

JACGER

196

1968

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HOUSE PRAYER

Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost that build it.

O God, our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee to give Thy blessing to this our house. And grant that by the help of Thy Holy Spirit we may strive with one heart and mind to make it more pleasing to Thee, for the honour and glory of Thy son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Amen.

HOUSE PRAYER



HOUSE REPORT

House Mistresses: Mrs. Scott-Shaw, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Niming, Miss Chase

Head of House: Jennie Susman

House Prefect: Helen Robertson

This year started off very well for Jagger. We tied with Rolt for the Efficiency Shield. We then won the swimming cup. Congratulations to Perry-Anne Johnson for acquitting herself so well in the swimming, and also to Yolanda Lalia who excelled herself in the diving. Unfortunately we did not do too well in either the interhouse Tennis or Hockey but hope for better luck next year. I should like to congratulate Jenny Newman on gaining her Hockey Colours. We have been doing well in the field of work - many girls have achieved an extremely high standard, especially Kirsten Evans and Hilary Brown. We have had several achievements in the Literary Field - Liz. Spilhaus has done especially well. The Photographic competition has not yet been judged but we wish Jagger best of luck in it.

Four girls from the house went to Kafda to deliver the jerseys we all knitted.

We hope that Mrs. Scott-Shaw has had a wonderful holiday and should like to thank Mrs. Boyes for being so kind as to take her place.

All that remains to be said is to wish Jagger the very best of luck in the future.

Jennie Susman

HOUSE REPORT

House Report, No. 1000, 1900. The House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

The House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.



SWIMMING REPORT

Congratulations to all Jagger swimmers on winning the Inter-house gala and for having such wonderful house spirit. Rolt was close behind us, and we lacked sadly in backstroke swimmers, but our healthy-lunged supporters urged us on to a victorious end.

After a few hectic trials, girls were arranged rather shakily in the events, and the result was rather a surprise to everyone. The three divers were excellent, only to be beaten by Rolt by a half-mark.

The whole event was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

SWIMMING REPORT



TENNIS REPORT

Although Jagger only came third in the Inter-house tennis at the end of the first term, there was a great deal of house spirit, and good play by our team. I take much pleasure in congratulating the team on their hard struggles and the practice put in before the matches.

Lillian Gair and Janet Burns are to be congratulated on an outstanding effort against Merriman and Rolt, only losing one of their matches.

TENNIS REPORT

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There is a hole on the left side of the page.



HOCKEY REPORT

Our congratulations go to Rolt on winning the Inter-house hockey.

Their well-balanced teams were outstanding.

Our Open Team, after several practices, did very well, but due to inexperience could not penetrate the defences of Rolt and Merriman. The Under XV, ably led by Yolanda Lalia, although on the young side, played hard but were just not good enough.

Kereness in the house was of a high order. The way in which both teams battled till the final whistle shows good house spirit and augurs well for the future.

C.A.F.D.A. REPORT

many of us have driven past a little village of whitewashed houses and sandy roads, situated on Prince George Drive, Retreat, and to the left, have seen a cluster of buildings, one of which bears the name, C.A.F.D.A. Many of us have even heard a little about C.A.F.D.A. — "Oh, just another of those charities." But Jagger House has tried for many years to help this organization. Every year, during the Summer Autumn term every Jagger girl donates a hand-knitted article which is taken to the C.A.F.D.A. store and sold for winter clothing. This year a few of us were invited to C.A.F.D.A. and shown round the Village and Offices, an outing which proved very enjoyable and interesting.

C.A.F.D.A., the name that stands for Cape Flats Distress Association, is a social work agency that helps poverty-stricken non-Europeans, especially those who are disabled but well, to set themselves on their feet again and earn a living for themselves. The organization was started in 1943 after several disasters had occurred. Thousands of coloured and African people

had been subject to floods in winter, fires, and were living in poverty, disease and malnutrition. C.A.F.D.A. became a voluntary welfare society which is non-political, non-denominational and non-racial.

The Welfare Office is the centre of the work of C.A.F.D.A. All people who come to C.A.F.D.A. are referred to this centre where qualified social workers sort out their problems and assist them. Material relief is very seldom given; C.A.F.D.A. has an aim, not to hand out material relief which the people may misuse, but to analyse each person's individual problem, find its causes and eventually eliminate them. The people then learn how to tackle and solve their own problems.

The hundreds of houses which have been built in the C.A.F.D.A. village are rented by people who have previously lived in shacks, who have social problems, and who have a small income of under R50. per month. The cost of their houses, inclusive of rates, tax, electric light and water, is very little - R1.80 or R1.40 per week - depending on whether they live in a four or three-roomed house. There is a long application list for these houses.

When both parents work, their young children, up to the age of six years, are sent to the nursery from morning to late afternoon. After the age of six years the children attend a primary school. At the nursery they are cleaned, fed and cared for,

five days a week throughout the year except for a fortnight at Christmas. Parents and the Government pay a small sum towards the nursery fees. The difference of the total cost is made up by donations. By sending their children to the nursery, both parents are able to work, and their children are looked after.

There is a non-profit clothing store in the Village, and a food store. Goods may be bought very cheaply. Discarded furniture is repaired and sold. Social workers issue a card of admission to people wishing to buy articles, if they can afford it. Without these cards no produce may be bought. Clothes are sold two mornings per week and other merchandise one morning per week.

There are several kitchens - one for the C.A.F.D.A. staff, one for the Industrial Training Centre, and the last is the biggest. In this kitchen, 300 gallons of thick, nourishing soup are cooked per day. It is distributed to people who have been burnt or flooded out, to poor areas at one cent a pint, and to the schools on behalf of the Peninsula School Feeding Association.

The inhabitants of the C.A.F.D.A. village may attend clubs, the meetings of which take place in the evening at the Mary Attlee Centre. This centre consists of a hall and a number of sheds. In one shed two young boys are being instructed how to operate two knitting machines. The strips of knitting are sewn to make clothing which is sold in the clothing store. Other sheds are storerooms. Voluntary workers run activities such as Girl Guide and Boy Scout movements, ballet and drama clubs, a physical education group,

Church services, plays and cinemas. There are also ten acres of sports fields which C.A.F.D.A. uses for netball, soccer and cricket.

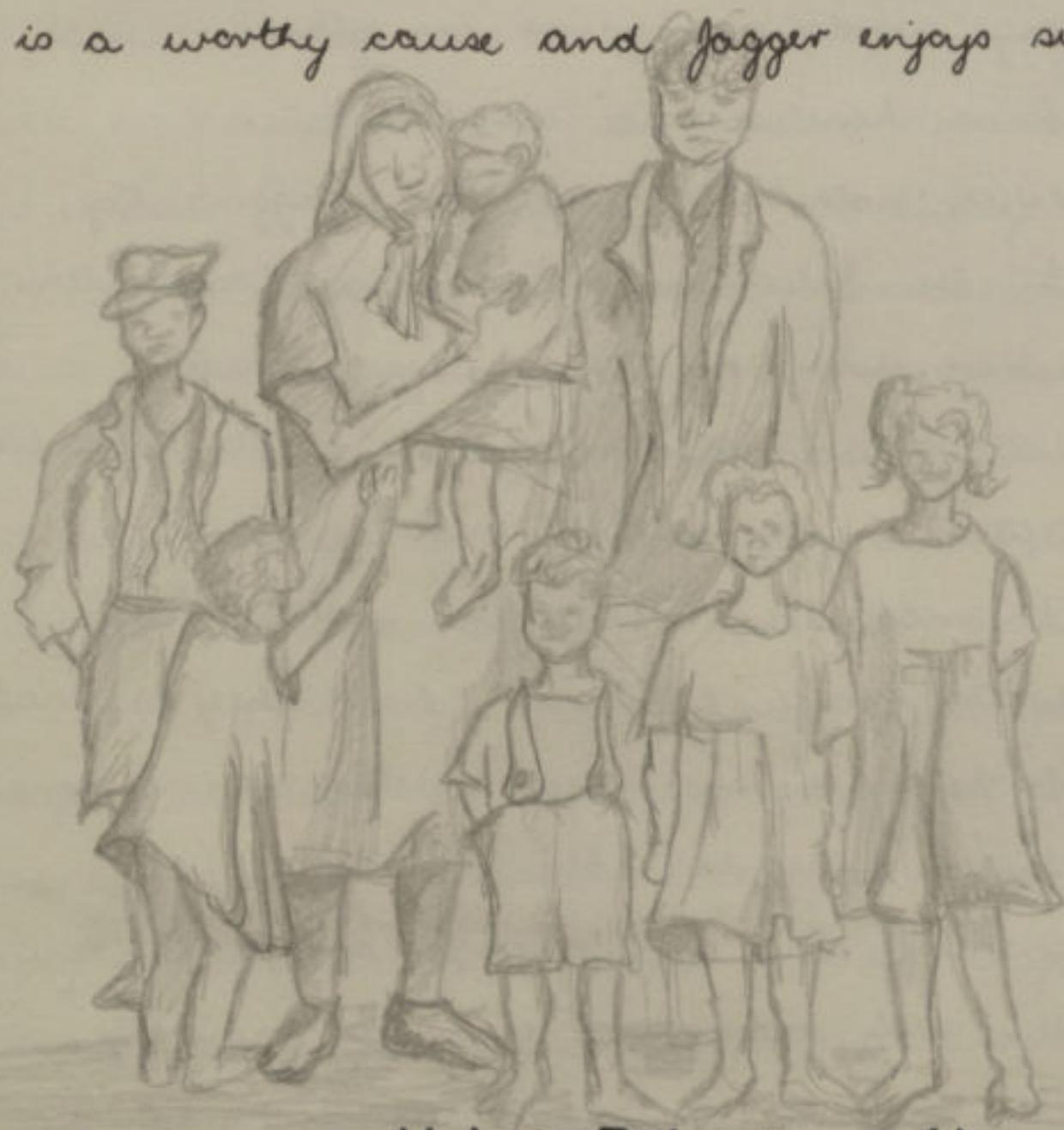
C.A.F.D.A.'s expenditure greatly exceeds its income, therefore it depends almost entirely on donations. These come mainly at Christmas when appeals are made. Street collections are taken and Christmas cards are sold. Toys given to carols by candlelight are mended and distributed at a children's party. Bins are placed in many grocery stores in which customers may place a tin of food. The food is made up into hampers and food parcels, distributed to destitute families.

