ROLT

1979.


ROLT

I N D E X

ENGLISH (Continued)

Saint George and the Dragon

Mist

Madness

Withdrawal

Limericks

Summer Beauty

Carrying a Bunch of Marigolds in an old Newspaper,
She carries them upright, bareheaded.

The Case

Autumn Days

The Tramp

The Seared Leaves

The Sinking of the Unsinkable

Death of a Poet

2.Non-Fiction

Morning is busy with long files of ants and men,
all bearing loads.

The New Executive

3.History

The Story of Italy

Crossroads in the Middle East

4.Art

Cézanne

5.Geography

The Mid-Latitude Cyclone

What Extent do Natural Causes play in Erosion?

6.Science

Puzzle Page

Water: The Ideal Biological Medium

Respiration

A Tropical Forest

ENGLISH (Continued)

7.Music

House Song

Harmony

AFRIKAANS

Die Aand toe ek die Bure se Baba moes oppas.

Ek kan ure lank daar vertoef

'n Uitverkoping!

Sondergang in 'n Wildtuin

Die Groot Stad Snags

Laat Middag in die Parkie

Eensaamheid

Aangename Herinneringe

IN FOREIGN IDIOM

1. Scottish

Proverbs

2. Latin

Limerick

Crossword

3. Xhosa

Ukugeada Amaganda

Crossword

4. Austrian

Die Wüste Sahara

5. Dutch

Schootsen

6. Spanish

A Spanish Christmas Carol - Noche de Paz

7. Greek

Morning Prayer

IN FOREIGN IDIOM (Continued)

8. French

La valeur des voyages à l'étranger

Un Accident

Crossword

Rolt Teachers

Rolt House

Acknowledgements

A D D E I G L O R I A M

E D I T O R I A L

It is quite amazing that we completed this Magazine . We have been beset by many problems, and there has been so much to do and think about. In fact, we have never had a meeting with all 4 Editors simultaneously !

We have tried to illustrate the varying tastes of our house members, and to involve as many of them as possible. All English, Afrikaans, French, Xhosa and Latin entries have been marked and we have accepted all items in good faith. The English fictional writing has been arranged in the sequence of the seasons - from birth to death (at least we have tried to follow this pattern).

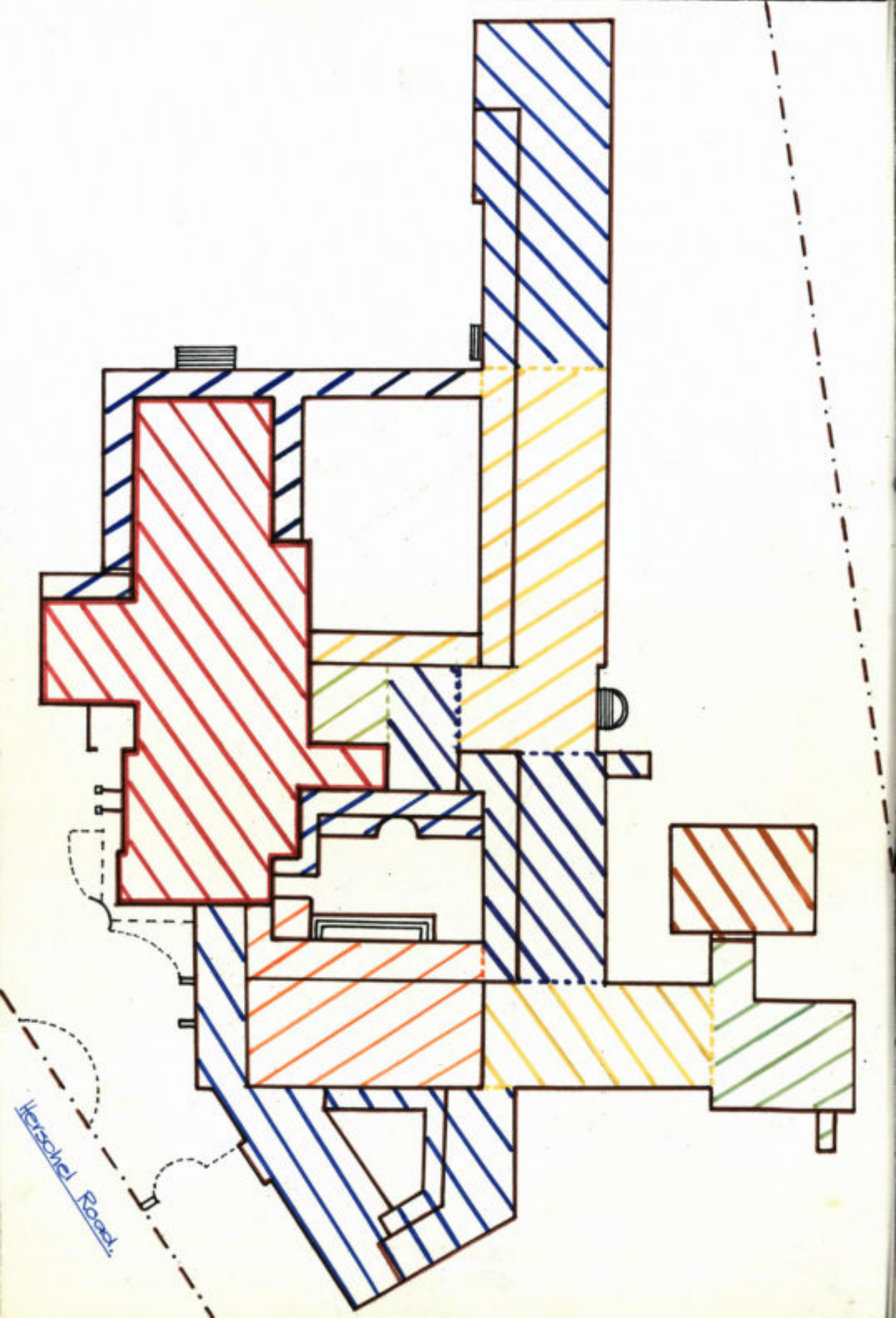
We extend our warmest thanks to all who have given their invaluable assistance in creating ROLT ' 79.

Happy reading !

Editor: Leigh Mukheiber
Sub-Editors: Mistene Maisel
Helen Dicey
Art Editor: Susan Steenkamp

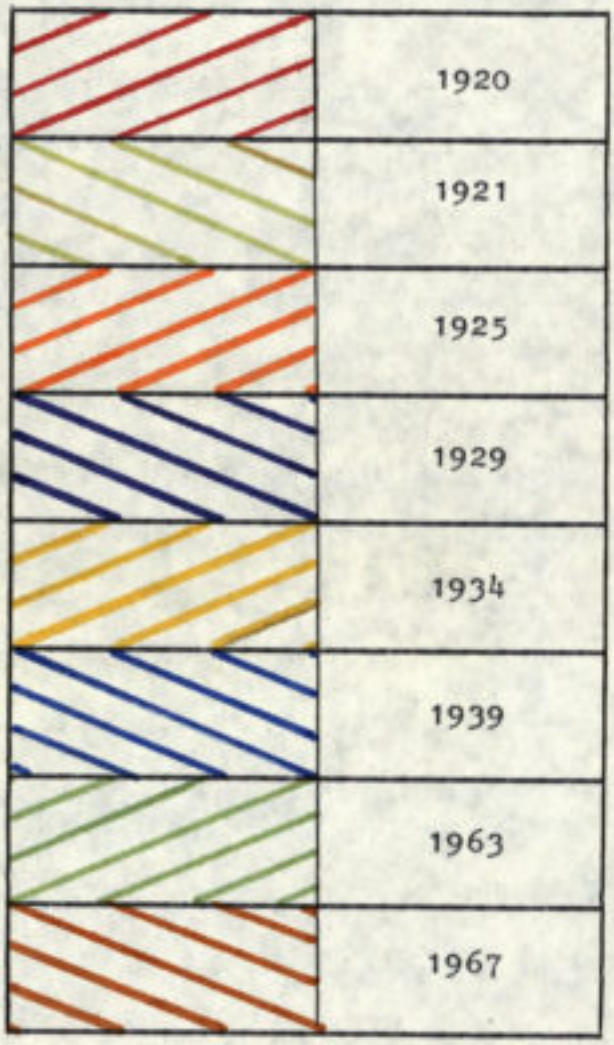
GOD HAVE MERCY ON THE SINNER
WHO MUST WRITE WITHOUT A DINNER
NO GRAVY AND NO GRUB
NO PEWTER AND NO PUB
NO BELLY AND NO BOWELS
ONLY CONSONANTS AND VOWELS

J C RANSOM


Herschel Road

H E R S C H E L

GROUND BUILDING DEVELOPMENT PLAN FROM 1920-1967



S. Steenkamp
Std. 9

1920's

Extension '78

Music, Art and Drama Block

Susan Steenkamp
Std. 9

REPORTS.

ROLT HOUSE REPORT

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

1979 has seen the start of a new era here at Herschel. Dr Silberbauer refered to it as an era of consolidation. The art and drama block, the classroom block, the library complex and the hall extensions are now complete. Herschel is adequately equipped for the present. - One thing hasn't changed, the Herschel family continues to have its superb house spirit !

For the sixth successive year, Rolt won the swimming gala and the diving competition. Not only the swimmers are to be congratulated but also the merry band of yellow supporters who did their bit on the side ! Thanks to Tanja Honig who organized swimmers and divers.

At the end of last year, we attained, with great pride, first place in the Music Competition. The co-operation of musicians, who gave up much time for practice, was remarkable, especially the choir members who willingly met before school-time.

Our failure to win the hockey and the netball competitions was certainly not due to lack of effort on the part of the players nor to lack of encouragement from the supporters.

Our entry for the One-Act play competition is under the capable direction of Jane Johnson and we hope that her team will succeed.

Rolt members have represented Herschel especially well this year. Caroline Dowdle, Lu Murdock and I attended the Rank Xerox School's English Festival at Grahamstown. Also busy in the June holidays was Phillippa Gleimuis at the S A C L A Conference and Leigh Mukheiber, Susan Davies and Amanda de Villiers on the French Tour. Meg van Niekerk is presently away with the Western Province Schools team in Johannesburg.

The only two "telegram messages" which Miss Geldard has read as STOP PRESS news to the school, were both about ROLT girls - Caroline Dowdle achieved 3rd place in the English Olympiad competition and Thérèse

Herbert was the best English entrant for the Cape in the C.I.S. 1979 Schools Essay Competition. Congratulations !

Special thanks to Leigh and Mistène for their superb organization of this magazine, and to Susan and Helen for help with Art and Afrikaans.

Long before I attended Herschel, I was an ardent supporter of Rolt, forced into this position by a situation where its head, Mrs Stockwell, gave me my meals.

Now, as head prefect of Rolt, I can honestly say that I have enjoyed all the "happenings" at Herschel, and especially the "goings-on" in Rolt. My enthusiasm will be an on-going thing.

With love,

Yvette Stockwell

ROLT HOUSE - GYM REPORT

1979 has not been the best year for this club because building operations prevented our use of the hall.

We continued to practise on the lawn every Monday afternoon, doing our own sequences and some new ones planned by Miss Kable.

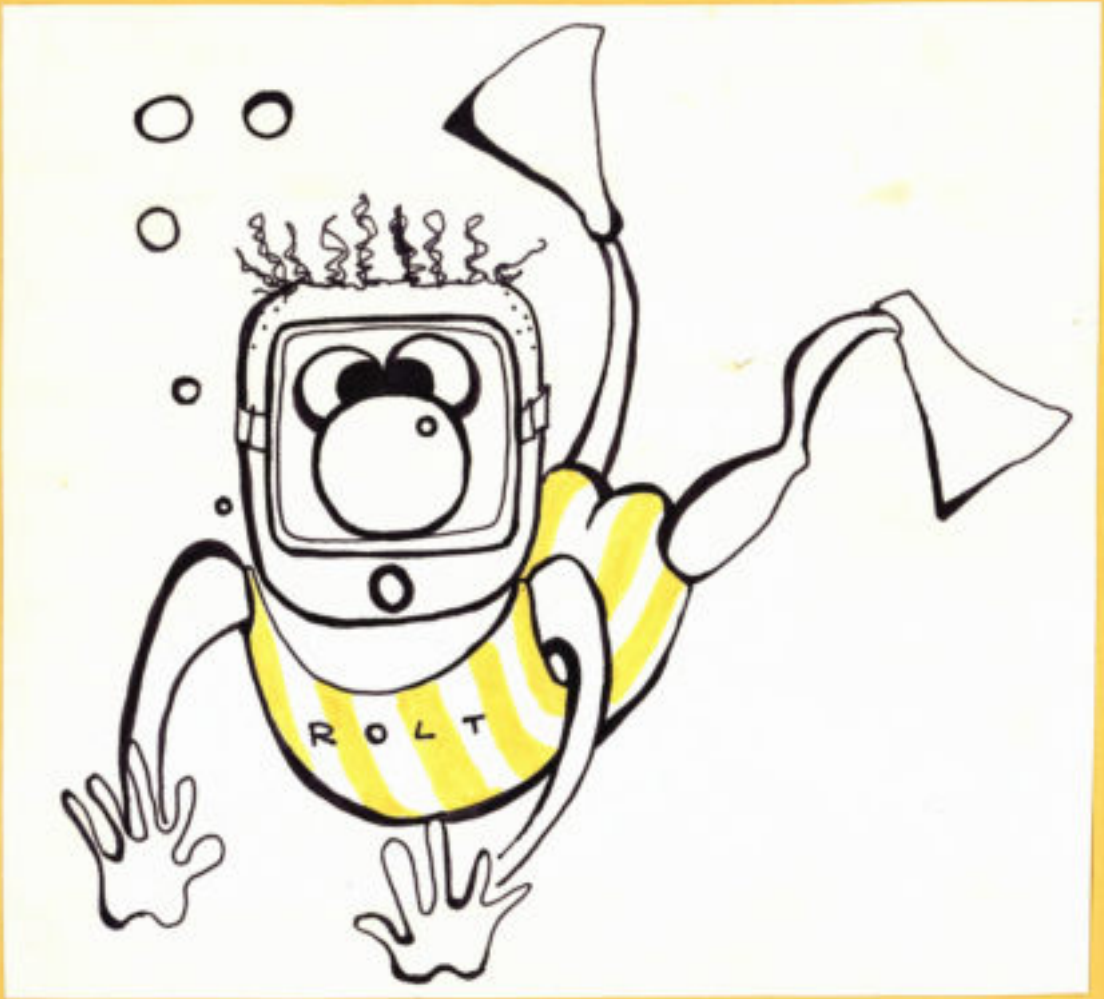
Activities were suspended during the 2nd quarter as this is the cold, wet period of the year and outdoor work would not have been possible.

We hope that our 15 regular "clubbers" will work with renewed vigour now that our hall is in use again and we look forward to an increase in membership.

The 1978 Gym Champion was our own Mary Jooste, so we feel that Rolt stands a good chance in this year's competition.

All the Rolt gymnasts thank Miss Kable for her constant enthusiasm and friendly encouragement. Her generosity in giving her spare time to organised and supervise our activities is much appreciated.

D Mannion.


ROLT

Swim, Rolt, Swim!

The Yellow Panther scores again!

Ro-o-o-o-l-l-l-t!

ROLT HOUSE - SWIMMING REPORT

This report in the Rolt magazine may get a bit monotonous every year but it is once again very pleasing to say, "Rolt won the inter-house swimming gala this year." I was also glad to notice that a new element of excitement re-entered this season because of the closer tussle between Rolt and Jagger. Our victory was not such an early conclusion as usual, although Rolt was as supremely confident as ever.

It is always reassuring to know that we have members of the house who give such good performances tirelessly in every gala, this year one being an old faithful, Monica Oelz.

Thankyou everybody for being such good "yellow" people. All I can say now is, keep up the spirit in your swimming and we will see that Silver cup in its rightful place again next year - the Rolt pedestal!

Jane Dicey.

ROLT HOUSE : DIVING REPORT

This year Rolt again featured strongly in all aspects of this sport.

The inter-house diving cup was won by Rolt with Monika Oelz winning the Open section. The inter-schools team consisted of 3 Rolt girls - Tanya Landless, Monika Oelz and Mary Jooste.

Monika is to be congratulated on winning the school championships.

Keep up this good work Rolt !

Mary Jooste


ROLT

ROLT HOUSE : HOCKEY REPORT

Despite the bad weather - the drizzle and freezing cold, Rolt had a good "turn-out" of supporters and certainly made ourselves heard!

The U15 team is congratulated in coming first in their section ! Everyone played extremely well, and much to everyone's surprise, our Open team held Merrimen's team and we drew 1 - 1

Rolt had only 3 players in the Open 1st team. It is comforting to know that we had Georgie Frater as goalie, as she had been selected for the Western Province Trials several weeks earlier. Over all in the Open section Rolt was placed 3rd however.

The three houses obtained 4 points each so goals had to be counted in order to select the winner - Merriman came first and Rolt and Jagger obtained second place. Well done !

Tanja Honig


BOLT

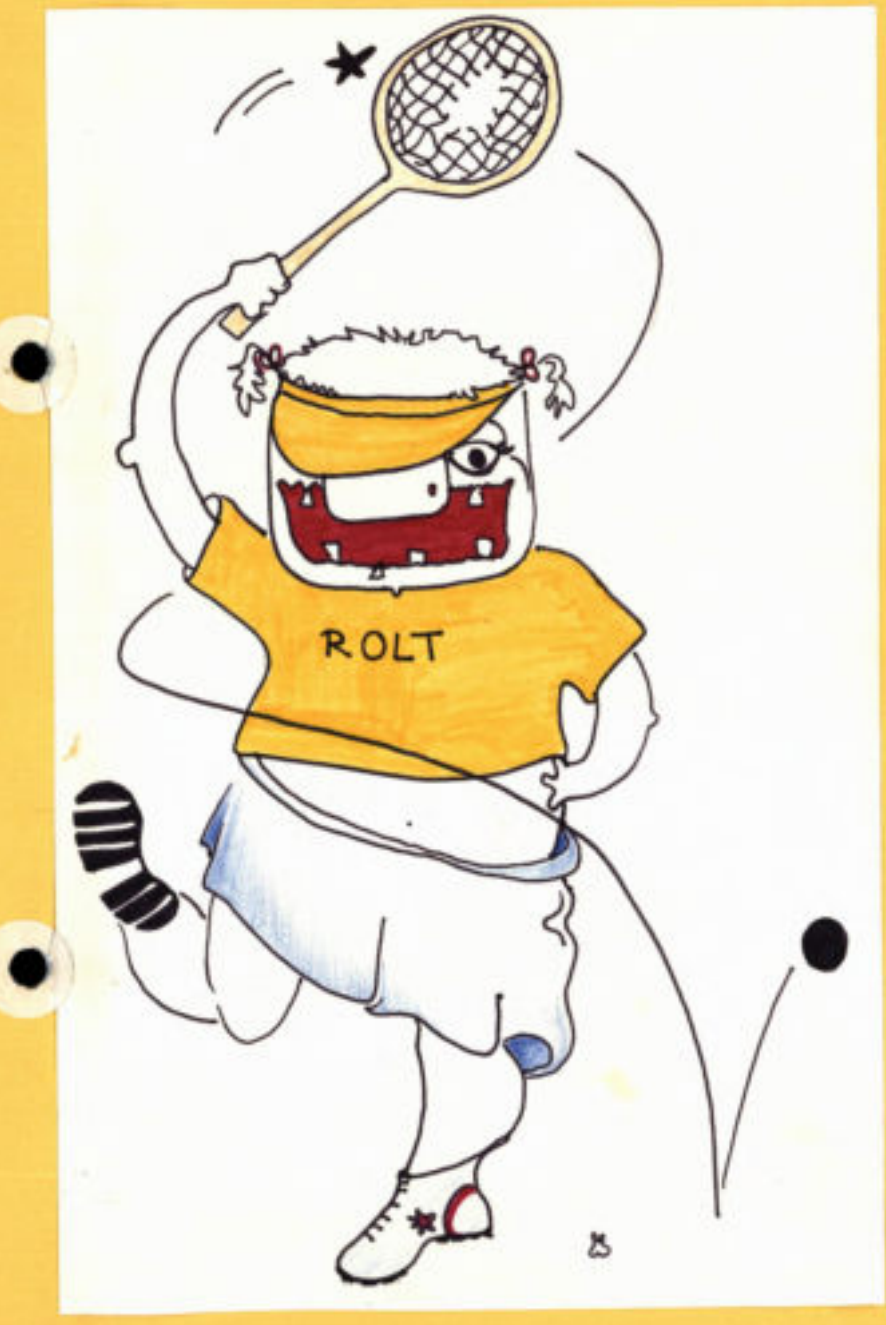
ROLT HOUSE - SQUASH REPORT

Here we are in 1979 with many up and coming young squash players. It gives us great pleasure to see how rapidly everyone is making progress. Susan Davies and Tony Olivier are still doing well. Jackie Rathfelder and Susan Burns have improved beyond recognition.

For the past 2 years, Rolt has won the Interhouse Squash Cup. With the abovementioned promising young players we should be able to do the same this year.

- So vasbyt Rolt !

J Dicey and M van Niekerk


ROLT

ROLT HOUSE : TENNIS REPORT 1979

In the "Open" section, Rolt did not have the "cream of the crop" but managed to gain 25 points and third place.

In the "U 15" section Rolt scored 20 points and third place again.

These defeats were not due to lack of enthusiasm. There was good support from the House.

Mention must be made of Jackie Rathfelder who won both the Std 6 and U 15 singles matches. Well done ! Toni Beck also contributed by winning the U15 doubles partnered by Anne Meynell of Jagger. Special congratulations must be made to Toni who has been playing regularly for Herschel's 1st Team.

Captain : Sarah Bevan
Vice Capt: Janet Millar

ROLT HOUSE - NETBALL REPORT

This is still Rolt's weak spot ! No victories were achieved but all games were played in a good spirit and were enjoyed by all.

The House needs new players and the continued support of those who already participate.

Let's really show everyone what we can do in 1980 !

D Mannion

S A C L A

The letters " S A C L A " stand for South African Christian Leadership Assembly, which took the form of a two week conference held in Pretoria during the July holidays. Approximately five thousand people of many different race groups and denominations came from all over the world to attend the conference.

