

ROLT

1978

REPORTS

"Words are not crystal, transparent and unchanged;
they are the skin of living thoughts, and may
vary greatly according to the circumstances
and time in which they are used."

Oliver Wendell Holmes

E D I T O R I A L

At last we have finished !
Another Rolt Magazine for the library !

We have tried to illustrate the varying interests of the house members, and to involve as many girls as possible. We have accepted all entries in good faith. The entries in English, Afrikaans, French and Latin have been marked, the English fictional entries being arranged in the theme of the 'Seven Ages of Man' by Shakespeare.

Our thanks to all who contributed to Rolt '78.

Editors: Yvette Stockwell
Lu Murdock
Leigh Mukheiber

Art Editor: Thérèse Herbert

C O N T E N T S

Forward and Back	Page 1
REPORTS:	
House Report	2
Swimming Report	3
Diving Report	
Tennis Report	4
Gymnastics Report	
Hockey Report	5
Netball Report	6
Squash Report	
Library Report	7
Music Report	
Oral Communication Report	8
Drama Report	9
Social Responsibility Report	11
Matric Dance Report	13
House Honours	14
ENGLISH:	
Fiction:	
Poem	16
The Sea	
Haiku	
Sept	17
Bubbles	
Lanterne	
Sept	
Through a Magnifying Glass	18
The Space Seed	20
Reflection of a Tiger	
That Stone!	21
My Friend Sandie	22
Poem	23
A Drip	
Realization	24
No Return	25
Ballad	27
Mist	28 v

Clouds	Page 30
Strange Music	32
Sept	34
Lanterne	
The Old Man	35
Fungus	36
Poem	38
Mist	39
Encounter	41
Those Heart-breaking Eyes	43
Inspired by R. Burné To A Mouse	45
 Non-Fiction:	
Sea Transport in the Year 2000	46
Composition on Walls and Fences	48
Snow	50
Some French Customs	52
 Geography:	
The Ocean Currents of the Atlantic Ocean	54
Major Problems Associated with Today's Modern City	57
 Science:	
Water: the medium of life	62
 History:	
Joseph Stalin's place in Russian History	65
African Independencies	67
 Drama:	
Practical Criticism on 'Delicate Balance'	69
 Music:	
Franz Schubert	71
House Song	73
Harmony	75

AFRIKAANS:

Die Stad in die Nag	Page 76
'n Ongeluk waarvan ek Oorgetuie was	77
Die Stem van die See	78
Ja, eindelijk het die reën Gekom	79
Some Wonder ek nog Daaroor	81
'n Nare Ondervinding	82
Drie Vullens	83
Die Stem van die See	85
Ek sal nooit weer oor 'n Hasi 'n Grap Maak nie	86
Die Telegram	87

IN FOREIGN IDIOM:**Latin:**

Limerick	88
The Geography of Gaul	89
Crossword	91

French:

French:	
Le Bal	93
Letter	94
L'orage	95

Xhosa:

Me	96
----	----

Greek:

Morning Prayer	97
----------------	----

Spanish:

Pato Donald	99
-------------	----

Dutch:

Veruschka en Pipo	100
Kaapstad	102

Irish:

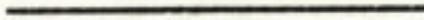
A Wish	103
--------	-----

ROLT GLAMOUR

Page 104

House List

105



WATERBURY
BOND
MACHINE

WATERBURY
BOND
MACHINE

FORWARD AND BACK

During the course of the 2nd term, all the girls from standard 6 to 10 had some opportunity to enjoy the use of our lovely new classrooms. Great changes have taken place in the school building since 1975 and the work still continues in the area near the Duncan Baxter Library.

When I first used the 'walk way' between the old and new blocks, I wished that it were possible to register the reactions of bygone personalities, to the changed face of Herschel.

Our founders, Dean Rolt, John X. Merriman and William Jagger would be somewhat surprised to see anymore than the original section of the building comprising the present administrative area and part of the dining room which was opened on 1 February 1922. What would Miss Morley-Ralph, the first headmistress say about our modern tables and chairs and chalk-boards? Her classroom was furnished with a portable chalk-board and easel, plus some folding desks, some of which are still used occasionally, and about which many unprintable remarks have been made!

In 1925 the Mary Jagger Hall was built and subsequently the small change-rooms at the end of the hall were completed - at last, both pupils and staff could enter the field of drama. What would they think of our superb Art, Drama and Music block opened in 1977?

In 1935 the first kindergarten section was added. After the opening of the Preparatory School in 1955 this section became the home of matrices, but is now the new staff-room.

In 1939, when Miss Robinson was headmistress, the block which is now linked to the new one, was completed. Apart from the Library, Miss Robinson would not recognise this section with its special rooms for audio-visual aids and excellent matric complex.

So many changes have taken place since 1922 when Dean Rolt was so active in the life of the school. His little yellow thunderbolts should be grateful to have been involved in the newest developments, even though the incessant building noises have often made them wish otherwise.

Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer and keen educator would surely be pleased to know that a flourishing and progressive school exists on a portion of the estate Feldhausen, where he first studied the Southern skies.

House Report

In the first six months of the year Rolt has done very well. We have won both the swimming and diving competitions and we drew first place with Merriman in the first section of the Music competition. Rolt's reputation of brawn rather than brain is no longer justified as Rolt has been doing so well in mark readings and on one occasion even had the highest average !!

Unfortunately we were placed third for the Efficiency Shield in 1977 but the dogged spirit and sportsmanship of our members was enough to justify the award of a trophy of equal prestige.

Individual reports will fully cover the achievements and activities of the house, so I shall take this opportunity of thanking everybody in Rolt house for all they have done towards the common good of the house, whether it be small or great.

My special thanks go to Mrs. Stockwell who has been an invaluable help and guide to me throughout the year. It has been a great honour for me to be head of the house this year and although at first, I was apprehensive, I am now enjoying every moment.

My very best wishes go to every member of the house. Remember that its the spirit and sportmanship that count, not who wins or loses.

Karin Corder

Swimming Report

Rolt always features in this activity - we won the gala and the cup for the fifth time in succession - congratulations everyone!

Special mention must be made of the outstanding efforts of Jane Johnson and Monica Oelz - the latter was also awarded colours this year.

Rolt achievements must surely spur us on to even greater success next year.

Siobhan Mannion

Diving Report

Rolt did well in the competition this year, being placed first. Several of our junior members are keenly interested in this activity. Four Rolt girls were chosen to represent the school in the Inter-Schools Diving Competition - Aylex Cross, Tanya Landless, Monica oelz and Siobhan Mannion.

~~Keep~~

Keep up the good work, divers and win the shield again in 1979.

Siobhan Mannion



Siobhan Mannion

Std. X

Mrs. Honig (orange cap)

in Inter-house Gala



After

Inter-school Gala



Tennis Report

Tennis is not exactly Rolt's forte, but our House spirit makes up for our losses.

Our annual Inter House Tennis Championships will be held in the fourth term. Last year's results were as follows: Merriman, Jagger and then Rolt. Although we were placed last it was great fun and we enjoyed playing for our House.

Special congratulations go to Toni Beck, Susan Davies and Jacky Rathfelder, who, with the other members of the Under 15 Tennis Team, participated in the Inter School Tennis Tournament at the beginning of the year and were placed third.

Good luck for the Tennis Championships. Come on Rolt, let your Skill equal your spirit.

Vanessa Geldenhuys

Gymnastics Report

Gym Club has been active this year and there will be a competition in the third term. Several new members belong to Rolt. They all show great potential and there is a good chance that we will feature strongly in this competition.

Gym Club is always great fun and I hope that many more girls will participate in this worthwhile branch of sport. Our special thanks go to Miss Kable who so willingly helps us each Monday evening.

Siobhan Mannion

Hockey Report

Rolt lost to Merriman in the inter-house hockey competition last year. This year there are four Rolt girls in the first team: Vanessa Geldenhuys, Tanya Honig, Belinda Couzens and me. The inter-house hockey match will probably be a very close competition indeed. May the best House win!

The school's first team went on a hockey tour during the Easter holiday. It was great fun although the hockey wasn't great! The aim of the tour - to create better team work and team spirit was definitely achieved. Dear old 'Bronti' (our school bus) once again chugged up the Garden Route, however this time he had a bakkie driven by Mrs Hartman. Mrs Hartman, was great fun and a fabulous companion to all on tour.

We spent the Easter weekend at the Hogsback Inn, north of Grahamstown. We went on numerous walks through the lush ever-green forest in the area. We got lost several times which made the walks all that more interesting and exciting. Miss Kable was very concerned about our exercise and insisted on chasing us up hills at 7 o'clock in the morning even on Easter Sunday! On that day we attended an enchanting open air church service in an oak avenue. At the Inn the atmosphere was relaxed and the food was outstanding. It was with much regret that we left the Hogsback after the weekend.

In Grahamstown we stayed at the Grand Hotel and went on a tour of the town, kindly guided by Manky Scott's cousin. We visited the Settlers Monument and other museums. We also spent a day on a 1820 settler farm, owned by a friend of the Knudsen's. We drove tractors, rode horses and ate far too much.

We enjoyed all our matches even though we lost most of them. The tour was great fun and our sincere thanks go to Miss Kable, who organised the tour and was responsible for its success.

Karen Corder

Netball Report

The 1978 Interhouse competition will take place in the 3rd term. Last year we did not do very well because we lacked players. We obtained 3rd place. We are still short of players but the spirit is good and those that do play are keen to do well. With a little more practice and enthusiasm we might do better this year.

Good Luck!

Siobhan Mannion

Squash Report

We had a successful win last year with Rolt managing to beat both Merriman and Jagger in the Interhouse Squash Tournament. We hope to obtain a similar victory once again as, although we have lost Nicky Kohler (a W.P. player), we have Meg van Niekerk and Karen Corder, both of whom play in Jill Ecksteins' squad

Many girls have enthusiastically started taking squash coaching with Mrs Higginbottom and other trained coaches and we hope that this interest in the sport will continue to produce such promising players as Tony Olivier, Susan Davies and Susan Burns.

Meg van Niekerk

Library Report

This year the library has reminded me of a quotation from Max Beerbohm's 'Zuleike Dobson', which reads:

"On another small table stood Zuleike's Library. Both books were in covers of dull gold".

Because of the extensions which were being made to the Duncan Baxter Library, our sorely tried librarian, Miss Tremble, had to make do with a skeleton library, operating in a vacant classroom. Not surprisingly, the magic was lacking, once removed from the imposing environment of our beautiful library. The books seemed to have diminished slightly in size and the print seemed slightly faded - almost apologetically so.

However, to make up for months of painful drilling, banging and ear-shattering noise a reading-room and a working area have replaced the old classrooms near the library, and will no doubt, provide peace and quiet for many,

Library Prefects

J.Dicey	S.Justice
C.Dowdle	Y.Stockwell

Caroline Dowdle

Music Report

Our members have shown a keen interest in this cultural activity. Several girls are Choir and/or Chamber Choir members and will share in the excitement of participating in the Youth Concert at the Nico Malan Theatre on the 14th August.

There was a great rush to organise and practise our items for part one of the Inter-House Music Competition, which took place so soon after the mid-year examinations. We were delighted with the adjudicators' decision to give us first place jointly with Merriman.

Yvette Stockwell

Oral Communication Report

The greatest oral communication triumph of Rolt since the publication of the last house magazine was our winning of the Interhouse Competition at the end of last year.

Other than that there has been no debating between the houses specifically, but several of the Rolt girls have taken part in debates this year. Caroline Dowdle was one of the speakers in the debate against Bishops in May. Yvette Stockwell coped admirably in a hectic debate against Wynberg. Karen Corder, Caroline Dowdle, Terry Roomes and Fiona Maqueen participated in a very enjoyable forum discussion with Immaculata High School; this was our first forum discussion for a long time, and its informal nature was a pleasant change from the stricter form of debate.

Two Rolt girls, C. Dowdle and Y. Stockwell will be taking part in the Interschools Forum Discussion Competition. Let's hope that they will lend that extra finesse and style so typical of Rolt House to the team.

Karen Corder

Report on Drama

Well, what a busy year this has been, in the first term we had our School Play - The House of Bernada Alba by Lorca, produced by Mrs Saffery. Only three 'Rolts' were involved, those being, Mrs Mallet, who was also a very good stage manager, Christine Pulvermacher as the maid and Louise Murdock as the Sound Assistant to Mr Scott. Girls taking drama for matric were also involved as women in mourning, Jenny Anderson and Jane Johnson were the only Rolt girls. We are, as it happens, sadly lacking talented girls in the senior classes - in the drama field that is!

Mrs Mallet gave up nearly all her free time and attended every rehearsal with her children who took smallparts in the play. She was well rewarded by Elaine Durbach's remark in her criticism about the very local setting - we had to laugh, especially seeing that Dr.S's chair had been used.

Christine was also complimented by Mrs Saffery's friend, Mrs Knott-Craig. Her acting was very good and she handled the difficult scenes demanded of her very well.

A wine and Patè supper preceded the first night and play was a great success in every way. The full houses were super to see and must have been very gratyfying to both Mrs Mallet. and Mrs Saffery. A party was held after the last night and the cast kindly handed out some lovely presents to the helpers. Lots of food was to be had and everyone came out feeling physically full if not a little mentally empty at the thought of the all the work of the past months being finished.

The Eisteddfod and Drama Evening filled the second term. Mrs Saffery must have been thrilled with the results of the Eisteddfod, the drama classes who are doing drama as a matric subject did very well especially the Standard nines who won two cups as a group and another honours - minus a cup - as a group. Jenny Anderson, Christine Pulvermacher and Louise Murdock were members of this group. Other results were:
Dramatic Extracts: A de Villiers and S.Davies
Solo speaking: L.Murdock, S.Davies, A de Villiers and J.Johnson.

(All with Honours)

M.A.D. Club or the Drama Evening as it is known now, was sadly depleted by absentees but the evening was still fun.

The Rolt Girls who took part were:

Jane Johnson, Amanda de Villiers, Leigh Mukheiber, Susan Davies, Georgina Hart, Jenny Anderson and Christine Pulvermacher.

We are not having a Play Competition this year, but I suppose we cannot complain as we have been very busy. Perhaps next year!

I cannot end this report without thanking Mrs Saffery, Mrs Mallet and Mrs Lawson who have worked so very hard to achieve the results that we gained and CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs Lawson and her husband on their baby boy.

Louise Murdock

Music, Art and Drama Block



New gates



Extension 1978

1920's

The first kindergarten



1970's

Report on the Social Responsibility Club

We have been delighted that we have seen the three institutions we support: the Bruce Duncan Home, St. Michael's Home and the Princess Alice Orthopedic Hospital, six times in the last half year. We hope that there will be even more opportunity to become more intimate with the children whom we are already getting to know so we are also most grateful to Mrs Stockwell who has accompanied us and lent us her Combi.

The first outing with St Michaels to Cecilia Forest was a great success and there were enough Herschel girls to adopt a child as their special charge for the afternoon and we enjoyed the impromptu swim in the tadpole pool as much as the little ones did. We concentrate upon the children aged about five to nine. The children found the freedom of the hike and the picnic that accompanied it so enjoyable that they did not want to leave the faithful old school bus when home time arrived.

However in the second term we were together again — together, this time at the zoo, feeding the deer and hiking across the mountain towards the harbour. Little girls such as Astrid and Sharon and a boy called Sasha have really begun to relate to individual girls and clamour for their 'special friend' to piggyback them or hold their hand.

Mr Mangold of the World of Birds in Mbut Bay again showed us his generosity and we were able to take a large group of Bruce Duncan children there. They were fascinated if not a little scared of the ostriches but finished their afternoon happily on the beach, eating cake and sand, sharing their food willy-nilly with two beautiful dogs who adopted us, and eventually went home tired, happy and wet - particularly little little Gamat - from their splashing in the tidal pools which had built up on the beach.

Once again we were saddened to see that some of the children in the Princess Alice, whom we had begun visiting four years

ago, are still there. They however show no sign of sadness at all and throw themselves enthusiastically into the games, puzzles, stories and other activities that each girl takes with her to the beds. The little boys show off by racing their wheelchairs up and down between the beds and their enthusiasm is delightful.

Magazines have been coming in regularly and have gone out to the various hospitals in the Peninsula. Books are a regular feature and are given to any fete or organization which requests them and which we feel is suitable.

Many of the girls helped at the Lady Buxton Home Fete again this year, particularly on the book stall. Books and paper has gone to Sister Beignina at Matroosfontein convent, particularly for use at Crossroads.

Clothing comes in regularly and has been split up between St. Michael's Home and Child Life.

In Sociological Club we have had many lectures and films on Child Welfare, Crossroads and other Social Responsibility subjects, which makes us far more aware.

