

St John's D.S.G.



1994

COVER PASTEL DRAWING BY FRANCINE BOWKER

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

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

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

School Song

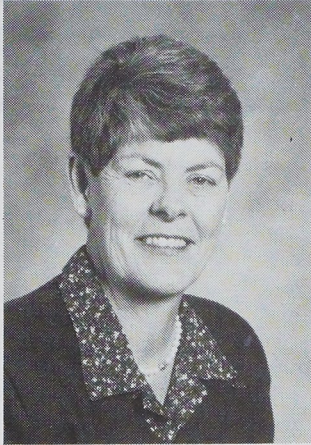
*St John's! The call comes ringing clear and clearer
To labour and to pray with all our might
Still seeking noblest truth, and gazing upwards
To mount on eagles' wings towards the light!*

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

Words and Music by Mr Cyril Wright.

Nasturtium border by P. van Rooyen

A MESSAGE FROM THE HEADMISTRESS



Miss A McLean

This year has, in many ways, been a momentous one in the life of our country, in the school, and in terms of my own life. With reference to the latter, I have been aware, for some time, of increasing pain levels and fairly advanced osteo-arthritis at the site of old injuries. The prognosis from specialists has not been encouraging and so I have had to make a very difficult decision. Anyone involved in education will know that running a school demands endless patience and excellent health. I believe that my decision to take early retirement at the end of the year is in line with God's plan for me, and in the best interests of the school. For nine years I have devoted my life to a school that is more than a cluster of buildings. It is a living, vibrant entity with both heart and soul, and I find it very difficult to envisage an existence divorced from an environment which has enveloped me from the day on which I took office.

In 1986, at my first prize-giving, I spoke about choice, and, in more recent years, I spoke of the colliding worlds of family and school, and religious and social values. Both these topics would have been relevant at this year's speech day as they have been factors which have impinged greatly on the life of the school. There is nothing new, or extraordinary, in this, but we do not live in ordinary times, and it is essential that, as we move towards the school's centenary, and the 21st century, that the St John's community develops a unity of purpose.

Education is one of the most important factors in the life of South Africa now. The school has many choices to consider, and decisions to make. For example, there is the whole question of subject packages, and final examination structures, teaching an ethnic language, future development, boarding numbers and outreach programmes, to name but a few. The selection of a new head for the school is the biggest decision which the Board has to make.

The new incumbent will not be a triple colossus - "excellent as a scholar, impeccable as an organiser, inspiring as a leader" - but a normal, fallible human being who will need the support of a united school community.

In terms of the economic and commercial pressures that will be placed upon our school-leavers, we need to exploit, sensibly, at school level, their instinct to compete. If sport only, or academics only, is emphasised, a school becomes a sad place where unrealistic dreams and expectations are fostered. Young people must learn to cope with setbacks and adversity and know that they have the right to fail. They will become part of the "rainbow nation" that is the outcome of the peaceful election. All in this country will have to dig deep into their hearts and into their resources to find the gold at the end of the rainbow. Young people must be taught how to cope with a working environment or to become job creators. The success of entrepreneurial courses at St John's, and at other schools, has proved that, if pupils are given wise advice, they have the initiative and skills to generate sufficient funds in order to survive.

The future development of the school cannot focus entirely on our needs, and we must, in terms of future planning, be aware of the lack of facilities, or expertise in other communities. For this reason, I am excited by the vision which lies behind the centenary science project. The committee envisages taking science teaching into rural communities, as well as improving and extending our own facilities. The latter will obviously be a long term project, and the commitment of all members of the St John's community will be vital for its success. I am delighted to have been involved in the conception of this project. I realise that the gestation period will be a long one, but I am sure that it will come to fruition.

My time at St John's is now drawing rapidly, too rapidly, to a close! My thanks are due to many people for their friendship, support, loyalty and love. The Staff, pupils, Board members, the Sisters, Old Girls and parents, who have given endlessly of their time over the years, have become an integral part of my life. The bond which has built up between the staff and me is one which will be exceptionally hard to break. Max Wotherspoon and Sheila Hyman have strengthened this bond and I value highly their advice, loyalty and wisdom.

Young people are often portrayed in the media as a bored group, restless and materialistic. I do not believe that this is necessarily true of all young people, or just of young people. Many students see life as a game. Some come to St John's to play the game, and

others come to win - NOT power, or status or prizes - and they become winners because they give of their time to help others. They undertake small unpleasant tasks, or work quietly in the background, not expecting praise or thanks, and they also give of their best in all spheres of school life. To these girls I say a special thank you because they have made my post at St John's a vocation, not just a task to be accomplished. I value their generosity of spirit. Heather Meara, the Head Girl, has faced this year with courage, poise and dignity, and she, and the prefects, have carried out their duties sensibly and with great loyalty.

It would be remiss of me if I were to omit mentioning Gaynor Young, our guest of Honour at Prize Giving. Her warmth, charismatic personality, and vibrant faith made this day an exceptional one. Gaynor has become a symbol of triumph over adversity and, in the face of her great courage, who can despair?

The school is at this time preparing a recipe book and we have been flooded with offerings from many sources. I leave you with one of my recipes - this one for happiness!

You need equal parts of health, honest work, rest, and recreation. These need to be mixed with diligence, contentment, cheerfulness and an even temper. Sift the above through the sieve of determination - to get rid of any hard lumps of idleness, covetousness and despondence. Bring the whole to a cream by adding the milk of kindness and the spirits of consideration and sympathy, stirring gently with an unsparing hand. Add to the whole a light sprinkling of smiles, and colour with laughter - keep the result where it can be seen.

This recipe is in season at all times and the ingredients are God-given. COST: A mere thought, and a dream.

This recipe may be made at home (or school) by anyone.

May God keep you all.

Alison McLean

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

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A TRIBUTE TO MISS McLEAN FROM THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

At the end of December 1994, the Headmistress of St John's, Miss Alison McLean, will be retiring early on grounds of ill-health. This unexpected news has been received with sadness and concern throughout the wider St John's family, with many of the staff and parents expressing this to me personally.

Appointed at the beginning of 1986, Miss McLean will have been in office for nine years, the longest serving Headmistress of St John's since Mrs Evans. In these nine years the School has seen many significant developments. Four much needed classrooms for the Senior School and a Deputy Head's office were added behind the theatre in early 1989; a new dormitory block, St Catherine's which provides individual rooms and a common-room for matric boarders, was ready for occupation in late 1992; while this year, new Senior and Junior Drama rooms, with adjoining wardrobe and dressing space and an additional Senior classroom were completed by August.

On the academic side, Miss McLean has built up a loyal and very capable staff, many of whom she has appointed. The result is that St John's has acquired an enviable reputation: in the last nine years, not one girl in the matric class has left without a Matriculation Exemption or Senior Certificate pass. Another positive indication is that demand for places in the Junior School exceeds our capacity. Outreach programmes have been introduced for disadvantaged pupils in nearby farm schools, to the mutual benefit of our girls and those pupils.

At the same time, the girls have brought honour to themselves and to St John's through numerous achievements in leadership and cultural activities and in sport, all too numerous to mention here, but recorded on the annual Prize-Giving programme.

Against these measures of a thriving and caring school, to which Alison McLean has given so fully of her devotion and energy and so ably of her leadership, it is with great sadness that St John's bids farewell to her at the end of the year.

Roger Raab
Chairman

A TRIBUTE TO MISS McLEAN FROM HER STAFF

It is with great sadness that the St John's staff bid farewell to a well-loved headmistress. We are sad too at the poor health which has prompted Alison's decision to step down from the heavy demands of the job, and to offer her rich educational talents in a more sedentary way.

During her nine years at the school, we have come to value her grasp of educational issues, her openness to new ideas, and her balanced understanding of the value and needs of both the sciences and the humanities.

Alison's contribution to the religious life of the school has been particularly rich and her chapel services have been remarkable for the careful preparation that has gone into them and a sense of spiritual depth and search.

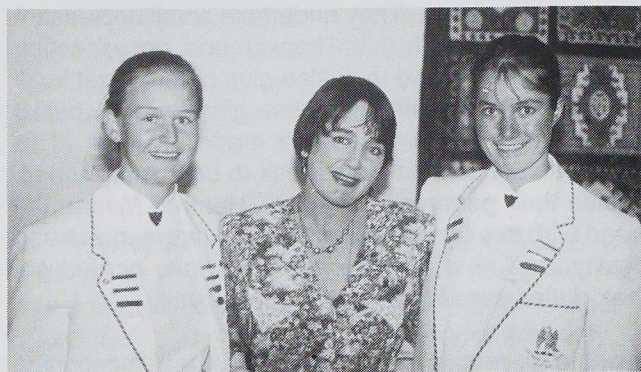
When she came to St John's, she promised that her door would always be open, and this has been the case: she has been available and very human in her relationships with her staff. Her astute eye for character has, nevertheless, allowed her to be kind in her handling of weakness and affirming and appreciative of strength. She has also been able to accept criticism of her own decisions and been willing to admit to a mistake.

She has been unafraid of facing conflict and generous in her handling of it. She has been compassionate in her judgements, yet able to stand firm when that was necessary.

We shall remember Alison especially for the soundness of her values. She has carried out a heavy and sometimes difficult task with courage and integrity. We are very sad to have to say a premature farewell to her as headmistress of St John's, and wish her better health, fulfilment and happiness in her new life, happiness at least to match that of the past nine years which she has enjoyed with us.

Merle Prosser

PRIZE GIVING – 1994



*Janet Stent (Dux), Miss Gaynor Young and
Heather Meara (Head Girl)*

Summary of the speech of our Guest Speaker, Miss Gaynor Young

We were privileged to have as our Guest of Honour, Miss Gaynor Young, whose 18 metre plunge in the State Theatre, Pretoria, during a performance of the musical, "Camelot", in 1989 left her with impaired sight, partially spastic and with only 2 % hearing in one ear.

Miss Young's inspiring and lively address won a standing ovation. She recounted briefly incidents in her childhood and youth which heralded the growth of the remarkable determination needed to sustain her later in her years of recovery - "from a baby of twenty-eight, unable to walk, talk, shut eyes or even smile," to the Gaynor Young who is on stage again.

"God has turned his back on me," she had decided when she regained consciousness after the accident. "How can a God who loves make this happen to me?" Miss Young discovered gradually that God had not "made" but "allowed" the accident to occur for a purpose: her unique rebirth of body ("I am alive and that is the biggest miracle of all") and faith could point, not to abandonment by God, but to his love. She shared both her longing for restored hearing and her acceptance that "God has left me as I am so that I can tell my story."

Miss Young's positive attitude to her disabilities ("I can see a rainbow"), her sense of humour ("I can't hear mosquitoes!") and her sensible, unselfpitying attitude ("I store up memories") stunned her audience, while her conclusion (a recitation of e e cummings's "i thank You God for most this amazing day") moved many to tears, and gave new meaning to the sonnet. It will surely, for all of us, always be "Gaynor Young's poem."

HEAD GIRL'S SPEECH – 1994

My year as head girl has flown. I can't believe that it was a year ago that I was sitting in the theatre listening to Kate's speech. Now it is my turn. Just thinking about this day then made me very nervous, so you can imagine what I'm feeling at the moment! I should like to give Kirsten, the 1995 head girl some advice: Get as much public speaking practice as possible, and start making notes for your speech right now! I should also like to wish Caroline, the new prefects and the whole Std 9 body a smooth year. Last year I had so many hopes and dreams and I am sure that you have them too. It is good to have ideals towards which you can work.

For me, it has been an exhausting year. It has also been very stressful at times and so I've had to learn to deal with the problems. For me, there are two methods. Either I can go for a good long run, and if I'm feeling sadistic, bring a few friends along. Or I can go and play squash. I find the second method far more effective, but it has been costly as I have popped about ten squash balls while slamming out my tensions. I have also tended to hit my squash partner, Gaynor. (Don't feel sorry for Gaynor though, as she has a very good aim and always manages "accidentally" to hit me back!) I have, however, learnt stress management. I have also learnt the importance of a positive outlook. It's essential to be able to see a light side in the difficult times.

This afternoon, there are few people whom I must thank. Firstly, I must thank you, the school, for electing

me to be your Head Girl. You gave me a wonderful experience and I have grown from it. I must thank the staff. Specifically on behalf of the matrics, I should like to thank you for all you have done over the years, especially in 1994.

There are also four people who have worked very hard this year: Gina, Bronwyn, Jacqui and Brenda. Thank you for your hard work and dedication. I would not have coped without you. I must also thank my mother. She decided to send me to St John's from my Std 7 year. She must now feel content that she was right.

Matrics, I should like to wish you all the best for next year. I know there are going to be some of us in England, some of us in America, one in Pretoria, a few in Durban, and quite a lot in Cape Town and Stellenbosch, but wherever you are, Good Luck for the future. I hope you will be happy.

Miss McLean, you have been a supportive, caring headmistress. You have nurtured the school and have managed a difficult job, having to try to please old girls, parents, board members, staff and girls. Thank you for everything that you have done at St John's. We wish you the best of luck and much happiness in the future. It has been a privilege to be here at St John's while you have been headmistress.

Heather Meara

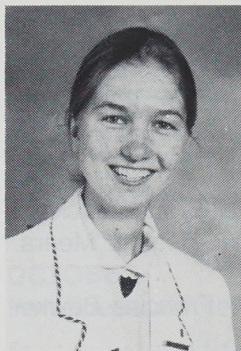
PRIZE LIST – 1994

SPORTS CUPS

Tennis
U/14 Singles Champion Deanne van Breda
Greer Stevens Trophy Eleanor Yeats
(open to girls not in 1st or 2nd teams)
Senior Champion Linda van Breda
ALL ROUND SPORT
Goodman Cup Sharon Blyth
Greyling Cup for Sportsmanship . . Heather Meara

INTERHOUSE TROPHIES

Basketball Rhodes
Dramatics Connaught
Hockey Rhodes
Public Speaking Connaught
(First National Bank Trophy)
Netball Rhodes
Squash (The Hogno Cup) Rhodes
Tennis Connaught/Rhodes



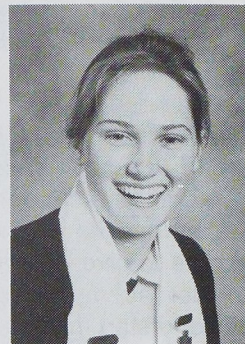
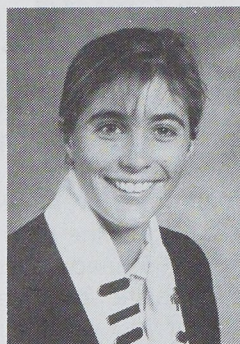
Sharon Blyth: Goodman Cup



Heather Meara: Greyling Cup

CLASS PRIZES

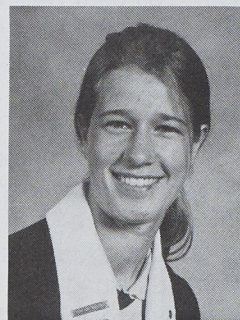
Std 6 1st	Lucy Robinson
Merit Certificates ..	Amanda Larsen/Jessamy Hawley
Std 7 1st	Kathryn Gush
Merit Certificates	Pia Foster/ Shelagh Knox-Davies/Debra Grové
Std 8 1st	Alison Stent
Merit Certificate	Danica Holgado
Std 9 1st	Lisa Mack
Std 10 Honours Certificates	Gaynor Prince Janet Stent



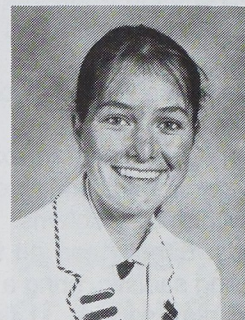
Gina Hughes, Jacqui James: Getliffe Cup

MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

Accounting	Laura James
Afrikaans	Bronwyn Cahill /Janet Stent
Typing	Tasneem Mahomed
Advanced Mathematics	Gaynor Prince
Biology	Gaynor Prince
Geography	Gaynor Prince
Mathematics	Gaynor Prince
English	Janet Stent
History	Janet Stent
Physical Science	Janet Stent
Speech and Drama	Janet Stent



*Francine Bowker:
Debi Shreeve Cup*



*Heather Meara:
St John's Cup*

SPECIAL PRIZES

Music : Senior School Award	Francine Bowker
Public Speaking Cup	Shanali Govender
Best Individual Debater	Shanali Govender Kelly Zammit
Kate Holmes Trophy (for most promising actress)	Jennie Cassels
Speech and Drama Award	Francine Bowker
Cup for Most Improved Debater	Paula Munro
Practical Art Award...Shanna Jones/Paula Rattray	
Production Award (winning House Play)	Bronwyn Cahill/Kerry Jones
Special Award (Music)	Francine Bowker

TOKENS OF APPRECIATION

Long Attendance (Class i to Matriculation)	Louise Boast
Sacristan (Presented by Old Girls) ...	Janet Stent
Senior Chorister	Janet Stent
Gem Award	Bronwyn Cahill/Brenda Jackson
Head Girl's Award	Heather Meara

DEBI SHREEVE CUP

Francine Bowker

GETLIFFE CUP ...

Gina Hughes/Jacquiline James

DUX

Janet Stent

LAMBERT PRIZE FOR LEADERSHIP

.....

Heather Meara

ST JOHN'S CUP

Heather Meara

THE PAST YEAR 1993 - 1994

1993 MATRICULATION EXAMS

Number of candidates	33
Matric Exemption	23
Senior Certificate	10
2 A Aggregates	6 B Aggregates
Home Economics:	5th in Natal - Kim d'Oliveira

HONOURS BLAZERS

Head Girl	Heather Meara
Academics	Janet Stent

PROVINCIAL HONOURS

Athletics	Ashleigh Wienand
Basketball	Linda van Breda, Kelly Zammit
Hockey	Paula Rattray, Linda van Breda, Sharon Blyth
Public Speaking	Shanali Govender

HONOURS BAR

Academic	Gaynor Prince
Drama	Janet Stent, Francine Bowker

COLOURS BARS

Athletics	Cara Stewart
Department	Shanali Govender
Drama	Jennie Cassels
Equestrian	Catherine Houghton
Hockey	Brenda Jackson, Anne Balcomb
Jet Ski	Mandy Hartley
Netball	Tamara MacArthur, Nicole Walden
Squash	Janet Stent
Tennis	Deanne van Breda, Cara Stewart

ACHIEVEMENTS 1993 - 1994

NOVEMBER

Junior Achievement - Merit Certificates: Shanna Jones
Bronwyn Cahill

DECEMBER

Short Term Rotary Exchange Scholars
Loretta Carte (USA)
Claire McCarter (USA)
Victoria Albu (Australia)

JANUARY 1994

Natal Youth Show. Junior Showman .. Kate Furniss
Junior Shepherd Award Caryl Furniss
South African Sailing Team (Optimist Class)
..... Annabelle Pilcher
Pietermaritzburg and Districts A
Athletics (Discus) Ashleigh Wienand
Natal Children's Dressage Championship
..... Catherine Houghton
Weenen County Districts Singles Helen James
Doubles and Mixed Doubles Champion Helen James

FEBRUARY

Pietermaritzburg and District Swimming Team
Kim Wegerle
Mathskill Platinum Certificate Amanda Larsen
Science Expo Bronze Certificate Danica Holgado
Commended ... Sheldene Kitching

MARCH

Victoria League Essay Competiton (Distinctions)
Grace McGill/Emma Jarmey-Swan
Kate Hepburn/Clair Wright/Nina Rushton
Natal Schools Regatta (2nd place) Annabelle Pilcher
Natal Midlands Tennis Squad Cara Stewart
Linda van Breda/Deanne van Breda
Pietermaritzburg and Districts Diving Claire Chennels
Camilla Floros
Daily News Sport Achiever Annabelle Pilcher.

APRIL

Natal Midlands B Tennis Team .. Linda van Breda
Natal U/21 Hockey .. Jane McIlrath (Matric 1992)
Midlands Tennis Squad Cara Stewart
Linda van Breda/ Deanne van Breda
Schools polocross Jacqui James
Best dressed Team Genevieve James/Kirsten Stokes

MAY

Cultural Exchange (Germany) Caroline Moore
Carey Edwards
Long Term Rotary Exchange . Gaynor Prince (USA)
Natal Midlands Open C Squash Team Gaynor Prince
Heather Meara
Junior Achievement Human Resources Manager .
..... Lynn Robinson/Anne Balcomb

Administrative Assistant Kate Seggie
Chiefs' Challenge Award (Guiding)Cindy-May Green
Shelagh Knox-Davies
Natal Midlands Hockey Teams: A Team
..... Linda van Breda/Paula Rattray/Sharon Blyth
..... C Team .. Brenda Jackson
..... U/16B.. Anne Balcomb
World United Scholarship (To study in USA)
..... Merafe Moloto
Pietermaritzburg & Districts Squash ... Janet Stent
Gaynor Prince/ Heather Meara/Pia Foster
Natal Midlands Squash Gaynor Prince
Heather Meara

JUNE

Jan Hofmeyer Speech Contest Finals (2nd Place)
..... Shanali Govender
Reserve Natal U/19 A Team (Squash) Gaynor Prince
Natal Midlands U/15A Netball ... Tamara McArthur
Nicole Walden
Natal Children's Equestrian Team
..... Catherine Houghton
Natal Jet-Ski Team Mandy Hartley
Final Round Alan Paton Shanali Govender

JULY

Rotary Leadership Course Kirsten Stokes
Kelly Zammit

AUGUST

Maths Olympiad (Juniors) Second Round
..... Debra Grové
Semi-Finals Business Managment Game
.. Carol Hamman/Brenda Jackson/Jacquiline James
Laura James/ Heather Meara
Eisteddfod : Vocal Solo Silver Certificate
..... Janet Stent/Evelyn Wang
..... Piano Solo "A"..... Francine Bowker
Junior Achievement (Managing Director)
..... Neulah Lowry
(Production Director)
..... Kirsten Stokes/Claire Hawkins/Kate Furniss

SEPTEMBER

Natal Midlands Basketball Linda van Breda
Kelly Zammit
"Celebration of Youth" Poetry Finalists Kelly Higgs
Julia Norton

OCTOBER

Port Shepstone Leadership Course
..... Shanali Govender
Natal Midlands Athletics Team
(80m Hurdles) Cara Stewart
(Discus) Ashleigh Wienand
Natal Children's Equitation Championships
{Victrix Ludorum 1994} Cathryn Houghton
Natal Jet-Ski Team (Open Division) . Mandy Hartley
Natal Intermediate Equitation Champion
..... Siân Lewellyn

OBITUARIES

Mr J S D McMILLAN

Mr McMILLAN (Sholto) was appointed to the St John's Board of Governors in September 1987. He had recently retired as Headmaster of Highbury Preparatory School and was welcomed with great enthusiasm to the Board and as a member of the Academic Affairs Sub-committee.

Sholto was a quiet man, a humorous man, and a man of great wisdom. When he spoke, we all listened. His love for young people was evident in all he said and did. His advice on all aspects of running a school was of inestimable value to the school's academic team.

Sholto resigned from the Board of Governors in September 1992 because of ill health. In June 1994 this brave gentleman died peacefully after a long battle. Throughout his illness, he maintained a keen interest in St John's and in all matters relating to education.

We are privileged to have known him.

A. McLean

SISTER JOAN

Sister Joan died on 14.11.1993.

She was born in 1903, and having been involved in several schools, including St Gregory's Frere (the original St John's D.S.G.), she professed on September 21, 1939.

She ran the wafer room at St Martin's Home for seventeen years, and had one year at St John's D.S.G. As Convent Sacristan from 1960, she recognised her privilege in caring for Holy Things. Only her best work was good enough for this. In 1968, the Sisters moved to Durban where, from 1969-1979, she was Novice Mistress. She was also Assistant Superior.

Those who knew her delighted in her sense of humour. She loved people and flowers (Her joy in Gloxinias won her the title Gloxinia Queen of the Convent!), and she was partial to cats.

As a woman of prayer, she was a wonderful example. Her motto was: I can do all things through Christ, who

strengthens me. Sure of her vocation, she found contentment - not the easy kind resulting from indifference, but the fruit of years of dying to self, and of childlike trust. Her faith was unshakeable. She had no fear of death, seeing it rather as a new beginning. In fact, on the morning she died, sure that it would be The Day, she requested a poached egg to provide "strength for the journey".

At her funeral, Bishop Ross referred to Paul's words in Philippians 4:12 about contentment in all places, under all conditions. These words sum up Sister Joan's life.

SHEILA HARLAND

Thursday the 29th of September 1994 was going to be a busy day for the music staff and the pupils preparing for the musical evening. We did not know what a sad and shocked state we would be in that day after hearing that Miss Sheila Harland had died suddenly that morning.

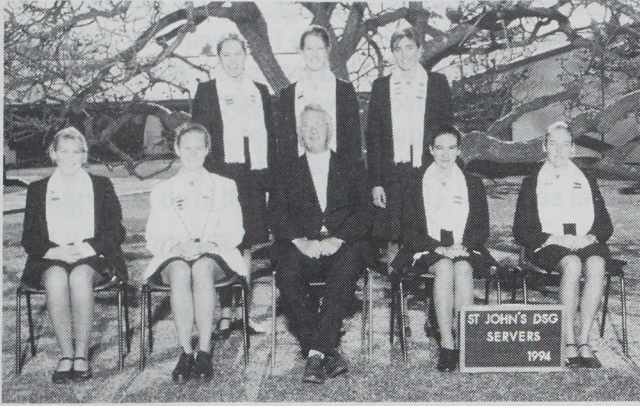
Miss Harland, an outstanding teacher of piano and voice, had taught at various city schools before going to Roedean in Johannesburg, where she taught music for seven years. She began teaching at St John's in 1975.

Her pride and joy was the Senior Choir, which she directed until the end of 1991. Many of these choir girls have continued singing in University and other adult choirs. Several girls are very thankful to her for developing their potential as vocal soloists and some present pupils were to sing in the concert on the day of her death.

Sheila was a perfectionist, expecting the very best from her pupils. Her piano pupils learned a great deal from her in terms of musicality and performance. Her contribution to the wider world of music was considerable, and we feel privileged to have had her in our school. Sheila's integrity could not be questioned. She was a most loyal, dedicated and generous member of staff who will be greatly missed. May the pupils and staff who follow her maintain the high standard of achievement she set.

Margaret Cherry and Elaine Murray

Chaplain's Report



BACK ROW: J James, F Bowker, G Hughes
FRONT ROW: P Carter-Brown, J Stent, Canon R Smith,
E Scott, K Braithwaite.

Human beings are creatures of habit. We all manage to acquire habits fairly easily. Most of us (I hope!) clean our teeth as a matter of habit; it comes naturally. Routines are a part of life. Set ways of doing things are essential for everyday life. Our daily praise of God and the routine of chapel worship is a good habit to acquire. Yet it always seems strange that what happens in our school chapel is soon forgotten in later life. Thank goodness God doesn't forget us! One of my favourite poets is George Herbert, who wrote: "Seven whole days, not one in seven, I will praise thee."

So what can we say about the need for religion in our lives? How sad it is that many leave off worship of God. Jesus was right when He said, "How awful it is for someone to gain the whole world and yet lose his soul." Knowing God has important implications for our lives. It will change us from being getters to givers. When we discover God, a way for us to unlock the door and come out from the places where most of us have been hiding is also discovered. Those who hide from God, hide from their true selves. Little wonder, then, that a world without God is a world filled with greed, selfishness and utter rudeness. The fruit of God's Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control.

This year we have once again had an excellent team of servers under the able leadership of the sacristan, Janet. Thank you, Janet, for the way in which the chapel has been prepared for worship. We welcome Lisa Mack as 1995 sacristan.

The Revd Hylton Knowles worked very well with this year's confirmation class. The following were confirmed:

Catherine Carte, Sandra Carte, Jo-Anne Gordon, Kate Hepburn, Philippa Leisegang, Tamara McArthur, Grace McGill, Kate Nellist, Lindy-Ann Sclanders, Alison Stent, Julie Wellmann, Clair Wright, Eleanor Yeats .

Thank you to Margaret Cherry for her leading of chapel music. We also have used staff members as assistants at worship. Alison McLean, Max Wotherspoon, Merle Prosser and Jean Timm lead worship on occasions and assist as chalice bearers. The recent death of Sheila Harland was a sad event. She played faithfully and regularly in our chapel during her time as a staff member, often producing outstanding contributions from the senior choir.

Now what remains is for me to say good-bye as School Chaplain. After eleven years of very happy association with St John's, I will be going to the Parish of Tugela Rivers (Bergville) as Rector. Thank you, St John's, for a wonderful and joyful opportunity for ministry and Christian service.

Rod Smith
Chaplain



St John's Day: Tanya Hartley and Camilla Floros.

A TRIBUTE TO CANON ROD SMITH

I have a book called "Alive to God". This would be a phrase which I could easily apply to Canon Rod Smith. Rod has been chaplain at St John's D.S.G. for eleven years. I have had the privilege of knowing him for nine of those years. During this time, he has become a mentor, a true friend and a wise teacher. I have valued his advice, compassion and wisdom.

When I started at St John's in 1986, the Parish of St Alphege had four clergy and taught a number of Divinity classes at school. Despite a reduction in staff numbers at the church, Rod has continued to play a prominent part in the life of the school.

For the past few years he has focused his teaching on the Standard nine group. He takes services on a regular basis and the girls have come to admire him, and respect his teaching. They enjoy his jokes and his love of music, movies and videos, and the way in which he can relate these aspects of their lives to fundamental Christian truths. Though they are sometimes unaware of it, the faith of many of our students has grown, and developed under Rod's guidance.

Rod is an ardent scholar who knows well that education is a life-long process. He is a very humane person, with a soft heart, who cares deeply for the

disadvantaged and the homeless, amongst whom he has a wonderful ministry. The Fellowship of Vocation is another group which Rod oversees, and, until fairly recently, he was also University Chaplain. For Rod "no man is a stranger". In recent times he has also visited our Junior school and taken some of their chapel services. He gives of himself in so many ways.

Rod has felt for some time now that God is calling him to a new field of work. In January he will move to the Parish of Tugela Rivers and he will live in Bergville. He loves the mountains and I know that they will be a source of great inspiration to him.

Rod has spoken to us on many occasions of God's unconditional love for us, and of the joy in loving Christ. He has also taught us that when we come to terms with ourselves and offer what we are to God, the seed of peace is established within our hearts.

