

## ROLT

### Cover

Very nice. Attractive colour and clever design, bold and inviting.

### Presentation

Lay-out pleasantly varied but the overall appearance less crisp than one would wish for. The numbering of the pages, for example, could have been neater. There should also be as few errors as possible in the body of the work.

### Club reports

Lively in tone, conveying a pleasing spirit and enthusiasm, but there did not seem to be very many reports or details in comparison with the other houses.

### Illustrations

Intelligently distributed and pleasantly varied. I liked the figure studies on page 13 and 30 which contrasted interestingly with the skilful, more stylized page 23. Mounts had been carefully chosen to enhance the studies.

### Articles, Stories and Poetry

The mingling of prose and poetry has the effect of keeping the reader alert and interested.

'The Descent' was effective, as were also several of the very brief poems and comments. G. Frater can make especially pithy observations.

The writing generally was fresh and pleasantly varied.

ROLT MAGAZINE

- 1 9 7 4 -

"We started with nothing; but have been holding our  
own ever since"

19th Century  
Tory Politician.

EDITORS COMMENT

Well, here we are, nearly at the end of 1974, and a very successful year it has been for Rolt. This magazine is an effort to compile a record of our achievements and to capture the enthusiasm and happiness with which we work together.

Editoring it has not been an easy task, and we would like to thank all who contributed and assisted us for making it somewhat easier.

The magazine speaks for itself.....

The Editors  
J. Frater & D.Gürisch.

Our thanks to:

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CONTENTS

Page

Reports:

House Mistress's Report.....	3
Rolt House Report.....	4
Matric Dance.....	5
Squash.....	6
Hockey.....	6

Literary Contributions:

Elephant.....	8
African Magic.....	8
Teddy Bear Love.....	10
A Scent of Flowers.....	10
Dangerous Pleasures.....	11
The Descent.....	14
The Char.....	14
Poem.....	15
The Stranger.....	15
In Balance.....	16
Daisy.....	17
Essay on "Wuthering heights".....	17
Autumn Leaves.....	18
Magic.....	19
Exams.....	20
The Problems of Books.....	21
An Exciting Experience.....	22
The First Day at the Senior School.....	22
Expression.....	24
Love.....	24
The Mystery of life.....	24
My Grandmother.....	25
Fate.....	26
Last Drive.....	26
Water.....	27
Price of Progress.....	27
A Flea.....	28
The Prisoner.....	28
The Stranger.....	29
Bath Night.....	31
The Murderer.....	31
Promise.....	32
My Creed.....	32
People.....	34
The Flood.....	34
The Stranger.....	35
A Daffodil.....	35
Butterfly.....	38
How To Paint a Perfect Holiday.....	38
Dutch Entry.....	39
Mein Haus.....	40
Ek en die Wêreld.....	40
A Beach Specimen.....	40
16 Augustus 2018.....	41
Naweke is die Woonwa ons Tuiste.....	41
10 Januarie 1974.....	42
Les Foules.....	43
Ma Tante.....	43
Le Film: "Ring of Bright Waters".....	44

CONTENTS (cont)

	<u>Page</u>
Un Pièce de Théâtre qui m'a Plu.....	45
L'incident des Vacances.....	46
La Reine.....	46
 <u>Art Contributions:</u>	
Bridgit Gough.....	7
Shona Milton.....	13, 30
Lucy Quinan.....	23
Ricky Prain.....	37
Peta Simpson.....	45

R O L T

HOUSE MISTRESS'S REPORT

The Magazine Committee has asked for comment on House-spirit and achievements. The latter are detailed in the House Prefects report and indicate that Rolt girls are still striving for and achieving high standards in work and in sport.

We were very fortunate in having Fiona McLachlan and her well-organised assistants to lead us during 1973. Susan Dowdle and her team are <sup>at</sup> this high standard and it is pleasing to record that their ambitions have been well-supported by house-members.

Early in January, it was decided that every girl should contribute one new knitted garment for donation to the Ruby Adendorff Home, Claremont, which cares for Coloured children from 7 - 17 years of age. The girls responded admirably to this appeal. It was a great pleasure to deliver a large bag of jerseys early in June. There were several articles more suitable for younger children and these were given to St. Michaels' Home in Plumstead. The house also sent cash donations to the Nondzarne Crèche and Bantu Scholars Fund.

The staff of Rolt thank the girls for their enthusiasm and ambition. We wish you, individually and collectively, very successful results in 1974.

E. Stockwell.

## ROLT HOUSE REPORT.

Head of house: Mrs Stockwell.  
House Mistresses: Miss Brown, Mrs Popham-Smith, Mrs Mallet.  
School head of house: Susan Dowdle.  
Prefects: Dorothy Beukes, Shushy Fuller, Lindsay Loggie  
and Sub-prefect Gaile Parkin.

Rolt has had a splendid year! We started off the year with a house meeting at which everyone was asked to knit a jersey for our charity - the Ruby Ardendorff Home. Money has been collected throughout the year and distributed to several needy and gratefull charities.

After this, work had to begin again in earnest. I am very pleased to say that Rolt has slowly improved academically throughout the year, with only a few dips, but I hope the standard of work will continue to rise. I must especially congratulate Elizabeth Murray and Tjitske Post who continue to produce outstanding marks.

Culturally, Rolt girls have done very well in both the English and Afrikaans Bisteddfods, winning several high awards. However, we are still waiting for the results of the Royal Schools of Music Examinations which Susan Ward-Able, Suzette Anderson and Gail Anderson entered for. This week, a school play, "Quality Street" is being performed and Dawn Gärisch, Stacy Smith-Chandler, Georgina and Josephine Frater, Sharon Gird and Margot McLachlan are all taking part.

Several Rolt girls passed their Taalbond examinations written at the end of last year.

Rolt continues to shine at sport. Our first inter-house event of the year, was the inter-house swimming and congratulations go to Jagger on winning this. We did, however, run a very close second, and I thank Shushy Fuller very sincerely for all her help. We did win the diving, thanks to Nicky Kohler and Fiona Adams.

During the second term, we played our inter-house netball and hockey matches. We were all very thrilled when Rolt won the hockey once again, and the final match between Jagger and Rolt was most exciting. Our congratulations go to Merriman on winning the netball and to Jagger on winning the tennis.

At the beginning of the third term we had great delight in congratuling Miss Brown on her engagement. This term, we have just finished playing the inter-house squash matches and Rolt has won with Jagger running a very close second. I should like to say a special well-done to Margot McLachlan for being chosen to play in the Western Province Schools Hockey Team, and she and Susan Batho, from Merriman, represented W.P. at squash in Durban over the long weekend last month.

The judo/

The judo at Herschel has continued to flourish with many of our girls winning championships, and Lucy Walker, Tanya Tulloch and Helen Mackay have done very well in horse-riding events.

Next week, we are having an inter-house variety concert and I am really most grateful to the standard 9 girls who have put so much effort into this, and organised it so efficiently while the Matrics have been writing their Mock Matriculation Exams. I should especially like to thank Ricky Prain for this, and Dawn Gärisch and Jose Prater who have worked so hard to put this magazine together.

Finally, I should like to thank Mrs Stockwell and the other Rolt staff for their constant loyalty and support to Rolt. I also thank our prefects for their help, not forgetting their co-operation from the rest of the girls.

All I can now say is how much I have enjoyed this past year, and I believe I can say this from all the Matrics as well. I hope that Rolt can continue to be at the top, and I wish next years' prefects best of luck.

Susan Dowdle.

#### MATRIC DANCE

The Matric Dance was held this year on Saturday, 20 April. After much arguing and planning, it was eventually decided that our theme should be "Caberet", and we used the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec as our main source of inspiration.

Before the actual dance we all gathered at the Beukes' home where we drank a champagne toast before coming to school. Mrs Fuller and Mrs Brownlie prepared a delicious meal of chicken à la king for us, which we enjoyed tremendously. The music and dancing continued till midnight when Gill Austen gave a short speech of thanks and we all went off to rhe Labia's house for the after party.

At about three o'clock we showed the film "Finishing School", which succeeded in scaring us awake. Afterwards breakfast was held at the Joslin's home for those who were still going strong. Then we all dragged ourselves back to school to tidy up the hall before retiring to our very welcome beds.

Gaile Parkin

## SQUASH

Thanks to Jill Eckstein we have had a fantastic squash season and have managed to play matches against various schools including a match against Bishops.

