



5 AUGGER

MA GA ZINE

1961

## Introduction

During the last few years we have had various forms of inter-house competitions, — plays, concerts, and art competitions, to mention only a few, and this year after numerous discussions we decided that a magazine competition would open a new field, and what is more important, offer an even chance for all girls to enter.

The response from all forms was good, especially from the lower forms, but the quality exceeded the quantity. This very interesting magazine is the result of the hard labour of the editors, Pat Jeffrey and Anne Cowley, who spent considerable time arranging and compiling the finished work. We are all very grateful to them.

I would like to congratulate Jagger on its work and games this year, and especially for the addition of the netball, hockey and department cups

to its previously rather bare shelf!

However, I think that Jagger is a very happy house, successful or not, and provided it stays that way, the success will follow. It is up to all of you to keep it happy until you leave Herschel.

In conclusion I would like to wish Jagger good luck, — and please keep up the good work!

Shona Jackson.

A GNOME.

- i In a dark and shady wood,  
A funny little fellow stood.  
His eyes were bright, his nose was long,  
His arms were brown and very strong.
- ii I watched him as he gazed around,  
And as he heard me make a sound  
He gave a start, I heard him cough,  
And ere I could greet him he was off.
- iii Away he ran and led me to  
A little house all bright and new,  
He went inside and then I saw,  
A tiny notice on the door.
- iv "Gnome's house" it said, and "Private" too,  
And all at once my dreams came true.  
Those dreams I'd dreamed of elves and gnomes,  
And lots of other woodland homes.
- v I said "epoohy" but heard no sound,  
Except my footsteps on the ground.  
And as I made my way back home,  
My thoughts were of that little gnome.

Carol Payne  
Lower 76.

A SHIP WENT SAILING

A ship went sailing out to sea,  
With number of men in it, thirty-three,  
They sailed and sailed all day and night,  
Until they came to the Isle of Wight.

Louise Maratos,  
Upper III W.

JERRY JOY.

Perhaps you've heard of Jerry Joy,  
A very naughty little boy.  
One day he would a fishin' go,  
Although his mother had said "no."

He left his home at half past eight,  
And took with him a can of bait,  
A fishing rod, a line and hook.  
And off he went to the brook.

Carol Payne  
Lower IV B.





## CHICKENS.

One morning in April,  
Some more shall I tell,  
Our hen had eight chickens  
Came out of the shell,  
Some were white  
Some were dotted  
Some were black  
And some were spotted,  
And no more shall I tell.

Marian Gray.  
Lower W B.





Alho da Madeira

C'est une belle petite île de Madeira,  
Où la vague de la mer est exposée  
Au soleil, est sourit avec toute sa figure.

C'est une belle petite île de Madeira,  
Où les hommes et les bêtes sont reposés,  
Mais les ouvriers travaillent tous les jours.

Ils travaillent tous les jours dans les prés,  
Les filles, et les pères, et les frères.  
Sur la terre entournée de mer.

P. Jeffrey  
L.V.



No airy breeze stirs the peaceful silence of this glade. The sunlight strikes dappled patterns on the undergrowth, and plays upon the still waters of the pool. In its mysterious depths a glimpse of stringy black bodies can be seen as the trout dart swiftly beneath the muddy banks. Occasionally a brilliantly coloured autumn leaf floats down to break the water's surface.

A minute gem in the form of a king-fisher adds a splash of colour to the leaf-denuded willow tree. Hovering on tiny wings he dives ridiculously into the clear water; but his attempt proves fruitless, and he must needs fly upstream to fill his crop.

The tiny minnows once more dart near the surface, and, as evening draws nigh, an elderly trout starts to feed on the insects which perchance have landed on the surface.

The gurgle of the tiny waterfall above the pool fails to mask the timid rustling audible in the dry undergrowth. Even the lightest of mammals would find it difficult to tread silently on brittle autumn leaves.

A glistening black nose, backed by two gorgeous liquid brown eyes, appears in the gathering dusk. Followed by his doe, a petit dun buck makes his appearance at the water's edge. He is keenly alert, with wicked sharp black horns erect, and delicate ears pricked.

Two beautiful heads dip simultaneously, and two tongues sip their fill. They depart; and the silent curtain of night falls to veil all nature in her mysterious glory.

Maria

Maria est pulchra puella,  
amat ire ad castra.

Sed uno die perterrita erat a cane,  
et iam semper maneat in urbe.

H. Fobb

L. III C

Fabula Sexti

Sextus erat filius imperatoris fortis  
Romani. In magna castra habitavit patrum.  
Mare ad ludum ixit et deinde ludos ludit.  
Ibi iuvenis erat ad pugnam ixit et  
a Gallis recatus est.

