

JAGGER

MAGAZINE

1976

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PART ONE

R E P O R T S

C O N T E N T S

R E P O R T S

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J A G G E R H O U S E R E P O R T

The year began with Jagger at an advantage!

Yes, we are the first house to boast a male at our top table.

Our warmest welcome to Mr Friedlander and naturally to all the new Jaggerites whom we feel have made the right choice house-wise.

House spirit seems to be far greater this year than last which is an encouraging factor, and I am proud to say that academically Jagger has not had such high mark reading averages for a long time. Congratulations to all and I hope these results will stimulate you to work harder than ever.

We have not excelled in the sporting world, but enjoyed all house events. In both the Inter-house swimming and diving we have come second and the introduction of our Standard Nine cheer leaders was not without effect. The Inter-house tennis has not yet been played.

This year our money collected for charity was sent to, and very much appreciated by, the specific organizations and our house jerseys are being sent to CAFDA.

An exciting announcement at the end of the 1st term was that Rosemary Howell (Popsy) our swimming captain, has been appointed a prefect - a well deserved position. Congratulations!

A big thank you to Mrs Mallet who has restarted and got the Social Responsibility Club off the ground. This has been a much needed and enthusiastically accepted asset to the school. I feel there never can be too much social awareness in a school.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs McCormick most sincerely for all her house leadership. Without her help and encouragement, we would not be the happy house we are.

Judy Wilson

T E N N I S R E P O R T

Although we have not as yet had our Inter-house tennis matches, our school match timetable has been full of excitement, with matches every Saturday morning. Everyone has worked hard and those who have not made a team have enjoyed their 'social tennis'.

In the Inter-Schools, both the Under 15 and Open teams did exceedingly well. Matches were full of tension

and excitement and the tennis was of a high standard. In both sections two couples won through to the finals and then won their finals, but unfortunately it was a case of Rustenburg pipping us at the post.

Congratulations to all players and thank you to Miss Kable and Mrs Hudson for all their time and patience they have given.

Judy Wilson

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY CLUB REPORT

The Social Responsibility Club was started again last year by Mrs Mallet and several girls. The club arranges outings for children from underprivileged and broken homes, especially those of the Ruby Ardendorf home.

During summer last term, the club took several children to Strandfontein beach. Our mothers drove the girls and children there and we are very grateful to them for so willingly giving up their time to help. On other occasions the children have been taken to the zoo and to the cultural museum. All these outings have been a great success and have brought excitement and warmth into the lives of the children. The girls, too, have enjoyed these outings tremendously.

One of the most important factors determining the success of an outing is the nature of the girls who organise them. It is never a success if the girls feel sorry for the children and have the attitude that they are 'doing their good deed for the day'. Instead, the girls must be willing and glad to help and share with those less fortunate than themselves.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs Mallet and all those girls who have helped to make the outings the fun they have been.

Kathy Ackerman

CH O I R R E P O R T

There are thirty-four members of the main choir and eleven members of the Chamber choir.

In the first term of this year on the 13 February, the choir sang at the annual Founders' Day service at St Saviour's Church. It sang two beautiful anthems: 'Lord at all times' and 'How amiable are thy dwellings'. There were many hymns and the readings were read by the girls themselves. The whole service was very original and everybody enjoyed it.

At school, on the same day, the Chamber choir sang 'Nina' and 'A Fisherman's Night Song'.

During the second term, girls entered the vocal section of the Eisteddfod. Congratulations to Michelle Jacobson and Shelley Bell who obtained honours in their section.

At the moment the choir is busy preparing for a wedding.

On behalf of the choir, I should like to thank Miss Sweet for everything she has done for us this year and Mrs Dowdle, our accompanist.

Shelley Bell and Judy Wilson

M A T R I C D A N C E R E P O R T

Our Matric Dance took place on Friday, 9 April 1976.

All of us agreed that it lived up to our wildest expectations, even the staff praised it.

The preparation began half way through the first term with fund raising: cake sales, films and raffles, and we all contributed a sum of money.

Our food was made by the mothers with the help of the Domestic Science teacher, Mrs Hern and the use of the Domestic Science room.

Along with the usual disagreements, we managed to decorate the hall beautifully, our theme being Chinese. The night finally arrived and went off very smoothly displaying plenty of beautiful girls and handsome partners. After the dance, we went off and continued the party elsewhere.

It certainly was a night to remember!

Tessa Handley

G Y M C L U B

We owe very much to Miss Kable who gives up some of her valuable time to supervise us - fifteen amateur gymnasts.

Although we are only amateurs, we all enjoy the hour of extra gym when we meet from half past five to half past six on a Thursday evening. Apparatus work is generally more popular, but we persevere with endurance to perfect our floor sequences.

At the beginning of this year on Founders' Day, the 13 February, we had a gym display. With Miss Kable's help and enthusiasm, we were able to present some very creative sequences both on the apparatus and on the floor. Lively group dances done by various classes added to the brightness of our display and individual sequences left our spectators impressed and amazed at the talent of some of our more experienced gymnasts.

The standard of gym is gradually improving and we must congratulate Doune Hannay-Robertson on being awarded her gym colours at the end of last year.

Ruth Butters

M O U N T A I N C L U B

The mountain club has had some very enjoyable outings this year. The first outing was to Baineskloof. It was a bright sunny day and we were all much relieved when we arrived, at last, at the pool of the river. We spent a relaxing day swimming and sun-bathing, while a few of the more energetic girls walked further upstream to see a waterfall. We are most grateful to Paul Eckstein, who conducted this walk and to Mrs Wilson, Mrs Ragh and Miss Kable for taking us there.

The next outing was led by Dr Sandell. Unfortunately, it was a very cold, misty and windy day and so we were not able to do the intended walk up Woody Buttrass to the top of Table Mountain. Instead, we walked up Corridor Ravine which proved most exhausting with the wind blowing at approximately seventy knots down the ravine. We then walked down Diagonal Valley along the pipe line and back to our starting point at Kloof Nek.

The next outing was a repeat of the previous outing, but this time the weather allowed for rope-climbing up Woody Buttress. This was very exciting and we escaped with only a few scratches and bruises.

On behalf of the members of the mountain club, I would like to thank Miss Kable for arranging such enjoyable outings and Dr Sandell and Mr Eckstein for giving up their time to conduct them.

Clare Gawith

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA REPORT

The Music, Art and Drama Club has been a great success this year. Rather sadly, at the end of last year, Mrs Juste left us after broadening the drama pupils' outlook and experience in a fine way. She has been replaced by the enthusiastic, original and over-bubbling Miss Krahn, who is well-liked by all.

A M.A.D. Club evening was presented at the end of the first term, but disappointingly, no musical items were included. Mrs D'Unienville and Mrs Montgomery displayed some very original works of art which transformed the hall from its normally very ordinary appearance to a bright, lively place. The Drama section appeared to be the highlight, and although Miss Krahn has not experienced a M.A.D. Club evening before, she produced a most entertaining evening. Mrs Saffery also included some of her pupils in the programme.

The evening went very smoothly, considering a few of the Drama exercises done were completely unrehearsed. Miss Way then calmed the overexcited actresses and enthusiastic audience with delicious coffee and cakes.

Susan Fine

S O C I O L O G I C A L C L U B R E P O R T

On Wednesday afternoons the Std 8's, 9's and 10's gather in the hall for a Sociological Club meeting to which Mrs Mc Cormick invites interesting and stimulating speakers to widen the horizons of our general knowledge.

So far, the Sociological Club of 1976 has had a very successful year. Five most interesting speakers have visited Herschel and all their talks have been thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the club.

At our first meeting this year, Mrs Mc Cormick gave a very interesting and informative talk on 'Provence'. The following week, Rev. Eve, Rector of St Saviour's, Claremont, talked about the 'Day in the life of a priest'. At our next meeting, Rev. Russell told us about his work at 'Crossroads - squatter camps'. This was very interesting and it left us subdued and thoughtful. Dr Viljoen gave us an informative and fascinating talk on Cape Wild Birds together with the most outstanding photographs which he himself has taken. Our next guest speaker was Philip Birkenshaw, a lecturer at the University of Cape Town, who spoke on Shakespeare's Henry IV. He is very vivacious and kept us most amused by acting readings from the play. The most recent guest speaker was Dr White, who has returned to Cape Town after working for four years at the Holy Cross Mission in the Transkei. She showed us beautiful slides and gave us a very interesting insight into her life there.

This term we are seeing a fascinating series of films on the History of America.

I should like to extend our sincere thanks to Mrs Mc Cormick for the unfailing efforts she has made to organise the most interesting meetings we have had so far this year.

Clare Gawith

N E T B A L L R E P O R T

This term we have played many enjoyable matches versus different schools on Thursday afternoons. As Herschel has only recently taken up netball as a second sport in the winter, our standard is not what we should like it to be, but it is steadily improving. We have, nevertheless, put up gallant fights against our opponents, and even if we do not manage to get the ball in the net as often as we should like to, we continue to play hard and to enjoy it.

The Inter-house netball is still to be held and I am sure that Jagger will not give up until the cup is on our shelf.

Rosemary Meynell

LIBRARY REPORT

The girls of Herschel are most appreciative of the beautiful library which they have at their disposal. What with welcome donations and normal purchases, the library has acquired an additional four hundred books this year, both fiction and non-fiction, including twenty volumes of the international wildlife encyclopedia and 'Science and the Future Year Book 1976'. We are especially grateful to the Swiss Ambassador for his donation of a set of books about Switzerland.

Joy Packer came to one of our lessons and told us more about the biography of her husband. She inscribed a copy of this book, 'Deep As the Sea' for us and presented autographed copies of her other books to lucky winners of a competition held in conjunction with her visit. Lady Packer's daughter-in-law, Glendy Orr, was headgirl of Herschel in 1944.

During the second term, a competition was held to stimulate interest in biographies. It required the girls to identify pictures of world-renowned personalities. The winners were Janet Hammond, Janet Miller and Jenny Gray. Congratulations!

I would like to express my sincere thanks to Miss Tremble for her work done in improving the library, her enthusiasm and her encouragement and to the librarians for performing their duties throughout the year.

Clare Gawith

HOCKEY REPORT

Jagger is fairly strong as regards hockey. Although we have only three girls from our house in the first team, we have quite a few in the second team.

For the last few years, Rolt has won the Inter-house hockey, although last year we narrowly lost to them. Perhaps this year we will surprise everyone by turning the tables. The Inter-house hockey matches will take place at the end of this term, the under 15 team will play on the 23 and the open on the 24 August. We are all eagerly looking forward to these matches.

The standard of hockey has improved greatly this year and a lot of team spirit prevails.

CAPTAIN: Karin Louw

VICE-CAPTAIN: D. Douglas-Hamilton

S W I M M I N G R E P O R T

We did very well in the Inter-house swimming gala last term, beating Merriman and coming second both in the swimming and the diving. This was not due only to the few talented Jagger girls that we have, but also to the enthusiasm shown by all, especially in the lower forms. Although we do not have any cups of which to boast, we did win both novelty races! Our cheer-leaders, Cathy Aubrey and Sue Fine were excellent and built up a strong spirit. Everybody played their part willingly and well. With this feeling amongst us, we are sure to do better next year!

The Inter-schools gala in the first term was great fun, the team swam well and tremendous spirit was shown. We certainly felt that all the early morning practices had been worthwhile after all!

CAPTAIN: R. Howell

VICE-CAPTAIN: Diane Isted

S Q U A S H R E P O R T

The Inter-house squash competition has not yet been held this year, but in the Inter-house competition last year, Jagger was not on top form and came third.

Herschel has a very powerful squash team and this is due to our excellent Springbok coach, Jill Eckstein. Nicky Kohler, Rosemary Meynell and Stacey Smith Chandler are to be congratulated on being chosen for special training.

We are hoping that with hours of practice, enthusiasm and good spirit, our players will move up at least one position in this year's competition. Good luck to all Jagger squash players!

CAPTAIN: Rosemary Howell

VICE-CAPTAIN: Judy Wilson

C H A P E L R E P O R T

CHAIRMAN: Dr Silberbauer

MEMBERS: Miss Way, Matron Johnston, Mrs Browne,
Catherine Aubrey, Jean Bergh, Tanya Bosma,
Celeste Cornforth, Bridgett Duckitt,
Clare Gawith, Sheila Hacking, Lisa Nel,
Andre Olivier, Peta Simpson, Jennifer Torr,
Susan Ward Able

Our tiny chapel, although located almost underground, is the nucleus of our worship. It is a very special place to us and it forms the heart of the school.

Communion is held every fortnight and our sincere thanks go to Rev. Eve who comes regularly from St Saviour's to take our services.

The highlight of the year is the Chapel by Candlelight service at the end of the year. The chapel always looks at its best.

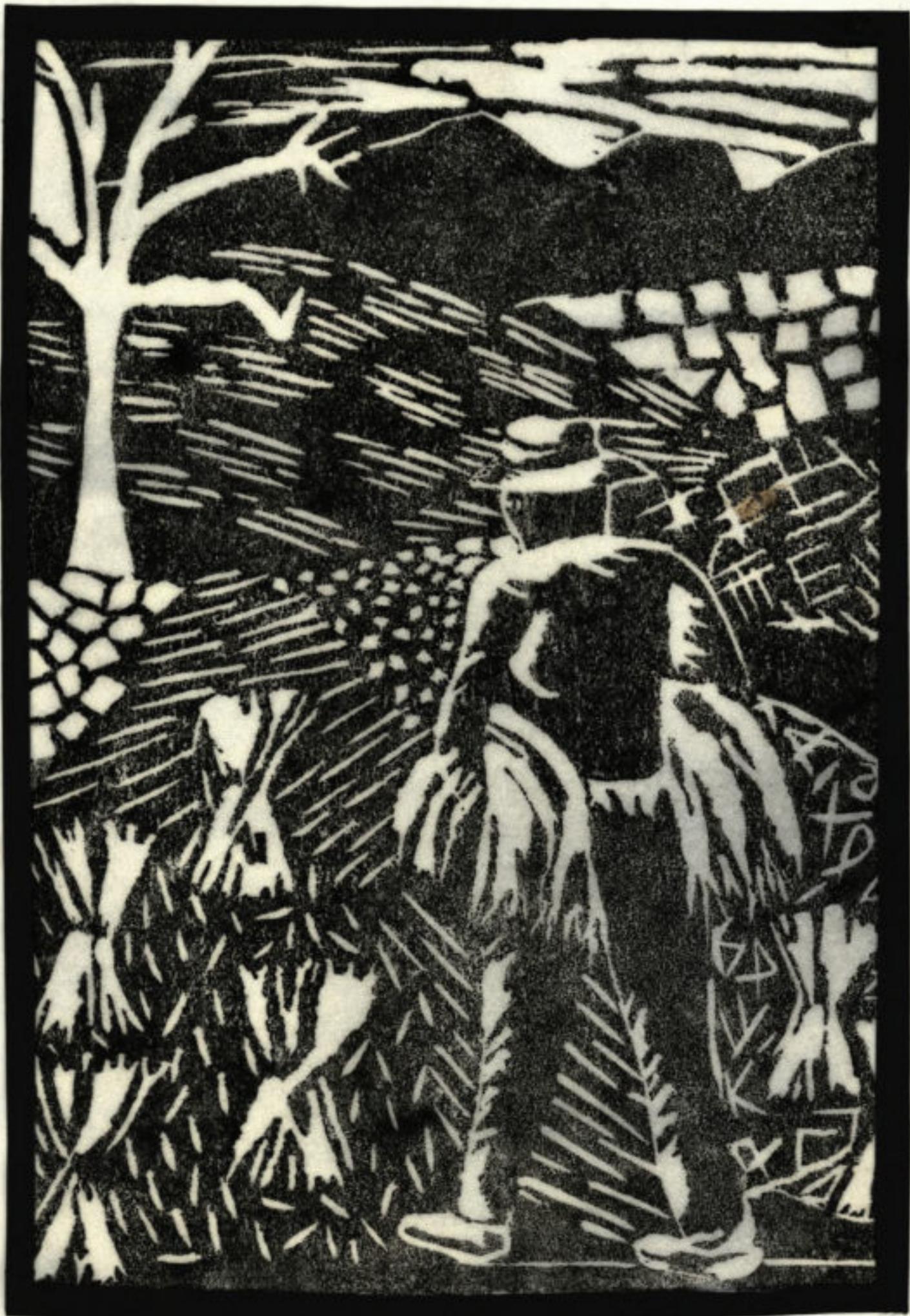
The committee presented Stewart, who cleans the chapel every week, with jerseys for both his children as a token of our appreciation for his work.

