

House Magazines

JAGGER

Cover

Fair. Little attempt to disguise the file. Less attractive design than the others. Frontispiece could have been used to better advantage on inner cover.

Presentation

Beautifully fresh typescript and lay-out attractive. The very heavy lettering used for headings and page numbers detracted from the elegant type by being too great a contrast.

Club Reports

Pleasantly informative. It is interesting to read, for example, not only of a Speaking Competition but to be told what the subjects were. Incidentally, do take the trouble to check spellings. It makes a poor impression to read a mis-spelt name.

Illustrations

I did not find these sufficiently attractive - partly, I think, because they were not well mounted or placed. The study by Gayle Jooste was interesting.

Articles, Stories, Poetry.

This magazine contains pieces of a literary merit beyond that of the other two.

'Realization' conveyed precisely observed detail - 'silky tube of an oiled snake', 'needles of light' for example.

The 'Scarecrow' piece was well-sustained with charming touches - 'the scarecrow felt the field-mouse who lived in his pocket, waking up, ready to find corn for breakfast. The birds, replete, flew off'.

I found 'In the Dark' fresh and convincing, also 'The Way Through' and 'Elections'. These were well-thought out and sincere in tone. 'Memory' expresses an elusive experience succinctly and well.

The fairly small section Other Languages might have gained by being interspersed between the English items, although this is not essential.

CONTENTS:

1. REPORTS

2. ENGLISH

3. OTHER LANGUAGES

REPORTS

<u>CONTENTS</u>	PAGE
HOUSE REPORT	1
THE SCHOOL HOCKEY TOUR	3
HOCKEY	4
SWIMMING	4
SQUASH	5
TENNIS	6
NETBALL	6
MOUNTAIN CLUB	7
GYM CLUB	7
SPEAKING COMPETITION	8
THE MAD CLUB	9
DEBATING COMPETITION	10
MUSIC CLUB	10
CHOIR	11
HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT	12
JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL	13
MATRIC DANCE	14

HOUSE REPORT.

At the end of last year, the efficiency shield was shared between Jagger and Rolt. Well done to both houses and keep up the good work Jagger! Our thanks to Alex Adams and her prefects for all the hard work they put into making the house as successful as it was last year.

Welcome to Mrs. Coles and Mrs. Montgomery, and our new members of staff and the many new girls who have joined us this year. We hope they will all be very happy in Jagger.

On the whole, Jagger has done well this year. At the school Fête towards the end of the first term, we held an Inter-House Mile of cents competition. Many girls were scurrying to and fro "scrounging" cents from parents, friends and other visitors, while several visits were paid to the bank for the exchange of silver for coppers. We won this competition by raising the grand sum of R59.00.

We have been very successful with our sport and we won the swimming gala, breaking many new records. Congratulations to those girls, especially Rosemary Howell, who were presented with cups. We missed the diving cup by a very narrow margin - leaving Rolt the winner. After some tense games, Jagger managed to win the tennis. At the end of the second term, the Inter-House Netball and Hockey matches were held. Jagger came second in both. I would like to congratulate the three Jagger girls who reached the finals of the Western Province Hockey Trials: Barbie van Alphen Stahl, Tessa Douglas-Hamilton and Gill Austin. Gill was finally selected and should be specially congratulated.

A debating competition was held in the first term and a speaking competition in the second term. Well done to Merriman who won them both. Jagger came second in the speaking competition and tied second with Rolt in the Debating competition.

During the first term, jerseys were knitted by all Jagger girls and these were taken to C.A.F.D.A. where they were distributed in time for the cold winter. The money collected at the beginning of each term was sent to an African crèche in Langa, who welcomed the much needed money.

The/...

The standard of work for the first half-year has not been tremendously high and I think a little more effort on the part of the Jagger girls is needed. Carolyn Beer and Gill Austin must be congratulated on their consistently high marks.

At the end of this term, an Inter-House Variety Concert is to be held.

I hope that the tremendous house spirit that is continually with Jagger remains and that Jagger will go from strength to strength.

E. Jeffery,
Head of House.

THE SCHOOL HOCKEY TOUR.

Easter 1974 saw Miss Kable and a dozen excited Herschel girls off on our trip to Pietermaritzburg and the Kamberg. We stayed in a very friendly and comfortable hostel in Maritzburg and were given V.I.P. treatment at all the schools where we played. We thoroughly enjoyed our games, of which we won two out of four. The fun we had together rather over-shadowed the main purpose of the tour - hockey!

We visited the Lion Park, the Midmar Dam, Howick Falls and the Oceanarium and spent an evening at the Amusement Centre in Durban, travelling in a kombi driven by the "Red Baroness".

We then spent a beautiful weekend at the Gordon Bagnall's farm in the Kamberg where we thrived on fabulous food, long walks, table tennis, sunbathing, and happiness.

I can justifiably say that the tour was one of the highlights of the year for the team and we owe our grateful thanks to Miss Kable for organizing the tour and making it everything that it was.

Gillian Austin.

HOCKEY.

The first half of the hockey season this year has been very encouraging for all the teams who have achieved successful results, and thus determination for Inter-schools. In Jagger Tessa Douglas-Hamilton, Barbie van Alphen Stahl and myself all reached the final Western Province hockey trials last term. Congratulations to Margie McLachlan of Rolt who also made the team and proved to be our top goal-scorer!

Inter-house hockey was held at the end of last term and although many girls from all houses were absent, a happy and exhausting day was had by all who played or cheered. Well done Rolt for winning and well tried all the Jagger players for coming second.

Vice-Captain: Liz Jeffery
Captain: Gillian Austin.

SWIMMING.

Jagger did exceptionally well in the Inter-House Swimming this year. We won by a considerable margin, breaking many records in the process. Linda Swanepoel and Rosemary Howell must be congratulated on breaking individual records. Relay records were broken as well.

We narrowly lost the diving shield to Rolt in spite of the stout effort made by the Jagger divers.

The Swimmer of the Year award went to Elizabeth Jeffery, while Rosemary Howell won the Open Breaststroke and the Under 15 individual medley. Isabel Smit won the Open Backstroke and individual medley cups.

Congratulations to the whole team!

E. Jeffery.

JAGGER SQUASH.

We have had a very busy squash season this year, and exciting matches have been played against other schools and against the old girls. We have entered various championships, and Sue Batho must be congratulated on reaching the finals of the under 21 championship.

Sue and Margot McLachlan represented Western Province at Durban during the long weekend this term, at the Provincial tournament.

Rolt won the inter-house squash competition, but nevertheless Jagger gave them a good fight and came a close second; with Merriman third.

The school Junior championship was won by Stacey Smith-Chandler who beat Nicki Fouché by three games to love. Sue Batho won the Open Championship, beating Margot McLachlan by three games to love.

The Inter-schools event has not yet been held, but congratulations go to the following Jagger members who will be representing the school: Gill Austin, Martine Franck, Patsy Thom and Judy Wilson. Herschel has a good chance and we can only hold thumbs for success!

Gill Austin,
(Captain).

TENNIS.

On top form, Jagger showed her true colours on the tennis courts during the first term this year. Everyone was most enthusiastic and practised hard before the Inter-House competition, the result being that we now hold the cup on our shelf for the second year running. Congratulations to all the Jagger tennis players for their splendid efforts, and especially to all those who represented Herschel at the Inter-Schools.

Thank you also, to all the supporters for their encouragement.

The School Championships have not yet been played but we hope for success in Jagger and wish all competitors the best of luck.

Vice-Captain: Patsy Thom.
 Captain: Gillian Austin.

NETBALL.

Thanks to Mrs. Carter netball has been re-introduced as a new sport this year and as a result the hidden talent of many enthusiastic players has been revealed. For experience, it has been decided that a Herschel team will compete in the Inter-School netball later this year.

Inter-House matches were held on the same day as the hockey and were much enjoyed. Jagger came second in the open and U.14 sections and won the U.15 section. The overall results were:-

1st Merriman	-	11 points
2nd Jagger	-	4 points
3rd Rolt	-	3 points

Suzanne Allen,
 Jane Bettison.

MOUNTAIN CLUB.