Last year we had a very successful collection of blankets, clothes and tinned food and wool for the squatters and I feel that we should find another worthy cause and collect again. Every year Rolt girls knit jerseys for the Bruce Duncan children and we also collect money for them, but we should also collect more articles as a school. Oh well, Blisters for Bread is coming up in September, I hope that we will exceed the marvellous amount that we collected last year.

Thank you to the Rolt girls who have so faithfully taken part and especially to Mrs Mallet who has so much enthusiasm and who arranges the outings, not once - thanks to you Mrs Mallet - have we had a failure. We look forward to the end of the year Christmas Party and to the remaining outings, next year as well.

Mrs. Mallet & Louise Murdock
Chairwoman

Matric Dance Report

Great excitement infiltrated the Matric classroom weeks before the Great Event. Designs of dresses were discussed and re-discussed until one could actually picture the dress even before one had seen it. Names of partners were exchanged and the tension mounted. Flower-making, (which resulted in many a sore finger !), and painting began about five weeks before the Dance, at my house, in our playroom, which, incidentally, looked as though a bomb had hit it. The good artists in the Matric class showed their skill and the finished products were excellent. We chose a woodland scene using the colours green, brown, yellow and orange. The day before the Dance, was spent tying the paper flowers onto a net hanging below the ceiling of the hall, hanging up murals and setting out the tables. Friday, the day, was spent visiting the hairdresser and taking last peeks at dresses.

Eventually the hour arrived to proceed to school where everything was ready for us and where Dr. Silberbauer and her husband were waiting to receive us and our partners. The band began to play and the teachers and the girls and their respective partners mingled on the dance floor. Dinner of chicken, cooked by the Domestic Science girls, was enjoyed by all and the next course was ice-cream and chocolate sauce !

John, one of our domestic staff, who was standing behind our table, kept up a running commentary of everybody and everything that was going on. Gradually the evening drew to a close and good nights were exchanged. But, it was not the end of the evening for us - far from it. We all proceeded to Nancy Jackson's house in Kirstenbosch where the 'after-party' complete with disco, was to be held. Delicious looking snacks awaited us which we nibbled throughout the night. We danced our feet off until dawn and those who were still awake, then attended a champagne breakfast at Siobhan Mannion's house. Everybody looked half-asleep as they sat sipping champagne and watching the light slowly appear above the tree-tops. Everybody then proceeded homewards to warm beds, cherishing a strangely happy feeling, after a thoroughly memorable and enjoyable evening.

HOUSE HONOURS

"No-one knows what she can do until she tries"

Anon.

Prefects:

Head:

Karen Corder
Siobhan Mannion
Yvonne Ward-Smith

Boarding House:

Jackie Dicey
Vanessa Geldenhuys

Academic Achievement:

Scrolls:

Ingeborg Maier

Badges:

Belinda Blake
Caroline Dowdle
Alison Marr
Leigh Mukheiber
Yvette Stockwell

Oral Communication and Drama:

Badge:

Caroline Dowdle

Sport Achievement:

Swimming Colours:

Jane Johnson
Monica Oelz

Diving Colours:

Siobhan Mannion

ENGLISH

Fiction

is
time
but a mere
emphasis
of life's
short
span?

V Geldenhuys Std X

The Sea

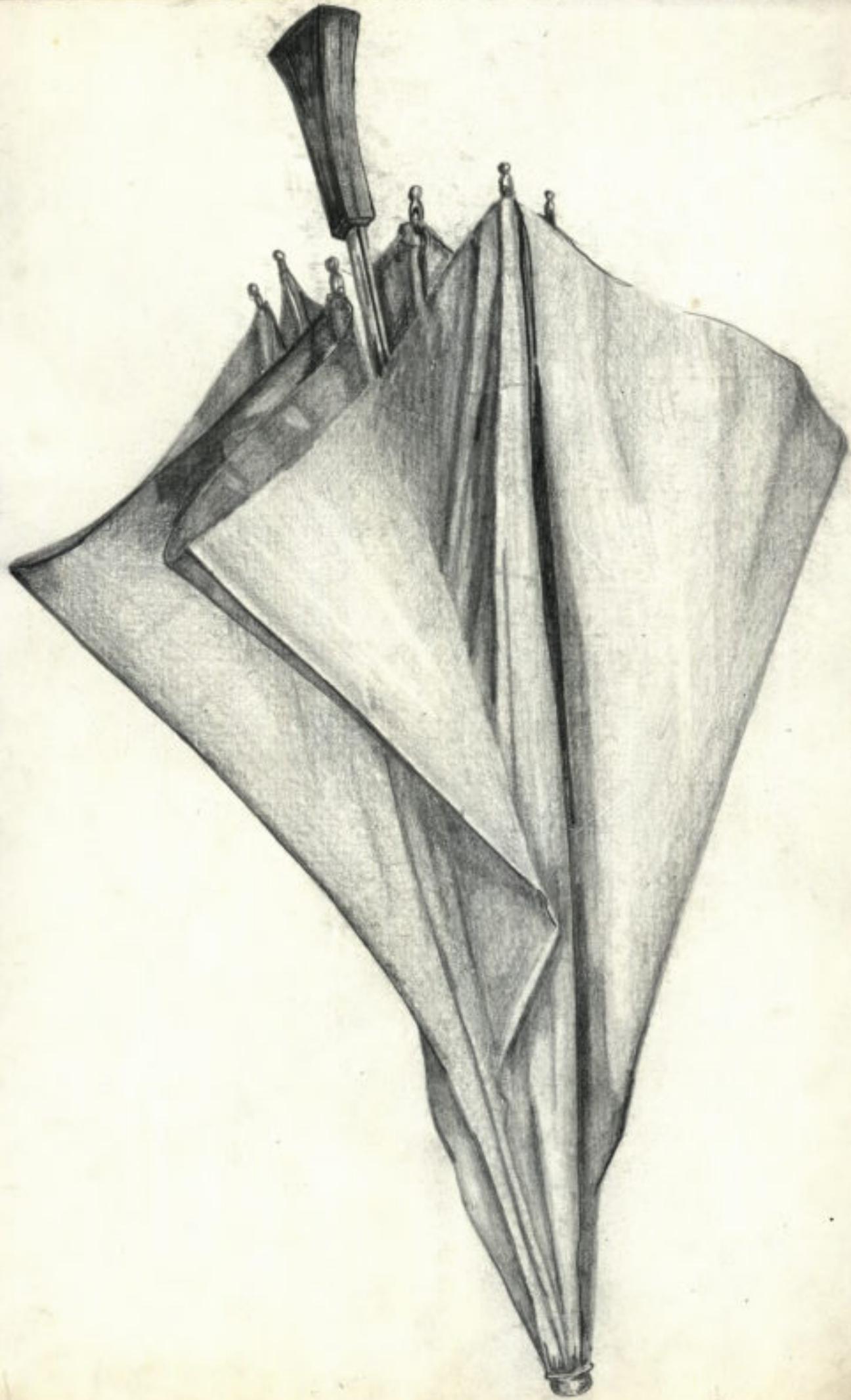
The restless sea
pounds
against the rocks
tossing spray ...
retreating ...
momentarily resting
then surging up again
in it's eternal cycle of motion

Susan Burns Std VIII

Haiku

Dew on red roses
Cool rain on blue irises
Fill the world with glee

Kathy Dower Std VI



Sept

Dew
Forming
Crisply, New
Like diamonds
All shining
Morning-
Dew

G. Mackenzie Std VII

Bubbles

Bursting ! -
yet delicate
They erupt, on the surface
of the pond
Bubbles -
breaking with
beauty.

Jane Johnson Std VIII

A lanterne

Bird
Flies High
Over sea
With the wind
Free

S. Hart Std VII

A Sept

Ice
Coldly
Melting down
Floats in Lemonade
Transparent
Tinkles -
Gone

J. Krone Std VII

Through a Magnifying Glass

A hand groped around for the button on an alarm clock which seemed to be ringing twenty-four hours too soon. Three books fell off the pedestal onto the floor. Eventually, the hand found the knob and the ringing ceased. Slowly, slowly a head emerged from under a blue and yellow duvet. Then shoulders, and after an incredible mental effort - a body.

Billy Topbuis, a member of Miss Prat's biology class had to make a survey on "Life at Dawn".

It was half past four when Billy, clad in his new brown slippers, a smart red dressing gown and his yellow pyjamas stepped out into the cold morning air. He was armed with a pencil and notebook, and most important, his father's large magnifying glass.

"Exploration and Knowledge" was the feeling which should have motivated Billy. Billy was worried about his test mark. "It had better be good, or I shall fail," he thought.

Out he trod, over the clean, green grass to the rockery. He saw a half-opened daisy right on the top level. He clambered up and positioned himself on the level to watch a miracle.

It was while he was sitting there, that he noticed a strange dark object.

"Oh ! The magnifying glass," he thought. "This might be a true discovery !"

The object was covered in hundreds of large, black ants. They had devilish faces - leastways, that was what Billy thought. They were all moving vigorously, running hither and thither, seemingly very busy. Billy likened the object to a tank, transporting a whole army - "some tank", he thought, "and some army !".

"What if they are coming to take over my father's rockery ? I had better warn him. If they capture the rockery, they may take over the garden, and then the road, and then there is no stopping them. The world would become a 'creepy crawly' ant colony, and they would eat me and my family, and Miss Prat. Mind you, I would not have to do this work so early in the morning if all of us were gone !"

"I hope that the ants would be really large when they eat my family, then I could be like Jona in the whale, or Pinocchio and his father."

Billy looked again at the creatures. They had six legs - four more than us. That would make them so very powerful. They make much less noise than we do. This would certainly aid them in stalking. A war against the ants - we would not have a chance !

Billy saw a very large black back approaching the ant tank. "Ally or enemy ?" he wondered. He looked more closely. It was a large black beetle. He wondered, if the beetle joined the tank, what its use would be ? Perhaps just as a monster scare.

A bee came buzzing by. It landed near the tank like a bomber - for more supplies. Billy could see how finely the markings on this plane were painted. There must not be any mistakes in war.

Billy could determine almost every detail of this war - the tank, the army, the planes, the psychological influence of scare.

His eyes were tired of looking through the glass. He looked up. He had missed the miracle. A beautiful white daisy was smiling at the sun.

It was broad daylight when Billy came down from the rockery and went inside for his breakfast.

He drew up a paper for Miss Prat:

Topic:	Life at Dawn
Utensils:	Pencil, paper, magnifying glass
Time of research:	4.30 am
Comment:	A Magnificent World !

Yvette Stockwell Std IX

The Space-Seed

You are a fascinating object indeed,
You couldn't be called an ordinary seed.
As you circle the globe, a satellite, no doubt,
Do little green men go in and out ?
With your mysterious ducts and antennae proud,
Are they signals from earth coming clear and loud ?
You spin through the air, going round and round,
A Seed, would only burrow into the ground,
Oh yes, you're a fascinating object indeed...
You could never be called an ordinary seed !

Lisa Lyhne Std VI

Reflection of a Tiger

Shimmering shadow
On ice blue water
Rippled by winter's breath
Stripes shiver
Emerald eyes wander back into the powerful face
Ferns bend over to tickle and tease the image
Then
a thirsty tongue hits the water heavily
And the picture is scattered.

Hilary Knight Std VIII



Tanya Honig

Std. IX

That Stone !

All was still
My life was tranquil
A pebble plunged the well
From the centre to the spill
The ripple moved it all
It was just a ring of the bell
That caused my ivory tower to topple and fall.

Pamela Boyes Std VIII

My friend Sandie

My best friend Sandie was mad on pop music. Every Monday evening I found her glued to the television awaiting Pop Shop. The next day she would go around in a trance, humming all the favourites.

Then, one day Sandie invited me to go to a pop concert with her. We set off very early to get good seats. An hour and a half later the concert started. Sandie went completely mad, screaming and tearing at her hair throughout the performance.

Afterwards she and I went backstage to get autographs, but when she finally got to the stage door the pop singers came out, pushed her away very roughly and hopped into their expensive car and roared away.

The next Monday I went around to Sandie, and she refused to watch Pop Shop. I think it was just that one push that put her off Pop singers for once and for all !!

Phillipa McKee Std VIc

He drew a circle
That shut me out.
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had
the wit to win,
We drew a circle that
took him in.

T.L. Liljequist Std VI

A Drip

His monotonous voice droned in my ear.
Then again and again we sank into an
Awkward silence:
Time glided by.
Torturing, empty.

At last I am at home
And he is a drip !

Shane Fairhead Std VIII

Realization

Arm in arm
The two of us
alone
walking slowly
thinking of nothing
except
each other.

M. Maisel Std VIII

No Return

A solitary figure was sitting hunched up on a windswept beach, thinking. Thinking thoughts which screamed tormentingly through her mind. Thoughts of her homelife, of an emotional relationship and of school. As she thought, her pain and sorrow dominated her, until her body was racked by gasping hysterical sobs, which made her feel as though they would shatter her body into tiny pieces, to be swept away by the wind and the sea.

Later, when the wind had died down and the sun was beginning to set, the girl, her long brown hair falling limply around her shoulders, wandered home, to be met by threats and punishment. To seek comfort, she urgently dialled the number of her boyfriend, only to be answered with, "He's out with his friends." She crept back to her room.

The following day after being severely told off by at least three teachers, for not paying attention, she walked unhappily out of the school gates and towards the beach.

There was someone on the beach, a stranger. She ignored him as she passed him, but something made her turn around and look back at him and as she did so she could see a calm, yet dazed look in his green eyes. Although he looked at her, he did not seem to see her. She walked on.

That night when she 'phoned her boyfriend, he answered her curtly and coldly and then suddenly said, "A friend of mine has a cousin down here for a few days and he's asked me to take her out a few times, so I won't be seeing you for a while. Look, I have to go now, bye."

She numbly replaced the receiver and walked outside. How could he? Why did he not refuse his friend's request? Was he beginning to find her a drag, was she tying him down? But, the main question was, would he be faithful to her. As it turned out he was not. A friend told her about it. How it hurt! When she asked him about it he practically ignored her and became cold and distant. She turned and fled to the beach.

The stranger was there again. He watched her as she stumbled blindly past him. When she finally threw herself on the sand, he stood up and walked, almost shyly to her.

"Want to talk about it?" he asked, sitting down next to her.

"There's n-not m-much to tell," she sobbed.

"Tell anyway", he said.

"I've j-just found out th-that my b-boyfriend's been unfaithful to m-me, and it h-hurts so much"! she whispered. "He was so cold about it, and that hurt even more".

"You love him, don't you?"

"Yes, I do", she replied and for a minute their eyes met and understanding seemed to flow through them.

"Trust me!" was all that he said, and she did.

The following day they met on the beach again. He took her hand and led her to a pile of rocks. He took a bottle from his pocket, opened it and said, "Have one."

"What is it?" she asked nervously.

"It's something which washes away all your problems, it makes the world beautiful and it makes you feel calm and contented. Go on, try it. I promise you, you won't regret it. And as she did, she realized, uncaringly, that she had begun a journey of no return.

Nicky Schmidt Std X

The knights are a-waiting,
the field is all set,
For this battle will prove
Who the princess will get.

But soon t'is all over,
The red knight has won,
The sinner is shamed
Though all is not done.

The black knight she loves
Though he lives deep in sin,
And she loves not the red knight
Who surely will win.

That night from her casement
The princess she flees
With her vanquished black knight
To the woods and the trees.

There's a clatter of swords
And a banging of shields,
The black knight is down
And to mercy he yields.

Next morn at the palace
When all are awake,
They find she is absent,
They weep and they quake.

But soon he recovers ~~and~~
And stands up to fight,
The princess she weeps
For her sinful black knight.

The princess is happy
And so is her knight,
They live in the woods
Where love wins the fight !

Toni Oliver Std VII



Toni Olivier

Std. VII

Mist

Shirley entered her apartment. It was dingy, shabby and a smell of Irish Mist still lingered in the air. A bottle of the infernal stuff was lying on the couch. She picked it up, looked at it, and then with a sudden show of temper she flung it against the wall. She instantly regretted it and went to fetch a dustpan from the kitchen.

She then sat down on the couch and thought about the mess her life was in. Shirley saw as through a mist her wedding day only three short years before. She had worn a long, flowing white dress with a beautiful lace veil, she remembered Roger's face, tender and trusting, looking down at her. It had been a wonderful wedding, the only thing spoiling it being her father's absence. She had thought then that he was being pigheaded, saying that Roger was an idle layabout, and that if Shirley married him, he would no longer consider her his daughter. Shirley's eyes grew misty at this recollection, Oh, why hadn't she listened to him, Shirley reproached herself. He had been right all along and it had taken her three years to find out.

