



John W. Tagger.



by the famous cartoonist  
Boonzaaier.

# JAGGER MAGAZINE 1966.



## Index

Section I	Sir John Herschel
Section II	House Report
Section III	Original Work
Section IV	International Recipes
Section V	Fun and Games



A glimpse into Herschel School.

# SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

John Frederick William Herschel was born at Slough, near Windsor, on the 1<sup>st</sup> March, 1792 and died in Collingwood, Kent, on the 11<sup>th</sup> May, 1871, in his eightieth year. He was the only child of Sir Frederick William Herschel, and was like his father, one of the greatest astronomers of all ages.

His father had been brought up in a home where he had been taught to love music. He was already 35 years old when he first began to observe the heavens and in 1781 he discovered Uranus, which brought him fame and changed him from a professional musician into a professional astronomer. In 1782, King George III invited him to Windsor and offered him the position of king's private astronomer. He had been a bachelor all this time and in 1788 when he moved to Slough he married the widow of Mr. John Pitt, a wealthy London merchant, and their first child was born when Frederick William Herschel was already 54 years old.

John Herschel was thus brought up in a quiet, cultivated home, and was educated first at Eton and then at the house of a private tutor. He went to St. John's College, Cambridge, at the age of 17 years and was senior Wrangler in 1812. He had a wide knowledge of the classics, of Latin, of Greek, of music and of art. He then devoted himself to Mathematics and after contributing a number of papers on "New Applications of Mathematical Analysis" to the Royal Society, he became a Fellow when still only 21. He thus went to London to study law but returned to the pursuit of astronomy and of optics; his first practical astronomy was done between 1821 and 1823.

When his father died in 1822, John Herschel inherited a number of telescopes and apparatus his father had used. He completed a systematical survey of the

northern heavens and then decided to study the Southern Hemisphere. He set out for the Cape in 1833, and on their arrival the Herschel party stayed at a house called "Wetkerreden", owned by the Borchers. Herschel secured the old Dutch farmhouse, "Feldhausen" which still exists in Claremont. Herschel purchased the property in 1835 from V. A. Schomburg, who was in later years permitted to build a house on a corner of the property, which he called "Herschel". A small cottage in the grounds became a workshop and polishing house for mirrors, and served also as a chemical laboratory for experiments. He returned to England in 1838 having brilliantly accomplished the vast task he had set himself in the short space of four years.

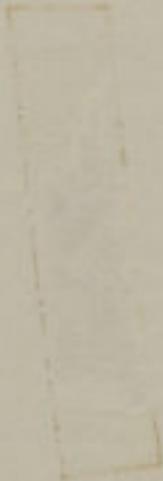
After his return to England, Herschel's main astronomical work was first the reduction of the tremendous number of observations he had done at the Cape, and secondly his own, and other astronomers surveys of the northern and southern heavens. His general catalogue of "Nebulae and clusters" still remains a useful source of double-star observations made before 1866.

But Herschel had other interests than astronomy. One of these was photography. He discovered the method of taking and multiplying photographic pictures, and was the first person to introduce the terms "positive" and "negative" into photography.

In his later years, Herschel lived a quiet retired life at his home in Collingwood, Kent. He married Margaret Brodie Stewart in 1829 and they had a large family and was the recipient of many honours. He was knighted by King William IV in 1831, and created a baronet by Queen Victoria at her coronation in 1838. He preferred the quiet life of a scholar, and during his later years his hobby was translating the "Iliad" into verse. When he died he was given a national funeral and was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to Newton.

Sir John Herschel is remembered at the Cape today in the name of a well-known girl's school and two or three streets in Claremont, and there is an obelisk that bears his name.

Helen Henderson.



S. Mackenzie.  
upper V

# House Report

House Mistresses: Mrs. Brownell, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Andura, Mrs. Rennie, Mrs. English,  
Mrs. Himing, Miss. Sweet.

Head student : M. Wells.

Prefects : S. Mackenzie, J. Grant, V. Cronwright.

First of all we would like to thank our House Mistress, Mrs. Brownell, for all the help and encouragement that she has given us during the past year. We are all very grateful to her and also to the other house mistresses for their support. We welcome Mrs. Andura, who took ~~over~~ Mrs. Silberbauer's place as Biology mistress in the <sup>second</sup> 2nd term, as a member of Jagger and hope that she will be happy with us.

On Founder's day, at the beginning of the year, Jagger won two cups: the Work cup and the Art cup. Congratulations to all the girls who helped us gain the latter, and a very big "thank you" to Janet Henshilwood for all her enthusiasm and guidance. Although we won the work cup in February, Jagger's work has not, on the whole, been at all good. A concerted effort must be made to improve the standard. Jennifer Susman, Susan Jack, Gael Kelly, and Annabel Caine, <sup>however,</sup> must be congratulated on their outstanding work.

Unfortunately Jagger only managed third place in the Inter-House Tennis. Congratulations Merriman! However, the Open A team as well as the ISA team played extremely well indeed.

We also took the third place in the Inter-House Hockey with Merriman and Rolt tying for first place. There was tremendous team spirit and we all

enjoyed every minute of the matches.

Although, as a school, we no longer play Netball there is to be an Inter-House Netball match. This ought to be great fun as most teams are out of practice. Volley-Ball, a sport new to us all, is the next Inter-House competition to be played. We wish Tagger all the best in the Inter House Squash Matches, and hope that there will be a new cup on our shelf!

In the first term we all knitted jerseys and blankets for our charity, C.A.F.D.A., and at the same time we collected nummage for them. The senior girls look forward to visiting the establishment later this year.

There is an Inter-House Drama Competition this term and Tagger is producing 'Antigone', with Cheryl Warr, Jeanette Ross and Helen Henderson as the producers. We wish them (good luck), as well as all the actors,

Finally, we should like to thank Gillian Baigné, Rosemary Taylor and Helen Henderson for their hard work in producing this magazine. I hope all their <sup>efforts</sup> ~~hard work~~ <sup>are</sup> is well rewarded.

Michelle Wells.

House  
Staff.

House  
Prefects.

# Swimming

Captain: C. Newman.

Vice-Captain: M. Wells.



Tagger

Tagger, on the whole, has had a very successful season this year. We were well represented in the school team and the rest of the house pulled together to help win the cup. We had quite a few house practices and the majority of the house turned out and showed a very good spirit. The girls trained hard and really deserved to win although they were handicapped with the loss of 2 or 3 good swimmers. All the best for next year Taggers — I know you can do it again.

Carol Newman.



# Tennis

captain: S. Mackenzie.

Vice - Captain: C. Warr.

The standard of Jagger's tennis has improved greatly during the last year, and the team put up a good fight against very strong opposition from Merriman and Rolt. The Senior A couple won all its matches while the u.15. A couple lost only one and although the others did not do as well, everyone played to the best of their ability and with determination. The final result was 1) Merriman 2) Jagger 3) Rolt and this is the first time in many years that we have risen above third place.

The team was: Open A: C. Warr and S. Mackenzie.

B: J. Ross and J. Emslie.

U 15 A: G. Baigrie and J. Farley.

B: E. Cooke and G. Kelly.

U 13, A: S. Maxwell and F. Baigrie.

B. S. Campbell and Hilary Henderson



Sheila Mackenzie.

# Hockey

Captain: S. Howell.

Vice-Captain: J. Grant.



The Jagger hockey teams were good and the members played hard. Several practices were held which were attended by all the members of the teams and in the actual matches both teams played with great determination and the spirit was seen. Unfortunately the forwards, in both teams, lacked the drive to rush the goal and we lost to Merriman and Rolt who tied for first place.

U. 15.

v. Merriman 0-

v. Rolt 0-0

Open

v. Merriman 0-1

v. Rolt 0-0

Sandra Howell.



Under 15.

Goalie : J. Susman

R. Back : H. A. Henderson

L. Back : L. Reid

R. Half : G. Baignie. (capt.)

C. Half : S. Jack.

L. Half : V. Hennessy.

R. Wing : S. Hall

R. Inner : A. Fiddian - Green.

C. Forward : J. Newman.

L. Inner : S. Breen.

L. Wing : G. Kelly.

Open.

Goalie : D. Roberts.

R. Back : J. Emslie

L. Back : N. Wells

R. Half : R. Taylor

C. Half : C. Newman

L. Half : J. Grant

R. Wing : S. Howell (capt.)

R. Inner : J. Ross.

C. Forward : C. Warr.

L. Inner : J. Farley.

L. Wing : S. Mackenzie.

# Antigone

Jagger play rehearsal — as seen by a member of the cast.

"The hall is booked for an hour or more,  
Hurry inside, and pull shut the door.  
Draw close the curtains lest rivals should dare,  
To peep in the windows to see who is there.  
Yes, we've booked the hall, out Merrimans and Rolts!  
And now to get on with rehearsal, you dolts!

Start with the first scene, pull curtains tight,  
Now pace to and fro, 'til Ismene's in sight.  
Now run up to her: no not 'til she sits!  
And talk more slowly, you're rushing through bits.  
Ismene, look horrified, she's asking you to  
To bury your brother — yes, that'll do.



Who's in the next scene? Creon and guard,  
Speak up, please, Creon, no that's too hard,  
Fall on your knees, guard, when Creon you see.  
Chorus, attend please, and listen to me.  
Hilary stand up, Marjorie sit down,  
The rest of you, group yourselves around.



Chorus, come on now, you're late on your cue,  
Chloe count three, yes that's what we'll do.  
Chorus is over, enter Antigone and Creon,  
Push her on Helen, - no not so hard!  
Move move Antigone, Creon sit down,  
Ismene don't shake so, you look like a clown.



"Weep, Weep," again, with more feeling please.

Isidore get right back on your knees.

I know you're all tired from kneeling so long,

But just keep it up now, you're all big and strong.

Hilary, please, you're a man, not an elf,

And you're NOT doing ballet, though I'd think so myself.



Tiresias, please, can't you take off your shoes,  
Somehow in them, all prophetly feeling you lose,  
Make your voice as deep as you can  
You're not Baigne, but an old man,  
With your hands paint a picture right in the air.  
No, I mean roughly, not with such care.



Messenger enter and look all around,  
When Sarah comes in, fall to the ground.  
Fall to the ground, I know your knee's sore,  
I'm sure it won't hurt it to just touch the floor.  
Sarah; walk slowly and nod your head,  
No regally; not as if you're in bed.

This is the climax, Hilary please.

Now carry on Haemon, hang onto his knees.

Creon more feeling, chorus attend,

Messenger run out; this is the end.

Now it is over, yes you may go,

But please come tomorrow and please your parts know.



yes, you'll have a costume - it'll be brown,  
We'll powder your hair and plaster it down.  
yes, we'll try for a wig, it better be black,  
Sarah learn your part and bring my book back.  
you can all go now, but please learn it well,  
Next week we'll be watched by Mr. Brownell.

# Report on the Matric Dance - 1966

I am sure the whole school knows what feverish activity took place, what lines of worry creased the faces of many matrics in the weeks preceding the fateful day of Saturday, 30<sup>th</sup> July 1966. Homework was VERY sketchily done and little attention paid in class, much to the frustration of the staff. In fact, all other thoughts were dismissed, and we devoted ourselves body and soul to the great day.

From the start nothing seemed to go right, and there were violent arguments during our many meetings. There were suggestions for themes ranging from the "Arctic" to "Op-Art" (!!); eventually it was agreed to have as our theme, Egyptian art done on batiks.

The Friday night before the dance, in a very festive mood, we decorated the dining-room; in spite of many premonitions of disaster, and the end result was very effective. Actually, decorating the room was almost as much fun as the dance itself.

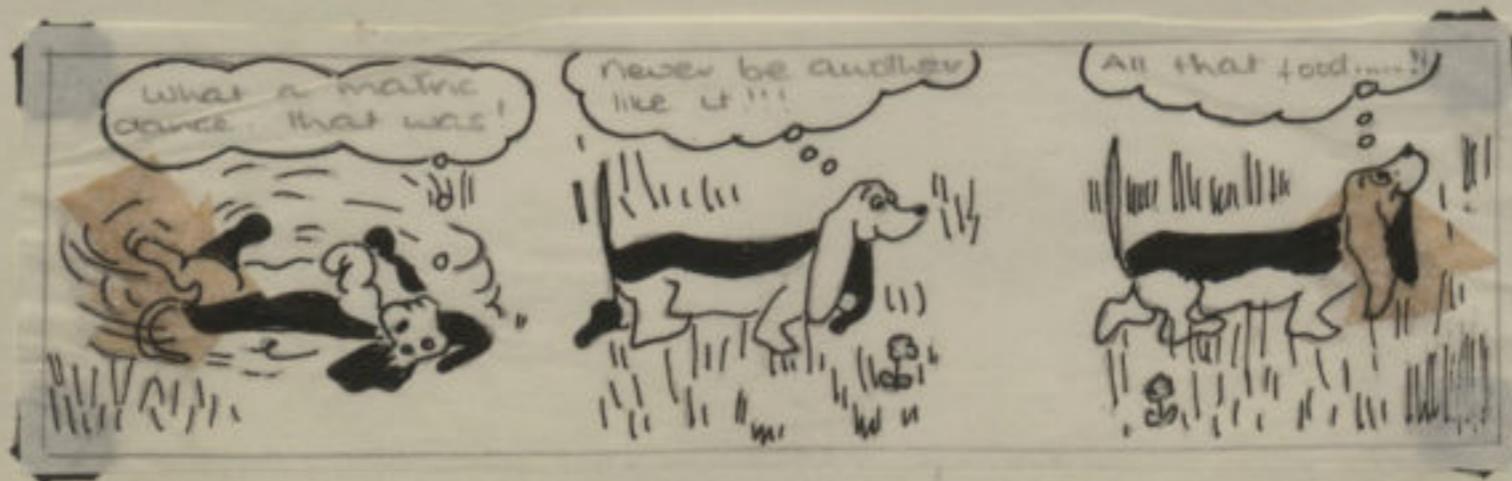
On the ominous day of 30<sup>th</sup> July many hair driers were heard to buzz in the city of Cape Town and surrounding territory, and thirty odd damsels spent the whole afternoon adorning themselves for the night's entertainment.

