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JAGGER

MAGAZINE

1967.

HOUSE REPORT

Head of House : Mrs. Scott-Shaw
Staff : Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Griffiths, Miss Chase, Miss Sweet.

Head of House : Helen Henderson
Prefect : Lillian Brigrie

Firstly, we would like to congratulate Mrs. Brownell on being appointed Vice-principal of the school. We are, however, sorry to lose her as Head of Jagger but wish her the best of luck in the future. In her place we should like to welcome Mrs. Scott-Shaw, who will be ~~following up~~ ^{assuming} her duties.

For family reasons, Mrs. Rennie was compelled to leave us. In her place we welcome Miss Chase and Besidester, Mrs. Griffiths.

After a long illness and a serious operation Mrs. Himing is now recuperating and well on her way to recovery. We hope she will soon be with us again.

On Founder's Day, Jagger proudly received one

cup - ^{for} volley ball. Our congratulations to the members of the teams as well as ^{to} the other houses on their various victories!

Our congratulations go to Holt, who beat us to it in the Inter-House Swimming this year; we are glad to share the Diving Shield with them. Both Merriman and Holt tied for the Tennis cup; but though our teams played well, we wish them better luck next year.

Several more Inter-House events are still to take place: the usual games matches and this year, in place of the House plays, we are to have an Inter-House Music Competition. We hope ^{that} Miss Sweet, who has returned from her holiday in Europe, will guide us.

As usual, many colourful warm jigsaw and blankets were knitted by the girls and sent to the poor at Kafda. Later in this year we hope to arrange for several girls to visit Kafda.

The standard of Jagger's work has been steadily improving, and we hope it will continue to do so. Thanks ^{to} A. Cairns and D. Willmott and K. Evans ^{for} their outstanding work. Lastly, but

By no means least, I want to thank Jane Seymour,
Jenny Luoman and Elizabeth Spilhaus for all their
^{kind work} efforts in producing this magazine. We all hope
that their work is successful.

And now it only remains for me to say
how sorry we were to hear of Mrs. Anderson's
tragic death. While she was acting head of
Jagger, ^{her help} ~~she~~ was (not only) invaluable to us, but
to the whole school. Not only was she a friend
of ours but, as biology mistress, ^{well-known and very important} to the whole
school, as well as to many people outside school.
Our deepest sympathies are ^{so} ~~sent~~ to her family
and ^{to} all those to whom ^{she was closest} her death is the
most tragic.

Name

Form

JAGGER TENNIS

In the second term of 1967, the Inter-House tennis was held. Jagger, on the whole, played to the best of her ability but unfortunately had very few team girls. The Open team won most of their matches and came second to Rolt, with Merriman third, but unfortunately the Under 15, team did not succeed in winning a single match and that brought Jagger down to third place. Jagger spirit was as usual the best and it is only to be hoped that in the future, Jagger will once again win back the cup.



HEROES OF HISTORY

A. LEVERTON

A nation is built up of her first pioneers who forged into the unknown. Every country remembers and glorifies the names of her heroes of history, men and women who were dedicated and gave their lives for the benefit of mankind and their country.

South Africa is no exception and like other countries, we have our heroes of history.

Jan van Riebeck founded the Cape in 1652, and he was our first pioneer. Many followed in his footsteps and they were responsible for making this country what it is to-day.

Such a man was Piet Retief. He was a Voortrekker leader who was the first to enter Natal to get a grant of land for his party of Voortrekkers, but he was ruthlessly exterminated by the order of the Zulu chief and with him, a party of young boys, among them his own son. After that followed the massacre of hundreds of white people and the town of Weenen was completely wiped out by the Zulu warriors, but the brave pioneers fought on.

Another courageous young boy was Dirkie Uys. He was with a party when they were ambushed by warriors. Dirkie

Uys' father was wounded so Dirkie threw himself over his father to protect him from the spears and assegais of the warriors; but they were both killed. He will always be remembered, and many of the young Afrikaans boys of to-day try to match the courage of this young pioneer.

Abraam Woltemade was a simple dairy farmer. One dark night a ship ran aground off the coast at the Cape. Woltemade and his faithful horse plunged into the waves and helped bring survivors ashore. They made this journey seven times and saved fourteen men. But the ship was sinking fast and for the final time this courageous pair plunged into the thundering waves and disappeared from view. They were never seen again. This brave deed took place on the 17th May.



1773, and showed the courage of a simple man when help was needed. Courage and leadership are always given when they are needed to accomplish a task for the benefit of others.

Paul Kruger believed that we must take all that is good from the past and build on it for the future. Paul Kruger fought for freedom and right. He was a great leader but was constantly in opposition to Cecil John Rhodes who established the first consolidated mine, De Beers. Rhodes was a capable leader and used his money for the development of this country. He had a great vision for South Africa and to-day that vision is reality. We have a memorial to him in Cape Town to remember him by. It is set in beautiful surroundings looking out onto Cape Town,

at the exact spot where Rhodes used to sit and visualize his dream.

With men of such character our country could not fail, and only to-day do we mourn the loss of another leader, Dr. Verwoerd. Dr. Verwoerd was ruthlessly assassinated in the House of Parliament. We can be thankful for the years that he led this country and we can only pray that Dr. Vorster, our new Prime Minister, with our support and help will be able to set an even higher standard for this country and prove to be everything that we hope for in a leader.

Through these coming years our faith and strength of character must grow to meet the demands

of our fellowmen. We have done it in the past and we will do it again, constantly remembering all those that have sacrificed so much for us in the past, our heroes of history.

THE TREE

J. PHILIP

Outside my window there is a tree. I think it is an especially interesting tree because there seems to be so much going on in it.

I am looking at it now. A small wind has just risen and the leaves are rustling. Now and then a twig snaps off and falls to the ground with a plop. A few acorns fall off, for it is an oak tree and a family of squirrels excitedly collect them together.

Slowly making their descent are a party of ants carrying a pretty, dead butterfly between them. Poor thing! How awful, when you die, to be carried off by ants to be eaten by their fat queen or to rot away to dust. A bumble bee buzzes around for a while and then decides that a flower would

be nicer.

At the top of the tree sit two doves making love to each other. Near them sit the family of squirrels now happily eating and cracking nuts. A thrush flies down and inquisitively watches a big juicy caterpillar crawling along the branch. All of a sudden, unable to wait any longer, the thrush makes a grab at it and then lets out a horrified squeak as he gets a faceful of pungent green froth. He lets the caterpillar go and sits drooping on the branch, uttering sad little squeaks. A cricket in amongst the leaves begins to sing, and the whole tree seems to stop and listen.

Suddenly a car exhaust goes "Bang!" The birds fly

away, the cricket stops singing and ants reach the ground. Once more the leaves rustle and a twig snaps. Then everything is silent.

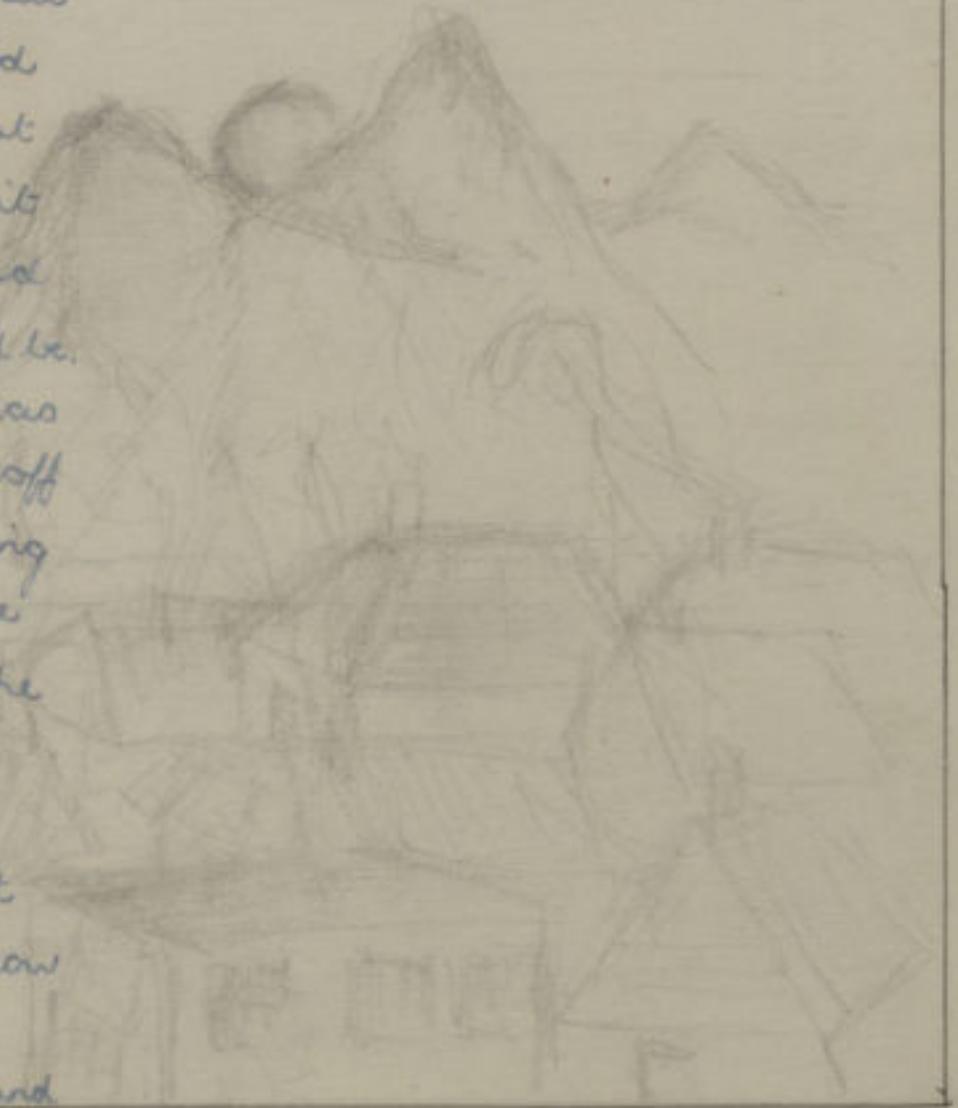


SUNSET IN A CITY D. WILLMOTT.

There lived in the city a girl who saw nothing all day but buildings, big and small she had never in her whole life seen a garden from close up. She lived in a flat on the top floor of the building. In the evenings before supper in summer she would gaze with wondering eyes at the sun setting on a horizon of low hills. As she looked she would sigh happily, for this was the time when she could be alone and think what she liked and see what she liked. This young girl was not very pretty; but when she stood at this time of the evening it seemed as if the happiness in her came out in her face. She gazed at the colours reflected in the windows pane and began to imagine what the country looked like.

She knew that it was beautiful - for had she not been told so repeatedly by Comrade Kosjinski. And what she said was all true after all, the Herr Direktor had told her before he left the previous year that what the Comrades said was all true; and that if we did not believe it we would be punished by the State as he would be. But Jony's shook herself as if she wanted to shake off those thoughts, and having done so gazed, this time thoughtfully, towards the hills where the sun was sinking fast, and through which she knew the great road to Moscow ran. How far had Papa said to Moscow? Over two thousand

miles? Or maybe three? And then Jony's Mama called her urgently for her supper. And the sky dimmed like after the camera's flash when she had had her photograph taken for her Pass Card, which she needed to leave the building she lived in.



THE HUNT

M.A. PARRY

It was a damp, misty morning and the noise of hoofs ringing on the tarmac sounded to me like bells pealing their tidings at Christmas. The pack was ready to move away from the manor house where the meet had been held. The children at the back whispered excitedly and giggled nervously as they congregated on their small ponies, ready to follow the adults. A few women rode side-saddle, but the majority preferred to ride astride. Most people wore bowler hats, to appear more dignified, especially if they could not control their horses. The horses were all excited, feeling the frost of the morning underfoot and the cold air tingling in their nostrils.

The Master blew his horn - "yoicks! Jolly ho!" shouted

someone, and the field was off. Some people thought they could take short cuts and got lost, but the majority of the field remained together, following the Master. The hounds were giving tongue and many of the horses grew almost uncontrollable. At length the fox ran to earth and when everyone checked, a farmer produced a bottle of whisky and everyone ate a sandwich or whatever they had brought. Soon they were moving to the next covert, where they were unsuccessful, but after another try elsewhere they found another fox. This chase was slower, however, because the horses were all tired, but there was great excitement when this fox, an old one, was killed. Several

children were 'blooded' and everyone was delighted, especially the farmer on whose land the fox had been killed. It was four o'clock and the light was closing in when at length everyone departed. The countryside seemed desolate now, with the sound of hoofs distant as the riders slowly made their separate ways home.

FEAR E. CHARNOCK.

He hated the night! He felt fear tugging at his heart so his mother closed the door and he heard her footsteps dying away. He thought of what was becoming more and more frightening.

He heard the kitchen switch click on and his mother going into the kitchen, the heart inside him became intense and then ebbed away in waves of relief. No loud voices yet, or angry tones.

Suddenly he remembered he had not said his prayers. He slid out of bed onto the cold floor and fervently mumbled the words he had been taught. Perhaps if he prayed hard tonight God would hear him and not let them fight. He hoped things would get better and that there need no longer be this nagging anxiety during the day, and at night the screaming fear.

As if it was a signal, the voices began to rise, louder and louder his mother haranguing his father with a scream of reproach and abuse, and his father getting angrier and angrier.

The worst times for the boy were when he heard the sound of blows, for although these usually ended the evening they foretold another evening of pain.

He did not know why his parents fought so.

Once, long ago, he had been told that he was to have a little brother, whom he had still not seen and he vaguely connected this with the beginning of his fear.

He put his fingers in his ears and his head under the pillow tried hysterically panic-stricken to go to sleep. He loved his mother and father and could not imagine life without either of them. He was too young to know the meaning of divorce but he felt something would snap and demolish the structure of his life.

Finally he slept. He slept feverishly, so though trying to make up for what he had lost, so that he would be able to work better and more carefully at school the next day. When he awoke in the morning, he felt drugged and tense, but with the resilient optimism of youth, hoped that things would be better that night.

