
ROLT

please:

handle with great care...

... this book is of value to many

ROLT AT LARGE

Magazine 1982

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BEV KOLBE
BRITT SCHRAUWEN
CATHERINE HUDSON

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THE GOOD, THE BAD & THE UGLY!

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: TOP ROW Michelle Smith, Wendy Lyhne, Cate Hudson, Shelly Durr, Bev Kolbe
BOTTOM ROW: Britt Schrauwen, Sandy Newton Thompson.
ABSENT: Jackie Rathfelder.

EDITORIAL

A lot of tears, laughter, disappointments and extatic triumphs have gone into this magazine, but when I think of it, I think of FUN and this is entirely attributable to the most fantastic team of supporters and helpers. They are what has made this magazine as without Britta's level-headedness, Bev's photographs, Shelley and Cates ideas and cheerfulness and Jacqui's superhuman and much appreciated task of typing out the whole magazine without any external help whatsoever and especially importantly, without Wendy's love, support, inspiration and elbow grease, Rolt at Large would not have been anything like what it is and I would be in Falkenburg!

We have tried, within reason, not to conform, and as a result, Rolt at Large may not appeal to everyone, but Rolt is a fantastic house with fantastic people in it and I am proud to belong to it.

SANDY NEWTON THOMPSON
EDITOR

CAN-CAN

TEACHERS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs Marr, Miss Prater, Mrs Crawther, Mrs Foster, Mrs Beams, Mrs Stockwell Mrs Louw.

PREFECTS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: Hillary Jooste, Tanya Landless, Monique Beibuck, Moira Mannion, Janice Mac Millan, Lisa Beckerling, Kathy Dower, Jackie Ratherflder, Karen Krone.

ROLT HOUSE REPORT

It is difficult to accept that we are about to produce our annual House Magazine again.

At this time last year, I had just returned to Cape Town after a most exciting and informative long-leave visit overseas.

What a pleasure it was to resume my duties as Head of House, having had the most efficient, helpful and sympathetic substitute possible. I refer of course to Mrs Violet Gilbertson.

How sad it is for me to have to record her tragic and untimely death. We all miss her in so many ways - her spontaneity, friendship and compassion! The house was indeed privileged to have her.

To everyone's surprise, we at last lost the Inter-House Gala! Naturally our swimmers were very disappointed, but we should learn from this experience. Perhaps our victories over so many years had made us first a little complacent.

We won the Inter-House Diving and now look forward to further successes with the Magazine, the Music, Hockey and other competitions which take place later in the year.

As always Rolt is well-blessed with leaders and willing helpers. I wonder if the 83 members of the House realise just how much they owe to the girls who organise, supervise and complete all the demanding tasks and activities?

My special thanks go to Janice McMillan, who has led us with

great/...

great enthusiasm and success. She has been ably supported by our Head Girl (A Yellow Rolt this year!) and a team of grand assistants.

I thank all who have given so willingly of their time and effort and wish the House success in the final Shield Competition.

ELIZABETH STOCKWELL
Housemistress

Rolt's official Mother-
Elizabeth Stockwell

y Linda Lashbrooke
Std.9

ROLT HOUSE REPORT 1982

The time has come for me to write the Rolt House report. Before I begin this year's achievements (and failures) let me just say a big CONGRATULATIONS to Rolt for winning the efficiency shield last year for the second year in succession. Let's try to make it three years!

This year's interhouse events have been mostly sporting events. However, we do have the inter-house music at the end of this term and, of course, the magazine. The swimming this year was extremely exciting, with the diving being contested on a different day. We have won the swimming gala for the past 7 years, but unfortunately, Jagger outswam us this year - well done Jagger! One thing, though, is that we definitely outsang them as the Rolt spirit was very good. A consolation to the loss of the swimming trophy, is the fact that we won the diving. Well done Tanya Landless and team!

In the third term, we have had 3 competitions - hockey, netball and squash. In the hockey, we had a very strong V15 team who won both of their matches. Special mention goes to Deidre Murray. The open team lost both of theirs, so unfortunately the cup found its way to Jagger's shelves once more. The netball was the same story with Jagger first, Rold 2nd and Merriman third. The netball team was a team with a difference

In that, unlike Jagger who had 6 players from the 1st team, some of Rolt's players, including yours truly, had not played for several years. Nevertheless when it comes to squash, that is just Rolt's fortē. Our team of 4 did very well, particularly Nicky Newton-King and Jaqui Rathfelder, who won both of their matches. However, we had reckoned on winning the squash, without considering the gutsy determination of Jagger. The end result was decided on actual points, Rolt winning by a mere margin of 4! Anyway, everyone in the team played so well that we really deserved to win.

I would like to give special mention to 4 of our girls who made W.P. teams:- Anson McMillan (Hockey), Jaqui Rathfelder, Nicki Newton-King and Nicki Ekstein (Squash) - well done!

That's all the news about past events. Good luck to all those involved in future ones - may the Rolt luck be with you. On the academic side, Rolt is doing very well with the help of some really sterling efforts by various girls. The Rolt Std 6's are to be especially congratulated in this field.

Unfortunately, not all Rolt news is happy news. We were all very sad when Mrs Gilbertson, our second 'Rolt Mother' passed away last term. We have the most beautiful memories of a really loverly person. Thanks Mrs Gilbertson for all you did for us.

Now is the time to give my thanks to all the Rolt staff and girls - thanks for your support. To my

prefects - Moira Mannion, Karin Krone, Kathy Daver and especially Lynn Stamper, our Rolt Head Girl - thanks for being there when you were needed. And last, but by no means least, to Mrs Stockwell, who is Rolt with a capital R, thanks so much for everything.

Good luck to next year's Rolt prefects - may you enjoy being in Rolt as much as I did. Keep the Rolt spirit high and the cups rolling in!

JANICE McMILLAN
HEAD OF ROLT

Janice McMillan - Head of House

HERSCHEL'S DIAMOND JUBILLEE
1922 - 1982

It is hard to believe that a mere sixty years ago, Herschel came into existance. Since then, it has gone from strength to strength, to become what it is today. To celebrate the occasion, on Founders Day - the 19th February, this year, Mrs Payne, who was a previous Headmistress and who founded our chapel, delivered a most naustalgic speech on Herschel - the way she remembered it. Shortyly after which, she returned overseas.

We are also celebrating the occasion by having our Diamond Jubillee Fête, which will be held on 16th October in our school grounds. Each class is taking part in providing something entertaining to do, see and support. Hope to see you there.

LYNN STAMPER
HEAD GIRL

Lynn Stamper - Head Girl

Mrs Payne and Lynn Stamper

Celebratory Birthday Cake

1922

Herschel hasn't changed much over the years, but certainly has expanded! The 1922 photograph is similar to that of 1982 but don't let them fool you, Herschel today has all the modern extras. We have suceeded in blending the old and new.

The first edition to the main Herschel Building is now used as the staffroom and matric rooms.

1934

In 1978 another wing was added. It runs well and efficiently and has blended well with the older wings while the atmosphere of old Herschel remains.

1978

Our latest addition is a new senior science lab being built above the middle school biology lab. Herschel continues to expand. 1982

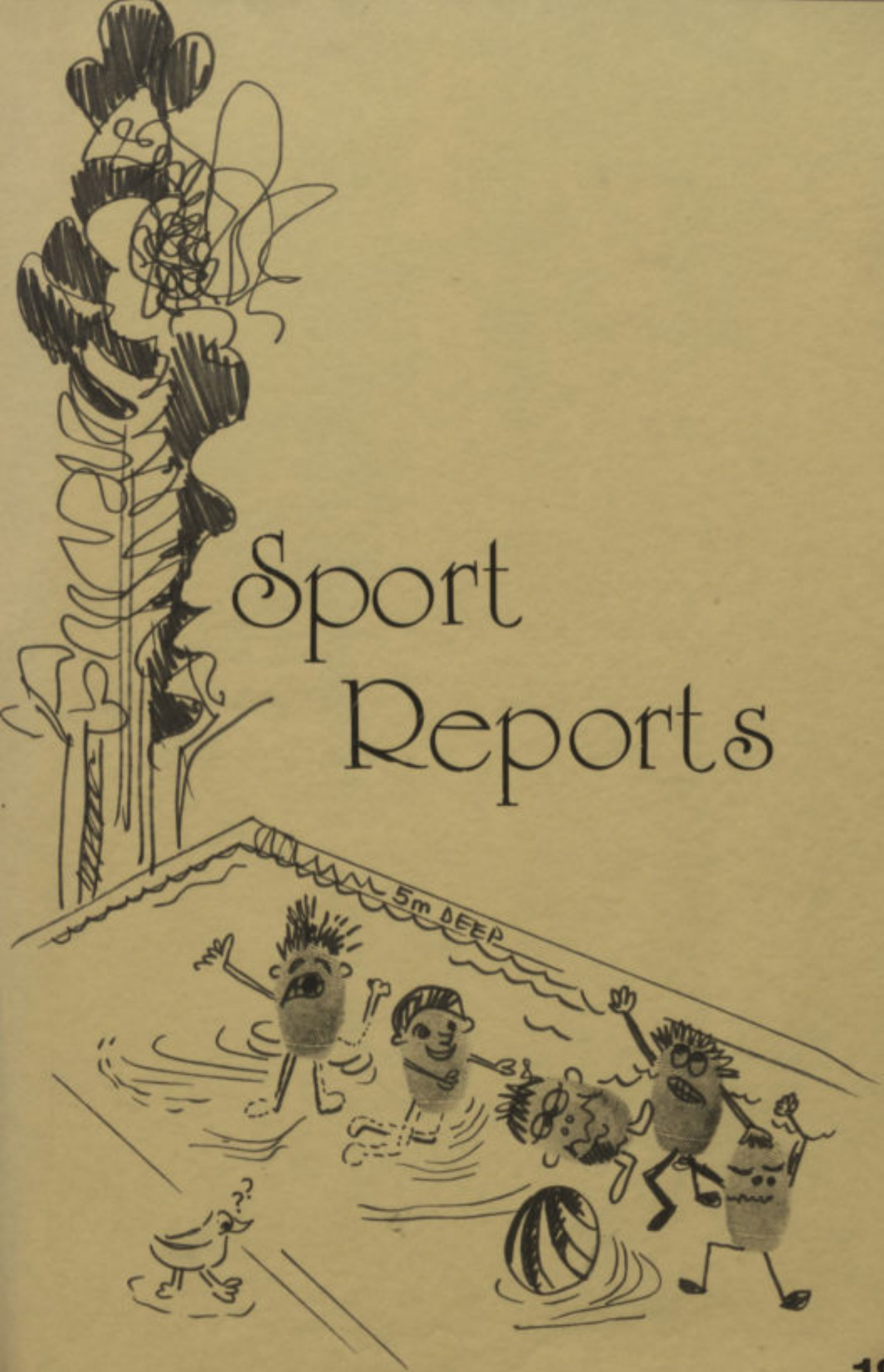
"OLD DEAN HOLT"

Our house, Holt, was named after Dean Holt for a very particular reason and that was, that he was the Dean of the Cape Town Cathedral at the time when Herschel was being established. As Herschel was to be an Anglican Church School, he automatically became involved in the founding of Herschel and was on the first Board.

When, in Mrs Robinson's time, the numbers of pupils attending Herschel had risen over 100 and it was decided to adopt a house system, he was one of the three men chosen after whom a house would be named. John William Jagger, our founder contributed greatly, financially, and John Xavier Merriman was the man of education behind the school, but it was Dean Holt who contributed spiritually to our school. What a lot we have to owe to "Old Dean Holt"!

SANDY NEWTON THOMPSON
Std 9

Sport Reports



Karen Krone-all in yellow
full of enthusiasim
and victory!

The Holt team-all smiles
and ready to kill!

SWIMMING REPORT

The inter-house gala this year was a tremendously exciting event. Rolt has won the inter-house gala for almost ten years running, right up until the final score, we were 'neck and neck' with Jagger. Finally, Jagger won, placing us second, and merriman third. Well done Jagger!

We were all so tense throughout the gala but I think what actually made the afternoon enjoyable was the tremendous spirit displayed by each house.

All that is left for me to say is, 'Keep up the spirit Rolt - and win the cup back next year!'

MOIRA MANNION
Swimming Captain

Rolts off to War!

Rolt Cheerleaders in action

Cheerleaders at Inter-schools

TENNIS REPORT

Rolt has a very strong contigent of tennis players with three in the first team; Janice and Alison McMillan and Jacquie Rathfelder. The first team did very well last season to finish in the top three teams in the league. Alison and Jacquie had a very good season as a doubles couple, not losing a single match and Alison did very well in the singles, only dropping one match. The other teams had mixed fortunes but on the whole Herschel can be very proud of its tennis players. Special mention to the following ROLT players: Jacquie, Alison, Deidre and Lynette Murray, Tanya Smithers Nicki Newton-King, Sonja Petrus and Nicki Eckstein. Keep up the good playing everyone - show the other houses what Rolt girls are made of!

JANICE McMILLAN
Tennis Captain (Rolt)

NETBALL REPORT

Despite the fact that Rolt has only one player in the first team in the inter-house netball we managed to gain second place. Jagger tipped us at the end!
Considering that half of our team members had never played netball before I think we put up an excellent fight - Congratulations, ROLT.

Best of luck for next year, you can do it!!

JACQUIE RATHFELDER
Rolt Netball Captain

Rolt's Alison Macmillan scoring a goal!

SQUASH REPORT

Last year the Rolt team was narrowly beaten by Jagger in the inter-house squash. This year the teams are very even so I wish the team every success.

Nicky Eckstein, Jacquie Rathfelder and Nicky Newton-King were selected for the Western Province Schools Teams. Jacquie Rathfelder and Nicky Newton-King made the U19 B side and Nicky Eckstein made the U13 B side.
This is very pleasing as, out of four girls that made Western Province three are from Rolt.

The inter-house squash tournament is being held this term so to all those Rolt players, BEST OF LUCK.

JACQUIE RATHFELDER
Squash Captain

Rolt Squash star in action:
Nicky Newton King

DIVING REPORT

Our Rolt divers have won the inter house diving competition again! Rolt being a great distance ahead, in points, to the other houses.

Congratulations to Tanya Landless and Cloudagh Mannion both of Rolt who came first and second in the individual diving competition. I must also take this apportunity to thank and congratulate all the other Rolt Divers who dived in inter-schools and in interhouse to those who helped keep the cup in Rolt hands.

Good Luck in the future!

TANYA LANDLESS
Diving Captain

BADMINTON

This year two teams were entered in the Inter school's league. Last year only the first team existed and after being placed in the C league they rose to the A league after two terms. The second team was placed in the B league but unfortunately has not done too well. However, I hope that they will do extremely well in the C league. The first team has never lost a match and hopes to be able to be unbeaten and attain a high position in the A league. Unfortunately there are three matrics in the teams who will naturally have to be replaced. We hope that the sport will grow in popularity and that in the near future perhaps a third team may be entered in a league.

There are three Rolt players in the first and second teams. Nicky Newton-King; Maureen Louw and Belinda Morris.

Good Luck in the future!

BELINDA MORRIS
Vice-Captain

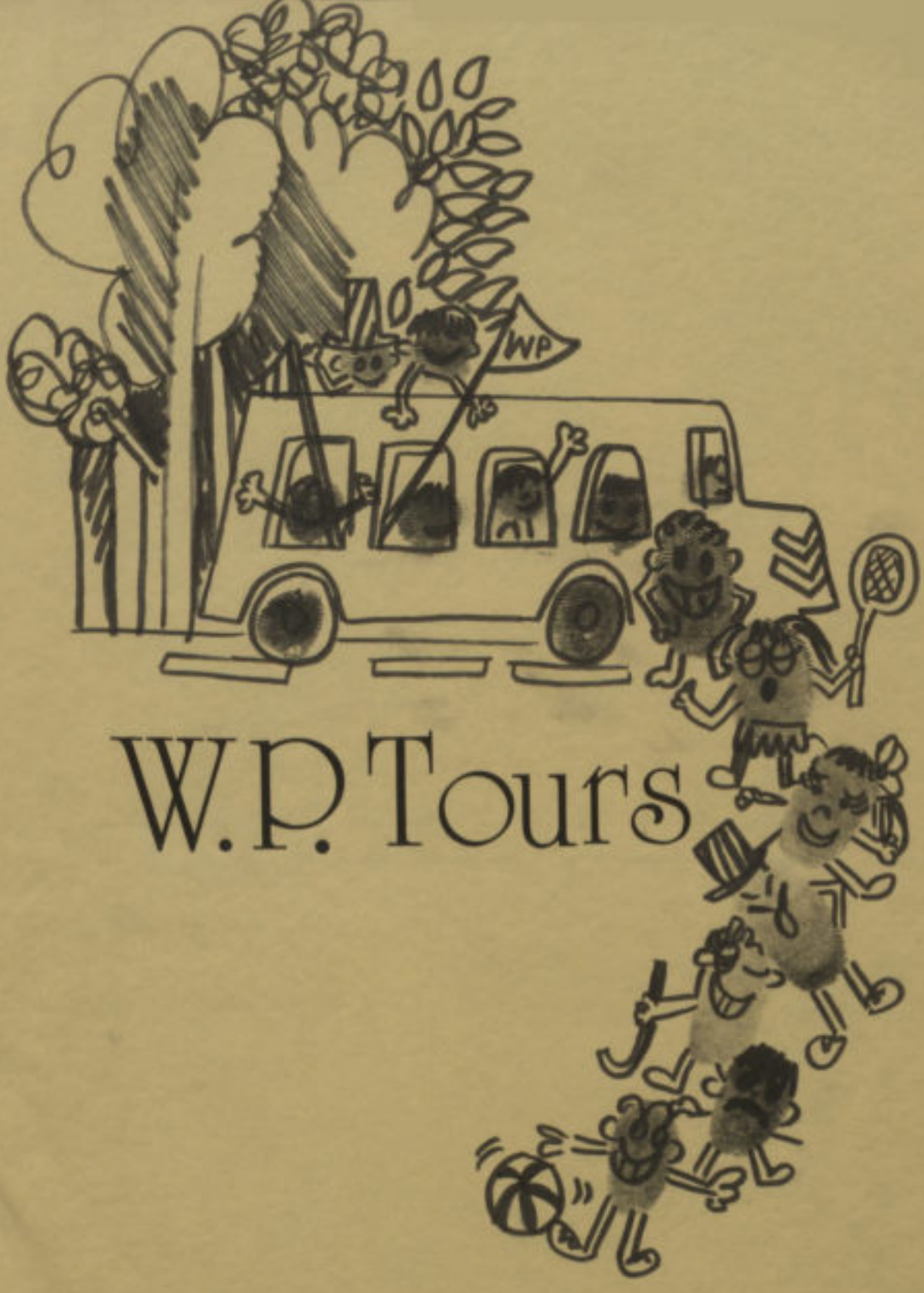
GYM REPORT

Last year we had an inter-house gym competition which was a great success. Each class divided up into their three houses and worked out their own gym sequences, exercises or dances. There was great enthusiasm and we even had external judges!
Overall, Jagger came first, Rolt second and Merriman third.

We started off a gym club at the beginning of the year but unfortunately most people seem to have lost interest. This seems a pity as we do have the available apparatus and talented gymnasts - hopefully it will be started up again next year.

MOIRA MANNION
Std 10

Winning Rolt team from Std 9 in the Inter-house Gym Competion.



W.P. Tours

W.P. U19 SQUASH TOURNAMENT

All 206 inter-provincial squash players arrived at the 'President Holiday Inn' in Hillbrow on the 15th July.

Every morning we played in the individual tournament and we played our inter-provincial matches in the afternoons. Nicky Newton-King, Sarah Cross and Jacquie Rathfelder made this W.P. team, of which Jacquie and Nicky are from ROLT - Congratulations.

All in all we managed to come third. We enjoyed our stay very much and arrived back on the 21st July.

JACQUIE RATHFELDER
Squash Captain

INTERPROVINCIAL HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

This years interprovincial was held in Wellington. This being the biggest schools hockey event of the year, brought girls from all over the country together, all with a common interest - hockey!

The W.P. and Penisula teams were represented by girls from schools in the Cape Town area. Both our teams had tremendous spirit, likewise all the other provinces. I represented the Penisula team and one of our favourite songs was:
"Is jy lus? hu! hu!
Vir 'n stukkie vis! hu! hu!
Of is jy bang? ha! ha!
Vir die Pens span? ha! ha!"
However, this song like many othera became rather inappropriate and embarrassing to sing as the week drew on, as the scoreboard showed that the Peninsula team was in rather a bad way. We lost 3 games, drew 4 and won our last game on Saturday (the last day) 5 - 0.

The W.P. team didn't feature either and so I'm sure there'll be lots of hard practising and watching for next years members of the W.P. teams.

