

**JAGGER**

**MAGAZINE.**

**1977**

It is absurd to think that the only way to tell if a poem is lasting is to wait and see if it lasts. The right reader of a poem can tell the moment it strikes him that he has taken an immortal wound - that he will never get over it. That is to say permanence in poetry as in love is perceived instantly. It has not to wait the test of time. The proof of a poem is not that we have never forgotten it, but we knew at sight we never could forget it.

ROBERT FROST

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**EDITOR'S  
REPORT**

## EDITOR'S REPORT

It is the most incredible feat that this magazine was ever completed in time. I don't think any of us realized what compiling a magazine entailed. It looked so easy — just selecting the entries and having them typed. But I can assure you that when a typist is only found a week before the magazine has to be handed in, and when the typewriter breaks down and the paper runs out on the last Sunday afternoon, one begins to realize that this job is not one of the most enviable ones.

However, eventually with only a few minor problems, such as illegible handwriting and anonymous pieces of work we placed the last sheet into the file.

We extend our grateful thanks to those wonderful, long suffering typists — Mrs. Merle Henshilwood and Mrs. Felicity Scott without whose help this magazine would have been impossible. Also many thanks to Caran Park and Nickey Dauncey who gave valuable help.

We apologize for the different types, but unfortunately we did not foretell the result that two different typewriters would bring until too late. However we sincerely hope that it does not detract from the magazine and that everyone enjoys reading the work.

The Editor.

EDITOR: LIZANNE SCOTT  
SUB-EDITOR: TANIA BRAUN  
ART EDITOR: PHILIPPA TORR

**PART ONE**

**REPORTS**

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# HOUSE LIST

## STANDARD 10

K Ackerman  
E Alderman  
M Bettison  
E de Rooy  
S Fine  
C Gawith  
D Loria  
V Malherbe  
R Meynell  
K Philip  
L Swanepoel  
F Donald

## STANDARD 8

E Buckland  
R Butters  
L de Rooy  
M Filmer  
J Hurst  
M Jacobson  
C Maud  
S Rowland  
T van Ryneveld  
J Wommersley  
T Tindill  
S Winstain  
S Y Lee  
C Field  
S Glyn  
R Thompson

## STANDARD 6

C Blake  
J Breen  
A Chapman  
T Hartford  
J Salamon  
K Tripp  
L Morrissey  
C Rideout  
L Shenfeld  
C Jackson  
A Meynell  
D Douglas  
S Edwards  
K Visser  
D Baikoff  
G Mountain  
P Hill

## STANDARD 9

T Braun  
N Dauncey  
ML Grant  
G Hartsuiker  
F Lawson  
A Metcalfe  
E Meynell  
S Mills  
C Park  
C Peden  
L Scott  
P Torr  
M van Rooyen  
V Visser  
P Olver  
B Blake  
J Neal  
L Botma  
L van der Hoven  
N Jackson

## STANDARD 7

S Ackerman  
C Allan  
R Brink  
D Cameron  
K Gray  
V Huxter  
P Jolly  
C Marten  
C Newton  
A Scott  
J Knight  
A Vlissides  
S Benson  
S Kilcullen

HOUSE REPORT

While Jagger has not enjoyed spectacular academic or sporting achievements during 1977, it has never the less maintained a very high level of enthusiasm and house co-operation. A large proportion of the credit for this must go to Judy Wilson, upon whose example we have been able to build.

For those new girls who have joined Jagger the maintenance of these high standards should constitute a challenge. I hope that they will enjoy being in this house and that they will have reason to be proud of the house.

Jagger has produced a high proportion of the school's leaders this year: Clare Gawith, our headgirl, is a Jaggerite and Rosemary Meynell is a school prefect. Susan Fine was appointed a boarding house prefect. Congratulations to Ruth Butters, Caroline Blake, Rosemary Brink, Michele Jacobson, Vicky Huxter, Kim Grey, Susan Rowland and Suzanne Ackerman on their appointments as form captains this year.

Sporting achievements have enjoyed enthusiasm throughout the year. Team spirit has been wonderful and I must congratulate our swimming cheerleaders Susan Fine, Kate Philip and Erica Allderman for throwing themselves so whole-heartedly into their tasks. The somewhat disappointing swimming and diving results were compensated by Jagger's win in the gym competition. Congratulations to Diane Loria for organizing it so well. The hockey and netball are still to be played and, with hard work Jagger has a reasonable chance.

The music competition is to be held this term. The programme includes a variety of performances, ranging from mass singing to solo singing and instrumental items. With the usual Jagger spirit we hope to meet the challenge and come out top.

Academically, while Rolt has usually been placed first, Jagger and Merriman have been close behind. Our std. 8's, especially should be congratulated on maintaining their high standard. Congratulations to Clare Gawith and Kate Philip who hold academic colours and to Lizanne Scott and Tania Braun who have been awarded their academic badges. I should also like to congratulate Susan Fine and Kate Philip for being awarded badges for Oral-communication and drama.

House contributions this year have been donated to Shelter, while our house jerseys were sent to CAFDA.

We welcome Mrs Barnett who has joined Jagger this year and trust that she will enjoy her stay. I would especially like to thank Mrs. McCormick, our house mistress, who has always been extremely helpful and enthusiastic.

I'm sure that we will be able to be proud of Jagger in 1978.

CAPTAIN: LINDA SWANEPOEL  
VICE CAPTAIN: SANDIE GANT

TENNIS REPORT.

Although Jagger could only manage to come second in the inter-house tennis matches, we had an extremely successful and enjoyable season.

Four of the senior and three of the junior girls represented the school very successfully in the inter-schools, the senior team having shared the shield with Rustenburg, something that has not been achieved for many years.

Congratulations to Sun Yung Lee on being awarded a badge. All the girls are to be thanked for their enthusiasm and Jagger congratulates Miss Kable and Mrs. Hudson on their achievement in coaching the school team to success.

VIVIENNE MALHERBE.  
(Captain.)

INTERHOUSE HOCKEY REPORT.

Jagger unfortunately did not pull off the cup in last year's Interhouse Hockey Match, as we were narrowly beaten by Rolt and Merriman who tied with first place - Well done!

We must congratulate Rosemary Meynell and Diane Loria, who play in the first Hockey team, and have kept up a good standard throughout this year. Rose must also be commended for being chosen for the final trials for the Western Province Schoolgirls Hockey Team.

This year's Interhouse competition has not yet been held, and Jagger's all out to win!

MARY BETTISON.  
(Captain.)

NETBALL REPORT.

The open and U15 teams played hard last year in the Interhouse Competition, but after tiring games we were placed third. Well done, Merriman for winning the cup.

Jagger has at present 4 girls in the Herschel U15 team: R. Brink, T. Louw, M. Scott and L. Shonfeld as well as R. Butters in the open team.

The Interhouse Netball '77 competition has not yet been played for which we have both promising U15 and open teams. Good luck to both teams and with a determined effort we can improve on last year's results.

We would like to thank Mrs. Hudson for all her support and enthusiasm which keeps Netball alive at Herschel.

ROSEMARY MEYNELL.  
(Captain)

SWIMMING REPORT.

The inter-house gala held during the first term, was a great success. If tremendous enthusiasm and house spirit were the formula for success, perhaps we would have done better, but unfortunately Jagger was placed third with Merriman second and Rolt first. Congratulations to their team. I must thank and congratulate our cheerleaders Susan Fine, Kate Philip and Erica Allderman for carrying out their tasks so determinedly. Cups were awarded to Michelle Jacobson for the freestyle race and Linda Swanepoel for the butterfly race. Although Jagger was also placed third in the interhouse diving this year, potential divers in the lower classes who have just started can, and I'm sure will, improve the situation in years to come. Again I must congratulate Rolt on being placed first.

No badges were awarded to Jagger swimmers this year although Michele Jacobson was recommended for her swimming colours.

I'm sure that next year's Jagger team will be more successful. With hard work and determination and with the latent ability of the lower classes, the cup could quite easily be ours. Good luck!

CAPTAIN: Linda Swanepoel.

VICE-CAPTAIN: Sandie Gant.

GYM REPORT.

This year the three houses were asked to arrange a gym competition. Jagger began immediately with enthusiasm. Every class put in a great deal of hard work and thus, with a patient perseverance the gym items slowly began to take on a neat and interesting form.

Our efforts were well rewarded. The Std. 6's came first in their section, which consisted of stretches. The Std 7's also won their section, which involved forming themselves into symmetrical and asymmetrical shapes. Jagger did not stop there. The Std. 8's won their section for exercises without apparatus and came second in the category with apparatus. The remaining Jagger gymnasts were all awarded second place in their various heats.

Congratulations to all Jagger participants who, because of their hard work and enthusiasm, won us the cup. I hope this keen spirit will continue into the future and enable us to win the cup many more times.

DIANE LORIA.

## ELGIN TO YOUNGSFIELD BIKE RIDE

In May this year a group of us — six standard 9's and one matric girl, decided to hold a sponsored bike ride in aid of Shelter. We would start at Elgin and finish at Youngsfield — a grand total of 67 back-breaking kilometres.

The seven of us — Karen Corder, Vanessa Geldenhys, Ceredwyn Thompson, Jackie Dicey, Nicky Kohler, Kathy Pickholz and myself spent Saturday night at the Corders beautiful farm in Elgin, where we were treated to an enormous dinner and breakfast. We told ourselves that it was to build up stamina for the gruelling ride ahead of us — but we were really finding excuses for diets to be disregarded.

We sallied forth the next morning at about 10 o'clock accompanied by a reassuring cheer from Mr and Mrs Corder and their maid, Rosey. Everyone had told us beforehand that we would never make it — impossible for a bunch of untrained schoolgirls. But we dismissed this pessimism — we considered ourselves fit and were rearing to go, although some of us had not ridden for as long as five years. We sailed through Grabouw like professionals, even having our photographs taken for the newspaper. Then we were out of the town and on the road to Sir Lowrys Pass — and then the rain hit us, not a driving rain but a soaking rain that never let up until Youngsfield. Coupled with this there was a headwind to contend with, forcing us to pedal down the Pass. 67km of this stretched before us.

I do not think I have ever suffered as much as I did those Sir Lowrys Pass kilometres. Ceredwyn and I trailed behind the others, feeling sick and threatening to give up and ride the rest of the way in the Corder's landrover. But we bravely fortified ourselves with glucose and liquifruit — and suddenly we were at the top. The road stretched before us, downhill all the way. However the journey was not smooth for everyone, as we pedalled against the wind. Jackie skidded and crashed at the bottom of the pass, Karen's pedal came off halfway down and altogether it was a very eventful, but exhilarating experience.

We stopped at Somerset West for lunch and then set off again, the wind and the rain following us persistantly. Nickey and Jackie, riding racing bikes, zoomed off with an ease sickening to watch. Then at Philippi I struck it rich. I was pedalling along, counting the number of worms that were squashed beneath my tyres, when I screeched to a halt. There it was, all 45 of it. 45 soggy rand, neatly folded with a 50c piece in the middle. I had ridden right over it.

Over the last bridge and we shuddered to a stop at the sentry post of Youngsfield. We made R200 for Shelter and I think it is the hardest earned money that Shelter has ever or will ever receive.

LIZANNE SCOTT.



JACKIE DINEY   CERENIYN THOMPSON   LIZANNE SCOTT   KAREN CORDER   VANESSA GOLDENHYS   NICKY KHOLER

THE OUTENIQUA TRAIL.

During the April holidays this year, Miss Kable decided to take a group of girls to walk the Outeniqua Trail. She was confronted with the problem of who to take with her, eventually deciding on those girls who play more than two team sports for the school.

We started the trail from the Karatara Forest Station situated in the Outeniqua Mountains. Loaded with sleeping bags, official and unofficial food, Band-aids and socks, we set off on a beautiful sunny morning. After a walk of twelve kilometers through varying scenery of pine plantations and open scrub, we eventually reached our first stopping point, Windmeulnek. Of all the huts, Windmeulnek had the most outstanding position. It was situated on the saddle of two mountain ranges and had a view of the valleys on both sides.

The following day was a day of endurance - eighteen kilometers of undulating terrain beneath the scorching rays of a pitiless sun. It was with blistered feet and aching backs, but also with a bursting sense of achievement and pride that we at last reached Farleigh, our next night stop.

Saturday, the third of our five day walk, proved to be yet another eventful day. It was only twelve kilometers but the weather unfortunately let us down. As we watched the ominous dark clouds closing in on us, we quickened our pace. Finally the rain caught up with us and out came out black plastic litter bags to cover our packs. We eventually reached Millwood an hour or so later, steaming and drenched. Millwood was originally a gold mining town at the turn of the century. When the resources ran out it was deserted and fire was set to all the buildings. Only the old hotel was left standing and it was there that we spent the night.

Rondebossie was our next hut. From Millwood to Rondebossie was a distance of fifteen kilometers. It was relatively easy walking, and we reached Rondebossie in the early afternoon, leaving us plenty of time to relax at the nearby river (dreaming of home and Clifton Beach!)

The following and final day was eighteen kilometers hike. After conquering the two hour climb to the peak of Jonkersberg, the path gradually wound downhill. We walked through unspoilt indigenous forest most of the day and our excitement rose unsurpassed when we found ourselves following the footsteps of elephants!

The end had always been days away, but now we were really there. Exhausted but happy, we tumbled into our familiar school bus and left for Herald's Bay where we spent the night before returning to Cape Town.

It was an unforgettable experience, the good times and the times when we thought we would never make it. We thank Miss Kable most sincerely for organising it and enduring us, and Mr. and Mrs. Rauch and Miss Cleghorn without who's company it would never have been the same!

Viva le Outeniqua Trail!

CLARE GAWITH.

THE MATRIC DANCE.

Rumours spread that the date of our matric dance was to be withheld until four weeks beforehand, to prevent the excitement from interfering with our work. The result was that our discussions and preparations started immediately, just to be sure we could be ready whenever necessary. The date itself finally leaked out - Friday April 15 - and the matric lawn was once again the scene of endless chaotic class meetings.

It's amazing what some of us imagined as the ideal setting for a matric dance .....

Mykonos (a Greek island) was the final decision, and we began the poster painting and general organisation. Decorating went on late the night before and there were no major catastrophes, although posters tore and we ran out of ivy for the roof (some unsuspecting school neighbours still don't know how grateful we were for their contributions!) At lunchtime on Friday, we finally tore ourselves away, and went to prepare ourselves.

We arrived at Chloë's at about six o'clock, where everyone's first formality dissolved away (aided by champagne!) and we began to feel comfortable in our sophistication, and relaxed.

We were greeted at school by Dr. S. and Dr. John at the door. Partners had all been well-rehearsed beforehand, but some still insisted on improvisation .....

The hall looked unreal, and the hal-light covered all signs of wire and sticky tape. Real trees and shrubs made it all more realistic too.

The food was good, and so was the band, Black Frost, and the atmosphere we created for ourselves was just great, but the dance would not have been the same without Rachel (one of Miss Way's staff) doing her thing outside the hall! The class spirit was unbelievably good, right from the first discussions to the night of the dance. Then Clare made her thank-you speech, and we left, reluctantly coming up against the end of our official matric dance.

We all moved on to the Quibells' amazing house, where we ate and danced to keep ourselves awake - which most of us did with surprisingly little difficulty. It was the partners who were the problem! When people were really beginning to fade at about five a.m., we decided to move on to breakfast, where Kathy and Mrs. Ackerman had organised croissants, champagne, and (thank goodness) coffee for all of us!

We sank onto chairs or the floor of the lounge, and relaxed completely until it was time to return to school, where most of us cleared up the mess that was all that was left of our efforts, while other braved 1st team hockey - bleary-eyed and trying to focus on the ball.

ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA.

Rather excitingly, this year, the Oral Communication and Drama Department has grown to enormous proportions. We have broken away from M.A.D. Club and now have our own Drama Club. We have had two most successful Drama Evenings so far and they have earned a reputable name for themselves, as we have seen by the large audiences we have entertained.

Another achievement of the O.C. and Drama has been that badges are now being awarded to those girls who excel in the field, which is indeed a breakthrough from the time when badges were only awarded to the sporty members of the school. My sincere congratulations to Kate Philip for being awarded one for her outstanding debating ability.

A large number of Herschelians took part in this year's Cape Town Eisteddfods, and we had a record number of Honour awards. May I commend the Jagger girls who participated, on their excellent performances. Herschel also participated in the Inter-School Forum Discussions and well done to Fiona Lawson for being invited to compete in a further individual Public-Speaking contest. It is most encouraging to see that Debating is also playing a more active role in the school's activities. We have had two very enjoyable debates so far this year - one with Bishops, which naturally attracted a large number of supporters for both teams! The other was with Bergvliet. On both occasions we had stimulating juniors teams debating. Other debates are scheduled for the remainder of the year.

I have every confidence that although we have not yet had any Inter-House O.C. and Drama activities, that Jagger will play a prominent role.

It has been<sup>a</sup> most interesting experience having been secretary of the Oral Communication and Drama Department this past year, and I hope the department will continue to thrive as it has in the past.

SUSAN FINE.

CHAPEL REPORT.

During the first two terms of this year, Communion Services were held regularly every Friday and Sunday - under Father Kelly.

Mrs. M. Browne has been in charge of the floral arrangements and the supervision of the Chapel. She has put a lot of work into repainting and cleaning the interior of the Chapel and we thank her most sincerely for helping us to make our Chapel as charming and attractive as it is.

The boarders attend Chapel twice a week on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The girls participate fully in these services, arranging the flowers, playing the organ and reading the lessons. The quiet moments of the service are appreciated at the end of a long school day.

This term Reverend Ian Eve will be conducting the Communion services. We all look forward to the beautiful and moving Carols by Candlelight Service to be held at the end of the year.

Thanks also go to Miss Way and to Dr. Silberbauer who have helped to make the Chapel the special place that it is.

CLARE GAWITH.

CHOIR REPORT.

The annual Founder's Day service, held at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, was the first event in which the choir participated this year. It was a beautiful and a most moving service.

During the first term the choir, too, sang at several weddings. Jane Philip, an old Herschel girl, was married in St. Saviour's Church. Marilyn Simpson, another old Herschel girl was married in the same church. Both marriages were lovely services and the choir kept up their reputation!!

Georgina Toms was married during the second term in Christ Church, Kenilworth. The choir sang a psalm and an anthem and it was yet another beautiful wedding to be remembered.

The choir too, sang at a meeting of the Seven Club, a club of renowned musicians.

The interhouse music competition is also to be held this term. With a lot of hard work and the usual Jagger enthusiasm we hope that the jagger girls will bring to light their hidden musical talents!

CLARE GAWITH.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY CLUB REPORT.

The Social Responsibility Club has continued to be active through the past year. Groups of girls have continued to visit the children of the Ruby Adendorff Home at their new residence in Grassy Park. Regular visits have also been made to the children's section of the Princess Alice Home in Retreat where games, musical instruments, books and comics are taken along to amuse the children, some of whom will be in hospital for an indefinite period.

Before the end of the fourth term in 1976, a Christmas party was held for the Ruby Ardendorff children at Herschel. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all and owing to the co-operation of all those involved, everything ran smoothly.

Towards the end of March this year, Mrs. Mallet organized a Garden Party in aid of Shelter. This was a very successful venture at which a number of girls helped serve teas, helped with pony rides and generally made themselves useful. Not forgetting the notorious surgical gloves blown into odd shaped balloons, whose existence would not have been possible without the help given by Miss Kable's Gym lessons!

The club is already beginning to collect toys for the end-of-year Christmas party. With the co-operation and assistance offered by the girls, we are sure it will be as successful as last year's party.

KATHY ACKERMAN Std. 10.

LIBRARY REPORT.

The Herschel library is as beautiful and well-stocked as ever, due to the efforts of our librarian, Miss Tremble and the help given her by the Library prefects, who assist in the covering of new books, repairing of old ones and generally keeping the library tidy. Miss Tremble gives regular general knowledge lessons in the library, to the Std. 6'S and 7'S. Recently the Caltex Oil Company donated two Audio-visual programmes on night and garden birds, for which we are extremely grateful.

