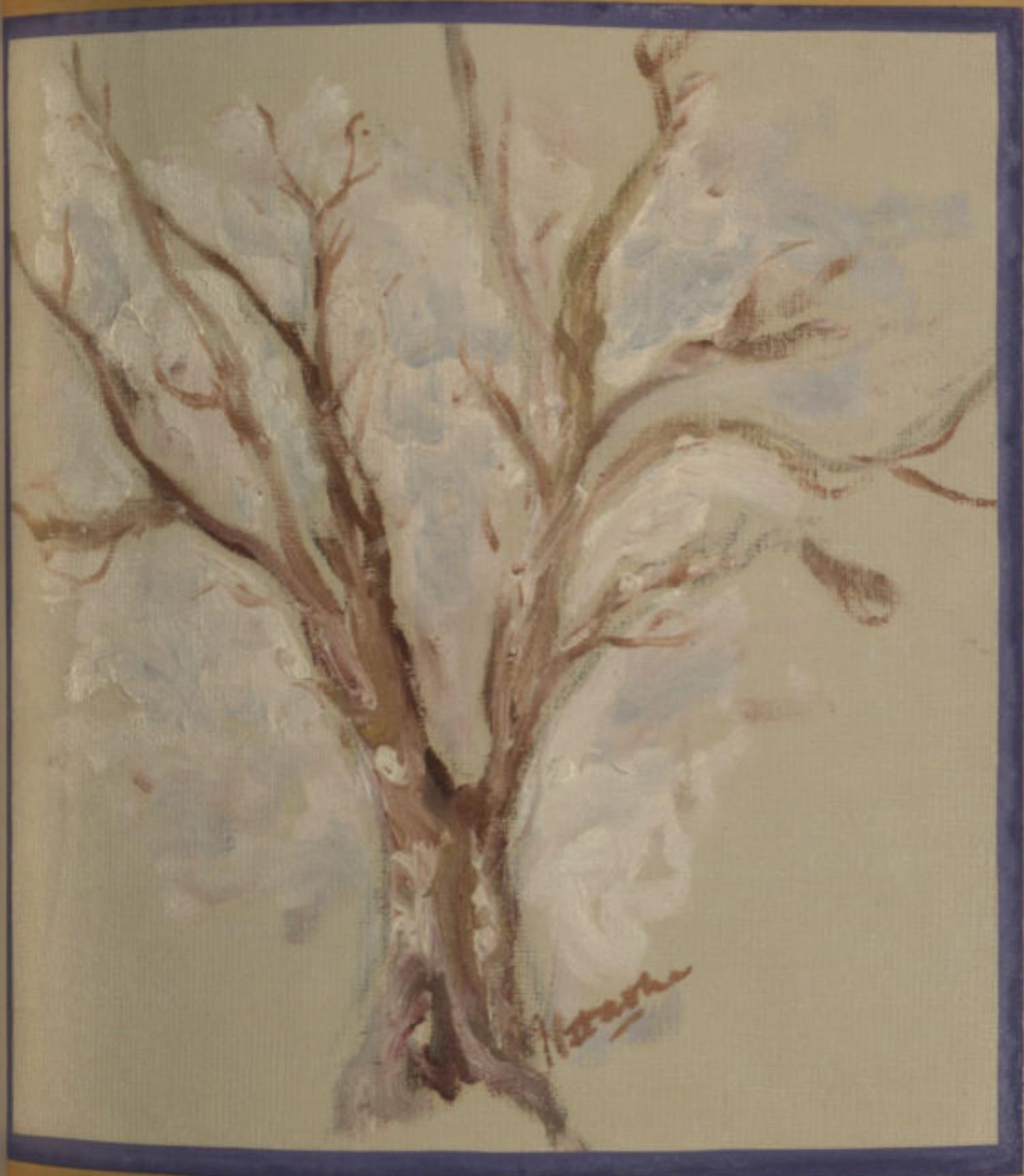
The child vomitted on the floor by the time she awoke, and lay whispering. Lovingly, she picked him up and rocked her child. What was wrong with him? What was she to do? She left the warehouse, carrying him on her back and walked towards the top-end of town. She knew that she had to find something for him to eat; another piece of bread perhaps. It was the only food that the white people would give away and she did not have any money to buy any.

She walked on into the white residential area and stopped at the first house which had a neat garden. She climbed the carefully painted green steps and tapped timidly on the closed door. A white face appeared at the open window.

"What do you want?"

"Sal Meneer asseblief vir my kind 'n stukkie brood gee, want hy is baie siek?" She begged. The face dissapeared and she stood waiting... hoping.

Carolynne McGhie STD. 10



NATASHA VAN ZYL STD 9

DROUGHT

A heat haze over the land,
Sun-scorched and parched.
Bone-white skeletons
and dead thorn trees,
unprotected from the cruel sun.
This,
is drought.

Sally Koster Std. 9

FASHION - TYRANNY OR SELF- EXPRESSION

The red softness of my Sloppy Joe jersey and blue fleecy-lined track-suit bottoms envelope me; on my 6½ feet I wear a pair of socks - one a bright orange colour and the other a sunshine yellow. The reason for my odd socks is not symbolic, it's simply that Grunt ate the orange one and the yellow one somehow went missing. My hair is scraped back off my face and tied back in a pigtail. It's not fashionably permed and neither has it had a colour rinse - heavens! I don't even have a whipsy fringe. I smugly sip my coffee, "I do not let myself be dictated to by the various so called 'Fashion experts' or by the glamour magazines. I'm not subjected to the tyranny of peer group pressure regarding fashion." I take another sip of my coffee, "Yup, I'm comfortable the way I am, good grief! I must be the only mature person among a group of mere mortals - slaves to the fashion industry."

Suddenly a thought punches me in my rounded tummy - would I like the man of the moment to see me now? The smudged mascara making me look rather like a cockateel with a hangover and the tracksuit bottoms emphasizing my pear shape as those demi-gods in Vogue call it. Somehow the coffee tastes bitter in my mouth and my large red comforter is no longer comfortable; my socks became loud and (for lack of a better word) "kitch". Would I dare let anyone other than immediate family see me like this? What is fashion to Laura-Samantha Wouldidge, Sammy for short - Tyranny or Self-Expression?

I'd hate to think of myself as one who is dictated to by the passing fashion and fads, that I am really one of the numerous Christie Brinkley clones (perhaps that is slightly exaggerated - having already mentioned my shape.)

I want to be me and I always thought I was - honest to goodness ol' me in my red jersey and bulky tracksuit. Perhaps I'm afraid of what people might think, in which case - fashion is a tyranny.

Yet, it could also be that I take pride in my appearance and want to look good and well - yes, look somewhat different. Sam Woulidge is a multi-faceted character; therefore if I only wore casual, sloppy clothes, I would only show one side of Sammy for short - the lazy relaxed side of me and that isn't honest to goodness ol' me. Therefore I wear clothes depending on my mood, the occasion and my feelings. Then, I'm showing people the real me, the multi-faceted character, hence Fashion - self-expression.

I have, what some someone described as classical features ie. rather normal. At times I do wish that I had striking features - the sort of looks that would seem congruent with anything fashionable from the roaring 20's to the howling 80's, but on the whole I like myself. I wear bright colours, I adore hats and scarves and interesting textures and having been influenced by my mom who possesses that elusive quality - style; I wear clothes that are uniquely Sam.

"Sam-clothes" are clothes that reflect me, myself, it could be that my clothes are in a way Self-Expression, but perhaps it is a tyranny - a case of always having to wear "Sam-clothes". If the fashion that I believe in is a form of tyranny - then so be it. If it is self-expression hooray, then the argument may once and for all be settled. Either way I hope that the essence of Laura-Samantha Woulidge, Sammy for short, is never lost because of outer trappings ie. clothes.

SORROW

All that is beautiful

No longer exists

All that is colourful

Turns grey

You are in a dark, lonely world and there seems no light

No

No light at all

Michele Kroon Std. 9



CAROLINE SYMONS STD 9

BORN, FED AND SLAUGHTERED

He will be born, fed and slaughtered
 He does not know his fate and just as well.
 He's a dumpy, dull animal, as dull as
 his life.
 A boy and him show resemblance:
 They both enjoy the dirt.
 If I could tell him to eat less,
 His life would be twice the length.
 Instead he becomes a swollen balloon
 As soon as possible.
 My friend is like a sewage tank,
 But that's no reason to dislike him.
 No love for him so why should he return.
 When he walks he resembles a tank,
 When he snorts a gust of spray arrives your way.
 He has no friends
 He has no foes.
 He will be born, fed and slaughtered.
 As you have guessed he is a pig.

Lucinda Lombardi Std. 6



SIXTEEN

I'm not old enough to be sixteen yet.

I like peanut-butter

and ice-cream

and I read Enid Blyton

and I eat popcorn at the cinema.

I cuddle my teddy-bear sometimes

(Biggle's his name)

and snuffle into my pillow

when I'm upset,

or afraid.

I get afraid, sometimes ...

Sometimes I get afraid

because I feel rather small,

and problems can be so big

and feelings so strong,

and there's nowhere to hide,

and there's nowhere to go.

But I'm sixteen now

and I can take care of myself

and I'm all grown-up

and responsible now ...

but I don't think I'm old enough

to be sixteen yet.

Jessica Turner Std. 9

AFRIKAANS



BY 'n VRIENDIN SE GRAF

Sally was 'n sestienjarige meisie. Vir baie mense was ^{sy}net 'n statistiek: een van die honderde mense wat elke jaar in motorfietsongelukke sterf.

