Rolt Magazine

1976

YOU WRITE WITH EASE, TO SHOW YOUR BREEDING,

BUT EASY WRITING'S VILE HARD READING.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

EDITOR'S COMMENT

How time flies! Again the school has been doing its annual job of bustling around handing in entries to make up the 1976 House Magazines.

It has not been an easy job compiling the edition of "ROLT 1976", and we would like to give our most hearty thanks to Mrs. Fouché who did the typing, and without whom the magazine would not have come about. Also to the girls who have co-operated in handing in their entries.

It has been an entertaining experience editing this magazine and we are sorry that we could not print all the entries we received. We have picked out what we feel are the best and we hope they give as much enjoyment to the readers, as they gave to us.

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ROLT HOUSE REPORT 1976

In 1973, at the end of my first twelve months as Head of Rolt, I firmly believed that the co-operation and achievements of its members could not be bettered.

Since that date, I have realised that each year provides itw own crop of special talents in leadership, co-operation and achievement. 1976 has not been an exception to this rule and I have enjoyed working for and with the House.

I congratulate and thank all the girls who have helped or brought acclaim to us.

I hope that everyone will put an extra special effort into all activities, especially academic work, for the remainder of the year, so that we shall be a good chance of winning the Efficiency Shield.

Elizabeth Stockwell

HOUSE REPORT

By tradition the Rolt girls are more brawn than brain and this year does not seem to have broken that tradition.

As far as sport goes we have been extremely successful this year, winning the swimming, as well as triumphantly carrying off all the individual trophies. We also won the diving shield and Fiona Adams, our best diver, won third place in the U-16 South African Diving Championships. Stacey Smith-Chandler and Peta-Anne Simpson were both chosen for the finals election for the Western Province Hockey side. Stacey got into the team (and was subsequently voted Vice Captain) and Peta was chosen as a standing reserve. We are proud of them! Stacey - the sportsgirl of the house - also plays as a prominent member of the Western Province Squash Team - the Colts. Nicky Kohler also plays for the Colts.

The Rolt girls who took part in the Eistedford also scored well. Of the girls entered in the music section, Caroline Dowdle and Susan Ward-Able played very well. In the drama section, Georgie Frater won a merit award for prose, Leigh Mukheiber obtained a merit and Jane Johnson won honours, for poetry recital. Louise Murdock and Leigh Mukheiber were both involved in the group effort which won an honours award. With results such as these I feel it is almost a pity that the Inter-House variety concert competition has been cancelled, because of the inconvenience caused by the new music, art and drama centre which is under construction, although it relieves the Std. 9's of a tremendous duty. Another achievement is that of Hilary Knight who won an honours award for art.

Many of the Inter-House competitions have not yet taken place. Last year we won the Inter-House Hockey and we will try our best to do the same again this year, the ultimate aim being the much cherished efficiency shield. As for the "brains, I am afraid this is our downfall and we will have to work hard to improve our mark readings.

Sharron Gird
Matric

C H O I R

"Hark the choirs of angel voices, joyful alleluias sing".

The Herschel angels can be heard every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon giving vent to delightful melodies, the reason why they are so delightful being, that there are quite a number of Rolt girls in the choir.

Of the new girls admitted to the choir at the beginning of the year Pamela Boyes, Jane Dicey, Shayne Fairhead, all in Std. 6, are in Rolt. Nicky Kohler joined the other Std. 9's in Rolt, Peta Simpson, Susan Ward-Able and Katinka Honig already in the choir. Without Vanessa Geldenhuys, Caroline Dowdle, Alison Marr the choir would not be the same.

The matrics will definitely be missed, if not for the resounding growls or the soprano screeches which are their contributions to the overall tone of the choir, at least for their chatter and jokes. In this delay of the afternoon's choir practice Stacey Smith-Chandler and Jeanne-Andreé Pelt (in Rolt) partake readily.

This year has not been a very busy year for the choir. We have sung at a wedding and just recently at Callow House in Kenilworth. On Herschel Family Day at the beginning of the year we put on a short programme and of course the traditional anthems on Founders Day. The highlight for the choir, the carol service, is still to come and it is in preparation for this that the "joyful alleluias" ring through the school.

Sharron Gird.

C H A P E L

This year the Chapel has been very well looked after by Mrs. Browne and the girls, who do lovely flower arrangements.

At the beginning of the year we were raising money by raffling a blanket that Matron Johnson very kindly made. The Chapel was repainted with the money that was raised and now looks attractive.

The boarders use the Chapel twice a week and every second week communion is served at 7:50 a.m. on Fridays.

Sheila Hacking

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB REPORT

The Sociological Club has met regularly every Wednesday, being interrupted only by rehearsals for Herschel's Family Day in the first term, the inter-house swimming gala and exams. Otherwise we have enjoyed a varied series of programmes.

The speakers do not always come from outside the school. Mrs. MacCormick and Reverend Eve both gave extremely entertaining talks. Reverend Eve's talk on the day in the life of a priest was most enlightening and totally shattered our illusions about priests. The girls themselves have also contributed in the way of afrikaans plays and oral communication exercises, such as word games which proved great fun.

The programmes I have enjoyed most are that of the Reverend Russel, who spoke about Cross-Roads, the squatter camp, and Professor Berkenshore's one-man performance of Henry IV, part I. He was quite a busy actor throughout the hour in which he pefformed this two-hour play.

At the moment we are enjoying the series of films "America" by Alister Cooke and we look forward each week to find out more about America.

Sharron Gird
MATRIC

HOCKEY

Unfortunately, this season a number of matches have been cancelled because of wet weather but,whenever possible,our teams have played. The 1st team has played against three touring sides; St. John's and Collegiate from Pietermaritzburg and Chisipita from Rhodesia, managing only to draw with Chisipita and St. John's.

Throughout this hockey season our standard sixes have often played in order to give the younger girls a chance to experience match play and the standard of their hockey is definitely improving.

The Junior and Senior inter-house hockey competitions have not as yet been played, but our hopes are high and with hard work and determination, these two cups could easily be on our shelf.

SQUASH/..

SQUASH

The inter-schools event has not yet been held, but congratulations go to the following Rolt girls who will be supporting their school:- Nicki Kohler, Peta Simpson, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Sheila Hacking and Sharron Gird. Herschel has a good chance and we can only hold thumbs for success.

The inter-house event has also not been held yet, but encouraged by last year's victory, we hope to maintain our standard.

WESTERN PROVINCE HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

Thirteen girls were selected from different schools to represent Western Province at the inter-provincial school girls hockey tournament held at Kimberley during the June-July holidays.

Our train left Cape Town station on the evening of 26th June and we stayedd with many other teams in two large newly-built hostels. There were five days of strenuous hockey, officially opened by the Mayor of Kimberley, Councillor R.S. Bauser, at the opening parade. Never have I experienced more team spirit and fun associated with a sport and I am sure that my memory of the tour will always remain as vivid as I see it now. The overall result was Rhodesia 1st, South Natal 2nd and Western Province the third with Albany and Eastern Province. We caught the train back to Cape Town after the closing parade, a week later. We were met by our parents, eager to know how it had all gone.

S. SMITH-CHANDLER
MATRIC.

oooOooo

SWIMMING REPORT

We were honoured this year in winning both the Inter-House Diving and Swimming, which were held on separate days. Our team swam exceptionally well. Team spirit was very evident in all the Houses which contributed to making it a wonderful day.

In the Diving we won both the Under 15 and Open Sections - represented by Siobhan Mannion and Fiona Adams, respectively.

Special swimming commendation should be given to Stacey Smith-Chandler, for winning both the Open Butterfly and Backstroke Cups, as well as the "Swimmer of the Year" Cup. Jeanne-Andreé Pelt won the Open "Individual Medley" Cup.

Jeanne-Andreé Pelt
MATRIC

TENNIS REPORT

Rolt has only three girls in the First and Second Teams. However, all three made the Herschel Team of eight girls for the Open Inter-Schools Tennis Tournament, held in March of this year, in which the team played themselves into second place behind proverbial winners, Rustenburg.

In the Under 15 Section, we came second in the Junior Inter-Schools.

The Herschel "Closed" Championships, held last November, brought four victories for Rolt girls. However, quite a few from the House reached the quarter- and semi-finals in all events. This year's championship has yet to be held. The same applies to the Inter-House Championship, the one sports event that has alluded us for many years. With a determined effort (and lots of practice!) maybe 1976 will be 'our year'.

JEAN BARRY
MATRIC

GYM CLUB REPORT

This year we were faced with a challenge - Open Day - All members of Gym Club worked extremely well and the day itself was a success, although Friday 13th! Many of our Std. 9's left, due to heavy work commitment, and we were very sad to lose them because they were valuable members, particularly Doune Hannay-Robertson, who must be congratulated on gaining her gymnastic colours last year. We have welcomed several Std. 6's and girls from Std. 7 and Std. 8. Gym Club keepsimproving, thanks to new apparatus, enthusiastic girls and Miss Kable. The standard continues to rise and I hope it will continue to be a success.

Siobhan Mannion

LUCY QUINAN

STD. 9.

English

Prose

Poetry

History

Biology

DAYS OF THE WEEK

Everybody has their own image of every day in the week. The phrase "days in the week" sounds very much like "peas in a pod" yet the two phrases are quite remote. Every day possesses a character, shape, dimension or colour which is different for every person. "To me, Thursday evening has always been pale pink with a faint green stripe growing broader towards nine o'clock". This is the portrait of Thursday evening from a letter quoted in "New Statesman" - 'This England'. I follow my orbit of days as the earth orbits around the sun but omitting the night. Night is black with no memories except the occasional glimpse into my subconscious sleep-drugged brain. The first five days are arranged in a horizontal line which has no more curve than the horizon. Insignificant nights connect them with thin S-shaped lines while the week-end fans back to the beginning - to Monday - to complete the orbit path.