Shirley had never known her mother. She had died in a motor accident when Shirley was two, leaving her father to bring her up. He had never remarried and in many ways had been a perfect father. He had catered for all Shirley's needs, but had never unduly spoiled her. They had always got on very well together and it was not until Shirley met Roger that they ever disagreed about anything. From the time that Roger was introduced to Mr. Jennings a kind of tension grew between Shirley and her father which only snapped when Shirley broke away from her father to marry Roger.

Shirley remembered their honeymoon vividly. She had never been so happy before. Everything was new to her. It was only when they got back that Shirley came down to earth with more than a little bump. They moved into a tiny flat in a rather squalid area. Roger seemed a changed person. He criticized everything: Shirley's cooking, her housework and especially her father whom he really seemed to despise. Although Shirley didn't like him running down her father in this way she was sure that he would soon be the gentle, loving man she knew him to be. Instead he got worse. He was always home late, thus completely spoiling the meals that Shirley always painstakingly prepared for him.

He began drinking heavily and when she 'phoned him one night at his office to enquire why he was so late she was convinced that she heard a female voice in the background which was certainly not his secretary's. This state of affairs continued until that morning when she found his note. It simply read: 'Have gone to live with Wendy - whoever she might be - Sorry, will see about divorce proceedings sometime if you want a divorce. Roger'.

Shirley read the note again. It was typical of Roger. He had not even had the courage to tell her about his leaving. He had just packed his bags and gone.

Shirley sat completely still and closed her eyes. She could see a misty image gradually getting clearer. It was her father beckoning to her. She began to pack her bags.

S. Daines

Std VIII

Clouds

If you walk along third avenue New York, and look upwards, you will see very little sky, but tall buildings stretching up, wonders of steel and concrete. Down on the grey sidewalk the people walk quickly, for New York is a busy city. The News-vendors do a brisk trade - high finance, world events, politics, Broadway glamour, comic strips and pornography.

A newspaper caught by a breeze drifts along the gutter. A young boy hurries to retrieve it. The stark black and white headlines stand out, "Prominent New York businessman plunges to death". But what is one man among the so many million inhabitants of this city. The people walked on, conscious only of the supper waiting at home ...

Chuck B. Hoyt had arrived at work early that morning. He called for his secretary Miss Lemon. "Send me the files dealing with the Thompson Merger," he said. She walked out, efficient as always. He walked over to the window and looked up at the sky always grey above New York. He picked up his telephone receiver. "Operator, get me Dallas 198". He picked up a pencil and began to draw abstract objects in his notebook. Outside a light drizzle was falling. "Hello," he said, "please may I have Mr. Gart". The clouds in the sky were thick and heavy, "Hello, Rex, he said, "what progress has been made on the Houston deal?...What, not biting?...Well, you can go as far as 500 000 but no further," he glanced up. "Thank you, Miss Lemon." He looked down at the files, "Call me, if there is any further progress, give my regards to your wife." He put the receiver down.

He thought over the events of the previous day. When Ursula had phoned in the evening and had told him of her affair with Jimmy, his partner's younger son. Absently doodling on his pad, he looked up at the grey-black sky and the swollen clouds. He wondered what it was all worth. The heavy drops of rain thudded against the window pane. Absently he opened the window, and felt the cool droplets against his face. Down in the streets, he watched the microscopic cars move through the grey streets.

Miss Lemon came in. "I have brought you the report on the Union Consolidation plan," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Lemon", ... and what were she and Jim doing now. He thought of their Manhattan apartment. He had meant to take her to Florida that Fall, she would have enjoyed it.

The telephone rang. Business. Business. Business. What a cold, dull, grey, empty world it was. Wearily he answered.

Ursula - how he had loved her. He remembered his early days with her, lunch in the park, hamburgers at the drugstore ... and he looked up at the clouds, and opened the window.

Georgina Frater Std IX

Strange Music

He hurried through the crowded streets, pushing and shoving as he went, oblivious of the dirty looks and irritated glares directed at him. Ah, there the man was, standing on the corner of the street, holding a plastic CNA packet. He ran the last few steps to the man who turned to him and said, "The chick fell?"

He replied, "Down the last steps" and the man handed him the packet. He delved in his jeans' pocket and produced a stained envelope which the man took, and then turned and moved off, mingling with the crowd. He clutched the packet with trembling fingers and shuddered violently.

Half an hour later, he was mounting the steps of a dilapidated block of flats. He came to a door which was in dire need of a coat of paint and fumbled for his key. He managed to push it into the lock and the door creaked, opening, groaning its complaints in no uncertain terms. He stumbled blindly over the threshold and turning, gave the door as hard a kick as his craving senses would permit. It had the desired effect -- the door slammed with a jar that shook the whole flat.

He threw himself onto the narrow mattress which was all his bed consisted of, being careful not to crush the packet.

He tore open the sticky-tape sealing the opening and lifted out the capsules and the syringe. He moaned softly and his fingers burned with his impatience. He placed the needle in the syringe, pierced a capsule and slowly the liquid filled the syringe. He tried to pierce the place in the crook of his arm which was already scarred with literally hundreds of pin pricks. After several jabs, he hit the right spot and slowly, lovingly, injected the liquid into his bloodstream. He groaned with almost sensual pleasure as the syringe emptied, and then when the last drops filtered out he removed the blood-stained instrument and flung it across the room where it shattered against the wall.

"Oh God", he whispered, relaxing slowly against the mattress. His vision blurred and a bright formation of colours swam before his eyes, dancing wildly, taunting him until he cried out in his anguish. He rocked from side to side slowly as phantoms flitted around in his head. And then the music started -- it was a soft wailing which was not unpleasant -- it accompanied a floating feeling. It gradually grew louder and then LOUDER until it became a wild, uncontrolled jangling and

streaks of silver tried to splinter his brain -- what was left of it. And all of a sudden, it stopped, and gave way to a thudding noise -- the thudding of running footsteps, or the insides of a clock or the beating of a heart. This was accompanied by soft, fairly soothing sounds -- not actual music, but just sounds. Sounds. Dark, soft, furry articles floated around, sometimes bumping each other and yet although they looked soft, when they bumped, they jarred and caused a nasty scraping, squeaky sound which hurt. Then a droning noise started. It went on and on and he asked somebody to stop it, but they just laughed and it went on and the volume began to mount, and it rose until his ears were splitting. Suddenly there was a mighty blast and lights exploded everywhere, red, blue, white, green, all attended by their own particular sounds.

He sat up suddenly and retched violently and then fell back -- totally spent and exhausted by his "trip". The soft, dark mists of oblivion once more obscured his thoughts as he drifted off with soft sounds humming in his ears.

C. Pulvermacher Std IX

Sept

Leaves
falling
softly down
on the golden grass
lying alone
Autumn
now

M. Marais Std VII

Lanterne

The end

Old
Alone
Nothing left
But to wait, for
Death.

G. Mackenzie Std VII

The Old Man

The man walked down the dusty road
He seemed so bent and grey-
To me he looked so very old
As he plodded his weary way.

He had a basket on his arm
It was so old and torn
'Twas obvious that he meant no harm
His face was so forlorn

Moira Mannion Std VI

Fungus

"Wakey-wakey, Mr. Radley", called the Sister. "Time to rise and shine. We're going to enjoy a bit of sunshine in the garden today. It's such a lovely day that it's a pity to waste it indoors."

Her long, sharp nails dug a little into the old man's sides as she helped him into his dressing gown and into his wheelchair. Her mouth was printed in a permanent plastic smile, and only her pinched nostrils and arched eyebrows indicated her scorn for this helpless, senile parasite.

In the gardens of the "Home of Happiness" (for the "senior" members of society), there were already several chairs dotted around on the lawn, no doubt containing people, and the old man requested that he be placed in a private corner. His dentures whistled and slished as he spoke. The sister left him, presumably to uproot someone else from his bed, and the old man was left alone. At first he sat motionless, a blank being. Then, slowly, thoughts began to filter through from the back of his mind. He started to notice things - the grass, soft and comforting, the shaped hedge, the geometrical flower bed. By sinking lower in his chair, so that his slippered feet just tickled the grass, he could watch the sky. It was a deep azure. Across it floated clouds, changing shape as they moved, abstract, yet resembling something very definite, something he couldn't quite

The roar of the plane's engine split the sky and its pilot's thoughts. About forty-five, Wing Commander Radley was a stolid, unemotional man, and had been the obvious choice to pilot the 'plane containing the filming crew contracted to film the explosion. They had been full of instructions, telling Radley exactly at what angle he must fly over Hiroshima, so that the cameras could catch the bomb's progression and result in the most effective way.

It was a warm, clear day and the pilot admired for the hundredth time, the view of the land, that one could catch in a 'plane. He glanced at his watch - four minutes to go. He began to rise and circle, following the direction of the crew's fingers. The plane carrying the bomb had dropped a little, and its blunt-nosed, good-humoured profile was directed towards the target.

The crew started filming, their bodies taut and tense, their cameras pointed out of the plane at the 'plane of the bomb.

Three - two - one. The small black object popped out of the 'plane and whistled on its way earthwards - it was so very small.

Radley didn't ever remember the exact moment of impact, just the ensuing overall noise, more of the marvelling camera crew than the explosion - but he remembered the cloud. That great fungoid mushroom of destruction that rose, covering the wound it had inflicted. Detached, unbelieving, Radley heard voices inside him, asking what - how - why? They hurt him, niggled their way under his armour of civilisation and "non-emotion".

The old man's eyes, momentarily sharp at the memories, clouded again and aimlessly returned to the grass and its blandness.

C. Dowdle Std IX

Sun
Setting ;
Golden Glory
Fades from sight
Darkness -
Night

S. Hart Std VII

Mist

Little Mist slowly uncurled his sleeping body and unwillingly opened his enormous dark eyes. Blinking several times, he gave a little yap for want of some attention and received it in the form of a sharp clout from his father. Subdued, Mist woefully lay still while the horizon steadily blushed with the awakening sun. The air was still crisp with frost, but shortly it would be warming into a calm, peaceful day.

The day entailed hard activity, as all the sheep had to be moved from the lower fields into the higher pastures. Unused to the straying sheep, Mist was utterly exhausted from the exercise, when it was completed. But his father and certainly Farmer Gabriel were pleased with the results of the six month old Collie. Gluttony, Mist gulped down his extra portion of raw liver and drained his water-bowl at record speed.

Learning the correct techniques during his training was not as frustrating as anticipated, as his father's good example inspired and determined him immensely. It was exhausting training but his life was not one for the domesticated way.

Weeks later, Mist was commanded to move a small clump of sheep to the reserved pasture several kilometres higher up. The rounding up was good and so was the moving, except for one newly pregnant ewe who foolishly tried to edge away. Mist unsuccessfully tried to nip her back into the bunch and realised that it would be wiser to dispose of the main group of sheep first and then look for the straying nuisance.

Mist hurried from the pasture, nose scenting along the ground. The trail turned sharply to the right, around boulders of rocks and ... instinct stopped Mist with a jolt; his hair slowly crept up on end and stealthily Mist edged his way forward, further forward. He stopped carefully and gazed wistfully down the abrupt cliff, to where he could sight the sprawled, unliving, white mass of wool. He barked, woefully, knowing that he was too late to do anything. Mistily he turned and retraced his paw marks.

The sun was just spreading a "shepherd's delight" shade over the mountains along the horizon. Mist trotted on, until he reached the boulders and misplaced his left paw. He fell abruptly onto his side, cracking his skull against a critically sharp edge. His head swirled

and he felt as if someone was swinging him around and around by his tail, then falling with a jolt as the pain hit him torturously. His brain was enveloped in cloud and then there was a rythm of jabbing pain. A thick haze dominated his senses. Eventually bogged out of his mind, Mist sensed a deep overpowering black washing through him.

Slowly Mist became aware of the sprawled unsightly mass of flesh and fur, which he had used during his short life. He then continued up to a path which flashed bright gold, blinding Mist for a time. Then the colour dimmed to a delicate yellow and in the distance Mist could see the road leading straight forward for him.

P. Gleimius Std VIII

Encounter

It was late. Genevieve looked at her watch. It was almost six thirty. The office seemed eerie without the usual chatter of the typists and the ringing of the telephone. Genevieve had had to stay behind to finish typing an important contract which was to be signed the following day by a business executive of Marshall & Co., but was indecisive as to whether she should stay and complete the contract or come in to work earlier the following morning.

Genevieve glanced idly out of the window, allowing the time of day and threatening weather to sway her decision to leave the office. If she left now, she would reach home soon after seven, by which time it would be dark.

Genevieve lived alone, (well, almost alone except for her cat which she had named, very originally, Cat), just outside the busy town of Maybury. She was a Nature-lover and hence could not tolerate life in a 'convenient' flat in the town. Everybody, especially her parents, tried to persuade the poor girl to give up her homely, thatched cottage with over an acre of land covered with daffodils and huge trees. They told her it was unsafe and unnatural for a young girl to live on her own "in the wilds".

Slowly misteriously it began to grow darker. Night was throwing her black cloak silently, protectively, over the world. Genevieve could hear herself breathing but there came an interruption - the interruption of another pair of footsteps resounding, echoing on the narrow wooden bridge which Genevieve had to cross to reach her house. Genevieve began to walk a little faster, then trot, then eventually broke into a run. The footsteps followed. She was too frightened to turn around, yet her "pursuer" sounded not more than a yard away.

Eventually Genevieve reached the end of the bridge and turned around for a second to glance at her pursuer. There was no-one behind her. Genevieve felt overcome with acute embarrassment. Had she really imagined those footsteps? She laughed, a high-pitched, nervous, yet relieved laugh, and tossed her golden-brown hair away from her face.

The shadows of the tall oak and chestnut trees loomed over the small, cobbled pathway to Genevieve's cottage. She paused for a moment, admiring and appreciating the beauty of her surroundings. The daffodils were in bloom, the grass was green and her cottage, at that moment, reminded her of that of Red Riding Hood's Grandmother.

Cat was awaiting her arrival on the red-brick doorstep. He miauwed contentedly at the sight of her and rose condescendingly to saunter up to her and rub his face majestically along her stockinged leg. He was hungry and terribly thirsty, he told Genevieve reprimandingly.

Genevieve apologised profusely and then giggled at her silliness while unlocking the door. The house was dark. Only the outline of her rather old-fashioned furniture was visible. Genevieve stooped to pick up Cat's saucer to refill it with milk when she thought she heard, heavy breathing of a man behind her. No, she assured herself, she must be imagining things again.

Suddenly, frighteningly, she felt the coarse, dirty, wrinkled hands of a man close over her eyes and mouth. She screamed. No sound came out.

Everything went black

Brigitte Taylor Std. X

Those Heart-breaking Eyes

"Yes dear, I know how you feel," Mrs. Reynolds shook her head reflectively, "I also love dogs. I remember on my tenth birthday I was given a dog, but -" she stopped.

"Tell us about it, please," begged eleven year-old Paul who loved his mother's childhood stories.

"Yes, do, Mum," pleased the eight year-old twins, Jerry and Justine. "Very well," assented Mrs. Reynolds, "I remember it was a fresh Saturday morning. It was about nine o'clock and the sun was already high in the sky. I blinked once or twice to get accustomed to the light penetrating the darkness in which I had fallen asleep and then I felt a strange feeling of excitement come over me. What am I so happy about? I said aloud wonderingly. Before I could stop to think about it I heard the sound of my family's voices singing 'Happy birthday'. "Of course" I cried, jumping out of bed. "It's my birthday".

The next instant I was surrounded by a huge pile of presents and my younger brother - your uncle Gregory - was bouncing around beside me and shouting 'Open them, open them'.

The picture of their stern uncle Gregory bouncing around and shouting was too much for the children. They burst out laughing!

"Well", continued Mrs. Reynolds, after I had opened all my presents my mother told me to go and look in the shed. I obeyed her and there lying in a brown wicker basket with its head on its paws was an adorable, golden Labrador puppy with melting brown eyes. "Oh! I gasped, "she's gorgeous, I'm going to call her Sheba." I spent most of the day patting and stroking Sheba, and in the afternoon I took her for a run across the downs. I did wonder why she was'nt as bouncy and frisky as young puppies usually are, but thought it was because she had left her mother very young, and would soon settle down.

That night I put Sheba into her dog basket in the kitchen, with an alarm clock and a hot water bottle to keep her company, as she seemed to be shivering violently.

The following morning I woke early and crept downstairs to go and see Sheba. I opened the door quietly and slowly so as not to awaken Sheba, but there was no need, "Mrs. Reynolds' eyes became misty as

as she recalled this painful memory, "for the sight that met my eyes was a limp, brown little body stretched out, cold and stiff, on the kitchen floor next to the dog basket. Those melting, brown eyes were open, staring and motionless," Mrs. Reynolds stopped, unable to go on.

