

Jagger
magazine.

mcmxxv.

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reports :

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MESSAGE FROM OUR HOUSE MISTRESS

First of all a welcome to our new girls, Susan Nolan and Catherine Aubrey in Standard V111 and Tania Braun in Standard V11 and to all our new V1's, who I hope will have every reason to be proud Jaggerites.

It certainly seems so, for, after a disappointing performance last year the House set to work with a more enthusiastic spirit this January. It was a pleasure to see every member involved in the Swimming Gala in some capacity or other, and the close second Jagger achieved that day has been repeated in other sports so far.

In school work there has already been a marked improvement, most girls seem to have worked really hard for the June examinations.

I have just one complaint. I know holidays relax the brain, but is it necessary to be so forgetful about School Feeding and Charity money? Last term some girls were so dilatory that some money came in too late to be included in our cheque to the Nyanga Welfare Centre. It will be added to this term's charity, but it should have been in on time. Against that I have been able to take a very fine collection of jerseys, to which every girl had contributed a garment, to CAFDA in time for the very first cold spell, early last term.

Keep up the good work; above all work together, discover and respect each other's hidden talents in competitions like this Magazine and the Inter House Concert and, as you sang last year, "With a little bit o' luck..."

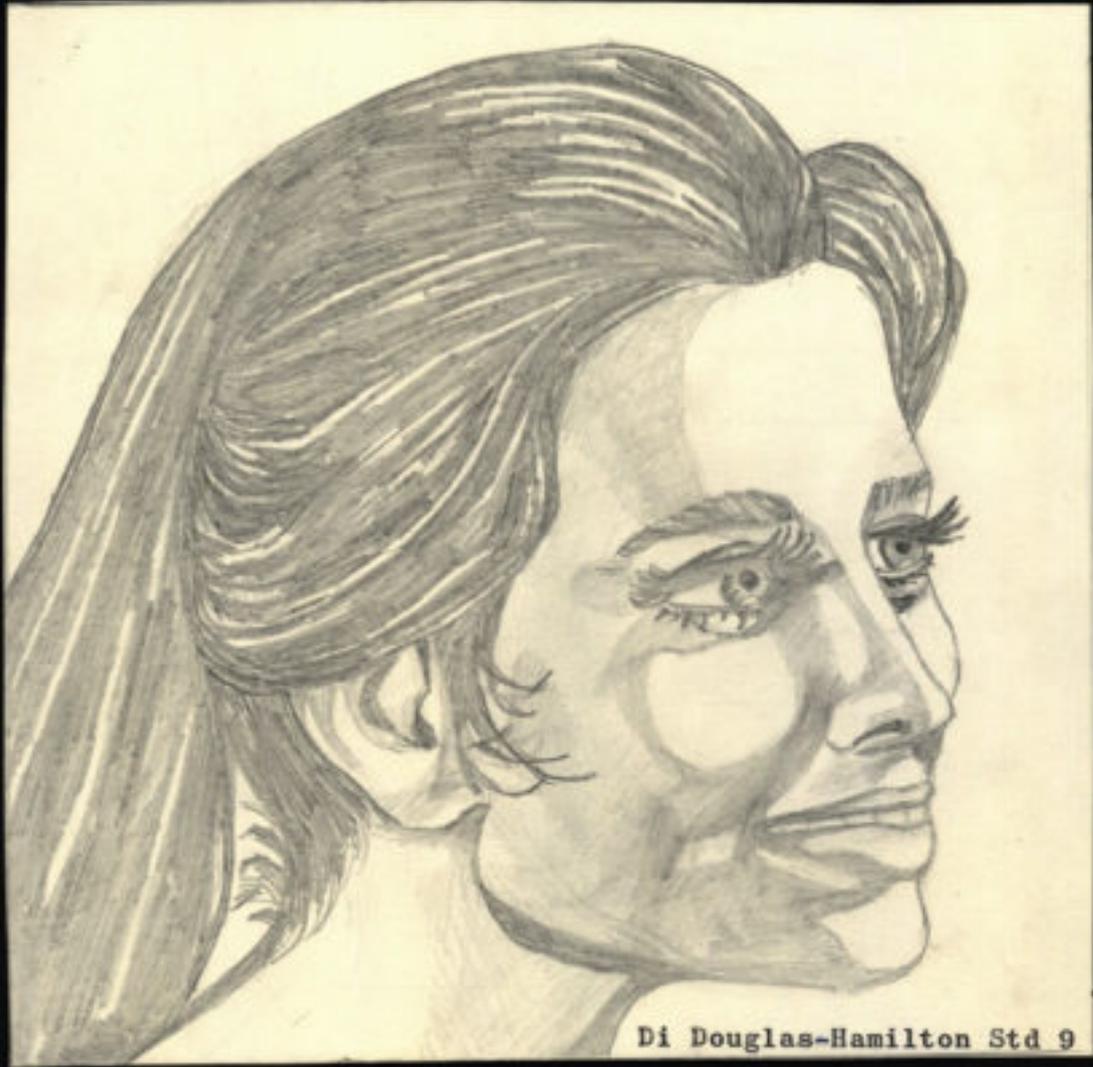
B. McC.

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MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT

The Mountain Club which consists of approximately 23 girls got off to a very good and active start this year but as so often happens in the second and third terms we have been rather hampered by wet weather.

One particularly memorable day was when we set off at about 7.30 am and headed towards du Toit's Kloof. Once there we climbed for about one and a half hours through the most beautiful veld and arrived at a most welcome-looking river pool where we 'cooled off' and then proceeded to go on a ninety-degree scramble up and over boulders to a most impressive waterfall where we again swam. After lunch we swam up the river and at 4 o'clock started on a weary path home.



Di Douglas-Hamilton Std 9

the broadcast came as a pleasant surprise to many of us.

On May 10th, the Chamber Choir sang at the wedding of Lynne Cunningham at Elgin. For the occasion two mini-busses were hired for the transportation of the choir and the afternoon was one of great enjoyment.

On July 27th the choir joined with the St. Saviour's Church choir in a Sunday church broadcast. We sang an anthem and united with the St. Saviour's choir for the psalm.

Of the 36 girls in the choir, 11 are in Jagger. They are: J. Bettison, B. van Alphen Stahl, J. Thomas, M. Adam, S. Bell, J. Wilson, J. Torr, F. Lawson, N. Dauncey, R. English and M. Jacobson. Of these, J. Thomas, S. Bell, J. Wilson, M. Adam, and F. Lawson are in the Chamber Choir.

J. Thomas.

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MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

The M.A.D. Club this year has been a great success. The evenings held at the end of the first and second terms were enjoyed both by those participating and those watching.

The music items between the drama items brought a welcome change to the programme. The pianists and players of other instruments must be congratulated on a fine performance.

The art which is hung up on the walls brings life into the hall and although the artists are never seen, they do play a very important rôle.

The drama does tend to dominate the scene as many girls are involved in 'once-a-week drama classes'. Their work during the term is in preparation for M.A.D. Evening. The end of the first term said goodbye to Mrs Mordicai whom everyone was sad to see leave, but the beginning of the new term welcomed a new drama teacher Mrs Just, who is always full of modern ideas and this seems to inspire her pupils tremendously. Both the junior and senior drama groups must be commended for the enthusiasm with which they work and for the high standard of acting which is maintained.

This evening enables parents and fellow-students to see what their children and friends have achieved during the term.

M.A.D. Club is an essential part of Herschel life and is the highlight of every term.

B. van Alphen Stahl.

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HERSCHEL MATRIC DANCE 1975

On April 12th the grand occasion of our Matric Dance took place. Needless to say, the preparations for it had been taking place for many months beforehand. Another thing which had been occurring as well as the discussions were the inevitable disagreements. I think we must have argued over just about everything it was possible to argue over: the theme, the band, the food. One thing that we did not have any trouble about was the day, and that had already been decided for us!

The theme 'Paris in the Spring' finally proved itself to be the most popular, and after numerous bands had been rejected, 'Lincoln' was the one which remained. With regard to the food, it was decided that a caterer would be the simplest. With these factors in mind the arrangements for the decoration of the hall gradually went ahead.

The Friday afternoon and evening before the dance were devoted to the decoration of the hall. This amazingly enough went off very smoothly and without a hitch. The only nasty moment was when it was discovered that not enough paper flowers had been made to fill the net which was strung across the ceiling. A last-minute spurt of work plus a few generous volunteers remedied this however. After the last-minute touches on Saturday morning the only thing which remained for us to do was to return home and endeavour to make ourselves as beautiful as possible.

The first chance we had of viewing each others' partners was at the before party which was at Camilla's house. I think we all decided that our own specimens ranked among the best present and with that comforting thought in mind we left the Whites' palatial establishment and set out for Herschel.

At the entrance to the hall we were greeted by Dr Silberbauer and her husband, and then proceeded into the hall itself. It was this fresh glimpse of our work that I expect we will always remember, and in such a setting it was obvious that we could do nothing else but enjoy ourselves to the full. As the evening wore on this idea indeed proved itself to be correct.

The food was superb and the band, although a little on the heavy side at times, was very versatile and could not be faulted on the quality of the music. Indeed, if the dancing became a little tiring, watching the singer was a form of entertainment in itself! At 12 o'clock, Margo gave a vote of thanks, and with that we all departed to continue our festivities elsewhere.

The after-party was held at Jenny's house where the dancing again proceeded, this time accompanied by a discotheque. As the time wore on and we all became more exhausted, the

dancing gave way to a film and after this we were all once again on the move.

A rather tired group of people eventually arrived at Suzette's house for a champagne breakfast and having consumed all that it is possible to consume at such an early hour, we set off for home. Thus yet another Matric Dance celebration drew to a close.

J. Thomas.

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INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY

An open and under-15 Jagger team took part in the Inter-House Hockey competition. The open team played first against Merriman and beat them 1-0. In their second match they unfortunately lost to Rolt 1-3. It was a most exciting match.

Having won their first match against Rolt the final results depended on the under-15 match against Merriman. Although the team played well they just could not hold out and unfortunately lost 0-2 to Merriman.

Thus the final result was Rolt first with 5 points, Jagger a close second with 4 points and Merriman third with 2 points. Both teams are to be congratulated!

Captain: T. Douglas-Hamilton.
Vice: B. van Alphen Stahl.

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M.I.X. REPORT

Comitee: P. King (Chairman), K. wessels, M. Stubbings
B. Sandell, V. Farquhar, C. Gawith.

1975 has been a very successful and prosperous year for the M.I.X. (Meeting in Christ) Club.

The Bible studies led by Mrs. Tyler and Mrs, Spence have been very interesting and outstanding. Our sincere thanks go to them for their work and help with the Club.

The Social Evening held with Bishop's Friday Club in the Herschel hall was very enjoyable and the talk given by Reverend Cooke at this evening added to the spiritual uplift of a light-show inthe second Coming.

Our grateful thanks go to others who have helped in one way or other to achieve a high standard of entertain-ment. We gratefully appreciated the time spent by Mrs. W. Forsythe, who led our singing groups with her guitar.

