

• JAGGER

• J 97 J

INDEX

Section 1 : Reports

Section 2 : English

Section 3 : Other languages

A flower smiled at me today,
With an aura so bright that it
Lit up my heart; and now
I smile
At all the world.

REPORTS

The first part of this magazine is not literary; it is intended to give you some idea of the house and school activities which are, at present, such a vital part of our lives. These communal interests help to mould and strengthen our characters, and in this way we learn to become responsible, active members of society.

<u>CONTENTS</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Jagger House Report	3.
Jagger Swimming Report, 1971	4.
Jagger Tennis Report, 1971	4.
Report on the Choir, 1970	4.
The Debating Society	5.
Adventure into Leadership	6.
Report on the Activities of the S.U. Group	7.
Scripture Union Leadership Conference	8.
Social Responsibility Club Variety Concert	9.
Weekly visits to Eaton Convalescent Home	9.
Report on the Junior Town Council, 1970	10.
Kupugani	11.
Seminar on Family Life	12.
Herschel Matric Dance, 1971.	12.

WELCOME, MRS. SILBERBAUER!

All the members of Jagger would like to extend a very warm welcome to Mrs. Silberbauer. Since she arrived, in the first term of 1971, she has achieved so much that it is difficult to believe that she has been Headmistress for such a short time.

Her admirable energy, initiative and charm have introduced a new sparkle into the school. An example of this is her attack on the boarding-house, which has completely transformed it into a far more attractive and comfortable place in which to live; and the amazing thing is that despite these activities, she even contrives to find time to teach Biology!

We hope that she is enjoying being back at Herschel once more, now as Headmistress. I know, for a fact, that we are all delighted to have her with us, and we hope that her stay will be a long and happy one.

Finally, our congratulations go to you, Mrs. Silberbauer, on the arrival of your second grandson.

J. PHILIP,
STANDARD 10.

JAGGER HOUSE REPORT

Firstly, on behalf of all the members of Jagger, I should like to welcome Mrs. Silberbauer and hope she will be very happy at Herschel.

The most exciting event this year was the Old Girls' Cross Country Walk held in the lovely setting of a Tokai farm. It was even more exciting when Jagger won the Cup for raising the most money. I should like to thank all the girls who contributed to make this victory possible.

At the beginning of the year a Morning Market was held and, as usual, we staged an inter-house Mile-of-Cents competition. The girls of Jagger set to work immediately and dashed to the bank to collect hundreds of cents. We managed to raise forty rand, and this sum won the competition for Jagger.

The Inter-house Swimming Competition was held amidst great excitement, and although we did not quite manage to win the Swimming Cup, we did win the Diving Shield. Congratulations to all our divers.

Unfortunately, we were just beaten in the Inter-house Tennis by Merriman. My warmest congratulations go to the girls who put up a fine performance of skill, endurance and sportsmanship. Many will remember the gallant efforts of the team players who did not give up until the game was won.

As usual, the members of Jagger knitted jerseys for the underprivileged children of Cafda. Here I should like to mention that the girls spent a great deal of time knitting these jerseys and blankets; but it was all worth while when we saw sad faces light up when these clothes were given to the freezing children.

The standard of work in Jagger improve tremendously and I hope the girls will keep up the excellent results achieved this year.

Our congratulations go to Fiona Baigrie, who was awarded a Rotary Scholarship and to Shân Adams who was awarded her swimming colours.

What a shock it was to all at Herschel to hear of the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Withers. But we may be happy in remembering that this loyal, hard-working couple are once again together. Our deepest sympathies go to their son, Michael, and to Mrs. Silberbauer, who has lost a dear friend.

In conclusion, I should like to thank my prefects, Belinda Blaine and Fiona Baigrie, for their tireless, loyal support, and Mrs. McCormick, under whose guidance the House is growing from strength to strength.

B. NEWMAN,
HEAD OF JAGGER

JAGGER SWIMMING REPORT, 1971

This year the Inter-house swimming gala was, as usual, a great success, and full of excitement. Our cheerleaders, Jocelyn Anstee and Dita Newman, goaded us on with their cheering, but unfortunately did not lead us to victory. Our congratulations go to Rolt for winning and to Merriman for coming second.

I must offer special congratulations to Gillian Austin for winning both the Under 15 and Open Individual Medley, and to Alex Adams for winning the Open Breast-Stroke Championships. Shân Adams received her swimming colours this year, and Fiona Ross received a swimming badge.

The diving competition was very exciting and ended happily with Jagger winning the diving trophy. Congratulations to Fiona Baigrie for being awarded the Diving Cup, to Alida Labia for coming second in the Under 15 section, and to Elizabeth Jeffery for winning the Under 14 section.

And finally, I should like to wish the swimming team the best of luck for the future; you deserve to do well!

J. PEEL,
SWIMMING CAPTAIN

JAGGER TENNIS REPORT, 1971

The Inter-house tennis competition this year proved to be very exciting, and there was a tremendous amount of enthusiasm from all the girls. Two couples played in each age group - Open, Under 16, Under 15 and Under 14. The final result was Merriman first, Jagger second and Rolt third. The result rested on the outcome of an Under 14 match and the excitement lasted all afternoon, right to the end.

Thank you, everyone, for all your support, and better luck to the Jagger players next year.

B. BLAINE,
TENNIS CAPTAIN

REPORT ON THE CHOIR, 1970

The most exciting event in the Choir's life - our victory in the S.A.B.C. competition - gave the 1970 Choir a tremendous boost. This was a competition for English Medium Schools throughout South Africa. We recorded our four songs in June at Herschel. Of the four songs, two were unaccompanied. The four songs were "Straw Guy" by Zoltan Kodaly; "Hoe ry die Boere", a three-part song arrangement by Charles Oxtoby; "My mother bids me bind my hair" by Haydn; and "Song of Shadows" by Armstrong Gibbs. The result of our success in this competition was a

thrilling invitation to take part in the International Competition, 'Let the peoples Sing', in 1971.

The Carol Service was a magnificent climax to the year, being held on December 8th, 1970, and the programme, although varied, consisted of many beautiful songs and carols, both traditional and modern. At the Founder's Day Service, we sang the anthem "How lovely are thy Dwellings Fair" by Brahms. We joined the St. Saviour's Choir in April to sing again in the Palm Sunday Evening Broadcast, repeating the anthems we had sung the previous year.

During the year we sang at the weddings of Carol Newton-Thompson, Melanie Stuttaford, Marrion Jesse, Jean Harris and Karen Lees.

The R250-00 which was our Prize money for the S.A.B.C. Competition, went towards providing us with the long-awaited and very attractive blue and white choir robes.

1970 was a stimulating and exciting year for the Choir. Miss Sweet, the Choir Mistress, is a member of the Jagger staff and we are all very proud to have her with us in Jagger. Our thanks go to her for her inspiring and inspired leadership and teaching, and we wish her and the future Herschel Choirs the best of luck.

The Jagger members of the Choir are: Fiona Baigrie, Jocelyn Anstee, Hilary Brown, Aliette Eriksen, Diana Longmore, Alida Labia, Patsy Thom and Andrea Williams.

F. BAIGRIE,
STANDARD 10.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society is divided into two sections, namely the Society itself and the Debating Club. The Society meetings are held on Wednesday afternoons; as usual, and the new Debating Club meetings are held every second Thursday night. This year we have striven to make more girls interested in the art of debating and, at the same time, have tried to make our meetings enjoyable to all who attend. The high-light of our activities occurred when Fiona Baigrie and Ling Wesemann won their section in the Jaycee Inter-Schools Debate, which was held at school. The schools we debated against were Rondebosch Boys' High, Savio College, and Sans Souci. Unfortunately, our team was not placed in the Inter-Schools final, but is to be congratulated on an extremely high standard of speaking. We have had many internal debates, including a Staff versus Girls debate and a purely Standard Eight debate. These meetings have contributed greatly towards the high standard of speaking in our Society.

Our Debating Club continues to thrive and meetings are held every second Thursday evening. During the second term, we were invited to

Rustenburg, where Fiona Baigrie proposed the motion, 'Money finds in man a willing slave'. Kenneth Been from Rondebosch seconded the motion. One of the most hilarious meetings was the Mock Trial held at Herschel with Rondebosch Boys' High. A couple were tried for eloping and found not guilty; and a Rondebosch pupil was tried for being at Herschel under false pretences. He was sentenced to ninety days at Herschel!

A Parachute Debate was held in the library and this produced a high standard of spontaneous, persuasive speaking - as well as being a lot of fun.

At the end of the first term, we were very sad to say goodbye to Miss Engels, who has done so much for the Debating Society, as well as being the founder of our Thursday night meetings. We wish her every success in her new work and hope she will visit us often.

Mrs. Tomalin has taken over from Miss Engels and is already an enthusiastic and energetic mistress-in-charge. I should like to thank her for arranging a four-week public speaking course held at school, and for all the interest she has shown in the Debating Society.

In conclusion, I should like to thank Mrs. Silberbauer for her support and original ideas, and also Fiona Baigrie, the vice-chairman, and Fiona MacSymon, the secretary, for their continuous hard work.

And now I should like to wish the Debating Society every success; I hope it grows from strength to strength!

B. NEWMAN,
STANDARD 10.

ADVENTURE INTO LEADERSHIP

Rotary Camp, Glencairn, 12th - 14th March, 1971.

Three of us from Herschel arrived at the Glencairn camp on Friday afternoon and met the other thirty-eight high school pupils from schools all over the Peninsula. At 8 o'clock, we watched the film "Twelve Angry Men"; this showed different forms of leadership found in a group of men on a jury. After the film we discussed the characters and gave our opinions.

"Session One" on Saturday morning was given by Hon. Justice Steyn. In his talk, 'What - me?', he stressed that the most important factor in a leader is a genuine concern for people; he said that we should always put ourselves in the other person's place or predicament. After his talk, we asked him questions and discussed among ourselves.

Saturday afternoon, Rev. Malcolm Jones from the Presbyterian Church came to talk to us. In our small groups, he asked us to discuss and find answers to the two questions: "When and how do we experience God through people?", and "How does this affect Leadership?". It was very interesting to see how many different ideas were put forward.

Rotary organised a very successful discotheque and buffet supper on Saturday night. It gave everyone a little time to relax after thinking hard all day.

On Sunday morning, we talked about "Who am I". We concluded that a person is moulded and influenced by his environment, by parents, schools, organizations, friends and therefore enemies, status, literature and opportunities.

Following on from this talk, John Malone talked to us and made us think about "What have I to give?" We discussed charities and ways of helping other people on our own and in groups.

Just after lunch, we were given questionnaires to fill in to help the organisers improve anything to do with the weekend in the future. At 3 p.m., a vast tea was laid, and after we had eaten, a forum committee answered questions which we had prepared for them. Among those on the panel were Mr. Friedlander, Prof. Helm and Ian McCullum. Their answers were entertaining and very useful.

At about 5.45 p.m., we all went home, feeling just a little sad as a strong spirit of friendship had been formed even in so short a time. The Rotors Club of Rondebosch provided us with really first-class meals the whole weekend.

Since that weekend many of us have met and carried on our fellowship, and deep friendships have been formed.

P. BARNETT,
STANDARD 10.

REPORT ON THE ACTIVITIES OF THE S.U. GROUP

Our S.U. Group, called M.I.X., Movement in Christ, has expanded from a quiet, unresponsive group of five to a lively, interested group of thirty girls. The meetings, held on a Monday evenings, are well attended and girls from any Standard may attend.

We try to make the meetings as interesting and informative as possible, but are still trying to maintain a relaxed atmosphere.

The first meeting of the year was held in the library at 5 p.m. when Peter Holgate spoke to us on "What is Christianity?". We discussed this question in great detail, and then ended off with tea and biscuits. Miss Eglin and Miss Allcock spoke to us on their missionary work in Kenya which was both enjoyable and informative. We thank them for giving up their time to tell us so much about the Masai people.

Father da Costa joined our meeting in the library to speak to us about the under-privileged people of District 6, where he is rector of a church. He began by stressing two points, namely that our birth was merely an accident of history, that is, we could have been born white,

black, yellow or brown, and secondly, people are individuals and must not be treated collectively. His talk was extremely interesting and his message was very well received.

No doubt the high-light of the term was the dinner held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Wells. The food, served by Dr. and Mrs. Wells themselves, was excellent and the singing which followed was enjoyed by all. The class representatives were then announced and a series of hilarious speeches followed. It was a very enjoyable evening and ended off a successful and lively term.

The theme of the second term was "What a Wonderful World" and this was illustrated by a number of speakers and discussions. Mr. Mulligan from the Y.M.C.A. spoke on the subject, 'All Roads lead to God', which included various religions in the world, including Hinduism, Buddhism, Jehovah's Witnesses and the Seven Day Adventists. At the second meeting, Rev. Houlston spoke to us about Eastern Religions, concentrating on Buddhism, as he had spent many years in the East.

We held a discussion group in the chapel at 7.45 a.m. one morning and discussed 'Spiritualism' in a very lively fashion. On another occasion, we managed to secure various records, and these we played in the chapel, afterwards discussing the meaning and depth of the singers' words. It was an extremely stimulating meeting and attended by a great number of girls.

The plans for the third term are now going ahead and there are some very controversial subjects on the programme. Now that M.I.X. is firmly established at Herschel, I hope the girls will make full use of this worthwhile society.

Finally, I should like to thank Sally Wells and Belinda Blaine for the fine organizing they have done - and I wish 'M.I.X.' 'all the best' in the future.

