

Rolt

Magazine

1971

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ROLT HOUSE REPORT.

Rolt ended last year on a triumphant note, under the leadership of Janet Graaff and her two house prefects. We managed to retain most coveted shield in the school - the Efficiency Shield. I feel however that we cannot rest on our laurels now and, during the next half of this year, we must do all we can to pull up our academic results so as to retain the shield. Congratulations to the following girls for their constant high standard of work, Jill Golding (Upper V), Ling Weseman (Lower V), Fiona McLachlan (Upper IV), Tjitske Post (Upper III) and Gail Parkin (Upper III).

Rolt managed to win the Inter-House Swimming Gala and my sincere thanks go to Jenny Simpson for her great help as vice-captain. Rolt is very proud of Fiona McLachlan who won the Open Backstroke Cup. Well done to our divers and with one or two more points next year we will be able to bring the Shield back to its rightful place - on Rolt's Shelf! The other summer sport that was greatly enjoyed by all was tennis, and Rolt would like to congratulate Merriman on winning the Inter-House Cup. Our thanks go to Jill Golding our Tennis Captain, for all her hard work and for her keeping the standard of Rolt's tennis up to that of the other houses.

An extremely energetic Inter-House event that took place at the end of the first term was the Inter-House Big Walk! This was held at Constantia on Mr. Louw's beautiful farm. The house that managed to collect the largest amount of money was Merriman but the girl who individually collected the highest sum was Sue Dowdle - well done!

The Inter-House Hockey that took place near the end of last year was very close and ended in a draw between Rolt and Merriman. We are proud to congratulate Jill Golding for her selection the third year running for Western Province Schools Hockey and Hazel Kinlay for her inclusion in the team for the first time. Inter-House Squash took place at the end of the third term with Merriman as the final winners. However we are determined that we shall do our best to get the cup back this year. The final sports feature of last year was the Inter-House Athletics Competition and I would like to mention Erica Bult who was one of the runners-up for the Victrix Ludorum.

Now to come to the extra-mural activities of the house. Again this year we decided to knit jerseys or blankets for charity. I was extremely pleased with the response from the girls and they gave in some beautifully handmade articles, especially some of the Upper III's. We also decided to change our Charity system this year and instead of giving all our money to one home we shared it out between four charities, which included the Home for the Blind and the Quaker Relief Fund. Rolt has been prominent in Debating Circles especially having Fiona MacSymon in our house and Ling Weseman is the Chairman of the Sociological Club.

A special word of praise to Cathy Caradoc-Davies who won a deportment badge. It is well-known that these badges are not at all easily come by and that they are awarded not only for good carriage but also for conduct, character and attitude towards the school.

We were very sad at the end of last year when Mrs Hampson and her husband decided to retire and to return to England. We were very sad to see her go, but hope that she is having a rest now after her long stay here. I would also like to say thank-you to Mrs Hampson, which seems so inadequate a word in comparison with all that she did for Rolt and the school, but I hope that this sincere "thank-you" will express how we all feel. However, we were very fortunate and managed to "steal" from Jagger, Mrs Brownell, who is now Housemistress of Rolt, and on behalf of us all I would like to say a very big thank-you to her for adapting herself so quickly to Rolt and for all her enthusiasm, co-operation and encouragement that she has given us during the year. We were also very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs Cove-Jones who has gone to the U.S.A. with her husband. Mrs Engels left to take up a post as a librarian in the Education Department and we wish her the best of luck in her new career but we have missed her very much and thank her for what she did for Rolt.

It now leaves only the girls that we lost and this includes, of course, all last years matrics who were such an asset to the house that we really miss them all this year. Eleanor Hooper left us to go to America where she will finish her schooling and we hope that she does very well there. We have to say goodbye to Carol Jenkin who is leaving to go to England to finish her schoolong. Our best wishes go with her.

Now it only remains for me to thank everyone in the house for making this year such a happy one, especially the Matrics and Jilli Golding and Jenni Simpson in particular who have been behind me in everything I have done this year. My special thanks to Mrs Brownell and the Rolt Staff-members for their encouragement all through the year and finally I would like to wish next year's matrics the best of luck and I hope Rolt remains the happy house I have always known it to be.

.....
Tessa Mallett.
Head of Rolt.

Hockey Report.

We began the season with a boost by beating Rustenburg whom everyone seems to fear, and we had success ever since.

Three of our girls, Tessa Mallett, Jill Golding and Hazel Kinlay were greatly honoured to be chosen to represent Western Province Hockey, and here might I add that they are all in Rolt House!

Last years Inter - House Hockey was played on a beautiful day, and what a beautiful day it was for Rolt, because we brought the Cup back with us.

Inter - House Hockey is always one of the highlights of the years activities and Rolt will walk onto the field with confidence and we hope that it will be an enjoyable day for all.

J. Simpson
Rolt Hockey Captain

Rolt Swimming Report.

The Inter - House Swimming was, as usual, one of the happiest and colourful days of the year. Rolt, naturally, found it even more enjoyable after we managed to retain the cup for the third year running.

We were very fortunate in having a strong junior and middle section and I would like to congratulate them on their performance that day. There was some outstanding swimming from all the houses and I would like to mention a few girls who swam especially well - Nicola Fouché, Jenny Dickie - Clark, Fiona McLachlan and her sister Margot. In fact Fiona McLachlan narrowly missed being "swimmer of the year" and won the Open Backstroke Cup and the under 15 crawl. Our divers were extremely competent and we lost to Jagger by only one or two points so I am hoping that the Diving Shield will be back on our shelf next year !

We were given wonderful support from the non -swimming members of Rolt and I would like to thank Jill Golding who, backed by Fiona MacSymon, was one of the most colourful and exuberant cheer - leaders, Rolt has ever had !

The Inter - School Swimming was nerve- racking but exciting and many Rolt girls managed to hold their own against Western Province Swimmers from schools such as Rustenburg and Wynberg. Rolt girls who obtained team badges were - Nicola Fouché, Morag Currie, Suzette Anderson.

T. Mallett
Rolt Swimming Captain

4.

Inter - House Tennis Report.

The Inter - House tennis this year was of a high standard and although Rolt was placed 3 rd in the final result, the teams played extremely well and provided strong opposition in most cases. We had four couples playing in each age group so that altogether twenty four of the Rolt girls were playing.

The tennis of the U15 and U14 groups was strong in the first two couples and as a result they won most of their matches. The other couples did their best and although their tennis could be stronger, they were still very difficult teams to beat.

The final result of this enjoyable competition was that Merriman came first with pts, Jagger second with pts and Rolt third with pts. These results reflect the intense competition.

Christine Moni and Margot Maclachlan are to be congratulated, not only on their fine performance in the Inter - School tennis tournament when they won their section but unfortunately lost to Rustenburg in the finals, but also for their outstanding tennis during the school championship when Christine won the 13 and under singles championship and then, together with Margot, won the 13 and under double championship.

In conclusion, on behalf of the Rolt Matrics, I should like to wish the Rolt tennis team lots and lots of luck for next year and please make sure that the tennis cup will be sitting on the right shelf.

J. Golding
Tennis Captain

MATRIC DANCE 1971.

The atmosphere of the matris classroom was fraught with cries of "I haven't got a stitch to wear" and "Two weeks to go and I still haven't got a partner". Various members of the class walked dazedly around, with corrugated brows, muttering, "If the dining room is 150' long and the paper is 6' 7" wide that makes two pots of green and three jars of blue" or, "ninety-eight people - thats 196 sausages and 2,972 peanuts", and unprepared visitors found themselves besieged with requests to "Get off that wet peacock" or "Have you got an Urn"?.

However, despite the apparently insuperable chaos the great day finally arrived - which we had been anticipating for the greater part of our school lives, and I think there were many who would have liked to have gone on anticipating it without its actually happening, but when we had all assembled at the Weinligns on Saturday night all doubts were dispelled. Vanessa's parents provided an enormous and really delicious supper for us, and these two relaxed and informal hours before the actual dance-proper, enabled us to lose any last minute nerves, tell each other "How divine you look, 'dahling", and surreptitiously scrutinise the other partners and decide that perhaps our own freshly-scrubbed and extremely uncomfortable looking specimens, dragged forth after much discussion, consideration and rejection, weren't so bad after all.

The hall, decorated with much hilarity, enthusiasm and cursing the night before, was quite unrecognisable from the long St. Trinianish room in which we daily partook of our macaroni cheese and jelly. Huge murals depicting our theme, "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam", (if that occasioned you to gape moronically and utter a bewildered "Eh"? - don't worry - welcome to the ranks of the now-enlightened ignorant), covered the walls, and our harem aroused much comment and admiration.

We danced practically non-stop until midnight, sustained at intervals by very potent Herschel punch and super snacks concocted by fond Mums, and eventually had both the domestic and the teaching staff gyrating with wild abandon on the dance floor.

After Tessa had given her speech of thanks - very ably and sincerely - we were served with coffee and Turkish delight, unable to believe that yet another so dreaded and yet so longed for Matric dance was over.

Jeanine Floyd.

Editor's Note.