This group of energetic girls is considered by the majority of girls as "a bunch of complete lunies". Despite this we enjoy ourselves.

Owing to bad weather we had to postpone both outings last term, but during the second term we were very active.

Approximately ten girls, accompanied by Miss Kable and Mr. and Mrs. Mustart went up to the Fish Hoek caves. Covered in dirt from head to foot we collected bags and bags full of rubbish which littered the mountain slopes.

We were also very lucky to be able to get a permit to go into Disa gorge. We couldn't have chosen a hotter day, but what a beautiful walk! And there is nothing nicer than cooling off in a fresh mountain stream!

We are all looking forward to some exciting walks which have been planned.

Judy Wilson.

GYM CLUB.

The school's keener gymnasts meet from 5.30 - 6.30 p.m. every Thursday evening. For the past two terms we have been concentrating on our vaults, which needed touching up and working on individual floor sequences.

Even though the standard of gym is not particularly high, it is great fun to be able to get in an extra hour per week and everyone is incredibly keen.

We owe a tremendous amount to Miss Kable who so willingly gives up her very valuable time for "us amateur gymnasts".

Judy Wilson.

SPEAKING COMPETITION.

An Inter-house speaking competition was held at the end of the second term. It took place only a few days after the exams and therefore very little preparatory work could be done.

Two speakers from standards Six and Seven were chosen from each house. Each drew a letter of the alphabet from a hat and using that letter chose their own topic.

The Jagger girls - Vivian Visser, Fiona Lawson, Kathy Ackerman and Susan Fine, chose interesting subjects: Evil, Artichokes, Wine and Family.

The standard eights were given telephone conversations to prepare. Mrs. Saffery must be congratulated on choosing such interesting characters. Chris Barnard (Judy Wilson) and the Queen of Hearts (Tessa Handley); Gary Player (Lovell Anstee) and the Littlest Bear (Jeane Franck) were our conversations.

The Seniors had a forum discussion. Our subject was: "Commercial Broadcasting should be abolished." The speakers, Martine Franck, Barbara van Alphen Stahl, Suzanne Allen, Libby Aitchison and Judy Knutzen must be congratulated for the way in which they dealt with this topic.

The overall winners were Merriman with Jagger second and Rolt third. Well done, Merriman!

E. Jeffery.

THE MUSIC, ART, DRAMA CLUB.

We held a most enjoyable M.A.D. Club evening toward the end of the first term. We said goodbye to Mrs. Hanson, our drama teacher, at the end of the second term and we welcome Mrs. Maudeleai. Mrs. Saffery is very busy at present, producing our School Play, "Quality Street".

The art exhibits brighten the hall considerably. Many of them are excellent and parents are pleased at the chance to see what goes on in the Art Room.

As always, Mrs. Popham-Smith worked very hard organizing both musical items, and refreshments! She performs this task splendidly.

The evening was a general mixture of dramatic and musical items; both audience and performers enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Several girls who entered Piano or Drama sections of the Cape Town Eisteddfod performed their arts for us. It was a spontaneous evening, much enjoyed by all.

E.N.Aitchison.

DEBATING COMPETITION.

A Debating Competition was held during the first term of this year. Each house was given a subject to debate and Jagger's was: "Man's Loyalty should be to man rather than to his Country". Barbie van Alphen Stahl and Libby Aitchison were our speakers for the proposition; Suzanne Allen and Alida Labis were the speakers for the opposition under the chairmanship of Gill Austin. The afternoon proved most entertaining and refreshing views were put forward. Merriman were the winners of the debate with Jagger and Rolt a tied second.

E. Jeffery.

MUSIC CLUB.

This is a new Society, established at the beginning of this year, and as yet we have had only one meeting, but another is planned for the near future. The meeting was held in Miss Sweet's Music room, one evening in the second term. Attendance was very good and quite a few parents were present.

Mr. Hans Kramer played us a selection of his records. He planned his presentation according to the Musician's Diary, and therefore his material was very varied, with some opera, some orchestral music, some solo singing and some piano recordings. It was a much enjoyed evening. Afterwards refreshments were served, which are always appreciated.

This term we hope to have a pianist to perform for us, and perhaps later we shall have a violinist. So far, we feel that the Music Club is going to be very worthwhile and hope to increase the amount of meetings next year.

E.N.Aitchison.

CHOIR.

Last year Bishops invited us to play the female parts in their Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta "Pirates of Penzance" which we all enjoyed. We were very pleased therefore, to be invited again this year, this time to take part in the "Mikado". Almost the whole choir participated. We congratulate Sara Knight, Susan Dowdle and Shelly Bell who played the parts of the Three Little Maids (from School).

The first term's choir work was fun; then we got down to some more serious work. Miss Sweet's room is beautifully equipped now - gone forever are the days of choir in the hall, with so many outside distractions. Once the door is closed and the traditional two cups of weak, black, sugarless tea are in the room, we are able to start singing in earnest.

We have sung at several old girls' weddings this year, and are to sing at more this term. We have also sung for two broadcasts; both Church Services, led by Canon Hodgson. The second was a service in the form of worship through music. Four other schools participated. St. Saviours have asked us to sing at the Flower Festival to be held there next term. We are busy working hard as we are to present quite a large programme.

The Chamber Choir still meets once a week. It consists of nine matrics and one standard 9. A few of the songs at the Flower Festival will be sung by this special choir.

Once again we look forward to the highlight of the year, the Carol Service, but we still have a term and a half of hard, and what I am sure will be enjoyable, work before us.

E.N.Aitchison.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT.

This year the Historical Society has been both active and successful. We have had numerous interesting speakers to address us, and are most grateful to those who kindly give up their time to do this.

Early in the year Mr. Parkington, a U.C.T. lecturer in Archaeology, addressed us during Sociological Club time. He gave a most interesting talk, illustrated with slides taken during an archaeological expedition in the Western Cape. The next meeting was an evening one held in the Geography room. Mrs. Davison spoke to us about "The Bible as History." I am sure the majority of us had not realized how illuminating such a topic could be. A story of particular interest was one about the Egyptians crossing the Red Sea. It is thought that perhaps it was not the 'Red Sea' through which Moses led the Israelites but the 'Sea of Reeds' where a strong east wind sometimes blows, parting the shallow part of the waters. When the wind ceases the waters come together again.

The third meeting during the first term was an address by Mrs. Thompson on the Princesses Royal. It was most interesting. Next, Mrs. Webb, the School Matron at the time, gave a talk on Social History which everyone enjoyed. The second meeting of the second term was in the form of a talk on the history of Persian carpets by Mr. Shamon. He brought along with him several of his beautiful pieces. I noted, particularly among the staff, some very envious eyes passing over them.

This term Mrs. Daphne Wilson is to talk on "The Organization of an Election Campaign" and later, on "A recent visit to Moscow, Georgia and Armenia." We look forward to both these meetings.

Altogether our society has proved to be a very rewarding one for both History and non-History girls.

E. Aitchison.

JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL.

The Junior Town Council is a body of Standard 9 representatives from schools all over the Peninsula. Its purpose is to stimulate the youth of Cape Town and to act as a mouthpiece for the youth.

At the beginning of the year, in order to raise money for future projects, a popular film - "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" was shown in various school halls. This proved very successful and R200,00 was collected. Although this is not a fund raising body, a sponsored Marathon Dance was held and despite many a blister, a large sum of money was raised for the Argus Teach Schools.

There have been several interesting speakers during this past year. Joan Kantey, Bill Prince, Pieter Dirk-Uys and two representatives from Capab being amongst them.

During the 3rd term the Mayor of Cape Town kindly invited the Junior Town Council to tea in his parlour and later to attend one of his meetings.

At present all the members are busily preparing a childrens Pantomime to be put on for underprivileged children.

The Junior Town Council has proved to be a most rewarding experience.

J. Knutzen,
B. van Alphen Stahl.

THE MATRIC DANCE.

Like all preparations for special occasions, ours were unnecessarily frantic and at times rather heated. However, we managed, and the end result was most rewarding. After a hard day's work, feeling utterly exhausted, we all went home to bed.

The gathering at the Beukes' house before the dance set the happy mood for the rest of the evening. We were greeted by Dr. Silberbauer when we arrived at the school hall and the dancing soon began to the theme tune of "Caberet".