The need for S A C L A came about 3 years ago after a similar conference, P A C L A (Pan African Churches Leadership Assembly) had been held in Nairobi. P A C L A had concentrated on a unification of Christians from all over Africa, whereas S A C L A aimed specifically at unifying South African Christians of all races and denominations.

A great deal of money and time was required for organizing a conference of such a large scale; a week prior to the conference, leaflets were distributed appealing for donations to cover a R75 000 debt, despite the fact that the organizors had been given Government grants and numerous donations. To find a suitable place to hold the conference posed a problem as being multiracial, it was not allowed to be held in the open; to hire an adequately sized tent would have cost a million rands. The need for people to offer their homes for accommodating the participants was a great requirement as well as the need for sufficient transport for all the participants. Miraculously these problems were all sorted out through a great deal of faith. A single enormous donation of R75 000 was received, the Pretoria showgrounds were adequate for the conference to take place in, 2 000 to 3 000 offered their homes for participants to stay in and permits for people to travel multiracially in public transport were obtained.

The overall theme of S A C L A was "Christian Witness in South Africa Today" using the first two chapters of Acts as the main base. Each day concentrated on a different aspect of witnessing ;

Monday - "The Focus of Witness: The Person of Jesus".
Tuesday - "The Community of Witness" - Fellowship
Wednesday - "The Message of Witness" - The Kingdom of God.
Thursday - "The Dynamic of Witness" - The Holy Spirit
Friday - "The Scope of Witness" - The Great Commission
Saturday - "The Bearers of Witness" - International Ministry
Sunday - "The Act of Witness" - Worship & Evangelism.

Each day over thirty different speakers gave talks surrounding the theme for the day. These talks contrasted vastly in style, but all emphasised the necessity of reading the Bible daily; only by doing this will Christians be able to reach a closer, deeper relationship with God,

receive the tremendous power of the Holy Spirit and be able to witness more effectively to His glory. God was no longer regarded as the Saviour of the rich and privileged but also of the poor and oppressed peoples of all races and religions. A heavy emphasis was layed on the importance of love; love is the most powerful thing in the world and is capable of over-powering anything. It is vital for Christians to be able to totally love and accept all races of people.

S A C L A was certainly a magnificent example of Christians loving and accepting each other. People talked to complete strangers as if they were old friends and all races mixed freely and easily with each other. Perhaps this is what S A C L A will be most remembered for; love and fellowship.

S A C L A was a tremendous experience which had a great impact on the majority of the members, but the real aim of S A C L A will only be fulfilled if all those members can have a lasting grip over what they received from S A C L A and not lose what they gained within a few weeks or months.

Phillippa Gleimius
Std 9

THE CHOIR

Rolt, as is only natural, won the Music Competition last year ! The Instrumental section was drawn with Merriman but our little choir of eleven girls sang like nightingales, and brought home the cup. Their keen interest and enthusiasm were marvellous.

There are many Rolt members in the school choir and I have full faith in their capabilities and have no doubt that the House will do well in future music contests.

The school choir continues to give pleasure wherever it performs. In August, the Cape Town Philharmonia Choir together with Bishop's and Herschel's choirs, will perform Benjamin Britten's War Requiem. We will have the special privilege of having Meredith Davis to conduct.

The climax of the year will be our Carol service and we are looking forward to this special event.

Yvette Stockwell
(Head of School Choir)

ROLT HOUSE : LIBRARY REPORT

In January Mrs Meinert succeeded Miss Tremble as Librarian; the lack of problems and disturbance in the change-over has been both remarkable and admirable. The new extension to the Library is now in use, with a room available for listening to language tapes. There is also a working area.

It is a joy to be able to go into the Library now that the building operations are complete - no more crawling through concrete and dust, or being deafened by pneumatic drills and ear-splitting saw noises. (Many of the older Library prefects can be easily identified as they seem to have a nervous disorder similar to shell-shock).

The Rolt Library prefects remain very much in evidence around the Library especially as they are the senior ones, Yvette Stockwell and Caroline Dowdle.

Aylex Cross

Camilla Broome

It's hard work transforming a dining-room into a swinging night-club!

" Waiting" to do the Can-Can ?

MATRIC DANCE REPORT

As usual, work came to an abrupt stop for the Matrics on the second day of the first term of this year, when we began to think of our Matric Dance, in the second term, in real earnest.

After a few surprisingly calm meetings, we decided upon our theme - Moulin Rouge. An ambitious one, yes, but with several very artistic girls to lead us, and a short holiday in which to paint posters, we managed to get together some wonderful material for decorating the dining-room.

For fully six weeks before the great event, we devoted lunch breaks to describing our little black numbers or Paris originals, and of course, posters. Suspense was mounting. Horoscopes acquired an eerie quality of implied doom. The real work began on the Thursday before the Friday, when we started to decorate the dining room. After performing miracles on the ceiling and walls, we happened to glance down at the floor, which we had until then ignored - several girls and tables were submerged beneath piles of chaos. We stayed there until twelve that night!!

The next morning, we limped to school and continued our work. By the afternoon, things were looking more presentable, and one by one, we dropped out to go and beautify what was left of ourselves.

When we arrived at school at eight, even we had to take a double take - the sight of the dining-room and matric class in all their splendour made it worth while (with the finishing touches largely due to our wonderful Std 9 waitresses)

The food was delicious, the band superb, and the atmosphere just wonderful - even the staff "stuck it out" till twelve!

I think we would all agree that it was an unforgettable night and was certainly ample reward for our weeks of diets, tension, headaches, and sleepless nights!!

Caroline Dowdle Matric

ORAL COMMUNICATION

This Society, although relatively small, has featured well in school activities. Debates and forum discussions of varying degrees of difficulty have been held against neighbouring schools.

In the Inter-Schools Forum Discussion, our team, (which had two Rolt participants) went through to the finals with a very favourable report. Caroline Dowdle of Rolt was selected to participate in the individual competition. On this occasion the Judges were unable to select a finalist and organised a further competition.

Good luck to our team for the Inter-house competition and also to those who will present our One Act Play at the end of the term.

Yvette Stockwell
(Sec.Herschel Debating Society)

(Staff Note - Yvette was Herschel's finalist in the Western Cape Section of the Public Speaking Competition, organised by the S.A.Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers).

ROLT HOUSE - DRAMA REPORT

This year the school presented snatches of the interesting play "Back to Methusela" by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Mrs. Saffery, the play was a tremendous success and was enjoyed by all the members of Rolt who participated. Aylex Cross, Amanda de Villiers, Leigh Mukheiber, Jane Johnson, Myrna Rabie and Toni Olivier deserve special mention.

We are all tremendously excited about the interhouse Play Festival which takes place at the end of term. We have chosen the satirical comedy "the do it yourself Frankenstein Outfit" and are pleased that its large cast allows many members of the house to be involved. Susan Davies, Shane Fairhead and Leigh Mukheiber take the lead roles and we wish you luck. The house spirit is incredibly strong in all three houses, and we are all having great fun.

May the best house win!

Jane Johnson

Robot dancers - Amanda de Villiers and Aylex Cross

"I know, dear old chap!" (Leigh Mukheiber - Rolt - and Mandy Scott - Jagger)

"Take these two abominations away, and destroy them" (Jane Johnson)

The trail just after Nuweberg Forest Station

The lunchtime pool with some of the girls and teachers

The first pool we came to as seen from the main path

BOLAND TRAIL REPORT-

On Friday 20th April, 15 girls from the Std 8 Geography class and three teachers, Mrs Westgaye, Mrs Banfield and Miss Aitcheson, assembled on Herschel's front lawn in the cold morning air to prepare for a two day, overnight hike, over the 10 km Boland Trail in the Nuweberg mountains. After loading our bulging rucksacks into the school bus and Mrs Westgate's car, we drove out to the Grabouw/ Villiersdorp area and from there to the Nuweberg Forest Station where the trail begins. (Incidentally, this trail can be started in Cape Town, but we all decided that 10 km would be enough !)

After last minute preparations, we donned our highly overloaded rucksacks and started walking fairly enthusiastically on the level road leading into the Nuweberg Forest. This road continued in good condition until it dipped sharply down into the beautiful Kathleen Murray Nature Reserve. After turning a rocky corner we reached the trails and footpaths leading to the hut where we would stay overnight. We found a welcome pool which was freezing cold but a few of the braver members of the party took to jumping in and out again to cool off. After that the trail was comparatively easy until the next stop, which was lunch break, during which we had the added bonus of a cold shower - a waterfall !

The hardest and steepest part of the trail followed and this was where the fastest and slowest walkers were sorted out ! After crossing a river, which luckily for us was not in full flood, and climbing a rocky hill, we descended again. This pattern was repeated;most of us found the going quite difficult. We all hoped that the hut would be "round the next corner" or "at the top of the next hill". The faster walkers finally reached the hut at about 5 p.m. and the sun was already dipping below the koppies. Tired and footsore, after a long and winding descent, we reached the "promised land" as it were and collapsed onto the bunks inside the wooden hut. The last group arrived at about 7 p.m. and had to use torches on the descent.

Fires were built in the well-equipped wooden shed where there were axes, firewood and trestle-tables. After everyone had settled themselves more or less in their sleeping areas, the next task was to cook supper on the rather odd fires. We enjoyed the

underdone and welcome meat and soup, after which almost everyone retired to sleep.

We were up again next morning at 8 a.m., bleary-eyed and ruffled after a disturbed sleep. We made the best of an unexciting breakfast! After cleaning up we donned our rucksacks in the bright sunshine and decided which of us would take the more difficult trail over the Franschhoek mountains, and who would take the easier road which led to the top of the Franschhoek pass. About 8 chose the former and about 10 the latter, but we all enjoyed the trails.

The more energetic group reached Franschhoek about 3.30 p.m. and the others arrived at the top of the pass after a dusty march along a seemingly endless road. Mr Banfield collected them there. This is where most of the geographical study was done, as we surveyed the area which was to become the Waterskloof Dam. Mr Westgate collected the ten at Franschhoek and theirs must both have been the most welcome faces.

It was thoroughly enjoyable and exciting even though the rucksacks were sometimes a little heavy.

F McQueen and J Post

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY CLUB REPORT

It was with regret that we said "goodbye" to Mrs Bernice Mallet at the end of 1978 - she had been a pillar of strength and kindness in her leadership of the social responsibility club. She even attended the Bruce Duncan Home Christmas Party arranged so ably by her, although she was literally about to pop ! Her little son Roger arrived that night. The club still misses her enthusiasm although Miss Barnett has done a very good job as teacher-in-charge this year. Unfortunately she has left us but we are sure Miss Aitcheson will prove to be an able leader.

Our activities started somewhat slowly but gained momentum. We collected books for the Lady Buxton Home Fete and for the Community Carnival. Standard 6 and 7 brought bottles filled with various items for the bottle tombola at the Carnival. We also took part in three street collections helping the Red Cross, Race Relations and Animal Welfare. On behalf of the Bruce Duncan House we wrote to a leading store to ask for toiletries; we received a charming letter in which a voucher for R15,00 was enclosed. Accompanied by Caroline Dowdle as "financial adviser", I did the most economical shopping of my life and brought a surprising amount of toiletries which we were able to deliver to the Home on the last day of the first term.

We had an enjoyable outing with the St Michaels children who really are most delightful. We took them to stables where they thoroughly enjoyed their rides on Cricket and Thundercloud. They then ate sandwiches, cake and chips and drank colddrinks on the lawn near the stables. This was followed by a hectic walk in the forest.

Our most recent outing was with the Bruce Duncan children. We took them to Rhodes Memorial. The children had great fun feeding the buck, climbing onto the statues and eating the picnic tea. It was wonderfully relaxed. The children are very lovable and leave one feeling very refreshed.

Herschel is a member of the Child Life Junior Project which will start its activities next term.

I must end my report on a serious note. The response from the school for outings is very weak; it seems that people are not willing to give up a few hours on a Saturday afternoon to take these lovely children out. Surely it is good to help the underprivileged in any way.

Rolt girls involved in Social Responsibility are :-
J. Johnsen, S. Fairhead, M. Maisel, J. Post, S. Burns, W. Lyhne, B. Pentz, J. Fouché, B. Baker, C. Marr, K. Dower, T. Scott, K. Krone.

L.Murdock Std. 10

Le Château de Laversine

Aerial view of Paris from the Eiffel Tower

Our group outside Sacré Cœur - Amanda de Villiers (left) and Leigh Mukheiber (right)

A DREAM COMES TRUE

After six weeks of planning, discussing, sleeping and dreaming about France, the 7th July dawned at last. We assembled at D.F. Malan and were soon in the air on our way to Johannesburg. We arrived at Jan Smuts Airport at 3. 00 p.m. and after 3½ hours of weary waiting, going through customs, checking our luggage and getting to know everyone, we boarded our 'plane. We were 15 hours away from France. We landed at Orly Airport at 9. 50 on Sunday morning. The weather was grey, cold and foggy. Our holiday had begun!

For three weeks we lived in the Château de Laversine near a tiny village called Saint Maximin, just forty-five kilometers from Paris.

During this time we visited all the noteworthy châteaux and towns in the area and many an afternoon and evening were spent in the great capital.

Our day began at 8. 45 a.m. with a delicious breakfast of baguettes, croissants, strawberry jam and café au lait. We would then trudge to French lessons which began at 9.30. For three hours we had intensive language and literature lessons - with a half hour break!

After lunch we collected on the steps of the château to await the bus which took us to the various places of interest.

Our first afternoon was spent in Paris at the Pompidou Centre - the mecca of modern art. When we arrived we all gasped and stood mesmerised. Never in our lives had we seen such architecture - large green, red, blue pipes (all symbolic of something?) towered above us. The large square in front of this centre was a hive of activity. It seemed as if the whole of Paris had congregated to see the mimers (dressed completely in white), the fire eaters and the vendors. We felt positively dull for everyone was dressed in the brightest colours - purple, scarlet, mauve!

In the course of our explorations of Paris we visited Nôtre Dame which was very badly lit and rather overrated. At the Arc de Triomphe we diced with death trying to cross the road. Everytime we prepared to run, another stream of cars would come from all directions, quite frightening!

One of the most exciting spots in Paris is the Latin Quarter - alive with artists, students and "bohemians". It has a lively yet quaint atmosphere.

When we visited the Louvre and saw the Mona Lisa, we were surprised to see so small a painting. Nevertheless, we understood why it had become famous - the expression on her face and in her eyes, and the sense of tranquility that this picture radiates, is unique. I personally felt truly refreshed after seeing her.

Going up the Eiffel Tower was rather hair-raising for those suffering from vertigo, but once we had soared to the second floor we realized it was worth while. The view from up there is breathtaking and one realizes just how beautiful Paris really is. It's so well laid out!

Vaux - le - Vicomte, which was built by Nicolas Fouquet (1615-1680), - a Lord High Treasurer of France, was the most spectacular château we visited. The interior is awe-inspiring - especially the ceilings - and the gardens are quite exquisite.

The Château of Chantilly is also impressive and I am sure we will all remember the Chantilly "glaces" with their enormous dollops of cream on top! Certainly Ice-cream de luxe!

One Sunday we drove to Reims - a three hour drive - where we each bought a bottle of French champagne (with our arrival home in mind). Reims is the centre of the champagne country and we were able to see the champagne cellars of the 14th century, twenty metres below the ground with temperatures of 6 degrees - 10 degrees C. Were we cold in our summer T - shirts, sandals and bare legs!

Reims Cathedral is breathtaking. The glass windows in vivid blues, greens and reds are spectacular - especially the three by Marc Chagale. The tapestries that adorn the walls are also magnificent in their detail and beauty. This must be the most impressive cathedral we visited!

One of the highlights of our holiday was a thrilling trip up the Seine on a bateau - mouche at 10. 30 at night. We were extremely lucky as we had an American Choir sitting opposite us. They accompanied our voyage up the river with their beautiful harmony. Passers-by waved from the banks and bridges, and the atmosphere on board the boat was truly wonderful. Everybody was completely natural, happy and friendly. What an evening!

Our visit to Sacré Coeur and Montmartre was full of interest and excitement. We had our silhouettes done by an artist who believed in flattery - how glamorous we looked! The steep cobbled streets are so picturesque and look exactly like the many paintings one sees. The Church has one of the most awe-inspiring ceilings.

The night we went to L'Opéra, La Noce de Figaro was being sung most magnificently, but as the heat was unbearable (they usually close the opera house during July for this reason) we left in the entre-acte and went shopping instead.

The Comédie Francaise was very interesting, with acting of a very high standard, excellent although it was a strain to understand what was going on. After the first half an hour one's brain "switched off".

One disappointment on our holiday was seeing Versailles. The gardens were amazing, but the actual buildings were not what we had expected. The Mirrors (in the Hall of Mirrors) were all dusty and clouded over! Perhaps the cleaners were on holiday too!

We felt very French when we ate "French bread, French chocolate and French Limonade" in the streets at tea-time and we often had lunch and supper on the side of the road. Once we went to a "brasserie" (restaurant) bearing our own food.

Our favourite occupation was shopping, particularly in The Champs Elyseés where we could actually see with our own eyes world-famous shops. We got quite a kick out of buying some chocolate at Côte D'OR. Many an afternoon was also spent strolling around the tiny, typically French villages with their narrow winding streets and window boxes.

It is impossible to communicate to others the tremendous fun we had on this tour for we made wonderful friends in the group and the companionship and sense of camaraderie will long be treasured by all of us. How wonderful to be young and with friends in Paris!

We all returned to school dazed and walking on air, and we are finding it hard to recover from the most fabulous time of our lives!

Leigh Mukheiber.

HOUSE HONOURS

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

Anon.

Prefects:	Head:	Yvette Stockwell
		Caroline Dowdle
		Alison Marr
		Louise Murdock
	Boarding House:	Georgina Frater
		Maria Stavrou

Academic Achievement:

Scrolls:	Caroline Dowdle
	Alison Marr
	Yvette Stockwell
Badges:	Jane Dicey
	Leigh Mukheiber
	Meg van Niekerk
	Maria Stavrou

Oral Communication and Drama:

Badges:	Caroline Dowdle
	Yvette Stockwell

Deportment:

Badge:	Yvette Stockwell

Sport Achievement:

Swimming Colours:	Jane Johnson
	Monica Oelz
Swimming Badges:	Jennifer Anderson
	Aylex Cross
	Jane Dicey
	Tanja Honig
	Deirbhle Mannion
	Susan Stamper
Tennis Badges:	Toni Beck
	Tanja Honig
Squash Badge:	Meg van Niekerk
Hockey Badges:	Belinda Couzens
	Tanja Honig

ENGLISH.

FICTION.

THE SEED

You had to go then.

But me, I stayed.
seed - broken-brown coated heart
of remorse and pain.
Alone in my loneliness, and silent.

Rain sympathy comforted me;
Sending my little hair- root hopes
Seeking, searching, delving-deep
into the brown warm earth of our once rich
relationship.

My still weak stem striving to stand
Straight and proud
And
My delicate arms reaching, yearning, craving life:
the sun - my sun memories.

Alison Marr Std 10

THE FAWN

I saw a fawn the other day
Suckling on a doe,
When I approached he ran away
The doe got up to go

They stood together in the glen
As the sun was rising
In the trees above a wren
Sang duets with a starling

They made a striking picture there
In the sun's first rays
They were nature's perfect pair
I stood dumbly, and gazed.

Lisa Lyhne
Std. 7

Thérèse Herbert
Matric

CHILD AT THE WINDOW

Ever since he could remember, Jamie's parents had always fought. He would go to sleep with their shouting still imprinted in his mind, and he would wake up to hear them arguing over the morning meal. During the arguments, which lasted for anything from five to twenty minutes, at least, he would sit by the hall window with his snub nose pressed hard against the pane. His tears would form rivulets down the smooth glass as he watched the weather turn from rain to shine before him.

Jamie had no brothers or sisters and he had always been extremely close to both his parents. When he was younger, about five, his parents had tried to hide their incompatibility and arguments from him, but he could always sense the tense atmosphere in the house whenever they were not speaking. Thinking back he remembered that somehow those years had been the happiest though, with carefree happy family holidays in the country or swimming at Lands End on Sundays after Church.

Now the arguments had become too frequent to hide from him and as their intensity increased so did the hours during which he sat lonely and absorbed with his own thoughts at the window. No one bothered him while he sat there and it seemed as if they knew that he needed those moments to himself. He had always worshipped his father as a young boy and had loved him blindly with the infatuation that so often comes from youngsters of that age. They went fishing and climbing together and enjoyed all the healthy everyday activities normal to a boy and his father. But now at the tender age of eight, Jamie began noticing the big business trips, the loneliness, the late homecomings from work and his mother's tears, apart from just the arguments.

When he saw his mother crying, he always felt a great rush of affection for her within him, and the urge to tell her that no matter what happened he would always care for her. He didn't know just what he expected to happen, but he knew that it would be something final and that it would change his whole lifestyle.

He thought of this often while sitting there, and he would feel combined feelings of adulthood and childhood within him as his tears seemed to mingle with the driving rain. He was still at the window as dusk fell, and he quietly watched the dark form of his father, walking slowly, decisively, down the drive and away.

Jane Johnson Std 9

MY KID SISTER

She stands there with two scruffy plaits, a freckled nose and her tongue out in a cheeky gesture. She makes you mad. She always uses your make-up, ruins your homework with sticky fingers and "helps" you with your knitting. Her dress is always grubby or torn, and when you make her presentable she's untidy in a minute. She's my kid sister whom I love.

That tear-stained, upturned face touches your heart (even though she's telling you how she broke your favourite ornament) and the grubby "home-made" Birthday card on the mantlepiece reminds you of when you were young. She makes you feel quite old when you're asked to test her on her tables and the watermelon grin you are faced with after the first day at school would make anyone smile.

Still, the thin voice saying "I'll tell Mommy! " makes me see red, and when you pull her hair she's off, bawling again. She's always around when you sneak a piece of cake into your bedroom (breaking that strict diet !) and she blackmails you into parting with the week's pocket money to cover up your crime. The terrible thing is that she always ends up telling my parents when the money's spent on sweets. Oh dear ! There's a crash. I don't think I'm so fond of her after all !

