

1965

ARTIST'S

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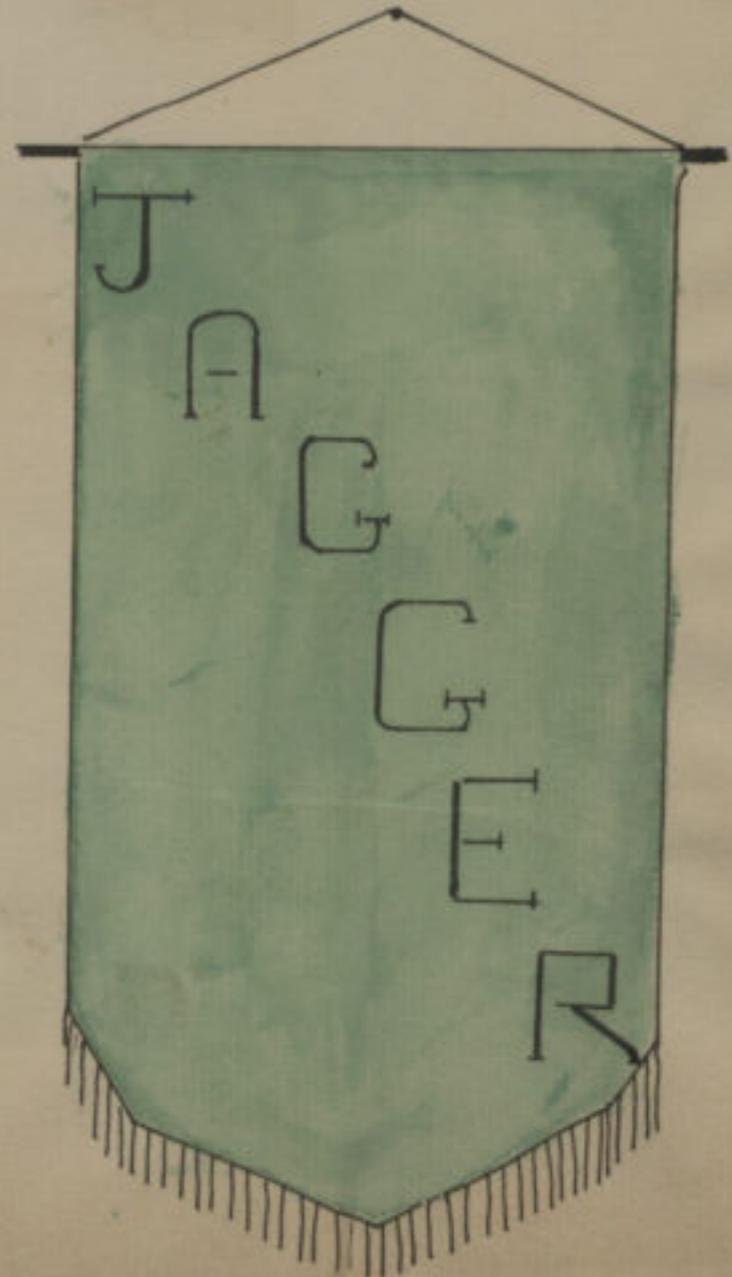
# JAGGER

1965

# MAGAZINE

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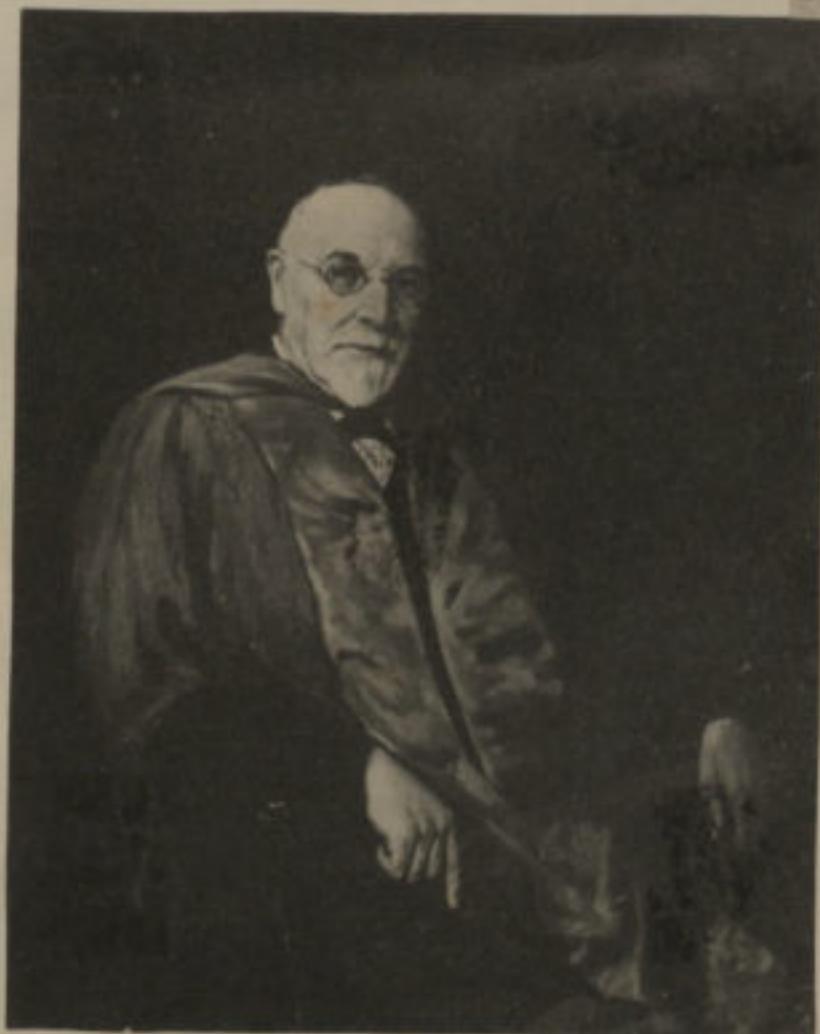




1859  
His Birthplace



1930  
His home at Wynberg



John William Jagger.

# JOHN WILLIAM JAGGER

John William Jagger was an eminent citizen of Cape-Town and his name is associated with the history of the University, as well as that of Herschel, which he founded. It is, therefore, not surprising that we, as a house, feel honoured to be called after him.

Mr. Jagger was born on 30<sup>th</sup> September 1859 at Northowram in Yorkshire. He came to South Africa in 1880 at the age of twenty-one and found employment with Gordon Mitchell and Company. Three years later, he started on his own with very little capital; but he was successful and the business he started was later to become the J.W. Jagger and Company of today. Mr. Jagger was not entirely bound by his own business, but he became interested in the work of the Chamber of Commerce of which he was president from 1899-1904.

Mr. Jagger attempted to enter Parliament in 1898, but was unsuccessful. In 1902 he was elected a member for Cape-Town and, although a poor speaker, he was listened to with deep respect, particularly on financial and trade subjects. In 1921 he became Minister of Railways and Harbours in the cabinet of General Smuts, when the railways were suffering from severe losses. He set about rehabilitating the railways which made him extremely unpopular, but he was determined to do what was best for his country. In 1924, he resigned from the cabinet, much to the dismay of General Smuts, as he felt that he could no longer support the government policy of intensive industrial development.

Mr. Jagger's connection with the University of Cape Town began in the days of the South African college, before the university status was achieved. He devoted much time to the administrative side of the University's work and was for many years chairman of the Finance Committee. He was a member of the council until a year or two before his death. His name is associated with the J.W. Jagger library of the

university as a result of his gift to the library in 1829.

Mr. Jagger was the first chairman of the Cape School Board from 1905-1911. It was he who moved that compulsory education be introduced in the Cape division for European children between the ages of seven and fourteen. Mr. Jagger fought for the forming of salary scales for teachers, in order to improve the quality of education, at a time when teaching was not considered much of a career. He founded Herschel in 1922 as he was concerned about the education in the Cape.

John William Jagger was an extraordinary man and a strange mixture. The public thought him stern and hard, and in his own business, he was an absolute dictator. His word was law and his instructions were final and had to be carried out. Yet he had a soft side and he did very many generous things and helped many people. He was honest and straight forward in all his dealings, and fearless in expressing his convictions, and he achieved a wonderful reputation for these qualities.

Jean Henderson. Upper V

# CAFDA

Cafda (Cape Flats Distress Area) was started in 1943 by a Miss Atlee, as a soup kitchen in Retreat. Miss Atlee and some helpers handed out soup as well as dry clothing and dry blankets to the very poor coloured and African people in winter. They also looked after children who were uncared for while their parents worked.

The main problem to be faced is poverty. The people who are cared for by Cafda are extremely poor and cannot afford enough food to live on. All the poor people seem to have extreme families and cannot feed them. Cafda is present to help them with their problems.

There is an appalling shortage of housing for the underprivileged people in the Cape Peninsula, but Cafda has raised money and has built a small village and even this is vastly inadequate for its growing population. These houses were designed for those with an income below R50 per month. These houses are regularly visited by social workers who suggest ways of improving the house and generally giving ideas in the pattern of living.

A new day crèche has just been built and this cares for children up to the age of about six. The crèche cares for one hundred children from early morning until afternoon. Children are washed and dressed in Cafda clothes, given medical attention and proper food. They are taught games and songs and are generally well-cared for.

There is now a full scale grocery store which sells food at bazaar prices, or occasionally below wholesale prices are high. There is also a clothing store. Here clothes and shoes are sold at very low prices. There are mostly second-hand articles. Further, there is a furniture store in which broken furniture is made usable again.

Cafda also has a hall where film-shows, physical education, club meetings, ballet and drama classes and other activities take place. All this teaches the people how to fill their leisure hours.

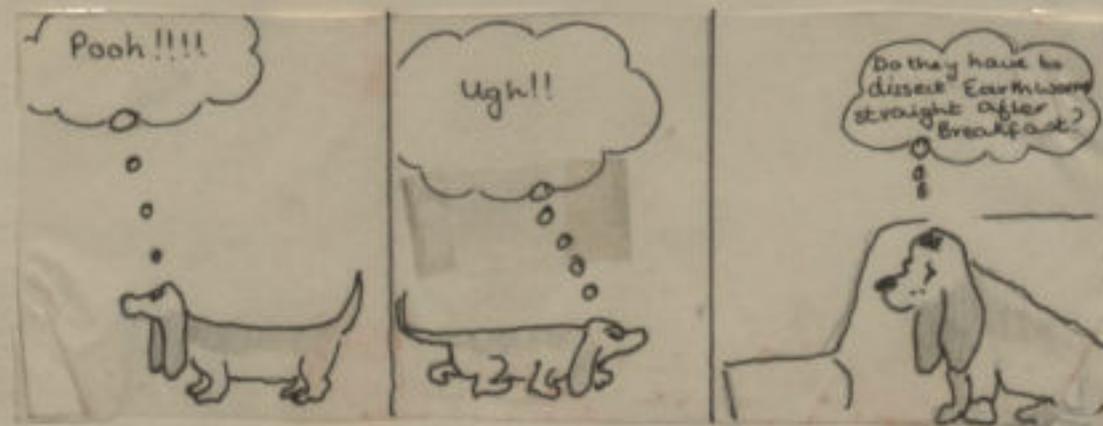
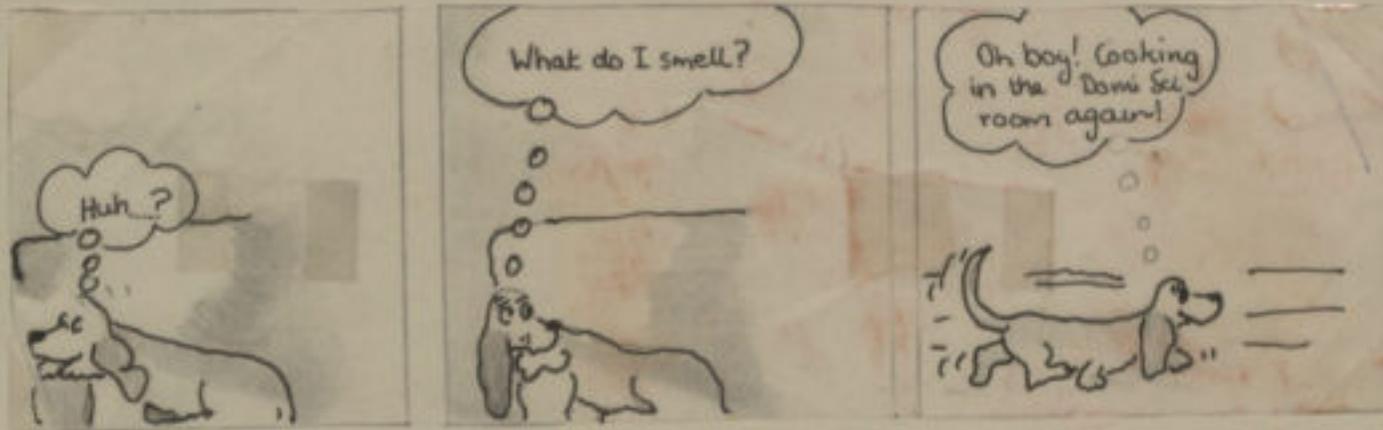
Finally, Cafda with the support of the Cape Cripple Care Association, and South African National Council for Cripples runs an industrial training centre. All the employees are crippled in some way. They do many different:



kinds of work and are paid a small wage until they become partly skilled and are found occupations in factories.