Cameras flashed continuously. The delicious chicken à la King, and ice cream with chocolate sauce were greatly appreciated and enjoyed by all. After the dishes were cleared away the maids re-appeared to show us how to dance.

At midnight we took a last look at the remains of our decorations and headed for Bishops court, where at the Labias' we changed into casual clothes and enjoyed the snacks, music and happy atmosphere. When we were too tired to dance any longer, we all sat on the floor and watched a horror film.

Bleary-eyed and barely awake we descended on the Joslins and after a hearty breakfast we departed - some to the beach, others to Rhodes Memorial but most to bed!

G. Austin,
Standard 10.



L. BEER.
Std. 9.

I AM BARE AS THE
TREES
IN MY LONELINESS
AND MY TEARS FALL
LIKE LEAVES.

ENGLISH

CONTENTS

PAGE

AN ENGLISH SPRING	15
BUSH FIRE	15
ELECTIONS	17
HAPPINESS	17
MEMORY	18
LIFE	18
REALIZATION	19
TAPS	20
THE WAY THROUGH	21
SEAGULLS	21
TO AN UNBELIEVER	22
THE DEFEAT	23
ACCIDENTS	23
THE SEA	24
BEING TRANSFERRED	25
STARRY, STARRY NIGHT	26
THOUGHTS ON SITTING ON THE GRASS BENEATH A TREE	27
WHAT MAKES THE CAPE DIFFERENT FROM THE TRANSVAAL	28
A BUS TRIP	29
SUNDAYS	31
FAREWELL TO ARMS	32
THE STRANGER	34
WHAT THE SCARECROW SAW ON WEDNESDAY, 17TH JUNE	35
IN THE DARK	37
"NEXT PLEASE"	38
"THE RED EMU" - ABANDONED YACHT	40

AN ENGLISH SPRING.

The birds' morning chorus breaks the silence, after a long cold winter,
 Delicate shades of green show on the trees and they turn to the sunlight,
 The earth looks so magnificent with modest violets in abundance, The
 birds sing a melodious tune and young, snow-white lambs gambol and
 frolic on lush, green grass carpeted with primroses, A dove coos, The
 wind blows soft breezes that rustle the trees, The glamorous ducks glide
 across a shimmering expanse of water.

R. Meynell,
 Standard 7.

BUSH FIRE.

A bush fire starts mouselike,
 small and darting,

Turns witchlike
 Cruel and crackly cackling,

Dragonlike it roars,
 belching smoke,

Lifelike, stops in its tracks
 as a new river bars the way,

Eaglelike, the smoke drops,
 and eats the last mouselike remains.

K. Philip,
 Standard 7.

The soft black cat
 sat
 on the window-sill
 and looked
 out.

He saw the passing people,
 the surrounding streets, the noisy cars.
 He watched the weather changing
 from cold
 to warm and then back
 to cold again.

He saw life with its double
 meanings,
 its falsehood and its lies,
 and he decided to stay inside.

R. Perold,
 Standard 10.

The beating wings and the glory. The joy.
 You wheel your way in drifting flight.
 Supreme,
 Then soar again
 To the sacred temples of the sky which
 shelter your beauty and perfection.
 Why, oh love can I not share your
 ecstasy.
 Just part of your world which you gave -
 to us, to this race, to me.
 The futility; the hopelessness.
 Friend, my brother, catch me

G. Austin,
 Standard 10.

ELECTIONS.

Prog or Nat
 U.P. or Democrat
 each individual word I heard
 as my parents conferred
 for whom they would vote -
 whose interest to promote.

Should they assume
 time would stand still
 and let old traditions
 have their will,
 or should they think ahead
 to where each earns his daily bread?

I listened as they spoke
 and from their conversations
 I knew they were thinking
 of your and my generations.

M. Higgins,
 Standard 8.

HAPPINESS.

Lie down,
 Alone,
 Don't think on past incidents,
 Don't envisage future joy
 For happiness is in the moment,
 Not the thought,
 Lie down,
 Alone.

L. Anstee,
 Standard 8.

MEMORY.

A cat walked on this page,
Just as I was trying to remember
How you left,
And I tried to put it into words;
But these forgotten footprints describe it best - ✓
How you left
On silent, forgotten feet
Leaving only a memory
printed
on my mind.

LIFE.

Life's a balloon
Forever turning, floating.
At death
It
Pops
and
Falls.

L. Beer,
Standard 9.

REALIZATION.

The cool of the forest calmed me,
 Long needles of light
 had only just found their way
 to the ferned floor,
 where they gathered the leaves, sewing them into a fragile net
 of gold.
 As I watched,
 a reynard, with burning tail
 stalked past me.

✓
 A scream
 shattered
 the
 silence
 into a mosaic
 of
 fire.

The rabbit lay among the leaves.
 Stunned, I turned
 through the dim columns of shade, groping to understand.
 Then,
 deep in the delicate filigree of a fallen trunk,
 the silky tube of an oiled snake
 lay coiled.
 Sun gleamed on gilded scales
 and glassy eyes.

My brain stuck.

Then
 so fast I could not follow it,
 this shining thread
 slid over the black rot
 into a hole,
 snatched
 at a small egg - corn-flower coloured
 and was gone.

I stood/...

I stood bewildered,
 then turned and moved away
 from the refuge of the trees,
 ✓ to stare at the gleam of steel
 far
 on the horizon.

L. Beer,
 Standard 9.

TAPS.

How do you see a tap?
 Tied against a wall - a flow of water
 brought abruptly to a halt.

This iron figure might have a soul.
 It waits to be turned on.

As it drips maybe it cries -
 Have pity on me, am I so insignificant?

It has a routine of its own.
 How many lives depend on it?
 Protruding eyes - a long nose.

Is it colour blind - red and green?
 How does this iron thing see us,
 flung against the wall till it rots.

J. Field,
 Standard 9.

THE WAY THROUGH.

Young man you seem to be shaking,
 Are you ill?
 Afraid at your age, of death,
 You are yet young
 "drink and be merry for tomorrow you die".
 Have faith,

You bore me old man,
 Does no one understand?
 Is faith all you have to offer?

Why is it they are afraid,
 cowards.
 Life isn't what it used to be.

Oh so he finally made it.
 He let go of his string, connecting himself with life.
 I wonder how he's finding it
 there, where he was afraid to go.

J. Wilson,
 Standard 8.

SEAGULLS.

Screeching, sweeping, observing,
 Observing man from above,
 Uninvolved, scorning
 But not offering advice.
 Food the single worry.
 Circling, diving, gliding
 Laughing at man's foolish ways.
 Stealing - the subject for cursing
 "Damn scavenging birds".
 Chuckling at our ignorant ways.
 Wait, a small hitch we have here
 paralysed, smelly, resentful
 blackened by man's mind - oil.
 Death, due to human carelessness
 Relaxed, unworried.

Leaves,
 Alive on the tree,
 Wind blows,
 They fall,
 dead
 on the ground.

P. Olver,
 Standard 7.

Two doves 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 7.

TO AN UNBELIEVER.

You, who thinks everything is a farce,
 Thinks religion is an escapism.
 Think a moment for those who have nothing else,
 Who believe and have faith in a God.

K. Ackerman,
 Standard 7.

THE DEFEAT.

The mischievous puppy,
Ran swiftly round the lawn
Panting and puffing rapidly,
Until it saw a cat, then,

With a sudden spurt of rage,
He surged forward with all force
But it was too late,
The cat was already up a tree.

The puppy was at the bottom,
Waiting, barking and furious
At having been defeated by a
Stupid, senseless animal, the cat.

ACCIDENTS.

They happen here, they happen there,
In fact, they happen everywhere.
Some because of careless driving
Others from speed and loss of timing.

Some are fatal, others minor,
Some involve a drunken driver,
Nearly always cars are new,
Losing another life or two.

A. Metcalfe,
Standard 6.

THE SEA.

The huge wide sea
pounding forever on the beach.

Calm and gentle
little waves swell and break
then slide back into the sea,
and again swell and break.

