

• JAGGER

• 1973

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REPORTS

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HOUSE REPORT:

Firstly I would like to thank all those who have helped to make Jagger the successful house that it is. Our staff-members, especially Mrs. McCormick, who is the head of our house, as well as our house prefects, Clare Dixon, Marianne du Toit, Diana Longmore and Georgina Thom, have at all times been very helpful and enthusiastic in all our house activities.

Jagger has been very successful so far in our sporting activities. As usual the inter-house gala was the highlight of the first term. Here Jagger made a clean sweep, winning both the swimming and diving cups. In addition to this, all the individual cups were won by Jagger girls. Well done! During the first term we also played inter-house tennis. Jagger succeeded in winning this cup as well.

At the end of the second term we had the inter-house hockey and netball competitions. Jagger was placed second in both of these. Congratulations to Rolt who won the hockey and Merriman who won the netball.

The only non-sporting inter-house activity which we have had so far this year, is the inter-house Public Speaking. Much to our surprise, Jagger received the inter-house cup at the end of the evening. Congratulations to our speakers, all of whom spoke excellently, especially Clare Jolly who won the cup for the best speaker.

The inter-house magazine, music and squash competitions will all take place during the latter part of the third term. For the first time, each house has to make up the words and tune of a house song for the music competitions. At the end of the year, the winner of the inter-house work will be determined. Congratulations to Gill Austin and Elizabeth Hartnell-Beaves who have consistently done well in their work.

As usual this year, each girl knitted a jersey which were then taken to 'CAFDA' for distribution to the people in the Cape Flats. As well as this, at the beginning of each term each Jagger girl brings money for school feeding as well as money for other charities which we feel need it. The money which we collected at the beginning of the first two terms was sent to the 'Quaker Relief Fund' and the 'Jan Kriel Home for Epileptics'.

One of the nicest characteristics of Jagger is the tremendous house spirit of all its members. This house spirit has inspired those representing Jagger to do their best. Good luck to Jagger for next year and if the same spirit prevails, Jagger can only go from strength to strength!

A. Adams.
(House Captain)

HOCKEY:

As usual, the inter-house hockey was a highlight of the season, although it was sprung on us at the end of the second term, instead of during the third term. This made the event all the more exciting as none of the players had practised together before, and a happy day was enjoyed by all.

Well done Rolt, who won, but you will have difficulty in beating us next year ! Well tried Merriman, who came third.

The following players were selected to enter trials for the Western Province Schools' Hockey Team: Barbara van Alphen Stahl, Alex Adams, Diana Longmore and Gillian Austin who reached the final trials. Congratulations to Margot MacLachlan and Margaret Minogue of Rolt who were selected for the team.

D. Longmore.

SQUASH:

We have had a very active squash season this year and matches have been played against other schools. In addition to this, a few Jagger girls were among the Herschel girls who played in the Western Province under 21 squash championships. To date the following Jagger girls have played in the school teams: Georgina Thom, Clare Dixon, Gillian Austin and Alex Adams.

The inter-house squash will be played at the end of the third term. Jagger won the squash cup last year, so we hope to repeat that performance this year ! Good luck to the Jagger squash team - we want to keep that cup on our shelf !

A. Adams.

TENNIS:

The inter-house tennis competition proved to be very exciting this year, and great enthusiasm was shown by all the girls.

Jagger proved her strength by winning both the open and under 15 sections, and thus the overall tournament. Rolt was second and Merriman third in the under 15 section, and Merriman was second and Rolt third in the open section. Overall, Rolt was second and Merriman third.

Congratulations to the players through whose sheer determination the tennis cup is now on our shelf.

The School Tennis Championships have been postponed until the fourth term, and we wish our players good luck !

G. Thom.

SWIMMING:

Jagger proved again this year that it was the best house at the gala held during the first term. We won both the swimming and the diving by convincing margins.

Congratulations to the Jagger girls who managed to win all the individual cups as well, particularly to Isabel Smit who won the Freestyle, Backstroke, Individual Medley and Swimmer of the Year cups. Judy Banghart won the cup for the Under 15 Individual Medley. Judy Wilson won the Butterfly Cup and Alex Adams won the Breastroke Cup.

Michèle Mercurio won the Under 15 section of the diving, and Elizabeth Jeffery won the Open section, also coming second in the school diving championships. Well done !

Isabel Smit, Deanne Isted, Judy Wilson, Michèle Mercurio and Linda Swanepoel were awarded their swimming team badges. Isabel was also awarded her swimming colours. We are very proud to have Isabel in our house, as she was chosen to swim in the Inter-Provincial Schools' swimming gala.

Good luck to next year's team. Let's see if you can do as well next year as you did this year !

A. Adams
(Captain)

THE GYM CLUB:

The members of the Gym Club are all very keen and we are very pleased about all the new apparatus the school has invested in, which is very carefully looked after.

For the past few weeks everyone has been working hard practising for a gym competition which Miss Kable is organising, although the floor sequence, which we have to prepare ourselves, is causing quite a problem for many people: We all like the apparatus work far more !

I think that on behalf of all Jagger Gym Club Members, I can say a hearty "three cheers" for Miss Kable for all she is doing for us.

J.Wilson.

M. I. X. (Movement in Christ)

This year has been a busy one for M.I.X. In January four of the committee members went to Froggy Pond to attend a leadership conference which taught us a lot and provided different ideas for leading our Scripture Union group. We have held a number of meetings during the year with some extremely interesting visiting speakers and also some enjoyable singing groups. Miss Brown has helped us a lot by taking Bible Studies in the chapel from time to time, and we are very grateful to her.

Our theme for this term is that of 'Missionary Fields'. We have started holding M.I.X. meetings during rest which enabled many more girls to come. The first was a film about the Leper Missions, which was most enjoyed, and then a talk about the activities of 'Lifeline' was given in the chapel. As many more attend these meetings, we plan to continue holding them during rest, and we welcome all our newcomers.

D. Longmore.

THE CHOIR:

This year has been a busy and interesting one for the Choir. About fifteen girls sang in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta 'Pirates of Penzance', on stage, while others sang in a sitting chorus. The play was produced by Mr. Slater and took place at Bishops. It was great fun and enjoyed by all who took part. We then got down to some much more serious work preparing to sing with the CAPAB Orchestra at the Nico Malan Opera House. We sang an early work of Claude Debussy entitled 'La Demoiselle Elue'. Of course it was sung in French which was quite an undertaking, for several members of the choir do not take French and found pronunciation difficult! Much patience and many rehearsals were required for this performance to take place and be a success.

We wasted no time after this, but started rehearsing for our lunch-hour performance held in the foyer of the Nico Malan. We had great fun learning and singing Philip Cannon's 'Songs to Delight.' Some of the words are real tongue-twisters and we had only just perfected them before we sang. We no longer have our choir practices in the hall because Miss Sweet's music room has been enlarged, carpeted and well supplied with chairs. We now get a much better idea of our volume and enjoy singing in comfortable surroundings.

A small Chamber Choir was started this year. Practices are held on Wednesday mornings. Before there was a carpet in the room, we brought our towels along, lay on the floor and got our diaphragms to work, or tried to anyway! The Chamber Choir sang four songs alone at the Lunch Hour Concert before the Main Choir sang, on the 16th August. A few choir badges were awarded in the second term, for good service to the choir. The following Jagger girls received them: Elizabeth Aitchison, Diana Longmore and Patricia Thom.

We have sung at several weddings this year which we all enjoy. It was an honour to be asked to sing at Harry Lawrence's funeral at St. Saviour's Church, in April.

On the whole, this year has been both successful and enjoyable. We now look forward to the Carol Service, the highlight of every year.

E. Aitchison.

THE M.A.D. CLUB:

Art has been introduced to the Music and Drama Club, hence the new name: Music, Art and Drama (M.A.D.) Club.

Thanks to Mrs. Saffery and Mrs. Popham-Smith, the meetings this year have been successful and enjoyed by all. It appears that no-one really knows how hard Mrs. Popham-Smith works, but if it wasn't for her, we would not have such a super tea afterwards. Of course Mrs. Saffery is always busy and more often than not, after school, the hall is being used for rehearsals. Several postings and paintings were on display too at the last meeting.

Girls who sang in the 'Pirates of Penzance', put on by School House of Bishops, sang several songs in their gay costumes. There were several small plays, piano solos and some very interesting improvisations. Jagger has some excellent actresses - Elizabeth Hartnell-Beavis took part in a play at Bishops; Alida Labia and Clare Jolly are a vital part of a M.A.D. Club evening with their songs from 'The Boyfriend' and 'Holly Dolly' accompanied by Elizabeth Jeffery on the 'honky tonk' piano. We also have talented guitarists, pianists and vocalists. No doubt we have artists too!

M.A.D. Club hopes to put on a very successful and polished performance at the end of this term and we wish them luck with it!

E. Aitchison.

JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL 1973:

The Junior Town Council consists of Standard 9 pupils from approximately twenty five schools in the Cape Peninsula.

Our first project, a Poetry and Folk evening, was held on 29th March at Groote Schuur Hoër School. It was a great success and the money raised was sent to the Argus Teach Fund.

The Mayor and Mayoress for this year, David Simon and Nelia van Wyk, have helped us decide on various projects for this term.

We have planned a Reunion Dance for all past members as well as a film evening for the aged. Mrs. Kantey showed us a film on pollution and told us what is being done about pollution in Cape Town. A Rotary Exchange Student, Kym Stacy, spoke to us about the education system in his town, Adelaide, of the problems of his State and told us something about Australia generally. Mr. Gordon van Rooyan gave us a most interesting and amusing talk on Radio and Broadcasting, and about his work. The Mayor has invited us on a 'know your City' tour during the September holidays which should prove very interesting.

The Junior Town Council is most interesting and well worth the time.

E. Jeffery.

C. Jolly.

A LETTER FROM AN EXCHANGE STUDENT.

I can distinctly remember sitting alone for two hours in the Sydney airport and wondering quite what I had let myself in for by applying for and being accepted as an Exchange Student. I can honestly say now that it is something I shall never regret or forget and I do not think any successful applicant could truthfully say that he has not enjoyed himself.

From the moment I set foot on New Zealand soil and met my first 'Dad' and families of my hosting club and all the Kiwis I have met - of which there have been literally thousands - have been great and have really made me feel at home. I have to admit that I am beginning to feel like a Kiwi myself - though I am not likely to forget that I am a South African - and according to my genuine family I have picked up the New Zealand accent. Talking about accents, I have been accused of having anything from an Aussie to an American accent and it has only once or twice been correctly pinpointed.

While I am here, I live with three families, all in the Wellington area, and consequently have three Kiwi 'Mums' and 'Dads', six brothers and three sisters (one in each family) and numerous aunts, uncles, etc. Here the school year has three terms, so I can change families each term. In each family my sister goes to the same school as I do. The school we go to is Queen Margaret College which, like Herschel, is a private girls' church school; the only difference being that Q.M.C. is a Presbyterian school. All the girls from kindergarten to the 7th form (roughly equivalent to our Post Matric) are in the same buildings and in all there are about six hundred girls. The facilities - particularly the sciences - at Q.M.C. are wonderful. I am in the 7th form and I am taking Maths, Physics, chemistry, English and Typing. To get university entrance (equivalent to our Matric and is taken in the 6th form) one has to take 5 subjects and of these pass 4, including English. The school has a house system similar to the one at Herschel, with each house named after a Scottish Castle. One great difference I do find between Herschel and Q.M.C. is the comparative lack of house and school spirit. As well as this, very little interest is shown in school sporting activities and this seems to be general in most schools. Sport is not compulsory here.

During school holidays and various weekends, I have managed to cover a great deal of New Zealand territory. During the May holidays Rotary arranged a trip to the South Island for all the Exchange Students in the district - 14 Americans, 2 South Africans and 1 Japanese as well as some New Zealanders. The people just made the trip and we had a fantastic 10 day tour around the Island. The scenery in New Zealand, particularly down South, is beautiful and I always think I am looking at a chocolate box picture. We had some wonderful experiences, saw some magnificent scenery and had some hilarious evenings. Damien, the other South African, and I even taught the others Jan Pierewiet and Ag Pleez Daddy! I have also done a fair amount of travelling around the North Island and I will be going as far North as possible with the family of the girl we had to stay with us in Kimberley last year. During the mid-term break I went to a beautiful place called Taupo and went up Mount Ruacphu where I had my first attempt at snow ski-ing. Needless to say, I spent more down than up, but nevertheless I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

I have done some talking at Rotary Clubs and schools. A few schools have arranged International Days and we spend the day at the school talking to the various classes. People here are generally very interested to hear about South Africa. It is a subject about which they have heard much (through the Press during the tour issue, etc.) but know very little.