Monday is a fickle day, influenced by the week-end. If I have enjoyed myself or seen someone I will not see again for a long time (during the week-end), Monday lives up to its name and looms up a deep dark blue. Then I wander through the day, listless and irritable with a senseless sob threatening to rise out of my choked throat. Nostalgia tweaks my stomach and the thought of work ahead makes me want to lie down and die. I manage to survive these days to be awaken on a Monday which is not stifled with unnecessary woes.

When Monday is bright, I like it best of the days. Summer Mondays never crawl or grovel but run and leap with joyous bounds. The sky is pale blue, the world is lush and fresh and the sun sends benevolent rays to cheer me. Then Monday is enthusiastic, charged by the week-end's rest and ready to take in its stride all that should come its way and I am swept off my feet and fall head-over-heels in love with life.

Tuesday is sensible and down-to-earth. My nursemaid and companion. When I arrive at Tuesday tired and disgruntled after a blue-Monday, she takes my hand and smiles compassionately, talking away the previous weight of Monday with logical words in a soothing, gentle voice. Sometimes my week

only/....

only begins on Tuesday after I have been brought back to life by the nursemaid. When I am already smiling and walking on winged feet, ready to tackle anything, she laughs with me and joins me on my capers.

Somehow Wednesday always seems like half a day - complete but short, touched up with yellow. She bubbles with laughter like a short fat lady with quivering cheeks and rocking breast. I always glean knowledge from Lady Wednesday as she sits with merry gleaming eyes awaiting her pupil.

Strangely, it is always Thursday which is grey and long. A tall, thin, sallow man with sunken eyes and yellow skin pulled tightly across protruding bones. A sad air surrounds him as he stands rooted and motionless. I feel detatched from Thursday, the bubble of Wednesday floats me safely past, unaffected by the melancholy and loneliness of the misfit. Only the dreary length makes an impression on me.

Friday is a pale green nonchalance, striding out carefreely with thought only for the coming week-end and peace. Friday reminds me of fish knives and prickly-pears. On Friday I work with extra zest, endeavouring to finish the week's work so that I can enjoy the week-end. That is the tribute I pay to my Ruler.

Saturday dawns with the smell of jasmine and the warm prod of the sun. This is a day for basking in literature and losing myself in the dreams of characters or wandering in far-away experiences. Contrary Sunday rains on me, waiting on the wrong side of the railway-line for a distant train, to take me on a visit to foreigner-friends who fill me up with unknown delicacies and send me back to pay recognition to the God which made me. The end of the week-end and beginning of the week is dipped in a dark, luxurious cavern, overflowing with plantlife and echoing with musical drips.

Thus the days pass, like emotions. Monday twinkles, Tuesday smiles, Wednesday bubbles, Thursday is sombre, Friday strides and Saturday and Sunday are melted into one basking, peaceloving idleness. Alas, I, like a galloping runaway, dash past the stalls of life with only a fleeting halt to gather what experience I can as I hasten on to an unknown destination.

Sharron Gird
MATRIC.

oooOooo

CHILDHOOD

once upon a merlintime
there existed one
mossbed, unharmed,
a land of love and onesyllablewords
hobbit-happy,
a day was long and calm
and diamonds sang in the sky
every night.

an alice band was my rainbow
the river ran
my thoughts.
bible was a mystery word that
lived beyond the sun
each day began with
the smiling dawn.

pictures of a cradle and
the lady in white on the chest
everyone knew what sex was
no-one minded.
confusing the tin-war soldiersides
and knittingneedle fortresses
  stood strong in
    youthful fire

earth's soft brown
breasts
in which the milk curdled
on which the child fed; yet
the stars shone down
from heaven to
soften lucy's blow

once upon a merlintime
i was king arthur

(+ Lucy in the sky with diamonds by Lennon/McCartney)

Jean Barry
MATRIC.

oooOooo

I ALWAYS KNEW THAT HOUSE WAS ODD

I always knew the house was odd. But if ever I mentioned it, people looked at me strangely and said it was best not to interfere or merely laughed outright. Being of a curious disposition, like many children, I decided to go there alone and without telling anyone. I was about ten or eleven at the time, a slender, elfin child of parents who had lost two other children in some strange manner, they never would tell me how .....

As I neared the long, winding driveway, I glanced around a trifle fearfully. The drive was bordered with tall dark yew trees and the gardens were overgrown. Weeds were abundant and here and there a cricket chirped or a frog croaked dismally. I nearly turned back but some inner resolution made me continue. I walked to the front steps, all of them with peeling paint, rotten wood as was the rest of the house. To my amazement the front door opened, creaking loudly. Standing there was an old lady, dressed in the fashion of the Victoria era. I backed down the steps, my heart thudding against my ribs. "Come here, my dear", she said. Her voice was low and sweet but she looked strange, almost transparent. I stumbled forward. She took my hand and drew me inside. I gasped. Inside, the house was as good as new. There was a wide carpeted staircase, with a slender shining wooden banister. The furniture was lovely, antique mostly. She led me into a room where food was spread on a long table, wonderful, indescribable foof. We ate in silence and then she began to talk. She talked and suddenly, incredibly, as she talked, she and the whole scene changed. The beautiful furniture changed to ultra-modern, black and white and silver. Black and white covers stretched over silver poles became chairs, and where formerly the old lady had been, was a young woman, hair cascading down to her waist, the old-fashioned clothes removed, replaced by a thin filmy garment of some weird material. She never stopped speaking in that low, sweet voice. The room began to spin and then again the scene changed. I saw before me now people at a graveside dressed in mourning, a coffin being lowered into a grave and lowering the

coffin/....

coffin was the former old lady, dressed as a pall-bearer. Suddenly I could bear it no longer. I screamed as only a terrified child can scream. The scene changed. The old woman became a black cat, hissing, spitting, arching its back. It clawed me as I ran from the room, out of the house, down the driveway where it seemed that long figers stretched out to grab me, caught at my hair, my dress, my arms. I screamed and screamed as I ran, all the time imagining I was being pursued. I reached home to find it deserted. I ran to the village pub and breathlessly sobbed out my story. The people shook their heads and murmured, saying I had been dreaming, that I was ill. I led some of them back to the house. But as we opened the front door I knew what would happen. There was nothing there. The House was deserted. Indeed, there was no house beyond the front. There was just an overgrown yard, completely deserted. No, not completely deserted, for while we stood there a black cat rubbed itself against my legs, mewing loudly and I could swear that I saw it wink at me. I always knew that house was odd!

oooOooo

Christine Pulvermacher
STD. 7.

THE RED TIDE

Being a self-confessed assiciation football maniac, I find that the first thing that comes to my mind on this subject is a picture of the often turbulent intensely emotive Manchester United supporters of the Stretford end, for many a Sunday newspaper has printed with grief the story of how a particular town has been overrun by this infamous red tide.

Nobody/....

The Red Tide (Cont.)

Nobody quite understands why, apparently, every thing in Manchester should, around twelve noon on a Saturday morning, head for Old Trafford, and not for near neighbours, Manchester City. At United's Stretford end there are twenty thousand sardine-packed, scarf- waving supporters of whom about one hundred are on the policemen's list as dangerous troublemakers. These hundred youths are dressed in what is known as "Manchester Mafia Gear", consisting of strong, 'bovver' boots (steel-spike-studded and thick, almost like policemen's boots), dirty blue jeans and T-shirts, steel pendants and chains, flick-knives, bottles and the most dangerous of all - the five-serrated-edged Kung Fu Star.

Latterly the fans have improved, but previously there was an average of anything between sixty and eighty-five arrests per game, ninety percent of which were Stretford enders. The Red Army succeeded in adding about twenty names to hospital lists every week as well. They became so efficient at destruction and their numbers were comparatively so great, that they were likened to the real Red Army - the one of Russia!

Because this troublesome, small element seemed so proud of their "hoodlum image", the management decided to act. For three months during the 1972/73 season the ground was closed, neighbours Manchester City refused the players entry, so they had to go all the way to Liverpool to train, and use Liverpool's ground for 'home' matches. It seemed the end of a legend in football - but then along came manager Tommy Docherty and with him he brought social workers and psychologists to make a cnncentrated survey of these supporters. He even made first team professionals give up their free time to talk to these "fans". The supporters' Club's free accident insurance policy, which had been running at a substantial loss, suddenly began to run at a gain.

Posters were put up in the crowd declaring boldly, "Manchester United's good name depends on YOU!" This seemed to work. The players apparently found the violent supporters responsive, although no amount of persuasion by the legendary Bobby Charlton could stop them singing crude ditties at televised matches so as to shock "all the old grandma's at home".

Psychologists/...

Psychologists were distributed (at their own risk) among the supporters at matches. They held televised interviews with some of them and the results shocked many people. One fan, aged about fifteen years, (with no teeth) declared, when asked why he was so violent, "'Cos I love violence. It makes me happy to murder any ..... who doesn't support United". Social workers were sent to the youths' homes and usually found they came from respectable, working class families.

However, the last part of that fan's comment, psychologists felt, summed up the root of the evil. Manchester United is a glamour club and the hero-worship of the first team players runs as deep even as love. They are gods to the fans. The supporters would die for their red-and-white "bionic" heroes. To non-fans this seems rediculous but I do not think it is. (I may be a trifle biased however!) These supporters walk one hundred feet tall when 'they' win and stand proud in defeat. Their religion is simple - it consists of five words - "Manchester United for the double". In this they believe explicitly until their hopes are dashed - their hopes, not their ideals.

