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The Head of Jagger Anne Meynell
with our faithful mascots



The backbone of the community
our prefects from left to right (seated)
Louise Morrissey, Sue Lanfear, Anne, Luanna
Shonfeld
Standing: Dot Douglas and Suzie Muir

Mrs Hall , Mrs Montgomery , Mrs McCormick



These three got away...

- this one didn't



Mrs Westgate , Page Littleford
and Tisa

J A G G E RSTD 10

J Breen
A Chapman
D Douglas
P Hill
C Jackson
I Jones
S Kilcullen
S Lanfear
A Meynell
L Morrissey
S Muir
C Rideout
K Reitner
L Shonfeld
K Tripp
K Visser

STD 9

N Albert
S Albertyn
L Bettison
M Biebuyck
S Commins
R Cooper
D Dixon
F Fraser
N Gramman
D Kent
P Littleford
D Lengner
E Longmore
H Marten
L Merrington
E Morrissey
G Mountain
M Orford
S A Seymour
P J Tanfield
M L vd Hoorn
E Vorster
W Wilson
S Wynne-Edwards

STD 8

Z Adams
N Banderker
D Bell
L de Waal
E Doyle
K French
K Hardisty
J Hvidsten
J Kilcullen
C Lanfear
C Littleford
I Matolengwe
C Mayhew
J Macfarlane
A Robins
L Rowland

STD 7

E Carson
V Clark
S Cross
V Green
N Grosser-Hofer
K Jameson
K Kirkman
A Leith
M Malherbe
P Mandindi
O Saunders
J Stallard
J Sedgwick
L Willis

STD 6

J Clark
R George
J Growse
L Horn
G Hunt
C Isted
K Jurgens
R Karjiekker
D Louw
A Moultrie
L Mountain
P Muir
S Murray
B Oswell
N Rhoda
M Ross
S Rossouw
C Tedder

Jagger House



en masse

JOHN WILLIAM JAGGER.

Our school house has been named after a great man, John William Jagger. In his time he had a lot to do with Herschel, contributing our magnificent hall in honour of his wife. Our library is also named after him. This man was a commercial leader, an industrialist, a pioneer in the political field and an educational benefactor.

Born in Yorkshire in 1859 he came to Cape Town when he was twenty-one, where he established a large, wholesale drapery business with branches in Johannesburg, Rhodesia and elsewhere. He also established certain factories. His commercial enterprises were prosperous. He became president of the Chamber of Commerce of South Africa, during his many years with these respective bodies. His commercial classes during the Second Anglo-Boer War later became the Cape Technical College. His time was also taken up by various committees that he stood on such as the Cape Town School Board and the Harbour Board. Herschel was founded because he thought it necessary to have a girls school.

An ardent free-trader and devoted student of blue-books, Jagger was keenly interested in economics and statistics. Being an active member of the Glaser Union Society led him to represent the Cape at a National Convention. Jagger, the politician, was largely responsible for making Cape Town the legislative capital. He represented Cape Town Central in the House of Assembly for 27 years, first as a progressive, then a Unionist and later a member of the South African Party. He became Minister of Railways and Harbours in Smuts' cabinet.

Jagger's hobbies were fruit-farming and forest plantations on his Lourensford estate in Somerset West.

His interest in education can be seen when as a council member for the University of Cape Town, he donated £100,000 to this institution, which became the foundation of the Jagger chair of economics, the Jagger scholarships and the Jagger Library. He bequest a further, large sum for the purchasing of English books for school libraries and the holding of English speech competitions. His name occurs many times in the history of Herschel and Bishops.

It is indeed an honour and a privilege that our school was founded by this man who was such an integral part of life in and around Cape Town nearly sixty years ago.

Ad dei gloriam.

H. Marten.

HOUSE REPORT

House Mistress: Mrs. McCormick

Head of House: Anne Meynell

House Prefects: Susan Lanfear, Juanna Shonfeld, Dot Douglas

This year has been full of green activities. We have not achieved many 1st places but the tremendous Jagger spirit still lives on. However, with a little more determination and commitment, we could still win the future interhouse competition with flying colours.

In netball, we came a close second. The U15 team swept their opponents off their feet, but unfortunately the open team lost marginally to Rolt - the overall winner. We were, nevertheless, pleased with our efforts.

As well as coming 2nd in the netball, we also came 2nd in the Interhouse Swimming. We are proud that Monique Biebuyck is in our house because she is a Western Province swimmer and was selected for S.A. Schools swimming. Congratulations to Cecily Littleford who won the Breastroke Cup.

Tisa van der Hoorn and Anne Meynell were selected for the final of the Western Province hockey trials, but unfortunately were not selected for the team. The Interhouse Hockey, though not entirely successful, was enjoyed by all and there was a good house spirit.

Badminton, a relatively new sport at Hersch as been successfully participated in, by many Jagger girls; the captain of

the/.....

the team is Hillary Marten. Another member, Sarah Cross, was selected to represent W.P. in Badminton and squash in the U19 section.

On the cultural side Jagger is pulling its weight. Out of the 5 girls who received choir badges this year, 4 were Jagger girls. The head and vice of the choir, Christina Rideout and Louise Morrissey are both Jagger girls.

Ashley Chapman is to be commended on her outstanding efforts as an impromptu speaker. She was selected to speak in the Inter-schools Public Speaking competition and did very well. On behalf of the house I would like to thank Mrs Gilham for her unflagging interest in the house's activities and for always being available when crises develop. The magazine committee deserve a "pat on the back" for all the time, effort and work they have put into this magazine.

Finally, a big thank you to Mrs McCormick for all her enthusiasm and her unfailing optimism in the house's ability. Without her, Jagger would not be the same.

Many thanks to the Jagger prefects who have been beside me all the way and have always had unfailing spirit.

Anne Meynell
HEAD OF HOUSE
1981

G

G

E



JAGGER

Dear Jagger members and other readers,

The inter-house magazine contest is held annually at Herschel and is run by the std.9's of each year. In my opinion, a house magazine should give a reflection of the house and the spirit within that house. The production of the magazine requires concerted effort and cooperation between the editing committee and the house members. It is an interesting and novel undertaking for me to have edited this magazine with the help of my committee, and I must say that I have enjoyed it. On the whole people were friendly and helpful when it came to handing in entries.

It is hard to think up original ideas as previous magazines have been so good but we have tried our best to have articles that people will find interesting. Several Jagger girls are extremely accomplished and they have shared their skills with us. Some of the creative writing is of a very high quality. I hope you enjoy reading this magazine and good luck to next year's editors.

the editor,
Margi Orford.



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— Tisa van der Hoorn



Our two crazy art editors

— Fiona Fraser



Monique Biebuyck



Sports Manager



HILARY / MARTEN
ASSISTENT - EDITOR

MORAL SUPPORT : PAGE LITTLEFORD

HEALTHY HELP



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VEGETARIAN DISH

Adzuki Pilau

2 cupsful of whole brown rice
1/2 cupful adzuki beans
3 cupsful of water
1 teaspoonful sea-salt
1/4 cupful sesame seeds
1 onion chopped
450g mixed vegetables chopped
3 tomatoes
3 tablespoonsful ghee
handful of raisins
parmesan cheese

Pressure cook rice and beans together with water, once cooked leave pan standing for 15 mins. and then drain off all the liquid. Fry onion and raisins in ghee until onion is golden. Sauté the chopped vegetables and tomato in ghee until tender. Fry sesame seeds in butter add all the pre-cooked vegetables and onion mixture to the rice and stir gently for 5 mins. Serve garnished with sesame seeds and parmesan cheese.

Karin Visser.

Jaggo Meusli

5 cups oats
1 cup linseed
1 cup chopped almonds
1 cup coconut
1 cup wheat germ
1 cup bran
1 cup sunflower seeds
1 cup oil
1 cup honey
1 cup powdermilk
2 tsp salt.

Put all the ingredients onto a roasting pan and place in the oven at about 100°C for the entire afternoon. Scratch up the meusli about every twenty minutes to ensure that the bottom doesn't burn.

Jaggo Juice.

3 carrots
1 apple
1 pineapple
several oranges and/or grapefruit

Place in a blender and drink plain or add soda to taste.

JAGGER HEALTH PLAN.

Jagger girls all have excellent figures (obviously). However, some effort must go into retaining such excellent shapes. The Magazine committee has therefore gone to some trouble to work out an extensive health plan for all beauty conscious Jagger girls.

Firstly:

A Diet - The Jaggo Clinic Diet

Breakfast

1 Bowl of special Jaggo Meusli
1 cup of coffee or tea (black)
1 glass Jaggo juice

Mid - morning

1 glass Jaggo Juice (recipe in this magazine)

Lunchtime

1 Bowl Jaggo salad
1 slice of cheese
1 apple or orange
1 glass Jaggo Juice

Mid - afternoon

1 glass Jaggo Juice

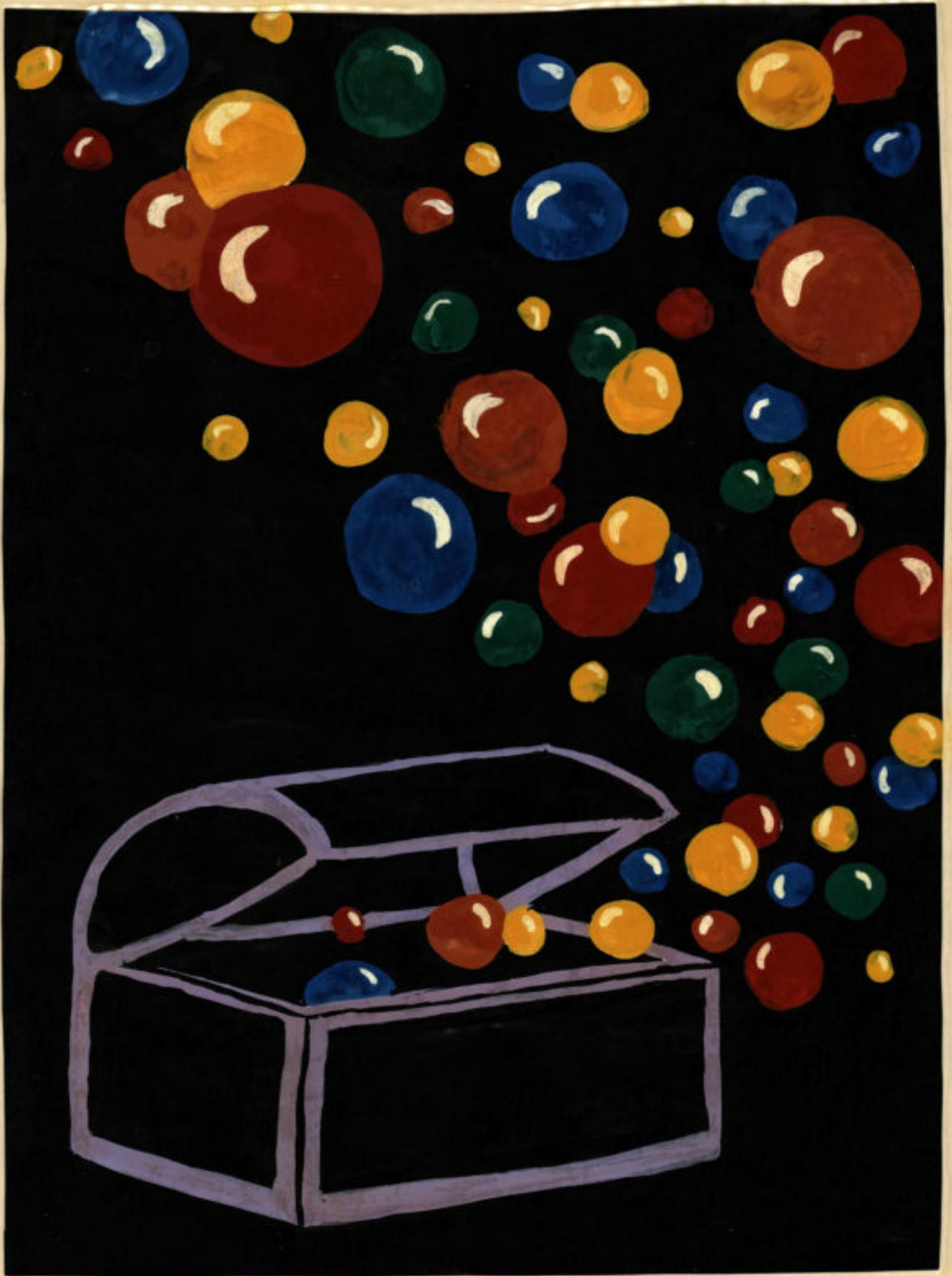
Dinner

either grilled chop , or small steak or chicken à la Jagger
two lightly cooked vegetables
1 glass Jaggo Juice.

the Editors.