The Boarders attend chapel twice a week in the evenings. Chapel is taken by Dr Silberbauer. So the chapel is in frequent use.

The Boarders have chapel duties and we would like to thank them for so willingly and faithfully carrying out their duties in arranging flowers for the Altar, and to those who play the organ.

The chapel has been painted recently and looks super!

Catherine Aubrey



PART Two

E N G L I S H

C O N T E N T S

E N G L I S H

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1

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST
CHALLENGES FACING MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT TODAY

1

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6

POETRY

A F T E R T H E S T O R M

And when it had passed she lay panting and gasping,
Exhausted at the power and violence of the assault
Her limbs twitched in convulsive spasms
And shudders ran through her ravaged body.
Deep down in the great depths of her fiery belly
Her heart hammered and thudded
In an attempt to burst forth from the rocky fortress that
held it captive.

She cried out to the heavens,
Begging condolences and revenge for the thing that had
been done to her.
Hers was a pitiful state
And the heavens sent night to hide her wounds and shame
In his soothing, comforting cloak of blackness.

She had been taken, as a man takes a woman
But now she must resume the routine of life -
The rape of the earth was over.

Lizanne Scott
Std 8

H O U S E!

Slow
Steady
Caravan
A moving house
Snail

Erica Alderman
Std 9

A S M I L I N G F A C E

One white flowerhead
Thrusts its smiling face upward
Winter is vanquished.

Lizanne Scott
Std 8

P O L L U T I O N

Man's self-destruction:
Chimneys belching grimy grey smog,
Rivers washing dead fish,
Noises smashing God's peace;
We pollute ourselves to death.

Erica Alderman
Std 9

A N A U T U M N L E A F

A fragment of living glass
Suspended in time.
A gust of wind -
Brittle life snaps and ebbs away.
The autumn leaf floats to the ground.

Lizanne Scott
Std 8

F I R E, F I R E

A glowing sunset
Travels through the open ground
With firemen at either side.
Crackle, sizzle, roar,
And the fire's alive.
The black smoke pours out.
Oh! How did it begin?

Victoria Huxter
Std 6

D A W N

Dawn
arose
Warmed the dark,
Curtain-closed city.
Life began.
Once again,
New.

Diane Loria
Std 9

A L E A F

A faded, crinkled leaf, mustard-brown, spicy.
Life left it behind.

A fisherman, hard, salty
Veins on an old face, wrinkled, dry, lifeless.

Caroline Martin
Std 6

A U T U M N

Scrunch!
Golden leaves form
a dry, brown, carpet underfoot;
Autumn comes.

Tania Braun
Std 8

N E W S P A P E R S

News printed
Black and white
Past and future
War or peace?
Life? Death?
Truth!

Erica Allderman
Std 9

B A O B A B S

Gnarled forms, baobabs are
Nature's thick-stemmed freaks,
With rootsystem like branches,
Making them appear to have been
Planted upside-down.

Tania Braun
Std 8

A F T E R - L I F E

Life is but too short,
One is born only to die
Reincarnation?

Erica Allderman
Std 9

D E S E R T

Dry, scorching,
Desolate.
Stretching endless
Naked to eyes.
Deserted by life
Dead.

Juanita van der Merwe
Std 7

T H E S E A

The sea was a light blue
The cold, wild wind was blowing into my face.
It smelt fish and fresh;
The cool water lapped against my ankles.

I walked along the rocks,
They were slippery and covered in seaweed.
The seagulls were calling and crying in the wind
The sun sparkled on the waves.

Rosemary Brink
Std 6

A B L A C K F A C E

The little boy laughs, and
His white teeth show up against his black face.
He is dirty,
But happy as he plays in the sand.
He sees his father
The smile changes
And he runs in terror.

Philippa Olver
Std 8

T H E B U R G L A R

Stealthily creeping through the darkness
Dressed in black -
A shadow of night.

Every sound could cost his life
Any false move and
Behind the dreaded bars.

The glory of money induces dishonesty.
His heart beats and trembles
He finds the safe.

He gathers every atom of energy
To open the safe and gather the jewels,
Then fades away - into the darkness.

Carolyn Newton
Std 6

F I R E

Heat, Terror
Jumping hither and thither
Crimson, Saffron
The flames devour the paper.
Hands outstretched
They look for more
But finding nothing
They bow to the black, brittle ashes
And then die.

S. Gilbey
Std 6

OUR HERSHEL GIRLS

Herschel girls are slim and sleek
Their snobish ways are quite unique
Everywhere you go today,
You're sure to meet them on your way.

Herschel girls are pleasant, too
The way they work and play at school
Some of us are most polite
(But on the other hand, we're all alike!)

C. Allan
Std 6

M I S T

Swirling around the hilltops
Then sinking,
 sinking
 down to the valleys.

A cloth of white
Till the sun appears
Disappearing,
 faintly,
 visibly.

Nothing is left
Till tomorrow morning.

A. van der Merwe
Std 6

V I C T O R Y

The British have won the war, rejoice everyone
Put aside your work, come, have fun.
Bring out the wine, kill a bull
Roast it on fires and eat till you're full.
But first draw near to hear what I saw
At some awful moments in this terrible war.

The valiant soldiers who fought to save this land
Were as numerous at first as a beach full of sand.
Alas, my friends, this is no longer so,
So strong and powerful were the foe.
The conditions were bad,
And the men were sad,
But they fought with all their might
And at last they won the fight.
Every night when they went to bed
Their hearts were heavy for the dead.
And every morning they rose again,
Time after time, fewer men.

Then the winter set in, it snowed and rained,
The enemy retreated, the British gained.
They fought one more battle and then it was clear
That the British had won and we, over here,
Were safe from the tyrants we had learned to fear.

Now forget what you've heard
And don't say a word
When the army come marching on.
Make them feel happy and glad that they've won.
Now get ready for the feast and fun
And show the soldiers that their work is done.
Rejoice, I say, rejoice.

Erica Gawith
Std 8

W I N T E R

Long icy fingers
Freezing all man and nature
Leaving the earth bare.

Michèle Jacobson
Std 7

T O N A T U R E ' S C H I L D R E N

Look, feel, smell, hear, taste -
Wind, clouds, moonshine and water,
Leaves, twigs, fowl and beast.
Close not your heart to Beauty,
For you, too, are Nature's Child.

Fiona Lawson
Std 8

S P R I N G

Spring
blusters
blows away
winter's cobwebs
coats earth's green
robe with
dew.

Laura de Rooy
Std 7

A C C I D E N T O R F A T E

The three wizened old men
Stared through the clouds,
Eyes cold and impassive,
Their faces' creases storing the knowledge.

Of centuries untold,
All were cloaked in grey habits,
Hoods hiding their faces
With their shadows, only their faces showed.

The monks of the fates,
They were called by men,
Those Asgardian Horrors
Who controlled the destinies of the Great Gods.

But today it was not Thor's
Or the All-Father's deaths.
They were silently decreeing for
The deaths of two iron hawks and their mites.

Ocean sped away under
The belly of the false falcon;
Inside the winging predator
The passenger mites slept and read.

Through the clouds a rival
Predator-fowl sped,
Like the other, it did not
Know its destiny planned by the Wizards of Death.

On they flew, one shrouded
In the cloud's white cloak,
The other illuminated by the
Glorious light of the ever shining sun.

On they winged to the penultimate
Destiny of Death,
Everyone happy, everyone unsuspecting,
All ignorant of their spectacular death.

Suddenly the cloud cloak
Ended, both saw each other
At the same fateful time.
A mystic will moved both the controllers' mites.

Hands the same way,
Both hawks soared upwards,
The once cloud-cloaked fowl
Flew into the belly of the sun-basked bird.

Panic rippled through the
Passenger mites like
A tidal wave of dispain -
Then the almighty explosion.

That clipped the iron hawk's
Wings for evermore.
The tiny high-pitched screams
Of the parasites were drowned by the hawk's death screams.

Dead, clothed burning mites
Plummeted down with the
Burning iron feathers
Into the all-devouring blue mass of the ocean.

Those three wrinkled old men
Turned away from the scene
Of the two iron hawks' deaths.
Their bent backs showed not emotions nor their cold eyes.

S. Winstain
Std 7

G O L D F E V E R

The incessant fever dislocates the community
Like a virus,
The friendships dying
The angers unatoned.

Every pair of clutching hands obsessed
And controlled by the same influence
No man attentive to another's needs.

They sit, insatiable, grabbing and storing
Behind barred doors.
They fear the flimsiest disturbance
The end of wealth.
All, they suspect, covet their money,
Hacking at their roots
Tugging them from the pinnacle.

Yet what is this elaborate sliver of paper?
What does it represent?
Contentment? Security?
For some, perhaps,
For others, temptation, corruption, disillusionment,
Evil's gilded root.

S. Winstain
Std 7

L O G I C

If
there are
witches, why
aren't there
more
frogs?

Kate Philip
Std 9

C R U C I F I C T I O N

And it came to pass that it was His last night,
This supper would be His last.

He wondered whether His preachings had enabled
some to see the light

And He hoped His departure would be painless and
fast.

So with His chosen twelve He sat and feasted
And happily they were oblivious to what end He
was fated.

A betrayer and a denier were among them seated.
The talk and wine ran freely and they were warm
and elated.

Then Jesus took bread, broke it, blessed it and
said,

"This is my body which is given for you in remem-
brance of me. Eat it."

Then He took the cup, gave thanks and said,

"This is my blood which I shed so that your sins
may be forgiven. Drink it."

Then, after they had eaten enough,
He washed their feet and told each friend
That even though the going would be tough
They would make it in the end.

He told them one of the chosen would betray Him,
But on His blood they were drunk
And their ears were deaf and their eyes were dim
So they did not see the betrayer as out the door
he slunk.

The betrayer who left, Judas Escariot, by name,
His way to the High Priests did evilly wend.
Jesus understood that to sell his Lord for gold
was Judas' aim.
And He knew it was the beginning of the end.

Then to the Garden of Gethsemene went He and the
other eleven

A place that was dark and peaceful in the night
But He felt alone, although all about Him there
were men

Who slept unaware of His plight.

Sad and lonely He knelt and closed His eyes
And sweating, He prayed shakily to His God.
Soon He would be leaving mankind with its evils and
lies

But the way to heaven was yet long and hard.

Tired and scared with no friend in this hour of need
He tried to wake the others,

He needed company in His last hours

But no one stayed awake with Him, no, not one of His
brothers.

The only company were the silent trees and flowers.

And the time dragged slowly, ponderously by
His heart was heavy with grief

Who would care if He was to live or die?

He prayed that agony would be brief.

Then an angel came and strengthened Him

And He was calmed

When Judas and the soldiers found Him

He faced them unalarmed.

With a kiss, the symbol of love, He was betrayed.

They bound Him and led Him away

To Pilate where court procedures were staged

And he was tried after some delay.

As was predicted, Peter his Lord three times did deny
For fear the mob would turn on him.

Sickened by the guilt of causing his Lord to die

Judas went out and hung himself from a tree limb.

So the mob delivered Jesus into the hands of Pilate
But that great man was mystified,
This man had done no wrong, it just didn't fit,
On what charges should he be tried?

But the vicious screaming crowd did not agree,
He must be tried.

Not even satisfied with Barabas, a murderer, would
they be.

"We want him crucified!"

And Pilate, realising that he could be deported
Washed his hands of the thing
And gave Jesus to the mob, which spat and tainted
And the echo of "Crucify Him" through the halls did
ring.

The mob crowned him with a wreath of thorns,
Which were thrust in His head, so deep
That jewels of blood His face adorns
And from pain He did weep.

Then they gave Him His sceptre - a wooden cross
And led Him stumbling away.
For His pricey coat the soldiers dice did toss
This then was the great Lord's last day.

Against the cross, calm and with the dignity of a
king, they held Him
And hammered nails through His hands and feet
The pain was so great that His body convulsed and
there were shudders in every limb.
And so He hung, sweating in the heat.

And the crowd mocked and jeered at this Lord,
Who said He was a king,
But He couldn't even save Himself, He was just a fraud.
To this then His love and preaching did bring.

Jesus was thirsty and He cried out for something to
drink -
They gave Him vinegar.
Three agonising hours and He was at death's brink.
Not much longer.

His disciples and womenfolk wept at the foot of the cross

And even through the pain He knew they were there.

His mother, Mary Magdalene, John, Peter, all lamenting their loss.

The agony of His twitching body was almost too hard to bear.

Then at the end of the third hour, the sky darkened,
The earth quaked and thunder roared.

And unto the voice of the Son of God the people hearkened,

This king of the Jews, this fraud.

"Father, into your hands I commend my spirit," He cried

And, hated by many and mourned by some,

He closed His eyes, bowed His head, and died -

The end had finally come.

Lizanne Scott

Std 8

T H E K I L L

Crouching, Alert, Waiting
Whiskers twitching with anticipation

The self assured mouse, unaware
.....danger.....

The pounce, quick and accurate
A single squeak uttered
.....Silence.....

