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The Editor would like to thank all who helped to produce this magazine, especially Mrs Sandy Lyne,

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ST JOHNâ\200\231S D.S.G.

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ST JOHNâ\200\231S! 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 EAGLESâ\200\231 WINGS TOWARDS THE LIGHT!

THEN LATER, SCHOOL-GATES PASSED, LIFEâ\200\231S WIDER SERVICE
SHALL CLAIM US AND DEMAND OUR FULLEST STRENGTH;
NOT LESS WEâ\200\231LL LABOUR, PRAY, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

ON THEN, ST JOHNâ\200\231S! WEâ\200\231LL REACH THE GOAL AT LENGTH!

Words and Music by Mr Cyril Wright

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Mrs Jill Champion

REPORT BY THE HEADMISTRESS

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â\200\230 ,\ Jith 1999 drawing to a close (and no-one

can escape the hype of entering the new millennium) the words from Ecclesiastes, chosen for our Bible reading today, seem particularly pertinent when we focus on a â\200\234time for everythingâ\200\235.

As I review this year I am reminded of how it started: with a â\200\234time to weep and a time to laugh - a time to mourn and a time to danceâ\200\235.

The time to â\200\234laughâ\200\235 and â\200\234danceâ\200\235 was in response to last yearâ\200\231s Matric results. There were 40 candidates : 32 Matric Exemptions and 8 Senior Certificates, and yet another year with no failures! ; 10 A aggregates; 52 subject distinctions and two girls in the top 27 of LE.B. results in the country. [Julia Norton (7 As), Amanda Larsen (6 As and 2 Bs)].

The time to â\200\234weepâ\200\235 and â\200\234mournâ\200\235 followed a few weeks later when we lost our beloved Grade 11 pupil - known for the cheeriest smile of all - Kelly Clarke, who died of meningitis. Her spirit lives on in the enthusiasm of the girls in the school, and we are privileged to have the continued support of Kellyâ\200\231s parents, Barry and Jenny.

Fortunately for St John'â\200\231s this year, the season to â\200\234rejoiceâ\200\235 returned with every success that the girls achieved. These are given full coverage, with all the activities of the year, in our school magazine, and individual achievements are listed in the programme. But please allow me to focus on a few highlights which have contributed to making this year particularly memorable.

Putting Academics first : 9 Girls excelled at the Science Expo in Durban and the PINSSA presentations on the University Campus here. All achieved 1st or 2nd places in the different sections in both competitions!

On the basis of her academic results, particularly in Art, Khara-Jade Small has been awarded the Rita Strong Scholarship for three years to study Visual Arts at the University of Natal, Pietermaritzburg. She was also placed in the top 50 of the English Olympiad. Ryley Olivier, was a runner-up in the Time of the Writer Short Story Competition, and won the first prize for her poem in the Grade 11 section of the Douglas Livingstone Creative Writing Competition. Jane Anderson won top awards for her essays

in both the International Commonwealth Essay Competition (with a magnificent prize of £65!) and the local Victoria League Essay Competition. And Sarah Seggie won the National Inter-Schools Working World Typing Competition, as well as the KZN Damelin Typing Competition.

Music has flourished this year; the acquisition of the new Allen organ in the Chapel giving a boost to our sacred music. The Senior Choir, whose schedule has kept them exceptionally busy, obtained a distinction in their UNISA examination. Our first Inter-House Music Competition went well in the second term; and Melinda van Rooyen continued for her third year as a member of the KZN Youth Choir.

In the first term, the drama department produced the delightful musical, 'Jacob Jacob' (the script of which was written by Jean Timm.) This was done in conjunction with Maritzburg College, always a popular partnership for some strange reason!

In addition to our extensive curriculum, which includes a varied life-skills programme and numerous extra-curricular activities, 30 girls had the opportunity to broaden their horizons through an overseas trip to Europe in July.

Contributing to good international relations, we have hosted, in Grade 11, Susann Heincke from Germany for 2 terms; and Armandine Malardeau, who is an AFS/Inter-culture student from France - she will be spending a year at St John's. We are proud that Melissa Hallett, our Senior Day Prefect, has been selected to represent South Africa in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, on the Rotary Exchange programme next year.

It has been an excellent year as far as sport is concerned. The hockey has been exceptional, with the First Team winning the top league and three girls making the SA Schools U18 A and B sides. Initially Angela Johnston made the U18 A, and Kelly Gaylard and Jessica Dicks were selected for the B side. We have just learnt that Kelly has now been included in the A squad, and Angela is also part of the National U21 squad.

For Canoeing, Lauren Symons travelled to Milan in Italy in May, representing SA Juniors at the World Championships; and for Squash, there is Kim Lindsay, still in Grade 11, who has been selected to represent South Africa overseas at the end of the year. Too late for publication in your programme is the recent achievement of Julie Moore, who was placed first in the SA Schools Open Age Group for Rhythmic Gymnastics. The girls have worked and played hard, and can be justifiably proud of their successes.

However, we must not forget that the

majority of their achievements are largely thanks to the staff. My recognition of these often â\200\234unsung heroesâ\200\235 was brought to mind a few months ago reading TIME magazine.

In the June 14 Special issue, profiling 20 of the era's most influential people - entitled 'Heroes and Icons of the 20th Century' - I identified with the response of the writer of this letter to the Editor, which I quote ...

Surely the people who hold the century's most influential position should be honoured as well. I refer to the humble teacher. This century has seen exponential growth in knowledge, science and education. The greatest crusade has been against ignorance and illiteracy. There is no Nobel Prize for education, yet were it not for teachers and the growth of universal education, this world would be much less advanced.

It is not often enough that teachers receive the accolades due to them. They are the most important resource in any school, and we are blessed to have a staff who are the core of the profession and who provide admirable role models for our girls.

Sadly, at the end of the year, our Matron in St Joseph's, Mrs Pat Vinjevold, will be retiring; and four teachers will be leaving: Heidi Schmidt, Charmian Watson, Jean Timm and Mel Metcalfe.

Pat Vinjevold has been proxy mother to junior boarders for nine years, and Heidi Schmidt has spent two years teaching Grade 7. Charmian Watson moves to Gauteng after nearly ten years here as School Counsellor. (She is following her husband Rob, and will take up a counselling post at St Andrew's School for Girls.)

Retiring together, after starting their teaching careers together at Epworth many years ago, are Mel Metcalfe and Jean Timm. Mel came as Senior Geography teacher in April 1995, and Jean has been on the St John's staff for ten years. Both have devoted their lives to teaching young people, Mel continuously, and in Jean's case, with only an interlude to raise her three sons.

All of you who are leaving us will be greatly missed! Thank you for the immeasurable contribution you have made here, and we wish you happiness for the rest of your days.

Also retiring, as I am sure you know, is our Visitor, Bishop Michael Nuttall. In August, we had a special farewell service for him here. His moral support and special care for St John's have, over a long time, strengthened the well-being of this school. We thank Bishop Michael and Dorrie for all they have done for us here, and wish them a happy, fulfilled and well-deserved retirement.

I would like to thank all those who

contribute to this school : all the staff - academic, secretarial, administrative, boarding, kitchen, laundry and grounds. It continues to impress me how dedicated everyone is to delivering his or her best for the sake of the school we love. I am especially grateful to my very supportive management team: the Business Manager, Charles James; Lady Warden, Jill Mullins; Heads of Department Merle Prosser and Sally Davies; and particularly my deputies, Annette Symes and Max Wotherspoon. Being a Head can be a lonely position, but I find myself blessed with the company of quality people who share with me the responsibility of running St John's.

My thanks extend to a host of other people. Probably our most active supporter and unpaid worker continues to be Lorraine Raab. Her indigenous garden never stops growing and her efforts seem to intensify rather than dwindle over the years! Thank you, Lorraine.

We continue to be blessed with the encouragement of the Sisters of the Society of St John the Divine. (Mother Margaret Anne and Sister Mary Evelyn still serve on the Board of Governors, travelling from Durban to do so.) Father Richard Hawkins, our Chaplain, is a tower of strength to many of us. The Chairman, Tim Stent, finds time in his busy life, along with all the members of the Board and its committees, to serve the school in various ways. Mike Limbouris, Chairman of the Parents' Association, has been particularly involved, and the Old Girls, under the chairmanship of Pinny Mapham, continue their close links with the school.

We are honoured to have with us again today our oldest Old Girl, Miss Marjorie I'Ons. Thank you for making the effort to share this occasion.

Now, perhaps most importantly, I would like to address the senior girls of the school. I congratulate and thank each of you for what you have contributed to St John's this year, in whatever way it has been. I acknowledge your amazing versatility and capability; your happy, friendly and enthusiastic spirit; your self-confidence and willingness to risk; your commitment and perseverance; your kindness and concern for others; and your determination to be the best that you can be. I feel proud and privileged to be your Headmistress.

This year's Matrics were in Grade 8 when I arrived, so we know one another well! Your openness, humour - and often, great spirit

(and noisiness!) - won't be forgotten in a hurry! (Only your class would take Dogmatix to create a Mexican wave at the Astro!) Continue to be the unique individuals you are, and I have the utmost faith you will succeed in life. I would like to thank the Head Girl, Tracy de Charmoy, and Deputy, Rita Dittrich, and the prefects for their loyalty and help in leading the school this year. Thank you, girls.

So much has changed over 2000 years, and education is no exception. At the recent Heads' Conference, one of the keynote speakers posed the question, "What is learning for?" He answered with these words:

What is critical is that we fire in our students a passion for learning, instead of studying

for the sake of getting good grades in their examinations. Their knowledge will be fragile, no matter how many As they get, unless they have the desire and the aptitude to continue discovering new knowledge well after they leave school. It is the capacity to learn that will define excellence in the future, not simply what young people achieve in school.

Firing our students with a passion for learning ... so that they have the desire and the aptitude to continue discovering new knowledge well after they leave school

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education today, and essential for 21st century people to adapt to change.

But some things should never change and are as immutable as truth! I am talking about right and wrong. What does it profit a school-leaver if she has achieved six As in matric, but loses her soul because she does not have a sound and deeply-rooted code of ethics? Like a good home, a good school must surely instil in young people not only the ability to distinguish between right and wrong, but it must also inculcate the habit always to choose to do what is right.

You may think that this comes automatically with education and adulthood, but it is interesting to know that the University of Natal has recently established the Unilever Ethics Centre, headed by Professor Martin Prozesky, and proposes to ensure that every under-graduate passes a course in ethics. So much of the doom and gloom of our situation in the country today stems from a sense of hopelessness as far as the integrity of people is concerned. I am afraid that we will continue to cry the Beloved Country unless we can ensure that the overwhelming

majority of South Africans have scruples.

I believe one way of attaining happiness is through the satisfaction of work well done; and in order to make the world a better place, one must do good. I read again verses 12 and 13 from Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3:

(This page kindly sponsored by The Spain Family â\200\230)

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â\200\234I know that there is nothing better for people than to be happy and do good while they live. That everyone may eat and drink, and find satisfaction in all his toil - this is the gift of God.â\200\235

I sincerely hope that at St John's, we are instilling in girls both a strong work ethic and, even more importantly, an inviolable code of ethics!

But, whatever the future holds, we must never forget that Life is Beautiful! I wonder if you saw Roberto Benigniâ\200\231s film by that name which won the Oscar for best foreign film this year? Set in Italy during the Holocaust, it is a film which inspires us to recognize that, even in the bleakest circumstances, through close, loving relationships and humour, one can find joy and still say, â\200\234Life is Beautifulâ\200\235.

And so â\200\234my princessesâ\200\235, (as Benigni would say), what an auspicious time it is for you to begin' S your Sadultslivest asithe s new; millennium dawns! Good luck for Matric, may your lives be beautiful, filled with close loving relationships and humour; and may God continue to shower His blessings upon you.

and having no vision.â\200\235

Dr le Roux reminded us that the Sisters of St John the Divine have a two-dimensional vision:

a) a vertical dimension - their relationship and working together with God, and

b) a horizontal dimension - their relationship and working together with their fellow human beings.

He suggested that we write our own vision in a journal, one that we constantly update in order to trace the way it develops. Having reminded us that a vision enhances the quality of each day with meaning and purpose; he stressedâ\204¢ that it = should incorporate a balance of work and fun.

Dr le Roux concluded by adapting the final lines of a piece of writing headed â\200\234Teacherâ\200\235 which he had copied down in the St John the Divine Episcopalian Cathedral in New York:

â\200\234Take our vision please:
Shape it to your time
And to your need.â\200\235

Tracy de Charmoy

ADDRESS

by the Head Girl

It is special for me to be the third

generation of my family here at St John's and to be the last Head Girl of this century. I know, however, that it's not my position that counts, but the kind of person I have become. There have been many influences in my life, but St John's and its family have had the greatest impact on me over the past five years.

Matrics, thank you for the effect that you have had on me. (I imagine that the staff are asking themselves how anyone could actually thank the 1999 matrics - do you remember girls climbing up flagpoles; locking prefects in their rooms; sun-tanning on roofs; and drenching the B.E and one another with sunlight soap, Handy Andy and toothpaste?) Even though we have grown out of most of these things, what has remained is the essence of our class - the ever-present spirit and vitality. Matrics, you have taught me to be positive no matter what comes my way, and that there are more reasons why I should succeed than reasons why I should fail. You have taught me to appreciate and make the most of life. I have discovered the value of determination and courage. There are many things I shall miss next year. One is the closeness that we share; another is the encouragement we give one another. It is here that I must mention Rita and the prefects. I've come to realize that concern for one another not only gives understanding, but leads to strength. I hope that the same will go for Kirsty and her prefects. So, thank you, Matrics, for what you have done for me.

Mr Wotherspoon tells every grade that he will love them only when they reach matric. It took him a little longer to say this to our class, but he eventually did. Mrs Champion and the staff, thank you for your care over these past few years. We know that we have been quite a handful, but you never gave up on us. With you we have always been able to find understanding and guidance. You give us the support to be the people we can be.

Every day bells ring, we go to lessons, have break times and play sport, but not one day has ever been the same as another for me at St John's. This is where I'd like to thank the girls. You make St John's the school it is. Thank you for challenging me in so many different ways and for teaching me something new each day. Thank you for

making me a stronger, more observant person and for making me more aware of the needs of others.

St John's is blessed to have committed staff and enthusiastic girls, but I feel that special mention should be made of our St John's Sisters in Durban. 1 Thessalonians 5:16-18

says: Be joyful always; pray continually; give thanks in all circumstances, for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus. I'd like to thank the Sisters for setting an example for us in this way and for being so involved in, and caring so much for, St John's. You are an inspiration to us all.

St John's and its family have played a very important role in my life these past five years, but there are four very precious people who have had the biggest role for a much longer time - Mum, Dad, Nicholas and Kelly. Nicholas and Kelly aren't here today, but I'd like to thank them for making me laugh and for never allowing me to forget the sunny, lighthearted, carefree child I have inside. Kelly can't wait to be a teenager and I'm always telling her how fortunate she is to be the happy-go-lucky, trouble-free child that she is. Mum and Dad, I can't think of a single time when I've felt that I couldn't approach you about something. Thank you for your constant love, support, encouragement and friendship. Words have not always been necessary. You have done it just by being you. Thank you for the good morals and Christian values you have set for me. It is because of your hard work that I stand here today. It was not until this year, though, that I realized that some of the things my parents do for me require real effort. As you all know, it is the tradition for the Head Girl and her father to begin the first waltz at the matric dance. Well, Dad hadn't waltzed since his wedding day and was in desperate need of a practice, becoming more nervous as the dance approached. With a lot of help from Mum, Dad and I eventually managed to put something together the night before the dance. That same night, while we were eating supper, Dad said to me, "Tonight, I feel just as I did on the nights before I ran my Comrades Marathons - terrified!"

One of the best things Mum and Dad could have encouraged me to do was to come to St John's. There have been a few times when I have found myself complaining, but there's truly no place I'd rather have been. It is a happy school. Moreover, St John's has given me the space and support to be the person I want to be. It has done this through its friendly, Christian environment, through the dedication and concern of the staff, through the confidence and understanding of the girls... St John's has done this for me. Thank you.

Tracy de Charmoy

ADDRESS

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by the Chairman of the Board of Governors

s we approach the new millennium, it

becomes ever more important to provide a complete and fulfilling education for our girls. We are very aware of the increasing pressures and challenges faced by them in adapting to the rapidly changing world.

We have passed through the Age of Technology and are moving from the Age of Information to the Age of Knowledge, where possession of knowledge is becoming the main product of the developed world. In a recent study, knowledge-based industries were found to contribute about 50% of the gross output of Europe and the USA. St John's has to try to keep abreast of these changes, and therefore the School has embarked this year on three new developments.

In line with modern practice, we are introducing a Grade 0 class starting in January 2000. We are pleased that this class is already fully booked. To accommodate these pupils, improvements, extensions and modifications have been made to the Junior School, its verandahs and environment.

We are also faced with the problem of dealing with the older entry-age requirement set by the State for future years. This is being actively opposed by the Association of Independent Schools.

During 1999 we decided to upgrade our computers. An interactive computer network was installed throughout the school with appropriate new computers and programmes acquired. These put St John's back in the forefront of computer training and support. We recognize that the ability to use computers is a priority. The internet is said to have just started to grow! Training of our staff in the use of the enhanced network is an ongoing exercise, and we are very pleased with the positive and enthusiastic response. The updated technology will aid both teaching and administration.

We are in the process of reviewing the costs and benefits of the building of a multi-purpose centre, which has been approved, in principle, by your Board. This would be positioned on a site adjoining the present squash courts. The development recognizes the rapid change in the type of sport activities preferred by young girls. In

addition, it could serve many useful purposes – for instance, as a large venue for events and for indoor hockey. Most schools now also recognize the need for a modern gym with suitable fitness equipment.

General health and fitness is as much a need for our girls as a pure academic training. We have to recognize also that leisure activities are becoming a major avenue for employment.

We are also considering the various possibilities of reducing the present traffic congestion at peak hours within the school grounds and, in particular, at the exit into New England Road. This forms part of our long-term plan.

In closing, I give my thanks to our dedicated and enthusiastic Head, Jill Champion and her wonderful staff. Thank you for caring for our girls, and for all of your support.

I have given a brief sketch of the issues DIGES EINH VAR IS SOL IS Â il S A Management team at St John's. We are all very aware of the trust placed in us as custodians of your school and of the traditions set by our founders. I regard it as a great honour to be able to contribute in a small way to the continuation of the tradition that is St John's. In the words of our school motto, I have indeed found that "To work is to pray."

Mr Tim Stent

Board of Governors

Bishop Michael Nuttall (Visitor)
Mr T H Stent (Chairman)
Reverend Mother Margaret Anne
Sister Mary Evelyn

Mrs D Fitzsimons

Mr R Gevers

Mr R Manzi

Mrs D Perrett

Adv R Seggie

Dr G D Soni

Mrs Y Spain

Mr H Timm

Mr R A Zammit

Cup

Debra Dalton - Getliffe
Cup

Brenda Griffin -
Debbie Shreeve Cup

Tracy von Weichardt -
Gem Award

Nobuntu Imkhise -
Gem Award

PRrize List 1999

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Interhouse Trophies

Basketball
Hockey
Music
Netball

Connaught
Connaught
Rhodes
Athlone

Public Speaking (The First National Shield)

Squash
(The Hognó Cup)

Class Prizes

Grade 8
1st
Merit Certificate

Grade 9
1st
Merit Certificate

Grade 10
1st
Merit Certificates

Grade 11
1st
Merit Certificate

Grade 12
Honours Certificate

Rhodes

Connaught / Rhodes

Stacey Wright
Elizabeth Fletcher
Louise Hedges
Thembi Lockett
Glynis Marwick
Tracey Turner

Natalie Robinson
Sarah Mathews
Jacquelynn Sparks
Elizabeth Yeats

Paige Dorkin

Frances Heathcote
Angela Janse van Rensburg
Michelle Peddle

Georgina Robinson

Sarah Sirilli

Sharna Gaydon
Adriana Marais
Ryley Olivier
Carolyn Preiss

Debra Dalton
Melissa Hallett
Kirsty Hein
Bronwyn Roos
Khara-Jade Small
Kerryn Wang

Matriculation Subject

Prizes

Art

English

History

Home Economics
Speech and Drama
Afrikaans

German
Mathematics
Biology (Kosalie Franklin
Memorial Cup)
Geography
Physical Science
Typing

Zulu

French

Khara-Jade Small
Khara-Jade Small
Melissa Hallett
Lisa Raleigh
Khara-Jade Small
Sanet de Wit
Bronwyn Roos
Kerryn Wang

Melissa Hallett

Candice Janse van Rensburg
Kirsty Hein

Deborah Lewitt
Nobuntu Mkhize
Khara-Jade Small

Special Awards

Alison Mclean Poetry Award Ryley Olivier
Wilson Public Speaking Cup Tracy de Charmoy

Labistour Cup

(for Best Individual Debater) Kirsty Hein

Kate Holmes Trophy

(for the most promising actress) Ryley Olivier

Speech and Drama Award
Lectern Cup

Debra Dalton

(for the most improved Speaker) Disebo Tau

Practical Art Award

Practical Home Economics Award

Special Award
Ashleigh Wienand Cup

Candice Janse van Rensburg
Lisa Raleigh

Lauren Symons

Greyling Cup for Sportmanship Angela Johnston

Goodman Cup

(for all-round Sporting Achievements) plus the

Kelly Clarke Cup

Jessica Dicks

Tokens of Appreciation

Long Attendance (Grade 1 to Grade 12)

Sacristan :

(Presented by The Old Girls)
Senior Chorister

Gem Award

Deputy Head Girl\200\231s Award
Head Girl\200\231s Award

Debi Shreeve Trophy

for Fellowship

Getliffe Cup

Dux (Abbot Cup)
St John\200\231s Cup

Angela Johnston

Tracy von Weichardt
Disebo Tau

Nobuntu MKkhize
Tracy von Weichardt
Rita Dittrich

Tracy de Charmoy

Brenda Griffin
Debra Dalton
Disebo Tau
Khara-Jade Small
Tracy de Charmoy
Rita Dittrich

Khara-Jade Small -
Top 50 - English
Olympiad

Paige Dorkin -

Top 100 - English
Olympiad

Merit Certificate -
Douglas Livingstone
Creative Writing
Competition

Ryley Olivier -
Runner-up - Time of
the Writer Short Story
Competition

Joint First Prize -
Douglas Livingstone
Competition

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Academic and Cultural

1998 Matriculation
Results: Independent

Examination Board

40 Candidates: 32 Matric Exemptions

10: A Aggregates

52 Subject distinctions: 45 Higher Grade,

7 Standard Grade

In Top 27 of L.L.E.B. results: Julia Norton (7 As),
Amanda Larsen (6 As and 2 Bs)

Honours Blazers

Head Girl Tracy de Charmoy
Deputy Head Girl Rita Dittrich
Hockey Jessica Dicks
Kelly Gaylard

Angela Johnston
Squash Kim Lindsay

Honours Bars

Academic Sharna Gaydon
Adriana Marais
Carolyn Preiss
Khara-Jade Small
Christine Haralambous
Angela Johnston
Kim Lindsay

Hockey

Squash

Colours Bars

Academic Victoria Cook
Bonnie Marwick
Ryley Olivier
Debra Dalton

Cross Country Georgina Robinson

Drama Sarah Leff

Ryley Olivier

Debra Dalton
Hockey Tamsin van Heerden
Squash Georgina Robinson
Afrikaans

In July 1999, Sanet de Wit attended the Eleventh Afrikaans Week, organised by the Foundation for Education, Science and Technology.

Dancing

Royal Academy of Dancing: Frances Heathcote
passed the Silver Jazz Awards: Modern Dancing

CHIEVEMENTS 1998-1999

with Special Merit, and was highly commended in the Grade 5 Examination.

English

Victoria League Essay Competition

1998 Prize Winners

1999 Prize Winners

Georgina Robinson

Frances Heathcote

Paige Dorkin
Bridget Fowles
Susan Carter-Brown.
Jane Anderson

(1st place)

Kaylee-Jo Small
Robyn-Lee Ghau
Elizabeth Hobbs.

Commonwealth Essay Competition 1999

Special Prize in Class B
Class B Commended

Class C Commended

English Olympiad 1999
Top 50
Top 100

Jane Anderson
Michelle Brown
Barbara Couperthwaite
Paige Dorkin
Michelle Peddle
Catherine Lewis
Carolyn Preiss
Elizabeth Fletcher
Louise Hedges
Emily Ogram
Tracey Turner

Khara-Jade Small
Paige Dorkin

Time of the Winter Short Story Competition

Runner-Up

First Novel Published
â\200\234The Snow Stallionâ\204ç

Ryley Olivier

AimeÃ© Schoemann

Douglas Livingstone Creative Writing Competition

1999

Grade 11 section
Joint 1st Prize
Merit Award
Grade 10 section
Merit Award

Ryley Olivier
Adriana Marais

Paige Dorkin

Mathematics Olympiad

1999

Second Round

Barbara Couperthwaite
Sarah Mathews
Jacquelynn Sparks
Natalie Robinson

KZN Midlands Junior B Team in Interprovincial
Mathematics Olympiad
Jacquelynn Sparks

Adriana Marais -
Merit Certificate -
Douglas Livingstone
Competition

Jane Anderson -
Special Prize -
Commonwealth Essay
Competition

Sarah Seggie -
First - Damelin
Provincial Typing
Competition

Ruth Seggie -
Third - Damelin
Provincial Typing
Competition

Music

The Senior Choir achieved an A minus (80
-847%) in the Choir Eisteddfod, and a pass with
distinction (85%) in the UNISA examinations.
Royal Schools of Music Painoforte
Examinations
Grade 5 with Merit
Grade 6 pass

Emma Pitman
Danielle Pitman

Pietermaritzburg Childrensâ\200\231 Choir
Jane Anderson

KZN Youth Choir

Melinda van Rooyen

Science and Biology

Science Expo. and PINSSA. 1999:

1st Places in both Kelly Johns
Lisa Brown
Amy Clarence
Stacey-Lee Green
Tessa Heenan

2nd Places in both Barbara Couperthwaite

1st Place in Expo and 2nd Place in PINSSA:
Jennie-Clare Curry
Elizabeth Fletcher
AimeÃ© Schoemann

Typing
Working World National

Competition 1999:
Gold Certificates

5

Inter-Schools

Janine Goble
Alice Hobbs
Deborah Lewitt
Andrea Marlton
Ruth Seggie

Sarah Seggie
Tracy Steenkamp
Eloise Swart
Deanne van Breda
Candice Leo-Smith
Lara Payne
Lindsay Pooler
Colette Robert
Raxanne RoydenTurner
Lauren Sykes
Melissa Hudson-Bennett
First Place in South Africa Sarah Seggie

Silver Certificates

Damelin KZN Typing Competition 1999:
1st Place Sarah Seggie
3rd Place Ruth Seggie
In top 10 of Midlands region

Janine Goble

Exchanges

Rotary Student Exchange 2000 (to Canada)
Melissa Hallett

American Field Scholar/Inter Culture
Exchange (from France to South Africa)
Armandine Malardeau

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Entrepreneurial

Enterprises

Sheldean Cameron
Amy Frenkel
Glynis Marwick
Emma Pitman
Megan Cook
Tarryn de Bruyn
Sarah Preston
Justine Smit

took part in the 1999 Business Expo. at The

Wykeham Collegiate.

Tarryn Kirkwood took part in Teen Scene at the
Hilton Drama Festival.

Sarah Preston and Lynn King at the KTV Market
Day.

University of Natal
Scholarship

Khara-Jade Small has been awarded the Rita
Strong Scholarship to study Visual Arts for three
years.

Jwasiere Clitty Clowuaicil

For the period November 1998 to November 1999
Town Clerk - Lauren Knoetze
Treasurer - Bonnie Marwick

Secretary - Lynn King

Council Member - Linda Simpson.

Small Business Awards

198

Awarded certificates with Merit

Awarded certificates

Sport

Basketball

KZN Midlands U19 A

Canoeing

Sarah Seggie
Disebo Tau
Sharmel Bhika
Sharna Gaydon
Sandy Russell
Janine Smith
Catherine Bassage
Elizabeth Bassage
Kate Simmons

Christine Haralambous
Lauren Knoetze

South African colours for Junior Canoeing

Lauren Symons

Melinda van Rooyen -
KZN Youth Choir

Melissa Hallett -
Rotary Exchange
Student - 2000

Jessica Dicks -
Goodman Cup and the
Kelly Clarke Cup - for
the most improved
hockey player.

Angela Johnston -
Greyling Cup

Cross Country

Top 10 runners in Midlands schools
Kelly Gaylard
Lauren Symons
Georgina Robinson

Diving

SA Diving Championships

2nd in U14 Thembi Luckett
11th in U18 Leanne Ivins
Equestrian

Selected for the KZN Team
Roxanne Baxter
Philippa Baxter
Liz Labuschagne

lislockeys

Selected to represent South Africa

U18A Angela Johnston
U18B Jessica Dicks
Kelly Gaylard

KZN Midlands Team

U18A Christine Haralambous
U19B Kirsty Diemont
U16A Tamsin van Heerden
U14B Melanie Hope
Tiffany Hughes

Indoor Hockey

KZN Midlands Team

U21A Jessica Dicks

Kelly Gaylard
U21B Angela Johnston
U21C Kirsty Diemont
Netball

KZN Midlands U19 B Rita Dittrich

Polocrosse

KZN Midlands Team

U119 Andrea Marlton
U16 Julianne Royden-Turner
U14 Ruth Bird

Rhythmic Gymnastics

Natal Team Julie Moore

The St Johnâ\200\231s School team Natasha Haralambous
Nicki Koller
Andrea Louw
Julie Moore
Lynn King
Kendal Crous

was placed 5th at the Interschools

Competition

Squash

Kim Lindsay - selected for South African U19
team

Carey Lindsay - selected for SA Primary
Schools team

Georgina Robinson - Captain of Natal U16 A
team.

Natal Open Schools Tournament A section:
Bonnie Marwick - 15th; Jessica Dicks - 22nd;
Linda Titus - 23rd and Danielle Pitman - 1st
in the B section.

KZN Midlands Team: Bonnie Marwick - U19

Swimming

Lindsay Backhouse - Represented KZN at the
Australian Short Course Winter
Championships where she broke the 100m
backstroke record (U16 age group).

Seals Midmar Mile

Lindsay Backhouse placed 12th in 14 31 age
group.

Tennis

College Cup at a Primary Interschools
Tournament - won by Louise Shone and
Michelle Snyman.
Selected for SA Primary Schools Team
Louise Shone
KZN Midlands Junior Team

Carla Jenkins
Katie Jenkins
Amy Joubert

Kelly Clarke

TRIBUTES

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Kelly was one of those rare combinations of determination to succeed and generosity of spirit. Teachers enjoyed her total commitment to, and participation in, whatever activity she was engaged in; pupils admired the tenacity which drove her to keep on trying while at the same time encouraging others. She was a valued member of the 1st hockey team, and such was the esteem in which she was held, that she was voted the 1999 Vice House Captain for Rhodes House, a prestigious position in the school.

It was, however, her warmth and friendliness that particularly endeared her to others. All agree that she had a genuine concern for, and interest in, people. No one could resist her smile! Shining through her were a positive attitude and enjoyment of life, and a sense of humour. In difficult circumstances, one could depend on her to lift one's spirit.

Kelly's tragic death from meningitis on 15 January at the age of sixteen shocked everyone. The St John's community expresses its heart-felt sympathy to her parents, Barry and Jenny, and her brother, Matthew. We miss Kelly too.

Perhaps some extracts of writing by her peers best express what Kelly meant to us:

Kelly radiated a positive energy which was infectious, and her smile would lift anyone's spirit... She has left behind a powerful message for us all: live each day to the fullest. (Vicki Cook)

Some people have walked into, and straight out of, my life, leaving footprints that soon wash away. Not Kelly. Her footprints will never be washed away. I will never forget her. (Kirsty Diemont)

... to Isaac Insumon

Isaac Insumon started work at St John's as a guard in May 1997.

A few months ago, their home in the Richmond area was burnt down after one of his children knocked a candle over. Almost everything was lost, and the family of eight had to live in one room while rebuilding took place.

On 21 August, an unknown gunman fired through the window, hitting Mr Insumon while he was having a meal. The bullet shattered his spine, leaving him unable to use his legs. Although he seemed to make progress for a while, he died suddenly on 10 September.

â\200\230She was a friend to everyone, always seeing the good in people and situations. She made us happy.â\200\231 (Roxy Royden-Turner)

â\200\230Kelly taught me to love everyone and to do things for others. She never put herself before others, and I canâ\200\231t recall one horrible thing that she said.â\200\231

â\200\230She had the gift of making people feel good about themselves.â\200\235 (Lauren Knoetze)

â\200\230Kelly gave me this saying, and I think it reflects her: Love the life you live; live the life you love.â\200\231 (Janine Smith)

â\200\230Kelly is a perfect example of someone who lived her life to the full because she put everything into anything she didâ\200\231. (Ashleigh Graham)

â\200\230She nudged me on when I wanted to give up.â\200\231 (Kate Rake)

I will always remember Kellyâ\200\231s naughty laugh and that bubbly spirit that made a cloudy day seem sunny.â\200\235 (Tammy Vermaak)

â\200\234To Kelly, I could speak honestly and openly. I didnâ\200\231t need to worry about her reaction - I knew it would be sincere, compassionate and loving.â\200\231 (Jacky Cameron)

â\200\230When I arrived at Kellyâ\200\231s memorial service and I saw how many people were there, I felt privileged to have known her...She was a good and kind person, always smiling - sheâ\200\231s probably smiling at us right now!.â\200\231

(Kim Lindsay)

The Grade 11s have donated a trophy to the school in memory of Kelly. It will be awarded annually to the most improved hockey player.

