

1972



**ROLT**

A hand-drawn sun with a large yellow circle in the center. The word "ROLT" is written across the circle in bold, black, sans-serif capital letters. The sun has several yellow triangular rays of varying lengths around its perimeter. The drawing is on a light-colored, textured paper with some dark spots and a small hole on the left side.

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H. Muller U.V. (matric)  
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C. Murray L. V.  
C. Murray  
M. Minogue L.V.  
A. Webb U. V.  
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S. Dowdle U. LV.  
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B. Gough L. LV.

C. Murray L.V.  
J. Dickie-Clark U. LV.  
F. Parry U. LV.  
M. Currie L. LV.  
K. Floyd U. LV.  
F. Welbore-Ker U. LV.  
L. Browne U.V.  
E. Mudge U. LV.  
B. Borton L.V.  
P. Whitehead U. LV.  
M. Minogue LV  
J. Hansen U. LV.  
G. Makepeace LV.  
G. Parkin U. LV.  
E. Lacey L.V.  
T. Tulloch U. LV.  
C. Murray LV.  
F. MacSymon UV.  
" " "

L. Weseman UV  
C. Murray  
M. Minogue LV  
S. Gird U. LV.  
L. Walker U. LV.  
J. Prater L. LV  
T. Post L. LV  
L. Weseman UV,  
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J. Barry U. LV.  
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L. Weseman U.V.

F. McLachlan  
C. Murray L.V.

## HOUSE REPORT

By Hanneli Muller UV

Firstly, I would like to welcome Mrs. Stracey as the new House Mistress of Rolt.

I should also like to congratulate Mrs. Kowen on her newly acquired marital status.

RUBY ADENDORFF: This year Rolt adopted a new "Charity" - the Ruby Adendorff Home for Coloured Children. We knitted jerseys for the first time and we presented the Ruby Adendorff Home with them. We also collected books, toys and toiletries from the whole school and these we also presented to the Home.

WORK: The standard of work has been extremely high this year. The following girls have done particularly well:-

Tjitske Post	67	Marks
Josephine Frater	37	"
Gaile Parkin	37	"
D. Beukes	41	"
F. McLachlan	50	"
A. Webb	33	"
P. Gough	35	"
H. Muller	43	"

Unfortunately the high failure rate in Upper IV pulls down our total considerably since each failure counts Minus 3. We also lose one mark for every girl on a daily report.

EISTEDDFORD: Quite a few girls took part in the Cape Town Eisteddford. Results:

Di Longmore	1	Honours, 1 Merit
L. Aitcheson	1	Honours
S. Anderson	1	Merit
S. Dowdle	1	Honours, 3 Merits.
H. Muller	2	Honours

Congratulations to all these girls.

### INTER-HOUSE EVENTS:

SPORT: SWIMMING: Congratulations to Jagger.

DIVING: Congratulations to Rolt Diving Team

TENNIS: Congratulations to Jagger.

HOCKEY: (Senior) Rolt did it again.

JUDO: Western Province Champion Stacey Smith-Chandler (53 kg)  
Erica Bult (60 kg)

PUBLIC SPEAKING/....

PUBLIC SPEAKING: The Rolt team talked themselves  
into first place!

FORTHCOMING EVENTS: Good luck for the Junior Hockey, the  
volley ball and squash competitions.

PLAY: Good luck for the Rolt Play. Thank you to Kathy Caradoc-  
Davies, Margie Minogue, Christina Murray and Fiona McLachlan for  
directing the play.

MRS. TOMALIN: On Monday, 28th August, 1972, David William  
Tomalin (7 lbs 11½ ozs) was born. Congratulations!

Finally, I should like to thank my prefects and Mrs.  
Stracey for their support and help throughout this year.

Thank you to all the Lower Vs who produced this magazine.

Good luck to next year's Matrics and prefects!

Hanneli Müller  
(Head of Rolt)

## INTER-HOUSE DEBATING

By FIONA MCLACHLAN

Our Inter-House Debating took place in the School Hall on Thursday, 17th August. Mr. Penfold and Mr. Muir were the adjudicators. The evening was divided into three sections. The Senior Group, consisting of Standard 9s and Matrics, held a Forum Discussion. Our team consisted of Christina Murray (chairlady), Fiona MacSymon, Louisa Browne, Marion Makepeace and Fiona McLachlan and our topic was "There should be a law against the transplanting of human organs".

The Standard 8s formed the Intermediate Section. Two girls were chosen from each house, one of whom was given a subject to talk on for a full minute. The others were able to interrupt and continue the talk if the speaker hesitated, deviated from the point or repeated. Our Standard 8s were Franchesca Welbore-Ker and Susan Dowdle.

The Junior speakers from Standard 6 and Standard 7 had to speak on a certain topic for 2 minutes, having been given their subject five minutes beforehand. Sharon Gird spoke on "Rugby" and Karina Floyd on "My Pet Hates" - being washing up although she did not mind the wiping up!

The evening was a great success and very enjoyable, especially when Rolt was acclaimed the winner.

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## INTER-HOUSE PLAY

By FIONA MCLACHLAN  
CHRISTINA MURRAY

An Inter-House Play contest has been arranged for September and each house has been instructed to produce one scene from any of Shakespeare's plays. Rolt has chosen a scene from "King Henry IV". This scene takes place in the Bearshead Tavern and involves Prince Henry and his friends mocking Falstaff and his group about their cowardly behaviour. The cast is as follows:-

Narrator	Christina Murray
Prince Hal	Fiona McLachlan
Falstaff	Franchesca Welbore-Ker
Poins	Jennifer Sharp
Francis	Stacey Smith-Chandler
Vintner	Francis Parry
Bardolf	Lucy Walker
Gadshill	Margot McLachlan
Hostess	Susan Cunningham
Peto	Sharon Gird

Kathy Caradoc-Davies, who has taken control of the costumes and Margaret Minogue, who has assisted with the production and acted as Stage Manager, are both thanked for their generous and invaluable assistance.

## M.I.X. REPORT

By C. MURRAY

At the beginning of this year Diana Longmore and I went to camp at Froggy Pond with representatives from other Peninsula schools. The object of the weekend camp was to train one to lead and plan for a Christian Group. Unfortunately, our leader could not go but we came back full of ideas for M.I.X. our group.

M.I.X. stands for Movement in Christ, and we have a meeting once a week at which everyone is welcome. This year we have had a variety of speakers and Carol Anderson has been coming regularly to lead Bible Studies.

One afternoon we were shown the words of Jesus Christ Super Star on screen to draw our attention to their actual meaning and then had a most interesting discussion on their truth. We have had a number of very interesting films; one rather good one about a very self-centred "blob" called "No. 1", and another "Dust or Destiny" with very interesting shots of birds migrating and experiments with bats. Both these films were followed by a discussion on the meaning of life in Christ.

The Rev. David Prior spoke twice at the request of the boarders after they heard him preach one Sunday and Rev. D. Cooke spoke on a camp he is arranging for private schools.

M.I.X. this year has been popular and very active and we are looking forward to a party at Christmas.

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## 1972 WESTERN PROVINCE HOCKEY TOUR

By M. MINOGUE

On the twenty-eighth of June at ten o'clock we left Cape Town by train. Our destination was East London which we reached after two nights and a day on the train. Just after eleven o'clock on Friday morning we arrived at East London station from where we were taken by bus to our hostel in Baysville.

The inter-provincial hockey tournament was opened by the Mayor on Saturday morning. That afternoon we played our first match which was against Orange Free State and we drew with them. On Saturday evening we attended a variety concert arranged for us by the East London talent.

We attended a lifesaving demonstration on the Nahoon beach on Sunday morning and on Sunday afternoon, our hostesses took us to Gonubi Beach which is about eight or nine miles out of East London.

On Monday we did not play any matches but we attended a meeting in the evening at which we were given a talk on the rules. We played two matches on Tuesday. In the morning we played North Natal whom we beat and in the afternoon we played Eastern Province with whom we drew. That evening we were given a supper by the Border Womens Hockey Association with all the other school girls.

On Wednesday we played against Rhodesia and we beat them in a very close match.

In the morning on Thursday we played Western Transvaal and beat them. That afternoon we played Border and beat them as well.

Our first defeat came on Friday when we were beaten by South Natal who were the overall winners of the school girls tournament. The last match we played was on Saturday morning against Southern Transvaal with whom we drew.

Our overall placing in the tournament was third with Rhodesia taking second place and South Natal first.

Saturday afternoon was time for the closing parade and on Saturday evening we got into the train and started the journey back to Cape Town.

## MATRIC DANCE

By A. WEBB. UUVV.

The Matric Dance decorations were begun in earnest at the beginning of the June holidays, but, only after much blood, sweat and tears had been shed over the choosing of a theme. It was finally decided that the dance would be held in the tradition of the Bacchanalian feast where "Wine, women and song" would feature foremost.

The next thing we had to do was choose a band. Only after having eliminated such note-worthy musicians as Ashkenazy and Mick Jagger did we choose Mc Cully's Workshop, and, if music be the food of love, play on!

Saturday, the 22nd of July, and finally after many a woeful cry of "out, out damned spot" the two and twenty swans emerged from their nests to baffle the staff with their novel and devastating disguise.

Candles, trifle, smiles and Beef Stroganoff, Slit prunes secreting cream cheese and fruity punch topped with instant coffee and a sprinkle of shut-eye.

For me it was sleep-walking till breakfast which brought on a ravenous appetite for bacon and eggs and an inestimable weariness which would only respond to sleep.

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## ROLT SWIMMING REPORT

By Virginia Sleigh U.V.

This year we had a beautiful hot day for our Inter-House Swimming Gala, which was, as usual, the most exciting Inter-House event of the year. It always seems to arouse the most house spirit and every member takes part, whether verbally or physically. Rolt had a strong Diving Team which put up a perfect display and won first position. Unfortunately for us Jagger had an excellent swimming team and is to be congratulated on winning the 1972 cup, followed by Rolt and Merriman. The standard of swimming in all three houses was very high, and several new school records were broken, one of which was the Open Crawl Championship, which was broken by a Rolt member Margie Minogue.

Rolt maintained their good spirit throughout the gala and kept on their persistent cheering, egged on by the cheer-leader, Bridget Borten.

Several Rolt girls represented Herschel in the Inter-Schools Swimming Gala, held at Newlands this year, which was once again incredibly exciting and nerve-racking. The following Rolt girls received their swimming colours: Margie Minogue, Margot McLachlan and Nicola Fouché. Jeanne-André Pelt won a team badge.

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## THE STORY OF SIN

By GWEN MAKEPEACE L.V.