Catherine Aubrey
Std 9



CATHERINE AUBREY

STD 9

PROSE

S I M P L Y N A T U R E

Day was fading fast and the mountains in the west were bathed in a spotlight of glowing orange. A single star twinkled defiantly at the retreating sun as for a second it appeared crusted, sickle-like, on the harsh pinnacles of cruel rock and then it was gone, leaving an aftermath of pale light in its stead.

The waves echoed hollowly along the lonely strip of desert beach, dragging a defeated army of shingle where it would.

A wave from the east, tinted orange, trailed a veil of spray behind it. Rolling majestically forward, it began to break and the magnificent crest was distorted into a jumbled mass of water, foam and spray - a death that went unnoticed by the world. It crashed drunkenly onto the beach, swept forward and then suddenly stopped. A crust of foam fizzled merrily and then vanished into the treacherous sands.

The wonders and beauty of nature are eternal, but man is always too busy shooting rockets to the moon or building skyscrapers to notice the natural world around him.

Lizanne Scott
Std 8

T H E F I R S T P A R T Y

As her parents reversed down the driveway, Penny began to walk in the direction of the throbbing music. It became increasingly louder until finally she stood on the threshold of the shuddering cavity of flashing, contorted bodies. She paused, nervous and then stepped down into the press of people. A strange, sophisticated female laughed, passed splashing punch down the front of the skirt Penny was wearing.

She hovered, peering anxiously into the fug to find a familiar face. There was none. She began to wend her way towards the drinks, hoping to attract the notice of some male. Slowly, she poured herself a glass of punch, trying to look relaxed. She wanted to dance, but dreaded having to, as she would in that way make herself more vulnerable and open to ridicule. Her glass full, she turned and, sipping in solitude, she watched the pulsating mob, until suddenly a familiar face bounced up.

"Penny! Hi!" a voice shouted at her.

"Hello, Andrea," she shouted back, above the music.

"I wasn't expecting to see you here!"

"What?"

"I said, 'I wasn't expecting to see you here!'"

The speakers vibrated as the music shrieked out at full volume. Andrea poured herself a drink and then leaned over and shouted in Penny's ear, "Have you seen any divine guys yet?"

"What?"

"Have you seen a guy you like yet?"

"Not really", Penny shouted back.

"What?"

"Pardon?"

"I said, what did you say?"

"I don't remember now."

"What?"

Penny shook her head, smiled nervously, and the two were silent a while.

"Well, see you," Andrea shouted, waving, "I'm trying to meet that dark guy over there."

"What?oh."

There was an empty cushion on the other side of the room. Penny picked her way between motionless couples to reach it, sat, and, preparing to sit there until midnight, she withdrew herself into anonymity, and watched the surging crowd go from red to blue, to yellow, to green.

Two hours later Penny was sitting on the cushion, watching the surging crowd go from red, to blue, to yellow, to green. Then on the other side of the room she saw someone looking in her direction. He was blonde. He looked gentle and slightly shy. Penny shifted, and stretched out her hand to take some punch-sogged chips. She began to hope. She also began to feel clumsy in her long skirt, surrounded as she was by tight-fitting denim.

The past two hours had been hell. She had sat unnoticed. She hoped Andrea had not seen her and that she would not be mocked at school. Penny was shy, and she knew she was not very popular.

She looked up again and he was still looking in her direction. She shifted and looked away. When next she looked away from the cool couples shuffling round the floor, he had begun to move across the room. He paused at a bowl of peanuts for a few minutes and then moved steadily towards her again. Penny wiped her hands on her skirt and popped a peppermint into her mouth. Regretting this suddenly, she took it out and then did not know what to do with it. She hoped the next dance would be a fast dance. She hoped she would not trip on her skirt. Most of all, she hoped he would like her.

He paused in front of her, leaned forward and tapped the girl next to her on the shoulder.

"Would you like to dance?", he said.

A DROUGHT-STRICKEN FARM

The farm stood out among the barren dry waste of land. Surrounding it the ground was parched and arid; The gaping cracks in the earth^{like} thirsty mouths crying out for a drink. Mealies in the field stood dry, withered and broken. The farm produce was being consumed by the sun.

The animals huddled together, weak and listless, trying desperately to find shelter in each other's shade. A few lay out in the open already too weak to rise. A whirlwind blew across the earth whipping up broken mealies and, forming a great red cloud of dust and dirt, blinding the sheep.

The African labourers worked while the merciless sun beat down on them, burning them with its rays of fire. They worked listlessly, their lips burnt, blistered and bleeding, hanging on to a forlorn hope that deep down in the earth they would hit water.

The farmer worked with his labourers with the will to succeed. It tore his heart apart to see the farm that he had built up, dying a slow death. He watched, as the days passed, his sheep weakening and his crops burning brown.

His wife appeared at the door of the farmhouse wiping her brow, and shouted that there was only one bottle of water left. The farmer knew that the end was near. He watched as his daughter nursed a labourer who had sunstroke. Everybody was at his lowest ebb.

At five o' clock in the afternoon when the last of the water was finished, a great wind began to blow, leaving destruction. The sky grew black and forbidding. Suddenly as the thunder roared, a cloud burst and rain began pelting down. There were screams and shouts and everyone stood in the rain, soaking their dried-out bodies and wetting their blistered lips.

Where death had seemed to take its toll, life was re-born.

Catherine Aubrey
Std 9

RIP VAN WINKEL

Twenty minutes after take-off Ted Jameson leaned back and relaxed, he felt a warm satisfaction, almost exhilaration. He loved flying and just running the Navajo through the simple motions of take-off afforded him an almost sensual pleasure.

He lit a cigarette and switched on the radio "... and due to a brief nuclear Holocaust the speed of light has been drastically reduced for the moment, in fact so much that" He switched it off, absent-mindedly allowing himself to drift and merge into a sky of a thousand magnetised stars and a thousand timeless dreams.

Just one more stop and then home. He thought of his home, how marvellous it was, not because it was warm and sheltering, but because it was a sign, an eternal source of dreams like water from a spring.

The small plane rared along the runway, everything was normal; but no, something was wrong. The little runway was much bigger, and it was tarred. He stopped the Navajo at what he could judge was more or less the usual place and got out. He had been away only three weeks, yet the whole place was changed, a tarred runway, bigger buildings, different aeroplanes. He strode towards the office buildings when suddenly,

"Um, excuse me, Sir, is ..um..that yours?"

"That is my aeroplane."

"But..um...those were taken off the charts forty-five years ago."

"Here's a Rand, go and buy yourself another drink."

He strode on, and suddenly he realized. He shook himself grimly and carried on walking. Ten minutes later he found himself near his old home. The old house was still standing, but there were two very modern houses in what had been the back garden. He walked hesitantly up the front path and knocked on the door. A woman of about fifty opened it.

"Are you Tiny Jameson?", he whispered.

She nodded. Then he blurted out, "I'm Ted Jameson."

"That so? Actually, he was my father", she said slamming the door. He laughed bitterly.

(During the nuclear Holocaust he had been flying close on the speed of light. Under these conditions you do not age. He had come back a day later and the world was nearly fifty years older.)

S I G N P O S T S

The child in the back seat was sleeping, curled up in a blanket, unaware of her mother's apprehension. The young woman driving the little car, peered restlessly out through the mist. She shifted the car into gear and leant back to see if her child was asleep. She breathed a sigh of relief and once again gripped the steering wheel, feeling the warm leather cover come away in her hands, just as her once secure life had. The car crawled along slowly, gingerly picking its way along the mountain pass until a large signpost in bold green letters spelled the word "Sheffield 30 miles".

The girl, with new resolve, put her foot down slightly on the accelerator. Hearing the engine's renewed life, she allowed a smile to play on her face, her fatigue gone.

V. Visser
Std 8

B E C A L M E D

The merciless sun was beating down on the small yacht becalmed in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. It had been lying there for two days and the crew of three were becoming edgy.

"Gi' me the compass, boy," the tall, sunburnt skipper, Mr Long, shouted to the youngest member of the crew, the seventeen-year-old son of the cook. He was small for his age, lean, with cropped black hair and large brown eyes set in a dark, serious face. He was very unlike his rowdy father, a fat, stocky man with fair hair down to his shoulders, and a growing beard.

Jack mumbled an inaudible, "Damn you!" but did as he was told. On his way back to the skipper, he bumped into his father.

"Aw, son," he said in his deep rumbling voice. "Please go get ye pa ze sack of beans down dere in ze hold."

Jack was frightened of his father, so he mumbled, "Okay, pa," through clenched teeth, but once his back was turned, he swore ridently under his breath before resuming his errands. After giving the compass to Mr Long, he made his way to the hold.

Once there, he sat heavily on a sack of potatoes and buried his face in his rough hands. "Why do I always have to do the darn work?" he asked himself. "I wish I could have gone to university like all my friends. Oh, I hate it here, I hate it, hate it, hate it." He clenched his hair in his fists. He rose wearily and flung the sack of beans over his shoulder. He trudged back to the dismal kitchen and dumped the sack onto a chair. A cloud of dust arose. He went out and stared out to sea. His stomach lurched when all he saw was sea, sea, sea. "Are we ever going to get going again?" "I dunno, sonnie, I really dunno." Jack swung round and came face to face with the skipper. He was surprised. Mr Long had never talked so softly to him before. He also had a look of despair on his face. He turned round and trod heavily away, his head shrunk into his broad shoulders.

As Jack stood there, facing the setting sun, he felt something cool brush against his cheek. Could it be a breeze? He dared not think, not move, in case he frightened it away. He stayed there, stock still. His hair began to move. Now, he was certain it was there to stay. He ran to the kitchen and interrupted their serious conversation. "There's a breeze, pa, there's a breeze'," he shouted, jubilantly. Skipper and cook rushed outside. All three men hugged each other with joy and skipped around in circles, laughing. They split and went to rig the sails. The sails flapped feebly, then began to fill out.

The yacht was on its way! It sailed slowly away to the setting sun, its billowing sails silhouetted against the orange sky. The form of three men could be seen and waves of laughter drifted across the sea. Then, one figure, the shortest and thinnest of all, moved towards the hold and the others also went in different directions - one to the cabin, the other to the kitchen as the small yacht sailed away to some unknown country.

Erica Gawith
Std 8

F R A G M E N T S

Suddenly the last rays of the sun stole over the brim of the mountain peak. Gone..... until tomorrow. Gone, disappeared, departed, left, these verbs hammered at my mind, shattering my peaceful thoughts into harsh fragments of yesterday. I turned and realized that,

"The sunlight on the garden
Hardens and grows cold,
We cannot cage the minute
Within its nets of gold,
When all is told
We cannot beg for pardon."

My mind exploded as fragments both of joy and broken dreams pounded at my confused sentiments. Must I be happy or sad? The pieces of my jigsaw puzzle had scattered but were still within my reach and ready to be linked into a single, clear picture.

I suppose I could have placed these fragments into two categories, but in a way both the joyful and sorry thoughts were linked to each other as they had both been derived from a similar source. I then cast the ball unthinkingly up into the air..... but there was no-one there to catch it.

My little cocky black spaniel was no more. Sad for us, but kind for this two-year-old, for death had taken him one day in April, before he reached the height of his frustration. Blindness had struck him unexpectedly, smashing his happiness into many splinters. No longer would he romp through the fields at my heels with his long, black ears blown back by the breeze. No more would he and his faithful four-legged companion hare about the garden after one another or argue over one ball even though there were two. Yes, this dark fragment had pierced a world still unknown to me, but I could not cry. Perhaps I had no tears left. Who knows?

For another fragment snapped the rope which tied a different ship to the jetty. The impact of a drunken car killed my youthful, sea-loving friend as a thunderbolt might have done. He had sailed his boat for nineteen years within the boundaries of the Cape's south-easter, but she had unexpectedly reared her head and puffed up the sails of the buccanneer and sent it, with him at the helm, sliding over the horizon. Now he has sailed beyond our sight, but under the guiding hand of a far greater person than we, the fragments of humanity who were left in the doldrums.

However, reflections other than these slipped through my thoughts. The difference was that these were creative and not destructive. It is so true that we cannot capture time, for time consists of fleeting moments, so it is necessary to enjoy as many fragments of time as possible. So when a new friendship knocked boldly on my door, I opened it and in stepped happiness, a welcome guest. The night had slept and day once again awoke with a radiant face. The thoughts of joy and friendship warmed my heart and I found myself singing out with gladness. I realized that I must enjoy today, but at the same time lay the foundations for the building that must be constructed tomorrow.

Once I had gathered my fragments of thought and pieced them together, the picture became clear. I arrived at the conclusion that life itself consists of a myriad of fragments, some of which are sharp, and cut, while others are slightly blunted, and the remaining ones are smooth and pleasant.

Margaret Higgins
Std 10

A SMALL BOY'S FIRST PRAYER

"Our Father, which art in heaven, um, hailed, no er..."

"Dear God,

I can't remember any more, so I'll make up my own prayer. Please bless my Mummy and Daddy, my big brother (and tell him to lend me his kite, too), not my sister, 'cos she smacked me with her hairbrush and my Grandma, who's living with you in heaven.

God,

I don't understand You. I asked Mummy if You were in my room, and she said yes. Then I ran to Dad in the lounge and he said You were there, too. I closed the door, so unless You borrowed my new, super-fast, friction-powered steam-engine, I don't know how You got there. (I s'pose I'd better thank You for something now.)

Thank You, God, for my new cowboy-suit, my birthday, my garage, my cars and especially Snakie (my snake).

Please,

Bless everyone I know and protect me from my sister's hairbrush. (I think I'll break it to pay her back). If you do this, I promise to take Snakie to church, so he can become a Christian too.

Amen."

C. Marten
Std 6

A CRICKET TEST AT NEWLANDS

The tension builds up with silence that screams in its very stillness. One of the small white figures detaches himself from the picture and starts running. He gains pace - bowls. The tension subsides. Once again the crowd lives. People overflow into the beer tents and the tuck shop. Ice clinks in the glass, beer froths. The typical sounds of a crowd become louder - the crunch of chips, the scrumple of sweet papers, voices.....

The main stand stands tall, dignified and neat. It is filled with serious, concentrating people. Next to it squats the tatty members stand - insignificant, yet with all the character of the cricket ground. The people on the grass enclosure sit or lie, relaxed, bawdy, drunk, shouting loud comments, extracting every minute of enjoyment in the day.

Tessa van Ryneveld
Std 7

THE SUICIDE OF RIFLEMAN HOBBS

He crumpled into the mud. His head rolled back onto the earthy side of the trench, and a cigarette fell out of his mouth. It landed silently, slowly submerging itself, retreating.

"Damn!" The man jerked back to life and plucked the sodden cigarette from where it lay. He twisted to the man slouched next to him, eyes closed and all his being concentrated on sucking smoke from the stale tobacco. "Gimme a light. I went out," he said.