I do hope that you are all having a good year and that many get a similar opportunity of enjoying yourself as much as I am.

Shân Adams.

DEBATING SOCIETY:

The debating Society has been fairly active this year. Two debates have been held against Bishops and one against Wynberg. Last term forum discussions were held. One motion was 'Public Demonstrations are not Justified'! Clemmie Robinson put forward a point that provoked much discussion.

The Inter-House Public Speaking Competition was held on Friday, 17th August; Mr. Lee, The Wanderer from 'The Argus', and Mrs. Saffery, were the judges. Standard's 6 and 7 held discussion groups. The speakers were J. Wilson, J. Franck, C. Beer and S. Gant. Their topic was 'Spiders' and they were the winners of their section. The Standard 8's who spoke for 'Just a Minute' were S. Allen and L. Anstee, representing Jagger. Merriman won this with Jagger second. Standard's 9 and 10 were given Persuasion Talks. Marianne du Toit and Clare Jolly represented Jagger. Jagger won this section and Clare was given the cup for the best speaker of the evening, while Marianne was placed second.

Congratulations to all our speakers who were the overall winners with 113 points !

E. Jeffery

THE MATRIC DANCE:

Long before "D day" spirits and ideas had been soaring and a feverish excitement had been hovering in the air while attire and decorations were being discussed.

During the ten-day holidays, little groups of busy bees congregated at various houses to do the painting of the wall panels. Until the last minute, indecision reigned as we thought of "suitable" partners for such a grand affair. When the invitations had been sent off, the replies were awaited with eagerly growing impatience as the 14th of April approached. All our rest periods were devoted to sitting in the study and discussing the theme and, after many suggestions (and sometimes rather heated arguments) we settled on Tahiti, with its sunny shores, rich greenery and exotic Mumu girls.

The days flew by and the last part of the holidays were mostly spent in last-minute fittings and painting sessions. On Friday, 13th, Dr. Silberbauer and the staff kindly gave us the afternoon off to put up the decorations. We worked solidly until 10 p.m., only taking a break to munch a sandwich. Although the hall was not completely ready, we were pleased with our efforts and very few of us managed to get a good night's sleep thanks to mingled excitement and nervousness. Summing-up the decorations: A huge fishing-net was strung up above the gallery and to this were attached creepers and crêpe flowers. Over the stage, an orangy-coloured sunset added a mellow touch to the large amount of greenery all over the hall. The wooden bars were hidden from view by an enormous still-life of a Tahitian banquet and, two "moonlit-beach" scenes added the romantic atmosphere to the bright illumination by various coloured light bulbs.

On Saturday, at about 6.15 p.m., a get-together was arranged at a friend's in Kenilworth. This enabled us to get to know each other's partners and consequently "broke the ice". Promptly at 7.30 p.m., we arrived at school, where Dr. Silberbauer and her husband were waiting to greet us at the main entrance while the photographer "clicked" incessantly.

We briskly settled ourselves at our respective tables and watched the members of staff arrive, while we drank punch. When Piggies' Discothèque got the music started, everyone made an energetic dash for the dance floor and only the delicious smell of Mrs G.R. McLachlan's "Hawaian Chicken" had the power to attract us back to our tables. The menu consisted of Hawaian chicken accompanied by salads made by Mrs. Brailey and vegetable moulds made by our "fin cordon-bleu", Mrs Bond-Smith. Ice-cream and fruit salad preceded coffee and more dancing. On this point, I think we owe a word of thanks to the many mothers who helped with this light and yet delicious meal. Piggies' Discothèque also made a good job of blending fast tunes and slow ones so as to please everyone present.

After a very successful evening in which both the staff and matriculants seemed to be enjoying themselves to the core, everyone took leave, tired and yet happy. The dance was followed by an after-party at Linda Storch Nielsen's and the number had reasonably diminished by the time we reached Bridgit Borton's for breakfast. Incredible though it may seem, some

of us / ...

THE MATRIC DANCE: (continued)

of us even had the strength to drag our partners back to school and take down all the decorations, at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning !

On Monday, everything was back to normal again and except for the continual chatting on the subject, not a soul would have dreamed that we'd had our matric dance that weekend !

G.Hardy.



ALIDA LABIA

ENGLISH

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Gilbert.

It was Monday at last, badminton day, so I could wear my newly acquired denim shorts to school. I rather fancied the shorts because they kept my fat thighs from rubbing against each other when I ran, and today Paul O'Reegan would notice me, I was sure. I peddled furiously into the school gates and rammed my bicycle into the stand, and, concentrating on being really casual, I sauntered across the tarmac to the classroom.

I stubbed my toe on the step and stumbled in in a most undignified manner, and Paul O'Reegan said in a magnificent voice - "look who'se wearing shorts today!" An irritating blush wobbled over my double chin and spread across my face. I bleated out a greeting addressed to everyone in general and my heart sang because he'd noticed. As I unpacked my homework I remembered, with all the wisdom of my eleven years, not to be obviously pleased, because men like to chase, not to be chased.

I settled down to arrange my pencil case when my tilted chair was shatteringly brought to earth, and Paul O'Reegan leaned over me, so close that I hoped Lynda Bishop was looking and said something to me. I looked up slowly, blinked my eyes to flutter my eyelashes and, with my pencil in my mouth said, "Huh?"

He said again - more loudly this time, "Did you manage to do your arithmetic?" "Oh yes," I assured him. "Well, kid, will you do mine, 'cos I was busy?" "O.K. Bring your books and I'll help you." He pulled up a chair, tipped it back, stretched his legs, and stared at my side view while I lovingly wrote the sums out, and casually slid the book across the desk to him.

We all marched outside under the jacaranda tree for assembly, and sang, "Goodbye Sweetheart" with heartmoving sincerity. I remembered the days when we used to sing hymns and say prayers, but the hew head had changed all that because the Indian children did not sing hymns, so these days we sang jolly songs instead. As he read the familiar story about chicken-licken, I examined the back of Gilbert's head. He was a half-cast, with tightly curling reddish-black hair, and a fudgy-coloured skin. His ears stick out, and he had beautiful eyes, and a voice that was deep one minute, and squeaky the next. He liked me, I knew, but Paul was much nicer.

On the way to badminton Lynda sat next to Paul! I was deeply engrossed in my hate, but still felt triumphant when Paul picked me to be in his badminton team. He called me over to where Mr. Philips was standing and told me to take the steel rimmed racquet. As I bent over to pick it up, David, Paul's best friend grabbed it from me. Paul leapt to my defence. "C'm arn - Ladies first, David. She got it first and don't be so rude anyway." I could not believe my ears - here was Paul O'Reegan shouting at his best friend in my defence. I clutched the racquet to me, and floated away with Paul following. Then he firmly took Mr. Philip's raquet away from me, and replaced it with his own decrepit one. My heaven was shattered, and I played hopelessly.

We got back to school in time for break, and Paul wolfed my sandwiches because he was hungry and had forgotten his lunch. "Oh, yeah - I've been meaning to talk to you, kid. I dunno if you know, but Gilbert has got a crush on you." My heart sank at the thought, because competition was definitely a deterrent. "Oh -?" "Well, tomorrow he is going to give you a present - he has been

saving up for it. "Oh - I like presents," I said pointedly "Well, what are you going to do about it?" "But you're not going to take it, are you?" "Why not?" I said. "He is black, that's why," he said, and got up and walked across to Lynda. I walked slowly home, pushing my bike, to give me more time to think. Once I was home, tea distracted me, and I forgot about my monstrous problem until I opened my desk on Tuesday morning.

There, on my composition book lay a gaudy piece of red glass the size of a large potato, suspended on a yellow gold chain. I was delighted - until I saw Paul perched on Mr. Philip's desk, staring at me very obviously.

I picked up my ruby necklace, and methodically broke the chain and threw it down on the floor.

I cannot recall how the day passed, but at lunch time I ran outside and sped home, and collapsed into my Mother's arms and wept.

Paul O'Reegan left our mine soon afterwards, but to this day I feel a terrible guilt whenever I over-casually wave to Gilbert when I see him.

M. du Toit.

Standard 10.

The Blind Man.

His clumsy fingers ran up his walking stick
Feeling the grains of wood in his sensitive silence.
The park air wisped the autumn leaves round his feet,
Blank passers-by glanced at him with shallow pity.

A small figure cast a shadow over his feet,
In a senseless silence he called out.
The child ran away
In fear of the blindness of an old man and a nation.

History.

The child had received many toys.
She, unlike the toys, grew older.
In her age she would rock gently in the chair
And remember her childhood.

Climbing over rocks to slide into mud,
Dancing and laughing,
Spending Sunday afternoons in her bedroom to rest,
Climbing down the creeper to reach her friends.

She clung to her past
Like a generation to its history,
But still the toys did not grow.

J. Scott - Knight
Standard 8.

The Butterfly.

A wriggle,
Still again.
The covering is wettened.
A black 'blob' penetrates
Becoming larger and larger.
Delicate wet legs emerge.
Then a wrinkled bundle of soft tissue,
Stuck to the wall.
Overlapping wings unfold
And the sun warms
A newly-hatched butterfly!

T. Douglas-Hamilton
Standard 8.

Belinda.

Belinda, Belinda, Belinda!
Why don't you listen
to the sound of your name ?
I've repeated it over
and over again.
You stupid bird, Belinda's your name!
Won't you try, just once,
to say it ?
It's really quite easy,
so don't delay it.
Instead of just chirp,
Please try to say
B - E - L - I - N - D - a!

M. Bettison.
Standard 6.

Today.

She comes in laughing,
Tossing her head of curls as she walks.
What could bring her here, of all places?
Oh sorry,
He's standing next to her,
Hair hanging in tangles down his leather jacket
Framing his forlorn dead-pan face.
She neat and trim, he
Sorry, it simply dosen't go.
She looks around apprehensively
Not quite knowing what to think.
The air is stale,
The light dim,
The music underground.
Suddenly, although not roughly,
She's 'taken'.
The needle goes deep!
Unusual ? No
It happens here every day.

M. Franck.
Standard 8.

A Voyage of Discovery by Bartholomew Diaz.

Bartholomew Diaz stood at the rails of his ship looking thoughtfully into the sea below him. The sea, glistening, azure blue, moved gently, cradling the ship in its great waiting arms, like a mother her babe. Diaz smiled, for on that voyage he had experienced the sea in a less amiable frame of mind on more than one occasion. He had seen it whipped into an angry, surging mass of foam and spray, like a wild and furious monster at the kill. He smiled again, but this time recalling that day in 1487 when he had set sail accompanied by two other ships, full of hopes to round the tip of Africa and if possible find the trade route to the East. Indeed, he had reason to smile, for his hopes had been far from shattered. His expression changed to one of contentment almost self-satisfaction and his eyes became glazed, distant, as he recalled the events of the voyage.

At the start of the voyage, the winds had been ~~less~~ favourable and the ships had made excellent progress. Quite naturally, hopes soared high, for who could prevent himself from being excited by the prospects of adventure and discovery which lay ahead. The Gold and Ivory coasts were passed, and the Cape Cross. A little south of Cape Cross the ships had anchored and the men gone ashore. On Christmas Day, Diaz had erected a pillar with a cross on the top at Angra Pequena. After they had put to sea again they had run into a fierce storm which had raged for thirteen days.

When Diaz reached this point in his recollection, he frowned and looked disbelievingly at the sea crawling below him. How could a thing change its form, its appearance to such an extent as this ever-moving, expanse of water was able to? He thought of those long anxious days he had spent directing his men to the best of his ability, while all around the storm had raged, relentless and neverending. However the storm had eventually subsided, and his face cleared as his thoughts moved on, leaving the storm far behind.

During the storm they had been blown southwards and out of sight of land. Diaz ordered the ships to turn eastwards to try to find the coast again. The ships sailed in this direction for three days, but still no land was sighted. Realizing that the tip of Africa must have been passed, Diaz ordered the ships to sail northwards, with the result that on 3rd February, 1488 land was sighted to the north.