Debra Douglas=Hamilton

SWIMMING REPORT

Swimming in the first term was very exciting and got off to a good start with quite a number of small friendly galas against neighbouring schools.

The Inter Schools gala was great fun, the team swam well and tremendous spirit was shown. We certainly felt that all the early morning practises had been worthwhile after all!

Of course the Inter House gala was the climax of the season and we were neck and neck with Eolt throughout. Unfortunately, even after winning the last exciting relay Jagger was pipped by a few points. The team swam very well and Linda Swanepoel and Michelle Jacobson excelled themselves. Rosemary Howell and Judy Wilson must be congratulated on winning the breaststroke and sharing the backstroke cups respectively.

Congratulations to the following girls for having been awarded their swimming badges: Tracey van Eeden, Michelle Jacobson, Juanita van der Merwe.

Tessa Douglas-Hamilton
Judy Wilson

BALLROOM DANCING

Although everybody felt rather self conscious to begin with, ballroom dancing has turned out to be a great success.

Everyone has passed the elementary stages of counting 1,2, 3,4, and standing on one another's feet so as to avoid collisions. Mrs Springs enthusiasm and patience has encouraged many a pessemist and self conscious pupil.

Although the Waltz appears easy down the straight, but when one approaches a corner it is quite a different matter.

By the end of this term with perseverance Herschel will have produced some promising dancers.

Catherine Aubrey
Sandra Gant

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Our first debate was held in February this year against Bishops. Terry Lloyd-Roberts and Sharon Gird cleverly opposed the motion 'Florence Nightingale contributed more to mankind than William Wilberforce. Unfortunately the boys outwilled the girls and Herschel lost the debate.

One Wednesday during a Sociological Club afternoon we staged a mock trial. We based our case on a Benjamin Bennet story. The two lawyers, Martine Franck and Judy Wilson kept the jury alias the audience thinking and guessing and finally they produced the verdict 'not guilty'. This was truly a very successful afternoon and a lot of the speaking was impromptu which was a very good thing. A lot more speaking of this nature should be done.

This year the Centres of Interest Competition organized by the South African Council for English Education was held in March. Herschel chose the theme 'Black', and the following girls took part; Georgie Deal, Niki Kohler, Credwin Thomson and Jane Coombe. Their portrayal was very good and were chosen to enter the finals the following night at Sans Souci. Unfortunately, however, they did not win but were placed a very close second and were complimented on their fine performances.

The second term began with hurried preparations for the Inter Schools Competition. Every Wednesday after lunch Mrs Saffery held practice sessions. We had discovered last year that our knowledge of world affairs was very scant and this had to be remedied. So we were all encouraged to read our Time Magazines and daily newspapers very thoroughly. It was arranged for the newspapers to be placed in the boarding house for the borders. Before the big day we held an evening of forum discussions at school with Hertzlia. Three teams (one from each school and one mixed) spoke and the evening proved most interesting. Afterwards coffee and cake were served.

The Interschools Forum discussion Competition was held in April at SACS. The following girls were selected for the team: Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Barbi van Alphen Stahl, Martine Franck, Caroline Parker and Mary Messaris. We competed against Bishops, Rhenish and Springfield but unfortunately did not go through to the finals.

Our Inter-house public speaking competition will be held later in the year. Good luck Jagger!

M. Franck

TENNIS REPORT

Herschels tennis has improved tremendously and our thanks go to our enthusiastic coach, Miss Kable who always encourages her players.

The season for both Open and Under 15 teams was most successful and all team players must be congratulated and thanked for giving up every Saturday morning to represent their school

Jane Bettison, Martine Franck, Tessa Douglas-Hamilton, Barbara van Alphen Stahl, Shelley Bell, Debra and Di Douglas Hamilton, Jean Franck, Judy Wilson, Mary Bettison, Diane Loria, Vivian Malherbe, Rose Meynell, Linda Swanepoel and Catherine Aubrey are the girls, belonging to Jagger, who help to make the tennis team the success and fun that it is,

Rose Meynell and Vivian Malherbe are to be especially commended for their magnificent achievement in winning the U 16 Western Province Tennis Championships.

Sans Souci, Ellerslie, Wynber, Pinelands, Rustenburg, are among the schools we have played, only one of our games was 'washed out', maybe it was fortunate for us, as we had not lost one match yet!

On the 8th March, the U 15 Inter Schools Competition was held. It really was exciting and unfortunately Herschel lost to Rustenburg in the finals, coming second overall. The following Saturday was the Open Inter Schools Competition but alas once again Rustenburg pipped us at the post.

There are many up and coming tennis stars and I wish them all the best of luck and I know that both those cups which we so narrowly lost this year will be sitting on Herschels shelves next year.

B. van Alphen Stahl

SQUASH REPORT

At the end of the third term last year Herschel won the cup at the Inter Schools Championships. Susan Batho and Jenny Pentz from Merrimen and Margo McLachlan and Stacey Smith Chandler of Rolt are to be congratulated on been chosen for special coaching. Special congratulations go to Margo Susan and Stacey for been selected for the Colts team to go to Rhodesia at the end of August to compete in the Interprovincial Championships. Jagger wishes them the best of luck.

From the above it can clearly be seen that Herschel has a very powerful team and this is due to our excellent Springbok coach, Jill Eckstein. This year for the first time at school level, league squash was introduced. Every alternate week the various schools play matches against one another. This has proved very beneficial because before this, the first time some players ever played competitive squash was at Inter-schools. However now the players are gaining far more experience and thus more confidence.

Herschel featured very well in the Cinzano Under 21 Championships and the U 15 Championships will be played later this term.

At the end of the second term the Herschel 1st team was very privileged to have the opportunity of being coached by the famous Aub Amos of Australia. He gave us some very good tips and fitness exercises which are indispensable for any good squash player.

We still have our School and Interhouse Champions to play and I hope that we Jagger girls will all play our best!

Martine Franck

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society has not been very active this year but what we have had had been pleasing to note the interest displayed by the middle school pupils in these evenings.

On Wednesday 12 th our Librarian Miss Tremble gave a very animated and interesting illustrated talk on the History of Hollywood. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed her talk on a subject which is most definitely her forté.

Our next meeting was on March 5 when Mr and Mrs Abe Chalet gave a very informative talk on the kibbutzes in Israel. This couple had spent a holiday on a kibbutz and thus they were able to provide self-experienced knowledge thereof.

In the second term Mr and Mrs Frater gave a talk, illustrated with slides on Minos and the Minoans. They had been there themselves and were therefor able to impart some very interesting information.

On Wednesday July 30 Miss Sheilagh Fort gave us a very good talk on Heraldry. Miss Fort actually designs crests herself and she showed us various monograms and explained their significance and history.

Martine Franck.

LIBRARY REPORT 1975

This year has been a very busy year for the library. New books have been bought and old ones have been extracted. Girls who did not read much have been encouraged by Miss Tremble and are now reading well.

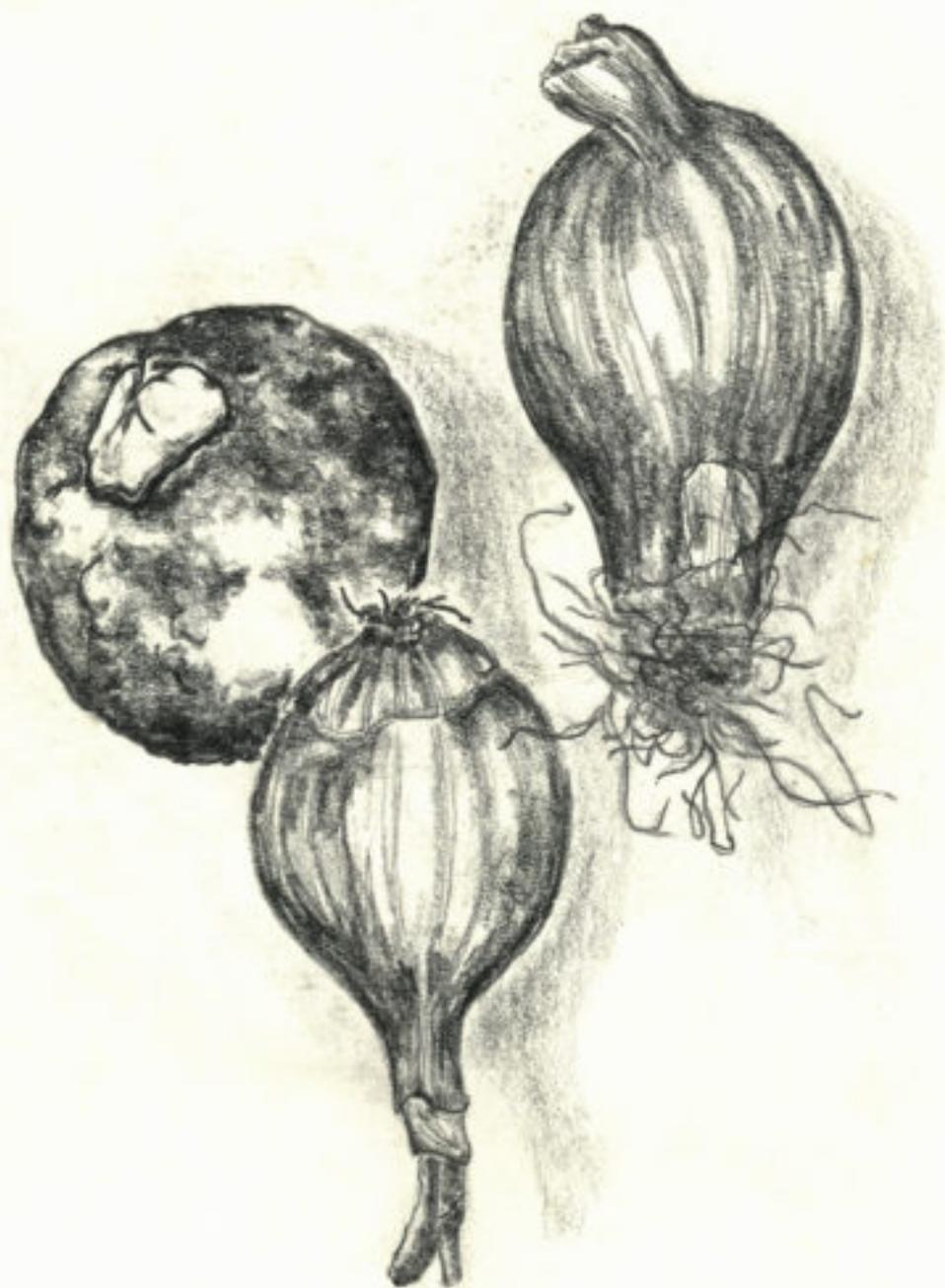
This year's library prefects in Jagger have been Clare Gawith, Rosemary Meynell and Marion Wormersley, who have helped in the library during the week.

The use of the newspaper in the library every day has not been very great, but perhaps this is due to the fact that the daygirls read theirs at home. Fewer magazines have been bought this year as only the select few were reading certain magazines which were expensive.

The latest set of Encyclopedia Britannica was bought this year and arrived in the second term. These books have proved to be most useful for projects and themes in that they have all the up to date statistics.