Further tragedy struck the family when, on

the day of his funeral, his wife suffered a stroke, and later died.

The St John's family is shocked, and extends deep sympathy to the six children - indeed, so moved were the girls by the plight of the family that they raised funds, originally to be used to purchase a wheel chair for Mr Insumon, but, on his and his wife's deaths, for funeral expenses and towards the support of the children.

Chester Harris

FAREWELL

It was a privilege for me to be involved in the surprise presentation to Bishop Michael of a computer (and all its trimmings) by the Diocesan schools in honour of his retirement at the end of 1999.

We were smuggled into Bishop's House, where, to Bishop Michael's astonishment, we burst in on his meeting with Heads and Chaplains - an unheard of liberty! We each presented a part of the gift to him, and watched his bewilderment give way to delight. Then came refreshments in the garden.

For me, it was an exciting occasion. I shall never forget Bishop Michael's changing expressions - he is, apparently, not often speechless!

Tracy de Charmoy

In a special farewell service to Bishop Michael and Mrs Nuttall on 2 August, Mrs Champion paid tribute to Bishop Michael's leadership and wideranging service to the Church and to our country, and to his and Mrs Nuttall's involvement at St John's.

Mrs Champion concluded by saying that Bishop Michael had been an example to us all as he had acted justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with God (Micah 6 vs 8), and that Mrs Nuttall reflected the woman described in Proverbs 31 - a capable wife . . . worth far more than jewels . . . who speaks with gentle wisdom.

Chanté Beattie, Janet Smallie, Bishop Michael, Mrs Nuttall and Kerrin Bowker

... to Bishop Michael & Mrs Nuttall

Bishop Michael, in his address, focused on 2 Corinthians 5 vs 14. He emphasized that in his 24 years as Bishop - years of turbulence and change for South Africa, and of difficulty and much reward for him and Mrs Nuttall - they had, at all times, been urged on by the love of Christ.

The school presented Mrs Nuttall with a

basket of flowers. Among the gifts for Bishop Michael was a delightful book compiled by the Junior School, some extracts of which follow this article.

We shall miss Bishop Michael and Mrs Nuttall, and wish them a happy retirement together as they rest in God.

Grade 1 - I know what a bishop is because I live in Bishopstowe . . . I've seen a bishop on a chessboard.

Grade 3 - What Bishop Michael does:

He prays for our school . . . He tells stories to sick people in hospital . . . I wonder if he makes the tapes my mum listens to at her Bible study . . . He rules the church . . . In his spare time he reads his Bible . . . Maybe he goes to the gym to get his muscles going . . . I'm sure he is always busy in his office, writing letters and notices . . . I wonder if he plays cricket with his grandson. . . He blesses new houses when people move in . . . He probably plays solitaire on his computer like my grandpa . . . In his spare time he probably sits at home and makes up hymns . . . Maybe he goes hiking in the mountains and looks at all the beautiful things God has made.

Sister Mary Evelyn, Mrs Champion and Bishop Michael

Jean Timm

Charmian Watson

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The end of the millennium sadly brings with it also the retirement from St John's and from teaching of Mrs Jean Timm. For ten years Jean has poured into St John's her teaching skills, her humour, and her considerable creative talents.

In her own words, she came to the school in 1990 to teach senior English, a load she has carried both conscientiously and creatively, out-marking even the most hardworking of her colleagues. She taught her pupils to appreciate correct language, and to treasure the richness of the English classics.

While teaching and marking accounted for most of her time, her love of language and drama, and her deep spirituality found additional expression in the many productions she was instrumental in creating. These include the scripts for the Easter services: 'Who moved the stone?',

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... to Charmian Watson

Charmian came to St John's in April 1990 as the school counsellor. She has fulfilled this very demanding job with sensitivity, wisdom and professionalism. Both staff and pupils have appreciated her gentle, non-judgemental manner and her willingness to listen compassionately and help resolve difficulties.

Over the years that she has taught at St John's, she has concentrated on developing her own knowledge, and the department's store of information, about vocations available to girls in a technological society. Girls have benefited greatly from her advice.

She is also remembered for her introduction of the 'Flour Babies' project in which grade 11 girls have to 'mother' a 5kg bag of flour

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â\200\234Jerusalem then and nowâ\200\235, and â\200\234Hosanna!â\200\235.
Hers, too, was the script for the musical,
â\200\234Bless Africa!â\200\235, which was performed twice,
the second time at the request of Michael
Cassidy for the African Enterprise
celebrations. â\200\234Estherâ\200\235 and â\200\234Jacob, Jacob!â\200\235
followed.

For nine years Jean has edited the St Johnâ\200\231s
school magazine, an arduous and exacting
task which she has carried out with her
usual sensitivity and attention to detail.

The qualities for which her colleagues will
remember her particularly are her warmth,
her extreme modesty, and her playful
delight in the ridiculous. St Johnâ\200\231s is
privileged to have had her on the staff for a
decade. We wish Jean a happy retirement
and ample time to do just as she pleases.

Merle Prosser

for two weeks! This gives them a glimpse of
motherhood - even though many of them
become proficient in handing out their
babies to Grade 8 and 9 babysitters!

Charmian has been responsible for setting
up and arranging the leadership weekends
for Grades 8 to 12. Each of these spends one
weekend a year at a venue where group-
orientation courses are offered. She has also
spent many hours transporting girls to, and
adjudicating, debating competitions.

We will miss Charmian but wish her all the
best for her new job at St Andrewsâ\200\231 in

Johannesburg.

Patti Avery

Pat Vinjevold

Mel Metcalfe

E

N iorPatVinjevold

Mrs V, as she is affectionately known, came to St John's in May 1990 to run St Joseph's. A true mother figure, she has created an atmosphere of security and taken exceptional care of each child. Dearly is she loved in return!

The esteem in which she is held, and the gratitude that children and parents feel can best be summed up in the following extracts from a birthday greeting sent in 1997 by Mrs Jean Carte:

St John's has played a very important part in our family, but Mrs V, you have been a major influence.

Thank you for always thinking of our children before yourself; for being kind, patient and caring. Thank you for disciplining them with love; for squeezing

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Aloma Clifford joined the staff of St John's in February 1992 as the Headmistress's Secretary, a position she held until the end of June 1999. During this time Aloma took a keen interest in St John's and could be found cheering the hockey team at matches and helping at the Comrades Table. She loved

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... to Mel Metcalfe

In April 1995, Mel joined the St John's staff to run the Geography Department, bringing a wealth of teaching and administrative experience with her. It wasn't long before she became the mentor for new staff members, and the teacher in charge of scholars' council.

For the last four years, Mel has been a kind, nurturing Grade 8 class teacher, guiding the new pupils into the ways of St John's. She has also assisted with the Grade 8 tour, where her support and cheerful manner (and her coffee and rusks!) helped to restore a sense of

equilibrium in the inevitable moments when carefully made plans went awry.

Mel's excellent teaching and love for her pupils and her subject have made her a popular and respected teacher. She has been an example on how to live a fulfilled and meaningful life. Testimony to this is the fact that many ex-pupils still keep in touch with her.

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them when they needed some mother-love; for providing that understanding ear when they felt neglected and lonely.

â\200\234Thank you for all the tolerance when we parents have pestered you; for sewing on buttons and tags; for creating peace amongst a group of very different children from very different backgrounds.

â\200\234You have been a mother: aware of the needs of little people to have surprises and treats; to have a place to live like children, not soldiers. That's why, when our daughter has hugged me and called me Mrs V, I have considered it the greatest compliment.â\200\235

Mrs V, those of us who have not experienced uae pleagtire @f your InoEs Ihewe, nevertheless, delighted in the beautiful gardens you have created round St Joseph's! We wish you joy in your retirement.

the girls and even when they left St John's was always happy to hear about their achievements and progress. Aloma had a cheerful, friendly attitude which we will miss. She was well liked by girls, parents and staff and we wish her much happiness in her new venture in the United Kingdom.

Mel has always challenged the pupils to increase their general knowledge, and to be the best they can be. Her interest in their activities, especially in hockey, shows that she believes in a rounded education. Pupils have wvalued her encouragement.

Mel's generosity of spirit and faith permeate everything she does, from baking and gardening to teaching, leading chapel services and organizing the knitting of teddy bears and squares for charity. No one is excluded from her wise counsel and caring friendship. Mel enriches the lives of everyone who comes into contact with her.

We wish Mel peace and happiness, exciting travel and good health in her retirement. Her place in our community will not easily be filled.

Antoinette Harris

Heidi Schmidt

Fiona Gray - Grade 11 - Wearable art

... to Heidi Schmidt

Heidi's first contact with St John's was as a student in 1996. So apparent was her love for her chosen profession and her innovative and dedicated approach back then, that I was delighted when she applied for the newly-formed post of Grade 7 teacher in 1998. Heidi has given excellent service to the school during her all-too-short stay at St John's.

The task of teaching and nurturing pre-adolescents is never an easy one. Heidi,

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because of her gentle, yet firm approach, managed to bring out the best in her girls, not only in the classroom but also on the sports field and on the many excursions she enjoyed with them.

We wish you God speed, Heidi. May your future be filled with everything you could

wish for yourself.

Annette Symes

Bernadine Grove - Grade 11 - Wearable art

Back row:

K Hein

Second row:

J Smith, R Seggie,

A Gevers, N Mkhize

Front row:

D Tau, K Dube,

T von Weichardt
(Sacristan),

A Johnston, S Russell

Bishop Michael Nuttall confirmed 28 girls:

Angy Cumming
Angela | v Rensburg
Sandy Collings
Latisha Duarte

Kate Leaker

Casey Stander
Victoria Mapham
Lauren Markham
Sally-Anne Goodman
Caroline Wachter
Stacey Balmer
Megan Stephen
Lauren Rice
Catherine Lewis

Susan White

Kerran Saint
Michelle Peddle
Frances Simpson
Palesa Rathebe,
Susan Carter-Brown
Katherine Simmons
Frances Stockil
Kerry Johnston
Ryley Olivier
Philippa Stokes
Laura Smith
Georgina Robinson
Tamsin van Heerden

The girls were prepared for confirmation by
Father Eric Gallant, who has now left us to
take up the rectorship of the Parish of York-
cum-Ravensworth. We miss his quiet,

sincere presence. The new assistant priest
will be the Revd Jenny Stuart, who will be
joining us in January 2000.

sand) Ul

ST JOHNS DSG
SERVERS

The chapel servers, under the able leadership of Sacristan Tracey von Weichardt, have worked with quiet

efficiency and dignity. Thank you, all of you.

An addition to chapel worship has been a new organ. As we grow used to singing with its louder volume, we are aware that the quality of worship is growing. We have also had some wonderful singing by the combined choirs of St John's and Hilton College. Our thanks go to Mrs Moir for the leadership she gives; it is always professional and inspiring.

Although the chaplaincy can only be a part-time one, we do try as far as possible to be available for people who need our help. Please do not hesitate to contact us should there be a problem with which you think we can help.

Revd Richard R Hawkins - Chaplain

Bishop Michael and Father Eric with Susan White and Lauren Rice

Bishop Michael and Father Eric with Latisha Duarte, Pippa Stokes and Sandy Collings

[i7]

STAFF OF 1999

Back row:

C Beattie, | Grove,

T Moir, M Cunnama,
M Filmer, C Harris,

J Peddle, | Smallie,

C Watson,

D Wilkinson, S Moore
Fourth row:

A Harris, S Miller,

S Shone, P Scott,

D McLachlan,

L van Rensburg,

M Metcalfe, L Joubert,
C Seggie,

M de Gersigny

Third row:

P Rhodes, I Snell,

K Bowker, S Cross,

N McDuling,

E McDonald,

L Chemaly, | Weitz,

C Dreboldt,

M-L Tennant,

S Dinkelmann,
Second row:

J Westwood,

P Vinjewold,

K Stakemire, | Quicke,
S Lyne, D Muragan,

P Avery., Y Wintgens,
J Timm. Y Langeveldt
Front row:

M Prosser, C James,

] Mullins, A Symes,

J Champion (Head),
M Wotherspoon
(Deputy Head),

S Davies, J Mills,

C Malherbe

(This page kindly sponsored by the Mapham family

{

Mrs J Champion, Headmistress, B A, U E D

Mrs A Symes, Deputy Head/Headmistress Junior School, N T S D, H Dip Ed
Mr M Wotherspoon, Deputy Head/Maths, B Sc, P C E

Revd R Hawkins, Chaplain, BA,BD, BEAHDE,SDE.GO E

Teaching Staff

Mrs J Attwell, SPEECH & DRAMA, B A HONS, H D E Miss M Metcalfe, GEOGRAPHY, U E D

Mrs P Avery, HISTORY, BA, HD E Mrs J Mills, PRIMARY/GRADE 6, T C, H DIP ED

Miss C Beattie, ART. B A FINE ARTS, H D E Mrs T Moir, MUSIC, B A MUSIC

Mrs K Bowker, PRIMARY/GRADE 1, T D Mrs S Moore, PRIMARY/GRADE 5, N TS D. H D E
Ms L Chemaly, DRAMA, B A HONS Mrs J Peddle, FRENCH, BA. H D E

Mrs S Cross, MATHS, BA, HDE, FD E Mrs M Prosser, ENGLISH, BA HONS, TTHD. L G S M
Mrs M Cunnama, LIBRARIAN, B A, H DIP LIB Miss J Quicke, PHYS ED, B A, PHYS ED, H D E

Mrs G Ducasse, PRIMARY/GRADE 4, NTS D, HD E Mrs P Rhodes, PRIMARY/GRADE 2, N TS D, H DIP ED
Miss S Davies, BIOLOGY, B SC HONS G C E Miss P Scott, PHYS ED / BIOLOGY, B A (ED) H M S
Miss M Filmer, DRAMA/ENGLISH, B A HONS. H D E Mrs J Smallie, JUNIOR SCHOOL, N T S D, D S E
Mrs J GrovÃ©, ZULU/SPORT, B A, H E D, DIP ZULU REMEDIAL

Mrs K Stakemire, MATHEMATICS. T D

Mrs M-L Tennant, jNR LIBRARY/ENGLISH/ART. B A.
ADDIS

Mrs J Timm, ENGLISH, B A, UE D

Mrs L Van Rensburg, ACCOUNTING, B COMM,
HDE

Mrs C Watson, GUIDANCE, B A, H D E. B ED

Mrs | Westwood, HOME ECONOMICS, H D E

Mrs A Harris, AFRIKAANS, NTS D, HD E

Mrs L Joubert, PRIMARY/GRADE 3, NT S D

Mrs Y Langeveldt, TYPING, N C T D

Mrs S Lyne, COMPUTERS, B SOC SC

Mrs D Maclachlan, GEOGRAPHY, B A, H DIP ED,

B ED

Mrs C Malherbe, AFRIKAANS, BA. H E D

Miss N McDuling, PHYSICAL SCIENCE/GENERAL
SCIENCE, B SC, HD E

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Additional Staff House Staff

Mrs T Govender, PIANO, BA, BED, ATCL Mrs Mullins, LADY WARDEN
Mrs R Schlebush, LIBRARY ASSISTANT Mrs P Vinjevold, MATRON

Mrs L Snyman, TENNIS COACH Mrs J Weitz, MATRON

Mrs R Lloyd, EXTRA ENGLISH, B A, H DIP ED, REM C Mrs Y Wintgens, MATRON
Miss E Murray, PIANO, LRAM /FLUTE/CLARINET Sister C Seggie, NURSING SISTER
Mrs D Murugan, LABORATORY ASSISTANT Miss P Naidoo, KITCHEN

Miss N Naidoo, KITCHEN
Mrs A Tomlinson, LAUNDRY

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Mrs S Dinkelmann, SECRETARY JUNIOR SCHOOL
Mrs C Dreboldt, ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
Mr C Harris, ESTATE MANAGER

Mr C James, BUSINESS MANAGER

Mrs S Shone, PRO.BA, HDE

Mrs I Snell, SECRETARY/ SWITCHBOARD

Mrs S Miller, BURSAR

Mrs M de Gersigny, SCHOOL SHOP

Maintenance and Housekeeping Staff

Back Row: i y J KT e .7')â\200\230}:â\200\231 -
D R Mchunu, [% (ï¬\201! Vs s o iÂ«y L7

S I Ndebele,

L S Maduna,

W Mkhize,

C Mazibuko,

T N Gwala,

Z E Maduna.

Middle Row:

T A Buthelezi,

F M Mgwaba,

N J Dlomo,

M P Ngcobo,

M T Ndebele,

S Ngubane,

C Mhlomeni,

{8 C Zimnr:

Front Row:

M M Elephant,

D A Jasson,

A M Tomlinson,

B S Sikhakhane,

Z MKkhize,

T M Mkhize,

S M Zuma,
M A Dlamini,
S Moses.

MATRICES OF 1999

Back row:

D Dalton, A Hobbs,
K Wang

Second row:

T von Weichardt,

N Mkhize, A Johnston,
L Symons, S de Wit,
D Tau

Front row:

M Hallett (Head Day
Prefect),

T de Charmoy (Head
Prefect),

Mrs J Champion,

R Dittrich (Deputy
Head Prefect),

K Gaylard

The induction of the prefects

This page kindly sponsored by Tracy de Charmoy

Joanna Baker Roxanne Baxter Julie Collings

Debra Dalton Elizabeth Davidson Tracy De Charmoy Sanet De Wit

Jessica Dicks Rita Dittrich Nokukhanya Dube Kezia Duke

Mary-Jane Forbes Kelly Gaylard Anik Gevers

Janine Goble Louise Goble Vivienne Greene Brenda Griffin

Melissa Hallett Caryn Hawkins Kirsty Hein Alice Hobbs

Candice Janse van Rensburg Caryn Janse van Rensburg Sarah Jarmey-Swan Angela Johnston

Lana-Wray Kelsall Deborah Lewitt Andrea Marlton

Nobuntu Mkhize Lisa Raleigh

Sarah Seggie Julie Smith

=

et

S S et

Tracy Steenkamp Eloise Swart Lauren Symons Disebo Tau

Deanne van Breda Kate van der Merwe Tracy von Weichardt Kerry Wang

THE MATRIC DANCE

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discouraging dress fittings and shoe-hunts (and partner searches) culminated in the social zenith of the 1999 Matric pupilsâ\200\231 year. The loss of the Natal Sharks in the Currie Cup final that same evening could not eclipse the excitement and splendour of the Matric girls.

In keeping with tradition, the red herring (thrown out by the Grade 11s) caused the usual needless distress among the Matrics concerning the preparations and decorationsERformiherdancelE Ry iERiEhe assiduous Grade 11 Egyptian slave-girls had worked wonders in transforming the gym hall.

The previous weekâ\200\231s dreaded Trials venue had been transformed into a breathtakingly beautiful Egyptian palace. Having helped to organize the previous Matric Dance, and knowing the immense effort that goes into such an occasion, I genuinely appreciated the energy the Grade 11s had put into making our evening a memorable and special one. Their hard work was evident in the eclectic decor, delicious food, efficient waitressing, and small details, all of which

created a wonderful atmosphere.

Accompanied by our own particular Rameses young men, the Matrics were the epitome of elegance and beauty. Each Egyptian princess possessed savoir-faire in her individually resplendent dress. Everyone survived the staircase - the cause of much anxiety, nightmare and the subject of an English lesson!

After the salmon mousse starter, the first dance commenced with proud fathers guiding their daughters around the dance floor. A delicious creamy chicken main course followed, and the meal was rounded off with decadent strawberry meringue.

The remainder of the evening was spent dancing and enjoying the atmosphere. Too quickly the magical evening was over, except to live on in our memories.

Thank you, Miss Beattie, Mrs Avery and all the Kkitchen staff, for the enormous contribution you made to our memorable evening.

Anik Gevers - Grade 12

These Egyptian slaves have much to smile about!

Debbie Lewitt

Claire Crebo with her parents

Caryn Janse van Rensburg

Sandy Russell

&

LIFE SKILLS

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s the last year of this millennium, 1999 as been a time of reassessment and forward planning for the next century. What skills do our girls need to rise to the top of their world in the 21st Century? I was privileged to be able to attend the Covey Course on The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People. It is an excellent course and I have followed up by sharing my insights with the girls. We have also invested in the book The Seven Habits of Highly Effective Teens by Sean Covey for our library. (Hint: an excellent Christmas present for your daughter!)

The leadership development programme

Work Experience 1999

Grade 11 once again benefited from their work experience programme. Many girls wanted to spend longer at the different companies, which they are able to do in their holidays. The school gives them two days off and they must sacrifice two or more days of their holidays. Those who did the extra work benefited by developing a realistic work-oriented attitude and self-motivation and they had fun! I am pleased to say that each year I am impressed with the quality and enthusiasm of our girls. The reports from the work experience are always interesting so I have included the following snippets:

Law: I found the paperwork and consultations far more interesting as the court procedures were straightforward. During a criminal court case, the accused was lying and spoke too much after being caught red-handed... he was given two years Imprisonment for housebreaking. Five minutes after I left court the accused was shot dead during a scuffle with two policemen. How stupid! What was a fairly normal case ended up being a drama! I think I am going to be an attorney.

(Lwazi Manzi)

Accounting: 1. I was given my own desk and laptop (nice!) to fill in shares and purchases on the spreadsheet; luckily I know how to use a computer. At the end I had to play Sherlock Holmes and investigate the discrepancies, and find all the missing shares! I then went on an audit, but as it was confidential I cannot tell you about that. I enjoyed being a detective and approaching the right people to find the information.

(Lynn King)

2. I did learn that Accountants are not as boring as they are made out to be... I think I would like to become a CA... but I did not enjoy some of the petty tasks we were given to do.

(Sharna Gaydon)

[This page kindly sponsored by Gemma-Kate Bishop

ran well with Grades 8 to 11 attending camps designed to bring out their leadership potential. During our life skills lessons they learnt stress management skills, assertiveness, conflict management, decision-making and goal-planning as well. The life skills extension programme, which involves the whole school, encouraged the girls to develop entrepreneurial skills, craft skills, how to present themselves well, as well as self-defence and first aid. The Grade 11 girls improved their entertainment skills which were put into practice in arranging the formal dinner and the matric dance. The matrices learnt important transferable skills, like drawing up CVs and wills.

Medicine: I stayed at the hospital so I could experience a Friday night. It was busy as the drunk people came in with many stab wounds. I did little jobs in casualty and saw sights that are still vivid and shocking in my mind. The intern gave me the opportunity to stitch up a chest stab wound. I can see that studying the theory of medicine will be nothing like doing the practical work, but helping to make people better is an amazing feeling.

(Sharmel Bhika)

Electrical Engineering: Since I am not sure whether I want to study heavy or light current at University I decided to investigate both. I went to work at Eskom, and was sent out on a job. I was asked to help with some wiring after I had had transformers and breakers explained to me. (My Science lessons helped!) I was scared of being shocked, but after a while I finally got the wiring right - thank goodness - as I could not take anymore embarrassment.

(Thobeka Gcabashe)

Teaching: 1. I realized how much you learn at a very young age. I enjoyed teaching so much that I cancelled my other work experience and continued to help at the school.

(Ashleigh Graham)

2. Contrary to popular belief that children from the ages of two to five are sweet, I have to say they are a handful. While at the Pre-Primary School, I had to read the children a story. I managed to keep their attention except for two children who had a good fight. I had to stop the story, pick out the guilty one and tell them to listen. I felt like a real mother shouting!

(Lara Payne)

Nursing: I witnessed a man having stitches taken out of an infected gunshot wound to the hand, ...I realized that you need to have a strong stomach to be a nurse. I learnt the little things, like how to make a bed

correctly, and observed some of the difficult things a nurse is expected to do. I wondered how they could ever enjoy their job but I came to realize that saving someone's life is the most rewarding thing in the world. I am going to be a nurse.

(Kate Rake)

Chef: I worked in the kitchens at the Royal Hotel. I helped to prepare all the starters for the Grill Room as well as dealing with room service. Everything starts to get very hectic as the orders come in. I learnt that you have to be very quick and that you have no time to waste. The hours are very long and you must be committed and love what you are doing. I really enjoyed my work and have decided to become a Chef.

(Colette Robert)

Tourism/Travel: My work hours were very long (8am-5pm). After cleaning the brochure cupboard, I issued travel vouchers, was the telephone operator, and recorded the payments. The company sends their guides out to their Safari lodges and in December I will be going back to join some of the guests I booked into camps.

(Danielle Pitman)

Catering: At the end of the day I felt both emotionally and physically drained. Being on your feet all day is very tiring and hearing people always finding something to complain about was upsetting. I learnt to handle difficult situations and the feeling of achievement in running a restaurant was

COMPUTERS

Is it a Blessing or Burden?

I have borrowed this title from a presentation at the recent Millennium Minds Computer Conference for teachers, held in Cape Town.

This year we are in the blessed position of having networked all our computers to improve the efficiency of our equipment and to lessen the burden of keeping the old computers going. When the computers and the network work well, they are a blessing, but when they don't, they are a burden.

Going to the annual conference was very rewarding for a number of reasons. Firstly, I found the presentations and workshops interesting and stimulating. Secondly, I had the opportunity to make new friends and meet up with old ones. Lastly, talking and listening helped me put things into perspective. We are very fortunate at St

John's to have so much, and the difficulties we experience are much the same as those experienced elsewhere. This was both humbling and gratifying and made me realise that we should spend more time

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amazing and worth the hara work.
(Tammy Vermaak)

Veterinary Nursing: I put on a glove and felt inside the cow to see if she was pregnant. It did not feel too nice inside her but I did feel the hard object which was the calf. I learned from both my work experience jobs that work is not always fun, and that you need to work really hard to earn an income at the end of the month.

(Lindsay Pooler)

In closing I would like to share two comments girls made about what they had

learnt during work experience.

I really had an amazing time at both jobs and

Just cannot wait until I can get out into the

real world and start earning money doing what I love. I can't think of anything more enjoyable and better.

(Jacky Cameron)

I found that working out in the big wide world was like jumping into an ice cold bath after the comfort of a warm one. School gives us everything on a plate whereas in the business world you are required to pick up the pieces and fill your plate for yourself. The biggest thing I learnt was that you have to work very hard to earn money. We sit back and watch our parents working and think they have 'freedom'. They are working extremely hard to provide for us, so that one day we are able to provide for someone else.
(Kim Lindsay)

Charmian Watson - School Counsellor

counting our blessings and less bemoaning our burdens.

Our computer blessings.

64 networked computers, 12 printers, 3 scanners, 24hr Internet access, individual e-mail addresses, computerised libraries, a wide variety of educational and DTP programmes, CompuTyping as a new subject, enthusiastic pupils, computer

literate teachers and administrative staff,
technical support and a management team
that realize the importance of Information
and Communication Technology skills in
the school environment.

Our Burdens!

We forget the realities of computers. They
will give trouble - they are not 100% reliable;
work must be saved in more than one place;
there is so much information on the Internet
to sift through; e-mail depends on many
networks between sender and recipient; and
Y2K looming...

Letâ\200\231s acknowledge and admire the amazing
work done by the pupils and staff, how
much they have learned and how well they
cope with the blessings and frustrating
burdens of our ICT world!

Sandy Lyne

Tessa Heenan (r) (Jacobs Guardian Angel)
and (l) Mark Smith (Cherub Angel)

he St John's drama department has once

again had a hectic year full of exciting opportunities for the girls to extend their talents. The year kicked off with a bang as first term saw the staging of the delightful musical, Jacob, Jacob! This home grown musical, written by our very own English teacher, Jean Timm, was a huge success. The play revolved around the story of Jacob in the Bible as told by a chorus of angels. Together with some of the boys from Maritzburg College, the talented cast of St John's girls did wus proud. Special congratulations go to our very own Tessa Heenen, the lead singer, who did an excellent job on stage as Jacob's angel. She handled the hard task of acting, singing and dancing with ease and talent. We thank Mrs Pessa Weinberg for her music, and the time she gave to the production.

The second term saw the Junior School in a buzz as the preparations for their school play Garden Folk, began. Two hundred insects took to the stage in a delightful musical about the life of a community of insects and how they cope with daily difficulties such as applequakes, insecticide and new antneighbours. We all enjoyed the show and the talent that was exposed as the Junior school girls sang and danced as never before. We would like to thank Mrs Tania Moir for her musical direction and the junior school staff for helping us with costumes, frontof-house and programmes. A big thank you goes to all the mums who helped with the costuming. We had many compliments on the backdrop which was so skillfully painted by Miss Chantel Beattie.

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Once again the matrices have been hard at work on their individual practical projects. Debra Dalton directed an excellent production of Different Planets which

looked at the differences between men and women. Nobuntu Mkhize directed a Zulu version of Cinderella with a cast of sixty and managed to teach a number of girls the art of traditional Zulu dancing. Alice Hobbs created a fantasy puppet show for the Grade 1 and 2 pupils, while Khara-Jade Small taught some of the Grade 9 girls the delicate art of Physical Theatre. To add to the pressure of all this, the matric girls were also hard at work on their theme programmes which were performed in late September. Yet again, the external moderator commented on the high standard of our girls's work.

Two of our girls, Sarah Leff and Kate van der Merwe, were chosen to act in the production of West Side Story which was staged by the drama department at the University of Natal. We were very proud of them and congratulate them on their performances. As usual we tried to take the girls to as many productions as we could to expose them to as much theatre as possible. This year, apart from seeing many school plays, we have been able to see the works of theatre-greats such as Pieter Dirk Uys and Andrew Buckland.

At the end of the second term we had sadly to say au revoir to Joan Attwell as she was going to Texas for six months. We hope that she is enjoying her stay in the U.S.A. and look forward to her return in December. Her replacement, Ms Lynn Chemaly, has been a valuable asset to the department and the school. She has added a fresh, new dimension and we have really appreciated her dedication and input. We wish her well in the future and hope that she will come back and visit us soon.

As the year draws to a close, all that is left to do is the Grade 7 presentation at Speech Day, the Junior Primary nativity play and the end of year carol service. It has been a hectic and busy year but we have seen the girls grow and develop confidence and poise. We would like to take this opportunity to commend everyone who has been involved in the productions this year and thank the staff who have so selflessly given us the support and encouragement that we have needed.

Moirira Filmer

Back row:

M Flint, N Mzimela,
M van Rooyen,

C Preiss, K Wilkins,

G Thompson,

B Grove,

C Gracie

Third row:

N Robinson, A Frenkel,
M Hudson-Bennett,

J Sparks, P Hunt,

N Mkhize,

T Blackhurst,
l@@unzie;

R Thwaites, A Marais

Second row:

T Heenan, K Johns,

C Lewis, L Titus,

N Nkosi, P Ngcobo,

S Seymour, L Manzi,

J Smith, C Avery

Front row:

K Thorneycroft,

K McDuling.

T Gcabashe E Pitman,
D Tau (Head of Choir),
C von Weichardt,

R Olivier, P Rathebe,
M Mbongwe,

Mrs T Moir

Ryley Olivier (r) (Rachel) and Chrisoph Appel
(I) (Jacob)

SENIOR MUSI

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&

Lwazi Manzi (Esau\200\231s Guardian Angel)

he Music Department has had a very

busy year with performances and activities which varied from the sublime to the (sometimes) ridiculous! The senior choir said a sad farewell to Mrs Val Cameron who, owing to her bad health, has decided to have a less strenuous working schedule. Her excellent work with the choir has made the daunting task of taking over from her so much easier for me. I have appreciated her continued interest in the choir and help with note-bashing and accompaniment.

On St John\200\231s Day, a beautiful late-autumn Sunday in June, the choir contributed greatly to the atmosphere of the communion service led by Father Richard Hawkins. After the Eucharist, it was off with

the veils and on with the picnic clothes, ready for the Picnic Proms where bands from all over entertained pupils, parents and Old Girls on the hockey fields. Our own steel drum and marimba band made their nerve-wracking debut for 1999 - with the loud support of the Matrics, the butterflies settled down quickly and we had a lovely time performing.

Patrick Harty and the choir of Hilton College invited the senior choir to join them in singing Haydn\200\231s Little Organ Mass at the Hilton Drama Festival. In preparation for the big day, the choirs performed the Mass in June at the Hilton College chapel as part of the Sunday evening Eucharist.

Thanks go to Mrs Jean Timm for donating a floating trophy for the Inter-house Music Competition which was launched this year. All three houses did well. What was especially heartening was the standard of performance of the choir composition in two voice parts which all three houses had to prepare. The senior choir should really be a lot bigger than it has been in 1999, and I hope to have more candidates auditioning for next year - there certainly are a lot of talented potential choristers in the senior school. The three conductors did an outstanding job. Well done, Rhodes, for taking the honours and good luck to the houses for next year's competition.

Various instrumentalists and the senior choir took part in the South African Society of Music Teachers' annual Eisteddfod in August. The choir received an A minus (80% - 85%) and some helpful hints from the adjudicator, Ronelle Laidlaw from St Mary's DSG in Kloof. The choir also took part in a UNISA choir exam for intermediate choirs and was awarded 85% for their programme, which is a distinction according to UNISA standards. Claire Wright, a pupil from Carter High School, stepped in as accompanist at the last minute when Mrs Cameron fell ill and we were grateful to her. St John's hosted the UNISA music exams - choral as well as instrumental. Both the senior and junior choirs sang at Bishop Michael's farewell and the senior choir again at the Confirmation Service and at Old Girl Lisa Riimelin's wedding.