Altogether Cafda is a very worthwhile organization and is doing a great deal of good work for the poor people of the Cape. I hope all jagers, especially those who have been to Cafda, realise what a deserving cause we are supporting

Allison Payne. Upper V.





Jennifer Emslie Upper IV.

# FASHIONS IN SPECTACLES

The wheel of fashion, in respect of spectacles, has in effect made a complete revolution; From the days when it was considered the "done thing" to raise a quizzing to one's eye and look disdainfully down upon the unfortunate people who moved in an inferior social class. To our own days when modern serious-minded but Bohemian youth survey the world through terrific horn-rimmed "goggles", while carrying a notice about banning the bomb.

In the days before the French Revolution, the spy-glass was as elaborate as the dress of those times. The men would wear their monacles around their necks, suspended by a chord, ribbon or an ornate chain of some sort. This was almost part of the uniform of that era and the monocle would adorn the neck of almost every gentleman, whether it was required or not. The monocle itself was very elaborate and usually made of gold and of semi-precious stones.

The young girls of that time did not wear glasses, but the quizzing-glass was used to a great advantage by substantial matrons for the purpose of instilling terror into the hearts of timid prospective suitors to the eligible daughters of the matrons.

During the next period, glasses were completely functional, dreary and unattractive. They were worn without rims, clipped precariously to the noses of elderly clergy or worn by gentlemen such as Mr. Pickwick with a very pronounced air of respectability.

The only women to wear these ungainly articles were stately governesses who were considered largely as glorified servants. These governesses were, on the whole, according to fiction, spinsters - which bears out the modern saying, "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses."

In the twentieth century it is again the fashion to wear glasses. The people who do fall into several groups: The elderly people whose glasses are purely functional, sometimes with

discreetly attractive rims as the wearer so desires.

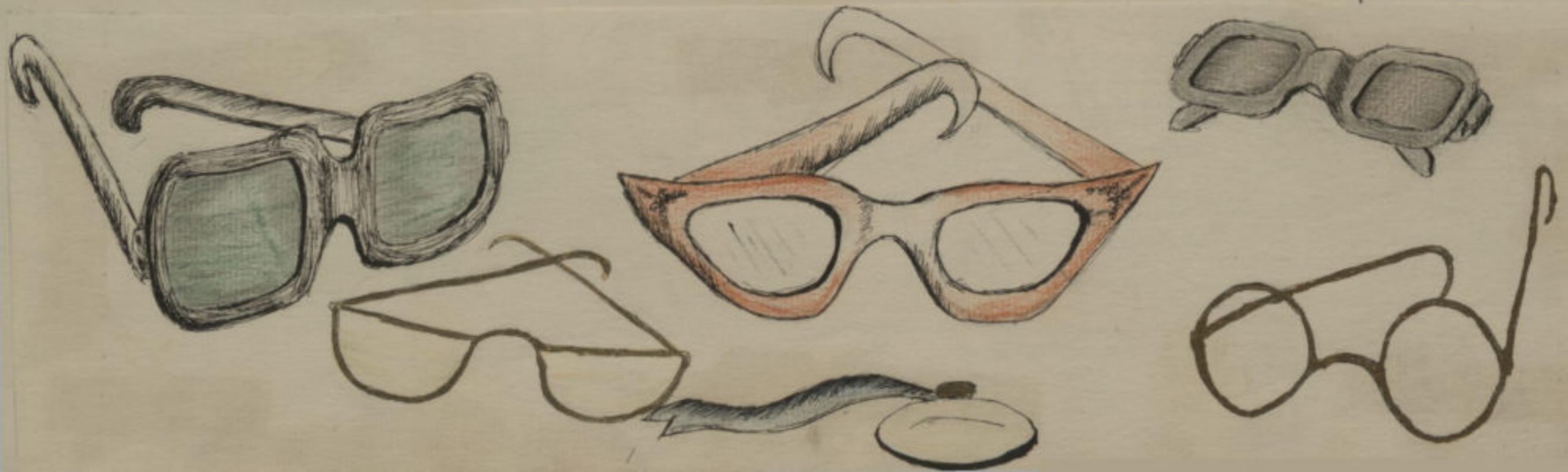
Then the young students who wear the huge-horn-rimmed type with fantastically thick lenses, making them look slightly Japanese in appearance.

There are of course also the "ultra" styles. Those worn by models at a mannequin parade, or seen in pictures or at the cinema but seldom worn in the mundaneness of everyday life. They are fantastic creations, some with nosepieces faintly resembling a Norman warrior's headgear, or grotesque shapes on the rim, until it is only the eyes and mouth of the wearer that can be seen looking ridiculously small in comparison.

In this modern day and age it is possible to go to completely the opposite extreme. By the invention and perfection of the line of contact lenses a person may have the benefit of spectacles without the ungainliness and inconvenience.

The spectacles of the future—what will they be like? Will everybody wear contact lenses and complete the revolution wheel, or will fashions in glasses continue to become more and more exotic?

Victoria Crownwright Lower V.



## TRANSIENT THOUGHTS

As I sit here musing  
 about life, its wiles, its way,  
 Its triumphs and disasters  
 which make or mar our days;  
 The world moves on regardless,  
 oblivious of us,  
 I really can't help thinking why  
 We always make a fuss.  
 Running around in tiny circles,  
 We cannot make headway,  
 Before we realize what has happened,  
 another day <sup>has</sup> passed away.  
 And then it's always far too late,  
 To do what should be done,  
 For our duties are forgotten,  
 In the endless search for fun.

Louise Maratos. Upper V.





# MY CAT

She licked her coat and stretched a paw,  
scratched her face with an outstretched claw;  
Her slanting eyes were slowly closed,  
She blinked and purred, she sighed and dozed.

Her chocolate tail was curled around;  
Her regular breathing made no sound.  
She twitched unconsciously in her dream,  
and thought of mice and fish and cream.

The dream is done; she wakes again,  
with a sigh like a patter of falling rain.  
She stretches gracefully - none to admire?  
She walks away to the kitchen fire.

Helen Henderson. Upper IV.





Jayne Seymour Lower IV

# DIE NEERLAAG

Hy staan op 'n Koppie, sy hand voor sy oë. Hy tuur na die horison. Oor sy arms en bene is die luttelkens van die wonde wat hy gely het. Hy kan amper nie loop nie. Sy rug is krom van die las van die geweerdrag.

Tien dae lank het hy teen die Britte geveg. Die gebrul van die Kanonne dreun nog in sy hoof. Sy vrou en sy gesin wag om hom te verwelkom. Sy hart klop vinnig. Sy vrou - die skat; die jong kinders met hulle onskuldige gesiggies. Hulle weet niks van die swaar van die oorlog nie. Hulle sal bly wees om hom weer te sien.

Die pyn in sy bors laat hom kniel maar hy hou aan loop. Netnou sal hy thuis wees. Weer sal hy saam met die kinders om die vuursit; weer vir hulle stories vertel; weer met die bure koffie drink. O! Koffie! Sy keel is droog. Vier dae lank het hy niks geëet nie. Sy onwikkbare moed vergoed vir honger.

Hy struikel oor 'n klip maar hy rig hom orent. Sy vrou; sy kinders; sy plaas. Hy moet aanhou. Hy moet hulle die nuus meedeel. Die treurige nuus - die neerlag wat die Boere gely het. Hul vaderland, hul vrye Suid-Afrikaanse Republiek is nou aan die Britte oorgee. Nou moet hulle met die vyand saamwoon. Dit kon nie anders nie. Oom Paul is hartseer. Al die boere is hartseer.

Met die gedagtes stap hy voort. In die verte sien hy die Koppie. Nou is hy naby sy plaas. Hy probeer vinnig loop maar hy val op die grond neer. Hy sukkel orent en loop met sy blik op die verre Koppie gerig.

Die afstand lyk maar lank maar hy skep weer nuwe moed en hy loop verder. Hy klim teen die Koppies. Op om die plaas te sien. 'n Bittere seer pynig sy hart. Hy vryf sy oë en kyk weer. Nee, nee dit kan nie wees nie. O hewe Heer, laat dit 'n nagmerrie wees! Oor hom strek die gebrande veld. Sy plaas-huis lê in puin. Sy plaas is verbrand. Sy gesin is weg. Die Britte moes hulle in 'n konsentrasiekamp geset het.

Sy vrou! Sy lieflikste vrou en hulle dierbare kinders.— in 'n konsentrasiekamp. Nee, dit kan nie waar wees nie.

Hy draai om. Die pyn in sy gewonde bors word onuithoubaar. Sy moed is gebreek. Hy val op die grond — op die grond waarvoor hy geveg het, — waarvoor hy sy gesin verlaat het; waarvoor hy nou gaan sterf.

Dit soektog van die lewe klaar,  
Hy soek vir hom 'n plek van rus,  
'n Paradyse teen al sy swaar,  
Waar saans 'n sagte nagwind sus.

Janet Henshilwood upper V.



# CLOUDS

I shall never forget that afternoon. The braaiivleis smoke drifted from under the withered and the drought-stricken branches across the parched lawn. Drowsy and repite, we sat facing the mountain, discussing the possibility of a welcome rain. The air was sticky with humidity and the sky was a blue haze of heat.

My attention was attracted by a small white cloud which appeared suddenly over the mountain. It was a fleecy ball of fluff, and as the leaves stirred, so the cloud grew, in grandeur and magnitude into a bold white castle with cottonwool turrets and rugged bastions.

In no time a second fairy-tale castle grew up along-side the first and slowly they merged to form a thick, woolly blanket of dazzling whiteness. The joining of the clouds seemed to bring a change in colour, and a steely greyness stole over them as they flattened out across the sky like a fleet of grey battleships they sailed steadily forward finally encompassing the whole sky.

On its long, invisible journey across the ocean, had this fleet picked-up the longed-for rain, and would it discharge it over the earth?

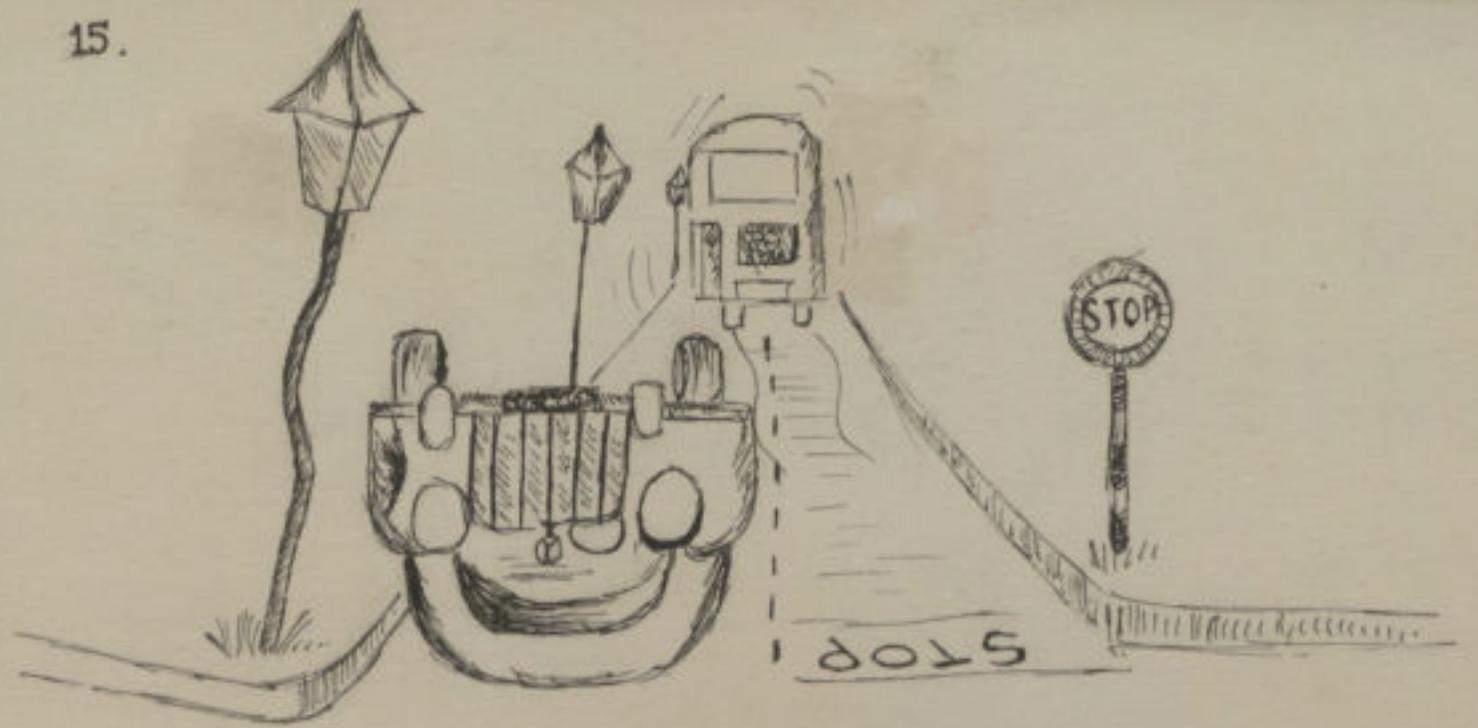
We waited with bated breath for it to open fire with a salvo of rain. As the evening closed in, the fleet integrated into a grey blanket again and the chances of a storm appeared remote. The grey blanket shrunk and slowly evaporated in the hot sky.