I hope that the library will continue to flourish as it has done this year.

Jennifer Torr



english :

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SHAKESPEARE IN THE OPEN AIR

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Plunge
backwards. Head
 reels
split second
breakthrough.

A different world
where green
recedes in
dense imperceptibility
Novel shapes
loom, luminously
iridescent, eerily
retreating.

Forward ease

eyes latch on as hands
follow suit
 to sooty black knob
latched to black-tea red
rock.

Tug

Twist writhe slide Slip in
 muddled con-
fusion as
with force kick and
 effort
 it breaks a-
way causing
swirl and backward fall.

Head reels
 breath out
plunge Up
split second breakthrough.

Clutched in triumph-
ant hands
One perlemon.

SUMMER EVENING.

In the cool, liquid shadow of a stretching pine, I saw a horse, pale as milk, shake his mane and whine his silent fears to the sky. The dark air shimmered and twitched with fireflies which burst from every bush, and filled the stillness with their humming. Hundreds of faceted wings threw momentary slits of light between the leaves. The night smelt of summer grass and syringa. My mind was caught in the heady scent of a magnolia, which teased me with its dizzy ripeness until I reached out and touched its skin. Then I looked up, and above me a net of stars was drawn across the pool of the sky, and in the net lay the moon, like a curved claw, and wonder filled my head like a dream.

From behind the darkness the sharp, thin cry of some heat-mad cricket slit the air, and lazy replies from a myriad friends poured into the night. My eyes turned to where a late, sleepy lizard slunk and skidded over rich moss and disappeared in the thick shadows of an oak, leaving nothing but a waving grass to justify that he had ever been there at all. A cat lay on the stones, soaking up the remembrance of the sun's heat, and flickering his idle eyes at the bowed honeysuckle. The trees sighed and shook in the evening air, and in their shade fat, red watermelons lay and bled.

Lucinda Beer
 Matric.

.....

VISIONS OF MORNING.

The sun yawns -
 a wide, dazzling mouth above the mountain,
 and a straying wind ruffles the branches,
 scattering handfuls of birds in the air.
 And here, did God touch the ground?
 for I see a narcissus, white as a gull
 in the quiet morning,
 and perfect as a star.

And I dance in the grass
 with joy with joy.

Lucinda Beer
 Matric

.....

THE GOLDSMITH.

Axel von Hesselbörg, the goldsmith, sat with his elbow on the table and his chair pushed back far enough to allow for his ample stomach. He turned his head aside and cleared his throat. "Yes, it does seem strange, mind you, he did go into town several times to see the doctor."

Axel and a few of the older, more trusted members of the village were discussing the sudden death of Goldmund Geier, the mayor, over a steaming roast.

The village was a very closely-knit community and they all relied on one another for survival. In spite of their very simple way of life (the village having neither flush sanitation nor electricity) the villagers were not poor, and even in the face of the rising cost of gold Axel seemed to be living even better than before. Yet something was happening to the villagers, it was destroying the security in their lives. Something was happening in the village and no one quite knew what it was. Their trust in one another and their reliance on one another was crumbling and consequently they were neither as happy nor as well off as before. This feeling of unrest and uncertainty seemed to have been in the village for a long time, but when anyone actually sat down to think they could never say when exactly it had started. Now it had reached a climax with the death of the mayor, who had upheld the community by his wisdom, righteousness and his love for them all. In the last year or so there had been quite a few deaths among the older and wealthier part of the community. No one had ever thought that the corpses need undergo a post mortem.

Axel pushed his chair back and stood up claiming that he wasn't leaving them for better company, but that his work necessitated his leaving. He promised to do the gold leafing for the mayor's coffin.

He went home, gave his wife the routine kiss and went to the laboratory where his wife made candles for the villagers. He noted with satisfaction that the wicks were still out and the wax was simmering in the moulds. He took the wicks and dipped them into a solution, then replaced them. Then he walked to his workshop where the coffin was. He opened it, removed the gold from the mayor's teeth, closed it and nailed it down. He melted the gold and proceeded to smooth it thinly on to the letters on the tombstone and coffin.

The following day while Axel was attending the funeral Herta von Hesselbörg went to the laboratory to finish her candles. She picked up the wicks, put them in the moulds, and was about to put the wax in, when something caught her eye. It was a small bottle with a wick sticking out of it. She read the label. Arsenic. Puzzled, she took the wicks out of the moulds and smelt them. They had been dipped in the arsenic. She replaced them and poured the wax over them.

Staff.

TUTANKHAMUN,

Walking stick
4 chairs
Cass.

Muse. -

~~Muse~~ sign -

When they had cooled she took the candles out of Axel's room and put the arsenical ones in their place.

That night she went to bed smiling, her gold teeth flashing, knowing that Axel would never beat her up again. What she didn't know was that Axel had changed her candles that morning.

M. Adam.

Std 9

.....

ON THE RUN.

Footsteps! The police?
 I must run. But where?
 Darkness enfolded its arms around me.
 That noise, deep voices, men's voices!
 That shed; it's empty, but dark.
 I must hide. Behind that cupboard, quick!
 My heart is beating. Oh, if only it would stop.
 They're passing; the footsteps are slower.
 They're coming in the direction of the shed.
 The door, it's creaking open... it's only the wind.
 The men, where are they? Not here anymore?
 I'm free once again. But not for long; they'll
 be after me again although I'm an innocent man.

N. Dauncey.

Std 7

.....

A BLUE LAGOON.

The peace of a blue lagoon,
 Enchanting still waters,
 Mirroring hills and woods -
 The image only broken by a diving gull.

J. Womersley

Std. 6.

.....

THE HUNT.

Four o'clock. The man went into a telephone booth on the outskirts of the town, and dialled any number because he had to talk about it. He got a woman on the line. He carefully chose his words and tried to give his voice a humble and polite sound, as he was afraid that the lady would hang up on him, but she did not. She was in fact listening so patiently that he even told her of his lost book, suppressed by religious bodies.

"They're always hunting me. I have nowhere to go. I shall have to go back, but they are so cruel, miss. I shall never get free."

After that, he left the town and when he reached the provincial road it was dark and the cars flashed by. He felt intensely tired. He had to find his book or write it again. If only they did not hunt him like that! Why did they not understand.

He sat down in a ditch and he was cold, but the despair was even worse; it was draining all the life in him away. He would never find his book and he lacked the willpower to write it again.

They had ruined him, in these six years.

"You can have a little holiday," the doctor had said. He had reacted calmly and not too pleasantly, otherwise they would get suspicious. Did he tell the lady that he had to go back long ago?

The despair was unbearable now. Black. It had to stop. He got his penknife and cut himself in his pulse. It was a thin, hot pain, just as on the previous occasions. The blood ran luke warm in his hand; it was a pleasant feeling. But why did no one care for him? Did he have to bleed to death?

Then he found himself sitting with a handkerchief around his arm and heard the truckdriver ask: "What has happened to your arm?"

"Nothing," he said.

"But there is blood all over your hand?"

"I think I cut myself."

Did he doze off then?

Suddenly he was in a room with the police and one said, "Relax." But that was not at all necessary. He was dead calm and explained very clearly how his theory

worked. It was all very simple, if you only saw it.

"I am a genius, mister," he said nearly apologetically.
"I cannot help it."

"Calm down, we do not want to harm you."

Four men surrounded him.

He was trapped.

Eva de Rooy
Std 8.

.....

THE CHILD.

A tiny child is born this day
Into a world of little play

A world dominated by time
Money, pollution, drink and crime.

Oh why, why must it go on this way
When everyone's sad and no one's gay?

Must men destroy all living things
All birds, beasts and things with wings.

E. Gawith.

.....

HAPPINESS.

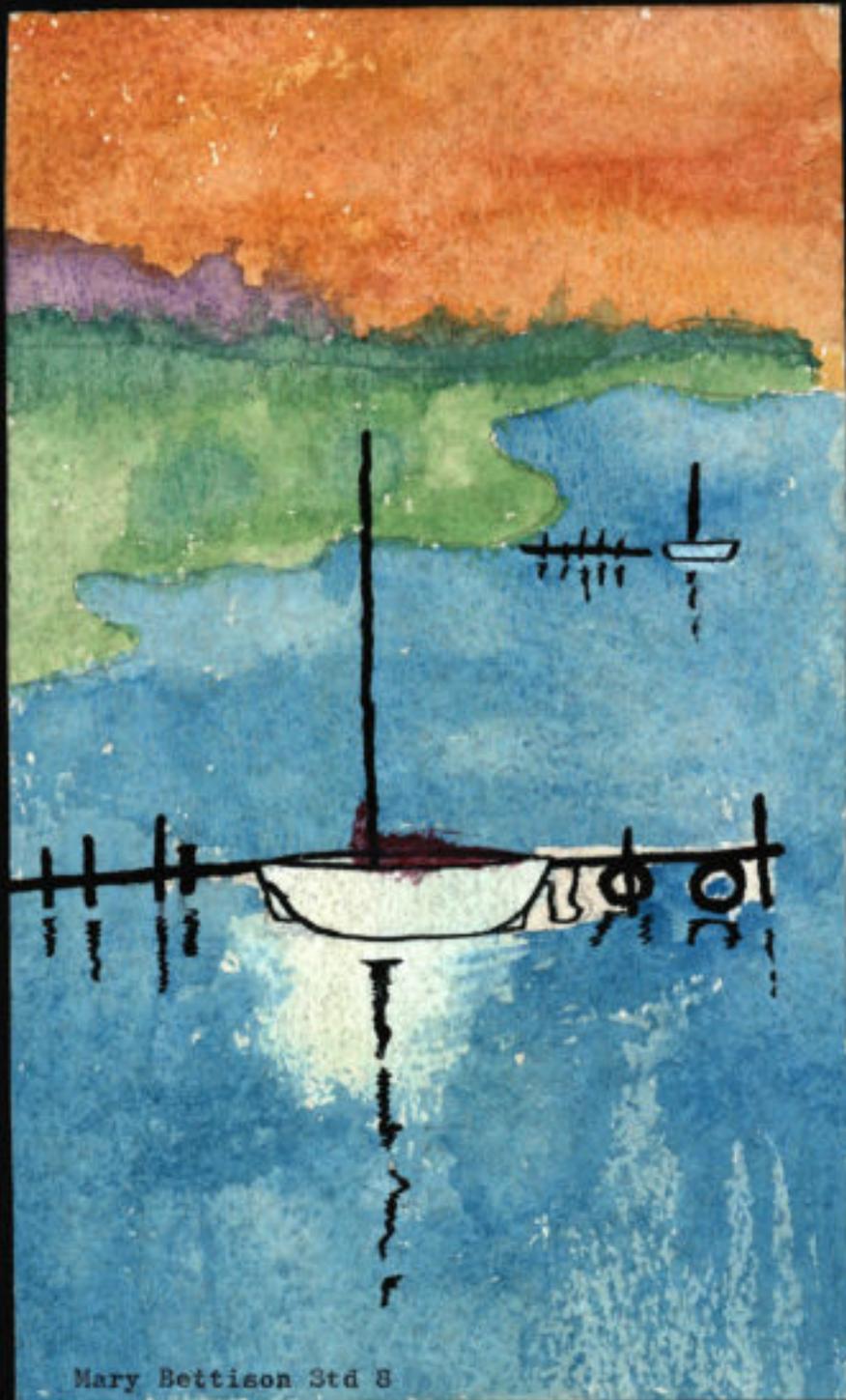
Far, far away in a far-off land
There sits a little boy playing in the sand.
Laughing, playing, shouting, smiling
Happiness is his name.