H. Riley

## Old Letters

"Reported missing, believed dead."

I stared incredulously at the words, and my eyes filled with tears. I tried to think how my grand mother must have felt when she read the dagger-like words, written in clear, victorian hand, which signified the loss of her loved one. How a knot like one which formed in my throat must have formed in hers, and gradually grows bigger and bigger until it must surely choke her, only to be relieved by a rush of tears.

I had been browsing through the attic in search of some unusual amusement, when I came across the small trunk box. Sceptical of what I might find inside, I opened it, revealing a bundle of letters written on rice paper, slightly yellowed with age and damp. I settled back hoping I had found the amusement I had been seeking, and opened the first letter dated 9th. January 1900. My thoughts seemed to slip back into the past and the letters seemed to merge into one long story

as I read:-

"We have now set up a piece of red tissue paper in one corner of our room with an electric bulb fixed behind it. The glow enables us to work in the London cold with less discomfort than may be otherwise felt. How I long for the hot meals we gazed at so as children, when I sit eating my midday sandwich in the uninviting cold of the art school."

Another letter dated approximately six months later read.

"I showed the landscapes inspired by my weekend visit to Cornwall to my Professor, with immediate result. At last I am being able to enter the preliminary examination for the competition on which my whole future may depend. It means parting with five guineas, but somehow I will manage it. If only some rich lady would further my career, but for the moment I must be content to remain unknown as neither my name or my work means anything in the artistic art societies of this town."

I continued reading letter after letter. The next one seemed even more hopeful.

"I won through the preliminary round and today we sat for the competition, six impoverished struggling artists competing against each other with healthy bitterness. There was a tense atmosphere, muscles were strained, each was trying to produce something spectacular that would win for him the competition and perhaps world fame. Towards midday I was aching with tension, my mind in a state of confusion so I tried to put every ounce of skill I could muster into my work. I worked on and on and as evening shadows began to fall, I saw not the model's face but your smiling face looking back at me. It was as I always remember it, clear and smiling, blue eyes large and bright."

The next letter read simply:-

"My Darling I have won it and am now to enter the academy art school."

My heart felt light and happy as I read the words; but this felicity was short-lived, as the next letter was filled with bitterness and sarcasm.

As is the custom after competitions the winning pictures were on show for the general public to see.

As is usual the so called art graciers criticized them, harmless, trivial criticisms until one art director known for his meanness dropped a subtle, well-timed remark. Was not my interpretation of the model most unlike her, yes indeed it was not her at all. This remark by a man of such influence was not to be lightly passed by. Next day I was called into the principals chamber and told that so the decision of the governors I had been disqualified. I left that building not only broken in heart but broken in spirit. I knew then that I would never return."

Ara Alexander  
Upper 10 L.



"SUNRISE"



*Dorte Brink*  
*L.V. M.*



S. Botwin



*"Skoleskibet Danmark"*

*P. Jeffrey L. V. P.*

MALELANE.

Malelane is a small village in the Eastern Transvaal about two miles from the entry to the Kruger National Park. The crocodile river flows towards the sea dividing the reserve from the citrusfarm lands and the village. It is hardly a village at all, only having a baker, a butcher and a general dealer where we can buy almost anything from soap to a new gas cylinder for the fridge. There are also a few African shops and a very common sight is to see two or three men sitting on a wide porch outside their shops with sewing-machines in front of them making clothes for a customer while he waits, or if he is not in a hurry, the machinist will take measurements and return with the garment the next day. These machinists travel round the district, some even as far afield as Pigg's Peak and make clothes for the people who live too far away from shops.

They are the carriers of letters and news between the kraals and sometimes have to write the letters for their friends who have never been to school.

On Saturday mornings the central meeting place is the station because a train comes from Lourenço Marques with many Africans on it on their way to the Golden City, Johannesburg, in search of work on the mines. The train always whistles as it enters the valley and the chattering and general excitement heightens. The track is very windy and the train is only visible from the station roof. All the piccanins who are old enough and quick enough climb onto the roof and give a running commentary to friends and relations down below. Languages vary from English, Portuguese, Swahili and a little Afrikaans. The large "aiaks", with their Saturday shopping in baskets balanced carefully on their heads or a box of fruit which is given as a

part of their wages by the farmers, laugh and shout and discuss the event. As the train gets into the station the excitement is at a peak and everyone is talking to the passengers and some of the more daring piccanins climb up and jump from the roof onto the train. It stays only about a quarter of an hour and then the whistle blows and more passengers get on and the train moves slowly out of the station, with the piccanins running after it. By this time everyone has exchanged news and had a gossip about the events of the past week. Other trains come into the station bringing fruit for the cannery from the surrounding district.