Maar vir my was sy iets besonder. Sy het bruin hare en donker blou oë, wat altyd weemoedig gelyk het, gehad ... en sy was my beste vriendin.

Ek kan maklik onthou hoe sy 'n week gelede, opgewonde vir my vertel het van haar verjaardagpresent: 'n splinternuwe motorfiets. Nou staan ek by haar graf, in die begraafplaas van 'n klein Somerset-Wes se kerkie. Dit was haar skuld gewees, die man in die motor kon nie gestop het nie, het hulle vir haar ouers gesê. Sally het haar hele lewe voor haar gehad; sy het goed by die skool gevaar; haar gesinslewe was gelukkig ...

hoekom dan?

Dit was my pa wat die slegte nuus vir my meegedeel het. Hy en 'n ander neurochirurg het op haar geopereer, maar daar was geen hoop nie. Ek kon en wou dit nie glo nie. Dit was net 'n week gelede wat sy soos ons almal gelag en gelewe het ... nou is sy nie meer hier nie ... dit is so finaal. Alles voel tevergeefs. Dit laat jou dink aan jou lewe. Wat doen jy daarmee? Dinge wat op daardie tydstip sleg lyk, is niks in vergelyking met die dood nie. Ons moet elke dag lewe met soveel vreugde en lewenslus as wat ons kan.

Wanneer jy die dood van iemand vir wie jy lief het, ervaar, word jy effens selfsugtig en vergeet soms van die ander mense wat rondom jou ook treur. Ek kan voel hoe my oë begin traan as ek aan Sally se ouers dink. Sy was hul enigste kind, en die sonskyn van haar pa se lewe. Sally het altyd tyd gehad vir almal. Sy was nooit selfsugtig of nors nie, en kon amper altyd iemand met haar warm lag weer vrolik laat voel.

Soms wonder ek of ek nie meer liefde en dankbaarheid aan mense moet
betoon nie ... dalk is hulle, soos Sally, nie meer mōre hier nie ...
ek gaan haar mis ...

Larissa Peter Std. 8

Die Dagboekinskrywing van Vasco de Gama

Die Dagboek

Die storm het die weer baie dreigend gelyk en ons het besluit om ons koers te verander, regstreks Portugal toe. Om omtrent elfuur het dit begin reën en daar was groot donderwolke in die lug. Die weer het versleg en na middagete het die wind stortbui uitgesak en ons was baie bang dat ons miskien tot by die einde van die aarde sou kom. Die branders was groter as ons skippie en hulle het een van die ankertoue gebreek. Ons het ons anker op hierdie manier verloor. Alhoewel ons drie uur lank teen die storm geveg het, het die see ons in 'n ander rigting gestuur. Toe het ek my kompas verloor en ons het nie weet in watter rigting ons beweeg nie en het hopeloos verdwaal.

Glukkig het die storm bedaar en die branders het kleiner geword. Ons het almal baie ontspan alhoewel ons verdwaal het, maar gelukkig het een van die seimans nog 'n kompas in sy sak gehad. Ons het dit gebruik om weer in die regte rigting te seil en toe was ons weer op koers.

Die nag was almal baie bang en ons het baie gebid dat die Here ons moes beskerm en hy het. Dankie tog!

Tania Fourie Std. 7

n KUNSSKILDER

ander mense sal vir jou sê dat die skildery nie 'n naam het nie, maar ek noem dit "My Donker Jare". Terwyl ek hier voor die skildery staan en daarna kyk, vyf-en-twintig jaar later, herleef ek die emosies en gevoelens wat ek ervaar het in die tydperk van my lewe toe ek hierdie skildery geskilder het. Die skildery kan beskryf word as 'n "gemors van verf" en dis wat dit eintlik is. Daar is baie swart en donker kleure in die deurmekaar patrone waaruit die skildery bestaan, met 'n kolletjie helder geel in een van die hoeke.

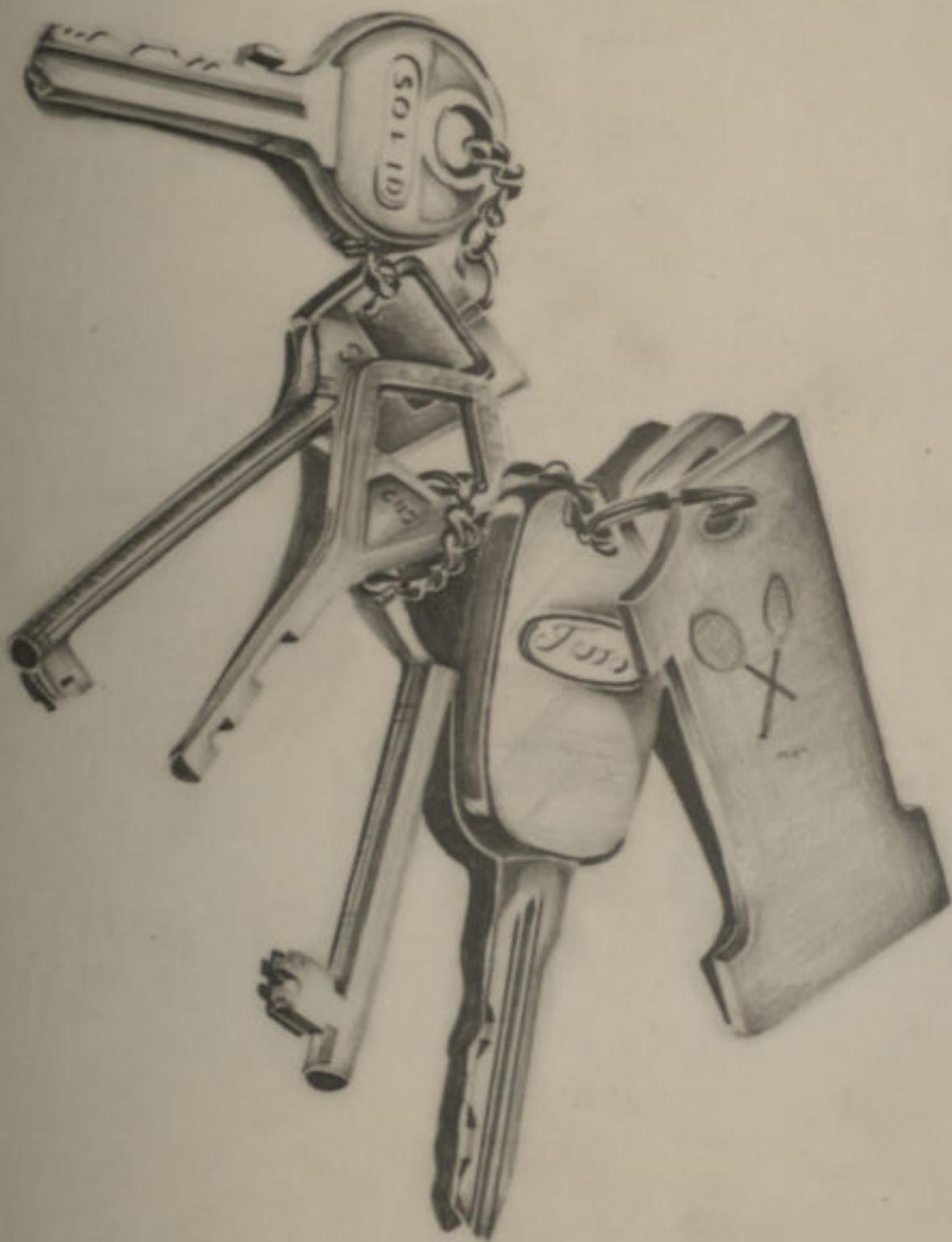
Terwyl ek hier as 'n dame van twee-en-veertig jaar staan, voel ek asof ek weer 'n meisie van sewentien of agtien jaar oud is en ek herleef die diepe gevoelens van daardie periode van my lewe. Die swart kleure in my skildery som my hele verhouding tot die wêreld op. Ek was 'n opstandige meisie met 'n negatiewe houding en niks was vir my reg nie.

Ek kan die bitterheid en haat weer in my bloed voel wanneer ek na die skildery kyk. Ek het alles in daardie tyd gehaat: my familielewe, my "vriende" en skoolgaan. By die huis het my ma en pa my baie geïrriteer. Hulle het altyd dinge gesê wat ek gedink het was waardeloos en simpel. Ek het gedink dat hulle my nie verstaan nie en ek kan die frustrasie nou weer voel toe ek so opgesluit en bedruk gevoel het. My lewe by die skool het niks beters verloop nie. Die strawwe reëls en verkramppte onderwyseresse het my soos 'n stywe das om die nek versmoor en die afgetrokke glimlaggies van my sogenaamde vriendinne het die toestand net erger gemaak.

Die helderheid van die geel kolletjie in my skildery is die geluk en bevrediging wat twee dinge in my lewe my gebring het: my klein boetietjie en die lang ure wat verby gegaan het terwyl ek geskilder het. Ek voel nou vry en gelukkig as ek die geel kolletjie aanskou, want dit illustreer die enigste vryhede wat ek geniet het gedurende my donker jare.

Die gevoel wat my meestal vervul wanneer ek my skildery aanskou, is een wat vir my sê dat die tyd aanstap en dat omstandighede wel ten beste kan verander. My lewe nou, wanneer dit met my donker jare vergelyk word, is 'n gelukkiger en meer bevredigende wêreld en as ek nie hierdie skildery weer gesien het nie, sou ek amper vergeet het van my donkerjare.

Caroline Symons STD. 9



ENYA KHEPILA

Enya Khepila, inxalenzi yomculo
kwiinkqubo zomculo, abaluleki
kwiinkqubo zomculo.

