

JAGGER

'79

Editors:

Suzanne Ackerman
Penny Cooper (Art)
Marjorie Filmer
Caroline Marten
Carolyn Newton

EDITORIAL

It has been much fun compiling the Jagger Magazine of 1979. Although we have tried to break away from the traditional form of a House Magazine, we feel that this has somehow not been achieved. The main reason is that the material submitted is the writing we do at School, which is fairly stylised. There is little creative individuality.

We congratulate Ruth Butters, our Jagger Head Girl, on her spectacular sporting and academic achievements. We are happy to say that Tessa van Ryneveld, Sue Rowland, Mandy Crutchley, Shirley Glyn and Tina Louw have proved to be worthwhile and honourable prefects.

We would like to thank all who helped us especially Di Wilson who painstakingly typed our magazine, and also Miss Aitchison for adding the finishing touches with her pen.

With the coming of the new decade we would like to wish next year's committee the best of luck and we hope they will start a new era of the House Magazine.

Marjorie Filmer

Suzanne Ackerman

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House Report

A madman is no less a musician than you or I am, only the instrument on which he plays is a little out of tune

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evil is a two-edged sword

God used the principles of nature to create language
and the principles of language to create man

Even to fall from a fine horse is worthwhile



HOUSE REPORT

Although 1978 did not prove a very successful year for Jagger regarding the efficiency shield, the Jagger spirit did not diminish. This was clearly evident at the swimming gala, where competitors were excitedly cheered on to bring us a very close second place, and Jagger's determination in the Inter-House Netball assured them of their victory.

Jagger is also on the 'up' regarding work. We are not as yet quite at the top, but we are nearly there. Two of our standard nines, Lilian Dudley and Marjorie Filmer, are to be congratulated on their hard work and excellent results.

As usual, we are supporting the African Scholars' Fund this year. Our support is in enabling Violet Mzizana to attend school, Last year, with our help, she was able to pass Standard 6, and at the moment we are aiding her in her Standard 7 year.

Another charity we have supported is Cafda, and we recently received a letter from them thanking us for the two large bags of jerseys we sent them.

I would like to thank Mrs Montgomery for filling in as head of the house while Mrs McCormick is away. Mrs McCormick, alias "Madame", is spending much of her time travelling in France. We all hope she has a super time and we are looking forward to hearing all her news about that end of the world.

/...

Handwritten initials in green ink, possibly "J.B.", with a decorative flourish.

Generally therefore, 1979 has proved to be a very successful and enjoyable year for Jagger, and there seems to be no reason for the spirit and successes of the year to change now.

AD DEI GLORIAM.

Ruth Butters

Violet Mzizana, 'Our Student'

AFRICAN SCHOLARS' FUND

P O Box 294
7700 Rondebosch

AFRICAN SCHOLARS' FUND

13.7.79

Miss Violet Mzizana
NY 114, No. 8
7750 Guguletu

Dear Violet,

Your June report has come and I note that you have placed 2nd in a class of 66 with an aggregate of 62%.

All of your marks are satisfactory. I note, however, that your teacher thinks you can still improve. You must be a capable student indeed. If extra work will help -- and it always does! -- please make the effort. The results will be worth it.

Enclosed is a bursary application form for 1980. Please fill it in and return it to this Fund as soon as possible.

Remember to send us your December report as soon as it comes.

The Trustees of this Fund send you their very best wishes for the new school term.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs) E. v.d. Niet : Trustee

AFRICAN SCHOLARS' FUND

EL. 61-4573

P.O. BOX 294
POSBUS
RONDEBOSCH
7700

9th July, 1979

Miss Ruth Butters
Head of Jagger House
Herschel
Claremont, 7700

Dear Miss Butters,

Please convey to the pupils of Jagger House the thanks of us all for their most generous donation, which is being used to enable Violet Mzizana to complete Standard 7. June results are pouring in at present, and as soon as Violet's are received we will let you know how she is doing.

You may be interested to know that this year we have been able to award over 400 bursaries amounting to over R27,000, and without the support of friends such as yourselves few of our scholars would be at school at all.

Yours sincerely,

Sue Folb

(Mrs.) S. Folb



A madman is no less a
Musician than you or I am
Only the instrument on which he plays
is a little out of tune

MADNESS



Solitary ...
Alone in the world,
I have no ally, no friend or companion.

Strange ...
Shut out from society,
Branded "mad" by all mankind.

Feared...
Cowed by awful majesty,
Locked in a cell for life.

Confused...
Revolted by human attitudes,
Angry about crime not committed.

Frustrated ...
I try to shout and protest,
But no-one listens to me,
I am mad.

Jill Breen



THE MONSTER WIND

The monster wind prowls in the writhen trees
They strain in angered leash their green ...

... I look upwards through the window into the cool,
green tunnel of chestnut leaves, filtering the glare
of the sun, but allowing drops of sunlight to highlight
their green. Nothing is as green as a chestnut tree
in summer, when the oaks are already a tired, burnt
brown, and the leaves are hanging dead-alive.

It is Sunday, a sleepy well-fed Sunday with the
sound of lawn-mowers in the distance and not a breath
of wind. It is 3 o'clock - a time which I am
spending angrily leashed to a piece of blank paper,
which rightly refuses to accommodate monster winds that
prowl and trees that writhe.

I wait and think and wait ...

Presently a small brown monster wind waddles on to the
page. It flops on to the left hand corner, panting slightly,
and its rolls of soft brown fat roll over each other, to
arrange themselves around him. He raises two large round
brown eyes and stares at me reproachfully.

"Did yew 'av to call me today?" he asks dolefully, and a
large fat round tear plitters on to the page. "It's ever so
'ot and sleepy, and I lose all my dignity being seen in
this state." He rolls over on to his back with a plop,

/...



gives a mournful gurble and looks up at me sideways. "Now hif it was another day, I'd roar and prowl and bluster for yew, alongside of some clouds and other monster winds!" He wriggles, and his rolls of fat wriggle with him. Another tear plutters on to the page. He hiccoughs ...

"How could yew 'av the 'eart to ask it today?"

I hasten to tell him that it really wasn't my fault at all. I had no choice - I explained that it was a Mrs Meinert.

"Oo's she?" he gulps with a glurble.

I explain that she is the English teacher who set the essay.

He gulps again. "There's no 'elp for it, h'is there?" he sighs, "I suppose you couldn't ... no, I suppose tomorrow is the very latest ... all right, I'll do my best."

And with a plop and a wriggle, he waddles off my page, leaving a path of tear-and-ink footprints. With a husky "Wait!" he pours himself into a crack in the desk and disappears ...

Suddenly the sky darkens. A dark body of wind roars through the chestnut trees, blusters up the green tunnel of chestnut leaves, ripping twigs and leaves off their branches. The rustling of leaves multiplies, until it nearly equals the howling of the wind. The leaves turn an angry grey, clinging to the branches that are being flung about as if nothing could keep them attached to their trunks. The trunks themselves creak and bend and tear their roots. The windows rattle and the smaller plants outside flatten themselves against the ground ...

/...



It stops as suddenly as it has started. A last roar and tear, then all is silent, except for a slightly indignant rustling of chestnut leaves. The plants stand upright again, looking slightly bewildered, and the sky lightens again, although the sun does not look quite as confident as before.

A sudden plop and globble catches my attention, as my monster wind flops down exhausted in front of me.

"Do yew mind hif I 'ave a sleep in your teacup?" he asks breathlessly, and he pours himself over the brim. He curls up immediately, sighs and opens an eye.

"Give my luv to Mrs Meinert," he says, with a glint of pride in his brown, round eye. Then he falls asleep.

Tessa van Ryneveld



"Shells"
Penny Cooper

MADNESS



I am shut in a cage
Alone
No-one understands.
A thing to pity,
Not to help.
All because I am different.
Maybe they're mad.

Sue Lanfear

THE RUM TUM TUGGER IS A CURIOUS CAT ...



The Rum Tum Tugger S T R E T C H E S in a pool of sunlight, vibrating from the tips of his paws to the tip of his tail. He relaxes, wriggling as the last ray of fading sunlight tickles his soft, silky marmalade belly. He closes his eyes and gives himself up to a feeling of absolute luxury ...

A moment later a cold wave of air sweeps the sun away. He twitches, then he sits up. He casts a brief, annoyed glance at the bank of clouds that is blocking the sun. He gives his face a cursory wash, sniffs the air, and considers. Business-like. Then he jumps on to the desk. Thud. Pad ... pad ... pad ... pad. Across the desk. Thud. Onto the window-sill. Pad ... pad ... pad ... pad ... out of the window. Independent-marmalade-cat disappears into the gloom ...

Kate watches him disappear into the now-threatening outside. When the storm breaks minutes later, she mutters to herself: "Stupid cat."

The Rum Tum Tugger stalks through the storm, his tail lashing. The Terror of the Neighbourhood reigns. Matted orange fur - the colour of fire picked out by lightning flashes. Battle-scarred. Warrior-cat. A black gutter-cat cringes under his gaze, and dives for shelter, abandoning a half-eaten mouse. The Rum Tum Tigger surveys it with an evil glint in his eye. He lashes his tail from side to side, cocks a torn ear, and stalks onwards - unchallenged, evil - The Boss.

Mrs Jones - Neighbour - glances up to see the black silhouette stalking past the street lights. She gets up, opens the window and calls to him :

/...

"Kitty, come out of the rain, come on, Cat."



The bedraggled Rum Tum Tugger flees out of the night into the warm room. Drenched. Shivering. Wretched. Mrs Jones dries him with a towel, in front of the fire. He purrs gratefully as she gives him a plate of warm milk. He curls on to Mrs Jones' lap, still purring, and falls into a well-fed, creamy sleep.

He wakes abruptly as Mrs Jones pushes him on to the floor, as she gets up to make tea. He follows her into the kitchen, miaowing for attention. Mrs Jones laughs and dangles a piece of string above him. He leaps for it, a clownish grin spreading across his face. He falls over backwards, rolls on his back, and waves his paws in the air. He lunges at it, and overbalances ... He chases it about the kitchen - always one step behind. Then he turns his attention to his tail. With renewed vigour, he chases it, lunging at it, missing it, chasing it in dizzy circles and at last collapsing, panting in front of the fire. The crazy, comic-cat.

At half-past ten, the Rum Tum Tugger slips furtively out of Mrs Jones' warm house ... slips back into the dark, wet blackness of the night ... moves silently over the rooftops. Sleek, Purposeful. In search of a queen-cat. Suave cat. Dominant male-cat. Hunting ...

His screech of triumph scorches the neighbourhood, causing a pyjama-clad figure to howl curses at the top of his voice out of a window. The Rum Tum Tugger flees over the rooftops back to his starting point ... back through the window. Thud. Pad ... pad ... pad ... pad. Onto Kate's bed. Thud.

He curls up. Cat of many lives. Curious cat, Walter Mitty-cat. All his lives curl up into a round furry ball, and go to sleep.