In this area the main farming is done on large citrus plantations. Tropical fruits such as paw-paws, guavas and grenadillas are also grown, some for

export but mainly for consumption in Johannesburg. Grapefruit is packed into boxes and sent by train to Lourenço Marques. The cannery is not very large but has beautiful surroundings. Rows of citrus trees surround it and grenadilla vines cover up the bare walls. Wild grenadilla vines have large red flowers which show up in all their glory against the white walls.

From the smokestack of the cannery (it has a platform three-quarters of the way up it) we can see into the game reserve. Elephants, giraffe, impala and occasionally lions can be seen with ease. On very clear days it is also possible to see the sea as there are no mountains between Matelane and Mozambique.

From the verandah of our house one can see the Crocodile river which is not more than three hundred

yards away and on most mornings when we have breakfast early on the stoep we see impala and zebra coming for their morning drink. During the dry months it is not strange to wake up in the middle of the night and hear sounds like native drums beating. It is only the elephants running up and down the dry river bed. The Africans say it is the elephants way of asking the rain spirit for water. Sometimes buck stray across the river and if they wish to, the farmers may shoot one or two for venison or biltong which is sold in Johannesburg.

On the bank of the weir is a footpath which is often used by the Africans to go from one kraal to another, and if one walks along it on a Friday or Saturday afternoon one can smell the sweet smell of "kaffir beer" as the women brew it over the fire. It has a peculiar

smell which always reminds me of new potatoes and honey. Once as we were walking along the path one of the women asked us to taste it and got us some *teri* mugs. It is quite pleasant to drink but in large quantities and if made with certain berries it can become poisonous and cause a drunken stupor.

Further along there is a weir where most of the week's washing is done and where the peccarins swim. There is however, a certain danger of crocodiles, but it does not seem to worry the inhabitants if they lose a couple of children or a wife now and again.

The most attractive sight along the weir is a patch of about eight flamboyant trees, when they are in full bloom. The bright scarlet against the ruddy bark and the green clinging monkey-ropes make a picture I will never forget.

On the way back to the house, along a higher path toward evening when the sun begins to set behind the distant Lebombo mountains, the faint lingering odour of frangipani prevails; it mingles with the smell of orange blossom, new potatoes and honey. As it grows darker, the lights in the house begin to twinkle in a friendly manner inviting us to return home to the safety of the electrified fence away from crocodiles and perhaps a prowling lion.

Suddenly a voice calls in the darkness, "Musiis, queck, come the stove eet is broken and dee dinner eet is not yeti cooked" and we hurriedly leave the beauty of our thoughts to return to the more material things of our lives, content with the thought - there is always tomorrow to see again the beauty of the Lowveld.

M. Watson. Upper V.



# Limericks

There was a young lady of Ealing  
Who thought she could dance with feeling,  
But her partner's plight  
Was a sorry sight  
When he landed upon the ceiling!

Lesley Brown.  
Lower ITC.



There was a young teacher at Harschel,  
Who really was frightfully partial  
To guavas and stew,  
And I'm telling you.  
That is the special of Harschel.

Marian Gray  
L. ITC.

There was once a girl called Bop  
Who went to a record shop.

She asked for a disc  
But said "tsk tsk" —

The record was not on the top.

S. Raath.

There was a young girl called Belinda  
Who calmly sat down on a cinder,

She discarded her cloak

'Cause it went up in smoke,

And the looks made her blush — poor Belinda!

Lower IV C.



There was an old man from Capree,  
Who gaily sat down on a bee.

He jumped up in fright  
Because of the bite,

That silly old man from Capree.

## Hobnail Soup.

### Ingredients:

2 lbs nuts  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb bolts  
1 brass doorknob  
1 pint lion lager  
6 ball bearings  
1 6" rusty nail.

### Method

Shake up the beer and put on to boil. When the can bursts, mop up and wring out in pot.

Add ball bearings slowly and allow to simmer till soft, stirring all the time.

Add nuts, bolts and doorknob and stir till thick and lumpy. For flavour, tie the rusty nail on the end of a piece of wool and hang in pot.

Turn off stove, open the window and empty on the flower bed.

R. Summers.

Comment: Rather a waste of beer! Ed.

"Mrs Mullin's Sweets"

3 T Sugar

1  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz Butter

3 T Golden Syrup.

Small tin Nespray powdered milk

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Boil together sugar, butter, golden syrup for  
2 minutes, stirring the whole time.