How long would we have to wait for the next cloud to raise our hopes?

Helen Henderson Upper IV



He passed the bobby without any fuss  
 And he passed the cart of hay  
 He tried to pass a swerving bus  
 And then he passed away.



A novice was driving a car  
 When, down Portlock, his son said, "Pappa  
 If you drive at this rate  
 We are bound to be late.  
 Drive faster." - He did, and they are!

Helen Robertson Lower IV

There was a young lady of Tottenham  
 Who'd no manners, else she'd forgotten 'em  
 At tea at the vicar's,  
 She tore off her knickers  
 Because she explained  
 She felt 'ot in 'em.





## THE CHANGELING

G'er the downs the wee folk took her,  
 Laid her in a mortal's bed.  
 For a human they forsook her,  
 Took a mortal babe instead.

She grew up among mere mortals  
 Like the new moon pale and wan  
 She sought out the fairy portals  
 But she sought them out in vain.

There she sickened weak and lonely,  
 There she wept, and pined, forlorn,  
 She, midst humans, fairy only,  
 When she perished, none did mourn.

G'er the downs the wee folk seek her,  
 Back the Human child they gave,  
 They found her, and returned much meeker  
 For they found her ; in the grave.



# THE FOUR TEMPTATIONS OF BECKET

When Becket returns to Canterbury after seven years of exile, he is met by the women of the city, who are anxious that he should go away in safety again, and leave them in their quiet, undisturbed "living and partly living." The priests receive him with joy as a leader in this time of unrest. They see in him security and an end to their troubles.

The four tempters are linked symbolically with the four knights who eventually kill Becket. Becket expects three of them, because he likens himself to our lord, who also had three tempters before his real glory came.

The first tempter comes with reminiscences of the happy, carefree life that Becket lived before he resigned his post as chancellor to fulfil his role as archbishop. He recalls the hunting, the wine, the women, the song; the days full of fun and gaiety. Becket dismisses these, saying that although man never learns from his predecessors' mistakes, one phase in his life can never be relived.

The second tempter-knight recalls the days when he was chancellor, and was the real ruler of England. "The king commands. The chancellor richly rules". Those were the days when he could devise and plan to his heart's content, and live a life of comfort and honour. The chancellorship, Becket "remembers(s), not worth forgetting." When he had been made archbishop, he had found a ruler far greater than any king. To return to the most potent temporal power, would still now be to descend.

The third tempter-knight brings proof of the impossibility of Becket's reunion with the king. Those once friends can never live in unity again. By wiled suggestions, he puts forward

the idea that with the help of overseas friends, Becket could overthrow the king, and use as supreme leader with the support of the majority of the barons. Becket asks how he can trust those who plot to overthrow the king when he does not trust the king.

These three knights are "blunt straightforward Englishmen." Everything that they suggest comes condescendingly, as if to a foolhardy child. Ostensibly the suggestions are for Becket's good, and for the country, to which all the barons declare themselves faithful.

The fourth temptation has greater depth, and deeper meaning. The fourth tempter in Knight's garb is the devil. He comes unexpectedly as is his custom, for Becket only expects three "visitors" as our Lord had. This fourth tempter knows all Becket's inner temptations, for Becket realizes that there is only one real way to glory, and that through God. However Becket does not understand until the devil's visit that the only way to become a saint is to lose one's own will in God's will. One cannot make oneself a saint, but must follow God's path.

The devil tempts Becket with the glories of sainthood, with thoughts of pilgrims and shrines, for these have been Becket's own dreams. If Becket agrees with the devil's suggestion he will be supreme ruler, but for one. The "one" though Becket does not realize it, will be the devil, who works unceasingly to make man fall.

Becket bids himself of the devil, and in his last sermon, shows himself completely resigned to God's will. A saint has no glory but that coming from God. He is called to bring people back to the church, and Becket is happy to live in this role, and fulfil the wish of God.

In his last speech to justify himself, the fourth knight presents a verdict of "suicide of unsound mind." He claims that Becket could easily have saved his life by waiting for the four knights to calm down, that he had deliberately allowed himself to be killed that he might have the glory of a martyr. This had been Becket's dream before the devil's temptation. However he had

been revealed to himself by this, and had died as a true saint of God, doing the right thing "for the right reason".

Michelle Wells . Lower V.





Jill Truscott Lower IV

# TOE EK 'N KATJIE GERED HET

Verlede Saterdag het dit baie gereën en ek en my broers moes heel oggend in die huis bly. Toe ons klaar ons middagete geëet het, het ons besluit om 'n entjie te gaan stap, alhoewel dit nog buite gereën het.

Ons het ons reënjaoste aangetrek en buitentoe gestap. Ek en my broers het omtrent honderd tree geloop toe ons vir Johan sien aankom. Ek het nie baie van hom gehou nie, want hy het diere misgehandel. Johan het in sy hand 'n sak gehad. Ek het 'n klein katjie hoor skree en toe kry ek 'n gedagte. Johan was oppad na die dam en daar sou hy die katjie laat verdink.

Ek het my broers vertel wat ek vermoed het en ons het besluit om dadelik na die dam te gaan. Toe ons by die dam aangekom het, was Johan al daar, maar die sak was nie in sy hand nie. Skielik het ek die vasgebunde sak in die water sien afsak. Ek het na die water gehardloop en die sak uit die water gemaal. Toe ek dit oopmaak, het ek 'n klein swart katjie gesien wat skynbaar dood was. Ek het die katjie huis toe geneem en ek en my broers het dit in my pop se kombese toegedraai. Die katjie het gou bygekrom en ons het hom melk gegee. Van toe af het "Blackie" gelukkig saam met ons gebly.

Gael Kelly Upper III.

# ETOSHA

In the North where feeds the lion,  
 East of the coast which men call "death",  
 Where sailors for centuries have been dying,  
 Bereft by thirst of life's sweet breath.  
 There is a land of stark bare contrast,  
 Where herds are free to roam at will,  
 A place of heat and sand and dust,  
 Where no-one goes with intent to kill.  
 "Etosha" is the name it's given,  
 What it means I shall not ponder,  
 To beasts of the "veld" it is their haven,  
 A paradise where'er they wander.  
 The law of the Jungle is still the same,  
 And none but the fittest can survive,  
 For lion attacks not with intent to maim,  
 But the weak must die and the strong will live



Louise Maratos upper V

# FROM MY WINDOW

It is evening in Paris. The pungent smell of "bouille - baisse" hangs on the air. Leaning out of my garret window, I look down on the cobbled streets of Montmartre - the metropolis of artists, writers, and all the members of the weird Bohemian sect.

In the distance, the Eiffel Tower reaches into the French sky, a sickle moon and a single star above it. The Eiffel Tower - the emblem of Paris, guards its beloved city below.

The distant noise of the traffic on the Champs - Elysées is becoming less distinct now. Along the spacious boulevards, the "patrons" will be drawing up their striped awnings, which all the day have shaded red-checked table cloths. On the Pont - Neuf, the beggars will be aimlessly wending their way homewards - no, not homewards. They have no home; but they will sleep in some dark dank alley-way or grimy gutter.

Below me I see a variety of people. Old Madame Hortense is struggling up the hill with a laundry basket, her pump arms bulging as they press against the rough cane, and her weather-beaten face sinks down upon a buxom breast. I see also a young artist, bearded, scruffy, unkempt and unshaven, hurrying along with an unfinished canvas under his arm. His suede shoes are shabby, and his loose jacket, paint-stained, flaps in the cool evening breeze. The street vendors are pushing their carts homewards, and the smell of decaying fruit and vegetables mingles in the pure evening air with the staid odour of "bouille - baisse". The "poules" begin to appear now, one by one, stealthily, warily, like cats. They are gaudy, heavily painted with puffy hairstyles and dark, smudged eyes. Their long legs are enveloped in black stockings, and their high heels clatter on the cobbles. They take up their posts under their own special lamp-post, and wait.....

Now is the time of the cats. They are gathering on the roof-tops, among the crooked chimney-stacks.

and caterwaul to the crescent moon. Paris is a cat's paradise, with its gutters of rotting fish, and kindly house-wives always ready with a saucer of milk.

Far below, the Seine, the life-blood of Paris, winds like a fading ribbon in the gathering dusk. Perhaps there will be two lovers sitting on a bench, or an old tramp staring with unseeing eyes into the murky waters.

The night has come swiftly and suddenly. I see only a mass of lights, and standing out amongst them all, the famous sign of Moulin Rouge - the Red Mill, the meeting place of all artists of all kinds. The air is still - I can hear nothing, except for the occasional caterwauling cat and the tap of a "mirloune's" heels on the cobblestones. Paris is still . . . . preparing for her rest. The great metropolis is silent, but her heart still beats on . . . .

Moved by this panorama of so much beauty and atmosphere, I turn from the window and wearily survey the bare room, with its empty walls and weak light. Downstairs can be heard the nagging of the "maitresse," and the shuffle of her sagging slippers on the floorboards.

But I must not be ungrateful - to be in Paris is to be living. Paris - the world's best-loved city, where the heart of every Frenchman lies, for Paris is not a city, it is a way of life.

Melanie Baumann Lower V





Will Truscott

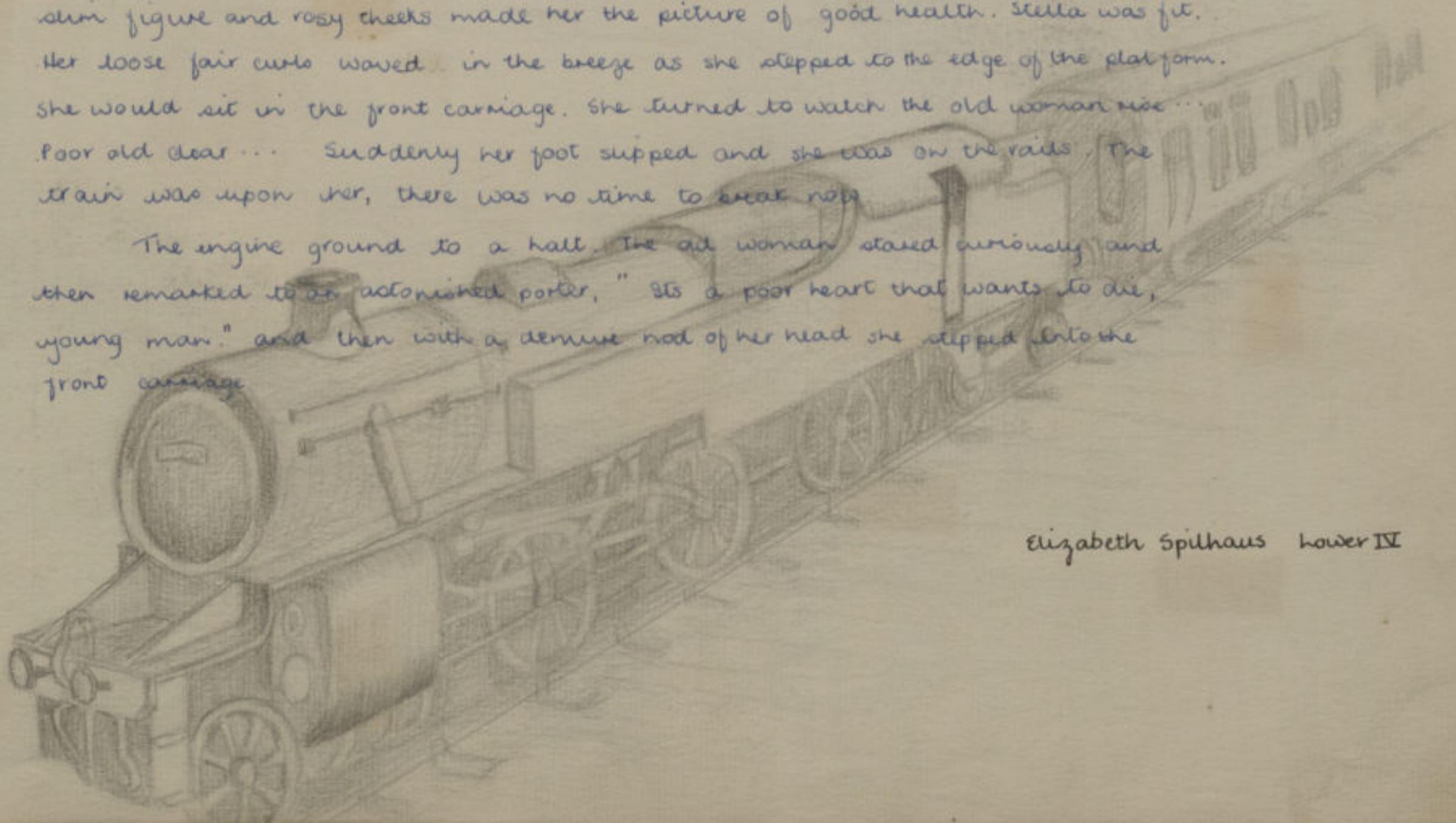


## IT'S A POOR HEART THAT WANTS TO DIE

She was old and wrinkled, "I hope I never grow old like that", Stella thought as she sat beside the old woman on the dirty station bench. "I want to die before I grow feeble!" She heard the distant rumbling of the approaching train and rose.