Huge, tossing waves,
rise and keep on rising,
over-balance and -

Crash on the beach.
White, boiling, foaming, frothing,
twirling, sweeping you away,

Into the wicked sea.

C. Peden,
Standard 6.

BEING TRANSFERRED.

It was slow, but sure
As the news got round
That we were to go
To foreign ground,
Days of farewells and many tears
Only helped to increase our fears.

The aircraft bumped down through the clouds
Only to reach the nameless crowds,
There were days and days of endless rain,
But soon it was bright and sunny again,
The beautiful mountains reaching high
Tried to catch clouds from out of the sky,
With each new day some joy was found
And in no time, it was familiar ground.

C. Gewith,
Standard 7.

People



R. Maynell
Std. 7.

STARRY, STARRY, NIGHT.

It was a cold winter's night, the wind was howling and the clouds were riding furiously across the sky. It was a misty cloud so occasionally the moon and stars would appear and the next minute be out of sight again. When they appeared there seemed to be a great ring around them, like when one drops a stone into the water, the ring expands.

The night was wild and vicious and from the little cottage chimneys bellowed torrents of smoke which was swept away in no time at all.

The white cloth of cloud slouched over the black, mysterious mountains.

Glittering lights popped up all over, as the smoke made its way through the silent, unawakening town. It looked almost deserted, except for the odd stray dog or cat.

The trees almost looked as if they were doing gymnastics as they swayed to and fro, almost touching the ground, with the wind's force. The smell was smokey but fresh. It smelt a little of damp burnt wood.

Everything seemed still and quiet in the cosy little cottages, but outside it was cold, windy and vicious.

P. Torr,
Standard 6.

He waits quietly, submerged in the deep water of the Nile, with only his eyes above, watching, waiting evilly. This is his fortress, his to hunt, to sleep and to relax. Suddenly his unwinking eyes are alert, noting a dainty duiker wandering down the golden sands to the water. The crocodile watches every detail of the fragile creature as it comes nearer, nearer, nearer. Then suddenly he swings his mighty tail and sends the duiker spinning and crashing into his fortress. Then with a few deft strokes he is beside the terror-stricken animal. He opens his gaping jaws glinting with needle sharp teeth and siezes the victim by the throat. Then he submerges to the sandy bottom, dragging the helpless duiker after him.

The only sound to disturb the peace was the shrill, lonely chirping of a cricket calling for his mate.

L. Scott,
Standard 6.

THOUGHTS ON SITTING ON THE GRASS BENEATH A TREE.

I sat there, on my own engrossed in the peacefulness of everything around me. The huge umbrella of leaves overshadowed me and the shadow seemed to be a wall all around me keeping me safe.

I lay down, staring into the tree. Sunbeams squeezed through the spaces between the leaves, and almost seemed to hypnotise me with their eyes glaring at me from all directions. It put me into a world of my own. The damp grass seeped through my clothes and kept me cool.

As I lay there the rustling of the leaves and the humid breeze seemed to sing me to sleep.

I woke again to hear the birds singing their "good night" songs, and saw it was evening.

The shadow was all around me now and seemed to be prepared to keep me safe all night, but I got up and went inside.

Pippa Torr.
Standard 6.

WHAT MAKES THE CAPE DIFFERENT FROM THE TRANSVAAL?

Apart from holidays, I have lived all my life in Johannesburg. Now that we have been in Cape Town for six months, I have come to the conclusion that so different is life and way of life that it is more like moving from one country to another than one province to another.

To start with, the climate and the weather. So brown and parched is the Transvaal in Winter, so soft and green and soaked is the Cape - the wonderful crashing thunderstorms that light up the summer sky in Johannesburg are not to be found in the dry summer winds of the Cape. Then the people are so different. Someone told my father the other day that in Johannesburg they ask "How much money has he got?"

In Durban they ask "How did he make his money?"

In Cape Town they ask "How long have they had it?"

Everybody here seems to have so much more time to do things. Nobody hurries, nobody rushes. If you walk into a shop, even if you are the only customer, the people behind the counter will ignore you until they have finished talking.

Perhaps it is the mountain that makes Cape Town what it is. It catches the clouds and makes it rain, it looms over us all with its beauty and majesty.

It is almost as though the mountain stands between us and the rest of the world, saying, in my shadow you are safe, you can relax and think about the things you enjoy, that are lovely - and let the rest of the world go by.

The beauty of the Peninsula is so breathtaking, and the wonderful things that a family can do are so many that it hasn't taken us long to also feel that lovely smug feeling - let the rest of the world go its way as long as we can go on living here in Cape Town.

C. Chapman.
Standard 7.

A BUS TRIP.

It was 5 p.m.

The long day was over. The traffic as well as the other noise was unbearable. The expressions of the people were blank. They longed for the quiet of their homes. It was 5 p.m. and everyone was homeward bound.

The bus queues were all long and all the buses were full. There was silence in the bus bound for Kensington, maybe everyone was just too exhausted to talk. Everything was quietening down and the only noise that could be heard was the roar of the bus engine.

There were the regular passengers on the Kensington bus, just the same people as on every other day. Nothing ever changed and there was always silence. So everything was normal. It was a long journey home and after an hour the passengers began to become restless and irritable and a few words were spoken.

The three nuns spoke gently and smiled; even if they were irritable, they kept the fact to themselves. The old flower-seller pulled out her battered book which she had been reading on the same journey for almost a year now. The two businessmen, well up to their necks in the rat race, closed their eyes and usually slept for the last hour of the journey. The four school children sat very still; their little faces were flushed and they looked ready for a bath and bed.

The old man everyone loved; he was such a friendly soul, you could not help but adore him. He always held his beautiful, carved walking stick very close to him. They all thought that his only possession in the whole, wide world was his stick and that is why it was so precious to him. Much to the amusement of the rest of the busload he would occasionally get up and walk up and down the centre aisle as if he were exercising his stick and checking to see if it was still in working condition.

The last part of the long way home was nearly finished much to the relief of the bus driver, who hated this monotonous route. He swore he could drive to Kensington blindfold. There was fifteen minutes left and the passengers were already dreaming of their warm homes and comfortable beds,

except/...

except one man who always sat alone at the back. He hated the world and the world, in turn, hated him. He never smiled, never spoke, never read and all he did was sulk. He was like a perpetually sulky kid who could not have what he wanted. He sat at the back clutching his brown paper packet and his briefcase as though he hated them too.

Kensington was drawing nearer and soon everything would be over. There seemed to be a bit of tension in the air that day, but no-one took any notice as they had had a busy, tiring day.

The man at the back fiddled in his brief case and pulled out a whole lot of machine parts which he started screwing together. He was alone at the back so nobody took any notice. As the bus turned the corner into Kensington, he jumped up holding a machine gun and for the first time in his whole life he was smiling and the smile turned into laughter which rang in the passengers' ears. He was mad. Someone fainted just before the noise of his gun could be heard.

They were dead, he was mad.

B. van Alphen Stahl,
Standard 9.

SUNDAYS.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Of the seven days of the week Sunday is my favourite. It is a peaceful, loving day and very often there is glorious sunshine everywhere.

My family usually have people for the day or we are invited out for lunch. I start off the day by lying in bed wondering whether to get up at nine o'clock or ten. I go to Church and after come back hot and sticky and so I dive immediately into our pool. The water is a completely different world. Everything is graceful, cool, slow, blue and lethargic. One bursts into the air in a fountain of silvery, frail-looking bubbles.

After lunch, maybe a braai, we may drive off to a beach and I try to strengthen my suntan a little. After a wonderful afternoon we arrive home, then I realize that there is one not-so-pleasing thing to do: Homework! I now wonder why on earth I do not get it over and done with on a Friday. After wading through this, supper is ready and I settle down to a luxurious meal. This is because my father prepares it and he is rather uneconomical, but the food is delicious.

In Winter, Sunday is spent differently: mooching around the house playing games. Sometimes we take an exciting walk along the beach with the wind playing havoc with our hair and bright roses appearing on our cheeks. Then at home we can sit around an open fire and toast bread. I always keep hot buttered toast for blustery days about the fire.

The Puritans and the Quakers always think Sunday should be a serious day and they wear dull black and white but to me Sunday is a bright day and it will always stay like this.