"Punch" magazine made jokes about them when Chelsea were relegated along with an expensive new stand to division two, and United were promoted to division one. They showed a cartoon of Chelsea's Chairman, Brian Mears, wiping sweaty relief from his brow because now his new stand would stay standing because it was safe from the red tide.

But I think the reason for this maniacal, fanatical support of Manchester United (much more so than any other club in the world) lies in the emotion that <u>is</u> 'United! In 1958 they were the greatest club in the world. The same year, over half of that great young team were tragically killed in an aeroplane crash at Munich airport. Sir Matt Busby, the manager, fought for his life along with Bobby Charlton, until they both eventually survived.

And from the ashes of Busby's dream, he re-created a side which went

on to/...

on to become the only English team ever to win the European Cup - in 1968. Everywhere they went, they were greeted by wild joy, and tears. There is no indifferent emotion at 'United, and it is this factorthat created the red tide, once troublesome, now the greatest supporters for which any club could wish. I hope this is a fitting tribute to them - because for an outsider, they are difficult to understand. But no matter how difficult to understand they might be, no-one, once he has seen them, will ever forget witnessing the red tide in full voice.

Jean Barry
MATRIC

oooOooo

POEM FOR ANDRIES

I met a baby broeder +
verkramptness made him smile
so they sent him to the O.F.S.
to make his life worthwhile.
One day he saw a "kaffir"
he really got a fright!
- on looking in the "kaffir's" mouth
he saw his teeth were white!!

(+ member of the Broederbond)

Jean Barry
MATRIC

oooOooo

POEM FOR POPSY

"You must have logic'"
she cried, vulturing her
maths exercises
with gory precision, while
I sat in darkness,
pondering no. 1(a)
and my pencil
grew into a
stump, which I smoked.

Jean Barry
MATRIC

oooOooo

A NIGHT AT THE CASINO

Our eyes were wide with expectation as we entered the ostentatiously furnished foyer. My feet sank into the thick pile of the crimson carpet. My friend and I walked self-consciously over to the ornate wooden doors. An erect man in a crimson gold-piped suit opened the doors which revealed elegantly-clad women in skin-tight, floor length dresses and suave gentlemen in spotless dressuits.

A muted murmur rose and fell every few seconds. Wisps and twirls of blue cigarette smoke spiralled silently upwards and jung in a soft mist around the sparkling chandeliers.

We tip-toed uncertainly to one of the green baize-coverd tables. Eager faces leant forward as the croupier spun the wheel around. The numbers became a swirling black and red blur and the little white ball racketed around. When the wheel gradually lost its momentum the tension mounted. The ball clattered and finally stopped.

A squeal/...

A Night at the Casino (Cont)

A squeal of delight was emitted by a voluptuous, bronzed beauty who looked as if she had been poured into her skin-tight tube of material. Her eyes sparkling, she leant forward in anticipation, her bottle-blond hair brushing the green felt as the croupier's rake pushed a pile of counters in her direction.

After a while we moved to the side card tables, but nothing caught our interest. All we saw was paunched, whisky-drinking millionaires with fat cigars between chubby, nicotine-stained fingers. We were drawn back again to the irresistable glamour of the roulette tables.

Jean Moodie
STD. 6

oooOooo

THE STATION AT NIGHT

I gripped the cold, clammy grey pipe which led down the dingy subway steps. The smashed lamps were fixed helpless against the wall, hidden dark in the shadows of the long tunnel. A moaning drunk lay unconscious underneath a revolting cloud of urine, ammonia and bilge fumes. Surrounded by empty brandy bottles, he rolled over towards me, groping aimlessly with gnarled fingers, knocking a poisoning bottle and sending it hurtling down the gutter to smash against the cold grey stone walls and sprinkle the peeling paint with the lees of his satisfaction and warmth.

Again the retching drunk screamed vile words at me, echoing them through the unfriendly night while he collapsed back into a crumpled, numb heap. Nauseated I fearfully picked my way through the debris of the dark station and sat down on the dew-soaked bench.

Along at 11:45 p.m. A cat, stray and wild, darted past me, its two yellow lamps leading it onward and piercing the blackness. Only two more minutes. Not to worry. Soon the long glowing caterpillar would open its smiling doors and, engulfing me into its friendliness and warmth, whisk me away from this dingy place of shadows.

Nicky Kohler
STD. 9

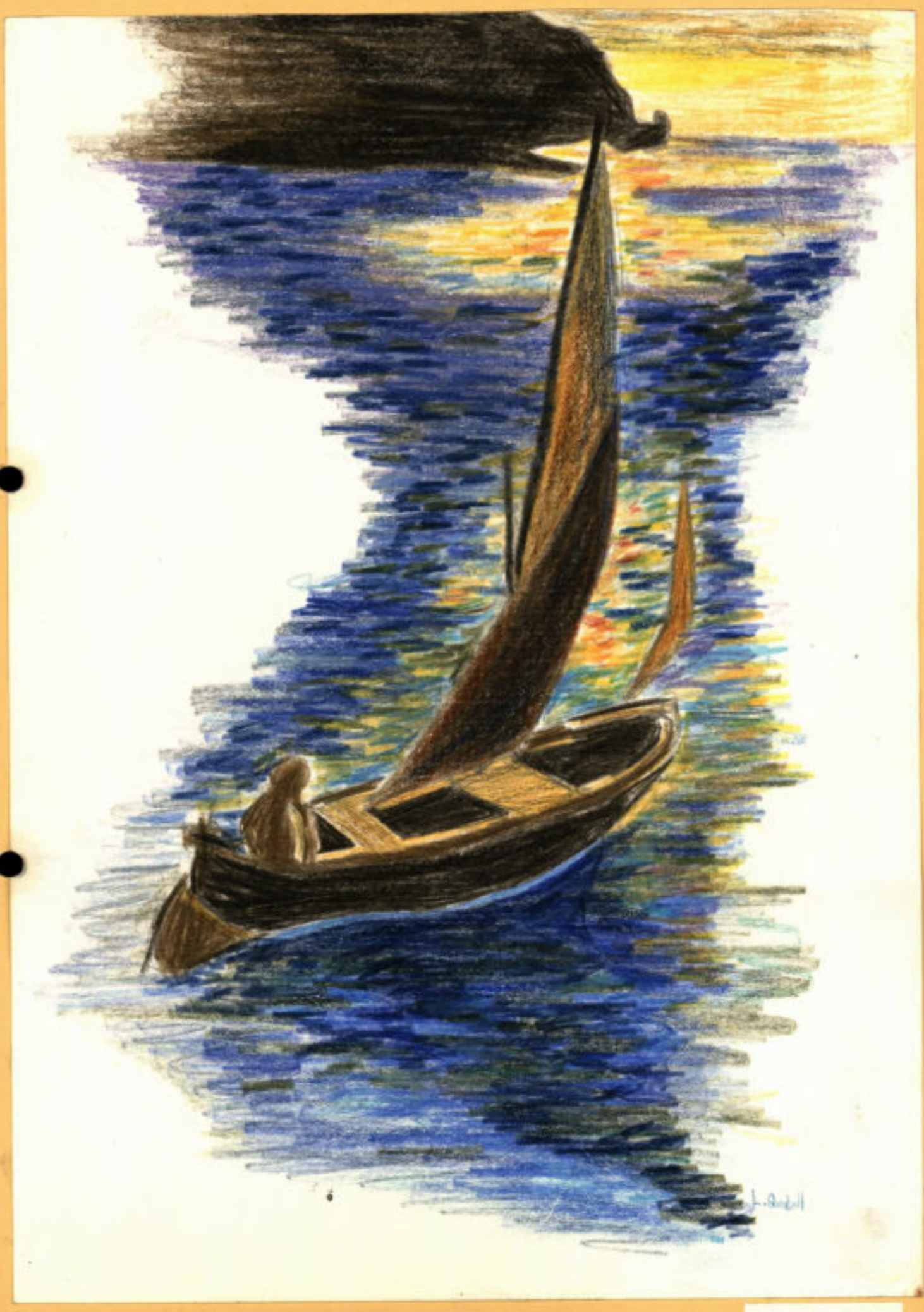
oooOooo

ATTICA

times of candy-floss
in far-off days
when lucy was the nearest diamond
  to your prettiest star
did you fight in the war
that warped men?
or were you a hero
graffitti-ing ban the bomb slogans
on the cement walls
of cell 698
grosvenor square's bobbies
sympathised with batons
and cups of cockney tea
  afterwards
were you like sonny
and did you fail
the writing is on the wall
the president said
for all those who desert
(supertramps all of you
building dreams
in a stranger's land)
only to see them fall
with the blindfold
only robert k said anyone
who cried for peace
was a hero
and from your cell
your eyes belong to a war veteran
more saddened, and more brave
than those who fought.

Jean Barry
MATRIC.

oooOooo



L. QUIBELL
STD. 9.

HAIL THE KING

He appeared suddenly one day. One man out of so many others. He just arrived, one of the men fleeing from England to Scotland, a man who hated Cromwell and all he stood for. He came to our door and we found him lying there, unconscious, a jagged wound in his shoulder where a bullet had hit him. We brought him in and nursed him. I especially never left his side. But now he was gone. And I was alone again with my family, comprising of my parents and two sisters, Morag and Fiona, and only memories to torment me. Ross, my elder brother, and Jamie, my younger brother, were helping to fight the bitter war against Cromwell. I was sitting at the present moment on the stone wall high on the hills beside our sheep, the wall where we had parted .....

