

IN NECESSARY THINGS, UNITY;
IN DOUBTFUL THINGS, LIBERTY;
IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

MOTTO
R. BAXTER

IN MEMORIAM

CONTENTS.

<u>REPORTS</u>		<u>PAGE</u>
House Report		1
Hockey Report		2
Swimming Report		3
Tennis Report		4
Netball Report		5
Squash Report		6
Diving Report		7
Gym Club Report		8
Oral Communication and Drama Report		9
Choir and Music Report		10
Sociological Club Report		11
Scripture Union Report		12
Matric Dance Report		13
Rolt Ballroom Dancing Report		14
The Outeniqua Trail		15
Report on Bicycle Ride		16
 <u>ENGLISH</u>		
Hands	Terry Roomes	17
Those Spots	Jane Dicey	17
Cockroaches	Karen Corder	18
Eyes	A. Marr	20
	C. Dowdle	20
Desperation	V. Geldenhuys	20
Laughter	L. Quinan	21
The Surfer	N. Schmidt	23
Snow	L. Mukheiber	23
Benny	J. Johnson	24
The Special Feather	M. Maisel	25
The Street Hawker	M. Marais	25
I never could explain what that sound did for me	C. Pulvermacher	26
The Future	V. Geldenhuys	27
Sun	M. van Niekerk	27
Lost in Beauty	G. Hart	27
Life	S. Davies	27
Susan's Place	C. Swiel	28
At the end of the day	G. Mackenzie	29
Star	A. Marr	29
Snow	J. Dicey	29
The Dwarf's Present	K. Corder	30
The Child	G. Frater	31
Sunset	L. Mukheiber	31
The Cape Town Festival	S. Fairhead	32
Dream	P. Gleimius	33
Protection	Y. Stockwell	33
Nature's Child	V. Geldenhuys	33
Everlasting	A. Marr	34

A Street Hawker	M. Oelz	34
Racial Discrimination	G. Frater	34
Man	N. Schmidt	35
The Mirror	T. Honig	35
Eyes	S. Mannion	36
The Sea	F. McQueen	38
Past...Present...Future	S. Justice	38
Witch	T. Beck	39
Refuge	L. Quinan	40
The Sea	L. Mukheiber	42
Sitting in a Restaurant	I. Maier	42
At a Railway Station	C. Fouché	43
The Dried Leaf	J. Post	45
Nightmare	J. Hayman-Joyce	45
Life	V. Geldenhuys	46
Green Thoughts in a Green Shade	F. Adams	47

AFRIKAANS

Verbygangers	A. Marr	49
Hoe ek gehelp het om 'n inbreker vas te trek	C. Dowdle	51
Brief	J. Bergh	52
Die Heerlikste Verassing wat ek nog gehad het	L. Mukheiber	53
Die Ossetrek	K. Ince	54
Inflasie	S. Steenkamp	54
'n Snaakse Gebeurtenis	J. Bergh	55

FOREIGN TONGUES

La Manana en Barcelona	A. d'Halluin	56
Ecole Militaire	A. d'Halluin	58
Mon oncle qui a fait fortune à l'étranger, revient moi voit	C. Fouché	59
La Funéraille	B. Sandell	60
Les Vacances sont toujours trop courtes	N. Kohler	61
Latin Crossword	J. Hayman-Joyce	62
Latin Entry	I. Maier	63
Roma	P. Moni	64
Kurico	M. Stavrou	65
Quairt ar an Iodail	S. Mannion	66
Lief dagboek	T. Honig	67
Onze Boerderij	J. Post	68
Zeilen	K. Honig	69
Incoko	G. Mackenzie	70
Sihamba eCavendish Square	M. Jooste	72
Ngangehlala eDurban	N. Brink	73
Daz Konzert	C. de Villiers	75

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

Titration	J. Bergh and N. Brink	77
Energy and its Comparative Roles in Respiration and Photosynthesis	N. Brink	78
Middle East	N. Brink	80
The Rise of World Powers	F. Adams	82
Orogenesis	J. Millar	84
Banana Loaf Special	S. Mannion	86
Typing Pictures	A. Flischer	
	Y. Ward-Smith	
	J. Couzens	87
Harmony	S. Ward-Able	89
Rolt House Song		91
House List		93

---o0o---

EDITORS' REPORT.

We sincerely hope that whoever reads this magazine will have as much pleasure reading it as we have had compiling it, although there have been setbacks which have all contributed to the challenge and experience of editing a magazine. We have tried as far as possible to include contributions from all members of the house, in some way or another, as we feel that it is a "house" magazine and should therefore reflect the efforts of all members.

If we were to mention each person who has helped to get the magazine underway, our acknowledgment list would cover pages. Special thanks go to Mrs. Corr who so willingly and generously took on the mammoth task of typing the magazine, and also to S. Justice, V. Geldenhuys and S. Mannion for their invaluable assistance.

Happy reading!

EDITORS : Karen Corder
 Ingeborg Maier

ART EDITOR : Jackie Dicey

COVER : Susan Justice

---o0o---

HOUSE REPORT.

The Rolt tradition of having more brawn than brain still persists!

In spite of this, the music and drama girls have kept up their high standards. This year Rolt has achieved an outstanding record of having both choir leaders in the house - congratulations to Susan Ward-Able and Nicky Kohler. We certainly have not disgraced ourselves in drama, and a number of girls achieved merit and honours in various Eisteddfod. Amongst these are L. Mukheiber, S. Davies and A. de Villiers who all performed exceptionally well. S. Ward-Able, C. Dowdle and Y. Stockwell have persistently maintained a high standard of music.

As usual, sport is our strong point. Our victory at the inter-house gala has once again verified this. A special congratulation to J. Johnson and M. Oelz who both won individual trophies. J. Johnson also swam for the Western Province Swimming team and was awarded her Swimming colours. Once again Fiona Adams won the school diving championships and contributed greatly to our final victory in the inter-house diving competition. Fiona was also selected for the Western Province diving team. Three Rolt girls were invited to play for the Western Province hockey trials, and we hope this will be a good omen for the inter-house hockey to be held later this year. Nicky Kohler has been made Captain of the Western Province school squash team - well done, Nicky! Siobhan Mannion was awarded her gym colours at the end of last year.

However, the brains are not totally lacking. J. Bergh, K. Honig and I. Maier have been awarded academic badges. A special congratulation goes to Nikki Brink who is the only member of the house that has her academic colours. In addition, both Nikki and Doune Hannay-Robertson have department badges.

Hopefully 1977 will be Rolt's year, and with a little bit of luck, lots of hard work and determination, the much cherished Efficiency Shield may be ours!

Peta Simpson.
Std. X.

---oOo---

HOCKEY REPORT.

Unfortunately this year's hockey team has not been altogether successful, but we have had some good tough matches. The potential is there but needs to be developed.

The first team has played three touring sides; Sinoia from Rhodesia, with whom we drew, Bryanston from Johannesburg and the Holy Rosary Convent from Port Elizabeth, both of whom we beat.

There has been much hockey enthusiasm this season and the school has five teams playing matches, which is a considerable amount for the size of the school. Congratulations to Miss Kable.

Rolt has five girls, namely Chloe Fouché, Nicky Kohler, Karen Corder, Vanessa Geldenhuys and myself playing for the first team. Three of these girls were invited to play for Western Province Trials. So, together with the Juniors, who have some promising players, we should be able to obtain a good placing in the Inter-House hockey.

Peta Simpson.
Std. X.

---oOo---

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
PROBATION OFFICER

SWIMMING REPORT.

This year we were thrilled to win both the inter-house diving and swimming competitions, which were held at the end of the first term.

Our team swam exceptionally well and everyone showed wonderful spirit, by cheering enthusiastically, making the day a most enjoyable one.

Special swimming commendation should be given to Jane Johnson and Monica Oelz, who both broke records and won cups.

We hope the standard of Rolt swimming will remain to be as high in the future.

Lindsay Quibell.
Std. X.

---o0o---

TENNIS REPORT.

With only one member of the First Team, Nicky Kohler, Rolt's Open Team is rather depleted. However, promising players in the junior teams do much to brighten up the future. Anyway, what we lack in skill we make up with our enthusiasm.

Although Rolt came third in the Interhouse tennis last year, with a bit of hard work and determination we hope to improve the result this year!

Nikki Brink.
Std. X.

---o0o---

NETBALL.

There has been a marked improvement in the standard of netball this year. Even though no victories were achieved last year, the games were played in good spirit and enjoyed by all. This year, however, we hope to change the pattern and achieve a victory as well. We have three members of the first team in Rolt: Lucy Quinan, Siobhan Mannion and Chloë Fouché.

We hope that the standard of netball will continue to improve in future years.

Chloë Fouché
and
Lucy Quinan.
Std. X.

We must congratulate Lucy Quinan for being chosen as vice-captain of the School's First Team.

Editor's Comment.

---o0o---

SQUASH REPORT.

As hoped, Rolt soared to the top in the Inter-House Squash Competition last year. Stacey Smith-Chandler, the school and house squash captain, lead the house to its victory with her high standard and enthusiastic spirit. Let's hope that the enthusiasm among the Rolt side this year will be as strong as last year's keen team and that we can keep the cup on our shelf again.

'Squash Fever' has hit Herschel and once more the court is fully booked with girls being coached. It is becoming a necessity to obtain another court due to the large and growing interest of girls wanting to learn and practice. I hope that future squash players at Herschel will have the opportunity to maintain the reputable high standard of Herschel's squash.

Nicky Kohler.

Well done, Nicky, on being elected Captain of Western Province Schools Squash!

Editor's Comment.

---o0o---

DIVING REPORT.

This year Rolt has once again featured strongly in all aspects of this sport - Inter-schools, Inter-house and the School Championships.

The star of the house is (and has been for the past five years), Fiona Adams. She has won the School Championships from Standard 6 - 10, and has represented Western Province Schools since Standard 5. She was runner up to the 1977 South African Schools Champion!

In the Inter-house Diving Competition Rolt won both the Open and Under 15 sections, represented by Fiona and Monica Oelz respectively. All three Inter-school participants come from Rolt and were placed in the School Championships. These were Fiona, Monica and Siobhan Mannion.

Let us hope that Rolt manages to keep the cup for another five years!

Siobhan Mannion.
Std. 1X.

---o0o---

WORLD
MON
SUPERIOR

GYM CLUB REPORT.

At the beginning of this year we were faced with a challenge - the first Inter-House Gym competition. All Rolt participants worked extremely hard to contribute to the success of the competition, where Rolt was narrowly beaten by Jagger. Well done, Jagger!

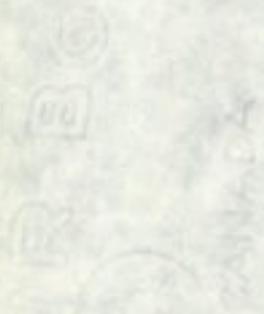
Congratulations to both Mary Jooste (Rolt) and Siobhan Mannion (Rolt) on winning their individual sequences. Congratulations also to the Rolt Standard 1Xs and Xs on winning their section.

Gym Club itself, continues to meet on Thursday evenings, thanks to Miss Kable who gives up so much of her spare time to help us. It consists of approximately fifteen enthusiastic girls ranging from Standard VI to Matric and the standard of gymnastics continues to improve.

Congratulations to Siobhan Mannion on gaining her gymnastic colours last year.

Doone Hannay-Robertson.
Std. X.

---o0o---



ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA REPORT.

Rolt did very well last year to win the Inter-House Public Speaking Competition. Karen Corder is to be congratulated on winning the individual cup for public speaking.

A debate was held early in the year, against Bergvliet in the new drama room. Herschel won both motions. Another debate was held in the second term against Bishops in which both sides won one motion.

A new Drama Club was formed this year and the first workshop evening was presented by the Club in the second term.

Many Rolt girls took part in the Cape Town Eistedford earlier in the year. Congratulations to Monica Delz, Nicky Harris and Mary-Anne Marais, who all gained honours. Jenny Anderson, Yvonne Edge, Louise Murdock, Leigh Mukheiber, Mary Jooste, Georgie Hart, Jane Clarke and Christine Pulvermacher all did very well and gained merit

Early in the fourth term the annual Inter-House Public Speaking competition will take place. With some hard work we hope that this competition will once again be won by Rolt.

Louise Gottgens.
Std. X.

---o0o---

CHOIR AND MUSIC REPORT.

The Choir, most of which are Rolt girls, have sung at several functions this year, including three weddings of past Herschelians and two were performances, one at the Nine Club and the other a Founders Day ceremony.

Vanessa Geldenhuys and Alison Marr participated in the Cape Town singing eistedford while others took part in the piano eistedford. A special congratulation goes to Caroline Dowdle for maintaining a consistently high standard in her eistedford performances.

The programme of the music competition has been modified and piano, singing, guitar and various other instrumental items have been introduced. Musical competitions of previous years have nearly all resulted in a victory for Rolt, and so with this encouragement we are filled with optimism for the music competition later in the year.

Nicky Kohler &
Susan Ward-Able.

---o0o---

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB REPORT.

The Sociological Club programme this year has been a varied and very interesting one.

Mr. Boonzaier gave a very enlightening talk on Afrikaans poetry. This programme was enthusiastically received by girls who thoroughly enjoyed his witty presentation of the topic.

"The Ascent of Man", a series of films which have achieved international fame are now being shown the Sociological Club. This interesting series was completed and presented by the late Bronowski, and is of general interest to all the girls.

Sue Allen and Rosemary Webber talked about their experiences as Rotary Scholars in Australia and America respectively. Their talks inspired several of the present matric girls to apply for Rotary and A.F.S. Scholarships.

One of the most popular programmes presented at the Sociological Club this year was by a beautician. She showed the girls how to use make-up and spoke to them about the techniques of face massaging.

To mention all the programmes that have been presented in the Sociological Club this year would take pages, so I have just chosen the highlights of the year.

Nikki Brink.
Std. X.

---o0o---

SUPERIOR
MADE IN

SCRIPTURE UNION.

Last term we only managed to have three meetings; the first speaker being Mrs. Helen Myburgh who spoke on "Who is God and why do we need Him?". The following speaker was Stan Fish who spoke about "The Bible, Fact or Fantasy?"

At our last meeting the Rev. Brian Hill spoke on the subject of "The After Life".

All the talks were excellent, especially the last one.

Scripture Union started as a small group but lately the numbers have grown.

We welcome Mrs. Marr who is now the staff member in charge of Scripture Union.

This term there is a good, varied programme. Meetings take place every Tuesday during lunch break.

Katinka Honig.
Std. X.

---oOo---

THE MATRIC DANCE, 1977.

For the whole of our Senior School career we waited in anticipation for our turn to have a Matric Dance and for the first three months of 1977 we tried frantically to make decisions and get things organized - after all that time the Matric Dance was finally a reality!

Innumerable class meetings were held on the Matrics' lawn to try to decide on a theme and innumerable suggestions were put forward, discussed and rejected. Surprisingly enough, we managed (finally) to decide on our Greek theme (based on the Island of Mykonos) without any major arguments. For a lot of people, the choice of a partner was of far more importance but in spite of all the nail-biting and howls of "Who on earth can I invite?", everyone had a partner by the time Friday, April 15 arrived.

Thursday night was spent trying desperately to get posters to stay stuck up and there were quite a few of us with cricks in our necks from tying ivy on to the net, but apart from the final touches which were added the next morning, we managed to transform the hall into what we had imagined (and hoped) it would be. Then we disappeared to begin our metamorphosis from untidy, ugly-duckling Matrics into glamorous, sophisticated socialites.

The before party was held at the Fouché's and after everyone's partner had suffered the inevitable inspection, we began to enjoy ourselves, (aided by the champagne!). On our arrival at school we were greeted by "Dr. S." and Dr. John. The food was delicious, thanks to Miss Way and the kitchen staff, and the band, Black Forest, was alright.

Midnight came and the band played its last song. We made our way to the Quibell's amazing house for the after party and for most, that was when the Dance really started! A few people faded out quite early on but a surprising number staggered into the Ackerman's at about 5 a.m. for the champagne breakfast. Some gave up the struggle to stay awake and drifted off to sleep on the floor (most of them were the guys!) but the champagne, croissants and coffee kept the rest of us awake for a few more hours.

It was a tired but very happy bunch of bedraggled Matrics that arrived bleary-eyed at school to haul down the decorations and return the hall to its everyday appearance on Saturday morning.

Fiona Adams.

ROLT BALLROOM DANCING REPORT.

"Come along", they said, "just for kicks"

* * *

Why, many ask, do the girls of Herschel bother to pass Standard 7 in order to go on to Standard 8? There is only one answer: for Ballroom Dancing. Every year at the beginning of the first Winter term, all Standard 8s rush along, with fluttering hearts and lashes to St. Paul's Church Hall, Rondebosch, where the indomitable Mrs. Spring tries to teach them the basics of ballroom dancing and etiquette. This year was no exception; there were thirty of Us, and thirty of Them (Them being, of course, the pick of the Standard 9 Bishops males).

In the first lesson, we dealt with the basics: one-two-Eina!, holding one's partner delicately at arm's length. Conversation was limited, but we all assured one another that we had been reading plenty of good books lately, and that the weather had been "really lekkah".