"Farewell friend, with God's Blessing and ours. We pray Almighty God that true peace, and spiritual comfort in God with abundance of grace, may be with you always."

A McLean



We wish our Sisters joy in their new home.

The Blessing of Our New Buildings

On 19 October, Bishop Michael blessed our new buildings.

NEW CLASSROOM

Your word is a lamp to my feet, a light for my path.

Eternal God,
worthy of all worship,
your Son sat among scholars asking them questions:

Bless this classroom
that it may be a lively centre of sound learning and
new discovery, and grant that those who teach and
those who learn
may praise you as the source of all truth;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

In the faith of Christ Jesus, who learnt in the school at
Nazareth and sat with the elders in Jerusalem, we
bless this classroom.
In the name of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

DRAMA CENTRE

In the thunder and the lightning, we see the drama of
the heavens; in the changes of the seasons, we see
the drama of the earth; in Christ Jesus and his
Passion, we see the drama of our salvation.

Merciful and holy God,
we give you thanks for this Drama Centre, and for
those whose vision and generosity have enabled it to
be built;
we ask you to bless it as we dedicate it now to you;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

In the faith of Christ Jesus, who spoke in parables,
touched a leper, and in deep drama washed the feet
of his disciples, we bless this Drama Centre:
In the name of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.



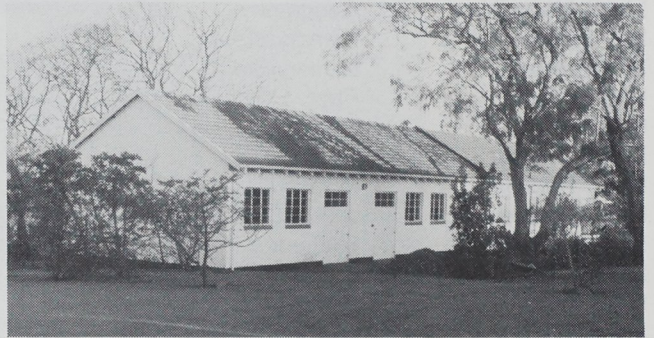
Mrs M Fasson and Mrs G Reddy busy in the Wafer Room.

WAFER ROOM

Eat my bread, drink my wine:
all I have and all I am, I give to you.

Almighty God,
your Son, our Lord Jesus Christ,
gave us the wonderful sacrament of his body and
blood to represent his death and to celebrate his
resurrection:
bless this wafer room that those who serve you here
may ever be reminded of this most gracious gift;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

In the faith of Christ Jesus, who was born as a baby
in Bethlehem (house of bread) and gave us bread
and wine as pledges of his love, we bless this wafer
room;
In the name of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.



The new Drama Centre.



Bishop Michael and some of his lambs.

STAFF 1994

Teaching Staff

Miss A A McLean	Headmistress	(B.A.,N.T.S.D.Sch.Lib.Sc.)
Miss S M Hyman	Vice-Principal	J/S (N.T.D.)
Mr M Wotherspoon	Vice-Principal/Maths	(B.Sc.,P.C.E.)
Canon R Smith	School Chaplain	(B.A.,Dip.Th.)
Mrs J Attwell	Speech & Drama	(B.A Hons, H.D.E.)
Mrs P Avery	History	(B.A., H.D.E.)
Miss C Beattie	Art	(B.A.Fine Arts,H.D.E.)
Mrs K Bowker	Primary/Class ii	(T.D.)
Mrs M Cherry	Music/Piano	(T.D.)
Mrs C Darroch	Geography	(B.A., H.D.E. B. Ed.)
Miss S Davies	Biology	(B.Sc.Hons.G.C.E.)
Mrs G Ducasse	Primary/Std 2	(N.T.S.D. H.D.E.)
Mrs S Evans	Computer Literacy	(B.A. U.E.D.)
Mrs J Grové	Zulu/Sport	(BA, HDE. Dip Zulu)
Mrs A Harris	Afrikaans	(N.T.S.D.,H.D.E.)
Mrs C Hartshorne	Speech and Drama	(M.A.)
Mrs E Herselman	Physical Science/Mathematics	(N.T.S.D.)
Mrs L Joubert	Primary/Std 1	(N.T.S.D.)
Mrs P Krynauw	Media Centre	(B.Sc,B.Bibl. Hons, H.D.E)
Mrs Y Langeveldt	Typing	(N.C.T.D.)
Mrs C Malherbe	Afrikaans	(B.A.,H.E.D.)
Mrs D Maclachlan	Geography	(B.A., H.D.E.)
Mrs J Mills	Primary/Std 4	(T.C.,H.D.E.)
Mrs S Moore	Primary/Std 3	(N.T.S.D.)
Miss D Nixon	Phys. Education	(H.D.E.)
Mrs J Peddle	French	(B.A. H.D.E)
Mrs M Prosser	English	(B.A.,Hons.,T.T.H.D.,L.G.S.M.)
Mrs P Rhodes	Primary/Class ii	(N.T.S.D.,H.E.D.)
Mrs J Smallie	Junior School	(N.T.S.D.,D.S.E.Remedial)
Mrs K Stakemire	Mathematics	(T.D.)
Mrs M Tennant	Primary/Media Centre/Art	B.A., AUDIS
Mrs J Timm	English	(B.A.,U.E.D.)
Ms. C Towers	Phys. Education	(B.Ed., Dip Teach, TC)
Mrs M Uys	Phys. Science	(M.Sc., B.Ed. H.D.E.)
Mrs L Van Rensburg	Accounting	(B. Comm. H.D.E)
Mrs C Watson	Guidance	(B.A.,B.Ed.,H.D.E.,)
Mrs J Westwood	Home Economics	(H.D.E.)

Additional Staff

Mrs A Aleksic	Tennis Coach	
Mrs J Buys	Media Assistant	(Dip. Diag Radiography)
Mrs T Govender	Piano	(B.A., B.Ed., A.T.C.L.)
Miss S Harland	Music	(L.R.A.M.,(Piano) L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. (Singing) U.P.L.M.,L.T.C.L.)
Mrs Hodgson	Extra Afrikaans	
Rev H Knowles	Divinity	(B.A. Natal)
Mrs R Lloyd	Extra English	(B.A., H. Dip. Ed, Rem.C)
Miss E Murray	Piano	(L.R.A.M.)/Flute/Clarinet
Mrs M Balawanth	Lab. Assistant	
Mr D White	Squash Coach	
Mrs R Wood	Guitar	

Administrative Staff

Mrs A Clifford (Secretary)
Mrs C Dreboldt (Admin. Assist)
Mr C Harris (Estate Manager)
Mr C James (Business Manager)
Mrs M Meeuwis (Secretary J/Sch)
Mrs S Shone (PRO)
Mrs I Snell (Sec. Switchboard)
Mrs C Watson (Accountant)

Boarding Establishment Staff

Mrs Mullins (L/Warden)	Mrs N Steyn
Miss Naidoo	Mrs Tomlinson (Laundry)
Sister Seggie	Mr Albert Thabethe (Driver)
Mrs P Vinjevold	Mr Sheriff Moses (Painter)
Mrs R Ryan	Mr Dennis Jasson (Carpenter)



BACK ROW: Ms C Towers, Mrs N Steyn, Mrs M Uys, Mr C Harris, Mrs D Annandale, Mrs G Ducasse, Rev H Knowles, Mrs J Peddle,

Mrs J Smallie, Mrs L van Rensburg
 2ND ROW: Mrs S Moore, Miss D Nixon, Sister C Seggie, Mrs J Attwell, Mrs P Krynauw, Mrs L Joubert, Mrs A Clifford,
 Mrs C J Watson, Mrs C E Watson, Mrs R Ryan, Mrs S Shone, Mrs M Meeuwis, Miss C Beatie

1ST ROW: Mrs M Balawanth, Mrs Y Langeveldt, Mrs K Bowker, Mrs S Evans, Mrs P Avery, Mrs C Dreboldt, Mrs I Snell,
 Mrs M-L Tennant, Mrs J Timm, Mrs M Cherry, Mrs T Rhodes, Mrs K Stakemire, Mrs J Westwood, Miss E Murray

FRONT ROW: Mr C James, Mrs F Malherbe, Mrs C Darroch, Mrs J Mullins, Miss S Davies, Mr M Wotherspoon (Deputy),
 Miss A McLean (Headmistress), Miss S Hymen (Deputy), Mrs M Prosser, Mrs J Mills, Mrs A Harris, Mrs K Herselman, Canon R Smith.



*BACK ROW: G Hughes, J James, B Cahill, B Jackson
FRONT ROW: Miss A McLean, H Meara (Head Girl), Mr M Wotherspoon.*



*The "New Look" Tuckshop about to be besieged
by starving girls.*



Staff feasting their eyes on Mrs Sally Evan's new baby.



Shanna Jones – Std 10



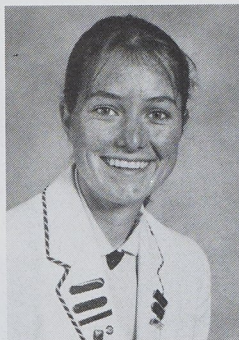
Lisa Twyman – Std 10



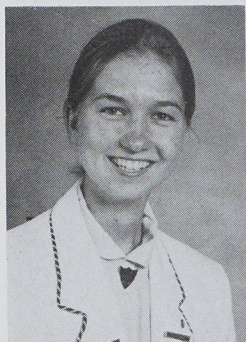
Candy Dominguez Sharp – Std 10

Matrics

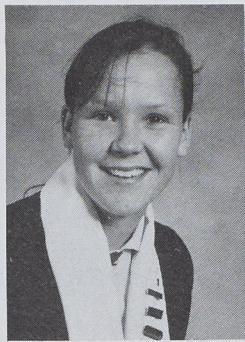
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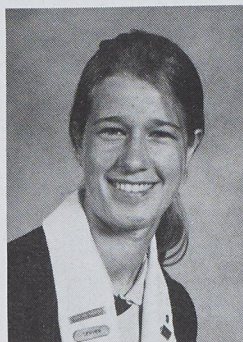
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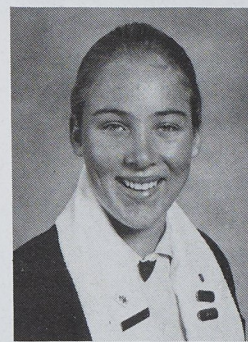
Sharon Blyth



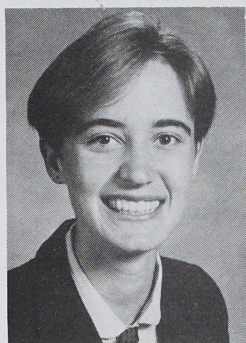
Louise Boast



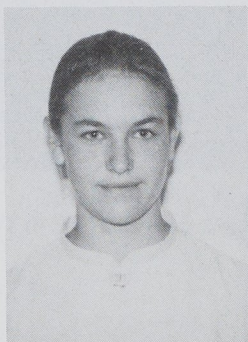
Francine Bowker



Kirsten Braithwaite



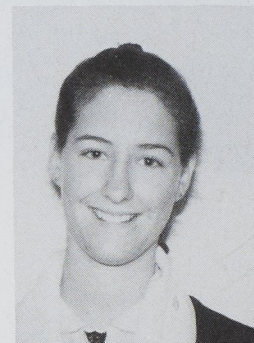
Bronwyn Cahill



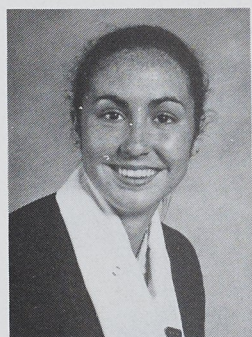
Lesley Carte



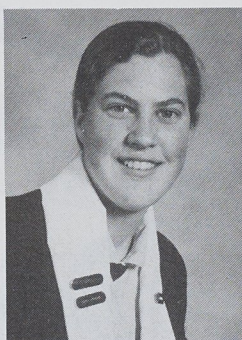
Paula Carter-Brown



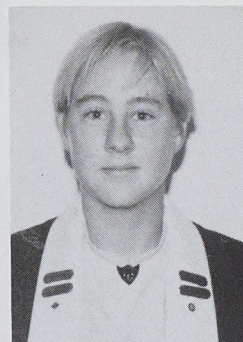
Cathy Coster



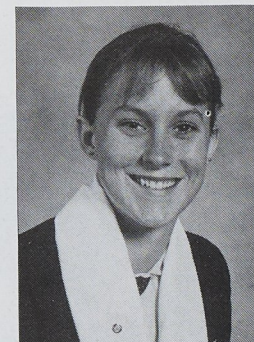
Candy Dominguez Sharp



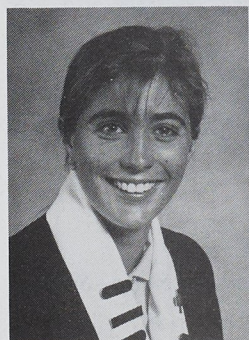
Jane Franz



Carol Hamann



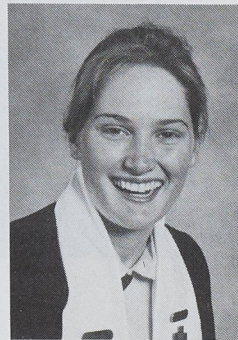
Sally Hind



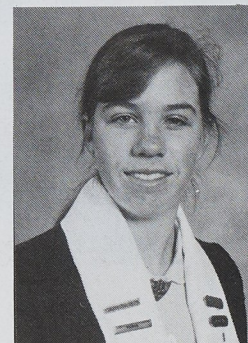
Gina Hughes



Brenda Jackson



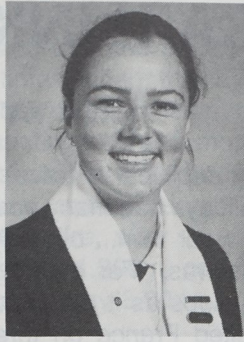
Jacqui James



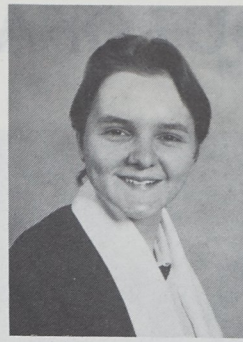
Laura James



Kerry Jones



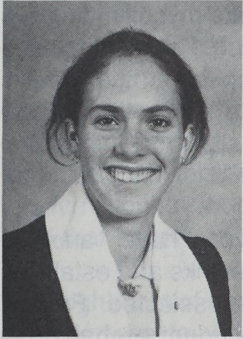
Shanna Jones



Sheldene Kitching



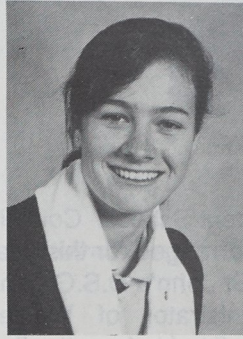
Tammy Leisegang



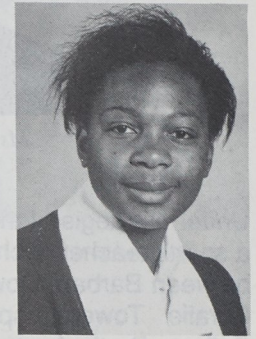
Debby Lyne



Tasneem Mahomed



Samantha Mason



Juliet Mkhize



Patricia Olivier



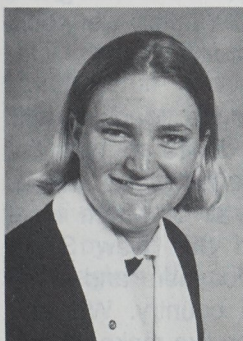
Lucy Pilcher



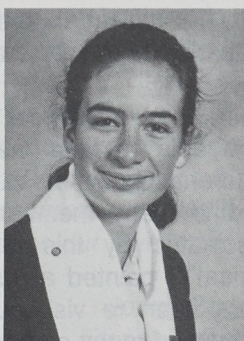
Gaynor Prince



Paula Rattray



Cheryl Roberts



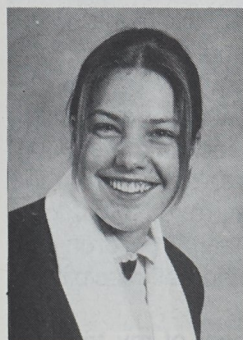
Erica Scott



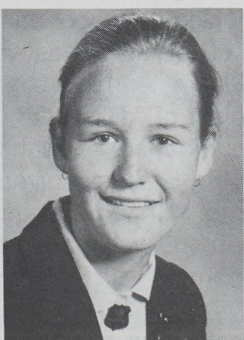
Kate Stork



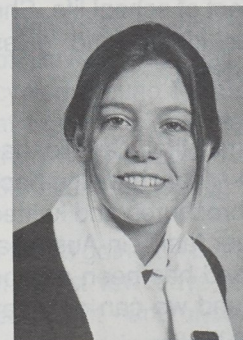
Tonya Smithyman



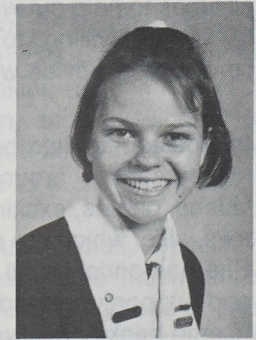
Samantha Smith



Janet Stent



Melanie Tilley



Lisa Twyman

"OUT OF AFRICA" LINKS

"ON Y VA" — "We're off!"



Ms Coralie Towers

Under the aegis of the Independent Schools' Council, a sports teacher exchange was arranged for this year between Barbara Bowley from St John's D.S.G., and Coralie Towers, sports administrator of Wesley College, Perth, Australia. Coralie fitted in from the first "G'day", fielding plenty of flack during the cricket season and turning up dressed from head (black cap) to toe (black socks and tackies) in mourning the day after Australia first lost a match in the Test series!

Coralie has many facets. She is a proud granny who, whilst missing her own family, has added new dimensions to the family life of several of the St John's staff. She is an extremely competent sportswoman (she played for the Australian Women's Cricket Team, and played hockey for Western Australia) and under her expertise, the hockey teams have continued to achieve excellent results, learning new formations and new vocabulary with equal dexterity. The girls have been introduced to soft-ball and water-polo, and both girls and staff have played in the action cricket leagues, although the staff won't let me tell you how they did. . . . Her able administrative skills have meant that the Physical Education Department has been run with impeccable efficiency. She has taught throughout the school, from the 'ankle-biters' and 'munchkins' in class i and class ii, right up to the matrices, and is well-liked by everyone. She radiates good humour and competence, and has been ready at all times to help out with any aspect of school life. She is always willing to share her ideas, and gives constructive advice when it is needed.

In addition to her busy academic life, Coralie has knitted her way around Southern Africa, bringing back videos, photos, exciting stories, brochures and knitted toys, all of which are sent off to her family in Australia. She has enriched all our lives, and has been a good and supportive friend to many, and we can only say "Come back soon, we shall miss you."

Sally Davies

My decision to travel to France during the October holidays had many people asking: "A trip to France all on your own... but why?" My immediate response to this was, "For my soul!" This was not, however, as frivolous as it may have sounded, for although I had visited France on three previous occasions, as the newly appointed French teacher at St John's D.S.G., I felt a burning desire to re-associate myself intimately with the country about which I teach. I needed to see, hear, touch, smell and taste all aspects of the French life-style and to submerge myself totally in the French culture. I wanted no temptation to slip into English and hence my decision to "go it alone!"

My proposed trip did, however, have another dimension in that I wanted to forge links and establish working relationships with some selected French schools, with a view to possible student exchange in the future.

Needless to say, planning a trip of this nature does not happen overnight. Having first of all gained the blessing of my husband and two children, I then set about trying to make suitable contacts. Weeks of continuous phoning and faxing paid dividends two nights before I left, when I joyously heard that I would be staying with a French family for the first week. Monique and Guy Perret were warm and wonderfully hospitable people who enabled me to experience life in Paris as a "local" and not as a mere "tourist!" Monique's enthusiasm and energy were amazing and with her typical phrase, "On y va! Yippie", we would embark on adventure after adventure!

Being a senior school teacher like me, Monique was also able to help me fulfil my desire to visit the different schools in France. I spoke to several classes and to many members of staff, all of whom were fascinated by this teacher from the "New South Africa!" I painted a rosy picture for them and many were keen to visit our beautiful country. We also discussed many contentious issues like make-up and jewellery in the classroom, the absence of uniforms, smoking at school and the general lack of discipline. All of this was most stimulating and proved to be a valuable learning experience for all. A propos the subject of "discipline", I would like to say here that I was fortunate enough to attend a recital in the South African Embassy given by a children's choir from the Eastern Cape, and how immensely proud I felt of "our" clean-cut, well-mannered, happy, healthy children who performed with such enthusiasm and self-discipline.

Possibly the most exhausting aspect of my trip was not the physical exertion, but the mental exertion of

being the centre of attraction - in a foreign language - wherever I went! No one loves to talk and socialize more than I, but there were times when this avid interest in "Jennifere from L'Afrique du Sud" had even me saying: "Wow! This is exhausting!" What's more, my biological and gastronomical clocks were thrown into confusion, since dinner was usually served at 10.30pm and I was only able to retire, after several obligatory glasses of wine, at about 1.30am, only to start the next day at a bright and breezy 8.00am.

If I had one real fear for my safety all alone in France, it would have to be on those dreaded streets! I was, of course, aware that the French drove on the "wrong" side of the road, but nothing could have prepared me for the break-neck speed, the lack of lanes and the complete freedom of choice enjoyed by French motorists! All this was a veritable nightmare for a relative "country bumpkin" and I can only thank the Lord that I survived the ordeal!

Although most of my time was spent in Paris, I had the good fortune to visit several of the chateaux in the Loire Valley and actually spent a night in a refurbished 15th century castle where I experienced what it must have been like to be a queen! With our rand being worth a mere 1.43 francs, this night's accommodation and a splendid dinner were my only two "indulgences" during my stay. Coffee, outrageously priced at 22f a cup (R15), could, I suppose, be classified as a luxury too!

If I had dared to paint the perfect scenario prior to my trip, it could in no way have come close to what I actually experienced. I did more in two weeks than many could accomplish in two months and although I returned a little tired, I had the immense satisfaction of knowing that I had realized my dream and satisfied my "soul". What had started as a mere vision, had, through hope, faith and determination ended so successfully. I look forward to promoting and organizing an "action-packed" tour for 1995 and if my "captivated audiences" in the classroom were anything to go by, we may have to charter our own plane ... "On Eagle's Wings!"

Jenny Peddle
French Teacher



Teresa Spilsbury and Kate Seggie: "Can I canoe you up the river?" - now that we are experts on the pool!

Experiences as Exchange Students in Germany



Caroline Moore and Cary Edwards: seven week exchange to Germany.

Exchange, before this year, didn't mean too much to me. It was just one of those things that a few people did after Matric. Little did I know what was in store for me! In July, Carey and I went on a month's exchange to Germany and, now that I've come back, I know why it is such a coveted experience.

For the first three weeks there, I stayed in a small village called Aichach, a relatively old town still having cobbled roads and fort archways. The countryside was exceptionally green (as it was midsummer) and there was no litter anywhere. I found the Germans to be quite formal, very punctual and law-abiding. I can remember the horrified glances when I hopped across a road when the 'red man' was still showing!

The school system is also very different from ours. Discipline is much more relaxed, and I was amazed to discover that there was a smoking corner 'for the older pupils'. All schooling, as well as tertiary education, is free for everyone, which made me envious when I thought of South Africa's system. Transport to and from school was paid by the government as well.

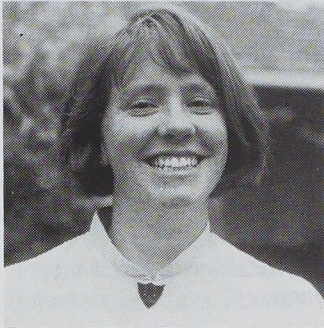
I was lucky enough to see a lot of the southern region of Bavaria, as well as Austria and Switzerland. I cycled around the Bodensee, taking a week to do so at the end of my stay. This trip, and travelling on a train which reached speeds of 300 km per hour, were definitely my highlights. I'd love to do so again.

I found going on Exchange difficult at times, especially the first few days, but I returned home much more confident - and of course determined to go back. The language, in many ways, was similar to Afrikaans and I was amazed at how quickly I was able to pick it up.

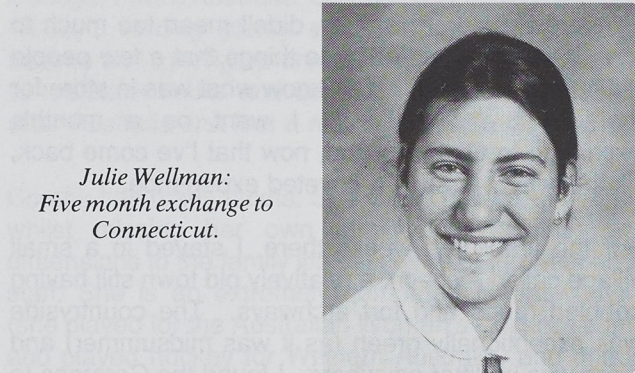
My "family" could speak English and so could many of the new friends I made so that helped tremendously. Everyone I met was friendly and very interested in South Africa and the changes taking place.

I don't think that I've enjoyed anything quite as much and I urge others to try for selection - it is the experience of a life time. My thanks go to those who made it possible to go.

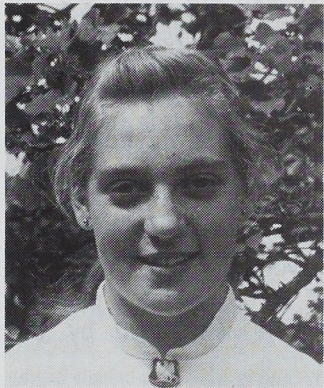
Caroline Moore - Std 9



*Gaynor Prince:
Long term Rotary
Exchange to the U.S.A.*



*Julie Wellman:
Five month exchange to
Connecticut.*



*Catherine Keough:
Short term Rotary
Exchange to Istanbul.*



*Susann Janik
from Germany:
She is with us at St John's
for a year.*

During the July holidays and the first two weeks of the first term, Caroline Moore and I went to Germany as exchange students. I can honestly say that it was the best experience of my life and I shall never forget it.

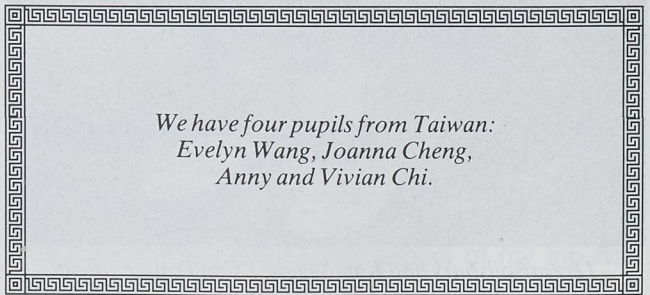
I stayed with a family in the eastern part of Germany. They were lovely people but their English was limited and my German was non-existent, which led to a few difficulties eg. My sister would try and ask me something about my home. She wouldn't know the correct word to use and I couldn't understand what she was saying! I did not attend school as it was their summer holidays so I spent most of my days at a nearby lake. The highlight of my trip was a visit to Berlin. It is a very beautiful city and there is so much to see. The architecture and parks make the city the amazing place it is.

From the tour I gained self-confidence and I also learnt to trust my judgement. I had to do many things by myself - for example, travelling across the whole of Germany (from north to south) by train completely alone. I also learnt to persevere in every thing that I attempted and I discovered that I could succeed - I just had to believe in myself. It was a most worthwhile experience, and I am grateful to all the people who made it possible.

Carey Edwards - Std 9



*Merafe Moloto who won a World United Scholarship and is
studying in Albuquerque, New Mexico.*



*We have four pupils from Taiwan:
Evelyn Wang, Joanna Cheng,
Anny and Vivian Chi.*

GUIDANCE REPORT

What An Experience!

Std 9 girls working? (Real work, not school work.) Oh Yes, they definitely did! As part of the Career Guidance Programme, each girl had to find/apply for a job, in which she could "shadow" someone for a few days. This would give her insight into the career she was investigating, and an idea of the responsibilities of a working person.

Parents were encouraged to help their daughters but the girls were to do the applying themselves. This brought about valuable learning in job-seeking problems. "The hardest part of this exercise was finding a job. I knew what I wanted to do (P.R.O.) but when I set out to find someone who was willing to take me, I got rejected three times in one day (an experience I will never forget!) By this time I was feeling very despondent so I made arrangements to do something else." (Kate Seggie.)

The reality of the job market has to be faced even though the learning is sometimes tough. Kate persevered and was given a day to shadow a Public Relations Officer. Well done Kate!

Each girl was expected to dress appropriately, and work a full day. Alice Stobart commented, "I looked



Paula Rattray – Std 10



Francine Bowker – Std 10

very 'teacher-like' when I was ready." The girls covered a wide variety of careers which made their report-back session very interesting. We learnt about hard work in Hairdressing, tiring Teaching (Junior Primary), creative difficulties in Dress Design, Physiotherapy, Catering, Veterinary Science, Marine Biology, Hotel Management and Horticulture, plus many others.

What the girls learnt over these few days was invaluable.

Gina Steenberg: Dentistry. " After watching about 10 teeth being pulled outthe sick feeling in my stomach went. You don't have to be strong to pull teeth - its all in the technique! I also had to give an injection. It wasn't too bad and the patient had already had about 4 injections already. ...I learnt to make a mould of my teethHe (the dentist) gave me an old mould to drill and fill...I can only think of positive things to say about dentistry."

Ashleigh Wienand: Horticulture. "You must be interested in nature, especially plants. Horticulture is a lot of hard work, so don't think you are on a picnic when you are in the field, eg you have to learn the names of over 300 plants for your practical exam. I loved my work experience, but got a fright at the amount of labour and hard work involved. I learnt how

to handle six jobs at once and not have lunch... I realised that being in power too long, you forget the capabilities of your labourers and often over-pressurise them, which makes them work even more slowly."

Fiona Shaw: Hotel Management. "This job involves long hours of hard work. You must be good with people. It can be frustrating when there are unsatisfied guests; however it is fun and challenging...but be warned! In the hotel business you must be prepared to spend time scouring out pots in the kitchen."