This year a new shelf has been added to the library in memory of Jenny Torr, who spent so much of her spare time helping in the running of the Herschel library. The Form Captains in each class collected donations from their classmates in order to buy books for the shelf. Several of Jenny's friends donated beautiful books for the shelf, and the Choir of which Jenny was a devoted member, also made a donation. Jenny was the first recipient of the Library Prize in 1975 and we feel that it is very appropriate to remember her with the "Jenny Torr Memorial Shelf".

The number of books taken out each year is increasing and this result is very gratifying.

Library prefects this year are:

- Std. 9 T. Braun, S. Justice, J. Dicey
- Std. 8 C. Callow, C. Dowdle, Y Stockwell
- Std. 7 C. Grootendorst
- Std. 6 L. Jones, K. Kearney, F. McQueen.

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB REPORT.

The Sociological Club has had a most enlightening and successful year. Owing to Mrs. McCormick's unfailing reputation to arrange interesting meetings, we have had a variety of speakers, ranging from talks on travels to talks on the work of a beautician and the work of social helpers.

Suzanne Allen and Rosemary Webber, both Old Herschel Girls, came to tell us about their experience abroad. Suzanne won a Rotary Scholarship and spent a year in Australia, while Rosemary won an AFS Scholarship and spent a year in America.

In March, Dr. Martin West, a social anthropologist, came to talk to us about the problems of migrant labour in the Western Cape. He gave the most interesting talk and enlightened us on the problems, that we, as South Africans have to face.

Professor Parkington talked to us about his work as an archaeologist. He showed us excellent slides and we certainly gained some valuable information about a subject we know little about.

We have also had some very entertaining meetings which have been done by the girls themselves. We had a quiz programme arranged by Mrs. Thompson, and we also had a very amusing programme produced by the drama girls. Films have provided a variation.

Last term Mr. Boonzaaier gave us the most entertaining and amusing talk on Afrikaans poetry. Following that we had yet another very interesting talk by Mrs. Kent on her work in the St. Joseph's Home. And to end last term, Mrs. Peacock talked to us on the work of a beautician. She demonstrated the skills of "making-up" on various girls and sent them home looking more like vogue models than Herschel girls!

We thank Mrs. McCormick most sincerely for the enthusiasm and efficiency with which she organises our meetings and without whom the club could not continue.

CLARE GAWITH.

# **PART TWO**

**ENGLISH**

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This year we have decided to break away from the usual manner in presenting the English section of the Magazine.

We have divided the literary work into themes, consisting both of poetry and prose.

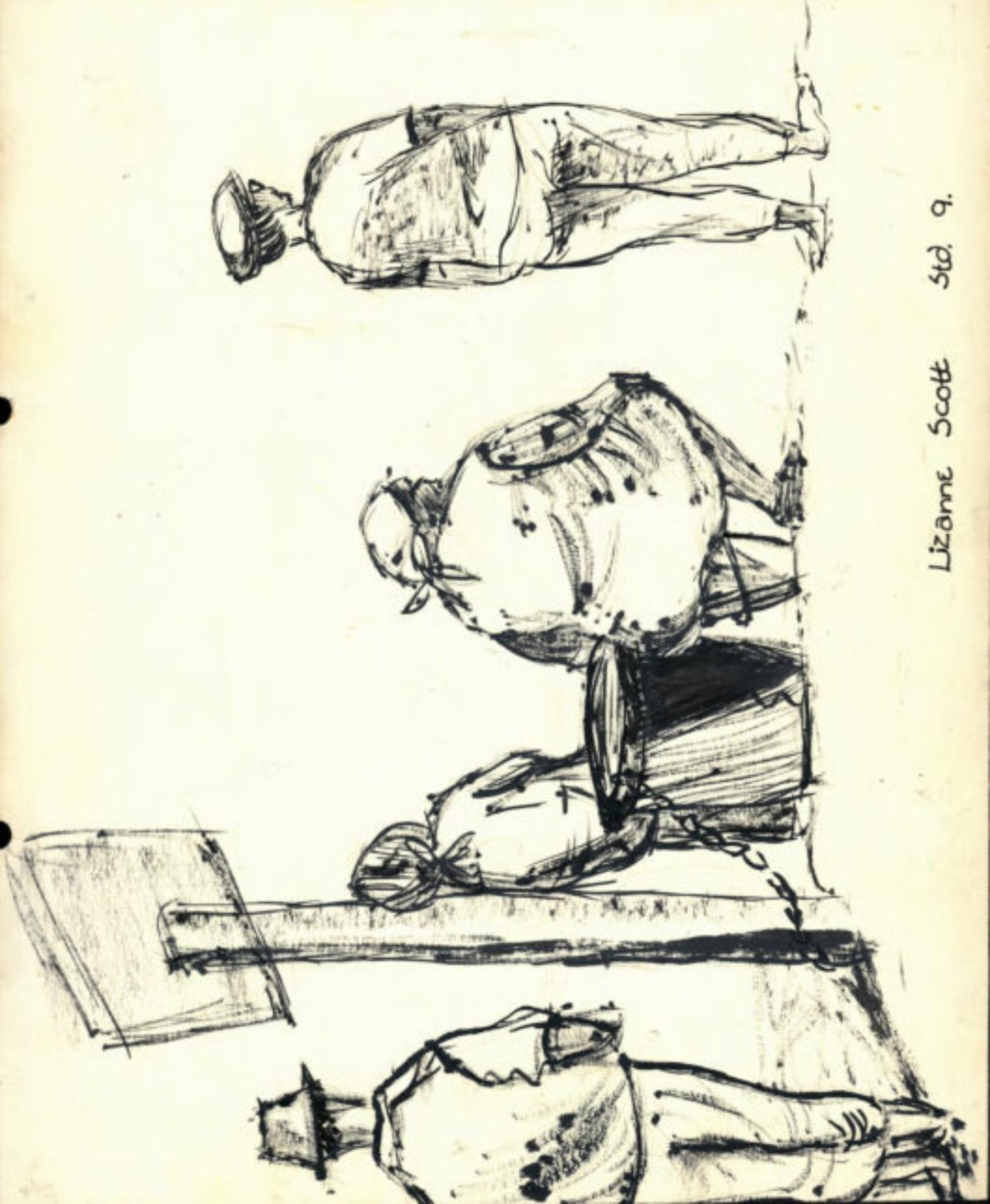
The themes are People, Animals, Nature and Man's Emotions - including his reactions to life.

The Editor.

**PEOPLE**

Man is the Only Animal that blushes. Or needs to.

MARK TWAIN



Lizanne Scott Std. 9.

AN EYE FOR QUALITY.

Metallic chrome, a mass-produced sculpture of sleek, greased blue, slid its way slickly along a silver thread in the wet web of the city's roads. Inside, a man, impassive, encapsulated, sat. Slim upper-class fingers held the leather-bound steering-wheel as it turned, taming the road with a twentieth-century hum of efficiency, and the stark, dark profile glared down over the nose of the Jaguar. The wheels licked the wet road.

The Jaguar nosed its way into a parking-place, purring with the power of a wild-cat, and died. The door slammed, and high-heeled men's shoes (genuine leather) strode across the matt wet tarmac and into the yawning warmth of a stuffy, carpeted ground-floor. The man (a young man) paid his entrance fee vaguely, not seeing the chic female who gave him his change, and who observed the cut of his coat and the extent of his swagger as he walked down the steps to the basement night-club.

Angled mirrors reproduced him, synthetically three-dimensional, and he walked on, unaware of the seven suited Gods confronting each other, blank faced and fading as he walked. The place was full. He sat, and plush velvet moulded itself undemandingly around his shape. A packet of Gaulloises, necessary for the image, were drawn out, one lighted, and the packet laid nonchalantly on the table next to his lighter (genuine silver).

Lynx eyes surveyed the scene, and two fingers masturbated his droopy black moustache. Most females present, draped in Elzbieta Roserwerth's ideas, draped themselves in turn over their partners. Those who had partners, that is.

An hour passed. The thoughts of the man (a young man) were incalculable behind his impassive features, yet he nevertheless registered opinions. The singles were sifted through the sieve of his appraisal, the couples were disregarded. The single females were sifted too - the chic from the pseudo-chic, then the experienced from the over-experienced and from the inexperienced.

He made his choice, and with periscope stealth observed from his corner. Impressions coagulated. He paid for his last whisky and soda (his snakeskin wallet was genuine), slid out from his seat, and stalked smoothly, silently, over to the body with the tight blue sati skin. A dance was danced. Words were passed. A coat (imitation sheepskin) was draped with an affected flick of hair (imitation blonde). The two left.

Metallic chrome slid smoothly along the slimy wet road, and the stars looked down, as they had for ages, and saw the oil-paint streak sneak over a silver thread in the web of the city's roads. The wheels licked the tarmac.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Adam and Eve's marriage was ideal.

She didn't have to hear how his Mother  
cooked a meal -

And he didn't have to hear about the men  
who were a better deal.

DIANE CAMERON Std. 7.

THE NEWSPAPER HAWKER.

It is a gloomy, dull day,

People are gloomy,

The air is gloomy,

But oh no, as the rain drizzles down a

little newspaper hawker hops up and down.

'Argie, Argie' he calls, hawking his hold.

The gloomy dull day is enlightened by

A big smile stretching from ear to ear.

Pearly, white teeth are revealed by the big,  
black lips.

The faces and signs,

The hi's and goodbye's

Reveal a happy come sad little boy.

'Argie, Argie' he calls as he fades out  
of sight.

DOMINIQUE BAIKOFF Std. 6.

THE HEROIN ADDICT.

## HAIKU

Much more heroin; (5)

Needles penetrating the skin; (8)

Waves of relief. (4)

THE PARTING.

The key grated in the key-hole, the sound echoing through the cold, stone building. "Alright, Mason, up yer get. So how's the hero today? Good. No, just relax, breakfast in bed today, jus' like a real posh hotel."

Mason's eyes focused on the ceiling. He forgot where he was for a moment, then everything came flooding back in a flash. Today was his last day of life. He felt a rush of nausea and sweat, but he managed to control himself and it passed. He put a muscular, tanned arm out from under the coarse prison blanket and fumbled for a cigarette on the rickety bedside table.

He stared up at the damp ceiling through a screen of smoke that had been exhaled up into the still air. He remembered how every day in winter he had counted the damp patches, until there were so many patches that it was useless counting them. This morning he could not distinguish between the wet marks, but tried to, just to keep his mind occupied.

The lazy shuffle of a pair of shoes echoing down the corridor indicated that the warden was returning. He thought about how effective those footsteps would be in a thriller movie.

"Righty O, Mason, breakfast ready. Eat up like a good boy, mind. What's the matter fella, getting cold feet? Bit late now, 'ey!" And the warden departed, a boisterous laughter in his wake.

Was this really prison food, thought Mason? He ate slowly, savouring every mouthful, thinking that he should appreciate his last meal - bacon and eggs! He wanted to laugh.

He wondered what the time was. Guessing by the sun, he estimated that it must have been about half past seven, maybe a little earlier. Half an hour left to live, but somehow the words did not have the dramatic impact he thought they would.

Do I see my life flash before my eyes as I die, he wondered. He thought about his life - usual story - never knew his parents, they deserted him when he was three. Ran away from school, drifted from job to job, no aim in life. Never had any dramatic love affairs, mixed with a bad crowd, got into a fight and



SOCIETY.

Ash stained carpets and smoke screened rooms  
 Clinking  
     Glass colour wheels  
         rotating their lipstick autographs  
 Midst many musical haze, dining odour fumes  
 They are so misleading these society tunes.  
 Waiters waltzing long zig-zagged walks  
 Tray burdens weighing embracing hands  
 Set  
     square covered tables, enclosing  
         Toned laughter and talk  
     Chatter  
         swaying in time to the band.  
 Fingers  
     sparkling their silver stones, purposefully  
         displayed  
     strained conversation,  
         falsely belied, and exaggeratingly repeated  
         in invented tones.  
 High Society?

CARON PARK Std. 9.

MEET VAN DER MERWE.

The van der Merwe family were packing to go on holiday. The two eldest sons were loading the car while 'Ouma' and 'Oupa' sat on the rocking chairs on the 'voorstoop' watching the activity and passing comments like "Don't squash the Sunday hats, man, and mind my veldskoens!" Mrs. van der Merwe was in the kitchen "waddling" slowly around and checking that she had not forgotten the 'koffie' and the 'mieliepap'. Koos, that is, Mr. van der Merwe was looking proudly at the Chevrolet. It was about nine years old but still in a good condition. She was pale green in colour. A beautiful plastic orange had been placed carefully on the aerial and a mass of green 'fluff' had been stuck onto the dashboard. Two sheepskins were tied onto the two front seats with cow-hide. Koos was very proud of his car and took great delight in showing it off.

At last it was time to go. 'Ouma' and 'Oupa' were helped into the car first, then the two sons, then Koos, and finally Mrs. van der Merwe who had been giving instructions in high pitched Afrikaans to the maid about putting sheets over the windows. The car turned round and they set off at a leisurely pace of thirty-nine miles an hour. Koos was admiring his farm as he leaned his elbow on the car door and occasionally lifted his arm to tap his fingers on the roof. His two sons were holding the fishing rods on the roof to prevent them from falling off and thus, with a very loaded car, and Radio Good Hope, blaring through the radio, the van der Merwe family set

off for their dream holiday at Hartenbos.

They stopped for lunch at the Wimpy Bar, which they thoroughly enjoyed.

At last, during the late afternoon, they arrived. Having pitched their various tents, Koos drove to some friends of his on a nearby farm in order to talk about the arrangements for their trip to Cape Town to watch the rugby match between the Springboks and All Blacks. They discussed their plans enthusiastically that evening as they sat on the one and only bench on the 'voorstoeop' of the farmhouse.

The following morning Koos and his two friends met at Hartenbos. They were travelling in a yellow Volkswagen belonging to one of them. Having supplied themselves with two cases of beer for the trip, they set off, this time travelling at eighty miles an hour, still with their arms hanging out of the windows. They stopped at Belville to rendezvous with two more farmers who were also coming to watch the rugby. They arrived in Cape Town that evening and spent the night at the Newlands Transito Hotel. They all watched the news on Television that night. It was all about the riots in town. Koos and his friends decided that sometime they should drive into town and have a look at the riots because of the fact that it might be quite entertaining.

The next afternoon they went to the rugby. They shouted themselves hoarse and revived themselves constantly with Lion Lager beer. Their typical Afrikaner hats distinguished them from the crowd. They were very proud of their team and became very excited during the various punch-ups.

After the match the five men, hoarse, tired but very happy set off home, laughing and singing on the way.

Eventually the men arrived back at Hartenbos. Mrs. van der Merwe had prepared a braai of fish and meat for them. They settled themselves around the fire and ate the food hungrily amidst much serious talking about the rules of rugby in South Africa.

Later their laughter died down and became snores as the van der Merwe family retreated slowly to bed.

VAN DER MERWE AND THE PENGUIN.

As an individual Koos van der Merwe is unimportant, he only represents one fraction of the whole, whose ideals and way of life are his.

Koos van der Merwe can be classified as an average law-abiding citizen of South Africa. He has a sound, pleasant personality, which has not been corrupted by society or society's problems. True, one would never call him a teetotaler, but he is seldom ever excessive. Only in moments of extreme happiness does he have reason to celebrate a little more thirstily than usual. He enjoys the good things in life. Beer, boerewors, biltong and boeremusiek respectively, are highest in his esteem. Religion also plays an important role in his life and he makes it his business to attend the Dutch Reformed Church every Sunday evening. There is nothing amazing or noteworthy in his physical appearance - he is a well-built, rather beefy man with a thick, red neck and bull-like head. He wears the almost traditional safari suit with long socks and veldskoens. Unfortunately the sun has given his legs that rather curious banded hue, so common to most safari suit-wearers. Van der Merwe has just one paramount mental defect - his instinctive distrust and dislike of a black person. Van der Merwe will never admit it, but he fears the black man. He has feared the black man ever since he can remember and before that too, only now it is not called fear anymore, it is called hate, because hate gives a sense of superiority.

This then is van der Merwe - a man of average status and intellect, a fine upright man in all respects, except in his intolerant but fanatical discrimination against the black man.

The account that follows illustrates the sad, but ever-present abhorrence that shoulders within the majority of average South Africans. It shows how a hatred can become so intense as to become a living part of a man to teach him the unforgivable art of pettiness.

Van der Merwe was relaxing one Sunday afternoon in his lounge, which overlooked the beach. He had just finished a meal of braaied boerewors and chops and he felt deliciously warm and comfortable inside. Inevitably the food had made him drowsy and he now looked forward to a satisfying doze before leaving for the Church.

Just as he was on the brink of oblivion he was buffeted awake by the harsh jangle of a radio coming from the beach. He glared at the four offenders in frustration. One in particular stood out. He was a thin, sickly looking youth of perhaps eighteen. He had the slyness and bullying quality that is generally present in the weak. In one hand he held the radio to his ear, in the other he held a glowing cigarette. Just then a little black boy and an old man walked onto the beach. Vander Merwe emitted a loud exclamation. There were blacks on his beach. Could they not read the signboard which stated 'Whites only'? He became tight with anger when the little boy sat in the sand, clean, white sand and started digging with a plastic spade. Van der Merwe aimed to uphold the law and remove the two offenders from the beach, when suddenly the little

boy shouted and pointed excitedly at the water. Van der Merwe, the old man and the four youths studied the object at which he was pointing - it was a penguin. The little boy ran to the edge of the water in his excitement. Suddenly the sickly-looking youth jumped up, brushed past the boy and waded out to the penguin. Van der Merwe, who was looking through his binoculars saw that the creature was caked with oil. Van der Merwe saw the youth grab the penguin around the neck and bring it, dangling pathetically from his grasp, back to shore and his companions.

Van der Merwe was just about to set out on his clearing-up mission, when to his horror he saw the youth hit the penguin across the head. The bird jerked into consciousness and struggled fruitlessly against its captor. Van der Merwe heard the sound of coarse, loud laughter and watched helplessly as the youth began to slap the penguin back and forth across the head until it dangled limply in his hand. Then he called to a small black dog that was watching from nearby. It was an evil-looking dog with pointed ears and a pointed nose and very pointed teeth. The youth lowered the penguin to the dog's reach, but before the dog could take hold of it, he quickly swept it high again. This happened again and again until the dog was nearly beserk with madness and greed.

Van der Merwe moved the glasses onto the little black boy and the old man. The little boy was sobbing bitterly in the old man's arms. The old man suddenly shouted at the youth. Van der Merwe did not hear what he said, but he saw the youth stop his game and stare at the old man. The youth did stop but Van der Merwe heard his laughter and knew that this was not the end of the matter. The youth placed the limp body of the penguin on the sand and dragged the dog a few metres away from it. The dog twisted and turned in its lust, slobbering all the while from his small pointed mouth. Suddenly the small black form of the boy rushed forward. The youth freed the dog a split second too late, for the boy had seized the penguin and flung it with all his might, back into the sea. Everyone watched as the penguin swam feebly back into the wide blue sea.

Van der Merwe's moment of relief was interrupted by the sound of laughter. It was the youth's companions who were laughing at him. But having failed to assert his power over the penguin, the youth had to prove his superiority over something else. He turned on the little boy and the old man. Van der Merwe could not hear what he said but he knew, because the youth would have used the same insults and mockery as he would have used. He watched as the youth broke the plastic spade and flung the bits at the boy's feet. And van der Merwe was afraid, because the two black people were not afraid. He wished that they would make a scene, start shouting and lower themselves to the youth's level, but they merely walked quietly from the white beach. The little boy was not even crying.

For a moment van der Merwe felt a tiny gnawing stab of guilt, but it was only a pinprick. He dismissed it, turned from the window and started to prepare himself for Church.

THE BEGGAR.