B. NEWMAN,
STANDARD 10.

SCRIPTURE UNION LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE

On Friday, 29th January, Sally Wells, Belinda Blaine and Binky Newman began the long trek to Simonstown, where Scripture Union were going to hold their Annual Leadership Conference. Here is the report:

We arrived at Froggy Pond at half-past six, armed with jerseys, mugs and sleeping bags. At 7.30 p.m. we had a chaotic supper, and then received a lecture, 'The Call to Christian Leadership' from Peter Holgate. Afterwards lengthy discussions were held, and at 11 o'clock we retired thankfully to bed.

On Saturday morning we arose at 7.30 a.m. and half-an-hour's quiet time followed, when we were given the opportunity to read our Bibles. Breakfast followed this, and for the rest of the morning we planned our

term's S.U. meetings. After lunch Belinada, Sally and I caught the bus into Simonstown and spent the afternoon sipping tea and exchanging views.

Back at the camp, we received a hilarious lecture on 'How to ruin a meeting', which was illustrated by a group of boys and girls. Ten minutes later, we were all rolling on the floor with laughter!

A lecture on 'Teach us to Pray' followed, and then a marshmallow and cocoa braai on the beach. Once again we fell into bed, exhausted but happy.

On Sunday morning we slept until 7.45 a.m., had half-an-hour's quiet time and then ate breakfast. Mrs. J. Mathew then spoke to us on 'How to lead a Bible Study'. At 11 o'clock, John Gibbon conducted a very informal service, and afterwards we left for home.

I felt it was a most rewarding and enjoyable weekend, and the organizers must be congratulated on a very pleasant camp.

B. NEWMAN,
STANDARD 10.

THE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY CLUB VARIETY CONCERT

Monday, April 26th and Tuesday, April 27th

This Concert was put on by the girls themselves and almost everyone seemed to be involved in some way or another.

Rehearsals began in the middle of the first term and the first thing to do was to sort out the cream of the numerous items prepared. The items were done in forms, and each form produced one, if not two. Eventually we chose what we felt was the best, arranged them in a suitable order and rehearsals went ahead at full swing.

We had singing groups and solos, a short play by the Upper III's, and other skits and original items followed, including a ballet by the Matrics. We ended up with a chant taught to us by Sue Rae Newman - which was a good, climactic ending.

This was a great boost to S.R.C. funds and the money is to be put to a worthy cause.

B. BLAINE,
STANDARD 10.

WEEKLY VISITS TO THE EATON CONVALESCENT HOME

In recent months, a group of about twenty members of our Social Responsibility Club have been visiting the people of the Eaton Convalescent Home in Plumstead, every Wednesday evening. We take them flowers, magazines and sweets, and sing to them, accompanied by guitars. Sometimes

we put on impromptu variety concerts, and on occasions our audience even sing for us!

The wonderful aspect of the home is that there are people of every kind - old, young, Non-European and European, male and female - and this gives us a wide scope and keeps the girls interested. A smile can mean a great deal to us, for it means that our visits are being very much appreciated. Now that we are no longer strangers to them, we invariably get handclapping and laughter when we walk into the wards - especially the Non-European ones.

I believe that the visits are beneficial for the girls as well, because they are seeing a side of life which is not always pleasant, and very often tragic; it therefore gives us great satisfaction to see the sad faces light up, and to know that we are bringing these people joy.

Unfortunately, the number of girls visiting Eaton has decreased considerably recently, and as a result the inmates of the home become deeply disappointed when only a couple of us arrive and try to cheer them up - without much success.

Although we have now found a new home to visit, I hope that we shall nevertheless be able to continue our visits to Eaton, and that we shall again have the opportunity of bringing a little happiness into the lives of these people who are less fortunate than ourselves.

P. NEWMAN,
STANDARD 9.

REPORT ON THE JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL, 1970

Last year Rosemary Newman and Fiona Baigrie, both Jagger girls, were selected to represent Herschel on Cape Town's first Junior Town Council. The objects of this council are to form a body representative of the youth of Cape Town and to provide a mouthpiece for the aforesaid youth on matters concerning civic affairs; also to carry out such projects as might be considered beneficial to the community, especially as regards the youth of the community; also to further the understanding among schools in the Cape Town area and to promote good relations between the different language groups.

These were ambitious objects, yet personally I feel that they were attained, if not totally successfully, at least to a notable degree. About fifty schools were involved and so there were approximately one hundred councillors. A Mayor, Mayoress, Town Clerk and an Executive Committee were elected after the Council had been meeting for about a month. Both Rosemary and myself were members of the Non-European Committee. As a result of this we spent a very profitable and educative afternoon at Nyanga where we were able to go right around the location; talk to pupils at the High School, and go inside the homes and the hospitals. It was a fascinating and unforgettable tour, and both of us benefited enormously.

The tour gave us plenty of stimulus and soon our committee organized an essay competition amongst the African pupils in the Guguletu and Nyanga schools. Response was moderate but better than we had expected, and prizes were donated by various firms such as the C.N.A. and Maškew Miller's.

There were three other committees on the Council, namely Amenities, Welfare and Recreation. These committees were busy throughout the year and dances, fund-raising occasions, debates, trips to Kupugani and soup-kitchens were organized. The council was an entirely non-political body, and this helped to keep the air cool as all the members of the council were fairly strong-minded and determined young people. It was, however, tremendously encouraging to notice the friendship between us all and the strong team-spirit, and I feel that the adults from Jaycee who were responsible for the instigation of the council, found it wonderfully rewarding.

I, personally, feel that the Jaycee Junior Town Council of Cape Town is rich with potential. Its first year was filled with successes as failures, and I hope that future girls from Herschel will gain and benefit from it as much as Rosemary and I did.

F. BAIGRIE,
STANDARD 10.

KUPUGANI

Last year, through the Junior Town Council, Binky Newman introduced Kupugani into Herschel. It had been suggested at a Jaycee Meeting that scholars from the represented schools should go to the Kupugani headquarters in Cape Town, on their free afternoons, in order to pack food for the underprivileged.

It was the aim of this organisation to buy food as cheaply as possible - in bulk - and then, with the help of unpayed labour, to pack it into boxes. This would mean that the food could be sold to underprivileged and needy people, at very low prices which they would not otherwise find.

When, in 1971, the Junior Town Council entered its second year of existence and new councillors were inaugurated to replace the 1970 ones, Janneen Tompsett became Herschel's representative of Kupugani.

At first a group of our girls went to Kupugani every afternoon but as the year wore on the number of helpers going began to decrease because of pressure from numerous other school activities. As a result of this we have now decided that our visits should be limited to Wednesday afternoons only. This arrangement has turned out to be a far more satisfactory one, for now a fairly large group of Herschel girls arrive at Kupugani every week, to help this very worthy cause.

J. TOMPSETT,
STANDARD 9.

SEMINAR ON FAMILY LIFE

29th April - 1st May.

On Thursday night, 29th April, the first of a series of talks was given at a Seminar on Family Life, arranged by the Board of Social Responsibility, which took place in St. George's Cathedral Hall.

This talk was on Christian Family Life and was well delivered by the Rev. C.F. Beyers Naudé, Director of the Christian Institute of Southern Africa.

Friday was marked by four very interesting speeches, each followed by a period of group discussions. Questions were then compiled by the various groups and answered by the guest speaker for that aspect of Family Life in South Africa. These aspects were : Rural Family Life, Urban Family Life, White Family Life, and Coloured Family Life.

On the Saturday morning we were divided up for group discussions. During these discussions, we became acquainted with people of all races and in this way learnt more about the other families of our country. The purpose of these group discussions was to give us the opportunity of understanding some of Family Life in South Africa today, so as to establish some goals leading to action within our sphere of influence.

After the group discussions we were given tea. This was followed by reports given by one member of each group. These reports were followed by short comments from the speakers, which ended an extremely successful seminar.

S. ADAMS,
STANDARD 9

HERSCHEL MATRIC DANCE, 1971

There was great activity in the dining room on Friday afternoon, the 30th July. The Matrics were putting up the elaborate murals and decorations for the dance the following night. Our theme was the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

At 6.30 on Saturday evening, we all congregated at the Weinlig's for a really marvellous buffet dinner of chicken, fruit salad and all the other delectable things that emerge from the Weinlig kitchen. By 8.35 p.m. we were all at school, and having greeted Dr. & Mrs. Silberbauer, we went into our transformed dining room. The band, 'McCulley's Workshop', started playing immediately and the almost non-stop dancing began. Food was circulating the entire evening and cool drinks and punch flowed freely.

At 12.30 a.m., the band subsided and coffee was served - along with Turkish Delight - to match our Eastern theme. The Bortons' house was then invaded by 46 semi-exhausted individuals; but most people were soon revived and the dancing started again. At 5 a.m. many people went to the

beach, and the Headmistress's son excelled himself by going in for a swim. No one else was so brave or so foolish!

The Newmans' home emitted delicate odours of bacon and eggs from about 6 a.m. till 7 a.m. Loud music could still be heard and a few people danced on.

As the sun rose on Sunday morning in a beautiful haze of pinks and reds, reminiscent of one of our murals, many tired cars were to be seen crawling away from the Newmans'. We showered, changed and then returned to school to clear up all the debris and to discuss and laugh over our truly fantastic and successful Matric Dance.

P. BARNETT,
STANDARD 10.

ENGLISH

A thought dropped,
 Like a little, golden coin,
 Into my mind.
 It lay there, so bright and new,
 That I brought it out to let it shine
 For the whole world.

<u>CONTENTS</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Letter to Paris	16.
A Perfect Lover	17.
Thinking about the Future	17.
The Fallen Tree	18.
Awakening in the Veld	18.
?	18.
A Visit to a Regatta at Zeekoeivlei	19.
A Thought	20.
Herschel "Big Walk" '71	20.
A Short Sketch on Anna Winegard	21.
Limerick	21.
Skin-Diving	22.
The Cat	23.
To Jeremy	23.
Limerick	23.
My Idea of Liberty	24.
The Cart-Horse	25.
Time, like a River	26.
Life is	26.
The Wrong Man	27.
Hope	28.
Night	28.
Little Brother Blues	28.
Lost Love	29.
The Sun	29.
Fantasy - or is it?	30.
Limerick	31.
The Swallow	32.
Farewell to the Cape	32.
Drought	32.
Paint a Picture	33.
The Seed	33.
Candlelight	34.
Limerick	34.
The Gun	35.
Going on Holiday	35.

	<u>PAGE</u>
Parents and Children in Shakespeare	35.
Hatred	37.
Out of the Mouths of Babes	37.
Despair	38.
Ma 'Petit	38.
Night Journey	39.
Limerick	40.
Ghosts	40.
Trafalgar	41.
My Devil	43.
Hunter	43.
Limerick	43.
Jewels	44.
Footsteps in the Grass	45.
Children	45.
Crossword	46.

LETTER TO PARIS

Just a short note to say how are you?
 I didn't say goodbye so I want you to know
 that I'm thinking of you
 in Paris

Oh, Paris -
 Bring me a chestnut from the banks of the Seine
 - and it is so cold, steam, frost -
 have you been to the Sacre Coeur?
 Did you see the paintings and the people,
 did you too slip on the cobblestones -
 icy - and
 did you think of carriages and link-boys
 and romance and smelling salts?
 Have you walked the river bank
 and seen the beggars and cripples
 who live under the bridges -
 ancient -
 striding one-legged through the grey,
 soft-shining Seine?

Have you noticed the trees
 - oh bring me a chestnut -
 which vein the pale sky,
 silvered with frost?

Have you seen the people,
 blue-nosed, cold (and onion soup
 steaming with cheese)
 who sell pancakes, rum-rich, and
 doughnuts and " 'ot-dogs!?"
 Buy me one from an old man and taste
 hot sugar and burning.

Have you stood
 in front of the churches
 where old women go -
 women of earth and toil and harvest
 to sit
 and pray, shawls on heads?

Did you pity the American
 taking pictures?
 hear him offer to sponsor detergent
 to clean Notre Dame -
 could he not see the
 dust of centuries
 on gargoyles and saints of
 frozen faces, and stone
 steeples piercing the sky and shouting
 God to the people, and
 love and suffering?

Have you sat in a wood-still pew,
 dark and peaceful,
 stained with roses and violets
 of light from old lead glass?

Have you seen the kings and the
 page-boys and smelt the horses
 which snorted, steaming
 - and the peasants - can you see
 the Maid?
 can you understand her now that
 you stand in cathedrals?

Oh - write me a postcard!
 Send me a chestnut.

FIONA BAIGRIE,
 STANDARD 10.

A PERFECT LOVER

A perfect lover
 is like
 a perfect peacock feather:
 Strong
 against the wind -
 yet delicate,
 with every part of it perfect;
 A shimmering, fluttering creation,
 so utterly beautiful
 that it is difficult to find
 anything
 imperfect
 about it.

A. ERIKSEN,
 STANDARD 8.

THINKING ABOUT THE FUTURE

Computers for everything, rockets to the moon, rotating pavements and flashing robots. Weather bombs, meals in pill form and more flashing robots. Flying saucers, battery operated trees and plants and more flashing robots.

Eventually there will be no more "natural" nature left in the world - the mountains will all crumble to the sea and all the trees and plants will be cut down in order that man may build massive power stations and buildings for the ever increasing population. Even the sea will become cluttered with flotsam and jetsam and various species of fish will become extinct from lack of space for breeding grounds.

There will be no motor cars - only hundreds of identical battery operated "balloons" which will either travel along the ground on four wheels or else become filled with air and drift through the sky.

Automatic robots will be flashing around, taking the place of all manual labour. Meals will be sold in the form of a pill as there will be no soft soil left for the growing of fruit and vegetables. Animals will change their eating habits and, as a result, they will take on strange new forms. Man will change his whole attitude to life - his mind will become lazy and will be overpowered by the robots which will have been invented by man himself. Man will eventually become extinct in the world as he will have fled to the moon. This will not be difficult as rockets will be doing daily flights to the moon where a large area will be built up for the "world men", while the robots take over the earth. Weather bombs will be made and taken to the moon where a suitable climate will be produced.