Stella was young, twenty-three at the most, and in her prime. Her tall, slim figure and rosy cheeks made her the picture of good health. Stella was fit. Her loose fair curls waved in the breeze as she stepped to the edge of the platform. She would sit in the front carriage. She turned to watch the old woman rise... Poor old dear... Suddenly her foot slipped and she was on the rails. The train was upon her, there was no time to react now.

The engine ground to a halt. The old woman stared curiously and then remarked to an astonished porter, "It's a poor heart that wants to die, young man." and then with a demure nod of her head she stepped into the front carriage.



Elizabeth Spilhaus Lower IV

# MA FAMILLE

Il y a quatre enfants dans notre famille. La plus jeune est ma soeur qui s'appelle Gill. Elle a seize mois et elle est très jolie. Chaque jour elle ajoute un autre mot à son vocabulaire.

Mon petit frère a six ans et il va à l'école. Il est aussi grand que moi. Il est très gai. Mais il parle sans cesse et ce qu'il dit n'est pas intéressant. Il aime aller à la nage.

J'ai un autre frère qui a dix-sept ans et qui est très grand. Il va à Bishops et aime les sports et son travail. Il est très habile. Il désire devenir ingénieur. Il aime aussi des parties qu'il trouve très intéressantes.

Mon père est très grand et aux cheveux gris. Il me taquine souvent parce que je suis si petite. Il aime beaucoup voyager et il va par avion beaucoup à Londres, l'Afrique et à Johannesburg.

Ma mère est très occupée avec ma soeur, et la maison et elle travaille beaucoup pour une société pour la Protection des enfants.

# MY FAVOURITE HOUSES.

Over a period of thirteen years I have lived in many different houses, the reason for this is that my father is in the Royal Navy and has to travel about a great deal.

One of <sup>the</sup> my favourite houses that I have lived in was the one in Malta in a little village called San Paul Tatarja.

I was only three when we moved in but even so I was immediately intrigued by the magnificent view of St. Paul's Bay which could be seen from the balcony adjoining my bedroom. It was a double-storey house and not much to look at, inside or out, but it had a friendly atmosphere which made up for its ugly looks. All floors were paved with flag-stones which had been worn concave. The furniture was slightly worn as it had taken a rather bad beating from the previous tenants. The most amusing part of the house was the toilet which jutted out from the second storey and hung in a precarious manner over the street below. The flush was so loud that whenever one went to the toilet it broadcasted to the rest of those living in the square that one of the Truscotts had just "been"!

Like most of the Maltese houses, our house had a flat roof and it was an ideal place to sun-bathe. Leading up to the roof was a winding staircase which was very scary at night.

In the centre of the square in which the house was situated was an old <sup>Roman</sup> Catholic church which had been badly damaged in the last war. Near the church was a hand-pump which was <sup>the source of</sup> our only supply of water in time of drought.

While we were in Malta we lived in two houses, the first I have just described. The other we lived in for only six months so I cannot remember it very well. →

It was much bigger than the other house and the rooms were more richly furnished. The most interesting thing about it was the secret passages that it contained. The garden was large and very ornate, and

It even had a fountain!

Although I have lived in many houses these two are my favourites.

Jill Truscott Lower IV

## THE OLD DIAMOND DIGGERS

About two years ago my father bought a cattle ranch, about thirty miles from Kimberley. This, ranch, called Sydney-on-Vaal after Sydney Mendelson, is steeped in history and was once the diamond diggers Republic.

At the end of the last century, men were still covering the farm, digging for diamonds wherever there was a fissure. Some even built breakwaters in the river when it was low, and dug in the exposed river bed. The diggings were all alluvial and have left their mark permanently on the farm.

The method of digging in those days is still used today. Several Bantus load

the Kimberlite and other soil into buckets which are hoisted to the ground level by a very <sup>primitive</sup> primitive crane. The Kimberlite is sieved and then washed. The heavier stones, which may contain diamonds are pushed to the outside of the washer. These are collected, washed again, then tipped on to rickety wooden tables, covered with sacking, to be examined.

Our ranch-house, was the old hotel of a small village which had sprung up there. If only the bar could talk, we could probably hear some fascinating stories.



The sorting table

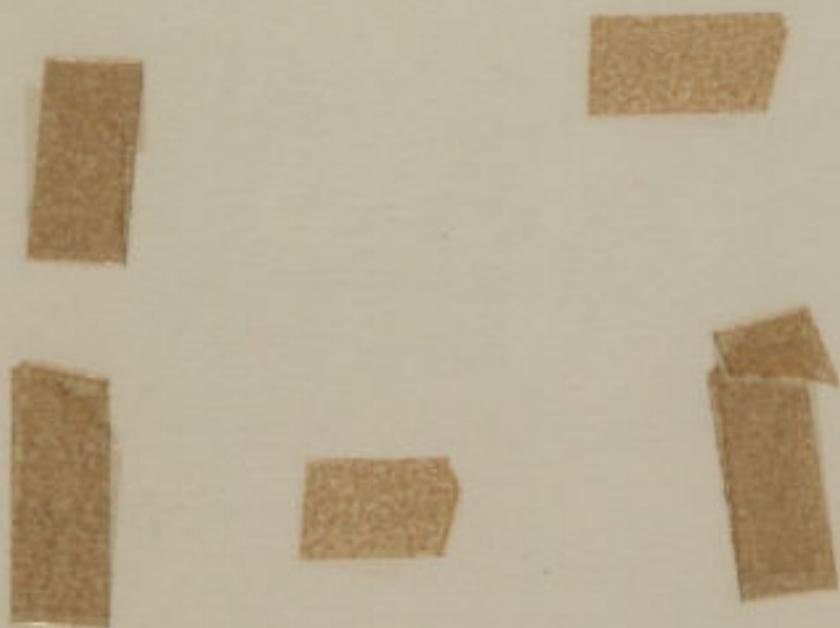


The weigher



The seive.

Tanet Gant lower V.



The Pekingese has ingrowing toe-nails, a tufted epiglottis and is noted far and wide for its inflamed gums. The bark of the Pekingese is worse than its bite because its teeth don't meet.

Nine out of ten Pekingeses are disobediant, the tenth is genuinely deaf.

A characteristic of the Pekingese is its long bushy tail which curls over its back and gets in its eyes causing double vision.

Generally speaking the Peke is deficient in calcium, iron, starch, bone, brain and vitamin A to X. In China the Peke is either worshipped by the rich or stewed by the poor. There is no middle course.

Jeanette Ross. Upper IV

# LES TROIS MATELOTS



a Les trois matelots heureux  
Habillés en bleu marine  
Très chic et plein de juie  
Ils ne savent pas que faire.

b Les trois matelots heureux  
En ambulants sur le quai  
Cherchant des amusants juie  
Comme ils sont très gai.

c Les trois matelots heureux  
Demandent à joindre les filles  
Pour il veux danser avec eue  
En twietant par la ville.

d Les trois matelots heureux  
Réveillés en alarme  
Car toute de suite ils réalisent.  
Le temps de partir venu.



e. Les trois matelots heureux  
Marchent vite au bassin  
Ils manquent presque leur bateau  
Qui va partir à midi



Allison Payne Upper V

# Ο ΗΛΙΟΣ ΚΑΙ Ο ΑΕΡΑΣ

Ο αέρας θύμωσε  
μέ τον ήλιο μόνω  
Ο αέρας έγραψε:

« Είμαι δυνατότερος »  
Και ο ήλιος έγραψε:  
« Λέω αληθινά στην δύναμη »

Και ο ήλιος γέλασε  
« Όσοις έχει δύναμη  
παίρνει από τον ήλιο  
τη χούφτη των μαύρα του »

Ένας γέρος άνθρωπος  
μέ την μαύρη μάσκα του  
στο χωράφι άησασε.

Ο αέρας γέλασε:  
« Όσοις έχει δύναμη  
παίρνει από τον ήλιο  
τη χούφτη των μαύρα του »

Έφθεξε ο γέροντας,  
μαγευμένη ούρασε  
Κι' έβγαλε ο ήλιος  
τη χούφτη των μαύρα του.

Φύσησε, ξεφύσησε  
έτσι ο ήλιος  
« Αδώς ο μόνος του.  
Κρύωσε ο ήλιος  
και άμαχητά ταχτήκανε  
στη χούφτη των μαύρα του.

« Άδως και μόνος του:  
σε αληθινά στην δύναμη  
γιατί πάλι με το μόνος  
κι' έβγαλε με το μόνος »



Angela Macris Upper IV

# THE MAN OF THE CENTURY

We felt it would be appropriate to write a note in our magazine about the man of the century who passed away on January, 24<sup>th</sup> of this year. The whole world mourned the passing of this truly great man whose courage and genius inspired the British people in their darkest hour. Churchill, on taking office, had warned the nation that he had nothing to offer them but "blood, toil, tears and sweat!" When all Europe was falling into the clutches of Hitler, he declared, "We shall never surrender." His speeches voiced the ultimate courage of Britain, and the nation rallied to his call. In 1953, the Queen conferred on him a Knighthood of the Order of the Garter, and he became Sir Winston Churchill. In 1962, the American Congress conferred on him the unique dignity of honorary citizen of the United States of America.

Soldier and statesman, artist and historian, Sir Winston Churchill will be remembered best in history as the leader of all men in the fight against aggression and tyranny, and as an architect of the citadel of world peace.



Carol Newman and Sandra Howell  
Lower V

# AN AFTERNOON'S EXPERIENCE

It was almost four o'clock when, equipped with an old brown blanket and some sandwiches, I set off in my canoe for the evening feeding grounds of the flamingoes and pelicans. I paddled across the glassy lake which was almost deserted, except for two yachts gliding lazily along at the far side.

I landed among the reeds before I reached the grassy bank, which was marked with many bird-tracks, proving that it was still a popular place for feeding. I set up my blanket ~~in~~ a tent-fashion at the edge of the bush, and camouflaged it with branches. I made myself as comfortable as possible inside, ate my sandwiches and waited hopefully.

After a time the ground started to feel very hard and very stiff. Then, most unexpectedly, a flock of graceful flamingoes glided over the tree-tops on the opposite side of the lake. To my great joy they landed in the shallow water near the edge of the bank, about a hundred yards in front of me. For the first few seconds they looked cautiously around to see if there was any cause of alarm. Then, satisfied with the familiar surroundings, some groped around in shallows, while others, tired after their flight, rested on one leg and dozed in the afternoon sun.

Not long after, a dozen or more pelicans appeared, but I was disappointed when they landed clumsily in the water far to my right and swam out of sight behind the reeds. Suddenly there was a roar of heavy, beating wings above me, as a flock of Egyptian geese came in to feed. The birds, wings flapping vigorously, and broad feet extended, landed heavily about twenty feet away from me. I was amazed at their beauty and their colourful plumage.

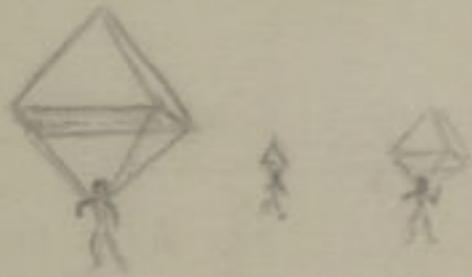
There was a sudden shout from a boat on the lake and the birds all took flight,

making a deafening roar with their wings as they flapped into the air and soared away. The slender flamingoes created a pale crimson cloud as the dying sun caught their underwings in flight; while the geese, honking their alarm-cry, scattered in an opposite direction and soon were small specks on the horizon, flying in their V-shaped formation.

Folding up my blanket, I turned and walked back to my canoe, marvelling at the success of my afternoon's excursion, and already planning another day amongst these beautiful wild birds.

Perry-Anne Johnson Lower IX





Da Vinci's principle of the Parachute.

Men have always been fascinated by the prospect of flying and in the late fifteenth century Leonardo da Vinci modelled the first practical flying machine. In 1903 a machine driven by a six-bladed propeller attached to a petrol engine flew 852 feet in 59 seconds. The pilot was Orville Wright, history's first birdman.

Before learning how the aeroplane flies, a knowledge is necessary of the medium through which it obtains the lift to take it off the ground. This medium is the air which surrounds the earth, or to give it a correct name, the atmosphere. Air is a fluid and it has certain properties which are of great importance in flight. Air pressure is one extremely important property. At sea level the column of air extending into space about square inch weighs approximately 14.7 pounds. The higher we go the less the pressure until we reach space where there is no pressure. Density, which is expressed as pounds per cubic foot, is also important. Density is greatest at sea level and least when you approach space. Change in temperature affects the density. When air becomes warm it expands and becomes less dense. Viscosity means the stickiness of a fluid and since air is a fluid it naturally plays an extremely important part in flying.

In flight, a force equal and opposite to the weight must be supplied by the wings. The upward force, lifting the aeroplane is known as lift and is supplied purely by the wings. The total reaction can be divided into a vertical component lift and a backward component drag. The lift thus obtained could be used to support an aircraft, but a flat surface was found to be so inefficient that a very large area indeed would have to be used to support an aircraft. Thus the aerofoil shape was designed so that it will provide lift from the top surface as well. This is done by cambering the aerofoil. To understand why the top surface obtains such lift it is necessary to know the Venturi

Da Vinci's



principle of the Helicopter.