As a sickle moon slid slowly into view, and (much to our dismay) as torrents fell from the heavens, Herschel school was invaded by a glittering throng. All fears were forgotten, it did not matter if there were a hundred hairpins sticking into your head, or if your shoes were too tight, everybody relaxed and enjoyed themselves. A happy, gay atmosphere reigned all evening, everyone looked

like an ethereal spirit out of a dream in their long dresses and the dancing was fast and furious as couples glided round the floor. In all, it was an evening I do not think many of us will ever forget, and we were all very sad, when, at midnight, all the streamers were pulled down and the dance was over.

I would like to thank the chief organizers of the dance very much, and also the girls who arranged for the food, drinks, band and photographer, and also, the staff, for being so tolerant with us during those last hectic days. In spite of all our fears, it turned out to be a wonderful dance — thank you all very much.

Melanie Baumann. Upper V.



Michelle Wells.

The wind can be a friend.  
It sings soft songs to you at night,  
when you are sleepy and feeling lonely.  
Sometimes it calls you to play.  
It pushes you from behind  
as you walk and makes  
the leaves dance for you.  
It is always with you wherever you go,  
And that is how you know it loves you!



Jane Seymour  
upper IV

# THE SAILOR

Down by the sea on the Northern quay  
Where the dusky ripples shiver o'er the foam,  
Where the salt of the wave fans the blood of the brave  
I wait for the ships to come home.  
I wait for he,  
Who has gone to sea,  
And will soon be coming home to me.  
With cheek of brown and eye of blue  
Rugged grace and straight back too.  
Hair that is combed by the swell of the sea,  
My sailor boy sails home to me.



# LAUGHING WATERS

The waters of the Earth have different moods, whether it be in the vast stretches of the ocean where hurricane winds can churn them into an angry, sullen mood which brings fear and sometimes disaster, or even just in the island lake or vlei. When the wind dies there is a calm, soothing, sometimes sleepy, mood.

Best of all are the light, gay breezes which miraculously transform the water into a dancing, sparkling playground for the holiday bathers, the fishermen, and the people in their graceful yachts. This is surely the water's happiest mood, when people are drawn to it by its beauty and joy, and they mingle their laughter with that of the water.

Perhaps this joyful mood of the water attracts those who are friendly, courageous and honest men who seek happiness in the carefree, beautiful water.

When the weather permits, I live with my yacht, in a beautiful vlei surrounded by picturesque mountains, and where the reeds and trees make a sanctuary for millions of birds.

It is not simply that I love the water, and the yacht's swift, silent way of gliding through the ripples; the wind blowing away cares and worries; the bird life all around; or the companionship of fellow yachters<sup>men</sup>. When I am out there on the water I feel as though I am one with the water and its mood, and the shared kinship is one of laughter.

Who could deny that a waterfall sounds as gay as laughter, or the swish of a yacht gliding through water? Even the bathers on their surfboards, laugh as they

swirl through the waves, matching their mood with the sea.

The water in a babbling brook sparkles and glitters in the sun as it tumbles gaily through a rocky pool making a scene gayer and happier than ever. Its bubbling and laughing ~~set~~<sup>put</sup> me into such a good mood that I never want to leave the enchanting place

Perry - Anne Johnson.  
Upper IV.



# BLACK AND WHITE

There was a man standing in the shadow of a building. He had a hat on and his collar was pulled up, so that most of his face was in dark shadow. The whole scene was dark and sinister, with a feeling of evil surrounding it. We could see that the girl waiting for the bus was growing very uneasy and frightened. Suddenly he stepped out of the shadow and was lit up by the street lamp. She recognised him and in a moment they were chattering brightly to each other, with all evil feelings gone. The scene we saw now was a cheerful, happy scene; one filled with light and happiness. The black had gone and white had taken its place; fear had gone and happiness had taken its place.

Surely everything in the world can be divided into black and white, the two most contrasting colours. Men's characters are made up of the black and white. We only have to read any great tragic novels, to find that the most interesting character is always the one who has a fault. This brings life and excitement into living; this battle between the black side and the white side of one's character, and anyone else's. The famous old saying; 'Every cloud has a silver lining,' tells us what we know to be true; that to every person there are two sides and the character of that person is simply the strongest side, so he is either evil or good.

When we think of evil, the thoughts immediately go to a dark night where shadows move, and there is no light anywhere. It seems almost impossible to think of evil on a warm sunny day, when the flowers are displaying their bright colours. The blackness of night is again contrasted to the whiteness, and brightness of day.

When one gets married, the bride wears a snow white gown, to represent her virginity and youth. We are usually in the prime of our lives when we get married. At funerals, the dress is all black, to mourn the dead. We show our respect to the dead (who I should think, would rather we got on with life and were happy, rather than remained in morbid clothes which only serve to remind us of them). Life and death are so represented by white and black. White being our happy lives which are given to us, and black being something unknown, and so, dark and mysterious. We only think of death as black because we do not know about it. Anything we do not know about, or are frightened of, becomes black and foreboding in our eyes.

Perhaps we should think of life and death being black and white the other way round. Life with its misery and sin being black, and our promised everlasting life after death in heaven being a glorious and dazzling white.

Everything exists in contrasts; but everything all goes back to good and evil; white and black.

Dinah Roberts.

Upper V.



K. JONES.  
LIV, S.

# Kennedy's Speech

Senator Robert Kennedy of the United States of America began his speech by saying how pleased he was to be with us. He explained how our work in international student affairs had brought great credit to us and our country, and pointed out how closely related the National Student Association in America felt to our NUSAS. He mentioned how pleased he was to have spoken to Mr. Ian Robertson and how sorry he was that he was unable to attend the meeting.

Senator Kennedy said that Western Civilization's democratic belief placed the individual above the state, and <sup>he</sup> believed that the state and all society works for his benefit. The first liberty of this type of community was the freedom of speech—the right to affirm our allegiance to the men with whom we share our land, our heritage and our children's future; and to share in the decisions of the government, for it was the government that controlled what was necessary for us. The government must be prevented from interfering with our personal lives and its power to act against the people must be limited. There must be no restriction on education, work or any such opportunities so that every man might become as good as he was able.

He felt that these were the essence of our difference with communism today and honestly admitted how opposed he was to communism as it honoured the state over the individual, and there was no freedom of speech, religion or family-life. He said that we must not copy its dictatorship but enlarge our freedom and, he added, ~~that~~ reform is not communism and ~~that~~ denial of freedom <sup>really</sup> ~~varely~~ strengthened <sup>the</sup> communism which it claimed to oppose.

For two hundred years, Kennedy stated, America had been trying to overcome

self-imposed discrimination and he wondered how many <sup>men</sup> before President John Kennedy had been unable to lead America because of their nationality or creed. He wondered how many people were wasted through being underprivileged, and noted how many negroes were still denied their rights although, since President Kennedy's "reign" they were being granted more freedom. Many laws had been passed stating that there should be no discrimination in education, employment and housing, but these were not enough for they could not overcome the pain and degradation and prejudice. Although all change was unsettling, we must make it peaceful and non-violent. There must be equality not because the laws of God and man demands it, although they did; nor because it would be economically advantageous — although it would; nor because other lands wished it — but because it is right. We must realize, too, that other lands have their own problems.

In America the minority were protected for the contribution they could make and the leadership they could provide was realized. It was realized too that the justice between men and nations had and the humanities progressed slowly. But all nations must look for increasing freedom — enough to meet the demands of all their people.

He related how, from the air, no national boundaries or trivial barriers separating one man from another could be seen — only the homes and factories, everywhere the same, showing man's common effort to enrich his life. The senator told us that it was our duty, the duty of the young people, to rid the world of the ideas that each man's domain ends at his fence, skin colour or creed. These were different evils all over the world but each showed how bad we were and how we limited our ability to feel for each other. We must try to build a world of independent nations living peacefully together, each government ensuring social justice; a world of economic progress allowing everyman to pursue his talents — a world we would be proud to have built.

South Africa was surrounded by rich, ignorant lands overwhelmed by climatic and geographic obstacles which we may overcome. In the world we wished to build South Africa could be a leader, as it was the head of Africa, and therefore our youth could transform millions of lives, but our help could be accepted by the world if, in our own country, or in our relationships with other countries, we did not respect equality. We should first have to demolish the barriers history had erected between men of different race, religion, social class, and ignorance in our own land, and it was up to the youth of the world to do this in the future. The world needed not the age, but the state of mind of youth - to have courage over our timidity and an appetite for adventure over care. Our young generation had the greatest burden ever, for we must introduce a new policy into a difficult world.

There were many dangers along our road, the first of which was timidity - the belief that one man or woman could do nothing alone, but we must remember that many great movements in history were started by one person and, even if we ourselves did not make history, the little part which we played would add to the total - to be written in history. The second danger was that of expediency, the idea that hopes and beliefs must bend before needs, and here he quoted his famous brother. The third danger was timidity - few men have the self-confidence and courage to bear the disapproval of others and, without these virtues, no man can lead the world. The fourth danger was comfort, for it was so easy to sit back and ignore the interesting and creative times in which we lived; but every man would ultimately judge and be judged on his contribution to the building of a new and better world.

Senator Robert Kennedy's parting and encouraging words were that we, each member of our youthful generation, had our own task to complete and sometimes might feel alone with our problems and difficulties - but we must remember that the

youth of every nation was doing the same and they respected us for our stand, and believe in what we were doing. The youth of the world today was very closely linked and we could, together, build a better future. He ended by again quoting the famous President John Kennedy.

Sheila Mackenzie.



"He who would enslave others ends only by chaining himself . . ."

# Hoe Ek my Katjie gered het

My katjie, Pamba, is pikswart. Hy het groot groen oë wat in die donker blink. Sy is groter as ander katte. Ek hou baie van my katjie en sy is die eerste dier wat ek ooit gehad het.

Ons woon in 'n dubbel verdieping huis op 'n plaas in Grabouw. Rondom die huis is daar groot akkerbome. Eendag toe ek en my suster van die akkerboom af geklim het, het ek in my slaapkamer gesit. My kamer is in die boonste verdieping. Skriklik het ek 'n treunige gemiaau van die venster gehoor. Ek het gewelt dat die miaau Pamba s'n was. Ek het gou na die venster gehardloop en daar het ek Pamba op 'n dun takkie hoog in die boom gesien. Sy kon nie afklim nie.

Ek het my suster geroep en sy het 'n plan beraam. Sy het gou na die gereedskap-kamer geloop en die leer daarnit gehaal. Ons het die een kant op die venster bank laat rus en die ander kant op die dun takkie.

Ek het „kietsie! kietsie” geroep en sy het stadig die range van die leer afgekniip. Ek was so bly om my sagte swart katjie weer in my arms te hê. Ek het my suster bedank.



Hilary Henderson.

Upper III.



Judith Riley.  
Lower IV



Jeanette Ross.  
Lower Y

# Blue Monday

When you oversleep and your alarm won't sound,  
And your stockings are lost and can't be found.  
And your shoe lace  and your popper pops  
And you've lost your chunky bottle-tops,  
And you find the box behind the door,  
Then it's Blue Monday, Blue Monday, for sure!

When you're late downstairs and the toast is cool,  
And your tyres flat and you've lost the tool,  
And you leave your tackies in the hall  
And don't remember games at all.  
And you have to walk and you better go,  
Then it's Monday, Blue Monday, I know!

When you're late at school and the bell has gone,  
And you miss ~~form time~~ and the teachers frown.  
And your prep is wrongly done, it's said,  
And you've got an ache right in your head,  
And you want to throw your book away  
Then it's Monday, Blue Monday, I say!

Elizabeth Spilhaus  
upper IV.

When your hair is loose and the prefects swoop,  
And you trip in gym and drop your loop.  
And you're punished for leaving your tackies at  
home.  
And desert is sago all covered in foam,  
And you gulp it down and want to die,  
Then it's Monday, Blue Monday, I cry!

When you snap at your friend and she looks  
shurt,  
And your temper is short and your answers  
are curt,  
And you stamp your foot and run away.  
And sit alone at break that day.  
And in the bike shed, shed a tear  
Then it's Monday, Blue Monday, I fear!

When you finish your prep and climb into bed  
And sink onto your pillow and rest your head,  
And you thank your stars that the day is done,  
And you feel like an athlete when the course is run  
And you think "In seven days more, I fear,  
Another Blue Monday 'll be here!"

# Arriving and Departing

The room was suddenly filled with a burst of angry wailing as a baby arrived in the enormous world. Fortunately he did not realize what the future had in store for him. Perhaps he sensed that he had entered a world where he would have to be relatively independent and would not enjoy the security that he had experienced before, as his mother had departed into the next world in order that he might arrive.

The daffodils that burst into golden bloom overnight mark the arrival of spring and as one walks down a country lane one is conscious of spring arriving everywhere. One sees fluffy blobs of cotton-wool frolicking in the distance with the joy of having arrived, and the trees suddenly appear to be alive with birds while the air is filled with their song. Everything seems to be awakening with the departure of winter, arriving fresh, and beautiful with renewed vitality.

On New Year's Eve one's feelings are confused as one is sorry to see that the year is departing and one remembers all the joys and sadnesses that one has experienced. One wonders what the coming year has to offer and one's mind also harbours the fact that one is getting older and the time for one's departure is approaching. As New Years arrive and the Old Years depart in single file, they form a protective background upon which one can enlarge and improve.