Kate Furniss: Veterinary Science. "What appealed to me was the variety of work at the clinic each day....A cat was being spayed...her kittens (due in a week) were given to us...we tried to get them to breathe. After two hours of heart massage ...we got them breathing. They are now with a lactating mother.... I hope to follow this career."

Linda van Breda: "I was keen on doing Veterinary Science but my ideas have changed....I don't enjoy seeing wounds and touching them... I spent a day with a Physiotherapist at Greys...we helped ladies who had had hip transplants walk, a burn patient to move her fingers and hands.....I hope to follow this career."

Kelly Zammit: Chartered Accounting. "...My first day in the business world and I was very nervous...Fortunately with my two-year computer knowledge, I was able to cope...I had to post all the books of a specific company to the correct journals using Pastel...One necessity which I was taught before anything else was how to work the coffee machine - I couldn't believe how one becomes a coffee addict when one starts working....This experience has reinforced my career choice."

Jennie Cassels: Architecture. "I was given the task of changing the facade of a Standard Bank building...I could add decorations. I was shown CAD (Computer Assisted Design)...I found the two days quite tedious and long....I learnt that architecture is not for me as I didn't like the preciseness - I think I prefer Quantity Surveying or Design Engineering. Work is very different from what I expected; there was no one there always checking up on you."

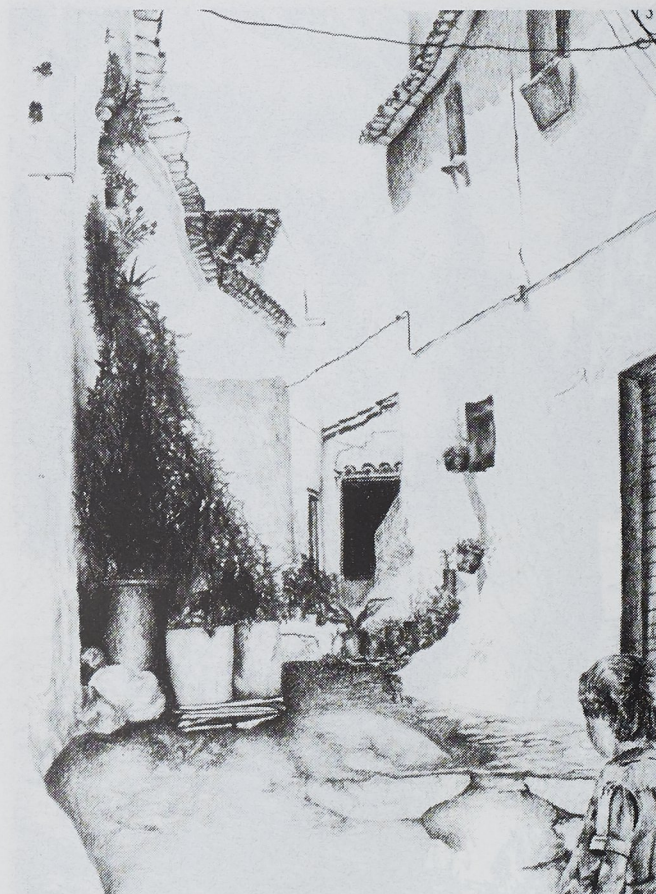
Caroline Moore: Catering. "I worked at a 'river-rafting' lodge on the Brede River in the Cape. I did the catering for this lodge with six others....You need to be able to cope with stress and pressure and work for twelve hours or more at a time...It is rewarding...A lot of things did come as a surprise to me ...one was to see how much food people can actually eat when in a group! The food had just taken three hours to prepare when in the next five minutes it was all gone. Another thing that shocked me was the expenses that go into this industry and how accurate you have to be when

buying and preparing food to cut costs down. It definitely has reinforced my career choice. Although I had to work from 7:00 am to 9:30 pm, I enjoyed doing the work and being able to prepare and present food on a professional scale."

Anne Balcomb (& Kirsten Stokes): Animal Health Technologist. "An Animal Health Technologist helps the vet in tasks, but his main job is being in charge of an area of land. They check cattle for diseases, do tests on insects that carry them, and a certain amount of office work... You must be able to handle blood and guts...you should not mind dust, dirt and dung... We dissected a calf. We had to take blood samples (from cattle) from the vein just under the tail...we did 200 cattle between the five of us in one morning. That afternoon we did a swine fever survey in Hluhluwe Game Reserve which involved climbing down warthog holes to look for ticks. By the end of our work... experience Kirsten and I were suffering from 'malnutrition'. We had been too lazy to cook for ourselves, so we ate bread, cheese and coco-pops for breakfast, lunch and supper."

To be successful in this field you must enjoy the outdoors, be interested....and be better at the job than a male!"

Charmian Watson
Guidance/Counsellor



Candy Dominguez Sharp – Std 10

CULTURAL ACTIVITIES

Music

Come let us sing joyfully to the Lord;
Let us acclaim the Rock of our salvation.

The Senior Choir, under the direction of Mrs M-L. Tennant and with Janet Stent as their leader, has delighted us with enthusiastic singing both in chapel and at public functions. Their first performance this year was at Epworth School when they were invited to participate at the School's Music Festival, and where they received many compliments.

In chapel they inspired us with their lovely singing at the St John's Day service and made a large contribution to the Easter service. In September the Michaelhouse choir and a few Epworth girls joined us at a Sunday evening service in the chapel. We nearly raised the rafters! The confirmation service was enhanced by the choir's anthem. The third term ended with a delightful contribution to the musical evening. The choir is now preparing items for the prizegiving ceremony and for the carol service at the end of the year. Our grateful thanks are extended to all who have given up much of their spare time to practise singing for the glory of God

and for the enjoyment of their fellow pupils, parents and friends. We really appreciate this. In return, an outing to listen to world class organist, Carlo Curly, was both rewarding and stimulating.

It is gratifying to see so many girls learning to play the guitar with Mrs R Wood. This group has provided music for many school promotions and they played and sang well at the Musical Evening despite being short of practice time.

I should like to thank the music staff for all their dedication and encouragement, and Miss McLean for her support.

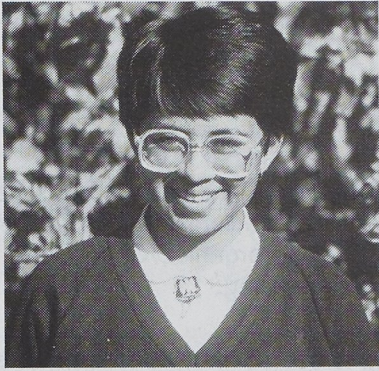
Examination Results: The Royal School of Music.
Francine Bowker: Grade 8 pass.
Evelyn Wang: Grade 5 Merit.

Margaret Cherry



BACK ROW: B Johnson, S Knox-Davies, P Munro, B Cahill, G Wafer, T Ivins, J Cassels
2ND ROW: C-M Green, N Mzobe, N Zulu, E Mentis, K Seggie, M Moshobane, C Hawkins, J Wellman, A Mkize
FRONT ROW: Mrs M-L Tennant, S Mtshemla, S Mtshemla, Z Laband, C Hamman, B Young, E Scott, N Vilakazi, E Wang,
F Shaw, J Stent
KNEELING: C Furniss

SPECIAL SUCCESSES



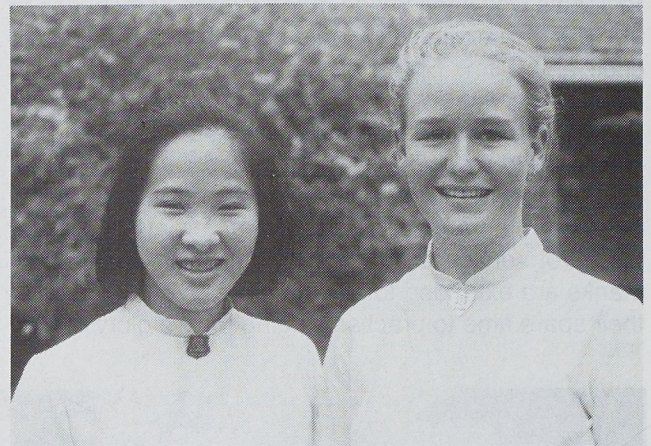
Shanali Govender: Second in finals of Jan Hofmeyr Speech Contest and Final round of Alan Paton Literary Competition.



*Julia Norton, Kelly Higgs:
"Celebration of Youth Poetry" finalists.*



*Nina Rushton, Grace McGill, Claire Wright,
Emma Jarney-Swan and Kate Hepburn. Prizewinners in the
Victoria League Essay Competition.*



*Evelyn Wang and Janet Stent:
Eisteddfod – Vocal Solo Silver Certificates.*



Senior Drama

1994 started with much excitement and uncertainty. Whilst rumours abounded about the future of our country and the outcome of the elections, the Drama department at St John's decided to adopt a positive attitude, and continued to promote and involve ourselves in theatrical activities as much as possible. Not knowing quite what would happen politically after April 27th, we tried to see as much theatre as was available in the first term. Our theatrical experiences have once again been wide and varied. 'Elvis the Musical' and 'The Beatles Show' had us 'bopping' in our seats, whilst 'Dance in the Loft' was both interesting and exhilarating. We were fortunate, not only to attend Pieter Dirk-Uys's outstanding one-man show, 'The Poggenpoel Sisters', but to meet and chat with the man behind the 'Evita' character. The girls were fascinated by this very talented theatre practitioner, and spent an hour asking him questions about his art. We were all impressed by his unassuming and sincere demeanour, as he chatted away quite happily with us. A third Durban trip was made to enable the matrics to see

the production of their English setwork, 'Master Harold and the Boys'. The first term ended with the Easter production, 'Jerusalem Rejoices', a poignant and beautiful collage of poetry, directed by Miss McLean herself.

Right from the beginning of the year the junior school was a-buzz with excitement, as rehearsals for 'The Jungle Book' got under way. Shelley Westermeyer scripted Rudyard Kipling's original work, weaving her magic of fun and fantasy. Such was the success of and response to this wonderful show, that after the 12th performance she cried, 'No more!' despite the demand for further bookings. This turned out to be Shelley's swan-song, as she and her family decided to relocate to Cape Town. Shelley was a much loved member of the St John's family, and it was with great sadness that we bid her farewell in July. The success of 'The Jungle Book' and the outstanding performances from all our young folk, especially the std 5s, was a tribute to her energy and talent.



A scene from "Jerusalem Rejoices"

However, as one door closes so another one opens, and we welcome Joan Attwell into our midst. It was not easy to step into the gap that Shelley had left, but Joan soon proved a worthy successor. Joan's knowledge and experience has rejuvenated us all, and the pupils have already benefited enormously from her talents and expertise. Our children are fortunate to have been exposed to both these excellent teachers.

During the second term the inter-house play competition took place. Bronwyn Cahill and Kerry Jones proved to be excellent directors as they guided Connaught's play, 'The Incident', into first place.

Drama is one of our strongest educational tools, and Steven Hamilton proved just that with his hard-hitting autobiographical one-man show tracing his own downhill slide into the world of drug addiction. Coming face-to-face with the hard facts and consequences of substance abuse was a sobering experience (if you will excuse the pun!) for many of our pupils. In a vaguely similar, but much more gentle vein, Aldo Brincat's 'Henry's Outrageous Rise' not only provided top-class entertainment, but allowed the girls to rethink some of the value judgements they are so often faced with.

Theatre for Africa's ecodrama, 'Birds', was, as always, outstanding, from both a dramatic and an educational viewpoint. This local company has toured the world, receiving awards far and wide. The company is now permanently based in Cape Town, and so we were one of the privileged few in Natal lucky enough to be able to book a show at St John's before they left to perform at the Edinburgh Arts Festival.

We spent an exhausting Sunday (between rehearsals for 'Esther') at the Hilton Drama Festival in September. Taking in up to 5 different shows, we were able to see some of Grahamstown's best, . . . and, just up the road! This is always great fun, as the girls are exposed to a variety of theatrical genres.

Speaking of 'Esther', I was once again fortunate to be able to work on one of Jean Timm and Pessa Weinberg's wonderful musicals, only this time, I had the additional honour of also collaborating with Mary Gardner who co-wrote the script. Put these very gifted ladies together with a superb band and very talented cast (nearly 80 in all), more than 240 hours of rehearsal time, and the result was 'Esther'! The St Charles boys and our girls worked long and hard, giving disciplined and well-controlled performances. The show required a tremendous amount of ensemble acting, and the chorus of boys and girls were fantastic. Many developed their own cameo roles adding fun and energy to the show. The young soloists grew and developed during the rehearsal period, and special mention must be made of Justin De Fondaumiere, Mazwi Khabela, and of course our own Jennie Cassels. Jennie's commitment and dedication to the play was outstanding. This was one of the best young casts I have ever worked with, and I thank every one of them.



Jennie Cassels and Justin Fondaumiere in "Esther"



Jason Taman and Nodene Shand.

Several drama awards were made this year. Among these, honour bars were presented to Francine Bowker and Janet Stent, and a colours bar went to Jennie Cassels.

Drama continues to involve itself in promotional work for the school, and this year's std 8 class were exposed to hundreds of pre-primary school children, in what has become an annual event on the school calendar. This year, the theme followed on from 'Jungle Book', and pupils involved themselves in computers, drama, art, music, etc., in the roles of teacher aids and guides. As always, the girls were terrific.

When Joan first arrived she was thrown in at the deep end with Spring Day just around the corner. This very memorable day was made all the more special by her morning of Spring poetry presented by every class from the junior school, and culminating in a maypole dance performed by std 5. Whilst preparing her young folk for this event, rehearsals were simultaneously under way for Junior school prize-giving, and the std 5s presentation of 'Smith', based on the book by Leon Garfield. This piece was requested especially by the guest speaker, Mrs Audrey Hitchcock, and has been videotaped at her request for further use during her lecture demonstrations on children's literature nationwide. All this is due to Joan's skilful directing and the enthusiasm and talent of the std 5 group. I must also take this opportunity to thank Joan for her continuous help and interest in all aspects of things drama-wise. We could never have involved ourselves in so many projects without her unfaltering support and assistance.

Our theatre continues to be put to good use by outside production companies, and St John's Community had us rocking in the aisles with 'Good Vibrations'. The Women's Institute held their 1994 Drama Festival here and still to come is Gaynor Young's wonderful show entitled 'My Plunge to Fame'. Last year's std 7s Christmas charity show 'The Mad Hatter's Tea Party' was such a resounding success, that this year's std 9



Nina Rushton and Mazwi Khabela.



Lovely Ladies in "Esther".



Sisanda Mshemla and Bridget Young aspiring to be Queen.

drama group have undertaken to create their own unique version, with the proceeds once again being used to equip underprivileged crèches in our surrounding areas.

We were especially proud of the Drama matric class this year. The standard of the final practical examination work was outstanding. Not only were there several distinctions, but we were invited by the N E D to present part of one of the theme programmes at the Pietermaritzburg Drama Showcase of exceptional work at Carter High School. Well done to all the drama girls, I was very proud of all of you.

The most exciting event of all this year has to be the completion of the new drama block. In the 7 years of my teaching at St John's, drama has grown in leaps and bounds. From a matric class of 3, the 1994 class numbers 23! From no equipment at all, we now have facilities and equipment envied by most other departments. This is due primarily to Alison McLean.

She has proved herself to be a true friend of the Arts, and it is thanks to her unceasing support that drama has been able to grow and develop as it has in our school. Her trust and belief in a progressive and balanced education has permitted our girls a range of cultural experiences. She has been our friend and mentor on so many occasions, and we will truly miss her in the drama department.

Being 'short and sweet' was never my forte, and this year's combined Junior and Senior Drama report is no exception. So much seems to happen in and around Speech and Drama. As I write Joan is busy getting ready for the end of the year junior nativity play; the std 9s are rehearsing for 'The Mad Hatter's Tea Party'; the 'Esther' cast are finally about to enjoy a belated cast party; and I'm trying to set my final exam papers!! Well, I guess all that's left for me to say is ... See you at the theatre!

Claire Hartshorne



Alison Stent - Std 8



Bronwyn Johnson - Std 9

CREATIVE WRITING

MY EILAND – MY ONTVLUGTING

Aai! My eiland anderkant die horison is die lekkerste op aarde. Nee – om die waarheid te sê is dit nêrens op aarde nie; ek vind dit ver weg in 'n ander wêreld – my eie wêreld.

'n Mens wat nie besig is om dit deur te leef nie, sal nooit kan verstaan hoeveel stres en druk 'n mens in die matriekjaar ondervind nie. Van begin tot einde, is die jaar een lang wedloop, en as jy nie die paal haal nie, moet jy dit weer probeer. Dis wat ons almal so bang maak. Die verantwoordelikheid word groter en groter, en die las wat ek altyd op my skouers kan voel, is swaarder as enigiets wat ek ooit tevore ervaar het. Vir my is die grootste verantwoordelikheid dat ek, en net ek, verantwoordelik vir my punte en uitslae is. Omdat dit nou die einde van die jaar is, moet ek baie proefeksamen – en eindeksamen vraestelle skryf, en ek moet ook 'n beroepskeuse maak. Liewe land! Dit laat 'n mens depressief voel, maar wanneer alles net te groot en aaklig lyk, en ek niks meer kan hanteer nie, vlieg ek na my eie eiland toe. Ja – ek vlieg na my hawe van vrede en sekuriteit toe.

My eiland is net die perfekte grootte vir een mens – net ek kan daar bly. Maar u moet verstaan, my eiland is nie regtig 'n stuk grond nie. Ek sien nie 'n tropiese eiland met blou water, en 'n wondermooi uitsig nie. Ek sien nie 'n klein strooi huisie op 'n strand met sneeuwit sand nie, en ek sien geen swart nooiens wat met blomme bedek is nie. Nee, nee, nee. My eiland is 'n plek van gevoelens, dis 'n plek diep in my verbeelding waarheen ek gaan om beter te voel. Dis 'n leë kol; 'n swart kol, waarnatoe ek ontvlug. En wanneer die verantwoordelikhede te swaar op my skouers is, probeer ek daar uitkom. Ek verlang na my eiland van swart, my eiland waarvan niemand anders weet nie.

Ek dink dis nou die regte tyd om u daarvan te vertel. Mmm . . . ek sal moet probeer om dit te beskryf. Om my eiland te verstaan, moet 'n mens weet hoe ek daar kom. As ek die stres voel, en as ek alleen voel, sluit ek die deur van my kamer (en plak 'n 'los my uit' papier daarop) en dan sit ek doodstil met my oë toe. Na 'n kort rukkie word alles in my verbeelding swart en koel, in dan weet ek dat ek my eiland bereik het. Ek gee nie om om te sê dat die donkerte van 'n nag my die horries gee nie; maar die swart is 'n ander swart. Wanneer ek daar is, voel ek kalm, gelukkig en tevrede met wie en wat ek is. Dis 'n eiland van vreugde en rus, en daar voel ek soos 'n engel.

Ek weet (niemand hoef my daarvan te vertel nie) dat wanneer ek my klein eilandjie besoek ek na die regte eiland verlang; die groot swart eiland – die eiland waarnatoe almal eendag moet gaan. Wanneer die

verantwoordelikhede te veel vir my word, verlang ek na 'n eiland ver, ver anderkant die horison; die eiland waar God woon. My klein eilandjie kan nooit so wees nie, maar ek probeer om dieselfde atmosfeer te skep. Ek is nie bang vir die laaste swart kol nie, soms wil ek graag daarheen gaan – maar dis nie die tyd nie, en vir nou moet ek tevrede met my eiland van my verbeelding wees.

Janet Stent
St. 10

CONTAMINATION

If I hadn't seen
who had done it,
I would think it
cruel and beastly.
I know it was you
and now my ideas have changed.
Because it was you,
I don't know what
I think.

If I hadn't seen
that you had done it,
I could judge my feelings
without you
contaminating my mind.

Bronwyn Cahill
Std 10



Paula Rattray – Std 10

ANOTHER DAY IS BEFORE ME

Another day is before me. Last Friday was prizegiving and today is Monday; the first of many that lie ahead. But, there is one big change that sets this day apart from the others: this is my first day of being a prefect.

I think of all we learnt about leadership at the Lexden course we attended a few days ago. There are so many things to think about, so many decisions to make, so many things to consider first: 'Be firm but kind', 'Be strict', 'Don't feel sorry for them', 'They're a nice bunch'. Commands and recommendations swirl in my head. I don't want to face this day, but I know I must. Alice and I must set an example for the juniors to follow. They look up to us and may even think they'd like to be like us.

I step out of my bedroom (made more homely by the curtains and duvet my mom kindly made) into the common room where the children stand, waiting for us to walk them to breakfast. Looking at them, I realise what a large responsibility I have and the work that lies before me. When they turn and smile at me, I can't help feeling accepted, even more so when one of them asks me if she might hold my hand – so timid and shy! They're all so eager but also reserved. They hardly know me and I hardly know them. I decide now that this must change.

Breakfast over, we go our separate ways: I to the High School and they to Junior School. I settle down with my friends to a day of hard work. I feel so at home with them. We've known one another for so long.

At three o'clock the bell rings and I can't help feeling a bit awkward at the thought of having to go back to the children I hardly know. I tell myself not to be so pessimistic – I must accept it as a challenge and get to know them. My hopes rise sky-high as I walk into the boarding establishment and am asked by a few of the children how my day had been. They're still as eager as ever.

During the afternoon, as I sit in my bedroom trying to study for the upcoming exams, I find that I don't mind having to get up to answer a timid knock at the door. On the other side of it, I am surprised, but happy, to see a girl, not much higher than my waist, standing there. She informs me that she has come to ask me if I will go with her to look at the baby chicks in their classroom. I accept the offer, grateful also to her for providing a reason for me to take a break from my books.

As we get back, the supper bell begins to ring and everyone starts to line up. They no longer stare so much at this 'stranger' among them and I am again asked by a girl, another one this time, to hold her hand. It's definitely all these small and seemingly insignificant gestures that make a huge difference.

I encounter my first disaster when a girl knocks her head against the wall and it starts bleeding. This is

quickly fixed, though, by Sister Seggie with the aid of a few dabs of mercurochrome. This is the first, I'm sure, of many to come, and I'll have to take them all in my stride, dealing with each as efficiently as I possibly can.

The meal passes calmly but definitely not quietly. It's amazing that most of the girls have such good general manners but such atrocious table manners! I suppose that that's got to be learnt gradually too.

Their homework is finished. It's bedtime for all of them, but not before they've said their prayers. The things they pray about show even more how innocent and vulnerable they are.

Once they're all tucked up in bed and, hopefully, falling asleep, I retire to my bed. I lie there for a while, thinking of how much more at home I feel among the girls already, after only one day. I realise that I've made up my mind that I'm going to make this year as enjoyable as possible for both the girls and myself, and I realise that I'm looking forward to another day ahead of me tomorrow.

I remember, too, that I still hardly know their names and start reciting the few that I know to myself: Nandi, Julie, Louise.... Cara..... Vivienne..... Hayley.....

Lynn Robinson
Std 9

REKINDLING

All it takes is a spark
to light up the dark
for the flames will
rise above the
cries
of the once dying
lost
soul

Kirsten Stokes
Std 9

DAWN

The sun honeys the landscape
In a golden glow;
The fish-eagle
White and black
Sits majestically
and waits.
Watching
he throws back his head and cries
To awaken the world
With the cry of Africa.

Ashleigh Wienand
Std 9

MY ROOM

My room is my own place. It is filled with my 'artistic' touch. It reflects my moods. When there are clothes scattered on the floor and the bed is unmade, one knows to keep out – the mood is not a good one! When the desk is cleared, the stripes of the duvet on the perfectly made bed are parallel to the window, the floor is free of obstacles and the clothes are in the cupboard, then one knows to come in and enjoy the mood.

My room can also be a place for socializing. It becomes a noisy bird-cage with a high-pitched shriek, giggle or excited shouting here and there. My bedroom knows many secrets shared between friends, and it has seen many friends . . .

When the mood is one of feeling good about herself, the radio plays softly, the curtains are widely parted and a girl stands in front of the mirror brushing her long, blond hair. Everything in the room is perfectly neat and the girl feels proud and happy. But the girl can often not feel so good. She stands, clad only in underwear, in front of the mirror pulling at her podgy stomach. She feels ugly, and piles of clothes, either not fitting or not flattering, lie in jumbled bundles all over the floor. Her hair is scraped back in a boring ponytail and a scowl covers the face in the mirror. The room has seen it all.

When she is angry, the door is slammed shut, the radio blares and the curtains are tightly closed. It seems as if all the anger in the world is confined to the small room. Pacing can be heard from the passage and every now and then, a bit of angry ranting and raving. The bed is ruffled and, having been tossed and turned on, is an absolute mess. The four walls listen patiently to all that is being said, and keep it to themselves.

The mood changes again. Everything is silent. The door is shut; the curtains drawn; everything is dark and shadowy. Little can be heard; but every now and then a snuffle escapes from the lump under the duvet on the bed. She is sad; and crying. She whispers softly – and the room absorbs it all.

The next day all is back to normal. Everything is open and happy. Her bedroom sees and hears everything. It knows so many secrets and keeps everything confidential. The residents in the room (fluffy toys) are all trustworthy friends. Everyone in the room understands and loves her, no matter what the mood is . . .

If you had to look around my room you could tell a lot about me. You could tell, from the posters wall, that I love children and dolphins, and from the toys

scattered around, that I have a child-like side to me. You could also see from the photos that I love my family. I am grateful for my room – a place I can be myself – with no pretences.

Alice Stobart
Std 9

IN DANIEL'S CAR

On the way home,
We both sat on the back seat
Not speaking.

Daniel was speaking
To his Barbi Doll, Model, actress . . .

But we were both just looking . . .
The night and everything outside
Of Daniel's new car
Was another world

And there was a giant magnifying glass on
His Hand.
A finger's length away from
My Hand.
It was his choice

And I was wishing and hoping so terribly hard
That he would,
Take My Hand
It would mean so much
It would mean – Yes!

A little movement
– without any words –
Could write a whole new story

And it would be just how
The film I had made in my mind was
Of this night, in the back
Of Daniel's new car.

Daniel drove to my front door,
Still talking to his Barbi Doll, Model, actress . . .

His hand moved

Out of Daniel's new car
And it opened the door for me
To that other world –
Where he said good-bye
And then Daniel drove
Him
Away
And it was over –
He had made his choice.

Kelly Higgs
Std 9

THE HEART

A treasure chest of all our feelings,
Home of our joy and our sadness,
Full of loving and hating.
Isn't that sore?
Isn't that hurt?
A biological heart dissected
Is just an organ
Filled with blood vessels ...
Busily beating.

Evelyn Wang
Std 8

(Evelyn, from Taiwan, has learned English in one year.)

DIE KERK

Die swaar houtdeure staan oop wanneer ons daar kom. Die snywerk op die donker hout is grof en diep en dit laat my aan die mense dink wat daar geleef en gesterf het.

Instinkties laat ek my voetstappe sag klink en stap stadig in met eerbied by die lang paadjie op. Die dik tapyt voel ryk onder my skoene en sorg dat ons voetstappe nie hoorbaar is nie. Die ouderdom van die klein kerk kan in die lug gevoel word. Die vensters is lank en smal en die kleure van die glas laat 'n donker lig van groen en rooi oor alles val.

En ek voel klein. Ek voel asof ek op my knieë moet val en voor daardie altaar lê en ek voel asof 'n weerligstraal my netnou gaan tref. Ek voel asof mure so teen my druk en die vensters na my loer. Vinnig maar nogtans stilletjies loop ek buite toe en haal weer diep asem. Daar was 'n krag in daardie kerk.

Alison Stent
St. 8

IMAGE

In the mirror, a woman looks back
Frosty-eyed, hollow with pain.

Where are the warm eyes
That trust,
Free from pain?
Why should they say
'Life's not fair!'

The cold deep stab
Pierced
To icy bleeding and
Frozen pretence.

I don't recognise this woman –
Where is the child?

Bridget Young
Std 8

PASSENGER

The car fumes turned my stomach as I walked out of the door, and, together with my tiredness from waking up early, made me miserable. I climbed into the cold car, which added to the back-to-school feeling.

The winter scenery rushed past until I closed my eyes. Huddled in my blanket, I drifted from the sound of the humming of the engine and the rattling of the stones of the gravel road into my own world, but was jerked awake as the car pulled over and stopped. A small black boy, wearing a simple school uniform, opened the door with a nervous but excited look on his face and climbed in. As he looked out of the window with enthusiasm, I felt awkward, being comfortably wrapped in a big blanket – his thin long socks and jersey didn't seem adequate.

I couldn't understand his beaming face. His home was probably overcrowded, short of food with no running water or electricity. To get extra money for sweets, he most likely had to mould animals out of river-clay to sell to tourists. Troops of children gather at bridges or crossings, where cars slow down, to sell clay-animals. I remembered the time I bought a Rounder from Kentucky Fried Chicken and my father told me I had spent more on my lunch than some working men made in a day. (Did this boy's parents make that little?) I had tried to defend myself by telling my father that it was different because he and my mother made enough for me to buy it, but somehow I still felt a little guilty.

I imagined myself in this child's place, and cringed. I became scared, thinking of losing all my family had. Why, then, did he look so happy? Could he just be happy for now because he didn't have to walk so far? But he was probably used to walking to school every day. Besides he wasn't necessarily lazy like me.

Perhaps he was just happy with his life because he knew no better. His friends would all be like him. I, however, am not always happy having everything I do because sometimes it doesn't seem enough, particularly when I am feeling lonely. Then those materialistic things can't help.

We came to the crossing and he jumped out of the car to run and join a group of schoolmates. As we pulled off, he looked back, and I saw his smile. For the rest of that day, I smiled.

Sandra Carte
Std 8

TYD

Hou net asseblief aan, ek sal nou luister!

Ek sit op die bed en het vyf minute om in my slaapkamer te klim en dan is dit slaap tyd. Ek dink nou aan vanoggend. Was dit nie net 'n halfuur terug dat ek hier gesit het en my skoene vir skool aangetrek het nie? Het 'n hele dag regtig by my verby gegaan? Wat het ek alles gedoen?

In Engels het ons gelees, in Afrikaans het ons 'n opstel geskryf, in Geskiedenis het ons gewerk. Ek het al drie borde kos geëet en ek voel asof dit nog die môre is, maar kyk, ek het so veel vandag gedoen en sjoe, so veel gepraat. Die tyd is vandag vir my niks, maar ook so veel!

