

# St John's D.S.G



# 1995



COVER WATER-COLOUR PAINTING BY  
KELLY HIGGS – STD 10

The Editor would like to thank all who helped to produce this magazine, especially Mrs Sandy Lyne, Mrs Mary-Lynne Tennant, Ms Chantél Beattie, Ms Sally Davies, Ms Barbara Bowley, typists and proof-readers.

School Photographers:  
Camilla Floros, Kelly Higgs and Neulah Lowry.



A decorative border made of black and white photographs of nasturtium flowers, arranged in a rectangular frame around the central text.

# *School Song*

*St John's! The call comes ringing clear and clearer  
To labour and to pray with all our might  
Still seeking noblest truth, and gazing upwards  
To mount on eagles' wings towards the light!*

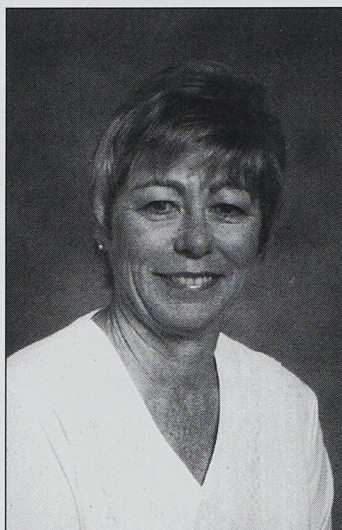
*Then later, school-gates passed, Life's wider service  
Shall claim us and demand our fullest strength;  
Not less we'll labour, pray, love one another.  
On then! St John's! We'll reach the goal at length.*

Words and Music by Mr Cyril Wright.

Nasturtium border by P. van Rooyen



## EXTRACTS FROM THE SPEECH DAY ADDRESS OF THE HEADMISTRESS



*Mrs Jill Champion*

Having thanked all who have contributed to the life of St John's this year, Mrs Champion continued:

"It is with particular sadness that we have to say goodbye to someone who has become part of the very fabric of this school. Her qualities are those which we would like to inculcate in all our girls: she is a true lady with a mischievous sense of humour, articulate, perceptive and quick-thinking, with an amazing memory and gift for remembering names, deeply compassionate, selfless, enthusiastic and fiercely loyal to St John's. Sheila Hyman arrived here forty years ago and has spent a total of twenty-six years at this school, the last seventeen as an extraordinarily successful Head of the Junior School.

Evidence of this in practical terms is the long waiting lists in nearly all classes in the junior school; but, perhaps in even greater measure, Sheila's success is reflected in the great affection her pupils, (past and present) have for her, and the sound values she has given them for life. Thank you, Sheila, for epitomising the very spirit of St John's, and for all you have done for this school.

I wish all who are leaving us great blessings in the future, and hope that you will maintain contact with us. Thank you all for the unique ways in which each of you has contributed. Here I would like to include the Matrics, especially the prefects, and in particular, Kirsten and Caroline. It has been reassuring for me to know I could always rely on you to set a good example . . .

As a newcomer, I have asked myself: how is it that a school of this size can compete so successfully? Is it despite – or because of – our small numbers?

I think the answer lies in the involvement and commitment of both the girls and the staff, the prayers of many, but especially the Sisters, and of course, the good genes with which you parents have endowed your daughters! But the backbone of a good school is not only provided by the achievers – everyone contributes, and I do admire the attitude that prevails here of grasping every opportunity that is offered in appreciation of the privilege of attending a school of this calibre, and the determination to develop one's potential.

It is belief in ourselves as women, that I think is important to instill in girls today. Increasingly women are challenged to play multi-faceted roles in a harsh world of rapid change. I feel that combined with a strong foundation of good religious and family upbringing, it is the responsibility of this school to give girls the confidence, life-skills, sound moral values, and, of course, good education, to enable them to take their places in society so as to contribute to the well-being of themselves and others in the 21st century. Whether their roles are to be those of career women or mothers, or that fine balancing act of both, women wield enormous strength and influence in the world. That old adage, "the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world," has never been more relevant than today.

Recently, at the conference of heads of independent schools at Kruger, I was again privileged to hear Prof. Andre Le Roux speak. He articulated clearly the three major roles of the independent schools:

Firstly, we must be models of excellence, creative and innovative. Secondly, we must teach values and beliefs, like courage, truth and honour – i.e. our Christian values. Thirdly, we must provide service to the community – with outreach programmes, bursaries for the needy, sharing of facilities and so on. But most strongly, we must hallow service to others as a principle.

As education becomes more learner-centred and concerned with technology and skills to access information which is constantly changing, I think there are two important concepts that we must not lose sight of:

The one is what Einstein stated: that "Imagination is more important than knowledge".

The other is that the ambience, ethos or "soul" of our school far outweighs the technology and facilities we offer our pupils – that emphasis on Christian values and "hallowing service" of which Prof. Le Roux spoke.



In addition there are two simple values that I believe in implicitly and would like to instill in our girls. The one is "Work is not a curse". It fulfils us, gives us self-esteem when it is well done, and makes leisure worthwhile. The other maxim comes from Richard Wagner who said: "Joy is not in things – but in us". In a world which is becoming more and more materialistic, I would urge our girls to find joy by having faith and counting blessings.

And finally, I would like to quote Philip Tobias, Professor and Head of the Dept of Anatomy at the University of the Witwatersrand, and internationally

renowned anthropologist, from his 1968 Raymond Dart lecture, entitled "Mankind's Past and Future" –

'The two main threads of mankind's future development will be an unimagined flowering of the mind and blossoming of the spirit: intellect and compassion are the dominant motifs of the future life.

'This is the domain not only of reason, but of bird-song and sunsets and warm eyes . . .

'Compassion and intellect are our signposts pointing to a long future without despair: that is the irresistible message of yesterday to tomorrow.' "



**SPEECH DAY**

Kirsten Stokes (Head Girl), Lisa Mack (Dux), Mrs J. Champion and Caroline Moore (Deputy Head Girl)

## BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Rt Revd M Nuttall (Visitor)

Revd Mother S.S.J.D.

Sister Mary Evelyn

Prof. A.M. Barrett

Mrs D Perrett

Prof. R Raab (Chairman)

Adv. R Seggie

Mr L van Breda

Mrs Y Spain

Mr J Wilkinson

Mrs Ann Steer

Mr R A Zammit

## Summary of the Address of our Guest Speaker

### MR DERECK JACKSON

B.Ed., M.A.(Counselling)

**Superintendent of Education - Educational Guidance, Ex T.E.D.**

In a delightfully humorous address, Mr Jackson spoke about the damaging effects parents' expectations can have on children. Too often, parents look "for the gift the child does not possess, instead of looking for the gift the child does possess." They want "clones of themselves", or to live through them, thereby destroying the child's individuality.

He stressed, however, that although it is a parent's duty to provide both the opportunity for study (the school), and the climate conducive to study (a stable home environment), it is the child's responsibility to take advantage of the facilities; to differentiate between a dream and a goal; and to commit herself to a goal. He then quoted Walt Disney, who said:

"You can become whatever you dream", and showed, by referring to the Wright brothers and the American space programme, that dreams and goals need not necessarily be separated. Whereas the responsibility of achieving a goal is a child's, the process can be assisted if parents give her the freedom to choose; make her responsible for her own actions; and give her both a little more freedom and a little more responsibility each year.

Mr Jackson concluded by quoting the final two lines of C. Day Lewis's poem, "Walking Away":

" . . . selfhood begins with a walking away,  
And love is proved in the letting go."





## HEAD GIRL'S SPEECH

Head Girl: Kirsten Stokes

25 January 1991

Dear Jane

*I'm writing this letter from my dormitory at St John's. I have two roommates. They were in Junior School together, so you can just imagine how left out I feel. I've never felt so lost – all I want is the security of my home environment and some familiar faces. The girls are all so big and the prefects look so fierce and what I really need is a taste of Mum's home cooking. I don't know if I will be able to survive four weeks – let alone five years!*

Love Kirsten

Good afternoon Bishop Michael, Mrs Champion, Honoured Guests, staff, parents and pupils.

The letter I have just read out is the kind I wrote to a friend when I was in standard six. Little did I know what St John's had in store for me, and how my attitude would change!

My five years here have been both challenging and exciting, especially these last two years. St John's has provided opportunities that few people are privileged to receive. It has enabled me to be an individual who is capable of deciding for myself what is right or wrong, and confident enough to tackle daunting tasks – even addressing such an audience on such an occasion! Because St John's is a small school, all the pupils are called on to contribute to its life – from cultural to sporting activities – so there is little chance of talents lying dormant. In fact, we've all discovered abilities we never dreamt we had.

These opportunities would not have been available to us if it weren't for a dedicated staff. People often see a teacher just as someone who instructs you in a particular subject – I've come to see that there's a lot more to it. To all the teachers, thank you for making life special for each of us. You have taught us well, and been so friendly and caring that we have formed close relationships with you. This is an important aspect of life at St John's. I would like to pay particular tribute to Miss McLean, who was my Headmistress for four years, and to Mrs Champion, who took over this year. It is the Head who sets the tone of the school and, thanks to you both, St John's provides a disciplined and happy atmosphere for us.

My matric year has been made that much more special because of my peer group. We have been unusually close friends and all of us have been aware of genuine concern and support. To separate now will be difficult; but the ties formed need not be broken – we must meet as a group one day to compare careers and children – and, even one day, grandchildren! Thank you for being such wonderful

friends and for giving me not only your support but a host of memories on which I shall be able to draw for the rest of my life.

Thank you to the prefect body who have worked together responsibly and sensibly. Particular thanks go to Caroline Moore, our Deputy Head Girl, for being my companion and co-worker throughout this year. Thanks also to the school for co-operating (most of the time!) and making our lives easier.

It will be hard to imagine St John's without Miss Hyman. We will be sad to see her leave. On behalf of the pupils, Miss Hyman, we wish you a happy and fulfilling retirement. We will miss your friendly smile and warm greeting and your ever watchful eye! We, in the senior part of the school, are aware of the firm foundations you have laid for so many pupils, and we respect you for your contribution to St John's.

In the years that I have been a pupil here, St John's has excelled academically, on the sports field and culturally, because each person makes a contribution. We have a reputation of which we can be proud. Thank you, Mum and Dad, for sending me here. St John's has provided me with magnificent opportunities and I know it has involved sacrifice on your part. Thank you for supporting and encouraging me, especially this year, and for never pressurising me. My home is important to me. In standard six, we had to write in a journal each week. I often wrote about home. My English teacher has since told me that she could tell that I had a specially happy and secure home life from what I wrote – and this stability is what has helped to keep me steady and cheerful this year.

I began this address with a letter. I conclude with one.

20 October 1995

Dear St John's

*I am about to leave the school, having not only survived, but loved, my five years here.*

*St John's is like a heart pulsating with life and energy and warmth. We are the healthy corpuscles who are sent out into the body, the wider community, to restore, to cleanse, to give sustenance and to fight infection. Even if we're sent as far as the toes, the life-giving properties are still within us.*

*Matrics, just as blood returns to the heart, so must we. We must not lose contact with St John's but return to visit, to see further change and progress and to revel in the fact that, at one time, we were part of the heart beat.*

*St John's, keep beating and cleansing, affecting the wider community for generations to come.*

Love Kirsten



# PRIZE LIST 1995

## INTERHOUSE TROPHIES

Basketball .....	Rhodes
Dramatics .....	Connaught
Netball .....	Athlone
Hockey .....	Rhodes
Public Speaking .....	Athlone
(First National Bank Trophy)	
Tennis .....	Rhodes

## CLASS PRIZES

Std 6 1st .....	Julia Chennells
Merit Certificate .....	Melissa Hallett/ Tracy von Weichardt/ Khara-Jade Small
Std 7 1st .....	Lucy Robinson
Merit Certificate .....	Amanda Larsen/Vicky Robinson
Std 8 1st .....	Pia Foster
Merit Certificate .....	Kathryn Gush/Vanessa Forbes
Std 9 1st and Merit Certificate .....	Alison Stent
Std 10 Honours Certificate .....	Lisa Mack

## MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

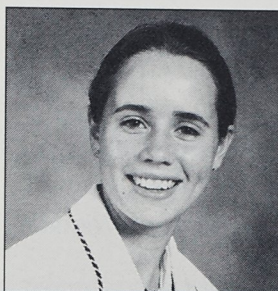
Afrikaans .....	Linda van Breda
Speech and Drama .....	Claire Hawkins
Typing .....	Teresa Spilsbury
Geography .....	Jennie Cassels
Physical Science .....	Jennie Cassels/Lisa Mack
English .....	Shanali Govender
History .....	Shanali Govender
Accounting .....	Lisa Mack
Home Economics .....	Lisa Mack
Mathematics .....	Lisa Mack

## SPECIAL PRIZES

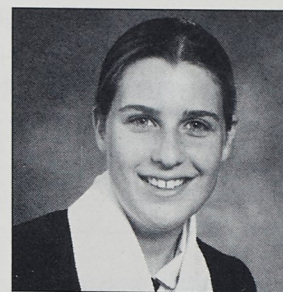
Music	
Middle School Award .....	Belinda Harris
Senior School	
(The Francine Bowker Shield) .....	Claire Hawkins
Wilson Public Speaking Cup .....	Shanali Govender
Labistour Cup for the	
Best Individual Debater .....	Vanessa Forbes
Kate Holmes Trophy	
(for the most promising Actress) .....	Nina Rushton
Speech and Drama Award .....	Ashleigh Wienand
Lectern Cup Award	
(for the most improved speaker) .....	Kelly Higgs
Practical Art Award .....	Kelly Higgs
Production Award	
(Winning House Play) .....	Ashleigh Wienand / Nicola Watkins
Special Awards	
Photography .....	Camilla Floros, Kelly Higgs, Neulah Lowrey
Poetry .....	Kelly Higgs

GOODMAN CUP ..... Linda van Breda

GREYLING CUP FOR  
SPORTSMANSHIP ..... Kelly Zammit



Linda van Breda:  
Goodman Cup



Kelly Zammit:  
Greyling Cup

## TOKENS OF APPRECIATION

Long Attendance	
(Class i to Matriculation) .....	Neulah Lowry
Sacristan (Presented by Old Girls) .....	Lisa Mack
Senior Chorister .....	Fiona Shaw
Gem Award .....	Ashleigh Wienand
Deputy Head Girl's Award .....	Caroline Moore
Head Girl's Award .....	Kirsten Stokes

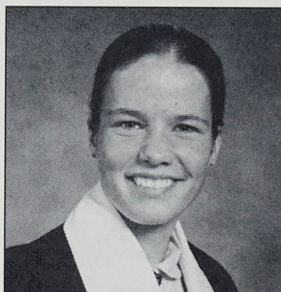
WOOLFSON'S PRIZE FOR  
LEADERSHIP ..... Kirsten Stokes

DEBI SHREEVE CUP ..... Catherine Keough

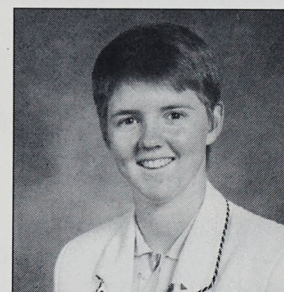
GETLIFFE CUP ..... Lynn Robinson

DUX (Abbot Cup) ..... Lisa Mack

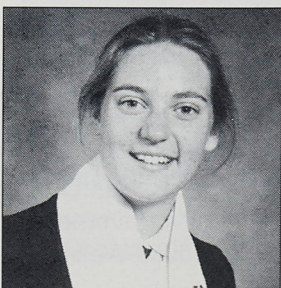
ST JOHN'S CUP ..... Kirsten Stokes/Lynn Robinson



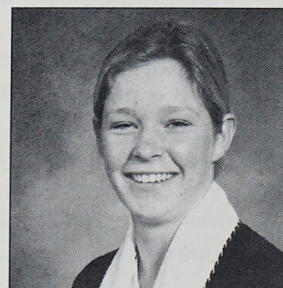
Lynn Robinson: Gettliffe  
Cup and St John's Cup



Kirsten Stokes:  
St John's Cup



Catherine Keough:  
Debi Shreeve Cup



Ashleigh Wienand:  
Gem Award



# ACHIEVEMENTS 1994-1995

## 1994 MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS

Number of Candidates .....	37
Matric Exemptions .....	29
Senior Certificates .....	8
4 A Aggregates 6 B Aggregates	

## HONOURS BLAZERS

Head Girl .....	Kirsten Stokes
Deputy Head Girl .....	Caroline Moore
Hockey .....	Linda van Breda
Athletics .....	Ashleigh Wienand

## COLOUR BARS

Academic .....	Lisa Mack, Alison Stent
Debating .....	Shanali Govender
Drama .....	Alice Stobart, Liezl Lawrence, Ashleigh Wienand
Freshwater Lifesaving .....	Phillippa Chance, Tamara McArthur, Kim Wegerle
Hockey .....	Ashleigh Wienand, Camilla Floros, Kelly Zammit, Gina Steenberg, Claire Chennells
Netball .....	Helen James, Nicole Walden

## AUGUST – NOVEMBER 1994

Junior Achievement –	
Managing Director .....	Neulah Lowry
Production Director .....	Kirsten Stokes
Members .....	Kate Furniss, Claire Hawkins

## DECEMBER 1994

Short Term Rotary Exchange Scholar	
to Turkey .....	Catherine Keough
to Reunion.....	Jennie Cassels
Tennis – Bergville Championships:	
Ladies Singles and	
Mixed Doubles Champion .....	Helen James

## JANUARY 1995

Natal Youth Show	
1st Junior Shepherd Class .....	Caryl Furniss
2nd Junior Shepherd Class .....	Kate Furniss
3rd National Junior Cattleman Class ..	Kate Furniss
Riding – Noodsberg A Team	
Winner of Natal Poly Club	
Prince Philip Games .....	Jo-Anne Gordon
Winner of Natal Mounted Games ...	Jo-Anne Gordon
Maritzburg Summer Show –Victrix Ludorum	
for Show Jumping .....	Cathryn Houghton
Hockey – Natal Midlands U/21 B	
Indoor Hockey Team .....	Linda van Breda
American – South African Exchange Programme	
(6 months) .....	Julie Wellmann

## FEBRUARY 1995

Athletics – Menlo Park Invitation Meeting	
1st U/17 discus:	
Pmb and Districts .....	Ashleigh Wienand
Freshwater Lifesaving	
Natal Provincial Team U/16 .....	Tamara McArthur, Phillippa Chance
Open Ladies .....	Kim Wegerle
Open Ladies (Captain) .....	Debbie Nixon (Staff)
Nippers Team –13/14 Girls .....	Kelly Jenkins
Nippers Team – 11/12 Girls .....	Ruth Seggie, Angela Johnston

## MARCH 1995

Girl Guides: Chief's Challenge Award ....	Dianne King
Victoria League Essay Competitions: Prizewinners	
Pia Foster, Nokwazi Mzobe, Natasha Badenhorst	
Jan Hofmeyer –	
Semi Final Round .....	Shanali Govender
SA Junior Athletics Championships	
Selection .....	Ashleigh Wienand

## APRIL 1995

Sailing: South African Team .....	Annabelle Pilcher
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## MAY 1995

Junior Achievement:	
Managing Directors .....	Tamara McArthur, Anna Garratt
Members.....	Tracy Larsen, Kim Swinstead, Nicola Hitchcock, Nicole Walden
Hockey:	
Natal Midlands Open A Team .....	Linda van Breda
B Team .....	Ashleigh Wienand (Captain), Camilla Floros
C Team .....	Gina Steenberg, Kelly Zammit
U/16 A Team .....	Claire Chennells
U/16B Team .....	Catherine Carte

## JUNE 1995

Netball –	
Natal Midlands U/16 ...	Helen James, Nicole Walden
Horseriding –	
Natal U/14 Polocrosse Team .....	Andrea Marlton
Young Historians:	
Regional Final Std 8 Round .....	Vanessa Forbes

## JULY 1995

DALRO National Final Round .....	Esnat Mussa
Hockey: SA Schools U/18 .....	Linda van Breda
Showjumping Natal U14 .....	Cathryn Houghton
Eventing Natal U/14 .....	Ashleigh Preston



Hockey: Natal Midlands U/14 ..... Jessica Dicks,  
Julia Norton

Business Management Game:

National Semi-Final Round:

3rd Place ..... Lisa Mack, Fiona Shaw,  
Lynn Robinson, Jennie Cassels, Tracy Larsen

United Nations Mock Debate:

Regional Finals ..... Leigh-Anne Purvis,  
Vanessa Forbes, Zoe Laband, Nomfundo Vilakazi

Alan Paton Literary Competition:

Std 8 Semi-Final Round ..... Ceilidh McArthur

## SEPTEMBER 1995

Piano: SASMT Eisteddfod "A" ..... Ella Mentis

Typing: Natal Schools'/Working World

Typing Contest

Gold Certificates ..... Katherine Seggie,  
Teresa Spilsbury

Silver Certificate ..... Gayleen Wafer

Alan Paton Creative Writing Competition

Std 10 Short Story Section –

3rd Place ..... Shanali Govender

Commended ..... Camilla Floros

Std 10 Poetry Section –

Commended ..... Kelly Higgs

Athletics:

SA u/18 Discus: 2nd Place ..... Ashleigh Wienand

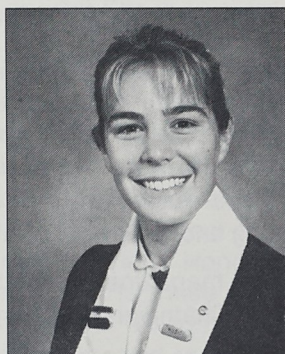
United Nations Mock Debate:

National Final ..... Vanessa Forbes

## SPECIAL SUCCESSES



*Shanali Govender  
3rd Prize: Alan Paton  
Creative Writing  
Competition*



*Kelly Higgs  
Commended: Alan Paton  
Creative Writing  
Competition*

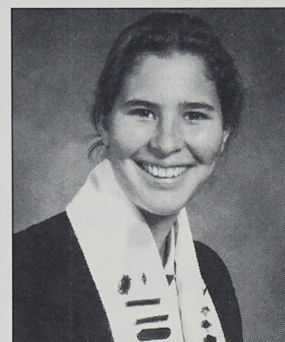


*Pia Foster and Nokwasi  
Mzobe: Prizewinners in the  
Victoria League Essay  
Competition*

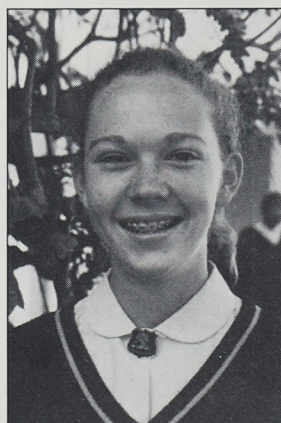


*Nomfundo Vilikasi, Leigh-Ann Purvis, Zoë Laband and  
Vanessa Forbes won through to the KwaZulu-Natal region-  
al competition of the United Nations Mock Debate.*

*Vanessa was chosen to represent KwaZulu-Natal in the  
national competition held in Pretoria in October. This team  
performed exceptionally well, winning the cultural  
presentation section and , finishing fourth overall.*



*Camilla Floros  
Commended: Alan Paton  
Creative Writing Competition*



*Dianne King: Girl Guides  
Challenge Award*



*DALRO: National Final  
Round: Esnat Mussa,  
(Drama)*



# Welcome . . .

## MRS CHAMPION

Mrs Jill Champion took up her post as Principal of St John's in April this year.

Having matriculated at Durban Girls' College, she gained her B.A. (majoring in English and Psychology) at the University of Natal, adding an Education Diploma through the University of South Africa later.

Her experience is varied – from relief teaching in London and conversation classes in Tokyo to first language teaching in South Africa. Most of her experience she gained in her twenty-one years at Eshowe High School, where, finally, she acted as Deputy Head.

Over the years, she has been involved in several extra-mural activities, particularly of a literary nature. She was also a sub-examiner for the Natal Senior Certificate Examinations, and moderator for both the English orals and writing assessments.

"I have always believed discipline is important and that it should be administered fairly and firmly, and that young people need to have clearly defined limits or rules to feel secure. Educationally, I recognise

the individuality of each pupil and all a teacher (or parent) can ever expect of the child is to do her best at whatever she does. The Private School, and St John's in particular, develops the child to her full potential – academically first, and then spiritually, sportingwise and culturally. It is the purpose of St John's to prepare our girls for life in the twenty-first century, so that they may fulfil the many roles demanded of women in South Africa today.

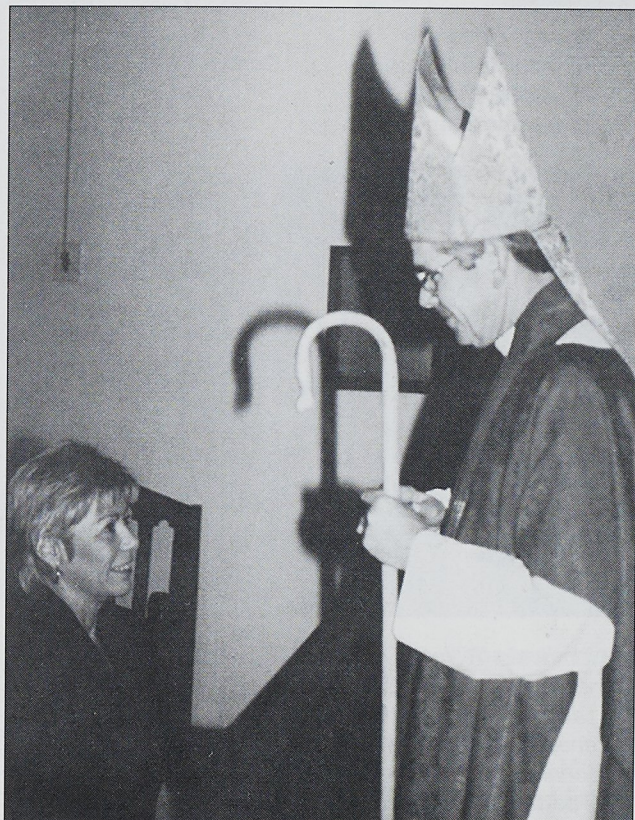
"I believe the girls who have been nurtured in the caring environment of our relatively small Anglican school here in one of the major educational centres of South Africa, have the poise, confidence, faith and moral strength, as well as an excellent education, to be able to thrive in whatever situation they find themselves confronted with in the future.

"I am confident that St John's is going from strength to strength. It provides an ideal environment for girls to benefit from the excellence which is offered here in all its facets. I assure you of my total commitment to the well-being of St John's and look forward to a long and happy association with this great school!"

The magazine committee is delighted to welcome Mrs Champion to St John's.



*Mrs Champion was welcomed by the girls . . . .*



*. . . and blessed by Bishop Michael Nuttall.*



# . . . and Farewell

## **SHEILA HYMAN – retiring**



*Miss Sheila Hyman*

### **A Tribute from the Board of Governors**

Seventeen years at the helm of the Junior School of St John's is a long time by any measure, enough to exhaust all but the most ardent spirit. And ardent in spirit describes our very special Sheila Hyman, who on the eve of her

retirement is still as fresh and enthusiastic as on the day of her appointment in 1978. Hundreds of girls and their parents will remember with affection that welcoming smile and friendly manner, her graciousness and beautiful diction, and above all her caring and concern for all her girls, in whom her interest continues long after they have left. None of these qualities is a shallow mask, for to those who know her even slightly she stands out as someone strong in faith, firm on principle and wise in judgement.

In her long association with St John's, where she first taught for eight years from 1956, Miss Hyman's contact with the Board of Governors, though mainly indirect, has earned our trust and respect for what she has achieved in the Junior School and indeed for St John's as a whole. This includes a full year as Acting Headmistress in 1980 before a new appointment was made. She leaves the Junior School bursting at the seams, with the demand for places a measure of the educational values which she and her staff have built up over the years. May her well-earned retirement be long, happy and healthy.

Roger Raab  
*Chairman of the Board of Governors*



### **A Tribute from the Staff**

What do you say about someone who is known as "Miss St John's"? I heard this title when as a parent, I attended my first Prize giving and the then Head girl, Aileen van Blommenstein, used it in her speech. Little did I realise that I would enjoy nine years of working closely with Sheila, or that the reasons for the title would become abundantly clear.

She has an encyclopaedic knowledge of St John's stemming from her early association with the school.

(Sheila taught here for eight years starting in 1956, returning in 1978 to resume her fruitful career). Her knowledge has grown from her deep love of the school, the pupils, the Staff and the Sisters. Coupled with her enjoyment of History, this has made her a fund of information.

A perfectionist in all she does, she demands exemplary standards from her herself, her Staff and her pupils. This suggests a certain rigidity, but nothing could be further from the truth. Sheila is still excited about teaching, delighting in discovering different approaches and innovative ideas. Year after year she becomes totally involved with her beloved Standard Fives, and closely monitors their progress through the Senior School. They, in return, hold her in great respect and in deep affection.

Small people seem to take an instant liking to her and are soon willing to share their precious moments and their great successes with her. I have watched a tiny tot grow twelve-feet tall under her praise. I have also seen the constant twinkle in her eye turn into a steely glint that would quell even the most riotous group of girls! Always ready to give of herself, ready to listen, ready to advise, ready to help, Sheila has had the satisfaction of steering the Junior School through tremendous growth in the last few years.

Although her year as Acting-Headmistress in 1980 was before I joined the Staff, I did have the privilege of working under her when she acted in the third term of 1987. I still hold the memory of the floods at that time. The mood of the school matched the weather. Some pupils could not contact their parents and were understandably worried; others didn't know if they would be able to get home at the end of the day. At the moment when the school was at its lowest ebb, Sheila arrived with black-and-white checked trousers tucked into Wellingtons! This Churchillian defiance of the elements lifted the spirits of the entire school.

**"Miss St John's" — we salute you.**

Max Wotherspoon



Joylene Ross (Std 8)



## MRS MARGARET CHERRY – retiring



For the past ten years Mrs Cherry has given unity, direction and calm leadership to the Music Department. Her responsibilities have been varied involving the general musical education of pupils from Class one to Standard eight, choral singing and recorder tuition. She is also appreciated by the whole school,

and by many parents and Old Girls for whom she has played so sensitively on the organ at many services.

The character of a school depends to a large extent on extra-classroom activities, and these are apt to fall rather heavily on Music teachers. Here Mrs Cherry has always been liberal with her time and effort. There was choral singing to be prepared for special occasions: we remember beautiful Easter services, carol services and nativity plays, musical productions, choral items at the junior school speech day and class assemblies. There were also eisteddfod performances and choir festivals. All required much organisation which was always meticulously carried out.

Mrs Cherry seemed especially drawn to the freshness of young voices. We shall remember her accompanying and conducting the Junior Choir whose singing of lovely, happy songs gave much pleasure.

Her fellow staff members will remember her level-headed approach to everything, and her willingness to help others in so many ways. Her dignity and graciousness went hand in hand with competence, hard work and practical service to the school. We have all felt with pleasure and affection the influence of Mrs Cherry's personality.

We thank her for her involvement in the life of the school, and wish her happiness in many years of leisure.

Sheila Hyman



Murrae-Anne Perott (Std 7)

## CAROLINE DARROCH – a new responsibility



Mrs Caroline Darroch and her joy boy, Andrew

For many girls, Geography has become a way of life since Caroline joined us ten years ago! Her love of the subject and her innovative teaching methods have created an enthusiasm which spilled over into educational trips to many different parts of South Africa; an exciting overseas tour; annual (and very successful) participation in the Young Geographers' Conference and two extra-curricular clubs, the Geography Club and the Travel Club. Often I have stopped outside her room, attracted by the fascinating wall-displays researched and compiled by her pupils whose interest in, and understanding of, other countries and geographical phenomena has been so much encouraged. She has spent many extra hours tutoring girls who have needed extra help, and in preparing them for practical exams.

Caroline has always been prepared to use her other talents in the service of the school. She has, over the years, helped with tennis coaching, the sewing club and the lectern club, and has run a popular callanetics group. For many years she was house-mother to Athlone and always took great delight in their successes. On many occasions she has adjudicated at inter-house debates. For four years she and I ran the school driver education programme, which involved first working for, and then passing, the Advance Driver's test! During this fairly nerve-racking time I learnt how supportive Caroline is, and how her sense of humour can lighten those tense moments.

In 1993, she married Mark Darroch in the St John's chapel, and she tells me that it was a particularly special moment in her life when the girls sang at her wedding. I think that this epitomises what Caroline has meant to the school – total involvement, total commitment, an honest giving of her time and caring to every aspect of school life. We thank her for this, and wish her every happiness as she settles into full-time motherhood with her baby son, Andrew.

Sally Davies





## CLAIRE HARTSHORNE – further study

In 1988, Claire's first year at St John's, she wrote in her magazine report that the Drama department had "enjoyed a very full and exciting year". And thanks to Claire, it has continued to do so.

Since Claire came to St John's she has applied her considerable and varied talents to all the different tasks that have come her way. Trying to record her contributions is not only a formidable task – it is an impossible one. Claire is an excellent teacher, an outstanding director, and an astonishing and creative organiser!

Under Claire's patient and nurturing guidance, Drama pupils at St John's have achieved enviable results, both in formal exam situations and in the broader Drama world. They have, with Claire's help, achieved excellent results in the DALRO acting

competition, and have often been selected to "Showcase" their Matric practical work.