WORDS OF INSPIRATION





PANDORA'S BOX

Suzie studio
Muir

GUILT.

It touches
then retreats
hesitatingly it approaches again
It touches
then cringes back
it moves boldly forward
It touches
and clings.

Kerynne French.

A CRESCENDO.

A spiral of sound
Rising in volume.
A moment suspended
In immobility,
Imprinted on the mind,
An unforgotten eternity

Then an anticlimax
of descending notes
A rush of movement
Ending in silence.

Alisa Leith.

COOL.

A silent courtyard
All in shadow
Cool
Damp bricks
Covered with moss
Cool
The tall tree
Rustling silently
Cool

A beam of moist
early morning sun,
Disturbs the unbroken
Cool.

Alisa Leith

OU FLEKKIE.

Ou Flekkie was n brakkie
met geen potentiaal
Sy baas die was n vette
maar die kinders was maar skraal

Eendag het kleinbasie, Johannes
Skoonveld weggeraak
Sy Pa, die ou vette
het nie geweet wat om te maak

Hy roep toe die polisie in
maar hulle was magteloos
Hy roep toe die brandweer in
maar dit was hopeloos.

Almal sit toe in n bondel
en
Wat sal hul nou doen
om diè sokie op te los.

Toe verskyn daar op die toneel
n hond van pure daad.
Hy trek n polisieman so aan sy mou
en lei hom by die bergpad op.

Daar kom ons polisieman
toe by die beseerde aan.
Johannes het n af ledemaat
en nog te veel om van te praat.

Ou Flekkie is n brakkie
met Groot potentiaal.
Hy is nouwel n brakkie
maar sowaar die slimste in die Kaap.

English Poem.

THE TRAP.

Quietly the animals graze,
Lifting their heads to sniff
the fresh morning air.
A rabbit scuttles by,
the others start,
And a shrill scream
penetrates the morning air.
The animal struggles madly,
Clawing the ground in a desperate
attempt to free itself.
Turning,
Twisting,
Fighting the steel jaws
that imprison its leg.
Teeth gnaw,
Blood spills,
the rabbit hobbles away
into the darkness of the undergrowth.

C. Rideout.

FIRE.

As it crackles and roars
The trees groan in agony
Creaking, slowly swaying
Then crashing down to earth.

The fire gallops through' the burning forest
Collecting the unscarred trees
And leaving heaps of ash.

It hisses at the stampede of animals
And it reaches out to grab them
As it wooshes forward
The frantic flap of the fleeing birds
Irritates the fire
His victims have escaped !

The monster leaves behind burnt trees
And homeless animals
It's anger subsides
It's job is done
So with one last satisfied sizzle
it dies.

Philippa Muir.

A FAWN IS BORN.

My mother's gentle lick
touched my face;
I opened my eyes and
all I could see was silhouettes
of trees and everything else was white;
My mother smiled at me,
and beckoned me to stand
I tried,
back legs first, but failed.
I tried many times but fell hopelessly
to the ground:
My mother's nose gently nudged me from behind,
I finally stood.
We walked side by side into the
horizon !

Vanessa Clark

7w

FOG.

It came,
Slowly moving silently
through the city.
Its huge hand clamped down
on everything it touched.
It thinned and
went, leaving cold and dampness
behind !

Vanessa Clark

7w

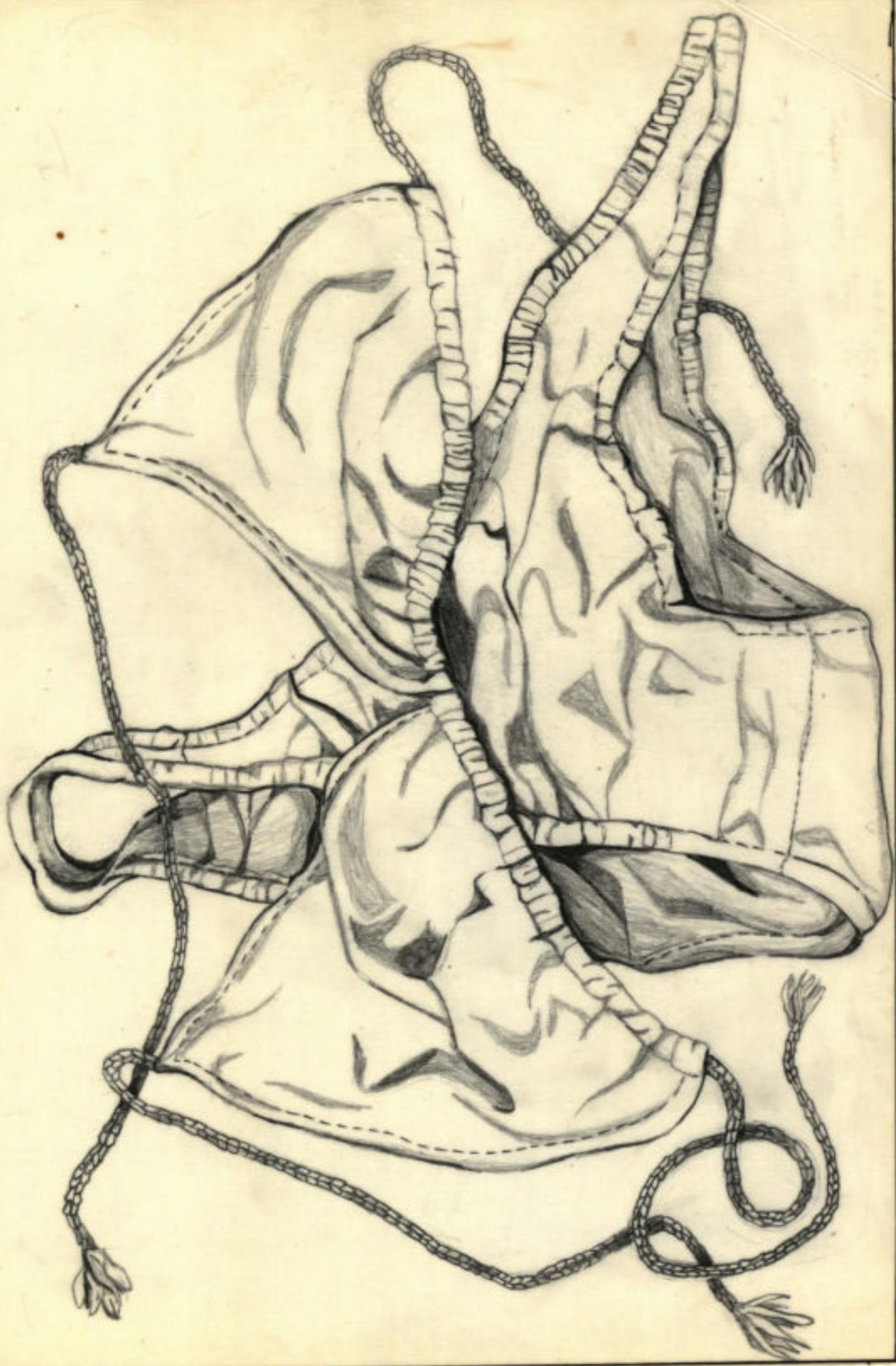
THE LIGHTHOUSE.

As he stands on guard
With a flashing lantern
He warns the world
Of dangers coming
And reminds them
Of things gone past.

Bennita Oswell

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PENCIL STUDY OF A BIKINI

Tisa van der Haarn s1d19

FOREIGN
CORRES —
PONDENCE



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DENMARK IN DANISH.

Denmark is a small country in northern Europe, with a population of about 5,000,000. As you can see from the map it consists of Jutland and several islands, the largest of which are Zealand, Fuhén and Laaland. Except for some moorland and sandy wastes on the west coast of Jutland, most of Denmark is good agricultural land, and a large part of the population earns its living by farming. Denmark exports a great deal of bacon, butter and cheese mainly to Britain. As might be expected fishing is another important industry. The capital and chief port of Denmark is Copenhagen.

Christmas in Denmark.

Christmas in Denmark is celebrated on Christmas eve instead of Christmas day as is done here. The traditional dinner is! Roast goose, red cabbage and sugar glazed potatoes. For pudding rice pudding is served. I must honestly say that the enthusiasm of the Danes for rice pudding seems to me hard to understand. They trim it with butter, cinnamon and sugar, but it remains pretty dull none the less. However in this pudding is one almond and whoever gets the almond in his or her pudding gets a present and luck for the next year. In Denmark the children believe in little mischievous elves called "nisse". To prevent the "nisse" from doing tricks on them they leave a bowl of rice pudding out for him on Christmas eve. The Christmas tree is especially beautiful. It is laden with traditional ornaments. On every branch the Danes fasten a candle. I have been fortunate enough to experience many Danish Christmasses right here in South Africa. The only difference is we don't have rice pudding !

Elsa Vorster.

Danmark er et lille land i det nordlige Europa med en befolkning på ca. 5 millioner. Som vist på Landkortet består landet af Jylland samt flere store og små øer, de tre største er Sjælland, Fyn og Langeland. Med undtagelse af Vestjylland er det meste af jorden i Danmark velegnet til landbrug, og en stor del af befolkningen har landbrug som deres erhverv. Danmark eksporterer store mængder af bacon, smør og ost til England, som man sikkert forstår er fiskeri også en stor industri i Danmark. Hovedstaden er København, som også er den største havne by i landet.

Jul i Danmark.