Shelly Durr Std 6

AT THE END OF THE DAY

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

GILL MACKENZIE
Standard V111

LANTERNE

I
did love
my sweetheart
once upon a
time

Toni Olivier
Std 8

SPRING

The veld turns into
A colourful carpet
Of different colours

Katherine Ince
Std 8

L O V E

Love is deep and easy to touch
coming from someone you care for very much,

Love is a feeling, a whisper, a smile,
It is something that can last for a long, long while,

Love is soft, quiet and kind,
And it is not just something in your mind,

Love is a power stronger than spite,
It can out-do jealousy and outshine light,

Love is something that is always there,
Faith, hope, showing that you care !

Wendy Lyhne
Std. 6

HIM

Thinking while I'm bathing
Of that naughty, cutish grin
Makes me start a-laughing
And my head begins to spin.

Dreaming that he is around
His eyes bright and twinkling
Makes my heart begin to pound
My eyes to start a-blinking.

SUZANNE LOUW
Standard V11

G O O D B Y E

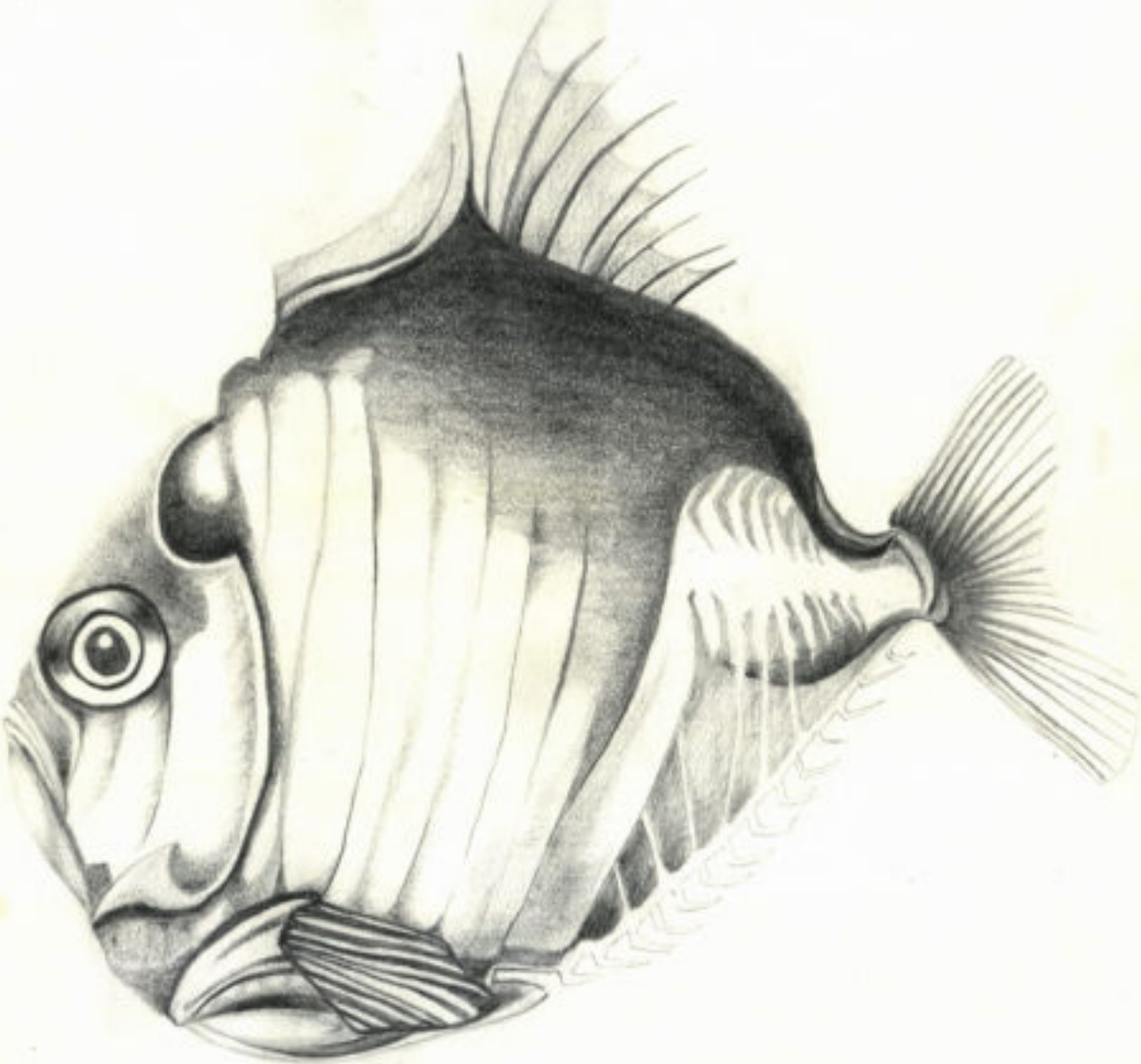
The brief month of happiness has past,
And our ribbon of time didn't last
Long enough to make you mine.

I know it's hard to be chained to a memory
Of a few weekends in the sun
Yet I hope that when I return
Your love won't be undone.

If, when I come back.
We find our love should lack
Could it have been real,
The emotion that we feel ?

And what is meant by a love so fond
If only a parting can break the bond ?

Cynthia Taylor
Std 8



SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

Saint George, he was a gallant knight,
The bravest in the land.
His mount was of the purest while
And heavy was his hand.

Many a damsel in distress
Was rescued just in time,
And often in his battle dress
His valour was sublime.

There was a dreaded beast around,
A dragon was his name,
His greed and lust did all astound,
To whole cities he laid claim.

Outside a city wall one day
The monster he did wait,
For the citizens were forced to pay
To keep him out the gate.

Each day a lovely maid was sent
To satisfy his thirst,
Their cries and moans the air did rent
A princess was the first.

Saint George had heard the story
How the savage beast was fed;
To his everlasting glory
He vowed he'd have its head.

A fair and gracious maid was led
Beyond the city wall,
Saint George rose up, while others fled;
The dragon he did call.

"Come here you monstrous,scaly wretch
And fight me to the end -
No longer shall your long neck stretch
To take the maids they send ".

And with a mighty savage blow
He rent the beast asunder,
On all sides did its life blood flow;
No longer would it plunder !

L Mukheiber Std 9

M I S T

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 femembered 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 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 changed. He critisized 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 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. Davies Std 9

Hilary Knight Std 9

m a d n e s s

I'm thinking.
Suddenly -
Madness !

What is happening ?
Calm down !
It's alright.

Oh, I'm so happy !
What now ?

Again - I'm going mad !
My head's going to burst !
Calm down !

Oh no !
Mother !
My head, my head !

STOP !

J Post
Std. 8

WITHDRAWAL

I hide away, I close the door,
But wherever I go they follow more.
Infinite monsters, small in size
But in the mind they wreathe and rise.
Up they soar and round they creep
They're in my mind, awake or asleep.
They slowly twist into my brain,
Their aim, I'm sure, to drive insane.

I had such fun, I had a ball,
But is it worth it after all ?

Toni Olivier
Std 8

LIMERICKS

With our money this man is a shrewdy
He made all the tax-payers moody.
He now has a yacht,
Where it's sunny and hot,
His name, you can guess, is E Rhoodie !

Toni Olivier
Std 8

There was a young girl called Pat
Who was exceedingly fat,
She looked like a ball
And was not very tall,
Just you try imagining that !

Mistene Maisel
Std 9

There was a young lady from Lynn
Who was so terribly thin
She went on a diet
She thought she would try it
And now she's as thin as a pin

Susan Burns
Std 9

There was a young girl called Rose
Who had an extremely long nose
They told her she lied
Which she promptly denied
And her nose grew right down to her toes !

Susan Ingram
Std 9.

There was a young man from Peru
Who thought he was good at Kung Fu
He practised all day
Then at night he would say
"Allow me to try it on you ! "

Leigh Mukheiber
Std 9

Susan Steenkamp
Std. 9

SUMMER BEAUTY

I know a place of summer beauty,
Pounding waves and burning sand.
Sunny coves, bright, tidal rock pools
Glowing sunsets on the land.

I know a place of summer beauty,
Sunny days and country streams,
Hills of heath and rambling wild flowers,
Peaceful nights of carefree dreams.

My glowing place of summer beauty,
Shines in winter's cold or gloom,
Joyous days of summer beauty,
I close my eyes, they fill my room.

Susan Ingram
Std 9.

CARRYING A BUNCH OF MARIGOLDS IN AN OLD NEWSPAPER, SHE CARRIES THEM UPRIGHT, BAREHEADED.

"Chien, tu cochon !" the villagers of Chartres chanted as they followed the shorn girl down the cobbled streets; she carried a tiny babe in her arms - hugging it to her breast as if seeking protection in it. Her white face was hard and her lips were tightly closed. She walked with a long stride as if trying to escape from the jostling people; she could have been compared to an arrogant young filly drawing away from her more experienced field, to take the post. The crowd slowly grew tired of taunting their traitor and let her stride freely ahead. As she drew away, a piercing "Kraut! " filled her ears and echoed in the cells of her head. A tear filtered from her eye and made its miserable descent down her cheek.

Her eyes met those of her baby and he, for it was a boy bearing his father's name Sven, sensed her melancholy and began to cry.

She took thirteen hours to reach Paris - she walked the whole way becsuse no one would offer a shaven-headed girl a lift. It was only when she walked through villages that she was intimidated - usually by cold-eyed females who gawked at her and spat into the gutter.

As she walked methodically on, she thought of the past four years - of Sven. Colonel Sven Manuel was a member of Rommel's Seventh Panzer Division who had penetrated deep into France - right down to Chartres, fifty five miles South West of Paris. He was a quiet man who had the facade of a shy, kind person, (I have heard that Himmler too was an infinitely gentle person in his native village). His gentle manner shone out above the brutality of the other soldiers in his division and attracted Sophia. This attraction had taken place four years before and the sordid affair had continued on and off since then.

Apart from the fact that he was a Nazi, any young girl could have been attracted to him - he was a good-looking, blond and blue-eyed German, and was generous with his special supplies - chocolate and silk stockings ! But because of his nationality the girls ignored him - all except Sophia. They met in a disused barn just outside the Village, but their meetings were fleeting because of the curfew. No one suspected anything until Sophia started wearing silk stockings every day. All the people who noticed kept quiet, not daring to imagine how she could have acquired them - her parents were very upset, but could extract nothing from her.

Sven showed no sign of the "Nazi" traits to Sophia and always remained her obedient lover - gentle and kind, but she had seen him be "pretty rough" with the other townsfolk. During tranquil moments in the barn, Sophia sometimes questioned him about his position in the Nazi force. He answered in a weak way, that as all his friends had joined, he had too. It was obvious to Sophia that he did not enjoy his duties, but to all of France Nazis were Nazis !

In May 1943 they conceived their little baby and Sophia was distraught, she hid the signs of pregnancy for as long as possible and then left her home to live in the deserted barn - the Nazis protected her, but as she walked through the streets people muttered and spat. Sven was as kind as ever, but had to go on a special mission just four days before Paris and Chartres were freed in August 1944 - he was killed by the Resistance. His companion went back to Chartres to break the news to Sophia, he returned the day the Germans were driven out and only just had time to break the news to Sophia.

The Villagers let out all the venom that they had built up against her in their years of captivity by gleefully shaving her head; they then drove her out of the village.

She picked a few marigolds on her way to place on Sven's grave. She still looked arrogant as she walked carrying a bunch of marigolds in an old newspaper; she carried them upright, bareheaded.

Louise Murdock
Std 10

THE CASE

The Magistrate picked up his tortoiseshell spectacles, placed them on his nose and began to read from his notes. He pronounced the verdict for the case of Mrs.Rose's death. He said that her fall from her tenth storey balcony at approximately four o'clock on December the 7th, had been an accident and foul play was not suspected.

Mrs Rose was a wealthy woman in her early fifties, living in an expensive apartment in the upper-class area of Hillbrow. Since her husband's death five years previously (due to an accident with a pet eagle) Mrs Rose had developed a phobia about birds. She was terrified of them and would not be seen near a park, zoo or nature reserve.

One afternoon while drinking tea in the lounge, a snow white dove flew into the room through the open balcony door. She immediately became hysterical.

"Help ! Help ! A bird " she screamed, and rushed outside onto the balcony to get away from it. The bird fluttered about the room, gave a slight chirp, and then confusing the reflection in the glass for the open air, flew straight into it. It lay there, quite stunned, without moving.

Mrs Rose let out a few more frantic screams before eventually plucking up the courage to step back into the lounge where the bird lay. She glanced sideways at the bird and broke out into a cold sweat. She hated doves. In a flash she undid the clasp of her twenty-two carat gold safety-pin brooch and plunged the pin into the soft breast of the creature.

Just then Mr Young from the apartment next door, rushed in and saw the pin being stabbed into the heart of his prize dove. He went white with rage and his uncontrollable temper forced him to push Mrs Rose onto the balcony and then over the side. She went hurtling down and was killed instantly, as she struck the ground. Nobody was allowed to touch his doves !

The realisation of the nature of his act became apparent to Mr Young. He had committed murder, and something had to be done about it quickly.

"Hello", he shouted, "come quickly to apartment number sixty-one, The Sands, Irvin Road, Hillbrow ! I have just seen a woman fall over the balcony from the tenth storey. Get an ambulance, she must be hurt. She is lying flat on her back ! "

****

The Magistrate took off his spectacles and rumbled,

"The case is now closed, the Court will adjourn".

Mr Young walked slowly out of the room with a mysterious smile on his face. As he passed the wastepaper basket which was over-flowing, he tossed into it a twenty-two carat gold safety pin brooch, which was smeared with dark red blood.

Gillian Mackenzie Std 8

AUTUMN DAYS

Autumn brings leaves, dried and brown,
Tumbling gently, sadly down.

I should like to think that I
Like those leaves in trees so high
Could give in life what these leaves provide
Shelter and beauty, not hate and pride.

Susan Davies
Std 9

THE TRAMP

Tall and gaunt, the tramp has lines of wisdom etched on his face. Although his lifetime occupation has been scratching in dustbins, he has the bearing of a gentleman. With gentle well formed hands he picks up and caresses an abandoned clog with loving, quiet tenderness.

His good looking face is partly hidden by long matted hair, its colour masked by years of neglect. His eyes are tired, sad and drooping, bloodshot from years of liquor. His skin, uncared for, is wrinkled and lined. He always has a cigarette stump in his mouth, and he has small black stubs where teeth once were. His clothes are 1952 Army kit. His trousers are shin length with a few gaudy patches sewn onto them and he has on a pair of odd socks. His shoes are old army boots with two great holes where the heels used to be. They used to be black but now they are a light, dusty grey. His shirt is long with many holes and the elbows are totally worn through. It is held together with pieces of rusting wire. On top of his filthy hair he props an old wide brimmed leather hat which is his oldest and most valuable possession.

He sleeps wherever he can find a place, sometimes on a rotting park bench, and in winter in a dirty subway.

As I watched him rummage through a paper bag I realised how undemanding and harmless the tramp really is.

Cate Hudson Std 6

THE SEARED LEAVES

Like the seared leaves of a carefully-written book, memories creak open.

It all starts on a rosy day when everything is- well, it is memorable. We look about and for the first time, we actually see. With wonder-filled realization, we can do more than just look, we can understand.

The sun climbs lazily, its rays trickling liquidly over the Eastern range like tickling tentacles. We have not watched this before, and it is brilliant. The birds sing sweetly as they dip gracefully for food.

The town-crier has just passed with the morning bell. People stir, and grumpily, they arise to 'morn' the new day of work. They cannot appreciate the life around them. They have not noticed the rosy day.

For some who have birthdays, it is an exciting day, while for others, it is just an everyday sort of day. Milton, for it is his birthday, has received a large sailing boat which he happily sails in his pond. Katherine was given a beautiful handkerchief, which she wears as proudly as can be and Somebody received a diary in which she wrote:

6 May 1875
Today is my birthday. I am celebrating the day I was born. I do hope 'then' was as rosy a day as today. My name is Gwen, and this is my very own diary. In it; I shall write anything I wish to write. Grandmother visited me today. My dog Tipsy, fell into a ditch. Good-night, sleep tight and don't let the fleas bite.

The second entry was placed on a hot, sticky day - much later on. The sun had lost its soft-morning qualities and blazed stubbornly, relentlessly, high above. Milton was busy washing his bicycle, apron-soggy Katherine was doing her laundry and Gwen was moving to her new home. She found her treasured yet unkempt diary and with determined resolution began an entry (once again).

10 July 1898
Tomorrow, I am to marry. I will be Mrs. James Walker. I will be in charge of a large household. James is a dear, dear man and it is with the utmost respect that I plight him my troth.

The third entry was placed on a very rainy day. The sky was full of clouds and the hope of a re-appearing sun was slight. The air was damp and cold and mouldy, it saturated every muscle. Milton read quietly in his wheel-chair in front of a fire, Katherine, well she had moved away the previous summer. Gwen wrote tearfully in her diary.

12 December 1937
My darling James, passed away peacefully just before tea. My life is now only mine just like this diary - still, I treasure it.

13 December 1937
Today, once again, is a rosy day. The sun is shining and I have realized that life is a cycle.

The seasons come and go swinging regularly into positions like a pendulum. As they swing, they 'tick' on yet another 'tock', and as now becomes then, tomorrow becomes today. The life that is between the chimes, however, is eventful and yet horribly regular, it is spectacular and yet painfully drab. Our excitements and sores become memories, just for us.

Life like a small seed is sown, grows, changes and then sheds its old, brown and burnished leaves, subject to the same sun by which it joyfully grew, and sadly, will die.

And tomorrow is somebody's birthday.

Y STOCKWELL
Standard X

THE SINKING OF THE UNSINKABLE

I often used to wonder what the people on board a ship felt when it sunk - until I did not need to wonder, I knew. When I was nine, my father decided to take the whole family, my mother, three brothers, two sisters and I, overseas to America. We were to go in one of the big new steel ships and for days we hustled and bustled, excited and impatient, until at last the day came and we set off to the harbour.

There everything was confused. Sailors, passengers and sightseers milled around the docks. Ships left the port, ships came in, boats strained at the ropes keeping them at the quayside. Suddenly a huge ship loomed over us. It was said that it was the biggest ever built, that it would not sink and that the owners were ready to swear that it was unsinkable. It was the Titanic. We were some of its passengers, and spent our days meeting new people, eating new foods, exploring new places and wondering how it could ever have been built.

One day we passed an enormous slab of ice - it was an ice floe ! I was in awe of their majesty and beauty as the great floes silently passed us, rearing out of the North Atlantic's icy depths. One night I was whispering with my twin, Mark, when we felt a shudder pass through the ship. A little later our mother came into the room. White-faced as a ghost, she led my little brother Peter, my sister Vicky, Mark and I out of our cabin. Outside we were met with blazing lights, panicking people and voices - voices shouting and screaming or apprehensively whispering. The rest of the family soon joined us. We were all bewildered but at last my father had time to answer our questions. He said "Children, listen to me. Don't panic, whatever you do, and as soon as you see a lifeboat try to get on to it. Make sure,Robert, that everyone is with you before you go. Don't worry about me or your mother, we'll be safe. The ship is sinking".

The ship is sinking ! - The words echoed in my head. The Titanic, the unsinkable Titanic, was sinking. Suddenly everyone around us surged forward, carrying us with them. We saw that the lifeboats were getting ready. As we drew near, each clutching onto as many of the others as we could, we heard a voice saying, "Women and children first , please. Any gentlemen over 18 please wait". I gasped. My eldest brother was twenty. However, I was mute with bewilderment. Suddenly I was lifted by strong hands into a lifeboat.

Mark landed next to me and we clutched each other,

peering over the edge at the others. Soon Peter, Vicky and Susan were with us and then Michael appeared over the side. My eldest brother, Robert, did not arrive. Suddenly the lifeboat was being lowered and with a splash it landed" in the water.

Oars were given to people, strong enough to row and soon the oars dipped, splashed and rose in a rythmic pattern. A night sky sprinkled with stars looked aloofly down on us from its ink-black heights. Specks of light marked the other lifeboats.

The sinking ship blazed with light and by it I saw what I had been shutting my mind against -

Possibility had become reality. My parents and brother were three of those left on board.

K Dicey Std 7

DEATH OF A POET

On Wednesdays, from nine to four-thirty, Henry ran a secondhand bookshop. He looked rather like his books - tired, old and dogeared. Although a mere fifty-five, his face was prematurely aged, crinkled like parchment, and worn, from the years he spent in the dark, musty shop. His spine, like his books, was bent, from leaning frequently over the counter to inquire hopefully whether he could help some passerby, who had invariably entered the shop merely to use the 'phone.

He had never married, mainly because he was scared of women, and felt inferior in their presence. Indeed, in his college days he hadn't attended the residence dances, because he had avoided girls all along, so that he didn't know anyone to take with him. The only female he knew well, now, was his cat, who, as Henry addressed it as "you", talking more to it than about it (for no-one was really interested in it), did not possess a formal name. As a result of his celibacy, the people in the village regarded Henry as an outcast, and, after his garrulour charwoman had hinted darkly about certain books that lurked on the shelves at the back of the shop, and which "weren't for sale", he was condemned, with a knowing wink, as an "odd man, you know ", with "an eye for the boys"."

Now Henry might have been all of this, or he might not have been, but he was certainly a man with a secret; only the secret was of rather a different sort: Deep down in Henry's heart, there hid the soul of a poet, and, every now and then, he would retreat at night to his room, and pull out a manuscript book and a stubby pencil, and would scribble down the overflow of his emotions, his eyes ever flickering furtively towards the door, lest anyone burst in and discover his secret. No-one ever did.

After a year or two of writing, his poetry book was full, and his chest would swell, just a little, with pride, when he thought of what he had accomplished. It was then that an idea began to gnaw at his brain. A cancerous idea, so it proved, for it grew and spread until it occupied his whole mind. At first he resisted it firmly, but gradually, his defences broke down, and, one day, Henry was seen walking to the post office with a slight air of jauntiness in his step; he posted a thick white envelope. People speculated, but nobody guessed the truth.