On the C.A.F.D.A. grounds stands the Industrial Training Centre. This is a joint organization between C.A.F.D.A., the National Council for the Care of Cripples, and the Cape Cripple Care Association. There is an enrolment of fifty trainees who work at this general woodwork and assembly factory. These trainees are disabled men who cannot work at a normal job but are trained for suitable employment. As soon as the men become efficient they move to factories where they carry out their simple tasks. They are replaced quickly by untrained men. The Training Centre relies on being able to do sub-contract work for factories. The trainees assemble and shape chair seats, backs and table-tops, coat hangers, blackboard dusters and ceiling roses.

C.A.F.D.A.'s main policy is not to give material help unless there is no other alternative. The Organization tries to teach the people to live happily and healthily

by watching their income, buying the right food and educating their children. The result of this is that there are no delinquent gangs in the Village - all the children are at school and in their free time are occupied by various activities, such as clubs or domestic chores. The community grows up as a better people and their influence spreads to improve others.

C.A.F.D.A. is a worthy cause and Jagger enjoys supporting it.



Helen Robertson Uu

MY ATTEMPT

I am no wonderful poet,
I cannot draw (at least I know it)
So my brain is working overtime
For the magazine, to attempt a rhyme.
When it comes to writing essays,
My words are never in place.
So a hopeless case am I
With nothing at all for Jagger's try,
In the Inter-House Magazine Competition,
Where we hope the Judge's decision
Will place our magazine on top of the list.
After all the editors wish
To make this magazine worthwhile
With people like me, have they a trial.
So here are my best wishes and I hope
Jagger will be able to cope,
Showing that even though small in size,
She will receive a cup as a prize.



MODERN FASHIONS

Modern fashions, modern trends and the modern way of life - grandparents may wrinkle up their noses in disgust and give the all-time cliché, (for that is what it is since it has been said by the older generation for centuries) "In my day we did not behave like that, or "listen to rubbish like that" or "dress like that," or whatever the case may be. Yet every decade evolves its own trends and fashions which usually consist of something entirely original combined with something borrowed or pasted on from a previous decade or period.

Modern art, dress, music and way of life are all closely connected and reflect one another. Take the way the teenagers and younger generation dress to-day: the maxi- and mini-skirts are now running along side by side competing with each other. This represents really a fight between the 1920's and the 1930's, or one between "Thoroughly Modern Millie" with her flappers, and "Bonnie and Clyde" with their gangsters. Make-up is reverting from the pale, washed-out "Twiggy look" to the bold crimsons worn by Marilyn Monroe and Greta Garbo and their generations. Long, straight hair has been replaced once more by tumbled masses of rolling curls. Yet the colours and the material designs reflect nothing that has been borrowed - nothing could be more different or more original than the "op-art" designs or this season's wild psychedelic unco-ordinated splashes of colour, which are a reflection of the abstract art of to-day that in turn reflects

a way of life, with wild unruly teenagers taking L.S.D. "trips," so that they actually believe that the world is closing in on them: colours and lights get brighter, noises get louder and louder, and just as their heads are about to burst they sink into oblivion. When they come round the only thing that interests them is the date of the next "trip". Then they put their experiences down on paper - either in the form of art or of music.

The music of to-day, on the whole is wild, loud and full of vibrating discords. Popular groups, like the Beatles, have developed from crooning and shouting love-songs and now experiment with sound. An Eastern influence is creeping in so that the desired effects are no longer obtained by three guitars, a set of drums and a singer. A full-scale orchestra has discreetly crept in, discreetly, - for the screaming, raving fans definitely give no credit to the orchestra. They will keep their image of a small group for ever. Although this type of music may seem base and meaningless there are other forms which try to put a message across to an audience. Modern folk music is entirely different from traditional folk music. The age of "Greenleeves" has passed and the field of folk song is now essentially a field of protest. Donovan is famed for his anti-war campaign and has just launched out on yet another anti-Vietnam campaign, Dylan and Des Lindberg protest against the colour bar, Marian

Faithful against fall-out, and Joan Baez protests against anything and everything. Yet people should listen to the occasionally very wise words droned to the monotonous accompaniment of a harmonica and a guitar. There is also a third type of music which in a way fits in with the art and also the "don't care" and non-thinking attitude of to-day. Françoise Hardy sings beautifully, unmaliciously, unprotestingly and poignantly. Very often she sings out of tune; she does not try to "give a message to mankind." There is a significant depth to the meaning, yet, in spite of the "shallowness" of her work she is more popular than Dylan or Donovan could ever hope to be. People do not want to have to listen to each and every word. They want gentle background music and nothing more.

The wild splashes of unco-ordinated colours in Modern Art are also very often meaningless. Cyril Froden who recently put on an exhibition in Cape Town was asked by someone, who was peering interestedly at the mass of yellow and purple which surrounded him in the gallery, the name of a certain picture. Cyril replied in his charming yet slightly mocking tones, "It has no name."

"Oh, then what is it? What does it depict? Does that object in the top left-hand corner symbolize"

Cyril cut him short saying, "It is nothing. It depicts nothing. If the colours and shapes please you or they don't."

That seems to sum up modern fashions. In this push-button age where everything is done before one can exert oneself, depth and subtlety seem to be fading out, perhaps, redundant.



Jennie Susman Uv

THE DAWN COMES

Outside in the street there is much shrieking and shouting as the red-capped Revolutionaries brandish sharp knives while they do their dance, the Carmagnole. They are passing through the streets and have just come from the sandstone knife-grinder. They are shouting praises to the goddess, Madame La Guillotine.

Inside the Bastille, the prisoner paces the room chanting continually, "The dawn comes, the dawn comes," as at this fatal hour he will meet Madame La Guillotine in person. He had faced the tribunal that evening, and despite his impassioned pleas, he had received the dreaded sentence of death.

No moon brightens the summer night as the Revolutionaries slowly make their way home. Only the light from the flaring of their torches shows the eager and bloodthirsty looks on their faces. Their clothes are torn and tattered and they all look as if they are in need of a bath and a good meal. The noise in the streets dies down to an unnatural silence.

The prisoner thinks back to his trial, so recent, and so clear in his mind. His only crime had been his inherited wealth, as he was born of a noble family. How could he prove his innocence to that bloodthirsty crowd not understanding his crime? He has but a few hours to live, and he still chants, "The dawn comes" slowly to himself.

His mind wanders back to his happy childhood, the many hours

spent in his father's vineyards, his playmates being the peasants who had now turned against him. He paces his cell, his mind in a turmoil. He hears the key turn in the lock. Has dawn really come?

It is dark outside as the tumbrils clatter along the cobbled streets. Apparently from nowhere the red-capped mob appear and jeer. He mounts the platform surrounded by his fellow-prisoners, unaware of the screaming mob, intent on one thought - "The dawn comes."



THE PORTRAIT

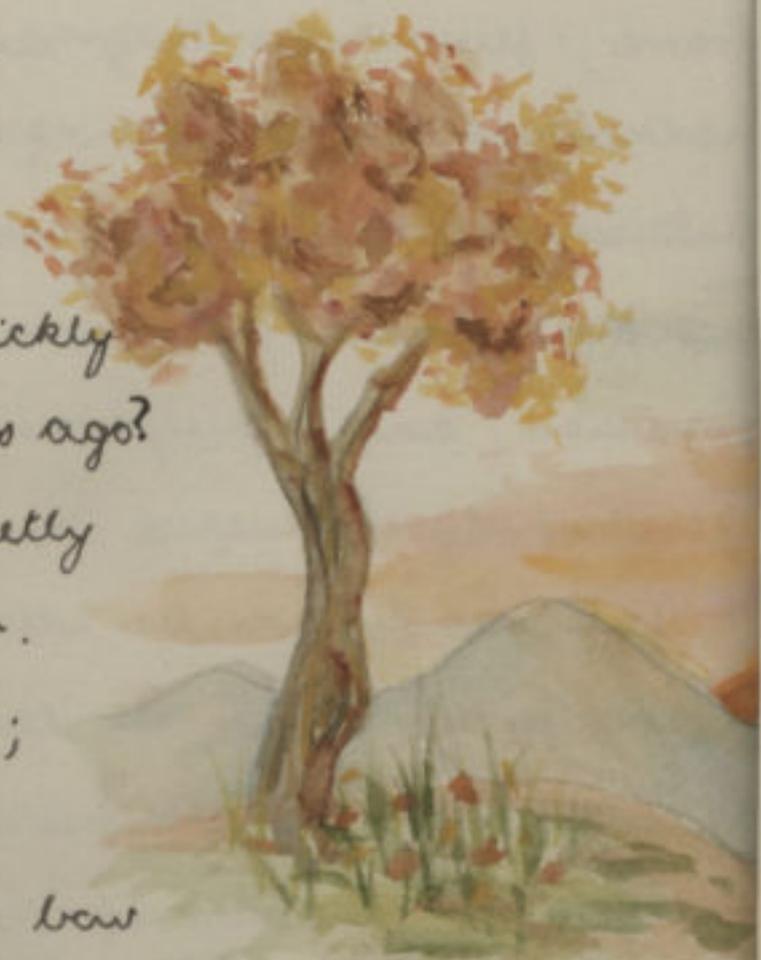
It is a shaded pencil sketch behind cheap glass in an ornamented oval frame; five inches long and three and a bit at the broadest point; the portrait of my grandmother.