He is full of joy, he is full of fun,
Everywhere he goes the people laugh and shout.
Happiness is his name.

E. Gawith.

Std 7

.....



Mary Bettison Std 8

WAKING.

Cold air slips between my sleep-creased sheets.
I can't escape it - turning in my warm, snug cell
only makes it worse.
Through the grey shutters the sun can see me.
He winks and points a chilly finger
through the morning mist,
forcing me to acknowledge wakefulness.
Suddenly the quiet stillness in my mind jolts
to painful, sharp remembrance.
Last night, you left.

I curl up,
twisting away from my thoughts and the cold sun,
but I can't hide from the pebble of misery -
bitter in my mouth.
My skin aches for your touch,
(I can't deny that)
and I search for a hidden meaning in my sadness.
But I find none.
No meaning,
just that you have gone
like a black, silent bird in the night.

And now the sun has found me again -
pointing piercing fingers,
cold,
and I look for a hidden meaning in his eye.
And find none.

Lucinda Beer
Matric.

.....

THE GARDENER

I shot up as the doorbell rang and stood rigid with fear. It rang again. As my fright dissolved my stiff limbs loosened and as I limped to the door I swore that I would never stay at home alone again. I opened the door to find a big burly african, wearing a smart suit and a big pink hat, on the doorstep ready to press the bell again.

"Madam wants a garden boy," he announced firmly.

"No," I replied just as firmly. "Madam is not here and she does not need a gardener," I said, hoping he would go away quickly.

"Yes, I wait," and with that he sat himself down in the sun and would not budge. Defeated, I closed the door and returned to my book.

It took my mother ten minutes to discover that Langone knew absolutely nothing about gardening but she was unable to get rid of him and he talked her into giving him a three-day trial. At the end of that period he had done a great deal of damage in the garden, but had made great friends with the dogs and had wormed his way into our affection, becoming part of the establishment.

Our figs would vanish to be replaced by a big bunch of juicy grapes or a lovely ripe avocado pear. Plants disappeared overnight but the next day a different plant would be in its place. Explanations were never forthcoming - merely a big show of white teeth and, "Never mind, Madam."

Langone's biggest passion in life was hats and no hat was safe within his reach. Two days after its disappearance I spotted my school hat, very bedraggled, perched high on Langone's big head. A few weeks later he took a fancy to our maid's 'doek' and went about with my mother's favourite silk scarf, which he had 'borrowed' tied tightly around his head!

Every afternoon Oriba, a fat jolly woman, whom we took to be his wife, came and sat on our lawn with her baby son. Whenever I joined them I was greeted with a wide toothless grin and a babble of praising words. Our coloured maid, Stienie, seemed to get on very well with them all. They were indeed a happy family and we were very content.

Suddenly the peace of our world was shattered like the violent eruption of a volcano. Edith had arrived! We came home to hear a loud altercation taking place in the backyard. Langone's lawful wife had rushed from the Transkei on hearing that he had taken another wife.

A greater contrast between the two women would be hard to find. Edith was small and wiry but determined while Oriba was fat and flabby and pliable. The two women had sprung at each

other and nails were clawing and teeth were bared. Langone was jumping up and down next to them, shouting madly as he gave them each an occasional bash with the broomstick. Stienie stood by, amused.

A week later Oriba was dead! Stabbed in the back, her body was found in her room at the place where she had worked. The murderer had left no clues at all and her room was as neat as usual. The police took Langone away for two days for questioning but he was able to prove his whereabouts at the time of the murder so he was released.

This was not the case with Edith. She was taken away for questioning but she did not come back. After many months in prison she stood trial and was found guilty of the murder of Oriba.

Langone would have gone to pieces if it were not for Stienie. She nursed him through the sorrow and grief with gentle and loving care. Although she was coloured he took her as his wife.

One day Langone appeared at the door ashen-faced. "I am going back home, Madam," he whispered.
 "But why?" my mother cried in alarm. "What has happened?"
 Wordlessly he opened his hand and a cheap St. Christopher glittered on his palm. Oriba's name was engraved on the back.
 "I found this in Stienie's drawer and I know Oriba was wearing it the day she died..."

Erica Graham
 Std 9.

.....

THE PHARAOH

Sitting on a high chair
 In the middle of the hall,
 Sat the great Pharaoh
 And her son so tall.

All around her were her slaves
 Who waited hand and foot,
 And when her guests arrived
 They all said "Hatshepsut."

Sharon Nel
 Std 6.

.....

THE VISIT.

I can still clearly remember one of my first films of a long time ago, and silent, of course.

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon, the family were bored and there was a loaded atmosphere at home. My father eventually agreed to take us to the cinema. Half an hour later my mother, my father, my two sisters and I were seated in the cinema in our clammy and damp rain clothes. Soon we would see what was behind that sweet and sentimental title "Mother".

The story was about a mother and two sons, one good son and one bad son. Everything went well until the good son left. There followed a period of great misery, in which the bad son was unspeakably cruel to his old mother. He even let her work in an old railway station. At last the good son came back and saved his mother from this suffering. I can still see the good son taking his mother in his arms and comforting her. Slowly the tears formed in my eyes and a lump came into my throat. When the light went on, I saw that my mother and sisters were weeping too. My father looked like a man who was bearing his sorrow with dignity.

When we were on the way home, my mother, still sniffing, suggested that we all go and visit my grandmother and take her some flowers.

The old lady seemed very surprised and slightly put out when we arrived (we actually never visited her), especially as our greeting verged on the hysterical, since we threw our arms around her neck. My father, clearing his throat, presented the flowers. She was at the best of times a rather ill-tempered old lady, and this show of affection filled her with the deepest suspicion. We sat around uncomfortably for another half-hour... and then we went home.

Eva de Rooy
Std. 8.

.....

SILHOUETTES.

They walked along the damp beach,
While the moon shone on to the waters that spilled
 on the sand,
And the coast was fringed with a line of foam.

J. Womersley
Std 6.

.....

GOING TO THE STATION AT NIGHT

"Six thirty! Already!" I looked outside. Dark. "Look everybody, I must go, it's late. I've got to catch a train."

"A train? You're crazy! All the skollies hang around the stations!"

Guffaws of laughter. I made my way towards the door. As I pushed it open, someone shouted, "Be careful of strange men!"

I waved, and had a final picture of them all, grouped together, smug in the fug of sizzled steaks.

The door swung closed, and the laughter and noise were switched off, abruptly. It was dark. As I moved forwards, the cold scrubbed my face and legs. Should I catch a bus? (skollies at stations). But by admitting my fear, I had blocked that way out. I had to prove to myself that I was not a coward.

The flower sellers were going. The flowers were dead. The street lights flicked on. Relief? No. They were evidence of the darkness, the lateness. I crossed the road. The lights of a car scrutinised me. I could not see who was behind the wheel. I ran for the pavement.

Concentrating on not thinking, on being as unimaginative as I could, I strode towards my destination. Footsteps hurried up behind me. I hustled forward, and looked over my shoulder. It was a Man. He caught up with me, brushed against me, and then... he carried straight on, uninterested in me.

I had to leave the road. No way out of it. I had to pass the empty market stalls. But lying there was a drunk, muttering figure, a bottle next to him. Head down, hands tense inside my pockets, I hurried past him, at as fast a pace as I could manage.

The subway! At night! I gripped the cold, grey piping at the entrance, and began to go down the steps. A concentrated smell of wine clawed at my nose. I held my breath.

As I began to cross the slippery concrete, I heard the heavy tread of man coming down the steps on the other side, two by two. My scalp seemed to liquify, and roll down my back. All warmth left me, as the cold of fear pulled every muscle taut. Disconnected words flashed through my mind, "Rape... assault... use your knees."

I turned and fled up the steps, three at a time, through the dark, past the empty market place, along the road, oblivious of time, place or people. Breathing hurt, my lungs were dry, there was a stitch in my side. I hurled myself around the corner, and to the bus stop.

The robots turned green, and, trundling forward, came a lighted, yellow bus. I waved both arms frantically at it. It stopped, sighed, and the doors opened.

Kate Philip
Std 8.

.....

THE SEAGULL

Seagull

flies carelessly
towards
the sun
to paradise
to freedom...

I wish I
was a
flying
seagull

Rosemary Meynell
Std 8.

.....

DEATH OF A LEAF

Fluttering from a tree,
Falls -
To hard ground,
Only to be raked up and
Dumped into a blazing Autumn fire;
The leaf is no more.

Suzaane Ackerman
Std 6.

.....

A TIME TO KEEP.

Sitting in a dark, cool room, where time wandered absently from place to place in the quiet of my mind, I heard the soft round calls of doves fall like liquid down the chimney. at intervals the sounds would fade and instead I would hear the jagged rattle of some pebble on the roof, as the birds scratched between the tiles. The windows, filled with evening's trembling light, set rectangles behind my eyes which reflected like dusty mirrors the silhouetted trees beyond.

I stood up and walked through dim passages into the stillness of the garden to where trees stretched upwards. I sat there, where shadows gathered in the grass and spread to the tasselled creeper clawing across the wall. Light dripped from the leaves, dappling the warm stones, and I saw a grey ghecko with misty sun glazing his patterned scales. He stared entranced, then, as if shot by a sudden remembrance, slid away.

The purple flowers of a Jacaranda hung in the windless air, like sticky paper, and between the black branches the wide shield of the sky stretched, changing colour. I tried to stain my mind with the colours, but they faded and drifted in more memories, gone almost as quickly as the first. Thin, crusty clouds strayed like ink and disappeared in the winey air behind the mountain, thoughts rambling in a drunkard's mind; I wondered, were they ever there at all?

I lay, staring at the shaggy flower-heads in the last squares of light between the trees. Each was flushed with a strange luminosity, and frosted with the day's dust.. Under the canopy of evening their petals looked different, like small mossy hands reaching up to grab the bubbles of light, disappearing in the night's dark lake.

The doves, silenced by the waning joys of day, rose like blown ashes and floated away beneath the trees. I stood and moved over to a dripping tap. Each drop hung vibrating from the empty mouth, flashing with the sun's rainbow. One fell on a lingering snail. He hesitated, lifting pointed horns, and the water caught the half-light, gilding his streaky shell. The snail moved on, up the rough bark of an old oak. I searched the fluted trunk for some movement, some life, and found a spider, crouched like a dog in his frayed blanket. His body was small, but his legs so long and thin I thought they would break. I remembered a poem, read long ago:

"...In the middle
of my wide silken net,
fragile and strong
in the shifting wind,
I wait for my meat and drink..."