Juleaften den 24 december er højtidelig holdt med middag og gaver i stedet for juledag som skik og brug er her. Den traditionelle julemiddag er gæs, rødt kål og sukkerbrunede kartofler. Som budding er det også en gammel skik at man får risengrød. Hvis jeg skal være ærlig kan jeg ikke forstå Danskernes begejstring for risengrød. De pynter på det med æmel, sukker og smør; men alligevel er det ikke særligt spændende. I denne budding er lagt en hel mandel, og den som finder mandelen i sin portion får en ekstra jule gave. I Danmark tror børnene på nisser. Hver juleaften sættes et fad med risengrød ud til julenisserne, så de ikke spiller de sædvanlige narrestreger. Juletræet er altid meget smukt pyntet med ting som børnene selv laver plus mange mange lys. Jeg har selv været heldig nok til at opleve dansk jul her i Syd Afrika.



ABAHBBO BAM - MY FRIENDS.

Ndnabahbbo abaninzi. Suja esikoiweni eHerschel. Ngamnye anaxesha ndinhala eClaremont noJackie okanye noMoira Kodwa eneneni ndihlala eSt James ngaselnandle.

Enva kweenvino sihngiselela umgidi. Sithanda sonte nkuya elnandle ngempela veki. Ndinomhlobo onlala ekhini. Sushalehana yanke imihla. Akahandi ukuhlala ekhini, ufuna ukuhlala ekapo ngokukodna eSt James apho ndikhoyo. Igama lakhe nguRozanne. Inwele zakhe zimnyama. Enva kwesikolo uza kuya eyunwesithi ekapa.

Ndithanda abanbbo banke bam kakhulu. Ndithemba siza kuhlala singabahlobo abainandayo xesha elide.

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I have lots of friends. We go to school at Herschel. Sometimes I stay in Claremont with Jackie or Moira but I truly stay at St. James near the sea !!

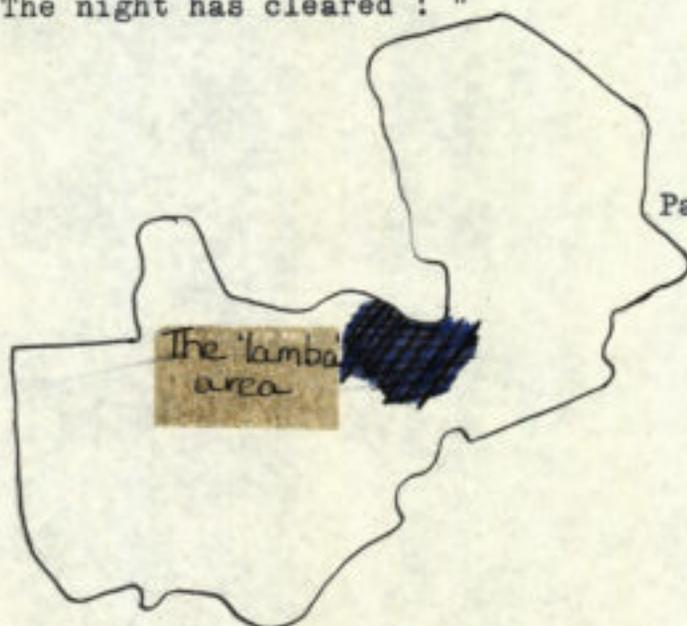
After exams we arrange a party. We all like to go to the beach during the week-end. I have a friend who stays in Grahamstown. We write to each other every day. She doesn't like to stay in Grahamstown, she wants to stay in Cape Town especially at St. James. Her name is Rozanne. Her hair is black. After school she will go to university at Cape Town !! I like all my friends a lot. I hope that we will stay friends for a long time.

Shona Commins

A HUNTER'S SONG in "Lamba" one of the many
languages, spoken in Zambia.

Akale lukoso akale,
Nali muyinga akale !
Nali kwipaya akale !
"long, long ago,
I was a hunter long ago !
I used to kill long ago ! "

Bwachya, wo wo ya ya !
Pono bwachya, bwachifo 'wushiky
Awapalu wanama waliweme, bwachija !
Walepaye 'nama, katulya - po,
Burachyo 'wushiku !
"Tis dawn, ta ra ra !
Now tis dawn, the night has cleared !
Hunters of game are fine, tis dawn !
They kill game, and we eat of it.
The night has cleared ! "



Page Littleford.

A PROPHETIC ADVICE. IN HINDU

أت الرسول صلعم قال لرجل : اغتنم خمس قبل خمس : شبابك
قبل هرمك وصحتك قبل مرضك وغناك قبل فقرك ومهلك قبل شهلك
ومباينك قبل مرضك

في هذا الحديث علمنا الرسول صلعم أن الشباب لا بد أن يحتفظ
عمره بالصحة والصروف لأنه يكتب الغيرة ولما يتنزل بالفساد
فلا فائدة له

وصحتك قبل هرمك لأنك إنسان المريض لا يمكن أن
يعبد الله بأمله وأيضاً لا يحتفظ الأمانات محمول عليه

وغناك قبل فقرك لأنك إنسان الراض برزق الله
دائماً في طاعة الله والغير المتكور مشغول بدنياه

ومهلك قبل شهلك لأنك من أي إنسان لا يشتغل بالدين
فإن الثواب عظيم والفاصل له ندم

ومباينك قبل موتك لأنك كل الأشياء ما فعلت في حياتك أنت
مسؤول يوم القيامة

PROPHET OF ISLAM SAID TO A MAN AS HE WAS ADVISING HIM.

APPRECIATE FIVE THINGS BEFORE FIVE: YOUR YOUTH BEFORE YOU
BECOME AGED; YOUR HEALTH BEFORE YOU BECOME SICK; YOUR
WEALTH BEFORE YOU BECOME POOR; YOUR LEISURE BEFORE YOU
BECOME BUSILY OCCUPIED; YOUR LIFE BEFORE YOU DIE.

IN THE ABOVE ADVICE WE WILL FIND A LOT OF WISDOM.

"YOUR YOUTH BEFORE YOU BECOME AGED" FOR A PERSON IS CAPABLE OF
DOING WORKS DURING THIS PERIOD OF HIS YOUTH OF WHICH HE IS
INCAPABLE IN THE YEARS OF HIS OLD AGE. IF A YOUTH BECOMES ACCUSTOMED
TO DOING EVIL DEEDS, HE CANNOT EASILY REFRAIN FROM THEM IN LATER
YEARS. THEREFORE, ALL YOUTH SHOULD BECOME INVOLVED IN GOOD'S
DEEDS FOR IT WILL THEN BE MANAGEABLE FOR THEM TO CONTINUE
WHEN THEY ARE OLD.

"YOUR HEALTH BEFORE YOU BECOME SICK," FOR A HEALTHY AND STRONG PERSON IS ABLE TO EFFECTIVELY CARRY OUT ALL MATTERS CONCERNING HIS PROPERTY AND PERSON AND HE SHOULD THEREFORE ENGAGE HIMSELF IN USING HIS PROPERTY AND BODY FOR GOOD DEEDS, FOR SHOULD HE BECOME ILL, HIS BODY WILL BECOME WEAK FOR DOING RIGHTEOUS WORKS.

"YOUR WEALTH BEFORE YOU BECOME POOR," MEANING THAT IF YOU ARE CONTENT WITH THE WEALTH GOD HAS GIVEN YOU, UTILISE IT CORRECTLY AND DO NOT ASPIRE TO WHAT IS IN THE HANDS OF OTHERS. A TRUE BELIEVER SHOULD SPEND IN ALMIGHTY'S CAUSE BEFORE SUCH A TIME WHEN YOU ARE DEPRIVED OF YOUR RICHES.

"YOUR LEISURE BEFORE YOU BECOME BUSILY OCCUPIED," THIS IS MEANT THAT BY NIGHT ONE IS AT LEISURE, BUT BY DAY IS BUSILY OCCUPIED. THEREFORE ONE SHOULD SERVE GOD BY NIGHT DURING THIS PERIOD OF LEISURE. THE LONG NIGHTS OF WINTER SHOULD NOT BE SHORTENED BY SLEEP AND ITS BRIGHT DAYS SHOULD NOT BE DIMMED BY SIN.

"YOUR LIFE BEFORE YOU DIE," BECAUSE AS LONG AS A PERSON LIVES, HE IS CAPABLE OF DOING DEEDS, GOOD OR BAD, BUT WHEN HE DIES THERE IS AN END TO ALL HIS DEEDS.

PERSIAN SAGE HAS SAID: "WHEN YOU ARE A CHILD, YOU PLAY WITH CHILDREN; WHEN YOU ARE A YOUTH, YOU ARE MADE CARELESS BY WORLDLY PASTIMES; WHEN YOU ARE OLD, YOU HAVE BECOME WEAK. SO WHEN WILL YOU DO WORKS FOR GOD, EXALTED BE HE." MEANING THAT YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SERVE GOD AFTER YOUR DEATH. ONLY DURING YOUR LIFE ARE YOU ABLE TO MAKE DILIGENT PREPARATIONS FOR THE TIME WHEN THE ANGEL OF DEATH COMES TO YOU. A TRUE BELIEVER SHOULD ALWAYS BE MINDFUL OF HIM, FOR WE KNOW NOT WHEN HE WILL APPROACH US.

ROSHAN-ARA KARTIKER

type only English

JAGGER MAGAZINE - XHOSA ENTRY

UBUKRISTU.

NdingumRoma. Ukholo lnam lunye. Yanke imihla ngecana mna nosapho inam siya ecaweni ukucula amagoma. Siphula phula umntu ofunda e Bhayibhileni. Kukho intyatyambo ecaweni ealtareni. Sifunda ngothixo. Nduja egumbini elincuci ndiwume izono. Ndithembe uthixo; ndithanda uMary kakhulu uThixo noMary bap-hakathi kureonu sonke.

Kukho abantu, abangamnandiyo uthixo. Bacinga ukwaa akangomdali. Yonke imihla ebusuku ndihandazela uxolelo hwezono zam. Ndicela uxolo eliweni.

.....

CHRISTIANHOOD.

I am a Roman Catholic. I have one faith. Every day on Sunday my family and I go to church to sing songs. We listen to a person who reads the Bible. There are flowers in the church on the altar. We learn about God. I go to a small room and confess my sins. I trust God. I like Mary a lot. God and Mary are among us all.

There are people, they don't like God. They think that he isn't God. Every night I pray for my forgiveness. I ask for peace in the world.

Shona Commins.



INFINITY

Tisa std 9
van der Hoorn

LA SOIRÉE AU THÉÂTRE.

Jeanne est mon amie. Elle m'a demandé de vous raconter l'histoire d'une soirée au théâtre. Alors, je vais vous parler au sujet de la pièce qui s'appelle "La cimetière des voitures" dont l'écrivain est Fernando Arrabal.

Lundi ma famille et moi sont venus au Théâtre du Cloître où nous avons vu "La Cimetière des voitures". Nous sommes arrivés au Théâtre à huit heures. En entrant, nous avons donné de l'argent à l'ouvreuse parce que c'est poli en France de lui donner quelque chose.

Le Théâtre est en plein air. Il n'y a pas de rideau et quand on cherche les places, on doit traverser la scène. Le décor était magnifique et les lumières étaient blancs pour créer l'image de la nuit. La pièce était montée par "La Troupe Molière".