Tessa van Ryneveld



MADNESS

Feverish terror,
Uncontrolled spasms,
Pounding in heads,
echoes, vibrations, tumult!
Lyrical pings ...
... outer space!
Eerie, forbidding dilemma ...
... Insanity
Pounding on doors.
Screaming, whimpering, yowling.
Cries for mercy,
"Oh God, save me ..."
Death, suicide, escape
from grim fate.
Sickened, I turn from
the door - the door
enclosing a multitude
of dead, ill, rotting minds,
minds whose inner selves
have been destroyed by
possibly fears or manias.
Abominably shocked, I leave
this grovelling mass
of slimy, filthy bodies,
this hovel of death, insincerity,
awful, horrifying realisation.

Louise Morrissey

CIVIES DAY



Ruth, Tessa, Mandy and Sue



Ruth, Tessa and Sue

THE SMELL I HEARD

It comes from in the kitchen
It squeezes through the door
It crawls along the curtain
And wiggles down the floor

But all around the house is dark
And nothing can I hear
Only the floorboards creaking
As I lie here drugged with fear

But still it's coming nearer
As it slides down up the stairs
It rounds the next dark corner
And it rests upon my bears

And when I clench my frozen toes
And try to fall asleep
The smell of cooking chocolate
Taps me lightly on my cheek.

Suzanne Ackerman



THE CHILD AT THE WINDOW



I've been coming here for many years, but now I ask myself: is it for enjoyment, or merely habit? They are a very hospitable family, make no mistake about that, but mysterious. Yes, that's why I come - out of curiosity!

My red cab does a sharp turn as the road curves to exhibit a magnificently illuminated manor house. For some reason or other, we are held up and I soon find myself drifting off into another world. Why did I pick this red cab? One of the only ones left around here, and doesn't the driver of this lonely red cab want to get home to his own family? That was selfish of me - but mind you, all the others were occupied.

"'Scuse me, sir, tha'll be £4,50 and 20p. for tax and ..er.."

All right, all right, I get the message."Here's an extra pound. Have a good night."

Inside I felt just like that cab, the only red one among an over-manufacturisation of black ones. All these people, why are there so many and we see just a few of them on the screen? "... this marvellous new glass, non-reflecting you know!" I knew that voice from far away, Jeremy, my old buddy from college days, and the owner of this house. Slowly I mingled through the crowd, having absolutely nothing to say to all these superficial beauties around. On my way to say the customary greetings to my host and hostess, I noticed James sitting all alone and doing an in-depth study of his coke on the rocks.

As I was walking up to him, the whole episode came back to me, that tragic story that Farmer Ellis, the next-door neighbour, told me.

/...



It happened the year before I started coming. Jonathan and James, identical even down to the last freckle, were playing on the landing. Since the children were only four, the noise and fun of the party below did not interest or disturb them in the least; instead they were lost in their little world of exciting splurts of laughter and gurgles of giggles each time they caught their fully guaranteed unbreakable toy. But unfortunately in those days they didn't make second-floor landing windows unbreakable, for as Jonathan flew at James, James ducked and then all you heard were the last tinkles of glass as it shattered and hit the concrete beneath. It wasn't a very even sound, for some of it fell where Jonathan landed and lay with him - in silence.

I felt crucified as I caught the desperate glance from this dejected child. Even in his slight smile, I felt that he was urging me to give him what he had lacked in the past six years since his other half (the favourite of the two) had died, and that was love and a bit of attention.

I moved from where I was to mix with my own age group, but immediately turned guiltily to James. But there was no James, only a shattered glass and a single block of ice floating lackadaisically in the coke on the carpet.

I looked straight ahead and as the clock struck, James sat - looking at his reflection --- No, wait a minute, "marvellous new glass, non-reflecting you know!" On and on that phrase rambled in my mind: "non-reflecting you know, non-reflecting you know ... "

But still they sat, James and the child at the window!

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot ... "

Suzanne Ackerman



The man afraid of leaves
should not enter a forest



GUILTY CONSCIENCE

I was doing a dance the other day.
A dance that I was not supposed to do.
I danced
And danced
And felt so funny.
I could see the grins
On the people's faces,
Some funny little grins.
And then
I ran off stage.
You can't trust
Woolworth's elastics.

Zainuresa Adams

THE "THOUGHT BOX"



Partly inspired by an article from the Readers' Digest, November 1978, entitled "Thoughts of a Brain Surgeon."

The brain is a wondrous organ. It is so crammed with thoughts, ideas and knowledge obtained over several years, that it allows us to remember certain incidents in our lives. We also remember work that we have studied, although it is often forgotten when we fail to recall this knowledge and use our brains sufficiently. The thoughts in our "thought-box" become covered in dust and forgotten. This "thought-box" contains our individual personality, intelligence, memory, emotions and free will. Our innermost, private thoughts are hidden deep inside this precious box, to which only we have the key. No one else can steal that box, except perhaps disease which unfortunately has caused many brains to lose control, to become meaningless and to die.

Each brain looks alike, but somewhere in there is that which makes each of us unique, a separate individual. For the brain contains the mind, the very essence of us. The brain is a work of wonder, a miracle in itself. It is something which fills one with awe and causes one to acknowledge the existence of a Superior Being, God. Only a Superior Intellect could be responsible for the design and development of the incredible brain-mind relationship - something far beyond man's capacity to understand.

God's tremendous power is shown in the creation of the human brain. How much greater and more complex must be the mind of God! The human brain-mind is so far beyond anything that science has ever developed that a Superior Intellect-Creator is demanded to explain the uniqueness and individuality of the human being. The brain must have

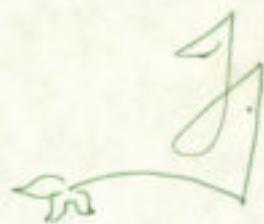


had an intelligent beginning, someone must have made it happen. I cannot accept the proposition that at random points in time such entities as intelligence, personality, memory and the human body just sort of fell together. I also find it hard to believe that these entities simply cease to exist at death. I believe that the uniqueness, the individuality of the human being lives on in the soul. A person moves on into a new life after death.

The most sophisticated computer which man will ever build, will not match the complexity, efficiency and performance of this small mass of tissue, this "thought-box". The brain is a vast storehouse of memories. It is like a till in a shop. We push a button and a memory springs to life. In an exam we hopefully bring to mind what we have learnt so that we can put down on paper what our brain has absorbed and stored for us.

But that storehouse is never full, that "thought-box" never overflows. It always hungers for more knowledge to fill it. But we are often lazy and do not fulfil this requirement. It takes time and effort to fill our brains with knowledge. Because we do not make enough effort, our brains remain stagnant and unused. Sometimes our brains are misused. We fill them with evil, impure thoughts. A brain can become so filled with evil that bad overruns good until there is no goodness left in it. An example of this is Iago, in Othello, whose mind has become so possessed by evil, cunning thoughts and plans, that he hates all good things and doers of good.

/ ...



Our brains are precious to us. They enable us to think and make decisions. They control our actions, our moods and our words. They are the sources of all our pleasures, fears and joys as they enable us to react as unique individuals. Most important of all, they were created by God. The brain is a free gift which we should cherish and guard.

"God be in my head and in my understanding".

Susan Hollinshead

IMPULSE



Christmas!
The hurried bustle of shoppers,
Assistants attempting everything at once.
I was waiting for my parcel to be wrapped.
"Fifty cents please", an impertinent voice grated
I gave her a rand
Hastily she pressed the change into my hand
I glanced down and saw
That instead of the expected fifty-cent piece,
There was a rand
It winked at me wickedly,
As if to say "Do it!"
My mind leapt,
My feet moved across the floor
Like greased lightning.
My head whirled,
I tried not to think
But today, a long while after,
My mind still prickles with shame and disgust
At the decision I made that day.

Kerynne French



"City life"
lino print

Dot Douglas



A SOUL IN TORMENT

The front hall is dull and dark. The corners are filled with cobwebs and dust. The spiders seem to be evil; their eyes are bright with malice, their faces twisted into leering masks. As I turn around, the stairs vanish, then reappear. The door creaks shut and with mind-boggling, infinite slowness, the handle turns again and again ... silence.

Groping for the banister I climb gingerly up the stairs. I reach the top at last but there is no balcony or floor, only a gaping void of inky, eternal blackness. Suddenly a bright, dazzling light blinds me momentarily. There are flowers and in each flower-cup is a bee. Together they hum, with little synchronisation. Their humming pounds on the doors of my mind. The doors shatter, they were only made of polystyrene. A little girl and a huge dog bear down on my immobile, helpless form. The dog opens its massive jaws ...

Everything is so black and silent. From where I sit, I can see the grid through which the whale sifts its food. The grid-bars are so small ... Then how did I get into the cavern of the whale? Water begins to pour in from the grid. It does not splash gently like the minute ripples on the beach. It advances in one solitary, frightening wave. The nearer the wave comes, the larger it gets. As it reaches my toes, it dies, totally. Then another and another follow, each disappearing as it reaches me.

/...



Then I am swept from the cavernous stomach into the never-ending, powerful sea. I flounder in the murky depths and below me a great white form moves slowly, symmetrically, up towards me. Rows of teeth stand from the opened jaws... I swim as if I am crazy ... I reach the shore and torrents of seaweed fall upon me, engulfing and almost smothering me. I escape and run ... Trees grow, stretching their long, mean branches towards me. The twigs pluck at my clothes, tearing them. I am caught and held aloft by a giant oak. Looking down, I see pinnacles of bare-edged rocks jutting skywards. I fall ...

There is a hard thud as I touch something. A tortoise, running like the wind - the hare is far behind! In front, the finishing ribbon looms up and as we near it, it is transformed into a net. I am caught up in the net and have to fight off venomous scorpions and snakes. I fight with grim determination. The snakes coil around me and the scorpions attack - sharp, piercing, needle-like jabs ...

There is a feeling of total oblivion. I feel soft and light. Soft as down, floating in space. A bird carries me to its nest where I line the nest. The female bird settles close ... so much warmth, comfort - sleep ...

Louise Morrissey



ANTAGONISM

In distant scene
With stormy
and encircling gloom.
A quickening ray
treads the verge
enkindling fiery trails
scattering shadows.

The eye delights
a drifting cloud
with sure relief
subsides.

Juliette Salamon

GUILTY CONSCIENCE



Summer is here, the sun is shining,
and I must sit at my school desk which is boring
I decided to play truant
and rather than go to school I went to the beach.
It was far but eventually my destination.
What a sight!
It was pure delight.
The sound of the waves was like a sweet song
Better than the teacher's voice, which sounded
like an old clock; ding-dong.

I arrived at school next morning
with a glazed look on my face like someone who is mourning.
What do I say?
What do I do?
I felt so guilty for what I did
Never will I stay away from school like a naughty kid,
A lesson did I learn,
Never to try something for which you yearn.

Naseema Banderker

THUNDER

A curtain of black velvet
Rolling heavily in the night
Smothers the earth
With a smouldering crust of darkness
Its long greedy fingers
Reaching out for happiness
To turn it to loneliness!