Having overcome a slight counting problem, the boys improved, literally by leaps and bounds, and by now they all dance really well, if only they would dance on their feet, and not on ours. However, the Bishops' boys remain unique - for they, and only they, can do a foxtrot to 3/4 time.

At the time of writing, all the girls are expert at the waltz, the foxtrot, the cha-cha, first aid, and turning a wince of pain into a gracious smile.

I must add that, as usual, all the Rolt girls excelled themselves. These include Alison Marr, Leigh Mukheiber, and Jenny Anderson. Our precise timing, natural grace and inane conversation makes us firm favourites in the Paul Joneses.

Oh, well, another nine lessons and it's off to the Palais de Dance with numbers on our backs

Caroline Dowdle.
Std. VIII.

---o0o---

THE OUTENIQUA TRAIL.

During the last April holidays, a selected group of thirteen girls, of which Peta Simpson, Jean Bergh, Chloe Fouche, Vanessa Geldenhuys and Siobhan Mannion are members of Rolt, under the leadership of Miss Kable, Miss Cleghorn and Mr. and Mrs. Rauch went on the Outeniqua Trail.

On the first day we bravely set out from Karatara Forest Station, near George. After a strenuous climb, we reached "Windmeulnek" in the early afternoon. Unfortunately a few members of our party got lost en route, but arrived safely at the hut.

The next day was much longer and resulted in many complaints, blisters and extreme fatigue. Our beds at Farleigh were most welcome that night.

We started early on the third morning, as we wanted to breakfast at a stream. It started to rain during "lunch", but this only added to the fun and experience of the trip. We thawed in our first hot bath since Herold's Bay, at Millwood that night.

We left Millwood after nine, because we did not have far to walk. This short day was welcomed by the majority of the team, who were all exhausted. After our arrival at Rondebossie, we went for a "swim" in a nearby pool, and finished the day with a sing-song.

We rose before dawn on the last day and spent most of the day walking through beautiful indigenous forest. We all arrived safely, exhausted, but very pleased with ourselves at Diep Walle.

We would like to thank Miss Cleghorn, Mr. and Mrs. Rauch, and especially Miss Kable for taking us on this most enjoyable trip.

Jean Bergh.
Std. X.

---o0o---



THE HAPPY HIKERS

SHOBBAN MANNION

AND

JEAN BERGH



CHLOË FOUCHÉ



IBETA SIMPSON

REPORT ON BICYCLE RIDE.

The Cape Times quotes.. "Schoolgirls ride through rain for Shelter.."

Nicky Kohler, Karen Corder, Jacky Dicey, Vanessa Geldenhuis, Ceredwin Thomsen, Kathy Pickholz and Lizanne Scott, all took part in a privately sponsored bicycle ride in aid of Shelter, from Elgin to Youngsfield; a distance of 67 km. The first four mentioned above are members of Rolt House.

After an energetic start at 10 a.m. on Sunday, 15th May, we soon tired as driving rain and strong headwinds made the never-ending climb up to Sir Lowry's Pass, a strenuous feat. The half-way mark and lunch-time break was Somerset West. Then along the old National Road to Cape Town. Throughout the ride we felt like V.I.P's., as we were continually escorted by a bakkie and a car.

The ironical part of the ride was that we actually rode through Wetton's shanty towns, the area with which Shelter is concerned. When our six hour vigil was over, the satisfaction of having completed what we had set out to do, made us oblivious of our obvious stiffness.

Thanks to the organisation by Karen Corder and Lizanne Scott it was a successful event. So much so that the proceeds rose to R208.00.

Vanessa Geldenhuis.
STD. 1X.

---o0o---

JACKIE DICKEY

KAREN CORDER

VANESSA GILDENHUIS

NICKY KOHLER



HANDS.

Mother's hands are gentle and kind,
Boxers use hands with power behind.
Dumb use their hands to talk.
While blind use hands with which to walk.

Hands, hands, what does it mean,
It means hands are fat where others are lean.
Some are wrinkled, some are tough,
Soft as silk or chapped and rough.

Hands what wonderful things,
For washing up dishes or wearing rings.
Hands are for smacking when people are bad,
Or for comforting friends when they are sad.

Terry Roomes.
Std. VI.

THOSE SPOTS.

Little Heather groaned and moaned,
(I confess, I thought she was stoned).
Her nose was blocked,
Her skin was pocked,
Immediately the doc was 'phoned.

Measles was the diagnosis,
We were even given a prognosis.
Two weeks in bed,
No light to her head,
Because of the danger of myosis.

Within a week the bed was left,
The pillow cold, the bed bereft.
For Heather was up,
She'd had enough
And so her healthy way was cleft.

Jane Dicey.
Std. VII.

COCKROACHES.

The disappearance of the ancient land of Atlantis has remained a long unsolved mystery. This fantastical city of ancient myths and legends disappeared without trace and is lost. Surprisingly enough, the origin of those awful, dirty scavengers, cockroaches, is linked with the disappearance of this city.

Atlantis was a fair place, a small island in the Atlantic Ocean. It basked in the warm tropical sun and was fertile, abounding in growth. Succulent creepers crawled up the walls, the heavy foliage of the giant trees made the branches sag enabling bright, glistening birds fat and contented lazily to flop and alight in these cool shelters. Their million tunes joining in a choir of harmonious song. Cows with swinging, heavy udders slowly chewed the juicy grass along the banks of the meandering rivers which eventually oozed into the sea. Life was a hazy maze of oblivion. There was no distinction between day and night, summer, winter, autumn or spring. Life was just living and a slow rhythm hummed lazily like a bee with pollen laden legs around Atlantis.

People reclined on soft velvet couches, gorging themselves with fruit. They lived to eat, sleep and drink and consequently they grew voluptuous, fat and hideous, as they lay back pushing moist, green grapes between their pursed lips. Dark crimson wine dribbled slowly down their chins, staining the puffy lethargic skin. Their eyes sank into the folds of fat and their bodies swelled losing almost all human form until they became grotesque lumps of inflated matter.

The gods looked down on this place where the fertility of nature was abused, where man and beast sank into self-satisfaction in the cool shade of the laden fruit trees. A place where locusts fed on honey and ants made homes in heaps of crystallised sugar. Zeus looked down on this parasitic, oblivion's way of life draining the generosity of Nature. He saw the evil in this voluptuous land, so he called a council of all the gods on Mount Olympus. They debated what to do with the fruitful land of fruitlessness. They decided that Atlantis must go because the paradise that it was, weakened the minds of men and made them susceptible to evil self-fulfilment.

Athena, goddess of wisdom, drew attention to the fact that the people of Atlantis were to blame and not that beautiful land itself which Nature had made her paradise. Zeus condemned the people of Atlantis to be cockroaches for the rest of their lives. "They shall scavenge and crawl and they shall be hated by all mankind. They will live in morbid, dirty places, eating refuse for the rest of their miserable lives." There was a hush on Mount Olympus as these words of Zeus, king of both gods and men, settled like a thundercloud over the mount as the fate of the people of Atlantis echoed in the minds of all.

Atlantis was basking in the warmth of its oblivion when the tranquillity of its useless life was shattered. The sea around this godly paradise welled up to form a solid wall of foaming, raging water and advanced upon Atlantis. The waters struck the island, making man and beast shudder. It began to sink under the folds of the violent sea. No more were there gentle lapping waves on the long white beaches. All vegetation quivered and shrivelled up in forlorn

anger .../

anger as the sea rushed in. No more song from exotic birds was heard only the violent tune of the sea as it crashed upon the island. Darkness prevailed while water, sugar, honey and crimson wine flowed together and became one stream. Turmoil reigned while the fertile land drowned to become a wreck on the ocean floor due to the recklessness of its helmsman.

While Nature died its cruel unnecessary death, the fate of the people of Atlantis became real after spoiling the beauty of the land. Their bodies cringed with pain as they slowly formed hideous, small monsters, wings grew from their backs, their hands became claws. They began to scurry towards higher ground and there with rhythmic beating of their new limbs, they flew above their sinking paradise. All that was left was the slow moving sea above which the cockroaches circled.

Atlantis was gone and the only link with that once wonderful land are cockroaches.

Karen Corder.
Std. 1X.

---o0o---

Eyes
 boring
 sapphire drills-
 penetrating
 innocent
 objects,
 cruel.

Alison Marr.
 Std. VIII.

They tell him he's a member
 Of a subordinate race.
 They tell him he's only good for
 manual labour. They tell him
 that he's only a "black bastard".
 But they don't tell him why.

Caroline Dowdle.
 Std. VIII.

Desperation
 Of the present as the presence of
 Recurring waves,
 Which are similar but not familiar.
 Breaking over the rocks
 Of remorse
 In the past;
 That will stand forever
 In the shadows of the deep.

Vanessa Geldenhuys.
 Std. IX.

LAUGHTER.

It was a hot, humid day in New York city. A harassed looking woman forced her way through the hustling, bustling people on the crowded pavement. The entire city had an oppressive air. Everything was sticky; all smells were tripled in strength and tempers were shortened.

The woman walked up the steps of an apartment building. Her footsteps dragged on the stone. Her shopping bags were tilted at a dangerous angle, but she seemed not to care; she passed a weary hand across her forehead to brush away a stray lock of hair as she inserted a key into the lock of apartment No. 304.

A smell of fetid air, intermingled with cigarette smoke, beer fumes and stale sweat greeted her as she opened the door. She walked straight to the kitchen, not bothering to glance in at the sitting room, from where the sound of a Television commentator's voice blared. The kitchen walls were a pale grey; stains covered every counter; the beer bottles formed a regimented pattern on the table and the sink was full of unwashed dishes. She sighed, shook her head as if to clear it and dumped the parcels on the table. She ignored the mess, feeling strange because she just did not care about it any more. She felt no pride in anything she attempted in the apartment, because everything lost its gleam, its clean polish too quickly.

She turned and moved dully towards the sitting room. As she entered her husband did not even glance up. His mouth was full of hamburger, with onions dribbling out of the corners. He was watching a group of girls doing a cabaret show and an oily dribble passed the onions and dropped off his chin, intermingling with the sweat in the creases of his stomach. As the programme ended, he changed stations to a comedy show, and glanced up at her before gulping a mouthful of beer to washdown the mouthful of hamburger. His attention was again fixed on the screen and as he took another bite of the hamburger, he began to shake with laughter; his trembles seemed to begin at his feet and move up to his head and down again. She stared in morbid fascination, as though she could not believe that that monstrous lump of jelly was her husband, whom she had once loved, but now the emotion had been worn down, day by day, until she had felt nothing, absolutely nothing. Today for the first time did she feel any emotion whatever and she could not place the feeling she had. She could not take her eyes off that sweaty mass. His naked torso was made up of oily rolls of fat, not firm fat, but soft, almost soggy fat. The rolls of grease continued up to his chin and they were glistening, gleaming as he continued to shake.

Her eyes reached his mouth. It was a dark hole, wide open, gaping at her, tormenting her. It produced sounds that rang around the room, bouncing against each wall and back again, bouncing against her, mocking her as it continued on and on. The uvula at the back of the cavern seemed to be doing a frenzied dance, up and down, backwards and forwards, wiggling in the midst of a saliva-filled mass of oily hamburger as though it too was enjoying the joke; it too, seemed to mock her, as those cabaret girls did, mock her dowdy dress, her lustreless hair with streaks of grey that seemed to

represent her life; a grey streak in the midst of alien brightness.

She suddenly felt lightheaded. She realised that she could not bear to see that slimy mass of a man in her chair any longer. She got up and went to the kitchen. She opened a drawer and took out a knife, the bread knife, and as she walked back towards the sitting room, she began to giggle.

Lucy Quinan.
STD. X.

---o0o---



JULIA KRONE STD 6

THE SURFER.

You ride the wave
With the triumph of Poseidon,
With the ease of a gull
Skimming the seas.

Power surges forth
As your body twists and turns
Working with the motion of the water.

Spray and wind blow in your face.
A sense of freedom fills your being,
And for one glorious moment
You and the wave are one.

Nicolette Schmidt.
Std. IX.

SNOW.

Soft
Gentle
Caressing
Virginaly
White.

Leigh Mukheiber.
Std. VIII.

BENNY.

It all took place a long time ago. I was seven then and still very innocent and unaware of life. I belonged to the only gang of small children in our neighbourhood called "Secrets are for Sharing." This gang was the most important thing in my life, apart from my dog of course. We had appointed the eldest boy for our leader, and we were completely involved in our own group activities, happily oblivious of anything that went on around us.

We took picnic lunches to parks, sat swinging our legs from the top-most branches of elm trees and played dodge-ball on the gravel pathways outside our houses. Wherever we went, my devoted spaniel, Benny, went too, for he was just as much part of the gang as we all were. Sometimes I used to think that it was Benny who held us all together, for when we argued, we made up very quickly because no-one could bear losing Benny should the "Secrets are for Sharing" gang break up.

I was the youngest and still had the tender heart of childhood: I used to cry for nothing sometimes, but always received undying sympathy from the gang. They felt for me, because we had all come to know each other so terribly well.

I particularly remember one outing we went on, the whole gang and Benny. We decided to take a picnic tea to the river at the bottom of the park. It was winter then and the river was extremely full. Our parents warned us to be particularly careful while crossing the rickety wooden bridge, which curved over the whirling, white-capped water. We promised to take great care, and when we arrived, we started playing ball next to the river with Benny.

It all happened so quickly that I still can't really understand it, but all I remember is that suddenly I heard a splash and a yelp of fear, and I looked up to see my spaniel being swept away in the churning water.

A few days later the gang brought his body to our house, and told us that he was found in a clump of reeds about a mile downstream from where we were. I remember looking at the pathetic, wet body of my dog with an unmoving expression on my face, and feeling myself become older in that very moment. My Mother looked on with understanding as she watched the face of her daughter, a little girl who couldn't cry.

I don't remember ever going back to the gang, or even if it still existed. I always seemed to blame them for what happened to my Benny.

Jane Johnson.
Std. VII.

THE SPECIAL FEATHER.

Slowly,
Slowly,
The delicate feather
Floats through the atmosphere,
Touching the surface of the earth
Lightly.
This feather is a special one,
No other feather is the same,
So soft and delicate
A feather to be framed.

Mistene Maisel.
Std. VII.

THE STREET HAWKER.

He stands on the hot pavement,
Burning his small brown feet
But he does not mind.

He sells dirty newspapers,
In rain, snow and wind,
But he does not mind.

Whenever I go past,
He smiles and waves at me,
Because he does not mind.

M. Marais.
Std. VI.

I NEVER COULD EXPLAIN WHAT THAT SOUND DID FOR ME.

That sound. A simple bird-call but how much it came to mean to me. It was the noise of a Burchell's coucal, which is a cousin of the cuckoo. The coucal is a large bird, brown backed with navy blue wings and head and a white stomach. Its tail is a dense spread of feathers resembling that of a fantail dove. The noise it makes is a type of warble and lasts usually for about twelve beats and is almost like a scale being played on the piano, the descending part of it. I came to love the noise for I knew that as long as I heard it, I would be all right. It sang every morning for about three months and then I did not hear it for a week. I was apprehensive and I had reason to be, for two weeks later, my mother who had had cancer for years, went downhill suddenly and died late in January.

The coucal did not return for several weeks more and just when I was starting to worry about it, I heard the noise - not one this time, but two, calling to each other. They remained for quite a while this time, but then left suddenly. I was very perturbed and again I had reason to be. My brother had an accident and broke two vertebrae in his back. He had a major operation and the coucal did not return until he was completely better.

The coucal remained for about a year and nothing happened so I forgot about it. But, as usual, it disappeared and I got thrown from a horse and dragged because my one foot got in the stirrup leather. The horse kicked my knee which afterwards swelled up. I was X-rayed and it was found that I had an extra bone which had been kicked out of place. It was removed and then our coucal returned - and was very well received.

Our feathered friend stayed around for two years after this and then one day in early October I did not hear a call. I heard nothing for about two weeks and a shiver of fear began to run down my spine. And sure enough, calamity struck! We were diddled about the value of our house and sold it for half of what it was worth. And that was the end of our coucal for, as I walked through our grounds for the last time, I stumbled over something and it was our coucal lying dead on the ground.

C. Pulvermacher.
Std. VIII.

---oOo---



The future
Which we experience but never know till we do
A hidden formula uncovered by -
A pinch of the past
A teaspoon of the present -
dissolved
In curiosity.

V. Geldenhuys.
Std. IX.

Sun
Summer's
Shining smile
Piercing radiance
Emitting
Heated
Rays.

Meg van Niekerk.
Std. VIII.

LOST IN BEAUTY.

A peachy mottle brown colour - whispers a faint memory of delight.
The gold intertwining with the orange makes a fresh, delicate colour.
An earthy, slightly brandy scent arouse from this jagged torn
leaf. The sharp cutting cogs rims the wavy body. This production
of the wonders of nature sways in the autumn breeze, like a fading
sunset lost in forlorn beauty.

G. Hart.
Std. VI.

LIFE.