It was sketched by a schoolfriend's father when she was only twelve years old, but the expression on the serious, straight-nosed face is one of dignity and self-possession; and the eyebrows above the slightly too small eyes are well shaped and yet obviously unplucked. The hair is long and thickly pulled back at the forehead to fall neatly over the velvet shoulders and soft white pinafore, and there is a strange femininity in the thin wrists thrust into its folds.

Whenever I see the picture I think of Katy in the books I read when I was younger, or sometimes of Alice or one of the famous Dickensian maidens; but when I look deeply at it I remember the real story of the real child - the Scottish Janet who was betrothed to a neighbour's son at birth, and followed him across the sea to a new country. That is why I am here to-day.

THE SUNSET OF OUR LIVES

The nodding head over the tatting
Remembering some day long ago.
The serenity on the face reclining
On a soft old homemade pillow.
Those days by the river went quickly
How many autumns and springs ago?
They slipped in and out so quietly
As the sun started sinking low.
The cookie jar is 'old hat' now;
Their lives are worlds apart -
Long time since a youth would bow
To prove the love in his heart!
The sky above this old head
Is tinged with the colours of sunset
Soon, as the world is darkened,
The old life will fade sans regret.



THE TROJAN WOMEN

During the first term the Drama class produced "The Trojan Women" - an extremely ^{difficult} task for amateurs to tackle, but with the help of Mrs. Saffery's expert direction they carried it off extremely well. The principals were especially good. Actresses to be commended for their performances were:- Elizabeth Spilhaus, as the insane Cassandra, Carol Reid who gave an extremely touching portrayal of Andromache, and Jane Haran who was excellent as Hecuba.

Suzanne Nosworthy made an exquisite Helen of Troy, and Gillian Verster, her slighted husband, looked very masculine with her blue stubble. The costumes were well designed and the lighting was competently done by Bishop. The decor, Mrs. G's garden, with its tall mournful cypresses was a fit setting for the drama of "The Trojan Women."

There were three performances of the play with two different casts. Unfortunately I saw only one cast, but should like to congratulate Mrs. Saffery and the Drama class on a first-rate production.

DIE OUDERDOM EK DIE GRAAGSTE WIL WEES

Ek is nou tweeduisendjaar oud en julle sal seker wonder hoe ek hierdie ouderdom bereik het. Wel, ek sal vir julle vertel. Oor die tweeduisendjaar gelede, is 'n jong meisie met 'n man getroud. Sy was 'n besondere meisie want sy het tawerkragte gehad. Aan hulle is 'n babetjie geboore, en sy het voorspel dat die meisie eene sou lewe, maar sy sou nooit oud word nie - en die kindjie is ek. Julle sal seker vra of dit sangsaam is om so oud te wees, en die antwoord is „ja;” maar waarvan ek nie hou nie is dat ek my vriende en vriendinne moet bedrieg, want so ek vir enige iemand vertel hoe oud ek is, sal ek oor 'n paar dae stene.

Ek is al tien keer getroud en al my mans is dood. Alhoewel hulle lank geleue het, kan hulle nie byhou nie en hulle kan nooit verstaan waaraan ek nooit oudgeword het nie. Ek moet altyd van een stad na die ander reis want anders sal die mense uitvind hoe oud ek regtig is. Mōre gaan ek Mars toe, want dit is die jongste mode om soontoe te gaan.

Ek het 'n baie volle leue gelei toe ek met Napoleon getroud was. Ons het vier kinders gehad, maar hulle is nou almal oortede. My jongste man was Alain Delan maar ons is geskei en hy is weer met iemand anders getroud.

Ek het daarna nooit weer getrou nie, want dit is vir my so bitter moeilik om iemand wat ek so baie lief het, te verloor. Partykeer is ek baie

verleë en wil graag my ouderdom aan iemand vertel, want dan sal ek sterwe.

My daaglikse lewe is baie aangenaam. Ek is baie ryk en hoef nie te werk nie.

Ek het baie wonderlike klere en elke aand gaan ek inrens heen. Dinsdae is daar allerhande dinge wat die mense kan doen wat in paar jaar gelede nie moontlik was nie. Kinders gaan vandag nie skool toe nie, maar leer deur na rolprente te kyk en die mense kry nie meer nie. Almal lewe sommer net soos hulle wil en dit is baie aangenaam.

Ek het vandag besluit dat ek nie langer wil lewe nie, want die afgelope jaar was ver my beste en ek wil dit nie bederwe nie; dus het ek alles aan my beste vriend vertel. Hy wil my nie glo nie - maar hy sal, wanneer ek môre dood lê. Ek is glad nie teleurgesteld nie, want ek het in baie gelukkige lewe geleë en ek kan ook dankbaar wees dat myne baie langer as die algemene mense sin was.



THE OLD LADY



One day I met a little old lady,
Her face was wrinkled, her name was Sad
She wore a red hat on the top of her head
And she put it on daily when rising from bed

She lived in a house not far from a wood,
She had a small puppy who was very good
She also had chickens and a dear little sheep
The sheep went "Baa-Baa" and the chickens "Cheep
Cheep

She had a neat little lawn
Which was very pretty at dawn,
But when her pets began to play
The lawn very nearly dissolved away!

But I am very sorry to say
That she died (I think it was) last Saturday
And the chickens, the puppy and the sheep
Were all so sad they were put to sleep

LIFE STORY OF A CHOCOLATE

My first memory is being carried along by a conveyor belt with countless companions, feeling very cold and naked. It was not a very pleasant beginning to my life, and my bad luck seems to have remained with me throughout it.

Our journey seemed to be interminable and lasted until a rather violent claw grabbed me, somersaulted me a couple of times, and set me back on the conveyor belt, upside down, wrapped in a very ill-fitting piece of silver paper. This did nothing to raise my considerably low spirits and the next phase of my existence was as equally boring as the first. I was put through a number of tests and every conceivable inconvenience, until, the machines apparently satisfied that my health was all it should be, placed me in a box called "Assorted Chocolates."

Then followed the most distressing stage of my career. To my horror I discovered that I was something unspeakably awful - "marzipan". This quite put me out of countenance for several days, especially as my seat was next to that of a very elegant, gold-wrapped "caramel" who did nothing to cheer me up; but rather rubbed in my unfortunate flavour.

However, as time went by I became very friendly with a shy strawberry cream and we enjoyed many happy hours together, having long discussions about the chocolate box situation to-day and other such subjects.

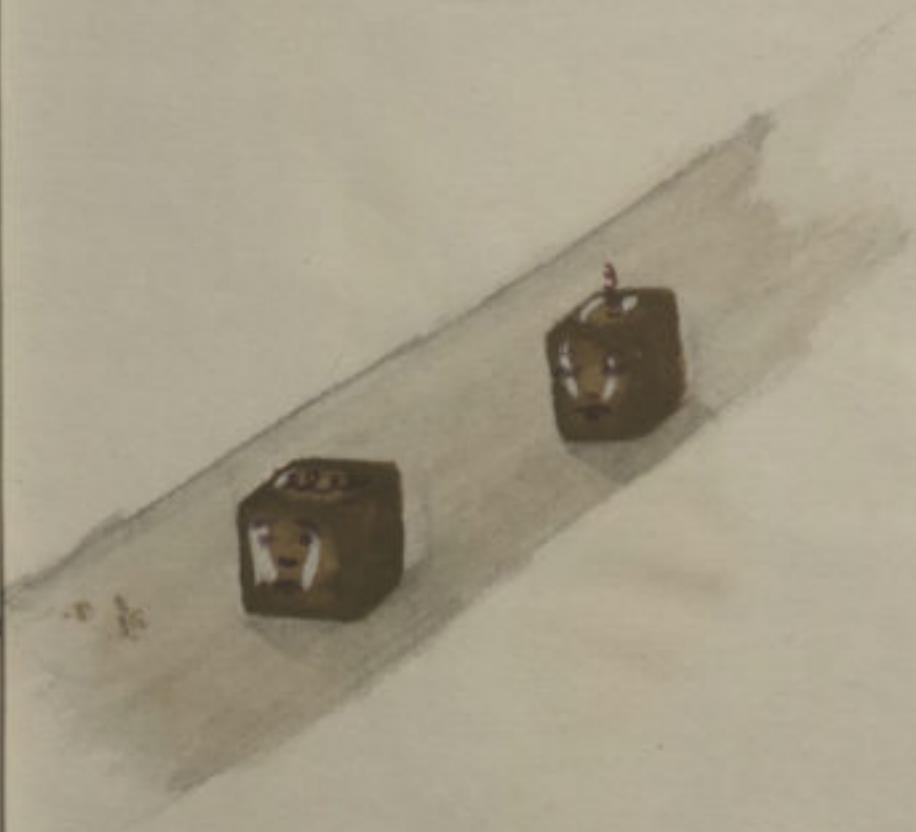
Our particular box was part of a consignment intended for a theatre near Picadilly Circus. We arrived early one morning and I will never forget the excitement and nervousness of our first night. However, much to our chagrin we were not bought; but from my position on the edge of the top layer near the lid - a much-covered seat - I was able to peep through a crack and watch the world go by. After my first night I was exhausted, and only woke up in time for the early show the next evening.