"Oh Mom," said Paul, "Shame!"

"What did you do then?" asked Jerry.

"Well," answered Mrs. Reynolds, "I remember just standing in the kitchen looking at the body of my puppy when Gregory came running in. He stopped dead and after a few moments went out mumbling something about digging a grave."

"And then" - began Jerry, whereupon the others told him to shut up.

"What did I do then?" said Mrs. Reynolds making an effort to appear cheerful, "I began to help Gregory to dig."

S. Daines Std VIII

Inspired by Robert Burn's TO A MOUSE

There, I got him. At last ! He has been pestering my ears for half an hour. Well, I had better get back to work since he is dead now.

Dead ! He is dead ! I made him "dead". I killed him. I picked up the swatter with evil intent and laid him out against the window pane. Big multi-eyes staring at me, still seeing, but dead. Six legs wriggling, but all dead. Blood oozing out of his split side, sliding down the window-pane. Yellow blood. Yellow ? Yellow is for cowardice. A coward deserves to die. But I killed him. I am a murderess, like all the women who died in the electric chair.

Oh, he was only an insect. Millions are killed every day; perhaps they are not as important as you and me ? This one is certainly important. The second before he died, I saw him looking at me through his million spectra. He looked beseeching and his feelers were almost clasped together. But then, perhaps yellow blood oozing, feelers spasmodically dabbling in wetness against the window pane.

Outside there is a raindrop racing a drop of custard down the pane. The flattened body stands out against a grey running background. Greyhounds run down the pane into one long stream. They turn a corner and go through a yellow obstacle. Custard. Custard ? No, blood. The blood of a newly-killed creature, foully struck down by an enormous, unthinking foe. The murder weapon is lying on the windowsill below its victim, yellow evidence stuck in the wire grille.

Suddenly, with a silent movement, the crumpled victim becomes detached from the window-pane and beats its little yellow drop of life in the race down the window-pane to the ground. Where is the broom and dustpan ? Open the door. Away goes the carcass in a gust of rainy wind, and I am left alone to my study of a book entitled, "The essence of murder".

Page one, chapter one, line one, "As we all know, to kill is a sin above all others, so"

Non-fiction

Sea Transport in The Year 2000

I have a horrible suspicion as I write this essay that sea travel in the year 2000 will be exactly the same as it is today. However, that view isn't going to get me anywhere right now. The constructive way to do this would be to view all the possibilities.

First of all, there could be no sea transport at all. Either the sea "land" could have been "reclaimed" (a lovely, airy, confident word, that) or it could be conomically not a viable form of transport, what with the Corcords flashing across the sky every three seconds.

Then, the sea could have become a complicated network of tunnels and thoroughfares, thus allowing one to "take a quick stroll through the Atlantic" before supper, or "hitch hike", literally, to Europe. This of course would be a slightly different form of transport from that which we experience today on the sea.

On the other hand, perhaps our sea travel by ships will just be much more sophisticated. All the ships will, of course, glide on a cushion of air above the surface of the sea, so as to avoid inevitable, uncomfortable turbulence - for "omnipotent" as the human race likes to think it is, it will never be able to tame the sea - Nature still rules supreme. To continue, the ship's course and navigation will be controlled entirely by computers, thereby preventing those erring humans, (or human errors) from producing their quaint, customary chaos. By that stage the food will be rather scarce, but the more exclusive cruisers, (or gliders ?) will serve the vitamin pills and liquid attractively moulded and iced. The stewards and stewardesses will be attractive, polite robots who will handle all situations coolly, efficiently, and without blowing any fuses. Unfortunately, the sea will not be a very wholesome colour or consistency by then, so the whole ship will be screened in, and projected onto these screens will be tasteful scenes of wide expanses of glistening azure and languid gulls or whales either flipping or flapping above or below the sea surface. As all the sun tanning will be done by ultra violet lights, it will not have to be done on the deck; this will therefore be used for other recreational purposes, perhaps a high-powered casino, where an honours course in statistics will be necessary in order to take part. This then, is a rough idea of what ship travel could be like in 2000.

However, perhaps our mental powers will have developed more by then and we will be able to travel across the sea in our minds - rather like an experience in the fifth dimension. But what a disaster if our thought waves get crossed, and someone who has booked a first class crossing ends up in steerage !

Oh well, another twenty-two years and we shall "know all about it". But what shall we have to look forward to then ? Somehow 3000 doesn't sound as good.

C. Dowdle Std IX

Composition on Walls and Fences

In this jealous world walls and fences rule: there are walls between houses; fences between farms; walls around convents; walls between communist and democratically ruled cities or states; symbolical walls between different races; different races and between East and West. The question which I constantly ask myself is: Why can we not live together, in a unified world; all races and religions together? Why is it necessary to have walls separating us from our 'friends'? In the Bible it says: 'Love thy neighbour as thou would thyself'; would that not be much easier if we lived with him and learnt his ways and his virtues, instead of seeing him now and again as you take the car out of the garage or peer over the wall or out of the upstairs window.

Barriers, of any kind, separating one person's land from another, give rise to jealousy, as your neighbour's garden is always better than ours. AS the saying goes; 'it is always greener on the other side'. If we gardened together and had no walls in between, the other side would not be greener and jealousy would not arise. People may argue saying that walls are needed to keep your garden private, but who needs privacy! If you really feel like getting away from it all, why can you not go for a long ride or walk in a secluded field or forest; breathing in the fresh smell of pine needles or freshly-mown grass.

The famous walls, real or symbolical, that I am going to discuss are: the infamous wall separating East and West Berlin, the walls of a Carmelite Convent and the wall between races. All these walls have something in common: people have tried to escape over them. Just as a rule is made to be broken, walls are made to be climbed.

The Berlin wall is a barrier surrounding West Berlin and cutting off transportation and communication between West Germany and East Germany. It was erected as a result of the decree passed on August 12th 1961; a barbed wire barrier was erected during that very night and was soon replaced by a nine-foot walls topped with barbed wire, its official crossing points are heavily guarded and another type of barrier, which are the strict regulations governing movement twixt East and West. The wall was erected to stop the flow of refugees from the Russian quarters of Berlin into the West. An electrical contact fence also surrounds it. We know little about the wall because people who have

escaped over the wall don't publish their stories because, if the Russians find out that they have published their stories they will get hold of the family that they have left behind. Invariably the poor East Germans do not escape, and if they do, they are often shot or captured in the act.

To "jump over the wall" of a convent, must be a very difficult and nerve racking task; permission is required from the Pope and after several years behind the convent walls, one must certainly have got left behind with latest politics, fashion and social etiquette and although one may really be quite young, the youth of the present day would find one "square" and old-fashioned. Personal things such as underwear might quite shock one. Instead of the petticoats and corsets of yesteryear one would be presented with a flimsy nylon brassiere. After all the trouble of receiveing permission from the Pope and adjusting oneself to the modern trends, I am sure that many ex-nuns wish that they had never attempted to leap over the wall.

The racial wall is especially talked about in South Africa, although America and England are also guilty of a certain amount of racial discrimination. In South Africa black and white housing areas are separate as are beaches, schools and public conveniences. The back-garden-wall of a poor white's house can be the beginning of a coloured, African or Indian township. If in the very beginning of the settlements in South Africa, the English, Scottish, Dutch and French people and treated the natives of this new land as educable human beings and not immediately walled them off from their settlements, the trouble in todays townships might never have started. For one thing the black people would be scattered, they would be satisfied and would not feel deprived. Integration is slowly insinuating itself upon us and gradually the descriminatory walls will be knocked down, we shall be equal, and, I hope, happy.

As you might have gothered from this essay, I am totally against walls. Perhaps the only wall which should survive is the wall used in the Eton Wall Game !

Louise Murdock Std IX

Snow

Silently, slowly, the flakes float from the heavens, caressing the land with gentle strokes as they fall, and clothing the landscape with diamond dust. High, craggy peaks are smoothed, and others bulge and billow like full, white sails. The glittering, uppermost summits are splattered with specks of jagged rock and the arms of the sweet-scented pines droop and sag with the burden of the clots of clustered powder.

There is serenity, tranquillity, peacefulness. All is hushed as if the thick, layered blanket of snow is silencing and comforting the troubled earth. The snow is soft, gentle, fresh and innocent. Everything is transformed by its touch. It beautifies even the most stark and ugly building; hiding the functional; masking the run-down or neglected. Like magic its fall metamorphosises the world, and everything becomes splendid in the white wonderland of snow.

Far below, in the hollows, nestled amid the soaring, awe-inspiring mountains are the little skiing villages. Roofs are piled high, and long fingered icicles form on the edges. The narrow, winding streets and sidewalks with their hotels, gasthofs, boutiques, gift shops, steaming coffeeshops and bars, bustle with brilliantly wrapped figures stumping along in clumsy ski boots. Sleighs driven by blanketed ponies jog along, their tinkling bells heard from afar, the occupants snuggled up in warm, furry covers, rosy cheeked and smiling. Children dart and scream beside gigantic snowmen, fighting their icy battles with inexhaustible supplies of weaponry.

The ski slopes are a buzz of activity with zigzagging kaleidoscopic dots sweeping the vast expanse of white. Multi-coloured ants zoom from the uppermost peaks, gradually enlarging as they descend from the heights. Suspended in mid air, chair lifts and drag lifts swing from side to side while red and silver cable cars soar to the towering Alpine tips. On the nursery slopes beginners tumble and fall, and become entwined in their skis. Loud-voiced ski-instructors shout orders to their flocks of fledgling skiers.

Laughter, shrieks of delight echo on the snowy mounds. What a paradise of pleasure, where physical skill is gradually learnt, and the slippery, slithering slopes are conquered by patience and practice.

To the pleasure seeker, the cosy Alpine resort is a source of exhilaration, excitement and satisfaction. Here, good snowfalls are vital to the economy of the village, but snow is not all fun and games. It can be hazardous, and a source of discomfort, hardship and real danger. Farms can be cut off, and sick people stranded by heavy falls, as was recently shown in Southern England. People can be buried in snowdrifts, animals lost forever, and farmers and stock can suffer greatly. Great inconvenience and sometimes tragedy can occur at airports where the snow fall has been heavy. Runways cannot be cleared in time, and planes have to be diverted. Snow and ice have killed many an intrepid explorer. The horrors of Scott's last expedition are known to all. How those men must have come to hate snow and Arctic conditions !

Man has learn't to adapt to snowy conditions, and is constantly inventing new methods and machines for dealing with them. It is a marvel to see how quickly a snowplough can clear the road and make it safe for traffic ! Certain peoples, such as the Eskimoes and Lapps, have adjusted to icy conditions, and they live contentedly in houses made of snow.

How resourceful man is ! He can utilize his genius for survival as well as pleasure !

L. Mukheiber Std IX

Some French Customs

Playing Bowls

'Boules' or 'petanque', is a national game played mostly in the South of France.

Whenever the French have picnics on Sundays or on public holidays, the men usually get together and play bowls. The bowls are made of metal, smaller than the wooden ones played with in other countries, but heavy. The game does not have to be played on a smooth piece of turf, but on any open space where the surface sometimes may be quite rough. This hazard, to the French, is one of the charms of the game.

'Tour de France'

The favourite of all French sports is cycle racing. Each town has a cycle racing club which holds its own races. The best riders of each club compete in the annual 'Tour de France' which is held in July. This race has been held every year since it was started in 1903. Hundreds of riders cycle all over France's valleys and mountain passes being watched by huge crowds of people.

'Pardons'

The people of the province Brittany are very religious and are famous for their 'pardons' or pilgrimages. A service is held in which the people of the village take their animals or belongings to be blessed. The people of Brittany, who have retained many of their old Customs, often wear their national costume at a pardon. The old women wear long black frocks; the young women prefer white dresses which are decorated with white lace. They both have white headresses and these are edged with lace.

Provençal Bullfighting

Provence was the first region of Gaul (or France) to be occupied by the Romans, and it is still known as "Roman France". Here there are many Roman remains - buildings and customs. The great Amphitheatres at Arles and Nimes are still used for concerts, plays and bullfights. In these fights, the bulls are not killed or harmed in any way. It enters the ring with a rosette fastened between its horns and dozens of young men rush around trying to snatch the rosette off. This can be dangerous for the men,

however, as the bull is agile and often gets away.

French Eating Habits

The French take much more care in preparing their food than most other people, and therefore their food is of a higher standard.

Breakfast is simple; usually fresh rolls, with coffee. Some people have "elevenes" - which consists of wine and biscuits - but lunch is the important meal of the day. There is soup prepared with great care; then a dish of green vegetables, served separately. Next follows the main course consisting of meat delicately stewed or braised, always with a sauce. Potatoes and bread are also served with a bowl of salad. Then a variety of cheeses is available, with bread. Wine is sipped between the courses.

Dinner in France follows the same pattern as lunch, but in the poorer homes the meat course is omitted.

J. Hayman-Joyce Std VIII

Geography

The Ocean Currents of the Atlantic Ocean

1. Distribution of Currents

There are two currents flowing near the equator - The North Equatorial Current and the South Equatorial Current. These two currents are warm due to their place of origin, and they flow westwards due to the north-east trade winds in the Northern Hemisphere and the south-east trade winds in the Southern Hemisphere. The North Equatorial Current moves slowly, reaching 16 nautical miles per day while the South Equatorial Current may reach 20 nautical miles per day in July. The North Equatorial Current flows between 40° and 30° N. while the South Equatorial Current flows nearer the equator between 4° and 20° S. Both of these currents are shallow and don't get deeper than 200m.

Between the North Equatorial Current and the South Equatorial Current the Equatorial Counter Current flows in an easterly direction. This current has to transport the water that has piled up due to trade winds and is a down slope current. It flows in an easterly direction in the Northern Hemisphere.

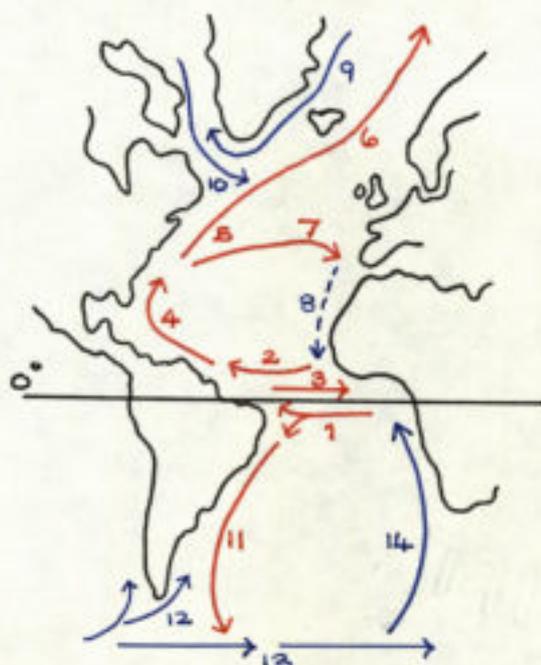
The North Equatorial Current joins the Florida current and flows northwards. This current is a gradient current because it has to transport the water that has accumulated in the Gulf of Mexico due to the North Equatorial Current. It is also a warm current and runs into the Gulf Stream, and then the North Atlantic Drift further north. The Gulf Stream is a very narrow current and flows very fast, sometimes reaching 100 nautical miles per day. It is due to the North Atlantic Drift that the harbours of N. Europe are kept ice free during the winter months.

The North Atlantic Drift branches northwards to the North Pole or flows in a south easterly direction as the Canary Current. This current is a cool one due to the cold waters of the north mixing with the warm waters further south. It is a compensation current, compensating for the loss of water caused by the North Equatorial Current. These currents mentioned above therefore complete the circuit for the Northern Atlantic Ocean.

The Greenland Current, also in the Northern Atlantic, flows southwards along the east coast of Greenland and then northwards along the west coast. This current is an extremely cold one. The Labrador Current, also very cold, flows in a southerly direction further south than the Greenland Current and meets the North Atlantic Drift.

When the South Equatorial Current reaches the coast of Brazil it divides. One part flows north westward to the North Equatorial Current and the other part flows southwards as the warm Brazilian current. The Brazilian Current is another gradient current making up for the accumulation of water brought by the South Equatorial Current. It flows to 30°S where it meets up with the Cold Falkland Current and flows eastwards. The Brazilian Current carries one tenth of the amount of water that the Gulf Stream does.

When the Antarctic Drift or West Wind Drift reaches the southern tip of South America it joins the Cold Falkland Current. The remaining water flows further eastward. The Falkland Current flows to the east with the Brazilian Current and joins the west Wind Drift. This is part of the cold flow of water that flows northwards along the coast of S.A. to form the cold Benguela Current. The Benguela Current is a compensation current for the South Equatorial Current. The Benguela Current then joins up with the South Equatorial Current to form the circuit for the South Atlantic Ocean.