His anxious brown eyes  
 plead for help;  
 His rough hands extended,  
 reaching out.

Not a word passes  
 his parched lips.  
 He kneels in silence -  
 waiting.

A gleam of hope  
 flashes in his eyes,  
 A silver coin drops  
 into the trembling hands.

He looks pathetically  
 at passers-by.  
 They laugh past  
 in rich coats.

He has no home  
 no family  
 Only himself -  
 and his thoughts.

CAROLYN NEWTON Std. 7.

PLEASE REMEMBER .....

They despised the young generation,  
 They complained of their lack of use,  
 'Always too eager to answer back  
 And shouting word of abuse.'  
 But one thing should not be ignored,  
 Or to hide or lock in the cage  
 That the short time of one being young  
 Is the grand-mother to old age.

JUDY NEAL Std. 9.

LIGHT AND DARK.

The softened midsummer-evening light filtered gently through leaves, mingling subtly with blurred shadows. The girl picked up a leaf, and, leaning against a tree, twiddled it contemplatively between thumb and forefinger. No motorbike came.

The damp shadows overtook the last dry patches of light, and a collness seemed to seep up from the ground. Darkness intensified softly in corners, and muffled objects, making them solid blurred darknesses in a vacuum of grey. The girl leant slightly away from the tree, and as she glanced from black to black and back to the end of the road, she tore the leaf into nervous little pieces. She shifted uneasily under the scrutiny of passing headlights, and ran her fingers repeatedly through her hair. The great bulk of the oak hovered over her, and its darkness echoed the endless eery rustlings in the windless night.

A distant sound of power caused her to lean anxiously forward, and she found herself peering into the suddenness of a rapidly approaching spotlight, which as suddenly arrived and roared, restrained, next to her. Apologies were lightly made and passed off, while the girl balanced the heaviness of a bright orange metal helmet on her head, and fumbled shakily with the chin-strap.

Shop windows flashed past her wind-wet sight, their pale false light flickering imperceptibly, and casting stark, modelled shadows on to the grey pavement. She closed her eyes, retreating into a dark and personal security, until the roar died down with a jerk, and she looked up and saw red lights flashing the word 'Disco' at her.

The reverberating mass of people absorbed and engulfed the couple into the impersonality of its midst. The flashing ultra-violet light revealed a home-made amateur cartoon-strip of stark, disembodied creatures, each creating a uniquely monotonous sequence of jarred, uncomfortable movement, inhibited by beat. The faces showed palely purple, expressionless and sweaty, the bodies angular and grotesque. The noise paused, and couples faded from the dance-floor, seeking refuge from the light in the darkness, darkness intensified by the music.

The couple struggled through this sound and darkness, and stepped out into the luminosity of midnight street lights - in silence. The synthetic light seemed to hollow out the shuffling of their footsteps, the revving of the motorbike. It was late, and he drove fast. The girl closed her eyes once more, against the wind and the sharply angled corners, trying to find security once more in her own darkness, but tense and clutching the stiff denim in front of her. She clenched her teeth and stiffened against the sight of unheeded red traffic lights.

Red pain flashed across her consciousness, again and again and again. Between the flashes she struggled to turn that consciousness outwards, to reach its security before, before, before. Redness flashed. Treacle blackness folded over her, and as the light and noise receded, she sank into an acceptance of the soft blackness that absorbed her.

CURIOSITY, DESPERATION AND REMORSE

The little boy looked into the window,  
He stared at it aghast,  
The intricate parts, the beautiful gold,  
he could feel his heart beat fast.

He noticed the swing of the pendulum,  
The carved and tiny hands,  
The cogs and wheels go round and round,  
Pass time throughout the lands.

He longed to know how the pieces worked  
Combine and lock with each other --  
But he knew he could give this beautiful gift  
As a token to his mother.

But the price was too high,  
And he was too poor,  
He looked at his rags, the dirt and filth,  
Two cents and nothing more.  
But he had to get --  
He had to take --  
He could hear it 'Tick'  
And those sounds it would make.  
The tears trickled down  
And blurred his vision,  
But in his mind  
He had made the decision .....

The night was dark, the air was still  
But he saw that clock -- for his mother's sake  
It glistened and gleamed, tick pass the age,  
He lifted his arm -- window must break.

Desperation filled his soul,  
The deed was going to be done,  
He'd picked up the clock, turned around,  
And together they must run.

But the bells started ringing  
And somebody heard,  
It reached the police,  
Just through mouth and a word.

He sat in the car,  
The clock on his lap,  
Sweat on his brow,  
'Poor little chap.'

His mother turned up  
 Her face was white,  
 She sat near to him,  
 -- A pathetic sight.

She whispered and swore -- crying in time,  
 The boy was bewildered and lost,  
 So near to joy but now filled with remorse --  
 At the thought of paying the cost.

JUDY NEAL  
 STD. 9

ON HIS BIRTH

He could not wait to get into the world,  
 He struggled and pushed and finally burst out  
 From the confinements of his mother's prison body.  
 He was so delighted with his new world  
 That he screamed and wailed in an unestimable joy.  
 Thus the mongol infant introduced itself to the world.

The nurses and doctors shook their heads  
 And sighed their pity for the unsuspecting mother  
 But he was oblivious to any tragedy  
 For the world was wonderful, beautiful and good  
 A road rich with the fullness of life stretched before him  
 And his little body shook and convulsed in anticipation.

The mother asked for her son  
 The gurgling pink bundle was placed in her arms  
 It pressed close to her and chuckled up into her eyes  
 Horrified, she gazed at the thing  
 And then flung it from her in revulsion.

It would be a wonderful world.

ON HIS LIFE

The wonderful world! Where was it?  
 Perhaps he was on the wrong planet.  
 The road had been rich alright --  
 Rich with an overbearing, consuming agony  
 That ate away at the body and soul.  
 Jeers, malice, spice, revulsion, pity --  
 His life was full of those --  
 A life fitting for a mongol child.

The wrong society,  
 The wrong time,  
 The wrong place.

Oh Yes! That wonderful, beautiful world --  
 Where was it?

LIZANNE SCOTT  
 STD. 9

REFUGE

About four o'clock in the greying, windy afternoon he walked into a public phonebooth, on the edge of town. At random he dialled a number, because he had to talk about it. He got a woman on the line and he told her about his theory that solved everything, the secret of the universe. Carefully he chose his words and he tried to sound as polite and humble as possible because he was scared she might hang up. She did not, however, and because she listened so patiently he also told her about the book he had written about it. Religious pressure groups had confiscated it, because they feared the truth. "I shall have to go back, Madam. I have nowhere to go. They are so cruel there."

Then he was walking along a dark highway, where cars flashed by at a dazzling speed. It had started to drizzle and he felt tired and lonely. The raindrops danced in the light of the headlamps. He dug his hands deep in his pockets and his neck dived deeper into the protection of his collar. The image of the woman doctor came to his mind. With a self-assured smile, she had said, "Come let's talk about it?" She was in love with him as all women were. Almost inwardly, he laughed bitterly; he had no time for that. He had to retrieve his book or write it again. If only he could have a quiet room with a bed and a desk - then! Hope flowed into him, warm, like a drink, but left him almost immediately. He had no place to go. Desolately and idly, he thought of when last he had had a woman. He could not remember her face - only the paleness of her body. He felt no desire now; he must find his book.

He sat down at the side of the road beneath a large and efficient lamp-post. His hair was wet and stuck to his forehead. He shivered; he was cold. But what was worse was the despair, the cold, cruel despair, leeching and tapping him of all life; it felt as if it was draining away. He was panting, he wanted to scream. He knew he could never write that book again.

"They have destroyed me, these six years," he thought. The despair was unbearably black. It had to stop. He got out his pen-knife and cut himself in the wrist, deeply. "Oh!" It was thin, not pain like that of the previous times. He sat still for a while, contemplating his bleeding wrist with fascination. "Why doesn't anyone help me? Do I have to bleed to death?" he asked himself. Now the blood felt warm in his hand, almost comforting. He decided to thumb a lift.

Then he remembered sitting in the front seat of a truck and the driver asking him:

"What's with your hand, mate?"

"Nothing."

"Well, there is blood all over it."

"Oh. Oh, I think I have cut myself."

"Aha!"

Why didn't he notice the suspicion in his voice, was he asleep then?

Suddenly he was in a room with policemen, and one of them said:

"Calm down."

But he was as calm as still water, explaining his theory. It was so simple. If only you could see it.

"I am a genius," he said smiling apologetically.

"I can't help it."

Then they grabbed him and gave him that damned injection.

He fought wildly against the effect of it; then he could do no more.

This man had no refuge, not even from himself.

EVE DE ROOY  
STD. 10

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NOT TALL ENOUGH

Down among the brimstone and hellfire, death was continuing along its normal lines -- happily. In a corner, Henry VIII of England was arguing with Genghis Khan, a rather unfortunate-looking gentleman. Young devils were amusing themselves in much the same way as the cherubs up above were, although instead of wings, they possessed small, curly horns. A council of wise, old devils was adjourning for luncheon and a group of Nazis were shouting at a group of Russians who didn't understand them anyway. Hitler and Stalin were arguing as to who would spread their Empires into hell and Queen Victoria was learning how to knit. The climate, while not temperate, was warm and it was obvious that Hell was enjoying its day of rest.

Except in one spot.

Here a young upstart devil was talking to Satan. He was a devil of great ingenuity, and wore a placard saying so, but there was no doubt about it -- the pair were worried. There was a rumour that up in the middle world an old woman had cursed her son-in-law, forcing him to take what had killed him on to the next world: Officials from hell hadn't done anything about it. They had decided that they would just confiscate the revolver or frozen leg of lamb or any other death implements from the son-in-law when he arrived and add them to the arsenal. However, the son-in-law, putting everybody to great inconvenience, had drowned in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Only the upstart devil and Satan had realised the full implications of this -- and they were very worried .....

Satan sat up suddenly.

"Ah" he said. The upstart devil looked at him.

"Ah," he said again.

He smiled, "I think that in the archives there is a certain document saying that these curses are only valid while the culprit is alive, so ....."

An hour later the upstart devil, brandishing his pitchfork and waving his 3-pronged tail, disappeared in a rush of air. Coming to earth a while later, he landed on a platform under his victim's bed. (Devils are unable to walk ON earth, but have to stick to special hell-reservations). His victim's foot was hanging over the bed.

/ He reached

He reached up to grab it

He stretched . . . . .

He stretched a little harder . . . . .

He strained upwards . . . . .

He jumped upwards . . . . .

But he couldn't reach even her toe . .

He tried again,

and again,

and again . . . . .

Far below, was a land of misery. The fires of hell had been extinguished. Ghengis Khan and Henry VIII were huddled together for warmth on a floating bit of wood. The Nazis were drowning in the icy water, the Russians were dead. A few soaking, shivering children clung to a floating pitchfork.

Satan, treading water, looked about at the desolate, cold horizon. As he sunk, he gurgled to himself, "Damned upstart wasn't tall enough. . . . ."

TESSA VAN RYNEVELD  
STD. 8

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# **ANIMALS**

Were I (who to my cost already am,  
One of these strange prodigious Creatures Man)  
A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,  
What case of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,  
I'd be a dog a monkey or a bear,  
Or anything, but that vain Animal,  
Who is so proud of being rational.

JOHN WILMOT  
Earl of Rochester

SIAMESE CAT.

Small dictator,  
Blue-eyed wonder,  
Brown pointed beauty,  
Lithe and sleek.

Devil's daughter,  
Brown and white fury,  
Lost little waif,  
Wanting food.

Royal Aristocrat,  
Blue-blooded queen,  
Iron-willed hypocrite,  
Soft and sweet.

Sweet-natured panther,  
God's creation,  
Cunning eyes twinkling  
Gentle and loving.

CAROLYN NEWTON.

THE BUTTERFLY.

It flutters it's paper-thin wings,  
Takes a cautious step forward,  
And flies, up and away into the sky;  
It doesn't know where it's going,  
It doesn't care;  
It's free.

R. BRINK Std. 7.

SEAGULLS.

Two gulls,  
 Ebony tipped ivories  
 Wheeling, curving, sweeping through the air,  
 Ballet dancers, pirouetting  
 Through the gossamer-grey sky  
 Graceful and delicate; brothers of the wind  
 Lifted through boundless valleys of air  
 Soaring, swooping  
 Dipping, diving  
 Turning and twisting  
 Acrobats of the sky  
 Free.

A morsal of food,  
 One gull  
 Dives,  
 Grabs  
 Flies off in a curve  
 Screeching.  
 The chase is on.  
 The other gull  
 Wailing and screaming in protest  
 Follows the first.  
 Together they  
 Soar, swoop  
 Dip, dive  
 Turn and twist.  
 But there is no grace in their movements now.  
 They have become scavengers, uttering hideous cries  
 No longer delicate,  
 No longer free,  
 But ugly, plain, black and white sea-gulls  
 Imprisoned by greed  
 Held by lust  
 Bonded by the law of "survival of the fittest"  
 The chase ends as  
 the morsal falls and is lost in a tree-top.  
 Both gulls fly off, gracefully, freely  
 Once more hiding their true colours  
 Behind a mask of grace and beauty.

T. BRAUN    Std. 9.

THE FAWN.

Delicately it stood  
 Big soft watery eyes  
 Fixed into the lazy distance  
 With a subtle hoof poised,  
 Elerted and quickening of breath -  
 Only for an instant  
 Then gone.

Loria  
 DI LONG    Std. 10.

A BEAR LIKE POOH.

Alfred Ignatius Bear woke up and stretched his paws. He did not move immediately, but remained with his paw stretched out in front of him, his one foot suspended in the air and his loose eye looking inward. He was thinking inwards too, about himself. He was wondering as to how to set about it. Usually, at this time, he would think about Winnie-the-Pooh, after whom he was nicknamed. He had a great admiration for Winnie-the-Pooh, and had developed a routine, in which every morning he would plan his latest campaign, The Campaign to be like Pooh. Ever since Albert Ignatius could remember, his relations had told him he was very much like the old bear. He was never quite sure why, but he wanted to keep it that way.

However, this morning he was concerned with Matters of Importance, for today was his first day of being a bear of learning, a learned bear. In fact, he had just become a bear of reading and writing. He sat still, solemnly deciding in what manner an educated bear would conduct himself. Of course his friends had learnt to read long before and even his charge, Julian, who at seven was twenty years younger than Albert Ignatius, could read. Albert Ignatius (nicknamed Pooh) had never quite managed it, until the day before when he had been elevated to his present status.

He rose slowly, proceeded across the room in a dignified manner, omitted his morning ritual of sliding down the banisters and instead descended the stairs as a learned bear should. Outside the sitting room, he paused, drew himself up into a knowledgeable 'profile' - by sticking out his chest and his chin and keeping his arms stiffly at his sides. He then made his entrance ..... The room was empty. Alfred Ignatius did not bother himself with such details. In the old days he would have, but he was no longer that kind of bear. Instead he decided on how to celebrate - a celebration that would befit a bear of learning. He would page through the treasured photograph album and he would READ THE CAPTIONS.

Alfred Ignatius Bear arrived before the Book. He struck a pose, which suited a bear such as he, and then knelt and opened it. Slowly he paged through it, looking at it in a new light, pompously reading its captions. At last he found a photograph of himself. He read the lettering beside it, spelling it out to himself first, so as to avoid making mistakes. He stopped, stared at the ceiling for inspiration, then tried again. There was no doubt about it. He had read it correctly. Sadly, he began to deflate, his chin drooping. Next to his picture was written: "My son, Bert, called Pooh - also a bear of very little brain."

TESSA VAN RYNEVELD  
STD.8

CAT

Cat

stalking

bird chirping

pouncing quickly

claws sharpened

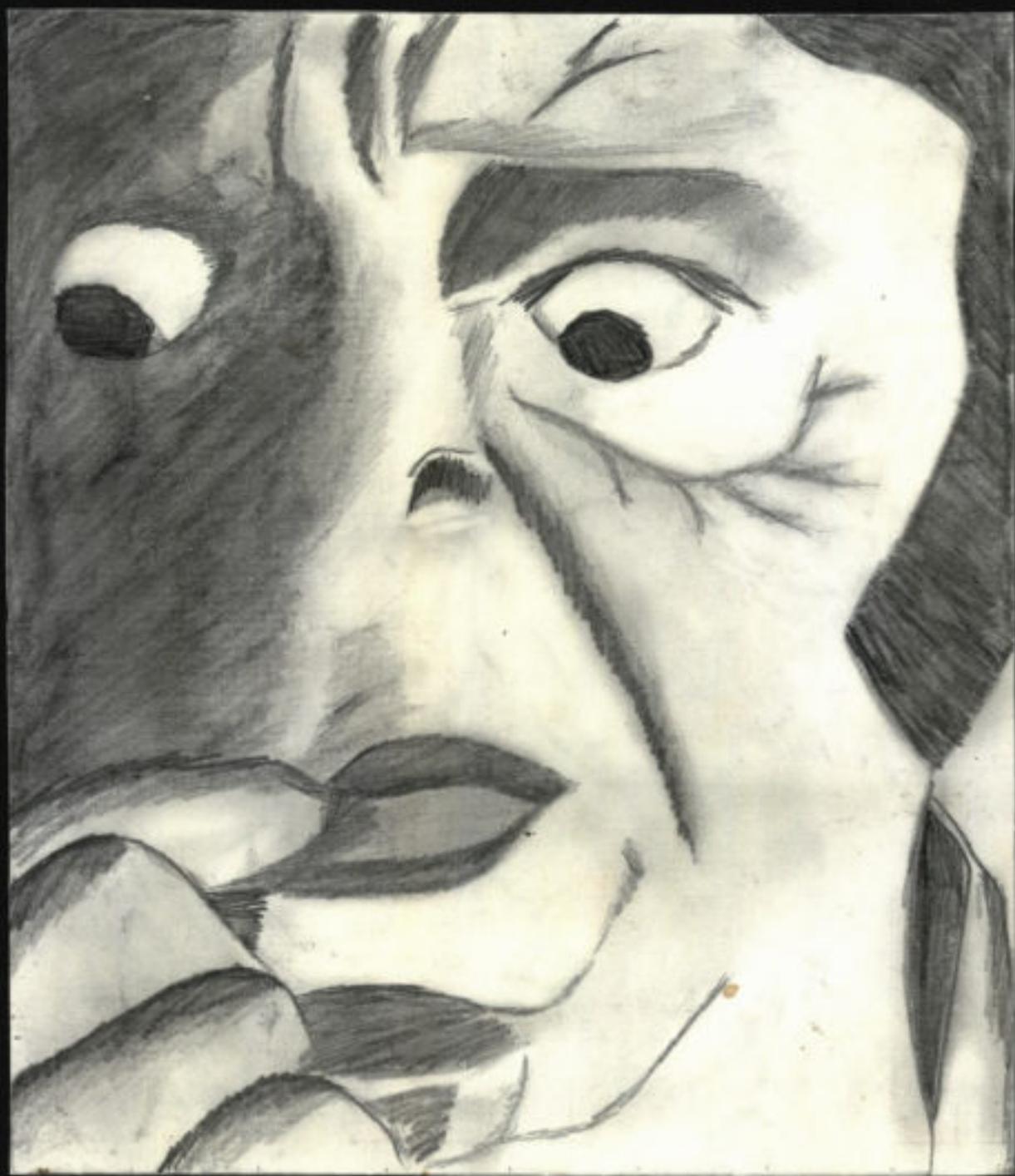
sings nipped . . . .

death.

CERIS FIELD  
STD. 8

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**EMOTIONS**



Sung HUNG LEE Std. 8.

I who am blind can give one hint to those who see - one admonition to those who would make full use of the gift of sight: Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind. And the same method can be applied to the other senses. Hear the music of voices, the song of a bird, the mighty strains of an orchestra, as if you would be stricken deaf tomorrow. Touch each object you want to touch as if tomorrow your tactile sense would fail. Smell the perfume of flowers, taste with relish each morsel, as if tomorrow you could never smell and taste again.