Remove from heat and add 2 t peppermint essence.

Add powdered milk, nearly half the tin (4oz)  
then turn out onto board and work into dough.

Roll into strips and cut.

P. Jeffrey

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"Impression" P. 4



## VICTORIA BASIN

There is a fascination the docks have for me which I cannot describe. The muddy green colour of the water is one of the most beautiful colours I have ever seen; and all the fishing boats, massed one upon the other, make up such an interesting picture of colours and of never ending activity that I have often been tempted to paint the scene just as it is before my eyes. Yes, I have often sketched something in the Docks while making myself patient as the morning slowly goes by. But making myself patient is not altogether true. There is always something interesting to watch, if I don't feel like going for a walk as I often do. Sitting lack-a-daisically on a jetty next to a dirty fishing boat or next to one which still has had no fish aboard it yet, except in the form of a workman's lunch, I often watch various types of boats going out of the harbour and I sometimes see the Robin Island Ferry coming in, just opposite me.

Last Saturday I had quite an interesting morning because I had a little chat with a port captain. He told me



about the collision the tug, the F. T. Bates, had had with the mail ship, and took me to inspect the damage on its side. People are so often in the midst of an unusual incident without being aware of it, and regret afterwards why they did not know about it while they were there.....

The port captain also told me about various ships about which I enquired.

Patricia Jeffrey  
Lower V



Sarah Burrell.



Gladiolus.

R. Picken ip



A Cooper



J.B.

## Afrikaans Les

E. Bryant.

Daar lui die klok en Mevrou Jonker loop in.

"More kinden", se sy gou, "en nou ons les begin".

Almal haal hul boeke uit en het sy vriendin praat.

"Hoenie so 'n roas maak", se Mevrou want sy is baie kwaad.

"Ons lees van more Ella en let haar almal op.

As enige mesie met haar buurvrou praat dan gaan sy na die kof.

Almal van ons is so moeg dat ons gaan omper aan die slaap.

Maar stiekk sner Mevrou n word en dan is almal wak.

"Daar is vyf minute voor die lek en ek sal julle huiswerk gee.

Daar's kels van more en julle moet al die woorde leer.

Want ek is baie kwaad vir jō en gee nie om as ek.

"Julle extra huiswerk gee", se Mevrou en loop kwaad uit die lek!

M. Henney.

## Cats!

It was a clear cold July night. I was alone sitting in the lounge in front of the fire. Mother and father were out.

When suddenly there came a crash! I jumped up what was it? Then came a scuffling and scratching noise. Trembling with fright I took two steps forward and listened, - silence.

Eventually I plucked up courage and walked through into the kitchen. There on the floor lay a broken jug, which was filled with milk, but now lay splattered over the floor. And there sitting under the table was a large black cat, looking at me with mocking green eyes.

Ma grand'mère.

K. Emslie.

Ma grand'mère avait soixante dix-huit ans quand elle est morte. Je la visitais tous les dimanches chez elle à Claremont. C'était une grande vieille maison, avec un grand salon, et beaucoup de grandes chambres. J'aimais mieux le salon, où nous causions les après-midis. Dans ce salon, il y avait des grandes fenêtres desquelles nous voyions le beau jardin, les arbres, et les jolies fleurs.

Dans le salon il y avait un grand fauteuil où grandmaman s'asseyait. Elle avait les cheveux gris, presque blancs, et les petits yeux bleus qui étincelaient quand elle riait. Elle marchait lentement avec un bâton et je devais l'aider à se lever. Nous causions longtemps en hiver au coin du feu, et quand

grand'maman est morte, tout le monde dans notre famille  
étaient très tristé.



### A STATION BENCH GRAVE

I had arrived late by the Semi-Victorian train at midnight from the mainland to a desolate little station. Everything was as still as death on the station. I alighted from the train laden with my two suitcases in which were all my worldly possessions. I stood there on the platform and watched the somewhat rattling, old fashioned train depart.

I stood there until I could no longer hear the click as the train went over the rails. I felt bewildered, lost, like an animal caught in a trap. Here was I, an orphan, completely alone in the world, going to be a teacher at the small school in this deserted sea village. There was no one to meet me, and despairing of what to do I sat down on my suitcases and tried to be calm. The station was dimly lit by a yellow gas lamp, which cast a sickly pallor over the cold drab platform. I felt near to tears and began to wish I hadn't come. There was a single track leading past

the station and beyond it, in the distance I could hear the sea pounding against rocks, and a rush of strong sea air came to me from over the track.