The inter-house squash competition was held during the last few weeks of the third term and congratulations to the Rolt team on beating both Jagger and Merriman.

Congratulations to Susan Batho of Merriman on being chosen for the W.P. Colts Team which went to Durban for the Inter-provincial tournament during the long weekend.

The inter-schools Tournament is yet to be held, but we hope that Herschel will do well. The following Rolt girls have been chosen to represent their school: Stacey Smith Chandler, Margot McLachlan, Nicky Fouché, Nicky Kohler.

M. McLachlan

Our congratulations go to Margot for being chosen for the W.P. Colts Team.

D. Garisch

## HOCKEY

We have had a most enjoyable hockey season this year and in spite of heavy rains, we managed to play many matches including two against touring teams from Kingsmead and D.S.G.

The Inter-house Hockey matches were held during the second term and the enthusiastic Rolt team is to be congratulated on beating both Jagger and Merriman to win the cup.

Congratulations to Gill Austin on being chosen for the W.P. Schools Hockey team to play in the Inter-provincial tournament in Volkerust in June.

The Inter-schools Hockey was held on Saturday the 20th September, and Herschel managed to reach the finals where they drew with Rustenburg.

M. McLachlan

Margot must also be congratulated on her having been chosen to play for the W.P. Schools Hockey team.

D. Garisch



## ELEPHANT

Why o' why is your trunk so long?  
And your tail so short?

Helen Mackay.  
Std.6.

## AFRICAN MAGIC

All races have their own superstitions and beliefs in magic. One of the most fascinating of these races are the Xhosa, a Southern African tribe. These are a very happy and carefree people who are grateful for the good and who do not fret over the bad.

Any trouble is the whole tribe's concern and this may be caused by various members of the tribe. The witchdoctor is probably the most important man in the tribe except for the Chief. He or she is the diviner and can "smell" out the cause of the trouble by communicating with the spirits of their ancestors and by using his magic. There are several main ways in which the witchdoctor may cure someone.

The first is when he has tiny little messengers called Nomatololo, which he sends around the world to find out things. When he holds a seance, they sit in the thatch of the hut and do what they are told to do. When they come back he talks to them and they answer in their little high-pitched voices. These types of diviners are greatly respected and the Xhosa have a great deal of faith in them. There is also the Thrower of Bones who has a collection of bones, skulls, skins and other media in which he works.

He works with these in many different ways and his ancestral spirits answer him. The most common method of divining is known as Vumisa. The doctor is surrounded by a circle of men and women who have come to him. He is not told in advance why, but has to find out himself, which he does by asking questions. After he has discovered this, he smells out the witch and usually it is the person the audience themselves believe guilty. The guilty person is not always accused outright but strongly hinted at. The penalty he has to pay is then up to the elders of the kraal to decide. He may also cure by means of herbs.

The herbalist is different to a witchdoctor in that he immunises and protects with his medicines while the witchdoctor heals. He is usually regarded as a good person. Medicines are made from the most mysterious mixtures he can think up and the more mysterious they are, the more effective they are likely to be.

The sorcerer is a man or woman who uses medicines made from herbs to bring harm to people and even death to enemies. Apart from herbs, rats, ground and dried locusts and burnt feathers of blackbirds may be used. Specific mixtures are used for specific purposes. For example, to make cattle sick, medicine is sprinkled in the entrance to the kraal, so that the cattle are bewitched as they walk over it or inhale it. They can kill their enemies from a distance without them knowing what is going to happen. A mixture is made and some of the persons hair is put in it. Then the sorcerer puts a forked stick into the liquid, at the same time chanting the persons name. As he does this, the victim falls to the ground and dies soon afterwards.

The witch works with supernatural beings. She has her agents whom she sends out at night to "tuto" the people. Or they put poison into the persons food and this makes them sick. Two of their better-known agents are the Tikoloshe, the watersprite, and the Lightning Bird, Impundulu.

The Tikoloshe has a very bad reputation and is regarded as really bad but in reality he is not. He lives with the witch and so he has to do whatever she tells him to do. He is a short little character, about two feet high, covered in grey hair, with a long grey beard to his knees. He is not naturally invisible but can make himself so with a pebble which he keeps in his cheek or in his hand.

Impundulu is a spectacular individual which stands upright and is about the size of a man. He has black and white feathers, a red hooked beak and red legs with sharp talons which he hides in the day by wearing shoes. He can change into a man at will and has a smooth approach to the opposite sex. If he is trapped and killed, special medicine is made from his fat and flesh which immunises people from him and the lightning that he causes.

In the tribe there is always a rain-maker or maybe more than one of them. This person can be anybody and they usually make rain in secret because if they have too much rain and a flood results or something else that causes trouble, that person is severely punished. The rain-maker makes rain by catching a bird, the hamerkop, and killing it. Then he hangs it head down over a river bed. This is the most tricky part, because the water will come up to the level of the birds head and if it is hung too high, floods will be the result.

These people are just the main characters in Xhosa witchcraft and magic. There are many other aspects of it which may just be true, and one wonders when one hears about the miraculous cures that the witchdoctors bring about, whether the cures really work or whether it is something purely psychological on the part of the patient.

Suzette Anderson.  
Std.9.

#### TEDDY-BEAR LOVE

Soft-brown, and  
Cuddlesome;  
Honey-eyed, and  
Huggable;  
Dumpy-round, and  
Mine?

Bridget Gough.  
Std.9.

#### A SCENT OF FLOWERS

Mathew moved across the horizon of his former life, and out into the life beyond. Sensing a chill which seized his whole body, he pulled his duffel-coat closer around his bony shoulders and drew on his half-smoked cigarette. It made him cough so his diaphragm thumped against his skinny ribs. Involuntarily he shivered in expectancy - what was to come? Was it good or bad? Would he be one of the lucky ones - or was this duffel-coat protection to be discarded in the heat of shame?

Another draw and the cigarette was finished. A cough. He reached in to his pocket for another. Never dreamt his pocket was so long, or was it just that his fingers were cold, oh so cold .... He lit the next and coughed. He was very ill ..... still? Before, they said everything would be beautiful; they said all would be beautiful, and the scent of wondrous flowers would hang in the air. Purgatory. If he could only warm them ....

He thought he had glimpsed the Truth, the Way, the Life, for a few brief moments while still crossing the bridge. Could it be his imagination, or was it so? Hoping, hoping, while the

third cigarette grew shorter. He opened his eyes and looked forward. Obscurity. Sideways. Obscurity. He must not look back - but the temptation! How he longed for one brief glimpse of his 'before' - he was not sure that he liked his 'after'.

He closed his eyes. Curiosity opened them for him. He stared. There! ..... What was it? A light - a beckoning, soul-searing light, drawing him, pulling him .... Closer, and closer still.

And as he moved closer, the scent of flowers filled his nostrils, and he knew what it takes a lifetime to know ....

Jean Barry.  
Std.8.

### DANGEROUS PLEASURES

The pace of life today is so frenetic that to most of us pleasure and leisure are synonymous. Indeed, we are used to hearing of "occupational hazards", but if someone warned us of "pleasure hazards" we should probably laugh. Yet how right he would be! There can be some kind of danger in even the simplest of pleasures.

Understandably, if one's idea of pleasure is racing motor-cars, climbing to the dizzy heights of mountain-tops, deep-sea diving or even tiger-hunting, the dangers involved are obvious. There are some who enjoy these hazardous pastimes: facing challenge and danger is their particular form of pleasure. The average person seeks pleasure and relaxation in apparently harmless and more peaceful pastimes, satisfied in the knowledge that he is being "sensible". How he deceives himself! Take my family for example:

Starting with the head of the family, my father's idea of pleasure is a short game of golf and a long nineteenth hole. This sudden weekend exercise after a sedentary week could cause a coronary at the third hole, acute sunstroke, followed by fever and incipient baldness. There is also the danger of being hit by other players' golf balls. On arrival at the nineteenth, there are drinks all round from the winner, another round from the loser, a couple more from various friends, finishing with the inevitable (and usually several) "one for the road". This is detrimental to the health, ruinous to the pocket and lethal to other vehicles on the way home. A pleasure indeed!