Tunnels will be built under the sea so that the robots can manoeuvre from one country to another quite easily. The robots will produce "mini" robots, who will grow up in the world in a similar way to man - they will also have wars and eventually some little genius robot will find a way to blow up the world, which he will do, but man will go on living quite peacefully on the moon!

D. SUSMAN,
 STANDARD 9.

THE FALLEN TREE

It lies like a wounded soldier -
 Broken, bruised and battered.
 The leaves are brown and withered
 From the dazzling sun, which sneers
 At it like a wicked demon.

The trunk can be seen for miles,
 As if it were a boulder on a hill-side;
 But nobody comes to help the tree.
 Only deceitful goblins gather to rejoice
 At its suffering.

J. THOMAS,
 STANDARD 6.

AWAKENING IN THE VELD

Slowly I crawled out of my sleeping bag and poked my neck through the open flap of the tent. The dew lay thick, tipping the blades of grass so that they were weighed down. A few drops of dew on a spider's web made it look like a Christmas decoration of tinsel. The small, scattered daisies were beginning to open and show their shy little faces. Here and there were odd little holes, out of which, from time to time, popped the little, black snout of a mole. The burrows in the cliff showed that there were rabbits about. The birds were singing and calling to each other.

I sat there, still half in my sleeping bag, watching with amazement. The sun was peeping up over the distant hills, making a rosy dawn. The clouds, few as they were, were white and fleecy. The frost, which lay thin upon the ground, was beginning to melt as the sun's rays reached it.

I scrambled back into the tent, and, strapping my possessions to my back, I wandered off.

T. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON
 STANDARD 6.

?

I sat and was tilted back.
 A feeling of complete powerlessness and of being at the mercy of another overwhelmed me.
 I seemed to lose all my dignity in one split-second - and could not regain it however hard I tried.
 I closed my eyes and heard the noise of instruments above my head.
 A drawer opened and I felt a pin-prick of pain in my lower jaw.
 Then slowly a feeling of death and numbness spread around my mouth.
 You know, one really is helpless in a dentist's chair.

B. BLAINE,
 STANDARD 10.

A VISIT TO A REGATTA AT ZEEKOEIVLEI

The scene was impressionistic. Sunlight fell dappled upon the crests of the small excited waves, forming mosaic patterns. The reeds rustled with the increasing intensity of the summer wind and the sky was of that deep blue that only an artist's palette could have reproduced.

Competitors from all parts of the country had gathered to test their skill, and the dazzling colours of the flags which belonged to the many different yacht clubs, were displayed with pride by the fit, eager men who were to sail in these races, which would be a test and a proof of their abilities.

Water-proof-jacketed forms rushed back and forth in splotches of colour; these were the men of the silent yachts. The smell of varnish was oppressive in the increasing heat of a maturing summer's day. The yachts were beautiful, sleek and tranquil; they held an air of serenity about them, and one could not help respecting the perfection of their form. The men who handled them, too, treated the yachts with the care and cherishing that a mother might show towards her child.

The beauties were now being pushed into the water, their masters completely involved with the craft. The tension seemed to increase as the tasks of necessity were performed. Sails were raised and each craft in turn moved off upon the water towards what appeared to be an invisible line. The expressions on those faces then seemed to relax as the beautiful crafts moved under the control of their masters. There seemed to be an uncanny understanding between the sailors and the yachts. It seemed strange that an animal and a thing could communicate. Or perhaps the communication was between the sailor and the water. I did not know. This understanding, this silent communication is essentially the basis of any sport. It can be between horse and rider, rugby player and rugby ball, tennis player and tennis racket. There appeared to be a sudden peace of mind for the masters of those yachts out there on the water, and peace of mind for me, a spectator. There was beauty and passionate feeling involved in this kind of event. The people were competitive but happy upon the dazzling vlei.

Looking up I noticed a loosely-strung line of pelicans floating majestically with the air-current over the vlei. They seemed little disturbed by the hard flapping of the sails following a sudden drop in the wind. Their great bodies passed over our heads and moved calmly on.

Suddenly, the yachts surged forward breaking the straight line they had held at the start. Encouraged by a rising wind, they flew over the water in a controlled unit. They resembled the pelicans which had just sailed over their masts, only the grace of these beauties was more commanding and silencing. The mingled colours - blues, reds, greens and the dominating whites - were reflected in the surrounding water, and added to the blaze of moving colour. Strange waves of light and heat swirled among the sails, blurring the normal clarity of the stark outlines of the yachts as they disappeared around a bend. They then vanished completely from the spectators' sight as they moved into a big extension of the vlei.

Conversation buzzed, compensating for the absence of the purpose of this visit and it was not for quite a long while before the yachts bobbed silently back into the main vlei. The vlei was again a blaze of colour and movement as the yachts moved proudly towards the shore once more. Except for a few late stragglers, most of the yachts had arrived without much clamour and fuss, back at the club.

I learnt, from looking at the faces of those victorious and those who had been late homecomers, that the freshness and mystery of the water had left them happy and at peace. They had all played their parts, won and lost, but they had all extracted an indescribable pleasure from it, and this was what I learnt from my visit to a regatta.

L. SUCKLING,
STANDARD 10.

A THOUGHT

I am here - He brought me;
I shall die - will He take me?

G. THOM,
STANDARD 8

HERSCHEL "BIG WALK" '71

"Hurrah for Sally
And her "Little" pally",
Cry the boarders vociferously.

These Old Girls' "Big Walk"
Was not just "Big talk"
(Even sisters
And misters
Earned blisters).

Poor Rolt and Merriman
Provided just wearymen
Who lagged,
Staggered and dragged,
Till they looked
So ragged and haggard.

I may be a braggart -
But then I can't help it
- I'm JAGGERED!

G. JOOSTE,
STANDARD 7.

A SHORT SKETCH ON ANNA WINEGARD

She sat on the hard bench. Her hands, like bits of brown leather, rested on her lap. Her clothes were simple, like herself; simple and old. As she yawned, the cracks in her wrinkled face stretched until they were smooth, reappearing as her skin collapsed into wrinkles once more.

Her nose jutted out like a proud beak thrust into the sky. She used to complain that it was too large and that it got cold in the cruel winter days. Her nose was not an ordinary one - in fact, it was quite unique. It had an enormous brown beauty spot on it, which got terribly sunburnt. As she sat there, so alone, a fat, cheeky little bird that was looking at her questioningly, made itself at home.

She looked so lovable as she sat there, serenely contented with her bare surroundings and her stale egg sandwich; her legs were crossed under an old, beige skirt which fell about her ankles. She was so typical of the person I loved.

I saw the old, grey head wobbling like a top that had gone on spinning too long, and wanted to stop. The head drooped and fell into a deep slumber.

The cheeky little bird flew away.

A. LABIA,
STANDARD 7.

There once was a dizzy blonde filly,
Who drove all her boyfriends quite silly
By drinking champagne -
Quite nude - in the rain
While holding a large arum lily.

B. GORDON BAGNALL,
STANDARD 7.

SKIN-DIVING

One of the most exciting sports in the world is skin-diving: roaming about beneath the surface of the sea to fish, take photographs or just to see the sights. This hobby is quite easy. You don't have to know how to dive, or even be an expert swimmer - though, of course, you must be able to swim.

There are two kinds of equipment for under-water diving: the aqua-lung, or compressed air cylinder, and the snorkel. Most divers use the snorkel, a breathing-tube about a foot long that sticks out of the water like a periscope. To be a skin-diver you will also need a face-mask which fits over your eyes and nose like a glass window, and a pair of 'flippers' to give more power to your leg-strokes.

When you look around under-water you enter a new, silent wonderland unlike anything you have ever seen or even dreamed of before. You weigh so little that you can climb up walls with a small push from your toe. You glide, ski and even walk upside down. It's like entering a new, imaginary world - but it's real.

Many divers go skin-diving for the sake of fishing as well as examining the scenery. They generally use a spear-gun, which has a range of about nine feet. For small fish, you can use a three-pronged fork called a trident. For really deep-sea diving, you not only need a mask and 'flippers', but you wear a heavy belt as well. This lead belt weighing about seven pounds helps you to stay under the water more easily. On your back you carry a cylinder of compressed air, called an aqualung, which enables you to stay under the water for about half an hour. When you want to come up, you throw away the lead from your belt and this enables you to come to the surface in a short time. The really experienced diver wears compasses, a depth-gauge and a special waterproof watch that tells him how much time he has before his air runs out.

Skin-diving is not altogether safe, however. Most deaths are caused through carelessness but some are caused when divers go very deep and become 'drunk' from breathing too much nitrogen. They start doing dangerous things like taking off their masks or forgetting to take off the lead from their belts.

As you go deeper, the bright colours fade. The grey, rippling surface of the water is your sky. Yet, at twenty feet down it is still light enough to read newspaper headlines. Fish swim about you, look at you and nudge you. You are in a blue-green world of your own. Apart from skin-diving as a hobby and diving for pearls and sponges, entirely new uses of skin-diving are being discovered. Ships' bottoms can be cleaned without the expense of taking them out of the water. Valuable cargo can be brought up from sunken vessels and sea life can be studied more easily and more closely by scientists. People even talk of 'farming' the ocean.

At the same time, skin-diving remains a fascinating hobby, and one of the world's finest sports and most brilliant adventures.

L.-J. PATERSON,
STANDARD 8.

THE CAT

Crouched, motionless, tail twitching, eyes
 staring intently at a movement in the dry grass.
 Slowly, stealthily and soundlessly the cat creeps
 forward nearer and nearer until it is within
 pouncing distance of its innocent,unaware and
 helpless prey. Suddenly it leaps, claws out-
 stretched, teeth bared. The tiny creature
 struggles for a moment, but in vain.

F. ROSS,
 STANDARD 6.

TO JEREMY

I shall sprinkle satin pearls over the ashes of my
 existence
 That crumble grey in your thoughts.
 I shall carve my epitaph into the frigid caverns of
 your mind,
 And chain to your spirit flights of words
 To chant my elegy.
 I shall fill the hollow catchment of your memory
 with tears
 To enbalm the relics of my being that decay
 Within you.
 I shall kindle in your soul a warm flame
 To melt the frozen cataract of your thoughts of me.
 I shall pick from the scattered ruins of my heart
 A timeless fragment,
 And let it dance immortal in your breast.

H. BROWN,
 STANDARD 9.

There was a young lady called Kate
 Who had such a craving for bait
 That men held their noses
 And carried red roses
 When they took her out on a date.

C. ROBINSON,
 STANDARD 7,

MY IDEA OF LIBERTY

"I have cherished the ideal of a free and democratic society, in which all men live in harmony and with equality of opportunity". These were the words of Mr. Nelson Mandela and in my opinion equality of opportunity is the very crux of liberty. Every man who is born into our world should have the same opportunity - it is obvious that not everyone is capable of doing the same things, but let everyone have the initial chance to prove his worth.

If a baby is born and he is bound by poverty, by discrimination or by fear of the consequences of his attempts to break away from his class or group, how can he ever really prove himself? If, because of discrimination, his parents cannot earn sufficient to keep him in school, if he has to work from the age of fifteen, how can he ever be free? He will never prove to society, and, much more important, to himself, his real worth and this will handicap him all through his life. He will have more chance of losing his self-respect and human dignity. His life will not be free. Every man must feel that he is somebody.

The basic freedoms, of speech and writing, of being able to decide for oneself what one wants to do in life, to have one's scope completely un-restricted, and to be able to decide how one's children are to grow up, within one's own means, these are very important to liberty. No one must be denied the right to be educated or to do certain work, which is his own interest, simply because of his religious beliefs or the colour of his skin.

Segregation, as long as it is enforced, defies liberty on whatever grounds it is enforced, and today the most frequent seems to be racial. Segregation causes enmity, friction and bitterness; segregation so often leaves the segregated feeling falsely inferior and the segregators falsely superior. As Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. said: "Segregation is nothing more than a new kind of slavery covered up by certain niceties of complexity".

If everyone is or at least has had the opportunity to be free, surely all reasonable members of society will be much more contented than if they feel that they have had their life forced away from the way they themselves would have chosen. Therefore, surely there would be more peace in our world, people would have less reason to envy their neighbours or others who may have done better in life, if they knew they had only their own laziness or decisions to blame for their positions; if they knew they had done their best. This, surely, is to be aimed at rather than letting them bear an eternal grudge against someone who they feel was responsible for their standing.

If liberty reigned, any community would be controlled by, and their laws passed by, a body chosen by themselves - the people. If a man knows he is being governed the way he wants to be, there is less chance of his breaking the law. If he does not agree with something and, as there would be with liberty, there is freedom of the press and of speech, he would express his complaints and if it were justifiable and supported by a majority of the community, his grievance would be examined and, if necessary, corrected. This would lessen the chance of subversive movements and organisations being forced underground.

Therefore, my idea of liberty is one of peaceful co-existence, of tolerance, and a feeling of what is best for all. This may be rather an idealist's view, but my confidence in my fellow men and their humanity and feeling of brotherliness towards one another leads me to believe that this is how we should, and eventually shall, live.

B. BLAINE,
STANDARD 10.

THE CART-HORSE

Standing patiently, waiting for a word of command, with ears pricked and alert and eyes ever watchful, the cart-horse awaits his driver. There is much work to be done on these cold winter mornings when snow falls through the chilly air.

The cart-horse is always grateful and enjoys the titbits he gets from children who come and pat his muzzle as they pass on their way to school. He trudges, faithfully, from house to house, drawing the clattering cart-load of wood behind him. Everyone admires his bright, jingling harness, shining chestnut coat and obedient manner.