Diaz's face ^{and joy} once more broke into a smile as a picture of the relief of his crew passed through his mind. He remembered how secretly relieved he himself had been, for it can be disconcerting for even the greatest of people to be lost in a sea of which little is known, after apparently missing the most southerly piece of land known to exist.

To ensure that the coastline went north-east to India, Diaz sailed to the Great Fish River, and was then forced to turn back and return to Portugal by his tired officers and men.

On their way home they passed the Cape which they had missed during the great storm. Diaz named the Cape, Cato Tormentose, the Cape of Storms.

Diaz looked up, wonderingly how King John would react to the good news. He was proud and happy, for King John had given him the money to build the three ships, and he had proved worthy of the confidence that had been bestowed upon him. He took a last look at the shimmering sea which crawled over the horizon like a retreating army, opened his cabin door and entered.

J. Thomas.
Standard 8.

The Devil.

The devil ran, dancing, leaping over the veld.
As he ran he grew and fed, on his way.
His cloak hissed and crackled as it trailed behind him
leaving his dark, charred mark.

He laughed as he passed and his forked tail danced
here and there over the veld.
He raced up trees and covered them with his cloak
So they blazed briefly before he continued
But then he weakened and died
leaving his dark charred mark.

M. Adam.
Standard 7.

Holidays.

We broke up from school with a terrible roar
We couldn't endure it for one moment more.
Then seizing our shrimp-nets, luggage and tea,
We rushed to the station to go to the sea.

When we got to the station we heard a great shout
and there was poor Dad with his head poking out.
Quite flustered he looked, but he'd kept a coach free
So we could all be together on our way to the sea.

When we got to the coast, how we all tumbled out;
Sleepy and sticky, tired and worn out.
But we soon felt alright again once we'd had tea
and rushed with our surfboards, down to the sea !

D. Douglas - Hamilton
Standard 7.

Sunrise.

Fog rises,
Stars fall,
Clouds blush,
And the Frost kindles away.

R. Howell.
Standard 7.

Water.

For months, the land has lain under the harsh clutch of drought. Farmers have lived in despair from day to day with new hopes for rain, while their crops and livestock steadily die. Everything wilts under the weight of heat and dirt, and nothing has the strength to move.

But one day, with a clap of thunder, life begins to seep into the parched earth. Nature springs alive to the soft sound of rain and the trees and flowers again lift themselves up. The muddy streams trickle down to the river, which swells to overflowing as it bubbles through forests and plains. Fish dart around beneath the surface, and ducks float leisurely along the cool shady expanses. The sun filters through the branches and the river becomes dappled with sparkling light.

Suddenly, with no warning, the river tumbles down a steep and rocky gorge. Splashes of spray like glistening fireworks, stream skyward as the water thunders to the ground in frothy torrents. A bright rainbow appears as the sunlight catches the spray, and for one breathtaking moment, the waterfall becomes magical.

Gradually, the river becomes slower and quieter. A few young boys splash around in the shallows with canoes and balls, and a happy, holiday air prevails. The sun sinks lower as the last mournful cries of river birds are heard, and several sea-gulls circle above. The river is nearing the end of its journey, and will soon be lost in the endless ocean.

The sound of waves suddenly fills the air, and from the crest of a sand-dune, the sea stretches out to eternity. Untouchable and uncontrollable, it lies in the rich glow of sunset. In the distance, silhouetted in black, a lone rider canters homewards, with the sound of splashing water all around him.

So ends the path of the river, and how dull and lifeless our world would be without it.

E. Hartnell-Beavis
Standard 8.

Ancient America.

On a hot day in November 1839 John Lloyd Stephens and his two native helpers dug up a statue from the forest floor of the Honduran Jungle in America. Victor W. von Hagen wrote that Stephens was the founder of "a new world, a new science - American archeology - which came into existence."

He was no stranger to travel or fame. He had already travelled through Europe, the Near East, Arabia, and Israel, writing two lovely travel books about these places, which brought him wealth and fame.

He still wanted to travel - he still had "itchy feet." On his visit to London he learned about a strange ruined city in Mexico City called Palenque. He later learned of two more cities Uxmal and Copan. He wanted to investigate these places.

The public took little notice of his interest in these places. Scientists told him that the Indians had never progressed beyond savagery. He searched for information about these places, but found little. He set sail, with an artist friend, Frederic Catherwood, for Central America. Debarking in Guatemala, he went in search of Copan.

Copan was a sickly village of mud-walled huts. A native guide let them through the jungle to a riverbank, across which stood a hundred-foot-high wall. This was the boundary of ancient Copan.

They crossed the river and climbed over the wall to find themselves among the "fallen relics of a forgotten civilization." Between thick woods they found a monument, sculptured on all four sides. These monuments were works of art. No savage could ever have carved those stones. The Indians did not know who had made them.

Sometime before A.D.900 these people became extinct. Copan lay desolate, buried by the Honduran Jungle for a thousand years until it was disturbed by Stephens and Catherwood. No-one knew who had lived there or what had happened to them.

The two explorers, reluctantly, went to explore the other cities. Within two years Copan, Palenque, Uxmal, Chichen, Itza and forty other ruined Mayan cities were discovered by Stephens and Catherwood.

Stephens was absolutely mystified about these places. These two explorers suffered hunger, malaria, insect attacks, extreme physical discomfort and near death to find out more.

Stephens wrote many books about these places. Unknown to him, many doors were now opened to the Book of Mormon. They learnt that these ancient people really had lived. But who were they? Where did they come from? What had happened to them? Many people thought that they had come to America by boat and it has now been proved that boats did sail from Asia to America.

It was discovered that these ancient people were energetic, talented, and very religious.

Evidences show that at this same time other civilized people suffered the same abrupt end as the Mayas. A dark age fell over Central America.

When John Lloyd Stephens started digging in Copan, he did not know any of this, but somehow he sensed the importance of his discoveries.

John Lloyd Stephens' accomplishments will forever stand as a physical testimony of a past American civilization.

D. Cathcart-James.
Standard 9.

The Rain-gutter.

From the rain-gutter
emerged a small, black figure -
A cat.
She had a white bib on her front,
Her fur was mangled
and her ears were torn.
She scrambled across the debris
and crawled onto the pavement
while the cars whisked past
in a blur of speed.
She returned with a piece of stale bread
and a morsel of meat
which dangled from her mouth.

Her daily errands for food to feed
her hungry kitten
weariied her, but she was proud of
her single offspring.
As she hurried back to the gutter
she side-stepped a heavy boot
and scampered into the waiting hole
The kitten rushed out to meet her
and in his ecstasy
rushed into the road -

A car skidded past
and its tires
crushed
the frail body
to a soft and
bloody pulp

J. Banghart.
Standard 7.

MAGIC IN THE TEMPEST

(Shakespeare)

Magic, which today is only a matter of curiosity, was a subject of importance in the sixteenth century, involving life and death to both practitioners and victims. Consequently, the very full use of it in Shakespeare's "Tempest" would have a much greater effect on the audience than can be felt nowadays.

There existed two different kinds of magic: a maleficent one, represented by witches and wizards, and a beneficent one, formed from the study of the supernatural and often used in scientific research. One can find both types in the play, where they form a contrast, that of the witch Sycorax, very partially developed, and that of Prospero, very fully developed. Sycorax was an ally to the devil, who gave her power over the air with her invisibility and swiftness of motion, but all her evil work resulted only in her banishment and death.

On the other hand, Prospero could thank only his mental astuteness for greater powers, for he did not get them through any other sauce. Ariel came on the scene, Prospero's lack of wisdom indirectly led him to banishment, but after this he had gained only greater skill and control over the air. Whilst Sycorax the witch used her powers in harmful ways, to torture Ariel for example, Prospero only used his for good: his own restoration to the throne, the welfare of his daughter Miranda, the repentance of Alonso, King of Naples, and punishment for those who had betrayed him in his earlier life.

The accessories of magic used by Prospero are, the robe, the wand and his books on the subject. He repeatedly puts on or takes off his magic robe, according to whether he has work to do as a magician or an ordinary man.

Little mention is made of Prospero's wand, except in Scene Two of Act I where he disarms Ferdinand, the King's son, accusing him of falsely giving himself the title, and, of being a spy. He leaves him standing magic-bound and helpless to the sorrow and grief of Miranda, who has already fallen madly in love with Ferdinand. Prospero's books are his chief power and these he buries "deeper than did ever plummet sound" (Scene One of Act V). His robe represents his dominion over mortals, his wand the instrument of power and his books, the knowledge he has of the supernatural. The spirits summoned by Ariel, Prospero's airy spirit, may be known as those of fire, air, earth and water. According to Ariel's orders, these spirits torment or tease either Caliban or what appear to be the only unhappy survivors of the ship-wreck. Water

spirits and elves appear in the masque, summoned by Prospero to "bestow upon the eyes of this young couple some vanity of mine art" (Scene One of Act IV). Ariel also summons divinities such as Ceres, Iris, Juno, and the thunder, music, noises, airs of which the island is full, also belong to the air. On the contrary, the goblins, dogs and hounds which plague Caliban and Company are spirits of the earth.

Another type of magic which Prospero used, is in materialistic performances such as the introduction and disappearance of the banquet, the line of garments which tempt Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano, the arrival and dance of the nymphs and the magic circle in which the courtiers are held charmed.

Thus, the structure and action of the play depend almost entirely on magic. A clever distinction is made to show the evil of witchcraft and the good of magic, and the effects they can produce. Strange sounds stir up emotions, thunder and lightning being used to announce evil, and sweet music to announce good. The mystery of the unknown prevails in almost every scene as the banquet, goddesses, spirits, hounds and garments appear from strictly nowhere and mysteriously vanish.

Without magic, "The Tempest" loses the only attraction which keeps both readers' and spectators' eyes riveted to it.

G. Hardy.

Standard 10

There was an old man from Calcutta
Who had a most terrible stutter,
For no one on earth
From England to Perth
Had heard him a clear sentence utter.

C. Robinson.
Standard 9.

There was once a most annoying prefect
Who had the most terrible defect!
She'd punish and be ruthless
But now she is toothless -
This is just a warning to all prefects!

A. Labia.
Standard 9.

Two Lovebirds

Two lovebirds did Bill and Coo,
Said one to the other
"I'm in love with you!"
Said the other,
"My dear,
I very much fear,
I can live very well without you!"

P. Olver.
Standard 6.

Hate.

Chalk in her hand,
Teacher waiting

Chalk on the board,
Teacher waiting

Ruler in her hand,
Child waiting

Ruler coming down,
Child hating.

K. Philip.
Standard 6.

An Incredible Sight.

The most incredible sight I have ever seen was a beach full of turtles.

At the time of their breeding they swarm out of the sea in their millions. They usually all try to keep to the same spot if it is large enough. Although their strong flippers enable them to swim swiftly in the sea, they have to struggle on the land. If they fall upsidedown on their semi-circular, hard shells, they have difficulty in turning to the correct side again.

When they find an unoccupied space on the beach they dig a hole with their flippers. It is into these holes that they lay over a hundred eggs, only a little smaller than a normal chicken egg. Practically every square foot of the beach is occupied.

When the laying is completed they cover the eggs with a thin layer of sand. Then begins the struggle back to sea. Many collisions take place as the beach is so crowded. Often a turtle which is still laying has the experience of 'someone' climbing over her back. When they reach the sea they swim away leaving the eggs for ever.

After a time the eggs hatch. Less than one third, ranging down to four or five eggs, hatch. Out of them come baby turtles of not more than three inches in length.

When able to slither along, the baby turtles head for the sea. There are still dangers to face on the way. When near the sea, an unfortunate baby turtle, on it last urge to freedom, may be picked up by a bird of prey. As their shells are still soft, they may be digested easily.

The turtles grow rapidly in size and their shells harden. Soon they will be back when it is time for them to lay their eggs again.

Tessa Douglas-
Hamilton
Standard8.

Peace.

Night falls slowly, softly,
After the trying heat of the day.
Death comes to the man
For whom it is a relief
To be slipping into quiet darkness.

C. Jolly.
Standard 9.

I am not yet Born.

I am not yet born
Protect me
from wild animals that tear people apart,
from fierce men who roam around the streets
murdering people,
from being thrown into^a deep ocean
and drowning,
from disease and from starvation.

I am not yet born
provide me
with a warm house and loving parents,
with ears to hear, and eyes to see,
with hands to feel and legs to walk
and a happy life. Amen.

L. Swanepoel.
Standard 6.

The Bird.