Sedert ek in die hoërskool is, het die tyd so gou verby gegaan. St.6, sjoe, so gou verby en st. 7 is by die deur uitgeskop. Dit voel lank, maar terselfdertyd kort. 'n Mens voel asof jy nie genoeg tyd in die dag het om vir alles te sorg nie. Almal wil met jou praat en die onderwyseres wil hê jy moet werk en die sportonderwyseres wil hê dat jy vinniger moet hardloop, en sodra jy jou oë die uitspoel, is dit tyd om 'n ander aktiwiteit te doen en jy het geen tyd om net stilletjies te sit en aan die lewe of jouself te dink nie!

Dog iewers in die dag vind 'n mens tyd om 'n vriend te wees, om iemand anders te help en vir my is dit wat saak maak, nie vir myself nie, maar vir ander.

As ek dus hier op my bed lê, die ligte nou uit en almal slaap, kan ek stilletjies vir God 'n gebed sê en Hom bedank vir die tyd wat Hy ons gegee het om saam te wees. Iemand kan sê: 'Ek het nie tyd nie,' maar niemand mag sê: 'Ek het nie 'n kans gekry nie'.

Maar nou is dit tyd om te slaap en tyd om te herstel vir nog 'n dag van vinniger lewenspas en nog 'n dag van samewees. Tot dan, lekker slaap!

Paula Munro
Std 8

JUST TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED

I was six when my Grandpa died. We had not been terrifically close ... just friends. I don't remember much about him – except that he had steel-grey hair that was slicked back and you could still see the ridges where the comb had been pulled through his bryl-creamed hair. I also remember his caramel face and his soft, perfect hands that seemed to swallow up my hand completely if he held it in his. His voice was smooth, but as he grew older, sudden gasps sometimes interrupted his words. I was on holiday when he died. I don't think I even cried ... he was old.

Smiling down on me, my Granny gave me a little red box when we got home. She said that my Grandpa had wanted me to have it – it was old and battered and I remember having seen it on his desk. She then added that I mustn't open it until I was fourteen because it contained the meaning of life. I took it home and put it in my cupboard, but curiosity soon won and I took it down and opened it – there was absolutely nothing in it! Surprised, I put it back and forgot about it.

1994: This is where my story begins. I am sitting at my desk and in my hands is the empty little box. I run my fingers slowly over the rough lid and I undo the rusted clasp. It springs back quickly with a slight 'ping' and the hairs on my arms spring upwards for no apparent reason. I then prise the lid open slowly and rediscover the emptiness. And then finally get it; I finally understand what my wise Grandpa had tried to tell me ... the meaning of life is ... Nothing. There is no meaning, no answer, no explanation; the only answer to life is life itself. I close the lid and put it back in my cupboard. And that was just to tell you what happened. Nothing really significant – nothing special – just that it was at that moment that I finally began to feel the loss and death of my Grandpa.

Zoë Laband
Std 7



Joy Heenan – Std 9



Francine Bowker - Std 10



Lisa Twyman - Std 10



Lisa Twyman - Std 10

Matric Art Exhibition

BREAKING THE SILENCE

Over and over again
again and again
The gunshot broke the silence.
I did not hear it.
I could not feel it,
but I listened to it . . .
on the news.

Over again, again and over
the peace-talks carried on.
Conclusions?
Over again and again
they resolved nothing.

Of course the killing and violence
is never their fault
Blame it on the A.N.C.
Blame it on the I.F.P.
Let's pretend it is justified,
after all, it is the fight for freedom
Over and over and over again.

Now I can hear the dancing,
singing, shouting.
Nkosi sikeleli iAfrika.
Power for the people . . .
Over again
Over and over again.

Zoë Laband
Std 7



THE BIRTH OF A CALF

The cow's bellows,
Painful,
Panting,
Torture my ears
And echo in the night,
In the emptiness.
Her agony scares me.

She pushes with all her might;
She drops to her knees.
Her agony
Produces a miracle –
a calf
of wetness;
of beauty;
of helplessness –
new life.

Now I see
The agony
Has meaning:
Pain and birth are one.

Caryl Furniss
Std 6

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

'Miss Maggs!' bellowed the Barbie doll-like secretary. Her sheer pantihose, a skin tight mini-skirt, a crop top (almost a bikini) and extra high high heels were enough to convince me that she was a Barbie doll (except for the occasional movements such as redoing her make-up or doing her hair!) Her voice was like the highest key on the piano. No wonder Dr Fords didn't have many patients! His secretary scared them all. It is bad enough going to the dentist, but with a secretary like that, it is an extremely horrific experience.

I put down the Cosmopolitan and slowly made my way towards the door marked Dr Fords. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, hoping that there was another Miss Maggs waiting to see the dentist, for I sensed what was ahead of me and it was not good.

I stepped into a blue room which contained a desk, a chair, a dentist's chair, cupboards and lots of strange instruments. It had a peculiar smell which I rather liked. A young man in a white coat turned around and, to my surprise, he was smiling! He wasn't an evil, old man with a mean glare and a wicked laugh as I had expected. He was actually quite handsome!

I sat down, not knowing what was going to happen next, when I saw him push a flashing, orange light. What was he doing? The chair started to move. I ended up at an angle of a hundred and twenty degrees! He leant over me and indicated that I must open my mouth. I did what he requested, still a bit uneasy. He placed a silver object into my mouth and moved it around. He smiled and told me I had a fine set of teeth. He showed me to the door, patting me on my back. I was elated.

Why had I been so worried? Maybe it was his secretary that just made my nerves jump, or maybe people are just traditionally scared of the dentist.

Murrae-Anne Perrot
Std 6



THE ROSEBUD

The Rosebud is a shy young girl,
Waiting to show the world her beauty.
She peeps sideways,
At the cruel,
And harsh world,
Thinking, 'What use am I?'

She slowly unfolds,
Tentative, graceful.
She is snipped away,
To be part of a bridal posy.

Julia Norton
Std 6

THE CATERPILLAR

Fat –
As fat as a thumb;
Boldly black
Like a black night,
With spikes
Warning orange
And danger red –
The caterpillar
Crawls.

I touch it.
It's strangely smooth
And lumpy;
Sunshine warm;
Yet cold.
I shudder
And draw back . . .

Why?
It's small,
Defenceless,
Vulnerable.
I am so silly!

Sarah Breeds
Std 6



STREET CHILD

Darkness encircles.
Thick, suffocating blackness
Presses down.

He cowers,
Clutching cloth,
And coughing.

Above,
The stars dim.
The wind whines.

He huddles,
Hopeless . . .

And sunlight
Bleeds into the alley

Lucy Robinson
Std 6



MY FAVOURITE PHOTOGRAPH

There are so many losses in one's life. If the loss is a relative or friend, you need something to bring that loss back. It won't be the person, but at least you can still see her instead of shovelling her out of your life! And

when you see that face, the memories rush forward and it's as if she has never left you.

My favourite photograph is one of my gran and my two granddads, who later died. I hadn't been born when it was taken, since it was at my parents' wedding. It shows a line of smiling familiar faces. Mom and Dad are in the middle with my grans on either side of them, and then my granddads. At present, only one of my grans is still alive. All I can remember are the unpleasant deaths of the others, their suffering and pain. But in the photograph they all smile and laugh so my memories are of the good times. What I love about this photo is the warmth it radiates. My grandparents never really got on well but here the photo captured love, something everyone seeks.

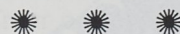
My favourite gran died of a brain tumour that crippled her in every way possible, but she never gave up. There was a time when everything was going right; but she died five days before Christmas. Her funeral was my first and everyone that went up to speak of her couldn't stop talking of all the joy she had brought to them. My gran had definitely been my role model. In the end, though, all I could think of was her suffering, her bad times. But when at last I found the photograph, it reminded me of our good times together, our bond of love, simply from her smile. It was as if she had never died.

My Mom's Dad died the same way, the only difference being that he had two brain tumours. His suffering disturbed everyone who knew him and his determination influenced everyone. While terribly sick, he wrote me a card for my birthday, probably one of the last things he wrote. It made no sense, but he chose me to write to. He described me as a rainbow of happiness. I still have this card.

My last loss was my Dad's Dad. We weren't very close but I still loved him. He was very withdrawn, but everyone supported him through his suffering.

The photograph really helps me deal with my losses, seeing them all together, all so happy. I suppose that's what photographs are for!

Wendy Stafford
Std 6



HOMESICKNESS

When I get sad,
I want to cry;
But I know I can't
Because then it has won.
So I hide it from the world
Until the day is done.

Margaret Olivier
Std 6

ELECTION '94

Election '94. Oh what a bore
 Standing in a queue 'til half past four.
 Black, white, brown and yellow
 Waiting in a line, looking very mellow
 Patience stretched to the extreme
 By all the voters, very keen.
 Winding slowly along the path,
 Every now and then a laugh.
 Anticipation is the law
 In Election '94.

Chatter, laughter, silence too,
 For some still wondering what to do.
 Steps are taken, one to five
 Keeping all voters very alive.
 Closer now, not much more,
 'Oh look, oh look, there is the door!'
 I.D. books at the ready,
 Voters still looking steady.

More than just a cursory glance,
 No voters want to take a chance.
 Ink on fingers – very cold,
 To prevent cheating, or so we're told.
 Ballot papers, oh dear me
 N.P., D.P., A.N.C.
 Just to name but a few.
 Oh dearie me what shall we do?
 To the booth we must go,
 Pencil ready. No. No. NO!
 Put a cross here, or . . . here, or . . . here . . .
 What have we done, what shall we do if we give our
 cross to you?
 There it's done! No turning back.
 We've made our mark and that is that!
 With a smile, then it's done
 And now to find out who has won!
 Election '94
 WHAT will be the score?

Dianne King
 Std 6



Jennie Cassels – Std 9



Tanya Hartley – Std 9

BEYOND THE CLASSROOM

Excursions

Weekend at African Enterprise

Each year, the matric class looks forward to the weekend at African Enterprise, and this year was no exception. However different our expectations, varied our interests and diverse our characters, there was something that appealed to everyone at A.E. I think that the weekend was so successful because we weren't forced to do anything we didn't want to do so we all felt relaxed. A.E. has a perfect setting, with Queen Elizabeth Park a short walk away; comfortable cottages and a natural pool which was a delight in the hot weather (and at night; and in the rain!)

Jack and Marit Garret were excellent hosts and their relaxed attitude ensured that no one felt intimidated or scared to ask questions when we were unsure of something. It was also an opportunity to get to know people in my class out of the school environment, which was important at the beginning of our matric year.

I hope that next year's matrics enjoy A.E. just as much as we did!

Bronwyn Cahill
Std 10

Std 9 Tour to the Eastern Transvaal

DAY 1

Our luxurious bus, driven by the ever-enthusiastic bus driver, Benedict, departed from school at exactly 5:00am on Tuesday, July 26. This meant that we had to wake up at 4:15am to be ready - not a good time for Std 9 St John's girls! We did, however, catch up on our beauty sleep during the eleven hour journey.

On the way, we stopped at the entrance to a tunnel where there were women selling carvings and beadwork. There were intricately hand-carved objects made of pure sandstone which a lot of us bought.

Many chips, rusks, cakes and chocolates later, we arrived at Trackers. I must admit that when I saw where we were to sleep (and the "shower"!) I longed for a luxurious hotel room in Paris. We deposited our luggage and then assembled in the Rushworths' garden to discuss the afternoon's activities. Just as we all thought we were about as isolated from all civilized males as we possibly could be, Mark appeared. He turned out to be a marvellous source of entertainment and help throughout the tour. We then all piled into a bakkie and went down to the river where the brave

people swam and canoed. Some had left their swimwear behind but, undaunted, donned green plastic bags. They discovered, on entering the icy water that these were completely see through! (They didn't swim for very long!)

That evening, Mr Rushworth gave us an interesting talk about animal behaviour. Absolutely exhausted, we went to "bed" - sleeping bags on the concrete floor. We slept soundly.

Kelly Higgs



Modest maidens model modern plastic swimwear.

DAY 2

The bus left Trackers at 5:30 am. This early rising was a considerable shock for a good number of us "city-slickers". Horrors! The sun only started to rise after we had been on the road for a good hour and a half.

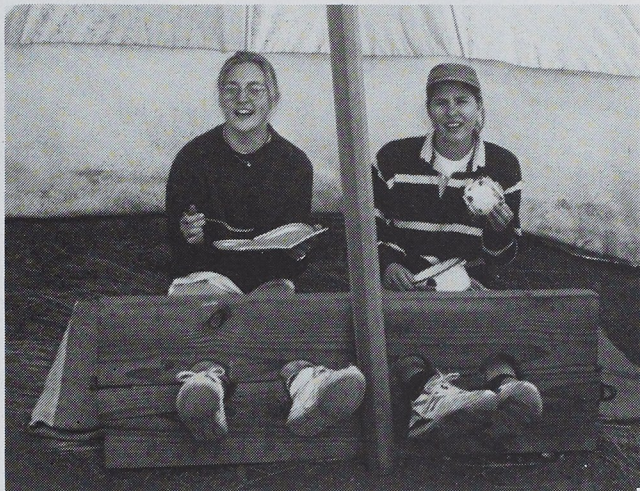
Our destination was Bourke's Luck. At this point, two major rivers, the Treur and the Blyde converge and their combined strength has, over the years, worn away the softer rocks in their path. The potholes formed by these rivers is an amazing and awe-inspiring sight. From our vantage point on a bridge, we looked over into the potholes. The sunlight reflected off the rocks and water in a dazzling array of colours.

From Bourke's Luck, we proceeded on to Pilgrim's Rest. This town has been placed under State protection and is a model of an old gold-mining town.

We were given a talk by a 91 year old Irish ex-miner and were later informed by another gentleman that the Irishman "talked a load of blarney". After a guided tour of the gold-mining demonstration area, we travelled to the Mine Manager's house - Alanglade.

Alanglade was named after its first occupants, Mine manager Alan Barry and his wife, Gladys. The house is a monument to the gold-mining heritage. Each room is furnished according to a certain period. The tour guides are knowledgeable on every aspect of life at Alanglade and clearly love the old house. After this, it was back to Pilgrim's Rest to browse in the curio-shops and do some private exploring.

On the trip home, we stopped at a number of view sites which were breathtaking. The more adventurous climbed over rocks, around boulders and through vegetation to obtain the best views while others were content with the safe, well worn paths.



Catherine Keough and Camilla Floros in the stocks – where they belong.

We returned to Trackers dishevelled but elated with our experiences of the day. That evening, we had the option of going to camp at the river with our guides. A number of people turned down the offer but about fourteen brave souls ventured out into the windy weather. The camp-site was rustic, and the sum total of the amenities was a long-drop! That night, spent by the fire, in our sleeping bags, in the bush, is one that few of us will forget. We finally fell asleep at about 2:30am - tired but more than content with our day and safely content in one another's company.

Shanali Govender

DAY 3

A lie in! A good start! We were all very excited because Thursday was abseiling day.

Although nervous, we left in high spirits. Some walked and some went in a bakkie. Once at the spot, we had to climb up the rock down which we were going to abseil. We were shown how to attach the rope and then how to begin the descent.

There were several cries of, "I can't do this!" but almost everyone succeeded. Some even managed a second turn. Others found it so physically and mentally draining that, once at the bottom, all they could do was collapse on a rock.

After a reviving lunch, we packed the bus and left for Manyeleti Game Ranch where we saw much game including elephant, giraffe and rhino.

To our horror, we discovered that our campsite consisted of a roofless white house, two rondavels, a short long-drop and a fire place. We decided, however, to view this as a challenge.

That night, we went for a night drive. Because we are not nocturnal, our eyes were not so good and even led us to believe that there was a red-eyed giraffe sitting in a tree.

Once back, everyone was too tired to notice the sleeping quarters. We added to the jungle noises with a crescendo of snores.

Fiona Shaw



Bronwyn Johnson and Linda van Breda – rapid descent.

DAY 4

We had a late start to the day. We divided into three groups as the bakkie could not take all of us at the same time for a game drive. While the other groups were in the bush, we made breakfast and packed up. Being the last group to leave the camp, we decided we would take an extended route out of the reserve instead of returning to camp. We would later meet up with the bus and swop over. This we never did, remaining instead on the bakkie for the next four hours. We saw plenty of game, especially around the water holes, and then departed for the Cheetah Project.

On arrival, we dived for the curio-shop after which we watched a video and toured the Project. I think everyone enjoyed the babies the most. They were adorable and we had a good laugh when one of the babies tried to growl. We also had to pass very close to a cage with three male cheetahs who were not impressed with our company and spat menacingly when we tried to pass. We met a very interesting cheetah who was quite tame and showed off shamelessly. He was excellent footage for our cameras and video. Soon it was time to return to Trackers. It was a long journey back and we stopped often to look at shops and do some sight-seeing. We saw a very interesting carving which was an indented face of Jesus. The eyes seemed to follow us! Just before we arrived at Trackers, we stopped at a shop for Mr Rushworth to buy bread. As he walked out of the shop the smell of fresh bread was so tempting that our persuasive abilities soon got us an entire loaf between the seven of us. It lasted ten seconds. At the gate to Trackers, we stopped to take photos to remind us of the best day of our trip.

Kate Furniss

DAY 5

We left Trackers at 5:00am. On the way to the Sudwala Caves, we travelled through the 57km Long Tom's Pass. This was beautiful with the sun rising on the horizon. We reached the caves two hours later and were told the story of the two brothers fighting to be chief. The one brother failed to smoke his brother out because of the constant airflow through the caves and the other brother remained chief.

The caves have excellent acoustics and, being true St John's girls, we sang "The Lord's my shepherd" (Mrs Tennant would have been proud of us!) We were taken to the Devil's Workshop high up in the caves where it was very musty; to "Fairyland" where coloured lights reflected off a pool of water; and to see the "Weeping Madonna" - a rock covered in moisture. One had to crawl and bend to get to these places so some girls stayed behind. It was amazing to see how many structures in the rocks resembled life-like images.

After this, we raided the cafe for our long and tiring trip home. We arrived at St Johns at 7:00pm that night, relieved to see beds, showers and civilization! The Std 9s would like to thank Miss Davies, Mev. Malherbe and Ms Towers for taking us to the Eastern Transvaal. It was wonderful!

Claire Hawkins

Std 8 Tour to Northern Natal

The girls' diaries were such a delightful record of the tour that we compiled a report using excerpts.

Day One: Spioenkop, Platrand, Ladysmith.

Excitement is everywhere!

Bridget: "Sisanda, do you think they're going to give us mirrors? Oh no! I mustn't forget my combs and my curlers." I guess vanity is not forgotten even when you're in a rush.

Sisanda Mtshemla

When we stopped at Spioenkop I felt that it was a waste of time for me and some of the other girls as I have no connection with the Boers or the English. But walking past the graves changed my views. I realised that these men had believed in their ideals and country so strongly, that they willingly sacrificed their lives.

I also wondered whether there was any difference between bravery and sheer stupidity. One hundred years after the battle, I can't really understand what those men were feeling or thinking so it's unfair for me to judge their actions, or compare them with what I might have done in their situation. I felt as though I had been surrounded by ghosts; being watched and touched by them. It is awful to see what one man can do to another in the name of God and justice.

Danica Holgado

The thing that I don't understand is why people always have to fight about such small things. If they could solve the problems without fighting and unnecessary wars, then so many young men wouldn't suffer. Also, we wouldn't have that much to learn for History exams.

Evelyn Wang

Our next stop was Platrand, overlooking Ladysmith, where there were seven most interesting modern sculptures symbolising hands reaching upwards. The sculptor believed that people need to be reminded of those who died, and learn from mistakes.

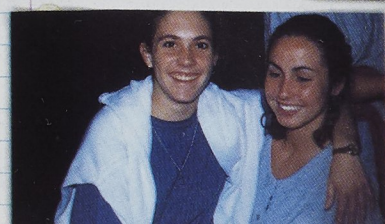
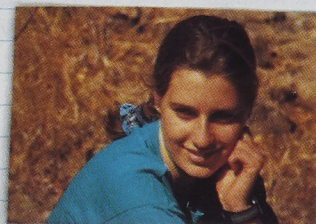
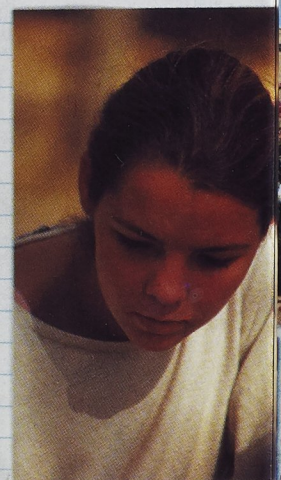
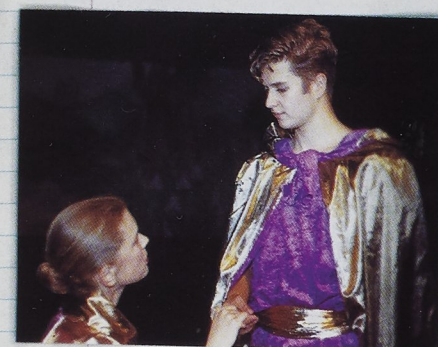
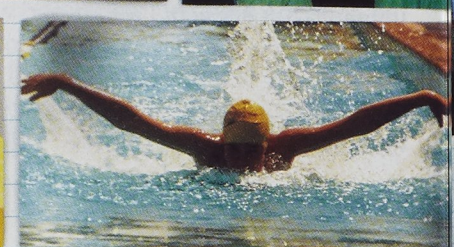
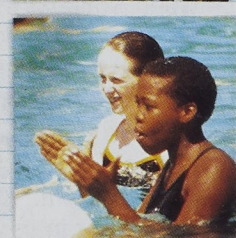
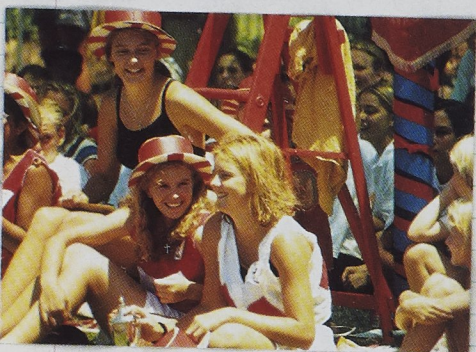
Paula Munro

The Art girls really appreciated the seven hands. They were inspiring.

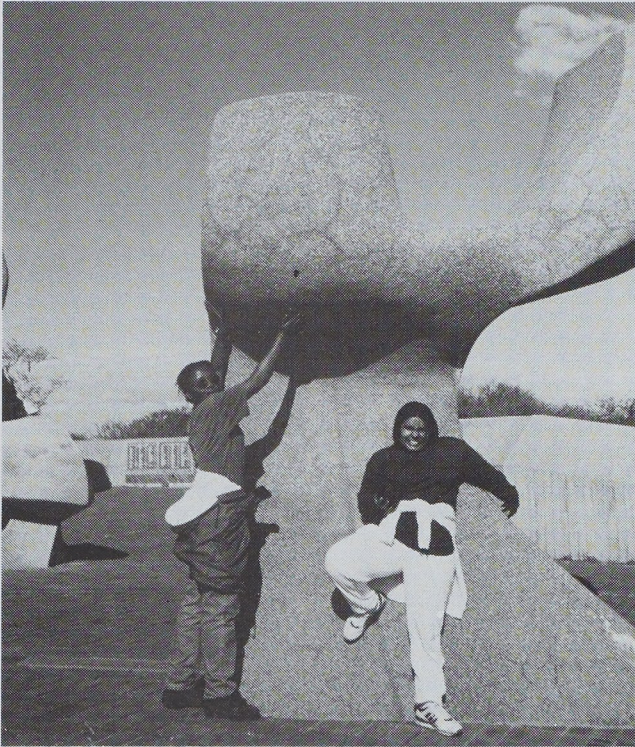
Candice Crookes

We then drove on to Dundee and saw an amazing church. It was truly a piece of architectural genius, with tall ceilings and long thin detailed stained glass windows whose vertical lines emphasised the tallness of the building, and whose glass mottled the light into muted reds and greens. The thick carpet muffled our footsteps and our voices were instinctively dropped to a whisper. The church was in a cross shape with the barrel and grain vaults we had heard about in art.

Alison Stent







Lifting one of the Seven Hands!

The museum in Ladysmith was so interesting because there were actual artifacts from the Anglo-Boer war. In glass cabinets were rifles, things to do with medicine and objects to do with the people's everyday lives. There were rather numerous extracts from soldiers' diaries about the food they had to eat.

Nina Rushton



Manning cannons in Ladysmith.

Day Two: Isandhlwana, Rorkes Drift.

We were up so early! My warm bed was telling me: "Sivu, it will be better if you pretend you are sick and stay with me the whole day", but the day was telling me: "Sivu I have a lot in store for you, so you had better get out of bed!" So I got out and went to breakfast. I almost got into trouble for being late.

Sivu Mtshemla

We first drove around Dundee. We saw the first St John's D.S.G. I was not at all impressed. I couldn't believe that that was once our own St John's D.S.G.. It was very interesting to think of the changes since then. I appreciate the school we've got now just from seeing where it started.

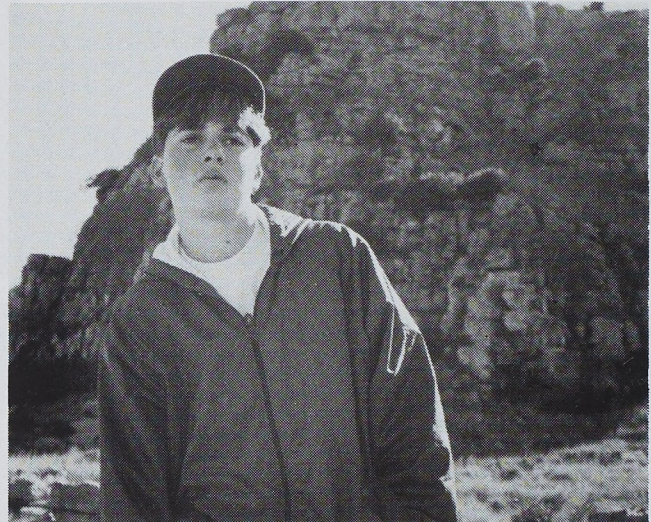
Sisanda Mtshemla

On my way up Isandhlwana I wasn't very noisy because I was scared that I was going to slip and roll to the very bottom of the mountain and get buried in that graveyard.

Phethile Mtshali

I reached the top and I was so proud of myself.

Makuba Moshobane



Tammy Ivins: "Hey guys! We have to climb up there!"

Just being up there and getting a view of the whole area was tremendous. Sitting on top, feeling the soft but chilly breeze against my face was sheer luxury.

I began to capture the atmosphere of the place. I found it rather ghostly even though a township surrounded it... We heard the ghostly story.

Lindy-Ann Sclanders

On the climb up Isandhlwana the Zulu warriors who had fought and died in the battle were praised. I felt proud to think that perhaps one of my ancestors was buried in one of the graves. The walk all the way up to the top was tough, and I really admired the warriors who had had to climb that slope in a quarter of the time we took. They must have been super-fit.

Anele Mkize

At Rorke's Drift we were told about the war and then we went into the museum which was only two years old and which is the most interesting one I have ever been into. There were models of the British fighting against the Zulus, and the whole fight was displayed in lights, with a recording explaining what had happened. It was excellent!

Helen James

We saw pottery and crafts on display. I just couldn't resist buying my mom a little jug. Even though it ate nearly all my pocket money, it was worth it.

Bridget Young

Day Three: Coal mine in Utrecht.

What an experience! We arrived in Utrecht with mixed feelings. Apart from being frozen, I was excited, but there was still some anxiety about whether I would ever see my loved ones again! Once I was kitted up, however, I was ready: emotionally and physically (it was a small comfort to know I had an oxygen pack with me!). I was very comfortable with the darkness and depth and I found the explosions most exhilarating, unlike some others.

If I had the choice, I would never become a miner. The work is very dangerous and one would ultimately end up with T.B. or worse.

Danica Holgado

Panic and fear seized many of us, Imagine being trapped under the ground with dynamite! I felt myself growing slightly too hysterical. Before I could do anything more, a great sound echoed through the ground and my ears, this was terrifying and I knew I'd always remember the feeling.

Jade Symonds

We had lunch, which was absolutely delicious, at the Country Club. I would have eaten much more if only my stomach had allowed me to!

Nodene Shand

Day Four: Eskom Hydro-Electric Scheme (Drakensville), Berg Walk and river study.

At the Eskom Hydro-Electric Scheme we went fifty-two stories underground and saw the station which cost millions of rands to build. It is like something out of "Star Trek".

Lauren McArthur

Next we travelled to Royal Natal National Park where we walked to Fairies' Glen and Cascades. We learnt about the ecosystems and layers of the forests. I felt relaxed and at peace, and could not believe that very soon we would be back to our hectic routine of school.

Lindy-Ann Sclanders

That afternoon we had some free time. Some of us set off for a horse ride (my first ever). Oh, the feeling on that horse, must have been the highlight of my entire trip! How I loved being so close to nature!

Jade Symonds

That evening we had a home-grown concert. Each group, including our teachers, put on a short play for everyone which was followed by prizes. Fanie, our guide, thrilled us with his collection of ghost stories, and most girls went to bed hiding under their covers.

Kim Wegerle

What I liked most was that the teachers had decided to give everyone a V.C. for something done on the

trip. It was just so lovely to know that they cared enough to look around at each of us and see what we had been doing individually. Thank you! The taste of my V.C. (a chocolate bar) will be savoured for a long time.

Jade Symonds.

Thanks go to Mrs Timm, Mrs Krynauw, Mrs Avery and Miss Nixon for a memorable tour; to our extremely safe bus driver; to our excellent guides; and to the school for allowing us to go on these educational tours. I'm, looking forward to the Eastern Transvaal next year.

Nina Rushton



Smarties for the smarties.

Was it worth it? Yes! Yes! Yes!

"These girls are always saying "thank you", and it's not put on. They really mean it."

Kevin Burge: Dundee Environmental Centre

"This is the best tour group we've had."

Fanie Fouche: Drakensville Environmental Centre
I learnt that I shouldn't give up before I started.

