

# Jagger



# Magazine



1969

Jagger House Report.

Sport Reports (swimming, tennis, Diving)

Photographs

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5.30 pm.

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M. du Toit

M. du Toit.

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# COCONUTS

# Jagger House Report.

Under the guidance of Mrs Scott-Shaw this has again been an extremely happy year for us all. Although we have not had many Inter-house events, Jagger has been living up to its reputation.

The Jagger prefects visited Cayda with the jerseys which we donate each year. The girls spent a great deal of time knitting these jerseys and they were truly appreciated by the recipients.

Unfortunately Jagger's work has not been up to standard. As we have won the work cup for many years, I hope that this slackness will soon be corrected.

Much to everyone's distress Mrs Himing passed away on the 16th June and she will be missed by us all. She was a dedicated member of the House and we sincerely appreciate all her loyalty.

An Inter-House speaking competition took place at Herschel this year which everyone enjoyed. The three girls that represented the House spoke very well and our special congratulations go to Fiona Bairrie who was placed first in her section.

Mrs Boyes who has supported our House for many years, took leave during the third term and will be travelling overseas. We all hope she enjoys her trip and returns well rested.

Congratulations to the following girls for receiving their school colours, Susan Campbell (Swimming), Alex Adams (Swimming), Hilary Henderson (Swimming) and Gill Taylor (Hockey).

It now only remains for me to say thank you very much to Susan Campbell, Yolanda Labia and Fiona Bairrie who have spent many hours preparing this magazine and I am sure that you will all agree that they have made a wonderful effort.

Good Luck to all members of Jagger for the remaining year, and on behalf of the other prefects and myself, many thanks for your support and co-operation.

# Sports Reports.

## Swimming:-

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of March, the Inter-house swimming gala took place. It was great fun and was enjoyed by all. Our congratulations go to Rolt house for their sweeping victory. They gained first place with 151 points with Jagger coming second with 120½ points and Merriman coming third with 72½ points. Our thanks to Mrs. Gibson whose organization made it such a happy day and also our special congratulations to Alex Adams who won the Individual breast-stroke cup.

## Tennis:-

We won! For the first time in ten years Jagger won the Inter-house tennis competition. It took place during the first term of this year and all the couples played very well. It was all very exciting and the final results were:

Jagger first, with 28 points; Merriman second with 24 points; and Rolt third, with 20 points.

## Diving:-

The Inter-house diving competition took place with the swimming gala on the 21<sup>st</sup> of March. In the open section Yolanda Labia came second; Fiona Baigrie won the U15 section; and Perdita Newman came second in the U14 section. Rolt, however, excelled themselves and took the cup with 51 points while Jagger and Merriman tied for second place with 48 points each.

J. Newman.

← Swimming Team.

Jagger House 1969. →

← Tennis Team.



Jaggers at work.....



and Jaggers at play.....

# bridges.

Bridges in the metaphorical sense of the word, are the most intimate and beautiful bonds that exist between one being and another. They are those golden chains across which flow the intricate, complex thoughts of one man to another sometimes binding two human beings in perfect harmonious unity. There is the bridge of friendship, the bridge of sympathy, the bridge of love, in fact there is a bridge for every virtuous human quality, linking men from every range on the ladder of life. Without these intangible, spiritual bridges, man would be an inferior, unprogressive creature, for union is strength and across these bridges, intimate thoughts flow and men are bound together in unity, the power, strength and wisdom being doubled as thoughts cross these bridges which pour forth light from its spiritual force onto the sun and darkness of the human world. When these bridges are ruptured, man is left alone and becomes scheming, greedy, and everybody is his enemy. All virtuous qualities and virtues desert him and the fire of evil burns ardently within him, destroying, killing and isolating from the golden, welded thoughts. All the chaos in the world is caused by the devastation of these delicate bridges so that man foolishly acts on his own without the essential unity that the bridges bring about.

The bridge of friendship is truly a beautiful one. It is the mutual friendship between two children which develops and flourishes into eternal love. This bridge, if it were to be imagined materially, would be a little stone linking one bank to another, below which would flow cool, emerald green water. The water would be still and deep and full of feeling, and occasionally it would bubble over a shining pebble, emitting a noise like that of an infinitesimal harp being stroked by the long delicate fingers of a water fairy. The atmosphere would be still and serene and yet in that serenity there would be such (w) infinite strength and power that it would almost seem tangible. The trees would be old, twisted and gnarled but they would be tall and graceful. Their branches would be decorated with a cloud of leaves in delicate shades of green, which would whisper sweet, melancholy songs as they swayed in the winnowing wind. The little bridge would be quaint in appearance. It would have a stone fence on either side covered in a coat of rich green moss, revealing its age and its eternal job of

linking. The bridge was cobbled and grass sprung up through the cracks. It would certainly be durable and eternal like that of friendship. Needles of sunlight dwindled among the trees, and as the golden beams filtered through, they dappled the dark pebbles with glorious light.

The bridge of progress is beautiful in its own way. It is a bridge of brilliant engineering, subtle architecture and hours of careful thought, but is a creation of man, and man being imperfect, will create imperfectly. In the eyes of some people, this modern vehicle bridge possesses utmost beauty, especially for those who have yearned, planned and worked feverishly, but to others, it is grotesque with its towering pillars dominating the skyline, and its modern, undecorated appearance. I stood upon the massive bridge looking down onto the oil water which ran steadily beneath the bridge. It was early morning and the sun was sleepily casting a waxy, yellow light. The city slept calmly beneath a thick blanket of obscure mist, and although it slept, the involuntary heart beat steadily, throbbing with the warm blood of life. The upper half of the city showed itself above the cloak of mist. The skyline was not soft and beautiful, but hard and spiky. It showed the tall, slender spire of the steeple stretching for the sky. There were domes and countless grotesque sky-scrapers, in all the incongruous modern shapes of today. The bridge itself was a giant modern mechanism. The metal pillars towered above me, they bent and curved and then were strongly welded together, giving one an impression of strength. The road was that monotonous, harsh gray and the neat white lines painted on the road were too sharp and too startling. The whole architectural structure told one that it was built to serve its purpose and to do nothing else; but it had its own beauty.

Bridges all fulfil their purpose but they are delicate and easily ruptured, and then unity and all the virtues that unity covers, cease. At last, at the end of life's long path, man meets with the greatest bridge of all — the glorious bridge from this turbulent, mortal earth to the eternal light of heaven.

Yolanda Labia Low.V.

## 5.30 p.m.

5.30 p.m.

He's late!

Please, Lord, nothing's happened

The car -----

An accident -----

No!  
He's forgotten -----

He wouldn't. He never  
does.

6.30 p.m.

There's been an accident!

No, Lord -----

Please! He forgot!

7 p.m.

He did remember,

Lord. See, here he comes.

But slowly -----

7.30 p.m.

No more 5.30's, Lord

He doesn't love me!

Lynne Reid Low.V.

# believe it or not!

I have a tale to tell! It's a strange tale - possibly even an eerie tale that you won't believe.

It was dusk and I was riding through the forests of Tokai, the tall shadowy pine trees standing shoulder-to-shoulder reaching upwards to the darkening heavens. The forest was alive with the noise of the animal kingdom making preparations for the long, cold and damp night ahead. It had rained that afternoon and the dark blanket of pine-needles gave off a musty smell whilst the plod-plod of my horse's hoofs would halt the animals bustling about their business until I had passed by.

Rounding a corner, I suddenly stopped. Before me stood the most beautiful white stallion I have ever seen, looking straight in our direction with ears pricked. Flabbergasted, my eyes moved to the rider. He was attired in a dark brown suit of early Cape-Dutch style. He had long hair and fuzzy side-whiskers and sat upright and very still. In soft, well-spoken English, he began to tell me one of the strangest stories I have ever heard.

"Good evening. My name is John Cloete. On this day one hundred and five years ago, I was the victim of a gross mistake. I used to farm my vineyards on the slopes of the Constantia Berg and had everything I could have wished for. I was young and about to be married and I looked forward to a prosperous future. The Cape was a whirl of economic and social stability, but there was one black mark deep in my soul. I was the twin of an unruly, passionate and rebellious brother. Two days before the mistake of fate, my brother arrived from across the Orange River to visit me. I loved my brother and assisted him in every way I could, but wished he would join me on my farm. This would have been against his restless nature and he left me feeling deopendent.

It was two days later that a highwayman held up a passing coach and whilst he was robbing the passengers, a shot was fired and a passenger was murdered. It was I who was arrested, for it was thought by the survivors that it was John Clee who had done the deed. Oh! how I pity the mistaken, for in the heat of the aftermath, the justice that I thought existed, was forgotten. I was sentenced to hang on the very tree where the passenger had died. In my last brief moment, I espied my brother amongst the trees — he was weeping but was too cowardly to confess. Pity overcame me and I could not cry out to the crowd where the guilty man could be found. I passed into the next world -----.

I am here to see that justice is done. I have chosen you to bring this about. The evidence is in the form of a letter, written by my brother, confessing to the crime. If this could be publicised, my name would be cleared and my soul would be able to live in peace."

Transfixed, I listened to his tale. I thought I was shaking but, looking down, I realized it was my horse. Glancing up, I noticed he had turned his horse around and I watched him gallop into the distance.

B. Newman Upper IV

# enthusiasm

"Run! Keep going ---- hit it!"

The tortured ball hops a few inches instead of the required yards.

"A good try!"

False encouragement echoes down the length of the field as the white dust rises from the ground.

Danger approaches!

The ball's coming over here again — now we'll really show 'em how to hit it.

Steady ---- aim ---- the stick whizzes towards the ball with the strength of desperation behind it ----- and misses.

A disgusted hush hangs over the field.

Then someone laughs.

# the Waltz

She whirrs in a daze of oblivion — spinning across the floor with a swirl and rustle of skirts and petticoats. Her feet glide across the surface, barely touching the parquet beneath them. Her ringlets twirl in a confusion of time and space.

Barely noticing anything that passes by, she flits on and on, never heeding, never caring. The realities of the world are unknown to her gay mind, lost in the waltz of time. The music has long since ceased — she speeds on alone, others gazing on dumbly after her as her distant footsteps echo in the corridors of time.

Surely it must come to an end?

Surely.

# the flower.

You gave me a flower —

Sweet,

tender,

precious,

Ephemeral.

The flower died.



# headmistresses.

Headmistresses have motor-cars,  
Teachers go by bus,  
Captains have their tricycles,  
And never think of us,  
Sub Projects have their roller-skates,  
To help them on their way,  
But all the poor old S.T.D. 6 gets  
Is walking all the way.



Heads, they have turkey,  
Teachers they have duck,  
Captains they have sausages  
And think themselves in luck,  
Subs they have bully beef,  
And sometimes even ham,  
But all the poor old S.T.D. 6 gets,  
Is a slice of bread and jam.