Da Vinci's principle of the wing.

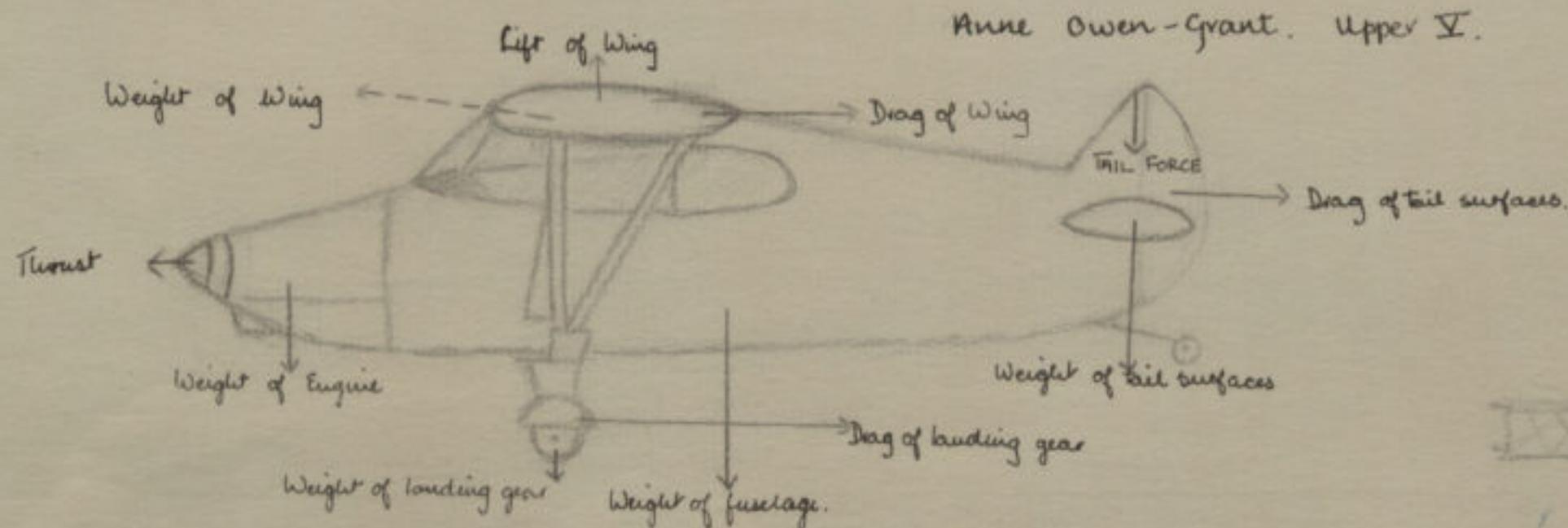
The Montgolfier



brothers' invention - the balloon.

Principle. a venturi is simply a tube with a restriction in the middle through which air can be forced. a stream of air passing through the tube must do one of two things, in order to get through the restriction in the same time, it must be compressed or it must speed up. It has been determined that it speeds up and that there is a decrease in pressure in the narrow part. It is this reduction of pressure which provides a large portion of lift supplied by the top surface of the aerofoil. an airflow is a stream of air which passes over the wings and body of a plane. To obtain lift the aerofoil is inclined at a definite angle to the airflow. of course the airflow is imperative for lift and we need force to accelerate the aircraft to a speed sufficient to provide enough lift to support its weight. Such a force is known as thrust which is provided by the propeller. It is required also to keep the aircraft moving.

unfortunately the aircraft presents certain resistance to this forward motion. This is known as drag. For it to move forward at a steady speed there may be no unbalanced forces. an equal and opposite amount of thrust is therefore required to cancel out drag. If thrust is greater than drag the aircraft will accelerate and with the increase of speed drag will increase until we again have equilibrium.



# THE SPRING

I am a spring; a happy spring  
 a happy, laughing, dancing spring,  
 a bubbling, burbling, gurgling spring,  
 a spring who of life's love doth sing.

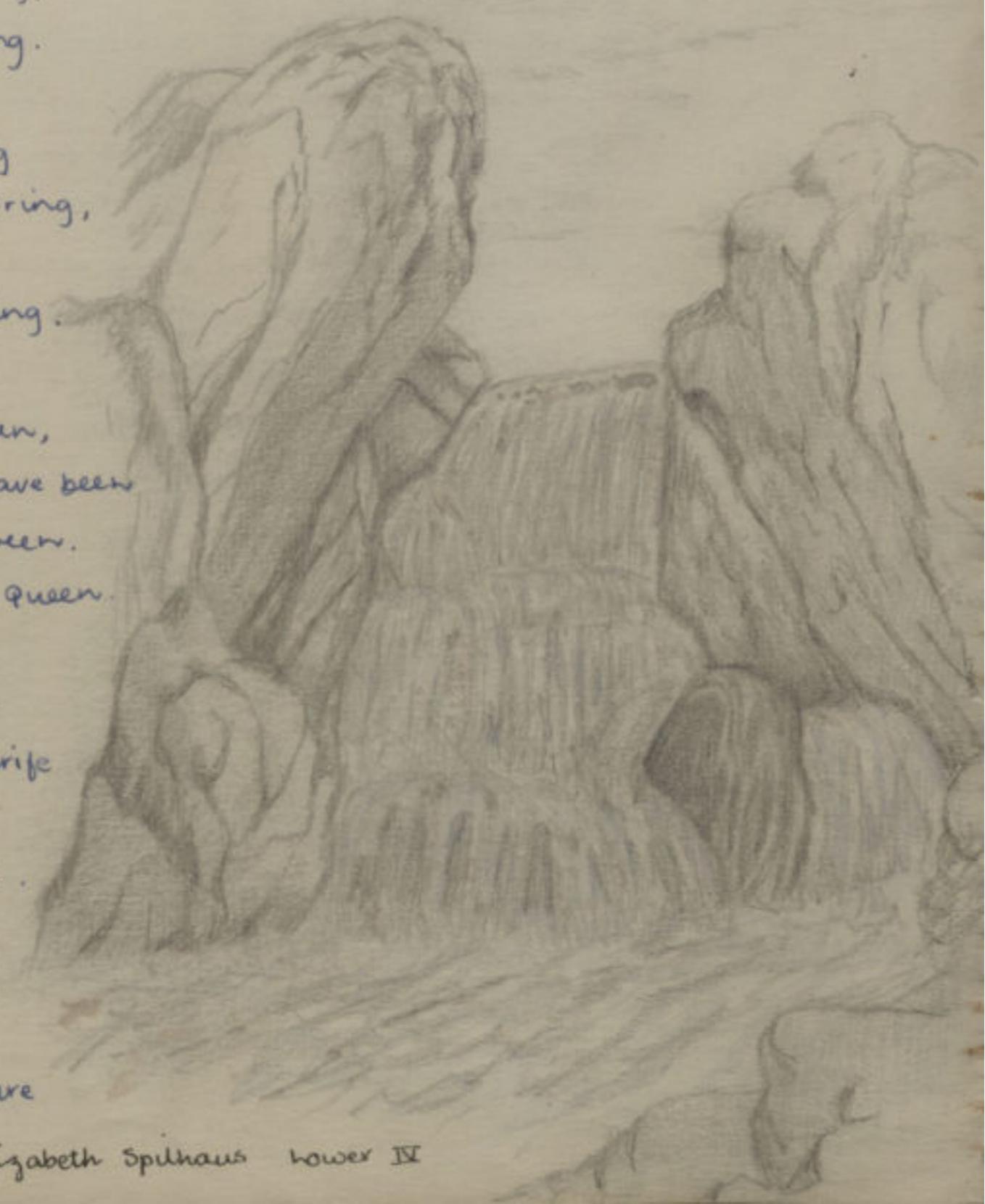
I am a spring; a dismal spring  
 A mournful, weeping, mourning spring,  
 a weary, teary, carey spring,  
 a spring who of life's hate doth sing.

all life's sorrows and joys I've seen,  
 all life's children to my banks have been  
 Lovers dabbling in my water's green.  
 Princes, beggars, cripples, and a queen.

I am a spring : a son of life  
 Born to see this sad world's strife  
 Man kill man with savage knife  
 Wife spite husband, husband wife.

Though this earth is full of care  
 God may grant my nightly prayer  
 and make it into a happy place where  
 lamb can rest in lion's lair.

Elizabeth Spilhaus Lower IV



# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

On the night of April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1865, America was destined to lose one of her greatest national heroes, Abraham Lincoln, a man whose courage, humour, kindness and patience has been kept in the hearts of not only America, but the whole world.

That unforgettable evening was to be one of celebration. Who would not celebrate on such a night as this? For on this day the long civil war had ended and the United States was at peace. However the following day, a nation awoke to hear the mournful news of the assassination. But, who could possibly put an end to a man who had saved his country? Unfortunately no famous and well loved men are without their deadly rivals.

There was a nightmarish scene at the theatre that night. Let us now watch that scene. Abraham's entry to his box interrupts the play and he is greeted by mighty cheers. Two hours pass and then a figure at the door of a box says he bears important news and demands to enter. He passes through and suddenly puts a pistol to Lincoln's head and pulls the trigger. Then with a leap he is on the stage. A woman's voice screams, "He has shot the president". Lincoln was taken to a house nearby, but he never regained consciousness.

Let us now look at the life of this supreme figure, "the uncrowned King of the United States of America." Abraham was born on February 12<sup>th</sup> 1809, in a log cabin, for his father was a carpenter and could afford nothing else. The log cabin in which he was born is now highly safe-guarded in a stone structure, showing the great sentiment the Americans feel towards Lincoln. When he was very young Abraham had very little education, his father being against it, but Abraham's father married again, this time a sensible woman who insisted on education for all the children. Between her and her young stepson there grew a love which lasted all his life.

She even declared that he was the best son a woman could have.

From this time onwards Abraham read everything that came his way. When he was only sixteen he heard that a settler nearby had a life of George Washington. Lincoln immediately tramped out to the hut and asked if he may borrow it. The following night the rain ruined the book and miserably he went out and worked in the fields so that he might pay for this damaged book. Now this book was his own, the first book to add to his library and from this book he learnt about his country and great thoughts rose in his mind.

At nineteen he was already over six feet, with long arms and legs and a thin body. His father's description of him, a good one although not very complimentary is, "he looked as if he had been rough-hewn with an axe and needed smoothing with a jack-plane". Even though he was not good-looking he was willingly listened to by the country people, for he had a good sense of humour and as a mimic of the local preachers he had no equal.

There was an incident in his early twenties which might have altered the course of American history. He was hired to take a flatboat of farm produce to New Orleans, 1,800 miles away. On the way Lincoln and his companion were sleeping; robbers crept aboard and attempted to murder them. Abraham awoke unfortunately and knocked some down and chased others away. These robbers were starving Negro slaves. The man who had knocked them down lived to set them free again. Later in New Orleans Lincoln had his first opportunity of seeing the wretched conditions of the slaves. He vowed that if ever he had the chance, he would hit slavery and "hit it hard".

At the age of twenty-eight, after studying law he was admitted to the bar. He then married Mary Todd who was rather a snob and liked to be sociable. Later he surprised everybody by being nominated for Springfield. Here he addressed the delegates with words which were to be quoted again and again. "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this govern-

ment cannot endure permanently half slave, half-free. It will become all one thing or the other." After two or three attempts Abraham became legislator of his State. In 1860 the Republicans were looking for a candidate for presidency and a great surprise came for Abraham when he was elected President of the United States.

As soon as he became President the Southern States said to the Northern, "You object to slavery, very well, you go your way and we will go ours." But Lincoln did not want war; he wanted slavery to die out naturally. However the South broke the Union and that act began the greatest Civil War in history.

The North were unprepared, ill equipped and ill-mannered and the South won dazzling victories. Lincoln on the other hand was unshaken and never lost courage. He rallied his side on, his speeches prompting them, the Speech of Gettysburg being the most famous. Only after victory did Lincoln make his dramatic statement, setting free every slave, man woman child in the United States of America.

His triumph was shortlived for he was in the middle of restoring the devastated South when an unsuccessful actor, Wilkes Booth, put an end to Abraham Lincoln. How many other carpenters have had sons who have fought the battles of society and become a man like Abraham Lincoln? This is a President who well deserves the honour and glory with which his countrymen acclaim him.

Carol Bartley Lower IV



## ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

Εἰς ἄλλα τὰ χρόνια βασιλεὺς οὖν Θίβη ἦσαν ὁ Λαῖος ὅσῳ εἶχε γυναῖκα του τὴν Ιουλιάνη.  
Κάποτε ὅσῳ ζήσας τὴν ἀποφύξια τοῦ Μαντείου οὖν ἀγγεῖον τοῦ εἶδος ὅτι θὰ μὴν γινῶμαι ὅτι θὰ  
συσταθῆν ἀδ' αὐτὸν καὶ ὅτι θὰ ἀναφρονῆ τὴν Ιουλιάνη.

Ὁ Λαῖος στενοχρόνως ἀγγη καὶ ὅταν ἡ γυναῖκα του γέννησεν τὸ ἀγόριον, δὲν χάρως καθόλου.  
Θυμίσαν τὴν ἀποφύξια τοῦ Μαντείου καὶ ἄλλο τὸ φόβο του φώναξεν τὸν ἰατροῦν του, καὶ  
διδόντας του τὸ ἰατρικὸν τοῦ εἶδος νὰ τὸ ἀπαίξῃ μέσα σὲ μὴνους παρ' αὐτοῦ.