When one is setting off on a journey, one is filled with eagerness to arrive at one's destination so as to prolong one's visit and to postpone one's departure further into the future. Yet one is generally relieved when the time for departure arrives, so that one can return to the comfort of a disciplined and organized

life. Everything that arrives is full of energy and the joy of being alive but invariably one departs, much enriched, but worn out and thankful for one's promised rest.

Some things arrive quietly and without much recognition, while others make everyone aware of their arrival. For instance, the arrival of a plane at an aerodrome fills everyone with expectation and the noise made by the powerful engines and propellers fills the air with a deafening sound. In comparison the sun arrives without a sound, and one is only conscious of its arrival when one sees the sunbeams playing on everything in their path and peeping through the trees, forming a great ball of fire that extends across the horizon, warming the earth and marking the arrival of the morning and the departure of the night.

With the approach of winter everything prepares for it in their own special way. The animals in the polar regions change their summer coats to a snow-white fur, and the other animals, not blessed by nature to endure the cold winter in this way, find a dry, cosy cave in which to hibernate until the arrival of spring and warmth. Man prepares for winter by obtaining warmer clothes and collecting fire-wood for his hearth, around which the family sit until it is time to depart to their beds and to sleep until the new day arrives.

Winter is accompanied by rain and storms in Mediterranean regions, and after the first flash of lightning that illuminates the sky and the thunder clapping like beats of a drum, the rain falls, first lightly and uncertainly, and then hardily and steadily. After the rain has departed, everything is damp and fresh and one can almost feel the earth reviving and soaking up the moisture into its dry soil after the summer drought. Small flowers appear like carpets of colour and the grass becomes a rich green and everything is bathed in freshness.

When the wind arrives from across the ocean it sets the branches, flowers and tall grass into rhythmical swaying and there is music, which is the embodiment of grace, in the air.

We arrive and depart throughout our entire lives, both physically and mentally, and when we die, we depart from this world and arrive in the next.

Jennifer Emslie.

Lower V.





Karen Jones  
lower IV

# Fear by a Child.

I am afraid  
Mother  
When you  
Turn out the light  
at nine o'clock and leave me  
all alone.  
Through the window  
I see the trees,  
Black.  
Their branches are like claws  
of strange beasts  
who try to grab  
the stars.  
I hear  
against the window  
mother  
a branch which scratches.  
The shadows of the trees  
move on the wall  
like dancers.  
In the distance I hear  
a car.  
It comforts me  
There is a noise like knocking.  
I am afraid  
I am hot  
and damp  
I see at the window something black.  
I scream.  
Then you come to me  
mother.  
You are  
soft and warm  
you comfort me.



# Blue and Gold

" I am a Jargui  
son of a Jargui  
my eyes are gazelle's eyes  
I live for the trail....."

Rhadued's voice rose and fell in the darkness while his invisible fingers plucked at the strings of his amzad.

The Tuaregs sat in a group on the sand, their weary camels tethered a little way away. All was black and white. Black the night, and thick with stars, black in the dark men's faces, their hands round the cups of mint tea. White <sup>were</sup> the baggy trousers as they sat cross-legged. The sensuous rhythms circled in the sky.....

Gradually the night grew older and the songs fewer, until at last came the dawn, bringing with it a change of song as the men prostrated themselves for the age-old cry "Allah Akbar." The sun rose and turned the black and white into sharply-defined colour. It could be seen that, as well as the white trousers, the men wore dark-blue cloths up to the eyes and wrapped around their heads — the 'lithani' or 'tagilmus'. The sun touched the sands and covered them with gold.....

The beauty of the desert came to life, merciless, stark, a cruel, clean beauty breeding cruel, clean men — the blue-robed Tuaregs of the golden sands. These men are tall, graceful, with pointed beards and dark eyes. They are ruthless but they are honest, for they are sons of the desert, and in the desert is no room for dishonesty; the struggle for survival is too hard. Here men live and die, chiefs come and go, but the desert goes on. It is ageless.....

The Tuareg were ready now to leave. They mounted the kneeling camels; then with a shout brought them to a standing position. Cries of 'yalla!' and they were away, the swinging stride of the camels accompanied by more song, for the Tuareg love music.

This was socially a very mixed party — with the Smachar or nobles came slaves, some Negro, some serfs or eklan, some imirad or vassals. There were also priests. The Tuareg have few class disturbances, for the <sup>lower</sup> classes accept their inferiority and are proud to serve the nobles.

The nomads jogged ceaselessly between the dunes while the great reg stretched endlessly around them. The howling wind and skidding sand seemed to purge and clean their subjects until not even man was vile. These blue-robed men achieve a unity with the elements, with God and with themselves difficult to obtain in the distant world of cities. Their souls are as uncluttered by these cities. They have, in fact, almost achieved Voltaire's highest aim — a world completely without laws, censorship or restrictions of any kind, where the reason of the individual is the criterion of good and evil.....

Still the Tuareg rode, singing <sup>and</sup> (alternately) praying, through the scalding heat of the desert afternoon. There were no paths in the huge wastes; the men found their way as if by instinct, using the sun and the direction of the wind as guide. The songs grew less spirited as the heat increased, but still they moved on, dozing sometimes, lulled by the rhythmic movements of the camels and the glare of the sand.

Here the threat of death by thirst is always present, even among these 'men of the veil', for they had seen men die, faces black and tongues swollen in agony. and the guerba at their waists was a poor safeguard against such a

death.....

At last the heat lessened, and suddenly came the night. The Tuareg pitched camp - canvas tents, flimsy against the desert storms, and the cold, as intense as the heat, set in. The Tuareg wrapped closer around them, the 'djillabah'; a woollen robe which they wore constantly as protection against both heat and cold, and, crouched on the sand, they prayed once more. Afterwards..... supper, such as it was, and then the mint + tea. and the songs. The blue and the gold had become black and white, and the voice of Rhaoued gently filled the silence.....

" I am a Jargui  
Son of a Jargui  
my eyes are gazelle's eyes  
I live for the trail.....

Alida Kooy.  
Upper V.



# Lovable Rascals ✓?

After a male baby has grown out of long clothes and triangles and has acquired pants and freckles and so much dirt that relatives do not care to kiss it between meals, it becomes a boy.

A boy is nature's answer to that false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. A boy can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig or act like a jackass, according to climatic conditions.

He is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite, a noise cover with smudges. He is called a tornado because he comes in at the most unexpected times, hits the most unexpected places, and leaves everything a wreck behind him. He is a growing animal of superlative promise, to be fed, watered and kept warm, a joy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of a nation.

Were it not for boys, the newspapers would go unread and a thousand firms <sup>companies</sup> would go bankrupt. Boys are useful for running errands. A boy can easily do the family errands with the aid of five or six adults. The zest with which a boy does an errand is equalled only by the speed of a turtle on a July day.

The boy is a natural spectator. He watches fires, parades, fights, ball games, cars, boats and aeroplanes with equal favour, but will not watch the clock.

The man who invents a clock that will stand on its head and sing a song when it strikes, will win the undying gratitude of millions of families whose boys are forever coming to dinner round about supertime.

Boys faithfully immitate their dads in spite of all the efforts made to teach them good manners. a boy, if not washed too often, and if kept in a cool,

quiet place after each accident, will survive broken bones, swimming holes,  
hornets, bees, fights, and nine helpings of pie!

Fiona Baigrie.

Not original, I know  
American!



# A New Outlook on Life

The outlook of the average teenager of to-day does not go beyond records, parties, surfing and boys and girls. I think that it is about time that we broadened our outlook. The time will come when we will begin to wonder what we are going to do when we leave school. We will be going out into the world and we will be called "adults", but if our interests go no farther than when we were at school the word "adult" will be just a meaningless word. I think that it is time that we started taking an interest in the world that we are living in. We must look

beyond our sheltered homes into real life. We must realize how fortunate we are and we must care for those who are not as fortunate, and learn to strive for others as equally hard as we would strive to get ourselves. If we all began to look beyond our small lives into the world, life would really begin.

# Where do We go from here

The world is a bustling place, constantly on the move. Progress, marching on and on. The material things of life have been modernized but man is as primitive as he was in the beginning. Human nature is still the same. Where do we go from here? We need to modernize man. Man's hates and greeds have been passed down through the centuries and now they need to be modernized.

# Pop Songs in a New Light

The pop songs of to-day are very negative with no meaning at all, for instance:

'He is a real nowhere man,  
Sitting in his nowhere land,  
making all his nowhere plans for no-body.'

The words speak for themselves. We need a positive answer for negative thoughts.

'We are moving and we won't stand still!  
We have got a mighty job to fill,  
The world's all waiting to be remade,  
By every girl and guy young blade.'

Angela Leverton  
upper IV

# They're on the Move

During these last holidays I met a group of youths who are really on the move. They have begun to think of the part they have to play in the future of their country. They have taken it onto their shoulders to wake up the youth of this country into realizing what a part we all have to play. In two weeks they produced a musical show called 'Springbok Stampede'. They sacrificed their holidays to produce this show and the outcome and result was unbelievable. They have gained a lot of support and their aim is to tour the whole of Africa and even, eventually, the whole world. They are on their way to becoming the best ambassadors that South Africa has got, and they know where they are going and are swiftly moving in that direction. I was proud to be part of their show, and I too am going to give all I have in this revolution, which is going in the right direction, and which has something that everyone needs; a new purpose in life.

# The Seafarer.

a. A wreck upon the sea doth lie,  
Helicopters flying by;  
Baskets swinging in the air,  
To help the people in despair.

b. The lights went out that early morn  
After the engine had been torn.  
The boat was ripped quite in two  
Which did not help the passengers few.

c. Splashing waves from side to side,  
Drowning that boat of great pride  
The radar system covered high  
From the spray rising high.

d. That ship of eighty-eight hundred tons  
For which proud men produced their sons.  
The rain was beating on the deck,  
To aid the ship to go to wreck.

e. No person in the ship did die,  
On that just morning of July.  
Three blasts of disaster were made  
S.O.S. The seventy-six must be saved.

f. An ambulance was standing by,  
A fire-engine too.  
The passengers were rescued first.  
Before the noble S.A. crew.

g. This cruel bay has claimed liners four  
And now Bluff and Seafarer make two <sup>more</sup>  
Two were bashed the others burned,  
Except for one which turtle turned.

The keel was fixed fast and low,  
Although the back was swinging to and fro.  
The bridge was broken, the boat as well,  
The stern was sinking in the swell.

h. But alas, that night at eight o'clock,  
The boat received a great big knock.  
The one end sunk, the other stirred,  
And ever since, not another word

Janice Farley.

Upper II



LIT, S.

Karen Jones  
lower IV

# Words on a Hot Bath ✓

The man who invented a hot bath did a great and wonderful service to the world. He brought comfort and relaxation to what must otherwise have been a cold, comfortless existence. For existence it could only have been: no human being can live in a hot-bathless world — he could have existed. It is a crime that he has not been mentioned with other great inventors, such as Saint Alexander Graham Bell. If not a saint, he could have at least been made a bishop — but no, he has received no acknowledgement of his earthshaking discovery.

A hot bath, what can surpass its unmitigated pleasure? A productive pleasure too, for in a bath one can <sup>not only</sup> think great thoughts, and contemplate serenely the foibles of mankind, but be comforted also by the fact that everything happens for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Take Archimedes as an example: he wrestled with what the world of his time thought was an insoluble problem. He filled his bath too full — as absent-minded geniuses are wont to do — and "Eureka!" His problem was solved. It was indeed soluble in the steam and hot water of his bath. He discovered that the volume of an irregular object could be measured by the displacement of water.

Perhaps Shakespeare, or was it Francis Bacon? devised his immortal characters in the warm luxury of a hot bath. As always in the world there is contention about important matters — the world is divided up between hot-bath supporters, cold-bath supporters, and no-bath <sup>fans</sup>. The latter we will not discuss as they have no place in this treatise. However, the cold-bath supporters..... They claim that the most refreshing and invigorating occupation is taking a cold bath morning and night. Oh! what tough hides they must possess — and I believe that no earthshaking ideas could have originated in the frigid

horrors of a cold bath. I feel sure that Marat was taking a cold bath when he was murdered by Charlotte Corday — for such an unpleasant man could only have had a cold bath.

Those excellent people, the ancient Romans, were great hot-bath supporters; their hot baths were the meeting places for the educated and the intelligent. Napoleon Bonaparte, the little genius who conquered Europe, considered the rival merits of hot and cold baths and decided that the pleasure of a hot bath went unrivalled.

The terrible cold bath supporters invented a curse which has now become a proverbial saying, or slang expression. When one is in trouble or in a tricky situation it is known as "hot-water". For, to the cold bath supporters, to be immersed in hot water is the most unendurable situation possible.

How misguided are these cold bath supporters! They have forfeited the enjoyment of a hot-bath for the reputation of being a healthy, vigorous, outdoor - life-loving human-being.

To relax in a hot bath while all about you are swarming insignificantly back and forth like ants compared to the immensity of the universe, is true satisfaction. It brings one a sense of having work well done, and perhaps endows the experiencer with a slight feeling of superiority. To watch the steam rising and experience the slow relaxing of one's muscles to turn a broiled pink like a baby lobster, is to experience the highest and greatest soul-elevating thing in this dull, mundane world.

And that the inventor of this pleasure has gone to obscurity, unworshipped and unacknowledged is the greatest sacrilege imaginable.

Viki Cronwright.  
Upper V.

# Der Erfüllte Wunsch

German.

Ein Wollhacker fluchte, weil sein Baum nicht auseinander ging. Ein altes Weibchen kam herbei mit einem Korb, das sagte

„Du darfst dir etwas wünschen!“ Der Mann sagte.