Heads they have leisure hours,  
Teachers they have ease,  
Captains they do little work,  
And never wash their knees,  
Subs they are just the same,  
And all they do is shirk,  
But all the poor old S.T.D. 6 gets,  
Is work, work, work.



Heads they are married,  
Teachers are engaged,  
Captains go a'courting,  
Although they're under age,  
Subs they are trying hard,  
And sometimes they succeed  
But all the poor old S.T.D. 6 gets,  
Is boys with knobby knees.



A. Enkson Upper III.

## When will it be?

When flowers dance in the moonlight  
And petals cover the sea  
And we eat roses and violets for breakfast  
When will it be?

When babies are born wearing bedsocks  
And movie tickets are free  
And whales wallow in bathtubs  
When will it be?

When fishes fly in the sidewalks  
And pussycats swim in your tea  
And children toboggan up mountains  
When will it be?

When batman elopes with a princess  
And parents and children agree  
Maybe at daybreak I'll meet you  
When will it be?

H. A. Parry Lower V.



Fiona Baugh Upper II

# The ghost of Stellenrust

Stellenrust, the imposing old Cape Dutch Homestead in the Stellenbosch district, had been bought by a wealthy and ultra modern family from the States. They had bought Stellenrust to live in during the sunny Cape Summers. The house was said to have been built in the days of Simon van der Stel and that it had not been lived in for many many years.

Stellenrust besides its many old stories and fascinations, also had a ghost but it wasn't the type of ghost who looked terrifying people, in fact one could call him a "friendly" ghost. He didn't live in the house but often visited it, usually in about August or September when the old farm looked at its best.

When the Fritzcraekles (the Americans) moved in, bright colours and gay drapes were "splashed" all over. When the alterations were completed, it was decided that a party would be held at which they could make acquaintance (with) with everyone in that district.

The party was to be held on the fifth of September as that would be fifteen year old Caroline Fritzcraekle's birthday. The party was held in a large room which had probably been a ballroom, just off the "voorkamer". There were very many people and also many important people such as the mayor at the party, but the most important guest was Jan de Wet, the ghost.

When Jan who had been the son of the first owner of the farm, visited it, there had often been parties in progress. Once in about 1830 there had been a party, but that had only been when a few English officers had spent the evening with one of his nieces or nephews and there had been a little dancing.

The next party had been in about 1886 when the house belonged to an English family and the parties that they held were full of colour and activity. The couples danced as Jan thought, a rather fast and lively dance called the Waltz.

Another party was held in 1928 when all the women wore short dresses and had long strings of beads hanging from their necks. The music was most peculiar and it came from a round disc which spun round. The sound came out of a very large horn. At this party Jan had made himself visible and had joined in. Unfortunately a guest

at the party had noticed him go through a door and she had screamed and been so frightened that Jan had been forced to disappear again.

Many of the parties that had been held at Stellenrust had seemed strange to Jan but none of them had been as startlingly unusual to Jan as the party that was in progress then. There were girls or young ladies as Jan had known them, in dresses that were way up their thighs. Some had long boots that were also well above their knees. In his day men had worn boots not ladies!! The men ---- well! He didn't find anything strange about their long hair or beards, but their floral shirts and wide legged bell-bottom trousers he found to be most outrageous.

On a platform where he remembered the orchestra to play, there were a group of boys. I have just described playing queer instruments which slightly resembled a chello. So the music that was being made, the people were all doing most peculiar movements, some looked as if they felt most uncomfortable because they were writhing and twisting to and fro, so Jan thought.

The thing that shocked Jan most was a girl, at least that is what she looked like, standing on the platform singing, wearing a jacket, boots and trousers!!! Jan had never seen anything quite like it in his real life, and not even in his ghost life that he was leading now. After this, Jan de Wet has not visited Stellenrust since that shock, but people say that while the Fritzcrackles are not there during the winter, Jan returns and has the whole house to himself.

L. Torr. Upper III.



# Halloween

In the night so grim and dark,  
In the church and in the park,  
Ghosts and witches roam.  
In the graveyards corpses walk,  
In the beds there's frightened talk,  
That's what a halloween night is like!

I toss and turn and try to sleep,  
But horrid thoughts in mind are deep  
Of witches, ghosts and creaking doors,  
Of rattling chains and lonely moors.

Eventually sleep surrounds me,  
And witches, ghosts and creaking doors,  
Rattling chains and lonely moors  
Their frights, themselves can keep!

F. Stuart-White Upper III



# Dying.

Streams of bubbling babbling people  
flow through the fields of my mind,  
Lamppost-trees wreck my body,  
and prongs of pain vibrate  
and rack my sinews.

Hands, eyes, faces, swirl around me—  
"Shame," they say,  
"What a pity!"

And they try to get hold of  
my soul—  
but it's too late  
now.

My mother, my father, my sister,  
they fade in the mists,  
the mists of remembrance,  
and I rise, and step  
distastefully,  
over my body,  
and walk out to meet  
my life.

In Autumn  
Bathing Boarders  
Is war an unmixed evil?  
Down the Doomfontein mine  
Spring.  
The Lonely Hunter.

Maryanne Parry  
H. Henderson  
Susan Milne  
Susan Milne  
Flora Baigrie  
Angela Bottomley



# Jagger Prefects

# the city at night!

The city at night! Where does one begin? The bright lights, the milling crowds, the screaming brakes of a car coming to an abrupt halt before a red robot, the worn-out cinema porters, escorting the lavishly-dressed couples from their chauffeur-driven limousines, the hungry-eyed newspaper-boys vainly trying to sell their last five editions of the City Final, and the dark damp alleyways where strange shadows lurk and allow our imaginations run riot. All these elements and many more contribute to the fascinating spectacle of a city at night.

Of all the bright lights, the Christmas lights attract me most. Centred above the main road and built up around the Nativity story, these lights have been grouped to add to the atmosphere of a city at Christmas. As is the aim, they make one feel very close to the Virgin Mary and Jesus Christ in their humble stable.

When we walk up the street where all the main shops are situated, we stop to admire the scenes in the windows, cleverly designed to attract our attention. Everything is brought to life by neon lights, almost completely illuminating the city. When we look away from the city to the suburbs surrounding it, we can see the scattered lights, gradually being extinguished by Father sleep, the motor-car's lights disappearing as more people leave this heaven of bubbling lights and people, of the ever-expanding highways, growing out of the main body, the city. One is inclined to notice these highways only at night, when they are illuminated.

I cannot omit to mention the unpleasant part of a city at night which is not so brightly illuminated. Numerous homeless orphans wander around the larger cities, scratching in dustbins, beggars and tramps, lounging at the corners, hankering at us for 'uyf sent' for a 'stukkie brood.' One cannot fail to remember the road accidents that occur to both the motorist and the pedestrian. As modern machinery produces

faster and better cars, so does the death rate in road accidents increase. Many a person will go home and relate to his family the story of how a pedestrian, minding his own business, was knocked down by a careless motorist.

Although there are many black spots on the façade of the city, the bright and cheerful atmosphere hides these and I thrill just watching the people passing and admiring the many varieties of lights.

B. Newman Upper IX.

## to be alone.

To be alone!

To run in the rain,

rain, soft sprinkling rain

or beating torrents.

To meander in the mist

not knowing where I'm going

but it doesn't matter.

To watch the waves

beating the sandy shore

unconfined beautiful

the wind blowing my hair.

To see the sun rise

on a hot hazy morning

hazy and hot.

Is every man an island?

Or does he want to be

alone?

M. A. Parry Low IX.



Evening

fashions





bags

of

fun



Fiona Baugie Upper IV.



Yolanda Labra, Low V.

# Bloodsports should be abolished.

I will begin my argument by stating my personal reasons for detesting and hating bloodsports and I may add that this includes foxhunting, bullfighting and cockfighting.

Firstly, bloodsports give no satisfaction to the participants concerned, unless they are of an unkindly nature; and don't we all strive to achieve <sup>satisfaction</sup> from all that we do? Secondly, they give no satisfaction to the hunted, that is the bulls, the foxes and the cocks, unless they have suicidal tendencies. I am sure no-one would enjoy being hunted by a pack of screaming hounds and bloodthirsty socialites and then being torn apart by dogs, or as they are officially named, hounds!

Many people, as it is, disagree with the forms of sport that involve the suffering of God's creatures and therefore I will discuss this question of bloodsports from a sociological, humane, and moral point of view.

It is obvious to even the most hardened admirer of blood-and-thunder cinemas that, in real life, in the twentieth century, blood-letting, in any form, is anti-social. When we see someone mistreating a dog, a horse, or even a child, we stop that person and report him to higher authority. How can we then enjoy watching a bull, having been goaded by a metal spike planted in his shoulder on entering the arena, charge furiously round in the arena, trying to rid himself of his pain? - It seldom does, although it usually manages to gash the picador's horse with the result that more than five thousand horses are slain annually in Spain. The bull, now weak from loss of blood, has to tolerate another gash planted between his shoulder blades by the picador's sword. BUT the "kind" picador insures that this stab is not fatal, therefore the bull must suffer more. Officially this wound is meant to aid the matador when he strikes his final blow. I am sure the bull would get in first and

kill the matador if he was challenged under fair conditions. The bull is again handicapped by having eight banderillas planted in the muscles of his neck disabling him to protect himself with his horns.

Now the 'brave, courageous' matador is alone with the weak, defenceless bull. The popular, cheered matador then hypnotizes the bull with his cape and places his sword between the bull's shoulder blades. Down drops another well-bred bull who has also a right to live, as we have. No doubt, this final blow comes as a relief to the tortured bull.

In modern times, thousands or even millions of Rand to ensure that, at abatoirs, animals suffer as little as possible when put to death to feed the nations. How can suffering of the victims of fox-hunting, bull-fighting and cock-fighting be justified in order to appease the appetites of the spectators. It is interesting to note that in all modern Anglo-Saxon democratic western communities, these sports are outlawed. In Portugal, for example, bull-fighting is carried on, but, unlike the torture chambers of Spain, Mexico and other South American countries, they are bloodless and chiefly tests of horsemanship.

The third point that I mentioned in the moral issue, and any sport must therefore include the younger members of society; it stands to reason that any pastime, such as bloodsports, that involve the suffering on the part of a dumb animal must, by its very nature, encourage cruelty amongst the youth of the rising generation. I will explain what a child, when out on a foxhunt, will witness at the kill if the wily fox is unfortunate enough not to be able to go to ground because someone has stopped up his home with metal spikes.