But even as I watched this silken house, it faded, and became dingy lace after the sun's last shafts, for the king of the day was abdicating, stepping from a magnificent throne to laze and laugh, and smile at the moon. I ran suddenly into the last receding patch of light, but I caught only the

crawling, jagged shadows. I reached out, trying to grasp the memories, but they dwindled. If only I could clasp the light, I would set it in resin from a thousand trees. If I could catch this moment... for when light fades it is a time to remember, to hold; it is a time to keep, if not in our hands, then in our minds, where it can surge remembered through the weary passages of this worldly life.

Lucinda Beer
Matric.

.....

SURVIVAL IN THE KAROO.

She wonders when he'll return
Looking questionly out the window
Where is he?
What is he doing?

Since he left

his beloved field has withered and died.
No longer does it bring fruit from the earth,
Nor help them in their struggle for survival.

The wind screeches through the veld,
the house,
the children - why them?

Each screech makes another child howl.

And then

Silence

Leaving her more lonesome than before.

Kathy Ackerman

Std 8

.....

ON TURNER'S "LAST VOYAGE OF THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE".

Oh dying ship,
 towed now to your last quiet port,
 rest forever, dipping on these silent molten swells.
 Like some work-weary stallion in a blue field,
 glorious and peaceful in sweet age,
 you set like the sun
 in this burning tumult of evening.
 Your sails fold, the wings of a wind-blown dove,
 enclosing resignation in your soul,
 and your heart throbs with pure tranquillity.

Oh dying ship,
 triumphant, you spurn death,
 for your gentle voyage is timeless,
 and you see not the setting sun.

Lucinda Beer
 Matric.

.....

THE BATTLE.

As I was standing on the rocks
 I saw the sea miles below
 It seemed to tower, then explode
 and spread its spray upon my feet

The little ships upon the sea
 were tossing on its waves
 But I knew, fore the dawn had come
 They would lie upon the rocks.

M. Filmer.

.....

Std 6

THE RIVER

The afternoon begins to fade and the river ambles on, never seeming to end, like Scott's immortal yet magnificent march to the South Pole. The water moves through grey half-tones of that time of day when the landscape lies in neutral shades. The river ambles on beyond chocolate-brown fields and through the hills dazzling in their first dusting of snow.

Dusk moves across the land submerging water and earth alike, until soon only the twin darkness of earth and sky is left. A damp autumn wind worries the branches overhead. Autumn, the shaggy season, shuffles the water as the river flows aimlessly on - as does this untidy season. Winter has now moved in and the river glistens with tiny ice crystals and a carpet of snow lines the banks.

Now the sharp-scented breezes of spring chop the pure blue water in the early morning. A sparrow hops along the bank on the wet grass, hesitating a moment in an island of dry herbage where the cows have lain all through the night, in the general sea of dew. Soon the tremulous airs of summer will move across the land and a steel wave will shimmer between the air and water.

The surface of the river is a looking-glass as well as a ceiling. The surface is also a border between two worlds, a dazzling screen separating the waterless world from the airless world. In the airless world the sky is made of water - silky water. All the beauty and magnificence of nature runs its course with this river.

The path of the river bed leads it through wheat-fields and vineyards. It is not only a river, but a king that spreads his empire out on the surface of the sea.

Dianne Douglas-Hamilton

Std 9

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY, MAN MADE THE CITY

In the beginning God said, "let the earth put forth vegetation, plants yielding seed, trees bearing fruit," and so God had begun to form the country. But by the year nineteen seventy-five man had put forth concrete jungles which gave birth to frustrated people, crime, violence, but also JOY.

Cities are the creations of people in pursuit of fortunes and a bed of roses. The former consists of kilometres of rectangular and circular buildings. But at intervals one may discover a portion of the country - the city garden or a line of trees framing the road. These things give the city a touch of the rural air.

As the sun peeps over the 'watered valleys where the young birds sing', the rabbits hop out of their burrows in time to see the fog disappear. Similarly, the inmates of the city open their flat-windows and pop their heads out to inhale deep breaths of smog-filled air.

Swiftly the tranquillity of the night disappears and the bustling city life begins. People tear off in their cars, fly across bridges and along the highways, braid the speed limits, all this is done in case they are late for work. These city ants dart along underground concourses or race up to the twentieth floor of a nearby skyscraper to begin their day's work. Very soon the drone of the morning traffic has filled the air.

Meanwhile, in the country, creatures forage for their breakfast or go to sleep. The companionable streams gurgle on their journeys down the hillsides while the swans paddle in the soft waters of a lake. Squirrels dart up and down enormous trees in their search for acorns, and flowers lift their colourful heads to meet the first rays of the sun. All these are free as those who live in God's country need only obey their natural instincts. Some city people like the animals, lead a playfilled day, for even though the city is man-made, it still contains some country pleasures. Children play ball in parks and grannies amble along the sides of the pond.

But when the evening comes and Louis MacNeice's words come true - 'the sunlight on the the garden hardens and grows cold,' the weary people trudge to the stations to take the train home. The wild duck fly in a clanging chain to their beds.

And so the night not only envelops God's country with all its natural pulchritude and pleasures, but also the man-built city and its artificial symmetry.

SLUMLIFE

Her hair hung in strings and her face was drawn. Lindy paced up and down the dusty street trying to pass the last half-hour, she had now been waiting one and half hours. She took a long slow drag on her cigarette and after a couple of minutes threw the tiny butt to the ground.

Tim, Rick and Steve walked past her calling out crude wolf-calls; on she walked. Ah! There at the end of the track she saw what she was waiting for. Her pace quickened, not an obvious acceleration.

"How much do I owe you, Sandy?" A quick exchange of parcels took place.

"You can pay tomorrow when I bring the rest." She walked back in the direction from which she came.

With the little money she had she stopped in at Ali's café to buy more cigarettes. Thoughtfully she watched the customers play pinball. Everyone was outwardly happy; well, it was Friday night. A cheap guitar was being strummed and one by one voices came together. Pile of newspapers provided inadequate seating. The bizarre lino floor was missing many tiles. A broken Coke bottle littered one corner. Springbok radio added its bit to the ever rising tone in the shop. Old Vapona strips were over-populated with flies. Right in the middle of this a young couple stood necking.

She was not impressed, but certainly not surprised. After all, she had lived with these people, her people, for the past eighteen and a half years, and by this stage in her life she was sick of everything! She wanted to get away - away from her large family, from stagnant water, smelling sewage, and sickness.

When Chrissie arrived she pushed open the front door and greeted the sight of her mother lying on the couch with a strange man, she ignored this and walked into her bedroom, which she shared with her younger twin sisters and youngest brother. Here, for a change, she was alone. Alone with her paper pop-stars and love stories.

Here she lay on her top bunk, and with trembling fingers opened her parcel. Carefully she picked up the slender transparent object and filled it with morphine, finding a suitable spot she lay the needle on her arm and without another thought injected herself with the fatal liquid.

Judy Wilson
Std 9

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three days were spent on the Buntons' farm in the Sunday's River Valley which was accompanied by horse-riding and a visit to the Addo Park. On Wednesday 26th March, the team left on a five-day hike, equipped with rucksacks containing the necessary clothing and food. They were joined by Mr and Mrs Paul Eckstein. A very tired group of girls arrived on Easter morning at Nature's Valley, having walked from Storm's River Mouth. Lunch was eaten at Plettenburg Bay and tea was gratefully accepted from Mr and Mrs Garish in Knysna. A most enjoyable three days were spent at Vleesbaai with Mr and Mrs Rauch and family. From here the team journeyed by Kombi to Cape Town, and arrived at Herschel School at approximately 3 o'clock April 2nd, after having lunched at Caledon.

Tessa Douglas-Hamilton

(Matric)

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TANITA WAS HER NAME

She arrived in the village one day in June, riding a motor-bike, with a rucksack, a pile of Beatles records and a guitar on her back. Southbridge was small and contained a good deal of gossiping old ladies, so before long, everybody in the village knew about her and where she lived.

The small dark room at the back of Joe's delicatessen shop was converted into a room with spotlights, different coloured walls, posters and burning incense and she filled it with the sound of her old, carved guitar and her beautifully haunting voice. She could sometimes be seen walking in the streets, in denim jeans and T-shirts and wearing jewellery which she herself made from wire. There was a strange, undefinable beauty about her. Her long, thick, dark brown hair swung loose down her back. She was tall and reed slim, and moved as if to a tune inside her. But her eyes were almost cold and her mouth unsmiling. She looked as if something unfortunate had happened to her and consequently, she was blocking out the world.

The old people in the town thought that she was far too modern and full of odd ideas and they feared her influence on the other young people. Actually, the youth did not have a fixed opinion of her. Some thought that she was too involved with herself to bother with anyone else, which was in a way true; she talked to only one person in the village and spent her time going for walks, sketching and writing, never mingling with the others. Some liked her, and she held a fascination for them, but no-one ever had the courage to talk to her fully, she had a certain warning look in her eyes when they rested on anyone.

Mick was the only person she talked to. He was a tall, 'Arty' type who once drew a picture of her. She found out and asked to see it. From then onwards, they saw each other quite often, but when people asked Mick about her, he just looked at them and said nothing.

Four months later, she left, again riding her motorbike, only this time, Mick was with her. She had taken down her posters and spotlights and no longer could her voice be heard in Joe's shop when people went in. No longer was she seen striding through the streets. She left without a word, taking with her the air of wariness that she had brought with her. People missed her, she was someone... well, so different from themselves, so complicated and unknown, with such a presence, that she left, in place of the wariness, an emptiness in the village. Not a word had she spoken to them except Mick, in fact they didn't even know her name, until sometime after she had left, someone discovered it, scratched on a black wall in her room. Tanita was her name.

Fiona Lawson
Std 7.

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NIGHT TIME

When the sun retires to the glowing west,
So does nature reitre
And all her beauty.
The wind rises up at the darkest hour
And whispers to the flowers,
"Come out and play!"
But bathed in the silver light of the full moon,
They shake their heads in measureless content.

Linda Mayer.

Std 9

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THE 'MYSTERY YACHT'

I am attached to the Narcotic Branch covering ports and harbours.

One beautiful and warm day, while I was relaxing in my office, I received a very strange message from a tanker out at sea, stating that no contact could be made with a yacht lying completely becalmed in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and showing no signs of life on board. My three colleagues and I set off immediately in a high-speed motor launch towards the given area and with a few hours we sighted the yacht.

We boarded it and began to search the yacht for any clues which might help us solve the mystery. To our utmost surprise nothing on the yacht had been disturbed and judging

by the find of three lighted cigarettes, it was quite obvious that whoever owned the yacht had not left long before our arrival. We checked through the yacht's papers and found them to be fraudulent.

I decided to search the deck once more, and it was then that I happened to look up and saw a small bag fixed to the mast, in which there were two wetsuits, which had recently been used. This find aroused my suspicions and we quickly towed the yacht back to port. We put her on the slip and on closer examination it was quite obvious that huge water-tight cylinders acting as buoyancy tanks, had been attached to the keel of the yacht, and that these cylinders, which had been removed, contained thousands of Rands worth of drugs. We realised that a meeting of 'big-time' operators had taken place in midocean and that the value of their cargo, surpassed the replacement price of the yacht. Once again these drug smugglers had escaped the law!