"The Inheritors" opens with the tribe of Neandurthals returning to their summer quarters in Spring. Although they are described as very ape-like, we can recognise all our human emotions and attitudes in these primitive creatures.

Liku, the child, and Lék romp in the trees, laughing and enjoying themselves. There is a strong love amongst the whole tribe, and the two men and two women are completely inter-married, feeling no jealousy or possessiveness, just a common bond of love.

The people have a terror of water, and when the old man, Mal, slips into the river, they feel a very human sympathy, which every man has felt. But they even rub themselves against him to try to share out the cold wetness amongst themselves so that they can all suffer with him. Their sympathy seems far deeper than the sympathy we ourselves know.

The religion of the people is complete worship of creation, and a reverence towards the supreme woman, Oa, who gave birth to the earth and every creature on it. There is no fear of death, only the belief that Oa takes them back into her belly. They have a deep admiration and respect for their elders, as they are the wisest and closest to the divine. They respect the old man for his supreme wisdom, and the old woman because she is the nearest to Oa.

Then Lok and Fa go to find food, and some of their innocence is lost when they find a dead doe, being approached by hyenas. They seem to forget their worship of creation, and throw stones at the hungry hyenas. Lok feels a certain guilt, a new experience, as they drag the doe away, and the description suddenly becomes ugly and revolting, as they tear the limbs from the doe and stuff them into the bag of the stomach.

But Fa, who is the more intelligent of the two, feels less guilt than Lok, who is not so bright. The impression is given that the more intelligent the mind, the less guilt it experiences. Liku, the child of the new generation, feels also guiltless.

Here the book changes and the new people play a large role. Their intelligence is far superior to even that of Ma, and they are meat-eaters.

Lok and Fa watch them from a tree as they go through their horrible sacrificial ceremony. Their religion is based on fear. They feel that they have sinned against the "devils" (who are the Neandurthals) and sacrifice Liku to try and appease their God. They believe that Pine-Tree has sinned, and chop off his finger in sacrifice.

They/....

They have also discovered alcohol, and Lok and Fa witness a drunken orgy. They see love-making in a new concept. There is no longer any love in the act; it is a brutal struggle for supremacy. They watch the new people play at love-making, a selfish game to try to gain as much pleasure from the other person as possible.

They see the relationship between the new people and the old man. There is no reverence towards him. They watch the old man quarrel with his people, and whip them cruelly to heave the dug-outs up the cliff-face.

The relationship between the new people seems completely brutal and hard, yet every characteristic they show can be recognised as purely human, and the Neandurthals seem to symbolise the goodness of humanity.

But then a change overcomes Lok and Fa. They learn real terror, they get drunk, and quarrel as they have never done before. Their innocence seems to be lost, and when they are unable to get the 'new one' back, they devise a primitive form of kidnap.

Then the Neandurthals, who played the main role at the start of the book, are suddenly seen from a more human angle - from the point of view of the new people. All but the new one die, as if innocence is completely overcome by the sin of the intelligent man, except for the one tiny baby, who is left to interbreed with the new man, so that a faint glimmer of our lost innocence may be passed down to every human being.

### GRAPES OF WRATH

By K. CARADOC-DAVIES L.VV

Show how adversity and extreme poverty enabled most of the characters of this book.

The "Grapes of Wrath" is a story about the great depression. The story is set in America although all the world was affected by this depression. In America thousands of people moved to California in order to find homes and to earn a living by working in orange groves, orchards or cotton fields. The Joad family is one of the many families which moved to California and were faced with great hardship and poverty. As a result some members of their family left in despair while in others the best was brought out of their characters.

The Joads were tenants on a farm in Oklahoma and it was very difficult for them to leave their home after living in it

for so/....

for so many years when ordered to do so. They had to sell most of their belongings for which they received very little money in return, pack everything into a truck and leave.

Ma was often the centre figure on their journey as she helped and encouraged everyone. When Rose of Sharon became worried about her baby she was always there to comfort her or to make her understand things if she was being difficult. Ma stayed in the truck with Grandma while they were crossing the desert and, by telling the customs that there was a sick person in the truck, she managed to allow the truck to continue its journey without being stopped and unloaded. Grandma died in the night and Ma did not tell anyone until the next morning. Ma also realized that her son, Tom, had a good nature underneath his violence and tried to help him to show it. She hid him after he had killed the deputy and her efforts partly brought about the change in his character. While the family was camping one evening a crowd of starving children gathered around her while she was cooking the evening meal. Although there was not enough food for the family she left some in the pot for the children to eat.

Rose of Sharon was pregnant during most of the story. She thought that the jolting of the truck would harm her baby and continually told her husband that her baby must be born in their own home. Rose continually felt that every misfortune that occurred would affect her baby and her attitude became quite a burden for Ma to bear at times. Her baby was still-born and she became very ill during the floods which occurred. She was carried to a barn in which the family found a young boy and his father who would starve to death if he could not obtain any soup or milk. Ma suggested that Rose of Sharon should feed him in order to save his life and she agreed. This shows how the sympathy and compassion in Rose of Sharon's nature emerged.

Tom was put in prison for killing a man during a fight. He became very used to the cleanliness in the prison and did not think very highly of his family when released. On the journey the family were continually coming in contact with police officers who would order them to leave their camp and Tom resented this so much that he would have become violent at the first opportunity. This is shown when the family was leaving a camp and had to go through a large mob of people. His mother restrained him and, instead of becoming angry, he wheedled his way through the mob. Tom's mother congratulated him on his restraint but it did not last long as he killed the deputy who attacked Casey, the preacher. Tom went into hiding and there he thought how Casey had been trying to organise the people to join together. He decided to carry on with the work that Casey had been doing and becomes a humanitarian with his one aim to help the people.

Tom's/...

Tom's friend, Casey, had decided that he would stop being a preacher as he had come to a conclusion that all people were holy and therefore what they did was holy as well. However, he was continually called to play his part as a preacher and was horrified at all the poverty and starvation which he saw. He decided to help them and his one thought on the night when he was attacked was for the people.

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### TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

By SUSAN DOWDLE U.IV

The book "To Kill a Mockingbird" is set in Alabama, one of the southern states of the U.S.A. where harsh discrimination against negroes is still practised by many. The main characters in the book are Atticus Finch, a widowed lawyer with a deep sense of justice and fairness. He lives in a suburban street with his two children, Jem and Scout, and a negro housekeeper, Calpurnia. The house next door is occupied by a strange family who have a son by the name of Boo Radley, who remains indoors despite all attempts by the children to lure him out into the open. This reluctance on the part of Boo Radley to appear in public is interpreted by the children as being very sinister, and their rumours have it that Boo Radley committed a terrible crime and subsequently "went mad".

The story revolves around a court case in which a negro, Tom Robinson, is on trial for allegedly raping a white girl, Mayella Ewell, the daughter of a most unpleasant character, Bob Ewell. Atticus Finch successfully defends Tom Robinson in court, and by doing so earns the hatred of Bob Ewell, a confirmed racist. Bob Ewell seeks vengeance on Atticus Finch by attempting to murder Jem and Scout on their way hom from a school pageant. He is prevented from doing so by Boo Radley and is subsequently murdered by Boo.

The book is remarkable in several respects. It is written in a way that keeps one's attention concentrated on the many exciting episodes that the children experience. Their childish ideas and pranks lead them into thrilling situations that are very gripping.

Secondly, the book is written in a charmingly simple style that illustrates the fact that good prose need not be flowery or complicated.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is the way in which the authoress, Harper Lee, uses the children as the

central/...

central characters. She has them tell the story and makes the plot an account of their adventures. As a result, Atticus Finch emerges as a kind, fatherly man and Calpurnia, as a fine, motherly woman with high standards of behaviour. The jealousies, prejudices and hatreds of grown-ups seem particularly silly when seen through the simple eyes of these mischievous but kind children.

The book paints an interesting picture of life in a small town in the southern states of North America. The only unpleasant episode in the book was the account of Atticus Finch's shooting a dog with rabies. I know it was meant to show that, although he was a gentle man who hated violence, he was not a coward and could do unpleasant things if they had to be done. I do not think that this episode added much to the character of Atticus that was not already obvious anyway and I think that Harper Lee could easily have left it out without losing anything. The character of Boo Radley was also a bit overdone. I doubt if any normal person (which he later, with a few exceptions, turned out to be) would have behaved as he did.

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#### SCOUT GROWING UP

By K. CARADOC-DAVIES L.V.

The book begins with Scout, aged six. The story covers three years of Scout's life and during this time we see how Scout grows up considerably from the young child that she was at the beginning of the story. Throughout the book, each experience that Scout has has a great influence on her growing up.

At the beginning of the book, Dill comes to stay with his Aunt Rachael who lives next door from the Finch's. In his first meeting with Scout and Jem, the reader realizes how young the children are as Dill has to undergo a typical childish cross-examination.

During Scout's first day at school, she has the upsetting experience of having a teacher who does not understand why she can read. She tries to explain the Cunningham's financial position to the teacher and is punished for her interference and sees her try to control Burris Ewell. That night, Atticus tries to explain some of the events of the day. He tells Scout that she must see things from the other person's point of view. He tells her that even though the Cunninghams are poor people, they must be treated with respect and that the Ewells are peculiar because they do not live like ordinary human beings.

Scout/....

Scout is quite prepared to pester Boo Radley but she soon finds out that he is really a kind and friendly person even though he may be peculiar in other ways. He leaves presents for Jem and herself in a tree trunk and she learns that even if he is different from other people it does not mean that he is wrong or evil. When Boo Radley wraps a blanket around her shoulders on the night that Miss Maudie's house burnt down, she realizes this even more.

Scout learns about bravery when she sees her father shooting a mad dog. This introduces the part played by Mrs. Dubose who screamed insults at Jem and Scout whenever they passed by her house. Because Jem lost his temper and damaged her garden, they had to go and read to her each afternoon. During this time Mrs. Dubose was trying to overcome her morphine addiction. After her death, Atticus explained her great bravery as she was prepared to battle on even though she knew she would be beaten in the end.

The trial of Tom Robinson, a negro, for rape teaches Scout about prejudice and its effect upon the processes of law and society. She learns that a person must be judged by what he is worth individually and not by the colour of his skin. Listening to the proceedings of the trial she begins to understand that Mayella Ewell's character is influenced by her loneliness and she sees that Tom Robinson is a good man.

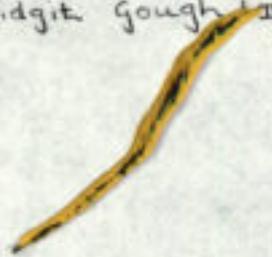
At this time, Aunt Alexandra comes to look after the children during the period of the trial. She tries to turn Scout into a young lady but Scout resents this. When the news arrives about Tom Robinson's death, Scout finally realizes the importance of being a lady and the effort required to be one under stress. She follows Aunt Alexandra's example when she has to continue entertaining her guests as if nothing had happened.