I must have sat pondering, staring dully in front of me, for quite a while, for I once more became aware of the uncanny desolation and quietness of the station. I coughed and made some feeble attempt at noises, anything, I thought to relieve the eerie stillness and perchance to arouse any sign of life that might be slumbering. But all in vain.

Suddenly I perceived a worn out decrepit looking door which was ajar. Although it looked scarcely more inviting than remaining on the lonely platform, I entered. There I found two hard wooden benches and the remains of a long ago, maybe years ago, or centuries old fire in the grate. The wall paper was mouldy and hung in strips from the walls. I gasped at the desolation of the room which fairly struck me in the face.

What was I to do now?.... lie down and make this grave my resting place, for surely that is what this room was like — a grave... I began to panic; I ran out of the horrible, ghastly unreal "graveyard" and through the other opening in the room which had a soot-laden sign marked "exit" above it, and onto a gravel road fringed with tall dark foreboding trees, which looked massive in the dark, apprehensive night.

I fairly leapt down this road, feeling as though pursued by the unknown. Almost unconsciously I noticed a dim light beckoning in the darkness. I ran towards it as if 'twere a haven of refuge and stopped breathless before a gate, which led to a house surrounded by a high brick wall.

I opened the gate, rather cautiously as I was now more controlled and calm. Instantly I felt a strange foreboding as if there was some sixth sense warning me of an imminent danger; so much so that I could not bring myself to go through the

gate. The garden had grown tall and rank with weeds. The flower beds were a mass of uncontrolled jungle. The house itself looked unreal with broken glass panes and broken tiles. I could barely stifle a scream, as I saw a skeleton appear illuminated in the dark window. Simultaneously a pair of moist limp, clammy hands oozed themselves around my neck and squeezed.... I found I was unable to breathe.... and that awful, terrible delighted chuckle rang in my ears.

The following daily news was all agog at the terrible mystery of a body of a dead girl which was found lying on a cold stone bench in a waiting room of a little rural station by the sea