The list of productions directed or co-directed by Claire during the last seven years, is long and varied. There are children's plays, dance theatre evenings, and musicals. "Bless Africa" (written by Jean Timm and Pessa Weinberg) first produced in 1990 and again in 1992 – running to packed houses and standing ovations – must be regarded as one of the highlights of dramatic activity at our school.

The amount and quality of Claire's work show her dedication to St John's. We are all aware of the many long extra hours she spends at school. I know that I speak for us all when I say that we will miss her awfully – her cheerful, giving ways, her support for all our endeavours and her deep caring for the girls. It is with great regret that we bid Claire farewell. We wish her the very best success in her Masters course, and an exciting and full future.

Joan Attwell

## Going overseas



### MATHILDA UYS

Mathilda joined our staff in June 1995 to teach Science throughout the senior school. She immediately endeared herself to both staff and pupils with her wide sunny smile and gentle manner, and proved herself very willing to take part in the full spectrum of school life. She has been involved with the S.C.A. since she arrived, contributing her own sincerity and insight to meetings, and organising outings and discussions for the group; she has run a popular découpage club; was involved in making costumes for both "Esther" and "Miranda and the Magic Sponge"; and was a very elegant model during the September luncheon and fashion show held at the school. The girls soon learnt that Mathilda is a hard-working, fully committed teacher, and that it was not just her hair that could be fiery if they didn't work equally as hard! Lessons have been fun and rewarding, and many individuals have cause to be thankful for extra teaching time given to them. I have loved working with Mathilda. Her serene faith, enthusiasm for life and supportive attitude complement the expertise that she brings to her subject. One of my fondest memories will ever be the wonder and delight on her face when she first saw a jumping bean jump, whilst on tour with

standard nine. I think that it is this ability of hers to enhance everything that is best in our own lives that we shall all miss the most. We wish her and her husband, Enslin, all the best as they travel overseas next year.

Sally Davies

### DEBBIE NIXON

Debbie Nixon has been at St John's for 18 months as a member of the Physical Education staff. She taught all standards and soon became an integral part of the staff.

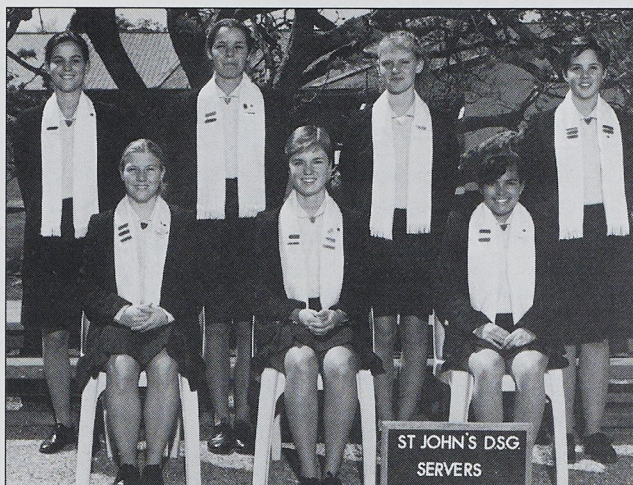
Her enthusiasm in inaugurating the Fresh Water Lifesaving programme proved a big success with many girls, especially those who made the Provincial side in their first year of competition. Some of the St John's girls even experienced a trip overseas this year with the Natal team. Miss Nixon was, herself, a member of the National Lifesaving side in 1994 and has captained the Provincial side for many years.

She was granted leave for six months to tour the United Kingdom and has decided to stay and experience the life of an international teacher. We wish her all of the best for her future.

Barbara Bowley



# THE CHAPLAIN'S REPORT



**CHAPEL SERVERS**

*Seated: G. Steenberg, L. Mack, L. Lawrence.*

*Standing: N. Lowry, T. Spilsbury, T. Hartley, C. Hawkins.*

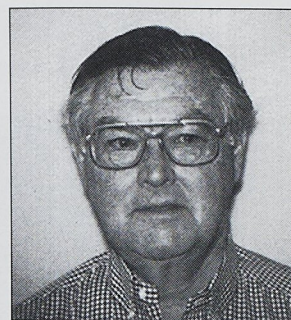
This has been a year for me of settling in, getting to know people, and becoming known. It has been a very pleasant experience of a strong educational community which has a great deal to offer, not only to pupils and parents, but also the city of Pietermaritzburg.

Given that your Chaplain is new to the school, it has been of great help to have the assistance of the Revd Hylton Knowles. Father Knowles has provided the continuity in ministry which is so important in any chaplaincy, and he has also been very thorough and faithful in his preparation of the confirmation candidates this year. Indeed, it is this faithfulness and thoroughness which is one of the marks of Father Knowles' ministry, and I know that, in the years to come, any ex-pupils will look back and realise how much of value they absorbed during his ministry at St John's.



*St John's Day*

We say farewell to Father Knowles with the prayer that he will enjoy his retirement. Our thanks to him for all that he has done in the Chapel and the classroom. He leaves us with our respect for his commitment to his ministry.



*Revd Hylton Knowles*

Confirmation this year took place on 17 September. The Right Reverend Michael Nuttall, the Bishop of Natal, and Revd Neville Richardson confirmed the following Anglican and Methodist candidates respectively:

Philippa Chance  
Claire Chennells  
Kelly Dowsett  
Vanessa Forbes  
Pia Foster  
Caryn Goble  
Debra Grové  
Kathryn Gush  
Genevieve James  
Kelly Jenkins  
Nicola Kelsall.

Shelagh Knox-Davies,  
Siân Llewellyn  
Robyn McIntosh  
Nokwazi Mzobe  
Annabelle Pilcher  
Joylene Ross  
Katherine Shaw  
Robyn Steenberg  
Philippa Stewart  
Gayleen Wafer

It is our prayer that these confirmees will grow in their relationship with God through the power of the Holy Spirit. May they not only know the joy and peace of God, but may they also know His strength during times of need.

In the classroom, we have looked at different faiths and compared them with Christianity. We have also thought about different social issues, and how, and for what reasons, Christians approach these differently from the secular world.

In the Chapel we have tried to maintain a blend of traditional worship (so that pupils do not lose touch with the rich resources of the past) and modern worship (so that pupils can experience some of the wonderful resources which come out of modern music and – dare we say it? – pop culture). It is good to see the reverence and dignity of traditional worship, as well as the liveliness of worship using more recent music, words and translations. Our thanks to our guitarists who have been willing to take the risk of performing in public. Our thanks also to our servers who do so much to maintain dignity and order in the Chapel. Those who have read lessons, and members of staff who have led services for us have also earned our thanks.

At this stage we remember with gratitude and affection, Mrs Cherry. Her work for the music in the Chapel has been faithful and thoughtful. She has been remarkable in her willingness to introduce a wide range of music to our worship. Our prayers go with her in her retirement.

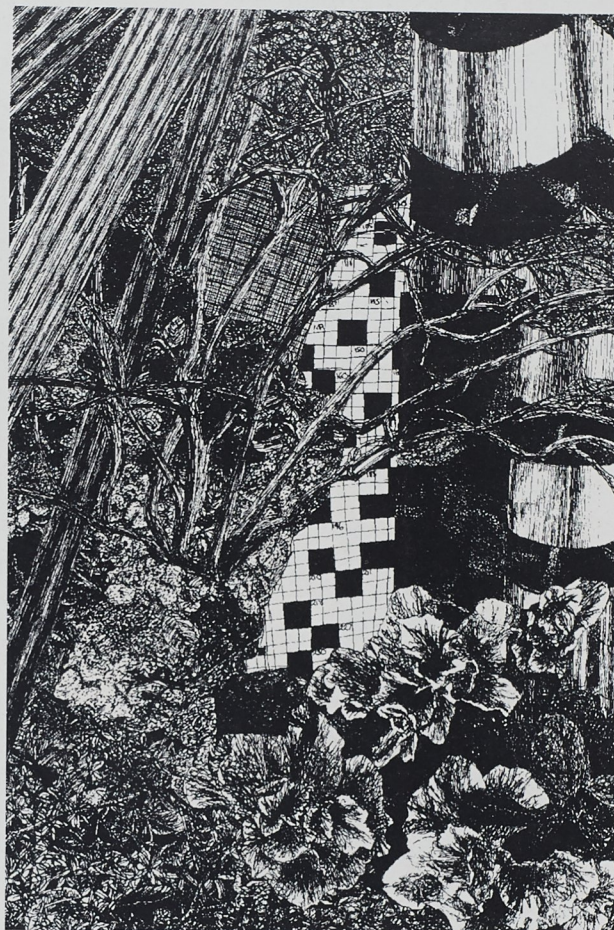
Father Richard Hawkins



# ST JOHN'S DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

## STAFF LIST 1995

Mrs J Champion, Headmistress, B.A. U.E.D.  
 Miss S M Hyman, Vice-Principal, Junior School, N.T.D.  
 Mr M Wotherspoon, Vice-Principal/Maths, B.Sc.,P.C.E.  
 Revd R Hawkins, Chaplain, B.A., B.D., B.Ed H.D.E., S.D.E.,G.O.E  
 Mrs J Attwell, Speech & Drama, B.A. Hons, H.D.E.  
 Mrs P Avery, History, B.A., H.D.E.  
 Miss C Beattie, Art, B.A.Fine Arts,H.D.E.  
 Mrs K Bowker, Primary/Class i, T.D.  
 Miss B Bowley, Phys. Ed, H.Dip Ed  
 Mrs M Cherry, Music/Piano, T.D.  
 Mrs C Darroch, Geography, B.A., H.D.E. B. Ed.  
 Miss S Davies, Biology, B.Sc.Hons.G.C.E.  
 Mrs G Ducasse, Primary/Std 2, N.T.S.D. H.D.E.  
 Mrs J Grové, Zulu/Sport, BA, HDE. Dip Zulu  
 Mrs A Harris, Afrikaans, N.T.S.D.,H.D.E.  
 Mrs C Hartshorne, Speech and Drama, M.A.  
 Mrs K Herselman, Mathematics, N.T.S.D. F.D.E.  
 Mrs L Joubert, Primary/Std 1, N.T.S.D.  
 Mrs P Krynauw, Media Centre, B.Sc, B.Bibl. Hons, H.D.E  
 Mrs Y Langeveldt, Typing, N.C.T.D.  
 Mrs S Lyne, Computers, B.Soc.Sc.  
 Mrs C Malherbe, Afrikaans, B.A.,H.E.D.  
 Mrs D Maclachlan, Geography, B.A., H.D.E. B.Ed  
 Miss M Metcalfe, Geography, U.E.D.  
 Mrs J Mills, Primary/Std 4, T.C.,H.D.E.  
 Mrs S Moore, Primary/Std 3, N.T.S.D. H.D.E.  
 Miss D Nixon, Phys. Education, H.D.E.  
 Mrs J Peddle, French, B.A. H.D.E  
 Mrs M Prosser, English, B.A.,Hons.,T.T.H.D.,L.G.S.M.  
 Mrs P Rhodes, Primary/Class ii, N.T.S.D.,H.E.D.  
 Mrs J Smallie, Junior School, N.T.S.D.,D.S.E.Remedial  
 Mrs K Stakemire, Mathematics, T.D.  
 Mrs M Tennant, Jnr Media centre/Art, B.A., ADDIS  
 Mrs J Timm, English, B.A.,U.E.D.  
 Mrs M Uys, Phys. Science, M.Sc., H.D.E. B.Ed.  
 Mrs L Van Rensburg, Accounting, B. Comm. H.D.E  
 Mrs C Watson, Guidance, B.A.,H.D.E. \ B.Ed  
 Mrs J Westwood, Home Economics, H.D.E.



FAMILY PORTRAIT – Alison Stent (Std 9)

### Additional Staff

Mrs L Duffy, Music/Guitar,  
 Mrs T Govender, Piano, B.A., B.Ed., A.T.C.L.  
 Mrs L Snyman, Tennis Coach,  
 Revd H Knowles, Divinity, B.A.  
 Mrs R Lloyd, Extra Eng., B.A., H. Dip. Ed, Rem.C  
 Miss E Murray, Piano, L.R.A.M. /Flute/Clarinet  
 Mrs M Balawanth,Lab. Assistant,  
 Mr C van Ardenne, Squash Coach,  
 Miss K du Preez, Library Assistant, Administrative  
 Mrs A Clifford, Secretary  
 Mrs C Dreboldt, Admin. Assist  
 Mr C Harris, Estate Manager  
 Mr C James, Business Manager  
 Mrs M Meeuwis, Secretary Junior School  
 Mrs S Shone, PRO, B.A., H.D.E.  
 Mrs I Snell, Sec. Switchboard  
 Mrs C Watson, Accountant

### House Staff

Mrs Mullins, Lady Warden  
 Ms Naidoo,  
 Sister Seggie  
 Matrons  
 Mrs P Vinjevold,  
 Mrs R Ryan,  
 Mrs N Steyn,  
 Mrs Tomlinson, Laundry  
 Albert Thabethe, Driver  
 Sheriff Moses, Painter  
 Dennis Jasson, Carpenter





# STAFF PHOTOGRAPH

SEATED: Mrs A. Harris, Mrs J. Mills, Miss S. Davies, Mrs F. Malherbe, Mr M. Wotherspoon (Deputy), Mrs J. Champion (Headmistress), Miss S. Hyman, (Deputy), Mr C. James, Mrs J. Mullins, Mrs K. Herselman, Mrs M. Cherry.

1st Row: Mrs J. Westwood, Mrs K. Stakemire, Mrs Y. Langeveldt, Mrs M. Gardner, Mrs J. Timm, Miss B. Bowley, Miss C. Beattie, Mrs T. Rhodes, Mrs I. Snell, Mrs P. Vingevold Mrs P. Avery, Miss E. Murray

2nd Row: Mrs R. Lloyd, Mrs M-L. Tennant, Mrs M. Meeuwis, Mrs J. Grové, Mrs C. Dreboldt Miss K du Preez, Miss M. Metcalfe, Sr C. Seggie, Mrs K. Bowker, Mrs S. Shone, Mrs S. Moore, Mrs S. Lyne, Mrs L. Snyman

3rd Row: Mrs C. Watson, Mrs L. van Rensburg, Mrs A. Clifford, Mrs J. Peddle, Mrs M. Uys, Mrs N. Steyn, Mr C. Harris, Mrs G. Ducasse, Mrs J. Smallie, Mrs L. Joubert, Mrs P. Kynauw, Mrs C. Watson

On Leave: Mrs M. Prosser





#### PREFECTS

*Seated: L.Mack, J.Cassels, Mr M.Wotherspoon, K.Stokes, Mrs J.Champion, C.Moore, S.Govender  
1st Row: L.Robinson, C.Keough, K.Zammit, A.Stobart, A.Balcomb, L.van Breda  
2nd Row: K.Seggie, F.Shaw*

#### TO MATRICS 1995

I would like to thank you for the most wonderful chapel service I have ever heard. It was very moving and I am sure that your sweet messages and beautiful songs touched everyone's hearts and brought tears to many eyes. I, for one, almost began to cry, and I know many who felt the same!

I would like to thank you deeply for making me realise just how special St John's is and how privileged I am to be here. I have never known a school to be as closely united as St John's. It's just like a perfect family. Everyone is always ready and willing to help one another and everyone is so friendly and caring. Teachers and pupils are more like mothers and daughters, (and of course fathers and daughters, too!) the pupils are all more than sisters than just close friends. If St John's is capable of letting go such wonderful and successful people, as yourselves into the world, then I have only one thing left to say, and that is:

I want to be a winner  
I want to succeed  
I shall never say "I can't"  
I will enthuse others,  
Respond, fullheartedly, to challenge  
and I will set the standard, as best I can  
I WILL do it, I WILL move it, and  
I WILL make it happen!  
I promise never to sit and expect success  
And I promise to have faith, because  
I have now learned that tomorrow has  
never been before!  
All my love and good wishes for the future!

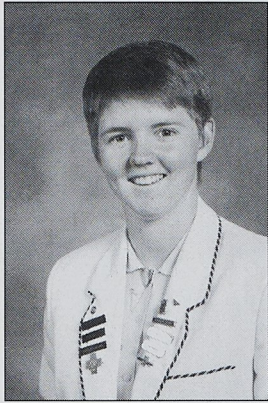
Tracy Von Weichardt



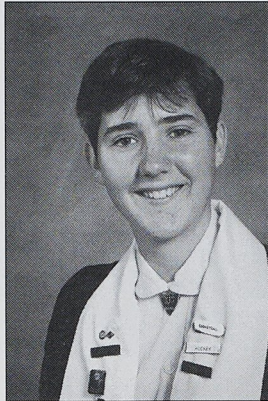
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*Top to Bottom: Camilla Floros,  
Neulah Lowry, Kelly Higgs*

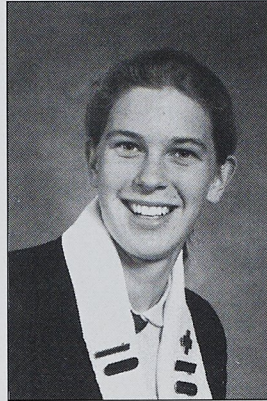




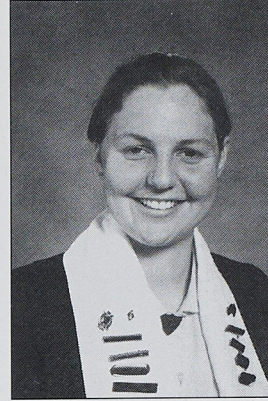
*Kirsten Stokes*



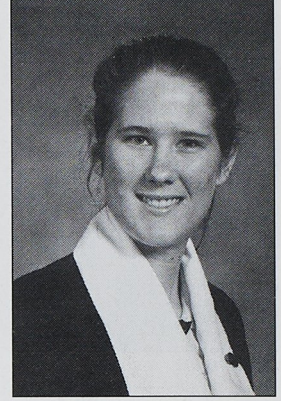
*Anne Balcomb*



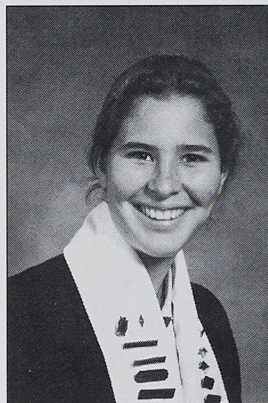
*Jennie Cassels*



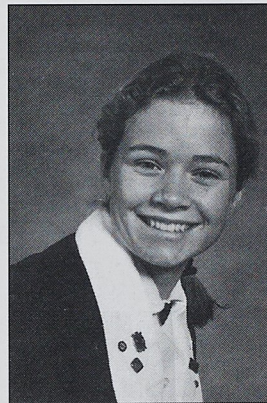
*Carey Edwards*



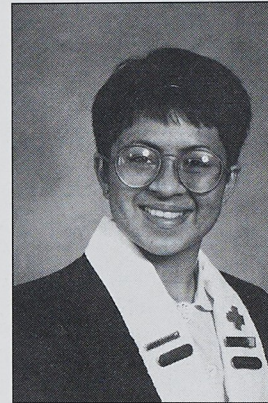
*Mandi Evans*



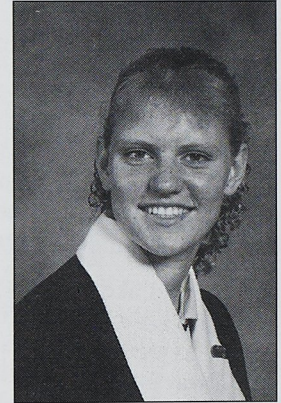
*Camilla Floros*



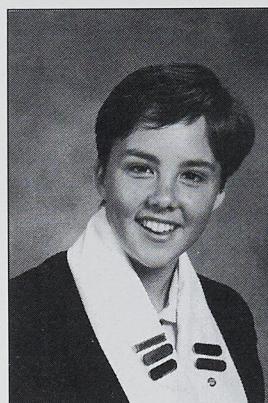
*Kate Furniss*



*Shanali Govender*



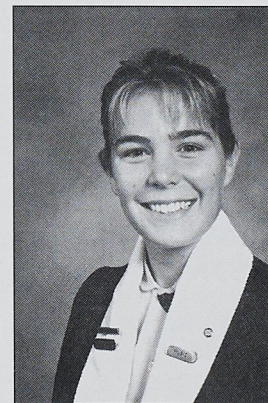
*Tanya Hartley*



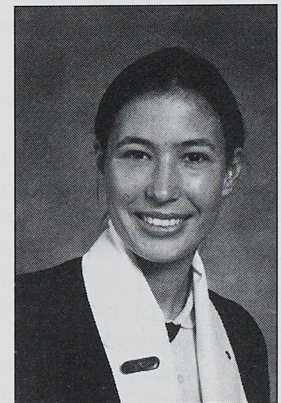
*Claire Hawkins*



*Joy Heenan*



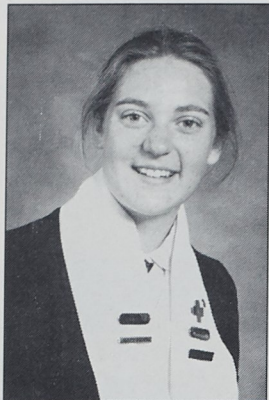
*Kelly Higgs*



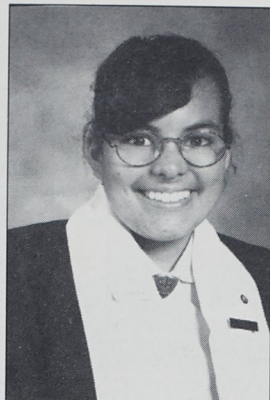
*Bronwyn Johnson*

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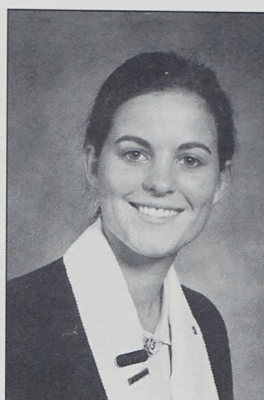




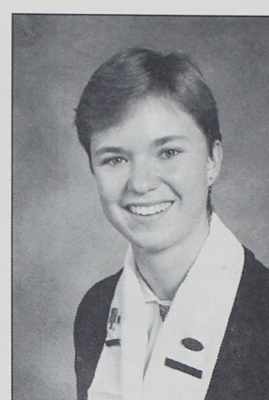
*Catherine Keough,*



*Liezl Lawrence*



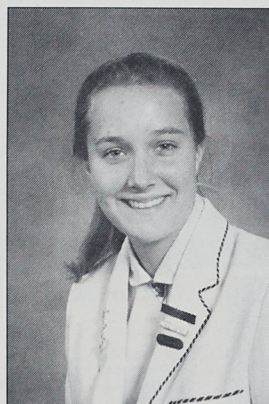
*Neulah Lowry*



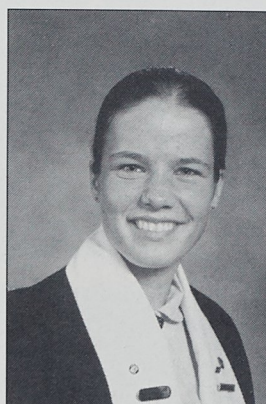
*Lisa Mack*



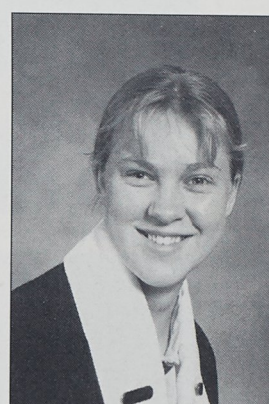
*Bibi Makhatho*



*Caroline Moore*



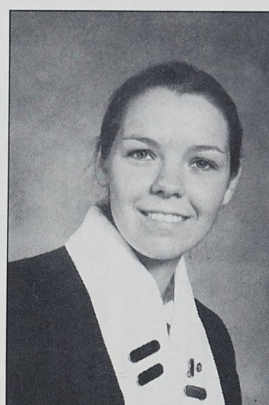
*Lynn Robinson*



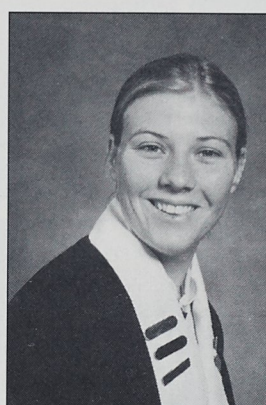
*Kate Seggie*



*Fiona Shaw*



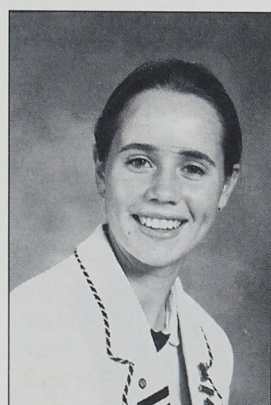
*Teresa Spilsbury*



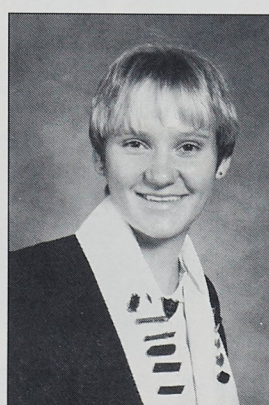
*Gina Steenberg*



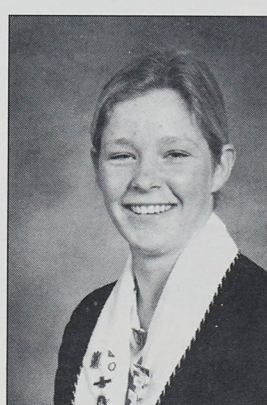
*Alice Stobart*



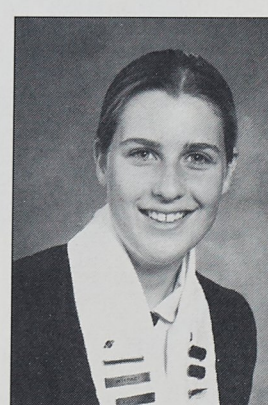
*Linda van Breda*



*Nicola Watkins*



*Ashleigh Wienand*



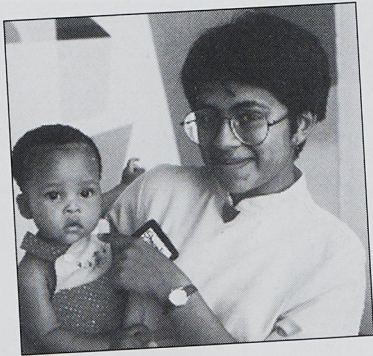
*Kelly Zammit*

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# MEMORABLE



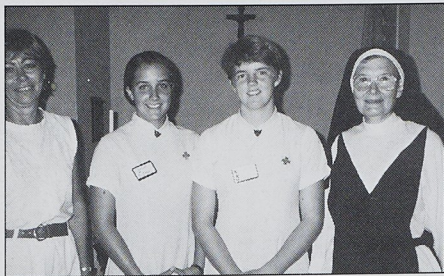
Babysitting new girl's sibling.



Coin Chain



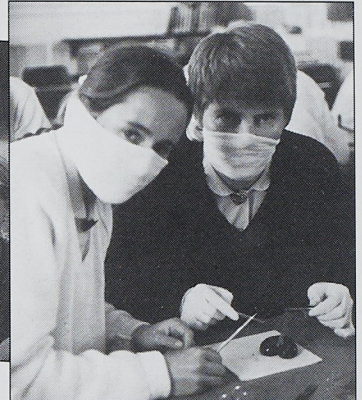
Interhouse Gala



Visit to Convent



Matric - "Mums' " picnic

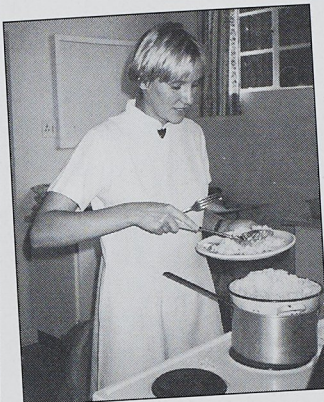


Dissecting . . . !

# MATRIC



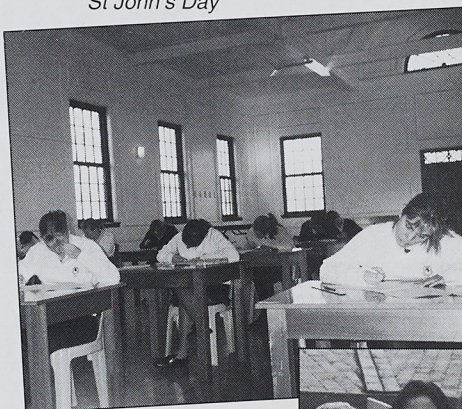
St John's Day



H.E. Staff Luncheon

Hats off to women

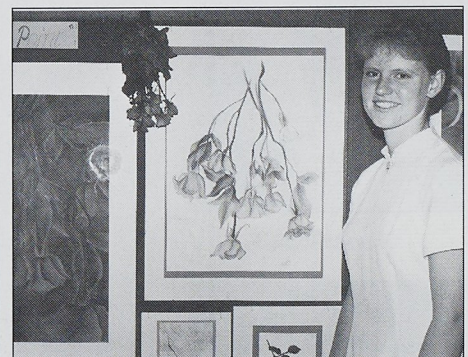
# MOMENTS



Trials



Old Girls' pudding evening



Matric Art Exhibition

Lining up for Speech Day



Mr D. Jackson presenting prizes.



# Out of Africa

## My Experience on a Teacher Exchange Programme WESLEY COLLEGE, PERTH, AUSTRALIA



*Miss Bowley and her "Awesome Ozzies"*

I left my sheltered life at St John's and headed for the "Awesome Ozzies of Wesley College". My exchange programme involved a complete swop with an Australian teacher – Miss Coralie Towers – and my job was to teach Physical Education and Health Education to Year 8–10 boys. (Std 6–8)

The incredible facilities of Wesley made it a pleasure to teach – it was only the boys that proved quite a task – and I soon learnt the language of Australia. Takkies, cozzies, kokis and jerseys were soon

forgotten and replaced with joggers, trunks, texters and jumpers. Funny how things I took so for granted are so easily changed. Teaching a simple swimming lesson became an incredible accomplishment, as was surviving the lesson without one of the boys doing a "bomie" and completely saturating me, or the wind blowing so hard my skirt flipped up – HELP! – and I had the daunting task of coaching cricket, touch rugby, Australian rules football and soft-crosse! But the boys and I slowly learnt to accept one another and I ended up thoroughly enjoying my teaching.

I also spent time paging through travel books for my next holiday trip. I spent a gloriously sunny three weeks in Cairns and diving on the Great Barrier Reef; July, freezing and skiing in New Zealand; October, in Melbourne; November, in Sydney, for the World Cup hockey; and December en route home, in Hong Kong.

My experience was unbelievable. I made life-long friends who went out of their way to make my stay as enjoyable as possible. Going back in March this year with the hockey side was almost like going home again.

See you later, mate!

Barbara Bowley



## Overseas Exchanges

### TURKEY

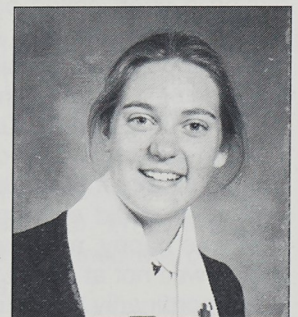
The first reaction of many people who heard that I was going to Turkey on a Rotary Exchange was, "Why Turkey?" My reason for this strange choice was that I wanted to experience something totally new and different.

Leaving South Africa in 40°C heat and arriving in a cold Istanbul of -4°C was my first taste of difference, but definitely not my last. Istanbul, where I lived for six weeks, is the only city in the world built on two continents – Europe and Asia. The European side of the city is joined to the Asian one by two bridges over the Bosphorous Channel. Turkey is a Muslim country so I visited many mosques, all uniquely decorated with hand-painted ceramic tiles. For the first week I was woken every morning, two hours before sunrise, by the azaan calling people to prayer. However, this soon became a familiar sound and I often went for days without hearing any of the five

daily calls. I also visited a number of historical palaces, castles and museums. I was fascinated that many of the artefacts dated from the early centuries, even B.C. times. Turkish is different from any language I had heard before, but with the aid of my phrase book, I picked up a lot. By the end of my stay I was able to say all the polite things at the correct time, as well as bargain for good prices at the bazaars.

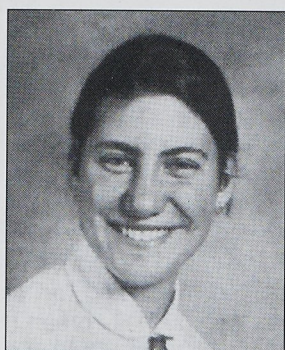
The exchange was the most fantastic experience of my life and I will always be grateful for the opportunity to learn so much about such a different culture.

Catherine Keough





## AMERICAN EXCHANGE PROGRAMME



*Julie Wellman*

For the first half of this year I went on exchange to a boarding school in Connecticut, U.S.A. The exchange was organized through Hotchkiss School, which is another private school in Connecticut. I attended Miss Porter's, which is a private school for about two hundred and fifty girls, from Standard 7 to matric. I was glad that it was a small school

because it made settling in and getting to know people less daunting than it could have been.

I arrived at school on the evening of 1 February and was to enjoy one of the warmest welcomes I've ever received. I was swept upstairs in a muddle of greetings without even having to carry my own luggage. My "old girl" (a matric pupil appointed to look after a new girl if she were feeling sad or homesick) had left me a rose and a card to welcome me. From that point onwards, I knew that I was going to love being there, and I felt confident that my going had not been a mistake.