It wings its way
through the cloudless sky.
A strange feeling bursts
and lets out a sigh.
Have you thought about a bird ?
I sit fascinated
by the graceful strength
thrusting itself through a painted sky.

M. Mercorio.
Standard 6.

TOMMY'S CAFE

Tommy's café - what an original name for a shop, but Tommy's café is the one small thing that makes our neighbourhood what it is. It's an old shop, but that you can see by it's appearance; and has been there ever since Mum was a child and lived in the house in which our family now lives.

As you walk in you notice a shabby lino floor, but who worries about the floor if you can get what you want, when you want it, and apart from anything else the atmosphere is lovely, so relaxed. Behind the counter you see an old man, his face hidden by years of growth, his hands gnarled but in his eyes is a twinkle of warmth. This is the original Tommy, Tommy who knows exactly who had the latest baby in the neighbourhood, and has always a few good old yarns to tell. Without him Tommy's café would not be, for after all he is part of the shop.

The counter is lined with boxes and boxes of cheap sweets, and a large ice-box full of delicious-looking ice-creams.

Opposite the counter is a separate table for bread and cakes (the best in town I might add) made daily by the faithful hands of Mrs. Tommy and daughter. Next to the bread table is a high wooden stand, used for hanging candy-floss. This adds a lovely touch of colour to the shop, and is always an expensive item for Mum as the children can't resist it.

Next is the newspaper rack, which I must admit is the only thing which is a continual mess - people just do not pick up papers which they drop. Nevertheless the papers are always sold.

The fruit stand is Tommy's pride, and no wonder; the fruit brought in from the country daily is farm fresh and beautifully displayed. The lettuces are always crisp, and the grapes always firm. Everything is displayed on racks and this is the one part of the shop which is supervised solely by Tommy. Nobody else is allowed to serve fruit to customers and nobody interferes. Explicit directions are given as to how the onions should be fried and not to cook the guavas; and I might say these directions are very good. I love the atmosphere, who worries about old lino floors, and leaking ceilings, and newspapers lying on the floor, not to mention the continual sound of Charles Fortune commentating on the good cricket or rather weather at Newlands!

The quality of goods is excellent and the service good, and it does make you feel good to be greeted, "Hallo Mrs. Cooper, so nice to see you again, I heard you were down with a touch of 'flue." But the best thing about it all is that once you take a step out of the shop, you know you'll be back!

J. Wilson.

The Oyster.

It shrinks and writhes
Defenceless as a bird without wings.
Being denied its right to serve
Its purpose,
To roll its jewellery,
It slides to its death of bowels.

M. Franck.
Standard 8.

Windswept

The windy master of the cold enfolded the jaggered rocks
with sparkles of white froth, and an untouchable
swirling encircled the knotting seaweed.

Transformed by a waving shawl of tattered black and the
icy warmth of two arms as they floated over each other's
shoulders, a girl and a boy leaned further into the blue
dark.

G. Scott Knight
Standard 10.

Reflections.

When I walk along the riverside I look into the water
To see the reflection of my face.
But it is not mine I see there -
Once again it is yours
Saying nothing.

R. Perold.
Standard 9.

Individuals.

I sit here in class looking at the pupils
all
sitting
in
neat
rows

but although we all look the same,
do the same work, wear the same uniform
we are not alike ;:....
Or are we ?

R. Perold.
Standard 9.

The Blues.

I have never been able to understand why the conception of unhappiness and desolation has been labelled with such a beautiful colour. "The Greys" would be so much more suitable, but, like so many other colloquialisms, it seems one must just accept it.

It is, however, rather paradoxical that, perhaps because of its association with heaven, blue gives things a rather special air. A madonna's robe, a kingfisher's wing, a field of bluebells - all these would mean nothing without their shades. But there are many inborn fantasies about the colour. Why should a blue sea look any lovelier than a green one? Or why is a blue-eyed girl considered luckier than one with brown eyes?

Un-fortunately, over the years, blue has dropped from heavenly heights, and is now used in a far more derogatory fashion. It has died down from its brilliant shades, after which painters yearned, to the sombre aspects of loneliness and sadness. We start off our week with "Blue Monday" when everything goes wrong, if we work too hard we are nicknamed "blue stocking"; an undesirable film is labelled "Blue", and if the censorship-board happen to get hold of it, it arms itself with blue pencil!

The Blues, in their general sense, usually arise out of boredom, depression, sadness and other such morbid emotions. They attack me on Sunday evenings, when I realize how much work I still have to do, and how early I have to get up the following morning. Some people become far more seriously affected by the Blues. These serious cases often develop into the drug-addicts, alcoholics and criminals of our time, and one can do very little for them.

This state of mind also links up with the type of music called The Blues. The slow, rather whining style, which developed in America and which is now being revived all over the world by contemporary artists, reflects the mood of sadness. Often, especially in modern songs, the theme is strange and incomprehensible, and between the lines lie the unfortunate lives of many young singers.

The Blues, however, be they good, bad, happy or sad, are indispensable. Even the Herschel School Board has turned to the Blues for our uniform! I wonder what kind of blues they are?

E. Hartnell-Beavis.

Standard 8.

You.

When the sun aligns with the ocean and casts its golden rays rippling along the waves, I see you sitting on the rocks. You are old. You have grown a beard. I keep my distance until you whistle your tune. I run to join you. You have thought of another story to tell me. I listen in awe as I gaze at your beautiful wrinkled face. When you finish the story we walk across the damp sands and watch the fish leap to show their silver backs. We see the gulls fly to their roosting place and you tell me about where they come from and where they will go tomorrow. We part just as the sun disappears red-gold over the silver waters. You will go home to a lonely mud-hut lit by a candle. I will go home to a family in a warm cosy home. That's why I like you. You are different. And you always tell me a different story. You are always friendly to me.

You have always been there

You always will be there.

I can trust you.

Then one day you do not come. Not even after the sun has gone. I know it is not your fault. But I always thought I could trust you to be there. You do not ever come again. I say good-bye to you as you are put into a sandy hole forever. They say you will never come back, but I will always look for you at sunset. I sit on the rocks and wait for you, my friend, and as I wait I tell myself a story - like those you used to tell me. Then I walk across the sands and watch the fish jump and the gulls fly to their resting places.

But I miss you.

J. Banghart.
Standard 7.

The Train.

The train pulls out,
In no time she's surging ahead,
Screaming into the darkness.
She lights up the way,
Stations fly past,
Houses form one great stretch of concrete.
She whistles and sings
As the parallel lines cut
Clean beneath
Her flying undercarriage.
She screeches through the quarry,
Crawls under bridges,
Coils around mountains,
Slips through valleys.
Now her raging speed decreases
And her streamlined body
Glides into the station.

J. Franck.
Standard 7.

Curtains.

A curtain is the symbol of a beginning or an end - depending on whether it rises or falls. The rising may signify the beginning of a life, of new knowledge and discovery, of a new day of a play or book, of a new opportunity, of the lifting of a barrier or guard, or the revelation of certain circumstances, previously hidden, protected, or kept secret. A curtain hides something. So the lifting of a curtain promotes interest, and there are those who open the curtains of life.

Depending on what the curtain rises to reveal, this interest may be converted to joy, to wonder, to admiration, to uncertainty, to eeriness, to fear. An iron curtain is an impenetrable barrier to observation or communication; and this never rises.

Each day a curtain is opened, and a new day is revealed; each day this simple task gives pleasure to those who are able to see the beauty of nature, and for whom the weather is favourable, and for whom there is hope, and a purpose in the day; and each day it brings despair to those who have no purpose, whose life is empty, who are unhappy and hungry, and who wish the darkness would always continue.

If we hide behind a curtain, when it rises we are revealed. We are exposed and can hide no longer. Neither may we remain secret, and we must face the world; face whoever draws the curtain.

A curtain rises on a stage, revealing an act of an incident occurring in life. The audience shares this incident, and becomes absorbed in it. They carefully follow the story or theme, and themselves become involved in what is happening. Curtains fall and rise between scenes; when the curtains finally fall, the audience knows what is behind them. In their minds they personally have experienced what has been revealed in the play. This curtain has released its secret to them by being opened.

An open curtain reveals something. It lets something out. But a closed curtain hides something. It is a barrier through which we cannot see or penetrate. It creates eeriness, that feeling of doubt, and uncertainty lest it open. Our imagination tends to fear the supernatural because we are on the outside of that barrier not knowing the dangers within. Because we do not know if or when this barrier might open, and because we do not know what lies behind, we fear it.

But if we are behind the barrier, and the curtain is closed on us, we feel that we are safe. We feel secure because no one can see us through the curtain, or penetrate the barrier. Each night we close the curtains in the window to keep out the darkness, and pull the curtains around our beds to keep us safe from stinging insects and fears. We tend to hide ourselves behind a closed curtain, scared to reveal ourselves to others. We are shy of ourselves and we keep hidden.

A closing curtain is the beginning of the end, the end of an extract from life, and when the curtain is closed, what is behind it is obscured and only the imagination is left.

G. Austin.
Standard 9.

The Leaf.

My brothers and sisters
have had their dance,
and have fallen all around.
Soon it will be my chance
to fall gently to the ground.
Now,
the strong North wind blows
and I go floating
through the atmosphere
far from where my brothers
and sisters lie.
I swirl, I dive
up into the air, I float
Till down I come
to the soft wet grass
Where I rest till
I perish.

R. Meynell.
Standard 6.

The Street Artist.

He sits on the
pavement with a

brush in his hand,
paint on his face

hoping
waiting for someone

to come and buy
his painting.

A dog sits beside him,
tongue hanging out,

hoping
watching him wait,

man and dog
waiting, watching, hoping.

C. Beer.
Standard 6.

Symbols.

Symbols are signs which represent some object or idea. Every word we speak is a symbol, a word is made up of letters, each symbolizing different sounds; once the letters are put together to form words, these words represent something. Because of this, every time we speak we are making use of symbols.

Symbols are used to show nationality or membership of a certain group or organisation. The most common of these in any country is the national flag which is symbolic of the particular country. The badges on our blazers symbolize which school we attend, and in the armed forces the military insignis worn represent the rank, duties and which force the soldier belongs to.

It would be impossible to study any language or subject if symbols had not been invented, even if someone had worked out letters not symbolizing different sounds. In mathematics we use symbols to represent the different numbers as well as the different mathematical operations. In Geography and History we use maps which are symbolic of the area. In Science all chemical substances have chemical symbols which are used when writing equations.

In writing, the author uses symbols to express his feelings. These symbols are used to an even greater extent by poets who use them to create an atmosphere and to make the poem come alive. The most symbolic poets were the French poets during the end of the nineteenth century. During this period the poets were called Symbolists because of their great use of symbolism. They used simple objects to symbolize deeper meanings. By using symbols the poet enables the reader to contrive his own meaning from the few words written.

Ballet, music and art are also used as media for expressing the thoughts of the artist who can use visible objects or audible sounds to convey a message. In music the different instruments symbolize different things. An artist uses objects and colours to convey a meaning.

Symbolism plays an important part in religion. Some of the churches are even designed to symbolize different religious aspects. Some churches are positioned so that the altar's face due East, this is to point to where the Messiah was born. The first recorded symbol of religion was the fish which is symbolic of Jesus. This is a translation from a Greek word made up of the first letters of the words "Jesus Christ, Son of God the Saviour." The ship was later used to symbolize the faithful being carried across the sea of life. Different animals also symbolize different aspects of religion.

Dark and light are used as symbols of good and evil. Black is worn for mourning, in most countries. While, a colour associated with weddings, is used as a symbol of innocence and purity. The terms, "Black magic" and "White magic" clearly indicate the difference. Black magic is evil magic while white magic is magic which is beneficial. This symbolism of black and white has become so much part of us now, that we connect evil with night.

Symbols are an important part of our life. As long as people have imaginations they will create symbols.

Reference books:- New World Encyclopedia. Encyclopedia Britannica.

A. Adams
Standard 10.

There should be a law to limit families to two children.

The time has come for us to put romance and sentiment behind us, even when considering children, if we want this worn out world to shelter and feed us - in fact if we want to exist at all.

The idea of being restricted to two children in each family is horrifying. I do not know what I would do without my brother and sister, as much as they annoy me at times. Brothers, sisters and friends are the people who make your childhood the happiest days of your life.