Caroline Lanfear





FEAR

Fear is a prison,
A song that beats without stopping on your eardrums.
A cold, white torture chamber,
A blot of black ink on blotting paper
that spreads into a bigger and bigger mass of dark fear.
Fear dulls your happiness and awareness of beauty.
It holds you tight in boiling fingers which ice your blood,
It is a thick sludge
That swallows you up into uneasiness and panic.
Fear is a cruel and hateful thing,
It makes you realise
that peace of mind is a joy.

Joanne Hvidsten



Words that come from the heart
enter the heart.



YES

(a tribute to a friend)

a honey-milk day
a day of hazy yellow
a peachy-cream day
a day of glittering blue

the hot metal growled as
the car sneaked past diamond beaches.
the seat of sweaty plastic burned,
the child began to wriggle

i saw her face peer through the window
i saw her anguished dismay
i saw eyes flicker with incredulity
i saw her mother's pain

"yes, my child, we must stay in the car
yes, my child, the beach is for them
yes, my child, we were born without tans
yes, my child, i too hate summer."

Celia Maud



Ink Still Life
Suzanne
Ackerman

DISASTER



The boy was twelve. His dark curly head was in perfect contrast with the innocent white of the pillow. He was listening joyfully to the sound of his mother's sweet melodious tones. His father's gruff voice suddenly cut across the song.

"Shut up!"

Two words. That's all, you say? Think what they did to the little boy's ears; think just how it cut across the tender heart of the woman.

He cried softly, listening to harsh words. Then there was a slapping noise and his mother cried out in agony. But the agony was not physical - oh no, nothing so trivial - it was the agony of crucified love and a broken soul.

Much later he was still awake. It was then that he heard the volcano erupt. His parents had been arguing again when suddenly he heard the words that made his fragile bubble of happiness collapse:

"Thank God I had no hand in the making of that dark, clumsy oaf!"

Suddenly it was clear to him why all his brothers and sisters had blonde hair and he, dark. Why he was clever and they, stupid. Why he was small, the others hefty.

He wept and oh, how he wept! How could his mother have betrayed him so, and why? He hated her, but even in the middle of his hating he turned its laser-like ray onto his boorish father. He loathed him, but the hurt cut like a diamond all the same.

/...



But that isn't disaster, you say.
Stop.
Think.

It is far worse than any physical disaster, for has not that poor deserted child's very existence collapsed about his ears, crushing his faith and his love? Unlike an amputated limb, which one can live without, one cannot survive on this vice-filled earth with no faith, yes, faith that good does exist in your fellow humans.

But he is still ~~one~~ of the lucky ones, for he has his bruised and battered love for his mother to cling to. The love on which all other loves are based. The pure love.

The innocence has left his eyes. The scars show and it clashes with the white of his pillow now.

Margaret Orford

MOODS



Serenity

Lemon scented rain
falling, Gentle squeals
of puppies awkward on
their feet. Tinsel coloured
winter days, avenues and
meadow. Marshmallow worlds
of children playing carefree
in their childhood days.
Waves cavorting on the sand
serene in its own way.

Kaleidoscopic Visions

Walking on cottonwool clouds
then turning.
Apathetic eyes peer out.
Colours ascending, mixing
into a solid mass.
Unwind, rewind,
Tight knots of rainbow stripes,
sky blues, milk and honey.

Juliette Salamon

THE ICE-CREAM MAN



The tinkle of his little bell signifies to us ever-hungry schoolgirls the presence of the ice-cream man. The delight and joy of the thought of an ice-cold lolly on a very hot day, is great. His welcoming face with the thought of giving us pleasure, adds to our enjoyment. His brown eyes are always full of love and happiness.

On a cold day he looks so forlorn and one wonders what sort of family he has. I have a feeling that he is a very kind father as he is so patient with us chattering children peering into his cart, and I think that deep in his heart he must realise what pleasure he gives us. Every day without fail he pushes his cart of frozen ice lollies through our school gates, bringing with him joy and happiness. He sits and watches us playing and talking, as we lick the sweet taste from his ice lollies.

Jackie Kilcullen

MENSE



Wat is n mens? Hoe lyk hulle? Waar woon hulle?

Wat is hulle?

Mense is diere wat duisende eeue gelede in hierdie wêreld gebore is. Hulle is diere omdat hulle van die aap ontstaan het. Die eerste mense was net soos ape en het op vier pote geloop. Toe het hulle geleer hoe om regop te staan en hulle het op twee voete geloop. Hulle het meer en meer regop gestaan totdat hulle vandag penorent staan, behalwe dié wat krom gebore is.

Die eerste mense het in grotte gebly en gedurende die Yseeue het hulle in sneeu huise gewoon. Toe het hulle in tente gebly en later het hulle geleer hoe om bome af te kap en hulle het in houthuise gewoon. Nou woon hulle in huise wat van bakstene en sement gemaak is.

In die begin het hulle diere geëet. Toe het hulle vis gevang en dit oor n vuur gaargemaak. Voor dit het hulle die vleis rou geëet. Toe het hulle ook bessies, vrugte en groente geëet. Hulle het niks gekweek nie, maar net die kos wat hulle gevind het wat in die veld gegroei het, geëet. Vandag kweek hulle baie vrugte, groente en koringsoorte op die plase. Hulle het ook baie beeste op die plase.

Mense doen verskillende dinge. Party van hulle werk op plase; ander werk in fabriek; ander werk in kantore of winkels. Mense werk ook in hospitale en party van hulle werk alleen.

Wat is n mens? n Mens is n dier wat baie van homself dink.

Gaydrey Browne

SUNDAY AFTERNOON



I have always dreamed of a rainy Sunday afternoon when I could relax in front of a blazing fire and enjoy a cosy, warm afternoon with my family.

I woke up on Sunday morning to find it was raining. I went into the dining-room and sat down to a delicious breakfast. I picked up a book and waited until afternoon. After lunch my father and my brother prepared to make the fire. Soon the fire was alight and the room was cosy and warm. I settled next to the warm fire with my book, and my father sat in his chair with his smelly pipe. My mother was busy preparing tea and my brother was playing with his racing car in front of the fire. My dream had come true. We were all soon settled next to the fire with large, hot cups of tea and the fire spread shadows on the white walls. My thoughts drifted away and I thought about people who were not as lucky as we were, and people who were cold and hungry.

The rain is dripping through thr rusty holes in the tin roof. Five hungry people are sitting cuddled close to one another, shivering from the cold, moist air. There is nobody to care for them and nobody to fill their stomachs with warm tea. The babies are held in the mother's thin arms, but she cannot give them much comfort. All they can do is sit and wait until Monday maybe brings a little more warmth and happiness.

Two different families are experiencing this same Sunday afternoon.

Jackie Kilcullen



, evil is a two-edged sword,

FIRE



Amber demon
Snatching all
With arms outstretched
She wildly crawls

Scorching all
With fiery breath
Nothing
Does she leave untouched

Hateful, Ugly
Glowing and mean
When all is burnt
She dies with a scream

Lindy de Waal

J
JACKIE KILCULLEN

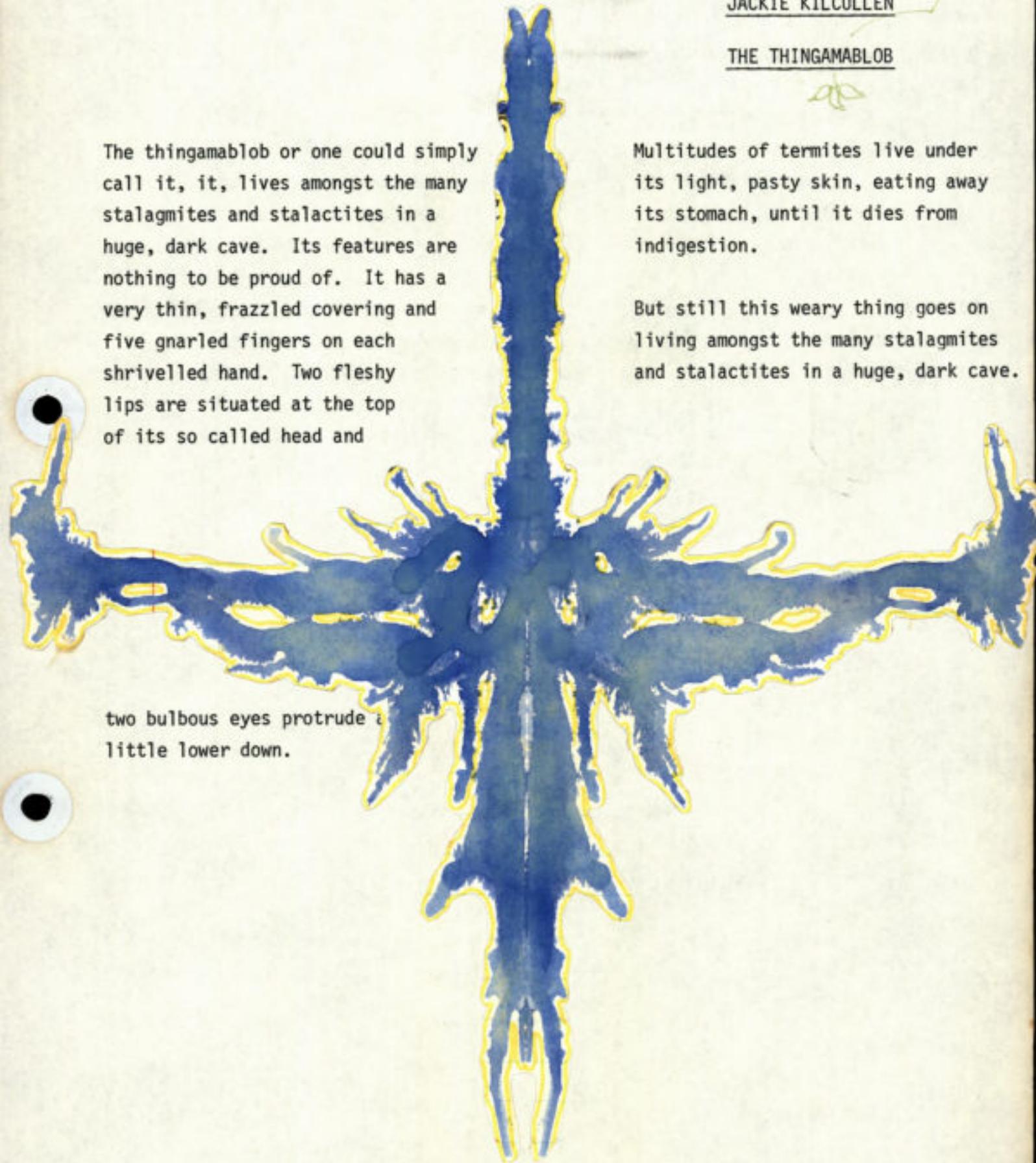
THE THINGAMABLOB
J

The thingamablob or one could simply call it, it, lives amongst the many stalagmites and stalactites in a huge, dark cave. Its features are nothing to be proud of. It has a very thin, frazzled covering and five gnarled fingers on each shrivelled hand. Two fleshy lips are situated at the top of its so called head and

Multitudes of termites live under its light, pasty skin, eating away its stomach, until it dies from indigestion.