September was a very busy music-month and in many ways the culmination of all the hard work. Two tour groups visited St John's. The combined bands from St Andrew's and DSG in Grahamstown was an absolute hit, and not only on the music front. . . We enjoyed a programme which included performances by the full concert band, the chamber choir, a string ensemble and a jazz band. The excellent standard of musicianship is something which we at St John's can strive for. The steel drum and marimba band from Livingstone House in Orapa, Botswana, provided music and entertainment of a decidedly different, but no less enjoyable, nature.

During the weekend of 17 - 18 September, the long awaited Hilton Drama Festival finally arrived. The choir performed twice at the festival: once on the Saturday with a programme which included the Haydn Mass as well as a number of secular numbers, not least of which was variations on 'Baa-baa black sheep'. On the Sunday of the festival the Mass was performed as part of the Eucharist for festival-goers. Both were enjoyed thoroughly by the audiences and the choirs.

The third term came to an harmonious -
well, perhaps not always - end with the

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Music Department Evening. Thank you very much, Ms Elaine Murray, Mrs RenÃ© van Dam, Mrs Tessa Govender, Mrs Sheelah Forsyth, Mr Warren Shone, Mr Robyn Brown and Mr James Henry, for your unfailing energy and commitment in preparing your students. Thank you very much to all the girls who too part in the concert. It takes hard work, determination and courage to perform in front of a capacity audience and every one of the girls carried it off with poise and professionalism.

The fourth term kicked off with the Little Organ Mass being sung in our own chapel - a very special occasion, since it had been impossible before because the old chapel organ simply wasnâ\200\231t up to it. On the new digital Allen pipe-organ, Haydnâ\200\231s mass was a pleasure to listen to. Our chapel plays a pivotal role in the life of the school and with its excellent acoustics, it is the perfect venue for works such as the mass. The organ-dedication took place during a special Wednesday morning Communion service at which the Hilton College choir joined us once again to sing the Mass as well as the secular programme performed at the Hilton Festival. Patrick Harty also showed off the possibilities of the organ with Widorâ\200\231s organ symphony. The same programme was repeated to a very appreciative audience at Hilton College. The final rendering of the Mass was at the Cathedral - a special memory for all of us.

To finish off the year, the choir performed at Prize Giving, the Carol Service and at an emotional Valedictory Service for the Matrics. It is always an honour for the choir to be involved in these functions that play such an important part in the character and tradition of the school. Looking back over the year, the amount of work covered, especially by the choir, is staggering. I would like to thank the girls for their dedication and focus during all the extra practices and workshops. I believe that they have reaped the fruits of their labours, having grown both musically and personally. My thanks also go to all the other people involved in making 1999 a successful musical year: Mrs Champion for her unflagging support; Mr Harris and the ground staff for moving yet another piano or choir bench; Mrs Snell for organising all the transport we continually

needed; the kitchen staff for being so accommodating with late or early suppers for boarders - not to mention all the Jjuice and snacks used as bribery to get them through the next 15 minutes of practising! Thank you, staff, for attending the concerts so faithfully and supporting us during stressful times, particularly those leading up to the Hilton Drama Festival. We look forward to a creative and musical start to the next century - after all, the joy of music is in the sharing.

Tania Moir

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Voluntary
Orphan

The heartjoy that
bulges, squeezes and
oozes

from the soft wound
The love that I have
felt, feel

The do-not-try-to-
clumsily-be-think-do,
say

sorry acceptance.
The blood-gut love.
Simply.

The fierce, feather,
father love.

and yet without
reason I have forsaken
a voluntary orphan
with an empty hand...
I wander

Maybe I'm only
haunted

Khara-Jade Small
Grade 12

Advertisement

Single white female
seeks stranger in the
mist.

Not on this Earth have
we met,

but surely I will live
with you,

dream of you,

wed eternity to touch
you.

I ask for nothing

but to see your eyes.

I ask to know you
and love you

this lifetime.

If I already know you,
if fate has played its
part,

please give me a sign.
Perhaps I seek what I
already have to hold.
Ph: 033 234 1042

Bronwyn Roos - Grade 12

CREATIVE WRITING

IRocinglnsliencedsBy
Dadaism

Dolphins picnic with decisions and

the bowing sunflowersâ\200\231 necessities are a
nonentity

to the sorrowful and pooped screeches of the
wide-eyed addict.

The extreme puppetâ\200\231s chemistry
is an interactive symbolic culture.

Painting with speed the physically squeezed
world is a phenomenal ball.

Customized exercises are colourful
misfortunes

as the speechless supremely scribble

with support from the man

with wholesome control.

The intrusive garageâ\200\231s creativity is dignified
and analysed

and the thrill of doubles

cloud the bombâ\200\231s authentic revision.

Thoughts of night and food are public.
Holes thrive and multiply and decorate
the smudged shaft in reverse.

Quiet swaying

twists and blooms the senseâ\200\231s whole bed.

Joanna Baker - Grade 12

The List

You have to be well organized, write a list,
Or else you'll forget ! I insist

Write the tasks in chronological order,

Itâ\200\231s for your own good.

Do you want to be jumbled and confused?
The most important task at the top,

Then go down to the least significant one.
It makes more sense doesnâ\200\231t it?

Your mind will be in repose. Not burdened
by anxiety.

As you finish them (the tasks, I mean)
cross them out.

Doesn't that feel good?

One thing less to vex you.

Can you imagine when you've accomplished
everything?

You get to throw the list away

Pure Bliss...

Claire Crebo - Grade 12

Existence

I sit, robbed of the present.

Its fragile crust crumbles around me,
As I perfect the future

And reconstruct the past,

Too preoccupied to see the splendour
Of today!

Debbie Lewitt - Grade 12

Nirvana

There is a land somewhere, removed from,
and yet part of, this world. Each city has its
own internal logic. Imagine a city drawn in
fantastic, geometrical shapes with the
crayons from a child's colouring box in
representative colours of every iridescent
shade known to man in the waking world.
There are colours in this city which will
always remain unremembered, impossible
to imagine by those who don't pay tribute to
this exclusive Mecca. Here the markets are
full of food and have a sharp, green smell.
Those who were hungry cannot remember
hunger, those who were crippled fly like
birds and dance like flames. Here the lonely
and afraid are at peace. This is a place where
gentle rain, which does not wet, touches the
wombs of plants, causing irises to grow in
the gutters, My I8 e lomcl Â of
enlightenment, the dimension which the
ochre-stained Buddhists strive to enter.
Christians might call it Heaven. I call it the
World of Dreams. It is here that every night I
confront myself, where my psyche and I
meet to touch each other. The saddest thing
about the discoveries that most people make
while visiting this land is that by the time
they return, they have forgotten all that they
have learned. Their inner selves become
nothing more than an illusion, and they
continue to wander through the chaos of
life, searching for themselves again.

Some nights ago, after weeks of darkness in
the waking world, I met somebody there, in
the my World of Dreams. An artist. I was
watching myself from above, poised
perfectly still on the marble floor below. The
colour of my skin blended with the colour of
the milky pink stone. The hard, cold,
uncompromising floor represented, I think,
reality. The girl whom I met was painting
me; the silence of the brush stroking the
canvas was all but comforting; I longed for
the reassurance of echoes and shadows
answering me. I felt more vulnerable, naked
on that expanse of floor, being scrutinized
by an unknown being, than I had ever felt
before. It was as though I was being slit from
the navel to the top of my prickling head,
while hands with bitten fingernails probed
my insides and examined my mind. I could
have sworn, amidst this invasion, that I
recognized those hands. It was the type of
surreal experience typical of my nightly
sojourn to this place, something which I
could have expected my psyche to introduce
me to. And yet, it was completely new. I can't
expect anyone to understand, most people
being too engrossed in trying to understand
the world around them. This is the journey
into my mind, which only a dreamer can
take.

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I returned the next morning from that Nirvana with the memories of my visit still as clear and as real in my mind as the new day was before me. As usual, I rubbed the sleep and tranquillity from my eyes, shielded my face from the angry sun, and prepared to confront the waking world. However, something inside me had changed. An indescribable force seemed to drag me from my bed and rush me to paper and pen. So urgent was the desire to create that every other quarreling responsibility in my life seemed to blur into insignificance. At my desk, whitened knuckles and pinpricks of sweat urged a pencil sketch to life. I drew, for some inexplicable reason, a nude.

Puzzling over the implications of the art, I saw in the mirror somebody whom I recognized. The artist from my dream! Myself. She and I were one and the same. So, I had been studying myself on the pink marble floor! As I stared at the reflection, I knew for the first time that I had brought back a gift from my dreamworld, so precious that few are ever willing to risk removing it. I clutched a tiny part of my true, inner self in my nail-bitten hands. I laughed and the waking world continued to do so. I had found a new part of myself, the artist. The hidden part that could create and express and free my spirit. No longer was I destined only to dream of those lily-washed streets, but now I had brought with me from Nirvana a lesson in life. That day there was a great awakening, and I realized that life itself is a great dream.

Bronwyn Roos - Grade 12

Sandcastles

Will the foamy fingers of the sea

clutch at the sand castle of our dreams?
We are destined to circle each other

in unconsummated love it seems.

Why do we build with the bonds of time
if such dreams are washed to sea,

and our love in the icy depths

shall ever after be?

Bronwyn Roos - Grade 12

Andrea Marlton
- Grade 12
(colour cont'g)

Deanne van Breda
- Grade 12 (oils)

Khara-Jade Small - Grade 12
y (mixed media)

Candice Janse van Rensburg
- Grade 12 (acrylic)

Mary-Jane Forbes - Grade 12 (colour cont'g)

Eloise Swart - Grade 12 (colour conte)

Mary-Jane Forbes -
| Grade 12 (colour contÃ©)

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Khara-Jade Small: â\200\234Steveâ\200\235 - Grade 12 (0ils) Caryn Hawkins - Grade 12 (oils)

Aunty Lin

â\200\234Your aunt has just died.â\200\235

I sat there dumbfounded. Not knowing what to do, I went to my room and tried to take in what Dad had just said. My aunt was dead. How could that be? She was only thirty-two. One week ago she had been fine, and now we would never see her again.

From as far back as I can remember, Aunty Lin had always been there. She was an important person in my childhood. A bright light - someone who had meant so much to me. Now she was gone. Memories of the happy times she had spent with me and my family came flooding back.

I remembered the time when my siblings and I had gone to Spur and had come back with balloons. Aunty Lin, who was living in the house next door with friends, was the first person we thought of. We ran next door and showed them to her. She delighted in our joy.

When we were about two, Aunty Lin used to help Dad teach us how to swim. She would keep an eye on us while we played in the pool. She also used to read us bed-time stories and helped us when we were learning to read. I think it was Aunty Lin who encouraged us to read so much. It is a skill which we have, and always will use.

Aunty Linâ\200\231s favourite place was at our cottage at a place called Mbona in the Karkloof mountains. She loved the solitude and peacefulness and found it a way to relax and recharge her energies before going back to Johannesburg where she was a teacher. She used to play with us at Mbona and would often take us to the dam or on walks where she would teach us about nature.

Aunty Lin was the â\200\230laatlammietjieâ\200\231 of the family by thirteen years. Shortly after she had turned twelve, her mum died of a heart attack. Three years later she moved to Maritzburg to live with Mum and Dad where she attended St Johnâ\200\231s. It was here that she excelled in academics and later became the dux of the school. I am always so proud, when I am in the foyer, to see her name on the Dux board in its important place alongside the one for the Head Girls of St John's.

Perhaps my clearest memory of Aunty Lin was of a time when we stayed with her and her husband, Hugh, in their house in Johannesburg. We had hired videos and had bought lots of chocolates, chips and sweets. We ate until we were almost sick. We had so much fun. Aunty Lin always had different ideas about how to have a good time.

Shortly after our stay with them, Aunty Lin started to get terrible headaches. She went to the doctor who told her that she was to be hospitalized. She slipped into a coma on the Friday. We were all terribly worried over the

weekend. However, on Monday her level of unconsciousness hadnâ\200\231t deepened and things were starting to look better. Mum and Dadâ\200\231s other sister, Joan, had flown up to see her. When they spoke to her, the pulsometer on her finger showed an instant reaction of her pulse rate indicating that she was aware of the company around her. By Wednesday, it was obvious that Aunty Lin was in trouble. She was slipping into a deeper coma and by Monday morning her breathing was slowing down. She died that afternoon.

The incoming phone calls stopped, but there was one more that had to be made. It was to Grandpa. He had been in ICU at the same time that Aunty Lin had been in hospital, for major surgery to his colon. We had all feared that we would lose him as well. However, he had pulled through and now he had to be told that his daughter had died. When Mum told him, he broke down and wept like a child.

About a year later Hugh phoned Mum to say that it was time to bury Aunty Linâ\200\231s ashes. We took them to Mbona and buried them amongst the proteas in front of the cottage. As the seasons come and go, so do the proteas, and we are constantly reminded of the good times we shared with Aunty Lin. They are memories that I will always treasure.

Sarah Seggie - Grade 12

Excitement of New,
Security of Old

Dadâ\200\231s work always symbolised what was new and exciting at my experienced age of five. Looking up, the buildingâ\200\231s height strained my neck - the shiny windows, and click-click of stiletto heels on tiled floor; me in my smart frock (unaccustomed - uncomfortable and frilly); little hand in big hand - the bossâ\200\231s daughter. At Dadâ\200\231s work I tasted my first Kentucky fried chicken - now my favourite fast food. I didnâ\200\231t go often, but my pleadings at the end of the day at Dadâ\200\231s work became a kind of ritual - how could he say no. It was our little secret, because if mum found out why I wasnâ\200\231t eating all my SUIDREI

Early awakening - is that bubbly feeling in my stomach - excitement, or hunger?
Dressed warmly, I clumsily skate on the lawn, blow frosted smoke, break the ice on the lobeil loeilh, MTAem in Â e Alphe, . . reversing. . . up the bumpy driveway. I shout joyfully on this happy morning, â\200\234Do a dance Mum!â\200\235 - another ritual of our family! She jumps around and waves the dish cloth, kicking her legs in the air. We laugh and clap.

Dad listens to the BBC on the way down the highway to town. I watch Dadâ\200\231s black leather gloved hands gently turn the smooth wooden steering wheel. Outside, the road slips by my numb nose, which hardly reaches the window. My eyes follow the telephone wire up and down, up and down. Sun-flecked shadow teases my eyes. I push myself further into the leather seat which I am already pulled against by the black strap that scratches my neck, and I face the dashboard.

It is smart like the Bank. Everything is symmetrical and hard and efficient. But on Dadâ\200\231s floor the people joke and are friendly.

Itâ\200\231s the Seemingly
Trivial Things in Life
that Give Me the
Greatest Pleasure.

This morning I rescued a ladybird. While I was finding the courage to duck under the icy water, and deciding whether it was a good idea that I got in at all, as I could no longer feel my toes. I noticed the little bug. Normally I'm not a great fan of insect life, but fancying myself as a Florence Nightingale, I lifted the frantic little thing out of the water.

The ladybird was still for a while, and I'm sure I saw a startled look on its tiny black and white face. After it got used to its new dry and mobile environment, it began busily

attending to its soaked appendages. For a moment, while it fussed, I became very

Dad's office smells of Dad's suit when he comes home. The office is spacious, as is his long and wide desk; it shines as so much else in this building does - Polished, Dad says. The best thing about Dad's desk are his drawers. Pens, pencils, highlighters and glue; drawing pins and paper clips; prestik, date stamps and a role of illumined orange Urgent - Dringend stickers. Every file is straight and neat. While Dad works, I work. I sit on the coarse, blue carpet and busy myself stamping, sticking and writing on Dad's â United Bankâ pad, and flipping importantly through his address book. I eat my â padkosâ.

Dad's window is a long way from the ground. He holds me so I do not lean too far out. Far below in the next block of grey, the red fire engine stands. It never moves. That is because it is old and has been replaced. I feel sad for it. New replaces old. Everything in town is new in my eyes. The pigeons on the window sill are always happy. That concrete slab they call home.

When Dad gets visitors, I go along the passage to help Doris, the tea lady. Doris is closer to my height than any of the others. She has shortish black hair and big glasses. I help her pour, and deliver the tea on a big trolley. She calls me her â helperâ.

At the typing den Anne draws me funny dogs and Chris gives me Wilson sweets. They pile books on the seat, and I sit and type on the spare type-writer. Soon it is time to go home, and I have lots of new papers to show Mum.

On the way home the road ahead blurs through the sleepy eyes which close. Back to safety and security in everything familiar. The place where everybody knows me - where Mum and Meta are. Back to home. I have enjoyed my day, but I am relieved.

Alice Hobbs - Grade 12

aware. I felt both the sun's warm breath on my back and the ladybird's minute footsteps as it climbed hairs and knuckles. I really looked at the little creature exploring my right hand. In that moment I became a child again, Eve discovering the smallest, most delicate and beautiful thing in the garden. But before I could digest anything, the ladybird, by now satisfactorily dry and confident, shifted its orange and black wings and disappeared.

But in my heart I had a feeling that this encounter was significant, precious in some way. In this minute, squashable and common ladybird, I had had a glimpse of the insignificance of an insect, of an animal, of a

human being; and of the uniqueness and
rarity of them all. The ladybird was perfect:

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a perfectly formed, perfectly delicate living
being, a tiny fraction of the soul of God. For
that moment, I loved the bug as much as I
did my life, my God.

When I came back to the coldness of the
water and the sun toasting my back, I felt
enlightened, in all senses of the word.
Strange that this ladybird had opened me to
more of creation, more of the tenderness
and care of God, than any church sermon
ever had. Maybe it wasn't so strange, maybe
just natural, maybe just love - unpolluted.

I ducked under the water. My heart
squeezed with cold-shock. I held my breath
and pressed my legs off the pool wall,
pushing through the water and then
floating. I came up for breath, my body
tingling: fresh and awake. I dived back down
and stayed at the bottom, turning over so
that my back just bumped the concrete floor
and I hung, suspended in the liquid silence
around my head. I could see the blue of the
sky, dancing over the misty blue of the
water. As I held my breath, words played in
my head: "If I had my life to live over again,
I'd pick more daisies, I'd eat more ice-
cream." My lungs began to burn and I tried
to place the words as I surfaced....

Now I remembered! They were stuck up on
the notice board in my mom's office; an

GETAWAY

The two of us alone -

excluding the crab parents

and fisherman brainwashed by waves of reiteration
in paradise,

oil spoils and fishing tackle unheeded -

To get away

from the phone limits

and hours of labour

which sweep our fragile boats apart
as we work with creaking oars
against the swelling miles

of cold, turbulent sea...

But we are here

now

together

alone (almost)

on the crushed velvet sand

which sinks with our weathered bodies,
and the whistling wind

which lulls our thoughts

And we inhale,
as the ocean draws back
until the crabs chase us home.

article written by an elderly lady. Her
words had stayed in my memory since
I had glanced over it, but now with a
sudden rush they reached my heart.
The ladybird and the daisies fitted
together.

The God of the universe births every
ladybird with six delicate legs and
wings so fragile, so perfect. Then life is
full of beautiful hope and meaning,
and paths for every person. I trust that
my path will lead to God, for my path
offered is love. Now I have time to pick
more daisies, eat more ice-cream, and
rescue more ladybirds. This is the life
of life: trivial, yet precious life.

As I dive back down below the fresh
water, I smile, laugh to myself.
Hanging beneath the blue, looking up
to the sky, I close my eyes and hear, in
the silence, the laugh of my father, a
beautiful song; I feel the ladybird's
footsteps and the water between my
toes. I really should go and work;
there's an English essay to write, a
RORETA EER O BN G 1AV VAT S O 1] I ()
practise...No, not now. For this
moment [have more important things
to do.

Khara-Jade Small - Grade 12

DEEP

Bright words
bounce off
blinding water

But it's colder and darker
down

The light's far above
down

You sink into the silt
down

Where the words don't shine

Adriana Marais - Grade 11

Merit Award

Grade 11 section

Douglas Livingstone

Creative Writing Competition.

Joint First Prize
Grade 11 section

Douglas Livingstone

Ryley Olivier - Grade 11

Creative Writing Competition.

Bernadine GrovÃ©: â\200\234Self-portraitâ\200\235 - Grade 11 (pencil)

Berndine Grove: â\200\234Drawing by candlelightâ\200\235 - Grade 11 (charcoal)

Adriana Marais: â\200\234Self-portraitâ\200\235 - Grade 11 (pencil) Susan Carter-Brown: â\200\234Genesisâ\200\235 - Grade 10 (pen and ink)

Funky

Forever free;

No fumbling or fray:
Your facade is mnot
formality.

Like a frolic foal,
Youâ\200\231re a non-fanatic
freak;

Not the frenetic fly
That fingers flatten.
You're fabulous
Without failure.

Your feelings float

In folds of flowers,

And in a flash

You're full of fun and
Funky.

Collette Hurt - Grade 11

Much Dating in High School is an Exercise in
Ego-building rather than a Matter of True Love

or Friendship

Picture a group of the latest additions to high school. They sit casually, laughing loudly and smiling - all campaigning for popularity and each one feeling that she is the only one feeling fragile, awkward and unsure. As they compare junior school adventures (â\200\234Havenâ\200\231t you kissed anyone yet?(!)â\200\235), they weigh their confidence by the othersâ\200\231 attention. A plain girl (has anyone noticed her before?) adds that she has a boyfriend. The heads turn. Smiles in her direction. â\200\234Oh, and heâ\200\231s a Hiltonian.â\200\235 The girls edge closer. This girl (â\200\234Whatâ\200\231s her name again?â\200\235) has A Boyfriend - her ticket to social acceptance and popularity.

Much dating in high school is, indeed, an exercise in ego-building. A school social is an ideal place for the blossoming of these bursts of infatuation. The loud music is a convenient excuse for minimal talk and an opportunity to sway pelvis, flick hair and bend those legs (they call it dancing) but it is merely a preview for the smooth-talking hunter who will choose the most appealing â\200\234chickâ\200\235 or â\200\234birdâ\200\235 to prey on behind the school gazebo. The girl, The Chosen One, begins a â\200\234relationshipâ\200\235 which becomes something to talk about with her friends, who gush over â\200\234what a cute coupleâ\200\235 they make. Such relationships, based on boosting confidence rather than companionship, seem to consist of flattery, clichÃ©d romance, gushy phone calls and the over-enthusiastic

support of one's friends.

Yet one cannot be too cynical. In some cases there are relationships which are based on friendship and perhaps even love. But the big question is - What is Love? Unfortunately there is no textbook answer and almost everyone has her own interpretation, which changes as she grows from experience. I think that there are high school romances which could be classified (according to my present interpretation) as true friendship and love.

Picture a teenage couple on a park bench, talking. Apart from their holding hands you might not have guessed that they were a couple. If you knew them, perhaps you would know that there is no longer a need for flirtatious behaviour - the initial mystery is dead. Yet they thrive in each other's

company. He makes her laugh and they exchange a warm, sincere smile before she squeezes his hand. There is no pretence, no superficiality. She looks at him and just for a moment she is annoyed at the sight of his unbrushed hair and dress sense - but the moment passes. She's accepted that she can't change him. She's grateful that he's there now, listening to her. He looks at her with affection and they exchange a witty remark and laugh heartily. In a soft, kind tone he begins to tell her that he has to go away to study. At first she feels angry and uncertain, but he reassures her of his loyalty, and she realizes that she has to make sacrifices. She looks at him and bites her lip. They embrace and return to their previous conversation. As you walk away you can still hear them laughing.

In my opinion, most teenage relationships are superficial because teenagers want them to be. They like the temporary ego-boost, but once the challenge is over, they want to move on. After all, it is expected of young people to experiment and experience different people. But there are many adults who still base their relationships on selfish reasons and shallow values, and although some believe teenagers only experience 'puppy love,' I think there are some cases where teenagers have a more mature approach than some adults. Perhaps it is true that true love grows slowly over many years of challenges and difficulties together, but some teenagers who have made the choice to have a 'settled' relationship experience the same kind of love (maybe in a diluted version). They, too, are capable of communication, respect, trust, acceptance, gratitude, affection, sensitivity, selflessness and support. They, too, understand that love isn't a feeling but a sacrifice. They, too, recognize aspects of compatibility such as similar intellectual levels, sense of humour, value systems and backgrounds. They, too, know the importance of the balance between the

emotional, spiritual, physical and
intellectual aspects of their relationship.
Although teenagers don't know much about
the "real world," they are still human and
know how to love.

Ryley Olivier - Grade 11

The Age in which I
Would Most Like to
have Lived.

Elell Hitler Peace in our
Communism is the way! The swastika.
Bolshevism. The USA. The 1930s. Just as
confused as my introduction may seem, so
were the 1930s. It was a time of confusion
and the deepest distrust between the
European powers and Russia - a time of
change with communism becoming an
embraced ideology. This is the time, for me,
that would have been most exciting.

To place my essay in context, Europe,
unknown to her, saw the path to the valley
of the shadow of death when Hitler came
into power in 1933. Bolshevism was
spreading like larva threatening to consume
the western powers, and Europe was still
recovering from the destructive (to say the
least) First World War. The world held its
breath, dreading another while the nations
competed to be the most powerful country
in Europe. However, it's most interesting to
think what it would have been like to be an
ordinary German, part of the this unhealthy
competitive spirit...

[am in my tiny cottage using hundreds of
worthless mark notes to start the fire for the
stove. A group of friends are about to come
for supper and to share our strong opinions
against this new thing called Communism,
and how savage Bolshevism is. And no, there
Is no compromising with communism at all
- and my friends will raise their glasses to
that. We are all scared that it might spread in
Germany. The Fuhrer says that that would
lead to chaos! Another sackful of money for
fuel. Yes, Communism must be destroyed, I
decide, as the fire crackles in the stove...

Political passion was everywhere. It
throbbed against the tall buildings of Berlin.
Hitler's great and illegal army shook the
streets as they goose-stepped toward their
Fuhrer, who also shook people's hearts
making them shout, "Heil Hitler!" and again,
"Heil Hitler!" All their trust and faith was
put in one man. Of course they were
brainwashed by Hitler's dynamic
propaganda - but have you seen such
excitement, such intense focus - one nation
raising their arms straight toward one goal?
No matter how provocative that goal might
have been, it was still a goal. And Germany
almost succeeded.

What makes the 1930s so fascinatmg,
nevertheless, were the contrasting ideas.
Today I can sit back and make a well-

Peter & Kathleen Dorkin

e/

informed opinion about capitalism and Communism. But I can only imagine what it must have like to be a pig-headed German, or an arrogant Briton or an aggressive Bolshevik and try to remain objective. I, being one who has to voice her opinion, can see myself passionately discussing politics and why our â\200\234ismâ\200\235 is better than the other â\200\234isms.â\200\235 Although Europe was divided and peace was no more than a dream, the 1930s was an invaluable time as far as serious political thought is concerned. Yes, there was war because of it, but the ideas that came forth have made us better informed. Whether we use that â\200\234better informationâ\200\235 wisely in our present political state is another debate. But to have been involved in such debates; to have learnt new ideas; and to have developed such strong feelings would have been exhilarating for me.

So guess who will be part of the â\200\234whoâ\200\235s who in the political zooâ\200\235 when anarchism poses its threat? And guess whose side I'll be on?

Lwazi Manzi - Grade 11

Winter Sun

(on an early June morning)

Sunspawling is my favorite preoccupation
Spread thin over continental cushion on the
winter prickle of my back lawn:

You drug me to euphoric trance,
Let me breathe all the sights you have
Kissed

Stroked

Singed with

Holy Fire

And whisper me all you know of
Ancient encounters

Sacred sites

Stolen moments from

The eternity you have

Watched,

Nurtured.

This is my ritual re-incarnation
My prayer to my

Ancient Sun with

New Morning Rays.

Paige Dorkin - Grade 10

Merit Award

Douglas Livingstone

Creative Writing Competition

The
Hunted

She flies
Floats
Free -

It echoes
Harsh
Hollow

She Falters
Falls
Fumbles

The hunter grins
Blood drips...
Red

Life

I stand
Everything blurs...

Frances Stockil -
Grade 10

Losing in
the Light

Nerves flicker -
reflect off the bruised
wall.

Flashes from the
midnight beyond
match court

blind me.

Swop sides spin rough
smooth

The sliced stadium is
moist

Nine love

The court is stale
Nine love

The crowd is quiet as
eyelashes

crawl over me

My first final

Five years dreaming
Five minutes bleached
in a spotlight haze
Forced to face the
crowd

clapping

too loud

for the little girl

who lost.

Gina Robinson - Grade 10

ineceMihoushits

My mother can never understand why I
pilgrimage down the back yard and
scramble over the wall for the simple
purpose of sitting here. Sheâ\200\231s never said so,
but I'm sure she thinks my tree-sittings are
suspicious - suburban drug deals, dark
meetings or, more plainly, the dreaded
beginnings of strange eccentricity in an
already incomprehensible, unpredictable
teenager. I am bound up in various layers of
wool and warmth with my knees sucked up
to my chin in a swell of grubby blanket and
my back comfortably filling the bowl-dent of
bark beneath me. This rain suits my mood. It
is not snugly, profound, coffee-shop rain. Itâ\200\231s
just crying down. A droplet sneaks through a
gap in my foliage roof and slithers down my
forehead and over my nose.

At the diner where I waitress on Saturday
nights, I serve girls with hair flashing Revlon
snakes down their backs. They smile me
clear-skinned smiles and order cappuccinos.
I scurry around in my ink-stained jeans and
hide my nails under my tray. My hands are
always covered in tiny cuts from opening
Hunters Gold bottles for suave boyfriends
without using a bottle opener. I try to make
objective observations. She talks in a stream
of giggle and leans forward ever so slightly to
sip her coffee. She scoops off dollops of
cream with her finger and slowly licks them
up. I know, of course, that these things
cannot really be learned, but I am fascinated
with these little movements that happen so
naturally. They always forget to tip and
hurry off as half of some elaborate embrace
to the car. I wipe down counters and fill up
mustard bottles. My mother is always telling
me these are the best years of my life. I listen
to her with the feeling that I have swallowed
a rubber ball.

The rain is falling more desperately now. I
can feel the knobbly bark making little
impressions in my skin. Usually I cannot fill
my lungs enough with rain-smell, but today

Untitled

The grey sheet has holes here and there
through which shafts of sunlight stream
The holes - blue,

the sheets - grey

and the outlines - silver.

On a day like this every-one says its dreary,
but if I look carefully,

I can see the excellence,

this is God's ever-changing masterpiece.
The sky is a beauty,

a natural super-model.

Lindsay Carte - Grade 9

there is a stale, sad smell that smokes up
from the ground in thin wisps. All around
me is a haze of green shudder. I like to run
my fingers over the rough bark, stroking
over the texture of imperfections. My other
hand moves hesitatingly over my cheeks,
closed eyelids and then my frizz of damp
hair. I wish I could melt like a smooth
bubble-droplet hitting soft soil. I wish I
never had to unroll from my bundle in my
tree. Here, there are no mirrors. No Revlon
snakes and sparkling smiles. My mother says
fifteen is too young to fall in love. She is
wrong.

It's getting dark. I must move before I
harden into tree fibre. I unravel myself and
prepare to make my scramble over the wall.
Just as I swing myself over, my foot slips on
the row of water beads that have collected. I
land in a pathetic blob and watch as a red
patch grows on the knee of my jeans. I know
I should get up, but all I can do is watch my
blood dilute in a puddle, colouring the
liquid to a fleshy pink.

Paige Dorkin - Grade 10

Autumn

Autumn is soft.

Temperatures laze;

White wisps weave patterns on the clear blue
sky.

Loud colours hibernate -
Green gives way to quieter shades of beige.
Lawns smooth to silk.

The meek sun strokes the world as it
slides lazily down

down

into the horizon.

Tami van Heerden - Grade 10

The Morning

A streak of light,
Shines through the sky,
Gone is the night,

It has now passed by.

Refreshing colours,

Burst into the sky,
While a fiery ball,
Rises up high.

The fresh morning dew,
Lies on the grass,

The sun looks new,

And as shiny as brass.

The flowers open,

The birds sing,

Dawn has broken,

What will the mornâ\200\231 bring

Aalia Shariff - Grade 9

Rejection

â\200\230Jane you can come
on my teamâ\200\231

â\200\230I'll have Lauraâ\200\231 the
other one says

Will I be chosen by
one of the two

â\200\230Fred come hereâ\200\231
orders one

â\200\230Peterâ\200\231 commands the
enemy

I must be next

Iâ\200\231'm sure I will be
â\200\230Sue we can use youâ\200\231
â\200\230Joe weâ\200\231ll need your
helpâ\200\231

Hey, over here I'm
quite good

Choose me I'll help
you

â\200\230Laurenâ\200\231

â\200\230Brianâ\200\231

â\200\230Sarahâ\200\231

â\200\230Lucyâ\200\231

â\200\230Stevenâ\200\231

There are only three
of us left

Please donâ\200\231t let me be
last again

â\200\230Catherineâ\200\231

Only one person left
between me and
safety

Iâ\200\231'm praying I wonâ\200\231t be
left alone

â\200\230Charlesâ\200\231

He hurries away, I'm
left, the odd one out

I sit down and watch
the game

Barbara Couperthwaite
- Grade 9

=~

S

The Wonderful World of Insects

The hive swarms with activity. The tiny workers are already up and ready to make their first foray out into the world. Their queen, in her chamber, reposes still. One after another, the shiny black workers file out. The grasses loom, tower-like, over the pygmy soldiers. Many of the ants work alone. Each one, in his own way, makes a contribution.