Born
to grow,
laugh, cry, live
Tasting the sweet years
Before becoming a man
To know warm years at home.
And to work, give, rest, take
Fade richly in evening glow
And when light depart
To lie down
and gently
die.

S. Davies.
Std. VII.

SUSAN'S PLACE.

How can Susan stay in this place? My fingers are frozen to the bone as I scribble down these notes, while waiting for her return. It is mid-winter and a grey, gloomy day. The house is surrounded by great old oaks steadily dripping on to the corrugated iron roof - beating out a melancholy rhythm.

The plaster is crumbling and huge damp patches blot the wall opposite me. One wall is criss-crossed with a mapwork of copper waterpipes which swish and shudder convulsively whenever some other occupant of the house uses a tap. But worst of all is the all pervading smell, a kind of mustiness and mildew smell which clings to garments and persons in the room.

I shudder as I notice out of the corner of my eye a jagged line running from the chipped window-sill to the floor, disappearing under the tatty carpet. Ants! seeking shelter from the merciless, relentless downpour. Knowing that the ants are harmless does nothing to alleviate my revulsion for this place.

The effort to improve the situation is apparent. Sue has tried to put her personality stamp on the room but the contrast between the few witty objects just serves to emphasize the drabness. The once beautiful carpet on that splintery dust-engraved floor, the pretty chintz curtain hanging evenly along a chipped window sill.

A sudden new sound distracts me, a furtive scratching, persistent and erratic. As the concept "rats" hits my brain I feel the goose-pimples on my neck rise. I immediately wonder, in the roof, or under the floor or horror of horrors perhaps in the room, I tuck my legs under me and huddle further into the hard old lumpy chair.

It is five o'clock. Where is Sue? The room gradually fills with the smell of boiled cabbage, which after a while becomes burned cabbage - the nauseating smell competing with the mustiness for dominance of the room.

In irritation I rise, then stoop to pick up a pen which has dropped. I notice a moth, lying dead. Burned to death by repeated assaults on the ever-burning electric bulb.

Tired by watching I grab my raincoat and dash a note to Susan. The desk at which I sit is covered with pieces of paper, notes and essays, in her neat handwriting. A little single-bar heater crouches at the foot of the desk, its glowing red beam, not emitting much warmth. I struggle with the faulty door-handle to let myself out of the cheerless, morbid room, my feelings truly mixed.

Camilla Swiel.

Std. IX.

AT THE END OF THE DAY.

He stands -
Clenched in his tiny hand,
Are baskets of rain-drenched fruit.
It is cold -
And the rain drizzles slowly down.
His sodden rags cling to him like a second skin.
He shuffles slowly -
Down the dark, dank alleyway.
His blistered feet,
Are numbed by the wet earth.
His pockets are empty -
Reflecting the day's sales.

Just another poor boy.

G. Mackenzie.
Std. VI.

Star
flame flash
beautiful -
in universe
lost.

Alison Marr.
Std. VIII.

SNOW.

The white blanket fell silently,
Softy covering all
The only blemishes - the footsteps,
Pox on a snow-white skin.

Jane Dicey.
Std. VII.

THE DWARF'S PRESENT.

The badly proportioned little man stumbled through the rain to his caravan which was on the outskirts of the circus grounds. The dwarf threw himself on to the bed and sobbed. He was tired of doing worthless tricks and cartwheeling through the sawdust in a ridiculous suit, knowing that the people were laughing at his abnormal size and not at his acts. The little man was human and wanted to be treated in that way.

The rest of the circus people called him 'Bonzai', bonzai indeed. He was not a tree, he was a human being, and this they could not understand. He had not been trained and trimmed like a tree to stay small so that he could become another act for a circus manager. He was not a tree whose gnarled roots had been purposely starved and treated so that they would stay small. He was not an ornament or a tiny tree in a pot substituting real, normal trees to the people who lived like ants in a block of flats. His arms were not branches, his eyes were not woodpecker holes, his heart was a pulsating muscle filled with blood not wood.

Bonzai, bonzai, the words ran cynically through his mind laughing at him. The man crumpled and tried to block the screaming words from himself. The more he tried to forget, the more the image of a gnarled, misshapen tree seemed real to him. Was he not a midget, a freak of society, an outcast, a stunted abnormal being which in nature would have been exterminated. He wished that he had been born in the wilds and left to die in 'cruel' nature's arms so that he could never have become a 'bonzai' in society.

Tomorrow was his birthday, he would have been living for twenty five years, although he had truly never been born. If the circus people remembered that it was his birthday, they would pass him and say 'Happy birthday, Bonzai' with as much meaning as if they were talking to the apes, just so that they could use his name, so that they could laugh.

The dwarf awoke as the first rays of sunlight fell across his smiling face and his rested sleep was broken. It all came back to him and his fantastical dreams of being normal were shattered. He walked to the door of his caravan, his home, and saw a parcel lying on the floor. It had obviously been delivered to the wrong caravan because no-one ever sent anything to him. He knelt down beside the parcel and saw that it was addressed to him. He trembled with anticipation as he opened the crisp white envelope which was stuck to the parcel and the card read, 'Happy birthday, love from us all!'

A tear splashed on to the parcel. They had remembered him, they had remembered his day. He cut the string and ripped the paper from the box. There before him was his present, the only present he had ever received in the circus. It was a bonzai tree.

Disbelief and then realisation hit him. They had given him his brother for they were both outcasts, grotesque beings. He crushed his brother, and through a mist of tears he groped for the knife with which he had cut the string of his present, the bonzai tree.

Karen Corder.
Std. IX.

A child sits
 His warped toes twindle
 In rushing
 Streams of poverty
 He stares
 Fascinated
 By the numerous objects
 Bobbing up for air
 In the downward push
 His feet are frozen
 By the coolness of the water
 And he is satisfied with his world.

G. Frater.
 Std. IX.

SUNSET.

A mass of colours
 Intermingling and mixing
 Creating vivid
 Streaks across the vast, pink sky -
 Like some huge conflagration.

L. Mukheiber.
 Std. VIII.

THE CAPE TOWN FESTIVAL.

Although I think there are disadvantages in having a festival, I feel that the advantages far out-weigh the disadvantages. I interviewed several people to learn their views about the advantages of the festival. I came to the conclusion that mine and their opinions agreed.

First I consider the most important advantage to be that many tourists visit Cape Town during the festival and they spend a considerable amount of money in our city. The tourists also included those from Overseas who bring in foreign exchange. The Cape hotels are full when normally, at this time of the year, they are only half full.

It provides much employment for our people. In addition, Cape Town receives favourable publicity because people who have enjoyed their stay will talk about it at home and thus encourage other people to come to Cape Town.

The Cape Town Festival is educational because demonstrations are held and people learn from them. The Cape Town Festival gives people an opportunity to see a large variety of cultural events. Famous musicians come all the way from Overseas to give concerts with Symphony Orchestras so that the festival is a feast of music for the music lovers. I heard that all the seats for the concerts were booked up soon after the booking office opened, which shows how popular it is. It is a marvellous opportunity from which young people can learn.

There are plenty of art exhibitions for the art lover to go and see. The art of well-known artists are exhibited and it is an opportunity for unknown artists to have their work displayed.

For the sport lovers there is the South African Athletics Championships and many other events. The film festival was such a success that the organisers are thinking of getting permission to hold annual film festivals as they have in Cannes.

The blacks also had a good time. They could join in everything except the Beer Festival and the Ball. Unfortunately this did cause some disturbance. The blacks being allowed to join in must have given them great pride in their city.

Charity organisations were greatly involved in the Festival. For example, Round Table held the Beer Festival and made a considerable amount of money which now will go to charity.

My conclusion is that most people believe that the Cape Town Festival was well worth the effort and cost and it was an outstanding success.

Shane Fairhead.
Std. VII.

Dream,
Unrealistic situations,
Falling, struggling, floating,
Mind whirling, confusing, terrifying
Visions.

P. Gleimius.
Std. VII.

PROTECTION.

A wonderful bird
Created with perfection
It's sheltering wings
Encompass and with love, guard
All ideas of happiness.

Y. Stockwell.
Std. VIII.

NATURE'S CHILD.

Retarded child, holding on to life
In a small world of his own
A freak of nature.

He has a name and that's about all
To some adults he's a nuisance,
An insignificant thing
To other children a pest.

Mute, unusually silent; now aggressive and loud
Like the changing moods of the sea.
First apprehensive, but soon yearning and whimpering,
For love and attention.
Like a puppy brought into new surroundings.

To communicate with them, they say,
Is like breaking through the Iron Curtain -
An imaginary barrier separating a solitary existence
From the rest of the world.
A body that needs to be integrated with others,
However different from himself.
For the common meeting ground
Is love.

V. Geldenhuys.
Std. IX.

Flower that once grew, beautiful
 On the rugged mountainside;
 Cheerfully decorating -
 Now neglected and lifeless
 In a forgotten vase you stand .
 Your name is "Everlasting".

Alison Marr.
 Std. VIII.

A STREET HAWKER.

One early morning in the middle of winter when the wind was howling and the rain was falling from the dark grey sky, there stood a boy bare foot wearing a torn raincoat over his cold, brown little body. Cars sped past and lights flashed on ahead, in the wind a shrill little voice was heard "Times, Times", as the boy stood, clutching in his frozen hands a pile of newspapers. No one bought a newspaper that morning, perhaps they didn't notice him or perhaps they didn't even care about the little boy who stood there forlorn, hungry and cold. Then with the newspapers under one arm and his other hand in his pocket he turned in the direction of home. His body was weary and every step took a great effort but he kept on walking hoping to find comfort and warmth when he reached home, but these were dreams which he knew would never come true.

Monica Oelz.
 Std. VI.

RACIAL DISCRIMINATION.

A child
 The molecule of the future
 Remains cast alone
 For he is black.

They play around him
 Frequently jeering
 He is young
 But the hatred forms.

G. Frater.
 Std. IX.

MAN I.

When the earth was young
 And the air was pure
 And nature ruled above all,
 Mankind was a small fraction of the universe
 But even then he wanted to be king
 Of the birds, beasts and the world.

MAN II.

The earth is growing old,
 The air is polluted
 And nature is being strangled.
 Mankind strides forward
 Making war, destroying peace,
 And aiming to rule the universe.

MAN III.

A smouldering blob of nothing,
 The earth has been destroyed,
 The air is poisoned to an extreme.
 Nature has been wiped out
 And man, that foolish being,
 Has destroyed himself, his world, his dreams.

N. Schmidt.
 Std. IX.

THE MIRROR.

It
 Watches
 me, as I
 Watch the mirror
 A never
 ending
 glance.

T. Honig.
 Std. VIII.

EYES.

The eye is the window of the soul. This simply means that the eyes express many of our emotions. People can communicate through their eyes in that a person may appear to be happy because he is smiling, whereas if one looks closer the sadness or grief is portrayed through the eyes.

Our feelings are expressed through our eyes - joy, sorrow, happiness, love and hate. A young baby without speech can communicate with its mother through his eyes and his mother similarly, to her child who cannot understand a spoken word. An artist to achieve his intention must master the expression of the eyes to master any emotional pleasure, evil, love, desire or anger - as portrayed in the "Mona Lisa".

The gift of vision is paramount in our appreciation of all things beautiful. It is the ultimate in sensory appreciation. One may compensate the deaf with visual stimulants but the blind man is little comforted with hearing additives.

Throughout the ages great beauties are remembered for the magnificence of the eyes. All description fails when the eyes are omitted. Great paintings such as the "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre in Paris, are but another canvas without the eyes.

To disguise oneself our primary procedure is to conceal the eyes when they are not visible to the beholder, recognition thereafter is minimal.

In the analysis of the human body the eyes are supreme. The eyes are the only exposed part of the brain; they are a projection of the optic nerve directly connected to the brain stem. The mechanism of adjustment from short to long is instantaneous and from light to dark but momentary. The ability to appreciate movement in a landscape covering about forty square miles is astounding. No mechanical device in our advanced technical age compares with this accomplishment. A space flight to Mars is overshadowed by the simplest of transmissions from the image told to the brain through the optic nerve.

Communication is brought about in the eyes. No-one who has owned a horse or a dog is unaware of the reciprocal feelings conveyed from the eye to the eye without a language. The eye represents the only master of nature's evolutionary effort to reach the light, and having done so, so transforms light into form and does it most finely.

In sickness and in health the eye reflects the wellbeing of the body. The clinician and attendant alike note the improvement of the ailing through the eyes. A nurse at a sick bed will gauge the improvement or deterioration of a patient through the eyes before taking the pulse or measuring body temperature.

All our most beautiful and memorable moments of our lives are visual -.

The .../

The last look of a loved one departing, the joy of seeing a husband returning from the war, the happiness in the eyes of young lovers and the wisdom in the eyes of a grandfather as he smiles at his grandchild are never forgotten+

Siobhan Mannion.
Std. 1X.

---o0o---



LUCY QUINAN ©TD 10



LINDSEY QUIBELL STD 10

THE WITCH.

Thin and spiny,
Flying through the air
Chanting and cackling.
Her black cat stares,
Through the jet black night.
Her broom waves in and out the stars.
Her long chin quivering,
Her evil eyes seek her enemy,
Her long dirty nails stroke her black cat.
She lands -
She has found her enemy.
Her frail body stalks like that of a cat,
To the position of her innocent victim.

Toni Beck.
Std. VI.

REFUGE.

His name was Tom Jeremiah Brodwell. He was what one might describe as a 'little' man. He had sparse brown hair, mousey brown, which was carefully combed over his balding pate. A moustache covered his upper lip area, and he smoothed it with quick darts of his pink tongue when he was nervous.

Mr. Brodwell worked in a bank. He was the epitome of a bank clerk with his cheap, but neat, suits and thick spectacles. His movements were sharp and nervous, like those of a little bird, scurrying backwards and forwards along the same passages that he had scurried along the past twenty-two years.

He hated his job. The hatred was partly due to his late wife's hatred for his job and the nagging it caused and partly due to the feeling of inferiority he had when new, young clerks were promoted to higher positions. His frustrations never showed, however; he was always docile and amicable to everyone. Dealing with the public always made him nervous and glistening beads of perspiration would appear on his forehead and nose, causing his glasses to slide down and his voice to become nasal.

At quarter past five every day, Monday to Friday, he would tidy his desk, pick up his briefcase and walk out of the bank to his room, which was two blocks down the street. He had this ritual so perfected, since every day the movements were exactly the same, that the other members of the staff around him would watch him and giggle amongst themselves. He was aware of this and just hated them all the more.

As he neared home, his footsteps would quicken, he would greet his landlady and trot up the stairs to his room on the first floor. This was his haven, his refuge. Every day when he entered it, he felt the same relief at being there.

It was a very ordinary room, with an adjoining bathroom and kitchen. Mr. Brodwell was quite pink in the face as he took his hat and coat off. He kept his eyes on the floor as he walked into the kitchen, where he poured himself a large brandy. His lips were red and wet and his moustache was smoothed by his pink tongue. He returned to the other room still with his eyes lowered, and sat on the bed. His face was shining with excitement. He lifted his eyelids slowly, as if enjoying the agony of anticipation, before he saw the object upon which he showered all his love and adoration. He raised them enough to see her feet and calves, her legs, then her stomach, her breasts and finally her face. He was startled without fail, unable to believe how beautiful she was.

He wished, for the millionth time, that she was alive, could speak to him and live with him, and make him happy forever. Instead she was just a flat piece of paper; cold and so distant. Maybe it was that distance that made him worship her so much, knowing that she could never be a reality to him. He had never known her, so he invented fantasies about her; one day she was innocence, the next day she was the temptress, or the cool lady, or the warm housewife.

He spent every evening doing this. He often forgot to eat; she had become an obsession, he dreamt about her; he thought about her all day, she was his escape from the world, which he would not have been able to cope with without her.

He finally fell asleep, dreaming of her. He woke up to the sharp ringing of the alarm clock. He had a shower, shaved, got dressed, kissed her goodbye, trotted downstairs, said good morning to the landlady and set off for work.

At 5.15 p.m. he set off for home, smiling with anticipation. As he reached the house and went through the main door, the landlady called him into her room. "Ah, Mr. Brodwell, I would like to have a little talk with you. I had to go into your room today as you left one of the taps running. Such a waste of water and money, you know. Well, I found a picture on the wall which I did not expect you to have, Mr. Brodwell. I was shocked and took the liberty of removing it from this respectable boarding house and burning it!"

Lucy Quinan.
STD. X.

---o0o---

THE SEA.

An endless movement of water,
It strokes and washes many shores
It froths and bubbles. sucks and spills
It crashes, boils, thumps and roars
It's everchanging mood intrigue,
It's deeps abound with mystery.

L. Mukheiber.
Std. VIII.

SITTING IN A RESTAURANT.

The room had a pleasant and comfortable atmosphere. It was lit by dim orange lights set in the low wooden panelled ceiling, whose rays conjured up columns of smoke that spread like spirits throughout, creating a hazy atmosphere secretly veiling people's features and allowing them to look beautiful and somewhat mysterious.

Soft, soothing music filled the room and together with the low buzz of voices like bees about a hive made me drowsy and lazy and set my ears ringing. I was totally relaxed and enveloped by my surroundings.