I have tried to maintain a balance of light and shade in this collection of ROLT entries. Some contributions rather tipped the scale, so I ask forgiveness of the authors whose work has been excluded. They are included, however, in my sincere thanks to all contributors.

To my sub - editor, Virginia Sleigh, Jilly Golding, Tessa Mallett, Jeanine Floyd, Fiona Maclachlan, Shona Milton, and Gail Parkin a special thanks for their willing assistance.

Mrs. Sleigh, Mrs. Floyd and Mr. Wesemann typed these many pages. We are all grateful to them for this labour of love.

Ling Wesemann
Editor

8.

OLD AGE SADNESS

Her old shrivelled hands sprawled over her knitting, her watery eyes blinked behind her rimmed spectacles. Her swollen ankles and feet bulged out of her tight, high buttoned shoes. Now and then she would sigh, and rest her head against the cushions. Over her boney shoulders hung a crocheted shawl; limp and shaggy. The whole atmosphere was damp and musty. The cracked plaster and the damp dripping down the walls, all added to the sadness of seeing her.

S. Milton

Upper III.

Light and Shade.

Last night I dreamed I went to Highwick and for a while it seemed to me that I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. But suddenly, like all dreamers, I was possessed with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barriers before me.

The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning like a serpent, as it had always done. Encroaching on its borders, squat oaks, tortured elms and naked beeches struggled cheek by jowl while their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the roof of a church.

On and on the poor thread, choked with grass and moss, which had once been our drive, wound. Suddenly, however I came upon it and for a few minutes I stood, my heart thumping, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes. There was Highwick, secretive and silent, the red brick glowing in the moonlight of my dream, the mullioned windows reflecting the green lawns, the nameless shrubs and the placid sea.

Moonlight can play odd tricks, even upon a dreamer and as I stood there, hushed and still, I am sure that the house was not empty but lived and breathed as it had done many years before. Light shone from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and there, in the library, everything would be as we had left it - the little heap of library books waiting to be returned; the discarded daily newspaper; ash trays, with the stubs of cigarettes, stuffed cushions lolling in the chairs, the charred embers of our log fire still smouldering in the grate and Duke, with his soulful eyes and great sagging jowl would be stretched upon the floor, waiting for the thud of his master's footsteps.

Suddenly an unseen cloud came upon the moon and hovered an instant before continuing its journey. The illusion I had created went with it and once again I found myself looking at the empty, desolate shell, amidst the tangle of deep woods, which was the concrete reflection of the light and shade of my life.

But the more I thought of the sepulchre in my waking hours the more I resolved to erase the shade and thus illuminate the light of this old mansion. I should remember the rose - garden in summer, the chirping of the birds at dawn

tea under the chestnut tree - oh the aroma of those dripping crumpets, the piping-hot, flaky scones, the angel cake that melted in the mouth, and that very special ginger bread; and the low mysterious murmur of the sea drifting up to us from the lawns below.

However, on thinking back for the last time to the shade in my life, the moments of fear and frustration, depression, loneliness and anger - I am convinced that if I had not been able to endure these unpleasant challenges, feelings of happiness, elation, freedom and love would be completely alien to me and therefore impossible to appreciate. I believe this theory to be true of all humanity. Thus it will be seen that light and shade are essential components in the life of any individual. In fact, light and shade mould a person's character and therefore his personality without some hint of a contrast, is monotonous, uniformly bright and sombre. Consequently he eventually finds himself amongst the rejects of society.

Amongst this group of human rejects, one often finds painters, poets and musicians. This is because light and shade are the essence of a polished and accepted artist so that if there is just a slight hint that these two elements are missing, the poor unfortunate artist is immediately discarded by our critical society.

In the case of the painters, he either illuminates or darkens part of his painting so that his completed work will not only contain gradation in colour, but also some vitality to mesmerize the eye of the many art connoisseurs and critics. This intense interest in the effects of light was accentuated by the Impressionists who were often content just to paint commonplace scenes, as a result. Thus it will be seen that the modern artist is more concerned with the amount of light that falls upon the objects that he paints, than with the objects themselves.

Similarly, it is essential for the musician to be able to rise in a gradual crescendo, to decrease his tone in a sudden diminuendo, to play piano or forte, staccato or legato in order to give his playing some light and shade. No matter how brilliant a musician's technique, his inability to transpose his personal emotions into his music is easily noticed as the composition which drifts to the listener's ear is very dull and uninteresting instead of being colourful and animated.

To a poet, light and shade are words which both have a variety of meanings. Vaughan's "Friends in Paradise" shows one aspect in which these words are used as in this poem Vaughan is bewailing the fact that his dearest friends have already reached "the world of light" or Paradise while he has to continue his dull decaying existence in a "world of shade". Similarly, although to one poet the light of his eyes is a beloved person, to Milton his light is his sight which he eventually lost at the age of thirty-two - "When I consider how my light is spent ere half my days in this dark world and wide" - therefore spending his remaining years in the shade.

Thus I have found that light and shade are not only prominent features in my life but in the lives of most people, and, in fact, they are as essential to a person's enjoyment of life as water is to a sailor.

J. Golding
Upper V

A PORTION OF MYSELF.

Helen Townsend
Upper IV

I wake up: everyone wakes up,
I eat: everyone eats with me,
I walk, or work, or swim, or ride or anything,
and everyone does also.
I sleep: and everyone sleeps, because it is night,
I die: and nobody dies with me, for I am alone,
When I die, (on my own), I will find my true self
And ascend to Heaven.
This is what I believe.

D. Beukes.
Lower IV.

THE ARTIST.

One evening we went to an untidy little house in a remote little town. The walls were painted an off yellow and the roof was a dull red.

We knocked on the door and were greeted by a volley of barks from two scruffy looking dogs. A man came stumbling out of the door and greeted us with a hearty welcome. He was wearing an apron over some rather dirty clothes and in his hand he was brandishing a wooden spoon.

He ushered us into the sitting-room and then hurried out of the room with a bellow. Immediately an equally dishelved woman appeared on the scene. She was his sister.

After we had settled ourselves, the man hurried into the room with a plate of "snacks". His sister explained that he insisted on doing the cooking and that he grew herbs outside the backdoor.

He told us that he had been into town that day and had bought some priceless articles. They were two old coats, a pair of shoes and an old Rabbits hat. He had bought the entire collection for seventy-five cents. After he had paraded in his new clothing, he showed us some of the paintings he had done. They were softly beautiful with mellow colours, the complete opposite of what we had expected to see.

C. Moni.
Standard VIII

I WOKE WITH A START - IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

It was a cold and stormy night. The rain was beating hard against the window panes. Our house was in the middle of a forest encircled by darkness.

I was lying on my bed with the oppressing blackness around me. I could see the silhouette of the trees being thrashed around by the wind. The night was holding something that it would never reveal, only flashes of lightning broke it lighting up the woods.

Suddenly I was outside in the stormy night searching for some unknown thing. At first I was not afraid but something grabbed at me and I started running, petrified of what was behind me. Something kept calling me. I knew I had to go back home, but I could not. The trees began to move. They turned into all sorts of strange monsters lashing out their arms and trying to grab me. I felt so small, so very small amongst these huge monsters. The rain was pouring down, but I did not feel the cold, only the fear of these terrible arms lashing out at me. The little amiable streams were now fierce, thrashing the stones and creating a fearful noise.

Suddenly these lashing arms grabbed me, taking me into the sky, I screamed. They let me go, and I crashed down on the earth.

I woke with a start - it was only a dream.

There was an old dog in a manger
Who bit every passer - by stranger
But he fractured his jaw
When he bit at the law
And now no - one else is in danger.

By Gaile Parkin.
Lower IV

FANTASY
●●-●●●--●●

J. Floyd.
Upper V

Fantasy is the very far-fetched and extremely improbable day-dreaming in which we all indulge at some time or other- usually during a double Latin lesson or while standing looking particularly inane on a frozen hockey-field.

Fantasy is your mother's refraining from reiterating for the seventh time that you've ruined her last pair of stockings, that your room looks like the aftermath of the Isle of Wight pop festival and that you owe her \$5.00 for the advance on next March's allowance, and offering to buy you that bra-dress ankle-length, seductively-clinging, semi-transparent wet-look dress which you saw in the Market and which you know will make you look just like Marsha Hunt.

Fantasy is that tall and absolutely divine long-haired male wearing these beautiful burgundy crushed velvet trousers and cream silk peasant shirt, who dances with you all evening and sends you six long-stemmed red roses and passionate declarations of eternal love everyday. It is looking as though you're having the time of your life standing against the wall at 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 and 12.30 as one by one each of your infinitely less beautiful, charming and witty companions is swept off by some #denis. It is standing looking sophisticated and nonchalantly smoking a long elegant cigarette without choking to death or weeping smokey, mascara tears and smiling a happily spontaneous yet enigmatic smile which doesn't look like a horrific grimace of agony.

Fantasy is being as self-possessed and confident as every other seventeen-year-old schoolgirl seems to be. It is passing Latin with distinction, the abolition of all sport, and marrying a kind, gentle and intelligent Omar-Shariflike millionaire, having six beautiful, clever and well-behaved children and living in a Mediterranean paradise.