Having cornered the fox, the hounds are encouraged to tear the animal to bits. Then the whips call off the hounds and the master goes through the awful ceremony of blooding anyone who has not been present at this primitive ceremony before. This involves cutting off the tail (the brush) and presenting it to an up-and-coming hunter, and then each new member of the hunt is literally smeared with blood on their heads by the master. Such is the gruesome

ness of this ritual that many of the riders retire behind the nearest bush and are physically ill. Luckily most times the fox escapes and we hope dies of old age. I believe that all the thrill of fox-hunting with hounds can be experienced without the cruelty of killing.

We have come to the conclusion that bloodsports are basically sadistic and they should be abolished to put an end to all the pain animals, especially bulls and foxes, must suffer for the enjoyment and entertainment of some sadistic spectators.

B. Newman Upper IX.

## **I wish.....**

I wish I could write a poem  
which expresses my thoughts so clearly  
that even I could understand them,  
which I don't,  
which is inspired by a jelly-tot  
and makes sense to my mother,  
which it shouldn't,  
which means something not only to me  
but to someone else as well,  
which it wouldn't.

There's something sad about a room  
full of people with nothing to say,  
like an empty bottle on the seashore.

M.A. Parry Lower IX.

# The voyage of discovery.

Vasco da Gama was the first European to travel from Europe to India by sea, sailing down the coast of Africa and round the Cape of Good Hope. Previously, all travellers had gone overland. He was born in 1469 the son of an official, and served as a soldier before making an out-standing reputation as a sea-captain.

After the death of Prince Henry the Navigator in 1463, little exploration of the West African coast was undertaken until 1481, when all the resources of Portugal were thrown once more into the effort to find a way round Africa to India in the interests of trade. This was undertaken by Diaz and he reached Cape Agulhas and the Cape of Good Hope.

The way to India now lay open to the Portuguese. They fitted out an expedition of four ships, filled with goods to exchange in India for the precious spices which they sought. Vasco da Gama was chosen to command the expedition.

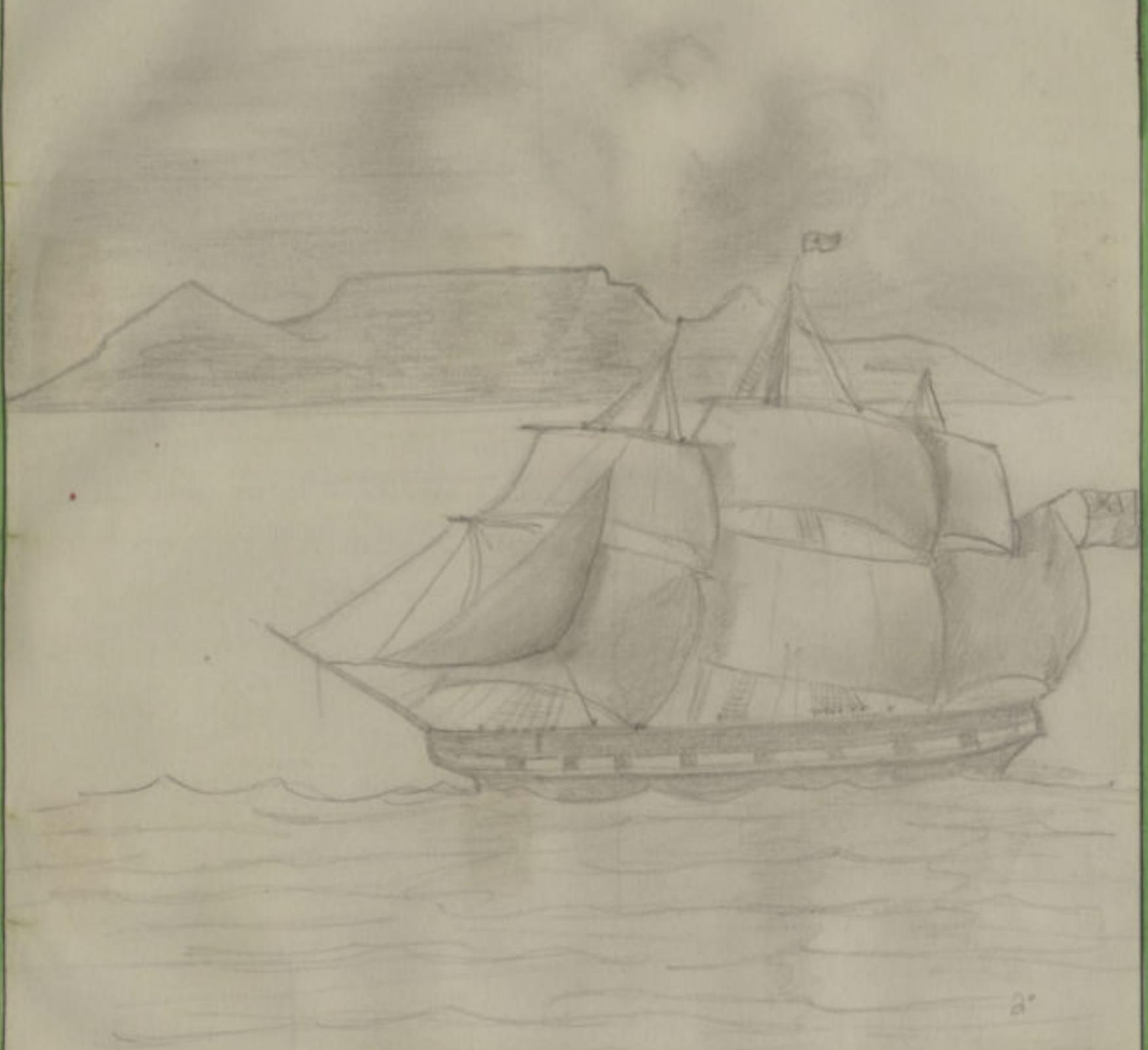
The fleet left Lisbon on the 8th July 1497 but was vexed by the tempestuous winds almost the whole way and was four months in reaching Saint Helena Bay. After rounding the Cape, he arrived at Melinde early the following year. Here he found a skilful Indian pilot who steered them Eastwards across the Indian Ocean and arrived at Calicut, in India on the 23rd May 1498. Here, because of opposition from the local Moslem merchants, and because the trading goods they had brought were unsuitable, Da Gama had much difficulty in exchanging his cargo for pepper and cinnamon. The people in Calicut became actively hostile, and at length da Gama had to fight his way out of the harbour.

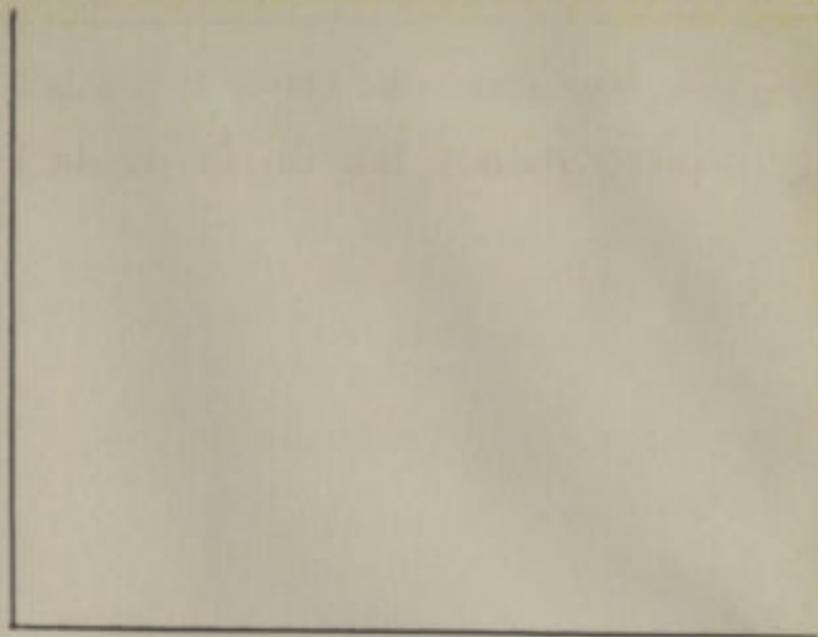
He finally reached Lisbon in September 1499 with the first seaborne cargo of spices from India. He was rewarded with a title, land and money. The fabulous profits of the spice trade, hitherto in the hands of the Italians and earned by overland caravans only were now open to the Portuguese by sea, and they soon established a trading settlement in India.

The Portuguese proceeded to develop their trade in India, and to establish naval bases from which they could protect their own trade and cut off that of rivals. In this a scattered empire grew up. By 1524 the administration of this Empire had become so

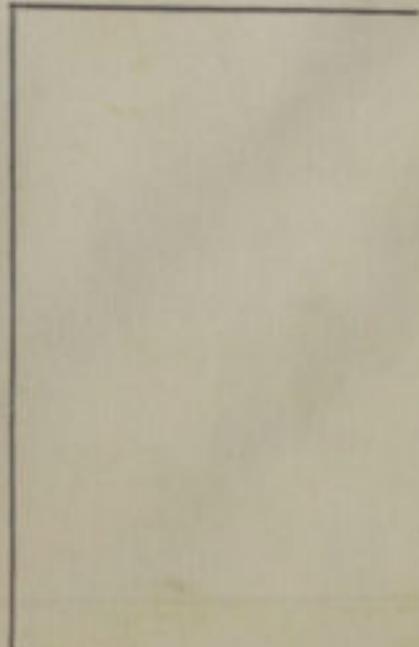
difficult that Vasco da Gama was called from retirement and appointed viceroy again to improve matters. But da Gama died soon after reaching India in 1524.

Jasmine Peet Upper IV





Fiona Bague Upper IV.



## sea.

Floating,

the sun seaking from above,

I gaze with wonder

at a world,

independent of other worlds.

Awed spectacular of a tableau

of changing moods.

Sea urchins cluster,

spiked,

purple,

waifs of the sea,

Defensive under rocks,

a shock for the unsuspecting.

And a fish—

little arrows of streaked silver—

dart

through forests of gently undulating seaweed,

long fingers of slimy green,

sinuously reaching.

The sand scuffles,

A pair pincers scuttling sideways

scuttles to the black shelter of the rock,

Hermits in their gloomy dwellings.

I long,  
To creep into a shell,  
and dream,  
surrounded by pearly spirals  
in a marble dome,  
Alone in a fantasy,  
enclosed by free.

Jane Phillip Upper IV.



G. Taylor Upper IV

# To him .

Brian,

I love you.

Don't say you know,

You don't.

It's all a dream; —

A dream,

An eternal dream.

You say you know,

You may.

I told you,

Oh I did.

How could I forget?

Yes, I remember now,

It was at dawn one morning:—

The morning star paled slowly, the cross hung low to sea,

And down the shadowy reaches, the tide came swirling free,

The lustrous purple blackness of the soft romantic night,

Waned in the grey awakening that heralded the light.