The news was immediately sent to all other nearby ports, and after many weeks of searching the culprits were finally arrested.

T. Braun
Std 7.

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BACK HOME

I'm going back to where the hills stand
Covered by sand of long ago.
Where the tumbleweeds run,
Pushed by dust,
Dust never touched by rain.
Where the sun beats down
On tanned valleys,
Valleys never parted by life.
Where rattlesnakes and mice
Bask in the sun;
A sun that has no mercy.
Debra Douglas-Hamilton.

.....

Std 9

THE AVALANCHE

High above the village the mountains tower. Iced with snow they shield the snug cottages nestling in their slopes from the heat of the sun. Sunburnt rocks are strewn on vivid patches of green and the plant life snakes its way along the ground. Brightly-hued birds, like flashing torches dart about, humming and trilling with the joys of Spring. A fat red cow grazes lethargically on the fertile pastures of the mountain.

Suddenly there is a deep rumble, a disturbance among the rocks, grumbling like an old man in slumber. The village vibrates and the people stop their work and cast panic-stricken glances at one another. A glass bottle balances precariously on a shaking wall and then falls with a splintering crash to the ground and breaks into a thousand little fragments. Mesmerized, the people watch, that bottle will carry no more milk from the red cow.

The red cow is afraid. She lumbers down the mountain, seeking shelter from what, she does not know. The ground retches as if in a fit of convulsions and the red cow finds it hard to keep her bulk from toppling over. Before she can reach the bottom of the treacherous mountain a grinding, grating roar assaults her ears. High above the rocks start to tumble. Over and over, tearing up everything in their path, cleaving through the greenness. The birds shriek a warning and disappear into the protective clouds. Faster, faster the rocks crash. Faster the red cow gallops, but not as fast as the rocks. Her frantic mooing is drowned in the howl and roar of the thundering rocks and the red cow is no more.

The village is also no more. It lies squashed and flat. A plaintive whining disturbs the new silence and then all is quiet and the rocks are dominant.

Lizanne Scott.
Std 7

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THE CACTUS

The cactus stands silhouetted against the sunset.
A solitary cactus protected by its hedgehog skin.
No one comes and no one goes
To see how beautiful and majestic
The cactus stands.
A rainbow, so far and yet...
So near, joins the cactus
To the grass-covered lands.
There is neither life nor death
There where the cactus stands.

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THE MIRROR

The sun looks down from quiet skies
 To where a quiet water lies,
 And silent trees stoop down to trees
 That wait for just a little breeze.

And there I saw a white swan make
 Another white swan in the lake;
 And breast to breast, both motionless,
 They waited for a wind's caress.

Then like a flying, gliding dove
 The wind came sweeping from above.
 The two swans sailed with greatest ease
 And disappeared among the trees.

Debra Douglas-Hamilton.

Std 9

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EARLY MORNING

I eased myself, nervously quiet, out of the sash window. The ground was five inches below. I crossed the clammy grass, tip-toe, avoiding the familiar patches of duiwel-tjies. I reached the road, and followed it, at an enforced long-lope, down the steep hill, to the lagoon. The soft, creep-between-toes, brown dust of the road stuck to my feet. I reached the sand of the narrow, shrimp-holed strip of beach.

I stopped. Opened myself to the morning, to the relaxed lagoon, stretching out into the early-early mist that always cleared by breakfast time. The cold morning air grated my bare legs, leaving them rough and goose-pimpled.

Involuntarily, my teeth chattered. I turned to the upturned blue canoe. I dragged it, with effort, to the water's edge, and hopped in. It crunched on to the sand, from my weight. I sat, unsteadily, on the splintery, wooden seat, my semi-wet bikini pants clinging to the sand already there.

I paddled, inexpertly, watching the water deepen, greener, deeper, greener, deep green. The water ran up my arm,

soaking my bulky, pea-green, Gran-knitted jersey.

I was cloaked in silence. The canoe jerked smoothly over the water, the paddle splashed silently in and out. I left the bay behind me. I passed the stone grey factory on the point, and waved at a lone seagull perched on the wrecked dredger.

The mist hovered a few feet above the water. It sidled round behind me, shading the shore. I put the paddle down. Trailing my fingers, I sat. The canoe drifted, tense under the impetus of my final stroke, and then relaxed. It rocked as the lagoon breathed.

Slowly, I became aware of an uncertain chug coming up astern. I turned. Looming out of the mist, an unbalanced tub with an engine, and a figure.

"Hey, Kate! Hi!"

The early morning was over. But to compensate, the day had begun.

Kate Philip
Std 8.

.....

KALAHARI

Miles and miles
 of dry, sandy scrub.
A perpetual, unchanging
 horizon
Perpetual unchanging scenery
Under the
 unblemished, blue sky.

Until sunset -
 The sky turns dark blue -
 The bushes turn orange
The bushes turn black, silhouetted
 against the sky,
Then the world is submerged
 in blackness.

Tessa van Ryneveld.

Std 6

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SHAKESPEARE IN THE OPEN AIR

Maynardville is part of Shakespeare, in all its nightly mystery of darkness and crunching gravel, thronging people and then an open clearing of seats and a flat grass patch. Shakespeare is the essence of Maynardville and all the things that are Maynardville make Shakespeare for me.

There is a stillness of great rees over you, still yet with lights in them, drawing strong beams of floating particles towards themselves. A dark growth around encloses the people in a slave-gathering of listening; the people are small in nature, gesturing and saying great things. The trees seem to be there, impersonal and serious, still and apart, yet enclosing and gathering the air in a solid mass. The light behind changes and lights the trees in short days and nights, making colours and shadows, moving them and turning them until one is caught in a whirl of shapes wheeling upon themselves. The trees are used, they are in the play; the men graciously clothed and robed, walk among them and talk to them, and hide behind them. Behind are trees set in frozen attitudes, but moving away into valleys and rivers far beyond, in imagination. The light picks up the clear spaces and settles on the mist which snakes wraith-like, while men wander madly or ghost-like, almost part of it in flowing shrouds of muslin, uttering lost words and moving, lost and far away.

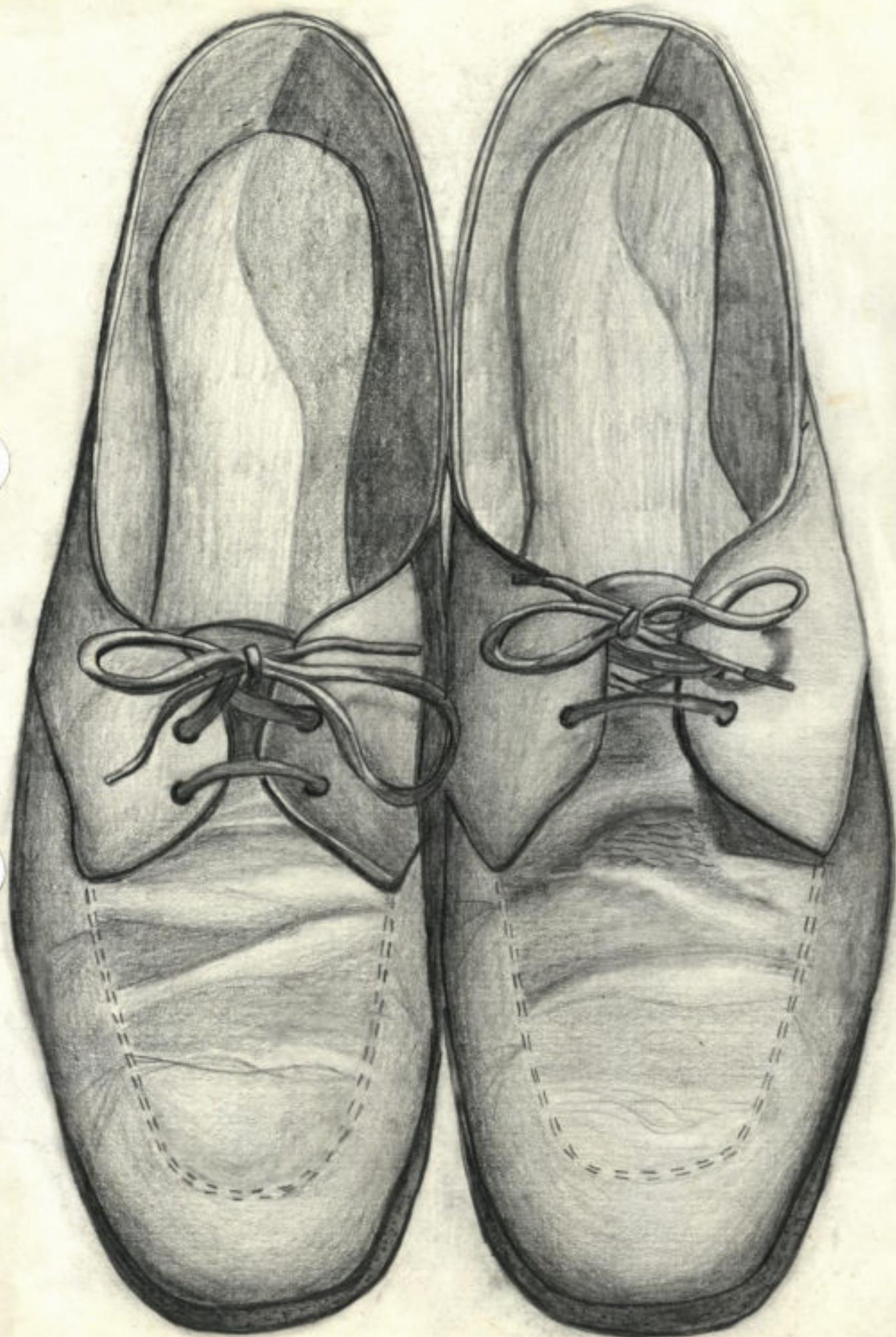
Voices fade, snatched by streaming soft wind, and suddenly jump back loud and unreal, the amplifiers set among trees blow themselves in crackling moaning; and all the time insistently and continuously the blithe whistle of crickets and mournful curlew-like utterances of night-birds, sing around the bush and enter unaware into Shakespeare. When the lights are darkened, quick, quiet figures dart upon the stage, unknowns changing the place; there are little lights of firebugs dipping above the bulbs, jerky and sudden. Then there is a great sky directly around one, with stars and slow-moving clouds, lit up, where one can bring oneself while hearing poetry and its images.

One can close one's eyes or exclude the men around and the men before us, speaking to us and be truly with Shakespeare and the open air. It is linked, his writing and tragedies, comedies, songs and words set together so beautifully with the night and misty, moving air and the smell of the bush, the trees over the words, so still, and leaves dropping quietly, as images are let out. Later the rhythms of Shakespeare will bring again the atmosphere and excitement, and a whole experience which leads on to feelings and feelings of many things that are all connected with an old magic and melancholy.

M. Peden
 Matric.

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(This entry was a finalist in the Shakespeare competition).



H A P P I N E S S

Happiness is playing tennis and swimming with friends - feeling relaxed and healthy, - Lying in the hot sun drinking an iced-drink, slowly, enjoying its cool refreshing qualities, - Riding a horse with my dog, Nana, her glossy black hair shining in the sunlight as her supple, loose-limbed body skims through the turf. It is going for a walk on a rainy cold day, dressed warmly and breathing in the fresh air.