C. Beer.
Standard 7.

FAREWELL TO ARMS.

Farewell to Arms tells of a young American who fights for the Italians during the First World War. Frederick Henry is studying architecture in Rome when the war breaks out, and being a young man decides to participate in the war as a form of adventure.

Hemingway believes that to find your true courage and strength a man must pit himself against nature. In Farewell to Arms the fact that a man can take so much comes through very clearly. Henry, at the beginning of the book, although he is not in favour of war, is quite contented with his position as a lieutenant in charge of the driving of ambulances for one of the divisions of the Italian army. As the book progresses Henry becomes more and more disillusioned with war, due to natural elements against him, until he finally leaves the war behind him and goes to Switzerland.

The book opens with Henry living in a villa occupied by the army on the frontier. There is great description of the weather and the vegetation of the district. The Winter has come and the plain and forests are dead and brown. There is no fighting at the time and the conditions are not too harsh.

When the fighting begins again, Henry is wounded and taken to an American hospital in Milan where he again meets Catherine Barkley, who is working there as a nurse, and with whom he has fallen in love. During his stay in hospital their relationship grows to be very firm and they are seen to be completely happy and contented when they are in each other's presence. This stay in Milan occurs during the rosy and warm months of Summer, and their carefree and happy mood is greatly reflected in the pleasant climate of those months.

Henry finally has to go back to the front however, much as the lovers do not want to be parted. Falling in love with Catherine makes Henry less interested in the war, and his love for a woman is the first of Nature's many ways to daunt his courage. Hemingway plays his next card when Henry is injured, and still on the lines of physical pain, another one when he gets jaundice while recovering from his wounds.

When/...

When Henry arrives back at the front it is raining, and the weather changes from rosy Summer into grey Winter from the moment he returns from Milan on the train. On the front the Italians have to retreat and throughout the trials and events of this period, it is always raining and overcast. One night in the hospital, Catherine says that she fears the rain because she can see them both dead in it. What she says is carried on throughout the book, as from the moment things take a turn for the worse, it is continually raining, and at the end of the book her horror of seeing them dead in the rain is proved to be partly true.

The events of the retreat prove to be too much for Henry's endurance as the whole of nature seems to be against him. The dismal weather causes complications by turning the sides of the roads to mud in which the cars can get stuck. He is continually tortured by the thought of Catherine whom he wants dearly and is at the time pregnant. One of his men is shot by the Italians, with whom they are fighting. All these factors plus the final straw of nearly being shot as a German dressed in Italian uniform, and seeing officers shot because during the retreat they have become separated from their regiments, finally makes him decide to leave the army behind him and become a deserter.

Henry has to fight Nature to get back to Catherine by nearly drowning in rivers. When they meet again they have to flee to Switzerland to stop him being arrested and shot. Actually entering Switzerland is no easy matter and he again has to fight Nature by rowing up a lake for a great distance.

Their life in Switzerland is enjoyable and the weather is described as sunny and crisp. They spend the Winter in a chalet above Montreaux and their life is happy and carefree. It is again made clear how completely wrapped up in each other they are.

Having come this far you hope that the ending will be happy and they will always be together. Hemingway, however, has his final and hardest card still left to play. Catherine dies in hospital after having a Caesarean. The child is not even saved and the book ends with Henry walking out alone into the rainy night.

Henry has pitted his courage against Nature and been ruthlessly beaten by it. The last blow in the book, although the hardest, comes in the form of a frequent and simple natural event from time immemorial - the birth of a child.

THE STRANGER.

In a small mid-western town, the Golden Nugget Saloon is crowded, the air heavy with cigarette smoke and noisy. Dim light, pinpointed from the candles, showed up the rugged men. Gamblers sitting around tables playing poker, cards in one hand, and a drink or cheroot in the other. As the evening wore on, the gamblers became more intense while others drifted off.

The men, prospecting gold hunters, rugged and adventurous men from all over the country, formed a loose community held together by a common interest, adventure or fortune-seeking. Rugged, bearded, bow-legged men-of-all-sorts obsessed with the pursuit for gold.

In the midst of this, through the swing doors, there entered a man, tall, striking in appearance and clean-shaven. He moved swiftly across the room where he ordered a double whiskey. His confidence and self-assurance made every man look up and there was an unusual hush in the room.

Presently, an elderly man arose and also moved across to the bar counter. He too, ordered a double whiskey and addressed the tall young stranger while the other men looked on.

"Say, pardner, where do you hail from?" he asked.

To everyone's surprise the stranger gave him a strange look and answered "Does it matter?"

The old man tried again.

"What made you choose this small town?" "Whose business is it?" replied the curt stranger. "I really don't think its yours". Then he added, "Don't you recognize me?"

The old man studied him and exclaimed, "Richard, Richard, my son, is it you?"

"Sure, Paw" answered the young man, smiling.

"Then my son, you're no stranger!"

WHAT THE SCARECROW SAW ON WEDNESDAY, 17TH JUNE.

The day dawned bright and clear and alone in a field, surrounded in an acre of half-grown corn stood a scarecrow. The Surrey countryside of South Eastern England was lush and fertile and the leaves on the trees seemed happy at having been let out of their buds.

Suddenly there was a fearful row like the sound of a trumpet, only lower; the local hunt was on its way. Maybe the scarecrow was thinking of the poor little fox running away from the hounds. Then there was a flash of orange-red and the fox sped past. The hounds appeared, jostling, pushing, barking and whining as though they were racing to see who could be the first one to catch the fox, for this hound would forever be a hero. As the hounds raced on men dressed in their fine hunting-pink coats, black hats and black boots, came over the horizon on beautifully groomed horses.

As the sound of the hounds and horns faded, birds came down to feed on the corn. The scarecrow did not frighten them one bit because he could not move. There was a rustle and a bustle and the scarecrow felt the field-mouse who lived in his pocket, waking up, ready to find corn for breakfast. The birds, replete, flew off.

The sound of children clattering, running and playing was now heard in the lane. The mother was scolding some small child who was dawdling. The scarecrow followed their voices into the copse near-by. He was wondering what they were doing, hoping that they were not looking for birds' eggs. The sun was now rising higher and higher and the heat was intense. The children, dressed in sweaters, pulled them off, exposing lily-white skins.

It was now noon. The woodland animals were taking a siesta in the cool, green of the shade, but the children were around a large white cloth having a picnic: cheese and tomato sandwiches, cake, biscuits, and lemonade. After lunch they were made to lie in the shade and all was quiet except for the cooing of the wood pigeons in the wood.

The sun was setting and the Mother was packing up the remains of the picnic while the children had their last play. Around four o'clock they disappeared, laughing and chattering by the same way that they had come.

Birds fed before twilight, and all the day creatures made the most of the fading sunlight. Tonight there was an extra special sunset, the clouds turning rosy-pink at their edges, the sun a fiery ball, and the sky, darkening into a deep purple-blue. As the sun sank the animals went back to their homes and shadows came over the hills and all was silent; in a little while the sounds of nocturnal animals would begin, when another day started for them, but the scarecrow, tired from looking, settled down into a deep, dreamy sleep.

C. Beer,
Standard 7.

IN THE DARK.

One morning I woke up early, which was unusual for me. I tried to go back to sleep, but could not. In my mind I could sense something strange was going to happen but I did not know what it was.

As everything seemed quite normal to me the whole morning, I decided that when one wakes up early in the morning one's senses are not likely to be at their best, and I thought no more of it.

After lunch, I decided to take the dog for a walk up the koppie. When we reached the top, I sat down. I could see most of my Uncle's big farm from there, and all its activities.

As I was looking at the duck-pond, I realized the ducks were not in it. They were making their way up towards the shed where they slept.

I thought it was rather strange and looked at my watch. It was only half past two and the ducks were going to bed. Then I realized why: it was getting dark.

I looked to see if there were any clouds in sight, but there were not. I wondered if the end of the world was coming or if an epidemic had broken out. I decided to go and ask my parents.

I found them rather excitedly looking for blank negatives. I thought perhaps I was right about the epidemic. Then my father explained to me that there was going to be a total eclipse of the sun.