Before I had fully come to my senses, much to our delight we were chosen! You can imagine the nerves and excitement and the secret hope we all cherished that we would be the first to go.

Just as the film began our cellophane paper was torn off and then slowly our lid was opened to reveal a large bearded face. Two sausage-like fingers hovered over us and then grabbed the caramel; and in so doing dented the top of the strawberry cream, who immediately burst into tears. The next few minutes were spent in comforting my friend, and before I knew it I was held in a vice-like grip and was stripped. A large, gaping hole showed in front of me and in I went. The darkness was terrible and as two terrifying teeth moved towards each other I managed to slip to one side so that they only bit off one corner. I am not quite so sure what happened next, but there was a startled exclamation of "Ugh! marzipan!" and suddenly I flew out of the

cavity called a mouth and landed under the seat.

There I have remained ever since and I have become reconciled to my fate. I never dreamt that I should ever be so humiliated, but it has given me a chance to further my education; and I have definitely become more educated and lost much of my former innocence of worldly affairs - in fact I could say, almost definitely, that I am the most well-informed chocolate of my generation.





POSITANO

Hundreds of little box-like hovels cluster together on the hill, and there seems no place even to breathe in the sweltering heat. Between them there are no streets but countless numbers of steps; and, where poverty is at its worst, even these come to an end, and a steep, dirty little path threads its way through lines of washing to the smallest and meanest of the hovels. To a tourist these steps are absolutely exhausting; and every fifty or so one has to stop, soaked in one's sweat, to gasp for air. Eventually when one has either emptied one's pockets, or turned a very deaf and insensitive ear to all the little begging Italians, whose faces are so attractive and imploring that they are almost impossible to ignore, one reaches the top of the hill.

The deep blue of the Mediterranean stretches out as far as the eye can see, with tiny wavelets lapping against the greyish beach directly below. Many small yachts and dinghies bob up and down on the water, and a luxurious cabin cruiser lies almost static a little further out from the beach. On the beach is a small café, almost hidden by green creepers which wind round the poles of the trellis, leaving only the odd glimpse of the brightly-coloured tables. Around this, dark-skinned Italians wander aimlessly, and the tourists can usually be picked out by their bright-pink skins. They also seem to have more purpose to their movements and to be walking in a definite direction - that is, of course, only until the sun has really disappeared; for by that time they are not distinguishable anyway,

because they become as dark as the Italians.

During the middle of the day the entire village seems empty, because no Italian would be stupid enough to walk about unnecessarily in the midday sun, and most tourists follow their example. But at four o'clock all the little shops open their doors, and a conglomeration of Italian and English pours forth as the shopkeepers give voice to the advantages of their wares. Tourists wander in and out of the shops paying fantastic prices for articles they could buy for half the price at home. They do not realize that the items they buy cheaply here will be the ones that mean most to them when they return home.

The tourists are fascinated by the artistic poverty of the place. Huddled on the mountainside, Positano looks as though it might almost topple into the sea at any moment. They are charmed, too, by the inhabitants who take life so philosophically. It is true that they take as much as they can; but in their own way they give too, so much more than they know.

THE VOYAGES OF DIAZ

Bartholomew Diaz was, I think, one of the greatest explorers and navigators of all time. His courage and determination succeeded in getting him as far as Kwaaitoek in 1488. If his crew had not persuaded him to turn back, he might have been the first man to discover the sea-route to India.

Diaz was a brave navigator, and with the ablest sailors, he set sail from Portugal. After sailing for a while, they reached Cape Cross. His sailors now became frightened but Diaz would not think of turning back. They went ashore at Luderitz where they managed to get fresh vegetables and meat. Here Diaz planted a cross, representing his religion and his being the first sailor to land there.

Not knowing it, they had passed the southernmost point of Africa while a terrible storm had been raging. When Diaz discovered this, he was very excited and pleased.

For the second time they went ashore at an island in Algoa Bay. Diaz's sailors were at this stage grumbling a great deal, and he managed to persuade them to continue for a few days. They then cast anchor at the mouth of a river. This was either the Keiskamma or the Kowie river.

Sadly Diaz turned for home after erecting a cross which was discovered at Kwaaitoek. They were received coldly in Portugal as they had not completed the great task, as expected. Only the King realized that they had now sailed around

the southern part of the Cape and was hopeful that the entire searoute would be discovered. He was not satisfied with Diago's name for our Cape - the Cape of Storm and changed it to the Cape of Good Hope.

Sad to say, Diago had a watery grave before he had completed his life's ambition. While attempting the second voyage, his ship was wrecked and the crew was drowned.

I think Diago deserved more praise than he received as he had sailed further, along the sea route to India, than any other explorer up till then. He was courageous and determined and had a bitter end. He opened the pathway of success for other explorers and yet received little praise while he lived.



THE PROBLEMS OF GROWING UP

"Growing up" usually represents the ages between twelve and eighteen. During these seven years every human being suffers from the same problems, if not in the same order or manner.

The ages twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen are the most bewildering, and yet, interesting years for a girl. At this age a girl is very unpredictable and difficult to understand, as she does not altogether understand herself and all the strange, new emotions she is experiencing.

Boys seem to take longer to become aware of themselves and so their most difficult years are the years fourteen, fifteen, sixteen and, very often, seventeen.

Both sexes suffer from the same problems but they overcome them in very different ways. Loneliness is a very common problem and at some stage of their lives, every young person suffers acutely from loneliness and an "unloved feeling". Broken homes are not the only source of this shattering and suicidal emptiness which seems to corrode the adolescent's heart; often children from the closest-knit and happiest of families suffer acutely from loneliness and a vague longing for something... something, but they cannot know or find out what it is that they are searching for, so they continue to feel lonely until they eventually find someone or something to cling to. On an average, girls feel loneliness more often and more acutely than boys do, because boys seem to have

many more interests in life.

Lack of confidence and aplomb is the curse of many a youngster's life. Adolescents, when suffering from a lack of confidence, are either very shy or rather sulky and tend to become hyper-sensitive and show off. Every comment seems to have a sting to it; comments which should fall lightly on the ear are definite accusations or reproofs. They become very defensive and are often horribly rude and rebellious. This rebelliousness stems from a mixed jumble of emotions: loneliness, lack of confidence and various inferiority complexes.

Inferiority complexes spring from a lack of confidence. Some people have ridiculous idiosyncracies and complexes which they take very seriously. These are enough to infuriate a saint, but with patience and tact a child can usually be persuaded out of them.

During these difficult ^{years}, adolescents have to find their place in the world and try to decide what they intend to make of their lives. Parental guidance is useful here as long as the child does not feel as if he is being pushed reluctantly into a career - that will be disastrous. He must also begin to form his own code of honour and the standards by which he will abide all his life. There are few tasks more bewildering than having to form your own opinions and ideals; and trying to detect right from wrong, without the feeling of guilt and inadequacy because you yourself had not decided

completely and decisively, but had to be helped!

When a young woman or man has eventually emerged from the stage of a rebellious and difficult teenager, he or she is very charming and able to take his or her place in life with calm, self-assurance and a quiet dignity. This dignity is a grace which many young girls struggle to attain. Yet, when they have left school, they seem magically to shed the cloak of gaucherie and unconsciously become graceful and dignified young women with twinkling eyes and a great feeling for the ridiculous.



Chloë Knight Uv

STAYING HOME SATURDAY NIGHT

The loneliness screams at you

From the furniture,

You lie sprawled

In your misery

On your bed.

Those crazy objects strewn

Around your room

("Just for fun")

Ylave out your last fling at

Individualism.

A thousand other "isms"

Didn't help your broken

State of mind -

Much less the broken booming of the beat

Reverberating from that way-out and very-in

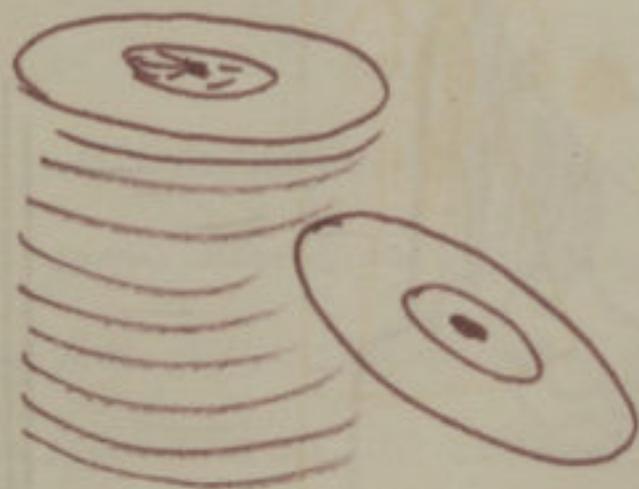
Pirate pop. station -

So you'd better take up your hamburg

And let off

Steam

Diana Willmott Lv



Somewhere

Before those clues and the memories that
come flooding back

Torment your already frustrated brain.

Switch on, swing in with pictures

Of matchstick men singing at

Green apples that never stop falling.

That beat never stops calling, so stop

Your imagination working

A flower-filled mind

Of musing on the spooky kind of girl

You could be too love.