There was a loud explosion, a volley of shots and then aeroplanes were heard. The men carefully put out their cigarettes, pocketed them and then in wild confusion, grabbed their guns and rushed to their posts, crouched, heads low, and firing, a jet of blood-red flame splurting forth with each explosion. Acrid smoke filled the air and shells were whining down between and around the opposing trenches. The men were crammed, shoulder to shoulder, they cursed and swore, their fingers raw, teeth clenched and faces screwed up, contorted, trying to pierce the smoke and dusk, to aim, to kill, to get it over with and go home.

Joe Hobbs pressed his body against the trench. He gritted his teeth and fired a shot. He seemed to hear it above all the rest and he half-imagined the other trench, but blocked out the thought, and fired, again and again. The night passed, black with fireworks of death lit up. Men fell.

Hobbs swallowed the endless urge to vomit, to turn and sit down, safer lying on the floor of the trench than there, vulnerable. He half-thought of his leave, due in a week. He would be seeing his wife in a week and two days. He stopped these thoughts, doused the thrill that ran through his body and fired again and again and again. His white-washed cottage with the honeysuckle rose before his imagination, but he wiped it off the blackboard of his mind, and tried to concentrate on firing, on the whining of shells, the splurt of earth. It began to rain and he thought of home and other rainy evenings, but with a half-smile and regret he pulled the trigger consciously once more.

The barrage was over. The men, steaming and exhausted, piled together to rest or to tell coarse jokes. Hobbs sat slightly apart, able at last to revel in thoughts of the past and the future.

With the post came a letter and a telegram. The telegram was from his mother. His wife and house had been bombed. His wife was dead. He sat in mute silence. Then slowly he opened the letter in the familiar writing. It read, "I hope you will be joining me soon...." Hobbs sat, his eyes fixed on this first phrase. Then he stood, turned his rifle on himself and pulled the trigger.

Kate Philip
Std 9

THE "REAL" ME

On the whole, people do not expose their personalities to others as they really are. They hide certain characteristics or disguise them in such a way that it is difficult to recognise them. They act differently in different situations and in front of different people, so that it is not easy to get to know the "real" person. I know, because I am like that too. Do even I know the "real" me?

My moods are forever changing. Even when I am with my mother, to whom I am very close, I feel my mood changing. Sometimes I need to be tucked into bed and treated like a little girl, but at others I wish to be treated as a mature woman and to be independent. The same applies with my father. One day I will sit on his lap and demand all his attention, but the next I will sit sedately in a chair and try to hold an adult conversation with him. He finds this very amusing and I tend to fly off the handle when he mocks me.

At times I feel that I must be alone. We have a holiday cottage at Britannia Bay and I love to walk along the beach when it is getting dark and to be by myself. I like to scramble over the rocks or just to bask in the sun like a lizard. Perhaps I feel alone because the sea seems to stretch on forever, with nothing at the other side. The sky reaches up with no end and the endless hills are untouched by man.

At other times I need to be amongst people. Just to be one of a crowd of people whom I do not even know can give me the security that I want. Sitting in the same room with a person whom one knows well gives the same sense of security even if no conversation takes place.

Am I catty and intolerant of others or am I kind, loving and giving? Sometimes my heart opens to people and I am prepared to do anything I possibly can to help them, but at others the same people can irritate me to the point of blank rudeness. At times I am obstinate and argue merely for the sake of arguing and at other times I can be amiable and will agree with almost any statement made.

There are many facets to my personality, but basically I think that it can be divided into the dependent and independent sections. The dependent part of my nature comes out when I want to be with and help my mother in the kitchen with the cooking or housework or when I want to stay at home to nurse my father while he is ill. It comes out when my time is anybody's and when I feel that I can't do enough for anyone. It shows when I want to be tucked into bed, loved and told that everything will happen for the best.

The independent section of my nature is evident when I wish to be treated as a mature adult or when I am irritable and wish to be alone. It shows when I do not wish to be shown any signs of affection and I want to be cold and aloof.

Who am I? Who is the "real" me? Nobody can say who the "real" me is. Nobody knows. Not even I.

Erica Graham
Std 10

S I G N P O S T S

Moving his way through the traffic, he pushed the choke and changed into first gear, cursing the slow-moving trail of cars snaking along the highway. The red Jaguar's engine groaned at the restraint placed upon it, like a wild horse in harness. The man's fingers tapped the wheel, beating out a restless tune with frustration. Suddenly he saw a space widen out, the cars began to move

as the lights changed colour. He saw the jet-black highway stretch like a tongue and it was as if its mouth was sucking him into itself as he changed into fourth gear and opened up the engine. The car let out a powerful sound and leaped eagerly past the other cars. The man's fingers relaxed on the wheel as the feeling of power engulfed him. All at once a blue car beckoned him into the side of the road. Reluctantly, furious, he pulled over to hear that he had exceeded the speed limit. A red-faced traffic officer peered enviously at the beige upholstery asking if he hadn't seen the sign.

He slowly turned his head resignedly to face the round, green sign glittering in the sunlight and pulled the fine-money out of his pocket.

V. Visser
Std 8

THE CINEMA IN THE AFTERNOON

The silver money falls onto the counter, "As far back as possible." The fat lady oozes over her stool behind the glass and with a grunt a crisp ticket and a few coppers are returned to me. I weave my way to the foyer doors; the air is cooler as I enter.

I look around the vast room carpeted from floor to ceiling and lined with scenes from "Films now Showing". Along the far wall between the velvet entrances are displays of colourful children's toys glistening new behind the glass. The scattered people chatter, cracking the silence with short peals of laughter. In the corner the children group savagely at the sweet counter, coins held high. The murmur now increases as the foyer fills with the latest scandal and new fashions. The bell dongs.

The crowd moves conversationally to the curtained entrance. Darkness hits you, footsteps approach and a light flashes. Two rows from the front I fall into a soft, dusty chair which creaks into position. The spacious room lets forth a soft tune and then a bellowing advertisement, as colours flash past. A comment, a laugh, then silence from my neighbour as the screen draws attention. Popcorn whiffs pass me, papers crackle and children cough.

After a while my main attention is on the screen, noisy and colourful until the end. People rise slowly, turning towards the exits and scatter into the sunlight.

Linda Swanepoel
Std 9



TESSA HANDLEY

STD 10

THE ART OF LIFE IS THE ART OF COMPROMISE

Is it?

This is an arguable statement and I do not believe it is everyone's answer to life. One may as well ask: What is life? One person's conception of life may be entirely different from another person's. Basically, to live one needs food, water, warmth and shelter, but to live in a western civilization as we know it, one needs some type of love, a goal other than self-preservation, something or someone to compete against and some sort of God. To attain these things one has to fight, compromise and make personal sacrifices.

One hears people say a compromiser can never be an idealist. That may be true, but then is an idealist someone who has tried to raise himself above others by fighting against something which has developed in our society for the peace and benefit of that society?

One might say that compromise means dropping one's standards to meet someone else's. This is not strictly true in many instances, as compromise does not always mean a move from right to wrong or white to grey. It may just involve a horizontal and not a vertical shift.

From what I have observed "the art of compromise usually ensures a successful marriage". If life to you is marriage, then the title of this essay has already been proved correct.

Compromise can turn into a very complicated and skilful game and if one plays it well enough, one very rarely has to compromise. It can be said to be the skill of letting other people have your way. The so-called idealist who makes a stand seems to lose out both ways.

The art of compromise is also adopted by politicians who either take a stand which can lead to war or they compromise. In most instances, compromise is the more beneficial alternative. However, it cannot be too one-sided as compromise does not imply complete sacrifice.

A relationship is rarely completely balanced which means that one person will always have to compromise more than the other. If that person wants to keep their relationship intact, then compromise is an art worth learning.

I believe that at some stage, to make one's life easier one must learn to compromise. After all life is always worth much more after a sacrifice.

Margaret Adam
Std 10

THE BEACH

The sea was like a great raging inferno, angry and wild. The foam on top of the waves reminded one of soap suds, frothing and foaming. The waves thrashed and swirled around tiny figures - little ants pushing their powerful bodies through the angry sea, pushing the water aside with strong hands. The sea seemed to be calling for a victim as it looked dark and menacing. People, oblivious, splashed and frolicked in the waves. Grandads and Grannies paddled their gnarled toes in the frothy foam which rushed up the beach. Babies in bonnets built sandcastles out of sieved sand, which was deep yellow like melted butter.

A gentle breeze blew the sand around, sandwiches tasted of gritty chicken, Mothers fussed over sand-eating babies. Fathers drowsed in the hot sun contented. Hundreds of people lounged around fanning their white flabby bodies. The fashions in costumes looked like liquorice allsorts. Multi-coloured beach umbrellas brightened the scene.

The ice-cream man staggered along shouting, carrying melted oozing ice-creams. Seagulls cried and pecked at scraps on the sand.

Catherine Aubrey
Std 9

SUNSET

The sun threw its last rays over the waiting sea and the slow ripples of water around his feet receded as they followed the setting sun. He walked onwards leaving potholes of water in his footprints which were immediately transformed into pools. He was closing the curtain of day and gathering the night to him. He hung the moon in her stately position against her background of lit dust particles. The rock pools murmured with life and the sea steadied her tiny waves and left ripples to play amongst the rocks. The monotonous thunder of surging waters quietened. A ship appeared on the horizon. As she moved, he threw his hands around it enveloping it in a world of darkness. He pulled the ship gently over the sea until it faced the orange ball of the sun as she bade him farewell. Slowly, but surely, the light and energy of the day sank in a fiery world of red and orange and the ship continued on her way as night took its place.

Nicola Dauncey
Std 8

THE REAL ME

Have you ever before tried to write an essay about yourself? Well, I never have thought that I am an object worthy of observation. Now, however, I have to look at myself, examine myself, perform a thorough investigation on myself, dissect each facet of my feelings and thoughts to find myself. I have to look objectively at myself through the mirror of my mind to find myself, to draw forth the real me. It is strange, but never before have I considered the real me.

What is the real me? After all I seem to be an ordinary and perfectly normal homo sapiens doing the usual duty of a teenager, which is to attend school, do my homework and generally enjoy myself and make friends.

Maybe, I had better pinch myself to make sure I exist. Ow, yes, I am certainly real. A quick reference to the Oxford dictionary is called for, to find the definition of real. Aha! Eureka! I have found it! Real means, 'actually existing as a thing or occurring in fact'. No, that is not what I want considering that I have to look at the real me and I have proved already (by exerting a light pressure on my leg, using my thumb and forefinger) that I do exist.

So I inhale, exhale, shake my right leg and then speak. Well, so far I have reached the conclusion that I am alive in that I breathe, respond to external stimuli, move, eat and I am able to reproduce, although at this particular stage in my life reproduction is definitely not called for.

What controls my reactions, my thoughts and what makes me respond to stimuli? A nervous organ in the interior of my skull, in other words, my brain, controls me. But is this me? No, it is not. Then what is? This is a strange and rather frightening thought.

The real me could be a spirit incarcerated in a body that moves and expresses the emotions and opinions of the spirit. This feeling comes over me when my thoughts meander through the maze of my mind, but somehow this spirit, my spirit, is not associated with my body. This only occurs when I am lonely and try to find an escape from that which I fear.

Nevertheless, when I am happy and relaxed my body and soul rejoice, they form a union that cries out with joy and laughs and is merry.

The real me is, must be, just me. The real me dislikes wars and family arguments, but loves a peaceful, happy life. I take great delight in watching a baby take its first steps or the first time my nephew reaches out to me when he wants me to lift him. When my family is content and glad, I myself feel satisfied with life, but when the house is in a confusion, I look forward to an everlasting peace which must come.

On sun-filled days when I can run through the golden fields with my two dogs at my heels and the wind sifting through my hair, I feel free and at one with myself. On these occasions the real, laughing me emerges.

Another experience I value greatly is the friendship of a person and the more friends I am able to make, the merrier I shall be. I hope that I may be able to assist them and fill their lives with joy.

By enduring hardships and experiencing joy, the real me will eventually reach maturity. I believe that the strength of my body and mind will unite me and it is this that will bear the real me through life.

Margaret Higgins
Std 10

THE INTRUDER

The water dripped into the sink with the same rhythm as the swinging pendulum. Paul Hanegraaf sat in silence, engrossed in the Stuart Cloete novel. An occasional cloud of frustration crossed his face as he surfaced for a while from his book to hear the tap and clock singing together in the kitchen and passage.

The clock had already chimed three hours since ten o'clock, but Paul could not leave the book. He had had supper late and had settled down to complete the book, finish the last two beers and fill the ashtray up with cigarette butts.

The kitchen door creaked open, but Paul took no notice, he was too absorbed in the book. Suddenly, Paul's eyes lifted from his book. Something was moving outside in the yard. Paul shook off the idea and continued to read the book, scolding himself for being on edge after reading a ridiculous story.

He was not concentrating very much on reading, and suddenly he realized that his hands were shaking and perspiration was collecting on his forehead. Cautiously he lowered his book as he heard a shuffling sound in the yard.

"It's three months since that girl was killed and the killer is still at large. A hammer - just to think that one human being can ruthlessly kill another helpless, innocent person in cold blood. How many people are wandering the streets and parks with guilt on their minds, wandering, waiting, watching for an innocent fellow being like like me!" Paul started to tremble violently. He clenched his fists, his muscles tense and shaking. Two stains of sweat marked the underarms of his shirt. His eyes wandered around the room searching for a suitable weapon.

"The lamp is too clumsy, I'll first have to wrench the cord from the plug and that'll waste time. I must find something, I MUST. The scissors; where are they? If Marlene Sehnberg can do it, I can do it in self-defence. I wish that clock and tap would shut up!"

Paul's heart missed a beat as the clock chimed yet another hour into the silent morning. Paul was on the point of screaming, the tension of a murderer was ten metres away, waiting with a hammer, the sound of the tap dripping and the clock ticking away the remaining minutes of his life. "The tap was always used in concentration camps to torture prisoners." He listened to the tap, "Apparently it would drive them insane. I've never had the chance to be insane, now that my life is nearing its end."

The door creaked once again. Paul's blood ran cold and goosepimples rose all over his torso. Salt was now stinging in his eyes and he resisted the temptation to wipe his eyes in case it alarmed the intruder.

"What if I do move? He'll get me in any case, the bastard, attacking defenceless, innocent people, driving old people crazy, terrorizing children. I'll get him, I'll get him!"

Paul jumped from the chair, grabbed the marble ashtray from the table, spilling its contents in the haste. He darted to the kitchen, oblivious of the furniture he had uprooted in his haste. He clutched at the door handle, raised the ashtray, ready to strike. He swung the door open and threw the ashtray with closed eyes. The shatter of the ashtray breaking never came. Slowly Paul opened his eyes. The book lay cushioned in the chair opposite him.

D A W N

The night was changing from black to grey and the stars were quietly slipping into oblivion. The pale sickle of moon sliced the dark mountain with her sharp blade in defiance of the forthcoming day, but disappeared, vanquished, to her eternal orbiting.

