

## Jagger House Report 1972

Head of House: Alan Adams

Prefects: Hilary Brown, Perdita Newman and  
Janeen Tompsett

We ended last year on a  
victorious note with the coveted  
efficiency shield, on our shelf.  
Well done Jagger!

There is a great man who  
makes every man feel small.  
But the real great man is  
the man who makes every man  
feel great.

- Charles Dickens

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SECTION ONE

REPORTS

Live for today, but remember  
yesterday and think of tomorrow.

Jagger House Report, 1972:

Head of House: S. Adams.

Prefects: H. Brown, P. Newmann, J. Tompaett.

Staff: Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Boyes, Miss Sweet

Mrs. Goldfinch, Mrs. Beautmont, Miss English

Jagger ended last year on a victorious note with the coveted Efficiency Shield on our shelf. Well done Jagger! Our thanks to Rosemary Newman, our last year's house captain, and her prefects, for all their hard work and encouragement. This triumph does not mean we can rest on our laurels; hard work and the shield can remain on our shelf.

We welcome the numerous new girls who have become members of our house this year, and wish the few girls who have left us during the year good luck in the future.

Jagger has had a very successful year in the sporting world. As usual the Inter-House Swimming Gala was the highlight of the first term. We won this with ease, followed by Rolt in second place and Merriman third. In the diving Jagger did well to come second. Well done swimmers, and to the divers who put on an excellent display better luck next time.

The Inter-House Tennis took place on two warm afternoons. Jagger also managed to win this. Congratulations to all our players who put on a wonderful show of hard, constructive play and good sportmanship.

Many Inter-House events have been arranged during the third term. We have had the Inter-House Public Speaking Competition, the results of which were very close, Jagger being placed third. Congratulations to Rolt, the winners. Good luck to all those who are to participate in the Inter-House Hockey, Squash, Volleyball, Drama and Junior Science Competitions.

As usual Jagger members have donated money to various charities. At the beginning of the year we knitted some lovely jerseys and blankets which we gave to Cafda. These warm items are always eagerly accepted in anticipation of the cold winter months.

Unfortunately the standard of work in Jagger has fallen down, especially amongst the girls in the junior forms. Our special congratulations must go to Hilary Brown and Gill Austin who have maintained an unusually high standard throughout the year.

Many Jagger girls are to be congratulated on attaining sporting awards. Gill Austin and Alex Adams deserve special mention for their achievements; Gill in both tennis and hockey, and Alex in swimming, tennis and hockey.

In conclusion I should like to thank my prefects and matrics for their loyal support. Thankyou also to the house-staff under whose guidance the house is going from strength to strength.

S. Adams.

#### Social Responsibilities Club:

The aim of the Social Responsibilities Club is to bring a little happiness into the lives of those less fortunate than ourselves.

This year we have continued to visit Eaton Convalescent Home, taking magazines, cigarettes, sweets, guitars and ourselves to entertain these lonely people.

Other activities undertaken have included: visits to St. Joseph's Home, the Ruby Adendorff Home and the Helen Keller Home for the blind. I think one of our most satisfying projects was on Wednesday 10th May when we organised a visit to Valkenberg. We were rather nervous to begin with as we did not know what to expect, but never have we had a more appreciative audience. Expecting a small hall holding fifty people we were rather overwhelmed by the two hundred Coloured men and women who cheered at our entry.

We had decided to make music our chief medium of communication, and the audience really enjoyed the Spanish dancing and Can Can girls. When we sang, accompanied by guitars, many of the audience came forward to the stage to dance and sing with us. After an exhausting but extremely satisfying afternoon we all firmly resolved to return again one day.

In conclusion we would like to say thank you to all the girls we have so willingly given their free time this year, and in so doing have helped to brighten the lives of others.

G. Thom

Junior Town Council:

Christina Murray is interviewed on the Junior Town Council by Marianne de Toit. The Junior Town Council was the J.C's idea and they organise and support it.

Question: Who are your Mayor and Mayoress and how are they elected?

Answer: Ian de Vos and Nancy Duminy from Groote Schuur were elected by vote at the end of the first term when we had got to know each other. Until then the 1971 council led our meetings. Each school is represented by two to four members from Standard 9.

Question: Do you have sub-committees, and if so how are their members elected?

Answer: When we elect our Mayor and Mayoress we elect a Deputy Mayor, Town Clerk, Secretary, Treasurer and four other members making up the exco. They decide on what projects to tackle. Usually we have two or more projects on the go at the same time, led by one of the four exco. So sub-committees are elected.

Question: Where do you meet and how often?

Answer: We meet in the Banqueting Hall or the Drill Hall in the City Hall every Thursday at quarter-past four.

Question: How many people meet and what do you discuss?

Answer: There are sixty council members and we arrange and discuss projects.

Question: Do you have any special projects on at the moment?

Answer: We are working on three projects at present; they are an art competition for high school students with the theme "Youth", a Battle of the Bands for high school bands which we hope to hold at Maynardville, and an Inter-Schools General Knowledge quiz.

One team from each school may enter. The prizes are sponsored by various business organisations.

Question: How do you raise funds?

Answer: We held a Folk and Poetry evening at Westerford where we raised R85. When we had paid our debts and last year's debts, we donated the remainder of the money to 'Teach'. Pepsi donate a few dozen Pepsi's for each meeting. We have also held a cake sale.

Question: How long do you remain on the council?

Answer: Only for a year, but the Mayor becomes an honorary member.

Question: Do you have any contact with the actual council?

Answer: We have not as yet had any contact this year, although when the Town Council wanted to allocate areas for surfing the Junior Town Council drew up the plan.

Question: What schools are represented on the council?

Answer: Most of the English schools and a few Afrikaans schools in the Peninsula have representatives on the council.

Question: Are non-European schools allowed to have members on the council?

Answer: No, but J.C. are trying to organise a similar council for them, but this is very difficult because the schools are so widespread.

Hockey Report:

Captain: D. Newman.

Unfortunately, this season, a great many matches have had to be cancelled because of wet weather, but, whenever possible, matches have been played.

The Western Province Schools Hockey Trials were held on the first four Saturdays of the second term. Herschel was fortunate in getting one girl into the final team, congratulations Margie Minogue! Gillian Austin excelled and narrowly missed selection for the final team, for this she gained her hockey colours. Two Rhodesian teams came down from Salisbury but unfortunately we were only able to play one match, Salisbury Girls High, and this we lost 8-1.

In the third term the weather proved a little more favourable and two Standard 6 teams were regularly played, giving the younger girls a chance to experience match play. The First team began the term with a hard match against Rustenberg, this we lost 2-0.

The Junior and Senior Inter-Schools Hockey competitions have not, as yet, been played, but our hopes are high and with hard work and determination, these two cups could easily be on our shelf.

Swimming Report:

Captain: B. Parry.

As usual the highlight of the swimming season was the Inter-House gala. The Jagger girls swam outstandingly and were rewarded for their efforts by being placed first. Rolt and Merriman were placed second and third respectively.

Our divers dived very well and were placed second. Congratulations to the Rolt girls who dived outstandingly and won the cup.

Congratulations to Elizabeth Jeffery for winning the butterfly championship and the Under-15 medley, and to Alex Adams who won the breaststroke championship, individual medley and the cup for the swimmer of the year.

The following Jagger girls were awarded their swimming badges: Rosemary Howell, Judy Banghart, Shelley Bell and Catherine Hund. Colours were awarded to Shân Adams, Alex Adams, Gillian Austin and Elizabeth Jeffery.

Good luck to next year's swimming team.

#### Chapel Report:

The chapel, although it is tucked away and almost underground, is the core of the school. This year we have had several early morning communion services conducted by Canon Hodson, and the M.I.X. (Meet in Christ) bible study meet in the chapel every alternate Wednesday morning before school.

Perhaps the chapel means more to the boarders as they attend services there on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Sundays. Mrs. Silberbauer and Mrs. Muller lead us, and have encouraged the younger girls to take the readings. We have read from many works other than the Bible.

New kneelers and new light shades have been acquired, and the boarders in Standards 8 and 9 take chapel duties in turn. These duties include flower arrangements and the appearance of the chapel.

L. Torr

Tennis Report:

Captain: Dita Newman

Vice-Captain: Shân Adams

During the first term tennis matches were played every Saturday as we have joined the Western Cape Mixed Tennis League. These matches gave us a chance to play a greater variety of schools and the matches were always enjoyed. The team this year were very enthusiastic and worked hard, and early morning tennis was always well attended.