When I think of a family I see a glowing fire, the table set for dinner, and the children dressed for bed all occupied in their own business. The Mother sits and knits, while the Father reads his newspaper. This family although of modest means, occupies quite a large piece of land. Would it be wise to stop these large, happy families? Sadly, the answer is 'yes'!

Do the contented family sitting round the fire waiting to eat, realise that there are millions who have never felt warmth, and who go without proper food. There are children all over the world who have no clothes at all and who can not read or write. Mothers have no wool with which to knit and Fathers use the newspapers to wrap up the crumbs they can hardly afford to buy their family.

It may be said that these are the people who need to be restricted to small families, but who are we to draw a line between poor and rich, black and white? God does not. If an international law is made, it would have to apply to everyone. If a law is made to limit families to two children, maybe the world would be a much better place. There would be more place to move in and there would be enough teachers to educate all the children. There would be enough land on which to grow food for everyone.

Surely a warm, fed and educated world would be a more acceptable one, and the only way to do this is to restrict the size of families. This is the only way to stop the population explosion - people are forever reproducing, but there is only one world. It cannot reproduce, nor can it grow larger.

P. Thom.
Standard 9.

New Girl.

I can remember the first time I went into the Prep. School Boarding house as a new girl. My Mother helped me unpack and make my bed, while my Father spoke to the headmistress. Then I went downstairs with them to say goodbye. I had never thought that I would miss my parents, but when I said goodbye, I knew I would miss them very much.

I went upstairs and a bell rang. We all lined up and went to the diningroom. I was feeling homesick and when we had one of our many "Sunday night specials" I really wished I had not become a boarder.

That night I cried myself to sleep. The next day I went to class. I found it a change from my old school, as I had been in a standard all by myself. There had been six children for one teacher to teach, three of them in the same standard and the other three were each in a separate standard. I was then put into a class of twenty-eight at Herschel!

After school we went outside to play. We were not allowed to sit on the grass in case it might be wet (even in summer!) We were allowed to take off our shoes and play games and we usually had to play the games our strict housemistress wanted us to play.

Once when I was homesick in class the teacher said to me "Jenny, I think you need a new washer for your tap." Everyone thought this was terribly funny and were in fits of laughter, but it just made me feel worse.

Whenever I had to come back to school I would be very upset. Soon I stopped getting homesick and began to enjoy school. Then we were moved up to the senior school where we found a much happier atmosphere.

J. Torr.
Standard 7.

Death of a Bee.

The sun shone on the sunflowers which buzzed with busy life,
The drone of the bees hummed incessantly as they gathered the
pollen to take to their queen.

They paid homage to, and fed and cared for a queen who did
not even recognize them. It was their duty - a course of
life. If she rid of a bee, another would be born the new day.
As long as her workers continued feeding her distended body
she lived, and they, an anonymous collective noun, were born
and died.

As the sun extended her shadows across the darkening plains,
the bees made their ways back to the hive. But one less
morsel of food would feed the queen tonight, for one bee lay
dying in the long grass near the sunflower-field. No-one
would acknowledge his absence. No one would miss him.

His wings were torn due to his many trips back and forth to
the hive. Being unable to feed himself, he would die within
a few hours. An ant chanced along and attacked the bee. He
was promptly stung and struggled feebly before he died. But
the bee's sting was firmly embedded in the ant's body and
his abdomen lay ripped open.

As time wore on, the bee's strength began to fail. His
stamina died and his striped body shook wearily as death
approached him in spasms. His beshredded wings fluttered
weakly as he attempted to make a last flight.

But death is a victorious conqueror and as she took her last
hold on the bee's life his whole body shook violently. The
pain of death was excruciable, it gripped and choked him, stung
and whipped him, killed him.

His patronage to his queen had ended. He had tended her
since the moment of his birth.
And now he was dying
And he did not even know that he had ever existed at all.

J. Banghart.
Standard 7.

SATURDAY

Saturday is usually begun by waking up around ten-thirty, and trying to eat breakfast (a combination of toast and egg) half asleep. After this somewhat difficult task is completed, it's already eleven-fifteen, and you suddenly remember that the "Annual School rete" begins at twelve o'clock, and that you promised to help at one of the stalls.

The rush is on! You quickly grab your clothes (your oldest ones), despite the fact that your jeans are far too short, and you're almost bulging out of your blouse, quickly put on your tackies and run for the door. within ten minutes you hail down the first bus, hoping that it will take you to your destination.

After twenty minutes frantic travelling, you arrive at the fete, only to find the stall you were on had closed some ten minutes before. walking sadly towards the bus-stop, you're somewhat relieved to find an old friend to take you home. On arriving at home you decide to ring Fredrick, the boy across the road, to come over and play some records with you. But on doing this you find that he's gone out with your worst enemy, Penelope Jones. Wishing only for company, you sit unrelaxed listening to "the latest" by yourself, when suddenly the door-bell rings and it's the postman with a telegram telling you that your Mother's greatest friends (the one's with the freckled faced boy that's mad on you) are arriving from "Jo-burg", and wish to see you Mom. Hurriedly you rush to tidy the house, washing the dishes (putting them away wet) and Hoovering the floors. When all is done, you decide to rest, throwing off your shoes and making yourself as comfortable as possible. Oh blast, the door-bell again! You put on your shoes (the wrong ones on the wrong feet) and hobble to the door. It's only him again, with another telegram telling you that the plane from Jo-burg is slightly delayed and won't arrive till tomorrow.

You decide to shower, staying under it for ages until the hot water runs out and then you find yourself rushing downstairs (with only a towel around you) and peeping through the curtains to see who the impatient knockers at the door are.

Disaster meets you as you open the door, and you remember that you were supposed to meet your parents after a film ending at five-thirty, and it's now seven-fifteen, going on to seven-thirty, so you glance hopefully up at your parents.

Then, after some difficult explaining, you retire to bed, thinking of the day that you thought was going to be enjoyable. but today seemed far from it!

R. Dean.

Standard 6

LEAVING

A piteous world of unredeemed people
A deadly strife as the sea tumbles
On, the slave would drive the
Massive rock with an uplifted heart
For the world he was not to live in.

I fall down to the earth's dark glare
Into the mouth of my love's dull cavern
Sight it down, the burbling stream
Of my semi-conscious death

A beam of light falls to the call
The chicken cracks the fluorescent egg
All is still, calm, and I
Must be proud, broken away
Like a peacock

You have been sad today
I see the redness of your eyes
As the futility of the world elopes us.

There is no more to be said
For the forest spirit lies dim
The essence of life is faint.

As I look at your face
So perfectly planned
Was it because you are so beautiful that
All this happened?

Sleep on
Whilst my heart breaks.

J. SCOTT-KNIGHT

Standard 8

The Photograph Album .

A photograph album is a very important part of family life. In just one book are recorded all the interesting and important events that have happened to a family, and it is always a pleasure to look back on past memories.

Most newly-married couples invest in a few photograph albums and it is wise to buy an expensive, well-made album, rather than a cheap album that would fall to pieces after a year.

The newly-married couples usually begin new albums with a lovely picture of their wedding. They then follow with many photographs of their honeymoon and they are very extravagant in the number of photographs they take because they usually want to remember this, the best time of their lives, forever.

Of course, when a baby arrives, reels of film are spent in an effort to catch the baby in every pose possible . These types of photograph are gorgeous for the parents of the baby but rather boring for an outsider, because when one has seen one photograph of a baby, one has seen them all.

Unfortunately, this eagerness for photographs of one's children, diminishes as one gets older and I, as a third child, have had only about three photographs taken of me in my life!

Photographs of holidays are always very interesting to look at, but views can become rather dull after a while and it is always better to have a person in the photograph to liven the scene up.

In every photograph album there are photographs taken of religious ceremonies, for example, a photograph is taken of a baby during its christening service. Photographs are also taken of confirmations and weddings. Photographs are hardly ever taken of funerals because they are occasions which one does not like to remind oneself of.

For every important occasion as one goes through life, a photograph is taken. In most albums there are usually photographs taken of the first time the daughter ever wore a long dress, the time when the son represented his school in some sport and the time when the baby won a competition, etcetera.

There are certain families which always mean to take photographs but never quite get around to doing it. This type of family is typical of mine. The camera is either left behind or we take the photograph and find we have no film inside, or otherwise we have everything ready and take the photograph, only to find the flash did not work. This cannot be blamed on us, however.

Therefore, because of all these various excuses, we have a non-existent photograph album!

It is important, when taking a photograph, not to keep the person who is about to be photographed, waiting too long. This can become very boring and then the person gets an unnatural expression on his face.

The best way to take a photograph is to take the person while he is completely unaware of it, so that the photograph is completely natural.

A well-kept album is always the best and that means that great care has to be taken with it. There must be no loose photographs in the album and all the photographs

must be neatly fitted in. Captions may be written underneath the photographs but these become rather corny after a while, so it is best not to overdo it.

I think that it is very important that every family should have an album so that the past is never forgotten but captured in a book that should last forever.

C. Robinson.
Standard 9.

Myself.

The time has passed
When once
I felt secure,
When light and happiness
Were all around me,
And I was content
With what I was.

But I was a child then.
How could I know
What lay ahead?
The glow has now faded
And I feel strange -
A change within myself
As if people,
Life, and
Time
Are all rushing past me.

I stand bewildered and confused.
Is it because no one understands me,
Or because I don't understand myself?

C. Jolly.
Standard 9.

Alone.

The trees scream,
the wind whistles
through the branches,
the rain pours.

My mind echoes
and a flash of lightning
illuminates the wood.
A thunderous roar
resounds through its depths.

The clouds above
stream across the angry sky,
the water murmurs
and gurgles -
alone, alone, alone!

R. Meynell.
Standard 6.

Brothers.

My brother is a perfect pest
He never gives me any rest
If I had to have another,
Heaven help that little brother!

K. Louw.
Standard 7.

The Fascination of Comic Strips.

One never really grows up. The first story one read was through the medium of pictures. One learnt the names of things through looking at pictures. Even when one began to learn to read 'Janet and John', the story was illustrated by pictures. A picture, whether it is painted or printed, automatically catches the eye before the written word, for a picture itself indicates what the writing is about. For example if one receives a letter, and while opening it, a photograph falls out, curiosity makes one look at the photograph before reading the letter. When reading a newspaper the majority of us look at what pictures there are on the front page before reading any articles.

Comic strips are not basically for children. So many of them carry a message for adults. How many of us see ourselves in the characters depicted? This realisation of what we are like can often make us correct our bad habits. Men laugh at Andy Capp, but subconsciously they are thinking to themselves that they never want to be like that horrible little fellow. Then of course there is the other side to the story. Not many wives are going to follow Blondie's tearful method of extracting money from Dagwood! One of the lures of comic strips is that we can escape from reality. What man does not associate himself with Willie in 'Modesty Blaze'? Their escapes and adventures can thrill the 'nine to ninety' alike, and of course there is always the question of what is going to happen in tomorrow's instalment, and it is only natural to want to know what the future holds.

We can even complement our daily moods by choosing which comic strip suits our temperament. If one is feeling depressed or indifferent there is always 'Hoo Boy', or some disagreeable character to read about. When one is happy and gay one can always laugh at Snoopy and his companions. If one feels like wringing the dog's neck, one look at Fred Basset will soon change one's mind; and who can resist 'Micky Mouse' and all the Walt Disney characters that still live although he himself is dead.

I think comic strips fascinate people because they are an easy escape from reality. The 'bubble' words are easy to absorb without even trying. Comics are a light-hearted entertainment from the violent sordid world we live in. It is a pleasure to be able to turn from the dark bold print of some disaster on the front page, to the amusing characters on the back page. We do not know what will appear on the front page of the paper but we can always be sure of a smile on the back page!

G. Thom.
Standard 10.

War

You told me you were going to fight a war.
Where did you go? Why ?
You said you had to free your country.
What freedom ? What country ?
Last night my dreams were riddled with the sounds of war -
malignant and evil.
The mosquito-whine of bombers ready to suck the blood
of youth;
A child crying out in hungry despair;
A mother calling out to her son.
And now you are gone
Where did you go ? Why ?
Surely this is the end -
But I see that smoke still clouds
the once bright sun.

Time.

Time passes -
so slow, so silent
but so cruel -
it passes.
Through the air we breathe
Through the darkest corner of our mind,
Time creeps like the all-powerful shadow.
Its breath can end the delicacy of a rose.
Selfishly, it holds life in its hands
Giving and taking at random.
Soon, everything will die in time's wake -
but will time then die too ?