We went up the koppie again together and found all those strange people up there too. That was why they were staying with us, my Mother told me. They were astronomers from Europe.

Gradually the moon moved in front of the sun and we were left in the dark. Slowly the sun peeped out again. The astronomers were taking pictures.

I heard a noise from below: the ducks were coming out again!

"NEXT PLEASE"

"Next please". I stepped forward. I was confronted by a huge figure dressed in black, a black hood, a black cloak, black trousers, black socks and black shoes. He was a picture of sorrow, with a grim face, beaked with a rather large aquiline nose.

Not an hour before, I had been walking down the high street, feeling very proud of myself in a fine new peacock blue dress, fashioned by the most famous dress designer in Seatown, my Mother. I was crossing the main road when I saw this huge red monster bearing down on me and then I blacked out.

Next thing that I knew was that I was standing in a queue in front of the black demon. "Wake up! Heaven or Hell for you? Come on girl, stop dreaming." What was happening to me? I did not know. I stammered out an incomprehensible word, even I could not make head or tail of it. The man glared at me, it was such an icy glare that I had to say something, "Heaven".

"Heaven what? What do you mean by Heaven?"

"But you asked me a question. Heaven or Hell?" I replied in a bewildered whisper.

"Why are you here then? This is the line for Hell. Only the wicked ones are in this line. Do you not recognise me? The demon you have heard so much about?"

"I have never heard about any demon."

I looked behind me and sure enough everyone else in the line was dressed in black, with a red cross symbolising death and hopelessness I supposed. Well, I had done nothing wrong so why was I here? Then I was struck down by another icy glare from the demon. "Get out, get out!" he cried "No angels here, get out!"

I was cast out, as I sat as a river diverted from its course. Where was I to go? All I could hear was the dreaded "Next please" of the demon demanding the next in line to go before him.



L. BEER.
Std. 9.

I wandered on and on, not knowing where to go to, no one I could turn to. What should I do? My head began to spin, round and round, round and round. I now felt like a top that was slowing down, losing its spin and falling over; I kept falling and falling.

Suddenly I was aware of a white sheen glaring into my face. "Oh no! Not that awful glare again", I moaned to myself. I opened my eyes. There before me was a sheet as white as the sun on a mid-summer's day, and a kind face. I thought that it was the kindest face that I had ever seen. It was a nurse. The demon, Heaven and Hell were all a dream but ever since then whenever anyone says to me, "Next please" I always remember the man in black with the large, grim, aquiline nose.

C. Beer,
Standard 7.

"THE RED EMU" - Abandoned Yacht.

The "Red Emu" was lying becalmed in the "Horse Latitudes", and had been for the last week. The crew were ravenous and had been living on Watney's red, playing cards and smoking cigarettes for that time. Owing to this most peculiar diet they were prone to extremely irrational actions. A dastardly gang of man-eating fish, tired from their game of Russian roulette swam playfully up to the "Red Emu" and viewed her and the crew with hungry interest. After a heated argument, they decided to fetch their fishing lines, ketchup, hamburgers and Kentucky fried chicken so that they could go "menning".

After fetching their menning equipment they swam back to the "Red Emu" with malicious grins on their scaly countenances while they playfully jabbed one another with their seaweed and bone fishing lines. When they were relatively close to the "Red Emu" they threaded the bait (hamburgers and Kentucky fried chicken) into the fishing lines. With an expert flip of their bony fins they cast these delicacies on to the deck.

The crew, who had spent most of the night drinking, were lying in an intoxicated stupor and not wanting to wake up and find the hunger pains of the previous day still heavy on them. In the end it was the skipper who eventually went up to the deck. He was a scrawny man with a red moustache and beard and he looked very much like a lobster. The skipper looked at the bait for a full few minutes before he realized what it was. The realization galvanised him into action and he rushed down the companionway into the cabin to tell the rest of the crew. After hearing this incredible news, they eyed him with disbelief very much wishing that he was the animal he so much resembled.

Eventually they agreed to go up to the deck just to humour the skipper. They lumbered up to the deck declaiming that the skipper was mad. As soon as they caught sight of the Kentucky fried chicken and hamburgers, appetisingly poised on the edge of the deck, they just stood in disbelief and when the circumstance had registered, they jostled and sprawled violently towards the dainties. The skipper bit first and two inches of bone embedded itself into his palate. His scream was a mixture of delight mingled with surprise at the pain in the back of his throat. The others followed suit and were simultaneously caught by the cruel "mennerfish" to disappear into the shadowy depths forever.



M. ADAM.
Std. 8.

AFRIKAANS

INHOUD

BLADSY

DIE EERSTE APRIL	41
'n VLIETRAMP	42
REÛN: DIE MENS SE VRIEND EN VYAND	43
EK BESOEK MY GEBOORTE PLEK NA 'n LANG AFWESIGHEID	44

DIE EERSTE APRIL

"Staan op meisies", hoor ek iemand roep en ek word wakker. Stadig begin ek van die vorige aand onthou. Ons het laat daardie aand aan die slaap geraak omdat ons planne vir die volgende dag beraam het.

Een van my vriendinne in die koshuis het die klokkie weggesteek, en nou kon die onderwyseres die klok nie kry nie. Skielik hoor ek die geluid van die brandweerklok. Almal spring uit hulle beddens en hardloop by die deur uit.

"Nee", sê die kwaai onderwyseres, "Dit is net om julle te vertel dat julle nou moet opstaan, want iemand het die klok weggesteek".

Stadig loop ek terug na die slaapsaal. Ek maak die deur oop en 'n groot kombers word oor my gegooi. Ek het so groot geskrik dat voor ek iets geweet het, was ek op my bed. My vriendinne het rondom die bed gestaan en gelag vir die verbaasde uitdrukking op my gesig.

Na ontbyt het ons skool toe gegaan. Ons was besig om iets van die bord af te skryf toe 'n meisie van die ander klas ingekom het. Sy het vir ons gesê dat die skoolhoof baie kwaad vir ons was en dat sy ons dadelik in die kantoor wou spreek. Ons het 'n bietjie bang gevoel en stadig uit die klaskamer geloop. Sy het vir ons gelag en verduidelik dat dit net 'n grap was. Gelukkig het die klok daarna gelui en ek het geweet dat dit twaalfuur was.

J. TORR
STD. 8.

'N VLIETRAMP

My bestemming was Manaos in Suid-Amerika. Die omroeper het oor die uitsaaitoestel aangekondig dat alle passasiers vir vlug nommer 173 na hek nommer tien moet stap. Ek het alleen daarheen gestap. Die hek was oop en almal het na die vliegtuig gestroom.

Die lugwaardin het aangekondig dat almal hulle sitplek gordels moes vasmaak. Ek het vas aan die slaap geraak

Eensklaps is ek deur 'n man met 'n harde stem wakker gemaak. Hy het beveel dat ons moes stilbly anders sou hy die bom laat ontplof.

Ek was verskriklik bang. Ons moes 'n noodlanding in Brasilië uitvoer. Toe ons oor die boswêreld gevlieg het, raak hy skielik ontevrede en laat die bom ontplof. Ons het deur die bosse gekloof en het tot stilstand gekom langs 'n rivier, en dit was die laaste waarvan ek geweet het voordat ek my bewussyn verloor het.

Toe ek bygekom het, lê alles doodstil. Ek het uit die smeulende wrak geklim. Ek het nie geweet waar ek was nie, maar ek het 'n man ontmoet wat gesê het dat daar 'n dorp naby was.

Ek het na die dorp gestap. Na twee dae was ek daar, maar dit was gelukkig dat ek wel daar uitgekom het. Ek was so uitgeput toe ek by die dorp gekom het dat ek flou neergeval het en moes gelawe word

Ek is gelukkig dat ek nog lewe.

G. BROWNE
STD. 7

Die warm son skyn op die droë land. Omdat die diere geen water het nie, lê hulle half dood onder die bome. Die plante is ook uitgedroog. Die veld het nou ses maande lank onder die groot son, sonder reën gestaan. Dit is ongetwyfeld - daar is 'n droogte oor die land.

Die mense sê elke dag, "Die warm wind sal môre reën bring", maar hulle praat nie verder nie.