Happiness is being with friends - joking, laughing. Being loved, knowing that you have helped someone to make her happy. It is being confident, free and independent.

Happiness is after passing the exams at the end of term and thinking about the holidays you are about to enjoy. It is a satisfied sense of achievement and relaxation ahead.

Happiness is coming off the Big Dipper, Rocket and Octopus at the Goodwood Fair and being happy you're still alive. X

Vivian Hart
Std. 7

OLD WOMAN

Gnarled hands
Stretched out for
the supporting rail.
Frail and small,
She is pushed
by the crowd.
An old overripe apple
Staggering for life,
Trying to grasp
it before
it slips from
beneath her
rotting body.

Karen Corder
Std. 7

other languages:

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MALUM SUSAE

Olim magistra nostra brevem fabuleum de aureo malo Susae narravit, quod amissit.

Susa erat pulcherrima puella et ad flumen litore malo ludebat. Tamen olim propter densam nebulam Malum non videbat et ad flumen volvit. Susa exclamavit, "Meo malo, meo aureo malo!" et frustra ad flumen cucurrit ut id caperet, sed malo aqua iam cecederat. Multos dies Susa lacrimabat sed tum statim, uns mane, domens, novuum malum fenestra vidit. Deae novuum aureum malum Susae dederant quod erat tam misera. Mox laeta erat et ad flumen redut ut luderet.

.....

One day our teacher told us a short story about the golden apple of Susan, which she lost. Susan was a very beautiful girl and she used to-play with her apple on the shore near the river. However, one day, because of a dense cloud, she did not see the apple and it rolled down towards the river. Susan cried out aloud,

"My apple, my golden apple!" and in vain she ran to the river to catch it, but the apple had already fallen into the water, For many days Susan cried, but then suddenly one morning, while awaking, she saw a new apple on the window sill. The goddesses had given a new golden apple to Susan because she was so unhappy. Soon she was happy again and returned to the rivae to play.

Clare Gawith

Std 8

.....

(Latin)

LE CADEAU DE MON PÈRE

Demain c'est l'anniversaire de mon père et je veux lui acheter quelque chose. Le cadeau ne peut pas être plus cher que cinquante francs parce que c'est tous ce que je possède. Je ne sais pas ce qu'il veut alors je dois aller en ville et regarder beaucoup de magasins.

D'abord je vais au plus grand magasin pour les hommes, Man about Town. Je vais au rayon de cravates. Il y a beaucoup de cravates, mais je n'en trouve que pour les jeunes et Papa va avoir soixante ans demain. Non, je ne l'achète pas de cravate.

Puis je vais au rayon de parfumerie, mais non, il n'aime pas cette sorte de chose. Il dit que ce n'est pas pour lui, c'est pour les femmes. Ah, j'ai une bonne idée, je lui achèterai du chocolat, mais ce magasin n'a pas la sorte du chocolat qu'il aime. Je décide que d'acheter un cadeau pour Papa est trop difficile. Je rentrerai encore cet après-midi.

En route chez nous je passe un petit bureau de tabac. Papa aime fumer. J'allais lui acheter des bons cigares, mais sur le mur je vois un pipe ancienne pour quarante francs cinquante centimes. Papa l'adorera, quelle chance!

R. Howell

Std 9

.....

(French)

LE MÉCHANT ETIENNE

Madame Bernard est très occupée. Aujourd'hui son mari revient de Paris et elle est en train de faire un gâteau pour lui. Chantal, sa fille de douze ans, est occupée à faire des sandwiches parce que la famille veut aller au bord de la rivière pour leur déjeuner. Sur la table devant Madame Bernard il y a une montagne de farine, des boîtes, des pots, des paquets, des bouteilles, et trois oeufs. Son fils, Etienne, qui a six ans, regarde bien sa mère. Il voit des oeufs derrière la farine, et très doucement il allonge le bras et il touche l'oeuf, qui commence à rouler. Un petit bruit - toc - et puis Madame Bernard regarde son fils en silence.

"Deux et un font trois," dit le méchant garçon.
Sa mère dit,

"Tu vas très bien avec l'arithmétique, mais ce n'est pas amusant. Tu a cassé trois oeufs pendant un quart d'heure. Regarde la télévision!" Chantal met toutes les choses dans un panier; les sandwiches, le vin et les oranges, etc, et Madame Bernard finit le gâteau. Puis les trois attendent Monsieur Bernard. Tout à coup ils entendent une note d'une klaxonne et Etienne se sauve et ouvre la grille pour son père. Monsieur Bernard embrasse son fils et entre dans la maison où il embrasse sa femme et la fille.

Il ferme la maison et bientôt l'automobile marche vite à la rue qui mène à la rivière. Après une demi-heure, ils y arrivent, Etienne veut pêcher. Il jette la ligne dans l'eau, mais l'arbre l'attrape. Il commence à grimper sur l'arbre, mais quand il allonge le bras pour tirer la ligne, il pousse un cri et tombe dans l'eau. Monsieur Bernard bondit dans l'eau et il tire son fils au bord de la rivière. Etienne pleure mais bientôt il est sec et très occupé avec ses sandwiches et son morceau de gâteau. Il sourit et dit,

"Je suis très méchant n'est-ce pas, Papa?"

"Oui," dit son père, "tu es le garçon le plus méchant de la région!"

"Eh bien," dit sa femme, "mais tout est bien qui finit bien." Et elle donne un grand morceau de gâteau à son mari.

Tania Braun

Std 7

(French)

.....

LE DANGER DU PROGRÈS POUR CAPE TOWN

Cape Town est une ville un peu particulière parce qu'elle est limitée par la mer d'un côté et la montagne de l'autre. Ainsi il n'y a pas beaucoup d'espace pour développer.

Depuis la guerre une quantité énorme de bâtiments et de routes ont été construits et le nombre d'automobiles et de fabriques a doublé. Le danger de ce progrès pour Cape Town est que tous ce développement a causé une augmentation de bruit et de pollution de l'air et de l'eau.

Les villes doivent s'avancer et on doit tenir compte de la population croissante, mais c'est très important de ne pas ruiner la beauté naturelle. On a déjà détruit beaucoup de vieux et de jolis bâtiments pour les remplacer des gratteciels. Ceux-ci sont mal bâtis, et défigure le paysage comme les trois tours Disa et beaucoup d'autres. Les nouvelles routes permettent à beaucoup plus d'automobiles d'entrer dans la ville mais cela cause plus de pollution de l'air. Si nous n'avions pas le vent Sud-est, Cape Town serait insupportable et malsain.

C'est la tâche de la population d'empêcher la ruine de leur pays. Il me semble que les gens ne font pas assez d'effort dans la lutte contre la pollution qui est le résultat du progrès.

Fiona Naudé

Std 10

(French)

.....

AUGUSTIN ET CHARLES

Augustin va chez Charles et lui demande s'il veut se promener avec lui, parce qu'il fait beau, mais Charles veut rester chez sa mère. Augustin dit que Charles ennue sa mère, et il fait du bruit. Il n'est pas gentil pour elle.

Augustin peut montrer à Charles un trou dans un arbre, et aussi un ruisseau avec des poissons. Augustin demande à Charles venir avec lui mais Charles ne veut pas aller avec lui. Augustin sait toutes les choses de la campagne parce qu'il y a habité longtemps.

Augustin part tout seul.

Mandy Metcalfe

Std 7

(French)

.....



Lucinda Beer Matric

"Dag, Hetty, ben ik laat?"

"Laten we zeggen, Jan dat je mooi op tijd bent. Was het niet druk op de weg?"

"Ja, het was druk. Het is haast altijd druk op onze wegen en zelfs op onze autowegen en het verkeer neemt van dag tot dag toe."

"Ja, je hebt gelijk. De straten in de stad staan vol geparkeerde auto's, en je vindt in het centrum van de steden nauwelijks nog een geschikte parkeerplaats!"

"Zeg, Hetty, ik werd ongeveer een kwartier geleden door mijn moeder gabeld."

"Jan, wat wilde ze van je?"

"Ik ga in het weekeinde op reis met mijn ouders na Schipol. Een bootreis is heel mooi, maar een vliegtuig gaat veel vlugger. Wat daenk je?"

"Ik kan mij voorstellen dat het zal heerlijk zijn."

"Ja, dat weten ik wel. Daar zal ik een jurk, kousen en een paar schoemen kopen en ik heb een nieuwe overjas nodig. In Schipol zal het misschien goedkopere zijn."

"Maar alles in een keer kppen is te duur en je hebt alleen een honderd gulden."

"Ja, alles is duur tegenwoordig!"

Linde Meyer

.....

DER OSTERHASE

Im Osterhasenhaus
Da sieht's gar lustig aus.
Da malet unser Huptidei
Aus bunten farben ein Osterei.

Frau Langohrin sitzt auf der Bank
Und pinselt auch viele Eier an
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Van der schönen Osterzeit.

Wie schade, ist er doch so schnell vorbei.

Linda Meyer

Std 9

(German)

.....

תהלים קע"ב

יֵאֵר הַחַצְעוֹת לְצִוּוֹ • הַיְהִי מִהַטּוֹב וַיִּזַּח

בְּגֵת אַהֲלֵי שֵׁם יְהוָה • בְּצִיּוֹן הַטּוֹב עַל הָרֹאשׁ

יָרֵד עֲהֻבָּתָן וְרָקַן אֶהְרֵן אֲיִרָה עַל פִּי מִדְּוִתָּיִר •

כֶּטֶם - הַרְמוֹן אֲיִרָה עַל - הַרְרֵי צִיּוֹן • כִּי - תִּשָּׂם

בְּרֵחַ • אֶת - הַבְּרִכָּה • הַיּוֹם עַד - הַעוֹלָם •

A SONG OF DEGREES: PSALM OF DAVID

Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the goodly oil upon the head, that runneth down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that runneth down upon the skirt of his garments; like the dew of Hermon, that runneth down upon th mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

Michèle Jacobson
Standard 6
(Hebrew)

DAT IS HOE ZE LEVEN!

Wij hebben een huisje voor vier weken aan zee gehuurd. Ik houd wel van de zee, want de stranden zijn prachtig en ik wandel graag langs het strand; ook in de duinen kun je uren wandelen.

Onze burens zijn huiselijke mensen en een gezin leeft in hoofdzaak binnenshuis- dat klinkt misschien gek, maar het is waar. De mensen eten driemaal per dag: het ontbijt bestaat uit brood met boter, kaas en jam en thee of koffie. Omstreeks elf uur drinken hulle koffie. De meeste mense eten warm tussen twaalf en èèn uur of tussen zes en zeven uur; de warme maaltijd bestaat uit vlees, aardappelen en groente. Sommigen nemen soep voor en pudding, ijs, pap of zoiets na. Omstreeks vier uur in de middag is het theetijd en tussen zes en zeven uur is het weer etenstijd; sommigen gebruiken dan een broodmaaltijd, anderen een warme maaltijd.