At night time, different events were arranged for all the provinces. The two main high-lights socially was seeing David Kramer 'Royal Hotel' etc on the Thursday night and the formal dinner in the town hall on the Friday night This was a tremendous evening, being a very formal occassion but we had lots of fun. Here the South African Schools side was announced and we were proud to have two of our girls from the W.P. side chosen.
All in all I thouroughly enjoyed myself and certainly gained lots of experience.

ALISON MCMILLAN
Std 8

THE W.P. U13 SQUASH TOURNAMENT

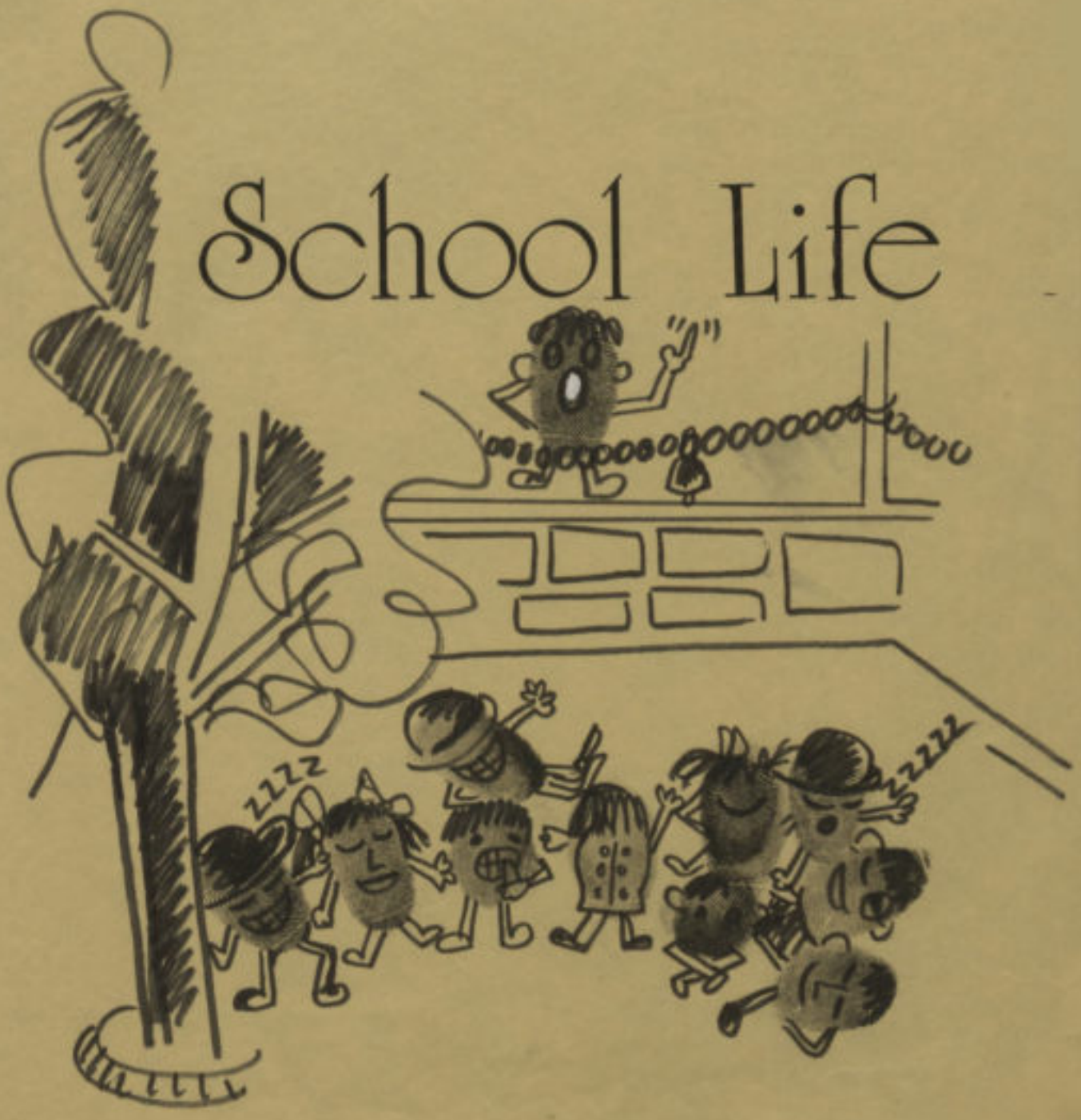
On June the 19th a group of girls left by train to Pietermaritsburg. When we finally arrived we went to Hilton College.

The tournament was very successful with the A side coming third and the B side, in which I played won. We had great fun at the tournament and the matches were all very exciting.

When we arrived back we were all very tired but pleased with our victory.

NICKY ECKSTEIN
Std 6

School Life



THE INSECT COMEDY

This production by Dawn McClurg, of the Capêk Brothers play "The Insect Comedy", a Czecheslovakian work, ran successfully for three nights during the second term.

Written in 1921, shortly after the First World War it personifies man struggle to reach his creator. Mrs McClurg our drama teacher handled a large cast brilliantly to eventually present an extremely thought provoking and funny show.

The prologue introduced us to the play, next we were swept into the languid, frivolous world of the butterflies, onto the clumsy but menacing marauders while next the warlike ants dominated the stage, at last the dreamlike epilogue where man's spiritual fulfilment is portrayed in a simple, beautiful end with singing children.

Performances were splendid all round with many Rolt girls in main roles. Wendy Lynne and Simone Beckeling shared the leading role in the Butterflies scene and there were many Rolt girls in the chorus. In the Marauders scene, Sandy Newton Thompson played the role of Mrs Cricket, Shelley Durr was an ethereal and beautiful crysalis, Niki Caine was a devious Italian Beetle and again Rolt girls took parts as Repatious insects. In the Epilogue, Zan Louw was an adorable snail and Britt Schrauwen as well as being a Butterfly, played the part of the woman off to a christaning. Mrs McClurg can be proud of her really very good work. The play is something all of us won't forget in a hurry - it was such fun and we were all left with the feeling - THERE IS NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW-BUSINESS!

SHELLEY DURR
Std 9

EXCERPS FROM DAWN McCLURGS PRODUCTION OF
THE INSECT COMEDY WRITEN BY THE KÁPEK BROTHERS

Our girls in action ! The Butterflies.
We covered the entire insect world.

Spiders...

Iris, the Marilyn Monroe of the Butterflies. Played by Simone Beckerling.

Our delightful snails!

Chrysalis the Unborn Moth

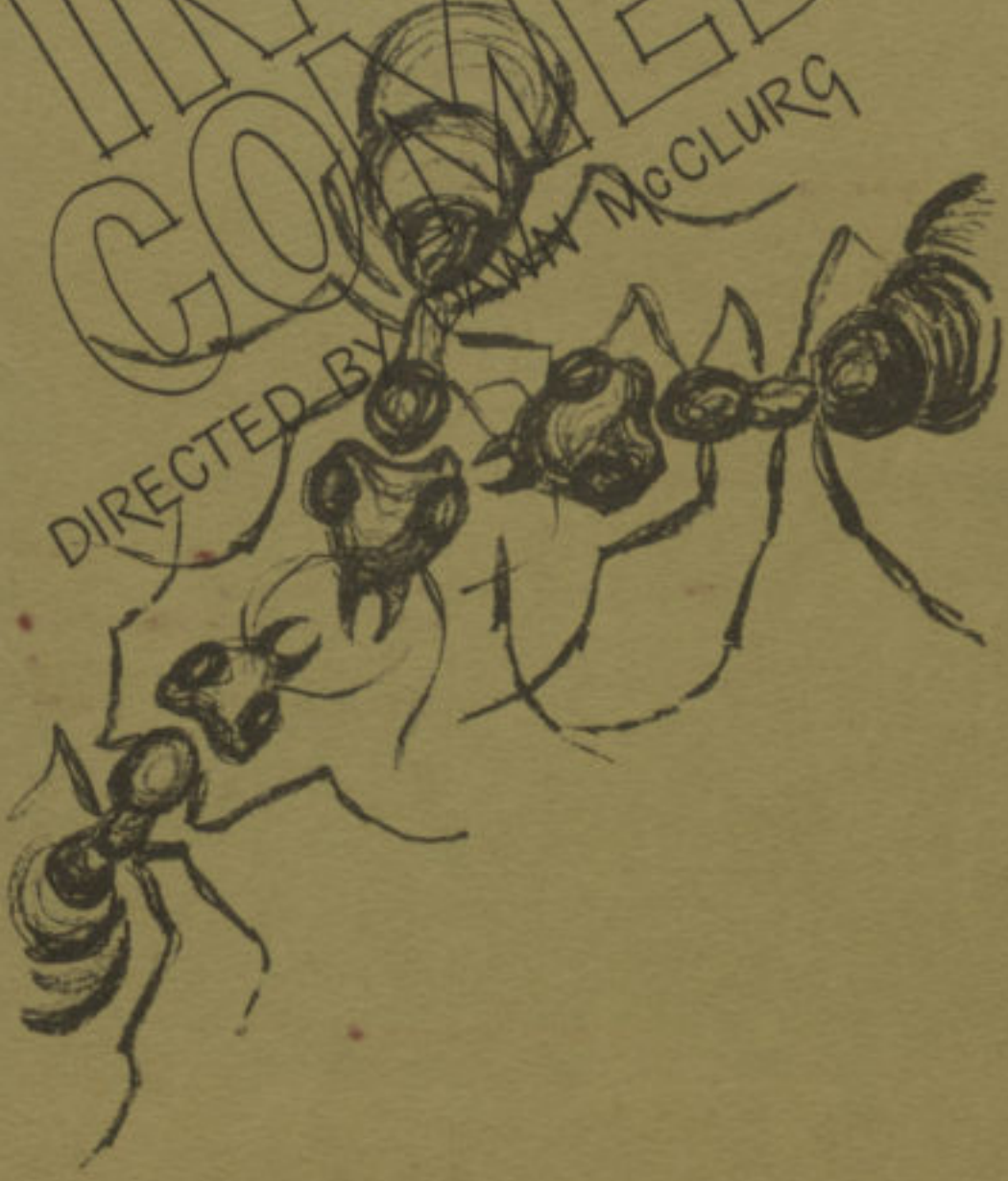
Consternation, Mrs.Cricket?

HERSCHEL PRESENTS

THE CAPEK BROTHERS

INSECT COMEDY

DIRECTED BY [illegible] McCLURG



THE INSECT COMEDY

BY JOSEF AND KAREL ČAPEK

PROLOGUE : IN THE FOREST

Vagrant — Kevin Martley
Professor — Margie Orford

ACT I THE BUTTERFLIES

Felix . . . . . Thomas Coates
Iris . . . . . Wendy Lyhne / Simone Beckerling
Victor . . . . . Peter Cladingbowl
Clythia . . . . . Joanne Hvidsten
Otakar . . . . . Guy Elliott
Butterflies . . . Bella McCallum, Claudia Moni, Jackie Batchelor, Peta Jane Tanfield, Shona Commins, Britt Schrauwen, Jo Mcfarlane, Wendy Sharpley, Sarah Ashley, Linda Lashbrook, Sonya Bester, Rowena Evans, Nadine Gramman, Pamela Mandini, Vanessa Green, Ingrid Matolengwe, Kirsten Keirsgiater.

ACT II THE MARAUDERS

Chrysalis . . . . . Shelley Dutr
Male Beetle . . . . David McClurg
Female Beetle . . . Maggie du Toit
Strange Beetle . . . Nicola Caine
Ichneumon Fly . . . Rosalind Butler
Larva . . . . . Diane Dixon
Cricket Victim . . . Penny McClurg
Male Cricket . . . Craig Clampett
Female Cricket . . . Sandy Newton-Thompson
Parasite . . . . . Julienne Walker
Rapacious Insects . . Julie Posthethwaite, Cate Hudson, Moira Mannion, Clodagh Mannion, Zanu Adams, Suzanne Bryant, Nina Claussen, Jackie Kolbe, Anthea Ovenstone, Philly Muir, Nicola Caine, Julienne Walker, Sandy Newton-Thompson, Amanda Robins.

INTERVAL OF FIFTEEN MINUTES

ACT III THE ANTS

First Engineer (and later, Dictator) Michael Winters
Second Engineer (and later, Head of General Staff) . . . . . Janine Quibel
Blind Ant . . . . . Nina Claussen / Anthea Ovenstone
Telex Operator . . . Julia Stallard
Quarter Master . . . James Frater
Supervisor . . . . . Ian Hurwitz
Messengers . . . . Nicola Baillie, Nicolette Jordan, Jill Atwood, Liora Eichler.
Upper Level Ant Workers . . . . . Carolyn Lanfear, Libby Doyle, Amanda Robins, Naseema Banderker, Lucinda Richards, Diane Flanagan, Clodagh Mannion, Linda Willis, Julie Posthlathwaite, Margaret Marr, Alison MacMillan, Elizabeth Carson, Jill Fouche, Debbie Crane, Marsaili Ross.
Lower Level Ant Workers . . . . . Nicola Ekstein, Linda Newton-Thompson, Lizette Preiss, Kim Porter, Charlotte Saunders, Clare Meredith, Carolynne McGhie, Susan Meyer, Michelle Milner, Shelley Woode, Bridget Chapman, Juliet Hardy.
Yellow Ant Commander . . . . . Ian Dreyer
Yellow Head of General Staff . . . John Wimbush
Yellow Ants . . . Natasha van Zyl, Rahima Loghdey, Kate O'Neill, Penny Cheesman, Claire Reilly, Vaughneen Ricketts, Diana Carson, Alison Durr, Helen Kaminski, Bronwen McKellar, Lucy Burns, Marie-Lou Gillespie, Christie Peters, Miranda Mosomothane, Suki Jaffe, Melanie Maclean, Nicky Lloyd-Roberts, Fiona Sass, Joanna Wimbush, Vanessa Jacobs, Nawel Mohammed, Samantha Sharp, Dominique van Nieuwenhuizen, Carianne Wilkinson, Julie van Rijswijk, Eva Disler, Abigail Dowie-Dunn, Claire Howse, Elizabeth Mallet, Keelyn Maisel, Debby Tyson, Louise Powell, Elena Rista, Amanda Werth, Amelia Opie, Susy Tyson, Susan Anderson, Audra Carey, Amanda Gersh, Sonia Hodgkinson, Rosanne Leith, Barry Sherrard.

EPILOGUE : DEATH AND LIFE

Moths . . . . Sandy Newton-Thompson, Claudia Moni, Gillian Mountain, Elsa Vorster, Laura Summs, Vanessa Clark.
Snails . . . . . Zan Louw, Cathy Shub
Woodcutter . . . James Frater
Woman . . . . . Britt Schrauwen
Children . . . . . Elena Rista, Amanda Gersh, Eva Disler, Elizabeth Mallet, Penny McClurg, Lucy Burns, Julie van Rijswijk, Debby Tyson, Susie Tyson.

PROGRAMME NOTE :

Written in 1921 shortly after World War One, this piece of irtrospective symbolism depicts the authors' disillusion with the inadequacy of our education system (Prologue) the superficiality and moral degradation of the fashionable permissive society (the Butterflies) the rapacious dog-eat-dog attitude of socio-economic groups (the Marauders), the menace of the machine age, the horror and senselessness of war and the megalomania of Dictators (the Ants). But in spite of this there is hope, and it lies in the spiritual nature of man where time is relative, life eternal and reacting toward a Creator possible (Death and Life).

CREDITS :

Set designed and built by . . . . Don Tredoux
Construction assistants . . . David Westgate, Joan McDermott, Brian Batchelor, Rob Thompson, Brian Park.
Decor . . . . . Heather Montgomery
Set painting assisted by the stage management and cast.
Costumes . . . . Mary Lyhne
Lighting . . . . . Ken Mitchel
Sound . . . . . Harold Scott, Margaret Redelinghuys
Stage Manager . . Diana Booth
Deputy Stage Manager . . . . Sue Bell
Assistants . . . . Beverley Kolbe, Rowena Evans, Caroline Mayflew, Helen Mukheiber, Jacky Kilcullen, Lisa Rowland, Michelle Smith, Lindy de Waal, Kerynne French, Belinda Pentz, Susan Albertyn, Wilhemina Bray, Naseema Banderker, Jean Mannion, Craig Peters.
Backstage Crew Manager . . . . Brian Batchelor
Front of house Manager . . . . Mary Browne
Poster and programme design . Lorraine Gower
Photographs . . . . . Nicholas Hodgson
Childrens' choir . . . . . Cynthia Sweet

The director would like to express most grateful thanks to :
Duro's Furniture Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. for the Dungball.
Cadema Industries for Childrens' and Preteen Outerwear for donations.
Southern Suburbs Joinery for Ant guns.
The Three Arts Theatre for donation.
All parents who have given donations and materials.
All last minute helpers.
Especially to . . Don Tredoux
Mary Lyhne
Harold Scott
Heather Montgomery

—ROLT GIRLS UNDERLINED

HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT:

As a result of the highly crucial situation in South Africa and the importance of political events today, to South Africa and the world in general, it was decided by the Historical Society Committee and members of the society, to concentrate our meetings on Current Affairs. This has proved very interesting indeed.

Towards the beginning of this year, Mrs Di Bishop, the MPC for Gardens, gave a riveting and frightening talk on Detention Without Trial. As a result, she was later in the year requested to speak to the Sociological Club on The Homelands Policy which was very informative.

Two representatives from UCT came to speak to us on a recent visit of theirs to Namibia to talk about their views on SWAPO. It was very interesting to hear the left wing point of view; even if one didn't agree with it.

At an Inter-schools History Quiz held at Pinelands, two girls represented Herschel against many other schools. Bishops finally won.

Mr Roger Hulley gave us a very important talk on The Leasons to be Learned from Zimbabwe. It was a theoretical discussion and difficult to put into practice.

During the course of the second and third terms, vital episodes of The World at War series have been screened during Sociological Club and have been very worthwhile.

Finally/ ...

Finally, a few weeks ago, Mr Ken Andrew addressed the Society on a very important matter in current affairs, namely The Including of Asians and Coloureds in the Political Dispensation. It was very interesting to see how steadly, since Union the voting rights of Coloureds and Blacks have been taken away until now when the Government is attempting to give them back some rights.

Towards the end of this, the third term a new Committee will have to be elected and particularly a new Chairman as Hilary Martin begins swatting in ernest for her Matric Exams. Let us hope that her successor will be as efficient, helpful and capable as she has been, and such a blessing to the Historical Society. Thank-you, Hilary!

SANDY NEWTON THOMPSON
Std 9

THE ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DEBATING SOCIETY

"Chairman, fellow speakers, members of the floor. Last year was highly successful for Herschel, debating-wise and culminated in our forum discussion team for 1981 winning the inter-schools forum discussion contest and Clair Grootendorst receiving the prize for the best speaker of the year. Our Oral Communication Committee for this year has had a hard task in keeping up the standard, but fortunately we have a large number of talented as well as promising debates and speakers at Herschel.

At the beginning of the year a committee was elected for 1982:

Chairman: Nicki Hommerson
Secretary: Fiona Fraser
Caterer: Karen Krone
Stage Management: Hilary Marten
Wardrobe Mistress: Bernita Oswell
Lydia Horn

In the first term a debate was held against Westerford. In the junior section, the motion of the debate was "Elders are not our betters" and was preposed by Herschel. The motion was carried by four votes.

In the senior debate, the motion of "Terrorism is a modern phenomenon" was proposed by Westerford. The votes counted seven for, seven against and five abstentions. As is obvious this was a very interesting and exciting debate.

Another debate and forum discussion evening was held with Rondebosch where "The Art of Dating" was discussed by Nicky Hommerson, Margie Orford and two Rondebosch speakers with Juliénne Walker as Chairlady.

In/ ....

In the junior section, the motion that "The Motor Bike is generally known as a coffin on wheels" was proposed by Herschel and was carried by the majority.

Since then there has been a change in the committee:

Chairman: Sandy Newton Thompson
Secretary: Niki Caine
Caterer: Simone Beckeling
Stage Managers: Nicky Newton-King
Stephanie Dutkiewicz
Wardrobe Mistresses: Lydia Horn
Benita Oswell
Rochan Karjiker

We have a debate planned against Herzlia and SACS and have recently partaken in the Inter-Schools Forum Discussion for 1982 but were, having reached the finals, not placed.

All that is left for me to say is good luck to all speakers and debaters for future events and thank-you to the out-going committee.

SANDY NEWTON THOMPSON
Std 9

CHOIR REPORT

This year has been a quiet one as we have not sung at many external functions.

In the first term we sang at two weddings; Susan Tripp and Kathy Caradoc Davies. We also sang on Founder's Day and at the Easter Service, both held at St Saviour's our School Church.

