

JAGGER
MAGAZINE
978

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CREATIVE ENGLISH

In the beginning God created the Heaven and Earth

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And God said, "I will make man."

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Die man met die glasoo

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CREATIVE
ENGLISH

EDITORIAL.

That this magazine was ever finished is surprising
We found that the more we did, the more there was to do.
The first few weeks were spent enthusiastically scrawling
(largely ignored) pleas for entries on the blackboards -
we soon realised that there was more to it than that

We decided to divide the Creative English into two sections
so that we could prevent it from being too chaotic, without
grouping all the similar entries together. We apologise
for the similarity of some of the essay subjects - the
essays themselves are not at all alike!

Now that the magazine is finished we can admit that in
spite of continuous complaining we had a lot of fun doing
it. We hope that you enjoy reading it.

T. van Ryneveld

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HOUSE REPORT

Although 1978 wasn't a bad year for Jagger, it was not particularly good. We seem to have had a majority of second places, a couple of third places, and not first places. However, there is still the inter-house hockey, squash and netball to be played. We can still hope.

Although we did not feature in the music competition (we came last by a narrow margin), there is still the house song to be sung, and Jagger is renowned for having the loudest - if not the most tuneful voices!

Our academic achievements have not been much to boast about so far. However, we have not yet accounted for the exam results. Who knows? Jagger girls may be those who do nothing all year, but work tremendously hard for the exams and achieve excellent results. Numerous girls, too many to mention, hold academic badges and scrolls which shows that we have much potential.

Our sporting achievements average on second place. The highlight of the sports competition was the swimming. Luckily for us, we had two of the finest swimmers in Hersche. (Monique Bieback and Michelle Jacobson - swimmer of the year). However, if they had had an inter-house team spirit competition, Jagger would have won hands down. Unfortunately, owing to the high notes of some of the house songs, it is a debatable point whether we sung or just made a noise. Yet, there is a competition in which Jagger outshone all - the Inter-house General Knowledge competition - owing to the efforts of two of the most clued-up people in the school. Mrs Boyes and Carolyn Martin. Needless to say, the Inter-house General Knowledge Competition counts for nothing - but it is nice to know that Jagger has some of the most well-read people in the school.

1978 wasn't a great year as far as achievements go, but the Jagger spirit lives on, and that is an achievement in itself.

LIZ-ANNE SCOTT
HEAD OF HOUSE





FIONA LAWSON - HEAD GIRL and
LIZANNE SCOTT - HEAD OF HOUSE
with our MASCOTS.



EDITORS AT WORK!

MATRIC:

PIPPA TORR.
STD. 10.

School is a necessary preparation for life.

The definition of the word school is : An Institution for Educating Boys and Girls.

I think, to go to school is desirable but I would not say essential, in one's life. As is seen in our country, many non-whites have never been to school of never had any tuition of any kind, but somehow they seem to get a job and earn enough to maybe, run a household of their own. This shows that school is not completely essential and that one can survive without an education. In the poorer areas all over the world, the school is not a necessary, as the life-style of the inhabitants does not require an academic brain, but practicality and ability to cope with everyday problems. This only ensures a subsistence rather than an affluent way of life.

School educates one in an academic sphere rather than a practical one. I consider this very important, because it, prepares one for a career.

At school one makes life-long friends. One learns to mix with people, at the same time meeting different types. This will influence one's character, teaching one to discriminate between the bad and the good, at the same time building up one's standards, morals, personality and ambitions.

I also think that co-education schools are very important. The girls learn to work with boys and vice-versa. This will probably be of great benefit to them in their future careers. That is to them, in their future careers. That is why I think pupils at ' all girls ' and ' all boys ' schools are at a disadvantage.

For many, I think boarding school is very essential, but for the minority (who usually lack security) it does an immense amount of harm as they lose all self-confidence, and become complex and very disillusioned. For boys, however, I think this provides an excellent opportunity to gain a certain amount of independence. This helps them too, to mature far more quickly with parents who might be over protective toward them.

Every child needs discipline and this is where school life is so necessary. In many homes this is greatly lacking . School teaches one to use time carefully, and leads to an organised life which is important in any career. For a person who has never been to school and who would like to acquire an education, self-discipline plays a major role in achieving this. The next very important factor, I think, would have to be great enthusiasm.

All the subjects that one takes during one's school career are of great importance. Even if they are disliked at the time, they could be beneficial later in life. Sport which is compulsory, often reveals hidden talents which could lead to success, hobbies and even widening one's social circle. All these things, which one learns at school, gives one a basic knowledge and foundation to further studies and a further life-style.

As the title suggests one could regard drugs from two very different angles. Namely, bane or blessing.

I disagree entirely with this previous statement, as I can think of drugs with one feeling only and that is - bane, ban and destroy.

I say they are bane, because they keep weak sickly people going, people who need drugs to survive have no right to be living. All they are fit for is death. This may sound pretty harsh and sadistic to you, but if you think of the perfectly strong and healthy people, dying, due only to the fact that they lack food and nourishment. Therefore if the food of the sickly person was given to them they could lead a perfectly normal, strong, healthy life, and would be able to do some useful work.

Ban the fertility drug impressed this upon my mind. Overpopulation at a disastrous point, and people go taking drugs to see who can have the most children, when they should be trying to have the least. Having achieved their aim they seem to cherish this idea - "I've had six children in one 'batch', now I can buy a smart house in Constantia and buy a 'Jag'." I ^{have} held different ideas, I think that they should go and live in a cave and thus save their money to feed and clothe their 'batch'. They get nice publicity when they ought to be shot down in flames. All they are doing is increasing the problem by, instead of having one healthy normal child, they ^{have} six small weak wriggling creatures. When there are so many children in one compartment sometimes one or two may not get enough food or oxygen, which could cause brain damage. After all, what is there, apart from nature to prevent them getting knotted up and a bit twisted among their neighbours limbs and other extremities. There are enough risks in childbirth, without complicating matters. It may not be in nature's capabilities to keep such unusual occurrences in control.

There is also the thalidamide drug taken during pregnancy, which causes deformities. This brings handicapped people into the world, who are unable to work for themselves, and have to be supported by others.

Destroy - some people seem to suffer from a complex due to a feeling inferiority - of something equally idiotic, and have to try and project themselves in the eyes of others. Sometimes they have weak reasons to feel inferior and therefore the only means they can find to try to raise their image is doing something daring or 'clever'.

This act may impress the 'complexing' company, and for a short while this triumph drowns the complex but the effect soon wears off. Before the complex can be revived something bigger and better has to be done, to preserve the new image. This leads from one thing to another, until drugs.....

Their souls degenerate, their bodies rot, and dropouts are manufactured. They 'gotta' have drugs, they cannot keep a job, they do not have any money. Drugs are expensive.

You are wrong! This does not solve the problem - there's always something to steal. Thus, their bodies are destroyed. This brings me to the conclusion that the destruction of drugs could only be for the better.

Bane - because they keep sick suffering.

Ban - because ^{they cause} deformities and boost overpopulation.

Destroy - because they destroy others - I believe in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

COMPETITION.— ITS VIRTUES AND EVILS.

MICHELE JACOBSON.

Generally speaking, competition creates a higher standard and an incentive for greater effort and productivity, but these virtues tend to back - fire. at times.

Competition gives an incentive to people in sport, business and internationally to do better than the best. This results in the rising standards and productivity with the majority of people, but it can overwhelm one and do the exact opposite. Some people shift away from competitiveness out of fear. Society generally praises one for doing well and if success is not obtained, stress and strain results, causing complexes and psychological complaints.

This ensures there are not any weakness in the competitive world. Sportswise it roots out the amateurs and boosts the professional's ambitions. This has made sports a business involving money as an extra incentive, removing all relaxation and recreation as such from sport. The money offered in competitive sport is usually sponsored, and in this way provides extra advertising for the sponsor, who benefits by it and recreates the competitive circle. Competition in sport provides another pinnacle of excitement and spirit, but of course over-enthusiastic spectators of competitors can become violent and aggressive.

Competition not only exists among the human race but is strikingly apparent in ecological systems. There, competition is spelt differently and screams survival into every living cell of the animal. This competition's rules have no sympathy for the weak and helpless. There is a daily struggle for food, living grounds and life itself. In addition to the competition involved in nature's balance, there is the threat of the ever spreading tendrils of civilization and development, instigated partly by competitiveness. The competition of Sex is one which might prove to be invaluable in time, that the woman is capable of raising the quality of her capabilities and can contribute to the well-being or destruction(?) of the world. In the business world, competition is the skeleton to the doors of success.

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If a business is able to increase productivity and keep up with larger firms it will survive. The mediocre will fall by the wayside and this, perhaps protects the public from the evils of a small business.

To be accepted in to a university a great competition of wits, mind and hard work preceeds selection. Candidates are selected on merit, spurred on by competition, and only the best are accepted. In the medical faculty this creates an intake of students, the majority of whom will specialise and leaving no one to be a good general practitioner. This shows a disadvantage of competition where the elimination of the weak is concerned.

Competition is a vicious circle, benefiting here and creating chaos there. It obviously has many advantages ~~to~~ for improving our testube world and creating superhumans in the sporting world ^{and} the evils are subconsciously prying round the inner corners of one's mind as to whether it will eventually lead to the final destruction of life.



F. Lawson.
Std. 10

' The world is like a gallery of forces,
with it's individualists, extremists and
conformists, all with one great instinct,
Self - Preservation.'

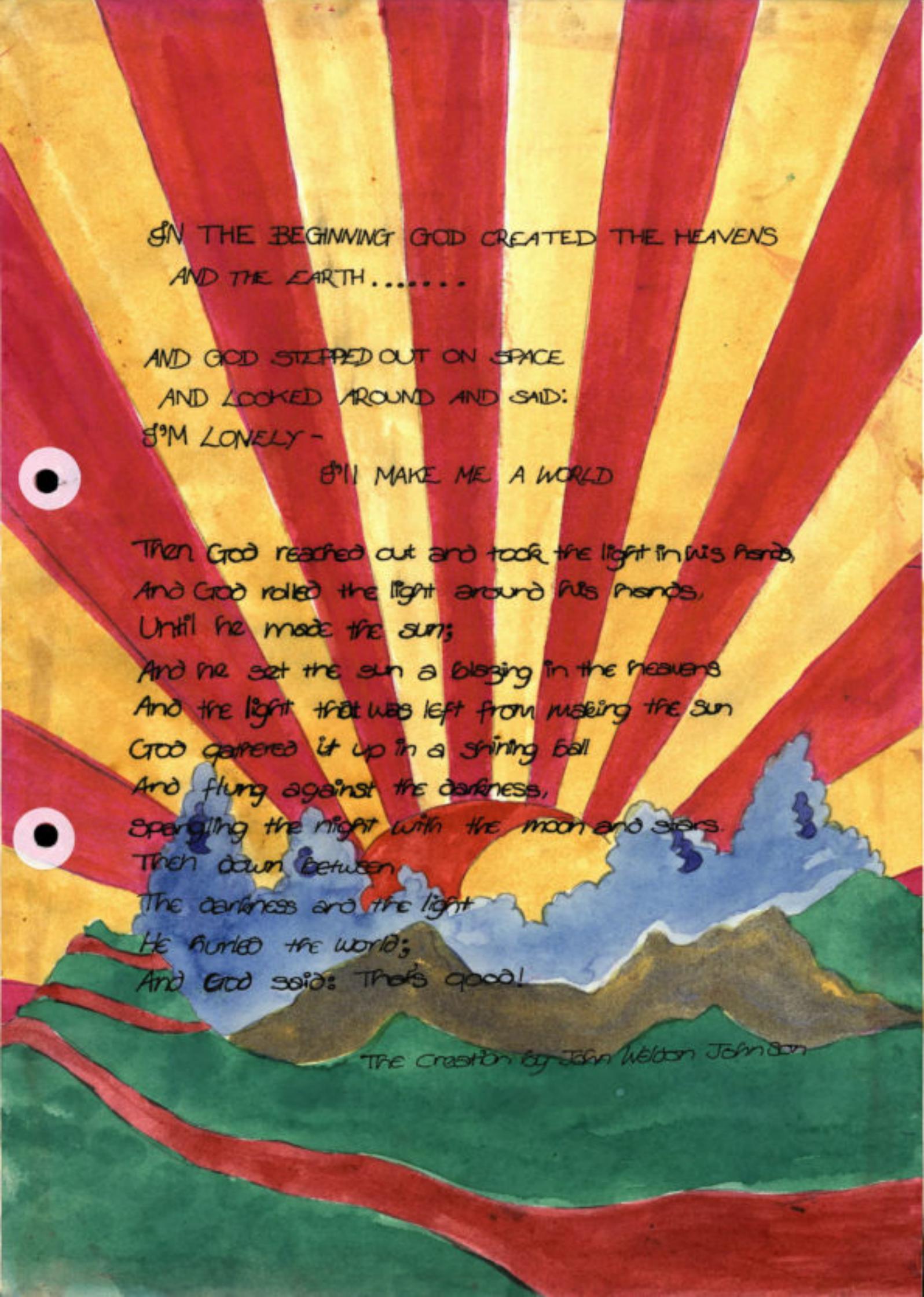
At first glance one is inclined to agree (wholeheartedly) with ^{the} proposition. Unfortunately, it is not as simple and straightforward as it seems to be. The earliest we can trace ourselves back to is Anstrabpethicine Man. Out of necessity he developed a very strong instinct for survival, initially limiting himself to hunting, food-gathering and reproduction. Always experimenting, he ~~only~~ discovered the use of paleolithic weapons and tools. With admirable mastery, he harnessed the wind, fire, animals; and most important the cultivation of crops especially wheat. This allowed the formation of settlements. Further advances such as these led to our Western Civilization as we know it now.

The big difference between our work and that of the Anstralopethicine Man is that we are able to specialize in our individual fields, being doctors, farmers or teachers, to name but a few. Each individual ~~this~~ contributes his part, ^{and} ⁱⁿ a permanent niche he has carved himself. This complementing or symbolic method with which our civilization operates is a very protective one.

The attack is launched on the motion " If the motion is to be considered legitimate, why then do we pollute the earth? Waste and squander natural resources? Pound each other to death in boxing rings? Drunkenly drive motor-cars at a hundred miles an hour?

It is difficult to reply to this, but it is a fact that we are becoming bolder and more blasé. Boredom sets in easily, and exciting distractions are becoming more and more popular. A daredevil such as Eval Knieval immediately springs to mind. Surely he cannot have much instinct for self-preservation.

Danger is the conceiver of excitement, and excitement is a necessary variation and often relief from the wheel - in- the - routine of the rat race. Although the taking of risks is more often ~~them~~ not warranted, there are times when bravery, not foolhardiness, can be allowed to disobey the dictum that man's greatest instinct is for self-preservation. Thus brave man, although at great risk, have saved many lives by simply ignoring their greatest instinct.



IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS
AND THE EARTH.....

AND GOD STEPPED OUT ON SPACE
AND LOOKED AROUND AND SAID:
I'M LONELY -

I'LL MAKE ME A WORLD

Then God reached out and took the light in his hands,
And God rolled the light around his hands,
Until he made the sun;

And he set the sun a blazing in the heavens
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between

The darkness and the light

He hurried the world;

And God said: That's good!

The Creation by John Weldon Johnson

TIME TO RISE.

N. GRAMANN.
STD 6

A bird with a yellow bill
Hopped upon a window sill
Cocked his shining eye and said
"Are'nt you ashamed you sleepy head."

A CLOUD'S LIFE

MICHELE JACOBSON
STD 9

The cloud was born one stormy, dark night far up in the sky, above the sweet-smelling damp earth.

Her birth took place in the deepest chamber of a great, strong storm-cloud's heart that had swept over land and sea driven by humid, tropical winds. She was only a tiny whisper of cloud that swirled and kissed the whirling wind with the ticklish whisps of her cheeks, turning, gliding, sailing in the safety of the sky.

Looking down, she thought: " Here I am. But where did I come from and where am I going to? There were no answers to these questions, only the silence of the sailing clouds and wind drifting away from her.

As dawn blew her life giving breath, the Cloud saw the dark, midnight velvet sky turn the blue-grey colour of steel, then grey, then pearly, silk and looking at herself, she knew she was beautiful, like the fine strands of a spider's web glistening in the morning dew.

The wind blew her brothers and sisters away but she being so small and light, delightedly dodged the wind and danced on her way as the sky became brighter. Then a miracle began. First the very tips of the mountains below were bathed in sunlight, rich and golden. Slowly it rolled down the mountains, into the valleys, filling everything with warmth and joy. The earth was fresh and clean from the storm and ready to start a new day.

The Cloud looked at herself and she too was tinged with a delicate golden, rose colour. The Cloud though that this was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen and she just wanted to burst with joy. It was her first sunrise.

Later that morning, she saw a little boy come running over the hill with his dog beside. The little boy was brown, with a mop of golden sunrise curls warming his face, and his eyes as blue as the deep morning sky. The Cloud shouted at him to come and play and she even dared to sink down and try to frolick and play with his soft curls. But he ran on calling his dog to follow him through the luscious green of the earth. The Cloud sighed a little sigh - she knew she was in love " Oh" she thought, " why didn't he stay, we could have had such fun ".

Towards late afternoon, the wind became too strong for her and floated her up, up into the deepest blue of the heaven. It became very cold and the Cloud wished desperately for the cheerful warmth of sun. Suddenly she found herself among a strange cushion of clouds. They glided around talking with stilted voices that echoed in the walls of the sky and tinkled broken glass. The Cloud thought that they talked like this because it was so cold high up there.

Within a few minutes there was a large number of grim-looking clouds gathering from all sides, coming closer towards her, growing bigger all the time until they had enclosed her with their grey bodies, but still kept on squashing her. Eventually she could not see and it grew deeper and darker where she lay. The wind shook them and bumped and banged, grumbling continually. Then there was a tremendous crash and she heard a cloud shouting something about lighting and she began raining.

At first the Cloud felt a hollow in the pit of her stomach, and then she gained confidence and rained with all her strength, dropping her pear-shaped raindrops to patter down to the soft earth.

All at once the wind blew and the great storm clouds parted and then drifted away, allowing the sun to gleam through. "Ah" thought the cloud, "I'll drift along lazily today, all the raining has drained all my strength".

But the sun beamed fiercely, glinting with evil intentions. The Cloud began to gasp for breath, her parched little throat searching desperately for moisture. The sun burned relentlessly and the Cloud began to shrink and her downy white gown disappeared. "Help me, help someone please!" she cried, terrified.

She broke like a bubble, leaving only her beautiful pear-shaped droplets destined to water an orchid or to slide down a leaf like soft diamonds and reflect the delicate pink of their sunrise.

A SEPT POEM.

KELLY MCPHAIL

Snow
Falling
Glistening
Powdering flakes
Brightly White
Tingling
Pure.

ILLUSION

I gazed into your eyes
 A colour of pure perfection
 The smile upon your face
 Was a warmth injection
 And yet though real to me
 So full of love, I hear you call
 I reach out to feel the strength
 And find - just paper on the wall.

TRUE LOVE - A REFLECTION

"I love the way you style your hair,
 And your eyes are so clear and bright
 Your lips, your nose and face entire
 Are quite an incredible sight.

Your features with pleasure abound
 And your smile invites love from all
 The way you move your hands with care
 And walk among the crowds so tall.

To look at you send shivers through me
 To think there is someone so near perfection
 It makes me think you're too good to be true
 Not one thing is need of correction

He stood there so proud of what he said
 Oh yes - a right do near perfection
 He saw me standing at the door -
 He cringed at his own reflection.

JUDY NEAL
 STD. 10

CLOUDS.

It winds it's way down from the hills, through rich moist greeness, along stretches of soft white sand, ultimately finding it's way into the sea. It's course is long and varied, providing much beauty for the people who have come to know and love it. It's name is Bushman's River.

In the boat park, during the coolness of the evening, young and old boats rock gently, emrapped by the mist and quiet of the air. Sometimes the mist becomes an outburst of spurting white rain, spitting hard against the sides of the boats, ripping through the water - the peaceful cloud has erupted.

The river-beach, caught along in the early morning, has the same feeling of stillness, The sheet of blue capping the golden grains of sand at it's leisure. The beach is empty, with a natural beauty of it's own; but this is a stillness that will inevitably end through the colourful crowding of human beings. The stillness is like a static cloud hanging in the sky and awaiting change.

And the sea at night-dark, vast, immense, rising and falling with flashes of light travelling along each wave - the white culminates, a cloud and stretches across the orange light of the sun.

As in an expansive heavy grey cloud there is also darkness and uncertainty travelling up the river at night, the only light perhaps provided by an old gas lamp or torch. All sense of direction is lost, and a pressing need to find the light on the river bank occurs.

Yes, the lights on the river bank - the symbol of inhabitance, the people who have come together at the river. Some are elderly, but they too have wandered along the very same paths as the currently young, chatting, laughing and sharing in the excitement that youth brings. The spring is over for them, and they settle down in their autumn years to watch and remember.

The spring years are years of shifting, of change and undecidedness. Feelings are unstable; teen agers are not quite one thing, nor another - a cloud drizzling, not quite raining, nor quite still.

The river is a lovely place, not only in it's appearance but also in the activities it has to offer, and this frequently results in strong friendship or romance. People travel to Bushmans from near and afar, from different towns, different social classes, different ways of life - yet, even so, the the strong bonds of friendship are continuously made, slowly loosered and renewed year by year.

The most difficult relationship to savour during the years and months of separation is, of course, that of younglove. The young are like clusters of small clouds; they drift from cluster to cluster, re-grouping themselves and in this re-grouping often a romance is born. The days become light, airy. They walk along the smooth, almost ice-like orange sand at sunset, sometimes singing softly to make their setting even more perfect. Yet as they sit quietly on the dunes, watching the twinkling of lights across the river, they think of the future, know the days must come to an end and a thin mist of chilly doubt surrounds them. They break free, the precious time cannot be wasted and they go back to floating on their cloud, enhanced, glowing ^{with} warmth, but also sadness.

The partings are sad; the anti-climax the type one gets when opening the curtains in the morning, and finding a grey, clouded day.

The letter-writing is frequent at first- the relationships are still reasonably fresh, but slowly these too become clouded over and redundant, the golden magic disappears in the mists of time and separation.

The mist will clear, though, and we will become encaptured once again but will it be the same, this time?

SEPTEMBER.

L. NORRISSEY.

- Early
- Morning
- Dew-drops
- Fresh white lilies
- Spider webs
- Diamonds
- Wet.

REASONS.

T. VAN RYNEVELD
STD 9

A large mound of rich brown soil slowly rose out of the flat field. It wriggled slightly, causing soil to dribble down the sides of the mound suddenly a furry brown foot burst through the top of the mound. The mound froze in a surprised stillness. Then it gave another violent wriggle and another furry foot burst through, kicking wildly. The furry feet rose slightly to show that they were suspended on a pair of sturdy, furry legs. The mound gave a last wriggle and then collapsed as Moz 11 reversed upwards and outwards and then downwards, to arrive at the foot of the mound, slightly dazed, on a sunny December morning. . . .

He was not a hamster and he was not a bear. Moz 11 was a hrear. An extremely adventurous hrear that had just made an extremely exciting discovery. It had all begun far down in the centre of the earth - In the little Hrear village.

It was a warm day and the village was basking in contentment and warmth. It was a picturesque scene. There were big Hrears lying by the stream wriggling their toes in the Hrear sunlight. There were little Hrears playing energetically on the fields. There were medium-sized Hrears wandering around busily watching each other out of the corners of their eyes. They were happy Hrears.

Moz 11 was nowhere to be seen.

He was sulking. He was in his mud hut, curled up in an unhappy hump on his mattress, with his pillow placed firmly over his head. It was by far the best position for sulking. It was all because nobody would listen to him. His interview with Moz 1 had been a terrible failure. He had sat before the benign old figure of fur, asking him the questions that had been forming in his mind for years..... Why are we here? Why are we ? What are our reasons?.....

Moz 1 had nodded his head wisely (thinking of his lunch) Then he had looked very wise and pronounced.... " Hrears are supposed to be hear ".He added as an after thought..... * If we have reasons they lie deep."

Moz 11 had jumped excitedly.....

" That's right! We must look for them!

WE MUST FIND OUR REASONS."

The "We" had been a mistake. Moz 1 did*nt want his reasons..... He wanted his lunch. He had dismissed Moz 11 with firm instructions to eat drink and be merry and forget about his reasons.....

Suddenly Moz 11's tail jerked. Moz 11 jumped up, throwing his pillow across the room. He would run away! He would find his reasons and bring them back victorious.....

As that night fell, Moz 11 was standing on the furthest field, with a hunk of cheese, a loaf of bread, and a toothbrush, all wrapped up in a red spotted handkerchief. He held a spade in his hand and wore a pair of goggles. As the Hrear moon rose over the village, the last tip of Moz 11 disappeared into his hole. Moz was digging his way downwards, and outwards, or (as we would say*) upwards, to find his reasons.....

It was many days and a hunk of cheese later, when Moz. 11 began to form the mound.

He sat up and looked about him. It was a beautiful day - One in which he would surely realise his reason for being.....

But Moz 11 was a Hrear. And Hrears can't see in our light. Moz 11 sat for a long time in his inky blackness. Then he climbed to the tip of the mound. The last the trees saw of him, were his two disappointed furry feet..... As he toppled down his hole he sighed.

" There's nothing there, " he said.

REFLECTIONS ON CLOUDS

R. BUTTERS.
STD 9

Several people were meandering around, slowly, and generally life was in a state of peaceful relaxation, as I sat with my head tilted slightly back to ~~give~~^{give} me a fuller view of the clouds.

I often assume this position, watching clouds. Sometimes I sit and watch the clouds and think, othertimes I just sit and watch the clouds.

This, I think, was one of my rarer, thinking days, I can't be sure, but I think it was - it seemed to have that air of concentration about it.

I don't know what it is, but clouds seem to have that vast emptiness that seems to encourage one's vast, or not so vast, grey matter to take a rest.

As this was not one of the empty days, my mind flopped into slow thought. After what seemed like hours of thinking about someone, while gazing into their eyes, the fact tocked through - I was on cloud nine.

The light emptiness of my head floated as I sat surveying the other eight clouds below me. They were really lovely, but I couldn't help feeling sorry for anyone who got stuck on any of them, as cloud nine was ~~just~~ that much more beautiful. The huge douvet of down flowed around me, as I sank into oblivious happiness.

The north-wester began to blow and I began to drift further and further and.... Splat!

In a split second I was brought down to reality. I was alone. The dark malevolent rain clouds hung sinister above me, as the first droplets of rain began to slither from the sky. I stormed inside, my heavy head hung low and foreboding. How quickly clouds change!

I sat in my room, tormented with black thoughts and a clouded mind, as I watched the dark, deathly clouds fighting, fighting to be first, fighting to deliver that first gift of water to the parched and yearning earth.

As the earth and flowers drank in the water thankfully, I sat and thought hatefully. From my darkest, thickest, blackest, cloud, it was so easy to hate everything.

As I slugged fruitlessly along on my unbearably hard cloud, I watched the beautifully light and dainty clouds soaring above me effortlessly.

I glared at the flowers. Why did they love the rain when I hated it? I detested anything that loved what I hated. Why should anything like what I hated?

As I glared around me, I sank further and further into the deepest depression. I became enveloped by an overpowering darkness, as I slipped into the smothering blackness of an isolated cell - cold, lonely, hard and as black as the midnight alley cat. Incarcerated in my solitary cell, shut off from any light or life, I began dreading having to live any longer. I rose. My nostrils were filled by the fresh of fresh growth after the rain and I saw light and life again. The flowers bloomed, the grass was green and the lust for life began again - The sky had been washed clear and thoughtless, but full of hope.