He lay in the bed next to my chair, pale with his thick blond black. hair falling across his face. He clung tightly to my hand as he perspired and writhed. I gave him water when he moaned for it and placed my hand on his hot head. He regained consciousness ten days after we found him. His eyes flickered open and a shadow of a smile flitted across his face, illuminating it. He was tall and handsome but terribly thin. His face was sun-browned as was the rest of his body. He spoke like a gentleman and it was at once clear that he was educated. The wound in his shoulder was ugly and even my mother, who was skilled in the art of medicine, had had trouble in removing the two bullets from his shoulder. The wound had become red and swollen and infection had set in. With herbal brews she cured him and he grew fit and strong on her good Scottish home-cooking. Meanwhile, whever we could snatch a moment alone together, we did. And the inevitable happened.

But our time was always limited because although he could as yet do no work, I still had to mind the sheep high on the hills every day from dawn until dusk. As he grew stronger, he began to do light jobs around the farm for either of my parents in return for his keep. He would drive the cart to market for my mother, milk the cow of feed the pigs for my sisters, discuss the war with my father, (an inexhaustible topic) help me pen the sheep each day when I returned

from/....

from the hills, the wind whipping my old dress around my legs, tangling my dark unruly hair, making my cheeks a violent pink. Occasionally we would walk together on the hills. He had burnt his old clothes and given him a new uniform and a set of Ross's clothes. He was little use at farm work. He would never tell us his background and strangely enough his name was another thing that he was reticent about. Everyone else called him "Stranger" but I called him by no name. The villagers liked him but were somewhat distant towards him, feeling somehow inferior to him, feeling that they were not of his class. He understood this and accepted it without resentment.

We were out on the hills together one day about three months after we had found him. We were not speaking much but just watching the scenery. A thin grey mist swirled around touching our faces, necks and arms with cold clammy fingers. The rolling green valleys and hills were clothed in a soft grey blanket. I shivered slightly feeling that there were ill happenings afoot. And then I heard faint hoofbeats pounding up towards us. He was on his feet in a second, peering anxiously into the mist. The horse came nearer and slithered to a stop beside us. My father slid off and threw the reins at he who stood beside me. In his hand he held a haversack and strapped to the horse were two saddle-bags.
"Quick," my father said hastily, "Quick, lad, you must ride as fast as you possibly can. There is a large band of Cromwell's men searching for you in the village. They came to my house and I said that we had never laid eyes on you. I have brought our fleetest horse, clothes, food and money. Also a King's uniform. Now I must return home. Good luck, laddie, and God bless you, Now, Godspeed".
Father turned to go but the boy at my side stopped him while a wrench at my heartstrings made me gasp.
"I can never repay your kindness to me. Nay, I can do naught to thank you adequately enough. Farewell".
Father strode down the hill leaving us alone. Tears ran down my cheeks and I shivered. He mounted the horse and cupped my face in his hands. "Take me", I pleaded. He gazed down at me regretfully,

"No,/.....

"No, think of your family who love you. One day I shall come back to you when all is peaceful and then you shall come with me". I spoke with a voice that shook. "You never told me who you are. Tell me please, that I may have something left, some token even if it be a mere name". He gazed across the hills as if undecided. When he spoke his voice was barely audible. "I told nobody my identity for fear that when those dogs came they would torture you to get the truth. One day I shall return and you shall join me on my throne". When he said "throne" my head swam and I staggered but he caught me."Yes," he said, "I am King Charles of England. Now you know why I resisted all curious questions, and some day you shall be Queen. Meantime, farewell". A brief caress on my hair and I watched him ride swiftly across the hills .....

Now I have only memories of a beautiful dream left. He has never returned to me though he has been back on his throne for six months and nearly three years have passed since we parted.

But I can hear hoofbeats coming as on that fateful day. I am standing up looking toward a horseman coming swiftly up the hill, a tall horseman, with unruly black hair falling across his face. He is dressed in kings attire. He is beside me, he is embracing me, we are riding away together. He is Charles, King of England.

C. Pulvermacher
STD. 7.

oooOooo

THE REAL ME

The question that immediately arises is: "How many people am I?" It is psychologically possible for one person to command up to twenty sub-personalities and thus never to recognise the dominant one, which, I suppose, is logically the real one.

It has been recognised that adult people who exist in fantasy lands are more readily able to identify with details of their co-personalities than straight-laced, unimaginative people. In our little society here in Capetown, I would think that the latter group are prevalent.

To reach complete understanding of this honest creature who stares nakedly at you through the cracked mirror of your existence, it is vital that you should be introspective to the degree you are able to recognize fully the real you.

Lack of introspection that is correct can have alarming consequences, as from the central core another creature emerges - this creature, or your real personality as you think of it, is actually alien. Therefore, according to this analogy, Adolf Hitler went about his introspection the wrong way and a dominant sub-personality, his evil nature, was brought to light. As soon as this personality emerged, he seized it, being weary of constantly searching for his 'truth', and so incorrectly recognized his dominant personality. This fatal mistake led to the horror of his dictatorship rule. It must be stressed, however, that this is just a hypothesis of my own!

Concerning teenagers, the quest for "the real me" has become a cliché. The sixties and seventies have seen a teenage revolution which can be compared to a modern-day renaissance. The melancholy mood persists throughout and truth is constantly sought after and discussed. The age-old, traditional, pertinent question asked by Hamlet, "To be or not to be", is no longer the question, but has been replaced by a plaintive cry, "Who the hell AM I?" If you are lucky enough to discover yourself, you are considered to have seen the light. Only then can you start 'living'.

Somewhere/....

The Real Me (Cont.)

Somewhere in between non-existence and existence there is childhood. Childhood is a land of its own and a child has whims and mannerisms but no real personality of its own yet. This dormant personality, later to emerge from the depths of your soul on your introspection, is totally overrun by fantasy. There is no necessity to discover your true self - this is a gift from God and is arguably the best part of being a child.

The human mind is very versatile, especially in adulthood. So much so, that it can adapt your real personality according to environment and situation. This warping of your dominant personality accounts for mental instability and neurosis. Fortunately, this is usually only a temporary encystment which has no harmful side-effects and once removed from unfavourable surroundings, the adult human being shows its animal nature clearly by immediately reajusting to its true character.

It may therefore be concluded that each of us is, - or, if a child, has the capacity to be, - a schizophrenic, regardless of our age or whereabouts, but that in sane people the sub-personality element is more latent than in others. Another conclusion is that the vital element in the finding and foundation of the "real me" of all of us is introspective, but that this must be correctly tackled.

One's life after the quest for the "real me" can be compared to sand in an hourglass with half-an-hour's sand not yet sifted through. Personally, I like to think of the hourglass at this stage as half full.

Jean Barry
MATRIC

oooOooo

THE PERFECT ROSE

I went out at dawn, and there I saw it,
a subtle pink.
Its carefully veined petals,
dotted with fresh dew
Surely it was the most perfect thing.

Louise Murdock
STD. 7.

oooOooo

A RIVER

Cool, shimmering pools
clear and crisp in tranquil spots,
They cleanse all they pass
on their slowly winding route
down to the sea - happy, free!

Yvette Stockwell
STD. 7.

oooOooo

THE CHAMELEON

Hesitant,
cautious
wary.
The chameleon shakes nervously along
on thin, bandy legs.
While one eye rolls in its socket,
the other spies a fly -
a quick, darting flick
and a satisfied grin.

Debbie Chamberlain
STD. 7.

oooOooo

AUTUMN

Aged leaves falling
Spinning, dipping, dancing.
Bare trees - golden carpet floor.
Life spent.

Ingeborg Maier
STD. 8.

oooOooo

ROCKS AT THE SEASIDE

Dense,
rugged,
water-washed
monstrosities,
sharp-edged
with mass
lawns.

Yvette Stockwell
STD. 7.

oooOooo

WILLOWS

Weeping and tearful
they droop liked wilted flowers
sighing, whispering
their long hair sweeping the ground,
trailing, caressing.

L. Mukheiber
STD. 7.

oooOooo

PENNY THE PYTHON

Penny, our pet python, is just as good a pet as any cat or dog - but of course there is a slight difference between reptiles and mammals. We got her at the age of five when she was only six feet in length. Today she is nine and is fourteen feet long.

She has a special heated cage because she comes from the Transvaal which is much warmer than here. She is let out in the aviary on warm summer days and sometimes has a swim in the pool. When the electricity fails Penny has to sleep with my parents in their bed. In the winter when we clean her cage out we put her in the bath. Often when we go in to fetch her she has tied herself in knots around the taps and pipes and had knocked down all the things on the shelf!

She eats day-old chickens, which we get from the Tokai Chick Farm, or baby guinea-pigs. Many people feel this is cruel but what do we eat? Meat, and the animals have a worse death than those which Penny eats. Our family has become very fond of her and treat her as one of us.

Jenny Anderson
STD. 7.

oooOooo

THE LOST WORLD

He laid down his book and thought... Could Gandalf die? He had always seemed so marvellous, always having the answers. He had never let them down and to fall beneath a troll, one that was hard and cold as stone, with no emotions, no intelligence and just acted from the orders he had received from Saruman, he could not understand.

He had been lost in his book. It had made him happy to escape from the present-day situations. But now he was disappointed. The book was as hard and bitter as the everyday world, even if it was classified as an adult fairy-tale.

He/.....

He looked around his room. It was small and shabby. There was an old leather chair with a loose arm that he had picked up at an auction. The other two were firm and upright and were left for friends, when they came ... The window faced onto a backstreet and not much light entered because of the high buildings surrounding. He got up and walked to it. The street below was empty apart from a few bits of newspaper that crackled in the wind.

He walked through to the bedroom. This was just as dull as the other room. There was a mattress on the floor with a sleeping bag on top of it. Lying balled up on the floor was a large crocheted rug. Emily had made it for him. He remembered the time when they were both so full of ambitions to really "make something". It puzzled him why she had left. A half smile of remembrance crossed his face but did not reach his eyes.