Eendag, teen dagbreek, begin 'n misreën val en die wind waai uit die Ooste. Die eerste reëndruppels is klein en toe word die reën en mis so dig dat die bome onsigbaar word. Die lug is vol omweerswolke en groot reëndruppels begin val. Die son is weg en die wêreld is toe van die reën.

Die mense is opgewonde omdat daar genoeg water vir hulle lande is. "Dankie Here vir ons vriend, die reën".

Die reën is nog nie heeltemal verby nie. Wolke kruip deur die lug en skuif voor die son in - die skaduwees van die bome word al groter.

'n Skerp bliksemstraal klief deur die wolke. Die reënbanke lê laag. Die reën kom uit die Ooste - swaar reën, met druppels koud en hard. Dit is asof emmers water uit die hemel val. Die wind waai al sterker.

Die reën val al harder. Die riviere lê kant en wal en die grond kreun onder die water. Die reën is nie meer 'n vriend van die mens nie, maar sy vyand. "Wanneer sal dit ophou?", vra hulle.

Die reën hou eindelijk op. Die dag breek en die lug trek oop. Dit word rooi waar die son moet opkom. Die swaar weer en reën is verby en die vlies wolkies lê wit en fyn in die lug. Die son kom op en alles skitter in die oggend sonlig, maar die grond lê nog nat.

Alhoewel dit 'n merk gelaat het, is die reën nog die mens se vriend, want daarsonder kan geen mens, dier of plant lewe nie.

EK BESOEK MY GEBOORTEPLEK NA 'N LANG AFWESIGHEID

'n Paar maande gelede het ek besluit om my geboorteplek, Ceres, te gaan besoek. Ek het 'n datum bepaal en twee weke later het ek per bus daarnatoe gery.

Aai, maar dit was 'n aangename reis. Ek het onthou toe ons deur die berge in die ou waentjie met die osse gery het en die lekker eetgoed en koeldrank wat tant Sannie en oom Jakob vir ons gegee het toe ons eindelijk daar aangekom het.

Toe die bus in die hoofstraat van Ceres stilgehou het, het ek haastig uitgeklim om die vars lug te ruik en om die majestueuse berge met die wit sneeu te bekyk. Dit was pragtig en ek het baie hartseer geword.

Ek het die straat afgestap en na al die geboue gekyk - hulle het almal baie verander, maar die ou kerk was nog dieselfde. Ek het gedink aan die dae toe ek en my broer daar gesit het en na die predikant geluister het - hoe ons vir hom gehaat het, omdat hy altyd so lank gepreek het, terwyl ons gewag het om buitekant te gaan speel!

Eindelijk het ek by Akkerlaan aangekom en daar het ek ons ou huisie gekry. Die tuin was net so pragtig soos dit altyd was en die huis het niks verander nie. Ek was so bly om dit so te vind en die soete herinnerings het na my teruggekom - hoe ons altyd om daardie bos gehardloop het, hoe ons in die taamlike dik akkerboom vir Lily, die bediende weggekruip het!

Toe ek daar gestaan het, het 'n vrou die deur oopgemaak. Haastig het ek vir haar verduidelik wie ek was en sy het my gevra om 'n koppie tee met haar te kom drink. Ek het haar vriendelike aanbod aanvaar en ons het oor koeitjies en kalfies gepraat terwyl ons tee gedrink het. Omtrent 'n uur later het ek opgestaan om te gaan, want dit was al laat en ek moes die bus haal.

Dit was 'n baie aangename dag en ek was baie hartseer om van my geboorteplek afskeid te neem, maar ek het geweet dat ek eendag weer terug daarheen sal gaan.

OTHER LANGUAGES

CONTENTS

PAGE

LES FOULES	(French)	45
"LOVE STORY"	(French)	45
LE PARC	(French)	46
LA FOULE	(French)	46
UN CADEAU DE NOCES	(French)	47
UN INCIDENT DE VACANCES	(French)	48
EN HIVER	(French)	50
MA GRAND*MÈRE	(French)	50
LEGERE	(Latin)	51
FESTINO DOMUM	(Latin)	51
DAS IST WUNDEBAR	(German)	52
WIE SPÄT IST ES?	(German)	52
DER FRÜHLING	(German)	53
WINTER	(Hebrew)	54

LES FOULES

Aujourd'hui on trouve des foules partout, dans les magasins, les théâtres, les cinémas, les gares etc. Il me semble qu'il y a trop de gens au monde surtout dans quelques pays. Nous, en Afrique du Sud sommes très fortunés parce que notre population est encore petite et nous avons beaucoup de place autour de nous.

Je pense que les foules diversifient selon la saison. Par exemple, en été tout le monde se dirige ordinairement vers la plage et les stations balnéaires. On voit souvent les gens serrés comme des harengs en caque sur les plages en essayant de se bronzer. Dans la belle saison il y a beaucoup de foires où les foules se réunissent. On voit des familles entières qui s'amuse dans la confusion et le bruit des troupes et des haut parleurs. Somme toute il y a une inclination de faire tout au grand air.

Au cours de l'hiver on trouve les foules dans les cinémas et les endroits chauds. Dans les pays où il neige on trouve beaucoup de monde aux stations de ski.

Aujourd'hui il est presque impossible d'aller n'importe où sans trouver une foule. Moi, je déteste les foules parce que je souffre de la claustrophobie. Je préfère me trouver au grand air.

(F.NAUDE.
STD IX)

"LOVE STORY"

Je pense que presque tout le monde a vu le film "Love Story". Hier soir, pour la deuxième fois j'ai lu ce livre tragique écrit par George Segal. C'est l'histoire de deux jeunes personnes qui tombent amoureux l'un de l'autre. Lui avait vingt ans et il venait d'une très bonne famille américaine. Elle, Jenny Cavillori, était bourgeoise, d'une famille moins fortunée que la sienne.

Ils se sont rencontrés dans la bibliothèque de l'université. Elle suivait des cours de musique et il était étudiant en droit.

LE PARC

Il est midi. Il fait très chaud. Les canards nagent sur le lac et les enfants jouent avec une balle. Un petit garçon joue avec son bateau et il est heureux.

Tout d'un coup une petite fille crie: "Au secours! Au secours!" et puis "floc!" Elle est dans l'eau. La mère de la petite est désolée parce qu'elle ne sait pas nager.

Mais un jeune homme plonge dans l'eau et tire la petite de l'eau. Le petit garçon joue toujours avec son bateau et le parc est tranquille de nouveau.

(V.Visser.
STD VI)

LA FOULE

La foule, c'est une masse de personnes; des grands, des petits, des gros, des laids, des beaux - toute race et toute nationalité. La plus grande foule que j'ai jamais vue était celle du premier 'Test Match' à Cape Town entre les Sudafricains et le Tricolores.

On nous avait prévenu d'arriver à Newlands de bonne heure parce qu'on envisageait une foule d'au moins quarante mille personnes. Pour moi ça faisait simplement un grand nombre de personnes. Mais quand je me suis trouvé au milieu de tout ce monde je me sentais complètement engloutie. J'avais même peur et quand est arrivé la fin du jeu je n'avais qu'une pensée, c'était de sortir du terrain avant cette foule.

Je vais vous décrire cette énorme foule. Il faisait froid et la pluie menaçait donc tout le monde était enveloppé dans les gros pulls et munis de manteaux de pluie et de parapluies. Beaucoup de personnes agitaient de petits drapeaux de leur pays, et cette foule devenait complètement enivrée quand leur équipe gagnait un point. Un moment tout le monde était assis et tout à coup tout le monde était debout, criant, chantant et huant.

Ma mère criait : "Vive la France!" Pour nous c'était: "Allez les Springboks!"

(M. FRANCK
STD IX)

Après leur rencontre dans la bibliothèque il l'invita à prendre une tasse de café avec lui, et ainsi bourgeoonna leur amour.

Après un certain temps il l'amena chez lui pour la présenter à ses parents, mais ils ne la trouvaient pas à leur goût. Mais ceci ne le troubla pas et ils continuèrent à s'aimer.