Atticus gives his children guns but tells them that it is a sin to kill mockingbirds because they do no harm. One night Scout and Jem were returning from a pageant when they were attacked. Scout realized afterwards that it was Boo Radley who saved their lives by killing their attacker. We realize how much Scout has grown up when she says that to bring Boo Radley to trial would be like killing a mockingbird.

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Bridgit Gough 19



## RELATIONSHIP

By CHRISTINA MURRAY L.V.

His plain tie hung from under his relaxed and unassuming collar as he watched. The lines on the unshaven face smiled in maturity and openness- half his life lay behind his eye wrinkles, double chin and hair the colour of his gray, well-worn waistcoat.

Leaning on his arm like a dove on a hedge, the laughing woman watched open-mouthed in anticipation. Her straightly cut dress loud flowered like curtaining emphasised a vital neck and high cut cheekbones.

Two boys were clutching a grey-green tin basin which contained a shiney apple bouncing in its swirling water at the fair stall. The rest of the lump was almost in Piers' mouth but an apple stem hung like a cigar from between an old man's lips. A brown pip emerged now and again and spun into the dusty road.

The apple in Piers' laughing mouth disappeared and his protesting red head was immediately sunk again by the strong grasp of his friend who unconsciously gave a kick every now and again to drive him on.

Water flew and the bottom of the basin bounced on the cobblestones.

Still the scrawny arm held firm the bubbling Piers. Until, slowly, a dripping mass rose. The tall boy jumped and beat his hands against his thighs. The basin was left clear, Piers' teeth protecting the lump.

The man turned, she moved, his soft eyes remembering, hers dancing ahead, as they matched their strides and went on.

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## FRIENDSHIP

By J. DICKIE-CLARK U.IV

Give me your hands .....  
for crying  
into mine  
is a selfish  
privilege  
rapidly  
becoming  
meaningless

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## REBIRTH

By F. PARRY U.IV

He was young, not quite twenty, and yet there he stood poised on the brink of death because he felt that life had treated him cruelly.

It was a hot day as he stood on that cliff almost two years ago looking into his watery grave. His blond hair glinted in the sun and his ragged clothes flapped in the breeze. He was a pathetic sight.

As I stood and watched him, my heart went out to him and I felt it my duty to go and convince him that I could change his life and I asked him if he'd like to start again.

I descended the grassy bank and as I approached him, I saw the lines of hardship deeply ploughed on his face. He was obviously concerned about his future as he started back when he noticed my presence.

I introduced myself, told him I wanted someone to talk to but he stood motionless as though he wanted to take his revenge out on me, a complete stranger in his life and yet someone who would show him the way to the right end of the rainbow if he really wanted to find it.

I sat on the coarse heather near him and picked up his steel-stringed guitar which lay amongst a few of his worldly possessions. I played a few songs just to ease his mind and it was not long before he kicked off his shoes and sat down. He was depressed, dejected and subdued, so I played on his hope that he would become happier and change his mind.

Soon he made a gesture, so I handed over his guitar to him and stared out to sea while I listened with awe to the beautiful music that was coming from such a tormented soul.

The sun went down, colouring the sky a violent shade of aubergine. He laid the guitar down and stared at me and to my amazement I saw tears flooding his eyes and streaking down his cheeks.

I hoped it would not be his last sun set.

Once our eyes met and I held his gaze I stretched and made an effort to move on. He did likewise so I bent down to help him pick up his possessions, just a simple gesture to show him that he had a friend whom he could trust.

As we made our way over the hill, I dropped his canvas bag and he laughed and said, "Today is the first day of the rest of my life".

He never had to face going home lonely, instead he drifted into my life, making it fuller and setting me to think.

## THE IDEAL AUNT

By MORAG CURRIE L. IV

My Aunt Mavis stepped from the train onto the platform. She was dressed in vivid green, with stilleto shoes over which her plump legs bulged. As she waddled towards us I noticed she had a sharp nose and small, curious eyes. Unfortunately, as I was nearest her I got the first over-affectionate kiss which left a violent red smudge on my cheek. She asked the usual questions and exclaimed, "My, how tall you have grown. When I last saw you, you were so high", and she stuck out her arthritic hand about two feet above the ground. As she leaned forward in the most annoying way to talk to me, I noticed for the first time, an oversized mole under her left nostril, with two protruding black hairs quivering from it.

My Aunt Esme is completely different. She is well built and on the plump side. She has dark brown short hair and blue-green eyes. During one Christmas she came down from Howick to stay with us. She is a sun worshipper and soon inveigled us into toasting ourselves under the hot rays of the sun. When the warmth set into us she ordered us to lie in a circle to begin the magical foot treatment, which is supposed to be a good mental therapy. As we all became drowsy we were suddenly awakened by the chatter of tea cups and, after drinking to our fill, she told our fortunes from what she saw in the leaves. By that time we were all so exhausted after having the energy drained from us, that she lead us in a lively dance around and into the pool.

This is my idea of an ideal aunt, a weird lover of life, and one who understands people.

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## REINFORCED TALKING

By K. Floyd U.III

"Say please darling". "Pees". "No darling, please". "Pees". "Yes, well". "Thankyou". "Ta". "No darling, Th-ank you". "Ta". "Squirrelli" Mad gesturing at the mouth to show squirrel eating nuts. "Clever girl". "Rabbit". Fingers hastily twitched together to show rabbits ears. "Birdies?" "Pek, pek, pek", and fingers thrust into chest. "Snake?" Mad spitting in all directions. "Pussies?" Vague noises somewhat resembling those of a cat. "Dogs". Loud dog-like noises. "Who's daddies girl?" "Meee".

If you/.....

If you happen to be passing the Floyd residence and hear snatches of a similar conversation do not despair, this is not a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Gibberish, but one of Ruth's "showing off" sessions in progress.

One of my elder sister's ex-boyfriends is at present studying, among other things, psychology at U.C.T. And on the occasion when he pops in to see Ruth, his god-daughter, he explains in detail about "classic conditioning" and "reinforced talking" whilst Mum sits hanging on to his every word with an intelligent expression on her face.

One can always tell on arriving home if the monotony of Mum's day has been broken by a visit from Kenneth because, apart from his special mug sitting on the draing board instead of in its usual place far away from where Ruth can reach, Mum is usually sitting with a smug expression on her face and after we have changed from our uniform, proceeds to blind us with science, explaining in great detail how Ruth has reached the latest stage in her development. By the same token we are made aware of anything new Ruth has said or done in the fact that she hastily leaves her self-appointed task of emptying the kitchen cupboards and rushes to meet us muttering "morning, morning", whatever the time of day and hastily repeating the new word. At present we are waiting Kenneth's visit to find what scientific explanation he can give for the fact that every time the phone rings Ruth says, "I'll go, I'll go".

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#### HE COMPARED TO YOU

By FRANCESCA WELBORE-KER U.IV

Two figures stood against the moonlight. Beer cans were strewn here and there and panes of glass from the shabby house clattered at the men's feet as they slowly walked through the sleeping slums. Two drunkards lay sprawling in the filth, both snoring off the effects of too much drink; at their side a scrawny cat searched for food. Signs of neglect and poverty were apparent.

Far in the distance a clock struck midnight and the two men sat up.

"Mondie, I'm gonna kill myself".

"What?"

"You know what I say".

"You crazy? Why?"

"O.K. I'll tell you why, Because us are black and blacks are

nothing/....

nothing, NOTHING! We caint even get a job if we is eddecated. The white say, 'You black, you got different colour skin 'n us. Get out!'"

The man stopped, took a breath and then continued through clenched teeth.

"We donna't have a change, Mondie. What's the use? We're blacks, Mondie, blacks. If we is rich and eat at a steakhouse we wouldn't be served. Us and our chilnen gonna have to live in poverty. Maybe one day it gonna change but not when I's living. I'm gonna kill myself; wherever I go it gonna be better'n here".

"You mad: There mighta be a change tomorra - any day. Maybe ours friends up North gonna revolt".

"Never, if they gonna revolt policemen gonna shoot dem with a snap of der fingers".

"Come, lets go home".

"Alright, you go first and I'll catcha you up".

Mondie walked on a bit, then he stopped and shouted "Hurry up I Isoy!" There was no answer. Turning back along a side street he stopped dead on the spot. The cold moonlight cast an awful glow on the body of Isoy, lying on the pavement, with a jagged piece of glass in his hand.

"Isoy" screamed Mondie. He dropped to the still side. Blood still oozed from his throat and wrist. The glass grasped in the other hand was stained with blood.

"Isoy, Isoy, my brother".

Mondie fell across his brother and wept. A cat meowed pitiously, searching for a morsel of food.

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#### CONTRACT LABOUR

By LOUISA BROWN. U.V

Down the red-rusted iron walls slides the rain. It digs deep hollows into the earth below, and, within, faded pictures of "Sunny Spain" are pinned to damp cardboard, buckled by the flow. The smoky brazier on the stamped mud floor yields little heat to the bodies of ill-clad waifs whose brown-eyed gazes are fixed to the broken door through which they yearn for their father to enter safe.

But, on the bed sprawls the broken mother. She knows, as she clutches an empty bottle, her eyes glazed, that her husband, far away, is in the arms of another - for she cannot live with him... It is Christmas day.

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WAVES

By B. BORTON L.V.

The waves  
are different races  
striving ...  
to develop crests  
and power  
striving ...  
to overtake, or reach, the wave ahead.

The cross currents  
are the interbred races  
mixed, muddled  
and, between two waves, they  
can not strive.  
Their aim is submerged under the other waves.

Waves roll back ...  
Life rolls on ...

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REPUBLIEKFEES

By PENNY WHITEHEAD U.IV

Verlede jaar op 31 Mei, 1971 het die Republiek van Suid Afrika haar tiende verjaarsdag in Kaapstad gevier.

Gedurende die week voor 31 Mei, het duisende skoolkinders in die Kaap sowel as in ander dele van dás land fees gevier.

Die grootse feesvierings is by die Goodwood Skouterrein in Kaapstad gehou en my ou skool Rustenburg, saam met baie ander skole, het dit begewoon.

Omtrent nege duisend troepe het na Kaapstad gekom om aan die Republiek fees deel te neem. Ons skool het vir twee dae die vertoning by Goodwood bygewoon.

Die eerste dag het ons die opening van die Jeugfees gesien. Daar was verskillende soorte wedstryde soos byvoorbeeld hokkie, rugby, netbal ensovoorts waarin die verskillende provinsies teen mekaar gespeel het. Ons het ook party van die troepe in die arena sien marsjeet.