Three ants have gone out together. A single ant has few resources to turn to, should danger threaten. The first of the three is a wise, old warrior. He knows everything about everything. He is past the prime of his life, but is fit, active and strong. The other two are young. Young and inexperienced as they are, they need the guidance of their colleague. So these are the three who go out.

The morning is glorious: clear and sweet. It's just the sort of morning which makes all creatures long to leap and sing. The three march through the grasses, and are almost swamped by the dew which drops off. These ants do not have any language with which to express themselves, but they can communicate by a combination of looks, gestures and mutually understood truth. All three know, as surely as they know each other, that their task is to collect food for their queen. It never enters their heads to wonder why. It is all they know.

With springing strides, the trio crosses the lawn, for it is a lawn through which they stride. They head unhesitatingly towards the house. Daunting to them are the giant chairs and table which stand on the patio. Still, they sally forth. In a neat row, they advance with courage. The old ant leads the way. They halt. Their way is barred by a seemingly insuperable obstacle. It is the glass sliding door.

The young ants are at a loss. They have no inkling as to how they will penetrate the looming fortress. Lucky it is for them that the old ant is with them. He knows just where a broken piece of plaster will admit an ant. One ant, or two. Maybe even three.

Inside, they find a large room, paved with glossy, white tiles. Their eager eyes analyze the scene. Everything is aglow with electric light; not less so with the gleam of steel and brass, polished and resplendent. Women in white aprons bustle about. It is Christmas day, and festivities are already in full swing.

The three advance. Oh! What is the soft blue and white missile which descends with lightning swiftness? Slap! The dish towel erases these blots from the flawless ivory

work-surface. One and all, the ants tumble
down, down, down.

Stunned and bruised, the three assemble
their disarranged faculties. As they lie,
regaining their breaths, there comes wafting
on the wind the most delicious scent an ant

has ever scented. No ant would be slow to
follow that scent to its source. And yes, there
it is. On the floor, partly hidden by an open
cupboard door is veritable constellation of
sugar crystals.

The ants know that they must carry this
treasure back to that one magnificent ant
still in the anthill, but first they will gorge
themselves until their little black tummies
are straining, stretched to capacity. This
done, they are quick to load their mandibles
and set out, voyaging through the rapidly-
drying jungle of grass.

Back in the gloomy vault, the queen reclines
in luxurious ennui. All her life she lies
motionless, waited on in her every need. The
colony has collected the sugar, and laid it at
her feet. All that remains for her to do is eat:
hunger satisfied to lay multitudes of fleshy,
white eggs; this done, to rest.

Outside, the valiant workers are at work.
Singularly cheerless is their job: to convey
food to their idle mistress. Cheerless and
unrewarding. Yet they never dream of
complaining. Obstinate they continue to
strive.

Jane Anderson - Grade 9

The Eden in My Mind

There is a place within my mind

to which I flee when life rubs raw.
A place of wondrous harmony

no fighting, crime or senseless war.

Where golden fields of fragrant wheat
ripple gently in the breeze

and swallows sing melodious song
while swooping through the grassy seas.

A rippling lake laps lazily

on glistening pebbled shore
reflecting skies of brightest blue
and calms me furthermore.

The mighty Elm and spreading Oak

cast lacy dappled shade

In which the lion and the lamb lay down
within my peaceful glade.

Tisâ\200\231 here I flee when times are hard

and life no longer kind

oh how I wish the world could be
like the Eden in my mind.

Stephanie Poltera - Grade 9

The
Panther

She stalks stealthily
In shadows of night;
Sleek,

Agile,

Eyes bright.

Her muscles ripple
Like a black satin
wave -
Graceful,
Powerful,
She catches

prey.

her

Her maternal chore
done,

She supplies
young.

her

Gillian Oates - Grade 8

Silence

The dense black -
My clenched fist -
A strange sound -
A horrid twist.

The curtain moves -
The floor creaks -

I call out -

But no one speaks!

Amy Frenkel - Grade 8

The Day My Life
Changed Forever

Although I'd witnessed something of death
before, it had never really touched my soul
until the day before I turned twelve. That
was the day I realized that life is only lent to
us.

It had been a long and painful week leading
up to my birthday. I remember coming
home from school every day and rushing off
to see if my sick pony, Scoobie, was still alive.
She had been suffering from what the vets
called a "non-specific liver poisoning" for
almost a month, and had become more and
more ill. Scoobie was a pony who I had
always thought of as majestic and powerful.
She was my friend and confidant. That

image of her was shattered as I stared at her skeletal body swaying on unsteady legs, her head hanging and tired. Sometimes she would lie in a collapsed, twitching heap of lethargy while her once alert eyes were misted over and sunken in a disinterested gaze.

At the sight of her I would feel overcome with guilt at letting her suffer such torment. It had never occurred to me that she might die: I just presumed that the sickness would pass like some common cold or flu. At night we would check on her, while I would spend time talking to her and telling her that it would be alright or that she would pull through. I never realized that all those words held much more comfort to me then for her, and that she was probably deaf to all I said.

I spent many evenings wiping her down and soothingly applying anything that might help her feel better. Although they would never admit it, none of the vets or horse specialists actually knew what they were dealing with, but we tried all the various concoctions and medicines they suggested [although I think they actually made me feel better by being active, than any real difference to her!] As I stroked her neck I could feel the inflamed lumps left by the numerous injections. Her spine stuck out, and her once rotund belly was thin.

When I look back, I can smell all the familiar smells. Before the ordeal, the smell of dust and straw had always been a comfort, a smell associated with joy. I would rub my hands together and feel the sticky dirt which clung as persistently as a tick to a horse's body, and breath in the strong smell of horse... Bitter, yet warm and sweet. I used to love those stables and relish the excitement of getting home from school to ride and spend the entire afternoon with Scoobie. For me, she was not only my property, but my friend. She was mine and I was hers. We were a pair.

On this afternoon, as I returned from school, I noticed that both my mum and dad were at the stables. Mum hugged me with tears in her eyes as I looked over the stable door. Scoobie was lying flat out in her stable, her breath coming out in rough gasps and

streams of foam bubbling around her muzzle. She was obviously in a tremendous lot of pain and suffering a great deal. Mum said that she had called the vet and that she was going to be put down.

I was devastated. Tears burned in my throat and threatened to overwhelm me. I choked them back, and went into her stable and lay down and buried my head in her rasping chest. I remembered all the wonderful rides we'd had, me clinging to her bare back as we cantered along, her skewbald mane flying in

my face , or when we would go swimming in
Midmar Dam and how I would have to be
careful not to get rolled on when we got out
and she wanted to get dry. All these
memories flashed through my mind, and I
wished I could have fully appreciated every
moment, instead of believing there would
always be a tomorrow to do more and more
exciting things with her. I wasnâ\200\231t ready for it
to end yet, I'd never expected anything to
change.

I heard a car door shut. Dad said â\200\234Thanks for
coming,â\200\235 to someone, and then Mum, tears
streaming down her face, said for me to
come away and to say goodbye to Scoobie. A
huge sob broke out of me, and I ran from the
stable into the house and buried my head
under a pillow in my bedroom.

What seemed an eternity later, a shot rang
out, and my heart seemed to shudder with a
gasp of shock that escaped from me. I
wanted to scream with rage as a part of my
childhood died forever. Life seemed so
uncertain, the things I'd come to believe
were mine had no value I couldnâ\200\231t keep
them forever and that seemed so unfair.

When the day of my twelfth birthday
dawned, my heart was still heavy with pain.
I realised that this was the first birthday I
had ever woken up to and not been excited
about. I knew that with Scoobieâ\200\231s death a
part of me had changed forever. The part
that believes that parents can make
everything right had gone, and I started to
realize there are no certainties in life, except
that everyone has to die sometime.

Stephanie Poltera - Grade 9

Untitled

In the eerie night

The candle flows and flickers
With light.

The toxic wind creeks
Through cracks,
Dangerously weaving

Like a slithery, sly snake

Up my spine.

The candle quivers
And shivers -
And itâ\200\231s out!

Glynis Marwick - Grade 8

The Mantis

It stands there on my
lampshade.

Jar in hand I move
towards it.

It stares at me,
Seeing,

Thinking,
Knowing.

Its arrogance
infuriates me.

I pounce

dead on target

Seeing it there in its
glassy prison,

I feel I have
conquered my fear -
Why then do I feel
guilt?

Kirsten Talbot - Grade 8

Mountain

Its sheltering ledges
Jjut out majestically
Protecting the land -
Like the king of a
country -

Its royal
unmatched.
It is graceful,
Sturdy,
Strong.

It has watched people
and towns

and disasters

and miracles.

It has become wise
and knowing.

It has stood tall

Firm,

Still, for centuries -
And will for many
more.

beauty

Sarah Dawson - Grade 8

Lost

I closed my eyes with such sadness that anyone wouldâ\200\231ve thought my entire world had suddenly crumbled beneath me. Nothing anyone said or did could help me accept that I might one day get over the loss of my grandfather - my beloved Oupa.

If you have ever lost someone precious and honourable, then you will know what it feels like. It is not just the emotional loss that tears at your heart, but the feeling of being completely helpless and distraught.

The moment I first learnt that my grandfather was dying from a brain tumor, was not one of sadness or disbelief. He had been an elderly, ill man for a long, long time. No, it wasnâ\200\231t the fact that he had only been given a month to live, that it was certain and inevitable that he would then die; it was the sudden pictures conjured up in my mind- of living without him; of living without his blue sparkling eyes and warm, dreamy smile. These told of his remarkable existence, that he was a wonderful husband, father, and a role model for me. The way he lived his life; his stories of World War Two; the history of our family; and his tales of growing up and working on the gold mines of the Transvaal were enough to make anyone feel lost without him.

I can still vividly remember those last few days - I'm not sure if I'll ever forget those cold Winter days, when I lost some of my resilience. Perhaps I was too young actually to realize that my grandfather was dying

When I Was Six

When I was six, my world changed. It was about two years after my parentsâ\200\231 divorce and I was starting big school. I didnâ\200\231t get hurt or feel devastated by things going on at home - I was young and just wanted to be the one with the biggest smile in the photo!

I was cheeky and active with hands constantly touching things. I had golden-blond curls that gleamed in the sunshine. My clothes were strictly the ones I loved - red shorts and a pink t-shirt with upside-down dogs on it!

School expanded my imagination and my physical abilities all at once. I excelled in â\200\230kissing-catchersâ\200\231 and loved teasing the boys!

My family was wonderful - loving, caring supportive and interested in everything I was doing - although in fights, my brother and sisters usually won, which made me grumpy! Being older and twice my size, they often ganged up on me!

} This page kindly sponsored by the Jihnig family

because he was old and ill, and not because his illness was a punishment from God. His death was quick. But those last few days in Cape Town, almost waiting for him to die, seemed to last an eternity.

I stared blankly out of the window as the plane slowly heaved itself into the cloudy sky. It was June in 1993. Two weeks earlier a frantic call had come from my grandmother: â\200\234John is ill. He has slowly got worse.â\200\235 She gave no details about his condition, or a doctorâ\200\231s opinion on his present state of health. When she had said â\200\234illâ\200\235 I had presumed that he wasnâ\200\231t awfully ill. Nothing couldâ\200\231ve prepared me for seeing my cherished grandfather in a coma, in a private clinic in Constantia.

â\200\234Go on love - speak to him. He can hear you.â\200\235 The nurseâ\200\231s kind voice was like an axe cutting through me. I had stared at my grandfather in disbelief. This was not the loving man I knew! I was in such a state of shock that her words seemed to come out as: â\200\234Go on love - speak to him. It will be your last time.â\200\235

He died the next day. All I remembered was my grandparentsâ\200\231 house filled with letters of condolence, flowers and the many phone calls. He had been a well-known man. His work on the gold mines in the Transvaal had made him admired and honoured. But the loss to society of my beloved grandfather was nothing like my feeling of loss - like a virus, it spread through me. I felt lost without him... Maybe I always will.

Margot Flint - Grade 8

My favourite place to be was in my parentsâ\200\231 arms and I loved being out in the sunshine. I was at the bottom of our garden much of the time with witches, fairies, chefs and animals. I had my own passage through the bushes, which enchanted me. I revelled being in my very own kingdom with my very own subjects.

I liked all things natural - if it ran jumped or hopped, I followed it. I picked all sorts of flowers, grasses and weeds and gave them to my mum. I made great feasts of berry stew, weed platter and rock muffins. But I really did eat mulberries - I thought I could live on (eSS hie M I Ole I Elne ! inquisitively. They stained my round little feet purple when they burst between my toes.

Everything seemed so vibrant then - each tingling taste, each smell that fizzed inside me, each cool raindrop.

That all seems to have been given away to
growing up... that is, until I go back to the
bottom of the garden!

Elizabeth Fletcher - Grade 8

Z

Bernadine Grove: Self-portrait - Grade 11 (Oils)

Linda Simpson: Self-portrait - Grade 11 (pencil)

Leanne Adriana Marais: Self-portrait - Grade 11
L . 5 S (oils and acrylic)

Sarah Leff: Self-portrait - Grade 11 (pencil)

Paige Dorkin: â\200\234Genesisâ\200\235 - Grade 10 (pen and ink)

Fiona Gray: â\200\234Self-portraitâ\200\235 - Grade 11 (oils)

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Renata de Gersigny - Grade 10 (pen and ink)

KREATIEWE WERK

Die Uurglas Loop Leeg

My hart pomp en my ore word rooi van die bloed wat daarnatoe skiet want die uurglas van leertyd loop gou leeg.

Die grootste eksamens van my lewe, tot dusver, is net om die draai. Dit voel asof daar berge leerwerk is en glad nie genoeg tyd om daardeur te kom nie. Pretvol dae is nou klaar, vakansie ontspanning hou nou op. Dis nou werk, werk, werk met die geluid van die uurglas se sand wat so tik, tik, tik neerval en hoër groei.

Wat van die uurglas van volgende jaar? Dit word ook gou leeg. Met besluite van wat om te doen, waarnatoe om te gaan en wanneer om alles te begin, word ek tog baie bekommerd en seenuweeagtig want ek weet nog steeds nie wat ek wil doen nie. My oë sit vas op daardie uurglas. Hemel, ek wens ek kon dit net vir 'n rukkie laat ophou loop. Ek kan nie. Dit gaan net aan met sy getik, tik, tik.

Dis nie net volgende jaar waaroor ek my bekommer nie. Dis ook die res van my lewe. Hoe gaan ek hierdie lewe deurkom? Ek wil glad nie my tyd mors nie. Ek wil iets interessants en wonderliks met my lewe doen met elke sandkorreltjie wat deur die uurglas van my lewe val. Daar word gesê dat die wêreld, soos ons dit nou ken, tot 'n einde gaan kom. Baie mense sê dat Christus een van die dae terug aarde toe gaan kom om sy mense te haal. Die wêreld is so 'n rustelose, besige plek. Ek wonder hoeveel mense reg is om saam met Jesus huis toe te gaan? As Christus besluit om more te kom, is my lewe reg vir hom? Sal Hy my met liefdevolle arms vat en teen Hom druk? Is my lewe reg? Die uurglas loop baie leeg. Tik, tik, tik skreeu dit in my hart.

Met elke dag wat kom en gaan, met elke sandkorrel wat deur die uurglas val, is daar iets om te besluit, iemand om lief te hê, iets te sê of doen. Spandeer meer tyd saam met daardie mense wie se uurglase baie leeg loop – voordat daar nie meer tyd is nie. Lei jou lewe op 'n manier waarop jy trots kan wees. Mors geen tyd nie. Doen alles met 'n gelukkige hart. Doen hierdie dinge, sê ek vir myself, want die uurglas van 'n mens se lewe hou nie op nie en niemand kan dit weer vol maak nie.

En natuurlik weet niemand wanneer daardie tik, tik, tik gaan ophou nie.

So Lyk die Hemel,
Dink Ek.

Aanvaar dit, elke liewe vrou gaan hemel toe!

Is daar mans in die hemel? Natuurlik is daar!
Dis mos hulle werk om ons vroumense te
bederf!

As ek aan die hemel dink, sien ek potblou
branders wat teen 'n goue strand breek. En
daar, in die son, met mooi wit bikini's aan, is al die vroumense. In 'n japtrap kom
duisende vleispaleise aan, met 'n skinkbord
vol vars vrugte, sjokolade en koek. Ons mag
so veel as ons wil eet, want 'n mens kan nie
in die hemel gewig aansit nie! En dis hoe die
dae verloop. As dit reën, is ons almal in
'n groot kamer en hartseer video's kyk. Die
mans bring natuurlik vir ons almal 'n
koppie warmsjokolade en troos ons terwyl
ons huil. Hulle mag glad nie vir ons lag nie!
S6 lyk die hemel, dink ek.

As ons wil, kan ons vir die hele dag in die
bad is. Die baddens is buitekant, in 'n groot
woud. Terwyl ons bad, sing die voëls en die
natuur om ons is springlewendig. Die silwer
vlinders vlieg om ons koppe en die oulike
hasies kyk ons nuuskierig aan. Dis die lewe!
Geen man mag sê dat ons nou te lank in die
bad gelê het nie, hulle is net daar om seker te
maak dat daar genoeg warm water is, dat ons
handdoeke sag is en om ons hare te was. S6
lyk die hemel, dink ek!

Elke aand, mag ons op die grond is en ons
vingers deur die wolke druk om Klein
gaatjies te maak. Dan mag ons daardeur loer,
net om te kyk wat op die aarde aangaan en
om al die interessante stories en dramas te
hoor! Vroumense is mos lief vir skandaal,
ne? Dis die mans se werk om seker te maak
dat die maan en sterre aangeskakel word, en
dis waar ons slaap, onder die sterre. S6 lyk
die hemel vir my!

Maar, wat gebeur as dit andersom is? As die
hemel vol groot televisiestelle is, waarna
mans elke dag sport kan kyk terwyl ons in
hakke en voorskote koekies bak? Nee, ek
dink nie so nie. Miskien is die hemel iets
anders vir elke mens, miskien is dit jou eie
persoonlike droom.

Kathryn Calverley - Graad 11

Drie gedigte deur Sanet de Wit uit die ongepubliseerde digbundel Agter Geslote Deure

My Muse

Dis tye soos diÃ© my muse
wanneer ek wens
dat jy jou donker mantel om my moet vou.

â\200\230n Grens wat gryns slag en spot uithou
mense wat dink dat hulle snaaks is
maar woorde wat diep slag.

Dis tye soos diÃ© my muse
wanneer ek wens
dat jy my vir ewig sal vashou.

â\200\230n Donskombers wat klipgooiers uitblokkeer
mense wat dink hulle maak â\200\230n grap
maar ruk albei voete onder my uit.

Dis tye soos diÃ© my muse
dat ek wens
dat jy my einde kan wees

Geen titel

Daar is â\200\230n soort beeldskoonheid

aan die onrustige stilte

wat die emosies roer diep in jou hart
â\200\230n soort beeldskoonheid

aan die eensame traan

wat liggies oor jou hare streel
die hartseer wat saam met
komponeer

die eensaamheid wat die mistige deuntjie op
die klavier speel

ek het vergeet om vir jou te sÃ© dat ek jou
liefhet

maar tussen die onrustige en mistige
melodieÃ©

kan ek nie die woorde vind nie

die woorde wat vertel hoe ek jou nodig het
maar tussen die onrustige melodieÃ©

kan ek nie vrede vind nie

reÃ©n laat vlekke soos trane

maar tussen die mistige melodieÃ©

kan ek nie onskuld vind nie

wolke laat skaduâ\200\231s soos wense

ek soek na jou na middernag

ek loop in die reÃ©n

my o0Ã© brand

ek het vergeet om vir jou te sÃ© dat ek jou
liefhet

ek soek na jou in die maan

ek sit op die sypaadjie

my 0Ã© brand

ek het vergeet om vir jou te sÃ© dat ek jou
liefhet

ek soek na jou vanaand ek kan nie die
eensaamheid afskud nie

my hart voel hol

en ek soek na jou

want ek het vergeet om vir jou te sÃ© dat ek
jou liefhet

ek soek na jou vannag

ek sit en skryf

terwyl die eensame traan met die reÃ©nvlekke
meng

my hart is leeg en ek kan nie vrede vind nie
maar ek het vergeet om vir jou te sÃ© dat ek
jou liefhet

ek soek na jou

â\200\230n viool

Geen Titel

Ek wil vandag vir jou â\200\230n gedig skryf.
Een soos daar nog nie is.

Maar nie een wat klink asof ek oordryf,
of dinge in die verlede probeer uitwis.
Ek wil vandag hÃ© dat jy moet verstaan
waaroor al my gevoelens gaan.

Ek wil vandag hÃ© dat jy in my kop moet
wees.

Om te sien wat ek dink,

en te verstaan oor gees.

Daar is baie meer as net my hart, al is die ook
al vermink.

Ek sal jou seker nooit laat verstaan nie. So ek
kan maar my gevoelens minder vermom.

Ons het tog albei besef dat die einde eendag
sou kom.

Sanet de Wit - Graad 12

Plesier Is...

Om op die spierwit, skoon sand van â\200\230n
verlate strand te sit en na die magtige oseaan
te kan kyk en luister is vir my een van die
grootste plesiere in die lewe. Die massiewe
golwe wat so verskriklik kragtig is as hulle
op die sand rol en dan weer in die see
ingesluk word, laat iets in my hart vry, en dit
voel amper asof ek my siel vir die see gee om
mee te speel en te werk. Om alleen met net
die see as geselskap te wees, is hoe ek altyd
wil voel, en soms as ek so op die strand sit
met my kaal vel teen die koel sand, praat my
hart met my deur die skoonheid en die krag
van alles om my. Ek voel so naby aan alles
wat goed en suiwer is, sowel as skoon en
sonder teleurstelling, hartseer of pyn. Met
die see is ek veilig, gelukkig en vry - in my
toevlugsoord wil ek vir ewig bly!

Cally Preiss - Graad 11

Fk en Klakouse Kom
Nie Goed Oor die Weg
Nie.

Elke dag hoor jy iÃ©mand wat kla. Hulle kla
oor die werk, oor die skool of oor die lewe,
maar daar is altyd iets waaroor hulle moet
kla. Hierdie tipe mense wat altyd kerm en
kreun, laat jou depressief voel. Hulle is nie
die tipe mense met wie jy bevriend wil wees
nie. Maar ons almal doen dit. Een of ander
tyd kla ons almal. Wat help dit om te kla?
Niks wonderliks gebeur wanneer jy mor nie.
Al wat gebeur, is dat die mense om jou ook
ongelukkig voel. Ons sal almal beter en
gelukkiger mense wees as ons net positief
oor die lewe dink, of hoe?

Vicki Cook - Graad 11

This page kindly sponsored by
Melissa & Jenna Kennard

P â\200\224

Die See

Blou, groen en grys
Krioel van die lewe,
Maar magtig.

Sy krag is in sy water,

In die branders wat op
die strand hardloop,

In die wit skuim wat oor
die sand borrel,

In die digte muur van
vloeistof.

Maar die see is nie net
mag nie,

Hy is ook skoonheid.

Sy skoonheid is in sy
visse, seegras en skulpe.
Hierin is al die kleure
van die wêreld,

Al die verskillende
vorms skuil in die water.

Dit is die geheim van die
see.

Jacquelynn Sparks -
Graad 9

e
Duinebos
Die

Baie

Baie Bome
Verskillende soorte voëls
en verskeidenheid
blomme

Duisende en duisende
soorte bome

en moenie die
verskillende diere
vergeet nie.

Daar is ook die seesand
en rotse

Hierdie praglig en
wonderlike plek is die
DUINEBOS.

Erica van der Nest -
Graad 9

Sonopkoms

Daar sit ek

Alleen op die strand

Dit is donker

En die wind waai om my.
Toe sien ek dit.

Die wonderlike ronde bal
vuur.

Dit spring op en daar is
â\200\230n warm gevoel in my
hart.

Kendall Crous - Graad 9

iRy ety csÂ¥ iy cl/ SIS Elet
Nooit Genoeg Daarvan
Nie!

Ek het nog altyd â\200\230n problem met tyd gehad.
Miskien is dit net dat ek â\200\230n slaapkous is, ek
sal nie weet nie, maar een ding is vir seker-
ek het nooit genoeg tyd nie.

Gedurende die kwartaal, is dit altyd soos â\200\230n
malhuis in die oggende wanneer ek nie wil
opstaan nie. Snaaks genoeg, is ek elke
oggend voor die klokkie lui, by die skool.
Partymaal sukkel ek om in die klas wakker te
bly , want die tyd het al weer nie die vorige
aand vir my gewag nie! Wanneer skool
uiteindelik klaar is, begin die tyd al klaar â\200\230n
marathon te hardloop. Dis winkels toe, dan
huiswerk, dan eet, dan bad, en dan is ek al so
moeg , maar ek druk ekstra tyd in om my
Bybel te lees, en dan slaap ek. Maar, soms is
my drome ook deur die tyd kortgesny in die
vorm van die lastige wekker! Almal sÃ© altyd
vir my dat ek moet kalmeer en net rustig sit
en na die voÃ©ltjies luister, en die blare wat
fluster as die wind hulle soen ... vir my, is
daardie goed onmoontlik. Ek moet altyd iets
hÃ© om te doen, ek kan doodeenvoudig nie
net sit en vir beter dae wens nie. Ek is â\200\230n
mens wat aksie in my lewe soek! Dis ek!

Die tyd stap aan, en dus moet my opstel tot
â\200\230n einde toe kom, maar daarâ\200\231s nog een ding
wat ek wil sÃ©. Die tyd is partykeer baie slim.
Byvoorbeeld wanneer my ma my vra om iets
te doen, wat ek nie rÃ©rig wil doen nie, sal die
telefoon lui, of die kat sal â\200\230n voÃ©l inbring en
ek moet dit uit die huis vat, ensovoorts.
Gedurende sulke tye is ek bly dat mense
verveeld is, of â\200\230n kat honger is, want dan het
die tyd vir my â\200\230n groot guns gedoen, dit het
my uit die werk gekry. Ja, ek weet wat jy
dink, sy het nou net gesÃ© dat sy aksie in haar
lewe wil hÃ©, en nou wil sy nie meer nie. Dis
nie so nie, dis net dat ek eerder na die
voÃ©ltjies sal luister, en die reÃ©ndruppels op
die blare tel as om werk te doen. Miskien is
ek net â\200\230n baie agterstevoor mens, of net lui!â\200\230n
Mens moet jou tyd goed beplan. Dit is die
enigste antwoord.

Die tyd sal vir niemand wag nie, maak nie
saak hoe hard jy smeeek nie. Geen mens kan
nog 200\230n uur by haar dag bysit deur om haar te
bekommer nie, dus het ek besluit om nie oor
die tyd bekommerd te wees nie, en die beste
van elke sekond in my lewe te maak.

Amanda Shaw - Graad 10

Liewe Louisa

dit geniet!

Groete.

Amy

Amy Frenkel - Graad 8

My Kklas het op toer gegaan. Dit was na Lexden Kamp en ons het een nag
oorgeslaap. Ons het in 200\230n groot tent geslaap. Ek het gewens dat jy daar was!

Ons het in groepies gegaan en hinderbane gedoen. Daardie nag was ek baie
moeg - doodmoeg! Daar was 200\230n groot bos en ons het daar wegkruipertjie
gespeel. Ek het baie verdwaal. Dit was pikdonker en ek was bang. Uit die

donker het my vriendin uitgespring. Ek het hard geskreeu! In die aand het
ons om die kampvuur gesit en gesels. Dit was so gesellig en warm. Ek het

Ek hoop dit gaan goed met julle almal.

Privaatsak 8
Scottsville

3209

6 September 1999

God se Geskenk.

Vroeg in die more,

wanneer dit donker is

sit ons op die strand,

eensaam,

yskoud.

Ons wag,

ons wag vir hom om sy gesig te wys,
vir hom om sy lig te bring.

Stadig, stadig in die ooste verdamp die
donker;

in sy plek kom â\200\230n prag van kleur.
Uiteindelik is die wolke oranje-pienk,
daar kom hy,

â\200\230n groot oranje ballon,

die Son.

Dit was â\200\230n lang tyd om te wag,

maar dit was die moeite werd.

Hier is God se geskenk.

Lindsay Carte - Graad 9

Die Moggergat

Die grasveld is goud en droog. 3

Dit waai in die wind soos rollende branders.
Ek loop na die moddergat.

Die modder is koel en slymerig soos vet
vingers.

Dit suig my bene en dit verstrik my
bewegings

Skielik voel ek â\200\230n hand.

Dit gryp my en red my uit die modder.

Ek is baie dankbaar!

Elizabeth Hobbs - Graad 9

St Lucia

Ons is almal opgewonde want ons gaan na â\200\230n
moeras toe. Na twintig minute se stap het
ons by twee moddergate aangekom. Oom
Louis het gesê dat ons vyftien minute het om
in die modder te speel. Almal het dadelik
ingespring, maar ek wou nie vuil word nie
en ek het begin wegloop. Skielik het Haley
agter my gekom en â\200\230n groot hoop modder bo

op my kop gegooi. Toe was daar oorlog.
Binne drie minute was almal vol modder.

Dit was die beste ding wat ons op ons toer
gedoen het.

Natalie Robinson - Graad 9

This page kindly sponsored by Lynmar
Alstroemerias Pecanwood Nursery, Birnam Wood

St Lucia

Dit is â\200\230n verfrissende more
Dit is vroeg en â\200\230n bietjie donker
Waar is die son?

Ons sit op die strand
Niemand praat nie

Daar is â\200\230n groot stilte,

Ons wag en wag

Iemand sÃ©

Kyk, kyk die son !

ons kyk...

Die son kruip oor die horison
Die kleure is baie mooi
Oranje, pienk en rooi

EKk het die pragtig sonopkoms
van St Lucia beleef.

Tessa Heenan - Graad 9

St Lucia

Die beste dag in St Lucia was toe ons die
wortel bome gaan sien het.

Ons het in die moddergat gaan swem en dit
was baie lekker.

EK het soos â\200\230n vuil vark gevoel.

Toe het ons in die see gaan swem!

Dit was heerlik!

Sheri Heuer - Graad 9

â\200\230n Lekker Vakansie

Gedurende die laaste Desember vakansie,
het my familie na die Nasionale Kruger
Wildtuin vir Kersfees gegaan. My suster en
haar man het van Gauteng gekom en ons het
by ons huis vergader. Ons het vir tien dae
gegaan en dit was baie interessant met al die
wilde diere en my familie!

Op die eerste dag het ons vroeg in die more
gegaan, en toe, nadat ons net een kilometer
gegaan het, het ons tien leeus op die pad
gesien! Ek was so opgewonde dat ek het
begin om te bewe. Hulle was so groot. Een
van die leeuwyfies het aan my venster
geruik. Daardie dag het ons ook olifante en
sebras gesien.

Op Kersdag was ons in 'n huis langs 'n groot
rivier. Ons het krokodille en seekoeie
gesien. Ek en my broer het 'n Kersboom met
'n tak van 'n boom gemaak.. Dit het geen
versiering daarop gehad nie dus het ons
teesakke en lekkergoedpapiere daarop
geplak!

Dit was 'n baie lekker Kersfees. Ons het baie
diere gesien en 'n gelukkige tyd saam gehad.
Ek hoop ons kan teruggaan na die Nasionale
Kruger Wildtuin en baie meer diere sien. Ek
het my vakansie baie geniet.

Elizabeth Fletcher - Graad 8

IZINDABA ZEZILWANE

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uGrackle

Nginenja. Igama lakhe nguGrackle.
UGrackle uyiGerman Shepherd.

Okwamanje mncane, kodwa uzokhula!
Uzokhula kakhulu! UGrackle unombala
omnyama nonsundu. Ngithandainja yami
impela.

UGrackle ulala ekamelweni lokulala lami.
Ulala phezu kwekhushini. Uxosha uBuffy
uma uBuffy esondela. UBuffy ulala phezu
kombhede.

UBuffy noGrackle bayaganga impela.
Bagijima yonke indawo. Banuka zonke
izinto. Futhi, badla zonke izinto.

UGrackle ukhonze amathambo. Ucaba
amathambo. Futhi, uthanda kakhulu
ukubhukuda. Ungena emanzini bese edlala
isikhathi eside.

Udla ukudla kwezinja, namasi, nenyama,
nerayisi. Uthanda kakhulu ukudla. UBuffy
uhlakaniphile. Akantshontshi ukudla
kukaGrackle.

UGrackle ungumgane wami. Ngithanda
UGrackle impela!

Jane Anderson

uSasha

Nginenja. Igama lenja nguSasha. Uyi Chow
ensundu. USasha uthanda ukudlala nami.
Uthanda ukudlala ngebhola. USasha
uhlakaniphile kakhulu ngoba uyakwazi
ukuvula amafasitela neminyango. USasha
uthanda ukukhonkotha kakhulu. Ngithi:
â\200\234Musa, ukukhonkotha, Sasha!â\200\235.