The under-15 and under-14 Inter-schools was held on the 4th March. Christine Moni and Beverley Joslin excelled by winning their section and beating Rustenberg in the finals. Margot Mclachlan and Camilla White also won their section but narrowly lost to Sans Souci in the finals. Lynne Brailey, Gill Austin, Barbara van Alphen Stahl and Jean Barry must be congratulated on working hard throughout the season.

The Open and under-16 Inter-schools was held the following Saturday and although no-one reached the finals, Gina Thom and Lynda Joslin must be congratulated on nearly, but not quite, winning their section. Herschel tied with Springfield over-all.

Unfortunately, the Inter-house tennis was held on two separate days and girls had to play their matches whenever they had a chance, and thus much of the spirit of an Inter-house event was lost. Jagger was the over-all winner, with Rolt and Merriman 2nd and 3rd.

The School Championships provided some exciting tennis, and the results were:

Senior Singles: Alex Adams

Senior Doubles: Alex Adams and Dita Newman

Under-15 Singles: Christine Moni

Under-15 Doubles: Camilla White and Gill Austin

13 years and under Singles: Jean Barry

13 years and under Doubles:

Although keen spirit and enthusiasm were shown, these were not enough to win any girls tennis colours, - which was very unfortunate.

In conclusion I should like to thank this year's team for making my task as tennis captain a happy and easy one, and I hope you keep up the good spirit and enthusiasm for your tennis. To next year's captain I offer best wishes, good luck, and enjoyment of your tennis.

D. Newman.

#### Choir Report:

1972 is proving to be a particularly busy year for the Herschel choir, and so far our activities have been many and varied. First on our agenda was the Founder's Day service at St. Saviour's, during which we sang two anthems. In March we took part in the Passion Sunday service at St. Thomas's Church in Rondebosch and a week later we sang in the annual Palm Sunday service at St. Saviours, which was directly recorded over the S.A.B.C.

In April Herschel celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by means of a school pageant, and the choir appeared regularly throughout the performance. Then followed several occasions when we sang at school, such as the Ascension Day service and a Music and Drama Club meeting. At the beginning of the third term we sang a number of songs for a group of elderly musicians at Callow House in Kenilworth, and a few weeks later we entertained the old ladies of the Helen Keller Hostel in Pinelands. On the first Saturday of August some members of the choir attended a One-Day Choir School at St. Cyprians.

In addition to these activities, we have sung at the weddings of several Old Girls, and at present we are frantically rehearsing for the international choir competition, "Let the People Sing", which is to take place later on in the year. There are several other vague but exciting commitments for the near future.

The Jagger members of the choir are:

Margaret Adam  
 Libby Aitcheson  
 Jocelyn Anstee  
 Shelley Bell  
 Hilary Brown  
 Elizabeth Hartnell-Beavis  
 Alida Labia  
 Diana Longmore  
 Robin Perold  
 Alison Sweet  
 Patsy Thom  
 Janet Thomas  
 Andrea Williams  
 Judy Banghart

We hope that the Carol-Service will, as usual, prove to be the high-light of the year.

H. Brown  
 Choir leader

### Western Province Netball

Our train left Cape Town station on the morning of the 22nd June. Seventeen girls were selected from different schools to represent Western Province at the inter-provincial Netball Championships to be held at Pietersburg in the Northern Transvaal.

We were all very excited as the majority of us had not travelled in a "sleeping-train" before. It was quite an experience.

En route, our first stop of great importance was Johannesburg where we spent several hours looking around and shopping. We then boarded another train bound for Pietersburg.

The train arrived at Pietersburg station at 5.15 a.m. and as it was freezing we all donned our track-suits before descending from the train. We had to wait a while for our luggage to be collected and then we proceeded to the hostel.

The matches started on Monday morning at 10.30 a.m. The tournament was attended by 560 girls from 26 different areas in South Africa. An average of three to four games were played

each day. Although our Western Province team was not a strong one, I still feel that everyone gained something from watching other girls play.

Of course there was leisure time after games each day, and most of our spare time was spent buying chocolate sundaes at the local Wimpy Bar!

The tour lasted a week, and on 1st July all the teams separated and returned home everyone having made many new friends and much richer for the experience gained.

E. Geldenhuys

### Ruby Porter Service League

The Ruby Porter Service League is a society which is open to all pupils of Herschel. The society collects money which is distributed amongst various charities, but a regular contribution is given to the Dove Crêche.

The Dove Crêche has recently been opened in Grassy Park. It has replaced the Raapkraal Crêche which was in Retreat. The children who attend the crêche come from coloured homes where the parents work, or are unable to look after their children during the day.

The babies' room in the Dove Crêche has been called the 'Herschel Room'. The money we give to the crêche is used to decorate the room, and the matrons there have decorated this room in our school colours.

All members of the society are given a box for collecting money. The boxes are returned to school and emptied twice a year. Money is also collected by holding cake and rummage sales and selling other 'odds and ends'.

An outing to the new crêche is being arranged. These outings are arranged to enable members of the society to see how the money they have contributed is being used. All the money we give is desperately needed by the crêche. We have also collected toys for the older children and these were gratefully received.

A. Adams

Herschel Matric Dance 1972

The Matric Dance took place on July 22nd and was, as usual, the highlight of the year for the matric class. Preparations began well in advance, and for weeks beforehand our conversation consisted of little else besides dresses, hairdos, snacks and decorations. Decorating the hall was almost as enjoyable as the dance itself. Our theme was a Greek one; the murals consisted of bold, black figures on a red background, and along the walls were pillars twined with creepers and bunches of grapes. An enormous fish-net sprinkled with leaves formed a simple but effective ceiling.

To begin with we all gathered at the home of the Abrahamse's for dinner. Everyone (all the girls that is) looked really lovely. I think it was generally agreed that this part of the evening could not have been more perfect, and this was undoubtedly due to the efficient organisation of Mr. and Mrs. Abrahamse, who assumed the rôles of waiter and waitress. The food was delicious, and the atmosphere very gracious.

After dinner we all set off for school for the dance itself. There we were greeted by Dr. Silberbauer and her husband, and before long the party was in full swing, with McCully's Workshop doing their thing (rather loudly) on the stage. The music was good on the whole, however, and the dance-floor was seldom empty. Soon after midnight we stopped for coffee, honey-cakes and halva, and gradually the building emptied as people began to drift away.

The party continued into the early (late?) hours of the morning. It was a weary group of maidens who finally flopped down to snatch a few hours' sleep - feeling rather remorseful because their Matric Dance was over, but happy that it had been such a success.

H. Brown  
Std. 10

SECTION TWO

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

We all live under the  
same sky, but we don't  
all have the same  
horizon.

K. Adenauer

STORM

I long for a breath of ancient wisdom  
 To blow away your tears  
 My love;  
 To toss them out upon this moon-misty night  
 Of sadness  
 And dissolve them in the song of the rain.

I long for a touch of feathered gentleness,  
 My love,  
 That I may sweep up this sorrow in soft-folding caresses  
 That I may lull it into dream-distant silences  
 And bathe it in the warm velvet of wine.

I long to hide my helplessness,  
 Love,  
 Far from the dark wind's moan,  
 Deep -  
 Deep in some far-flighted evening  
 'Neath the dusty fall of Time.

H. Brown  
 Std. 10

SCHOOL ...

is Hope -  
 Anxiety -  
 Despair -  
 Elation -  
 and sadness when saying goodbye.

G. Thom  
 Std. 9

PROGRESS?

The ground was rich and green  
                   when the acorn germinated.

Many years passed.  
 Civilization took seed,  
                   germinated.

To-night yet another winter is  
                   born.

The rich green ground is  
                   buried  
                   forever

under tarmac and  
 concrete;  
 Sewerage,  
 telephone and electric pipes  
 violate the earth that once  
 lived,  
 drank, and  
 gave birth to God's fruit.

The acorn is an old tree -  
                   possibly the only survivor of its  
 kind in this concrete  
                   jungle.

One leaf remains.  
 Will it survive the night?  
 Will the disease-ridden,  
                   "civilized"  
                   drunk  
 leaning against the oak tree's solid frame  
 survive the night?

The rain falls steadily,  
 coloured lights wink  
                   on  
 and off

making a kaleidoscope of unnatural beauty  
on the wet streets.