Alors, à huit heures et quart, "le rideau" s'est levé. La pièce était au sujet de la mort de Jésus-Christ. L'homme qui a représenté Jésus-Christ s'appelle Emmanou. Il y avait une prostituée qui s'appelait Dila. Elle a représenté Mary Magdalene. Elle était amoureuse d'Emmanou. Emmanou avait deux amis qui sont appelés Jopé et Fodère. La pièce est montée dans une cimetière de voitures, et il y avait des gens dans la pièce qui sont tous enfermés dans les voitures. Ils ont représenté les gens qui ne veulent pas accepter Jésus-Christ, mais qui rient quand ils avaient peur. Il y avait deux personnages qui représentaient la police. Ils étaient très apte, mais très militaire à la fin.

Les policiers cherchaient Emmanon, et Jopé leur a dit qu'il sait où était Emmanon. Jopé a représenté Judas. Quand ils ont trouvé Emmanon, Jopé est devenu presque fou parce que les policiers ne pouvaient pas trouver l'argent que Jopé a demandé. Enfin, ils le trouvaient mais Emmanon était livré par Jopé, et cela était très triste. Il y avait aussi un bébé dans cette pièce qui a représenté l'espoir. Puis les policiers avaient demandé à Fodère s'il connaissait Emmanon et il le demandait trois fois. Fodère a représenté Peter.

Emmanon était fouetté et puis il est mort, mais il y avait deux personnages qui l'aidaient à porter sa croix. Ils étaient le concierge du cimetière des voitures, et Dila. C'est une pièce assez moderne, et intéressante, mais très émouvante.

Jeanne m'a dit aussi que vous devriez venir au Théâtre lundi. Alors, n'oubliez pas de donner quelque chose à l'ouvreuse. Eh bien, maintenant je dois partir. Au revoir."

Louise Momssey.

LA TEMPÊTE.

Le pêcheur s'est levé de bonne heure ce matin. Il voulait être bien installé déjà quand les autres pêcheurs du village arriveraient. La vie dans un village de pêcheurs n'était pas très confortable, parce que tout dépendait sur les courants qui emmenaient des poissons. Mais, pour les pêcheurs, c'était que le premier aurait l'avantage.

Alors le pêcheur a quitté sa maison pauvre et il est allé vers son bateau de pêche dans l'havre. Au bout d'une heure, il était bien installé dans son petit bateau sur la mer avec ses deux lignes de pêche attachées à côté, mangeant son petit-déjeuner. Tout était paisible. La mer était calme et, avec joie, le pêcheur regardait le soleil qui se levait pour suivre sa route dans le ciel pendant le jour. Après quelques minutes, il a enlevé son chandail qu'il portait depuis son départ. Il regardait la côte, où les autres partaient, mais ils resteraient loin à côté - le pêcheur serait seul.

Qu'est ce qu'on fait quand on pêche ? On pense, naturellement. Un pêcheur est un rêveur aussi, parce qu'il est longtemps tout seul sur la mer. Voilà ce que faisait le pêcheur. Il n'a pas observé que le temps changeait, et le vent emportait son petit bateau de plus en plus loin des autres et de la côte. Il devenait froid et puis le pêcheur a compris qu'il était en danger. Les vagues devenaient plus hautes et l'embrun lui est arrivé dans la figure. Ses lignes de pêche se sont perdues et quand il essayait de gagner la côte lointaine, il a compris que ce serait impossible, car il y avait tout à coup la brume. La boussole dans son bateau ne marchait pas. Le pêcheur était seul et perdu dans la tempête qui se levait, mais il n'a pas eu peur, parce qu'il était pêcheur sur la mer depuis longtemps, et il avait vu beaucoup de tempêtes.

Pour quelques heures il essayait seulement de rester dans le bateau, froid et perdu. Il s'est senti miserable car, au début de la tempête il a plu très fort. Enfin, il est tombé dans l'eau froide. Heureusement il portait sa ceinture de sauvetage, et il a réussi à rester sur l'eau. Il ne savait pas où était son bateau, et il était vraiment seul. Il a bu beaucoup d'eau salée de la mer, et enfin il s'est évanoui. Beaucoup plus tard, les autres pêcheurs ont découvert l'épave du petit bateau du pêcheur perdu. On ne savait pas ce qui est devenu de ce pêcheur. Peut-être il est mort dans la tempête, mais peut-être un autre bateau l'a vu et l'a sauvé. On ne sait pas, parce qu'il n'est jamais retourné à son petit village et maintenant sa maison humble est vide.

Karin Reitner.

POURQUOI APPRENDRE FRANÇAIS

Le français est une langue très belle et élégante. On la parle aux pays différents du monde, et c'est pourquoi le français est devenu une langue universelle et diplomatique. Pendant le dernier siècle les Français avaient établi des colonies en Afrique, comme l'Algérie. Quand les Français devaient partir et devaient admettre l'indépendance, il y avait beaucoup de la France en Algérie, y compris la langue. C'est pourquoi toutes sortes de gens la parlent.

Au 18^e siècle, le français était la langue des savants. Un exemple de cela était le roi Frédéric II de la Prusse, qui était vraiment allemand, mais il parlait seulement français à sa cour, parce que c'était plus élégant et plus approprié pour un roi.

Il y a plusieurs raisons pour apprendre français. Si on aime voyager, savoir parler cette belle langue peut nous aider aux pays étrangers.

Aussi, plusieurs des auteurs renommés étaient français. Ça veut dire qu'une personne qui veut lire un ouvrage de, par exemple Albert Camus, il vaut mieux lire un ouvrage français en le texte original, parce que souvent dans la version, il manque quelque chose de mineure importance, mais qui a cependant rapport.

Moi, je veux apprendre le français, parce que moi aussi, j'aime la langue. Je veux faire des études de français à l'université l'année prochaine. Je voudrais aller en France pour un an, parce que je voudrais reconnaître des Français et apprendre un peu leur train de vie.

Aussi, j'ai des parents au Canada et quand j'irai là bas, je veux pouvoir parler français avec facilité si possible, parce que à Quebec, où mon oncle et ma tante habitent, c'est la langue officielle, suivie par l'Anglais.

Je veux apprendre des autres langues aussi, mais maintenant le français porte un défi enorme pour moi. Cette langue peut servir comme un fondement pour des autres langues romaines.

Karin Reitner.

LES JUSTES - ALBERT CAMUS.

L'histoire est au sujet d'un groupe révolutionnaire en Russie. Ce groupe consiste de Stepan, Annenkov, Dora, Kaliayev et Volnov. Ils voulaient exécuter le grand-duc et tout le monde saura qu'il a été exécuté à la bombe par le groupe de combat du parti socialiste révolutionnaire pour hâter la libération du peuple russe. Dora avait réuni le matériel nécessaire.

Volnov retourne pour les renseigner sur les meilleurs endroits pour la bombe. Yanek un Poète arrive à leur appartement et leur dit qu'il a vu la calèche. Stepan dit qu'il veut lancer la bombe, mais Annenkov, le chef du groupe, dit que les lanceurs ont déjà été désignés. Puis, Yanek, lui dit qu'il lancera la première bombe et Volnov lancera la deuxième.

Stepan sera dans la rue et il doit signaler à Dora et Annenkov pendant que Yanek et Alexis attendront la calèche. Koliayev ne pouvait pas tuer les enfants qui étaient dans la calèche du grand duc. Deux jours plus tard Volnov avait rassemblé son courage et a dit qu'il était témoin de la scène et à ce moment, il s'est senti faible comme un enfant. Dora et Yanek disent qu'ils aiment l'un l'autre. Stepan et Annenkov entrent et yanek part en disant qu'il tuera le grand duc et il y aura alors la paix, pour tout le monde. Il dit que "ce n'est pas lui que je tue mais le despotisme".

Sept heures sonnent dans l'appartement et soudainement Stepan et Dora entendent une explosion terrible. Stepan crie "Yanek a réussi ! O peuple ! O joie !

Kaliayev est dans une cellule avec un autre prisonnier au nom de Foka. C'est lui qui pend les condamnés et pour chaque pendu, on lui enlève une année de prison. Il a tué deux fois déjà ; alors c'est un bourreau, Skouratov, directeur du département de police, entre avec le gardien, pour dire que la grande-duchesse voulait visiter Kaliayev mais il ne voulait pas la voir, mais elle y tient. Elle lui dit qu'elle n'est pas son ennemie mais ils peuvent se rejoindre en Dieu, à l'endroit même du malheur.

Une semaine après l'assassinat du grand-duc. On attend l'exécution de Kaliayev. Stepan entre dans l'appartement en parlant de Kaliayev qui a déclaré, "Je vous ai déjà dit que j'en ai fini avec la vie et que je suis en règle avec la mort". Dora veut savoir tout les détails d'exécution. Elle dit que c'est le jour de la justification. Kaliayev est mort donc la vie est terminée pour elle. Elle veut être la première à lancer la bombe prochaine.

Suzanne Killcullen.

REPORTS



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JAGGER SWIMMING REPORT.

Although Jagger was unsuccessful in the swimming pool, our spirit made up for our losses ! After leading half way through the gala, Jagger was beaten into second place by Rolt. Don't, be discouraged, next year we will make it!

At the interschools gala, however, Herschel was very successful both on the stands and in the pool, winning the overall cup. Jagger was well represented in this event and congratulations to all girls who made our victory possible.

Congratulations to Tisa van der Hoorn, Robyn Cooper and Nadine Gramam, for being awarded their half colours. Well done!

Congratulations also go to Monique Bebuyck for representing Western Province at the South African National Swimming Championships where she reached the finals in both the 100m and 200m back-stroke; and for achieving 2nd place at the South African Senior Schools Championships.

Good luck to all Jagger swimmers for next season, and remember where there is a will, there is a way !



Monique Biebuyck.

Monique Biebuyck



Swimming champ of Jagger and
Western Province

SQUASH REPORT.

Although we have not yet played our Inter House Squash matches, we have high hopes of acquiting ourselves well, and hopefully carrying off the squash cup !

We are fortunate enough to have Sarah Cross, Tisa van der Hoorn, Nadine Gramman and Suzanne Kilcullen to call upon to play for us.

A special mention is that Sarah Cross was successful in being selected to play for the U15 Western Province side.

Jackie Kilcullen.





Sarah Cross South African Nationals
reverse

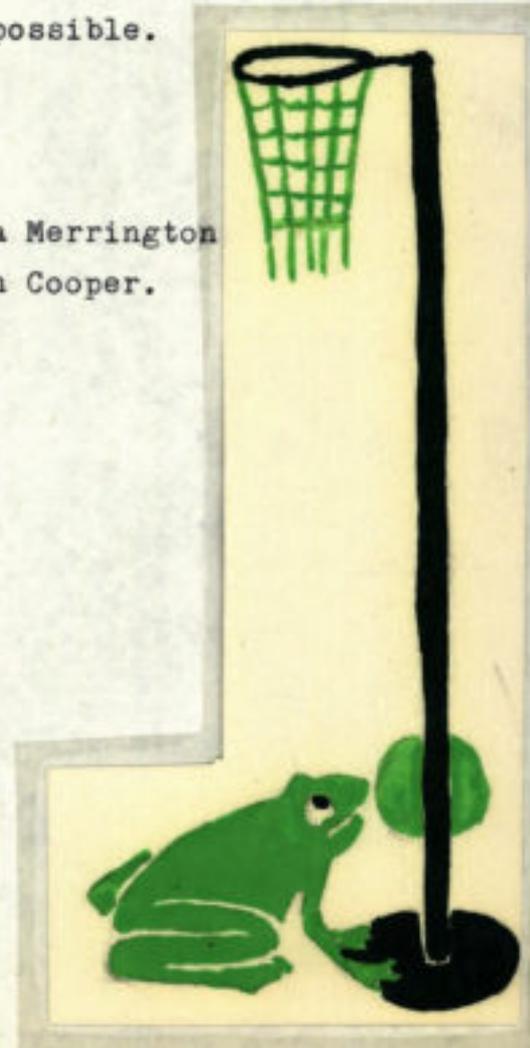
NETBALL REPORT.