Weeks passed, and nothing happened. Every day Henry would watch the postman walking towards the shop, and would hope. But the postman walked by, ignoring the pleading eyes.

Then one day, perhaps two months later, a thick brown envelope arrived for Henry, with his name in laconic type-print on the front. He didn't open it until his lunch hour. Then he hurried up to his room, and sat on the edge of the bed, his hands and mouth trembling. Reverently, he slit the envelope. A sheaf of papers slipped out onto the floor. His eyes dulled, and picked up a piece of paper that had separated from the rest.

The letter was very brief, only about ten lines long - The body of it read as follows:

"Thank-you for the poems sent to us. Unfortunately, they are not quite of the standard that our magazine requires. Perhaps your local newspaper might like to publish them. We feel that your poetry lacks the finesse needed to make it significant today. The emotions are, perhaps, too obviously stated and unsubtle. A poetry course might correct this fault.
Yours faithfully,

The Sub-Editor

The shop was closed for that afternoon. However, the next day everything was back to normal, except for a certain drawer in Henry's room, whose contents had been burnt, and which was now empty.

Caroline Dowdle Std 10

NON FICTION

MORNING IS BUSY WITH LONG FILES OF ANTS AND MEN, ALL BEARING LOADS

What loads ? Well, briefcases and food, soil and other dead ants; that is, the former are carried by the men, and the latter by the ants. There, I feel, is the only significant difference to be observed when watching both these colonial races going to work in the morning.

In our bathroom we have walls covered with tiles, and between two of these tiles is a tiny hole, which serves as an exit and entrance to the ant underground which runs through our house. From where I lie in the bath, I can watch the ants squirming in and out of that hole, and crawling on their perilous journey along the bath edge. I say perilous, because it is very easy for them to be squashed by a monstrous thumb, or sucked away by a wave into the soapy ocean below. As I watch these ants, I make several observations. For instance, if the main mass of ants is moving in one direction, and one solitary Charlie the other, sooner or later Charlie is going to have to change his mind and decide to go wherever everyone else is going, for otherwise he will be trodden upon by six-times-the-number-of-ants' feet. Another thing I have noticed, is that very few of these ants will pause to pass the time of day with another ant; instead they just toil onwards, with their feelers fixed in a grim droop. Ants also have no manners, and use all six elbows to aid their progress workwards. In the end, I suppose, all that they are really interested in, is obtaining food-and-ants-of-the-opposite-sex. What also fascinates me is that towards the close of the day, I shall see them scurrying equally quickly in the opposite direction as if in a film playing backwards, with nothing of great significance to show for their day's work.

In our town there is a railway, and at intervals along this railway, there are stations. Each station has a big door (or rather, two separate ones, seeing we are in South Africa), which serves as an exit and entrance for the people going to and from work. From where I stand, I can watch people squeezing in and out of the door of one of those stations each morning, and hurrying on their dangerous journey workwards. I say dangerous, because it is very easy to be knocked down by fellow travellers, or sucked into the heavy, oily traffic of the city. As I watch these people, I notice several things. Firstly, if the crowd is moving in one direction, and one man - let us call him, say, Chaflie - is trying to walk in the opposite direction, Charlie will eventually be forced to turn around and walk

in the crowd's direction, lest he be knocked down and stamped upon by many dusty, heavy feet. Also, no person ever greets anyone else; instead they just stride on, their mouths drooping grimly and their eyes fixed straight ahead of them. These automatons - I beg your pardon, people - also sadly lack the etiquette that Miss Emily Post tried her best to press upon them, and they elbow their way along, rudely interrupting one another's paths and step patterns. I suppose all that these people are concerned with is earning enough money to meet their monthly bills, and arranging a date with that pretty secretary/handsome businessman in the office next door. It is another interesting phenomenon that, at the opposite end of the day, I see these people hurrying along just as fast in the opposite direction, complete with briefcases, not visibly changed for all their labour, and with nothing obvious to show for it.

As I watch this human race racing along, I wonder if its members, for all their bulging foreheads, upright stance and a smaller number of limbs, don't perhaps share common characteristics with a group of a much lower order of animals, whose name I am far too embarrassed to mention now, in this connection, belonging as I do to one of these two groups .....

Caroline Dowdle
Std. 10

THE NEW EXECUTIVE

The executive wife does not lead a very relaxed life. She can get up whenever she pleases, have breakfast in bed and play bridge with her "friends" in the afternoon. She should be happy. However, if she is not a snob or social climber, hers is a life of false pretences. The bridge game is, in fact, an act of diplomacy. Every word that she utters will either help or hinder her executive husband. He has created a new person, and, like it or not, she will have to step into this new identity.

One often hears of a "bright young man". He is destined to become a tycoon, and help enlarge the firm's profits. His salary rapidly increases, he gains a company motor car and "things start looking right" for him and his new wife. Naturally he has to entertain. He is worried about his wife. Will she cope ? Will she know how to create the correct impression ? An endless stream of social parties and polite conversation has begun. The couple may only meet over the breakfast table for a quick cup of coffee, a slice of toast and a "goodbye, darling - I'm late". The children grow up with a stranger - father is probably home on Sundays. On this day he either sleeps or plays golf. The pair begin to lead separate lives and a breakdown in communication commences.

As the rising executive gains more authority ,his business trips become more and more frequent. He is often away from home leaving his wife and family alone. They become of secondary importance to him. He is obsessed with his work. Even his socialising is connected to this. He does not have time for his own friends let alone his family.

To get to the top he has had to work hard. It has been an uphill drive all the way. He does not want to slip to the bottom of the scale. He is afraid of losing his position now that he has attained it. This fear creates tension. Conflicts between his fellow-workers and his family occur. His family life is a farce. It is merely another business manoeuvre. For his "executive image" a wife who is a good entertainer is required. If he is not married, eyebrows may be raised. Divorce would "never do". His image would be ruined. He must have a family and his children must attend the "right schools". In this way, one could say that he is a normal balanced man.

He does, however, have grave responsibilities. This is often inclined to make him impatient. At cocktail parties (with his smiling wife at his side) he has to be

charming and flattering to everyone. However, at home with this charade aside, he can be himself. He feels frustrated and tired, and lets the household know it. He should be happy. He sees the world. He has everything money can buy. All his "friends" have gained the impression that he is happily married but then, they were supposed to.

Unfortunately, this kind of situation often drives men to drink, and their wives to desperation. The new executive is growing old, and the novelty has worn off. His life lacks something and he feels frustrated. His wife is a perfect hostess, but he does not know her. He begins to depend more and more upon some outer source into which he can channel his frustrations. Quite often, this takes the form of extra-marital affairs or drink. Either of these are unpalatable to his wife, who has to try to cope with battered pride or an alcoholic husband. She can put a brave face on it and lie to herself and her children or she can "look it in the eye" and do her best to combat the difficulties.

Were she to leave her husband, everyone would be amazed. "I thought they were happily married" and other such comments would be passed at the next bridge game. She was living in a charmed world.

If she stays with her executive, the problems will only probably worsen. He often gains a false sense of importance from his wealth and authority. He has an expensive car; people bow and scrape to him. He should be happy. His family never needs anything ..... except him. Very few people know what he is really like. He is always being someone else. He does not know his wife properly, because she is always having to be someone else, for his sake. Naturally, they are unhappy. They could try to convince themselves that they are, but if one were to really probe them, the truth would soon be revealed.

The executives and their families do, unbelievably, have to make a great sacrifice. In most cases, they lose something of themselves in the "rat race". They give up their freedom and their ability to be free. Generally speaking all their material gains do not compensate for the pressures and conflicts in their homes.

Thérèse Herbert Std 10

Jean Moodie Std 9

HISTORY.

THE STORY OF ITALY

After the Napoleonic wars, Italy was divided into many loose states, controlled mainly by Austria. The Italian people were dissatisfied with the way things were, and many secret societies were formed. In 1820 and 1830, inspired by one of these secret societies, the Carbonari revolts broke out in some Italian states, but were soon stopped by the Austrians. Again, in 1848, bigger revolutions started in Italy, and although these had a lot more support they were also unsuccessful.

One of the Italian states, Piedmont, was ruled by an Italian King, and was therefore expected to take the lead in the unification movement. A Piedmontese statesman, Count Cavour, took this lead. He realised that military assistance from another country, a well-equipped and well-trained army, and support from all Italians was needed if Austria was ever to be defeated.

Cavour sent some of his soldiers into the Crimean War, in order to gain recognition in Europe. He was very disappointed, because although he was invited to the Peace Conference, noone took much notice of him.

In France, after an attempt had been made on Napoleon III's life, by an Italian, he agreed to meet Cavour at Plombiéres. At these meetings it was decided that France would help Piedmont if Austria were the aggressor. In return, Savoy and Nice would be given to France. Cavour then aggravated Austria who, soon afterwards, attacked Piedmont. The combined forces of France and Piedmont took over Lombardy, but soon after this Napoleon withdrew his troops and signed a peace agreement with the Emperor of Austria at Villafranca, by which Lombardy would be joined to Piedmont. Victor Emmanuel then met with the Emperor at Zurich and signed the agreement.

While this war was going on, Parma, Modena, Tuscany and the Romanga, experienced revolutions and the dukes ruling them had fled. The people demanded that they be joined to Piedmont but the Austrians wanted the dukes to return. Eventually it was decided to hold plebiscites in the four states, which resulted in a majority in favour of joining Piedmont. Early in 1860, the Kingdom of Northern Italy was formed.

Cavour was quite content to leave things as they were, but a strong revolutionary, Garibaldi, wanted to unite the southern states as well. He got together a group of 'drop-outs', about a thousand in number, and trained them. He ordered some guns, but Cavour confiscated them and gave him some old ones instead, hoping to delay him. This made Garibaldi more determined than ever, and he and his men sailed down to the island of Sicily. He conquered the island and moved to the mainland, making his way towards Naples, from which the King had fled.

Cavour was very worried that Garibaldi would attack Rome, which was protected by a French garrison, thus bringing Austria and France in. With the permission of France and Austria he sent some soldiers through the Papal States to Naples to stop Garibaldi. When they reached Naples, it was decided that plebiscites should be held in Naples and Sicily. The result of these plebiscites was that they should join the Kingdom of Italy.

Venetia and Rome were the only states omitted. In 1866 Prussia attacked Austria and asked Italy to help. Prussia won the war and Venetia was added to Italy.

In 1872, Prussia attacked France, who then withdrew her garrison from Rome. Victor Emmanuel then moved in and took control of the city.

When the Kingdom of Northern Italy had been formed, Turin was made the capital, but after all the states were united, it was decided that Rome should be the capital.

R. de Villiers Std. 8

CROSSROADS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Before the end of the First World War, Balfour had made backing agreement with Dr Chaim Weisman in Britain, the latter being the leader of the Zionist Movement. Therefore, when Britain gained Palestine as a mandate she had the problem of satisfying both the Jews and the Palestinians. Her dividing line in Palestine was such that Israel gained the western side, and the Palestinians, Trans-Jordan. Between the wars, during the Second World War and after it, a constant stream of Jews flowed into Israel, - (from Europe mostly). Britain, fearing conflict, decided to give Palestine to the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations Organization (Dumbarten Oaks 1945)

The latter decided to accept control of Palestine and stated the hope of eventual independence. Israel was not permitted to expend her borders despite a growing population and areas within her boundaries were set aside for Palestinians.

The result, was a declaration of independence by Israel with an established government. The Ante-Zionist Movement (Egypt, Syria and Jordan) declared war on Israel. (1948) To the surprise of the world, Israel was victorious. Perhaps defeat was due to the lack of union in the Arab countries. The Arab powers had been made to look weak, and their determination to "crush" Israel was increased.

The Egyptians were not very happy with the leadership of King Farouk. While he was on holiday in Switzerland a military coup under Neguib and Nasser took control. Nasser became the most important of the two, and so his ante-British pro-independence policy presided.

Britain and France offered help in the building of the Aswan Dam provided that Russia would not interfere. Nasser would not agree to this and the offer was withdrawn. He accepted Russian aid even though he knew that communism was not right for Egypt's Muslim Faith.

The Suez Canal was declared the National property of Egypt. Despite much debated pleas for the continuation of the company, Nasser refused and many shareholders lost money.

France, Britain and Israel planned an attack for October 1956. As arranged, Israel moved into the Sinai and then Britain and France arrived at Port Said. The U N O denounced this move and troops were withdrawn. Israel was heavily blamed for her part in this war.

Egypt and Syria then formed the United Arab Republic, 1958, but Syria later left because she could see no advantages. Also, in 1958, and to the surprise of Egypt, Jordan and Iraq formed a Union. However, when the leader in Iraq was assassinated, Iraq decided to stand alone once again. From this, and the conflict in the Yemen, it was obvious that a Union of Arab States was impossible.

Al Fatah, the terrorist group in Jordan caused trouble on the Israeli border. The latter retaliated fighting conflict from Syria as well. It was obvious to Israel that was was probable and she decided to get in first !

The six-day war was a great success for Israel and a "kick" in the face for Egypt. Israel expended her borders into the Sinai, obtained the use of the Gulf of Aquaba, the Straitz of Tiran. She was backed all the way by Britain and France.

The bitterness felt by the Egyptians for Israel has been and still is immense. After the success of Israel in 1948, the plans, even if unsuccessful of France, Britain and Israel of 1956 and the triumph for Israel of the Six-Day War (1967) Egypt cannot really be blamed for this bitterness.

Unfortunately the determined Nasser never saw a peaceful settlement in the Middle East although a final settlement has been made between Egypt and Israel the Palestinian Liberation Organization is not satisfied.

Yvette Stockwell
Std 10

ART.

CÉZANNE

Cézanne was a pioneer of modern art. He moved away from the Impressionists and formed his own, very structured type of painting. He explored colour in an entirely unique way and was very concerned with composition and space. He would often distort objects, sacrificing reality for a more pleasing (to his eye) composition. Another of his very important contributions was that he gave still life a new status. In this essay, I will illustrate, with reference to several of his works, these points.

"The Black Clock" (1869-71) is an example of his early work. The objects are very structural in form (the painting depicts a black clock, cup and saucer, glass vase and a shell resting on a table covered with a white cloth). Although a horizontal composition, the almost sculptured folds of the cloth give the composition a vertical emphasis. The colours are reasonably dark and heavy, the shadows being formed by blacks and greys. After Cezanne came into more contact with the Impressionists, he lightened his palette. Colour forms a very important part in his art, especially the later works. In "The Black Clock" Cezanne has used his space advantageously - the painting is balanced (i.e. the black area behind the shell is balanced by the clock, the warmer tones of the shell by the area above the clock). At this stage, Cezanne was still painting fairly realistically. The composition is credible and aerial perspective is used in the dimmer image of the jar on top of the clock. Later he achieves perspective solely through his use of colour. "The Black Clock" is one of the first of his still-life drawings that typifies his style.

For Cezanne, colour created the objects that he drew. (He said : "form - colour") This meant that line must only appear through form; his painting is one of volumes. Because he wanted to produce form in this manner, he developed a flat, dry, structural brush stroke, one of the basic elements of his style. He simplified and reduced his objects. One of his most famous statements is (in fact the epitome of his art) "In nature, everything is modelled according to three basic shapes : the sphere, the cone, the cylinder".

One can see in his "Still Life with Fruit Basket" (1888-90) that he has reduced his forms. This painting has much warmer colours than "The Black Clock"; the

shadows are no longer dark, but alive with colour. He has fully exploited this medium to create solid forms with a broad brushstroke. All objects have the same emphasis of colour, irrespective of their relative distances. He has created perspective by means of colour only. The warm colours of the fruit and other objects in the foreground push them further towards the viewer, than do the cool colours of the floor and background (a device he often used when painting landscapes e.g. Mont Sainte-Victoire 1904-6) "Still Life with Fruit Basket" depicts these objects (of the title) placed on a table in the foreground. This painting is a very good example of how Cezanne distorted his forms (i.e. they were not absolutely realistic) to obtain the most pleasing composition. This is found in objects such as the ginger jar, the pear and the table. The ginger jar appears to have been drawn from more than one angle; in this way Cezanne thought that he could show volume most effectively. The pear is too large in proportion to the other objects, yet it performs an important balancing function. The table is unrealistically depicted as Cezanne felt that it would add more to the composition to be so represented. The horizontal line is no longer strictly horizontal, but is on a movable plane. Cezanne's distortions look however natural and create a general impression of order and spontaneous movement. Although these are every day objects, he does not suggest their actual content, a trait present in all his work.

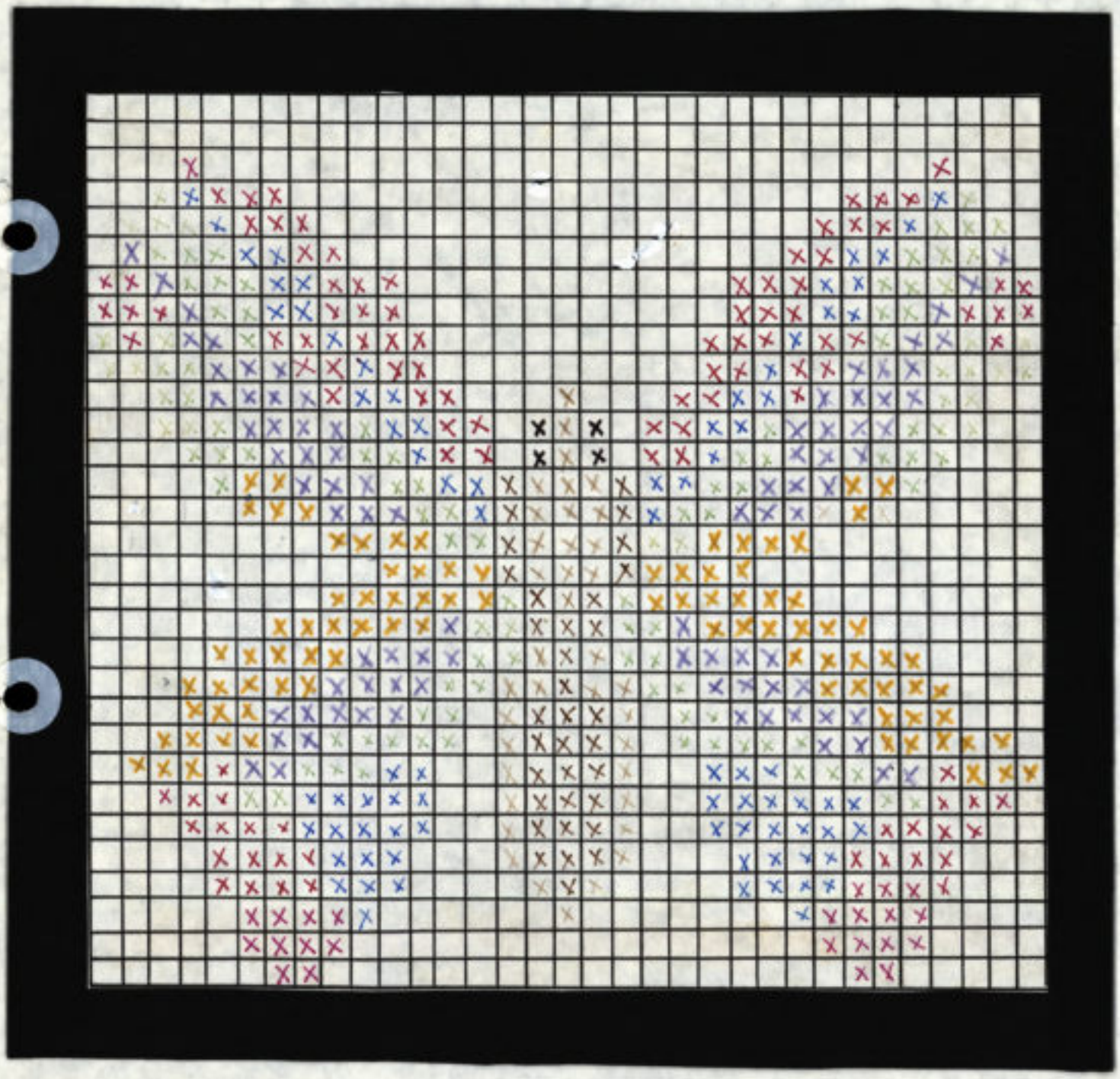
In Cezanne's portraits there seems to be some aloofness. He almost studied people as he would still life objects. In "The Card Players " (1890-93) one can see this. Also apparent, are the shapes on which he based his art (i.e. cylinder, sphere and cone). This is particularly apparant in the players' arms. Another interesting fact to note about this painting is that the colours are rich, yet the tones subdued. In his portrait of "Madame Cezanne in a red armchair", one can see that colour was already present in the form of blocks, areas and strips and was used to model and shape forms.

Cezanne painted a series of "Bathers" in which he included figures into landscape. He did not make them lose their stability but tended to create a softer atmosphere. "The Great Bathers" (1898-1905) is the best of these works. The brush strokes are free and broad, the colours soft. There are two diagonals of trees that meet, creating a triangular composition. This contains two groups on either side of nude females. It still illustrates Cezanne's

concern for composition, and how he has progressively incorporated figures into the background. One's eye is drawn first to the centre, but then taken along the cleverly placed diagonal cloud. From here it starts moving round the picture. Here once again one can easily discern his basic shapes, and he has also used distortions (the thighs etc. of the women are too large. This places them further in the foreground as they are in front). He has not used bright warm colours, however, his subtlety of tone helps integrate the composition. Cezanne has created perspective by slightly blurring the background details. One can see here that this painting is much less structured than his earlier works and he has managed to master intergrated figure and landscape compositions. One is not aware of time in any of Cezanne's paintings, nor do his landscapes have any particular mood. This is because Cezanne's art is the antithesis of expressive art. In his later works of the Bathers and Mont Sainte-Victoire he was very aware of nature. He almost depicts pyrical subjects; his skies are not at all harsh (before he often showed dark clouds in landscapes e.g. "The Robbers and the Ass").

In his last paintings of Mont-Sainte Victoire Cezanne verges on the abstract ; the forms (or shapes) are dissolving, but the style is still structured. He strove to represent real space, but chose to remain aloof. He did not have to depend on what he saw, but would change a scene to create the best composition. He was not interested in temporary values or emotions, but in permanent standards. This is very apparent in his art. He became more and more interested in the geometrical structures found in nature. He was the first artist to simplify objects or forms as much as he did (the planes in Mont Sainte-Victoire" which became cubes; the figures in "The Great Bathers") His main influence was his simplicity and essence of form, which has inspired many forms of art, the one following on from him being the cubist movement.