Mother, of course, is a contrary being, and is only content when every moment is being usefully occupied. To her, pleasure

is work, and so "occupational hazards" haunt her from dawn to dusk. In the past month alone, she has managed to burn herself on the stove, kettle and iron, impale her leg on a craft knife, smash a finger with a bronze bust, skewer her hand with a wood-carving tool, and practically burn the house down through smoking in bed. Fortunately, in real Jane Eyre style, I was on hand to save the situation.

At present, my brother's idea of pleasure is experimenting with his tape-recorder. The results of this are not as dangerous to him as they are to the rest of the family.

Furiously sudden blasts of electronic music can have devastating effects on one's thought-patterns when one is trying to write an essay, or on the china when one is daydreamingly washing up, or on one's temper when one is trying to get forty winks. (The only thing that really benefits is my money-box, which receives a coin in repentance for every swear word.)

He also delights in recording household noises which he replays in the most unusual places at the most unexpected times, resulting in near heart-failure of the unsuspecting victims of his surprise attacks. Mother will be woken at 4.30 a.m. by violent dog-barking under her bed, telephone ringing from her alarm clock, or the ~~see~~ <sup>loo</sup> being flushed in her wardrobe.

Father's blood pressure frequently reaches danger point when he is unable to find the cause of those loud knockings in his car engine or the minor explosion in the boot.

My greatest pleasure is walking, usually at night, and even in this there are hazards other than the possibility of being raped and murdered. Neighbours' large dogs, forewarned of my arrival by the merry Goon-type singing of "Ying tong iddle i po", lie in wait for a vicious attack. This causes frayed nerves and trousers. Unfortunately, I always emerge from my deep thought in the middle of some unknown territory, and, being short-sighted, am forced to climb the sign-posts to enable me to read the name of the road into which I have wandered - an occupation viewed with more confusion than suspicion by the local constabulary. One day I shall be arrested by the men in white coats.

These, then, are the dangers facing the members of one ordinary (?) family while pursuing their individual pleasures. Multiply these by thousands, include the dare-devils and speed-merchants, and Cape Town becomes a veritable death-trap.

Life is for living. Life should be a pleasure, but when you stop to analyse it, even that is fraught with dangers. Joseph McCabe summed it up very well when he said, "The paths of life are slippery with the blood and tears of the universe".

Gaile Parkin.  
Std.10.



### THE DESCENT

Eight times he hesitated  
And looked over the terrifying drop  
There was an overhang  
And no foothold  
As far as his eye could see.

He peered over the edge  
His beady eyes darted over what he had to descend  
Every smooth millimetre  
Holding terror for his heart.

At length he started the descent  
Every muscle in his body tense and rippling  
His feet strained for the bottom -  
Not too far away after all -  
And the mouse was down the step.

B. Ward-Able  
Std, 10

### THE CHAR

There it was in the newspaper, in the column under "situations vacant": char wanted for widower three days per week. Good working conditions and high wages."

I shall never forget the day I walked up the long driveway to the house and knocked at the door with the knocker that seemed to echo back my heartbreaks. The door remained impassive. I knocked again, hoping the result would be the same and I could run down the driveway and to the world I knew.

At that moment, there, where the knocker had been, was the face of a sad, but kindly man, that, but for his distinguished, well - bred features, could have been that of the butler. "Come in" was all he said, "You must be Mrs Jackson."

Six months later, my employer's children arrived to spend Christmas with him. On Christmas Eve, whilst everyone was busy decorating the tree, I made preparations to leave. I would now return to my bedsitter where I had been staying since my husband and child had been killed in a tragic motor-car accident ten months previously.

Unexpectedly, a quivering hand touched my shoulder. There stood my employer, Mr Moss, and with a mischevous smile on his face, he asked me to stay and help decorate the tree. I happily agreed, also secretly knowing he would never take no for an answer.

Excuse me please, the doorbell has just rung. It must be the new char that has come to work for us. You see, I married Mr Moss.

S. Smith - Chandler.  
Std. 8

The road was long and very twisty.  
He was walking  
Walking  
To his true love.  
She was tall, slender, and very beautiful.

He did not have to walk any more  
For his true love had he found.

But alas! the cottage which was filled with joy,  
Was cold  
Damp  
A private sort of grave-yard.  
Dead  
    Dead  
Nobody lives.  
And all that is left, is him.

Helen Mackay.  
Std.6.

#### THE STRANGER

A few years ago, my father was stationed at an isolated camp on the east coast of South West Africa at a place called Fort Reef at the southern end of Chameis Bay.

The Bay was treacherous, with a reef right across the entrance. My father's job was to check and report the currents of water of the Atlantic Ocean at that point, in conjunction with the mining of diamonds in the sea by the use of barges. Because it was so lonely, we stayed with my father.

We lived in a prefabricated house on stilts so that the sand did not build up against the house. Because of my father's work, there was a radio transmitter in my father's study and we often heard ships talking to each other but could not understand the language spoken by them.

One night, when it was fairly late, my father went into his study and turned on his radio in case there was a call from the headquarters of the mining company. However, while trying to get through to the headquarters, a very strong signal came through in a foreign language which he could not understand.

Because of this, he switched the radio off and came through to the living-room and told my mother that he could not understand what was happening, but he thought that somebody was in trouble somewhere.

We, the rest of the family, thought nothing of it and went to bed. Normally we heard the jackals barking at sunrise and were much accustomed to it, but the very next morning the jackals sounded much louder than usual, and before we realized what was happening, there was a loud knocking at the front door of the house. Something was seriously wrong!

On opening the door, they found a complete stranger with his clothes in tatters and he was sopping wet. He could not speak English but obviously from the signs he made with his hands there had been a shipwreck. This tied up with what my father had heard on the radio the night before. We brought him into the house and gave him coffee and wrapped him up in warm blankets.

My parents talked to him by means of sign language and found out that he was the Captain of a Greek ship which had gone ashore at the entrance of the bay and he was the only survivor. We gathered that he had a family back home in Greece and it was possible that he would lose his job because of this.

Later that day my father informed the security of the diamond mine about the stranger and to our dismay a few hours later they came and took him away without any explanation and we never heard of or saw the stranger again.

Dåne Hannay-Robertson.  
Std.7.

#### IN BALANCE

Through blade  
the blood  
made red  
the mud.  
Through shell  
the thrust  
made burst  
the crust  
thirst had cast  
when land was cursed  
and man was classed.

Dawn Garisch.  
Std.9.

## DAISY

Golden tanned face,  
Mop of flaming hair  
Chopped in half,  
And left to drown.

Helen Maxwell.  
Std.6.

### EMILY BRONTE'S USE OF NATURE IN THE BOOK:

#### "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

Charlotte Bronte described her sister's novel as "moorish and wild, as knotty as a root of heath".

Indeed the wild, untamed moors play an all-important part in the novel, serving not as a mere background, but being the very spirit of the characters.

Emily Bronte dreams up a world of her own as the setting of her book. The two houses, Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange, seem two very distant places, separated by the vast, tempestuous moorland, and yet they are strangely isolated, cut off from our ordinary world. This alone lends credence to the story.

The story itself is brought about by the elements when a snow-storm forces Mr. Lockwood to spend the night at Wuthering Heights, where his curiosity is aroused by a dream in which Catherine's spirit begs him to let her in. In reality, this "ghost" is a branch brushing against the window-pane in the rushing wind.

One is always conscious of the dominating spirit of the countryside, constantly affecting, controlling and emphasising the drama of human emotion. There is a violent thunderstorm the night on which Heathcliff disappears, and there is a melancholy, autumnal atmosphere when Cathy is upset at the prospect of her father's approaching death, which brings a winter into her life. The elements play an essential part in expressing the moods of the characters, both stormy and calm.

Throughout the novel, Emily Bronte's practical theory is reiterated. Heathcliff and Catherine, both passionate, intense and stormy people, are incompatible with the more conservative characters of calm, Isabel and Edgar. Because the affinitive spirits are separated, disharmony reigns.

At the end of the novel there is the suggestion that the two children of love, with mixed spirits of calm and storm, Cathy and Hareton, will restore the natural harmony and find eventual peace in life together.

Catherine is obsessed with the moors because they form her very nature, and during her long illness she cannot bear to remain closed within the house. "I wish I were out of doors! I wish I were a girl again, half savage and hardy, and free .... I'm sure I should be myself were I once among the heather on those hills."