My subjects were Art History, American History, Studio Art 3, Algebra 2 (which I despised) and American Literature. I say that I despised Algebra because the school was very far ahead of us as Maths is broken up into the various sections which, I feel, is very effective. The range of subjects that you could choose from is phenomenal. You can choose from European Women's History to jewelry design to advanced calculus and, by no means, does it stop there. The facilities are also excellent. There are two computer rooms, one with Apples and one with IBMs. The sports centre has a fully equipped gym, an indoor track plus indoor basketball courts, softball courts and a volleyball court. Many of the classrooms have televisions and VCRs, and all buildings are heated.

During the Spring half of the semester, I was in the musical, "The Secret Garden". Being in a play gave me the opportunity to meet a set of people with whom I never would have come into contact. Some became my closest friends. During the winter I played a sport called paddle tennis, which is really fun. I would say that it is a cross between table tennis and normal tennis. You have to dress really warmly for it as everything is covered in snow and you play on a small court, which doesn't allow much running around. One of the highlights for me was getting to experience the snow. The problem was that when it did snow properly, I was the only one who was happy, as everyone else was sick to death of it. I was not at all put off by it and I still think that it is extraordinarily beautiful.

I had the opportunity to travel quite a lot, which helped to give me a better perspective of the country. I went to San Francisco, California, for our Spring break in March, and it was one of the happiest holidays I've had. I accompanied a friend who was in my house and stayed at her home in the city. We also went to Napa Valley, where most of the Californian wine is grown, and to Tahoe City, which is near the border of Nevada. We skied there for two days, which was absolutely thrilling. The scenery there was spectacular.

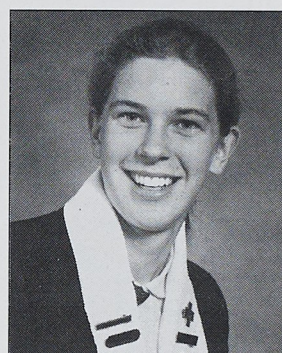
Miss Porter's is about one and a half hours away from Boston and two hours from New York City. I went to Boston twice, once on a school art trip, and once to stay with a friend. I liked the character and old charm of it but I preferred the excitement and bustle of New York. I saw "Phantom of the Opera" in New York, which was another highlight of my trip.

The memories of my stay in the States will always enrich my life. I made some very good friends whom I will never forget and whom I plan to meet again. The subjects that I took also broadened my knowledge. Being in the USA was not at all easy, as I was sometimes very lonely and homesick, but because of the times that were special and because of the people I met, the whole exercise was worthwhile. There are times when I would give almost anything to have one more day with the friends I met, and another chance to say goodbye.

Julie Wellmann -Std 9



## REUNION



*Jennie Cassels*

It was with a certain amount of apprehension that I boarded the plane for the exotic island of Reunion, situated in the Indian Ocean, an hour's flight from Madagascar. Unlike Mauritius, the beaches are not the main attraction of this magnificent island. There it is the mountains, and particularly the volcano, which offer the greatest appeal.

The four weeks turned out to be the most enjoyable that I have ever had. I spoke French, ate Creole food, climbed the volcano, swam and went to school. The overall experience was wonderful although I was somewhat taken aback by some of their customs – such as topless bathing!

I am really grateful that I had this opportunity of a lifetime and I look forward to my host sister visiting me soon.

Jennie Cassels



# GUIDANCE REPORT

## Work Experience

Once again the Standard Nine girls were let loose on the business world to observe, or 'shadow', someone in the career they are considering. The careers looked into were very diverse, from graphic design, occupational therapy, teaching, accountancy, hairdressing, conservation, interior design, porcelain restoration to working with handicapped children.

**Helen James:** Teaching: I gave class one a lesson on 'Manners in the Car'. I was impressed with their behaviour and the discussion. I must say it was a bit stressful, always having to listen to what each child had to say, as well as telling them not to talk all at once.

**Tammy Ivins:** I spent two days at the Dental Technology Laboratory watching them make dentures, crowns and bite plates. It was very frustrating because we were not allowed to make anything as the materials were too expensive. The next two days were spent at the Pathology Laboratory which I enjoyed a lot more. . . . We cultured bacteria from our hair and thumb prints. It's disgusting when you see how many bacteria you have on yourself!

**Kirsten Mapham:** Architecture: The first part of the morning, I spent drinking coffee and watching Nigel plot on the computer. Computers have made an architect's life much easier. We went to look at a partially finished office block . . . the detail is incredible, the floor tiles go right into the lift. There were even gutters in the underground parking to filter carbon monoxide away.

**Kim O'Connor:** Veterinary Science: It was a wonderful experience, as there were always exciting and interesting things happening. I observed the Vet. working while I passed him instruments. Unfortunately, a horse had to be shot, but I was able to see the autopsy.

*The girls learnt many skills which will help in their future careers.*

**Nicky Hitchcock:** Public Relations Officer: I learnt to use a fax machine, type out a media release and how to deal with people making complaints. I learnt how to deal with the Press, who were writing a story on the Mayor, without giving them any confidential information.

**Clair Wright:** Law: I learnt to walk! I went to and from the law courts fetching and delivering papers. I

really enjoyed writing opinions on cases ie. advising a client which is the best legal route. (He was suing the owners of a bull which had hurt him.)

**Sivuyile Mtshemla:** Law: The lawyer explained the basics to me . . . how a client opens a file, makes a statement, works through the evidence, AND how he does not open a file unless the client pays him first!

**Tamara McArthur:** Physiotherapy: I watched a lot of physiotherapy in ICU and it was quite disturbing. I found it very hard not to become emotionally involved with the patients. As a result of this experience, I have learnt to appreciate the simple things in life eg. being able to use my hands.

**Nina Rushton:** Physiotherapy: I was involved mainly with sports injuries, as I was working with the physiotherapist for the Natal Rugby Team. I was lucky enough to meet Mark Andrews and Olivier Roumat. I would still like to do work experience in a hospital to see the other side of physiotherapy.

**Lauren McArthur:** Reflexology: It was very interesting, but when she told me to give up sugar to reduce the bunion on my foot that really ruined my day!

**Ntandoyesizwe Zulu:** Dress Design : The boutique specialised in evening wear and wedding gowns. It was very interesting at first but then I got bored doing the same thing all the time – sewing pearls on to wedding dresses.

**Esnat Mussa:** Pharmacy: We cleaned shelves, learnt where everything was kept, learnt how medicines were dispensed and information recorded, and how pills are made. Although I enjoyed talking to the friendly staff, I did not enjoy the experience. Running up and down made my feet ache and swell, the breaks are too short and the hours too long. (Teacher: That's the real world!)

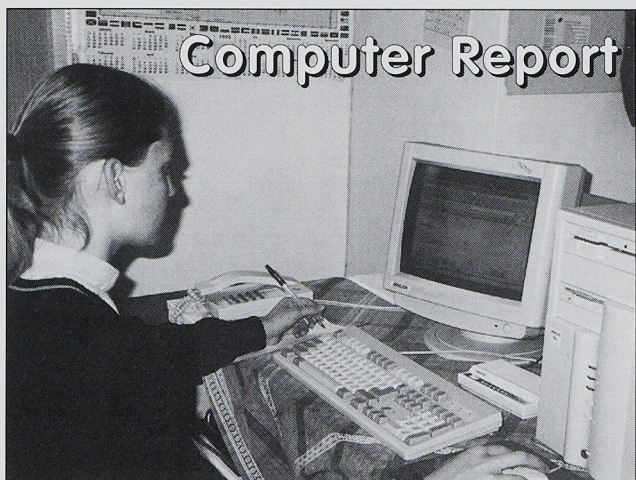
*Even disappointing work experiences can have positive results.*

**Clair Wright:** After a disappointing P.R.O. experience, I learnt how NOT to run a business and to screen my staff very well before presenting them to the public.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all the businesses involved for their help. What the girls learn is invaluable and insights gained are used as the starting point for many lessons.

Charmian Watson





*Surfing the Internet . . .*

How wonderful it is to be back at St John's as the Computer Teacher. I can't help but reflect on what has happened "computer wise" over the past years. St John's has had computers for eleven years – a long time as computers go! Bearing in mind the rapid rate of technological advancements, and the size of the school, we can be very proud of the fact that St John's has always been a leader in this field. The aim remains to prepare the pupils to cope in the outside world, by exposing them to the latest technology, and developing these skills.

It all started on the 26 October 1984 when the P J M Crookes Computer Centre was officially opened, it was in what is now the Standard Nine dormitory. The 10 Apple computers were used to teach computer literacy to the classes from standard two to seven. Whilst programmes for other subjects (e.g. Biology and Mathematics) were used by more senior pupils. Soon afterwards the Science Department raised funds to buy their own computer, which has now achieved the status of the oldest computer in the school!

When I joined the staff in 1989 the computers had been moved upstairs to the present Senior Computer Room. That year we acquired an IBM computer and decided to offer Computer Studies as a Matric subject. Miss Hyman and I investigated the possibility of establishing a Junior Computer Room. In 1991 with the help of the staff and parents, an old storeroom was transformed into the colourful Junior Computer Room. The BBCs were, at that time, the computers best suited for the Junior School and we purchased wonderful educational programmes. Computer Literacy and Computer Aided Instruction were now available from class one to standard seven.

In 1991 when I moved to Durban, Miss Sally Cousens was appointed in my place. With Miss McLean's support, the Apple computers were replaced with ten stand alone IBM computers and the Computer Studies classes with Computer Modules, that are more business orientated, and therefore of greater practical value to a larger number of pupils. It was now possible for both junior and senior pupils to use a variety of programmes in both computer rooms. Gradually computers appeared everywhere: in the admin offices, PRO office, Counselling and Drama departments as well as in the staff marking-room. The teachers use the computers to prepare lessons, print exam papers, print notices and, after school, to challenge each other at Tetris and Solitaire! Emerging champions are Miss Davies (Tetris) and Mr Wotherspoon (Solitaire).

In 1993 Mrs Tennant entered the Standard Fives in an environmental poster competition. The prize money of R5000 was used to buy a computer with the Junior Micro Librarian programme which is used in the Junior Library to catalogue, issue and return books. The St John's Community helped with financing this project and later purchased a colour printer which has been much appreciated by the pupils.

At the beginning of 1994, Mrs Krynauw, Senior School Librarian, realised that the library needed a new catalogue and that the best way to compile it would be with a computer. With the enthusiastic support of Miss McLean she investigated the various programmes and in October 1994 Micro Librarian Professional was installed. A year later an additional computer has been purchased allowing the pupils to search the catalogue on-line and to issue and return their own books using the computer.

When Miss Cousens, now Mrs Evans, took maternity leave, and then resigned I was re-appointed in her place. It is interesting to see how the pupils have developed over the years and how much is being done in the computer rooms. The pupils have gained from the wide exposure they have had from the large variety of programmes that Mrs Evans has acquired, and from her enthusiastic approach to teaching them the basics.

When Mrs Evans put in the IBM's we were the first PMB school to run Windows and the computers had the biggest hard drives available then: 40MB! By the time I took over it was necessary to extend the life of the computers by networking them so that all pupils could share the resources. With Mrs Champion's encouragement and support this was achieved in the third term this year. The computer room continues to be well used. Class Ones to Standard Sevens have one computer literacy lesson a week where they learn to use the programmes we have, effectively. There are a number of Standard Eights, Nines and Matrics, who have completed Computer Modules. Some of the teachers are bringing their subject classes to the computer room to write up projects using a word processor, to use subject related programmes to broaden the pupils' experiences, and to use programmes for research, and many of them are attending training sessions.

Now, again, in 1995, we are keeping abreast of the changes in technology. The first phase of the development is the computerization of all the school statistics. We hope that this will enable the teachers to spend more time teaching, and less time filling in forms etc. The school secretaries are converting to a better word processor which we hope they will enjoy using for our own printing and publishing.

The second phase is the installation of three new computes and a printer in the Senior Media Centre for the pupils to use for projects. Two of these computers have C D ROM drives. These have just arrived to the delight of both staff and pupils. Phase three, to be implemented in the new year, will involve buying new computers for the Senior Computer Room and moving the existing computers into the Junior School where they can still be used in conjunction with the BBCs.

Sally, thank you for all you have done to keep St John's on track and we wish you well in you decision to devote you time to Michael, your own little "Computer Boff".

Sandy Lyne

**Beltel Mail Number: 1121580**  
**E Mail Address: stjohns@iafrica.com**



# CULTURAL ACTIVITIES



SENIOR CHOIR

In front: M.Janneker

Seated: A.Mkize, F. Shaw, J.Cassels, Mrs.Cherry, B. Makhato, C. Hawkins, S. Mtshemla.

First row: B. Harris, H.Hamblin, S. Mtshemla, B. Young, M. Moshobane, N. Dlamini, K. Canter, C. Furniss.

Second row: J. Keevy, P. Morton, N. Mzobe, K. Swinstead, P. Munro, N. Zulu, J. Wellmann, Z. Laband, J. Norton.

Third row: C-M-Green, J. Farwell, S. Knox-Davies, G. Wafer.

## Music Report

*"Come, let us sing joyfully to the Lord; let us acclaim the Rock of our salvation."*

The members of the Senior Choir, under the direction of their Choir Mistress (for the first term) Mrs M L Tennant and their choir leader Fiona Shaw, have acquitted themselves well. They enhanced the St John's Day Service with the singing of an anthem and sang beautifully at the Easter Service which was based on the Tenebrae Service. It was most inspiring. We welcomed Mrs L. Duffy as Choir Mistress during the second term. The fruits of her hard work were heard at the Confirmation Service when the Choir sang an anthem. This was closely followed by the Musical Evening at the end of the third term, the Prize giving Ceremony, on 20 October. The Carol Service will be held towards the end of the school year.

Mrs Duffy joined the Staff of the Music Department in January 1995 teaching piano, voice training and guitar. How sad we are that she is leaving at the end of the year to further her studies! We thank her for her considerable contribution to St John's.

I should like to thank Grace McGill and her friends

for providing guitar choruses for the occasional Chapel Service. It takes time and commitment and we really appreciate it, girls. Thank you to Revd Richard Hawkins and Revd Hylton Knowles for their inspiring words and spiritual guidance. We wish Father Knowles a happy and fulfilling retirement when he leaves St John's at the end of the year.

A few girls and Staff attended a most enjoyable Sunday afternoon Memorial Concert for Sheila Harland organised by the South African Society of Music Teachers, while some fortunate choir members and staff enjoyed a most wonderful musical feast when they attended the King's Singers' concert in the City Hall. They are perfectionists in their field and we didn't want them to stop!

I should like to thank the Music staff, namely Mrs L Duffy, Mrs T Govender, Miss E Murray and Mrs M-L Tennant, who plays for Junior School assemblies, for the dedication, support and encouragement given to their pupils and to me.

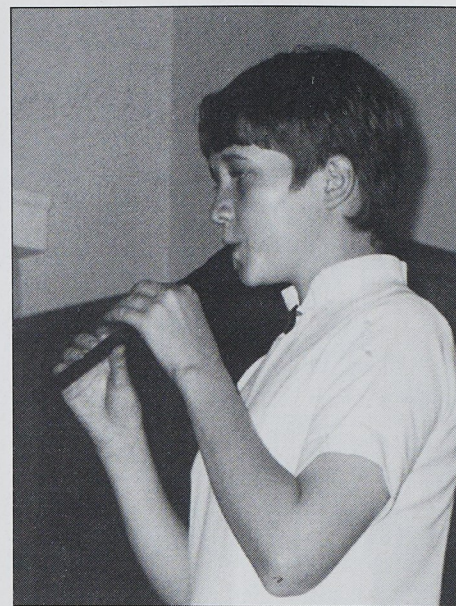
Finally I should like to thank Mrs J Champion for the support and encouragement given to the Choir and the Music Department.

Margaret Cherry





*John and Angela Howard, Yolande and Dennis King,  
David King, Jill Champion*



*Lucy Robinson playing a soprano recorder.*

## The Myrle Simkins Music Block

On Friday the 13 October the Music Block was re-named "The Myrle Simkins Music Block". Sister Mary Evelyn performed the official re-naming ceremony preceded by a most interesting and informative account of the life of Myrle. Members of the Simkins family, several old girls, members of staff and other guests were present to enjoy a very

pleasant get-together. Several of the music pupils, who performed at the Musical Evening, entertained our guests. A photograph of Myrle together with a small plaque, will be on permanent display in the Music Hall to remind our pupils of a most loyal and generous St John's Old Girl.

Margaret Cherry



## Drama Report



*Jade Symonds, Alison Stent, Nicola Hitchcock and  
Nina Rushton*

1995 saw us well and truly established in our new drama complex. Joan and I have thoroughly enjoyed working in this new facility, which has already been put to good use in many ways. Not only was it the chosen performance area for this year's final matric drama practical exam, but it has also been used as an additional exam room, and has proved to be a really nice venue for a number of different functions.

Together with the choir and a few Standard Nines, the drama matrices presented a very unusual Easter interpretation of the Tenebrae. 'Tenebrae' is the Latin term for 'darkness' or 'shadows'. Thus, we decided to interpret the words of the piece through music, movement and choral verse by way of a 'shadow play'. We soon discovered that what was required was an enormous amount of physical and vocal control and discipline. A special thank you to Mrs Tennant and the senior choir for helping to make this such a memorable evening.

The second term began with rehearsals for our Junior School Open Day. Each class put together a particular item around the theme of "Light". Discussion and work began in the classroom, and spilled over into music and drama. The result was a programme incorporating singing, dance, poetry and story-telling, with much variation around the chosen theme.



Some of our senior girls entered into the National Dalro Acting Competition. Organised by the Pretoria Technikon. This involves a nation-wide search for our country's top acting talent at a school-going age. We were very proud of Esnat Mussa and Henrietta Landon, who were two of the only twenty pupils chosen to participate in the final round of the competition in Pretoria. Unfortunately, Esnat was unable to attend, but we congratulate both of them on this achievement.



*Miranda and the Magic Sponge*

Towards the end of the second term, our Standard Nine drama class proved just how talented they are in their production of the children's play "Miranda" by Pieter Scholtz. Children's plays are always demanding, and this show was no exception. However, Miranda and Peter Polyp (Jade Symonds and Nina Rushton respectively), will long be remembered, as will the other wonderful and zany characters in the play. The girls played to packed houses, and a great time was had by all.

Joan's two Standard Seven drama classes had fun workshoping their own productions for pre-primary and junior-primary children. The girls were responsible for every aspect of their shows, from creating the story-line, to developing plot and character, as well as designing their own costumes and make-up. Judging from the response of their young audiences, their plays were more than successful.

Thirty-four of our St John's girls participated in the St Charles production of the new musical, "African Jigsaw". I was very proud of their contribution to the success of this show. Directed by Chris Kloppe, the girls not only sang beautifully, but acted very well indeed.



Once again, Drama became actively involved in the Pre-Primary Open Day which has become something of a fixture on our school calendar. This year's Standard Eight class were challenged with the teaching and entertaining of hundreds of little folk who came to experience a morning at St John's. We were extremely proud of our very capable young ladies.

I was especially delighted with this year's Drama matrics, who not only performed exceedingly well in their final practical exam, but were invited to perform at the "Show Case" of some of the best work seen by our school inspector, Mr Hugh Thompson, in the Pietermaritzburg area. Well done girls!

Although the end of the year is drawing nigh, drama doesn't seem to stop! Joan's Standard Eight Drama girls are workshoping their production of the "Mad Hatter's Christmas Tea Party", and the Junior School Nativity rehearsals are underway.

We continue to arrange as many visits to the theatre as possible, with the highlight being the Hilton Drama Festival. Our own theatre has proved a popular venue for visiting professional companies.

Junior School Speech Day was a very special event for both the Standard Five class and me. It is with great sadness that we bid farewell to Miss Hyman. She has been such a wonderful supporter of Drama and the Arts, and so together with her class of '95, we devised a programme which was to be our gift to her. Through a collage of work, including the girls' own writing, we said thank you to a very special lady.

This is the last Drama report I'll be writing, and I would like to take this opportunity to say thank you to everyone. By its very nature, Drama impinges on every aspect of school life, and without the help and support of all the staff, parents and friends of St John's, Drama could never function as well as it does in our school. A special thanks too, to Joan, who has been a wonderful friend and support – I really don't know how I would ever have coped without her. But most of all to the girls themselves. My time and involvement with you all has been an absolute pleasure. I have felt privileged and honoured to have been afforded the opportunity to work in such a wonderful school. Thank you all, and I'm sure I will be seeing you at the theatre!

Claire Hartshorne



# Creative Writing

## BLOOD BETWEEN

I went home for Christmas – left the sun-burnt shores of sunny summer South Africa, turned my back on the sweet red water-melons and sticky litchis – and headed north. I was bound for the “Land of Spices”, my destination – the cold parched town of Lucknow in one of India’s northern provinces. My focal point was, is, always will be, a majestic, white, block of a house at the heart of a teeming city – Glenro.

I arrived in the middle of an unseasonably warm snap. As I stepped out of the plane, my hair was tousled by a hot, dry breeze and my skirt billowed gently against my legs. Over the diesel of the plane, I smelt the vague scent of wood fires. My eyes, through the sheen of tears, made out a dust-hazy, flat landscape, dotted with clumps of brown-green trees.

For me, Glenro has always been a place of great calm and beauty. The long cobbled driveway marches on towards the “big house” which rises white and strong and bordered by palm trees. The compound is surrounded by the filth and poverty, the frightening hopelessness of urban India. Yet the house and its immediate surrounds are perfect, in the way in which one’s birth-place is perfect. It is, quite simply, home - an oasis in the madness of our regular lives as scholars, teachers, P.R.Os and managers.

The Family was gathering. My great grandmother’s babies (her grandchildren and great-grandchildren) were coming home to roost. We flew there, drawn as inexorably as homing pigeons and knowing that, at the end of the journey, we have a safe, secure place to sleep. Glenro is, virtually, an alternative universe. When the call comes, we respond. Our blood runs too thick - to ignore it would be to deny the existence of a way of life which, despite its geographical distance, is still very much our own.

The Jordans were the slowest to respond, almost the last to arrive. Others had arrived earlier that morning and Glenro was glad. Happy shouts and gales of laughter echoed in the high, dusty rooms and drifted out of the high skylights. The house was filling, and, I think, Great-grandmother was happy. We were expecting you. When we heard the taxi hoot and

crawl up the pitted stone driveway, we knew. It was inevitable – only the Jordans arrive, absolutely unannounced, on Christmas Eve.

Nafisa was much the same. The bobbed hair, long legs and pretty laughing face were all very familiar to me. You . . . you were a shock. It is remarkable what four years will do to an eleven year old boy. When you unfolded yourself out of the car, I stopped. Had Bobby brought his stepson after all? Four years on a teenage boy makes for a growth spurt of about eleven or twelve inches. Much to my surprise, you now towered over me. Your hair was still silky straight though. Your eyes were lighter than I remembered, more translucent, deeper in a way that made me lose my focus. Gone was the little boy who was just a smudge taller than me with “cute” cheeks. You swooped down, bent almost double, and hugged me. Your voice is so different with its heavy Aussie overlay and, yet, is so familiar – it’s a youthful version of your dad’s.

On the first day you arrived, tired and dusty from the train, you played ball for ages with a younger cousin. I sat back, watched and smiled in the joy of approval. You earned that day, by simply rolling and catching a luminous green plastic ball, my regard. I think I started to care about you then. As the days passed, slowly at first and then faster, I watched you deal with my younger brother – you were unbelievably patient. I watched you carry, albeit a little reluctantly, a ten month old baby – and you grew in my esteem.

I learnt your mind while we were there. You gave me books to read, and then showed me how to read them. Your intelligence and insight, coming from a mere Aussie, were a pleasant surprise! You introduced me to Andrew Marvell’s poetry and showed me how to appreciate it one long, lazy afternoon, when the rain came down – just the two of us, alone. We argued and fought over political ideologies and, again, I was amazed by your passion and empathy. We began to know each other’s minds and revelled in the challenges we found.

I discovered your imagination and was bowled over by the fact that a boy had such a thing. You saw the potential beauty of a stand of gum trees. “Imagine them shrouded in mist”, you said, “with the sun rising behind.” You saw the red, dust sun of the early,



early morning and called it "lovely". And I came to love the poetry in your soul.

I have such sweet memories of you – of confidences shared, of nights spent talking of things both deep and shallow. I remember the night you told me about your parents' divorce, and I wanted to cry for you, to protect you and to take away the hurt I heard in your voice. I recall dancing with you – the colour of your suit and your precious Marilyn Monroe tie. I had thirty-eight days with you and then I had to go back, my mind kicking and screaming - the world's conquered victim to be enslaved to reality.

In my eyes, we are the original star-crossed lovers. There have been many, but none, I think, have faced such overwhelming circumstances, for the very things that bring us together, force us apart. We are oceans apart, but I would willingly emigrate to be near you. We are of the same race – that's no barrier. We are both Christian. The problem goes back three generations – to the great-grandparents that we share.

Shanali Govender – Std 10

*(Third Prize – Alan Paton Creative Writing Competition)*



"FAMILY PORTRAIT" – Candice Crookes (Std 9)

## WONDERFUL SWEET STICKY HONEY

In the beginning all things were different. Segregation had not yet arrived, thus cat worked with dog, antelope with lion and man with all. The Creator was very fond of his creations and blessed them with many things. The animals looked very different from the generations seen today because the Creator had a wonderful artistic streak with which he loved to experiment. The results were animals who were so beautiful but so different; Dassie still had his cotton-wool coat and Tiger's coat was as pure as liquid gold. However this story is not about those animals but about a porcupine and how he obtained his present appearance.

Porcupine, more commonly known as Ngungunbane, was one of the Creator's favourites because he was a simple-minded hard-working animal. As a reward for his duties, the Creator gave Ngungunbane a magnificent silken coat. It was as black as a raven's plumage but as soft as down feathers. All animals admired Ngungunbane's coat but all this admiration was too much for his small brain to handle and he became vain.

Ngungunbane neglected his work, much to the Creator's and other animals' annoyance for fear of dirtying his wonderful coat. His fellow workers reprimanded him continually, demanding that he return to his duties but he just turned up his nose at them. Ngungunbane then proceeded to spend his days basking on the most conspicuous rock he could find. His vanity grew worse each day, as did his boasting, but with these grew the other animals' irritation and frustration.

It happened that on the day that Ngungunbane was feeling particularly beautiful, Inyoni, the honey guide, flew by his rock. In the beginning, porcupines had a passion for honey and Ngungunbane was no exception. On seeing the honey guide, Ngungunbane (after his usual bit of boasting) asked Inyoni if he would be so kind as to lead him to some honey, as he was ever so hungry and hadn't had any of that wonderful sweet sticky stuff for ages. Being a generous bird, Inyoni agreed.

Off the two set with Inyoni flying nimbly through the bush and Ngungunbane waddling behind him (he had got rather chubby from too much basking). Soon they came to a buzzing hollow tree. The air was sticky and sweet with honey. Ngungunbane suddenly rushed forward and stuck his head into the hollow, scattering indignant angry bees in all directions. Inyoni even had to take refuge from the enraged swarm. Later, when Inyoni dared to venture back to the honey tree, he found a rather smudged looking Ngungunbane sitting next to three empty honey combs. Inyoni was infuriated. The entire kingdom knew that you always left honey for the guide as a reward and Ngungunbane had broken the law. Inyoni huffed off to seek advice on how to punish that fat and greedy porcupine.

Inyoni went to talk to Ifutu the tortoise, Nxele the badger and Ndoda the man who were known for



their wise decisions. Ndoda then spoke to the Creator. The Creator felt that the punishment was in worthy hands and left them to teach Ngungunbane a lesson. So a plan was put together which was to be executed in two moons' time.

Two moons later Inyoni set out to find Ngungunbane. His search was not difficult as Ngungunbane was found on the same conspicuous rock in the same position flaunting his coat in the same boasting way as before. The only difference was that he was now even fatter and more self-indulgent (if that was possible).

Inyoni flew around until he was noticed. He didn't have much trouble coaxing Ngungunbane to follow him because, as soon as he heard the familiar honey-call, Ngungunbane began drooling and was already heading in the direction of the honey.

Meanwhile, Nsele and Ifutu had gone ahead of Inyoni and asked the bees if they would mind giving them some of their stickiest honey. They told the bees of their plans and the bees were only too happy to help out. So Nsele climbed up the tree with the honey and Ifutu sat below in the bushes as look out. Soon Inyoni appeared with a puffing Ngungunbane just behind him. Once again Ngungunbane smelt the honey and rushed forward, quite forgetting about Inyoni. No sooner was his head in the hollow than Ifutu gave the signal and Nsele poured the gooey mess all over Ngungunbane's sleek coat. Ngungunbane took a few moments to collect his thoughts and discover what was going on behind him. He jumped around to find three amused animals pointing and sniggering at his now yellow and black matted coat. Ngungunbane didn't know how to react, so he ran into the nearest bush. Unfortunately for him, Ngungunbane's hiding-place turned out to be a thorny acacia. The long sharp thorns got horribly tangled in his sticky coat, but Ngungunbane refused to move as he was far too embarrassed to appear. There he stayed until nightfall.

The others were delighted that their plan had worked out so well. The Creator looked down in satisfaction as he too had grown tired of the porcupine's foolishness.

That night when Ngungunbane dared to go down to the waterhole, he was very unprepared for the drastic change in his appearance, for in place of his glossy coat were long back and dirty yellow spikes. Ngungunbane was devastated and crept quickly back into the bush before any one else saw his ridiculous appearance.

Today Ngungunbane's offspring still wear the quills on their backs as a reminder. They have never got used to their new appearance and thus take refuge in holes and are nocturnal.

They also don't have much of an appetite for honey these days.

Camilla Floros – Std 10

(Commended – Alan Paton Creative Writing Competition)



"FAMILY PORTRAIT" – Pippa Leisegang (Std 9)

## REJECTION

With all the courage contained in my body  
I unzipped my covering of skin  
And let him see the inside of me  
I handed him my throbbing heart  
Along with a microscope with which to examine it

Expressionlessly, without quite realising what he  
was doing  
He dropped my core into the mincing machine  
(And switched it on at the wall)  
"Well I don't feel the same way about you"  
Cold and Hard  
Then the electricity went out  
And I was alone  
In the darkness I mashed together  
What came out of the mincer  
And tried to squash it back into the hole from  
where it came.  
But it wouldn't fit quite right  
And I wonder if it ever will

Kelly Higgs – Std 10

(Commended – Alan Paton Creative Writing Competition)



## MY DESK'S AT THE BACK OF THE CLASSROOM

I wasn't forced to sit here. It wasn't even that this was the only desk left. I chose this one from three empty rows. Back row at the end. Geographically it has definite advantages: it is next to the window, thus allows a fresh breeze and an interrupted view of sports fields and garden; it is directly in front of the door so that I can see into the passage, but a classroom length from it so that everyone who walks past need not see me; and it is furthest from the teacher, diagonally across the classroom from her desk. Yet I didn't even contemplate any of these as I moved towards it with my books. In fact I didn't contemplate anything. My choice was automatic. Psychologically this desk was mine.

It is possible to classify people according to where they choose to sit. You may accuse me of prejudice for this statement but you will not be able to deny its truth. A Junior Primary teacher who seats her class alphabetically clearly does not realize the ramifications of placing a "back row" child at the front. The poor child will grow up sitting at the front believing that she is expected to, and will either be a "front-rower" all her life or will have to suffer the trauma of rebellion against what she has been brought up to do. Because it is rebellion to sit at the back. I am not a rebel by the overused modern "definition" of the word; however, I realize that something in me screams to go against my parents' and society's ideals, even in something as small as a row in a classroom. It may seem insignificant to you, but I assure you that, for a schoolgirl, it is not an absent-minded choice but a reflection of attitude.

For a teacher to move children because they are disruptive must be the worst and most dreaded punishment. I warn, therefore, against its use to maintain discipline as I believe that, far from positive consequences, it will have a disruptive effect on a child's security and knowledge of self.

You see, there are three types of people. In row one we find the socially correct children – future achievers. They sit closest to the teacher by choice and are likewise most responsive. They answer every question and join every discussion with exactly what the teacher hopes to hear. They conform to society and will thus prosper in the world. They are content with traditional type success and are highly ambitious. On the other extreme are the children of the back row. Most often you will find them talking amongst themselves, and at times these discussions become so fascinating that even the teacher will voice his opinion! At other times they are answering the teacher's questions but certainly not with the answer the teacher expected. However, who is to say which opinion is correct and, though these people may not be the "achievers", they make the world a more interesting place, and their ambitions often run far deeper than wealth, power, renown and a stable family. Between the two, we have the children of the middle row. To get any response out of them is to draw blood from a stone. They neither support the teacher, nor oppose him. In life they are likely to do adequately, neither being very successful nor totally infamous. To summarise, they are apathetic.

My desk is at the back of the classroom. If you knew me, you would expect to find me there. I wish here only to give you something to think about, an original thought among so many secondhand ones. That too is why mine is the end desk. From here I can associate with my fellows and enjoy their company while not being surrounded or influenced by their views.

"So much from a desk?" you may ask. But I will answer that a desk was what I chose to investigate and that aim I have fulfilled. I hope that none of my stereotypes or statements have caused offence as they were not intended for publication, merely for exploration.