A FISHING HARBOUR

P.A JOHNSON

The noonday heat was exhausting and the island appeared like a mirage out of the sea, shimmering with heat waves. We sailed the yacht lazily into the quaint, picturesque fishing harbour, and watched the fishermen busy with their work.

The almost deserted village sloped gently up the hill away from the harbour which brought the islanders their food and provided them with their sole occupation.

Obviously the first fish of the season were murring as the fishermen were mending and sorting out their nets and tackle on the door step of their cottages or along the jetty.

Some of the men who had no plans for fishing or had finished their preparations, stood leaning against the poles silently, smoking their pipes. Others sat in groups gossiping about the luck they might have in the coming season or telling fascinating tales of the wide open seas.

The trawlers were the surest pride and joy, as all were gaily painted and well-kept, despite their breath-taking strong fishy smell. A boat did not seem to be classified as a fishing trawler until it had a definite used appearance and smell. Yet other boats were long forgotten, as they lay high and dry on their sides, looking most dilapidated and unwanted.

The fishermen seemed contented people, leading a gay and

carefree life, yet I often wondered whether this light-hearted way of living was just to cover up the hazardous times on the often wild and terrifying seas.

One group of men were starting the season with a new fishing net, and I dreamily listened to them chanting as they laid it out in the boat. From the shore they passed it through a large ring onto the deck of the boat, where the men placed it out correctly so it would be ready to throw overboard without entanglement.

A little while before sunset, a fleet of trawlers, larger than the rest, left the harbour to spend the night fishing, and probably to arrive home the same time the following day. When the whole fleet had left, each boat five minutes behind the one in front, the harbour seemed suddenly empty and rather deserted as the large fleet had taken most of the workers away. The smaller boats made it look quaintier than before.

When the boats passed out of sight behind the tall cliff of the island, the womenfolk, who had come to see their husbands off, returned to their cottages and children, praying that the fleet would make a big catch, and that their husbands would return safely to them.





REFLECTIONS

E. SPILHAUS.

A child learns to know his reflection at a very early age. It lives inside the cupboard in his bedroom and is always there to be consulted about the clearness of his neck or the state of his ears or if his hair needs brushing. It looks just like him and if Mummy stands behind him to examine his neck, hers is there too but "My friend" has not a reflection and nor have the-fairies-who-come-to-collect-my-teeth nor the White Rabbit at Easter.

Then one day the child is walking across a bridge and looks down in to the water. "Hey, Mummy, look, another me!" he cries and discovers his reflection can travel. He sees it everywhere, in the car window, in puddles, beside him on the tiles while he is bathing. He begins to look forward to seeing it and calls it the "other me."

One day the child's mother takes a photograph of the child playing in the sandpit and he is allowed to stick it onto his wall. "Now the 'other me' can not run away Mummy!" He also has another reflection near him, a painting in oils of the cottage where his parents take him every winter, "I have been there Mummy, I have been there!" and suddenly his life is full of reflections. He hears a voice, "Hey, like

waves!" or is read a poem, "Isn't that like a train chugging?" or watches the little girls swaying about during gymastics, "I also want to be some com, please!"

The child is often told "My, but you look just like Daddy" and the next day, "Molly, Rob is the image of you as a girl!" His mother is always saying, "Rob, you're getting lazy; taking after your Father, I guess" or "Oh no, not Grandpa Smith's noseiness in you, too." He notices this in other children at school too. "Mummy, Ledy James is so small and we asked her why and she said, 'Cos my Mummy's small' or 'Jimmy's got a Cockney accent and so have all the Lesters. Isn't that funny?"

The child begins to grow older and never stops reflecting his home and upbringing. He draws pictures of his house and family and writes about them at school. "Nice little fellow" his teachers say. "Must have nice parents."

His twelfth birthday comes around and he does not want candles any more. But eats half the cake on his own. He begins to feel insecure and the things he writes are dismal and rather morbid, he likes to read about the unusual preferably taking place in dark alleys and he puts on a mask of indifferent brutality. Later he becomes more secure and writes happier stories but he is still slightly morbid.

He thinks a great deal about life when he is not

at school or trying to get on with girls. He wonders just what he is doing here. One moment he feels of great importance, "I'm going to be a second Galileo," the next none at all, "Oh what's the use; I can't do anything well!" He goes to Church or Synagogue or mosque and then stops going for a while, while he thinks.

"And God created man in his own image."

His own image! Another reflection. The child is a reflection but he is no longer a child, he looks in to the mirror of his soul and sees a man looking back at him. They smile at each other and step hand in hand into the future.



WRITTEN WITH PERMISSION OF MY MOTHER

A. BOTTOMLEY

I was wearing my briefest of brief bathing-costumes, when I, looking like a lobster, burst into a startled bay of ladies. I quickly realized that I had better disappear to my room before I could be detected. But no - I was instantly drawn into the room to face my mother and her friends having a tea-party.

"Oh, how she's grown! I always remember you as the most adorable little baby - oh so sweet - but dear me - I can't believe my eyes!" This was me, now standing smiling very politely, before Mrs. Jiggs - one of those typical - "my-how-you've-grown" women. Then there was Miss Jait - embracing me and kissing me and smelling strongly of those heavy scents that elderly spinsteres are prone to use and of which I am not too fond. I suddenly noticed a rather kindly-looking lady sitting beside my mother. I liked her best, I think, because she did not say much except: "You look as if you've been having a nice time." I replied that I had. I had not seen her before, but my mother had talked about the new people living in the house opposite ours.

At last I was released from the inquisition when my mother said the usual "Run away and play" as well as "You'd better change your wet costume"

to which I reluctantly agreed. This, of course, started up a new trend of conversation - "These young people" which I stopped to listen to for a few moments outside the door, but decided to do as my mother had bid me or else I would have ended in, and murdered that frightful Miss Jait! She, I had missed, because she was sitting behind me, probably examining me with jaundice in her bespectacled eyes!

My mother's annual tea-party is the one and only occasion on which "Run away and Play" is obediently obeyed by me.

WHY WAS IT BEAUTIFUL?

It was a small round piece of pottery, partly a dark matt brown, partly a mottled mixture of white and brown.

To me it portrayed how exquisite beauty can be found amidst the most sordid conditions, for it lay on its side, in a dark forlorn corner beside an artists discarded paint rags, some rusted tins and broken bottles.

Why was it beautiful?

High up in the wall was a tiny barred window through which a small sunbeam had squeezed itself, to play merrily on the high gloss of the glaze of a little pot to make it slight, discovering for the first time some exquisite beauty and grace.

Merry lights danced between the brown and white flecks. But soon the sunbeam disappeared and the lights stopped dancing on the pot, or did they?

No: for dimly it still radiated its lights in the dismal corner and was still beautiful.

E. CHARNOCK.

THE 8TH WONDER OF THE WORLD H. HENDERSON

In my opinion the Taj Mahal should be added to the "Wonders of the World." Its romantic origin gives a certain flavour, which dominates the city of Agra, in which it belongs.

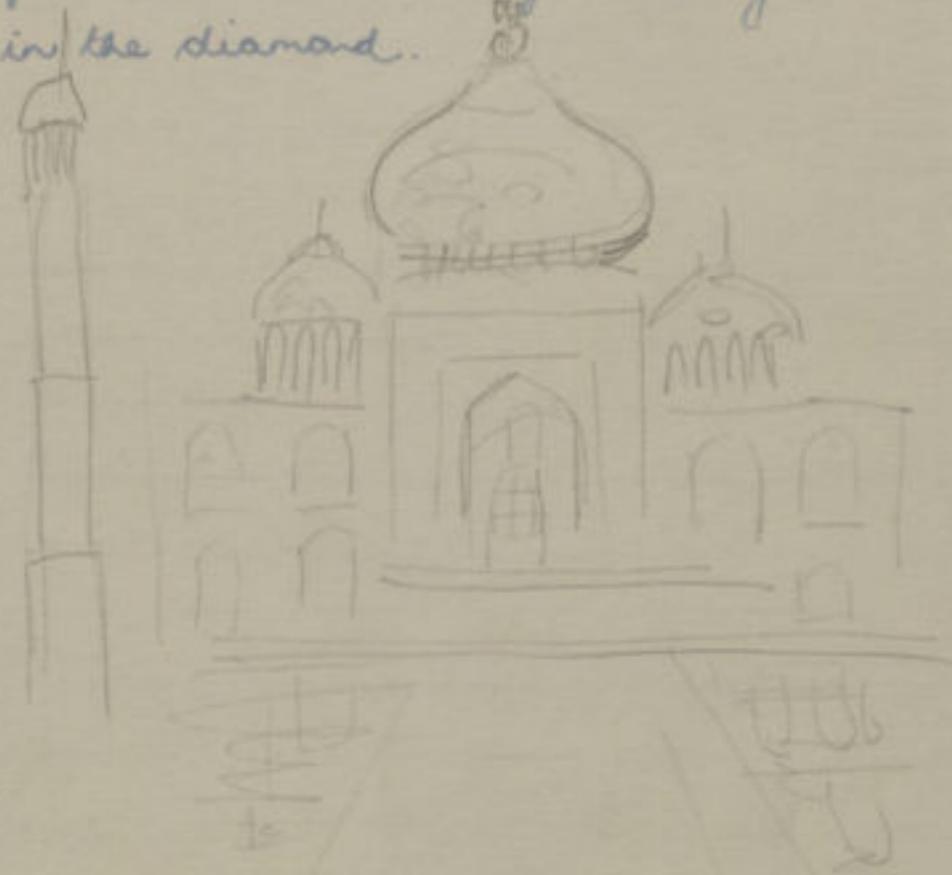
The Mourtag Mahal, or the Taj Mahal as it is now called, was built by an Indian Maharaja called Shah Jehan, in loving memory of his wife, Mourtag Mahal. Her dying words were, "My tomb is to be white, and the world must be able to appreciate me."

So the grieving husband, Shah Jehan, had the tomb built of white marble, and tourists from all over the world come to see the tomb. The great majestic archway leading into the tomb was studded with precious stones; unfortunately nowadays there are no jewels, but just empty sockets where the jewels once were.

Leading up to the Taj Mahal is a long, rectangular pond of lilies. It is a beautiful sight to see - the pearly whiteness of the tomb set against the blackness of the night with the moon giving a ghostly air to the whole scene.

The only failure of the romantic plan of

Shah Jehan was that he hoped to build a black Taj Mahal on the other side of the river facing his wife. Unfortunately, his son locked him up in a castle on the hill, thinking him mad. In his cell he could not see through the high windows so an uncut diamond was placed on the opposite wall facing the window - where it cast a reflection of his wife's tomb, and Shah Jehan ended his days staring at the image in the diamond.



FEAR V. HENNE 55Y.

A girl stands shuddering in the heavy black mass of darkness. Nowhere is there the smallest speck of light to be seen, nor is there a sound to break the spell; a spell which has perhaps been cast unwittingly by herself. The silence is so complete that she feels her eardrums will burst if she does not hear one little noise, but she cannot move to break the silence or the enveloping blackness for fear has paralyzed her limbs.

A fear of the unknown lies in her heart and in her mind, fear of the blackness and the silence. This vacuum brings with it no calm or peace of mind, but hideous torment from trying to look in all directions at once, and knowing all the time that however hard she might look she will see nothing but the conjurings of her own mind. However intently she might listen she can hear only the rustling of her own blood in her ears - and perhaps the voice of her conscience.

The fear of the silent darkness is so great that her thoughts have no choice but to turn inwards, onwards on the dark recesses of her mind. She withdraws instinctively from this outer darkness and then realizes with horror

that there is nothing but darkness for her to turn to, no light within herself - that perhaps the blackness originates from herself. But with this realization there suddenly comes a little light into the darkness and relief surges through her as she realizes that the blackness is not complete - that there is no way out, through her own soul.

HOCKEY TOUR

Twenty-seven girls, together with Mrs. Lytton, Mrs. Scott Shaw and Miss Chase, left Cape Town on Wednesday, 21st June on the Rhodesian Hockey Tour.

We left Cape Town station at 2.30 p.m. with everyone singing and feeling extremely excited. The train journey to Bulawayo, lasting three days, was uneventful, but to most of us it was a completely new experience. On arrival at Bulawayo we were met by two girls from Townsend School. We all went to Townsend School where we were hospitably received and given the pleasure of our first baths in three days. We were also given a delicious supper and our first look at television. We left Bulawayo that evening for the Victoria Falls.

We arrived at the Falls the next day at about 9.30 a.m. and at once proceeded to have breakfast at a Restaurant near the Falls. We then left to go and see the Falls, which were absolutely fascinating and have to be seen to be believed. We left the Falls that evening and arrived at Bulawayo the next morning, Sunday 25th June. Before leaving for Salisbury that evening we were taken on a conducted tour of the mountains and the surrounding area. We left Bulawayo that evening and arrived in Salisbury on the Monday morning.

On arrival at Salisbury we were taken to

our various homes by Roosevelt girls with whom we were staying in Salisbury. We played our first match that afternoon against Roosevelt. The first team drew nil-nil, and the second team won two-one.

On Tuesday morning we went on conducted tours round B.A.T., a cigarette factory, and Willards, a food factory. Both were extremely informative tours. That afternoon we played against Anundel. The first team lost, two-one and the second team won, three-one.

On Wednesday we had a free day and so we were taken out to Linda Townsend's farm, twenty miles outside Salisbury, where we spent a very enjoyable day. On Thursday morning we went on a trip round Salisbury to see the various sights of the City. In the afternoon we played Girls High School. Both teams lost their matches. On Friday morning we were free to do as we wished; and in the afternoon we played against Chisipete School. Both teams drew their matches. On Saturday morning we played Oriel Girls School and both matches were won. On Saturday evening we all went to a dance at Churchill School which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. On Sunday morning we played a match against Churchill, but both teams lost. Sunday evening brought an end to our tour, which can only be described as an extremely successful and enjoyable one.

INTER HOUSE SWIMMING

The day chosen for the Inter-house for this year was 20th March. In the Crawl events Jagger did very well, coming close behind Rolt. The breaststroke events followed. Jagger did outstandingly well with Jeanette Rose and Nina Baigrie excelling themselves. At this stage, Jagger was well in the lead; but, unfortunately, our backstroke was not very good and Rolt soon caught up with us. In the team races Jagger did very well, but we were beaten by Rolt who swam extremely well. All the Jagger girls swam extremely well and I was very proud of their spirit and determination. The results were Rolt, first; Jagger, second and Merriman, third.