Still in the dying darkness, still in the forest dim,

'Till pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant limb,

'Till the sun came up from the ocean, dark with the cold sea mist

And smote on the limestone ledges, and the shining tree-tops kissed

Then the fiery scorpion vanished, the sparrows note was heard,

And the wind in the pin-oak wavered and the honey-suckles stirred,

The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,

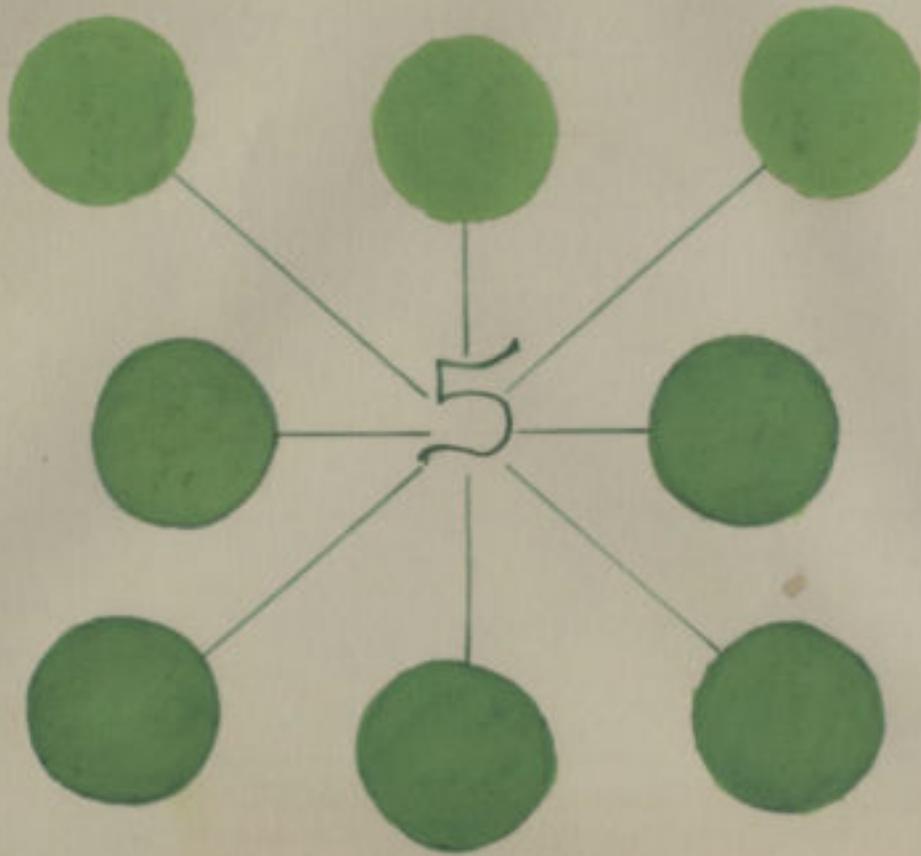
The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied nest

And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their sallow grey,

And burnt with cloudy crimson at the dawning of the day.

Janis Farley Lewis

# Puzzles.



Can you arrange the numbers 1-9 (omitting no. 5) in the 8 empty circles in such a way that the numbers in each line of 3 numbers will add up to 15?

1				2			3			
4										
	5								6	
					7					
8										
9							10			
11										
12							13			

## Across

- 4) The first man to split the atom.
- 8) The man who invented the electric light bulb.
- 11) The man who designed the 1st steam locomotive.
- 12) The inventor of the miner's safety lamp.
- 13) Italian pioneer of wireless telegraphy.

## Down

- 1) The man who invented the alphabet of raised dots for the blind.
- 2) The man who made the first practicable telephone in 1876.
- 3) The man who discovered X-rays.
- 5) The married name of a woman who discovered radium.
- 6) The Italian astronomer who invented the telescope.
- 7) The man who invented the first pneumatic tyre.
- 9) The inventor of television.

Can you think of the answer to the following riddle?

Make three-fourths of a cross,

And a circle complete,

And let two semi-circles

on a perpendicular meet;

Next add a triangle

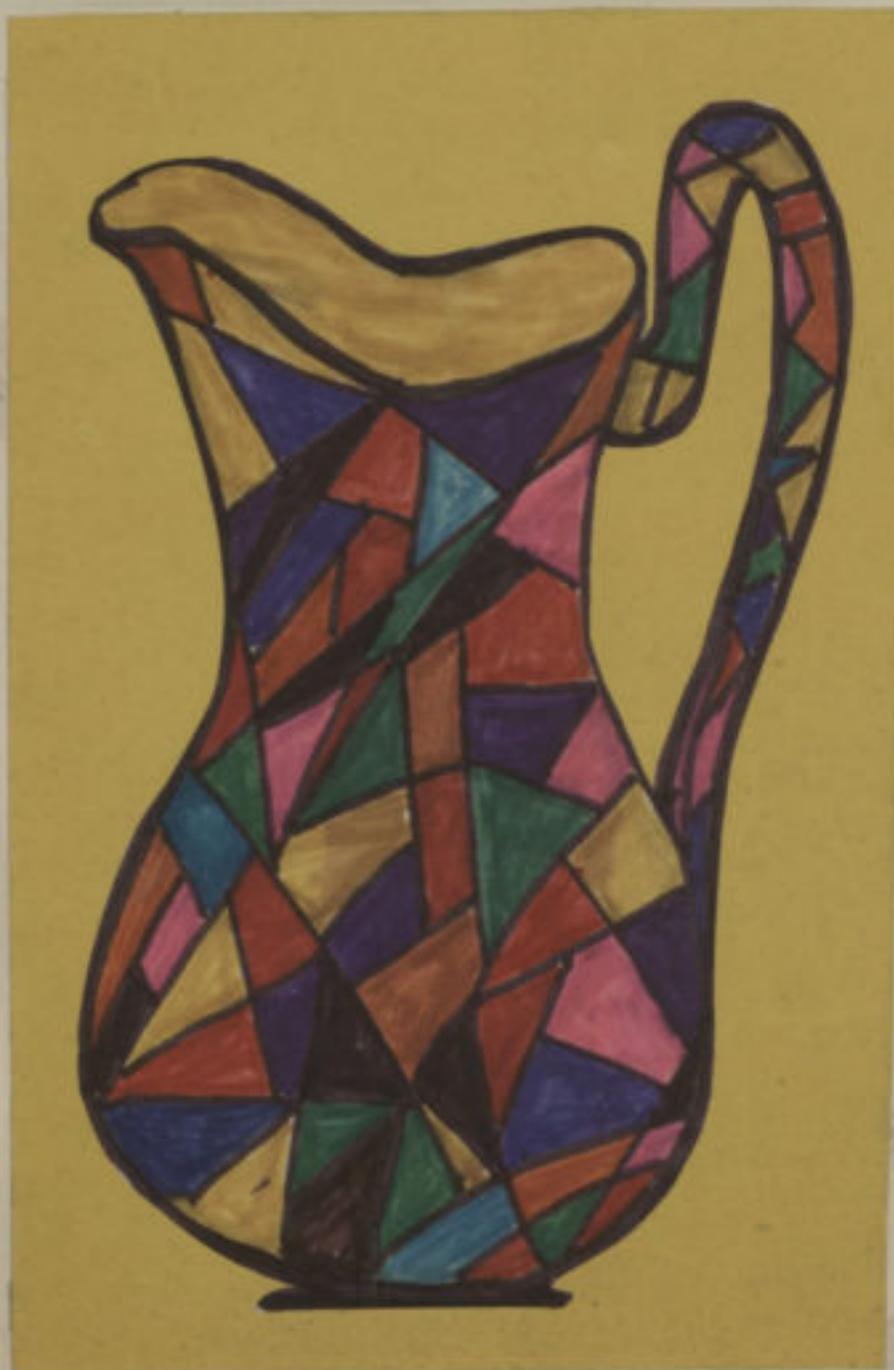
that stands on two feet;

Last two semi-circles

And a circle complete.

See answers on back page.

Jasmine Peel Upper IV



Linda Patterson Upper III

# Puro Chile.

Puro Chile es tu cielo azulado

Puras brizas te cruzan tambien

Y tu campo de flores barbado

Es la capia feliz del Eden

Majestuosa es la blanca monbania

Que tu dio' por valuarte el señor

Y ese mar que tranquilo te baña

Te jiro meti putoro esplendor

Dulze patria recibe los rotos

Con que Chile tus aras juro

Que o la tumbra será de las livres.

A. Harding Upper III



# one foggy night.

It was night. The sky was cloudy and the stars were invisible in the grey and slightly threatening expanse of nothingness. Even the moon was hidden, but appeared occasionally through a break in the cover, to illuminate the whole surroundings for a split second, only to disappear again the moment after.

Creatures, human or otherwise in that countryside had mostly settled down for the night but here and there a faint light like a quivering star could be seen shining from a solitary hut, or there would be a rustle in the gently-waving grass or even a sudden cry could be heard, indicating that some of the more nocturnal animals were still around.

Suddenly there was a change in the atmosphere and everything became hushed and still, with a lurking, chilly feeling of fear. Slowly, soundlessly from behind came a great mass of swirling, suffocating fog. As it moved gradually nearer, it enshrouded everything it touched with its evil, smoky fingers, enveloping their shapes until they were just part of the dense, choking substance. Soon the whole countryside was obliterated, all its character gone, the lights in the distance had disappeared as quickly as if they had been turned off, and everything now had a ghostly look about it. There was no longer the friendly darkness of a cloudy night, but an eerie, unfamiliar strangeness.

It was quiet, - so quiet that in the far distance a faint drone could be heard. It grew louder and louder, although it was still very faint, and soon too faint blurs of light, just recognisable as car headlamps could be seen. The car was going very fast and as it drew nearer, the wide beams of light from the two lamps formed an arc over the surrounding countryside, illuminating every leaf and tree, and giving each its shape again. Then, as quickly as it had come, with a roar it passed, to light up yet another piece of scenery, but to leave darkness behind it once more. In the front seat was a man. He was crouched over the wheel, staring intently in front of him. In the back was another man. He did not seem to notice his surroundings, but was slumped forward over the seat, a blank, almost questioning expression on his face. He did not move, but lay stiff. And the car raced on through the ghostly, grey fog.

A few minutes later came over the swirling mass. It grew less dense and gradually, unperceptibly it rose, and rolled away, slowly, back from where it had come. The countryside seemed to heave a sigh of relief and settled back in contentment, while in the distance, the lights of the houses glowed warmly. But the car still raced on.

# Deep Darkness.

Deep darkness  
Singing silence, dissolve all  
Earthly ties  
Drifting through film of  
Sleep, I dream of  
Distant lands  
Sound slides through the  
Stillness  
And as some Eastern charm  
Enfolds me, I  
Drift on wings of  
Misty Magic. Divine  
Enchantment weaves softly round ..... but  
Come brother...