At the end of a long, hard day his hooves clip-clop rhythmically over the cobblestones as he hurries home eagerly, thinking only of a warm stable, a filling bale of hay and an appreciative pat from his owner. These are his well-earned rewards for being a faithful partner.

F. ROSS,
STANDARD 6.

TIME, LIKE A RIVER (A TOUCH OF SURREALISM)

Feet outstretched, fingers entwined,
 Buds dancing in sordid fashion;
 Away fly the flowers, seeking freedom -
 While you and I try to look for
 something that isn't there.
 Pink-petalled pansies nod sadly, watching,
 and rabbits, realizing, bury their cottony tails.
 The bespectacled men in their white coats
 Try to pull a mountain with a tree,
 While noise-makers and writers
 reach out once more for the Messiah.
 Children clutch their aprons, fear burning
 in their eyes;
 Notes sound, booming in torrents of terror.
 Dogs yowl, cats bark
 And lonesome girls cling impetuously to their lovers -
 While uniformed men break bottles and
 Kill.
 And then, sweetly, the mushroom grows and engulfs all,
 And Time, like a river, stands still.

B. NEWMAN,
 STANDARD 10.

LIFE IS

Life is
 Being ,
 Crying ,
 Laughing ,
 Dying.

P. THOM,
 STANDARD 7.

THE WRONG MAN

For the past week I had been desperately hoping that this Saturday evening would never come round - but the inevitable had arrived.

I was clasping the book-like menu; the waiter was hovering behind me, anxiously waiting for his customers to make their decisions.

I comforted myself by remembering that Aunt Myrtle's birthday was only an annual event and that I had to be home by ten o'clock.

I tried to listen to the inane conversation, but found that my eyes gradually wandered over the candle-lit restaurant, observing the other diners: several wizened grannies bleating desperately to try to outdo the others, were regaling one another with tales of their little grandchildren, crocheting circles, and so on.

I noticed a helpless-looking mother trying to discourage her little pet from hoisting his feet on to the snowy table-cloth.

In a dim corner I observed an obviously sea-faring gentleman; his beard and moustache completely covered the lower section of his face. He "Gayle, sweetie. What would you like to drink, dear? Gayle" I, coming back to my senses, realised that Aunt Myrtle had unsuccessfully been trying to attract my attention for the last few minutes. I stared at her blankly. "To drink", she repeated, "What would you like to drink?".

Aunt Myrtle and her guests resumed their polite conversation and I once again became absorbed in my previous pastime.

The "sea-captain" had his party's undivided attention while relating, no doubt, some fascinating story of the high seas. Every now and then they would all "dissolve" into peals of mirth. How I envied his listeners!

Suddenly my heart gave a thump; this "sea-captain" I had seen before. "I know" I exclaimed mentally, "It's dear Uncle James who would brave the oceans in anything from a dab-chick to a tanker".

Now I was solely occupied with gaining Uncle James's attention. The waving of a table napkin or any form of shrieking would horrify Aunt Myrtle. I finally decided on the staring method. I felt a sufficiently lengthy stare would make him so uncomfortable that he would just have to realize who I was.

Wonder of wonders it worked! He heaved himself up from his seat, made polite gestures to his party and strode over to our table. But as he approached I saw to my extreme horror that this was not Uncle James. A moment of relief passed, during which I thought he was heading for the exit - but there was no escape, for before I could collect my wits a hairy arm was extended to me in greeting. He spoke in a heavy foreign accent: "Oh, ma petite Michelle" All I could do was to make a few incoherent utterances. So adamant was he that I was "Michelle" that only when Aunt Myrtle shouted him down did he accept the fact that I was not she. After apologising profusely, he returned to his party and resumed conversation.

All I could say was "Uncle James, wherever you are, my thoughts are with you!"

HOPE

Couched in the sanctum of my heart
 It rests, in unprofaned quietude.
 Alone
 Like a candle in the velvety night,
 It paints dim, elusive pictures
 On tomorrow's naked wall.

H. BROWN,
 STANDARD 9.

NIGHT

The clock chimes dimly through the fog as an alley-cat jumps over a low wall, knocking over a dustbin lid that clatters and crashes to the ground, shattering the gloomy quietude of the dark street.

In the silence that follows, the spirits of the night hold their breath as people turn over in their sleep, the crash being entwined, like a colourful scarf, into their dreams. Then, in perfect quietness, the night sleeps on

C. JOLLY,
 STANDARD 7.

LITTLE BROTHER BLUES

Talk about the modern age!

A few weeks ago, as I was saying "good night" to my five-year-old brother, he climbed into bed and said thoughtfully: "Can you go to Heaven in a rocket? If I ask them loud enough, do you think they'll let me go?".

One afternoon my mother had a very elegant lady, whom she did not know very well, to tea. At the height of a serious conversation, Petie, my baby brother, toddled into the room, and on seeing her he dissolved into giggles and shrieked: "Hello Sexy Legs!"

D. SUSMAN,
 STANDARD 9.

LOST LOVE

The sand is soft, my feet are bare.
 Hair flowing
 cheeks glowing,
 Beyond the swirling mists I see
 my love.

I am alone
 on the
 threshold
 of a
 dream.

I stretch out my hand -
 I cannot reach you.
 Oh, how I long for your warm embrace,
 love.
 Through my blinding tears I see you disappear
 towards
 eternity.

G. THOM,
 STANDARD 8.

THE SUN

The sky is full of brilliant rays
 Which from horizon to horizon spread -
 A glorious sight in many ways,
 When the earth is a thirsty, smouldering red.
 The clouds, all fleecy, reflect the light
 As the sun spreads out with all its might
 To fill the world with this wonderful sight.

C. MILLS,
 STANDARD 6.

FANTASY - OR IS IT?

Do you believe in magic? Do you believe that there is some truth in the legends? Well, if you do believe that there is truth in these legends, read my story and my conclusion might console you.

Long, long ago there was great peace all over the world. This was the age when no continents had been discovered. At that time there ruled in England a very bad and selfish king. In his beautiful palace gardens one day he saw a lovely bird with ruby eyes, and plumed finely with gold and silver feathers. When this king, whose name was Ivor, saw this wonderful creature he commanded his hunters to catch it for him, or they would have their heads cut off.

The poor bird tried to escape, but in vain. It was brought to the presence of Ivor. When Ivor saw the beautiful bird he said, "Aha, another bird for me! Sing, my bird, let us see if you sound as lovely as you look." But instead of singing the bird cried out, "You have captured me, Ivor! I am the bird of magic and come from the continent "Atlantis of Magic." I have come to punish you for your evil ways. Tonight a strong gust of wind shall blow over your country bringing with it magic!" Saying this, the beautiful bird vanished.

The king sat frozen, stricken with horror. He was frightened. What did the bird mean? Then, as this turned over in his mind, he thought, "I am the king; why should such nonsense worry me?"—and he laughed and ordered his servants to prepare a feast for that evening.

Night came and by ten o'clock in the evening, the wine was having its effect on the guests at the feast. Ivor sat on his throne, laughing and drinking red wine. Suddenly there was a strong gust of wind and simultaneously the door opened. There, in the doorway, stood a knight dressed in mail from head to foot. He took off his helmet and a gasp went through the room, for underneath the helmet there was no head.

The knight said, "Ivor, your time of reckoning has come. For ten years, magic will roam through your country. After these ten years have passed you must send a young knight of twenty to Mountain Jaunda. There he will find, after facing a few hardships, a gold key beneath a rock which is guarded by a snake. He must take it and throw it far into the sea. Then this spell shall be broken and the magic continent shall disappear forever."

Ten years had passed and Ivor was now fifty, with a son of twenty. Ivor confided in his son and ordered him to find the key. The young man's name was Lyon and he was as brave and kind as his father, the king, was cowardly and cruel. Before he left, he was told in a vision to take with him scented oil and also some meat which would come in very useful.

So this brave man set off. In the beginning the journey was very easy. But soon the land began to slope and Lyon became very tired. Before him he saw a tree with one luscious apple. Lyon went to the tree and grabbed the apple. He was about to eat it when an old man came up to him and said, "Good-day, young man; I am tired and hungry; please give me the apple."

Lyon said, "Certainly, sit down and eat it". The man sat down and ate the apple. As the old man got up, he said, "You have done me a good turn and so I will return your kindness with this gift". He took from his side a golden sword and gave it to Lyon. Lyon thanked the old man and then went on his way.

The path was now covered with stones and it was very steep. Suddenly, before him, he saw two monstrous dragons, each with one eye in its forehead. As they attacked him, Lyon stepped aside, unsheathed his new sword and swung it with all his might. He was so quick and so skilled that almost at one blow the dragons dropped dead.

Lyon continued for three days. The third day he was tired and discouraged as there was not yet any sign of the snake or the rock. Suddenly, before him, he saw two paths and as he looked words were formed on the ground: "One of these paths leads to a lion's den, the other to your destiny."

Poor Lyon did'nt know which side to choose. Then he had an idea. On each path there was a curve. He went to the first path on his left till he came to the curve. There he dropped a few pieces of meat and ran away as fast as he could. Then he went to the other path, again till he reached the curve, and did the same. Then as he waited, he heard growls from the path on the left. Now Lyon knew that he had to take the path on the right. Rejoicing, the young man continued. As he passed the curve on the right side, he stopped in his tracks for advancing towards him, with small beady eyes and sharp fangs, he saw a snake. Now as Lyon moved backwards, he dropped the bag in which the bottle of oil had been placed and as it fell, the bottle broke, spreading its contents on the snake. To Lyon's amazement, as soon as the oil touched the snake, it dropped dead. Lyon saw a rock further on. He ran hopefully to it and pushing it away, found no less than the golden key.

Lyon joyfully grabbed the key and made his way back to the castle. There was great rejoicing and the key was immediately thrown into the sea. Then there was a gust of wind which broke the spell.

If someone had sailed near the Atlantic, they would have seen a continent sinking deep down into the sea, taking with it all traces of magic. Yes, I believe that this was the lost continent Atlantis, and even if it is not true, isn't it an explanation?

M.-A. CARDASES,
STANDARD 6.

There was an old man of Tokai,
Who thought he was going to die.
When told he was not
He started to rot -
That rotten old man of Tokai.

B. GORDON BAGNALL,
STANDARD 7.

THE SWALLOW

The bird
 soars
 higher,
 sweeping along
 with
 bending gestures.
 Soaring, sweeping, swishing, swooshing -
 her tail follows behind
 with an air of importance
 in its two-pronged glide.
 Her wings are tired
 of flapping.
 She glides
 along
 for a mile or two,
 then stops
 in mid-air
 Then slowly falls to
 the ground.

R. PEROLD,
 STANDARD 7.

FAREWELL TO THE CAPE

Farewell to the salty, glassy sea,
 Farewell to the hot, thirsty stretches of desert,
 Farewell to the sweltering summers and cool winters,
 Farewell to the old oaks and little grey squirrels,
 Farewell to the gracious Dutch homesteads,
 Farewell to the memories of joys and sorrows of long ago:
 Farewell to the Cape.

L. ANSTEE,
 STANDARD 6.

DROUGHT

The cruel sun crept over the high peak of the mountain. It was already hot and the air was sticky and dust-laden. The sun looked down into the valley where the tiny tin hut stood, surrounded by withered brown grass. A few cattle sucked desperately at the ever-lasting plants. Beside the hut was a dried-up river bed with still a few pools of water for the cattle.

This once-fertile valley - the fields of which had flourished, golden with flowers, as the river trickled down, full of tiny fish swishing their tails through the clear, cold water - was now desolate. No longer were insects and birds chirping happily, nor buck grazing peacefully with the cattle. Only the tin shanty leaned where once a white Dutch house had stood proudly among the rows of vines. John, the old farmer, stood in his rickety doorway and grieved for his starving cattle.

The sun, its rays like red-hot flames, lashed down without mercy, killing everything.

Sadly John went inside, feeling defeated after seeing his once prized land now so parched. He lay down on his uncomfortable bunk, exhausted, desperate. His wrinkled skin peeled around his cracked lips and his sun-reddened cheeks. Three hours later he awoke, startled by a rumble and a roar. He hurried to the doorway - to see the rain falling at last. Tears ran down his rough cheeks. This was rain, the life of Africa, which restores hope and makes it possible for farmers to continue their struggle.

C. DIXON,
 STANDARD 8.

PAINT A PICTURE

Lying before you is a child,
 a sleeping child.
 "What a wonderful sight" says someone;
 It is true:
 The child has no sin - it is guilty of nothing,
 and it sleeps on and on.
 Standing in front of you is an easel;
 placed on it is a perfect sheet of shining, white paper -
 Unspoiled.
 In your hand is a pencil,
 sharpened to a neat point.
 With this pencil
 you must put the sleeping child onto the paper;
 it must lie peacefully, just as it does in life.
 It must keep the look of innocence, the happy face.
 Wouldn't it be wiser just to get up,
 put the pencil on the rack,
 look at the sleeping child once more -
 and then go out of the room,
 leaving the paper
 Unspoiled?

E. AITCHISON,
 STANDARD 7.

THE SEED

Planted
 grew
 blossomed
 withered
 died
 spring, summer, autumn, winter.

G. THOM,
 STANDARD 8.

CANDLELIGHT

Piet moved warily, the candle clenched firmly in his sweaty fist. There was an oppressive heat in the caves, yet, on numerous occasions, little silver sparkles of light indicated that there was running water there. Then the wariness was gone, and was replaced by a surge of excitement.

He came upon a cave so breathtaking, that he decided to illuminate it with the candles in his bag. On top of rocks and behind stalagmites he placed them, until the entire cave glowed and flickered. Sitting on his bag, he watched the cave in wonderment. On the far side was a vein of clear lime, whilst on the side nearest to him there was a soft cushion of moss.