„Ich wünsche mit, daß jedes Stück flutz in Stücke geht, wann ich es nur anfasse“

Als der Mann nun heimkam, setzte er sich auf einen Stuhl - der fiel zusammen. Nennach zog er seine Holspantinen an - die sprangen entzwei. Er wollte sich Strümpfe aus dem Schrank holen - da fiel der ganze Kasten in Stücke. Als er die Uhr aufzog - plumpste sie in tausend Scherben von von der Wand. Als er das Brot in der Schublade suchte - stürzte der ganze Tisch zusammen. Nun wollte er sich ins Bett legen, aber plumps! fielen die Bretter auseinander, dabei fiel das ganze Trans ein! Da war sein Hans kaputt.

Nun wollte er zu verrausen gehen, aber wie er dort an die Tür klopfte ging die Tür mitsamt dem Türstock in Frümmer. Von da ab hiß ihn niemand mehr ins flaus darum mußte er im Wald schlafen. Im Schlaf stieß er an einem Baum - der krachte sogleich zusammen. Die Frümmer fielen dem Mann auf den Kopf. Da war er tot.

## Translation.

A wish came true.

A woodchopper was swearing because he could not fell his tree. an old lady came with a basket which said:

"you are allowed to wish something". The man replied:

"I wish, that each piece of wood will break, when I only touch it."

When the man came home he sat on a chair - this broke into pieces. After that he wanted to put on his wooden slippers - these broke in two. He wanted to take some socks out of the wardrobe - the whole thing fell to pieces. As he wound the clock, it fell in thousands of glass splinters from the wall. When he wanted to get some bread out of the drawer the table fell. Now he wanted to go to bed, but the boards fell apart and then the whole house collapsed. Now his house was broken!

He wanted to go to relations, but when he knocked on the door, it broke into pieces. From that day on, nobody let him into their house so he had to sleep in the woods.

While he was sleeping, he bumped against a tree - this broke and the pieces fell onto the man's head. Then he was dead!

Maya Albrecht.

Upper III.



Grillian Baigrie  
Lower V

# The Café

Obscure and unexpected, the entrance to the café peeks out between the showy windows of the adjacent shops. It could very easily be missed, yet everyone knows it is there.

Bustling Indian waiters, wearing brightly-coloured shirts and scarlet cummerbunds, serve the constant stream of customers, and shouted orders for 'cappuccino' and other specialities fade into the subdued activity of this minute microcosm.

Always there are people, and a buzz of conversation pervades the outer room. Its tables are covered in red-and-white check cloths, and coffee stains and cigarette ash. Soft jazz music seems to percolate through the Continental abstract paintings on the walls. Wisps of cigarette smoke drift up to the low ceiling like fine threads of spiders' silk.

This café is a haven for all who know it. It has a calming effect on the troubled mind, and often a couple of young people sit seriously and purposefully discussing a problem — at last, to leave this place of peace no longer distraught with worry. The atmosphere helps to drive away sorrows and to make molehills out of mountains.

After a morning's shopping, mothers relax at the café, and gossip over a cup of coffee. Small though it is this rendez-vous is not too lowly for businessmen who find the intimate mood of the place conducive to hoped-for decisions.

A group of school school boys and girls gather there after league matches, and do their post post mortems. The café is the adopted meeting-place of the students from the nearby university. They are always bright and exuberant, and their cheerful greetings and bursts of friendly laughter lighten the mysteriously gloomy atmosphere.

a tall emaciated man with a haggard face sits often in a corner by himself. Everyone recognises him, but no one knows him or speaks to him. He greets no one, and waits endlessly for something that never comes.

The magical feature of this café is the fact that nobody ever feels out of place in it. Everyone has a sense of belonging, and feels that all has been arranged, strangely enough, to suit him exactly.

It is at night that the café comes alive. The inner room with its tables settled cosily into dim bays and next to darkened columns, is lit by candles, their wax dripping down the wine bottles that hold them. Grotesque and distorted shadows leap across the walls in the subdued lighting and flit over the faces of the diners.

At one table, a group in evening clothes are celebrating. With their bottle of wine and the à la carte menu, they are consulting the head waiter and carefully choosing their dishes. The adjacent table seats a typical Bohemian couple, eating their customary spaghetti, and not speaking a word.

Soft, romantic music steals into every corner, candles flicker and the room becomes hazy with cigarette smoke. Gradually the clientèle drift out, in their respective ways, leaving the long-suffering waitresses to empty ashtrays, clear away dishes, and prepare the café for its next day.

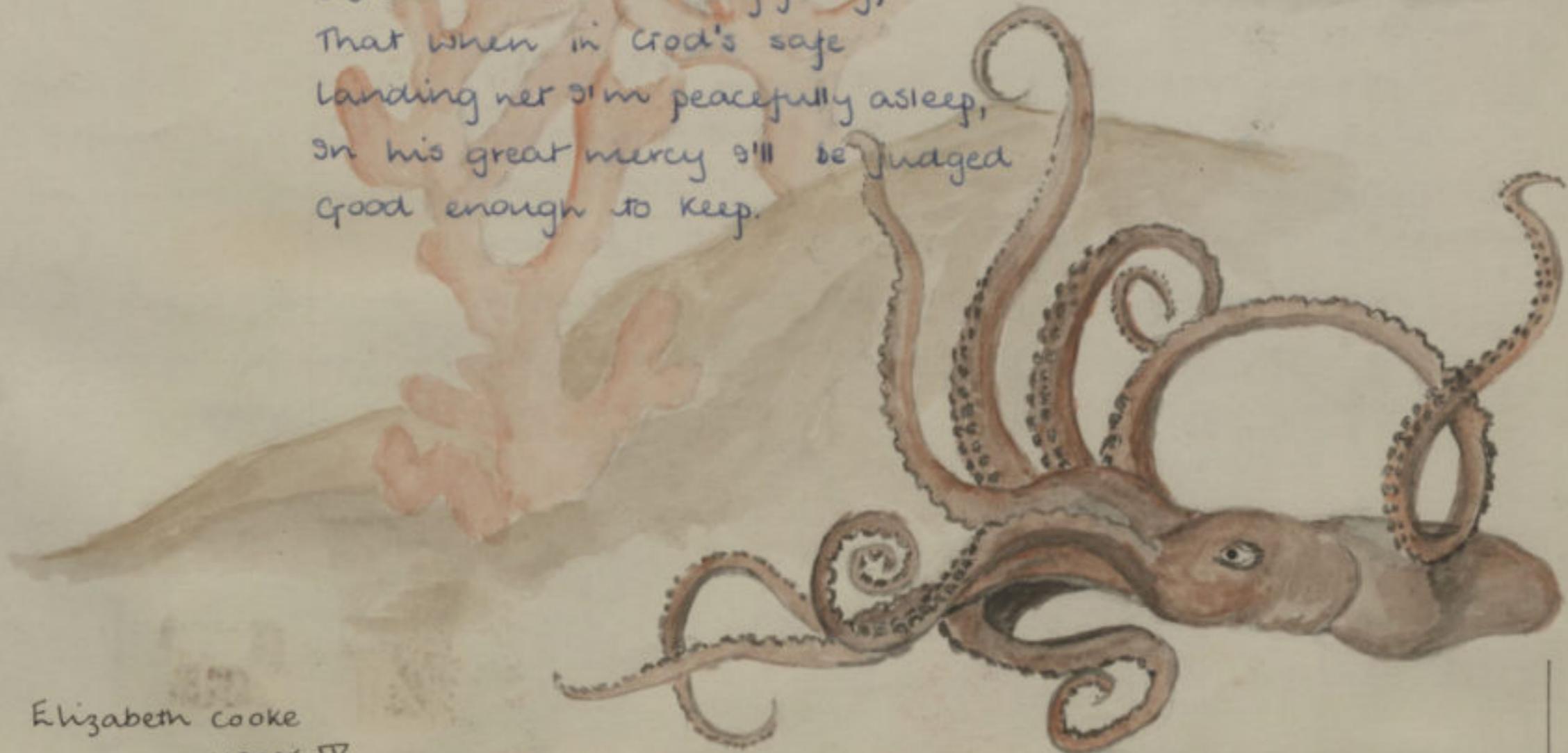
This is the timeless way of the café, - the café that everyone loves and will always remember.

Viki Crownright upper V

Michelle Wells.

# Fisherman's Prayer

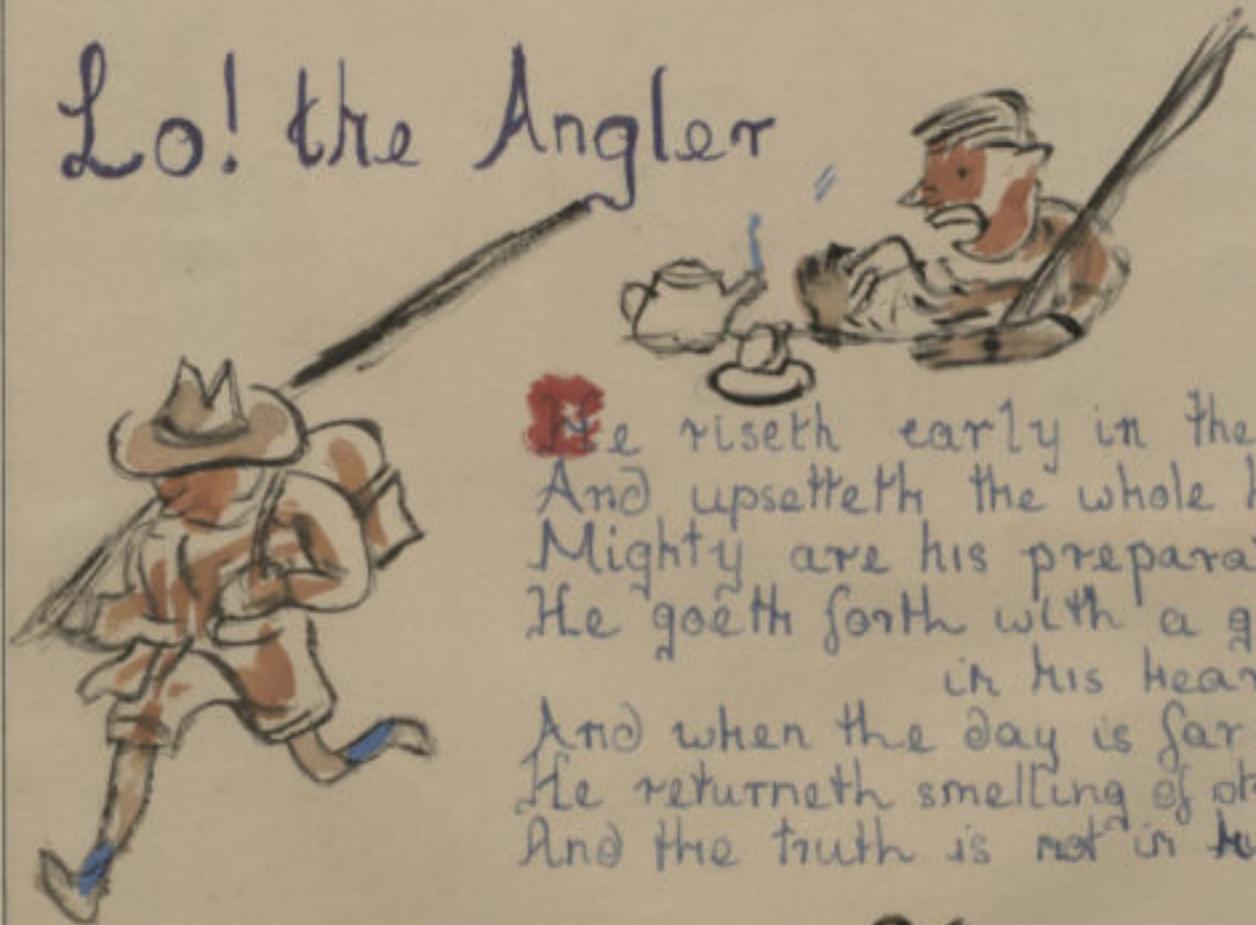
Lord grant that I may love to fish  
until my dying day,  
While I make my final cast  
I shall most humbly pray,  
That when in God's safe  
landing net I'm peacefully asleep,  
In his great mercy I'll be judged  
Good enough to keep.



Elizabeth cooke  
upper IV.



## Lo! the Angler



He riseth early in the morning  
And upsetteth the whole household  
Mighty are his preparations;  
He goeth forth with a great hope  
in his heart.

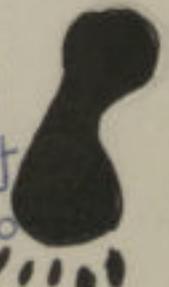
And when the day is far spent  
He returneth smelling of strong drink  
And the truth is not in him....



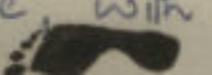
# Footprints



The silent beach is deserted. The sand seems to breathe a sigh of relief as the last whining child is enclosed in the car and the noisy family moves off. All day in the hot and merciless sun it has endured the screams, shouts, yells, scampering of little feet and plodding of big ones, bouncing balls and dogs' barks; the general fiasco of many large families who flock to the seaside on a public holiday, <sup>and</sup> who believe that they are enjoying themselves by lying in sloping deck-chairs and yielding their pale bodies to the sun; by unpacking large picnic-baskets and herding nagging children together; by keeping an anxious eye on the sparkling waves, just to make sure that <sup>a</sup> certain little yellow head is still bobbing up and down there.