Anne Cowley  
Lower V

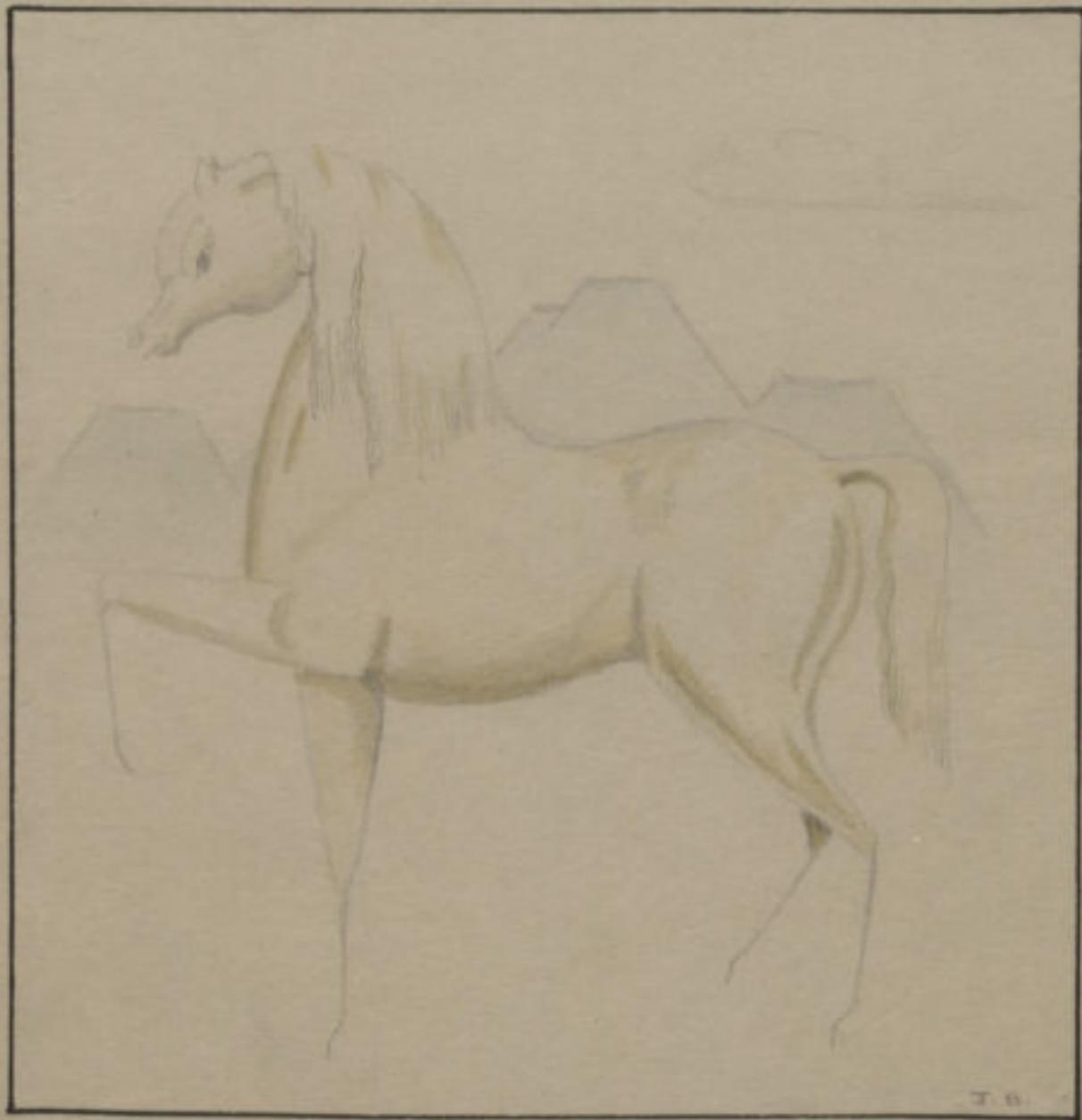


The Egyptians built their stately tombs  
In silver and in gold.

For it was the pharaoh's great delight  
Therein to let his bones grow cold.

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But not a thought for this brave steed  
Who roamed the prairies wide  
And after galloping miles and miles  
Deserved a place to hide.





### DIE KAT



Wanneer ons plaas toe gaan,  
Hoor ons die kraai van die haan,  
En daar is altyd 'n lawaai,  
Op die plaas waar die haan kraai.



Koer, koer, koer maak die voëls op die plaas  
Baa, baa, baa maak die lamme op die plaas.  
Maar die oulike ou kat  
Is regtig my skat.

H. Robb,  
Upper IV.

# SPORT

## INTER HOUSE NETBALL

# PAGE

A most successful netball season ended with the inter-house netball, which Jagger won. The score against Merriman was 7-4, and against Kolt it was 9-5. The Middle School players however, did not win any matches. The senior won the cup quite unexpectedly.

Fortunately the weather was fine, so we were able to complete all our matches, and the matches were played in a pleasant spirit.

An interesting feeling among the players was that they preferred the leather ball to the rubber, the reason being that it is easier to handle and it travels farther because it is heavier. The majority of the spectators were Jagers, who helped the teams to win by giving them a great deal of encouragement. There were a number of Jagger staff who gave their afternoon to come and watch the netball.

The defences played an excellent game as they were aggressive and persevered until the game was ended. The junior players need a little more encouragement and practice because they are the players of tomorrow.

The general standard of play throughout reflected on the senior teams was excellent because of good coaching, teamwork and training.

## INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY

Jagger made the grade at last and won the hockey after several successive years of bad luck. The seniors played well on the whole and the backs held their own extremely well, especially against the forwards in the Rolt team.

We beat Merriman 1-0 in the Senior and Middle-school matches. Rolt proved more of an obstacle and although the backs played beautifully Rolt beat the Middle-school team 1-0.

The juniors however were more fortunate and beat Rolt 2-1.



SHOWN OPPOSITE:  
The "Old Girls Hockey  
Team."

1961

They played extremely well, and held their own wonderfully against Rolt.

Jagger, therefore, having won the most points, was awarded the cup.

Altogether the Jagger standard of hockey has improved greatly. I hope that Jagger will keep improving their hockey to maintain an even higher standard than they have already achieved.

Sarchen Burrell



### INTER-HOUSE GALA

Unfortunately Jagger lost both the swimming cup and the diving shield to Rolt this year, but the standard of the swimming in all the three houses has greatly improved since there has been a greater keenness in this sport combined with intensive training. Many school records were broken: in fact nearly half the previous records were bettered.

FOR THOSE WHO NEED.

Each year members of Jagger House knit jerseys and make other woollen articles to give to the poor people during the cold winter months.

Jagger also subscribes money to the soup kitchen to augment the rather meager meals of the poorer class coloureds who live on the Cape Flats.

There are 53 members of Jagger in the Senior School who have subscribed this year 30 cents each thus giving a total of R 15.90.