Although coming second to Rolt overall, our Jagger open team won their section. Both under 15 and Open teams put up a strong fight. There were many enthusiastic supporters which added to the determination of the players.

Out of the seven girls chosen for Western Province Trials, five were from Jagger. They were Monique Biebuyck, Robyn Cooper, Linda Merrington, Shona Commins and Peta Tanfield. Our special congratulations go to Monique Biebuyck for getting into the Semi-finals. Although we did not win this year, our team spirit as always was tremendous.

We would like to thank Mrs. Hudson because without her organization inter-house netball should not be possible.

Linda Merrington
Robyn Cooper.



Jagger Netball Team



(left to right) Linda Merrington, Monique Biebuyck
Peta Tanfield, Sally Seymour, Shona Cammins
(seated) Robynne Cooper and Luanna Shonfeld

TENNIS REPORT

At the end of last year, Jagger was most successful in winning the Interhouse Tennis. We won the U15 section and came second in the open; Jackie Kilcullen and Sally-Anne Seymour are to be congratulated on providing a good standard of tennis. Half tennis colours are held by Anne Meynell and Shona Commins and new half colours were presented to Jacky Kilcullen and Sarah Cross. We hope this year will be just as successful as last year and that the cup will remain on the Jagger shelf.

ANNE MEYNELL





Anne Meynell

no shoes — the notorious
ruggedness of Jagger girls

HOCKEY REPORT.

The hockey of all the teams this year has improved tremendously compared to that of last year. This is largely due to our former hockey coach, Mrs. Goosen, who did so much for the spirit and standard of hockey of the school. Unfortunately, she had to leave but she has left a mark with us that will never be forgotten.

The Jagger Hockey Team did not do too well in the Interhouse Hockey but even this did not dampen the usual spirit of the team nor the House.

Congratulations to Anne Meynell (Head of Jagger) and Tisa van der Hoorn for getting into the Western Province Hockey Trials and then through to the Finals. Unfortunately, they did not make the W.P. Touring Team....but there's always next year for all of us !

Last but not least, keep up the good spirit and the promising hockey.



Tisa van der Hoorn
Anne Meynell (Vice-captain
of First Team)



We love you Jagger honey,
Inter-house hockey

HERSCHEL HOCKEY TOUR.

On the 24th July 1981 24 very excited hockey girls, comprising of 1st and 2nd team, left Cape Town station on their way to Durban. Thanks to everybody who came to see us off.

The train journey seemed longer than only three days, however it built up tremendous spirit it was also great fun making up new songs and singing them at almost every station. We certainly left our mark.

On arriving in Durban we all piled into a small bus and made our way to Umhlanga Rocks Hotel, where the hospitality was tremendous.

Our first match was against Eshowe in Zululand and after the match we invaded the Eshowe Agricultural Show which was most interesting and entertaining.

During the next week we played against Durban Girls High, Grovesnor, Pinetown, Miss Geldand's old school Epworth and Durban Girls College. The latter being famous for its field - the bowling green ! The first team won 1, lost 3, drew 2, while the second team was more successful winning 3, drawing 1 and losing one.

During the day we managed to do quite a lot of sight-seeing. We went to the Indian Market where most people spent all their money ! We also went to the fun fair, mini town, the dolphinarium, ten-pin bowling and ice-skating.

The train journey back went exceptionally quickly and we were all very sad to say goodbye to a person who has done so much for Herschel, Mrs. Goosen.

All in all it was a fantastic tour and an incredible experience never to be forgotten. Even though the team members are not all Jagger Girls I think that they are all worth a mention.

FIRST TEAM

Kate Saunders (Captain)
Hillary Jooste
Maggie du Toit
Tisa van der Hoorn (Jagger)
Chloë Ovenstone
Cecily Littleford (Jagger)
Janice Macmillan
Alison Macmillan
Monika Oelz
Anne Meynell (Jagger)
Niccy Jones

SECOND TEAM

Niccy Deal (Captain)
Jackie Rathfelder
Robynne Cooper (Jagger)
Suzy Muir (Jagger)
Naeline Granman (Jagger)
Tanya Landless
Lindsay Jones
Karin Krône
Toni Beck
Fiona McQueen

Reserves: Monique Biebuyck
Marie du Toit

Monique Biebuyck.

HORSE - RIDING.

During the June/July holidays a few of us Cape Town riders went up to compete at the horse show held in George. Although the weather was very disappointing, it poured with rain every day, we managed to make the most of it and to enjoy ourselves. Jo-Anne Sedgwick (Jagger) who was also competing had a very successful show and was also placed in various classes. We both, however, had our moments of triumph as we were each on different occasions, deposited onto the muddy arena, which towards the end of the show became very slippery. We all had great fun but were very grateful each evening to get back to the shelter of the Wilderness Holiday Inn, at which we stayed.

Sarah Wynne-Edwards.





Our Western Provence rider

Sarah Wynne - Edwards



JAGGER SAILING REPORT.

On the 4th October last year the Dabchick Interschools took place at Zeekoe Vlei Yacht Club. It was a hot day with light winds. There was a large turnout of 57 yachts and seventeen schools were represented. Herschel unfortunately was unable to field a full team and finished 13th. SACS took the cup for the third year running. The party in the evening was attended by several Herschel Girls.

The Optimist Interschools was held a week later at Imperial Yacht Club. Our team consisted of Penny Cheesman std. 4, Lesly Mountain std. 6 and Carolyn Mayhew std. 8. Grove Primary won the cup and Herschel came 16th out of about 19 teams.

The Windsurfer Interschools were held in June at Zeekoe Vlei Yacht Club. The water was icy cold, and it was overcast with occasional rain. The wind was blowing North-West 20 to 25 knots and only a quarter of the competitors were able to finish. The overall winner was Westerford.

I look forward to the coming sailing season and hope more girls will become involved in this sport.



Carolyn Mayhew.

CREATIVE WRITING



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WATER.

"What is water?" asked the child.

"Water," his mother replied, "is the life-giving essence.

It is so like us that we cannot survive without it".

But the child did not understand.

Like life, water originates some where. A mere droplet - the egg is the start.

It precipitates from the sky and is absorbed by perpetually thirsty ground. Here it quenches the thirst of parched plant-life. Likewise, the child emerges from the waters of its mother's womb. It cries. It is thirsty. It wants water. It is used to water - not milk.

Thus, life flourishes and grows thrivingly.

As the many raindrops collect, so a tiny trickle is formed beneath the ground. As it begins to develop, so the child grows.

One day, when it had been built up enough, it broke out from beneath the soil and burst forth as a young rivulet, baptising the "child" into adulthood. Now, both being freed from their protective shelters, were vulnerable to what they did not know existed. And yet, the river still gurgled along, free from all hindrances, as did the child as he innocently stepped into a world full of vices.

Thus, the river met with the inevitable - a steep cliff and huge boulders with which it did not know how to cope. The man met with the same obstacles. The river split and tumbled down in a thousand threads of undecided confusion. Down, it fell, and, at last, it hit the bottom with an explosive halt. It had taken the wrong course, but it had managed to get through it and to continue meandering along to try again.

In the same way, man picked himself up and persisted in succeeding and finding a solution to everything.

The river moved more slowly now, still eager, yet wary and suspicious. It now watched its flow, strengthening its load and becoming more and more a source of reliability. The steep cliffs no longer suddenly descended below it. It had been careful to avoid that happening again. Like the man, it had learnt the hard way. Man was also cautious now and no longer became swept up and engulfed by seemingly inextricable whirlpools. Instead he would just sit outside and watch the calm and tranquil waters slither by - reflecting himself in them.

Kerynne French.

Vanaf die eerste dag toe ek Jos Rabie gesien het, was ek benoud. As jy n kind is laat enigiemand wat snaaks is, jou benoud voel. Dit was nie net eintlik haar naam wat snaaks was nie, wel die naam wat sy ons gegee het. Dit was ook haar klere, die lang rokke en haar los hare.

Ek het haar die eerste keer by die skool ontmoet. Sy het by die hek gestaan en toe ek uitstap, het sy langs my kom stap en begin om met my te gesels. Ek kan nie onthou wat sy gesê het nie, maar sy het aanhoudend gepraat, amper asof sy nie wou hê ek moes iets sê nie, want miskien sou ek vir haar sê sy moes weggaan. As ek daaraan dink, is dit snaaks dat n groot vrou met n dogtertjie wou praat, maar as jy klein is, maak dit nie saak nie.

Van daardie dag af het sy elke dag met my saam huis toe geloop en partykeer het ek saam met haar in haar ou "volksie" met die blomme daarop, gery. Sy het my altyd af gelaai of weggestap voordat ons by my huis gekom het.

Dit het n lang ruk so aangegaan. Ek het Jos goed leer ken. Ons het nie veel tyd saam gehad nie - net die entjie se stap van die skool na my huis toe maar daardie kwartier was altyd n avontuur. Ons het die wonderlikste speletjies gespeel. Partykeer was sy n blom en ek was n by wat na die blom kom luister het. Sy kon die wonderlikste stories vertel, van n wêreld wat ek nie geken het nie. In haar wêreld was daar kleur en alles was so helder en wonderlik. Om saam met haar te wees, was somer jou lewe te geniet, maar ek het altyd benoud gevoel oor Jos, benoud omdat ek geweet het ek kon nie vir my ouers van haar sê nie.

My ouers was goeie mense, maar hulle was nie my regte ouers nie, want ek was n weeskind. Ek weet nie hoe ek geweet het dat ek niks vir hulle moes sê nie, maar ek het. Maar een keer het my ma my saam met Jos gesien. Sy het my weggevat en die polisie gebel. Ek het niks vir hulle gesê nie, ek wou nie en hulle wou in elkgeval nie verstaan nie.

Jos het weggegaan net soos sy gekom het. Ek was baie benoud oor haar, waarheen sou sy gegaan het? Ek dink nie ek moes bekommerd gewees het nie, want Jos sou weet waarheen om te gaan. Sy het en twee dae later het hulle haar lyk gevind sy het selfmoord gepleeg.

J. Huidsten. 8m

OUMA SE DAGBOEK.

n Paar dae gelede het ek n ou dagboek van my ouma gevind. Ek het dit gelees en was verwonder dat die lewe so baie verander het. Die vloeiende styl was so kalmerend dat ek besluit het om n tipiese dag in naar lewe te beskryf. Sy het op n groot plaas van die Citrusdalgebied gewoon. Ek het altyd gedink dat die lewe sonder televisie, motors en lawaai baie vervelig sou wees. Nie so nie ! My ouma se lewe was baie rustig, maar so interessant.