Op die tweede dag was daar baie ander skole teenwoordig en dit word gesê daar omtrent 75,000 skoolkinders op Goodwood was.

In die oggend het baie kinders die landkaart van Suid Afrika in die arena gevorm en ook die aankoms van Jan van Riebeeck in 1652 voorgestel.

Gedurende die namiddag het ons gimnastiek vertonings gesien. Daar was baie kadette en daar was ook tamboernoocientjies van die Stellenbosch en Natal universiteite.

Daar was baie vertonings by die fees en gedurende die etenspouse het ek die telefoon departement besoek, waar ek baie gelukkig was want ek het 'n direkte foonoproep na Pretoria gemaak. Dit was baie opwindend.

Ek was ook baie gelukkig om die Blommeskou te geniet en ek het gedink dat die rangskikkings voortreflik was. Die blomme vir die tentoonstelling het van elke deel van ons land en Suid Wes-Afrika gekom.

Dit is ontmoontlik om van elke tentoonstelling melding te maak maar ten slotte wil ek net sê hoe beindruk ek was met die handwerk wat deur die kleurling gevangenes gedoen word. Veral hulle naaldwerk was uitstekend.

Wat ek van die fees by Goodwood gesien het, laat my baie trots voel dat ek 'n Suid Afrikaner is.

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## PRETORIA PORSCHE

By M. MINOGUE L.V.

There was unrest in the underworld. A new man had appeared on the scene and his name was Matches Mercedes. Nobody took much notice of him except Pretoria Porsche. Pretoria Porsche seemed to have a grudge against Matches so he called a meeting with the main leaders of the underworld.

The three leaders arrived at Pretoria Porsche's mansion and started to discuss Matches Mercedes. Pretoria Porsche claimed that Matches had broken something very valuable which belonged to him. He also claimed that Matches was a detective trying to uncover him. Durbs Dodge said he had met Matches and Matches seemed to him to be quite a good fellow. Bloemy Bentley said he had heard good reports about the man and Cape Cadillac said he had found the fellow pleasant enough but very inexperienced. Pretoria Porsche did not agree with any of them. He kept telling them to be careful of this Matches Mercedes. He said that Matches had not been born just the other day but knew what he was doing.

Eventually, after much discussing and arguing, they decided to have Matches tailed. He was never to be left alone for more than five minutes. Pretoria Porsche had said that they would get their results very quickly but after a month nothing had happened. Matches seemed just to be an ordinary gangster. Durbs Dodge, Bloemy Bentley and Cape Cadillac wanted to pull the operation off but Pretoria Porsche would not hear of it. He said they would tail the man until he was seen doing something out of the ordinary.

This went on for months and Pretoria Porsche would not give up. He said that one day Matches would slip up.

Pretoria Porsche claimed that he was the only man in the underworld with no relations. He said his father had been hanged and his parents before him and that his mother had probably been killed by his father when she had tried to run away. He also claimed that he had no brothers or sisters so therefore he had nothing to tie him down. Nobody could threaten death to any of his family as he had none. Everybody considered him a lucky man but what everybody did not realize was that Pretoria Porsche's mother had not been killed and at the time when she had run away, she had been pregnant.

It was now about six months since Pretoria Porsche had ordered Matches to be tailed and still nothing showed up. Cape Cadillac said he was not going to waste his time any more following a decent crook. Durbs Dodge soon pulled out too, but

Bloemy/....

Bloemy Bentley said he would give Pretoria Porsche three months before he gave up.

Then about two months later, Matches slipped up. He was caught talking to an ex-employee of Pretoria Porsche's. Pretoria Porsche struck, but it was not hard enough to kill Matches. Matches was then taken to Pretoria Porsche's mansion where he asked to speak to Pretoria Porsche. Pretoria Porsche told everybody to clear out while he spoke to Matches. He could be heard shouting at Matches, but what he said could not be heard. Then there was silence and after about two minutes a shot rang out and Pretoria Porsche walked out of the room. Bloemy Bentley asked Pretoria Porsche why he had killed Matches. Pretoria Porsche replied that Matches would spoil his reputation and when asked why, he replied, "He was my brother!"

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#### THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR

By J. HANSON U.IV

"For goodness sake, Anne, don't tell lies. Of course you must have been in an accident; the police don't make mistakes about this sort of thing". Anne's husband waved the summons that had arrived amongst the morning post which now lay scattered over the breakfast table.

"John, darling, I tell you I know nothing about it. All right, it is my car registration number and it does refer to our high street, but I wasn't in town that day".

John looked exasperated, "Look Anne ..."

The telephone in the hall began to ring. "For goodness sake, answer it". Anne rang into the hall and John heard her voice suddenly drop and the low murmur of conversation. "What is it, Anne?"

"Oh John, it's the solicitors and they say that they have received a claim against us for damage to someone's car amounting to nearly a thousand rand and I am ...."

A loud knock on the door interrupted her agonized reply. Again the knock was heard and Anne, apologising into the telephone, put the instrument down and opened the door.

"Good morning, madam", began the tall man at the door, "Mrs. Jones? .."

"Will you please wait a moment, I'm on the 'phone" and,  
turning/....

turning, Anne went quickly to the telephone.

"What is it Anne?" called John from the sitting room.

"It's the solicitors on the 'phone".

"Yes, I know", interrupted John, "Who was at the door?"

"For goodness sake stop interrupting, John, I'm on the 'phone".

"Look dar, don't lost your temper! I only asked", but Anne was talking excitedly into the telephone.

"Yes, yes, my husband and I will call at your office some time today, but I assure you there has been some terrible mistake somewhere". John pulled a face and Anne glared at him over the telephone as she slammed it down.

"Face the facts Anne", he started, "You must .."

"There's someone at the door". Again the loud knocking interrupted Anne. John walked over to the door and opened it wide.

"Good morning, sir", said the man standing outside, "I am police constable Coggan. I'm sorry to interrupt you but I have called about the police summons". John heard a strangled gasp, the running of feet and the slam of the study door. He turned back to the police constable.

"I'm sorry, sir", continued the constable, "but there seems to have been a mistake. The young constable who dealt with the matter seems to have copied the wrong registration number and I have called round to apologise for the inconvenience it may have caused you".

"Thank goodness, constable, my wife is in quite a state over this".

At that moment there was a loud report from the study and John and the constable rushed through the hall and into the study in time to see Anne collapse on to the floor and a smoking gun fall from her hand.

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## THE FUTILITY OF JEALOUSY

By Gwen Makepeace. L.V.

Cedric's jealousy knew no bounds when Rex Jameson returned from Johannesburg with a flashy red E-type Jaguar. Hatred turned inside him when he saw the girls' heads turn as Rex roared down the streets in his sleek, shiny jag.

Cedric had always been overshadowed by his elder brother, ever since childhood. It had always been Rex who had the three-speed bicycle, the 350 motorbike, the pretty girlfriends.

But since Rex had left for America Cedric had become more self-confident and independent. And now his brother had returned home again, all equipped with an E-type Jaguar and a flock of pretty girls.

Cedric's ego was crushed. His girlfriend was unsympathetic. She showed her protruding teeth in a horsy grin. "Oh yes, he is nice, isn't he?"

"Humph! Just because he's got himself a stinking jaguar. That makes him so smart, doesn't it? I'll show him! I'll show you all!"

He stalked off to find his brother. It was time he stood up to Rex and proved himself; he decided. "I'll show him!"

Cedric swaggered up to his brother's room, threw open the door and stuck his hands into his belt. Rex looked up, surprised. "Hi Cedric. Meet Lulu and Angel".

"So you think your car's great don't you? Well I'll show you that a jag's not so wonderful. We'll have it out at Killarney three weeks from Saturday!"

He slammed the door and marched downstairs. High-pitched giggles emanated from Rex's room.

For the next three weeks Cedric was in a frenzy of preparation. He referred to a manual and found that the top speed of an E-type Jaguar was 134 m.p.h. With that in mind he took out his little Renault engine and replaced it with a larger one. He tested the speed. It could reach 115 m.p.h. Then he replaced the carburetter, tuned the engine, lowered the suspension and bought wider tyres. For effect, he painted a black stripe down the side. He tested his top speed. It was 155 m.p.h.

Saturday arrived and Cedric awoke with a pounding heart. Rex was laughing at him. "You'll never get that thing over a hundred even! Why make a fool of yourself?" Cedric grinned, and revved the engine so that his exhaust belched smoke into his brother's face.

Rex/....

Rex became angry. "Let's go then!" And the two cars streaked away from the starting line, neck and neck as they took the first bend. Rex's foot was flat and the sleek red jag sped along the tarmac, but the Renault was soon far ahead, still belching clouds of black smoke over the track.

Cedric looked back happily. The jaguar could never catch him now. He roared up to the winning post and then screeched to a halt. Chuckling, he thought to himself, "Never get this thing over a hundred even! Ha!" He imagined his brother's face as he realised that Cedric was winning. He waited for Rex to reach the winning post, so he could laugh and jeer at all his bravado.

But his brother never came. As Cedric reached the far end of the track he saw a crowd gathered round an ambulance by the ditch. They put his brother on a stretcher, and pulled the blanket up over his head. The ambulance drove off silently.

Finally Cedric Jameson had conquered his brother. His greatest wish had come true. But Cedric was still not satisfied. For his brother was dead, and all he wanted now was to die too.

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#### BLACK AND WHITE

By GAILE PARKIN U.IV

The Black village  
Is quiet  
Under the white clouds  
Of doom.  
A final sigh  
Of weary defeat,  
And the last child dies.  
His limp, Black body  
Lies still,  
Tortured by hunger  
Since life began.  
But the will to live  
Is exhausted.  
And now there is no one left  
To mourn,  
Yet the fat White man  
Goes on.  
Unaware.  
Unconcerned.

ooo0ooo

JO'BURG JAG

By E. LACEY L.V.

"Hi, John, come and have a drink with me! Wow, you do look bad. You look as if you have the problems of the world on your shoulders".

"I have, and that's putting it mildly!"

"Care to tell me about them? I may be able to help you".

"Nobody can solve my problem".

"Come on, why don't you try me?"

"Well, I have a nagging wife".

"That's bad. That will take some solving!"

"I told you nobody can help me. She moans about anything and everything I do".

"How long has she been nagging you?"

"Ever since we moved to Johannesburg. She finds fault with everything. The car is not smart enough, the house is terrible and the garden is in a mess".

"I have a brilliant idea. Why don't you buy her a Jag? That will keep her quiet and you will have peace".

"That's a great idea. Thanks, Jack, you're a real friend".

"Well, I am pleased I could help you, and I hope when we meet again, you will feel better".