Fantasy is being able to write a stunningly profound and witty essay on a subject which leaves one's mind totally devoid of any profundity and wit.

Fantasy is love, peace and contentment; fantasy is Utopia.

Reise na die maan word Werklikheid.

Vir eeue het die mens verskeie bespiegelings omtrent die inhoud van die maan gehad. Die Grieke en Romeine het geglo dat maan 'n godin was en het haar aanbid. Selfs in die Middeleeue het die Christene geglo dat die maan bonatuurlike krag besit het, veral die volmaan. Die maan het 'n groot sielkundige invloed op die mense gehad en baie digters het oor hierdie onderwerp geskryf.

Die beplanning van 'n reis na die maan vat baie lank en die onkoste beloop miljoene der miljoene rand. Die voertuig moet natuurlik teen geweldige spanning kan funksioneer en stof waarvan dit gemaak is moet geweldige hitte en gevaarlike X - strale kan weerstaan ; 'n spesiale plofbare bradstof word gebruik vir die vuurpyle wat as aandryfsmeganisme dien. Die voertuig moet teen geweldige spoed kan gaan en het baie krag nodig om die aarde te verlaat.

Personeel moet spesiaal voorberei word. Hulle moet sielkundig aanpas by die idee van gewigloosheid en dat hulle in 'n klein ruimte moet rondbeweeg.

Vir die landing op die maan het hulle ook 'n spesiale voertuig nodig en aangesien daar nie genoeg suurstof op die maan is nie moet die ruimtevaarder ook dié saamneem.

Die eerste man wat ook in die ruimte om die aarde was, was Yuri Gagarin op die 21ste April 1961. Hy het in werteling om die aarde gegaan en een keer omgereis. Van toe af kompeteer Rusland en die verenigde State van Amerika metmekaar. Die doel - om eers op die maan te land. Die maan kan as seinsenter dien en televisie- en radio-kommunikasie verbeter. Die maan is ook van groot militêre belang aangesien die hele aarde hiervandaan gedek kan word. Daar mag ook waardevolle mineral op die maan wees.

Op die twintigste Julie 1969, is hierdie droom bewaarheid. Die mens het op die maan gestap. Die V.S.A. het eerste by die maan gekom. Drie mans, Niel S. Armstrong, Edwin E. Aldrin jr. en Michael Collins is opgestuur in die Apollo 11. Collins het in die ruimteskip wat in werteling om die maan was gebly, en Armstrong en Aldrin het in die "Eagle" na die maan gedaal.

Armstrong het die historiese woorde gesê "That's one small step vor a man, one giant step for mankind."

Sederdien het nog twee mans op die maan geloop maar nooit weer sal die wonderlike oomblik herhaal word toe mens kon sê "Die eerste man op die maan het geland."

Noudat die maan bereik is sal dit seker deeglik ondersoek word om die moontlikheid van bevolking uit te vind. Miskien sal ons eendag kan sê, "Ek gaan dié Desember vakansie maan toe," maar seker nog nie vir 'n lang tyd nie.

Die aandag sal seker geleidlik van die maan na ander planete soos Mars of Venus skuif, wanneer die misterie wat die maan eers omhul het as heeltemal onwaar bewys word.

H. Muller
Lower V

C. Meni.
Standard VI.

SOLITUDE.

The fields and meadows call me,
why is it that I get this feeling,
I want to look and hear nothing
but the country and nature.

The valley is deep and nestled
between the hills,
I am far from my village,
I cannot see or hear it.

The church-bells ring the hours,
they call me and tell me,
it's late please return,
but I want to dedicate and watch nature.

An hour passes,
the bells cry out, deep and melancholy,
return oh return,
I can't draw myself from the beauty and stillness.

Everything is relaxed,
I will return back to civilization,
Oh, to live as a hermit in the country,
to enjoy the outside and country which
God created for us.

Bridges

When I think of bridges, the first ones that enter my mind are those along the Happy Valley road. A broad stream flows through this valley and as the narrow gravel road winds its way along, through the rich farmlands, the stream has to be crossed at several places.

The first bridge is where the native women from the farms do their washing. The climb down to the swiftly-flowing stream with their large bundles of washing flung over a shoulder, bonny babies tied to their backs, and little toddlers holding their hands. Whilst the women are kneeling by the water's edge, energetically scrubbing away, the older children play in the water and the babies lie happily in the soft green grass. When the washing is done, the gay bits of clothing are hung onto the barbed-wire fence, next to the bridge, to dry in the warm morning sun.

The next bridge is a low, concrete one. At this point, the flow of the otherwise smooth stream, is obstructed by several boulders which causes the clear, brown mountain water to froth and leap as it hurries by. Beautiful old willow trees hang their graceful, soft branches into the rushing stream and small green leaves are torn off them and are tossed over the rough surface of the water like a small ship in a typhoon. I have often stood on that bridge to watch the busy, bright yellow weaver birds, skilfully building their nests which are rocked gently as a light breeze passes through the willow branches.

At the last bridge, along the banks of the stream, long reeds are swept by the flow of the water, and, sheltered behind these reeds live otters, whose presence is betrayed by the smooth paths their little bodies have worn into the mud banks. Although I have never seen any otters there, the thought of those busy little creatures living safely in the reeds, has always added a hidden charm for me. Next to the bridge, in a paddock, where one can see hundreds of European storks in the summer months, I have often seen a champion Charolais bull, standing by the gate waiting for his food, and contentedly watching the little native boys at play with their wire cars on the bridge.

The three bridges I have mentioned are my favourites, but I also remember bridges from overseas, the Ponte Vecchio in Florence for example, which we visited on a school camping trip to Italy. As we walked over this picturesque bridge with all its fascinating little souvenir shops, we were, according to old custom, allowed to call our teachers by their Christian names.

The most beautiful bridge in Switzerland is the one in Lucerne. It is made of wood and has a roof and looks like a long building stretching from one bank of the river mouth to the other. As one walks over it, one can hear the old floor boards creaking, and through the wide cracks one can see the blue water of the lake. The second Swiss bridge I think of has no name, but it is high up in the Alps. We crossed it in winter when the snow was packed two feet above the railing. To the left of the bridges was a frozen waterfall and the long icicles glistened and sparkled in the cold winter sunlight. Snow covered the river bed and here and there, as a breeze flitted by, bits of snow from the surrounding pines would plop lightly into the powdery snow below.

L. Wesemann
Lower V

Gwen Makepeace.
Upper IV.

MY FIRST HEARTBREAK.

The sun was fiery on my shoulders and my nose was stinging. I stretched out on the lawn and wondered why Blackie had not come for the lunch left-overs.

Blackie was my favourite kitten. I called her Blackie because she was the only one of the litter who had not a single speck of black on her at all.

Blackie and I had become very close in the four months of her life. We often had wrestling matches and played games together, and I loved her in my own childish sort of way because she was so tolerant and so understanding. Whenever I was sad I could just bury my face in her fur and cry, and her soft warmth would comfort me.

She was very clever too. I had taught her to swim after a fashion. When I put her in the little round swimming pool she would paddle and thrash around frantically until I lifted her out again. I used to love that, especially afterwards when she would shake herself over and over again, and sneeze lots of times in a row. I loved to watch her sneezing, that was why I had put her in again that morning.

But my mother always seemed to spoil everything. When Blackie and I were enjoying ourselves in the pool she called me, and I had to leave Blackie while I went to buy a loaf of bread at the café. By the time I came back I didn't feel like playing in the water so I went and played with my dolls. We had our lunch outside. I enjoyed picnics, but I wished Blackie had come to join us at lunch as he usually did.

So I decided to go and find Blackie. I went off to the swimming pool. A creamy-coloured object was slowly floating around on the ripples as the breeze played with the water. I leaned over and picked it up. It was cold and soft, and Blackie's bedraggled body lay limp in my arms. I shook her fiercely, but she remained motionless.

Suddenly the realisation came to me and I began to scream. I squeezed the soft, wet bundle tight against my body and huge tears burned their way down my cheeks. My Blackie was dead. I would never be able to play with her again. A horrible feeling of emptiness came over me. Then I buried my face in her soft fur and cried out my misery for the last time.

Kinds of Love.

K. Caradoc Davies
Upper IV

Love, as Joan Walsh Anglund describes it, is "a very special way of feeling". It could be a feeling of appreciation for beauty or a feeling of satisfaction when we help someone who needs us, or else a deep feeling for someone else. There are many different kinds of love.

A real example of patriotic love is that shown by John of Gaunt in his dying speech. Here he regretfully describes the state that England has fallen into during the unfortunate reign of Richard II and says that if all that was wrong could be put right and vanish with his life, how happy his approaching death would be. He also describes the beauty of the country and shows how dear it is to him. Patriotic love also makes men go to war being prepared to lay down their lives for their country.

There is also a man's love for nature. How attached we can become to an animal which is our constant companion and how great a loss is felt when we lose it. Especially the blind man who is constantly depending on his dog who is in fact his eyes to lead him wherever he goes.