For a moment the sky was dark and still and then with a crash of light, that split the black earth, the dawn fed the hungry, waiting earth her golden beams. The world awoke and rejoiced in the new day. The flowers shook their sleep-befuddled heads and thrust their heads upwards, greedy for the fulfilling warmth and light. In a grove of oaks a deer lifted her brown head and pawed the ground in appreciation of the spectacle. A slight breeze sprang up and whispered through the grass and chased the autumn leaves, rolling them over and over in boisterous delight.

A golden, fiery rim appeared crusted on the mountain in the east and with magnificent splendour, surpassing that of any regal monarch, the sun rose. Majestically, the great disc ascended into the welcoming sky and the day was, once again, dominant.

Lizanne Scott
Std 8

THE BOOKS ON MY BOOKSHELF

It would be impossible to write on all the books on my bookshelf, but in the following essay I shall try to give a general cross-section.

My favourite childhood books were "The Cat in the Hat" and "The Cat in the Hat comes back" by Dr Seuss. These books appealed to me mainly because the cause of the riot always seemed to get away with it. "Screwelpeter" was forced on me at an early age and it really terrified me as it does most young children, and yet one invariably sees it on the bookshelves of children with older parents.

From the vivid memories of these books, I progressed through a childhood of Beatrix Potter, pony books and finally mystery stories.

The beginning of my breakthrough into the adult world began with books such as Mary O'Hara's novels on "Flicka" and "Thunderhead", and I finally made it there after reading "Animal Farm" by George Orwell in about Standard V. For the first time, I realized that symbolism was used in books as well as paintings.

My bookshelf boasts a few D.H. Lawrence which I read in Standards VI and VII and as a result I didn't get out of them what I perhaps could have. I have never gone back to reading him as it struck me then that he always seemed to be ranting and raving about something.

I have always enjoyed John Steinbeck, especially "In Dubious Battle" and "Tortilla Flat", although he is not one of my favourite authors.

In the fairly cultured tapestry of my bookshelf there appears the occasional wrong thread in the form of a Wilbur Smith or Geoffrey Jenkins. I am not criticizing these books as they are reasonable first-rate second-rate books, but they certainly require very little brain or imagination to be appreciated.

My favourite books are those by Hemingway, Herman Charles Bosman, Herman Hesse, J.P. Donleavy, Scott Fitzgerald and James Joyce.

My favourite Hemingway is "To have and have not". He's essentially a realist and represents our age in fairly cynical tones, whereas with Hesse our imagination is our life and reality. I felt very strange after reading about the intense psychological experiences of the "Steppenwolf". Dick Diver in Fitzgerald's "Tender is the Night" and the "Steppenwolf" in Hesse's novel seem to me to represent the two ways an intelligent, culturally aware, but above all self-aware and introspective person can go.

As yet, I have not been ambitious enough to read "Ulysses" by James Joyce, but I have read "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" which I found slightly disturbing. J.D. Donleavy, like Joyce, had an Irish education, but writes in a completely different way. In spite of its crudeness, I find J.D. Donleavy's writing very refreshing and extremely entertaining. In an atmosphere of crudeness and chaos he creates beautiful characters such as Ballhazar in "The Beastly Beatitudes of Ballhazar B" and Clementine in "The Onion Eaters".

If you like pure, beautiful imagery, then you will enjoy "Wind, Sand and Stars" by Antoine de Saint Exapery.

To me, Herman Charles Bosman is a brilliant short story writer and certainly deserves a place in every South African bookshelf.

Margaret Adams
Std 10

"Having been educated at a single-sex school and taught at a co-ed one, how do you think single-sex schools compare?"

"Don't fancy them much. I reckon the more normal, natural and, therefore, sensible system is co-ed. People get a lot more used to one another more naturally and so a whole load of silliness and coyness in encountering on another is avoided."

"You've done quite a bit of acting yourself. What role did you play when you made your debut on stage?"

"Believe it or not, Christian in 'The Pilgrim's Progress'. I think I was eight or nine."

"Have you any particular anecdotes of experiences on stage?"

"One never really remembers these for long. You only seem to dredge them up when six or seven actors are gathered together late at night all reminiscing like mad. But I do remember a scene-change that was done during a black-out. I had to place two champagne bottles on a table that other actors set and laid in the dark. The black-out caught me by surprise and in my panic I got all cought up and entangled in the folds of the curtains that were drawn behind the table-scene. The stage-lights had already come up when this bedraggled and helplessly giggling naval officer eventually emerged from underneath the curtains - the only way I could find to get out - drenched in upturned champagne and feeling, a. a bit spare; and b. more than a little hysterical. Oh yes, and I also remember a horrific moment while playing Edmund in 'King Lear' when I turned around to play a two-man scene with another actor and found that he hadn't made it. I was there all on my own. You try improvising a soliloquy in Shakespearean blank verse!"

"The photographs in your book, 'Ah Big Yaws?' are of you and Yvonne Bryceland. Have you ever had any reaction from strangers recognising you from these?"

"I was walking down the main street in Sunnyside one Saturday morning when someone in a car stuck a head out of a window and yelled, 'Hey, aitsa, 'Ah big yaws!' - never seen them in my life before - or after, come to think of it.' But they seemed friendly. A friend keeps a copy of the book in his loo, and I do meet people who say, 'I haven't actually met you, but I've seen you in Nannie's loo!'"

"Here's the final, cliché question, 'What do you hate doing most?'"

"Putting on make-up. No, sorry, wrong. Taking off make-up!"

ON TOUR TO FRANCE

France....Paris....The Eiffel Tower....wine....chateaux
....night clubs....fashion....Bordeaux....the French.
These thoughts flashed through the minds of thirty
young people as they left D.F. Malan Airport on the
18 June. They, that is students of the University of
Cape Town and scholars from Cape Town schools, were on
a French study tour to France - the first ever such
tour to France from South Africa.

Myself, Susan Fine, Janet Hammond, Liz Meynell were
very fortunate to be with them. We said good-bye to
the 'fair Cape' - then pouring with rain, and flew to
Johannesburg, where we changed flights. We stopped
at Libreville in Zaire, where it was very humid and
sticky, had our last Coke for under 25 cents and boarded
the 'plane for Nice. After a pleasant flight we landed
at Nice Airport. In order to land one flies very low
over the sea and the airport is on the coast. The re-
quest for passengers to board again was soon announced
and we made our way to the aeroplane. About twenty minutes
later we discovered that two women had been left at Nice -
our first crisis! Luckily, however, they flew that
evening. As we emerged from the clouds blanketing Paris
we stared in amazement at the size of Charles de Gaulle
Airport - the massive structure like a star where we
landed without a bump.

We boarded a luxury bus and made for our hotel situated
in the suburbs of Paris. It was a small, run-down hotel,
with a lift that occasionally broke down, and floors that
sloped so that one rolled from one side of the bed to the
other. Out of twenty of us, only one person had a bath-
room - his room was always occupied, even at 3.00a.m., by
girls bathing and washing their hair!

That afternoon a tourist bus took us around Paris, and
our guide pointed out what had to be pointed to - as most
of the time we were saying, "Look there's the Louvre", or
"There's Notre Dame, or isn't this the Champs Elysees".
The main aim of this tour was to learn to speak French -
and so our guides and tourleaders spoke to us in French.
At the beginning this was very confusing. That evening
we travelled up the Seine by 'Bateaux Mouche' which was
an experience I'll never forget. At 10.30p.m. we saw
most of the beautiful tourist attractions against a red
sky.

We visited Versailles the next day. Some of the rooms
are magnificent and we spent hours staring at the wonder-
ful carpeting, furniture and paintings. We then had
our first French lunch outside Versailles on a pavement
café. That night we strolled around the Latin Quarter
and watched men blowing fire and swallowing razor blades.

The following morning we left Paris and began our bus
journey through the Loire valley to Bordeaux. The
countryside is very beautiful - golden wheat fields in

neat squares and luscious green grass borders the roads. On the way, we stopped off at numerous chateaux - magnificent palaces where the Kings of France used to live. That night we entered Bordeaux, where we were to stay for two weeks with families.

Each member of the tour lived with a different family. Our family, the Bedouts, were delightful and enchanting - five children, two grandmothers and an elderly friend, an Irish girl who was staying there to learn French, the parents and Liz and I made it thirteen people living in one house! The purpose of our living in families was so that we would learn the French way of life and most important, to speak French. The custom that surprised us the most was that we kissed each member of the family on both cheeks every morning, lunch and evening after supper.

Breakfast consists of black coffee, bread and jam and we ate it on the kitchen table amongst the dirty supper dishes from the night before. Lunch was a cooked meal with meat and salad. Our family ate the meat raw inside and burnt round the outside. The salad is eaten first by itself and then the meat is served. Between the two, in order to get your plate clean, as you eat off the same plate and use the same cutlery for a meal, you clean it with your bread, which is broken and buttered on the table - no plates. Supper was at about 9.30 - 10.00p.m. - as it was still light and the amazing thing was that we never felt hungry at about 7.00p.m. when we are used to having supper. The same procedure that happened at lunch, happened at supper - salad and meat and then Outspan oranges to finish the meal. After supper, everyone lit a cigarette and we talked or watched television until about 1.00a.m.

We travelled around Bordeaux in our group of thirty and if the French wanted to join us they were very welcome. We visited many interesting places. One day we visited Arachon, where there is an oyster centre - we were shown where they are bred, washed and weighed, then packed into cardboard boxes and carried aboard large lorries. Very near by, are the highest dunes in Europe - at Pyla. We ran up and down these dunes four times - it must have been the wine we had tasted before!!! We visited many magnificent chateaux that are near Bordeaux, and tasted wine the professional way. We went to the sea many times and swam in the water, full of big jelly fish. Having visited many historic places near Bordeaux and experienced the French way of life for two weeks, we left for Paris by train. After a memorable train journey in the company of two men who did not have any train tickets and were escaping to Britain after sailing across the English Channel in a small sailing boat, We arrived in Paris and checked in at our second hotel - the Royal Hotel on the Champs Elysees.

Our last night we spent walking up and down the Champs Elysees singing 'Die Stem' and at the Arc de Triomph, we met a Japanese man and began talking to him. He taught

us how to write Japanese and took photographs of us all. We returned to the hotel at midnight and had a bath and just as we were getting into bed, there was a knock on our door and the other students came through and we dressed again and walked round Paris until 3.00a.m. - the night life still as busy as at 11.00p.m.

We caught our flight back and arrived at D.F. Malan with our parents eagerly waiting to hear all about France 1976.

Rosemary Meynell

AN INTERVIEW WITH ROBIN MALAN

Robin Malan is well known in South Africa as the author of 'Ah Big Yaws?' and Drama-Teach, and the editor of In-scapes and Outridings. But he is not a full time writer, and is in fact a teacher! He spent some time at Cape Town High School teaching English and he taught Drama at Stellenbosch University. He was the moving force behind 'Theatre for Youth' held here in Cape Town, and at the moment is the Director of P.A.C.T.'s drama-in-education. He is also a very amusing man to interview!

"Robin, in all your years of teaching, what stands out in your mind as your worst memory?"

"Marking my 120th Std 6 exam essay on 'Sunday in Sea Point'. I'd thought it such a good title, poetic and all that. All I got back were dozens of '...and then I got the bus and then I went for a swim and then I....'. And, for six months while I was acting vice-principal, inspecting the length of boys' hair and the width of their trouser-bottoms (stove-pipes were 'in' then, but officially 'out'). I really wasn't very interested in these things and I couldn't see what they had to do with teaching."

"Was there ever any particular occasion on which your pupils really had you stumped?"

"Well, I don't know if they ever really tried stumping me. They sometimes had to rescue me. I had bad habits, you see. For instance, I used to stand behind the 'teacher's chair', throw a leg over the back of it, and wedge a foot between the slats of the chair-back. Quite often, when the bell rang at the end of a period, I had to yell for people to come and get my foot unstuck. And I also used to sit on the back of the chair and swing backwards and forwards. The guys in the front desks used to sit there 'at the ready' waiting to leap up and save me when I swung too far back and the whole works slid out from under me.

S I G N P O S T S

The young girl in jeans and a floral shirt, high shoes and a thick jersey, waited for the light to change. She impatiently flicked her shining black hair away from her exquisitely shaped almond face and glanced disinterestedly in the rear-view mirror. She saw behind her, her past (for what it was). She saw the fights and the misery and before her, the glowing future, the contract and the money. She had organised everything perfectly in order to save her parents any heartache. She had left a note thanking them for the love they had given her, but explaining that security was not enough. She had been offered a modelling contract and, for better or worse, had signed it and was heading for the lights.

As she turned back, she saw the sign spelling out her hometown "WELCOME TO MAROUSBURG". Across its surface someone had drawn a large black cross.