He took the syringe from the top drawer and filled it with his escape route. The needle was blunt as it pushed through his skin into his blackened vein. The liquid lessened. His shaking hand removed the syringe and placed it carefully in the drawer. He lay on the mattress, The clock ticked noisily. It was five-thirty. Tick, tock, tick ... tock ...

It must be Gandalf coming or maybe it's another of those fearful dark riders. It was getting dark, they must hurry on but Gandalf had said they weren't to travel at night. Tickety-tock, tickety, tock ,... faster and faster. He started to run. He ran and ran and .... fell. He tripped. He didn't know what happened - there was a hole in the ground. He got up again, staggered forward and then they were on him. The fearful .... he dared not say it. The bright greens, golds red and yellows of hope were gone. He felt a hostile blackness approaching, suffocating, claustrophobic. The cold knife entered him. It must have pierced his lung. The blackness overcame him. He was cold, afraid. He was alone. He was dead.

He/.....

The Lost World (Cont. 2)

He awoke at nine the next day. He had had a bad trip. It was when he had trips like this that he felt he should give up the drugs. But then he remembered the beautiful dreams he had had before.

He got up. His clothes were crumpled and there was a three-day stubble on his chin. He walked outside and down the stairs. Once on the main road, he felt a little better. There were only a few people around as it was Sunday. He went into a café and bought a packet of chips and a meat stick. He stood in the doorway munching, staring determinedly at nothing .... He had a little money left so he bought the newspaper. He did not like buying the paper as all it had was sport, scandal, advertisements and death notices .... he read the headlines. He read them again and hurried on. 'RUSSIANS TAKE OVER AMERICA'. He felt sick. The troll had killed Gandalf ... but he had looked further on in the book. Gandalf had not died. He had become more supreme. America would not die. The world would be lost no more.

"All that glitters is not gold,
not all those who wander are lost.
The old that is strong does not wither,
deep roots are not reached by the frost.
From the ashes a fire shall waken,
a light from the shadows shall spring,
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be King".

Tania Tulloch
MATRIC.

oooOooo

DRUG

The small opiate
takes my distraught mind upwards
anaesthetizing.

Nicky Kohler
STD. 9.

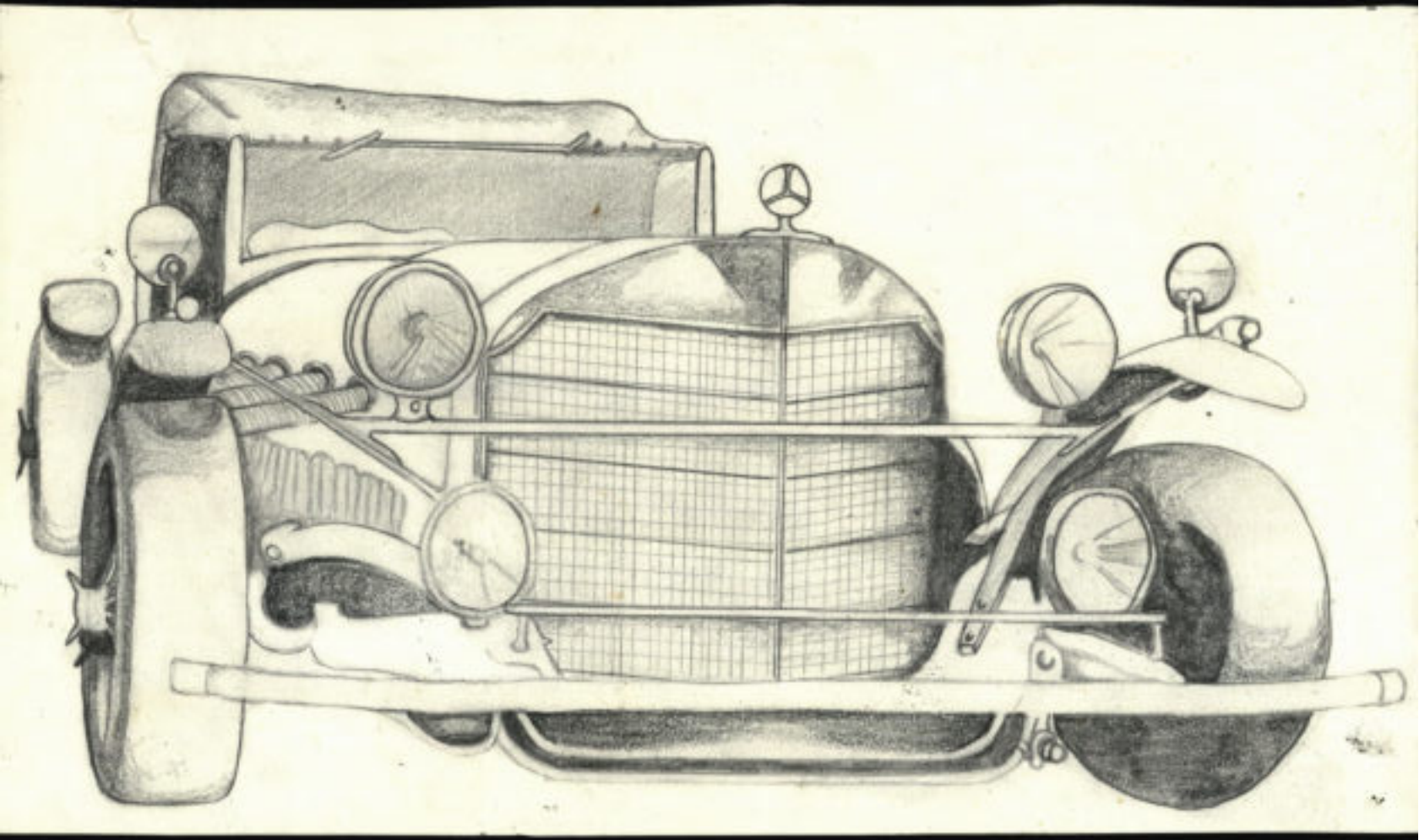
oooOooo

TANKA

I remember you
among apple orchards green
must life terminate?
Yours, aged, dropped over-ripe
Yet twas impregnated-joy.

Nicky Kohler
STD. 9.

oooOooo



LUCY QUINAN
STD. 9.

History

THE PERIOD 1910 TO 1939 WAS ONE OF FUSION AND SCHISM IN SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICS

In 1910, South African gained Union Status. The Governor General of South Africa, Lord Gladstone, decided to make Louis Botha the Prime Minister. He hoped this to gain the support of the Afrikaner.
Members of the Orangia Unie,South African Party, Het Volk and the Afrikaner Bond united to form the first Government and named their party the South Afridan National Party. Louis Botha appointed many Afrikaner ministers to his cabinet. J.M.B. Hertzog became Minister of Justice and continually spoke out for the equality of Dutch and English. This was not taken very well by some, who resigned. Botha asked Hertzog to resign, but he refused. Botha then resigned, but the Governor General asked him to form another cabinet. This was done excluding Hertzog. Hertzog supporters split from the South African Party and formed a new one called the National Party.

After the First World War, Botha was succeeded by Smuts, a very intelligent, well educated and widely-travelled man, with great world experience. In elections held in 1920, his party actually lost to Hertzog's National Party by three seats, but because the Unionist Party sided with the S.A.P, they managed to keep political power. In 1921 the S.A.P.-Unionist Party won the extra election called by Smuts to test public opinion. At this time the Labour Party was merging with the Nationalists. This was done to protect white interests against those of the blacks. This Party also stated that if they obtained power, they would control the urban influx of Africans. In the 1921 election, the Labour Party lost 12 seats and most of these went to the S.A.P. A Reunion Congress was attempted between Hertzog and Smuts, but because Smuts wanted to keep links with Britain andd Hertzog wanted to cut them, this congress was not a success.

In 1924 after the loss of a by-election, Smuts wanted to test the feeling of the electorate. Elections were held and the National Party won. This Government became known as the "Pact Government" because of the coalition with the Labour Party. Hertzog became the new Prime Minister.

In 1929, South Africa was affected by the World Depression. There was a lack of work, wages were lowered and firms went bankrupt. Hertzog refused to leave the gold standard and acted independantly of Britain. South

Africa's/...

Africa's economy was very precarious and deteriorated until Hertzog asked Smuts to help him. Smuts even offered to serve under Hertzog for the sake of the country. Thanks to the bad economy, Smuts had been gaining popularity. He promised the people that everything would improve if they supported the new coalition.

The S.A.P. and National Party joined forces. They aimed to break links with Britain, obtain South Africa's complete independance, and maintain white superiority. Smuts became Hertzog's deputy. The 1934 elections were won by the new coalition named the United Party.

By 1938, the two leaders had still not agreed on racial problems, the national anthem, the flag or the changing of the name Roberts Heights to Voortrekker Hoogte. There was great dissatisfaction within the Government and people resigned. The big split came in 1939 after the start of the Second World War. Hertzog did not want South Africa to participate in the war, especially on the side of Britain. Smuts felt that it was necessary to help. At a joint sitting of both houses of parliament a vote was taken. The majority was in favour of participation. Hertzog, most distressed, asked Sir Patrick Duncan, the Governor General, to dissolve parliament and have another election. Duncan refused this, so Hertzog resigned and Smuts became Prime Minister.

R. Browne
MATRIC.

oooOooo

"PEACE" AFTER THE FIRST WORLD WAR

The League of Nations was meant to preserve world peace. Its aims were to promote a general disarmament amongst all its members, to ensure co-operation of its members in all respects, to preserve world peace and to settle international disputes by peaceful means.