DIE TOWERCAMP

baie lank gelede het 'n man en sy vrou in 'n klein houthuisie in die bos gewoon. Die man se naam was Jim en hy en sy vrou was baie arm. Elke dag het Jim bos toe gegaan om hout te kap, en weekliks het hy sy hout stad toe geneem om dit aan die handelaar te verkoop.

Eendag was daar 'n groot vuur in die bos en al die bome is verbrand, daarom kon Jim nie daardie week hout gekap en stad toe geneem nie, en daar was in tekort aan geld en kos in die huisie. Toe het hy besluit om hulle vet koei, Daisy, te verkoop om geld te kry.

Vroeg die volgende oggend het hy en Daisy stad toe begin stap. Op pad daarnatoe het Jim 'n klein ou mannetjie ontmoet. Hy het 'n pragtige lamp in sy hand gehad.

"Jong man," het hy vir Jim gesê, "as jy vir my daardie vet koei gee, kan jy hierdie mooi lamp kry. Dit is 'n towerlamp en dit sal jou geluk bring."

Die lamp was so mooi dat Jim toegestem het om dit vir Daisy te vermil. Toe hy weer huis toe gekom het, was sy vrou baie kwaad, want daar was net 'n ou broodjie en 'n bietjie suurmilk in die huis.

Jim en sy vrou het so radeloos geword dat hulle 'n paar dae later stad toe gestap het om die lamp te probeer verkoop. Ongelukkig was niemand dit koop nie; daarom moes Jim en sy vrou moedeloos huis toe terugkom. Op pad terug was daar 'n groot storm. Die donder het gevommel en die reën het hard geval. Toe

hulle naby hulle huisie was, was daar 'n groot werligstraal. Hulle huisie het
skielik vlam gevat. Daar was niks wat hulle kan doen nie. Terwyl Jim na die
vlamme gekyk het, het hy die lamp gevryf. Skielik het die storm, die brand
en die huisie verdwyn en 'n pragtige groot huis het voor hulle gestaan.

'n stem het vir hulle gesê dat die huis hulle s'n was. Van daardie dag
af was Jim en sy vrou baie ryk; en as hulle iets wou hê, het hulle die
lamp gevryf en hulle wens is vervul.





Fiona Baigrie Liv

COLOURS

Colours are a complex of the imagination; I do not think any two people have identical ideas in their mind of the same colour. Some people interpret gay, vivid colours as harsh and loud in their minds, while to others they look sunny and bright and happy. In the world, colour is becoming more and more important. Even in the making of foods, an attractive colour tempts a person. Labels are a good example of how attractive, and often bright, colours catch someone's eye. Posters advertising various events are usually bold in colour, with strong contrasts to attract attention.

Colour plays a very important part in interior decoration. Certain colours, mostly pale, give an impression of space and airiness; whereas dark, dull colours give a solid, heavy atmosphere. The matching of coloured designs and plain colours also needs to be carefully considered. Furniture must be matched with the colour scheme of a room. One could not, for instance, easily or successfully place an antique mahogany dining-suite in a room furnished in neon orange, turquoise and yellow. A modern white table could not be lightly fitted into a dark room with an olive green and deep red colour scheme, and dark panelling.

A room furnished in lime-green, yellow and touches of orange, with a dark carpet of, for instance, deep turquoise, gives an appearance of sunniness and gaiety. If a room is decorated in pink with pastel green, it is inclined to look very soft and feminine.

White is the basis of all colours; being a combination of every colour. It is a pure, clean and spacious-looking colour. There is nothing more unpleasant than a dirty white; and white is a colour which gets dirty very easily. When clean it is lovely, and makes me think of the sparkling, crisp white snow of winter in the Swiss Alps. White is a pure colour - that is why angels are supposed to wear it.

The colours of the sun are yellow, orange and red. Yellow is a clear colour and denotes happiness. It reminds me of spring and lightheartedness. It is not a warm colour, unless it is a gold-yellow; but neither is it a cold colour. Orange is a vibrating colour, full of expression. Some oranges are dusty and tired-looking, but to my mind orange shouts with boldness. It is a powerful colour full of vivacity, warmth and gaiety. Yellow and orange are my favourite colours, as well as certain shades of green. The last colour of the sun is red, it is a hot colour, ranging from deep pink to pillarbox-red. Red makes me think of a sun setting at sea, a glowing ball surrounded by a crimson sky and crimson-tinted water.

Blue is the colour of so many things. The sky and sea, although not always blue, are imagined by most people as being blue; but the blue that strikes me most is the blue of a Siamese cat's eyes. From blues and yellows come green. It is a very versatile colour, ranging from rich deep shades of

olive to lime-green. It is abundant in nature, being the colour of most of the foliage of our plants. The shades found are innumerable; and my favourite is lime-green; which is a very refreshing colour, and sparkles with life.

The dark colours, black, brown and grey, are incomparably dull; although brown and grey range greatly in shade, and some pale shades are quite attractive. A pale shade of brown or grey can be attractive only if it is a background for other more startling colours; otherwise it loses its character, and becomes a dull wash. Black brings out other colours lighter and brighter than itself; but it is nevertheless the colour of eternal darkness.

The contemporary world is using colour as never before; to enliven our senses and to alter the appearance of buildings and designs. Colour plays a most imperative part in our lives; without it we should be lost in a neutral world of shapes.



Mary-Ann-Parry Uiv

DIE FERIEEN

Im Sommer gehen viele Leute am Strand und wenn die Sonne scheint und das Wetter nicht sehr kalt ist und die See warm ist, in England ist alles gut. Ein Jahr wann leben wir in England, fahren wir nach Spanien. Wir flogen von Coventry nach Calais mit dem Auto, dann fahren wir drei Tage durch Frankreich. Wir wohnten in Playa d'Aro, wo wir eine meiner Freundinnen sahen und sie blieb ein paar Tage bei uns. Entweder badeten wir in der See oder lagen wir in der Sonne, weil es war sehr heiss. Die Kinder spielen in den Felsen und Jungen und Mädchen mit grossen Bällen spielen.

Eines Tages gingen wir zu einem Stierkampf, die spanische Fiesta Nacional. Es machte mir Spass aber ich denke, dass es sehr grausam war. Viele Tage was das Wetter nicht so gut. Wir hatten ein grosses Gewitter und es regnete, verliessen wir Playa und wir fahren nach Barcelona. Barcelona ist sehr gross und nett. Ramblas ist eine lange Strasse, die viele Läden hat. Alle was wir sahen, war Blumen. Dann fahren wir nach England zurück und - ja, es regnete. Aber wir hatten nette Ferien und ich möchte gern noch einmal nach Spanien fahren.

SAILING

Sailing is one of South Africa's favourite sports. We have many lakes and lagoons here in South Africa where we can sail, and we have the sea, too. Many South Africans go in for deep-sea sailing, and therefore, finding an able person to take part in the international race this year was not so difficult. The conditions for sailing are also good in some parts of South Africa, especially in the Cape.

There are many types of sailing boats one can sail, too: Dabchicks for small children and beginners; Tempos, which are a more complicated and larger version of the Dabchick, for those who like speed; and Sprogs, for those who like speed and comfort, besides many others. Each yacht has a special sign on its sail so that one can distinguish between them in a race. It is a beautiful sight to watch yachts sailing on a lagoon. All the differently-coloured sails make a magnificent picture.

Sailing is a very thrilling and exciting sport. It gives one a wonderful sensation when caught in a sudden blast of wind, and being propelled along the water by it. The thrill of doing the trapeze on a Tempo is one that cannot be compared with any other sport. It is often a very 'wet' sport, but that is unavoidable since water continually surrounds one!

A BOY'S PRAYER

Let me just walk alone again once more
With morning in my face
when the sun is warm -
flat little pebbles under clean smooth soles
and far away the pounding of the sea.
To walk alone again
oh sweet clear air!
and sweeter when I've topped the apple tree;
then lying in wait for evening
and the cat
and stealing eggs from out the thrush's nest.
Let me sing out shriek shouting;
let me live,
and run through grass and let it lick my knees.
Let me go down to the river
stone to stone -
cold water on my face and round my feet -
Then let me say goodbye to the sun and sky
And I'll be ready to become a man.

Elizabeth Spilhaus Uv



MORNING MARKET

The morning market held at Herschel this year was in aid of funds for surfacing the tennis courts. It was the first held for many years and was very efficiently convened by Mrs. Currie.