The smell of sizzling sausages, meat and onions crept stealthily through the air and tickled and teased my sensory organs causing my stomach to rumble in agreement. Gay posters of typical Spanish and Mexican country scenes adorned the walls and the rough wooden furniture gave it a peasant look. The orange-brown carpets and wall decorations completed the scene.

I. Maier.
Std. IX.

AT A RAILWAY STATION.

The weak, insipid rays of the sun tried desperately to penetrate the almost dense cloud, which hung like dark puffs of cotton wool. This was the sky above the railway station of the little town of Flic en Flac in south Mauritius.

The railway station was nothing to look at, as it was poverty-stricken and dilapidated, but as always it had such a nice, jovial air about it. It was a hive of activity, not only as a station, but also as a social gathering where families bargained with each other and where goods could be traded. The smell of the nearby market hung in the air, but did not seem to bother the townsfolk, they being so used to it. Dogs, thin and mangy, ran about the platform, scrounging for food as well as for a little bit of affection and attention. Squabbling could be heard from hens who irritated each other by cackling and seemed to interfere in people's business.

At one end of the station sat a poor old Créole man, playing his flute, with a Coca Cola tin in front of him, which was for single rupees, given by the kind, sympathetic people, some of whom gathered around him making the most of his music to do the Sega Dance to. His hands were withered and tired looking, but they worked away like a plougher ploughing his fields. His face was covered in old, tethered wrinkles, but there was still a twinkle in his eyes which brightened up his whole atmosphere. His hair which was almost grey, curled on his head, making his head look enormous and rather egg-shaped. This was the station-master. In his free time he would play for money, sitting quite happily all alone, while the rest of the platform hustled and bustled with everyday activity.

There were really all shapes and sizes at this station. Beautiful Indian girls paraded up and down in their flowing, silk saris, intricate and detailed in their patterns. Large Créole women sat, keeping a guarding eye over their materials, which were all spread out on the dirty platform. Little boys ran around selling their homewoven baskets and bags of all sizes.

In the distance spurts of black smoke could be seen rising in the air and then disappearing. This was the train that came once a day, carrying the local Mauritians from one town to the next. The old station-master rose to his feet, carrying his flute and Coca-Cola tin in an old torn packet under his arm and made his way to a little corrugated iron box which contained his important possession, his flag. The train drew nearer and nearer and a penetrating pace and noise of the wheels on the iron track could be heard. A loud shrill was heard as the train driver screeched its brakes, as it approached the colourful, busy platform. Doors opened, people emerged on one another as the train was evacuated, but not for long, as new people embarked it. Large crates of hens were carried off as well as a few sickly looking pigs. These were for marketing, later to fill the empty stomachs of the hungry people.

The train was a real cattle truck. It had no seats in it, only a few wooden boxes for the fortunate people. The flag rose into the

air.../

air again as a few late people ran for the doors. With a desperate chug the train began to pull out of the station, later disappearing in the distance of mottled looking hills. People began to leave the station, taking all their goods with them. After about ten minutes the station was deserted, except for the old station-master who sat at one end of the platform, playing his flute with his Coca-Cola tin sitting in front of him.

Chloë Fouché.
Std. X.

---o0o---

THE DRIED LEAF.

What a dry earthly smell.
 What colours! Red, brown, grey and even a little orange.
 It is jagged like a coastline with many bays.
 It is frail,
 Dry,
 Rough with little hooks near the stem.
 As it moves it goes with deliberate slowness
 Such as a slow-motion film.
 It looks like the dried-up veins on an animal,
 Or an oar,
 I'm not quite sure
 It crackles like a fire with the wind behind it!
 What a woody tast
spices?

J. Y. Post.
Std. VI.

NIGHTMARE.

I shut out the noise
 And shrink down the bed,
 Reach for the pillow
 To cover my head.
 "Stop!" I say "Stop!"
 But it won't obey;
 It carries on singing
 It's cruel, sinful song,
 And sings in a nightmare
 All the night long.

J. Hayman-Joyce.
Dtd. VII.

My life a road
Stretching on to Eternity
A neverending horizon.

The bird's scanning over
Trivialities
One soon forgets.

The old man and his donkey cart -
Engraved wounds
Which age with the shadows of time
And fade.

Starting as a small sandtrack, developing
Into an overgrown path, elapsing
Into a gravel road,
Which widens into the distance
Into
The distance - .

V. Geldenhuys.
Std. lx.

GREEN THOUGHTS IN A GREEN SHADE.

Another essay to write and once again, I have no idea where to start. If I start at the end and make my way back to the beginning, I might get a brilliant flash of inspiration about half-way and then And then nothing. I am only trying to convince myself and I'm not much good at that anyway.

Well, what about trying to work it out logically instead of waiting for the inspiration that never comes - or, if it does, runs away when I turn round to confront it. We are told to understand the title before starting to write, so this time I'll sit down and REALLY think it out. "Hey man, you gotta get into it man. Like let those cosmic vibes grab you. I mean, it's nature man, nature, you know, green - that's what it's all about." (To be said with an American accent, preferably by someone who is "into" that "buzz" - which I am not. So I'm back where I started).

Wait a minute. Maybe there is something in what I have just written. Green...shade...it's coming, it's coming....But - I'm not Wordsworth, I cannot wax lyrical over nature and if I tried it would come out in clichés. To me, nature is ... well, put it this way: I appreciate it but I don't like reading about it and I cannot write about it. It's another cliché Writing about nature is unoriginal; it's what you do in Standard six and seven when you are trying to impress your English teacher by handing in what seems to you to be an "imaginative" essay but which, in fact, has been written with slight variations many times before. No thank you, writing about nature is not for me.

Then why have I just written almost half a page on it?

I'm trying to write an essay and I still do not know what to write about, that's why. Well, I must be almost halfway so maybe that flash of inspiration will soon hit me between the eyes and I'll be able to write the most brilliant, witty essay and ... It's no use. I can not convince myself!

Blue thoughts. Now why could it not have been blue instead of green? There is so much I could have written. I mean, one associates the colour with depression, right? (At the moment I could write a book on THAT...). Countless songs have been written on "feeling blue", right? ("Feeling blue" is usually followed by something like "when I'm without you" - or so I have noticed. Maybe even such exalted (?) people as songwriters have problems trying to think of something original...). "Blue thoughts under a Blue Shade gives one much more scope, right? WRONG! Anything anyone writes about "The Blues" has been said, sung, thought or written before. Another cliché.

(I am still waiting for inspiration).

All right, back to green. If I were thinking green thoughts, what would they be? Green represents tranquillity - is that why

most.../

most blackboards are green? To have a soothing effect on the turbulent emotions of frustrated pupils? (And teachers!). I agree green is a tranquil colour only because it has no definitely positive or negative effect on me, therefore it must have a soothing or neutral effect. On the other hand, some specific greens do have a definite effect; it's the thought of green that has no effect. Olive green makes me feel nauseous and slightly dirty, for example. Hardly a tranquil feeling!

Now we come to the "green shade" part. I suppose its "green shade" to fit in with the peaceful mood supposedly inspired by green thoughts but shade is not green to me, it's grey, dark grey. Maybe I'm just being difficult, but I do not think so. I just cannot see shade as green, unless it's to do with tranquillity and then I do agree because shade does have a tranquil effect. (Watch it, Fiona, you are waffling again!).

I'm still waiting for inspiration and I have a sneaking feeling it's going to come as soon as I have handed in this ... "piece of writing". Maybe next time ...?!

Fiona Adams.
Std. X.

---o0o---

VERBYGANGERS.

Ek is die eienaar van 'n klein kafeetjie op die hoek van Lang en Dwarsstraat. My geliefkoosste stokperdjie, as 'n mens dit so kan noem, is (as ek nie besig is om klante te bedien nie) om op my stoel te sit en al die verbygangers dop te hou. Ek verseker u dit is baie interessant om te doen as u wil hê die tyd moet gou verbyglip.

Ek ken baie van die mense wat verbystap soos byvoorbeeld Mev. Neus-in-die-Lug wat altyd 'n sak of sakke inkopies dra (sy doen altyd haar inkopies op 'n Saterdag môre en sy koop baie klere by 'Dubows', want dit is net oorkant die straat en ek hou haar gereeld dop). Meneertjie Vuil-knieëis ook 'n goeie vriend van my. Hy hardloop heeldag en val baie dikwels, dus gee ek hom hierdie naam.

Dan is daar die Poppie-groep. Hulle is 'n klomp meisies wat altyd op 'n Vrydagaand verbystap. Hulle gesigte is vol grimering besmeer; elke meisie in die Poppie-groep dink die wêreld van haarself. Partykeer as hulle na eend of ander partytjie toe gaan, neem hulle hul langhaar vuilgeklede kêrels saam en hulle loop verby terwyl hulle met harde stemme praat en jil. Ek hou glad nie van hierdie groep nie - ek weet nie wat met die wêreld verkeerd gaan nie, maar ek weet dat daar nie van daardie soort rondlopers in my dae was nie.

Saterdagoggende sien ek groot, klein, vet, maer en al die verskillende mense wat jy kan noem. Heel oggend sien ek net verskillende kleure van klere verbygaan. Intussen moet ek lekkers, brood en allehande soorte goed aan my gereelde klante verkoop.

Dit is baie interessant om te dink dat al die mense wat ek op byname noem, die moeder, man, of kind van iemand anders is en baie belangrike vir iemand is en dat my groot wêreld van verbygangers so klein en onbelangrik is, as jy aan al die mense in die wêreld dink.

Alison Marr.
Std. VIII.

DAG WORD NAG.

Die donker sluip oor die land
Dit kruip in elke hoek van ruimte
Die maan wat gloei in sy hand
Is nou 'n slaaf van die donker daar buite.

Bome loer deur mis-gordyne
Slapende diere verraai 'n leuse
"Rustende tevredenheid; oor niks begane
Môre wag weer; dis God se keuse".

V. Geldenhuys.
Std. 1X.

---o0o---

HOE EK GEHELP HET OM 'N INBREKER VAS TE TREK.

Dit was 'n stormagtige aand en die wind het geskreeu en gefluister tussen die bome langs die laan. Ek was op pad huis toe van die bioskoop af. Ek was moedersielalleen en, wel, net 'n bietjie bang.

Toe ek verby my bure se huis geloop het, het ek iets gesien wat my dadelik agterdagtig gemaak het. Ek het 'n man by ons bure se hek sien insluip en by 'n venster in die huis sien inkruip. Ek het geweet dat ons bure die vorige week met vakansie gegaan het, en daarom het ek geweet dat die nie ons buurman, wat dalk sy sleutel verloor het, kon wees nie. Met my hart in my keel het ek stil-stil agter 'n boom weggekruip, en daarvandaan die huis dopgehou.

'n Paar minute later het ek die man weer uit die huis sien kom, met 'n bondel vas op sy rug. Die maanlig was dof, maar ek kon sien dat hy iets silwer in die bondel gehad het. Toe weet ek glad nie wat om te doen nie. Omdat ek net 'n meisie is, kon ek nie op hom spring en hom vashou totdat die polisie kom nie. Nee, ek moes versigtig na ons huis toe sluip en die polisie gaan opbel. My ouers was nie tuis nie en my klein broertjie was vas aan die slaap. Daar was niemand om my te help nie, en om hierdie rede moes ek die polisie self opbel. Versigtig het ek van agter die boom geloer en toe vinnig na ons huis gesluip. Ek het blitsvinnig by die trap opgehardloop en toe, terwyl ek na asem gehyg het, die polisie opgebel. 'n Kalm stem het die telefoon beantwoord en het gesê dat die polisie nou-nou by my sou wees. Ek het hom vinnig die adres gegee en toe weer uit die huis gesluip en op die sypaadjie vir die polisie gewag.

Binne sekondes was die polisie daar en nadat ek in die vangwa geklim het, het ek, die sersant en die konstabel na die inbreker gaan soek. Ons het hom gevind net toe hy in die motor wou klim, en vinnig het die konstabel en sersant hom gevang en hom deftig met boeie geboei.

Nadat hulle die inbreker in die vangwa gelaai het, moes ek na die aanklagte kantoor gaan om 'n verklaring af te lê. Die volgende week moes ek as getuie getuienis aflê toe die gevangene voor die hof verskyn het. Dis misdadiger is aan inbraak skuldig bevind en het twee jaar tronkstraf gekry.

Van daardie dag af het ek nooit weer saans stokalleen huistoe geloop nie!

Caroline Dowdle.
Std. VIII.

Kleinvele
Clanwilliam.
8135.

21 Mei 1977.

Liewe Tante Greta,

Verlede naweek het ek 'n paar van my vriende wat van Stellenbosch af kom, regtig vir 'n stuk wildsvleis lus gehad. Ons het toe maar besluit dat ons Saterdagoggend vir ons 'n bok sou loop plattrek.

Ons is toe Saterdagmôre vol gesdrif hier van die huis af weg. Die bosse waarin ons gejag het, was taamlik ruig gewees, en die bokke maar skaars, maar ons het nie moed verloer toe ons na 'n paar uur nog niks geskiet het nie, want aanhouer wen mos altyd.

Skielik het 'n bok kort voor Janneman opgestaan, en hy het toe sommer vinnig geskiet, maar die gevolge daarvan was katastrofies, want in plaas van die bok te skiet, het hy vir ou Sarel in die been gekwes, en die lênou nog met 'n paar stukkies bokhael in sy been, in die hospitaal op die dorp, die arme ding!

Groete aan oom Piet.

U roekelose neef

ANTON.

Jean Bergh.
Std. X.

---o0o---

DIE HEERLIKSTE VERASSING WAT EK NOG GEHAD HET.

Ek moes prente oor Switserland vind; daarom het ek besluit om by 'Cooks' en 'Prospur' te gaan soek. Ek was ongelukkig, maar die vrou wat by 'Prospur' gewerk het, het my 'n boek oor Oostenryk gegee. Ek was teleurgesteld, maar ek het die boek gelees. Dit was baie interessant en daarin was 'n advertensie vir 'n heerlike ses weke lank in Innsbruck, twee weke lank in Londen en twee dae lank in Amsterdam. Ek was opgewonde en ek het die advertensie vir my ma gelees.

My ma is versot op Londen. Dit is haar stad. Sy was baie geesdriftig oor die vakansie oorsee en sy het boeke en boeke oor Oostenryk gelees. Ek was ook entoesiasties, want ek het nog nooit in my lewe oorsee gegaan nie. Hierdie 'vakansie' was 'n geheim tussen my en haar. Eindelik het sy 'ons planna' vir my vader vertel. Hy het gesê dat hy tyd moes hê om daarvoor te besluit. Hy het dertig jaar tevore in St. Anton in Oostenryk geski en hy het baie daarvan gehou. Hy het ook gesê dat as ons besluit om te gaan, moes ons ook vir twee weke in Londen bly. Vier dae later het hy gesê dat ons die nodige voorbereidings moes maak. Ek en my ma kan nie ons blydschap in woorde sê nie. Ek het my vader 'n groot soen gegee en ek het my suster en broer die goeie tyding vertel.

Oor ongeveer drie maande sou die hele gesin in Londen of Oostenryk wees! Watter groter verassing kon iemand nog hê.

L. Mukheiber.
Std. VIII.

---o0o---

DIE OSSETREK.

Die osse vermoeiend en lam
Vorder stadig en stampend
Oor die dowere en droër sand.
Hul bene swak
Vaar stampend aan
Wanneer kom die einde?
Hul bene nat gesweet
en hul koppe brand in die middagson.

Die monde water na die
Koel, blou water van die stroom
En die lywe gereed om
Net neer te val
En rustig te lê.

Kathy Ince.
Std. VI.

---o0o---

INFLASIE.

In die verlede kon besighede bekostig om hul kliente te behandel soos hulle wou. Maar na my mening het die wiel egter gedraai want die laaste paar jaar sal besighede uit hulle pad gaan om dieselfde koper te help.

Ek het tans in die koerant 'n advertensie gelees van 'n baie bekende huisbouer wat 'n nuwe skema ontwerp het. Huiskopers kan ses maande lank gratis in 'n huis woon. Sodoende kan genoeg geld gespaar word om vir die huis te betaal. As die nodige bedrag nie beskikbaar is nie kan die koper in verband met die huisbouer nakom. Sommige huise word met kleurbeeld radiostelle verkoop vir aansporing.

In hierdie tyd van inflasie word al hoe meer planne bedink om goedkoper te leef maar om dieselfde lewens standaard to handhaaf.

'n Firma wat baie goed doen gedurende die inflasie is "Rent free exchange holidays". Hulle het 'n goedkoper skema ontwerp om vakansie te hou. Dit kom basies neer op 'n uitruiling van huise. Die skema word landswyd gedoen en maak voorsiening vir alle rasgroepe. Vir hierdie dienste vra die maatskapy slegs R50.

Susan Steenkamp.
Std. VII.

---o0o---

„NOU DAT EK DAAROO TERUGDINK, SIEN EK IN DAT DIT EINTLIK 'N BAIE SNAakse GEBEURTENIS WAS, MAAR TOE DIT GEBEUR HET, WAS DIT NIE VIR MY SNAKS NIE.“ VERTEL VAN HIERDIE VOORVAL.