Brittle laughter,  
hooters,  
the beat of bands,  
engines ticking over -  
                  throbbing.

These are the sounds  
                  that fill the  
once quiet acre of land.

A chilling breeze sweeps the town.

The drunkard  
                  falls heavily  
to the ground;  
he did not live through  
                  the night.

The lone leaf quivers,  
                  sways  
and survives to see  
yet  
another  
day.

G. Thom  
Std. 9

MINI, MIDI, MAXI

Mini, Midi, Maxi

Climbing in a taxi.

Mini made me bend so carefully,  
Midi made me tread so warily  
          Maxi made me fall so heavily  
                  That I've decided  
          If a taxi I must hire  
A slack-suit is my best attire.

M. Higgins  
Std. 6

A. Labia  
Std. 8

$$\begin{aligned} x^2 - y^6 \\ y - x^3 \\ = 5x^2y^3 \end{aligned}$$

# The perfect school girl



AD-DEI GLORIAM!

MATHAMATICS  
ENCYCLOPAEDIA

and the  
imperfect  
one!

A. Labia  
Std. 8



THINGS I IMAGINED WHEN I WAS LITTLE

I imagined many things when I was little. One of them was my friend, Ann, whom no-one else but myself seemed to be able to see. Many a night I would stay up and talk to her, but that soon had to stop as the neighbours complained. I even used to let Ann in through the front door.

I never thought that anyone would ever try to hurt me, and so, with all the confidence in the world, I would sit on complete strangers laps, and talk to them.

I imagined that fairies lived in the mountains and went to school in silver cars and learnt their lessons in fairy rings.

I used to wonder about my mother's jewels, and where they came from. She told me that they were found in the sand and I would spend hours in my sandpit digging for those pretty stones that Mummy wore round her neck.

K. Louw

Std. 6

WRONG COLOUR

She was hungry, tired and cold. She was black. She had worked since dawn in a stuffy ware-house sweeping the permanent dust away. Her quivering nostrils could still smell the stagnance of the old room and she shivered. All she wanted was to be in a warm home, to be in a cosy bed, with a blanket, or two, on top of her, with a lovely warm, full feeling in her stomach. She hated the sharp pangs which now tugged at her.

It was dark now and as she trudged on she looked through the windows of the houses she passed. In most, families were seated around the table, and she longed to be there. In one house she saw a small family crouched on the living-room floor playing a game. Tears stung her eyes as she watched the little family scene. Everyone was so happy and looked so contented.

A car's hooter interrupted her thoughts. There in front of her a child was running across the road, his fair hair shining in the street lights. Oblivious of the danger behind her she flung herself at the child and threw him onto the pavement. In doing so she knocked herself unconscious on the kerb. The child, too small to think of gratitude, ran on. The car was moving at such a speed that before the driver could gather his wits, there was a thud, the girl was dead.

The driver drove up next to her, saw her colouring in the dim, eerie streetlight and drove off.

The following morning a gang of schoolboys on their way to school, stopped at the tragic scene. "Probably drunk", they decided "and ran into the car". Little did they know that she had done the exact opposite. In saving a life had lost her own. But who was there to tell the correct story? A few houses? A dark street?

J. Banghart  
Std. 6

### THE ROSE

Erect, with thorns to guard her.

The rose stands proudly. Her petals open, stretching in the sunlight.

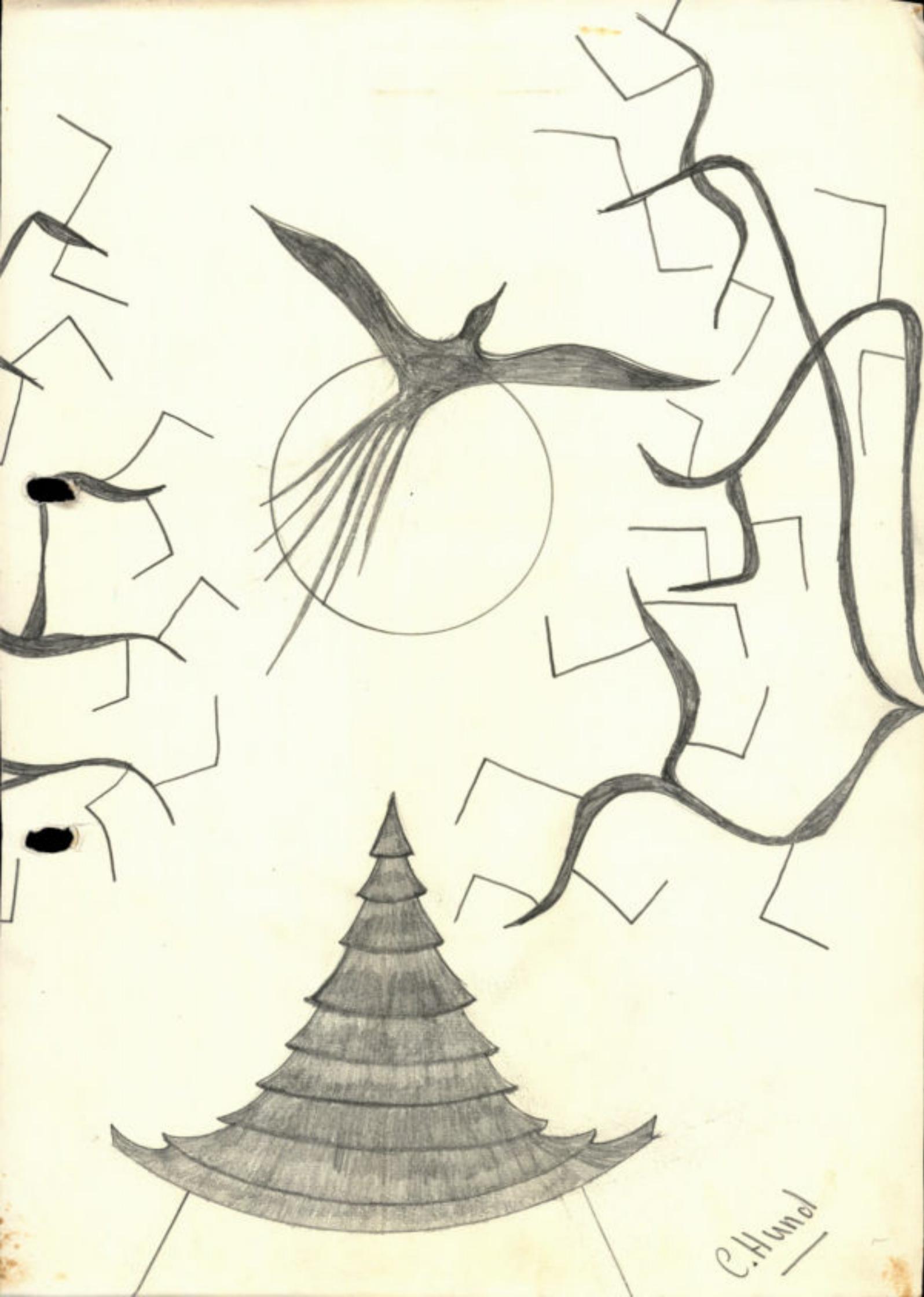
In the early morning the dewdrops sparkle until the slightest breeze sends them dropping to the ground.

Day after day, the rose shows her splendour.

The winds blow, her petals fall to form a soft carpet, mingling with other coloured leaves and petals.

Next year she will bloom again, more beautiful than before.

T. Handley  
Std. 6



C. Hundel

LONELINESS

A child sits alone.  
 He sees people - thousands of people locked in their  
     own little world.  
 People in the room,  
 People outside.  
     But he is lonely.  
 He tries to speak, but his words are drowned.  
 He prays to his God to let someone unlock  
     their door,  
         and let him share.  
 No-one sees, no-one understands.  
 A child sits,  
     lonely,  
         puzzled,  
             outside.

E. Hartnell-Beavis  
 Std. 7

20TH CENTURY

It's the 20th century. Who benefits from this? An  
 excellent education with professional teachers. Safe,  
 steadfast homes in green surroundings.

New inventions to aid farming, industries to make those  
 things that make life easy. The varieties of foodstuffs, the  
 long-distance transport, the learned statesmen.

You, too, can enjoy these; if you're white.