HELEN KELLER

LOVE IN AN ICECREAM PARLOUR

She dreamed she met a young man,  
 Who fell in love with her,  
 She fancied the future years  
 And the events which would occur.  
 She saw his eyes look at her,  
 She could feel them piercing through,  
 Exploring her deepest feelings,  
 Gently say the words 'I love you'.  
 Her heart was to beat much faster  
 The sweat began to glisten  
 And in the silence of their room  
 She'd quietly sit and listen.  
 She heard him tell her to reach out her hand  
 Just close to be in range  
 And she looked across, to wake aghast  
 As he gave her the icecream and change.

JUDY NEAL  
 STD. 9

DESPERATION

My emotions were in a glass  
 The small pangs were filling it  
 So minute, I did not notice as the empty space was filled  
 The surface tensed and stretched slightly above the edge  
 It could hold no more  
 Another droplet  
 I cried .....

LIONE VAN DER HOVEN  
 STD. 9

DREAMS (SIJO)

On light little colourshod feet  
 Dreams came softly pattering  
 Into your mind to set going  
 The kaleidoscope rigmarole --  
 Fantastical, forgettable  
 Rainbow shower dazzle.

LAURA DE ROOY  
 STD. 8

REFUGE

"But I'm not really so fat . . . am I?"

She pushed herself up into a semi-sitting position on the bed, swung her legs over the side, and stood up. The full-length mirror stretched the room behind her ahead of her, and standing in the foreground of her background was the person she had been avoiding for years. Her eyes floated cautiously over the one-dimensional surface of the mirror, avoiding the dimensions of herself that she did not want to see. Then she broke surface in an effort to relate to the figure on the other side.

She looked, seeing in perspective the fat legs encased in tight, crotch-cutting denim and the bulky jersey that was supposed to make her look thin and feminine inside it, and did not.

Her self-image distorted and, like a disturbed reflection on wind-gusted water, took on new dimensions. Her mirror image was a framed mockery of the small, sensitive and vulnerable inner person. She felt lost and threatened inside the blotation confronting her, this physical body that was a negation of her self, something external and alien that she could in no way accept as her own. She rejected it.

Overheard comments swam across her memory, comments she had alternately tried to drown and to cancel with excuses, or forced herself to relate to. Her relations with people were spoilt by endless misinterpretation of words, endless certainty of rejection. Everything she heard was screened for an underlying meaning. The 'nobody loves me' syndrome had become a way of life. She had known she was fat all along - she had just been avoiding. The girl toppled herself on to her bed. It creaked the way old beds do, as she manoeuvred herself on to her back. The toe of one shoe worked the other shoe off. It dropped to the floor, and the feet changed roles. The girl closed her eyes. Her hands rested on one of the folds of her stomach. She felt the fold there and was repulsed.

Her line of thought streamed from her suze to her loneliness, and so to her insecurity. To her these were idirectly related. Inundated with self-pity, she let depression flood over her. She could bear it no longer.

She raised herself. The mirror flashed back the cause of it all; she turned away, rejecting herself. As she opened the kitchen door, the aroma of freshly baked bread floated into her nostrils. She sat down and stuffed her face, indulging the only two senses that did not reproach her, and so, for half an hour, to ward off the self-rejection that haunted her, she ate, letting the cause of her problem become her refuge from it.

KATE PHILIP  
STD. 10

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THE GOOD NEWS

It was a miserable night outside when she broke the news. The washed-out grey of day had become a starless blackness that consumed the world outside the cosy little flat like a huge, black, greedy mouth.

She had planned it all carefully. She had given her flat-mate the treasured ticket she had for the gala night of the Follies Spectacular, knowing that would be the only way to keep the girl out of the flat until the early hours of the morning. She had bought rump steak and a bottle of his favourite wine. (Unfortunately, for her pocket, he had expensive tastes.) The fire was roaring in the grate when he walked in the front door. He had seemed amused at the candlelit dinner and the rump steak and the vintage wine. But she thought he was pleased. He had not even said anything when she spilt red wine on the white tablecloth, clumsy in her anxiety to please. After supper he had wanted to turn on the television, but she had begged him to leave it off, just this once (she had even chosen a night when there was nothing worthwhile seeing on the television.) He had seemed surprised and then a bit disgruntled, but he had not said much.

They had not been seated five minutes on the sofa when she broke the news. She had meant to tell him much later, but she was so excited she had to share it with him.

"I'm going to have a baby!"

"What?" He stared at her, his face alive with the almost tangible shock and disbelief.

"I'm going to have a baby. Isn't it wonderful? I'm so happy."

He said nothing, just stared at her. He did not exhibit any of the wild elation she had when the doctor had told her. It was at that moment that she felt something cold and hard squirming in between them, separating them, forcing them apart and she knew she had to fight it, get rid of it quickly, or it would never move, never let her near him again.

"The doctor told me last week — Friday — the day that we couldn't go out to dinner, because you were meeting a business colleague. Isn't it wonderful? Imagine, our very own baby, our own. I've never felt so happy." She spoke quickly, trying to invoke a flicker of the incredible joy and fulfilment that she felt in him. But there was only a loud silence from him. His eyes registered no pleasure. The room seemed to grow cold and bleak. She shivered and glanced involuntarily at the fire — it roared as brightly as ever and she knew that the coldness came from inside of her.

At last he spoke. "Oh my God, Oh my dear, sweet God, this is all I need now. Why did it happen? I told you to be careful. What do we do now?"

It was her turn to be shocked. Something drained out of her — it just dropped out of her and when it had gone she felt empty and weak inside.

. . . . .

A few nights later they were sitting in the lounge in her parents' home. She sat alone on the sofa. Her parents sat in chairs on either side of her and he sat at the far end of the room, opposite her. She felt alone and vulnerable, hemmed in by those closest to her. (Her parents had been embarrassed when she had told them. There had been so many things she had wanted to discuss with her mother, but her mother had seemed embarrassed and avoided the subject as much as possible.)

So there they sat, sipping tea, while he and her parents had made small, uncomfortable conversation. She merely sat and waited for the inevitable. It was a long, painful time in coming. They all made attempts to broach the subject, but each time they had become embarrassed and quickly retreated into the safety of their numbers. Eventually her father took the plunge, and then they started. She sat quite still while they ranted and raged at her carelessness, every word leaving an eternal bruise. Then the discussion turned to what the picture held. They all seemed to know something which she did not know. They kept on glancing at each other and then quickly looking away, guiltily. They seemed to be on the brink of saying something and then they would suddenly stop, actually blushing.

Eventually her mother asked her to boil another kettle of tea and with a feeling of deadness she left the room. From the kitchen she heard their voices, — quickly deciding what should be done, before she returned. She returned after giving them enough time to talk it over. Her mother put her arm around her shoulders and began. She was aware of the tenseness of the others as they watched.

"Darling, we all think it will be best if you have an abortion."

The shock was so great that she felt she had been hit in the stomach with an iron fist. She gasped. "But you don't understand — This is my baby, I'm going to have my very own baby. You can't kill my baby. Please, anything but that."

A week ago her whole being had been flooded with happiness. She had walked on air and lived in a vacuum of joy. She had hugged the secret to herself. She had even gone to the bookshop and bought a booklet called 'The Road to Motherhood.' She had bought four balls of the most expensive wool to knit a pair of booties. She had been pregnant with joy. Then her time had come and the joy had come out of her. But it was a miscarriage — a lifeless, dead joy.

She ran from the room. Behind her the others reassured themselves that this was all for her own good and not just to avoid any scandal linked to their names.

. . . . .

A few days later she saw him with his arm around another girl. She thought it was because she would not have the abortion. She phoned him. He seemed very cool, but when she promised to have the abortion his attitude changed. He seemed very pleased and asked her out that night. He said he wanted to discuss something very important with her. It was with a feeling of bitter sweetness that she put the phone down.

She did not cry at all during the operation. She had no more tears. The sadness had consumed her and like a sponge it had sucked everything from her. Physical pain heals with the passage of time, but mental pain endures and lingers on eternally, eating at the soul. Then the thing was done and when she left the surgery she left a part of herself there. The only solace was the knowledge that he was there, waiting.

She phoned him when she returned, but he was not there. The telephone rang and rang. Eventually he arrived to take her out. A tiny flame of comfort and happiness ignited within her. Then over a candlelit dinner of rumpsteak and vintage wine (fortunately he was paying this time) he told her that he thought it would be better if they parted. He gave no reasons and she made no fuss. But the flame within her spluttered and went out.

LIZANNE SCOTT  
STD. 9

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THOUGHTS

He came and went  
He opened my mind  
Yet left me cynical.  
What was so alive --  
has died.

A bubble popped and with it --  
My dreams and emotions.

KATHY ACKERMAN  
STD. 10

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ENIGMA

As my feet sink into the soft white sands leaving my footprint behind  
 As my breath spirals and curls into the thickening mists of life  
 I continue my journey

Life --

-- like a never ending wave that breaks and laps its curling tongue  
 around you and draws you back with it, clinging to you until death  
 and oblivion overcome its desperate hold.

I look back to see my past wrongs and sins following me -- still  
 threatening.

I seek beyond these to see my child crawling in my footsteps with an  
 expression of peace and innocence and I realise how ignorant he is  
 of the things that are to come.

I turn to look ahead and I see my husband, bent and stumbling under  
 the weight of evil, feeling blindly for the good.

He falls,

My eyes mist over with tears

and I turn to You --

-- My Creator

and ask You for forgiveness.

NICKY DAUNCEY  
 STD. 9

THE PAST

Wafting waves of the past  
 Ebbing slowly over the horizon  
 As  
     time  
         drifts  
             on.

Each moment recollected  
 growing  
     then gradually enveloped by mist  
 As it is hidden by the dark haze  
     of  
     Forgetfulness.

THE FUTURE

The future is  
 our unexpected  
 So  
     we wait in anticipation  
     Unprepared  
         and seemly thoughtful  
     Planning  
         What never happens  
     And  
         Accepting what does  
 For what else can we do?

CARAN PARK  
 STD. 9.

I HAD A DREAM

I am I and Me is Me. Two different facets yet harmoniously united. At least, they are sometimes. I am sensible, disciplined, hard-working and correct. Me is emotional, dreamy, sensitive. Me believes in fairies and ghosts. Me is a child.

I and Me walk hand-in-hand through life. I dominates because Me is the gentler and does not force herself to surface. However, I lucidly remember one occasion that Me did elbow her way into the front seat. It was in a dream.

I and Me were walking on blue grass, the sky was a lightish green. I wore glasses and her hair was pigtailed while Me's hair scraggled loosely about her face. Suddenly, from out of the blue grass, twenty-eight roses sprang up in a bunch. Twenty-seven pink roses glowed like scrubbed cheeks, but in the middle was a special rose, deep-red, fiery and velvety all at the same time.

Me sprang forward and loosened her hand from I's tight grip. She gurgled delightedly and stretched out her hands to this wonder. Then I intervened and with a stern look reprimanded Me. As she uttered these words the twenty-eight roses disappeared into the blue grass. Me threw I an agonised look. I laughed as if to say, "What's the use of chasing dreams?" I strode on, Me followed meekly.

Presently they came upon a yellow road running through orange heather. The turquoise dome of the sky was interrupted here and there by clumps of blue trees with pink cloudlets forming leaves. Each seemed to hold some delightful promise, like candifloss, or raspberry milk, or coconut icing. Me looked, yearned and longed but I marched past, keeping with downcast eyes to the straight and narrow road.

A blood-red flash tore the sky. I and Me experienced a falling sensation. We fell kilometres, through yawning space. I was paralysed with terror while Me screamed out in fear until it left her. Then their blurred vision of their fantastical world returned. To their right purple horses streaked with gold danced through a golden field, run through with lilac blooms. The temptation was too great. Need made Me cruel as she sprang upon I and knocked her senseless, breaking her glasses. She sprang forward across the golden grassland, free at last, towards the purple horses. They come to her call, trembling, shivering, moist and warm beneath her delighted hands. A gust of wind shakes the world and pink cloudlets drift towards Me in their hundreds, fulfilling their tasty promises. Last of all, out of nothing twenty-eight roses appear, they move towards her and allow her to touch their velvet fire. Twenty-eight roses ..... twenty-eight beautiful roses .....

Hard breathing, wetness in my face, Hamlet our dog has wakened me.

LAURA DE ROOY  
STD. 8

MY HANDS, MY LIFE

I was born with no eyes  
 I was born with no ears -- therefore  
 My hands, my life.  
 If people don't understand the way  
 I stretch, stroke or strike my hands,  
 They will not understand the real me.

I cannot see what you can see,  
 The birds and the beasts, the flowers and the trees.  
 I cannot hear what you can hear,  
 The buzz of the bees and the wind in the trees.  
 To feel the beauty of nature,  
 I flex, flip and caress with my hands.

My thoughts, feelings and imagination  
 (In combination -- the real me)  
 Will be revealed by the movements of my hands.

DOMINIQUE BAIKOFF  
 STD. 6

WHAT NEXT?

The Bear of Russia  
 Crouching over Unsuspecting Africa  
 Angola, Mozambique already gone  
 Who next?

The weather going haywire  
 France, England having droughts  
 America frozen  
 What next?

ELIZABETH MEYNELL  
 STD. 9

CURIOSITY

1960

"I always wanted", said the boy  
 "To see an atom bomb".

1976

"I think I'm lucky", said the boy  
 "For now it won't be long".

VIVIENNE VISSER  
 STD. 9

"PROTEST WITHOUT VIOLENCE ACHIEVES NOTHING."

Looking at the world today, I would say that most protest is conducted by means of violence and intimidation and some protest which starts off peacefully in a peaceful vein somehow becomes violent. Why is most protest violent? I think it is because protest is usually conducted by young people, who protest against a certain thing in society, and who want to change or reform something. Young people often have their high idealistic ideas and are not prepared to compromise (that only seems to come later in life.) They want to see the world exactly as they think it should be.

A good example of this, is the thinking in Holland. In my old school, which was like most schools in that country, politics and ideals were "freely" discussed. This was to give the pupils more awareness of the world around them. Fine, it sounds very good on paper; but if you were not a socialist or communist, anti-American and pro-Russia, you could simply not state your ideas. Is that freely discussing politics? I do not think so; I think it is more a case of intimidation. Although it is not violent protest, it could be put into that category. Of course, this is a very small-scale example. Were this on a larger scale it most probably would turn into violence sooner or later.

Think of the latest outbreaks of unrest in this country started by the young people, schoolchildren. They wanted to change something, to protest against something -- They used violence to protest. Did they achieve anything? Yes! Now at least they have brought their problems to the attention of the government, who are looking into them.

One man genuinely wanted to protest without violence. That man was the grandfather of the present prime minister of India. At that time India was still under British colonial rule. This man wanted independence without violence so he organized a protest rally of about 5,000 people. It was to be a peaceful rally; they just wanted to express their opinions, nothing more; but what happens if you have 5,000 protesting people and only a handful of British soldiers. Violence was unintentional, but it still happened. Even when one is protesting peacefully, violence can occur so quickly; one only needs a small trigger, and the result is that violence comes like a sudden thunderstorm.

That reminds me of a funny story.

In Amsterdam there was once a protest rally organized by students advocating peace. They walked around with banners like: "Make love, not war!" and various others. Amsterdam people being what they are, naturally jokingly remarked on this. The students on the other hand took their rally very seriously and were most insulted by this; so insulted, in fact, that they started to beat the by-standers with their beautiful banners advocating peace. The next day's headlines were: Make love, not war -- only violence. I think that just goes to show.

What can one say to conclude? That protest without violence should achieve something? Yes, I wish that it were possible, but it seems that the people who protest without violence are always ignored as someone else protests with violence

**NATURE**

Nature has given  
to every Time, Place and Season  
Splendours of its own.

BETSEY CLARK

Pippa Torr.  
Std. 9.



HAIKU: LIGHT ON A SPIDERWEB

Diamonds winkled  
 At me, twinkled pearls of light  
 Shone, caught in clusters  
 On net silkiness

LAURA DE ROOY  
 STD. 8

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TANKA

The dull dark desert  
 stretched on monotonously  
 as beneath black skies  
 the dunes rose sinisterly  
 out of the shadows.

RUTH BUTTERS  
 STD. 8

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CURIOSITY

A tiny, dainty flower,  
 Petals like velvet folds,  
 A sparkiling chip of glass  
 Shafts of light radiating from it,  
 Clouds racing across the sky,  
 Shaped like dogs or horses or houses,  
 A slim blade of sweet grass,  
 Light veins meet in a point,  
 Transparent fish dive and drift,  
 Slithers of life.  
 --- Objects of a child's curiosity.

FIONA LAWSON  
 STD. 9

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MAN IS ALL POWERFUL

It was one of those snappy, sharp mornings. The air crackled and bit. It might rain ..... and then again, it might not. It was not winter, because there was no white fluffiness covering the ground; it was not spring, because the atmosphere was not one of awakening freedom; and it was not summer, because there was no omnipotent sun to blast life into the cold days of the earth. It was autumn.

There were bits of rag-like clouds scattered in the sky, which, if they had enough sense to mass together, might bring rain. There was also a needle-sharp breeze, that, although for the most part was harmless, suddenly rushed around in short, speedy spurts, so that the clouds in the sky became even more torn.

In an ordinary backyard three stark trees huddled together, shivering in embarrassment at their nudity. Their bare branches stretched upward imploring a little dignity from some hidden being. The breeze scoffed and his jurnour caused him to emit a powerful blast which bowed the trees earthward. For a few moments they gazed forlornly at their glorious apparel, lying thickly on the damp ground and then they straightened and their arms reached, beseechingly once more into the sky. The ground was indeed an ocean of colour, rich, glowing colours — gold, rust, scarlet, yellow, orange and brown, colours that were alive ..... yet no, not alive, for this lordly abundance represented mere fragments of a life that was past. They had sprouted from nobility into nobility, but, unlike many of their human counterparts, they were as royal and aristocratic in death as in life. Only time, that essence of life and death, would finally disrobe them into a rotting clammy mass of humus. Until then their incredible hues lent an atmosphere of wealth and royalty to the ordinary backyard. Beautiful leaves ..... beautiful, but brittle.

Man came from the house with a rake and a box of matches. He indifferently swept the leaves into heaps. Then he stopped under one of the three trees and stared at something there. He frowned. The offender was one tiny, defenceless fragment of transparent glass. It was the sole survivor of one of the breeze's spurts of unintentional destruction. It hung grimly onto the thread of life. Man reached up, as if to pluck it, but just then the breeze sprang forth and swayed the branch from Man's reach. The leaves shifted uneasily on the ground and the raggish clouds clustered around the backyard, watching and waiting. Man waited until the breeze had subsided and then thrust his hand up again. But the breeze was ready and he gave a long, sighing burst which almost snapped the leaf off, but not quite. The dead leaves on the ground, which had been swept into neat heaps became a swirling mass and Man forgot that insignificant little leaf and wrathfully resumed his raking.

He raked four piles together, knelt down and took out his matchbox. The indignant breeze was horrified and raced round the yard, spreading pandemonium. The leaves lifted and whirled and danced around man. Faster and faster they swirled and swept, until the breeze was quite out of breath. Then they all settled gently back to earth, a thick, rich carpet that blinked and mocked and did not resemble at all the neat, systematic heaps that Man had made. Man cursed long and loud and then started again.

This time he raked everything into one big heap in the corner of the

yard.

/ yard...



NATURE'S SKETCH PAD

As daybreak was gift-wrapping the foothills around our country-cottage  
I awoke to hear a lark decending in lovely, little curves of sound.

When I appeared at the front door and inhaled a breath of pure, chilled  
air, the sun arose from the horizon. The sky was so bright and blue  
that you could look two weeks in any direction. The breeze moved  
through the grass, sifting out into long ripples like the swaying of  
the sea. Streaky clouds began leaning on the hilltops to rest. A  
butterfly, looking like a bow tied in the hair of the lawn, added  
itself to the beauty of the surroundings. Dragonflies threading  
moment to moment, silently drew the day along.