On the whole the League was a failure and because of this one is inclined to forget its earlier successes. One of the earlier successes was when the newly formed, mostly Serbian government of Yugoslavia invaded Albania. The League forced the withdrawal of the Serbian troops by threatening to impose economic sanctions on Yugoslavia. Here the League gained its objective - to prevent the outbreak of war. There were also some petty disputes between Poland and Lithuania, and Sweden and Finland about the use of the Baltic ports. However, it was fortunate that when the League intervened, war was averted.

The League was also successful in other ways. It was responsible for setting up commissions such as the Mandates Commission to see that the countries were administering their mandates justly. A country could also apply to the Council of the League and ask them to establish Committees of Enquiry into certain problems. These committees were sent to investigate such problems as health, communications and narcotics abuse. The League also did a great deal to help war refugees. The International Labour Organisation dealt with the question of unemployment after the war. So, in this way, the League performed an invaluable service to its members.

Another of the League's more successful efforts at peacemaking was when Greece invaded Bulgaria after a frontier incident. The League forced Greece to withdraw its troops and Bulgaria received compensation. This, of course, annoyed Greece intensely. So by trying to make peace the League had made an enemy.

The Turkish crisis cannot be regarded as one of the successes or failures of the League, but it is certain that the League played a minor role in it.

Turkey/...

"Peace" after the First World War (Cont.)

Turkey, led by Mustapha Kemel, rebelled against the harsh terms of the Treaty of Sèrves. Greece was defeated by Turkey and a new treaty, the Treaty of Lausanne, which secured more favourable terms for the Turks, but made it apparent to the Germans that treaties were changeable.

The League was fairly successful in its handling of the Fuime incident. Italy was angry because her interests in the Adriatic Sea had not been secured by the peace settlement. She, therefore, invaded the island of Fuime. Yugoslavia immediately protested and the League compensated her by giving her the Dalmatia coast.

The League was not very successful in its handling of the Corfu incident because it made great powers like Italy realise that they could dominate the League. The Corfu incident occured when an Italian general and four men were shot while marking the border between Greece and Albania. Italy immediately invaded the island of Corfu. Greece protested saying she had no right to and asked the League Council to send a Commission of Enquiry. Italy said the Council had no right to send a Commission and the problem was settled by Committee of Ambasorders according to Italy's satisfaction. Italy received her enormous compensation of 50 million lire. The significance of this incident was that it became apparent to the great powers that they could dominate the League.

The League also faded miserably in the handling of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. The Japanese, after completing this invasion of the Chinese Province, renamed it Manchuko and set up a puppet government. She then continued to spread her influence through North China. When the League condemned this action as one of aggression, Japan simply walked out of the League.

The Italian invasion of Abyssinia caused much concern to the nations of the world. This invasion occurred as a result of a border incident between Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia. Here the League's indecision on what course to follow proved to be fatal. Italy assembled her troops on the Abyssinian border and the desperate country asked the League for assistance, who, unfortunately was undecided in her opinion. Only after

Abyssinia/.....

"Peace" after the First World War (Cont. 2)

Abyssinia had asked for help twice,and the Italians were on the verge of invasion, did the League act. She applied "sanctions" to deprive Italy of necessary materials to wage a war. These sanctions were a failure and Italy completed her conquest of Abyssinia and proceeded to terminate her membership of the League.

The League failed because it could not persuade her member states to disarm. Several treaties, namely the Locarno treaties,were signed and these helped to ease the tension in Europe. However, the general Disarmament Conference ended in failure.

The League of Nations was doomed to failure from the beginning. Besides her constitutional defects and inability to persuade her member states to disarm, many great powers, e.g. U.S.A., would not join. The League was also faced with indecision and an inability to decide on what course to follow in the event of an emergency.

Nikki Brink
STD. 9.

oooOooo

THE RESULT OF THE RUSSO-CUBAN PENETRATION ON OUR TRADE

The root of all the trouble can be traced back many, many years. The great European powers of the time, excluding Czarist Russia, attracted by the romantic idea of great ivory wealth and stimulated by adventure, carved Africa into many colonies. Slowly but surely these colonies have been demanding and fighting for independence. The Soviet Union is now asserting full influence in Africa, thus the incursion in Angola.

The civil war in Angola could not have continued so long, or been quite so destructive, if the opposing forces had been left to their own resources. Russian-equipped Cuban guerillas decided the turn of the battle and at the moment Angola is governed by the M.P.L.A. Marxist party. These tough Cubans with their sophisticated weapons and wild, uncouth

ways/.....

ways are enough to make even the M.P.L.A. feel a little apprehensive. Waves of terror, caused by the guerillas, left cities deserted. In this situation the country's economy would deteriorate drastically.

Angola is crippled until the war damage can be restored. Unfortunately, there are no competent and qualified people left to do the restoring. Local administrators and technical personnel have fled and will be difficult to replace; they do not want to return to a communist country. The docks are without man-power - the workers have fled - therefore delays and halts occur and shipping trade iw retarded; South African shipping companies cannot afford to waste money on delays; thus we trade elsewhere.

A major disaster for the economy of Angola is the ruination of their coffee plantations. South Africa imports coffee from Luanda but because of shortage of coffee and the delay at the docks because of lack of man-power, we will have to seek elsewhere for a substitute source. There is also the danger our ships are in if they sail into anti-South African communist ports, although, on the other hand, reports say that we have nothing to fear from the Russian threat to shipping lanes around the Cape.

Formerly, the United States have been anti-South Africa because of her apartheid policy. She put South Africa under an arms boycott and refused to do trade with us, (actually, however, there are extensive trade plans between South Africa and the United States) using her antagonism as a tool to gain favour with other African States. As the Soviet Union seems to be infiltrating all the mineral-rich and agriculturally developed areas of Africa, the United States will have to take steps against the progress of this scheme because of the danger of the West's losing the mineral riches of Southern Africa. Also the "West's oil lifeline", is jeopardized. Ties between the non-communist countries must thus become stronger in trade and other spheres to present a formidable front against the Communist onslaught.

The Benguela Railway line is out of action because strategic bridges have been blown up. Any goods which would normally be off-loaded at Lobito would thus not be transported and nothing would reach Lobito for export;

halting/....

halting trade at that port. Even if the line were operable it is still vulnerable to guerilla attacks in resistance movements against the Russo-Cuban established M.P.L.A. Zambia and Rhodesia cannot use the line to transport copper to Lobito for export, and as the lines to Beira have also been blockaded as a result of marxist government in Mozambique, these two countries are stuck with their copper. Zambia could not use Angolan ports for export, anyway, because she does not accept the M.P.L.A. government. A shortage of world copper resources should increase the demand for copper and thus raise copper prices; this would boost South Africa's copper trade and thus her shipping trade.

The Russo-Cuban intervention in Angola could thus have many diverse effects on our Shipping Trade; some to our advantage, some to our disadvantage. It remains to be seen what the outcome will be.

Sharron Gird
MATRIC

oooOooo

NICKY KOHLER
STD. 9.

Biology

"THE SUCCESS WITH WHICH PLANTS HAVE INVADED LAND IS CLOSELY RELATED TO THE VARIATIONS IN THE PROCESS OF SEXUAL REPRODUCTION IN PLANTS".

Reproduction is the essence of life - an essential process if life is to continue. The success of animals and plants on the earth is directly due to their success and efficiency of their reproduction. The more successful, the less wasteful the process becomes as regards gamete formation and this can be seen clearly in the distinction between different plants.

The algae have a thin filamentous structure of many cells joined together, which is dependant on water for its protection. The abundance in which it occurs is due to its ability to reproduce by binary fission. Here the cell simply splits into two, ensuring first that each half has an equal share of the cell contents. In the schoriform method of reproduction two strands lie parallel and the contents of one cell are emptied across a joining bridge into another cell of the other filament. Thus the contents of each cell becomes a gamete and the acceptor is referred to as the female strain. But here the support of the medium is necessary and thus, this organism, successful as it is in its own environment, would not survive on land.

The bryophyta have managed to discard their dependance on water for support and protection against breaking up. Here the reproduction entails an alteration between a haploid gametophyte and diploid sporophyte generations where the sporophyte is dependant on the gametophyte for nutrition. The gametophyte consists of a proto nemo which bears buds of positive and negative strain. The male buds bear antheridia or cocoon shaped structures wherein the sperms mature. The female buds bear funnel shaped structures called archegonia which, when the egg in the base or venter is ripe, develop a pathway to the egg. It is important to note that the sperm developed in antheridia cannot reach the egg in the archegenia if water is not present. A dew drop or film of water is essential. Thus the bryophyta are restricted to areas of moist climate. They mass together to form colonies as an effort to compete with other plants but they cannot be described as having invaded land. After fertilization the sporophyte grows, forms spores wich are dispersed forming new protonemas. They obtain nourishment through rhizoids which penetrate the soil and absorb mineral salts which diffuse to the rest of the plant body.

The/.....

"The success with which plants have invaded land is closely related to the variations in the process of sexual reproduction in plants". (Cont.)

The Pteridophyta have developed a system of transporting tubes of xylem and phloem and can thus grow to greater height than bryophyta, offering more active competition to other plants. Besides this the gametophyte generation is dominant but not dependant on the gametophyte except in the early stages of development. Spores are formed in sporangia in the sori under the leaves. They fall to the ground growing into a haploid prothallus which bears archegonia and antheridia. Here a film of water is also necessary for the sperm from the antheridia to swim to the archegonia. (Ferns are thus also restricted to moist climate and shady areas). It is here that the sporophyte is dependant on the prothallus for nutrition, absorbed by the rhizoids, but later a rhizome with an adventitious root system is formed and the fern plants supports itself.