In the diving, Jagger did very well, coming first with Rolt in both the Under 15 and Open sections. Jenny Newman was awarded the Diving Cup, which she thoroughly deserved.

A party was held the next day, for the team, at which a special prize was awarded to Jenny Newman for her outstanding house spirit and determination.

I would like to wish Jagger the best

of luck next year.





Hearts, like doors, will open with ease.
To very, very little Keys.
And don't forget that two of these
Are "I thank you" and
"if you please."

THE DACHSHUND AND THE DANE

P. BARNETT.

I am going to tell you about life with The Dachy and The Dane. I can tell you, life with these two is hectic! First came the Dachy, Lucky.

It happened on a Friday - I came out of school as usual. I was at my Preparatory school in England then I was nine. Well, I came out and everything was normal; Mum and Dad were waiting in the car for me. I opened the car door, and saw that Mum was holding an old brown blanket on her lap. As I looked closer, curious, the blanket moved! I yelled with delight as I saw two big brown eyes peer out at me. I took the bundle and sat in the back of the car. As we rode home, I investigated the warm bundle on my lap. I removed the blanket, and there he lay. He looked so angelic then! (I know better now!). He was smooth-haired with tiny feet and a shiny nose. He was black with a tan lip, paws and eyebrows. We took him home, and he is still here after five years of coping with us.

He grew slightly - not much though. He followed us everywhere; he went to the office with Mum and Dad. He had five acres of land to run in and chase mice in. In fact, I think he was quite happy and pleased

with life. He tended to be a little unfriendly because he was so small, and sometimes he used to growl at people. Now he is even worse and often growls at us.

Then we moved to South Africa to Springs in the Transvaal. This happened just over a year ago. In Springs everyone said that we must have a large dog, or else we would be burgled. So, realizing the big dog was a must, we set out to find one. Then we found her!

Great Danes are about the second largest dogs there are. Mrs. Evans lived near Johannesburg and she bred Great Danes. One Saturday, having left Lucky at home, ^{we all} drove to Mrs. Evans' house. There were four puppies - three bitches and a dog. Mrs. Evans only told us afterwards that the one we had chosen was the naughtiest of the litter!

She was adorable! Tan-coloured all over with a black face. The only things she seemed to possess were legs - they were very short! Her fur was wrinkled because it was too big for her!

Then, after a year in Springs, we found the altitude too much for us. So, after bundling all the furniture into a large lorry and the dogs into the car, we started for Cape Town.

Here in Cape Town we cause quite a sensation when

we take the Dachay and the Dare for a walk. All the coloureds move way away from Simba; and the streets clear miraculously as we proceed along them. I have many comy cracks from the people past whom we walk. One I have heard many times is, "The long and the short of it, ha! ha!"

I would like to tell you of some of the mischief the dogs get into. Simba's favourite position when we are eating is to lie under the table. Unfortunately, the table is very small so we all have to move our feet under the chairs so that Simba can stretch out. She stretches the full length of the table and is as wide as it too!

What really amuses everyone is when Simba decides to sit on my lap. She does not get all her feet up as any normal dog would; but just hitches her bottom and hind legs up. Simba loves lying on our beds, but sneaks off when we enter the room. She can open doors if the handles are long. She puts up a paw and pats the handle down.

Lucky's main trouble is that he talks too much! Every time someone moves, he yaps! Lucky used to be mischievous but he is older and Simba put a few years on him too! I do not want to run the dogs down anymore so, with the Dare and the Dachay still reigning supreme, I will sign off!



SPRING

Thick snows have melted in far mountain ranges,
The rivers and the streams are running high;
Nature is quickly undergoing changes,
And grey unwelcome clouds roll from the sky.

The plains are bright and tinged with green,
Patched here and there with flowers of varied shades;
I love to watch the everchanging scene,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the glades.

The bush is full of music, soft and sweet,
Gay birds are making in the trees above;
Whilst flowers strew the ground around my feet,
My thoughts are always of the land I love.

J. FARLEY.

MOONLIGHT.

Afar off in the eastern sky
The moon so fair and bright,
In peace and solitude doth lie
Our guardian of the night.

Without her, ev' world be so dull,
And love's sweet scenes depart,
No earthly babes her light would lull,
Nor would she steal my heart.

Softly the gentle breezes blow,
The moon still rides on high;
And beauty here is rich enow'
Under the starlit sky.

Soon moonlight's beams will fade away,
The stars will disappear;
Then comes the hurried light of day,
And morning, bright and clear.

J. FARLEY.



SMOKE M. AITCHISON.

I am stranded on an island I have lived here, alone, for three months without seeing or conversing with anyone. I often see ships pass on the horizon, but they never see me. I have food to live on and I'm quite happy although I often get very lonely.

One of the many things which I often think about while sitting on this lone island is 'smoke'. I see three or four different types of smoke daily although one of them is not really classified as smoke. The first type of smoke I see is the smoke which exudes from the funnels of the ships which pass in the distance. This smoke is very far away from me but it is always the thing I see before I see the actual ship. It is usually black or gray and rises up into the sky and then just fades and disappears. It is funny to think that no-one will ever see that smoke again and I sometimes lie on the warm sand and think about where it will go to and what will become of it.

Smoke is made of many things; of air particles of dirt and ash for the furnace. It

also contains water so therefore I suppose it makes up many of the clouds, as smoke contains steam from the sea. This sort of thinking is very interesting and I love lying in the sun and trying to puzzle out these things.

Another type of smoke I see daily is the smoke from my fire. On the second day of my arrival on the island I managed to light a fire by rubbing two sticks together, which took me ages. Since then I have only lit a fire three times as I try to keep the fires alight as long as I can. On many cold evenings I have sat by the fire and watched the smoke rise out of the flames and disappear into the darkness around me. When there is a breeze the smoke turns over and over in the wind and somehow gets thinner and thinner so it disappears. This smoke, like the smoke from the ship's funnel is full of steam which must turn into water sometime.

What interests me most about smoke is the way that it becomes invisible to us. We see it one moment and the next it is gone, just disappearing into the atmosphere. When I watch this smoke it makes me think of the smoke in London which

less like a heavy cloud among the buildings. This smoke, combined with mist, is much heavier than ordinary smoke from a fire because it is full of water. I often think of days in London when I used to walk in the streets full of smoke and not give a thought to actual smoke. I wish now that I had analysed smoke and then I would have known what it was really made of.

The other type of smoke (and this is not really smoke, in the true sense of the word, but it resembles it in character) is mist, which rises up from the sea on cold mornings. When I wake I often just lie in my log cabin and stare out of the window. I see the mist rising up from the sea while the sun shines down on it and seems to soak up this mist. I find mist more fascinating than other smoke because it is so light and practically colourless. It makes me think I am in a dream and am floating along on a cloud. When I wake I shall just feel the coolness of the rest of the cloud.

When I think about smoke I often think of the times I used to sit in my room puffing away on a cigarette. The sensation of smoking gave me much pleasure and I sometimes wish

for a long draw on a cigarette. Smoking made me feel content and happy. Even to think about it makes me feel happy.

The first thing that comes into my mind when I think about smoke is a quotation from a poem by William Wordsworth:

"This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Often unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air"

This quotation is taken from "On Westminster Bridge" Although the 'air' in this poem is not full of smoke, the thought that later in the day the town roundabout the bridge will be full of smoke always enters my mind.



HEAR

The old man sighs, dusting his clothes,
glaring shortsightedly at his bare, dirty toes.
He dejectedly heaves himself up to his feet
and shuffles on down the long road of heat.

He wanders along, trailing his pack
In the dusty gutter of the fly-ridden track;
In the litter and muck of the town-mulbriah dumps
His old sagging body he wearily slumps.

K. EVANS.



FINE

A STORY J. LABIA.

The azure sky was turning to a soft pink and delicate yellow as the sun cast her last enchanting rays. Each pine-needle in the dense forest had a golden tip, and the wind whispered softly. Three tired pilgrims were journeying on and their destination was near. The sun, in all her fiery splendour, departed behind the looming mountain. Night fell suddenly like a dark curtain being drawn across the sky. The crescent moon slid furtively behind an obscure, shapeless cloud like a fugitive on the run. An owl gave a piercing hoot and then there was silence.

A horrible curse seemed to descend upon the forest as darkness fell. The grotesque shape of the trees hung over the pilgrims. The heavy branches wavered in the wind as if they were arms of a giant ready to kill. The pilgrims felt within themselves a growing fear, but not wanting each other to perceive their innermost thoughts, they journeyed on as cheerfully as before. The evilness surrounding them seemed to close in upon them and to escape it they quickened their pace. Tree stumps and rotting fungi hindered them; so they stumbled uneasily through the cursed night.

Suddenly, appearing from the dark hollow of a gnarled tree, came a horrid painted semian-like face, which flashed a pair of clear pink eyes like that of a vampire which has satisfied its blood lust. One of the pilgrims said, trying to be calm, "Do not worry, my friends. The people who warned us about this forest were superstitious. We must not let our imagination...." His voice was interrupted by a shrill spine-chilling drone in the distance. The pilgrims fell into a panic and ran away from the menacing drone which came from the right. They ran hither and thither stumbling over protruding roots and jutting rocks, but the menacing sound surrounded them like a ring of witches uttering peals of insane laughter. From every tree seemed to appear a wicked face with eyes that shone luminously in the pitch dark. The three pilgrims were running, the sweat pouring from their brows and blood streaming freely from their cuts. Their breath was heavy and they ran like hunted foxes with hounds breathing their hot breath upon their heels. Spiderwebs swept across their perspiring faces and bats swept ungracefully through the air uttering their vindictive squeaks. Suddenly the evil surrounded the men but the curse broke as the first light showed in the east.

THE BONFIRE L. REID.

A bonfire is usually an enormous fire to celebrate Guy Fawkes Day, or to burn rubbish. Every year at the end of October and the beginning of November, everyone is busy collecting pieces of dilapidated furniture or wood for their annual bonfire on Guy Fawkes Day which is on the fifth of November. Mothers are busy making a guy, which is burnt in the middle of the bonfire. In many places a big open field is chosen and all the families gather to set off their fireworks.

In Mexico, at a little coastal town called Mazatlan, Mexican inhabitants have a bonfire at their carnival. The bonfire is set up on the beach and as soon as everyone has had their supper they rush down to watch it being lit. Their carnival usually lasts for three days and the bonfire is on the first night. It is arranged with firecrackers and beautiful rockets which go shooting up into the sky as soon as the bonfire is glowing. The fireworks make a beautiful display of colours and patterns across the sky and everyone enjoys themselves immensely.

Other bonfires are used to burn old leaves and twigs or other refuse. These are quite different from the

ones at a celebration, I think, as they look grey, and dull and nothing is exciting; whereas the bonfires of celebrations are big and glowing, and the flames are coloured in different shades of yellow, red and orange and are much more exciting.

When I dream and think of a bonfire, my setting is usually the sandy beachfront with the flames rising high and glowing as if they were in a different world to their surroundings. Everyone is having a good time watching the fire, but flames destroy the guy sitting in his seat in the middle of all the heat and glowing flames. First his head disappears and slowly every bit of his body dissolves into nothing but ashes. By this time the moon is up and she looks as if she is smiling down at us all. The fire begins to die and the embers are glowing a deep red colour. Everyone collects their belongings and goes home chattering about the events of the day and making plans for the next bonfire they are to have.

THE BONFIRE

J. LABIA.

It was Autumn, the season of mellow fruitfulness. The maturing sun conspired with Autumn to plump the ripening fruits. Scurrying squirrels prepared for their hibernation and an impertinent robin chirped cheekily as he always did even in the middle of coldest mornings. Golden, scarlet and russet leaves fluttered gently down in the whispering wind. The sun's diminishing rays shone so strongly that the air seemed filled with hazy mists. Autumn held her own smell, a smell rather musty, damp and old. Her magic fingers ripened every fruit, even a venomous berry.

Autumn was the time for bonfires. On the common people brought their contributions towards the bonfire: colourful leaves, letters, paper and many other oddities. All the local people gathered round, some talking or rather gabbling, the local gossip.

Everyone thought that the bonfire had reached its maximum height, and at length an old man strutted up and lit the bonfire. It burst into its fiery flame of red, yellow and orange. The faces of the people were filled with astonishment and the

wild light of the bonfire caught each pair.

I stared into the heart of the bonfire and I felt the fumes and heat upon my perspiring face. Paper covered and cringed under its forceful heat. This smouldered and melted and the leaves shrivelled into ash. I stared unceasingly, and the bonfire seemed to create fearful simian-like faces, lit up with a pair of red hot eyes. They were so grotesque to look at that I had to turn my feated face away. Each flame liked anything it could find; it was like a fearful tongue and each deadly lick meant a red hot death. Sparks danced above the treacherous flames. Each spark seemed to be an enchantress using her beauty to lure someone into her hot trap.

The Bonfire was dying. She had eaten all she could and now, like everything else, she had to die. Her robe was of a watery yellow colour and her dying embers were glowing with a soft, homely look. She was no longer brave and bold, but dying and powerless. The people faded away one by one and only the glowing embers of the fire were left. I walked home, and as I walked I still seemed to see the hot flames burning in my eyes.

DESTINATION CAPE TOWN K. EVANS.

"Emigrate! South Africa! Don't be absurd; whoever heard of such a thing! It's miles away. It is a lovely country - sea, sun, surfing. I could leave school - when are we leaving?"

Surrounded by tearful relations we climbed into the awaiting train and when installed in a cramped compartment, littered with magazines, coats, bags and suitcases we leaned out of the window and with watery eyes waved our white handkerchiefs as we shunted out of the station. When none of our relations were in sight we sat down to take a last glimpse of the grime, filth, noise and clamour which is London. Speeding through country villages, past green fields and brown hills, taking a last look at the village churches we made our way down south.

Bathampton, a seemingly vast place to a homeless family, becoming slightly overawed at their venture and despondent with the loss of their friends was our destination. Together with many others we left the boat train and obediently followed officials to the emigration office. The presence of our long-haired miniature dachshund caused quite a stir as we waited patiently in an interminable queue of people

anxiously waiting to show the required passports and papers before embarkation.