USasha uthanda ukudla kakhulu. Uthanda
inyama nobisi. Ukhonze ama-Epol. USasha
uthanda ukuhlafuna izicathulo. Uthanda
ukufihla izicathulo zami. USasha uthanda
ukunuka yonke into. Uhogela emthini njalo.

USasha unomngane. Umngane KkaSasha
nguKysa. Badlala engadini njalo. Bathanda
ukubhukuda kakhulu.

USasha unesitha uGarfield. UGarfield
uyikati. USasha uzonda uGarfield kakhulu.
USasha noKysa bayagijima uma bebona
uGarfield. UGarfield ubaleka ngokushesha.

Ngithandainja yami uSasha. USasha ulunge
kakhulu. Umngane wami.

Natalie Robinson

Âç & o

ujerry

Nginekati. Igama lekati nguJerry. UJerry uthanda ukudla izinyoni. UJerry akathandi izinyoni. UJerry uthanda ukuzingela engadini. Uzingela izinyoni namajuba. Ubulala amajuba. Angijabuli uma ebulala amajuba. Futhi uJerry uthanda ukuxosha amagundane izimvemvane izigcikilishi unwabu nezintulo. Endlini uJerry uthanda ukubamba izibankwa ebusuku.

UJerry uphuza amanzi nobisi. Futhi uJerry uphuza iCoca Cola. uJerry ulala embhedeni wami ebusuku. uJerry unesitha uFlafi. uJerry ulwa noFlafi. Babanga umsindo. Umama wami uthanda uJerry kakhulu. uJerry uthanda umama ngoba umama unika uJerry iPampers. uJerry uzonda amanzi. Akathandi ukubhukuda. Ngithanda ikati lami.

Tessa Heenan

uMarmalade

Nginekati. UnguMarmalade. Ikati lami lihle. Linombala ombomvu nomhlope. Linoboya

obuthambile. Uthanda ukuphuza ubisi namanzi futhi uphuza itiye lami. UMarmalade udla inyama yenkomo

nenkukhu neWhiskers. Uthanda ukudla i-apula lami!

UMarmalade ungumzingeli. Uthanda ukukhwela emthini. Uxosha izinyoni emthini. Uthanda ukuxosha nokubulala

amajuba. Angithandi ukubona amajuba afile. Futhi uthanda ukubulala amagundane nezibankwa.

UMarmalade ulala kakhulu. Ulala ekhaya,

epulazini emotweni. Ekhaya ulala, embhedeni nasekhishini. Ngithanda ikati lami!

Gemma Thompson

iKati Lami

Nginekati. Igama lekati nguShaka. uShaka ungumzingeli. uShaka uthanda ukuzingela izinyoni namagundane. Uthanda ukuzingela nokubulala amajuba. â\200\234Musa ukubulala amajuba Shaka!â\200\235.

uShaka uthanda ukudlala ngamathoyizi engadini. uShaka ukhuluphele. uShaka udla irayisi nesinkwa. Uphuza ubisi. Namanzi esitsheni. uShaka ukhwela emthini kahle kakhulu. Umainja ixosha uShaka, uShaka uyabaleka. Akulula ukukhwela emthini.

uShaka uthanda ukulala embhedeni wami.
Uthanda ukulala elangeni. uShaka
akangcolile. Umama wona uShaka. uShaka
uthanda ukudlala ngewuli kamama. uShaka
uthambile. Ngithanda uShaka.

Kaylee Jo Small

Who says that
St John's girls
are angels?

Feeding the birds in
Trafalgar Square

BEYOND THE CLASSROOM

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Cultural Tour to England, France and Italy

During the July holidays this year, Ms Beattie and I accompanied 30 pupils to England, France and Italy, and I am delighted to report that the success of this trip surpassed my wildest dreams! I could have written a book on the intrigues of the tour, but in fairness to the group, I took excerpts from their individual essays and wove them together in a bid to present an accurate picture of their perceptions and emotions. So we begin:

â\200\234Words canâ\200\231t express how I felt when, on Sunday 4 July, I hugged my parents goodbye and walked through the airport doors. I was going overseas! I had never flown before, so naturally there was a sense of fear, but it was suppressed by my bursting excitement and enthusiasm. I could not have begun to imagine what a wonderful

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learning experience this trip would be.

â\200\234British Airways was wonderful. The brightly coloured seats were so comfortable and we all had our own television screens where we could choose from a variety of programs. The food was excellent, according to the St John's experts, and the hostesses were efficient, friendly and helpful.

â\200\234London at last! I found it hard to believe that we were actually flying over this incredible city. An overseas trip had always been a dream which I had written off as impossible. I learnt that day never to disregard a dream. Once at Heathrow, we were remgporiecl 19y coadn iÂ@ oue accommodation at Rotherhithe where we spent the next four nights. En route, I noticed the quaint little houses with doormat-sized gardens, bright flowers on the window sills and surrounded by small wooden picket fences. So different.

â\200\234The city of London - what a truly adrenalin-pumping experience! The diversity of cultures and personalities, all living their individual fast-moving lives, completely unaware of others around them, amazed us. The fashions, the accent, the underground, the efficiency, the hype...! And they spoke our language too - something we really appreciated later in the tour.

â\200\234Of course we visited famous places such as Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, Trafalgar Square, the Tower of London, the London Dungeons, Madame Tussaudâ\200\231s, Hamleys and the must-see Harrods, where a sale meant nothing to us once we had added that notorious nought to the pound! Some of us were lucky enough to go up in a hot-air balloon above Tower Bridge and no price was too high to pay for this unforgettable fifteen minute experience.

â\200\234We enjoyed relaxing in St Jamesâ\200\231s Park, from where we marvelled at the famous black taxis and the red double-decker buses. Occasionally a limo would drive past and all eyes would be peeled for a possible glimpse of Prince William!

â\200\234We saw two wonderful West End shows. Starlight Express was unbelievable - the lighting, the talent, the stage props, the energy! Les MisÃ©rables, on the other hand, was moving and dramatic. How lucky we were to see two shows as diverse as London itself.

Discovering
van Gogh's
sunflowers in
France

I give London top marks and plan to live and earn my pay cheques there one day. That would be my idea of success. If there were one thing I could have wished away, it would have been the inevitable fatigue. I wanted to be continually on the go, but constant oohs

and aahs took their toll, and I had to succumb to occasional sleep. I longed for London's energy, since she never went to sleep! I loved London and can't wait to return.

On Friday 9 July, we boarded our 49 seater luxury coach where we were introduced to our driver, Pat. He became an integral part of our tour, proving to be witty and wise, and a caring father-figure to all the ladies in his charge. We travelled on the motorway to Folkstone where we went via the Chunnel to Calais. What an experience!

Thirty-five minutes later Bienvenue en France! During our six days in Paris, we saw everything, including the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, Sacré Coeur, Versailles, the Louvre, Notre Dame and (our highlight) Ricky Martin on 13 July at 1.25pm on the Champs Elysées! For a wonderful perspective of the city of love, a romantic ride on the River Seine is a must which we did on Tracy de Charmoy's 18th birthday.

EuroDisney! Ever since I was a little girl, I had dreamed of going there. We entered at 9.00am and left sunburnt and exhausted, but not ready to go home, at 8.00pm. Seeing my favourite Disney characters made me emotional, and the rides exhilarated me. They ranged from quaint fantasy boat rides to ones that sent us looping, cork-screwing and screaming at 100 miles an hour!

I loved Paris - the language, the culture, the countryside and, yes, the croissants! The people seemed more friendly than the Londoners and definitely more attractive! I really enjoyed speaking French, not for an insignificant oral mark, but actually to communicate. It was so exciting and the French were patient and encouraging. It felt wonderful!

We reluctantly said au revoir to Paris on 15

July, having witnessed the wonderful celebrations on Bastille day, and made our way to Chateaux-land on the Loire. We stayed one night in a quaint hotel in Blois, and we all loved the ambience of this small town. We visited three castles: Chambord, Chenonceau and Villandry. I thoroughly

enjoyed exploring them as they gave me a peep at historical times. I could clearly imagine the events that had taken place on the very spot where I was standing. Oh, to be a queen in those days!

â\200\234The next night was spent in Lyon, after which we joined more than half of Franceâ\200\231s entire population in a mass exodus to the Riviera for the Summer holidays! At least we had plenty of time to admire the beautiful French countryside with its thick yellow blanket of sunflowers!

â\200\234Cannes at last! To be on the Cote dâ\200\231Azur, mixing with the rich and famous (not to mention the topless) for three days was absolutely mind-blowing! This was our chance to relax and build up our energy. Swimming at 8.00 in the evening in the warm Mediterranean waters was therapeutic, and seeing how the other half live was educational! Our biggest culture shock was when we arrived in our skimpy bikinis only to find that we were overdressed! None of us was brave enough to follow the trend!

â\200\234We explored the coastline and took a scenic drive to Monte Carlo where we had a birdâ\200\231s eye view of Prince Rainierâ\200\231s palace and yvacht. We loved the pebble beaches at Menton and thoroughly enjoyed our guided tour of the perfume factory, Fragonard. The south of France was a highlight to many of us.

â\200\234On Tuesday 20 July, we set off for Italy. It was only once we were on the coach that I realized most of us could not speak one word of Italian. Thank goodness Madame gave us a page of phrases which made us feel more comfortable, but we still had to face the money! I really canâ\200\231t understand why they need to add so many zeros after a number, yet after a brief explanation of the currency, we were able to work out the rand equivalent with ease. A lot of fuss over nothing! We went via Pisa, where we all took the famous photograph of our friends trying to prop up the leaning tower. It was marvellous actually to be standing in front of such a famous tourist attraction.

â\200\234Florence is one of the most beautiful places I have seen, with its lovely mixture of modern and old architecture and quaint, winding streets. Our hotel, where we stayed for four nights, was outstanding, the people were friendly and the ice-creams out of this world! Many of us accepted the challenge to

climb the 463 steps to the top of the Duomo,
from where we had a spectacular view of
this magnificent city. We strolled across
Ponte Vecchio, marvelled at the three statues
of David, ambled round the piazzas and, of
course, shopped! We didnâ\200\231t count how many
pairs of shoes were bought, but suffice to say,
no one was barefoot! The food was delicious,
and, just as we had loved the croissants in
France, so we adored the pizzas and pasta in
Italy. I had been so excited about going there
as I had worked in an Italian Restaurant for
seven months prior to the tour to earn
pocket money, and I wanted to see how
authentic our dishes were! Not a patch on

On the Ponte
Vecchio, Florence

\ |

the real thing, especially at our â\200\234localâ\200\235 Da
Francos!

â\200\234We were then on the last leg of our tour. On
Friday 23 July we made our way to Rome via
Assisi, which was an enriching experience
and well worth the detour. Our introduction
to Rome was memorable, and, to do the
story justice, you will have to speak
personally to someone who was on the tour!
Three hotels in eighteen hours, although not
a highlight, certainly gave us a wonderful
tale to dine out on for the rest of our lives!

â\200\234Rome, the Eternal City, is an historianâ\200\231s
paradise. I was awed by the grandeur of the
Colosseum, intrigued by the Roman Forum
and stunned by the beauty of the Sistine
Chapel. The Vatican City was wonderful and
I bought a rosary hoping that I could get the
Pope to bless it, but unfortunately, even he

needs a holiday, and we weren't able to see
him on the balcony. St Peterâ\200\231s Square and
the Cathedral with the Pieta, were
breathtaking. Our time in Rome seemed
short, but we all threw coins in the Trevi
Fountain, thereby ensuring our return to
this beautiful city.

â\200\234Upon my return, I jabbered all the way
from Durban to my home. My parents may
have become poorer, but I know that as a
person I have become richer! I learnt to
wash my own clothes, buy food, budget
carefully and spend money wisely.
Travelling in a group and sharing a room
taught me to tolerate others and be sensitive
to them. I really appreciated the
independence we were afforded on the tour.
We were given a great deal of freedom,
within strict parameters, and after an initial
orientation of each city, we were able to
spend time at places of our choice. I enjoyed
the closeness of teachers and friends as we
worked as a team over those 24 days. The
bonds formed and memories gathered are
priceless and will remain with us for the rest
of our lives. Thank you! I am unimaginably
grateful and feel privileged to have been part
of this group. The tour was a dream come
true!â\200\235

In conclusion, I would like to thank Chantel
Beattie for being a superb travel companion,
and the girls for conducting themselves in a

true â\200\234St Johnâ\200\231sâ\200\235 manner throughout the tour. To be energized by thirty enthusiastic teenagers was a real privilege and I feel fulfilled and immensely proud to have accompanied them.

Jenny Peddle

Grade 12 Tour to Camp Jonathan

y attitude before we left on Friday 29

January was not a positive one. I was upset about having to miss my cousinâ\200\231s twenty first birthday-party just because of another â\200\234bondingâ\200\235 weekend. Well, on arriving at Camp Jonathon, my bitter feelings immediately began to change.

What a wonderfully inviting and friendly place it was! Our dormitories were cosy and our beds were comfortable. The food was absolutely delicious and there was so much of it that not even we St Johnâ\200\231s girls could find room in our stomachs for all of it!

Over the weekend we had a great deal of free time to laze by the pool, read, chat, sleep or play sport. Our many soccer matches, particularly the one on the Saturday when we played for two hours and forty-five minutes, ended with many bruised, pained, laughing girls all having a whale of a time. Our volley ball fun was great too, especially when Mr Wotherspoon showed up and revealed his hidden talents for the game - yes, Sir played volley ball - weâ\200\231ve got pictures to prove it!

Amongst all the relaxing outside and the producing of concerts - starring some real budding actresses, dancers, singers and

instrumentalists - we did fit in some very good talks and lessons with Mr and Mrs Jack Garrett. The inspiration that this marvellous Christian couple gave us will keep me looking up and forward for a long time to come. The seriousness of learning how to handle different cultures, parenting at a young age, parents, dealing with problems in our societies, having Christ in our lives, getting to know ourselves - it all reached our hearts and minds through games and Mr Garrettâ\200\231s brilliant and famous sense of humour. It was, I must say, a wonderful way to deal with some very difficult topics.

Our last day, Sunday, began (after a scrumptious breakfast, of course!) with a very special church service. We conducted it ourselves. Firstly, we all praised and worshipped God with songs, then those who wanted to share something that was close to their hearts and that meant a lot to them - a Bible verse, a poem, a song, a personal encounter - did so. We then sang again and after that Mr Garrett spoke. Now, he didnâ\200\231t speak for very long, but what he had to say

set my heart pounding and my mind

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Sunbathing at Camp
Jonathan

Posing again!

thinking - and it hasn't stopped. We ended off with some more singing and an open prayer. The whole weekend was, in my opinion, a huge success. I am glad that I went - and my cousin wasn't upset with me for not being at her party. I learnt so much over that short time. It's amazing how God knows exactly where we should be at a particular time and what He does to make sure that it happens.

We extend grateful thanks to Mr and Mrs Garrett, Miss McDuling and Miss Quicke for accompanying us, and to Mrs Champion for allowing us the privilege of a weekend that none of us will forget.

Tracy Von Weichardt

Grade 11 Tour to Mpumalanga

waking up at three o'clock in the

morning isn't exactly my idea of a relaxing start to the day but it was a small price to pay considering the fun we had. After trying to continue our night's sleep on the bumpy bus we awoke for our packed breakfast with seven hours travelling still to face.

After settling into our cabins at Moholoholo Camp we had the opportunity to go on a walk through the reserve but the lazier ones amongst us decided that sleeping was a more enticing option.

The next day we visited the snake park where we had a brief slide show and then a tour around the park. We learnt that a snake has 52 bones in its head and 300 ribs! We were also taught what to do in the case of a snake bite.

The Cheetah Project, our next stop, was very interesting. There was only a fence between the cheetah and us and for the first time in my life I heard them purr! We saw wild dog and wild cat too and we were able to touch the two rhino there. Unfortunately we were unable to see the baby elephant as it was out on its daily walk.

After lunch we went to the Moholoholo Rehabilitation Centre where, to our shock, we saw mistreated circus lions which hated people - understandably. There was also a fish eagle that had been poisoned and is now brain-damaged and can never be released into the wild again. What captured all our hearts, though, was Tinkerbelle, a baby hippo, whose natural clock had gone wrong. She spent all day out of the water and all night in the water. That evening we could hear the lions roaring just outside camp so we got warmly dressed and went on a game drive to find them. After driving round and round and only seeing a bushbaby we decided that the noise we could hear must have been a tape recorder stashed away in the bush.

On Thursday morning we said goodbye to Moholoholo and set off for Hoedspruit Air Base where half the class decided that being a fighter pilot was the career for them. We were awed by the R61 million aeroplanes that used R21 000 petrol per hour.

On our way to Graskop we stopped to view Bourke's Luck Potholes where we took the opportunity to wish in the wishing hole which glowed gold from all the coins. Being St John's girls, we decided that the highlight of the tour was our lunch of pancakes at Graskop - delicious!

We arrived at Pilgrim's Rest and settled into the guest houses in the afternoon. The next morning we went to the Old Gold Mine. We got a taste of what it was like during the gold rush and we were fortunate enough to talk to the oldest man in Pilgrim's Rest who had been there during the gold rush. We saw the grave of the robber who had been shot and buried adjacent to the other graves so that he couldn't see the returning of Christ; thus he would be punished for eternity.

We went on a short treasure hunt exploring

Eating again!

the town and we were amazed at how small it was. Then the time for cheesecake arrived and in typical fashion we rushed to the restaurants, eating Pilgrim's Rest out of cheesecake completely. After lunch we visited Allandale House, which had 40 rooms and even a cemetery for pets.

We left Pilgrim's Rest early on Saturday morning. On our way home we stopped for a tour through Sudwala Caves. We were introduced to their youngest stalactite which was about 6½cm in length and 300 years old! The long-awaited Kentucky lunch arrived, and, with our stomachs full, we slept on the homeward journey.

I'd like to thank Mrs Avery, Mrs Watson and Mrs Grov for giving up their time to accompany us on tour. I'd also like to thank the school for subsidizing it. The tour was a success as we learnt a lot and also had a memorable week of fun.

Kate Walden

Grade 10 Tour to Chelmsford Dam

fter a very noisy and lively bus trip, with everyone catching up on the news of their long lost friends over the holidays, we arrived at Chelmsford Dam. We settled into our luxurious chalets before heading off into the wilderness to witness the skinning of a buck and then to identify its organs. At around 3.30pm we had a very energizing walk in the veld where we kept our eyes open for game and animal spoor - of which when we eventually found some, we made moulds using Plaster of Paris. As the sky turned a golden yellow we climbed into the truck and headed home where a delicious supper awaited us.

The evenings were clear black voids dotted with a thousand sparkling stars. We were fortunate to be blessed with a full moon which shone almost as brightly as the sun itself. The air was crisp and sharp. The mood was always peaceful. Our evening activities consisted of watching movies, listening to talks and going on game drives. The last evening was special as we feasted on the buck we had skinned. A lighthearted atmosphere filled the air.

Early on Wednesday morning we prepared ourselves with numerous clothing layers to keep out the winter chill and headed out to the quaint little village of Dundee where we

visited two open cast mines and the Dundee museum. It was a tiring day and the bus journey back was unusually quiet. That afternoon we were given a talk on the construction of Chelmsford Dam, the highlight of the talk being when we were taken on a guided tour inside the wall beneath the waters to survey the hidden machines that ensure the safekeeping of Chelmsford Dam.

On Thursday we piled into the cattle truck and we had a very squashed, bumpy but nonetheless enjoyable trip to a valley where we were to abseil. After walking to the abseiling rock a few people attempted the

very easy descent. After having a very well deserved lunch we headed home - looking forward to a free afternoon.

Friday was by far the best day. We journeyed across the flat terrain until we reached the sphinx-like mountain of Isandlwana. We climbed halfway up this mountain and we were given a fascinating talk on the battle of Isandlwana. Rapt attention was awarded to Dale Footer throughout his talk as we all felt as if we were reliving the horrors of the events that occurred on the 22nd of January 1879. A few souls challenged themselves to climb to the top of the mountain - and I was glad that I did. As we stood in silence on the top of the mountain the eeriness of the battlegrounds seemed to haunt us all.

We journeyed on to Rorke's Drift, where Dale Footer continued his account of the battle. We listened awestruck. After taking a quick look around the museum we drove back to Chelmsford, each lost in her own thoughts, the gruesomeness and horror of what we had heard still fresh in our minds.

On Saturday morning we all arrived safely back at school with new friendships and memories strengthened and founded. Thank you, Mrs Lyne and Mrs Stakemire, for accompanying us and Mrs Champion for allowing us to go.

Pippa Stokes

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Tent trouble at
Lexden

Grade 9 tour to St Lucia

These extracts from the Grade 9s accounts
of their experiences say it all!

â\200\230The biggest highlight would be a tie
between the mud fight and the flats. The
flats we stayed in were definitely high
lpsauriry - suiiies, Our foopn el & TV
microwave, fridge, deepfreeze, shower, bath
(with hot and cold water!), a stove and an
oven.â\200\231

(Catherine Avery)

â\200\230The thing I enjoyed most was playing in the
mud at the mangroves where you felt the
grime and the squishing of the mud all
around you ... At the beach I saw a vision of
mud monsters running into the sea and
being washed clean. That feeling of the
waves cleaning the mud from my hair and
ears and skin I will remember and cherish
forever.â\200\231

(Julia Ramsay)

â\200\230Black and smelly, the sludge provided hours
of fun ... We made mud cakes for each otherâ\200\231s
heads ... and made crazy hairstyles with the
gooey ooze! ... We must have looked very
funny when we all climbed out of the
luggage compartment of the bus ... with
plastic bags and mud all over us!â\200\231

(Gemma Thompson)

Amy Clarence responded to how much Oom
Louis knew: â\200\230Oom Louis was the man who

took us to the various venues. I was amazed
at how much he knew about nature:
crocodiles, dune forests, rock pools and grass
lands ...He always thanked God for each day.â\200\231

Haley Gardner, however, felt that â\200\230â\200\234There was
a bit too much of nature, especially in the
mangrove swampsâ\200\231, but she liked it when
â\200\230we got to stick our heads inside the rock-
pools.â\200\231

But for many of the girls, the most special
experience of the tour was waiting on the
beach to witness sunrise: â\200\230We had to sit at
least five metres apart...â\200\235 (to use their senses
- tongues are the non-sense) ... â\200\231a pinkred
edge of the beautiful sun began to poke out
from behind the clouds. It rose, changing
from pink to red to orange and then
eventually to yellow.â\200\231

(Stacev-Lee Green)

â\200\230I have seldom experienced something so

spectacular and beautiful before.â\200\231
(Kaylee Jo Small)

â\200\230I had a special bonding with God that
morning - I felt so warm and close to Him.â\200\231
(Nikki Wichmann)

All the girls are grateful to Mrs Harris, Miss
McDuling and Mrs Moir for accompanying
them, and to the school for subsidizing the
expedition.

Grade 8 Tour in the Natal Midlands

e arrived at Lexden Camp site on

Tuesday morning all very excited but
not knowing what to expect. Peter Green and
Sean told us a bit more about Lexden and the
Scouts. We had a quick game of get-to-know-
everyone-better. Later, our other leaders,
Scott and Hanse, arrived. We spent the rest
of the day doing other activities, all very
interesting and challenging.

That night we played a few rounds of stalk-
the-lantern, where we got a chance to paint
our faces with charcoal for camouflage.
Tracey Turner was the only one who
managed to show off her stalking skills

(Supplier of Building Plaster and Umgeni Sand)

[This page kindly sponsored by Sandco Mining CC]

when she blew the whistle attached to the
lantern.

We snuggled into our sleeping bags, but of
course we stayed up much later chatting.
Our tent was the first to wake up thanks to
Pearl! Finally we all got up at about 5:30am
and found two of our leaders asleep next to
the fire. They soon woke up and we had a
very warm fire once again. At about 7am I
became very unpopular with the rest of the
class. Hanse said I could wake them up, so I
poked my head into their tents and gave
them a very cheery, â\200\230Good morning!â\200\235 but all
I got in return were grunts and complaints.

Once everyone was awake and had eaten,
Peter gave us a talk on leadership, which was
one of the main reasons for this trip. Then
we started on the more physical things
again. Wednesdayâ\200\231s activities seemed more
dangerous and challenging, but we
survived. Before we knew it, it was time to
pack up and say farewell to Lexden.

On Thursday we explored part of the
Midlands Meander. Our first stop was Friarâ\200\231s
Tuckaway Boxes, where we were told how

decoupage boxes are crafted. Our next stop gave us a good chance to stretch our legs. We walked one and a half kilometers before reaching Dargle Pottery. Ian Glenny and his wife took us through all the steps of making

The wall!

pottery. I found it very interesting and the products were beautiful.

The last place we visited was Silkwood Farm, where we had an enjoyable lunch by the dam, even though the ducks decided they liked the look of our meal. Dianne explained the process of making silk. She also told us all about the worms, but unfortunately we were unable to see them in their worm form. That evening we were able to enjoy a lovely braai with Mrs Timm and Miss Metcalfe.

On Friday we took a short trip to The Wykeham Collegiate to look at the products of pupils from other schools and from St

Lâ\200\231Abri

When we first heard about the weekend we were to spend at Lâ\200\231Abri, not many of the Grade 11s were eager to go. It was near the end of term so everyone was stressed with the ever-increasing academic demands of Grade 11, AND the Formal Dinner, which we had to organize, was the following weekend. As many were planning to wear short dresses, any scratches on our legs (which this sort of â\200\234character-buildingâ\200\235 weekend is known for!) could prove disastrous. Also, having attended a number of these weekends during our school careers, we didnâ\200\231t really see the need to attend yet another. The weekend was, however, a revelation.

This page kindly sponsored by Pippa Hunt

Johnâ\200\231s. On Saturday we arranged our own market, which was a new experience for me. I learnt how to manage money and run my own business.

I would like to say thank you to all the people who made this wonderful trip possible, especially Mrs Champion for allowing us to go; Mrs Westwood and Mrs Malherbe for keeping us under control through all our excitement; Mrs Van Rensburg for organizing the market and the staff in the kitchen for seeing that all our meals were prepared. It was a wonderful week.

Carmen Gracie

The setting was beautiful. Our log cabins overlooked a valley where there is a lovely

(and refreshing!) waterfall. We were very lucky with the weather as it was hot and sunny - just what we needed before the Formal! The only drawback was that the cabins were at the bottom of a hill and the kitchen and dining area (where the St John's girls, needless to say, spent most of their free time) were at the top - an exhausting hike for any starving girl.

The main emphasis of the weekend was on group work, which is particularly relevant for us as a class this year. Many of the activities were both physically and mentally challenging, more so than on other leadership weekends we have experienced. We needed to think logically and laterally in order to solve the problems which faced us - especially since they were all real situations; for example, instead of just pretending that we had to cross a slimy mud pit, we actually did! And, believe me, it was revolting - I was first to fall in! To make matters worse, the group before us had seen a green mamba-looking snake slither out of the pit!

The weekend taught us that, with the help and encouragement of others, we can achieve what we had previously thought was impossible. Most of the activities required perseverance, team work, bright ideas - and height to accomplish. We were lucky to have quite a few tall people in our team who helped us to climb over a 5m wall, which is higher than one realizes. The most gruelling of all was having to sit on poles over the infamous mud pit! Unless you have experienced sitting on poles for over three hours, I don't think you can possibly imagine how uncomfortable and painful it is! We were informed that it was L'Abri's form of sterilization!

On one of the evenings, we went on a night walk through rushing rivers, down impassable canyons and up hills which had a 1-in-1 gradient! This exercise taught us that we can, most of the time, trust and rely on our friends to guide, support and give us the extra push which we sometimes need. Another very important aspect of working as

a team was that we had to listen. Even after being together for so many years, we still seem to find this difficult as we all have so much to say and are convinced that our way is definitely the best way to solve the problem. A sense of humour is a life-saver! No matter how painful or impossible a situation was, we always seemed to be able to laugh about it, which helped a lot, though, in some instances, it did cause members of our team to fall into the mud pit as they were laughing so much!

The last activity was one which I think benefited us the most. Sitting in a circle, we affirmed each person, telling her all the positive points or what we liked about her. We had never done anything like this before. It helped to build up everyone's self-

zingela

ur trip to Zingela was voted to be one of the most enjoyable trips any of us has had while at St John's.

When we reached our destination, we were welcomed by Mark Calverly, who was to be our guide for the week-end.

After a 15km walk to our campsite on a day that was so hot that our clothes stuck to us like cling wrap, we heard the sound of rushing water, which meant that our destination was near. With renewed energy we ran in the direction of the water, to be greeted by a beautiful green setting next to the river. It was quiet, peaceful and isolated. With yells of delight, we were into our cozzies and were soon floating in the river, relieving our aching bodies.

Each day we had activities such as abseiling down a 45m cliff (!), watterrafting, zip-sliding and swimming in the river. To balance this, we had lots of free time, and there was always a supply of coffee and tea in the dining area. The atmosphere was very

Spirit of Adventure

On 16 April 1999, a hot Friday afternoon, a busload of fifty eager St John's girls arrived at Spirit of Adventure, Shongweni.

We had barely settled into our six-man timber houses, than we were divided into groups and given the afternoon activity - orientating. Armed with water-bottles, map and questionnaire, we set off. One and a half hours later, we trudged back into camp - energy sapped and very tired. You can imagine the gleeful faces when we were told that we were to prepare our Own supper in

This page kindly sponsored by
Craig and Jenni Marwick

confidence and ended the weekend well.
Although exhausted, we felt as if we had
grown as individuals and as a unit. The
bonds which we had were strengthened
through our weekend at Lâ\200\231Abri and while the
emphasis was on teams, we discovered that
we had personally achieved something too.
After we had recuperated, we were ready to
meet the challenges of the Formal Dinner.
(Perhaps, too, our scratched legs added to
our charm!)

We would like to thank Mrs Cunnama and
Mrs Lyne for accompanying us; the school
for funding us; and the L'Abri staff for all
they did to make our weekend such an
enjoyable one.

Vicki Cook - Grade 11

relaxed and we all enjoyed the fact that we
didnâ\200\231t have to cross piranha-infested waters
or boil an egg in a tree.

We spent our evenings round the fire telling
jokes, playing games and just chatting. There
were no activities at night, which we
appreciated because by the time evening
came, we were exhausted!

Our tents were quite humid at night, so a few
of us slept outside under the stars next to the
river. It was quite an experience going to
sleep with the sound of rushing water,
feeling safe and comfortable, and waking
dew-drenched to the sun rising.

We all gained leadership skills, had lots of
fun and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.
Thank you, Mrs Champion, for letting go on
the trip; Mr and Mrs Watson and Mrs
Stakemire, for accompanying us; and Mark
and all the people at Zingela for your
programme and care.

Kerry Johnston - Grade 10

potjie pots over the camp fire from raw
meat, rice, potatoes and vegetables.
Nevertheless, the St Johnâ\200\231s spirit was
evident; we managed to produce edible food.
And it was all eaten; a dependable trademark
of St Johnâ\200\231s girls.

That night was an eventful one. Apart from
having to shower in cold water, and
fumbling around our cabins in complete
darkness trying to find our clothes, we were
visited by a colony of army ants that
marched across the beams all night - a fact
which made it difficult for us to sleep!

The next morning we were delighted to find
that our breakfast had already been cooked.

It was an early start...abseiling was first in line. The terror of stepping over the edge,

the dizzy feeling going down, and the exhilaration once you reached the ground were enough to make us all go twice! Rock climbing was the next activity. Encouraged by our enthusiastic group leaders and class mates, we managed to reach the climbing point. After these two mind-boggling feats, we all felt like iron women. Supper went down very well, despite the fact that we cooked yet again - macaroni. That night, we trekked down to the dam and played â\200\234Stalk the Lanternâ\200\235. In pitch darkness, you realize how useful friends are; I was scared out of my wits!

The last day, Sunday, was filled with fun. We went kayaking on Shongweni Dam in the morning. The challenge was to stay in your kayak so as to look professional even if you spun around in circles! We played games in the kayaks, and many of us were introduced

to the water very quickly!

The last brain-teasing and body-stretching activity was the group dynamics course. During this obstacle run, I realized how well encouragement works. Constant support, lots of ideas and good planning managed to get us through, and we improved many relationships through this exercise.

We returned to school having learnt so much about how to handle others and how to approach conflict situations. Our thanks go to Mrs GrovÃ© and Mrs Maclachlan who so willingly gave up their weekend to accompany us. The spirit at Shongweni was contagious, and the adventure was everywhere.

Kaylee Jo Small - Grade 9

Rotary Youth Leadership Course

2 1001 PRI AL

he Rotary Youth Leadership Week is

designed for Grade 11s from schools in and around Pietermaritzburg. It is held in the July holidays and aims to train us as the leaders of the future. With this in mind, we embarked on what would prove to be the week (and social highlight!) of a lifetime. We learnt valuable skills which will always stand us in good stead, such as public speaking, how to handle cultural differences

... In Port Shepstone

During the September holidays we attended the Port Shepstone Rotary Youth Leadership Course - a week that proved to be informative and a great deal of fun!

Although we were apprehensive at first (after all, we were spending our HOLIDAY with COMPLETE STRANGERS,) we soon made friends with Grade 11s from all over Natal. Indeed, the week was one of the most rewarding of our lives. In lectures we learnt about leadership skills and techniques for public speaking. Our participation played a major role during these talks - we focused on group challenges as well as dealing with difficult, realistic conflict situations. We also looked at our goals for after school and how we can go about making our dreams happen.