The cock crows, the  
air is sharp. It is  
Sunday, and we  
must pray

Angela Bottomley Low IV

# the catch.

Slowly, stealthily and silently the cat makes its way towards the bird. See how carefully it places one foot down after another, how stily it looks at the unsuspecting bird, how bright its greedy eyes are gleaming, and then, without warning, it springs — a flapping of wings and a pitiful squawk — then silence. The cat retraces its steps with its victim safely clasped between its teeth — another successful day's hunting.

D. Susman Low IV



A. Eriksen  
M. du Jett. Upper III



# rain!

I like rain because I live in Kimberly where it hardly ever rains. When it does rain, it rains very softly and the water dries up the moment it touches the ground. In the field, all that can be seen for miles and miles is bare ground with the occasional tufts of dry, brown grass.

There are some very sad sights to be seen on the outskirts of Kimberly, such as thin cows with their skins wrinkled from the heat, stretched over their ribs. The ground near cattle-grazing lands is churned up by the cows in the hope of finding a blade of green grass to eat.

Just outside Kimberly is one of the saddest sights I have ever seen. The dam used for the De Beers washing plant was being used as a yacht club, but now all the water has dried up and all that can be seen is churned up clay because the cattle that graze nearby, try to get near the water. Often they don't succeed and get stuck in the mud so that they struggle and eventually sink in so deep that they have to be pulled out by a tractor.

There are very strict water restrictions. Every second afternoon only, gardens may be watered with a watering can. Our swimming bath is empty and the scorching rays of the sun crack the glistening white tiles. We have given up all hope of trying to keep our lawn from withering into nothing. A vast majority of our trees have withered away or been eaten up by ants trying to find moisture.

Then, all of a sudden the sky is overcast. The lightning strikes, the thunder rolls and it begins to rain. It is impossible for a person who has never experienced drought to imagine our relief and excitement when once or twice a year it really rains. There is chaos, telephones are buzzing everywhere. People throw parties and everyone is invited.

The rain stops; the scorching sun shines again. Gradually plants get browner and browner and our worries begin all over again.

# 'n Treinreis.

Groot opgewondenheid. Dit is die begin van die vakansie en ons is per trein huis toe. Daar is vier van ons Herschel meisies in die kompartement en al wat word gesien is vuil kouse, skooltrouwe en ander skool kiere wat ons nie vir ses weke meer dra nie.

Ons wag vir die Kwaatjesondersoeker en daarna gaan ons soek na ons gewoontlike trein-vriendinne van die ander skole. Daar is nog ses meisies van Rustenburg en twee van St. Cyprians.

Ons klim almal in een kompartement en praat van die gebeurtenisse van die kwartaal. Almal is onbesorg en die tyd vlieg vinnig by. Daarna kom die jong kelner wat lekkers aan ons wil verkoop. Ons koopmal twintig sent lekkers en koeldranke en gaan in die gang staan want ons ry by 'n stasie verby. Ons klim uit en koop tydskrifte om in bed te lees.

Die bedbediende maak ons beddens terwyl ons aan aandete is. Die eetstoon is vol reisigers, 'n Paar buitelanders, 'n ou man met 'n lang wit baard en nog ander families. Almal eet baie, daar is boerewors, tamatjies, sop, roomys en vrugte op vanaand se spyskaart.

Na aandete kom almal na ons kompartement toe en ons praat en sing. Omkrent henuur gaan almal bed toe. Om vier trek uit en klim in die bed in. Gou-gou raak almal aan die slaap.

Die volgende môre is ons wakker gemaak met 'n koppie „trein“ koffie. Ons bly in bed vir 'n rukkie en dan klim ons almal op, trek aan, en maak die kompartement aankant. Ons gaan nie ontbyt neem nie want halfnege bereik ons aan Kimberley. Die trein stoom die stasie binne, al die passassiers borrel by die trein uit en word ontmoet deur familie en vriendinne.

Dit is die einde van nog 'n treinteis en ons sê totsiens aan ons reisgenote tot volgende kwartaal.

S Adams Low IV



Yolanda Labia Low IV

# an accident.

My cousin, Michael, who is a naughty two year old, had come to stay with us. With him came his nanny, a big, fat, lazy, dumb nanny at that.

Our garden is enormous and many parts of it are wild and bushy. In more or less the middle of the "civilized" garden is our swimming pool which, due to repairs, is only a foot deep. One day when I was at school and my mother had gone shopping, Michael was playing in the garden and as usual, nanny was doing on the garden bench. Michael had found a huge, hairy caterpillar to put on nanny's lap because nanny was scared of creepy-crawlies and nanny would jump and scream and Michael thought this would be very funny.

He had found the caterpillar in the "uncivilized" garden and was carefully walking back, not looking where he was going, but deeply engrossed in the caterpillar which was slowly crawling up his arm. Slowly he walked into the civilized garden - where the swimming pool is. Step by step he went, not worrying where to look, and suddenly - SPLASH!! and EEK!!

Nanny woke with a start and looked towards the swimming-pool from where the shrieks and splashes were coming. Bouncing as fast as she could, she took a flying leap into the foot deep pool.

Michael, by this time, had recovered from his gay fall and was searching in vain for his caterpillar, which had gone astray, when nanny emerged, looking rather sore and swearing like mad to herself. Michael took one look at her and shouted triumphantly: "Look, thereth my caterpillar thitting on your head."

Well! there was too much confusion to describe the scene but as soon as nanny was helped out of the pool by my astonished mother, she packed her bags and vanished. "I wonder why," Michael had said.

F. Stuart-White Upper III

# Spring!

A quiet corner.....

Sunshine.....

Bright vygies near the pool.....

The water is alive,

Sparkling - light jewels

Are thrown silently

In the sunlight.

A warm breeze blows off the mountain,

Lifts the leaves,

And my hair,

Glinting in the light.

Wide open sounds

Hop around.

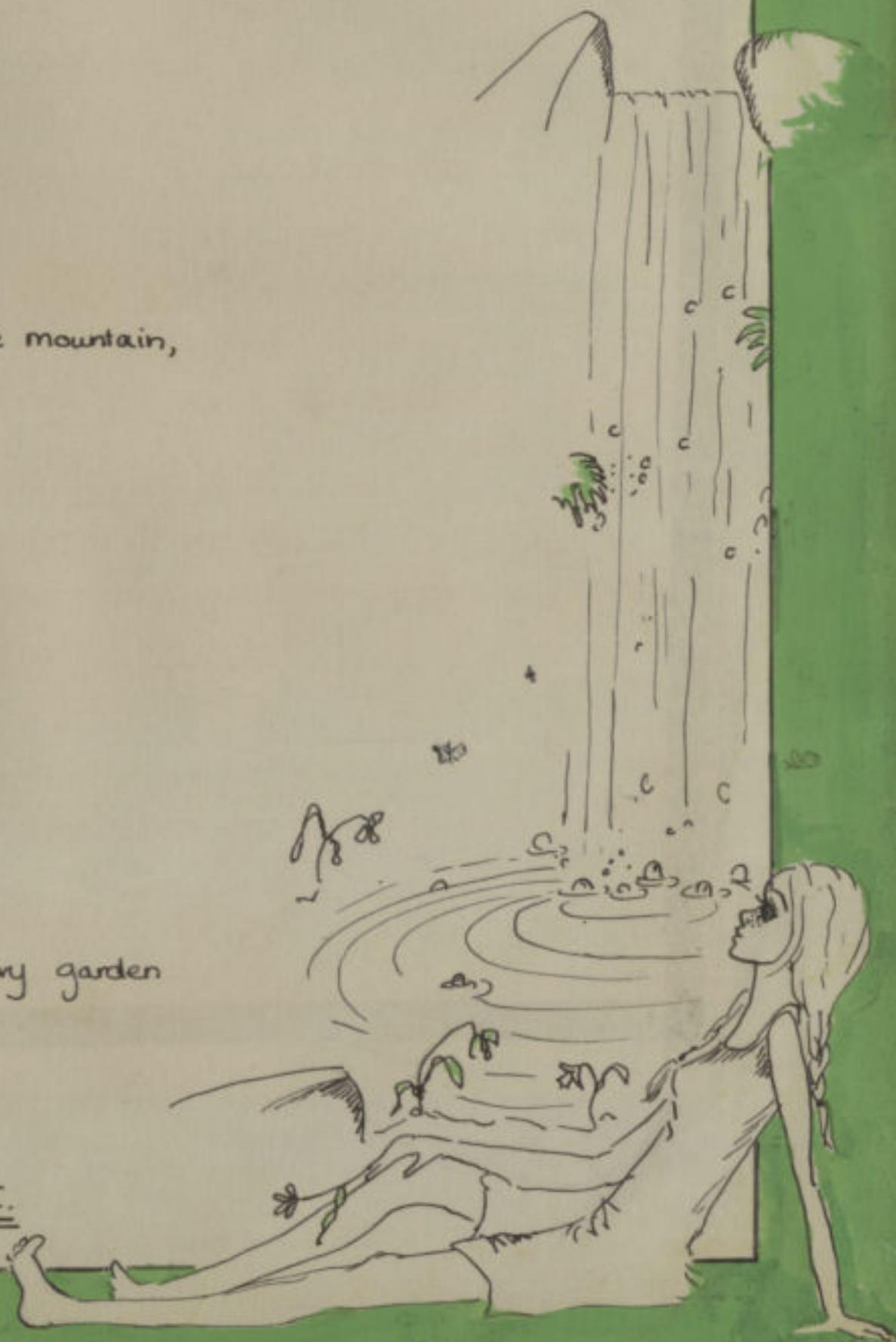
A monotonous murmur

Continually humming

Small birdsongs come from every garden

And hang in the air.

D. Willmott Upper V.



# Autumn.



F. Baughie Upper IV

## The further Development of International Relations in S.A.

The further development of international relations in Southern Africa depends, to a very great extent on how the Republic of South Africa handles race relations and economic activity. Since the Nationalist Party came into power shortly after the second world war, South Africa's internal policies have been severely criticised by the rest of the world with the exception of Portugal. Those who are against the present policies argue that "the races of South Africa are economically interdependent, therefore separation must fail and therefore an integrated society must be accepted." Dr. Eschel Rhoodie argues that "the races of South Africa are economically interdependent, therefore efforts to stir up trouble will fail and therefore the present dispensation must be accepted." Both these arguments however tend to forget politics.

Basutoland or Lesotho, which is entirely surrounded by the Republic, is dependent on us for their wealth. There is very little developed industry in this state, therefore, in order to obtain work, the people are forced to migrate into the Republic to earn a living. They take the money that they have earned back to Lesotho where they buy goods imported from the Republic into the state. In this way, the people of Lesotho and the Republic itself profit. The Africans do not mind working in our country because, although the standard of living is not as high as the Europeans', it is higher than in their own country.