When we look around us we see beauty in flowers and trees or perhaps the beauty of the mountains around us. Also we can yearn to go down to the sea which seems to hold such mysteries and has a wild awe-inspiring beauty during stormy weather.

One kind of love we must not forget, is of course maternal love. The person who bakes the cookies, stills fears, wipes away tears, feeds the pets and sometimes has sleepless nightsworrying about her children and has to care for them when they are ill, is the giver of maternal love.

There is God's love for us when He sent His only son to the world to save us from our sins. Some men were prepared to die for their religious beliefs especially during the reign of "Bloody Mary". Bishop Ridley said to Hugh Latimer while the flames rose up around them that a light had been lit that would be hard to put out. Also Thomas Cranmer showed his courage by just thrusting his right hand into the flames because he had used it to sign a document stating that he recanted his ideas.

We must not forget a man's love for a woman where in the eyes of the lover, the loved one is always perfect. As Robert Burns says in one of his poems "and I will love thee still my dear till a' the seas gang dry" meaning forever.

Love is a happy feeling that stays inside your breast for the rest of your life.

To one :

Here is dedication,

Love

and perfection.

A sturdy rock to stand on ...

backed with summer days

and guitar of plays.

As I wake to the Monday.

To it's lightning and life.

I think of future happenings

with happiness and forgotten strife.

To be

To live.

You with me,

To this I give.

By Erica Bult.

Lower IV

Mon Oncle Tim.

La semaine dernière J' étais assise dans ma chambre. Soudain on frappa à la porte. J'étais seule à la maison, donc, je courus ouvrir la porte. Debout sur le seuil était un vieille homme, habillé de vêtements chers. Je dis "Bonjour, monsieur, puis-je vous aider ?" Il répondit "Bonjour, ma chère, Jane, n'est - ce pas? Je suis votre oncle, votre oncle Tim." Maintenant je le reconnus! Mon oncle Tim, l'oncle qui était allé au Maroc quand j'étais enfant. "Voulez - vous entrer, mon oncle," dis-je, " voulez-vous prendre du thé ? J'en apporterai.."

Pendant que nous buvions le thé, l'oncle Tim me dit pourquoi qu'il était venue nous voir. Il dit "Je suis arrivé ici, hier. Je voulais bien voir ta mère, ma soeur favorite, parce - qu'elle est la seule parent qui me reste, où est - elle ? "

"Elle fait des achats. Elle reviendra bientôt".

"Oh. Quand elle reviendra ne lui dis pas mon nom. On verra si elle pourra deviner. On lui fera une surprise, n'est-ce pas ?"

A ce moment-là la porte s'ouvrit et ma mère entra.

"Oh, les magasins - je suis fatiguée ! Maisbonjour, monsieur." Elle sembla très étonnée. Puis elle le reconnut !

"Oh ! C'est Tim ! Tim !"

Ils s'embrassèrent l'un l'autre.

"Dis-moi donc où étais-tu toutes ces longues années ?" demanda -t-elle.

"Je suis maintenant un homme riche, je suis rentre partager ma richesse."

P. Gough
Lower V

BEAUTY CONTEST.JEANINE FLOYD.

On hearing that my weekend essay subject was "Beauty Contests", my small sister, who, at the tender age of eleven is already a fanatical believer in the equality if not the outright superiority of women, sniffed scornfully and said "Huh who cares who's the most beautiful woman in the world? Only men". She has, I fear, much to learn in the field of true female emancipation and independence for, as any woman knows, it is of major world-shattering importance to know what a man considers to be beautiful. Merely by watching her loved one's reactions to local beauty competitors a perceptive woman will realise that the time has come for her to blossom forth as the girl of his dreams with the subtle aid of three wigs, false eyelashes and a complete new wardrobe. (One must not however, be too daring, for what on another woman, will make him breathe heavily and start pounding his chest, will on you, give rise to outraged glares and "My God, who do you think you are's")

The desire to excel is inherent in all human beings, and in every female there lurks a potential Beauty Queen. It has taken the superior intellect and intuition of a male to realise this and to give us the opportunity of standing in all our humble female glory and laying undisputed claim to the title of Miss South Africa, Miss World or Miss Senna Pod.

The definition of beauty in my dictionary is 'an assemblage of graces and properties which command the approbation of the senses'. Up till now, a Baked Bean Queen has been able to rely upon an interesting combination of vital statistics, a fluttering of the eyelashes, but the time will come when she will have to look, feel, smell, taste and speak Baked Bean. No longer will Miss Beef Sausage merely have to smile charmingly, but she will also be required to have the essential facts about Beef sausages at her finger-tips.

The senses of the Judges, too, will have to comply with certain standards. I myself have been to several symphony concerts and on looking over my glasses at the orchestra have seen hundreds of little black beetles lying on their backs and waving their legs in the air. My father frequently eats banana-flavoured melons and my mother hears imaginary telephones ringing. This type of thing might prove a little confusing in a beauty contest. After all, a myopic Frenchman is hardly likely to realise the worth of a buxom Scottish lass clad in a bathing costume of hand-spun Haggis, and a 'flu-stricken Englishman will never recognise the sultry pine-needle ^{fang} of a Scandinavian blonde.

Imagine how interesting it would be to have uni-sex beauty contests. There are some lovely men to be found nowadays and competitors could be judged on clothes sense, hair-care and general charm. The female Queens could be given pink sashes and the male queens blue ones. As to the question of judges, there should be no problem. I for one adore the smell of an Englishman!

What is mod ?

Mod is being with it
Not without it.

Mod is fluttering false eyelashes,
Deathly pale skins.

And the "Market", the "Drugstore", Kings Road and Carnaby Street.

Mod is hair -
Long, short, straight or curly,
Oily, greasy shining and clear -
And the "Market", the "Drugstore", Kings Road and Carnaby Street.

Mod is skirts -
Maxis or Midis
And boots,
High boots, thigh boots
Laced up or jipped up
And the "Market", the "Drugstore", Kings Road and Carnaby Street.

Mod is shirts -
See - through, and wet - look
Vests -
Grandpa, striped, batiked od dyed,
Belts, shains, scarves and ties
And the "Market", the "Drugstore", Kings Road and Carnaby Street.

Mod is music -
 Throbbing, beating, swinging music
 Bob Dylan, the Beatles, "Underground" and "Soul".
 And lights -
 Psychedelic, ultra - violet and strobe -
 And the "Market", the "Drugstore", Kings Road and Carnaby
 Street.

Mod is shambling, shaking, shivering syringe searchers -
 The soapless suds of hunmanity,
 To whom grass is not lawn, ~~but~~
 But trips to far-away magical, mystery lands -
 And the "Market", the "Drugstore", Kings Road and Carnaby
 Street.

Mod is love -
 Flower power -
 Where the slogan is "Make love, not war ! "
 Where do you find it ?
 At the "Market", the "Drugstore", Kings Road and Carnaby
 Street.

To me, mod is mad !

J. Golding
 Upper V

The Accused.

It was our first school outing. We were going to the Magistrates Court to witness a trial. We were ushered into a small roo, which was very stuffy. I sat down, and immediately my attention was focussed on the accused.

She was tall, dark and slim. Her eyes were close together and she wore small black - rimmed glasses which looked like the glasses teachers normally wear. Her hair was long and black. It was dirty and ungroomed and I am sure a comb had not been through her hair for some time.

She showed no emotion. When the magistrate asked her something she replied in a cold harsh voice and only her lips seemed to move. She stared at the questioner continuously without blinking an eye.

I was so absorbed in her behaviour that I did not listen to a single word that was spoken in the room. I think it would be very difficult to make friends with her because she is such a distant person who does not encourage friendship.

When the Nagistrate passed the sentence of three months imprisonment, she showed no emotion and stepped quietly from the dock to be led away.

E. Lacey
Upper IV

The Weekend.

The teachers are in the staffroom counting up the marks,
Terry is at the seaside watching out for sharks.
Mary is in hospital, with doctors round her bed,
Janet is in the garden a-standing on her head.
Margot is in the garden swimming in the pond,
Pamela is in the boarding house running round.
Barbara is playing hockey swiping the ball,
Alas, Karenina has fallen off the garage wall.

By J. Frater.
Upper III

Red Eyes.

There it sat, pot - bellied and swollen, its face complacent, its smile a thousand years old - a gold monstrosity - the Buddha of the Temple of Khiva. From under heavy - lidded eyes two piercing red eyes surveyed the sari - clad forms swaying up to the altar, as clouds of incense wafted gently up to the vaulted roofs.

No - one dared to meet the glance of those piercing ruby eyes - nobody except the saffron - robed priest, standing awkwardly to one side.. With studied malevolence, he surveyed the crowd before him. "The fools" he thought. As if this lump of stone and metal could help and understand them. It would do them more good to sell it, and divide the money between them ! But soon they wouldn't be able even to do that, because he would have it instead.

The day had at last arrived. This masquerade as a priest had been a good idea; nobody would suspect him, when tomorrow morning, this Buddha would be even more blind to these fools' problems than it had been today. Tomorrow these priceless ruby eyes would be his and he would be rich. Only one thing bothered him, the curse on the Buddha. He thrust the thought angrily away from him. Nobody believed in curses. They were invented only to protect the Buddha and to frighten people away. And anyway, who believed in them or heeded them, when the prize was two priceless rubies as big as a baby's fist ?