Embroidery Pattern



Janet Millar Std 10

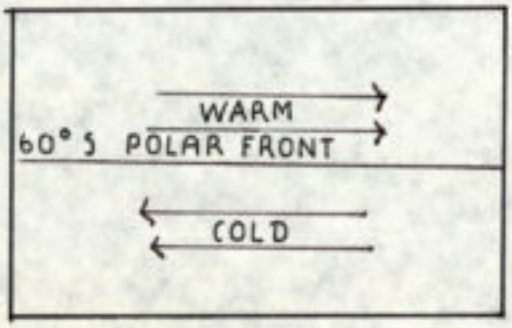
GEOGRAPHY.

THE MID LATITUDE CYCLONE

The development of a Mid-latitude cyclone

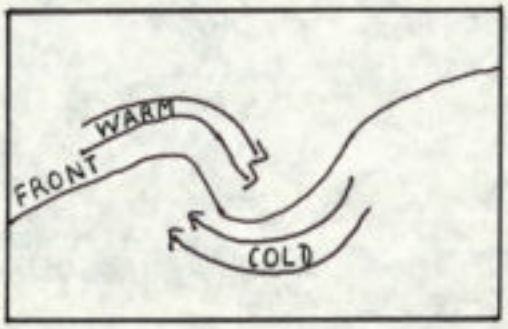
Mid-latitude cyclones arise in the belt of westerly winds and are caused by the mixing of cold air from the polar regions with warm, humid air from the tropical regions. Cyclones consist of swirling masses of air which move in a clockwise direction in the Southern Hemisphere. They originate at 60° N and S (Polar region)

(1)



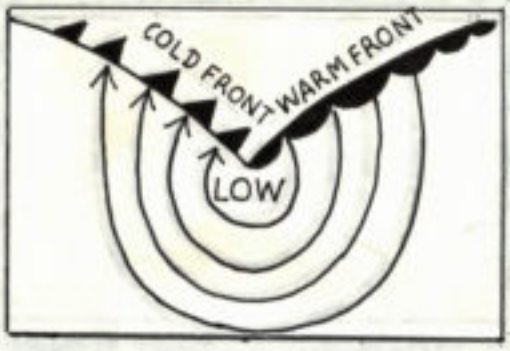
Two unlike air masses lying next to each other forming a front

(2)



Where warm air wedges itself into cold air and starts to move over it, a wave develops. The cold air undercuts the warm and a low pressure develops.

(3)



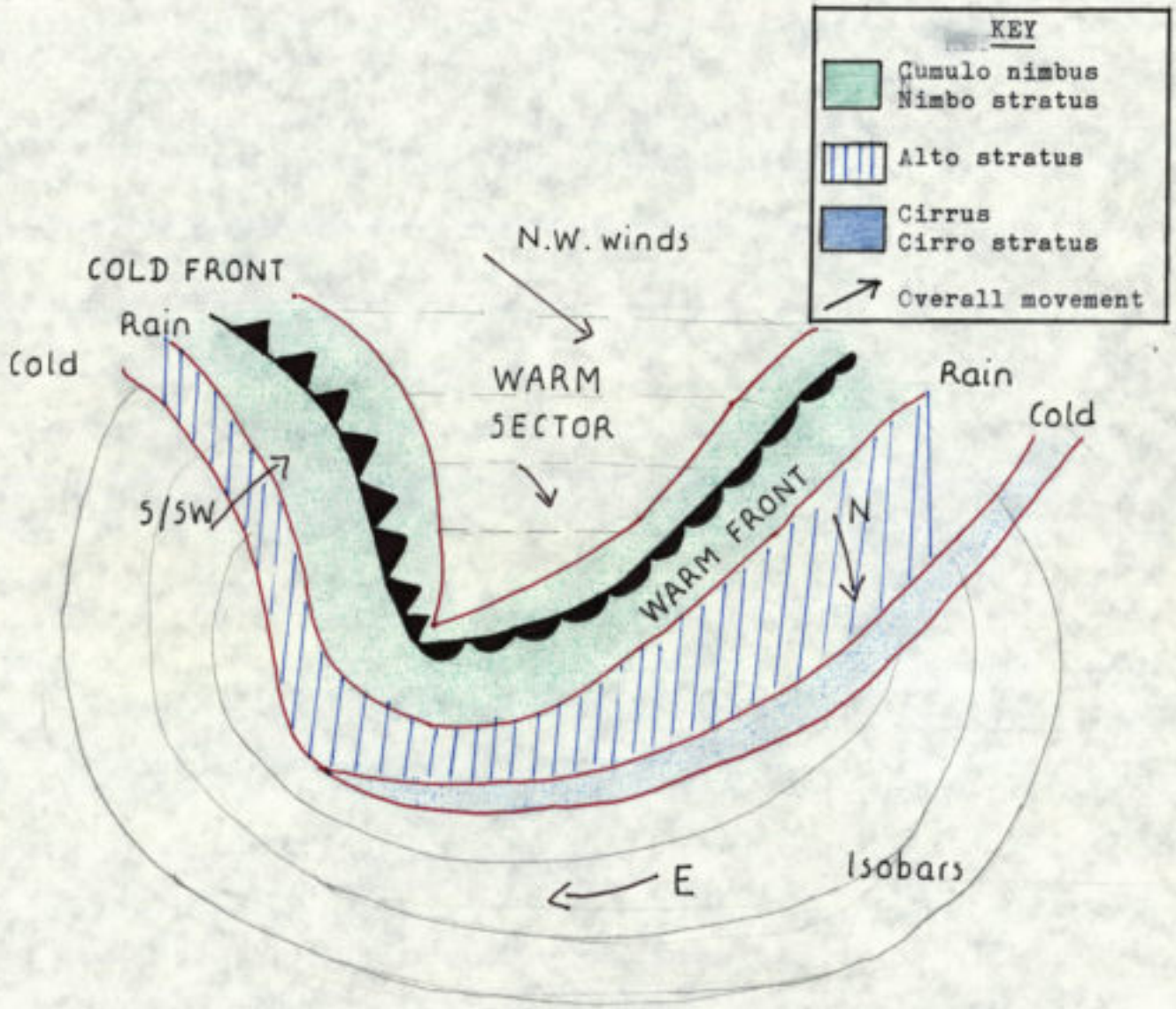
The wave intensifies. The pressure drops. Fronts form and the system begins to move eastwards

When two unlike air masses meet they form a front. A well known front is the polar front.

In diagram 1 the warm air mass in the north is associated with the west winds and the colder air in the South is associated with the polar winds. Thus the polar front is formed. These two air masses are separated by the polar front and move in opposite directions.

In diagram 2 where the warm air wedges itself into the cold air a wave is formed along the line of the front and the warm air rises steadily over the front. The cold air undercuts the warm air and a local low pressure develops. As the wave develops the warm air rises over

the colder air at the front of the wave. This front is the warm front. At the rear of the wave the colder air forces its way under the warm air, this is the cold front. This is illustrated in diagram 3 where there are definite fronts. The air between the two fronts is known as the warm sector (L pressure) this local low air pressure cell is surrounded by high pressure areas. When the pressure drops to below 1000 mb the system starts to move eastwards with the west wind.



The above diagram shows a fully developed mid-latitude cyclone.

If one sees the above diagram with both fronts on a synoptic chart it shows that a mid-latitude cyclone is approaching. It moves eastwards. They grow to a great size, travel great distances, and appear throughout the year. In a fully developed mid-latitude cyclone there is much cloud formation. The warm air rises steadily over the warm front. As it rises it cools and condenses and different clours form at different altitudes. The clouds all appeaf before the front reaches the land.

The first clouds to form are the nimbus and cumulo nimbus (rain) clouds. Then higher up nimbo stratus, alto stratus and cirrus clouds form respectively. The rain falls in front of the front and is therefore called prefronted rain. This rainfall is steady and gentle.

Cold gusty winds undercut the cold front and force the warm air upwards and cumulo nimbus clouds with anvil heads form. This results in thunderstorms and heavy showers. (The diagram below illustrates all these characteristics).

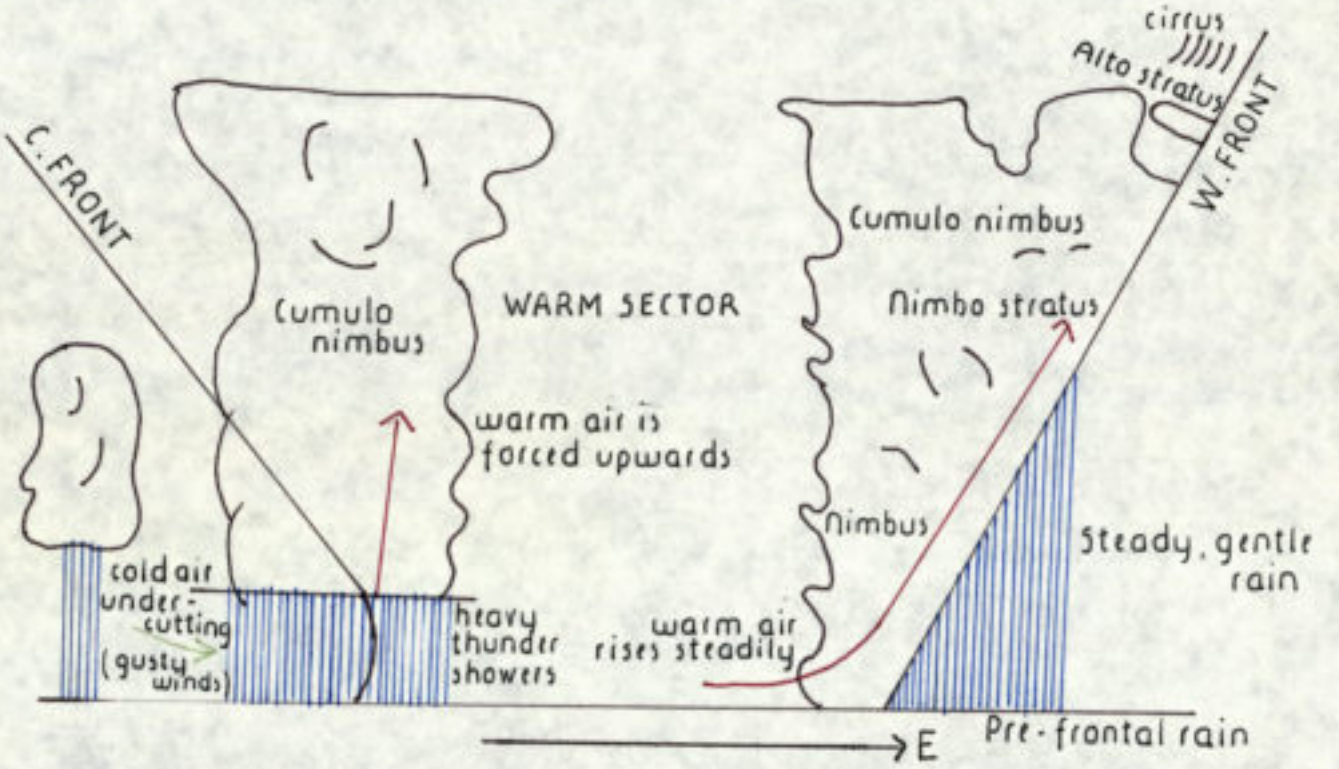
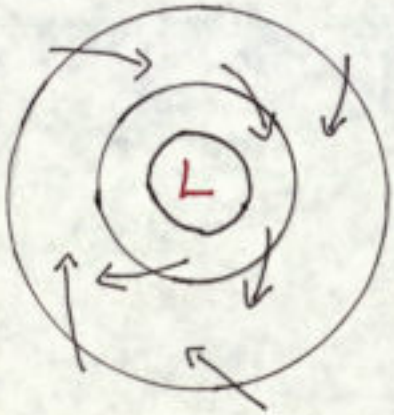


Diagram of a cross-section through a mid-latitude cyclone(above)

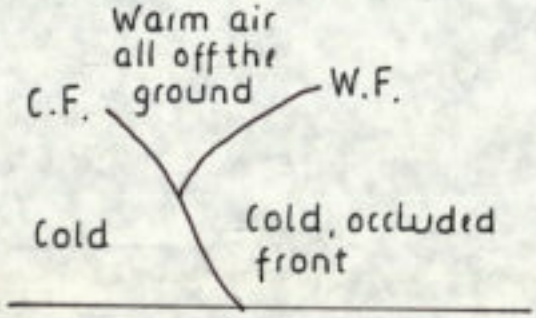
In the above diagram one can see the cumulo nimbus clouds which are formed by the cold air undercutting the cold front forcing the warm air upwards. And the warm air which rises steadily over the warm front forming clouds. Both of these movements result in rain. The warm sector is in the centre with cold air either side of it. i.e. Low pressure in the centre and high pressure around it.



A mid-latitude cyclone in the southern hemisphere (revolves in a clockwise direction)

The Occlusion:

When all the warm air has risen off the ground the cold front "catches up" with the earm front and the cyclone (depression) dies away and dissipates itself. This is known as the occlusion.



The depression is now drying away and will generally dissipate itself

The cold front has "caught up" with the warm front

An accluded front is illustrated like this on a synoptic weather map.

Susan Burns
Std 9

WHAT EXTENT DO NATURAL CAUSES PLAY IN EROSION

Natural causes play a major role in soil erosion. Climatic conditions are an effective erosive force. Topography, vegetational cover and soil type and depth are also natural causes of erosion. Compared with human activities causing erosion there is one fact arising from the comparison. Natural factors are always present while human activities can be changed to check the rate of erosion. The fact that man cannot do anything about the climate and it's effects on the earth, is quite worrying. Topography of the land cannot be changed to the point where erosion is checked by man. Man, can to a point, provide vegetational cover to stop erosion but he is i.e. unable to cover the sands of the desert sufficiently to stop erosion. Man can help but not completely overcome the problem of covering the complete soil surface. The soil type and depth cannot be changed by man to prevent erosion either.

On the other hand man has caused many erosive factors himself. Incorrect farming methods and incorrect planting of crops are man made erosive problems. Veldfires, overgrazing, overcropping etc., all form part of a removable cause for erosion.

In South Africa only 30% of the country receives enough rainfall viz 600 mm per annum to ensure a protective plant cover. The remainder of the country is therefore susceptible to erosion. Droughts, fires, attacks from insects etc., can even attack vegetation rendering protected areas susceptible to erosion. The type of rainfall is also important. Heavy downfalls which are experienced in South Africa cause great damage especially when the water forms run -off and erosion is then accelerated. Winds of different strengths occurring at particular times causes erosion, as do periodic droughts.

Water or wind moving down a steep hill is capable of more erosion than on flatter relief. Steep hills give rise to water carrying heavy loads, i.e. much erosion. Only obstacles in the water's way can slow down the rate of erosion slightly. Contour banks and strip cultivation can decrease erosion but in many parts of South Africa the land is not able to be built up in this way.

Vegetational cover can reduce the speed of the wind or water over the soil surface but it has to be certain types of plants, i.e. An intertwined leaf mass is a good barrier while rows of plants can lead to channeling which leads to soil erosion or deflation sometimes. The natural vegetation of an area is not necessarily the best, i.e. the Karroo. Areas like this need to be completely replanted and this is impossible. Incorrectly cultivated areas i.e. those containing plants planted in rows cause furrows to be made and the water than runs off and causes erosion. Grasses are usually a good form of cover if planted over an entire area.

The type of soil present in an area is of great importance. In windy areas it is not helpful to have very sandy soils. The wind can easily pick up these soils and carry them. Some winds carry soils from the Saraha to Southern Europe. The amount of water soil can retain before run-off results is important. Clayey soils can retain five times as much water as sandy soils and it is therefore more advantageous to have a clayey soil in a wet region. The low permeability of clay is also noteable and with heavy and frequent rainfall and steep slopes clay would be more easily eroded.

The depth of a soil is important as far as erosion is concerned. If there is an impermeable layer in the laver layers of the soil, the soil soon becomes saturated and runn-off occurs. This occurs more frequently in shallower soils.

J. Millar Std 10

SCIENCE.

PUZZLE PAGE

1 Try to get the bird into the cage in as many goes as the spaces below provide. Only one letter may be changed per word

B I R D

- - - -

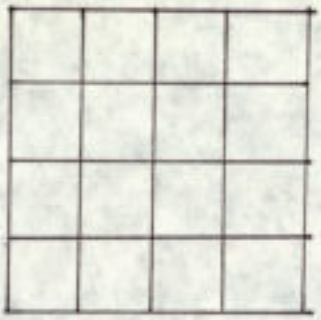
- - - -

- - - -

C A G E

2 How many triangles can you see ?

3 How many squares can you see ?



4 Replace the letters with numbers

a)
```
   AB
X   B
-----
C A B
```

b)
```
 ABCD
-BCDE
-----
FFFF
```

c) AB ÷ B = B

M. Maisel.
STD. 9.

answers: 1 BIRD BARD CARD CARE GAGE
2 20 triangles
3 30 squares
4 a) 25x5 = 125
b) 8765 - 7654 = 1111
c) 36 ÷ 6=6

WATER : THE IDEAL BIOLOGICAL MEDIUM

Water is the 'fluid of life' and is biologically very important. It is the most important inorganic compound in protoplasm. The protoplasm of a plant or animal contains about 85% of water. Water is responsible for 70% or more of the mass of living matter.

In the water molecule with its covalent bonding, there is a tendency for the electrons to be somewhat more attracted by the oxygen nucleus. The oxygen atom is more negative then the hydrogen atoms, which are slightly positive. The water molecule H_2O is said to be a dipole. Dipoles behave rather like magnets, with a great force of attraction. Because of this, water molecules tend very much to be attracted to one another.

The most obvious reasons why water is the ideal biological medium arise from the fact that water is a dipole.

The first point I am going to discuss is about water as a solvent. It serves as a solvent for a great variety of compounds. The solubility of these substances in water is essential for their uptake, their transport and also their interaction with other compounds.

Almost all chemical reactions occur in aqueous solution. Water is not only a good solvent for many covalent compounds such as sugar, but it dissolves most ionic compounds, which are the common inorganic salts. The substances occur in the solid state as clusters of ions in the form of crystals. Their solubility in water is due to the dipole nature of the water molecule. Because of this, water molecules are able to weaken the ionic bonds between the ions which then move apart and the substance dissolves. The separation of ionic substances into free ions in water is called ionic dissociation.

Oppositely charged ions (eg. NaCl) are kept apart in solution because they become surrounded by water molecules. Ions with water molecules packed around them are called hydrated ions.

Heat capacity of water is another important point. Because of water's high heat capacity, water can absorb and released large amounts of heat without great fluctuations (changes) in temperature. Water prevents

rapid heating or rapid cooling of living organisms when the environmental temperature charges suddenly. We can say that water acts as a temperature buffer and protects living organisms against sudden temperature changes. The water on the earth's surface also prevents great fluctuations in environmental temperature, which is essential for the maintenance of life. Water has a remarkably high boiling point. It is therefore liquid at normal temperature (not gas).

The surface tension of water is the third point which I am going to discuss. Water has the highest surface tension of any known liquid. It also provides support for submerged aquatic plants and animals. It coheres and adheres strongly. Cohesion is the holding together of like substances. Adhesion is the holding together of unlike substances. The water molecules at the surface stick together on account of their polarity (ie cohesion occurs). Water molecules also cling to the sides of any vessel they may be in (ie adhesion occurs) Cohesion and adhesion play an important part in the movement of water up vessels and tracheids in stems of plants.

Water's freezing properties also make water such a suitable biological medium. Most liquids decrease in volume and increase in density as the temperature drops. But as water is cooled below $4^{\circ}C$, its volume increases and its density decreases. This means that ice floats; and the coldest water and ice are at the surface with slightly warmer water below.

Organisms which live towards the bottom of lakes or ponds or the sea are protected from freezing. This happens on account of the crystal lattice of ice. The molecules are more spaced out in ice than in liquid water (water does not evaporate readily, it is not volatile).

Water also serves as a reactant in many chemical processes in the body. Digestion, which is the breaking down of large organic molecules, is made possible by the addition of water. Water is also used in the synthesis of large molecules.

Water keeps the structural material of organisms pliable (easily movable) and prevents friction between parts e.g. in the form of mucus it lubricates ("oils") various passages in the bodies of different organisms.

I am going to list the importance of water to living organisms - a) in plants and b) in animals. This illustrates how water is the ideal biological medium:

a) <u>In plants</u>

i) It is the liquid in which protoplasmic colloids are dispersed
ii) It is a raw material of photosynthesis
iii) It is the liquid in which solid materials must dissolve before they can enter or leave the cell
iv) All materials must be dissolved in water in order to be transported from one part of the plant to another (through xylem and phloem)
v) It is the medium in which most chemical reactions in the protoplasm occur - water forms the continuous phase of protoplasm.
vi) Water provides internal pressure necessary for maintaining form
vii) Some movements in plants are controlled by the water content of special cells

b) <u>In animals</u>

i) Over 70% of the body weight consists of water
ii) It serves as a solvent for solid substances in the body
iii) It serves for the transportation of substances within the body
iv) It regulates the temperature of the body
v) It keeps the cells soft and pliable
vi) It provides the internal pressure necessary for the maintenance of form
vii) It is the medium in which most chemical reactions in the protoplasm occur

Pam Boyes Std. 9

RESPIRATION

The efficient exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide with the environment is important to most organisms. This exchange is essential for all organisms which undergo aerdic respiration. Respiration is the process by which an organism makes energy available for all reactions and actions of the body. It is the only source of energy and it is obtained by the breakdown of food, especially carbohydrates.

In aerdic respiration most of the energy which is made available by the synthesis of ATP is synthesised when energised hydrogen goes through hydrogen carrier systems during the Kreb's citric acid cycle in the mitochandria of cells. For hydrogen-carrier systems to generate, oxygen has to be available to accept the hydrogen finally as it comes off the carrier system, having lost its energy. The carbon dioxide which is another end product of sugar breakdown, has to be got rid of. So oxygen is required for respiration, and carbon dioxide is released. Organisms therefore need methods and organs for dealing with oxygen intake and carbon dioxide release.