At last, bewildered and very tired we followed a porter on to the boat and having conquered the fearsome official on duty at the entrance, we found our cabins. Small, dimly lit and windowless, the tiny room which was to be our bedroom for the next ten days was introduced to us and as we sat speechless in our cabins on one of our numerous suitcases I wonder how many of my family were asking themselves the question: "What am I doing here?" I was not relishing the prospect of sharing a cabin with my youngest brother, but being forced to do so, I was considerably cheered up by the arrival of several farewell cards and the presence of a large vase of red roses from an unknown admirer!

On the small, cramped, dog deck between the two kennels which housed our dogs, I stood and stared as the boat steamed out of the harbour and with a heavy heart I took a long, last look at the country, overpopulated and underpaid, which despite its faults had been my beloved homeland. But for us a new world was awaiting and with the setting of the sun at the close of day, it was as if a curtain was drawn over England and the

door of South Africa was waiting to be opened.

Ten long days were spent pursuing the various amusements stayed until another room was obtained. Once on board. Table-tennis and deck games provided energetic entertainments and the swimming-pool was always welcome, although daily we hung our heads over the rails and watched in despair as the pool was let down, each afternoon, for the young children. The evenings were full of fun for young and old. Films, dances, fancy dress parades and even horse racing were distractions available from the monotony of life on board and moonlight swims are ever popular play! Once in our cabins, airless and cramped we spent nights dreaming of our new home and thus the journey passed, with seemingly endless meals and visits to the deck at the appropriate hours.

At length on a grey, dismal morning, the boat docked in the faded sunny port of Cape Town. Farewells were cried and addresses exchanged as the immigrants, ourselves in their number, waited again for customs declarations and other official business to be completed. When, two hours later, we found ourselves ready to leave we found that the dogs were still to be disembarked. Finally, after veterinary inspection for the dogs and numerous cold drinks for ourselves, we were sent to our hotel, where we were to stay, accommodation paid, for the next week.

At last, we stared at the hotel room. How could they possibly expect six of us with two dogs, to sleep in a room with four beds, which was already littered with all our bags

and suitcases? Well, they did; and there we settled in our hotel, we began the all-important search for a house. Newspapers were combed from head to foot as one, after the other, the 'possibles' proved unsatisfactory because of their position, size or, most often, because of their price.

Two months later, established in a residential hotel and occupying a small flat we delighted in the prospect of entering our house within a month. Celebrations were in order, but worse was to come; for, a week later, we were informed that we could only get occupation in two months. With no other alternative we sat back and waited, while life continued in the form of schools, shopping and sight-seeing. Befriended by a couple from Johannesburg the dunes were shown around the idyllic Cape but all of us had one aim to get possession of our house and rebuild our home.

The day dawned, and the delight of seeing familiar furniture was indescribable. When the boys were tired of rolling in the packing-paper, and the rest of us from seeing to the re-organizing of a home, we climbed exhausted into sleeping bags, where we fell asleep to dream of our new life in South Africa.

THE BOOKS ON MY BOOKSHELF A. BOTTOMLEY.

There are a great many books in my bookcase, but quite a few I have never even read, the reason being that, by some chance, they have slipped in unobserved, to join the happy throng. Visiting friends, on glancing through the collection, remark, "my but you must be cultured! They say this because they just happen to see "Elementary Greek: $\Delta \epsilon \alpha \beta \gamma$ " (which, I am afraid, I am not able to translate) and "Physiology and Anatomy," or "Beethoven—a Great Man." Unfortunately, I have to reply, "No, I am so sorry, but you're very mistaken! Those are my brother and sister's books!" Then too, there are those that I have completely forgotten about but which are there because "you could not throw your first school prize away;" or "That one has got such pretty pictures in it;" or it is one of those "Do you remember?" ^{books I do read} books, mainly however, they are the books that are on my shelves. This collection consists of "The Leading," "Lorna Doone" (also a school prize), "The Cat in the Hat" (I am

truly reading it now), "Gulliver's Travels," "Greenmantle" and many other favourites. Sometimes, I compare some of Charles Dickens's books to some modern rubbish and even I am forced to admit that there is no real comparison. Usually, I am not too fond of "old" books, — but I make an exception of Dickens.

Besides these there are also snap albums, in which are many photographs of my old home—a farm in the Sunday's River Valley — and of those delightful holidays with my cousins at Xerton-on-Sea, a holiday resort.

As one can see, the books on my bookshelf vary a great deal. Maybe, one day I shall clear its shelves of all the "dust-collectors" which sleep on them now. I shall miss them, however, I think, as it is rather fun having a "cosmopolitan" bookshelf.



THE FUNNIEST EVENT OF MY LIFE

M. ALBRECHT.

The funniest event which I have ever witnessed during my life happened while I was staying at a friend's house. She and I were in a rather mischievous mood so we decided to play a trick on Wendy's (for that was my friend's name) brother. We decided on icing round, one-inch diameter dog-biscuits. So in great glee, we mixed green icing sugar with water and spread the mixture onto the biscuits as carefully as we could so as not to convey what was underneath.

First of all we tried it on other members of the family while David (that was her brother's name) was outside picking grapes which hung from the steep-roof. Unfortunately, the trick did not work on the others because they looked underneath, but nevertheless, they told us to put the plate of biscuits on the table, in the lounge.

"He'll be bound to want to try them," they said. This we did and all of us, sat in armchairs with open magazines and waited for David to come into the room. Finally he

came, and I could feel him looking inquisitively at the green dog-biscuits.

"What are these?" he asked looking at them.

"Biscuits," I replied truthfully, trying to sound casual and at the same time trying to suppress a giggle. I pretended to read my magazine but in reality, I was looking out of the corner of my eye to see what he was doing. The others were doing the same. He took a biscuit and bit three-quarters of it off. I shall never forget his face. That look of honor sent out a gale of laughter from us. David ran outside to spit it all out. The rest of us practically rolled on the carpet with laughter. When he came back and saw us all there laughing, he also saw the funny side of it; and soon we were all laughing!



THE CONDEMNED J. SUSMAN.

He lay in prison
contemplating the unfairness of life
and he could hear the gavel approaching
yet he knew no fear only bitterness.

He had come from the hills
from the wild barbaric hills
knowing what poverty was
knowing the hardships of life.

He came to the city
to the busy bustling city
where he sank to oblivion.

He had come to make his fortune
He had come to earn a decent living
but his family was unknown
his name was not known
He was not rich
and men spurned him.

He had meekly accepted their scorn
but then SHE had spurned him for what he
was
for his wild barbaric origin.
now he had ended her scorn.

Strange, he thought,
she was rich
I was poor
and the bridge of class separated us.
now she is dead
the gallows awaits me
I'll soon be together
in a world where wealth is
powerless.





Larger ships
may venture more
Little boats
must stay near shore.

THE ESCAPE. J. SUSMAN.

She stood at the top of the stairs

Thinking

He had been gone for five hours

He had said he would be only two

Should she go and look for him

Or would that endanger them both.

She slipped quietly down the back stairs

So as not to disturb the billeted soldiers,

Through the back door

Into the snow-embedded street.

The curfew had rung three hours ago

So she kept close to the wall

Praying he had safely got their passes.

She slipped past the army headquarters

Heard harsh guttural tones rapping out orders.

Did they have a prisoner?

Cautiously she peered through the frosted window-pane;

There was a man there

Being beaten

His face and head were torn.

He wasn't David.

He was stronger built

And they kept on whipping him

Across the face

But she said nothing.

Maybe they'd done that to David

Maybe he had died

For her.

"Rachel"

She turned round to find the source of the

low whisper

"Come on, I've got the passes."

Meekly she followed David

To freedom.

But thinking

How the other was suffering

How her friends might suffer

But David said when they were out

They could tell the world about Belsen

About the other horrors

And the world would listen

And help.

They shrank back into the shadows

At the cruel sound of some soldiers laughing

As they came running round the corner.

Dragging a rabbi

Practically naked

Through the snow

By his beard.

Oh y-d, she prayed, It's your people

Your own

Do something

Save them

"Come on"

David tugged her thin coat

"We can do nothing for him now

He's probably dead, anyway

Beyond suffering."

At the city gates they muffled their faces

David spoke in the harsh guttural tongues

He had mastered so well.

And showed their passes.

A former officer

going on leave with his wife

About 24 hours before the alarm would sound

But by then they would be well on their way

To the Promised Land.

FISHING

J. SUSMAN.

Sitting on the edge of the pier,
Next to Gus.
He always sleeps at times like this
He doesn't know
I'm going to be a sailor
I'm going to have a big ship
And I won't be sea sick.
I think I'll be a captain
With lots of men to order around
Or, I might sail by myself
In a sailing ship
With the gulls
And the fish
As my friends.
No, I can't have the fish as friends
For I'll have to eat them.
They can be enemy
And I'll catch them;
And devour them;
And, Oh why wait these fish bite?





MOLLUSC

R. NEWMAN.

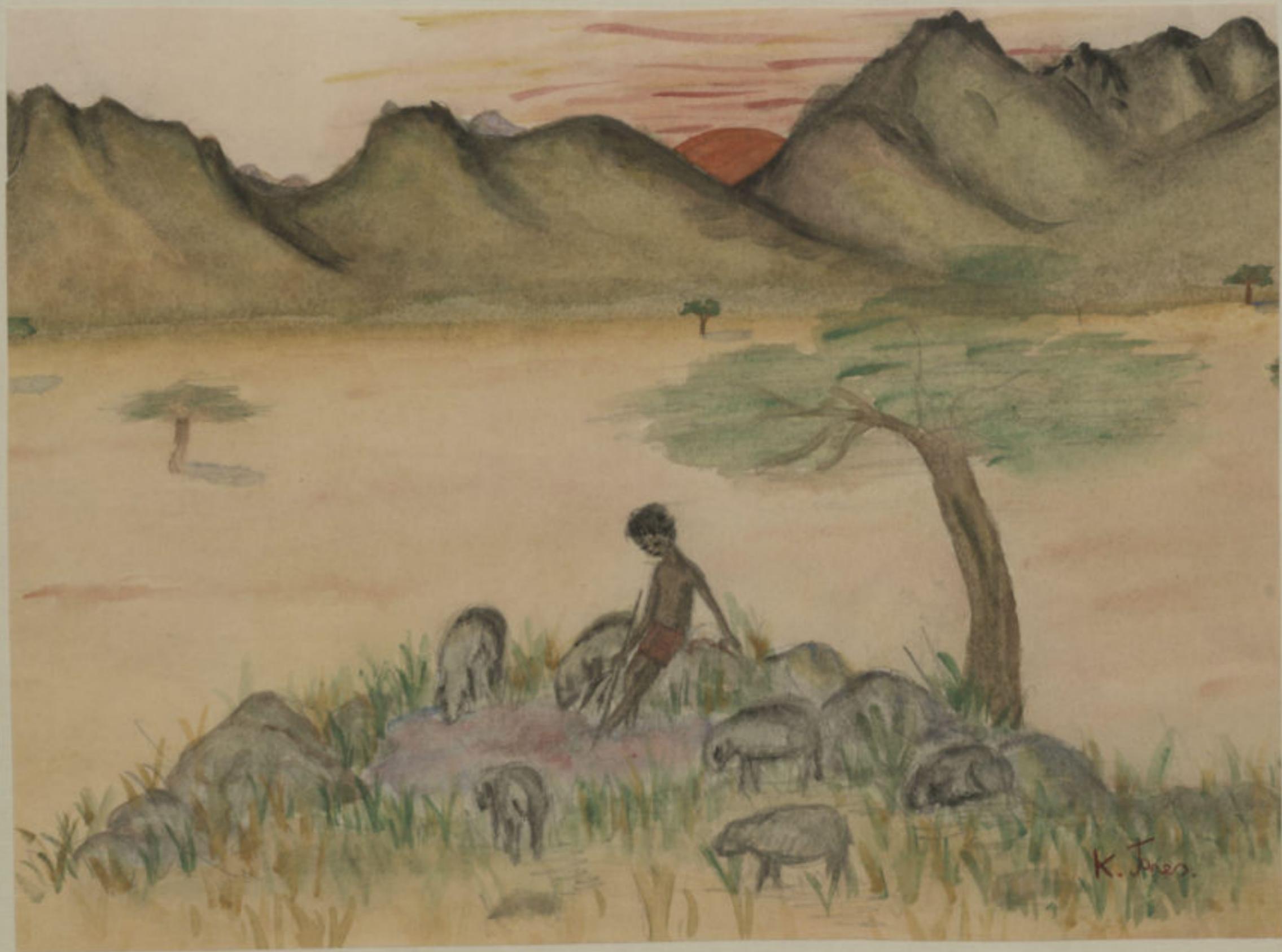
Mollusc, the name applied to members of a large group of backboneless animals snail, cockle and octopus types. The snail type has a shell in one piece, often spirally coiled. In the cockle type (bivalves) the shell has two halves, held together by a hinge and tough tissue. The octopus, cuttle fish and squid have a hidden shell or none at all.

Molluscs have soft bodies and move by a muscular foot. Snails, slugs, winkles, limpets etc. creep on a broad flat foot. They have definite heads, with eyes, sensitive tentacles and a mouth with a rasping tongue. Some are vegetarians and others flesh-eating. Bivalve molluscs regulate the opening of their shells by strong muscles, and can put out a narrow foot for movement. They have no head and food is sieved from a current of water continually passing over gills and mouth. The Octopus class has the foot divided up to form

eight or ten arms set with suckers to catch prey. Sepid ink is formed from cuttlefish ink-bags, used by the mollusc to make smoke screens. The octopus lurks in crevices, catching crabs, while the cuttlefish and squid swim rapidly in shoals to hunt fish. All these three have parrot-like beaks and large eyes. The octopus can swim rapidly backwards by forcing a jet of water through a narrow funnel.

All sea molluscs breathe by gills, land forms by a lung, while fresh water forms many use either method.

Molluscs have been and are a great importance to man, as food, primitive money and utensils, sources of dye and mother-of-pearl, while some oysters form pearls by covering irritating grit particles with shell material.