Enfin il finit ses études, il obtint son diplôme en droit et il trouva une bonne situation chez un notaire et ils se marièrent. Leur bonheur ne fut pas de longue durée. Quand ils aperçurent qu'ils ne pouvaient avoir d'enfants ils consultèrent le médecin, qui leur apprit qu'elle était gravement malade.

C'était tragique, car elle souffrait de la leucaemie. Elle n'avait que quelques mois à vivre et ils passèrent tous leurs moments précieux ensemble.

Enfin elle a dû être hospitalisée et elle mourut paisiblement dans les bras du mari qu'elle adorait.

(M.FRANCK
STD IX.)

UN CADEAU DE NOCES

Il y a trois ans j'ai épousé le fils unique d'un homme très riche. Parce que Paul, mon mari, était son fils unique, Monsieur Jones a voulu nous donner un cadeau de noces merveilleux et il a décidé de nous donner des vacances formidable à l'étranger.

D'abord nous sommes allés en Autriche pour faire du ski; nous y sommes restés une quinzaine. Comme je me suis amusée! 'l'après ski' était très gai et nous sommes allés à beaucoup de discothèques et aux restaurants de luxe pour manger des repas délicieux.

Puis nous sommes allés à Londres pour passer la fête de Noël avec mon frère. C'était fantastique - un rêve réalisé d'aller à Westminster Abbey pour la messe de minuit, la veille de Noël. Après l'office nous sommes promenés un peu et il a commencé à neiger - très romanesque!

Après Londres nous sommes allés à Copenhague pour visiter ma soeur, son mari et leur nouvel enfant. Copenhague en plein hiver était exactement comme les contes de fée de Hans Christian Andersen avec la neige et les jours presque comme la nuit. Nous avons passé une soirée au Tivoli et nous nous sommes souvent battus avec les boules de neige.

Enfin nous sommes rentrés en Afrique du Sud et pendant trois semaines nous étions étendus sur la plage pour devenir un peu bruns.

Ces vacances étaient les plus formidables de ma vie, un début splendide à notre vie conjugale et notre meilleur cadeau de noces.

(C.ROBINSON
STD IX.)

UN INCIDENT DE VACANCES

Pendant les vacances j'ai passé un week-end chez mon amie, Judy. Nous avons fait beaucoup de choses intéressantes et nous avons visités beaucoup de jolis coins du Cap pour nous amuser.

Quand j'étais chez moi encore une fois semblait un peu ennuyeuse et j'espérais retourner chez mon amie, mais ce n'était pas possible.

Un soir j'ai invité ma voisine et nous avons parlé au sujet des forçats qui s'étaient évadés.

Cette nuit, à presque une heure du matin je me suis levée, j'ai marché à la porte, je l'ai ouverte et, en chemise de nuit, j'ai couru à toute vitesse le long de la rue jusqu'à ce que j'ai gagné la maison de ma voisine. Je pensais que c'était la maison de Judy et que j'y retournais pour y passer la nuit.

J'ai frappé à la porte mais personne ne l'a ouverte et, tout à coup je me suis rendu compte de ce que je faisais. Je suis rentrée chez moi - mes parents m'avaient entendue quand j'ai quitté la

maison et donc ils étaient à la porte pour m'aider au lit.

Le lendemain je suis allé chez ma voisine demander si elle m'avait entendue la veille que j'étais somnambule. Elle m'a dit qu'elle avait tellement peur d'ouvrir la porte parce qu'elle pensait que j'étais un forcat.

Pendant les nuits suivantes mes parents ont caché les clefs des portes, et, heureusement, je n'étais plus somnambule.

(C.ROBINSON
STD IX.)

EN HIVER

En hiver il fait froid
 Mes mains deviennent bleues
 Mon nez rougit
 Mais il fait chaud dedans.

Il neige quelquefois,
 Il pleut beaucoup,
 Et le soleil ne brille jamais;
 Nous buvons du café chaud
 Pour nous chauffer.

(R.MEYNELL. G.BROWNE
 STD VII.)

MA GRAND'MÈRE

Ma grand'mère s'appelait Grue-Grue. Elle était Française mais elle habitait au Cap, dans une grande maison à Claremont. Elle était très gentille et généreuse et faisait tout ce qu'elle pouvait pour tout le monde, mais particulièrement pour sa famille.

Le matin elle se reveillait de bonne heure, donnait à manger aux chats et au chien. Elle avait deux chats qui s'appelaient Pushty et Misti. Le chien s'appelait Prince. Ensuite elle allait dans les magasins faire ses courses. Quand elle revenait à la maison elle buvait toujours avec plaisir une tasse de café. Puis elle lisait son journal ou des romans, des fois plusieurs romans par semaine. Elle écrivait aussi beaucoup de lettres aux différents membres de la famille en France.

Sa maison avait un joli jardin remplis de belles fleurs et de grands arbres. Cette maison avait beaucoup de pièces et ma grand'mère employait une gentille bonne qui était avec elle depuis plusieurs années et était aussi sa dame de compagnie.

(JEANNE FRANCK
 STD VIII)

LEGERE.

Sedi in mea sella
 Legers de nauta.
 Ubi, subito vidi
 Ignavissimum puerum humi.
 "Quid facit?", dici
 "Petere, mi fili".
 "Cui?", exclamavi.
 "Violas", ignave.

M. Higgins,
 Standard 8.

FESTINO DOMUM.

Ad villam ambulo, ambulo;
 Ad domum festino, festino;
 Gaudium! Gaudium! matrem video,
 Patrem, fratrem et canem.

"Merhercule, merhercule", inquit mater.
 "Estne illum John video?
 Ita vero! Ita vero!
 John ad domum redit! "

C. Gawith,
 Standard 7.

DAS IST WUNDERBAR

Jedeman denkt, so warm
 Sonniges Wetter, wie schön,
 Aber dann wind es kalt,
 Und dunkle wolken ziehen dahin,
 Doch für mich
 ist es so am Besten.

Der Nebel verbreitet sich
 Und es sieht nach Regen aus.
 Und der Winter mit Schnee
 Kommt langsam in's Land,
 Und dann das Barometer füllt.
 Das finde ich wunderbar!

WIE SPÄT IST ES?

Meine Uhr die steht
 Konnen sie mir sagen
 Wie spät es ist.
 Es ist unglaublich
 Wie die Zeit doch fliegt
 Noch gestein dachtich,
 Das hat keire Eile,
 Doch ich sebe ein,
 Mittler weile,
 Ging meire schöne Uhr eintzwei.

DER FRÜHLING.

Jeden Frühling haben wir grüne Bäume,
Sie sehen sehr schön aus,
Die Blätter kommen raus,
Weil die Sonne jeden tag scheint.

Im Frühling ist die Sonne warm
und die Vögel singen früh morgens.
Man kann auch zum Strand gehen,
Die Blumen blühen in vielen Farben,
Brau, gelb, und viele andere.

Der Mai ist gekommen, die Bäume schlagen aus.
Wer da zu Haus bleibt, der ist ein Narr.
Alle Vögel sind schon da, alle Vögel alle.
Amsel, Drossel, Fink und Star, und die ganze, Vogelschar
Wünschen Dir ein frohes Jahr lauter Heil und Segen.

Hech auf dem guten Wagen sitze ich
beim vordem. Hürtig die Rosse Trabem,
Lustig schmottert das Horn,
Wiesen und Felder und Auen,
Fliegen vorbei geschwind. Mochte ja so
gerne noch schwenken, aber der Wagen
der rollt.

G. Plum,
Standard 6.

חורף

חורף כה קר

וכה קפד קר.

עץ ערק.

לוא צפור שר.

פניק כה חורף ע'ם.

אה קצת הקט'צרה!

WINTER

It's WINTER,

AND It's COLD.

TREES ARE BARE,

NO BIRDS SING.

FACES ARE PALE AND TIRED.

AH FOR THE SPRING!

S. FINE.

StD. 7.

M. PEDER.
STB. 9.



EDITORS' NOTE.

Our grateful thanks to all Jagger girls who contributed to this magazine. Their willing co-operation helped to make our task more enjoyable. We also appreciated the keen interest shown by Gill Austin and Liz Jeffery and their much needed encouragement.

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We thoroughly enjoyed the work involved and hope it will be of interest to all who read it.

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