Swaziland, which is also an independent state, is situated between Mozambique and the Republic. It produces mainly raw materials and has little developed industry. It is therefore in more or less the same situation as Lesotho. We get migrant labour from them and they import manufactured goods and foodstuffs from us. Swaziland is more involved in the Republic than with Mozambique and, as in the case of Lesotho, if we did not allow them to export and import through our ports, their country would never survive.

The Republic of South Africa is the only country that has been friendly with Rhodesia since sanctions began. Rhodesia is not enormously wealthy in either minerals or tobacco, and depends entirely on us for oil and petrol because of sanctions. We have great sympathy towards her but do not want her to go to extremes. Bechuanaland or Botswana is in the same situation as Lesotho and Swaziland. It is

not very industrialized, although cattle-farming could become quite important. The Republic is trying to develop all these black states and to raise their standard of living. It does not want to take over the government of any of these states, just influence them and spread development. If it does not influence them, America and Russia are waiting eagerly to take these states over, which is what our government is trying to prevent.

South Africa is the mandatory power over South West Africa, a mandate territory which was handed over to be administered by us when the Germans were defeated in 1920. S.W. Africa is gradually being developed so that eventually the administration of their country will be handed over to the people of S.W. Africa themselves. Every year, millions of pounds pour into the country from the Republic to assist development. S.W. Africa is extremely wealthy in minerals e.g. diamonds, and there is also a possibility of oil being found in the Namib.

Zambia has her own copper on which to depend and since independence has not remained on friendly terms with us. She exports and imports through Beira Saloam instead of Beira, and this is costing vast sums of money. At the moment, the Zambians are aware of problems in the future. The first is foreign policy - relations with the South, particularly with South Africa. Twice in the last year, armed South African police have been caught crossing into Zambia. The Portuguese have repeatedly bombed villages and there have been several cases of sabotage since U.D.I.

Zambia is non-racial, integrationist and democratic, while South Africa is not. President Nyerere, on a visit to Zambia, analysed the conflict with South Africa. He argued that "the racialists of Southern Africa will sabotage our efforts if they can... we are likely to experience attempts at economic strangulation, at sabotage of our new institutions, and - most probable of all - attempts to divide us among ourselves."

The future of Zambia depends on the course her foreign relations take. President Kaunda does not want conflict with South Africa, and Zambia is not training Guerrillas; the Zambian army is still largely under the control of Britons. The Zambian government has little liking for apartheid and since South Africa is

not prepared to raise the standard of living of non-Europeans to that of Europeans, and share with them the political power, Zambian/S. African relations will continue strained.

Zambia is likely to remain a country of liberty and order, with its non-racialism continuing. The future of relations with the South rests mainly with the South, and until S. Africa and Zambia are prepared to have a friendly relationship with one another, Zambia will seek her future in East Africa.

The Portuguese have sent armies to Angola because terrorists are being introduced into the country from Zambia and the Congo. These terrorists start riots and it is necessary for Angola to be prepared for any action taken against her by the Congo or Zambia. The Congo, like Zambia, is not involved with the Republic. It is interdependent and under Black rule, with the exception of the French Congo. Angola has also to be wary of the communists who have settled at certain places along the coast, and are just waiting for an opportunity to take over the country.

Lesotho, Swaziland, Nyasaland and Botswana give more liberty to their Africans than we do. Our government does not allow the non-Europeans a vote whereas in Lesotho etc., they are allowed a vote. On the other hand, the standard of living here is much higher than in the other states. The Malays, who are a different race within this country, are comparatively well treated. In South Africa we have Apartheid, which is not found in the other states.

The South African government, despite its political beliefs, is doing its utmost to promote trade and establish friendly relations with all the neighbouring Black states in Southern Africa, so as to retain their influence upon them, and to prevent them falling under the control of the communists, Chinese and other nations who have their eyes on Southern Africa.

S. Campbell Lower IV

Flower  
Box  
Florist

Phone 611

M. 130



## An Unforgettable Place

Little Gaddesden is the loveliest, most picturesque village I have ever known. Seven miles from the nearest town, it lies in a world of its own.

Our house was situated on the outskirts of the village and was approached by a bumpy, undulating road, which, after it had passed our house, disintegrated into a mere footpath.

In the spring, the village was so beautiful that it was almost breath-taking in the panoramic views one could see from the hill. Spring flowers peeped and peeked from under hedges. The Christmas trees in our fields all sent forth charming bright green buds at the ends of their branches.

Soon spring dissolved into summer and warmer days came. The daffodils withered and the buttercups and daisies appeared dotted about on the lawn like stars in the Milky way. The roses bloomed in an aura of scent. One field became a surging blue ocean of bluebells in the early summer.

Gradually summer fell from the trees in a mass of swirling, dancing leaves, which then lay like a carpet underfoot. The wind began to howl and the people of Little Gaddesden were glad to sit in their centrally-heated houses and watch the television.

Very soon after the falling of the leaves came the falling of the rain, and soon the falling of the snow. The trees looked enchanting decked with icicles and myriads of tiny snowflakes which fluttered to the white carpet below. A bird settled on a branch. Christmas came and the houses rang with jollity and the spirit of goodwill.

No doubt I shall see many more lovely places but I shall never forget that village.

P. Burnett, Upper IX

## a burglary.

There is a bottle store in a dark and dingy street in London. If you went there you wouldn't be able to take your mind off eerie things with all the tall buildings around you.

One dark night when the wind was howling and rain was pelting down, two rogues broke the window of a bottle store. They entered and began to drink some of the drink.

Someone notified the police. Coming through the thin crowded streets took rather a long time so by the time the police got to the bottle store, the two rogues were drunk.

The policeman tried to enter, but were showered with full bottles of drink. By this time the men inside were really drunk. They were in a gay mood, shouting "We young, we free and glad to be we."

After many attempts, the police sent in a vicious dog. For a while there was quietness, and then a shower of broken bottles was all around the policemen. The dog leaped back out of the shop. As a last resort, they tried a tear gas bomb. This time the men came out fast enough.

After a long (time) and detailed trial, they were both given a long prison sentence. They are now serving this sentence in one of the worst prisons in Britain.

Alex Adams Upper III.



S Campbell Low V.

# my home.

I live on a Diamond mine called Williamson Diamonds Ltd., but Mwadini for short. It was founded by D.I.T. Williamson. When he died of throat cancer, Mr. Oppenheimer and his company of Anglo-American bought the mine. It is situated about 90 miles South of Lake Victoria in Tanzania. It is about the size of an average-sized village, and the life of the inhabitants is very much the same as the villagers in any small town in the Cape. We all live in a sort of town, and the actual area where the diamonds are mined, is heavily fenced-off with barbed-wire. It is very carefully guarded. The men who work in the diamond area have special passes to get through the permanently heavily-guarded gate. There are also offices both inside and outside the gate.

We have a big house and there is a private swimming-pool just across the dirt road, from us. This pool is owned by the General Manager of the mines who invites a few people to swim there. There are also tennis courts near the swimming-pool. There are two other pools, 1 for the the Europeans and the other for the natives. There is a 36-hole golf course and also squash courts. We also play badminton in our club-hall. The club has a very big hall, a bar, a café and a few lounges. Fish and chips are sold on Tuesdays and Fridays. Films are also shown twice a week on Wednesdays and Saturdays. So you can see there is plenty of entertainment for us!

"Our" shop (there is only one!) resembles a departmental store. It is commonly known as the "duka" as this is the Swahili word for shop. It has a good self-service, a good butchery and vegetable counter, and an excellent dairy section where imported cheeses, milk, butter and margarine can be obtained. There is a section for clothes, cosmetics and toiletries

There is a shoe-department where all shoe-necessities can be bought. This is quite a good shop but you can't always get what you want.

There is a small primary school for Europeans; a large primary and secondary school for natives. There is a very big secondary school outside the main fences where many foreign professors come to educate the native children. The company educates many young African men at overseas universities and they are gradually taking work in the mine.

The actual "mine" is out of bounds for everybody who is not actually working. When you reach 12 years of age you are taken on a conducted tour of the mines into the "hodge" cranes and lorries. It is fascinating to see all the millions of tons of rock and the meagre handful of diamonds that are the result of washing, crushing and travelling long distances on conveyors or belts. The diamonds are locked away in a time-safe during the longest periods of the day.

The people outside our main fence are very primitive, live in mud-huts, and spend their days looking after cattle and cultivating mielies. The men still sell their daughters as brides and the price is paid in cattle, which is their main wealth. The water-supplies come from two big dams Songwa and Nhambo. There is a sailing club on Songwa and there are yacht races every Sunday morning. There are two churches, one Catholic and one Protestant.

I love my home and wouldn't call any other place home for a long time. I lead a fascinating life there.

H. du Toit Upper III

## Lamplight; rain.

Lamplight; rain

A wet gleam of a mackintosh,

Puddles glistening,

Domed umbrellas, darkheads close,

Gargoyles drip - dripping,

Gold cathedral candles glowing,

Moving shapes; -

Dark grey buses, great tyres squelching,

Sombre dusk - creeping,

Loneliness; a silence of heart,

Sad lost kitten mewing,

Hands reaching; safe sheltering warmth,

Lamplight; rain.

Elaine Charock, Lower VI

## the ghost!

I had such a fright,

one Saturday night

when they spoke of the Herschel ghost

"Wait in the boarders cloaks, till the light shines in from the old lamppost.

Down in the darkness, I crept.

For I could not have slept.

Timidly I sat there, on the staircase,

wondering if the ghost would appear in face

At last at midnight, there came a sound,

my heart first leapt, then started to pound,

Footsteps came closer, too close, too near.

Then suddenly, a new sound came to my ear.

I saw by the window, a shadow loom near,  
I watched it come closer, then stiffened with fear.  
I could hear a cough, though somewhat muffled,  
and tired, cold feet moved and shuffled.

I could hear the keys rattle and then clank,  
when from the window, the shadow sunk.  
Then I heard the watchman call out goodnight  
which happily ended a jolly big fright.