At dusk the sun found a hill and crept quietly behind it, leaving a  
warm glow of satisfaction in the sky. As twilight drew to a close,  
a cloak of night life tucked the countryside in for the night. The  
full moon beamed its giant searchlight earthwards. The night was so  
sharp and still that I could almost hear the stars twinkling.

Another day had swept past our awareness, and with the sound of an owl  
hooting, I fell into a dreamland of fantasy.

DIANE CAMERON  
STD. 7

DROUGHT

The scorching ball of fire that is the sun,  
is burning the golden sands.

Every movement is a tremendous effort,  
Your breath is leaden,  
The heavy silence is a curtain of death  
over parched earth.

The stark, black boughs of the trees  
rise silently - praying for life-giving water.  
Their prayer is in vain.

Flies drone sleepily overhead  
Everywhere, everything is sleeping, dying  
Death is in the air.

CAROLYN NEWTON  
STD. 7

**PART THREE**

**CONTENT SUBJECTS**

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# **HISTORY**

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY 1852 - 1861.

Cavour was a great politician and statesman. He was actually the architect of Italian unification and I respect him for the very great risks he took in creating a unified Italy. Cavour became Prime Minister of Piedmont in 1852 and from this moment, with his power he began trying to break the power of Austria in Italy. Cavour began by passing the Siccardi Laws, these laws made it possible for tax money which had previously gone to the Church to be used in Piedmont's army so that it would be strong and organised. He strengthened the economy of Piedmont by improving trade and communications. He also encouraged National feeling and unity among the Italian States. The two other things he needed to break Austria's domination, were a strong army and to make it appear in the eyes of the world that Austria was the attacker.

Cavour had a problem in obtaining an ally. When the Crimean War began he realised that this was his opportunity for he thought that if he gave assistance to Britain and France they would return the favour. Britain and France won the war and then in 1859 there was a Peace Conference in Paris to which Cavour went to find his ally. He got thanks for his help and sympathy for the Italian problem but no ally.

All seemed lost to Cavour but then out of the blue Napoleon III renewed his interest in Italy. This renewed interest was started when Orsini, an Italian nationalist, threw a bomb at Napoleon's carriage. The emperor was lucky to escape with his life but on talking to Orsini he realised that he should help Italy for he wanted himself claimed as the hero of all down-trodden countries. Napoleon invited Cavour to Plombieres and it was here during a coach ride that an agreement was made. France promised to help Piedmont on condition that it was made to appear that Austria was the aggressor. For helping Piedmont France would receive Savoy and Nice. It was also decided that North Italy would be formed into one kingdom under Victor Emmanuel and when all Italy was formed into one kingdom, it was to be ruled by the Pope. In 1859 a treaty was signed and now Cavour had his strong ally.

Cavour started press campaigns, staged frontier incidents and mobilised his troops to the frontier all in the hope of provoking war with Austria. Austria sent an ultimatum to Cavour demanding that he demobilise his troops but Cavour refused and Austria declared war on Piedmont (1859). Piedmont's strong army, combined with France's had two decisive victories at Solferino and Magenta. At the height of this success Napoleon backed out for an unknown reason. We can only guess that he feared he might lose popularity in France for sending "their" men to fight and especially his Catholic subjects as the Pope had condemned fighting between two Catholic States (countries).

Two armistices were signed, one Villafranca was signed between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria. Here it was decided that Piedmont have Lombardy but Austria would keep Venetia and also that the rulers of the duchies would be restored. After this the Treaty of Zurich was signed between Victor Emmanuel and the Emperor of Austria to ratify the Villafranca agreement. Cavour was absolutely disgusted and resigned from his post as Prime Minister.

Whilst war was raging between Austria and Piedmont, revolutions had been taking place in the Three Papal States and Romagna. When the war ended Austria insisted that the dukes go back to their duchies but the revolutionaries refused to have them back, for they wanted to join Piedmont. The three duchies had not been mentioned in any agreement and so it was decided to call all the people who were involved in any of them together. Victor Emmanuel asked Cavour back and he (Cavour) went to talk to Napoleon. Cavour said that if Napoleon supported the suggestion that the duchies should join Piedmont he could have Savoy and Nice. It was then that Britain intervened and suggested that a plebiscite should be held so that the people could decide their own future. The result was that there was an overwhelming majority in favour of joining Piedmont. Thus the Kingdom of Northern Italy was formed with Turin as the capital and ruled by Victor Emmanuel.

Garibaldi supported revolutions that were taking place in Sicily but they were all unsuccessful so he gathered together drop-outs and unsuccessful university students, these became known as Garibaldi's 1000. Garibaldi got ready, he chartered fishing vessels and ordered guns and ammunition.

Cavour became alarmed that he would lose what he gained by France getting the idea that Cavour was behind this operation. So Cavour decided that he would impound Garibaldi's guns and in their place give him old ones and he also publicly denounced Garibaldi's plans for he was hoping to delay him. "Protected" by British war ships the "1000" landed at Marsala with little opposition and had soon conquered the island. They crossed the Straits of Messina again in the presence of the British War Ships. The 1000 conquered and had taken over most of Southern Italy to just beyond Naples. It was then realised by Cavour that Garibaldi "had his eye on" Rome.

Cavour was terrified Garibaldi would attack Rome as this might lead to war with France so after Napoleon consented to Piedmontese troops moving through the Papal states, Cavour hurriedly made his way down to Naples on the way encountering and defeating the Pope's army at Castlefidaro. When Cavour finally reached Garibaldi, Garibaldi had decided to give what he had conquered to Cavour for he could not bear the thought of Italians fighting Italians.

Thus in 1861 only Rome and Venetia were excluded from the united kingdom of Italy.

THE SUCCESSES AND FAILURES OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The first event concerning the successes and failures of the League, was the changing of the Treaty of Sevres by Mustapha Kemal. This treaty had been made in Paris when the very weak Turkish government was about to be overthrown by a revolutionary National Movement. When their leader, Mustapha Kemal, came into power he demanded that certain changes be made in the peace treaty. The League refused to make these changes so Turkey declared war on Greece, and defeated her. A new treaty was signed and Turkey regained the territory she had lost. The significance of this treaty was that it provided a loophole for anyone in the future who wished to disregard the terms of any other peace treaty. This was a failure for the League, because it could not prevent Turkey from declaring war on Greece and gave in to Turkey's demands for a new peace treaty. Had Turkey been a member of the League, Mustapha Kemal may not have acted as he did. Had the Treaty of Sevres been more geographically planned and had it been found out that the old government was very unstable, it would not have been necessary for Turkey to declare war on Greece.

In 1921 the Yugoslav government sent troops into Albania, which was supposed to have become independent. The League threatened to impose sanctions and Yugoslav government decided to withdraw her troops. This was a success for the League but only because Yugoslavia depended on the members thereof for her economic stability.

In 1922 the League had two more successes, namely the dispute between Finland and Sweden on the use of ports in the Baltic Sea and a border dispute between Lithuania and Poland. Both these were solved by negotiation.

In 1923 Italians bombarded the island of Corfu, which belonged to Greece. This was because Mussolini, the dictator of Italy wished to occupy Albania, which was 'looked after' by Greece. When Albania and Greece had a border dispute, Italian troops attacked Greece. The League warned the Italian government that if they did not withdraw their troops, force would be used. They obeyed, resulting in another success for the League.

When the League decided to form Yugoslavia, they decided to include Fiume in this new country. However, Italy never accepted this decision. Mussolini threatened to cause war with Yugoslavia on this issue. To avoid this, the League gave Fiume to Italy in 1924. This was a failure for the League in that the League was not steadfast, but it was also a success in that the League averted war. The League did not hesitate to 'shuffle' small countries around and never asked the people living in them, what they wanted. They would never, however have done the same with large countries.

When Germany could not pay her war debt, France, not the League insisted that small amounts be paid each year. By 1923 the League had reduced the total figure, but in the same year

Germany could not pay her annual instalment. Instead of waiting for the League to act, French soldiers occupied Germany's biggest industrial area, the Ruhr. The Germans simply 'downed tools'. It was not the League which took action to prevent trouble and may even war, but the German Foreign Minister, Streseman. France had not kept to the Covenant of the League, by occupying the Ruhr, but no action was taken against her. This was a failure for the League.

Owing to the Dawes plan, France became alarmed at the possibility of Germany regaining strength and to correct this fear, the Locarno Treaties were made. This was a failure for the League. These treaties bolstered the security of France.

In 1925 th League solved a border dispute between Greece and Bulgaria successfully.

Some of the Commissions established by the League were successful and others were failures. The Commissions governing the Saar territory were successful. The Mandates commission was on the whole successful as was the commission to investigate the use of narcotics. The commission to investigate 'white slave traffic' was largely successful and the I.L.O was also successful. The Commission to investigate World Health, World Communications and Refugees were extremely successful. The only Commission which was a failure was the one for the free city of Danzig as the port was accepted as Polish and not as being the property of the League. The League should not have let this happen.

The League made several attempts to persuade Nations to disarm, but none of these attempts were a success because not all countries were League members and because some members would not comply. Because they did not wish to disarm shows that these members did not feel secure and did not have faith in the League.

When the Japanese invaded Manturia in 1931, the Chinese appealed to the League and a commission of enquiry was sent to Manturia. The League demanded a Japanese withdrawal, but no other action was taken. The Japanese government simply resigned from the League. This proved the Leagues weakness very much and set the pattern for other countries to follow the example of Japan, namely Germany and later Italy.

Germany terminated her membership in 1933 because she refused to disarm and because Hitler had become the German dictator and had promised that he would break every aspect of the Versailles Treaty.

The League demanded the withdrawal of Italian troops from Abyssinia which they had invaded. Sanctions were imposed, but did not include oil, steel, coal and the Suez Canal was not closed to Italian ships. These were great mistakes made by the League and the sanctions were not a success. When Italy annexed Abyssinia, the League refused to recognise the annexation and Italy, following the example set by Japan and Germany simply resigned as a member of the League.

The general failures of the League were for political reasons e.g. that they could not make laws for countries and the general successes were social ones e.g. the various commissions like the World Health Commission.

THE CAPE TOWN FESTIVAL.

In many ways the festival was a great success, removing barriers which South Africa has always been afraid to do, that is the mixing between the black and the white people of our country. This was mainly done at the Tavern of the Seas restaurant which allowed anyone to go and choose a full meal and be charged a fair price. They could then sit anywhere they like no matter if they were black, white, brown or any other nationality. This of course was a tremendous success, with everyone mixing and chatting. This free atmosphere could bring about brighter times for South Africa in the not too distant future.

The cultural growth was encouraged by the excellent art galleries in the streets and demonstrations of pottery. The skills of the circus were shown above the street. The concerts at the City Hall were always open and ready to play to a mixed audience and so was the Nico Malan theatre and Opera House. With a choice between four ballets, the singer Victoria de Los Angeles or the cinema, one was never short of entertainment.

Financially is it a good idea? Yes, because South Africa gets most of its income from tourist trade and this way, Cape Town gained a considerable amount which went to the tourist attractions and accommodation.

Of course the historical monuments have regularly been visited and the farms on the Stellenbosch Wine Route have also gained from this occasion. One would think the money earned would be wasted by going back into the work put into the festival, the advertising, organization and setting up and the catering. But here one would be wrong, one has to spend money to make money!

The only bit of racial trouble was when the "Bierfest" opened only to Whites. Non-whites were not permitted as mixed dancing was not allowed. There were no other problems except when the rain came; but April showers bring May flowers; so this month, we should be ready for a belated flower festival.

However the festival was a success in many ways but when the schools went back and everyone got stuck into work again, it was time to close down: after all who has a birthday for a month?!

SUZANNE ACKERMAN  
STD. 7

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF COLOURED RIGHTS.

Before the Anglo-Boer War which ended in 1902, the Coloured People had enjoyed equal legal status with White people of the Cape. This basic equality dates back to Ordinance 50 of 1828, which gave Coloured People the right to own land. The Municipal Act of 1836 gave the Coloureds a restricted suffrage, and this continued through to the end of the 19th Century. When the Cape became independent in 1853 part of the constitution stated the need for race equality.

After the Anglo-Boer War the British did not want to give the Transvaal and O.F.S. coloureds the franchise. The African Political Organisation, formed to encourage participation of non-whites in politics, sent a deputation to Britain to ask for the franchise. This was refused and this marks the start of the oppression of the political rights of coloured people.

For the most part of the period before Malan's Nationalistic party came to power, the Coloureds were included with the Whites in politics, in that they had the same basic culture and language and because they did not outnumber the Whites, were not considered a threat to their existence in S.A. The Whites also felt a certain responsibility for them, as mixed marriages were not uncommon.

Hertzog's policy of segregation was at first applied only to Bantu. Even the Mines and Works Amendment Act of 1926 did not apply to Coloureds. Their education was controlled by Provincial Councils and was still largely in the hands of mission schools.

The coloureds have always been centred mainly in the Cape. As the cities began to get more industrialised, many rural coloureds moved to the cities, and were employed in Government service and industries. They were also afforded a form of job protection from the Bantu - delivery men, domestics and so on were commonly accepted as 'coloured' occupations.

When the Cape Bantu were taken off the Common Voters roll in 1936, coloured men in the Cape remained on it. The women were not allowed to vote, despite the Act enabling white women to do so in 1930. A Coloured Advisory Council was set up, to advise the Government on the coloureds needs. The people were suspicious of this and an anti-C.A.D. movement developed. This body resigned in 1950 in protest against Malan's race policy.

During the Second World War many coloured people fought for South Africa. This engendered firstly, a strong faith and support in Smuts, who was the much-loved leader of S.A. at the time and was very active in the war. Secondly, Western systems and policies were encountered and a desire grew among the coloured people, to have full representation and be fully active in Government. They came back to S.A. expecting Smuts to make changes and give them greater opportunities. They were disappointed as no changes were made and so, in the 1948 elections, many voted for the Nationalist Party, under Malan. The coloured vote was a large contributing factor in these elections but Malan knew their support would swing back to the United Party once his apartheid policy became known. He prepared to restrict their rights further.

In 1949 the Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act was passed. An act the year before had made the previous act of 1927 where intercourse between whites and blacks was prohibited, apply to all race groups. These acts caused unhappiness in cases where mixed marriages had already taken place.

In 1950 the Group Areas Act was passed. This had far-reaching results and finally included the coloureds in the discrimination that had been going on against the Blacks for years. A national register of all people was made and a Race Classification Board was set up to adjudicate border-line cases. All people had to have an identity card stating their colour, which was to be ascertained by colour and general acceptance. Obviously, because of the advantages beginning to stand out, it was better to be 'generally accepted' as a White. Much bitterness resulted, as it became a slight not to be able to be classified as White. Many amendments were made to this act, and since 1963 colour has been judged by descent.

This Act also brought in the policy of 'group areas' for different races. Race groups were shuffled about and moved. Resettlement was promised, but was not always accomplished. It was usually the non-whites who were moved, too, and much resentment and humiliation resulted.

Malan and the Nationalists realised that there was now no way they would retain the coloured support they had temporarily had in 1948. It was necessary to end coloureds voting right in the Cape and consequently, a law was passed in 1957 which removed Coloureds from the Common Voters Roll. This new system permitted them to vote for 4 White members of the Assembly and 2 Provincial Council members. A Council for Coloured Affairs was set up and could advise the Government on matters concerning their people.

In 1968, a law was passed forbidding political parties containing members of more than one race group. This meant that the Liberal Party, under the leadership of Alan Paton had to be dissolved. By this time coloured representation was at an end.

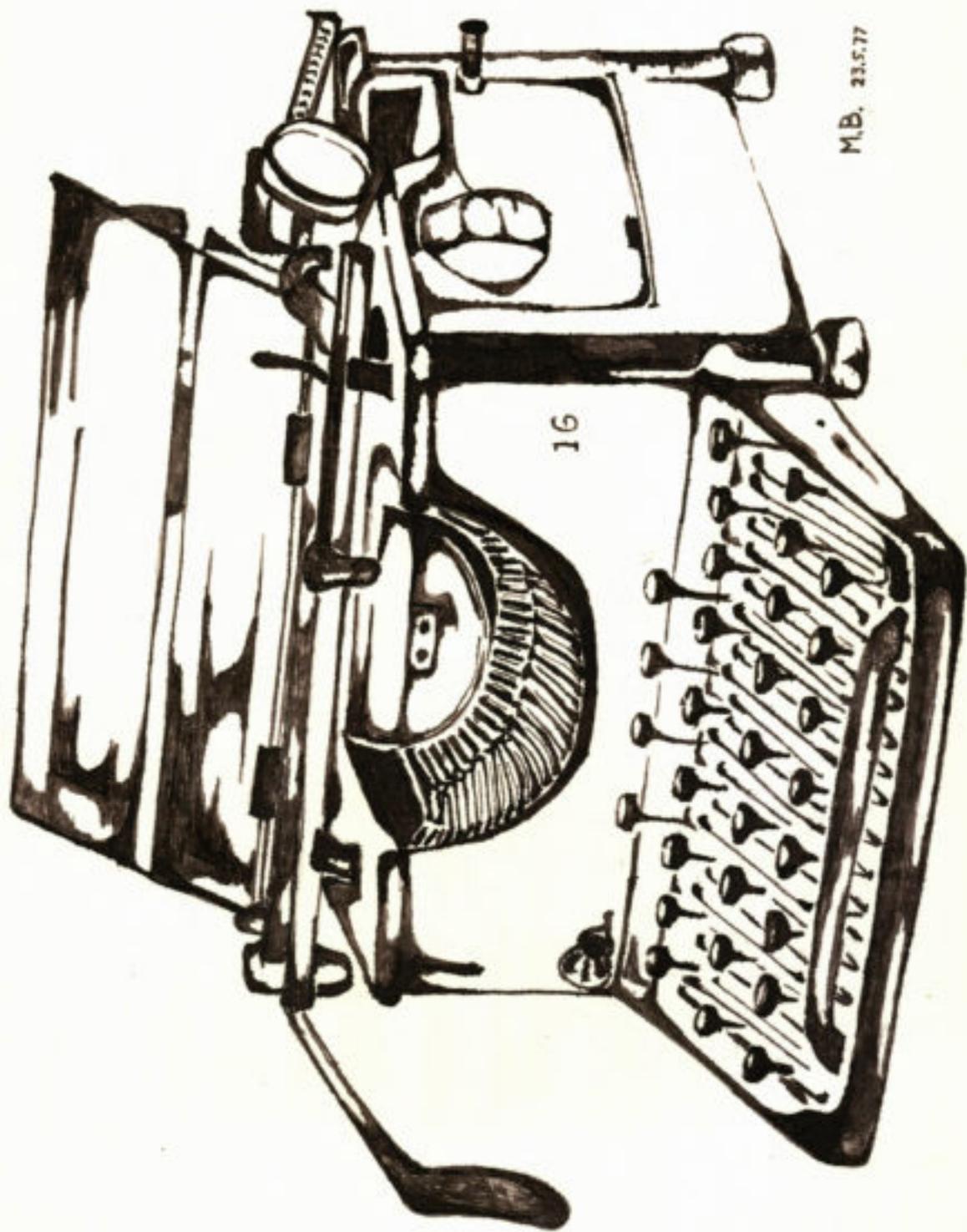
The Government passed a Separate Representation Act for coloured people. This was challenged by the Appellate Court, but Verwoerd reacted by increasing the number of judges and the number of senators. He thus ensured a two-thirds majority in Parliament and a more favourable judgement. He then proceeded to pass an Act which prevented the Courts from challenging any laws other than those which dealt with language equality. He had to change the South Africa Act of 1910 to make Separate Representation a law.