Alison Stent – Std 9

(First Prize: Shuter & Shooter Essay Competition)

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## MY DESK'S AT THE BACK OF THE CLASSROOM

My desk is very conveniently situated – at the back of the class! Nobody knows what I do back there. My world there is a complete secret.

The teacher, I can see, is very impressed with the "enthusiasm" written across my face. (It's fake, you know Ma'am). Every now and then she smiles and directs her lesson at me. She thinks I know what she is talking about. That I am listening to what she says. But no, I rather listen to what he is saying. The look on his face, the way he pronounced his words. I play the week-end over and over in my mind, remembering every detail. I re-live the emotions that ran over me when I realised he was talking to me. I smile when he says "I love you". I blush slightly. She thinks it is directed at her, and again she parts her lips slightly and then smiles, her red lips glowing.

Everyone around me is taking notes. Instead of long sentences about work that never really interested me anyway, I have his name written fifty times over, covering my entire page. What would she do to me if she could see this far back? I guess my parents would be notified by a letter reading, "This child will not pay attention". It's happened once before.

Again I was sitting at the back of the classroom. My rubber was cut into hundreds of pieces, the pieces gathered in the skirt of my dress. The shine of my new ruler (winking every time it came in contact with a ray of sun) encouraged me. I launched the tiny piece of ammunition on to the ruler, bent the ruler back and fired! I watched it soar through the air. My breath caught somewhere between my lungs and throat as it landed with perfection on Miss Malter's textbook. But it did not stop there – it bounced up and hit her in the eye! Her eye watered and her mascara ran. I knew then that my fun for the morning was over.

Again my mind is elsewhere. I stare out of the window, longing to be out in the fresh air. Any air is fresher than this in the classroom. I watch a bird plummet towards the ground, then, at the last minute before landing, it throws its body into reverse and sucks itself back up. I wonder what it would be like to be so free, to fly where you like and not be made to sit behind a desk, pretending.

My dreams are shattered as a ruler strikes down hard on my desk. The sound echoes repeatedly in my ears. The weekend and my freedom dissipate. All eyes are on my face, and I feel like an outcast left alone to protect myself.

The glowing lips are scarlet with fury. This time I know she will not smile. She stares. I cringe. I was dreading this. The words are again written in a letter: "This child will not pay attention." Those words, those awful words!

My desk is situated at the back of the class. Everybody now knows what I do back there. My world there is a published secret.

Lindy-Anne Sclanders – Std 9



## BLOODY SUNSET

I grew up being fed the stereotypical impressions of the world around me. I knew what everybody else thought of something, but never my own feelings, and the impression of sunsets was one of these. I thought sunsets were beautiful but I never felt that way. Though I hate the day I finally put feelings of my own to sunsets, I thank the Lord for that day too.

My life until then was a relatively smooth path with no potholes. I had seen on television the stomach-turning sights of violence raging through our country. But as a child, I thought I was safe in my tiny corner of the country. The day was to come when all my thoughts of security would be, like a curtain, wrenched in two.

That day dawned as any other day, with the sun not giving away what it would bring. There had been the usual 'Stay Aways' which occurred occasionally but there was also something else that was disturbing my peace of mind. The political parties had finally discovered our tiny township, my little nook in the country. The ANC was to hold a march to the police station to present a petition. I thought this was just one of those things that would soon blow over. But something I forgot to ask myself was how this cruel violence had started in other parts of the country.

Sunset was getting closer and the situation caused by the march was tense. At sunset the inevitable started. I heard the first gunshot, whilst watching television. My first reaction was not of frenzy but my heart just sank. Although a child, I knew the implications of what was happening, but also, as a child, I did not understand the dangers. My first movement was to run out through the glass door and see for myself what was happening. I was not prepared for the sight that I encountered. The sun, just touching the horizon and the clouds across it, looked like a pool of blood in the sky. It was the reddest sunset I have ever seen. But what lay below that bleeding sky was what made me stare in horror and realise the symbolism of that setting sun.

Standing on the doorstep, looking over our wall, I could see the main road. On that road lay two corpses in their own blood. As they lay directly below the setting sun, it looked as if the sky was bleeding with them and its greater quantity of blood engulfing them, pulling them up to its blazing body. I will never forget that sight nor that night of terror when I saw an AK 47 bullet, like that blazing red sun, flashing across the night sky. The cause of the bleeding.

I was nine years old at the time and people's general impression of sunsets as beautiful suddenly seemed such a lie.

The violence continued and increased until after the elections. From that day on, sunsets took on a new meaning for me. For me they are a sign to retreat within myself as that is the only place where I am completely safe from all bodily harm; my body is mortal, like those two lifeless corpses on the road. Besides changing my impression of sunsets, this incident has taught me to choose what I feel and not think what everybody else thinks.

Nomfundo Vilakazi — Std 8



"GENESIS" – Joanna Cheng (Std 8)

## BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS

"Pia, you've got a phone call!" I was called out of breakfast by one of the standard sixes. The call was outside on the blue phone. I don't usually get phone calls, especially not in the morning, so I was a bit worried that it was bad news but it was only Mum and she sounded fine. We talked for a while and then I told her that I had to get back because my food was getting cold. Silence. I asked her what was wrong. She said that something had happened the night before. Dad? Myfanwy? Ganny? My mind raced. "Pia, Wendy was shot last night."

I crumpled and started sobbing. Mum told me that it was all right and that Wendy was okay – but how could she be? She had been shot! My best friend since class one had been shot. This couldn't be true. This couldn't be true. I had read about people being shot but it had never affected me. Suddenly I was jolted out of my sheltered and ignorant little cocoon. I was exposed to the fact that South Africa is a violent land.

The police still don't know who it was – but do they ever? They suspect that the maid was angry about being fired and asked her boyfriend to help her get even. The plan was to wait at the gates and when Wendy's father opened them they would shoot him and steal the car. That was it – no plan B. Wendy opened the gate. What did they do? They shot her and ran. They shot a fifteen-year-old girl in cold-blood. They got away with it.

Blessed are the peacemakers? Well, all I want to do is get a double-barrel shotgun and shoot the people who did that to Wendy. If she had died I would hope someone would have killed them. I don't care about their deprived childhood or their difficult lives. I hate them for what they've done.

Wendy phoned me on Sunday to thank me for the get well book I made her. She says she is fine but her ribs hurt if she runs or walks around for too long. She also has flashbacks. I asked her if she was really okay and she said she was, most of the time. She then said something that made me really hate South Africa: "I just wish, you know, that we could go and live somewhere safe, like New Zealand".

At that moment so did I.

Pia Foster – Std 8



***"The kettle hisses  
Mother moves about the kitchen  
Sliding from corner to corner..."***

This certainly does not fit my mom's character! She is not the least bit interested in "woman's work", like cooking, washing etc. but would far rather amuse herself with a best-seller. She leaves all the house work to our maids, Makorte and Philipina.

Our family is different, in many ways, from other families. In most families, the mother is up early in the morning, scuttling about the kitchen, making tea for her husband and children, who are still sound asleep. This, however, is not the morning routine in our home. In fact, it's the opposite – my mom lies in bed while one of the children (usually me) or my dad makes her a cup of coffee.

Most mothers would then get dressed and "slide from corner to corner", preparing breakfast. Again, this is not the case in our family. My mom remains in bed with her book, while Makorte makes us a pot of mielie meal and boiled eggs.

Before I came to boarding school, my mom would organise our packed lunches and Philipina would make them. I will always remember drooling when my friends opened their lunch tins to reveal dainty chicken mayonnaise sandwiches (made from white bread, might I add) and little bars of chocolate. My lunch consisted of peanut butter sandwiches on brown bread, some dried fruit and two crunchies! Today we laugh about our very modest packed lunches, but we realise that they were very nutritional and sufficient.

My mom doesn't usually cook our meals, but organises them and leaves the cooking to Philipina. We eat our main meal at lunch, while most other families eat theirs at supper. We usually have egg for supper and we eat early. When my mom is in the kitchen, there is great clattering and clashing and, after a few minutes, she is calling for help! Despite this, she still manages to produce a scrumptious meal – now and then!

Although my mom is not fond of cooking and washing, she is an expert gardener, and I'm proud to say that she has one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen. The neatly clipped lawn, the rambling garden beds, the fruit trees dripping with fat, juicy fruit and the magnificent vegetable garden, are far more familiar and inviting than her rather neglected kitchen. She would far rather spend money on plants than on kitchen cupboards, and her stove is antique, to say the least!

My mom may not concern herself with "woman's work", but she is the most wonderful, loving, loyal mother anybody could dream of having – and I feel privileged to be her daughter. I admire her for her knowledge, dedication, concern for us and for her delightful sense of humour. I could never ask for anything more of a mom, and I certainly couldn't live with a mother who "slides from corner to corner" all day!

Lucy Robinson – Std 7

***"My dad's thumb  
Can stick pins in wood  
Without flinching..."***

I cannot label my dad as a business man, or a computer boffin, or an indoor "townie", but I can definitely call him a handyman! To me, he is any little girl's idea of a hero. He is a very hard-working and devoted farmer. His train of thought is healthy with fresh agricultural ideas, which he thrives on putting into practice.

He is quick with his hands, and quick with his thoughts. He prizes practical work with little complicated, mechanical gadgets, which he skilfully fits together, to produce something thrilling for us, his children.

When we were a mere five years, my dad, with the help of Tweet, one of his labourers, spent hours sweltering in the October sun. They were hammering, nailing, sawing, welding, drilling and painting our fairytale Wendy house. Carefully mounted on a decayed plough, it has green walls, a red roof, a red door (just big enough for our fairytale creatures like goblins) and a window with red frames on either side. The door has a silver handle, professionally nailed in the centre for knocking. It has a simple brown carpet – but a carpet all the same – spread across the floor. And the crisp smell of fresh paint as you enter. We adored it, and we marvelled at the three simple wooden steps leading up to the door. Nine years later, it still stands in our back garden. It still stores all Bessie's (my youngest sister) imaginary games and secrets within its four simple walls, as it has for the three of us. All my dad's skilful handiwork.

1994 – and my dad hammered, nailed, sawed, welded, drilled and painted together a masterpiece: a go-cart, with an engine, two brown Jetta seats, a white steering wheel, and a brake and an accelerator! It's name is "Lavolt" (named after one of my dad's cars as a student, i.e. Lavatory!) It is a striking yellow colour.

Unfortunately, we were old enough to help build the go-cart. I say unfortunately because although my dad didn't flinch, we certainly did, together with the hammers, the nails, and Samuel (the farm labourer helping my dad). Many a day, my dad would pointlessly spend hours trying to match certain gadgets that just didn't want to match. On such a day, his temper rose, until his language was so heated, and the air so hot, that I wouldn't be surprised if the nails warped under his soiled words!

My dad, unlike my grandpa, detests sitting still, or lounging on the beach. He feels that he must be up and about repairing tatty parts of the house, or puzzling out problems on his mechanical implements, like his tractors. He is a very devoted father and husband, and he really motivates us by playing squash and baseball with us, or running with us, etc. But he also enjoys sitting with my mom with the newspaper and for a chat.

In conclusion, my dad loves being physical, and he loves using both his hands and his logical mind. He produces wonders that amaze us. He never, never flinches – rather, he leaves the flinching to us – his kids.

Vicki Robinson – Std 7



## SUMMER IN AFRICA

I sit, staring, not thinking,  
All concentration dying,  
Sweat trickles.  
Silence . . .  
I dream:  
Ice-cream melting,  
Sliding down my throat.  
The sound of a waterfall crashing down into a crystal  
clear river.  
But plants hang limply  
Like over boiled spaghetti,  
And I am still hot.

Murrae-Anne Perrott – Std 7

## DIE DUINEBOS

Die bos is koel, kalm.  
Die voëls roep hul borrelende liedjies,  
en alles is rustig.  
Ons loop deur die sand wat vol lewe is,  
vol insekte, diertjies en wortels,  
wortels van bome wat duisende jare oud is.  
Wat alles gesien het.  
Onder die koel skadu's is  
alles stil en ons sit vir 'n rukkie en rus.  
Ons voel dadelik een met die duinebos  
en die natuur.

Belinda Harris – St.7

## MISSION ROCKS

'n Hele nuwe wêreld  
vol opgewondenheid  
en misterie.  
Alles is stil, alles is mooi.  
Dan kom die vernieler van die wêreld  
en verniel alles.  
Hy hardloop van een rotspoeletjie  
na die ander een.  
Hy weet nie dat daar lewe  
op die rotse is nie,  
huise vir die diere.  
Hy maak die krap bang  
en hy hardloop weg.  
'n Poeletjie van kleure ontplof  
soos die vissies vlug.  
Ongelukkig is die poeletjie verniel  
en die mens is die vernieler!

Wendy Stafford – St. 7

## THE SPECIAL BIRTHDAY

I can hardly remember, but if I close my eyes and think really hard, I can see back almost ten and a half years. It was my great-grandmother's birthday. We were living in Johannesburg at the time and I couldn't have been much more than three. I don't remember my house, but I vividly remember my grandparents' house.

They lived in what seemed a huge mansion with a beautiful garden. I remember walking into their main entrance hall with its towering roof. It was a circular room with dark steps cascading down on all sides. There were four doorways, one leading to the front garden, one to the bedrooms, one to the kitchen and lounge, and the last door was the front door. After a round of hugs and kisses, we were shown through to the garden.

I remember the warm autumn sun and the rusty, brown leaves that scattered the lawn. And I felt a wonderful sense of excitement and sheer joy, as I dreamt about birthday cake and juice. For a while I played with the two black poodles, Monty and Carlo. But soon they got bored and left me. It was then that I decided to go and see if the birthday girl was also in her party dress.

My great-grandmother's room was small and bright, and it had a blissful smell of old leather. This came from the enormous, brown, leather armchair which was next to the window. She always used to sit in that chair and simply gaze outside. I wondered why she wasn't in her party dress, but I didn't ask her, because I was sure that she would soon change.

I remember sitting on her bed with its odd, green sheets and hand-knitted blanket. Her bed was always immaculate, and I remember its being very soft and bouncy. She had a rag doll with orange, curly hair and grey dungarees. This was always placed precisely in the middle of her continental pillow. She also had all sorts of interesting things on her table. She had pots, china figures, and dainty porcelain roses in baskets. All these provided an array of wonderful things to fiddle with while visiting.

My great-grandmother was always very gentle. She had a lovely, wrinkly face and glasses which framed her sparkling eyes. I remember her softly smiling as I told her about my many problems and concerns. She never complained or seemed upset, and, thinking back, she had so much more to complain about than I did.

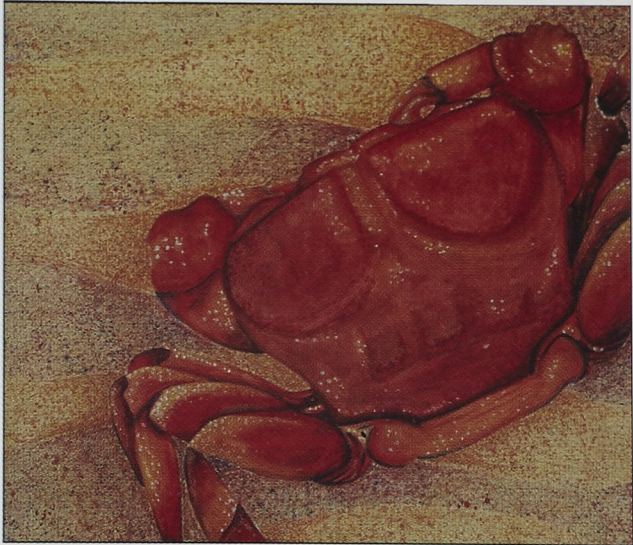
That birthday was the last one I ever spent with her. At that time I was too young to understand what death was. I thought that life was a game, and that death was only a minor part of that game. Now I know that life is anything but a game, and if it were, then death would be the biggest part of the game, and the hardest to deal with.

Jacqui Poltera – Std 7





Gina Steenberg



Neulah Lowry

# Matric Art Exhibition



Kelly Higgs



Tanya Hartley



***"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together  
Youth is full of pleasure, Age is full of care"***

Times have changed. People have changed with it. We don't go to the river to fetch water nor do we collect firewood in the afternoon. The world is becoming more advanced, complicated and high tech (bombs, weapons, computers, cellular phones etc.) which has resulted in "The Rat Race". Everything is becoming more expensive and money means a great deal in life. We differ from the aged in many ways, therefore both parties find it difficult to live together in harmony. They grew up in different circumstances from the ones we live in.

"That's much too short!", "Cover yourself up!", "You're not going to let your child wear that are you?", "When I was young . . ." The fashion today differs greatly from that of sixty years ago. Nowadays the shorter and tighter and more revealing, the better. Then, they weren't allowed to show their ankles, never mind their knees. Curfew was early and always obeyed. Hairstyles now are short and outrageous for girls and long and outrageous for boys. Not so long ago, girls had long, tidy hair and the boys had short, neat hair. Hardly ever the opposite.

"Turn off that noise!", "Your children are out of control!", "Why don't you play a musical instrument?" We often face the problem of a musical dispute. They don't classify Bon Jovi and Nirvana as music. Their repertoire consists of classical, baroque and folk music. No heavy metal whatsoever! We enjoy today's music and we play it loudly. In their generation they didn't play their music loudly or go to rock concerts. To them, playing a musical instrument is considered very important. In their day almost everyone played an instrument, whether it was the piano or recorder, or they just sang. Today, it isn't a vital part of our lives.

Today we live in danger; but not so long ago one didn't worry about being attacked, one's child taking drugs, being kidnapped, being raped, committing suicide, sleeping with someone or getting AIDS. Then, the children went to school during the day, did their homework in the afternoon and then chores.

"Did you see that black in the shop?!" "They shouldn't be allowed to go to school with our children." Another problem for some of the aged is the destruction of apartheid. Black people to them are only good for work. They find it difficult to accept black people as equals.

'Live life while you still can.' Youth is (though not entirely) carefree and fun. We go out, stay up late, wear the latest fashion, listen to "rowdy" music. To us, old crabby people trying to tell us what to do is boring and unfair because they don't know what it's like these days. We are becoming independent and experimenting with life. Unfortunately, today we are exposed to peer pressure and danger (drugs, rape, AIDS etc.). We still could use some experienced advice from the aged.

The aged feel ignored by us, the youth. They blame our parents for us.

They are no longer independent and need our care and support. Deep down, though, they are just concerned about us.

For these many reasons, crabbed age and youth cannot live together without fighting. They grew up in different circumstances from ours. They find it difficult to adjust.

Anik Gevers – Std 6

***"In the broken box  
The broken toys-  
Dusty  
Battered and rusty,  
Tattered and torn,  
Forlorn, forlorn."***

I seldom look at my old toys, but when I have time, I do. I take time to look at each toy individually, remembering how I got it, when I got it and many other things about it. And, yes, sometimes I do feel forlorn, forlorn about how carefree those days were, not having to worry about boys, or how you look, or any of those petty things. Neither did I have any responsibilities or any worries about money and clothes and the rest of it. I am not always forlorn though, because when I look at my toys, they give me happy memories. I remember how, when I was that age, I used to long to be a 'big' girl, so I could stay up late with all the grown-ups and do all the things big girls do. Life is ironic. When you are young, you long to be old, and when you are old, you wish you were young!

Memories make me realise how much my family and everything around me has changed – and not only because of the "new South Africa". My dad often goes away on business for a whole week nowadays. I've got so used to it that I find myself only realising that he's gone away a day after he has gone!

My favourite toy is a soft squirrel. He has been my favourite for ages. His name is Squirrel Nutkin and my dad bought him for me from a S.P.C.A sale. I don't know why he is my best, but he has always been. Maybe it is because I've always liked animals, and the money spent on him was used to help animals? Or maybe it was just a very happy time in my life with which I automatically associate him. I really don't know.

Every toy is special: my one Barbie-doll because it was probably the last present from my gran before she died; and my goggle-eyed, comical little doll because it was given to me by my uncle and just seems so like him, plump, jolly and forever joking.

Some people, when they look back at their old toys, feel forlorn, but for me it is just reliving happy memories.

Kate van der Merwe – Std 6



# BEYOND THE CLASSROOM

## African Enterprise Matric Weekend

After a perilous journey along a narrow, untarred road and narrow bridges in a very large, overloaded bus, we finally arrived at the Africa Enterprise camp and heaved a collective sigh of relief.

Our weekend of relaxing and rejuvenating had begun. As we were early, we unloaded the bus, and then relaxed on the rolling green lawns awaiting the arrival of our supervisor. To our surprise and subsequent amusement, we were repeatedly photographed by a very strange lady. This was an unusual beginning to what was to be a truly welcome break from school, work and stress.

African Enterprise is a Christian group. Our weekend had a decidedly Christian emphasis which was both informative and enlightening. The general verdict was that the weekend gave us an opportunity, as a group, to rethink and re-evaluate our aims and goals. As one of the girls said: "It gave us a chance to re-establish our morals."

We must express our thanks – to the school for sending us; and to the African Enterprise team for having us. Every matric class says the African Enterprise weekend is an unbelievable experience. Until you experience the peace and beauty of that weekend, you will not be able to imagine it.

Shanali Govender – Std 10

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## Standard Nine Tour to the Eastern Transvaal

The third term started with a bang. Rather than the traditional "back to school" reluctance, there was much excitement as we prepared for our tour. We all dreaded the bus trip and it lived up to our poor expectations, being very long and very hot. However, when we piled from the bus at Trackers, which is situated in the beautiful Blyde River Canyon, we were all full of enthusiasm for the experience which we had begun.

We were hot enough to agree readily to a "boating" time even though we were warned that the boats were not a hundred percent waterproof or stable – and it was mid-winter. No doubt we were heard for miles as each group of boaters found themselves in the water sooner or later. After that was dinner, which of course is of the utmost importance to any



*A Bakkie of Nines*

St John's girl. The food that night was a mince and pasta dish which some of the class very much enjoyed. Of course, numerous debates were held as to whether it was better than B.E. food or not. One would have thought that after our exhausting trip, we would have been asleep the moment our heads hit our pillows, but we are a group of forty-four girls and not one of us fell asleep without first having a good chat – some rather longer than others!

From that first day, we never looked back. We went, the next day, to see the Bourke's Luck Potholes (where we had breakfast) and heard how they were formed; then went on to Pilgrim's Rest, where (after lunch) we visited the Alan Glade Mine Manager's Museum. We were all fascinated to hear how they lived not all that long ago and couldn't believe how rigidly their household had been run. Two things really amazed me: firstly, that children under twelve were not allowed to eat with the family at the table; and secondly, that to go through the front door, one had to be formally dressed, and if you were, for example, in a tennis dress, you could only use the back door. Certainly different to what we consider strict today. Then we looked around the town and were given a tour of the gold-panning process. I was most surprised to see my own name on the side of a tent called Stent's Cathedral, and even more so when I found out that it had been a miner's pub. Apparently my origins are not quite what my parents would have me believe!

Some of us, who soon found ourselves to be rather foolhardy, chose to spend the night sleeping under the stars. We conjured up images of drowsily gazing up at the heavens through a silent night as we drifted into sleep. The reality was that I slept just





*Evening glow*

long enough to let the fire go out, and spent the rest of the night trying first, to revive it, and later trying to generate heat by rubbing my feet. All in all, it was a ONCE-in-a-lifetime experience.

Day three took us abseiling, which is an experience about which the least said is soonest mended, and I will merely say that I was petrified. This was followed by a three kilometre walk home which steadied my legs. From there we went to Manyeleti, where we spent the afternoon in groups going on game drives. My group's drive took place late at night and we were warmly welcomed back to camp with hot coffee after a freezing drive. Our welcome from the rest of the group, who had been asleep before we returned, was even warmer!

The next morning began for the brave with an early walk. (The rest of us missed a beautiful sighting of hippo.) From Manyeleti, we went to the Cheetah Project where we saw beautiful young cheetahs bred for eventual release into the wild. Then it was back to Trackers and real mattresses. The following day was spent on the long trip back, broken by a visit to the Sudwala caves.

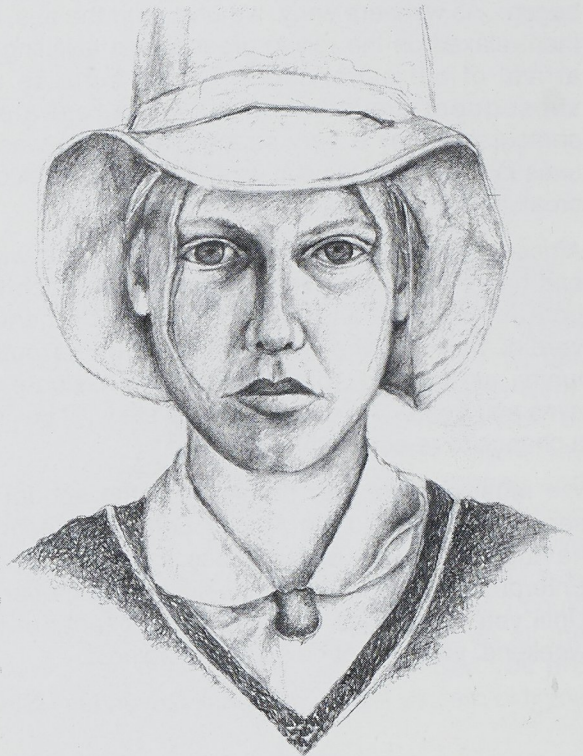


*A bear hug*

The trip, despite the length of the journey, was a great success and for many of us it will probably be the only time we ever explore the Eastern Transvaal. So to the present Standard eights, look forward to it and make sure you have a good book picked out for the bus.

Many thanks to Ms Davies, Mev. Harris and Mrs Uys who accompanied us. We are all very grateful to you for your bravery!

Alison Stent



SELF PORTRAIT – Pippa Leisegang (Std 9)

## Standard Eight Tour to Northern Natal

During our week at Chelmsford Dam in Northern Natal, our class participated in a number of activities which broadened our horizons. Our days were full and so everyone found something enjoyable to do.

### TUESDAY

Today we went around the reserve to look at all the animals. We were really bad at recognising buck and were told thousands of times that there were no impala! Yvette, a game ranger, skinned and dissected a buck for us. Unfortunately, she also wanted us to get a hands-on experience!





*A raft that floats!*

### WEDNESDAY

Black, cold and noisy. We went down the mine today and everyone got soggy, black shoes. We watched the machinery work and the process was explained to us, but most of us couldn't hear a thing except beeping, crushing of coal and crunching as the machines moved. When we came out, a mammoth hill faced us. Poor Zoë barely made it up, especially with all the miner's equipment strapped onto her back. We were quite worried about her!

After our tour a delicious braai awaited us when we got back to the hotel. Everyone loved the marinated steak and the special pap dish.

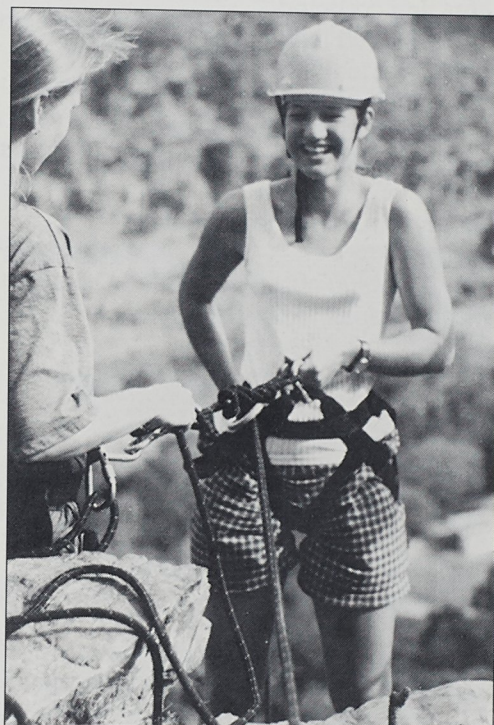
### *"COAL MINE" by Shelagh Knox-Davies*

A deep, dark cavern lay in front of me.  
 My mind was relaxed, but my hands were clenched in tight fists.  
 What lay ahead was unknown and unexplored.  
 We moved in.  
 The last of the natural light shimmered in the pools of inky water .  
 I was relaxing, breathing in the surprisingly fresh air –  
 Beep beep flash beep flash flash –  
 My skin grew cold, my heart speeded up  
 and a machine loomed out of the darkness.  
 Suddenly a quiet cold mine had turned into an explosion  
 of energy.  
 Men of all races and languages were working together,  
 Speaking a common language,  
 Working towards a common goal.  
 The coal streaked faces in the beams of light were smiling;  
 The atmosphere was one of togetherness.  
 As the darkness faded slowly into light,  
 I felt unwilling to leave that place of unity –  
 Unwilling to face the world full of racial prejudice  
 and hatred.  
 Why can't it be like the coal mine?

### THURSDAY

Abseiling! This was a day for courage and friends helping you along. It was actually lovely because as you went down, even though you were scared out of your wits, everyone was shouting out words of encouragement and egging you on. Some people's eyes grew huge and just before they went over the edge revealed absolute terror. The best thing, though, was when you got to the bottom and the adrenalin rush hit you. Wow!

Debra: "The first few minutes of abseiling you feel like a new-born lamb, frightened and wobbly. But as you reach the end you feel like a stunt man completing a dare-devil task."



*Kelly Jenkins. . . a giant leap!*



*All eyes . . . all ears . . . (for once)*



## FRIDAY

### "ISANDLWANA"

by Cindy-May Green

Twenty thousand people  
chanting in unison  
disciplined but wild  
tramping over hills  
no obstacle too large  
anger on their minds  
twenty thousand people  
one thing in mind  
to kill  
to win the war

As far as the eye can see  
dust clouds rising  
the horizon obscured  
men emerging from nowhere  
the cow-horn formation  
encircling the Red Jackets  
cool and collected  
'Safe' behind their guns  
reality not featuring  
not in their minds  
Civilized and Modern  
better than Warriors of the Wild  
not for long  
twenty thousand men of nature  
against  
four thousand strong, well-bred Queen's folk  
twenty thousand men of nature  
unstoppable  
surging forth  
the mass of bodies  
exhaustion being ignored  
the multitude  
having passed through  
the dead bodies,  
Blood  
splattering the once peaceful atmosphere.

We would like to thank Mrs Avery, Mrs Krynauw and Mrs Stakemire. They were very patient and fun to be with. The standard eights all enjoyed the trip.

Pia Foster



SELF PORTRAIT – Phethile Mtshali (Std 9)



*A Bakkie of Sevens*

## Standard Seven Trip to St Lucia

Before we went on our wonderful trip to St Lucia, Mr Gaysford, from the Natal Parks Board, gave us a brief outline about the mining that Richards Bay Minerals wished to do on the sand dunes at St Lucia.

Richards Bay Minerals mine titanium (which is a common mineral, found in many parts of the world). The dunes at St Lucia, however, have rich deposits. The ongoing debate is whether to mine and stimulate the economy, at the same time revegetating the dunes, or whether to preserve the natural conditions of the area.

Our first stop, on the way to St Lucia, was at Richards Bay Minerals where we were given a talk which supported what they so desperately want to do to the dunes at St Lucia. I was still not convinced that they are right though.

Once at St Lucia, we all happily made ourselves at home in the luxurious holiday resort Villa Mia. We were also introduced to our guide for the four days, Oom Louis.

During the trip, our theme was "adaptations" and we learnt how the different plants and animals adapt to their surroundings. We often trailed through the beautiful and unique dune forests and this only convinced me more strongly that they should not be destroyed.

Another of the places where we learnt about adaptation was in the wonderful mud of the



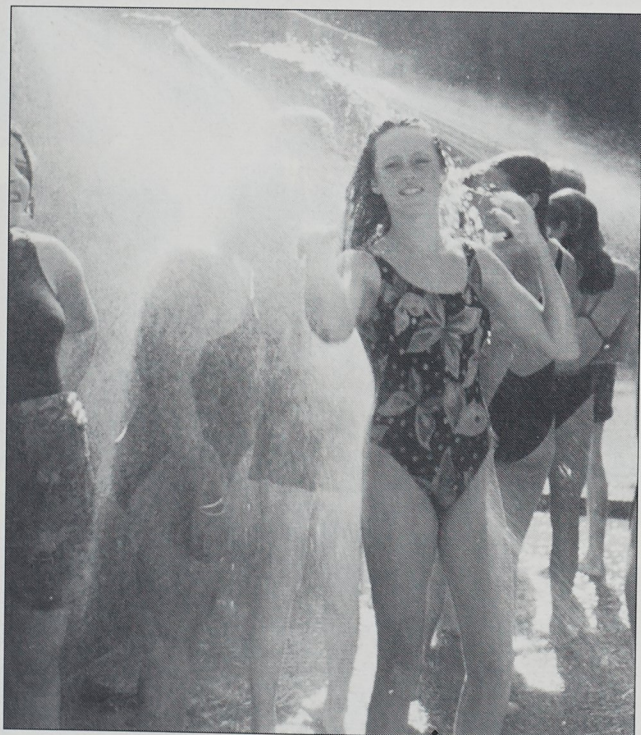


*And to cap the day . . .*

mangrove swamps. Not only did we learn how the black and white mangroves adapt to living in the mud, but also how easily Standard Sevens adapted to mud-skins.

Mission rocks was another amazing place. With our heads in the rock pools and the other part of our anatomy in the air, we began to discover the many creatures that live in this new and different world. I don't think that any one of us realized quite how much life there is in one single rock pool!