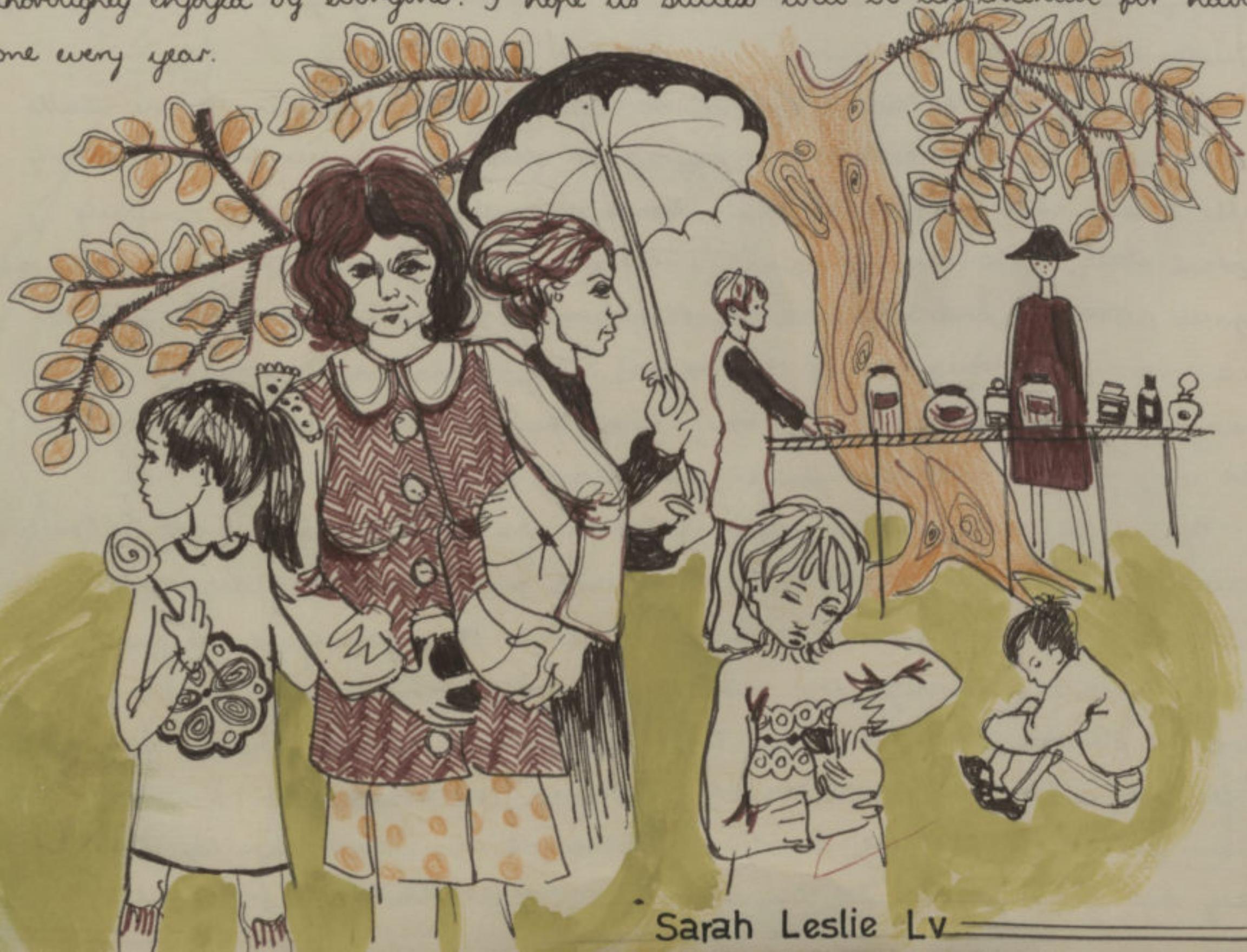
The morning of the second of March dawned hot and sunny. The stalls erected under the oaks looked very gay under coloured sun umbrellas. Many stalls selling cakes, vegetables, fruit, books and sweets, including a white elephant stall, were run by parents with girls assisting them. The Tombola was a great attraction and was crowded all morning. Prizes ranged from second-hand ornaments to magnums of champagne. The Matric. classroom was very cleverly converted into a Games Room, and the hoopla and fishing-for-cents were very popular with the younger generation.

One of the most popular places, amongst the girls anyway, was the 'mile of cents' on the tennis court. Each house took part, and the idea was to see which house could get the longest line of cents. Everyone gave so generously that by midway through the morning there were no more cents to be found at Herschel, other than in long lines on the tennis court! Jagger won in the end after a neck and neck race with the other two houses.

Teas, supervised ^{by} Mrs. Turley, were served on the stoep by the girls. Every age group seemed to be at our morning market - from little brothers

and sisters to grannies.

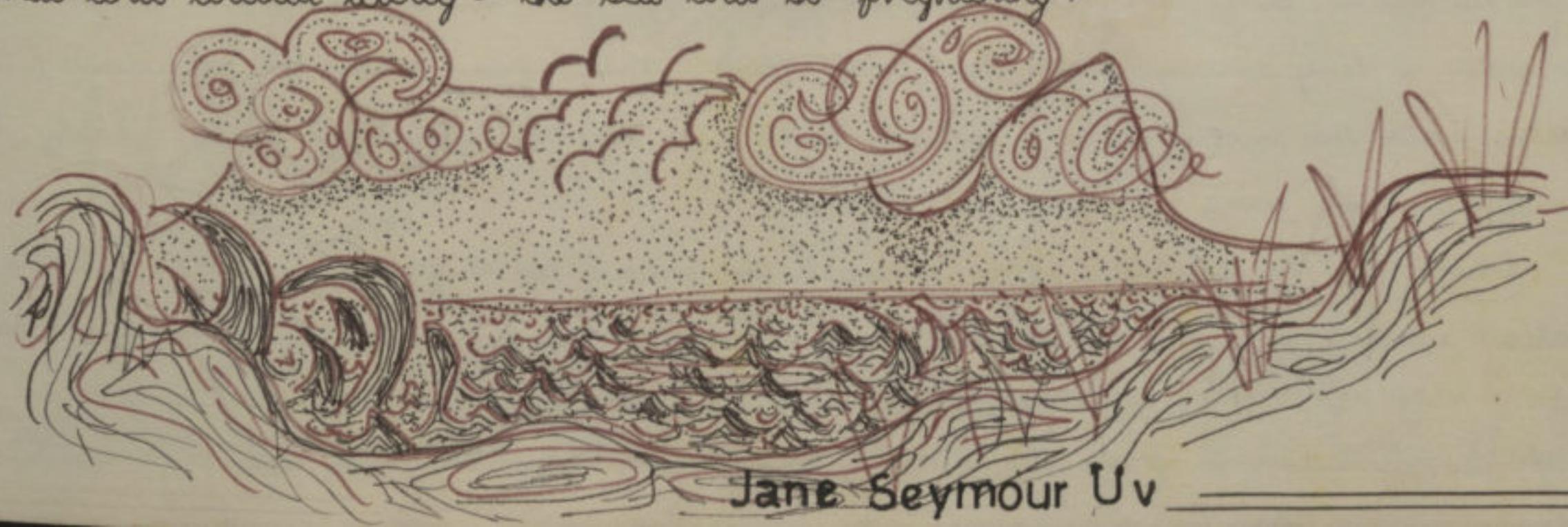
In all, the 1968 Herschel Morning Market was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. I hope its success will be an incentive for having one every year.



Sarah Leslie Lv

THE SEA

It was mid-winter: cold, bleak winter with its howling, raging winds which lashed and tore at everything. I stood and stared at the sea - could it be the same place! In summer the sea was still, calm and crystal clear, the colour of a turquoise stone and various tones of azure blue. It was cool and inviting and the sparkling, bubbling foamy water was the delight of thousands of people. Now, it was grey and dirty-green, the colour of green lichen found in freezing, snowy places. The waves crashed and roared and the spray leapt into the air and crashed down, down again, making the sea even more murky and grey. The waves curled and twisted and came rushing and roaring up onto the beach - only to run back into the ocean and once more be sent pounding up. With the roar of the waves still ringing in my ears I turned and walked away - the sea was so frightening.



Jane Seymour Uv

BEFORE THE DAWN

Before the sun shows his face in the morning, a transformation comes about in the world, for it would not do to let people of the day-world peep and pry into the lives of the nocturnal folk. Their world is very different from ours, for theirs is the world of animals.

Under the hazy moonlight, the deer prance and run. Where the moon reflects in the mirror of a still lake, the deer come to drink. They sip the cool, clear water and then plunge silently back into the trees and the shadows.

The sleepy squirrels stretch and yawn, and then set about having fun; chasing one another up and down trees; sliding down moonbeams; and tearing shadows apart to form new moonbeams on which to swing.

All the while, below in the long, lush grass the snakes slither and slide, silent as death. Some are harmless, some deadly; but almost all are death to the voles or tiny creatures of the forest floor. Mice play with the shadows, but seldom with the moonbeams, for the owls are always watchful and ready to swoop down on some unsuspecting creature.

Down by the lakeside, frogs serenade the moon as they sit or swim in the shallow water. Tadpoles wriggle and squirm in amongst the rushes, and dive for cover if any innocent duck paddles past. If they are not eating too hard, the frogs might notice when a flock of swans glide noiselessly by. Like six mournful, but

ground, ghosts they float barely touching the surface of the lake.