AUTUMN LEAVES

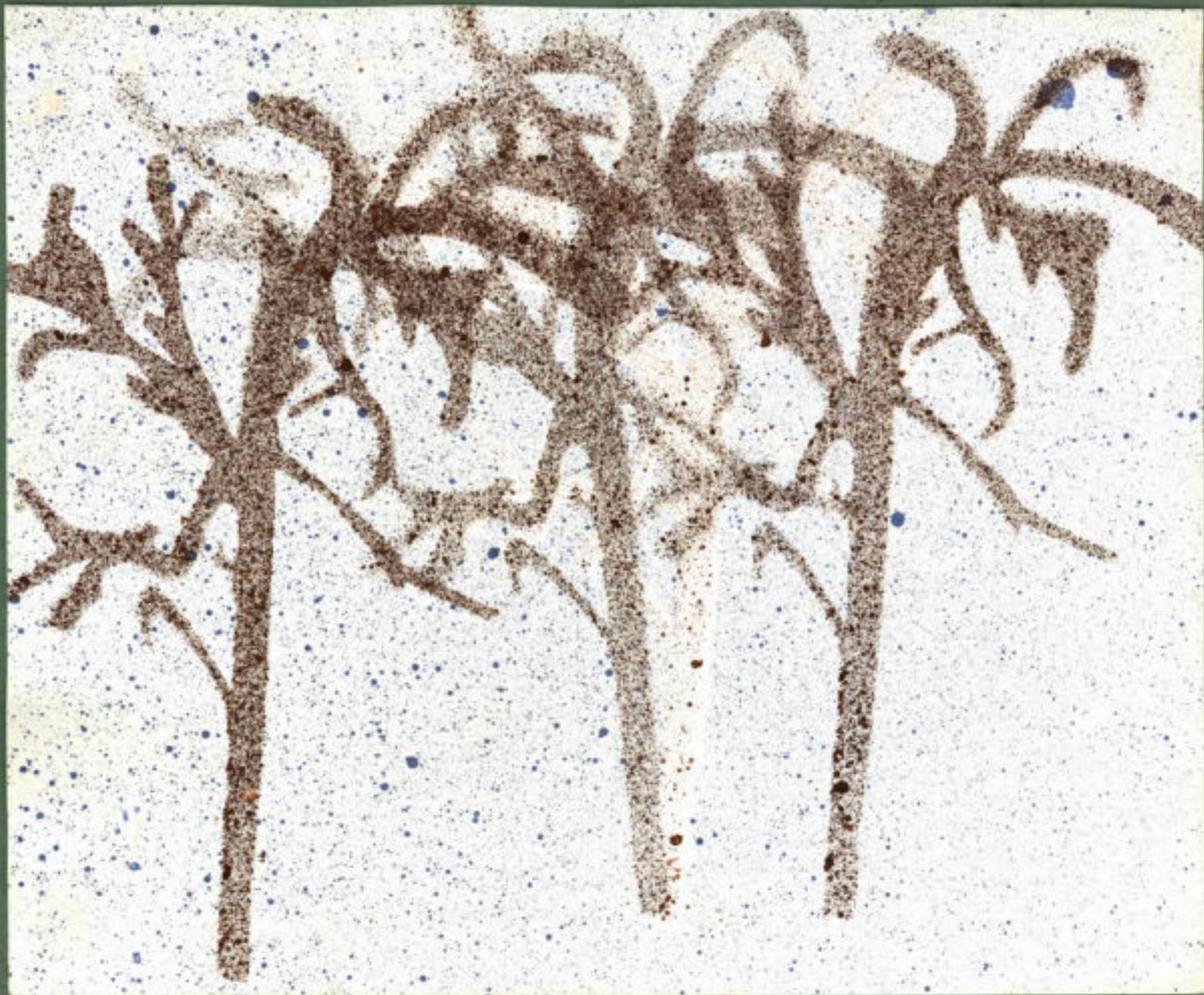
T. HARTFORD.
STD 7

I walked into a Kaleidoscope
My eye caught a myriad of colours
Swirling
And they fell.

WINTER.

E. MORRISSEY
STD 6

Cold icy fingers
And frost tipped breath of winter
Creep in and destroy.



S. Ackerman.
Std. 8

SNOW

M. JACOBSEN.

STD 9

Dazzling, cold, the tiny snow crystals crunched clearly underneath the Russian sniper's heavy boot. The sound of the spade biting into the frozen soil was eerie and the sound was deafening in its loneliness. He stopped trenching and swung his rifle off his shoulder and laid it gently, like a mother with child, on the soft snow. It looked like an old, black scar pointing evilly across the innocent snowfield. The Russian sniper uncorked his hip-flask and took a large 'swig' of Vodka. It breathed warmth and homeliness inside him. Then, he sat and waited with the snow curling and whisking aggravatingly around him.

"Kom Rex. Sch bin kalt". The German Alastion looked trustingly up at his master and trotted obediently beside him. Suddenly his master disappeared into the snow. Only his face and white snow suit cap stuck out, just like a white rabbit peeking helplessly from its winter burrow. The German eventually dug himself out of the snowdrift. He had begun to feel quite warm, tucked snugly underneath the chilled, snow blanket.

The old trench had almost been cleared and the German climbed out to fetch his rifle and survival pack. He whistled softly to the dog.

The Russian's highly-trained senses picked up the movement in the snow. He had spotted the snow-suit man, carelessly wandering about as if alone. His fingers closed round the rifle butt, his fingers were burning cold where his nails had scraped up some snow. He fitted the telescopic lens and focussed the ~~course~~ of death and life on his victim.

The bullet rebounded with a twang on the side of the German's trench. The veins on his forehead bulged as adrenelin raced through them. Training had taught him to be level-headed at all times. He picked up his spade, stood up and waved the spade back and forth as an indication to the marksman that he had missed his target. He calmly fitted his sights to the rifle and loaded the gun with a smug smile crawling across his face. The cross focussed on the Russian's cap and there was a thin strip of pink forehead visible. He aimed with precision.

The bullet deflected sharply into the steel-grey sky and the Russian ducked, his cap disappearing from sight. His spade rose mockingly above the trench.

and moved to and fro. He reloaded and shot, only to be greeted again by the mocking movement of the Germans spade.

Almost immediately, the German shot back and the bullet lodged making a dull thud.

He waited. No space appear with is mocking signal. The snow began to fall softly and silently. The silence drummed through his brain like a rushing train. The trench began to fill as if trying to cover the groove in its smoothness. The German took a cigarette, struck the match, almost defiantly, and tried to light the cigarette. But the wind picked up and unexpectedly the match fizzed out, useless. He spat the cigarette out with vehemence and covered it with the clean snow.

Time ticked minute by year, year by century. Twilight showered a purple-pink tinge across the snow making every delicate crystal twinkle. The gray snow sky became white and milky. Three hours passed. The German climbed stiffly out of the trench sinking slightly into the fresh snow. The dog jumped out and began sniffing around but returned almost immediately as if afraid. He let a cigarette and drew in the taste of tobacco, satisfied.

Once again the cross aimed with death precision. The target focused. The tiny red glow of the cigarette winked and disappeared and the smell of tobacco drifted and curled up his nostrils.

The shot echoed across the valley shattering the crystal-like silence. The snow slid frightenedly from a nearby bush and 'plushed' softly to the earth. The fresh white snow was stained red like wine on a table cloth. The air screamed in silent, steel agony and then died.

The only sounds were the dog howling mournfully and the crunch, crunch of boots on the snow. How warm the Vodka felt - a certain type of heated-cold triumphant pleasure.

The snow had stopped falling now....

A TANICA.

A. MEYNELL.
STD 7.

Heavily laden
Bows covered in snow and ice
Frost icicles hang
From the fingertips of trees.
Motionless creations - wait.

AND GOD SAID, "I WILL MAKE MAN."

REFLECTIONS

Society is merely a game
Man plays;
Ignorant that it is just a forgotten
Memory set aside by
A careless god.

Like the wavelets that lapped
At the feet of a legend,
We can know only our immediate
Destiny
Because we ask man-made questions
and
We get man-made answers.

JANE SMALLBONES



L. SCOTT.
STD. 10

NO RETURN.

They happened to be sitting in a circle on the floor discussing the subjects that rebellious teenagers usually demonstrate about - politics and sex- when it happened. The boy with the sweatband and ropes of beads draped about his naked chest lit a cigarette took a deep draw and passed the fag to his neighbour.

Cassie thought " My God, here it comes. They're smoking dagga.

Oh please, not me, it can't happen to me. It must'nt. I won't touch the damn' thing. " Showing none of the trauma going on within her she watched as each person sucked, passed and blew out. Two more people before it would reach her. Suck, pass, blow out; suck, pass, blow out. Someone was holding the cigarette out to her. Suddenly there seemed to be a break-down in time. The eternal cogwheels ground to a halt and remained poised for the next click. There was no click back to normality instead a reverberating silence jangled inside her head. The silence bashed into her mind, clanged on the walls and then returned and the sound became all mixed up, confusing head-splitting. And the voice of her generation and for what it stood and demanded of her cried " Take it ".! But the voice of her moral conscience cried " Don't touch it ". Yet the first voice seemed to be a scream and the second a mere indistinct whisper. Parents, family, school and her own stalwart character and individualism flashed before her eyes. She took the cigarette.

Cassie fell for the boy with the sweatband and the ropes of beads. And because she was his girl she had to do what he did. She graduated from ordinary dagga cigarettes to drugs a little more potent. He had a different attitude towards her - she was a harmless kid, too naive and wide-eyed for him to have any really positive feelings about. He would move on soon, but at the moment he was content to let her ideal of their relationship continue. He was a bastard in both senses of the word, he admitted to himself, allowing himself a wry grin, but being a " pusher" paid well. It was time for Cassie's graduation day, he decided, looking at the naked form of the girl asleep beside him. This was what he had been preparing her for. He was going to offer her a one way ticket to Paradise. It would cost her nothing..... well, almost nothing. What was a little hard money when he was offering her the experience of a lifetime, the supreme experience?

Everything was ready. The room was very dark. A single naked bulb glared down on to a single, defenceless arm. The arm was turned so that the inside was facing upwards. The flesh was very white here and the web of blue veins was very clear. The sweatband boy was pleased. It had not been difficult. She had refused, as he had known she would, but then he had threatened to walk out. That had jolted her. He had known that would happen too. (He was a meticulous planner) After a few tears, admonishments and reassurances everything had been settled.

The hyperdermic syringe was suspended for a brief eternity before the wide, naive eyes. It moved to the upper part of her arm, paused coldly on the skin and then oozed relentlessly into the pale blue stream. As it moved in on her a distant voice droned reassurances, but the words were just words without meaning. Suddenly she heard and comprehended one word - love, and it jarred in her mind and her memory, false and hypocritical, cheapened and dirtied with this superficial usage. And then everything was clear. The lights in her mind, which had been dimmed for so long, suddenly clicked on. She saw a face before her and for the first time saw the traitor in it. Physically she now saw the emaciated body and face-blue-grey stubble flecked the cheeks and chin, a black moustache crawled over the upper lip and she saw that the eyes were voids, empty pools. She thought of dead fishes. And emotionally she understood. Her eyes were no longer wide and naive, they underwent a metamorphosis into a burning consuming anger that raged through mind and soul.

The needle was withdrawn, empty and clean. Her head was struck by a bulldozer and the lights became multi-coloured and flashed and shrilled like a pinball machine. The one-way trip to paradise had begun. The sweatband boy stayed with her and thought of the time when she would come grovelling and whining for another ticket. The thing was, he half-sighed, half-smiled to himself, that they could never get back to where they had started out from. There were no return tickets.

SUZANNE KILCULLEN.

STD 8

SHOPPING.

My mom wanted to put me in the trolley seat where babies sit but I was too grown up to sit in there. I much preferred to walk. For a long time I obeyed Mom's instructions and stayed close to her looking at the different sizes, shapes and colours of all the cans towering above on the shelves. We came across an old lady who was frying meatballs in a frying pan. They smelt so good so I decided to stay and watch a while. Eventually the old lady bent down and said " Sonny, would'nt you like to taste a meatball? " I just could not refuse the offer; they looked delicious. When I was finished licking my greasy fingers and wiping my mouth on my shirt sleeve. I looked around and saw that my mother had disappeared.

I started panicking and ran down all the aisles looking for my mom, baning into ladies knee caps, frilly dresses and all sorts of jeans, slacks and skirts. I was surrounded by boxes, cans and bags which seemed to tower above me like skyscrapers. Suddenly my little eye saw my favourite biscuits, Romany Creams. I grabbed a box not realising that I had taken a box from the bottom of a tall pile and the whole pile of biscuits fell down. There was an awful mess and some ladies who were impatient about getting past the catastrophe were staring there giving me nasty looks. I felt like crying. Mom always said that only babies cry and I was no longer a baby.

I escaped from that scene and I was walking towards the meat counter. It was horrible looking at all the blood oozing out of the bags of meat. After the meat counter came the fish which was just as bad. I was so busy looking at all those glass eyes which seemed to be having a staring competition with me that I bumped into some lady's backside. The lady turned around to see who it was that had walked into her. I recognised her face right away, it was my Mom. She was buying fish for our dinner that night. I dont know how we eat that stuff with veins all over it and a big bloody cut under its chin, but Mom says that fish makes you clever and we eat it at least twice a week so maybe I will grow into a clever boy.

THE SMELL OF LEATHER.

This is a quote from a visitor to Port Elizabeth : Port Elizabeth is the only town where they don't bury their dead - They leave them walking around the street.

Susan Ingrid was a loyal and true - to - life citizen of Port Elizabeth. She stood in front of a small, round mirror (with a gilt frame), earnestly powdering the strip of leather between her neck and her hair, which she used as a face. The powder lodged more thickly in the cracks and wrinkles of her face, and the youthful pink lines, and emphasised the grey-brown blotches which had escaped her notice. She emitted an atmosphere which had, throughout the years, filled the house. The all-pervading smell of leather which was part of her, formed a comfortable sarcophagus in which she existed.

If she had know that that day was the day of her resurrection , she would have been even more abandoned in her powdering. It was fortunate that she did'nt know.....

This day had come about, because, buried somewhere inside her, like a maggot there was a spark of life.. It had laid its eggs and they were ready to hatch.....

Mrs. Ingrid left her house on that sunny morning, planning to do a little shopping and return within an hour or two. Halfway down the road she met the temptation. The maggot eggs began to hatch. She succumbed and accepted the invitation. It was not long before she was giggling coyle y over her first glass of sherry. It was not verymuch longer before she was once again walking down the street. She was a little over excited by her wild ways and this feeling was increased by the sudden realisation that everything about her was alive. For the first time, she saw a tree as a tree, instead of a prospective wardrobe. Life and the drink went to her head. Her mind rejected the stockings she had planned to buy and instead grasped at a new idea. She bought herself a small bottle of sherry at the local bottle store, and a hotdog in a greasy packet and made her way down to discover a nearby beach. As she had expected, it had also come alive. The sea sparklied at her and the seagulls honoured her with more than their usual attention. The sky was just a little bit bluer. The sun was a little bit brighter. Mrs Ingrid took off her shoes and stockings and began to ponder about life. Nobody could guess what heights she might have reached, but she was intercepted by a passing policeman. He was another true Port Elizabeth soul and he did not recognise the maggots in her; he only recognised the drink. He was horrified, but kind. He overcame his revulsion and escorted her to the hospital where he persuaded the authorities to let her sleep it off.

The maggots could not survive in the starched white conditions. By the time Mrs. Ingrid awoke, she was her normal self again. She slunk home to her house, hardly daring to look up, in case she was recognised. As she opened the front door, the smell of leather came out to meet her. She sighed a sigh of relief.....
The world shuddered as it watched her slink back into her sarcophagus.

JILL BREEN.
STD 77

THE CATTLE HERDER'S JOURNEY.