E. Hartnell - Beavis.
Standard 8.

That Poem.

"Write a poem" asks Jagger's Ed,
But nothing comes into my head.
I sit and look
At the empty book
And on pages blank
I try to be frank.
I try to write
But sit all night
Upon my chair,
My mind in despair.
Still not a clue
What to do -
So please, dear Ed., save my head,
And tomorrow I'll start anew!

M. Higgins.
Standard 7

Reality.

It's like a New York Slum,
West 75th Street
Where West meets North
And there are treeless avenues
All meeting together
It's matches in a match box
And high buildings towering to a smoggy hell

And cans conglomerate in the gutters
Papers are sucked against
Rusty barbed wire fences
And piles of junk are all over
While the junkmen go on strike.

And the smoggy hell closes down on
West 75th Street.
The striking junkmen sit with the dirt,
Holding placards
All is loud and noisy-blaring,
Slowly corrupting the harmony of the world.

G. Wilson.
Standard 7.

Journey's End.

I lie surrounded by maudlin people; some holding my pale hands; others allowing their hypocritical tears to fall freely onto the musty, moth-eaten blankets. I have come to my journey's end.

My whole life has been a chiaroscuro: a study in the lights and shades of happiness and bitterness. As I think back over my servile life, what is relevant and irrelevant eventually comes to light. For instance I have learnt that a person's exterior is far less noxious than his interior, and that personal independence is far more important than moral indoctrination.

I was brought up in a supposedly permissive society yet under the rigid domination of a hostel that was then still run on the principles of the Victorian age. My rebellious intrigues were not appreciated and my inquiring nature was eradicated slowly but surely by the triumphant authority.

Now only, with bitterness do I realize that I have fallen into their deep, deep rut. I have become totally similar in a fundamental way: irrelevant, domineering and bitter.

Having expected at least a superficial respect from my protégés in the past, I now query the sincerity of my "sorrowful" mourners: do they realize the tragedy of life? It is, and I quote, "What dies inside a man while he lives.." My whole innocence in life died while I lived.

I lie, sapped of all conviction. I may have had in my soporific journey which is now coming to an end, as every journey must do. Where, oh where, is this "cabaret of life" that I was cheated of when young. I still had my whole life to live?

So I accept my fate humbly, as punishment for not employing my talents to their full. I cannot accept John Donne's "No man is an island"; how can my death affect anything or anyone?

Perhaps my thoughts are only an irrational criticism of life?

Now, like a moth (whose brothers have eaten my rugs) beating against the glass to reach the light, I vainly struggle to unearth the whole truth concerning our existence.

ror, with man on the moon, and nearing Mars, we have still not solved the age-old mystery of the journey and its end.

G.Jooste.
Standard 9.

CROXLEY
SCRIPT



CROXLEY
SCRIPT

MADAM

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MON ECRIVAIN PREFERE :

George Sand naquit à Paris en dix-huit cent quatre. Sa mère était modiste et son père mourut lorsqu'elle était très jeune. Elle vécut une grande partie de sa jeunesse à Nohant-le-Berri chez sa grandmère dont la propriété lui fut léguée lorsque cette dernière mourut. À dix-huit ans, George épousa le baron Dudevant par lequel elle eut deux enfants. Après neuf ans de mariage, elle quitta son mari pour aller à Paris gagner sa vie à travers ses écritures. Pendant les meilleurs vingt ans de sa vie, elle passa beaucoup de son temps en compagnie d'hommes comme Alfred de Musset et Chopin. D'ailleurs, son livre "Elle et Lui" parle entièrement de ses relations avec de Musset. Près de Chopin, elle mena une vie quasi conjugale et lui avait même dédié un de ses meilleurs livres, "La Mare au Diable".

Plus tard, elle découvrit qu'elle se plaisait vraiment dans la compagnie de philosophes et d'hommes de politique. Un changement s'en suivit : ses livres, qui avaient jadis parlé des extravagances romanesques de l'époque, commencèrent à aborder la lutte contre les préjugés sociaux. Puis, d'un coup, elle changea son style et se lança dans les romans champêtres. Ainsi elle écrivit "La Petite Fadette", "François le Champi", "Les Maîtres Sonneurs" et "La Mare au Diable". Ce fut seulement en dix-huit cent quarante-sept qu'elle prit vraiment conscience de son dessein en écrivant "François le Champi". Ces quatre romans sont considérés comme proprement champêtres, mais à vrai dire, chacun possède sa technique particulière, tout en appartenant à un même genre, celui du conte populaire et rustique, et ils forment un groupe nettement à part, malgré le fait qu'ils présentent dans leur inspiration d'incontestables ressemblances avec ses romans précédents.

George Sand avait un goût pour les situations romanesques et l'on voit beaucoup d'amours irrégulières, de naissances illégitimes et d'enfants abandonnés ou séparés de leurs parents. Même "François le Champi" parle de la passion d'un jeune homme pour une femme déjà mère.

Ce que j'aime dans les livres de George Sand, c'est la façon dont elle écrit. Franche, amusante, avec un don extraordinaire pour la description, elle attire l'attention du lecteur et le maintient cloué au livre jusqu'à la dernière page. Le goût de l'imprévu est aussi l'un de ses traits caractéristiques.

D'une manière générale, j'ai l'impression que l'inspiration socialiste de cette romancière et son inspiration champêtre étaient étroitement liées car la première donna, en quelque sorte, le jour à la seconde.

Son but dans la vie était surtout d'attirer sur les pauvres la sympathie des privilégiés. En provoquant un grand mouvement de charité pour convaincre les riches de renoncer à une part de leur superflu, elle espérait régler, sans luttes sanglantes, la question sociale. Pendant les derniers vingt ans de sa vie, elle écrivit des livres de grand mérite comme "Les beaux messieurs de Bois Doré", "Le Marquis de Villemer" et "Melle de Quintinie", et aussi plusieurs biographies, dont "Histoire de ma vie", et "Hiver à Majorque".

Elle s'éteignit doucement en dix-huit cent soixante-seize, mais ses romans demeurent, comme le sillage ou les traces de pas d'une existence littéraire bien regrettée.

GISELE HARDY

Standard 10.

RHEINISCHER KARNEVAL

Nirgends war der Karneval lustiger als in die kleinen Städten am Rhein. Schon am Donnerstag morgen fing er mit der Weiberfastnacht an. Die Männer verkleideten sich als Frauen, die Frauen steckten sich in Hosen und Jacken. Doch erst am Samstagabend begann der eigentliche Karneval. Buntgekleidete Musikanten mit Pfeifen, Trommeln und Trompeten zogen zu Pferd durch die Städte. Am Sonntag folgte der große Meskenzug, der aus ein paar hundert Wagen bestand. Alles drängte sich durcheinander: schwarzhaarige Zigeuner, langbeinige Engländer, dickbäuchige Holländer, langnasige Pierrots, schneeweiße Pierreten. Hunderte von Kindern folgten dem Zug.

Am schönsten war es an Fastnachtdienstag. Mittags zog Prinz Karneval auf einem mit Bändern und Blumen geschmückten Wagen durch die Städte. Er stand so hoch, daß er in die Zimmer der dritten Stockwerke sah. Unermüdlich warf er Blumensträuße und Küsse zu den an den Fenstern stehenden Mädchen hinüber. Am schluß kam eine goldene Holzkanone, die mit Bonbons und vergoldeten Nüssen auf die Menge schuß. Am Abend wurde des alte Schloß gestürmt. Die goldene kanone schoß mit gekochten Kartoffeln gegen das Tor.

Bis spät in die Nacht hinein dauerte das Fest. Dann wurde es wieder ruhig in den Gassen und Straßen.

GISELE HARDY

Standard 10.

Die Sonne lacht von Himmel
Die Bäume sind so grün,
Die Vogel singen fröhlich,
Ihr ewig zwitscherndes Lied.

Ja, heute will ich wandern
Hinaus in die weite Welt,
Wo die bunten Blumen
Blühen in weiten Feld.

LINDA MAYER

Standard 7.

Es rauschet in den Baumen,
Die Nactigall, sie sang.
Sie will main Herz erfreuen,
Mit ihrem goldenen Klang.

Ich seh sie von meinen augen
Und Berge und Waldön von fam,
Den meine liebe Nactigall,
Die vergess ich nimmer mehr.

Gleich um die erste Frühe,
Hör ich dem Vogel zu.
Ade, ade, mein Brüderle,
Ade, ade, mein Schatz!

LINDA MAYER

Standard 7.

GROEN

Groen is die kleur van die dae toe jy klei^g was. Dit is die kleur van 'n dag waarin jy niks verkeerd gedoen het en niemand is kwaad vir jou nie.

Groen is die kleur van die Karoo veld waneer dit gereën het. As jy asem inhaal ruik die lug vars en skoon, en jy voel asof niks sal ooit^g weer verkeerd wees nie.

Groen is die kleur van kersfees, wanneer almal bly is. Wanneer die koor so pragtig sing dat jy net wil huil.

Groen is die kleur van onselfsigtigheid, wanneer jy so besig is om 'n trui vir die arme mense wat koud is te brei, dat jy geen tyd het om aan jouself te dink nie.

Groen is die kleur van die komberse en lakens op my bed by die huis. Ek kan so maklik daar slaap en lekker van die ou plaas in die Karoo droom.

Groen was die kleur van my beesnagter klere wat ek op die plaas gedra het toe ek klein was. Ek het so gewens dat ek eendag 'n seun sou wees.

Groen is die kleur van die gevoel dat jy roel wanneer skool klaar is en jy gaan nou huis toe vir 'n lang naweek.

Groen is vir my die kleur wat jou van alle mooi dinge in die wêreld herinner.

JENNIFER TORR

Standard 7.

MES VACANCES

Pour les vacances de juin, ma famille a décidé d'aller à Johannesburg, en Swaziland et à Lourenço Marques. Nous avons voyagé en voiture. Le voyage à Johannesburg fut très long mais nous n'avons pas voyagé continuellement. Le premier jour nous avons voyagé à peu près cinq heures et puis nous nous sommes arrêtés pour la nuit à un hôtel.

Le jour après nous avons voyagé toute la journée et nous sommes arrivés à Johannesburg cette nuit-là.

Nous nous sommes bien amusés à Johannesburg. Tous les soirs, nous étions invités chez nos amis et nous nous couchions très tard - vers une heure du matin. Nous sommes arrivés à Johannesburg le vendredi et le mardi nous sommes partis pour la Swaziland.

Le voyage en voiture pour Swaziland dura seulement cinq heures. La vue de ce pays est quelque chose de magnifique. On voit des montagnes couvertes d'arbres. On voit des collines roulantes et vertes. Nous sommes restés à "L'Auberge des Vacances". Tous les soirs, après le dîner, j'allais au casino. Je ne jouais pas la roulette, mais je regardais pendant que d'autres gens jouaient. Nous nous couchions vers deux heures du matin chaque jour en Swaziland.

Nous allions souvent à Mbabane, la capitale de Swaziland. Nous allions aussi à Manzini qui est une ville en Swaziland. Les gens là-bas étaient toujours très bienveillants envers nous.

Quoique c'était l'hiver, il faisait chaud en Swaziland, et quelques-fois on pouvait nager dans la piscine. Nous sommes restés en Swaziland jusqu'au dimanche matin quand nous sommes partis pour Lourenço Marques.

J'ai aimé Lourenço Marques la première fois que je l'ai vu. Cette ville a un air continental. Nous sommes restés dans un hôtel près du centre de la ville et nous nous y promenions souvent pour voir les magasins. Nous avons des amis à Lourenço Marques et ils nous montrèrent beaucoup de choses. Ils ont une ferme qu'ils nous firent visiter un jour. C'était une ferme fantastique. Elle était très grande et très près de la frontière de Swaziland.

Un jour, nous sommes aussi allés au marché. On peut y acheter des légumes, des fruits, des poules, des poissons, des viandes et beaucoup d'autres choses.

Nous sommes restés à Lourenço Marques jusqu'au lundi suivant et puis nous sommes retournés à Johannesburg où nous sommes restés jusqu'au vendredi matin. Puis, nous sommes revenus à Cape Town et c'était la fin de vacances que je n'oublierai jamais.

M. CARDASES

Standard 8.