In the smaller animals, the surface : idume ratio is great enough to provide the respiratory needs of the organisms. In Amoeba, entry of oxygen and release of CO_2 is by the process of diffusion through the plasma membrane, which is permaeable to them.

In Hydra, the surface:vdume ratio is also great enough. So Hydra also take in oxygen from surrounding water by diffusion through the ectoderm and endoderm. Oxygen diffuses easily through the duploblastic body and mesoglea. Carbon dioxide also diffuses out easily.

Planarians also have a big enough body surface area relative to their body contents to provide the required oxygen. Because their bodies are flattened so that the gases can diffuse easily, once inside the body and no cells are far from the respiratory surface. Carbon dioxide diffuses out just as easily and efficiently.

Note that none of these more simple organisms are very active, so their process of respiration does not oocur at a very fast rate. Consequently, oxygen and carbon dioxide are not required or produced in great quantities or fast.

Earthworms are very sluggish and therefore it does not need much oxygen or produce much carbon dioxide. It also receives oxygen from the air which is in much

greater concentration than in water. Consequently the surface : vdume ratio in an earthworm is sufficient to provide its respiratory needs but because the body is relatively large, a transport system - here the blood - is required to transport the oxygen from the skin to the tissues and the carbon dioxide vice versa.

Insects are usually active creatures. They need a relatively good supply of oxygen and they produce relatively much carbon dioxide.

Insects have too small a surface : vdume ratio so they need special respiratory organs to supply their need. These are the tracheal system. This opens to the air as spiracles and ramifies throughout the body as trachedes. Through these tubes oxygen is taken in and CO_2 is released. Insects can control the amount of oxygen required by the amount of liquid in the trachedes. The trachedes reach right to the tissues so a transport system for gases is not required. Certain insects move their bodies by muscles, to take in and expel respiratory gases more effectively.

Mammals have big bodies and they are relatively active. Their surface: vdume ratio is obviously not sufficient to supply their respiratory needs therefore mammals have lungs. They take in oxygen and release CO_2 by alternate expansion and contraction of the lungs. Oxygen travels down the windpipe through bronchi, via bronchides into atria and to alvedi. The alvedia have capillaries running over them. Oxygen diffuses into the blood according to the diffusion gradient and carbon dioxide diffuses into the alvedi. The oxygen is carried to the tissues on to the immediate site where it is required by the haemoglobin. The haemoglobin also carries some CO_2 from the tissues to the lungs but the remaining CO_2 is in solution in the blood. So the blood is the carrier system which mammals require. Respiration is not completely efficient because not all the alvedi are covered by capillaries, therefore not all the blood is oxygenated but the respiratory process is enough.

Alison Marr Std 10

A TROPICAL FOREST

An ecosystem is a natural unit composed of living and non-living components which interact with one another, resulting in a stable, self-perpetuating system. It is made up of communities of organisms which interact with one another and with non-living constituents of the environment.

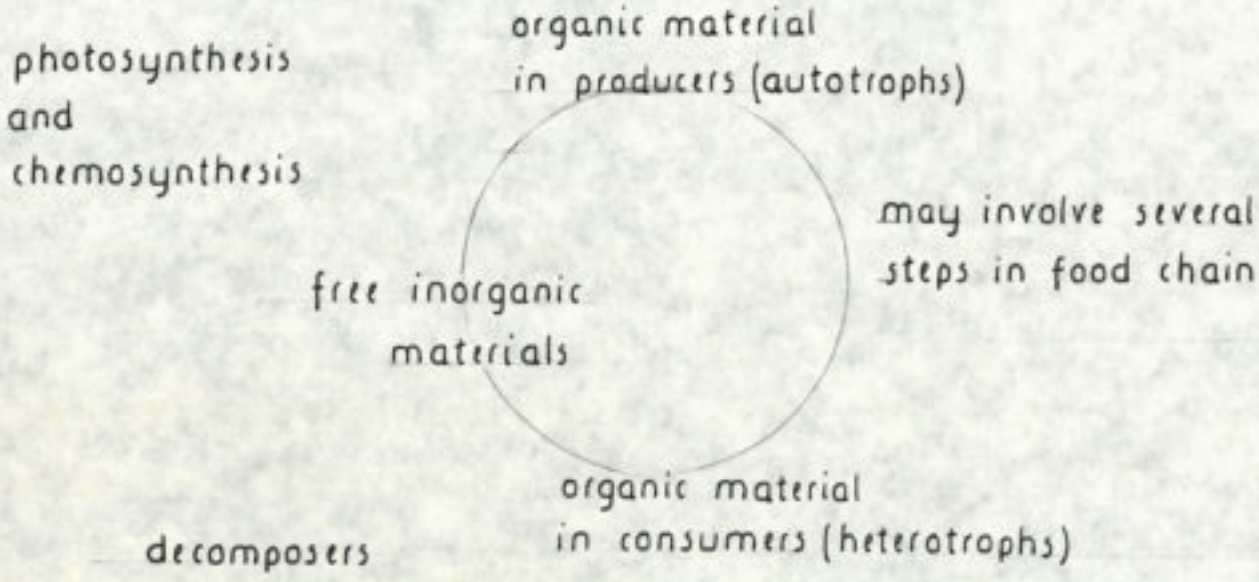
The ecosystem I will tell you about is The Rain Forest in Dutch Guiana. The rain forest presents a complex and bewildering facade. Here forests mount on forests like clouds on clouds. High above the lowly ground layers of herbs and shrubs, the crowns of the trees themselves form three or more superimposed storeys, creating as the ranks ascend shade above shade, a woody theatre of stateliest view. The rainy forest is made up of three component strata of trees. From the bottom, the first layer is composed of sparse, narrow-crowned young trees up to 60 feet high that struggle for life in the perpetual gloom beneath the canopy. The second layer is composed of taller, sturdier trees from 60 to 120 feet high whose round, competitive crowns interweave to form the canopy itself. The third layer is composed of the giants, ranging from 120 to 200 or more feet high, whose crowns have burst through the canopy into the sunny upper air and thus bask in the tropic islands above a green sea. Each layer, like the varying layers of the ocean itself, receives a different amount of sunlight and harbours" its own unique community of plant and animal life.

In the first layer live the marsupial opossums, water opossum, the nimble plulander, the predaceous quica," the Marmosa, anteater, the giant armadillo, the puma, jaguar, the birdeating yaguafundi, the tayra, many reptiles and amphibians, turtles, tortises, toads, legions of lizards and many deadly snakes such as the boa constrictor and many such others. In the trees live the Monkeys, the Kinkajou, the coati, tamandua, and the silky anteater. From the cat family the most adept is the dainty ocelot. The reptiles, the birds and many other animals bring colour and life to the canopy as they move from tree to tree.

Three abiotic factors which operate significantly in the rain forest is light which is essential for all the green plants and photosynthetic bacteria and animals. The plants are adapted for obtaining optimum illumination. Humidity of the air affects the rate of evaporation of H_2O vapour from an organism and the loss of H_2O vapour

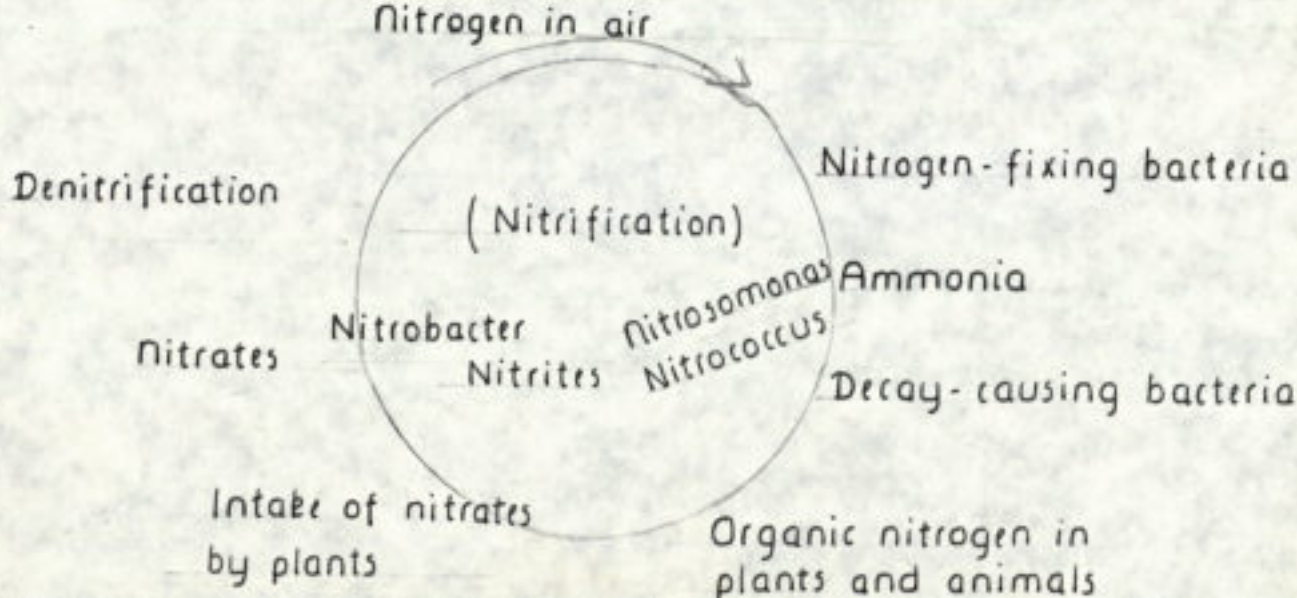
from plants, If the humidity is high, the plants and animals will be less likely to dry out. The third abiotic factor is wind and air currents which affect birds in flight, trees, dispersal of spores and seeds i.e. pollination.

DIAGRAM REPRESENTING THE FLOW OF ENERGY



The photosynthetic produeers i.e. the green plants in the forest convert the radiant energy of sunlight into the energy of chemical bonds in plant carbohydrates. By their respiratory activities, the producers, consumers and decomposers incorporate the energy into ATP , whose subsequent breakdown provides energy for the cells' vital activities. Both in the formation of ATP and in its subsequent usage, a proportion of the energy is "lost" as heat and ultimately it is all converted into heat. The continual trapping of light energy by green plants, makes good this loss and maintains the uninterrupted flow of energy in an ecosystem.

THE FLOW OF NITROGEN IS REPRESENTED BY THE NITROGEN CYCLE



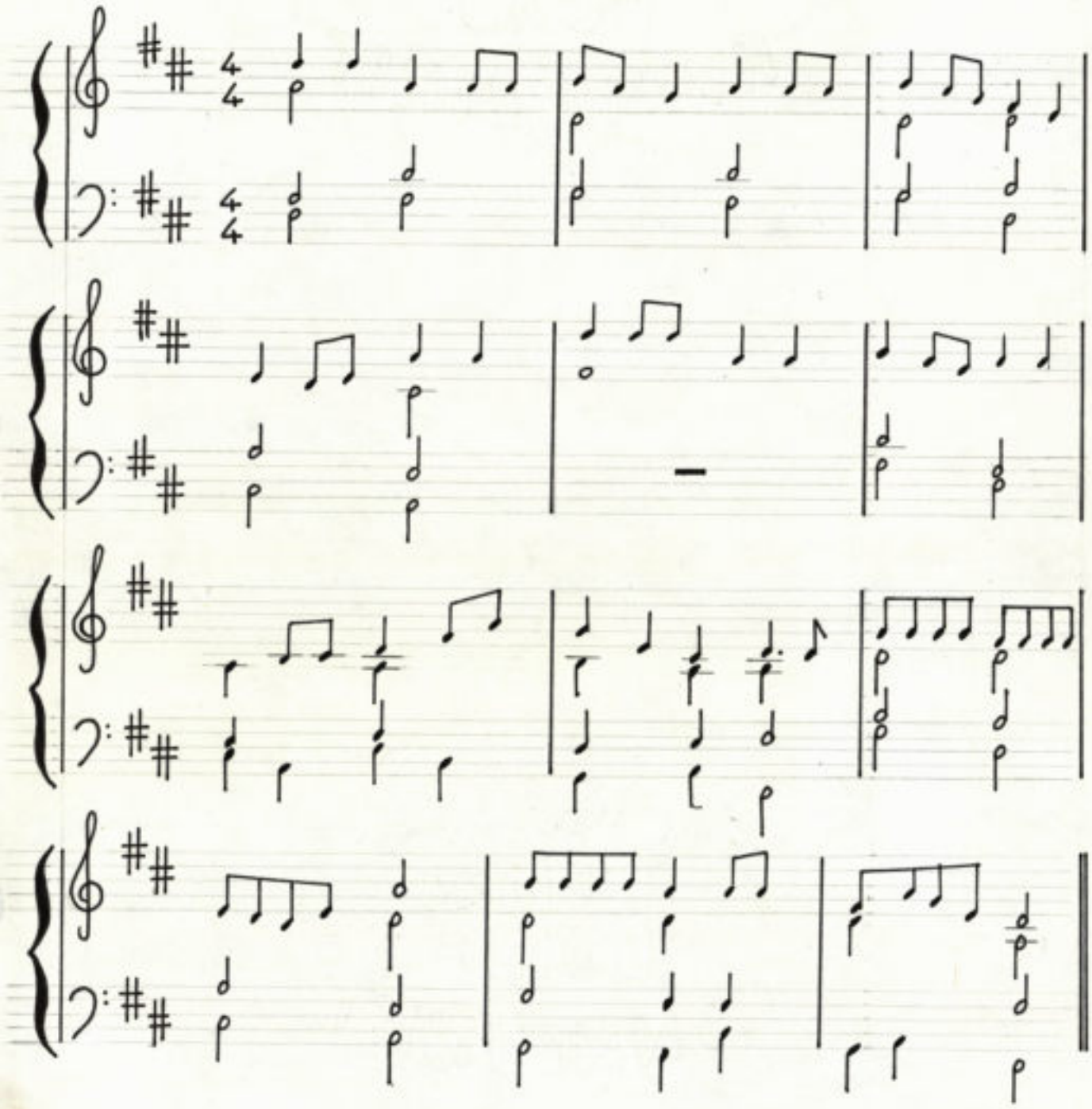
CONCLUSION

The tropical forest is a well-balanced ecosystem and one can conclude that it will remain like this if man does not interfere with it. The Nitrogen cycle shows that there is a flow of energy and recycling of matter. The forest is a reservoir of genetic diversity, a dynamic centre of evolution whence the rest of the world's plant life has been continually enriched with new forms. If specimens of the plant communities of the primeval rain forest are to preserve for future generations, extensive reserves must be defended from the acquisitive hand of man, whose ruthless axe would expose them to the ravages of sun and rain. For it is man, not nature, who in the final analysis is the agent "the destruction that wasteth at noonday".

Maria Stavrou Std 10

MUSIC.

Music for House Song



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!

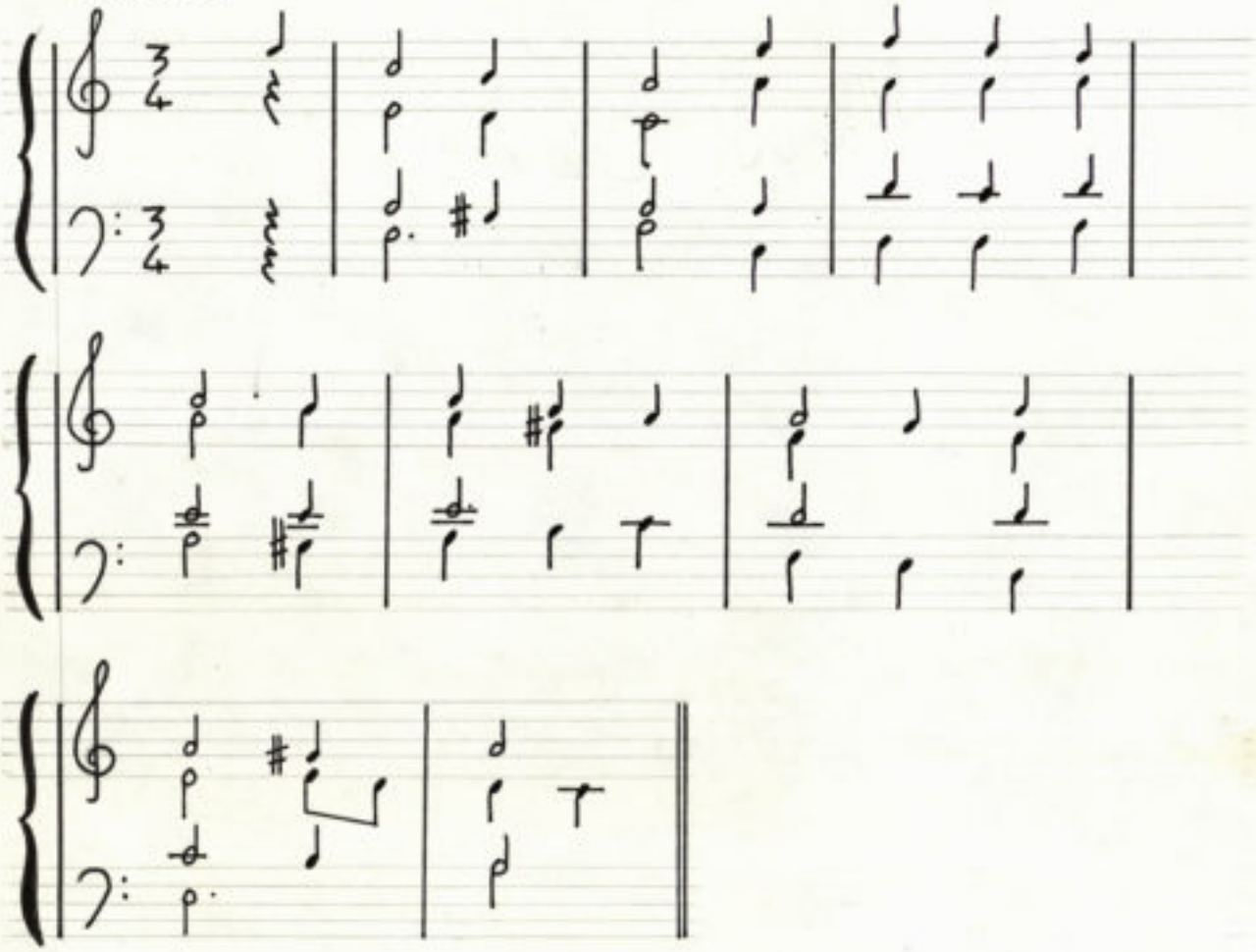
BIG ROLTS, LITTLE ROLTS
HERSCHEL'S YELLOW THUNDERBOLTS!

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 R O L T!

BIG ROLTS, LITTLE ROLTS
HERSCHEL'S YELLOW THUNDERBOLTS!

Harmony

Andante



Y. Stockwell.

AFRIKAANS.

DIE AAND TOE EK DIE BURE SE BABA MOES OPPAS

Die was gedurende die Paasnaweek toe ons bure vir my gevra het om hul baba op te pas terwyl hulle na 'n partytjie gaan. Ek was baie opgewonde en het toe ja gesê, want ek is baie lief vir klein babetjies.

Die baba is baie soet en het vroeg gaan slaap. Ek het toe besluit om televisie te kyk. Ek het vir my 'n heerlike koppie koffie gaan maak en was glad nie bang vir diewe nie, maar toe meteens het ek 'n geklop aan die deur gehoor. Ek het nie geweet wie dit was nie, totdat ek die deur oopgemaak het. Sowaar, daar het die dief gestaan en gesê dat ek hom moet inlaat, anders gaan hy my vermoor. Hy het toe die huie binnegekom. Ek was toe so bang en het nie geweet wat om te doen nie. Die dief was besig om al die geld uit die brandkas te haal en ek het toe aan 'n goeie plan gedink. Ek het my sjokolade geweertjie gevat en gesê "Staan hande - viervoet; anders gaan ek skiet ! " Hy het toe my geweer gesien en gedink dat dit 'n regte geweer was en my gehoorsaam. Ek het hom toe in die kas opgesluit en die polisie gebel.

Die Polisie het gekom en die dief tronk toe geneem. Die ouers van die baba was baie trots op my en hulle het vir my vyf rand gegee. Ek was nog nooit so bang soos ek daardie nag was nie !

Karin Krone Std 7

EK KAN URE LANK DAAR VERTOEF

Die natuurtoneel op die Okavango in Botswana is een van die mooiste en interessantste 'wildtuine' wat ek ooit besoek het. Ek het dae lank daar vertoef,maar die mooiste tyd van die dag was die oorgangstydperk tussen dag en nag - sononder op die Okavango."

Die rooi son sink laer en laer oor die papirus terwyl 'n Tswana-seun uit die water klim en lui op 'n rots gaan sit om in die laaste warmte van die son droog te word. Die water is spieelglad en weerkaats die verdrinkte bome wat soos hekse met grypende vingers in die water staan. Die geringe waterkwalletjies krioel onder die oppervlakte van die water en af en toe gly 'n vis geluidloos verby. Die Maraboe-ooievaar sit doodstil op 'n tak van een van die verdrinkte bome en word as 'n silhoeët afgeteken teen die oranje gloed, soos op 'n Japanse prent. 'n Seekoei knor soos hy waller word en lui gaap. Die gloed van die son wat agter die riet verdwyn, word steeds jewiger. Die geluide van die diere verminder. Die voëls hou op met rondvlieg en kwetter, die brulpaddas swyg en die insekte bly ook stil. Dis net die vis wat uit die water spring en met 'n plons weer terugval wat die stilte onderbreek.

Die son verdwyn heeltemal agter die kim en die gloed verminder. Die donkerte neem stadig die Okavango oor. Die oorgangstydperk tussen dag en nag is verby en die nagdiere word wakker. Die vlermuise begin skielik rond vlieg op soek na insekte en vrugte. 'n Visuil word eers sigbaar nou dat dit donker is, deur sy gloeiende oë wat strak en ywerig na die water kyk vir 'n vis. Die lower van die bome word een donker massa, die papirus 'n swart muur. Die rus is verstoor, die nagdiere is wakker. Die paddas begin weer brul, die seekoei sug nogmaals en klim stadig aan land om te wei.