's Avonds wordt de krant of een boek gelezen, naar de radio geluisterd of naar de televisie gekeken - ieder doet, wat hij te doen heeft.

De overgordijnen zijn 's avonds in de meeste huizen open, ook als de lampen branden en iedere voorbijganger kan naar binnen kijken.

Dat is hoe de mensen aan zee leven!

Linda Mayer
Standard 9
(Dutch)

MAHINDI NA TEMBO

Niliwona mzee wa mji akijonga nyumba yake. Nikamwuliza, "Je, baba, mwaka huu mimepata mavumo mazum?" Akasema, "Kulima, Lulilima; Lulapanda mbegu kasta. Rukapalia majani, rukalindakila siku ili nyani na nguruwe washiharibu mihindi yetu, mikundi ika zaa, ikaiva. Lo-o-o! Tembo wakaja usiku wakanvunja ukula wa shamba, wakaingia, wakalihanbu shamba lote. Rume-pata nasara kubwa." Nikam-Wambia, "Pole! Baba. Ilunashamba lingine?" Akasema, "Nina shamba kubwa la muhogo, Sitakosa chakula. Asukuhi nalikwenda kung'oa muhogo nakuchana Machungwa." Jgoja nikupe machungwa. Akamuwambia mke wake, "Lete machunganawa napa." Akaleta, akaniambia, "Chukua, bwana. Chagua machungwa makubwa, jameiva vizum." Nikachukua machungwa makona, makubwa sana, nikayatia kalika mfuko wangu nika-wambia, "Baba, asante sana yatamifaa sana mjiani."

MAIZE AND ELEPHANTS

Walking home one day I saw the chief, and I asked him, "Well, mighty one, was your harvest good this year?"

He said, "We got nothing."

I asked, "Didn't you hoe?"

He said, "Hoeing, we hoed, and sowed seed, and it grew. We hoed the weeds and guarded the field every day so that baboons and pigs could not eat it. The maize ripened and we were ready to reap. Lo! elephants came at night and broke down the fence round the field, got in and destroyed the field. We have suffered a heavy loss."

I said to him, "I am very sorry, have you no other field?"

He said, "I have a large field of cassava, I shall not lack food. This morning I went to root up some cassava and pick some oranges which I will give you." He said to his wife, "Bring some oranges," and she brought them, and he said to me, "Take some. Choose the big ones, they are ripe."

So I took five large oranges and put them in my bag, and said to him, "Thank you very much, I will like them."

DIE HUWELIK

My niggie, Maria, het besluit om 'n tradisionele troue te hê, en dat haar kleurskema rooi en wit sou wees.

Die huwelik het Saterdagmiddag in die Stellenbosch se N.G. Kerk plaasgevind. Die bruid het 'n lang wit fluweeltrourok gedra en haar sluier was van fyn, Switsers kant gemaak. Die sluier was aan 'n kransie volstruisvere aan haar hare vasgesteek. In haar hand het sy net een rooi roos gedra. Die strooimeisies en blommemeisie het with langmoufluweelrooke gedra. Om die bo-lyfies van hul rokke was daar rooi, 'n fluweellink vasgebind en hulle het elkeen 'n breë rooi hoed en 'n ruiker rooi rose gedra.

Die bruidegom en strooijonkers het swart langbroeke, swaelsterte en keile gedra en het elkeen 'n rooi roos in hul knoopsgat gehad. Al die blomme in die kerk was rooi en wit en toe die bruid en bruidegom uit die kerk gekom het, het almal gehelp om die kleurvolle rooi en wit konfetti oor hulle te strooi. Die bruidspaar het in 'n Kaapse kapkar deur Stellenbosch teruggekeer na die ou Historiese plaas wat aan Maria se ouers behoort het, waar die bruilof plaasgevind het. Terwyl die gaste in die voorkamer bymekaargekom het, het die afnemer fots's van die bruidsgroep en hul ouers in die tuin geneem. Sjampanje is bedien en die heildronk is gedrink terwyl die bruidspaar die troukoek gesny het.

Maria en haar man het besluit om met hul wittebroodsdae met die Tuinroete langs te toer.

T. Braun
St. 7

(Afrikaans)

ONVERGEETLIKE MAATS

Toe ek nog klein was, het ons op my oom se plaas in die Groot Karoo gewoon. Ons naaste bure het elf myl ver gewoon en hulle het twee kinders gehad; Elna en Kennet. Dié kinders het na ons plaasskool toe gekom om Engels te leer en ons het groot maats geword.

Hulle het gedurende die week by my niggie-hulle gewoon en het huis toe gegaan vir die naweke. Kennet, die seun, het saam met my twee broers gespeel en hulle het soms met ons meisies baklei.

Soms het ons almal saamgespeel. Die seuns het ons meisies se speletjies gespeel en ons het moters, rugby of krieket saam met hulle gespeel. Ons gewildste speletjie was om weg te hardloop gedurende pouse, wanneer ons onderwyseres besig was om tee saam met my tante te drink. Ons het 'n hele halfuur vermors terwyl sy na ons gesoek het.

Elna, die meise, kon baie goeie tennis speel vir 'n kind van haar ouderdom. Sy het ons almal geklop en het altyd daarvoor gespog. Sy was 'n baie slim meisie en het altyd eerste of tweede in haar klas gekom nadat sy ons skool verlaat het. Sy het daarvan gehou om 'n grap te maak en ons het altyd daarvoor gelag.

Kennet, die seun, was baie stout. My oom moes vir hom 'n paar keer 'n goeie pak slae gee en as sy pa daarvan gehoor het gedurende die naweek, het hy ook vir hom gestraf. Hy was ook 'n goeie atleet, maar ek was ouer as hy en kon hom altyd klop. Hy het altyd gemaak of 'n dwaas was, maar soms het ons dit nie snaaks gevind nie en het nie gelag nie.

My niggie, wat so na my gelyk het, was altyd soos 'n suster vir my. Almal het ons altyd verwar. Ons het nie gedink dat ons eenders gelyk het nie en is nog baie kwaad as iemand ons die verkeerde naam gee.

Toe ons almal kosskool toe moes gaan en ons die plaas verlaat het, was die twee Afrikaanse kinders heeltemal tweetalig. Ons kon ook baie goeie Afrikaans praat, maar ons het dit baie vinnig vergeet toe ons kosskool toe moes kom.

Jenny Torr
St. 9

DIE DAG TOE EK 'N NUWE HAARSTYL WOU HE

'n Aantal jare gelede het ek 'n uitnodiging ontvang om na 'n baie formele partytjie te gaan. Ek was in die wolke, maar daardie aand het ek besluit dat ek nie baie aantreklik was nie en moes toe iets daaraan doen. Toe het ek besluit om my hare te laat sny.

Weke lank het ek probeer uitvind wie die beste haar-
kapster in Kaapstad was en uiteindelik het ek 'n afspraak gemaak met 'n Duitse vrou. Die afspraak was die Saterdagoggend van die partytjie en ek was seker dat my hare 'n groot sukses sou wees.

'n Halfuur voor die afspraak was ek daar, maar ongelukkig was Bruni baie besig. 'n Uur na ek opgedaag het, het sy my lang hare begin sny. Ek wou net 'n bietjie laat afsny en dit 'Page Boy' mode hê. Tot my onsteltenis het sy 'n groot stuk van my kuif afgesny. Toe sê sy dat sy net gou gou iemand anders se hare moet gaan doen. Toe sy terugkom, het sy weer 'n stukkie afgesny en my weer verlaat. Ek was woedend, maar dit was te laat om uit te stap. Aangesien my hare eenkant net 'n paar duim lank was en aan die ander kant baie lank, het ek maar aangebly.

Om eenuur was sy nog nie klaar nie. Ek was toe al baie bekommerd want ek ek het nog eenhonderd en een ander ding gehad om te doen.

Toe vieruur aanbreek, was ek so rasend en so ontsteld dat ek wou huil. Dit was 'n naardeid toe ek in die spieël kyk en die lelike haarstyl sien. Dit het niks aan my voorkoms gedoen nie.

Nooit weer sal ek my hare laat sny die dag van 'n partytjie nie, want daardie duur en uitgerekte haarsny het my 'n goeie les geleer!

.....

Erica Graham

Std 9

REEN: DIE MENS SE VRIEND EN VYAND

Mense in Suid-Afrika is baie bewus van die klimaat en die waarde van reën omdat ons land soms baie maande lank deur droogte gereister word. In ons verskillende Westelike Provinsie damme, byvoorbeeld, was daar, die afgelope twee jaar, bloedmin water. Gevolglik moes daar drastiese waterbeperkings toegepas word en slegs die boere wat baie damme het, kon min besproei.

Daarenteen het die somerreësteke van Suid-Afrika en slegs Rhodesië, Suidwes-Afrika, en ander dele van Suiderlike Afrika die afgelope somer te veel reën gekry. Vier of vyf maande lank het dit fietlik elke tweede dag gereën, totdat die aarde nie meer water kon absorbeer nie. Voorbeeld hiervan is die geweldige oorstroming van die Oranje Rivier en Visrivier. Die vloed waters het die riviere se oewers oorstrom, deur plase geloop en die water het baie oeste vernietig, vee, mense en diere verdrink en miljoene rande skade veroorsaak.

Hierdie toedrag van sake raak nie alleen die boere nie, maar ook stedelinge, nywethede en eintlik die hele bevoeking goeie gematigde reëns stel almal tevrede, maar droogte of vloed kan rampspoedig wees.

Afgesien van die slegte aspekte van te veel reën bring dit tog vir ons baie plesier. Hoe lekker is dit om snags, rondom die vuur te sit en luister na die vriendelike, kalmerende druppels op die dak. Terselfdertyd weet ons dat die damme en riviere waarvan ons so afhanklik is, volgemaak word. Die boere kan plant en besproei, die hengelaars kan gaan visvang en die seiljares en ander bootentusiaste kan hul bote en ski's begin regmaak. Die reën maak die lug en besoedelde aarde skoon. Dit is lewegewend en daarsonder sou mens, plant en dier nie kon bestaan nie.

Afgesien van die rampe van vloed en droogte wat deur te veel of te min reën veroorsaak word dink mens ook seker aan die tye toe jy koud en papnat by die huis aangekom het, omdat jy jou reënjas en sambreel nie saamgeneem het nie. Maar op die ou end is hy tog meer vriend as vyand.

Fiona Naudé
Matric.

.....

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Compiling the 1975 Jagger magazine has been, thanks to the co-operation of the whole house, great fun.

In spite of the June exam pressures entries were received from all Jagger Girls and some very obvious artistic talent was uncovered. Jagger is especially proud of their two amateur 'up and coming' writers - Kate Philip and Lucinda Beer, both of whom had their entries for 'Dialogue' accepted - congratulations!

Our thanks go particularly to Mr Beer, who so willingly took on the task of typing our magazine which has been beautifully accomplished, and to Barbie who has offered invaluable help and encouragement.

Editor:	Judy Wilson.
Sub Editor:	Margie Adam.
Art Editor:	Karin Louw.
Sub Editor:	Fiona Douglas.

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Cover design:
Karin Louw Std 9

AD DEI GLORIAM