Hulle het vroeg opgestaan om die strelende koelte van die vars oggend te waardeer. Gewoonlik het ouma en haar susters n entjie gestap en dan die hoenders gevoer. Haar pa en broers het baie vroeg begin werk; dus was hulle baie honger om agtuur. Die maaltye was gesellig en die hele gesin het saangesit om ontbyt te eet en koffie te drink. Daarna het almal aan die werk gespring ! Ouma het meer opvoeding as die meeste meisies van haar tyd gehad en sy het haar borduurwerk verkoop. Sy was ook die plaas se boekhoudster.

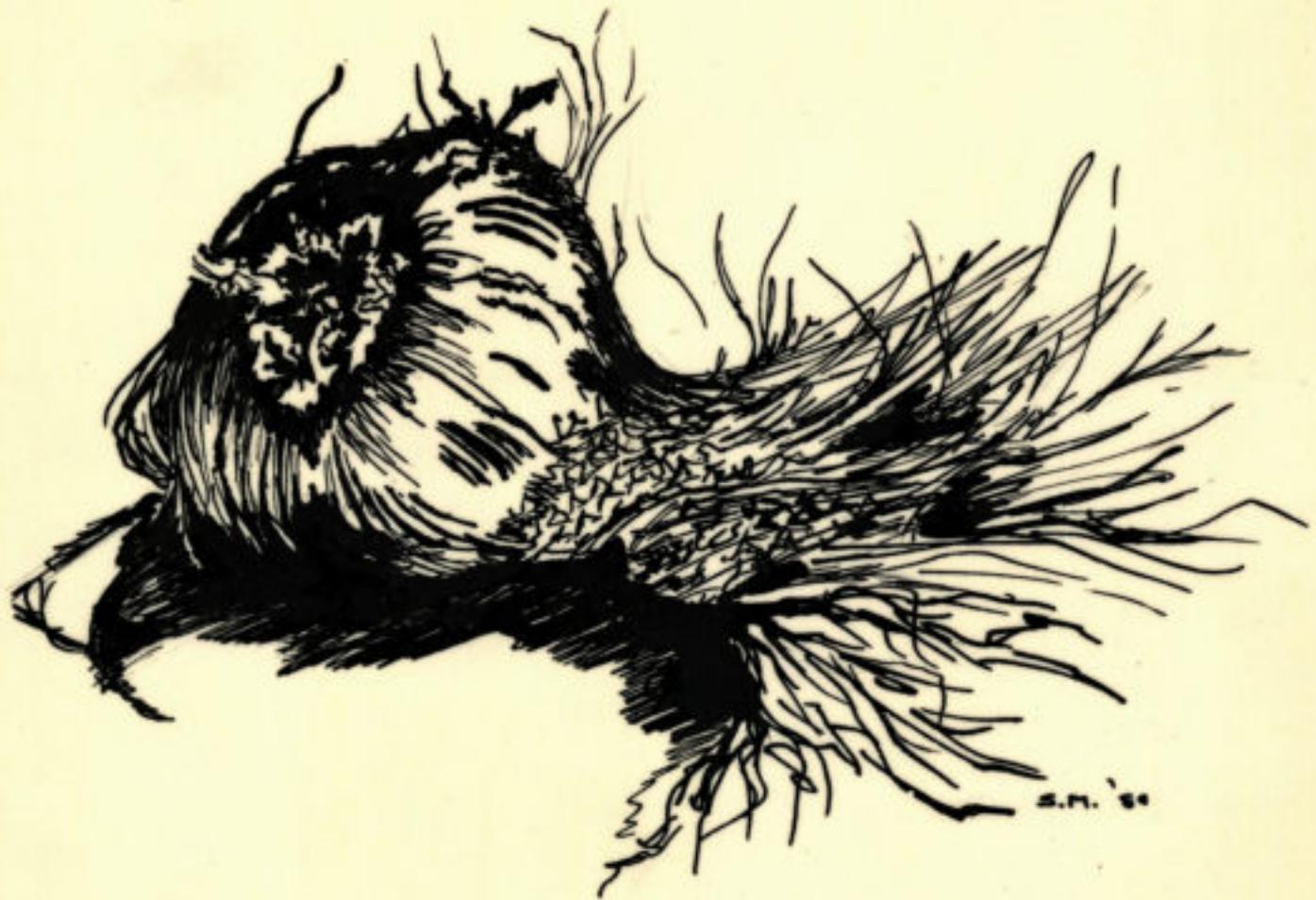
Die hele gesin het weer vir middagete vergader. Smiddae het hulle geslaap of gelees. Ouma se pa was n bietjie ouderwets en wou nie hê dat sy verder studeer nie, maar sy het stilletjies elke namiddag gewerk. In die helder laat-namiddag het ouma op haar wit merrie, Beauty, gery. Sy was n goeie ruiter en het dit baie geniet.

Na aandete het haar pa uit die Bybel gelees en hulle het n psalm gesing.

In die winterdae het die kinders voor die groot kaggelvuur gesit en speel terwyl die ouer meisies aan hulle borduurwerk gewerk het. Hy het nog van haar borduurwerk ook en dit is vir my n simbool van haar sagte fyn geaardheid. In daardie dae het mense tyd vir ander mense gehad en ook vir die "klein" sake van die lewe soos gesinslewe en liefde vir die natuur.

Vir party van julle sal dit vervelig klink, maar Ouma was so n gelukkige liefdevolle persoon dat haar meisiesjare nie vervelig kan gewees het nie. Daardie kalmte en geordenheid het sterk mense gebou. Het ons nie dalk iets verloor nie ?

Margi Orford.



STUDY OF AN ONION

Susie studio
Muir

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

Two storks descended gracefully onto a rooftop, exhausted from their long and treacherous flight. They had migrated from the south and had flown in a perfect formation for the whole journey. At landing, the whole flock had separated, each pair selecting a different place to rest, in the county of Wiltshire in England.

"Do you think he'll ever recover from his disease?" asked Mrs. Southey anxiously. Dr. Whyte did not reply immediately but she knew what the answer would be. Yet, she was certain that her autistic son would one day, as if by some miracle, break out of the subdued and withdrawn enclosure that was preventing him from being a normal child.

Dominic Southey sat motionless under a tree in the garden, his eyes never betraying his emotions or feelings. It seemed as if he was unaware of the beauty around him and yet no one knew what he was thinking as he lived in a world which was completely his own.

The two storks started to build their nest on the top of the chimney of the Southey's house, they had adopted it as their breeding place for that summer and on the first day they had already placed a few branches as the framework of the nest. It would serve as their new home for the following six months.

It was a fresh, summer morning. Mrs. Southey carried Dominic outside and placed him under his tree. She sat with him for a while, trying to determine what he was thinking.

Suddenly, a new light came into his eyes. It was the first time that he had ever shown any sign of recognition of his environment. She moved forward and searched his eyes, but the flicker of emotion had gone. Slowly she turned, trying to see what had caught his attention and saw the two storks busily building their nest. She felt that somehow it was the beginning of something wonderful and her belief that her son would get better was renewed.

The birds continued to build their nest and it grew in size and splendour. Each day they added new twigs and branches. It was not long before the female bird laid three eggs, on which she sat every day to keep them warm whilst the male continued collecting different materials to enlarge the nest.

Every morning Mrs. Southey would take Dominic outside so that he could watch the storks. After a few weeks she noticed that he would suddenly smile and then he would make flapping movements with his arms. Sometimes he would clap his hands together or stamp his feet on the ground. She could not believe that he had become so responsive in such a short time, but knew it was some miracle that the Lord had performed. He started to crawl around the garden and his contented gaze was always in the direction of the two storks.

Three fluffy chicks hatched out of the eggs one sunny morning. The adult storks moved around excitedly fixing the nest and preening their newborns. Soon they began to fly back and forth, collecting food for their babies. They fed them through their long, slender beaks and whilst one was being fed, the other two would chirp anxiously, waiting their turn.

Dominic's lips quivered and his face contorted in determination but then suddenly he sat back quietly once again, happily watching the baby chicks being fed. It was as if he wanted to say something. Mrs. Southey urged him on and sat talking to him the whole day. Sometimes she would even jump around and pull faces, trying desperately to communicate with him. One day, all her incredible perseverance and patience was rewarded. Dominic was sitting very still, watching the birds. Suddenly, he turned his face towards her and said, "Mama ! Mama !" Mrs. Southey could not believe her ears ! She picked him up and hugged him, tears streaming down her face. It was the most wonderful and fulfilling day that she had ever had in her life.

Autumn leaves floated weightlessly to the ground adding to the carpet of leaves that had already fallen. It was the day that the baby chicks were learning to fly. The adults seemed to be very impatient and urged their young ones on. An uneasy feeling hung in the air. There was a different expression on Dominic's face. It was as if he sensed that something unusual and unexpected was going to happen.

"A miracle has happened, Dr. Whyte, "said Mrs. Southey.
"My son is almost like a normal child. It is as if he has slowly been chipping away at the abnormal barrier that surrounded him. He is starting to respond to things I do and"
"Mrs. Southey, when was it that Dominic started to show any sign of emotion ?" enquired Dr. Whyte gently.

"Yes, I distinctly remember the day, "she replied. "It was when the two storks arrived and started to build their nest on our chimney. That was the first time that Dominic ever showed any sign of being aware of his environments. Why do you ask, Dr. Whyte ?"

"I'm sorry that I have to be the one to tell you this, Mrs. Southey, but it seems that your son's progress is largely due to the storks. They seemed to have set off something deep down inside him. Mrs. Southey, it is now nearing winter and it is known that the storks will soon migrate back to the south. I'm sorry, Mrs. Southey, but they could not have stayed forever."

Dominic was sitting quietly under his tree when Mrs. Southey returned. No emotion showed on his face or in his eyes. He had gone back into his own reserved world. Mrs. Southey followed his gaze and saw the empty nest. Wearily, she looked up into the sky, which was filled with a huge formation of storks, all migrating back to the south.

Tisa van der Hoorn.

DIE OU BEDELAAR OP DIE STRAATHOEK.

Vier jaar gelede het ek n ou bedelaar geken. Hy het die hele dag op die straathoek gesit en vra vir geld.

Hy was baie oud met grys hare en n baard. Hy het donker oë gehad en daar was pyn in sy oë, maar hy het altyd geglimlag. Sy klere was stokoud en baie vuil en hy het nooit skoene gedra nie. Hy het altyd n musiekinstrument by hom gehad en het vir al die mense gespeel. My ou bedelaarsvriend was n regte ou skelm, maar ek het baie van hom gehou. Hy was n lieflike ou man.

Ek het hom eendag ontmoet toe ek op my fiets na die winkel gery het. Hy het my gevra of ek nie twintig sent vir hom gehad het nie. Ek het baie jammer vir die ou bedelaar gevoel en hom die geld gegee.