But still this weary thing goes on living amongst the many stalagmites and stalactites in a huge, dark cave.

two bulbous eyes protrude a little lower down.



CHILD AT THE WINDOW



I was relaxing with a cup of coffee and my favourite magazine one evening when I heard the garden gate open and very light footsteps advancing up the path. Anxious to know who my visitor was, I jumped up and darted towards the window. As I neared the window an amazing sight stopped me dead in my tracks.

In the half-light of the evening there appeared to be a porcupine protruding above the window-sill. I cautiously crept closer to the window, trying to get as good a viewpoint as possible without attracting the "porcupine's" attention. On closer inspection it turned out to be the grubby little face of a boy, surrounded by an unkempt bush of hair. An unobtrusive nose squatted in the centre of his face and a thin scar ran the length of his dirty cheek. His face was intently pressed up against the pane of glass, distorting his features somewhat.

I thoughtfully watched him for a little while. The picture he presented made me feel a deep sense of shame as he seemed to represent the remains of our striving for capitalistic gain. Yet at the same time I felt thoroughly disgusted, not at myself for happily condoning the trampling of others underfoot in the rat-race, but at him, for presenting me with this that I had been ignoring all the time.

His big brown eyes glanced dolefully around the room and centred on his reflection in the mirror. A smile brightened up his face and he began to pull faces at himself and laugh in an innocent, uninhibited way.

/...



Man is the product of his environment. As I watched the child, a pity for him grew inside of me. I grieved for what society had done to him, what it had forced him to be and what he would become as he grew older.

Should I show him some compassion and submit myself to that wretched act of condescension, "charity"? I wondered. Twenty minutes had already passed since my visitor first entered by the garden gate, and I was still thinking.

Suddenly the garden-gate slammed and a bedraggled drunkard, who I assumed was the child's father, trampled through my flower-beds towards the boy. He spun round and stared at his father in terror. The drunk emitted some vile words and slapped the boy, sending him flying off his matchstick legs. The child endured this punishment in perfect silence, borne out of terror rather than sublimation, but as his father grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and proceeded to drag him back along the zig-zag path he had made through the flower-beds, he released a loud wail and began kicking and screaming.

This made me see red and I stormed out towards them in a rage of fury. My wild appeals to the man had no effect and he continued to swear at the boy in his drunken stupor. The child's eyes seemed to appeal sorrowfully to me to rescue him from that man and everything that had to do with him.

/...

J.

My eyes blurred and I saw no more. A kind, charitable neighbour whispered softly in my ear, "Don't let it worry you, dear. It happens all the time. There are lots of other more important things to concern yourself with."

Yes there are, I thought. There is my new winter wardrobe that must be bought; the play I'm going to see tomorrow night; the party at

Lilian Dudley

FIRE



It spits
It crackles
It jumps into the air
It is a multicoloured cloak
With many jagged tears
It was wild but now it is dead.

Liza Rowland

NO FURTHER



(Inspired by a photograph by Dana le Roux of the Argus)

Oh,
Mother of the earth -
Whose hair was matted with sod and clay,
Whose eyes rested on the curling wisp of smoke,
Who tilled the soil and loved the young ones,
Under the gracious green grove,
Near the uncomely simple kraal,
With its monotonous drum beat.

Then,
You loved a man -
His sensual body commanded you to obey.
So from that security, your sacred bivouac,
You fled, to perpetual bereavement.
Your devotion stretched to corrugated walls,
Which shook and trembled
As the great wind howled.

Now,
You stand defiant -
A glaring eye of contempt.
To challenge that decree from a higher order,
A so-called super race who had dealt such a pernicious blow.
What are you protecting?
The arid, desert sand of Unibell,
Whose sparse trees offer no shade.

No,
a community -
You stand as a matriarch of your society,
Your fingers worn from years of privation,
Your arms reaching out for eternal truth,
For your ultimate Freedom,
That unvanquished goal.

Oh daughter of destruction.

Marjorie Filmer



"Mug"
Karren Visser

THE MAN WITH THE ONE GLASS EYE



Nervously, Jane Brown sat in the doctor's consulting room trying to unwind and think positively. She reached for a magazine which lay on a table beside her.

Her husband Charles had been a flying instructor, and the pupil had carelessly lowered the aeroplane into the ground nose-first. Flying had been Charles' pride and joy ever since he was a teenager.

Within minutes the aeroplane had burst into flames, and the only thing visible from the airport windows was black, oily smoke ascending like a twisted chain into the light blue sky. He had ...

"Good morning, Mrs Brown," Dr Scott interrupted her thoughts. Affectionately the doctor guided Jane into the surgery. Jane looked pale and her bright blue eyes seemed to have turned a dull grey with her worry. She looked tired.

"Well?" she asked.

The doctor sat down at his desk and out of pure nervous habit, twiddled a pencil around in his fingers before saying, "Have you seen him yet, Mrs Brown?"

"No, doctor, they wouldn't let me see him at all yesterday."

"It's just as well," he said, "He doesn't look good."

Mrs Brown quietly seated herself opposite the doctor and glared into the brown eyes of the man in front of her. "Are you going to tell me what has happened to Charles or not?" she questioned him angrily.

/...



"Mrs Brown," the doctor calmly said, "your husband was badly burnt in the accident on Sunday. Unfortunately the pupil who caused the accident was killed, but luckily Charles is safe. At the moment his body is bandaged up. Only his eye and mouth are uncovered. He has no hair. I say "eye" because one of his eyes was forced out by a sharp instrument in the plane and has been replaced by a glass eye. The other is functioning properly."

Jane's mind was spinning uncontrollably. Her body felt cold as she choked on her tears.

"My God!" she sobbed, "why did it happen to us?"

Charles and Jane had been happily married for six months now, although Charles was a bad-tempered man. This would only make things worse. Dr Scott gave Jane strict instructions not to return to the hospital for another week. By the following Tuesday, Jane was looking considerably better, but she was still suffering from shock. She was going to visit Charles that day.

* * * * *

Training in a hospital is unpleasant as one is given the "dirty work." Cleansing, washing and dressing sick and painful bodies is an unpleasant job, and often made my stomach heave. I was on duty today and Charles Brown's body would be the first that I would attend to. It was in severe pain beneath the white bandages that held his skin together. He felt hot, ugly and depressed.

As I wheeled my trolley down the corridor, I was aware of the cold silence about me. The trolley wheels didn't even squeak today. There was a sound of monotonous mothing.

/...



"We're changing your bandages today, Mr Brown," I said cheerfully.

I was not aware of what had happened to him, but I knew that he had been burnt in a fire, and I was to change the dressing, which I was not happy about.

"Feeling sad then?" I asked.

He didn't reply and I wondered why he didn't talk.

I peered through the spaces in the bandages, and to my horror I saw that the right eye was a dull, dark green. It hardly looked as though it were functioning. It looked mysteriously lifeless.

His left eye was completely white and could not blink at all. He looked dead, sad.

"No!" I screamed hoarsely, "I won't do it, I won't!"

Shouting hysterically, I ran down the corridor never wanting to attend to the patient with the one glass eye again.

He was dead, and had been for two hours already.

Dot Douglas

ONS WORD SLAWE VAN DIE KYKKASSIE



Die beeldradio is een van die slegste dinge wat die mensdom ooit kon gemaak het. Dit is een van daardie dinge waarvan die mens dink dat hy die meester is, maar waarvan hy intendeel 'n slaaf is.

Eerstens, is dit 'n soort tronk waarin 'n mens homself opsluit. Daar word minder uitgegaan na die teater, waar nie net toneelspele te siene is nie, maar ook vriende gemaak en baie geleer word. Boeke word minder gelees en al daardie wysheid wat in die boeke is, word nie gevind nie. Omdat die beeldradio allerhande programme het, probeer mens nie om dinge self uit te vind en self te leer nie. Al hierdie avontuur word vergeet en 'n mens word basies baie lui. 'n Mens se uitkyk op die lewe word beknop en ons begin om alles wat die beeldradio aandui, vir soetkoek op te eet. Hierdeur word ons slawe van die kykkassie.

Die programme self is meesal derdeklas programme en wat dit nog erger maak, is dat daar geen keuse is nie, en omdat die mense so baie van die beeldradio hou, is hy maar net tevrede met wat uitgesaai word. Sommige van die programme is nogal baie leersaam, byvoorbeeld dié wat oor die natuur handel. Maar dit sal van meer waarde wees om self in die veld te gaan loop om die blomme en allerhande ander mooi dinge te beskou. Daarom blus dit die lus vir leer en dinge uitvind.

Dit breek ook die familielewe op. Families gaan deesdae nie so graag uit nie en doen ook minder dinge saam. Skoolkinders hou meer van die beeldradio as van skoolwerk of sport. Dus vorder hulle nie so goed in die skool nie, die een plek waar hulle iets van waarde omtrent die lewe kan leer.

/...



Daarom, oor die algeheel, is die kykkassie 'n ware mors van tyd waarin beter dinge gedoen kan word. Ons sal maar net moet wag om te sien of die situasie in die toekoms sal verander wanneer die Suid-Afrikaanse volk daaraan verveeld word om slawe van die kykkassie te wees. Mag ons nie lank moet wag nie!

Lilian Dudley

"Isn't your life extremely flat
When there's nothing whatever to grumble at?"

...

How could the human race survive without something to
grumble about?

Can you imagine what old Mrs Grundy's life would be like
if there were no teenagers? She would have nothing to do.
She spends hours every week busily writing to magazines
and newspapers, moaning about the youth of today. "Ill-
mannered, dirty, no sense of taste, immoral and wasteful,
an utter disgrace." She tells of their loud, unmusical
music, their brightly coloured clothes, their hairstyles
and their habits. "Can't they behave like young ladies and
gentlemen just as we did when I was a girl?" Of course,
she forgets what her grandmother thought of the Roaring
Twenties. What could be wrong with the Charleston, cloche
hats, ankle length dresses and parties till twelve?!!

What would the students do if there were no Apartheid,
Vietnam or Shah of Iran? They would go back to work
and concentrate on studying. There would be no demon-
strations, no policemen would be killed, no innocent
bystanders shot down by mistake. There would be no
excitement at having escaped the danger to liven the
dullness of learning, day after day; no thrill at making
your views public.

Imagine this school at breaktime, with all the girls
on the lawn. What would they talk about if there were
no other girl with her eye on "that deevine guy I met
last night"; no girl who wore the same outfit; no party
that was awful? And what if the price of clothes was
low, if you could wear make-up to school, if exams were

/...



abolished, if there was not so much to learn for Science and it was easy to stay on a diet? There would be nothing to moan about, no conversation and no delicious gossip. How boring!