Enya Khepila ngumculo omkhulu
omkhulu kwiinkqubo zomculo
omkhulu kwiinkqubo zomculo.

Enya Khepila yase,

Enya Khepila yase kwiinkqubo

XHOSA

Enya Khepila yase kwiinkqubo



Enya Khepila yase kwiinkqubo

Enya Khepila yase kwiinkqubo

Enya Khepila yase kwiinkqubo

Enya Khepila yase kwiinkqubo

EMVA KWEMVULA

Emva kwemvula, indelo iyaphapheme

Kuba ngathi iintyatyambo zibulele

Kudali ngokuzipha imvula.

Ilanga lavela ngobuqhaqhewuli

kwisibhaka bhaka esasiluhlase

ekwamanz'olwendle.

Ingca ibaluhlaza yaka,

Kuthi apha naphaya kubelhs

iintyatyambo eziyimibala ngemibele

enomsalane eziyitsho indalo

ibukeke ngokugqithisileyo.

Nezilwene zasendle ziyagcoba

ngoba ukutya kuba kuninzi

nananzi emvula acocekileyo

abamaninzi khon'ukuze

ziqabul'unxano.

Emva kwemvula umaya uvelale

usulungekile ngakungathi ngowase-

naphendleni, uvakala ucocekile

udlankisa ngokungathi yimpepho

yentsasa emva kokuphumla kwendelo.

AFTER RAIN

After rain, Nature awakens

because it seems as if

the flowers thank the Maker

for giving them rain. The sun

rose gloriously in the sky as
blue as sea water.

The grass turns green
Then, here and there
there are enchanting colourful
flowers which make Nature
most attractive.

And all the wild animals
rejoice because food is
plentiful and the clean
rain water is in abundance
so that they can quench their thirst.

After rain, the air feels
fresh as if it is the air
from the country side.

And as if it is the breeze
at dawn when all nature
is at rest.

Ayanda Jimba STD. 9

Uhlobo

Siyayazi ukuba mane amaxesha onyaka

Siyakuazi nokukhetha elihle.

Akukho mntu ungakufuniyo hlobo,

Akukho mntu ukhalaza ngawe.

Ubukho lakho buvuyelwa nangamatakane

Ngokutakataka emadieleweni ngohlobo

Neentyatyambo zitsho zintyantyambe

Ilizwe libe yintombazana.

Abantu abazalwe ngohlobo laqavile,

Into ezinobukrelekrele ezifundweni nase midlalweni

Into eziqaqambre elizweni ngobukokheli

Summer

We know that there are four seasons

We are able to pick the best

Nobody does not want you, Summer

Nobody complains about you

Even lambs treasure your presence

By jumping and playing in the veld.

Even flowers joyfully bloom

And the world is as a girl.

People born in summer are lively

They are very bright and intelligent

They are stars in all sports

And are very popular in the world



LUCILLE FRYE STD 9

LA PLUS BELLE JOURNÉE DES VACANCES

L'était un dimanche du mois de juin. Voilà, nous sommes à Palma de Majorque. C'est une île à l'est de l'Espagne qui est très jolie.

Là-bas au mois de juin c'est l'été. Un été très chaleureux.

Un ami de ma famille nous a invité dans son bateau. Le bateau est un modèle avec quatre suites pour huit personnes.

Depuis Palma nous avons navigué deux heures jusqu' à l'île de Formentera où il y avait beaucoup de bateaux. J'ai fait pendant toute la journée du ski nautique et aussi du jet ski sur une kawasaki.

À deux heures nous avons déjeuné une "paella" sur le bateau de notre ami.

Au retour j'étais fatiguée mais très bronzée! le soir nous avons pris le dîner sur la terrasse d'un nouvel hôtel. Nous avons regardé un beau coucher du soleil. L'était une belle journée longue et intéressante.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS.

It was a Sunday in June. There we were in Palma de Majorca. It is an island east of Spain which is very lovely. Over there in June, it is Summer. A friend of the family invited us on his boat. The boat is a model with four suites accommodating eight people.

From Palma we were sailing for two hours to the island of Formentera where there were plenty of boats. I water skied during the day and I also jet-skied on a Kawasaki. At two o'clock we ate a paella on our friends boat.

On our return I was exhausted but very tanned. That evening we had dinner on the terrace of a new hotel. We watched the beautiful sunset. It was a long, beautiful and interesting day.

UNE JOURNÉE À LA CAMPAGNE

Roger et Françoise adorent la campagne. Aujourd'hui ils passent la journée à la ferme de leurs grands-parents, monsieur et madame Laporte. Les Laporte habitent près de Versailles.

Les enfants arrivent de bonne heure avec Toutou qui aime aussi la campagne. Madame Laporte, la grand-mère, raconte les enfants à la barrière de la ferme.

- Bonjour, Roger! Bonjour, Françoise! Comment allez-vous?

- Très bien, merci, grand-maman. Et vous?

- Je vais très bien, merci, mes enfants.

Madame Laporte caresse la tête du chien.

- Jouez dans la basse - cour pendant que je prépare le déjeuner. Regardez les animaux.

Elle quitte les enfants et retourne à la maison. Roger et Françoise marchent vers la basse - cour, où ils passent des moments amusants avec les cochons. Mais l'odeur des cochons n'est pas agréable. Ils sont sales. Roger et Françoise quittent les cochons et ouvrent la porte de l'écurie. Les chevaux ne sont pas sales.

Roger and Françoise love the country. Today they are spending a day at the farm of their grandparents, Mr and Mrs Laporte. The Laportes live near Versailles. The children arrive in good time with Toutou who also loves the country. Mrs Laporte, the grandma, meets the children at the gate of the farm.

"Good Morning, Roger! Good Morning Françoise! How are you?"

- "We are well, thank you. And you?"

- "I am very well thank you, my children."

Mrs Laporte strokes the head of the dog.

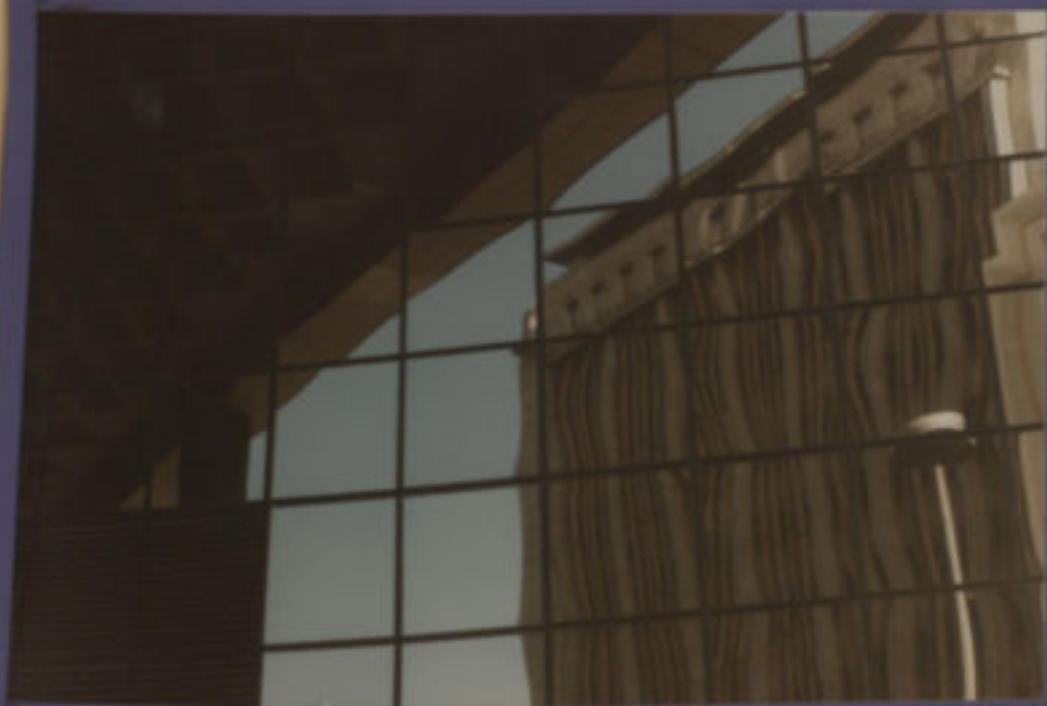
- "Play in the farmyard while I prepare the lunch. Look at the animals"

She leaves the children and returns to the house. Roger and Françoise walk towards the farmyard, where they pass some time amusing themselves with pigs. But the smell of the pigs is not very pleasant. They are dirty. Roger and Françoise leave the pigs and open the door of the stable. The horses are not dirty.

Emer Uttley Std. 6



LINDY NEWTON-THOMPSON STD 10



C. PLINIUS CANINIO SUO S.

Est in Africa Hipponensis colonia mari proxima. Adiacet navigabile stagnum; ex hoc in modum fluminis aestuarium emergit, quod vice alterna, prout aestus aut repressit aut impulit, nunc infertur mari, nunc redditur stagno. Omnis hic aetas piscandi, navigandi atque etiam natandi studio tenetur, maxime pueri, quos otium lususque sollicitat. His gloria et virtus altissime provehi: victor ille, qui longissime ut litus ita simul natantes reliquit. Hoc certamine puer quidam audentior ceteris in ulteriora tendebat. Delphinus occurrit, et nunc praecedere puerum, nunc sequi, nunc circumire, postremo subire, deponere, iterum subire, trepidantemque perferre, primum in altum, mox flectit ad litus, redditque terrae et aequalibus.