Tammy Ivins

It was interesting because I've never been to those parts of Natal and so it was a new experience for me and most of the other people in my class.

Sivu Mtshemla

Before the tour I thought I knew my class mates, but at the end of the tour I had got to know them better. A tour like this brings a class closer together.

Nina Rushton

Maybe because I'm a day-scholar, I found I often wanted my own space, but I learnt that you have to be considerate and share.

Nicola Hitchcock

It was worth it because you see what you are learning about. It is not only on a piece of paper or on a video. You can experience it first-hand.

Julie Wellman

Matric Art Exhibition



Shanna Jones - Std 10



Shanna Jones - Std 10



Paula Rattray - Std 10

Std 7 Tour to St Lucia

Day 1

There was plenty of exercise for some on our walk at Nyala Game Reserve but not much for the others. Claire, Kate, Marimba, Sin and Zoë found it too strenuous after twenty steps and turned around to go back to camp. Caryn, Kelly J., Kelly D., Vicky and Nomfy went further than everyone else and were 'chased' by 'buffalo'. They sprinted all the way back to camp. Meanwhile it turned out that the wildebeest were running away from them!



Close encounter of a different kind!

Day 2

There was a clash in the taste of music between the teachers and the Std 7's so Claire, Kelly J., Vicky and Pippa composed a tape which even the teachers enjoyed – a bus-made nursery rhyme tape (including Oh! Dear! What can the matter be?)

At the mangroves, the mud fight was so successful – even Joylene and Natasha were covered in mud!

On the way back from the mangroves, we were given directions to get back to the bus – follow the path and when you get to the first fork, turn left or right. Natasha, Gen, Gayleen, Kathryn, Joy, Kelly and Vicky managed to get lost! They were heading for Vidal!

Day 3

Pizza Parlour saved the day!

Day 4

At Mission Rocks, Nokwazi was so excited to see the sea cucumber, that she put her head straight into the water without her goggles!

Teachers saved the evening by letting us attack the Milo but 'punished' us by making us wake up at 5.30am the next morning to study our senses and to let us feel in touch with nature.

We will all remember Kelly Dowsett's famous words for the week: 'Can I have some?' Her senses were even better than Claire's. She could be a kilometre away and smell the scent of chocolate being opened.

In conclusion, we should like to thank our staff for a wonderful tour to such a beautiful part of South Africa.



A glorious schoolday!

St Lucia

When we visited the Mangrove swamps, Oom Louis told us to find a mud skipper, promising to pay us five rand if we caught one. Now you must realise that this is very difficult to do while a dozen people are tackling you in the mud. Despite the efforts made by some people, it was impossible to remain clean. After five minutes, the mud skipper was forgotten and all attention was focused on the mud!

It is only possible for standard sevens to transform the mangrove swamps into a hair salon. This gave our imaginations a chance to run wild resulting in the hairstyles of our dreams (or rather nightmares.)



Recognise me, Mom?

The three pioneers, Nokwazi, Shelagh and Debbie, plunged into the raging river (15cm deep) and disappeared from view as they sank into the mud. Unfortunately, this adventure didn't last long as we had to return when some eerie bubbles were spied. We were the first people to run on mud when we thought we saw a crocodile.

After a relaxing jog to the bus (well, if you didn't get lost) we went to the beach to wash off. A poor family relaxing on the beach were surprised (and the baby started crying) when they saw us mysteriously change colour.

Shelagh Knox-Davies, Debbie Grové, Gayleen Wafer

Std 6 – Daily Outings

The Std 6s educational trips were based in and around Pietermaritzburg and the theme was Entrepreneurship. At the end of the first term the girls had been given R20 each with which to start their own small businesses. They were also supplied with a questionnaire to help them decide upon and plan their business, and a file in which to record their sales, transactions, marketing, advertising, invoices, personal feedback and conclusions. All of them had some success in their project, though profits ranged from R400 to R2!

So in the third term, the Standard Sixes were able to respond to the Entrepreneurship Tour with an interest born of their own experience. What follows are responses extracted for the girls' own journals:

Tour to the Sugar Mill, in Noodsberg, Dalton

'We were taken to a place where the sugar cane is crushed. It was exceedingly windy and, while we were watching, much to our amusement, Mrs Evans's white hard hat blew off. It landed in the sugar cane and disappeared into the mill to be crushed! ... Then we found out about the story of sugar ... the best part was tasting all the different kinds of sugar!'

Sunshine Unlimited

'Anne Fincham came to talk to us about her small business. She discussed some of the problems she has had to face and we could sympathise with her, having run our own small businesses. She said that some people do not pay promptly and some don't pay at all ... We learnt that it is important to keep trying and to keep a good record of your money!'

Gateway (fruit factories)

'We then went to the Avocado Oil factory. This was the worst of all ... due to the terrible smells and the sight ... I don't think any of us will buy that 'product' to improve our looks!'



Better than our bashers!

Sappi Forest, Richmond

The girls watched the whole process from the planting of seedlings to the felling of mature trees ...

'Then we followed Cedric in his bakkie to where the mature seedlings were being planted ... at twenty five seconds per seedling. Jessamy Hawley won a Sappi cap for answering a question, namely: how many seedlings are planted in one acre? ... We learned about fire prevention and control ... We could see the Drakensberg covered in snow in the distance.'

Dargle Pottery

'Ian makes the [pottery] items himself out of the clay that he found on his small farm ... He started the pottery business by mistake because he originally wanted to be an interior decorator ... Some of the St John's girls also met their 'long lost twin sister': a huge fat Chinese pig! It was very cute, and its face was so wrinkled and fat that it could hardly see past all the layers and creases!'

Friar's Tuckaway Box Company

'... Sean told us that the most important thing when running a business is to do a lot of market research and to plan for the future. Unfortunately, some of the St John's girls who took part in the project learned this vital lesson too late!'

Groundcover Handmade Leather Shoes

'... we were met by the owner, Justin McCarthy, and we found out that a lot of work goes into making a single pair of shoes.'

Kingdom Weavers

'They were not prepared to build a whole factory for the business, so they just made their mats in what was the chicken run. This chicken run was at the bottom of the garden down a steep hill, which was quite tiring for most of us ...'

The Mosque

'The Muslims have to wash their feet up to the ankles, their arms up to their elbows, and the faces (not necessarily in water, but in anything, for example, sand). Fortunately we got out of washing! . . . There are no chairs in a mosque, but the carpet is reasonably comfortable (even though I could not bear kneeling for an hour!) . . . Both sexes are equal, but while praying, they are separated from a certain age, because they apparently cannot concentrate while next to the opposite sex.'

Indian Market

'Our guide, Felicity, led our group through the oldest streets of the old Indian Market . . . we were amazed at the friendliness, cleanliness and togetherness of the people. We priced the merchandise and found the prices considerably cheaper than 'Maritzburg shops . . . in the Fish and Meat Market we were all overwhelmed by a putrid odour. When we saw what was smelling that way, we were shocked. On the tables, neatly laid out, were the heads of goats, including the eyes, which are considered a delicacy.'

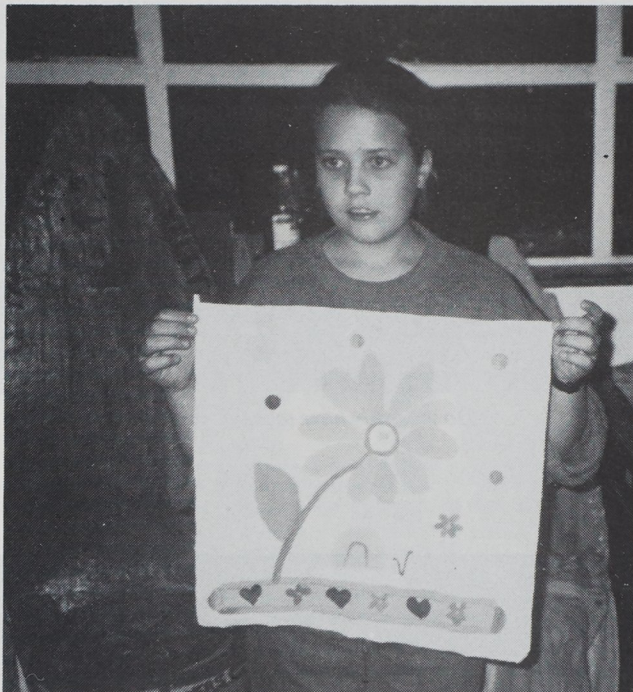
The Pavilion, Westville

'[After the Indian Market] we had lunch on Addington beach, and were pestered by two boys who insisted on joining us for lunch, but were told off by Miss Beattie, and thank goodness . . . At the Pavilion we checked and compared the vegetable and fruit prices from Pietermaritzburg Market to Pick 'n Pay, Woolworths and the Food hall. The prices differed greatly as the supermarkets also need to make a profit from the vegetable and fruit market . . .'

We thoroughly enjoyed our tour, the evening activities and braai and breakfast at Mrs Herselman's farm (and of course, Pug!) We thank Mrs Westwood, Miss Beattie, Mrs Herselman and Mrs Evans for their time and for putting up with our constant chattering and noise!



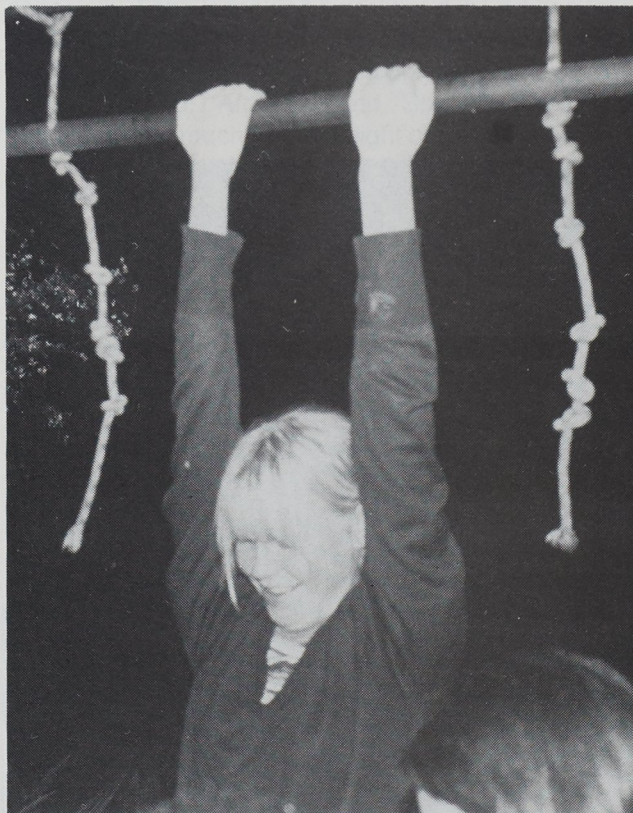
Sarah Breeds – creative concentration.



Christine Clifford – 'Like it?'

Std 8 Leadership course at L'Abri

'For us, the highlight of the year!'



Pippa Liesegang – 'Hang in there!'



Do we really have to tackle that?



Team work works wonders.



Phethile Mtshali – 'Don't you dare drop me!'

The Rotary Leadership Course

This leadership course was, for me, an experience that defies description. I arrived at Port Shepstone High School at 2:45 pm on Sunday the 9th October. After finding a dorm, this very shy St John's girl took stock of her surroundings. I had the good fortune to be with a delightful group – the girls were friendly, open and fun to be with.

The first shock of the course was the barn dance. As a result of our evening of barn dancing, I feel that socials should be replaced with barn dances. This hilarious activity soon had all of us shedding our inhibitions, joining in unreservedly with the fun and laughing unashamedly at our own disjointed, uncoordinated efforts.

The course included a number of long lectures. Our first reaction (in typical teenage fashion) was 'How Boring!' Were we wrong!! The lecturers on our course were a group of talented, highly informed and generally fascinating people who talked, gesticulated and acted us through various facets of leadership.

On Friday evening (our last night there) the Umtentweni townhall rocked to the 'current vibe' as sixty-nine teenagers celebrated their last hours of being together with energy and laughter.

Something inside me changed in one week. I have no idea what altered. I have come back to Pietermaritzburg happier with myself, more concerned for others and with a considerable store of newly acquired insights, wisdom and hope.

My thanks go to the school for choosing to send me on this course. I hope I will be able to use what I have learnt to the school's advantage. My thanks go, too, to the Pietermaritzburg East Rotary Club that sponsored me.

Shanali Govender

Outreach

Georgenauw Farm School

Georgenauw is a small farm school near Wartburg catering for eighty children who live nearby. Every Tuesday, four Standard nine pupils go there to teach. We have covered topics that will benefit the children. For example we have taught them basic greetings and about friendship, transport, litter, our world and even about snakes and precautions to take against them. Each week we try to involve the children in acting, singing, writing and reading. We also read to them and try to add to their vocabulary. No Zulu is spoken (which sometimes proved difficult for our farm girls) as the

point of our being there is to improve their English. Books and copies of 'Echo' were donated to the school to supplement learning.

In teaching these children, we have learnt how to discipline the ones who obviously were not there to learn. We've learnt to be patient and tolerant with the children who took a little longer to understand and we've had to overcome difficulties such as the language barrier, children who won't co-operate and dealing with some who are the same age as we are. We've also realised some of the problems of education in South Africa. Georgenauw is definitely one of the luckier schools. Our thanks go to Mrs Swinstead, Mrs Keough and Miss McLean for taking us there and to Mrs Peacock for giving us this wonderful opportunity.

This opportunity has taught me to expand my imagination and has been a good grounding for my later years when I hope to teach – Claire Hawkins.

Teaching at Georgenauw has been the most challenging, but rewarding experience I have ever had – Alice Stobart.

Teaching these enthusiastic children has been wonderful and I'm glad to be able to serve the community in this way – Jennie Cassels.

Teaching at the farm school was sometimes a frustrating and emotionally-draining experience. We can only hope we had some beneficial influence in these children's lives. That would make the experience worthwhile.

Shanali Govender.

Youth Forum

1994 has whizzed by, so much so that some activities planned were pushed aside and forgotten; however, Youth Forum has been successful this year.

We made contact with an old committee member from 1986. This, among other things, led to the recovery of a lost Youth Forum bank account.

Usually raffles are a 'no win' situation but we tried it anyway and, to my amazement, it worked out well. To Mr Wotherspoon's delight, a staff member won. We also introduced a new item of sportswear – black corduroy SJS caps which are proving popular.

Youth Forum, combined with Interact, has undertaken the task of supporting a black farm school in Ashburton. This project will prove to be tiring but rewarding. So far we have made some posters and teaching aids. We hope to make more in the future and to take a few lessons.

We welcomed Mrs Stakemire onto our committee this year. I thank her and the committee for their enthusiasm and willingness, and, finally, to the Standard 6s and 7s for all their support. I have thoroughly enjoyed this year and I hope Youth Forum continues to grow.

Fiona Shaw
President



BACK ROW: E Wang, T Larsen, E Yeats, L-A Sclanders
FRONT ROW: A Balcomb, C Floros, Mrs K Stakemire, F Shaw, K Stokes

Junior Achievers

Junior Achievers is a real learning experience, full of problems – some solved and some unsolved. This programme requires commitment and it can certainly be very trying and frustrating. Seven Standard Nines have been involved this year at various stages. Great competition is evident between the companies, especially if one is making a profit and the other a loss! 'Wildthing' company experienced problems early in the programme, as did 'Wear It', so only wages were paid out at the end. 'Afri-card' and 'Soxy Footwear' are making profits much to the delight of the shareholders. This programme gives real business experience and teaches a lot about the real working world. It demands time and energy and is most worthwhile.

Neulah Lowry



STANDING: L Robinson, K Seggie
SEATED: A Balcomb, A Stobart

S.C.A.

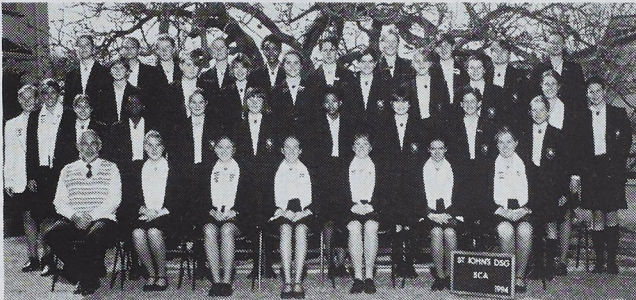
Our focus for S.C.A. this year has not been the numbers but the reality of having a relationship with God. It is not always easy, but with the love and help of all the S.C.A., matrics and the Varsity students' enthusiasm, we have grown in many ways.

We plunged into the year with the Std 6 orientation, which was a lot of fun. S.C.A. is not all games, word searches, and learning Bible verses. Praise and Worship this year has really been such an inspiration and a heart-warming experience for many, thanks to Janet Stent and Francine Bowker.

It has also been so encouraging having adult advice and support. I think I speak for many when I say that it is special to have fellowship with other Christians and within other schools. We have enjoyed combined meetings with Alex, Youth rallies at Durban Girls' College and Unity meetings at Hilton College, all attended by Pietermaritzburg schools.

Seeds that have been planted in the past years, continue to grow. Thank you to all the special people that make S.C.A. what it really is. Without your love for God, S.C.A. would be non-functional.

Kirsten Braithwaite
Chairman



BACK ROW: P Munro, J Ross, K Stokes, N Rushton, N Zulu, K Wegerle, A Wienand, A Balcomb, R Steenberg, G McGill

3RD ROW: C Stewart, G Jandrell, T Larsen, T McArthur, A Preston, M Olivier, V Robinson, F Bowker, J Hawley

2ND ROW: J Stent, G Hughes, B Harris, J Mkhize, J Norton, H Mathie, S Mtshemla, A Larsen, C Houghton, C Furniss.

FRONT ROW: Mr M Wotherspoon, T Olivier, B Jackson, K Braithwaite, G Prince, E Scott, J James

Interact

In November last year, the 1994 Interact Committee was initiated not really knowing what was involved. Our motto (after debating over it for the first four meetings) has been 'Life is a journey, not a destination'. I feel that this is very appropriate, because, as the year has progressed, we've learnt to give of ourselves and learnt how much we actually have to be grateful for! It has been a journey of discovery.

These last nine months have been very enjoyable – and, at times, hard work. The committee has proved to be very enthusiastic, and I'm sure more time has been spent laughing at meetings than making decisions. I should like to thank Mr Wotherspoon for his patience and support.

We've succeeded in getting a lot of money through schemes such as the 100 Club, and hence have been able to send money to needy organisations. This term we have also taken on the Ashburton farm school as a joint project with Youth Forum, which has been very successful.

Interact has been a rewarding undertaking for all of us in the club, and, of course, it has been an eye-opener to many. I really regret having to hand over to the new committee, but I'm sure they will enjoy it and gain as much as we have!

Caroline Moore
President



*BACK ROW: J Wellman, K Stokes, N Rushton
FRONT ROW: A Balcomb, C Keough, L van Breda, K Zammit, J Cassels*

Business Management Game

This year in the Business Management Game, our team had to sell cellular phones. The team was made up of eleven people, five being matrics and the rest Standard 9 learners. The game definitely was argument-full, interesting and, at times, surprising. At every meeting there was generally a full-scale war of ideas. Laura James was always conservative and Siggie Jackson, Carol Hamann, Jacqui James and I more radical. The fact that we outnumbered Laura by 4 to 1 did not help though, as Sir always had the deciding vote. When things became a bit violent, Sir would ultimately step in and convince us that his ideas were the best. (We always agreed as there was always the chance of failing Maths if we did not!)

We were all very surprised and happy when we heard that we would be going down to Durban to participate in the semi-finals (we would miss a day of school!), and even more happy when we received tog-bags and gift vouchers for our efforts. Our cup ran over when it was decided that our company had the best logo! We were proud of our third place in the semi-finals. Laura James must be commended for being able to work the computer, Jacqui James for 'working out' (she guessed!) how many machines we needed and Lisa Mack for eating so many koeksisters. Thanks go to Sir for being so patient with us, for driving us all the way down to Durban, and also for providing the team with so many chocolates. Good luck to all who play next year.

Heather Meara
Std 10



BACKROW: J James, Mr M Wotherspoon, C Hamann
FRONTROW: B Jackson, H Meara, L James

Debating

'The ability to express an idea well, is nigh as important as the idea itself.' (Bernard Baruch)

Debating has expanded this year into more than just a debating club. Instead of emphasising just the debating aspect of communication, we have experimented with all levels of communication. The members of the club have therefore come to realise that communication does not take place purely on a verbal – audible frequency. We spent an afternoon with Mrs Claire Hartshorne, who helped us through the basics of body language and how to use it. Our thanks go to her for her input.

Although this has not been a successful year in terms of debates won or lost, we have all learnt a good deal about various forms of public speaking, 'The skill comes from the doing', (Cicero) and the debating club members have indeed been 'doing'. Club time was always greeted with enthusiasm and membership grew over the year. Ralph Waldo Emerson suggested: 'Do the thing you fear and the death of fear is certain.'

Congratulations to all those girls who spoke or debated either at Inter-house competitions or at League level. In conclusion, our thanks must go to the two staff in charge of Debating Club, Mrs Watson and Mrs Harris, for their hard work and dedication.

Shanali Govender
Chairman



BACKROW: K Jenkins, G McGill, P Munro,
S Knox-Davies, G James, N Hitchcock
2ND ROW: N Badenhorst, S Mtshemla, T McArthur,
E Mentis, K Wegerle, N Mzobe, J Symonds, B Young,
A Larsen
FRONTROW: S Govender, C Keough, Mrs C Watson,
Mrs A Harris, K Zammit, A Stobard

Guitar Club

To start I would like to mention that we are 'expanding' because only a few of our club have guitars. Mrs Wood, our teacher, is therefore introducing new instruments all the time – for example, bongo drums and tambourines. We were very honoured to be invited to perform in the Musical Evening as well as many promotions during the year. We thank Miss McLean for all her support, and Mrs Wood for her time, patience, imagination and encouragement. We have really had so much fun this year!

Grace McGill
Leader



BACKROW: A Preston, E Kelmanson, C Stacey, J Keevy
2ND ROW: K Canter, J Poltera, C Watson, J Norton,
C Houghton, C Clifford
FRONTROW: P Mtshali, G McGill, H James, L McArthur,
E Wang



PINSSA

PINSSA stands for the Pietermaritzburg and Inland Schools' Science Association. It has quarterly lectures hosted either by the Natal University or the schools involved, on topics thought to be interesting to pupils.

One of the lectures this year by Prof. Hawksworth dealt with the use of drugs in the sportsworld. This meeting was hosted by St John's and proved most interesting. Other lectures included 'A Pocketful of Galaxies' and 'The Effect of Genetic Engineering on Man and the Environment' by Dr Romilla Maharaj. The host school for this lecture was 'Maritzburg College and we thank them for their organisation. The year ended with a conference at the Natal University where pupils presented their own papers to an audience. Some of these were very interesting. Here too, the position of the host school was handed over to The Wykeham Collegiate, and we wish them luck in the year ahead.

Lynn Robinson and Shanali Govender

Lectern Club

The first meeting of this year began with the new Standard 9 members introducing themselves in speeches entitled 'Me'. It is not easy to address the rest of the club in this way, but they managed extremely well and the speeches were impressive – the matrics certainly learnt more about the new members!

The meeting that caused many knocking knees and bitten nails was the dinner at Kearsney. The occasion was extremely formal with speeches from both the Kearsney boys and nervous St. John's girls. It was evident, from the various speeches, that our girls were more abstract and had a romantic perception of life. Kearsney speeches had more down-to-earth observations. This range of interests was good as Lectern Club is not only a place for practising speaking skills but also where different view points and perspectives can be expressed. Sally Hind's speech, on this occasion, must be commended. The evening was an excellent learning experience for us all.

Sadly, Mr Church left at the end of the first term. He has been a great contributor to our club but fortunately Mrs Darroch has taken over and we appreciate her help and interest. I should like to thank the committee, Gina Hughes and Mavourneen Finlayson for support throughout the year.

I sincerely hope the club will continue to be beneficial to many. Who knows? Perhaps it will be the starting block for a future president!

Lisa Twyman
Chairperson



Blood Donors

We have 30 registered donors on our books this year, and between us we have donated 30 units of blood. Unfortunately the particularly vicious viruses circulating in the winter months have meant that, however willing, many girls have been unable to donate their usual quota. Our first Std 8 girl – Evelyn Wang – has joined us, and we hope that, as they reach 16, more Std 8's will be encouraged to take part in this very worthwhile activity. It is not easy to give your first donation, and I really congratulate – and admire – all those girls who belong to this special group.

Badges this year have been awarded as follows:

- 2 Donations: Trish Olivier, Gina Hughes, Janet Stent,
Shanna Jones, Kate Furniss, Camilla
Floros, Lynn Robinson, Evelyn Wang.
5 Donations: Paula Carter-Brown, Gina Hughes
Heather Meara

Many thanks to Gaynor Prince who has organised donors this year with great efficiency. Lynn Robinson has now taken over from her.

Sally Davies

HOUSE REPORTS

Athlone

'Come on guys, it's just the spirit that counts. Try your best and you'll do fine.'

This year, Caroline and I had the task of roping poor souls into the various house events, but, such is the spirit in Athlone that everyone was willing. There were not a lot of moans and groans or ducking behind doors when the 'dreaded two' appeared looking for victims. Be it a gym display, which is torture, or a medley in the Gala, there was always someone willing to participate. Thank you for making it easy for us.

We sometimes came second, and even third (to put it kindly) a couple of times this year, but everyone always went away with smiling faces.

We did, however, do very well in inter-house debates. We won, thanks to our good speakers, who argued their points right to the end.

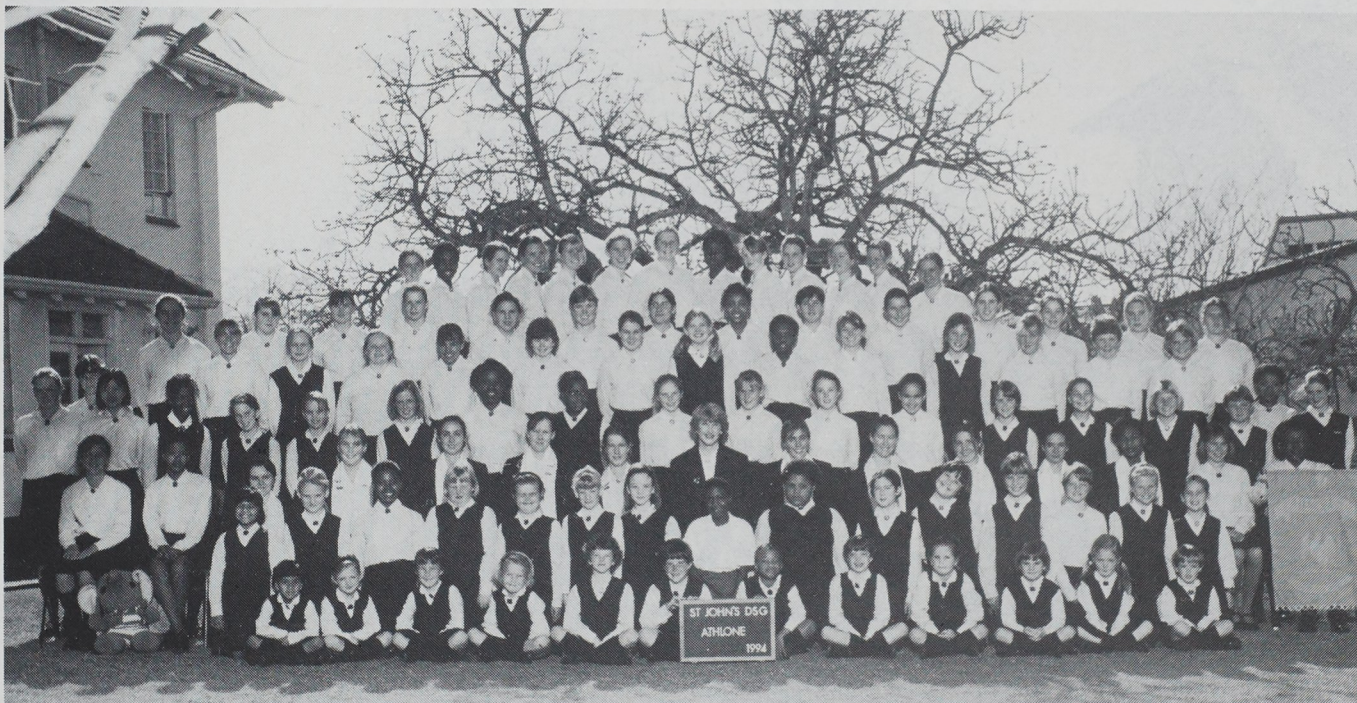
It just seemed our special luck the day we had cross-country, as it was a boiling hot day, and I think the runners changed their minds about St John's grounds being small. The course never seemed to stop!

House plays were fun. Candy and I really got to know our cast who worked so hard. This was the best part. Winning isn't everything.

Caroline, our vice captain, was a star with all the extra organising. My thanks go to her.

I hope Athlone will stay the best house, and continue to show smiling faces.

Francine Bowker
Captain



BACK ROW: K Rogers, N Mzobe, V Forbes, D Holgado, N Hitchcock, J Cassels, A Stobart, C-M Green, J Hawley, N Rushton, K Hepburn, K Shaw

6TH ROW: T McArthur, G Jandrell, W Stafford, E Kelmanson, C York, L Mack, J Wellman, N Zulu, A Balcombe, C Aird, S Symonds, S Caine, J Symonds, N Badenhorst

5TH ROW: J Goble, C Goble, S Matthews, F Shaw, L Lawrence, A Larsen, H Galloway, N Cech, N Vilakazi, K Long, M Symonds, V Greene, L Goble, C Watson

4TH ROW: L McArthur, J Cheng, L Titus, N Fowles, S Wigmore, G Hallot, B Young, T Nkosi, J Hitchcock, A Marlton, S Hamilton, I Lawrence, K Watson, L Caine, L Payne, P Comrie, S Mtshemla, R Alcock

3RD ROW: E Davidson, S Mtshemla, S Kitching, P Carter-Brown, C Dominguez-Sharp, L Boast, F Bowker, Mrs C Darroch, G Hughes, C Coster, S Smith, E Scott, J Mkhize, T Larsen, P Mtshali

2ND ROW: K Bhoola, L Brown, N Dube, P MacKenzie, N Dunbar, K Wilson, J Adkins, N Kondza, P Zondi, N Mazel, J Hart, S Symonds, T Luckett, L Comrie, C Goosen

SEATED: T Maharaj, J Blomeyer, S Michel, C Hindley, L Dickinson, J Campbell, N Mthalane, L Thomas, B Wilson, S Graham, R Burne, M Campbell

Connaught

Looking back on the past year, I am proud of Connaught's participation and many successes. Although our house may be small in numbers, it is large in spirit, and it is this spirit of enthusiasm and team work which has resulted in our excellent achievements.