J. Banghart  
 Std. 6



COFFEE BAR

Preoccupied with her own thoughts  
She sits in the corner,  
Alone, uneasy,  
Apparently intrigued with the dregs of her coffee.

Once more her eyes flit nervously  
Around the coffee-bar, past the waiter,  
Searching for someone, something,  
Unnoticed.

She resumes her inspection of the coffee mug  
And feigns nonchalance.

At the sound of the door clicking she once more  
Lifts her eyes.

A tall, blonde girl enters, grinning broadly  
At a friend.

The girl in the corner catches her eye  
And the blonde comes over, questioningly  
And greets her.

After exchanging a few words

Relief

Fills the girl's eyes, and lights up her face.

Thankfully she gets up,

Walks to the counter

And pays her 20c bill.

G. Austin

Std. 8

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

In the suburb of St. Antoine there is great activity, the centre of which is the wine-shop of Monsieur and Madame Defarge. Weapons of all descriptions are being distributed among the crowds of ragged, excited people all crazy for revenge against their oppressors. Defarge is commanding operations and Madame Defarge, armed with an axe, pistol and knife, is waiting to lead the women.

Presently, Defarge gives the word and the mob surges through the city to the hated Bastille. Alarm bells ring, people shout, drums beat and weapons sparkle as the crowd surges on.

Around the Bastille are deep ditches, double drawbridges, massive stone walls and eight great towers but nothing will stop the mad mob. The men and women alike are spurred on by hunger and revenge. One drawbridge is down but the canons and muskets continue to belch fire; all that can be seen is smoke and fire and hundreds of inflamed people obsessed with the desire to overthrow the Bastille. Weapons flash, torches blaze, guns fire, people shriek, wagons rattle - but still the furious mob presses on.

One pathetic flag is raised within the fortress, which, after many hours of hard fighting, surrenders to the frenzied attackers, who pour into the courtyard of the Bastille and immediately set about freeing the prisoners.

P. Thom  
Std. 8

ZAB

I'm begging you Zab  
Let me free.  
Can you hear me?  
Let us free.  
Yes, free from the hold of flickering  
Chequered, psychedelic gloom.  
Free from your darting butterflies  
Spread their wings, flutter their eyelids.  
Oh! Zab can't you understand?  
What hand lifted to paint  
Your splashed on neon colours,  
Your blotted scratches,  
Your wizzing, spinning wheels of life?  
Who pumped air to rouse you?  
Listen to me  
Leave, go!  
Why are your lights still  
And colours dead  
Can you not hear the buzz of the hungry guns?

Still I hear the  
Women crying  
Babies yelling  
Chaos spinning in everlasting circles.  
Please let us free,  
Can't you hear me?  
PLEASE  
ZAB !!!

J. Scott Knight  
Std. 7

LET US REJOICE

Let us awake with hope  
                                           and not despair,  
 Look out of the window,  
                                           the world is still there.  
 We have water to wash in  
                                           and clothes to wear.  
 Let us rejoice.

There is joy all around  
                                           if only we'd try  
 To see what we have  
                                           and not to cry  
 For something that was, or  
                                           may be, by and by.  
 Let us rejoice.

Let us hold our heads high  
                                           let our voices ring  
 In a chorus of praise  
                                           for everything,  
 How can pollution invade  
                                           a 'Fairy Ring'?  
 Let us rejoice.

P. Thom  
 Std. 8

LIMERICK

                  There was an old man from Peru  
 Who dreamt he was eating a shoe  
                   He awoke in the night  
 With a terrible fright  
                   To find it was perfectly true.

F. Douglas  
 Std. 6

n PAAR SKOENE VERTEL

Ek is oud en moeg. My hakskene is afgeslyt en my skoenveters is kort en verflenterd. Ses maande lank het ek geen sagte skoenborsel teen my lyf gevoel, en geen heerlike bruin politoer op my lyf nie.

Ek dink aan die ou dae toe ek in die splinternuwe kas gesit het wat sewe en n half op die kant gemerk was. Ek het in die sagte wit papier gelê en gedroom van my eienaar. Die dag het gekom to ek my eienaar ontmoet het. Hy was n ou man van omtrent sestig, groot en vet en baie ryk, want ek weet dat ek baie kosbare was. Hy het my in n groot kas gesit met al sy ander skoene, wat van Amerika en Europa gestuur word. Dit was n goeie lewe. Elke môre, het Joseph, die bediende, my met n groot stofdoek skoon gemaak en op n skinkbord gesit en na my eienaar gestuur. Ek het vyf jaar by hulle gebly. Dit was baie aangename jare.

Nou is ek hier, ek lê in n groot kas in die pakkamer en wag vir die dag wanneer iemand my sal vind en weer sal dra. Ek hoop dat daardie dag baie naby is.

S. Le Roux  
Std. 8

HAAI MENEER

„Haai Meneer," Ek het geskree so hard soos ek kan vir die deur wat voor my gestaan het.

„Ek eis - my regte,  
Ek eis dat ek gegee word  
Wat aan my skuldig is!"

Die deur gaan oop

„Asseblief Meneer, Mag ek miskien, net gou gou na die toiletkamer gaan?"

G. Thom  
Std. 9

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

It is a week night. We have just eaten supper and my parents have gone out, leaving me to look after my little brother and sister. We are spread out in the sitting-room surrounded by homework, records, mugs of coffee and sweet papers. The fire is crackling away happily. Other sounds are grunts and groans of success and failure from my brother who is de-ticking our overweight, conceited spaniel.

My conscientious little sister is reading over her Nature Study underlining all the important facts to prevent any last-minute swotting during the exams.

Our restless, nervous setter is pacing here and there, never comfortable.

I am surrounded by undone homework: textbooks, exercise books, scribblers, pens, pencils and crayons, but am concentrating on cutting and cleaning my toe-nails.

"Knock, knock" (politely). I look up, thinking it must be a figment of the imagination, until I see Honeysuckle, our fat spaniel's ears prick up; Kep, the setter, although appearing to be an excellent watchdog does not detect any sound. "Knock, knock, knock!" (harder) we all look up, even Kep does. I call nervously, "Hallo? who is it?". No answer!

Lowell runs to get his cricket bat and Linda disappears behind the couch. Honey begins to bark, followed closely by Kep. I grab the fire tongs and then rush to the front door.

"Knock, knock, knock!" (even harder), I remove the key and peer through the keyhole, but cannot see much ... Then I see a black-robed figure moving. This man is probably the gardener we fired last week, about to avenge himself. We've had it.

"Hallo, halloo-oo-oo?" I call very nervously, I hear shuffling! I'll be brave. "Lowell, stand here, hold your cricket bat above your head. Ready? I'll open now". I cautiously return the key and turn it slowly, wait, then turn the handle. I open the door a fraction. I peer around. Black figure, but white collar. "Good evening, lady", smiling

nervously, clutching several Holy books, their bold titles revealing their contents immediately. "Do you know God?, have you found the Way?. I ask no more than a few minutes of your time, I have been sent to show you the Way".

G. Jooste  
Std. 8

FOG

Who is he,  
Nobody knows -  
He steals stealthily,  
oozing into cracks.  
He's a danger to man.  
Why does he taunt us?  
His misty eyes that seek  
Who knows ~~what?~~ where.  
Where does he come from?

J. Field  
Std. 7

BIRTH

The wind lashed across the plain, lifting leaves and pieces of dead grass and carrying them along with it in its furious chase across the earth.

A herd of wild horses stood in a hollow, their backs humped against the wind which lashed their manes and tails into a fury, like waves on the high seas.

In the midst of the herd stood a mare heavy in foal. She looked around at the horses surrounding her, their nostrils were flared showing the red velvet lining, and their eyes were wide revealing the white rings around them.

Towards early morning the wind was still howling and the horses were getting restless. The mare moved away from the herd and walked across the plain, her great bulk swaying from side to side. A second mare started to follow her, but the first mare turned angrily and bit her savagely on the neck. The mare understood that her friend was going to foal and wanted to find a quiet place.

The expectant mare rounded a small heap of rocks and stood under a tree next to them. She groaned and half knelt down, and within seconds a tiny, wet form slithered to the ground. Instantly the mare was standing, she spun around and nipped the tiny filly; it neighed and she licked it all over until it was clean and warm. Eventually the filly struggled to her feet and sought her mother's swollen teat. By pushing this way and that she found it and drank her fill of warm nourishing milk.