Now think of a woman, sophisticated and elegant, about 40 (she looks 30). Her life has been easy; a beautiful house, servants galore, a trip to the Cote d'Azur once a year, two round-the-world trips on the QE II, diamonds and minks and a rich, doting husband. What would she have to say if Cecily Stanhope was not living with an artist, Roger someone-or-other; or if Elizabeth Taylor ("Dear Lizzie") had not just remarried; or if Yves Saint Laurent has not complimented that "ghaaastly" Mrs Chandlers on her figure; and what if Miss Esmeralda Swithin had not bought that dress that she wanted ("she looks too, too terrible in it, my dear!"); and if "Darling Eddie" (her husband) had not refused to buy her that million-dollar diamond ring? My dear, her life would be quite unbearable, in fact she would rather be dead!

If workers got wages that were not too little, and taxes were not far too much, there would never be strikes, the dole would be obsolete and there would be plenty for all. No unemployment and no dismissals, then who would need trade unions? A blue-collar worker would go home on a Friday with plentiful pay, he could not bunk work or shirk during strikes and where would the fun of the Government giving in to the trade unions go? How dull and how boring, what a hard-working life!

Seriously now, if nothing was wrong, there would be no excitement, no enjoyable malice, no excuse not to work and no sympathy for all you have to put up with. We humans thrive on moaning; we use it to liven up our dull, ordinary lives, to unleash all our pent-up frustrations. So "isn't your life extremely flat when there's nothing whatever to grumble at?"



BIG AND SMALL

That fire which
burnt up so many
lives

was only started
by one small
spark

Sally Edwards



Dulce et decorum est
pro patria mori

YES!

(the decision to drop the atom bomb).



Silence sat,
Silence watched.
Happiness cringed as
Laughter shrank -
Sadness spread, while
Tragedy twitched.

Meanwhile:

Noise ran
Noise swung
Birds peppered trees,
Children littered seas.
Happiness blossomed and
Laughter teased,
while
Sadness sank
and
Tragedy died.

Life lived!
Death died!

* * * * *

Saliva loosened
Dry lips wet

One word,
One syllable,
One mouth.
The sand - YES

/...

Silence sat, -
Silence watched -
Silence
C R A C K E D.



Life died,
Death lived.

Shirley Glyn

Letter from Cathy Aubrey,
an old Jagger girl

Dear Jagger,

Sue has asked me to let you know briefly what I've been doing since I left. Before informing you of my various escapades, I would like to wish you luck with the magazine and hope you continue to do well.

Having done 'A Levels' at Uppington School in the road at Newcastle University in the frozen North of England doing a Bachelor Arts Degree. A lot of spare time at University has been used up with my being madly and totally involved with Drama. It was a quite experience in fact to do a bit of back stage work with the Royal Shakespeare Company while they were up in Newcastle. Otherwise I've done a bit of travelling mainly to see a part of Europe. I was in Paris over Easter which was fascinating studying all the various aspects of art. In a few weeks I'll be in America - hopefully if the D.C. 10's get off the ground!

With best wishes,

Catherine Aubrey

SWAPO BOMB VICTIM



A defenceless child,
Young
Yet victim already of our adult world.
His eyes are empty;
Fear fled centuries ago,
Nothing can ever frighten him again.
His body still naive and childlike -
Shows the savage marks of inhuman humans,
Of the world which will rear him
To adulthood.

Will he then remember,
Or will he in turn shatter the world of
Yet another defenceless child?

Carolyn Newton

DISASTER OF MANY



The only road he could take was the one into the town. He ran. He felt as if his lungs would burst like perished balloons.

Richard King had been on the run for two days. He had escaped from a German prisoner of war camp because he was to be tortured the next day, as he had some important information from England, useful to Germany. If he did not tell them, he would be shot in case he talked. He had been noticed in his escape and the Nazis were closing in on him all the time and from all directions.

This Tuesday night in 1943 was very cold (this Richard never realised, for he was frightened). Snow was expected soon. The moon was small and cast little light. Trees hung over the narrow road which Richard had chosen. The one he would have preferred to take, led up into the mountains and across into neutral Switzerland. The Nazis had realised this and were guarding that route very carefully. Behind him on the road more Nazis were running with their guns raised, ready to shoot as soon as they saw him. He felt like a rabbit running from hungry wolves. Deep down inside him, Richard knew that even more Nazis were waiting for him in the town. He also knew that he was too weak to face the firing squad and die for his country. It was his disgust with himself that made him able to keep on running.

Soon he saw the lights of the town approaching, and to his absolute horror, hordes of Nazis were running towards him. There were actually only about seven men, but the exertion and fear made him see many more. He heard the distant thud of feet behind him; he was trapped. It was the most horrifying moment of his short life. He collapsed and lay flat on the earth, panting, clawing at the ground like a mad thing.



A warning shot rang out, but he did not heed it.
He could not and would not run any more.

A high-ranking officer grabbed his collar and tugged him to his feet, with a sneering grin set in his face. Richard was far beyond caring any more. He hardly knew who or what he was. He just kept on refusing to tell the information.

Finally the officer, red in the face with anger, barked out a command in German. Richard saw rifles lifted ready and that was the last he knew as the shots re-echoed. His body lay mauled by so many shots at such a close range. A hole was dug next to his body and it was pushed in and uncaringly they shovelled sand over the top.

Richard was not the only young man to whom this type of disaster befell in the Second World War.

Wendy Wilson



WAR

Under the black cloak of night,
People fear.
Watching, listening,
For the enemies to strike.
Fight, kill, murder, blood.
That's what happens?
White corpses,
Scattered and rotten.
Suffering, agony, pain,
They bear it.
Brave and determined,
They bear it.

WAR!

Debbie Bell

Letter from Sung-Yung Lee,
an old Jagger girl

JUNE 9 1978

HI EVERYBODY.

REMEMBER ME?! I BET YOU'RE ALL SAYING TO YOURSELF "WHO WANTS TO REMEMBER THIS CRAZY GIRL!" HA! I KNOW A WHAT YOU ALL ARE THINKING. I WAS GOING THROUGH ALL MY LETTERS WHEN I CAME ACROSS THE LETTER SOME OF YOU GALS WROTE TO ME. THANK. I GUESS IT HAS BEEN LONG TIME SINCE WE WERE IN TOUCH. WELL, HOW'S SCHOOL LIFE? LAST YEAR AT SCHOOL AREN'T TOO BAD, ARE THEY? I AM GLAD TO SAY I GRADUATED ON JUNE 3. I WENT THROUGH THE DUMP CEROMONY - WEARING WHITE GOWN AND CAP. I WAS SO SCARED. I WAS AFRAID THAT I WOULD FALL OR SOMETHING WHILE WALKING UP TO GET MY DIPLOMA. WELL FRIENDS, SUNG YUN, HERE CAN SAY, SAFELY, THAT "I AM OUT OF SCHOOL!!!" NOW I HAVE LONG VACATION TILL SEPTEMBER BEFORE I GO TO COLLEGE. I BEEN OUT OF SCHOOL SIZE!!! THE WEATHER IS GETTING HOTTER EVERYDAY. TIME FOR ME TO LOOSE [DON'T FORGET] I SHOULD KNOW!!!!!!!!!!!!

FOR 5 DAYS AND I AM BORED TO DEATH: 2
YOU WANT, I SORT OF WISH I WAS BACK
IN SCHOOL - BUT NOT FOR LONG. ALL I
CAN SAY IS - ENJOY THE SCHOOL LIFE
BEFORE IT'S OVER. YOU'LL MISS IT - AT
LEAST A LITTLE. HOW WAS TENNIS AT
SCHOOL THIS YEAR? IS RUTH STILL
HITTING THE BALLS WHILE ~~HE~~ HITTING
YOUR GAYS HEAD?!! I MISS YOU ALL
VERY MUCH. I WOULD LOVE TO GO BACK
TO ~~SO~~ CAPE TOWN - ONE OF THESE DAYS.
AMERICA IS O.K. THE GUYS HERE
ARE GREAT. YOU SHOULD SEE THEM DURING
SUMMER - AT THE BEACH. MOST OF THE
ARE MACHO MEN!! I, PERSONALLY GO
CRAZY FOR BLUE EYE, BLOND HAIR GUYS
BUT I CAN'T BE TOO CHOOSY. I'LL TAKE
THEM ANY COLOR OR MOSTLY ANY
SIZE!!! THE WEATHER IS GETTING
HOTTER EVERYDAY. TIME FOR ME TO LOOSE
(DON'T FORGET) I SHOULD KNOW!!!!!!!!!!!!

SOME WEIGHTS, IN ORDER TO FIT
INTO MY LAST YEARS SUMMER CLOTHES.
I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW MANY
OF YOU ACTUALLY REMEMBER ME BUT
THOSE WHO DO, JUST DROP ME
A CARD. I HAVE PLENTY OF TIME THIS
~~YEAR~~ SUMMER TO WRITE ANYWAY.
MY ADDRESS.

SUNG YUN LEE
5082 WESTMORELAND
TROY, MI. 48098
U. S. A

"JAGGER" I WISH YOU BEST OF LUCK.
AND TO THE HEAD GIRL AND ALL
MY FRIENDS - "GOOD LUCK." ♣

LUV:

SUNG YUN LEE

P.S. SOUTH AFRICAN GUYS ARE GREAT TOO
(DON'T FORGET.) I SHOULD KNOW ?!!!!!!!!!!!!



DEATH OF A POET

He picked up his pen
by the light of the moon
and wrote his last words in tune to his mood.
As the moon disappeared behind the clouds
and the wind, like a dog, cried and howled
his mind went hazy
his body went cold,
out of his hand dropped his pen
and his head fell on to his desk.

The air became strange
and everything changed.
All was silent.
Death crept in.

The dog shuddered, and stared, and then ran
to be by his master's side
as he breathed his last breaths of life.

The old man,
lonely
had knowledge, imagination, wisdom,
presence of mind
and could command his words
to speak for themselves.
He gave all this to the world,
and still more,
he gave his love.

He asked for no money
and was perfectly happy to be poor.
Yes, nothing did he have
and very little did he want -
someone to love,
and to be loved in return.

/...

He radiated love and warmth,
but everyone,
like sheets of lead,
repulsed his affection.
Yet he was not sad.



In the summers of long ago
he would go for walks with Fido.
They would sit by a lake
and watch the swan's mate as he swam
gracefully to her side.

In the winters of long ago
he would build a fire
and would sit
in his rocking chair
with a candle to make light
on the one side, and on the other,
beloved Fido.

Now his seasons are over,
his light has faded away
and darkness has taken over.
The black day has carried him away
into the valleys of death.

His eyes that were dark and deep,
his hands that were withered and worn,
his mouth that spoke words of love,
his heart that was happy and yet heaved,
all lie hidden in a little wooden box -
his body, like his poems,
lies enshrined, covered and bound.
No harm can touch him now.

And here his bones are laid,
his body sleeps in a cold bed.
His flesh, food for worms,
his poems, food for us.



God used the principles of nature
to create language,
and the principles of language
to create man.