Key.

- 1 South Atlantic Equatorial Current
- 2 North Atlantic Equatorial Current
- 3 Equatorial Counter Current
- 4 Florida Current
- 5 Gulf Current
- 6 North Atlantic Drift
- 7 North Atlantic Drift
- 8 Canary Current
- 9 Greenland Current
- 10 Labrador Current
- 11 Brazilian Current
- 12 Falkland Current
- 13 Antarctic Drift
- 14 Benguela Current

2. Effects on the Landmasses

The eastern seaboard of South Africa and South America are banded by warm ocean currents. The western seaboard of these two countries is banded by cold ocean currents. This difference in temperature causes a difference of 6°C on both sides in South Africa and 5°C in South America. This factor attracts more holiday resortmakers to the east coast. The same phenomenon is also true for the U.S.A., washed by the Gulf Stream and Californian Current.

The North Atlantic Drift has a strong influence on the economy of coastal towns in Northern Europe, particularly on Norway. This warm current keeps the harbours ice free during winter in this area while on the other side of the U.S.A. they are iced in. British harbours which are further north than EG Montreal are ice free during winter.

Cold or warm ocean currents effect the climate of the landmasses. It influences temperatures and rainfall eg. Eastern U.S.A. and Eastern tip of Africa.

When cold water wells up it usually brings plant and animal life to the area. The west coast of S.W.A. has the Benguela Current to thank for its rich fishing grounds. The Grand Banks of Newfoundland are also rich in fish life.

Currents have an important influence on shipping. Ships often use the currents in order to save petrol and to sail faster. Where the Labrador Current meets up with the Gulf Stream there is a dense fog which is dangerous for shipping. Ice bergs can also be detrimental to shipping routes.

Conclusion

Although the currents may seem just to be moving masses of water, they are of great importance to oceanographers and are able to influence the climate of a country considerably. They are able to enrich fishing grounds and have great economic importance so far as shipping and harbours is concerned.

J. Millar

GEOGRAPHY

Major Problems Associated with Today's Modern City

Today's cities result in numerous problems which have far reaching results. These problems can be divided into two major problems, centralization and pollution.

Centralization:

Centralization is the result of a dense concentration of people in large cities. This concentration of people in one point results in regional imbalance in prosperity. The isolation of some areas can cause economic decay in that area. This economic and even political decay is caused due to the younger generation leaving the area in search of better employment and a better social life. The aged and very young people are left behind who are economically not valuable and therefore economy declines. The influx of people into the central areas i.e. large cities, can result in socio-economic crimes and problems. Efficient administration becomes increasingly difficult which results in worsening conditions and intensifies all problems. The concentration of people and therefore an area of great economic value is also a problem because the city then becomes militarily a vulnerable spot to the country.

The only way to alleviate the problems of centralization is to decentralize areas and to spread affluence more evenly over the country. To achieve this, aid to lagging areas must be given and restrictions made on areas of concentration. In South Africa many projects have been put into action. Rural re-settling schemes have been introduced, the most noticeable of these is the Orange River project which will supply water to agricultural areas which at present lack water. This scheme will prevent the depopulation of rural whites in the eastern Cape. Industrial decentralization schemes are being motivated. This includes the restriction on the numbers of Bantu employed in industrial areas central areas. The border industrial scheme is also part of the scheme to decentralize industries. Low taxes, and financial

subsidies encourage the development of these border industries. The improvement of infrastructures could help to spread affluence more evenly throughout the country, make transport more economical and in this way stimulating development in other areas, other than major cities.

Centralization has resulted in congestion and overcrowding of both vehicles and people. The traffic congestion at rush hours is a major problem. The commuting and accumulation of so many vehicles in the city is due to the numerous amount of people which travel from the outlying suburban areas to the city centres. High rise buildings are the main cause of the overcrowding of so many people in one area and the intense use of land in the C.B.D. The incredibly dense population in such a small area results in numerous vehicles and consequently congestion. The numerous amount of vehicles is caused by there being no properly developed public transport system in the suburban areas as this would not be economically viable, therefore people drive to work. The amount of vehicles in a city centre causes much valuable land to be used for parking space. Antiquated street patterns do not help congestion problems. The congestion of vehicles cause air pollution and noise. High accident rates are common and personal frustrations of commuters in traffic jams result. Much time and money is wasted by congestion problems. Congestion and bad accessibility to the CBD of cities has been a major cause in the decentralization of commercial areas.

To solve congestion problems a better public transport system must be evolved to discourage individuals driving into the CBD daily. The construction of underground railways, elevated highways and better road construction has relieved problems. The construction of closed-in arcades has also helped to prevent pedestrians from being exposed to dangerous effects of the motor vehicle and noise. Underground traffic and pedestrian travel will help matters. The monorail and moving pavements also alleviate congestion problems, as it has been proved in Japan.

Urban decay is a very real problem in large cities. Urban decay usually occurs in the transition zone of cities and slum conditions develop, resulting in numerous social problems, over-population, crime, unemployment and alcoholism are just a few of these. The decaying area results in a slum as it becomes inhabited by the low socio-economic classes. Overcrowding occurs and a general decay of buildings and morals result. The inhabitants of these areas are usually too poor to renew and renovate their environment and therefore to restore and renew these areas, the government has to lend aid.

The improvement of these areas is usually achieved by thinning out and decreasing the housing densities. Large blocks of flats are erected and recreation space made. The resettling of inhabitants who formerly lived in the area before housing densities were decreased, poses another problem. The creation of "New Towns" away from the city centre and area of decay results in these people being resettled and also helps to create decentralized areas. Today, however, unless social upliftment takes place, these resettling plans are pointless because low social groups may cause the reactivation of urban decay. Urban decay must be dealt with because the social problems associated with them are economically not good for the country concerned.

Pollution:

The modern city is the largest contributing factor to pollution and environmental despoilation. Air pollution in cities is dangerously bad. Inversions, stable air and topography can sometimes catalise air pollution problems. Air pollution is caused by the expellation of toxic and poisonous gases into the environment. The majority of these are expelled by heavy industries. The exhaust gases (carbon monoxide) of the motor vehicles is probably the most real and dangerous of these gases resulting in lead poisoning. Radiation waste expelled in the atmosphere, has a detrimental effect on health causing leukemia and abnormal mutations in genes. Comestic and industrial fires and smoke cause widespread pollution. In the P.W.V. area the smoke and

dust in the atmosphere is particularly bad due to the large plural townships where electricity is not supplied. It is said that in Pretoria a person intakes the equivalent of 15 cigarettes a day.

A very serious form of air pollution is when sulphur dioxide expelled from factories combines with water vapour forming a dilute sulphuric acid. This acid in raindrops causes the corrosion of buildings and even steel, it is also detrimental to plant growth. Sulphur gases have also been known to cause stockings to ladder. To control air pollution, strict laws must and have been enforced, especially on heavy industries. Only a certain percentage of gases may be expelled into the atmosphere. The delimitation of smokeless zones will help. In South Africa, the supplying of electricity to Soweto will help to decrease air pollution in that area. A device which removes 90% of the poisonous gases present in exhaust gases of cars will help to alleviate the problem of air pollution in cities.

Noise created by pneumatic drills, loud music and heavy traffic is considered pollution and can cause temporary and even permanent deafness. The increasing amount of traffic, especially air traffic is a great problem. Suburban areas are encroaching on aerodromes and in many cases especially around Heathrow airport, London, the government have had to have homes sound-proofed against aerotraffic noise.

Water pollution is a very serious problem. This type of pollution is usually caused by the expelling of waste products from factories into rivers. Leaking sewers, oil, washing agent foams and general littering have caused many rivers and lakes to be ruined and disfigured. Phosphates, nitrates and artificial raising of water temperatures caused by negligence of industries results in algae thriving which then uses up all oxygen in the water which kills fish and other organisms. The dead fish in turn pollute further and often decaying, rotting debris make conditions unpleasant for nearby inhabitants and destroy the environment. Measures against this form of pollution is to restrict industrial wastage in rivers and induce heavy fines to anyone disregarding those laws. Heavy penalties for littering should also be enforced to help keep the environment free from pollution.

Permanent damage and pollution is caused by the ruining of soils in cities. Large disposal areas outside cities can often cause the soil to be poisoned and unfit for agricultural use. Soils under buildings and tar in the cities become desiccated. The presence of buildings and built-up areas prevents the penetration of rainwater and leads to accelerated erosion and often unmanageable accumulation of water in built up areas which cause inconvenience to traffic and general activities. The need for gravel and building materials in cities results in large pits outside the cities which ruin the environment. Measures against this is to fill the pits with water or greens and convert the areas into recreation centres.

The uncontrollable expansion of urban areas in the modern city results in the loss of fine agricultural land, often very fertile soil. This is again a problem for the agricultural economy. The results of urban sprawl and the subtraction of scenic and agricultural land for urban spread will result in the lack of recreation areas for the city dweller which could in turn lead to the population becoming frustrated and unhappy, which may have many serious problems. To solve this problem stricter planning of cities must be introduced.

The problems of the city are numerous. Cities result in overcrowding, congestion, and many forms of pollution. The best way to alleviate these problems would be to enforce more decentralization and to plan cities better. The formation of a green belt around a town is a good idea and will help to keep the inhabitants healthier and happier. Strict laws must be enforced on industries prohibiting the expulsion of toxic /dangerous gases into both water and air. Heavy fines should be inflicted on people disregarding these laws to ensure that they are carried out. The modern city has many problems both physical and social in nature, with the improvement of mans education and the co-operation of all concerned, the problems of the city could be lessened.

Reference: Senior Geography Std 10. Swanevelder, Kotze and Hanekom.
Biology - A Functional Approach - M.B.V. Roberts.

K. Corder Std X

1888
1888

1888
1888

1888
1888

1888
1888

Science

Water - the medium of life.

Water is the most abundant, widely distributed and essential substance on earth. In nature it occurs in the solid (ice), liquid (water) and gaseous (water vapour) states. Water is essential in animal and plant nutrition and without it there can be no life. In fact, water is responsible for 70% or more of the mass of living matter. It is used as a solvent, a catalyst, a dilutant or dispersive medium, a cooling agent or cleansing medium, and in the production and distribution of heat and in the generation of electrical power.

Hydrogen and oxygen atoms combine in the ratio of two H-atoms to every O-atom to form water. Each H-atom has one 1 s electron in orbit around its nucleus, but each of these atoms has room for one more electron. The O-atom has six valence electrons but needs eight to become stable. The hydrogen and oxygen atoms each fill their orbitals by sharing electrons. The two electrons from the two H-atoms enter the orbitals of the O-atom and at the same time two electrons from the O-atom fill the empty spaces in the two H-atoms. A resulting stable and unreactive water molecule is formed. This molecule is in the form of an isosceles triangle with an apex angle of 105° . It is also a dipole or polar molecule. This is because the Oxygen atom is more electronegative than the hydrogen atom. Thus, the O-atom has a greater attraction for the shared electrons. The O-side of the molecule becomes slightly negative while the H- side becomes slightly positive.

Water can dissolve almost any substance because of its polar nature as just described. It dissolves and carries the nutrients of soil to plants and to the cells within the plant. Water also dissolves the food that man and animals eat and carries it to the cells. The solubility of substances in water is essential for their uptake, transport and their interaction with other compounds - almost all chemical reactions in protoplasm occur in aqueous solutions.

The positively charged region of one water molecule attracts the negatively charged region of another and causes the formation of the hydrogen bond. A hydrogen bond is a weak chemical bond between a H-atom in a polar molecule and a very electronegative atom (e.g. nitrogen, oxygen, fluorine) in a second polar molecule. The

atoms of these elements attract electrons very strongly and become negative. Water, therefore, forms hydrogen bonds with organic molecules. Owing to the polarity of the water molecule, it is attracted to other polar substances and ionic crystals, causing them to dissolve readily. This, the polar nature of the water molecule, is responsible for its solvent capacity.

Surface tension is the ability of a substance to stick to itself and pull itself together. Surface tension is caused by cohesive forces between the molecules. The cohesive forces are caused by the polarity of the molecules. Water has the highest known surface tension of any known liquid. Surface tension also causes a liquid to climb up a surface against the force of gravity. This action is called capillarity. The capillarity of water helps it to circulate through soil and up through the roots and stems of plants. It also helps circulate blood, which is mainly water, throughout our bodies. Surface tension also plays a part in the movement of (water) molecules across a plasma membrane.

Heat capacity is the ability of a substance to absorb heat without becoming much warmer itself. Water has a greater heat capacity than any other substance, except ammonia i.e. it takes a large amount of heat to bring about a small rise in temperature. Because of its high heat capacity water can absorb and release large amounts of heat without great fluctuations in temperature. Externally and internally, water prevents rapid heating or rapid cooling of living organisms when the environmental temperature changes suddenly. We can say that water acts as a temperature buffer, and, thus protects living organisms against sudden temperature changes. The water on the earth's surface also prevents great fluctuations in environmental temperature. This is essential for the maintenance of life.

The remarkably high boiling point of water again makes it highly suitable as a biological medium... It is a liquid at normal temperatures.

The volume occupied by ice is about 1.1 times that occupied by the water from which it was formed. The force of expansion when water freezes is enormous. In water the molecules are further apart in the solid state than they are in the liquid state. The molecules form an open crystal lattice.

Water at 0°C gradually contracts until a temperature of 4°C is reached. As the temperature of the water is raised above 4°C the water expands. Because the volume of water decreases as the temperature is raised from 0°C - 4°C , the density of the water increases. Above 4°C the volume of water increases as the temperature is raised. Therefore, water has its maximum density, $1,0000\text{ g/cm}^3$ at 4°C . If water did not expand slightly as it cooled below 4°C and expand much more as it freezes, the ice which forms on the surface of a lake would sink to the bottom. If ice sank, the earth would become a lifeless arctic desert. Each winter more and more ice would pile up at the bottom of lakes, rivers and oceans. In summer the sun's heat could not reach deep enough to melt the ice. Water life would die. However, no ice forms at the surface of a pond until all the water is at 4°C . As the surface water cools below 4°C it expands slightly and floats on the 4°C water. Upon freezing at 0°C further expansion takes place and the ice floats on the 0°C water. This enables organisms which live at the bottom of ponds, lakes, oceans to be protected from freezing. Thus, as illustrated, water is the ideal biological medium. It is the medium in which all bio-chemical reactions take place, and many organisms live in a watery medium. In fact, life originated in water. Its importance springs from four of its properties, namely, its solvent properties, its heat capacity, its surface tension and its unusual freezing phenomenon, which are all brought about by its polar nature. Without it, life cannot exist !

L. Mukheiber Std IX

History

Joseph Stalin's place in Russian History

Stalin played a very important role in Russian history. He was actually dictator of Russia for many years after Lenin's death. Lenin had stated before he died that three men were to become the leaders of Russia, and Stalin was one of these men, but because of his character, the others were afraid of him and it didn't take him long to gain complete control.

He was born in Caucasia in 1879 and was given a good education, because his parents wanted this and struggled for it. He was studying to become a preacher, but before being ordained, he became interested in Bolshevism, was involved in violent demonstrations and eventually sent to Siberia. He escaped in 1919 and joined Lenin in St. Petersburg. Lenin soon noticed Stalin, his strong will and character, and decided that he could be put to good use.

By 1927, Stalin was dictator of Russia, and he realized that Lenin's plan for allowing peasants to have their own land was not successful. Millions of people were starving. Stalin joined small farms together and made them into large communes. He had five or six of these communes belonging to a central headquarter. These farming communes were given seed, told what to plant and how to plant it. They were expected to produce a certain amount of food and keep some of it for themselves and send the remainder by train to factory workers in the cities. If a commune did not produce the correct quota, they were punished, and if they produced more than necessary they were given rewards. In this way the people were forced to do what Stalin said.

When Russia was finally becoming stabilized, Stalin concentrated on other things. He tried to improve the standard of the products made in factories, because he wanted to start trade with other countries. He wanted to make Russia more industrialized and to improve or expand the road and rail systems. He wanted to improve living conditions for the people of Russia. If any person disagreed with him or challenged his authority, he was sent to Siberia or else eliminated.

Lenin had hoped to spread Communism around the world, but Stalin had to concentrate on making it work in Russia. After World War II, communism spread into Eastern Europe e.g. East Germany, Poland. Today it is forcing its way into Africa. Stalin was an aggressive man, and he had many bad sides to his character, but he helped Russia through a tragic period and brought his country out of chaos.