The sun is sinking and a last wan ray glances on a forgotten spade, left behind by some oblivious child. Nothing besides that is left to show the presence of noisy humans. The sand is left with countless foot-prints, all blending into one another; only in the damp sand where the tide <sup>has</sup> lapped can they be distinguished. There are the traces of a child's small pink foot, with five small toes like so many pink buttons. The foot-prints lead down to the water's edge and stop abruptly, where some small soul stood trembling in fear of the mighty and awesome ocean. This same soul <sup>child then</sup> preferred to wallow in rock pools, build sand castles and look for shells.



From the top of the beach, right down ~~into~~ the water leads a trail of large broad foot-prints. Some brazen, confident, golden young Apollo strode down into the brine and splashed in the depths like a gay dolphin. Beside <sup>and</sup> (very close) these same foot-prints which lead out of the water are a trail of small, narrow, petite foot-prints, — those of a young girl. She would have been shy but eager, pretty, blonde, with blue

eyes like the sea and a pnympth's form. The two pairs of foot-prints lead along the water's edge, along and along as far as the eye can see . . . . .

<sup>Pointing</sup> leading in the opposite direction are the foot-prints of a man, a fisherman with strong, solid feet. Beside these <sup>is</sup> the trail of four small dots - his dog, which <sup>the marks of</sup> loped beside him, yapping at the gulls.

There are strange imprints down by the edge of the sea; <sup>of</sup> two large feet, one more heavily printed than the other, and a small hole beside <sup>them</sup>. Obviously, some old man, crippled with rheumatism in one leg, leant upon his stick and gazed out to sea, where the salt sings. Perhaps he had a vision of a ship with himself (much younger) standing at the helm.

Faltering steps tag down to the waves and hesitate. Some person, sick of life and weary with worry might have stood while the waves licked around his ankles, and contemplated the restless sea, debating whether to walk into the concealing blue where he could rest forever and find eternal sleep. . . . .

Down the length of the beach run rows of small holes in groups of four. Under the pitiless sun, patient grey donkeys must have trotted with excited small children on their backs, back and forth, back and forth all the time.

Near the row of glistening rocks can be seen strange shuffling marks, as if something heavy had passed over. <sup>the sand here</sup> Under the shelter of the rocks is a small depression filled with hundreds of greyish-white turtle eggs, lovingly covered over with grains of sand. Some old mother turtle clumsily lumbered up the beach to lay her eggs and turned back into the welcoming waves to die . . . . .

The tide rises . . . . . the tide falls. The sighing sea licks at the sand once more, and the water wipes away all traces of human activity, consumes <sup>long</sup> and obliterates it forever.

# The Diamond Diggers' Republic

When Kimberley is mentioned in conversation, most people immediately think of diamonds, but very few think of the history of diamonds in South Africa. I once met an old man, who had been alive at that time and had some fascinating stories to tell.

The stories were all about the area about thirty miles from Kimberley where the Hartz and Vaal Rivers meet. It is an area of about 50,000 acres which was, for about three months, a republic with its own flag and police force. There were two villages in the area - Droogeveld and Sydney-on-Vaal. Sydney-on-Vaal is still in existence, but Droogeveld is now in ruins.

The diamonds were discovered in "rushes". Everyone rushed to the spot and after staking his claim, began to dig. In the diggers' wake came the hoteliers and shopkeepers (at one stage Droogeveld had seven hotels; the main attraction <sup>in each</sup> being the bar). However the rush soon ended and everyone moved on to the Vaal River itself.

A breakwater was built during the winter months to divert the water, and digging began on the river bed. The <sup>old</sup> man was not sure if anyone thought about the summer floods, or just didn't care, but when they came to build the breakwater, all the equipment and several men were washed away.

At this time they were all living at Sydney-on-Vaal, and Rhodes made use of the "village square" to tell the people how good he was. (to quote the old man)

Also at this time someone decided that it would be fun to have horse-racing. So a racetrack was laid out at once, and twice a week races were held, and those who were not digging went to watch and, no doubt, place bets, too.

There are still many diggers alive, who had dug with their fathers in those days, and often they come back to see the places they knew as young people, and they are always ready to talk about those times. One thing they all believe is "once a digger, always a digger." The diamonds may <sup>always</sup> be in the next wash.

Tanet Grant.

Upper V.



Tanet Grant.  
Upper V

# By the Light of the Moon.

The moon shone eerily around, sending silver beams round about. Silver rays danced between the quivering leaves, dappling the ground with silver patterns. There was complete silence for a while except for the rustling black outline of the reeds swishing to and fro in the breeze. The moon cast a beautiful reflection upon the water, and the silver lake resembled a piece of gossamer delicately woven by nimble fingers. The sound of the silver wavelets lapping on the shore echoed continuously, peaceful to any ear.

Suddenly the peaceful silence was broken by the triumphant hoot of an owl. The bird rose gracefully into the air, clinging tightly to its prey. The big, round, golden eyes gazed evilly in the light of the moon. Scared mice scuttled away, trying to camouflage themselves among the bushes.

The silvery moon shone unceasingly. It looked as if it were trying to watch every movement taking place below. It was big and round, and it gave radiant light to the dark night; and acted as a gigantic lantern for weary tramps still seeking for some place to sleep.

The black trees stood out eerily against the brightness of the moon. They waved their stark, spreading arms in the breeze, making a pattern upon the ground of dark shadows and silvery moonlight.

The dark patches contrasted beautifully with the light patches. The long grass quivered to and fro, completely dark except for the touch of silvery moonlight upon the tip of the blades.

A cat prowled through the bushes without cracking a single twig. It lurked furtively about until it saw a bird. Its eyes widened and caught the light of the moon,

and for a moment the cat was not to be seen — only those two eyes glinting menacingly. Suddenly there were rapid movements. The sickening squawk of the bird soon died down and once more everything was silent and eerie. Still the moon shone quietly watching every movement.

Dawn was creeping on. The moon's brightness was soon to die as the dazzling sun rose slowly. The springing east made the moonlight fade away. Its silvery gossamer-like surface was gone. Only the golden light of the sun beams danced in among the leaves. The eeriness by the light of the moon had faded away to nothing.

Yolande habia upper III.

## Die Weer

Gedurende die vakansie het 'n storm ons oorval. Die weer was drukkend en bedompig. Die blare het roerloos gehang en alles was stil. 'n Higte windjie het opgekóm en die blare het geritsel. Die lug het toegetrek en donderwolke het saamgepak. Die donder het gerammel en 'n verblindende weerligstraal het die veld skielik verlig. Die weerlig het 'n boom getref en dit het aan die brand gestaan.

'n Harde bui reën het uitgesak. Dit het ousmeide met knopkies gereën. Ek en my maat het albei papnat gereën. Ons het om skuiling gesoek en toe ons eindelijk by die bushalte aangekom het, het die storm begin te bedaar. 'n Pragtige reënboog het in die lug gehang en die kleure was baie duidelik. Die donder het nog in die verte gedreun en die lug het weer opgetrek. Baie nite was deur die hael gebreek en daar was orals groot massas modder.

Crae Kelly.

lower IV.

# The Durban July

Java Head ran by far the best.  
Renounce was not too bad.  
Kimberley Kid, the mare from the west,  
Ran at a fair pace with her lad.

Ajax ran at such a rate.  
He beat Night Jar, Fairson and Ornate.  
Fire eyes cleared the line as third,  
But was misled by some stray bird.



Highland chief had his bagpipes playing  
But not too well as the cloud were saying.  
King Willow really went to town,  
To beat the wizard named Clear Brown.



Fair Mountain, quite a beautiful thing  
Was beaten merely by his pal storm King.  
Doctor John, dressed in white  
Beat Cuff link, what a sight!

At last the cottage of the sea.  
Who beat Thales and Danaus, ridden  
by Moree.  
And now to end this happy day  
Until next year two months plus May.



Jamie Farley.  
upper III.



花鳥  
Jennifer Emslie  
Lower V

Jennifer Emslie.  
Lower V

# 'n Leeu maak 'n Zebra Dood

Die son verskyn nou hoog in die lug en sy strale val op die klein modderpoeltjie sodat 'n mens sy gesig daarin kan sien. Daar is geen mense nie - net 'n leeu wat waggelend in die skadu van die doringboom getê het. Sy oë staar kwynend na die water. Watter soort dier is dit vir wie hy so wag?

'n Klein rooibokkie het stilletjies na die poeltjie gedraf, rond om gekyk, en water begin suip. Hy het die ou Koning van die diere nie gesien nie, en na 'n paar minute draf hy met sy maats in die bos weg. Die ou leeu lê nog, sonder om sy oë te knip nie.

Skrik storm 'n trop bergkwaggas van 'n klomp bome uit. Hulle het ook die leeu glad nie gesien nie en stadig na die water geloop en water begin drink, maar hulle was nie so versigtig as die rooi-bokkie nie, en het glad nie om hulle gekyk nie.

Die leeu kon dit darem nie meer aankou nie. Hy het stadig van onder die boom afgekniip; sonder om enige gehid te maak spring hy op die naaste kwagga. Toe die ander die gebeurtenis gesien het, het hulle sonder om langer te bly, weggerug.

Die leeu het daarna al sy lekkernye stadig geëet en die geraante op die naak grond vir die nasvoets laat lê.

Helen Henderson.

Lower V.

Gillian Baignie.  
Lower V





Janis Farley  
Upper III

# The Mermaid Lagoon

1. In the silence of the night,  
Upon the still lagoon,  
The lily leaves float gently,  
Lit up by the moon.

2. Among the silver ripples  
A maiden pale and fair  
Appears from 'neath the waters  
And traits her golden hair.

3. She sits upon a shiny rock  
While soft notes gently flow,  
And sweet clear mermaid voices  
Float up from below

4. With a little pearly comb  
She combs her flowing locks,  
And watches the emerald waters  
Against the grey stone rocks.

5. Suddenly the maiden fair  
Slips in among the leaves  
And with the shells and seaweed  
A pretty crown soon weaves.

6. She places this upon her hair,  
Then dives back to her cave;  
Only leaving behind her,  
A gentle tell-tale wave



Susan Maxwell

Upper III.

# Holiday Reading

## The Old Man and The Sea

The relationship between the old man, Santiago, and the boy, Manolin, is a perfect one. Each is a guardian to the other. Thus, the old man feels no resentment in his dependence on the boy, nor does the boy feel he is wasting Santiago's time when he asks the old man to teach him.

The old man first took the boy out in the boat with him when he was only five years old and they often discussed that occasion. Manolin had<sup>s</sup> heard every detail of that expedition so often that by now he <sup>can</sup> talk about it as if he actually remembered it himself.

The boy has fished with Santiago since that day and is <sup>o</sup>dearly upset when his parents come to the conclusion that the old fisherman is unlucky, and send their son to another, more successful, boat. Manolin talks to the old man about this and even talks tentatively of disobeying his parents and returning to his old friend, but Santiago loves him so much that <sup>he</sup>wants him to do the right thing and not get into trouble.

This pure, true love for the boy is seen again when the old man is way out at sea fighting a grim battle with the fish. At various stages he repeats again and again "I wish the boy were here" ... "If only the boy were here". Although there is intense feeling and longing behind these words, they are completely free from any selfish resentment or jealousy. Never does he say, "If only the parents of Manolin had not been so mean. I wish the boy had disobeyed them and returned to me." No, it is always just, "I wish the boy were here..."

As a little boy, Manolin was taught and, no doubt, protected by the old man. Now, it is he who does the protecting. It is he who gets food from Martin, he who brings it down to the old shack. His mind is ever on the alert for things he can do for the old man. Santiago mentions washing and immediately the boy thinks, "where does he wash? I must bring him soap and a good towel". He notices his bare feet and the thought flashes through his mind, "I must get him some old sandals". But if Manolin is the protector, it is still the old man who is the teacher. "You must get better soon, so you can teach me, for there is much I must learn," Manolin says as he leaves the old man in the shack after his ordeal at sea.

The old man and the youth take the best each has and put it together for the good of both of them. Manolin sits with the old man until he falls asleep, and Santiago wakes the boy in the morning. "Old men wake early; young boys sleep long and hard."

Manolin loves the old man so much that he does not mind if others see him crying with distress at his state after returning from the sea. This, I think, is a great thing because I am sure that in normal circumstances a youth would be both embarrassed and annoyed at being seen in tears. He would consider it unmanly, but Manolin loves the old man so much that he knows this is untrue.

Although, the old man is so old and the boy is so young there is a feeling of comradeship and "men-together" between them. Manolin buys Santiago a beer and later they discuss baseball together. They also talk together about the selection of a lottery ticket. A great trust between them is shown by the little conversation about the fictitious rice and cast-net. Then Santiago speaks of a newspaper, and Manolin, instead of blurting out, "Is that real or just part of our game?" just nods his head and accepts it whether it too be real or fictitious.

It is interesting to note that the old man never dreams of the boy although his waking hours are filled with thoughts of him. The boy is something which belongs to the day and to reality, but at night he dreams of the lions. It says that he loves the lions as he loved<sup>s</sup> the boy, therefore I contend that there is a similarity between the two. Both are the focal points of the old man's love and admiration; one is in the present, the other from the past; one is the actual daytime love, the others are creatures of a shadowy dreamland with whom he spends his nights. His baseball hero? . . .

The old man symbolises mankind, stripped of all sophistication and effects of civilization. For he lives his life on the sea, putting his strength against <sup>the</sup> great lords of life, <sup>the</sup> fish. Occasionally he wonders if it is a sin to kill such great creatures but he soon reassures himself - "I was born to be a fisherman, just as he was born to be a fish." But although he is a "strange old man" he must one day die, and the boy symbolises the new life replacing the old - the continuation of life. He has taught, and will still teach, the boy all he knows of the sea, and when he dies the boy will take his place - fighting all the great battles he never fought, hooking all the great fish he never hooked - until, the boy dies and another drags his boat out to sea to take his place. And so life goes on. Even though, the old man has been denied the carcass of the fish, he knows 'they' could not steal his victory, ("Man cannot be defeated. He can be destroyed but he cannot be defeated") He looks forward to the future - <sup>he</sup> speaks of how he will buy new knives, of how he will teach the boy, and then <sup>he</sup> sleeps. He is sleeping and dreaming of lions.