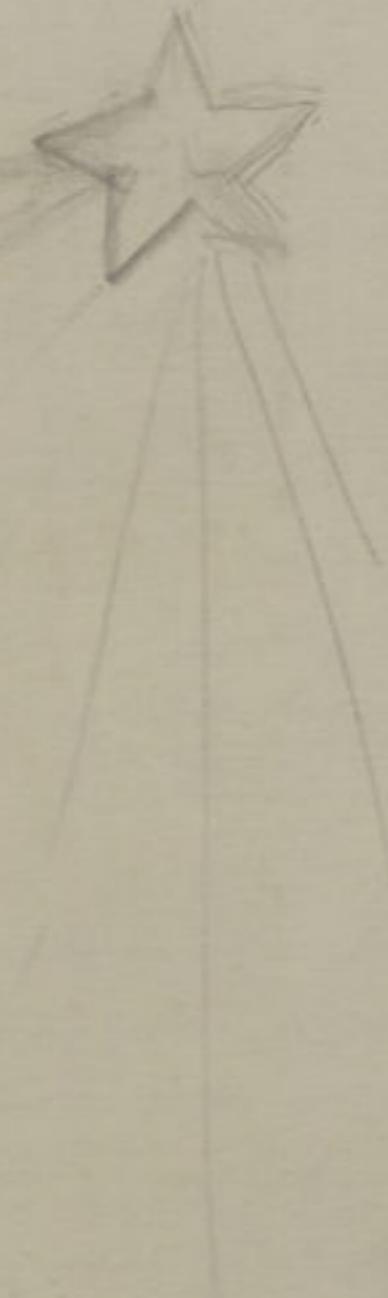


K. Jones.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It comes but once a Holy day
The birth of Him that showed the way.
A stable bare and in the manger
Lay the Infant, little stranger.
About him bowed the wise in awe
The donkeys knelt upon the straw.
The mother fair was robed in blue
And Joseph a more sober hue.
The bare feet of the shepherd boy
And in his arms, a gleaming ray.
The frosty lights in the high above
Fondly twinkled for the One they love.
And brighter still, the star which shed
The light that brought the wise it led.
The best of all, the soft caress
Of the love which shows His tenderness.

D. WILMOTT.



SOURCES OF DELIGHT

S. LESLEY,

Delight is obtained through our five senses; without these five senses and the delight obtained through them life would be very dull.

Smelling means different things to different people. Rudyard Kipling said "Smells are surer than sights or sounds, to make the heartstrings crack." To some people this may be so. To me, the smell of freshly baked hot bread, straight from the oven, the smell of bonfires in autumn as piles of leaves are burned, and the fresh, sweet smell of the first rose of summer are all sources of delight. Such strange smells as petrol, nail-polish remover and new mown grass are all sources of delight to me.

Smells such as those of cinamon, nutmeg and fresh mint are smells that appeal to most people.

The sense of touch is a great source of delight to me. The feeling of the soft, silky fur of a Persian kitten, the feeling of a fast flowing stream rushing and bubbling through my fingers, and the feeling of soft sea-sand in my toes as I walk along the beach, are all sources of delight to me; as well as the feel of clean white snow, thick velvet, soft satin and delicate ostrich feathers brushing against my cheek.

Hearing means a lot to animals and also to blind people where it is usually more developed because of the lack of sight.

Hearing the rustle of flowing silk skirts as the wearer sweeps into the room. The soft gentle voice of a mother singing her baby to sleep and the rippling of a streamlet running over stones; as well as the wind blowing through trees, the pure, clear song of a nightingale and water tapping against the sides of a moored boat - these are all sounds to delight the ear.

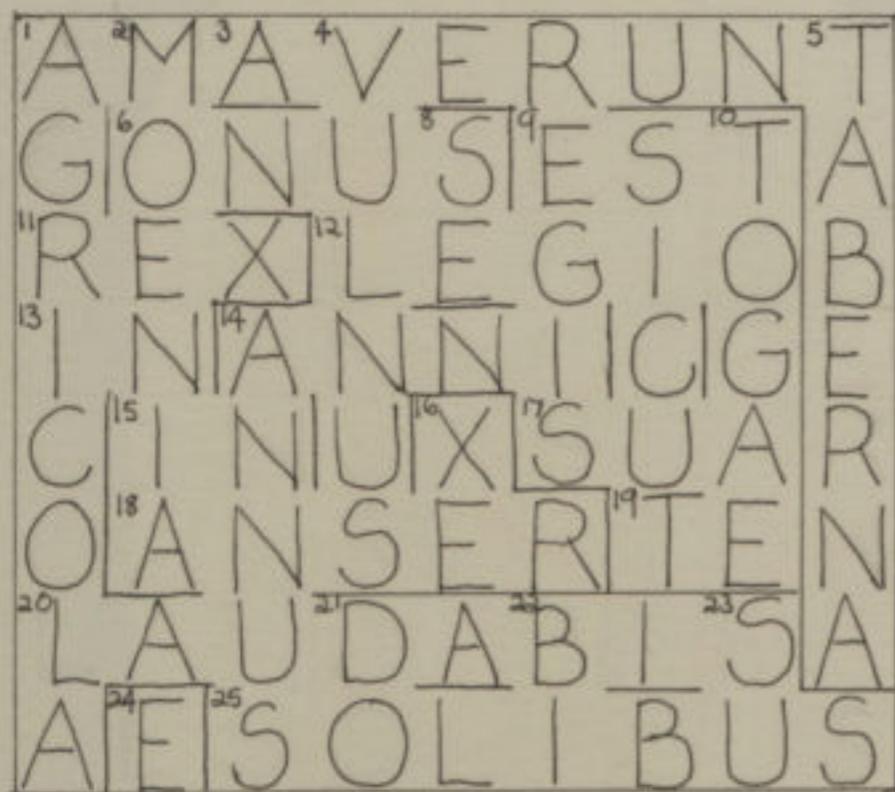
Seeing is perhaps the sense that brings the most delight to me. The sight of a radiant sunset in all shades of yellow, mauve and orange, the sight of a vineyard in autumn - a mass of yellow, orange or flaming gold and an orchard

of almond trees in spring when the branches are covered with soft white blossoms are all beauties of nature that are a source of delight to me. a glittering diamond necklace lying sparkling on velvet. ~~Two~~ kittens playing together, a radiant bride on her wedding day and a magnificent leopard running in the wind, are all things that are sources of delight to me.

Much delight is brought to me through the sense of taste. The taste of a sweet, sun-ripened peach, a cup of steaming cocoa after a winter's walk in the wood or a cool orange after a game of tennis on a hot summer's day, all bring delight to me. The taste of hot Christmas pudding, apple pie and cream, and hot chestnuts all appeal to my sense and are a source of delight to me.

As so much delight is obtained through our senses, it is our task to cultivate these senses and make the most of them.





ACROSS

1. They have loved.
6. a burden
8. He is
11. a king
12. a legion
13. into (the woods)
14. of a year
15. on (the table)
17. Her (mother)
18. a goose
19. You (acc)
20. You (s) will praise
24. out of
25. with suns.

DOWN

1. a farmer
2. city walls
3. a wound
4. of a king
5. an inn
7. him
9. just as
10. of a toga
14. a year
16. out of (backwards)
21. I give
22. If it wasn't 'laudabo' it would be 'landa....'
23. his (nom)

MY MOTHER'S PARTY.

M.A. PARRY.

Our annual New Years' Eve Party, held at Honisvale every year ever since we have lived there, started this year with the usual chaos. Caterers were hired to prepare the food and torches were erected in the garden. By the time the party was about to begin, everything looked as meticulous and attractive as it always had on the previous occasions.

The first car to enter the drive way was a chauffeur-driven Jaguar. This was, of course, the Pinkletons. The uniformed chauffeur opened the door for Mrs. Pinkleton and she greeted us with her usual formal, "How-do-you-do", and waited for her dignified husband to escort her to the verandah. With a few minutes a mini-minor appeared and Mrs. Bumble heaved herself out of the car which seemed diminutive compared with its owner. In a short time everyone had arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. de Villiers arrived in their Land-Rover.

"My, but isn't that lekker, hey koo?" whispered Mrs. de Villiers to her husband.

As the band started up, several couples moved to the dance floor. Some people could not dance and Mr. Mayair, with his crackly voice was among them.

I overheard a conversation between Mrs. Pickwinkle and Miss. Brimble. "Look at that!" "Oh what a marvellous idea! Don't you think the crayfish is delicious, Vera?" "Have you seen Mrs. Beesley's new evening frock?" said Mrs. Pickwinkle.

"My dear!", do you see what I see? Mabel is back on speaking terms with Joy. The party continued gaily until the small hours of the morning, but eventually everyone had gone and all ^{that} remained of the party was tables, chairs a dance floor, waiting to be removed the following day, and many cigarette ends.

A MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

A. FIDDIAN-GREEN

Two pounds for a decent enough dining room table - with a bit of sandpapering it would be fine and maybe a little polish. Cheap, I call it - but then everything was cheap, admittedly, it was hard to find what you were looking for but if..... I came with a view to buying what I saw and needed.

It was a fairly large room, but furniture, some new, some old, some not even worth looking at, had been accumulated over the years - stacked on top of one another.

Eventually I found what I wanted - just a simple chair. I looked around to find the owner or at least someone I could give ~~to~~ the money to. Then she came - a short, skinny lady, with grey fuzzy hair, shinning green eyes. She had a cockney accent - and spoke awfully fast. First of all she apologized for her dowdy attire and inbetween

gulps of coffee told me why she was so scruffy.

Mary-Anne, her ugly daughter - to say the least of it interrupted - only to say she had tickets for the film which her mother least wanted to see.

At last we got onto the subject of the chair - one hour wasted out of my precious time. Half falling to pieces - it would serve the purpose though, and it was so cheap. I felt guilty as she needed money. Her huge heavy boots straining the skinny white legs outtop, were falling apart.

I gave her the money - a quick glimpse of satisfaction and she was gone.

THE FACES V. HENNESSEY.

Suddenly you see a face, there are other faces there, but you do not really see them. This one you see though, you watch the flicker of recognition pass through those malicious eyes - it turns and whispers to another face which then plants its nosy glare on you. The same flicker passes over it as the one before and in a minute a whole sea of faces are glaring at you, then at each other. One takes the lead and the expression changes from dumb curiosity to hostile violence. You turn to run, realize how stupid that would be - so calmly face them - with their stupid nosy eyes. You hope your face looks braver and cleverer than theirs - you know that if it doesn't you are lost. Lost to what? To a stupid sea of glaring faces, but these faces have amazingly swift feet and strong arms - so you just stand there, you know that if you look away the spell will be broken and

then so will all the bones in your body. So you walk towards them, you swim through them and as soon as you reach the other side you run as fast as your legs can carry you - faster and still faster!

Eventually you turn round and they are gone - are you sure they were there at all? But yes, yes, yes you know they were. Perhaps no-one else could see them but they were there, there in your conscience and they always will be, to haunt and persecute you wherever you may go.

FUDGE CAKE BISCUITS

G. GAIN.

Find saucepan and melt in it
2 squares cooking chocolate
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooking oil (not olive)
Then stir in
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
Then sift together and add
1 small cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt
Chill it for an hour, then after dampening
your hands, form it into little balls, roll them
in castor sugar and bake at 400° for 10 mins.

Ingredients.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour
3 tablespoons cocoa
1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt
5 tablespoons cooking oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup cold water

Method

Put your sifted flour back in the sifter, add
to it the cocoa, soda, sugar and salt and
sift this right into a greased square cake
tin, about $9 \times 9 \times 2$ inches. Now you make
three grooves in this dry mixture. Into
one, pour the oil, into the next vinegar and
the next vanilla. Now pour the cold water
over it all. Beat it with a spoon until nearly
smooth and the flour is no longer visible.

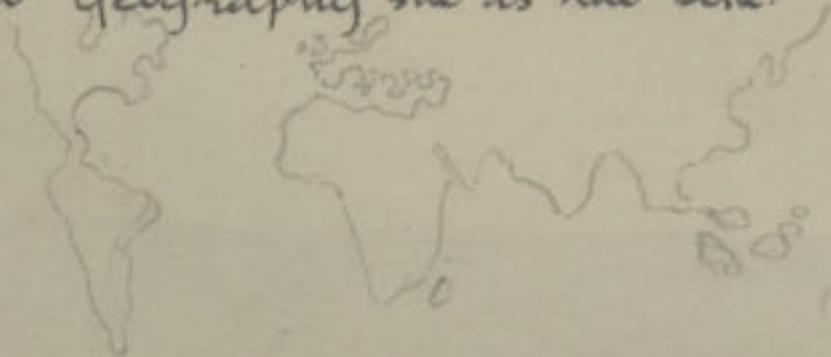
Bake it at 350° for half an hour.



Theres a mistress called Mrs. Hamison
fit for any kings' ransom
she is so sweet
from head to feet
We wish there were more Mrs. Hamisons.

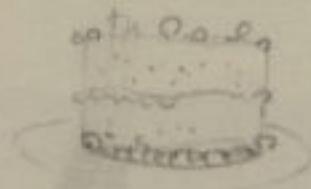
In hatin we have Miss. Chase
In tennis she sets the pace
But our hatin I fear
To perfection aint near
And our verbs are quite a disgrace.

We all know Mrs. Brownell
And she knows us quite well
she dreams of travel
And charts to unravel
In Geography she is the belle.



Just look at dear Mrs. Turly,
Her figure is not at all burly
With flour on face
she sets the pace
And her hair is not at all curly.

E. SPILHAUS



"SWAN"



HATS A CLUE TO CHARACTER

D. WILMOTT.

It is thought extremely conventional among young up-and-coming men, just starting off on a business career, to be able to impress the boss and clients by strutting about parading the latest in bowler or men's felt hats. This desire to make an impression lags after a while but is taken up again, as a matter of course, when he becomes a top business executive. The more wealthy men, of England especially, would not be seen without a hard-topped bowler whereas the cockney is usually to be seen wearing a in the form of a cloth cap. As the saying goes, "fine feathers make fine birds". So the woman's character is taken from whether she wears a hat or not. Most practical women abide by their decision being, "Some women look all hat to me; you would never catch me wearing a piece of straw with roses and vine leaves on it." The sporty, energetic type of woman indulges in a jaunty deerstalker. Children do not,

I notice, fancy hats. The unfortunate object is pushed back, the boater ribbons perhaps chewed to shreds. Enough to make the meticulous governesses of bygone days turn in their graves. One will probably notice the pleasure alighting on a child's face when it receives a lollipop but never in the reception of a hat.