Cynthia Taylor Std VII

"The History of most African independencies shows that the first rapture of success has been followed by long years of gloom and strain "

African Nationalism is a movement to obtain Africa for the Africans; to do away with the status of inferiority and to assert equality with the white race. The colonies were ruled either by direct rule, i.e. the mother countries sent white officials to their colonies to administer them, or by indirect rule, which allowed the chiefs of each area in the colonies to rule their own people. African Nationalists wanted to stand on their own feet, however, and demanded international respect.

Before independence was granted to the colonies, some mother countries encouraged economic development, thus making their colonies more self-sufficient. During the colonial period, companies and trading opportunities were established. Work was supplied for the Africans and the governments generally spent large sums of money for the advancement of their colonies. The agricultural methods were primitive but better systems were introduced. With the importation of goods from western countries, the Africans moved into a westernized civilization. Health services and education were introduced, but the Europeans advanced the Africans politically, socially and economically too slowly. Problems originated from the rapid process of modernisation which shook the foundations of African society. The mother countries, having introduced a western style of life, left their colonies to fight out the conflicts between their traditions and advancement into a Westernised society.

After independence, political stability had to be established and maintained, where it had never been experienced before. For a successful future the countries had to create a balanced economy, suited to the conditions of each state, encourage the development of industries and natural resources, and thus provide better standards.

After independence, most of the colonies experienced many years of gloom and strain. They were politically unstable, because there was a variety of tribes whose people differed from one another, including their political institutions. The national unity had only been sufficient to strengthen the struggle against colonial powers. With the inadequacy of administrative staff, most African

countries experienced a serious decline in the efficiency of services. This was the case in the Congo. When the white officials withdrew, the posts were filled by Africans who had not been adequately trained. These men were faced with the responsibility of developing an independent economic policy. The lack of administrative experience caused confusion.

All the colonies had been organized as part of a colonial empire. The mother countries had controlled banking and commerce, shipping, currency and credit, taxation and public expenditure. With the granting of independence, the new countries were faced with the problems of managing their own economy without the previous aid. Thus, the new states were economically bound to their mother countries. Although the Africans wanted to be completely independent, it was necessary to raise the living standards of the people. With the economic backwardness, capital was inadequate, thus no industrial development could take place. The Africans were also faced with the problems of scientific ignorance and lack of technical skills. New farming techniques also had to be taught, and these were not readily accepted by unsophisticated people.

Socially, the Africans also had problems as they had to conform to the ideas of modern western life. Their whole social structure had to be reorganized. Contrary to the western countries, the new states were compelled to solve the problem of lack of education in as short a time as possible. Education was the core of all the problems, as without it, agricultural and industrial advancement was impossible. They were also uneducated in the knowledge of balanced diet, sanitation, and health. One of the greatest problems experienced in all the African States was the lack of African solidarity, which resulted from differences of language, cultural background and rivalry among the tribal Africans.

Y. Ward-Smith Std x

Drama

DRAMA

Practical criticism on 'Delicate Balance' by Edward Albee
produced by Rosalie van der Gucht.

Agnes: Zoe Randall
Tobias: Michael Atkinson
Claire: Diana Allen
Julia: Pamela Stein
Edna: Ethwyn Grant
Harry: Ronald France

From the very beginning I was thoroughly involved in this play and felt compassion for all the players. The very light American accent was just enough to tell us that the play took place in America and even though it was sometimes dropped it was not annoying to listen to. Diana Allen as Claire made a brilliant comeback to the theatre-world, she captured Claire's character exquisitely. The scene in which Claire explained what it was like to be an 'alki' was brilliant; she was extremely natural and her little additions to Agnes' speech were very funny. Tobias' story about the cat was stirring and I understood his hostility towards it, I really felt sympathetic and quite touched by that brilliantly acted scene.

The uneasiness between Agnes and Tobias, and Edna and Harry was apparent from the time that they arrived. Edna's emotional scene was good, very eery and thought provoking.

Poor Julia ! Pamela Stein got her very highly strung nature well and I could just imagine her being married four times, I could not help thinking : imagine living with her !

Claire was lots of fun when she was describing her topless swimsuit hunt; she was also very cutting during her bitchy scene with Julia, whom I could not help feeling sorry for; she was unsure of herself and very pathetic. As it becomes clear near the end of scene one, Claire was the only really sane member of the family.

Unfortunately Ronald France did not have the opportunity to show the brilliant talent that he showed in 'Norm and Ahmed' in the Studio Theatre.

In the second scene all the actors worked up to an extremely tense pitch. The scene between Agnes and Tobias when they admitted to being strangers was sad and Agnes' speech about Toby leaving her after their son's death was also extremely touching.

Claire was again the light relief in this scene, she was very charming and held up the family with her witticisms and mimics - I wanted to hug her.

I wasn't sure whether Tobias was laughing or crying and although confusing the scene, the scene in which he begged Harry and Edna to stay was brilliantly acted by Michael Atkinson.

The lighting, scenery and costumes were very adequate although I felt that during the day they should have lightened up the outside of the window instead of leaving it black.

This play was very fast moving and kept one rivitted the whole time. Considering that it only took three weeks to produce, it was brilliant !

Louise Murdock Std IX

Music

Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

Franz Schubert, the son of a school master and a cook, was born in Vienna in the year 1797. He came from a family who greatly appreciated music and immensely enjoyed making music together. Although everyone in the family played a musical instrument, (apart from his mother) Franz was the undoubted star: at the age of six, he could play the violin, piano and viola.

At the age of eleven, his father managed to scrape together enough money to send Schubert to Vienna's great choir school. This school, trained the boys for the choir of the Imperial Court Chapel, as well as providing a good general education. Soon after joining the school orchestra, Schubert became its first violinist. Sometimes, on important occasions, he took over the conductor's part. Although songs and pieces simply flowed from his pen, there was nobody at the school to teach him harmony. However, recognizing Schubert's exceptional musical talent, the school authorities gave him special permission to have lessons with Antonio Salieri, the great master of Italian opera. As a result of Salieri's influence, Schubert wrote his "First Symphony in D".

The following year, at the age of seventeen, he had to start thinking of a living; he really wanted to devote his whole time to music, but as he had no opportunity to do this, he became a school teacher - a job he disliked intensely. None the less, he still managed to find the time to write two symphonies, six operas, numerous works for the Church and the piano, a quartet and one hundred and fifty songs in one year - his eighteenth !

After two years of teaching, a rich young man, Franz von Schober, offered Schubert free board and lodgings in order for Franz to devote himself to music; von Schober, felt that Schubert was wasting his time as a teacher. Now, Schubert was free of financial worries and poured out many more fine songs, piano sonatas and his Fourth and Fifth Symphonies.

Schubert had many friends in the world of art, poetry and music, and spent much of his time with them - going to parties, taverns, coffee houses, or walking in the countryside. But wherever he was, if a melody or song would come to him, he immediately would write the music down on whatever material was available.

He hardly ever composed at a piano, but either sat or stood at a desk. In appearance, Schubert was small and stocky. He wore spectacles the whole of the time, even sleeping in them.

Due to the friendship with a well known singer of the Court Opera, Vogl, Schuberts' name was spread throughout Vienna. However, although his songs were all very well known, none of them had ever been printed. So a group of his friends, together raised enough money for twenty of Schubert's songs to be published. He had no difficulty in selling his songs, but his chamber and piano pieces were difficult to sell and none of his orchestral works were ever published during his life-time; this even included his symphony in B minor, today known as 'The Unfinished Symphony'.

Not long after writing his last great work, the 'Ninth Symphony in C Major', (or 'The Great Symphony'), Schubert ate some fish at an inn, where he frequently dined. Pushing the food away he complained that it was not fit to eat - and a few days later, he took to his bed suffering from typhus.

Shortly afterwards, he died at the age of thirty-one and respecting one of his last wishes, he was buried next to Beethoven (who had died the year before.)

Although Schubert wrote over a thousand songs, symphonies, operas and other forms of music, the total sum of money he ever received from his works, came to the equivalent of five hundred and twenty-five pounds. After his death, his music manuscripts were valued at eight shillings and sixpence !

Phillippa Gleimius Std VIII

Music for House Song

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, starting with a piano (p) dynamic and providing a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melody with a half note followed by quarter notes. The lower staff has a piano (p) dynamic and includes a whole rest in the second measure, indicating a moment of silence for the bass line.

The third system shows more complex accompaniment in the lower staff, with chords and moving lines. The upper staff continues with a melodic line of eighth and quarter notes.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line that rises and then descends. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes, ending with a final piano (p) dynamic marking.

Rolt House Song

Old Dean Rolt was a jolly old fellow
He worked for the school and left Rolt yellow
Rolt is a name 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 thunderbolts!

Rolts in the classroom,
Rolts in the play
Since the swinging twenties we've featured all
the way,

Skirts on 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 thunderbolts!

Harmony

Andante

3/4

3/4

Y. Stockwell

AFRIKANS

Die Stad in die Nag

Nag klim by die venster van die groot stad in, soos 'n klouterdief, en verwurg die lig van die dag met swart hande. Buite maak die kunsmatige ligte die lug yskoud. Die maan glip deur die lug, en glimlag met yskoue lippe oor die toneel daaronder.

In die kafees eet die eensame mense hul bitter kos. Die jong mense wat hand aan hand verbyloop, minag hierdie "swakkelinge", want hulle is lelik vir die jong mense; ja, eensaamheid maak hulle so lelik soos die nag.....

In die bioskope sit ander, gehipnotiseer deur die reusagtige figure wat voor hulle is. Hierdie is hulle gode en godinne. As ek net haar oë het, dink hulle, as ek net so 'n gespierde was, as, as.....

In die stadsaal speel die orkes Brahms - so treurend, so fyngvoelig. Die dirigent frons - daardie violis moet toondoof wees. Die gehoor sit toerloos. Sommige van hulle slaap, maar almal droom van vrede, plesies, en vergeet die werklikheid van die nag.

Die musiek eindig, en die oorverdwende applous bars uit, alhoewel sommige die musiek nie verstaan nie, want "miskien kyk mnr. Smit daar, na my, en dan kan hy sien hoe musikaal ek is". Huigelaars! Hulle siele is net so swart soos die nag, en so blind.

Buite bedel 'n swart man. Hy mompel aanhoudend, "Ag plees merim, ek's so honger, net vyf sent vir my kinders". Hy is blind, sy oë net swart gate in die donker gesig. Hy ken die nag; vir hom is die lewe soos die nag - swart en vol vrees.

Miskien is die nag nie rêrig so nie, miskien is dit mense wat dit so swart gemaak het. Vandat die wêreld en die mens gebore is, was almal en alles bang vir die nag, want in die nag kom die wolwe, die kiewe en alles wat swart is. Selfs in hierdie groot, moderne stad met die ligte en "warmte", is daar nog vrees. Die mense wat in die strate loop is agterdogtig: Straks is die man wat langs hulle loop, 'n moordenaar, of 'n sakkeroller. Net die dronk swartmense, wat bewusteloos op die sypad lê, voel nie bang vir die nag nie, want binne hulle is die vuurlig van wyn. Slaap lekker terwyl julle kan, skollies, want môre kom die nag weer aan.

'n Ongeluk waarvan ek ooggetuie was.

Dit was die aakligste ondervinding in my lewe. Weke daarna kon ek nog soms nie slaap nie. Ek het pas my rybewys gekry en daarom het ek op 'n baie eensame en verlate grondpad gery. Dit was al teen sononder toe ek besluit het om om te draai en terug huis toe te gaan. Skielik het ek 'n groot stofwolk ver voor in die pad gesien.

Eers het ek gedink dit was 'n tamaaie warrelwind, maar ek het besef dat dit onmoontlik was. Toe ry ek vinnig soontoe. 'n Swart motor het van die pad af deur die draad gery en op sy kap in die veld beland. Ek het stilgehou en uitgeklim. 'n Middeljarige man het my baie verbaas aangestaar en toe in die veld begin weghardloop.

Ek het stadig na die motor toe geloop. Toe sien ek 'n vrou wat 'n paar meter van die motor af lê. Sy was doodstil en ek het besef dat sy nie meer asemhaal nie. Die motor het soos 'n baie duur Amerikaanse spogmotor gelyk. Die motor, man en vrou was heeltemal onbekend in ons distrik. Daar was weeslike spore in die pad en ek kon sien dat die motor teen 'n vreeslike spoed gery het.

Ek het dadelik in my motor na die naaste plaashuis gery, waar ons die ambulans en polisie ontbied het. Binne twintig minute was die polisie daar, en ek het hulle nat die ongeluk geneem. Toe ons daarkom, kan hulle hulle oë nie glo nie. Die motor was die vorige aand gesteel en die polisie kon dit nie opspoer nie. Toe het ek huis toe gegaan.

Die polisie het oorgeneem en 'n groep mans het die man gaan soek. 'n Paar dae later het die konstabel my gevra om ooggetuie in die hof te wees aangesien ek die eerste was wat die ongeluk gesien het.

S. Steenkamp Std VIII

Die Stem van die See

Noudat ons in Kaapstad woon, gaan ons elke Desember vakansie Knysna toe. Ons bly in 'n gehuurde houthuisie langs die pratige Kynsna-lagune. Wat vir my een van die heerlikste ervarings van my hele vakansie is, is om saans aan die slaap te raak met die stem van die see in my ore - die geluid van die brekende branders soos die gesuis van 'n sterk aandwind. Die eerste ding waarvan jy in die oggend bewus is, is hierdie roepende, eintlik spookagtige stem in die verte. Dit is een ding wat ek baie mis as ek in Kaapstad is, veral in Claremont.

Alhoewel ek 'n diep respek vir die see het, want ek weet dat dit baie kragtig is, is ek baie lief daarvoor. Dit is seker omdat ek in 'n stranddorp grootgeword het en die see 'n deel van my geword het. Ek kan onthou hoe ons as kinders na die pragtige rotspele gegaan het, met garing (spesiaal grys soos die kleur van die water sodat die visse dit nie sou sien nie) en gebuigde spelde, om klipvissies te vang. Dit was altyd so 'n opwindende ervaring. Dit was ook heerlik om ons eie 'betowerde' poele te vind waarin helder gekleurde seediertjies in seeplante woon.

As ek trou en kinders kry, wil ek hulle in 'n dorp langs die strand grootmaak. Ek dink dit sal vir hulle baie beteken en hulle sal ook baie onvergeetlike ervarings hê.

As ek oud word, wil ek my laaste dae by 'n afgesonderde stranddorpie deurbring - net om langs die strand te loop en skulpe op te tel.

Die wonderlike, onverstaanbare krag van die see het 'n kalmerende effek op my, en ek sal altyd langs die see wil wees, asof ek deur sy stem geroep word.

Alison Marr Std IX

Ja, eindelijk het die reën gekom

Verlede jaar het ons 'n baie ernstige droogte gehad. Daar was sewe maande lank nie 'n druppeltjie reën nie, as gevolg daarvan was die damme amper leeg en was daar 'n groot tekort aan water. ons moes almal so min water soos moontlik in ons tuine, kombuise en baddens gebruik. Ons kon die tuin net met emmers vol water natgooi, kon nie 'n tuinslang gebruik nie.

Al die tuine was droog en het baie treurig gelyk. Daar was geen vrolike gekleurde blomme nie, want hulle het almal in die hitte gevrek en die gras het geel geword.

Elke dag het die mense na reëntekens uitgekyk, maar elke dag het hulle om dowe neut gebid en na die hemel gelyk. Die lug was helderblou en sonder enige wolke; dag na dag het die goue son geskyn en voortgegaan om alles op die aarde met sy krag verniet. Teen die middag was dit so vuurwarm dat almal binne moes bly om beskerming te kry. Al die gordyne in die huise was togetrek en die lug buite was doodstil.

Op die plase het baie diere gevrek omdat daar geen gras was om te vreet nie. Teen die middag kon hulle nie eens onder die skadu van 'n boom beskerming teen die hitte kry nie, want die bome was nes spoke, kaal takke sonder enige blare. Die arme diere het sukkelend rondgedwaal en gelê - hulle het stilswygend gely en op die dood gewag om hulle van die vrede pyn te verlos.

Daaglik het die boere om reën gebid, maar die toekoms het al gryser gelyk - hulle het aan God begin twyfel - hoe kon Hy hulle so laat ly? Wat het hulle gedoen om so 'n wrede straf te verdien? Binnekort sou hulle almal bankrot speel as hulle oeste misluk en as al hulle diere vrek.

Hulle het tog nie heeltemal moed verloer nie en altyd nog 'n bietjie hoop gekoester. Een aand teen sesuur se kant het 'n ou boer voor sy huis gestaan en na die hemel gekyk. Hy het 'n digte klomp donderwolke in die verte gewaar. Sy hart het vinniger begin klop en opgewonde soos 'n kind het hy sy familie geroep. Hulle het almal haastig kom kyk. Dit was die vrolikste gesig wat hulle binne sewe maande gesien het.