When they met again, Jack noticed that John looked much better and commented.

"You look better today. Did you follow my advice?"

"Yes, I feel a free man now. After a great deal of trouble, I managed to get a beautiful Jag. When I got home, I told my wife that I had a lovely Jag for her in the garage. She was thrilled. When she poked her head into the garage, it bit her head off!"

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THINGS I USED TO IMAGINE WHEN I WAS YOUNGER

By TANIA TULLOCH U.III

When I was younger, about three or four, I used to imagine things that I was convinced would happen.

If I was sitting alone I would start to chatter and babble in some different language that had no meaning at all, but, I was sure, that if the right person came along at the right time, they would understand me and be able to continue in conversation.

I would also say to my brother, David, if we came to a place where we had never been before, that I had lived there and had been born there but a fairy came along and changed me into the world I was in now.

In the land I had been in, people could fly, but only people who got into trouble and had to run away, and there were telephones through which people could see each other and did not have to dial a number (that was because I could not dial because I was only just starting school and knew no numbers).

When I was younger and would tell a joke to somebody and they would laugh, I would blow up my cheeks and run off and sulk because I thought they were laughing at me.

When you are younger, your imagination is not spoilt by schools and learning the correct things, and you have a much greater power to make up stories than when you have been to school to learn the correct things.

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SOUVENIR D'ENFANCE (MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD)

By LOUISA BROWNE U.V.

Quand je me rappelle mon enfance, je me rends compte qu'elle était très heureuse. Mon père était officier de marine Britannique et donc nous voyageions beaucoup.

Quand j'avais trois ans nous habitions Malte. Je me rappelle comme l'île était très belle avec ses rochers blancs, et la mer d'azur sur sa côte. Nous habitions un vieux chateau, dont le petit salon avait été la chappelle au temps jadis.

J'avais cinq ans quand nous sommes rentrés en Angleterre - pour habiter à Plymouth la maison que nous habitions était très belle. Elle s'appelait: "La maison du jardin". Elle se trouvait sur une colline, dans le jardins du manoir de Mt. Edgecombe.

Je me/....

Je me souviens qu'elle était très petite et elle ressemblait à une villa romaine. Je me rappelle comme je jouais dans ses jardins - j'avais peur de la petite cimetière qu'on trouvait dans un bois derrière la maison. Ma mère aimait beaucoup à entrer dans cette cimetière qu'était un endroit très tranquille.

Quand j'avais Sept ans, nous avons voyagé en Afrique du Sud - quand mon père a laissé la marine de guerre. Sur cette voyage je me rappelle que j'étais la seule (de ma famille) qui n'avait pas le mal de mer. Je me rappelle beaucoup de cette voyage - comment je m'amusais dans la salle d'enfants ou j'ai trouvé beaucoup de jouets, et aussi beaucoup d' amis ....

Ces souvenirs ne sont pas tous - mais je crois que j'avais vraiment de la chance de passer une partie de mon enfance aux endroits pareilles.

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### MILKMAN

By CHRISTINA MURRAY L.V.

His hair flopped over his intent forehead, dark eyebrows narrow above eyes, smiling and his cheeks folded back as his mouth widened, carefully, showing straight teeth.

A father hand gently guided a warm bottle, his free arm, protective and strong, supported a tiny bald head. Another two dimpled hands gripped the bottle, sticky and stubborn and a mouth squashed like that of a pekinese tugged at the milk whose level sank steadily. Faintly visible eyebrows were pulled together in determination, forming new grooves down the smooth forehead as ears moved mechanically in time with the sucking jaws.

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F. MacSymon

Fiona MacSymon U.II

AU SECOURS! (HELP)

By F. MACSYMON. U.V.

Un petit garçon marchait avec son chien Rover dans le bois sombre. C'était au printemps et le coeur du garçon était plein de joie. Joie pour les oiseaux qui chantaient dans les arbres pour les nouvelles feuilles vertes, pour l'air fraîche et tous les bruits du printemps.

Enfin, il s'est assis au pied d'un chêne, son chien à côté de lui. Sa mère lui avait donné une pomme, du pain, du fromage et une bouteille de Fanta. Il avait très grand faim et avidement, il a commencé à avaler.

Soudain, il a entendu un bruit très étrange, comme une personne qui pleurait. Le garçon a tendu l'oreille et, au pas de loup, il est allé à l'endroit d'où venait le bruit. "Au secours!" criait quelqu'un, et le petit a couru de plus en plus vite.

Puis il est arrivé à la scène de l'accident. Là, assis tout seul, au milieu du bois, était ..... un petit éléphant. En sanglots il a raconté au garçon qu'il avait perdu sa mère et dans son pied était quelque chose qui lui faisait très mal. Le garçon a tiré ce méchant épine et puis a grimpé sur le dos de l'éléphant. Quelle vie merveilleuse!

Mais, je dois vous dire que le garçon rêvait seulement. Il s'est levé tout de suite et lentement il est rentré, très malheureux, très triste. Ce n'était qu'un rêve!

## IT'S A VET'S LIFE

By L. WESEMANN

"It's a vet's life", is the title of a very amusing book, describing various incidents in the life of a vet. I would now like to relate to you some of the experiences I had, while helping at a veterinary surgery during the holidays and on Saturday mornings.

Ever since I can remember, my interest has been in the line of veterinary science, animal husbandry and agriculture. A career consultant's confirmation, that veterinary science was definitely in my line, and a visit to Onderstepoort, the Veterinary faculty, really triggered me off. Onderstepoort is a wonderful institute, with research laboratories, animal hospitals and operating theatres, which would give Chris Barnard pleasure to work in.

After I had seen all this, I was not to be kept away from the Blue Cross. During the holidays, my daily visit to the Blue Cross was more important to me than anything else. Besides thoroughly enjoying myself, I learned very much, and I now have a good idea what I can expect in the future.

There is, as one can expect, much heart-break involved, but one becomes hardened within hours. A young woman came to consult the vet one morning while I was there, with a most delightful black scottish terrier puppy. He had eyes like sparkling brown buttons, he wore a red collar and looked just like a toy. The poor little fellow unfortunately had chronic heart trouble, and the vet suggested to the owner, that the kindest thing to do would be to have the animal put down. It was not the puppy I felt sorry for, (euthanasia is marvellous and the animal is dead within seconds) but the lady was heart-broken, and I myself felt a lump in my throat.

The people one meets are also very interesting. My mother once took our dog to the Blue Cross, and while she was waiting, a little boy came up to her, pointed at our dog's black, moist lips and asked, "Way's that dog got licklish?"

Our dog had glaucoma at the time, which is an infection of the eye, which can result in blindness if the eye is exposed to strong light. Our dog therefore had to be kept in absolute darkness for two weeks. My mother made him a pair of goggles. She cut a tennis ball in half, pierced tiny holes in each half, which she covered with dark plastic, and then tied them over the dog's eyes. He looked like a creature from outer-space, and when the vet saw him, he was all for telephoning "The Argus".

I was told a story by a vet who had lost a dog. It had been staying in the hospital for a few days, and when the vet wanted to treat it one morning, it had disappeared. He was very concerned, because letting an animal escape is worse

than/...

than losing an animal under an anaesthetic. That day the vet spent hours searching for the dog. He even climbed up Skeleton Gorge, without luck. In the evening the owners of the dog telephoned to find out how their pet was progressing. For a second the vet wondered whether to say, "He's fine", but he decided against it and bravely answered, "Well, eh, I'm afraid your dog has escaped". All the owner said was, "I'm glad you are honest, because my dog's come home!"

That particular vet used to give himself tiny shots of anaesthetic next to each mosquito bite he had, so that they would not itch!

I was very fortunate, in that I was also able to see a certain amount of large animal practice on farms. Cases such as abnormal births, mastitis, various infections, the removal of after-births were the most common.

In the theatre I was able to see a large amount of surgery, such as spays, castrations, caesarians, amputations, tonsils removed and the repair of hernias. It was very interesting and I loved every minute of it.

Another story I was told, was of a very sick gold-fish that had been brought in for treatment. The vet asked the owner to leave it with him and to phone again in two days. The vet tried every method he knew to save the fish, but it died on the second day. The owners 'phoned to find out how their fish was. The vet told them that it was recovering but that it would have to stay with him for another two days. During those two days the vet searched every pet-shop, until he found a gold-fish identical to the one that had died. The owners came to fetch their fish, and were thrilled to find it in such good condition. From this story I discovered what a vet does as a last resort.

A vet's life is one without monotony, where one has to face a challenge each day.

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Christina Murray LV.

'N SPINNEKOP VERTEL

By M. MINOGUE L.V.

Ek is 'n spinnekop in die hoek van 'n slaapkamer in 'n meisieskoshuis. Ek hou baie daarvan om hier te bly want daar is so baie wat aangaan.

Elke Vrydagaand steek hulle 'n kers op, haal uit hulle kasse bottels koeldrank en aartappel skuifies en anderhande lekkernye. Hulle sit hulle draadlose saggies aan en wag vir die twintig plate van die week.

Verlede Vrydagaand het 'n paar prefekte ingekom. Hulle het al die eetgoed gekonfiskeer maar die meisies het die draadlose haastig weggesit toe die prefekte ingekom het. Daarna kon hulle nog na die twintig plate van die week luister.

Ek het later gehoor dat die prefekte alles opgeëet het en dat die meisies na die hoof gestuur is. Hulle was kwaad daarvoor omdat die prefekte die kos moes inlever maar het nie. Hulle kon niks sê nie. Ek sê vir jou, dis nie regverdig nie en ek hou niks van die soort prefek nie.

Aan die begin van die kwartaal het 'n nuwe meisie in die slaapkamer gekom. Hulle het hulle snaakse dinge aan haar vertel wat sy moes doen. Elke aand, het hulle vir haar gesê, moet hulle aan die matrone gaan sê of hulle al hulle huiswerk gedoen het en as hulle nie klaar is nie moet hulle vroeg die volgende oggend na haar kantoor gaan en werk. Sy het dit ook gedoen en die matrone het lekker gelag. Die arme meisie, maar dit is die lewe van die skool!

Daar is net een ding waarvoor ek bang is en dit is dat eendag 'n maisie na hierdie slaapkamer sal kom wat spinnekoppe haat en ek sal dan uitgevee word. 'n Klein onskuldige spinnekop is niks teen 'n groot mens nie en daarom hou ek my gifknypers vas.

ooo0ooo

MA SOURIS (MY MOUSE)

By SHARON GIRD U.III

J'ai une souris blanche,  
Elle n'a pas de chance,  
Elle tombe à la peinture noire  
Et maintenant, elle est ma souris noire.

ooo0ooo

THE WILD STALLION AND HIS MARES

By L. WALKER U.III

He stood clearly out-lined on the horizon.  
Clean cut, with beautiful conformation  
His Mares dotted about behind him.  
He sniffed the air and sensed danger.