His thoughts were rudely interrupted by a sinister wailing chant offered up by the high priest. The temple immediately began to empty. The priests went about their evening duties and eventually filed out of the temple. Finally, he was left alone in the temple with the Buddha.

Hurriedly he stripped off his saffron - coloured robe and walked , trying to calm himself, over to the foot of the Buddha. Slowly he started to climb the golden body, inch by inch he dragged himself towards those piercing eyes. He stretched out a hand, and ran his sensitive fingers over the beautifully - cut rubies. They were his ! Carefully he prized them out of their sockets and even more carefully slipped them into his pocket.

It had all been too easy, he thought to himself as he slipped cautiously out of the temple. From here it was only a few hours' drive to the border. Tomorrow he would be on a ship bound for England - rubies and all. But the theft had been too easy - that curse, the confounded curse, that was

what was worrying him. If any part of the Buddha was stolen that part would be replaced by the equivalent part of the thief's body, in other words, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Apparently he was supposed to lose his eyesight; in other words he would go blind. That was stupid ! He tried to think of other things. He had parked his car in a near - by alley - Ah! there it was.

For some reason he was angry. He had carried out the theft beautifully, everything had gone smoothly and yet that nonsensical curse bothered him. The headlights picked out a sharp corner ahead, and to give vent to his feelings, he pressed his foot down on the accelerator. The rubies were safely in his brief - case, by his side. He slipped a side-ways glance at the case, yes, there it was. But the sharp corner was nearer than he expected. The brakes screamed. The car tipped at an angle; everything spun. Then there was darkness yet he was conscious. He shook his head and opened his eyes; still there was darkness. He couldn't see ! He tried to sit up; a sharp pain stabbed him in the stomach. He tried to rub his eyes, but his hands were slippery with blood. He was blind, blind,- the rubies, the Buddha, the curse! He had taken the Buddha's eyes, and now the Buddha had taken his. The pain in his stomach shot through him again. He gasped and fell back.

He could see the Buddha - its pot-belly, its complacent face, but most fearsome were its empty eye sockets, and as he watched, new eyes were slowly forming in the sockets. They were not the Buddha's eyes. They were his, slowly filling the sockets.

The man lying in the road choked, and lay still.

P. Gough
Lower V

Cat stalking his prey.

The cat with fiery eyes creeps silently through the trees
He moves slowly and slyly, his velvet paws touching
the soft sinking sand.

As he turns the next bend he comes face to face
with the amber tree

He sees his prey - a squirrel - and decreases his pace
He smacks his lips, with gleam in his eyes

Then moves on a little further until he's
one foot from his prey

With an aile leap he plunges on to the squirrel
But misses.

By N. Fouché.
Upper III

J. Floyd.

- 1 -

Upper V

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON.

●●●-●●●-●●●-●●●-●●●

Once upon a time when the world was young, when pigs had wings and peppermint creams grew on trees and roses had no thorns, there was born a little dragon called Blodwyn Augustus Percival Ermytrude Charles Nigel Cyril Smith. You might think this a very long name for such a little dragon, but his parents were very important people, or rather, dragons, who lived in the most exclusive part of Wizardcourt and so he had to be named after his mother's father and his father and his father's father and his father's father's father and then Ermytrude because it was his great-grandmother's name and she was very very rich and very very old - not that that had anything to do with it, of course, because it is a very pretty name even for a boy-dragon, -and then Smith because that was the name of the second kitchen maid's nephew whose aunty was supposed to be an enchantress and anyway Smith is a very nice name.

Anyhow, all this doesn't really matter because everyone just called him Blog for short!

When he was old enough, Blog was sent to the right school so that he could mix with the right people and learn all the right things and so become a respectable fire-belching, scale-rattling dragon and because his parents were getting older every year and their fires were burning a little lower, they sat at home in their comfortable mansion and went to all the "First-nights" and sold raffle tickets for the S.I.P. (which means the Society for the Incineration of Peasants) and forgot all about their son, until one day they received a visit from the Head Sorcerer of the very exclusive private school which Blog attended. It appeared that instead of attending to his tail-lashing classes, Blog was reading risqué poetry beneath his desk, and when he should have been on a peasant-terrifying ramble he was sitting in the rose garden strumming his scales and singing ballads, and, worst of all, he was conducting love-ins amongst the kitchen staff.

- 2 -

His parents hastily removed him and sent him to an even more exclusive school. His father roared and bellowed until his new velvet smoking-jacket went up in flames and his mother, wringing her claws, sobbed great globular tears through her imported french make-up - but in vain- Blog refused to conform to tradition. He went from school to school and then as the last resort his parents sent him to university. This was a fatal mistake, for here he was in his element. His scales grew longer and longer, he painted psychedelic flowers all down his tie-dyed tail, made up obscene chants for the inter-varsity flame-throwing match and smoked up the Houses of Parliament as a peaceful demonstration against the passing of the abolition of student damsels act. He distributed pamphlets about the society for the protection of shining-knights, inhaled Hashish instead of breathing out brimstone and became altogether a very unconventional non-conformist dragon student.

As a final protest against the decadence of conventional society, Blog took great-grandmother Ermytrude and went to live in a colony of fellow dropout dragons, where he lived happily ever after until he died of a surfeit of peace and love at the age of 28.

EARTH TREMOR .

The day was warm and muggy,
Birds flew uneasily about,
The world was silently uneasy,
Dogs restlessly barking.

THEN

It happened,
It started way, way down
And suddenly it shook the earth,
Like a mole coming up from under his tunnel.

Walls shook backwards and forwards,
Cracks appeared along the buildings,
Slowly the frightening sound faded away.

By C. Moni.
Upper III

Aus meinem Tagebuch - Ein Tag in Florenz.

Nach dem Frühstück gingen wir zu Fuss die zwei Kilometer vom Zeltplatz nach Florenz zum Kreuzgang der Badia. Dort waren Arbeiter und Wissenschaftler beschäftigt, Ausgrabungen zu machen. In der Kirche war ein schönes Gemälde mit einem Lausbubenengelchen, das hinter dem Rock der Maria hervorguckt.

Danach gingen wir zum Baptisterium di San Giovanni. Die Kuppel ist mit einem wunderbaren Mosaik ausgeschmückt. Das grosse Werk war das Grösste seiner Art, das ich schon je gesehen hatte. Jane und ich fingen dort an, Postkarten an die zurückgebliebenen Schüler zu schreiben. Immer wieder mussten wir aber das prachtvolle Mosaik bewundern.

Wir hatten unser Mittagessen in der Loggia, wo die Tauben auf den Sabinerinnen sassen und bettelten und David schaute zu. Wir hatten eine Stunde Freizeit. Wir bummelten durch die hübschen Gassen und kauften uns Leder - Andenken. Wir gingen auch auf die Ponte Vecchio und schauten in das braune Wasser. Danach gingen wir zurück zur Loggia, wo wir unser "Zitronenplemm" tranken. Endlich machten wir uns auf den Weg, um die lang ersehnte Santa Maria di Fiore zu besuchen. Wir stiegen auf den Kuppel dom hinauf. Als wir die enge Treppe hinauf stiegen, konnten wir hinunter auf den Altar sehen. Jane wurde ganz schwindelig und konnte nicht hinunter schauen. Von oben hatten wir eine herrliche Aussicht auf Florenz.

Als wir wieder unten waren, sahen wir die Pietà. Es ist ein ganz wunderbares Werk von Michelangelo und zeigt, wie Jesus vom Kreuz herab genommen wird.

Auf dem Heimweg gingen wir noch schnell in eine kleine Kirche, die San Michiele heisst. Auf dem Altar ist das Leben von Maria in Stein gehauen.

Dann ging es wieder zum Zeltplatz zurück, um nach einem aufregenden Tag ein gutes Abendessen zu geniessen. Nach einer schönen Abendfeier gingen wir dann alle schlafen.

L. Wesemann
Lower V

Beauty Contests.

Regency - striped upholstered chairs, oval gilt mirror, crystal chandeliers, and a thick Wilton carpet. Women in twin-stes and strings of pearls, some flicking idly through the latest "Vogue" and "Journal", some immersed in a book, some incessantly smoking and some even sleeping with their mouths wide open. Who can they all be so patiently waiting for ?

A man in a carefully chosen pink shirt, a pink - and - navy - blue -spotted tie, a navy - blue Dior suit and dark Italian shoes. Is he a Christian Dior model ? More likely Monsieur Raymond (Teasy-Weezy to his special clients) flitting about his salon with a smile here, a nod there, a "Good morning darling, how gorgeous you look! " or a "Hello, my dear, what a frightful state your hair is in - but not for long. This way please. Oh, Mrs Smythe - Jones, lovely to see you again. Come through, please." Come through what ? - a door, a window or to be washed ?"Ray, darling, I think I am done." Is she a roast chicken, ready to be taken out of the oven or is she Mrs. Wilson emerging from her cocoon-shaped hairdryer, only to be seized by M. Raymond and his brushes ?