1. We were travelling over the prairie,
Driving the cattle for sale,
To the trading centre at Mary
Where the trucks were ready to rail.
2. The stars were bright in the night sky,
The coyotes calling the pack
To follow this herd and stay close by
And maybe to stage an attack.
3. John was riding alongside
With Peter and James at the back,
Whilst I was herding the leaders.
To keep them close to the track.
4. We came to a stream off the trail
And decided to camp for the night,
The wind was now threatening a gale
And clouds dotted the sky with white.
5. We started the fire for our meal
And cooked the steak over the blaze
James welded the band of the wheel
And the cattle began to graze.
6. Then came a deafening howl
Of the leaders calling their pack
The coyotes came in from the prowl
But the fire kept off the attack.
7. Then suddenly the dawn broke
And the sun glowed pink in the East
The courageous herders awoke
And speedily saddled their beasts.
8. With relief we ended our journey
At the break of the second day
The herd was safely delivered
And trucked to be railed on its way.

TANIA BRAUN

BLUE (MIDNIGHT BLUE " A SONG BY) THE UNKNOWN SINGER.

It was a perfect evening, the last evening of the year. The sun moved across the sky towards the shimmering horizon, which lay like a finishing line in the distance, urging the sun to end its daily " cross- country " through the skies.

I sat with only my thoughts as company, on the dune, ^{and} propped up my elbows. Sand, sea and sky quivered beneath the intensity of the setting sun and the clouds, like neon lights of the sky, displayed themselves in bands of pink, orange and red across the darkening sky, each band outlined in shimmering gold. In place the beach had turned a delicate, pale pink, yet in others it remained motley white, like a large slice of unripe watermelon. The sea, a shattered mirror, spread its pieces of glittering glass over the waves. The neon clouds above were reflected in the scattered mirror chips and the sea now resembled a mosaic pattern comprising orange, red and pink bits of glass. Nearer shore, the waves curled slowly upwards then crashed on to the beach, hissing and spitting pinkish - white foam at the high water mark. And all the while the source of all this shimmering magnificence made its way towards the horizon, and as it neared it, the sky began to lose some of its brilliance.

To my left, the beach curved itself round the bay, twenty five kilometres in length, flat and unbroken except for two very large outcrops of rocks. A cool breeze played over my face and I breathed deeply, filling my lungs with the salty smell of the sea."

A solitary gull swooped on to the beach, into the wind silhouetted against the bright sky. He ruffled his feathers, opened his beak once or twice as though ~~nothing something~~ and then walked forward several paces when the waves retreated, squawked, picked up some titbit firmly in his beak and flew off with it along the beach.

Almost gratefully, the sun eventually reached the horizon and prepared to retire for the night. As it disappeared it changed from a perfectly circular gold ring of fire to a distorted circle quivering on the horizon, like a ballerina with outstretched arms. Once it had vanished, I glanced at my watch - twenty five minutes past seven. I had to be ready by a quarter to nine. Having brushed the sand off my legs and arms, I started walking home. The clouds still retained their original brilliance, but the sea was dark and rather ominous and the beach was covered in a thin layer of gold mist. Turning my back on the beach, I made for home.

TANIA BRAUN.

At precisely nine o' clock the discoteque at the hotel opened. The queue pushed and squeezed its way through the narrow doorway, each member trying to get through before the next, in order to "book" a table for the evening. People swore, laughed loudly, blew cigarette smoke and kept pushing, pushing like cattle being herded through a gate, I was carried along in the stream of helpless bumping bodies. I, too, squeezed through the narrow shoulder scraping doorway, and entered the premises.

The discoteque had once been the luncheon bar at the hotel, and therefore had access to a lovely pool area. The stars above were reflected in the beautiful, blue waters of the pool, as yet untroubled by glasses and wine bottles breaking its membranous surface. The music blared out into blue-black infinity of the heavens and already people were having difficulty in finding free tables. I sat down with a group of my friends and ordered something to drink. Apart from several blue, flashing lights near the dance floor, the interior was poorly illuminated, but the pool area was gaily lit up. People began to dance, chat, and drink and smoke.

Everyone was gay and there was much laughter, but somehow I could not bring myself to join in the hilarity - I appeared to be having a good time, but deep down I longed to escape from the room, I felt hemmed in by strange faces, blaring music and drunken laughter. Figures moved on the dance floor, some in time to the music, others oblivious of the music, dancing together as one body, not two. I stepped on the dance floor. The blue lights flashed in my eyes, the entire floor was bathed in a blue light, blue faces and figures moved round and about me and the blue smoke screen swirled about the room. The room was warm and yet the icy, blue atmosphere made it appear cold and oppressive. I, too, was part of the crowd of blue faces and yet I was ^apart from them. My mind travelled back to the warmth of the sunset I had witnessed earlier, to my pink, orange, and gold neon-clouds. Yet the blue lights flashed in my face. I remembered the gold mist swirling about my head. I breathed deeply, inhaling grey blue smoke particles rather than crisp sea air. At last it neared midnight.

The blue people filled their blue glasses in readiness. From somewhere among the blue flashing lights a singer still blared : Midnight Blues ... my song it seemed. At exactly twelve o'clock the music stopped. People jumped on the

tables, whistling shouting, kissing their girlfriends and everyone else's ~~xx~~ girl- friends. Someone drawled their best wishes for the forthcoming year and pressed a kiss on my mouth, breathing smoke and alcohol fumes over my face. I turned away, fighting the sick feeling in my stomach and longed to be back on my beach, watching the moon in a blue black sky, bathing the beach in its pale blue light.

My head reeled, I felt my knees give way under me. I grasped wildly into the blue, smoke-filled air, blue starts dancing before my eyes and a blue round-about spinning in my head. Light blue, darkblue, grey blue, blue green blue black all merged into one. Blue hands grabbed hold of me as I sank into a sea of blue oblivion, remembering a burning sun sinking into a deep gold sea.

TYPICAL ME.

KIM GRAY

The other day while wander^{ing} home
 My eyes as usual, over male specimens did roam,"
 When to my surprise, out of the corner of my eye
 I did the most gorgeous manespy.
 He was sitting outside the coffee against the wall
 And was handsome, dark and ever so tall.

It would*nt do for him to see I was gazing at him
 So I tried to look inconspicuous and peered from under my rim"
 I carried on walking as gay as could be
 But did*nt notice I was approaching a tree
 I collided with the obstacle and fell flat on my face
 Scattering pencils and books all over the place.

He sat there laughing and shaking his head
 I think I must have turned a deep shade of red
 Eventually with his help I once more set on my way
 Dont look at boys was all he had to say!

ENCOUNTER.

Terminus 2 of the Paris Metro was particularly busy that evening. It was Christmas Eve and thousands of Parisians were groping their way home to the evening's festivities. There was goodwill in the air and a spirituality which even the cynics could not dispel.

Of all the faces, only a few told of loneliness or discontent. One face, that of a young girl, was set like a mask. Her loneliness had nothing to do with Christmas, for she hardly knew what Christmas was. She merely saw herself in contact with these happy people and she was somehow disillusioned. She had a purpose, a reason to be where she was, but it seemed so alien to that of the people around her that her confidence was for the first time shaken. She was utterly alone, on a lonely mission. She was K.G.B. agent, freshly brain-washed from Moscow where she had undergone six years of intensive training. Her part in the operation was to carry vital documents from Russia to Paris. She was to come into contact with another agent in the Metro. He was to be given the documents thus releasing her from the acute anxiety that had been her overriding emotion for almost a week. She was exhausted, and the ideology so deeply ingrained in her seemed more trying at that moment than uplifting.

Her miserable attitude aroused no interest from the Parisians, but to the trained eye of her fellow K.G.B., she was his next contact. He walked past her twice, brushing the hem of her thick coat with his. Reassured, she stood up stiffly, and followed him to the restaurant. She sat down, opposite the young man, in a dimly lit alcove. Carefully and methodically she removed the silver fox hat and placed it in the space between them. He draped his coat over it, glancing carefully around the crowded room. Studying his face, she noticed how drawn and tired he looked, and she wondered how much more exhausted he would be having undertaken his task. He glanced up at her with glazed eyes and a mutual sympathy passed through them like a dull electric current. He was comforted, because he sensed that she felt for him, she understood what was going on inside him at that moment. He was terrified, almost nauseous with tension. The risks involved in what he was doing were enormous that was part of the deal. Failure to complete his task did not even bear thinking about. Only someone who had had experience the same doubt and panic could see beneath the calm exterior of the young man. She saw him as he really was a - frightened man. There was an hour to wait before the next move could be made. The couple relaxed by degrees as the warmth around them permeated and softened their thoughts.



W. Wilson
Sep. 6

They chatted quietly, enclosed in a ~~co~~open of mutual understanding. It was with alarm that the young man discovered that fifty five minutes had passed, that he was required to break the spell of warmth and return to the reality of the situation.

As they moved quickly through the thinning crowd these two strangers reached out to one another. The possibility of escape flashed through their minds. Destroy the silver fox hat, obtain false papers, run from the iron grip which encircled them. They had been freed for those minutes from the bondage to which they were slaves. But now, time like a judge brought them to the next move. The links of the chain had to be joined. Mere human emotions had no part to play in this game.

Their spirits had died as, quickly as they had come alive. They parted coldly walking quickly in opposite directions away from that which had freed them so cruelly.

THE WINGED BOY

ANNE MEYNELL.

My lad, beware the sun today
for it might burn your wings away,
thus spoke the craftsman Daedalus
warning his dear son **Karis**.

So forth they flew into the light
flapping their wings with all their might
heaving their old grey tower behind
another world they hoped to find.

They dived and swooped and raced around
knowing they would not hit the ground
Again they soared high in the air
Flying about so free from care.

Disaster came upon these two
The one went too far in the blue
the sun attacked this wings of wax
and poured its heat into the cracks.

So thus **Karis** slowly fell
and he was falling into hell
his father watched him tumbling down
and cursed him as a silly clown.

So then headfirst he hit the sea
with screaming words not full of glee
and Daedalus with heavy heart
was forced to see his son depart

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.ANNE ST LAWRENCE.
STD 6.

As I think back I really was beastly to my brother David. We started to steal little things like pieces of corn; when our father son of Zacharia found out he asked me whether I had stolen the corn. I said no, but of course I had. David always got the blame but amazingly enough he forgave me. Then a few weeks later I was fighting with one of the bullies of the town. I did not see my father walk by; later that evening our father called us to the sleeping chambers. He asked us which one of us was fighting as we were identical twins he could not tell. He asked me " Peter did you start that fight?" "No father " david admitted that he did. I was too scared of father to admit my action.

A couple of years later in the sacred city of Jerusalem we were walking by and a Roman soldier passed by David and knocked him to one side David started to pick a fight and I joined in. I started calling rude names at the Roman. Two other Romans came running to the rescue.

After about half- an hour of walking we came to a Roman legionary tent where the Roman soldiers pushed us in and let go of us. The Legionary asked who had been rude to Cumulo Nimbus the soldier. Before I could answer David admitted he had done it.

I sat there helplessly watching my faithful brother being stoned to death. I felt so guilty.

THE ENCOUNTER

L. SCOTT
STD. 10

The woman lay face up on the white bed. Her body was big and almost inert beneath the single starched sheet. Lethargically the mound of her stomach rose and fell in a heavy ponderous rhythm up and down, up and down each movement seeming to require a supreme effort. Only the eyes seemed alive - they flickered from one white wall to another white wall and then to the white door. The door had become vitally important to her. It was the intestinal link between here and there, between now and then. Sometimes the nurses forgot to close the door and then her grey eyes would no longer roam restlessly round the room instead they watched the oblivious insensitive white bodies scuttle past. Sometimes foreigners from a past world would snatch

a quick ~~set~~^{step} through the doorway and then start guiltily and turn away as a pair of bank grey eyes stared back.

Mostly however, the door was kept shut and she was alone with fair white walls and a mind jostled with irrelevant thoughts. Often she felt as though her mind was bursting as each thought clamoured to be thought. Her head would spin and whirl so what she was feeling crashed and reverberated within her. She was being squeezed with an iron claw, tighter and tighter..... and when she felt that she must surely become mad with the noise and the pain everything would fall away into a deep, dark abyss. She would be left with nothing, only a consuming bottomless loneliness. Everyday her husband visited her at five o'clock. He sat beside her and told her all about the boy they were going to have. She smiled and nodded as he talked, but she was thinking of the four previous times she had been in this condition. Each time a little daughter had come of their union. And when she looked at her husband, his eyes were bright and flashing and although he tried to remain calm, she could hear the excitement catch in his voice. She thought ruefully how like a little boy he was, and the her heart would ache with a dull throb for the little boy which surely was curled within her.

The contractions started at two o'clock on Tuesday night. They came fast and furiously and wrenched her apart within. She called out in pain and a nurse was beside her, and then a doctor and then all blurred into a whiteness as a wave of pain washed the sight from her eyes. Suddenly in the moment of realisation that her house loomed ahead a dreadful sense of foreboding filled her. The looks that had passed between the doctors had been over anxious. She had sensed something over-pitying in the nurses and her husband, the night before had been over attentive, except for when he had lapsed into those uncomfortable brooding silences. Subconsciously she knew something was wrong but refused to allow it a pas~~s~~^sport into her conscious mind.

For the fifth time she was wheeled into the operating theatre to fight for her baby. While her body was torn apart she consoled herself in an ecstatic agony with thoughts of the baby boy. She was on a trip to hell, while pain lashed her and an ocean of grey agony rolled across her mind and seethed and boiled into every part of her quivering body. And when it seemed that the tidal wave would break and crush her, something ebbed from her body. It was only much later that she realised that it had been a life.

She awoke and cried out for the baby boy for which she had fought so desperately. Her grey eyes gazed up into those of her husband and wondered why there were tears in his eyes. And suddenly she was void of all feeling. She turned to face the white wall, unseeing, uncomprehending, uncaring. She had encountered to birth of death.

KIM GREY
STD 8

REFLECTIONS.

I cried
As Dad packed his bags
Walked out and slammed the door
This was'nt the first time; he's done it before
Don't worry Mom ^{what} ~~said~~, he's got business to do
But I was'nt so young. I knew.

THE STARS.

N. DAUNCEY
STD 10

Richard lit his cigarette slowly, luxuriously, and sighed. He glanced up to see Anna glide into the room in a long shimmering dress that sparkled and shone in the streams of sunlight. She looked at him and smiled. " So Rick One film has brought us to all this," she said as she waved her hand over the expensive room. " We're rolling, Rick rolling. We got enough money to retire on. Heck! I've only just began to really live ". She turned to look out over the patio and to the snow-covered mountains of Switzerland.

" Hm! Its been hard work and to tell you the truth I never dreamt we'd ever get to the top," he replied after a pause.

" Ive never been so popular before either. I used to be an insignificant waitress in a coffee bar. And you? "

" Oh, I used to work on a farm in Wales - but that didn't last long and let me tell you, my last wish was to become a filmstar".