During the week we learnt about people and ourselves. We discovered that tolerance, consideration and friendliness contribute to

and how to barn dance! We had an excellent motivational speaker who really inspired and exhausted us. We certainly learnt a lot, not only in the lectures but throughout the week. We would like to thank the school for sponsoring us. It was very worthwhile and stimulating week.

Lauren Knoetze and Vicki Cook - Grade 11

living in harmony with people, particularly if they come from different backgrounds and have different views. Certainly, we learnt that our first impressions of some people were wrong, and that we could have missed out on some valuable friendships.

The highlights of the week included the talent show (apparently the best yet) and an indoor sports evening - and our own spontaneous parties in the hall.

We certainly made the most of our week and therefore had an unforgettable holiday. I am sure the knowledge we gained and the friendships formed will stay with us for years to come (in fact, we've already organized a reunion!) We would like to thank the school for allowing us to go, PMB Rotary East Club for sponsoring us, and, of course, Port Shepstone Rotary Club for hosting us.

Ryley Olivier and Kirsten Diemont - Grade 11

Susann Heincke and
Amandine Malardeau

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Visit as an Exchange Student to St Johnâ\200\231s D.S.G.

When I visited South Africa two years ago, I liked it so much that I decided to come again for a longer time. With the help of my cousin, my parents got different addresses of schools. Our choice was St Johnâ\200\231s because it offers so much. Before I -ame [was nervous, because I knew that the whole system was different and I had not been to a boarding school before. I spent the first days with my aunt and my uncle, and, the night before I came to St Johnâ\200\231s, Mrs Champion called to introduce herself and welcome me to South Africa.

The next day we drove to Pietermaritzburg. Mrs Champion gave me a tour of the school and showed me my room in the B.E. Then she brought me to the school shop to get my uniform. That was new for me, because I had never worn a uniform before, and in the beginning it seemed very unnatural for me. I had to wait for all the girls to arrive and I was very curious about my room mate; fortunately she is friendly and we have become good friends.

The next morning we left for the Eastern Transvaal and the week was fun! I saw a lot of the country and I got to know all the other girls. When we came back, I was still a bit nervous, because the next day would be my first in school. But it was not as bad as I had anticipated, and about a month later I already understood everything. By that time, Amandine, a French girl, had arrived. She is not a boarder, but lives with Kirsty Diemont. Having come from overseas, I knew what would make her feel strange and we both agree on the following:

It was totally new and strange for us to wear a school uniform. In France and Germany only co-educational schools exist. There are no private schools. When I arrived I was

surprised to be able to choose only six
SubjECTSiNoVEESCaASEN 2RO ISISbjectSiane
compulsory and pupils are not taught on
Higher or Standard Grade. An important
aspect of St John's is respect. At home you do

not stand up when older pupils or teachers
pass you, and no one would move out of the
way to let you go first because you are older.
But these things you get used to very soon.

Poverty is greater in this country. I had
already had the chance of seeing the two
sides of South Africa earlier, and so I was not
surprised when Amandine, four other girls
and I went to Ashburton. It was very
interesting to go to such a tiny school, but
scary to see their problems. No one overseas
would call Ashburton a "school", because
two classes are in one room and they do not
have any real school materials like books
and pens.

Amandine and I like St John's very much
and we both think that it is very important
to take every chance to learn as much as
possible about this country. We are very
thankful that we have had the opportunity
to see a school like Ashburton and to come
into contact with the other side of South
Africa.

Susann Heincke - Grade 11

(
g This page kindly sponsored by Sue and Kurt Koch
{

Back row:

M van Rooyen,

R Royden-Turner,

B Marwick, L Pooler,
L King, L Taylor.

C Vurovecz, C Preiss
Third row:

D Dunstone, L Sykes,
C Leo-Smith, K Rake,
L Lee, T Vermaak,

J Cameron, A Louw,
L Payne

Second row:

K Calverly, V Cook,
F Gray, K Lindsay,

C Robert, | Moore,

R Olivier, A Graham
Front row:

K Thorneycroft,

L Bassage,

Mrs J Westwood,

K Walden, Mrs S Lyne,
S Gaydon, K Simmons

Teaching others skills
of value

(1) Vegetable growing

(r) Knitting

(1) Handcraft

(r) Weaving

Outreach

ST JOHN'S DSG
OUTREACH

1999

f
L â\200\230This page kindly sponsored by Amy Balcomb %

Back row:

C Lewis, K Johnston,
F Stockil, F Heathcote
Front row:

L Titus, L Knoetze,
Mrs K Stakemire,

B Marwick, K Calverly

Back row:

Mr M Wotherspoon,
B Grove, R Royden-
Turner,

K Thorneycroft,

S Carter-Brown
Front row:

S Collings,

C Haralambous,

K Diemont
(President),

B Marwick, R Olivier

Youth Forum

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Youth Forum has had a successful year in raising money for charities, at the same time enabling the Grade 8s and 9s to interact.

We started with a games day for the Grade 8s. This was fun, successfully orientating the girls. Most of our fundraising has come from the popular food evenings which included doughnut, pizza, McDonald's, and an extremely successful eat-as-much-as-you-can ice-cream evening. We also had a very profitable Mother's Day raffle. All in all, we raised R5698.05 and are proud to be able to donate a sum of R1000 each to Sunfield

Interact

Thanks to a wonderful and diligent

committee, we were able to fund-raise the impressive sum of approximately R6500. This would not have been possible if it had not been for the support of the Grade 10s,

11s and 12s.

Our committee worked very well, organizing many events during the year such as Aylesbury, pizza and Macdonald's evenings, along with our new Friendship Friday, which will hopefully become an annual event. These events enabled us to

[omaESSih CREH 01:S L1 Gl n'c S f O R e handicapped campaign, Khayaalethu and Hospice.

Youth Forum would not have been so prosperous if it hadn't been for our team. Everyone has been dedicated, and we have learnt from our mistakes, especially in group activities. Throughout the year we have had a lot of fun and have sufficiently lived up to our motto: "You open other people's hearts when you open your own." Our thanks go to Mrs Stakemire for all the support she has given us.

Lauren Knoetze - President

ST JOHNS DSG
"INTERACT

1999

donate generous sums of money to many different organizations; for example, The Guide Dogs Association and Reach for a Dream.

I have had a fulfilling year working with such a supportive Deputy President, Christine Haralambous and teachers, Miss Beattie and especially, Mr. Wotherspoon. The team spirit in our committee resulted in a fun-filled and successful year.

Kirsten Diemont - President

Back row:

L Bassage,

K Thorneycroft

Third row:

] Goble, L Pooler,

T de Charmoy, S Leff,

K van der Merwe,

K Rake, K] Small

Second row:

F Gray. D Pitman,

C Robert, C Leo-

Smith,] Cameron,

L Sykes, L Titus,

T Gcabashe

First row:

A Hobbs, S Seggie,

K Hein, D Dalton,

Miss S Davies,

S de Wit, L Goble,

J Smith, M Hallett

Blood Donors

here is a quotation hanging on the wall
of ihe bloocl donor dimie
Pietermaritzburg:

When you give blood

you give another birthday,
another anniversary,

another day at the beach,
another night under the stars,
another talk with a friend,
another laugh,

another hug,

another chance.

Blood donors are very special people who
generously give time, a little suffering and a
lot of blood to help other people whom they
never even see. This year we have 29 of these
special girls on our list, of whom 14 are new
donors this year. Our first two Grade 10
donors, Tori Mapham and Latisha Duarte,
gave their first units in October,
apprehensive but determined, and are now
sure that they will be back!

{ This page kindly sponsored by Bruce the Bed King

ST JOHN'S DSG
BLOOD DONORS
1999

The following girls achieved donor badges
this year:

Louise Goble, Melissa Hallett, Khara-Jade
Small, Kate van der Merwe, Kate Rake,
Thobeka Gcabashe, Lauren Sykes (two
donations); and Sanet de Wit, Debbie Dalton,
Kirsty Hein (five donations).

Our most prolific donor is Sanet de Wit who
has given seven units of blood since she
started. Sanet has taken responsibility for
the donor records this year, and so a special
thank you goes to her: many thanks go also
to all the donors who have committed
themselves to this worthwhile cause.

Sally Davies

Back row:

L Carte, N Robinson,
M Flint, K Saint,

L Rice, L King,

L Knoetze, R Royden-
Turner, M Stephen,
L Duarte, C Gracie,

L Erasmus,

N Mzimela

Fifth row:

P Stokes, L Lee,

M Peddle,

T van Heerden,

G Thompson,

R Ghau, | Lindsay,
M Hope, K Gordon,
L Brown, T Kirkwood,
S Carter-Brown,

F Stockil, R Thwaites
Fourth row:

S Dawson, S White,

J Heath, P Hunt,

K Bowles, C Chance,
A Temple, T de Bruyn,
F Simpson,

A Clarence,

E Boettiger, A
Balcomb, T Heenan,
N Beton, P Koch
Third row:

S Balmer, | Smit,

S A Goodman,

] Harris, K Johns

LG @unzie ke Crous;
N Wichmann,

T Hughes, S Collings,
C Lewis, C Wachter,

L Hedges, K Calverly
Second row:

N Mkhize, J Smith,

K Hein, D Tau,

K Wang, Mrs | Peddle,
T de Charmoy,

D Dalton, K Dube,

J Collings,

T von Weichardt
Front row:

V Stander, S Preston,
E Pitman, M Cook,

P Rathebe,

K Goodman,

C Quinton, T Turner,
C Goosen

167

The year got off to a good start, with our SCA getting a large influx of enthusiastic Grade 8s. The committee had some interesting ideas and the Holy Spirit was definitely gracing us with His presence in our little boardroom every Tuesday evening.

Our SCA meetings usually begin with some praise and worship. This year, we were very lucky to have Sandy Collings playing her guitar for us to sing to. We also learnt quite a few new songs.

The committee decided on two main themes this year: The Armour of God and the Be Attitudes. We covered these thoroughly and everyone learnt something from them. We had a few speakers during the course of the year to speak on topics which the girls wanted to know about. We also watched some inspiring Christian videos.

It has been lovely to have a SUSS member with us this year. Jo Holmes has been attending our SCAs and spoke to us at our rally which we had in the third term. The Grade 10s must be congratulated on organizing such an enjoyable rally. Hilton College and Michaelhouse came to join us and the band had everyone singing.

The committee went to a few Unity meetings at Hilton College where we met up with SCAs from other schools and discussed ideas. It was interesting to see how other SCAs work.

The girls of our SCA are very close and open

with one another. There is a relaxed and happy atmosphere and the girls are always eager to learn or to share something. Our having an SCA meeting which extended into the early hours of the morning one evening, dressed in pyjamas, is proof of this! I'd like to thank Madame Peddle for overseeing our SCA gatherings and for being so dedicated.

God has really blessed us with so much. We wish the year 2000 committee the very best of luck and hope that they and the SCA will grow from strength to strength in God's love.

Tracy de Charmoy - Grade 12

Back row:

C Crebo, D Dalton,

L King, K van der

Merwe, | Baker

Second row:

K Dube, L Titus,

M van Rooyen,

N Mkhize, K Gaylard,

S Russell, V Cook,

R Olivier

Front row:

A Hobbs, K Hein,

A Marlton

Mrs P Avery, L Kelsall,

D Tau, M | Forbes

Junior Achievement

JA is an external, 11-week, entrepreneurial programme for students, held at the Teachersâ\200\231 Training College in Longmarket Street. The students are grouped into two companies to learn business skills such as market research and marketing strategies. Each company chooses a product, manufactures and sells it. The emphasis is not only on success and making a profit at the end of the programme but on learning about the running of a real business. There are adult advisors who give help when it is needed, which can be a godsend!

JA provides a wonderful opportunity to learn about decision-making and group work, especially for those interested in marketing, manufacturing and the running of a retail firm.

Lectern Club

A. ddressing the first meeting held in ebruary, Mrs Champion gave some helpful hints on how to handle impromptu speeches. During the second term, we hosted Maritzburg Collegeâ\200\231s Speakerâ\200\231s circle at a formal dinner. We all enjoyed the

Girls who participated in the programme:

Sharmel Bhika - Marketing Manager

Sharna Gaydon - Finance Manager

Cally Bassage

Elizabeth Bassage - Marketing Manager

Janine Smith

Kate Simmons

Lynn King - Marketing Manager

Adriana Marais - Human Resource Manager

Kate Rake - Assistant General Manager

Daine Dunstone

Jackie Cameron

Lynn King - Grade 11

ST JOHN'S DSG

LECTERN CLUB

1999,

speeches, food and company. Unfortunately,
despite numerous attempts to host other
schools, the invitations were declined
because of sporting engagements.

Mrs P Avery

Back row:

S Dawson,

B Couperthwaite,
T Heenan, K Johns

Front row:

L Brown,

Miss N McDuling,
J C Currie,

Miss S Davies,

A Clarence

Science Club

The Science Department has been

buzzing this year and every aspect of our lovely new buildings is utilized extensively during school time and in the afternoons and evenings. Pupils have appreciated the new computer network system which has saved them a lot of time as they have been able to access and print work from any computer.

Nine girls from Grades 8 to 10 formed the 1999 Science Extension Group and entered their investigations into both the Science Expo and PINSSA.

The Science Expo is held annually at the University of Durban's Sport Centre. Schools from all over Natal take part in this competition and the standard of work is very high.

The results were:

Grade 8: Chemistry Investigation

2nd Sarah Dawson & Aimee Schoeman -
Vitamin C

They investigated the decrease in Vitamin C in various vegetables and fruits upon

Debating

Students entered teams in the senior and

junior sections of the interschools debating league this year. Some very interesting topics were debated, and the girls worked hard at preparing some excellent arguments. Our senior team did well to win four of their seven debates. Kirsty Hein was awarded the best speaker position against Linpark, and shared it with Linda Titus against Alexandra High. The junior team won two of their debates, with Julianne

ST JOHN'S DSG
SCIENCE EXPO

heating.

Grade 9: Commercial Products Studies

1st Kelly Johns & Lisa Brown - Caffeine in
Tea

Kelly & Lisa extended Kelly's 1998 research
paper by investigating the caffeine content
in various brands of commercial tea and
coffee. They used the HPLC at the University
of Natal, PMB to obtain their results.

2nd Barbara Couperthwaite - Tea time

This was a study of the effect of different
shaped tea bags on the strength of the tea
after infusion

Grade 9: Human Biology and Medicine

1st Tessa Heenan, Stacey Green & Amy
Clarence

Using a custom-built reaction timer, this
group investigated the reaction times of
males and females with and without
distractors.

Grade 10: Human Biology and Medicine
2nd Jennie-Clare Curry

She did a comparative study on the effect of
synthetic and natural disinfectants on
different bacteria species.

Fifield being best speaker against Alexandra
High and Epworth, and Barbara
Couperthwaite against St Charles. The
Grade 8s and 9s also participated in a lively
evening of social debating at GHS in the first
term, which was good practice for future
league debating and showed some
promising talent.

Margie Cunnama

This page kindly sponsored by Burnside Farm -
Patrick and Kerry Carter-Brown

Back row:

M Flint, L Rice,

M Symonds, S Seggie,
A Hobbs,

K Simmondes,

K Wilson

Fourth row:

M Stephen, M Peddle,
K van de Merwe,

L Backhouse, K | Small,
T de Charmoy,

L Symons, L Erasmus,
C Haralambous,

F Stockil

Third row:

L Payne, | Heath,

J Moore, D Dunstone,
A Temple, C Leo-Smith,
J Cameron, C Chance,
J Becker, L Sykes,

T Heenan

Second row:

J Fifield, | Smit,

S A Goodman,

L Shone, T Lockett,

S Collings,

N Wichmann, S Meyer,
K Goodman,

C Quinton

Front row:

K Gaylard, A Marlton,
M Hallett,

J Dicks (Captain),

Ms J Quicke,

M J Forbes, S Russell,
L Goble

NS

N

Lindsay Backhouse -
Senior KZN and KZN
Midlands swimming
team

SPORT

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wing to the extreme heat during the

first term, it was often a pleasure to
come to the pool in the afternoons even if it
was for squad training; however, no matter
how beautiful the sunrise, the early
morning sessions are not enjoyed by the
girls.

We swam in a gala nearly every week, but
the favourite ones are the Dimont and the
Private Schools Co-ed Gala where we
combine with a boysâ\200\231 team for the afternoon.

Our numbers do not allow us much depth,
so illness and injury have crippling effects.
The U15 age group, although the smallest,
was our most successful. Not only do they
have Lindsay Backhouse, but also three
other competent swimmers in all the
strokes. Lindsay is our star. She was selected
for the Natal team that swam in the Winter
Short Course Championships in Perth
during the third term.

Steve, Anne and Kendall Crous

[This page kindly sponsored by J

The season ended, as usual, with the Girlsâ\200\231
Inter-schools Gala at the Alexandra Baths.
Although we ended fifth I would like to
compliment the girls on their commitment
and dedication throughout the season. I
think that the Captain, Jessica Dicks, and
Vice-captain, Mary Jane Forbes, set a fine
example.

Back row:

P Ngcobo

Middle row:

V Stander, T Lockett,
T Heenan,

G Thompson,

K Johns, | Brown
Front row:

L Brown, S Seggie
(Captain),

Ms J Quicke, L Ivins,
N Robinson

Back row:

R Dittrich,

K Simmonds, K Hein,
K Rake

Front row:

L Symons, M J Forbes,

J Dicks (Captain),
C Haralambous,
R Kenyon

ST JOHN'S DSG
DIVING

19998 â\200\230>

here has been a revival of interest in

Diving, Dbasically owing to the
availability of a new coach. Steve Gladding is
[D/E1S'E'C R WD) 113 [0 A S LIS C O ESHR (O
Pietermaritzburg once a week. He dived for
Great Britain and is both enthusiastic and
knowledgeable.

He has devised a series of grades, with
certification, that pupils work through until
they reach the top level. As school teachers
we are able to use these grades for
beginners. Thus not only did we have a
group of girls attending advanced diving,
but we had a group of girls working through

the beginnersâ\200\231 grades at school, and they
will hopefully move up to the lower levels of
the advanced group this term.

A number of our girls dived at the KZN
Midlands trials. Thembi Lockett was the U14

Champion and Leanne Ivins came third in the U16 section. These girls were both selected for the KZN Midlands team, Thembi coming second in her age group at the South African Championships. There was also a novice competition and our best results here were Sarah Seggie, second place (U18), and Lisa Brown, third place (U14).

ST JOHNS DSG

WATERPOLO |
SENIOR 10001

he Waterpolo season at St John's is short

but very enjoyable. The team from the fourth term last year performed well, and finished second overall in the league. Congratulations to Jessica Dicks and Christine Haralambous for making the Natal team, and to Lauren Symons and M-J Forbes

on making the Natal Midlands team. Waterpolo this term is being coached by Mr Les Wilkins (seniors) and Miss Lisa Ballantyne (juniors). There has been an enthusiastic start to the season which I hope will continue throughout the term.

Back row:

S Carter-Brown,

T van Heerden,

A Marlton,

C Haralambous,

K Diemont

Middle row:

J Moore, L Manzi,

L Sykes, K Lindsay,

M-J Forbes,

G Robinson

Front row:

K Wang, J Dicks

(Captain),

Ms J Quicke,

K Gaylard (Vice-

captain), A Johnston

Angela Johnstone - SA

U18 Hockey team

Jessica Dicks - SA

U18B Hockey team

Kelly Gaylard - SA

U18B Hockey team

ST JOHN'S DSG

st HOCKEY

he First Hockey team have had an

exceptional season. Not only did they win the Midlands league, but three of the players made South African Schools teams: Angela Johnston the SA U18A squad, and Jessica Dicks and Kelly Gaylard who were the school Captain and Vice-captain respectively were selected for the SA U18B team. Congratulations to Kelly, who was the Captain of this team.

Our other teams had mixed fortunes, but more important was the fact that we were able to field four teams per age group.

We must not forget the achievements of the following girls:

Midlands U18A Christine Haralambous

he school Indoor Hockey season lies

ahead this term. Three senior and three junior sides have entered the league, although there are more players interested. But again owing to the difficulty of finding a practice venue and transport, we face restrictions.

It is a fast, exciting game in which all the players on the field are involved all the time, and even the goalkeeper feels an integral part of the team. There is continual

Midlands U19B Kirsty Diemont

Midlands U16A Tamsyn van Heerden

Midlands U14B Lauren Hope and Tiffany Hughes

The season ended on a high note with our annual Durban Girlsâ\200\231 College clash here at home. The U14A team drew 0-0, the U16A team lost 0-2, the Second XI won 4-0, with a hat trick courtesy of Debbie Dalton, and the First XI - who dedicated their game to a very special person, Kelly Clarke - worked hard for their 1-0 victory.

Thanks go to Tracy Osborn, Sarah Osborne, Jason Watson, Patti Avery, Natalie McDuling and Kay Stakemire for so enthusiastically coaching their teams.

substitution and all players should have numerous goal-scoring opportunities, which always boosts the enjoyment.

There are a number of good and experienced players in the First team who will be fine examples to some of the young aspiring players.

KZN Midlands U21A: Jessica Dicks and Kelly Gaylard

KZN Midlands U21B: Angela Johnston

KZN Midlands U21C: Kirsty Diemont

(This page kindly sponsored by the Balmer family J

Standing
K Diemont

Seated:
D van Breda

(Captain), R Dittrich,

C Chuang

this year we have had mixed results in Tennis. In the first term four teams participated in their relevant leagues.

In the Lyle League the 1st team wasn't as successful as in previous years, coming sixth out of eight; however, in the Risely League the 2nds did well ending third out of fifteen teams. This was mainly due to the dedication of the team and their willingness to give up their Saturdays

The Joy Watt League for U16A produced some fine tennis and our team ended fifth out of eleven teams. The enthusiasm showed by these girls is most encouraging for the future of our tennis.

The U16 friendly league offered only doubles and no formal account of the results is kept.

During the second term; school championships were held with the following results:

Open - winner Deanne van Breda
runner-up Sanet de Wit
U16 - winner Tammy van Heerden
runner-up Michelle Peddle
U14 - winner Louise Shone
runner-up Pamela Koch

The championships produced tennis of a high standard. Well done to the winners!

During the third term the Emily Howard and Winnie Louw Leagues were played. We were able to field two teams in each event. This is another indication of how the tennis interest has grown. The first team improved on their earlier performances, winning four matches, drawing two and losing only three.

Special mention must be made of Deanne van Breda, our captain. Always loyal to tennis, she performed her duties with enthusiasm and maintained a balanced attitude. She has played for the first team from Grade 8 to Grade 12, an achievement which will be difficult to match. Special thanks also go to Mrs Stakemire and Mrs Shone for their time and willingness to be

involved.

Louise Snyman

Back row:

L Titus, D Pitman

Front row:

C Lindsay, B Marwick,

K Lindsay (Captain),

J Dicks, G Robinson

Kim Lindsay - KZN

U19A squash team

Julie Moore -

Gymnastics

ST JOHNS DSG

(B2 el

19998

he First Squash team continues to

develop, having lost only to Epworth this year; however the situation is very rosy as all those players will still be at St Johnâ\200\231s next year and we will be gaining two young assets.

Our outstanding achievement was by Kim Lindsay, who made the South African U19 team and will be touring the United Kingdom during December as a member of this team. Gina Robinson was selected as the Captain of the Natal U16 team. Our compliments go to Chanti Firman, the First team coach who puts the girls through their paces, and is achieving so much with them.

During the second term amid the chaos of netball and hockey we played in the local schools squash league at U14, U16 and Open level. Success was varied, but it is good to see that there are a number of keen youngsters.

We had a team in the Ladiesâ\200\231 C league, during the second and third term. This team ended a creditable third, but largely due to Gina Robinson who never dropped a game throughout the league. Kim did not play in this team as she played â\200\234â\200\235 league for Collegians to gain experience, and which, sadly, is the direction I think Gina will have

to go next year.

Brenda and Claire Griffin

(This page kindly sponsored by

Back row:

L Titus,

C Haralambous,

L Knoetze, L Manzi,

C Chuang

Front row:

S Seggie, N Mkhize

(Vice-capt) M-J Forbes,

J Dicks, A Johnston

W ST JOHN'S DSG

Â¥ 1s1 BASKETBALLE

1999

Basketball is becoming one of the most popular sports at school - we had enough players to field thirteen teams this year! However, having only one court on which to practise - and that in itself a tennis court which is used for matches once a week - trying to organize practices was a nightmare. We had to have girls jogging to nearby schools to use their courts when they were available.

Not only did the teams improve as the season progressed, but the general standard of play throughout the school has also improved; and now that the junior school is playing as well, things can only improve.

The results were varied, with the U16A team probably being the most successful. The U14A and B teams and the U15A team did very nicely in their tournament and it was good to see some promising players. The First team started off well, but battled to

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(Supplier of Building Plaster and Umgeni Sand)

maintain their level; however, they were involved in some very exciting encounters. Congratulations to Christine Haralambous and Lauren Knoetze who were selected for the KZN Midlands U19 team.

Thanks go to Nicolette Taylor, Julie Dennison and Cara Stewart for giving up valuable time to share their knowledge with our girls.

Back row:

M] Forbes

Second row:

L Manzi, N Mkhize

Front row:

K Walden,

R Dittrich (Captain),

Miss P Scott,

M Hallett (Vice-capt),

L Knoetze

Back row:

R Olivier, S Preston

Middle row:

K Goodman,

G Robinson,

K Gordon, | Cameron,

K Symons, C Goosen

Front row:

K Thorneycroft,

L Symons (Captain)

Mr M Wotherspoon,

K Gaylard (Vice-

captain),

C Haralambous

etball at St Johnâ\200\231s has grown
Nremarkably this year - we were able to
field two open, four U16, and two U14 teams.
The girlsâ\200\231 reward for the commitment,
dedication and enthusiasm was a definite
improvement in standard. It bodes well for
next yearâ\200\231s season! Our thanks go to our two

T

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ST JOHN'S DSG

Ist NETBALL

1999,

external coaches, Siobhan Oâ\200\231Brien and Ros
Spavin, and our congratulations to Rita
Dittrich for being selected for the Natal
Midlands U19B netball team.

Jill Quicke
Penny Scott

ST JOHN'S DSG
CROSSCOUNTRY
1999

ongratulations to our senior Cross-

Country team, who finished a close second to St Anneâ\200\231s in the league. Special mention must be made of Lauren Symons, Kelly Gaylard and Gina Robinson who were awarded trophies for finishing in the top ten overall in the league. Gina had an excellent season finishing in the top three at all the league runs, with first places at both Hilton and Howick. In the U15 age group Clair

L This page kindly sponsored by Kate Gordon

N =t/

Goosen, Kristi Goodman and Sarah Preston showed their potential with consistent positions throughout the season. In the interhouse cross country Gina Robinson and Kelly Gaylard both managed to break the existing course record, with Gina setting a new record of 13 minutes 8 seconds. We look forward to more sucesses from this outstanding athlete in the future.

Back row:

P Baxter

Second row:

L Erasmus,

L Labuschagne

Front row:

S Preston, R Baxter
(Captain), R Bird,

A Marlton, | Royden-
Turner

Back row:

B Bassage, K Leaker,
R Bird, L Duarte,

T Mapham

Middle row:

K Symons, P Stokes,
L Brown,

K McCallum,

J Lindsay, K Bowles,
J Heath, S Hurt

Front row:

K Gordon, F Simpson,
L Symons (Captain),
Miss N McDuling,

S A Goodman,

C Wachter, S Collings

Lauren Symons -
National Colours for
Junior Canoeing

7]

ST JOHN’S DSG
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1999 %

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Canoeing is a fairly new sport at St John's, and attracts a regular fifteen or more girls to practices. Amidst the fun, laughter, and unscheduled swimming on Friday afternoons at Camps Drift, some useful canoeing skills have been mastered. We look forward to participation by some of our budding canoeists in the schools' challenge during the 1999/2000 season. We also anticipate acquiring the services of a professional coach, courtesy of KZNCU, which should see the girls going from strength to strength. A very useful acquisition has been a beautiful canoe trailer very generously built and donated by Mr Gordon.

This page kindly sponsored by Tessa Heenan)

Particular mention must be made of our outstanding role model, Lauren Symons, who started the year with an excellent second place in the Junior Ladies' section of the Dusi Canoe Marathon. She went on to be selected for the South African Marathon Team which travelled to the world championships in Italy, where she achieved a very creditable second place in the doubles event.

Margie Cunnama

HOUSE REPORTS

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Back row:

M Flint, S Symonds, K | Small, | Goble, E Davidson, K Janse van Rensburg,
M Symonds, S Mathews, L Knoetze, S Gaydon, S Sirilli, K- Small, C Gracie,
S Carter-Brown

Seventh row:

D Lewitt, A Balcomb, R Ghau, N Robinson, L Brown, K Wilkins, A Shaw
J Hart, K Wilson, | Jdhnig, T Kirkwood, M Hope, M Stephen, P Hunt,

N Mkhize

Sixth row:

D Dunstone, M Stegen, S Meyer, C Stander, E Stephen, T Stafford,] Heath,
L Payne, S Hurt, | Becker, M Haralambous, L Manzi, L Titus, M Mbongwe,
N Nkosi, P Rathebe

Fifth row:

R Burne, A Graham, L Dickinson, C Gallagher,] Crous,] O’Neill, V Cook,
A Clarence, C Wacher, S Seymour, S Balmer, C Nothard, J Preiss, K Calverly,
T Rattray, M Cook, D van Rooyen, N Haralambous, B Wilson

Fourth row:

E Ogram, B Wilson, S Webber, N Nxumalo, G Rattray, S Hollick, S Wright,
T Turner, C Chuang, A Joubert, S Graham, C Goosen, T Manzi, C Crous,

I Fatti,] Spain, E Schwikkard, T Luckett

Third row:

C R Osborn, V Greene, C Crebo, K Hein, C Hawins, A Marlton,
C Haralambous (Vice-capt), Mrs K Stakemire, K Wang (Captain),
M-] Forbes, L Goble, T Steenkamp, K Duke, K Dube, L Perrett

Second row:

N Mkhize, K Hughes, N Mallett, R Beattie, N Koller, | Atkinson,
C Underhill, S Impey, M Bhengu, R Atkinds, A Ogram, | Brown, K Dales,
K Joubert, N Timm, S Tshabalala, T Dawad, S Stewart

Front row:

M van der Merwe, K Coombes, F Abdool, K L Grant, S Erasmus,
C Marchant, R Balawanth, N Osman, D Indraajuth, S | Reed, R Latiff

Athlone

his year has been wonderful as the

Athlone girls have been willing to participate in every event with outstanding enthusiasm.

Even though we didnâ\200\231t have the most successful year, only managing to win the netball, it hasnâ\200\231t been for lack of spirit. We came second in the hockey, basketball and tennis, and tied for second place in the music competition. Credit must go to Lwazi Manzi as she gave willingly of herself and her time to conduct the choir, and to the house for their dedication and patience. In squash, cross country, public speaking and in the gala we were only able to gain third place, in spite of the commitment of the participants, and the motivation of the Grade 11s.

However, the zeal and talent displayed by the Grade 11 Police for the gala gives me confidence for next year! Thank you so much, Christine, for your energy and efficiency this year. Thank you also, Mrs Stakemire - of a house mother, I couldnâ\200\231t have asked for more. A loyal supporter at every event and encouraging us endlessly, you have led by example. Thank you most of all, Athlone, the best house as always. I've enjoyed this year immensely and wish you all the best for the years to come.

Believe in yourselves and never give up!

Kerryn Wang - Captain

Back row:

L Labuschagne, R de Gersigny, L Taylor,
A Frenkel, K Leaker, K Thorneycroft, R Bird,
E Bassage, K Saint, B Bassage , L Pooler,
N Sibongile, F Simpson, P Stokes

Sixth row:

G Taylor, K McCallum, K Gordon, M Brown,
L Carte, | C Curry, T Skye, M Peddle, S Poltera,
S Heuer, | Lindsay, G Thompson, E Yeats, L Lee
Fifth row:

] Moore, R Kenyon, K Lindsay, N Wichmann,
A Louw, S Dawson, R Thwaites, A Malardeau,
T Vermaak, M Hudson-Bennett, L Sykes,

M Hodgson, C Avery, C Robert, T' Hughes,

K Bowles

Fourth row:

F Heathcote, N Ndlovu, R Taylor, D Stokes,

N Hlatshwayo, K Goodman, | Harris,

K McDuling, P Dorkin, E Hobbs,

S A Goodman, C Louw, N Main, P Ralphe,

S Bosworth-Smith, A Labuschagne, C Lindsay,
T Gcabashe, S Preston

Third row:

M McDonald, M Hill, M Gevers, S Webber,

A Lindsay, C Lee, C Griffin, K Stegen, V Stander.
C von Weichardt, C Hackland, R Cockburne,
D Chengan, M Cunnama, K Craik, E Cope,

K Ware, K Symons

Seated

S Ford, S Jarmey-Swan, A Gevers, T de Charmoy,

R Dittrich, M Hallett,] Dicks(captain),
Mrs A Harris, K Diemont(vice-captain),
A Hobbs, D Dalton, L Symons, B Griffin,
T von Weichardt, C Tatham

Second row:

K Noble, S Bailey, D Chainee, S Emery, K Sardar,

A Durnford, A Steyn, K Main, | Blomeyer,

] Bosworth-Smith, C du Toit, M Padayachee,

A Hylton, R Date, C Limbouris, A Hainsworth,
M Kennard, D Chainee

Front row:

S] Evans, L A Britz, H McDonald, A Kennard,
R Monaheng, | Kennard, K Potgieter, K Mantel

Connaught

Go all out or don't go out at all!