The herd pricked their ears and looked around. They saw the mare returning, but this time with a little yellow foal at her side.

M. Adam

Std. 6

THE BREAK OF DAY

As the sun crept  
over the top of the hill,  
I stood silently,  
watching a mare  
tossing her smooth  
head up against the fire-lit sky.

She stood still,  
her long tail  
swished away the worrying fly  
aroused from slumber  
by the break of day -  
and hunger.

I wondered what  
she was waiting for.  
On the horizon  
her mate appeared.  
He reared, as though  
he had been shot.

But no - they were free  
and they would stay that way.

J. Smith  
Std. 7

CHILDHOOD IS ...

Innocence of the unknown,  
Blemished by those called adults.

E. Geldenhuis  
Std. 9

AN ODE TO MY LOVE

My dear darling sweetheart  
I think you I'll flatter  
Your voice is so piercing  
That the window panes shatter.

Your eyes are like puddles  
Your teeth are like mud,  
You sing like a cow  
That's chewing the cud.

Your breath smells like garlic,  
Your hair's like spaghetti.  
Oh darling I love you because -  
Your so pretty.

Your nose is like cheddar  
That's gone a bit stale.  
For Mr. South Africa  
You wouldn't fail.

Your feet are the size  
Of an outsize baboon.  
Whenever I see you  
I think I will swoon.

Whenever I see you  
My mouth starts to drool.  
Oh darling I love you,  
Let's take it cool.

S. Bell  
Std. 6

EK WEET DAAR IS SPOKE

Ek het nie gedink dat daar spoke was nie, en het gelag toe iemand vir my gesê het dat hulle of hulle vriende spoke gesien het. Party van my vriendine is baie bang vir spoke en wil nie buite in die donker loop nie. Toe ek nog klein was, het ek aan spoke geglo en ek was ook bang vir die donker. Tot-by die begin van die maand het ek nie geweet of ek moet of moenie aan spoke glo nie maar nou is ek seker.

Verlede jaar het my suster met n vriend na Durban per motor gery. My suster het bestuur en op pad het een wiel gebars en sy is uit die motor gegooi en het grsterwe. Sy vriend was baie treurig en dit was baie moeilik om die storie vir my ma te vertel.

n Paar dae verlede was dit n baie stormagtige nag. Dit het hard gereën en die wind wat deur die bome gewaai het, het n groot geraas gemaak. Ek het wakker geword en kon nie weer aan die slaap raak nie. Ek was seker ek kon iemand op my bed sien sit. Ek het weer gekyk met groot oë. Ek het saggies uit my bed geklim en na die persoon wat het soos my suster gelyk gegaan; ek het haar gevoel maar sy was nie daar nie.

Nou is ek doodseker daar is spoke.

S. Allen

Std.6

LEWE

Ek verkies lewe bo dood  
Want dit is beter  
Om in donkerte te wees  
En aan iets te vat  
As in donkerte te wees  
En niks te raak nie.

G. Thom

Std. 9

TOMORROW?

A thousand people walk down the street,  
 Staring at a thousand cars jammed between  
 smokey fumes.

All around them, the jungle closes in,  
 into a hazy world of strain, chaos.

Rush here,

rush there

with never a spare moment in which to do  
 'nothing'.

Suddenly, somewhere, a Russian hand presses  
 a Russian button

And the jungle, the people, the cars  
 collapse amid a wild roar

And a mushroom-shaped cloud floats upward  
 with the message that it's all over.

Is this tomorrow?

E. Hartnell Beavis  
 Std. 7

SPRINGTIME

In spring the trees have got their green, blossoming  
 coat of leaves. The flowers bloom and the birds sing. People  
 are gathering flowers in fields covered with a mantle of white  
 daisies, showing all their beauty, welcoming the spring back  
 again. Swallows swoop and Cuckoos sing and a church bell  
 rings. Everyone is up on this beautiful day. Spring is here  
 and everyone is gay.

D. Douglas-Hamilton  
 Std. 6

THE BEACH

Deserted and wild,  
 Sinister.  
 Black and jagged rocks pierce the waves  
 that beat relentlessly upon the empty shore  
 A broken mast points upwards,  
 marking the grave that lies below  
 with an epitaph of doom.  
 Somewhere, a pale light flashes through the mist,  
 a lonely lighthouse  
 In which a little old man sits  
 and watches the mournful gulls circle around  
 the deserted beach.

E.Hartnell-Beavis  
 Std. 7

DESTRUCTION

Man -  
 Polluting, killing, destroying  
 Reaching everywhere.  
 Inescapable!

Drifting slowly, silently, obnoxiously  
 Suffocating the sea  
 Is this thick, black fluid,  
 OIL!

Rotting, eating and killing  
 The innocent sea-life.  
 This is the Pollution that cannot  
 And willnot END!

T.Douglas-Hamilton  
 Std. 7

POLLUTION

Green, lush grass,  
 a peaceful, quiet, unknown river  
 and no pollution.  
 But soon this priceless haven  
 untouched by filth, save that of God's good earth.  
 This second Eden is discovered  
 .....by man.  
 The green grass is now cluttered with  
 papers - tin cans - rubbish.  
 This once untouched garden  
 is still a garden, but not of Nature's birth as before,  
 but of carelessness and pollution.  
 POLLUTION - the killer, destroyer, torturer,  
 Are you a spoiler too?

J. Banghart  
 Std. 6

TWO CLOUDS

Yesterday I saw two clouds.  
 Their shapes were rather strange and  
 For some peculiar reason they did not combine.  
 One cloud was shaped like the face of a woman -  
 This cloud was a white cloud.  
 The other bore the resemblance of a man -  
 This cloud was a black cloud.  
 The separation of these two clouds seemed  
 Very strange,  
 And very sad.

B. van Alphen Stahl  
 Std. 7

WHAT IS LIFE ?

Lost broken thoughts  
 shattered by the cruel wind.  
 WHAT IS LIFE?  
 A mechanical process?  
 Are we just species of some sort  
 categorized as humans.  
 Him up there in the expanse of the skies,  
 can he help us before it's too late?

A.Labia  
 Std. 8

TO MR. SMITH, DOG DESTROYER

Do you own a dog?  
 Dog is man's most loyal friend.  
 A friend who stays with you to the end.  
 Have you ever reared a litter of puppies in your home?  
 Ever owned a tiny pup and trained him to be your own?  
 Have you ever?  
 Why do you purposely kill your helpless friends,  
 murder them for their pelts?  
 Money, you say?  
 "Money, is the root of all evil"

J. Banghart  
 Std. 6

PORTRAIT OF A NONENTITY

You see them everywhere: in the street, on the bus, at parties and behind shop-counters. They are quite easy to identify just look past the people you notice and you will see them. They will be wearing drab, nonedescript clothes so that they won't stand out.

Sometimes this mediocrity is only a passing phase and can be overcome through much kindness, understanding and tolerance, but often these hapless people are born to stay that way.

Their ultimate aim in life is to obtain a Standard VIII or Matriculation pass, find a job, meet a suitably respectable man, marry him and produce children.

These people invariably agree with what you say, no matter how absurd it may be, and seldom express any emotion, let alone an opinion.

Brought up in a restricted atmosphere, ideas of anything as unusual as becoming a ballet dancer, an author or a pilot are ruled out before the child has even been born. "After all no-one in the family has ever been one of 'those', so why should they now?" Therefore the family continues being cafe owners or railway workers for ever.

In a typically mediocre family, Father plods on in his routine job and dare not risk a change. Mother minds the house, minds her children - and her only entertainment is minding the neighbours business!

A lack of imagination, talent and intelligence prevails.

Could a sense of humour perhaps lift these nonentities out of their gloomy mediocrity?

G. Jooste

Std. 8

CRY OF THE AFRICAN NIGHT

They whimper to the night-nodding breezes,  
They bark across the windy plain;  
They howl and shriek at quivering shadows  
Yet spill not the silence of the moon.

With roars they will shatter the frosted stars;  
With soft-padded swiftness they follow - and kill.  
They, too, work in the domed darkness  
But the moon-washed silence they do not spill.

Oh, see how the sounds of the four-footed wild  
Are caught in the net of this cobweb dream.  
Answer their call; yet Hush, my soul -  
Spill not the silence of the moon.