Such an extraordinary atmosphere was created by the flickering light, the babble of water and the soft moss, that Piet was transfixed. He could hear the crescendo of an organ, or a great orchestra, like the one he had heard in Europe the previous Christmas. The shadows danced into the clefts and across the high walls. He rearranged the candles so that the entire cave was dim, except for the light of the ten candles he had placed behind a collection of stalagmites. Moving to the back of the cave once more, he was dumbfounded by the huge pink organ at the far end of the cave. Illuminated by the candlelight, the 'pipes' glowed bright pink at the base, and slowly darkened towards their apexes. The tops of the stalagmites were not visible, so that the rock exactly resembled an organ.

The organ was a source of wonder to Piet for three years. It was, too, a refuge from the farm. However, in 1780, farmer Van Zyl, while tracking an animal, came upon the caves and the organ. For him, the candles served a different purpose; he burnt his name on the wall in Piet's cave.

Today, the organ is illuminated by an electric spotlight, and you have to use your imagination to realise that it resembles an organ at all.

J. DOUGLAS,
STANDARD 8.

There was a young man of Killarney,
Whose friends thought he was going quite balmy;
When he cut off his hair
They all ran like deer
From that hapless young man of Killarney.

B. GORDON BAGNALL,
STANDARD 7.

THE GUN

So my son,
 Now the army's given you a gun,
 And you're going out to join the fun
 Of killing someone else's son.
 Don't forget,
 You owe your country such a debt,
 Although you don't know why as yet -
 That's a secret that's very well kept.
 You must see
 In mankind's bitter dichotomy
 Evil is only in the enemy
 Whom you must kill to set us free.
 So my son,
 You'll shoot many people with that gun,
 And become a hero in the fun
 Of killing someone else's son.

A. SPRUCE,
 STANDARD 10.

GOING ON HOLIDAY

Piles of suitcases, mournful dogs,
 Excited children packing their togs.
 Hurry, scurry, bustle and shout,
 We're off on holiday - or just about.

Where are my stockings? I've packed my brush;
 Oh! who's moved my slippers in the rush?
 I'll squeeze in my jodhpurs - do you think it will close?
 One more heave - Ah! there she goes!

Father's grumbling about the number of cases:
 "The amount you women need for your faces!"
 But it's four to one in our family,
 So he has no chance, I am glad to see!

J. BETTISON,
 STANDARD 6.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN IN
 SHAKESPEARE

Alexander Pope said that 'the proper study of mankind is man'. Amongst the most interesting ways in which mankind studies man is in the form of a biography and a historical novel. The crowning glory of a historical novelist is the ability to interpret the biographical details of the life of the central figures in terms of the relevant socio-economic environment in which they were born and lived, in such a manner that the characters will be meaningful and interesting to the readers.

In this context, the form of the historical play is probably the most adequate and elegant manner of interpretation and presentation. The richest interpreter of the historical scene is, without doubt, William Shakespeare. Shakespeare portrays for us the unchanging relationship of parents and their children in different societies, at different times and at different ages, as no writer before or since his time has done. His plays are virtually all family plays, and in whatever society they are set, it is the intensely human relationship which appeal so much to his listeners. We can all see our own families, our own family histories, our own skeleton in the cupboard, when we listen to Shakespeare.

Reading through a volume of Shakespeare's plays we are able to see the relationships between parents and children, and children and children, as they have been since the dawn of man's history, brilliantly and vividly exemplified. We see the parent-and-teenager-relationship with all its complications and strangled communications, immortally portrayed in "Romeo and Juliet". Fathers and their eldest sons have had a relationship which is as old as man's history, and in what is often considered his best play, "Hamlet", Shakespeare shows us the happiness and the disaster that can stem from such a relationship. In the same play Shakespeare shows us a parent's normal attitude towards young men and women and the tremendous honesty in his characterization of parents and children imparts to his listeners a great sense of self-identification with the plays. In "King Lear", one of his later plays, Shakespeare paints for his audience a picture of the relationship between a father and daughter, that of Lear and Cordelia which contrasts greatly with the picture of a married daughter and her father that we are given in "The Merry Wives of Windsor". In one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, "MacBeth", we see the happy, devoted love of a father, MacDuff, for his wife and child, and then his agony and depths of despair when he realises that MacBeth has murdered them.

Shakespeare shows us these relationships at all ages, repeatedly exhibiting the types of contact between different parents in different circumstances, and their children. Most novelists use lack of communication as their contrivance to maintain tension, and communication, even if quarrelsome, is something which resolves most difficulties. Shakespeare shows us, in nearly all of his works, what tragedy and ill-fortune results from a communication barrier, which existed before and during his time, and exists today, a greater problem than ever.

The play which best illustrates this lack of communication is "Romeo and Juliet". In this, probably his best-loved play, at least among the youth, Shakespeare gives a warning to all parents and their children, which is still applicable to modern parents and their children, probably more so than ever. The lack of readiness of Capulet to hear anything good about Romeo, and the fear his daughter Juliet had for her parents and those of Romeo, resulted in drastic misunderstanding and tragic death. It must be quite obvious what basically sound and pleasant people the Montagues and the Capulets must have been, in that their children, despite the terrible rift between their families, were able to recognise the great truth that love conquers all. No pairs of parents contemplating with misgiving the affections of their young people could come away from a performance of this play without an awful warning that dictatorial attitudes, unbending pride and ill-considered emotion of any sort are the most dangerous measures by which to seek to influence the outcome of any developing situation.

William Shakespeare must have been a very observant individual. His character-studies of children and their parents in different circumstances and environments are held up to an audience like a mirror, that they may see themselves in his characters and then consider and interpret their own outlook and attitudes. His insight into the complex personality of the young Hamlet and his unbalanced, ethereal love, Ophelia, show the development of Shakespeare's own mind and personality, when compared to some of his earlier character-studies. He portrays for us the many different types of young people that exist and their very different personalities. He shows us, too, how children reflect their parents and environment - the wealthy widower's children, Katharina and Bianca who grew up motherless in permissive Padua, were spoiled and pampered, yet Rosalind and Celia maintained their sweet dispositions and their close and lasting friendship

through the estrangement of their fathers and throughout the various trials and tribulations that beset their young lives. We look at the children, then at their parents, and we suddenly realise how honest, how truthful, are the interpretations and characterisations of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare sometimes uses children to show up various characteristics in their parents; for instance, in "A Winter's Tale", Leontes' jealous and possessive nature is clearly imparted to the audience very early on in the play, by using the young boy, more as a device than as a character in himself. Often Shakespeare's children, by their virtues alone, emphasise the faults in their parents, and this is exemplified in many of his plays in which both parents and children occur.

Thus, the more we read, and the more examples of Shakespeare's work that are considered, the more do we see that the mutual relationships of parents and children, the evils which stem from the lack of communication and the joy which stems from the richness of communication, follow an unchanging pattern. Shakespeare uses communication as a basic theme in much of his work, and this is one of the reasons why his plays hold such rich and personal meaning for all his readers, regardless of their race, age or creed. The immortality of his parents, and especially his children, acts as a guideline to many parents and children today, and they serve as beautiful, happy, and sometimes tragic reminders to every modern child and his parents.

F. BAIGRIE,
STANDARD 10.

HATRED

Ugly, malformed thoughts,
Twisted meanings;
Antagonism blended
With penetrating fears
Life gives way to living death.
Like a parasite twined about a flower,
it strangles all love.

A. ERIKSEN,
STANDARD 8.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Twenty-one years ago, when my sister was only two, my parents took her for a seaside holiday at Durban - for, living in Johannesburg, she had never seen the sea before. They arrived after nightfall, and the next morning they took Lesley round to the beach-front to show her the sea. She gazed at it for a long time, and then turned to them and whispered, shaking her head slowly, "Oh my word - what a big water!"

H. BROWN,
STANDARD 9.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

At the tender age of three, I did something most grown up men would never dare to do:

Early one morning, I was amusing myself outside on the stoep. A little later I toddled into the breakfast room where the rest of the family were enjoying their morning meal. I headed resolutely for my father, stretched out my arm and opened my clenched fist.

"'Ere," I am supposed to have said.

"What have you got there, Billy?" inquired my father, eyeing rather dubiously the hairy, jointed thing that lay in my hand.

"It's a leg," said I.

"A leg?" exclaimed Father, with growing horror.

"Mmm spider did give it to me."

Needless to say, I have never been frightened of spiders since.

H. BROWN,
STANDARD 9.

DESPAIR

The wind screeches and wails
whipping her ill-fitting clothes
about her frail body
under the cold moon;

The shadows creep about her,
casting dark pools among
the patches of moonlight.
She sighs and sits down.

Once more she dreams
of food, warmth, love,
while the cruel wind bends to kiss
her warm, wet cheeks

She lies quite still, not moving;
The blood stops throbbing
in her cold, blue veins;
she dies to dream for evermore.

The wind stops and all is quiet.

R. PEROLD,
STANDARD 7.

MA'PETIT

Ma'Petit was born on the 2nd July, 1969. Her dam is Lady Virgan and her sire is Lucky Star. She is a bay of 12 hands and is nearly two years old. Her mother was brought out from England in 1958 as a circus pony, while her father was a champion British show pony. Ma'Petit is of Shetland breed and is very co-operative with her schooling lessons.

She is a very sensitive filly and does not take kindly to any harsh words shouted at her.

Her mother has taught her, unfortunately, how to unlock their stable doors, so in the morning when I go to feed them, they are nearly always in the paddock, looking quite content, grazing.

Although she can be very naughty, I shall never give her away.

J. SMITH,
STANDARD 6.

NIGHT JOURNEY

It was January, the time of the year when the whole family went down to the 'strand'. After the general rush and hurry of Christmas, when relations came in dozens from far and wide to visit and when for the only time in the whole year the large farmhouse was so full that we children were given tents to sleep in on the lawn, Mother and Father packed everything that we would need into two large, covered ox-wagons and away we trundled.

To us children (for there were eight of us) this was the most exciting time in our lives. The wagons at the back held most of the luggage and my three brothers slept in it. My parents, my two sisters and I used the front wagon. Usually two native boys from the farm accompanied us on horseback. They came to look after the oxen, repair the wagon and also help if any manual labour was needed.

We usually left home at about 6.30 a.m., after an early breakfast. The moment the wagons began to move we became very excited and found it impossible to remain inside the wagons - but used to run alongside of them picking flowers or playing games until they were quite a distance from us. Then we used to run after them.

The whole day passed like that, and the only time we paused from our play was when we stopped for the midday meal and when the oxen were outspanned and allowed to graze and drink. Towards night-fall we reached the bottom of the steep pass and saw the high peaks of the lavender-blue mountains towering above. Here we stopped for supper, but as we were preparing for the night, Father decided that as the oxen still seemed fresh and because it was a clear night with a large yellow moon rising, we would continue our journey over the mountains.

This seemed a very exciting prospect to us children, but both of the African boys seemed dead against it. The oxen strained and tugged as we went up the steep gradient, but soon we were over that and winding our way along between curves in the road. But as we rounded the next bend a loud bark or shriek broke the silence of the night. The oxen immediately stopped quite still and as we peered out of the wagon all we could see were dark shapes cataracting and lumbering towards us. We children were all pushed into the wagon as Father shouted out the word "Baboons". They all came down the mountain, barking; some jumped on top of the tarpaulin covering the wagon. We heard Father and the two servants fighting them off and I heard one of my brothers scream with pain.

We all lay crouched together in one corner of the wagon, shivering with fear, while Mother tried to console us. Suddenly the interior of the wagon became lighter and as we looked up we saw the large form of a baboon holding up the canvas in the front. We all froze, terrified; we could hear it grunting in its strange way as it advanced towards us.

To my relief, I saw Father some way behind the baboon and a few minutes later the night was silent. Some of the male baboons then advanced towards my father, but he and the two native boys dealt with them.

With most of the fighting force dead, and with their leader lying in our wagon, the baboons drifted back the way they had come, leaving us to bury their leader and then continue our journey over the mountains, and through the scented night.

L. TORR,
STANDARD 8.

There was a young lady called Bumble
Whose tummy tended to rumble;
Once she walked past some boys
And it made such a noise
That they all fell down in a tumble.

H. BROWN,
STANDARD 9.

GHOSTS

Many people think of ghosts like this:

They live in deserted houses, coming out at night to haunt. They carry chains which jingle as they glide. They are often skeletons which come to frighten you. They come out only at night, flying through the air. When you lie in bed they come and prod you and taunt you till the sweat drops from your face and till you scream. They appear only in the darkness and vanish when lights are turned on.

I think differently:

I think ghosts come from Heaven; that they are people who have died and who have been sent back to earth by God for a special reason: they are not servants of evil, but harmless, benign spirits. Once I heard of an incident, which clearly illustrates my theory: a certain woman's husband died playing the piano, and one night, during a fierce storm, she heard piano music. She went downstairs to find the piano playing by itself. Just then there was an enormous crash, and she hurried upstairs to find the ceiling of her bedroom had fallen in: thus, the spirit of her husband had been sent to save her life.

I wonder how long it will be before the true secret of these unearthly visitors is revealed. Not in my lifetime, I hope!

T. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON,
STANDARD 6.

TRAFALGAR

Tom Newcome, that's my name. Newcome is not really my surname, but the midshipmen called me Newcome because I was a newcomer. I was twelve years old, the youngest midshipman on the Victory, Nelson's three-decker flagship, when I joined the crew in 1803.

Mornings from nine to twelve were spent in the company of the schoolmaster, who kept our noses to the grindstone. The chaplain, usually known as the 'sky pilot', was a good-natured fellow who tried to teach us our catechisms. The junior midshipmen messed in the gun-room, under the strict but friendly eye of the gunner. We were known as the 'youngsters' until the age of fifteen. We looked forward to being 'oldsters' because then we could claim our share of the grog, and have a berth on orlop deck.