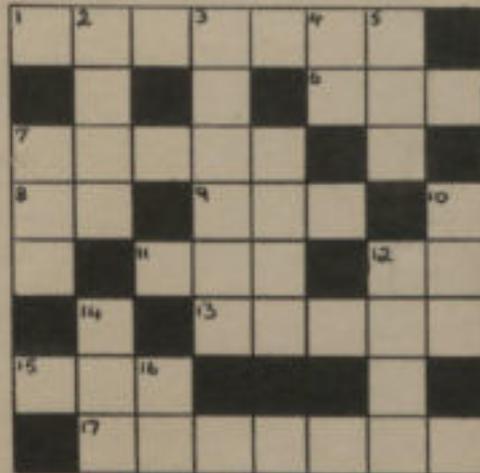
Also, the House decides upon a variety of charities which share in the donation of R 17.25.

# A Latin Crossword Puzzle

Susan Clayton, Upper III S.

## Across.

1. They have to be carried out.
6. Oh —! Oh —! has my little dog gone?
7. T+ stem of "I delight."
8. The last two vowels of the alphabet reversed.
9. Latin for "I."
11. Stem of the feminine gender, nom. (sing) of fierce.
12. Half of "how!"
13. Nom (sing) of the neuter gender of entire, whole.
15. A preposition governing the accusative case.
17. Latin for "I reckon."



## Down.

2. I do it in simple arithmetic.
3. Stem of "I delight"
4. You (singular)
5. Abbreviation of the 6th case.
7. Genitive (sing) of 4 down.
10. A preposition governing the ablative case.
12. The whole of 12 across
14. Opposite sex of "a god"
16. The first two letters of the man who rules over his people.