This has been the attitude of Connaught this year. In every inter-house event, the Connaught girls have tried their hardest and given their best. Not once have I had a lack of volunteers. I remember especially the inter-house public speaking as, when I asked for volunteers, I got more than triple the number of people that I needed! It has not been difficult to lead such an enthusiastic group - it has been an honour.

The Grade 11s started the year off well with a Spanish fiesta theme for the swimming gala. They did an excellent job, creating a celebratory atmosphere. Connaught came second, with the juniors doing exceptionally well. In the inter-house public speaking we were placed second with Debbie Dalton being named best senior speaker. The inter-house netball was great fun and closely contested, resulting in a tie for first place with Athlone, but unfortunately a minimal goal difference overall placed us second. Once again, our Go all out attitude showed in the inter-house cross country as nearly every Connaught girl ran, which helped with the overall points and resulted in a tie for first place. Our superior talent showed in the inter-house hockey where our juniors did extremely well, ensuring a victory. Our next big event was the music competition, and, because music is one of my strong talents, I found this a tough project! Many thanks go to Debs, Thobeka and Ryley who put a lot of work into this. Thanks to the Connaught matrices for their help and enthusiasm, especially during those lunch time practices. A lot of time and effort was put into our rehearsals, so it was disappointing to be the runners, up. In both the basketball and the squash, everyone participating gave their best and earned us a first place in both.

Thank you, parents and house members, for the support in the competitions, especially my vice captain, Kirst, for always being ready to help; Mev. Harris, for being an encouraging and helpful house mother; every Connaught girl who enthusiastically participated in events.

It is the enjoyment that counts - the winning is a bonus. I leave you all with a quotation to live by:

One must have the adventurous daring to accept oneself as a bundle of possibilities and undertake the most interesting game in the world -

making the most of one's best.

Jessica Dicks - Captain

â\200\234Kelly had wanted the two of us to arrive at the Inter-house Gala in a yellow helic
opter.â\200\235

Back row:

J Calder, P Baxter, M van Rooyen, L Rice,

T van Heerden, K Simmonds, R Baxter,

L Markham, K Walden, S de Wit, L Duarte,

V Mapham, L King, A van Rensburg,

E van der Nest

Seventh row:

B Couperthwaite, L Erasmus, | Cameron,

C Leo-Smith, K Rake, L Backhouse, B Roos,

G K Bishop, K Leff, A Temple, B Faure, F Stockil,

J Sparks, | Royden-Turner

Sixth row:

S White, G Marwick, E Boettiger, A Shariff,

A Morrison,] Rogers, T de Bruyn. N Beton,

K Johns, L Stead, K Crous, T Heenan, E Fletcher,

K Johnston

Fifth row:

L Hedges, C Santoro , A Furniss, L Shone,

T Blore, G Robinson, L Raleigh, L Ivins,

S Russell, H Gardner, S Collings, C Lewis,

C Chance,] Smit, V Johnson, D Stokes

Fourth row:

L Boyd,] Naidoo, S A Culverwell, C Jenkins,

C Quinton, S Cameron, D Tau, E Pitman,

J Kretzmann, A Cumming,] Fifield, K Jenkins,

H Schoeman, B Meyer, K Leisegang, A Quinton

Third row:

K Mpshe, D Thompson, | Baker, C van

Rensburg, A Johnston, D van Breda, S Seggie,

K Gaylard (Captain) Miss S Davies, B Marwick

(Vice-capt), K van der Merwe, L Kelsall,

J Collings, J Smith, R Seggie, K Pillay, M Ngcobo
Second row:

A Gritfiths, E Faure, A Reid, S Lester, N Withey,
S J Glover, C Kleinhans, M Leboea, S Moodley.
R Nakin, K Howe, C Glas, S Leboea, R Kime,

S Faure

Front row:

A Botes, B Westhorpe-Pottow, L Taylor,

C Leisegang, C Moodley, P Govender, H Jooma,
G Hesse, M Cassim, M Cronje, L-J Domleo,

K Wadeson

Rhodes

Looking back on the past year I am extremely proud of the enthusiasm, spirit and success of Rhodes. The girls, commitment to their house and 100% participation in all interhouse events would make any house captain proud.

The year began very sadly when Kelly Clarke, vice-captain of Rhodes, died of meningitis. She was an exceptional person whose kind, happy heart and charisma inspired all to be the best they could possibly be. Kelly had wanted the two of us to arrive at the Inter-house Gala in a yellow helicopter. The Grade 11 Rhodes girls organized this in memory of Kelly, and then entertained us with the theme of â\200\234Cecil John Rhodes and the Rhodes diamonds.â\200\235 The Gala was a memorable start to the year, with Rhodes coming first.

We were very successful in the cultural activities, winning the public speaking and music competitions. Special thanks go to Disebo Tau and Kerry Johnston for all their hard work; and to all the members of the Rhodes choir for their co-operation and hidden talents!

On the sports field we were less successful, coming third in the inter-house netball, basketball and hockey; however, this didnâ\200\231t dampen our spirits and we redeemed ourselves by sharing first place with Connaught in the inter-house squash and cross-country events. Congratulations to Gina Robinson for winning the senior cross country, setting a new record.

No event just happens. Behind the success is the organization of our vice captain. Thank you, Bonnie, for all your hard work throughout the year. Your constant support has been invaluable to me and Rhodes. Miss Davies, thank you for being an outstanding house mother and Rhodesâ\200\231s greatest supporter.

Thank you, Rhodes, for such a memorable year. I am honored to have captained a house as spirited and dedicated as Rhodes. With Kelly Clarke as your guardian angel you are destined for great things.

Thank you, good bye and good luck.

Kelly Gaylard - Captain

JUNIOR SCHOOL

Headmistress's Report

I once read that one should attempt the impossible in order to improve one's work. When we set out on the enormous task of renovation, relocation and reconstruction in the Junior School this year, I couldn't help feeling that we were, indeed, attempting the impossible. Now that this task has reached completion, I know that what has been achieved has helped create an environment in which learning can flourish and we can improve our work!

How exciting to go into the new millennium with a new look and, of course, a new dimension to the school - our first intake of precious Eaglets.

A great deal is being said about the new millennium, but, I must confess, all the hype surrounding 1st January 2000 has had very little impact on me. Will so much really change?

Certainly, technology will continue to advance at a frenetic pace; hopefully, cures will be found for presently incurable diseases; maybe modes of transport will change so much that we might find ourselves whizzing to work in mini-spaceships - who knows?

And in the midst of all this there will still be St John's. I believe, as did the British historian and journalist, Thomas Carlyle, that nothing that was worthy in the past departs; no truth or goodness realised by man in the millennium will, I believe, still see St John's girls caring about the small things in life - showing kindness towards others, displaying good manners and having self-respect. Respect for elders will be as important then as it is now and striving to be the best little people they can be will be all that can be asked of them.

St John's girls will continue to embrace core values of honesty, decency, truth and justice and I am sure that they will remain the charming, unpretentious girls that they are today. And then they will soar with the eagles into the 21st century.

Annette Symes - Headmistress

RC

Rayne Cockburn was awarded 1st prize at the
Royal Show for her painting of flowers.

This page kindly sponsored by the Hainsworth family

Things I
Like to Do

I like to fish, and wish,
(only if they come
true)

I like to swim, do gym,
And I'd love to sail
with a crew.

I love
animals,
especially mammals,
I'd love to keep baby
cubs

or ride on camels.

watching

I like painting glass
And playing with my
class.

I like to read

and sit on the grass.

I like planting flowers
And watching the
sunset from tall
towers.

I like to ice-skate for
just a few hours,

But it's getting late...

Milena Gevers - Grade 6

My Rat

We have a pet rat. It bit
me, but it doesn't bite
any more. It slept in my
hair last night. It went
down my shirt. It was
ticklish, very, indeed!

Eve-Lyn Faure - Grade 2

CREATIVE WRITING

How the Hedgehog Got
His Spikes

Long, long ago in the Karoo desert there
lived a hedgehog named Gary. Gary lived
with his mom and dad. Every morning he
and his family rolled in the hot sand. One
morning Gary rolled in the sand right near a
cactus. He rolled around and around it and

then suddenly he rolled right into the spiky
cactus and all the spikes stayed in his back.
Now the hedgehog is spiky.

Bianca Westhorpe-Pottow - Grade 5

Winter Days

Winter is so very cold that you need many
things to keep you warm. You need a fire or
a blanket and drinks like hot chocolate, milo,
horlicks or coffee. The sun is always weak,
the sky is normally misty and the trees are
normally empty. When you go to bed you
sometimes need a hot water bottle. When
you go out your car slips and slides. The air
is nippy and very chilly in winter. Water
freezes in the cold mornings, but when it is
afternoon it is not so cold.

Sarah Emery - Grade 3

@

Friends

Friends are very special,

they help you when you fall,

they cheer you up when you feel down
and they're there when you call.

Friends can help you during English
and even during Art,

but when it comes to Afrikaans

they just sit there and laugh!

Katherine Main - Grade 6

Barny

Barny is my barn owl.

He loves to fly at night.

He flies, swoops and pounces
and gives me quite a fright.
I love my little barn owl

with his heart-shaped face.

I hope he stays forever

at my place.

Catherine Lee - Grade 6

This page kindly sponsored by the Boyd Family

The Grade 5s visited the Rattraysâ\200\231 orange and lemon orchard in Baynesfield.

Grade 1 News

Koketso Mpshe

Ford

Michelle van der Merwe

) 25th March: T help to feed my dog Weasel. Nicole Mallett
= \9 28th April: T went to visit my cousins and played in the mud. Kari Coombes
| T went to Weza 1o play with my friend Monique. Kayleigh Mantel
- â\200\2309 3rd May: T ran in my garden. T saw carthworms. Sarah Jane Reed
" T stayed at ST Joseph's with Mrs V. Kamohelo Liphapang
. _3 10th May: T went to St John's Day for a picnic. I swam at Maggie's-
g F T went to a concert and T dressed up as a queen: Sharon Faure
=i 3 T bumped my head on the pole while T was swinging. Faaria Abdool
=9 17th May: T had soup and bread for supper. T felt cosy. Michelle van der Merwe
, \ 2 T moved to our new house. I helped the men to carry. Ashleigh Kennard
1o Robyn and T did a play for the grown-ups with Barbies. Catherine Tatham
3 \"3 25th May: My uncle's dog had five puppies. We are gefting a girl puppy- Kari Coombes
==9 7th June: T went to sleep over at my cousin's house. We had a pillow fight. Storm
- \.3 21st June: Mum and Dad went 10 rugby in Durban. Byronand T cried.
. LÂ»,g T went fo the park with James. We kissed. Sharon Faure

g â\200\230ff"â\200\230) 28th June: T went to the coffage. T stood

Tt was my father's

28th July: Dad and I hatched

Mum came to Vvisit

T said Mum! Lloyd! LaraJane Domleo

ond Aug:

Gth Aug: T had a lovely weekend. I went o
T had a lovely weekend. T got anew
T went to the Rotanical Gardens. e

T went fo the circus in

16th Aug:

I Get Knocked Down. Kayleigh Mantel

T went fo Jessie's

We danced. Robyn Beattie

31st Aug:

cleaner. Samantha Erasmus

We went To an animal farm. The baby

20th Sept: My cousins from

T stayed at home.

to eat them. Dani

elle Thompson

I went to my neighbour's house. I played with the girls.
on the verandah and T saw a whale and
birthday. He has a hew track-suit. Darsha Indraajith
We woke up very early and we went to Hluleka
We slept in the back of the bakkie. Robyn Beattie

goslings in the incubator. Samantha Erasmus

It was my birthday. I got @ bicycle and T can almost ride it. Prianka Govender
me at Granny's. Lloyd came
disco down the road.

Catherine

Mickey Ncgobo
dolphins. Kira Potgieter

for a holiday.

and Harry foo.

It was my grâ\200\230andfmâ\200\230herâ\200\230s birthday. We had a party with him. Faaria
Abdool
the market. T saw
dress and new shoes. Kerusha Ramdass
had a pichic
Vryheid with Big
T slept at Kerry-Leigh's house. We danced and jumped To the music

Mrs Joubert. Kamohelo Liphapang

and I fed the ducks. Sarah Jane Reed
Ryan and Mum. Kayla Coetzee

Murray came too.

We played hide and seek. T hid in the storeroom with the vacuum

goats sucked my fingers
because they thought they were teafs.
Cape Town came to stay over.
puppet show for everyone. It was Cinderella. Darsha Indraajith
T made mud cookies. We pre'rended

Tatham
We made a

The Manta
Ray

A dark triangle
s e
its Wing'ls.e R eh et

Like a large bird i -
Y it lands in

in the

Then suddenly takes off
And the cycle begins again

Victoria Johnson - Grade 7

The Ugly Bug Ball

4 5

R?I::)â\200\231?kcat us dressed in our pretty clothes
s T. came to take photos. I d â\200\230
e s. I dressed
ZOISe?utllel ladybird. My necklaces 1\lz\I/)eaS
B Iâ\200\230;?kd dmy earrings were white pearï~\202z
ed them very much. Mrs Griffiths

also dressed up i
2 L9 2l & beautiful
had bug biscuits and beetle i

: juice.
anced and sang a song. It is calJled eCOIVXE

88 s G <

s g1 G
on Bu ies, Letâ\200\231s Go Boogie rade 1 came
o dance with us. We gave them some cake
and they loved it SO, SO, SO much! - Grade 2

This page Ki. 7]
{ is page kindly sponsored by the Kirkwood famil J
amily

The Bushbaby's Eyes

Many, many centuries ago, bushbabies had very small eyes and because of the size of their eyes, they had bad sight.

Bushbabies were extremely kind animals and were always more than happy to help.

One night, a bushbaby called Stacy was looking after a monkey's baby.

The baby's mother had accidentally fallen asleep. Stacy could not wake the mother, so she had decided to stay awake to look after the baby.

The problem was that Stacy was very tired and she kept dozing off! So she used two twigs to hold up her eyelids. The twigs stretched and stretched her eyes and that is why, today, bushbabies have such big eyes.

Retlotloe Nakin, Mesuli Bhengu and Thobile Manzi were dancers in Nobuntu Mkhize's Zulu version of Cinderella, Monyenyanane. The production was for Nobuntu's Matric Drama project.

Jenna Brown - Grade 5

Grade 3 Views on our School

Sounds at Breakfast

Our school is called St John's. We have a black tunic and yellow shirt in the winter. In summer we wear a yellow dress. Our school goes to matric.

We celebrate Ash Wednesday. We have polite girls. Ashton Botes Nt el e childre G e e

footsteps rush down the stairs;

chairs screech as they're pulled from the table.

There's a tinkle of cereal being poured into bowls,

a slosh of milk as it hits the plate,

a munching and crunching of food being eaten.

Then racing feet thump as they run outside and an engine roars as it drives away.

Our teacher, Mrs Joubert, has teddy bears on her curtains. Mrs Tea is our Library teacher. Dominique Chainee

We do lots of things like art. We also go to computers and drama. My school has a lovely garden. Katie-Leigh Grant

We have a jungle gym. Genevieve Hesse

We go to music on Thursday. We have a big swimming pool. Samantha Bailey

We also enjoy our Zulu. It's lovely. Melissa Kennard
Kevoulee Sardar, Ryleen Balawanth, Sharleen

Hollick, Robyn Kime, Jessica Bosworth-Smith,

Our teacher is so nice and her name is Mrs Joubert. Sheridan Impey ol Sy - Eoeloe]

We have galas at St John's. On a Friday we swim. Kimberly Noble

Shadows of Darkness

As I lie awake in bed

the wind howls

and the windows rattle.

Creaking footsteps are heard

on the old floorboards.

The door in the cellar slams!

I jump out of bed.

Goosebumps cover my body.

What is it?

Soft footsteps are coming nearer and nearer.
I tiptoe to the hall.

Suddenly I run and switch on the light.
There before me is my fat ginger tabby cat.

Anz@l Steyn - Grade 4

PINSSA.

This page kindly sponsored by
Khalil & Muneera Cassim

Fish

I like them.

Ask me why.

Because.

Because they glide

Because they slide

Because they have

pretty colours

Because they dance

Because they prance

Because. That's why.

I like fish.

Joanna Spain - Grade 5

Birds

Birds have feathers,

Birds have a nest.

Birds have wings on

the east and west.

Birds fly high,

Birds fly low.

Birds are pretty,

But don't really glow.

Birds are birds and

make a lovely sound,

Not like the dogs who

live in the pound.

Natasha Haralambous -

Grade 6

Scared of

the Night

Night is black - there is

no light,

Mom and Dad are out

tonight.

Nightmares crawl

through my head,

Hyenas laugh under

my bed.

I am afraid of the dark!

Isabella Fatti - Grade 4

My Surprise

When I saw my sewing

at the Royal Show I

nearly fell over

because I got a Highly

Commended prize. I

then felt proud that so

many people were

walking around

looking at my work.

Ashleigh Griffiths -

My favourite character is the bee secretary.
I like her because she is funny and because
she is my sister. Ingrid Salisbury

This is my first experience of being in a
play. It has about a hundred people in it. In
the play I am an aphid. I don't know what
an aphid is, but I still like being an aphid.
Ntebo Nxumalo (the aphid on the left)

We enjoyed Garden Folk because it was a
story that taught you a lesson.
Maryam Cassim

I have thoroughly enjoyed working in
Garden Folk because I have learned a lot
about acting and singing. Monkie Leboea

The back of the stage looks just like a real
garden. Sarah-Jane Glover

PR : R ZA PR
I like the caterpillars because they are kind,

loving and thoughtful. =~ Misty McDonald

I like our costumes, but the make-up is hard
to get off! Sharleen Hollick

Boarders
1999

Lara-Jane Domleo
Kamohelo Liphapang
Sarah Emery

Andrea Lindsay
Ashleigh Reid
Retlotloe Nakin
Sekhametsi Leboea
Mphoko Leboea
Bridget Meyer

Hayley Schoeman
Natasha Haralambous
Melanie Haralambous
Katherine Jenkins
Carla Jenkins

Claire Griffin
Catherine Lee
Caitlyn Nothard
Kirsten Craik

Carey Lindsay
Jennifer Oâ\200\231Neill

Erica Stephen

Robyn Taylor

Penny Ralfe

Candice Gallagher
Sally-Ann Culverwell
Alexa Labuschagne
Donna Stokes

Mrs'V

Mrs V is leaving and I am so sad that I want to go with her.

Mrs V. has been a very kind and understanding matron even though we were very naughty at times.

I have been in the B.E. for nearly four years now and the person that really made it special was Mrs V.

Whenever I couldnâ\200\231t sleep Mrs V would say Turn over and count strawberries.

For many weeks and weekends Mrs V made me feel as much at home as she could.
I am very glad and very lucky to have had Mrs V as my matron here

at St Joseph'â\200\231s
and I will

always be
grateful to her

for making
those first few
weeks at St John's
more comfortable
and easy.

Mrs V makes our B.E.

bright and cheerful.

When it is our birthday she gives
us a present and we have a party.

On weekends Mrs V buys us little
treats which mean a lot to us because
most of us are termly boarders.

Mrs V is cuddly to hug. When I feel homesick she
always comforts me.

Mrs V is very humorous and is
always telling stories of her child
and school days.

She makes us laugh and laugh and laugh.
She will never run out of stories to tell us.
She lets us have fun like dressing-up
parties, Easter hat parades and

Christmas parties.

Mrs V has had to put up with our
nonsense (which could be awfully

stressful) and we are grateful to her for
being very patient with us.

I don't know if Mrs V had magical ears
or something; she always has a way of
catching us if we are naughty.

When we're speaking after lights out and
Mrs V comes along, we can't hear her
footsteps.

If we've ever misbehaved before, Mrs
V won't hold it against us for our
whole lives.

Mrs V always tells us stories and
tries to keep us happy when
we are sad.

We always enjoyed
Mrs Vs stories about
her school days
and when she

was young.

We will always
remember Mrs

V and | hope

she will have a
relaxing time
wherever she
goes at the end of

the year.

When | was new in the

B.E. Mrs V made it so

much easier for me to settle

in and she has helped make my four
years of boarding great!

Mrs V has been like a second mother to me
and everyone else and I'd like to say thank
you for all youâ\200\231ve done for us.

When Mrs V leaves I hope she will
still come and visit us.

Mrs V made me feel at home in less
than two years with her wonderful
motherly love. Mrs V, we all love you.

I am really going to miss Mrs V when she
leaves. She is very special to me and | will
always have a special place for her in my
heart.

Thank you very much Mrs'V, good,
good, good Mrs V.

Mrs V is loved by all of us and we are
never going to forget her.

Mrs V was a very good second mother.

Dear God ...

Thank you, even though
we don't have wings like a
bird because we have
feet. If you weren't born
I wouldn't be writing this
letter to you. I'm Jewish,
but I still believe in you.
Thank you for helping me
cope with Plume, my fish,
dying. Please help me not

to lie too much.
Robin Date - Grade 3

Thank you for our food and juice
and water. Thank you for cows and
pigs so that we can get chops and
bacon and wots and cheese and
milk

Kendra Joubert -

Grade 3

Thank you for giving my
mum and dad jobs to
bring me to this lovely
school. Thank you for
putting food on the table
for lunch.

Sekhametsi Leboea â\200\224
Grade 3

Please help me to like
people that I do not like.
Kimberly Noble -

Grade 3

God please help me to
get back to good friends
with Kendra. Please help
me with my maths, my
homework, my times, my
speed tests. God, you are
amazing. I am very
grateful to you.

Claire Marchant -

Grade 3

Afraid

When I'm afraid and
reading in the night

I hear a knock on the
window.

I jump off my bed with
a fright!

What could it be?

I stand there for a

moment, then I go to
see.

I open the curtains...
Then I laugh.

It was just a bug that hit
the window.

Sudha Krishna - Grade 5

Greystones

From the 31st August to the 3rd September
the Grade 7s went to Greystones Adventure
Centre in Estcourt. On the way we visited
many different places.

We went to battlefields where the Zulus and
the Voortrekkers had fought. We also went to
an old fort called Fort Durnford. At a glass
factory we learned how glass is made and we
bought lots of fluffy toys at the toy factory
called Bunjy Toys. After a long day we went
to Greystones and unpacked.

We had many happy experiences at
Greystones, but one that I'll never forget was
abseiling down the 25 metre high
Wagondrift Dam wall - the highest
commercial abseiling dam wall in kwaZulu-
Natal! As I looked down from the top, my
heart began to thump wildly, but I knew I
couldn't chicken out because this was going
to be a great experience for me.

On the second day we went on a hike to see
bushman paintings at Giant's Castle. It was
an interesting, but tiring, experience. On
Thursday morning we went on a foofi-slide,
climbed up a wall and built a bridge. The
commando course was fun with everyone
tripping and falling. At the end of it we had
to stand on a beam then swing on a rope. At
the highest point of your swing you let go
and fell into a net. Some people got caught in
the net trying to get out! One person got so
badly stuck that David had to walk in there
and pick her up like a baby to get her out of
the mess. Another highlight was the
midnight feast which only half-happened,
but we did have fun. There wasn't any food,
but there was chatter! At every meal each of
the two groups (the Voories and the Geckos)
had to sing a song. Whoever was the best
went to eat their food first and the group
that lost had to wash the dishes. At
Greystones we learned how important it is
to work as a team - all the activities we did
taught us how to co-operate.

Amy Furniss, Candice Gallagher,
Donna Stokes, Kirstin Adam, Alice Morrison,
Sadie Bosworth-Smith - Grade 7

Trees

They start from a seed and grow and grow.

When they finish growing we may never know.

Soon as leaves on tall trees rustle in the wind,
watch out! Then the trouble begins.

Chainsaws come: the tree gets cut down
and you hear a thudding sound.

They go to the sawmill and are cut into planks -
so stop cutting trees down. Thanks.

Emily Cope - Grade 5

At the Show by Alice Durnford (Grade 5) won 3rd prize at
the Royal Show

Hoopoes for Africa by Robyn Kime - Grade 4

Danielle Kidd, Chanté du Toit and Ryleen
Balawanth dressed appropriately for the
Grade 4 Greek Day.

This page kindly sponsored by
Dr & Mrs DM Liphapang

The Legend
of the First
Cricket

Long ago, in the
beginning of time,
there were no crickets.
But there was a clever
grasshopper that
always showed off. He
lived in China with
other Grasshoppers.

One day as he was
showing off his lovely
wings, the other
grasshoppers planned
to make him a little
different from them.
They decided to pour
black ink on him!

At night time they
crept into a house and
got some black ink. In
the morning the
grasshopper showed
off again as always,
but that night the
grasshoppers got the
ink, went to his flower

and poured ink all
over him. In the
morning, when he

saw himself, what a
shock he got!

All the other
grasshoppers called
him a cricket for the
rest of his life.

Emily Schwikkard -
Grade 4

The Wind

The wind howls all
day

And blows everything
away.

It sometimes cools us
down;

The dust in it can turn
it brown.

It is made by moving
air

And, when very fierce,
makes knots in my
hair.

When it's a windy day

outside
What
inside?
The wind is irritating
most of the time.

But lovely when it
blows a wind chime.

am I to do

Andrea Lindsay - Grade 4

Tablespoon, the
Spoonbill

I took a deep breath, stretched my wings and
legs and stepped out of my shell. I wasnâ\200\231t
quite sure where I was, so I had to find out,
but first I needed something to eat. I took a
few steps on my long, wobbly legs.

â\200\230Hallo, hallo. Anyone?â\200\231 I called. Then I heard
a shout.

â\200\230Itâ\200\231s hatched!â\200\235 someone shrieked.

I didnâ\200\231t know who or what was shrieking, so
I hid under the closest bush on the banks of
the mushy dam. I started shaking: a white,
feathery thing was coming through the
bush. What was it? What did it want?

Then I heard a calm voice ask: â\200\230Darling?
Where are you? Itâ\200\231s your mum,â\200\231 she said.

I stuck my head out of the bush and there
stood my whole family of spoonbills. They
all gathered around trying to get a good look;
I felt like such a star! Then there was silence.
â\200\230Whatâ\200\231s wrong?â\200\231 I asked under my breath.
Suddenly there was a roar of laughter, so
loud that I was scared. I was very hungry
now and I just wanted to be with my mum.
She was thinking the same thing, so she took
me to our nest and fed me. I decided I would
ask why my family were laughing at me
earlier. My mum tried not to giggle as she
explained. It was because my beak was extra-
large, way too big for my body, even bigger
than my mumâ\200\231s.

For the next couple of days I felt really
embarrassed because everyone was calling
me Tablespoon. Mum told me not to be
upset because my beak would eventually be
the best beak. Over the months the name
Tablespoon became TS for short, and I donâ\200\231t
really mind any more. Everyone stills calls
me TS and, guess what, my mum was right -
I do have the best beak ever! Now no-one
laughs at my beak, they envy it! So I spend
my days fishing with my friends and family.
Would you like to guess who catches the
most fish?

Bronwyn Wilson - Grade 6

Some Grade 45 â\200\230 \
i (L,fct;;d)dg 4s took their I lerature study of
lâ\202¬ Dump very seriously indeed!

This page kindly sponsored by
Mike & Jeanne Limbouris

Beautiful women, waitresses and even
stowaways had a good time at the Grade 7
Titanic party before the ship went down.

Hammy the Hamster

Once I went for a walk and heard a rustling
noise in some leaves. It became louder and
louder. I walked towards the noise and there
sat a hamster in a pile of old newspapers that
had been dumped there a while ago. I
decided to take him home. My mom wasnâ\200\231t
too keen, but she agreed that I could keep
him as a pet. I named him Hammy. The next
day I decided to take Hammy to school. All
the children crowded around me when I
walked in the door. My teacher was quite
fond of hamsters. She gave me an old cage to
put him in. The latch was faulty, but it still
closed. I went to my desk and got on with my
work.

When I went to check how he was, he was
gone! I went outside and asked if anybody
had seen him. They all shook their heads.
Some of them offered to help look for him.
Hammy obviously had bumped the door
open.

We looked everywhere, but still we couldnâ\200\231t
find him. I told my teacher and she said he
was probably hiding. I went to throw my
drawing of him away and there sat Hammy
in the paperbin.

â\200\230Hey!â\200\231 I shouted â\200\230Come and look hereâ\200\231 and
we all started to laugh. I told my mom and
she laughed too.

Sharleen Hollick - Grade 4

Many pets are
brought to school
and Catherine
Limboursisâ\200\231s
Russian hamster,
Waffles, must be
one the most
photogenic.
Waffles is the

sister of fat Cassie,
Mrs Ducasseâ\200\231s
hamster.

I Feel
IBIEYOJOY v

When I see my cousins
from Vryheid.
Ashton Botes

When my cat sleeps
with me.
Monique Cronje

When I put water on
the grass to make it
grow.

Kirstin Hughes

When Genevieve
invites me to her
house.

Sheridan Impey
When someone smiles
at me.

Jaimie Atkinson

When I go to one of my

friends, house and
stay there for two

nights or three.
ChenÅ©l Moodley

When a new plant
grows.
Melissa Kennard

Doggone!

On Saturday I went to
Midmar dam. We had
taken our dog with us.
When we came to the
entrance there was a
sign that said no dogs
allowed. So we
covered her with a
towel. We had lots of
fun feeding her with a
bottle and putting her
ho @ joreuen @il
dressing her up in
baby clothes.

Jenna Coetzee - Grade 3
Mr Wind

Mr Wind, he blows so
hard,

Through every farm
and flat and yard.

He blows on all the
boats at sea

And bends the

branches of each tree.
When he blows, men
put on coats,

And when he blows,
they lose their notes.

Robyn Kime - Grade 4

The Pigeon

Bedraggled, sickly and old,
she perches alone on the ancient statue.

She doesn't notice the pounding rain or the
biting cold,

Just sits in the middle of a deserted square.

Way past her prime,

She's lost the will to live.

She is so cold, her body is numb
as she waits alone for her last hour to come.

Jessica Schoeman - Grade 7

The Beach

Rolling waves crash against the jagged rocks.
The cry of hungry seagulls soars into the
open, blue sky.

Desperate fishermen wait to catch just one
fish.

Children laugh while splashing around in
the waves.

I follow someone's footsteps in the sand,
Then lie on my towel, soaking up the sun.
All this is the magic of the beach.

Dominique Kidd - Grade 6

The Fiscal Shrike

Long, long ago before God made man and
before man made cities, towns and roads,
God made animals. He made ants, lions,
elephants, and he made hundreds of birds.

All the animals were proud of themselves,
but the birds had no fur, like the cats, no fine
tusks like the elephants, no hoods like
cobras and no shells like snails. Instead, they
were a dull pink. They could fly, but had no
speed like the cheetah.

One day a young sparrow went to God and
said "Lord, why have not we fine coats as the
other animals have?" and the Lord answered:
"If you want a coat, I have made feathers."
"My Lord, what are feathers?"

â\200\230Come to the river at sunsetâ\200\231 the Lord said and disappeared.

At sunset the birds began to gather at the river. The Lord came down and gave the birds the most colourful feathers.

The fiscal shrike got beautiful blue feathers and he flew up into the sky to show them off. Up. up, up into the sun he flew where he scorched his feathers black. The fiscal shrike screeched and fell to the water washing the last of the blue away from his feathers.

Now the fiscal shrike is a dull black and white bird. He hates the other birds for their beauty and he hunts them and hangs them from spikes.

Alice Durnford - Grade 5

The Mona Lisa of Africa by Alexa Labuschagne - Grade 7

Why Owls Can See in the Dark

One day, Olivia the owl was bored, so she decided to visit her friend, Ronda, the rabbit. Olivia didnâ\200\231t enjoy being an owl; she wanted to be a rabbit. So she set off in her awkward hop to Rondaâ\200\231s burrow in the woods. It was a long way and she got very tired; hopping was hard work! When she got there she was so hungry she could have eaten a million mice. She went inside and asked:

â\200\230Ronda, do you have any mice for me to eat?â\200\231 Ronda backed away very quickly. â\200\230My cousins are mice!â\200\231 she screamed. â\200\234You can eat some carrots.â\200\231

Olivia agreed and they had a large snack of carrots. Olivia loved them. That night when Olivia got home, she told her parents how very nice carrots were and asked if they would like some. They told her to act like an owl and sent her to bed without supper.

At midnight she woke up. She was starving. She would go out and get herself some mice. She would fly, not hop, and she would act like an owl. When she flew outside she was very scared of the dark. She looked around, surprised. It wasnâ\200\231t dark. She could see easily. The carrots had helped! Now she could see in the dark. She was very excited. The next morning she told her parents, who told everyone, what wonders carrots did for you. All the owls ate some and they, too, now saw in the dark so that they could hunt at night... All thanks to Olivia.