Ὁ ἰατρὸς τὸ γινόντων καὶ τὸ ἔφησεν ἀνάμεσα σὲ μὴνους ἄλλους, γίνοντας σὲ βασιλεῖα  
ὅτι τὸ σούτως. Τὴν ἄλλη μερὰ ἀέροντας ἄλλο εἰς μὴνους βοσκῶν εἶδεν τὸ ἰατρικὸν ὅσῳ τὸ  
ἰατρικὸν τοῦ εἶχαν ἀποθῆναι καὶ εἶσαν ἀμέλεια καὶ τὸ ἔφησεν καὶ τὸ ἔφησεν σὲ βασιλεῖα  
του, τὸν Πόρυβο. Ὁ Πόρυβος τὸ δέχθης με χάρᾳ εἶδεν δὲν εἶχε ἀποθῆναι καὶ τὸ ὄνομα  
Ὀιδίπυος.

Τὰ ἰατρικὰ τοῦ χρόνια ὁ Οἰδῖπός τὸ ἀέροντας ἐπιτυχίως ἰατρικῶν ὅτι αὐτοῦ ἦσαν  
οἱ γονεῖς του. Ὅταν μεγάλως καὶ ἔφησεν σὲ Μαντεῖο, τὸν εἶδεν ὅτι θὰ συσταθῆν τὸν πατέρα  
του καὶ θὰ ἀναφρονῆ τὴν μητέρα του. Ἀποφύξια νὰ μὴν γινῶμαι οὖν κέρως καὶ  
ἐξαιτίας καὶ τὴν Θίβη νὰ μὴν εἶσαι. Δὲν ἔφησεν ἀναφρονῆ με τὸν βασιλῆα τὴν Θίβης  
ὅσῳ τὸν εἶσαι νὰ ἀποφρονῆ καὶ νὰ μὴν γινῶμαι νὰ ἀποφρονῆ με τὸ ἀπαίξῃ του. Ὁ  
Ὀιδῖπός δὲν τὸν ἀέροντας, μαγίσαναι καὶ ὁ Ὀιδῖπός τὸν σούτως. Ὅταν ἔφησεν ὁ  
Λαῖος ἀδ' τὴν Θίβη ἡ ἔφησεν, ἕνα τέρας, εἶσαι οὖν Θίβη, καὶ ὅσῳ δὲν μὴν γινῶμαι  
νὰ γινῶμαι τὸ ἀγόριον, τοῦ σούτως καὶ τοῦ ἔφησεν. Τὸ ἀγόριον εἶσαι, ἔφησεν ὅτι  
δίδωμαι τὸ ἀγόριον, δὲν τὸ μεσημέρι καὶ ἔφησεν τὸ βράδυ. Τὸ εἶσαι; Ὁ Ὀιδῖπός εἶσαι  
ὅτι εἶσαι ἀνέροντας ὅταν γινῶμαι ἀποφρονῆ με τέρας ὅσῳ, ὅτι εἶσαι

δαιμόνην με δὺς καὶ ὅταν γερᾶσον με' ἐπὶ αὐτῆν ἔχει γυμνασίον.

"Ὅταν τὸ ἀνοῦσαι τὸ πέρας εἶδῃς ἐνδὸς τὸ βράχο καὶ οὐκ ἔσθῃς, καὶ ἢ ἀνθρώπων τὴν θύλας, εἶσο τὴν χερὰ τοῦς, τὸν ἀπανομήσαν ναὶ ἀνθρώπων τὴν χερὰ βασινοῦς τοῦς. Τὴν ἀνθρώπων με' δ' ἄλλο ναὶ ἔσθῃς ὅταν εἶται μητέρα τοῦ. ἔσθῃς ἀνθρώπων ἢ ἀνοῦσαι τοῦ Μαυροῦ.

Ἀργότερα, ὅταν τὸ ἔσθῃς ἢ ἀνοῦσαι, ἀνοῦσαι καὶ ὁ ἀνοῦσαι οὐκ ἔσθῃς μόνος τοῦ.

Angela Macris Upper IV



# TRANSLATION OF OEDIPUS

In the ancient days of Greece, Laius was the ruler of Thebes and his wife was Jocasta. He went to Delphi to consult the Oracle and the god, Apollo told him that his son would kill his father and marry his mother.

Laius was very worried and when his son was born he did not rejoice at all. Frightened, he gave his son to his most trusted servant and told him to throw it in a precipice.

The servant took pity on the baby and he left it on the mountain sheltered by some rocks, telling the king that he had killed it. The following day, a shepherd found the child on the mountain, its legs swollen because they were tied together. He picked the child up and took it to his king, King Polybus of Corinth. The king received the child gladly because he and his wife had no children of their own and he named it Oedipus.

Oedipus spent his childhood happily thinking that the king and queen of Corinth were his parents. When he was older he went to consult the Oracle and the god told him he would kill his father and marry his mother. He decided not to go to Corinth and set out for Thebes. On his journey he met the King of Thebes, who told him to go out of their way so that he could pass. Oedipus quarrelled with him and killed him. Soon after Laius had left Thebes, the Sphinx, a terrible monster came to Thebes, and whoever could not answer his riddle, he killed - and then devoured them. This was the riddle: 4 legs in morning and two at noon, three in the evening, what is it? Oedipus solved the riddle by saying that it was Man. Four legs in the morning; crawling as a baby; two legs at noon - walking upright as a youth; three legs in the evening - old man walking with the help of a stick.

When the monster fell over the edge of the cliff and killed itself, the people of Thebes

were overjoyed and they begged Oedipus to marry the widowed queen, Jocasta. He married her, not realising it was his mother, proving the prophecy true.

Many years later, when the queen found out that Oedipus was her son, she hung herself and Oedipus committed suicide.

angela Macris Upper III



Bill Truscott



# FABLES

## The ass with a sore foot

A lame ass, walking along a country road, met a hungry wolf to whom he said: "Pity me, friend; I have a thorn in my foot and am in great pain."  
 "Dear me!" said the wolf, "you quite distress me, and I feel it is only right to put you out of your misery."

Thereupon he leaped upon the ass and tore him to pieces

It is useless to ask pity of the pitiless.

## The goose that was only a goose.

A goose, proud of her white feathers, pretended that she was a swan. She left her own relations, and swam alone around the pond, trying to bend and stretch her neck like a swan's.

But it was all of no use, her neck was too short and stiff; and after all her trouble nobody thought she was a swan, and she succeeded only in appearing silly.

It is useless trying to deceive people by appearing to be what we are not.

# DIP AND DUNK

Easy and elegant snacks made at the ring of a door-bell! Place in the centre of a platter a bowl piled high with one of the delicious savoury dunks. Guests dunk crisps, cheese-straws, crisp vegetable sticks, cocktail sausages, cubes of cheese or any other small portions of food speared on cocktail sticks into the dip bowl and scoop out tasty mouthfuls



## 1. TEEN BEAT SPECIAL

- 1 carton Royal Dairy cottage cheese.
  - $\frac{1}{3}$  cup, or to taste, Peanut Butter.
  - 2 tablespoons milk.
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tomato sauce
  - 3. tablespoons sweet pickle.
  - Grated onion, salt and pepper.
- Combine all and chill (makes two cups)

## 2. LUCKY DIP

- 2 cups finely diced and drained pineapple.
  - 4 ozs. chopped stoned dates.
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped celery and a little salt and pepper.
  - 2 peeled, cored and grated, or chopped, apples
- add sufficient Royal Dairy Cottage cheese to bind and give the mixture a good flavour.

## OLIVE OYSTER DIP

you start of course, with 1 carton of Royal Dairy Cottage Cheese to which add Mayonaise to taste and cream together until smooth. Then add 1 tin of chopped smoked oysters, juice as well, grated onion, lemon juice, salt, pepper and a bit of garlic salt. Lastly add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of chopped olives and sprinkle top with chopped parsley. (makes 2 cups)

## WINE AND CHEESE

- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. grated mature cheddar cheese.
  - 4 ozs. cottage cheese.
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Port wine
  - 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce.
  - Prepared Mustard
  - Salt and Pepper to taste
- Combine all ingredients. chill - but serve at room temperature with crackers (makes  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups)

## TANGY COTTAGE CHEESE

- 1 cup cottage cheese.
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Tomato Sauce.
  - Tabasco Sauce.
  - 1 tablespoon grated onion.
  - 1 teaspoon Worcester Sauce.
  - salt, pepper.
- Mix all well together. chill before serving. (makes  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups)

Till Truscott Lower IV

# EGGPLANT - IMAM - BAILDI

5 small eggplants

1 lb. onions

1 cup oil

2 tablespoons tomato paste

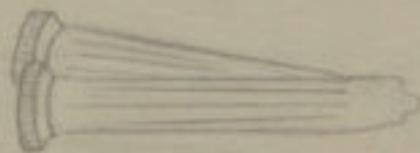
2 or 3 cloves garlic, chopped.

1 tablespoon parsley, chopped.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Wash eggplants. Make three or four lengthwise incisions in each eggplant, without separating the pieces. Sprinkle in between with salt and set aside until bitterness runs out. Fry eggplants in oil until they start to wilt. Place in baking dish side by side with some sliced onions in between the eggplants. Brown the rest of the onions lightly in the same oil. Add some chopped parsley, salt, pepper, one teaspoon sugar, chopped garlic, and mix. Let it cool a little. Stuff the incisions of the eggplant and this filling, add tomato paste on top with the rest of the parsley. Sprinkle with a little more salt, some dry bread crumbs and the rest of the oil from the pan. Bake in a moderate oven for about one hour. Delicious, served cold.

Louise Mavatos Upper V.



## TURKISH DELIGHT

1 lb. sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$  pt. water

2 oz. gelatine

colouring and flavouring.

1. boil sugar and water to  $240^{\circ}\text{F}$
2. dissolve gelatine in a litre of water and bring to a boil
3. add gelatine, colouring and flavouring to the syrup.
4. pour into tins, when set cut into blocks and roll in icing sugar.



## COFFEE ALMOND FUDGE

1 lb. sugar.  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. evaporated milk

1 oz. plain chocolate.

2 Tablespoons cocoa

1 oz. butter. 4 ozs. walnuts.

1. put all ingredients except nuts into a pan and boil to  $238^{\circ}\text{F}$ .
2. remove from heat and add chopped nuts stirring mixture till thick and creamy.
3. pour into pans and when cold cut into squares



Sarah Leslie Upper III

# POMME HÉLÈNE

- 6 pommes,
- 1 verre de sucre cristallisé
- 3 cuillères à soupe jus citron.
- 2. cuillères à café extrait vanille.
- 1 verre de crème épaisse
- 1. cuillère de sucre glacé.



Trouvez une casserole dans laquelle six pommes peuvent tenir à l'aise. Mettez y le sucre cristallisé, un verre d'eau, le jus de citron, et une cuillère à café d'extrait de vanille. Mettez sur feu doux et remuez jusqu'à ce que le sucre soit dissous. Laissez frémir cinq minutes. Lavez, pelez, et videz les pommes. Placez

l'aussitôt dans le sirop, faites cuire à feu doux, sans couvrir, jusqu'à ce que les pommes soient tendres. Tournez dans le sirop. Laissez refroidir. Mettez dans le plat de service; faites glacer. au moment de servir, poudrez la crème. Ajoutez le sucre glacé et une demi cuillère à café d'extrait de vanille. Servez avec la pomme.

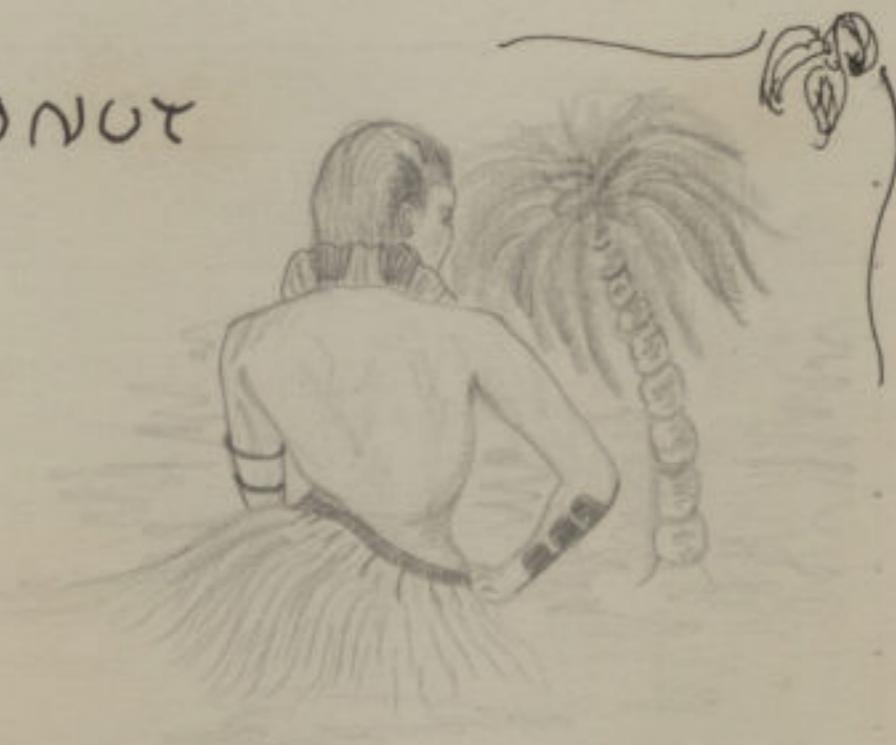
Louise Maratos Upper V.