She laughed, " Shall I get you a drink? There's the phone, I'll get it".

After a while he returns. It was the boss. He phoned to tell us that our flight to London for our premier was booked. He will be meeting us to-morrow evening at the airport. Apparently there's going to be quite a crowd to see us off. Oh yes! I forgot to tell you that we are expected for a cocktail party at six thirty and after that we're having dinner at the Nivens. " She walked over to a table and picked up a diary. " The night that we return from London we are going to be guests of honour at the opening of a new theatre. You have to prepare a speech. The following day we are starting our next film and then going out to dinner again and the following day we are going to.....

..... " Your're smoking to much ".

They were lying out in the sun the day after they had returned from an exhausting visit to London

" What did you say "? She asked huskily.

" I said that you were smoking and drinking too much. It's only eleven o'clock and you're on your second drink."

" Rick, you've changed. You're getting intolerant and touchy and you're not your normal friendly self."

" You're a good one to talk. When last did you look at yourself in the mirror. You look ten years older. You've developed grey hairs and wrinkles and you've got dark rings under your eyes."

" We've both changed, Rick, " she said putting her hand sympathetically on his shoulder. " We're never going to be the same as we were. I've come to realize that stardom isn't always honey and cream."

A year later the names of Richard and Anna were taken down from their summit. They lost their popularity and were soon forgotten.

Richard was killed in a car accident three months later. On hearing this Anna started to indulge heavily in drink. It was not long before she became a helpless alcoholic. She lost her job, her friends didn't want to know her because she had become an embarrassment. Anna eventually left the film world and consoled herself with her bottle.

The stars had been suddenly lit, had shone brightly for a while and had slowly dimmed and retreated to the ^{black} ~~black~~ hollows of the sky.

BEING FIFTEEN

S. ACKERMAN.
STD 8

At fifteen I learnt the rules
To keep away from boy's high schools!
And stay quite clear from dark side alleys
Where strange young men are bound to tarry.

But it seemed no use to get dressed up
STRAIGHTEN hair and add make -up
When date arrived
With great surprise
I realized -
Slip slops and shorts were back in style!

Fifteen is the time
To watch the waist- line
Diet all day
And never say
"Yes " to candies and lollies.

I can't stand it much longer
Oh hurry sixteen and open the door.

L. SCOTT

STD 10

ESCAPE.

" Do you wanna make love, " screamed the sweating writhing man, his face a contorted image of ecstatic pain as his lips were pulled tight over his teeth. His black hair was long. It hung ~~in~~, lank and greasy, in his eyes, but he did not push it away. His shirt was a pale pink with bright pink circles around his armpits where the sweat had soaked through. Behind him three, equally perspiring, unshaved men yelled in assent. There was a sudden pause and then all four ~~went~~^{went} into a prolonged extasy of agonised instrumental and vocal noises.

Around them swirled a mass of conglomerated colours, mixing, mingling, separating, merging. Colours on an artists canvas, running into one another, undefined, abstract - people. Hips^s oscillated, buttocks jiggled, waists swivelled and breasts sways as the people became one with the music. The music thrubbed and permeated their skin, oozing with the current of the bloodstream around the body, filtering through vessels and capillaries, moving inevitably into the soul. Mouths hung slack, eyes gazed vacantly into vacant eyes, unseeing, uncaring, uncomprehending. Deep, sightless pools were severed from any connection with the stagnant brain. And the music throbbed on, and the voices screamed louder, obscenely. They people were dominated, helpless subjugated - an infintestimal, inconsequential fraction of the creation. But they were mercifully oblivious of this revelation.

Thus the time held them oscillating in a brief eternity, in this thrubbing, crashing prison of freedom. Until, with one final strangled cry, the last poignant sound reverberated from now exhausted, blubbery lips, bounced across the hazy room, ricocheting and crashing into people, penetrating flesh and bone and jarring into the soul, where the last echoes floated lazily, and died. The hypnotic power passed. The trance was over all sound and feeling drained away into an unknown, uninhabited void. This tremendous power that had possessed the people was condensed into a nondescript pin point and eliminated from the body to lie dormant in some vacuum. It was no longer relevant, an ordinary, unimportant^m experience, a mere fragment that would cut a sluggish existance in the dark chamber of the brain known as remembrance.

The people walked on the hard ground back to their tables. Normal^a voices picked up normal, unfinished conversation. Joyless laughter, the clinking of unnumerable glasses - ordinary noises from ordinary people.

The barman poured drinks, poured the water of life into thirsty anticipan's - the water of life - rot, decay, the water of death. The barman knew and he took their money and placed it carefully in the till and then filled up the next glass. The alcoholics bore their glasses away, sat and proceeded to make love to their drinks. They sat alone or in groups, but each one

was alone, alone in a vast, desolate vacuum, which they were desperately trying to fill the warm liquid. After a while little pricks of red began to ooze across the white membrane of their eyes, red, bloodshot eyes, like the eyes of a group of indistinguishable men and women hunched in a far corner. Here the silence was thick and heavy. Except for a slight swaying and a low moaning that issues from the depths of the group there was little movement or sound. The ~~young~~^{young} man in the corner watched as the tell-tale cigarette was passed around the ring. Suddenly one of the girls lurched forward. Her body convulsed and writhed on the ground. She began screaming hysterically, tearing at her clothes. Very calmly and quietly three waiters approached her. They picked her up bodily and disappeared into the haze. No one stirred.

The young man's attention was arrested by a well dressed middle - aged man approaching the barman. He watched as the man leant conspiratorially close to the barman, his lips barely moving. The barman pointed to a gaudy yellow door. A paper note slid, conspicuously in its attempted inconspicuity from cultured, manicured hand into dirty nail-bitten hand and the man disappeared through the door. He remained away for a long time.

The young man turned again, only to meet a pair of bored heavily - margared eyes. He shifted his gaze from the long, spiky eyelashes, cheap red lips and low cut bodice of her tight black dress as he saw how her companion trying to slide his hand up her well-endowed leg.

He could scarcely stand it any longer - all these people, alcoholics, drug-addicts, lecherous, undersexed business men, hippies, prostitutes, all escaping, escaping from the harsh world outside the gaudily painted doors. He hated their weakness, their shallowness, their escape into perversion. There was a vile taste of bile in his mouth, he had to leave. But at that moment he felt soft lips behind his ears, a strong hand gently stroking his arm, there was a smell of a well known after shave lotion. He shivered in a violent ecstasy as he felt a hard, muscular body pressed against his, then the two men departed from the decrepid atmosphere to escape into their own special, pure and joyful perversion.

N. DAUNCEY
STD 10

DESPERATION.

The clock chimed,
 A woman, sitting erect in a chair, waiting, as she
 counted the chimes 9.....10
 The clock stopped
 She got up and paced the room with short, nervous steps
 As she wrung her hands in desperation.
 She looked out of the window for the hundredth time that evening
 and returned to her seat
 The maid entered. Emptied the ashtrays. The woman jumped in fright
 She opened another packed of cigarettes, poured another drink and
 wnet over her actions again
 " Maybe he's just been kept at the office," she thought
 "He should have been home two hours ago and he never
 come home after nine".
 Thoughts of accidents, kidnappings and murder flashed through her
 mind and she put her hands over her face disbelievingly and tried
 to comfort herself that he was all rigt
 The phone rang. She sprang up, upsetting her drink
 As she ran and grabbed it
 Breathless, she stood waiting
 " Hello, is that Mrs. Birkenshaw? "
 " Yes. "
 " Its Sergeant Mills here. I am afraid that your husband has had an accident.... "

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS

T. VAN RYNEVELD.
STD 9

A simply enormous galanthropolus was guarding the peace in his village.
 He had been guarding it for hours and was willing to guard it for many
 hours more, just as he was, lying on his back with his furry arms pillowing
 his head, his legs crossed, and his pipe in his mouth. He had closed his
 eyes and one of his ears, but he kept one ear open so that he would not
 miss any peace-disruptive incidents. He was torn between his desire for
 a peace-disrupting incident and his reluctance to vacate his position
 under the oak tree to find one. He had compromised. He would not go to
 look for one, but if one came to find him he would certainly not ignore it....
 In fact the enormous galanthropolus was very nearly lying on a peace
 disruptive incident.

If one looked through a magnifying glass at a little spot of ground to the
 left of the galanthropolus, and then looked through another magnifying
 glass at at magnified spot and then looked through another magnifying

at the doubly magnified spot, and so on, one would eventually arrive in the land of the trilfoids. The land of the trilfoids was not a peaceful spot, and so one, one would eventually arrive in the land of the trilfoids. The land of the trilfoids was not a peaceful spot. A civil war was being fought in the land of the trilfoids and it showed no signs of being won atlost. It had all started when the trilfoids had divided into x-trilfoids and y-trilfoids of course x-trilfoids had always differed from y-trilfoids - it was just that nobody had noticed it before. The problem was that there was only one land of the trilfoids. The x-trilfoids felt it belonged to them, as there were ten times as many x-trilfoids as y's, but the y-trilfoids felt that they were at least ten times superior.....

General Trilfoid - x stood on a hilltop, watching General Trilfoid -y through his binoculars. General Trilfoid-y was studying the raging battle through his binoculars. The main bodies were face to face, destroying each other systematically. Thousands of trilfoids, were lying wounded or dead, and thousands more died every minute. A branch of x- warriors was attempting to surround a group of y- warriors, but was being thwarted by another group of y- warriors. However, another branch of x- warriors was being partially successful in its attempts to surround the y- warriors who were surrounding the other x-warriors.

The galanthropulus stirred, and rolled over to his left. It was time for eating, so he got up and ambled home.

Perhaps the warm, satisfied glow in him was caused by hours spent lying under the oak, with his feet in the sun and tendrils of his favourite tobacco-smoke swirling about his head..... but perhaps it was also caused by the instinctive knowledge that he had solved the problems of millions of trilfoids in one roll.

OTHER SUBJECTS

ART

Fiona Lawson.
STD 10

A LOGICAL JUSTIFICATION OF THE WORK OF KANDINSKY
IN AN ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE TO A PERSON HOSTIL
TO ABSTRACT ART THE AIMS AND IMPORTANCE OF THIS
ART MOVEMENT IN MODERN CULTURAL HISTORY.

Kandinsky, of Russian origin but centred in Germany, was an abstract expressionist. He initiated the Der Blaue Reiter movement which was an off-shoot of German Expressionism. He was without doubt, a man of genius. Early in his career, he painted what was the first recognized abstract painting called "First Abstract Watercolour". It is difficult for us to appreciate now, when abstraction is a part of everyday life what courage and imagination was required to break away from all that had gone before and move to abstract art as Kandinsky did. And, in order for us to understand how this breakaway came about, one must know what it was that inspired Kandinsky to paint abstract works. He carried out research into the emotional and psychological, as well as physical properties of colour, line, texture and shape. He eliminated subject matter and these four formal elements became the subject matter itself.

Kandinsky was, basically, as all Expressionists were, a colourist. Having discovered that colour could work independently of the object it describes he began to use it to express states of mind. His theories on colour included the fact that certain colours represent certain emotions or states. For example: Yellow "he said is a "terrestrial colour", blue a "celestial colour", white " "a vast silence" and ^{black} ~~black~~ "an emptiness devoid of all possibility". He captured the essence of colour. Red, reminiscent of the Russovian sunsets of his youth, was a dominant colour in his work. Kandinsky was not the first artist to attach such importance, or meaning to colour - van Gogh, too, had used colour symbolically - but he was the first to use colour alone to express emotion. In this way, his work was revolutionary. It is important to understand such a concept to appreciate his work in general.

His works after the famous abstract watercolour were divided into three groups: impressions (based on direct external sense stimulation), improvisations (motivated by spontaneous inner emotion) and compositions (more orderly, built up from many preliminary studies). In his impressions and improvisation, the use of colour to express emotion is of paramount importance.

For example, his "Improviation 30 - Canon" expresses the tremendous tension of pre-war Europe solely through the use of colour which contrasts, and moves and explodes. Similarly, colour alone in his "Painting Autumn" and "Painting Winter" expresses the feelings and sensations evoked by these two seasons.

The titles of Kandinsky's work are significantly meaningless and abstract - the object matter is unimportant, what is important is the feeling that it conveys. Also very important in the expression of emotion by the artists are the whirling, moving forms which his colour creates. No single shape means anything in particular, but assembled, they clearly express emotion.

The influence of economics (which Kandinsky studied before making art his career,) his deep interest in music, Russian mysticism and the fact that the study of atomic structure (involving the breaking down and building up of from) was going on at this time contributed to the structure of Kandinsky's compositions. His compositions are very ordered with deliberate placement of isolated, geometric shapes of all sizes which float in space in equilibrium with the other parts on the picture surface. The objects and their placement are seemingly meaningless. Here again, it is necessary to realize that meaning and explanation have no importance to his work. The emotion evoked is what matters. It is the process of elimination of everything unnecessary to his work, including the original appearance of the subject matter, in order to reveal the basic essential structure of form through the emotion which it evoked in Kandinsky, which must be studied. To study the work on its face value would be to completely exclude its meaning and value. The lack of understanding on the part of the viewer is surely a result of our having been conditioned by previous standards of aesthetics where subject matter, narrative and perspective were so important. Would not someone who know nothing about our previous art history react differently? This is very interesting, because it appears that we are now being conditioned to accept abstraction as being closed to the "truth".

Kandinsky's importance to modern cultural history cannot be exaggerated. His work on abstraction of form has been used as a basis for many succeeding artists. For all this justification, it is not always easy to understand his work and give full credit for his brilliance. As I mentioned before, one has to see what lies behind it, what stimulated him to create as he did, for his work to be fully appreciated.



P. Cooper. Stud. 8

The most important meal of the Romans was their dinner (cena). They started dinner in the late afternoon while it was still light. The wealthier class of Romans ate by the light of lamps or torches. They normally began eating late and thus they continued into the evening. To start the day the Romans had a drink of water or wine and a piece of bread. During the middle of the day they would eat the left over's from the dinner they had had the previous night. It was a cold snack.

In the early days the Romans had their dinner in the atrium. The Romans ate their dinner in a special room which was set aside for dinner. There were three reclining couches and a table in the centre. Only three persons were allowed on each couch. To eat, they leaned on their left elbow and ate using their right hand. If there were any women having dinner they would sit. The food was prepared by the slaves so that it could be picked up in one hand. It was then eaten with the fingers. The host sometimes provided napkins (mappae). If there was any food which they could not manage to eat on their own, they would wrap the food in a napkin and take it home.

A Roman dinner would consist of three courses. These would be gustatio whereby you had an egg dish which was eaten with mulsum wine sweetened with honey. This was followed by the main course which consisted of fish, game poultry, pork with wine. Then for desert (secundae mensae) they usually ate fruit with wine.