Ek het hom weer elke dag gesien en ons het goeie vriende geword. Soms het ek hom n paar toebroodjies of n pakkie lekkers gebring en hy was altyd bly om my te sien en het altyd baie gepraat. Eendag het ek vir hom gesê dat dit die volgende dag my verjaarsdag was en as present het hy my sy ou musiekinstrument gegee. Ek was so bly en het vir hom gesê dat dit my geliefkoosde present sou wees.

Die volgende dag het ek na die straathoek gery met n stukkie verjaarsdagkoek. Hy was nie daar nie. Ek het hom gesoek, maar ek kon hom nie vind nie.

Ek het hom nooit weer gesien nie.

J. Sedgewick.

ń VLOEDRAMP

Nadat ek alles oorweeg het, kan ek niks baie duidelik onthou nie. Niks nie, behalwe die vreeslike geluid. Dit was die geluid van n verwoestende massa bruin water wat alles voor hom wegveeg het. Daar was die geraas van die skreewende mense en die reën.

Ja, ek onthou nou, dis hoe dit begin het. Reën, so baie reën en toe die geluid van Thomas wat so geskree het. Thomas die stil dapper seun het geskree ! Dan die aaklige gevoel dat iets skort, iets vreesliks.

As ek weer daaroor nadink, is dit die kleure meer as die geluide wat ek onthou. Hoe kan n mens sulke kleure beskryf ? Die groot rivier wat in die nag soos n vet swart slang met stene op sy rug en gedurende die dag soos n bruin see met die wit skuim op die branders gelyk het. En die grys hemel bo ons, die hemel van geregtigheid.

Dit was asof die aarde geskree en gehuil het en die stilte na die reën was net soos die stilte wat ek voel nadat ek baie gehuil het. Ons het almal soos klein, swak diertjies uit ons plekke van veiligheid uit gekruip. Ek het nog nooit so nederig gevoel nie. Ons het on wêreld bekyk. Daar was net verwoesting waar n mens kyk. Alles was onder die modder begrawe Thomas ook.

IT'S OVER

We had been discussing her when the letter arrived. The letter and an odd, little parcel wrapped in pink tissue. It had been hand delivered - aunt Beatrix didn't believe in modern conveniences. She was a simple, innocent old lady; her faded eyes were tender and compassionate. She was a nun and had been for about sixty years of her life. I opened the letter curiously for she wasn't in the habit of writing. It was dated 16 June 1886 and began without salutation.

"You know I am going to die soon - I am old and unwell. This may sound a little strange but I am sure of it. If you spare the time to read my little swansong I assure you that you won't regret it. Prepare yourself for a shock though, Emily dear, it is an unpleasant tale but I must confess for my own serenity, so bear with me.

Many years ago my sister Amelia and I went to Bristol for the summer holidays. I was aged twenty and she twenty-two - both young and inexperienced in the world's enigmatic ways. We had an exceedingly pleasant stay and I became engaged to a certain Robert Walshingham. (I had no intention of becoming a nun in those distant days.) I was deeply involved with this man and all my waking minutes were occupied by him or the image of him which had implanted itself firmly in my mind. I failed to notice my surroundings and also how cold and withdrawn Amelia was becoming.

One afternoon I had a slight headache. I decided a bit of air would clear my head so I went out onto the beachfront promenade. I strolled on casually, the balmy atmosphere relaxing me. I noticed it then - a beautiful pink shell. I turned off the walk to pick it up. Only then did I see the couple in the shadow of a boulder. They were involved in a very intimate conversation. I was about to turn away and slip back onto the path when I realized who they were. I clutched at the lovely shell and it bit deep into the soft flesh of my palm. It was Amelia and Robert.

A sickening surge of anger and revulsion swept through me. The blinding power of the emotions stripped ten thousand years of evolution from me; I could have been a naked savage, so base were my feelings.

I felt again the sharpness of the shell I had picked up. My desperate need for revenge drove reason from my mind and I

stepped towards the loving couple. Mindlessly I stabbed down again and again, my arm a mere extension of my frenzy and passion. Eventually, my primitive desires assauged, I sank in sobbing exhaustion to the bloodied shingle.

For a long while there was a deathly hush. It was that time when it is not yet night and no longer day. It felt to me as if the entire universe had ceased breathing along with the two forms which lay so casually in death. I raised myself slowly, drew my cloak around my stained dress and walked back. No one noticed me.

Only when I reached my room did I look down at my hands. The shell glowed in the soft light, it's fatal beauty winked mockingly up at me. I was devoid of all sensation.

There was never any enquiry. The waves had purged the crimson sand and had gently removed the bodies which were found four days later. A year later I became a Dominican nun thus passing sentence upon myself. No law courts were necessary to punish me. After all it was over, wasn't it?

Emily, do not worry about my transgressions. It is over and the account has been reckoned with. Keep the shell or do with it as you wish ..."

The rest of the letter was of small importance. I never did open the little package but threw it directly onto the fire which leapt into scarlet flames. I imagined I saw a man and woman silhouetted in them but the image disappeared before I could see clearly. I pondered the dilemma which lay before me for over an hour and then slowly reached out my hand and placed the letter alongside the charred remains of the shell. The phrase "Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust" kept on ringing through my head. After all it was over, wasn't it?

Margi Orford
Std. 9

ARTS AND CRAFTS



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POTTERY - PAGE.

Every Wednesday afternoon several girls troop into a small room, tucked away in a corner of the art block. It's the pottery class ! Pottery is becoming more popular with the pupils, as it has become an art as well as a hobby.

Every pupil's first pot is a "pinch pot", the basic hand modeled pot. It is given to beginners in order to familiarise them with the materials. Usually our first pots resemble cocnut shells but with thinner walls (hopefully)! The art of pinching a pot - making a pot entirely from a single piece of clay by hollowing it out - demands experience. After a few pinch pots, we have the feel of the clay and are allowed to work on the wheel. What a difference - it looked so simple....

First of all, one has to centre the clay on the wheel. A ball of clay is placed in the centre of a dry wheel, as soon as the wheel is set in motion, the unevenness of the clay will be apparent - centering begins. Enclosing the clay, by using both hands and by increasing pressure towards your body - the clay will rise rapidly upwards in a cone - pressure evenly applied from the thumbs on top will reduce the cone to a low dome. By rising and lowering the clay several times the clay will become centered.

With the clay centered, spinning on the wheel it is ready to be opened up; using the index finger, make a slight hollow. Now using the thumb lower it slowly into the ball of clay. Having made the hole push the thumb sideways to widen the base of the hole. Everything should be done slowly. Now using the left hand inside the pot and using the fingertips press gently against the base of the wall. The righthand is used on the outside, lifting the index finger against the wall.

Both hands can be drawn upwards together and in a few seconds a tall cylinder is made !

Most of us have many flops to begin with but after some practice the balls of clay start to resemble pots. Every lesson becomes more exciting sometimes making the oddest and funnyest object - but they are original !!!

Page Littleford.

BATIK.

Batik is the art of creating brightly coloured designs through repeated waxing and dying. It is a lengthy process but one rapidly becomes proficient at it. There is a definite method which one must follow carefully in order to be successful.

1. Draw your design on paper and plan your colour scheme, then redraw it onto a piece of white cotton or sheeting.
2. Tack this onto a wooden frame and melt your beeswax. Wax in all the areas you want to remain white.
3. Choose good fabric or batik dyes. Immerse the cloth in the dye of the lightest shade and hang up to dry.
4. When it is dry wax in the area to remain that colour and then dye the next colour and wax until all your colours are done.
5. Place the batik between thickish wads of brown or newspaper and iron to melt the wax out. When no more wax comes out frame your picture or whatever you wish.

Requirements:

1. a piece of cloth of suitable size (white).
2. beeswax & primus stove.
3. brushes
4. dye
5. a wooden frame & tacks.
6. plenty of paper.

M. Orford.

MACRAMÉ.

The art of Macramé has only recently been developed. It involves the knotting of string, to create various effects, which eventually, when worked in a certain pattern form something like a pot-plant holder or a wall hanging.

To create, for example, a pot-plant holder, one begins by cutting 8 lengths, approximately 5m, of string. These are then looped in half, and the middle of them, treated as a loop. This is then covered by having string twisted around it.

The next step is usually the complex Chinese knot. To master this, takes patience and determination.

An interesting follow on from the Chinese knot is the Twist knot. Here you divide the 16 threads into 4 groups of four, in each group, you work the Twist knot for a length of your own choice. This has a beautiful spiral effect, and can enhance the whole hanging.

It is a matter of taste and requirement, how you continue. In the case of a small hanging, an attractive way to continue, is by leaving the strings unknotted for about 20cm., and then continue with the flat knot. This is similar to the twist knot, except it does not have the spiral effect.

After one has done about 5 knots, to create a stabler hanging, it is advisable to take a new set of four strings, two from the groups on either side. Continuing in this way can create a pattern of many diamonds.

Once you have continued in this way for as long as you feel necessary, you can end the hanging off by bringing the threads in together and doing the wrap around to secure them together. This is done by twisting a new thread around the old ones, and anchoring it securely.

As a pretty end to your work, it is advised to unravel each individual thread, and brush it out, to form a tassel.

If your aim is more intricate, and you wish to make a hanging that holds more than one plant, it is necessary to work in supporting rings.

Wall hangings use a set of the same knots but they are made to lie flat against the wall. Decoratory beads and rings are optional, when working your macramé.

Wendy Wilson

MUSIC REPORT

This year we have held two workshop evenings in Miss Sweet's room. These are informal performances which give all music students the opportunity to play in front of others. This is extremely beneficial and help most girls in perfecting their pieces ready for the examinations.

A few girls entered the Cape Town Music Eisteddford. Bridget Longmore achieved success and was awarded an honours certificate for her piano quick study.

The music students are hard at work for their Royal School of Music examinations held in the third term. It is always a time of nail-biting on behalf of students and teachers. Best of luck to all examination candidates.