Heathcliff, too, is an embodiment of the violent, turbulent moors, and when he is dying "the room was filled with the damp, mild air of the cloudy evening; and so still, that not only the murmur of the beck down Gimmerton was distinguishable, but its ripples and its gurglings over the pebbles, or through the large stones which it could not cover". In spite of his nature, one does not condemn him for what he does - it appears to be the driving force of the moor spirit that compels him to do so.

Emily Bronte's descriptions of nature are not verbose by any means, but their simplicity and the economy of words conjure up an atmosphere which is strangely tangible. It is almost as if the characters of the book are palpable forms of the elements, spirits that will be free only when their human bodies return to the dust of the moors.

A fitting ending to the novel that is so intensely concerned with nature is Mr. Lockwood's last visit to the kirk; the final calm in the storm-swept lives of the characters. "I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

Nature is the dominating force of the novel, the driving power behind the motives and passions of all the main characters.

Gaile Parkin.  
Std.10

#### AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves fall - like sparks of fire  
from a flaming tree.

Niki Kohler.  
Std.7.

## MAGIC

Unknown things have always puzzled men's mind, and without the desire to enlarge his knowledge, man would never have progressed scientifically in the manner in which he has. But in this world there are many things which are strange and mysterious; and these things are not necessarily suitable things to try to discover more about. These things to which I allude, contradict the physical laws of matter, and are therefore referred to as supernatural forces. These powers are commonly known as magic.

Many people are sceptical about magic and are not aware or perhaps not willing to be aware that it definitely does exist. To them magic is just "a great deal of superstitious nonsense which we, in our enlightened age, do not believe in." For them the term magic is epitomized by a magician pulling a rabbit out of his top hat.

Now-a-days however, scientists are actually trying to explain away magic and are conducting deep research into the subject. Authentic occurrences of phenomena such as hypnotism, telepathy, spiritualism and reincarnation present a gap in man's knowledge, and indeed have done so from the beginning of man's sojourn on earth.

What primeval man did not wonder at as he observed the miracles of nature all around him. To him the sun, the moon and the waters were all magical; to us they are common-place. Witchcraft has been known to have been practised by the ancient Egyptians and the ancient Romans. In the Middle Ages, fear of this witchcraft rose to such a peak that any perfectly natural incident or disaster could be accounted for by witchcraft. Young girls would ask these old women for love potions, others would ask them for herbal remedies, and on the whole they would do a fair amount of good in the village. But if there was a natural disaster, such as the death of a cow, these old women would be accused of witchcraft and then tested; either by having their skin pricked or being thrown into a pond. If spots developed, or the woman remained above the water, it proved that she was a witch. They were then stoned or burnt to death. Thus because of superstition many old women were killed.

Because of superstition also, much scientific development was held back. People believed at the beginning of the Renaissance that it was wrong to try to discover more. Galileo had to retract his theory about the earth moving around the sun because it was believed to be incorrect and unChristian. Many explorers were forced to turn back by the superstition and ignorance of their crews, who believed that prehistoric monsters would suddenly rise up and swallow their boat, that they would sail over the

edge of the world or, they would suddenly be frizzled black by the sun.

All this seems absurd to our modern and well-educated minds, but if we take a look at our present society we see that people are still bound by the shackles of superstition; they consult fortune-tellers and mediums and discover the future by reading tea-leaves. Black magic in the form of devil worship is having a revival. People are actually as involved in the world of magic as they were a thousand years ago.

Christianity too, pertains to the occult; for does not the Bible say: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him". Christianity is a religion demanding implicit belief in something, of which the truth can never be known. Many of the miracles which Jesus performed or did were contrary to known scientific facts.

Uri Geller too, illustrated a prime example of an unknown phenomenon when showing the triumph of mind over matter; he bent a thick key in the pocket of his interviewer.

Both Uri Geller and Jesus have done things which differ from what we know and have learnt to be correct. But in time these things may be explained to us, and then they will no longer be known as miracles, but as something perfectly conventional.

Yes, magic does exist in the world and will continue to exist there, until man has found a way to explain away the beautiful and mysterious secrets of the universe.

Josephine Frater.  
Std.9.

#### EXAMS

From the panic of a blank page,  
Came  
Wordsthoughtsknowledge,  
Incoherent,  
And went  
As they had come,  
Leaving me empty.

Bridget Gough.  
Std.9.

## THE PROBLEMS OF BOOKS

Civilization today is heading for a major crisis. And, what is worse, we are unaware of it, to such an extent that we encourage it. But I feel that the time has come when this "enlightened" age should be made fully conscious of this evil influence and stifle it before it is too late! This Evil is: The problems of books.

"What problems?", you will gasp, abashed. This proves that men have lived in disastrous ignorance ever since Gutenberg screwed the last bolt into place. The fact is that books are addictive. I myself know of at least a hundred main-liners. And how many of us can honestly survive without books? Civilization depends on them, and no-one can argue that such a deep dependence is a good thing.

From our childhood we are guided by addicts to believe that to survive one must be educated by reading. Away with instinct! A dirty word, "for the birds" exclusively. Learning is "the scene". Look at the results. Instead of a development of your own mind you are influenced by what others write. Nations of sheep emerge, incapable of forming their own opinions, following blindly what the last man wrote, and craving for more.

A few sensitive, conscientious homines sapientes rebel against this unnatural desire to learn, but they meet such opposition that the majority would turn to books to be "with it", because of force (usually parental), or to get away from it all.

Books not only influence thought, but actions as well. They give a man ambition to be above his fellow men. The result is that the addict rules the normal man who has not "blown instinct" for the sake of getting "high". A sad state of affairs.

As for the pushers, commonly known as authors, they are becoming more and more prolific. It is a well-paid job if they can succeed in hooking the public on their own brand of novel. And as the demand is so great, this is no longer an art.

Books are a criminal offence, and should be banned, being influential to the nation's detriment. You, the reader have just proved this by reading this essay.

D.Grisch  
Std. 9

### AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

This is a true story.

In July 1969, on our way back from Cape Town to England on the S.A. Vaal two incidents occurred.

One was a small fire in the engine room caused by a piece of rag and it was announced that we would be several hours late arriving at Southampton. The other incident was far more dramatic.

A few days after leaving Las Palmas there was an announcement over the loudspeakers asking a certain passenger to contact the information bureau. The message was repeated several times and when the gentleman did not appear a search was made of the ship. As he could not be found anywhere, it was assumed that the man must have fallen overboard. The Captain then decided that he would turn the ship round and go back towards Las Palmas.

We sailed back for nearly eighteen hours. At mid-day, the Captain decided to go on back for a further two hours, and if by that time he had not been found he would have had to been given up for lost. Almost at the end of the two hours, the second officer on the bridge sighted something moving in the water and heard faint cries. Flares were fired as close to the man as possible, who by this time could be seen clearly. The whole operation of lowering the lifeboat, picking up the man and hoisting the boat back on board only took twenty-two minutes.

Apart from his face being blistered by the sun, the man was in very good condition. It was thought that he had been drinking and the alcohol had kept the cold out of him.

The officers did an excellent job in navigating the ship to within two hundred yards of where the man was floating.

This made us a day late arriving in Southampton, but this did not matter, as a life had been saved.

Patricia Tyler.  
Std.7.

### THE FIRST DAY AT THE SENIOR SCHOOL

Only now, I wonder how small an ant must feel.

Georgie Frater.  
Std.6.

### EXPRESSION

A cold grey monster,  
Looming out of the mist.  
It has thousands of eyes,  
Sparkling like icy jewels,  
A mouth  
Open, gaping, a cavity of discipline and books,  
It repels me.  
But it also attracts me,  
I climb the stairs,  
My nerves are edgy,  
I sweat,  
The last step and,  
Another door.  
If I go in there.....  
But that dark square pulls me,  
I enter.

Lucy Quinan.  
Std.7.

### LOVE

Love is everlasting -  
Until it stops.

Georgie Prater.  
Std.6.

### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

Down the dusty lane  
Over the wooden stile,  
Across buttercup meadows  
Through the foliage tunnel,  
Along the sandy track  
Over lilac stream,  
Jump the sparkling hedge,  
Then open the dewy door  
Which shows the mystery,  
The mystery of life.

Irene Modlin.  
Std.7.