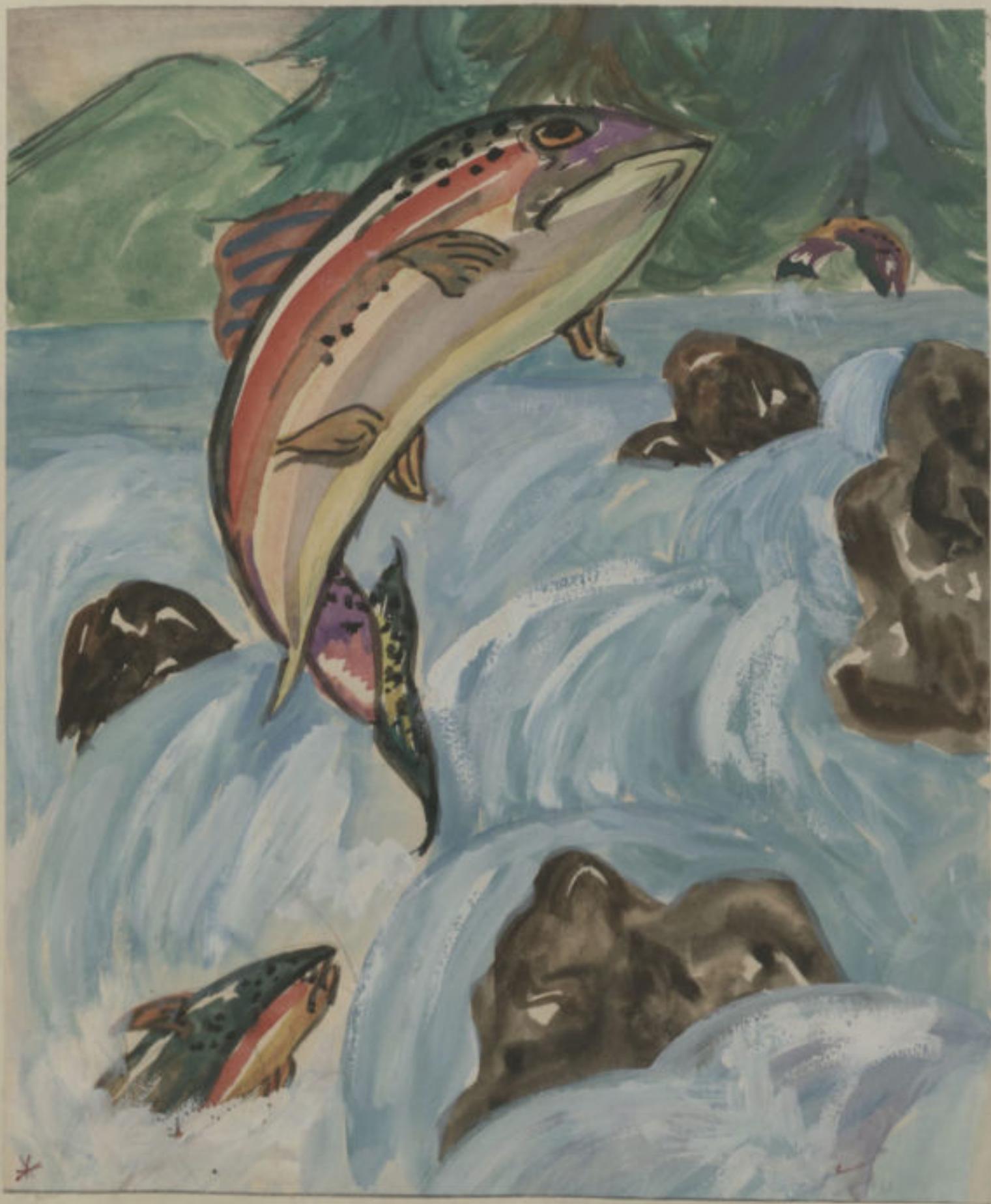
In the shuttered houses, the pets of the household sleep, as they have been domesticated. They have to sleep when man sleeps and rise when he rises.

Soon the dew settles and forms a haze of glistening drops over everything, just like a mantle. But the moon is not reflected in the dewdrops as she is leaving the sky.

The deer creep back into hiding and the squirrels curl up under their bushy tails. They do not witness the miraculous spectacle when the sun rises, and peeps over the horizon. The sky blazes first with pink, then darker pink, and finally bursts into flame.

A new day has been born.





Fiona Baigrie *

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

A little tadpole swims below
The surface of the water,
It swims into a crack,
And disappears!

A wee frog jumps up
Onto a rock to sun himself,
And then into the water.

A tiny fish swims into view,
With silver markings
And flopping tail and fins.

These are what I see
(And many more)
When I look into the mountain stream.
A pretty sight!
Which changes endlessly.

KINGFISHER DAYS

Kingfisher days are serene and beautiful. The emerald-green grass has a minute dewy diamond fixed on the end of the tapering blade, which glistens and glimmers like a mirror reflecting the soft morning light. Unfolding hazy mists^{lift} and show the beauty concealed in their elusive cloaks. Majestic trees wave their long, gnarled arms in the whispering wind. Trees fill the world with beauty. Their long, tapering arms, covered in a cloud of deep green leaves encourage the birds to sing sweet melancholy notes to the rhythm of the swaying, swishing trees.

The sun, at the crack of dawn, rises and peeps through the flapping leaves, dappling the prosaic ground with golden patches which contrast with the shadowy area. The birds, wakened by the warm rays of the sun sing sweetly and sadly, while the trees whisper to one another. These are the noises of nature which converge and fill the air with a feeling of joy.

In the distance I heard the reassuring boom of the sea, which had broken for all eternity on the golden shore. Often I would run down to the beach and watch the frolicking white horses of the sea. The waves rose in great swells and cascaded into tumbling, flecking foam, and I watched, my eyes feasting on the beauty surrounding me. The winds played with my hair, and laughed as they conspired with the waves which broke with thundering thuds.

The lake, situated in a quiet glade was a fascinating place. The willows

hang their long, sad arms into the lake and swish in the wind. Jewelled fish dart from rock to rock, while fronds of weed sway gently to and fro. Ripples lap on the shore and join in with the orchestra of nature all around.

Evening falls quietly and the sun sinks behind the purple mountain. He has done his illuminating work and sinks in the glory of a king. Apollo races across the azure sky in his fiery chariot painting vivid red and rich orange around the dying sun. The moon, bright and round, casts her silvery light onto the world, making everything look eerie. The moon is surrounded by thin gossamer which is spun by the nimble fingers of the moon fairies.

I sit at my window and watch the wonderful surroundings and I fall into a deep, drowsy dumber with dreams of the paradise of kingfisher days flitting like fantasy through my head.



SURFING

Five o'clock on Sunday morning with the sun beginning to appear over the horizon, I will be sitting on my surfboard in the ocean waiting for a good swell. I may have to wait five minutes, maybe half an hour, until I get my first ride. By 7.30 a.m. I will be rather exhausted, and will therefore come out of my dream and have a cup of coffee and a few sandwiches for breakfast, and a rest for about an hour, before entering the world for surfers again.

Once the bug has bitten, there is no way of curing it. The bug has without a doubt bitten me hard, and a lot of my spare time is spent thinking of that "stoked" wave I could be riding if it was not for education and other drawbacks! Surfing is not at all like swimming or playing tennis it is more like a drug. One becomes addicted to it. A great advantage is that it can be done independently.

When you are out on your board you do not need company, as you have your board and the waves and are either satisfied or dissatisfied. Obviously if there are no surfable waves, you will not stay out there hoping that one just, by some miracle, turns up.

To be a good surfer, a great deal of practice is needed. The best time to surf is during the winter months because then the wind is correct. Many non-surfers cannot understand how the surfers can stay in the water so long - surely they get cold? When entering the water it might be rather cold, but after some paddling and concentration on the type of wave you are aiming at, you soon forget the cold.

If you know you would not have time to surf a great deal, never start. It is the worst thing you could ever do - it is my Eleventh Commandment!

Elizabeth Cooke Uv

ELANDS BAY

On nearing Elands after a long and tiring drive,
The loud rumbling sound of crashing waves could be heard in the distance.
Within minutes the sea had been sighted, and a full report given on the waves.
Our wish had been granted.

Elands was breaking a good ten feet on the inner reef,
and about seventeen feet on the outer reef.

Jents dominated the beach but there was not a soul in sight.

Every man and his board was out riding those fast, strong, breaking waves.
It did not take us five minutes to untie the boards,
and make our way towards what seemed like a surfer's paradise.

Each man, as he took off down the steep wall

Felt the thrill of becoming totally involved in the wave, manoeuvring up and down,
and beating the break of that fast left shoulder found at Elands Bay.

A wipe-out was fatal, the result being a board on the rocks.

But each man was confident and prepared to challenge the sea.

We rode the waves to our full ability until night fell.

On waking next morning, much to our annoyance, we found the swell had dropped.
Occasional sets of one-foot waves came through.

The Beach once more became deserted as everyone
Packed up and went in search of larger surf.



Karen Jones Lv

MES VACANCES EN FRANCE

Aujourd'hui je vais vous parler de mes vacances en France. Nous habitons au bord de la mer dans un joli appartement et de notre appartement nous voyons la mer. Chaque année nous allons en vacances en France. Quelques fois quand il fait mauvais à la côte d'Azur nous partons quelques jours à Paris. Paris est ma ville préférée car elle est effrayante avec tout ses beaux magasins, ses buildings, sa tour Eiffel, ses hotels etc.....

Nous connaissons beaucoup d'amis qui vivent à Paris, et quand nous allons à Paris, mes parents et moi allons leurs rendre visite. Paris est réputée pour le "Moulin Rouge." L'Arc de Triomphe décore toute l'avenue des Champs Elysees et la tour Eiffel domine toute la ville.

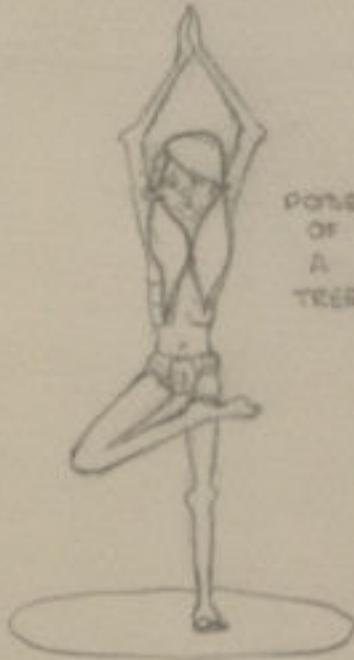
"Juan les Pins" est notre petite ville au bord de la mer. Tout les jours j'allais à la mer accompagnée par mes amis, et je dois dire nous brunnissons très vite. À midi nous mangions sur la plage dans un petit restaurant.

Le vin en France est fort réputé et en Bourgogne les vignes pullulent de tout les côtés. L'année prochaine j'irai revoir mes amis et j'espère passer de bonnes vacances.