The year began very successfully with a first place in diving, and a second place in the inter-house gala. I should like to thank all the standard nines for their hard work and enthusiasm. Their theme, the Coon carnival, especially with Kirsten on stilts and Ashleigh on the bicycle, was both entertaining and effective. Their contribution encouraged our swimmers to do their best.

Connaught excelled once again in the cultural events, and we won both the inter-house drama and public speaking. Congratulations to Shanali Govender and Zoe Laband for being chosen as best speaker.

I should like to thank Bronwyn Cahill, Kerry Jones and Debby Lyne, our producers, for their hard work in the house plays.

Our spirits never dimmed on the sports field where we came second in both basketball and hockey, and third in netball. Victory was shared with Rhodes in squash and in the gymnastics competition. Congratulations to Catherine Keough and Camilla Floros for earning the highest number of points in their age group.

I must make special mention of my vice-captain Kirsten Stokes and our house mother, Mev. Harris. Their constant support and guidance allowed for a fun-filled smooth-running year. I am proud to have been captain of such a wonderful house, and wish you the best of luck for next year.

Brenda Jackson
Captain



BACK ROW: K Dowsett, G James, N Watkins, A Wienand, C Keough, C Floros, S Knox-Davies, P Munro, C Stacey, E Jarmey-Swan, G Wafer, P Stewart
4TH ROW: A Preston, A Watkins, E Yeats, L Robinson, K Swinstead, C Carte, J Gordon, S Llewellyn, A Mkize, C Crookes, S Carte, M Hartley, T Hartley, P Morton, Z Laband
3RD ROW: J Heenan, C Cullen, N Dlamini, E Wang, C Stewart, M Olivier, N Lowry, S Janik, K Higgs, H James, M Perrott, S Breeds, J Keevy, J Norton
2ND ROW: M Peddle, C Bassage, E Bassage, V Yoganathan, B Harris, A Hobbs, K Thorneycroft, J Poltera, J Farwell, S Jarmey-Swan, A Gevers, D Calmeyer, L Sclanders, S Govender, R de Gersigny, K Dowsett, S Dlamini, R Kenyon, B Bassage
SITTING: D Lyne, S Mason, J Franz, P Olivier, C Stork, B Cahill, B Jackson, Mrs A Harris, K Stokes, J James, L Pilcher, L Carte, M Tilley, L James, K Jones
FRONT: E Yeats, L Carte, S Poltera, M Brown, S Gevers, N Maine, J Schoeman, J Hartshorne, M Cloke, K Lindsay, R Hartshorne, R Olivier, T Blackhurst, N Mzila, A Schoeman, K Talbot, C Nisbet, C Crosby, A Dindelmann, G Taylor, P Raw
SITTING: K Main, K Stegen, N Hoskins, J Naidoo, S Kerr, E Hobbs, K Kerr, C Mouton, C Hackland, M Gevers, M Bhengu

Rhodes

The year started off wonderfully with the Rhodes 'ugly nunu's' at the inter-house gala, which we won. It was a really enjoyable day and I'm sure all Rhodes members were proud of our standard nines who worked so hard to produce an excellent theme whose originality kept everyone entertained, and of our House whose spirit always makes these occasions so memorable and special.

The gala, however, was not the only event in which Rhodes took part with enthusiasm and excelled, as we managed to win five other inter-house events: tennis (in which we tied with Connaught), hockey, squash, basketball and netball. The inter-house debating was very successful with Kelly Zammit receiving the best speaker award, and, although Rhodes put up a good fight, we came second. One of the fantastic inter-house events, the house plays, was once again thoroughly enjoyed by all and the many hours spent rehearsing under the directors, Lisa Twyman and Shanna Jones,

were definitely worth it. Our production, 'The M and M Cafe' was brilliant! Unfortunately, we came second again! The diving was our only other second place this year and our two third places were for public speaking and the gymnastics competition.

As I look back at our achievements this past year, it is obvious to me that Rhodes took part in each event with enthusiasm. We are proud to be part of a house where the spirit counts more than the points. I would like to thank Linda Van Breda for all her help and loyalty. (It even led her on to the stage to deliver a speech at the last moment!) Thank you Linda, and I wish you all the best next year. Thank you also, Miss Davies, our new house mother, who supported us at all the house events throughout the year.

Paula Rattray
Captain



BACK ROW: N Kelsall, K Furniss, C Chennells, J Ross, P Chance, P Foster, N Shand, N Walden, A Evans, B Johnson, K Zammit, K Jenkins, V Stewart, T S Pilsbury, K Wegerle, C Hawkins, K Seggie

6TH ROW: T Larsen, G Steenberg, K van der Merwe, S Seggie, S Gray, A Johnston, R Steenberg, K Mapham, T Ivins, A Stent, P Leisegang, Z Laband, D King, B Grové, M Moshobane, R Seggie, K Gush, E Mentis

5TH ROW: J Lyall, L Ivins, J Holland, C Lyall, S Padayachee, K Johnston, K Rake, R Werner, S Leff, B Faure, G Bishop, L McCall, J Rogers, S White, K Leff, D van Breda

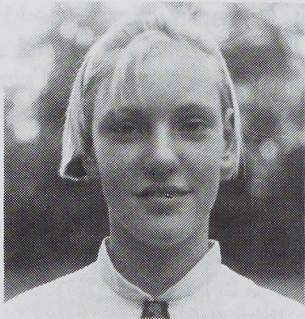
4TH ROW: C Clifford, K Canter, M Cameron, J Smith, R Royden-Turner, H Mathie, V Robinson, C Hamann, D Grové, R McIntosh, C Houghton, C Vurovecz, A Warmington, E Bradnick, C Furniss, L Robinson

3RD ROW: S Blyth, K Braithwaite, T Leisegang, C Roberts, L Twyman, T Smithyman, P Rattray, Miss S Davies, L van Breda, S Jones, H Meara, T Mahomed, J Stent, G Prince, S Hind

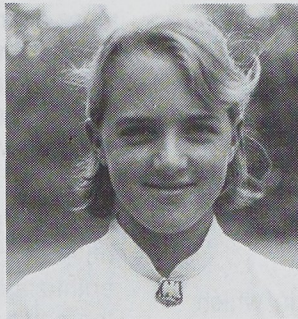
2ND ROW: A Davies, J Duckworth, V Johnson, T Swinny, S Conyngham, M Gibhard, A Morrison, H Gardner, L Shone, H Smith, M Mouton, C Martin, L Dreyer, J Bradnick, C Quinton, L Leonard, D Kidd, L Salisbury

FRONT ROW: S Nayar, S Mchunu, L Boyd, R Mazel, A Quinton, S Moodley

SPORTS REPORTS



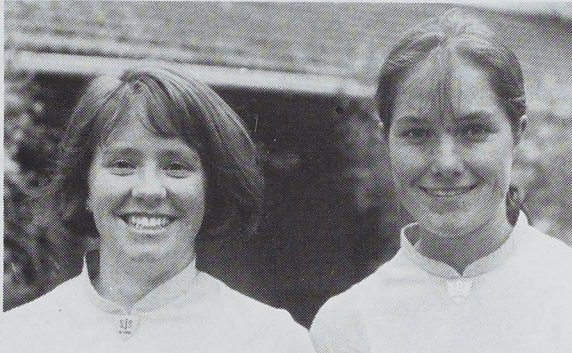
*Mandy Hartley:
Natal jet-ski team.*



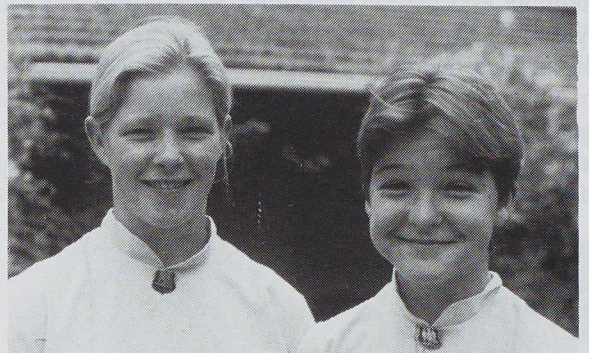
*Amanda Pilcher:
South African sailing team.*



*Catherine Houghton: Victrix Ludorum Natal
Children's Equitation Championships.*



*Gaynor Prince and Heather Meara
Natal Midlands Squash Team.*



*Ashleigh Wienand and Cara Stewart:
Natal Midlands athletics team.*



*BACK ROW: N Walden, C Chennells, C Floros
2ND ROW: L van Breda, D van Breda, K Wegerle, A Wienand, A Balcomb, T McArthur.
FRONT ROW: G Prince, S Blyth, B Jackson, H Meara, P Rattray.*

Swimming

The start of the swimming season saw not only the beginning of yet another term of training and galas, but also excitement as we welcomed our new Australian coach, Ms. Coralie Towers. There was some confusion initially because of Ms. Tower's accent and vocabulary, but after a lesson or two we soon realised what 'Patter-kick' and 'Catch-up' meant!

We took part in several galas this season, some of which caused great excitement. One of these was the gala at Linpark School, where, as we and all the other schools were warming up, there was a bomb scare and we all had, literally, to jump out the pool and rush onto the rugby field where we had to wait (in our costumes) while the bomb squad made a thorough check. Another interesting gala was at Kearsney where a few of the 'Maritzburg school teams took part. It was at this gala that we found it difficult to find butterfly and 300m swimmers, as the pool turned out to be 30m long instead of 25m! It was worth the struggle though, as we stayed afterwards for a well-earned dinner.

I think, however, that the biggest 'thrill' of the season was the 'Night Gala' held in Pietermaritzburg where different girls' and boys' schools combined according to the 'luck of the draw'. We definitely had the luck this year as I was fortunate enough to pick 'Maritzburg College 'A' team as our partner. (For some reason, however, they did not seem as ecstatic about

swimming with us as we were about swimming with them.) It was really wonderful to come first (for a change), and even though our school team is not the best in 'Maritzburg, our spirit and enthusiasm made the College team realise that they were also lucky to have us!

After the main 'Interschools Gala' at the very end of the season, in which we came fourth out of the nine competing school teams, we ended our season with a 'Squad Dinner' at Spur - a most enjoyable way to mark the end of the last season for us matrics. Although I am really glad that never again will I have to wake up at 5.00am to train, in some strange way, it is sad that I will also never again stand on the side of the pool and cheer, or be a part of that spirit which makes us feel so proud of our school.

Our thanks go to Ms. Towers for all her enthusiasm and that consistent smile of encouragement (even though our under 13 swimmers were competing in open races because of a misunderstanding!) We shall miss her friendly and happy presence in our school.

Congratulations go to Kim Wegerle who was chosen for the Pietermaritzburg and Districts team for breaststroke.

Paula Rattray
Captain



BACK ROW: P Chance, V Stewart, K Jenkins, C Keough, G McGill, D Holgado, C-M Green, P Stewart.
4TH ROW: S Jones, T McArthur, K Furniss, K Stokes, N Kelsall, M Hartley, C Chennells, P Morton, C Floros.
3RD ROW: C Watson, L Sclanders, C Stewart, J Franz, D Grové, K Shaw, V Robinson, L Robinson.
2ND ROW: T Leisegang, L Carte, Ms C Towers, P Rattray, Miss D Nixon, K Wegerle, G Hughes.
FRONT ROW: J Hitchcock, K Canter.

Hockey

Our hockey season this year was full of fun and laughter. We had a competent team, with many new players. The team spirit was really good and everyone was eager to score goals and win. Linda was the greedy player this year, scoring the most. We were delighted to win our annual match against Durban Girls' College - 2:1. We lost only two matches this season.

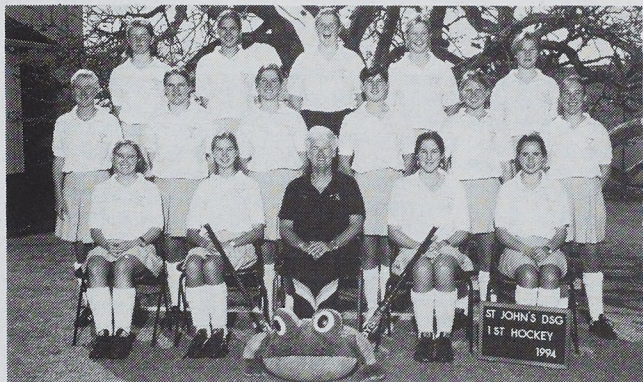
Several girls were fortunate enough to make the Midlands teams. Midlands "A" : Paula Rattray, Linda van Breda and Sharon Blyth; Midlands "C" : Brenda Jackson and Midlands U16 "B" : Anne Balcomb.

Our tour to Grahamstown was exciting, not only because of the hockey, but also because of being able to watch rugby! We enjoyed ourselves in spite of the injuries we sustained.

We won't forget our Aussie coach, Ms. Towers. She entertained us with her accent and hilarious sayings. "Flannel foot" was one of the many and it was a way of stopping anyone from standing on the ball. We appreciate greatly her coaching.

Well done everyone for a rewarding season.

Sharon Blyth
Captain



BACK ROW: K Stokes, C Floros, A Stobart, A Wienand, G Steenberg.
2ND ROW: C Hamann, C Roberts, N Rushton, A Balcomb, T Leisegang, K Braithwaite.
FRONT ROW: B Jackson, S Blyth, Ms C Towers, P Rattray, L van Breda.



Sharon Blyth, Paula Rattray and Linda van Breda.



BACK ROW: L Sclanders, J Franz, T Leisegang, K Furniss, A Preston, S Mason. FRONT ROW: G Hughes, J Stent, Mr M Wotherspoon, C Stewart, H Meara

Cross Country

The unaccustomed luxury of five serious senior runners saw us vying for a position in the top three of the League. Unfortunately the last two league runs had to be scrapped as runners chose not to follow the laid out course! Janet Stent, Heather Meara and Lindy-Ann Sclanders formed the Senior Team. The juniors often failed to field the required three runners, but Cara Stewart and Ashleigh Preston show potential. Janet always led by example, and her quiet authority was appreciated.

Rhodes won the Inter-House Competition, with Heather and Cara winning the individual races.

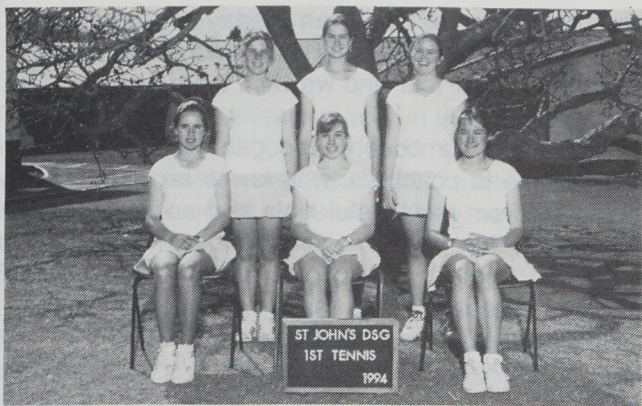
M R Wotherspoon

Herman's Delight

One of the attractions for the energetic is the Herman's Delight time trial which is run every Tuesday evening, rain or shine, in Alexandra Park. The course is 2,6 km long and the number of our pupils that run varies each week from one or none to about ten. This may be because it's quite depressing to be beaten by a six year old who sprints the whole route and still is not even puffing when he arrives at the finish. The best time this year was 10:56, achieved by Heather Meara who is one of our better and more regular runners. The rest of us only manage between twelve and fifteen minutes.

Herman's Delight serves as a good opportunity to fit in a quick jog once a week, and although we have still not succeeded in persuading Sir to run with us, we never give up trying!

Lynn Robinson
Std 9



*STANDING: H James, S Blyth, B Jackson.
FRONT ROW: L van Breda, L James, H Meara.*

Tennis

This year comes to a sad end as we are losing Mrs Aleksic who has been both coach and friend to all of us. We have learned much about the tactical game of tennis and will always remember her call: "Come on, concentrate!"

Rather than dwell on this loss, I shall focus on the highlights of the year. St Andrew's, a touring team from Johannesburg, played against the first team and narrowly beat us 5-4. We did very well in the Smythe trophy, but because of the round robin scoring system, our couple did not get through to the semis. At Beacon Week we did very well, coming fifth out of twenty-eight schools.

In the first term, the first team played in the "Lyle League". We narrowly missed beating G.H.S, ultimately coming second. But in the third term we played in the "Winnie Lowe League" and drew 10-10 against G.H.S. This gave us great pleasure!

The seconds played with spirit and enthusiasm in the first term and won most of their matches. The U/16s and U/14s both fared well in their leagues in the first and third terms respectively.

I should like to congratulate Linda van Breda for making the Natal B school team. Good luck to everyone for next year. Keep up the good spirit!

Laura James
Captain

Squash

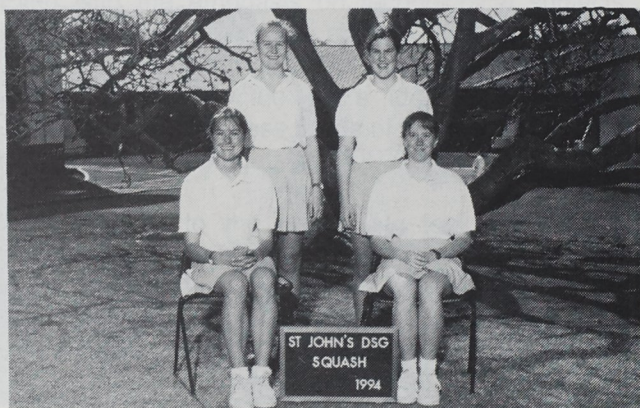
The squash season has gone smoothly. The league was played in the second term but unfortunately was not completed because of the interruptions with the elections. The first team also played in the Interschools squash tournament and came second. We have played women's and men's league this year (managing to have a match the night before just about

every Biology test, and before an Afrikaans exam!) and are currently coming second in the women's league. We are hoping to win.

We have had a fun-filled season and this is because most of us have improved dramatically. Our thanks must therefore go to Mr White, our friendly, huggy coach! He has made amazing transformations, coaching Gaynor Prince to hit incredible, impossible-to-get-back lobs (much to my consternation!) and getting Janet Stent to play fantastic drop-shots and trickle-boasts that we can never get to, no matter how hard or fast we sweat and run. Pia Foster and Jane Franz have also improved, with Jane playing powerful backhands and Pia terrific boasts. The juniors have also improved, with Gayleen Wafer and Genevieve James playing very well, as is Belinda Harris.

I hope that the juniors will continue playing so enthusiastically. Good luck to all squash players next year.

Heather Meara
Captain



*STANDING: J Stent, J Franz.
FRONT ROW: H Meara, G Prince.*



*SENIOR GYM TEAM
BACK ROW: M Cameron, T McArthur, C Furniss.
FRONT ROW: C Floros, Miss D Nixon, C Keough.*

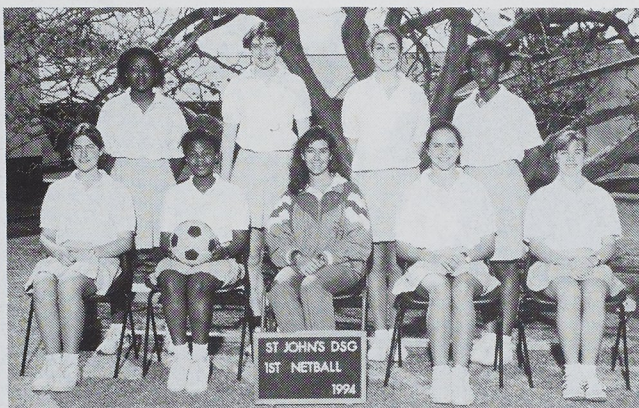
Netball

The netball season this year has been one of great determination and enthusiasm. Although we did not win any matches, the girls managed to keep up their increasing spirit and good sportsmanship.

During this season, we've had three main highlights. The first was not having to exercise every single day, as we did last year! The second was Anele's 'revenge' on a Carter High School pupil - she accidentally bit her opponent's finger! The third was the match against Howick. I remember the Howick centre telling me how she and the Epworth centre had got into a fight over the ball during a match. That was enough to intimidate me, since she was a lot taller than I was! This match, however, was one that we really enjoyed.

I would like to congratulate all the netball teams for their keen participation; our sincere thanks to Miss Calton for her encouragement, patience and time. Best of luck for next year.

Juliet Mkhize
Captain



BACK ROW: P Mtshali, N Walden, C Dominguez-Sharp, A Mkize.

FRONT ROW: J Wellman, J Mkhize, Miss D Nixon, T McArthur, L James.

Basketball

The basketball season was full of fun. We played in the annual tournament at Girls' High school, which we enjoyed and from which we gained valuable experience.

Some players were nervous and needed a boost to their self-confidence. With team spirit and encouragement, we finally managed this. As a team we got on very well together, with entertainment being provided by Kelly and Anne - their wit just never ran out.

Congratulations to Linda van Breda and Kelly Zammit who made the Midlands "U17" team. They will go to Durban for their tour and we wish them luck.

Nikki Taylor, our coach, who gave up a lot of her varsity time to coach us, was fun to be with and we benefited from her helpful hints and encouragement. Thank you, Nikki!

I hope the team has as much enjoyment next year, and good luck!

Sharon Blyth
Captain

Diving

"Move over, Hilton swimming squad, because St John's diving team is here!"

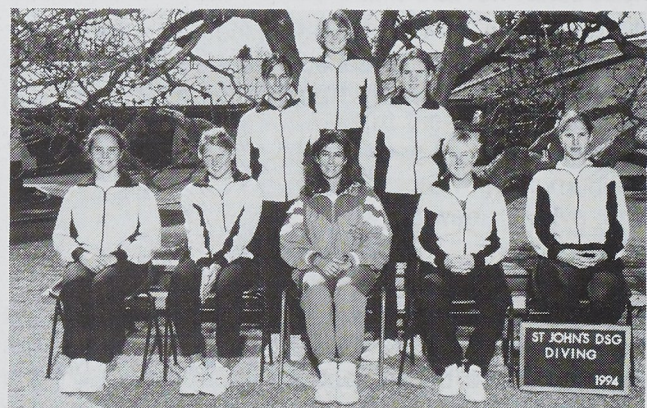
Since St John's has been diving at Hilton, our standard has improved dramatically. Having survived the critical gaze of the water polo team, we were ready for any competition!

Carol Hamann, Tammy Leisegang, Tamara McArthur, Claire Hawkins and Camilla Floros made up our team. Tamara narrowly missed selection in to the Pietermaritzburg and Districts team by coming third, while Claire and Camilla were both placed fourth in the Natal trials held in Durban.

Our season ended with a surprise party for our wonderful coach, Lindi Fairweather, whose time, patience and support were greatly appreciated. We are grateful, too, to Miss Nixon for taking us to Hilton regularly.

1995 holds both challenge and promise - in fact, we are sure this sport won't "take a dive"!

Camilla Floros
Captain



BACK ROW: C Watson.

2ND ROW: M Perrott, C Chennells.

FRONT ROW: T McArthur, T Leisegang, Miss D Nixon, C Hamman, C Floros.

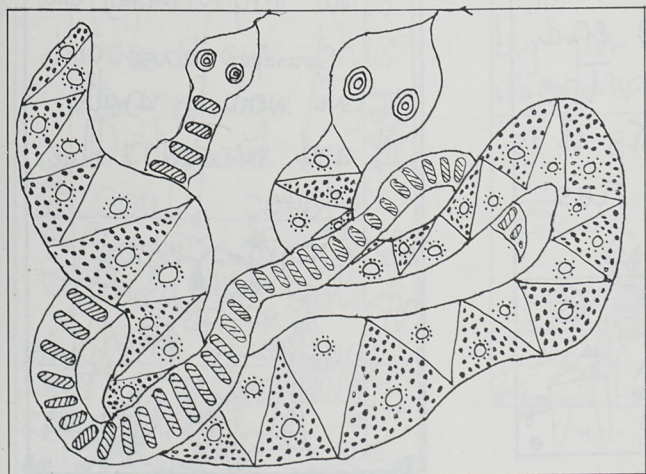
JUNIOR SCHOOL

This has been a momentous year in the history of our country. Who has not been touched in some way by the events of the past few months? Working, as we do, with the younger members of the community, we cannot fail to be imbued with feelings of optimism and hope for the future.

We are greatly encouraged by the increasing enrolment in the school and are now almost full in every class for 1995. As we enter a new era in the history of our country, strong building blocks will depend on excellent communication skills and it is essential for those of us who teach to ensure that our children are equipped with these in every sense of the word: reading, writing, fluency in speaking and the qualities of tolerance and understanding.



Milena Gevers and Mesuli Bhengu read to Miss Hyman during Aftercare.



SNAKES ALIVE! by Michelle Peddle - Std 3.

A wonderful vehicle for learning communication skills is Drama and our production of Rudyard Kipling's 'Jungle Book' will have shown parents how relaxed, even confident, children can be when performing in front of a large audience.

With communication skills in mind, we have applied Co-operative Learning methods to our teaching. In Co-operative Learning pupils have to adjust to relying on the group instead of depending on the teacher and they learn to respect different opinions, that other ideas are valid and that each person is entitled to her own views.

Cross-curricular activities continue to be central to our Methodology and we have therefore investigated the possibility of introducing Craft Design Technology at the school. Craft Design Technology, or CDT, encourages the potential for designing and making activities within current classroom practice. Design problems should arise naturally out of pupils' classroom experience and should extend and enrich ongoing work. We feel that we already do this - it requires only a slight change of emphasis to provide a rich source of starting points for problem-solving activity.

Even with the emphasis on technological subjects, basic communication skills are top priority. Indeed, in the British curriculum for CDT, the development of an ability to communicate one's ideas, designs and appraisal of any process is one of the prime objectives in the Attainment Targets laid out.

While looking to the future, we feel that we are equipping our children to meet the challenges of the 21st Century and we are most reassured that we are doing it in the right way when we look at our happy, well-adjusted and confident children.

SHEILA HYMAN
VICE PRINCIPAL (JUNIOR SCHOOL)

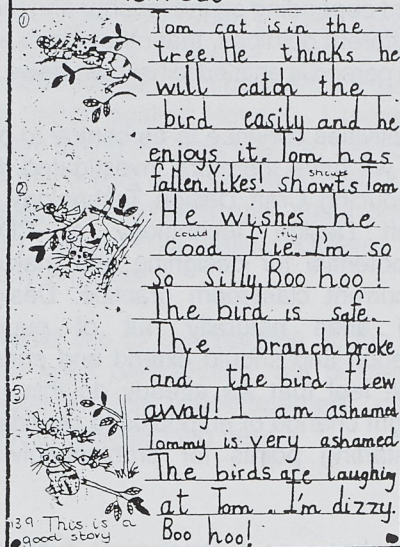


The Junior School welcomes Mrs Joan Attwell, their new Drama teacher, whose friendly smile and disposition have endeared her to all.

Class i

Lauren Boyd

Tom Cat



Rowanne Dunbar

At the weekend I tidied out my room. My bookshelf looks very nice.

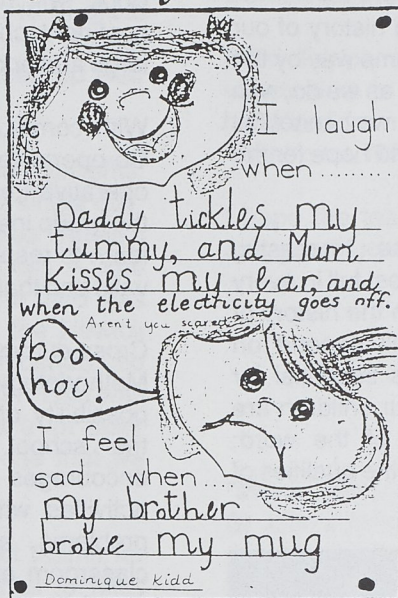


Mesuli Bhengu

In the holiday I stayed at home and read a story to my sister.

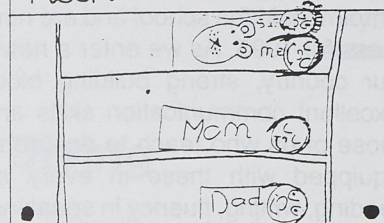


Dominique Kidd

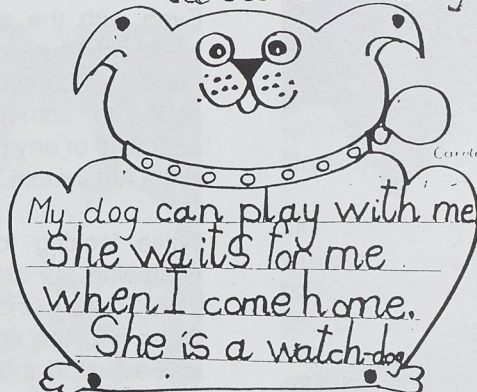


Bronwyn Wilson

Last night the lights went out. My sister slept in my top bunk bed. My dad was sleeping on the floor.

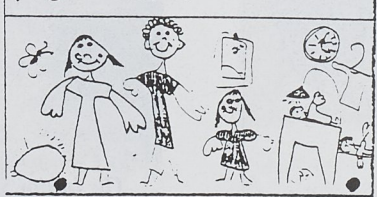


Caroline Hindley



Jessica Blomeyer

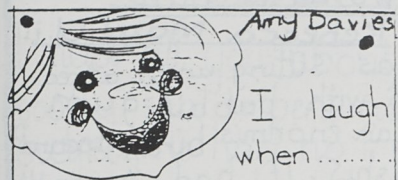
My mum is having a baby. It will be born at the end of September. The doctor thinks it is a boy but he's not sure.



Laura Salisbury

On Saturday I went to my Granny and Grandpas house and we went for a walk and we saw 7 blue cranes.





I laugh
when.....