H. Brown

Std. 10

LONELINESS

Loneliness is a dog with no home,  
Loneliness is a tramp all alone,  
Loneliness is the veld by night,  
Loneliness is a heart with no  
body beating its beats away.  
But there is nothing so lonely  
as to be with millions of  
people that you don't know.

T. Handley

Std. 6

ACROSS

1. Scout
7. And
8. A grandson
11. They think
13. Or not
15. Join
18. However
20. In order that
21. Good morning
22. Themselves
17. You
24. From the field

DOWN

1. Elephant
2. Moon
3. Plunders
4. Bone
5. I leave
6. Themselves
9. Lo!
10. With out
12. Wife of Hyperion
16. Surely not
17. 1st. conjugation  
imperitave (pl)
23. Same as 17 across

A. Adams

Std. 9

RELIEF

It had been so long since rain last fell on the baked earth, that even the insects and birds were quiet. The birds cheerful songs no longer filled the air. All the veld was waiting ...

Old farmer Brown no longer looked up to the sky in anticipation; the few acres of wheat that survived hung their thirsty heads, as did the animals, birds and even the tiniest insects. The sun continued to shine unmercifully as the last drop of moisture in the life-giving river disappeared.

Day after day - week after week the sun shone on. Heads hung lower and slowly, dehydrated plants and animals sank to the ground never to rise again.

Farmer Brown was arranging to leave his home - desert his heritage. As he closed the heavy oak door behind him a great drop fell on his head; dear God was it his imagination or were they to be saved? He stood still - waiting - drop after drop fell, slowly at first and then faster and faster the rain fell until the very Heaven seemed to open its doors and flood the thirsty earth.

Without a care Farmer Brown ran into the downpour with outstretched arms and flung himself into the surviving corn, allowing the insects, seemingly arisen from the dead, to crawl over his soaked body.

The noise after the terrible calm was like the most beautiful music. Hard beating rain, wind tearing through the trees and corn, crickets, cattle, birds and beasts alike all seemed to raise their voices to heaven and say "Thank you".

P. Thom  
Std. 8



ALONE AT NIGHT

You sit in the lounge with a book in your lap,  
 Trying your utmost to concentrate.  
 Yet for some reason you find it extremely difficult,  
 And after some time, you find yourself listening intently  
 For any noise out of the usual.  
 Your parents have gone out for dinner telling you before they  
 Leave that "We won't be late", but to you it seems a  
 Lifetime since they left, and that was only an hour ago.  
 Suddenly the budgerigar squawks and you turn round with a start,  
 Not recognising such a familiar noise in your fright.  
 Once again you lower your head into a book thinking all the  
 Time that you must pull yourself together.  
 The radio is switched on and off again in quick succession,  
 As you realise that any other noise will not be audible  
 Above the music.  
 The night drags on and on, with you wondering what on earth you  
 Can do to occupy your mind.  
 Towards ten o'clock, you hear a key in the lock and sigh  
 With relief as you realise that your parents are home.  
 To your mother's "What did you do? You weren't scared were you?"  
 You smile sweetly and reply, "Of course not. What's there to be  
 Scared of?"  
 For it would never do to allow your parents to realise what  
 A time you had been through.

J. Thomas  
 Std. 7

?

Where will life take us?  
 What will life make us?  
 When will life break us?

A. Labia  
 Std. 8



G. Scott-Knight  
Std. 9

Love cannot be begged, bought  
borrowed or stolen  
it can only be given away.

LES ENFANTS ET LES FIFRES

- Les enfants ont souffle
- Dans les Fifres de Guerre
- Les ont souffle si fort
- Que la bête a tremblé.
  
- Cachee pres de Versialles
- Ou etait son repaire
- Ils ont souffle si fort
- Que la bête a tremble.

LA FEI QUI REND LES FILLES BELLES

La Fei qui rend les filles belles  
 A begaye devant ton bereeau  
 Le vent qui froisse les ombrelles  
 N'a pas soufflé sur ton trousseau

Mais l'amour qui rend les femmes belles  
 Dans ton lit  
 Fera son nid.

Laisse donc rentrer les moissons  
 Ne pleure pas sur les saisons  
 Rien ne sert de geindre et gemer  
 Le bonheur finit par venir  
 Laisse bien ouverte ta maison  
 Aux enfants et aux papillons  
 Souris toujours aux vagabonds  
 Et un beau jour viendra ce bon.

La fee des histoires cruelles  
 A begaye davant ton bereeau  
 Le vent qui froisse les ombrelles  
 N'a pas souffle sur ton trousseau.

THE MOON FAIRIES

When I was nine years old I formed a little secret society whose members went to the moon every night. Tina and I, who were the only members of the society, decided to call ourselves Moon Fairies. We wondered for a long time how we could get to the moon and then Tina, who had a fantastic imagination, came up with the wonderful idea of being the first moon fairies to fly to the moon using little silver slippers as wings. These she discovered in the bottom of a huge trunk in her attic. They were beautiful and studded with little diamonds, which glittered beautifully. Today I know that we just imagined the diamonds for they were really silver sequens, but how were we to know?

The news spread like wild fire that Tina and Karin were Moon Fairies, and every girl in the neighbourhood suddenly became terribly friendly with us. But we kept our secret and nobody knew how we got to the moon because the silver slippers were carefully hidden in our pillows.

Every morning Tina and I would discuss our events on the moon. One day we decided that we would play a game with our friends and we lined them up, promising to take them to the moon. This all happened in daylight, but that, I told them, did not matter. Myself at the head and Tina just behind me, I started to chant a little song asking the moon man if I could bring all my friends to the moon. Then I led them a merry dance round and round Tina's house, and all this time they had to do exactly what I did and then, after nearly two hours, I told them that the moon was too small for them all to go and pointed up at the tiny slit of a moon, which was barely visible in the early evening sky.

I have forgotten why the Moon Fairies stopped going to the moon, but I still have my silver slippers.

K. Louw  
Std. 6

### MY LOOKING GLASS

When looking into a mirror, you are able to see a reflection of yourself. The reflection, depending on the mirror may be clear and show a perfect reproduction of yourself or the mirror may be old, the glass cracked and stained. It could therefore show an imperfect reflection of you. That is what friends are often like: your best friend may flatter you and pretend that you are far better than you really are, and that would be like looking into an imperfect mirror and seeing yourself unrealistically. But when your worst enemy tells you what she thinks of you, she is certainly not flattering you and she is probably describing you quite accurately and truthfully. Therefore in this instance an enemy would be far more truthful and honest than your best friend would be. That is why it is said that, your worst enemy is really your best friend.

Many people, on first hearing the truth about themselves, will deny it and feel angry or hurt, almost as a dog, on first seeing its own reflection will bark at it. But on reconsidering what you have been told you will begin to recognise some truth in what was said, as would the dog soon realise that his barking was quite pointless and he would walk away feeling tired and contemptuous of his rival who took cover behind an invisible glass barrier.

Mirrors have existed since the days of ancient Egypt and are mentioned in many well-known fairy tales such as Snow White, in which the truthful mirror caused much hardship for the wicked Queen's beautiful step-daughter, Snow White. In Lewis Carroll's book "Alice Through the Looking Glass" a sequel to "Alice in Wonderland", Alice went through her mirror to the magic world beyond, where she found herself amongst many of the fairy tale characters whom she had read about, and after taking part in a life-size game of chess, she woke up to find herself sitting in front of the mirror in her bedroom.

When looking at someone you are often able to see your own reflection in their eyes and although you see yourself as you are used to seeing yourself, they do not see you in the same

way. That is because no two people when looking at the same thing see it or remember it in the same way. This of course does not mean that someone might picture you as a 'second Greta Garbo' while another may think that you could quite easily be mistaken perhaps for someone like Frankenstein's sister. It merely means that someone, when looking at you, may particularly notice your nose while another may be struck by the size of your ears.

At fairs or fêtes you often find a hall of mirrors and when looking into the various mirrors you will find that through clever handling of the glass and the other materials that are used to make a mirror, you appear in many different shapes and sizes. But although different parts of your body are made to look either smaller or larger, you are still recognisable because your features do not change. Life is in some ways like walking through a hall of mirrors. During life you change a great deal and also appear in many different rôles, but because you have certain characteristics, you never change completely and there is always something about you which is so unique and unmistakeable that you never change your identity.

When you start out on a new venture or move to live in a new place, you expect subconsciously to turn over a new leaf at the same time and to become a new and better person, but you always rediscover yourself through recognising your old failings and faults and you realise that you can never change or become a totally new and different person. Therefore because I am able to recognise myself, I am in a sense my own looking glass.