The second term was an exciting and rewarding one. Bishop's choir and Herschel combined to form a Choral Society. We got together once a week for an hour, about a month before the performance to rehears. On the 7 May we performed Fauré's Requiem in the Bishop's chapel. A large number of people came to listen to us and we were pleased with the Herschel supporters.

It was a great opportunity for girls and boys to get together and meet one another. We will perform once more with Bishops towards the end of the year. We will be singing at St Aegan's and at the Plumstead Methodist Church Hall during the course of this term. Each year is ended off with our Carol Service We all work extremely hard which makes it a magnificent and rewarding occasion.

BELINDA PENTZ
Choir Leader

SPEECH AND DRAMA CLASS REPORT

Speech and Drama is offered to all Herschel girls from Kindergarten to Matric as an extra-mural activity. Many Rolt girls enjoy the subject and take part in Eistedfords and Speech exams and are coached by Mrs Saffery and Miss Flint. We are proud of the fact that we usually do well in the exams which involve preparing a programme including poetry, literature, hobbies and of course speech notes, which is played to an external examiner and school-friends. During Eistedfords single items are presented and we all enjoy meeting girls (and boys) from other schools who have similar interests.

Our speech lessons are intimate and fun and we hope Rolt girls will continue to work at their dipthongs and monothongs while broadening the spectrum of extra-mural activities which Herschel offers.

Shelley Durr
9 W

POTTERY

Pottery is available as an extra - mural subject and girls from std 6 - 10 can take pottery lessons on wednesday & friday afternoons. Mrs O' Conner is an understanding and enthustastic teacher with plenty of original ideas. The school has a kiln but it can be somewhat tempramental at times - the pots often emerge with interesting appearances because of this, which is part of the fun.

We have our own little pottery - room in the art block which has two electric wheels for throwing and plenty of clay. It serves as a cosy, casual studio and has plenty of pottery books for inspiration! We have made all sorts of "Works of Art" from clay slippers to 3 foot high vases; from tiles to tiny mice, the list is endless. Pottery exibitions are held in the art room on open days and often parents are suprised by daughter's talent!

Shelley Durr
Std 9

A sculpture done by one of the Rolt pottery students: Wendy Lyhne

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Our school library provides a quiet sanctuary for many harassed Rolt girls who find solace within its book-lined walls. Daily newspapers, magazines and all sorts of interesting information are available while the wealth of books never fails to provide stimulating, interesting and of course entertaining.

The library's face-brick walls and soaring ceiling make it a place of beauty too, and we are particular proud of our antique chairs which were part of the very first classroom at Herschel restored after Mrs. Stockwell, the senior history teacher, discovered them abandened in the school's archives. The library provides a source of interest for everyone at Herschel, especially the BOOK-WORMS .....

The Library Prefects Are:

Lydia Horn
Benita Oswell
Wendy Perold
Linda Bettison
Alison Moultrie
Rashon Karjieker
Linda Willis
Miriam Thomas
Anne Abdy
Sarah Crawford-Browne
Diane Hathaway

Shelley Durr
Std 9

CHRISTIAN UNION

OUTGOING COMMITTEE

Teacher-in Charge	:	Mrs Martin
Chairlady	:	Lisa Lyhne
Secretary	:	Lucinda Richards
Vice-Chairlady	:	Cheryl Hemingway
Others	:	Gail Sociwa
		Daniella Lengner
		Diana Booth

NEW COMMITTEE

Chairlady	:	Lucinda Richards
Secretary	:	Karen Dudley
Vice Chairlady	:	Ann Abdy

We have regular meetings held during Wednesday's lunch-breaks. Films and talks on interesting and controversial subjects have been arranged: from pop-music to Rev Eve's stay in England. We have had people to sing to us too. A great favourite was Fred May.

We would like to thank Mrs Martin for all the help and guidance she has given us in C U, and all the time she has devoted to us. We wish her and her baby health and joy.

LISA LYHNE

M.A.D. CLUB

M.A.D Club,stands for Music, Art and Drama. This club has basically one function and that is to hold an evening of Music, Art and Drama Entertainment once a term. Unfortunately, with the passing of time, the Music and Art side have largely fallen away, leaving only Drama.

At the end of last term we had one very successful M.A.D. Club Evening. It consisted of a collage of poetry, prose and dramatic extracts;such as extracts from Mary, Queen of Scots, Twelfth Night and Much Ado about Nothing. We also had a "sing-along" and solo guitar piece.

WENDY LYHNE
STD 9

BOARDERS REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL REPORT

The BRC acts as a go-between for the head and the boarders. The council has been kept busy all this year making the boarding house homely and comfortable. Their aim at the moment is to save up for a washing machine and they hope to eventually buy a Spin dryer too.

The Council have managed to find a interior-decorator, a Mrs Niven, who has agreed to redecorate the boarders-sit. She has done an excellent job, refusing payment and we are all most grateful. The BRC also run the tuck-shop (most successful!) the funds gained are all contributed towards the washing-machine.

A Cheerful, cosy atmosphere continues to brighten up the boarding house and the boarders have their mad (and sad) moments!!

BRITT SCHRAUWEN
Std 9

Extra Mural Activities

MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT:

Mountain Club has maintained a steady number of participants throughout the year averaging at about twelve. Two outings namely the 9 May and the 1 August have had to be cancelled owing to bad weather.

On the 7 February Devil's Peak was conquered. About 10 girls accompanied by Mr Richards and Mrs Fletcher started from school at about 9.00 am. We first walked up Newlands Ravine to the Saddle. It was a very hot day and we were most disappointed to find no water at the Saddle at all. We then decided to ascend Devil's Peak from the back. This was a long and hard slog which some of the younger members found very tiring. Lunch was eaten at the top still with no water. The view was magnificent. We came down the contour path on the front of Table Mountain where we were most grateful to find some water. Mr Fletcher fetched us at the lower Cable Station.

For the 14 March a weekend outing had been organised. These being popular about 20 people came accompanied by Mrs and Mr Fletcher and Mrs Steytler. At about 2 pm on the Saturday we set off for Bains Kloof where we spent the night at the Steenboksberg hut. The next morning we took our lunches and followed the stream upwards towards a saddle between two peaks. Keeping to the cool of the trees alongside the river we boulder-hopped our way up. About $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up we had to turn around as it was getting late. We then boulder-hopped down and had our lunches in the sun alongside a beautiful pool where most people swam. We had quite a rush to get back to the bus and were back at school at about 8 pm Sunday.

On/ ....

On the 13 June the Atlantic side of Table Mountain was tested. Mr and Mrs Fletcher took a group of about 15 girls up Slangolie above Camps Bay. That side of Table Mountain is always quite hot so lunch in the shade at the top was most appreciated. We came down Kosteelspoort and were back at school by 4.30 pm.

It seems a pity that so few older pupils don't take part in mountain club. I hope that the Swellendam Trail planned for the September holidays will be supported by all standards and that the mountain club continues to prosper.

Happy Hiking!

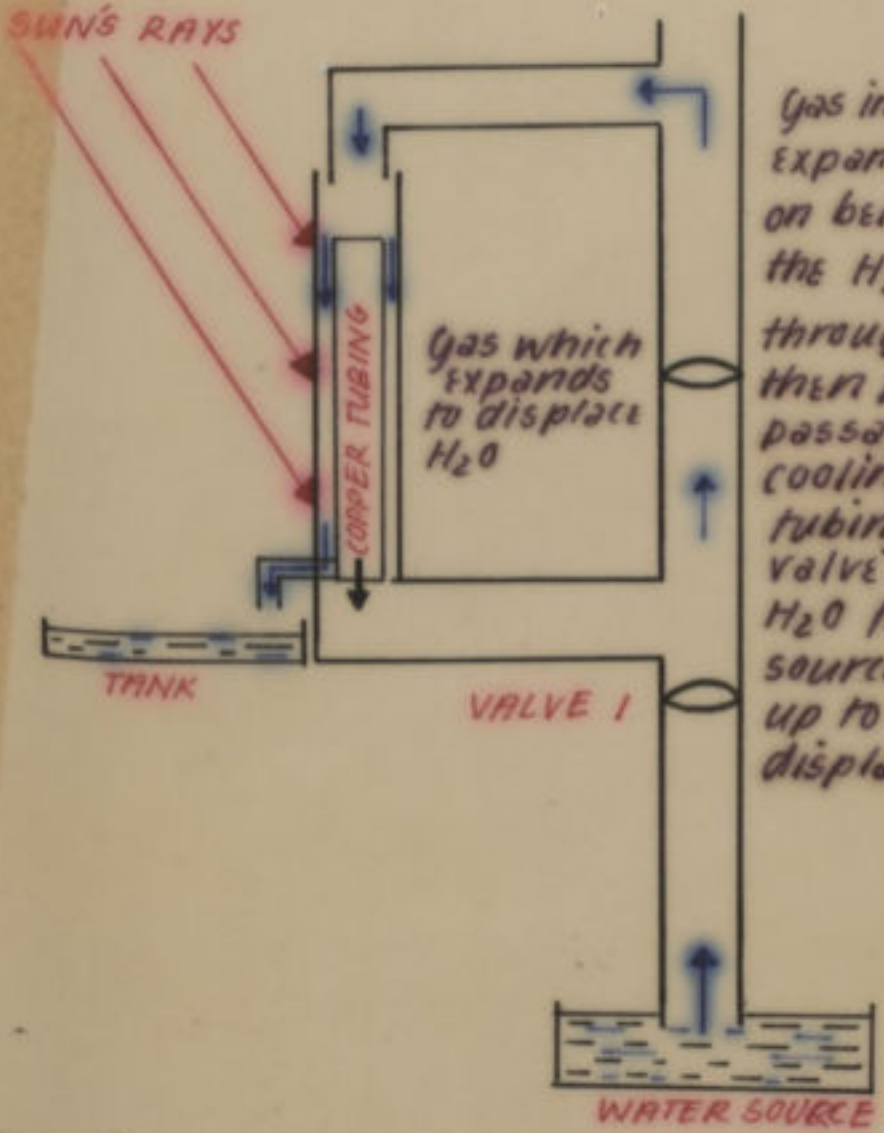
KATHY DOWER
Matric

APPLIED SCIENCE COMPETITION - A.E.C.I.

Last term, Niki Caine, Nicky Newton-King and Stephanie Dutkiewicz (Merriman) entered the applied science competition run by A.E.C.I. We were required to invent an item which could be marketed at a cheaper cost than at present. We invented a solar powered pump. Three weeks ago we were told of our selection as one of the six finalists in South Africa and have now to build a scale model. If we win we stand to gain R1 500, R500 of which will go to us and our hard work and the R1 000 goes to the school science department.

NICKY NEWTON-KING
Std 8

SOLAR POWERED PUMP



Gas in copper tubing expands down pipe on being heated by the H_2O forcing it up through valve 1. It then follows the passage of the arrows cooling the copper tubing causing valve 1 gas to contract. H_2O from the water source is then sucked up to replace the displaced H_2O

by Nicki Laine (Rolf)
and Nicki Newton King (Rolf)
and Stephanie Durkiewicz (Merriman)

GRAHAMSTOWN 1982

Having been woken briskly at 3 am. one Sunday morning during the July holidays, I found myself in the School bus en route for Grahamstown. Ten of us were on our way to the English Festival and Mrs Steytler (English teacher - my mother) and Mrs Feast (Science teacher) were taking turns at the wheel.

My role as go-between began when a few hours later timid voices asked if my mother had really meant it that there were to be no stops except for petrol. We chugged steadily through the Little Karoo and Pauline Smith country to the tune of "Psycho Killer" by "Talking Heads". My mother and Mrs Feast had their minds on the mountains and the flowers. On arrival at the Residence, Cate Hudson (and all of us) were dismayed that bathrooms at Rhodes were not en suite! The 'culture' began immediately as we tramped round the town in the biting wind investigating museums and exhibitions. The Festival programme at the Monument consisted of Shakespeare lectures and a wonderful collage of Anthony and Cleopatra, poetry and drama workshops, Chaucer and modern ballet, Pauline Smith readings, puppets and Noel Coward, and plenty of intellectual jazz.

We shall always remember the café in the main street where we fortified ourselves with a very English version of melktert, more like egg custard. We left Grahamstown with the sound of Cathedral bells in our ears. It was fun being together and visiting the other schools was particularly refreshing.
I should like to thank Mrs Feast and my mother for being tolerant and understanding supervisors.

LORNA STEYTLER
Std 10

Stretching our legs in Nature's valley.

All of the Std.9's with Mrs. Steytler at the Drosty Arch.

Our Ex-bus outside the English Monument in Grahamstown.

THE ART SEASON OF 1982

Our attention has been drawn to 4 particular aspects of the arts this year.

BALLET: Orpheus in the Underworld created quite a stir, towards the beginning of the year. It was a humorous ballet, set in the 1920's, that appealed to all tastes. It was the first of a trio of 3 act ballets. It was choreographed by Veronica Paeper. A school outing was arranged to this.

We were lucky enough to see Galina Panova in one of the 5 act ballets. She and her husband are Russian and only after a long struggle were they allowed to leave the U.S.S.R.

ART: The Matrics, in particular, have been lucky enough to go on regular outings to the National Gallery.

One of the most unusual exhibitions was The Inca Gold Collection (Peruvian Gold). Richard Hamilton held an exhibition of some of the Spanish School in Cubism.

As Pottery is offered as an extra-murial activity at schoo, we were interested in a Ceramic Exhibition held at the Yellow Door, which included almost all the top South African potters.

DRAMA: The Drama Season has been an exciting and varied one.

The entire school attended the Maynardville Production of Othello.

The Senior Drama girls were fortunate enough to attend a performance of Marcus Brutus at the Little Theatre.

Other good productions at The Baxter Theatre include "Ah Coward", Jazzart Woza Albert, "Key for Two", "Bedroom Farce" "Automatic Pilot", "It's a Boy", "Seduced", "Decadence", "Groucho at Large", "Uncle Vanya".

Many other interesting products at The People's Space, The Little Theatre, The Glass Theatre, and the Nico Malan have been presented.

RESTAURANTS: The Hardrock Cafe is an eternal favourite with Herschel girls. After Hockey, we enjoy brunch or tea at Kaffeehaus in Rondebosch or at Zerban's.

Midnight Gril, The Europa, La Perla Est, The Inn on the Square, Nelson's Eye, Kronendal and The Pink Geranium offer very good food and an enjoyable atmosphere.

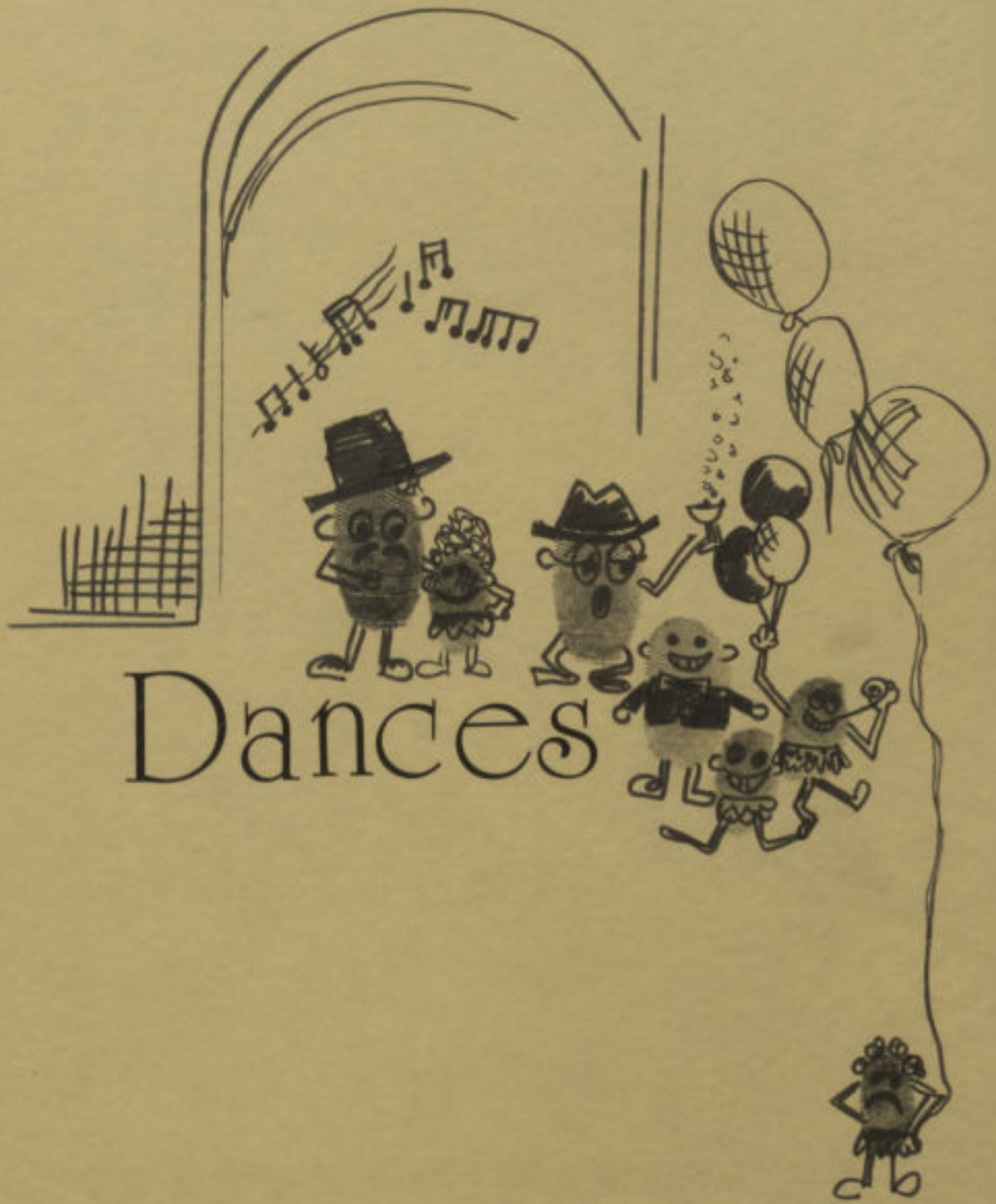
Generally speaking, Cape Town offers many and varied cultural activities.

Panov and Panova rehearsing Anna Karenia .He plays Vronsky to her Anna.

Panova as Lise in La Fille Mal Gardée

Panova and Simpson rehearse Fille

Galina Panova with Bruce Simpson who partnered her in La Fille Mal Gardée



Dances

FORM DANCE - STD EIGHT

We were all bursting with enthusiasm because of the fact it was our very first form dance. The whole day was spent trying to make elaborate decorations and blowing up baloons resulting in almost total exhaustion.

Finally the clock struck seven-thirty and among all of us there was a small sparkle of panic.

Everyone looked absolutely smashing as they walked through the door timidly trying to entertain their partners. The marquée appeared to be very professional with black and white and silver streamers flowing outwards to the walls of the tent and exquisite bowls of roses decked each table.

As the lights flickered on the dance floor we all danced to our hearts delight.

The only disaster struck when it started to rain and all the scrumptious snacks which had been previously laid outside had to be rushed into the marquée!

It was undoubtedly the most exciting occasion of the year, never to be forgotten.

SIMONE BECKELING
Std 8

Alison McMillan and Richard Burton at the Std 8 Form dance

THE STANDARD NINE FORM DANCE

This year the standard nine form dance was held at my house in Constantia. It started at about 8.30pm and ended at about 12.30 when most people went home.

We had all anticipated bad weather for our dance, held on Saturday the 6th of March, as the days leading up to Saturday were cold and rainy, but the weather that evening was better than expected. I was very relieved as we were to have candles in paper packets scattered all around the garden and up the driveway and were to sit outside.

The colour scheme was red and white with carnations of the same colours in vases on the red table cloths. This and the red wine on the veranda created a lovely warm atmosphere like that of a lovely French café on a street in Paris.

Some of the blind dates proved successful and the spirit rose to a climax when a can-can was played and everyone joined in, rushing around the dance floor, holding hands and having fun! On the whole the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone who attended, even my parents!

LINDA LASHBROOKE
STANDARD 9

Thank Heaven for little girls,
they grow up in the most delightful way!
(Besides, without them what would little boys do?)

Men!


SO IT'S REALLY NO, VERONICA? WE CAN'T CELEBRATE TOGETHER?.....
THAT'S A PITY, OLGA... JUST THE TWO OF US
OF COURSE, I SHOULD HAVE LET YOU KNOW EARLIER THAT'S A SHAME, MARY...
YES NORA, I'M SURE YOU WOULD HAVE LOVED IT...
BUT BETTY, I THOUGHT YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN FREE...
YOU REALLY MEAN NO, BRIGITTE? AREN'T YOU GOING TO CHANGE YOUR MIND...?
YES... MMM... OF COURSE THE FAMILY... NO NEED TO APOLOGISE SYLVIA
FANCY CHOOSING YOUR MOTHER INSTEAD OF ALL YOUR GIRLFRIENDS!