Another of the many things we did on our trip was climbing Mount Tabor – which is the highest sand dune in the St Lucia area. Although we were all puffing by the time we reached the top, the sight of the Indian Ocean sparkling on our left and the gleaming St Lucia Lake on our right revived us.



*Short Sharp Shower*

On our trip, we often walked past, studied or paddled in the ocean. The beauty of the sea will never cease to amaze me! I think that it is one of God's best and most wonderful creations!

The last thing we did at St Lucia was take part in a lateria course. Divided into groups, we had to negotiate various obstacles within a certain time. The aim of it is to make people think not only of themselves, but also of the rest of the members in their group. I think that this was worthwhile for all of us.

We spent our last night and following morning at a game reserve called Windy Ridge. This wasn't a luxurious place like Villa Mia, but we enjoyed ourselves very much, particularly the thrilling game walk on Saturday morning, when we spotted many animals, including rhino!

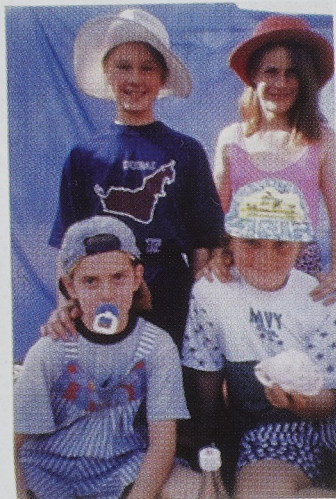
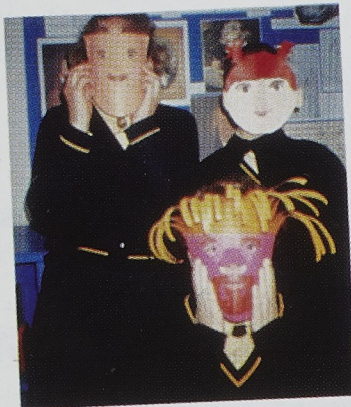
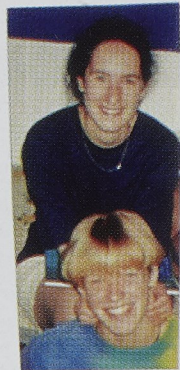
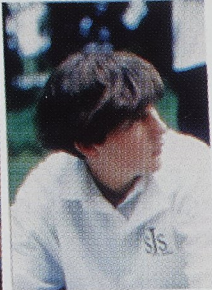
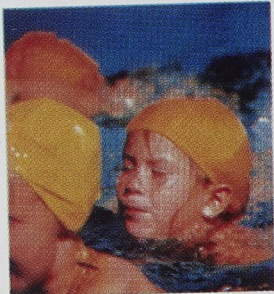
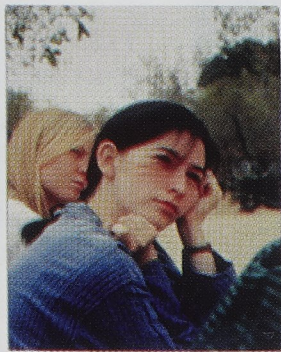
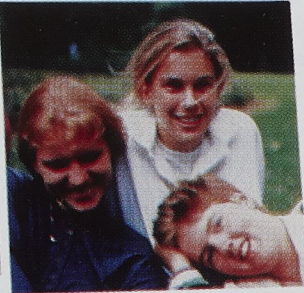
After this, we packed our things, gobbled up breakfast and climbed onto the bus with memories of our exciting and worthwhile St Lucia trip. We are grateful to Mrs Watson, Mrs Westwood and Miss Beattie for organising it and accompanying us. We got to know them better, and we are sure they got to know us better!

Ashleigh Preston

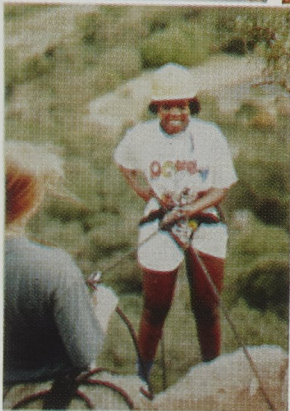
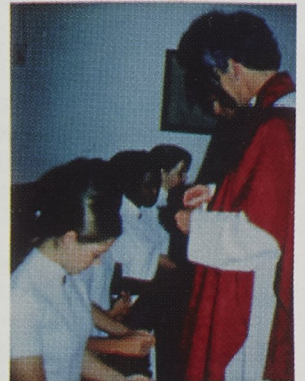
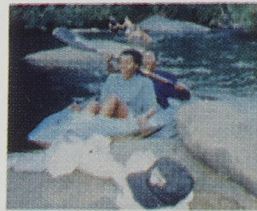
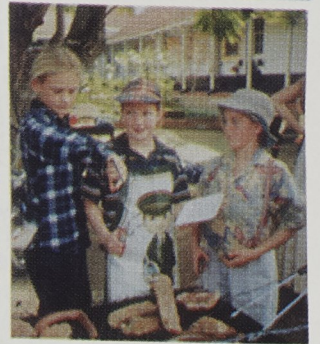


*"FAMILY PORTRAIT" – Paula Munro (Std 9)*











## Std 6 Extension Week

We at, St John's, are so privileged, and sometimes do not really appreciate this. During our Enrichment week, the Standard Sixes focused on old age to make us more aware of our precious youth. We visited an old age home in Durban, Farrer House.

This is a home where physically and mentally frail people are much loved and cared for. We soon came to realize the importance of a home like this because of the fact that most of the residents of Farrer House do not have any family to take them into their homes and look after them. Most of the staff were very helpful and kind, and we could see that they were very patient with us as well as the residents.

We were amazed at how much there was for the old people to do there, such as taking a walk in the park across the road, painting pictures, doing all sorts of hand-crafts, or just watching the birds in the Qviary outside. Another interesting aspect, which we soon came to know, was the Occupational Therapy room. This is where certain exercises are done and patients are closely supervised by the nurse on duty.

We encountered many situations at Farrer House, sometimes humorous, sometimes sad or scary. These are extracts from our diaries, showing some of our experiences in Durban.

... After a little confusion about directions, we arrived safely at Farrer House. We did not know what to expect. The matron welcomed us and warned us about the residents. She said that some would be welcoming and amusing, others would be unwelcoming and grumpy, while others would be senile, confused or deaf. Off we went to meet them.

... One old lady was especially cross and told us she didn't need anyone to talk to and that we must go away and not bother her. I felt a bit sympathetic as it appears she had been a Broadway star and didn't enjoy being at Farrer House at all.

... Angela introduced me to a lovely old lady. She had been blind for some time now, but I feel that she is better off than most people at Farrer House because she can still walk, bath and dress herself. I gave her a big hug, which I think she appreciated.



Visiting Mrs Morgan

... I had a lovely conversation with Mrs M who had sent twins to St John's in earlier years. She was a dear old lady.

... We arrived at Farrer House for our final visit and presented our posies (which we had made the previous evening) to our "grandparents", and spend some time with them. Emotions ran high as we bade them a sad farewell. The trip ended happily as we walked along each floor and sang for them:

*When you are old, you are like a baby again. You are child-like and are in a wheel chair just as you were when you were a baby in a pram. People have to help you, dress you, you have to be fed and you make a mess. When we went to Farrer House, I saw lots of things that scared me, and things that made me laugh.*

*Tracy, Lorin and I had just come from the O.T. room, where we served tea and helped the grannies and grandpas do exercises. We saw a door with pretty little bows and a big heart in the middle. We thought that this granny must be really friendly and kind. So we went inside, and there was a granny sitting on her chair doing her crossword. "What do you want?" We jumped! We didn't expect such a grumpy reaction. We tried to talk to her, but each question we asked seemed to get her all uptight, so we decided to leave. As we were going, she turned round and said we mustn't come back or she would shoot us with her AK47. Did we get out of there fast!*

*Some of the gran's we talked to were very friendly and very kind. I don't think that I would be able to live with old people, even though some of them were so sweet and kind.*

Julie Farwell

... When we left Farrer House we went straight to the Pavilion where we were allowed to shop until we dropped! This was the high-light of our tour.

... To end off a long day we had a treat: watching a beauty therapist in action! When she had finished applying creams and face washes and make-up to Ruth's face, it was as if a whole new person had been created.

After lunch we had an hour to go to the beach, to the fun-fair or to look at the curios. The fun-fair was the choice of many. When our hour of fun finished, we had to go and get changed into our uniforms because we were going to meet the Mayor of Durban.

When we arrived, one of the chief members of security showed us around the City Hall. As we went along, she gave us a little history on the building and on previous mayors. We later met the Mayor. He escorted us to the Council Chamber where we had refreshments. We were only in his company for about twenty minutes before he had to leave for another meeting.

When it was time to head back to school. Mrs Herselman very kindly hired a lovely movie for us on Friday night. It was a wonderful way to end off an interesting week.

We would like to thank all staff involved in making our week a success, especially Mrs Herselman and Mrs Peddle, who gave up their time to be with us. We learnt many interesting things, one of these being that we must appreciate life, whether young or old.

Melissa Hallett and Tracy Von Weichardt



## Rotary Leadership

During the September holidays, four Standard Nines went on two different Rotary leadership courses. Each of us would like to share some of our thoughts about them and how we feel we gained from them. We would like to thank the school and Rotary for sponsoring us and giving us this opportunity.

Even though the course took a week of my holidays, it was worthwhile. What I found most rewarding were the friendships I made and the developing of my leadership skills. For example, one afternoon we were given a task: to run a country. Thus we were put into the positions of our political leaders and we were alarmed to see what it entailed. We thought, though, that we made excellent politicians. After each activity or workshop, we had the chance to report back on, and discuss, what we had learnt. I can't describe what the week meant to me but I know that I have had an experience that will be with me for a long time.

Nina Rushton

On Friday (our last day), we were given the chance to put all the different leadership skills we'd acquired into action. Our task was to organise some form of entertainment for the local street-children and others from poor homes. We were given a budget of about R100 so we decided that we'd have a little fete.

We divided up into committees (catering, decorating etc.), and we had to organise stalls. Nina and I decided to do face-painting, but because I was also catering, I had to abandon her. We decided that the most ideal meal for youngsters would be wors rolls with chips and ice-cream. The preparation was hectic and it was extremely hot that day, so I had a very unpleasant afternoon. Fortunately, because we had a very co-operative group, we managed very well. We also had to prepare puddings for our parents and Rotarians who were coming to the prize-giving. It was great fun making caramel, mint-crisp and cream puddings, but by the time we served them, we didn't even want to see them! Our evening was a success and I felt very rewarded afterwards because I'd helped in making people less fortunate really happy.

Anele Mkize

I feel that I gained most from our last speaker, Mike Cox. He was inspiring and I had been feeling rather unsure about my future. He helped to answer some of my questions. He stressed that the most important part of being a leader is to set the standards for people to follow. By the end of the week, it felt as if I had known some of the people I met for years. It was an intense and worthwhile experience.

Julie Wellmann

The part Julie and I enjoyed most was definitely the people! Although I gained from all my experiences of learning to be a leader, and the different skills involved, the most beneficial part was discovering what I am really like. I think I would probably have been too scared to delve into this alone. Fortunately others were having to be honest too, and this was a comfort. My next highlight was the Adventure in

Service, when we all saw leadership in action in the "Real World". My group went to the local hospital and were lucky enough to be shown round by the superintendent, Rotarian Mr Seaton. It was interesting to hear how the hospital works and how loyal the staff are, not only to their bosses and patients, but to one another as well. I have definitely gained from my experiences at Port Shepstone, and I'm really glad Julie and I were able to go together!

Grace McGill

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## Spirit of Adventure

During the third term, the Standard Eight girls spent a weekend at the Spirit of Adventure Camp at Shongweni to learn about building a successful team.

When we arrived, we were apprehensive as another school had told us only about their negative perceptions. It was with nervous excitement that we faced our first challenge ie. to build a raft, sail across the dam, and sleep the night under the stars on the other side. We were only allowed to take essentials (food, sleeping bags) and so we left all our extra clothes, toothbrushes and pillows behind. Who would believe that we could build a raft that did not sink? With a glow in our hearts and a song on our lips, we paddled off into the sunset!

Finding wood for our fire, cooking supper in tin foil envelopes, sharing sleeping bags (two sleeping bags were wet in the crossing), lying on rock-hard ground, we were still enthusiastic. During the lecture session the next day, Sally, our leader, showed us how we had progressed through all the stages needed to complete a challenge.

For day two we were split into two groups, one with Sally and the other with René. While one group kayaked, the other abseiled. During each activity, we discovered that team support made a real difference. That encouragement allowed some of us to succeed in a challenge we had previously thought impossible.

We slid down banks in kayaks, fell out of them, played soccer in them, and went round and round in circles until we learnt to steer them. We abseiled down a cliff, sometimes dangling free from the rock while looking out at the deep valley below. The team encouragement even helped to get Mrs Watson to abseil for the first time!

On Sunday, our groups were changed, and we got to know other girls. We went rock-climbing, and then tackled a number of team-building exercises which required problem-solving. For example, we had to cross a 'gorge' and steal 'jewels'; or remove 'bombs' while keeping them submerged all the time. We learnt how leadership styles will affect team building. We also learnt to listen to one another.

It definitely brought us closer together as a class. We learnt more about ourselves, overcame fears, and strengthened our self confidence. "I've become better friends with so many other people in my class because we were taught to support and tolerate





Amanda Evans

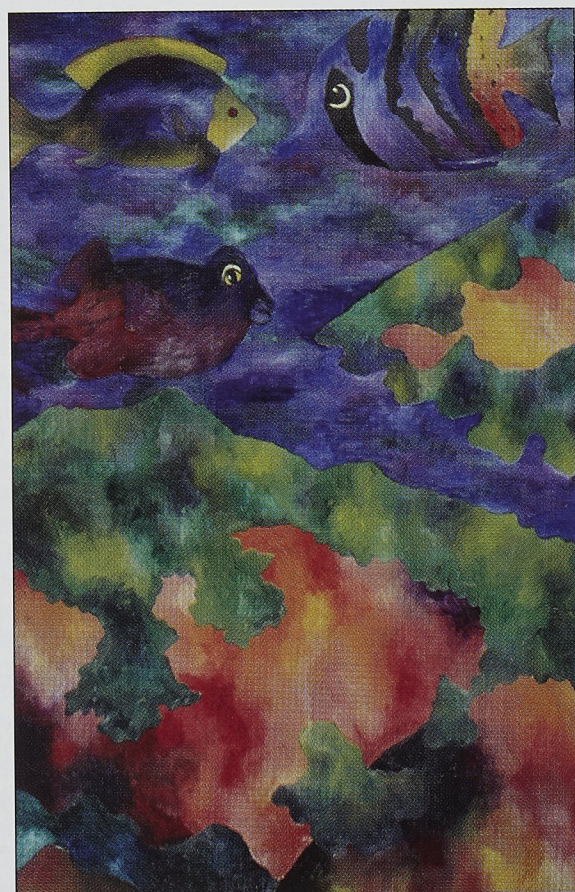
# Matric Art Exhibition



Joy Heenan



Bronwyn Johnson



Jennie Cassels



one another.” (Nokwazi Mzobe) “I wondered if the togetherness was just for show, but it has continued and I find myself applying the points of a successful team.” (Vicki Stewart) “Oh my! They call that leadership and team-building. Boy, I call it strenuous exercise and surviving in the wild! It was great! (Leigh-Anne Purvis)

We are very grateful to Mrs Watson and Madame Peddle for taking us, Mrs Champion for allowing us to go, our parents for paying, and Spirit of Adventure for teaching us the true meaning of what it is to be a team. (Kathryn Gush)



*Seated: Mr M Wotherspoon, J. Wellman, N. Rushton, E. Yeats, A. Mkize  
1st Row: T Larsen, P. Foster, N. Shand, G. McGill, D. Grové, L-A. Sclanders*

## Interact

Our motto this year has been “A difficult start means an easy finish”. I cannot say that our year has been difficult but it has definitely been a challenge. Our committee has certainly learnt a lot and gained from being in a position where we put people less fortunate than ourselves first.

It is always hard to decide how to allocate the money from fund-raising events. As in previous years, we assisted a young girl through World Vision. We have continued to help the Ashburton farm school with stationery and posters for the classroom. One evening we had a workshop where we made posters and books which we later took to the school ourselves. It was rewarding to see how much that help was needed and appreciated. It is in situations like these that we realise how fortunate we are and that we should not take even the simplest thing for granted.

Encouraged by Mr Davies who came to speak about the Pietermaritzburg Street Children, we collected jumble and made a donation. Once more, our help and interest were greatly appreciated.

Being on the Interact committee has been a most worthwhile experience. It is always painful to see extreme need but we believe that with Mr Wotherspoon's help and guidance, we have made a difference.

Nina Rushton – President



*Seated: J. Cassels, K. Furniss, Miss Davies, L. Robinson, K. Zammit  
1st Row: E. Yeats, C. Crookes, A. Balcomb, K. Seggie, P. Mtshali, K. O'Connor  
2nd Row: N. Shand, C. Floros, G. McGill, K. Swinstead*

## Blood Donors

The blood donor group this year comprises fourteen extremely brave girls who, once every term, make the frightening journey across town to the blood donor clinic. Then comes the serious business of giving blood. I won't go into any more details!

This year badges have been awarded to Kelly Zammit, Anne Balcomb, Jenny Cassels, Eleanor Yeats, Candice Crookes and Grace McGill, all for two donations, and, for the big five, to Kate Furniss and me.

Thank you to Miss Davies for driving us across town to the clinic and for all her support during the year. Well done also to all those brave girls who gave donations and we hope to see many more people joining the group next year.

Lynn Robinson – Std 10



Belinda Harris (Std 7)

ARNOLD





*Seated: K.van der Merwe, V.Greene, H.Galloway,  
R.Seggie, J.Smith  
1st Row: A.Marltan, Mrs A.Harris, Mrs P.Krynauw,  
K.Gaylard  
3rd Row: D.Dalton*

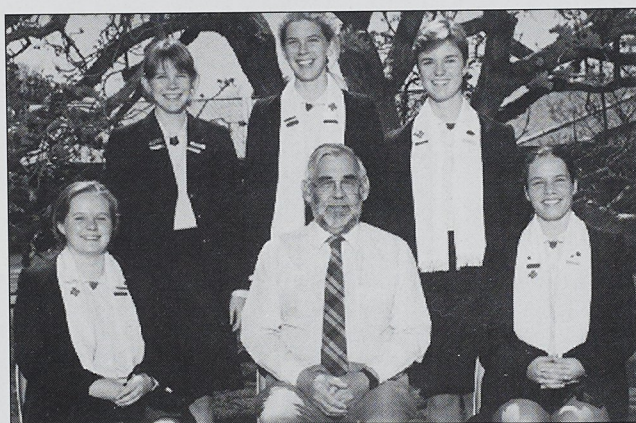
## Bird Club

A Bird Club was started at the High School this year. Bird watching is a hobby for life and after the initial expense of a pair of binoculars and a bird guide, one which costs very little. All 8 members of the club are in Std 6 and Mev. Harris and Mrs Krynauw are the staff members guiding the girls as they discover the fascination and enjoyment of bird watching.

The activities this year included a talk by Mr Dave White and trips to Darvill and Hilton College and a demonstration of bird-ringing..

The level of enthusiasm is high and is sure to carry the club on to a successful future.

Paula Krynauw



*Seated: F.Shaw, Mr M.Wotherspoon, L.Robinson  
1st Row: T.Larsen, J.Cassels, L.Mack*

## Business Management Game

This year the Chartered Accountants/Standard Bank Management Contest saw us selling satellite dishes. The four Matric pupils, Lima Mack, Fiona Shaw, Lynn Robinson and Jennie Cassels, played the role of old hands whilst nine Standard Nines had their first taste. Business lunches in the Boardroom enhanced the decision-making process. Initially decisions seemed to be made on the basis of 'think of a number' and then look at 'Sir's' face! At the end

of the first round we were lying fourth out of the 57 Natal teams that had entered. Decisions had been taken despite 'Sir's' disapproval – and had proved correct! Even the team doodler had the odd moment of concentration.

The top 26 teams went into the second round and a strike in the second quarter saw us plunge from fifth to fifteenth place. The meetings became more intense as a way to rectify the damage was sought. By the end of the fourth quarter, we had clawed our way back up to fifth place and joined the other four top teams in the regional final. This is the third year running that St John's has made the regional final.

Tracy Larsen was co-opted to join the four Matrics for the trip to Durban. There the team had to cope with making five decisions in a relatively short period of time with the additional pressure of a media strike. The team never really got to grips with the trading conditions and were trailing after the first three quarters. At the final session the team was comforted by the consolation that the 'doodler' had led them to winning the Best Logo Competition. Then came the news that both Michaelhouse and Hilton had found the trading conditions so difficult that they had both "gone bust", which meant St John's had earned a very creditable third place. Perhaps even more gratifying were the many compliments received about the girls' behaviour, manners, pleasantness and team spirit at the regional final. I was very proud to be associated with them.

Max Wotherspoon



*In Front: T.de Charmoy  
Seated: K.Swinstead, P.Munro, T.Mc Arthur, Mrs M Uys,  
G.McGill, K.Wegerle, T.Larsen  
1st Row: B.Harris, H.Hamblin, N.Dlamini, K.Gaylard,  
A.Marltan, J.Chennells, L.Purvis, J.Dicks,  
2nd Row: C.Houghton, M.Olivier, V.Greene, A.Preston,  
D.Dalton, K.Wang, L.Goble  
3rd Row: K.Hein N.Mzobe, V.Stewart, J.Farwell,  
K.Royden-Turner, H.Mathie*

## S.C.A.

This year's S.C.A. Group has focused on the themes of friendship and relationships. We had two young speakers from African Enterprise who shared their thoughts on, and experiences of, friendship. This encounter turned into a discussion which lasted far longer than our visitors had expected! We all learnt

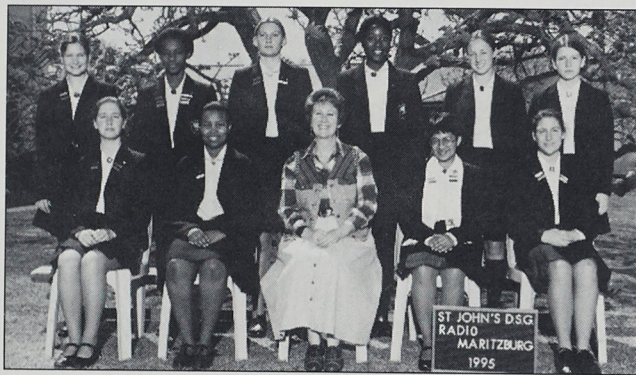


more about communication from their personal experiences as it is from these that one gains the most. They left very keen to come and speak to us again. They had enjoyed our lively response. Then Keith, from the S.U.I.S. Mission, talked to us about relationships. We enjoyed his wit; he enjoyed our laughter.

We have also had three Unity meetings this year, one of which was a braai up at Hilton College. During our S. U. I. S. Mission week, the Hilton S.C.A. group came to St John's for a meeting led by their chaplain. It was an enriching experience to have young people all coming together with a spiritual focus.

Father Richard Hawkins, with his wonderful sense of humour, has inspired us with his sermons. He has also introduced the S.C. . guitarists to our Wednesday morning chapel services, which has given some variety. I should like to thank him and the Standard Nine committee members for giving their 100% to what has been a successful year.

Claire Hawkins – Leader



*Seated: N. Rushton, N. Makhatha, Miss S. Davies, S. Govender, J. Wellman*

*1st Row: L-A. Purvis, A. Mkize, G. McGill, E. Mussa, E. Mentis, Z. Laband*

## Radio Maritzburg

This year, for the first time, a group of St John's girls were fortunate enough to be introduced to the world of community radio stations, as part of an ongoing community outreach programme run by Radio Maritzburg.

We began the programme with a very idealistic view of radio broadcasting . . . that the DJ goes into the studio, talks into a microphone, plays some music, and the programme is a complete success. We thought that we would soon be proficient presentors and be an immediate success. We were wrong!

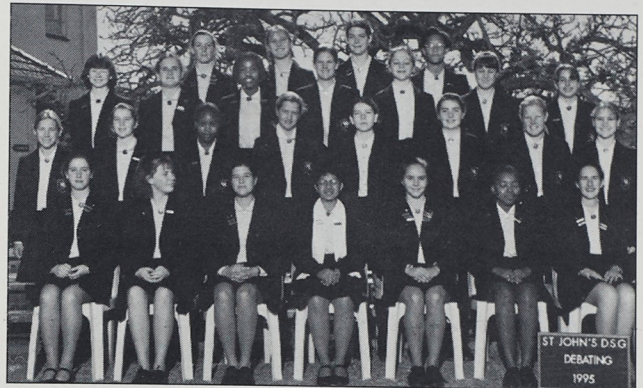
Radio Broadcasting is a time-consuming and challenging profession. Everything you say "on air" must be part of a previously prepared script . . . adlibbing is kept to a minimum. The programmes must be conscientiously researched and a script must be supplied to each presenter along with a cue-sheet for the technician.

Despite all the hard work, the experience is one that we will never forget. Doing a radio-show can be a fulfilling or embarrassing experience. If all goes well,

you feel content. If, on the other hand, you go on air and talk about "Nine months and a Funeral" or Nicole Kidman instead of Nicole Simpson, the experience is embarrassing to say the least. One way or another, the Radio Maritzburg experience will be a memorable one.

Thanks must go to Miss Davies who ferried groups of girls to and from the Radio Maritzburg studios and kept a check on us at all times.

Shanali Govender



*Seated: N. Rushton, K. Swinstead, P. Munro, S. Govender, T. Mc Arthur, M. Moshobane, N. Shand*

*1st Row: C. Furniss, V. Robinson, N. Dlamini, V. Forbes, Z. Laband, D. Dalton, J. Dicks, J. Chennells*

*2nd Row: A. Larsen, A. Stent, N. Mzobe, T. de Charmoy, C. Gush, H. Galloway, B. Harris*

*3rd Row: P. Foster, N. Hitchcock, S. Knox-Davies, M. Janneker*

## Debating Club

I would like to say that we had a fabulously successful League season this year, but we didn't! I would also like to say that we won a considerable number of our debates, but we didn't! What we did do was to impress adjudicators, opponents and spectators alike with our enthusiasm, behaviour and sporting spirit.

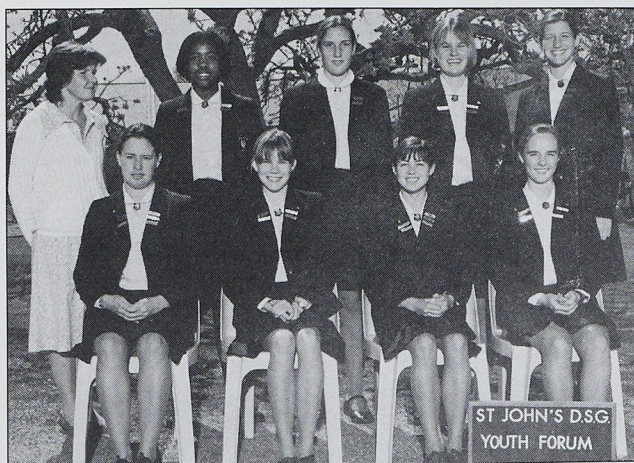
Despite the somewhat dismal League Season, the membership of the club has grown. The girls are always a pleasure to spend time with, and they enter into club activities with gusto. Hat-debates, impromptu and confidence-building exercises were favoured by all the girls and the prepared debates were worked on with an eye to originality and audience contact.

The inter-house debates were of a very high standard and the evening was enjoyed by all who attended. Nina Rushton was selected best senior debater while Vicky Robinson and Julia Chenells were joint best junior debaters. Inter-house public speaking was won by Athlone and all the girls spoke with confidence. The seniors, in particular, must be commended on coping well with complex topics.

Thanks must go to Mrs Prosser for organising and running the club and to Mrs Krynauw for organising League debates and helping us whenever we needed it.

Shanali Govender





*Seated: K.Wegerle, T.Larsen, L.Sclanders, E.Yeats  
1st Row: Mrs K.Stakemire, N.Mzobe, V.Stewart,  
P.Chance, K.Jenkins*

## Youth Forum

1995 has been a great success for Youth Forum! A healthy budget left from last year enabled the committee to enter fundraising with few limitations. The idea behind the events organised by the committee, for Standard Sixes and Sevens, is to promote unity between the two standards. The money raised at the braais, coffee- and pudding-evenings is then donated to various organisations. This year we have raised exciting amounts of money which we donated to:

Hospice	R750
Street children	R500
Reach for a Dream	R250
Avril Elizabeth Home	R250
Conservation Trust Fund	R250

Youth Forum has taken a particular interest in Hospice this year and have aided them in their fundraising. A number of girls were recently involved in one of the Hospice Fêtes where they waitressed, face-painted and (wo)manned stands! This helped



*Tracy Larsen presents a cheque for Hospice.*

Hospice greatly and we would like to continue this support as it is such a worthy cause.

We hope that in future years, Youth Forum will continue to grow, and keep in mind our motto:

"Hold hands, and together we will face the future."

Kim Wegerle  
Tracy Larsen – President



*Seated: N.Hitchcock, N.Shand, J.Gordon  
1st Row: J.Symonds, K.Swinstead, K.O'Connor*

## Outreach Georgenauw Farm School

Every Monday afternoon for one hour, three Standard Nine pupils have the opportunity to teach forty Standard One and Two pupils. We have focused on different things – for example, the seasons, our senses and how to care for our environment – hoping all the while to extend their knowledge of English and teach them something which will help them in their everyday lives. Georgenauw has been given very generous donations of English workbooks which are a further help in the class.

Teaching these children benefits not only them, but gives us the wonderful opportunity to be useful. We have learnt a great deal about being patient, tolerant (especially with those who have difficulty in understanding our language) and most definitely that discipline is needed to create a happy, friendly atmosphere.

Our experience at Georgenauw has allowed many of us who want to go into the teaching profession a wonderful taste of what it is like.

I know that all of us have found our involvement at Georgenauw rewarding and enriching. If there is something which makes every minute worthwhile, it is seeing those smiling, eager, welcoming faces!

Nodene Shand – Std 9





*Seated: A.Stobart, K.Furniss, K.Higgs, Mrs P.Avery,  
L.Robinson, S.Govender, K.Seggie  
1st Row: S.Mtshemla, S.Mtshemla, K.Nellist, J.Symonds,  
C.Hawkins, M.Moshobane, E.Yeats, C.Wright  
2nd Row: T.Larsen, A.Mkize, K.Mapham, C.Keough,  
J.Wellmann, C.Crookes, P.Leisegang  
3rd Row: B.Young, B.Makhato, N.Shand, G.McGill,  
N.Watkins, A.Garrett, D.Holgado, N.Rushton*

## Lectern Club

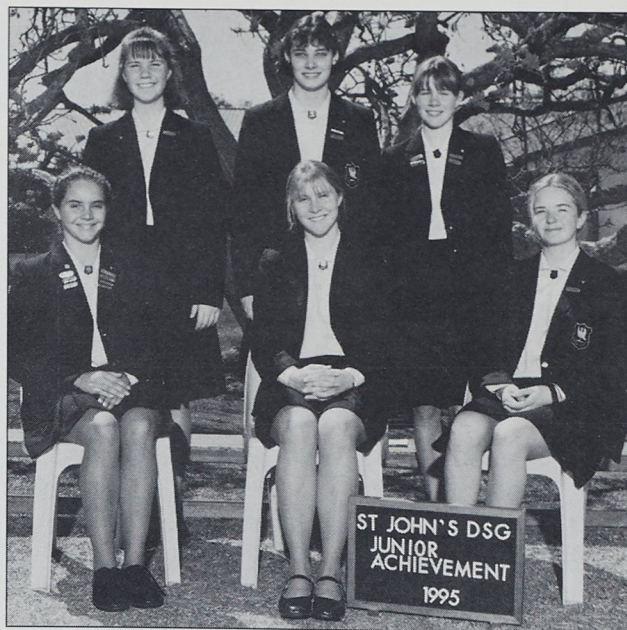
The year began extremely well with a formal dinner (for matrics only) hosted by the St Mary's Gavel Club whose excellent organisation left us breathless. Happily the St John's matric debaters won the debate, with Alice Stobart receiving the trophy for best impromptu speaker.

Joan Attwell's talk about speaking in public in the first term was full of valuable advice which we soon put into practice.

The third term meeting with Kearsney College in the St John's Gym Hall proved to be a success despite last minute rushed organising the committee. The quality of the St John's speeches was without doubt on a par with that of the highly acclaimed Kearsney boys and I was very proud. Furthermore, I was impressed with the ability of the new standard nine members and am confident that next year will be successful for the club.

My thanks to Mrs Avery for all her help and support; Mrs Kraynauw for her enthusiasm; and to my ever-enduring committee. I wish next year's committee and club the best of luck, and hope that they will continue to enjoy what I believe is a worthwhile activity.

Kelly Higgs – Chairperson



*Seated: T.Mc Arthur, N.Hitchcock, A.Garrett  
1st Row: K.Swinstead, N.Walden, T.Larsen*

## Junior Achievement

Junior Achievement is a Pietermaritzburg organisation of Standard Nine and Ten pupils. These pupils meet once a week for nine weeks at the J.A office. During these meetings we learn the basic business skills and the pitfalls of running a business. Office bearers such as the Managing Director, P.R.O. and Accountant are elected and then decisions have to be taken on the name of the company and the product manufactured. T-shirts and underwear are popular choices. Decisions are also taken on the suppliers and costing. Once the company has progressed this far, the hard work of producing is under way. The products are made, packaged, and delivered to the consumer, on a C.O.D. basis.