His mares raised their heads  
And walked towards him, calling their foals.  
The Stallion looked down the mountain  
And saw the horse hunters.

He set foot at a full gallop  
His Mares followed him with their foals at their heels.  
The Hunters also galloped.  
But they never caught up.

ooo0ooo

VIR ET PISCIS (MAN AND FISH)

By JOSEPHINE FRATER. L. IV

Vir pauperrimus harundine suo ad flumen venit. Dum in ripiis sedit, piscem cepit. Piscis inquit, "Si me liberabis, tibi multa dona dabo". Vir domum novam et alia multa rogavit. Piscis ei ea dedit. Domum pestina vit et domum pulcherimam et optimam vidit. Uxor eius irata inquit, "O vir stultissime! Festina ad piscem et eum roga si is me reginam faciet. Vir ad piscem ambulavit et rogavit," "Piscis nobilissime, uxorem meam reginam pacies. Ubi is ad suam regiam venit uxor nondum satis habet et inquit, "Ad piscem festinabis et eum rogabis si is me simillum Iovis faciet. Vir iratus inquit, "Minnime vero". Tum uxor eius inquit, "Ego me necabo nisi te hanc rem facies." "Vir piscem rogavit sed piscis inquit, "Quam stultissimus et ignavissimus es, tuam domum veterem reddo."

Vir et uxor in domo vetere habitaverunt, tristissimi et pauperrimi.

ooo0ooo

LEWE OP 'N PLAAS

By TJITSKE POST L.IV {B}

In die laaste vakansie het ek by 'n vriendin gaan kuier wat op 'n plaas woon. Alles is mooi vries and kool en daar is altyd iets om te doen. Op die plaas is daar baie diere en miljoene appelbome. Almal gaan vroeg bed toe en staan dan baie vroeg op, net voor sonop.

Vroeg in die oggend hoor jy die koeie wat gemelk word, en die geklank van die melklemmers. Die voëls sing almal vrolik en dit is 'n moois vris oggend. Dit gaan vandag 'n moois dag wees. Ons het altwee in ons lekker warm bedde gelê en die heerlike reuk van warm koffie geruik. Ons moes toe opstaan en die perde gaan oefen. Ons het baie ver gery en na die rivier in die vallei gaan toer. Die eende en hul kleintjies was daar maar hulle het vinnig weggeloop.

Weer tuis, het ons die hoenders kos gegee en toe ontbyt geëet. Daarna net rondgeloop en gaan kyk hoe die pakkers die appels pak. Dit was baie interresant om te bekyk. Na middagete het ons weer gaan stap en saam met die trekkers na die boorde gegaan, om appels te help pluk en ook hulle na die pakstoor te bring.

Daarna het ons by die huis rondgedwaal en na aandete bed toe gegaan. Ons was doodmoeg.

ooo0ooo

## WORLD UNDERSTANDING THROUGH LANGUAGE

By L. WESEMANN L.V.

I have often heard it said, that the world would not be in the chaos in which it is, if the different peoples could communicate with one another, and understand each other better, through communication. For people to communicate freely with one another, they must be able to speak the same language, and so the idea of "world understanding, through language", arose. As a result of this idea, an international language was constructed, called Esperanto. It was, of course, hoped that world understanding would improve through Esperanto, but very few people speak it, and it has only become another language, which can be added to the long list of the thousands of languages which are spoken throughout the world.

Even if the whole world would speak the same language, I do not believe that world understanding would improve. In the world today there are so many different races, social classes and people with many generations of tradition behind them, that even through language I do not feel that they would be able to understand each other properly. It is human nature for man to want the best for himself and his own people.

On the other hand, if an Englishman learns German, and is able to read the wonderful language of Goethe, he will be able to appreciate the German language and cannot fail to have some understanding of a nation which speak this language. The same applies to a German who is fortunate enough to be able to read and appreciate Shakespeare.

In South Africa there is frequently a lack of understanding between the different races. The African's ponderous way of speaking can be highly irritating to a European, who is in a hurry and is trying to get some information out of the African. The European does not realize that the African considers it rude to be so curt.

A European housewife often insults an African man, because she does not realize that it is simply not done for a woman to ask an African man his name.

There are many such traditional ways of speech and politenesses which the European does not know through lack of knowledge of the African languages. This can cause indignation and even anger on the part of the African.

It has been seen throughout history that attempts to weld people together by giving them a common language, have sadly failed.

It used to be a method of the conqueror to enforce his own language on the conquered people, by making his own language

the/....

the official one. As a result of this we today have many multi-lingual countries in which each language group tries to enforce its own language. There is, for instance, Belgium, with a large group of Flemish-speaking people who have not allowed themselves to be absorbed into the French-speaking population. The Finns, whose country was part of Sweden, and the Poles and Czechs, who have a partly German population, are other examples. As a matter of fact the efforts of the minority language group, have been stimulated and have roused national sentiment to retain their own language, to such an extent, that civil wars have been waged over language questions.

Even in countries speaking the same language, this factor has not prevented them from fighting civil wars, as we have seen in Spain, North America, India, the Sudan and France.

In contrast to this, one has the example of Switzerland, which has no less than four language groups, all of which live in comparative harmony and all of whom regard Switzerland as their home, and are prepared to fight against any aggressor, even if he speaks their own language. The Swiss-German speaking Swiss would fight against Germany, the Italian-speaking Swiss against Italy and the French-speaking Swiss against France, if necessary.

Here, in our own country, attempts to enforce a single language have led to all the more strenuous efforts of the other language group to enforce their own language.

Although, for many reasons it would appear that a common language would help to bridge the differences in opinion, and thus help to avoid war-like conflicts, it appears that any attempts to make an existing language the one world language, must fail, as no language group will be prepared to adopt the language of another group and thereby give that group what would appear to be an advantage.

Humanity at this stage is still too petty to take such a step and the only hope of attaining a unified world language would be in the universal acceptance of an entirely new language such as Esperanto, which has not emotional or patriotic background for anyone. So far, unfortunately, Esperanto has been only very moderately accepted.

Philosophers, writers and poets, live in their own language, and express thoughts which they could not have expressed so accurately in any other language. It must be feared, therefore, that with the introduction of an artificially constructed universal language and its full acceptance, much folklore and the intrinsic beauty of difference languages would be lost. After all, a language which has evolved and grown through generations, has a great emotional depth which cannot be replaced by the imposition of a foreign language, still less of an artificially

constructed/...

constructed one.

I cannot help coming to the conclusion that a universal language would mean a much greater loss to mankind, that the faint hope of creating universal peace, by the introduction of a universal language.

It may be that a constructed language, like Esperanto, if allowed to mature over generations, will eventually be able to convey the deeper thoughts of the different people, provided that a genuine effort is made by an increasing number of people to establish this new language. For instance, it would seem necessary to attain this objective that Esperanto is taught in schools the world over.

In the meantime movements like Rotary, which are international, are extremely valuable in their efforts to let the different peoples understand one another and remove prejudices which so often lead to friction and even war. The exchange of youths, as arranged by Rotary, must bring about a better appreciation of the differences in different people and world understanding.

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#### WORK AND LEISURE

By SUSAN DOWDLE U.IV

The working day of the primitive man was spent in working - gathering food, seeking shelter, looking for water, keeping himself warm, and primitive man never knew what leisure was. He was always working and busy, seeking the necessities of life, but as man evolved, social organization began to take place, and automation and the Industrial Revolution led to less work, and more leisure, because of all the machines that took the place of men. But, as man found out, leisure often means boredom, and ways have to be, and have been, found out, to dispel this boredom which strikes so many people like a contagious disease.

Broadly speaking, there are two ways in which one can dispel boredom.

Firstly, most people have turned to the "unhappy" way of dispelling boredom, where the pleasures have already been provided for them by someone else. For instance - screaming up and down a river in a speedboat, which requires very little skill, reading comics and "trashy" novels which do not teach one anything, listening to the radio, buying and playing seven-singles to make half-witted pop stars into millionaires. These are all vicarious pleasures, which unfortunately, most people prefer.

Secondly, there are the other sort of pleasures or ways

to/....

to spend one's leisure hours - by doing something oneself. For example - silk-screen printing, where one has to be very precise and careful, sailing in a yacht, where one has to have a certain amount of skill to be able to "steer" the yacht, reading good literature which requires concentration and going to and listening to good concerts and plays, fishing which is both relaxing and rewarding, and many other such pleasant occupations.

These are the two general ways of spending one's leisure time, and I prefer the latter.

But, when one comes to think of it, work should be in a sense, leisure. Leisure is supposed to be fun and enjoyable, and so should one's work. And, on the other hand, leisure should be work, otherwise one becomes bored, so work and leisure are needed by everyone, especially work, for those who grow bored easily and those that cannot entertain themselves.

ooo0ooo

#### IN A MIRROR "WHO OR WHAT AM I?"

By C. Moni L.IV

This little group of words, is one of the most irritating questions that anyone can think of. This is, because none of us really know who or what we are. Each morning we look at ourselves in a mirror and we see shaggy hair, eyes closed with sleep, mouth drooping and hands limp and shakey. This was a question which I, too, asked but, unfortunately, I have found the answer. People used to think me strange but now I know that I am right and they are wrong. It happened like this.

The birds were especially chirpy and bright and they woke me from my peaceful dreams. I rose and went to the bathroom to wash my face. As it happened the mirror was in front of the basin and I caught a glimpse of my face, but was it really my face? I looked again and saw a young girl with wild, fearless eyes, large white teeth and hair long and unbrushed. It was the grotesque face of a cave woman, but yet it was me. I looked again. This time the face had become that of a Cretan girl with her lock of hair beautifully tied up. Her face was soft and gentle and creased in an infinite smile. The face, or my face, changed yet again, but this time it became the face of a young girl. She was familiar but yet so strange, and then it clicked. This was me.

All these grotesque, beautiful, familiar faces were mine. How strange, may be this was the strange thing that people dalled reincarnation. My spirit had been in all those girls and

now/..

now it was in my being, my living self. I had just about enough courage left to look just once again. Within myself I felt the strangest feeling. The next minute as I looked into the mirror I found myself in a green beautifully peaceful field, with flowers, strange blue ones. I sat there, overwhelmed by this strange and sudden change. Suddenly I felt my face change. It became more mature; at least it felt it. My hair seemed suddenly to reach my waist after only being arm-pit length. My clothes consisted of a long dress, patched up and old. Then I heard voices and saw children, many children, riding on horse-back. I closed my eyes .....