We were the slaves of the first Lieutenant, who gave us duties, some of which were seeing the hammocks being staved, and going aloft. I had night and day watches. I was once late for one of these, and was spread-eagled in the weather rigging for over an hour. On other occasions I suffered mast-heading which was not uncomfortable, so I went to sleep, missing mess.

For the first two years the Victory watched Toulon, where Napoleon Bonaparte was preparing a menacing fleet. Nelson, known to the crew as 'Our Nel', with only one eye and one arm, was the admiral of the British Mediterranean fleet, but despite his careful watching, the French managed to slip out, joined by the Spaniards. Nelson, acting under false information, sailed to the West Indies in search of the fleet. Admiral Collingwood joined our fleet, and we returned to Portsmouth.

A sunburnt Tom was welcomed home, rather different from the pale child who had left home two years before. My leave was unexpectedly cut short with orders to return on board because it was reported that the French were at Cadiz.

Nelson, with twenty-seven line-of-battle ships and five frigates, set sail for the Spanish coast. Scarcely three weeks passed before the Victory received signals that the French fleet was at sea. At daybreak on October 20th, 1805, the enemy ships were sighted near Trafalgar Bay. Nelson said that the 21st would be the day.

Very early the next morning we were all awakened by the roll of drums playing 'Heart of Oak'. Everyone went very quickly to his post. There was much running to and fro, hither and thither. I noticed, as I ran around on messages, that men were unshipping the bulkheads, breaking away the captain's and officers' cabins, and sending the lumber below. Furniture was pitched overboard, and livestock that could not easily be kept was destroyed. Rope nets were hung across the upper deck and under the masts to catch falling men and debris. Ship's boys filled buckets and slopped wet sand onto the decks. Wet blankets were hung round each hatchway, and wet screens round each magazine hatch. The surgeon prepared medicine chests, and the loblolly boys pushed chests together.

At last Nelson came up from below where he had been praying, and signalled 'England expects that every man will do his duty'. Cheers rang out and echoed. With all the preparations made, the two columns of English ships bore down on the enemy, with the Victory in the lead.

Nelson made for the Spanish four-decker vessel, Santisima Trinidad, and the battle began in earnest. I was stationed at one of the hatches, equipped with a pistol to prevent the sailors from seeking safety below. The noise was deafening and the gunpowder made my eyes stream. I was afraid, but I was not going to show it.

The powder monkeys scampered from the powder barrels to the cannons, the snipers in the rigging were picking off the enemy officers, and I felt agonised because I was not doing something active. Suddenly there was an earsplitting crash, as the mizzen-mast crashed into the sea. Wounded men were being carried below on sails, and the sand was splashed with blood. The dead men were hurled overboard as there was no time for ceremony.

Bullets whizzed past me like angry wasps. I looked up as a man on a stretcher approached, then, to my horror I saw Nelson twist and fall. He was hastily carried down to the cock-pit. I had just noticed this when my shoulder was hit. The fire through my body, the pain, the blurred images of the battle, were too much; I toppled forward. One of the sailors shouted "Hold up youngster!" and carried me below. The noise was far away as the battle raged on. I heard Nelson hoarsely whisper for Hardy. Then I heard no more; I became oblivious of everything except pain.

When I awoke I heard: "Kiss me Hardy". The surgeon cried "Our Nel!", and Nelson was with us no more. I was filled with anguish: had we been defeated? I was conscious again of my pain.

I lay in the cockpit for many days, and finally I was moved back to the gun-room. There I was told that we were homeward bound, victorious.

I was not the sunburnt Tom who had gone home previously, but a pale, weak Tom. I was allowed to walk in Nelson's burial procession. He was buried in St. Paul's, in a coffin made from the mast of L'Orient, a French warship. The coffin was carried in a coach shaped like a ship, and the Victory's war-worn flag was borne triumphantly before it. The voices sang,

"His body is buried in peace,
But his name liveth for evermore!"

M. DU TOIT,
STANDARD 8.

MY DEVIL

I heard soundless footsteps on the grass and saw an invisible devil beckoning to me. He was tall and dark and I could see no horns or trident. But I knew that he was a devil; you can usually tell.

I looked at him and he looked at me and the clouds overhead drifted away and revealed the sun. He made to move away. I jumped up, spilling half a bottle of beer over the grass. We both watched its bubbly disappearance into the earth. He did not speak, he just looked pensive, and I listened to him.

'He's a devil', I remembered, but carried on following him.

We saw beautiful, dry water-falls, and refreshing deserts; we watched fish fly and made love in a pale blue meadow. The moon was warm on our bodies.

'He can't be a devil,' I thought, and then changed my mind as I heard his soundless footsteps on the grass, seeking a new diversion.

P. BARNETT,
STANDARD 10.

HUNTER

He moves stealthily through the jungle,
Cutting all trees and plants in his way,
Careless and ignorant of how he tramples.
He kills,
Thirsty for the skins of harmless animals,
Selfish,
Wanting more and more.
At last he goes
Leaving a dead and sparse jungle
Which once was dense and full of life:
He leaves, satisfied at last;
He goes,
But he will return,
He will come again
And depart with his pleasure fulfilled -
Leaving behind him
DESTRUCTION.

M.-A. CARDASES,
STANDARD 6.

There was a pig from Tokai,
Who hated his deep purple sty;
He had it repainted,
Though he nearly fainted
When he saw they'd used a pink dye.

B. GORDON BAGNALL,
STANDARD 7.

JEWELS

"A personal ornament in which precious stones form a principal part; a precious stone; anything of exceeding value or excellence".

Jewels pulsating in the heart of silver or gold have enchanted men and women throughout history. Scabbards, shields, crowns, even thrones and doors encrusted with precious stones have dazzled men through the centuries. Jewels have been the cause of envy, hatred, and bloodshed. They have also conveyed love and admiration from one person to another. In great quantities and of high quality they signify great material wealth. Some people travel extensively, searching for better and more precious stones; they bid high prices and then carry home their proud prizes to store them among many others. Some fortunates inherit precious jewels that have descended from generation to generation.

"Anything of exceeding value or excellence": Memories, to many people, are "of exceeding value": That moment, years before, when a certain event happened, faces and voices are remembered in a hazy silver setting of time. Old, familiar pathways, fields and oft-climbed branches gleam in the dusty corners of the memory.

Beautiful lines of poetry are like jewels floating in a little, cut-glass bowl full of tears and blood. They are skilfully cut and polished and emerge shining from the raw, natural thought.

Happiness shines in the eyes of young or old like submerged sapphires. Teardrops fall like discarded diamonds and blood wells up and sprinkles the earth with rubies. Light, catching raindrops, makes them look like gems tossed by a Heavenly hand.

Exceptional excellence is seen so clearly in the minute snow-flake - every single flake a different pattern from the next one; every pattern perfectly symmetrical. Their form is so excellent they fail to survive in the civilized, corrupt world and melt away, leaving only an imperfect, unsymmetrical dampness.

A jewel is a new puppy which keeps falling over its own paws - and asleep; is a clean, white flower growing in a wilderness; is a happy baby with blue eyes and blonde hair who cries only when there is a reason for it; is a tadpole in a jam-jar; a jewel is a stirring song; is a painting full of feeling; is an old, yellowed book; is a glass of wine, sipped by candlelight; a jewel is a full moon with a cluster of stars set round it, laid on a black velvet box lid; a jewel is a peaceful thought; is a word of wisdom; is a sympathetic ear; is a clear conscience; is a look of gratitude in a friend's eyes.

A jewel is love.

P. BARNETT,
STANDARD 10.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE GRASS

Tossed by the wind
 and the nodding grasses,
 I fade from an urgent civilization
 and smell the air of the infinite.
 A grotesque shape lumbers across my thoughts -
 The vegetarian brontosaurus,
 Ponderous, but not destructive

The enveloping mist clears.
 Cats stalk stampeding herds of buck
 across an endless continent.
 Birds illumine the sky with plumage
 and the balance of nature is perfect

A putrefying mist swirls round -
 Civilization has come.
 The air is foul; the ground is littered
 and our water poisoned - casually.
 The bones of birds and fishes now strew
 oil-smudged beaches,
 While cats with fiery eyes pace a cement floor

The traffic roars once more
 around my one plot of untainted grass.
 Across this ground many footsteps have sounded -
 Footsteps of the past, hopeful for the future.
 A grotesque shape shakes the earth behind me:
 The bulldozer destroys those hopes in the grass
 For ever.

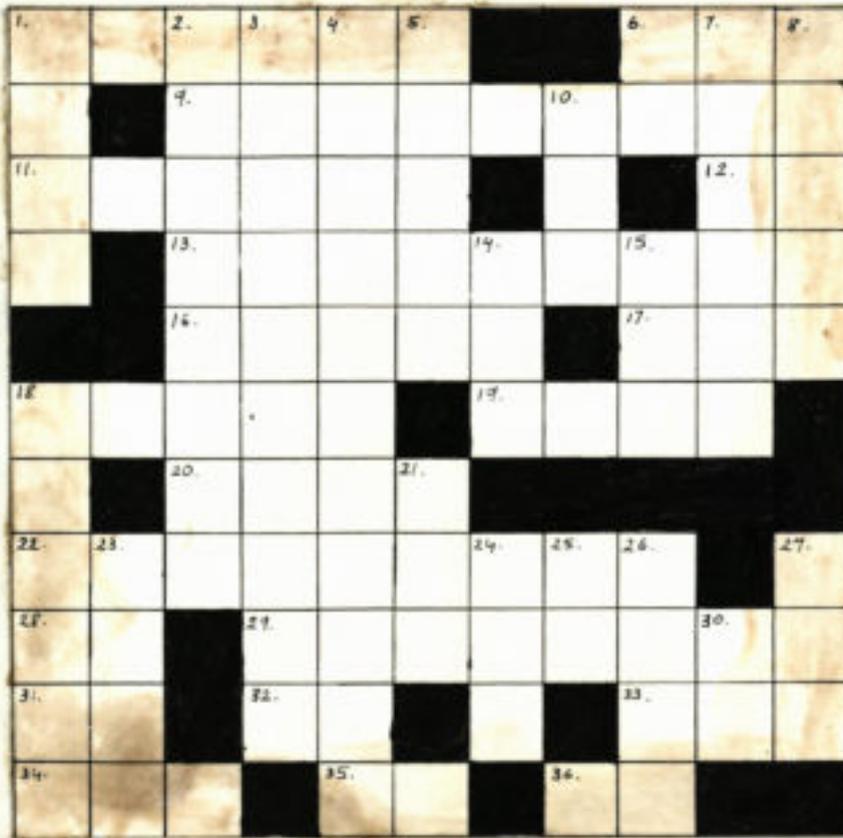
J. PHILIP,
 STANDARD 10.

CHILDREN

Tiny footprints strung across the sand
 Mark where you have been -
 Brief memories of your innocence.
 Like sun-drenched butterflies
 You dance with the hours,
 Your little hearts reaching out to kiss
 The mellowing cheek of Time.
 Clearly, sweetly, like small bells
 You sing
 To kindle our cold love.

H. BROWN,
 STANDARD 9.

CROSSWORD.

H. BROWN.
STANDARD 9.Across.

- Nice to be near one in winter.
- Native mineral yielding metal.
- Aversion, repugnance.
- Comes in an envelope.
- Could be abbreviation of "teetotaler".
- What does a cobalt bomb do?
- Girl's name rhyming with a type of motor competition.
- Female possessive (not possessive female).
- Woolly animal from Tibet used as beast of burden.
- Gives Cape Town opera besides Capab. They say a monster lurks here.
- We have many of these in our science lab.
- Mother is sometimes called
- If you're as clever as he was, you're lucky!
- America's lost a letter.
- Abbreviation of Her Majesty's Ships.
- "Hand" in Cockney.
- To do with pigs and eyes.
- Leave me.
- Gender neuter.

Down.

- Think of the Beatles and a drowning man.
- They're qualified in their trades.
- Verse of four measures.
- Undying.
- Not of the city.
- A dialect of what I call myself.
- When it has set in, it is this.
- Not what you do when you go out.
- You can do this in snow or in water.
- Expire with a different letter.
- An exclamation denoting mystery.
- Common type of indicator used in chemistry.
- My boy gone very bright.
- Columbus didn't sail this way.
- A bachelor, but could be married.
- In Latin..... and French.
- Accommodates, or is my posterior.
- "Finished and Klaar".
- Small hotel with something missing.

Down.

Across.

1. Heater 6. ore 9. revolution. 11. letter
 12. t.t. 13. irradiate. 16. Sally. 17. Her.
 meter 4. everlasting. 5. rural
 6. of 7. rotten 8. enter 10. ski
 14. dye 15. aka 18. litmus
 21. sun 23 east 24. B. Sc.
 25. et 26. seat 27. end 30. in.

OTHER LANGUAGES

Around the world in twice ten page -
 (Our magazine is just "the rage"!)
 Beginning with our second tongue,
 We'll then go other lands among:
 Greece will be our very first stop,
 After which we'll take a westward hop
 To the living streets of gay Parea -
 (Having first, of course, looked at Germany);
 And we'll then to Ancient Rome - oh golly
 Our magazine is beastly jolly!

<u>CONTENTS</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Maart	48.
So 'n warm dag wil ek nie Belewe nie	49.
Ouma se ou Dae	50.
'n Aaklige Ongeluk	51.
Reën en Sonskyn	52.
Herschel Swemwedstryd	53.
Julie	53.
Die Grysaard se Leuen	55.
Die Storm	57.
Trip to Greece	58.
Die entstehung der Pferdezucht in Sudwestafrika	59.
A Smile in German!	60.
Les lignes de l'amour	61.
Les deux cadeaux	62.
Naivete	63.
Bavardage	63.
Mots croises	64.
Histoires pour rire	65.
Le petrolier naufrage	65.
La vie (life)	66.
Latin crossword.	67.