## HAWAIIAN LOBSTER AND COCONUT

- 2 cups milk.
- 2 cups light cream.
- 3 cups fresh or dried grated coconut..
- 3 1/4 pound boiled lobsters

Combine the milk, cream and coconut in a saucepan. Bring to a boil, remove from the heat and soak for 30 minutes. Press all the liquid from the coconut and discard the pulp. Cut the lobster meat into 1 inch pieces and combine with the coconut milk. Heat but do not allow to boil. Serve hot or cold in bowls.

Jennifer Emslie Upper IV.



# ITALIAN SCAMPI

2 pounds shrimp, shelled and cleaned.  
 1/2 cup olive oil  
 2 teaspoons tomatoe paste  
 1 teaspoon salt  
 Dash of cayenne pepper  
 1 scallion (green onion) chopped

1/2 cup flour.  
 1/2 cup dry white wine  
 4 tablespoons warm water.  
 1/2 teaspoon pepper  
 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.  
 2 teaspoons lemon juice

Wash and drain the shrimp. Roll them in the flour. Heat the olive oil in a skillet. add the shrimp and brown on both sides. Drain the oil but reserve it. add the wine to the shrimp and cook over low heat until wine is absorbed.

Combine the reserved olive oil, tomatoe paste, water, salt, pepper and cayenne pepper in a saucepan. Cook over a low heat for five minutes. Remove from the pan, add the lemon juice, and serve.

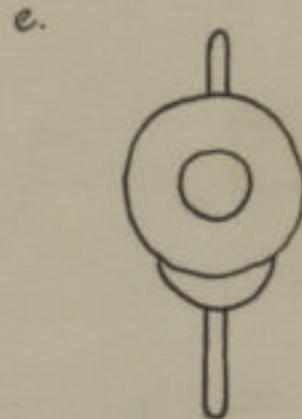
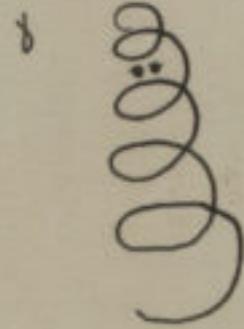
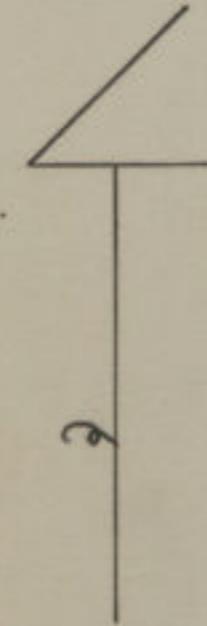
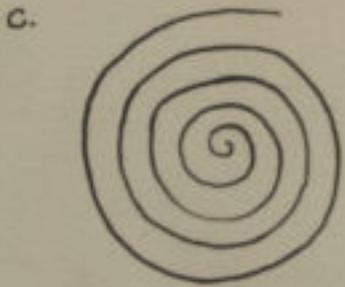
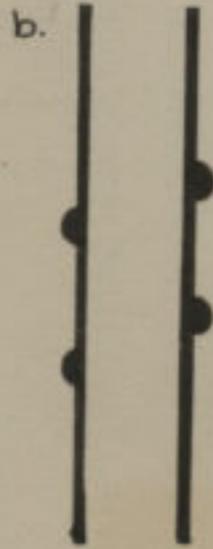
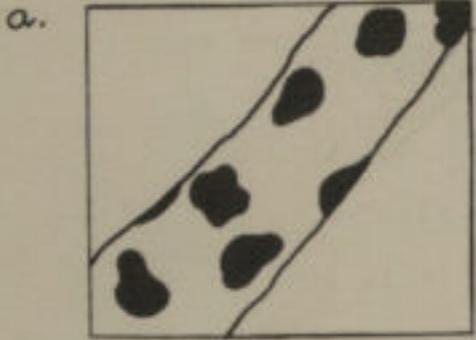
Jennifer Emslie Upper IV.



Nicola Jones Upper V

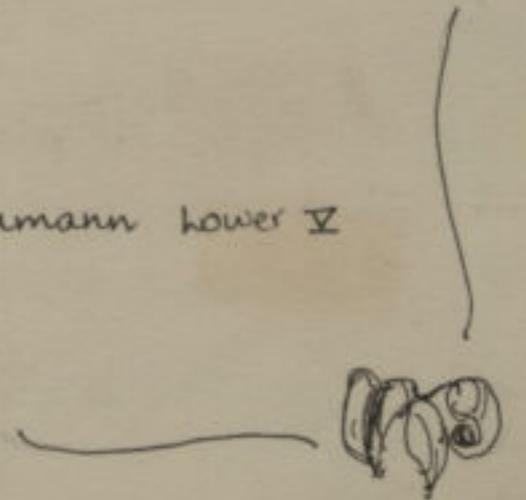


1. What's what?



Melanie Baumann lower V

Answers on Page: 65.



## 2. A problem in ages.

"How old are you?" Mary asked Jane.

"Well" replied Jane, "Four years ago I was exactly half the age I will be in four years time".

"Then" said Mary, "six years ago you were twice as old as I was, but in six years time you will be three years older than I shall be".

How old are Mary and Jane?

Jennifer Susman Lower IV



Result: could you do it or couldn't you?

Conclusion: a) you're a genius  
b) you aren't.

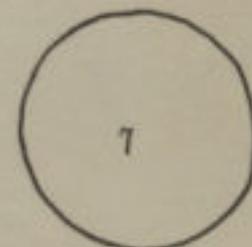
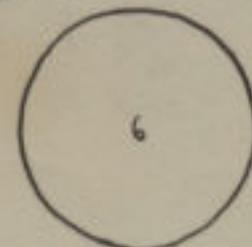
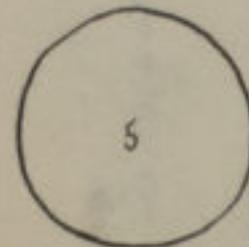
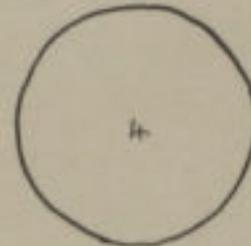
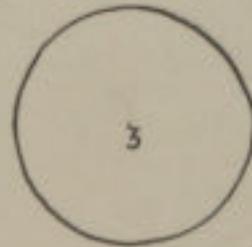
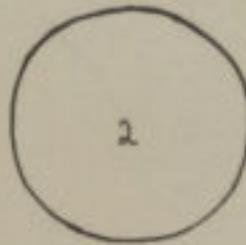
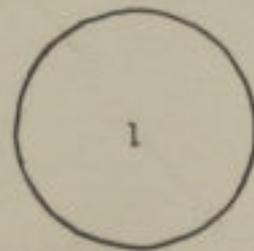
Michèle Wells Lower V

Answers on Page: 65.

3. Aim: to exchange  $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ pieces in circles 1, 2, and 3 with cent pieces in circle 5, 6, and 7

Method: only one circle can be moved at a time, or one may jump a coin to the space beyond it.

e.g. to start off with no. 2 could jump no 3 into space four (which is vacant) or No. 3 can move to No. 4.





Holland.

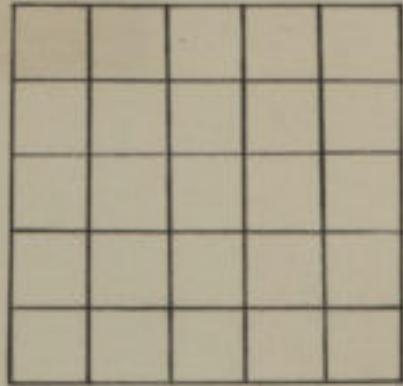


Czechoslovakia.

Nicda Jones Upper V

## 4. A word square.

A word square is the same as a crossword puzzle whose answers read the same across as down.



1. Mannequin
2. Musical play.
3. hold up
4. Rub out.
5. coat

Jennifer Susman Lower IV

A zebra is white with black stripes.

answers on page: 65.

## Did you know.?

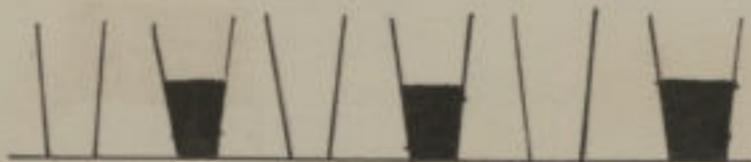
A person says bless you when you sneeze because of an old saying that when a person sneezed his soul left his body for a moment, and the slipped in. Blessing the person who had sneezed would keep out the devil.



The custom of driving on the left hand side of the road probably started when people travelled on horseback and every stranger might turn out to be an enemy. Whenever two riders approached each other, each would sidle over to the left so that his sword or pistol arm would be next to the stranger and ready for instant use.

Michèle Wells Lower V





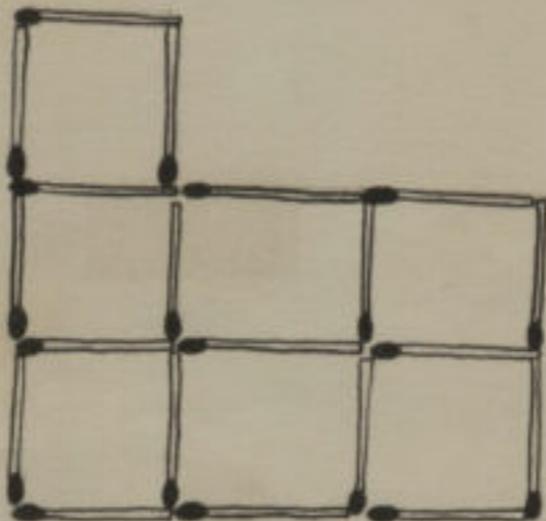
- b. Place 6 glasses as shown here — an empty one, a half one, an empty one and so on.

Rearrange them so that 3 empty glasses are at the end of the row, and 3 half full ones at the other. But move only one glass to get it.

Michelle Wells Lower V

5. Arrange twenty matchsticks in a design of seven squares, as shown here. Now take away 3 of the matches and replace them so as to form a design of only five squares. Your five squares must touch each other at some point, and each must be the same size as those in the original design.

Answers on Page: 65.



Michelle Wells. Lower V

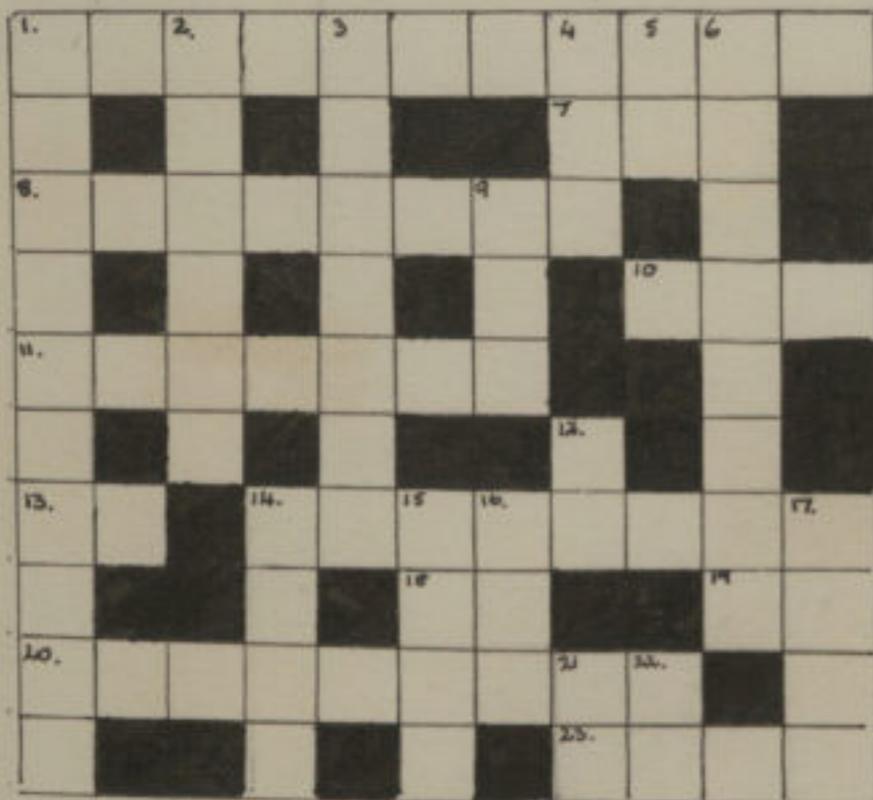




Sweden



Yugoslavia



## 7. Across.

1. A satellite in circular orbit is attracted by the earth gravitational field, which acts as the — force.
7. Steal.
8. Element with atomic number of 7.
10. Atom, or group of atoms, with either a positive or negative charge.
11. Element of platinum group, symbol Ir, atomic no. 77.
13. First two letters of element found by the curie.
14. Exemption from obligation.
15. Not out.
19. Feminine of "this" in Latin.
20. Breakdown of food by enzymes.
23. Position of stem where one or more leaves are attached.