Elizabeth Spilhaus.

Upper IV



Jane Seymour  
upper IV

Peace in the Pasture.



Fiona Baigrie  
upper III

# Yonke imihla ngeenkwenkwe YamaXhosa

Xhosa.

Yonke imihla ndiruka kusasa, ndihlamba, ndinise, nditye isidlosemini sam, ndithatha iincwadi yam, ndiye esikolweni. Esikolo sethu singena kusasa. Andihambi ndedwa. Endleleni ndidibana nabahlobo bam u Ngomsa NaNdaba. Sikhwela ibhasi sifune izihlalo, sihlale phantsi, sithenge amatikiti. Ebhasini sivula iincwadi zethu, okanye sihlale nje sincokole

Esikolweni sifunda ukulesa nokubhala nokuthetha isiNgesi isiBhutu. Esikolo sethu siphuma enivakwenini. Ukuphuma kwesikolo sethu sidlala nabahlobo bethu phandle. Ukutshona kwelanga sithatha iincwadi zethu sigoduke.

Ngeeholide ndihamba ifama yobawo kufuphi eThungwini. Mna ndiruka kusasa, ndisenge, ndikuphe iinkomo. Iinkomo zethu zitya emadleleni, kude nekhaya. Entlakhohlaza nasentlotyeni siyadada emlanjeni. Ehlotyeni nasekwindla sikhwela amahashe.

Helen Henderson

lower V.



Susan Jack  
lower V

# On a Bit of a Seaweed.

Hanging from a piece of fishing-line on our front veranda is a dried-up bit of seaweed which, according to my father is supposed to get damp when it is going to rain. My father is very eager to foretell the weather; thus he has all sorts of thermometers and barometers which he is always tapping. I think the seaweed, however, is the most unreliable one of his collection. He also has a sandshark hanging from the branch of a tree in the garden, which is supposed to do something about foretelling the weather — I am not quite sure what.

The seaweed and the sand shark are both relics of the days when he used to go deep-sea diving, and he often talks about the beautiful plants and fantastic coral he saw under the sea. He is especially proud of his bit of seaweed as it was once red seaweed. — which is apparently rare, though it is completely brown now.

A few weeks ago I walked to school with my mind full of seaweed, because Dad's bit was damp and that meant it was going to rain. I found this hard to believe since the sky was a beautiful, cloudless blue and the sun was shining in a perfectly normal manner. It did not rain that day or the next, but at the weekend it poured — so the bit of seaweed was not completely wrong after all.

Seaweed has more than one use in our house, since Dad believes in everything that comes from the sea. Every year he buys a truckload of seaweed which he digs into the soil as fertilizer, and I think this must be pretty good for the plants as they seem to grow pretty well. Our dog also makes use of this seaweed, and for a about a month after it has been dug into the ground, he keeps pulling bits out and chewing them up; but after a while he returns to more interesting

plaything, like shoes and clothes off the washing-line.

I think it must be wonderful to go deep-sea diving and to see all the animals and plants under the sea. I have always rather envied my father's deep-sea exploits and I should like to go down myself one day. I might even find another bit of red seaweed!

Viki Hennessy.  
Upper IV



Jeanette Ross  
Lower V

# Academic Freedom in the Republic

It is a sad thought, but none-the-less true, that academic freedom is missing in the universities of South Africa today. It is an ideal for which we in this country must continue to strive. In the recent National Day of Affirmation of Academic and Human Freedom, students dedicated themselves to fulfilling this aim.

The Government, in the voice of Mr. C. R. Swart said, "I say that the state on behalf of the tax-payers who provide the money, should have authority over who is taught and what is taught..." This statement strikes at the very fundamentals of Academic Freedom. Another person from another country said, "not every state is interested in truth to the point of granting academic freedom. No state anxious to conceal a basic criminality of principle and action can possibly want the basic truth."

It is obvious that our Government does not believe in academic freedom and yet no true university can exist without it. A university exists in order to provide an atmosphere most conducive to "speculation, experiment, and creation." In order to fulfil this function, there must prevail the four essential freedoms of a university - to determine for itself: who its teachers shall be, what they shall teach, whom they shall teach and how the teaching shall be carried out. I shall deal with each aspect of this definition separately.

In the Western democracies, the doors of universities are wide open to all those who are academically qualified. Until 1959 South African universities were entitled to admit all students who had attained the required

academic standard, but an act of Parliament removed from these universities the freedom to decide whom they would admit as students. Non-whites have to obtain special permission from the government before they can attend a "white university". This move was deeply felt among the South African students. Special colleges were set up for non-whites but there is little likelihood of free thought and diversity of opinion in these colleges, since the entire staff, senate and council are appointed and can be dismissed by cabinet ministers.

Universities have traditionally claimed the right to choose for themselves who should become members of their academic staff. This privilege was recently taken away from the universities and two professors were banned. Surely the university authorities are the best qualified people to decide on their staff and if they are satisfied that their lecturers are capable of teaching without bias, they should be allowed to continue in their posts.

Academic freedom implies that teachers should be free to teach the truth as they see it, and believe it to be. In our world, universities have a variety of functions, but the main one is the pursuit of truth. Methods of teaching should also not be subject to interference aimed at curtailing originality and independent thought. The existence of censors can only have a detrimental effect on education. The banning of thousands of books, many of academic and literary value, means that South African students will never be allowed to consider the views of the authors of these books.

Over the past few years there has been an increasing demand for students to keep out of politics, but they have replied that as long as politics invades their rights to academic freedom, they are entitled to voice their opinions. It is this contentious question of Academic freedom that is the basis of the student's stand in

politics to-day. It is of great interest and concern to all of us at school who wish to further our studies at university

Carol Newman.

Upper V

# Idyll

The sky was blue  
And there were no clouds,  
And the mountain tops were grey,  
As I walked in the valley of a thousand hills  
on a hot hot summer's day.

The tiny streams were filled with clean clear water.  
From the mountain tops,  
As the water rippled on its way.

Oh, where does that clear water go to?  
It enters the big stream yonder,  
Where it turns into a river  
and then flows on to the sea,  
whose waters are never still

Marjorie Aitchison.

Upper IV



Jamie Farley.  
Upper III





J. FARLEY  
1966

Janis Farley.  
upper III

# Cats

Greek.



Έχω μία γατούλα,  
Και τὴν λέει Κουκίη,  
Εἶναι ὀρθρὴ μικρούλα,  
Και τὴν ἀγαπῶ ὀρθρῆ.



Ἡ φάχα εἶναι μαύρη,  
Ὁταν τὰ μαρβουνά,  
Και ὅταν με φηαί,  
Ξέρω εὖως μὲ ἀγαπᾷ.



## Γάταω.

Ἐχει ρὸς μετούρα,  
Και μάτια ὀρασίνα,  
Και ὅταν τὴν ἀπράξω,  
Αὐτὴν με γράτουνά.



Και ὅταν τὴν ταιγῶ,  
Με γὰρ κἀθαί ὀρωί,  
Τὸ ἄνιστ γριγῶρα-γριγῶρα,  
Και ἀερῆ να κερῆ.

Angela Macris lower V.



Mary-Anne Parry  
Upper III

# From Night to Morning

1. The great dark canopy of ageing night  
Will soon be changed to one of greyness.  
And then come rays of morning light,  
The harbingers of gaudy gayness.  
And then, with little further warning,  
The gentle night changeth to morning.
2. Celestial ceilings' gentle lights  
Are flickering away now in the dawn,  
Gone are all the heavenly bodies bright  
leaving a silent sky of gentle fawn.  
And then beyond the mountain awning  
We see the night change to morning.
3. The fluttering of fowls will soon begin,  
And then the sky will be alive with motion.  
The straining wings the far skyline to win  
The beaks beyond directed to the ocean.  
Wake, O birds, and see, on great trees fawning  
How the night will change to morning.
4. The rosy lights even now spreading,  
Will soon awaken creatures on the earth,  
Bunnies stir gently in Nature's bedding,  
The butterfly, her gift of one day's birth  
And little beasts, softly yawning,  
Watch their night change to morning.
5. And so; even small Bobbie from his bed,  
Flings wide his arms with childhood's wonder,  
As from his window sees with tilted head  
The fluffy clouds of heaven turn asunder.  
No less than beasts Adam's child cries the warning,  
"See, Mummy, how night changes to morning!"

Elizabeth Spilhans.

Upper IV

# En France

French.

Quand j'étais en France au commencement de l'année j'ai vu beaucoup de jolis tableaux. Quand nous marchions le long de la rivière Seine, nous avons vu des étalages où on pouvait acheter de jolis tableaux. Des étudiants les dessinaient et on pouvait les acheter pour deux francs.

L'un, que ma mère a acheté était d'un vieux vagabond qui se couchait contre les murs de la cathédrale de Notre Dame. Près de lui, il y avait un petit sac et de la nourriture.

Ceux que j'ai achetés étaient de la Place de l'Étoile et les étalages sur la rive gauche. C'était de jolis étalages avec beaucoup de couleurs.

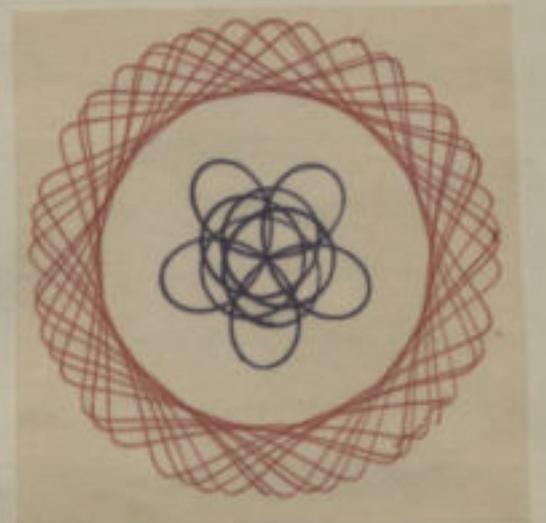
Nous y avons vu aussi beaucoup de monuments par exemple le Tour Eiffel, le Louvre, les Invalides et beaucoup d'autres.

Notre hôtel était l'Hôtel Ste. Anne. C'était dans la rue Ste. Anne près des Champs Élysées.

Sally Breen.  
Upper IV.



Sarah Hestie  
Lower IV



Some of the best work

# The Difference My Glasses made

One afternoon my mother took me out to tea. I was only nine years old and was feeling very proud of my new dress. Someone passed me a cup of tea and I was positive I held the saucer and was horrified when the tea spilt on my dress, that I burst into tears.

A few weeks later I was filling a vase of flowers, and could not understand why it did not get any fuller. My sister came into the room and shouted, "Jennie, the floor!". I looked down, and sure enough the floor was covered with water but the spout of the jug still seemed to be in the vase.

A few weeks later, on the beach, I was looking for crabs. One has to pick a crab up by the back of the shell or else it pinches you. I bent down to pick it up, and although I was sure I had the shell in my hand, the crab pinched me.

The last straw was when I was climbing from a boat onto a ladder. I put my foot out onto what I thought was the ladder and fell into the water fully clothed. After spending a week in bed with a severe cold; then failing an arithmetic test because I had copied the wrong figures off the blackboard I decided to have my eyes tested.

I eventually got my glasses. One of my eyes was short-sighted, and the other long-sighted. I found that I got no more headaches and my school marks went up. I had never before realized that peoples' faces were so clear. As I came out of the optician's surgery I read a sign that was written above the door on the opposite side of the road. This was something I had never been able to do before.

My glasses also saved a great deal of embarrassment because prior to

to wearing them, if someone in the street greeted me I would have to wait until I was close up to him before I could recognize him.

The cinema also gives me greater joy. Now I look at things more critically on the stage and screen. I can now see that trees have individual leaves and are not just a mass of green.

My glasses have made a wonderful difference to me. Although I no longer drop cups of tea on my dress, or jump off boats into the water, I still have two little scars on my thumb and forefinger from the crab bites.

Jennifer Susman upper IV



Fiona Baigrie.  
upper III

# Television in South Africa

For many years now television has been operating in most countries of the world - but not in South Africa. The South African leaders have been trying to keep South Africa television free because they feel it corrupts and is a time-waster. South Africa does not need television to the same extent as a country like England does, as its climate is mild and especially suited to outdoor living - not the indoor watching of television. Surely these men may be argued against as even South Africans must get cold sometime and then outdoor living is out of the question. What have these old or handicapped people to do? Surely they are not expected to sit all day long next to their radios staring at the same four walls or into the same dirty yard? It is for people such as these that television is essential in South Africa.

Let us assume that the South African leaders have decided to introduce television into South Africa. The television stations, aeriads and manufacturers have sprung up all over the countryside, and nearly every house in the whole Republic has at least one television set. What then? What programmes could possibly be shown? Are we going to have one programme in English and the next in Afrikaans, or seperate stations for each? or will it be like Springbok radio at present on which in the late morning or early afternoon only Afrikaans programmes may be heard, much to the distress of the immigrants who do not understand the language? The obvious solution is to have two stations, one for each official language, but now another problem arises - if these programmes contain advertisements where do the non-commercial programmes fit in? To solve both these problems four seperate stations would be required, two Afrikaans and two English. The greatest problem of all now poses itself, what programmes can we possibly have to fill four different

stations for, at least, twelve hours a day, seven days a week?