L. Torr

Std. 9

REALISATION

Suddenly a black cloud of depression falls over me, just like that - for no reason. I feel miserable, bored, there's nothing to look forward to in life. Each day comes and goes with no change - the same monotonous pattern all the time.

I look out into the darkening sky, dark makes me feel so lonely and I feel desperate for the company of someone else... Our maid comes in, - a fat, cheerful woman, the mother of five children who live in the Transkei. As I look at her cheerful face, cheerful, although she has suffered so many hardships, and has so little, I feel ashamed of myself feeling depressed, for no evident reason, ungrateful for what I have.

I smile at her, wanting to thank her for having innocently awoken in me this startling truth. And then, feeling better, I settle down to my work.

M.A. Cardases  
Std. 7

MY DOG

I've a lovely dog from the Pyrenees,  
Who lives in Kenilworth, if you please,  
He has double dewclaws  
And enormous paws,  
But what do I do about his fleas?

L. Hope Robertson  
Std. 6

LONELINESS

"What is it to be lonely? I do not know, I have never been lonely. Do you know?".

"Yes, loneliness is like an empty sky, where no stars glitter, where there is no moon of hope and no sun of life. To be lonely is a disaster -

It may be because you are not attractive or do not mix easily and are remote from other people. It may be because you are unhappy at home or because your mind is in a turmoil. You may have friends but not 'real' friends in whom you can confide. One does not know where to turn or what to do and perhaps resorts to destructive things like drugs, alcohol and cigarettes, or even suicide".

"Is it a feeling? I do not know, I have never been lonely. Do you know?"

"Yes, it is a feeling. It is a feeling of emptiness and sometimes of self-pity. Loneliness is like an eclipse of the sun. The sudden fading of the sun and just the silhouette of the moon. Only a faint glow of light can be seen. There is a happy life but it is only in the distance and the clouded moon is one's mind full of darkness, emptiness and depression.

But as an eclipse does not last forever so does loneliness gradually disappear, and one can see the sun and moon again once more. There is always somebody who cares. Someone to guide one back to 'life'".

C. Hund

Std. 8

LIMERICK

There was an old woman from Algoa  
 Who thought she was an ancestor of Noah  
 She built an Ark  
 In the middle of a park  
 And now no one wants to know her.

F. Douglas

Std. 6

NAVAL EXERCISE

While on holiday at a quiet spot on the Natal Coast, I had a very interesting experience which I shall relate to you. Just south of Port Shepstone I was camping with a friend for a week. It was a humid evening and my friend, Amanda, was lying in our tent as she was not feeling well. Being very stuffy in the tent, I decided to go down to the beach for a breath of fresh air. When I arrived I lay beside a clump of trees where the sand was not too wet.

It was dark, but the sky was very clear and full of stars, and the moon cast a path of light across the calm sea.

I lay gazing out to sea, when suddenly a grey monster rose slowly out of the sea. I stifled a scream and lay watching. The "grey monster" turned out to be a submarine which had come up just off the coast. Six men climbed out into a dinghy, which they had lowered. This was all done very stealthily and silently and the men put something into the dinghy which I could not distinguish.

My thoughts immediately leapt to the headlines: RUSSIAN SPIES SUSPECTED IN SOUTH AFRICA. I imagined that the men in the dinghy were either spies or kidnappers and I wondered whether I should rush off to tell Amanda. I also wondered whether I should wake her and then we could try to stop someone on the road for a lift to the nearest town and police station. However, I decided just to wait in the shadows to see what would happen.

The men were talking and their voices carried in the still evening. They spoke a foreign language and I was sure it must be Russian, but, not knowing Russian myself, I did not know for certain.

The dinghy, rowed by the six men, eventually reached the shore and after landing, they pulled it on to the sand. They then collected something from the dinghy which, once again, I could not see, and walked along the beach, in my direction.

I withdrew into the shadows and waited for their next move, which, I was sure, would be to make for the road and head for the nearest town. But no, they put the object on to the sand and divided into two groups of three. The object was

then put between the two groups, and they began to play soccer!

I was so surprised that I burst out laughing and they, hearing a sound, came to investigate. I started running back to the tent, but they eventually caught up with me and from their gestures I made out that I had to play with them, and so that night I ended up by playing a game of midnight soccer with some friendly French sailors.

I really pity the sailors on the submarines, without exercise and full of energy, and I fully realize why these men sacrificed one night's sleep for an energetic game of soccer.

C. Robinson

Std. 8

### DESPAIR

Have you ever walked without a destination?

Have you ever looked without seeing?

Have you ever listened without concentrating?

Do you ever speak without meaning?

Because if you do - I do too.

E. Geldenhuys

Std. 9

ARE WE REALLY HUMAN ?

We call ourselves Christians,  
 and yet, we declare war, and kill some woman's son;  
 and we let it pass away - unnoticed.  
 Here today, then gone tomorrow.  
 Who cares?

No one.....

I sat down on the sidewalk, all alone, penitnant.  
 The rain seemed to pour down more hopelessly than before,  
 the puddles became deeper and dirtier and the people  
 in their mighty

Ocean of Solitude,  
 slept  
 on!

E.Geldenhuis  
 Std. 9

A THOUGHT

We ask for things, for little things like sweets.  
 But some in their homes silently wish for meat.  
 Do we forget that pair of too-small shoes, those  
 childhood books, that can of beans we didn't want?  
 Are there not some who walk the slum streets barefoot?  
 Who have never seen a book and don't know hunger  
 satisfaction?

J.Banghart  
 Std. 6

KNOCK AT THE DOOR

It  
was late....  
She must hurry  
home, her mother would  
be worrying unceasingly about her.

It  
was dark....  
She should have  
been home an hour  
before. Why had she left  
her friend's house so late that evening?

It  
was cold....  
Why hadn't she  
brought that warm jersey  
as her mother had advised?

It  
was lonely....  
Why, oh, why  
didn't a train come?  
The last one had been  
due twenty minutes before, but had  
not arrived yet. Wasn't it coming?

It  
was dangerous....  
Her mother had  
often told her not  
to be out alone when  
it was dark. Was that a  
train she could faintly hear approaching?

It  
was warm....  
She was glad  
that the train was  
an express to her own  
station. She would be home soon!

It  
was exhausting....  
She ran all  
the way home, but  
to her dismay, she found  
that no-one was there, her  
parents had gone out for the evening.

It  
was cosy....  
She sat down  
in their most comfortable  
armchair. What was that noise  
she heard? Was it the dog?

It  
was a  
knock at the door....

LION

He stands - mighty,  
     etched in the amber of a setting sun.  
 He is surrounded only by a vast wilderness,  
     and a man - with a gun;  
         a man thirsty for wealth and fame.  
 In one swift moment of realization  
     the proud beast turns,  
 to be met only by a piercing shot  
     and death.  
 Where once the king of beasts stood in all his glory,  
 a crumpled, humiliated heap of golden fur lies -  
     Silently.

E.Hartnell-Beavis  
 Std. 7

SCIENCE

A flower was placed in the Bunsen burner.  
 Someone turned the gas on, there was an  
     EXPLOSION  
 and  
         soft  
     petals  
         came  
 floating  
     down.

R.Perold  
 Std.8

'SUNNY COVE'

The cold sea air hit me as I made my way along the narrow dirt path which led to the beach. I fastened the buttons of my coat and snuggled down into the warm fur which lined it. My attention turned towards a faint light flickering not far off.

At last I felt the cool soft sand beneath my feet and hurried along towards the sea. I made my way towards Sunny Cove, a part of the beach not well known to the people of my town. I had come across it one day as the rowing-boat in which I was a passenger, overturned forcing me to swim ashore.

I was surprised by the sound of voices speaking in an unfamiliar language. I peered over the rocks and to my bewilderment, saw shapes of many sizes moving around in the darkness. Men, heavily laden with boxes, stumbled up the beach, heading towards a dark area beyond the rocks. Lights flashing various signals could be seen out at sea, while rowing boats lined the shore, filled with dark figures.

I peered around, looking in every corner of the beach. Suddenly, the flash of a torch lit of the figure of a man. Those eyes! Was he Chinese?

My heart pounded. Could these men be Chinese smugglers?