ROCK POOLS

I stood on the edge of the unknown, watching the frolicking white horses of the sea. The shore was covered in shells, some intricately and others plain. I came across a broken shell and as I looked more closely, I saw the wonderful spiral that was concealed when the shell was whole. Then I saw a piece of wood now green and slimy from all the years it had been in the sea and my imagination began to work. Perhaps it had drifted for many years on the Pacific. It could have once been part of a stately Spanish galleon dipping her graceful bows into the swishing, serene sea.

Now I began to run. The sea

J. LABIA

breeze whipped against my skin and the wind whistled through the caves. At last I was approaching the rock pools where I spent many hours of pleasant leisure. The sun was casting her golden and most beautiful rays and the sky was splashed with rich colour. The rippling rock pools were ringed with light and they shone like burnished gold. Each rock-pool possessed its own world of sea life which was peaceful and serene. The soft green as of seaweed quavered gently to the rhythm of the ripples. Upon the rock there were limpets which clung hard. I wondered how many times these hardy creatures had been crashed rudely upon by the cataracting

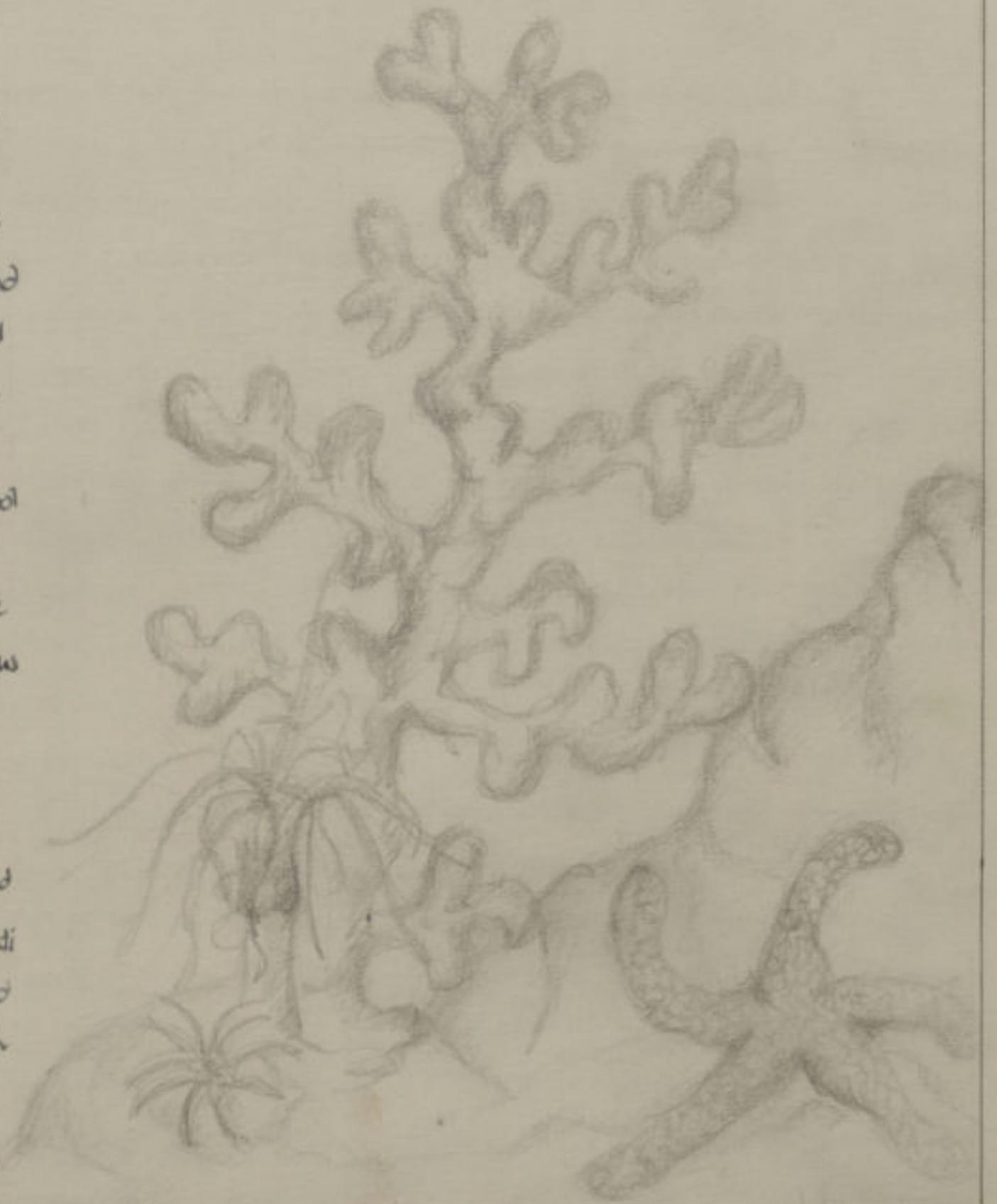
sea as it cascaded into tumbling, flecking foam.

A grotesque crab appeared. It was black and its eyes held a menacing look which seemed to threaten everything surrounding it. Of all the creatures in the sea, I despise the uncouth crab because it appears to be sly and underhand. A small but beautiful fish, striped with vivid orange and black, peeped from under a rock. With one easy swish of his streamlined body, it darted forward, gobbled down a breadcrumb and then dashed back. Fish are one of God's greatest creations. I had seen colourful fish many times and the different shades of vivid hues enchanted me. Fish to me are like floating jewels which flash

their wonderful colours and seem to draw me like a magnet.

Coral is one of the beauties of the sea. Like fish, coral has many different shades. On sunny days, when the sea is calm and innocent, the coral floats near the surface of the water and the sea appears to look like an ornamental pond. Some corals were gaudy, and others were soft pinks, tinged with lemon yellow. The fish intermingle with the coral so that a rock pool is sometimes a world of sparkling colours which dazzle the eye. Sea anemones, I imagine, are the flowers of the sea. They wave their snow tentacles while preying on the unsuspecting smaller creatures.

I gazed deep down into the colourful depths of the rock pool and saw infinitesimal shells, and even though they were minute, they possessed beautiful colours. The sun had just sunk sleepily behind the horizon and it seemed as if a dark curtain had been drawn across the sky. The sky was studded with twinkling stars and I ran home by the silvery light of the moon.



QUIET. H. ROBERTSON.

Quiet is defined in the Oxford Dictionary as "silence" or "an undisturbed condition". A favourite expression of many, especially school teachers, is "silence is golden". This may be true in the classroom or when one is concentrating on some difficult task but otherwise, if it were valid, life would be boring, with speaking and noise of any kind occurring only when it is necessary.

Sometimes, when I wake up early on a summer day Sunday morning, I look through the window and there is quietness for a long extent of time, until the chirruping of a bird breaks it. When the bird stops, the quiet returns until it is broken again by another chirrup. The dew

sparkles in little beads on the grass, reflecting the light from the sun, rising above the trees. The road is drying in patches where it has been dampened by the dew, and the quiet while it lasts, is perfect for a beautiful morning on the day that God created for us to rest. As the day darkens from a watery blue and the neighbourhood awakes, the quiet ends when children start playing and the traffic starts along the road.

One can also imagine the quiet of a hot afternoon, for example, in the rustic landscape of an old English country village where the heat can be seen rising off the strip of tarmac, and the only sound which is

sometimes heard is the buzzing of bees or flies, as they go lazily from flower to flower.

In the world of drama, quiet is used to create an atmosphere. In a cowboy film one sees the hot, dusty road, with buildings on either side. There are horses tied to the wooden railings of the terraces waiting patiently for their masters. A cowboy with a sunburnt face and bow-legs, strides through the swing doors of the bar and as he stands with his eyes slit, dazed by the brilliant sunshine, a shot rings out and he falls to the ground. The town bursts into bustle. The sudden explosion which breaks the quiet of the afternoon builds up to a climax. If there had been bustle when the man fell after a shot

had been fired, there might have been a deathly quiet of shock when everyone stood round watching as one man went forward to examine the body and broke the quiet by saying that the man was dead. The producer uses the quiet to make the atmosphere more exciting.

long ago the Orders of the Monks started when men went into the mountains seeking peace and quiet, to places where they could meditate and pray in solitude. These men found they preferred quiet in order to dedicate their lives to God but many people can think better with noise around them. Old people go to rest-houses where they are looked after and where they can be away from the noise of everyday life. They like the quiet

of the garden and their rooms where they can reminisce of or chat to a friend

I think one of the quietest places is the beach. One evening I walked along the beach and noticed a sudden hush. This happened between the time that the water stopped down as it was reaching its highest point up the beach and the pounding of the next wave. The water was ^{led away} the foot-prints made by people during the day. long shadows were formed by each little mound of sand, giving the beach a speckled appearance. I sat and watched the orange sun set into the sea. There was a sense of desolation on the beach and I wished the whole world could have been with me to experience that beautiful quiet, broken only by the short quick splashes of the waves.

Another place where I felt a sense of desolation in the quietness of a beautiful evening was the vlei. This time nothing disturbed the quiet. The red sky was reflected by the steel-like waters and was not a single movement anywhere. It was an even more beautiful quietness than that on the beach.

On the beach and by the vlei I experienced beautiful kinds of quiet which astounded me, but at home alone I hate the quiet - I cannot work or relax. If I want to work there must be some kind of movement, and when I relax, or do something I enjoy, I have to switch on the radio even if I do not want to listen to any particular programme because it is just something to break the monotonous quiet.

SMOKE P.A. JOHNSON.

We nudged wearily along the path towards the quaint wooden chalet with a roof of snow and icicles, which almost reached to the ground. A lazy column of grey smoke curled slowly upwards out of the chimney into the crisp, windless evening air, and vanished.

Inside the atmosphere was stuffy, yet gay. The axes were huddled around the crackling fire, sipping steaming coffee and smoking. Having thawed my numb limbs and warmed my body to room temperature, I made myself at home on a pile of sleeping-bags, pillows and rugs. I had had to leave the messy chong because the smoke of their pipes and cigarettes found its way behind my contact lenses and stung my eyes

until the tears streamed down my cheeks.

I dreamily watched the blue-grey smoke of an idle cigarette, curl upwards until it mingled with the room's atmosphere and disappeared. Why would it not disappear from my burning eyes then? Soon all the air was a murky blue-grey colour, and I wondered how soon it would be until we would all suffer from claustrophobia.

Gazing at the blazing log fire, my thoughts wandered back to the day I left Cape Town. Billions of black smoke rose off the flat mountain, and far out to sea that night the orange glow of the mountain fire was clearly visible. Had some careless person, or a piece of glass, started a fire among

the dry grass and bushes? I thought sadly about the wildlife and flowers that had so easily gone up in smoke.

In some parts of the world the country gets a large percentage of its wealth from tree plantations. These plantations sometimes stretch for hundreds of miles and they could be so easily ruined by one fire. Here people live in lodgings, reporting by radio immediately any smoke is sighted.

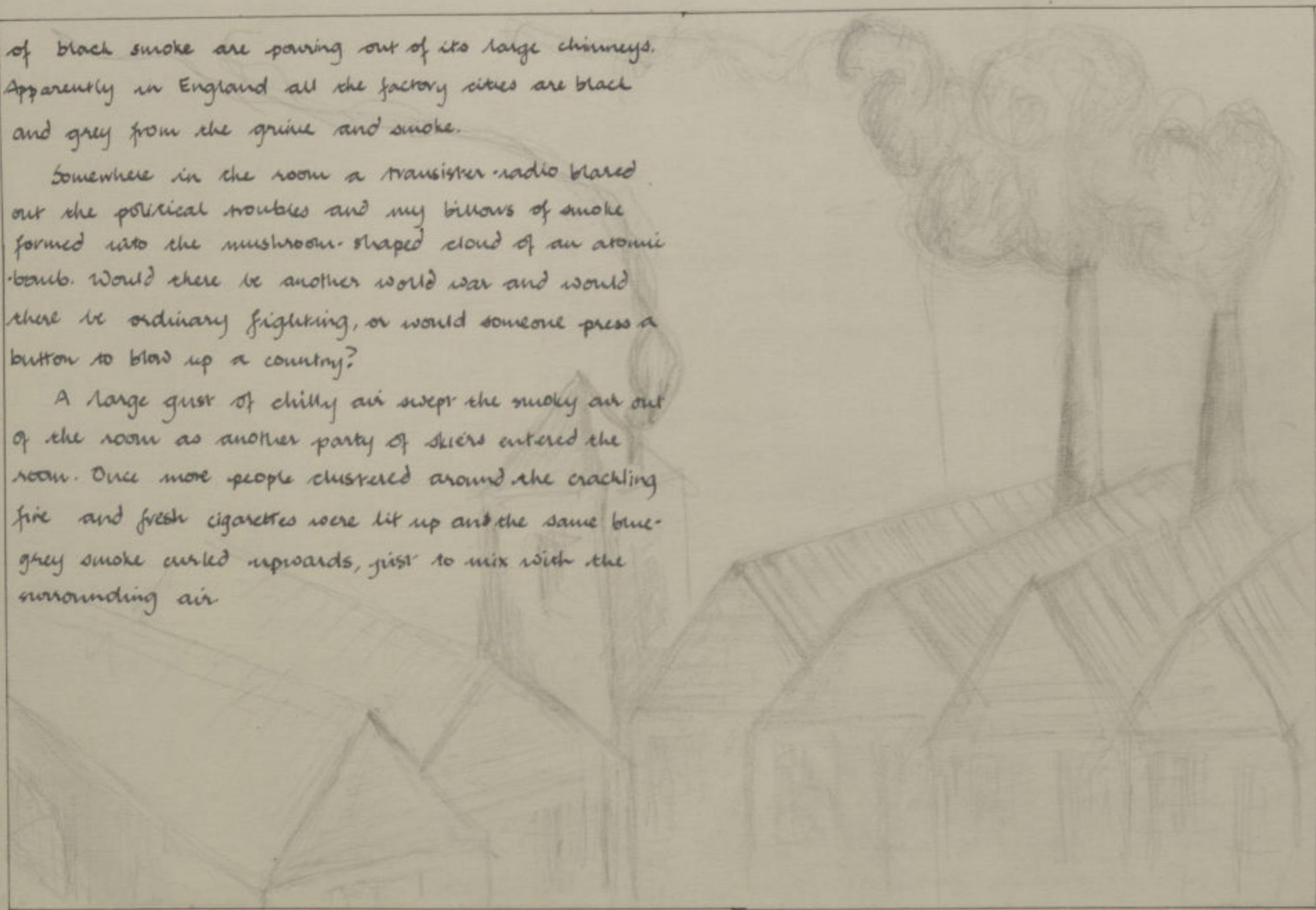
These look-outs reminded me of the Red Indians who sent smoke messages which were as quick as any radio message. This is only one of many ways that smoke is useful.