A Coloured Representatives People's Council, of 40 elected and 20 nominated members was formed. It had its own Executive, the Chairman nominated by the State President. He and the 20 other members were not elected to the council by the free vote, but are nominated. It decides matters of local government of coloureds, community development and so on. It now looks after education as well. Any decision of the Executive must be approved by the Minister of Coloured Affairs. A new Cabinet Council was formed last year (1976) and was supposed to stop some of the complaints about the old one. It has more direct

contact and discussion with the State President.

The Coloured people have become a civilised class of people with Western ideals and ambitions. They play an important role in industry, providing a large percentage of the Cape work force. There is an up-and-coming professional group. It seems unlikely that they will accept the discrimination and humiliation that has continued over such a long period.

KATE PHILIP Std. 10.



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M.B. 235.77

Mary Bettison Std. 10.

# **BIOLOGY**

## INSECTS AND THEIR ROLE IN THE FOOD CHAIN AS CONSUMERS.

All organisms, with the exception of a few microbes, are dependent directly or indirectly on the energy stored in green plants (plant - herbivores - carnivores). In water or on land there are food cycles dependent primarily on food manufactured by plants, e.g. in water, algae are eaten by small fish and other marine animals, and these in turn are eaten by larger fish and animals. Therefore insects, as predators, herbivorous consumers and parasites play important roles in the food chain of living organisms.

Insects as a class are omnivorous and in the most comprehensive sense of the term. A few widely distributed species, such as the common cockroach and the house cricket feed on any edible substances to which they can gain access. The house fly must take its nourishment in the liquid form owing to its structure. Clothes moths and furniture beetles destroy woollen and other fabrics, tables and floor boards. The larvae of the brown house moth eat anything in the smallest degree edible.

Insects are divided into two main groups, herbivorous and carnivorous insects. Carnivorous insects may in turn be roughly classified in three groups, the predators, the parasites and the blood suckers. The blood suckers, though they are often spoken of as "temporary parasites" have more in common with the predators, since while they are dependent on their victims for food they do not live within or constantly attached to their bodies, as is the case with "permanent parasites". The blood sucking insects include a number of two winged flies, the lice of the Order Anoplura and the fleas.

It is often difficult to define the difference between a predator and true parasite. By a predator we mean an insect which devours its host from the outside rather as a lion devours a buck, but usually without killing it beforehand. Many insects are predators and thus the natural enemies of other insects or animals. Ladybird beetles devour aphids and tiger-beetles hunt and feed on other insects. These are also predacious wasps which find, sting their victims to paralyse them and then carry them to their nests where their larvae feed on them, also from the outside but usually by sucking out their body juices. Dragon flies feed on mosquitoes; mantids and lace-wings consume a great variety of insects. Glow worms are carnivorous and feed to a large extent on snails and on slugs. Ant-lions are predatory and catch their prey by digging a conical hole at the bottom of which they lie with their long mandibles sticking out. The larva of *Mantsipa* feed on young spiders in their cocoons and giant water beetles, with their biting mouth parts, prey on frogs and fish. All these insects, as carnivores, play an important role in the food chain as secondary consumers. By eating other insects, and animals not only do they keep the number of predatory insects down, but they feed themselves and keep themselves alive. By doing this they are providing food for other larger predators thus forming an important link in the food chain.

True parasites are far more numerous and active than most people realize and they are represented among many groups of insects. There are thousands of insects which attack their hosts at all stages of their development and under a vast variety of circumstances. Each has different habits and

while some are very particular and will attack only one species of hosts, others will attack a wide range of hosts.

A number of insects are parasitic in their adult stage. They are predominantly ectoparasites, such as female mosquitoes, tsetse flies and horse flies. In addition to their parasitic habit they often transmit disease-causing organisms, and in this way cause a lot of damage. A typical parasite is *Aphelinus Mali*, the small chalcid which attacks the woolly apple-aphid. This tiny wasp lays its eggs right inside the bodies of the aphids, where they hatch and their larvae develop and pupate. Their food is ingested as they float in the body fluids of the host, and the adult parasite eventually emerges from the dried-up body of the aphid through a circular hole cut in its back. The senses of the female parasites need to be very complex to carry out their work of laying eggs in the host.

Many parasites are endoparasites (internal parasites.) The larval stages of these insects are usually the endoparasites e.g. sheep nasal or Botfly, the horse Botfly and the Blowfly. Also the larvae of many wasps parasitize other insects. Certain wasps deposit an egg on an adult insect. The maggot which develops from the egg feeds on the host and eventually kills it. The numbers of the large family of spider-hunting wasps parasitize spiders. The Black spider Hunter attacks large hairy baboon spiders. The female wasp injects the spider with a poison which immobilizes it. She then drags her prey to her nest and lays an egg on the spider's abdomen before she seals the nest. The spider serves as food for the developing barva. Ichneumon flies and chalcid wasps may be endo- or ectoparasites.

There are also special parasites which have evolved special equipment and follow aquatic insects under water. *Hydrophilcis aquivolans* parasitizes the eggs of the dragonfly *Ischmura* and its wings help it to swim under water to reach these eggs. So all through the various orders parasitic forms play a role in the food chain by keeping themselves alive and thus providing food for larger organisms.

Herbivorous insects form the second main division of the food chain and their role in the food chain is as primary consumers. These insects which are plant feeders find themselves in competition with man when the plants are of agricultural importance. An example of a herbivorous insect is the large attractive Pine Tree Emperor-Moth found in large numbers near pine plantations, especially during early winter. The larvae feed on pine leaves and pupate in the letter of pine needles under the tree. The Mielie Stalkborer, too, is herbivorous attacking maize stalks, while the Karoo caterpillar feeds on the Karoo bush. The Coddling Moth is the worst for apples and pears. Locusts are general feeders and swarms destroy the complete vegetation of a region. The CMR Beetle, so called because of its yellow and black colour, the colours of the Cape Mounted Rifles, feeds on flowers and foliage of various plants. Many Weevils and other grain beetles are

graminivorous and feed on stored seeds and grains.

Herbivorous insects are dependent on plants, and therefore insect evolution has paralleled that of plants, particularly flowering plants. Lepidoptera (butterflies and moths), Hymenoptera (ants, bees, wasps), Diptera (true flies) and Coleoptera (beetles) feed on plants upon their flowers, nectar and pollen. These insects have thus evolved appropriate mouthpart modifications for extracting nectar from flowers. The insects while searching and consuming nectar also pollinate the plants.

A small number of insects play their role in the food chain as saprozoic-consumers. Examples of these are water boatman which feed on rotting vegetation and pond skaters which feed on dead animals at the surface or on drowning insects. The larva of house flies burrow into rotting meat.

Many insects role in the food chain is two fold. For example, most British ants are very fond of nectar sap - indeed of every sort of sweet substance, but they also kill and eat many caterpillar and other pests and act as scavengers by clearing up such dead animal matter as they may find in the course of their wanderings. The snake flies and the scorpion flies are two families of insects whose caterpillar life larvae burrow in the soil, especially around tree-stumps, and are believed to feed on dead animal matter, but the adults capture living insects.

So, all in all, we can see that insects play a very important role in the food chain as consumers. Radiant energy from the sun is used by plants during photosynthesis to synthesize food material. The herbivorous insects by consuming this plant material convert food, otherwise inedible to the carnivorous insects, to a form where they can consume it, i.e. by eating the herbivorous insects. The carnivorous insects likewise play a very important role in that they eat other insects and form a balance in the entire scheme of the food chain. However, we can also see that herbivorous insects, particularly, are in competition with man in that they ravage crops and despoil goods.

# **GEOGRAPHY**

RIFT VALLEYS AND FIORDS.ORIGIN OF RIFT VALLEYS.

They are thought to have developed either from the action of tensional forces in the crust which caused fault blocks to sink between parallel faults, or from the action of compressional forces in the crust which caused fault blocks to rise up towards each other and over a central block. Many people think that compression has been responsible for most rift valleys. They argue that it would not be possible for blocks of the crust to sink into the heavier rocks of the sima below the crust.

Formed by Tension.

Layers of rocks are subject to tension. Faults develop and the centre block begins to subside. After subsidence a depression with steep fault scarp sides, i.e. a rift valley, is formed.

Formed by Compression.

Layers of rocks are subject to compression. Faults develop and the outer blocks begin to thrust up over the centre block. The over-hanging sides of the rift valley are worn back by erosion.

Rift valleys result when the land between two roughly parallel faults subsides. They are characterised by their fairly flat floors, by the presence of lakes where subsidence has been particularly pronounced, and by the fault scarps which bound them on both sides. There are two theories used to explain their origin. Some believe that they are formed by tension, under which the crust is extended so that a section drops between the two faults. Others feel that compression might have caused the sides to override and depress the block between the fault lines.

The Central Valley in Scotland and the Rhine Valley between Basle and Mainz are examples of rift valleys, but the largest example of all is found in Africa. It can be traced from the Jordan Valley to south of Lake Malawi. The Red Sea is a part of the rift valley that has been invaded by the sea and possibly widened by continental drift.

FIORD. (Drowned glaciated valleys).

Where glaciers once reached the sea in a mountainous area during the Ice Ages, a fiord coast is usually found. Because of the nature of ice erosion, a fiord has steep, almost vertical, sides with no large level beaches. The only habitable land is where the rivers have built small deltas out into the water and at the head of the fiord where the valley rises from the sea. Along the sides of a fiord hanging valleys are found, which, if below sea level, form fairly shallow inlets. Near the mouth of the fiord there is an underwater ridge that gives the entrance a shallow depth

although the rest of the fiord is probably deep. This ridge consists partly of solid rock, caused by a lessening of glacial erosion as the glacier began to float, and partly of terminal moraine.

When glaciated highland coasts become submerged the flooded lower parts of the valleys are called fiords. During deglaciation the river valleys become widened and deepened. After the glaciers have disappeared and the sea has risen the steep-sided valleys are "drowned". The water inside the fiord is much deeper than it is at the entrance of the fiord. Fiords have steeper sides and deeper water than rias. All the fiord coasts lie in the belt of prevailing westerly winds and are on the western sides of land masses. It was in these regions that vast amounts of snow and ice accumulated in the Ice Age. Some of the best examples of fiord coasts occur in Chile, South Island of New Zealand, Greenland, Norway and British Columbia.

Fiord coasts are unsuitable for harbours because the water is too deep. A fiord is not very useful as a site for a port because of the mountainous country. Settlement is difficult along the sides of a fiord because there is little or no level land.

Vivienne MALHERBE Std. 10.

THUNDERSTORMS.

The concise Oxford Dictionary defines a thunderstorm as a "storm with thunder and lightning usually with heavy rain and hail". But what is a thunderstorm, what causes them, why do they make a noise? A few of these questions I ask myself when I see the word - THUNDERSTORM.

Before a thunderstorm can occur all the conditions for the formation of convection cloud must be met. A thunderstorm is a manifestation of the strongest atmospheric convection that is possible.

The following are the necessary conditions:

- 1) Sufficient moist air must be supplied from below - from the direction of the earth's surface.
- 2) The moisture-laden air must reach saturation point at a relatively low level of between 1 and 2Km from the earth's surface.
- 3) A lapse rate much steeper than the moist adiabatic rate must exist so that cloud development occurring above condensation level is in a zone where temperatures of far below 0°C are possible.
- 4) A trigger action is necessary for the development of a thunderstorm.

CLASSIFICATION OF THUNDERSTORMS.

- 1) Thermal (or air mass) Thunderstorms.

When heating of the earth's surface is very intense, thermal or air mass thunderstorms can result. The heating produces rising air currents. If rising air currents succeed in passing through the stable air layers they attain great heights and cumulus clouds are formed. The heating or trigger action may be caused by one of the following:

- a) Solar heating can occur during the day; usually it reaches a peak at midday or in the afternoon and declines towards evening.
- b) Advectional heating occurs when a cold mass of air moves across a warm land or sea surface. Thunderstorms formed under these conditions can occur at any time of the day or night, but over land they are more frequent by day since diurnal heating also contributes to their formation.

- 2) Frontal thunderstorms.

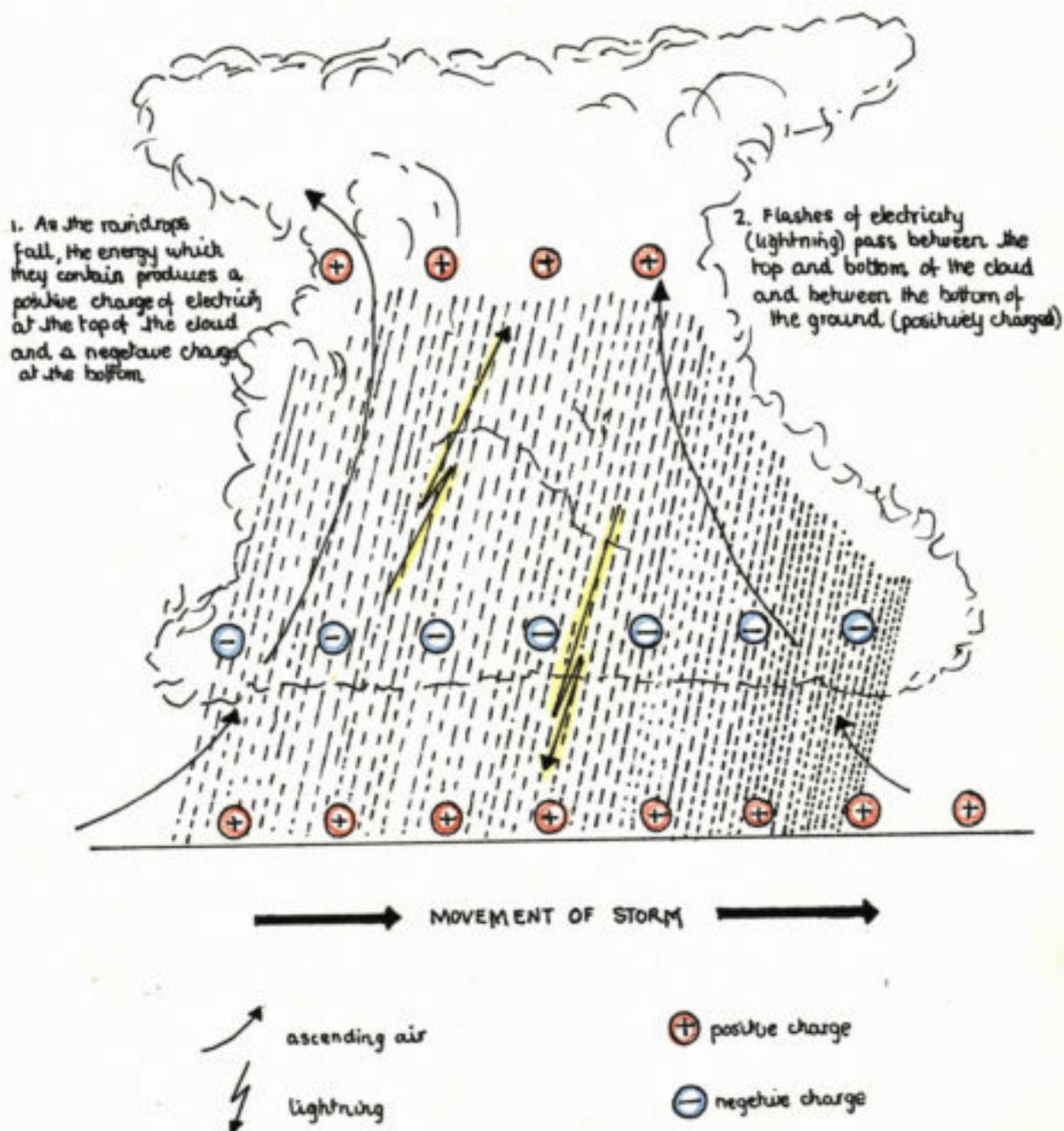
In frontal thunderstorms the trigger action is represented by:

- a) Cold air rising in under warm air at the passage of a cold front;
- b) warm air riding up over cold air and the passage of a warm front;
- c) warm air forced upwards by surrounding air during

occlusion. Frontal thunderstorms occur at any time of day or night.

### 3) Convergence thunderstorms.

Thunderstorms resulting from a convergence of air in depressions or troughs of low air pressure are called convergence thunderstorms. Such convergence leads to rising air currents. Where sufficient moist air is involved and where conditions are unstable convergence can provide the trigger action for thunderstorm development. This type occurs at any time of the day and night. In some tropical regions high atmospheric humidity, a high lapse rate, intense solar heating and convergence work together to make thunderstorms an almost daily occurrence.



## A THUNDERSTORM

#### 4) Orographic thunderstorms.

When moist, unstable air flowing across elevated terrain, such as a mountain range, is forced upwards by such an obstruction, orographic thunderstorms may develop at any time of the day or night.

#### STAGES AND DEVELOPMENT OF A THUNDERSTORM.

The development of a thunderstorm can be divided up into three stages. All thunderstorms consist of a number of cells. Each cell constitutes a unit of convective circulation. In diameter a cell may vary from 1 to 8Km. All cells are characterised by distinctive phases of development and the total life-cycle of a cell is approximately 2 to 3 hours.

##### 1. The cumulus or developing stage.

This stage is characterised by strong convective activity. Strong updrafts of warm air occur throughout the cell. Speeds as high as 30 m/s have been recorded. Air is drawn into the cell not only from below but also from the sides. Deep cloud masses are built up to heights where temperatures are below freezing. The first stage in the life-cycle of a thunderstorm lasts as long as updrafts are dominant.

##### 2. The mature stage.

As a result of the strong updrafts of the developing stage large amounts of cloud droplets, raindrops and snowflakes are found high up in the cell. When the mass of the accumulated water and ice becomes too great to be supported by the updrafts these particles begin to fall through the cloud. The change is often quite sudden. The end of the initial stage and the onset of the second stage occur as soon as updrafts are no longer found to exist on their own in the cell. The frictional drag of the falling water changes path of the updrafts into downdrafts. The mature stage is the most intense phase in the thunderstorm. It is during this stage that lightning and hail occur and turbulence is strong. At the end of this stage the cloud reaches its greatest vertical extent and heights of 12Km are quite common. The onset of downdrafts is usually sudden and is associated with sharp gusts. The downdrafts bring cold air to the earth's surface. As the downdrafts begin to dominate the cell the updrafts disappear, and as soon as the entire cell is characterised by subsiding air, the dissipating stage is reached.

##### 3. The Dissipating stage.

In this stage downdrafts are the dominant feature. Some rising air may still be found only in the upper parts of a cell. The heavy rain and storminess of the previous stage are replaced by light rain which also eventually ceases.

#### GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Thunderstorms have many characteristics, but there are five general ones: Ice crystals, hail, thunder and lightning, the presence of surface winds and the formation of the thunderstorm of a cluster of cells.

1. Ice crystals are found in thunderstorms because of the great height to which thunderstorms are built up. The lateral expansion of the updrafts is clearly visible in the formation of the typical anvil top. This part of the thunderstorm or cloud consists predominantly of ice crystals. With the cessation of the updrafts, the source of condensation is cut off and the cloud decreases in intensity, leaving the cimis anvil and other stratified cloud remnants behind at various heights
2. Surface winds usually eliminate the possibility of thunderstorms formation. They prevent a build-up of intense heat at the earth's surface as a result of insolation and consequently also prevent the formation of a convective cell.
3. A thunderstorm usually consists of a cluster of cells.
4. Thunder and lightning are also found with thunderstorms. Analysis of electricity in thunderclouds has shown that a positive charge exists at the top of the cell while a negative charge is located lower down. Beneath the zone of negative charge there is a second zone in which scattered centres of positive charge occur. A lightning stroke is a very big spark of electricity discharged between the cloud and the earth, between two different clouds, between separate parts of the same cloud or from a cloud to the surrounding atmosphere. The visible lightning stroke is a shaft of glowing air from 20 to 50 mm in diameter.

The sound of thunder originates in a compression wave formed along the highly heated path of the lightning stroke. Each portion of the path of the lightning stroke sends out intense sound waves which travel different paths to the observer. Since sound travels at the rate of approximately 330 metres per second and since the stroke may be several kilometres in length, the thunder is usually heard as a drawn out rumbling, having character and time duration depending upon length and shape of the stroke and upon its distance from the observer.