Die middag was stil, en die veld het verlate onder die velheid van die son gelê, weggebrand in die hitte van die somer. Die skaaptroppe het langsaam in die verte beweeg, waar hulle besig was om te wei. Niks anders het beweeg nie, nóg die ou eikeboom langs die huis, nóg die wilge by die dam. Die gordyne van ons ou plaashuis was toegetrek, en die vertrekke was koel en rustig. Die bediendes het huis toe gegaan. Niemand het in die vreedsame huis geroer nie, en die enigste geluid was gekraak van die dak in die hitte, maar ek het regtig vir 'n tros druiwe lus gehad.

Stilletjies het ek in die lang gang af na my broertjie se kamer toe gesluip. Ons mag mos nie smiddae in die hitte rondloop nie, want die slange seil in die warmte, en hulle pik gou, maar dit het nogtans nie veel gekos om vir Jannie, die klein stouterd, te oorreed om saam met my te gaan nie.

Ons twee het by die agterdeur uitgeglip, en na die wingerd toe laat spat. Jannie was stokflou gewees toe ons daar aangekom het, maar 'n ligte windjie het begin stoot, en dus het die outjie darem nie te sleg gevoel nie. Ons het toe ook sommer dadelik vir ons 'n paar lekker trosse druiwe begin uitsoek, want ons was haastig om terug huis toe te gaan.

Skielik het die windpomp agter ons geklap, toe dit hakkerige begin draai het. Jannie het so groot geskrik, dat hy 'n paar tree ver gespring het, maar ongelukkig het hy op 'n doringboompen te lande gekom. Dit het dwarsdeur sy voet gesteek, en toe het die klein swernoot geskree asof die wêreld aan die vergaan was.

Doodbang het ek hom toe terug huistoe geabba, want ek het geweet ek sou daardie aand moes deurloop, en so waar soos vet, daardie aand moes ek regtig riemspring.

Ek was smoorkwaad gewees, want dit was as gevolg van Jannie se onnoselheid dat ek 'n hele paar dae lank daarna nie gemaklik kan sit nie, maar as ek nou daaroor terugdink, sien ek in dat dit eintlik 'n baie snaakse gebeurtenis was.

Jean Bergh.
Std. X.



SUSAN JUSTICE ©TDIX

MADE IN CANADA



© 1975

SPANISH

MADE IN

FRANCE



LA MANANA EN BARCELONA.

Barcelona es una ciudad agradable donde es bueno vivir : es un de los grandes puertos de la Mediterráneo y el centro de una importante zona industrial. Toda la actividad urbana radia por la plaza de Catalunya pero cuando la vemos a las siete de la mañana parece abandonado y tenemos la impresión más grande todavía. En una de sus fachadas, los colores del día empiezan a encenderse. Al fondo, el tibidado viejo y majestuoso parece ser un regalo para la vista. Las panaderías y las lecherías son las primeras tiendas en abrir porque la gente antes de ir al trabajo, va a comprar pan y leche por el desayuno una portera madrugadora barre la acera. Los mirones pasean en la Ciudad: cuando se abren los quioscos de periódicos, pueden informarse gratuitamente de las más importantes porque las noticias del día interior están cuelgando los bares se abren y los cierres metálicos - los de las almacenes se levantan.

Sobre la plaza de Catalunya brilla ya el sol. Las criadas van a la compra y los hombres con cartéras van al trabajo. Los gorrienes juegan ruidosamente en los árboles. Radia en toda la capital una atmosfera de alegría, se oye y se ve tranvías rojos, taxis amarillos, coches multicolores: el silbato del agente de policía domina de pronto el fondo sonoro de la calle. De las escaleras del ferrocarril de Sarriá suba una avalancha humana.

Ahora, la jornada está empezando. Sobre un fondo azul se puede ver los palos blancos de los barcos. El sol está brillando...

MORNING IN BARCELONA.

Barcelona is a lovely city in which it is also very pleasant to live. It is one of the big ports on the Mediterranean sea and the centre of an important industrial zone. All the urban activity centres around the "Cataluna" Square, but when one sees it at seven o'clock in the morning, it appears deserted and much larger. Now, in one of the arches, the colours of the approaching day begin to reflect themselves. In the centre, the "Tibidado", old and majestic, seems to be a present to one's sight. The bakeries and the dairies are the first shops to open, because before the people go to work, they buy bread and milk for their breakfast. A daytime doorkeeper sweeps the pavement; the tramps walk through the town. When the small newspaper shops open, the tramps are grateful to be informed of the latest news because it is the news agency that publish it. The bars open and the metal curtains of the big shops are opened. At the Catalunya Square the sun is shining. The housekeepers go to the market and the men go with their briefcases there to work. The sparrows play noisily in the trees. Throughout the capital there reigns an atmosphere of happiness. One hears and sees the red trams, the yellow taxis and the multi-coloured cars. The policeman's whistle dominates the clear centre in the middle of the street. The suburban train's stairways

descend.../

descend as a human avalanche.

And now the day has begun. In a blue clearing, one can see the
white sails of many boats. And the sun is shining.

Anne-Valeska d'Halluin.
Std. VII.

---o0o---

CANADA
20
D

FRENCH

ECOLE MILITAIRE.

Ecole Militaire,
Toi qui ne sait te taire
Viens nous raconter
Toute ta vie passée.

Tu étais lâhier
Au milieu de nos guerres
Tu es là aujourd'hui
Au milieu de nos vies.

Il y a bien longtemps
Tu as connu les grands
Comme Napoléon
Et Christophe Colomb.

Apprend nous le courage
Comme l'ont fait nos anciens
Et que malgré notre âge
Nous recherchions le bien.

Ecole Militaire
Des deux bouts de la terre
On écoute ta légende
Et on aime l'entendre.

Ecole Militaire
Tu fus taillée d'une pierre
Et les gens du monde entier
Viennent pour t'admirer.

Tu es vraiment belle
Avec tes deux ailes
L'une nommée "Artillerie"
Et l'autre "Cavalerie".

Nous aimons les sculptures
Qui ornent tes murs
Nous aimons tes arcades
Et toutes tes façades.

Ecole Militaire
Les Parisiens sont fier
D'avoir un monument
Si beau et élégant.

Par n'importe quel temps
Face à la tour Eiffel
Tu es toujours pareille
Toujours la même qu'avant
Ecole Militaire
Toi qui ne sait te taire ...

Anne-Valeska d'Halluin.
Std. VII.

MON ONCLE QUI a FAIT FORTUNE à l'ETRANGER, REVIENT MOI VOIT.

Mon oncle, Jean-Claude, le frère de ma mère, a commencé sa vie mariée comme savetier. Il n'avait pas beaucoup d'argent, mais assez pour nourrir sa famille. Il habitait dans un petit village d'Agen, près de la rivière Garonne. Tous les jours il travaillait très dur, pour son petit salaire. La petite maison de famille était très délabrée, mais a fait l'affaire.

Tout la semaine, mon oncle mettait deux francs de côté pour un billet dans les loteries en Angleterre. Il n'arien, jusqu'à ce qu'un jour, il a reçu une lettre pour lui dire qu'il a gagné cent quatre mille francs. Depuis ce jour, la vie de mon oncle et sa famille a changé, Mon oncle est maintenant un homme très riche, parce qu'il a placé son argent très soigneusement.

Quand mon oncle est venu en Afrique du Sud, il a passé avec nous, à Cape Town. L'histoire de sa vie était très intéressante, mais au commencement, elle est très triste. Avant de gagner son prix, sa vie était très ennuyeuse et triste, mais après l'arrivée de son prix, sa vie était très agréable et insouciant. Lui, et sa famille ont passé maintenant beaucoup de vacances en Suisse et en Autriche où ils ont fait le ski. La manière de vivre de la famille est la joie et la distraction. Mon oncle a acheté des terrains à Bordeaux, où il a beaucoup de vignobles. Avec le raisin, il fait du vin ou le vend.

Avant son prix, il avait eu, seulement peu d'amis, mais maintenant avec son argent, il a soudain, beaucoup d'amis. Ils lui font la cour, pour ses richesses. Mon oncle habite une très grande maison, encore à Agen. Il a un jardin avec beaucoup de fleurs et d'arbres. Ses deux enfants vont à l'école le qu'ils ne faisaient pas avant.

Mon oncle aime l'Angleterre, parce que c'était le pays qui a fait sa fortune et changé sa vie. Il visite souvent l'Angleterre pour dire, "merci beaucoup" aux loteries qui ont fait tout le bonheur dans sa famille.

Chloë Fouché.
Std. X.

LA FUNÉRAILLE.

Une atmosphère sombre enveloppe la ville
et les gens par milliers
Sortent de l'église en pensant à la fille.

Le vent est glacé, mais la nuit claire
Et l'odeur de bruyère embaume l'air frais.

La voiture, longue et noire, glisse dans les rues mouillées
Pendant que les gens de l'église continuent à pleurer
Et la famille noyée en larmes attend à l'entrée.

Le vent est glacé mais la nuit claire
Et l'odeur de bruyère embaume l'air frais.

Tôt ou tard, tout est fini
Mais l'esprit sera puni
Par celui qui a dit ...

"Tu ne peux pas tuer".

Le vent est glacé mais la nuit claire
Et l'odeur de bruyère embaume l'air frais.

Bridget Sandell.
Std. X.

---o0o---

LES VACANCES SONT TOUJOURS
TROP COURTES.

Alors, el faut rentrer! C'est la fin et il n'y a rien à faire centre l'ecore parce-que c'est quelque chose q'o quon doit faire Maintenant il faut travailler beaucoup pour le bac si on nâpas travailler en vacances. Alors, cé nêst pas commo mer!

Ces vacances duraiendr presque trois quatre semaeries dans qua nous vaelions faire plusters cnoses, pas exampe, nous voullons aller âla ferme à Elgin, nous vouliens visiter nos parents à Durban et nous vouliens visiter le Kruger National Park mais c'était toujours te mot "voulions" parce-que mon père a toujours dit - "Non, Les vacances sont trop courtes".

Il y avant 'un' problem apres avolr decidéd'aller à Elgin pour le première semaine. C'était ma mere. Elle a regarde par la fenêtre et parce-que le temps ne faisait pas beau, elle a dit "Non, non et non! Je ne veux pas parti sil ne fait pas beau parce-qu'il ferait 'yug' en Elgin. (le "yug" veu dire "mauvais temps"). Et donc la semaine à Elgin n'a pas existé.

Au sujet de Durban, maman a refusé de voer, "si le temps faisait encore 'yug'!" Maman deteste les aeroportos. Alors nous senimes arrivé à D. F. Malan, mais c'etait le plus loin qu'elle a bougé. Elle a crié. "non, je ne veux pas voyager en avion parce que quana l'avion d je crois toujours que j'ai taissé mon ventre en arrière." Cera e'tait la fin de nos ideés de Durban.

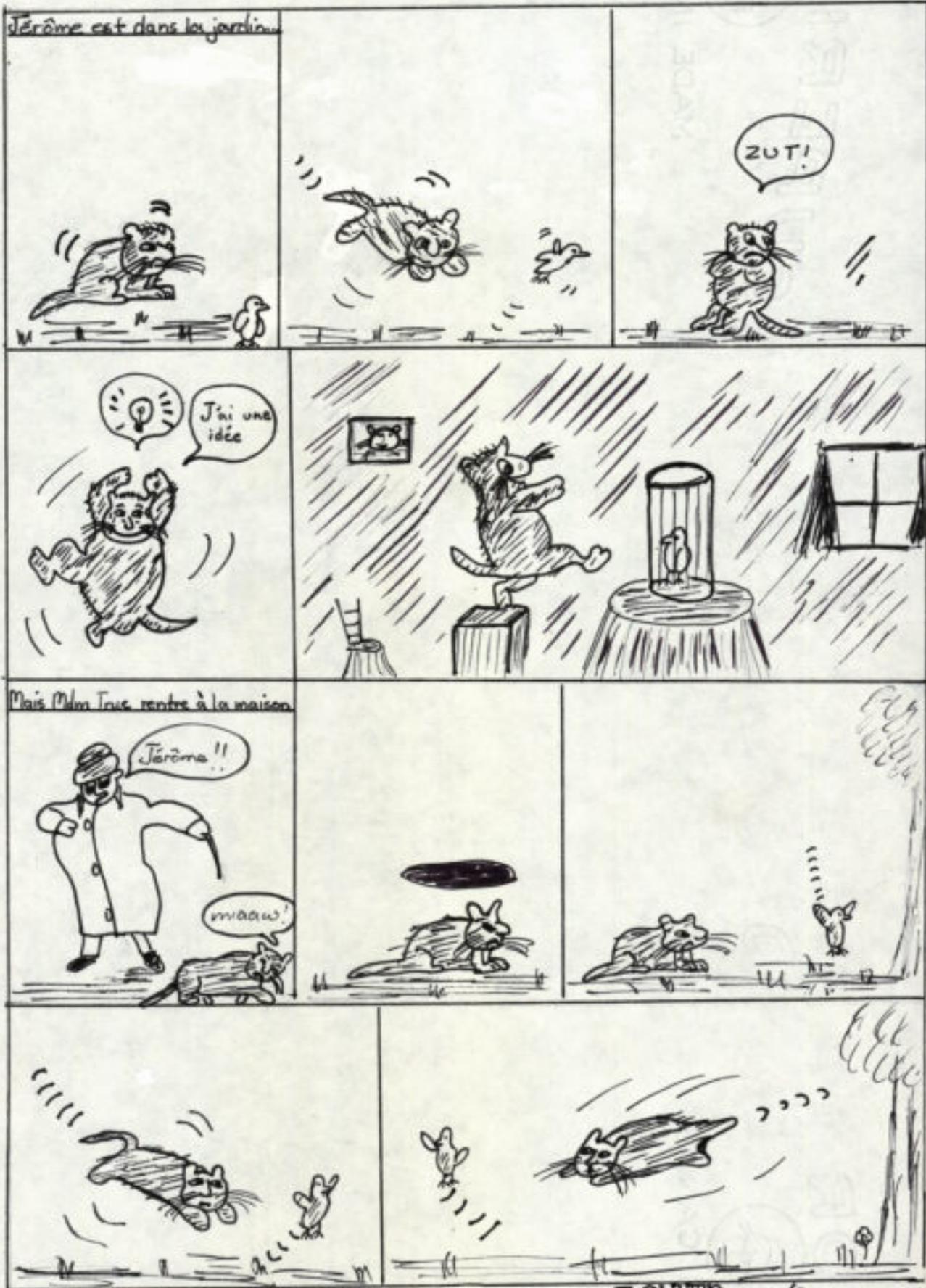
Finalemnt nous sommes parti au 'Kruger National Park'. Nous avons vu beaucoup- d'animaux sauvages. J'aimait beaucoup les lions avec les rugissements enermesqui venaient de leur gueles. Mon frère à dit que j'ai les cneveux exactement comme le poil d'un lion. Quel insulte!

Alors maintenant, el faut rentrer. C'est une grande déception parce - qu'on vaulait faire plus. Alors les vacances sont toujours trop courtes.

N. Kohler.
Std. X.

---oOo---

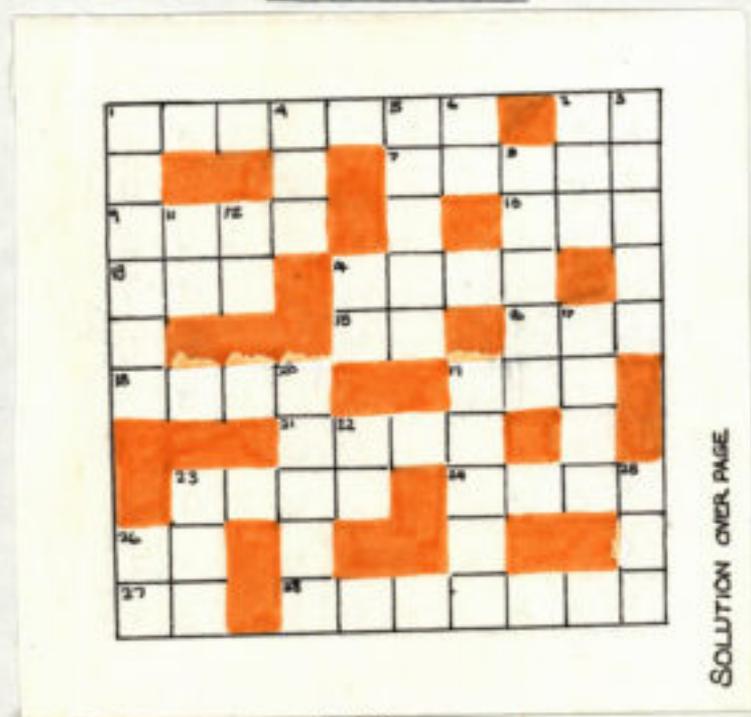
MADAME TRUC



SUPERIOR
MADE IN U.S.A.
PROM

LATIN

LATIN CROSSWORD.