H. du Toit Upper III

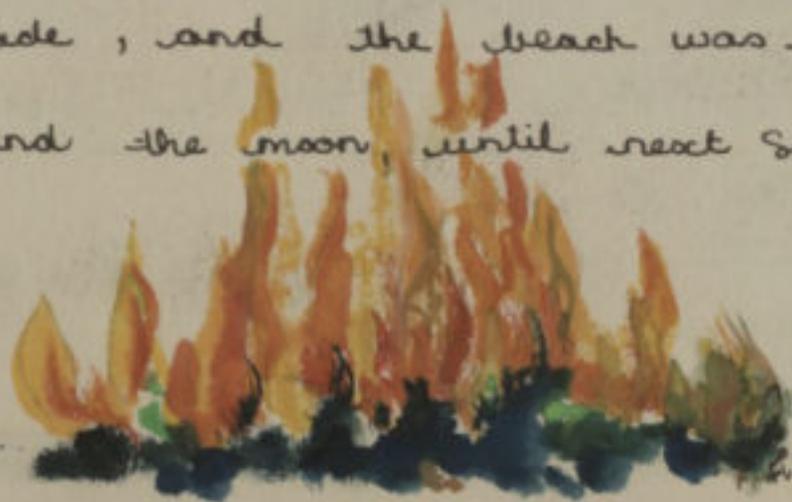


## beach flames.

All the young people of the town were drawn towards the beach; some walked with a light tread, others dragged their feet wearily along. It was the end of the vacation and their feelings were mixed.

The last rays of the sun shimmered on the sea, picking out the golden bodies on the soft white sand. All was quite. Night was falling. The air was alive with the feeling of expectation as the tall golden-haired boy prepared to light the fire. As the flames leaped towards the sky, the whole beach became alive with movement and sound. They were young, they were still free, tomorrow was another day. The guitarist strummed faster and faster as the swinging couples' faces were lit by the leaping flames. The moon smiled down and the ever-playful waves tried in vain to join in the fun. They ate; they drank; they danced; they sang.

A few couples began to make their way home as the fire died down to a flickering glow. The beach grew quieter as they prepared to leave. Goodbyes were said, promises were made, and the beach was left in peace to the waves and the moon, until next summer holidays.



G. Thom Upper III



## The staircase.

My heart was beating furiously.  
The wind tore through my hair.  
I ascended the steel staircase,  
Breathless and shaking.  
The rust-ridden barge jerked and shuddered:  
I lost my footing and hurtled backward:  
The steel bar was all that kept me safe,  
The dividing line between security and the dark, deep blue -  
I grabbed desperately for life and missed.  
The sea below was incredibly blue.  
But it darkened into deep black, -  
Deeper than black.  
My heart beat no more  
As I descended the steel staircase.

Lucinda Suckling Upper IX

## In Autumn.

The mist creeps upon me,  
enveloping me,  
a shroud  
Indefinite and murky,  
through it.  
Trees, vaguely etched on the horizon  
Beyond them, whiteness.  
The sweet musky smell  
of parched autumn leaves  
about me,  
soft and deep,  
comforting somehow -  
I know not how -  
as this haunting,  
ghostly,

nothingness  
creeps up on me.

M.A. Parry low V.

# Spring.



F. Baugrie Upper IX

# bathing boarders.

Puffing, panting,  
from the pitch,  
running, running,  
try and be there first,  
you've got to book one,  
or else wait long,  
oh bother, oh bother,  
run, run, run,  
up the stairs,  
and round the corner,  
the doors are all shut,  
oh bother, oh bother.  
Knock, knock, knock,  
"Can I be after you?"  
"Sorry," it's booked again.  
Eventually you get one,  
soap and flannel flying,  
no time for slippers,  
you run, run, run,  
turn on the taps,  
the water is cold,  
"Oh no, not again,"  
one, two, three,  
blue buckets of boiling water,  
it's like swimming in a puddle,  
out you jump,  
shivering like mad,  
knock, knock

"Can I be after you?"  
"Yes," "will you be long?"  
Oh no, the floors all wet,  
my towel has been confiscated,  
Here I stand  
"Can someone please lend me a towel?"  
ten minutes later  
you've all dripped dry,  
now you get dressed,  
and the towel arrives,  
"Sorry, too late."  
and the panting face drops,  
"alright, I'll use it,  
if that'll suffice"  
Rub yourself dry,  
dressing gown on,  
cord flying and bathcap off,  
you run off to dress,  
quickly get dressed,  
and off to prep,  
now sit down,  
and take a breath!

Hilary Henderson LowIE



Angela Bottomley Lewis

# Is war an unmixed evil ?

When one power attacks another power merely for the purpose of gain and conquest, without regard for the loss and damage it incurs, then war is an unmitigated evil. But to leave helpless nations unaided to face the results of aggression and violence as in the two disastrous wars in this century, then war is the only rational means of maintaining power and in fact is the only human solution.

It has been suggested that every generation needs a war for an outlet of emotions such as greed, malice, cruelty and vengeance. One would like to think that those who survive are maturer human beings with a maturer sense of striving for what is good and better equipped for peaceful living. Looking back on the curious effects of wars one rarely finds anything of lasting good.

One assumes that, when the Romans conducted campaigns for exploitation, conquest and gain, the subjected races learned something of an ordered government, sound laws and a higher standard of living. One wonders to what extent they appreciated these advantages or if they would really have preferred to have carried on in their own uncivilized way.

The Romans waged war on the Celts in Britain, but, although they remained for three hundred years, all they appear to have provided are relics for the modern archaeologist and a contribution to the English language.

The crusaders certainly checked the spread westward of the Turks and brought back to their austere homes a taste of luxurious living. This possibly raised their standards.

Napoleon gave to Europe a taste of democracy, an egalitarian society and laws in a form intelligible to most men. He aroused nationalism not only in vassal states but in others such as Prussia which opposed him. This nationalism led to the creation of modern national states such as Germany and Italy. In turn, however, this produced the German menace and two major European wars in the present century.

Spain at the end of the eighteenth century was still one of the greatest powers, however, in six years Napoleon reduced her to nothing. Yet the same wars established Britain's supremacy at sea after Trafalgar. This was to remain her strength through 1940 and created national pride, which was to build an empire.

Napoleon III was horrified at the numbers dead at Solferino. The result was that the Red Cross, which has done untold good not only in war time, but in any national emergency such as floods, earthquakes and famines, was established.

During the second world war the destruction from the air was a frightful thing, but it destroyed the old and the antiquated.

Dusseldorf is typical of a modern city built on the ruins of the old.

The emergencies created by war brought new techniques, which

are now applied in industry, for example atomic energy and power, and in medicine for example penicillin and sulphonamide were discovered.

The fact remains that, for many men, war provides interests, experiences and a knowledge of other countries, which a humdrum peace existence would never have provided. It provides the opportunity to those who have great potentials as leaders and for those who are prepared to take risks. Churchill was able to prove how effectively he could boost the morale of a nation.

Just as war brings out the best and worst things in men, it brings out the best and worst things of a nation. However the benefits of war are so negligible that they are completely outweighed by the evils.

Susan Milne Upper V

## Down the Doornfontein mine.

We sat down in the light green comfortable seats of the luxury bus which was to take my brother and I to the Doornfontein gold mine on the West Rand, Johannesburg. At 7.30 we left the station and after two hours of driving we arrived at the gates of the Doornfontein mine. As we stepped out of the bus, we were met by our guide who showed us to our changing rooms where we were told to change into white overalls, socks, enormous boots, raincoats and helmets, all of which were clean and easy to wear. We were then led, laughing and joking about our extraordinary outfits, to the great shaft where we were helped with torch lamps for the helmets and the heavy iron encased battery hung round our waists on leather belts.

Out of the shaft came a loud blowing sound and a thick spray of steam which was caused by the ventilation plant which operated down in the mine. All twenty five of us tourists crammed into a long, narrow, box-like lift through which shot the continuous wet spray. After the door had been locked from both inside and out, we started to drop at 2,500 feet per minute, ears popping and blocking up rapidly. The worried expressions on people's faces, a continual rattling sound and then suddenly we came to a jolting stop, 4,520 feet below the surface. There our raincoats were taken off and it was very

humid. The heat from the earth warmed us, while the evaporation droplets penetrated our overalls and cooled our bodies. We all shivered.

Then we were hustled into low metal covered carriages drawn by a small diesel engine, and we sat down on hard wooden seats. First the train moved, tugged, and then all the carriages responded and moved with the engine. For two miles we clattered, crashed, bumped and bashed along to the working face, the noise being on some occasions, unbearable. My skin was wet and rubber-like to touch, while an uncomfortable heat rose from in me to my cheekbones and ears. I was not then perspiring, well not as much as the foreigners who were unused to such high humidity. The tunnel inclined suddenly at an angle of  $30^\circ$  and we were taken up this on a cable pulled trolley which had stepped seats set at the angle of the incline to prevent one from falling off. After a long laboured, slow, tugging journey of the machine that pulled the cable, at the stop we jumped off and while walking through dimly lit passages, we shown how the natives drilled holes into the gold bearing rock, and how the sticks of dynamite were prepared. Everything was explained in great detail, all of which was very interesting. We all then walked back down the steep slope up which we had been pulled, and as the ground was wet and muddy, we all almost slid down. Having been ushered back to the carriages, we bumped back to the lift where we were given our raincoats once again. Above the lift doors, I saw in large red letters the instructions "not more than 40 persons." Here all twenty five of us were meaning about the squash, while forty natives pack in at one time, sometimes an extra two not able to wait to get to the top consequently squeeze in too. It was with great relief that we arrived at the top of the shaft to breathe the fresh cool air and see the natural sunlight, which was quite a change after an hour spent underground in artificial lighting.

After a most refreshing hot shower, we dried ourselves on crisp clean towels and were given a most welcome cup of tea and some biscuits.

After tea we were taken in the bus to the Reduction plant. We were given a full account of the processes through which the ore had to go before the gold was obtained. The ore first passes through a Bell crusher which reduces it to pea size. This is then put into.

sizes and colours within a time limit. A second test consists of throwing marked discs into holes with the same marking. A third test consists of assembling wooden cubes which are painted red and white on various faces in such a manner that the completed block is red in colour. Marks are subtracted for mistakes. Although this sounds very simple, it was pathetic to see the number of native men unable to cope with this test. However, those that passed the above tests with high marks were given further aptitude tests, and (s) those that failed were allocated menial jobs on the mine of pick and shovel. The aptitude test for the more intelligent is designed to pick out those natives with leadership qualities. This was very amusing to watch. Eight natives are lined up and told that they have to work as a team. They are given six square wooden blocks and a long pipe, and told that the raked sand-pit in front of them is a crocodile infested river into which they may not step. They are told to get themselves, the pipe and the blocks across the river, the idea being to use the wooden blocks as stepping stones. The team succeeded in getting a man on each block and the pipe to the middle of the river. They then ran into difficulties.

The last man was unable to salvage the last block. In doing so, he tipped the block and fell into the river. This block was taken away, which made it more difficult for those holding the pipe on the stepping stones, to proceed. At this point, the native who had taken the initiative was stumped and a second native came forward with the correct suggestion that they should move the last block forward. This was repeated over and over again until the team succeeded in crossing the river. From this it was obvious that the second native who had given instructions, had used his head and worked out the correct solution. He was therefore Boss Boy material. Similar tests are carried out to find the boys with mechanical aptitude. They are then given the tasks of machine boys, filers etc.