MATRIC DANCE 1982

It was always someone else's Matric dance - never yours! When it is finally your chance, then the time comes and goes so quickly that before you realize it, it is over.

Luckily we decided on our theme quite a while before the dance although we thought at one stage that the theme had 'got out'. We did all our paintings in groups in the holidays and had great fun.

The dance was on a very wet Friday 16th April. Before the dance, we went to Robin Cooper's house for "drinks". From there we all arrived at school looking, (or trying to look) our best. The theme was Venice and (not modest !) we all agreed that the hall looked superb. So too did our "gondalier" waitresses. We had a band, 'Page 4', playing and the whole evening was a great success from start to finish. As Lynn, our head girl, said in her speech 'Let your hair down and enjoy yourselves' - that's exactly what we did. I even found myself dancing with my arm around Miss Geldard's waist.

At about 12·15 am we all trooped off to Janine Quibell's house for the after party. This was just as much fun as the dance, although towards dawn, most of us would probably have liked to have been fast asleep in bed. Nevertheless, we stayed till 6 am on Saturday morning. Time to go home? No way - not yet! We left for our 'champagne' breakfast at Belinda Pentz's house consisting of yoghurt, rolls and coffee. By this time, most people were trying to catch up their sleep by dossing down on the lounge floor, lounge sofa, diningroom floor ect! (I would just like to add

that/...

that it seemed to be the partners rather than the girls who were finding it heavy going! Who says guys are tough?)

For most of the class, the dance was over, but for some of us unlucky ones, we still had to tackle a hockey tournament. Anyway, it's tough at the top!

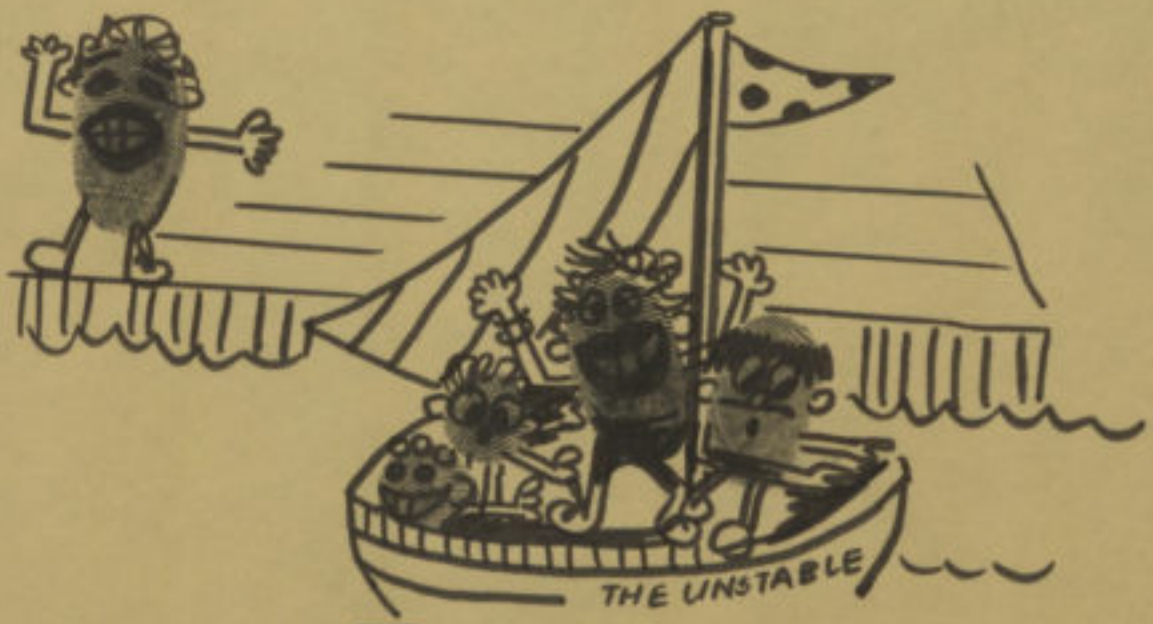
The dance was a great success and with our photographer clicking all evening (and early morning!) we should have memories for many years to come - and very happy ones at that. Of course, no report would be complete without thanking those responsible. From Miss Geldard right down to the last waitress, cook and partner! THANKS EVERYBODY FOR A SUPERB DANCE '82!

JANICE McMILLAN
Std 10H

Lisa Lyhne, Sarah Wynne Edwards, Linda Betterson, Kate Hales, at the Matric dance.

Kathy Dower with gondalier boyfriend.

Legs Galore!



Bon Voyage!

ART TREASURES OF EUROPE TOUR

On Wednesday 23 June, at 4.30 pm, the whole tour, loaded with suitcases and hand luggage, arrived at D.F. Malan Airport. Previous to our departure we had all met at St. Cyprian's School for a 'get-together', where we could all meet each other. Many were from different schools, including two university students, one very brave S.A.C.S boy and Wendy Perold and myself from Herschel.

We had a very pleasant flight over to Athens, where we were met by a heat wave, the temperature being 48°, and of course, our coach driver. By the time we had settled into our hotel, we only had time for a late afternoon visit to the Acropolis, where we watched the 'Sight and Sound' ehibition. This was really beautiful and we all enjoyed it immensly. That night we all got to sleep fairly early as we were very tired from the plane trip and the overall excitement. The following day we all went to the lovely Greek island of Aegina. This picturesque island was what we had all expected a typical Greek island to look like and I don't think anyone was disappointed. After spending the day on Aegina, we returned to the mainland, making our return journey again by boat to Pireus, and then by train back to Athens. Some of us were still in a 'world of our own' thinking about the island and the two Canadians who had showed us around! On Saturday, the third day of our five day stay in Greece we left for Delphi which is North-West of Athens. On this two hour journey by coach, we stopped off at Arakhova, a small Greek village, specially known for its Greek knitwear and wool rugs. After Arakhova we went to Ancient Olympia, the ruins just outside Delphi. Many hundreds of years ago the Olympic Games were held there and where the Goddess Hera was worshipped. The following day we visited the historic museum in Delphi, where most of us could recognize pieces of sculpture and pottery we had studied in class. In this museum we saw statues such as the 'Charioteer' and 'Kouros' a typically Greek statue of a young man. We also visited Ancient Olympia's old stadium, set up high on the hill, and the 'Temple of Apollo'

near/....

The Greek island of Aegina

An alleyway in the quaint Greek village of Delphi.

near to which we looked at the Ancient Greek Theatre from the fourth Century. We also saw the 'treasury of the Athenians'. After lunch we left quaint Delphi and all its charm to return to Athens via Hossios Loukas. Here we went to the beautiful byzantine monestry of Hossios Loukas, taking into consideration all its grandeur created by mosaics. This monestry, in the cross-plan and with arched windows was really awe-inspiring and we enjoyed this particular'church-visit' very much. We were a happy crowd of people returning to Athens that evening as we all enjoyed being in Greece so much and were full of excitement and expectations for the remaining countries we were to visit.

The Acropolis

The Parthenon

An Alleyway in Delphi

We arrived in Paris at about 2.30 pm, booked into our hotel and had a chance to settle in and have a much needed rest. In the evening we crossed the River Seine to go to the Latin Quarter, which I loved. It was characteristically French and the people were warm and friendly students. We ate 'French' at a pavement French restuarmat where we had a meal for 28 francs, which sounded a lot to us, but is in actual fact about four rand. I sat next to a Frenchman, who after we had told him we were an art Tour, insisted that I draw him and his little poodle, which I did. The result was rather hilarious, but luckily the Frenchman found it funny too!

In Paris we went to the Louvre and my favourite gallery throughout the tour, the'Jeu de Paumme' Gallery. We also visited the Arc de Triomph and the Champs Elysees with its fashionable women. One evening we took a peaceful boat trip up the Seine, and bach down again. We passed the Eiffel Tower, which created an interesting silhouette against the night sky. The day before we were to leave Paris, a friend Anna, and myself took the metrō to Galleries Lafayette, a fantastic store similar to Stuttafeeds or Garlicks but about six times the size. We also visited Notre Dame Cathedral, where we admired the beautiful stained glass windows and the ornate architecture. During our stay in Paris, we also made an excursion to Chartres Cathedral in Chartres. In the Cathdral we were conducted around and given an informal talk and shown what to look out for in the cathedral itself. As in the Notre Dame Cathedral, the Cathedral in Chartres also had beautiful stained glass rose windows and lovely interesting sculpture on the portals.

I really/....

I really enjoyed the day excursion to Chartres. The village was also very picturesque and typically French. In Paris we also visited the way-out Pompidou Centre an absolute must to visit when in Paris. This was a complete experience in itself and I really enjoyed it and I think thats because I did'nt take the whole thing too seriously! I found it completely different to anything I'd ever seen before.
Well, our stay in Paris was nearly over and at last we had to leave fascinating Paris to proceed onto London, our last "port of call".
We arrived in London on 13 July with a stay of five days.

In London we could do what we wanted to with a few excursions that were advisable to take for the pure interest. Such was the excursion to Grenwich by boat down the river Thames. I found Grenwich very interesting and I'm glad I made this excursion.
In London, I also enjoyed the informal outing to the Tower of London, thanks to our amusing 'beefeater' guide! I was completely enchanted with Madame Tusauds Waxworks, a place I had always wanted to visit. Concerning the famous London shops, well, I could've lived in them forever! I especially loved 'the Biggest toyshop in the world' namely Hamleys.
The Changing of the Guards was fun to watch, with the riders in their bright red coats seated upon great shiny black horses.
In London I also visited Carnaby Street, Regent Street and Oxford Street ending up with a much needed hamburger at Macdonalds.
My handburger, as well as many other people's hamburgers were really an extravgance, for most of us had only a few pennies left!
Finally our stay in London came to an end as well as the tour, which was sad, but also happy as we were going home, with empty pockets, heavier suitcases and hopefully more in our heads!!

Linda Lashbrooke std 9

GOING OVERSEAS

What we've seen in London:

The talk has been of "Cat s", a musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber, starring Elaine Page. It is based on "old Possum's Book of Practical Cats". It's a slick and fun production.

Another West End hit is "Barnum" starring Michael Crawford who promises the greatest show on earth! One is fed "humbug " throughtout the show which is a colour experience! We have heard nothing but rave reviews.

Evita is still going strong and is a must for any London tourist. Another age old favourite is The "Mousetrap" which continues to play to full houses - but once you've seen it, don't tell anyone oooduni t!!!

"Quatermaines Terms", a brilliant new play in the West End stars Edward Fox, is on a more serious note. It is certainly thought provoking and seems to be what London Theatre is all about.

The Pantomimes during the Christmas Season should'nt be missed- they epitomise the excitement of Christmas.

The newest Lloyd Webber show is "song and Dance", an unusual montage of song, with Marty Wilde and after interval - dance with a company of brilliant young modern dancers.

Now one can see why the West End is so famous for its Theatre!

SHELLEY DURR

9 W

MY SECOND HOME SAUDI ARABIA

When ever people ask me where I live I have to reply Saudi Arebia. You should see their faces, they usualy stand in shock wondering how on earth I could live there. To tell you the truth I wouldn't change it for anything or anywhere else in the world.

I usually go home at least twice a year and these few weeks I am never without something to do or to learn. Yes there are rules you have to live by but they are minor's compared with the benifits of the country. Oh yes let me tell you why I live there. My father is the doctor to the royal family. It is really amazing seeing all these Princes and Princesses in the hospital. You see the Royal Family has about five thousand in number. Dad is only one of the many doctor's who looks after the family.

Let me get back to the differences of the country firstly there is no alcohol aloud what so ever but to tell you the truth the Saudi's must be the biggest drinkers. They smuggle the bottles into the country nd pay over three hundred Rand per bottle. Like they say if you've got the money you might as well use it. Another great difference is the money you pay for gas. You pay a small amount compared to the rest of the world It costs my father five Rands too fill up a forty litre tank. Talking about driving the drivers license age is eighteen but you often see driving on the road twelve and eleven yer olds. They don't drive small Golf's but rather Rolls Royces. If by chance they do happen to have an accident

they....

they just abndon the cars on the road. No matter how small the damage, they just go out and buy new cars. The only big difference is that females are not aloud to drive. But the men are changing and so the woman are changing as well.The buildings of down town are more modern and extravagant than those of Cape Town. The houses are made of marble and gold, I am being serious it's like living in paridise. The woman and wives af the Saudi's have to be covered from head to foot in black but the Western womanlike myself can wear what we wish. The Saudi men still stare, having never seen woman's faces and bodies before but I think they are slowly getting used to it. I think in about five more yers there will be nothing of ancient Saudi Arabia left but rather Sky Scrapers and shopping Malls like my first home America.

I can truly say it has been aneducation on its own living in such a world and I am glad I have been able to see the old and new parts of the amazing country.

Bev with her camel standing in the Saudi desert.

Ancient Saudi Arabia as it once stood.

Camels which were once used as a form of transportation are now a sacred animal to the Arabs and laze at leisure in the Saudi sun.

A NIGHT OUT DOORS

Last year my sister and I were on holiday in Saudi Arabia and our family decided to spend New Year's Eve night 1981 in the desert. So we left New Year's Eve afternoon with about seven other families.

We arrived at our camping spot after about a hour and a half of motoring. The spot that we chose was quite a distance from the main road.

At eight o' clock that night it was so dark it seemed like midnight. The wind was also very chilly. My fingers began to feel frozen as if they would drop off any minute.

After a while we all decided to build a huge bonfire to sit around. It would have to last us about five and a half hours, until the first morning of the New Year 1982. Everyone placed themselves around the fire and sang songs.

Before we knew it, it was only ten more seconds before January 1st 1982.

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one!" we all shouted.

The sky was lit up with our fire crackers and everybody was wishing each other a "Happy New Year".

We still sat about for another hour and a half singing and dancing.

Unfortunately after a while our eyes started to droop so we

decided/...

decided to turn in for the night. The sky was so clear that I am sure all the stars were visible that night. The moon was also full and glowed brightly. New Year's Eve night and the first hours of 1982 was the best night our of doors I have ever had.

JACKIE KOLBE
Std 7C

Jackie and her sister, Bev, in Saudia Arabia.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

When they say it's the Capital of the world I agree totally. My home is Canada but I come to school in your country. When on holiday last June I went to New York for the first time, I can honestly say I'll be going back very soon.

I have never in my seventeen years felt so alive. The memory of walking down 5th Avenue for the first time will always be one of my memories that I shall treasure. I met one of my friends from school in South Africa who lives in New York she to was on holiday. We spent a few hours together one day. We ate Mac Donalds hamburgers for the first time in over one and a half years. We walked throegh Macy's and almost got lost. Macy's is the biggest department store in the world. It just went on forever it has elevators going up and up never ending it seemed as if we were heading for the sky. I remember staring at the Empire State Building for the first time. You almost have to lye on your back to see the top of it.

The height of my stay in New York was my time spent in Central Park. We went riding through it on Saturday afternoon it was more than you can imagine. It is placedd in the center of New York. My second favorite section of the town was Broadway with all it's glamour and star's. When I was there I saw Sugar Babies, Annie, and Seven Brides for Seven Brothers with Debbie Boone.

All in all from the rude taxi drivers to the hustle and bustle of Park Avenue. I love it all. One day very soon I'll be able to go back and become part of the mad world once more.

BEV KOLBE
Std 9

Original Work

English

COLOUR

It was black and white. I moved on. It was colour. I stopped, transfixed. My eye was drawn involuntarily to the centre. A saturated red entwined iteelf around its complementary, a dull olive green. I followed the red as it wound its way to the edge. At the crucial moment I was met by a sudden blotch of indigo blue. It was solid firm. It obstructed the red's passage and forced my attention inwards once again. The intensity of the red had decreased, it was almost orange, then suddenly refreshingly so, it was yellow. It continued in that way for a while. I was disappointed, nearly bored, almost ready to walk away when my eye caught sight of it. A stark, purple line, thin and menacing, snaking its way towards the enemy. The contrast was building as the thread broadened and reared its ugly head. It struck. The impact was greater than I had imagined. I was struck too, disturbed. My eyes stayed there spellbound. I was entranced.

The right side finally succeeded in luring my eyes onto it. Purple, pinks and blues played gently with one another. I was calm now, relaxed, cool and comfortable. I toyed a while with them until curiosity drew me on. I wanted to look at the other side but the king ruled and would not allow me to forget it. As a result my eyes were once again focused on the centre.

I then moved upwards. A streak of orange dashed across the plain of navy. Complementaries once again, but the contrast was different. It wasn't as harsh, yet still striking, the orange drew me to a halt. What was next? Would it be the red king again? Perhaps it would be green. Green was a

good/...

good idea, I thought. The planning was quite genius. It was yellow, gentle and warm. I smiled, satisfied. The odour graduated into orange, then flaming red, royal red. I was exhilirated. He was a good king, full of vitality, alive. I was still on the blue plain the king gave way to his complementary, green. I realized that the compact was greater now than it would have been without the royal break. The green and blue, subdued, yet non, strolled together along the path of friendship. Harmony ruled. I was content and peaceful.

I stepped back to view it as a whole. My eye was drawn to royal red, the focal point, but was then allowed to spread across the entire area. It was a breathtaking painting, a masterpiece. It was colour.

ZAN LOUW
Std 10

Zan, you had me completely absorbed. This is a masterly piece of work. Well done.

By Zan Louw
Std. IO

THE BEST HOUR OF THE DAY

On average I would say that the hour before I go to sleep is the one I look forward to the most. When you've finished the work that's been hanging over you all day, you've talked all you wish to talk about and eaten to your heart's content, the most comforting thought is bed, rest and, eventually, sleep.

I slip into my peaceful room and quietly block out the weather forecaster's voice, booming from the television, with the click of a door handle. Gently I adjust the curtains, not abandoning the outside night entirely, just keeping it in its place; for still I hear the crickets' chirping and feel the cool summer's night air on my skin. I step out of my cotton school dress, hang it smoothly over the back of my desk chair. I unbuckle my tired feet, and then balancing myself with one arm on my dresser, I tug at each stubborn sock in turn. I leave my room and pad across the passage way into the bathroom.

Streams of soft, warm water slide down my body. I reach out for the soap and cover myself with its frothy foam, such bliss! The water washes away all impurities of my body and soil. Now I can think clearly about all that has happened during the past day. Whether good or bad thoughts permeate my mind, I don't worry, for it is over now and the best is yet to come. I step out of the shower and unhook one of the towels which I wrap around me. Its warmth and softness quickly absorb the water and I'm left bone-dry. After performing the rituals of brushing teeth and washing face I feel even cleaner than clean.

Once again I enter my bedroom. I feel the contrast of my

cool/...

cool cotton night gown against my steamed skin. I pull the ribbon from my hair and it falls in soft folds around my neck. With heavy hand I lift the bed clothes and slip sandwiched between the cool sheets. This is more time for brooding of and contemplating about the past twelve hours and the coming twenty four, about ten of which I will be oblivious to, though that doesn't remove any of its appeal. I extend a reluctant hand from under the now warm sheets and switch off the light. Darkness pervades the room and sleep envelops my mind and limbs.

NIKI CAINE
Std 8

Yes. This is good.

A VISIT TO A MUSEUM

Having eaten the fur, I was just tucking into the stuffing when a long pink thing came sliding towards me. I dug deeper into the stuffing of my quagga, I was being moved.

My current home was a very rare quagga, my weevil buddies usually shared it with me; but alas they were visiting their relatives in the lion. I was very lonely. I wondered where I was going this time. I had been to America on a giraffe and luckily come back again to London in a puma.

Everything went black and I went to sleep. When I woke up there was a lot of commotion going on around me. Large, round, some not so round, pinkish things were peering at me, or should I say at the quagga, from all angles. I was very annoyed as I was not accustomed to so much noise and so much attention. After a while the noisy things left and I was left in peace to have a snack.

A little while later a number of long pink things were placed on my quagga and off we were carried. Foul smelling white powder was sprinkled on the quagga. I realised what was happening, the quagga was being rid of all the bugs and weevils that lived on it. I scrambled across the animal's back and slithered down its left foreleg. I was just in time because another shower of powder came floating down on the quagga which would have surely been the end of me.

As I was making slow progress over the floor I came upon another animal smelling strongly of the white powder. Staggering away from this animal was another weevil, much older than I. Together puffing and coughing from the potent fumes of the powder we made for the door. Once out breathing the fresh air the old weevil turned round and pointed to a

sign/...

sign on the door which said: Natural History Museum of London.

I there and then decided I would never visit any museum ever again.

KATHY ABBOTT
Std 6

YOU'RE NEXT!" MY HEART SANK

"You're next!" My heart sank.