Jill Breen
SENIOR MUSIC STUDENT



Harmony

Allegretto ma non troppo *cresc*

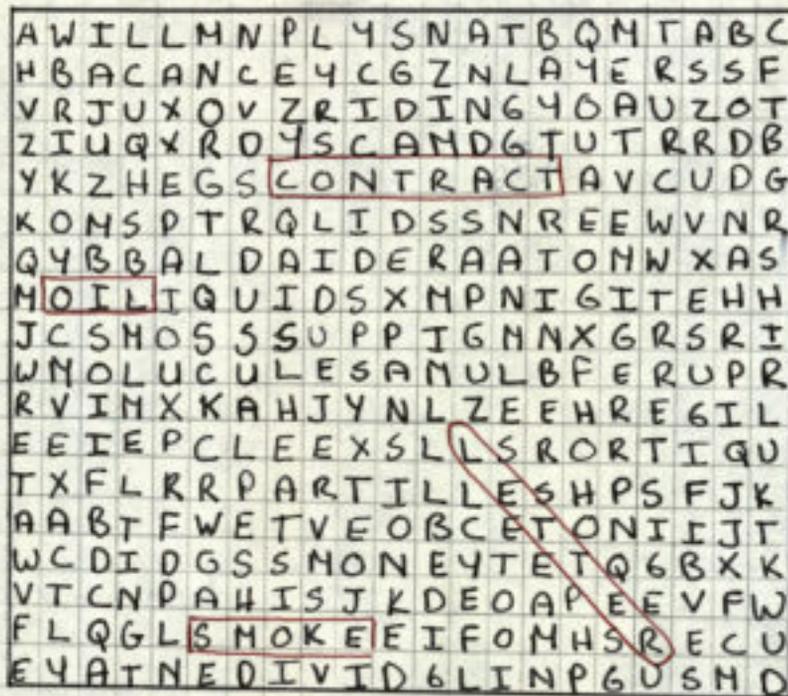
In moon - light the shep - herds, soft lull'd by - the

hills - lie wrapt in their blan - kets a - sleep on the hills

A composition by Bridgette Longmore



four famous Jagger musicians - from left
 Emily Morrissey, Anne Meynell, Jill Breen, Louise
 Morrissey



See if you can find all of the following 50 words in the block. There are a few filled in as clues

gases
slug
melting
sulphur
figure
lime
ear
liquids
divide
timber
moss
register
letters
layer
hand
solids
heat
steam
angles
pure
money

aid
observe
oil
note
quiz
mix
diet
contract
expansion
particles
apparatus
gradual
vim
bald
salt
smoke
atom
water
crystals
riding
more
tame

signal
usual
molecules
exactly
force
mixer
balance



SEQUENCE 3

Joanne std 6
Growse

NEWS AND VIEWS



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THE ARTS TOUR 1981.

On the 26th of June, a party of 17 girls and 3 adults left D.F. Malan airport for Athens, the first stop of the St. Cyprian's Art-tour. After a ten hour flight , we arrived in Athens at seven o'clock in the morning. We spend the morning getting used to the surroundings, as well as the scorching sun ! We visited the Archeological Museum that afternoon, which had many interesting ancient sculptures. Due to the overwhelming heat of 40°, we went to have an orange drink which cost us almost 40 cents !

After returning to the hotel for a short rest, we were on the move again; this time to a sound and light display of the acropolis at the plaka district. A group of tired, but more informed girls flopped into their beds.

We rose early the next morning to set out for Delphi, stopping at the beautiful monastery of Ossiou Loukos and the super little town of Arakova, on the way. We had lunch and shopped a bit at Arakova, where beautiful hand-made jerseys are knitted. We reached the picturesque town of Delphi at 4 o'clock that afternoon. After checking in at our hotel, we all walked to the shops, eager to find the dream jersey or dress. That night, we went to a disco, where we were taught how to do Greek dancing. We got into bed and were all asleep within a very short space of time. We spend the following morning visiting several ancient Greek temples, including those of Apollo and Athena. We returned to Athens in the afternoon and set out to investigate the Acropolis.

The morning we were all up at the crack of dawn and make our way, after a lot of confusion, to the ferry which was to take us to the Greek island of Egina. On arrival, we all dispersed some going to visit a temple which was situated right at the top of a hill. After some more shopping and swimming, we returned to Athens to try and spend our last coins on anything we could find. We returned to our hotel to pack our clothes.

We flew to Rome where we saw St. Peter's Basilica, the Colosseum, St. Pietro in Vincoli and a fruit market, where we were followed by a pick pocket.

The next day, we visited the beautiful Sistine chapel, the Pantheon and the breathtaking Borgese Gardens.

The next morning, we went to Florence via Assisi, a beautiful little town. After visiting the lovely church of St. Francis, we rested and had lunch, as well as doing a bit of shopping. We spend three days in Florence, feasting on the "flea markets", as well as the exquisite "gelati", or icecream. The leather was unbelievably cheap, as well as the jewelry and super clothes. Some girls also visited Pisa at a cost of R11, but it was well worth the trip.

On the morning of the 7th of July we traveled to Venice by train and arrived on our hotel's front door, after having been driven there by motorboat. We checked in at our hotel, and then set off to visit St. Mark's square. The next day was spent exploring as well as visiting a glass blowing factory. Some girls went to the Accademia and the Guggenheim collections, while the others remained transfixed by the lovely shops and surroundings.

Paris was our next shop. After putting our luggage in our rooms, we set out to visit the shops. Two of the girls got their currency mixed up, and made the mistake of paying R25 instead of a mere R2.50, for a ride on a horse and cart for a half an hour. They realized their mistake too late, however. The next two days were spend visiting interesting museums such as the Jeu de Paume, the Louvre, Pompidou centre, the Rodin museum, the Arc de Triomphe, the Champs Elysee and the beautiful Notre Dame Cathedral which was unfortunately covered in scaffolding. This tour was notorious for scaffolding which seemed to follow us wherever we went !

We went to Amsterdam next, where we went on a super canal cruise, visited the Rijksmuseum and the Van Gogh museum. We went to the lovely flowermarket the next day. We went back to the lovely flowermarket the next day. We went back to the hotel to get ready for our departure for London the next day.

In London everyone separated and went to visit their relations and friends, so everyone did different tours. There was a very wide choice of places to go such as Stratford-upon-Avon, Hampton Court, Windsor, Buckingham Palace, Stonehenge and Greenwich. We had a fair amount of shopping which was super and most girls the opportunity of going to the wellknown stores such as Chappels, Libertu's, Marks and Spencer, Harrods and Selfridges.

The 1981 Art tour was one which was a great deal of fun as well as being very educational. Thanks to Mrs. Hoyle and St. Cyprian's for a really super 25 days !

Emily Morrissey.

AN INTERESTING CITY - BOMBAY

At night a fairyland coloured lights becoming brighter as the plane descends, in this vast city - Bombay ! However, during the day, it seems quite different. Once one has passed the Centuar Hotel, near the airport, the real Bombay can be seen. The stench that greets you as you drive up the main road, the pathetic looking people coming from these collapsible dwellings, make you feel that you have come to the wrong place.

Towards the centre of the city, things are different again. Now beautiful hotels can be seen. Shops, coffee-houses, boarding houses are found every where. Vendors sell their wares on the pavements. People sleep, eat and wash on the pavements. In the morning, beds are just lifted and placed against the wall until their owners need them again after a hard day's work. Hundreds of people can be found on the streets, night and day.

Music is heard all the time. Bioscopes are open from morning until evening. Cars zig-zag across the roads - hooting all the time - beggars - men, women and children stopping you, stopping cars and even pushing their hands in through the windows - a truly sad and bewildering experience - This is Bombay !

Then we find the beautiful areas, the vast beaches where thousands of people spend much of their time. Here students roam about while they wait for their classes to start. Beautiful shops loaded with expensive ornaments, jewellery, materials, saris and shoes of all kinds are also found in these areas.

Nearby are the gardens where one finds trees cut in the shapes of animals - very beautiful. Here crowds of people can be seen watching the dancing monkey performing while his owner collects some money. The museum, art gallery, the bus terminus are all near the gardens. There are hundreds of Mosques, churches and temples to be found everywhere. The railway station is always overcrowded and so are the trains. There is so much we can say about Bombay - about the beauty as well as the poverty - and these things made our trip really and truly and unforgettable experience.

Roshanara Karjiker.

THE FISH RIVER CANYON.

The Fish River Canyon is situated in the very south of Namibia about 50 miles from the Orange River into which the Fish River flows. It is the second largest canyon in the world and is approximately 2,000ft deep. It starts as a narrow gorge which gradually widens out until the river is only sided by broken hills. Many people hike down the canyon. It takes five days and four nights. The beauty of the area makes the sweat and blisters well worth it.

To make a hike like this pleasant one needs organisation and advice. The canyon is almost 100km, but there are two short cuts which reduce the walking distance to approximately 80km. The first half of the canyon is by far the most beautiful, so it is best to go reasonably slowly at first and then walk the last 50km in the last two days. That may sound a tremendous amount but it isn't really.

The descent is very steep (and should be done quite slowly). My family has done the trip four times and have it taped by now. A strict walking plan is necessary as there are usually hordes of children and unfit adults. It is vital to have a balanced diet as one needs sufficient protien and vitamins to keep your strength up as the entire experience is strenuous to the average person.

We broke camp early and started walking at 8am. and after one "game" break at 9am. we had a breakfast stop at ten till about eleven. By this time its getting really warm, lunch stop is at one. After a few swims we set off again and make camp again at four. Making camp so early is a good idea as you have plenty of light to organise everything and make supper.

Everybody flops into their sleeping bags at about eight after milo and chocolate. The meals consist of meusli and tea or coffee for breakfast. Soup, provita and cheese for lunch and dehydrated food for supper. It is a fantastic hike and anybody who has the chance to go should jump at it.

Margi Orford.

LAHORE

The city of Lahore lies 750 miles northeast of Karachi. It is a great cultural and educational centre. It was once the favourite city of the Moghul emperors. Here the largest "Royal" Mosque was built by the emperor Aurangzeke. The emperor Shah Jehan who was responsible for the erection of the Taj Mahal, planned the famous Shalimar Gardens. Near these gardens you will find the tomb of the emperor Jahangir which is a fine piece of Moghal architecture. His queen is buried nearby in a peaceful part of the city. She was an intelligent person and was regarded as the person who introduced the use of Indian perfume.

Roshan-Ara Karjiekar.

REPORT ON MIGRANT LABOUR FOR THE JAGGER MAGAZINE.

1. For Attention: All Herschel girls
2. Title: Report on Migrant Labour for the Cape Times.
3. Terms of Reference:

The purpose of this report is to discuss the problems of South Africa, with regard to migrant labour. This report deals with the effects that migrant labour has on industries and how the lives of those that do migrate are affected.

4. Procedure:

- 4.1 Various meetings were held with the ministers of the different homelands.
- 4.2 Discussions were held with the workers themselves at the industries and at their hostels.

5. Findings:

- 5.1 Migrant labour has a harmful effect on the quality of labour in the mines, and factories. This is due to the fact that much time is spent travelling backwards and forwards by the worker, between town and country, and, therefore, the worker does not remain in his employment long enough to acquire much more than rudimentary skills.
- 5.2 The industries of South Africa find that migrant labourers lack a sense of motivation. This is because the jobs are not steady, and certain jobs are for white workers only.

- 5.3 The industries benefit from being able to pay low wages to the migrant labourers, as they are unskilled. But, if the labourers began to do skilled work, the cost of a high turnover of labour would rise.
- 5.4 The migrant labourers need the work and the wages earned in the towns. However, the absence of the fathers from reserves leads to a lack of stability and discipline in the home. The crime rate, due to migrant labour, is very high.
- 5.5 Schools in the towns, for the blacks, lack efficient reading and writing materials. The housing is poor and does not provide for families, if there are any.

6. Conclusion's:

Both blacks and whites benefit from migratory labour, and both depend on it. But, it is also destructive to ambition and it is clearly seen as a destroyer of families. It cannot be right to force the separation of the worker from his family, for many months on end. It has become, during the past hundred years, a tribal tradition that young men should seek work in the towns. It does, however continue despite all the evils it generates.

7. Recommendations:

Because migratory labour cannot be stopped, as it is needed by all the countries concerned, the facilities should be improved, for the migratory worker. Houses should be able to accomodate a family, if there is one, and by doing this, the worker would not have to return to his homeland. The worker could then be trained to do more skilled work and therefore the quality of labour would improve.