"Now, darling, you must tell me all about your experience as personal beautician and hairdresser of all those fabulous Miss Ccharming finalists" exclaimed an enquiring madam as M. Raymond combed, brushed and teased with swift dexterity en route to producing a magnificent coiffure. "Beauty contests, beauty contests ! Never again." grumbled a paling M. Raymond as the memories of that exhausting, frustrating, exasperating, agonizing week returned. "My dear", he continued, "you should have seen how those mad, kinky, crazy, gyrating frolicking fillies transformed my sedate, conservative salon into a swirling maelstrom of disorder and confusion." Never would he forget the way in which those bouncing, swinging, squeaking spring - chickens descended on him with their wigs and wiglets, brows, flowers and ribbons, all preening themselves likecygnets and demanding that his usual soft muted background music which soothed the nerves of his middle - aged clients be replaced by swinging, screaming pop music to fit in with their eager excitement.

During moment's peace and tranquillity, he had studied them critically as they sat under their hairdryers looking like astronauts about to be launched into space. Who would be the future Miss Charming? Who would be the winner of an Alfa

Romeo, an exclusive wardrobe of clothes, a free beauty treatment and a range of cosmetics, a set of wigs and several other valuable prizes including the luxurious overseas trip for two, and the coveted modelling contracts ?

Would it be the urchin - like petite Goldi with her shaggy, raggedy hood of wispy, tawny hair, her elfin features, large serious eyes, pointed chin and high cheekbones. Then there was the striking redhead, Carol, with her mop of copper curls, pale milky skin, slightly freckled nose, mischievous emerald-green eyes and minute 22 inch waist. The betting was high on the tall, elegant and dignified Ina, with her clear olive skin, almond shaped eyes, coolly amused eyes and shining smooth jet-black hair which hung lustrously about her shoulders. How his fingers had itched at the thoughts of what magnificent and glamorous styles he could create with that shock of hair ! But, unfortunately, all that she required was for it to be expertly washed and brushed to form a mane down her back. What natural dignity, elegance, poise and sophistication had radiated from Helen with her rich blonde hair, high thin eyebrows, luminous blue eyes set in a perfectly oval face, and her superb figure. It is always said that "gentlemen" prefer blondes, but Helen tall, willowy, slim and graceful, far outshone most of her class. But perhaps the warmth, vitality and innate charm and grace of Erica with her mop of chestnut curls, sparkling, dancing eyes and lively beautifully - tanned face would be the judges' favourite as, although she was not necessarily a beauty, she bubbled over with personality, character and charm.

During the following week he had been the focus of the excitement. Never would he forget that week of preparation when he became the focus of every girl's attention - slapping and massaging, manicuring, pedicuring, and giving facials, mud-packs and artificial tans. But, eventually, the great night arrived and with a shudder M. Raymond remembered how, with unbelievable patience, he had endured the malicious jealousies, the childish tantrums, the emotional outbursts, the fragile, delicate nerves, the floods of tears and the unbearable, intolerable tension. The " M. Raymond a wisp of hair is out of place", the "M. Raymond my skin is deadly pale - do something about it immediately", or " M. Raymond my mascara has smudged!" " M. Raymond this, M. Raymond that " until with a deep sigh of relief he had heard the fanfare of trumpets, the crescendo of drums, and the thunderous applause of the audience as the compère for the evening, immaculately dressed in a sapphire - blue sequined jacket, meticulously cut black trousers and shining black shoes, walked on to the stage, followed by the ten finalists, all carefully concealing their intense trepidation behind fixed smiles.

As spotlights darted to and fro, and batteries of photographers pranced around with their ritualistic "This way, pleas", the finalists in the most elaborate and beautiful evening gowns - interwoven satin and velvet ribbons, sumptuous braids, metallic jerseys and knits, translucent golden voiles shimmering silver lace , fluid silver lamés, flowing chiffons, elegant brocades and slinky black sheaths were interrogated by the select panel of judges. (This "cross - examination" is very important as today's beauty queen has to have a combination of beauty, brains and personality. This is especially true of international beauty contests where politics have entered the arena so that the contestants become, in fact, ambassadors, and therefore direct targets of the Press.)

But luckily, the well - known celebrities of the Miss Charming contest, including the slightly balding Sir Harry Graham - Thomas, the elegant, poised and sophisticated Alga Hutton, a former beauty queen, and, of course, the effeminate darling of the silver screen, "Charming Charles" whose blue eyes and avant - garde attire had culminated in his fan club being one of the largest in the world, would never allow themselves to be subject to bribery, corruption and prejudice.
.....

"Ray, darling, I am sorry to interrupt you, but it is nearly six - thirty and I am due out at seven o'clock. Slowly, M. Raymond opened his eyes to see no radiant beauty queen, but his middle - aged client, her hair still in curlers. As he removed the final curler, he decided that Beauty Contests were definitely "for the birds".

Gaile Parkin.
Lower IV

T H E M A N .

A man
Sat alone,
Looked alone.
Was alone.
He looked at me.
Smiled at me.
I felt repulsion
And
Fear.
He stood up -
A mighty ogre,
I felt the sweat
Dripping down my face -
Cold
Fear gripped me.
I ran
Faster
Faster
I had to stop -
Breathless
He
Was coming closer
I
Could not run
I screamed
He
Came nearer
Suddenly
He removed his frightening countenance
A Halloween mask.
My brother!

34.

Carol Jenkin.
Upper IV.

A PORTRAIT.

Looking down at me from her dark frame was a portrait of the most mysteriously beautiful face I have ever seen. Her portrait hung in the spacious sitting-room of a summerhouse in South America.

In days gone by her beauty must have enhanced the lovely old house, now derelict. Her home must have been one of the gayest of homes, where balls and garden parties were held. Her peaceful lily-white face showed love and a glow of complete happiness and serenity.

Gliding gracefully through the passages lit by a thousand flickering candles, she must have made an inspiring and graceful picture. Her grey-blue eyes and the black hair framing her oval face tell of ghost melodies singing through the maze of passages. A harp behind her told of quiet and peaceful melodies, played to audiences who came from far and wide to watch her flitting hands hovering over the strings of that exquisite instrument. It told of perfectly-mannered gentlemen bowing before her, and asking her for the pleasure of the next waltz.

Memories of her, dressed in hand-made lace and silk, leaving scented trails in the passages behind her, must have inspired men from many countries to pay their respects to her.

Perhaps she was a Princess of a Lady, but now, hanging in these old passages, full of memories of bygone days when she was beautiful and serene, she seems but a ghost and the portrait tells of these days long past and forgotten.

Elizabeth Mudge.
Lower 1V

LOVE.

What is love?
Is it something you can see, feel or hear,
Or is it abstract?
Yes, it is undescrivable,
It is a feeling one being radiates to others.

Love exists in many forms.
It is a feeling of well being,
Patience and understanding.
Whoever you love, you are loving God.
Whoever you serve, you are serving God.
God exists in all beings.

Love is peace,
Without love there is no peace.
Mankind is in a state of confusion.
He is fighting a battle for peace.
But nay, the time will come
When the ignorance of man will cease,
And the faithfull one's will be saved
From the egoism of mankind.

November is die beste maand.

Gedurende November begin die weer warmer te word en meer soos somer. Die dae word langer en die aande korter en jy word wakker smorêns met die son in jou gesig.

Die see word warmer en dit is lekker om te swem. Ons gaan soms vir 'n dag na die strand en dan lê ons in die son. As ons wil, kan ons ook tennis speel.

Wanneer dit warm word moet jy al die ou klere in jou klerekas weg sit en somer klere uitbring. As ek baie in die winter gegroei het, kry ek 'n pragtige nuwe somer rok en soms 'n nuwe swemkostuum. Ek hou baie om na al die pragtige somer klere in die vertoon vensters in die winkels te kyk.

Die blomme is baie mooi in November en al dâe bome het hul nuwe blare. Dit is baie aangenaam as jy op die stoep sit en kyk as die son oðergaan. As ek met verkykers kyk, kan ek die see van my kamer venster sien en dit is 'n heerlike hemel blou. As dit baie warm is, is dit lekker om 'n kool roomys te eet.

Daar is ook baie vrugte soos perske, pruime en appelkose en hulle is heerlik en soet. Soveel wonderlike dinge gebeur gedurende November en ek dink dat dit die beste maand is.

D. Beukes
Lower IV

Blomme bloei, die son word warmer,
Die winter is verby.
Ons voel dit is die maand November,
Want vreugte word ooral verspry.

F. McLachlan.
Standard VIII.

-1-

THE BURDEN
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The sun gleamed down from its high perch in the vivid blue sky upon the dry, barren Karoo. Now that the sun was at its highest peak the heat was unbearable. Almost all the vegetation had been unmercifully dehydrated by the cruel sun and all that remained in memory of the odd bushes were miserable bundles of sticks. A few hardy succulents were still visible but they too seemed in very poor condition. Silence held the countryside and all that could be heard was the odd lizard as it scuttled about over the parched earth trying to catch any stray insect which would provide it with a day or two's feed. The chink of an animal's hoof touching a stone as it walked along a little path was the only other sound to be heard.