## MY GRANDMOTHER WAS A MOST UNUSUAL WOMAN

My grandmother was always an individual. She was never like a sheep, "following the crowd", as so many people are inclined to do. Perhaps this was because she never went to school, where you are one of so many hundreds. Instead, she had her lessons at home. At the age of three she could read fluently and write a legible hand. She learnt French and German, both of which she could speak when she was five. She also played the piano and could sew very well. Her mother did not consider any other subjects as being really necessary, although she did a bit of History and Geography and basic Arithmetic.

My earliest memory of her is of sitting on her knee, sucking a peppermint. She always had a plentiful supply of sweets. She told me beautiful stories about fairies, witches, goblins and gnomes, and, when I was a little older, stories of her own youth. She clearly remembered both World Wars. She was given a decoration in the Second World War, and she often told me how she had earned this. In someone else this might have been considered boasting, but I soon learnt that my grandmother was an exception.

During the War, she was overseas in London. She did a great deal of nursing, and saved many lives. Her lodgings were quite far away from the hospital, and in the winter it was often very difficult to get there in time for her night duty. One night in mid-winter, it was raining extremely hard and the howling wind blew the rain into her face when she ventured out into the storm. The impact nearly knocked her down, but she struggled bravely on. The moon was hidden behind clouds and as there were no street lights to guide her, she had difficulty in finding her way through the black-out. At last, out of breath, she arrived at the hospital, half an hour late.

As she entered the building she glanced quickly around to make sure that none of the other staff had noticed her late entry. Although she was more experienced than many of the senior staff, by some or other error, she had never been promoted to anything more than Junior Nurse. When she glanced down the corridor to where the lift was, she saw, to her horror, the matron of her ward and several other doctors waiting for the lift. Quickly she decided to walk to the fourth floor, where her ward was. She reached this floor at the same time as the lift, but she was never punished for arriving late. Just as the lift stopped, a bomb exploded in the middle of the group of people in it. The doors were open and, without stopping to think, my grandmother rushed forward, and, catching hold of one of the people, dragged him out. My grandmother had saved the life of one of the most important doctors of that time.

She had many other stories to relate to me, but I enjoyed this one the most. Unfortunately, although she was rewarded after

this happening, my grandmother was requested to retire from the hospital; they discovered that she was seventy years old.

Until her death, at the age of ninety, my grandmother was both physically and mentally perfectly fit. On the eve of her ninetyeth birthday, she announced that she thought ninety years a long time on this earth. At four o'clock (this being the hour of her birth) on the following afternoon my father went to her room. She was lying on her bed and smiled up at him. "Ninety years is indeed a long, long time, my dear," she said as she lay back and died.

Elizabeth Murray.

(Written when in Std.6.)

### FATE

He was going like the wind he was,  
When he rounded the fatal bend;  
He was on the famous Kilarney Track,  
But now, the poor chap's dead!

Karen Corder.  
Std.6.

### LAST DRIVE

Speeding along the highway,  
Without a single delay;  
And then - a skid - a crash,  
And down the cliff and in with a splash.

Sinking deep, deep down,  
And shaking wildly, as if to drown;  
The fishes stare with wonder and awe,  
They have never seen such a sight before.

And that is the end, alas to say,  
About the driver on the highway;  
All take care and don't drive too fast,  
For that careless drive might be your last.

Patricia Tyler.  
Std.7.

## WATER

Sitting in the "Bilge Lab",  
With the teacher drumming in:  
"H<sub>2</sub>O equals water,  
And O<sub>2</sub> equals air..."

The lesson's pretty boring,  
So I turn around and stare  
At the millions and trillions of raindrops,  
Falling through the air.

Dreamily I ponder how,  
Such a Wondrous sight,  
Can be reduced to the symbols,  
Of dreary H<sub>2</sub>O.

Katherine Greshoff.  
Std.9.

## PRICE OF PROGRESS

Are we happier today than we were 500 years ago?

No, for nowadays ignorance would be bliss. One feels so depressed when one reads about the petrol crisis, inflation, political corruption, pollution, the population explosion and thousands of other seemingly noxious problems. Small wonders that nervous breakdowns are so common - just a few things that parents have to worry about are the permissiveness of modern society, drug pedlars, the rising crime rate and the likelihood of one's child joining a hippy commune.

How to feed one's family is another difficulty - air is the only thing which is cheap and one cannot live on that. Prices are rising so fast, so high, that hardly anyone can comfortably afford anything. In India and China thousands are dying from starvation. Communism is also a growing source of fear and Armageddon is tomorrow.

In the Middle Ages the only worries people had, were those of their own individual village - the occasional famine, sickness and quarrels. They were not forced to be so highly competitive as we are today. "They kept the noiseless tenor of their ways" and their lives were quiet and contented.

The fear of God was in their hearts and all they did was

dedicated to Him. Now the rat-race is on and all that we do, is for our own selfish purpose.

Kahoutek, hailed as the most brilliant comet ever seen by man, was only of the third magnitude - the twentieth century was given to us as a glorious gift from God, enriched by the art and knowledge of previous centuries. Scientific discoveries, space travel are all very well - but must we let our golden age be one of plastic!

Josephine Frater.  
Std.9.

A FLEA

How can I help it, if I'm a flea!  
My mother was a flea,  
My father was one too.  
It's not my fault, that I'm cursed by men,  
I've got to eat, just like them!

Karen Corder.  
Std.6.

PRISONER

The sky is a light, dull blue,  
And the trees are green,  
Stirring quietly,  
Rustling their dripping leaves;  
Soft wet bark -  
A rich deep scent;  
Only one tree out of so many millions,  
But oh! so unique;  
Such a tiny part of the living world,  
But it means so much,  
But it would not seem so to me,  
If I did not have those black iron bars in front.

Fiona Adams.  
Std.7.

## THE STRANGER

The traveller seemed weary. He straightened his back and clutched his bundle more firmly as he neared the village. He had had no food since the previous morning, and little sleep, for he had a long journey to make.

The village folk and those from the nearby farms were gathered in a group near the church and stared idly at the stranger as he approached. Others frowned, for travelling on a Sunday was not their custom. The man seemed at a loss as to what to do, so the schoolmaster, their usual spokesman, stepped forward.

"Good morning." He eyed the traveller somewhat contemptuously, noting the worn old coat and the dilapidated hat.

"Er..Good morning. I...I was a-wondering whether there might not be a bite for me to eat here. Just some bread and a little water. I've been on the road a long time." He turned rather helplessly to the women in the group.

"That's not difficult to guess. Sunday too," muttered Mrs. Peingle, turning her back on the stranger and beginning a low-voiced conversation with Arnelia Button, about her "grandmother's time, when folks went to church on a Sunday, instead of traipsing all over the country-side."

The music of the church bells filled the air, and they walked away, taking no further notice of the man.

The minister's sonorous voice rang through the church: "I was hungry and you gave me no food, thirsty and you gave me no drink, a stranger and you did not welcome me."

Arnelia Button glanced rather uneasily at her friend, but Mrs. Peingle was thinking of the cake recipe she had recently been given. Would it be better to ice it with chocolate or vanilla? She sighed and began looking through her hymn book for the next hymn.

When they came out of church, the stranger had gone.

Elizabeth Murray.  
Std.7.



### BATH NIGHT

A whoosh and a gubble and bubble,  
A song set free, a steam and a heat  
Surging over me.  
A slap and a screech,  
A screech and a slap,  
The water rolls, a tingling sensation  
Right down to my toes.  
A duck takes to float,  
Water in my throat.

A whoosh and a gubble and bubble,  
A resting body, panting and drooping;  
A mass of wet curls, a limp,  
And helpless body.  
A gurgling sound, the water swirls round,  
A scream and a shout - Who let the plug out?  
Then water no more,  
There is a puddle on the floor,  
The room is all wet, what a mess!  
But bath night is over and God bless!

Beth Basset.  
Std.7.

### THE MURDERER

Gadgets climbing out of his pockets,  
Which are torn and dirty with sweat,  
The murderer stalks to the window  
Dusty from neglect.  
Despite the fear of darkness,  
He unhooks the deathly chain,  
Which hangs around a person,  
A dark bloody stain.  
He creeps backwards,  
A hand touches with a chill;  
He was murdered in the darkness,  
And now it is silent and still.

Georgie Frater.  
Std.6.

### PROMISE

Through your hair  
I saw the sun  
Burst into  
A rainbow.

Dawn Garisch.  
Std.9.

### MY CREED

"Vain are the creeds  
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds."

These are the words of Emily Bronte, a fellow believer in my personal creed - The Women's Liberation Movement.