Rebecca Burne - Grade 6

(This page kindly sponsored by the Hollick Family

Why the Stork Stands
Some Wishes from the Grade 2s on One Leg

I wish I could stay in PE with my cousins. Sarah Jane Evans :
The African sun was hot and all the animals
I wish I had my own bedroom. Eve-Lyn Faure were sleeping in the shade. The silence of
the bush was shattered by a shrill cry of
I wish my cousin lived close by. We go boogie-boarding. disgust. It was Kingfisher. A long
flow of
Huda Jooma words, which I wouldn't dare repeat,
streamed from his beak.
I wish I had a golden dress. Radiyya Latiff â\200\230Why, you...stew-stealing, fish-snatchi
ng,
scale-smelling, overgrown stilt-walker! That
I wish my granny could move to South Africa. Carmen Leisegang was my fish and you know it!â
\200\231
The other animals rushed to see what all the
I wish I was a doctor so I could help sick people. commotion was about. Hare hopped, Snake
Nelsulbomgs Midhize slithered, Leopard raced, Tortoise plodded
and the ant marched. Eventually, they all
arrived one way or another. Stork had stolen

; Kingfisherâ\200\231s fish. Chatter broke out amongst
I wish I had a puppy:- Naaaila Osman the crowd.

I wish I could have a Barbie doll. Rethabile Monaheng

â\200\230Why?...How dare he?...He deserves
it...Serves him right!â\200\231

Giraffeâ\200\231s voice rose above the others.

â\200\234This conflict must be resolved. We cannot
have crime in our peaceful neighbourhood.
We must go to our creator and plead for him
to punish Stork.We must all meet at the wait-
a-bit tree at sunset. Understand?â\200\231

At this, Giraffe turned and paced off into the
sun. Chatter broke out again.

I wish I was brave enough to go on the roller coaster.
Lara Perrett

I wish my geese had goslings. Ceridwen Salisbury

I wish there was no school uniform. Sarah Stewart

I wish my dad would get better and that I had a talking owl.
Nicole Timm

I wish I had magic to stop all the baddies from shooting nice
people. St Tl The sun was setting as the animals gathered
around the wait-a-bit tree. They were hushed
by the giraffe who summoned the stork to
confess his crime.

â\200\230What a liar Kingfisher is!" insisted Stork,
â\200\230No-one can prove me guilty.â\200\231

The booming voice of the creator echoed
through the sky. â\200\230You canâ\200\231t fool me, Stork. I
saw what you did. Your punishment is going

I wish I had a Wendy House. Kaleigh Wadeson

Sounds on a Rainy Day

Thereâ\200\231s a rumble of thunder, to be small because I am merciful. For the
A gentle pitter-patter of drizzle as it hits the ground, rest of your life you will stand o
n only one
Then a scamper of feet running for shelter. leg.â\200\231

The pattering of the drizzle grows louder and louder, Those were the last words of the crea
tor.
Gushing water pours through the gutters. And so, until this day, the stork still stands
Thereâ\200\231s a shout of joy as the blue sky appears. on only one leg.

Maryam Cassim, Emily Schwikkard, Nicki Koller, Misty McDonald - Grade 4 Rayne Cockburn - Gr
ade 6

CALF SHOWING

Eleven of us had been training calves for a few weeks. We had great fun.
On Saturday, 29th of May we went to the Royal Show. We had to be there
early to wash the calves and give them water and food. Then we registered
and fetched our programme for the day.

When we took our calves to the arena, we walked in the groups that we had
been put into and when we passed the judge we always had to look at him.
He was looking for two groups to go into the second round and Bronwyn
Wilsonâ\200\231s group was chosen. We took our calves back to the stables and then
went back to the arena to watch the others.

We had to be back at the stables at a quarter to one because we had a cattle
parade. I was very excited at this time of day. We went on and there were
bulls too. It was scary, but fun. We walked round the arena twice and then
got into lines again. They had some prizes to give out and then we took our
calves back to the stables. After that we had to fetch our lunch from Bayer.
We ate it and then we got served ice-cream. Then I waited to be picked up
by my mom.

Candice Crous and New Year Kirk wait for the
others to line up for the practice.

Candice Crous - Grade 4

This page kindly sponsored by \
Dr & Mrs V Sardar and family J

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One fluffy cat

Two greedy rats

Three cuddly dogs

Four croaky, jumping frogs

Five squeaking, tiny mice

Six lazy, dirty lice

Seven white and graceful swans
Swimming on clean lily ponds.

Mayure Padayachee - Grade 4

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Letter to Aunty Ethel

St John'â\200\231s DSG

Pietermaritzburg

18 August

Dear Aunty Ethel

On 29th June we went to the SPCA. It was a Thank you for inviting Grade 3 to your house. Thank you for the

lovely, but sad, day looking at all the stray and unwanted animals. The dogs were very excited to have so much attention, especially the puppies. Next we saw the cats. Mrs Ducasse took a photo of three children with kittens in their hands. There were also four horses, a donkey that the SPCA had found on the side of the road, and we (WelliopeltolsceoulEDRtE also saw chicks there. The owner brought them

lovely stories and food. Please tell your husband that he chose the right food and that he is a wonderful man. The best story was The Bird Man. Your cottage is so cosy. I love your garden and your house so much that I wish I lived there. I wish that we were coming again today, but we canâ\200\231t.

in because the mother was paralysed. After that Love from ; .

we had a look in the clinic. One dog had plaster Samantha Bailey, Genevieve Hesse and Jaimie Atkinson Grade 3

of Paris on its leg. In a certain part of the SPCA A there a little garden of remembrance of animals |

that have passed away. We learn that you should

never be cruel to animals, but love and care for them. - Grade 4

8&) S Busy Bees

Mr Kennard is my dad and he came to give a talk. I wasnâ\200\231't allowed to answer any questions. Mr Kennard showed us newborn baby bees and he gave us honey. I liked seeing the baby bees hatch. He showed us worker bees and he told us that there is only one queen bee and the queen bee only lays lots of babies if there is lots of honey. We had to taste the honey, but I donâ\200\231t like honey very much. Mr Kennard told us that if you get stung by a bee and there is another bee, the other bee will also sting you. The smoker looked like a sort of kettle, but not much. He put the hat on CourtneÃ© and the gloves on Rethabile.

CourtneÃ© Kleinhans, Chelsea-Rae Osborn,
Jenna Kennard, Rethabile Monaheng,
Tasqeen Dawad, Brittany Westhorpe-Pottow,
Carmen Leisegang - Grade 2

Egyptian Man by Donna Stokes - Grade 7

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the Bosworth-Smith family

Skeletons
Dancing

Dong! echoed the
churchbells
as the clock struck the
hour
and then there was a
rattling
behind the church
tower.

Midnight roared
and magic was
prancing -
that was the rhythm
of skeletons dancing.

The moon was full
and its face was
scowling,

The shadows were cold
and black cats were
prowling.

Midnight roared
and magic was
prancing -
that was thie rhythm
of skeletons dancing.

Terror swayed,

and Fear leapt.

Anger tiptoed,
and Horror crept.

Midnight roared
and magic was
prancing -
that was the rhythm
of skeletons dancing.

The clock struck one
and what a
commotion!
But in a few seconds
it was still as the ocean.

Midnight roared
and magic was
prancing -
that was the rhythm
of skeletons dancing.

All was gone
in a flash of light:
the eerie dancers
vanished from sight!

Midnight roared
and magic was
prancing -
that was the rhythm
of skeletons dancing.

The Steel Drum and Marimba band entertained young and old alike at the Hilton Drama Festival.

1999 was a very busy and exciting year for music in the Junior School. Both the choir and the steel-drum and marimba band performed regularly at a variety of functions, from agricultural shows to the Hilton Drama Festival.

The band started off the year with a performance at the Clifton open day at Nottingham Road, to be followed by the Picnic Proms on St John's Day. Although this concert was quite nerve-racking, the (very vocal) support of the Matrics helped and we thoroughly enjoyed entertaining the crowds.

The choir sang at the special farewell service for Bishop Michael and various girls, as well as the choir, took part in the South African Society of Music Teachers' annual Eisteddfod. Well done to all the girls for their excellent results. The choir received an A (85% - 89%) and Mrs van Dam's recorder ensemble received a B+ (75% - 79%).

In recognition of 1999 as the Year of the Aged, the choir and selected soloists performed at Riverside Park Old Age Home. We were accompanied by a group of Norwegian musicians who were visiting the school for the day. The tour group performed two songs, one of which was a Zulu folk song which has been included in a Norwegian hymn book! Our band entertained the visitors in the afternoon and even taught them a song, which they performed with great aplomb.

The band's programme picked up
This page kindly sponsored by }
Louis & Gaelyn Schoeman J

Which is bigger: the smile on the face of the

new music teacher, Mrs Tania Moir, or the
range of pipe sound on the new chapel organ?

considerably during the third term with

performances at the Eston Agricultural
Show - where we made our television debut.

During the fourth term the choir sang at
prize giving and the Grade 4s worked very
hard at their programme which formed part
of the nativity play. Thanks go to Ms Elaine
Murray, Mrs Tessa Govender, Mrs Sheelah
Forsyth, Mrs Ren  van Dam, Mr Warren
Shone, Mr James Henry and Mr Robin
Brown for their contributions to making
1999 a successful musical year and to Mrs
Annette Symes, parents and the Junior
school staff for their support and
understanding during this busy year.

Tania Moir

A Day in
the Life of
the Easter
Bunny

RS (B g STEn
Bunny. I work very
hard. I wake up early
every morning and
go to the factory. I
mix cocoa beans into
chocolate. Then I
mould it into eggs
el joAuimi dnEiE
different colours.
Then my friends
pack them into
baskets. We go to bed
early. In the morning
we get up and put on
our coats, shoes and
socks and we are
ready to go.

Claire Underhill -
Grade 3

Tree Tea

When I came back
inelopoal oy IhaleElHS
house I climbed to the
top of my treehouse.
There I found a teaset.
Mum had put tea in
the teapot. I climbed
down and went to call
my friend to join me
for a tea party in my
treehouse. We had lots
and lots of fun.

Jenna Coetzee - Grade 3

My
Weekend

AR heRRvweekend Sl
went to Shongweni to
watch my aunt race
hiorseesshemNcame
third. Well, I really
went to play with my
baby cousin and tried
toRkeepMherNou i NoT
trouble. I swam in the
big girls, gala. I swam
for Athlone. It was a
bit depressing
because we came last.
After that Claire came
to my house. We were
playing with a ski
rope and by accident
Claire hit me on the
head. Now I have a
bump.

Kate- Lynne Dales -

Grade 3

My Brother

I sit in my parents's room.
It's full moon.

There's the bang of a gun:
I listen;

I run.

[hear my brother screaming,

My older brother's kneeling,

My dad is running through the door,
I throw myself on the floor.

My dad picks my brother up.
Behind him the door shuts.
The phone rings.

My mind is tangled like strings.

It's okay my dad says.

I stare at my mum while she cries.
All that matters is that he didn't die,
Thanks to the father up on high.

Retlotloe Nakin - Grade 5

Reflections on Grade 4

I have been in Grade 4 for nearly a month
and it is both interesting and challenging. I
have learnt a lot of new things that I did not
know last year.

My teacher is Mrs Ducasse. She is a very
clever teacher and finds exciting ways of
doing things. Mrs Ducasse sometimes
curtseys when we have made her happy.

This year has been different from last year.
Some of the things that we do, like
Geography and Science, we did not have last
year.

This year I have been selected for choir. I am
so impressed with myself. Our music
teacher is Mrs Moir.

I have had a wonderful year so far.
Maryam Cassim - Grade 4

Fire Alert

There's a fire in the forest
and it must be stopped.

It looks like a balloon of paint
has just been popped.

It will get very big

so it must be put out.

If no-one comes to help

I will just stay and shout.

I hope the fireman comes -
he must come and help,

but if he doesn't come,

I'll cry and scream and yelp.

Kelly Howe - Grade 5

The Turtle

I may be slow,

but I am wiser than the hare.

I am not much faster than the snail
when I walk on land.

When I swim I am free -

free from all the weight on my back.
Everything is calm and peaceful
until the enemy appears out of the blue.
He takes a chunk out of my side.
What a tragedy.

I sink to the bottom.

But then I rise to an even better place
And, once more, I am free.

Sally-Ann Culverwell - Grade 7

Catherine Tatham helped Mr Mally Bellars of
the Autobahn Garage to plant a tree on Arbour
Day. Total donated the tree which was a
Harpephyllum caffrum.

Cat by Ashleigh Reid - Grade 4

SPORT

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Sport in the Junior School

A big thank you goes to all coaches who have been involved in the coaching of the Junior teams, and also to the Junior School staff who did duties at matches in the afternoons. There is a fairly varied program offered and not much time in which to get things done, so without your help we would not be making steady progress.

Basketball

We have done this sport at non-team level for a while and we continued to do so last term. However, we have decided to play some matches for the first time this term as this is the Junior schoolsâ\200\231 league term. We do not expect fantastic results, but there are some players with good potential and one has to start somewhere.

Diving

This is a difficult sport in the Junior school as it is not offered during the normal sports hours. Talented divers can join in with the senior girlsâ\200\231 sessions which are, of course, much later. Jenna Brown would have dived at the KZN Midlands trials if she hadnâ\200\231t had to have her appendix out.

Gymnastics

Gym is offered on a low level for one term in the year, just to give the girls a taste of what it is like. There was great fun had building pyramids! Those who want to progress join the YMCA. Laura Taylor is our outstanding gymnast and would have competed in the South African Championships has she not fallen off the beam and fractured her elbow! Natasha Haralambous and Nikki Koller have both done very well with their rhythmic gymnastics.

Netball

This is a wonderful team sport which was new in the extra-mural program this year. We fielded four teams. Although the U11 age was very small, it was a good start. Obviously we did not win many of our matches, but the improvement and enjoyment seen made it all worthwhile.

Hockey

There is always great anticipation and excitement at the beginning of the hockey season. The First XI started off extremely well and, although they did not win all their matches, their enthusiasm prevailed throughout the term. The U11A team had an unbeaten season. Well done! The U10 age group had a whopping 8-0 victory in one of their last games, where they clearly showed that they had mastered some of the difficult concepts of this implement-wielding game. Congratulations so Sally-Ann Culverwell on her selection for the Midlands U13A team.

Squash

Congratulations to Carey Lindsay who was selected for the South African Primary Schools team. She represented her country at a tournament in Zimbabwe where she beat the South African number four seed. Well done, Bear! We have entered two teams into the Primary Schools, league for this term. Hopefully the girls will enjoy it, gain experience and improve. Special thanks go to Kerry Brunt who has done coaching with the juniors.

Swimming

The swimming team had a very full first term and spent many hours training in the pool. Their dedication paid off and they did well in most of the mini galas they swam in. The A team actually won the mini gala held at St John's. This team also came a very creditable fifth in the Primary Inter-schools A Gala. Congratulations to Penny Ralfe who was selected for the KZN Midlands B team. Penny also received the trophy for the Most Improved Junior Swimmer at the Inter-house gala and Kirsten Craik was the Junior champion.

Tennis

Our tennis has picked up over the last year. The Open A team had three Midlands players in Katie and Carla Jenkins and Amy Joubert, but the most exciting thing about these three players is that they will all still be in the Junior School next year. We also fielded an Open B team and two U11 teams. One of the competent U11B team players was U8, so this all bodes well for the future.

Penny Scott and Jill Quicke

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Junior Cross-Country

During the season we participated in six league events. These are always run on a Friday afternoon during the second term. We were extremely fortunate to be able to have two practices a week and, because most girls participated in hockey, the squad was generally much fitter than in previous years.

Nine girls were awarded certificates for participating in four or more league events. Eight girls were chosen to represent our zone at the Midlands trials at St Anne's College on the 4th September. The team was Danielle Kidd, Ashleigh Griffiths, Sarah-Jane Glover, Catherine Limbouris, Kelly Howe and Kirstin Craik. Emily Schwikkard and Amy Furniss were reserves in their respective age groups.

My sincere thanks go to the parents who were so wonderfully supportive and I would like to commend the girls for their determination and commitment. Most of them have realised that it is not only talent that is required in this sport. We look forward to an even better season next year.

Judith Grov

Patterns in Nature by Emily Schwikkard - Grade 4

OLD GIRLS\200\231 NEWS

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from the Chairperson of the St John\200\231s

Old Girls\200\231 Association

tis with pleasure that I present my Annual

Report for the 1998/1999 year that marks my second year as Chairperson. It seems just the other day that I presented my first one, very nervously.

Firstly, I would like to welcome you and thank you for joining us for our meeting today, especially those who have travelled distances. I would like to thank Jill and the School for once again inviting us to share this day with them, and to Lorry de Charmoy for doing the lovely flowers. Lorry is the mum of the present Head Girl, Tracy, and was herself Head Girl when I was here. Jill, please convey our thanks to all who go to a lot of effort to make this a special day. I always leave these occasions with a glorious warmth at being an Old Girl of such a wonderful school.

We were all saddened to hear of the passing of three of our Old Girls who presently have daughters at St John's, and also of the death of Kelly Clark who had just finished Grade 10. To the families of Joanne Beattie (nee Dalton), Sheryl Hodson (nee Stokes), Bronwyn Stander (nee Roe-Scott), Jen Clark (nee Chemaly), and also Cynthia Dreboldt (nee Ashton) we offer our love and prayers. Tributes to Royce Godden, Meriel Jackson and Muriel Davis follow this report.

Our matric pudding evening was held at my home, and again it was a success. As it took place on the Monday following the Matric Dance, there were major discussions about partners and the girls had a number photos for us to look at. Thanks to all of you for the wonderful puddings, which were demolished!

In August last year, we had our Association Committee meeting at St John\200\231s House during a bring-and-share luncheon. After a little business there was a lot of chatting. We felt it had been a good idea to go to Durban and we will repeat this, I'm sure. It was decided at the meeting that we would request news for the School Magazine with the Notice of Meeting for the AGM which is sent out in March - this would save double postage.

The Association took a R50 raffle ticket in the St John\200\231s Parents\200\231 Association raffle, hoping

to win and fill the coffers with an amount of R50 000. Unfortunately we did not win! From the funds we raised from the Centenary, the Association donated R1000 towards a display cabinet for the Archives. Two of our members, Sheila Hyman and Ann Steer, are doing a sterling job in the Archives with Alison McLean.

The Old Girls's bursaries are presently held by Victoria Mapham in Grade 10 (Day Girls Bursary), and Jenny-Clare Curry, also in Grade 10 (Boarder's Bursary).

Belinda Harris was awarded the Old Girls's prize for Sacristan in 1998.

The Association's annual Christmas lunch was held at the home of Ros Allen (nee Torr) in Kloof. It was exciting to see so many Durban Old Girls, and especially so as there were a number I had not met before. Sister Mary Evelyn and Sister Sophia were able to share our lunch with us but unfortunately, both Sister Hilary and Reverend Mother were unable to attend as neither was well.

My first year has flown owing to the best support team anyone can have - Christine and Lesley. To you I express my warmest thanks. You are both a tower of strength and your guidance is so appreciated. I would also like to thank Mary Walker for taking the position of Vice Chairperson for 1998. She did this willingly when asked. Unfortunately, Mary's commitments have increased tremendously, and she is no longer able to stand for this position. We wish her success with her studies and hope to see her at some of our Pietermaritzburg Branch meetings in the future.

I would like to thank the Sisters for their daily prayers for us and for the School. Sister Mary Evelyn celebrated the 40th anniversary of her Profession in 1998. I would like to wish Reverend Mother a wonderful holiday, and I would also like to thank her for all the work she has done as Reverend Mother over the past five years. To the Old Girls of Durban who do so much for the Sisters and for St John's House, thank you for keeping the home fires burning.

Pinny Mapham (nee Stanford)

Tributes

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Royce Godden (Walshaw) 1917 - 1999

Royce Godden (nee Walshaw) fell in love with St Johnâ\200\231s from her first day there in 1923 as a small six year old boarder, and remained devoted to her old school until the day she died some 75 years later. She always spoke with such warmth of the love and kindness shown to her by the Sisters, and her tiny little blue pinafore worn at St Johnâ\200\231s in those days is charmingly displayed in the school archives. Her memory of the â\200\234old daysâ\200\235 was phenomenal and she was a mine of information and assistance in tracking down long lost Old Girls. Her hard work with the needle was legendary, and in the days of large fâ©tes at the City Hall, she was always to be found manning the needlework stalls. She was a founder member of the Old Girlsâ\200\231 Association and was appointed as an Honorary Life Vice-President in recognition of her complete devotion to the school. Her

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concentration on matters relating to St Johnâ\200\231s never wavered, whether it was making sure that no one forgot that nasturtiums are the school flower, or disapproving when the school magazine did not have black and yellow on its front cover! No matter what she was doing, St Johnâ\200\231s was never far from her mind. She will be missed enormously by everyone, and I still find that I constantly think â\200\234I must ask Royce about thatâ\200\235 whenever news of days gone by crops up. Our monthly meetings are without a vibrant factor - we all miss her terribly. We extend our sympathies to her devoted husband, Laurie, daughter Kerry, grandsons and great-grand children. She was a lady and friend of St Johnâ\200\231s, the likes of whom will not easily be found again.

Di Fitzsimons

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Meriel Joan Jackson 1913 - 1999

It was with sadness we learnt of the death of Mrs Meriel Jackson, widow of the late Mr A B Jackson and mother of Rosemary Cairns and Helen Ellans, both of whom were pupils at St Johnâ\200\231s. During Mr Jacksonâ\200\231s 20 years of devoted, voluntary service to St Johnâ\200\231s, Mrs Jackson was a great support to her husband.

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She will be remembered for her friendship

and concern for the Sisters of S.S.J.D. and for her kindness to new members of staff. Her quiet, caring disposition will be missed by her family and friends.

Miss S Hyman and Mrs A Steer

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Muriel Davis (Jones) 1913 - 1999

Collie, as she was affectionately known to family and friends, was one of the five Jones sisters from East Griqualand, who were educated at St Johnâ\200\231s for a continuous period from 1923 - 1950. Her fatherâ\200\231s support of the school for 27 years must constitute a record!

Collie was a pupil from 1923 - 1931. She excelled at sport and was captain of both the 1st hockey and 1st tennis teams. After she left school she represented East Griqualand in a Provincial Hockey Tournament and was selected for Springbok hockey trials.

During the Second World War, from 1941 - 1944, she was attached to No 5 General Hospital in Egypt and later nursed at Cottosloe and the Johannesburg General Hospital. Her caring, friendly gaiety and skill as a nurse endeared her to her patients.

In 1947 she married George Davis of the Pietermaritzburg legal firm of Randles and Davis and settled in the city. Her two children, Linden and Christopher, occupied a central place in her life. She was a pivotal cog in a widespread, but close family, sharing their joys, achievements and sorrows. Her strength came from her deep faith which sustained her through all

difficulties.

Soon after she settled in Pietermaritzburg she became an active member of the St Johnâ\200\231s Old Girlsâ\200\231 Association and was able to give her full support to the school. She was Chairman of the Association from 1959 - 1967.

She will be remembered for her energetic participation in all activities, particularly fundraising events for the school. The dozens of Christmas cakes she baked were always in great demand! In 1987 she was made an Honorary Vice-President of the Old Girlsâ\200\231 Association in recognition of her outstanding service.

She was a loyal and valuable member of the Board of Governors from 1960 - 1981. St Johnâ\200\231s is indebted to her for her wise counsel and concern.

We, whose lives have been touched by such a gracious and caring friend, have a fine example to emulate. We shall all miss her and extend our deepest sympathy to her

family.

Miss S Hyman and Mrs A Steer

AHEER Preashni B.Sc and B. Pharm.
Practising at Addington Hospital and really
enjoying her career.

BARNES Louise Living in Johannesburg.
Completed BA (Drama) degree at Wits. Plays
the part of Adele in Afrikaans in the â\200\234Egoliâ\200\235
T.V. series.

BLACKLAW Tamsin Carving out a career for
herself and excelling in Child Photographic
studies.

BRUYNS Gillian (Blomeyer) Submitted by
Val Greene. Married to Ian and mother of
two adult sons. Principal of the St Bernard
Mizeke primary school in Richmond, of
which she took charge in 1991. 17 pupils
were enrolled and 25 pre-schoolers. These
figures have now increased in 1999 to
primary 149 and pre-primary 75, and reflect
the progress made in establishing a
flourishing educational institution. The
school is multi-racial and from the
beginning, instruction was given in English
with the idea of preparing black children to
take their places when moving to other
schools, but already there is a Grade 7 class
in the school. About two years ago the pre-
primary was moved into specially designed
classrooms, with a sub-principal, and it is
known as St Maryâ\200\231s Pre-Primary. The
buildings adjoin the grounds of St Maryâ\200\231s
Church and the two schools are under the
charge of Bishop Michael, who is the Visitor.
Gill is a vital headmistress and is justifiably
proud of the fact that St Bernard Mizeke was
chosen as one of four finalists for the
Premierâ\200\231s Award for Natal schools. Although
she has had support from the local
community and some sponsors, there is
always a need for fund-raising in order to
grow. Two new classrooms are to be added,
and a book collection has been started in the
hope of building up a library. Gill is also
training teachers in OBE skills, both here
and in Pietermaritzburg. She conducts two
workshops a month in Richmond.

CAIRNS Rosemary (Jackson) Enjoyed a
wonderful holiday with her husband Dick
and friends down at Calvinia in the Karoo
and had firsthand experience of living on a
huge sheep farm.

CLARK Daphne (Evans) Still living happily
at Eden Crescent retirement complex. Keeps
contact with Doreen McIntyre (Hailstone)
and Deena Streek in Canada. Still anxious to
re-establish contact with Aileen Stuart
(maiden name). Sadly she lost her husband
George last year after almost 56 years of
marriage.

COLMAN Sue (McClelland) Still running
their small travel company in Didcot,
Oxfordshire. Older son, Olivier starting his

second year of Countryside Management
at Berkshire College of Agriculture.
Alexander is at St Edward's School in Oxford
and enjoys the sport and inter-house
debates. Sue is trying to find time to draw
and paint and has had some success with
selling a few pictures.

DE CHARMOY Laurie (Shaw) Farming on
the Dolphin Coast (Natal). Eldest daughter,
Tracy matriculating at St. John's this year.
Son, Nicholas in first year at Kearsney and
youngest daughter, Kelly, in Grade 5 at
Umhlali Primary.

DEAN Susan (Kanaar) Still living in

Somerset West. Children no longer at home,
but live in Cape Town. Kept busy with
Rotary projects and enjoys showing friends
the beautiful Cape. Would love to see any
Old Girls. Telephone (021) 8552909.
DORNING Rosemary Busy keeping house
and gardening in Kokstad. Sees old girls
Ingrid Bryden (Elliot), Mary-Ann King
(Bosman) and Pat Lee (Nicholson).

EVANS Mandy Running her own beauty
salon in Clarendon. Successful and happy.
GOOD Charlotte (Ridgeway) Retired to
Pietermaritzburg with husband, Peter.
Enjoys travelling and has many
grandchildren to visit.

GOODENOUGH Cheryl Working for the

Helen Suzman Foundation, based in
Durban.

HAMILTON Jean Hopes to arrange

something to get Durban Old Girls to meet
once a month or quarter.

HAY Miriam (England) Moved to Addlestone
in Surrey in April where Richard is now the
vicar. After 4 moves in 7 years they are
hoping to remain there for a few years. Now
only an hour drive away from elder son and
grandchildren. Younger son was married in
July.

HINDMARSH Kate (Holmes) Working for a
fixed wing company in Aberdeen Air
Ambulance. She and her husband, Ian are
both doing Open University degrees. Ian in
final year and Kate in second. Daughter,
Aimee due to go into 4th year (Form 4) and
son Mathew into 1st year (Form 1) after the
summer holidays. Sister, Sheila has 2
children and lives in Toronto, Canada,
working for I.B.M.

JAMES Genevieve Second year at Rhodes,
studying Movement Science. Received three
firsts at end of 1998 and senior student merit
award.

JAMES Jacqueline Qualified as a Maths.
Teacher in 1998 at Edgewood. Now teaching

in London.

JENNINGS Evelyn The ad agency she worked for was liquidated at the end of February. She is temporarily employed by her brother in the accounting field - quite a difference! Still enjoying Johannesburg and happy in her home with 5 cats!

KERR Karin Travelled to Tuscany visiting Florence, Lucca, Pisa, Milan, Bergamo then on to London, Canterbury and Ireland.

KRETZSCHMAR Eileen (Temple) Still enjoying â\200\234semi-retirementâ\200\235 and their 2 grandchildren (Shellyâ\200\231s Blake and Chelsea). Lisa still working in London and Shelley is living at Waterfall.

LLEWELLYN Sian Spent last year in the United States on a Rotary Youth Exchange, living in the small town of Columbia in the state of Missouri. Now studying at PMB University for a B.A. degree with a major in Legal Studies with a hope to continue on to an LLB.

MACLEOD-HENDERSON Belinda Living with her sister in Durban. Currently working for a computer software company as their Art Studio Manager.

MACLEOD-HENDERSON Hayley Living with her sister in Durban. Currently working for Miladyâ\200\231s Head Office as their outsize buyer. We are organising a 10 year reunion, in Durban, for the class of 1990.

FRIEND Pamela (Milner-Smyth) Three of her four children are in England, so she enjoys seeing her grandchildren whenever possible, as well as bridge, writing and a bit of studying. Her wonderful news is that the family will be together in December, as all the children are coming to South Africa to see in the new millennium.

MCCARTHUR Ceilidh Living in Johannesburg and modeling for Heads model agency. Studying 2nd year social science degree through Unisa. Going to India for 7 days to do a Lee jeans photo shoot. Staying with Miss South Africa, but will be moving after her return from India. Has met many celebrities during her stay with Sonia Raciti, ranging from SA cricketers right through to the man with the big mouth who does the â\200\234Frescaâ\200\235 advert! Loving Johannesburg and hoping to stay there for quite a while.

MEARA Heather Second year Commerce degree at UCT after 3 years in London raising money to pay for studies.

MILLS Angela Living in Knysa after travelling in Canada and the States for 6 months. Working as a travel agent for Travkor. Recently returned from a trip to Mombasa. Completed the Argus cycle tour and also enjoys canoeing and tennis. Still keeps in contact with Lisa Hay and Genee Liebenberg.

MTSHALI Phethile At Plessislaer Technical College. Selected for under 21 South African Collegesâ\200\231 hockey team to play in Australia in 1998/99.

Oâ\200\231SHAUGHNESSY Liz (Forbes) Living in Cape with husband, Brian since 1988. Daughter Caera (22) doing jewelry design and Emma (21) in her 2nd year of a BA, majoring in English and French. Liz runs a commercial film production company doing mostly overseas commercials, and therefore has an incredibly busy and stressful summer season but time to travel in the winter season. Her husband continues to write and act, but has not done any radio work since the SABC axed it's radio drama broadcasting. Keeps in touch with Juliet Hart (Armstrong) who is now a professor in the Fine Art department at Natal University. PRITCHARD Monifay (Henwood) Died suddenly at home in May. She led a happy and full life and was dearly loved by her family, friends and golf companions. Will be sadly missed by her husband, Mike, sister Pam, children and grandchildren.

PURVIS Leigh-Ann First year university in Ontario, Canada. Well and very happy. Sends love to everyone.

SHEPHERD Margaret (Peacock) Son, Mark

married in August and daughter, Linda in September. Both couples live in Durban.
SINGERY Hazel (Harrison) Living in Meerensee for the last 4 years. Celebrated the class of 78 reunion in November 1998. Great to see everyone again. Started with a tour of the school and ended off with a Chapel service. Has 2 children aged 6 and 9 and helps out with laboratory work and her husband's vet. hospital.

SOLE Lynne (Steer) Living in Cape Town for the past 10 years. Working for the research and development group of Nampak and furthering studies by completing a BCom degree through Unisa. Occasionally sees

Olwen Kuttel (Howard-Browne) and her family. Regularly visits her family in PMB and keeps up with all the St. John's news.
STEAD Shirley (Wilkinson) Still farming at Umlaas Road. Enjoying a more relaxed life now that their son, Duncan is farming with them. Beverley is married to Graeme Stainbank and living in the Eston area.
STEER Ann (Gregory) Enjoying working in the school archives with Alison McLean and Sheila Hyman, sorting out 100 years of photos and documents! The Old Girls Association has donated R1000 towards a cabinet for storage and display and individual members have helped with names and details of their era.

STENT Janet Qualified as an engineer from Cape Town University and 1998. Now in London.

STERLING Dorothy (Goodyear) Moved to Weston, a village near Stafford, almost 2 years ago when husband, John became Priest-in-Charge of the rural parish of 6 villages. Still working as a Community Physiotherapist in two GP Clinics. Rachel (18) writing her A-levels and then going to university. Naomi (22) finishes at Sheffield University this year and then leaves for Rwanda for 2 years on a VSO placement, teaching English. Jeremy (26) started his third year in Japan as an English assistant via the JT scheme. Jonathan (28) is working for a charity in London and is getting married in Mauritius in August.

STOBART Alice Mourrtla year @i Johannesburg College of Education and making exceptional progress.

TAYLOR Margaret (Hamilton) Still very busy as a night matron at Umhlanga Rocks hospital. Catherine, Belinda and Paul all well.

THEUNISSEN Shelley (Kretzschmar) Living on a small holding in Waterfall. Has a son and daughter aged 4 and 2. Still studying part time for a B Acc., but will probably be emigrating soon due to husband's work ties. Sister, Lisa still living in U.K.

WILLIAMS Veronica (Phillips) Still living
very happily in Pretoria and thoroughly
enjoying retirement. 6 Lovely
grandchildren, 2 in Pretoria and 4 in
Johannesburg are a source of great interest.
Youngest daughter, Fritha Davidson now an
international partner with her firm and
travels extensively on business and study.
Her twin daughters are 6 years old and
attend St Mary's Waverly in Johannesburg.

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