Serpit per coloniam fama; concurrere omnes, ipsum puerum tamquam miraculum adspicere, interrogare, audire, narrare. Postero die obsident litus, prospectant mare et si quid est mari simile. Natant pueri, inter hos ille, sed cautius. Delphinus rursus ad tempus, rursus ad puerum. Fugit ille cum ceteris. Delphinus, quasi invitet et revocet, exsilit mergitur, variosque orbes implicat expeditque. Hoc altero die, hoc tertio, hoc pluribus, donec homines innutritos mari subiret timendi pudor. Accedunt et adludunt et adpellant, tangunt etiam pertrectantque praebentem. Crescit audacia experimento. Maxime puer, qui primus expertus est, adnatat nanti insilit tergo, fertur referturque, agnosci se amari putat, amat ipse; neuter timet, neuter timetur; huius fiducia, mansuetudo illius augetur. Nec non alii pueri dextra laevaue simul eunt hortantes monentesque. Ibat una (id quoque mirum) delphinus alius, tantum spectator et comes. Nihil enim simile aut faciebat aut patiebatur, sed alterum illum ducebat reducebat, et puerum ceteri pueri. Incredibile, tam verum tamen quam priora, delphinum gestatorem collusoremque puerorum in terram quoque extrahi solitum, harenisque siccatum,

ubi incaluisset in mare revolvi

Constat Octavium Avitum, legatum proconsulis, in litus educto religione prava superfudisse unguentum, cuius illum novitatem odoremque in litum refugisse, nec nisi post multos dies visum languidum et maestum, non redditis viribus priorem lasciviam et solita ministeria repetisse.

Confluebant omnes ad spectuaculum magistratus, quorum adventu et mora medica res publica novis sumptibus atterebatur. Postremo locus ipse orientem suam secretumque perdebat: placuit occulte interfici, ad quod crebatur.

At to see: that boy is the winner who leaves both the shore and the sea the fellow - swimmers behind. - In that contest a certain boy, older than the rest, swam out rather far. A dolphin met him, and he was before the boy, then followed him, now swam around him, lastly he caught him (lifting him up), then put him down again, again went under him and carried the terrified boy firstly out to sea, then turned to the shore and restored him to dry land and his playmates.

All of this spread through the town; everybody flocked together; they regarded the boy himself as a nine - days' wonder; they questioned him, they listened to him, they told his story. On the next day they went out at sea and anything resembling the sea. The boys went up and down, at the same time as before, and to the same boy. He fled with the rest. The dolphin, as if inviting and calling him back, leapt out of the water, dived back in and swam round and round in circles. This happened on the next day and many more days, until as men bred to the sea, they became ashamed of feeling afraid. They approached it, played with it and called it, they even touched it and stroked it as it swam by this. Their boldness increased with experience. Particular - ly the boy who had first had experience to and fro; he reckoned he was dignified and loved; he himself loved the dolphin. Neither feared or was feared; the confidence of the boy and timidity of the dolphin

THE DOLPHIN OF HIPPO

In Africa there is a Roman town called Hippo next to the sea. A navigable lake lies next to it; from this a lagoon emerges like a river which alternately, accordingly as the tide forces it back or drives it on, now flows out to sea, or flows back into the lake. People of every age are occupied here by their enthusiasm for fishing, sailing and also swimming, particularly the boys who are drawn there by their leisure and playfulness. They consider it the supreme achievement to swim the farthest out to sea: that boy is the winner who leaves both the shore and at the same time fellow-swimmers behind. In that contest a certain boy, bolder than the rest, swam out rather far. A dolphin met him, and now went before the boy, then followed him, now swam around him, lastly went under him (lifting him up), then put him down again, again went under him and carried the terrified boy firstly out to sea, then turned to the shore and restored him to dry land and his playmates.

Talk of this spread through the town; everybody flocked together; they regarded the boy himself as a nine-days' wonder; they questioned him, they listened to him, they told his story. On the next day they looked out at sea and anything resembling the sea. The boys swam up again, at the same time as before, and to the same boy. He fled with the rest. The dolphin, as if inviting and calling him back, leapt out of the water, dived back in and swam round and round in circles. This happened on the next day and many more days, until as men bred to the sea, they became ashamed of feeling afraid. They approached it, played with it and called it, they even touched it and stroked it as it submitted to this. Their boldness increased with experience. Particularly the boy who had first had experience to and fro; he reckoned he was recognised and loved; he himself loved the dolphin. Neither feared or was feared; the confidence of the boy and tameness of the dolphin

increased. The other boys too accompanied them on the left and right, urging them and giving them advice. Another dolphin went with them (that was also amazing), but only as spectator and companion. For it neither did nor allowed anything similar, but merely guided the other dolphin back and forth as the other boys did our boy. It is incredible, but as true as the former, that the dolphin that was the carrier and the play-mate of the boys used also to drag itself on to the land, and having dried out on the sand, when it got hot, would roll back into the sea.

THREE NICE

It is an attested fact that Octavius Avitus, a deputy of the governor, because of a misguided superstition, poured ointment on the dolphin when it had come on the beach; the dolphin fled from the strange smell of the black into the sea, and was not seen except after many days, and then the sluggish and woe-begone. Soon when its strength returned it sought again its former playfulness and customary habits. All the magistrates flocked to see the sight. By their arrival and stay the modest town worn out by the unusual expenses. In the end the place itself was losing its peacefulness and remoteness. It was decided that the object of these gatherings be secretly killed.

Lesley Millar Std. 9

TRES MURES

tres mures; tres mures
 ecce currunt; ecce currunt
 sequuntur agricolae uxorem
 quae caudus secat cultro acuto
 tale numquam prius vivus vidi
 quale tres mures

THREE MICE

Three mice; three mice
 See how they run; see how they run
 They all run after the farmer's wife
 who cut off their tails with a sharp knife
 I have never seen such a sight before
 as three mice

Sascha Mayer Std. 8

JINGLE BELLS

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
 jingle all the way
 When I jump in my
 little one-horse carriage and horse,
 ringing through the snow
 with a one-horse carriage
 I cheer through the field
 merrily on the way.

TINNITUM

tinnitum, tinnitum

usque tinnitum

quantum laeti sumus

in curru cum equo

per nivem vecti

curru cum equi uno

festinamus in agro

ridetes per viam

tinnitum, tinnitum

usque tinnitum

quantum laeti sumus

in curru cum equo

tinkinnabulum

nos facit laetos

quam hilares cantamus et

ridemus hac nocte

JINGLE BELLS

Jingle bells, Jingle bells

Jingle all the way

It is such fun

To ride in a carriage and horse.

Dashing through the snow

On a one horse carriage

We travel through the field

Laughing on the way.

Jingle bells, Jingle bells

Jingle all the way

It is such fun

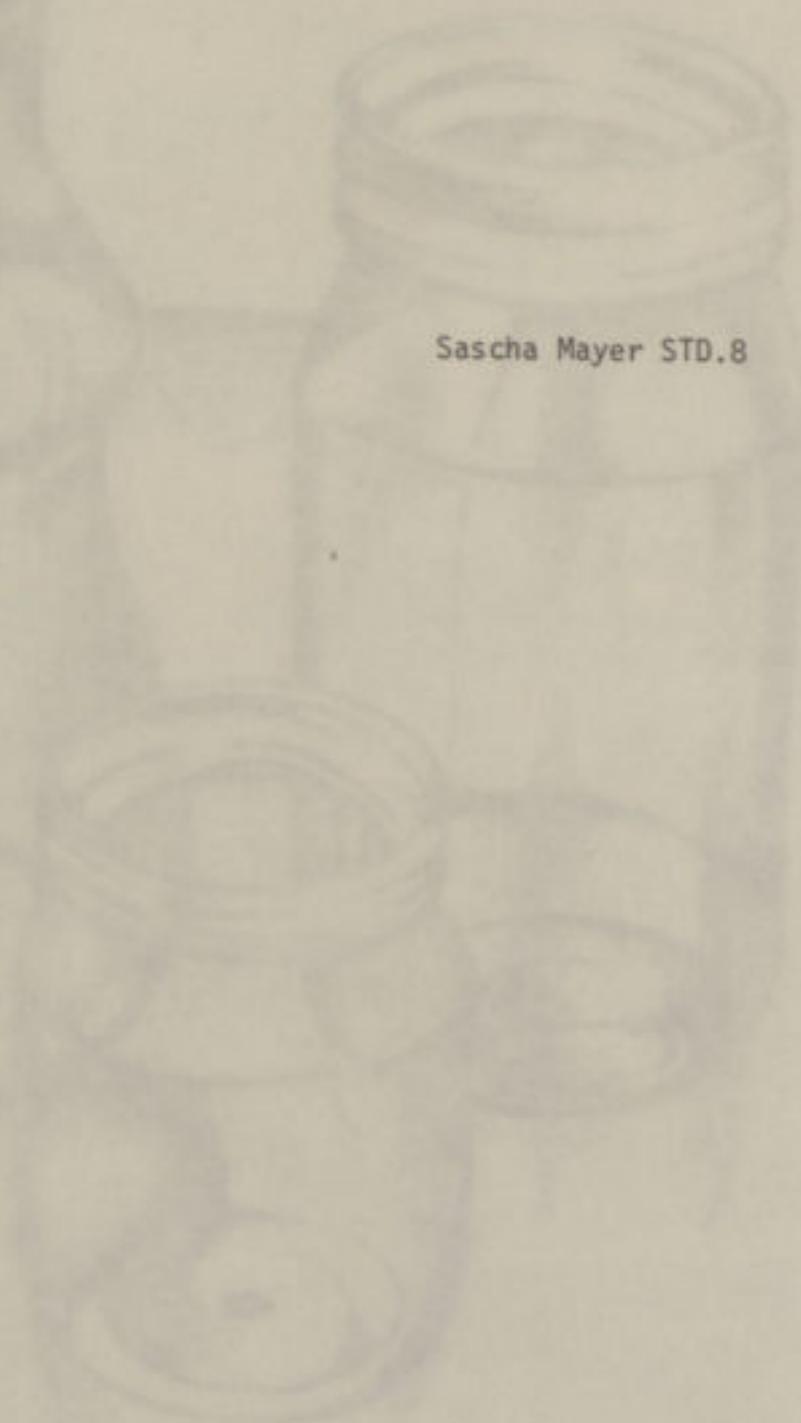
To ride in a carriage and horse

Bells on bobtail rings

Making spirits rise

Oh, what fun it is

To ride this night.