Unfortunately, Women's Lib is not being treated with due seriousness in most parts of the world today, because many women are letting the side down. Women of the world, Unite!

The basic idea of this movement is to make the world realise that there is no stronger or weaker sex, and that women are equal to men in all respects except appearance. Once the world has accepted that, we can go ahead and prove ourselves superior to men, as indeed we are.

The fault in refusing to realise this fact lies not only with male chauvinist pigs (and let's face it, there is a bit of male chauvinist piggery in every male), but also with the poor, helpless, damsel-in-distress type of women, who delight in having a hairy shoulder on which to cry, and is incapable of doing anything for herself. But these types of women may as well be classed as "males" since they are just as effective, their only achievement being the inflation of already over-inflated egos.

Why are men such egocentric beings? Certainly I can see no apparent cause, unless they think that we are indebted to them for life merely because they lent us a rib once upon a time in the good old days.

Let us take a look at the average male (and are not all males average, since all men are created equal?) through his own

eyes. He looks into the mirror and sees a tall, muscular frame that is decidedly masculine. His sincere and deeply meaningful eyes highlight his ruggedly handsome features, while his hair curls sexily over his collar. He practises his disarming smile, carefully calculated to flash just enough of that gold tooth to hint at opulence which is otherwise not apparent (and is usually non-existent). Yes, he has just what it takes; enough to melt a woman's resistance at first glance.

Meanwhile, a first glance is enough to tell a woman not to bother to look again. The persevering man, on noticing that the feminine attention is not focused entirely on himself, immediately thinks she is "playing hard to get". When the message finally penetrates, he dusts off his batter-proof pride and shatter-proof image, and walks off in search of another victim. Any woman with the slightest fraction of anything resembling sense can see through a man's heavy disguise of charm.

It is grossly unfair that if a woman is unfaithful to her husband he never allows her to forget it, yet if a man is untrue to his wife, he tosses it aside with the remark that a man simply has to do something to relieve the monogamy - and expects that comment to suffice.

There are, however, some aspects of Women's Lib with which I do not entirely agree: Standing on a street corner burning one's bra is only going to give a man what he wants, and that is completely contrary to the aim of the movement - apart from the fact that it causes more trouble than it is worth.

Also, I do not approve of the Women's Army. It is for men to fight with weapons; women fight with words, and their tongues can be as devastating as an atom bomb without killing anyone.

The first major break-through for Women's Lib was brought about by the Suffragettes whose activities attained the vote for women. Since then we have been gradually working our way up the ladder to equality, but the fight is only beginning till "the hand that rocks the cradle will rule the world."

I firmly believe that if men would realize that they are not all that they would suppose themselves to be, and if women would stop behaving like the delicately helpless beings that they are not, the world would be a far better place in which to live and to work.

Gaile Parkin.  
Std.10.

## PEOPLE

Faces, unseeing, unfeeling,  
Walking in a passage of darkness.  
Someone smiles - they are people.

Antoinette Slingsby.  
Std.7.

## THE FLOOD

Marjorie was a sentimental woman, too sentimental her husband, Peter, thought, remembering the loud emotional sobbing which was a regular feature at the local cinema and the ceaseless crying over some or other book. But although he laughed at her, and gently teased her about this weakness, he pampered her by buying the "soppy" stories she loved, for as he said, she was a good wife to him.

She in her turn, bore with his weaknesses and did the household work willingly, for she adored him. In spite of their little failings and troubles, the little house ran as smoothly as if it were on wheels. The crops reaped on their farm were regular and good, and although they were not wealthy they had sufficient.

The fields outside the house were green and while the winter rains battered on the outside thatch, the fire was burning brightly inside the little house. They lived their life with the occasional outing or tiff but on the whole as calm and as regularly as a cliché.

And then the flood came .....

Tragedy struck the small farm and the nearby dwellings when the gentle meandering river burst its banks, and covered the green fertile valley with the red blood of the earth.

The roads were impassible and the land covered in treacherous eddying water. The world seemed bigger now as the land became one large expanse of water but Marjorie did not know how small it was to become.

One day when Peter was out doing salvage work on the farm, while trying to save a cow from drowning, he slipped and fell into the murky water. His body was caught in a current and he was swept away.

They found his body a few hours later and noted the unusual serenity on the face of the drowned man.

But when they told Marjorie about her husband's death, she was silent. And they felt strangely moved when they looked at the face of a woman who could not cry.

Josephine Frater.  
Std.9.

#### A DAFFODIL

It opens its face to the morning sun,  
And when the day is done....  
The yellowness is gone.

Georgie Frater.  
Std.6.

#### THE STRANGER

It was Germany, 1939. Already the little white slips of paper with the ominous messages of war were being received by men and boys all over the country.

One such receiver was Rudolph Bergernhaus, an eighteen-year-old about to be married. He and his sweetheart had heard all about the threat of war but had never dreamed that they, too, would become involved.

Rudolph was to report to the nearest army station before the following Wednesday. His training would start immediately.

"But you can't go! The wedding and.....and everything will be ruined! Besides, you have your family and work to consider! I want you to stay with me!" Anna, his fiancée, was in a state of near hysteria.

"Anna, my little Anna, you know I don't want to go! Of course not! Listen, we can be married this afternoon and when I come back, we'll have the proper ceremony!"

"What if you.....you are killed? What then?"

In spite of all her pleas, Rudolph set off the following Monday with a heavy heart but proud to be going to help prepare his

country prepare for war. He was trained on request for the Nazi group that were to have all the "special" work. He did not realize what it would cost his easy-going character until it was too late to turn back.

Anna began receiving letters regularly at first, but gradually they became less and less frequent until she did not know if he were dead or alive, but simply had to wait for news of or from him.

Meanwhile, Rudolph was quickly becoming known for his thorough work, his lack of scruples where serving his Fatherland was concerned and above all, his change of character. The man whom he was trained by at first thought him highly unsuitable for the work, but after a few weeks of squeamishness, he became used to their ways and accepted them as right and the best hope for Germany.

By 1943 he had several badges of merit and believed completely in the Fuhrer. His Fuhrer could do nothing save good for his country and if at times he seemed a little harsh - well, that was what was needed to try to control such stupid people who were so easily led astray.

He had seen Anna a few times since he had left that Monday morning. Now, four years later, he was losing his boyish, happy-go-lucky face. It was becoming harder, the lines in his forehead more pronounced, his actions stiff and typical of the way in which the Nazis moved. He was nervy, on edge, and always waiting for a message to tell him to report back to base.

Then he did not see her again until the end of 1944. It was shortly before Christmas and he came home to see her before being posted to Poland.

He briskly opened the door of their flat and walked in, his heels making a loud, echoing noise on the wooden floor.

"Anna, Anna, where are you? Anna!"

"Here I am, who is it?" came a voice from the tiny kitchen.

"Look in the mirror above your head!"

She obeyed, and at once gave a gasp. Her brain was racing. He's come to give me bad news! Rudy is dead. Oh dear, what a mess I'm in. Where is my brush? His face is very familiar. Maybe he is one of Rudy's friends. Must wash my hands. They're full of flour. Where's that teapot?

"Hold on a moment, Herr Kommandant, if you please. Would you like a seat? I apologize for the state I'm in. If I had known you were coming....."



"Is that the way you talk to your husband? I think not! Now hurry up, woman, I don't have all day!" His voice was harsh and clipped.

She stared at him. "You said you.....you were my husband? But you aren't my Rudy, he has a young, soft face. He does not frown like that. Forgive me, sir, although your face is familiar, I cannot place you. You are a stranger!"

Fiona Adams.  
Std.7.

### BUTTERFLY

From flower to flower the creature flits,  
A kiss,  
Blown, from God's finger-tips.

<sup>Georgine</sup>  
Georgie Prater.  
Std.6.9

### HOW TO PAINT A PERFECT HOLIDAY

First we paint the place where we are going to stay,  
In the middle of the month of May;  
Not forgetting the sea-side blue  
With a blob of cloud to make it come true.  
We paint her riding a high-crest wave,  
Wow! That part I really crave.  
Upon the golden sands I lie,  
Above me white-feathered sea-gulls fly.  
To end my picture going home  
And think of all the joy that's gone,  
Of the merry month of May;  
I'll paint next time a better holiday.

Jackie Couzens.  
Std.6.