8. Can you make 8 8's equal 1000?

Michèle Wells lower V.

Answers on Page: 65 and 66.

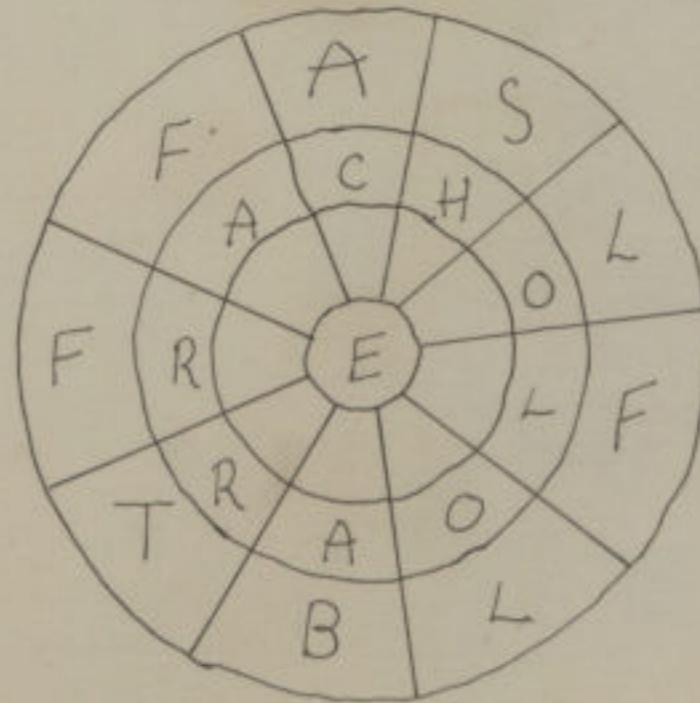
## Down

1. A temperature scale.
2.  $\text{HNO}_3$  is — acid.
3. Element with atomic number 45 and symbol Rh.
4. Last three letters of a plant of the phylum Pleridophyta.
5. English of the Latin word "ad".
6.  $-273^\circ\text{C}$  is  $0^\circ$  on the — scale of temperature.
9. Latin for "him".
12. The indefinite article before a vowel.
14. adjective for: water at  $0^\circ$  centigrade.
15. Small arthropod.
16. — cellular is the opposite of multicellular.
17. Active or nimble.
21. top is to bottom as off is to —.
22. Negative.

Sheila Mackenzie lower V

9. A composer:

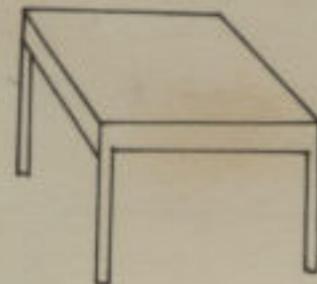
This is a name of a composer of music. Two of his main works are the Pastoral Symphony and Moonlight Sonata. Write his name clockwise on the outside of the circle, one letter to each space, in such a way that nine four-letter words are formed, all starting at the circumference and finishing with the E in the centre.



Jennifer Susman Lower IV

Do you think you can place a 5c piece on the top of this table without letting it touch an edge? Try and see.

Michèle Wells Lower V.



Answers on Page: 66

Japan.



Russia.

Nicola Jones Upper V



Answers:

Page: 56.

1. a. A giraffe passing a window.
- b. A bear climbing a tree.
- c. Water going down the plug.
- d. a pig going round a house.
- e. a mexican riding a bicycle.
- f. a bug in a spring.

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2. Mary is nine. Jane is twelve.

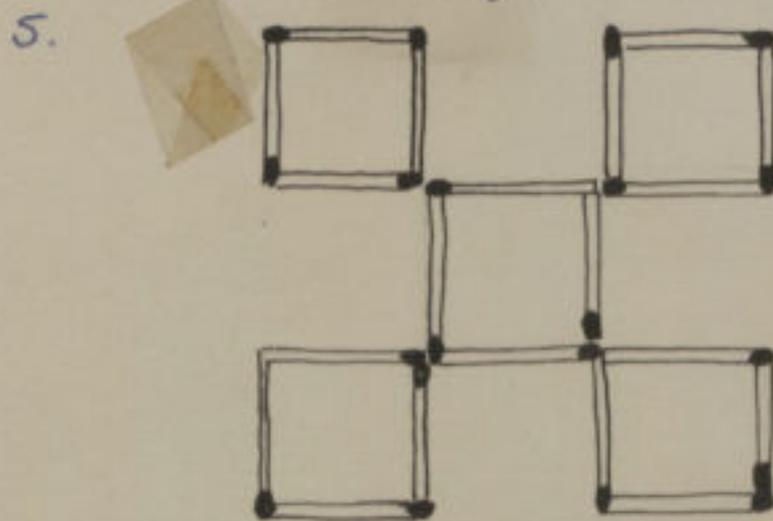
Page: 57.

3. Key 1, 2, 3, 3, 3, 21.
- 3 to 4 (1/2c piece) 5 to 3, 6 to 5 (2c pieces)
- 4 to 6, 2 to 4, 1 to 2 (3 1/2c pieces)
- 3 to 1, 5 to 3, 7 to 5 (3 cent piece moves)
- 6 to 7, 4 to 6, 2 to 4 (3 1/2 cent piece moves)
- 3 to 2, 5 to 3, (2 cent piece moves)
- 4 to 5 (1 1/2 cent piece move)

Page: 59.

4. 1. Model.
2. Opera
3. delay
4. erase
5. layer.

Page: 60.



Page: 60

- b. Take glass No. 2 and empty the water into glass No. 5 then put it back in its place.

Page: 62

8.  $8 + 8 + 8 + 88 + 888$ .



Page: 62

7. Across:

1. centripetal.
7. rob.
8. nitrogen.
10. ion
11. iridium.
13. ea.
14. immunity.
18. in.
19. ea.
20. digestion
23. node.

Down:

- 1 centigrade.
2. nitric.
3. Rhodium
4. ern
5. to
6. absolute.
9. cum
12. an
14. ued.
15. nite.
16. uni.-
17. yare
21. on
22. no.



Page: 63.

Beethoven.

9



# SHAKESPEARE ON HERSCHEL

School: I like this place and willingly would waste my time in it.

Staff: Oh how full of briars is this work-a-day world.

Retired Staff: I have my teeth in your service.

Rules: Sweet are the uses of adversity.

Reports: So so is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is but so so.

Prefects: (She) that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit (her) well.

Drama: I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth.

School choir: God mend your voices... 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

Boarders: O, I die for food! It goes much against my stomach.

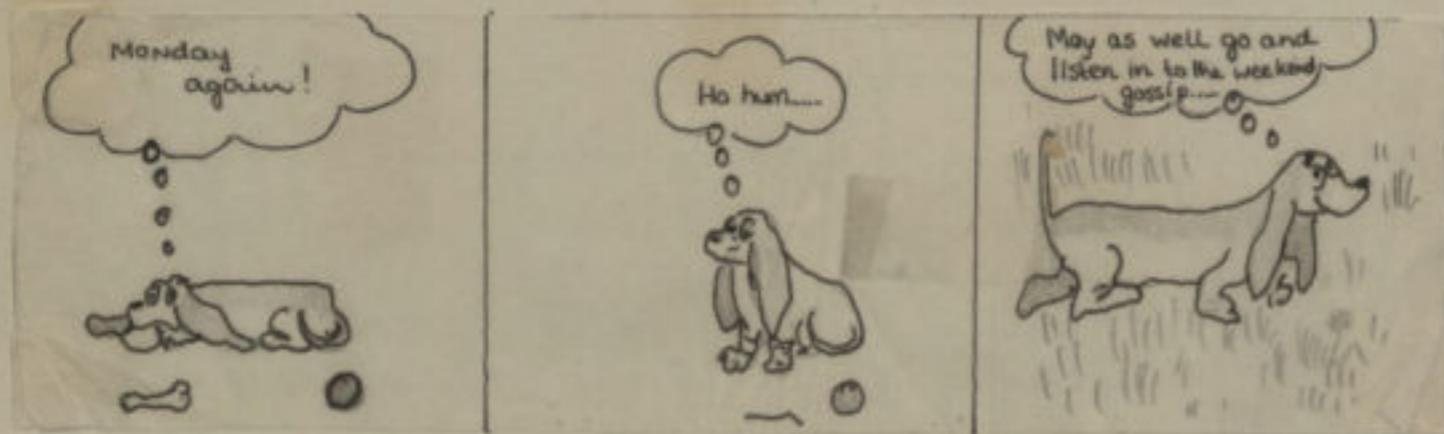
Class leaders: I think you have no money in your purse.

Chemistry: Thus thrust I from the smoke into the smother.

Gym: Bear your body more seeming.

Lower hockleyfield: Good pastures make fat sheep.

Long weekend: O wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful.



Michèle Wells Lower V



Patricia Phillips Upper IV

# THE STAFF NETBALL MATCH

The teams have arrived! a loud cheer shatters the usually peaceful Herschellian sky. Here they come, long skirts flapping in the puddles and eager white wintry legs leaping along.

One rainy Thursday the first Netball team challenged the staff to a game. The girls wore weird concoctions, long petticoats and skirts, and the staff cavorted gaily about in short skirts and tackies. It must be admitted that the game was not entirely an honest one, but the spectators and players alike enjoyed it.

The girls played well, but there was strong opposition from the staff. Mrs. Scott-Shaw, especially gave all she had, flinging herself around and knocking all and sundry into the puddles. Miss Doreè (now Mrs. Kerville) from her great height merely tipped the ball through the net, and Mrs. Brownell supported her bravely. Other keen members of the staff team were Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. du Preez, whose charming Tom Jones hair-do unfortunately came away during the game, Mrs. Marais, Mrs. Gibson, and Mrs. Liebenberg.

after an uproarious game which raised many laughs, the staff won by a small margin, in spite of the girls' stout efforts. Well done staff!

Melanie Baumann lower V



Staff team



School team.



Match.



# HOUSE REPORT

Mrs. Sachs, who had been Jagger House Mistress for many years, decided to retire at the end of last year. We were all very sad to say goodbye to her as she always has done so much for Jagger. Mrs. Brownell took over Mrs. Sachs' duties at the beginning of this year. Miss Hulston, the Latin teacher, also left us last year. Mrs. Liebenberg and Miss Doré replaced Mrs. Sachs and Miss Hulston respectively. Mrs. Liebenberg took over the duties of Middle School House Mistress. However, at the end of last term Mrs. Liebenberg left us and Mrs. Boyes came to us this term from Rolt to be our Middle School House-Mistress. After the June holidays we also welcomed back Mrs. John Rennie alias Miss Doré who had been married in the holidays.

at Founder's Day in February, Jagger only managed to win one cup - the work cup. This year the girls have continued to keep up their work. Jill Truscott, Helen Robertson, Gael Kelly and Susan Jack must be congratulated on the high standard they have attained.

Inter-House Swimming showed us that Jagger can hold her own in sport as well, because, having led almost from the beginning, we were "pipped at the post" by Rolt who was just that much better than we were. at Inter-house Tennis Jagger came second to Rolt once more after a close fight. Congratulations Rolt!

Susan Clayton and Anne Grant were chosen to play opposite each other in the operetta "Figaro and Susanna". I would like to congratulate them both and wish them every success for the final performances.

as well as the jerseys and blankets we knitted for Cafda this year, we collected rummage for their shop at Cafda. In the second term a group of senior girls went on a visit to Cafda and were shown round the establishment.

I would like to thank Jean and also Alison for the wonderful support they have given me this year and for taking over my duties when I was ill. I would also like to thank all Tagger for the wonderful spirit in which they have entered everything this year. Keep it up and next year you must win. Best of luck for next year and thank you all for your support.

Janel Henshilwood.

Head of house.



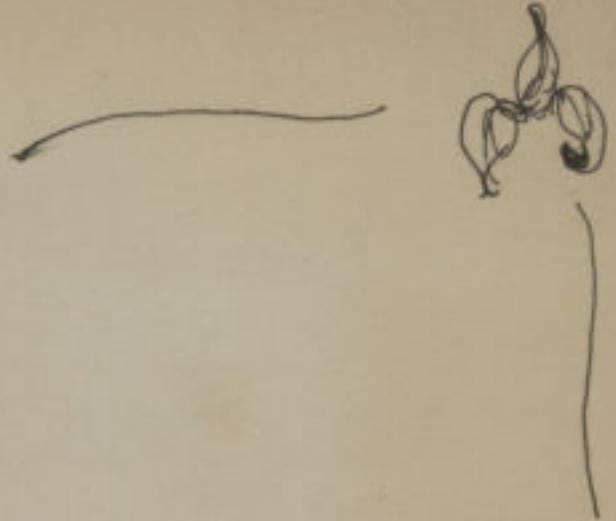
Patricia Phillips Upper IV

We would like to thank Jill Truscott, Jayne Seymour, Helen Henderson, and Pat Phillips very much indeed for the help and support they have given us in the editing of this magazine.

Not all of the jokes in this magazine are original.

Dinah Roberts, Michèle Wells.

Editors.



There once was a House named Tagger.  
Whose girls got quite a swagger  
They won the cup for work  
And they never did shirk  
Those brilliant young girls of Tagger.

Elizabeth Spilhaus. Lower IV



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