Sascha Mayer STD.8



NATASHA VAN ZYL STD 9

TRAFILO YE MORCAA

S O T H O



THAPELO YA MORENA

Itata rona yaMahodimong

Lebitso la hao le halaletswe

Muso wa hao otle

Thato ya hao e etswe lefatsheng

Jwalo ka ha e etswa lehodimong

O refe kajeno bohobe bolekaneng tsatsi le leng le leng

O retshwarele melato ya rona

Jwalo ka ha retshwarela ba resitetsweng

O seke wa re isa molekong

Empa o re lwele hoyemobe

Hobane mmuso ke wahao lematla lekganya

Ka ho sayeng kae

Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father which art in Heaven

Hallowed be thy name

Thy Kingdom come

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven

Give us this day our daily bread

And forgive us our trespasses

As we forgive those who trespass against us

And lead us not into temptation

But deliver us from evil

For thine is the Kingdom

The power and the glory

Forever and ever

Amen.

THE GERMANS - DEUTSCH

GERMAN



Alma Daniel Ltd. 7

HEIDEN RÖSLEIN - GOETHE

Sah ein knab ein röslein stehn röslein auf der heiden war so jung und
 morgen schön lief er schnell es han zu sehn sahs mit vielen froeden
 röslein, röslein, röslein rot röslein auf der heiden.

knabe sprach ich breche dich röslein auf der heiden röslein auf der
 heiden röslein sprach ich steche dich das du ewig denkst an mich und
 ich wills nicht leiden röslein, röslein, röslein rot röslein auf der
 heiden.

Und der wilde knabe brach s röslein auf der heiden röslein wehrte sich
 und stach half i ehm doch kein weh und ach musst es eben leiden röslein,
 röslein, röslein rot röslein auf der heiden.

Some of the words in this poem are untranslatable and therefore I can
 only say that this poem is about a little red rose in a field which a
 young man admires.

Nina Daniel Std. 7

SWIMMING REPORT

Even with the increased pressure of having such well matched teams, Rolt managed to be victorious in this year's inter-house swimming event.

There was a great deal of good-humoured verbal sparring between all the houses before the event began, as to who was going to pull through as the victors, but no-one knew for certain who it would be. As usual the mighty Rolt Spirit came shining through and helped power our swimmers to the victory tape.

Special congratulations go to Laura Meiring, who won the Open Swimming Champion Cup, the Individual Medley Cup and the Breaststroke Cup; to Ricky Relief, who won the Under 14 Champion Cup and the Under 14 Individual Medley Cup; and to Sascha Mayer who won the Under 16 Freestyle Cup. Of course all the other members of the team were equally as important and a big "thanks" goes to them. Special thanks go to all those Rolt members who lost their voices for their house with their boisterous singing!

Well done, Rolt, for keeping the cup from the clutches of Jagger and Merriman. Jagger and Merriman, you are just going to have to swim harder to keep up with us!

Heather Dicey STD. 10
ROLT SWIMMING CAPTAIN



Tomorrow 'dem throats
are gonna be sore !



Rolt Spirit



Laura Meiring collecting
one of the many cups
she won.

DIVING REPORT

Victory came our way when we pinched the Inter-House Diving Trophy from under Merriman and Jagger's noses. Congratulations to Caroline Symons and Heather Dicey who came second and third in the Open Section; to Kate O'Neill, who came first in the Under 16 Section; to Donna Christie and Bridget O'Neill, who came first and second in the Under 14 Section. Once again Jagger and Merriman are going to have to keep on their toes to try and take the cup from us next year! Well done and thanks, divers!

Heather Dicey Std. 10
DIVING CAPTAIN



HOCKEY REPORT

Inter-house hockey took place on Friday, 1 August. This year each match lasted fifteen minutes, with three points given for a win, one for a draw and no points were awarded for a loss.

Our U/15 team played its first match against Jagger, which ended in a 0-0 draw. The next match, against Merriman, also ended in a goalless draw. The opens' first match was against Jagger and this match brought home our first win of the afternoon. The last match, Rolt versus Merriman, was very close and exciting as it was up to us to win the match in order to win the cup. Denise Carle shot a super goal from a corner which resulted in Rolt being the overall winners.

The end results were as follows: Rolt, eight points; Jagger, five points and Merriman, two points.

Well done to all you Rolt stars!

Lynette Murray Std. 10
HOCKEY CAPTAIN





OPEN HOCKEY



Celebrating our victory.



Denise Carle -
a new addition
to Rolt's team
who has Transvaal
colours.

SQUASH REPORT

TENNIS

On 3 March, Inter-House Tennis was played. Each house had a team consisting of five couples and each couple played one set against each of the other two houses. Rolt's players were: Lyn Murray and Penny Newton-King, Lesley Millar and Kim Porter, Michelle Kroon and Caroline Symons, Lucy Burns and Carolynne McGhie and Lucinda Lombardi and Mandy Porter.

This year's competition turned out to be much more exciting and challenging than it has been in the past few years, as most of the games were extremely close. However, Rolt managed to win again this year, with Merriman in second place. Jagger came in a close third.

Congratulations and thank you to all Rolt girls and let's keep the cup on our shelf!

Lynette Murray Std. 10
TENNIS CAPTAIN

Nicky Eckstein Std. 10
ROLT SQUASH CAPTAIN



SQUASH REPORT

Rolt squash certainly took off to a good start this year, when we won the Inter-House competition by a large margin. Jagger came second and Merriman, third. Nicky Eckstein, Lucy Burns, Natasha van Zyl and Vaughneen Ricketts represented Rolt in the competition.

It is clear that our squash is improving, as this year four of the top eight Herschel players are Rolt girls! We participate in the School League, where the standard of play is very high and up to date we have been doing well, lying second on the ladder. Nicky Eckstein made the U19 Western Province Squash side and congratulations to Lucy Burns and Natasha van Zyl who were chosen to represent Western Province in the U16 Section. Both teams fared well, coming second in the Inter-Provincial competition.

Let's just make sure that Rolt keeps its squash at the top of the ladder, where it should be!

Nicky Eckstein Std.10
ROLT SQUASH CAPTAIN



NETBALL

Rolt, Merriman and Jagger gathered at the senior school netball courts on May 26 for the annual Inter-House Netball. Unfortunately, there was not much support from any of the houses, perhaps because exams were to begin the next day. Each house was represented by two teams of different age groups.

Rolt U15 team: Monica Drummond - Hay

Emer Uttley

Bridget O'Neil

Carol Millar

Nadine Louw

Lisa Turner

Rolt Open team: Kim Porter

Sally Köster

Jenny Köster

Elizabeth Frater

Natasha van Zyl

Lesley Millar

Heather Dicey.

Play commenced with Rolt Open vs Jagger Open. The final score of 5-6 in Jagger's favour reveals that play was extremely close. The Rolt Open team also lost against Merriman. Unfortunately, the U15 team lost both of its matches as well, resulting in Rolt coming third overall with Jagger in the lead and Merriman in second place. Congratulations to Jagger and Merriman. However, coming third in one aspect of the event did not prevent us from coming tops in another. As always Rolt shone out in spirit and dwarfed the other two houses!!

Rolt has a number of Netball players representing Herschel in the School teams. Samantha Drummond-Hay and Lesley Millar play in the first team; Carol Millar and Lucinda Lombardi in the second and Mandy Lanning, Suki Jaffe and Monica Drummond-Hay play in the third team.

Kim Porter Std. 10



MATRICES



CORIEN



ANA



She's
DRAFT
WITH
SCARVES

LINDY



R

MANDY



LET'S PARTY

★ ★

KERRY



CHARLOTTE



eat eat
And be
merry
Y

R



SPORTSDAY



GRAFFITI À LA ROLT

SMILE it gives your face something to do!
 Zanele Bocoia
 "Go ahead, make my day" - MARY PORTER -
 Ali Dun
 love is like an oasis in the desert of life.

of love
 ass - holes
 - my best friend is
 Smile - it's the second best thing to do with your lips
 Love Jane
 A pessimist counts the holes in the cheese, the optimist eats the cheese

LITHANBO LITHANBO NSEYIENE
 ANIWE NCHUMISA
 MADISA
 Eat, Eat, Eat
 be merry
 KUD.
 You create the wall - I create your face!
 Duo Jan

Don't walk with
 Mandy T
 Gwyn Murray
 CREDITS
 Rolt is tops!
 Larissa

My favourite name is
 Gwyn
 My favourite name is
 Gwyn
 My favourite name is
 Gwyn

People in cars cause accidents - accidents in cars cause people!
 Nina Daniel & Man makes mistakes
 - XX
 But - mistakes make man
 But - mistakes make man
 But - mistakes make man
 But - mistakes make man

Just just want
 have fun - guys too!
 S.A. home of the
 Springbok, Gansbaai
 and Shandak.
 SINDY
 Gail!