J.A. is a sponsored organisation. Companies such as First National Bank, Filpro, N.T.D. and Dick Whittington Shoes take a great interest in training us. We found it a very hard, time-consuming job to be the Managing Director as we had to make sure everyone worked properly. We learnt that people are not always reliable, and that it is difficult to reach a decision when there are many good ideas that have been put forward.

On behalf of everyone who participated in this programme, we would like to thank Mrs Watson and St John's. We met many people from different schools and learnt not only how to run a business, but how to handle people in the working world. We discovered that we did not have limitless patience!

Anna Garratt (MD)  
Tamara-Jayne McArthur (MD)





Joylene Ross (Std 8)

# *Club Close-ups*



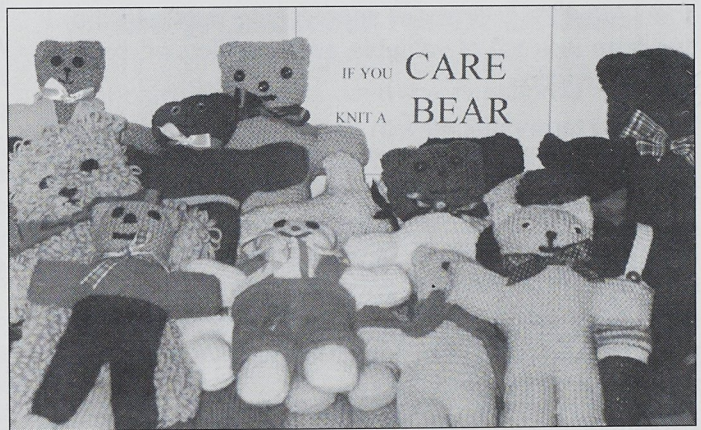
Making Dolls



Guitar Club



Games Club



Care Bears



Knitting Club



Cycling



# HOUSE REPORTS



## ATHLONE HOUSE

*In Front: M.Cambell, A.Joubert, J.Spain, M.Bhengu, S.Graham, S.Moodley, C.Hindley, L.Thomas, R.Mazel, N.Mthalane, K.Bhoola, J.Cambell, C.Goosen, L.Dickenson, R.Dunbar, R.Burn, B.Wilson, T.Maharaj, S.Wilson, T.Manzi, R.Adkins  
Seated: K.Hepburn, A.Stobart, J.Cassels, C.Edwards, B.Makhato, L.Lawrence, C.Moore, N.Rushton, L.Mack, A.Balcomb, F.Shaw, N.Zulu, J.Wellmann*

*1st Row: J.Brown, M.Snyman, W.Bundar, T.Luckett, T.Endries, J. Adkins, L.Brown, J.Hart, S.Carter - Brown, K.Wilson, P.Galloway, A.Balcomb, N.Mazel, P.Nkobana, J.O'Neill*

*2nd Row: Mrs K.Stakemire, N.Dube, I.Dahl, L.Payne, S.Wigmore, K.Watson, G.Hallot, A.Chi, J.Hitchcock, H.Hamblin, C.Geleijnse, C.Watson, M.Flint, L.Goble, R.Alcock, V.Chi, J.Cheng, L.Titus, A.Marltton, L.Caine, E.Ogram, C.Hamilton, S.Symonds, P.Comrie*

*3rd Row: K.Rodgers, L.McArthur, B.Young, S.Mtshembla, J.Symonds, H.Galloway, N.Vilakazi, V.Green, K-J. Small, K.Shaw, N.Cech, S.Caine, M-A.Symonds, S.Mathews, N.Mzobe, V.Forbes, C.Goble, E.Davidson, T.Larsen, J.Goble, A.Larsen, K.Wang, P.Mtshali, T. Mc Arthur, S.Mtshembla, M-J. Forbes*

*4th Row: C.York, P.Foster, E.Kelmannson, S.Symonds, N. Hitchcock, E.Mussa, C-M. Green, D.Holgado, W.Stafford, K.Hein, M.Janneker*

## Athlone

1995 has been an excellent year for all three houses, as each has had its share of winning and losing. I really enjoyed captaining Athlone and I would like to say a big thank you to Nina, our vice-captain, for all her help.

The year started well for us, as we won the inter-house debating competition. In the second term we also won the interhouse netball, and ended the year by winning the Gymnastics competition. I would like to congratulate those who took part in interhouse

events this year, and thank everyone for their willingness to participate.

Thank you, Nina, and the other Standard Nines, for always encouraging people with their enthusiasm. It really does make a difference to hear everyone cheering so heartily. I'd also like to thank Mrs Stakemire for always coming to support us.

Athlone has had a good year and I wish the 1996 Captain and Athlone House every success.

Caroline Moore – Captain





### CONNAUGHT HOUSE

*In Front: A.Durnford, S.Webber, D.Chengan, M.Gevers, M.Mc Donald, K.Stegan, K.Nisbet, C.Nisbet, Chackland, C.Crosby, K.Kerr, K.Main, E.Cope, J.Blomeyer, A.Hylton, S.Krishna*

*Seated: N.Watkins, J.Heenan, T.Hartley, S.Govender, C.Floros, L-A.Sclanders, Mrs A.Harris, K.Stokes, A.Weinand, C.Keough, N.Lowry, K.Higgs, L.Robinson*

*1st Row: R.Kyd, N.Main, S.Kerr, J.Schoeman, T.Blackhurst, R.Olivier, M.Cloke, B.Bassage, G.Taylor, A.Schoeman, P.Theron, E.Hobbs, S.Gevers.*

*2nd Row: K.Lindsay, E.Yeats, M.Brown, M.Peddle, S.Goodman, T.von Weichardt, B.Harris, R. de Gersigny, N.Dlamini, C.Soden, A.Pilcher, E.Bassage, C.Erasmus, C.Bassage, R.Kenyon, S.Dlamini, S.Poltera, P.Raw, L.Carte, V.Yoganathan*

*3rd Row: J.Norton, K.Thorneycroft, L.Chabans, M-A.Perrott, A.Preston, J.Dicks, C.Stewart, A.Gevers, E.Yeats, C.Crookes, P.Stewart, S.Catre, J.Gordon, C.Carte, A.Mkize, Z.Laband, H.James, T.de Charmoy, M.Olivier, M.Hallett, A.Watkins, P.Morton, J.Keevy, A.Hobbs, D.Calmeyer, J.Poltera*

*5th Row: H.Landon, P.Munro, G.Wafer, J.Farwell, S.Knox-Davies, C.Stacey, S.Jarmey-Swan, G.James, S.Llewellyn, K.Swinstead, E.Jarmey-Swan*

## Connaught

What a busy year it has been! One wonders how we fit so many interhouse events into three terms.

It all began with the much enjoyed and eventful gala. Thank you, Standard Nines, for all the organisation and effort that was put into preparing the "Little Red Indians".

On the sports field and culturally, Connaught has excelled. This can only be because of the enthusiastic and determined group of girls who have always been willing to take on a challenge. Thank you for supporting your house with such a positive attitude.

The hard work and dedication that was put into interhouse plays paid off, as Connaught came out tops once again. Thank you to Ashleigh Wienand and Nicola Watkins for directing the plays.

On the sports field, girls have shown enthusiasm, spirit and energy. From gruelling cross country runs to elegant gymnastics, the participation has been commendable.

On behalf of our members, I should like to thank Mrs Harris, our house mother, for her encouragement and support at all interhouse events. Thank you to our vice-captain, Lindy-Ann Sclanders, who did so much extra work behind the scenes.

Finally, Connaught, good luck, and persevere. Success seems to be largely a matter of hanging on after others have let go – so hang in there.

Kirsten Stokes – Captain





### **RHODES HOUSE**

*In Front:* T.Duckworth, N.Withey, K.Howe, K.Leisegang, A.Quinton, C.Mouton, D.Kidd, N.Hoskins, C.Quinton, S.Moodley, L.Salisbury, A. Davies, L. Boyd, R.Nakin, C.Glas, L.Taylor

*Seated:* A.Garratt, K.Furniss, K.Zammit, G.Steenberg, B.Johnson, L.van Breda, Miss S. Davies, P.Leisegang, T.Spilsbury, C.Hawkins, A.Evans, N.Walden, L.Hansen

*1st Row:* V.Johnson, K.Adam, C.Martin, L.Shone, H.Gardner, A.Morrison, S.White, J.Holland, J.Lyall, P.Naidoo, C.Lyall, C.Clifford, L.Robinson, S.Padyachee, J.Bishop, J.Royden-Turner, J.Rodgers, L.Ivins, K.Leff, M.Mouton, M.Gebhard, I.Dreyer, S.Conynham, J.Duckworth, T.Swinny

*2nd Row:* C.Furniss, M.Peddle, F.Gray, C.Wright, A.Jones, J.Smith, R.Werner, J.Smith, C.Houghton, L.Kelsall, V.Padyachee, C.Keytel, K.Gaylard, K.Rake, J.Chennells, M.Moshobane, N.Ecob, K.O'Connor, K.Canter, S.Leff, B.Faure

*3rd Row:* C.Vurovecz, R.Royden-Turner, B.Grove, H.Mathie, K.Mapham, L.Purvis, E.Mentis, L.Dreyer, R.Mc Intosh, K.Wegerle, V.Stewart, D.Grove, K.Gush, A.Johnson, R.Seggie, R.Steenberg, S.Gray, C.Chennells, K.Nellist, A.Stent, K.van der Merwe

*4th Row:* N.Kelsall, D.King, K.Royden-Turner, N.Shand, G.Mc Gill, C.Mc Arthur, T.Ivins, K.Jenkins, D.van Breda, S.Seggie, P.Chance

## **Rhodes**

Looking back on the past year, I am extremely proud of Rhodes's enthusiasm, spirit and successes. Our participation and support in all interhouse events would make any house captain proud.

The year began with Pippa and the Standard Nines entertaining us with their "Roads" theme, which was great fun and original. The gala gave Rhodes a good start as we came out tops after the final race.

We were very successful on the sports field, winning the tennis, hockey and basketball events. Coming second in the netball, gym competition and cross-country (tied with Athlone) didn't dampen our spirits though!

In the cultural activities, we were less successful, coming third in debating, public speaking and interhouse plays. Thank you, Teresa and Claire, for your perseverance and enormous effort in producing

an inspiring house play. Thank you to the cast for being co-operative and enthusiastic.

No house events just happen. Behind them is the organisation of our vice-captain. Thank you, Pippa, for your hard work throughout the year. Your constant support has been invaluable to me and Rhodes. Miss Davies, thank you for always being willing to cheer us on – as any house mother should!

I am proud to have captained a house as enthusiastic and co-operative as Rhodes. I hope that, in the years to come, Rhodes girls will continue to show commitment, determination and plenty of house spirit. Thank you, Rhodes, for a memorable year, and I hope that you will continue to show future captains what a pleasure it is to be house captain. Keep up the good work!

Linda van Breda – Captain





# Hockey Tours

## To Australia

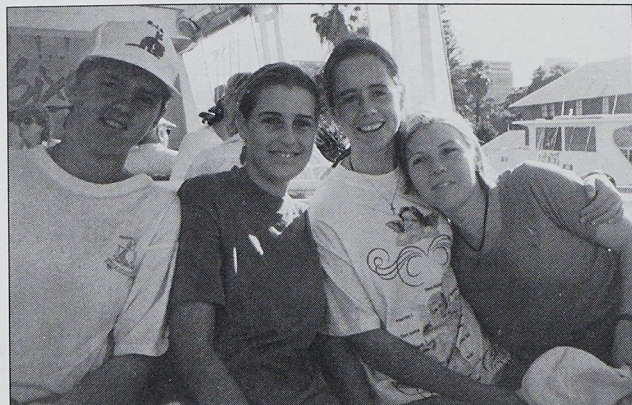
We were all very excited at the idea of going on tour to Australia, but we knew that it would only be through hard work that we would get there. We fund-raised in various ways, which greatly contributed to tour funds.

A squad of twenty girls spent the fourth term training under the guidance of Mike Bowley. These training sessions took place at 5 o'clock in the morning, twice a week, much to our dismay! The first training session wasn't quite what we expected, and we all ended up feeling so nauseous that we spent the rest of the day in bed. Mike was certainly impressed with his achievement!

We left Durban airport on 21 March, arriving in Perth fifteen hours later. We were warmly welcomed by Ms Towers who gave us a guided tour en route to Wesley College – a private school with about nine hundred boys. I'm not sure how many of us saw the sights as we were all looking forward to meeting our host families! Some of us were rather airsick (Kelly Zammit for example).

Perth was the highlight of our tour and we thoroughly enjoyed the visit to Rottnest Island situated off the coast of Perth. Unfortunately some of us were a little seasick (Kelly Zammit for example).

We then drove south to coastal towns Busselton and Albany. Miss Bowley and Sister Seggie drove the two minibuses – hair-raising at times!. Singing



*On the ferry to Rottnest Island*

songs and playing silly games kept us entertained on the seven-hour journey.

After playing six matches in Western Australia, we flew across to Sydney, where the shopping began! The first night was spent at a backpackers without any blankets, which was an unpleasant experience! After spending a night with host families, we moved to another backpackers which was only a two minute walk from Darling Harbour. This was where our counting skills came into use as money became scarce. We cut down on our spending so that we would have enough money to have at least two McDonald burgers a day - one at lunch time (10 a.m.) and one at high tea (4p.m.)!

We spent a lot of our time shopping, but we managed to fit in some sightseeing. We saw famous landmarks including the Opera House and the Taronga Zoo. McDonalds was a regular pit-stop. I don't think this benefited our fitness all that much!

We were successful on the hockey field, winning five matches and drawing two. Most of the games were played on water-based astroturfs, which was a new experience for some of us.

Thank you to everyone who made this tour possible, especially to our chaperones, Miss Bowley and Sister Seggie, for managing, without difficulty, to keep an eye on us! It was good to see Ms Towers again and we hope she didn't think we were "flannel-footed"! Her organisation of the tour from Perth was greatly appreciated. The tour provided an opportunity to be exposed to a slightly different lifestyle and to enjoy many "barbies" (braais).

Congratulations, tour girls, on a successful tour.

Linda van Breda – Captain



*Sight seeing in Sydney*



# S.A. U/18 A HOCKEY TOUR OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

It's not often that a schoolgirl gets the opportunity to go overseas twice in one year. After the tour to Australia at the beginning of the year, I assumed that that would be the last trip overseas for a very long time. However in July I was chosen for the South African u/18 team to tour England, Scotland and Wales.

A team of sixteen players and a management committee of four ladies left Johannesburg airport on 31 July, arriving at Heathrow International Airport eleven hours later. We then travelled another eight hours by train to Perth, Scotland, where we stayed in a private boarding school in the country. We played Scotland u/18 and u/21 teams on the sand-based astro-turf at the school and beat them 4-0 and 1-0 respectively.

Then we were off to Cardiff, Wales, where we were hosted by Welsh families and at the Welsh Institute of Sport. We played against the Welsh u/18 team twice, on a water-based astro-turf at the Institute, and won both matches (4-1 and 4-0). The different astro-turfs affect the game in different ways. The sand-based astro-turf slows the pace of the ball considerably, whereas the water-based astro-turf is quick. I prefer the water-based turf as the game is fast and one feels more skilful.

Another train trip took us to Derby, England, where we spent two nights in another boarding school. This school was eight hundred years old so we were all a bit nervous about touching too many things! We played the English u/18 team twice, winning 4-1 and drawing 1-1. It was wonderful to be unbeaten, but it was difficult not to be swollen-headed! The last two days of the tour we spent in London, shopping and sightseeing.

I really enjoyed the tour, learnt a lot and benefited mentally as well as physically. I had to play in three different positions which was, at times, very difficult, but which taught me to be adaptable. The tour lasted two weeks and during that time I was extremely proud of playing in the "green and gold".

Linda van Breda

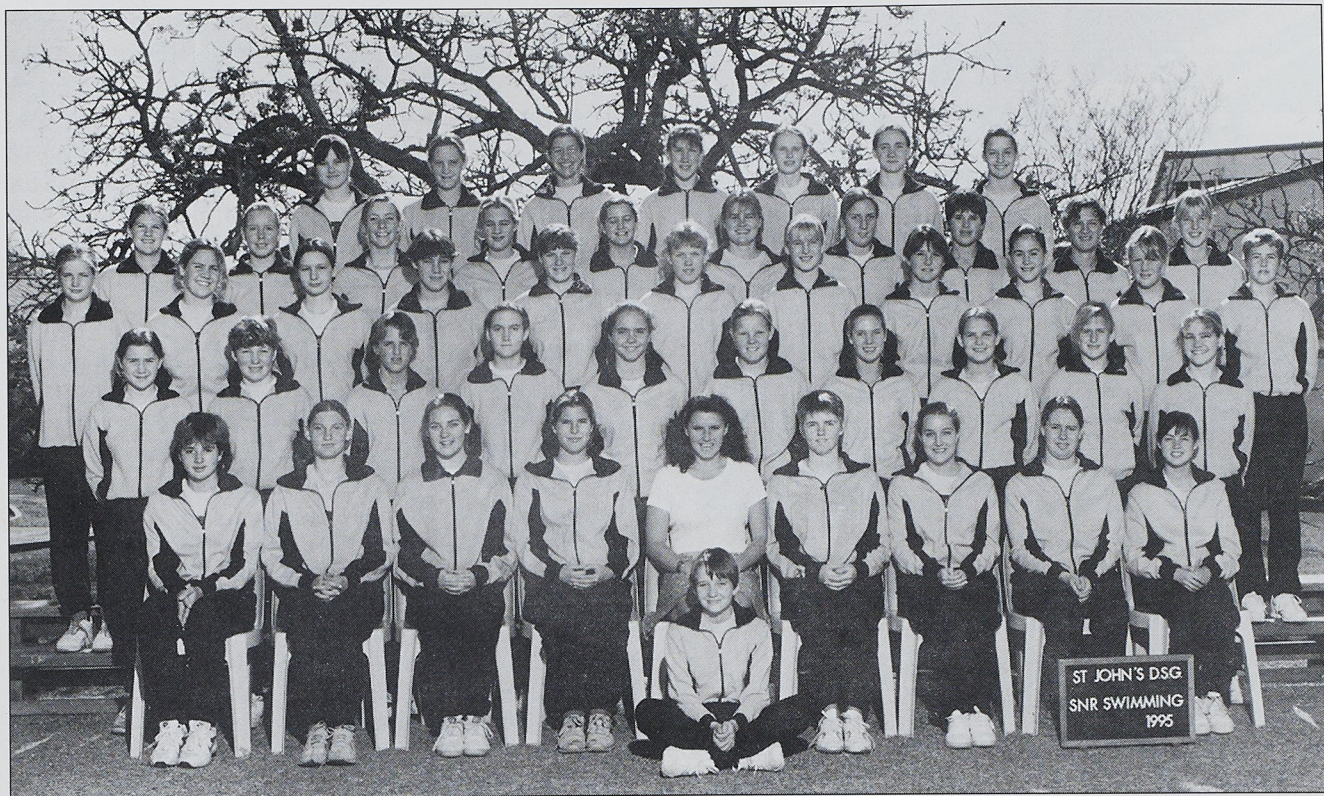
## SPORT



**SENIOR MIDLANDS REPRESENTATIVES 1995**

BACK ROW: N. Walden, R. Seggie, A. Johnston, K. Jenkins, D. van Breda, K. Wegerle, C. Chennells.  
MIDDLE ROW: C. Houghton, J. Dicks, T. McArthur, A. Preston, H. James, J. Norton, A. Pilcher, A. Marlton.  
SEATED: C. Carte, A. Wienand, K. Zammit, L. van Breda, G. Steenberg, C. Floros, P. Chance.





### SENIOR SWIMMING

*In front: L. Robinson*

*Seated: T. Ivins, G. Mc Gill, C. Keough, C. Floros, Miss B. Bowley, K. Stokes, C. Moore, K. Wegerle, L-A. Sclanders*

*1st Row: K. Canter, L. Goble, A. Pilcher, A. Watkins, T. Mc Arthur, J. Dicks, K. Gaylard, C. Watson, A. Marlon, J. Chennells*

*2nd Row: K. Wang, C. Chennells, P. Morton, J. Goble, A. Johnson, K. Small, S. Seggie, C. Stewart, M. Hallett, V. Greene, M-J Forbes*

*3rd Row: T. de Charmoy, K. Hein, P. Foster, P. Stewart, V. Forbes, P. Chance, V. Stewart, D. Grové, E. Davidson, R. Seggie*

*4th Row: W. Stafford, N. Kelsall, K. Jenkins, J. Farwell, C. M Green, E. Jarney – Swan, E. Kelmanson*

## Swimming

The St John's swimming squad was back in its normal routine with the return of Miss Bowley from her year away in Australia. It was good to have her back in command again. However, we were reluctant to get too excited as the memories of those cold, early morning squad training sessions also returned. Nevertheless, in true St John's style, the 1995 swimming squad leapt right in.

We participated in the usual demanding galas and proved to our fellow-competitors that our standard has remained high. This was obvious when, with some help from the College 'A' team, we won, for the second consecutive year, the Dimont co-ed gala. Greater was our sense of achievement, however, when we beat The Wykeham Collegiate team at the inter-schools' gala, gaining fourth place overall. Undoubtedly the deafening spirit of the school lifted the enthusiasm of the swimmers, who skimmed across the water with unrivalled motivation.

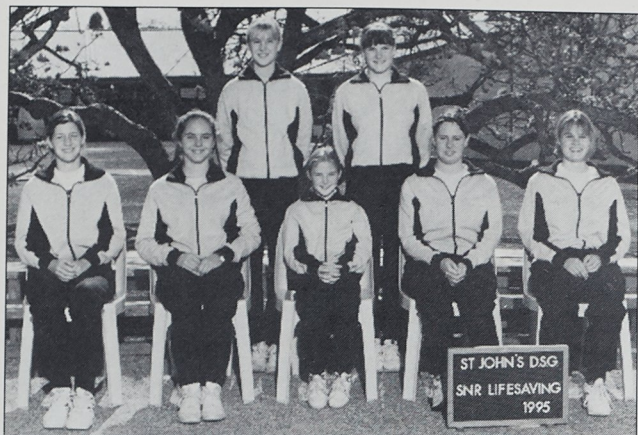
The Standard nine displays at the inter-house gala were original and well-practised. We particularly enjoyed the combined swimming at the end of their performance. After a nail-biting ladder relay as the deciding race, Rhodes gained the required points to be the victor. Athlone came second with Connaught not far behind. The Matrics staged their own display, which was delightfully typical of what 'funny farmers' we all are! Our thanks go to Mr Harris for keeping the pool blue, and to Miss Nixon and Miss Bowley for organising the event so efficiently.

The St John's swimming squad is growing each year in numbers, strength and character.

We are a small school but our aims are high and our confidence enviable: one day, we will beat St Anne's too. With Miss Bowley's 'Just twenty more Fifties to go,' how can we fail?

Camilla Floros – Captain

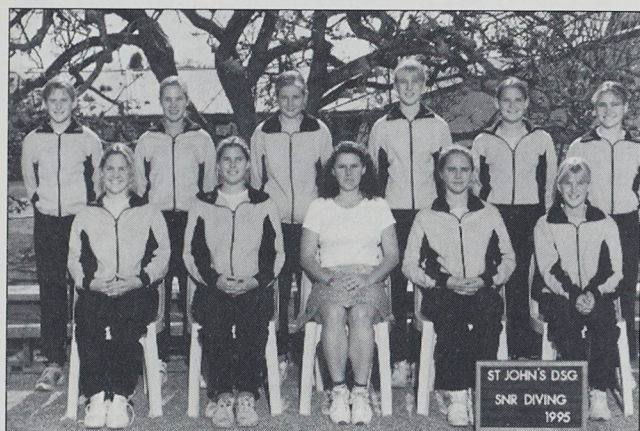




### **SENIOR LIFESAVING**

*Seated: K. Jenkins, T. Mc Arthur, C. Martin, K. Wegerle, P. Chance*

*1st Row: R. Seggie, A. Johnston*



### **SENIOR DIVING**

*Seated: C. Chennells, C. Floros, Miss B. Bowley, T. Mc Arthur, S. Seggie*

*1st Row: A. Marlon, K. Gaylard, K. Wang, R. Seggie, C. Watson, J. Chennells*

## **Diving**

Courage has evidently increased at St John's in 1995 because one of the biggest diving teams braved both the Hilton waters and the Hilton spectators this season.

The early date of the inter-schools competition made the visits to Hilton more frequent and the girls more anxious. St John's entered four girls. We narrowly missed selection into the Natal squad unfortunately, but gained experience that should place us with the top divers next year.

Diving demands control of nerves and limbs and the ability to ignore a heart that is pumping furiously. It is such a formal procedure and an individual display that one has to be focused on the dive and nothing else. It is comforting, therefore, to know that one has the support of team-members who know exactly what one is experiencing. May the St John's support never falter.

Our thanks go to Lindi Fairweather, our coach, for her time, patience, and, of course, for the wonderful cakes that gave us that vital energy between competitions! Thanks also go to our chauffeur, Miss Nixon, who religiously transported us to Hilton, and who so willingly obliged by taking us the 'scenic' route home out of the Hilton ground!

Camilla Floros – Captain



### **1ST TEAM HOCKEY**

*Seated: C. Floros, L. van Breda, Miss B. Bowley, K. Stokes, A. Weinand*

*1st Row: C. Chennells, A. Balcomb, T. Spilsbury, K. Zammit, N. Rushton, G. Steenberg*

*2nd Row: E. Yeats, C. Carte, P. Mtshali*

## **Hockey**

1995 has given us a memorable hockey season, beginning with our tour to Australia where we had the excitement not only of seeing the other side of the world, but of winning five matches and drawing two.

We came back eager to show everyone what we had learnt overseas, such as support in the forward line and working back in defence. The season went fairly smoothly, but Teresa's neck injury prevented her from playing a few matches. Good wins against St Anne's (5-3) and Girls' High (3-1) put us in high spirits. Our annual match against Durban Girls' College was held at St John's this year, a 2-2 draw indicating the strength of both teams. Our first team ended the season unbeaten, which was exciting for all of us. The second team played consistently throughout the season; the u/16 teams improved as the season progressed; and the u/14 teams learnt that teamwork is an important part of hockey.

I would like to thank Miss Bowley and Mike Bowley for all their hard work and encouragement throughout the season. What success we have enjoyed is largely due to them. We will never forget to "oldtimer the ball in the p-flick area" and to "hatch" the ball! Thank you also, Mrs Stakemire and Mrs Avery, for coaching the u/16 and u/14 teams respectively.



Kirsten, your untiring support and enthusiasm have been invaluable to the team and to me. Congratulations to the first team players on an impressive season. The matric hockey players wish next year's teams the best of luck.

Linda van Breda – Captain

#### Midlands representatives:

Open A – Linda van Breda (captain)

Open B – Ashleigh Wienand (captain), Camilla Floros

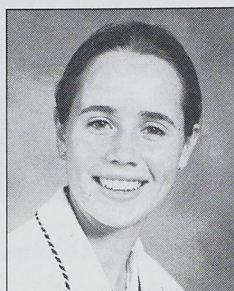
Open C – Gina Steenberg, Kelly Zammit

u/16 A – Claire Chennells

u/16 B – Cathy Carte (v/captain)

u/14 – Jessica Dicks, Julia Norton

South African u/18 A – Linda van Breda



**LINDA VAN BREDA**  
**S.A. U/18**

**Hockey Team**

## Tennis

This year's tennis league hasn't been as successful as it has been in previous years, owing to changes in teams during the year. In the Lyle League, which is played during the first term, the first team came sixth and the second team came fifth in their respective sections. Our opposition varied but Girls' High and St Anne's, in particular, provided some tough opposition.

The Winnie Lowe League, during the third term, produced better results. The first team, of four players, ended fourth in their section. Our first team is relatively young this year, which will definitely benefit St John's in years to come.

The u/16 team were consistent throughout their season. During the first term, they produced some fine tennis. The u/14 team continued to impress, producing good results and learning a lot about the game.

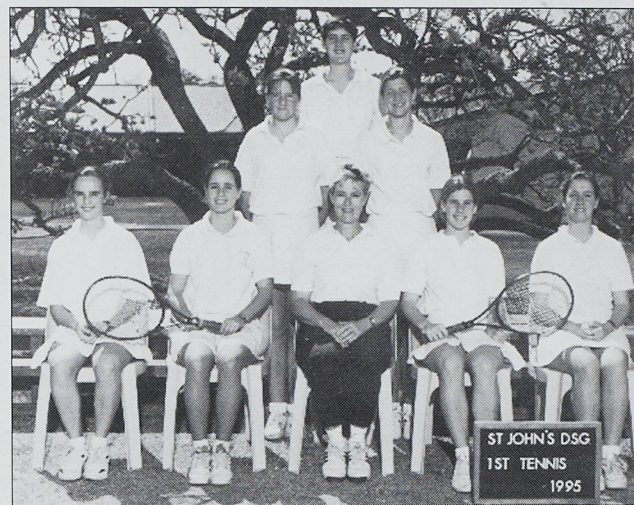
Thank you, Mrs Snyman, for your hard work and enthusiasm throughout the year. Your encouragement helped us to keep going and we can only benefit from advice such as "Bend your knees and keep your eye on the ball". Thanks also to Helen, for continued support. I don't think she had ever heard

so many "sorries" in a game as when she was playing doubles with me! Her strong game managed to see us through many difficult situations. I wish next year's teams the best of luck and hope you will get as much pleasure from the game as I have.

Linda van Breda – Captain

#### Midlands representatives:

Helen James, Kelly Jenkins, Deanne van Breda



**1ST TEAM TENNIS**

*Seated: E. Yeats, L. van Breda, Mrs L. Snyman, H. James, N. Rushton*

*1st Row: D. van Breda, A. Balcomb, K. Jenkins*



## Squash

Squash is a game which demands stamina and the courage to play as an individual – an individual who is sometimes soundly beaten, but an individual who will always have the support of her team-mates. Such is the situation at St John's.

This year's squash team has seen a shift from four matrics and one standard seven pupil, to one matric and five standard eights. Although we do not have a team which plays in the Open Age group, we have one in the Women's League – much more exciting! The team has been inspired by our coach, Cas van Aardenne, who plays for the 'Varsity First Team. In return for his lessons on squash, we have taught him a thing or two about hockey!

In the second term, a new girl, Leigh-Anne Purvis, joined our team. Her energy, dedication and encouragement have set a good example for the rest of us to follow. When playing in the Women's League one Tuesday evening, Leigh-Anne's opponent was standing in the way, preventing her





### **WOMEN'S LEAGUE SQUASH**

*Seated: P.Foster, Mrs K.Herselman, C.Hawkins  
Back Row: L-A.Purvis, V.Forbes, K.Lindsay, G.James,  
R.Steenberg*

from getting to the ball. To prevent a collision in the middle of the point, Leigh-Anne, polite as ever, stopped, said, "Excuse me", then continued running! Keep it up Leigh-Anne!

The Natal Open Champs provided the opportunity for two girls to learn from their mistakes and to gain experience, whilst our performance in the Natal Inter-Schools tournament led to a special reward: we came second in the "B" section! How delighted we were!

I'd like to thank Mrs Herselman for her commitment to the team. Without her organisation, our team would not have gained the experience we have. To next year's team I should like to say good luck. Participate in everything you possibly can as that is the way to improve.



### **1ST TEAM NETBALL**

*Seated : T.J. Mc Arthur, N. Walden , C. Moore, L.Hansen,  
H. James.  
Back Row : N. Zulu, D. Holgado.*

## **Netball**

Captaining the netball team this year has been a really enjoyable experience as we had a very successful, sometimes challenging, season.

We played many different Pietermaritzburg schools and it was lovely to see the spirit and enthusiasm. We lost and we won, but at all times each member gave her best. The Under Fourteens did exceptionally well, winning all their matches.

I think that what we gained most from playing was learning to laugh and still to have fun when losing badly to another side! We also had to support and encourage one another, which is another valuable lesson for life.

On behalf of all the netball players, I should like to thank our coaches, Ms Nixon and Ronelle for their expert advice and for putting up with all the groans when we tackled fitness exercises.

I wish the 1996 teams all the best.

Caroline Moore – Captain



### **ATHLETICS**

*Seated: P. Leisegang, L. Hansen, Mrs J.Grové,  
A.Weinand, D.Grové  
1st Row: B.Harris, C.Stewart, K - J. Small, C.Chennells,  
M.Hallett, L - A. Sclanders*



**ASHLEIGH WEINAND**  
**S.A. U/18**

**Athletics Team**  
**(Discus)**

## **Cross Country**

We enjoyed a fairly smooth running season this year with only one or two hiccoughs in the whole season; no one even got lost this year! Ashleigh Preston was injured after the third run and was unable to compete further. Well done to her, however, for her achievements in these three runs.



The open teams comprised eight runners, most of whom tried their hardest at all times. Congratulations to Debbie Grové, our most successful senior runner, who held positions within the first twenty in five of our six runs.