S. Le Roux

Std. 8

PREY

The  
 cat  
     moved  
         slowly,  
 her  
     sleek  
         paws  
             padding  
 on  
     the  
         carpeted  
             floor.  
 She  
     pounced.....

Fifteen minutes later  
 she fell asleep  
 with a contented purr.

R.Perold  
 Std. 8

U.F.O.

The sky at night  
 We're told is bright  
 With objects flying  
 Green, yellow and white.  
 Oudtshoorn's seen them  
 Fort Beaufort too,  
 Sergeant van Rensburg  
 Had a shot at them - BOO!  
 Professor Bleksley says there not true,  
 But I'd like to see them  
 Now, wouldn't you?

M.Higgins  
 Std. 6

SOMER

Somer: die woord laat my oor die warm strand en koel see, oor die swembad en oor laggery dink.

Die beste tyd van die somer, vir my is die lank, lank sesweek vakansie. Dit beteken pragtige flou somer kleredrag en al die kinders is bly en sorgloos. Elke more kan jy so laat soos jy wil wakkerword, maar dit is vroeg lig en dit verfris n mens - jy wil nooit die wonderlike tyd in die bed ~~verwel~~ verwis.

Die somer vakansie beteken ook om die hele benoude dag op die strand te lê en jou in die son te blootstel, met net n koeldrank en n pakkie sout en asyn skyfies vir middagete. Nou en dan neem jy graag n koue swem in die blou see. n Speletjie van bal, n strappie langs die see en n ry in n geel "beachbuggy" oor die duine: dis somer!

In die aand is daar seker n strand partytjie of n fliet te gaan sien. Gedurende somer kom daar Kersfees, baie mooi (of dom) geskenke is ontvang deur almal. Die hele familie kom na ons huis en drink en eet tot dat hulle propvol(en n bietjie siek) voel. Wanneer agtuur kom, wil ek net bed toe gaan en slaap. Daar kom ook die Nuwe Jaar partytjie en die volgende dag voel jy baie naar, maar dis die moeite werd! Dis vakansie tyd, skool in somer is vir my nie so mooi nie! Jy kry al te warm en moet swem en tennis speel en n mens kan nie so mooi dink nie wanneer dit so vuurwarm is. Swem by die skool- dis te vreeslik, dis net lengte en lengte, en geen piet nie.

Die pragtigste tyd van die dag is wanneer die glorie en die majesteit van die son verdwyn oor die westelike gesigseinder n heerlike, verfrissende aandluggie street my gesig en in die verte kan ek die vuil stadsrook sien. Ek kan die skril klanke van die voëls hoor.

Ek hou van die somervakansie, maar winter skooltyd, vir anders is natuurlik beter!

G. Jooste

Std. 8

SUMMER IN ATHENS

Athens, in summer, is full of life and very busy. It is very hot and because of this, all shops shut at lunchtime and the people go home and rest. The shops open again at four o'clock and shut at eight o'clock at night.

In Greece, in summer, it darkens at 8 o'clock and sometimes at 9 o'clock.

As the shops close so late, the theatres start at ten p.m. The cinemas are open-air because it is so hot.

The beach fronts of Athens, for example Faliros, Glifada and Vouliagmeni are full of people who go to enjoy the lovely sea, or to eat at some tavern or some modern restaurant.

I find Athens, in summer with its open-air cafes and modern shops, very nice.

M-A. Cardases

Std. 7

For Greek translation see following page.

## Τὸ καλοκαίρι στὴν Ἀθήνα

Ἡ Ἀθήνα, τὸ καλοκαίρι, εἶναι γεμάτη ζω-  
ντάνια καὶ κίνηση. Κάνει πολὺ ζέση καὶ γι' αὐτὸ  
ὅλα τὰ καταστήματα κλείνουν τὸ μεσημέρι καὶ οἱ  
ἄνθρωποι πηγαίνουν σπίτι καὶ ξεκουράζονται. Τὰ  
καταστήματα ἀνοίγουν πάλι στὶς τέσσερις ἢ ὡρα  
καὶ κλείνουν στὶς ὀκτώ τὸ βράδυ.

Στὴν Ἑλλάδα, τὸ καλοκαίρι σκοτεινιάζει στὶς  
ὀκτώ καὶ μερικὲς φορές καὶ στὶς ἑννιά μ.μ.

Ἐφοῦ κλείνουν τὰ καταστήματα τόσο ἀργά,  
τὰ θέατρα ἀρχίζουν στὶς δέκα ἢ ὡρα μ.μ.  
Οἱ κινηματογράφοι εἶναι ὑπαίθρια ἐπειδὴ κά-  
νει τόσο ζέση.

Τὰ παράλια τῆς Ἀθήνας π.χ. Φάληρος,  
Γληφάδα καὶ Βουλιαγμένη, εἶναι γεμάτα ἀπὸ  
κόσμο πὺ πηγαίνει νὰ χαρῆ τὴν ὠραία θά-  
λασσα ἢ νὰ φάγη σὲ κάποια ταβέρνα ἢ σὲ  
κοσμικὸ κέντρο.

Ἐγὼ βρίσκω τὴν Ἀθήνα τὸ καλοκαίρι  
πολὺ εὐχάριστη μὲ τὰ ὑπαίθρια ζαχαροπλα-  
στεία τῆς, καὶ τὰ μοντέρνα μαγαζιά τῆς.

DAS SÜDAFRIKANISCHE VIELSEITIGKEITSCHAMPIONAT

42 Vielseitigkeitspferde mit ihren Reitern sind gestartet. Sechs dieser Pferde sind aus Transvaal und sechs aus Rhodesien gekommen. Die rhodesischen Pferde sind am Samstagmittag, mit ihren Reitern wohlbehalten auf dem Strydom - Flughafen angekommen.

Am Samstagnachmittag wurde die Geländestrecke in Elisenheim von den Reitern besichtigt.

Die Mannschaft für Rhodesien: Liz Troward auf „Oodles“ (Mannschaftsfführerin) Leutnant Robert Warren-Codrin auf „Cäsar“, Cherry Verwoed auf „Acorn“ und Aisla van Heerden auf „Duftwolke“.

Transvaal Mannschaft: Ernst Holtz auf „Silvermoon“, Jenny Goddard auf „Jimmy“ und Phälip Smith auf „Nicanet.“

Die jüngste Mannschaft mit Reitern in Alter von 18 bis 23 Jahren war die Südwesafrikanische Mannschaft: Sigi von Lüttwitz auf „The Change“ (Mannschaftsführen), Deithard Rodenwoldt auf „Merano“ Wolfgang Späth auf „Poet“ und Anselem Voigts auf „Don Pedro“.

Montag vormittags wurde det Geländeritt itten. Für die Jugend war eine 5½ km lange strecke mit 24 Teils schweren Hindernissen und die erwachsenen hatten eine 7½ km lange Strecke mit 34 Hindernissem.

Z. Reid  
Std. 9

ON AN OLD MONASTERY

Where are the chanting voices that floated out  
                                           upon the morning  
 To hang, sure and free, in the shivering air?  
 Where are the reverend footsteps which crunched the  
                                           crispy snow  
 Or beat with slow and holy rhythm  
 Through echo-cool corridors?  
 Where are the quiet prayers that rose from still  
                                           hearts each day  
 To meet mankind's mad, impassioned cry?  
 Have they fallen now like leaves from a weeping tree,  
 Or a softly dying sigh?

Yes, now a mossy mist begins to tint  
 The stone-cold pallor of the crumbling walls,  
 And tortured creepers writhe upon the floor  
 And twist about the ancient, rust-red bell which  
                                           tolls

No more -  
 Yet tells of those who once obeyed its call.  
 Who knows, who knows  
 What dreamers still frequent this sacred home,  
 What shadow-prayers yet form within their strange,  
                                           devoted minds;  
 Who knows  
 Why you have chosen to return  
 To weave your gentle message with the winds.

H. Brown  
 Std. 10

EDITORS NOTE

We extend our thanks to all Jagger members for their contributions, and although not everyone has an entry in our magazine, their efforts are not unappreciated. Being "The Editors" is not a covert task, but we have enjoyed reading the entries and it has been very difficult to eliminate some.

Our special thanks to Mrs. Boyes and Mrs. McCormick for their invaluable help. Mrs. Silberbauer, thank you for your unbiased support to all three houses.

Georgina Thom  
Marianne du Toit

A D D E I G L O R I A M