During the meal if there were any bones or food which they did not want they threw it on the floor.

In between the courses there would be some entertainment. It could be Spanish dancers, some poetry, a bit of comedy, or a piece of music. Sometimes clients were invited to fill up the spare seat. But they did not receive the good food and wine which the most important guests received. All they did was to sit and watch the delicious food being placed in front of their host. When theirs came all they did was look at it and squirm!

GEOGRAPHY

THE CURRENT OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

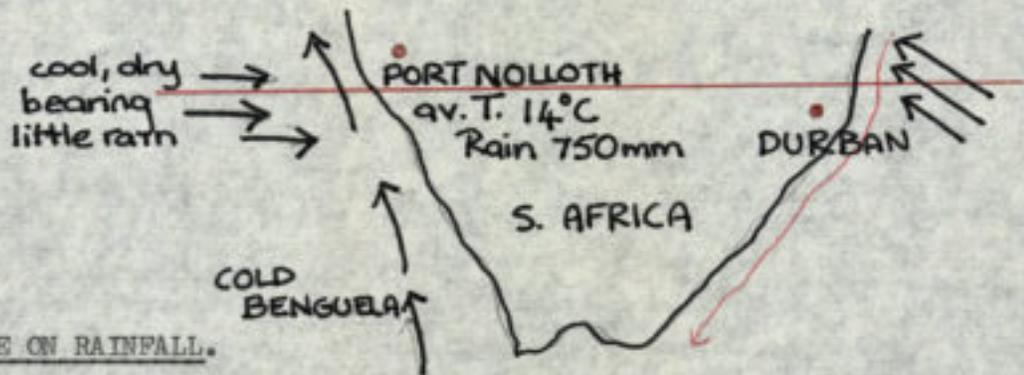
MANDY CRUTCHLEY

EFFECT OF CURRENT ON ADJACENT LAND MASSES.

The temperatures of the different currents play an important role in climate of the adjacent land masses. Not only do the currents effect the climate of countries, but also play an important role in the distribution of fishing grounds and in shipping and trading.

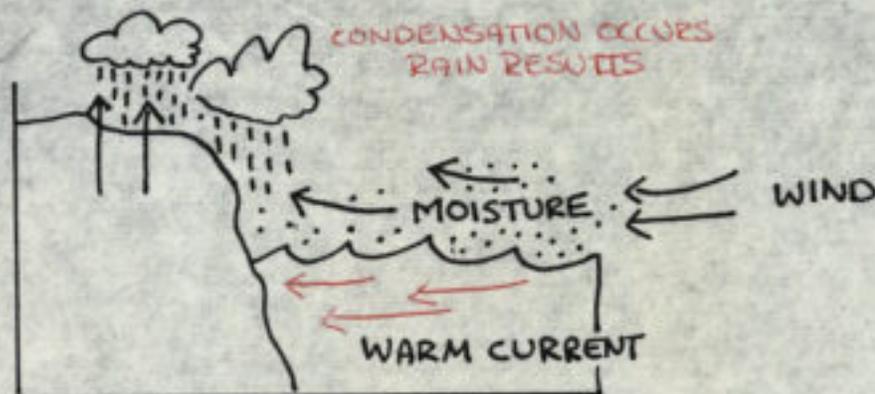
EFFECT ON TEMPERATURE.

Cold currents flow from the Polar regions while warm currents originate at the Equator. Currents transport the cold and warm water to different regions. Warm water causes the temperature of the adjacent land mass to rise and cold water causes the temperature to drop. A very good example of this is the water flowing past South Africa, the cold Benguela current flows and is responsible for the fact the Port Nolloth has an annual average temperature of 14°C.



INFLUENCE ON RAINFALL.

In a warm current, water evaporates to a great extent than it does as a cold current, therefore the amount of water is higher over warm water than it is cold. Winds blowing towards the land carry this moisture to the land where it rises, cools, condenses and precipitation occurs. The higher the moisture content, the higher the rainfall. Where ever a warm current flows past a land mass, a higher rainfall occurs.



INFLUENCE ON SHIPPING AND TRADE.

The harbours of Quebec and Montreal are frozen in winter as a result of the cold Labrador Current. However harbours situated farther north of Quebec and Montreal remain ice-free owing to the influence of the warm North Atlantic Drift. Fog forms where warm and cold currents meet and is a danger to shipping. Ice bergs are often found in currents from the polar regions and also threaten shipping. By the following the course of the currents, ships use far less fuel.

INFLUENCE ON FISHING GROUNDS.

The upwelling of water brings plankton to the surface which in turn attracts fish and is therefore a good fishing ground. Good fishing grounds also originate where warm and cold currents converge. e.g. Off South West Africa at Walvis Bay.

Currents >

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

ONION SOUP

4 large onions	pinch thyme
2 Tablespoons bacon fat	pinch tarragon
0,75 Tablespoon flour	1 Tablespoon lemon juice
1 Teaspoon salt	2 chicken stock cubes dissolved
0,25 teaspoon ground pepper	chopped parsley to garnish
2 cloves garlic	
3 Tablespoons chopped parsly	

METHOD

Peel and finely slice the onions. Sauté in a saucepan with bacon fat. Sprinkle over flour, salt and pepper. Peel and crush garlic. Add to pan, together with parsley, thyme, tarragon and lemon juice. Stir gently. Gradually add chicken stock, stirring constantly. Simmer for an hour until soup has reduced to one and a half litres. Sprinkle with parsley and serve immediatly with croutons.

MANDY CRUTCHLEY
STD 9

CROSSWORD

G.MARTEN STD 8
H.MARTEN STD 6

1) A Hairy strand
 2) His leg is surrounded by water.
 3) Lots of fun with the money machine
 4) A means to an end.
 5) Hurray for Spain
 6) He sounds like a London square.
 7) Singular version of a night out.

8) Tell a girl her name
 9) The purpose of which
 10) A famous nightingale song to a doe
 11) Monster is seen in the loch
 12) A girl on the railways
 13) I spy a flowery female pupil
 14) Passiontide
 15) An epoch
 16) Crafty gentleman
 17) A sugar whip
 18) Female palindrome
 19) Pages flutter in autumn
 20) The night before
 21) Sing a song of sixpence
 22) The most valuable possession
 23) Mame is her other name
 24) Meet them at the club

SHORTHAND

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The School Prayer

O God, we beseech thee to bless this our school.
 Make it as a field which the Lord hath blessed,
 That whatsoever things are true, pure,
 Lovely and of good report,
 May here forever flourish and abound,
 Preserving in it an unblemished name,
 Enlarge it with a wider usefulness,
 And grant unto all its members, past, present
 and to come,
 That they may serve their generation,
 Whether in small things or in great,
 To Thy honour and glory,
 Through Christ our Lord.

Amen

Mandy Crutchley
Std. 9



Newlands forest
Charlotte

C. Peden.
Sta. 10.

LANGUAGES

JA, EINDELIK HET DIE REÏEN TOG GEKOM.NICKI DAUNCEY
STD 10.

Die hitte was ondraaglik toe ek daardie dag van die skool huis toe gestap het. Ek kon niks duidelik deur die dynserigheid sien nie. My klere het aan my rug gekleef en ek was lomerig.

Die stof op die pad was so warm dat dit my voete gebrand het. Die wêreld was stil omdat daar geen wind was nie. Geen voëls het in die bome geesing en daar was geen tekens van lewe nie. Dit was as of die lug van die hemel gehang het soos 'n swaar gordyn wat moeilik is om deur te stap.

My hênd het tam lanks my geploeter en hy het gesukkel om die een poot voor die ander te sit. Sy tong het van dorsheid uitgehang en hy het gehyg.

"Jy gaan geen water hier vind nie", het ek vir hom gesê, "Wag tot ons tuis is en dan kan ek miskien 'n bietjie water van die boorgat gaan haal as dit nie leeg is nie."

Die koring op die lande aan elke kant van die pad het amper plat op die grond gelê asof dit geen krag gehad het om regop te staan nie. Ek het oor die brug gestap waaronder daar net gekraakte en verskroeiende modder was omdat die rivier lankal opgedroog het. Die swart geraamte van 'n wilkerboom het langs die brug op die grond gelê verbrand deur die vreeslike son. Die dood het die nature in sy kloue en hy was berig om dit te vergruis. Ai! Ek kan niks meer van hierdie hitte verdeur nie.

Eindelik het ons by die huis aangekom en ek was bly om in die koelte van die donker sitkamer te sit. My Pa het op die stoep gesit. Hy het geweet omdat hy van die lande gekom het en vlieë het op sy arms gesit om die sweet te drink. Hy was in 'n goeie bui omdat hy gehoor het dat dit gaan reën. Eers het ek hom nie geglo nie, maar skielik het ek 'n kort windjie gevoel. Die bruin, droë blare in die boom langs die huis soos bene begin ratel. Daar in die suide het ek die eerste klein wolkie gemerk. Hy was soos 'n leie wat agter hom die grote wolke trek. Ek het verwondered na hulle gekyk terwyl die bediendes van blyheid rondedans het. Die lug het donkerder en swaarder geword. Ek het buite gebly om die eerste donderslag te hoor. Skielik is die lig verlig en 'n paar sekondes daarna kon ek niks sien nie. Na die weerlig het die donder gevolg. Die grond onder my het gebewe en die hele lug het gerommel met sy geluid en toe het die eerste druppels begin val.

Meteens het die koring en blare wakker geword, klein riviértjies het vinnig gevorm en die droë sand weggerpoel totdat daar gaatjies in die grond was. Die natuur het weer begin om te lewe en hierdie kennis het my ook nuwe lewe gegee. Ja, eindelik het die reën tog gekom.

EK HET GROOT GESKRKIK.N. GRANMANN.
STD 6.

Een aand het Ma en Pa by vriende gaan kuier en ek was stokalleen by die huis. Ek was natuurlik baie bang. Omdat ek so allening was, het ek besluit dat ek 'n speurverhaal wil lees. Ek het dit gelees en dan bed toe gegaan. Skielik raak ek aan die slaap. Terwyl ek gedroom het, het ek ietsie wat op my voet gesprig het gevoel. Ek het die komberse oor my kop getrek en geskree. Ek het flou gevoel en toe ek weer wakker word, het ek vir Ma en Pa voor my gesien. Hulle het my gevra wat gebeur het en ek het vir hulle gesê dat ek 'n speurverhaal boek gelees het. Ma hou reeds nie daarvan dat ek sulke boeke moet lees nie. Sy sê dat hulle soms baie gevaarlik kan wees. Ma het ook gesê dat ek dit vir my verbeeld het, Skielik het hulle uitgeskater van dielag en ek het agtergekom dat dit nie 'n moordenaar was nie, maar ons hond Wagter. Ja, dit was Wagter wat al die tyd op my voete gesprig het. Pa het my altyd keer op keer daarvoor geterg en van daardie aand het ek besluit om nooit weer speurverhaale te lees voordat ek gaan slaap nie. Nooit het Wagter vir my so laat skrik nie.

DIE MAN MET DIE GLASOOG.TANIA BRAUN.
STD 10

Oom Dirk en Tant Anna woon op 'n groot beesplaas in die Oos-Transvaal, en alhoewel hy lankal die verantwoordelikheid van die plaas aan Oom Dirk oorgehandig het, bly Oupa Danie ook nog op die plaas. Elke jaar te ons besoek by hulle af en elke jaar hoor ons Oupa se baie bekende storie oor sy glas oog.

Oupa is nou tagtig jaar oud en alhoewel hy 'n bietjie doof is en nie so goed alles kan onthou nie, is hy nog baie gesond. Soms moet ons 'n dag of twee, of soms 'n hele week wag om die bekende woorde te hoor: "Kinders na ete het ek 'n storie om julle te vertel," en hy glimlag vir Oom Dirk.

(Oupa dra nooit sy valstande nie en as hy glimlag lyk hy net soos 'n tandlose babatjie.) Dan stamp onsmekaar in die ribbes en gigel saggies sodat Oupa ons nie sal hoor nie. Na ete volg ons hom graag sitkamer toe. Alhoewel hy 'n bietjie krom loop, weier hy om 'n wandelstok te gebruik. Hy steek sy pyp op, trek sy skoene uit en trek sy pantoffels aan, voordat hy hom in sy geliefkoosde stoel gemaklik maak.

"So nou kinders, die al weer storietyd."

Ek bekijk hom 'n oomblik. Hy het 'n diepblou oog (die ander is 'n glas oog ,

want 'n koeël het sy linkeroog gedurende die oorlog beskadig.

Sy hare en bokbaar is lankal silwer. Hy trek aan sy pyp terwyl ons op op die ouf verekussings rondom sy voete gaan sit. Dan begin hy met sy Lank voor enigeen van hulle gebore is, het daar 'n ou naturel as tuinier op die plaas gewerk. Sy naam was Josiah en hy was die getrouste werker wat ek ooit tegekome het. Almal het hom lief gehad, selfs wagter wat nie gewoonlik vriendskap met die Naturelle gesluit het nie - hulle twee was amper onskeikbaar. Alhoewel Josiah omtrent sewentig jaar oud was, het hy baie goed gewerk en was nooit lui gewees nie. Hy het nooit dronk geword nie en het altyd 'n tandlose glimlag vir almal gehad. Maar Josiah het aan een gebrek gely - hy het 'n voorliefde vir druiwe gehad. Waar ons gewoon het, was druiwe taamlik skaars, maar ons het 'n floreende wingerdstok oor ons preeel laat rank. So gou as die druiwe ryp geword het, het Josiah die helfte daarvan gesteel en alhoewel ons alles in ons vermoë gedoen het om hom later daad te betrap, het ons hom nooit vang nie - hy was so slim soos 'n ou jakkals. (Hy het altyd geweier wanneer ons die wingerdstok dophou en Wagter het nooit vir hom geblaf nie!)

Ek het hom gesoebat, ek het hom gedreig, hom allerhande goed belowe, maar niks het gehelp nie. En toe een aand, toe ek in die bad sit, sê ek vir myself: "Danie, jy klim nie uit hierdie bad uit nie voordat jy 'n plan beraam het om Josiah van jou druiwe weg te hou. Jy kan hom nie die oorhand oor jou laat kry nie." 'n Uur daarna lê ek nog in die bad en Ouma Martie se skreeu vir my om te litte te roer. "Hy lag 'n bietjie en maak sy oë toe. "En toe Oupa, wat het toe gebeur, "vra Hennie, my boetie.

"ag so", vertel hy verder, "ek het uiteindelik 'n plan uitgedink. Ek het geweet dat Josiah soos baie van die naturelle, vreeslik bygelowig is. Daardie aand het ek weer met Josiah gepraat.