MAART.

Die weer in Maart is altyd warm. Die son skyn byna elke dag, maar dit is by tye baie winderig. Die see is blou en dit is lekker om daarin te swem. Ons gaan dikwels na die see toe om te swem en speel onder die blou lug.

Orals oor die veld is daar mooi, groen gras en in ons tuin is daar baie blomme. Daar is laat rose, jakob-regops en gesiggies; daar is nog krismisblomme, maar baie begin om groen te word. Die geel asters lyk heerlik langs die rooi en lig roos dahlias - en die wit en geel madeliefies naby hulle is baie mooi.

Daar is ook vrugte in ons tuin in Maart en die druiwe, pere, vye en vroeë appels is ryp. Ons kan in die winkels perskes en piesangs koop. Sommige groente is ook ryp, soos wortels, tamaties, kropslaai, ertjies, boontjies en kaal. Die miere is orals - op die vrugte, in die tuin en somtyds in die huis. Die klein vlieë is ook op die vrugte in die tuin, in die huis en in die winkels.

Gedurende Maart swem ons in swembaaie en in die see. Ons speel ook tennis, krieket en „swingball“. Paas val somtyds gedurende Maart en dan kry ons paaseiers, presente en geld. Dit is vakansie vir omtrent tien dae en dan kan ons doen net wat ons wil.

Die voëls sing in die bome en n mens kan duiwe, rooiborsies laksmanne en spreeus sien. Die mossies is ook orals en hulle eet die vrugte as n mens nie gif daarop sit nie.

Ek dink Maart is die beste maand omdat die natuur so pragtig is, en ek hou van die vrugte wat ryp is. Dit is ook Paasmaand. Maart is vir my verreweg die beste maand van die jaar.

B.GORDON BAGNALL

STANDERD 7.

SO n WARM DAG WIL EK NIE BELEWE NIE.

Die opgaande son verskyn geleidelik oor die punte van die Hottentots Holland. Dit is die begin van sy lang, eindelose reis oor die hemel; en dit is ook die begin van die felste hittegolf wat die omgewing van Kaapstad ooit belewe het.

Stadig, stadig kom die son in die potblou lug op, skroeiend en verblindend. Stadig begin dit om alles te vernietig. Die blare krimp op; die blomme in die kleurevolle tuine hang slap en moedeloos aan hul stammetjies; die grasperke droog weg. Die gesaaides, wat goudgeel in die koringlande van die Boland staan, ryp en gereed vir n belowende oes, word verskroei en verskrampel; nou sal daar geen oes wees nie. Die bome in die vrugteboorde sit vol vrugte, sag en reg vir die mark. Skielik word hulle deur die felle strale van die son geslaan en binnekort is hulle oorryp en hulle val bedorwe op die grond. Ja, alles word deur die ondraaglike hitte vernietig.

Dog, die son brand nog soos n tammai goue bal wat in die hemel staan. Hitte hang swaar oor Kaapstad, en die strate en winkels is minder bedrywig as gewoonlik. Die teer strate word sag, en n teerwalm hang in die lug tussen die hoë geboue. In die woonomgewings is die strate leeg en verlate, want almal verkies die skuiling van hul huise. Gordyne word toegetrek en luike word toegemaak.

Almal word aangetas deur die hitte en die bedompigheid; die sweet slaan en pèrel op die mense se voorkoppe. Baaidjies en troue word uitgetrek, en hemsmaie word opgerol. Elektriese vaaiers in kantore, fabrieke en hotels word aangeskakel. Klerke en tiksters verk lusteloos, en die skoolkinders is onoplettend. Almal is vaak; almal word uitgeput deur die snikhete weer.

Eindelik voltooi die son sy reis, en stadig verdwyn dit agter die hoogte van Ou Tafelberg; maar eers gooi dit n vuurrooi, dowwe gloed oor die wêreld wat dit so genadeloos verbrand het.

H. BROWN

STANDERD 9.

n AAKLIGE ONGELUK

Ek het te fiets skool-toe gery. n Vragmotor het ten volle vaart om die hoek gekom, teen n hoë snelheid deur die rooi lig gejaag, en met n klein motortjie wat daarna op sy sy gelê het, gebots. Die vragmotor was dwars in die straat, en die verskrikke mense wat naby gewoon het, het uit hul huise gehardloop, en geprobeer om die doodbleek, bewusteloos bestuurder van die klein motortjie uit te kry.

Een van die mense was n dokter, en hy het sy kop geskud, en gesê dat hy die beserings nie dadelik kon vasstel nie, maar hy het gedink dat die man dood was.

Die polisie en die ambulans is gou ontbied, en die polisie man, wat eerste op die ongelukstoneel was, het die vragmotor bestuurder ondervra, ooggetuis gesoek, van wie ek een was, en aantekenings gemaak. Hy het daarna die beskuldige in hegtenis geneem.

Toe die ambulans by die ongelukstoneel aangekom het, was die man alreeds dood, maar hy is nietemin na die hospitaal toe geneem.

Die storie was in die aandkoerant, en die beskuldige het voor die landdroshof verskyn. Hy is skuldig bevind, en die landdros het hom n strawwe vonnis van n boete van twee honderd rand opgelê, en sy bestuurderslisensie vir drie jaar onttrek.

Dit was die aakligste ongeluk wat ek ooit gesien het.

G.AUSTIN

STANDERD 7

..
REËN EN SONSKYN

Daar is groot wolke in die lug; dit is donker en alles is stil. Die wind begin om te waai en dit is yskoud; almal is tuis. Net n paar mense, wat dorp toe moet gaan, is buite- en hulle het hul reënjasse aan. Donder kon gehoor word en die reën begin in groot druppels val. Dit tik aan die dak en juk aan die vensters. Ons moet gaan sorg dat al die vensters toe is sodat die reën nie binne kan kom nie.

Die son skyn en die voëls sing. n Hond jaag om die tuin en n klein kindjie lag en hardloop agter hom na. Die lug is heerlik en die sonlig warm. Mense swem en lê in die son. Al die vensters is oop en die bedwelvende geur van blomme gaan deur die hele huis.

Z.REID

STANDERD 8

HERSCHEL SWEMWEDSTRYD.

Herschel, Maart 1971.

Almal in Herschel Skool het na die swemwedstryd uitgesien. Hulle het die huis liedjies goed hersien en toe die groot dag gekom het, was almal baie opgewonde en bereid met programme en gekostumeerde leiers, wat baniere gedra het.

Na middagete, het die deelnemers hul baaikostume aangetrek en langs die swembad in n groep aan die een kant gesit. Toe die aanskouers in hul sitplekke was, het die wedstryd begin. Die vriende en families het huis kleure gedra om te wys watter span hulle ondersteun het. Toe het Jagger begin liedjies sing. Na n tydjie het almal begin skree en die amptenare het vir stilte gevra en die reëls verduidelik.

Daarna het die reises begin. Sommige van die swemmers was baie senuweeagtig en hulle het voor die tyd ingedui en daardie reisie moet veer begin word. Na elke reisie het die kinders hul talismanne in die lug gegooi en wild geskree. Die punte is op n groot swartbord opgeteken, sodat almal kan sien watter span voor was.

Na viertig reises geswem was, en n duik kompetisie klaar was, het Mevrou Silberbauer, die skoolhoof, die uitslag aangekondig. Rolt het gewen! Merriman was tweede en Jagger derde. Die prys uitdeling het gevolg.

Stadig het die gaste en meisies die swembad verlaat, om tee te gaan drink en koek te eet. Dit was die einde van n baie aangename en suksesvolle swemwedstryd vir 1971.

P.ROSS

STANDERD 6.

JULIE

Vure, warm klere - dit is winter en die maand, Julie. Die bome is benerig. Alles is bloot en stil en die diere het kos gebere. Dit is Julie - die beste maand.

Julie is vir my die beste maand want dit is my verjaarsdag-

maand. Ek hou baie van die koue, reënigerige weer en my warm bed. Ons speel hokkie en die koue maak my springlewendig. As dit reën, lyk dit asof die hemel die reën braak, en dan speel ons „volleyball“! Dit is mooi, as dit so koud is, om langs die vuur te sit en n warm koppie tee te geniet. Dit is Julie - die beste maand.

Gedurende Julie is die son baie tingerig en waterig. Almal eet warm kos, soos smaaklike bredies en gebakte appels. Pragtige vrugte soos lemoene, suurlemoene, avokadopere en appels is beskikbaar. Dit is Julie - die beste maand.

Julie is vol mooi dinge, maar ons moet dink aan die mense wat dit nie kan geniet nie; hulle is koud en honger want hulle is nie so gelukkig soos ons nie.

Die naam „Julie“ heer na Julius Caesar; Dit is die maand van winter - die beste maand!

A. LABIA
STANDERD 7

DIE GRYSAARD SE LEUEN

Ek het haastig deur die woelige skare op die stasie gestap, baie moeg na 'n besige dag in die stad. Gelukkig het ek my kaartjie alreeds gekoop; daarom kon ek dadelik na die trein wat langs die bedrywige perron gestaan het, loop. Ek het op 'n onbesette sitplek gesit, en 'n sug van verligting geslaak.

Binnkort het 'n grysaard langs my kom sit. Die ou man het 'n lang, wit baard gehad, maar daar was geen hare op sy kop nie; dit was rooi en blink, en toe ek daar langs hom gesit het, het ek met medelye gedink dat by baie koud gedurende die winter moes wees! Toe die trein stadig uit die stasie uitgetrek het, het die ou man begin vriendelik praat. Hy het gesê dat almal se hare teenswoordig heeltemaal te lank is, en dat die wêreld seker beter sou wees, as almal geen hare, soos hom, gehad het nie.

„Ek,” het die aangename ou grysaard trots gesê, „is heeltemaal kaalkop sedert n vreeslike dag vanmelewe toe ek nog net n seuntjie van dertien jaar oud was.” Sy klein blou oë het mooi gevonkel. Toe het hy verder gesê, „Nee, ek sal nooit daardie dag vergeet nie. Ons het op n groot plaas in die omgewing van Stellenbosch gewoon. Eendag het ek makoue op die meer naby die plaashuis gaan skiet. Laat die middag, toe die son byna in die weste weggekruip het, het ek stadig weer huis toe begin stap. Skielik het ek n lavaai agter my gehoor. Ek het verbaas omgekyk, en toe het ek begin hardloop asof die duivel homself my gejaag het! Nee, my kind, dit was nie die duivel wat my die hasepad laat kies het nie; dit was n tamaai bruin bul - die grooste wat ek ooit gesien het. Die bees het twee wit, skerp horings gehad, en om daardie rede het ek huis toe gehardloop so vinnig soos my jong bene my vou toegelaat. Gelukkig het ek veilig by die plaashuis gekom, maar sodra my moeder my gesien het, het sy bangerig uitgeskree, „Jou hare! Waar is jou hare, my seun?” Toe het ek in die spieël gekyk, en daar het ek net n ou kaalkop gesien. Ja, al my hare is weg; die groot geskrik het my heeltemaal kaalkop gemaak!”

Intussen het my oë groter en groter beword. „Hele Wêreld!” het ek gehyg. „Maar dis ongelooflik! Skielik het die ou man

van die lag uitgebars. „My kind,” het hy gesê, „het jy my leuen werklik geglo? Jy.....” Maar by kon nie verder praat nie want hy het te veel gelag. Toe ek later van die trein afgeklim het, was ek nog besig om saggies te lag. „Ja,” het ek gedink, „so n leuen hoor n mens nie aldag nie!”

HILARY BROWN

STANDERD 9

DIE STORM

Die warm, geel, sonnige dag is weg;
 Die lug is met lelike, grys wolke bedek.
 Alles is stil en die wind is warm.
 Nie n blaartjie of n takkie roer nie;
 Die atmosfeer is baie naar -
 Soos net voor n storm.

Die wind rys en val, rys en val;
 Blare en takke
 Vlieg soos voëls hoog in die lug.
 Die reën val harder en harder;
 Die blits slaan die bome
 Tot hulle val.

Skielik is die wind verby.
 Alles is stil - botstil;
 Die grond is nat,
 Die lug wit.
 Die reën is klaar -
 Die storm is weg.

M.A. CARDASES
 STANDERD 6

Ταξίδι στην Ελλάδα.

Τὸν Ἰούνιο, φεύγομε γιὰ ἕξι ἑβδομάδες
σὴν Ἑλλάδα.

Πηγαίνομε νὰ δώμε τὸν παππῶ μας καὶ
τὴν γιαγιά μας, καὶ ὅλους τοὺς φίλους μας.

Ἔχομε ἀπὸ τώρα ἕτοιμο τὸ πρόγραμμά μας.
Πρῶτα θὰ πάμε σὲ σπίτι τοῦ παππῶ καὶ
τῆς γιαγιάς, ποὺ μένων σ' ἓνα προάστειο τῆς
Ἀθήνας. Εἶναι ἓνα σπίτι περιτριγυρισμένο
ἀπὸ πεύκα. Τὸν κῆπο στολίζουν γεράνια,
καὶ γιασεμιά ποὺ μοσχοβολοῦν.

Ἦστερα θὰ πάμε σὲ νησί Ρόδος, καὶ
σὲ ἄλλα νησιά.

Περιμένουμε αὐτὸ τὸ ταξίδι μας
μὲ μεγάλη ἀντιπομονησία.

TRANSLATION: TRIP TO GREECE

In June we are leaving on a six weeks' holiday
in Greece.

We are going to visit Grandpa, Grandma and all
our friends. We have already planned a programme.

Firstly we are going to go to Athens, where we
shall stay with my Grandma and Grandpa. They live in
a suburb of Athens. Their house is surrounded by
pine-trees. The garden is decorated with geraniums
and lovely, scented jasmine.