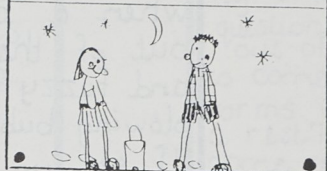
my dog jumps over
the wall and we have
to fetch her



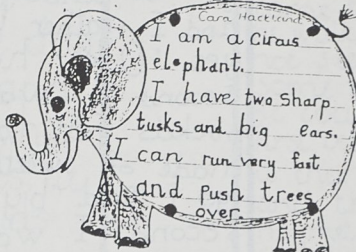
I feel
sad when
my Dad goes to
Nelspruit

Rebecca Burne

We had a weekend.
My brother cooked my supper.
He made baked beans on toast
and two minute noodles.



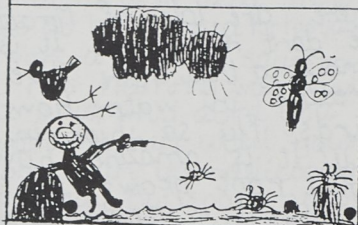
Cara Hackland



I am a circus
elephant.
I have two sharp
tusks and big ears.
I can run very fast
and push trees
over.

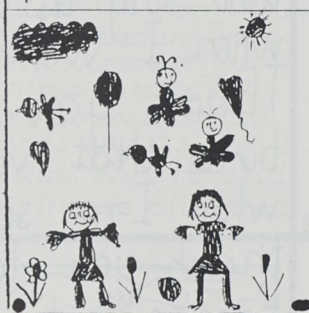
Katherine Main

Last week-end
I caught crabs
in the stream.



Trisha Maharaj

I played with
my cousin. We
played with a
ball.

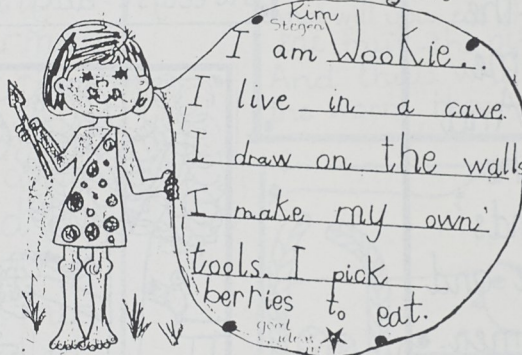


Chené Mouton

We had a weekend.
I learnt how
to ride a
bike in the
road.



Kim Stegen



I am Wookiee.
I live in a cave.
I draw on the walls
I make my own
tools. I pick
berries to eat.

Nicole Hoskins

In the holiday
I got a haircut
from my Grandpa.



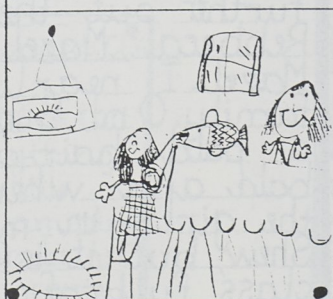
Amy Hylton

My brother was
too slow this
morning. My
Dad said he
could catch
Somebody in the
road to take
him to school.



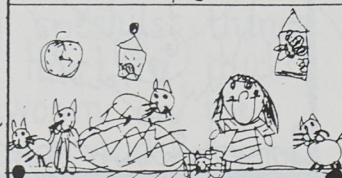
Milena Gevers

In the holiday
My dad caught a
big fish. I touched
it's teeth.



Amy Quinton

I bought a new
kitten. It is brown.
I got it from the vet.
I am happy.



Class ii

Miracles

There are lots of Miracles that we don't know about. It is amazing that fish live and breathe in water. How do birds fly so high in the sky? It is amazing how a small root grows up to be so big. It is amazing that little buds grow into big flowers. Miracles are all around us.

Ada Dunkelmann

Dear God Megan Giehard

I thank you for the birds that sing in the morning when I wake up.

Thank you for the birds that visit me when I'm sad. And thank you for the rooster that stands on the farm gate and wakes us all. Amen.

The Owl

Silently sitting, watching, waiting.

Sees a mouse.

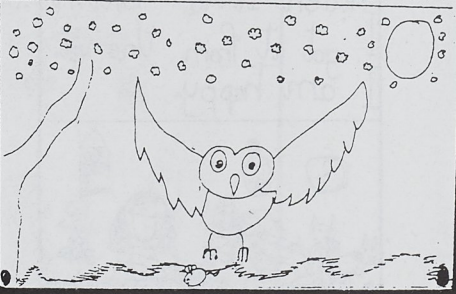
He swoops down fast and gives a grab at it.

And eats it.

It is morning.

The owl is asleep.

Kiera Kerr Cl.ii

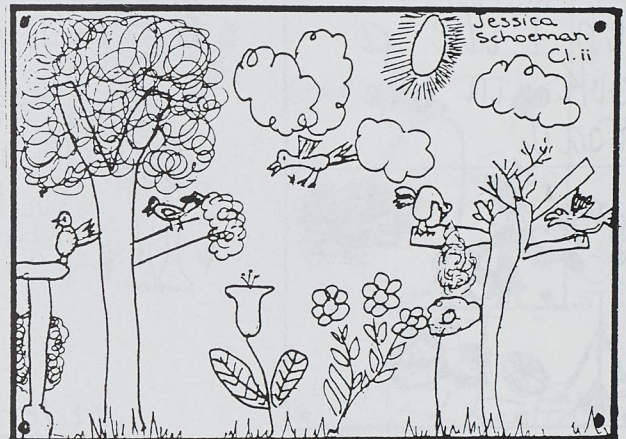


A Weird and Wonderful Bird

Rebecca Mazel Cl.ii

One day I was sitting under a tree blowing bubbles with bubble gum when a bird, an enormous bird, appeared out of the bushes. It had 4 wings and fuzzy feathers and he was also blowing bubbles with bubble gum.

"I see you like sweets". "Yes I do." Then he asked if I would like to go to school. Now I was a border and I rather liked school, so I said yes. "O.K. hop on." And in a split second I was sitting in a desk. My pockets full of letters and numbers made of sweets. When it was time to go I said "bye" and in a split second I was sitting under the tree eating a chocolate 20000. Of course my parents didn't believe me until I emptied my pockets. That day was the sweetest day I had ever had.



It is my birthday tomorrow. I'll be eight years old. Yesterday I saw Kiera-Kerr's dad at the bank. A little way further out the bank I saw Rebecca Mazel, her dad and Nicola Mazel. I nearly saw the whole Mazel family. On Sunday evening I had a bald hair-cut and now I am bald and when I come to school, all the girls in my class laugh at me. Shew, but it is hard to be in a class full of 17 girls. I am the only boy in my class.

Ndumiso Kondza

A Monster Story

I must tell you about a scaly sea serpent named Sidney. He had no friends. All the animals in the sea called him a silly old Sid snake because he had nothing to do. All the sharks ^{said} should reck a ship. But Sidney was to kind. One day he herd people singing and laughing. He went to see what it was. "Do I see mermaids," he said. When the mermaids saw him they screamed.

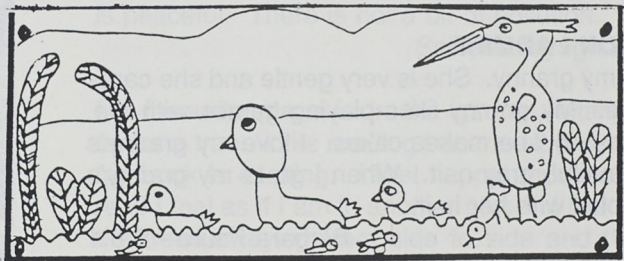
He chased and caught them. He took them sailing all over the sea. The mermaids were very sceard. He let them go, and thay swam away as fast as there tails could carry them. Sidney did this every day. But one day the sharks ataked the mermaids. But Sidney killed them. Now the animals call him Sid the saving serpent, and the mermaids play with him always.

Kiera Kerr Class ii

Tweedy

Jennifer Campbell

Tweedy was a new born bird. He lived at the end of a pretty little garden in a very tall oak tree. He loved asking questions. Why do birds fly? he would ask. He kept asking impossible questions like that! He also liked leaning out of his nest as he watched for his Daddy to come home with a feast of squirmmy worms. One day his Mummy was having a rest. Tweedy she said "why don't you come snuggle with me here until your Daddy comes home with your delicious supper? O.K!" said Tweedy. But soon he became restless and tired of sleeping so he walked to the side of the nest. He could not see his dad yet, so he leaned over some more, and I think a little too much. He couldn't fly yet so he tumbled head first out of the nest. He landed with a thump! He sat up and walked around and then started to search for his Dad. He met a little worm, but he wasn't hungry so he asked if he would help him find his Daddy. "No! No!" shouted the worm. "You've eaten half my family and relashins." Tweedy felt sorry for the worm. "I promise I'll never eat worms again" said Tweedy. "But what will you eat then?" the worm asked. "I'll eat fruit - the other birds say it's lovely. And thats what he did. And he and the worm became best friends after that.



Lorna Thomas

Dear God

I thank you Lord for the rain birds that tell us it is going to rain. The seagulls that eat the fish for there food. The hamerkop that catches the frogs. Oh Lord the birds that you have given us are my spesihilst things in my hart. The ducks that swoom on the pond and quack. Amen.

Miracles

Lauren Leonard. Cl. ii

Miracles can happen any time of the day. When Spring comes along everything comes alive. Its amazing that little roots can hold up big trees. Its amazing how perls are made in oysters. Miracles are everywhere. But we take them for granted. Miracles are suprising!

STANDARD 1

A STRANGE ANIMAL

One day I was sitting in the shade of a big tree when I heard a hooting noise. It was coming from a nearby bush. I got up to see what it was. I peered into the leaves of the bush. There I saw a very strange animal. It had long, golden tail feathers. It had the most extraordinary dark blue eyes that seemed to look at me in the most unusual way. It also had bright red wings with yellow spots. It was a plum-purple and its beak was light pink. Strangely enough, its tongue was orange. Just then, this bird spread its wings and flew away.

Aimee Schoeman - Std 1

One day I was lying in the hot, hot sun drinking my cool lemonade, when suddenly I heard a snorting sound. My heart was beating like a drum. I got hiccups and goose-bumps. It was a strange animal. It said "Hey, come and ride on my back" and I said "Me?" and he said "Yes, you." Then I got on his back and he said "Off we go", but before I could wink, we were up in the clouds. Then suddenly two planes passed me. I fell off the strange animal and landed on the blanket I was lying on. What a day it was!

Nkhosikhona Mzila - Std 1

A PERSON I ADMIRE

I admire my granny. She is very gentle and she cares about me. My granny likes playing games with me. I love the way she makes cakes. I love my granny's long, beautiful, grey hair. When I go to my granny's house I play with her hair.

Barbara Faure - Std 1



Mrs Audrey Hitchcock talking to Std 1 about books.

Mrs Hitchcock, also Guest Speaker on Speech Day, shared her vast knowledge of children's books with the children and their parents, and inspired us all to read more.

MUM HAS A FREE MORNING!

If my mum had a free morning, she would lie in her comfy bed, put the electric blanket on and do cross-stitch. If she got tired of that, she would rest in bed as well.

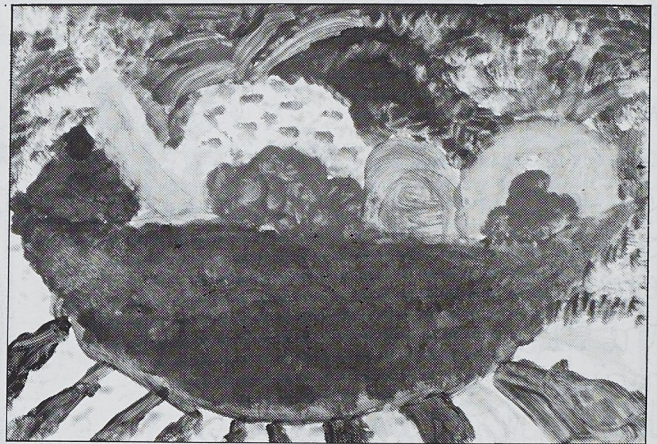
Cyan Crosby - Std 1

We decided to give Mom a free morning. She went to buy herself some new clothes. It was quite hectic for Dad. He was running around the house washing and cleaning at the same time. When Mom came home, Dad fell down on his bed and said "I never want to be on duty again!"

Jessica Westermeyer - Std 1

If my mum had a free day to herself, she would make lots of popcorn and get some videos. She would watch them till they were all finished. Then she would probably make herself a cup of tea and read her book.

Kirsten Talbot - Std 1



BOWL OF FRUIT by Thembi Luckett - Std 1.

OBSERVATIONS

Mrs Smallie and Miss Hyman should change names because Miss Hyman is very Small and Mrs Smallie is very high.

Jane Holland - Std 1

My mom drinks a lot of wine.

Louise Shone - Std 1

A PERSON I ADMIRE

I admire my music teacher, Miss Murray. She always has a minute to spare to listen to one of my stories. Miss Murray is a very interesting and gentle person and she never gets into a rage. She always notices little things such as when I've trimmed my hair. She likes to ask how my day was and things like that. So that is why I admire her.

Aimee Schoeman - Std 1

IT'S DAD'S TURN TO RELAX!

If Dad had a day to relax, he would lie in bed for a while and read the newspaper. Then he would go downstairs and watch a bit of cricket. After that he would fix anything he could find in the whole house. After that he would go and play some basketball and jump on the trampoline. Then he would go and spend the rest of the day at Midmar Dam camping.

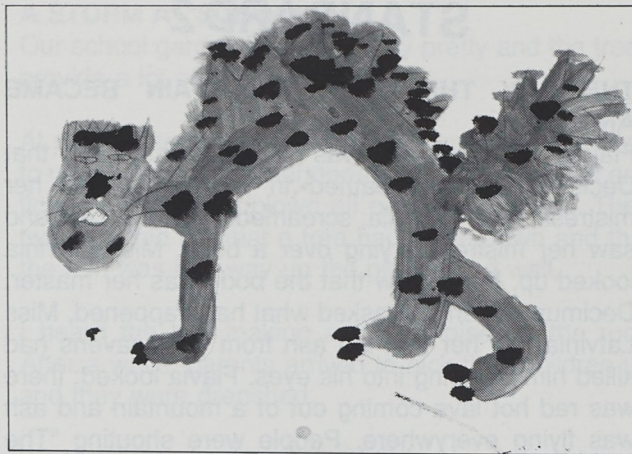
Louise Shone - Std 1

My dad likes to write. He has written three books and he enjoys reading too. My dad likes to run near Hilton College. He also likes to play basketball with my brother and me and he always wins. My dad's best hobbies are to sleep and travel. He also likes to watch rugby with a blanket over his legs. Dad likes to play with the dogs. We have four dogs, two puppies and two older dogs. When my dad has done all these things he will sleep.

Sarah Conyngham - Std 1

To relax, my dad would go up to the workshop and cut the wood and smell it. He likes the smell of wood. Then I guess he would watch rugby and if anything went wrong he would lose his temper and swear ### a little.

Khona Mzila - Std 1



SCAREDY CAT by Thembi Luckett - Std 1.

MY FAVOURITE PLACE

I like Hluhluwe because it's very close to nature. There are lots and lots of animals and the houses that we stay in have zebra grazing on their front lawns. I feel very relaxed there. It's the most wonderful place.

Kirsten Talbot - Std 1

I like going to the Berg. The air is very fresh. The Berg is very safe. I especially like going on walks. Once I saw twenty elands which was very exciting. It is peaceful. There is not a bit of pollution.

Sarah Conyngham - Std 1

My favourite place is in the garden, sitting reading under a tree. I like reading because it is relaxing and my book is exciting. I feel happy and free. When I read I feel as if I am in another place. I like looking at the trees swaying from side to side and the leaves falling.

Jane Holland - Std 1

My favourite place is in my bed. My bed is snugly and I sleep with my waterbottle. I feel cosy and warm in my bed. I can play and draw in my bed. I sleep late in the weekend.

Clair Goosen - Std 1

THE DAY I NEARLY DROWNED

One day my family and I went to the sea. When we got there I was the first in the water. The sea was cool and moved swiftly. Suddenly, a bounding wave came crashing over my head and pulled me into the sea. I shouted for help, but no-one came. I got scared and all sorts of feelings went through me. Then my dad came running down to the sea. He dived into the water and pulled me out. I lay on the sand for five minutes. Then I realised I was out of the sea. I was safe.

Kirsten Talbot - Std 1

STANDARD 2

THE DAY THE QUIET MOUNTAIN BECAME ANGRY.

Flavia, a slave girl, was cleaning the bath that Decimus had just bathed in when suddenly her mistress, Miss Latvinia, screamed. Flavia ran out and saw her mistress crying over a body. Miss Latvinia looked up. Flavia saw that the body was her master, Decimus. When she asked what had happened, Miss Latvinia told her that the ash from the heavens had killed him by going into his eyes. Flavia looked: there was red hot lava coming out of a mountain and ash was flying everywhere. People were shouting "The mountain is angry; he is trying to kill us. Run, run for your lives."

Flavia grabbed her mistress. "We are going to Naples before this mountain takes our lives too." The two girls ran, but Flavia lost her mistress because she had stopped for a rest. Flavia tried to keep on running, but she tripped on her stola. The hot lava was so close behind her that she thought she was going to die. A boy her age ran by and picked her up. He said "My name is Pliny and when you get to the beach, I want you to tear your stola off so that you can run." Flavia nodded her head.

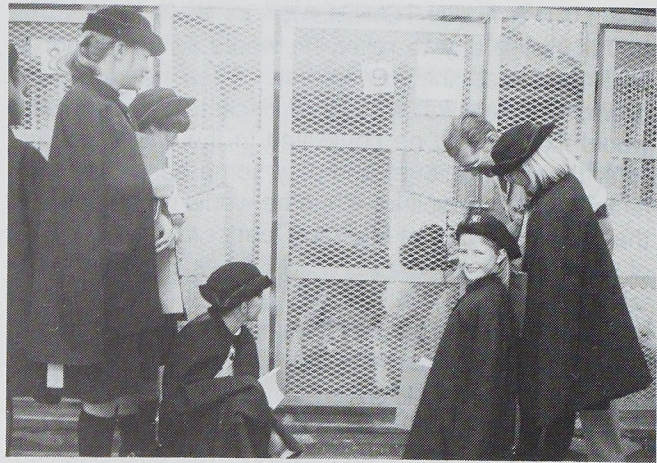
The two young people decided to go to Naples where the boy's grandmother lived. One night, a few years later, Pliny asked Flavia to marry him. Flavia was overjoyed. Five weeks later Pliny and Flavia were living in their own house. Pliny was a rich man now for he had a job as a carpenter and Flavia was treated like a princess with fourteen slaves.

I am one of her slaves - that's how I know this story. Flavia has now had three children: one boy and two girls. Their names are Lena, the eldest, Tiro, the second eldest and Petronia, the youngest. Flavia is a very lucky lady.

Jennifer Bradnick - Std 2



Std 2 undertook a cross-curricular study of dogs in the third term and this culminated in a dog-mask show.



GETTING UP

Dad's voice rumbles in his bedroom.
People are busily working in the kitchen.
Feet dash down the passage.
Suddenly music blasts out from the neighbours.
A voice calls me to breakfast.

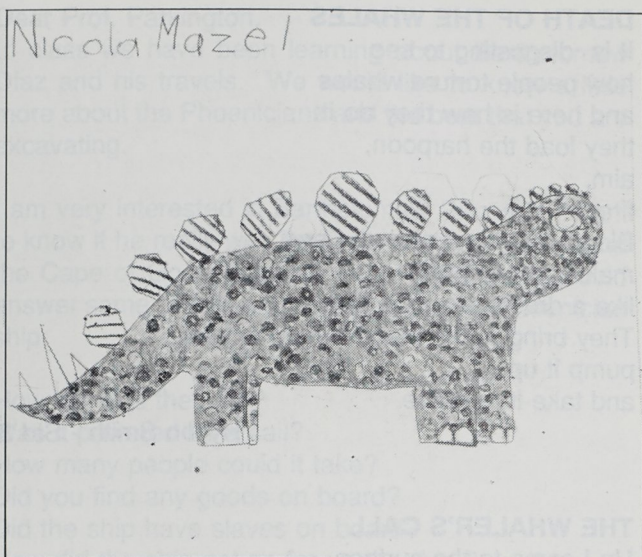
Nokubonga Mthlane - Std 2

GETTING UP

The alarm clock beeps
My brother splashes his face
Dad's sharp razor starts buzzing
My mom calls me softly
Rice crispies pop
A car rumbles
Brakes squeak
The school bell blasts loudly.

Shelley Haines - Std 2





MULTICOLOURED MARY by Nicola Maze – Std 2.

A SNAKE

I twist around a branch,
spitting and hissing,
shaking my tail.
My blade-like fangs sink into my prey.
It tries to get to freedom,
but I have got the grip.
I swallow my prey whole,
then slither away
to find another victim
in the shadows of darkness.

Haley Gardner & Emily Ogram - Std 2

FIRE

A flame-flickering fire spits
hot red and gold flames.
It jumps quickly around;
spreading sparks abound
making people jump.
Crackling and sizzling,
it reaches up,
trying to touch the sky.

Elizabeth Hobbs - Std 2



MY RATHER LARGE FAMILY by Jessica Hart – Std 2.

A STORM AT SCHOOL!

Our school garden is always very pretty and the trees provide a lot of shade for us.

At prep yesterday I saw lightening and then it started to rain. It was a big thunder storm. Branches fell and flower petals were blown all over the ground. Then two girls told me that a tree had fallen down and that the rain was half-way up the playground wall.

I heard the hail making a lot of noise on the roof. After a while, parents arrived to pick their children up and they were drenched.

When I came back to school today I was sad to see that our shady Jacaranda tree had been struck by lightning.

Catherine Martin - Std 2

During prep the sky suddenly went black; then it started to drizzle. There was a clap of thunder and the rain started coming down hard.

There were big pieces of hail. Everybody was scared. Mrs Mills and Mrs Moore said that we must not go out of the prep room. Branches were falling down and the gutters were full of rain water.

The wind was blowing very hard when my mum came to fetch Alice and me. My mother found it difficult to drive because there were rivers across the road.

The next morning when I got to school, I put my bag down and ran to the playground with Michelle and Lizzie. When I saw that the Jacaranda tree had fallen, I felt sad. It was a horrible storm. It certainly caused a great deal of damage.

Elizabeth Hobbs - Std 2

I was at my music lesson when the storm started. I ran to the prep room. It started hailing. I didn't think it was going to be a big storm but, I was wrong. I carried on doing my homework, but when I looked out of the window I got a shock. I could hardly see anything as it was pouring with rain. I heard the sound of hail on the roof and felt rather scared.

Then Jenny came in and said that the path was flooded. When the storm ended I looked out of the window and saw flower petals lying on the ground. Someone said that the Jacaranda tree had fallen down.

On the way to St Joseph's Catherine and I went to see the tree. We saw leaves and branches lying on the path. The school looked terrible. When we saw the damaged tree we could not believe our eyes.

Michelle Browne - Std 2

STANDARD 3

THE SEASONS OF A TREE

Spring:

I am an evergreen. It is Springtime.
I feel happy because I have beautiful green leaves
and I have lots of beautiful birds living in me.
everything is fresh and new. New baby trees like me
are growing. Other trees are also growing. In
Springtime children swing in my branches and play
under me. I see mother animals feeding their young.
Everything is very beautiful in Spring.

Summer:

In Summer it is hot. The baby birds have grown
bigger. Children still swing in my branches and play
under me. When they climb on me they tickle me. I
give them shade. I am very happy.

Autumn:

In Autumn the Evergreen trees are lovely and warm.
The other trees are cold. We Evergreen trees boast
and the other trees are sad. We snuggle up warmly.

Winter:

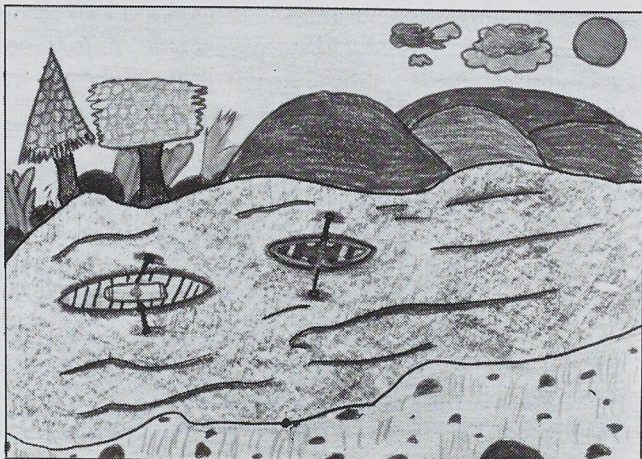
It is now Winter and some animals are fast asleep. I
see the children playing under me in the snow. I feel
the heavy snow on my branches and fall asleep

Kim Watson - Std 3

ARBOR DAY

I was a tall, fair tree. I had a rough, dark brown trunk
and green leaves. A group of men came to cut me
down. I thundered to the ground. A machine carried
me to the back of the truck which drove me to the mill.
On the way to the mill I felt afraid that I would be
turned into writing paper. I saw horrible sights of other
trees being chopped down! I thought to myself that
soon there would be no life on earth. All of a sudden
a rough machine got hold of me and lifted me up. It
threw me into the mill and I was turned into the paper
that we write on today!

Sandy Dlamini - Std 3



THE DUSI CANOE MARATHON by Michelle Peddle - Std 3.

DEATH OF THE WHALES

It is disgusting to see
how people torture whales
and here is how they do it:
they load the harpoon,
aim,
fire.

Blood squirts all over the sea,
making little ripples
like a drizzle from the sky.
They bring in the bloodstained animal,
pump it up
and take it to shore.

Hylton Smith - Std 3

THE WHALER'S CALL

Up I come to the surface
to take a breath.
I hear a call, "There she is!"
I hear a bang.
I'm in distress -
swirling round in the water like a mixer.
The hook goes deeper.
I am tired.

Maryanne Symonds - Std 3

St John's D.S.G.
Private Bag X4
Scottsville
PIETERMARITZBURG
3207
7 September 1994

Dear Prof. Parkington,
I wrote this letter to ask you if you had any more
information about Phoenicians reaching the Cape of
Good Hope before Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco da
Gama and Jan van Riebeeck did. If you do please
could you send us a letter?

Yours sincerely,

JESSICA ADKINS - Std 3

Dear Prof. Parkington,
I read in the newspaper about "The Phoenician
Sailors." I find it very interesting. In class we have
been studying Bartholomew Diaz and he is fascinating.
I don't know much about Professor Raymond Dart, but
I would like any information you may have on him.
What I would like to know is what does U.C.T. stand
for?

I looked up the word Herodotus and it said that he
was the Father of History and was very famous.

Yours sincerely,

LEANNE IVINS - Std 3

Dear Prof. Parkington,
In class we have been learning about Bartholomew Diaz and his travels. We would like to know a little more about the Phoenicians and the boat that you are excavating.

I am very interested in Bartholomew Diaz and I want to know if he really was the first person to sail around the Cape of Good Hope. I would like it if you could answer some of these questions about the Phoenician ship:

How big was the ship?
Was it powered by a sail?
How many people could it take?
Did you find any goods on board?
Did the ship have slaves on board?
How did the ship get so far up the river?

Yours sincerely,

RUSSEL HARTSHORNE - Std 3

Dear Prof. Parkington,
The Standard Three class have been learning about Bartholomew Diaz. Our teacher, Mrs Moore, gave us an article to read in the Natal Witness, Tuesday, April 6th, 1993. I was shocked to find out that the Phoenician sailors may have got to the Cape first.

Please could you give us more information and if you have photographs please send them too. Please send information as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely,

SHAKIRA PADAYACHEE - Std 3

TREES AT THE DAM

The trees have beautiful green leaves. They shine in the sun's rays. The branches stretch out like arms and fingers. The bark has holes and jagged edges which are rough. The trunk is thick with little plants growing at the bottom. When the wind comes the leaves fall as quietly and as softly as snowflakes.

Leanne Ivins - Std 3

THE RAIN FOREST

The rain forest is a huge green patch on a moist landscape. The trees, some enormous, grow to be the biggest in the world.

They all have beautiful green leaves and some of the plants have magnificent sparkling red, green, yellow, blue, purple and white flowers. All this and much, much more is being destroyed by the carelessness of man. God meant man to become guardians of Earth, but now it seems as if we have become its enemies.

Russel Hartshorne - Std 3

TREES AT THE DAM

When I look at a tree, I don't see a tree. I see a home, food, shade, furniture and oxygen. I think a tree is a very helpful thing. I like trees because when the wind blows the trees rustle and when the birds twitter it is a beautiful sound. A tree has a long hard trunk. The trunk is brown and rough. Its leaves are always very delicate. The leaves are sometimes evergreen and there are many different kinds. The leaves fall when the wind gives a gush and they lie scattered at the base of the tree.

Puvithra Naidoo - Std 3

THE WHALE

The whale is gentle and harmless.

The men on the ship wait.
As it comes to the surface
they let out their hooks.
It struggles with pain and
it dies.

The men jump with joy.
The whale is dragged out
of the sea.

Sandy Dlamini - Std 3



Std 3 children who took part in the 1994 PINSSA competition and won first prize for group work.

STANDARD 4



THE BAYNESFIELD DAM

I sit on a log looking out over the dam. The blue water glistens in the sunshine. There are a couple of Cormorants and wild ducks paddling on the rippling water. I hear the cry of a Fish Eagle. It echoes through the trees. It seems to worry the water birds. Then, when a juvenile Fish Eagle soars over the dam, they take off, flying in all directions in a confused manner. The Fish Eagle circles and dives down, down, down into the rippling water. It snatches a big Trout in its sharp talons; the fish wriggles once, then dies. The Fish Eagle flies to a dry tree on an island in the middle of the dam. It tears the flesh of the fish, then swallows. It flies off into the forest of exotic trees with a last, final cry. Then the water birds slowly settle down and start looking for food again.

Natasha Fowles – Std 4

The trees sway from side to side;
The lush, green leaves rustle as a cool breeze
twists through them.
The shade is dappled as the sun filters through.
The Gum trees have mottled bark, grey, brown and
a few patches of white.
The water ripples across the dam.
It glistens and sparkles.
The clean, fresh air is heavenly.
Some ducks sit preening.
A Fish Eagle dives down to catch its prey.
A giant Kingfisher swoops down into the water.
Suddenly he grabs his dinner and shoots up out of the
water.
He flaps his wings and once again there is silence.
All is quite quiet except for the cooing of the Turtle
Doves.
It is a peaceful place to live: in the water,
in the trees, or in the sky.