RIGHT FOR PRESIDENT
 SACHA
 MICK
 GABBY
 SHILE
 GALLY
 GARFIELD EYES THE WORLD!
 LYNETTE D
 HOUSE FOR MARY

My favourite name is
 Gwyn
 My favourite name is
 Gwyn
 My favourite name is
 Gwyn

Mickey Mouse is a cat!

 Bottman

HOWZIT, DUMBS UP!
 FOR ROLT.
 The apple tree
 are just a lot of
 crumbles spilling
 everywhere!
 I'm loyal
 I love Rolt
 Tania Faurie
 Bunny
 Mandy

NOT WANT TO BE
 ANYONE'S BOSS!
 I'll be
 your
 but consult
 your heart
 as well!
 one dare
 Maura

knowing should be checked, you think what you want to be like without it!
 only those who have nothing to remember, never for get anything
 Love
 Jill A
 Love
 Jill A

My favourite name is
 Gwyn
 My favourite name is
 Gwyn
 My favourite name is
 Gwyn

Jessica Turner
 Hi Rverybody!
 Smile it makes people under what you're up to
 Love
 FREE MANOBLA!
 - in way box of Kellogg's.
 Everything big in the world was something small to begin with
 Everything big in the world was something small to begin with
 Everything big in the world was something small to begin with

Absence makes the heart grow fungi.
 Kissing gives germs.
 Germs are hated.
 So kiss me babe
 I'm vaccinated!
 dudud c
 xxx

YERAL THE BEER! HOLES YOU
 WOU WISA
 My name is U3
 U3
 FAKER.
 Don't hit a child, wait for a teacher
 Claire

My favourite name is
 Gwyn
 My favourite name is
 Gwyn
 My favourite name is
 Gwyn

DANCES



others who lended assistance with the decorations and catering, and of course, to Mrs Taylor and the kitchen staff for their food and generous help!

Carolynne McGhie Std. 10



1986 MATRIC DANCE

After many weeks of hard work and devotion the decorations for our matric dance were finally completed. The painting and constructing had taken place mostly in the pool room at Cathy Searll's house, although a number of decorations had been designed and drafted at Kerry Hoffman's home.

At last the great day arrived, along with the nightmares and last minute catastrophes. Finally the decorations were erected and one by one we all went our separate ways to prepare for the night of our lives.

Our theme was Peppermint Lane; a theme about which we continually agonised and disagreed. The overall effect was undoubtedly fantastic! As one usually associates peppermints with green and white, we chose these colours for our decorations. The school hall's foyer was transformed into the inside of "Wilson's Café" with manequins seated at white tables on which stood champagne and vases of red flowers. Along with the manequins was a till that was kindly lent to us by Mike's Kitchen, which was overflowing with peppermints of which we had 66kg's.

The hall itself was the "lane" and along the side walls were various kinds of shops and bay-windows. Not only was there the Imperial Hotel but also a swimming bath entrance, a flower stall, a pub, a greengrocer and a candy shop. Each shop was individually decorated and many had bay-windows. At the front of the hall stood a gazebo where the disco and DJ stood. The dance floor in front of the gazebo was done in green and white and added to the overall "freshness" of the theme.

Girls and teachers arrived in stunning creations, accompanied by their partners. The dresses were beautiful, the music Jazzy, the décor outstanding and the food thoroughly scrumptuous! The waitresses, all in green and white, looked smart and were all very helpful. We say thank you to them for helping to make the evening run smoothly, as well as to



The foyer transformed into Wilson's Cafe

Kerry Hoffman and Kim Porter with partners



STD 9 FORM DANCE REPORT

After months of nail-biting tension, the much awaited for and anticipated event arrived. We had decided on Marie-Lou Gillespie's (Jagger) house as the venue and it provided the perfect setting. The only marquee available was yellow and white striped (Rolt at work)! and thus we avoided the annual fight over the colour theme. The matching streamers, so carefully wound around the various poles, emphasized the romantic atmosphere.

Even the dreary weather could not dampen the communal spirit which helped to make the night an absolute success! The girls, as well as their handsome partners, looked outstanding, a total contrast to our appearance at the following Monday morning's assembly! All that remains for us to do is to start preparations for our Matric Dance which, I am sure, will be just as much, if not more, of a success!

Gail Fitzpatrick Std. 9





LIZ FRATER AND ALEX DURR STD 9



CHRISTIE PETERS, SINDY EMMERICH
AND PARTNER

The Standard 9 Class
request the pleasure of your company
at their

Form Dance

on the
15th March, 1986

Venue: *The Good Erf*
6 Glen Avenue
Constantia

Time: *8.00 p.m. - 12.00 p.m.*

R.S.V.P.

Dress: Smart-Casual

STD. 8 FORM DANCE REPORT

On the 22 March this year the Std. 8's enjoyed a long-awaited form dance. After many nervous phone calls and never ending fitting sessions of dresses, Saturday the 22nd arrived.

The entire morning was spent decorating and preparing the enormous yellow (Rolt, naturally) and white marquee. By the time we had finished taping streamers from one end of the tent to the other in various patterns and running out into the rain to fetch extra greenery, everyone was exhausted and couldn't imagine how they were ever going to manage that night.

"A bad beginning has a wonderful ending" was the proverb introduced this year by the Std 8's because the gentleman doing the music decided to go home and change and left everyone standing around in the marquee twiddling their thumbs for three quarters of an hour. Our flowers and candles had also not yet arrived and to add to it all, the rain was seeping in through a hole in the roof. However, everyone soon got into the spirit of the evening and everything turned out well.

The Std. 8's all looked very beautiful in their dresses and of course we cannot omit to mention the many handsome partners who seemed to enjoy themselves tremendously. The rain did not affect the dance at all and everyone had a marvellous time. Our thanks go to Mrs Smuts who generously gave up her home and garden, which provided a lovely venue for this event. All the effort and hard work which went into the form dance payed off in the end and we all had a super evening.

Lisa Kode STD. 8

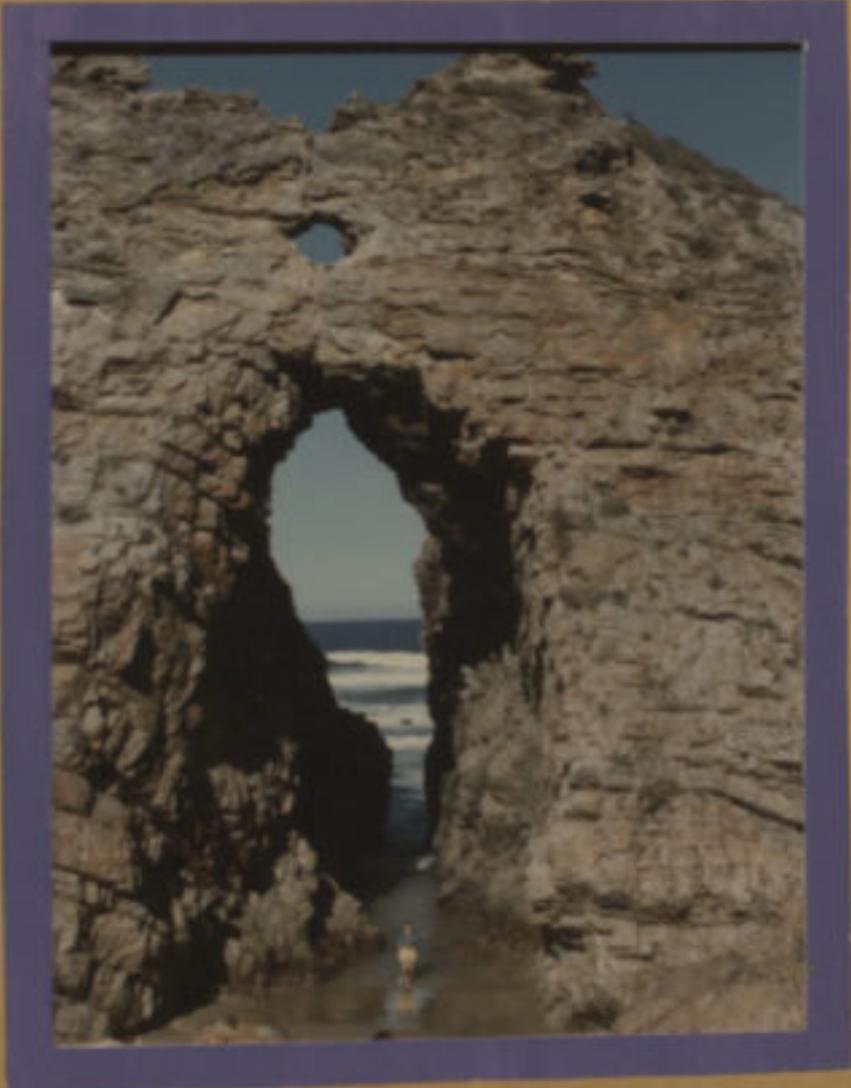


Sascha Mayer and partner





SINDY EMMERICH STD 9



MODELLING



MISS GLORIA COMPETITION 1986

It was 7.35. pm and the tension in the Drama Room was steadily growing as the twenty-two beautiful contestants prepared for Herschel's beauty contest, the Miss Gloria Competition. The name "Miss Gloria" originates from our school motto, which is "Ad Dei Gloriam".

The hall was filling up quickly, especially with Bishops boys who were eager to see what the Herschel girls could produce. Parents came too and soon there wasn't a seat or space left in the hall. It was a very successful turn-out, which only made the contestants more nervous.