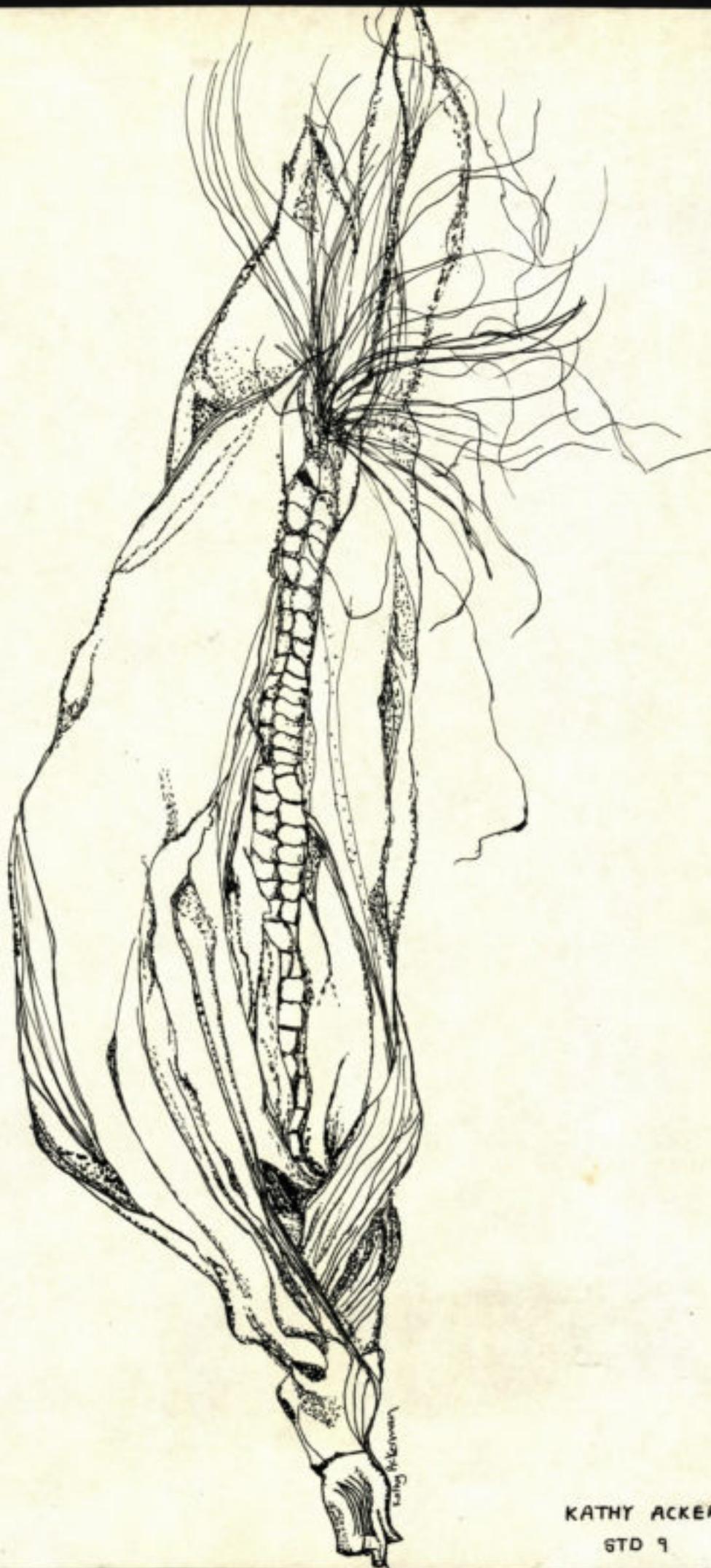
V. Visser
Std 8

HOLIDAY FUN

She sat there at her writing desk staring sullenly at the empty sheet of paper in front of her. Always the same: The first day at school after the summer holidays the teacher would ask them to do a composition about their holidays and with the good intention to stimulate their imagination, she would provide such themes as "The most thrilling adventure of my holidays", "How I made a success of my holidays" or "My fantastic holiday crowd". This time it was "People I met in my holidays". What could she write? Her brain was as blank as the sheet of paper before her. She started to draw lines on the paper: circles and curves and as the irritation grew in her, her pen moved faster scrawling and scribbling and there it was: that strange squiggle looking like breakers that crashed down on the shore. The breakers symbols of her holiday fun! Those were the days, her days, when a strong Northwesterly wind swept over the sea and the deserted beach, the galeforce wind tugging at her bathing-gown, the grains of sand hammering against her legs like thousands of fine projectiles, giving her that prickly sensation. She would survey the sea: the white lines of waves coming from the North West, rolling on to the beach under that acute angle, which gives rise to the current. She would wade into the sea till the water reached up to her calves and when the churning water of a breaker came towards her, she would try to lift herself on her toes in order to avoid the cold water wetting her bathing costume. Even the dying wave was so powerful that it sent her staggering some steps

towards the beach, but then the backwash would set in, almost 'irresistible'; gravity drawing the water straight towards the sea and with it the sand from underneath her feet. She herself was drawn by the backwash, but already the next breaker would thunder on the shallow and a foaming sheet of water would swirl towards the South East. Breaker and backwash, breaker and backwash, they would tug at her, till she succumbed and let herself fall into the water, swaying in that succession of breaker and backwash, drifting with that rapid zig-zagging current to the east. The sandy soil underneath her back would be in turmoil, the powerful current taking the sand with it to the east. Around her pieces of wood and seaweed drifted. She was part of that all, a plaything to the water. And her thoughts would drift ahead of her to the next promontory.....in the quiet water of the lee side the sand would settle down, forming a spit of land that would grow in the course of the time into a curved Nehrung, but the sand could not rest; the wind would pile the sand up to huge dunes and even then there would be no rest: the dunes would shift with the wind towards the bay, burying on their way the small villages of the fishermen and the firwoods..... Those were her days: water and wind, and the clouds racing the waves!..... She settled down to her job: I had a glorious time at the Baltic Sea. Whether it was fine or somewhat unpleasant I did not miss out on swimming. And there were so many interesting people, we were a "fantastic" crowd, quite inseparable!

Kriemhild Gramsch
Std 7



KATHY ACKERMAN

STD 9

HISTORY

GEOGRAPHY

SCIENCE

HATSHEPSUT AND THUTMOSE

Hatshepsut was the aunt of Thutmose
Who was too young to rule.
She got permission to rule for him
And made young Thutmose look a fool.

She built lovely temples
And many good ships
For trading on the Nile.
The ships were kept for a very long time
And sailed down the river in file.

At last Thutmose got rid of her,
(We haven't the fogiest how!)
Her statues defaced
And her records destroyed,
And Thutmose was ruler now!

C. Allan
Std 6

"THE POPULATION EXPLOSION IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST CHALLENGES FACING MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT TODAY"

The Lord said, "Be fruitful and multiply", when the population of the world consisted of two people.

This command has indeed been obeyed, and the result is what is surely one of the biggest challenges facing Man and his environment today.

The figure for the average world population is frightening - a shattering 27 people per kilometer squared. But what is more worrying is that Tokyo has a rapidly growing eleven million and total density of 283 people per kilometer squared, which, when you consider the size of the country, is staggering.

All areas are, of course, not in such a suffocating position. Sixty-six percent of the world's population live within 460 kilometers of the sea and it seems criminal that such vast expanses of shifting desert sand could, if used productively, become valuable and relieve areas such as Shanghai. Reasons for these non-ecumene areas are naturally obstacles such as, poor soils, flooding, rapid growth of choking weeds and tropical diseases.

Ten thousand years ago all presently inhabited continents where already populated. To survive, Man had to use intelligence and adapt to his environment or try and adapt his environment to suit himself. The farming methods which were developed proved profitable, villages and then towns which ensured a source of labour and sense of security emerged.

Several European countries have got to the stage where a zero population growth has been reached. This has only been possible by education, and the differences between developed and developing countries is that the former show clear signs of ageing in their populations. Unfortunately, in countries where the need is greatest, the crisis is at its very worst. One must agree that the population explosion is indeed a great challenge to Man and, naturally, the world's resources, but what is obviously a bigger problem is limited education, and the breaking down of old customs and traditions.

The introduction of modern and effective contraceptives have proved very popular, but these again are in limited use. Another factor is the much debated abortion law. European countries claim that the legalizing of this law both gives rise to a smaller and happier population. Happier in that unwanted children from a poverty-stricken background are not brought into the world where they would be yet another burden on society. This law has yet, however, to be legalized in South Africa. But then as a Pakistani delegate is once recorded to have said, "The best contraception is a glass of cold water: not before, or after, but instead."

What is to become of the world? It is in a sorry state. Scientists are working on 'test-tube' babies while others work on ways and means of keeping the population down. Inflation is due to too many mouths to feed, and it has got to the stage where substitutes are being made for various foodstuffs.

Religious convictions do, of course, also effect the population growths as some religions forbid the use of contraceptives. The world's crude birth rate is thirty-four persons to 1 000 of the population which would be all very well were we living on a spacious planet flowing with milk and honey, but as that is not the case, something has to be done. This task is the responsibility of the educated section of the population and if not taken in hand soon, could be too late. The way out is plainly education and what is more important, consideration and thought towards your fellow man - however crushed you may be feeling!

Judy Wilson
Std 10

THE EFFECT THE RUSSO-CUBAN
PENETRATION OF ANGOLA COULD
HAVE UPON OUR SEA-BORNE TRADE?

Since 1974 when civil war broke out in Angola between the three rival political movements, the Russo-Cuban penetration of Angola has rapidly spread as they supported the Communist-inspired MPLA with arms and ammunition. But will the Russo-Cuban presence in this former Portuguese colony have any affect on South Africa's sea-borne trade? The answer to this question at present hinges on the extent of the Communist penetration.

One must realize that Angola is a likely place for the establishment of a Russian naval base. As Angola is situated on the West Coast of Africa and has the strategically ports: Cabinda, Luanda, Lobito and Benguela, the presence of Communist naval vessels in the area could prove hazardous to our sea-borne trade, especially if the Suez Canal should once again be closed, as then the only possible sea-route to South Africa would be via the West Coast.

Provided that the ruling power in Angola remains friendly towards South Africa, there is relatively little to fear, but should the former allow a hostile Russian fleet to use a harbour in Angola, this could cause problems to our sea-borne trade, as they could easily interfere in the shipping lanes between South Africa and the Latin-American countries as well as the European countries. This interference would affect not only South African ships, but all ships that pass South Africa and this could, therefore, lead to another war.

Even if there is a "friendly" Russian fleet present in Angola, there still exists the possibility of an encroachment upon our fishing fleet, some of which operate off the coast of South West Africa where there are very rich fishing grounds, and from these South Africa gains a tremendous income.

In addition to this source of income there is also the income from services in refuelling bases for oil tankers, or for ships' stores, supplied to foreign vessels using South Africa's harbours. Our exports (e.g. fruit and karakul) will be affected and should these exports be stalled or even stopped by Russia, this would cause a drastic slump in our economy. A hostile Russian fleet in the Atlantic presents the problem of trading ships evading this surveillance of what would then be Russian warships.

The picture is, therefore, clearly painted that a friendly Angola not offering naval bases to Russia, presents no problem to South Africa, but a hostile Angola with Russia and Cuban support should sound the alarm both in South Africa and the Western countries with whom she trades.

THE AIMS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS,
ITS ACHIEVEMENTS & FAILURES

The League of Nations aimed to prevent war. They wanted to provide a body which could discuss problems of disputing countries peaceably, and to encourage countries to work together. These were very high ideals, but they set off to a bad start by not letting the countries defeated in the war join, such as Germany. This caused resentment. They were not a world body as they hoped, as the wealthiest and powerful country, the U.S.A., never joined, and Russia joined only much later.

The League wanted all the countries to reduce arms. There was finally a meeting to discuss this in 1932. None of the countries wanted to be the first to disarm. One of the main problems was French Security - France was terrified of another attack from Germany. It transpired at the disarmament conference that Germany was the only country to have kept to the Versailles treaty, and this was her reason for walking out and leaving the League.

The League wanted to have international co-operation concerning health, the control of the opium trade and labour. These are areas in which the League was very successful. It started on International Labour Organisation. It also looked into the matter of the White slave trade, and aided Nansen in his helping of the refugees.

In 1919, the Italian government decided Fiume should belong to Italy. The aviator, D'annunzio, went in and took over. Italy was in no position to argue with anyone, so as wanted by the League, she sent troops in to get D'annunzio out.

In 1923, Italy decided Corfu should be Italian and sent troops in there. Greece repeatedly appealed to the League for aid, but it was only after strong threats from Britain and France that Italy left Corfu, so this was not really a success of the League. The League was very successful at first in settling minor frontier disputes. One of its aims was collective action. Countries would place economic sanctions on an aggressive country, or if necessary, all fight it. The fear of having countries collectively against them caused the smaller countries to behave, but had little affect on the larger ones such as Italy.

Finland and Sweden were disputing over the use of the Baltic Sea, and Poland and Lithuania over the use of the Ports on the Baltic. These arguments were settled peaceably by the League. Bulgaria needed more access to the sea through Greece, and so moved her troops onto the borders. The League settled this as well.

Tension in Europe was relieved in 1925 by the drawing up of the Locarno Treaties. In Western Europe, Britain and Italy guaranteed Germany, Belgium and France in their agreement to respect each others borders, and in Eastern Europe, France guaranteed Poland and Czechoslovakia against German aggression should Germany break her treaty not to change the borders by force.

The predominantly Serbian government in Yugoslavia decided to try and annex Albania. The League told them to remove their troops, and so they did.

The League had not been so successful with Turkey. Mustapha Kemal had started a rival government in Angorra, and he would not accept the terms of the Versailles Treaty. He attacked Greece, who was defeated. A new treaty, the Treaty of Lausanne, had to be made, giving Turkey back Constantinople, Smyrna and Eastern Thrace.

Things started to go wrong in the League. In 1926, Spain and Brazil resigned their membership. Then Japan invaded Manchuria, refused the League's orders to remove her troops, and declared Manchuria a vassal state to be called Manchukuo. She then resigned her membership. Encouraged by the League's inability to control Japan, Mussolini, the Italian dictator, tried to take over Abyssinia. The League protested and put economic sanctions on Italy, which did not help. Italy then resigned her membership.

The main reasons for the failure of the League were, firstly, that America never joined, that Russia joined only much later, and that the defeated countries weren't allowed to join. It was a mistake that there were permanent representatives on the council. The countries were not prepared to lose out themselves for the common good.

Collective action was a good idea, but the countries never stood by their promises. Countries kept treaties only when it suited them - for example, Italy was a signatory of the Pact of Paris, a pact not to fight unless attacked.

The League was not a government and could not enforce what it wanted. It could not control the big powers. There was little co-operation between countries.

The League had an International Court of Justice seated at the Hague, problems could be settled by arbitration, or by the Council, but if the countries did not bring the problems, no solution could be given.

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE MODERN WORLD

The lights in the streets of the village flicker, then burst forth their shining glow and the darkening dusk is illuminated by the light beams.

Yes, the wonderful discovery of electricity is to me the greatest wonder of the modern world. Although the motion of electrons in atoms was noted some centuries ago, elaboration and specific use of this theory occurred only years later and, as a single asset, it is the greatest wonder of our modern world.

When one talks about electricity, many people are inclined to think of lights. Perhaps lights are the most obvious mechanisms directly dependent on electricity, but have we ever thought of the many other uses of electricity in our modern world? This fact that electricity plays a role so important in many mechanisms, leads me to think that of all the many wonders of our modern world, it is the greatest single wonder. Yes, there are Concordes, remarkable evidences of Man's ingenuity, there are spacecrafts orbiting the earth, there are skyscraping buildings and there are also electron microscopes, observing the minutest detail, and advanced medical mechanisms for extremely complicated body operations. Yet all these wonders depend directly or indirectly upon a greater wonder - electricity.

The water in the pot begins to boil. Bubbles rise and disappear. Slowly they rise higher and higher. Then the bubbles rise to the surface of the liquid and maintain themselves against the pressure of the atmosphere. Why do the bubbles burst as the water becomes more vigorous, more heated? In the stove electricity is being converted to heat energy and the molecules absorb it to become more active. Meanwhile, in the refrigerator the air becomes cooler. Moisture from the air condenses it in its outreaching coolth. In the mechanism of the 'fridge, electricity is playing a function. What a wonder this electricity is!

However, electricity, caused by the motion of electrons in atoms, is not used only in cooling and heating agents. What about machines? Electricity is used for many machines in factories for packing goods, machines for manufacturing, machines for processing food. Out in the country, too, electricity is used to drive machines, machines of a different sort and of a different source of electricity: combines for cutting wheat, machines for threshing corn, are all driven by that great wonder - electricity.