Dit bly nag totdat die opkomende son die sterre uitwis en dit weer dag sal word op die Okavango.

Tanja Honig Std 10.

'n UITVERKOPING !

"Haai" sê ek vir my vriendin Denise, "kyk hier". Sy leun oor my skouer. "Wat?" sê sy. "'n Advertensie vir 'n uitverkoping by Stuttafords. Omdat dit ons honderdste verjaarsdag is, sal ons alles verkoop so goedkoop soos dit 'n honderd jaar gelede was ". Denise spring skielik op en af haar stoel en so vinnig as wat sy kan is sy uit die kamer. Ek hardloop agter haar aan. "Wat makeer jou? " vra ek. "Ek bel my kêrel om ons daarheen in sy nuwe motor te neem". Sy hardloop na die telefoon en begin bel. "Goed dan" sê ek, "ek sal net 'n bietjie geld gaan haal". "Née", sê Denise, "Stefaan sal vir ons die dinge koop". Ek stem saam met haar.

Een uur later is ons in Stefaan se ou rammelkas "Vinniger man, vinniger" skree Denise in Stefaan se oor. Hy trap 'n bietjie harder. Ons ry twintig kilometer per uur omdat dit so vinnig is as wat die motor kan ry. Stefaan se ouers het vir hom 'n motor gegee maar ongelukkig het hulle hom 'n 1901 Austin gegee sodat hy veilig sal wees. Ons sien 'n groot klomp vroumense in die verte. "Dis die plek", sê Stefaan. Hy probeer vinniger ry maar kan nie. Skielik val 'n meisie se poppie in die pad. Stefaan probeer te stop, maar die remme werk nie. Daar kom 'n geluid van die linkerkantse voorwiel. Die rammelkas stop. "Dis te laat, jou simpele ding" mompel Stefaan vir die motor. Die meisie skree; "Moms! kyk wat hulle gedoen het". One vertrek voor haar Moeder kon kom en vyf minute later is one by die winkel.

Toe sien ons 'n plakaamt - "Alles verkoop. Winkel gesluit!"

K Dicey Std. 7

SONDERGANG IN 'n WILDTUIN

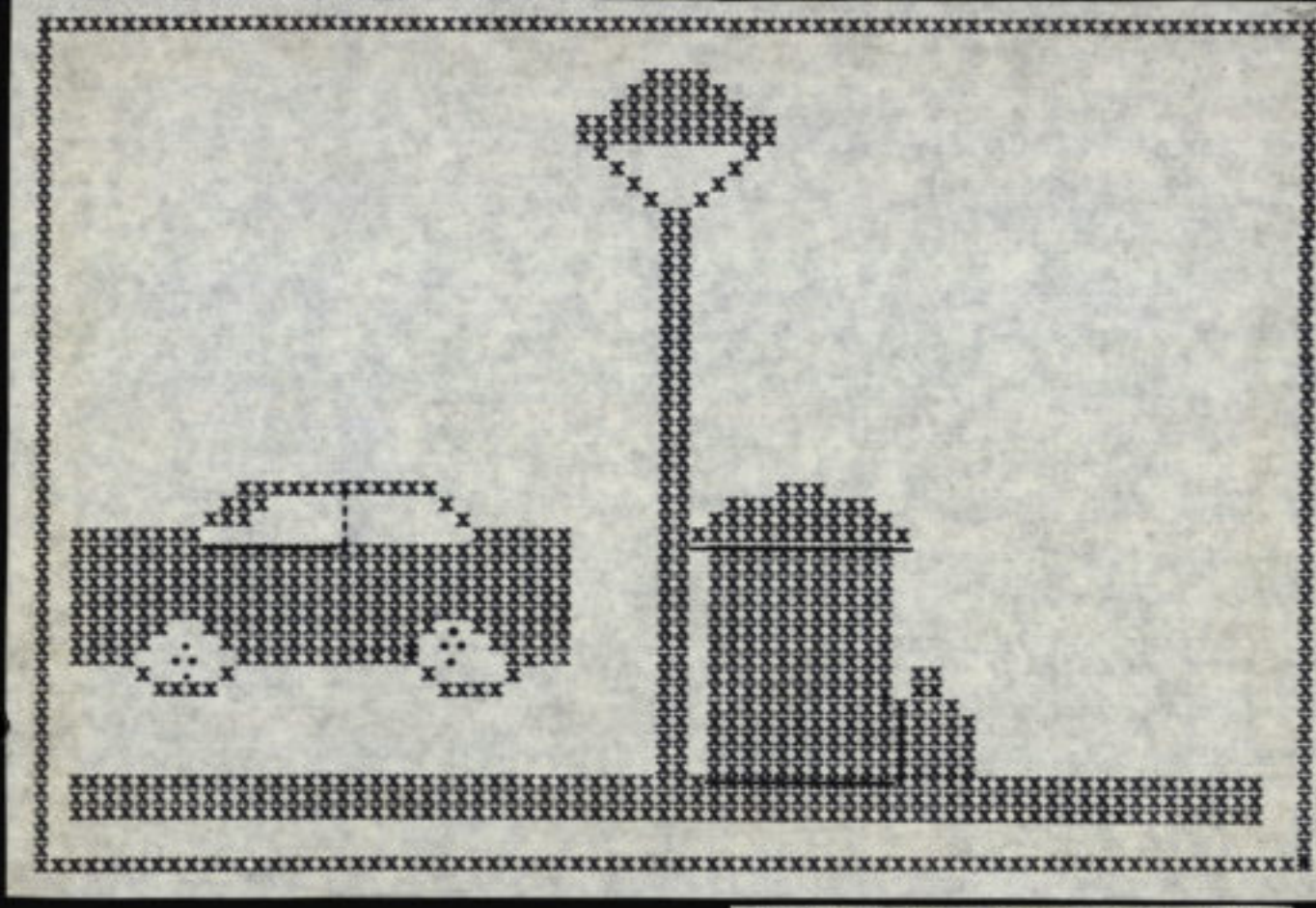
Die son loer nog skelm, asof hy die laaste oomblikke van die pragtige dag wil sien, en hy versprei sy briljante streep rooi strale wat in die verte tot oranje en geel verdof. Dit is asof die hele wêreld met 'n fyn gekleurde poeier besprinkel is. Daar heers 'n kalm stilte oor die omgeuring. Die plante is ook stil in hierdie tyd van rus, selfs die ligte grassade staan regop en geen blaar roer nie. Die bome staan misties en skrikaanjaend met hul swart skadubedde teen die rooi agtergrond.

Dit is die tyd wanneer die drinkgat woel en wemel van die lewe. Al die diere kom hiernatoe; van die kleinste voëltjies, insekte en klein diertjies tot die magtige grootwild. Nou is hulle nie meer aartsvyande nie; hulle is net moeg na die lang dag toe die sonstrale genadeloos neergebrand het, en hulle wil net drink en drink en drink.

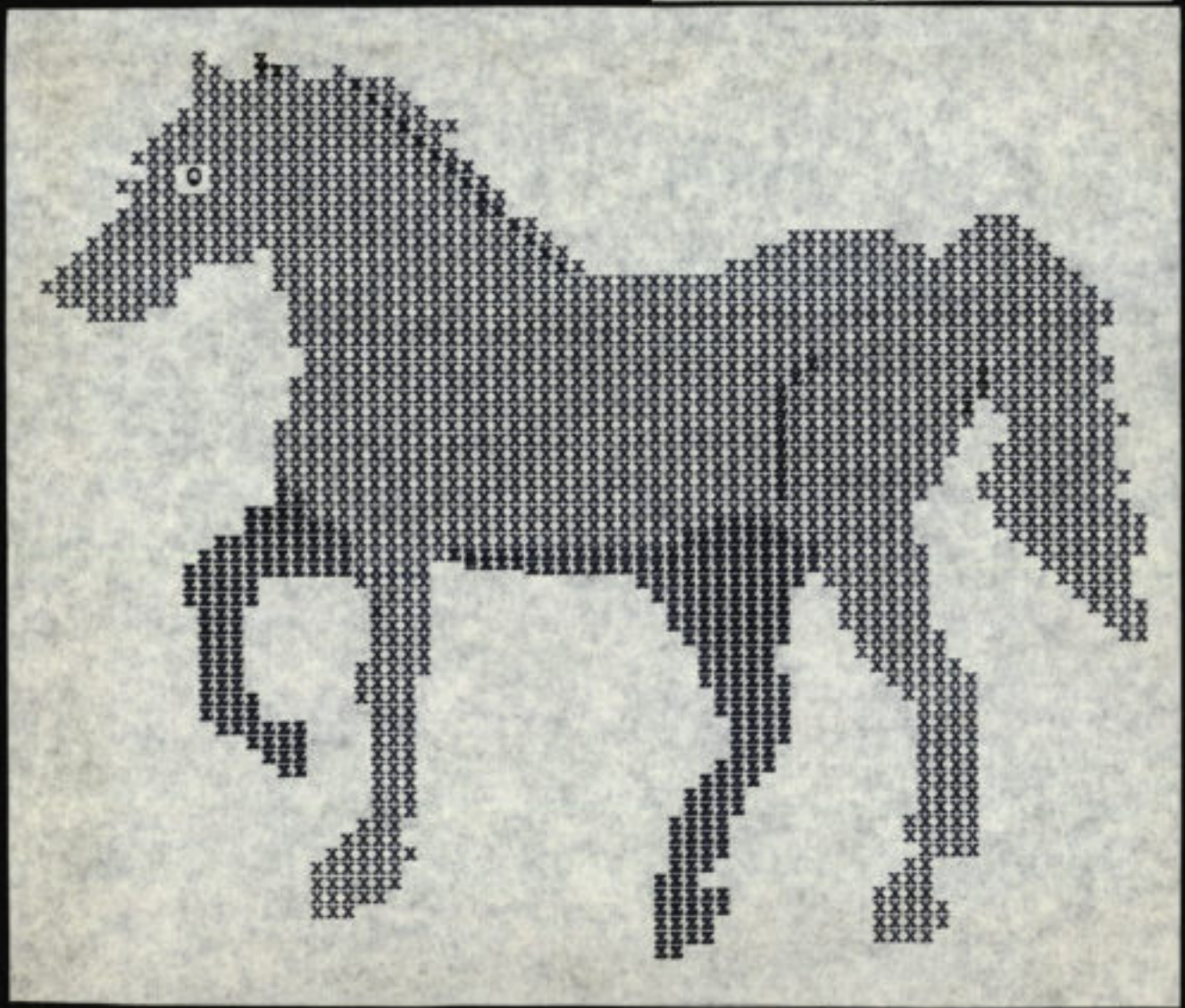
Die tarentale hardloop water toe, hul uittartende geroep weerklink in die stilte. Die skelmagtige hiënas kruip - kruip nader, elkeen met daardie aaklige, spottende grinnik op sy bose gesig. Die moeë elande en ander grootwild draf aan, hul moeë hoewe staan op die droë aarde en selfs die dors stofwolke volg hulle water toe waar hulle kalm hul beelde in die waterspieël bekyk. Die sebras drink onverstoord. As die leeus nader kom, neem hulle daardie traak-my-nie-agtige houding aan omdat hulle aan eendrag glo en hulle weet dat die leeus hierdie keer dieselfde idee as hulle het, dit is dat hulle water nodig het. Tussen hierdie ernstige vreedsaamheid is daar die komielike vlakvarke. Hulle hardloop met hul snaakse gang, sterte in die lug, in die water en modder in, rol en baljaar en wek 'n baie snaakse indruk.

Geleidelik verlaat die diere die watergat. Hulle is versadig; dus wil elkeen na sy eie grondgebied gaan om te rus. Die son gly stadig agter die gesigseinder weg met so grasieus soos die wit ooie vare wat in hul perfekgevormde 'v' deur die stil, grys-oranje aandlug sweef. Dit is die einde van die dag - sononder. Nog 'n kringloop is voltooi.

ALISON MARR
STD. X



Night Life by Cathy Marr Std.7



Shane Fairhead Std.8

DIE GROOT STAD SNAGS

Snags. As die son lankal gesak het en die voëls en blomme al klaar aan die slaap is, wat bly oor in die groot donkerte ? Donkerte? Nee, die groot stad is nie so nie. Teen sonsondergang is die motors en stadsmense nog aan die gang en hulle geraas hou die hele nag aan. In die groot huise is mense besig om vir die aand voor te berei. Voor die spieëls en in die warm kamers met dik tapyte loop hulle rond. Dan vertrek hulle en vir hulle begin die nag.

Die geraas en musiek en liggame wat beweeg. Die aanhoudende gepraat en gelag en glase wat teen mekaar klink. Die sis van sjampanje wanneer dit oopgemaak is en die vrolikheid en malheid van 'n aand uit in die groot stad. Die mense leef in die sterk ligte, soms aan en soms af, maar altyd daar. Hulle ken nie 'n donker nag nie, hulle ken nie 'n koue nat en eensame nag nie. Vir hulle is die nag 'n tyd om wild te leef, om wakker en vrolik te wees. Hulle ligsinnige praatjies en gedagtes, dis al wat saak maak in hulle nagte. In die oggend gaan hulle huis toe,moeg en treurig van die drank.

Die hoofpyne en maagkrampe is al wat oorbly wanneer die dag aanbreek. Wanneer die ware wêreld begin leef en hulle klein "fantastiese" wêreld net in al die regtige skoonheid en varsheid van die dag verdwyn. Vir hulle is nagte 'n tyd om wild te wees, om van alles te vergeet in drank en lag en dans, totdat die waarheid weer slegter die volgende oggend aanbreek.

Snags. In die strate is daar skerp en helder lig. Dit maak die oë van oues seer. As hulle net snags 'n stil, donker plekkie en 'n bietjie kos kon kry sou dit die hele wêreld beter maak, maar nie, hulle weet dis onmoontlik en vir hulle is daar ook drank. 'n Ou, vuil botteljie wyn van die man op die hoek. Wyn wat 'n lang seer sloot in jou keel brand, maar wat jou van jou leë maag laat vergeet. Die gevoel van 'n maag vol brandende brandewyn wat jou warm maak en dan dankbaar laat slaap. Miskien laat dit jou wild voel en net sommer vir pret maak jy 'n paar mense dood. Die volgende oggend breek ook aan en as jy gelukkig is, sal jy in 'n veilige hoekie wees en weet dat jy, die vorige aand niks te sleg gedoen het nie. Maar anders pla jou gedagte jou as jy weet jy is sleg en 'n rot en niksweerd en die ploeë in joy gesig word dieper op jou eenmaal-jong gesig en jou oë word oud en hartseer voor hulle tyd. Dit is snags in die groot stad.

Maar gelukkige dinge gebeur ook . 'n Trotse egpaar kry hulle eerste seun. 'n Vet pienk of bruin of swart kleintjie wat die donkerte van die wêreld vir die eerste keer sien. Dis anders as die maag se donkerte, want snags in die groot stad is daar nie donkerte nie, net ligte wat heeltyd brand en die groot donkerte van die nag vergeefs probeer afweer.

Maar die donkerte is in hulle, al probeer hulle dit met miljoene ligte te versteek, kan hulle nie wegkom nie, want in hulle leef die donkerte van 'n gemors van 'n wereld wat te gou gegroei het.

J Dicey Std. 9

LAAT MIDDAG IN DIE PARKIE

Elke middag het ek haar op die bank by die dammetjie in die park sien sit. Sy was jonk, seker so ses-en-twintig en buitengewoon mooi. Haar lang donker hare het in die laatmiddag-son geskitter. Wanneer ek nader geloop het, kan ek die haartseer in haar donkergroen oè sien. Sy het altyd net daar gesit en voor haar uitgestaar. Na 'n rukkie het sy opgestaan en gestap na waar die kinders op die grasperk sit en speel het. Sy het hulle dopgehou en dan na die seuntjie wat gewoonlik eenkant alleen sit en speel het, gestap. Hy was seker so driejaar oud en sy bediende het hom elke middag na die parkie gebring. Die meisie het vir so 'n rukkie met hom gesit en praat en dan gewoonlik 'n presentjie te voorskyn gebring. As sy daar opgestaan het, het haar oë geblink van die ingestarte trane. Sy het op die bankie bly sit, hartseer en alleen en wanneer die son in die weste weggesak het, het sy opgestaan en weggeloop.

Ek het haar een middag agtervolg en uitgevind dat sy in die blok woonstelle regoor my bly. Die gebeurtenis het elke middag plaasgevind tot dat ek Vrydagmiddag weer daar aangekom het. Die keer was daar 'n baie aantreklike man by die seuntjie gewees en ek het hom as 'n bekende argitek, meneer Erlander, herken. Toe die meisie hom gewaar, het sy stilletjies tussen die bome weggeglip. Vir 'n week het ek haar nie weer gesien nie.

Gedurende die week het ek een aand in die koerant gelees dat 'n sekere bekende argitek, meneer Erlanger, finaal van sy vrou geskei is. Daar was 'n foto van haar gewees en ek het haar dadelik herken as die meisie in die park. In die berig het ek ook gelees dat hulle al drie jaar gelede uitmekaar is en dat hul seuntjie by die pa woon. Meteens het ek alles verstaan.

Toe ek die volgende middag weer by die park aankom, was die meisie daar. Diè keer was sy nog meer hartseer. Die seuntjie het ek nooit weer gesien nie, maar sy was elke middag so om en by vyfuur daar gewees. Dit het gelyk of sy nog gehoop het om hom te sien, maar elke aand moes sy teleurgesteld omdraai. Hy het nooit gekom nie.

Helen Dicey Std. 9

EENSAAMHEID

Tant Annie woon in 'n ouetehuis. Sy het nooit getrou nie. Toe sy jong was, het sy geskiedenislesse by die skool gegee. Sy is soos enige ander vrou van haar ouderdom. Sy is ook baie eensaam.

Elke week kom mense by die ouetehuis om sekere inwoners te besoek. Maar niemand besoek Tant Annie nie. Sy lewe alleen in haar donker kamer met haar kat, Heuning. Sy sit op die stoep en brei as die son skyn. Op koue dae, sit sy in haar kamer en hou die motors dop. Van tyd tot tyd gaan sy dorp toe om inkopies te doen. Heuning volg haar. As sy terugkom is sy moeg en slaap die res van die dag. Die enigste mense wat sy ken is die dame langs haar wat altyd haar radio hard speel (Tant Annie kan saans nie slaap nie, daar is soveel geraas) en die bediende wat een keer per week haar kamer kom skoonmaak. Sy praat met niemand. Niemand praat met haar nie.

In haar kamer is daar 'n enkele bed. Die komberse is dun en oud. Sy kry koud in die winter, maar sy kla nooit. Daar is ook 'n klein tas waarin sy haar klere hou. Heuning slaap op die enigste tapyt wat langs haar bed lê. Daar is geen elektrisiteit nie. Saans moet sy onder die lig van 'n kers lees.

Hulle vind haar op die ysige vloer van haar kamer. Heuning het probeer om uit die kamer uit te kom; die mense het die geraas gehoor en Tante Annie gevind. Sy is byna dood.

Skielik weet almal van haar. Die stille ou dame wat geen vriende gehad het nie, geen gemeenskap, wat niemand geken het nie, word uiteindelik beroemd. Haar naam is op almal se lippe : "Weet jy wie hulle gevind het ? .... Weet jy wat hulle gesê het ? ... Annie Potgieter ... gevind op haar vloer ... vreeslik.. geen komberse nie .... so dun soos 'n plank .... dis vreeslik .... aan die koerante hieroor skrywe..."

Daardie aand is die nuus van haar siekte in die hele dorp bekend. Die volgende oggend skree die koerante daaroor. Die ouetehuis word gesluit. Tant Annie bly in die hospitaal. Haar toestand word erger. Haar naam is vinnig vergeet. 'n nuwe groot winkel word in plaas van die ouetehuis opgerig.

Tant Annie sterwe en stil verlaat sy hierdie wêreld. Miskien sal sy nou nie langer eensaam wees nie.

Therese Herbert Std 10

AANGENAME HERINNERINGE

Alhoewel ek nie in daardie dae so baie daarvan gehou het om op die plaas te woon nie, dink ek dikwels daarvan terug met aangename herinneringe.

Die redes waarom ek die lewe nie baie geniet het nie is dat die plaas tien kilometer buite die dorp was en dus baie afgeleë. Ons huis was 'n groot Victoriaanse gebou wat nou vir my baie pragtig is met die geelhout vloere en plafonne, maar wat die krakende vloerplanke en ketterende skuifvensters betref, was dit destyds nie baie aangenaam nie.

Nietemin het ons baie pret gehad. Ek onthou hoe ek, my broertjie en my niggie partykeer 'n mandjie gepak het - drie konfytkanne waaraan ons draad handvastels vasgemaak het botteltjies suiker, melk, koffie en water, 'n teelepel, 'n paar koekies en 'n dosie vuurhoutjies - van ons klein sustertjies weggehardloop het en op ons geheime plek onder die dennebome op die dennenaaldtapyt gesit het. Hier het ons 'n vuurtjie van versamelde takkies en dennebolle gemaak (ons het die dennenaalde om die vuur ver weggeskuif) en ons koffie gemaak. Dit was altyd 'n baie groot avontuur, veral omdat ons sussies nooit ons wegkruipplek ontdek het nie.

Nog 'n aangename herinnering vir my is hoe ek en die bediende na die boord gegaan het. My geliefkoosde tyd om daarheen te gaan was gedurende die herfs, want dan het 'n dik laag rooi-goud blare op die grond gelê waartussen ons na neute gesoek het. Die neute het in hierdie seisoen van die bome afgeval en dit was 'n groot blydskap as jy baie kon kry.Op hierdie tydstip van my lewe was ek baie bang vir slange, veral die groot, vet pofadders wat dikwels op die plaas gevind is en die besoeke aan die boord was vir my 'n bietjie skrikaanjaend as ons miskien een van daardie dierasies sou raakloop. Een keer het ek heelpad op die lang staptog daarheen en terug vir die bediende gesê: "So ver, so goed, so ver so goed". Ek was darem bang.

Maar nou kyk ek met baie aangename herinneringe terug na my wonderlike kinderdae.

Alison Marr Std. 10

IN FOREIGN IDIOM.