I climbed into the little car that would take my friend and I on our journey into the world of spiritual beings. Our car was red and had an oblong shape.

"Perhaps," I thought, "the red will scare the ghosts off."

I knew I had little hope of that as it was dark in the Haunted House. I remembered the time, two years before, when I went into a Haunted House. That was really scary. I began trembling all over like a leaf in the Autumn breeze.

"Are you nervous?" my friend asked.

"No, why should I be?" I answered. "Are you?"
"No" she replied.

Although we spoke with positive attitudes, we both knew subconsciously we were not looking forward to it! I had an overwhelming desire just to jump out and run away like a frightened deer and I realised that my chin was trembling. I turned my head away and my statement of not being nervous forced me to hide all my emotions.

Our car gave a lurch forward all of a sudden like
a motorbike at the starting ramp when a race begins.
The car chugged forward on its three wheels until we
were met by a world of darkness. I blinked my eyes
to see better, but when I opened them I was confronted
by a conspicuous looking "thing". Its eyes glowed
like coal and he was making high pitched noises.
His hand brushed past my car. I sat numbed by the
impact of his ghostly, eerie touch.

The series of events following passed by me unnoticed
because I was clinging on to my friend like a baby
baboon on his mother's back. I was suddenly brought
back to my senses.

"You're next!" said the attendant my heart leapt
I climbed out of the car.

DIEDRÉ MURRAY
STD 7

Very nicely written. Punctuation well used.
Good work.

CHOCOLATE-TIME

Huddled
Around a fire
Is the best time
For snuggling,
Reading
And hot-chocolate.

FREAKS

Do you believe in sex before marriage?
No
Do you drink, smoke, dope I mean?
No, nor cigarettes
Are you a feminist?
No
Are you into Orchestoral Manoevers in the Dark?
What's that?
Hey guys, who's this freak?

SCHOOL-GIRLS

What do we have tomorrow?
Science Test, Essay, that Maths Worksheet and double Biology.
Okay, I'm bunking!

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES

Heat seems to swim in the air while a lone fly buzzes tirelessly against a window pane. The children's heads are bent over their work, damp curls cling to their necks while the day drags on. A lazy, languid lethargy hangs from the ceiling enveloping all. The teacher swings a lazy foot, glancing up now and again with detached interest. A claustraphobic atmosphere weighs down on those tiny humans as they drift in that hot summer day. The scattered freckles, sticky hands and pink ears protest in vain. Class continues as the farenheit soars. The sun beats down on the yellow blinds and suddenly a book falls. The noise ripples through the air. Faces look up, surprise, indignation, curiosity. The teacher calmly continues her marking while the dust settles. Shadows shorten, time passes while the children scratch away. The fly buzzes and the tarmac outside glistens slickly in the sun and the metal of the carpark pulsates with heat and white light.

Then again a noise, this time an electric bell tearing through the silence, signaling a rattle of pens and pencils, sharp retorts of closed books and the shuffle and scuffle of feet and chairs. The teacher, relieved, slides to her feet as the children ooze, sleepily into the sun. Lunchtime and peanut butter sandwiches. Food tins and tupperware appear miracously from desks and haversacks. Wax-paper rustles and triangles of stiff, white bread emerge, gummed together with thick brown filling. Ever since pencils, school books and sensible shoes have been carried to class, there nestling in a musty suitcase are peanut butter sandwiches. The children gather noisely in the shade or sun as the stupor of school wears off and the excitement of break sparkles. They leap into activity regardless of the weather while in the staff-room a single fan fails to circulate the stuffly air. The teacher sips her tea and stares moodily into space.

How/....

How well she remembers her own childhood. Free of responsibility and worry. Her youngest schooldays when happiness was personified by a peanut butter sandwich. With a sigh she realises what a fleeting moment her life as a child was. Outside the children laugh in the sun. To them heat is fun, different, lethargic - the feeling of ones muscles after one relaxes after stretching or that of ones bed when it is time to get up. The electric bell sounds the order of back to class. The empty wax-paper lies crumpled amoung the crumbs. Pigeons hop between the trees. The shadows lengthen into afternoon while that lazy summertime feeling returns, muffling all the teachers efforts to liven up the lesson. Eventually, defeated she slumps in her chair, her legs sticking, hot and prickly to the varnish. The afternoon takes its course as the children scratch away.

Peanut butter sandwiches create an atmosphere of school, dust, books and fun; also scuffles, boredom and must. Whatever the thought they will always remind one of ones schooldays, thinks the teacher in the concrete classroom which hangs in the still heat of the day.

Shelley Durr
9 W

FEAR

Fear lurks in even the bravest of men. Like a foul clawing hand it clutches at your heart, imobilises your limbs and sabotarges your mind.

Fear can come anywhere, to anyone. How can one describe fear? Is it waking up sweating in the middle of the night. Is it looking into the face of a man knowing he's going to kill you? Is it looking out at the darkness and knowing that no-one's home but you? And What's that noise on the stairs? You turn, almost afraid to see someone but no, there's no-one there. You laugh nervoisly and make a cup of coffee. Of course there's no-one there! It was only your imagination running wild, but still the fear lurks within you.

Or maybe it's being on a hi-jacked plane. Every man there would kill you without a qualm. You'd better do as they say. The fear lurks on.

A well-known business-man caught in a blackmail affair also knows fear, the fear of discovery. The fear of a scandal. Where ever he goes the fear will be there.

There are people who live in constant fear. Those who have claustraphobia, wertigo. Even those who are afraid of themselves. The inner fear of the unknown is with everyone concsiously or subconsciously.

In every city, every town fear lurks. Its icy hand clutches at human hearts with sadistic glee. There are many who find joy in inflicting fear, and many who live each day in fear.

In all circles of society fear and destiny rule our lives.

LYNETTE TURNER
Std 7

STONES

"Oh, darling, I really do adore these, don't you? These chains are all twenty-two carat gold, and, just look at that one, Charles! Oh, I simply must have it, darling. It'll be perfect with that dress. I bought. Let's ask this kind man, mister errr."

"Godwin, Godwin's the name, Ma'm."

"Oh, of course, how could I forget. Won't you take out that little necklace for my husband and me to see, Mr, er, Godwin."
"Certainly, Ma'm, but if you don't mind me saying so it really is outragously expensive for what it is. Now take this one over here, for example. It's twice the price but four times the other's value and such aremarkable type of stone. So exquisitely shaped, aren't they, darling?"
"Oh, you, know I don't know much about these things, Edwina."
"Oh, but, Charles, you know how much I value your opinion and I do so want you to be proud of me at the ball."
"Oh? Well, if you really want my opinion, I think they're awfully dull. Dead is the word. Besides, I thought that you thought green waaunlucky?"
"Oh but darling, thatwas simply ages ago, when I was in that superstitious frame of mind. Just think of the investment!"
"For goodness' sake, Edwina, you're acting like a spoilt child."
"I'm sorry, darling, it's just, well, I've never been able to wear that olive dress because I've never had a suitable piece of jewellery to wear with it."
"What's wrong with that jade ring I brought you from Japan?"
"Oh, Charles, let's not have an argument right here. Harrods of all places!"
"Ah, I hope you don't think I'm intruding, sir, but I thought that perhaps I should mention that your wife has the most sylph-like figure I've ever set my eyes upon. And, her eyes really do complement the stones."
"You're both acting as if I'm the most selfish man in the

northern/...

northern hemisphere. Edwina, come on, we're going to be late. Mr Godwin, put those wretched stones on my account.
"Darling, thank you. I just knew you wouldn't disappoint me. Goodbye, Mr Godwin, and thank you too."
"Put on your coat, Edwina, it's really chilly out there."
"Oooh, yes, there's quite a nip in the air."
"Edwina, watch out, there's a car on your right!
Edwina Edwina! EDWINAAA!"

"Stand back, everybody. I'm a doctor. Please stand back.
"Doctor, I'm her husband. How is she?

"I'm afraid she's stopped breathing."
"You mean she's dead?" Stone dead.

NICKI CAINE
Std 8

A MAN IN A HURRY

Slowly and heavily he opens his drooping, eyelids, for a minute he lies, still half overtaken by sleep, and stares fixedly at the wall in front of him. He stretches his tired limbs satisfyingly and in doing so increases his length by about five centimetres. Rolling leisurely, onto his other side he glances at the alarm clock on his bedside table. In absolute horror his eyes stay fixed on that small object ticking unnocently in the pale light.

He jumps hastily from his warm bed and rushes to the window pulling back the curtains his doubts are confirmed as the sharp rays of sunlight pierce his unbelieving eyes. He immediately starts rushing about into the bathroom, into his bedroom and back into the bathroom where the hot water tap obstinately refuses to spurt forth anything but icy, winter water. He shaves and splashes himself with the freezing water making his lips turn blue. Hurrying to get dressed he manages to put on odd socks, his jersey inside out, his tie lopsided and a jacket that clashes dreadfully with his trousers. Not bothering to look in the mirror and view his unruly appearance he rushes madly into the small kitchenette. He flings open the cupboards and grabs from among the boxes, packets and tins a couple of rusks a teabag and an apple. Deposing these on the table he rushes and switches on the kettle. He humes through into the living room and hurriedly sorting through the muddle of papers on his coffee table dumps them into a briefcase and, dodging various pieces of furniture runs back into the kitchen. The kettle is steaming and the whole room is filled with the damp vapour. Changing his mind he spoons some coffee into a mug, adds three spoons of sugar, a slosh of milk and the boiling water and gives it a quick stir. He grabs a rusk; dunks it in the and quickly sits down to eat it. He decides there is definitely not enough

time/...

time and immediately jumps up again, leaving the coffee and departing with the rusks and apple. Reaching for his briefcase he charges out of the door locking it behind him, runs down the stairs and leaps into his car. He starts the motor and prepares to drive away, finding this impossible he realizes the brake is on, letting it off the car lurches forward and he is away.

Speeding off down the road he starts eating his apple, as he is about to take a bite a little dog runs across the road. He screeches to a halt and in doing so loses his hold on the apple and lets it fall to the ground. Cursing the dog and the apple he restarts his car and is immediately held up by a robot, which he firmly believes was never there before. Glancing around and for the first time taking note of his surroundings he realizes how few cars there are on the road, especially for a Friday morning, but attributes this to the fact that he is much later than usual.

He arrives at the office building and hurries up the stairs thankful that he had so easily found a parking space. He tries the doors and immediately he realizes the mistake he has made walking slowly to the little notice stuck on the wall he reads. These offices will be closed on Friday May 30th as it is a public holiday.

CHRISTINE DUNCKLEY
Std 8

Very good, Christine

THE MIRROR

"Please, in Gods name, will you hurry up!"

Maggie jerked her head up and down, and hurried back into the store-room behind the shop.
"It's in there somewhere, I know that much. You're just not using your eyes girl."
Maggie clambered for the second time up the rickety step-ladder, with the supply list clenched between her teeth. Desperately her eyes skimmed shelf after shelf. "Please, please, please God." The drumming of Mrs van Wyks short, stubby fingers on the counter, resounded throughout the tiny shop. Out of the corner of her eyeshe saw the packet of flour that she had been looking for, on the highest shelf. Standing on her toes, she stretched dangerously for the packet. It was still a few inches out of her reach. The step ladder groaned under her consiserable weight. Unconciously she tightened her grip on the dusty shelf. The ladder split down the centre and Maggie fell clumsily backwards. Maggie, shelves and the numerous things on them, came crashing down onto the floor boards. In the midst of the chaos Maggie distinctly heard the deafening slam of the shops front door.

Maggie remained on the floor a long time after she had finished crying. She stared quietly into a mirror, which lay half-shattered on the floor, at her feet. A hundred minature replicas of her stared back. Her life seemed to pass before her, this job, the one before and even the one before that one. Ever since she could remember she'd worked always with the memory of the home she had to return to. A drunken father and a mother who had no time for her. How she wished she was one of those images in the mirror and not the real thing. A different new Maggie, in a different life! Her imagination turned in her mind as she thought of the Maggie who belonged to Paris, London, Rome ....

The opening and closing of the door brought her back to reality. She stood up and rubbed the dust and tear-stains from her cheeks. Just another hour in the life of Maggie du Toit, she thought,

writing our her resignation on the back of a pink slip of paper.

Maggie bent down and picked up a jaggerd piece of glass. She looked at it for a few seconds and then slowly cut her wrists.

Wilhemina Bray

std 8

Oh! Another drama. Promising

ENGLISH ESSAY

Most people of all race groups feel that the time has come for Southern Africa to have new ideas and a new vision which will bring prosperity and happiness to all. But why do we need a new direction in Southern Africa, what has gone wrong with the present system?

In Southern Africa and in the Bantustans, which have independance in name only, all suffer from the present system of apartheid capitalism. Obviously this can be seen much clearly when we look at the African population as they are directly caught up in the migrant labour system. Influx control and extensive exploitation in mines and factories. Now, with the so - called independance "of the Bantustans many Africans are even losing their right to be called South Africans. For Coloureds and Indians the situation is not as critical but they too are poorly paid and do note have the the vote. As well as tis they have to suffer much humiliation at the hands of people who do not seem to care about them as human beings. But whites too suffer from the system they themselves have created they are fearfull and have to crush brutally any opposition that dares to question their beliefs. But increasingly they themselves are beginning to ask the quetions and are finding answers to these in the two principles of freedom and democracy.

The principle of freedom means that society would be run on a non - racial basis and that everyone would have the vote on a common voters role. The rule of how would the restored and the courts of how would be totally independant of the government. Together with this would come the removal of

inhumane/...

inhumane Acts which at the moment allow for detention without trial and other laws which take away a persons basic right to human dignity. Woman another oppressed group under the present system would be equally treated in the eyes of the law, although a massive programme would have to be embarked upon to break down the prejudices and the sex-role stereotyping that we have acquired through socialisat ion.

Democracy, another principle which is often exploited by politicians, could more correctly be called participating democracy as it is felt that voting every five years is not enough to ensure, that the interests of the majority of people are served when crucial decisions are made. Ministers of Parliment would have closer contact with their constituents through monthly report-back meetings. The constituents were not satisfied with their ministers actions he could be re-called and a new person elected. All people would be encouraged to join trade unions, independent of state control. This would hopefully lead to workers taking more interest in their work, as not only would factories, mines and so forth be nationalized so that workers themselves would benefit from their work, but also power and the ability to make decisions would not be in the hands of only a few business people, but would be discussed by everyone.

Communities would also be encouraged to organise civic bodies to formulate programmes to improve their suburbs or area this would be done by the people living there and they would take much of the responsibility for the implementation of these programmes on themselves. As a result of the nationalisation of industry and trade, more people would benefit from their work and houses, schools and other amenities would be run on a

non-racial/...

non-racial basis.

Some people in Southern Africa today call for the removal of apartheid and feel that this will solve all the major problems. But even if this is done we will still be left with Capitalism. Capitalism which leads to the possession of great wealth by a few, cuts, directly across the principles drawn up in the Freedom Charter at Klipkraal. This is probably the most democratic document ever produced and represents the ideals of all people South Africa and the Bantustans, black and white. If a government is going to be able to govern eficiently, but with as little force as possible, its policies must be popular with most of the people in that country.

Therefore, the new vision for Southern Africa, should be based on the Freedom Charter the aims of which can be summed up in the words 'freedom and participatory, democracy'

MAUREEN LOUW
Std 10

Good Maureen. A clear exposition of your ideas.

DISCO

Tonight is Friday night, disco night. Tonight everything is happening and it is all happening at Staint Paul's Church Hall. You must be there.
"Mom, I'm staying at Annie's tonight". Annie's mom doesn't mind her daughter going to discos but mine does and I really must be there. What am I going to wear? I hope Chris is going too.

The disc jockeys are experienced and they choose their records well. Not many people dance at first. The floor is spacious and uninviting. Everyone watches you in the beginning. More people arrive. Their mothers drop them right at the door. They glance disapprovingly at the boys leaning against walls, cigarettes hanging from their mouths and beer bottles at their feet.
"I don't think it is such a good idea to let our little Bonnie come here again."
Little Bonnie is now inside, a cigarette in her mouth, talking to Paul who is the leader of the "crazy horse" gang.

The noise of the music grows louder and the dance floor begins to fill. The strobe light vibrates constantly one minute picking up the weaving colour shapes, the next throwing them into darkness. The hall is thick with smoke. Conversation becomes impossible above the blearing top hit parades. Cooldrinks are being sold for ten cents each. Boys borrow money to buy cooldrinks for their girls. Other girls buy their own. The boys continue to drink their fathers' beer, even though they would much prefer a coke. Three girls sit alone in the corner. They have not danced yet and will probably continue sitting there all night. One girl has not left the dance

floor/...

floor and uncountersble rivulets of perspiration streak her face and damp patches form under her armpits. Couples sit on chairs lining the side walls, holding hands, kissing occasionally, but mostly watching the others. The dance floor is now a mass of moving bodies. People tramp on other peoples' feet, elbows knock into backs and some nearly bowl others over in their fight for their rightful dancing space.

Some who are unable to bear the tension of energetic movement, overpowering noise and acrid air wander outside and join the accumulating groups. Little conversation is heard besides "Howzit?",
"Have you got a smoke?"
"The vibes are good, hey?" - disco language. The superficial phrases are all part of the fácade. These images change as soon as the teenagers are with their parents.

Girls nervously cling onto the boys closest to them. The "Bold ou's" have arrived. The members of the "crazy horse" gang gather together and wait. Things won't go well for them tonight because Tom is not with them, but they must keep up the show so they pull out their chains and the fight begins. Some girls become hysterical and little Bonnie rushes to protect her hero, the leader of the gang. She'll have to tell her mom she slipped down the stairs and cut her lip.

Inside the three "wall flowers" remain where they are, still hoping for a dance but knowing they won't be asked. Well, maybe the next disco will be better. The wet patches under the arms of the energetic girl have grown and her movements are slower and her breathing more laboured. She will soon

have/...

have to sit down. The couples remain where they are, occasionally dancing to the slow songs. Some go outside to watch the fight, but they get there too late. The sh w was over in a couple of minutes and the "Bold ou's" have left.

Mothers and fathers wait in their cars, some wearing their dressing gowns. The music will soon end and the disc-jockeys play their finest records. Now everyone dances as they will soon have no more chance to do so, everyone except the girls in the corner. Some impatient fathers come inside looking for their daughters. They slip off, embarrassed. Once home they undress and get into bed. They have just been to another disco.

I know they are all the same but I wish Annie's mom had let us go. Chris was there.

ZAN LOUW
Std 10

Well ended. This is a good, perceptive piece of writing.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN

"Paul, we're his only surviving relatives. The only ones! If he happened to die unexpectedly, who would know? As a matter of fact, who would care?"

If Fate only hadn't heard those words. If only they had remained words. Poor Sue! Even as a child she'd always been the one to find an easy way round a difficult chore. Forgive me, Uncle Arthur, I thought she was joking.

"Paul, don't you understand? All that money is at our finger-tips waiting for us to grab it. If you wait any longer you'll be too old to enjoy the power of money .... " Sue's voice droned on and on. Paul listened only with one ear, not believing that she would ever have the nerve. "Millions of people die each and every day. Paul, who is going to miss an old misery like him?" Not giving him a chance to say anything she carried on "If we're careful, no one need ever suspect."

"With all your fantastic ideas you'ver overlooked one thing. Uncle Arthur has heard every conversation that has ever taken place in this house or garden".

"How? ..." It suddenly dawned on her. "Bugs! I can see that I can't count on you. Don't even think of double-crossing me, that little Brazilian Affair

might accidentally reach the ears of a newpaper reporter!" She walked stiffly out the room banging the door behind her. "Oh Sue", Paul thought, when are you going to grow up?".....

"And that concludes Sue Watherston's case for defence in this court." The little lawyer straightened his tie and sat down with a flounce, feeling positive about the outcome of his water-tight case. Sue smiled at him encouragingly as she straightened her black dress over her knees.

I have only one piece of evidence, my Lord. The lawyer of the opposition stood up and placed a tape neatly in a tape-recorder. He turned the volume up and sat down. Sue looked confused. She hadn't expected this. What was going on? And old man's voice boomed across the room, echoing and echoing in the high ceilings.

"Sue, my once dearly-beloved niece, I may have lived my life as a cripple in the case of my body, but my brain was perfect. I knew you'd get me in the end so I recorded all your conversations. Paul, my son-in-law, you were, in this case, quite in the clear, but one day I knew you would also think of killing me! So about that Brazilian Affair ....."

Sue turned around and looked directly at me absolutely horrified. It was indeed an unexpected turn.

WILHELMINA BRAY
Std 8

This essay is well-written with an interesting vocabulary and good detail.