ہمدردستان میں کون شخص ایسا ہے جس نے موسمی بخار کی تکلیف
 نہ جھیلی ہو۔ اگست، ستمبر، اکتوبر اور نومبر کے مہینوں میں لالہوں
 میرد عورت اور بچے اس بخار کا شکار ہوتے ہیں۔ اگر یہ کسی کی
 ہلاکت کا موجب نہ بھی ہوتا ہم اس میں تو کلام نہیں کہ بہت سے
 لوگوں کا کاروباری دن تک بند رہتا ہے۔ اپنے علاوہ عزیز
 رشتہ داروں کو بھی تکلیف ہوتی ہے۔ اور دوا دارو میں خرچ ہوتا
 ہے۔ و الگ اس سبب میں ہم تمہیں بتائیں گے کہ اس بخار
 کے پھیلنے کی وجہ کیا ہے۔ اور اسکا تدارک کیسے کیا جاسکتا ہے۔ ان باتوں
 کو خوب یاد رکھو۔ اپنی اور خلیق خدائی حفاظت کرو۔



INDIA

During the Monsoon climate in India a certain amount of people suffer from a fever.

During the months of August, September, October and November thousands of men, women and children suffered this fever.

Due to this fever, quite a few businesses had to close down. Families had to suffer. A great deal of money is spent on medicine and doctors. The best remedy to cure this fever is medicine and faith in God. Think of him and pray to Him for help.

Naseema Banderker

AANGENAME HERINNERINGE



Die man in die mooi swart pak klere het regop gestaan en rondgekyk - weer op die plaas van sy kinderjare.

* * *

Tien jaar lank was dit sy lewe en sy wêreld - sy verlede en sy toekoms. Hy het daar opgegroeï, met kort hare en kortbroek, vuil knieë en sterk beentjies. Tussen die huis met die rooi gordyne en die sementstoep en die boeremusiek (altyd die boeremusiek) en die stille kranse wat op die kim staan, het hy oor rotse en stof kaalvoet gehardloop. To hy terugkom, was sy oupa op die sementstoep - die oupa wat net soos 'n storie-oupa is, met 'n lang sagte wit baard, geen tande, 'n pyp en veldskoene wat hy self gemaak het.

Skool. Tien jaar oud. Hy was in die kombuis, besig om stywe pap met sy vingers te eet, toe hy eers daarvan gehoor het. Dit was sy moeder se idee. Kosskool in Bloemfontein ...

Drie maande later het die mure van sy lewe oor hom geval. Die eensaamheid van die seun as hy in die volklaskamer sit, het hy nie vinnig vergeet nie. Sonder die plaas, sonder die sementstoep, sonder die kranse in die verte, die stories van die Bybel en die plaasvolk wat hom Basie genoem het, het hy gevoel dat daar niks was nie.

Maar hy het verander. Die wêreld het wyer geword. Hy was 'n baie slim kind; hy wou meer weet van die wêreld. Daar was nie genoeg geld om terug plaas toe te gaan gedurende die vakansie nie, en vir hom was die kranse van die plaas nie meer die kim nie ...

/...



ʼn Beurs na St Andrews. ʼn Beurs na die Universiteit Kaapstad.
ʼn Jaar aan die Universiteit Cambridge. Vier jaar as die
jongste lid van die Volksraad. Die "wonderseun". Daarna
het hy Johannesburg toe gegaan. Op veertigjarige ouderdom
was hy ʼn bestuurder van Anglo-American, getroud met ʼn
Engelse meisie, met drie kinders, en ʼn groot salaris.

Op veertigjarige ouderdom het hy weer die plaas besoek.

* * *

Die man in die swart pak het lank gestaan en gekyk.
Toe buig hy om sy skoene uit te trek. Hy het weer
regop gestaan - die man in die pak, kaalvoet in die
stof ...

Tessa van Ryneveld



Boland Trail

THE WIND



The day had started as a warm sunny morning, but by mid-morning the gentle north-westerly breeze had strengthened, and a large accumulation of protective clouds enclosed the sun. The air had become thick and heavy like a poorly ventilated room that has been supplying oxygen to a large number of people.

The storm was not only apparent by the muggy air, but also by a thick bank of billowing cloud which dominated the sky, forcing its way through the bowing masses.

Soon the winter storm developed into a furious frenzy of flying leaves, and the monster wind prowled in the writhing trees, and they strained in angered leash. The last nervous twitter of a bird ceased as it found the contented shelter of the roof, and I wondered where all the other life had gone to while the ravenous storm prowled around its terrified domain.

The cursed clouds scudded across a curried sky in the dim light of a midday storm, while the wild wind whipped white water from the worried waves.

The same water and waves that had been calm and serene, and had lapped contentedly at the yellowed sand, now stood up like a striking snake, hooded and harmful. But the rugged rocks stood and faced the furious foe, never flinching. The fierce fighter struck with bold determination, but each time the thundering rocks resisted with steadfast ease, and the venom was deflected and shattered and shot high into the air, to fall again slowly and uselessly back into the spitting turbulence.

/...



The proud and obstinate waves refused to retreat, with the result that much energy was wasted on this battlefield, but not enough to prevent victory elsewhere.

Replenished by rushing rivers, the roaring rogue turned its tongue to an alternative source of satisfaction. Having surrounded and crushed it, the serpent swallowed the sailing ship from bow to stern - sailors, rigging and all. It is wretched that a delicate bark should disappear into the pitiless depths, without a trace. But it is nature that ensures that only the fittest can survive.

Having asserted itself as superior to sailing ships, the sea sought revenge on the wretched rocks that had recently resisted. It rose and spat and bit and scratched and tried every other foul tactic, but once more the rocks remained undaunted, and it was the sea that was thwarted.

Demoralised, the reptile retired reluctantly, and rolled restlessly around the unruffled rocks.

Elsewhere things were relaxing as the desert sand which had sped soundlessly across the vast expanse of the sandy sea, began to settle.

Friends were made, and dunes were made when the sand settled as the wind dropped and DIED.

Ruth Butters



Island bird

Mandi Scott

MY ISLAND



I woke up - my head buried in the sodden sand and the angry white water reaching for my feet. I staggered to my feet and then I remembered ... I looked towards the east across the vast ocean and saw the last of my boat disappearing into the sea. Ahead of me was a desolate island.

After a few days, I faced the reality and decided that there was nothing to do except to explore and fend for myself. I became particularly fond of nature and walked for hours. I admired the multi-coloured wild flowers that were more impressive than any other wild flowers I had ever seen. My favourite spot was where the water fell straight down, making a fresh noise from a high cliff into a deep, crystal-clear pool, and flowed further down the mountain, gurgling and babbling over the stones. I spent hours there, swimming and chasing the golden fish in the fresh water. I sat on huge water-lily leaves and looked at the vegetation. It was so lush that it was almost like a jungle. Round the pool, the ferns were thick. The stones were slippery from the moss and the whole island had a lovely scent.

Little rock rabbits and wild rabbits came out from their hiding places, twitching their noses and pricking their ears. They hopped about and then dashed back into the bush when I approached. There were beautiful blue and red parrots with long tail feathers, and buck grazed in the open fields. In the evenings the sky was a glow of red, blue, orange and yellow. It was a paradise!

There was a crash in the kitchen and then I really woke up. It was strange to see a house and I wished I could have stayed just a few days longer on that island.

Linda Bettison

LE PETIT PRINCE



"Le Petit Prince" d'Antoine de Saint-Exupéry n'est pas seulement un livre d'enfant mais un grand oeuvre philosophique. Le livre "Le Petit Prince" a trois idées principales. Ils sont:

"On ne voit bien qu'avec le coeur. L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux";

"Chaque personne est en effet tout seul dans le monde" et

"C'est le temps qu'on a perdu pour quelque chose qu'on aime qui le fait si important."

En effet, dans ce monde modern, on juge si vite sur les impressions de dehors. Nous sommes devenus les vrais "grandes personnes" sans imagination, qui ont toujours besoin d'explications et on ne peut pas voir derrière un visage comme un enfant. C'est le même dans le livre. Les grandes personnes ne sont pas capables d'imaginer un éléphant dans un serpent boa.

La deuxième idée est que, avec tout ce que nous avons fait de nous encercler des amis, nous sommes toujours seuls. Chacun de nous est une petite planète dans l'univers de l'inconnu.

La troisième idée est que, si on perd beaucoup de temps sur quelque chose, ça devient très important. Comme la rose dans le livre, puisque c'était elle que le Petit Prince a arrosée, mise sous globe et abritée avec un paravent. Ainsi, cette jolie fleur est devenue très importante et a eu une grande importance pour ce malheureux Prince.

A travers ce livre on voit aussi des autres philosophies, peut-être moins intéressantes mais assez vraies. Du roi, on apprend que les ordres doivent être raisonnables et que la chose la plus difficile à faire, c'est de juger soi-même. Le renard nous donne une définition de l'amitié,

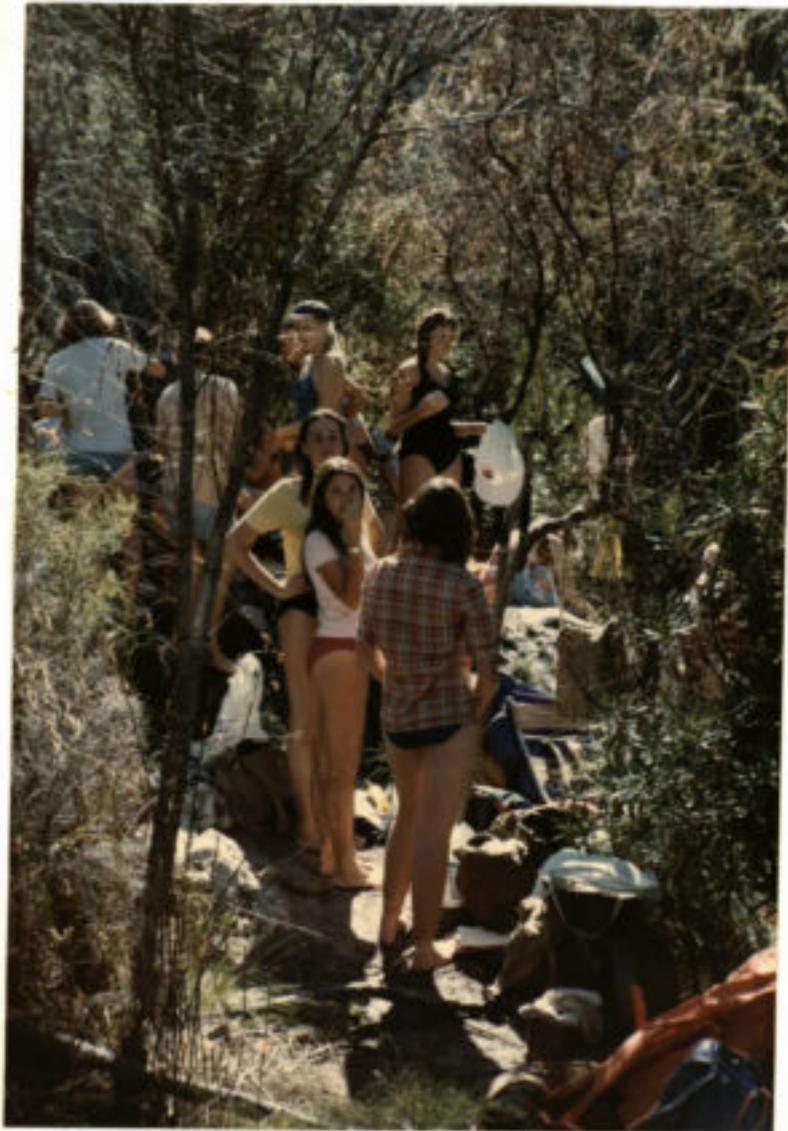


de "créer des liens" et aussi on apprend qu' "on ne connaît que les choses que l'on apprivoise" avec apprivoise dans le sens de l'amour.