Then we are going to visit the Island Rhodes
and also other islands.

We are looking forward to this holiday with
great excitement.

M.A. CARDASES,
STANDARD 6.

DIE ENTSTEHUNG DER PFERDEZUCHT IN SUDWESTAFRIKA

Pferde waren für Sudwest schon seit Beginn der Kolonialisierung besonders wichtig. Früher als unentbehrliche Transportmittel, den sie boten die einsige Möglichkeit die gewaltigen Abstände in verhältnismässig kurzer Zeit zu bewältigen; und selbst noch heute, im Zeitalter der Technik, werden Pferde für Vieharbeiten gebraucht, wenn die meisten auch nur noch zum Sport geritten werden.

Im neunzehnten Jahrhundert wurden die Pferde ausschliesslich aus dem Kap und Transvaal heraufgebracht, während noch nicht viel an Zucht gedacht wurde, denn das Land gehörte ja auch noch den Eingeborenen. Es wurden vor allem von den Schutztruppe viele Pferde gebraucht, und so entschlossen sich dann die ersten weissen Händler, die ihre Farmen von den Eingeborenen durch deren hohen Schulden erwarben, mit der Zucht zu beginnen.

Jedoch Eingeborenenkriege und Tierseuchen versagten den Farmen die ersten Erfolge. Erst in dem längeren Frieden von 1907 bis 1914 blühte die Farmerei in Südwest auf. Edle Pferde wurden im Auslande erworben und eine gute Zucht aufgebaut. Unter anderen wurden im Jahre 1908 aus Ungarn der berühmte Anglo Araberhengst "Gidran", und der Vollblutaraber "Hadbahn" importiert. Noch heute gehen die Stammbäume vieler ausgezeichneten und bekannter Pferde auf diese zwei Hengste zurück.

1910 wurde noch der Araberhengst "O'Bayan" zusammen mit vier Vollblutstuten importiert, und mit diesen Pferden wurde die Grundlage zur südwestlichen Pferdezucht geschaffen. Später wurden dann auch noch Hannoveraner und andere Rassen importiert um etwas grössere Pferde zu züchten, denn die Araber waren etwas klein, da in Arabien die Pferde klein gezüchtet wurden, damit die Reiter im Kampfe schnell auf und abspringen konnten, und ausserdem waren die kleinen Pferde auch besonders wendig und zäh.

Um die südwestliche Pferdezucht anzufangen, waren Araber wohl am geeignetsten; auf Grund ihrer Zähigkeit konnten sie sich dem rauhen südwestlichen Klima gut anpassen, und es gelang dann auch nach Jahren, grosse und kräftige Pferde, wie sie heute gebraucht werden, mit den Arabern und anderen Importpferden zu züchten.

Z. REID.

Standard 8.

A SMILE -----IN GERMAN!

Welche Zeiten sind für den Astronomen
die wichtigsten?

(Answer: Die Mahlzeiten.)

Translation: What is the most important thing
for an astronaut to do?

(Answer: To eat.)

In welchem Monat werden die meisten Kinder
geboren?

(Answer: In neunten)

Translation: In what month are the most children
born?

(Answer: In the ninth.)

Z. REID.
STANDARD 8.

LES LIGNES DE L'AMOUR.

Je vois
la transparence
lumineuse
qui effleure
tes lèvres

déjà
c'est l'été

et tes cheveux
s'étalent
comme un soleil d'or.

Te souviens-tu
de nos amours de la pluie
et du soleil
d'autrefois

ces soirées fraîches
et ces premières pluies
sans toi

Mes pensées
couleur du soir
et les cygnes
font des cercles
d'argent
sur l'eau

la tête
entre les mains
je subis la tristesse
de la vie sans toi

j'y vais souvent
la douleur
au cœur.

pour me promener
dans les sous-bois
où nous avons découvert
nos premiers amours.

Vas-tu revenir?
Oh reviens,
Car c'est l'été
et le retour des fleurs.

D. BLANCKAERT.

STANDARD 9.

LES DEUX CADEAUX.

Madame Potin voulait acheter un cadeau pour son mari qu'elle aimait tendrement.

Madame Potin s'arrêta enfin devant un magasin où il y avait toutes sortes de jolies choses. Tout à coup Sophie aperçut une chaîne d'argent. Victor, son mari avait une montre mais il n'avait pas de chaîne. Elle entra dans le magasin et demanda le prix. Hélas c'était trop cher, elle n'avait pas assez d'argent.

Un peu plus loin elle s'arrêta devant la boutique d'un coiffeur, où, sur une carte, elle lut ceci :

" On achète des cheveux."

Alors elle eut une idée. Sophie vendit ses cheveux. Elle acheta la chaîne et elle rentra à la maison.

Son mari rentra et il dit à Sophie :

"Ôte ton chapeau."

Elle ôta son chapeau. Victor laissa tomber son couteau et sa fourchette et poussa un cri quand il regarda les cheveux de Sophie.

Sophie tira de son sac la chaîne d'argent. Il regarda la chaîne. Il acheta aussi un cadeau pour Sophie. De sa poche il tira deux magnifiques peignes, pour les longs cheveux blonds que sa femme n'avait plus.....

Et pour payer ces peignes il avait vendu sa montre.

C.DIXON.

STANDARD 8.

NAIVETE

Un mari recoit une lettre de son banquier et pousse un cri de colère.

- j'ai eu tort de te confier notre carnet de cheques, dit-il à son épouse. Notre compte est à découvert de deux mille francs.

Alors la jeune femme:

- Impossible, il y a encore six cheques dans le carnet.

BAVARDAGE

Deux femmes bavardent:

- Depuis qu'il travaille dans cette maison mon mari est obligé de passer six jours sur sept loin de Paris.

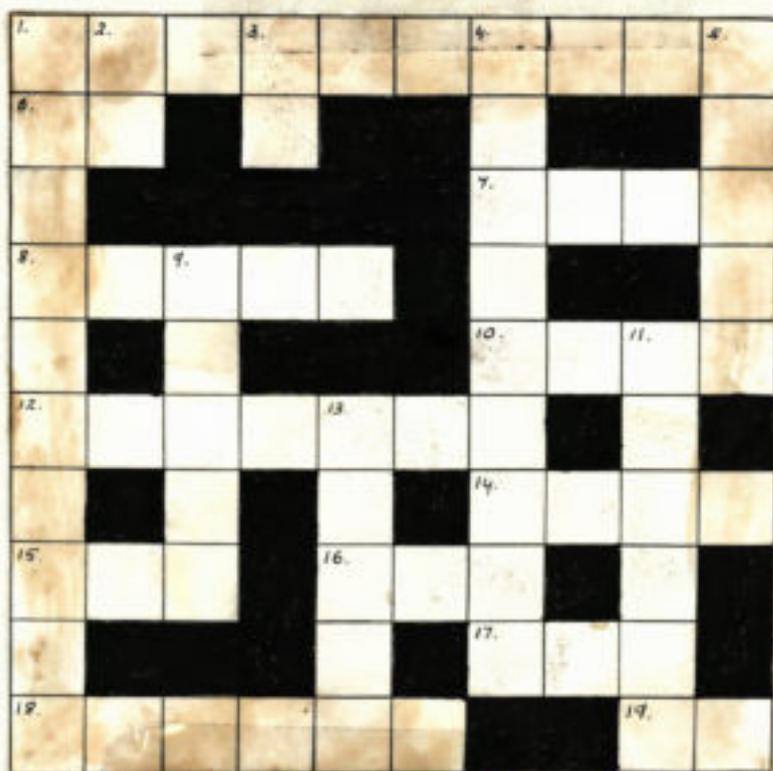
- Ce n'est pas drôle.

- Oh, tu sais, un jour, c'est vite passé.....

D. BLANCKAERT.

STANDARD 9.

MOTS CROISÉS

G. AUSTIN,
STANDARD 7.Horizontalement

1. C'est très bon !
2. Est-ce Monsieur ... Madame?
7. Le gargon n'est-pas propre, mais
8. Sur le pupitre il y a un crayon et un
10. Il va ... un professor.
12. Un légume vert.
14. Le parfait de tennir.
15. Ton, Ta,
16. Un animal comme un cheval.
17. Ne sous, mais
18. J'y vais tous les dimanches
19. Je suis, tu

Verticalement

1. Je mange avec un couteau et
2. Est-ce Monsieur ... Madame?
3. Mon,, Mes.
4. On met son diné sur ce.
5. Il va à l'ecôle.
9. On y trouve les trains.
11. Il va le crayon de Paul.
13. Les n'aiment pas les chiens.

18. Eglise. 19. Es.
15. Tes. 16. Ane. 17. Sur.
10. Etre. 12. Haricot. 14. Tenu.
1. Formidable. 2. Sale. 8. Regie.
1. Fourchette. 2. Ou. 3. Ma.
4. Assiette. 5. Elève. 9. Gares.
11. Rendre. 13. Chats.

Horizontalement.

Verticalement.

HISTOIRES POUR RIRE

La Preuve par quatre..... à deux

"Chéri, tu ne m'aimes déjà plus, se lamente la jeune épouse. Tu ne penses qu'à ton football. Tu n'oublie aucune rencontre importante, mais je parie que tu as déjà oublié la date de notre mariage.

- Oh, non, chérie je n'ai pas oublié. C'était le jour où la France a battu l'Espagne par quatre à deux."

Confusion

Un mendiant joue de l'accordéon dans le couloir d'une station de métro. Survient un agent qui lui dit:

- Vous avez un permis?

- Non.

- Alors accompagnez-moi.

Et le clochard:

- Bien. Qu'est-ce que vous allez chanter?

D. BLANCKAERT.

STANDARD 9.

LE PETROLIER NAUFRAGÉ

C'était terrible! Je n'avais que six mois quand le pétrolier fit naufrage. Mon père m'expliqua que nous ne pourrions plus y aller parce que tous les poissons autour du pétrolier étaient morts par suite du pétrole, alors nous devrions chercher un autre endroit pour trouver les oeufs. Quand mon père avait fini de m'expliquer la situation j'ai pensé que c'était un peu fou et ri beaucoup à moi-même.

A marée basse j'ai décidé d'aller raconter l'histoire de mon père à mon ami le manchot qui aimait à écouter des histoires en se promenant sur le sable. Alors j'y suis allé mais, quand je suis arrivé on m'a dit que mon ami est mort près du pétrolier parce qu'il était couvert de pétrole. J'étais si plein de chagrin que j'ai décidé d'aller voir cette "machine cassée".

Quand je suis arrivé j'ai vu beaucoup d'hommes de terre qui nageaient autour de la machine. Sur l'eau il y avait une sorte de bave comme si des milliers de limaçons y étaient. J'ai plongé dans l'eau mais tous les poissons avaient disparu et il y avait quelques cadavres de pauvres poissons au fond de la mer.

Maintenant j'ai trois ans. Je suis près de la fin de ma vie, et je pense encore que c'était la chose la plus effrayante que j'ai vu de ma vie.

Maintenant tous les autres oiseaux de mer se reposent sur la machine, mais moi, je n'y vais jamais parce que j'ai mauvais souvenir de l'accident.

D.SUSMAN.

STANDARD 9.

LA VIE (LIPE)

La vie est vaine.
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis bonjour.

La vie est brève.
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis bonsoir.

D. BLANCKAERT.

STANDARD 9.

LATIN CROSSWORD.H. BROWN
STANDARD 9.Across.

- Masculine plural of Latin adjective
"no" or "none".
4. By force.
6. From, out of.
7. Whence.
9. Caesar was a famous
11. A member of my family.
12. Not me, but
14. A wing.
15. I am loved.
17. Acc. of 12 across.
18. By.
19. The of public speaking.
20. Thus.
22. Utrum
23. Present participle of Latin verb "to
lead out".

Down.

1. This suffix at the end of a word
indicates a question.
2. Lucus!
3. Enter!
4. I am put to flight = in fugam
5. Go!
8. I give.
9. Farewell, all!
10. See 20 across.
11. To suffer, allow.
13. He killed two she-bears.
16. We did not go "vespere", but
21. Towards.
22. Same as "et".

Down.Across.

1. nulli 4. vi 6. e 7. unde 9. victor 1. ne 2. luce 3. intra 4. vector
11. pater 12. tu 14. ala 15. amor
5. i 8. do 9. valete 10. ita
11. pater 13. ursas 16. mane
17. te 18. e 19. ars 20. ita 22. an
21. ad 22. ac.
23. educens.

EDITORS' NOTE

The pages you have been reading are the result of months of hard work - not only on our part, but also on the part of the many helpful individuals who have contributed towards the completion and success of the 1971 Jagger Magazine.

To begin with, we should like to express our gratitude to our house-mistress, Mrs. McCormic, for all her encouragement and support, and especially for her part in the typing. We should also like to thank the Matrics for their advice, and our special thanks go to Binky Newman, our head-prefect, for the keen interest she has shown in the compiling of the magazine. Next, we should like to take this opportunity of showing each girl in Jagger how much we have appreciated her support and enthusiasm. And finally, we extend our warm and sincere thanks to those people who gave up their free time to do the typing for us, for without their help this magazine could never have been; our special thanks go to Mrs. Thom, who bravely undertook the task of typing the long English section.

Our original intention was that this magazine should give the reader an overall picture of the Jagger girls' activities and literary abilities, and we believe that we have achieved this to some degree. And finally, we should like to express the hope that you have enjoyed reading our magazine as much as we have enjoyed writing it.

HILARY BROWN and SHÂN ADAMS.

On wings of misty morning
 A little bird flew,
 His plumes ablaze with sunrise
 And steeped in silvery dew;
 Like a never-dying ember
 In interminable flight,
 He kissed the breaths of evening
 As he melted into night.

THE END