The gymnospermae have reduced the gametophyte generation still more, to nothing but the spore cell or haploid pollen grain, which matures in the microsporophylls and are dispersed by wind to the haploid egg cell in the sterile bract of the female cone. Here we note that water is no longer needed to promote reproduction and provision is made for the wasteful process of wind dispersal by an over-production of gametes. (Angiospermae are the most abundant plant on earth as they have managed to reduce the wastage of gametes). The pollen and egg cell united in the magasporophyll, ending the short-loved gametophyte generation, and the zygote is protected by the closing of the bracts. These remain tightly shut until the zygote is a mature seed ready to germinate. The bracts then open again and the seeds, attached to a "wing" float out and are dispersed by the wind.

So we see that a reduction in the role of water, during fertilization and the reduction of the gametophyte generation, leads to greater success on land. Also, the more protection afforded to the seed or developing embryo helps to increase the success with which the plants have invaded the land.

Sharron Gird
MATRIC.

oooOooo

L. QUIBELL
STD. 9.

Other Languages

Italian

Latin

French

Afrikaans

COME HO TRANSCORSO LE MIE VACANZE

Per fortuna ques'anno ho potuto praticare il mio italiano, perchè siamo stati in Italia ed allora per ne è stata bella esperienza. Dopo essere partiti con l'aereo da Città del Capo, siamo rimasti a Roma per qualche giorno per fare delle spese, e per coroscere i miei parenti. Per vedere un pò l'Italia abbiamo noleggiato una macchina ed abbiamo cominciato a fare il nostro viaggio andando versa la Zvizzera. Ogni sera ci fermavamo nelle città più belle. La prima sera eravamo a Perugia, la seconda sera a Firenze dove ho comprato una cinta di pelle sul Ponte Vecchio.

Dopo aver fatto il giro delle varie città siamo ritornati per la costa per mentrave a Roma, dove abbiamo comprato molti vestiti perchè non costavano molto. Per terminare le vacanze, abbiamo preso un treno per Napoli per andare a Capri. Il tempo era bello ed io ho fatto i bagni ogni giorni nell'acqua transparente. Dopo otto giorni di bagni e di sole siamo ritornati a Roma dove abbiamo cominciato a prepararci per il nostro viaggio di ritorno.

Patricia Moni
STD. 8.

oooOooo

QUOMODO GRAII VIRI CAPEBANT TROIA

Diu, Graii viri urbum Troiae in frustra obsidebant. Tamen mox equum ligneum aedificabant. Equus magnus erat. Externus urbas muras stabat. Troianus equum videbant. Heu! Dolo Graiorum non sciebant. Nam Graii viri equum cum viris armatis implebant, sed Troianus viros armatos non videbant et equum in urbo trahebant. Dum urbs obdormiscebat, viri armati ab equo descendebant. Portae urbi extendebant et amicos admittebant. Igitur Troiam et Troianos capebant.

J. Hayman-Joyce
STD. 6.

oooOooo

MA TANTE CLARA

C'était vacances! C'était rangé que je passerrai quelques semaines avec ma tante Clara en France. Tante Clara habite Paris tout près du Café de la Paix. C'est vraiment un beaux lieu.

J'ai du faire mes valises très rapidement parce que je suis parti quelques heures après de finir au lyceé. J'ai pris tous mes vêtements au chaud parce qu'il faisait hiver en France. L'avion est partie vers trois heures de l'après-midi, et je ne suis qu'arrivé à Orly le jour prochain vers deux heures de l'après midi malheurésement Tante Clara ne conduit pas-elle n'a pas un voiture-donc j'ai du prendre un taxi.

J'ai ascendu l'escalier devant l'immeuble, qui donnent sur l'entrée d'ascenseur. Je tenais devant la porte d'appartement de Tante Clara un petit peu nerveux - je ne savais pas quoi d'attendre. J'ai sonné.

Ma Tante Clara a quarante ans. Elle est jolie, mais elle n'est pas épousé- elle dit que tous les hommes sont pareils. Elle a des cheveux blondes, mais elle croit qu'on ne doit pas friser le cheveu - il fait que c'est matural - elle dit cela par la seule raison quéélle a des cheveux frisé elle-même. Quoi qu'elle soit singulier, elle a beaucoup d'amis. San appartement n'est jamais vide, il y a toujours quelqu'on qui la visite. L'appartement est meublé de bon gôût. Ma Tante Clara sait qu'elle a de bon goût, et comme nous savons, d'avoir de bon goût, faut-il qu'on a beaucoup d'argent. Tante Clara n'est pas rïche, mais, comme ou dit, confortable.

C'était un bel jour, la soleil brillait, et la neige commençait à fondre. J'ai demandé à Tante Clara si nous pourrions faire une promenade en bateau de la Seine. Elle était tout de suite enthousiaste. Nous avons pris un taxi jusqu'au "Yacht Club". Je l'ai trouve très étrange, mais je n'ai rien dit. Nous nous promènerons sur le quay et tout à coup Tante Clara s'est arrêtée pres d'un bateau au moteur. Il y avait un homme dedans; Tante Clara lui dit: "Bonjour monsieur, pouvez-vous m'apprendre la manière de conduite votre bateau?" Elle était si jolie, que l'homme n'avait rien à dire, il n'a que somnolé la tête. Il l'a appris, et puis elle lui dit "merci monsieur, maintenant puis-je montre ma nièce?" Il sommole la tête de nouveau.

Tante/..

Ma Tante Clara (Cont.)

Tante Clara m'a apellé et nous sommes partis le port laissant l'homme seul sur le quay. Aprèsavoirvux la Seine, nous sommes rentré à loisir. L'homme n'était plus là!

C'était vraiment une vacance à me rappeler. Ma Tante Clara est une personne très rare n'est ce pas?

Mary Messaris
MATRIC

oooOooo

JACOB

Chez nous, à la ferme il ya beaucoup de gens qui y travaillent. Ils m'intéressent toujours. Je me confonds à lajoie qui leurs arrive des menues expérience de la vie. Ils sont contentes avec le minimum. C'est pourquoi ils m'interessent; je crois que nous puissons apprendre un peu au sujet de la vie. Il y a surtout un homme Jacob, le jardinier, qui m'interesse et qui m'amuse le plus.

Jacob porte toujours les mêmes vêtements. Je crois qu'il n'am a pas d'autres. Il porte un veston bleu, trop large, dout les manches lui couvêrt les mains. C'est tous qu'il a pour se tenir chaud pendant les hivers. Son pantalou beige, avec les pièces, et aussi trop ample. Ses vieux souliers se mettent en boule aux points et le cuir poussiéreux est craqué et ridé comme le peau de quelqu'un qui sourit. Son chapeau de fentre, avec les trous, lui donne une hauteur qu'il n'a pas vraiment. Tous les vêtements ont l'aspect poussièreux.

La figure jaune-brune, glisse sous le chapeau. On ne remarque rien que les yeux lanchant qui regardent dans aucune direction. Si on lui ardonne de balayer la vérandaou de chercher les pommes de tèrre, par example, il se tient, sa têtetourné vers vous avec les yeux qui ne vous voient pas où vous êtes. Il dit "Oui madame" et se tournant, il s'éloigne, ses bras qui pendent mous aux flancs, trainant les pieds.

Il/.....

Jacob (Cont.)

Il ne fait jamais le travail que vous avez ordonné. Il faut qu'on oui dit deux ou trois fois avant qu'il le fasse.

Comment est la vie pour lui? Quand nous l'avons trouvé, Jacob et sa famille étaient arretés dèrrière un roche pour s'abiter de la neige et du vent. Ils sont venus travailler à la ferme. Si nous ne les avons pas trouvés ça ne fait rien, le jour prochaine deviendrait un autre étap de leurs vie. Cès gens vivent d'un jour à l'autre, ils ne font pas les projects et ils ne prévoient rien pour le future.

Ou peut apprendre l'art de vivre de Jacob.

Sharron Gird
MATRIC

oooOooo

UN INCIDENT DES VACANCES

Le dernier jour des vacances était une journée de malheurs. Mon père me réveillais de bonne heure parce que je devais faire quelque chose ce jour la avec mes chevaux.

Mon père se lève à cinq heures parce que les hommes qui travaillent sur la ferme commencant le travail à six heures et demie et avant les hommes commencent il aime faire les choses nécessaires. Il m'a reveillée vers six heures et quart.

Ce n'était pas necessaire de me lever de si bonne heure ce jour là parce que les chevaux n'étaient pas là mais j'allais avec lui. Nous emmenions les hommes dans la camionnette et les deposaient où ils travaillaient.

Ce jour là ils travaillaient tout près des vignes et tout près des

vignes/....

Un Incident des vacances (Cont.)

vignes il y a 'un donga'.Les vignes et le douga sont au bord de la route et papa regardait ou les hommes travaillaient parce qu'il voulait voir combien de temps ils'y mettaient. Il était entrain de regarder quand la camionette tombait dans le douga.

Je vis que le camionette allait tomber dans le donga mais je pensais qu'il le voyait. J'ai ouvert la porte et criai. Tous les hommes qui travaillaient sur la ferme n'aient.

Moi et mon petit frère nous sommes assis à la droite de la camionette parce que si nous nous asseyions à l'autre ce serait le fin de la camionette. Les travailleurs ont poussé et enfin la camionette était sur le chemin.

Sheila Hacking.
MATRIC.

oooOooo

DIE WINTER

Die kleurryke blomme en die groen, welige blare van die bome het verdwyn. Al wat oorbly is net die kaal takke van die bome en die onvrugbare lande.

Die lente, die somer en die herfs is iets van die verlede. Nou is die winter en al die diere oor winter in hulle skuioplekke. Binnekort sal dié begin sneeu en dan sal die land soos roomys en die berge soos 'n kerskoek met wit versiersel lyk. Die water van die riviere sal ook verys en damme sal as speelgronde blyk.