AS DIE SKEMER DAAL

Op die smal vuil stoepie lê 'n mannetjies-kat op 'n bankie, en langs hom, in 'n lendelam rystoel, sit 'n ou vrou. Alhoewel baie mense in dieselfde woonstel woon, is y verlate en eensaam. Omdat die skemer daal kan sy nie meer goed sien nie, en sy vernou haar ôe om die kinders in die tuin oorkant die straat te sien.

Die kinders speel in hul eie verbeeldingswêreldjie, en sy dink aan hul plaas in die Boland, waar hulle altyd langs die rivier gespeel het. Daar was die skemer vriendelik en hulle het uitgeput onder die koel akkerbome gelê, en na die ingewikkelde nesses van die wewervoëltjies gekyk. Die riviertjie het gesing en oorkant die rivier het die sonneblomme in die fris windjie gedans om vir die son "Totsiens" te sê. Hulle het altyd daar gelê totdat dit donker was, en toe stadig huistoe geloop, beskerm deur die Man in die Maan.

Die honger kat het teen haar bene gevryf om haar aan sy kos te herinner. Sy het opgestaan, en met die hulp van haar wondelstok, slof-slof die donker woonstellinkie ingeloopt. Hier in die stad was die skemer net die begin van die nag, en sy sou weer stil in haar bed lê en na elke geluidjie luister. Die skemer was die begin van 'n onvoltooide nagserrie, opgedeel en nag per nag voltooi. 'n Motor het met 'n geknars van remme verbygegaan, en skielik teruggeslaan.

Sy het gehuiwer - die het nes 'n skoot geklink. Haar gedagte het na die Tweede Wêreldoorlog teruggegaan. Sy onthou die dae van onsekerheid en wanhoop. Sy onthou besondere presies en helder. Dit was skemer, en sy het haar man wat indie inligtingsburo gewerk het, verwag. Sy het hom lank laas gesien en omdat hy geheimsinnige werk gedoen het, mag hy net snags openlik verskyn. Daar was 'n skoot in die omgewing, maar sy het nie opgedaag nie, en sy het gemeen dat hy nog besig was, en het haar nie daarvoor bekommer nie. In die skemer van die volgende dag het een van sy maats by die buro vir haar kom vertel dat hy vermoor was. Dae lank kon sy dit nie glo nie, en elke stappie moet seker syne wees.

Daardie tyd was 'n donker strik in haar lewe en sy het soos 'n verlore gees in die skemer rond gedwaal. Sy was nie in die pikdonkerheid van hel nie, en seker nie in die helder lig van die hemel nie, net op die skemer grens.

Na die oorlog het sy alleen in hierdie woonstel kom woon. Nou is sy stokoud, gewillig om te sterwe. Die skemer van haar lewe het lankal gedaal en na 'n sukkelende donker nag, kom 'n helder dagbreek saam met haar man.

MARIANNE DU TOIT.

Standard 10.

CONVERSACION CON LA LUNA

O luna ! Si hablo bien tocante a vuestro encanto, usted conoce los servicios que usted mi ha rendido; usted illuminò los meus pasos, cuando mi paseiavo con el meu espíritu d'amor; hoy la mia cabeza està plateada del mismo modo que el vuestro rostro y usted està sorpresa de mi descubrir solitaria ! E usted mi desdèn ! Non ho obstante pasato noches enteras envolveda nos vuestros velos;

Osa negar los nostros encuentros en medio de los prados e a lo largo del mar ? Cuantas vezes ha mirado los meus ojos apasionadamente enlazados nos vuestros ! Astro ingrato e mofado, usted mi pregunta donde ando así tarde: è duro de mi reprochar la continità dos meus viages.

Ah ! si camino tanto como usted, non convengo joven de nuevo como usted, que vuelta cada mes debajo el circulo brillante da vuestra cuna! Non cuento nuevas lunas, meu decuento ha solo por límite la mi propia desaparición, e cuando morro, non encenderei otra vez la mi antorcha como usted encenderà la vuestra !

G. HARDY

Standard 10.

SOTTO STELIE!

Cominciando all'inizio.

È la primavera, una notte senza luna, nella piccola città, sotto piccole stelle e nera come la Bibbia, le strade pavimentate sono silenziose e un gobbo se ne va, zoppicando per la strada, verso il mare nervoso. Le case sono cieche, come dei pipistrelli; oppure cieche come il gatto nero seduto accanto alla pompa e l'orologio di città, i negozi sono in lutto, la sala di Benessere in erbaccia di vedove. Tutta la gente della città stupefata dorme, ora.

Il tempo passa. Ascolta. Il tempo passa.

Solo te puoi sentire le case dormire nelle strade del sale; profondo e lento, nella notte silenziosa e nera. Solo te puoi vedere, nelle camere cieche, gli costumi e sottoveste sulle sedie, le brocche e catinelle, i bicchieri con denti, e le vecchie fotografie gialle dei morti. Solo te puoi sentire e vedere, indietro agli occhi dei assonnati, i movimenti e paesi e labirinti e colori e avvillimenti e desideri e volo e caduta e disperazioni nel grande mare dei loro sogni.

Di dove sei, puoi sentire i loro sogni.

G. HARDY

Standard 10.

'n SKIP VERGAAN

Die wind wat die hele dag gewaai het, word meteens sterker. Dit blits, reën en hael. Die oneindige golwe donder in die ontstuijige see.

Van die vuurtorinkie soek 'n man noodseine, omdat die dag so stormagtig is, maar hierdie skip is onsienbaar. Die matrose weg tussen die wind en die branders, so dat die skip nie ondergaan of op die rotse beland nie. Dis daarby ook amper donker en die skip kan enige oomblik onder die water verdwyn. Die skip slinger heen en weer op die groot oseaan. Die matrose gooi van die vrag af om te probeer om die skip bo water te hou. Die golwe slaan nog hoër en hoër.

Vrouens en kinders begin skree, en die kinders hou aan hul moeders vas. Hulle is verskriklik bang.

Die skip is aan die sink.

Die kaptein staan op die dek, en gee bevels. Party matrose probeer tevergeefs om water uit te pomp, ander weer laat die reddingsbote neer, ander bid, terwyl 'n klomp probeer om noodseine op te skiet, maar die vuurpyle is nat.

Vrouens en kinders klim in die reddingsbote; en ander spring in die water en hou aan stukke hout vas. Die skip sink vinnig. Dit verdwyn. Die vroumense in die bootjies is hysteries.

Maar die see is verraderlik, en die skipbreukelinge is magtelos.

GILL AUSTIN

Standard 9.

Voor my lê die wêreld
Uitgestrek so ver soos ek kan sien
'n Landkaart van die wêreld
Hier voor my lê.

Rotsagtige berge
Massiewe stede
Kronkelende riviere.....

Ek voel soos 'n koning
En die wonderwerk was myne.

JUDY WILSON

Standard 7.

JEANNE? OUI, L'AUTRUCHE

C'est une histoire vraie au sujet d'une autruche qui s'appelait Jeanne. Si vous habitez une grande ville, vous auriez vu une autruche dans un zoo. Jeanne n'habitait pas un zoo, elle habitait une ferme en France.

Jeanne était bien vue depuis qu'elle était petite parce qu'elle n'était pas aussi timide que les autres autruches de la ferme; mais elle avait une grosse faute, elle était très stupide.

Bien entendu, le fermier lui donnait beaucoup de céréales mais Jeanne ne se contentait pas de cette nourriture. Souvent elle mangeait quelques pierres, quelquefois un cailloux ou deux; de temps en temps elle avalait un morceau de verre !

Un jour, Jeanne marchait autour de la basse-cour, en se demandant ce qu'elle pouvait manger ensuite. La fenêtre de la cuisine s'était ouverte. Quand Jeanne la vit, elle se dit: "Une fenêtre ouverte; je dois l'examiner !"

À ce moment-là, il se passa que la fille du fermier, Paulette, venait de verser de l'eau bouillante du pot de pommes de terre. Elle avait laissé le pot, plein de pommes de terre fumantes, sur une table à côté de la fenêtre.

"Ah ! Quel savoureux morceau pour moi dîner !" pensa Jeanne, "comme j'ai de la chance d'avoir un cou si long !" Très vite, elle prit une pomme de terre chaude dans son bec, et l'avala. Pauvre Jeanne! Comme la pomme de terre la brûla, dès qu'elle descendit lentement sa longue gorge ! Elle voulut maintenant que son cou ne fut pas si long.

D'abord, elle ne sut pas quoi faire, puis elle essaya de se sauver de la pomme de terre chaude. Elle courut et courut à travers les champs. Bien entendu, la pomme de terre chaude alla avec elle. Quand enfin la pomme de terre devint moins chaude, Jeanne s'arrêta de courir et marcha lentement vers la ferme.

"Pauvre Jeanne!" dit Paulette, la fille du fermier, en la caressant doucement. "Je pense que la pomme de terre chaude t'a enseigné une leçon, vieille et méchante voleuse".

En effet, cela lui avait appris une leçon. Après cela, Jeanne mangea souvent des pierres, et quelquefois elle avala des cailloux, et des morceaux de verre, mais elle ne vola plus jamais la nourriture de la cuisine.

JENNY DOUGLAS

Standard 10.

MORD HAT SO SEINE TUCKEN

Peter Engler hatte allen Grund, seinen Partner loswerden zu wollen. Sie hatten zusammen beim letzten Diebstahl eine beachtliche Summe erbeutet, und Peter beschloss, daß er den Gesamtbetrag weitaus besser gebrauchen könnte, als nur die Hälfte davon. Also galt es seinen Partner Wolfgang loszuwerden. Er besorgte sich ein geschmackloses, jedoch äußerst wirksames Gift, das er in eine kleine Flasche mit Whisky schüttete.

Als gegen Abend die Zeit des Dämmerchoppens kam, erbot Peter sich, die Getränke zu holen. Er schenkte Wolfgang auf der Veranda seinen allabendlichen Whisky mit Eis ein, jedoch diesmal aus der Flasche mit dem Gift. Für sich selbst öffnete er ein kaltes Bier und während sie gemütlich tranken und den Blick über den nicht weit entfernten See unterhalb des Hauses genossen, wartete Peter geduldig auf den Tod seines Partners. Er brauchte nicht lange zu warten, bis Wolfgang über Magenschmerzen klagte. Kurz darauf presste er sich die Hände auf den Bauch und stöhnte mit schmerzverzerrtem Gesicht. Jetzt tat er Peter doch leid, wie er sich so unter schweren Kräften wand, bis schließlich alles vorbei war.

Peter steckte sich die flache Whiskyflasche in die Brusttasche seiner Jacke, um sie später wegzuerwerfen. Dann fuhr er ihren kleinen Toyota Lastwagen nahe an die Veranda, wo die Leiche seines Partners lag. Er schleifte den Körper zum Auto und hievte ihn unter großen Anstrengungen hinauf.

Ich werd' ja auch langsam alt, dachte Peter bei sich, als er sich keuchend kurz ausruhte. Dann fuhr er den Toyota zum See, wo ein altes Ruderboot am Ufer lag. Peter wälzte seinen toten Partner ins Boot und suchte dann nach einem größeren Stein, um damit die Leiche zu beschweren. Er fand einen in der Nähe, jedoch bis er ihn endlich im Boot hatte, wurden ihm die Beine weich, und er mußte sich vor Erschöpfung setzen. Sein Herz machte ihm mal wieder schwer zu schafften.

Nach einer viertel Stunde fühlte er sich wieder besser und schob das Boot, das gut auf dem grasbewachsenem Ufer glitt, ins Wasser. Er setzte sich in den Kahn und ruderte auf die Mitte des Sees hinaus.

Er öffnete die Jacke von Wolfgang, legte ihm den großen Stein auf die Brust, und zog den Reißverschluß darüber wieder zu. Unter größten Anstrengungen wuchtete er den schweren Körper über den hinteren Bootsrand, sodaß das Boot nicht kentern konnte. Als er geschafft war, spürte er wieder den stechenden Schmerz in der Herzgegend und bekam einen weiteren Schwächeanfall. Erst nach zwanzig Minuten war er wieder dazu fähig, ans Ufer zurück zu rudern.

Jetzt aber erstmal weg aus dieser Gegend dachte sich Peter und stieg in den Toyota. Bei der ersten Tankstelle mußte er heranzufahren, um zu tanken. Als er ausstieg, bekam er wieder einen Schwächeanfall und wäre hingefallen, wenn der Tankwart ihn nicht aufgefangen hätte. Für eine kurze Zeit war Peter diesmal besinnungslos. Als er aufwachte, sah er alles verschwommen vor sich und hatte starke Schmerzen in der Herz und Magengegend. Die beruhigende Stimme des Tankwartes klang wie von sehr weit her: "Bleiben Sie ruhig liegen, ich habe schon einen Krankenwagen bestellt. Au erdem habe ich Ihnen eben zur Stärkung ein paar Schluck von dem Whisky aus der Flasche in Ihrer Brusttasche eingeflößt."