SOLUTION OVER PAGE

CLUES.

DOWN

1. Face
2. UNA backwards
3. By things.
4. DUO with a T not a D.
5. To war.
6. That (m).
8. 7 across jumbled up.
11. See 18 down.
12. About.
14. In or On.
17. For this reason.
19. All the way (to, from).
20. A horse.
22. Last two letters of DIEBUS.
23. Day (ablative).
25. He gives.
26. First 2 letters of EXIT.

ACROSS

1. Woe to thee! (one word).
2. First two letters of the Latin word for tree.
7. Is he?
9. The name of a game we play (also school in abl.)
10. Beneath.
13. EST jumbled up.
14. That (m) opposite of illa.
15. NON minus one N.
16. To them (abl.).
18. By an old man.
19. 'Where from' with no E.
21. Who?
23. Opposite to dea.
24. Because.
26. To him.
27. No. 26 down reversed.
28. He conquers.

J. Hayman-Joyce.
Std. VII.

LATIN ENTRY.

Fabulam de una victoria Caesaris narraturus sum Exercitus Caesaris in ripis fluminis Rhodani collocatus est. Milites in colle instructi hostes expectabant. Hostes phalange facta ad nostram aciem successerunt, sed nostri pilis iactis phalangem fregerunt. Deinde, ea disiecta, gladiis destrectis pugnaverunt. Diu et acriter pugnatum est usque ad mediam noctem. Multis vulneratis hostes ad montem se contulerunt et nostri ad castra redierunt.

I am about to tell a story of one of Caesar's victories. Caesar's camp was situated on the banks of the river Rhone. His soldiers were drawn up on a hill waiting for the enemy to attack. Finally the enemy formed a _____ and advanced up to our battle line, but our men threw spears at them and thus broke up the _____. Then, having scattered them they fought man to man with swords. Long fierce fighting took place till late at night. The enemy retreated to the mountain after many of them had been wounded and our men returned to the camp.

I. Maier.
Std. IX.

---o0o---

STANDARD SUPPLIES

ITALIAN

ROMA.

Roma è meta del turismo mondiale, agevolato da un moderno aeroporto (Fiumicino) e da un'ottima attrezzatura alberghiera. Tra le varie attività industriali di Roma merita un cenno particolare quella cinematografica.

La città sorge lungo le due rive del Tevere, sui famosi sette colli, e copre una superficie di oltre 400 kmq. La storia di Roma è troppo nota perché se tenti di riassumerla. Basta soltanto dire che in questa meravigliosa città sono state tracciate le vie fondamentali della civiltà mondiale da oltre 27 secoli. Di questa civiltà, a Roma, restano tanti monumenti che solo ad elencarli ci vorrebbero parecchie pagine. Per ciò li limiteremo soltanto ai più famosi. Tra i monumenti della Roma Antica sono da ricordare; i Fori, il Colosseo, la Colonna Traiana, il Pantheon e Castel Sant' Angelo. Il clima è temperato morittimo.

ROME.

Rome is a point of attraction for tourists, it also has a modern airport called Fiumicino and also wonderful chain of hotels. Through the various industrial activities of Rome, the filming industry is a prominent feature in Rome.

The city is situated along the two sides of the river. Tevere, on the famous Seven Hills, and covers about 400 kmq. The story of Rome is too well known to repeat it. You only have to say that in this splendid city there started the beginnings of a world civilisation from 27 centuries ago. From this civilisation there are many monuments which still remain in Rome and one could not write about them all because it would take many pages. Here are a few famous monuments from Ancient Rome to remember: The Roman Forum, the Colosseum, Trojans Column, the Pantheon and Castel Sant' Angelo. Rome has a Mediterranean climate.

Patricia Moni.
Std. VIII.

MADE IN U.S.A.

PERIODICALS

20

GREEK

MADE IN U.S.A.

PERIODICALS

Μιά φορά και ένα καιρό εί-
 χε ένα παιδί και το έλε-
 γαν Κυριάκω. Είχε καλή οί-
 κογένια. Ήταν πολύ άταχ-
 τως. Μιά ημέρα έρριξε
 το σπιτι του παπαγάλου
 και επέθανε. Ο θεός επεί-
 ρε το φτωχό επάνω στον
 ουρανό.

Once there was a child whose name was Kyriaco. He was from a
 very respectable family though he was very naughty and indulgent.
 One fine day he knocked the parrot off the verandah and the poor
 thing died from a heart attack.
 The heavenly Lord took the dear little bird up into the blue
 heavens.

Maria Stavrou.
 Std. VIII.

MADE IN U.S.A.
PAPER

IRISH

IRISH : CUAIRT AR AN IODAIL.

Bhí sé 9.30 a.m. maidin Mháirt ar an 3 ú láluil nuair ghluais an t-eitleán mór do chuid Aer Lingus síos an rúidbhealach in Aerfort Bhlácliath . Go mall glórach a bhí an ghlvaiseacht i dtosach agus ansin le cumhacht is was do ardaigh sé go h-ard san spéir agus bhí an tura-s go dtí an Iodáil tosnaíthe. Ba é an chéad vair dom agus do mo chomhscóláirí ar bord eitleáin. Ba ionadh dúinn an compord agus ad radharc álainn a bhíle fáil ar tēr is ar fharraige. Cúig uaire i naiadh sin thuirilingiomar in Aerfort Fumicinio na Róimhe. Bhíomar ar saoire cocise agus cinnle ba iad na laethanta is iontaí im shad go drí seo iad.

VISIT TO ITALY.

It was 9.30 a.m. on the morning of July 3rd, when the Aer Lingus drove down the runway of Dublin Airport. Slow and steady was the movement at first and then all of a sudden it raised high in the air and the journey to Italy had begun. It was my first time on a plane and also for my school friends. We were more surprised and pleased at the comfort of the plane and the wonderful view of land and sea. Five hours later we arrived at the airport in Rome. Our school holidays had begun but they were school holidays with a difference because a dream had come true and I was in the City of Rome.

Siobhan Mannion.
Std. 1X.

---oOo---

DUTCH

10 April, Maandagmorgen.

Lief dagboek,

Even een krabbeltje. Ik heb eigenlijk geen tijd om aan je te schrijven omdat ik al weer voor m'n examens aan het blokken ben. Er schijnt geen eind aan te komen. Gelukkig ben ik al daar de helft van m'n schriftelijke proefwerken. Ik vindt schriftelijke proefwerken veel leuker; dan kan je tenminste grappige antwoorden neerschrijven. Met die mondelinge repetities moet je altijd zo serieus kijken; net als of je net wel wist maar het net ben vergeten. Dat kan ik zo moeilijk, want ik weet meestal helemaal niks. Een twee of drie voor Natuur en Scheikunde komt dan ook regelmatig voor. Maar ja je kan nooit zo slim zijn als mijn zus geweest is!! Die kreeg een negen voor hebben, en dat heb ik niet. Dat staat vast' Tot morgen hoor, ik moet verder blokken.

Tanya Honig.
Std. 8 L.

---o0o---

LIBRARY
 MAR 10 1967
 UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
 ANN ARBOR MI 48106

ONZE BOERDERIJ.

Die boerderij waar ik woon is 75 ha groot en heet "Fairholme". Het bedrijf ligt in die Elgin Vallei, aan die Viljoenshoop weg ten zuiden van de N2. Aan drie kanten grenst het aan andere fruitteelt plaatsen maar in het oosten aan 'n kunstmatig meer. Er zijn in het totaal vijf van deze dammen op het bedrijf.

Ons huis en tuinen ligt precies in het midden van "Fairholme". Op zonnige dagen kan men zwemmen in het zwembad wat 'n leetje lager ligt dan het huis.

Er zijn vijftien boomgaarden met twee peren en dertien met appels.

Het fruit wordt door menses, uit de Transkei, in manden geplukt. Deze manden worden in grote kisten leeg gemaakt. Deze kisten staan op lage aanhangwagens die door een trekker naar de pakschuur gebracht worden.

Er is ook, zoals op de meeste bedrijven een pakschuur. Hierin wordt het fruit door vrouwen gesorteerd en verpakt voor uitvoer.

Er zijn verdernog vier ganzen, ongeveer twintig kippen, twee honden, drie katten, en drie pparden. De herdershonden zijn erg lief en waaks maar vreeslik bang voor omweer en schieten. Het is fijn daar te wonen.

Jenneke Post.
Std. VI.

---o0o---

ZEILEN.

Zeilen is een van de zaligste sporten die men zich kan vaarstellen. Zoals u weet is Zeilen 'n beoefende sport in Nederland. Holland heeft vele kanalen en rivieren en zadoende noemt men Holland "Het Venetie van het Naarden". Er zijn vele bruggen, waarvan sommige automatisch bedient worden en andere met de hand. Men is dan ook erg afhankelijk van bruggen en menigmaal ziet men vele bootjes ligge wachtende op de brug.

Toen ik nog in Nederland waarden hadden we 'n boot. In de Kajuit konde dan ook presies zes mensen slape. Twee in het vooronder en vier in de Kajuit zelf. Elke zomervakantie trekken we er op uit. We zeilden over de Friese menen. Het verschaft me oneindig plesier om met 'n harde wind op het Ysselmeer te zeilen, met 'n donkere gnauwe lucht. Je moet dan werketijk hand trekken aan het roer om koers te houden.

's Avonds zoek je natuurlijk 'n ligplaats en maak jy kennis met je buren en ga je 'n kop koffie drinken in het haven kafee.

K. Honig.
Std. X.

WOOHIX

SUPERIOR BOND

MILBURN CAN. CO.

PERFECT

MADE IN

INCOKO.

- UNOMSA : Molo, Themba!
 UTHEMBA : Molo, Nomsa!
 UNOMSA : Uphila njani, Themba?
 UTHEMBA : Ndiphila kakuhle. Wena uphila njani?
 UNOMSA : Ndiphila kakuhle, Themba. Wenza ntoni apha?
 UTHEMBA : Ndiyalesa.
 UNOMSA : Uyalesa? Mesa ntoni?
 UTHEMBA : Ndilesa incwadi.
 UNOMSA : Ndiyabona. Ukuba ufuna ukulesa, lesa! Mna, ndiyahamba ngoku.
 UTHEMBA : Awu. Uyahamba ngoku?
 UNOMSA : Ewe, ndiyahamba.
 UTHEMBA : Uya phi?
 UNOMSA : Ndiya eKapa.
 UTHEMBA : Uya eKapa? Wenza ntoni eKapa?
 UNOMSA : Ndiyafunda.
 UTHEMBA : Uyafunda? Ufunda ntoni?
 UNOMSA : Ndifunda ukupheka. Wena, uyafunda.
 UTHEMBA : Ewe, ndiyafunda. But ndifunda ebusuku mna.
 UNOMSA : Ufunda ebusuku? Emini wenza ntoni?
 UTHEMBA : Ndiyasebenza emini.
 UNOMSA : Oh! Themba. Emini uyasebenza, ebusuku uyafunda. Ulala nini ke.

CONVERSATION.

- NOMSA : Hello, Themba!
 THEMBA : Hello, Themba!
 NOMSA : How are you, Themba?
 THEMBA : I am fine, Nomsa. How are you?
 NOMSA : I am very well, Themba. What are you doing here?
 THEMBA : I am reading.
 NOMSA : Reading? What are you reading?

THEMBA.../

THEMBA : I am reading a book.
NOMSA : I see. If you want to read, read. I am going now.
THEMBA : Oh! Are you going now?
NOMSA : Yes, I am going.
THEMBA : Where are you going?
NOMSA : I am going to Cape Town.
THEMBA : Are you going to Cape Town? What are you doing in Cape Town?
NOMSA : I am learning.
THEMBA : You are learning? What are you learning?
NOMSA : I am learning to cook. Are you learning?
THEMBA : Yes, I am learning. But I study at night.
NOMSA : Do you study at night? During the day what do you do?
THEMBA : I work during the day.
NOMSA : Oh! Themba. During the day you work, at night you study. When do you sleep?

Gillian Mackenzie.
Std. VI.

---oOo---

SIHAMBA eCAVENDISH SQUARE.

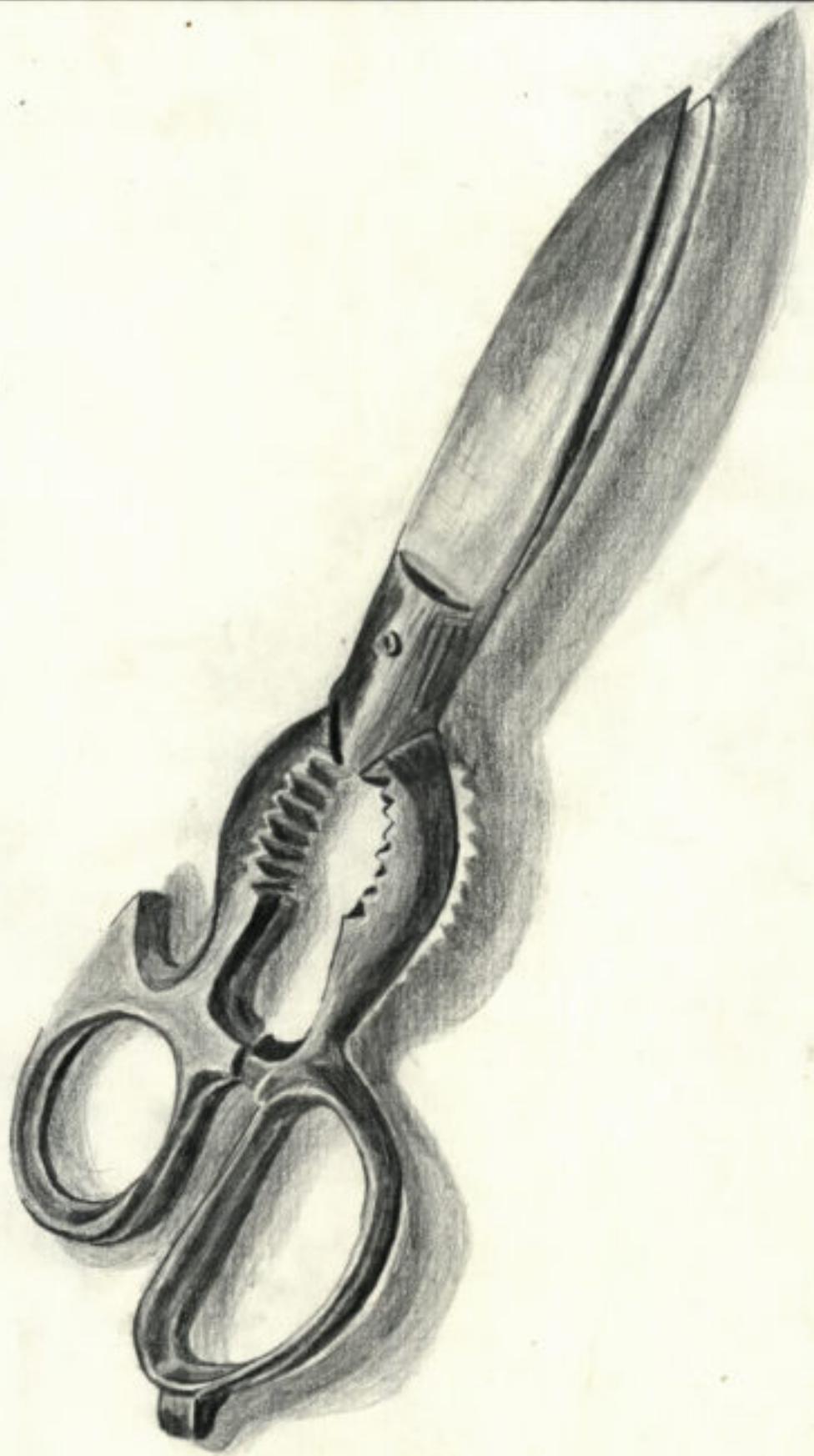
Ndikhwela ibhayisekile kuba ndiya eCavendish Square. Ndibona Jane. Ndithetha noJane kuba ndithanda iJane. uJane ukhwela ibhaujisekile kuba noJane ufuna ukuza. Sibona uCavendish Square. Sidiniwe. Ndithenga iisweeti kuba uJane ufuna ukuthenga iilokhwe. Aathandi iilokhwe eJust Eve. Sihamba eSpectrum nabona iilokhwe sithanda. uJane uthenga iilokhwe. Sihamba ePeckers kuba sithanda iPeckers. Siya kokuhle apha. Nditya ikeki noJane uphunga iti. Siyabhatala. Sikhwela ibhayisekile nogoduka. Siphumia.

WE GO TO CAVENDISH SQUARE.

I get on my bicycle because I go to Cavendish Square. I see Jane. I speak with Jane because I like Jane. Jane gets on her bicycle because she wants to come too. We see Cavendish Square. We are tired. I buy a sweet but Jane wants to buy a dress. We do not like the dress in Just Eve. We go to Spectrum and see a dress we like. Jane buys the dress. We go to Peckers because we like Peckers. We eat well. I eat cake and Jane drinks tea. We pay. We get on our bicycles and go home. We rest.

Mary Jooste.
Std. VI.