The season closed with an enjoyable braai and prize giving at Hilton College. Unfortunately we are still unsure of the exact positions of our teams at the end of the season. Thank you, Anne, for your support throughout the season and, Sir, for your encouragement. I'm surprised that more runners didn't go home crying after the run, and not because they were tired either!

Lynn Robinson – Captain



#### **CROSS COUNTRY**

*Seated: K. Furniss, L. Robinson, Mr M. Wotherspoon, A. Balcomb, L-A. Sclanders*

*Back Row: A. Preston, A. Stent, P. Leisegang, D. Grové, C. Stewart, V. Chi*



## **Herman's Delight**

Every Tuesday a car, or if numbers warrant it, a bus, leaves St John's at 5.05 p.m. for Alexandra Park. In it will be found some intrepid girls who have decided to measure their running skills at the 2,6 km time trial known as Herman's Delight. The trip to the Park is punctuated by moans and groans, lists of ailments and injuries and excuses proffered as to why this will be a slow run. The trip back is full of excitement and achievement – "So you think I'll get my name in the paper?" being the crucial question.

One memorable evening two Matrics insisted on running despite the downpour. As there were less than ten runners foolhardy enough to brave the elements, their positions were most impressive. Imagine their chagrin when those results were not published in The Natal Witness!

Max Wotherspoon

## **Basketball**

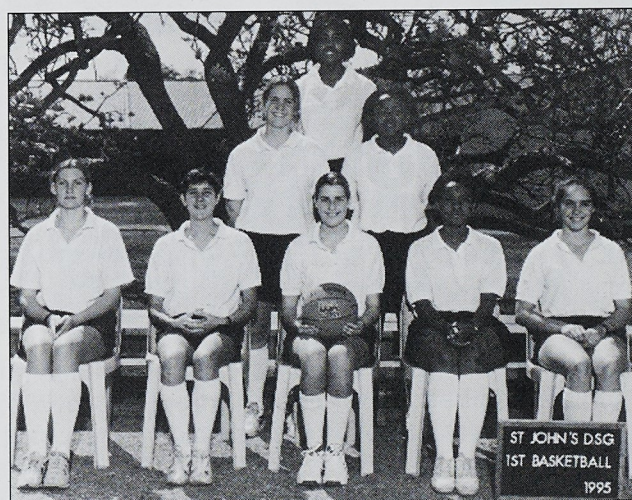
At the beginning of our basketball season, most of our players were not very optimistic and felt uncomfortable as our team was completely new. I say "most people" and not "everyone" as there was one exception: Phetile, who, when we were not playing our best, never took anything too seriously and taught us (with her infectious laugh) that laughter is the best medicine! However, as the season progressed, our team spirit soared and our confidence grew.

We played reasonably well this term, winning most of our league matches, but unfortunately losing to Girls' High. The annual Coca-Cola tournament was great fun. We started off as a strong and enthusiastic team; however, by the end of the tournament, numbers had been depleted: Claire fractured her arm, Nokwazi somehow was cut in the face; and Grace sprained her wrist.

From being very nervous at the beginning of the season, we soon changed and sometimes became over-confident. The highlight of each game occurred when we had the chance to practise our three-pointers (only when we were winning, of course). This, for most people, would have been their moment of glory, but for me, it was the height of embarrassment. All I scored were "fresh airs" and a blushing face!

On behalf of the all the basketball players, I would like to thank Kerry Taylor for giving so much of her time to coach us, and for sharing her talent and expertise. I would also like to thank the 1st Team for having a super season. We played hard, but we also had fun.

Kelly Zammit – Captain



#### **1ST BASKETBALL**

*Seated: G. Mc Gill, A. Balcomb, K. Zammit, A. Mkize, T. Mc Arthur*

*1st Row: C. Chennells, N. Mzobe, P. Mtshali*



# Junior School

I began teaching at St John's in 1956 and, although forty years spans generations of pupils, it is in the last eight years that I have seen the greatest changes, both in education and in the Junior School itself.

Perhaps the most rewarding development has been the steady increase in numbers of girls which has now led to a waiting-list in almost every class.

Facilities such as the Computer Room and the Resource Centre have been established and developed to a degree of which we can be proud. Very old classrooms have been restored and transformed into cheerful and motivating workplaces which look on to the charming and tranquil quad garden.

The most fulfilling aspect of my role as headmistress has been that of the Open Door policy: children in our school have an unshakeable trust and a spontaneous affection for us, the staff, that never fail to amaze me and which have been remarked on by visitors to the school. It is this uncontrived friendliness that has constantly restored my sanity and put things into perspective.

My career at St John's has given me a rich tapestry of life and people, which I feel I would not have been privileged to enjoy had I not been fortunate enough to start here forty years ago.

The school is built on foundations of great and enduring values which were laid down by the founding Sisters and, as I look to the future, I know that the school will continue to thrive and to instil these values in generations of girls to come.

Sheila Hyman  
Vice Principal (Junior School)



*Bishop Michael Nuttall, Ms Marguerite Poland, Miss Sheila Hyman and Reverend Mother after Speech Day.*



# Excerpts from MARGUERITE POLAND'S SPEECH

20TH OCTOBER, 1995

*It's a great privilege to be invited to be Guest of Honour at a Speech Day and the biggest honour of all is to be asked here on Miss Hyman's last Speech Day after so many years of loving service to St John's. I decided there was no point in speaking of anything not connected with this special person and so, in cahoots with Mrs Mary-Lynne Tennant, [who was also taught by Miss Hyman], I decided to ask all the girls to write something about their favourite headmistress – in absolute secret.*

*When I first spoke to Mrs Tennant she said that Miss Hyman had been her most inspiring English teacher ever – a most beautiful person who wore the loveliest dresses. This description still holds true. But I'll let the words speak for themselves.*

## **Description – First of all, we must describe Miss Hyman:**

1. Miss Hyman has grey and white hair. She wears black shoes, chains and rings and many beautiful things. She has a lovely smile. She does talk a lot.
2. Miss Hyman is very pretty and she wears such pretty clothes. She has a wonderful laugh. She loves brightly-coloured flowers. Her dresses ALWAYS have flowers on them. They are blue and purple and pink.
3. Miss Hyman's dresses are lovely. They are always wavy. Miss Hyman likes shoes. Once Miss Hyman asked me to go to the boot of the car and fetch her some shoes. To my surprise, there was a whole bootful of shoes and I didn't know which ones to pick. She is very sensible, she has a pair of shoes for walking round the school, for driving and for shopping.
4. Miss Hyman is little. She is the same size as me. I like it when there is a little headmistress because then she is just like all the other people in the school. I am so pleased she is not tall.
5. When she smiles her eyes wrinkle up and all her smile lines appear.
6. I love Miss Hyman's eyes. When she smiles you can see the warmth, love and understanding and they say much about her.

## **Temperament – No teacher doesn't have her patience tried and every teacher has a style of disciplining. Of course, the children see the warning signs:**

1. We always know when Miss Hyman is cross because she walks extremely fast and she scrunches up her lips and goes tap tap tap tap along the corridor.
2. One thing I really like about Miss Hyman is that when she is out of the class and we are making a row you can always hear her coming with the noise of her high heels. Someone told me that she put felt on her heels so you wouldn't hear her. But that's rubbish because her heels make such a racket.
3. She comes in with a roar if we are too loud and says "It's not a very good way to start the day, is it?"
4. Last term I really got Miss Hyman mad and kept irritating her with stupid questions so that finally her face went bright red, her nose stayed white and she was trembling with rage. At first I was terrified because it isn't often that she gets that angry. When she saw my shocked face she burst out laughing. After being very confused, I started laughing with her.

## **Education – Every teacher has her teaching talents and her little quirks when it comes to a method of teaching. Miss Hyman is no exception:**

1. Miss Hyman is English. You can hear it by her voice. She has a bit of an English accent. She teaches English - "proper English".
2. She loves to see everyone reading. She says that the printed word is better than a million movies. She gets very involved in what she does. Once she was reading a story called "The Selfish Giant" and at the end, when the giant dies, she started crying in the middle of assembly.
3. Miss Hyman taught me poetry. She loves poetry best. She is very wise. She is clever and loves History and keeps telling us to go and look up



places in the atlas. She speaks the most beautiful English and uses lots of expression and acts the parts. She writes beautifully and sings nicely – I know because I sat next to her in assembly once. She helped me write a piece of poetry and we had lots of laughs until it was perfect and then she was proud of me and made me feel special. Miss Hyman makes the time to give each one of us the same amount of attention.

4. During the second and third term Miss Hyman read us some stories and poems and I remember distinctly one story about a teacher and a boy where the teacher got very angry and the boy started to walk out of the classroom and the teacher said, "Where do you think you are going?" and the boy answered "ta-ta" and this sentence was so hilarious to Miss Hyman that after laughing and acting like the boy she started crying and then after that she was all happy and bouncy and when we said "Good afternoon" she said "Ta-ta girls".
5. Once Miss Hyman was going to look at the dressing-up cupboard and she took a step and fell on her bottom and just started to laugh.
6. She always says: "oh NOOOO, really, don't be silly - can't you see or are you blind." When she talks about a subject it leads to another subject and she will take off her glasses and rub her nose and then – goes right off the point!

*Over and over again, I read how the girls loved Miss Hyman's stories about when she was small, about stories in assembly and about poems. Besides reading, her other favourite thing is making friends. I also know about her pet hate – LITTER and bad manners. I read that Miss Hyman:*

teaches girls to be ladylike and that she "always means business!"

*I am also led to believe that Miss Hyman, besides being as wise as an owl, is a "very civilized individual."*

### **Sharing – Miss Hyman always shares:**

*Nearly every essay mentioned how much Miss Hyman cared for and loved children and many spoke of her caring for her "dear old mother who is nearly 100". All talked about her laughter and her hugs. All spoke about her sharing:*

1. One day I gave Miss Hyman a paw-paw. She took me to her office and gave me a toffee.

2. I brought my tortoise to school to show Miss Hyman and she loved it.
3. At the end of term I gave Miss Hyman a present and she said "You don't need to do that" and I said "But you do NEED it". I know that Miss Hyman loves chocolate.
4. If we are doing well or even badly in matches you can see by the expression on her face that she is proud of us. Once I scored a goal and she had a grin from ear to ear and I could see by the twinkle in her eyes that she was very happy with me. When you have done something really good and have put a great deal of effort into it, she praises you and makes you feel really important.
5. When I won a race in the gala, she gave me a huge hug.
6. Miss Hyman never says anything bad about anyone and she always has something cheerful to say. When she shakes our hands she is not saying "How boring – another award." She is saying "Well done, I know you tried your hardest."
7. Miss Hyman always looks at both sides of the story.
8. Once when she was telling us about St Jerome she asked what animal was walking up to the monks and I said a St Bernard and everyone was giggling at me and Miss Hyman was kind even though it was a lion.
9. She gives you a warm and comforting feeling. She is a person that you can cuddle up to. Her loving is when you are upset, her caring is when you need someone at your side and her sharing is when she has something and passes it on. We will treasure her in our hearts.
10. Miss Hyman shares the hearts of lots of people. I am sure God will lead her to the right path.  
*One little girl who has suffered a great loss said*  
"Miss Hyman took time in her holidays to come to my mother's funeral. I think that is love."

*The last word comes from one of the girls at this school, and which is, perhaps, the greatest tribute of all. In speaking of Miss Hyman she says:*

**"Miss Hyman believes so strongly in God, she is full of light in her heart. I think she is just like an angel."**



# 

The year began on a very busy note – literally! A group of std 3, 4 and 5 pupils sang three hymns at the wedding of Jacqui Hesp, the daughter of Mr Tony Hesp. They delighted the family and guests with their lovely singing. The standard two girls produced some good instrumental music and singing for our visitors and parents on Promotion Day.

The Open Day theme this year was “Light”. The Drama and Music Departments worked together to give a varied programme of drama, dance, poetry and music with every class participating.

The recorder groups have made good progress and have acquitted themselves well at assemblies by accompanying some of the hymns. They all played at the musical evening. I do hope that the recorder groups will continue to play next year.

Several of our Junior School music pupils performed at the Musical Evening giving much pleasure to an enthusiastic audience. Their music teachers were very proud of them.

The Junior Choir had a very busy start to the year learning many new songs for the Combined Choirs’ Evening held at Cordwalles School. It was held outside on a very cold evening, but the children coped well and enjoyed themselves.

Thembi Luckett and the Std 4 and 5 recorder group entertained guests on the evening of 13 October 1995 when the Music Hall was officially named the “Myrle Simpkins Music Hall”.



*Mrs Cherry with some of her recorder players.*

This last term is a busy one musically when the Junior Choir prepare for Prize-Giving and Carol Services and the Junior Primary pupils prepare for the Christmas Concert held at the end of the term.

I would like to thank Miss Hyman and the staff of the Junior School for the wonderful support and encouragement given to the pupils and staff of the Music Department.

Margaret Cherry

## **MY WORST DAY AT SCHOOL**

It was a cold morning on the 20th of September 1994, the day of the Musical Evening. I was in the classroom having an Afrikaans lesson when we were called out by Miss Hyman. I thought we were going to be told what we were to do that night. Instead, it was the sad news that my piano teacher had passed away that morning. I didn’t want to believe her because I had seen Miss Harland just the other day, alive and healthy. But it was the truth. I started crying, but no-one noticed, not even the teacher.

I wanted to go home to my mom, but I could not because my parents were overseas and we were boarding. I felt empty. I had never experienced the death of someone I knew well. I decided that I would still play at the Musical Evening and that I would do it for Miss Harland. I would remember everything she had told me.

The night arrived. I was very nervous. They called my name out; I walked onto the stage and started to play. Before I knew what I was doing, I was backstage with Mrs Cherry saying how well I had played. I then felt I had achieved something with the help of Miss Harland.

Elizabeth Bassage – Std 5



# Class i

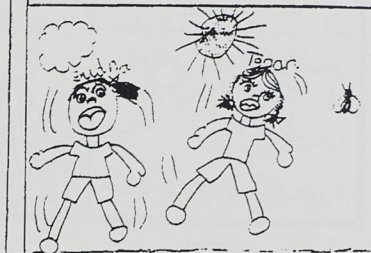
Thobile Manzi

We are happy because we had rain. I stayed at home because I was very sick. I feel better today. I had a banana for breakfast.



Tegan Duckworth

I got a black eye at gym because Sudha bumped into me. We fell over.



Nicola Withey

I had a happy week-end. My brother caught some spiders for me. I caught them ants to eat.



Amy Joubert

I went to little Switzerland. I saw buck and pretty birds. I walked with my family.



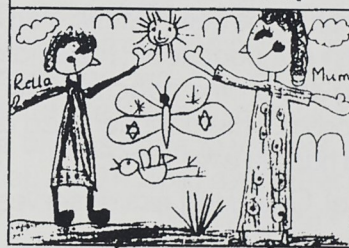
Krusten Nisbet

We are happy because we had rain. I went to the beach. We fetched my mom from the airport.



Retlolloe Nakin

I went to Rosalind's party and my mum came to see me.



Alice Durnford

We are happy because we had rain. I went to the Hilton Drama Festival. They had a jumping castle. It was wet there. I saw lots of st john's girls. We saw lots of plays and we saw a puppet show.



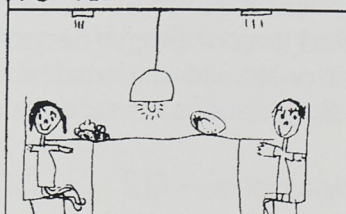
Jenna Brown

I went to Umlalazi. I saw palm. Nut. Vultures. I went to Jo's birthday party. I played a tennis match against Alice.



Saira Webber

We had a happy week-end. I went to the restaurant called Tropicana. We had cheese tomato and lettuce.





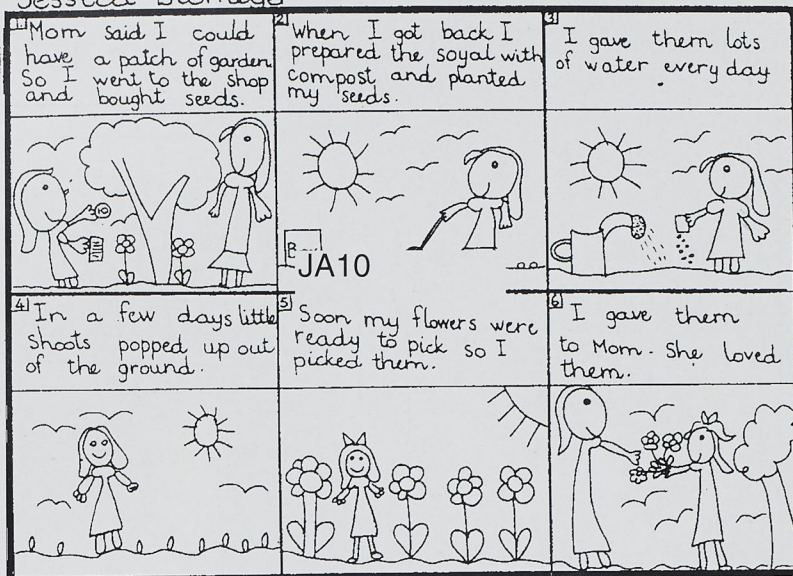
# Class ii

NEWS - 11.09.95

On Monday night my dad was telling us a story and he got up to a part about snooker so for the rest of the night we were playing snooker with a broom and Nessa's ball and a tennis ball.

Laura Salisbury - Cl.2

Jessica Blomeyer



## PENNY THE PEACOCK

Penny was a very beautiful peacock. She was very kind too. One day she was having a walk and she found a spider in a lake. She thought if it was her how would she feel. So she got a leaf and the spider got on. On the way home she almost got poached! The spider came along and bit the poacher. He was poisonous. The poacher died and they lived happily ever after.

Moral: One good turn deserves another.  
Rebecca Burne - Cl.2

NEWS - 25.07.95

I went to Cape Town. We were going to drive but the engine blew. So we flew there. We went to the Waterfront and to watch the rugby. We borrowed a car and the windows were fun. We went to two wine farms and we stayed in a flat. The number of the flat was fifteen. There was a cat there as well. I called the cat Ginger because he had ginger on him and white and he was fat. We stayed there for six days and it was fun.

Caroline Hindley - Cl.2

## THE SCARECROW

Above the corn so still he stands  
Like a statue with frozen hands  
Looking for crows all over the land.  
The scary, hairy scarecrow.

Liesa Hilliar and Katherine Main - Cl.2

## COWS

Cows can be different. Some farmers have Guernsey which is a light brown and white cow. Some might have Jersey which is a creamy-coloured cow. Or some might stock Friesland cows which are dark black and white.

Normally cows are milked twice a day, around five or half past five in the morning and then at three o'clock in the afternoon. Cows can get Bloat. They get all fat. You can help them by keeping them off grass and only feeding them hay. Or they can get Red-water which is caused by ticks. Cows usually get it in Summer. I love cows.

Bronwyn Wilson - Cl.2





## THE SPRING FAIR

Once there was a little girl called Sunshine. She was having a dress-up party.

It was called the Spring Fair.

Everyone had to dress up as Spring things like butterflies, ladybirds, frogs and worms. But Sunshine was a sunflower. Suddenly she heard the doorbell and there were her friends! "Now it's time to play the guessing game. You have to try and guess who is in those costumes."

After that they played Hopscotch in the back yard. Then they went to the park and played fairies. Sunshine was the queen of fairies. All her friends gave her flowers and made a bed out of leaves. Everybody got a turn to lie in the bed for a little rest. Then they went back for some cake and tea. Afterwards they went into the garden and made a tent because her friends were sleeping over as well. It was going to be fun! "Yum, yum, ribs for supper. Now it's the fun time. While Mum is cooking we can open the presents." Sunshine got all sorts of things like Barbies, dolls and ornaments to put on her window-sill. She felt very happy that day.

Dominique Kidd - Cl.2



*Margot Flint reads to class 1 girls, Emily and Retlotloe, during Aftercare.*

## UMGENI RIVER BIRD PARK

I must tell you about the day that class 2 went to Umgeni River Bird Park because we were learning about birds. We went on the Maharaj bus. It had a T.V. and a radio and it was pink and it had a tilted back.

We saw peacocks and parrots. We also saw a crane and it tried to nip us but we were careful and stayed on the other side. We looked at the flamingo. It had pink long legs and neck. Then it was time for tea.

We went to sit next to the incubator and had our tea. On the way back I fell and I never cried. Then we went home. I enjoyed it very much.

Liesa Hilliar - Cl.2

## BINGO BIRD

Once there was a bird called Bingo. And he was soft. He lived in a tree and he sang. He had green wings and his body was purple and his tail was all colours. He was very happy. But one day there was a storm and he fell out of his nest and broke his wing. He fell near an old woman's house. When the woman came out to water her garden she saw him. She picked him up and bandaged his wing and she put him in a little cage until he was better. She didn't like to see him look out of the window so she let him go. After that he always came to visit her every day and they lived happily ever after.

Chené Mouton - Cl.2

## AFTERCARE

I love Aftercare because the teachers help us with our homework. When we are finished we play outside with the tennis rackets and the balls. And we also dress up in old clothes and pretend we are grown-ups. That's why I love Aftercare.

Rowanne Dunbar - Cl.2

I love going to Aftercare because we do our homework there. When we have finished we play with balls and swingball. Also we read books and it is fun when Miss Hyman does homework with us.

Any Quinton - Cl.2

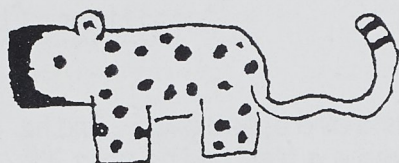


# Standard 1

## MY MUM

My mum has brown hair and brown eyes. She is kind, loving and caring for all around her. My mum likes to make porcelain dolls and bake. She doesn't like me digging in the cake tins that are full of cakes and biscuits. My mum likes to talk again and again all day, and she also sews a lot.

Jessica Duckworth – Std 1



Std 1 girls painting trees for Arbour Day.

## WHEN IT IS HOT

When it is hot I feel sticky and bothered, irritated, tired and thirsty. I want to collapse on a bed or to be in a fridge. I don't feel like doing anything at all. I feel quite sick and want to cry. I start to think of the cool breeze at home in Kamburg. I get cross and I want to go home. I want to drink cool lemonade with lots of ice. I hate hot weather!

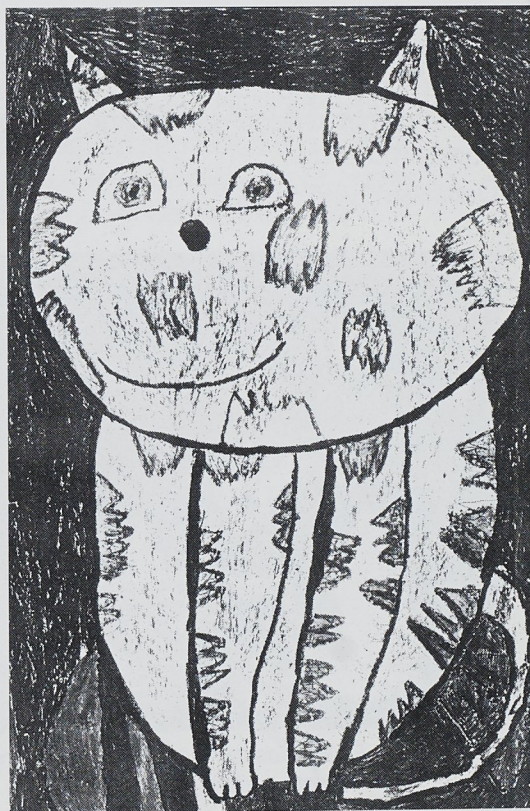
Jennifer Campbell – Std 1



## PATCH CAT



Michelle Snyman and Rebecca Mazel (Std 1) show the birds they made in Art.



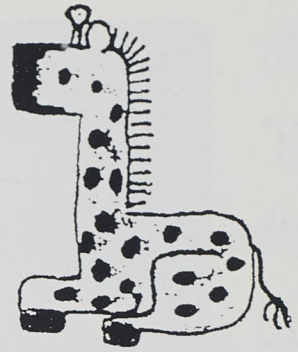
by Victoria Johnson



## WISHES

Once I was sitting under a tree when I saw a beautiful fairy sitting on a rose petal drawn by two butterflies. She let go of the golden threads which held the butterflies and they flew away happily. The rose petal floated down. She asked me what wishes I would want most in the world, I told her I would like animal survival and peace and everyone to get a good education. She smiled and disappeared. I never saw her again, but my wishes came true.

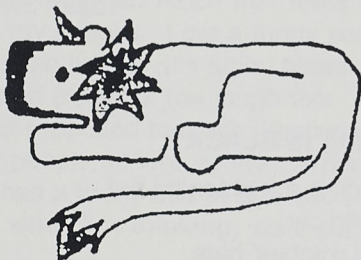
Rebecca Mazel – Std 1



## THE DAY I GOT LOST

It was during the school holidays when I got lost. We were running around the lighthouse chasing the wind. One minute my parents were there and the next, they had disappeared. My cousin said she knew a short cut along the beach, so off we went, leaping from rock to rock and pool to pool. My tummy was churning but I carried on running. I wanted my mom badly. I could feel tears in my eyes. Then suddenly we saw the bright light of the cottage. We were safe. I felt happy and relieved to be united with my family.

Jessica Schoeman – Std 1



## I CHOSE ST JOHN'S

I chose St John's because it's such a lovely school. My dad wanted me to come here so I could read well. I came here because of the Headmistress and teachers. My mom brought me here because St Charles is just around the corner, over the bumps.

Stacy-Lynne Graham – Std 1

## MY MUM

My mom has frizzy hair. She likes swimming and she works at home. My mom feeds the pets when I am supposed to. She really likes reading books. She gets cross when I leave my pyjamas in my bedroom when I go to bath. When she sees one of her friends in the shop, she starts to chatter. She used to work at the Child and Family centre.

Alice Morrison – Std 1



MRS JILL CHAMPION by Jessica Duckworth – Std 1





*Mrs Ducasse taught her Std 2 girls about birds in the third quarter.*

## GUY FAWKES NIGHT

Rockets shoot into the dark night.  
They explode, surprising everyone.  
Peoples' faces light up  
as sparks flash across the sky  
then fall down like raindrops  
onto earth.

Jane Holland – Std 2



*Candice, Tatum and Kyasha presenting their own T.V. show to the other Std 2 girls.*

## RUGBY WORLD CUP 1995

I think the rugby was wonderful. We watched it at my uncle's house. Every time we scored a try my dad went frantic. It's the first time we've had World Cup rugby in South Africa so my family was very excited. All the children laughed when the All Blacks did their Haka war dance.

We were worried at the beginning because the All Blacks had already scored three points in the first five minutes. I was very happy to see the Springboks winning and my dad was ecstatic. When we went home my friend and I were leaning out of the car windows shouting "Springboks!" because we were so happy.

Kirsten Talbot – Std 2

## THIS IS ME . . .

My name is Kyasha. I am nine years old. I have brown eyes and straight black hair. I am short and a little fat. My nose is quite small.

Kyasha Bhoola – Std 2

## . . . AND THIS IS ME

My name is Tatum. I am nine and a half. I am short and have hazel eyes and thick eyebrows and thick eyelashes too. I have braids in my hair and a dimple on the right cheek.

Tatum Swinny – Std 2

## WHAT IS BLACK?

Black is a frightening bat,  
a wild cat,  
and witches' hats.  
It lies in a hearse,  
dead as a curse.  
Its shadows come out  
when owls fly about.  
At midnight, no doubt!

Tatum, Whitney, Sarah and Gemma – Std 2

## WHAT IS ORANGE?

Orange is an Autumn leaf  
that falls upon the ground,  
a tiger prowling for its prey  
or a sunset going down.  
Orange is seen in desert sand,  
in a warning robot light.  
It lies hidden in a bonfire  
when the cinders glow at night.

Margot, Candice, Solveig and Louisa – Std 2



## DINOSAUR DAY

As I was walking in the wood  
I saw something move – there it stood!  
I gaped and stared, for what I saw  
Was a great big, ugly dinosaur!  
I turned around and quickly ran  
In case it was an eater of man.  
I told the people that I saw  
To run – or he might eat you raw.  
They didn't believe a word I said;  
They thought me crazy in the head.  
Then I remembered my teacher say  
It was Dinosaur Float Parade today!

Aimee Schoemann – Std 2

## Feelings . . .

**ANGER.** When I feel angry my heart starts to beat strongly. My face turns flaming red and I lose control: I start to scream and shout. Later, I am embarrassed about the way I behaved.

Solveig Gevers – Std 2

**LAUGHTER.** I laugh when someone tells me a funny joke. I laugh so much that tears sometimes come down my cheeks. I get a funny sort of feeling and it tickles me inside. It's funny hearing someone else laugh and it makes me laugh too. Sometimes when I'm not supposed to laugh, I come out with the giggles and people all look at me. When my friend laughs she has a funny sort of grin and I think she's thinking of what I'm thinking, so I start to laugh again!

Louisa Dreyer – Std 2

**HOMESICKNESS.** When I'm homesick and I'm lying in my friend's bed, I get butterflies in my tummy. I want to cry, but I don't. It's dark and I'm scared.

Kirsten Talbot – Std 2

**SADNESS.** When I am sad I want to be alone; I don't want to be disturbed. My tummy starts to swirl around and then tears start to flow. I even get the shivers and shakes. I don't want to talk to anybody; I just want to be all by myself.

Thembi Luckett – Std 2

**TERROR.** When I woke in the middle of the night I felt afraid: I saw a hairy spider on my bed. I wanted to run to my mother, but the spider might follow me, I thought. Then I made up my mind – I screamed!

Cyan Crosby – Std 2

## MY BEST DOG, BILLY

We first saw Billy at the Pet Shop at Cascades Centre. He was eight weeks old and ready for his new home. Billy is now three years old and has grown into a lazy, gentle dog. He loves to play with a ball. He also likes to rip his bed up, even though he knows it's wrong. When I am sleepy Billy jumps on my pillow so that he can have a cuddle. Billy is like a brother to me.



Stephanie Symonds – Std 2

## MY PARENTS VISITED THE QUEEN

One Friday my mum and dad went onto the Britannia. There were lots of people in a queue waiting to go on to the ship. They finally got nearer to a man introducing everyone to the queen. She was wearing a sparkling pink dress with a diamond necklace and crown. They also met Nelson Mandela and Prince Philip and the King of the Zulus and many more important people. My mum and dad were honoured to be invited to such a grand occasion.

Sarah Conyngham – Std 2

## IN THE DARK

Everything is still. Shadows peer through my window. The leaves are shaking and they look like spooky eyes staring at me. I'm tucked up in my blankets, trying to get to sleep. The shadows are still there so I'm too scared to get up. The noise of owls makes it even more terrifying. I feel so lonely that I want to cry. I'm awake on my own with no-one to comfort me. My tummy starts to swirl; I want to explode; I have to scream . . . "Mum!" Nobody answers. I'm asleep.

Louise Shone – Std 2

## THE SMALL DINOSAUR

There once was a dinosaur that was a bit small. It ate grass and plants and wasn't fierce at all. It was the Protoceratops, a herbivore.

Gemma-Kate Bishop – Std 2



# STANDARD 3



*A formidable Miss Catherine Martin keeps order when the Std 3 girls go to the polls.*

## A MATCH

As my father strikes a match  
little yellow sparks begin to grow.  
They glow; then faster and faster  
they leap and crackle  
as the fire gets bigger.  
Then a soft grey smoke appears.  
Slowly it turns darker and darker  
until it becomes black.  
Gradually it withers and dies down.

Elizabeth Yeats – Std 3

## FIRE!

A spark flies,  
then a flame licks the grass.  
Suddenly it turns into a raging giant  
devouring everything in its path.  
Fire-engines scream,  
water splashes,  
then suddenly all is quiet.

Emily Ogram – Std 3

## The New Headmistress

The reason why we have a new headmistress is because our old headmistress, Miss McLean, has arthritis. *Sarah Mathews*

I was quite sad that Miss McLean had left. I am not very familiar with the new headmistress. *Nicola Mazel*

Today, Wednesday, 19th April, 1995, I, Michelle Browne, witnessed the Blessing of Mrs Champion, the new Headmistress of St John's D.S.G. *Michelle Browne*

Miss Hyman, Father Richard, Mr Champion, Miss Champion, a few nuns and the whole Junior School were there. *Lindsay Carte*

We all noticed that the flowers and the little curtain had changed during the holidays. *Stephanie Poltera*

Bishop Michael took his Bishop's crook and blessed Mrs Champion and we sang hymns. Mrs T played the piano. *Haley Gardner*

I think the meaning for having a crook was that he wanted us to know that he was the shepherd and we are his sheep. *Jane Rogers*

Bishop Michael Nuttall, Father Richard Hawkins and Miss Hyman were a great help blessing Mrs Champion. *Kate Leff*

Afterwards, Mrs Champion stood at the door so that we could all say good-morning and then we led off. *Bridget Bassage*

I think that Mrs Champion is going to be a very nice Headmistress. *Amy Balcomb*

I hope that God will guide her and I hope that she will be happy here. *Nokubonga Mthalane*



## RAIN

Drip, drip, went the rain  
coming down all day.  
There was nothing to be seen  
except car lights  
because it was so grey.

Jane Rogers – Std 3

## RAIN

Rain, rain, rain.  
I love it when it rains,  
refreshing the flowers,  
wetting the grass,  
running down the window pane.