Die koue sal aan jou liggaam byt as jy nie dik, warm klere aantrek en vure in jou huis maak nie. Die kat en die hond knup teen mekaar en ook nader aan die vuur om die hitte daarvan te ervaar.

Ons en hulle hoop die winter gaan gou verby.

V. Geldenhuys.
STD. 8.

oooOooo

PETA SIMPSON
STD. 9.

EK BLAAI DEUR MY FOTO-ALBUM

Verlede Desembervakansie het ons oorsee gegaan. Maande voor ons vertrek het, het ons die vakansie al beplan. Aangesien die die eerste keer was wat ek oorsee gegaan het, was ek die one opgewondenheid, en ongeveer 'n week voor ons vertrek, het my koffers, met my splinternuwe kamera langs hulle al gereed gestaan.

Ons het een koue môre, kort voor Kersfees in Londen geland. Die ryp het dik oor die lughawe gelê, en alle was bevrore, maar ek kon my opgewondenheid skaars bedwing. Net daar en dan het ek begin foto's neem. Ons hel al die ou paleise en geboue in en in die omtrek van Londen besoek, en my kamera het nooit opgehou foto's neem nie.

'n Week later het ons na Switserland vértrek. Ons het in 'n klein doppie in die Alpe gebly. Die natuur en die dorpie met sy ou hout geboue was asenrowend mooi. Alles was met sagte, skitterende sneeuvlokkies bedek, any my ma moes net keer, want ek kon nie ophou foto's neem nie.

Ons het twee weke lank in hierdie paradys vertoef. Ons het elke dag skilesse geneem. In die begin het die maar bra beroerd gegaan, en ek het amper om elke draai my ewewig verloor, en met moeder aarde kennis gemaak, maar na 'n paar dae het sake darem begin verbeter. Alhoewel ek nou nooit juis uitstrekend was nie, moet ek sê dat ek dit ter deë geniet het. Ek en my broers het ons amper elke aan by die ysskaatsbaan bevind. Ek kon my skaar bedwing om nie te begin sing en skreeu nie, toe die koue, verfrissende wind so vinnig by my ore verby gefluit het, maar ek moes eenvoudig nie, want anders sou almat dink dat ek mal is.

Op pad terug huis toe het one 'n paar dae lank in Italië gebly.

Hierdie/....

Ek blaai deur my foto-album (Cont.)

Hierdie ou stad, met sy ou vervalle geboue en nou strate, het ek gedink is pragtige. Hier het ons al die ou museums en geboue besoek. Ons het die katedraal en die Trevifontein besoek, en weer eens het ek honderde foto's geneem.

'n Paar dae na ons tuis was, het ek vir my 'n splinternuwe foto-album gekoop, al my foto's gegroepeer, en hulle ingepak.

Op dae soos vandag, wanneer ek deur my foto-album blaai en al hierdie foto's sien, is die reis weer vars in my gehaue, en moet ek erken dat ek dié vakansie regtig terdeë geniet het.

Jean Bergh
STD. 9.

oooOooo

Parkstraat 8
Clanwilliam
8135
24 Mei 1976

Die Stadsklerk
Posbus 25
Clanwilliam
8135

Geagte Heer

Randlopers verstoor die rus in ons buurt

Ek dink dat dit my plig is om u to laat weet dat hier 'n paar rondlopers is, wat elke aand die rus in ons buurt verstoor. Ek weet nie waar hulle vandaan kom nie, en sal ook nie verbaas wees as u uitvind dat hulle effens besope is nie. Die groep kwajongens verskyn gewaarlik so teen tienuur se kant hier. Hulle skreeu en sing en skop net 'n algemene bohaai op. Ons het eers die saak probeer oorsien, maar hulle kom van gereeld en maak ons senuwees gedaan. Ek het al opgemerk dat die bure ook begin kla, en ek dink dit is baie erustig, aangesien die kinders nou begin eksamen skryf. Dit is onmoontlik om te probeer studeer wanneer daar so 'n lawaai buite opgeskop word. Ek hoop dat u ondersoek na hierdie saak sal instel.

By voorbaat dankie

Die uwe

(Mej.) J. BERGH

Jean Bergh
STD. 9.

oooOooo

TOE MAAR; OOR SES MAANDE IS EK KLAAR MET DIE SKOOL! EN DAN ....

Dit is 'n fantastiese feit dat ek net ses maande hier by Herschel moet bly. Soos die meeste van die klas, sien ek baie daarna uit om die skool te verlaat, om werklike vrede te ervaar vir die eerste keer in twaalf jaar. Wat meer is, het ek alreeds soveel planne beraam, maar ongelukkig moet ek eers my matriekeksamen skryf, en dit is maar 'n "klein hekkie" op die pad na vrede.

Nadat ek die skool verlaat het, sal ek die gewone Desembervakansie in Kaapstad deurbring. Ek sal doen net wat ek wil, en ek sal heerlik uitrus na al die vreeslike spanning van die matriekeksamens. Gedurende die volgende twee maande sal ek na 'n kollege gaan om te leer tik, want vriende het my vertel dat dit baie met jou universiteitswerk help.

In Maart of April wil my moeder my graag na Frankryk stuur om Frans te leer vlot skryf en praat. Die soort skool waarnatoe ek sal gaan is in die heerlike vallei van die Loire-rivier. Sommige ander meisies van Herschel het alreeds daarnatoe gegaan en hul besoek ten volle geniet. Ek is nie baie lus om te gaan nie, want ek hoor dat die hoof baie streng is en/of hou nie baie van sulke streng dissipline nie. (Natuurlik dink my moeder dat dit 'n uitstekende idee is om my daarheen te stuur!)

Nadat ek my klein besoekie aan Frankryk voltooi het, sal ek na 'n kollege in Engeland gaan om drie 'A-levels' te probeer kry - in Engels, Frans en Geskiedenis. Ek sal maar twee jaar daar moet bly.

As ek in die GCE eksamens slaag, wil ek graag na universiteit in Brittanje gaan, miskien die van Dublin, Edinburgh of Manchester, om 'n graad in die Engelse wet te behaal. En daarna, as ek ongeveer vyf-en-twintig is, sal ek 'n volle advokaat wees - dit is my droom. Ek hoop net dat ek nie te dom is nie en dat die eerste twee jaar van die graad nie te vervelend is nie.

My hele familie, op een uitsondering na, kom van Groot Brittanje af - dié een uitsondering is my vader wat nou oorlede is, maar as ek vyf

jaar/....

Toe maar, oor ses maande is ek klaar met die skool! En dan ....(Cont.)

jaar in Brittanje woon sal ek 'n Britse paspoort kry en dan kan ek daar werk.

Ek voel dat my hele lewe na hierdie ses maande sal begin. Dit is baie moeilik om enige werk te doen as ek aan hierdie wonderlike toekoms dink. Ek hoop net dat dit so wonderlik sal wees as wat ek gedroom het.

Jean Barry
MATRIC

oooOooo

SEWE HET TERUGGEKEER

Sewe het teruggekeer. Ja, alhoewel ek die dag tendeë geniet het, is ek baie jammer dat Sarie nou nie meer saam met ons is nie. Sy was so 'n waaghalsige meisie en my beste vriendin.

Verlede vakansie het ek en my vriendinne besluit om 'n dag by die strand te deurbring. Nadat ons 'n hele mandjie vol toebroodjies in die motor gelaai het, het ons strand toe gegaan.

Dit het gewemel van mense. Die meeste grootmense het op seilstoele onder groot kleurvolle sambrele gesit terwyl die kinders - grotes en kleintjies - op die strand en in die water rondgebaljaar het. Ons het ons in die kleedkamer gaan verklee en kort daarna skulpies opgetel, sandkasteeltjies gebou an met 'n bal gespeel. 'n Paar van ons het op branderkussings gesit en is deur die golwe na die strand toe gespoel. Die ander het op branderplanke gelê en ver ente gery. Alhoewel daar 'n gevaarlike terugspoeling was, het ons alles geniet.

Ons het almal duskant die haainette geswem (op een uitsondering na waaghalsige ou Sarie). Sy het op haar branderplank aan die anderkant geswem. Sy is deur 'n haai aangeval, en die strandwagter het onmiddellik na haar toe geswem om noodhulp op haar toe te pas. Arme ou drommel! Alhoewel die strandwagter alles gedoen het wat hy kon om Sarie to red, was dit te laat. Ons was erg ontsteld en het gou-gou Sarie hospitaal toe geneem. Ons het haar ouers gebel en hulle ook kortliks alles vertel. So het ons vrolike dag geëindig!

As ek nou aan hierdie voorval terugdink, kan ek net sê dat alhoewel net sewe teruggekeer het, sal ek nooit my beste vriendin, Sarie, vergeet nie.

S. Smith-Chandler
MATRIC

oooOooo

Loopstraat 6
Kaapstad
7800
18 Mei 1976

Die Registrateur
Universiteit van Kaapstad
7800

Geagte Heer

Inligting in verband met studiebeurse, kursusse en losies

Vanjaar skryf ek matriek en ek is volgende jaar van plan om universiteit toe te gaan. Ek is 'n hardwerkende student en is baie geinteresseerd in Biologie, Wiskunde en Skeikunde. Ek sal dit waardeer as 'u die nodige inligting in verband met hierdie kursusse aan my sal gee.

Ek sal dit verder op prys stel as 'u alle besonderhede in verband met losies en studiebeurse aan my sal verstrek, aangesien ek self alles moet betaal.

Ek hoop dat hierdie saak 'u gunstige oorweging sal verniet.

By voorbaat dankie

(Mej.) S. Smith-Chandler

S. Smith-Chandler
MATRIC

oooOooo

THE LUCK OF HAVING TALENT IS NOT ENOUGH;

ONE MUST ALSO HAVE A TALENT FOR LUCK.

BERLIOZ