The animal trudging along its way was a donkey with its master. He was old and shaggy and had carried his master's heavy burden on his back ever since he had been old enough to make this journey to and fro to the only farm shop which was miles from his master's humble abode which was in the Nieuveltdt Mountains. The solitary couple had now reached the last lap of the journey but the donkey was already absolutely exhausted. The little man stumbled alongside him, urging him on but he had realised that the end was drawing near and that the foal at home would soon be taking over.

They began the ascent of the steep path which led to their destination. For as far as the eye could see, shimmering heat-hazes covered the plains and the heat was intense. The poor donkey staggered over the stones on the winding path and the weight of the luggage upon his back was becoming heavier as he stumbled on. He tripped over the rocks and his hooves were jagged and cracked. Sweat had matted his untidy fur together and the sun continued to beat cruelly down upon them.

The grey-haired old man helped and encouraged his poor friend who was now steadily slowing down. Bushes which had by some miracle managed to survive seemed to mock the couple as they struggled on. The donkey's head began to droop now as he was weak with fatigue and he used his last spurt of strength and climbed up steadily but this lasted for only a few feet and then he collapsed.

A gasp escaped from the bewildered master's mouth who was hoping and praying that his beloved animal could just reach his wooden hut where he could have passed away in peace, but Death had been lurking near and had claimed the unfortunate beast-or burden as his victim. The sad man removed his victuals from his old companion's back and sat down beside a dry thorn-bush to wait until sun-set when it would be cooler so that he could bury his lost but unforgettable pet.

F. McLachlan.
Upper IV

ENDURANCE.

The path is hard and stony
Under his feet,
Yet he endures it day after day.
His hands are numb,
His feet frozen
and it is not surprizing
With the mountains covered in snow
And a merciless wind howling about him.
Depression and despair rule his young mind.
What lies ahead to welcome him?
Nothing ----
Except perhaps a mug of cold soup
And a cold, tin shack.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING RICH.

The title of this essay appears to be paradoxical because the very thought, that being rich could ever be a disadvantage, seems absurd. However, some words have different shades of meaning and the word "rich" is one of these, because it can describe actual material wealth or it can refer to being rich in mind. In other words, the figurative meaning of "rich" and the literal meaning, are two utterly different things. Consequently, to discuss the disadvantages of being rich, it is important to be able to understand whether it is the figurative or literal meaning of the word that is being used. In this case the literal meaning is surely implied, and the disadvantages of being materially wealthy are numerous.

Obviously there are some basic disadvantages in being rich. A burglar, for instance, is unlikely to select a house with cheap-plated cutlery, fake furs, imitation jewelry and lemonade in the drinks cupboard in preference to one with pure silver candlesticks, genuine pearl necklaces, original van Goghs and yearly stores of liquor in the cellar. The owners of homes furnished in this manner have the added inconvenience of having to insure themselves heavily with regard to their property and houses. In addition to this, such homes are less likely to be "lived" in happily, as they are showpieces and are expected to be maintained as such.

Admittedly it is a completely materialistic world in which we live and, therefore, to be materially rich would seem to be a considerable social asset. In fact, it is hard to see why having a large house, swimming pool and tennis-court, two cars and a battalion of servants, can be a disadvantage, because in the context of most South African cities, this is quite common. Such demonstrations of material wealth are frequent in an affluent society. However, if you think about the children who grow up under these luxurious conditions, in which everything they wish for is theirs, what type of personality will they eventually develop?.

People who never have to work for what they want, find extreme difficulty in appreciating their possessions and this is perhaps the main disadvantage of being rich. Not to be able to appreciate the worthwhile things in life is a characteristic of many rich people, who only too often enjoy only those things that an abundance of money can buy. Yet it is also a human characteristic to desire the unobtainable, so that something that has long been waited for is far more greatly appreciated when it has been obtained than something that can be acquired whenever it is desired. There are examples of this everywhere: a girl who is able to buy a new dress only when she herself has saved up sufficient money, is far more appreciative of her new frock, than is another girl who simply asks for a dress and the following day has three new ones awaiting her choice. In this case the girl from the rich family suffers the disadvantage of never knowing the joy of anticipation.

This obviously leads to another disadvantage of being rich, because if a possession is not appreciated it is automatically not cared for. If you know that as soon as you break your tennis racquet, a new one can be had for the asking, there is little care taken to cherish your possessions. After all, why should there be, if it makes no material difference to your parents or you? This will not only mean that you are careless with your own belongings but with those of other people as well. A young boy who has been given automatic speed-boats by his parents on account of his having accidentally broken the propeller of the first, lost the rudder of the second and caused a leak in the third, will have few qualms when playing with his friend's boat, if he is the cause of a similar disaster, for he will not be concerned.

But really the chief disadvantages of being rich are not of a concrete nature, for it is those undesirable habits and traits, that accompany riches and combine and form the character of an individual that are the lasting disadvantages. If, as we should be, we are striving for God's kingdom on earth, we should reject material wealth as a hindrance to this aim. Christ teaches us that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven". Lazarus, the rich man, who ignores the beggar at his gate, is sent to hell, whereas the beggar is sent to heaven. Similarly, the young Centurion who does everything that Christians are expected to do is

asked by Jesus to complete one more instruction: to give up all his worldly wealth. This he was unable to do. In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus says, "Blessed are the poor for theirs is the kingdom of heaven". And, conversely, the supreme disadvantage of being rich is amply demonstrated in Mary's hymn of joy, The Magnificat, when she sings, "He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich he had^{ly} sent empty away".

Tessa Mallett.
Matric.

A QUESTION.

Helen Townsend
Upper IV

Work! What for! For money?
What do you or anyone want with money?
To live.
Then why do people want to make more and more money,
To buy everything they want. To live in comfort and
luxury.
Why is this? I myself would rather be natural!

42.

S. Cunningham.
Upper IV.

AS THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE.

Just as the clock struck one, I awoke to hear a splintering crash on the otherside of the room. I looked round and saw a Viking soldier standing where five minutes before had stood a French window. He beckoned to me, and I, thinking that the light was playing tricks on my eyes, rolled over and went back to sleep. A few seconds later, I felt a slight tap on my shoulder, and looking up, saw him again. I got out of bed and followed him outside to where a gigantic wooden ship lay on top of the swimming pool.

We climbed aboard and then Ther, for that is what his name was, introduced me to his friends. The slaves then set the ship in motion and we slowly rocked over the land. About an hour later we saw a French ship coming towards us and the alarm was raised to prepare for war.

Ther went up to the crews nest and started shouting orders. I was given a sword and a shield and someone put a helmet on my head, but it was too big and came down over my eyes so I took it off.

As we drew alongside the French ship, we jumped onto it and started to fight. We fought for about two hours and then I was knocked unconscious. I was carried back to our ship and placed on a bed.

I heard them celebrating so I guessed that we had a victory. I fell asleep then, praying for all those who had been wounded.

When I woke up, I found myself in my own room and on my dressing-table I saw a small ship and on it a small man exactly like Ther, and now I knew that I had not had any ordinary dream.

Le Pétrolier naufragé.

"Ah, un poisson !" dit la mouette, et elle plongea dans dans l'écume de la mer verte. Floc ! Il ressembla à une comète et s'en alla pendant quelques minutes. Puis il répara bec noir vide. Mais quand le pauvre oiseau de mer essaya de voler encore, ses ailes se sentaient lourds, si lourds qu'il commença à pleurer. Et les larmes coulaient le long de ses joues, blanches comme la neige. Ses plumes étaient couvertes d'huile noire et au loin, il vit la fumée d'un pétrolier naufragé. Les vagues cassaient et frappaient sur les ponts et le vent sifflait autour des cheminées déclinant les drapeaux turcs en morceaux. Les Matelots et le capitaine s'étaient échappés dans les bateaux de sauvetages. Ils ont laissé leurs valises, un chat et un perroquet, des livres, les cabines, des cigarettes, tout, sauf de l'eau, de la nourriture, des couvertures qu'ils ont emportés à la hâte et ils ont disparu. Le pétrolier naufragé semblait rapidement, vite comme le coucher de soleil dans toute sa beauté majestueuse. C'était si triste, l'histoire de ce pétrolier mourant.

Et plus loin, la mouette flottait sur l'eau de mer, mourant aussi, ballottée par les flots. Ce soir-là à la même heure où le pétrolier naufragé restait sur l'algue de l'océan, les vagues qui entraînaient la mouette morte, se brisaient sur la plage.

F. MacSymon
Lower V

G. Parkin.
Lower IV

There was a young man from Jamaica
Whose hair grew annoyingly straighter
So he put curlers in
With a bent safety - pin
Now everyone thinks he's a fakir.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVELLING BY SEA
OVER TRAVELLING BY AIR.

-1-

To-day travellers are always in a hurry. They wish to reach their destinations in the minimum amount of time and with the least amount of bother. But what good does this kind of travel do them? Urgent business of one kind or another is a very good reason for air travel, but surely no-one in his right mind could say that he has fun, or that his time spent in the air does him any good. He certainly does not arrive at his destination refreshed or exhilarated. There is also a chance that he might not reach his destination at all, but be hi-jacked to Cuba, much to his inconvenience.