YOGA

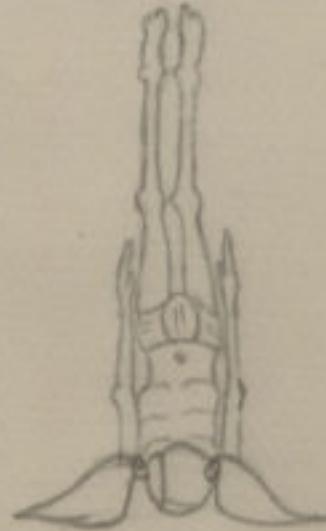


EXERCISES

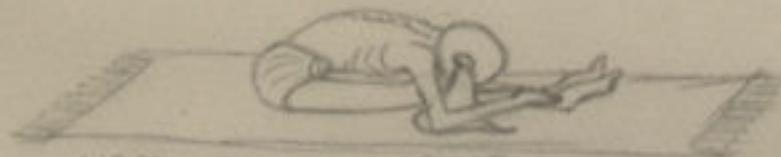


POSE
OF
A
TREE

BALANCING
SHOULDERSTAND



MR. DAIN
MAY 19



HEAD-TO-KNEES POSE.



YOGA
SPIRAL
TWIST

THE FLOOD

For forty days it rained;
The Ark alone remained.
The fearful animals, in their plight,
Shrieked with terror through each night.
"The Ark will surely sink," they said,
But Noah firmly shook his head:
"This Ark was made by the will of the Lord.
He'll keep us all, safely on board
Till the flood abates."

One day at last, the flood went down.
"Hurrah!" cried the animals, "we didn't drown!"
And when at Arrarat they did arrive,
Every beast was yet alive,
Out of the Ark they scurried,
And over the mountains they hurried,
And the last they heard was Noah's cry:
"Go out, good beasts, and multiply!"



HAS HERSCHEL A GHOST ?

I wonder how many of you know that Herschel may have a real live ghost?

Before Herschel was founded in 1921, the original old house was used for a period as an academy for young ladies. Little girls came to the house each day for lessons and a few of them lived there during term time and were well cared for.

One short holiday when all the other pupils had gone home, two little girls whose home was in Mauritius, stayed on at the school in the care of the Headmistress, who looked after them as if they were her own children. One evening, however, while they sat drinking coffee with some guests, the little girls played quietly in their bedroom. When they called for a candle, the servant brought them one and set it down on the floor. One of the children, leaping over it, set her nightdress on fire and her screams and those of her sister brought all the gown up to the scene. The child was wrapped in a blanket and every effort was made to save her, but within a few minutes she was dead.

The child's father was notified as soon as possible and flew to Cape Town to investigate the incident and fetch the child's sister. The story has a happy ending because the father, a widower, was soon convinced the affair was accidental and soon afterwards fell in love with the Headmistress and took her back to Mauritius with him to be a mother to his young children.

And most of you probably have never heard of the little girl who died in a room you all know very well.

Elizabeth Spilhaus Uv _____



Gillian Gain Lv

PEACE ?

He sighs quietly

He sighs softly

He sees far away

The dusk sky glowing orange in the yellow of the sun

And he sees the trees

Grow shadows

That grow and grow

And leap over hollows in the ground

And they reach his feet

And his feet grow cold and they shiver.

He sees the sky

Rush quickly down to the sea where it gently sinks

He feels the air brush his arm

And the night tread softly around him

He sees the sky

Looking down on him

And he looks back

But is jarred to reality by the dinner-gong.

Jennie Susman UV



Karen Jones Lv

WATER

A hot stillness broods over the plains and the horizon slips and slides in shimmering waves of heat. The zebra trots exhausted to the hot shade of the bush at the base of the hills. Suddenly he veers wildly in his tracks because the glare from boulders on the hillside blinds him. He stumbles on, crashing through the bushes to where a waterhole lies.

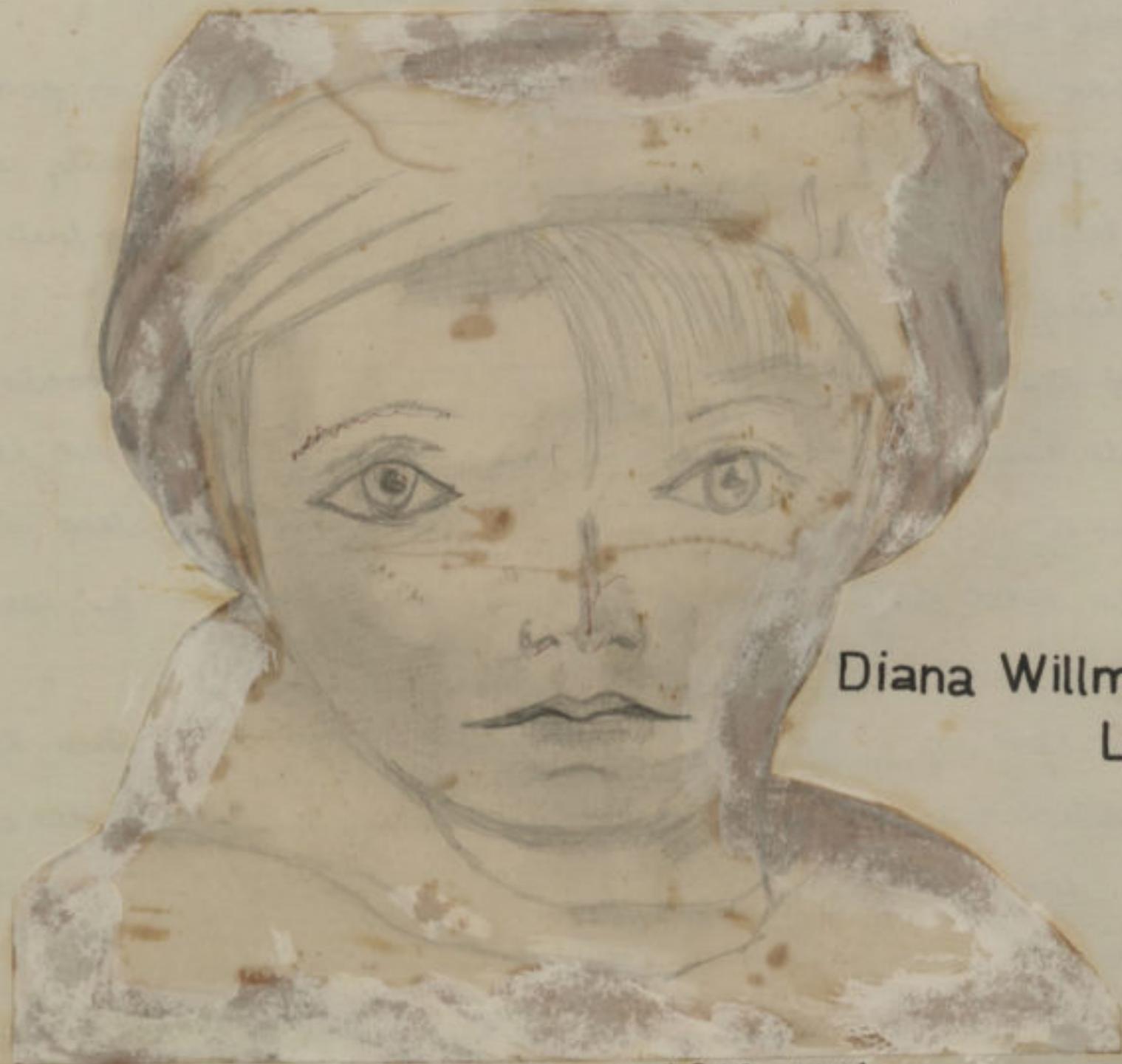
The sun hovers over midday Serengeti and the game ranger's cook curses the heat that brings the flies to his domain. Down the hill not a soul stirs in the compound and a little boy tries to get his mongrel pet to play, but it just lifts a panting, smiling head and flops down again.

The precincts of the waterhole are seething with parched throats, heaving flanks, flicking tails and tossing heads. A power has a hold over these unfortunates. The same power has driven them many miles with tiring, hopeless steps in search of an end to their dry throats and heated bodies - a seemingly futile quest, as hope gives way to drowsiness.

The air - it is cooling; cooling, cold - cold, water. His throat - water. A pleased alert grunt and a sniff ending in a snort. His ears are singing in the heat. Soon they will resound with a rhythmic pounding of water and he will be bounding to the waterhole.

The clouds gather momentum; they darken and gain weight. The great

dark mass moves over the land to the high hills, they are forced up, and then he is bounding through steam and water to the waterhole. From over the hills, from the compound, a great rejoicing cry rises and swells against the water falling from their great One's kingdom. The game ranger looks up from cleaning his gun and says, "That's my shooting trip gone to the dogs, Jan."



Diana Willmott
Lv



Fiona Baigrie Lrv

ET ENFIN (AND FINALLY)

Elle est assise au coin de la pièce,
En revant tranquillement d'un autre jour,
Quand sa vie même était plein d'ivresse
Remplie de la beauté, de la musique et d'amour.
En dehors de sa maison qui montre des signes de l'âge
Le vent fait frémir les arbres et les vagues ;
Des oiseaux doivent s'envoler pour un autre paysage
À travers des montagnes, des champs et des vagues.
Le feu commence à couvrir,
La pendule sonne l'heure
La vieille dame ne barge pas, elle est allée à son tour
Pour voir encore la beauté, de la musique et d'amour.

HEE-HEE!