5. Hail consisting of rounded ice granules, often accompanies a thunderstorm. The size of a hailstone varies considerably. A hailstone is not always just frozen raindrops. It is unique in the manner of its formation. Potential hailstones begin as raindrops in the strong updrafts of a cumulo-nimbus cloud. These updrafts carry the raindrops to great heights where they freeze. The ice granules then fall and in doing so collide with drops of liquid water which collect on their surface. Once again they may be buoyed up by the force of the updrafts and reach sub-freezing temperatures where this layer of water freezes. This can occur repeatedly as air currents carry them up and down. Eventually they will become either too heavy to be supported by the updrafts or the last stage of the thunderstorm development is reached and they fall to the ground - whereby examining them we can determine how many times it was pushed upwards by counting the number of rings it has.

ROSEMARY MEYNELL.

**ART**

GAUGUIN

Gauguin, like the other Post Impressionist Painters, did a lot of his work in France, and brought about revolutionary changes in artistic outlook and practised and paved the way for most forms of art which flourish today. While Cézanne and Van Gogh worked, like the impressionists, directly from nature, Gauguin went back to the earlier practise of artists by painting his pictures in a studio, but all three men were alike in believing that art was distinct form of nature.

Gauguin was born in Paris, as a youth he served as a French merchant marine, but at 23 he turned to a business career and became a successful stockbroker. He married a Danish girl and had five children, but at the age of 34 he gave up his job and turned to painting. His wife disapproved greatly as he was making no money, and when they started living in poverty she left him, taking her children with her. Gauguin then went to live in Brittany. It was there during the next four years where his distinctive style emerged. One of the strongest influences on Gauguin's developing style was that of Japanese prints. An example of this is of his table-top painting called "Still Life with Three Puppies". Here one can see the flat planes, the uniform areas of colour and the bold outlines. In Gauguin's "Self Portrait" many typical features of his can be seen, for instance he often added symbolical objects e.g. he has studded the flat background with posies - a symbol of innocence. His colours are bright, the likeness is abstracted but brilliantly characteristic. An inscription that he wrote on the work, "les Misérables", refers not only to the proverbial poverty of the artists, but to their common bondage in a lifelong quest for perfection. Brittany's harsh, spare landscape turned out to be the perfect place for Gauguin. Here he painted "Brittany Landscape with Swineherd". From left to right one can see the beginning of his break from his previous style - on the left he used exactly the kind of brushwork Camille Pissaro had taught him, but the bold, flat planes of the rounded hills fading away to the right - (suggestive of Japanese art) show his newly emerging style. In his painting "The Gate" he may have tried to express that both the artists and the Breton peasants had a responsibility to work hard because they had been gifted, therefore the gate may have represented both the closing of the old way and the opening of the new road to freedom.

Gauguin was also fascinated by the Breton woman with their plain, dark dresses and their stiff, white caps, collars and aprons which seemed to fall in picturesque patterns. He often included them in typical local scenes with the great theme of religious drama. In the picture of "Jacob wrestling with the Angel", painted in flat, bold outlined and contrasting colours, it reveals how well Gauguin understood the power of superstition and imagination over these peasant's minds. He chose his colours both for their pictorial impact and for their symbolic overtones. The red may represent daybreak or the field of spiritual battle. Symbol and reality also blend well in "The Yellow Christ" in which Gauguin reaches a peak in expression. The culmination of his

experience in Brittany, this picture foreshadows both in technique and theme, the great South Sea Island works that would follow.

In Tahiti Gauguin was surprised and fascinated by the charming natural way in which the islanders had adopted Christianity. In his painting "I Hail Thee Mary". He was also fascinated by their myths and superstitions and completed 65 canvases in about 18 months. He was entranced by the animal grace and carefree nudity of Polynesian women. One of his many works on them is "Tahitian Women with Mango Blossoms" Unfortunately he found life on the island difficult and his health began to deteriorate so after returning to Brittany he moved again to the South Seas.

Soon after his arrival in the tropics, Gauguin's style began to change, for instance "The Man with the Axe" which was one of his first paintings in Tahiti, still shows the stained glass kind of outlining of figures and forms that had characterised some of his Breton works. Within a year, however, he had relaxed this formal device, and in the painting "By the Sea" the colours meet each other in easy curves and graceful abstract shapes. In both pictures he has used his typical synthetic colours often as a symbol of an emotion or thought. Gauguin's picture "The Spirit of the Dead Watching" could well have had some influence from Manet's Olympia or the Benuses of Titian although it is still very much a Gauguin. The decorativeness, the flat bright colours and symbolic details make up a picture that is full of beauty and meaning.

While Gauguin was being plagued by poverty and disease, he decided to commit suicide, but before he did this he decided to paint a last painting called "Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?" The picture reads from right to left in the Oriental fashion. It is very symbolic and reveals his pessimistic mood, by the dark colours and strange atmosphere. But Gauguin's suicide attempt failed, he lived and painted for five more years.

**PART FOUR**

**OTHER LANGUAGES**

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**AFRIKAANS**

EINDELIK HET DIT GEREËN

Die vuur het in die middle van die hut gebrand en die mieliepap het stadig begin om te kook. Die kinders het met hul knieë onder hul kenne gesit en na die ou soeloe geluister. Hy het 'n bok se vel om sy lyf gedra en daar was baie krale om sy nek. Hy het stilletjies 'n lang pyp gerook.

"Hierdie storie het baie, baie lank gelede plaasgevind" het hy begin. "Die mense in die storie het hier gelewe en hulle het baie vee en mielie oeste gehad. Hul vee was altyd baie vet en gesond en hul oeste was belowend. Die mense het baie goed gelewe en hulle was altyd van kos voorsien. Maar toe eendag het die reëns nie gekom nie. Die vee het toe maer en maer geword en die oeste was amper heeltemal verwoes. Sou die mense en die vee van die honger moes sterf? Elke dag het hulle na die reënwolke uitgekyk, maar hulle het nie gekom nie. Wat sou hulle doen? Hul laaste kos was amper gedaan.

Toe het hulle besluit om die toordokter te besoek en hom te vra om die reëmaker, wat in die hemele gewoon het, te roep. Die toordokter het rondom 'n groot vuur gedans en die reënmaker geroep. Hy het snaakse geluide gemaak en het soms 'n mens se skedel in die vuur gegooi. Hy het vinniger en vinniger om die vuur gedans en toe het hy skielik stilgestaan en vir die mense gesê dat die reënmaker hom geantwoord het. Laasgenoemde het hom vertel dat as die mense al hul vee sou doodgemaak en al die oeste sou verbrand, sou die reënmaker die hemele oopmaak en die water sou val. Hy het ook gesê dat vet vee uit die hemele sou tuimel en dat oeste self uit die grond sou groei!

Die mense het die toordokter geglo en hulle het almal terug na hul krate toe gegaan, hul oeste gebrand en hul vee doodgemaak. Toe het hulle vir die wonderlike reën gewag, maar dit het nie gekom nie en na een week was omtrent die helfte van die bevolking alreeds dood. Die volgende week het nog mense van die honger omgekam, maar toe, aan die einde van die week het die wolke gekom.

Eindelik het dit gereën . . . . . Maar, dit was al te laat!"

TANYA BRAUN  
STD. 9

MET LIEFDE

Dit is werklik die gedagte wat by my tel  
Of dink jy ek probeer jou te indruk  
Is daar werklik 'n verskil tussen 'n langs en 'n silwer eetsel  
Niks sal jou in ek geval verruk.

Maar ek voel onreker oor hoe jy dit gaan ontvang  
want ek besef geld kan jou nooit terug wen nie  
So, aanvaar dit in die lig van 'n materiële dankie  
Al is dit vir jou ook van hoe' min belang.

Neem dit, ek sal baie vreugde daaruit rut  
Al is dit vir jou 'n bitter ril om te sluk.

LIONE VAN DER HOVEN  
STD. 9

HANDE.

Op die strand wemel dit van mense. Pragtige bont sambrele staan soos paddastoeltjies. Terwyl kinders oral in die water en op die sand baljaar, sit die meeste groot mense op seilstoele in die koelte onder die sambrele. Ander tel skulpies op; Ander bou sandkastele. 'n Kleurling met sy hees stem skree: „Roomys te koop, lekka roomys.”

Jane sit alleen, weg van die mense. Sy kyk na die pragtige see en sy is vol geluk. Die wit golfkruine glinster in die skynende son as hulle breek en na die strand toe spoel. Die vars koel seewind waai verby en sy kyk na die horison - net 'n vlakke van blou water en dan die ontmoeting van die hemel en die see. Seemeue vlieg in die lug, spierwit teen 'n blou agtergrond, terwyl ander op die golwe dobber. In die rotspoele is daar 'n ander lewende wêreld. Die see-egels en die see-anemone is kleurig en klein vissies swem rond in die warm water. Slakke, met hul huisies, beweeg stadig oor die rots tussen die donker seegras.

Skielik word Jane wakker. Haar drome verdwyn. Sy lê stil, haar oë toe en sy probeer om die oomblikke wat verby is te herroep. „O, dit was wonderlik, die see. Ja, en die seemeue. Alles wat ek gehoor het, het ek regtig gesien. Ag, laat ek nog droom, nog sien!” Jane sug.

Buite hoor Jane die voëltjies tjurp. Ja dit moet môre wees, maar Jane se nag is 'n eindelose nag. Sy is blind. Stadig klim sy uit haar bed uit. Haar pragtige hande voel om haar heen en sy loop na haar tas toe. Dit is Jane se hande wat alles voel, alles vir haar oë vertel.

Ja, haar hande is haar lewe.

CLARE GAWITH Std. 10.

ONTVLUGTING.

Net die voëls van die blou is vry en ongebonde in hul vlug  
Hulle klief en sny ongestoord deur die ope lug  
Maar kon selfs hulle ooit ons wêreld ontkom?  
Nee, ook hulle staan magteloos en stom .....

Ons beweeg almal saam met die geluide van die see  
En net so natuurlik word ons een vir een dood gewee  
Daarna, sonder dat die wêreld ontkom  
Rol die see weer aan, sonder om te sluur.

LIONE VAN DER HOVEN Std. 9.

DIE VOLGENDE OGGEND KON MY MA MY NIE WAKKER SKRIK NIE

Dit was die warmste dag van die jaar. Die son het op my neergebrand terwyl ek stadig per fiets huis toe gery het. Ek kon net aan een ding dink en dit was dat ons bure my genooi het om saam met hulle in hul nuwe swembad te gaan swem!

Maar toe het ek onthou! Mōre skryf ons 'n reuse Afrikaanse toets en dit het net een ding beteken - ek sou moet leer. Ek het my boeke uitgehaal en probeer om te leer, maar ek kon net hoor hoe die kinders langsaan in die swembad geplons geduik en gebaljaar het. Dit was vir my 'n marteling! Ek het opgespring, my boeke toegemaak, my baai-kostuum aange- getrek en oor die muur gespring. Dit was nie lank nie voor- dat ek ook lekker gebaljaar het. Ek het die hele middag geswem en toe ek weer oor die muur gespring het, het my ma gesê dat ek my hare dadelik moet gaan afdroog. Dus het nog 'n uur verby-geglip voordat my boeke weer oopgemaak het.

Ek het amper die soort horries gekry hoe my pa ons vir aan- dete uitgenooi het, want ek het teen die tyd amper geen Afrikaans geleer nie! maar wat kon ek maak? Ek het my op- getooi en toe saam met hulle na die restaurant gery, waar ek die aandete geniet het. Omdat ons vroeg by die restaurant aangekom het, het ons nie te laat by die huis aangekom nie, en terwyl my ouers en broer na die televisie gekyk het, het ek 'n rukkie geleer. Maar toe 'Manhunter' begin het, het ek my boeke weer toegemaak en daarna gekyk. Toe dit klaar was, moes ek bad toe gaan. Ek het besluit om vroeg in die volgende oggend op te staan om te leer. Voordat ek gaan slaap het, het ek seker gemaak dat my wekker gestel was.

Ongelukkig het die wekker eers om sesuur gelui en alhoewel ek probeer het om so veel moontlik te leer, het ek geweet dat dit nie sou uitwerk nie. Ek moes 'n plan beraam, en gou! Ek het gedink en gedink en toe besluit dat daar net een ding was wat ek kon doen, en dit was om stokkies te draai. Maar ek het geweet dat my ma my nooit sou toelaat om dit te doen nie en dat ek iets sou moet versin sodat sy my by die huis sou moet laat bly. Uiteindelik het ek geweet wat om te doen! Ek het 'n stukkie papier en 'n pen uitgehaal en toe dié briefie geskryf:

Liewe Ma

(Vieruur Vrydagoggend)

Ek kon nie slaap nie, dus het 'n 'Mandrax slaappil gesluk. As jy my vanoggend nie wakker kan skud nie, moet jy jou nie oor my bekommer nie want ek weet nie hoe lank dié soort kan werk nie! As die ergste gebeur sal ek miskien laat by die skool aankom.

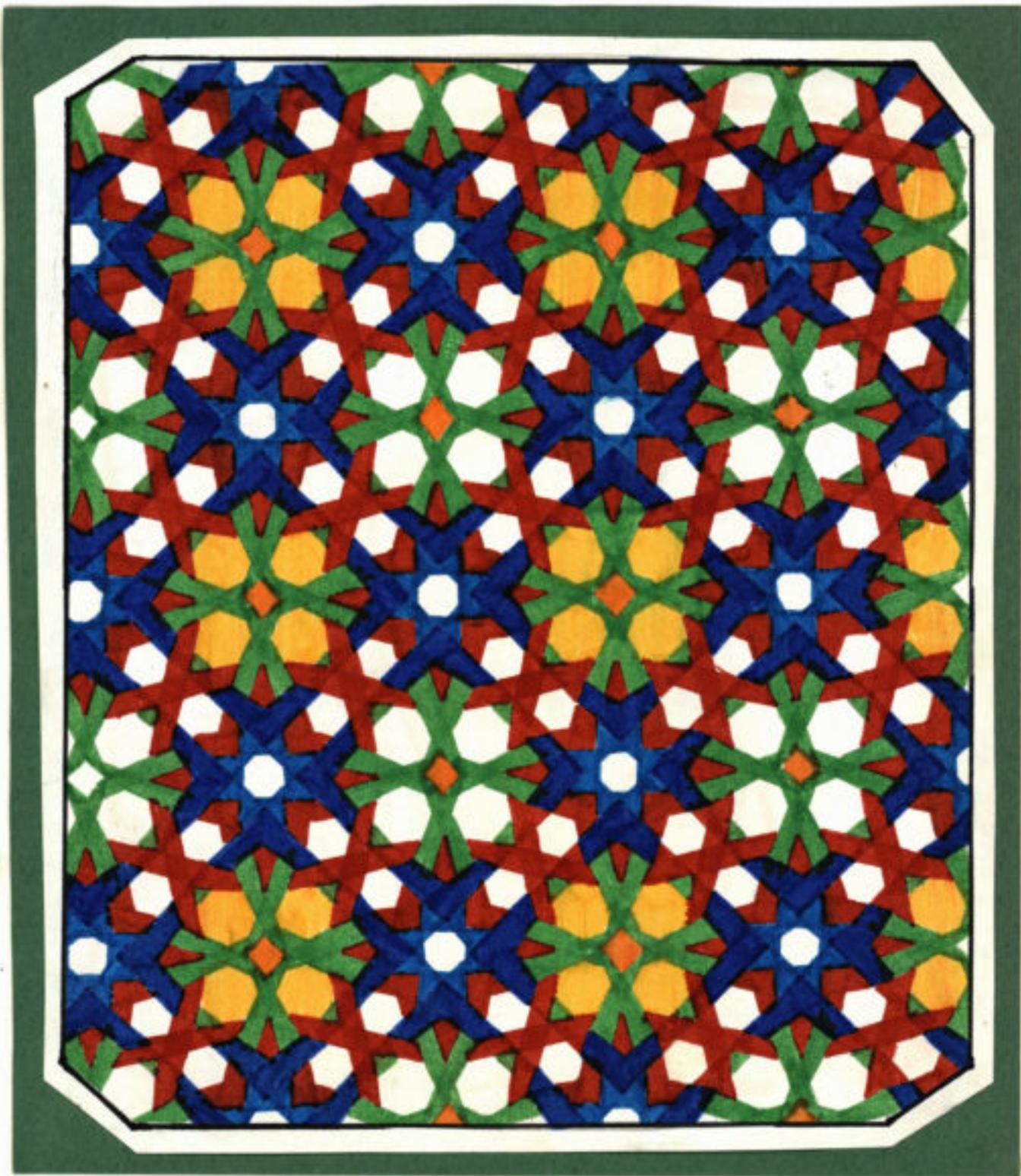
Jou vaak dogter  
Tania

Toe het ek die pil gesluk!

Ek het twee leuens in die briefie vertel want ek het geskryf dat dit vieruur in die oggend was, toe dit eintlik halfsewe was, en ek het ook geskryf dat ek nie geweet het hoe lank die slaappil sou werk nie, alhoewel ek gelees het dat dit agt uur lank sou duur!

My plan het geslaag want ek het eers om halfdrie wakker geskrik en teen diétyd was dit te laat om die toets te skryf.

TANIA BRAUN Std. 9.



Ann Meynell  
Std. 6.

**FRENCH**

UN JOUR MEMORABLE

"je vais vous raconter", dit le vieux pêcheur, "l'histoire du jour le plus memorable de ma vie."

Il s'assit dans un fauteuil près du feu, alluma sa pipe et commença son histoire. Nous autres nous assimes sur le tapis autour de ses jambes et nous écoutâmes.

C'était en 1938, quelques jours avant la Noël. Les autres pêcheurs et moi avaient décidés d'aller en chalutier attraper des poissons. Nous avons quitté le havre à East London à cinq heures du matin. Il faisait froid, mais il n'y avait pas de vent et la mer était calme. Nous Pêchions depuis deux heures, quand tout à coup un des pêcheurs cria. 'He, venez ici vous autres. Regardez cet étrange poisson vicieux'.

J'ai couru vers lui et j'ai vu sur le pont ce poisson. It était long de cinq pieds et il pesait 127 livres. Il avait de grandes e'cailles bleues et des nageoires lobées et fortes. Je n'avais jamais vu un poisson si étrange, si on peut dire que c'était un poisson et ni un autre espèce d'animal. Le poisson était vraiment vicieux et nous l'avons tué.

Ce soir, nous avons présenté le poisson à une dame qui travaillait dans un musée à East London. Cette made s'appelait Mme Latimer et ette nous a dit qu'elle ne savait pas le nom du poisson, mais qu'elle connaissait un homme qui connaissait des poissons.

Elle a donc téléphoné Professeur J.L.B. Smith, Professeur de l'ichthyologie et il est venu identifier le poisson. Quand il est arrivé, il ne pouvait pas croire ce qu'il voyait. Il nous a dit que nous avons attrapé un poisson que tout le monde avait cru éteint. C'était un coelacanth et il il'a nommé Latimeria!"

Le vieux pecheur ferma ses yeux et nous ne bougeames pas. Apres quelques instants il rouvrit les yeux et nous, dit: "Oui, mes enfants, ce jour là était le jour le memorable de ma vie!"

TANYA BRAUN  
STD.9

MON PREMIER VOYAGE DANS UN YACHT

Il ya une semaine, mon frère, son ami et moi, sommes allé dans notre yacht dans l'Atlantic. La mer était glauque et le ciel était nuageux quand nous nous sommes mis à notre petite voyage du havre de Cape Town à Hout Bay. C'était la première fois que j'étais allée dans un yacht dans le large.

Nous avons quitté les amarres, levé l'ancre. Il y avait un fort courant et les vagues étaient hautes. J' étais engourdi de frayeur au commencement de l'orage. L'houleux du large m'a verdit et le vertige que j'ai éprouvé, était terrible. Il faisait froid comme nous étions dans le neige. Nous bondissions et ne voyions rien. Il y avait une accalmie pendant l'orage et nous avons vu que nous n'étions pas loin du rivage. Nous avons continués le voyage dans la pluie.