LOVE-SICK  
MAIDEN IN  
PATIENCE

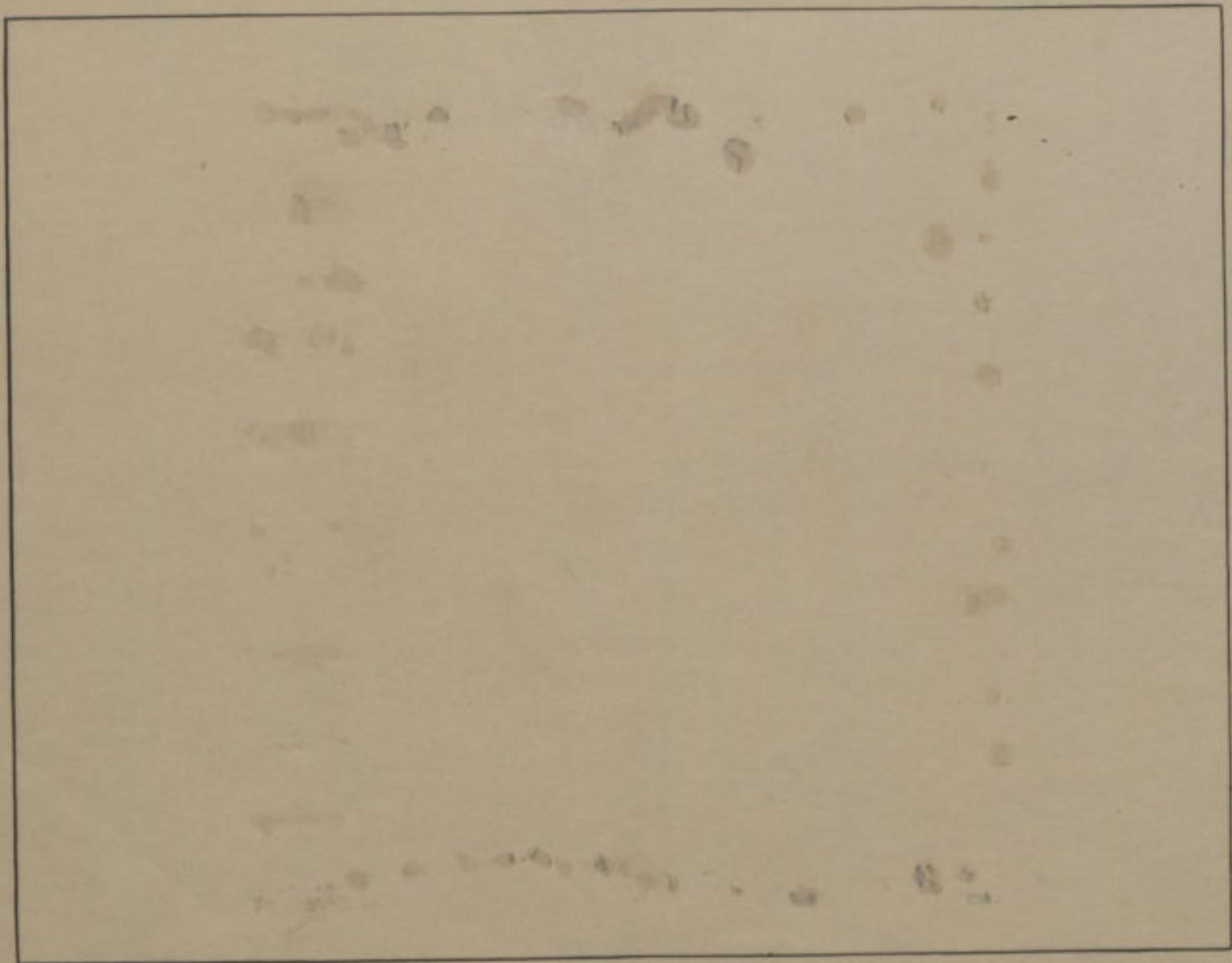


Recky Clois

## Answers.

Down: 2. addo, 3. delect, 4. Tu, 5. Abl, 7. Tui, 10. cum,  
12. Quam, 14. Dea, 16. Ae.

Across: 1. Mandata, 6. Ubi, 7. Tdele, 8. uo, 9. Ego, 11. Act,  
12. Qu, 13. Totum, 15. Per, 17. Aestimo.

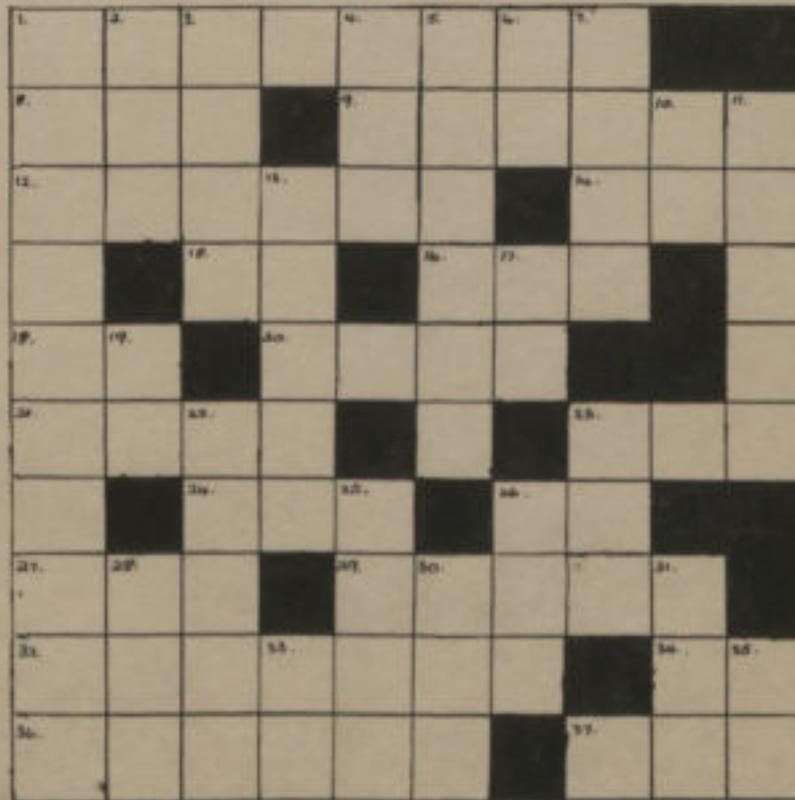


DWARS

AFRIKAANS CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

AF

1. beside which.
8. liefkoos.
9. effentjies.
12. ouderwets.
14. 'n nommer.
15. Toe 'n mens praat, — hy iets.
16. Teenoorgestelde van "toe".
18. dus.
20. — en heer.
21. meervoud van 19 af.
23. skaam.
24. nederig.
26. Die afkorting vir die Universiteit van Kaapstad.
27. Teenoorgestelde van "reg".
29. fout.
32. besitter.
34. enkelvoud van "eg".
36. Woeland.
37. 'n mens — hulle dors as hulle dors het.



1. Without which.
2. 'n voorsetsel.
3. I ask you !!
4. 'n negatief antwoord.
5. afdraand.
6. onder.
7. iets waarmee 'n mens was hul self.
10. en (backwards)
11. Toe dit baie koud is, — dit.
13. elkeen
17. meervoud van "oog"
19. 'n bees wat trek 'n ploeg.
22. legende, sprokie.
25. iets wat skyn gedurende die nag.
26. Tjod.
28. 'n ou kaffer vrou.
30. iets waarin jy bad.
31. iets waarvan die skepe seil.
33. not so?
35. 'n boom.





B I R D S



A. STEENS