---oOo---



ZULU

NGANGEHLALA e DURBAN.

Mina ngangehla eDurban. Ngangwuka ekuseni Kakhulu. Ngangigeza ngamanzi abundayo kadwa ebusika ngangigeza negemanzi ashisayo.

E Durban sasithanda ukuhamba nyoricksha. Oricksha babegqoke kahle. Sasithanda ukuhamba ngoricksha urna siya elwadle.

E Durban kukhona izindle ezingingi Zamabhayiskobho. Sasiya infalo ebhayisikobho. Zikhona izibebengu e Durban.

Manje Mina angisafund e Durban. Angisahlali nobabamkhulu nogogo e Durban. Sengihlula nabozali bomi e Johannesburg sengifunda sikoleni esikhulu e Goli.

This is a story of a little girl who visited Durban. She was awestruck by the size of Durban Bay. The water was very cold. Next the visitor went for a ride on a ricksha and later they went to the bioscope. Later the little girl went to Johannesburg to visit her grandmother.

SAMUEL : Sawubona Absolem.
 ABSOLEM : Yebo Sawubona Samuel. Usaphila na?
 SAMUEL : Ngiswila. Wena usaphila?
 ABSOLEM : Cha ungiphili.
 SAMUEL : Yini na?
 ABSOLEM : Ngikhelwe mgamazinya.
 SAMUEL : Utheni udokotela?
 ABSOLEM : Unginike umulhi futhi wangyova. Ufunani wena lapha ebolobheni?
 SAMUEL : Ngifuna ukuya eposini nasebhange.
 ABSOLEM : Uhlala nobani?
 SAMUEL : Ngehlala nabazali bami.
 ABSOLEM : Usebenzaphi.
 SAMUEL : Ngisehza e Herschel e Claremonteni.
 ABSOLEM : Sala kahle.
 SAMUEL : Hamba kahle.

<p>This is a conversation between two men. Absolem complains that he has toothache. After expressing his sympathy, Samuel asks if he has paid a visit to the doctor. Absolem replies in the affirmative and says that he had to have one injection. Absolem then asked Samuel where he worked. Samuel replied that he worked at Herschel school in Claremont. After this, the two men greet each other and leave.</p>	<p>After this, the two men greet each other and leave.</p>
---	--

Nikki Brink.
Std. X.

---o0o---

MADE IN
INDONESIA
SUPERIOR

SUPERIOR BOND
MADE IN CANADA

GERMAN

DAS KONZERT.

Ich ging mit meiner Freundin ins konzert. Ich kaufte unsere karten on der kasse.

Wir gingen früh in den konzertsaal. Der konzertsaal war noch hell erleuchtet und wir konnten die Zuhörer sehen. Es waren viele Leute in konzert.

Um acht uhr pünktlich ging der vorhang auf. Auf der Bühne erschien der Dirigent mit dem Orchester, das aus dem Flügel, dem Geiger und dem klavierspieler besteht. Der kapellmeister stand vor. Sie spielten sehr meisterhaft, und als sie aufhörten, war ein stürmischer Beifall. Alle Zuhörer klatschten in die hände.

Der Geiger spielte dann ein Stuck Nachdam er gespielt hatte, verbeugte er sich und ging hinter derm vorhang, aber er wurde zur wiederholung aufgefordert.

Als die Sängerin sang, hatte der klavierspieler falsch gespielt. Sie begannen wieder und sie woren entzückend. Es war mir ein grosses vergnügen.

Die Balletönzerin tenzte vortrefflich und die Zuhörer beobachteten mit gespannter-Aufmerksamkeit.

Das konzert war vortrefflich und es machte mir grosse Freude.

THE CONCERT.

I went with my friend to a concert. I bought our tickets at the ticket office.

We went into the concert hall early. The concert hall was still lit up brightly and so we could see the audience. There were many people at the concert.

The curtains opened at 8 o'clock punctually. The director appeared on the stage with his orchestra, which consisted of a flute, a violinist and a pianist. The conductor stood in the front. They played masterly, and as they stopped there was a loud applause. All the audience clapped their hands.

The violinist then played a piece of music. After he had played, he bowed and went behind the curtains, but he was fetched again because of the loud encore.

As the singer sang, the pianist played the incorrect note. She began again abd she was charming. It was a great pleasure to me.

The.../

The Ballet dancer danced excellently and the audience watched with tense attentiveness.

The concert was excellent and it gave me great pleasure.

Cheryl de Villiers.
Std. X.

---o0o---

SUPERIOR
BOND

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY

SCIENCE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY

TITRATIONS.

Titration is the process by which the capacity of a solution of unknown concentration to combine with one of known concentration is quantitatively measured.

The normality of a solution is the expression of the number of gram equivalents of a solute per litre of solution.

EXPERIMENT: AN ACID-BASE TITRATION TO CALCULATE THE UNKNOWN NORMALITY OF AN ACID BY TITRATING IT AGAINST A BASE OF KNOWN NORMALITY.

METHOD:

Prepare 500 mls. of a 0,1 N solution of Na_2CO_3 by using the following method:

$$\begin{aligned} 1 \text{ mole of } \text{Na}_2\text{CO}_3 &= 106 \text{ g.} \\ 1 \text{ equivalent} &= \frac{106}{2} \text{ g.} = 53 \text{ g.} \end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned} \text{N solution needs } 53 \text{ g.} &\text{ in } 1000 \text{ ml. solution} \\ 0,1 \text{ N solution needs } 5,3 \text{ g.} &\text{ in } 1000 \text{ ml. solution} \\ 0,1 \text{ N solution needs } 2,65 \text{ g.} &\text{ in } 500 \text{ ml. solution} \end{aligned}$$

Pour 750 ml. of HCl of unknown concentration into a burette and then slowly release it into a beaker containing the base and a small amount of Bromthymol Blue.

This acts as an induction turning yellow in the presence of an acid, green in a neutral solution and blue in the presence of a base. Release the acid until the solution turns green. Then read the volume of acid, as marked on the burette, which has been used to neutralise the base.

RESULT:

250 ml. of the acid was used to neutralise the base and thus the normality of the acid could be calculated as follows:

BASE	ACID
NaCO_3	HCl
$V_B = 500 \text{ ml.}$	$V_A = 250 \text{ ml.}$
$N_B = 0,1\text{N}$	$N_A = ?$

$$\begin{aligned} V_A N_A &= V_B N_B \\ N_A &= \frac{V_B N_B}{V_A} \\ &= \frac{500 \text{ ml} \times 0,1\text{N}}{250 \text{ ml.}} \\ &= 0,2\text{N solution} \end{aligned}$$

CONCLUSION:

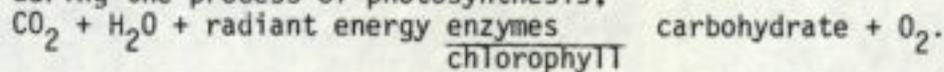
HCl has a normality of 0,2 gram equivalents per litre of solution.

Nikki Brink &
Jean Bergh.
Std. X.

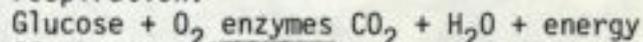
BIOLOGY

ENERGY AND ITS COMPARATIVE ROLES IN RESPIRATION
AND PHOTOSYNTHESIS.

Photosynthesis is the process by which energy rich bonds in carbohydrates are synthesized from low energy CO_2 and water in the energy rich chlorophyll-containing parts of the plant, using light energy (radiant energy). Oxygen is liberated. The following equation illustrates the initial and end-products formed and used during the process of photosynthesis,



Respiration is the gradual release of energy from fuel molecules e.g. glucose in the cells and the conversion of this energy into energy-rich A.T.P: O_2 is taken in and CO_2 is released during respiration.



If the equation for photosynthesis and respiration are studied, the fact that photosynthesis is the reverse process of respiration and vice versa will be observed.

All living cells perform work and therefore require energy.

Radiant energy from the sun is a very convenient source of energy, but cannot be used as such by cells for work. During photosynthesis radiant energy is converted to chemical potential energy.

This energy is then stored as one of the fuels of the cells, e.g. glucose. During cellular respiration the chemical potential

energy of the fuel molecule is made available so that work can be done in the cell. It is therefore clear that photosynthesis and

respiration work together to make sunlight energy available to living organisms for the work of cells. Most organisms that do not

contain chlorophyll are primary or secondary consumers of the fuels derived from plants. The fuels that cells can use for their

energy requirements are carbohydrates (mainly glucose), fats and proteins. These fuels are all rich in chemical potential energy.

This energy lies in the covalent bonds which bind the atoms of the fuel molecules together. When these covalent bonds are broken, the

chemical energy is released, i.e. during respiration. Energy plays an important role in both photosynthesis and respiration.

However, energy's role in photosynthesis is directly opposite to its role in respiration.

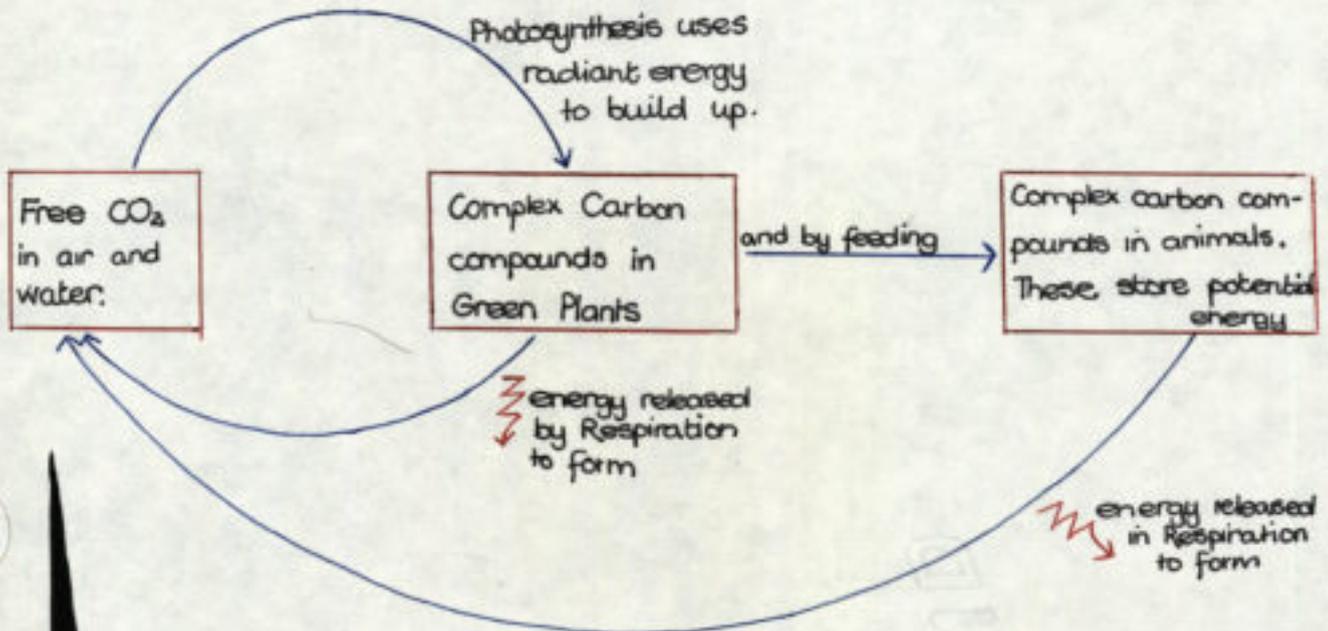
A continual energy change may be traced through the processes of photosynthesis and respiration. During photosynthesis radiant

energy from the sun is converted into chemical potential energy. This energy is stored in the chemical bonds and is consumed by

heterotrophs. The chemical potential energy is now converted into kinetic energy and is used for the muscular activity of the heterotroph.

Simplified.../

SIMPLIFIED VERSION OF THE CARBON CYCLE TO SHOW THE ENERGY BALANCE BETWEEN PHOTOSYNTHESIS AND RESPIRATION.



Photosynthesis and Respiration are very closely linked. Both of these reactions concern energy - photosynthesis the absorption and respiration the release. In photosynthesis complete organic compounds are formed and in respiration complex inorganic substances are broken down.

Nikki Brink.
Std. X.

---o0o---

MADE IN CANADA



AMERICAN

SD

HISTORY

MADE IN CANADA



AMERICAN

HISTORY ESSAY.

The Middle East has always been an area of great strategical and economic potential. The Suez Canal is probably one of the most strategical sea routes in the world. The economic potential of the Middle East is undisputed as it is one of the world's richest oil supplies. The continuous clashes in the Middle East between America and the U.S.S.R. represents another phase of the Cold War - a clash of ideology.

In 1951 British officials in the Suez Canal zone were attacked. Here Britain was fishing strategically and maintaining the control of the Suez Canal, and so trying to extend her influence into Egypt. In 1952 an army coup d'etat was effected by General Neguil and Colonel Nasser. Nasser appeared as the leader after the coup and he accepted increasing Communist help. He encouraged anti-British demonstrations and feelings and signed an alliance with Britain to remove British officials. Nasser accepted Communist help from Czechoslovakia. Here it is obvious that the Czech. government being a Russian puppet government, were acting according to Russia's wishes. So, it may be seen, that both Russia and Britain were fishing ideologically, strategically and economically in Egypt. Russia managed to influence Nasser in so far as to set up a dictatorial Socialistic Republic but due to the peoples' strong adherence to the Muslim faith a Communist Government was unacceptable.

To try and counter anti-British feelings in Egypt, Britain and U.S.A. offered to help in the building of the Aswan Dam. Egypt accepted the offer and the agreement was almost finished when Britain said that if she helped in the construction then no Russian involvement must be permitted. Nasser refused to concede to the demand and continued to try and undermine British and French influence in places like Cyprus and Algeria. So Britain and France withdrew their offers. As a result of the Britons' refusal to help Nasser nationalised the Suez Canal in 1956 with the excuse that he needed money to pay for the Aswan Dam. This resulted in a disastrous loss of money, especially to Britain as she was one of the chief shareholders. Britain arranged a meeting of shareholders but Nasser proved to be most unco-operative to British suggestions and so she appealed to the U.N.O. Russia naturally blocked every decision and it certainly seemed that the U.N. was either unable or unwilling to help. In their frustration Britain and France arranged an attack on Egypt. The Anglo-French forces were to join the Israeli forces and the Suez Canal was to be taken over. However, when these effected their plan they were faced with Russia's threat to help Egypt and so the Anglo-French forces withdrew leaving the Israelis to bear the brunt of the world's criticism. Once again the great powers were fishing for the strategic importance of the Suez Canal. They also were trying to influence Egypt ideologically by supplying her with economic help. After this war, the U.N.O. organised a supervisory peace-keeping force to patrol the Suez Canal and keep peace in the Middle

East.../

East..

In 1957 President Eisenhower from the U.S.A. published the Eisenhower doctrine. The object of the doctrine was to counter Communist aggression in the Middle East and to give economic help to the Middle East countries if necessary. Once again we see a strategic, economic and ideological fishing in the Middle East countries.

In 1958 the United Arab Republic was formed by Syria and Egypt. Nasser hoped in this way to encourage other Arab countries to join the alliance. However, to his surprise Iraq, Iran and Jordan formed a rival alliance. Shortly after this rival alliance was formed the leader of Iraq was assassinated and the new king, King Kassum, broke the alliance with Jordan but did not join the U.A.R. Jordan and the Lebanon now feared the takeover by either Iraq or the U.A.R. and so they appealed to Britain and the U.S.A. for help. This help was readily given. However, on the other hand, the new King of Iraq accepted extensive help from Russia. So, once again we see the conflict of the appeasing ideologies of the Western democracies and communism each trying to extend their influence into the Middle East.

The war in Yemen in 1962 made obvious the fact that the union of the Arab states was totally impossible. Russia realised this and thus decided to try and extend her influence into the most important Arab states. As she was already helping Iraq she decided to increase her support of Egypt. However, in 1966 the leadership of the Arab states seemed to pass to King Feisal of Saudi Arabia. Russia's increased support of Egypt caused much tension between Israel and Egypt. Israel was supported by Britain and the U.S.A. and Egypt was supported by Russia. As a reply to attacks of a terrorist organisation, Al Fatah Israel raided the Jordanian border. There were continuous border clashes between Israel and Egypt. The Syrian troops raided Israeli villages on the border, so Israel carried out an air raid on the Syrian border. Nasser closed the Gulf of Aqaba and U.N.O. troops were removed from the Canal zone in spite of Israel's protest to both these moves. Israel decided to attack Egypt in 1967 and this resulted in the Six Day War in which the Arabs were hopelessly defeated. Once again, during the War, the U.S.A. and Britain supplied arms to Israel whilst Communist countries supplied Egypt. So, once again we have an ideological and strategic conflict in the Middle East.

The continuous wars and unrest in the Middle East provided an excuse for the Great Powers to intervene and try and extend their influence into the Middle East countries. The extent of their influence is only visible to a certain extent because the continuous conflict is not over. Russia has certainly failed to convert Egypt into a puppet state, but she did provide financial backing in the building of the Aswan Dam. It seems that neither the democratic nor Communist type of government is suited to the Arab countries of the Middle East because of the people's strong adherence to the Muslim faith. However, I agree that the continuous unrest in the Middle East provided a sea in which the great powers would try and extend their influence ideologically, strategically and economically.