Nurses, immaculately dressed in white uniforms, work efficiently and quickly in the operating theatre. A complicated machine is brought over the patient's body and placed on his heart. Dial readings are adjusted and lights of different colours glow, showing other important factors. The patient is dependent on the stimulation of this machine to keep his heart beating. If

the source of electricity driving this machine was to be stopped, would he merely have to die? In all hospitals of the world this great wonder of electricity plays a function important in very many medical mechanisms in the lives of suffering, dying bodies.

Yes, to me this wonderful, hardly comprehensible, substance called electricity is the greatest wonder of our modern world, greater than the many mechanisms dependent upon it.

Clare Gawith
Std 9



PART THREE

O **THER**

L **ANGUAGES** **S**

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AUS DER ZEITSCHRIFT: "DAS NEUE BLATT"

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A F R I K A A N S

DIE BEDELAAR

Daar staan hy op die hoek
'n Figuur van bejammering.
Sy hand is uitgestrek.
Sy oë pleit
Maar niemand neem notisie nie.
More,
 oormore,
 en die dag daarna
Sal hy in sy verslete klere
Nog daar staan.

'n Teken van broedersliefde?

A. van der Merwe
St 6

ONS HET DIT AS 'N GRAP BEDOEL, MAAR....

Op die plaas was daar 'n ou Boesman met 'n lyf soos biltong wat almal "Ou Piet" genoem het. Elke week het hy dorp toe geloop om twee briewe te pos. Die een was na sy vrou van wie ons kinders niks geweet het nie en die ander was die blokkiesraaisel wat hy so noukeurig en netjies weekliks gedoen het! Ou Piet kon amper geen Engels praat nie, en moes dus elke woord geraai het.

Ons kinders het eendag besluit om vir hom te vertel dat hy die twee-duisend rand gewen het. Ons het laggend voor sy huis onder die wilkerbome gaan staan en hom geroep. Hy het die deur stadig oopgemaak. Toe hy ons gesien het, het 'n breë tandelose glimlag op sy gesig verskyn en hy vir ons geknipoog. "Aitsa! Dis die klein basies!" het hy in sy growwe stem gese. Ons kinders het vir mekaar gekyk en geskater van die lag. Toe het ons gelyktydig gese, "More, Ou Piet. Het jy die koerant gesien? Ons het nuus wat jou uit die veld gaan slaan! Jy het daardie tweeduisend uiteindelik gewen!"

Hy het 'n paar sekondes stom na ons gestaan en lyk. Toe het 'n uitdrukking van pure vreugde op sy gesig verskyn. Die ou vel op sy gesig het gekreukel en toe het hy van blydschap begin huil. Hy het op die trappe voor sy klein, bouvallige huisie gesit terwyl die trane oor sy wange en deur die holtes van sy ou gesig geloop het. Hy het hulle nie weggee nie, maar het sy bewerende hande na ons twee uitgehou.

Toe het hy iets probeer se, "My vrou....my vrou, kinders, in die hospitaal.....nou het ek die geld, die kanker kan in die operasie.....die dokter het gese dat sy beter kan word as ek net kan betaal....."

Toe het hy begin bid, en die Here dank. Ek moes hom die nare waarheid vertel, en ek het gevoel hoe die trane in my eie oë gebiggel het. Ek het hom vertel. Daar was 'n kort stilte tussen ons. Toe het hy stadig en bewarend met sy ou krom lyf opgestaan, die trappe geklim, en die deur saggies agter hom gesluit.

Kate Philip
St. 9

DIT IS NOU DINGE WAT MY BAIE KWAAD KAN MAAK

Ek het groot geword met my oupa se woorde "'n Manierige man is 'n plesierige man" en is gestraf as ek nie my maniere onthou nie. Ek moes altyd sorg dat ek "Asseblief" en "Dankie" se en as ek dit nie gese het nie, sou ek nie die ding kry wat ek gevra het nie.

Ek het van kleins af geweet dat ek eendag na kosskool toe moet gaan. My ma het gese dat die kinders daar nie van my sal hou nie as ek slegte maniere het, en dus het ek hard probeer om 'n manierige persoon te word.

Toe ek kosskool toe gegaan het, het ek 'n groot verrassing gekry, want die meisies daar het geen maniere gehad nie, veral die Matrieks. Hulle het vir ons nuwelinge gese dat ons moet opstaan as hulle of 'n onderwyseres in die kamer kom, maar hulle het selfs nooit vir die onderwyseresse opgestaan nie.

Toe ons 'Standerdsessies' die Matrieks se maniere gesien het, het ons gedink dat as hulle nie maniere het nie, waarom moet ons ons maniere oppas.

Nou is ek in Matriek en ek kan sien dat jonger meisies soos die ouer meisies doen. As die ouer meisies goeie maniere het, sal die jonger meisies ook goeie maniere he, maar ongelukkig is dit die 'Standerdsessies' wat die slegte maniere gesien het wat na Matriek toe kom. Omdat die ouer kinders slegte maniere gehad het toe hulle nog jonk was, het hulle nou slegte maniere ook.

Gister het ek aan tafel gesit met drie standerd ses-meisies, en hulle was besig om te baklei oor wie die tamatiesous eerste sal gebruik. Ek het vir hulle gevra of hulle geen maniere het nie. Eerstens moet hulle nie aan tafel baklei nie en tweedens moet hulle die sous aan die hoof van die tafel gee voordat hulle die gebruik. Hulle het my verbaas aangekyk en gese dat 'n ander prefek verlede week presies dieselfde ding gedoen het.

Dit is nou dinge wat my baie kwaad kan maak, maar ongelukkig kan niks daaraan gedoen word nie.

Jennifer Torr
St. 10

TOE MAAR, OOR SES MAANDE IS EK KLAAR
MET DIE SKOOL! EN DAN

Toe maar, oor ses maande is ek klaar met die skool! En dan sal ek 'n vry mens wees. Vanaf my kinderdae het ek gehoop om met perde te werk, maar gedurende my skooldae was ek te besig om my ernstig met hierdie saak te bemoei. Toe ek twaalf jaar oud was, het ek my eerste perd gekry. Ek het dit self gekoop en toe was ek taamlik seker dat dit perdwereld my wereld was.

Twee jaar later het ek nog 'n perd gekoop en dit was die begin van my lewe in die kompetisiewereld. Met dié twee perde het ek 'n boeiende lewe begin. Ek het orals gegaan om aan kompetisies deel te neem, maar nou is dié kinderdae verby en ek wil my kennis van hierdie saak begroot.

As ek klaar met skool is, gaan ek Engeland toe om studies en kursusse in hierdie saak te onderneem. As ek in hierdie kursusse slaag, kan ek in die wereld voortgaan met geen moeilikheid nie, maar my senuwees is op hol omdat dit 'n baie moeilike kursus is.

Die kursusse is vier jaar lank en dan moet ek besluit of ek in Engeland wil bly of terug na Kaapstad wil kom. Ek is nog nie heeltemal seker of ek die regte ding doen nie, maar ek is gelukkig omdat ek 'n oom en tante daar het wat my kan help.

Ek is baie opgewonde om hierdie saak te onderneem omdat as ek klaar is, kan ek na enige stad in die wereld gaan en nooit in die moeilikheid met geld of pret beland nie. Ek het twee maande gelede aan die universiteit geskryf sodat ek 'n goeie kans sal he om 'n plek te kry.

Ek hoop dat alles goed sal gaan. Met hierdie kursus agter my kan ek miskien vingeralleen die wereld trotseer en groot pret met my perde he.

Julia Smith
St. 10

EK SAL HOM NOOIT VERGEET NIE

Dit was 'n warm someraand; dus het ek en my vriendin besluit om op die strand to gaan loop. Die maan het op die see geskyn en dit het pragtig gelyk.

Ons het 'n entjie geloop en toe het ons op die sand gesit en praat. Die strand was verlate en alles was baie stil. Ons het lank daar gepraat en na die see gekyk. Toe het die begin koud word en ons het dus besluit om terug huis toe te gaan. Net toe ons opgestaan het en die sand van ons afgevee het, het ons iemand sien aankom. Ons het begin bang word, maar dit was net 'n vrou. Sy het na ons toe gekom om hulp te vra. Sy het gese dat 'n man haar gejaag het. Ons het vinnig terug na die trappe wat na ons huis gelei het, geloop en in die bosse gewag om te sien wat gebeur het. Na vyf minute het ons die man sien aankom. Die maan het op 'n mis wat hy in sy hand gehou het, geskyn. Sy gesig was styf en sy oë het geglinter. Hy het sinister gelyk en versigtig rondgekyk. Hy het in ons rigting gekyk en ons het ons asem opgehou. Hy het ons nie gesien nie en weggeloop. Ons het met die trappe opgehardloop. Ons het ons ouers vertel en die polisie gebel. Hulle het gekom, maar dit was te laat. Die man het verdwyn en die see het sy voetspore weggespoel.

In my hele lewe sal ek nooit die gesig van daardie man vergeet toe die maan op hom geskyn het nie.

Erica Gawith
St. 8

EEN DONKER NAG

Omtrent 'n week gelede het ek 'n nare ondervinding gehad. As ek nou daaraan terugdink, voel ek net bly oor een ding, die nag was donker, maar wag, laat ek julle vertel!

Ek het skielik wakker geskrik en was vasbeslote dat die geluid van agter my spieëltafeltjie af kom. Bangerig voel ek in die donkerte na my bedlampie. Snaaks, dit het regtig gevoel asof die ding verdwyn het. Om myself gerus te stel dink ek terug aan daardie lekker poets wat ek op my broer gebak het. Hy was rasend, maar die sal hom goed doen. Ek is al moeg vir sy baasspelery.

Terwyl my gedagtes daardie oomblikke weer herleef, kom daar nog 'n geluid uit die donkerte uit. Daardie keer kon ek 'n wit gedaante uitmaak en my hart het in my keel geklop. Toe maar, het ek myself probeer gerusster, ek glo tog seker nie mee aan spoke nie. Die gedaante het nader begin beweeg en ek het dieper in my bed weggesaak.

Hierdie keer is dit stilte met 'n bekende stem onderbreek, daardie verpeste broere van my. Lekker, hy kon natuurlik nie in die donker te sien nie en het nie van my verwarmer in die middel van die kamer gweet nie. Met 'n afskuwelike skreeu verlaat hy die kamer en los die laken net so in die middel van my vloer. Ek het van pure verligting uitgebars in trane en stilletjies die verwarmer en die donkerte geprys. Ek het ook haastig my bed verlaat, die lig gaan aanskakel en na 'n paar minute het ek weer aan die slaap geraak. Hierdie keer het ek seker gemaak dat die lig brand!

Juanita van der Merwe
St. 7

EK BLAAI DEUR MY FOTO-ALBUM

Stadig blaai ek deur my foto-album en ek glimlag as ek na hulle kyk - pragtige kleurfoto's wat netjiew op die wit bladsye geplak is. Dit was lank gelede sedert ek na my foto's gekyk het en hulle roep vroeëre gebeurtenisse voor my gees op.

Ja, dis 'n oulike foto van Bennie met sy geel hare en groot bruin oë. Ek lag saggies as ek terugdink aan die dag toe ek die foto geneem het. Ons was met vakansie by Salt Rock. Dit was 'n warm dag en ons kinders het heerlijk op die strand gebaljaar. Ons het altyd weggehardloop van die groot branders wat aangerol het, maar dié dag was Bennie te laat! Hy het geval, en hy was 'n koddige prentjie toe hy na ons teruggestap het, nat en besmeer met sand van kop tot tone! Ek moes die foto neem.

Stadig blaai ek aan. Ek kyk na die foto's van ouma en oupa. Ek het hulle nooit geken nie, maar Ma het hierdie ou foto's vir my gegee. Hulle het in die Boland gewoon en ek het hulle nie gesien voor hulle in die laaste koelte gaan rus het nie.

Die foto's van Etosha is pragtig. Ek kyk na die foto's van die verskillende diere, die olifante, die bokke en nou sien ek die foto wat ek van die groot leeu geneem het. 'n Rilling van benoudheid gaan deur my as ek dink hoe naby ons aan hierdie gevaarlike dier gery het, sodat ek die foto kon neem. Die foto's van die strooihutte waarin ons gebly het, roep herinneringe van hierdie vakansie op. Ek kyk na hulle met 'n verlange om weer in die veld te wees, weg van die lewe van 'n stad, om weer na die ritselfende gras te luister, om weer in die koelte en skaduwees van die bome te sit en ontspan.

Ek blaai aan. Daar is net een bladsy oor. Die kleur-foto's van my susters trek my aandag en ek lag as ek terugdink aan ons vroeë kinderjare.

Nou blaai ek die laaste bladsy om. Ek voel effens treurig want ek het aan die end gekom, en 'n paar oomblikke sit ek stil en dink terug aan die verlede.

Clare Gawith
St. 9

OU GEORGE

Ou George was ons tuinjong toe ons nog op die plaas in die Karoo gewoon het. Hy was baie getrou aan ons familie en het my 'Kleinnooi' genoem. Hy was 'n baie lui persoon en het vir sy kleinkinders gestraf as hulle nie sy werk doen nie! Hy was omtrent tagtig jaar oud toe ons die plaas verlaat het, maar kon nie se hoe oud hy regtig was omdat hy nie kon tel nie.

As jy vir hom groet waneer jy terug na die plaas toe gaan, groet hy jou ook, maar dan skater hy van die lag. Hy lag en lag en lag om geen redes nie. As jy dan vir hom vra hoe dit met hom gaan, hou hy op met lag.

"Ai, Kleinnooi, my tande is so seer, daar is 'n pyn in my rug en my bene....."

Hy vertel vir jou 'n lang storie. Dan se hy hoe vet jy lyk. (Ek het gedink dat dit beledigend was todat ek uitgevind het dat hy 'gesond' bedoel.) Hy lag weer en dan uiteindelik gaan hy.

Toe ek nog klein was, het hy altyd my gevra vir lekkers. Hy het gese: "Ai, Kleinnooi, my tande is so seer." Ek het altyd vir hom toe probeer verduidelik dat lekkers die ergste vir tandpyn was, maar hy het my nooit geglo nie en ek het hom dus die lekkers gegee.

In die Karoo is die vrugte baie skaars in die tuine omdat daar nie baie water is nie, maar met ou George as ons tuinjong, was daar minder vrugte. Hy het nie eers gewag voordat die vrugte ryp geword het nie, hy het dit net groen geëet voordat die voëls dit kon kry.

Toe ons een vakansie teruggegaan het, het ons baie vrugte van die 'Groen Boland' gebring. Toe ou George ons kom groet, het ons hom 'n vy gegee. Hy het ons bedank en onmiddellik die hele vy opgeëet, skil en alles.

Ou George, al kan hy nie tel nie of baie hard werk nie, is 'n baie getroue mens en ek sal hom altyd onthou as ek aan my kinderdae moet terugdink.