"Josiah, daar is twee groot trosse druiwe aan die preeel, more hulle asseblief nie vat nie."

"Nee, baas, ek sal nooit so 'n ding doen nie," sê hy met 'n helder glimlag op sy bejaarde gesig.

"Dankie, Josiah, want as jy dit miskien doen, sal ek die Tokolosh vra om sy "boesoog" na die druiwe te stuur om jou te spook," het ek geantwoord. Ou Josiah het net gelag en sy grys baard gestreel daar daardie aand, het ek my glaas buite gehaal en dit tussen die twee trosse druiwe vasgemaak. Toe het ek gesit en gewag. Om drie uur in die oggend het ou Josiah met 'n flitsie daar aangekom. Stilletjies het hy druiwe toe gekruip. Toe hy die lig op hulle geskyn het, het hy die glas daar sien glinster. Met 'n angsvolle kreet het hy die flits laat val en laat spat, Ek het 'n ou man nooit so vinnig sien weghardloop nie.

Dit is vanselfsprekend dat hy nooit weer probeer het om duiwe te steel nie. Toe Oom Hendrik my die volgende dag kom besoek het, het ek hom die storie vertel en hy het geantwoord. " Ja, Danie, nou weet ek waar ons die Engelse idioom ' To keep an eye on someone ' kry ". " Oupa lag lekker en ons lag saam alhoewel ons die storie vyf keer gehoor het. Toe gaap Oupa, maak sy o^h, fluister ' goeienag' en raak aan die slaap. Ons kruip stilletjies weg, al giggeling.

MOI, VEDETTE DU CINÉMA!

" Moi, vedette du cinéma! Ha, Ha; Jamais. Ah, mais vous êtes drôle " ai-je dit à l'homme au visage tout rouge qui était assis dans une chaise dans ma chambre d'hôtel. " Pardon, mademoiselle, c'était une faute terrible. "

Il a ajusté sa cravate nerveusement.

" Ca ne fait rien, monsieur; je suis très flattée. Alors nous nous connaissons maintenant - vous ne devez pas m'appeler mademoiselle, je m'appelle Clara. "

" J'avais grand peur que vous vous mettiez en grand colère, Clara." a-t-il dit avec un beau sourire. " eh bien, je m'appelle Henri et j'espère que vous m'accompagnerez ce soir. Nous pouvons dîner à mon restaurant préféré et puis nous pouvons voir une pièce de théâtre. De cette manière je peux demander votre pardon."

Alors, il faut expliquer ce qui s'est passé avant cette conversation. Je suis modèle à Londres et cette année on a décidé de m'envoyer à Cannes pour modéliser les vêtements qui sont à la mode à Londres, parce que le festival du film prenait place à Cannes.

Mes amies et moi habitaient un hôtel luxe au centre de la ville. Chaque matin nous avons modélisé des robes courtes et longues, des costumes de bains, des jupes et des blouses et même des pyjamas - c'était très fatiguant mais très passionnant parce que je savais que beaucoup de monde célèbre me regardait. C'était la première fois que j'avais eu un emploi si important. Mais les après-midi nous pouvions faire ce que nous voulions.

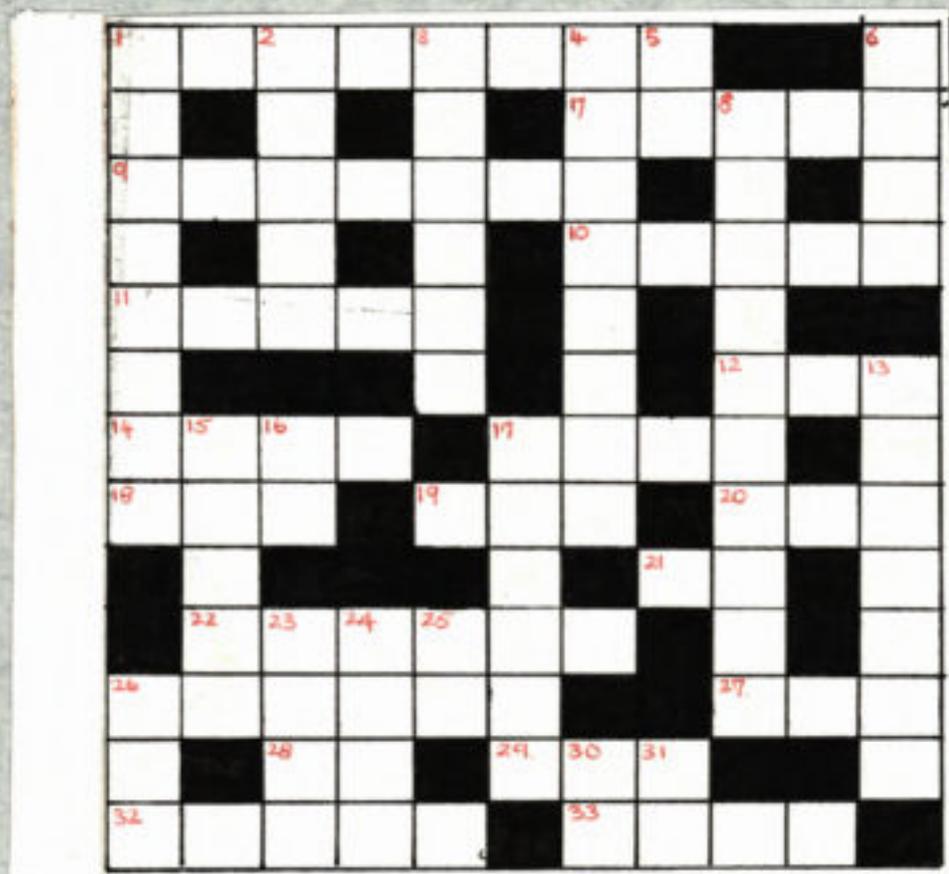
Je suis allé à la plage, j'ai acheté des vêtements pour moi, des cadeaux pour mes parents et mes amis.

Un soir je suis retournée à l'hôtel un peu tard. Un jeune homme avec un appareil de photo autour du cou s'est approché et il a dit " Bonsoir Mademoiselle, est-ce que je peux prendre une photo de vous, s'il vous plaît?" J'ai pensé qu'il a voulu une de mes vêtements (Je portais une robe très chère que j'ai modélisé à Londres avant de venir à Cannes.) J'ai souri et j'ai dit: "Certainement, Monsieur!" Alors, j'ai oublié l'incident.

Trois jours plus tard j'ai décidé d'essayer de lire un journal français - je ne connais qu'un peu de français. Quand j'ai regardé la septième page, j'ai vu une photo de moi-même - la même photo que le jeune homme a pris. Et alors, il a cru que j'étais Ann Turkel, la belle vedette du cinéma. C'était incroyable!

Eh bien, j'ai écrit une lettre au rédacteur du journal et le journaliste qui avait pris la photo est venu s'excuser. Je vous ai déjà raconté notre conversation.

Nous sommes allé dîner et à une pièce du théâtre et il m'a téléphoné le lendemain matin et nous nous sommes rencontrés pour un sandwich et un verre de vin à une heure et demie. Henri - il est si gentil. Ah! Le téléphone sonne. Je sais que c'est lui, c'est toujours lui!



ACROSS

DOWN

- 1) Spain (Nom. s.)
- 7) Shadow (Nom. s.)
- 9) Moderate (masc. Nom. s.)
- 10) I hold
- 11) Wide (masc. Nom. s.)
- 12) I have been
- 14) You are going away
- 17) You (Dat. s.)
- 18) Thing (nom. s.)
- 19) My (fem. nom. s.)
- 20) With
- 21) This (masc. Nom. pl.)
- 22) Side (Dat. s.)
- 26) Rich (Dat. s.)
- 27) I stand
- 28) That; in order that
- 29) But
- 32) Self (masc. Acc. sing)
- 33) Late

- 1) A Carthaginian general, the father of Hannibal, whose second name was Barca
- 2) He sits
- 3) I accuse
- 4) Justice (nom. s.)
- 5) Feminine Accusative ending
- 6) I fell
- 8) Kindness
- 13) Forgetful of (Nom. s.)
- 15) War (Gen. s.)
- 16) You are (S.)
- 17) Land (abl. s.)
- 23) Grandfather (Nom. S.)
- 24) Titus (Dat. s.)
- 25) And
- 26) Gods (Nom. pl.)
- 30) You are (s.)
- 31) About

GERMAN COMPOSITION.

NADINE GRAMANN.

STD 6.

UND DANN HATTE ES SICH ERFÜLLT

Ich stand zum erstenmal an der Meeresküste oben im deutschen Norden. Die
 Flut wat hereingegrochen und schlug rauschend an die Mauertzunge, die ins
 Meer hindusragte. Ich suchte Muscheln im sand und konnte des Wunderns
 nicht müde konnte des Wundern nicht müde werden, wie vielfältig sie
 wat in ihrer Schönheit. Kein Mensch wat zu sehen hier draussen am jetzt
 noch verödeten Strand. Nur die Möwen segellen über die Wellen und
 erfüllten die Einsamheit mit ihrem Ruf Aks müsste sie dieses herbe Land
 mit ihrer Liebe umfangen und ihr warmes light daran verschwenden, so
 golden vergoss sich die Sonne im Meer. Nur langsam vergingen die Farben
 und gaben grauem Dämmer Raum

Ich lauschte in das Rollen der Wagen und in das Singen des Windes, dad dort
 oben zur Ruhe kommt. O Gott!! so sprach es in mit, wie gross offenbart
 sich deine Allmacht, dad Wunder deiner Schöpfund hier an den Gestaden
 auf den Weiden, in den Tiefen der Meer und in der Erhabenheit des
 Firmamentes.

PEOM.

RUND

der Ball, viereckig
 das Land
 gleich dem
 Bild von
 Erde und Himmel
 Der Ball fliegt unber
 uns
 wie der Mond
 während sich
 zwei
 Manschaften
 gegenüberstehen,
 Spielführer
 sind ernamt
 und
 hallen platz
 nach
 unveränderlichen
 Regeln

Keinen Vorleil
gibt es
für
Verwandte
kein platz
für
Parleilichkeit
Dafür
herrscht Entschluss
und
kattes Blut
ohne jede
lrrung
und.
Unterlassung
Undwenn dies
alles
für das
Ballspiel
notwendig
ist
um wieviel
mehr
muss es
für den Kampf
des Lebens
Sein!

AND THEN IT HAD BEEN FULFILLED

NADINE GRAMANN.

I stood for the first time at the seaside in Northern Germany.
 Hightide had come in and the water hit against the rock in the sea.
 I looked for mussels in the sand, never getting tired. There was
 nobody to see on the desolate beach. Only the sea-gulls floated on the
 water and fulfilled the loneliness with a cry. This harsh land was
 lovely with its warm golden light and the sun's rays on the sea. Slowly the
 colours faded away to a dull grey.
 I listened to the rolling thunder and the whirling winds that never rest.
 "O God!" Something said inside me "How big is your omnipotence, the beauty
 of your creation here on the shore, in the depth of the sea, and in the
 elevation of ? (firmament) ?

ROUND

The ball, quadrangular
 The land,
 The picture of earth and Heaven
 The ball flies over us
 Like the moon
 While two
 Teams
 Stand opposite
 Each other
 Team captains"
 are elected
 and keep order
 with invariable
 Rules.
 No advantages
 for relations.
 No place for
 partiality
 Resolution
 and Cold blood
 Without mistake
 or omission
 Add (when all this
 is necessary for a game)
 How much more
 is needed for
 a battle.

Ὁ Ἐπιτάφιος.

Σὲ λίγες μέρες ἦρθε ἡ Μεγάλη Παρασκευή.
Οἱ Καμπάνες χτυποῦσαν πένθιμα. Ἡ
Δαρνούλα καὶ ὁ Κωστάκης ρώτησαν
τὴ μητέρα τους γιὰ τὴ μέρα αὐτή.
Ἐκείνη τοὺς εἶπε:

-Σήμερα, παιδιά μου, ἡ μέρα εἶναι
πολύ λυπητερή. Σὰν σήμερα σταυρώθηκε
ὁ Χριστὸς μας. Τὸ μεσημέρι θὰ πῶμε
στὴν ἐκκλησία νὰ προσκυνήσωμε τὸν
Ἐσταυρωμένο καὶ τὸν Ἐπιτάφιο. Ἐλάτε
τώρα μαζί μου κάτω στὸ περιβόλι.
Σὲ λίγο, καθισμένη μὲ τὰ παιδιά της
ἡ μητέρα στὴ ρίζα μᾶς μυγδαλιᾶς,
τοὺς ἔλεγε πῶς πρόδωσε τὸν Χριστὸ
ὁ Ἰούδας. Ὑστερα τοὺς διηγήθηκε
καὶ πῶς τὸν ἔπιασαν, πῶς τὸν
δίκαναν καὶ τὸν σταύρωσαν.

Ὅταν ἔλεγε αὐτὰ ἡ μητέρα, τὰ μάτια
της ἦταν δακρυβμένα. Ἡ καμπάνα
χτυποῦσε πένθιμα. Τὰ παιδάκια
ἄκουαν τὴ μητέρα καὶ ἦταν πολὺ
λυπημένα.

Ἐνα δάκρυ, ἀπ'τὰ μάτια τῆς μητέρας
ἔπεσε στὴ ρίζα μᾶς μυγδαλιᾶς.

Ἀναστασία Βλυσίδου



The Epitaphiou seen on the previous page is a representation of the Holy Sepulchre. This ceremony is conducted on Holy Friday and the bier is adorned in flowers and during the service the younger children dressed in white throw rose petals on a thin material representing the Shroud which covers the Icon of the crucifix. This is in turn annointed with rose water and incense by the Priest unless the Bishop is present. These flowers may be taken home after the resurrection has been celebrated.

ክጻኑት ሰጠኝት ልክህህ ስክሪ ክጻግህ
ከ | ስጠኝት ልክህ - ስክሪ ስክሪ - ስጠኝት፡ ከ ስጠኝ -

ከጻኑት ስጠኝት፡
ከ ስጠኝት ከጻገት ክጻ ስክሪ ስጠኝት፡ ስጠኝ ስጠኝት ስጠኝ - ስጠኝ

ከጻገት ስጠኝት ስጠኝት ስጠኝት፡
ክጻ - ስጠኝ ስጠኝት ስጠኝት ክጻ - ከጻገት ስጠኝት፡ ስጠኝ ስጠኝ

ከጻገት ስጠኝት ስጠኝት ስጠኝት፡
ከጻ ስጠኝት ስጠኝት ስጠኝት - ስጠኝት ስጠኝት ስጠኝት፡

ስጠኝት ስጠኝ

PSALM cxxi

A SONG OF DEGREES

I lift 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 thy foot to slip: he that guardeth
thee will not slumber. Behold, he that guardeth Israel
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 nor the moon by
night. The Lord shall guard thee from all evil; he
shall guard thee. The Lord shall guard thy going out
and thy coming in, from this time forth and for
evermore.