My thoughts wandered to the cities where the large factories are situated. A picture of a factory could only be complete if billows

of black smoke are pouring out of its large chimneys. Apparently in England all the factory cities are black and grey from the grime and smoke.

Somewhere in the room a transistor radio blared out the political troubles and my billows of smoke formed into the mushroom-shaped cloud of an atomic bomb. Would there be another world war and would there be ordinary fighting, or would someone press a button to blow up a country?

A large gust of chilly air swept the smoky air out of the room as another party of skiers entered the room. Once more people clustered around the crackling fire and fresh cigarettes were lit up and the same blue-grey smoke curled upwards, just to mix with the surrounding air.



THE HUNT FLABIA

I lived on the rugged coast of Wales in a diminutive Welsh village with my blind grand-

father. I loved my grand-father dearly as he had cared for me since my parents had died. During the previous week disaster had struck and my older brother had drowned. He was fishing when a raging tempest arose. The wind conspired evilly with the waves so that they were tumultuous and crested with foaming foam. This was a great blow to me and grand-father, as Tom had helped us a great deal to earn a living. My grand-father was not the same after Tom's death. He was irritable, pale, his lips which had been unusually smiling were now pursed and his face wore a grim expression.

The days that followed were unhappy for me. Grand-father went down with a fever and I was continually occupied doing the house-work; and odd jobs in the village to earn a few extra pennies. Occasionally, when I was free, I would go for a ride on Princeas, my pony.

I galloped along the beach and felt the wind whistle in my ears while it sent my hair streaming out behind me. I reared to gallop until all my worries were gone but this I knew was impossible. I stopped for a while and watched the calm, azure sea lapping peacefully on the shore and I wondered how this same sea could become an evil mass of heaving, destructive water in a moment.

When I arrived home, my grand-father to my surprise, was rattling around the room as if he were in suspense. His face was determined and his brows knitted. He said to me in a voice that was sharp but commanding, "Take me down to the rowing boat, Gwynor; I must find Tom's body or otherwise I shall die worrying about this matter." I thought he was delirious but I knew I could not stop him because grand-father was as stubborn as a mule when he was determined to go through with something.

I rowed out to sea and the only sounds to be heard were the lapping of the sea against the boats, a gull's harsh cry and the moaning

of the sea. Grand-father was stratched. Every muscle in his body was tense and his brow was perspiring. Although he was blind he snapped clear directions to me. I felt bewildered and anxious but all the same I followed very direction accurately. I found myself going through a small opening between some wicked rocks.

As soon as I had come out the other side it seemed as if I had entered another world.

The sea was rough and the waves were tipped with flecking foam. My grand-father urged me to go faster. My arms were aching but I still moved strongly. In five minutes time we arrived at a sheltered cove. Grand-father grasped my hand and he suddenly shouted "stop!" This voice echoed eerily round and I looked down. There I saw through the crystal water my dead brother. I gave a small scream and at that moment a faint smile flickered across his face and he faintly moved away from that place of death and my thoughts were only concentrated on getting

away from the corpse of my dead brother.

I arrived home at night fall and helped my tottering grand-father to bed. I was exhausted after working so long - but how did my blind grand-father know where the corpse of my brother was? Was it his sixth sense, or was it just a coincidence? I shall never know!



3 WEKE IN DIE BOSVELD. G. KELLY.

Gedurende die volgende vakansie het ek en in paar maats besluit om ons vakansie in die rooiedal van te bring. Om het eens ons orens te toetsening gebly en stadtelik aansetates geword. Om moet nie-koopjies koop want ons sou per trein daarna toe reis. Die laaste dag van die kaartaal het eindelik aangebreek, en ons orens het ons by die stasie kom "goet". Die trein het eindelik uit die stasie gestoom.

Ons kompartement was naby die lokomotief en ons handte en gesigte het swart geword van al die stoom. Toe ons eindelik daar aangekom het, was ons oar van die treineis, en ons was so bly om weer rond te kon blyaan. Twee volwassene het saam met ons gelou. Gedurende die dag was dit baie warm maar nagteliks was dit bitter koud. Ek was baie gelukkig dat ek baie koudere saamgebring het.

Die seuns het doggers wilde diere gaan jag, strewel ons in in rivier geswen het. Om kamp was langs die rivier geleë en elke oggend was het ons almal gaan swem. Die water was 45.

koud, maar dit was heerlik. Om het die uitstapjies baie geniet en verskillende soorte veldblomme gesien. Een dag het ons die berg wat in paar myl van ons af was, gaan klim. Ek het doodgestrid toe ek amper op in slang gestaan het. Om het baie bobojane en dassies gesien.

Een oggend het die seuns met in wilderant kringelou, met tulle gestier het. Om het dit gehoor en die antie wilderant was baie swaklik.

Na drie weke het ons alles opgepat en na die stasie toe teruggey. Die trein het haar dan aangekom. Om was almal baie moeg en ek was veelelik vull. Ek kon nie wag om heen by die huis te kom om in die land te klim nie. Toe ons by Kaapstad se stasie aangekom het, het ons orens daar op ons gewag. Ek is stadtelik thuis toe en na ete moet ek vis ons teke gesien vetel was ek gedurende die vakansie gedoen het. Alhoewel ek baie bly was dat ek weer thuis was, het ek die drie weke in die wêreld baie geniet.

MY SISTER SE HUWELIK

G. KELLY.

Gedurende die afgelope vakansie het ek in nuwelijk begaan. My suster is met in Engelman getroud en sy het my genaou een van haar stroomings te wees. Die auit van ons rolke was baie eenvoudig maar my suster het pragtig gelyk. Daar was vier stroomings en ons het almal blou rolke getra. Die bruid se rok was van sy, met groot rolt blomme daarop geborduur. Sy het in lang sleep gehad en die hoofkroon het die punte van die sleep getra. Daar staan het sigges op en af gewip toe sy gestap het.

Die troue het om vieruur begin. Almal het hulle pletke ingewees toe die omhulde die troue was begin opel het, en die bruid en haar gevolg, ek was een van die gevolg) het statig die tak bruingestap.

Die bruidegom het die bruid voor die outruet. Die dominee het die formulier gelees en het het die bruidpaar in die nuwelijk bevestig. Nadat die partye en hulle ouers en die

bruidstrome gegaan het, en die nuwelike neg vier te telen, het almal buitelant geroeg en noestruet een ons en die bruidpaar gestroet.

Almal het toe en die banket saal gely voer die lang tafels vol kelkerye gestaan het. Ek het by die bruid se tafel gesit. Die ojpampagne is geskink en die aanwinnere het toe die aankondiginge gedoen, en die rolke het nuwielk verstaf. My suster het van geluk gestraal en die bruidspaar was die eerste om te dans. Daarna het baie ander paar-tjies gedans. Die bruid het toe die tronkoel geroeg. Ek het toe my snulke geëet toe, want ek was dit daardie weg onder my kusning phas.

Die bruidpaar het om agtuur op hulle roltelbroodstae oetruet. Nadat hulle verhek het, het die gaste huis toe gegaan. Ek het daardie aand saam met een van die stroomings gegaan. Ek het toe die bruid by baie gewier en was baie gelukkig om die bruid se snulke van kelke te vang.

'ENDE GUT, ALLES GUT' R. EVANS

Eines Tages fuhr Fräulein Womper mit dem Zug nach Schottland. Sie ging zum Bahnhof und dann bemerkte sie, daß sie ihre Fahrkarte verloren hatte. Der Beamte war sehr böse, aber er sah auf seine Liste, und durfte Fräulein Womper in den Zug einsteigen. Nach einer Stunde ging sie in die Toilette. Aber, als sie herauskam, konnte sie nicht in ihre Abteil gehen, weil alle voll waren. Sie mußte eine Stunde auf dem Gang stehen.

Endlich fand sie einen Platz, aber dann war sie sehr müde. Sie schlief ein und leider veräumte sie ihren Bahnhof. Dann wachte sie auf und bemerkte daß sie ihren Bahnhof veräumt hatte, was sie sehr böse. Sie stieg aus dem Zug aus am nächsten Bahnhof. Sie hatte viel Angst, weil ihre Freundin sie am ersten Bahnhof zu treffen wird. Als sie am ersten Bahnhof mit dem Packen ankam, war ihre Freundin gerade angekommen. Ihr Zug hatte eine Stunde Verspätung.
Also: „Ende gut, alles gut!“

UN CHIEN INTELLIGENT R. EVANS.

Il y a deux ans mes deux sœurs allèrent à la campagne. Elles vivaient non loin et ma tante qui habitait le lieu. Un jour les deux fillettes firent une promenade avec leur chien, un gros chien noir. Subitement en traversant un pré, elles virent un taureau et malheureusement il les vit aussi. Il les chassa et elles se sauvèrent. Vite elles grimpèrent sur un arbre. Elles avaient peur parce que le taureau les attendait au pied de l'arbre.

Mais leur chien qui se couchait derrière l'arbre se mit à aboyer. Quand le taureau le vit il se tourna et commença de le chasser. Les deux fillettes descendirent de l'arbre et coururent à la barrière. Pendant ce temps, le chien le mena de l'arbre et quand les fillettes avaient grimpé sur la barrière, il courut à la barrière et il se trouva vite derrière elles. Les fillettes étaient sauvées et saines à cause de leur chien courageux.

J. SUSMAN

גַּזְד אַחַר

כָּל הַיּוֹם לְבַד ;

זָגַם בְּכֹף ל' לָה

יָצַב יָצַב ,

יִסְרָאֵל הַכְּנַח

הָרָא יִכְתֹּב .

oil-7-10 לַבְּדָה

יִהְיֶה הַיּוֹם הַזֶּה .

שְׂוֹשָׁנָה 1000/

EFAMENI

J. SUSMAN.

Sithala efameni e Stellenbosch. Efameni mihlobo wam nam kwasa
kwanga inkomo. Ke sithala iinkomo emandleni. Iinkomo zitya
ingca ngeengusha ngeenhagu namahashe. Inhagu namahashe
zitanda ukutya inapile

Kufuphi indlu sibona iinkuku neentshonatye kade siya lubutha
amaquanda. Kodwa ngoku siza kutya isidlosasemini. Mna siya
luquingqaha intyatyambo.

Ehlotyeni seedoda edamini kodwa ngoku iidada neselo zidada
edamini.

Izoloinja yam iluma ikali yomhlobo wam. Ubethainja
yam naminja kunile nolita.

Namhlanje siza kutya phandle. Siza lupela ukutya etileni.
Siza kudlala engeni nasiza kubona iintaba kodwa andizi
luzo ekhayeni hade.

RING OF BRIGHT WATER

(HOLIDAY READING)
E. SPILHAUS

From the very first page of this book we are taken gently, but nevertheless firmly, by the hand and are led into an enchanted world of lush greenness beside clear waters and are introduced to a variety of marvelous creatures. We are also made aware of the existence of several creatures of the human variety whose brief descriptions delight and amuse us. One of these is Margo Mackinnon, the gentle wife of Calum Mackinnon who has a strange almost magical power over all kinds of animals and who can move those in need of human attention but unwilling to be held by less gentle hand than her own. We also, in a less obvious way, briefly catch a glimpse of Sr. Culbert, the patron saint of orphans and

sidon ducks who is observed by a mouse sneaking on the shore while others try his feet's unceremoniously and uncomfortable procedure" remarks the author slyly, and adds that he will describe his Mato and trap.

The chief characters of Ring of Bright Water are, however, the animals themselves and of these the three pet otters are foremost. Nevertheless Chahata, the first of these was not the writer's first pet for Jonnie occupied this position. Jonnie was a dog, and a good dog, too, who would accompany the writer at all times and was never far from his side. Indeed that first night in the empty cottage Mr. Maxwell fell asleep leaving against Jonnie with his

check against the soft fur and their muted breathing merged together. The writer felt a great affection for the dog which was returned equally strongly and dog and master shared a wonderful companionship together, interrupted only when Jonnie developed cancer. This was tragic, but nothing could be done to cure him and after several efforts by the author to ease the pain the faithful pet felt the sharp edges of the leg-like needle, and slipped through the door, leaving his once proud body limp and heavy in Margo's arms.

There were many interesting events around Camouflageana and the writer was very happy amongst them. He would look up

at the sky and see the great gulls
and their gaze down at the waters
and they were full of fish. Once
the Mackinnon ruins drew his
attention to the water almost
solid with fish, silvery fish which
they threw up in the air and
caught again, happy and laughing.

Chabata, the first oster, died
early and was replaced by the
excitability lively and mischievous
Wijbil who was, after a very happy
life with the writer in various parts
of the world, clutched to death at
Camoufeaux. The ignorant peasant
would not admit to the killing
when questioned by Mr. Maxwell
who had turned down to invest-
igate the disappearance of his
beloved pet and declared stubbornly
that all he had done was to
kill a wild oster whose pelt had

not even been worth selling, and
which he had tossed away. At last
the dejected writer, miserable,
and feeling lost and incomplete
without his happy companion of
of many months, learnt the truth
from another man and felt very
sad think of Wij's death.