Jennifer Torr
St. 10

SPYT IS 'N GOEIE DING,
MAAR DIT KOM ALTYD TE LAAT

"Ma, het Ma die nuwe rekker wat ek gemaak het erens gesien?" se Jannie.

"Ja, Jannie, ek het dit in jou boonst laai gesit," antwoord sy moeder, "maar ek wil nie he dat jy die voël-tjies daarmee skiet nie, hoor, anders gee ek jou 'n pak!"

"Ag, Ma!" se Jannie, "die voëltjies eet tog al Ma se saad op en dan word Ma baie kwaad vir hulle."

"Tog is dit geen rede om hulle te skiet nie. Maar toe nou, gaan speel buite met jou konyne, maar los die voëltjies uit!"

Jannie stap na buite en toe kry hy 'n idee. Hy sal die konyne op die gras laat hardloop terwyl hy sy nuwe rekker toets. Hy haal die konyne uit hul hok uit en die twee spring-spring oor die gras en vreet stukkie plante. Jannie tel 'n ronde klippie op en toe wag hy. Na 'n paar minute kom 'n klein voëltjie op die muur sit. Sonder om te dink laat Jannie die klippie vry en dit vlieg in die rigting van die voëltjie, wat gou wegvlieg. Die klippie vlieg oor die muur en toe is daar 'n harde geluid van brekende glas. 'n Baie benoude Jannie loer oor die muur en sien dat sy buurvrou, Mev. Smit, se kamervenster stukkend is. Vinnig maak hy asof hy met sy konyntjies speel. Op dieselfde oomblik storm Jannie se moeder uit die huis uit en onmiddellik besef sy wat gebeur het. Sy neem die bleek Jannie binnetoe en hy moet die hele storie aan haar verduidelik. Toe gee sy hom 'n goeie pak en bel Mev. Smit, maar sy is nie tuis nie.

Daardie aand stap Jannie na Mev. Smit se huis toe en vertel die storie aan haar.

Jannie moes al sy spaargeld vir haar gee om vir die nuwe vensterruit te betaal. Omdat hy nie genoeg geld gehad het nie, moes hy elke week haar vensters skoonmaak.

Hoewel hy gese het dat hy baie spyt was, soos julle weet, is spyt 'n goeie ding, maar dit kom altyd te laat en van daardie dag af het Jannie nie meer met sy rekker gespeel nie.

L A T I N

THE DEATH OF HANNIBAL

Hannibal was the most skilful general that the Romans had to fight when they were building up their empire. Eventually, Hannibal was defeated at the battle of Zama in Africa in 202 B.C., by the Roman general Scipis Africanus, bringing the Punic wars to a close. Soon afterwards, Hannibal fled to Syria and then to Bithynia. There, in 183 B.C. he took his own life to avoid fate at the hands of the Romans.

Post proelium in quo Romani Hannibalem vicerant, is ad Bithyniam effugit. Ibi spem salutis petivit, ne nequam. Nam mox postea patres conscripti Romanorum cognoverunt quo effugisset et legatos ad Bithyniam miserunt. Eo tempore Preisias rex erat Bithyniae. Legati Hannibalem inimicissimum suum a rege postulaverunt. Tamen rex, "Hannibal," inquit, "est meus hospes. Vero locum in quo latet invenietis, sed nolo facere hoc quod rogetis."

Eodem tempore Hannibal erat in castello. Legatis visis, parvus puer ad Hannibalem festinavit et, "Multi," inquit, "armati adsunt." Statim Hannibal puero, "Festina ad omnes portas castelli. Num undique esdem mods obsidemui?"

Tamen Hannibal sentivit nullam spem esse. Inquit, "Me petunt." Igitur, ne manibus alienis interfeceretur, venum sumpsit. Sic unum e militibus maximis moratus est.

Clare Gawith
Std 9

H E B R E W

קכא

שֵׁר דְּמַנְשׁוֹת בְּאֵלֶּיָא אֵינִי בְּאֵר הַהָרִים מֵאֵיךְ יִגְוֹל אֶבְרִי :

אֶבְרִי מֵאֵר ה' אֵינִי שְׂמִיךְ : בְּאֵר - יִתֵּן דְּקוּט וְקוּט גְּבֻעָךְ

בְּאֵר - יִגְוֹל שְׂמִיךְ : הֲיִהְיֶה דְּכֹא - יִגְוֹל יְעָן שׁוּמְרֵי יְשׁוּבָאֵי : ה'

שְׂמִיךְ ה' זְבַעְךְ אֶעֱד - יִגְוֹל מִיָּדְךָ : יִמְנֵן הַשְּׂמַשׁ דְּכֹא - יִכְכֶּה יִירַח

קְדֵיִעָה : ה' יִשְׂמְרֵךְ מִקְדָּם - גַּם יִשְׂמַר אֶת - יִכְכֶּה יִירַח קְדֵיִעָה :

יִשְׂמְרֵךְ מִקְדָּם - גַּם יִשְׂמַר אֶת - יִכְכֶּה יִירַח וְקוּט וְקוּט

מֵאֵתְּהָ - אֶעֱד

PSALM CXXI

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

O W A M B O

T A T E J E T U

Tate Jetu ou e li meule; edina loje mali japulue
Ouhamba uoje nau uje; enalo loje nali longue
ngasi meulu oso jo kombada je du
Omungome uetu uomajiku aese tu pa nena
Kafu po omatimba etu ngasi hatu a kufule
po jo ovanamanmbu a na fie
Ino tu tuala momajeleko ndele ne tu kufa moui
Osesi ngenge tamu kufile po ovanu omanjono avo,
Xo jeni meulu ote mu kufule po jo.

O U R F A T H E R

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is
in Heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from
evil:

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory,
for ever

Amen.

Sandie Gant
Std 9



FRENCH

UN COUP DE TELEPHONE

Quand je me suis réveillée ce samedi matin, j'étais chaude comme un lapin dans mon lit. J'y suis restée quelques instants complètement sous les couvertures. Puis j'ai levé les couvertures un peu et j'ai regardé dehors. J'ai vu un ciel gris. Dans le jardin j'ai vu les feuilles qui couraient vite. Il faisait du vent. Je ne voulais pas me lever ce matin. Ça ne valait pas le coup. Puis, avec horreur, je me suis rappelé qu'il fallait aller à la plage avec des amis.

Je me suis dégagée des couvertures. Que sera, sera, mais il faisait très froid, tout de même! J'ai empoigné mes vêtements, et, grelottant, j'ai bondi sous les couvertures pour m'y habiller. A l'esprit j'ai vu la plage. La mer était verte; les rochers étaient luisants, et je croyais qu'il étaient méchants. Il pleuvait, et la mer avait donc la chair de poule. Je ne voulais pas y aller!

J'ai mangé le petit déjeuner. Maman m'a fait la morale parce que j'étais si paresseuse que je ne voulais pas voir mes amis. Il fallait partir. Je me mettais à marcher à la gare quand j'ai entendu maman qui criait:

"Kate! Le téléphone! C'est pour toi. C'est tes amis - ils ne vont pas à la plage! "

KATE PHILIP.

LA MERE STUPIDE

MAMAN Dépêche-toi, Jacques. (Jacques se lève et tombe. Il se met à pleurer)

Oh! mon pauvre Jacques. Pourquoi ne peux-tu pas te tenir debout? Oh! Pourquoi tombes-tu? Christine! Vite, vite!

CHRISTINE (arrivant à toute vitesse) Qu'avez-vous, maman?

MAMAN Oh, Christine, c'est Jacques. Chaque fois que je le mets sur les pieds, il tombe. Tu dois aller chercher le docteur Pillule toutede suite. Oh! Je suis si inquiète. Vite, Christine!

(Christine arrive chez le docteur.)

PILLULE Qu'as-tu, ma petite?

CHRISTINE Oh non, je me porte très bien. C'est mon frère qui est malade. Chaque fois qu'il se lève il tombe et se met à pleurer. C'est les jambes. Pouvez-vous venir chez nous maintenant, s'il vous plait?

PILLULE Certainement, ma chérie, je viendrai tout de suite.

(Les deux arrivent à la maison et le docteur examine l'enfant)

MAMAN Qu'a-t-il, docteur?

PILLULE Madame, votre fils a les deux jambes dans la même jambe de sa culotte. Bonjour!

MAMAN Oh! Que je suis stupide!

TANIA BROWN

DIMANCHE AU BORD DE LA MER

A six heures du matin je me suis reveillée et je me suis habillée. Je me suis décidée d'aller à la plage. Il faisait du soleil. J'ai téléphoné à une amie mais elle m'a dit qu'elle allait voir sa grandmère. J'ai pris un pique nique avec moi. La plage était à quelque distance de chez moi, donc je suis partie à huit heures.

Je suis arrivée à la plage et j'ai trouvé un endroit calme. La plage isolée était très solitaire. J'ai regardé les vagues énormes et le sable blanc avec les petits cailloux noirs.

Près du rivage il y avait une petite île; et sur cette île il y avait un phare blanc et rouge. Je me suis souvenue qu'en 1920 il y a eu un naufrage sur cette plage et depuis cette année il y a un phare. Le bateau naufragé d'aspect triste est encore sur la plage.

Tout à coup j'ai vu un homme qui courait à toutes jambes avec son chien. Il était très content; il s'est arrêté pour donner quelque chose à son chien; c'était un ballon. Après ils se sont baignés et j'ai couru vers la mer et j'ai commencé à parler à l'homme étrange. Il a agi d'une façon très étrange et lorsqu'il m'a entendu il a appelé son chien. Le chien est venu et autour de son cou j'ai vu le collier d'un chien-guide.

LIBBY HOPE*ROBERTSON

UNE GROSSE DECEPTION

C'était le dernier jour de notre séjour à "Lekkerwater", une ferme sur la côte de Bredasdorp et j'ai bien voulu visiter les cavernes. J'aimais bien l'idée de voir ces souris qui volent avec des ailes comme des vieux parapluies et qui dorment sur le plafond. Mais Adriaan, le berger croyait qu'elles tuaient les agneaux et il détestait les chauve-souris.

Nous voilà vite en haut de la colline. J'ai regardé la colline en face mais je ne trouvais pas une seule caverne. Enfin ma soeur a trouvé en haut une tache noire qu'elle croyait une caverne.

Nous avons descendu la pente raide de la gorge et nous avons escaladé l'autre côté comme des singes. Enfin nous sommes arrivées à la tache noire. Ce n'était aucune caverne. Ce n'était qu'un vieux veston du berger, qu'il y avait laissé pour effrayer ceux qui tuent ses moutons. Nous avions tant marché pour trouver un veston! J'ai dit à ma soeur qu'elle devrait acheter des lunettes quand nous rentrerions à Cape Town.

Nous étions très fatiguées et nous y sommes reposées une demi-heure. Puis nous avons commencé à rentrer chez nous. Pendant que nous descendions mon amie Sharron a trouvé les cavernes en bas de la gorge. J'étais si heureuse que j'ai couru pour y être la première. Je me suis imaginée de grandes cavernes noires et effrayantes avec beaucoup d'animaux aveugles qui volaient en criant. Je me suis souvenu que s'ils volent dans les cheveux on doit les couper pour les libérer.

J'ai couvert les cheveux de mon tricot et je suis entrée dans la caverne pour voir enfin ces chauve-souris. Mais il n'y en avait pas Rien que le silence. Puis j'ai senti du feu... elles n'aiment pas le feu. Dans un coin était un vieux feu du berger superstitieux. J'ai voulu pleurer. C'était une grosse déception.

ROSEMARY HOWELL.

A MESSAGE FROM SUNG YUN LEE
ABOUT THE ATTRACTIVE KOREAN
DANCING DRESS

Sung Yun Lee
Std 7



이 사진에 있는 여자들이 입은 옷은 우리 나라의
춤 출 때 입는 옷이다. 나는 아뭏이 어느 나라의 옷 보다
더욱 예쁘다고 생각한다.

GERMAN

Es ist nicht schön mehr auf der Welt,
denn Liebe und Verständnis fehlt,
So mancher Mensch irt oft allein,
es könnte doch viel schöne sein.

Oft hört man nur ein kurzes, "Tag"
wen stört schon anderer Not und Plag?
Der Mensch von heut hat keine Zeit,
für anderer Not und Traurigkeit.

Wie wohl tut doch ein freundlich Wort
zu rechten Zeit am rechten Ort.
Es ist im Leben einmal so,
ein freundlich Wort macht immer froh.

.....

It is not nice anymore in the world
because loving and understanding are missing.
So often a person is alone
And it could be so much nicer.

Often you only hear a short "hello"
Who is worried about others' worries and pains?
The people of today have no time
for others' worry and sadness.

How soothing it is to hear a friendly word
at the right time and at the right place.
It is like that in life
A friendly word always makes one happy.

Linda Meyer
Std 10

WIE MUNCHE LESEN LERNEN

Die kleiner Sohn sass bein Mutttagessen und rührte
versonnen mit jeinem Löffel in der Juppe, in der
Nudeln in Buchstabenform schwammen.

Don fragte der Vierjährige ganz ernst: "Mami,
wieviel Buchstaben muss ich essen, bis ich lesen
und schreiben kan?"

.....

The small son dreamily stirs his soup at lunch
with his spoon and sees the letter-noodles swim-
ing about in the soup.

Then the four-year-old son asks anxiously, "Mommy,
how many noodles do I have to eat before I am
able to read?"

Linda Meyer
Std 10



„ SO KÖNNEN SIE UNGEFÄHR SEHEN , WIE
ES BIE IHNEN AUSSEHEN WÜRD E ,
GNÄDIGE FRAU. „



„ ICH WERDE EUCH HELFEN , MIR
AUF DIE FÜSSE ZU TRETEN ! „



„HATSCHI!“



„PASSEN SIE DOCH AUF, MENSCH!“

EDITOR'S

REPORT

EDITOR'S REPORT

It has been a very rewarding task compiling this year's Jagger magazine. We received an exceptionally high number of entries and this is a reflection on the good spirit of the house and the interest and enthusiasm towards the magazine.

With so many entries we had no option but to eliminate at least half the entries we received. We enjoyed reading all the entries and hope that we have succeeded in presenting a truly representative range of contributions, while also keeping the length of the magazine within reasonable limits.

The production of the magazine was not without its traumas. On one occasion the contents were lying in front of an open window where rain fell on it, cleverly managing to spoil our Chinese entry. They were also scattered one evening by the cat. However, despite these disasters, we succeeded in getting the entries safely to the typist!

Finally, we would like to express our sincere thanks to all those who helped us with the magazine, particularly Miss Barbara Harris who toiled for many long hours to produce the magazine in its neatly typed form.

EDITOR: C. GAWITH
SUB-EDITOR: K. PHILIP
ART EDITOR: C. AUBREY
SUB-EDITOR: K. ACKERMAN

Use what talent you have; the woods would have
little music if no birds sang their song except
those who sang best.

Rev. Oliver G. Wilson

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

7/2/16