Daardie aand het die donderwolke gerommel en die reën het hard teen die vensters en dak gekletter - dit was soos musiek vir hul ore. Ja, eindelijk het die reën tog gekom en hulle was baie dankbaar en het die Here gedank.

l. Maier Std X

'n Nare Ondervinding

Verlede jaar toe ek met vakansie by Hermanus was, het ek 'n nare ondervinding beleef.

Dit was 'n snikwarm Vrydagmiddag en ek en 'n paar vriende het besluit om na Voëlklipstrand toe te gaan om met ons branderplanke op die golfkruine te ry. Toe ons daar aangekom het, het ons besluit om waaghalse te wees en met die hooggety so teen vyfuur, te ry.

Eindelik was dit vyfuur en hooggety. Ons het almal ver van die strand, op die golfkruine gery. Skielik het ek my ewewig verloor, in die see ingeval en my branderplank vir 'n paar oomblikke verloor. Net toe dit gebeur het was daar 'n harde fluit van die strand af - dit het beteken dat almal gou uit die water moes kom omdat daar haaie in die baai rondgeswem het.

My vriende wat al met ander branders na die strand toe geswem het, was nie daarvan bewus dat ek nie by hulle was nie.

Paniek ! Hoe moet ek nou sonder 'n branderplank strand toe kom. Ek het gou om my gekyk om te sien of my rooi branderplank erens was. Ja, daar omtrent twee meter van my af was dit besig om stadig te sink. Ek het gou daarheen geswem en dit gekry voordat dit te ver gesink het.

Teen die tyd kon ek al 'n paar haaie van ver af sien. Vantevore het ek altyd gedink dat as ek 'n haai sou sien, ek betyds van hom sou kon wegswem omdat hy eintlik 'n stadige onbeholpe diërasie is. Maar hierdie keer het ek anders gedink; wat as 'n golfkruin wat my na die strand toe neem, nie gou kom nie ? Sal ek deur die haai opgevreet word ?

Maar skielik, toe ek doodbenoud was omdat 'n haai omtrent vyftig tree af van my was, het 'n fratsbrander gekom, (eintlik 'n reuserbrander) wat my gou na die strand toe geneem het. Toe ek uit die water loop, eintlik hardloop, het 'n skare mense my verwelkom en gesê hoe dapper ek was, maar ek het geweet dat ek nooit weer oor 'n haai 'n grap sou maak nie en hom 'n onbeholpe diërasie sou noem nie.

Drie Vullens

Aan die einde van verlede jaar het my pa besluit om drie van ons resiesperde na ons huis toe te bring. Nadat ons baie met die afdelingsraad gesukkel het om ons toe te laat om die perde by ons huis groot te maak, het hulle toegegee.

Aan die begin van Julie het ons twee van hulle na ons huis toe gebring. Hulle is albei merrievullens. Die een word nou 'n vaal kleur, maar toe sy gekom het, was sy allerhande skakerings bruine en grys kleure. Haar ma, Sheer Madness, was ons eerste resiesperd. Die pa is Port Merron, maar hy is nie ons hings nie en ons moes betal sodat ons ons merrie deur hom laat dek. My pa het die vul 'Fools Paradise' genoem.

Die ander vul is elf maande oud. Sy is 'n bruin met wit op haar voorkop. Carata is haar ma en Mexico haar pa. Hy is ook nie ons hings nie. Toe 'Free Spirit' (dis haar naam) gekom het, was sy baie vriendelik, maar die ander was 'n bietjie senuweagtig.

Albei kom van die Hantam wat bekend is vir die uitstekende resiesperde wat hulle daar teel. Ons hings wat daar op 'n plaas bly, het die naam 'Flower Power'. Die ander merrievul 'RunningJoy' het nog nie gekom nie, want daar is iets met haar bene verkeerd. Ek moet vir haar sorg en haar bene regmaak.

Elke oggend moet ons hulle na die kamp neem waar hulle die dag bly en die hele tyd vreet. Soggens gee ons vir hulle kos en in aand voer hulle weer.

Ons sal omtrent 'n jaar vir hulle lank sorg voordat ons hulle by die jaarlikse verkoping verkoop. Gedurende die tyd moet ons hulle groot maak, hulle velle mooi versorg en hulle laat oefen. Running Joy sal ons nie verkoop nie, want haar ma, Our Joy, was 'n goeie resiesperd en as Running Joy ook soos haar ma hardloop, wil ons haar gebruik om te teel.

Ek hou baie van perde en wanneer Free Spirit en Fools Paradise verkoop word, sal ek baie treurig wees, want ons is alreeds aan hulle geheg en hulle word soos troeteldiere. Gelukkig gaan ons nie Running Joy verkoop nie.

Wanneer die drie weggaan, want Running Joy moet na 'n afrigter gaan, sal ons weer 'n paar van ons ander vullens wat aan die einde van hierdie jaar gebore word hiernatoe bring.

M. Maisel Std. VIII

Die stem van die see.

Ou oom Rapie was 'n visserman. Hy het in 'n klein huisie naby die hawe gewoon. Oom Rapie was omtrent sewentig jaar oud. Hy het altyd gesê : "Ek het alreeds baie jare agter die rug !"

Vroeg elke oggend het Oom Rapie na die rotse gegaan om vis te vang. Hy het dag en nag vis geëet. Oom Rapie was streng. Hy het op die rotse gesit en gewag.

Vir hom was die geluide van die see soos musiek. Soms was alles kalm en stil en soms was alles luidrugtig en woestig. Hy het ure lank daar op die rotse gesit en na die branders geluister. Hy het altyd die drag van die branders bewonder.

Eendag het hy my vertel van die dae toe hy nog 'n seeman was.

"Ek was jonk, miskien jonger as wat jy nou is." Ek was vyftien.

"My pa was ook 'n seeman, en hy het in die see gesterf. Dis miskien hoekom ek ook see toe gegaan het. Elke seun wil soos sy pa wees ! Maar ek dink dat die see my geroep het. Ek kan die stem nog helder hoor !" Oom Rapie het gepeins.

"My dae op die see was vol lewe. Ons moes hard werk maar ons was almal jonk en sterk en kon die werk doen. Daar op die see voel 'n mens so naby die natuur. 'n Mens kan met die see praat en die antwoorde is die geluide van krag ! Ek het baie lande besoek toe ek nog 'n seeman was - Brittanje en Portugal..."

Oom Rapie het baie gedroom. In elke droom was die see en die stem van die see, die krag. Vir Oom Rapie het die see baie beteken. Dit het vir hom baie geleer.

Eendag toe ek Oom Rapie besoek het, was sy huisie leeg. Hy was nie op die rotse nie. Ek was bekommerd en het gou hawe toe gehardloop om die ander vissermanne te vra.

"Oom Rapie; hy is alreeds twee maande weg," het een man gesê.

"Hy het in 'n klein bootjie see toe gegaan, en het nie weer teruggekom nie," het 'n ander gesê.

Miskien het die stem van die see hom weer geroep !

Ek sal nooit weer oor 'n haai 'n grap maak nie

"Wat 'n heerlike somersdag is dit! dink ek by myself toe ek een goue somersmôre my kamervensters oopgooi. Ek en my familie bly in ons strandhois op Plettenbergbaai waar ons die Decembervakansie deurbring.

Dit is nog nie eers halfagt nie, maar ek spring sommer dadelik uit die bed. Wie wil dan op so 'n fantastiese dag in die bed lê! Ek glip gou in my baai broek en gryp 'n handdoek, want ek wil sommer nou gaan swem. Voor ek nog die voorduur haal, lui die telefoon. Dit is een van my maats. Sy wil hê dat ons en 'n hele klomp ander, Keurboomsstrand toe moet ry en die dag daar gaan deurbring. Ek stem toe sommer dadelik in. Dit sal tog te lekker wees. Half-nege is omtrent so twintig van ons op motorfietse by ons huis weg. Een motor is gebruik om die branderplanke, kos ensovoorts te karwei.

Daar aangekom, het ons sommer dadelik in die branders gaan baljaar. Ons het vir 'n volle uur geswem. Daarna het ons sokker gespeel en ons ten volle geniet. Later, moeg en honger, besluit ons toe om die vure vir die braaivleis aan te steek. Terwyl die seuns die vleis gebraai het, het ons meisies in die son gelê en bak. Na ete het 'n paar aan die slaap geraak terwyl ander ons lui-lekker in die son gelê en gesels het. Ek en 'n maat besluit toe later om branderplank te probeer ry.

Een van die seuns, Philip, sou vir my kom leer. Anton het ons wees, want hy het al gehoor dat daar haai in die omtrek was. Ons het hom nog gespot en gesê dat 'n haai ons tog nou sou vang nie en het taamlik diep ingegaan. Ek was agter die branders en Philip was op sy branderplank, taamlik ver van my. Skielik het ek 'n groot vin omtrent so tien meter van my af gesien. Dit was 'n blouvin haai. Ek het paniekerig geword en om hulp begin roep. My bane was so lam dat ek glad nie kon roer nie. Philip het my nie gehoor nie, maar Peter het van die strand af die haai gesien en het dadelik gesnap toe hy my sien rondwulf.

Hy het vinnig na my toe geswem en my gegryp. Ek het so geskrik dat ek van skok flou geword het toe ons op die strand kom. Dit was net pure geluk dat Peter my gesien het en so vinnig gereageer het, anders was ek regtig kniediep in die moelikheid. Ek het my les geleer. Ek sal nooit weer oor 'n haai grap maak nie.

Die Telegram

Sally se gesig het vaal geword. Haar hande het gebewe en sy kon nie haar oë van die stukkie papier in haar hande wegneem nie. Steven het sy arm om haar gesit. "Is dit Simon?" vra hy saggies. "Ja", antwoord sy, "die dokter sê ons moet binne twee uur by die hospitaal wees." "Reg," het Stephen gesê, "gaan haal jou hoed, en ek sal die motor uit die motorhuis bring."

'n Uur en 'n half later het Sally en Stephen by die hospitaal aangekom. Hulle het met die hyser na die vyfde verdieping opgegaan en vinnig na hul seun se kamer gestap. Semon het in die bed gelê. Hy was bewusteloos.

"Die enigste ding wat ons nog vir hom kan doen, " het die dokter vir Stephen gesê, "is 'n operasie wat baie gewaagd is. Ek weet nie..." "Doen dit, " het Stephen vir die dokter beveel, "enigiets wat my seun se lewe kan red, asseblief!"

Twee uur later het die dokter vir Sally en Steven na sy spreekkamer geroep. Hy het uitgeput gelyk, maar daar was 'n glimlag om sy mond. "Goeie nuus," het hy gefluister, "die operasie was 'n sukses. Binne drie weke sal Simon weer op die been wees" Sally het na Stephen gekyk. Hy het net geglimlag.

H.Knight
Std VIII

IN FOREIGN
TRAVEL

Latin

Limerick

Olim erat vir nomine Pesus
Qui erat maximus nasus
Ambulans in agris
Cecidit in saxis
Et fractus est maximus nasus.

Once there was a man called Pesus
Who had a very big nose
While walking in the fields
He fell on a rock
And his very big nose was broken.

J. Hayman-Joyce
Std VIII

The Geography of Gaul

Gallia est omnis divisa in partēs trēs, quarum ūnam incolunt Belgae, aliam Aquitani, tertiam ei qui ipsorum lingua Celtae, nostra Galli, appellantur. Hi omnes lingua, institutis, legibus inter se differunt. Gallos ab Aquitanis Garumna flumen, a Belgis Matrona et Sequana dividit.

The characters of the nations

Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae, propterea quid a cultu atque humanitate Provinciae longissime absunt, minimeque saepe mercatores ad eos veniunt atque ea quae ad effeminandos animos pertinent important. Proximi sunt Germanis, qui trans Rhenum incolunt, quibuscum continenter bellum gerunt. Qua de causa Helvetii quoque reliquos Gallos virtute superant, quod fere cotidianis proeliis cum Germanis contendunt, cum aut suis finibus eos prohibent aut ipsi in eorum finibus bellum gerunt.

The Proposed Migration of the Helvetians

Apud Helvetios longe nobilissimus fuit Orgetorix. Is, M. Messala et M. Pisone consulibus, regni cupiditate inductus coniurationem nobilitatis fecit, et civitatis persuasit ut de finibus suis cum omnibus copiis exirent. "Perfacile est", inquit, "quod virtute omnibus praestamus, totius Galliae imperio potiri.

Id facilius eis peruasit, quod undique loci natura Helvetii continentur: una ex parte flumine Rheno latissimo atque altissimo, qui agrum Helvetiom a Germanis dividit; altera Helvetios; tertia, lacu Lemanno et flumine Rhodano, qui provinciam nostram ab Helvetiis dividit. Ob has res minus late vagari et minus facile finitimis bellum inferre poterant; qua de causa homines bellandi cupidi magno dolore afficiebantur. Pro multitudine autem hominum et pro gloria belli angustos se fines habere argitrabantur, quae in longitudinem milia passuum CCXL, in latitudinem CLXXX patebant.

The Geography of Gaul

Gaul as a whole is divided in three parts, of which the Belgians inhabit another and those who are called the Celys in their own language but are called Gauls in ours inhabit the third. These all differ in language in customs and laws. The river Garumna separates the Gauls from the Aquitani, the Matrona and Sequana separate the Gauls from the Belgians.

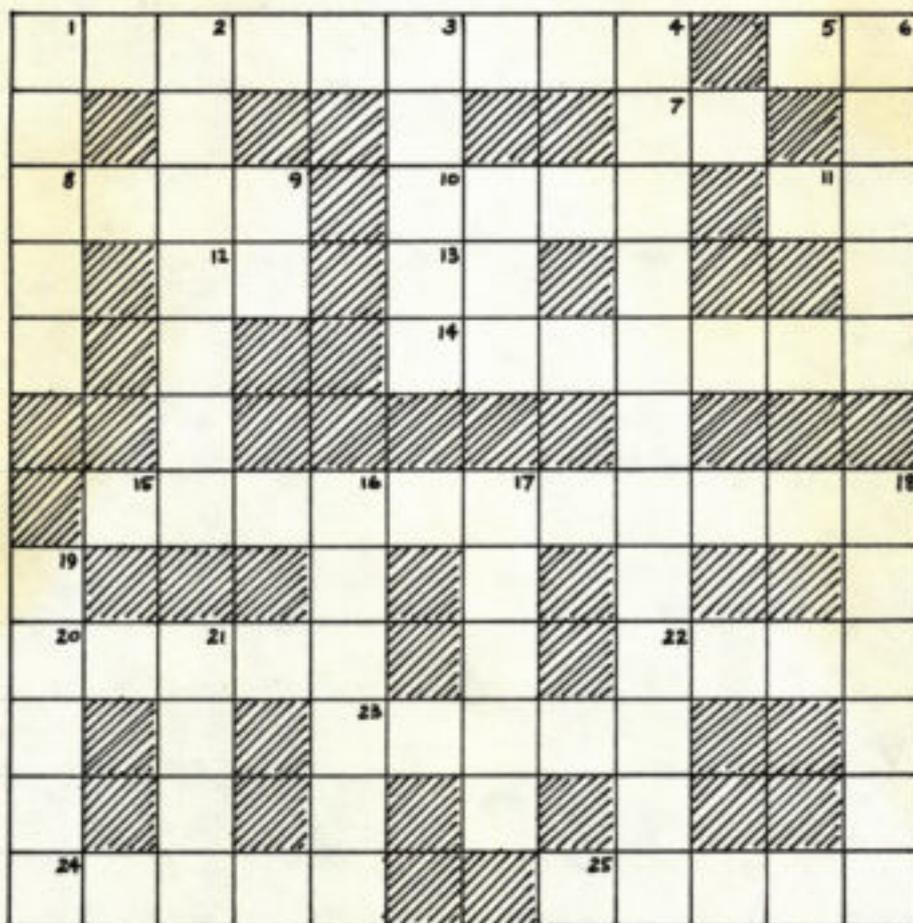
The Characters of the Nations

The Belgians are the hardest of all these, especially because they are very far away from the culture and refinement of the Province and traders bringing in these things which tend to weaken their spirit come to them very rarely. They are next to the Germans who live across the Rhine with whom they waged war continuously. For this reason, the Helvetians also excel the rest of the Gauls in courage because they fight almost daily battles with the Germans, when either they stop them from entering their own territory or they themselves wage war in their territory.

The Proposed Migration of the Helvetians

Among the Helvetians Orgetorix was by far the most noble. He in the consulship of M. Messala and M. Pisone led on by the desire of power made a conspiracy of the nobility and persuaded the tribe to leave the territory with all their resources.. He said it is very easy to gain control of the whole of Gaul because we excel everybody in courage.