The mirror in the bathroom revealed my old self. Maybe the paradise of Nirvana I had just left was where I would be when I was older. Then this whole strange dream hit me and I understood. This was me, married and living in peace and love.

I had been and was going to new places; not all in one life-time, but in many, until I reach the state that I would understand God and follow Jesus and men like Him. I am thankful that I was brought to realization before I became too old. Some people never do find out until it is too late. I know now the solution of the mysterious problem "Who or what am I?"

ooo0ooo

By J. DICKIE-CLARK U.IV

He sat on a gate smoking a cigarette,  
In the afternoon. Above a stream,  
Naked with yellow autumn leaves.  
The stream vomitted them onto its banks,  
Where they were sucked into the squelching mud  
and decayed forgotten.  
The stream flowed on, but they were  
not there to see it, fresh and clean,  
as it should have been.

ooo0ooo

HET EK MY GESKAAM!

By BARBARA WARD-ABLE. U.IV

Gedeurende 'n naweek in 1970, het ek saam met my vader lughawe toe gegaan, om 'n man van Australië to gaan ontmoet.

Ons het nie geweet wanneer hy kom nie, dus het ons na

die/.....

die vertrekkings en aankomstelys gekyk. My vader het agtermy gestaan.

Ek het lank gestaan and kyk, en uiteindelik het ek omgedraai en vir my vader gesê, „Pa, u gaan vir my 'n roomys koop, né, pa, asseblief, pa!”

Terwyl ek dit sê, het ek met sy das gespeel. Ek het ook die knoop van sy hemp vasgemaak, sy das reggesit, en sy baadjie vasgemaak.

Toe begin ek dink dat ek nooit daardie das gesien het nie, en die baadjie was 'n smaakse kleur!

Stadig het ek opgekyk, en ..... daar staan 'n jong man met 'n baard, en lang hare, wat verskriklik skaam gelyk het!

„O, jammer! Ek het gedink jy is my vader! Jammer!” het ek ook baie sku gesê!

Ek het vinnig weggehardloop na my vader wat by die ander kant van die gebou gestaan endlag het.

Ek het nooit so skaam gevoel nie, maar ek is seker dat daardie man gedink het dat ek probeer het om hom te verlei!

ooo0ooo

#### LIFE AND OUR FAMILY

By GAILE PARKIN U.IV.

In spite of many varied labour-saving devices, electronic brains and computers, there is still far too much work to be done, and far too little time for leisure.

The necessity for work is obvious. One's mind and body must be put to useful purpose, and a living has to be made. Vast numbers of people either know, or pretend to know, how to work, but very few know how to employ their leisure hours imaginatively.

Take my family for example.

The breadwinner spends eight hours of tea and coffee-breaks, reading the newspaper, and getting mentally and physically flabby in his office every day. When he comes home

"after/...

"after spending a busy day at the office earning money so that you can go to a decent school, and all you can say is, 'Take the dogs for a walk'", he is too tired, through sheer boredom, to put his leisure hours to any advantage.

Mother has to work extremely hard attending to our numerous pets and cleaning the ever-filthy house. When she occasionally does have time to spare, she usually sits in the garden, admiring the flowers, but on sighting a weed or a straggling piece of creeper, she will start the strenuous process of tidying the garden. She never has time for leisure.

My brother, if he has any time after completing his homework, erects wires, microphones, magnetic devices and other such death-traps for sudden intruders, in order to improve his knowledge of the scientific world. The results of these experiments are related in incomprehensible detail to "the ignorant members of the family" over supper. Needless to say, we are none the wiser.

My elder sister, to the accompaniment of never-ending pop music, studies, paints, draws, reads, writes letters of encyclopaedic length, and sleeps. To her, work and leisure are both one. If we are lucky, she emerges at meal times.

As for myself, homework allows little or no time for leisure .....

ooo0ooo

### MY CRAZY HOUSE

By JEAN BARRY U.III

My dads got a cold  
My mum has just sold  
her old pair of blue carpet slippers  
My brothers in bed  
he's got a sore head  
And the garden-boy needs some new clippers.

The dog has got 'flu  
The kittens had too  
much stockfish to eat for their dinner,  
The maids' jumping round  
Like an underfed hound  
'Cause she's backed the Gold Cup winner.

But what do I care  
if she's mad as a hare?  
'Cos I don't feel worried at all,  
I've finished my work  
now I mustn't shirk  
to be at their beck and call.

ooo0ooo

## ABRAHAM'S POTATO MACHINES

By GWEN MAKEPEACE L.V.

As the first coil of the potato peel touched the newspaper, Abraham sighed. Peeling potatoes! It seemed that all his life he had been peeling potatoes. How he hated it!

A fleeting thought came to him. Surely if one were to invent an automatic potato-peeler, one would be a millionaire in no time. He stopped and thought about it. It was a brilliant idea, he decided, and set out to make himself a millionaire.

Since his father was the tea-boy in the Cape Times head office, he soon received plenty of publicity, and large firms offered him the capital to back his campaign.

He locked himself away in his room with a drawing board, emerging only occasionally for more pencils or a bit to eat. Several months passed before he had his great inspiration.

His drawing completed, he began to build the miraculous machine. It was a huge secret and took eight months to complete.

Great preparations were made for his first public demonstration. An enormous hall was hired and crowds of people attended the showing.

With much pomp and splendour his great invention was wheeled on to the stage. It stood five feet high and seven feet wide, and weighed three-quarters of a ton.

Poor Abraham could not understand the reaction of the crowd, but when he had managed to silence them, he demonstrated the effect of his machine on an unpeeled potato. A large potato was inserted in the slot. The crowd waited. Whirring sounds could be heard within the machine. A minute passed. Suddenly bits of potato peel began to emerge from the slot he had marked "POTATO OUT". When all the peels had been emitted, a tiny grease-covered potato dropped out of the machine.

A red flush swept over Abraham's face and his ears began to glow. The crowd boomed and Abraham returned to his drawing board.

More months passed as he tried to design a smaller, more efficient version of his potato-peeler. He kept a test potato to guide himself.

At last/...

At last he came up with a practical design, and again a hall was hired for a public demonstration.

He brought along his test potato, and the audience watched rather cynically as he inserted it into his new machine. But ten seconds later he was proudly holding up a perfectly peeled potato. The crowd cheered. He threw it into the audience and took another potato from the sack next to him. The machine spluttered. Then there was silence. He tried another potato. The machine spluttered again. Nothing came out of the slot.

Abraham realised his mistake. He had made the machine only to fit his test potato, and it would work only on potatoes of identical shape and size.

A jeering audience threw things at him, and Abraham returned home cringing and disillusioned.

Abraham was informed that he was to be sued by the firms which had supported him. He would have to get a job to raise the money.

Sadly he began to peel potatoes for supper. As the peels plopped onto the newspaper, an advertisement caught his eye:

"Experienced potato-peeler wanted,  
Contact Sea Point Hotel. Phone 7237".

Abraham gave a sigh of resignation and set out to be a professional potato peeler.

ooo0ooo

## SYMBOLS

By CHRISTINA MURRAY. L.V.

He drove comfortably homewards, his automatic changing easily as his foot compelled. He was contemplating his afternoon's gold at the club with satisfaction as his car turned into the drive. In his rear view mirror he saw a glimpse of his neighbour's open garage. Curiously he looked.

"Damn".

A beautiful splash of silver and red filled the minor sized garage. Perhaps it belongs to a friend? A strange habit people have of hoping against hope.

Calculating, he walked to the door. If he gave up his new cigars, those fat ones - he'd forgotten the name - and smoked cigarettes instead for six months, he would be able to show an even later model.

No, they'd say he couldn't take to strong cigars; he'd say he'd given up smoking. Funnily, that was always respected. Within six months the new model would be out and in his garage.

As he walked on he smiled with satisfaction at the large, floodlit pool in the front garden. The children had been so pleased but now Graeme had changed. Admittedly, Maisi still appreciated things he did for her.

"I'm back!" He closed the door behind him. An object in a dyed T-shirt, with a black dove splayed across the back, turned, grunted and continued with his work - eating. Finishing, he threw down his knife and fork, fetched a guitar and, with a flash of peace sign, slammed the door.

"Where's that boy? He's never at home, he ought ...."

A soft voice called from upstairs and he remembered his wife. Restraining himself from going to greet her - she was usually busy at this time - he poured himself a drink.

A draught dropped down the chimney, caught up a fringe of the carpet and tickled it over the wooden boards. An ugly carpet that. Still, the dealer had said it was Turkish, no - Persian. It was always admired!

He drank slowly, his tired thumb tracing the pattern of the glass, as he replayed the afternoon's golf. Jefferson was careless, didn't seem to care. Next time he would get hold of a good partner. With some other partner he could easily have the silver trophy on his mantelpiece.....

Krratch!/.....

Krratch!

"That dog ...." It was a battered mongrel. Graeme had adopted in a spurt of good will.

"Coming Dad!" Maisi ran downstairs. As she opened the door the ragged animal pushed in and rolled muddy, kicking and scratching over the carpet; its squint eye jumping happily.

As Maisi bent down to take it away, a thin chain slipped out from under her skirt. A light silver cross fell back against her neck.

He watched her go. She was like Graeme, same eyes, same long hair and jeans and T-shirt, but happier? He heard her slam the postbox door as she brought the paper to the house. Graeme was never home - what's wrong with his home? He has his own room, hi-fi, motorbike, what else does he want? His friends could come here - I'll offer to arrange a party for him. Surely he would like that.

He looked across thick wall-to-wall carpeting, the heavy wood table, the encyclopaedias, stiff against the wall, to the painting crookedly clashing with the wall paper. The boys at the club would envy that one!

Thinking of the club reminded him of the new car. Yes, giving up smoking for six months would be worth it.

And so he fell back into his protective symbolic shell, a new house, pool, attractive wife, car, Persian carpet, as Graeme and Maisi sought and had perhaps found theirs.

"We are symbols and inhabit symbols".

R.W. Emerson.

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### WAITING

By J. SHARP L.V.

I sat. I looked at the white face of the station clock. I checked my watch. It wasn't right but it didn't matter. I stared at the grey dust blowing a little on the grey stone floor. The grimy stone walls towered up and stared back at me. The black shine of a taxi cab flashed at the entrance.

Five minutes now and the train would be in. The

realization/...

realization prickled up my spine. I caught a sharp breath in; felt it circle the pit of my stomach and return in a wave of nausea. I bit my lip.

A train relaxed in and filled a great gap of coal covered track. My eyes were unseeing. The sounds were harsh and clear. The shunt jerk hiss of the relaxing caterpillar, the doors shuddering open and caterpillar's inards jumbling onto the platform. People with quick, crisp footsteps, carrying briefcases, umbrellas, raincoats, and suitcases, hurried along. Squealing trolley wheels dodged the buzz of voices.