Nous avons accosté le quai où nos parents nous sont rencontrés après nous ayant vu entièrement le long de notre voyage. J'ai acheté des pilules contre maladie de la mer, et j'espère que j' irais dans la yacht bientôt.

MANDY METCALFE  
STD.9

LA TELEVISION

Enfin l'Afrique du Sud a installé la télévision, mais est ce une bonne chose? C'est vrai que la distraction est bonne, qu'il y a beaucoup de programmes d'éducatons comme les nouvelles, les interviews, des personnalités intéressantes de la politique, de l'art, de la littérature, de la science, ec.

Clairement des sud-africains aiment l'idée. Chaque jour quand je fais une promenade en voiture je vois beaucoup d'antennes sur les toits. Quand nous visitons les maisons des amis, sans doute au coin de chambre il y a une nouvelle télévision. Les amis disent "Bonjour, nous regardons la television, entrez, venez regarder aussi."

On s'assied pour regarder l'écran. Le speaker raconte les nouvelles Ce qui augmente le savoir sur le monde d'aujourd'hui. Puis il y a une film comique, les enfants arrivent de leur chambres pour venir regarder, bientôt tout le monde est collé à l'écran. Une fois là, il y restent. Ils regardent tous les images et ils restent tard levés, ils négligent aussi leur devoir. Les parents sont en proie à l'inquietude, mais quand on les croit, ils négligent aussi les bonnes choses de la vie. Il ne trouve plus de temps de lire, les plaisirs de la conversation sont abandonnés et les habitudes commencent à changer.

LINDA SWANEPOEL  
STD. 10

JE FAIS DES COURSES AVEC MAMAN

Nous arrivons en ville à deu heures et demie, Il pleut il y a beaucoup de flaques d'eau. Et il y a beaucoup de monde. Il y a beaucoup de circulation. Maman porte un sac rouge. Je porte le panier. La tiste est dans le panier parce-qu'il pleut. Nous entrons dans l'épicerie et nous achetons le café, la confiture, la fanne et le sucre. Chez le frutier nous achetons les pêches, les pommes de terre et une poire pour moi. A la pharmacie j'achète un paquet de dentifrice. Nous allons a le boucher et nous achetons le porc pour ainer. Nous montons dans un autobus. Il ne pleut pas maintenant. Nous rentrons à la maison.

DOMINIQUE BAIKOFF  
STD. 6

LE JOURNAL DE MON ONCLE

Hier j'ai trouvé le journal de mon oncle fomez, l'Oncle Egbert, qui avait disparu sans aucune trace il y a dix ans. Son notaire nous l'a envoyé dans la poste après sa mort. J'ai lu la dernière entrée.

L'histoire commence le huit décembre, l'année de sa mort. L'Oncle Egbert est perdu dans un grand bois dangereux. Il n'y a point d'eau. L'Oncle Egbert est gravement malade. U a besoin d'eau et il est en train de mourir. Pauvre Oncle Egbert. Que faire? Tout d'un coup il voit un fruit fruit mémorable. C'était une sorte de pomme avec beaucoup de jus. Egbert l'a dévoré. Cela lui a sauvé la vie. Cela lui a donné le moyen de continuer. U a marché toute la journée et, enfin il a trouvé un village. U était sauvé.

Une semaine plus tard u causait avec un habitant du village. Il lui racontait son histoire de villageois écoutait avec deux gros rides au front. Puis il a dit Mon ami, j'ai des mauvaises nouvelles pour vous. Dans notre région nous n'avons que deux sortes de fruits poisons. L'un est un fruit comme une pomme avec beaucoup de jus

VIVIENNE VISSER  
STD. 9

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**LATIN**

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS. A.D. 79

Pompeii, a coast town five miles from the volcanic mountain Vesuvius, suffered a double disaster in the first century A.D. In A.D. 63 the town was seriously damaged by an earthquake, and in A.D. 79 an eruption of Vesuvius buried the city under a layer of lava and ashes to a depth of about twenty feet. Fifteen centuries later, in the course of the construction of an underground canal, workmen discovered an inscription and frescoes on the walls of the buildings of the old city.

Fuerat per multos dies tremor terrae Pompeus, illa nocte hic tam gravis erat ut non moveri omnia sed verti viderentur. Videbamus omnia, hora prima, nubes oriebatur, magna et inusitata. Tectis quassatis, ex oppido Pompeus discedere constituimus. Mare in se resorberi et tremore terrae repelli videbamus, multa animalia maris in siccis harenis iacebant. Iam cinis cadebant; iam punices nigri et ambusti. E Vesuvio monte pluribus locis latissimae flammae altaque incendia relucebant. Potebamus audire ulutatus feminarum, clamores virorum.

Re vera, horrenda erat nox. Multi credebant eam noctem esse omnium novissimam.

CLARE GAWITH  
STD.10

THE RACES

Erant multae ferriae Roma. Ludi Circenes diebus his habiti sunt. Maximus numerus virorum et feminarum congregerunt ut hos spectarent; nam Romani spectaculum et ludos magnopere amaverunt. Certamen quadrigarum in circo habitum est. Arena longa et angusta erat et muro divitibatur. Hic murus spina ab Romanis appellabatur. Spina in multis locis status equorum et aurigarum omabatur. Prope terminos spinae aut metae tres columnae erant. Certamen periculosum et aurigis et equis erat. Quadrigae in aciem instructae sunt.

Ubi rex mappen albam desiluit, certamen incenit. Statim quadrigae sina mora in arenam ruerunt et ad metas volent. Quadrigae conatae sunt locum interiorem proxime spinam capere quod hunc bono agitatori erat.

Romanus Populus non modo velocitate equorum sed etiam arte hominum trahebatur. Agitatores quinque suum pannum habebant cui color certus erat; quo colore quadrigae et aurigae agnoscebantur. Populus quodam panno favebant et nominae aurigarum clamitabat quibus faverunt.

Ludi Circenes periculosi erat, agitatores et equi saepissime aut vulnerati sunt aut necati sunt. Tamen hi casus non studium et gratia Romani populi minvebant. Ludi Circenes semper gratissime ludi erant.

TRANSLATION

There were many holidays in Rome. The races were held on these days. A great number of men and women would congregate to see them; for the Romans greatly loved the spectacle and the games. A race of four horses was held. The arena was long and narrow and was divided by a wall. This wall was called the Spina by the Romans. The Spina was decorated in many places by statues of horses and charioteers. Near the end of the Spina were three columns.

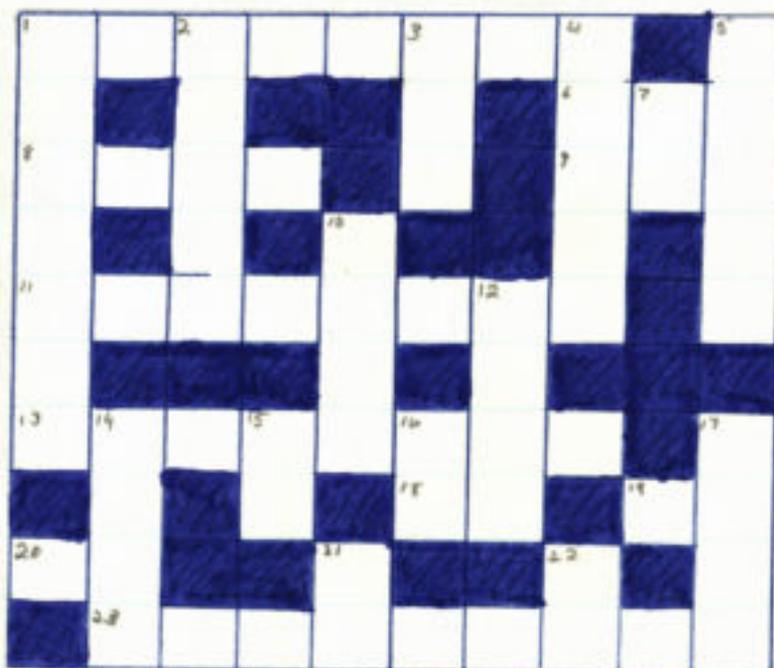
The race was dangerous to both charioteers and horses. The chariots were drawn up in a line. When the king dropped the white cloth the race began. Immediately the four-horse chariots rushed into the arena and raced for the posts. The chariots tried to occupy the inner position, nearest to the Spina, because this was an advantage to the charioteer.

The Roman People were not only attracted by the speed of the horses but also by the skill of the men. Each charioteer had a cloth which was a certain colour. The chariot was recognized by the colour of his cloth which he wore. The spectators favoured a certain colour and called out the name of the charioteer whom they favoured.

The races were dangerous and very often the charioteers and horses were either wounded or killed. However these occurrences did not lower the eagerness and love of the Romans. The races were the most popular games in Rome.

NICOLA DAUNCEY  
STD. 9

## A LATIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE

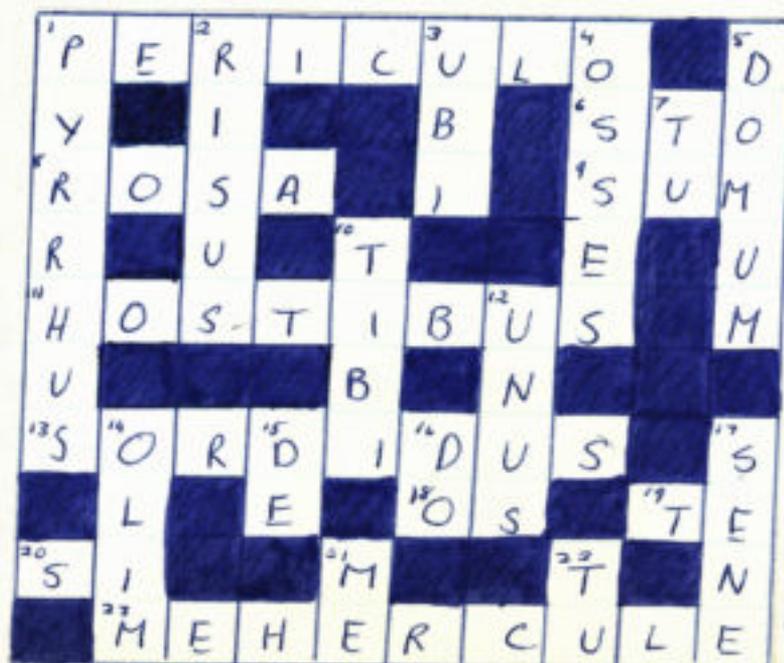


## ACROSS

1. By danger
6. I stand
8. A rose
9. I am
11. By enemies
13. Dirty (masculine)
18. A horn
19. You (accusative)
20. If
23. Upon my word!

## DOWN

1. The King of Epirus
2. A smile
3. When
4. Horns
5. To home
7. You (nominative)
10. To you
12. One (masculine)
14. Formerly
15. Concerning
16. I give
17. From an old man
21. Me
22. You (nominative)



CAROLYN MARTEN  
STD. 7

**GERMAN**

DAS ERSTE BLUMLEIN DES FRUHLINGS

Ich ging draupen im Garten. Es war kalt und auf dem Boden lag schnee. Der Sonne schien, und der Himmel war blau aber trotzdem war es kalt. Der Winter wird bald enden dachte ich. Ich laufte um der Ecke und dort gand ich es. Es war sehr klein und halb gefroren ein kleines Blumlein. Ich liess es dort und ging frohlich nach Hause. Der Fruhling kommt wirklich bald.

TRANSLATION

THE FIRST SPRING FLOWER

I went out into the garden. It was cold and snow lay on the ground. The sun shone and the sky was blue -- but still it was cold. Winter will end soon, I thought. I walked round the corner, and there I found it. It was very little and half frozen -- a little spring flower. I left it there and walked home happily. Spring was on its way.

NANCY JACKSON  
STD. 9



Pippa Torr  
Std. 9.

**CHINESE**

CONVERSATION

你家有多少人？

我家有十一個人。

你家有甚麼人？

有我父母，兄弟，姐妹，  
太太，跟孩子們。

請你把我也介紹給  
家的人，好不好？

好，明~~天~~下午，六點鐘

請來我家吃飯。

我們可以談一談。

謝謝，你太客氣了。

How many people are there in your family?

We have ten people.

Who are the people?

My parents and wife and children.

Please, may I meet your family if you don't mind?

Sure, come to our house at 6 o'clock and have  
dinner with us.

Thank you. You are kind.

SUNG YUNG LEE

STD. 8

**DUTCH**

VLUGEND OVER NEDERLAND

Onder mij zij de Ardennen, en van deze hoogte lijkt het wel een bont gekleinde relief kaart — groen bebosd met vlekjes ligt groen en bruin erdoor heen gestrooid. Het zijn vriendlijke bergen, niet scherp en angstaanjagend zoals de Apen, maar open en gastvry. Het doet my denken aan de beroemde Ardenne ham, de patat frites gebakken in paardenvet, he zalige verse brood.

Ik denk dat we Limburg naderen want die bergen vlakken at en wonden heuvels, de klein word al om geles and sanderig. "Het is de loess grond", dink ik, ligt van klein maan oh, so, vrugtbaar. Ha, daar is de Maas, slag ader van Limburg, zeken de mooister rivier van heel Nederland.

Meer haan het nooned, vlakt het land nog meer at, maar het heeft nog steeds die golvende kwaliteit. Het land is groen en vrugtbaar. Het land van kersen en koren. Ik herriner my dat ik eens een vakansie hier in deze streek doongebracht het. De lente gevuld met zozige kersen bloemems groenkoren en de prille zonneshyn. Veel werk, maar nog meer plezier en joligheid. Dan de zomer, bloedrode kersen, goudkoren, en de strak blauwe hemel gevuld met leweriken en musjes.

Ik droem te veel. Ik kyk naar beneden en zie dat we all over de grote revierin zyn. Het groene landschap is gevlekt met kleine stadjes, allemaal ongeveer dezelfde afstand vanelkaan, met nu en een grotere stad entussen.

Het is zalig om weer terug to zyn, en na die lange jare het ik een nieuwe kyk op myn vaderland gekregen — ik versta nu beter wat ik voor mijn land voel zonder schuldig te voelen voor mijn liefde voor Zuid-Afrika.

TRANSLATIONFLYING OVER HOLLAND

Under me are the Ardennes, and from this height it looks like a colourful relief map — green forest with specs of light green and brown scattered throughout. They are friendly mountains, not sharp and fearful like the Alps, they are open and hospitable. It makes me think of the famous Ardenne ham, the potatoe chips baked in horse fat and the marvelous fresh bread.

I think that we are getting near Limburg because the mountains are becoming flatter, gradually changing into hills. The colour is also changing, becoming yellower and sandier. It is the loes soil, I think. It has a light colour but is very fertile. There is the Nuise, artery of Limburg, surely the most beautiful river in Holland.

Now to the north, the country becomes even flatter, but it still has the undulating quality. The land is green and fertile. The land of cherries and wheat. I remember that I once spent a holiday in this area. The spring filled with pinkish cherry blossoms, young green wheat and the juvenile sunshine. A lot of work, but more pleasure. Then the summer: blood red cherries, golden wheat, a wide blue sky filled with larks and sparrows.

/.. I am

I am dreaming too much. I look down and see that we are above the big rivers. The green landscape spotted with little towns, all about the same size, but now and then a bigger town.

It is wonderful to be back again and after three long years I have acquired a new insight -- I understand better what I feel for my country without feeling guilty about my love for South Africa.

EVE DE ROOY  
STD. 10

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**GREEK**

Φεγγαράκι μου λαμπρό!

Φεγγαράκι μου λαμπρό,  
 φέγγε μου να περπατώ,  
 να πηγαίνω στο σχολειό  
 να μαθαίνω γράμματα,  
 γράμματα σπουδάματα  
 του Θεού τα πράματα.

My shining little Moon  
 Shine for me to walk  
 So that I can go to school  
 So that I may learn letters  
 Letters wonders  
 The Lord's things

ANASTASIA VLISSEDES  
 STD. 7

## ΜΕΓΑΛΗ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ

Τὸν νυμφωνά σου βλέπω, ζωτήρ μου,  
 κεκοσμημένον, καὶ ἔνδυμα οὐκ ἔχω, ἵνα  
 εἰσέλω ἐν αὐτῷ· λάμπρυνόν μου τὴν  
 στολήν τῆς ψυχῆς, Φωτοδότα, καὶ  
 ὤσον με.

I see Thy bridal hall adorned, O my Saviour,  
 And I have no wedding garment that I may enter therein;  
 O Giver of Light, make radiant the vesture of my soul  
 and save me.

ANASTASIA VLISSEDES  
 STD. 7

**XHOSA**

KWIDINI

Siya edolephini namhlanje. UAndile akafuni ukunxiba. Yena uthi akafuni ukuya. UMama ungxolisa uAndila kuba uyageza.

Apha sibona uthandi noMomsa. Badlala nenja yabo, uToki. Inja iyanthanda ukudlala noThandi. uToki uthanda ukubaleka nokutsiba nokudada kodwa akakwazi ukuhlala ngqo. Abantwana bayahleka kuba inja izama ukuhlala ngqo.

TRANSLATIONTHE BOYS

We go to town today. Andile does not want to get dressed. He says he does not want to go. Mum scolds Andile because he is naughty.

Here we see Thandi with Momsa. They play with their dog, Toki. The dog likes to play with Thandi. Toki likes to run and jump and swim but he is not able to sit straight. The Children laugh because the dog tries to sit straight.

KATHY TRIPP  
STD. 6

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LAMENT OF THE BANTU

Phambi koba umlungu afike  
Saso melele nje nge Ngonyama,  
Emva koba umlungu afike  
Sabaleka nje nge mpunzi.  
Sisabaleka .....  
Nge nye imini sizakuma  
Umlungu izakoyika.

TRANSLATION

Before the Whiteman came  
We were as proud as the lion,  
After the Whiteman came  
We ran like the buck.  
We are still running .....  
But one day we will stop  
And then let Whiteman be afraid.

LIZANNE SCOTT  
STD. 9

**HEBREW**

תהלים קכ"א

שׁוֹר כְּבָעֲרֹת אֲשֶׁר אֲנִי אֵל - הַקְרִים בְּאֵין יְהוָה אֵלָּהּ :  
 עֲזָרָה :

עֲזָרָה בְּעֵס : אֲנִי אֵל הַקְרִים יְהוָה : אֵל יִתֵּן כֹּחַ רַגְלִי אֵל  
 אֵל :

יְהוָה שׁוֹרְךָ : הַיְהֵא אֵל יְהוָה : יִשָּׁן שׁוֹרְךָ יְהוָה : שׁוֹרְךָ  
 יְהוָה :

יְהוָה אֵל - אֵל : יְהוָה : יְהוָה אֵל יְהוָה : יְהוָה אֵל :

יְהוָה שׁוֹרְךָ בְּכֹחַ - אֵל יְהוָה : יְהוָה אֵל יְהוָה : יְהוָה אֵל יְהוָה :  
 יְהוָה אֵל :

בְּעֵס - אֵל :

PSALM cxxi. (A PILGRIM SONG OF DAVID)

I lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence will my help come. My help is from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. He will not suffer my foot to slip. He that guardeth will not slumber. Behold, he guardeth Israel and will neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy guardian. The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, neither the moon by night. The Lord shall guard thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.

MICHELE JACOBSON  
 STD. 8

**KOREAN**

이 사진 에는 , 우리나라의 전통 풍속 입니다.  
 옛날 에는 남자 아이들 이 7 살이면 결혼을 합니다.  
 여자는 21 살 아니면 20~21 입니다.



한국의 전통 풍속

In ancient Korea it was the custom for small boys of seven years to marry women of twenty-one to twenty-five.

Nothing Great was ever Achieved without Enthusiasm.

R . W. EMERSON