Nikki Brink.
Std. X.



LUCY GUINAN STD 10

THEME : THE RISE OF WORLD POWERS.

The development of Japan, indicating how she became a world power, showing how she became increasingly aggressive and how her type of government was adapted to her new policy :

In 1854 Japan was forced to open itself to commercial intercourse with the West. Before this time she had followed a deliberate policy of isolation from the rest of the world. The result of this opening of commercial interests was a rapid process of westernisation and modernisation in Japan, evident in the social as well as the commercial worlds. Feudalism was abolished, compulsive primary education was brought in and a constitution was promulgated.

The purpose of Japan's westernisation was in fact to protect it from the West. In order to resist the West they had first to learn from it and master its tools. By imitating its science, technology and organisation they hoped to change Japan into a strong modern power, capable of defending itself. From 1868 to 1912 Japan was changed from a backward rice-growing country into a modern national state with a rapidly developing industry and an efficient central government. By then she had already defeated China in 1894-5 and Russia in 1904-5, thus showing her military strength and capabilities.

The first World War contributed greatly to Japan's industrialisation. Heavy industry developed rapidly while the other powers were engaged in war and Japan became less dependent on imports. The war also enabled her to increase her international prestige and to further her territorial ambitions as she was allowed to keep her gains in Shantung and German islands in the Pacific, adding them to her acquisitions of Korea and parts of Manchuria. Therefore it was mainly the first World War which enabled Japan to become recognised as a world power and as a leader of modern industry.

The purpose of Japan's expansionist policy between the Sino-Jap War of 1894-5 and the end of World War I was to protect the economy and security of Japan as a foothold in Asia was vital for national security as well as being a market for Jap goods and a source of raw materials. During the 1920s it appeared that Japan would develop into a parliamentary democracy as parliamentary groups controlled the government and her foreign policy appeared to be peaceful. However, the 1930s produced military dominance at home and a policy of territorial aggression abroad.

The militarisation of Japan in the '30s consisted of increasing military domination of the civilian government and an aggressive foreign policy. The cause for this militarisation was mainly the ultra-nationalist organisations consisting of men dissatisfied with Japan's growth and international standing. Many Japanese resented the West, particularly as they felt they had no racial equality in the League. Their goal was to protect traditional values and to create a powerful sense of unity and loyalty amongst the Japanese. These ideas greatly influenced junior officers in the army. This resulted in the formation of a secret society

for.../

for the purposes of organising a coup d'etat.

Within the army changes were brought about by rural unrest as a result of economic depression as the core of the army was from the peasantry. The Depression and a major economic crisis in 1927 sent the economy reeling and the hardest hit was the peasantry and this led to discontent which reached the army. Also the threat from China led to a militant response in the Jap army. There was dissatisfaction within the army at the inability or unwillingness of party governments to act positively in the face of challenges from external powers.

The period of military dominance in Japan began in 1932 with the Manchuria incident. The Kwantung army in South Manchuria seized Mukden without consulting the cabinet in Tokyo. Thereafter the cabinet proved incapable of controlling the army which over-ran Manchuria and established the state of Manchukuo. The Prime Minister of Japan was assassinated which brought an end to party government in Japan. Japan was now led by Admiral Makoto who withdrew Japan from the League. After that all Prime Ministers were non-party men and military leaders increased their dominance of civilian government although the military only gained complete control in 1940-41. An unsuccessful army rebellion in 1936 staged by extremists in the army was what helped most towards military dominance. The rebels made an unsuccessful attempt to seize power but they were crushed by troops and this incident made the civilians fearful of another uprising so they became reluctant to oppose army demands. The new cabinet was based on the demands of the army and acted on the wishes of the army. The army made most of the important decisions concerning foreign policy.

The reasons for Japan's adoption of an aggressive foreign policy are based on the size of Japan itself. It was too small to support the increasing population therefore more living space was necessary. She also felt the need to protect herself from other countries who were envious of her industries. There was a series of earthquakes which meant more living space was necessary and the unwillingness of the League to adopt a non-racial attitude towards Japan also added to her policy of aggression. The people had lost faith in the civilian government after the Manchurian incident and so the military gained more and more support.

Fiona Adams.
Std. X.

---o0o---

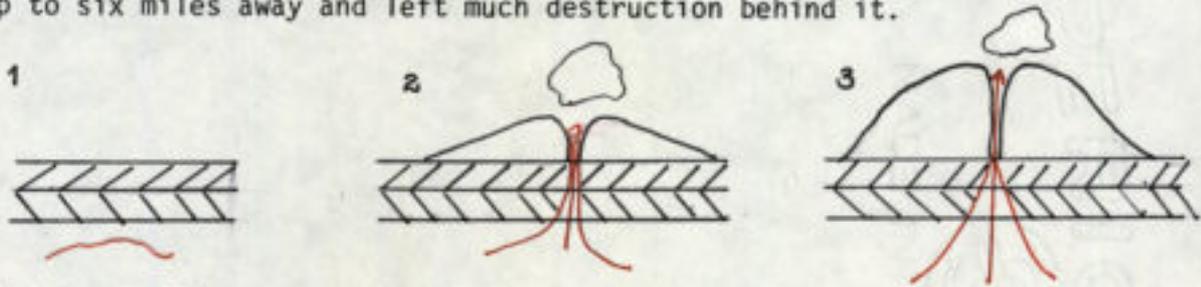
MADE IN CANADA
SUPERIOR BOOK

GEOGRAPHY

OROGENESIS.

Orogenesis is the 'birth of mountains' on the earth. There are many ways in which mountains can be formed.

The first and most spectacular manner in which a mountain can form is by volcanic action. An uprush of material, magma, from deep in the earth in a large enough amount may form a mountain. The magma gathers under the surface of the earth and then forces its way through to the crust depositing a pile of lava and cinders on the earth's surface. More and more of this lava piles up and this way a mountain 'grows'. A recent event of this sort occurred in February when a Mexican cornfield began producing smoke. By the second day the cone had reached 100 feet and after another two weeks and more eruption the mountain had grown to 450 feet. Two years later it had reached 1020 feet. In 1952 when it had stopped erupting it was 1350 feet. It had destroyed villages up to six miles away and left much destruction behind it.



- 1) Magma welling up under the surface of the earth.
- 2) A mountain starts to form with smoke and eruptions coming from it.
- 3) The mountain continues to grow.

Many of the world's great mountains were formed in this way and grew to a great size before man existed. Examples of this type of mountain are :-

- Mount Kilimanjaro in Africa (19,340 feet),
- Figiyama (12,389 feet) in Japan,
- Popocatepett (17,887 feet) and
- Ixtocihuatt (17,343 feet), the twin giants of Mexico.

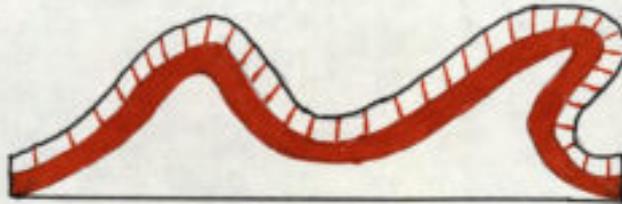
There are also many numerous smaller volcanic mountains.

Where folded mountains form the rocks under the surface have to be sufficiently plastic for forces to act upon them. The folds are actually formed below the surface but can push the crust up to suit their shape. There are different kinds of folds, depending upon the situation when it is forming :- e.g. the monocline fold is formed when the pressures causing the fault are very slight. If the force from both sides was the same a symmetrical fold will form. Depending upon the degree an open or closed fold will form. When the force from one side is greater than from the other an overfold will form. Later when faulting occurs the fold becomes displaced to form an overthrust fold. So a fold is actually a

buckling .../

buckling of earth caused when two areas of earth are pushed together.

OPEN FOLD AND OVER FOLD.



Examples of folded mountains are : Appalachian, Atlas, Urals and the Swiss Alps.

The shrinking of the earth will cause mountains to form along two circles at right angles to each other, and this is exactly what has happened on the earth. The Rockies and Andes run at a right angle to the Alps, Caucasus, Himalayas etc.

During the Mesozoic era the earth remained relatively quiet and then suddenly about 70 million years ago a change in the earth's terrain occurred. Most of the mountains known today were formed then. But mountains are continually being built-up and torn down and so mountains are always changing.

Janet Millar.
Std. VIII.

---o0o---

RECIPE

RECIPE
IN CANADIAN
CURRENCY

RECIPE

BANANA LOAF SPECIAL.INGREDIENTS:

½ lb. butter
1 cup castor sugar
3 eggs
4-5 mashed bananas
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla essence
2 cups flour
¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons milk

METHOD:

Cream butter well and add sugar slowly. Add unbeaten eggs, beating well each time. Add vanilla and bananas and beat untemixed. Sift flour, baking powder, bicarbonate of soda and salt together. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk, by hand, fold in and put into greased loaf tin and bake for one hour at 350°. Line bottom of tin with greaseproof paper and butter over it.

Siobhan Mannion.
Std. 1X.

---o0o---

TYPING

```

XXXXX
XXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX
XXX..X.XXX..
XX.O.....X.X
XXX....O.XXX
XXX.....XXXX
XXXXX.XXXXX
XXXX..XXXXXX
X  XXXXXXX      XXXXXX X
      XXXXXXXXXXXX  XX...XXXXX
      XXX.XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX...XXXX
      XXXX.XX...XX...XXXXX...XXXX
      XXXXXXX...XX...XXXX...XX
      XX...XXXX...XX...XXXX...XX
      XX...XX...XX...XXXX...XX
      XXX..XX...XXXXXXXXXXXX...XX
      XXXX.XXXX...XXXXX XXXXX..XX
      XX.XXXXXX...XXXXX  XXXX...X
      X..XXXXX...XX      XXXX...X
      X..XXXX...XX      XXXX...X
      X...XXX...XX      XXXX...X
      X..XXXX..XX      XXXX..X
      X.XXXX..XXX      X X..X
      XXXX X.XXX      XX XX
      XXX X.XXX      X
      X XXXX      XX

```

ALISON FLISHER STD 9

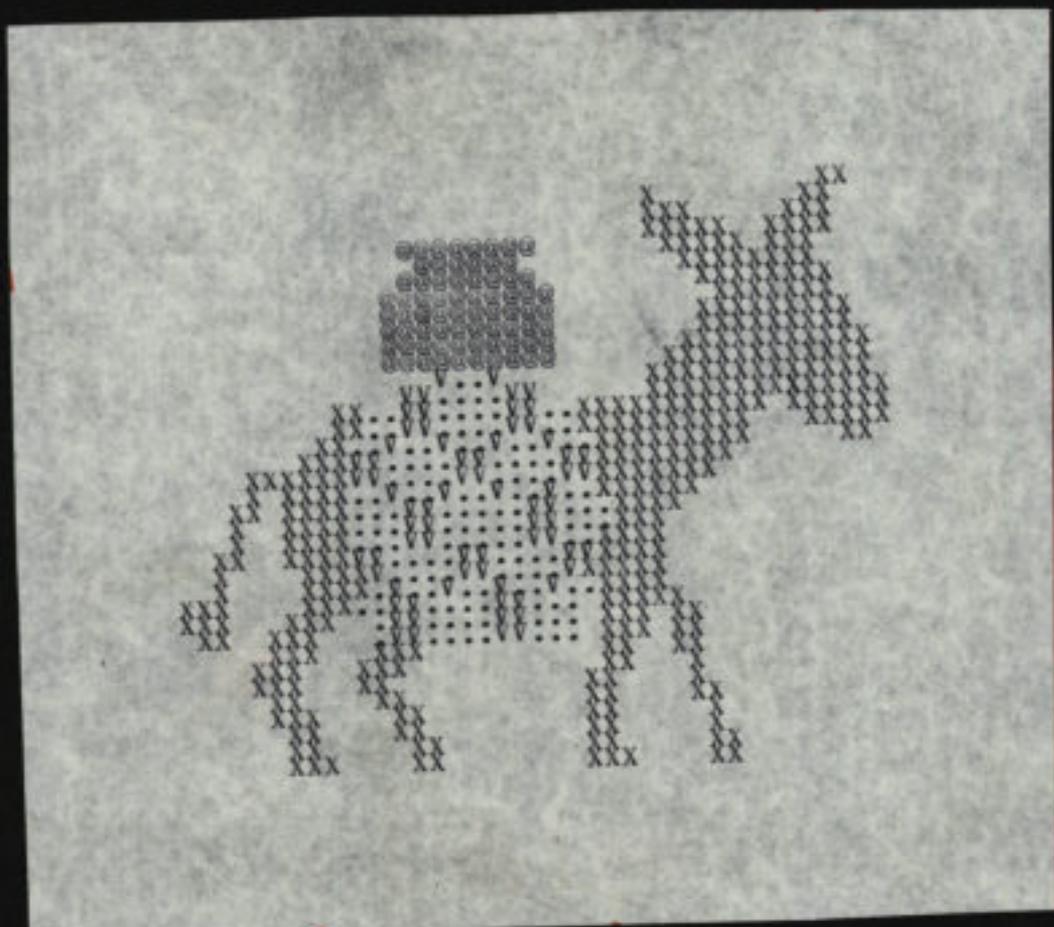
YVONNE WARD-SMITH

STD 9

```

X X
XX XX
XXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXX
XXX.XXX.XXX
X..XX..XXX
XXXXXXXXXX
XXXX.XX
XXX.XXXX
XXXX.XXXXXX
XXXX.XXXXXXXXXX
XXXX.XXXXXXXXXX
.. XXXXX.XXXXXXXXXX
. XXXXXX.XXXXXXXXXX
. XXXXXX.XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXX.XXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX.XXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX.XXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX.XXXXXXXX
XXXX XX.XXXXXXXXXXX
XXXX X.XXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXX .XXXXXXXXXXXXX
..... .XXXXXXXXXXXXX
..... .XXXXXXXXXXXXX
.....

```



JACKIE COUZENS LTD 9

MUSIC

HARMONY

Handwritten musical notation for 'HARMONY'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The second system is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). Both systems feature a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff, with a long slur spanning the first three measures of each system.

GUSAN WARD-ABLE
no 10

ROLT HOUSE SONG

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melody with some eighth-note runs. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, showing a progression of chords and bass notes.

The third system of musical notation is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. The upper staff has a more active melody with eighth-note patterns. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and bass notes, ending with a final chord.

ROLT HOUSE SONG.

Old Dean Rolt was a jolly old fellow,
He worked for the School and left Rolt yellow,
Rolt is a house that brings to one's mind,
A bevy of girls of superior kind,
Undaunting, persevering, Mrs. Stockwell at the fore,
Stepping out together, we surely have to score
Big Rolts, little Rolts
Herschel's yellow thunder bolts!

Rolts in the classroom, Rolts in the play.
Since the swinging twenties we have featured all the way.
Skirts at the ankles, skirts on the knee
Cool, calm and collected, unchanging are we.
Winning or losing we'll give them all a jolt
Confidently bearing the badge and name of Rolt!
Big Rolts, little Rolts
Herschel's yellow thunder bolts!

---o0o---

HOUSE LIST : ROLT.

STANDARD X

- F. Adams School prefect
- J. Bergh School prefect
- N. Brink Boarding House prefect
- C. de Villiers
- V. Farquhar
- C. Fouché
- L. Gottgens
- D. Hannay-Robertson
- K. Honig
- N. Kohler Vice head of Choir
- L. Quibell
- L. Quinan Vice Captain Netball
- B. Sandell
- P. Simpson Head of Rolt, Boarding House
and Hockey captain
- S. Ward-Able

STANDARD 1X

- K. Corder
- J. Couzens
- Jackie Dicey
- A. Flisher
- G. Frater
- V. Geldenhuys
- V. Hart
- S. Justice
- I. Maier
- S. Mannion
- I. Modlin
- L. Peter
- N. Schmidt
- C. Swiel
- B. Taylor
- Y. Ward-Smith

STANDARD .../

STANDARD V111

- J. Anderson
- J. Bentley
- S. Bevan
- D. Chamberlin
- B. Couzens
- C. Dowdle
- Y. Edge
- N. Harris
- T. Herbert
- T. Honig
- A. Marr
- L. Mukheiber
- J. Millar
- P. Moni
- L. Murdock
- C. Pulvermacher
- M. Stavrou
- Y. Stockwell
- M. van Niekerk

STANDARD V11

- P. Boyes
- S. Burns
- S. Davies
- Jane Dicey
- S. Fairhead
- P. Gleimius
- J. Hayman-Joyce
- J. Johnson
- M. Maisel
- D. Mannion
- J. Moodie
- S. Stamper
- S. Steenkamp

STANDARD VI

- T. Beck
- J. Clarke
- A. de Villiers
- G. Hart
- K. Ince
- M. Jooste
- J. Krone
- M. Marais
- F. McQueen
- G. Mackenzie
- M. Oelz
- T. Olivier
- J. Post
- T. Roomes
- T. Scott.