THE BIG JUMP

Dawn was breaking and streaks of light were cast onto my bed cover. I untangled myself from the sheets and stood up remembering the horse show I was competing in that day. A breeze chilled my back as I turned away from the open window. The curtains reached out for me like hands as they billowed in the breeze. I dressed and slipped out of the back door. The house was silent. Everyone was asleep.

I strolled across the yard towards the stables. The chickens' feathers looked soft and yellow and the sun peered dimly through their down. Jock, my dog, bounded lazily across the yard towards me. He licked my hand gently as I stroked his forehead.

The stables were quiet and the damp smell of manure filled my nose. I walked slowly down the row of stables, as the early morning sun warmed my back. My horse was standing with it's head out of the stable door, her dappled coat looked orange in the glow of the sun. I whistled and she turned her head and whinned softly to herself. I stroked her lovingly and gave her a carrot.

Later that morning I saddled her up and was ready to ride to the show. This show was a very important one, one of the biggest I had ever competed in. I arrived at the show, people everywhere. All I saw were horses and riders practising jumps.

The jumps were very high and I wondered if I would manage them. The bell rang. I was third to go. The first competitor entered the arena and was disqualified for knocking three

jumps/...

jumps. The second rider rode into the arena and was jumping well with only four faults. Then it was my turn. I entered the arena, my heart was beating and my blood was hot. I jumped the first three jumps clear and was approaching the highest jump. My horse's body swayed underneath me and I could feel her muscles tense before taking the jump. She hesitated, stumbled through the jump and rolled over. I had been thrown off.

I got up quickly, although in pain. I ran toward my horse She lay there on the grass, snorting and grunting, trying to take in air. Her soft brown eyes looked painfully at me while I stroked her hot neck gently. My eyes began to water and tears started rolling down my cheecks onto her velvety coat.

I heard a gruff voice behind me say,
"Her leg is broken, Miss".
I knew what that meant, she would have to be shot. I turned and walked away.

DIANA SYMONDS
Std 7C

Pollution
Britt Schrauwen

AN EYESORE

The sun rises and the day begins, touching the world with gold and re-kindling life. The mountain looms up from its bed of mist as it has done for centuries while the cold, blue sea, glittering with the morning sun, rolls against the continent with graceful yet powerful waves. The damp of night still clings to the armour-like sandstone while spongy moss and dripping fronds of fern anchor their roots in the cracks of rock. Slowly the dragon awakens, steam rising from his smoky sides as he shakes traces of sleep from green scales. Between his protective arms lies a parasite, robbing him of his peaceful beauty - the city. In the beginning the town and mountain lived peacefully enough together until man crowned his rapid encroachment on the gracious mountain with three steel and concrete spears.

As the mist drifts back, the slopes are left bare yet beautifully wild and untamed until the great skyscrapers cut the air, creating an atmosphere of commercial awareness, pollution and other such vices in this natural sanctuary - one of the last strongholds of the indigenous wildlife and flora of the Cape. The first explorers marvelled at its unusual shape and beauty. Proteas, Ericas and other indigenous plants, offspring of the mountain, are held in high esteem internationally recognised for their worth. We have scarred the slopes of a naturlists PARADISE WITH AN EYESORE. Hard glinting metal and uniform concrete turn a place of splendour into a calculating, ugly people-box.

We have chosen to mutilate this fair expanse with blocks of flats while other such schemes are being planned for future years, our mountain of its rightful heritage. This does not

mean/...

mean that the city and man cannot live side by side with Table Mountain. It can and has been done but we should be aware of the importance of keeping it in a natural state. Not only will the mountain benefit but so will all the plants and creatures which depend on it for their livelihood. The city-dwellers have nature as an integral part of their enviroment; Why ruin this with an eyesore? Table Mountain is one of our major tourist attractions and to keep it as such we should not rape the purity of this gift by constructing concrete monsters on its slopes. There should be a balance between the city and the mountain without taking advantage of the situation where an eyesore can be put up over night because strings have been pulled.

The sun soars overhead beating unrelentingly down on the pulsating steel while the tar grows sticky with the heat. The mountain shimmers through the heat haze-cool, dignified, unruffled by the city, forming an escape while three glaring white 'towers of salt' jar the eye as we are drawn to the beauty of our mountain. The sun-set streaks the sky with crimson, casting dappled shadows on the rockface. Night falls and the mountain is silent - a sleeping giant. Silhouetted yet blending slowly with the inky sky as the moon shows the resting mass still alive with nocturnal creatures inhabiting its crevices and caves, only three vertical forms, twinkling, garish Christmas lights against Table Mountain disturb the graceful form. An eyesore day or night, cutting the natural barrier between city and mountain with swift, robot-like, cold accuracy. We have been named the Cape of Good Hope, why should there not be hope for the mountain too? Its too late to prevent the eyesore on its slopes already there but we can prevent further eyesores ruining the perfect symmetry of Table Mountain.

SHELLEY DURR
Std 9

Good essay, this is something I feel strongly about too! You express yourself very well

I HAD NOT EXPECTED SUCH A COMPLETE SILENCE

I had not expected such a complete silence. The audience stared at me with blank, expressionless faces. That was the applause I got for what I considered the best joke of the show.

I was an amateur comedian and this was my first public performance. Of course, I wasn't acting in the Nico Malan or anywhere special, but I had still expected a more appreciative audience.

Somewhere a baby started bawling. Kids fidgeted around in their chairs, causing them to creak.

I looked at my family sitting expectantly in the front row and felt encouraged. Somehow I struggled through the first part of the show and when half time came a wave of relief flowered over me. As I walked off the stage, I tripped and fell quite accidentally. Of course someone laughed; a nasty sneering snigger and the audience watched me disapprovingly as I limped off the stage. My family and friends managed polite claps but that was all.

Backstage I was greeted by a fuming manager who yelled at me till he was blue in the face I pretended not to notice him but his words struck a true note. I felt the tears welling up in my eye as I closed the dressing-room door.

As I changed my make-up and my costume, I knew I had to do something about the show. I was frantic with worry.

Someone knocked on the door and came in. I did not bother to look round. I heard my mother speaking to me. At first I

did/...

did not listen, but then her words started to make sense. She told me not to overdo things, but to be myself. Her words gave me great encouragement and I knew exactly what I had to do.

I walked onto the stage feeling confident. I started off with simple jokes leaving out all the unnecessary bits. People started laughing and I started enjoying myself. It all passed as if in a dream.

Later, I was told that I had brought the house down and I knew who I had to thank, My mother.

SONJA PETRUS
Std 7

WINDOW SHOPPING

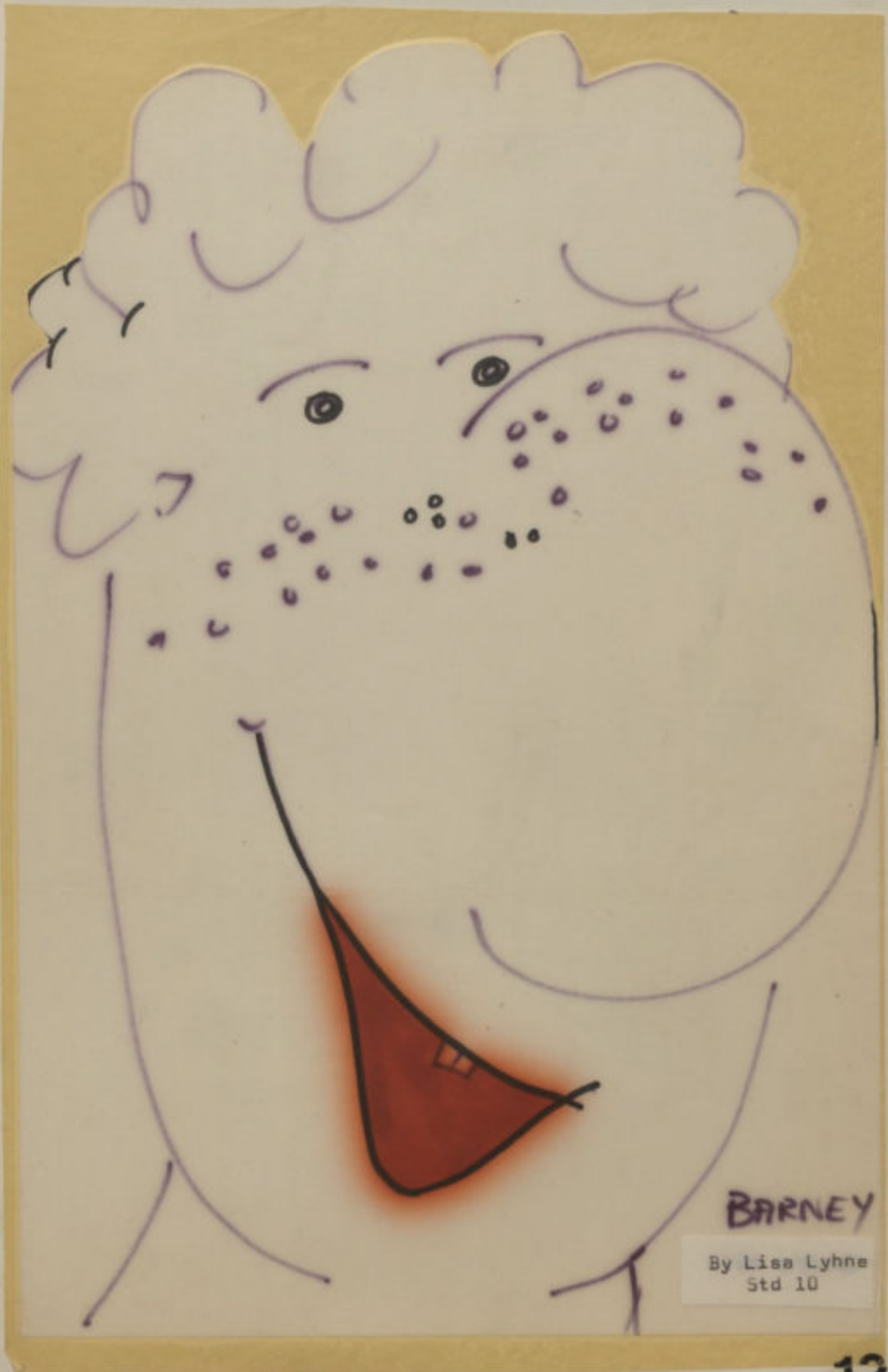
As I peered hungrily through the shiny window-pane, nose pressed to the glass, I could see huge bottles of sweets of every variety. There were big black bull's-eyes, round aniseed balls, numerous varieties of toffees and candied almonds. The old man behind the counter was busily serving a very grand lady. I watched him eagerly as he weighed various sweets and after that, as he put them into a brown-paper bag. She paid him, said goodbye and saunted out of the shop. As she passed through the door a little brass bell jingled merrily above my head.

I ambled on slowly down the cobbled street and carelessly kicked a paper-packet into the gutter. I stopped in my tracks, and inhaled deeply. The hot smell of freshly baked bread came wafting over the street from the opposite side. I waited for a carridge to go rattling by before I crossed the street and took a peep through the baker's door just in time to see him removing six piping hot loaves from the oven. They smelt heavenly, but I could never afford one. I only had about one and a half pence and I would probably have to give that to me mum when I got home. Through the frosted, diamond shaped panes I could see many small iced cakes and animals. I would love to have had the pink sugared mouse or gingerbread men I thought. In a few moments I found myself peering into a smart dress shop. I saw a beautiful hat with real feathers. I could visualise my mother wearing it. I strained my eyes to see the price. I groaned - eight pounds. I decided it was time to go home so I just took another glance at the sugared mouse and too my absolute delight, a kind gentlemen wearing a top hat entered the shop and in a few moments returned with a small packet

which/...

which he gave to me and said:
"You can have it Sonny".
"Thank'ee kindly sir" I stammered and clutching my sugared mouse in my grubby little hand I ran down the lane into the alley and into my world of poverty and dirt.

SUSAN GATT
Std 8M


BARNEY
By Lisa Lyhne
Std 10

A NIGHT OUT OF DOORS.

Whenever I think of a night that I have spent outside, I think of one of the many nights that we camped in a simple boma in Kenyan Mauri Park.

I remember one particularly still, cold night. We sat down round a small glowing fire, talking - and while we talked the evening bushnoises became increasingly easy to hear. Gradually conversaion subsided as each person forgot the other and slipped into a dreamworld - of their own. As I looked a ound, my hands holding the warm enamel cup of coffee, I became aware of the sudden stillness of the bush and the faces of my friends, red from the reflection of the heat. I heard a sudden noise and my back rippled with cold. As I turned, a snarling wild-cat turned to face me, its eyes daring me to run. I froze. After a while it slithered off into the prickley-green boma hedge and I turned slowely around.

I took a short sip of my sweet coffee and picked my way through the prickly devil-thorns to the boot of my car. I felt in the shadow darkness for my sleeping bag and finding it I returned to the fireside. By now ever body had stirred and were also going to fetch their sleeping bags. I laid mine down among the stubble about a metre from the fire. Soon we were all clambering into our bags and thinking weet dreams.
All except me.

I lay back, my head on my pillow and stared up at the full moon. It was clear, and silvery-snow coated the summit of the Giant Mount Kilimanjaro. My mind reeled at the beauty of the bush and I could understand the native desire to want to praise nature. My mind drifted among the trees and the stars and the planets, until I was drifting in a golden fleece-lined

boat/...

boat among the Milkyways of sleep.

Suddenly I awoke. It was still dark and I felt icy-cold patch on my sleeping bag. I rolled slowely over to feel what it was; and felt instead the aching stiffness of my back. I stretched my neck and wriggled my cold toes and slowly lifted my icy body out of the dew-soaked sleeping bag.

I stretched upwards and smiled.

The sun lifted its head on the horizon and sent a warming redness flying through the sky until I felt, as I looked down on the sleeping figures and up at the silhouetted trees, as Adam must have felt when he waw the first sunrise he had ever known.

Nicky Newton

"READING MAKETH THE FULL MAN" DISCUSS

One must look at the title of this essay very carefully before giving one's views on the subject as, depending on one's interpretation of the exact meanings of "maketh" and "reading", it is possible to understand and argue the topic differently

The title could be interpreted as, that without reading a man is not complete and that therefore if a man reads well, he will be completed and improved, or that the complete man can better himself by reading. I think that the former is the more applicable, that is, that one cannot be a rounded person if one does not read. Another important question to look at when considering the interpretation of the quotation, is the vanity of literature types encompaced in the general word "reading", which varies from frivolous, light-hearted romance to purely factual surgical encyclopedias! When Bacon used the term "reading", he was probably referring to a combination of both, the grey areas inbetween, for example historical novels, political theses, financial documents etc.

How many of us do read enough? And how many of us would deny that a large percentage of our day to day knowledge and appreciation of world phenomena comes from books, magazines and miscellaneous articles in newspapers etc. The newspaper is an ideal example of literature that on the whole is extremely informative and relevant to today's world and its inhabitants Thinking people find a great need to read in the newspaper for exactly that reason; that without it, matters such as politics, current world affairs and one's general knowledge would be neglected.

In answer to my question, How many of us read enough, I think that the "forest" of raised hands would be a very mesgre,

sparce/...

sparce one, as most people see that there is so much that one misses by not reading and that however much one does read, that can never be enough, for one tends to concentrate one's reading on the subjects that interests one, rather than on a variety.

However there are people who are not interested in the written word as they find it too pompous, bombastic and one-sided, whereas they feel that the spoken word conveys far better an evenly balanced point of view, at the same time in colloquial speech which is far more acceptable to their ears and brains. I think that there is truth in the fact that one can very easily read a book and take in nothing, but at the same time, any person who is so fascinated by the subject about which he is reading would probably absorb equally little if not less of the facts and figures of the same topic of listening to a speech or overhearing a conversation.

Another thing against the conversation aspect is that one is seldom in a position where one can snap one's fingers and 'conversation' appears, whereas it is very elementary to pick up a book and begin reading. And let us not forget the crucial element of conversation, and that is, its origin. How can one speak knowledgably or even pretend to do so without the knowledge from another source. Once more we come back to the necessity for reading even if only to use the knowledge thereby gained in conversation!

But there is a third aspect which has not yet been touched on, and that is the fairly widely held opinion that it is not world affairs facts, figures and history, (or whatever else one may choose to read or talk about) that "maketh the full man", rather wisdom about the emotions and workings of people, a sense of fun and gaiety and a kind and loving personality.

To conclude, I feel that there is a place for all three

viewpoints/...

viewpoints. Reading is very important in today's world with so much going on around us of which we can be totally oblivious if we dont read and keep ourselves up to date. Often partaking in a conversation, however, regarding the above-mentioned or other interesting things heops one to comprehend more easily and see the practical side to light flown language in books and newspapers, and to appreciate the other person's point of view. But very important too, for the "full man" is the necessity for an understanding of people and an ability to converse and get on with one's fellow men.

SANDY NEWTON-THOMPSON
Std 9

THE CHEETAH

His rippling muscles move as he runs like lightening through the sun-scorched plain. The sweat on his body glistens in the sun as it slides down his velvety hide. His pink tongue lolling at the side of his mouth as he hurtles through the air. His light and nimble paws hardly touch the drought-striken land. Such magnificant creature the cheetah is.

BOYS

They treat us girls like a piece of dirt.
And they don't even care if they tear our skirts
Boys don't care one little bit
They are stupid and will call me a twit.

Most boys are lazy
Enough to drive you crazy.
They spoil all the fun when you're lying in the sun
They shower you with water and pester the
neighbour's daughter

They are as stubborn as a mule
And bother you in the pool.
The only time I enjoy when with a boy is when they
are asleep.

KATHY ABBOT
Std 6

Jokes Aside!

"It doesn't roll! Another great idea down the drain."

"You'll never catch moles that way."

"We heard about your party and realised you'd forgotten to invite us. So here we are."

A DAY IN BED

Upstairs, lying in bed, still trying to wake up, I could hear the wind whistling past my window and the rain rushing down in sheets. My room is so peaceful in contrast to the raging storm outside, and suddenly a wisp of stray wind whips up my curtain which billows out knocking down a couple of bottles on my dressing table. I knew the inevitable, I would have to go and close my windows. I gingerly pushed back the blankets and stepped out of my warm bed. Icy shivers went swirling around my legs so I dashed to the window and banged it shut I thought while I was up that I might as well get myself something to eat. So I pulled on my practically archaic dressing gown and my huge fluffy slippers and went padding off down stairs to the kitchen.
In less than ten minutes I was equipped with steaming hot chocolate and numerous slices of piping hot toast all dripping with melted butter and syrup. I literally jumped back into bed and very soon I was settled down with an engrossing paperback.

Just lying there secure and protected it made me think of the thousands of people beyond my bedroom walls who at this very moment were cold, hungry and probably unprotected. The small children, who were suffering from malnutrition and who probably had never felt the warmth and security of a bed. I could visualise them lying or sitting in threadbare clothes the icy wind biting into their flesh freezing them to the bone. I also thought of the parents who were jobless trying desperately to support a family, of those who live in musty one room accomodation, living with filth, and violence and there was I trying to block it out of my life, just trying to pretend it wasn't even there, but it is there its a harsh, but very true reality which people like us try to hide away from.

I struggle deeper into my bed and pull the blankets up to just about over my head. I feel a twinge of guilt because I

have/...

have so much yet they have so little and there's nothing I can do personally to alleviate the situation. I realise that nothing can be done if the priviliged ones try to hide away and ignore the fact so I turn over and muse and ponder on the turmoil of thoughts whizzing in my mind and maybe a few more people who are in the power of changing these situations should stay in bed one stormy day and give it some thought.

SUSAN GATT
Std 8

Parts of this are good, Susan.

THE BIRD

Riding on air
Soaring, falling
Down
To
The
Twig.

RAIN

Crystal gleams in the sun,
Stripes in the sky
Cutting through the blue,
And swallowed by the earth.

THE WAVE

Slowly the deep green rolls.
The serpent stirs
Vile venom streaks in the foam
In a rush of energy it rises,
Holds back, then breaks ....

NIGHT

Black nothingness
Storm
Billowing grey thunder
Lightening

SHELLEY DURR
Std 9

ROCK POOLS

A Kaleidoscope of colour.
The little boy paddles in the clear pool.
He sends ripples over the surface.
The sea-anemones sway.

MOUNTAINS

Rising, grey, craggy walls.
Mist rising off the dragon sides
Damp moss seeps into the cracks
While majesty reigns supreme,
Respect the mountain and its hidden dangers.

SHELLEY DURR
Std 9

LOOKING OUT OF MY BACK DOOR

The thin grey fingers of dawn steal through the uncurtained windows and another day begins. Shivering with cold I reluctantly throw off my coarse blanket and make the painful journey to the kitchen where my black cat is waiting to be let out. The back door creaks on its hinges and in front of me lies the dreary scene that I will never be accustomed to.