He persuaded them more easily, because they were hindered on all sides by natural obstacles: On one side by the River Rhine very wide and deep which divides Helvetian territory from the very high Mt. Iura, which is between the the Sequani and Helvetians; on the third side by Lake Geneva and the River Rhone which divides our Province from the Helvetians. For these reasons they were able to wander less widely and to wage war on their neighbours; for this reason, men loving war were affected by great frustration. They thought they had in proportion to the multitude of men and proportion to the multitude of a narrow territory which stretched 240 miles in length and 180 in width.



ACROSS

- 1 Corn
- 5 But
- 7 You are
- 8 I play
- 10 Secretly
- 11 Give!
- 12 He
- 13 You
- 14 You drive on
- 15 Storm (gen. sing.)
- 20 Black
- 22 Prep. towards
- 23 However
- 24 Weak, helpless
- 25 Publicly, openly

DOWN

- 1 Lucky, happy
- 2 From all sides
- 3 By night
- 4 I remember
- 6 Prep. across
- 9 Lace
- 16 Gate
- 17 Highest (Fem.)
- 18 Immediately
- 19 A load (Dat. sing.)
- 21 I carry on

Answers on following page.

ACROSS

- 1 Frumentum
- 5 At
- 7 Es
- 8 Ludo
- 10 Clam
- 11 Da
- 12 Is
- 13 Tu
- 14 Exerces
- 15 Tempestatis
- 20 Niger
- 22 Erga
- 23 Tamen
- 24 Inops
- 25 Coram

DOWN

- 1 Felix
- 2 Undique
- 3 Nocte
- 4 Memoriateneo
- 6 Trans
- 9 Os
- 16 Portus
- 17 Summa
- 18 Statim
- 19 Oneri
- 21 Gero

French

Le bal

J'étais très agité parce que j'avais invité Jean-Paul a mon bal d'école. Mère a fait pour moi une robe blanche et j'ai acheté des souliers neufs. J'aimais Jean-Paul depuis longtemps mais il ne parlait jamais avec moi; it était toujours si occupé. Je le regardais toujours et enfin j'ai décidé a l'inviter. Il m'a regardé sans intérêt mais il a accepté mon invitation. Je pensais qu'il était si beau - grand, brun et blond. Toutes le filles dans école l'adoraient, donc j'étais très couteux qu'il allait m'accompagner au bal d'école.

Jean-Paul m'a téléphoné le jour du bal or allait venir et il m'a dit qu'il viendrait à huit heures ce soir. Alors, il m'a demandé d'aller an rugby cet après-midi. Il jouait. Je suis allée avec une amie. Je voyais Jean-Paul courir sur le champ de rugby. Tout le monde l'acclamait et mon coeur santait de joie. Le jeu commençait. Jean-Paul était merveilleux. Puis quel qu'un l'a battu et Jean-Paul est tombé par terre. Je suis retournée chez moi, pleurant. Je ne savais pas que faire parce que Jean-Paul était a l'hospital. J'ai décidé que je ne pouvais pas aller au bal. Puis à six heures le telephone a sonné. C'était Pierre. Il a entendu de l'accident de Jean-Paul et il m'a demandé si je l'accompagnerai au bal. J'étais contente encore. Pierre m'aimait depuis longtemps mais je n'avais jamais parle avec lui.

Le bal était fantastique et enfin j'étais contente que je n'ai pas emmené Jean-Paul parce que j'ai decouvert Pierre !

Brigitte Taylor Std X



Susan Steenkamp

Std: VIII

Herschel

le 19 Mai

Chère Marie,

J'espère que tu n'es pas très fatiguée après samedi soir. Tu aurais dû être occupée tout le dimanche. Tous les verres cassés sur l'herbe ! J'ai dormi la journée entière. J'étais épuisée.

Ta fête était un grand succès. Tout le monde s'est bien amusé. La musique - zut ! - elle était magnifique. J'ai dansé jusqu'à une heure et demie. Ce disco était très bien. La nourriture était superbe mais ce punch était très fort. Je n'ai bu qu'un verre. Quel alcool as-tu utilisé ? Cependant, il était bon !

Marie, merci beaucoup ! Je n'oublierai pas la soirée pendant longtemps. Dis le bonjour de ma part à tes parents.

Je t'embrasse,

Leigh

L'orage

Le jour commença ... il faisait beau. Il n'y avait pas de nuages. Beaucoup de monde alla grimper sur la montagne le matin et l'après-midi. Vers après-midi, les premiers nuages se formerent, mais personne ne les remarqua.

Il était quatre heures, les gens voulaient descendre. Le ciel devint sombre. On ne voyait plus encore le soleil - il y avait tant de nuages noirs et gris. De temps en temps les gouttes tombèrent sur le sol. Elles devenaient plus grandes à chaque minute. Tout à coup, un coup de tonnerre éclata, et puis il se mit à pleuvoir fort, avec une force qui fit relâcher la terre. Des ruisseaux d'eau commencèrent à courir partout. Les arbres et toutes les plantes étaient trempés (Les gens aussi). Les petites feuilles tombèrent des arbres à cause de la pluie. Le ciel était comme une grande couverture noire qui suffoquait la terre.

L'orage sembla éternel. La pluie tomba comme les gens qui jettent leur argent de la fenêtre. On pensa que cette tempête faisait la vendetta - elle rage avec furie sans arrêt. Tout le monde eut peur de cela. Il n'y avait pas de différence entre le jour et la nuit parce - qu'il y avait tant de brume. C'était comme un rideau - presque opaque. L'orage dura trois jours - enfin il partit.

On ne pouvait pas le remarquer d'abord - la différence était trop petite mais peu à peu le ciel s'éclaircit la pluie tomba plus lentement - les gouttes devinrent plus petites et moins dures.

Enfin, le quatrième jour découvrit un ciel bleu. Il n'y avait pas de nuages, pas de pluie. Le soleil brilla comme une nouvelle pièce de monnaie. Le sol avait commencé à se sécher. Tout le monde rit, les enfants jouèrent aux champs, les femmes firent le ménage.

Au loin, là-bas, on il y a des montagnes bleues, on verra le dernier nuage, partant de la région.

Thérèse Herbert

Xhosa

Xhosa : Me

Sihlala endlani enkulu entsundu eRondebosch. Ndiyahamba yonke imihla esikolweni ngebhayisekile. Ndisebenza kakhulu esikolweni. Emalanga ndisebenza egadini ndidlala nenja yam. Utokiinja yam. Utoki uthanda ukubanleka, nokutsiba nokudada. Ngs mgqibelo emra kwexesha ndihamba kwa Pick 'n Pay noMama no sisi. Sithenga inyama nobisi nesonka nejemu. Ndüja Ebhayoskopu emabanga kaninzi. NgeCawa ndidlala noDuma.

We live in a big house in Rondebosch. I go to school every day by bicycle. I work very hard at school. In the afternoon I work in the garden and I play with my dog. Toki is my dog. Toki likes to run, jump and swim. On Saturday in the morning I go to Pick and Pay with mom and sister. We buy meat, milk and bread and jam. I go to the bioscope in the afternoon. On Sundays I play with Duma.

Gill Mackenzie Std VII



Donkey

```

XXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXX
XXX..X.XXX..
XX.O.....X.X
XXX....O.XXX
X.X.....XXXX
XXXXX.XXXXX
XXXXX..XXXXX
X XXXXXXXX          XXXXXX X
  XXXXXXXXXX      XX...XXXXXX
    XXX.XXXXXXXXXXXXXX...XXXX
      XXXX.XX...XX...XXXXX...XXXX
        XXXXXX...XX...XXXX...XX
          XX...XX...XX...XXXX...XX
            XXX...XX...XXXXXXX...XX
              XXXX.XXX...XXXXXX XXXX..XX
                XX.XXXXXX...XXXXX XXXX...X
                  X..XXXXX...XX   XXXXX...X
                    X..XXXX...XX   XXXX...X
                      X..XXXX...XX   XXXX...X
                        X...XX...XX   XXXX...X
                          X..XXXX...XX   XXXX...X
                            X.XXXX...XX   XX X..X
                              XXXX XXXX   XX XX
                                XXX  XXX   X  X
                                  X      X   XX

```

Poodle

Shane Fairhead

Greek

Πρωινή Προσευχή

Ἐξημέρωσεν ὁ Θεός
κι εἶδαμε τὸ Ἅγιο Φῶς.
Προσκυνοῦμε τὸν Χριστό
καὶ τὸν Τιμὸ Σταυρό,
νά μᾶς βλέπη ἀπὸ κακό
κι ἀπὸ κάθε πονηρό
Ὅσα μάτια θὰ μᾶς δοῦνε
τόσα Ἅγιοί νά μᾶς βοηθοῦνε.

MARIA STAVROU

Translation

Morning Prayer

Light has dawned and we have seen the holy light. Let us kneel to our Dear Lord in fervent prayer in front of the altar so that he may look over us from every evil and harm. For as many eyes which are set on us, may so many angels and saints look over us and help us.

Maria Stavrou Std IX

Spanish

Pato Donald.



- Is that you in the kitchen, Donald ?

Donald - Yes, Rosita ... I am tasting the soup your'e cooking.



- Cooking ? I am boiling kitchen rags !

Dutch

Veruschka en Pipo

Veruschka is op vyf Julie geboren. Pipo, haar mannetje; is op veertien Julie geboren. Ze zyn allebei wolfshonde. Verushka, of Ruschka, is een sdamboek. Pipo der 'grootvader' was h'n kollie.

Wy hebben ze gekocht toen ze zo ses weken oud waren. Myn broer en ik wisten niet dat myn ouders dese honden zou kopen. Dus was het mooie kadeau voor ons allebei.

Veruschka was al zo genoemd maar Pipo had nog geen naam. De volgende morgen heeft hy men een schoen rondgelopen en leek zo als een clown; dus hebben wy hem Pipo genoemd. Pipo de clown was bekend in Holland ongeveer tien jaar geleden. Hy was elken avond op televisie.

De honden zyn mooi groot geworden en ze zyn albei vyf jaar oud. Ruschka heeft al twee bloed neusen gehad en een gebroken tand want ze rent agter de paarden aan en ze schoppen haar. Dus: als je twee wolfshonden hebt en drie paarden, hou ze dan weg van elkaar !

Jenneke Post Std VII

Veruschka and Pipo

Veruschka was born on 5 July. Pipo, her mate, was born on 14 July. They are both Alsations. Veruschka, or Ruschka, has a pedigree. Pipo's grandfather was a collie.

We bought them when they were about six weeks old. My brother and I didn't know that my parents were going to buy dogs. Therefore it was a nice 'present' for us both.

Veruschka was already so named, but Pipo did not have his name yet. The next morning he walked around with a shoe and he looked like a clown; so we called him Pipo.

Pipo the clown was well known in Holland about ten years ago. He appeared every night on t.v.

The dogs are now fully grown and are both five years old. Ruschka has already had two bleeding noses and a broken tooth because she runs after the horses and they kick her. Therefore: if you have two Alsations and three horses keep them away from each other.

Jenneke Post Std VII

Kaapstad

Kaapstad is een stad in het Republiek van Zuid Afrika. Het heeft ongeveer een miljoen inwoners. Jan van Riebeeck heeft in 1652 Kaapstad gevestigd als een tussenstop voor de schepen van de Oost Indiese Companies die naar Indië zeilden. By Kaapstad namen deze schepen vars water, groente en voedsel op. Sins die tye is Kaapstad natuurlik erg gegroeid en is nu een stad die om Valsbaai uitgestrekt is en teen Tafelberg op ligt. Dit stuk van Zuid Afrika heeft het eigenschap dat het in de winter in plaats van de zomer regen krygt zoals de rest van het land. Kaapstad is van Desember tot Junies de zetel van het parlement terwyl Pretoria de zetel voor de rest van het jaar is. Kaapstad ligt in een pragtige omgewing. Voor zich ligt de blouwe zee, als achtergrond staat er een mooie begroeide berg, Tafelberg. Het warme klimaat en de pragtige omgewing is een grote attraksie voor toeriste die by de duisende elk jaar Kaapstad besoeken.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"Eerst je boterham opeten. Dan meg je."

Mies suikte dapper de laatste vierkantjes brood daar en dronk haastig d'r glas melk op.

"Nou vooruit dan maar. Jongens wat een haast !"
lachte moeder.

Mies hoorde het geeneens. Ze gleeed van haar stoel of en holde de keuken uit.

"Ik ben om half vier thuis !" glide ze voordat ze de achterdeur tolicht gooide.

"Hai !" groete ze haar vriendin die al klaar stand met haar fiets, "Als je nou binnen was gekomen gekkerd, je ziet helemal blauw."

"Je had gezegd dat je om een uur uit de deur zai zyn", klappert ande Lien een beetje boos. "Kop op, ik kan er ook niks ann doen, je weet hoe m'n moeder is." "Nou, laten we dan meer stewig daar fietsen, dan word ik misschien nog warm. De ys-spegeltjes hangen van m'n neus af." Mies trok haar fiets uit het fietsenrek voor haar en reed naast Lien de straat uit.

Irish

Sláinte 'gus saol agat,
Talamh gan chíos agat,
Bean ar do mhian agat,
Leabh gach bliain agat,
Saol fada agus bás
in Eirinn.

Health and long life to you,
Land without rent to you,
The woman of your choice to you,
A child every year to you,
Allong life , and may your bones
rest in Ireland.

Deirbhle Mannion
Std VIII



Mary Jooste

Std. VII

Rolt Glamour :

A model is defined in the Oxford Dictionary as a person employed by artist to pose or by draper, to show off clothes : This is, to some extent true, yet this is not the be all and end all of being a model.

Do you find modelling hard work and a challenge ?

Many regard modelling as a glamour job for dumb blondes who have a pretty face as their only attribute. This is far from the truth. In the advertising world models range from the age of two to sixty - and few of them are dumb blondes ! Modelling, believe it or not, entails a lot of exhausting hard work. Application of make up for photographic work and for ramp modelling must be learnt. A model must learn how to become versatile in front of a camera and to project images far from the reality of the model herself. Photographers can often be difficult and expect a lot of the model.

How did you become interested in modelling, and have you ever done any courses ?

I first became interested in modelling about nine years ago when my sister did modelling for a short while. I did a few fashion shows in Durban, when my family and I lived there. I did not, at that stage, belong to an agency and I hadn't done a modelling course. When I came to Cape Town I did another two fashion shows promoting Cinzano clothes. I was then advised to join an agency and do a course to teach me the ins' and outs' of photographic work. I did this at the Petrusa Rood modelling agency and school.

Do you find that modelling interferes with your school-work ?

As I am in my final year at school and have a lot of 'swotting' to do, modelling has had to come to an end for the moment, although I miss the money ! (Models, strangely enough, despise those models who have not completed their schooling, and those who are intelligent are admired by photographers and their colleagues).

What are your ambitions ?

Next year I intend going to university but hope to continue modelling on a part-time basis. I think that my ambition would be to work for a fashion magazine, writing articles, yet doing a bit of modelling myself. Perhaps when I'm old and wrinkled I'll swop roles and become a fashion photographer !



Brigitte Taylor

Std. X

House List : R O L T : 1978

STANDARD 10

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

STANDARD 8

P Boyes
S Burns
S Davies
H Dicey
J Dicey
S Fairhead
P Gleimius
J Hayman-Joyce
S Ingram
J Johnson
H Knight
M Maisel
D Mannion
J Moodie
S Stamper
S Steenkamp
M van Niekerk

STANDARD 9

J Anderson
S Bevan
C Broome
B Couzens
A Cross
C Dowdle
G Frater
T Herbert
T Honig
A Marr
J Millar
L Mukheiber
L Murdock
C Pulvermacher
M Stavrou
Y Stockwell

STANDARD 7

T Beck
A de Villiers
S Hart
K Ince
M Jooste
J Krone
M Marais
G Mackenzie
F McQueen
M Oelz
T Olivier
J Post
T Roomes
T Scott
C Taylor

STANDARD 6

S Bryant
S Cowie
K Kicey
K Dower
M Godfrey
H Jooste
F Knight
D Koster
K Krone
T Landless
T Liljequest
M Louw
S Louw
K Low
L Lyhne
P McKee
M Mannion
C Marr
B Morris
B Pentz
J Rathfelder
L Stamper



Susan Justice

Std. X

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS :

Cover design : Thérèse Herbert

Typing : Penny Murdock

Typewriters : Solms van Niekerk
Murdock's Jewellers

Thanks also to:

Mr H. Stockwell - for invaluable assistance

K. Corder

S. Mannion

B. Taylor

M. Jooste

T. Beck - for willing co-operation

ad dei gloriam