Emily Ogram – Std 3

## THE STORM

A bolt of lightning appears  
in the dark grey sky.  
Thunder drums upon the earth  
and rain comes smashing down.  
In my bed I'm warm and snug  
and I have nothing to fear.  
I close my eyes and fall asleep  
while the storm disappears.

Stephanie Poltera – Std 3



The Std 3 girls learned about the San people.

## TALA RANCH, A LOT OF RAIN – AND VARKIE!

One Thursday morning we packed the buses and left for Tala Ranch. *Pippa Galloway*

When we went to set up our tents we saw a three-legged warthog. *Sarah Mathews*

The Warthog had only three legs because it once crossed onto Rainbow Chickens and they shot it in the leg. A farmer saw it and phoned Tala Ranch. They picked it up and took it to the vet and he had to cut its leg off. Now it stays and they feed it oranges. *Lisa Brown*

I grabbed my camera and took four photos of the warthog. Then suddenly it charged and it ran very fast even though it only had three legs! *Haley Gardner*

The first time we met him we all thought he was sweet and cute and harmless, but he was the total opposite. *Catherine Martin*

His name was Varkie and he caused a lot of damage. He stuck his head in our tent's hole and slobbered all over my pillow. *Kate Leff*

He went to a tent and he ate Amy's food and chewed her bag and ripped the tent in half. *Nokubonga Mthlane*

Some girls came running to tell me that a three-legged warthog was attacking my bag and had eaten all my sweets. After I had cleaned up a bit of the mess, we had to go for our Nature Walk. *Amy Balcomb*

When we got back there were red ants in the tent. We sprayed them with Peaceful Sleep and swept them out with Stephanie's towel. *Lindsay Carte*

We were eating our supper at when it started to pour with rain, but we weren't concerned and carried on eating. Soon we started worrying and we fled to our tents. They were flooded! *Priscilla Raw*

That night some tents were rained out so we went to sleep in a rondavel. The Standard fours stayed behind in their mini-huts because mini-huts don't have leaks or invasions from warthogs. *Shandre Kerr*

We all came back the next morning. I'm glad that night is over. *Elizabeth Yeats*

Varkie the warthog did not come out that day to say goodbye to Amy. *Jessica Hart*

It then was time to go and my heart sank because one night wasn't enough. *Nokubonga Mthlane*

The trip to Tala Ranch was a real experience! Although the warthog raided our tents and ate everything, it was really fun. *Bridget Bassage*





*At PINSSA 1995, Susan Carter-Brown and Renata de Gersigny presented a project on the effect of coloured light on plant growth. They were rewarded for their splendid effort with a Science book.*

## DIWALI

Diwali is the Festival of Light:  
The candles in the oil pots  
burn to spread their warmth and glow  
to Indian homes.

Vishnu, the God of Light,  
blesses good welcoming homes.  
Thanksgiving parcels  
are sent to family and friends,  
and fireworks are lit  
to celebrate the Festival.

Diwali is set for four days  
when joy is sent into the homes  
of Indian people.

It is a happy time,  
and family and friends often spend  
a few hours together.

As the evening draws to an end,  
the Festival of Light is over,  
but next year will come  
and the rejoicing will return again.

Shakira Padayachee – Std 4

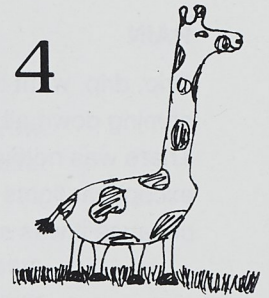
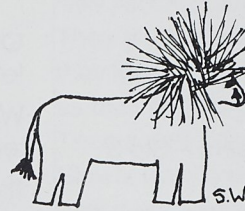
## CAMOUFLAGE

Giraffes are spotted and speckled  
and blend in with the trees and  
tall grasses.

Zebras are striped  
and hide in the shadows,  
while snakes are sometimes a fresh,  
light green and can hide away  
in the tips of trees.

Susan Carter-Brown – Std 4

# Standard 4



## 'N DAG BY DIE WILDTUIN

Eendag op my vakansie het ons na die wildtuin  
gegaan. Ons het op 'n pad langs die rivier gery.  
Skielik het 'n wilde hond uit die bosse gehardloop. Hy  
het om die motor geloop. 'n Rukkie later het ons 'n  
ander een gesien.

Een bobbejaan het op ons vriende se motor gesit.  
Hulle het die bobbejaan met water op sy rug gespuit.

Ons het baie diere gesien. Dit was 'n baie lekker  
dag.

Susan White – St. 4

## WATER

My throat is like a desert, hot and dry.  
It's about to crack into a million pieces.

When in front of me I see a tap,  
I turn it on, but nothing comes out.  
"Oh no," I think. "What am I going to do?"

I walk and walk until eternity.  
Then from a distance, I see another tap dripping  
away.

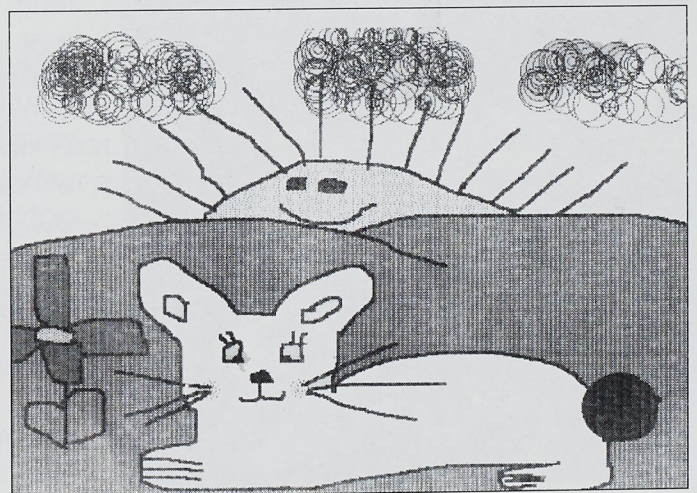
I run up to it.

Water at last!

I put my cupped hands out to get some water.  
I drink it.

All the pain and dryness goes away.

Kerry Johnson – Std 4



COMPUTER-DRAWN BUNNY by Shiane Wigmore – Std 4



## SHADOWS

Everything in the world  
has a shadow.  
Some are short  
and some are long,  
depending on where the sun is.  
Every shadow has a different  
shape and meaning.  
Some are pretty  
and others are scary.  
The shadows that I dislike  
the most  
are the ones that appear  
in the gloom.

Lauren Caine – Std 4

## CANDLES

It seems strange when  
I take you out of  
the cupboard,  
that you will give us light.  
But when we burn your spikey wick  
a dancing flame appears  
and fills the room with warmth.  
As I gaze into your  
shimmering flame,  
my eyes run.  
I watch the wax drip  
down your dead-straight spine.  
Then suddenly the drop hardens  
to form a cold rock!  
You are so tiny and yet you give  
so much power and warmth.  
But when I blow you out,  
where do you go?

Renata de Gersigny – Std 4

## MY VAKANSIE OP MAURITIUS

My ma het ons vertel dat ons na Mauritius gaan en  
ons was baie gelukkig. Ons het ons kleres op Vrydag  
gepak. My ma het gesê dat Mauritius baie warm is  
en ons sal in die see swem. Op Saterdagmôre het  
ons op die vliegtuig vir vyf uur gegaan.

Een uur later het ons na 'n hotel gegaan en ons  
klere uitgepak. Ons het na die Tropical Bar gegaan  
en het lekker koeldrank gedrink. Ek en my broer het  
na die boot gegaan en ons het baie kleurvolle vissies  
in die water gesien.

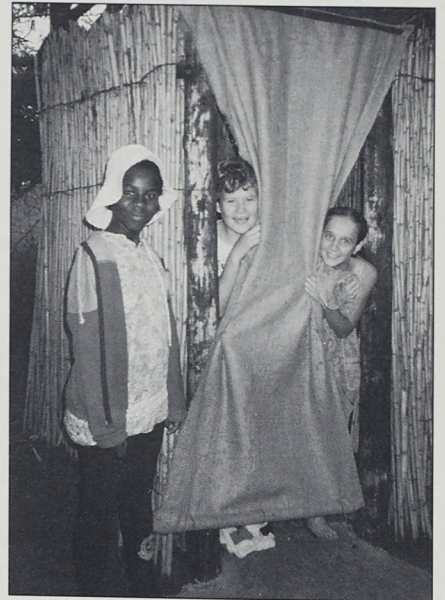
Ons het 'n baie lekker vakansie op Mauritius gehad,  
en ons het baie goed gekoop.

Sandy Dhlamini – St. 4

## STARS

A thousand million little suns  
shine like Christmas lights  
on a velvet tree.  
They shine.  
They twinkle.  
They call me.  
They seem to hold a secret,  
for a thousand winking eyes  
are signalling in the sky.  
Sometimes they say a storm  
is approaching,  
and then they hide behind  
the clouds.  
Sometimes they go pale,  
and they tell me that  
the dawn is coming.  
On a winter's night at the 'Berg  
they seem to be  
at the other end of the world.  
Will I ever know  
the secrets of the stars?

Kara Erasmus – Std 4

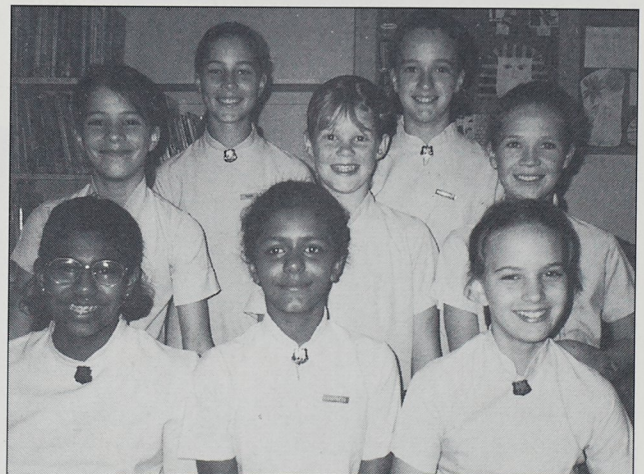


Std 4 girls in the shower at Tala Game Ranch.

## DARK SHADOW

I'm alone in the hallway.  
No! Someone else is here.  
It is stuck to my feet;  
it's black.  
I run into a dark corner.  
It's gone!  
I stand in the light . . .  
It's there.  
I wave, it waves.  
I move, it moves.  
It's only my shadow!

Maryanne Symonds – Std 4



These Std 4 girls were reliable and hard-working library monitresses for 1995.

Back row: Lauren Caine and Renata de Gersigny  
Middle row: Jessica Lyall, Susan Carter-Brown and  
Susan White

Front row: Shakira Padaychee, Puvithra Naidoo and  
Shiane Wigmore.



# STANDARD 5

## MY GRANDFATHER AND ME

My grandfather had silver, curly hair – and plenty of it!

He had a clean-shaven face and wrinkly, but kind hands. He always wore a tracksuit and takkies: he was a swimming coach.

When I went to his house I used to watch “Gummi Bears” and he would cook me pancakes. He was the best cook! Sometimes he would pour me 1cm of juice and ask me if it was too much. He always teased me like that. If I was scared or couldn’t sleep, he would tell me to come to his room.

I always slept perfectly at my grandpa’s house. On the day that he died, last year in January, I felt that I would never be happy again.

Naomi Cech – Std 5

## WHAT I THINK ABOUT WHEN I LIE IN BED AT NIGHT

When I lie in bed at night shivering under my blankets, I think of family and hope that they are happy and safe. I try to fall asleep, but I can’t.

I think about myself riding Raspberry. I’m cantering across the lush green meadows.

I think about what we are going to do at school the next day. I wonder what the time is. I wonder if Lynne or anyone in the dorm is still awake. I also wonder what the noises outside are.

I wonder if I have done all the homework we have been set . . . yes I have . . . good. I then count sheep . . . it works and finally I doze off to sleep.

Lara Payne – Std 5

*Dear Mom*

*I can’t thank you enough for all the things you do for me day after day, so I have decided to write this little note of appreciation.*

*I can’t imagine what it must be like to be the mother of our family. It must be very tiring coping with our sloppiness and bad habits. I know how sick and tired you must get of picking up Dad’s mess, telling Joy to get off the phone at least ten times before she obeys, and telling me to watch my table manners.*

*Thanks for encouraging me in all I do and for transporting Joy and me all over town.*

*Thanks for always comforting me when I am upset or in one of my bad moods.*

*We appreciate everything you do even if we don’t say it. It means a great deal when you do something for us, no matter how little it is – like remembering to buy my favourite fruit juice.*

*I hope you have a special Mother’s Day after giving us three hundred and sixty-four Children’s Days. I don’t know what our, or any family would do, without their very own Supermom.*

Ryley Olivier – Std 5



*Our Std 5 girls hosted their peers from the Georgenauw School to entertainment and some hard work.*

## SAD

Is SAD a feeling of grief  
when one of your animals dies?  
Or is it an unhappy feeling  
when your teacher shouts at you?  
Or is it a depressed feeling  
when you have too much homework?

Is SAD a feeling of hurt  
when a friend gossips about you?  
Or is it a sulky feeling  
when you bet and lose?  
Or is it a devastated feeling  
when there’s a maths problem unsolvable?

Camilla Lyall – Std 5



## RED

I feel that red is a hot colour. When I think of red I think of war and violence. I think of red as danger, death, pain, hatred, anger, unhappiness and unsettled feelings. Red is like fire, like exploding volcanoes.

Red is also a colour of love, happiness and warmth. When I see red I think of Valentine's Day, red hearts, red roses, heart-shaped chocolates, valentine cards and secret admirers!

Candice Vurovecz – Std 5

## ANGER

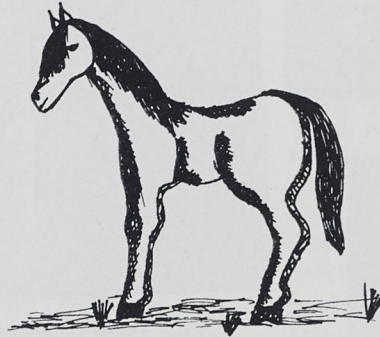
A volcano erupts  
at the top of my head.  
"How could she do this to me?"  
I ask myself.

I feel hurt,  
taken for a fool.  
Tears rush to my eyes  
and they fall down my cheeks.

I feel frustrated,  
unloved, insecure.  
I look for something to throw,  
but something tells me no.

Then slowly, slowly,  
the fuming cools  
and then I am  
my old self again.

Linda Titus – Std 5



## LOST!

Lost! Adrenalin courses through my veins. Where am I? Where's Mom? Who are these strange people? My heart skips a beat. I look around worriedly at the forest of legs and shoes about me. Busy, grown-up people tower above me, all going somewhere or to someone.

I am frightened and scared. Panicky whimpers come from me; they are uncontrollable! I break into loud sobs. My head nods with each breath of air I take in. I feel so helpless and frustrated! I hate the people who stare and stare.  
"Go away!" I think. "Leave me alone!"

All I can hear are questioning voices between my endless sobs. My cheeks are red hot and I taste my salty tears and hair covers my face.

I hear quick steps and comforting words. She takes me in her arms and I lay my throbbing head on her shoulder. I have found her! And she has found me. My mother rocks me saying "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!"

I feel relieved and secure while I sniff loudly with my head buried in her hair. I am safe, safe with her. She carries me away while I cling tightly onto her. My eyelids flutter and finally drop closed. I'll never forget all those years ago, when I got myself lost.

Ryley Olivier – Std 5

## IMAGES OF RED

I'm trapped in a hot desert. The beaming sun beats against me and I am swept away, away ... gone.

I find myself in the arms of a boy! I'm blushing with embarrassment and I try to escape. I disappear in a whirlpool of hearts – a whirlpool that becomes a war. I can't move; I have to be dead still; I can't help myself.

Suddenly I find myself running with bombs exploding from the blood red sky. I am terrified as I run the passage of death.

But that fades. Now I enter a rose garden filled with blood-red roses and it gives me a feeling of love.

Catherine Bassage – Std 5

## THE HIGHLIGHT OF MY HOLIDAY

When I woke and realised it was my first day at home, I jumped out of bed so enthusiastically that I nearly bumped my head on the side table. I ran through to see my baby brothers and Mum and Dad. Unfortunately, my dad had already gone off to work, but luckily I had seen him the night I had arrived. Later that day I was with all of them. It was wonderful to have a family reunion. I hadn't had such a feeling of joy for a long time.

Katherine Thorneycroft – Std 5



*Mrs Marinda Meeuwis, secretary at the Junior School for the past few years, is moving with her family to Durban, where her husband is starting a new job.*





*Cl.i girls wait their turn at the JP gala.*



*Some of the cl.i and cl.ii girls who played in the Buddy League on Wednesday afternoons.*

#### **LIST OF ACHIEVERS**

Catherine Martin – Natal Swimming  
 Thembi Lockett – Natal Diving  
 Clair Goosen – Pmb Cross-country  
 Maryanne Symonds – Pmb Cross-country  
   – Natal Cross-country  
 Kim Lindsay – Pmb Hockey  
 Lauren Caine – Pmb Tennis  
 Kim Lindsay – Natal Squash  
   – SA Schools "B" Squash  
 Thembi Lockett – Pmb Gymnastics  
 Nicola Main – Pmb Gymnastics  
 Maryanne Symonds – Pmb Athletics

## **Junior School Sports**



*Cyan Crosby, warmed-up and ready for the Gym Competition.*

1995 has been a successful year for the junior sports-women. The list of achievers shows the number of outstanding performances by individuals, but teams also fared well.

The swimming squad came 2nd in the Interschools swimming gala with the u10 age group breaking three records. The hockey season was a busy one with a large number of girls joining the club: 3 x u10, 2 x u11, 2 x open teams. The junior teams, especially, did exceptionally well both in the league games and in the tournaments. The senior teams showed signs of vast improvement and loads of potential for years to come. A special thank-you to the coaches Mrs Grové (u10) and Fiona Hobbs (Open).

The tennis has grown from strength to strength this year, largely due to the enthusiasm of Mrs Snyman and Mrs Grové. This season saw the juniors (cl. i – std 1) participating in the Buddy League each Wednesday afternoon. The u10 tennis team also deserves mention for their excellent display of skill in the league.

The gym competition saw the introduction of an u10 age group this year – and I think the seniors were embarrassed to have to follow some polished u10 displays. Well done!

To all who have helped out with the sport this year: the coaches, the staff at St John's, the mothers, a big THANK YOU.

Here's to an even better 1996 (if that is at all possible).

Barbara Bowley



# ST JOHN'S OLD GIRLS NEWS

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, ST JOHN'S OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

### CHAIRMAN'S REPORT, MAY 1995

As has become traditional, St John's Day is always a perfectly beautiful day. The sky shines clear, the crisp autumnal air invigorates and the service and the exquisite singing of the girls inspire us all and fill us with memories. I would like to thank the school for inviting us to share this day with them and also thank Hazel Shaw for doing the lovely flowers. I must confess that both the increase in age and girth is never more vividly brought to mind than when we are perched on those teeny little pews!

With the affairs of our country making such momentous and historical changes over the past year, the activities of the devoted regulars of the SJSOGA seem somewhat insignificant. However, no-one can measure the value of this devotion to SJS and the fellowship shown at meetings is wonderful. We were saddened by the death of regular supporter, Helen Nicholson, and heartened by birthday milestones reached by some, in particular, Margaret Dowle and Hon. Vice Chairman, Collie Davis' 80th birthdays.

Having bid farewell to the Convent earlier in 1994, it was very exciting to visit the Sisters in their new home in St John's House, Florida Road, and we surprised them with a "Pantry Tea". They are well settled there and in a far more secure environment. We took advantage of the occasion to bid Audrey Kennedy farewell and presented her with a St John's plaque to take with her to Australia.

In September, Pinny Mapham generously hosted the Matric Pudding evening. As teenagers sometimes have the reputation of being a little rebellious, the evening was anticipated with some trepidation, but the girls were delightful and a wonderful evening resulted, no doubt assisted by the girls being at last allowed to attend in civvies.

Later that month, Margaret Shepherd, Gill Stevens and I travelled up to Johannesburg, where Di Beningfield (nee Titren) very graciously hosted a wonderful Old Girls' Reunion for our Transvaal members. It was unanimously agreed that this function must be repeated in the very near future.

In October it was resolved to send a letter to the Board expressing the Old Girl's deep concern over the lack of E.G. boarders. I have recently established that this letter was never received and shall therefore send off a copy.

At the annual Christmas gathering of the Pietermaritzburg branch, Miss Alison McLean was the guest of honour, and we all wish her happiness in her retirement and an improvement in her health. At a recent luncheon in her honour we were delighted to welcome Mrs Jill Champion as the new head of SJS and wish her success. We give her our prayers as she takes the reins of our dear school – St John's D.S.G.

Lastly, I would like to express my deepest gratitude to Leslie Cooke who really is the strong backbone of the Association. She always give me timely reminders about newsletters and meeting and does all the donkey work. Thank you, Lesley.

Di Fitzsimons

BAILEY Belinda (McDonald) Married to Mark Bailey and living in Sydney where she is teaching pre-primary.

BALFOUR Penny Touring England and Scotland and bumped into Kate McIlrath and Kirsten McKenzie in London.

BALFOUR Vicky Touring the Continent and having a wonderful time.

BAM Jennifer Working as a sports physiotherapist in Longview near Dallas – USA and is still running.

BAM Kerrin Touring the continent in a converted ambulance and hopes to work in London for another year.

BAZLEY Phil (Braatvedt) Recently underwent a big operation and has sold her home and moving to a retirement village.

BLACKLAW Tamsin Has been overseas for 2' years working mainly as a nanny in England. She also ran a Youth Hostel in London and has recently spent 2 months in Thailand and Malaysia on holiday with a back pack! Also been to Switzerland and Italy and is presently in California working for a French family with two little girls. She will return to Paris with them until the end of the year and then hopes to see Australia and New Zealand.

BOSWORTH SMITH Jean (Peerman) Still dairy farming in Nottingham Road. Son, Mervyn and family returned to engineering last year and daughter Gwen and family have joined her on the farm.

BOVET Antoinette Back home after 4 years of travelling overseas and now working as a travel consultant and tour guide with a company which specialises in Township Tours. Although hectic it's a great challenge, lots of fun and very interesting to be part of a black and white company in the new SA!

BRAY Rozanne (Wallis) Working in the Stomatherapy Dept at Johannesburg Hospital after completing a 6 month course last year. Two eldest sons in London and the youngest in his 2nd year at Wits Tech.

CAIRNS Rosemary (Jackson) Has just retired from Sunnyside Nursing Home after 19 years. Son, Niel is practising as an attorney in PMBurg

DAYKIN Ashley Engaged to Richard Lennerdt and in final year law school at University of Natal, PMBurg

DE CHARMOY Lorraine (Shaw) Eldest daughter Tracy in std 6 at St John's. Nicholas is 10 and Kelly 7. Doing anthurium farming at home on the North Coast.

DE GOEDE Jinny (Nilsen) Still living in Kloof and teaching at Kloof High. Husband Richard lecturing chemistry at Natal Technicon. Daughter Wendy (15) in Std 8 at St Mary's D.S.G. and son Derek (13) started in Std 6 at Kearsney College this year. Sees Mary Scott (Tweedie) often and Val Watt (Lee), Val Hopwood (Fletcher and Sue Carlson (Meamwell) live close by.

d'OLIVEIRA Bronwen Graduated from U.T.C. in 1994 and has travelled and worked in England, Egypt, Israel and Jordan and is off to Nepal and India in October.

d'OLIVEIRA Bryony Working as girl friday for the family transport company and hoping to catch up with Bronwen in some interesting location some day!

DORNING Rosemary Enjoying her home and garden. Micky is a Magpie!



ERSKINE Diana (Kanaar) All four sons married and working together in England. Renewed contact with Phoebe Harrison (Butcher) on a visit to England. Sister Sue Dean lives in Somerset West and has 2 girls and a boy.

EVANS Brenda (Kirkpatrick) Practising as a physio-therapist in Grahamstown.

FRIEND Pamela (Milner Smyth) Had a wonderful trip to U.K. in April to welcome her first grandchild, Matthew Seymour. She is a councillor in the local TLC and is also involved in working for the disabled, the educationally disadvantaged and wildlife. Looking forward to having the whole family (including in-laws!) for Christmas for the first time in 7 years! Really appreciated being kept up to date with the school, "On Eagles Wings"

GALLAGHER Mandy Working at the Beacon Island Hotel, Plettenburg Bay.

GALLAGHER Sandy (Pringle) Moved to Jeffrey's Bay in June this year.

GERS Wendy Completed post graduate studies in 1993 and spent 1994 in USA working at a publisher in Cambridge, Ma, and then travelled around U.S.A. and Europe. Now back in good old PMB, managing P W Storey at Cascades Centre.

GODDEN Royce (Walshaw) Still living in Maritzburg. Daughter Kerry Egan is living in Johannesburg. Sees Joan Butler (Adnams) often when she visits her sister Barbara Grieve in Maritzburg from Mutare, Zimbabwe. Shirley Kealton (Chapman) died last year.

GREEN Melanie (Leslie) Has lived in Ladysmith for the past three years. Stopped teaching in March and is now a full time mum to her little boy.

GREENE Val Camilla Albu has announced her engagement to Gary Neilsen of Ipswich, Queensland, Australia. They are to be married in South Africa next May, but will live in Australia.

GRIFFIN Helen Appointed lecturer in the department of Physiology Faculty of Veterinary Science, Pretoria University at Onderstepoort as from 1 November 1995.

HALLOCK Edna (Wells) Still tries to keep active by doing exercises, walking and swimming in spite of her advancing years! Five Old Girls meet occasionally especially when Betty de Pauw (McNab) is on a visit from Australia.

HAY Miriam (England) Currently living in Durham for two years while Richard trains for ordained ministry. Taking some courses too and thoroughly enjoying living in this beautiful city.

HILL Lisa Worked for the Standard Bank in Kokstad after acquiring 2 diplomas in the business-secretarial field and is currently working in London after a tour of the Continent earlier this year. She intends returning for Christmas and would then like to embark on a tour of the United States in 1996.

HINDMARSH Kate (Holmes) Now in charge of passenger terminal at Bond. Aimee(11), Matthew (9) both still at primary school. Ian is studying with OU for a Bsc. Going to Zimbabwe for Christmas. Sister Sheila had a baby boy (Cian) in June, living in Guam.

HOGNO Jennifer (Ivins) Still living on the South Coast indulging in her hobbies and her grandchildren. Louise has Dylan 21/2 and Amber. 6 months and lives near by. Vicki married in June and is opening a bed and breakfast overlooking the sea in Athlone Park. Son Michael is in Australia spreading his wings, which means she and her husband have a good excuse to travel!

HORNER Margie (Jenkins) Please would all 1977 matrics contact her in order to organise a 20 year Reunion during the Centenary celebrations. Phone 033-7011521

JENNINGS Evelyn Enjoyed a wonderful 30th matric reunion at Jenny Stafford's in May, and seeing 16 of her classmates after so long. At St John's Day it was equally exciting meeting up with school pals from over years. A pity her trip from Gauteng was so short.

KINVIG Margaret (Crookes) Daughters Tanya and Susanne graduated as Doctors in December 1994 and are doing their internships in Cape Town. Tanya is going to the U.K. to work next year. Son Richard is studying for a B.Sc in PMBurg and husband Richard has just retired. Returned at the end of August from a wonderful trip overseas. Susanne is staying in Cape Town to do a senior house job.

MESSENGER Michelle Working for Micro-soft in Johannesburg

MILLER Julia (Tweedie) Still farming in Cathcart. Daughter Kerry starts school in 1996 and James is going to miss her terribly.

MOORE Mary (Quicke) Still playing a lot of hockey. Represented Natal Midlands A side in the Indoor Interprovincial tournament. During the outdoor season, tore ligaments and had to have an operation. Also running and doing callisthenics to keep fit.

MUSSELWHITE Joyce (Heyns) Living in Winchester, U.K. since 1970. Son Michael lives near by and has a son Charles, now nine years old. Daughter Kay lives just fifteen miles away. Sees Shirley MacLaughton (Thorne) from time to time.

NATALI Belinda (Bam) Married to Carlo and has a son Luciano and is living in Johannesburg.

PILCHER Lucy Enjoying all aspects of life at Stellenbosch University except the winter weather.

PRINCE Gaynor Having a really wonderful year on Rotary Exchange in the States and has travelled through 31 states from California to Massachusetts.

PRINCE Iona Enjoying a Horticulture course at Durban Technikon.

QUICKE Christine (Jamieson) Enjoying the fact that her husband has retired and they can do what they want to do. Still involved with St John's Girls'.

QUICKE Jill Living next door to sister Mary and her husband. Enjoying teaching physical education and counselling at Girls High and still happy to play any other sport possible.

RATTRAY Paula Jane Took a year off after matriculating and has been working in London. She hopes to study architecture at UCT next year.

SCOTT Erica Studying floristry at the Pershore College of Horticulture during 1995-96.

SHEPHERD Margaret (Peacock) Had a wonderful holiday in New Zealand and Sydney in February. Son Mark is working in Durban and hoping to go to England next year. Daughter Lynda in final year at PMB Varsity.

STANFORD Beryl (Spooner) Still living in Gonubie and loving it. Sadly her husband Gordon died recently.

STANFORD Sarah A second year B.Comm student at Stellenbosch where she sees many other St John's girls.

STANLEY Jenny (Turner) Working at the Bay Hospital, Richards Bay.

STEAD Shirley (Wilkinson) Still farming at Umlaas Road together with her son Duncan. Daughter Beverley is nursing in Los Angeles.



STEER Ann (Gregory) Moving to a simplex at Bridmore in Cordwalles Road in October.

SWANEPOEL Julia (Seal) Married Pete on the shores of Lake Malawi in March this year (same old boyfriend from varsity days). Is running "The Design Workshop Ltd", a desktop publishing and cellular phone company in Lilongwe – yes we do have them!

TAYLOR Margaret (Hamilton) Nursing at the Bay Hospital, Richards Bay, together with Dawn Trickett.

VAN DONGEN Elizabeth (Griffiths) The La Crete Hotel has been sold and demolished so now she is "semi-retired" as she and her husband still own the Uvongo Bottle Store. She has just completed a year as President of the Uvongo Rotary Anns while her husband Basil was Rotary President. She is president of the Uvongo Woman's Institute for the second year running. All four children are married and so far there is only one grand child.

VINCENT Liz (Hopkins) Had a wonderful holiday at Kob Inn in June with Janet Ross-Thompson (Hopkins) and Elizabeth Gale (Robinson) and families.

WATSON Gwen (Bosworth Smith) Joined her Mum, Jean Bosworth Smith, on their Nottingham Road dairy farm last year. Thoroughly enjoying being back farming although husband Ian has changed career from Civil Engineer to farmer. Son Cameron (12) at Clifton and Oliver (8) at Nottingham Road Primary.

WATSON Nan (Nilsen) Farming at Port Edward. Had three daughters, Stacey (10), Caitlin (8) and Brittany (2).

WEBBER Dionne (Cairns) Living in Pinetown and has 2 boys aged 9 and 6.

WILLIAMSON Peggy (Forder) Still living in Estcourt.

ZWART Flick (Dundas-Starr) Would like to organise a twenty year Reunion of the class of 1975 and can be contacted at 0331 63437 (AH). Son Tristan will be going to Maritzburg College next year and Shannon is in Std 3 at Bisley.

## EARLY DAYS AT ST JOHN'S

I often think about St John's and all the happy days I spent there. As far as I can make out I must have started there in 1914 and only went to St John's, no other school, I cannot remember but I think I left after my Junior Certificate year, having passed, and then went to a Business Course in town. I later returned to St John's and taught shorthand and typing for a short time, then worked for Mackenzie Brothers in Church Street.

I was born in Johannesburg but my father died when I was 9 months old, leaving my mother with two small children. She came to Pietermaritzburg to her sister and husband, rented Alice Grange and started a small dairy farm near St John's, on the same road as St Charles College. My brother was five years older than me - my mother must have had a hard life, rearing two children. We were very friendly with the Nuns - they were wonderful friends to my mother. She first met them when she started her Dairy Farm, just as I was old enough to start school.

Mother Anna agreed to give my mother the business of supplying St John's with milk and said she would welcome me as a Day Scholar. Here I spent many happy years.

We were friendly with Mother Anna, Mother Edith, Sister Kate and other Nuns at the Convent in Maritzburg, and when we had to go into the Town would call at the Convent to have tea with Mother Anna. I can remember her holding me up to choose an ornament from a shelf - a china frog; but over the years it has disappeared.

The Nuns used to come to the Farm, with its big house, for their "Retreat", just one or two at a time.

My daughter, Leslie, (Mrs O'Brien) with whom I live says I should include this amusing memory:

When I was nine years old, on St John's Day, May 6th, the school had a party (or dance) for us. (Fancy Dress). I went as "Golden Shower", a little white dress with golden shower flowers stitched all over. I caught a cold, which turned to Pneumonia, and Pleurisy. Taken to Greys Hospital. Had to have an operation - abscess on the lung. Mother at home on the Farm - no phone. Finally the operation over - down our long driveway Sister Mabel - standing up in the small Donkey cart, holding the reins and waving and shouting "The operation is over and she is going to be O.K."

The farm where we lived, I have been told, is now the S.P.C.A., perhaps you know it? The road from St John's went past St Charles College on down to the sewerage farm and that was the road I used to walk every day, as our house was on that road.

Mrs V Woodiwiss (Violet Cliff)