My hands were damp. The bowler-hatted umbrella men quickly passed by the tired middle-aged 'career' woman. Beautifully dressed women, hugging parcels labelled 'Harrods', hurried to taxis.

A newspaper seller bangs his heavy pile at Gate 3 and then fumbles to untie the coarse yellow string. A baggy-trousered porter wheels a trolley on to the platform. A slow sound of train wheels and the triangular bit of daylight at the end of the platform is no more.

I am standing beside the bench - stiff. My neck is extended, my scalp is pulled taut, my eyes are wide and level with the train windows. I see it all - it is happening now - the people are getting out of the train. My heart will go mad. My hands unclench. I step forward, then stop. My heart pounds while I try to casually look at my watch, but now my whole arm is shaking and trembling. I take one more step forward, stand erect, my hands at my sides - and wait.

The people huddle at the gate and outstretched fists offer tickets to the collector. The people spread, once out of the gate. I stare at them as they turn and move in a mist towards the exit. They turn from me and move - they keep on moving with harsh footsteps and voices. Now a man stoops to receive his change from the newspaper man. And then he, too, has turned and ..... we ran to each other and then we were spinning round and round.

Then all I could think of was the dust on the cold grey station floor being ground down further by the feet of all the people.

ooo0ooo

THE STATION

By NICOLA FOUCHE L.IV.

Cold and bare,  
Benches empty.  
No one about  
Except me, and a porter.  
He raises his hand and bids me 'hallo'.  
His golden hair waves with the wind  
As he ties up his broken shoe-lace.  
I hear a noise and strain my eyes to see a train in the distance.  
"Will Sandra be on it?" I ask myself.  
I had been here all day waiting for her to come.  
Train by train had come in, but no Sandra.  
This was the last train, and my last hope!  
The train rattles in.  
An old woman, two children and a young man get out.  
No Sandra.  
And then I hear a familiar voice.  
No, it cannot be, but it is.  
"Sandra!"  
"She must have come by means of another vehicle"  
I say to myself,  
As I run into the arms of my long-lost sister.  
I see the porter, with some friends.  
"He's happy, I say," just like me. He's got company."  
The sun sinks lower as Sandra and I walk towards the waiting taxi.  
Wonderful station, always uniting people together!

ooo0ooo

TRAVELLING

By JUDY SENDEL L.IV

Travelling was good today  
the rain came down,  
all the way, and only  
the immediate country near the road  
was to be seen  
by naked eyes  
and covering senses.  
It was enough  
to shake my soul to see  
the rain come down  
like .... that how can I say?  
there was no easy way  
to find an open space to share.  
we'd stop beneath gum trees  
and I ....?  
would walk along a track of  
orang-white gravel and stone  
to find a place to be alone  
under false  
pretences  
but all in all  
travelling was good today

Tomorrow/...

tomorrow we will travel more  
and how I'll long  
for where I've been;  
and wait while I wait .....  
patiently?

ooo0ooo

By K. FLOYD U.III

He fell!  
Out of a cloudy sky.  
Plumeting towards a bare earth  
Alone!  
To fall to his death unnoticed.

It was then,  
That he saw it  
The gaping, rusty hole,  
The chipped green paint  
The jagged edges  
And into this.

He fell!  
His body knocked against the sides  
His perfect body!  
Mutilated and distorted  
He heard the echo  
In his shrivelled ears.  
The echo as the end grew neaper.  
The echo of his body on the rusty metal.

He saw,  
The glare of light  
That was his death  
And into this he fell  
Where others had fallen  
Many others.  
The end of the drain pipe.  
For he was a raindrop.

ooo0ooo

HAPPINESS

By JENNY DICKIE-CLARK U.LV

Happiness is  
like clean dry sand  
clutched in an eager hand  
escaping, leaking,  
silently seeking  
a way to be free.

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## MY GELIEFKOOSDE VAKANSIEOORD

By S. SMITH-CHANDLER U.III

Ons het 'n vakansiehuis by Plettenbergbaai en ek kink dis die beste huis waar iemand kan bly. Dit is op die seefront aan Robbergstrand. Ons gaan elke vakansie daarheen en meeste van die tyd, skyn die son. Elke vakansie is Plettenbergbaai vol vakansiegangers. Daar is mense orals en dit is woelig.

Daar is drie strande; die Robbergstrand, die "Look out Beach" en Plettenbergbaai. Die "Look out Beach" is gevaarlik maar dis goes vir brandeplank ry. Op die Robbergstrand jy visvang.

Ons ry perde by ons huis en jy kan van die eenkant tot die ander kant van die Robbergstrand galop.

Daar is blomme in ons tuin en hulle is alle klere en ons het 'n tuinjong wat in ons tuin werk wanneer ons by die Kaap is.

Alhoewel Plettenbergbaai so ver van die Kaap is, dink ek dis die beste plek waar iemand 'n vakansie kan deurbring.

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## MY THOUGHTS ON A JUMBO JET

By E. LACEY L.V.

Will this plane be hijacked or not? This was the first question my overworked suspicious mind kept repeating. I am by nature a pessimist. Unfortunately, being pessimistic, suspicious and imaginative, which can make a perfectly harmless thing turn into an absolute nightmare or monster, whichever the case may be, I can never relax. I am always tense.

Now, what did the doctor say? Oh, yes, deep breathing and relax your muscles. Yes, I feel much better. My, but the gentleman sitting next to me is really clinging to his little black case. Tight, serious beady eyes, eyebrows drawn close together, wrinkles on the forehead, tense neck muscles, taut arm muscles and tightly closed mouth - all the characteristics of a hijacker. Oh, honestly the way I carry on. I sometimes wonder why I did not become a detective instead of a salesman, advertising Sanatogen.

"Sir, you look extremely uncomfortable, May I put the case on the rack for you?" asked the hostess, interrupting my thoughts.

"No, no thanks ..... I suffer from asthma; my inhaler is in here".

You are not a very good liar. His hands became tighter

over/

over his case. A drop of perspiration ran down my forehead, instead of his, and landed on my hand. I looked at the little drop. Now, you see what you have done? You have worked yourself into a frenzy. The doctor told you to relax. Anyone would think you are the hijacker.

"Sir, are you feeling all right? You look terribly hot. I'll bring you a towel", said the hostess to me.

"Oh, yes, thank you, I am feeling rather hot".

How embarrassing. She must be awfully suspicious of me.

Let me sum up the whole situation. The man, sitting next to me, has a little case on his lap, very extraordinary. It either contains an inhaler or a bomb. He is clinging to the case which most probably means that it is the latter. The cool cloth on my forehead helped me to come to this logical conclusion, with supreme air and with the dignity of a worthy gentleman who is well practised in dealing with such dangerous matters. The headlines of the paper will be "Mr. Jacobs saves jumbo from bomb". I shall be the proudest man in the world. I shall be the hero.

First of all, I must plan what I am going to do. This man is most probably a luney, so I must talk to him and calm him. I don't know how I am going to do that because two more drops have managed to escape from the towel. I have the perfect plan. I shall go to the pilot. Oh no, that won't do. They need my assistance here. I shall smuggle a note through, via the hostess, to give to the pilot.

"Excuse me, sir, have you a pen?" "Oh thank you". Now for the paper. "Er .... have you any paper?"

"No".

"Have you paper?"

"No".

"Paper?"

"No".

By this time I am half way down the aisle.

"Paper".

"No".

"Please, ~~sir~~", the Pilot announced on the loudspeaker, "all passengers must return to their seats as we shall soon land".

"But, I must have paper".

"There is plenty of paper at the airport. Now, don't worry".

I was pushed back to my seat into which the efficient hands of the hostess had me strapped in, in no time.

Oh, people will never recognise true heroes.

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## FEET OFF THE GROUND

By L. WESEMANN

When we were given our essay title "Feet off the ground", I immediately imagined the thrilling sensation of galloping along Hout Bay beach. The horse let go, thrusting its legs forward, barely touching the ground, gliding over the soft sand as if in flight, and the rider was hardly able to feel the movement of the horse's body beneath him, as it raced along. My mind was already filled with ideas of what I would write on, when our teacher said, "I'm giving you this title, which, of course, is easier to write on than the well-known expression 'feet on the ground'".

I did not know what "feet on the ground" meant and we were told that it meant a sensible, practical and stable person with down-to-earth ideas. My heart sank when I heard this, for I knew that the title for our essay could not be tackled literally and lightly as I had hoped, but that I would have to do some serious thinking before I put anything down on paper.

As I packed my books after school, I remembered the essay we had to write. The title worried me the whole way home, so I asked my father what he understood by the title "feet off the ground".

The first thought of "feet off the ground" that entered his mind was air-pilots, who spend a great part of their lives above the ground. He also imagined parachutists and ended up by explaining their methods of steering to me. I was rather disappointed because I had hoped he would have some suggestions as to what I could write for my essay which still puzzled me very much. I asked my father if he knew the meaning of "feet on the ground" and I was happy to discover that he had not heard the expression either.

I asked my younger brother what he thought "feet off the ground" could mean. I was horrified when he said, "Someone who's been hanged of course". I also asked him if he knew what "feet on the ground" meant. I thought he might have come across it in his English lessons at school. He was very reluctant to admit that he had never heard of it.

After I had heard my brother's and my father's opinion on the worrying essay title, I decided my own brain was as good as anyone else's and determinedly I sat down at my desk with a clean sheet of paper in front of me, and started thinking of a suitable subject on which to write. "Feet off the ground", the words repeated themselves continuously in my mind, but however hard I concentrated and thought, I had no ideas to relieve the frustration which was slowly building up inside me. I had nearly chewed away half my pencil. It tasted horrible.

As I sat fidgeting at my desk, carefully picking bits of paint, wood and lead off my tongue, the telephone rang. It was for me. My heart leapt; I hoped it was an exciting invitation, but to my disappointment it was only a school friend of mine who was just as frustrated about her "feet off the ground" as I was. She sounded pretty upset; I think she was in tears, when she asked me what on earth she could write on. I told her that I was in the same position as she was, which I think consoled her to a certain extent. We ended up having an hour-long conversation over the telephone. Eventually she remembered why she had phoned, and we wished each other luck with our literary efforts. With renewed energy I bravely sat down at my desk, wrote feverishly and produced the 619-word essay.

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EDITORS' NOTE

The compiling of this year's Rolt Magazine has involved the determination and co-operation of all its members whose contributions are greatly appreciated. Although not everyone has an entry in the Magazine, their efforts are nevertheless remembered.

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Fiona McLachlan,  
Christina Murray.

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FINIS.