M. GUDENUS
STD. 9

HEBREW

REPORTS



SWIMMING AND DIVING REPORT

The inter-house swimming gala was a great success. Although we did not manage to win it, despite the efforts of our swimmers, we would have won the cup for cheer-leading, if there had been one. Liz-Anne, our house captain was hoarse the day after the gala. Michèle Jackson won three cups for the individual medly, free-style and the best swimmer of the year. Monique Beibuck won the the cups for the U15 individual medley and for the Open Butterfly. The rest of us swam enthusiastically and even though we did not always win, we thouroughly enjoyed it. The Jagger mums must be congratulated on their effort in the gala for those who swam gave us great enjoyment.

In the diving, Ruth Butters dived gracefully to achieve third place.

PIPPA OLVER
STD 10

TENNIS

It was a very keen and determined Jagger team that faced the Inter House Tennis Competition, which was held in the fourth term of 1977.

Although Jagger had tremendous quality, including the tennis captain, Vivienne Malherbe, they lacked quantity. The players played hard, but Merrimen's tremendous depth proved too strong, and Jagger was forced into second place with Rolt coming third.

Our sincere thanks go to Mrs Hudson and Miss Kable for the organization of the competition, and for their keen interest and coaching throughout the season.

RUTH BUTTERS
STD 9





SWIMMING GALA.





SQUASH REPORT

Herschel has had a successful squash season this year. Several girls have been selected to play for the Western Province Squash, which is given special coaching and training by Springbok, Jill Eckstein.

The Inter-House Squash which was held in the third term of last year went off very successfully. Unfortunately Jagger's sportsmanship and cheerful attitude failed to bring them victory. Rolt won, Merriman came second and Jagger third.

Our sincere thanks go to Margot McLachlan who umpired all the matches.

RUTH BUTTERS
STD.9

HOCKEY REPORT

Although the inter-house competition has not been held yet, Jagger has some promising players in its team. During March the following Jagger girls: Niki Dauncy, Liz Meynell, Mandi Scott, and Ruth Butters went on a highly successful hockey tour. Then, during the last term the successfulness of the tour showed through our losing only one match. With the result of the last term we hope to pull off the inter-schools tournament which was so nearly won last year.

Ruth Butters must be congratulated for getting into the finals of the Western Province trials - Well done!

Knowing the spirit and enthusiasm of the Jagger girls, we know they will give the team the encouragement to win the inter-house hockey competition.

LIZ MEYNELL
STD. 10

HOCKEY TOUR 1978

It was an excited and noisy crowd of girls who set off in the school bus for the Hockey Tour to Grahamstown over the Easter Holidays. The journey took two days, the night being spent at Herolds Bay. The boredom of the long ride was eased by singing, reading, eating and card games. The cards usually ending up on the floor on the bumpy roads.

We spent the Easter weekend at the Hogsbag Inn, about 120k.m. outside Grahamstown, and this proved to be the highlight of the tour. The weekend's main purpose was to get us fit - and train we did! The other residents of the hotel must have thought they were woken to an earthquake as twenty-two tacked feet stomped off for an early morning run! After all this early exercise, breakfast took on a special significance and, while the next hours were punctuated by a number of practices, we were left with a fair amount of free time which we spent swimming, playing basketball or just enjoying our beautiful surroundings. On Easter Sunday we all attended a small service held in an oak avenue near the hotel. One day was spent on a hike through the indigenous forest to a waterfall and this certainly added to the excitement and enjoyment of an unforgettable weekend.

Sad to leave after such a wonderful weekend. We then travelled back to Grahamstown and having settled in at the Grand Hotel, which was to be our "home" for the next week, we set off to play our first match which was against Kingswood.

During the course of the week we played five matches in all, one against Kingswood and two each against D.S.G. and Rhodes University. We thoroughly enjoyed these games and the warm hospitality of our hosts made us feel very welcome.

While it was perhaps sad that we were unable to win any of our games. A Tour's success cannot be measured in results alone. We lost only narrowly in our two school games and the University sides were superior not only in age and size but also in quality, containing a number of provincial players. The main purpose of the tour was realised and we came away united as a team and feeling much fitter and better prepared for the coming season in Cape Town than we would otherwise have been. Our opponent's high standard of play lifted our game and there was a marked improvement in our hockey by the end of the tour.

The week had its diversion and we were able to experience and feel something of the history of this 1820 Settlers town, dominated by the impressive Settler Monument and of its attractive surrounding countryside.

A highlight of the week was a visit to a historical and beautiful farm at Sidbury where we were entertained to lunch by kind hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Berrington.

whose family have owned the farm since the 19th .
 The home jounrey was broken by a week-end stay at Neesbaai where we were
 able to realx after the previous week's activities.
 All in all, a tour to remeber and a wonderful and very worthwhile
 experince for us all. Our moement thanks to Miss. Kabe and Mrs.
 Hartman not only for accompanying and looking after us, but also for all
 their patience. Our special thanks to Miss. Kabe for all the tremendous
 amount of hardwork she put in one our behalf in organizing this tour.
 I can assure her tha, for all of us, her efforts were well worthwhile.

ON TOUR.





THE TEAM



AT THE WATERFALL.

CHOIR REPORT - 1978

This year has been an extremely busy and successful one for the choir. Our first performance was a traditional one - at our Founder's Day Service in February. Other performances included a contribution to the services which were held as the Women's World Day of Prayer, an evening of singing for South African Music Teachers Association and singing at the marriage services of three Old Herschelians.

Looking into the future, we have been asked to sing in the Nico Malan Opera House during the Capab Youth Festival in August. Perhaps even more exciting is the fact that our annual school carol service in December will be recorded by the S.A.B.C. and broadcast on Christmas night. All in all, 1978 is sure to be a year which the choir and Miss Sweet will recall with satisfaction and pleasure.

SHIRLEY GLYNN
Std. 9

REPORT ON DRAMA DEPARTMENT '78

1978 is proving to be a year in which the drama students can really blossom. The last half year has been very successful.

'The House of Bernada Alba' was enjoyed by all and took hours and hours of preparation and devotion on behalf of all those involved. Under the guidance of Margeret Saffery, the head of the Drama Department, the girls managed to produce an outstanding performance, which was well praised by newspaper critics and parents alike.

The girls studying drama as a matriculation subject have use of the new Drama Department where they have formed 'a home of their own'. Having this new hive in which to exercise their talents to the full, has produced excellent results in all sections.

Candidates who entered into this years Eistedford, did well and gave Dr Silberbauer the job of handing out numerous certificates, trophies and cups.

The Drama matriculation students study not only the art of performance, but the history of theatre, voice production, phonetics and attend mime and movement classes once a week after school. These classes take the form of relaxation to music along with strenuous exercises, resulting in aches, pains and much protesting from the 'drama grannies'. In reward for all their hard work the girls are taken to plays at the Baxter, Nico Malan and Space Theatre, which enables them to have both a pleasurable appreciation of their art. With the use of the school bus, these exertions are made all the more possible.

Mrs. Saffery and Mrs B. Mallet do a wonderful job, clearly illustrated in the results they achieve. Mrs Lawson, very sadly had to leave in June, after spending a fruitful time teaching both mime and movement and extra drama classes.

Although there has been no drama inter-house competition as yet, Jagger has featured generously in the play, the Eistedford and the Mad Club evening.

It is generally not realized what an extensive subject Drama is, and what with the modern equipment and facilities provided, Herschel is bound to keep producing some budding actresses!

JULIETTE WOMERSLEY
STD 9

Who said dreams never come true?? Going to school in Switzerland was my biggest dream. Before I could think twice I was dumped in Bluche, and at 14 years old, left to cope alone, in a school swarming with Iranians and pulsted with Itanlians, Beign the only South African, I very soon was going from one group of Americans to another group of Scandemuavians. I am not quite sure if the main idea was for me to learn French of about diffents way of life, religion and eating (mainly sampling!!) all over the world. Weu I can say, of the latter I did very well indeed!! Every second evening would be spent with the boys (the ratio for girls was 1:2- most girls enjoyed that) but after seeing them all day at school, and being bored with them then, it is not in the least bit likely your interests would increase in the evening. So a group of us offer missed out on that. Instead we would run through the street of Bluche, clothered in nighties to the café to buy chocolates and then come back and feast with pistachio nuts, but overseas schools are no different to Hershel - rules disobeyed, bad effects afterwards - There was no such thing as Woman's Lib, there we would go for 20 mile route marches through the Alps (lovely thought) while the boys would sit and occupy the field. One morning, we woke at 3.30p.m. and nie hours later, arrived in Paris. We were awakened from our dream, when two of us walked into a singles bar, well, then we were convinced it was Paris.

Everyday was a different experience, I could almost go on forever laughing and even crying at all the incidents as I write them down, but as space is limited, I will just end by saying:

The memories will last long after the pictures have faded.



SUZANNE WITH A
FRIEND IN SWITZERLAND.



OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL.

MATRIC DANCE.

The 7th ~~7th~~^P April was to be the great day!

Since the previous matric dance we had been conjuring up wild and wonderful ideas of our very own matric dance. So by the time our matric dance eventually started materialising there was little dispute as to the theme of the dance. We finally decided our "Songs from the Wood" taken from the record by Jethro Tull.

To aid us on the financial side many people kindly donated decorating materials. We finally started early in March with enthusiastic but stilted effort. So that by the time we came back after the ten day holiday we met inevitably with the rush and hysteria. The actual decorating started on Thursday afternoon and with the help of Mr. Rigby and the domestic staff our hall became a hive of activity until 10.30 that night when we retired relieved and exhausted to our beds. The following morning was spent adding the finishing touches to the hall, organising seating and facilities for the band.

The afternoon was then spent busily beautifying ourselves.

People met at various rendezvous after which they proceeded to school. There to be met by Dr. J. Silberbauer, and Dr. B. Silberbauer, Fiona and Jeff.

The dance commenced with photographs being taken almost immediately and it was not long before the band struck up and lured us to the floor.

The music played by the band, Cassass - in - Street was enjoyed by all.

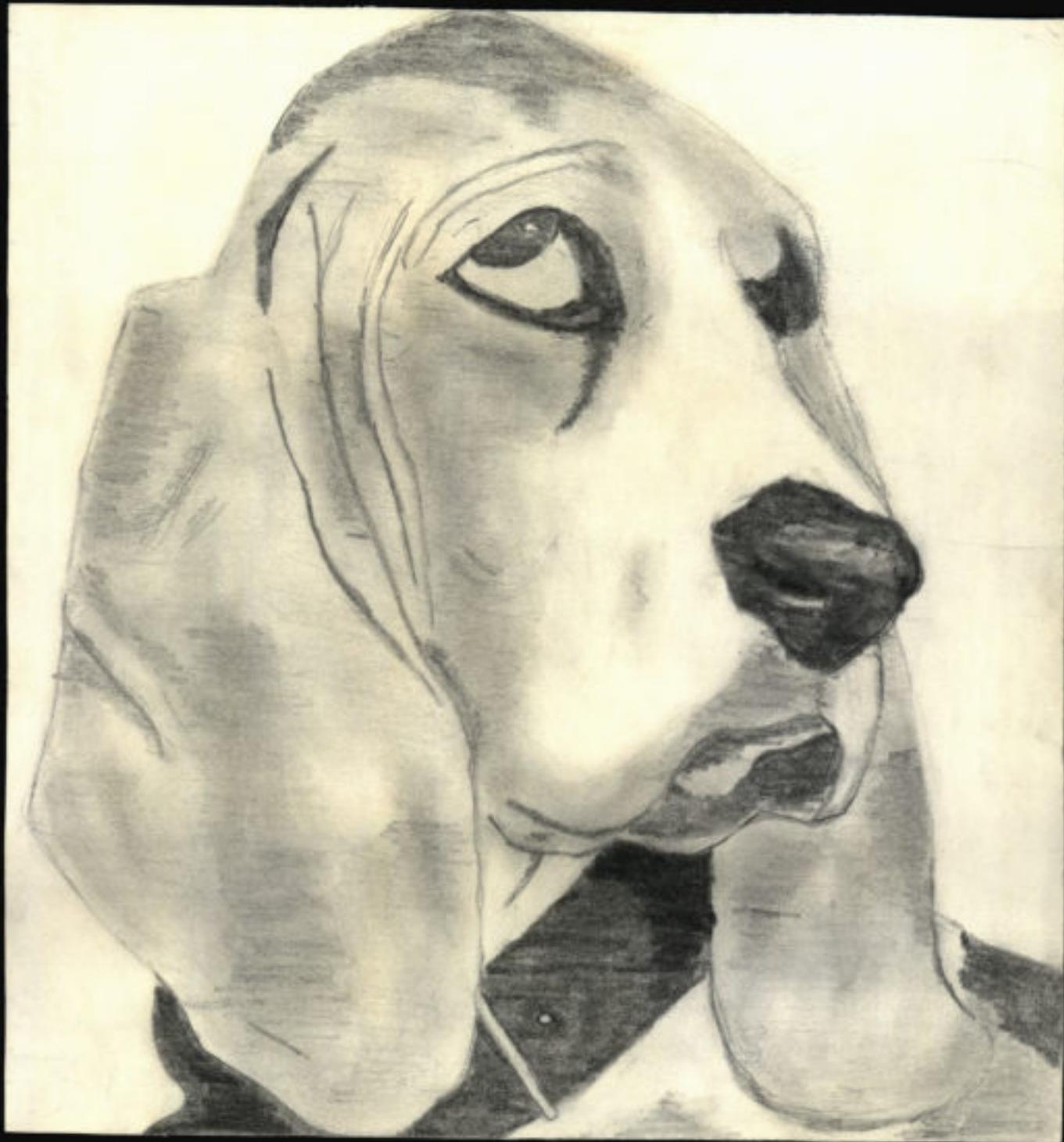
Thanks to Miss. Way and the domestic science pupils, under the supervision of Mrs. Mimlo, the food was delicious.

Eventually at 12p.m. the formal dance ended and there was an exodus to the after-party held at Nancy Jackson's house. I really think the dance was enjoyed by all and I must say the hall looked wonderful. The atmosphere was surprisingly friendly and the staff seemed to let their hair down. At the after-party no one seemed to tire and surprisingly many attended the champagne breakfast at the Mannion's house. The matric dance finally ended at about 7.30am and the rest of the week-end was spent recovering.



PREPARING FOR THE MATRIC DANCE.





Bettison.
Std. 6.

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