ZENNE REID

Standard 10.

VANDAG VERJAAR EK

Ja, vandag verjaar ek - een honderd jaar oud. My naam is Laura, en ek is 'n deftige lornjet, alleen in hierdie wêreld. In die duister donker kan ek asper niks sien nie.

Ek onthou toe ek in agteen honderd in Frans gebore is. Ek is vir 'n ou vrou gemaak, en omdat haar oë 'n bietjie swak was, het ek haar gehelp om beter te sien.

Ag in daardie dae het hulle sulke mooi rokke gedra. Ja, hulle was uit sy en kant gemaak, en toe hulle rond gekoop het, het hulle saggies gerubel, nes die blare van 'n akkerboom.

Maar ongelukkig het sy eendag geval, en haar been gebreek. As 'n mens oud word, word jy nie so gou beter nie. Ek het saam geval, en my regter oog gebreek, maar ek was nog jonk, net een en twintig, en het gou 'n nuwe een gekry. Ons het lank in die bed deurgebring, en allerhande stories geles, sodat eendag nie weer wakker geword het nie.

Haar dogter was 'n baie ondankebaars meisie, en sy het alles waarvan haar ma gehou het in 'n groot tas gegooi, om in die solderkamer te bêre. Daar het ek die volgende dertig jaar lank oor skildery, boeke, en my familie met die ander goed gepraat.

Eendag het 'n baie aansienlik jong man, die huiskneg, die kamer binne gekom, en ons het hom gehoor praat met 'n oulik kamermeid. Hulle was van plan om te laat skaak. Hulle het deur die tas angekrab om iets waardevols te soek. Die huiskneg het 'n paar silwer bërde en my weggesteek, en toe was ons op pad. Daardie dag was ek sestig jaar oud.

By die eerste lommerhouer, het hulle twintig pond vir ons gekry. Die suinige ou het my die volgende dag in 'n ander winkel vir viertig pond verkoop. My nuwe eienaar was 'n ou man wat mank geloop het, en hy het my oë met 'n ander paar vervang. Ons het possêels versamel, en vir vyftien jaar gelukkig gewoon, maar eindelijk het hy ook gesterwe. Sy niggie het my weggesteek omdat sy so van my gehou het.

Elke dag het ek op haar lessenaar gels toe sy lang briewe aan haar verloofde geskryf het. Die dag hulle getrou het, het sy my onder 'n plof kant kerk toe geneem. Ek het 'n plek van eerlikheid in daardie familie gehad vir die volgende twintig jare.

Eendag het 'n dief by die huis ingebreek en my, met ander goed gesteel. Ons is weer verpand, maar hierdie lommerhouer het my aan die museum verkoop.

Vir die laaste vyf jaar het ek hier gesit, in 'n vertoonkas met muskeurige mense wat altyd op my gehainhouding inbreek. Vandag, op my verjaarsdag, wil ek niks hê nie, behalwe om te sterf, en na my mense te gaan.

MARIANNE DU TOIT

Standard 10.

À LA CAMPAGNE

Isabelle Magnard et son frère pêchent à côté d'un étang sur leur ferme à la campagne. Soudain, quand tout le monde est tranquille, la canne à pêche saute. Pierre, le frère d'Isabelle, se lève et saisit la canne à pêche. Maintenant Isabelle se lève et aide Pierre. Ils tirent la canne à pêche sur la rive et trouvent un énorme poisson à l'autre bout. Ils sont très heureux et courent dans la maison pour cuire le poisson pour le déjeuner. Délicieux !

CAROLYN BEER

Standard 6.

LES VACANCES

J'ai passé mes vacances à la campagne dans la ferme de nos amis, Monsieur et Madame Clapeau, Marie et Paul. Tout y fut très agréable. Je suis allée au commencement des vacances par chemin de fer. Quand je suis arrivée et j'ai dit bonjour à tout le monde, Monsieur Clapeau m'a montré la ferme. Nous sommes allés d'abord à la cour et nous avons nourri les cochons et les poules, ils ont fait beaucoup de bruit.

Le lendemain il a fait du soleil et nous nous sommes promenés dans la forêt. Nous avons déjeuné au soleil et nous nous sommes baignés dans la grande rivière; L'eau était très froide. Pendant les deux semaines il n'a jamais plu. Nous avons grimpé la montagne et j'ai rencontré des gens très intéressants. J'ai aussi beaucoup parlé avec eux. J'ai été bien contente d'y rester et après ces deux semaines j'ai été triste de rentrer chez moi.

SUZANNE ALLEN

Standard 8

QUELLE DROLE DE PETITE BÊTE !

Elle habite dans un coin de ma chambre et vraiment, je la trouve très sympathique. Evidemment, je ne savais que faire quand je l'ai vue pour la première fois. J'ai eu une peur bleue et j'ai couru à toutes jambes en criant pour mon frère.

Mais Mathilda avait l'air triste, et elle avait du mal à bouger vite. Puis, je me suis rendue compte qu'elle était inoffensive, et je l'ai laissée là, pendant d'une belle toile, finement tissée. A partir de ce moment-là, Mathilda est devenue mienne.

Chaque soir, lorsque je rentre chez moi, je deviens inquiète de crainte qu'elle ne disparaisse, parce qu'elle a l'habitude d'explorer ma chambre partout, et parce que la domestique est distraite. Mathilda n'est pas exactement belle comme le jour, au contraire on peut la décrire comme vilaine, mais avec ses grands yeux et ses pattes poilues, elle m'amuse beaucoup. Elle ressemble à un crabe.

Elle attrape de petits insectes dans sa toile, et les garde pur manger quand elle a faim. Elle mange beaucoup, même ses maris.

Il n'y a pas de quoi m'inquiéter, mais j'aurais du ghagrin si ma petite araignée disparaissait.

GILL AUSTIN

Standard 9.

Ἑλληνικό Πάσχα.

Στὴν Ἑλλάδα ἐορτάζουμε τὸ Πάσχα διαφορετικὰ ἀπὸ τοὺς Ἀγγλοὺς καὶ πολλὰ ἄλλα μέρη. Γιὰ τὴν ἑβδομάδα πρὶν τὸ Πάσχα νηστεύουμε καὶ δὲν τρώμε κρέας ἢ ψάρι γιὰ ὅλη τὴν ἑβδομάδα μέχρι τὸ πρωὶ τοῦ Πάσχα στὶς δώδεκα ἡμέρα. Τὴ Μεγάλῃ Παρασκευῇ δὲν ἐπιτρέπεται νὰ φᾶμε οὔτε αὐγά, γάλα, τυρὶ, βούτυρο καὶ ὅτι ἔρχεται ἀπὸ ζῶον. Ἐχει ἐκκλησία τὴν Παρασκευῇ τὸ πρωὶ καὶ τὸ βράδυ.

Στὴν ἐκκλησία εἶναι κατὶ πῶ παρασταίνει τὸ φέρετρο τοῦ Χριστοῦ. Εἶναι στολισμένο μὲ ὄμορφα λουλούδια. Τὸ Σάββατο στὶς ἔντεκα τὸ βράδυ ἔχει λειτουργία στὴν ἐκκλησία. Ὅλοι κρατᾶμε κεριὰ. Ξαφνικὰ σβήνουν ὅλα τὰ φῶτα καὶ μόνο τὸ κερὶ τοῦ παπά καίει. Ἐπειτα οἱ ἄνθρωποι κοντὰ στὸν παπά ἀνάβουν τὰ κεριὰ τους μὲ τὸ κερὶ τοῦ παπά. Μ' αὐτὸ τὸ τρόπο σὲ λίγη ὥρα ὅλα τὰ κεριὰ τὸν ἀνθρώπων εἶναι ἀναμένα. Τὰ μεσάνυχτα ὅταν φτάσῃ ἐνελεύς τὸ Πάσχα ὅλοι οἱ ἄνθρωποι λένε χαρούμενα μεταξύ τους 'Χριστὸς Ἀνέστη', καὶ πολλοὶ σπᾶνε τὰ σκληροβραστμένα αὐγά πού χρωμάτησαν μὲ κόκκινη βαφή, γιὰ τὸ Πάσχα.

Ὅταν τελειώσῃ ἡ ἐκκλησία, ὅλοι πηγαίνουν σπίτι γιὰ νὰ φᾶνε τὸ δεῖπνο τους. Τὸ πασχαλινὸ φαγητὸ εἶναι ἡ μαγειρίτσα, πού εἶναι φτιαγμένη ἀπὸ πατσά.

Ἡ ἡμέρα τοῦ Πάσχα εἶναι γεμάτη γλέντι. Τὸ βράδυ, ὅλοι εἶναι πολὺ κουρασμένοι μα εὐτυχισμένοι.

Μαρία - Ἄννα Καρδάση.

GREEK EASTER (TRANSLATION)

In Greece, we celebrate Easter differently from the English and many other countries. The week before Easter, we fast and do not eat meat or fish for the whole week until Easter morning at twelve o'clock. On Good Friday, we may not even eat eggs, milk, cheese, butter and anything else that comes from an animal. There is church on Friday morning and in the evening.

In the church, there is something which represents Jesus' coffin. It is decorated with lovely flowers. On Saturday, at eleven o'clock at night there is a church service. We all hold candles. Suddenly, all the lights switch off and only the priest's candle remains burning. Then the people near the priest light their candles with the priest's candle. In this way, soon all the people's candles are lit. At midnight, when Easter is finally here, all the people joyfully say to each other: 'Christ has risen' and many crack the hard-boiled eggs which they dye red for Easter.

When the church service has ended, all go home to eat their supper. The Easter meal is 'magiritsa', which is made from tripe.

Easter day is full of feasting. At night, everyone is very tired but happy.

MARY-ANNE CARDASIS

Standard 8.

TANZANIA

Minazaliwa katika Tanzania, kwa mwaka kumi na sita. Sisi tunaka kwa mini ya alamansi, mili tisini kusini bahari Victoria. Karibu mini ni Serengeti. Tumeona saa mingi Simba, Tembo, Chui, Mbuni, Punao Milia, Kiboko, Swala mingi na noege mingi. Nakumbuka mara moja pale tumekaa indani gari kwa saa tatu kwa kuwa simba ishirini na mbili wamekaa hukonoume ine, wake saba na watoto kumi na moja. Sas ingine tumeona tembo mingi na Mama moja amefukuza gari kwa kuwa amethani tunaumiza mtota.

Pale alamansi hiko, watu wanajaribu kuiba. Mwivi wabaya sana ni askari. Mbashwa wa askari ameweka bati indani nyumba ya alamansi siku moja, na amekiwacha hapo kwa wiki moja. Alafu askari wafanyakazi hapo wameki - sahu. Siku moja ameka nyuma pemoya na piksha. Amepiga piksha ya askari pale ameangusha alamansi chini kutoka meza wapi lafiki yake amefanya kazi, alafu amekiweka indani viatu yake. Sasa wakupanda farasi kutoka Canada wame kuja kusaidia askari.

Mimi ni kwere kwere mtoto wa Tanzania, nasiwezi kuita nchi ingine nyumbani.

MARIANNE DU TOIT

Standard 10.

Olim rex optimus erat,
In minima villa habitat.
Omnes populi eum amant
Rex regina habent,
Et eius parvum liberos
Recital docit.
Sunt multi pueri, quid
Poetas scripserunt,
Et erat optimus.

LINDA MAYER

Standard 7.

EDITORS' NOTE

Without the united efforts of all the Jagger members, we could never have produced this magazine. Everybody gave us contributions and although some of them are not printed here, all efforts were appreciated.

We are extremely grateful to Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Browne and Gisele Hardy who voluntarily took on the exhausting task of typing the magazine, especially to Mrs. Browne who typed the long English section.

Our thanks also go to our head of house, Alex Adams, for her valuable help and encouragement.

We have enjoyed producing this magazine and we hope that everybody finds as much interest in reading it as we did in compiling it.

Editor: Gillian Austin

Sub-Editors: Elizabeth Jeffery
Gayle Jooste.

CROXLEY
SCRIPT