The programmes could consist of Mark Saxon and his stories of the unknown, Paul Vargor with his miraculous gift of always avoiding getting hurt, Kid Grayson who is best at everything in the wild West or even Doctor Paul, whose love affairs have been heard by radio-listeners of the last three generations. There could also be the more sensible quiz programmes and a few interviews with the famous people who manage to find their way to this remote corner of the world. It is the interviews that are the problem, as they are responsible for some of the greatest interest in television, and in South Africa few world famous people are ever seen. The news — the greatest attraction on television will have to be late or else fantastic sums of money will have to be spent on obtaining the apparatus which is able to pick up the signals from the Early Bird.

If South Africa were able to provide some educational programmes as other countries do, television could be a great help to scholars and those willing to know more. There could also be features of interest to the older generations and a Children's Hour, with such adorable characters as the flower-pot men. Then there could be the inevitable sports programmes which everyone, old and young, sports-minded or not, enjoy. Imagine all the South Africans being able to watch Annette van Zyl or Cliff Drysdale at Wimbledon, the Rugby Springboks in New Zealand or Karen Muir at the Olympic Games instead of just hearing the results. Of course there must be the pop programmes, and what a thrill it gives it gives the teenagers to see their idols actually singing instead of just hearing him, or seeing him grinning out of pop magazines. It is surprising, but by seeing pop stars, teenager's parents realize that some of these "characters" have personality and become far less "square" — helping to

ease great tensions between mothers and their daughters.

The next problem may seem strange, but is nonetheless a problem — the announcers must have television personalities. They may be marvellous radio announcers and yet nervous and thoroughly inadequate before the cameras. We may assume that thirty per cent of the radio announcers will not manage to become television announcers, and with four television stations many more will have to be employed — again costing a great deal of money. Apart from having to employ more announcers, cameramen too will have to be imported, with their families, putting costs up still further.

Television is not a bad invention at all, it is that some of the programmes on it are bad. I have tried to show what a success, or failure, television could be in South Africa and am sure that the people who are now refusing it, will regret their move when they are old and lonely. Although the initial expense will be vast and the problems difficult, everything will smooth itself out, and must — for South Africa cannot remain a decade behind the rest of the world forever.

Sheila Mackenzie. Upper V.

# 'n Donderstorm

Dit was somer op 'n Transvaalse plaas. Die Koning was nyp en die snyery het begin. Dit was die pragtigste Koning wat pa vir vier jaar gehad het en hy sou nou sy skulde kon betaal.

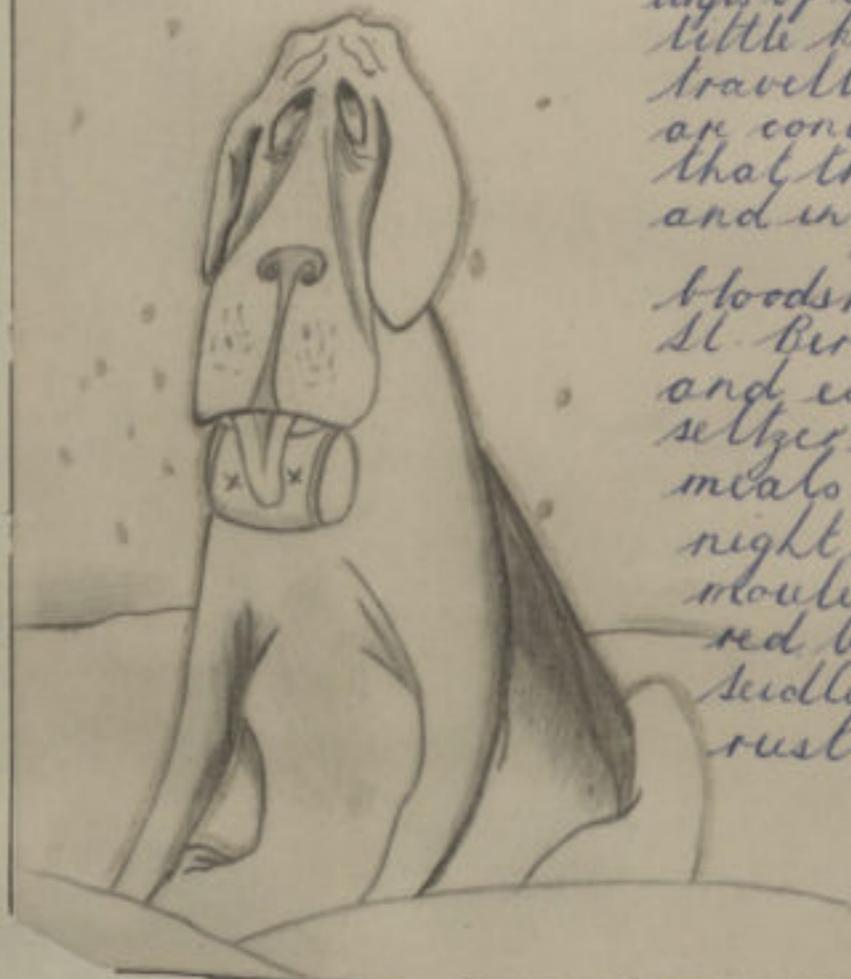
Die maandagnôre het die snyers vroeg opgestaan en het begin sny. Dit was 'n baie warm dag en die hitte slaan deur die werkers se liggame. Ek het koffie vir hulle gestink en dit vir hulle gegee. Pa, met sweeldruppels op sy voorkop, het maar gestaan en gesels. Hy was bly want die snyery het goed gegaan.

Na middagere het die werk voortgegaan. Ek het op die werf gestaan en toe het ek klein wolkies in die afstand gesien, ek het groot geskrik, want miskien sal daar 'n donderstorm wees. Die wolke het nader gedryf en groot en swart geword. Pa het hulle gesien en die werkers rinniger geja. Hulle het alreeds een land klaar gesny.

Die son het agter die wolke verdwyn en 'n onheilspellende stitte heroor die plaas gehees. Die lug het donker geword, en toe val die reën. Eers het dit sag geral en toe harder. Pa het net daar in die land gestaan en ek gesien dat hy bid, hy het gebid dat die hael nie val nie, die verwoestende hael wat alles verniel. Ek het ook gebid.

Die donder het gerammel en die blitsstrate het geflits, harder en harder val die reën, en toe kom die hael. Die groot harde blonte van die hael het op die dak van die stoep gekletter. In die donker reën suite het ek 'n figuur gesien, dit was Pa. Met 'n gebuigde kop het hy stadig na die huis geloop. Hy was papnat en sy gesig was vol bloed want die hael het hom gesny. Hy was 'n man met 'n gebroke hart, al sy Koning was verniel.

# THE ST. BERNARD



The St Bernard is never quite sober, they spend their time lolling on the edges of deep crevasses with their tongues wedged in their burgholes of little kegs of brandy which they are supposed to be carrying to travellers who are trapped under avalanches. English St Bernards are content to stagger in and out of railway buffets on the pretence that they are collecting for charity. The St. Bernard dies young and in poor circumstances.

The eyes of the St Bernard are infinitely sad and bloodshot. It is not a big eater and never takes breakfast. Guest St Bernards, staying for the weekend should not be open with and early morning cup of tea but they welcome a saucer of seltzer water and an aspirin at 11. a. m. They dislike regular meals and much prefer to rummage in the ice box during the night. St. Bernards like olives, almonds, caviare, potato crisps, moules marinières and Worcesters sauce. They drink Greek wines, red biddy, heavy water, metal polish, ink, surgical spirit, Sudditz powder, Hydrogen peroxide, nail varnish, turpentine, rust remover and Empire rum.

Jeanette Ross.

Jeanette Ross  
Lower V

Spring



Marjorie Hitchison  
Upper IV

# The South West African Case

At the Treaty of Versailles after World War I, the German colonies in Africa were handed over to various allied powers under a system of mandates. The Union of South Africa was given a mandate to South West Africa; she was expected to promote to the utmost the material and moral well-being of the inhabitants, to refrain from erecting military bases and to administer the area according to her own laws. She had to submit annual reports to the League of Nations.

When the United Nations Organization replaced the League, S.A. declined to put South West Africa under UNO Trusteeship. Instead, General Smuts proposed that UNO agree to formal incorporation of the area into the Union. This was refused. However, with the defeat of the United Party in 1948 and the advent of Nationalist superiority, the government defied UNO and gave S.W.A. representation in the new parliament.

This action has never been approved of by UNO.

In 1960, Liberia and Ethiopia, both original members of the League of Nations, submitted a complaint to the International Court of Justice at the Hague, criticizing South Africa's application of her mandate. The main questions raised in court were:

Was the League of Nations mandate still in force?

If so, was S.A. to account now to UNO for her actions in S.W.A., as the legal successor of the League?

Were the policies of separate development for the different race groups

practised by S.A. compatible with the obligation of 'promoting the well-being and progress' of the people of S.W.A.?

Had S.A. in fact incorporated S.W.A. into herself?

Had she erected military bases in S.W.A.?

The applicants' case, led by Mr. Ernest Cross, stated conclusively that:

At the Advisory Council of the World Court in 1950, the Court had declared the mandate to have survived the break-up of the League of Nations.

Following this, when UNO replaced the League, S.A. became automatically responsible to UNO.

The policy of Apartheid carried out by S.A. had severely limited Native population of the mandated territory. This had meant strong oppression of the native races in a manner quite contradictory to the terms of the mandate. There had been a plan on the part of the S.A. govt. to incorporate the area into South Africa.

Although there was no firsthand information available about military bases in S.W.A., according to several UNO petitioners, such bases did exist at Swakopmond, Windhoek and Tsumeb.

In reply to these accusations, S. Africa, her deputation including Adv. Dawie de Villiers S.C., Adv. B. Muller S.C., the late Dr. Verloren van Themaat and Adv. Crookopf, brought fourteen witnesses before the Court. Among these, apart from several South African authorities, were Professor van den Haag of New York, Professor Posson of Vienna and Professor Manning of Oxford.

The respondents' case was:

There was no provision made to substitute UNO for the League of Nations in respect of the mandates. Concerning the decision of the World Court

in 1950, the respondents suggested that certain vital facts had been unavailable at the time of the hearing which must have changed the decision.

In reply to the accusations concerning apartheid and the well-being of the Native races, the respondents published a reputation in detail numbering three hundred pages.

They denied any intention to incorporate S.W.A. and dismissed this contention as "lacking sense".

On the subject of military bases, evidence was conclusively brought by General Marshall of the U.S.A. to refute <sup>the</sup> charges and in any case one of the <sup>so-called</sup> 'bases', the one at Swakopmund, was in fact on South African soil.

All the evidence having been brought, the court debated at considerable length of time. Justice J. F. van Wyk was the respondents' ad hoc judge and Sir Louis Mbanefo that of the applicants. Sir Percy Spender of Australia presided. In July, 1966, the International Court rejected, by the President's casting vote, the charges laid against South Africa by Liberia and Ethiopia.

The court decided that there was no legal case, since the applicants had had no right, as individual members of U.N.O., to bring a case against another member. Only U.N.O. as a whole could do this.

The court rejected, on a legal basis, an application based, not on law, but on political principles. It is not the business of a court of law to discuss political issues. The July decision was thus a triumph, not of South Africa over Liberia and Ethiopia, but of the rule of law over politics, and a tribute to South Africa's very able legal team, of whom she is very proud.

INTERNATIONAL

RECIPES

## Waterzooi

Use very young chicken cut in four, ready to serve. Put pieces in butter, but they must not brown and should cook slowly for about three-quarter hour. At the same time make a bouillon with meat and finely chopped vegetables, some spices and to this add mushrooms fried in butter. Then thicken it a little and add two egg yolks and the chicken.

## China



## Belgium



## Po lo Chiang ya tzu (Pineapple and Ginger Duck)

1 Spring duck (about 3 lbs.)  
1 small tin pineapples

6 pieces ginger  
1 teaspoon salt

Method: Steam the whole duck for about two and a half hours. Remove from stove and allow to cool. Cut duck into large slices and arrange these in the centre of large flat dish. Cut the ginger into thick slices and arrange alternately with the sliced or chopped pineapple around sliced duck. Serve with special sauce: 1 1/2 teaspoons cornflour, one cup pineapple juice, few pieces of ginger. Heat the juice in frying pan. Mix cornflour to smooth paste with milk and blend with the juice. Stir slowly adding pieces of ginger and pour over duck.

# Italy



# Gnocchi

6 ozs. semolina, 2 eggs.  
3 ozs. grated cheese.  
1 teaspoon French mustard.

1 pint milk.  
1 oz. butter.  
Salt, pepper.

Method: Heat the milk and when nearly boiling add semolina and cook for about 20 minutes, stirring until thick. Add two ounces of the grated cheese, the beaten eggs and mustard and beat well. Season well. Spread out evenly about quarter inch thick on a baking tin. When cold, cut in rounds or crescents and arrange in ovenware dish. Pour over melted butter and sprinkle with cheese and bake in oven until golden brown.

# Ham-res-na-riggh

Fry two six-ounce ham steaks in butter. When cooked, remove from the pan and add a table-spoon of honey and a dash of whisky to the liquid. In this cook a coarsely chopped apple and some brown sauce or thickened gravy and a little cream. Pour sauce over fillets and brown under the grill.

# Ireland



## Tortilla Espanola

Dice some cooked potatoes. Chop cooked pimentos and fry together with the diced potatoes and some cooked peas. When fried, pour in two beaten eggs and cook omelette quite firm. — do not fold. Serve without dressing or with tomato sauce if desired.