Le thème principal de ce livre est l'amour. Je crois que la seule chose qui peut réunir les gens dans ce monde, c'est l'amour.

Marjorie Filmer

BOLAND TRAIL



Std 8 Geography Class

GLORY TO GOD FOR DAPPLED THINGS

(with apologies to Gerard Manley
Hopkins)



It's an old-fashioned sort of day -
A country picnic could I say?
The grass with crystal diamonds shine,
But shed not tears, only laughter mine.
The oak trees covered with emerald plume,
Not with jealousy, but Nature's bloom.
Long grass swaying and politely obeying
My quickened step and skirt aflaying.
Crystal brooks weave their way
meandering, chuckling, but cannot stay.
Portly mice their collection make,
As chestnuts fall as for their sake.
Birds a-twittering, secure in their belief
That life is for the birds, and therefore quite a treat!
And then with striding legs apace
Dappled horses the horizon race.
The sky behind is a sheet of blue
Creating silhouettes that are artistically true.
Their tails behind them like paint-brushes swish
So that buildings and skyscrapers are no longer my wish.
The beauty of that scene in my mind still rings
As I make my prayer: "Glory to God for Dappled Things."

Shirley Glyn



DER BAUM

Ein riesiger Baum stand mal in der Wüste
Ganz alleine und einzam.
Freunde hatte er keine, aber darum het er sich nicht gekummert.
Doch er hatte Freunde!
Es waren die Vögel und Tiere um ihm herrum.

Das einzige das er nicht halte, war gesundheit.
Er hatte nie regen bekommen
Und jedes Jahr ist er mehr verwelkt
Bis am Ende ...
Er mit seinen Freunden abschied machen müsste.

VOGEL

Vögel sind wunderbar,
Sie können singen und immer in Friede leben.
Weit fliegen können sie auch
Ihr eigenes Futter suchen,
Überall schlafen,
Weder in Bäumen oder Dächern.

Vögel sind friedlich und immer freundlich
Sie können alles sehen
Alles was Man sich vorstellen kan.
Vögel sind sehr interessant
Sie ändern in Farbe und Stam
Vögel sind einfach wunderbar!

Nadine Gramann

LA PLAGE



Il fait beau, le soleil brille, la mer est bleue,
il n'y a pas de vent. Nous arrivons à la plage.
Nous avons mis nos maillots de bain et nos chapeaux
de paille. Papa a apporté le parasol. Maman a
apporté un sac à provisions plein de déjeuner.
Mon frère est en train de gonfler le matelas
pneumatique et j'ai mis mon bonnet de bain.
Il fait très chaud. Tout le monde nage.
Nous nous dirigeons vers le large. Il y a
beaucoup de monde qui se repose sur la sable.
Les enfants s'amuse dans l'eau - j'ai appris
à bien nager. Mon frère a plongé d'un rocher,
il fait si beau "crawl"! Maman se baigne dans
l'eau chaude près de la plage, en même temps
que Papa fait trempette. Tout à coup "Au secours!
Au secours!" C'est le skieur nautique qui a capoté.
Il y a un moment de suspense puis la figure riante,
reparaît donc! Tout va bien maintenant, la foule a
quitté la plage, nous nous habillons à toute vitesse
et nous nous dirigeons vers l'automobile. "ZUT!"
dit papa - "J'ai perdu mes lunettes de soleil."

SUDWEST



Südwest ist ein wunderschönes Land, mit seinem wolkenlosen Himmel und der Krassen, doch anziehenden Landschaft. Es hat eine einzigartige Schönheit, die einen sofort anzieht - öder auch abstößt. In diesem Land ist die Natur der Herr und bestimmt das Auf und das Ab von allem was in Südwest lebt. Die Dornenbäume charakterisieren das Land. In winter stehen sie kahl und brutal blätterlos, worunter die durstigen Tiere nicht viel schatten vinden. Das Veld ist trocken und fängt oft an zu brennen, dadurch die Hoffnung manches Farmers, wertvolles Weideland und viele Tiere die sich nicht rechtzeitig vor den Flammen retten konnten, vernichtend. Das ganze Land sehnt sich nach den Sommerregen, die Erquickung und Blüte für die Natur versprechen.

Die Namibwüste ist ein anderes Gesicht Südwestafrikas, so dicht am Meer wie sie liegt und so zauberhaft sie aussieht, hat sie doch schon viele Leben gefordert. Die Etosha Pfanne im Norden wird von Jahr zu Jahr von vielen Touristen besucht.

Das Land ist reich an Bodenschätzen: Uran, Kupfer und Zink im Norden, Marmor bei Karibib und natürlich die Diamanten bei Lüderitz. Die schönen Sandrosen die unter dem Sand verborgen liegen, und die uralten "Welwitschia mirabilis" sind weitere Charakteristiken der Namib und Südwests.

Karin Reitner

UBUHLE BENTABA



Ndiyakuthanda ukuhamba entabeni kuba kuthule apho.
Apho kukho izilo ezininzi kodwa abantu abekho.
Ndiyazithanda izilo. Umntu angabukela iimbila
nemivundla zibaleka. Iintaka ezitsholozayo
emthini zizihlamba emlanjeni. Ingxangxasi
iwela esizibeni apho kukho amasele nentlanzi
equba. Isele elikhulu lilwa nentlanzi encinci.
Isele lifuna ukuyitya. Ndijonge ixesha.
Kusemva kwemini. Ubuhle bokutshona kwelanga
bundenza ndozele, ndizele, ndilale.

Translation:

I like to walk on a quiet mountain where there
are many animals and no people. I love the animals.
One can watch the rabbits and hares running.
The birds hum in the tree and wash themselves in
the rivers. The waterfall pounds down into a
big pond where there are frogs and fishes swimming.
I look at my watch, it is getting late. The beautiful
setting of the sun makes me doze off to sleep.

Caroline Blake



Tina Louw

EK HOU BAIE VAN DIE HERFS



Ek woon op 'n plaas in die Kaap. As die herfs kom, is ek altyd baie bly. Ek hou daarvan omdat dit nie vreeslik warm of koud is nie. Ons het baie bome op ons plaas en as die wind waai, dan val die mooi blare op die grond. Ek het 'n groot boek waarin ek die geel en rooi blare plak.

As die herfs kom, dan begin my ma om konfyt en droëwors te maak. Ek hou baie daarvan om haar daarmee te help. Al die kuikens raak koud gedurende die nagte, dus slaap hulle in 'n mandjie langs ons stoof. Terwyl hulle daar sit, sit ons voor die groot vuur. Elke aand brei my ma. Sy brei truië vir die hele gesin. Ons gaan ook na die stad toe om winterklere te koop as die herfs kom.

Ek is ses jaar oud en my vriendin, wat op die plaas langsaan ons s'n woon, is ook ses. Haar naam is Bettie en ons is groot maats. Ons kan die hele dag buite speel as dit herfs is, want dit word nie vreeslik warm of koud nie. Een keer in die herfs het ons so lank saam gespeel dat sy nie gesien het dat dit donker word nie; sy wou nie alleen huis toe loop nie, dus het haar ma haar toegelaat om by ons oor te slaap. Dit was baie lekker en nou probeer sy altyd om laat te wees sodat sy by ons kan oorbly.

Ons familie kom gedurende die herfs om ons op die plaas te besoek. Dit is vir my baie lekker, want dan kan ek saam met al my neefs en niggies speel. 'n Groot klomp van ons klim berg langs ons plaas. As my ouma kom, bring sy altyd vir my 'n present. Verlede jaar het sy vir my 'n pop en twee boeke gebring.

/...

Ek hou baie van die weer, die blare, die mense wat
kom kuier, en al die ander dinge wat in die herfs
gebeur, daarom hou ek van die herfs.



Joanne Hvidsten

THE BEE



The moon is shining brightly
In the sky a noise buzzes lightly
What is it ... ?
A bee - exquisite!

A tiny loop,
A gliding swoop.
She acts like a travelling acrobat,
Although she is a little too fat
For that!

Diane Cameron

DANISH



Er der ryddet
op på værelset?
Er tøjet lagt
på plads?
Er skoletasken
pakket?
Er tænderne
børstet og
hænderne vasket?

Sou så godt-god nat!

Translation:

Have you tidied
up your room?
Have you put
your clothes away?
Have you packed
your school case?
Have you brushed
your teeth and cleaned
your nails?

Sleep well, good night!

Elsa Vorster



even to fall from a fine horse is worthwhile

CHAPEL REPORT



As Herschel is a church school, the chapel plays an important part in the school curriculum. Up till June this year, the chapel has been out of use as a result of the building that took place. The library was thus used for communion services taken by Rev. Ian Eve. In summer, the boarders' evening services were held under the beautiful ilex tree. These services have become more informal and relaxed as on Thursday evenings usually one form takes the service.

The "new" chapel is now in use. It has beautiful stained-glass windows painted by the junior art girls. Spotlights highlight these at night. The chapel feels warmer as a result of the new tapestry kneelers that are now in use. An air-conditioner has been placed in the chapel and this will no doubt be much appreciated in summer.

Chapel funds as at 31 December 1978 are as follows:

Collection	R205 22
Choir	254 20
	<hr/>
Credit balance	<u>R459 42</u>

This year, one-third of chapel funds are to be donated to a charity, preferably a school.

Jagger members who belong to the Chapel Committee are:

Mandy Crutchley
Shirley Glyn
Philippa Jolly
Susan Hollinshead
Anne Meynell.

Mandy Crutchley (Secretary)

ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA



Jagger girls have participated in the majority of Oral Communication activities this half year, namely Forum Discussions, Debates, Eisteddfods and a Drama Workshop evening.

A number of girls took their turn under the spot-light in the highly successful school play, "Back to Methusalem" by Bernard Shaw, which was very ably produced by Mrs Saffery in the first term.

The following Jagger girls were awarded Oral Communication badges this year:

Celia Maud

Juilette Wormersely

Ceris Field

Jagger continues to take an active part in the Drama side of the school.

Juilette Wormersely

MATRIC DANCE



Liz and Tina working hard



Enjoyment at last at Jagger table



MATRIC DANCE REPORT

How does one describe and undecribe event?

Ceris Field, (Jagger), sitting dazed amongst the pot-plants on Saturday morning, glassily watching the paint peeling off the dining-room walls, summed it up perfectly.

"It was lekka!"