Give me the sea every-time, providing, of course, that the ship has good stabilizers and that the weather is reasonably good.

The departure of any sea-going vessel is always an event of excitement and great interest: passengers embarking with their colourful array of luggage, trunks and pets of all descriptions, all kinds of cargo being lowered into the holds, varying from luxury motorcars to humble sacks of vegetables.

Once afloat, the air is relaxing and refreshing. Friends are made at sea far more quickly than on land. Meals are always varied and appetising. There are games and pastimes of every description. You may join in, just watch, or laze the time away, relaxing, or making up time getting through all the reading which has had to be put aside for so long.

On big ships, there are libraries and shops, and smaller ships make up for these by their friendliness and their comfort.

To be on a vast ocean, is like entering another world. The noise, rush, smog and pollution of everyday life become so unreal that you wonder if you really experienced it at all, or if it was some ghastly nightmare that just went on and on.

There is no time to get bored. There are foreign ports to visit, curios of other countries to be seen, and ways and customs of other people to be observed and experienced. Then off you go once more into the blue, to relax and maybe admire the antics of flying fish, porpoises, or even giant whales.

When the final destination is reached, the traveller is physically renewed, mentally refreshed, and has a wealth of new experience stored in his memory. Are any of these invaluable advantages experienced by the air-traveller?

If it is the Air versus the Sea, I vote for a spell on the ocean, everytime.

Seascape.

The sun beats down on the sand,
And waves thunder down on the rocks,
While gulls wheel over the cliff,
Like kites on a windy day,
Diving and pulling their strings.

Beneath them crawls the innocent sea,
Wrinkling and creasing in the heat
And breaking into white surf.
Silver fish dart about in the waves,
Like stars in a deep blue sky.

The shells glint in the sun,
Forming a sparkling mass,
And coral a colourful spectacle
Of red and orange and yellow.

By Bridget Gough
Upper III

The sea.

As the waves tunder across the golden beach,
With the sun setting in the far west,
I watch how the rocks appear and disappear
Somewhere far out at sea I see a school of
Dolphins gracefully jumping high out of the nowhere
With a duiker gracefully catching his evening meal.
Suddenly the sky changes, thunder rolls, light-
ning flashes and the heavens open changing
the colour of the sea from a light blue to grey.
Quick as it appears it vanishes and the
sea is left to sleep at its own will.

By Nicky Fouche.
Upper III

J. Hansen.
Lower IV

A POWDER-MONKEY AT TRAFALGAR.

(1)

I came off watch early in the morning feeling very tired. I tumbled into my hammock and was soon fast asleep. It seemed as if I had been sleeping for only a few minutes when I was wakened by the shrill of the bosun's pipe and his call, "all hands on deck!".

As I swung out of my hammock, the thunder of rushing feet and the swearing of men's voices, as bodies bumped into one another in the dark restricted area below deck, soon drove all traces of sleep from me. By the excitement in the air I realized that the moment we had all been longing for had arrived. The "Frenchies" were in sight and our admiral would now be ready for battle.

My name is John Hawkins and I am a powder-monkey aboard H.M.S. "Audacious", commanded by Captain William Gould. "Audacious" is a first rate ship of the line with 120 guns, one of which it was my duty to serve.

Having joined the moving mass of men, I gained my position serving my gun which was situated for'ard on the starboard side. Immediately all noise seemed to cease and a hush fell over the ship as all hands awaited the next command from the officer of the gun-deck. These orders came quickly. All guns were shotted (filled with powder and ball) and the guns were quickly run out.

It was now my duty to pick up the canvas powder-buckets and take them to the magazine to be filled. As I turned to go below I heard the first orders shouted and the crash of the first shots. Before I reached the hatch leading down to the magazine, the air was filled with the foul, yellow smoke and the crashing sounds of the enemies return shots as they crashed into the planks of our ship. At the head of the steps a marine sentry allowed me to pass and I was seen in the dark bowels of the ship, waiting my turn with the other powder-monkeys to have my buckets passed through to the magazine.

It seemed to me as if I made a thousand trips to the magazine and back, during that day, frequently stumbling as enemy cannon balls pounded our ship, yet I did not feel tired, and

backwards and forwards became automatic in the excitement of the battle. Even the sight of maimed and dead bodies lying around did not worry me at all.

Gradually the uproar seemed to cease and I had a chance to stop. I heard cheering, and all around us French ships were burning and sinking. But my joy was soon shattered by the news that spread in a flash around the fleet. Our beloved Admiral, Lord Nelson, had been fatally wounded and with the last words, "Kismet Hardy", he had died on board the "Victory".

Indian Market.

Under one immense roof throng the multiracial peoples
Humid air -
rich with incense, curry, spices
Music throbbing -
Gay saris, baskets, bedlam, bargaining
Passageways weaving among the stalls jam packed with wares
Straw hats, curios, lush fruits, coconuts
Shouting, laughter -
Dark eyes, crafty fingers
Curiously alive, fascinatingly Eastern
The Indian Market.

By Morag Currie.
Upper III

The Regatta.

Water Year '70 was celebrated by a regatta on Midmar Dam in Natal. This beautiful dam is situated about five miles from Howick. It is surrounded by rolling green hills, and on the far side of the dam one can see rhinos, zebras and antelope drinking at the water's edge. There is a Yacht Club at Munro Bay and farther around the coast a resort for Indians. Power Boats are permitted only in one deep estuary of the dam, so that no motor boat noise can be heard at the Yacht Club and the water is not polluted. Another estuary is kept as a bird sanctuary, where one can find all kinds of birds, both big and small, living undisturbed.

On the day of the regatta, Midmar really came to life. Gay umbrellas fringed the water's edge and vied in colour with the bright assortment of human apparel.

Many boating enthusiasts had pitched tents, around which children played, while mothers cooked or chatted. Fathers and sons were busy about their boats, tying jibsheets, checking mainsails, fastening rudders and generally exuding an air of excitement.

Bunting in orange, white and blue decorated the stand on which the Minister of Water Affairs was to give the opening speech.

A team of powerful men carried an unbelievably slim, gleaming wooden craft to the water. They placed it carefully on the ripples and rowed off at an incredible speed. A practice run! The first race was to be with racing shells and one needed to warm up in order to gain the perfect rhythm of oarsmen.

A trumpet sounded as the ministerial car entered the grounds. The caterer's tents quickly spilled out customers who took with them the cool drinks needed to combat the growing heat. Children climbed into trees for a better view and the grandstand rapidly filled.

As the Minister emphasized the value of water, six sleek racing shells lined up in preparation for the first event. The end of the speech was followed by a shot which sent the racing shells off like arrows. The excited crowd cheered wildly as the winner crossed the finishing line.

A dabchick race, a children's race, an optimist's race, swimming events and many others were enjoyed by all. One man giving a demonstration of water - skiing with wings was lifted a hundred feet into the air and the crowd held its breath until he landed gracefully on the water without mishap.

The large yacht event was the climax of the day. Forty - nine craft with billowing sails sped ahead and when they reached the buoy they went about, looking like dry leaves in a whirlpool. Some less experienced skippers capsized as the jibs were put about too slowly and the mainsails swung violently in the wind. The crowd quietened while the crew of such unfortunate yachts frantically put their weight on the centre boards until the masts rose slowly out of the water. This stage was greeted with loud applause from the spectators.

As the billowing spinnakers in blue, red, green yellow and purple sped towards the finishing line, the crowd roared. It was a brilliant sight, and the close finish provided a thrilling end to a wonderful day.

L. Wesemann
Lower V

50.

Gwen Makepeace.
Upper IV.

CITY BY NIGHT.

A soft sea mist is settling down over the city. Far out on the bay a ship twinkles with tiny lights, shimmering over the water, dancing lightly over the ripples.

The scent of the sea is strong in my nostrils, I can almost taste the salt on my lips. The constant gentle rear of the water is a comforting sound, friendly and reassuring.

From above on my balcony, I can see the whole city, lit up with gay lights, flashing and blinking. The warmth of the afternoon sun has not yet left the earth. A holiday atmosphere hangs over the city, and a feeling of excitement, thick in the air, is stimulated by the fresh sea breeze and soft settling mist. The atmosphere is almost tangible.

From below me the murmur of voices drifts upwards, as well as the busy sound of bustling crowds and moving traffic.

The streets are full of people walking, running, queueing up outside cinemas, dressed gaily, chatting and laughing. The street lights swim in hazy rings of yellow light, cars gleaming below them as they swish past. Shop windows displaying the latest fashions are cast with shadows, always jumping, flashing, changing. Tall buildings, lit up below with a hundred coloured lights, loom up to rest their huge, dark forms against a cushion of swirling mist.

I wonder if any city could look as beautiful as Cape Town on a summer's night.

Shona Milton.
Upper 111.

DOWN ON THE VELT.

Everything was black. Not a sound was to be heard except a distant cricket chirping. Then some faint glimmer of pink light showed in the east. With one burst of song the birds came to life. An eagle soared up into the heavens being lost from sight in the still grey sky.