7.50 pm - PANIC! Last minute touches and the competition would begin.

8.00 pm - Ready to start. Two lovely girls stepped on stage; our head-girl, Kelly Myburgh and the reigning Miss Gloria, Robyn Horn, who was about to hand over her crown to one of the twenty-two girls. Kelly and Robyn chaired the evening.

Two contestants had been chosen from each class by their friends and they were:

- Carolynne McGhie (Std 10)
- Alison Bareiter (Std 10)
- Tessa Gurney (Std 9)
- Serin Gowdy (Std 9)
- Inken Haldane (Std 8)
- Gabby Raaff (Std 8)
- Tabogo Skwainbane (Std 6)
- Anthea Achilles (Std 6)
- Gillian Clayton (Std 7)
- Hilbré Cardwell (Std 7)
- Mandy Thompson (Std 10)
- Michelle Milner (Std 10)



Sya Collard (Std 8)
 Lisa Searson (Std 8)
 Jodi Kantor (Std 6)
 Suzanne Louw (Std 6)
 Samantha Mackay-Davidson (Std 9)
 Alison Durr (Std 9)
 Beatriz De Villegas (Std 7)
 Nadine Daniel (Std 7)
 Alex Durr (Std 9)
 Pippa Court (Std 9)

The competition was divided into three categories: casual wear, party wear and "white T-shirt". The third category, entitled "white T-shirt" could be impersonated in any manner and turned out to be very amusing indeed! One girl dressed as a painter in a paint-splashed white T-shirt and overall; a pair came as a bride and groom and another appeared as a baby with the white T-shirt as a nappy.

The girls walked on stage in pairs, and each had to say a small speech, telling the audience and judges about themselves and about their interests. The judges were not only looking for the most lovely girl, but also for the one with the most charming personality and therefore the contestants were also asked various questions. The audience was a happy and excited one and helped ease the tension among the competing girls. The girls all looked stunning, but only one could win!

In the end the five finalists turned out to be: Carolynne McGhie, Tessa Gurney, Jodi Kantor, Beatriz De Villegas and Nadine Daniel.

Then came the choosing of the winner, which was a very difficult task

for the judges, but finally the winner was chosen. It was Nadine Daniel. Yes, Miss Gloria 1986 is a Rolt Girl! The two runners-up were Jodi Kantor and Tessa Gurney.

The evening was a great success and our thanks go to the judges; Mr Westgate, Mr Weerts, Mr Hall, Mr Adderly, Mr Wilkinson and to those who helped with the organisation. In our thanks we should not forget the founders of the Miss Gloria Competition, our 1984 Matrics!

Nina Daniel STD. 7



Carolynne McGhie ↑ Michelle Milner ↓



Gabby Raaff ↑ Nadine Daniel ↓



CAROLYNNE'S CAPERS

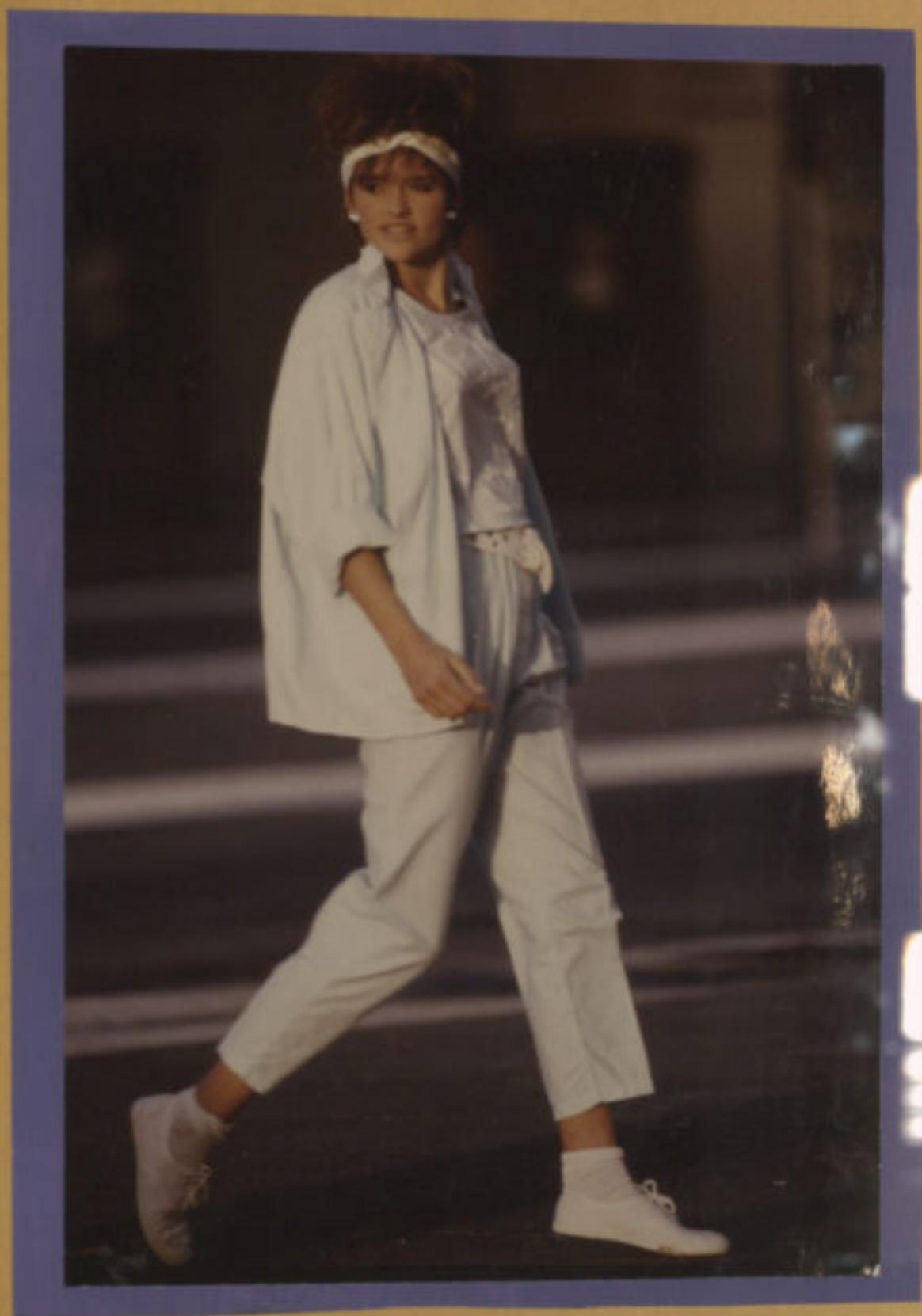
I started modelling in July 1985 after Kerry Hoffman told me that her agency, Topmod, was looking for "new girls".

I went into the agency one Wednesday after school and told them I was interested in modelling. The next Friday I had my portfolio done. It was as easy as that.

My "career" began very well. I worked for Woolworths and then flew to Plettenberg Bay one weekend to do a shoot for I.D. Audiovisual and Southern Sons. Since then I have worked for Truworths, Sarie, The Woolboard, an American company and a number of others. Since my Matric began, however, I have "cooled off" because school takes up most of my time and also because Matric is more important to me than modelling.

For all those aspirant young models, here's a word of advice - GO FOR IT! I don't plan to become another Alexis Singer or Isabella Rosallini, not that I could, but modelling is lot's of fun! You meet interesting people and you get paid for it - so why not?

Carolynne McGhie Std. 10



Unexpected Happenings in My Life

Who hasn't secretly dreamt some time or other of being an actress, a model or a famous pop-star! (I admit having played with the idea of standing glamorously on stage singing my heart out like Shirley Bassey!) Well, I'll never be a Shirley Bassey - but I did become a model for a few days.

It was at the Miss Gloria Competition that I was "discovered" and invited to have some test shots taken for the Miss Cassidy range.

I was rather nervous when I met the photographer, hair dresser and make up artist at the studio. But when I saw what they did to my hair and face, how easy and friendly they were, I relaxed and as the camera clicked on, I felt more and more at ease and finally had tremendous fun.

When I was told that the pictures were very nice, a week-end was set for the two day shoot - I was absolutely thrilled and surprised! Comes the famous week-end and I choose to come down with a nasty cold, definitely not feeling my very best. It was a beautiful week-end and everything had been organised. So off I went early on Saturday morning to Camps Bay Beach.

The glare was terrible and made my eyes water uncontrollably - what a sight! We had a tough time with the make-up trying "to put some eyes on." I had to wade about in the freezing cold sea, smiling and pretending I was having a great time - but my legs and feet had turned purple!

The second day we went to Hout Bay where we did more shots on the beach as well as a few at a beautiful house in the mountains. I must admit that I was thoroughly exhausted at the end of both days as modelling is not only fun but hard work too.

I would like to do some more modelling in the future but not on a regular basis as my ambitions have not changed since my introduction to modelling.

Beatriz de Villegas STD. 7



CAROLINE SYMONS STD 9





MISCELLANEOUS



"OLD 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 ..."

This is our house song and it is called "Old Dean Rolt" for a particular reason: Our house is named after Dean Rolt who was the Dean of Cape Town Cathedral at the time when Herschel was being established as an Anglican Church School. Dean Rolt became involved in its founding and was on the first Board.

When the number of girls attending Herschel had risen over the hundred mark and it was decided to adopt a house system, he was one of the three men chosen, after whom a house would be named. John William Jagger, school founder, contributed greatly financially while John Xavier Merriman was the man behind the education of the school, but it was Dean Rolt who contributed spiritually to our school. What a lot we owe "Old Dean Rolt"!