We approached the 6th April 1979, with utter confidence and boundless enthusiasm. Our theme was the "Moulin Rouge", (more or less as seen by Toulouse Lautrec), and spent our holidays at Tugwell Hall, (home of Tina Louw, consuming coffee and toasted cheese sandwiches and trying to reproduce Lautrec's can-can girls adn dirty old men on a slightly larger scale, with powder paints.

We had waited for years for our dance, so it had to be good - and it was, in spite of last minute hysteria. It was a beautiful evening, and the staff tables, with red and white tablecloths, lit with our glowing fairy lights, looked lovely outside. The band, "Touch Wood", was excellent, and the food, (thanks to Miss Way and the Std 9 Domestic Science girls), was delicious. The atmosphere was perfect, the totaly spontaneous enjoyment shared by all.

Our beautiful red windmill stood, the first tendrils of streamers only started fluttering downward from the roof towards midnight, and our fountain and pond with floating hibisci worked beautifully, although we were followed out of the dining room by a quater past twelve, by a thin trickle of water.

The after-party had a tremendous atmosphere. We hired a marquee and had it pitched in the Nichols garden, and danced the night away with an excellent disco. It was enjoyed by all, and a very casual atmospere allowed for conversation with members of the class that one did not really know before.

/...



The champagne breakfast was held at Jenny Andersons home. Although most people were totally exhausted by that time, and had collapsed, it was a lovely restful end to the evening.

Tessa van Ryneveld

Celia Maud

SHIRLEY GLYN

JAGGER CHOIR REPORT

Unfortunately many of our Herschel "nightingales" decided to "leave the nest" at the beginning of the year, thus leaving the choir a bit depleted - especially of matrics! Anyway, we soon filled the gaps, and began polishing our vocal chords in earnest, in preparation for the numerous projects we undertook this year. We have sung at three weddings so far, the most exciting being the wedding on Saturday 21st July of Frank Silberbauer - the son of our former headmistress. Then on Sunday 12th August we are to sing at the St. Saviour's church evensong, to be conducted by James Patrick. I'm sure we will all give of our best, as somehow it always feels like "home" in St. Saviours! Then last, but certainly not least, the Herschel choir, in combination with the Bishops choir, the Cape Town Philharmonic choir and Orchestra, are to sing at the City Hall on Tuesday 28th August in Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem". For most of us, this is our first attempt at singing a major work, and therefore the choir has plunged into this project with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Shirley Glyn, a matric Jagger, is vice-head of the choir.

The other Jagger members in the choir are: Tessa van Ryneveld, Marjorie Filmer, Phillipa Jolly, Caroline Marten, Louise Morrissey, Narine Graman.

The school play 'Back to Methusela' by George Bernard Shaw, performed in the first term.

This year Mrs Saffery chose a particularly ambitious play to produce, namely Shaw's "Back to Methusela" parts I and IV. That the play was ready so early in the year, and performed so successfully is really a tribute to Mrs Saffery's dauntless enthusiasm, energy and ability as a producer - preparing for 'Back to Methusela' was not always easy, and especially as it was to be performed outside.

Many difficult problems were encountered - the final straw of which was the necessity of having to change venue two weeks before "we were on"! This meant changes in choreography and scenery. Juliette Wormesly, (Jagger), assisted Mrs Saffery in tackling these problems most capably in her capacity as stage-manager. Mrs Montgomery, (Jagger), from the Art Department was in charge of spectacular scenery, and Mrs McAurg, (Jagger), organised the advertising most efficiently.

The play itself deals with Shaw's 'off-beat' philosophy concerning life. It lends itself to much imaginative production, of which Mrs Saffery took full advantage. Modern dance scenes, bright and interesting costumes and a charmingly natural out-of-door background under the stars looked most attractive.

The Jagger girls who acted in the production were; Ceris Field, Ann Whiting, Janice Hurst, Mandi Scott, Carolyn Newton and Celia Mand. Tessa van Ryneveld was prompt, (and served the purpose of much hand-holding of nervy actresses!)

Although the play was extremely hard work, it was a most interesting and beneficial experience for all who were involved in it.



LIBRARY REPORT

"A man should keep his little brain attic stocked with all the furniture that he is likely to use, and the rest he can put away in the lumber-room of his library, where he can get it if he wants it."

Herschels library is rapidly growing. So far this year, 222 new books have been placed on the shelves and many more have been ordered. With the help of the library prefects who cover, repair and generally help with library duties, old and well read books have been put back on the shelves.

Our new librarian, Mrs Meinert is encouraging more and more girls to read and the amount of books being read is ever increasing. Not only are books available in the library, but also language tapes which I am sure will benefit many.

A reading room, general working area and private working booths have been built next to the library.

Herschels library has been described as a harem. I do not think any Herschel girl would be able to deny this.

Mandy Crutchley

THE HERSCHEL BOARDING HOUSE - BEFORE BREAKFAST



Crash! Clang! Clang! Clang! That ***** bell! 6.55 a.m.!!
in the morning!!!

7.15: our duvets are brutally ripped off our groggy shivering bodies by those ***** house-prefects. Really they have no pity on our poor slumbering bods. For five minutes you stagger about like a lost soul suddenly landed in heaven with no idea where the loos are.

At about 23 minutes past, you wake up to the realisation that you have two minutes to wash, brush and dress. The bell goes as you are standing starkers except for your knickers, bra and stockings. Frantic rush, dash downstairs, round quad and into line to discover that you are one of the first - and that the ***** house-prefects have mysteriously vanished (back to bed).

At 7.30 all are assembled and we troop into the dining-room to start tucking into one of Miss Way's excellent breakfasts.

Margaret Orford

INTERHOUSE NETBALL



Jagger / Merriman



NETBALL REPORT



Herschel's standard of netball continues to increase and 1979 has proved to be a successful year . Our congratulations go to Tina Louw and Shona Commins who were chosen for the W.P. trials.

A very keen Jagger netball team faced the inter-house netball this year and came first with a good victory of 28 goals to Merriman's 20. Jagger and Merriman drew on points and a goal count had to be taken.

We would like to thank Miss Kable and Mrs Hudson who organised and ran the competition, without whom the day would not have been successful.



Tina Louw

JAGGER HOCKEY REPORT



Although the Interhouse Hockey fell on a rainy day, our spirits were not dampened. The afternoon was most enjoyable with Merriman winning by three goals and Jagger and Rolt tying second. Well done all girls who took part.

Ruth Butters and Mandi Scott are to be congratulated on being invited to the Western Province Schools Trials. Unfortunately Mandi was ill and could not take part in the Trials, but Ruth showed her skill and was chosen for the team.

Jagger's hockey has improved immensely and hopefully next year we will win the interhouse Hockey.

Susan Rowland



R. BUTTERS

SQUASH REPORT

1978 proved a very successful squash year for Herschel, who came second in the Inter Schools Competition. Unfortunately, it was not as good for Jagger, who faced strong competition in the Inter House Tournament, and had to accept third position.

The 1979 Inter Schools and Inter House Squash tournaments are still to be held later on this term. We hope that it will be as successful for the school as last year was, but a little more successful for Jagger.



R. BUTTERS

TENNIS REPORT

A very keen and determined Jagger team faced the Inter House Tennis Competition held in the fourth term of 1978.

Our strength lay mainly in our U.15 team, which won the junior section by beating Merriman by 11 games and Rolt by 16 games. Unfortunately the very strong Open Merriman team proved too strong for the Jagger girls, who had to accept second place.

The overall result was Merriman first, Jagger a close second and Rolt third. Our sincere thanks go to Mrs Hudson for the organization and running of the tournament.





Interhouse Gala



'Cheering Squad'

SWIMMING REPORT



Jagger's swimming season has been successful. We came second in the inter-house gala, but our team spirit and co-operation was definitely tops. Well done to all the girls who took part.

Special congratulations must be conveyed to Monique Biebuyck for being selected to represent Western Province at the S.A. Schools in Bloemfontein.

Jagger's standard of swimming has improved this season. Perhaps with a little extra effort we will win the inter-house gala next year.

Michèle Jacobson



GALAS



These are gruelling events of pure physical labour that result in many minor injuries for non-swimmers. You don't think so?

How about almost burst eardrums from the girl-next-door's particularly loud screech of "JAGGER!" and the hoarse, ravaged throat from your own hearty yells. Have you thought of the wounds inflicted by too-long nails dug into the soft pink flesh of your palms - caused by sheer nerves, of course.

I am sure heart specialists would flip their lids if they realised the tremendous strain on the poor old ticker caused by these awful afflictions - swimmers who insist on winning (or losing, as the case may be) by a fraction of a bathing cap.

Nevertheless they are great fun for all, so keep it up, Jagger !!!

Margaret Orford



Michèle diving to win



Teachers' Race

RUTH BUTTERS

DIVING REPORT

As usual Rolt had a very strong diving team, but all its members were forced to dive to their full potential, as Jagger was frighteningly strong competition.

Jagger's U.15 diver Bridget Longmore dived neatly and accurately to win that section of the diving, to bring Jagger into a very close second position behind Rolt in the overall result.

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SUSAN HOLLINSHEAD

S.A.C.L.A.

Shortly after the Pan African Christian Leadership Assembly (PACLA), had taken place in Nairobi in 1976, the vision grew in the hearts of many to have a similar conference in South Africa. After two years of planning and preparation, we at last came together at SACLA in Pretoria from 8 - 15 July.

As SACLA drew nearer I became more and more excited. I did not know exactly what to expect but I knew that it would be a tremendous and very worthwhile experience.

God is doing something new in South Africa. He is bringing people together to seek His answers. Christians in this country are increasingly convinced of the need to look afresh at God's dynamic way for South Africa. God has the answers; it is up to us to seek them, obey Him and allow Him to unfold His will for South Africa.

Many Christians have begun to follow His call. In obedience to the call of God and in the light of the serious situation and the great opportunities in South Africa today, Christian Leaders associated with SACLA, felt led to bring together as wide a cross-section of South African Christians as possible.

SACLA was open to Christians of all cultural, racial and denominational groups. It was great to be able to communicate with Christians from all walks of life. At SACLA, racial barriers were broken: we were all one in Christ, united in love and fellowship. I went to SACLA in anticipation, wondering what God was going to say to us. Well, He showed us the great need to love and accept one another. We discovered that where Jesus is Lord there are no barriers. We can't change the unjust system of this country but Christ can. We must give ourselves completely to Him and fall in with His plans. We, as Christians, must be God's instruments of healing of this country.

At SACLA God was seeking to draw together and reconcile His Church. The Churches are not fulfilling their purpose as witnesses to Jesus because they have become very disunited as a result of racial and denominational barriers. The Church must set the example as Christ's Church - an alternative society to the present society of oppression, inequality and injustice. If Jesus is Lord of everything, He will help us to love each other and will work through us to solve our problems to heal our land.

Of course it was impossible to solve in ten days, at SACLA, the problems which have developed over the centuries. But the seed has been planted. We must take up the challenge to be Ambassadors for Christ.



Ad dei Gloriam