## DUTCH ENTRY

Het was hondeweer buiten. Tante Jacoba zette voor de zoveelste keer haar lorgnet recht op haar neus. Ze zat kaarsrecht in haar stoel naar buiten te kyken. In de verte zag ze een meisje aankomen. Haar gezicht betrok. Het zat nog steeds dwars dat Rose, haar zuster, met een Javaanse man getrouwd was.

Hun dochtertje was licht gekleurd. Het kind had een lief karakter - in tegenstelling met haar moeder - dacht ze spottend. Ze had gewigerd haar zuster nog eens te zien. Ze was naar Amerika gegaan en Rose was met haar familie in Nederland gebleven. Rose was aardig, maar ook trots.

Nu, tien jaar later, kwan er een tiener aan, een licht gekleurd meisje.....

"Kom binnen," zei Tante Jacoba ietwat streng. Het meisje kwam binnen.

"Goedemiddag, Tante Jacoba," zei het meisje, ietwat benauwd. Tante bekeek haar van top tot teen. Na een ogenblik stilte zei ze: "Zo, zo, en wat kwam jy wel hier doen?"

Het meisje keek naar haar voeten. Ze zweeg eerst maar zei toen: "Tante Jacoba, ik wil met u over onze familie preten."

Tante Jacoba snoof.

"Ga zitten, Nicolette."

Nicolette, of Nicky, zoals ze meestal genoemd werd, ging op het puntje van haar stoel zitten. Toen barstte ze uit:

"U, u.....u bent zo koud, zo onpersoonlik. Ik kan het niet uitslaan dat u niet met myn moeder kan opschieten. Nu u weer hier bent is ze bedroefd. Toe, u kunt toch ook weleens iets van uw kant doen? Gewoon omdat myn moeder met een Javaan getrouwd is, is toch geen reden om zo onaardig tegen haar te zyn! Myn vader en ik zyn wel-opgevoede mensen. We zyn net lui, niet dronken of bewoners van een zwijnen stal." Nicky was rood van opwinding en keek Tante Jacoba uitdagend aan.

"Meisje, weet je tegen wie je spreekt."  
Nicolette liet haar hoofd hangen.

"Zulke onverantwoordelyke woorden had ik niet van jou verwacht," zei Tante Jacoba. Verder ging Tante er niet in, maar zei alleen nog: "Je kunt gaan, Nicolette." Tante zat zo een lange tyd, het meisje achterna starend. Het kind had gelyk. Ze besloot om vriendeliker tegen haar zuster te zyn.

Buiten had het opgehouden met regenen. Een waterig zonnetje kwam door de wolken heen kyken en Tante Jacoba zette haar lorgnet weer recht.

### MEIN HAUS

Ich wohne in der Milfordstraße, 26 in Plumstead. Mein Haus steht in einem Garten mit vielen, schönen, bunten Blumen. Mein Wohnzimmer und Esszimmer sind kombiniert mit großen Fenstern zum Balkon und Garten. Es gibt drei Schlafzimmer, eines möchte ich mir als ein Studierzimmer einrichten. Die Küche ist nicht groß aber alles modern eingerichtet plus Geschirrspülmaschine. Toilette und Badezimmer sind getrennt. Separat vom Haus steht eine Doppelgarage. Das Wohnzimmer ist sehr gemütlich. Ich habe nette Nachbarn es gefällt mir sehr in der Milfordstraße.

I.Maier  
Std. 6

### EK EN DIE WERELD

In die groot wêreld  
Is ek, maar net ek,  
Een persoon van drie honderd, duisend, miljoen, triljoen,  
Soos een klein sterretjie in die nags hemel,  
Een sandkorreltjie op die strand,  
As ek hier weg is,  
Draai die wêreld nog.  
Niks verander nie in dié groot wêreld,  
Maar in my klein wêreldjie,  
Die wêreld van my lewe  
Is ek die begin, en die einde

S.Gird  
Std. 8

### A BEACH SPECIMEN

It's tangling,  
wangling,  
curling,  
wigling,  
squigling,  
wurling,  
scurling,  
and  
winding.

It's curious,  
It's different,  
Yes, it is.....  
definitely,  
absolutely,  
positively  
different.

S.Justice  
Std. 6

16 AUGUSTUS 2018

Die bekommerde uitdrukking wat ek op my vader se gesig gesien het, toe die radio-aankondiger se stem gesê het: "Oorlog met Sjiena het vyftien minute gelede begin!" sal jare lank vars in my geheue bly. My moeder het flou neergeval en my suster het histories gegil. Ons het geweet dat dit binne 'n paar maande in 'n wêreldoorlog sou ontwikkel.

My vader het geen tyd verspil nie. Nadat Ma gelawe is, het ek 'n paar noodsaaklike dinge versamel. My hele liggaam was lam van die vrees en my verbeelding wou net op hol raak, maar ek het niks daarvoor gesê nie. Uit benoudheid het my suster begin huil. Gelukkig het ons 'n oorlog gewag en ons was bereid om Jacksonville te verlaat. Ons het om elfuur daardie more vertrek en om twaalfuur in Kaap Kennedy aangekom.

'n Groot skaar mense het om die ruimteskip saamgedrom, maar net die vyfhonderd gelukkige vrouens en kinders wat betyds plekke bespreek het, kon die aarde in hierdie ruimteskip verlaat. Die manne moes bly om te veg en etlike persone het gehuil omdat hulle vaders, seuns, broers, kêrels en mans moes verlaat. Ek het stilswyend met my vader en moeder gestap. Was dit die laaste keer wat ek my vader sou sien?

Kort daarna het ons 'n pad deur die digte skaar gebaan en binne 'n uur was ons veilig met ons suurstofhelmhoed in die ruimtevaart.

"Tien, nege, agt, ..." het iemand oor 'n luidspreker gesê. Met bonsende hart en trane in my oë het ek by die venster uitgekyk en my vader se gesig vir die laaste keer gesien. "Sewe, ses, vyf, ...." Ten spyte van die koue was my hande nat van die sweet.

"Vier, drie, twee, een ... zero!" Met 'n groot en harde gedreun het ons die reis na Mars begin.

Elizabeth Murray.  
Std.7.

#### NAWEKE IS DIE WOONWA ONS TUISTE

Verlede jaar, gedurende die Junievakansie, het my oudste broer eendag huis toe gekom met die oudste, verwaarloosde grys woonwa wat ons nog ooit gesien het, agter aan ons motor.

Hy was vol idees om die woonwa op te knap en dan elke naweek daarmee te gaan reis, sodat ons ons omgewing 'n bietjie beter

sou kon leer ken. Baie werk was op die ou wa toegepas om dit in 'n behoorlike toestand te probeer kry, maar uiteindelik was dit heeltemaal gereed om te vertrek, net soos 'n sigeuner se woonwa, bont geverf in rooi en wit.

In die middel van Augustus het ons op 'n Vrydagaand vertrek. Ons het naweke in Langebaan, Saldanah Baai, Lambert's Baai en Ysterfontein deurgebring en daarna die ooskus gaan ontdek. Maar eers het die woonwa gebreek. Vir twee maande kon ons dit nie gebruik nie.

Toe het ons na Die Kelders toe gegaan wat naby Gansbaai is, en ook na Arniston. Die laaste naweek wat ons met die wa getoer het, was net so ver soos Hermanus. Ons het die woonwa agter in die tuin van baie goeie vriende afgehaak. Hulle het gesê dat ons dit vir altyd daar kon laat en omdat ons so baie van die lewe en mense van Hermanus gehou het, het ons saangestem.

Dit is nou baie aangenaam vir ons, want wanneer ons ook wil, kan ons met vakansie of naweke daarnatoe gaan, wat ons meeste naweke doen en nog altyd geniet ons dit terdee.

Tjitske Post.  
Std.9.

#### 10 JANUARIE 1974

Woensdag, 10 Januarie, het ons teruggegaan skool toe. Ons was baie lui en ons kon nie baie goed aan skoolwerk dink nie. Ons het totaal niks geweet nie.

In die sardrykskundeklas het Jannie le Roux gesit en slaap, terwyl ons hard gewerk het. Hy is nie 'n baie hardwerkende seun nie. Mnr. Browne het hom gesien en hy het baie kwaad geword. Iemand het hom geknyp en hy het onmiddellik wakker geword.

Mnr. Browne het na Jannie gekyk en hom 'n vraag gevra. Jannie het opgestaan en niks gesê nie.