Backyard rubble and tumble down sheds, no soft green grass or even a tree brightens the cold winter morning. People are stirring now and the wailing of a hungry child haunts the air. I close the door and light the stove, enjoying the warmth as it burns. My fingers are cold and thickened from the cold air and I make a clumsy attempt to open the coffee can. How lonely it is and how different to earlier years when my life was filled with the laughter and demands of children. As I sit here and drink my black coffee, old memories of our little cottage in Newlands come back to me.

What wonderful days those were! My old man, would be sitting mending the saddles and harness which the white people brought to him. He was known to be the best leather-worker in Cape Town. Those were the happy days when the family used to have picnics on the slopes of Table Mountain. I still remember some of the liedjies we used to sing. Yes, I remember our cottage so well - little white roses climbing up the wall fence, smelling so sweet. Isaak, my old man, had his little vegetable garden small but bursting with goodness. We reared nine children in Newlands, how sad it was when we had to leave.

I hear the white people have changed all the cottages and some even have red and yellow doors.

It is no use regretting those days. They are gone and so have my children. Dear old Isaak died many years ago. I open the door, the cat comes in and we sit alone.

DIANA SYMMONDS
STD. 7

GUESTS FOR DINNER

"Here they come now", whispered my brother.
And he was right. The doorbell started ringing. My mother opened the door and there stood the guests. I started gigling, they looked as though they were going to a ball. The pair came in and my mother took them into the sitting room.

My brother and I could see right into the sitting room and could see everything that was happening. Firstly when my father offered them something to drink the lady replied in a rather cool American accent,
"Not for me thanks, but I would like something to eat".
So my mother and father rose and led the way to the dining room. There was a lovely meal consisting of an hors d'oeuvre, roast and vegetables and baked alaska for desert and cheese and biscuits to follow.

The waitress brought in the hors d'oeuvre and as she was putting Mrs During's down, the waitress knocked it against Mrs During's wine glass and the hors d'oeuvre landed on Mrs During's dress. You should have seen her face, she was so stunned that she just sat there. Suddenly she jumped up and burst into tears. Her husband comforted her and apologising to my father said that he thought they should leave and that he would talk business with my father at a later stage.

My brother and I were holding back our laughter as they went out of the door and as the door closed we doubled over laughing just the sight of her face was so funny.

My brother and I did not mind them leaving because then we could have the desert that they should of eaten, and it was a real life comedy show for free.
What a night!

SAMANTHA DRUMMOND-HAY
Std 6

SHE TURNED AND WALKED AWAY

I met her in the school library. She was young, beautiful and bubbling with life. We talked about books, school and sport, and I found out that we shared the same interests. For both of us it was the first year at Meadow High and the last year of school. We later found out that we were to be in the same class too, so we were able to see each other every day.

As the weeks and months went by, we became closer and closer together, We understood each other perfectly. We both joined the same societies and studied together. We were together such a lot that our friends began to call us the "Meadow High Couple".

Tension began to build up between us at the start of the first examinations. All of a sudden she did not want to study with me. I accepted it because I thought that it would be better for both of us. During the whole examination period I did not see her very often. It was if she was trying to avoid me. When the results came I found that I obtained a higher mark than she. We accepted it and we were together as always.

Again we did many things together and we were as happy as always. It was only when we went mountain climbing, one lovely day in November, that I noticed that there was something wrong with our relationship, but I could not find out what it was.

I began to feel depressed and went to my best friend to ask

him/...

him what he thought was wrong between us.
"The two of you must stop competing aginst each other!", he said.

I laughed. "What a funny answer to give someone who is feeling depressed about his relationship with a girl", I thought. I could not find anything wrong with competing. Ithought it was very good to compete against other people. My problem was still not solved.

Again tension was building up as the final examinations approached us. We had fights and were always disagreeing. In spite of all the fighting going on, we still went to the Matric dance together. It was held just before the examinations started. There we had the worst fight we had ever had. When it started I knew that it was to be the last one, for better or for worse.

We were talking about men or women being the better. Quite an unsuitable topic for a dance. She suddenly started to talk about the examinations and things we did together, pointing out where she had beaten me. With a shock I realized what was wrong between us, and without meaning to I said aloud, "All we were doing was not loving but having one big competition!" As if she, too, had realized it with a shock, she blinked, opened her mouth to say something and then she turned and walked away.

SONJA PETRUS
Std 7

MOMENT OF TRUTH

She was what some call mentally deranged. In other words, she was insane. After the murder of her husband she had been arrested, tried, and found to be "of unsound mind."

Jason had been one of the old established wealthy people. She had come from nothing. They had lived alone in a huge ramshackled house on an emense property. They were married in 1967 and were the country's sweethearts: She, an actress, beautiful and shy. He, Lord Jason Ramsey, of the wealthy aristocracy. He was dashing and handsome. They made a fine couple.

Their every move was followed in the press. They were filmed while on holiday in Portugal and photographed at their island in the Bahamas. It was common knowledge that Lady Ramsey loved the attention. She wore glamorous clothes that set off her exquisite proportions and beautiful features to perfection. In 1970 she was voted the most beautiful woman in Britian.

Lord Ramsey did not enjoy the adoration he received from the nation. He had been hounded by photographers and hated the gawking stares he received. They sickened him.

It was understandable, then, he decided to retire from public life in 1973. He was no longer seen in his great Rolls. He refused invitations to be the special guest at functions and no longer opened f@tes. He became a recluse. He dismised his servants and hired guards. He and his wife lived in complete seclusion. She took care of him and he passed his time reading and studying. Gone were the days of beauty and glamour.

The nation sympathised. Lord and Lady Ramsey were forgotten

after/...

after six months. Six years later they came back into the limelight when Lord Ramsey was murdered. Lady Ramsey had telephoned the police to report the murder. When they arrived, they discovered that he had been stabbed several times in the back. The murder was two days old. Blood lay on white carpet, hard and congealed. Lady Ramsey's clothes were also covered with dry, thick blood.

The newspapers reported that she continually repeated the words, "I have killed him, I have killed him." When she came before the jury the courtroom was filled to capacity. Once more she was photographed, but she was no longer bright, beautiful and glittering. When questioned she did not respond. The nation hated her. She had murdered dashing, wonderful young Lord Ramsey. Many were dissatisfied with her being taken to an asylum. She deserved to be hanged.

Their boood-thirsty desires were partially satisfied when, a few weeks later, she took her own life. She escaped from a nurse who was treating her, and fell over a third-storey balcony. The nation was pleased. She had been wicked, evil and despicable.

Volunteers cleared the old house, which was to be auctioned. One came across her diary. Details of her intense suffering when they had withdrawn from public life were disclosed. She had missed the adoration of the nation badly.

The entrees in her diary became less frequent. They told of her husband's constant mocking and goading of her, her housekeeping even her body. He received none of the praise she worked and longed for. She withdrew from reality. When Lord

Ramsey/...

Ramsey grew impatient of her incompetence he beat her. She lived in fear. The beatings grew more frequent. Her face and body, once so exquisite, became disfigured. Her personality was crushed. The last entry had been short. "I fear that if he beats me tonight, I shall kill him."

The publication of the diary was a moment of truth. The nation was very ashamed.

LISA LYNNE
Std 10

You have succeeded in holding the reader's interest.

Afrikaans

BELOFTE MAAK SKULD

Hy was 'n beseerde vlieënier in die Tweede Wêreldoorlog; sy, 'n pragtige, jong, onervare Franse meisie. Saam het hulle 'n wonderlike, liefdevolle paar maande in die romantiese stad Parys deurgebring en gedink dat dit nooit sou eindig nie.

Haar vader was 'n kunstenaar, arm, maar tog begaafd en dit was hy wat liefde, musiek, skoonheid, die pragtige dinge in die lewe aan haar geleer het. Omdat hulle so arm was, moes sy sy sketse buite groot hotelle gaan verkoop. Dit was daar dat sy hom ontmoet het. 'n Ryk vrou het aan sy arm gehang; te veel gromening, groot juwiele, geel hare. Hy het 'n skets van bome en 'n ou kasteel langs 'n groot, mistige meer gekoop en sy het gesê dat dit haar gunstelling was. Toe het hulle vertrek, maar later daardie aand het hy teruggekom en die skildery aan haar as 'n present gegee ..... "Omdat jy die pragtige meisie ter wêreld is."

Twee maande lank het hulle kunsgalerye besoek, die teater besoek, roomys langs die Sein geëel en mekaar leer ken en liefde hê. Hulle was vir mekaar gemaak.

En toe is die berig uitgesaai dat die oorlog al hoe erger geword het, en dat "alle beseerdes wat nou weer gesond is" terug Holland toe moes gaan.

Dit was die einde! Ure lank het hulle in die tuin gestap tussen die vallende, kleurvolle blare en daar het hy haar belowe dat hy haar nooit sou vergeet nie, dat sy sy lig gedurende die oorlog sou wees en dat hy na die oorlog na haar sou terugkom.

Dis/ ....

Dis vyf jaar later; sy verkoop nog haar vader se sketse voor die groot hotelle en verlang nog na hom; en hy? Hy bly nog steeds 'n man wat van vrouens hou, solank hulle pragtig is. Maar nog steeds kry hy 'n aaklige gevoel van 'n diepe diepe skuld wanneer hy aan hul dae in Parys terugdink en dit is hierdie gevoel van skuld wat hom van haar weghou want nou kon hy haar nie weer sien nie; na al die jare. En sy wag nog .....

SANDY NEWTON THOMPSON
Std 9

'n DAG IN DIE LEWE VAN NAAS BOTHA

Vroeg wakker geskrik weens senuweeagtigheid. Dit was bewolk en het gelyk na reën. Steeds besef dat dit 'n belangreke dag in my lewe was. Wen ons hierdie toets, die derde teen die Leeus, wen ons die reeks.

Bus het om tienuur by die Boet Erasmus-Stadium aangekom. Dit het intussen saggies begin reën. Ons het besluit om in kleedkamer te wag tot die wedstryd. Kon die angs op die ander spelers se gesigte sien. Dit het soos 'n ewigheid gevoel voor dit twee-uur was. Morné het ons na buite geneem en ons het ligte oefeninge gedoen. Kon hoor hoe die toeskouers op die paviljoene krete van "Morné, Morné" skreeu. Na oefening het ons 'n spanpraatjie gehad. Morné het opgestaan en aan die vlieënde springbok op sy trui geraak en gesê dis waarvoor ons die toets gaan wen. En vir Suid-Afrika. Ek het 'n knop in my keel gekry. Vir Suid-Afrika sal ek net my beste lewer.

Om drie ag-en-vyftig het one op die veld gedraf. Nog steeds saggies gereën. Na verloop van halftyd was ons ses-tien agter. Skielik is daar 'n gaping en Gerrie Germishys maak ten volle gebruik daarvan. Ons is nou gelykop. As ek die doelskop oor kry, kan ons wen, indien nie verloor ons. Ek stap stadig terug, staan, trippel vorentoe en skop. Hy was oor. Ons het die wedstryd gewen. Ja, vir jou Suid-Afrika.

DEIRDRÉ MURRAY
St 7

DIE MAN MET DIE TATOEËERMERK

My naam is Roxy. Ons gesin het in 'n klein dorpie, Kingsville, gewoon. Ons was baie arm maar ek en my susters het gewerk om geld te kry. Ek het by 'n restaurant wat in die groot stad langs die dorp, gewerk. Die mense wat daar gewerk het was baie vriendelik, behalwe een man.

Hierdie man se naam was "die tatoeëerman". Niemand het van hom gehoor nie, hy het net gesit en kyk na al die mense as hulle binne en buite die restaurant gestap het. Hy het eendag 'n T.hemp gedra en ek het 'n groot tatoeëermerk gesien. Dit het baie asklig gelyk ek was baie bang vir hom.

Een aand toe ek huis toe gestap het, het ek trappe agter my gehoor. Ek het baie bang gewordm maar daar was niks wat ek kon gedoen het nie. 'n Man het sy arm vasgehou en 'n mes teen my bors gesteek. Hy het vir my gevra - en toe ek vir hom gesê dat ek geen geld by my gehad het nie, hy het my in die gesig geslaan. Ek het probeer om te skree maar hy het sy hand vas oor my hand gesit. Skielik het ek 'n ander mnn se stem gehoor. Ek het gedink dat hy 'n vriend van hierdie man was maar tot my verbasing was dit die man met die tatoeëermerk. Hy het die ander man geslaan. Hy het saam met my huis toe gestap en my gewaarsku dat ek baie versigtig moes wees as ek geld by my dra.

Van toe af sy het, ek baie goeie vriende met "die man met die tatoeëermerk" gewrod. Hy was nie 'n daklikke man soos almal gedink het nie.

CLODAGH MANNION
Std 8

Oulik!

DIE EERSTE JAAR AAN DIE UNIVERSITEIT VERWAG

Ek is deur die redakteur van hierdie studenteblad van Stellenbosch gevra om te skryf oor wat ek van my eerste jaar aan die universiteit verwag.

Wel, al is daar nog ses maande totdat ek daar aankom, raak my senuwees al op hol! Daar gaan soveel mense daar wees in vergelykingmet my klein, private skooltjie. Ek verwag dat ons deur ontgroening moet gaan, want dit is die beste manier om mense te ontmoet, maar dit moet redelik wees. Ek het met 'n paar tweedejaarstudente oor hulle inisiasie gepraat. Hulle het my van 'n baie vernederendevoorval vertel wat hulle nooit sal vergeet nie.

Ek verwag dat voor die universiteit aan die begin van die jaar open, die eerste jaarstudente daarheen gaan. Ons moet van die verskillende departemente vertel word en waarheen ons (moet gaan) vir watter vakke. Hulle moet ons ook van die verskillende reëls en regulasies vertel sodat ons hulle nie net eers uitvind as ons hulle oortree nie. Daarna, vir die eerste week, of miskien paar weke, hoop ek dat ons net soos die ander studente sal wees. Dit sal so onaangenaam wees as al die ander studente dinge beplan en ons uitlaat. Ek verwag dat as jy op universiteit is, almal dieselfde moet wees. Die verskil tussen een of twee jaar is nie so groot soos dit by die skool is.

My mening omtrent die werk is dat die eerste jaar nie te moeilik moet wees nie. Dit is nie omdat ek lui is, nie maar daar is so 'n groot verskil tussen die werk by die skool en die werk aan die universitei . Dit sal 'n kort tydjie duur

om/...

om ons na die omstandighede se skik en in die tweede jaar sou ons reg wees vir werklike harde werk!

Ek sien uit na my jare op die universiteit van Stellenbosch Ek dink dat ek my jare baie gaan geniet; ek hoop dat ek reg is!

MOIRA MANNION
St. 10

Lisa Lyhne
Std.IO

OPSTEL

"Kaartjies, kaartjies asseblief," roep die kaartjiesondersoeker skril." Twee enkelkaartjies, Mevrou? Dankie, dankie volgende asseblief." My hande word nat van die sweat. Ek vroetel met my handsak, want my senuwees is skoon op hol. Ek sien die kaartjiesondersoeker uit die uit die hoek van my oog. Hy loop nader. Nou is daar net drie mense tussen ons.

"Ja, Mevrou, dis u halte. Tot siens, Mevrou. Baie dankie, Meneer. U Kaartjies asseblief, Mevrou, dankie. En u kaartjie ook Mejuffrou." Ek maak my handsak oop en soek haastig daar deur. "Kaartjies, kaartjies," roep hy ongeduldig.
"Jammer, Meneer, ek kan dit tog nie vind nie, maar dit moet iewers hier wees. Wag so 'n bietjie. Ek kyk weer 'n keer."
"Maak gou, asseblief, Mejuffrou, daar is nog baie mense wat wag."
"Ja, Meneer, ek weet. Dis miskien in my jassak."
"As u dit nie kan vind nie, sal u maar kontant moet betaal."
"Maar, Meneer, dit kan ek beslis nie doen nie. Ek weet dat ek reeds 'n kaartjie gekoop het. Ek kan net nie mooi onthou waarin ek dit gesit het nie."
"As u nie presis weet waar dit is nie, sal u dit nooit kry nie. U moet, asseblief dadelik betaal."
"Goed dan," antwoord ek sonder om hom reguit in die oë te kyk. Ek weet dat my beursie leeg is." Ag nee, ek sou graag betaal, maar dit lyk my ek het geen geld by my nie. Dis snaaks, want ek weet dat ek my kaartjie met 'n tienrand noot gekoop het. Iemand moes my kaartjie saam met my geld gesteel het. Daar moet seker 'n sakkeroller die bus wees."
"Mejuffrou, hou nou, asseblief op met u onsin. As u nie kaartjie kan betaal nie, moet u onmiddelik afklim," klink sy onvriendelike stem.
"Behandel u altyd u passasiers op die manier, Meneer?" sê ek kalm, alhoewel my hart in my keel klop. Toe die bus

tot/...

tot stilstand kom, loop ek bedaard in die gang af en klim uit. Ek het darem daarin geslaag om die kaartjiesondersoeker lank genoeg aan die praat te h u en het dus my bestemming bereik.

NICKI CAINE
Std 8

'n DAG IN DIE LEWE VAN JOY ADAMSON

Vandag het Elsa, een van my leeus, my soo gewoonlik baie vroeg wakker gemaak. Vir ongeveer 'n halfuur het ons heerlik gespeel. Dit was toe weer tyd om reg te maak en alles gereed te kry vir die ekspedisie waarop ons van plan was om te gaan. Om twee-uur het ons vertrek. Dit was baie warm en as gevolg van die warmte was Elsa baie ongeduldig. Sy het skielik op een van die donkies, waarop ons ons bagasie gelaai het, afgestorm. Gelukkig het die donkie met 'n paar skraapmerke opgedoen, want sy het gou bedaar. Ek het gebid dat dit 'n bietjie koeler moes word. Nadat ons ongeveer drie uur gestap het, het ons uiteindelik die Maraismeer bereik. So gou soos Elsa die water gewaar het het sy daarheengehardloop en in die koel, verfrissende water rondgebaljaar. Ons almal het by haar aangesluit. Ek het vandag iets baie belangriks omtrent Elsa opgemerk. Sy is nie net baie groter nie, maar ook baie intelligenter as wat sy was toe ek haar gekry het. Sy is byna 'n volgroeide leeuwyfie. Dit maak my baie hartseer as ek daaraan dink dat ek haar een van die dae sal moet loslaat tussen ander wilde leeus. Ek het darem vandag my humeur mooi in toom gehou. Die boek wat ek besig is om oor my leeus te skryf, vorder goed. Ek wonder wat ek dit sal noem. Ek dink iets wat te doen met die vryheid van hierdie groot katte sal 'n goeie idee wees. Dit is 'n heerlike aand. Die sterretjies blink helder in die hemelvuim en Elsa lê uitgestrek hier op my slaapsak. Ek het nou net 'n foto van haar geneem. Dit sal mooi pas by 'n deel van my boek. Wel, die einde van nog 'n gelukkige dag met my groot wilde leeu.

SONJA PETRUS
Std 7

WAAROM?

Die donker straak met sy nog donkerder stegies. Die sinistere sluiper wat in die skaduwees sit en op sy slagoffer wag. Die mooi jong vrou in uitlokkende klere, oppad huis toe, om middernag - alleen. Die aaklige aanval toe sy voer die pistool moet loop, gedwing word om "saam te werk of anders! Waarom waarom kom sulke wrede dinge voor?

Amper sestien duisend verkragtings word jaarliks by die polisie aangemeld en die slagoffers wissel van babas tot bejaardes. En 'n mens kan weer vra: "Waarom?"