Sarah Leff – Std 4

THE JUNGLE

I walk into the jungle and wipe the sweat off my forehead. It is very hot, but I can hardly see the sun because it is blacked out by the green canopy above. The soil is moist and there is a stream running nearby. I bend down and splash my face with the cold water.

I can see many plants like ferns, trees, creepers, mosses, shrubs and bushes. There are insects everywhere. They are very busy as they gather food for their young ones. Animals are constantly running up and down the trees, hopping out of the way of brightly-coloured snakes waiting in the branches for a tasty mantis to pass by. The ground is covered in dead leaves and insects. An army of ants marches up and carries away a dead cricket buried in the leaves.

I can hear the Macaws shrieking as they fly over the canopy. The rain is falling softly onto the jungle's carpet of leaves. The frogs' chests are moving in and out as loud, gruff croaks deafen my ears. The stream is now rushing by as it carries small animals that are not strong enough to cross without being washed away. In the distance I can hear Pygmies singing as they hurry for shelter from the rain.

Suddenly a little Pygmy girl takes me by my arm and leads me along a path to a little village. A woman shouts at a little boy. I cannot understand their language, but they seem to be friendly people. They have dark skins and long black hair. Their clothes are just bits of cloth. Two old women stand around a big black pot sprinkling herbs and fruits into it. The oldest woman gives a shout. The villagers line up holding clay bowls, waiting to be served. A young boy hands me a bowl and leads me to the front of the line.

The oldest woman dips in a big beautifully carved spoon into the stew and plonks it into my clay bowl. I sit down on a log and look to see where the spoons are kept. I am surprised to see the villagers start eating with their hands. Awkwardly, I dip my hands into my bowl and pick up a piece of pineapple. There are other delicious fruits like paw-paw, banana and prickly pear. It begins to get dark, so I thank the Pygmy people and head for home.

Ryley Olivier – Std 4

THE OLD TREES AT BAYNESFIELD

Beautiful are the old Gum trees. They stand tall and sturdy. Their branches stretch out to invite any living creature that passes by.

They sway proudly in the breeze, with all life surrounding them. How wonderful it would be if I was a beautiful old Gum tree, with colourful birds singing in my ears.

Catherine Bassage – Std 4

THE IDUBE TRAIL

A hot blue sky greeted us at the beginning of the Idube Trail. With our clipboards in hand, we went on a long, interesting walk. We saw a Mountain Aloe, Cabbage Trees, which were tall and unusual, and many other plants. A big highlight for me was seeing a Blesbok grazing in the sun. Shortly after this, we saw a spectacular view of Table Mountain and Oak Park. We spent a few minutes gazing at its beauty, then walked across a bridge and finally, we were allowed to stop for tea.

Before we ate we had two tasks: the first one was to draw a map of where we had been; the second was to sketch a plant we had seen on the trail. While we were eating, an unfriendly-looking monkey was jumping from tree to tree. After tea we headed down to the two white Rhino who live comfortably in the park. Heading back up we saw two small herds of Impala and Zebra basking in the sun. When we reached the bus, having had a wonderful day, we made our way back to school.

Robyn Kenyon — Std 4

ISPY

I spy a fly on my thigh.
Is it a fly?
No, it's a mosquito;
Incognito!
A hard swat...
It goes pop!

Lauren McCall — Std 4



MIDSUMMER by Ryley Olivier — Std 4

BAYNESFIELD

As I sit quietly, I hear the wind blow gently through the trees, making the leaves rustle.

The beautiful lake flows past me, its tiny waves gleaming in the sun. The wind blows harder and the leaves rustle harder. The trees shake their branches, causing the dead leaves to fall to the ground.

Birds circle around the dam and a Kingfisher swoops down to grab a fish from the lake. As it flies away, I can see its beautiful colours. As the birds fly, they form a shape of a 'V' in the sky. I watch this and get a feeling of happiness. I hope that people who see this get the same feeling.

Ruth Alcock — Std 4

SOLITUDE

I listen to the strong wind settling down in the tall trees above me, waiting to be swept away again to a distant place.

The ripples on the dam look silent and harmless as they twinkle and flutter their silver eyes and keep their treasure hidden under the blue waters of time.

Bernadine Grové — Std 4

THE IDUBE TRAIL

On the Idube Trail we heard
Water flowing,
And I saw trees growing.
I saw grass-hoppers jumping,
And grass being blown.

I saw little bugs, large rhinos,
Paths and trails,
Bushes and cycads,
And buck with short tails.
All and more
Were seen and heard
On the Idube Trail.

Naomi Cech — Std 4

STANDARD 5

BONGINKOSI Theme for an assembly done by a group of Std 5s.

In a school in Edendale, not far from here,
are children who, unlike us, live each day
IN FEAR...

That tomorrow will bring hunger —
the kind that claws and gnaws
in the depths of your stomach;
the kind that swallows concentration,
exhausts you until the seat you are in
owns you and control is lost.

A child lay under a tree that day —
beside him, a dog — one hungrier than the other.
Daphne Tshabalala, the principal
of the hunger-stricken school,
threw the remains of her lunch carelessly
to the dog.

NOT the dog, not the HUNGRY DOG, but the
thin child snatched the crust away
and devoured it.

HIDEOUS, HORRIBLE HUNGER...SHOCK, SHAME.
Hideous, horrible hunger...shock, shame.
'Lord, oh Lord, take this thought that hurts my heart;
take away this thought, O Lord.
You know that I am helpless;
lift this burden from my shoulders.'

But the Lord had other plans.
Instead, He gave her a thought and
a friendship on which to build —
The thought: that there are hungry children in this
school.

The friend: Barbara Davies.

Together they stepped out in faith;
They started small, to create
what we must continue today.

There are hungry children in our schools.
If God has touched you, drop a coin into this tin
and feed a child.

BONGINKOSI.
Thank you, Lord.
Bonginkosi!

WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG...

My Parents:

My father was born in 1939, at the beginning of the
second World War. My mother was born in 1945, at the
end of the war.

In my opinion it should have been the other way around
because my placid, calm father was born at a
desperate time in the history of the world, but my lively,
expressive mother came into the world at a calmer
time.

My father was born in India. At the age of six he had a
terrifying experience: a black panther stared directly at
him through the mosquito net!

'In the good old days', as he expresses it, my Dad's
father made him a pedal jeep. Once while they were
hunting, they climbed up a tree to camp. Dad woke up
with his father's hand over his mouth because there
was a tiger beneath them. His father shot it.

My dad had a servant for every job. There was one
called a Pani Wallah; there were personal servants,
cook boys and many more.

My mother left South Africa when she was eighteen, to
travel overseas. She loved her grandmother, 'Bunji',
who lived in Cape Town, very much. One night while
my mother was sleeping in her room in England, she
smelt Bunji's perfume. Bunji used only one perfume
and so my mother thought she was there. A dull, white
light also made the room alive. A week later, a letter
arrived from her father to tell my mother that her granny
had died.

Angie Warmington – Std 5

Mrs V:

Can you imagine going to school in a taxi? Mrs.V, our
matron, went to boarding school in one when she went
to boarding school at the age of eight or nine. Mrs V's
 schooldays were spent at a convent in Durban where
she wrote matric.

At school the girls played games similar to what we play
now. Ballet and ballroom dancing were also taught,
which must have been fun. For breakfast they had only
a little bit of food: one avocado pear, a piece of toast
with a dab of butter, and on Sundays they would get
sausages and gravy. For lunch they were served stew
and vegetables and they had stewed prunes for
pudding.

All the girls, from Std 6 to matric, sat in the same room. It
must have been rather distracting. Their dormitories
were nothing like ours. We have very cosy dorms, but
they had only a cupboard and a chair and a bed.

When Mrs V was at school, they didn't have sellotape or
ballpoint pens, and they didn't have plastic packets like
we have today: they had brown paper instead.

When Mrs V went home for the holidays, all her friends
would swop samples of shampoo and other things, and
silkworms. Every Saturday night in the holidays Mrs V's
father would take her to the movies.

During the Second World War all the girls would send their dolls to a place called the Doll's Hospital, and at Christmas time they would get them back and they would be dressed smartly in their new clothes.

Right at the end of this interview we asked Mrs V if she would have preferred to go to school nowadays or then, and why. She said she preferred her schooldays to ours because there was no danger or violence.

Cara Cullen – Std 5

My Grandmother:

I am sure my grandmother would have liked to be in my shoes, but I am not sure that I would have preferred hers!

When she was young, she liked playing with dolls, skipping, swimming in the nearest dam, singing and netball. They used mealie cobs for their dolls.

When my grandmother was young, they did not have maids to do their household chores for them like we do. They had to work everyday before and after school. Unlike us, long ago they did not have as many careers to choose from, as we do. My grandmother wished that she could be a singer who could go and sing overseas, or, alternatively, she would have liked to be a teacher.

My grandmother was married at an early age — most people did in those days.

I find my grandmother's childhood most intriguing. Now that I know what it was like, I do not think I would have minded being a child in her day — for a couple of days only!

Nokukhanya Dube – Std 5

My Grandpa:

My grandfather, Charles Gilbert Hobbs, was born in Somerset, England. When young, he obtained a post as the assistant to the Master of the Horse to the King of Siam, prior to the Great War. He was fortunate enough to escort the king's son to Australia and New Zealand to buy horses. At the outbreak of the 1914 war he returned to England by ship.

After training in the army, he was transferred to the Western Front (France), where there were many battles. He was then transferred to the Indian Army where he was attached to one of the Gurka regiments. Gurkas were small soldiers from Nepal who carried razor-sharp knives which they used effectively at close quarters against the enemy.

My grandpa saw action in 1920/21 in the war against the Pathans. On one occasion, when advancing up a rocky slope, he had a narrow escape when a bullet pierced his helmet and grazed his scalp. He must have

fallen because when he became conscious, about a dozen Gurkas had thrown themselves on top of him to protect him from any other bullets. This didn't help the situation because he was nearly suffocated by them!

Alice Hobbs – Std 5

THE NEW-BORN FOAL

As it stumbles through the straw
the mare tries to help and nudges it up onto its four feet.
It wobbles for a while and then collapses,
with all four legs out to the side.
It manages to pull itself up from the slimy ground.
It smells the milk from its mother's teat.
It begins to suckle
On all four feet.

Andrea Marlton – Std 5

BEING ALONE!

Night time...
Alone in my room,
where it is quiet and still,
I feel at peace with the world.
Darkness surrounds me.
My warm, cosy bed invites.
I lay my head against the cool, soft pillow.

Silent and serene is the night.
I am awake, but very drowsy.
The dog barks.
A twig snaps outside my window.
The curtains billow like ships' sails in the wind.
Rain patters on the roof.
Unconcerned and warm,
I listen.
Slowly I drift...
Dreams invade my sleep.

Alice Hobbs – Std 5

THE FISH EAGLE

A Fish Eagle cries
As the sun peeps over the dark hills
on the far side of the lake.
A path of gold stains the waves
from the sun.
The fresh scents of the night fill
the air.
Every now and then you will see
a silver flash from a fish.
The great Eagle swoops down,
his talons grasping the fish
and he takes off to an island for a delightful meal
at the start of an African day.

Sarah Roberts – Std 5



Connaught girls warm up before the Inter-House Gymnastics Competition. Connaught won.

SPORT

SPECIAL ACHIEVERS IN SPORT THIS YEAR

Catherine Martin won silver and gold medals in the South African Country and Districts Swimming Championships.

Maryanne Symonds ran in the Natal Midlands Cross-Country Team.

Catherine Bassage was selected for the Pietermaritzburg Junior Tennis Team.

Thembi Luckett, Nicola Main and Clair Goosen were chosen to represent the Pietermaritzburg Gymnastics Club at the National Gymnastics Championships in Cape Town. Solveig Gevers was in the Pietermaritzburg 'Y' B team.

Kim Lindsay, Julie Farwell and Angela Johnston played in the finals for the Junior Midlands Hockey Team trials.

Nandy Dlamini played in the finals for the Junior Midlands Netball trials.

Charvelle Aird was chosen to play in the Midlands B netball team.

Catherine Martin was selected to swim in the Natal Primary schools team against Transvaal.

Nicola Main won a Gold Medal for the Natal Novice U9 Individual in Gymnastics.

Our swimmers are to be congratulated for winning the 'C' gala at the beginning of the year. We are proud of all these girls.

JUNIOR CHESS CLUB

I started coaching Chess at the beginning of the second term and, almost immediately, we started playing the Midlands Primary Schools Chess League matches. One team of mixed players, drawn from Stds 3–5, was entered and reserves were Std 1 boys.

Being newcomers to League matches, the players lacked experience and, because they were nervous, played mostly defensive games. It needed just the winning of one game to give the team players confidence and to change their tactics to attacking games. This was a great step forward.

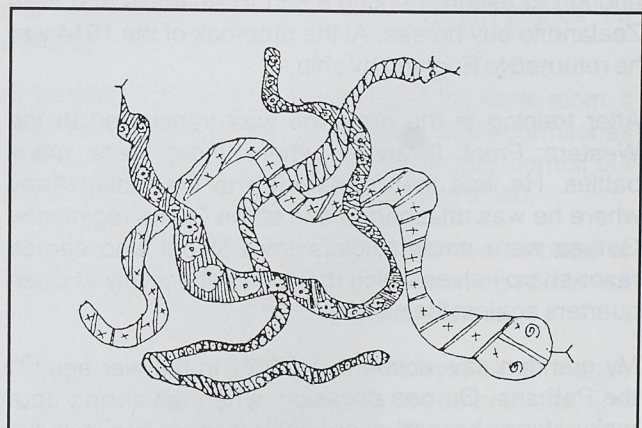
During the third term we started Std 2 players on the 'ladder' of Chess and, without the pressure of League matches, we have had very interesting and enjoyable games. The girls are eager and enthusiastic to learn and Friday afternoons have become very lively with some 'earnest' battles taking place.

I thank staff for the use of their classrooms, Miss Hyman for her interest and support and the children for their enthusiasm and friendliness. I wish St John's Chess Club many successes in the future.

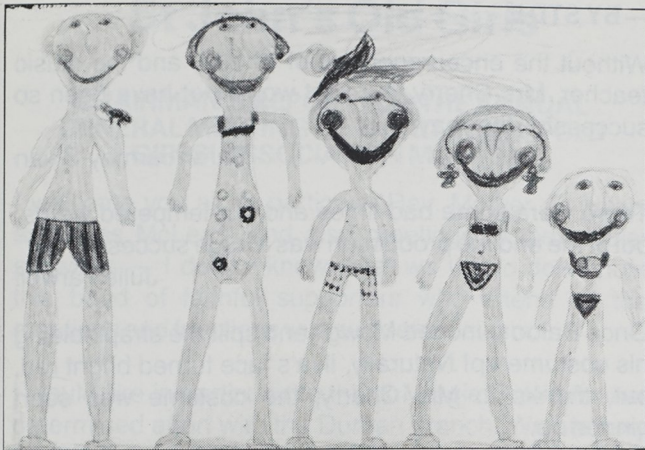
MJ Byrne



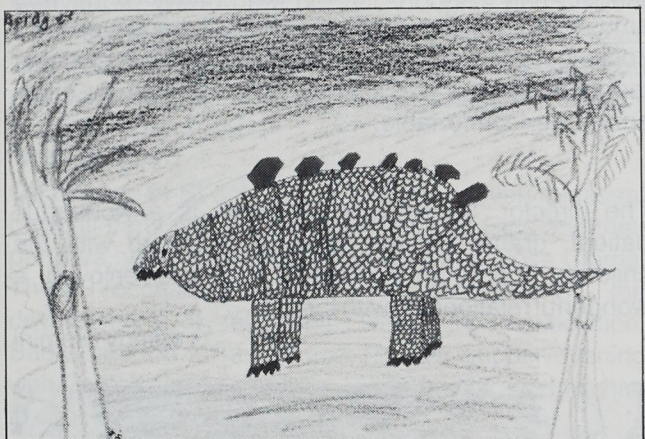
Miss Byrne and her chess enthusiasts study another clever move.



SNAKES ALIVE! by Leanne Ivins — Std 3



DAD, MUM, CHARLES, ALICE AND ME. by Elizabeth Hobbs — Std 2



GEORGE REX. by Bridget Bassage Std — 2



JUNIOR SCHOOL MUSIC

1994 has been an exciting year, musically. 'The Jungle Book' provided us with some really enjoyable songs which I'm sure the children will never forget. The soloists acquitted themselves well and gained much musical experience.

No sooner was 'The Jungle Book' over, when the Junior Choir sang at the Eisteddfod organised by the South African Society of Music Teachers where they were awarded a Silver certificate. By then, Spring was just around the corner, so the Drama and Music Departments planned a programme of poetry, music and Maypole dancing for our Spring Morning. This involved the whole of the Junior School from cl.i to standard 5.

A few days later came the annual Musical Evening. It was wonderful to have so many Junior School pupils share their music with us with such poise and confidence even though the evening was tinged with sadness after hearing of the sudden death of Miss Sheila Harland. We will all miss her.



Salony Nayar and Linda Dickinson visit Mrs Smallie, our Remedial teacher, for a bit of individual attention and reinforcement of phonic skills.

During the fourth term the choir will be extremely busy preparing for prizegiving, St.Charles' Carol Service, the Combined Schools' Carol Concert to be held in the City Hall and our own Carol Service at the end of the term.

The recorder groups have worked hard and have made good progress. They have played in assemblies, for the Spring Morning entertainment and for the Musical Evening.

In class the children have enjoyed playing instruments, listening to music and moving to music — dancing on very cold mornings!

Much of our music has been shared at Class Assemblies as we try to link our music with class themes.

Finally, I would like to thank the Music staff for their dedication and patience shown to our young pupils. I would also like to thank Miss Hyman, Mrs Meeuwiss, Mrs Vinjevold and the teaching staff of the Junior School for their unfailing support and encouragement.

Margaret Cherry

DRAMA REPORT — BY STD 5

Once more St John's D.S.G. put on a wonderful production.

This time it was Rudyard Kipling's 'The Jungle Book.'

The play was directed by the talented Drama teacher, Shelley Westermeyer, who successfully welded a cast of 150 children into a vibrant production.

Ruth Seggie

The audience commented on the beautiful scenery designed and painted by Mrs Poltera. They said that as soon as the show started, they were taken straight into the jungle.

Cara Cullen

The costumes were both bright and comical and the acting was full of expression.

Alice Hobbs

This play is nothing like the movie. It is the original Rudyard Kipling story with Tabagui, the sneaky jackal, Baloo, the sleepy brown bear, Shere Khan, the tiger, Bagheera, Kaa, King Louis and Mowgli.

Haley Galloway

The vultures' clever costuming, by Mrs Caine and Mrs Tennant, put the audience into hysterics, and baby Mowgli had the crowds saying 'cute!'

Angela Johnston

Without the encouragement of Shelley and the music teacher, Mrs Cherry, the cast would not have been so successful, they say.

Sarah Jarmey-Swan

There were some bad times and hot-tempered words, but in the end the production was a huge success.

Julie Farwell

Once Baloo punched Mowgli and split the strap holding his costume up! Naturally, Ilva's face turned bright red, but, thanks to Mrs Cherry, the costume was soon pinned up.

Ilva Lawrence

From where I was, I enjoyed watching the whole play and I could see the audiences' reactions. It was amusing to see how much the little children loved King Louis, but got frightened of Shere Khan. The only thing that bothered me was that my costume was too small and I felt uncomfortable.

Sarah Roberts

The director, Shelley Westermeyer, is a wonderful, patient, drama teacher. She worked hard with the children and it was obvious that she enjoyed a wonderful relationship with them.

Nandy Dlamini



SCENE FROM 'THE JUNGLE BOOK'

St John's Old Girls

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT FOR THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE ST JOHN'S OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION MAY 1994

I welcome you all, in particular Rev. Mother, Sr Hilary and Miss McLean, and also greetings to the regular stalwarts — I do not know what we would do without this band of faithful supporters who attend all the meetings and functions with such enthusiasm.

I would like in particular to thank Margie Colvin for her determined effort with the Durban branch. We are very grateful for everything you did, the main focus of which was contact with our sisters. We are all very sad to see the end of a chapter, with the move away from the Convent in Wentworth, but our thoughts and prayers are with the Sisters in their new home in Florida Road. The Durban branch has continued their care and contact here, beginning with the purchase of a Kreepy Krawly and pool fence.

On the eve of St John's Day last year, a very pleasant cocktail party was held for the Pmb Old Girls and their partners, very kindly hosted by Dick and Rose Cairns. These occasions are very important for the development of fellowship within the Association. Sadly, support for a planned Theatre Supper evening with Dr Rob Caldwell was not forth-coming and we had to cancel this event.

Ninety year birthdays of Old Girls are starting to crop up and, where we can, we like to bring the birthday girl to St John's and share in all their tales of remembrances. Marjorie l'ons visited the school in November and had a lovely tea.

In March a band of stalwarts stood their ground amidst armoured cars, armed troops and an A.N.C. march! Nothing would deter us from our cake sale and we collected R580.

As we approach our Centenary, the country begins a new era of its history. More than ever our prayers are needed for peace and harmony, but we can rest assured that St John's is turning out the type of young ladies of which the country has great need.

God Bless South Africa and St John's.

Diana Fitzsimons

St John's Old Girls' News

BALCOMB Jillian (Shipman). Lives on a sugar farm in New Guelderland where she grows thousands of rose trees. Has three sons and a daughter and is teaching in Stanger.

BALLARD Gay (Mitchell). Teaches at Kloof High School.

BAZLEY Phil (Baatvedt). Has just spent two months in Australia visiting her daughters, and enjoys helping with the garden of the Sisters' new home.

BOSWORTH SMITH Jean (Peerman). Still dairy farming in Nottingham Road.

BOVET Antoinette. Worked in Switzerland last winter. Went on holiday to Ireland in May then flew to New Zealand via Bali. Back working in Switzerland now, but will be home in November for some South African sunshine!

BRAITHWAITE Sheena (Brownrigg). Son Angus (20) is now farming at home, Pippa (18) matriculated at St John's in 1993 and Justin is in Std 7 at Weston.

CAMERON Molly (Blacker). Has sold her home in Gillitts and will be moving to a Retirement Village at Waterfall Gardens in February 1995.

CARLSON Sue (Meanwell). Has two daughters, Caroline and Genevieve at Kloof High School.

DE GOEDE Jinny (Nilson). Teaching at Kloof High School. Daughter Wendy in Std 7 at St Mary's D.S.G. with Mary Stott's (Tweedie) daughter, and son Derek going to Kearsney College in Std 6 next year.

d'OLIVEIRA Bryony (Dobeyn). Has just moved into a town house after spending 28 happy years in Montgomery Drive.

d'OLIVEIRA Bronwen. In final year at UCT doing a Business Science degree. Will be travelling overseas early in 1995.

DEEKS Barbara. Will be 82 in 1995. Keeps in excellent health and is very happy in the beautiful Cape.

DON-WAUCHOPE Georgina. Has qualified in her 6 year study for a Doctorate in Homeopathy and is to be married on 10 December to Nic McKnies, after which they will be spending time in Britain.

EVANS Brenda (Kirkpatrick). A physiotherapist, living in Grahamstown where her husband is a G.P. Her son Paul (18) is writing matric and Mark (16) is in Std 8 at St Andrew's College.

FRIEND Pamela (Milner-Smyth). Enjoyed a holiday overseas where her family were together for the first time in six years. Visited England, Ireland, Turkey, France and queued in the rain for Wimbledon! Also saw the first test at Lords. Is teaching academically disadvantaged children on a part-time basis.

HAY Miriam (England). Has just moved to Durham in the U.K.

HINDMARSH Kate (Holmes). Remarried in August 1993. Her children: Aimee is now 9 and Matthew 7. She is the first woman manager of the helicopter company where she works. Saw Leanne Long (van der Leeuw) in July when she was in the U.K.

HOPEWELL Elaine (McFarlane). Is still running a gallery in Port Elizabeth. Her first granddaughter, now one and a half, has sadly moved to East London with her parents and her two sons are working with her.

JENNINGS Evelyn. Is still enjoying Johannesburg after almost five years, but misses Natal. Her brother and youngest sister, Paula (also ex S.J.S.) are also living in Johannesburg.

KINSEY Kath (Deeks). Will be 80 in 1995. She has 10 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren. She and her husband still play bowls despite his failing eyesight and they love their country life in Munster.

KRETZSCHMAR Eileen (Temple). Her daughter Shelley is now married and Lisa is still at Edgewood. She is still enjoying her job although now that her husband has retired she gets a little envious sometimes!

LUGTE Jean (Deeks). Is now a widow with 14 children and grandchildren. She lives next door to her sister Kath and has a marvellous vegetable garden and is an expert jam and pickle maker.

MACLACHLAN Shirley (Thorne). Living in Windsor, U.K., and sees Joyce Mussellwhite (Heyns) quite frequently. She is hoping to visit S.A. in 1995 and visits her daughter and family in Washington as frequently as possible. Her 3 sons all live in England and she hopes to have more time for her 6 grandchildren now that she has finally given up teaching children with special needs.

MUSSELLWHITE Joyce (Heyns). Is living with her husband Richard in Winchester and has her married son Michael and daughter Kay living quite near by. She enjoyed meeting up with her 1946 matric year in Durban in 1992.

PORRILL Paddy-Ann (Smith). Jacqui has returned from her travels and is working in Ladysmith. Douglas has finished his Agric. degree and is now studying part

time for a B. Comm. through UNISA. Stuart is still at PMB university.

MOORE Mary (Quicke). Got married in October last year and is enjoying married life. Is still living in PMB and playing lots of sport.

QUICKE Christine (Jamieson). Had a wonderful trip overseas during May and June. Spent seven and a half weeks travelling all over the States. Saw Len's son, daughter-in-law and three grandchildren aged 4, 6 and 8. Used Delta Flight passes and had 28 flights in 50 days! Spent a week in England on the way home.

QUICKE Jill. Teaching at PMB Girls High and is very involved in coaching. Still playing provincial hockey and keeps fit with tennis, swimming, running, basketball and action cricket.

RÜMELIN Gail (Sinclair). Moved to PMB six years ago and is very happy there.

RÜMELIN Trudi. Has completed her B. Comm and Post Grad. Dip. Ac. at Durban university, and passed her board exam in March this year. She is enjoying articles with Price Waterhouse Meyernel in Durban.

RÜMELIN Lisa. Now 3rd year B.A. at Rhodes, majoring in Drama and English. She spent a month at Essen University in Germany on an Inter Varsity Exchange scholarship.

SWEENEY Ciara. Is attending PMB university.

THORTON-DIBB Morrelle (Shipman). Recently returned from a business trip in America. She is an interior designer and lives in Johannesburg.

WATSON Gwen (Bosworth Smith). She is a bursar at Kloof Junior School. Her husband, Ian, is involved in construction projects in the Durban area, and her sons Cameron, 11, and Oliver, 7, attend local Kloof schools. She is in contact with Sandie Reeves (Jordan) and saw Shelagh Ruggier (Cameron) during the Christmas holidays.

WATSON Nan (Nilsen). Has 3 young daughters, Stacey, 9, Caitlin, 6, and Brittany, 1, and farms in Port Edward, and also has a computer training company at Shelley Beach.

WILLIAMS Veronica (Phillips). Her husband Tony has finally retired from a distinguished career as a Geo technical Engineer and has now embarked in a new career as a salesman of the fruits of his research. They will be spending Christmas in India on business. Her daughter Fritha Davidson is now an associate partner with Anderson Consulting but manages to care for the 22 month old twin daughters beautifully. She now has 6 grandchildren.

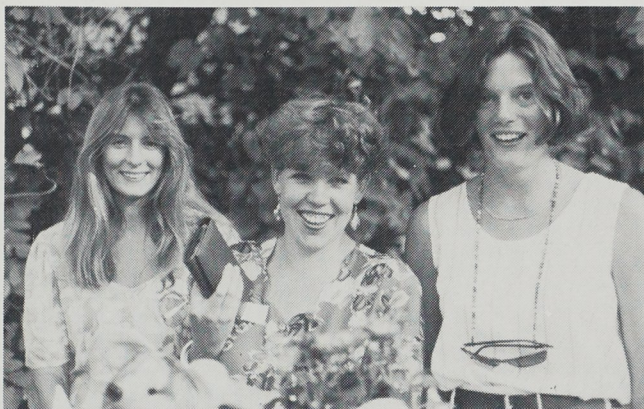
WILLIAMSON Peggy (Forder). Still living in Estcourt and fills her days attending meetings and working for the less fortunate.

WRIGHT Jennifer (Porrill). Still living in Ladysmith where her husband James is an attorney. Keeps busy with the farm, gardening and doing pottery.

WRIGHT Sarah-Jane. Has completed her B.A. degree at Stellenbosch and is now studying Montessori teaching in Cape Town.

WRIGHT Kate. Is in her final year at PMB university.

WRIGHT Emma. Is studying B.A. Drama at Cape Town University.



Megan Philp, Leisa McConnell and Adele Stewart.

ST JOHN'S OLD GIRLS' COMMITTEE

Chairman:	Mrs Di Fitzsimons
Vice Chairman:	Mrs Pinny Mapham
Sec/Treasurer:	Mrs Lesley Cooke
Hon. Vice Chairmen:	Mrs Royce Godden
	Mrs Collie Davis
Pmb. representatives:	Mrs Christine Quicke
	Mrs Anne Steer
	Mrs Hazel Shaw



ELIZABETH MARGARET McDOUGAL

Miss McDougal, who celebrated her ninetieth birthday at St John's in 1991, died on 13 June, 1994. She was our oldest Old Girl, and very loyal to St John's — in fact, when the St John's Old Girls' Association was founded, she was the first Chairman. Described by people who knew her as a 'vital, forthright person with sharp mental faculties, and a lovely, dry sense of humour', she displayed a positive and contented attitude to life. We are proud to have been associated with her.



Miss McDougal at her ninetieth birthday party with Mrs D Fitzsimons and Ipelang Moloto (Head Girl) in 1991.