Mnr. Browne het gesê: "Dit is nie 'n moeilike vraag nie. Jy moet 'n bietjie meer aandag beperk aan die les!"

Jannie het geantwoord: "Meneer, dis nie die vraag wat moeilik is nie; dis die antwoord."

Dawn Beasely.  
Std.7.

### LES FOULES

Je n'aime pas les foules. On les trouve partout et surtout quand personne ne les desire. Souvent, une mêlée generale se commence. Cedi se passe beaucoup de fois au match de football. Des gens protestent contre quelque chose et un combat peut s'eclater. Tot le monde s'affole et il y a le chaos.

Les foules sont aussi indesirables quand il y a eu un accident, qu'il en soit ainsi ou non des gens blesse ou des morts. Il faut que les polices bougent les foules et puis ils ne peuvent pas travailler. Ceci use beaucoup de temps precieux.

Une plage rempli de gens est horrible. Personne ne peut pas bouger parce qu'il y a tant de gens et on ne sent tres a l'endroit. Une plage devrait être une grosse place, grande ouverte ou on peut courir autant qu'on desire.

Les foules ne permettent pas souvent tout autre personne a passer et toujours obstruent la vue. A tout prendre, les foules sont bien ennuyeuses.

Tjitske Post.  
Std.9.

### MA TANTE

Ma tante etait tres vieille, plus ou moins quatre-vingt-dix-neuf ans. Elle etait petite et elle marchait lentement, quand son dos elle fait mal. Elle avait les cheveux gris, les yeux bleus et elle etait tres maigre. Elle etait tres gentille.

La maison qu'elle habitait etait tres gentille et petite, et le jardin etait tres tire a quatre epingles parce qu'elle y travaillait bien. C'etait une bonne jardinier qui travaillait bien. La maison etait tout le temps propre.

Son fauteuil etait grand et tres confortable. Elle s'asseyait ou se reposait au coin du feu quand elle ne lisait pas parce qu'elle ne pouvait pas se promener tout le temps.

La maison avait trois chambres, une cuisine, une salle de bains, une salle et une salle a manger.

Sheila Hacking.  
Std. 7.

LE FILM: 'RING OF BRIGHT WATERS'

Le film que j'ai vu pendant les vacances était très triste. Il s'appelait 'Ring of Bright Waters'.

Tous les jours un homme qui s'appelait Brian, marchait devant un magasin des animaux en chemin à ses bureaux. Dans la fenêtre il y avait un boutre et quand Brian marchait delions Le boutre le regardait toujours. Une fois il essaya à s'deguiser mais le boutre savait que c'était lui. Le fois prochain il passa il entra le magasin et il acheta un loutre. En chemin à la magasin toute le monde le regarda avec curiosité. Brian appela la loutre Mitch.

La semaine prochaine, Brian demeura à la campagne où il acheta une très vieille maison. Il passa les semaines prochaines en renoulevant la maison. Un attendant Mitch avait trouvé une amie et ils jouèrent ensemble dans les rivières. Quelquefois ils attrapaient les truites.

En hiver quand il n'y avait plus des truites dans les rivières, Brian trouva un bateau et il attrapa un baleine. Quand il le donna à Mitch à manger, Mitch ne l'aima pas. Il obtent enfin des poissons du village tout près.

Un jour Brian rencontra une jeune fille du village. Elle s'appela Ann. Ann avait un chien que Mitch aimait. Tous les soirs ils marchaient sur la plage où ils perchaient.

Un an après d'arrivé Brian et Mitch à la campagne, Brian finit son livre au sujet de Mitch et puis le lendemain il decida de visiter la cité pour piblier son livre. Anne resta dans la maison de Brian et prit soin de Mitch.

Le jour où Brian était rentré, Mitch, Ann et son chien sortit pour le recontrer mais en chemin à l'autobushalté, une voiture tua Mitch. Ann était agitée, parce que elle savait qu'elle devait le raconter à Brian.

A la fin c'était très trist parce que Brian resta tout seul à la campagne.

Nicky Fouché  
Std. 9

Me and my "Tiger"



Peta Simpson

## Une pièce de théâtre qui m'a plu

Il y a quelques jours, je suis allée voir une pièce de théâtre qui s'appelle "Hello & Goodbye". C'est une pièce d'Athol Fugard, un homme très connu pour sa pièce "Boesman en Lena".

Le théâtre était "The Space", qui est un vieux entrepôt avec les chaises autour de la scène en forme d'un fer de cheval. C'est un petit théâtre, avec beaucoup d'ambiance.

Le décor de cette pièce est une table, et quatre chaises - l'une cassée. Il ya aussi un lit très sale et un éclairage à l'électricité. C'est un très pauvre bicoque.

L'histoire de cette pièce est très simple et il n'y a que deux acteurs. L'un est un homme délaissé et l'autre est sa soeur qui est prostituée à Johannesburg. L'incident se trouve à Port Elizabeth en dix-neuf cent soixante-trois. Les deux s'appellent Johnny et Hester Smit.

La pièce commence avec Johnny Smit qui est très triste, parce que son père est mort. Chaque fois que la douleur l'opprime, il essaie de penser à d'autres choses. Son père avait été employé des chemins de fer, et un jour, pendant qu'il mangeait un figuier de Barbarie, quelques hommes le chassaient et il y avait une explosion de la dynamite près de lui. Les rochers ont écrasé sa jambe gauche. Corneluis Smit a reçu le dédommagement et sa retraite pour la vieillesse.

Après la mort de Mme Smit, Hester, la fille est allé à Johannesburg, parce que son père la détesté. Dans la pièce elle rentre chez elle après douze ans pour réclamer sa moitié du dédommagement.

Quand elle arrive chez elle, son frère n'est pas très content de le voir, et lui demande ce qu'elle veut. Elle dit qu'elle veut de l'argent, mais son frère ne la permet pas d'entrer dans la chambre de son père, il dit, il est très malade.

Johnny dit à Hester qu'il lui donnera l'argent, mais elle ne peut pas y entrer.

Johnny donne les boîtes de son père à Hester qui cherche l'argent, mais elle ne le trouve pas. Avec la frustration, Hester entre dans la chambre de son père, et elle voit qu'il n'est pas là. Elle demande à Johnny où il est, et Johnny lui dit qu'il est mort. Hester est très fâchée parce que Johnny lui a menti et elle le frappa sans cesse.

Enfin quand ils ont cherché dans toutes les boîtes, ils ne trouvent rien et Hester part pour Johannesburg, sans aucun argent.

Cette pièce est très réaliste et aussi décourageant, mais les acteurs, Bill Flynn et Yvonne Bryceland sont surperbes, et c'est une pièce qui m'a beaucoup plu.

S. Dowdle.  
Std. 10

## L'INCIDENT DES VACANCES

Les vacances passees etaient les meilleurs vacances que j'ai jamais passees. Le jour de mon anniversaire, mes parents, Andrea et Moi sont alles en avion a Durban. Il faisait tres beau et nous etions a l'aeroport de bonne heure parce que nous etions si agites.

Quand nous sommes arrives a Durban, il faisait extremement chaud et il y avait des milliers de gens dans l'aeroport. Puis nous sommes alles chercher nos bagages et enfin il fallait chercher l'autobus de notre hotel pour y aller. Tout a coup j'ai vu l'autobus qui venait de partir sans nous. Or, il n'y a rien a faire sauf prendre l'autobus de l'aeroport jusqu'au terminus en pleine ville.

Au terminus nous nous sommes assis au bord de la rue avec tous nos bagages et mon pere a essaye de prendre un taxi, mais quelle dommage! Il n'en a pas pu trouver. En tout cas, au bout d'un quart d'heure, un agent de police dans une voiture cellulaire est arrete et il a dit qu'il voulait nous aider. Nous lui avons dit notre probleme et il a dit qu'il serait content de nous prendre jusqu'a notre hotel.

Quand nous sommes arrives a l'hotel, tous les residents et le directeur nous ont regardes avec curiosite car ce n'est pas chaque jour que les residents arrivent dans une voiture cellulaire.

Dorothy Beukes.  
Std.10.

## LA REINE

Ferrure jais brillant noir  
Les yeux brillent comme la mer,  
Elle reigne supreme.....  
LE CHAT.

Patricia Tyler.  
Std.7.

"Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom"

Emerson.