Edal, a rather kind and del-
icately beautiful female oster was
miraculously discovered by the
writer outside an hotel where
he was visiting and as her owners
had decided she would have to
be sold to a god she was handed
to Mr. Maxwell with great re-
joicing and was taken home to
the cottage. After Wij she was
rather quiet and, for an oster,
amazingly afraid of water. As
a small creature her first owner,
Pauline and her husband, found

that it was necessary to cook
her into bannus and balths.
Pauline had even held her gently
while she slowly manipulated
her little limbs and discovered,
apparently to her surprise,
that she could swim. By the
time she came to live with the
writer, she enjoyed water as long
as it was reasonably shallow,
and when deposited in a couple
of feet of the stuff, was even
more nimble than Wij had
been at turns and rolls.

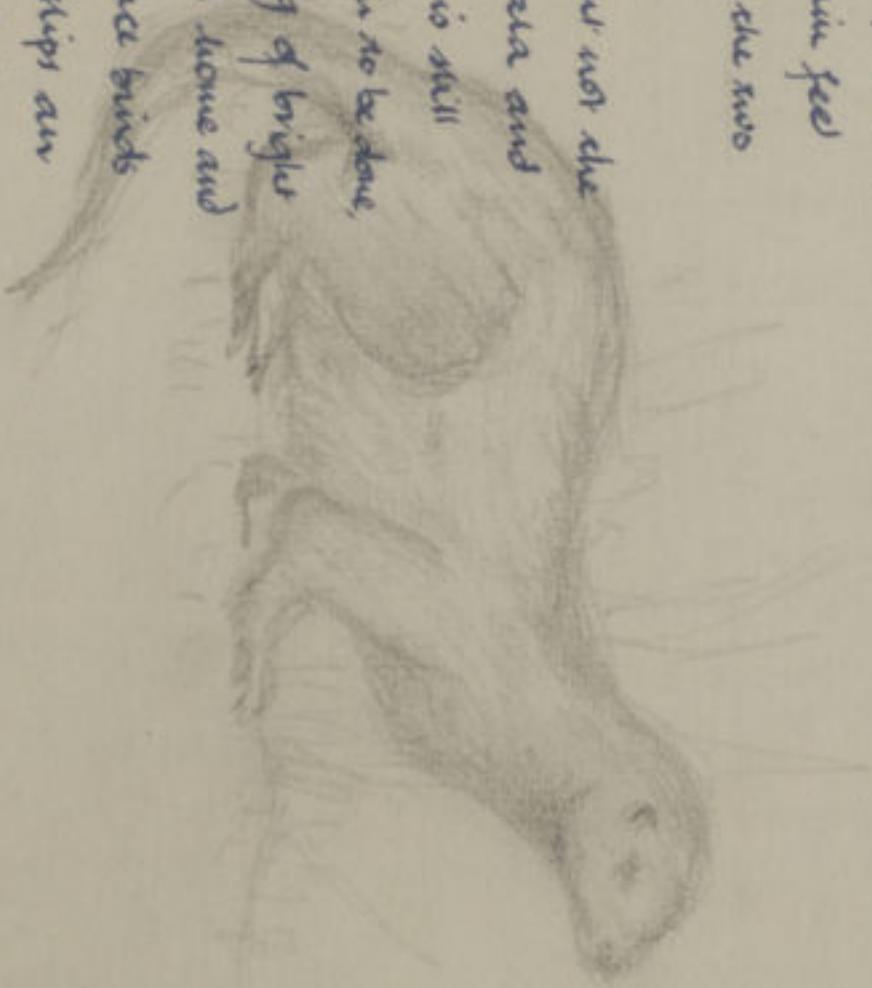
In the quiet of evening, Gavin
Maxwell is sitting in his quiet
little cottage, attractively furni-
shed with that which has been
washed up on his doorstep. He
is writing the last few sent-
ences of his book and is think-
ing of all that has happened

since he came to this place which has made him so happy. He is dreaming about all the creatures he has met, of all the stories he has heard. There was a man who lived in a cave with his wife and who was so ordinary cave dweller. He was tidy and orderly but alas, he drank and one night he and the Pelican, a fiddler about too much and people found his wife's body the next day out at sea in the bottom of the boat.

It is quiet, and now Maxwell is thinking of the others; of the frail Chahata whose little body was with him once as they roamed in the boat, but whose spirit never reached the shore; of his wife who was his and who bit him only once and then only when he

tried to take his fish away from him, and of the beautiful Etal who is still with him. He may be even thinking of the wild creature he could not tame and who nearly killed him with her sharp teeth. If he is, it will make him feel even closer to Etal and the two who are not there.

The book is finished but not the author of the book. Chahata and his wife are dead but Etal is still there. There is still much to be done, much to be seen. The ring of bright water glimmers about his home and the friendship of the place birds him closer to it and slips an invisible ring onto one finger.



THE YEAPLING

M.A. PARRY

Jody was the only child of poor parents, who made their living out of the clearing they owned in the forest and the animals who lived there. He was a lonely boy and he longed for an animal playmate he could call his own. His parents, however, would not allow him one because they did not have enough food to feed it.

One day when he and his father were hunting in the woods, his father was bitten by a rattlesnake. Immediately his father killed a passing doe to use the heart and liver to try to save his life. The doe had a fawn with her which they left alone in the woods, seeking comfort from its dead mother. Later

when his father was in bed with the doctor to look after him, Jody approached his father about the fawn. Finally, his father, agreed that he could keep him because his mother had saved Penny's life.

Jody became devoted to the fawn and it followed him everywhere, even when Jody was working for his sick father. His mother disliked the fawn and Jody had to try to protect the fawn from her. Fodderwing, a great friend of Jody's who lived quite near them, died soon after Jody acquired his fawn. Jody found out when he went to the Foresters, their neighbors to ask Fodderwing what to name his fawn. The Foresters told Jody that Fodderwing had mentioned

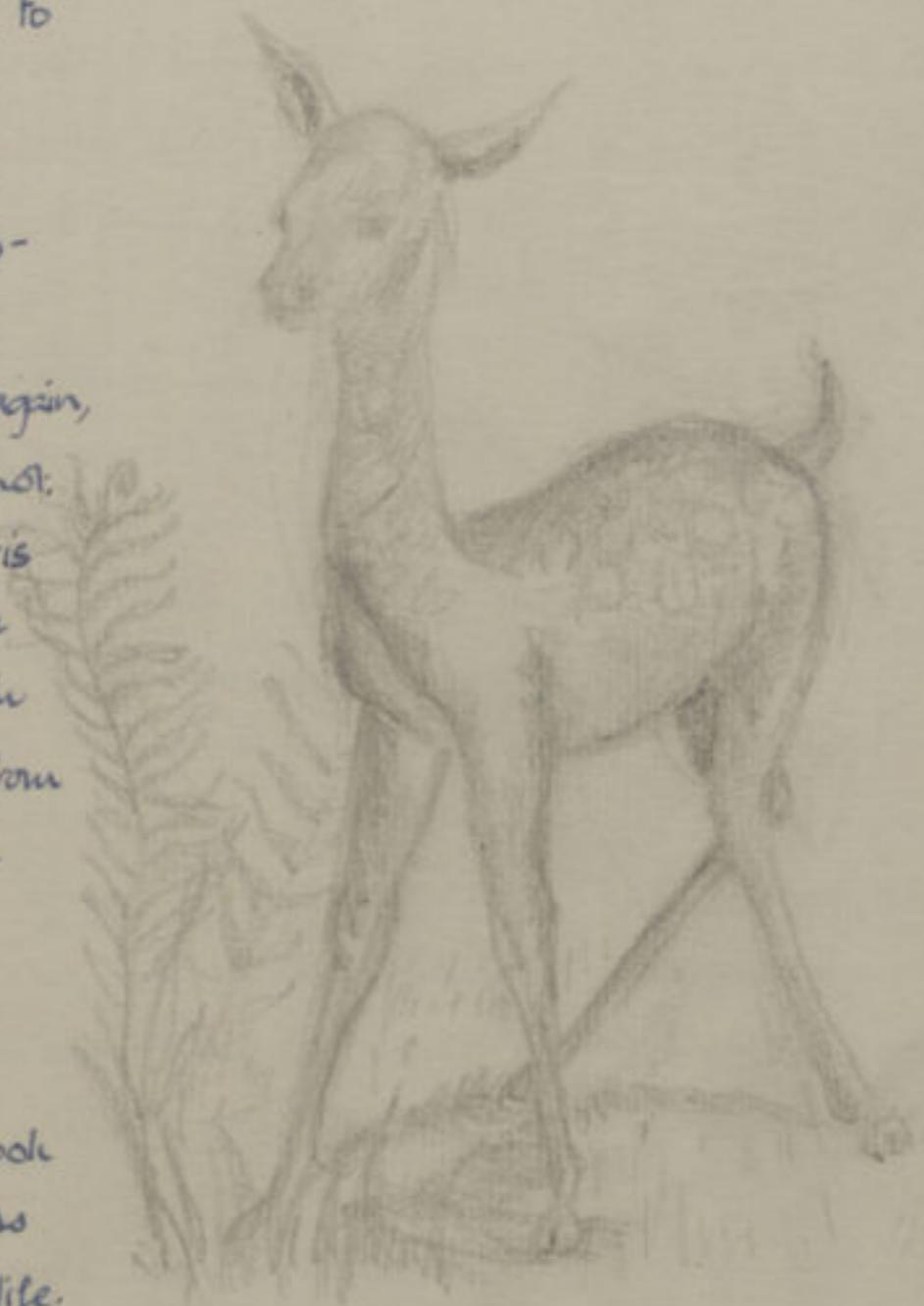
the name "Flag" for the fawn, and so Jody named his fawn Flag.

Flag would follow Jody when he hunted and one day, when they tried to put Julia on to a fawn's trail the dog refused to follow it even when she was thrashed. Later, they found out that they were Flag's prints and the dog would not trade Flag.

Whenever Jody was lonely he talked to Flag and he hurried through his work to play with him. Flag slept with Jody until his mother put her foot down. Jody could not understand and his mother's dislike of Flag and he smuggled out food for him whenever possible and often gave Flag some of his own share.

Later Jody's father became very ill again, and Jody did the

work of the clearing. One morning he went outside to find that Flag had pulled up most of the young corn. Jody had to plant it all again and he set to work building a high fence to keep Flag out. When the fence was finished, Flag jumped over it with the greatest of ease in front of Jody. Jody was most disappointed and when he went to tell his father that Flag had pulled out the corn again, his father insisted that Flag should be shot. Jody was very upset and refused to do it. His father then told his mother to do it, which she did, but unfortunately, she did not kill him but wounded him. Jody, to save his friend from further suffering, shot him through his neck but ran away from home in his grief. He tried to go to Boston in a dug-out canoe but collapsed after a few days. He had not gone far and a boat picked him up and took him home. He was heart broken over the loss of his friend, but determined to start a new life. There could never be another friend as close and dear to him as his beloved yearling.



HAPPINESS AT HERSCHEL.

Happiness is having chocolate pudding for lunch when everyone else has caramel.

Happiness is getting freshe whole wheat bread when you've put the stale plateful under the table.

Happiness is holding a little dog on your lap throughout a whole History lesson.

Happiness is gingerbread on Tuesday.

Happiness is a free period while the Afrikaans teacher is at a staff meeting.

Happiness is liking peanut butter and jam, and getting everyone else's sandwiches.

Happiness is having friends who think the same way as you do.

Happiness is having the nicest lucky mascot for exams.

Happiness is being able to say, - "I belong to Jagger".

Happiness is finding a patch of sun on a cold day.

Happiness is being weighed in gym when you know ~~when~~ you haven't put on any weight.

Happiness is going to school late on the last day of term.

Happiness is driving past the empty school during the holidays.

Happiness is a boarder going out for a weekend.

Happiness is a brand new ledger.

Happiness is a cosy fire in the library on a cold day.

Happiness is catching falling leaves in Autumn.

Happiness is having the heater all to yourself.

Happiness is being the last in on the first day of term, and first out on the last day of term.

E. SPILHAUS.

SALVETE

In upper III we welcome, B. Blaine, M. Cooke, B. Hole, R. Newman, L. Porter, G. Taylor, L. Suckling, P. Barnett, J. Phillip.

In lower IV we welcome A. Bottomley, L. Nichans, E. Charnock

In upper IV D. Willmott, J. Nichans and G. Gair.

In lower V K. Evans.

VALETE

U V. Melanie Baumann who is at present at the University of Cape Town BA.

Carol Barkley is studying in Grahamstown.

Viki Cronwright who is now at U.C.T. BA.

Janet Gant who is at the University of Stellenbosch doing Huishoudkunde Domestic Science.

Sandra Howell who is at the U.C.T. doing a B.S.C.

Carol Newman who is studying law at U.C.T.

Alide Kooy who is at present overseas with her parents.

Sheila MacLenzie who is a candidate to go to America on the American Field Scholarship.

Joan Schipper who is overseas.

Michelle Wells who is studying B.S.C. at U.C.T.

Sally Breen who is writing a Commercial Marrie this year.

Susan Jack who has gone to school at Rhodan in Johannesburg.

Annabel Caine who has gone to school in England.

Beverley Henshilwood who is now at Westford High School.

Jacky and Lilianne Nihans who have returned to school in S.W.A.

Barbara Hole has returned to Honolulu.

OLD GIRLS.

Janet Hensilwood who has spent one year at Stellenbosch has decided to turn to medicine and is now studying at U.C.T.

Elsbeth Henderson and Moira Hennessy are both completing their B.A. courses at U.C.T. and will be spending a year in England next year.

Susan Roath is now studying at the Training College after spending a year at Rhodes University, Grahamstown.

Jean Henderson who has now returned from a year at school in England is studying B.S.C at U.C.T.

Margaret Garlick is at present taking a secretarial course in England.

Clare Watson and Helen Robb are both in their third year studying at U.C.T.

Penny Roath has completed her course at Barclay House and is at present on holiday overseas.

Diana Hodge (Seymour) was married last December and has now completed her training as a nurse.

Shen Atwell, who is at present studying at U.C.T. has recently had her engagement announced.

Ann Alexander, after spending two years studying at U.C.T. has decided to study at Stellenbosch University instead.

Carol Payne has returned to S.A. after completing a secretarial course in England.

Sue Jothner has returned to Cape Town after working in Bologna.