## Spain



## Poffertjies.

1 1/2 cups flour

4 ozs. butter, 3 eggs

1/2 pint milk, or water

oil

## Holland



Method: Boil milk or water, add butter, stir in flour gradually. Cook until mixture comes away cleanly from pan and spoon. Turn into a bowl. Cool. Then mix in yolks, and beat well. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Heat oil, drop in mixture by spoonful, fry until golden brown, turning frequently. Drain on brown paper. Dredge with castor sugar. Serve hot

Gillian Baigrie

lower V

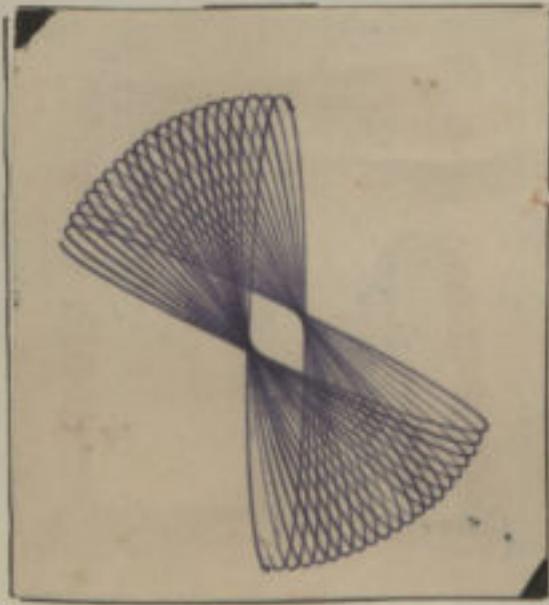
FUN



and



GAMES

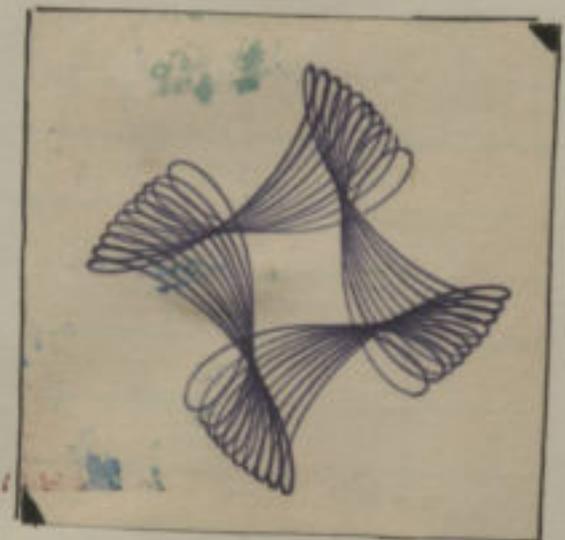


1. How would you pronounce this? :-  
"rHOTI". Try it this way.  
Pronounce the "gh" as in rough.  
Pronounce the "o" as in women.  
Pronounce the "Ti" as in nation  
and the result is :-  
FISH.

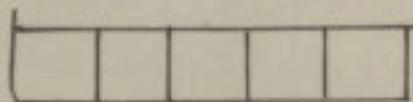
Sally Breen  
Upper IV

2. Farmer Brown has a problem. He has three dogs, three rabbits and three cabbages to ferry across the river, but he can take only three at a time. He can-not leave the dogs with the rabbits or the rabbits with the cabbages. How does he solve it?

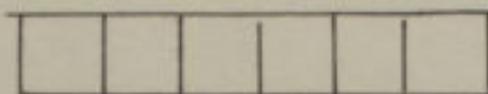
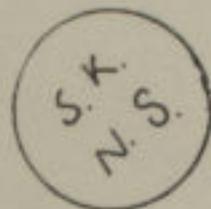
Sally Breen  
upper IV



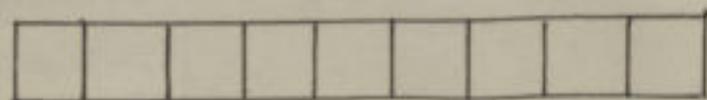
3. Which vowel when added once to the consonants in the first circle, twice to those in the second circle, three times to the third, and four times to the fourth to give you :- ?



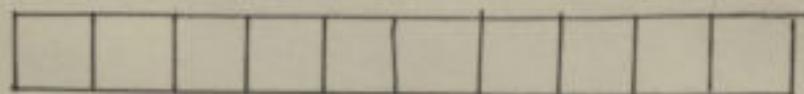
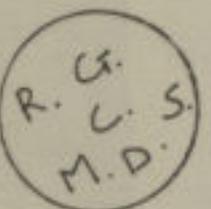
1. a cape on the North coast of Scotland.



2. one of the states in America.



3. A city of mosques and ancient ruins in Russia.



4. a large French island off the coast of Africa.

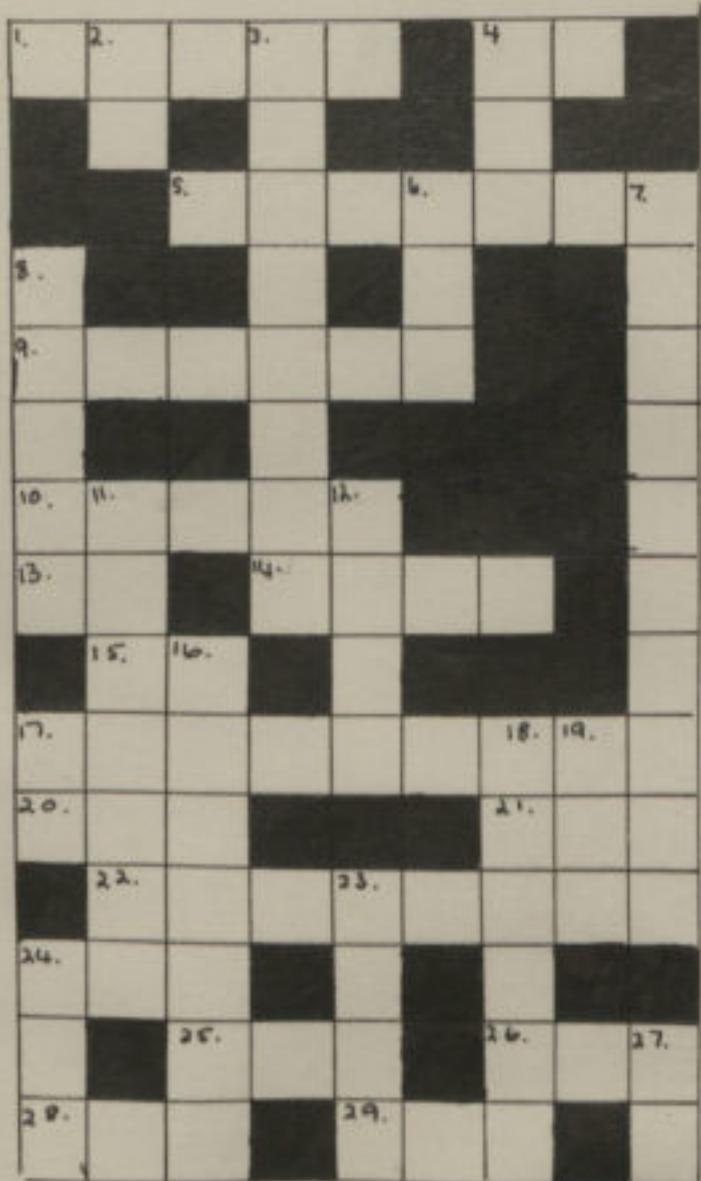


Judith Riley.  
Lower V.

# French

## Across

1. Good (f)
4. he
5. to forget.
9. they had
10. town
13. to
14. elf, fairy
15. (this one) here.
17. to talk
20. ending for participles
21. (he) does.
22. to clean
24. on
25. (he) is
26. a (f)
28. he knew.
29. them (disjunct. pronoun).



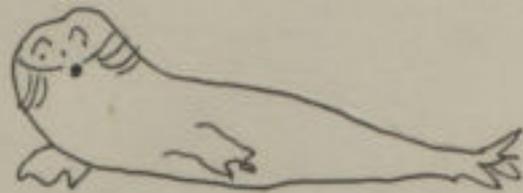
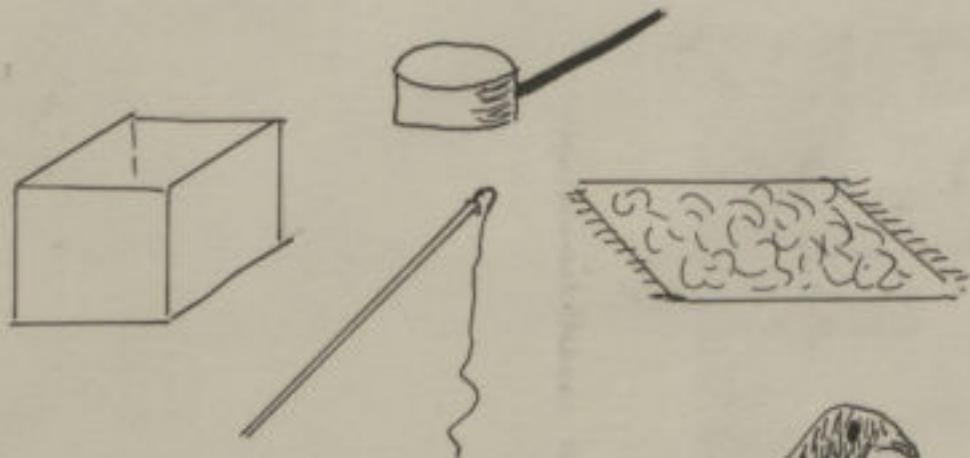
# Crossword

## Down

2. old (m)
3. new (f)
4. here
6. bed
7. to meet.
8. widow
11. stranger
12. she
16. interest.
17. (that one) there.
8. silky.
19. summer
23. head.
24. his, her, their
27. and.



Helen Robertson Upper IV.



5. Use the names of one of the six pictures to fill in a space to make six different breeds of dogs.

1. 

			E	R
--	--	--	---	---

2. 

					Y	H	A	M
--	--	--	--	--	---	---	---	---

3. 

B					
---	--	--	--	--	--

4. 

S					I	E	L
---	--	--	--	--	---	---	---

5. 

				P	E	T
--	--	--	--	---	---	---

6. 

D	A	L				I	O	N
---	---	---	--	--	--	---	---	---

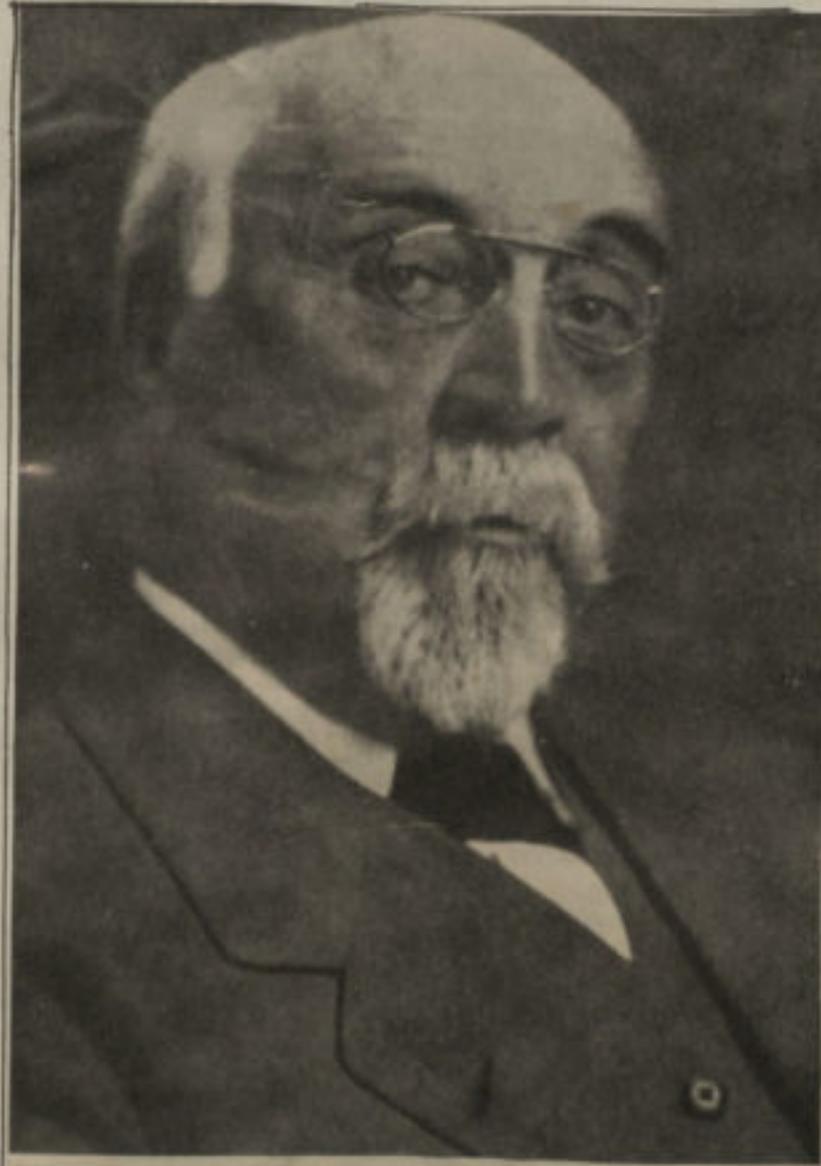


Judith Riley.  
Lower IV

Jennifer Susman.  
Upper IV.

John William Jagger

who founded Herschel and after whom  
Jagger House is named



*J.W. Jagger*



# Stop Press

unfortunately for us Tagger lost the Art Competition with Memiman taking first place, Rolt second place, and Tagger last.

In the interhouse Netball Rolt came first with Tagger close behind them, Memiman being last. The Open team played excellently!

## Footnote.

We would like to thank Jane Seymour and Fiona Baigrie for the help and support they have given us in editing this magazine. Not all the entries are entirely original.

G. Baigrie, H. Henderson, Z. Taylor.