Elizabeth Frater Std. 9

Founder's Day was a memorable occasion, not only for the girls themselves but especially for Mrs McDonald as it was her first Founder's Day at Herschel.

Lyette Dicoy Std. 9

FOUNDER'S DAY - 21st FEBRUARY 1986

Founder's Day dawned cool and cloudy. This was a blessing as it made the day's celebrations that much more enjoyable without having the heat to tackle.

This year's Founder's Day was doubly special because not only was it Herschel's 64th anniversary but it was also Mrs Macdonald's official induction as headmistress of Herschel. The service was held in St Saviour's Church. The choir, resplendent in their royal blue gowns, impressed even themselves with their performance. Mrs Macdonald was inducted by the Archbishop of Cape Town, Philip Russel. He was assisted by Reverend Taylor of St Saviour's Church.

After the service the congregation moved to Herschel where the parents, staff and matrices enjoyed tea under the Ilex tree while the girls were given the traditional doughnuts in the dining room. Parents who so desired were given guided tours through the school and ended up at the swimming pool where the interhouse gala was to take place.

Founder's Day was a memorable occasion; not only for the girls themselves but especially for Mrs Macdonald as it was her first Founder's Day at Herschel.

Lynette Dicey Std. 9

THE FRENCH TOUR

We left Cape Town on Friday 13 June, initially catching an aeroplane to Johannesburg and then another to Paris. Both flights were uneventful despite our superstitions concerning the date! The tour consisted of Mrs Steytler, Sarah Penny, Anne Paxton, Joy Parker, Kathey Warner, Kirsten Jensen and Inken Haldane.

When we arrived at the Charles de Gaulle Airport we were allowed a brief rest and then set out on our first tour of Paris. We visited the Louvre and then ate supper on the banks of the Seine.

On Monday, we left fairly early for Angers, changing trains at Chatre in order to give us a chance to see the wonderful, old cathedral. We were amazed by the beautiful stained glass windows and were given an interesting lecture about their origin.

That evening we met our French "families" with whom we were to spend the next three weeks. On weekdays we had to be at school by 9.00 am. We were taught by two very pleasant teachers, Francoise and Katherine. Lessons ended at 12.00 am and were followed by lunch. Afternoons were set aside for various exciting activities.

We visited museums and chateaux, as well as occasionally going to a nearby lake, le Loc du Maine, to improve our tans. Culturally, Angers is very rich and its wonderful chateau with its beautiful tapestries stunned us all. We had some afternoons free, to explore the fascinating French shops.

Evenings and weekends were spent with the family, with exception of two Saturday mornings. On one occasion we all went to the market place and on the other, we visited Mont San Michel, a very beautiful abbey in Norman.

At the end of the three weeks, we exchanged sad farewells with our new families and returned to Paris.

The following day, we split into three groups, one heading for Versailles the magnificent palace where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette lived, another for the Pompidou Centre and the other for the South African Embassy. After this we went up the Eiffel Tower and then went on a boat trip down the Seine.

The following day was our last full day in Paris and we visited the Jeu de Pomme, and impressionistic museum, the Saint Chapel and Notre Dame. While we were in Notre Dame bell tower, a bomb went off in the Saint Chapel metro station and this was promptly followed by the arrival of a number of police cars. In the evening, we treated Mrs Steytler to a Chinese dinner and then returned to our hotel.

The next day, we headed for the airport once again, to begin our journey home.

Sarah Penny Std. 8



Looking down over Chatré.

No prizes for guessing
what this is !



'THE CRUCIBLE'

"Herschel presents Arthur Miller's 'The Crucible' directed by Dawn McClurg, Baxter Studio". The stark black and white posters greeted us in every shop window everywhere and as opening night grew closer we became filled with a strange mixture of pride, excitement and sheer panic! Would we ever be ready? Would our characters ever be as Miller had wished and after months of rehearsals would 'The Crucible' performances finally be upon us. We would be performing in a professional theatre and the thought was mind-boggling!

When we auditioned on Sunday 26 January, I doubt if any of us had any idea of what 'The Crucible' entailed. We started off with two rehearsals a week leading up to four or five a week and our March/April holidays were devoted almost solely to the play with two rehearsals a day. There were times when the cast was so positive about the play and other times when we were in the depths of despair. We had a wonderful cast, but as can be expected, arguments did occur - providing, for some, an outlet for aggression, and for others it was a source of amusement. Yet, when it came to performances, the cast came together, becoming friends, confidants, encouraging one another, lending a sympathetic ear when things went wrong. Backstage at the Baxter Studio was where we learnt about ourselves and other people.

9 May. Opening night! The flurry of people, long dresses, bonnets, aprons, well-wishers, our crowded changing rooms, screams for the eye-liner, clouds of Johnson's baby powder, attempts to put on your 'cheeks' while peering through cards and masses of flowers and worried whines always ending on the same words 'Please Vaughn...' How Vaughneen - our Roit stage manageress - managed to remain sane was nothing short of a miracle. She had to encourage us, look after us, run around tracing missing props and see to everyone's needs. Strange how normal people can be transferred into demanding Prima

Donnas when nervous and it was with amazement that I witnessed the male ego and vanity at it's worst. 'Five minutes till curtain up' Vaughneen's voice rose above the last minute panic, my heart stopped and I became acutely aware of everything around me. Backstage the main lights went off and the purple lights went on - signalling silence and the beginning of a performance. The Studio seemed enveloped with music, the singing started, screams were heard - we were on! The performance was magical - it was not our best - but it was our first; it was the start of a great run, a run which the Baxter later described as a box-office hit.

Each performance seemed better than the last and we became more relaxed, but that sickeningly nervous feeling before an appearance never disappeared - we only learnt to handle it better. For two weeks our diet consisted mainly of Spud Stop baked potatoes (brought in a mad rush between acts - sheer madness when thinking lack on it), Teddy Tots, Baxter Chicken and Mayonaise toasted sandwiches and between performances on Saturdays the whole cast trooped down to the Wimpy for Grabbaspecial burgers - will our stomachs ever be the same again?! We thrived on the junk food, applause, friendship and backstage gossip - we had such fun as a cast and the memories of writing history research essays in between acts and trying in vain to kill the frog in Marg Warren and Danforth's throats (the dreaded 'flu had attacked us) will not soon be forgotten!

Rolt was well represented with Anna Collie playing the difficult lead of the insolent and manipulative Abigail William. Laura Woulidge as the sluttish Mercy Lewis, Corien Pelt as the timid Suzanna Wallot and Alison Durr as Rebecca Nune had corner parts, while Mandy Porter and Sindy Emmerich were amongst the host of screaming girls.

"The Crucible" was an unforgettable experience.



Ana Collie as Abigail Williams
and Mark Fincham as John Procter.



Ana in Act 1

I doubt it. THE CRUCIBLE

ACT 1: Positive? Negative ... Finished:

What else?

Can't think.

I am all of these things -

ACT 2: Minus a couple of inches.

Rushed and dizzy

Through lack of time for anything,

My brain is nutrified

By Baxter Theatre Toasted Chicken & Mayonnaise sandwiches

ACT 3: And curtain calls

Who knows? Who may foresee?

Norman Bates would be proud!

I may end up entangled

In the squalid depths of some straight-jacket yet.

ACT 2: Oh! The anguish of schizophrenia!

Even asleep

My mind can conjure no more than

Images

Of a yellow albatross

Walking a beam

Tearing my face

Changing its shape.

Oh! Arthur Miller!

Did you have to endure

Examinations

Ten days after

Completing your play?

I doubt it, sir.

Your demands are inhuman,

Your audiences unreliable.

And oh! All the well-wishers and "good-luckers"!

How many legs can I break?

ACT 3: Somebody! Somewhere!

Tell me, before I hang myself

Accidentally on purpose

in pursuit of my lost sanity-

IS MY NAME ABBY, OR ANA?

Epilogue: Schizophrenics in straight-jackets.

Is this what little girls are made of?

Anna Collie Std. 10



HOUSE LIST 1986ROLT

<u>Std 10</u>	<u>Std 9</u>	<u>Std 8</u>	<u>Std 7</u>	<u>Std 6</u>
J Atwood	Z Bacela	E Aling	J Boyes	A Achilles
N Bacela	L Burns	N Barday	A Carey	R Boltman
A Collie	D Carle	N Champin	G Clayton	D Christie
A Day	L Dicey	S Jaffe	N Daniel	M Drummond-Hay
H Dicey	Alison Durr	L Kode	D Dare	J Eedes
S Drummond-Hay	Alex Durr	A Magida	B de Villega	L Fitzpatrick
N Eckstein	S Emmerich	S Mayer	J Dicey	F Jack
K Hoffman	G Fitzpatrick	L Meiring	T Fourie	M Lanning
C McGhie	E Frater	R Omar	A Gersh ^{Jagger}	N Lincoln
M Milner	L Frye	S Penny	K Leith	N Louw
L Murray	A Jimba	L Peter	C Millar	L Lombardi
L Newton-Thompson	J Köster	G Raaff	K O'Neil	L Omar
C Pelt	S Köster	S Smuts	N Retief	B O'Neil
K Porter	M Kroon	C Sparks		D Pentz
C Saunders	L Millar	E Stafford		C Rutherford
A Thompson	G Moodley			L Turner
	P Newton-King			E Uttley
	T Pelt			L Wilson
	C Peters			
	A Porter			
	V Rickets			
	C Symons			
	J Turner			
	N van Zyl			
	L Woulidge			



MANDY TOMPSON STD 10

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