$COTTI$H.

He gangs lang barefoot that waits for dead men's shoon

PROVERBS

Him that has a muckle nose thinks ilka yin speaks ill o't

They rin fast that de'ils and lassies drive

Muckle heid, little wit

Wide lugs and short tongue are the best

Ye canna tak' the breeks aff a Hielan'man

Dinna shape shin by yer ain shauchlie feet

It's a sair time when the mouse looks oot o' the meal barrel wi'a tear in it's e's

Submitted by Mrs Gilbertson;
Cartoons by Mary Jooste

LATIN.

LIMERICK

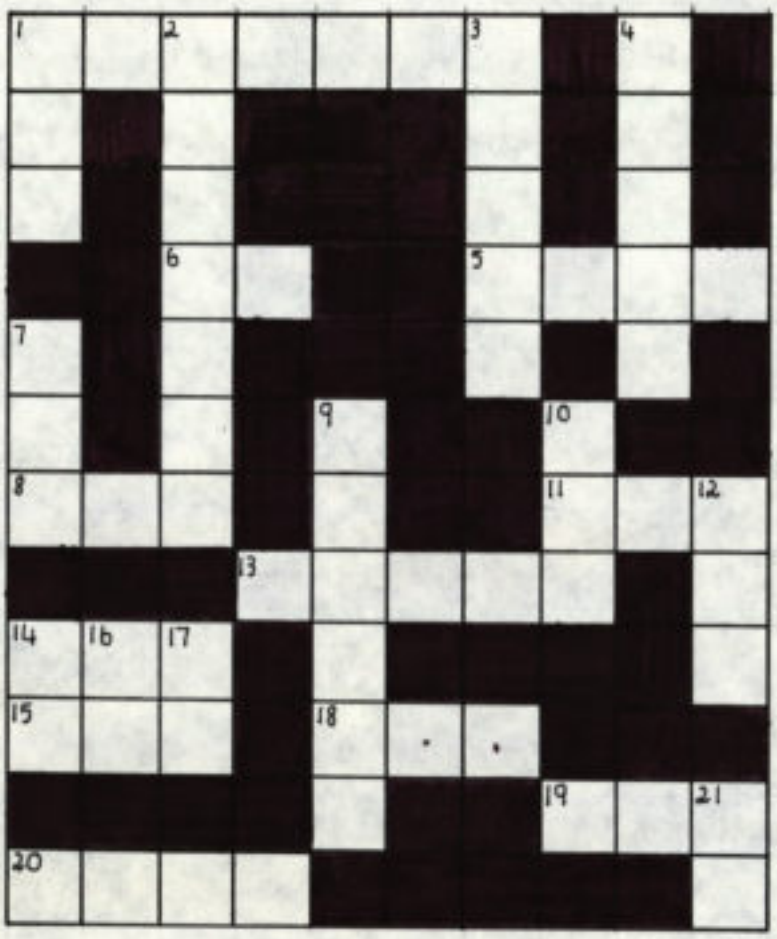
Olim iuvenis erat nomine Marcus
Qui numquam constitit dicere
Pedi ei magnum pomum
Ut paulisper consisterent
Sed id in meum vultum coniecit

English:

Once there was a young man called Marcus
Who would never stop talking
I gave him a big apple
To keep him quiet for a while
But he threw it back into my face.

Susan Burns Std 9

LATIN CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Ablative singular of courage
5 A deponent verb that governs the ablative
6 Word used in purpose clauses
8 Ablative plural of him
11 Perfect of act
13 Deep or high
14 present infinitive ending of 1st conjunction
15 this word appears in our school motto
18 infinitive of 5 across
19 a conjunction which is followed by pres. indicative
20 By hand (singular)

DOWN

1 Scarcely
2 The brother of Remus
3 This animal was used in Roman battles
4 A deponent meaning rise
7 Come !
8 The Trojan one lasted 10 years
10 Affairs
12 Anger
14 preposition meaning towards
16 Ablative singular of matter
17 Ablative singular of is
21 Accusative of ego

Susan Burns Std 9

LATIN CROSSWORD - ANSWERS

ACROSS

1	VIRTUTE
5	UTOR
6	UT
8	EIS
11	EGI
13	ALTUS
14	ARE
15	DEI
18	UTI
19	DUM
20	MANU

DOWN

1	VIX
2	ROMULUS
3	EQUUS
4	ORIOR
7	AGE
9	BELLUM
10	RES
12	IRA
14	AD
16	RE
17	EI
21	ME

XHOSA.

XHOSA

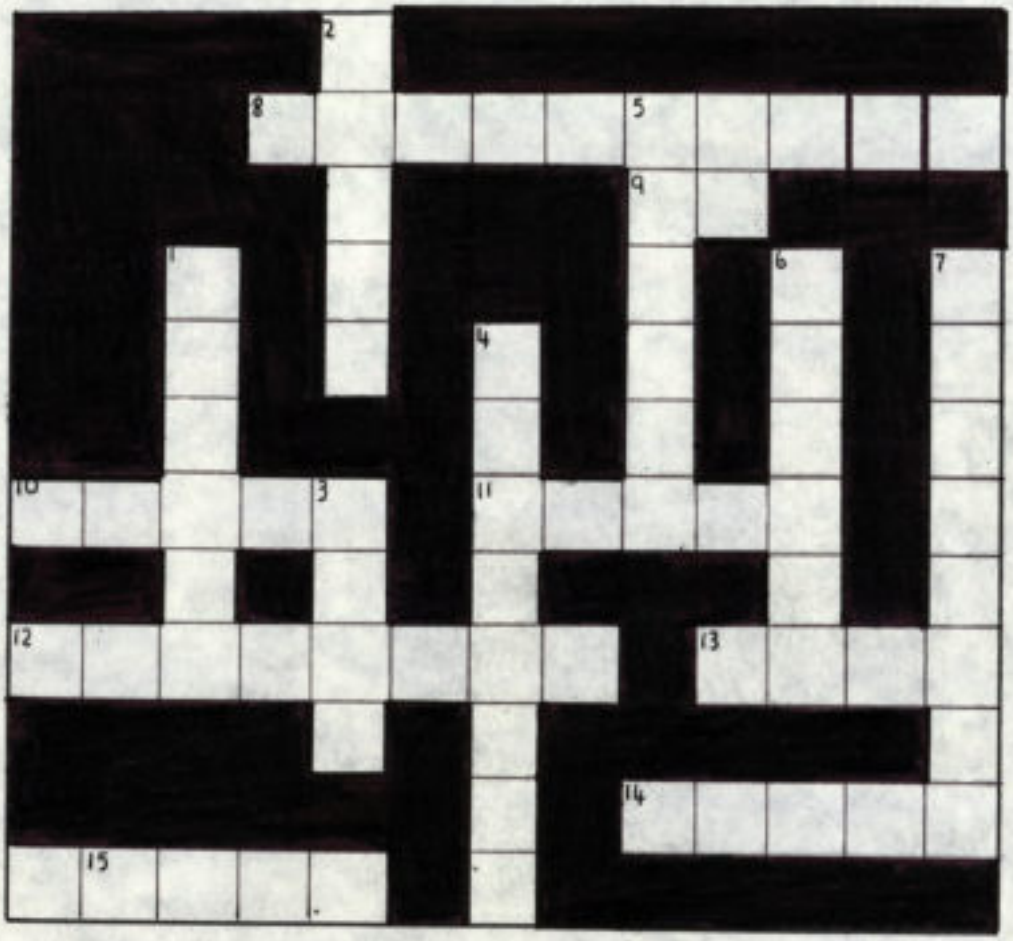
UKUGEADA AMAGANDA

Ndifana ukugeada amaganda Kugula ndithatha ipani, ndize ndigalele epanini Ndithatha iganda nestiya ndighekeze iganda esityeni Ndifsetha iganda ndilibeke epanini Ndizamisa iganda ndiligugule Ngoku ndiththati isitya ndiphakele iganda esityeni Ndifefza ityuwanepepile egandeni ndilitge

I want to fry eggs. Firstly I take the pan then I pour the oil into it I take the egg and dish and break the egg into it I then beat the egg and place it in the pan. I stir and turn the egg. Now, I take the plate, and dish up the egg onto it. I than salt and pepper the egg and eat it.

Lisa Lyhne
Std 7

XHOSA CROSSWORD



ACROSS

8 Bread
9 Stand
10 Fat
11 Nice
12 to live
13 Give
14 Bark of a tree
15 Glue

DOWN

1 Durban
2 Baby
3 Here
4 Cheeks
5 Eyes
6 Chief
7 Pray

Lisa Lyhne
Std 7

XHOSA CROSSWORD - ANSWERS

ACROSS

1 ITHEKU
2 USANA
3 APHA
4 IZIDLELE
5 AMEHLO
6 INKOSI
7 THANDAZO

DOWN

8 ISONKA
9 MA
10 TYEBA
11 IDOLO
12 UKUPHILA
13 NIKA
14 IXOLO
15 IGLU

AUSTRIAN.

DIE WÜSTE SAHARA

Meilenweit erstreckt sich das trokene unfruchtbare Land der Wüste Sahara. Die Sonne, der Regent dieser weiten, vom Winde verwehten Sanddünen brennt erbarmungslos auf die gebakene Kruste der Erdoberfläche. Die Vegetation sheint ganz einzuschrumpfen unter dieser Hitze. Weit und breit ist optische Tauschungen von hohen Palmen und Oasen. Die grosse Stille wird manchmal vom Flügelschlag eines Vogels unterbrochen.

Auch dem Lauten schrei eines Geirs, der den ausgedorrten Boden wegen einer Beute absucht, kann Man ab und zu höven. Die Skelette von unzähligen Tieren liegen begraben unter dem beweglichen Sand der Dünne. Es ist ein ewiger Kampf um das Sein und Uberleben. Der Stärkste gewinnt.

MONIKA OELZ
Std. V111

THE SAHARA DESERT

For miles and miles stretches the cast barren wasteland of the Sahara desert. The sun which rules these windswept, burning sand dunes, beats down onto the baked crust of the earth's surface. The parched vegetation seems to shrivel up under the heat of the sun. Not a drop of water is to be seen anywhere, only optical illusions of tall palm trees and lakes of water, these are but mirages. The silence is occasionally broken by the sound of a small bird singing or the loud cry of the vulture as it flies in circles surveying the ground for any trace of prey. The skeletons of many animals lie buried beneath the shifting sand dunes, forgotten. This place fights for survival.

Monika Oelz
Std 8

DUTCH.

SCHOOTSEN

Als er een strenge winter in Nederland is, kan men schootsen - een populaire sport by de Nederlanders. De amstandigheden - de vele watervlaktes (grachten en sloten) die in elk dorp en stod te winden zÿn - maakt schoot-senrÿden een tÿdbedrÿf die groot en klein kan genieten. Moeders nemen peuters mee op de rug, of als ze oud genoeg zÿn laten ze hun achter een stoel aan schootsen om hun balons te leren. Op de lagere school worden er kinderen worden dan goed ingepakt tegen de kou; kranten onder hun truien als het waait, musten op, sjaalen om, wonten en minstens twee paar sokken aan.

Toertochten genieten ook grote populartiet in Nederland. De befaamde Friese Elfstedentocht is een schootstacht waar op een dag elf Friese steden aangedaan moeten worden - Leeuwarden, Dokkum, Franeker, Harlingen, Bolsward, Warkum, Hindelopen, Staveven, Slotan, Ijlst en Sneek. De 'Elf Steden' (nu een organisatie) is sedert 1909 een wedstrijd gewarden voor topschaatstrÿders en een toertacht vaar het grootste deel der deelnemers die inschrÿven. In 1963 waren er 10 000 deelnemers maar aangezien het over 200 km is moet men bepaald fit zÿn

Tanja Honig
Std 10

SPANISH.

A SPANISH CHRISTMAS CAROL

NOCHE DE PAZ

Noche de paz, noche de amor,
Todo duerme en duermedor,
Entrie los astros que esparcen
so luz
Viene anunciando al ninito Jesus,
Brilla la estrella de paz,
Brilla la estrella de paz.

Translation:

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in
heavenly peace.

T Liljequist Std 7

GREEK.

Ἐξημέρωσεν ὁ Θεός
κι εἴδαμε τό Ἅγιο Φῶς
Προσκυνοῦμε τόν Χριστό
καί τόν Τίμιο Σταυρό,
νά μᾶς βλέπη ἀπό κακό
κι ἀπό κάθε πονηρό
Ὅσα μάτια θά μᾶς δοῦνε
τόσοι Ἅγιοι νά μᾶς
βοηθοῦνε.

MARIA STAUROU.

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 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 Matric

FRENCH

La valeur des voyages à l'étranger

Le touriste élargit sa perspective de la vie quand il voyage. Il peut étudier la manière dont les autres personnes vivent. Il rencontre les gens de milieux différentes et il obtient une connaissance plus grande et il comprend aussi la tolérance, peut être pour la première fois.

Il apprend les coûtumes d'un pays étranger. Il goûte les boissons et les plats nationaux et il découvre, les rites des repas. Il voit l'espèce de maisons que les gens en général habitent et la façon dont ils arrangent leurs jardins. Il observe les vêtements que porte la nation par exemple, les Chinois ont les tuniques de soie et il remarque les voitures populaires. Il peut commencer à comprendre le sens d'humour et la culture du peuple par exemple, la musique, le théâtre, le cinéma, l'architecture. En somme il apprend un nouveau façon de vivre.

L'étranger visite les monuments célèbres et apprend l'historie de chacun. Il reçoit un enrichissement culturel et éducatif et il gagne de la connaissance et un sens véritable de l'histoire. Par exemple, il comprend qu'un édifice comme L'Arc de Triomphe a été construit après une guerre en mémoire des hommes morts. Quand il le voit il se rappelle les soldats de Napoléon.

Il voit les scènes qu'il n' a jamais vu Le paysage différent a une valeur esthétique. Il y a une stimulation dans les voyages qui donnent un sentiment de bien-être,

Les voyages sont essentiellement excitants. On s'amuse très bien. On est complètement indépendent et on se sent totalement vivant.

Quand l'étranger rentre il compare sa manière de vivre avec celle d'un autre pays. Il voit son propre pays et sa propre vie avec des yeux différents et il note plus clairement ses defauts et ses vertus il a gagné les idées fraîches De fait sa vue de la vie change et il devient une personne plus profonde.

L Mukheiber
Std 9

UN ACCIDENT

Jeanne est en retard Elle se dépêche. Elle est impatiente parce qu 'elle s'enquiète Le bureau ouvre a huit heures et demie et il est encore huit heures vingt - cinq. Elle ne sait que faire. La voiture devant elle marche si lentement. Comme elle envie les cyclistes qui passent si facilement entre les voitures. Tout à coup il y a un terrible fraças et Jeanne se troure sur le trottoir.

Quand elle tombe elle n'entend qu'un grincement de freines. Puis elle voit les visages horrifiés mais indistincts. La foule presse autour d'elle. Une vroix furieuse crie "Imbécile? Vous n'avez pas regardé ! J'ai dû bloqué les freins pour vous éviter mais j'étais trop tard. Pensez-vous que vous êtes une cycliste? Vous n'avez pas clignoté. Quel émotion ! Idiot ! J'espère que vous n'êtes pas gravement blessée "

L'accident crée un embouteillage Les klaxons sonnent. D'autres automobilistes commencent à discuter entre eux. Enfin quelqu'un plus intelligent (un enfant) dit; "Il faut appeller la police. Regardez !

Je pense que la dame ne respire plus. Elle a besoin d'air "Tout a coup, tout le monde crie : "De l'air ! Appellez la police ! De l'air, de L'air ! "

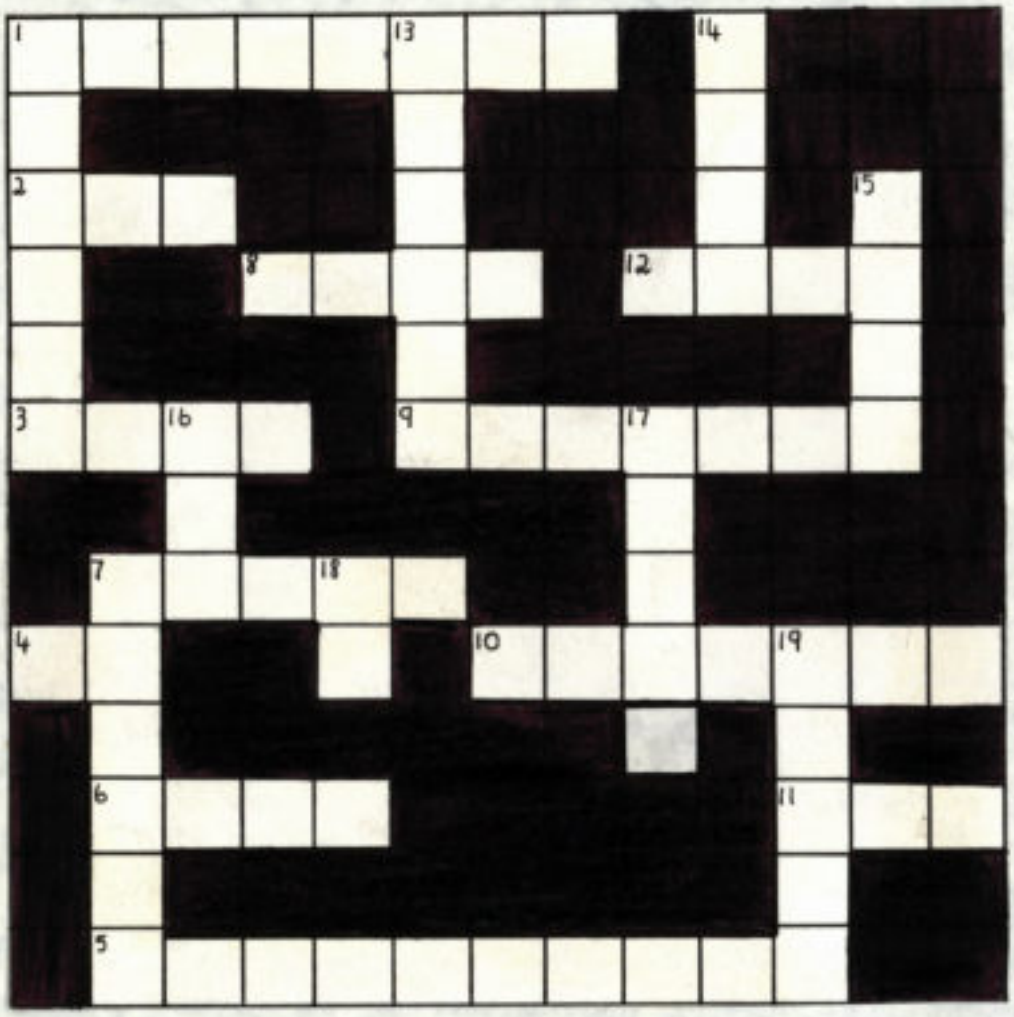
Bientôt un agent arrive et il annonce qu'une ambulance est necessaire pour transporter la dame blessée a l'hôpital Il écrit furieusement dans son carnet. De temps en temps il interrompt: "Ecartez-vous ! " parce que la foule curieuse presse trop près de Jeanne. La presse y est aussi. Les rapporteurs essayent de poser des questions à la blessée. Elle murmure "Je serai en retard. Le Bureau est déjà ouvert" On la met dans L'ambulance. La foule se disperse. Il ne rests que l'agent et l'automobiliste. Celui- ci explique : "Je vous ai déjà dit ! Elle change de voies sans regarder, sans clignoter ..."

Une heure après le circulation encore. Le garçon "intelligent" est dans une voiture avec sa mère. Ils passent l'endroit de l'accident où il ne reste que des éclats de verre maintenant. "Maman, dit-il j'ai vu cet accident ..."

L'agent boit son café et commence à le rapport de l'accident. Jeanne se repose tranquillement dans son lit. Elle n'est pas arrivée au bureau ce jour-la ...

Thérèse Herbert
Std 10

FRENCH CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 a place famous for its white horses
2 worn out
3 this is a kidney
4 the male article
5 to rob
6 elm
7 to complete
8 tasteless
9 new
10 a clock
11 past participle of "to be"
12 wax

DOWN

13 rogue or scoundrel
14 pier or wharf
15 skin
16 not there
17 opposite of "to die"
18 he
19 to obey

Mistene Maisel
Std 9

ANSWERS TO FRENCH CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1 Camargue

2 Usé

3 Rein

4 Le

5 Depouiller

6 Orme

7 Finir

8 Fade

9 Nouveau

10 Horloge

11 Été

12 Cire

DOWN

13 Gredin

14 Quai

15 Peau

16 Ici

17 Vivre

18 Il

19 Obéir

ROLT

TEACHERS

House Mistress

Mrs Stockwell
B.A. Hons
H.E.D.

Mrs B. Louw
Afrikaans
B.A. S.T.D.

Mrs M. Crowthar
Afrikaans
B.A. S.T.D.

Mrs J. Marr
Biology
B.Sc.

ROLT HOUSE - 1979

STD 10

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

STD 8

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

STD 6

R Carney
S Durr
J Fouchè
C Hudson
M Kinlay
L Lashbrook
W Lyhne
H Mukheiber
M Smith

STD 9

P Boyes
S Burns
S Davies
H Dicey
J Dicey
P Gleimius
S Ingram
J Johnson
H Knight
M Maisel
D Mannion
J Moodie
L Mukheiber
S Stamper
S Steenkamp
M Van Niekerk

STD 7

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

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

COVER DESIGN: : SUSAN STEENKAMP

LEATHER WORK : LEATHERCENTRE

TYPING : BERNICE JOHNSON

Thanks also to:

MR H STOCKWELL

MRS E STOCKWELL

MRS GILBERTSON - for invaluable assistance

TONI BECK
JANE JOHNSON
HILARY JOOSTE
MARTY JOOSTE
HELEN MUKHEIBER
LOUISE MURDOCK
TONI OLIVIER
YVETTE STOCKWELL - for willing co-operation

A MAN SOMETIMES DOES NOT RECOGNIZE
AS HIS OWN WHAT HE HAS WRITTEN AS A POET

VICTOR HUGO

AD

DEI

GLORIAM.