We then proceeded to the compound where some six thousand native labourers are housed and fed under very good living conditions. In the centre of the compound, there was a small zoo containing bantams, chickens, ducks, peacocks, buck, goats and monkeys. This is also a great attraction to those off duty. They spend hours watching the animals and this is a subtle attempt to instil nature conservation into them.

rotary tube mills and then into rotary rod mills which reduce the rock to a fineness of face-powder i.e. the powder must pass through a sieve with two hundred meshes to the inch. The slime is then concentrated in settling tanks. The water siphons over the top and the concentrated slime is extracted from the bottom. This thickened slime is put into vertical tanks where it is mixed by air agitation with cyanide which dissolves the gold out of the fine particles of rock. From here the slime is passed through rotary filters which separate the solids from the liquids. The liquid contains water, cyanide and gold in solution. The gold is then recovered by the addition of zinc powder which is filtered out of the cyanide solution, and placed in a kiln together with borax and manganese oxide which allows the pure gold to smelt out, and the impurities to float to the top in the form of slag. When we watched the gold being poured, the white hot pots were withdrawn from a white incandescent electric furnace by long tongs on an overhead trolley.

The contents of crucible was then tipped by two men into brick-shaped moulds. The slag could be seen as a red hot scum and the gold was light blue. When the moulds are cool, the brick-shaped ingot of gold weighing one thousand ounces is chipped free from the slag and placed in sulphuric acid to clean it. A cleaned bar was placed on a table for us to inspect, and it was impossible for me to lift although the male members could lift it about two inches from the table. The slime is further treated for the extraction of uranium oxide. The waste is discarded into the unattractive slime dumps which one sees round Johannesburg.

We were then taken to the mine Recreation Hall where we were given free drinks and an excellent lunch. All new recruits have to pass through a mine training school. They are taught the universal mine language, fono-opla, which all the various natives from Zambia, Rhodesia, Malawi, Portuguese territories and the various tribes from the union together with the Europeans, have to learn. Furthermore they are taught a standard set of names for all the tools and equipment used in the mine. Each recruit is given various aptitude tests. These are carried out in a classroom divided into cubicles to prevent the candidates from asking one another's help. The tests consist of assembling a tray (an) of nuts and bolts of various

Running free in the compound grounds are sheep and goats. These are the lawn mowers and those natives who have been herdsmen talk to the animals in bleats and baa's. We were taken over the native beer-making plant and the kitchens which are equipped with massive steam-jacketed cauldrons. We saw mielie-meal (putu), dry beans and meat stew. Each of the boys is allowed as much food as he can eat at any time of the day. All they have to do if they want more porridge or beans, is to push their bowl back to the cook who is ladling it out. A favourite dish is putu, beans, monkey nuts covered with gravy and stew. Each of the different tribes with the different customs and diets are catered for. Some are given fish, others raw meat which they "braai". We were given the opportunity of tasting their food. The raw peanuts were excellent, but I hated the Kaffir beer because it tasted like wine mixed with mealie-meal.

A number of natives carry on their own trades eg. boot makers, tailors and a large number knit their own jerseys. These occupations are carried on in their spare time and the more proficient receive a substantial payment. The compound houses are for bachelors but the mine also supply single houses as native married quarters for the more permanent staff.

We then alighted the bus for the last time and drove back to the Johannesburg station in the warm evening sunlight after a most educational but enjoyable day.

Susan Milne Upper V

# Puzzle Answers:

7/2/19

$$9 + 5 + 1.$$

$$8 + 5 + 2.$$

$$9 + 5 + 3$$

$$6 + 5 + 4.$$

Tobacco.

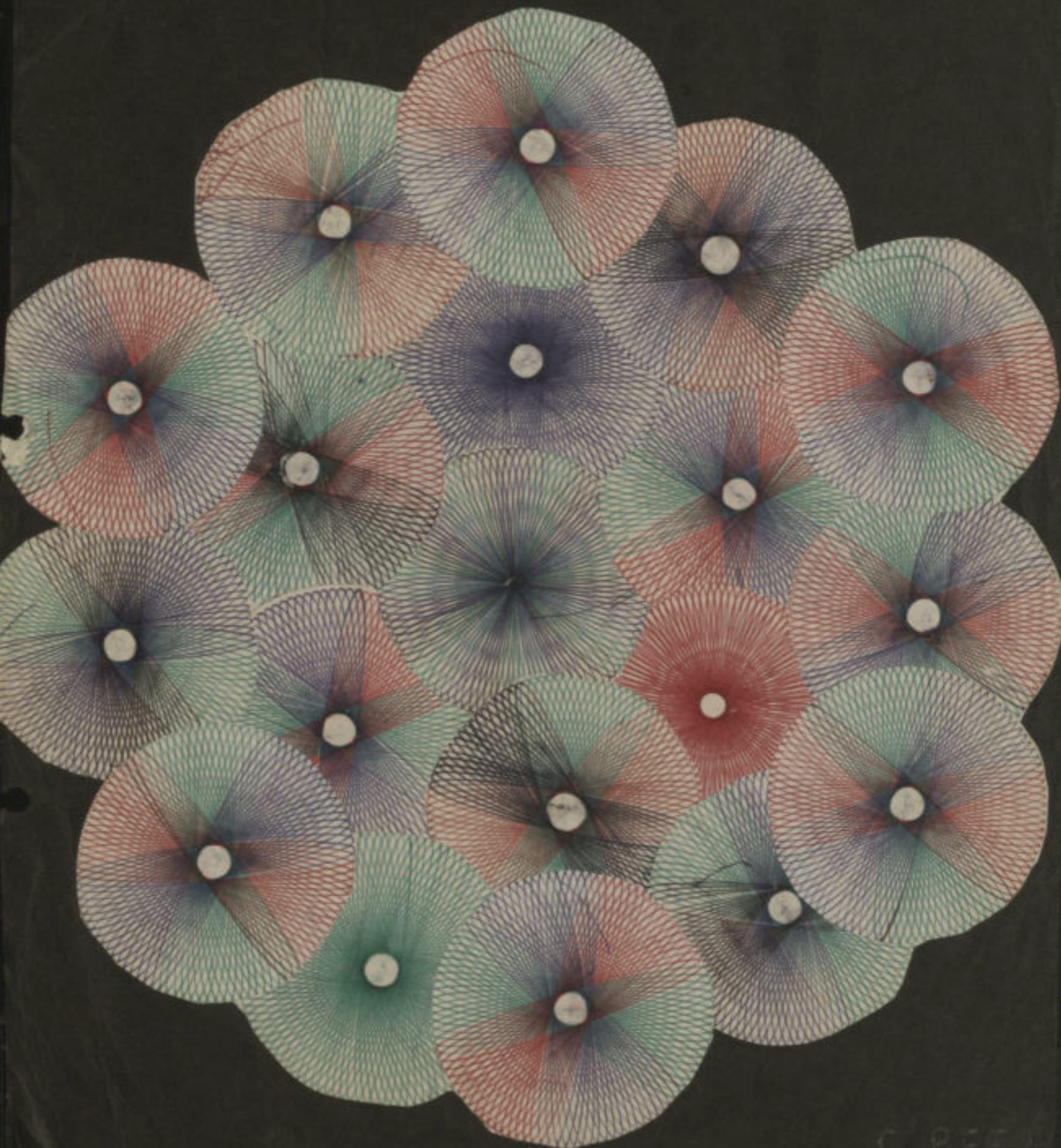
Jasmine Peel.

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ROTATION



C. BEF

Masks are disguises. They are part and parcel of our daily lives. Children donning monstrous faces of plastic, or of paper at a fair demonstrate this. At adult carnivals, the masks are even more incredible, but they usually hide and signify more than the wearers' identity.

Our whole existence is a mask. Events take place, which on the surface seem simple, yet, when considered, have many different aspects to them, so that the reasons for them become numerous. Human nature is one of the largest masks of all. We think in one way and nearly always act slightly differently. Man wishes to appear the type of person he admires, and changes his natural thoughts and actions to suit this. He might dislike another but mask his feelings well, and yet although he is falsely creating liking, the characteristic he wishes to show, he is <sup>also</sup> creating kindness in not hurting the disliked person, by masking his feelings.

Pompousness is often a cover for shyness. Man's nature, if shy or reserved, is to act the opposite, often disclosing his weakness by overacting. There are other causes, however, when bad characteristics are masked, causing bad results. This takes place in many criminals who are confidence swindlers or tricksters. They appear charming, and innocent people are harmed. Spies are another type of character who use masks successfully to bad ends. They betray those who trust in them, and often themselves, to God.

Many people who are thought to be eccentric, whether in manner of dress or in action, are just trying to hide their ordinariness. By making a show of originality, they try to cover up their weak characters. Shaw's characterization of the Squire, Robert de Bondeville, in "St. Joan" is a perfect example. He is pompous to the point of being aggressive yet he is really a weak character. Joan, herself, is a very strong character, and <sup>she</sup> needs no mask to control her comrades and soldiers.

Religion is the greatest mask of all, or rather, it is covered by the greatest mask. Man's achievements on earth are really God's, and every living thing on this world and its thoughts and actions are His, but how often do we think of this? The definition in every blade of grass, the complexity of each cell, <sup>which</sup> combined with others to form a whole, <sup>all</sup> so amazing that one tends to forget <sup>his</sup> its creator. Every movement and happening on earth, every breath taken is due to this same creator. Most events which take place on earth mask a deeper significance. Wars, the horror and cruelty they bring, tend to mask the evil corruption of the men behind them. While they take place we think only of the horror, not of the twisted idealism beneath, the <sup>unfortunates'</sup> horror and fear. It is indeed a mask for good and bad.

Life is indeed a mask, and yet, is it? For is not a mask the real way of life, and therefore not a mask at all? Would life be found as interesting and wonderful if all its secrets were freely exposed and worth their face value? I think not. If rough seas and mountains did not conceal their riches, but gave them up readily, if there were never mystery or motive to the thoughts and actions of our fellow-countrymen and contemporaries, life would be very monotonous and one-dimensional.

Even guessing the real identity of someone hiding behind a carnival mask provides a spark of light and enjoyment to one's life. If we did not have to search for the meaning of anything, we could never be content. While there are mystery and masks in life, man's mind will stay alive and alert, but once all God's secrets have been revealed, it will die, or become dulled. Man will be worse off than any beast, for their minds are <sup>not</sup> haunted by the need for survival and their fear of the unknown.

Masks, then, are in most respects good. There are occasions of course, when this is not so: a charming mask

The End



TRIAL SCENE FROM  
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

M. NEWELL