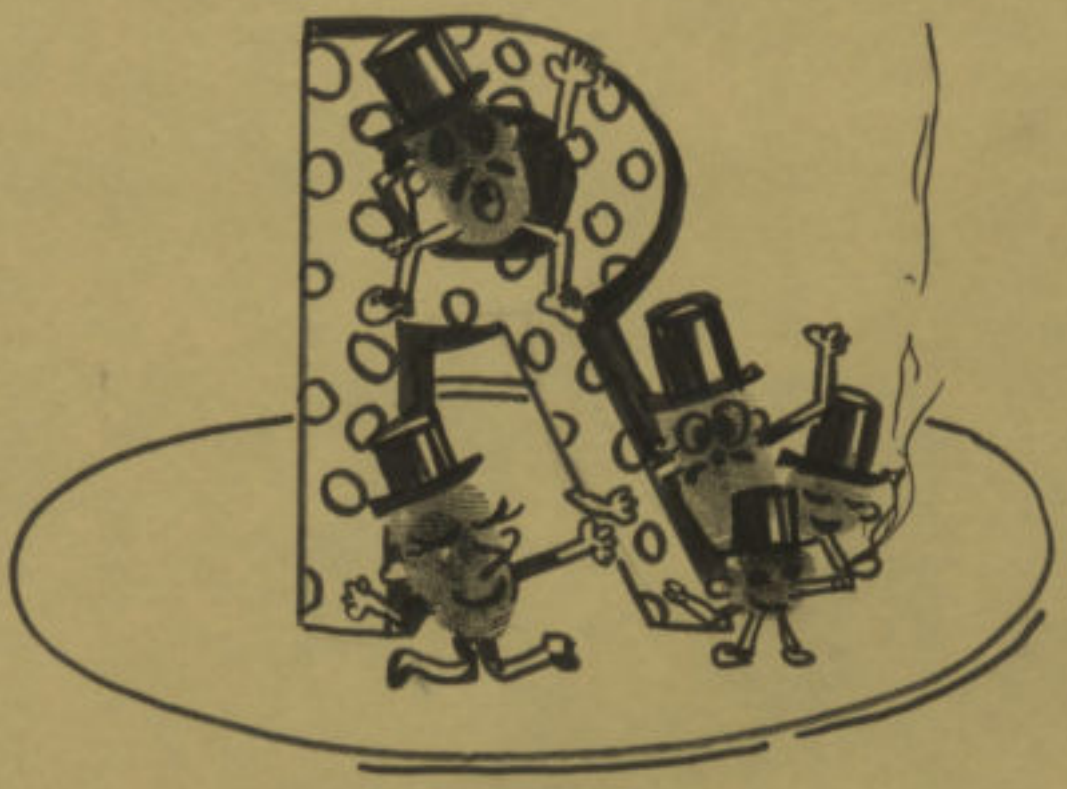
As jy wel alleen huis toe moet stap, moenie weerloos lyk nie Verkraagters kies weerlose vrae. Lyk, Flink, opgewasse en gedetermineerd. Loop in die middel van die pad sodat die aanvaller jou nie skielik by 'n deur of stegie kan intrek nie. Dis beter om brand te skree as "help" of ek word "verkrag", want in ons moderne samelewing, kan hy nie daarop reken dat iemand jou innood sal bystaan nie.

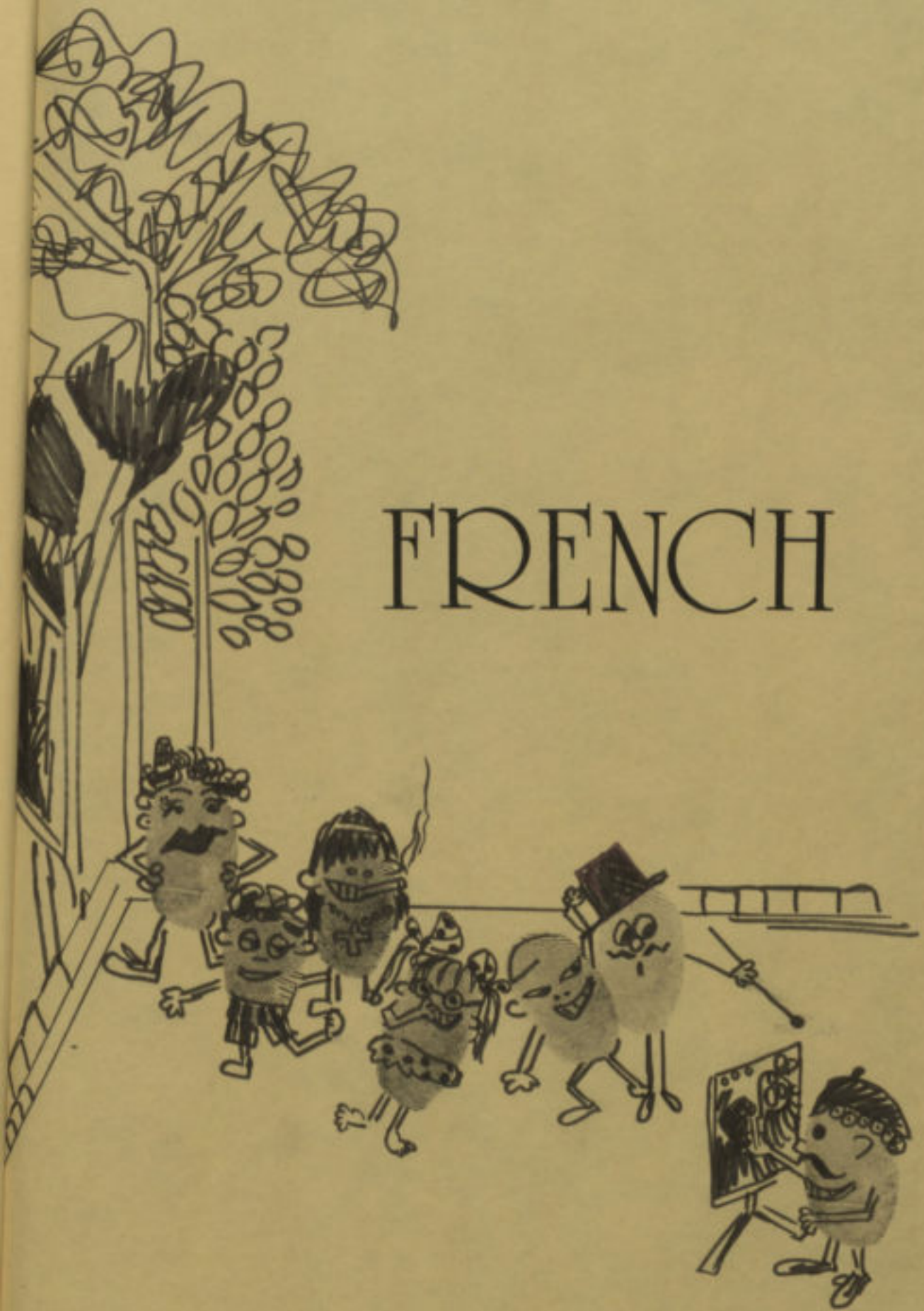
Dit is meestal onintelligente meisies wat verkrag word, omdat hulle nie versigtig is nie en hulle loop alleen in die nag. Baie vroue is ook nie bewus daarvan dat hulle self 'n slagoffer kan wees nie.

Ek dink die eenigste antwoord vir hierdie onmenslike stelsil is dat elke vrou haarself moet kan verdedig enige tyd en op enige plek, want verkragtings kom orals voor. Maar ons sal altyd vra, waarom doen 'n mens hierdie onnodige dinge.

SIMONE BECKERLING
St 8

In Other Words





FRENCH

JE SUIS VEDETTE DE CINÉMA

Je suis vedette de cinéma depuis six ans et je suis très hereuse. J'habite en Amerique mais je voyage beaucoup. Tous mes films sont tournés a Hollywood.

Quand J'avais commencé de jouer, naturellement j'etais très embarrassée et j'étais très contente de ne doubler que des rôles. Aprés six mois j'avais plus de confiante et j'avais tourné dans beaucoup de films. Je prefere les films émouvants et tristes, parce que je suis une temme sensible.

Avant que je joue dans un film, j'oume recontrer le metteur en scène, puis je peux savoir ce que je dois faire avant que j'accepte. Mon film le plus récent était tourné en Maurice. Nous avons filmé pendant deux semaines et nous y sommes restés pour deux semaines en vacances. Cn trouve de bons amis dans le studio et nous avons eu des vacances spiendides. Nous avons tourné ce film sur les plages á Maurice et dans la mer sans vagues. Dans ce film il y a une dame qui hage dans la mer toute nue. C'est une scène très belle mais je m'etonne que la scène ait été approuve pour la censure d'Afrique du Suid. Ce film a eu un succès retentissant - je pense que c'est parce que tout le mond aime Maurice. Quand j'ai fini avec un de mes films j'aime beaucoup aller á la salle pour voir le film parmi les gens ordinaire. J'aime ecouter ce qu'ils desent. Autrefois, je peux voir ou j'ou fait des foutes mais c'est trop tard pour les corriger!

Quoique j'aie gagné beaucoup d'argent, j'aime beaucoup rester á Hollywood et quand j'e serai trop vieille pour jouer, je veux devenir un metteur en scène.

Je sais que beaucoup de vedettes ont la vie très malheureuse parce qu'ils ont trop d'argent - mais je suis très content et j'utilise mon argent pour élever mes deux enfants.

MOIRA MANNION

STD 10

I AM A FILMSTAR - Translation of french essay

I have been a filmstar for six years and I am very happy. I live in America but I travel a lot. All my films are filmed at Hollywood.

When I began acting, naturally I was very embarrasses and I was very happy to only play understudies. Agter six months I had more courage and I acted in many films. I prefer moving, sad films because I am a sensitive woman.

Before I act in a film, I like to meet the producer, then I can know what I have to do before I accept it. My most recent film was shot in Mauritius. We filmed for two weeks and we stayed there on holiday for two weeks. One makes good friends in the studio and we had a splendid holiday. We shot this film on the beaches in Mauritius and in the sea with no waves. In this film there is a woman who swims naked in the sea. It is a very beautiful scene but I am surprised that the scene was approved by the South African cencorship. This film has been a resounding success - I think it is because everybody loves Mauritius.

When I have finished one of my films I like going to the cinema to see the film amongst the ordinary people. I like to hear what they say. Sometimes I can see where I made mistakes but it is to late to correct them!

Although I have earned a lot of money, I would like to stay at Hollywood and when I become too old to act, I would like to become a producer.

I know that many filmstars lead very sad lives because they have too much money - but I am very happy and I use my money to raise my children.

MOIRA MANNION
STD 10

By Susan Gatt
Std 8 :

ROGER FAIT DES COURSES:

A la maison, maman donne dix francs à Roger, son fils. Elle donne aussi une liste de toutes les provisions avec un panier. Il prend l'autobus, et dans la ville, il arrive chez l'épicier avec Toutou, son chien. Dans l'epicier il achète des oeufs, du beurre, du sucre et de la farine. Sa mère va faire un gâteau pour le goûter. Il met les provisions dans son panier et il rent à la maison.

- Merci beaucoup Roger, dit maman. Voici du chocolat!
- Merci maman, dit Roger.

ROGER DOES THE SHOPPING:

At home, mommy gives ten franks to Roger, her son. She also gives him a list of provisions with a basket. He takes the bus, and in the village, he arrives at the grocers with Toutou, his dog. In the grocers he buys some eggs, butter, sugar and flour. His mother is going to make a cake for tea. He puts the provisions in his basket and returns home.

"Thank-you very much Roger," says mommy. "Here is some chocolate!"

"Thank-you mommy," says Roger.

TANIA SMITHER
Std 7

Latin

de ELEPHANTIS

ferunt elephantos animalia esse sagacissima et nonnumquam discere multa et mira perficere. affirmavit quidam nonnullos etiam per funes ascendere doctos esse; Mucianus, ter consul, dixit elephantum quendam litteras Graecas didicisse et verba eius linguae saepe scripsisse.

quis nescit elephantis memoriam esse tenacissimam? traditum est elephantum quendam post multos annos senem agnovisse qui iuvenis olim fuisset rector.

omnes sciunt elephantos primum a Romanis visos esse Pyrrhi regis bello. tum enim ille sperabat hostes specie elephantorum territum iri et primo proelio terga versuros esse.

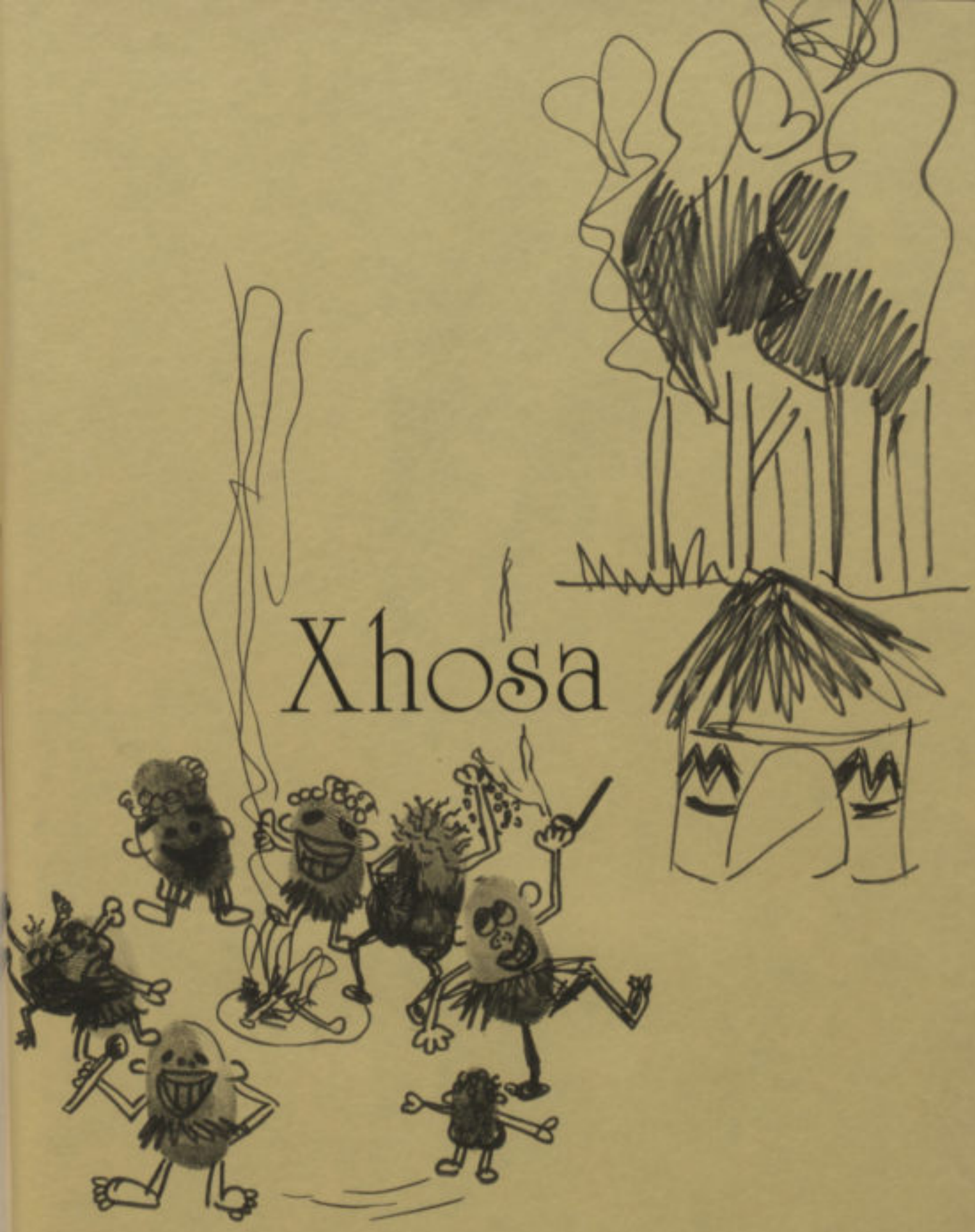
scribit tamen Plinius Maior (Plinv the Elder) elephantos quamvis corpore maximo, stridore porci vel aspectu muris minimi ipsos terreri.

BOUT ELEPHANTS

They say that elephants are extremely wise animals and that sometimes they learn to perform many wonderful things. A certain man confirmed that some elephants could even be taught to climb along ropes. Mucianus, who has been a consul three times, said that a certain elephant had learnt Greek letters and that he often wrote words with his trunk.

Who Knows that the memory of the elephant is most reliable? It is recorded that specific elephant, after many years recognised an old man who had been his trainer when he was once a young man.

Everyone knows that elepha



Xhosa

UMAKHULU UYAFILE

Wenk' ekuseni
Akazange aphind' abuy' umakhulu
Wayethembis' ukukhawulez' abuye
Wasishiya sodwa umakhulu.

Samlinda ekhaya
Samphekela isidlo sakhe asithamdayo
Bafika ubusuku, kwasa
Akazange aphinb' abuye

Kwakubanba sigodola
Umoya uvuthuza ngaphadle
Ukushi ukusishiya kyakhe
Umakhulu.

GRANDMOTHER DIES

She left in the morning
She never came back, my gran
She had promised to come back very soon
She left us all on our own.

We waited for her at home
We cooked her favoured dish
The night came and the following morning
She never came back.

It was cold and we were freezing
The wind blew strong oudside
When gran left us.

Gwen Siyothula
Std 8

IXESHA LONYAKA ENDILITHANDA KAKHULU

Xa ilanga liqala ukuphuma empumalanga kusasa, liqaqambe kude kubesebusuke; xa iintaka zicula kakhulu, iintyatyambo namaqabi amatsha aluhlaza ehluma; xa kungabandi, kungabandi kakhulu; xa iinyosi zisenza ubusi kwiintyatyambo ezinevumba elimnandi: yintlakohlaza! Abantu abaninzi bayawathanda la maxesha. Bathanda ukufudumala kwakhona.

Ehlotyeni, ekapa, siya elwandle. Bonke abantu bayalala, badlale, badade elwandle. Bathanda la maxesha kakhulu kodwa eTranskei kukho imvula yehlobo, akuni ebusika.

Kodwa ixesha endilithandayo bubusika. Ndithanda inqele, imvula nomoya, ngakumbi ikhephu ezintabeni zase Matroosberg kuba ndithanda ukudlala ekhephini. Ndithanda kakhulu ukuhlala phambi komlilo, ekhaya. Ngeli xesha bonke hlala ekhaya kuba kuyabanda kakhulu.

Apha, ekapa, sifumana imvula yethu ebusika, kodwa eTranskei, ebusika kuho indlala kuba ziyafa izilimo. Akukho manzi, akukho nto emmandleni. Ndifuna ukuhlala eGoli kuba apho kunezi-phango neendudumo nemibane.

Ehlotyeni, ekwindla, ebusika nasentlakohlaza ngaseGeorge kuluhlaza lonke exesha. Hayi! Ndisakhetha ubusika!

SANDY NEWTON-THOMPSON
Std 9

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR THAT I LIKE BEST

When the sun starts rising early and shines until late in the evening; when the birds sing, the flowers and the new green leaves bud; when it isn't cold and nor is it very hot; when the bees make honey from the flowers that smell so beautiful: it is spring. Many people like this season. They like to be warm again.

In summer in the Cape, we go to the sea. Many people lie, play and swim in the sea. They like this season very much, but in the Transkei there is rain at this time, it doesn't rain in winter.

However, the season that I like best is winter. I like the cold, the rain and the wind, I like the snow on the Matroosberg mountains particularly because I like skiing in the snow. I also like to sit in front of the fire at home. During this time time many people stay at home because it is very cold.

Here, in the Cape, we get our rain in winter, but in the Transkei, there is a drought in winter as all the plants die. There is no water or anything in that region. I would like to live in Johannesburg because there there is hail and thunder and lightening.

In Summer, Autumn, winter and spring near George, it is green all year round! No! I still choose winter!

SANDY NEWTON-THOMPSON
Std 9

WENDY LYNNE
Std. 9

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ABANTU MABAFUMAME IMALI ENINZI OKANYE HAYI?

Ukuba abantu bafumana inali enizi okanye ukuba abafumani mali enizi kufuneka ukuba benze icebo lokuthenga izinto ngezinto.

Kufuneka ukuba abantu bafunde utuqoqosha ukuba bafumana imali eninzi. Ukuba uyisebenzae nzima imali yako kufuneka ukuba uzonwabise kodwa ungathengi izinto ezingenamsebenzi.

Ukuqoqosha kufuneka ukuba uzame ukuzilunsisela izinto ezanakeleyoe ekaya. Xa utnenga impahla yokunxiba, zama ukuyibaleka ekne kwniwe iphelelwe yifashoni. Ukuba unegadi zama ukuzilimela imifuno yakho. Gcima imali yakho. Thenga izimto ezijengmihlaba neziqrni sekiso zobomi njalo njalo ngemali oyigcinaya.

Ndicinga ukuba kufuneka ukufumana imili encinci kunokuba ufumane imali enieninzi uze uyichithe kakubi. Kukuba unamali encini kufuneka ukuba uti xa uthengayo ngenpela - nyanga hlabe ukhangele ukwenzela ukuba loo mvuzwana wakho yikwazi ukuhuseleka ele kube yimpele-nyanga elandelayo.

Abantu abanemali kakhulu abakwazi ukuyibenzila kodwa abantu mabangoalwa imali encini kakhulu kuba abatrengi zonke izinto abazifungyo, abakwazi nokcina imali yabo.

Imali abantu abayifumaneyo kufenka ukubu inyuka nokunyuku kwama xabiso.

Kathy Dower
Std 10

SHOULD PEOPLE GET A LOT OF MONEY OR NOT?

Whether people get a lot of money or not they must still plan how they are going to spend it.

People must learn to save even if they do get lots of money. If you have worked hard you deserve some luxuries but you must not buy unnecessary things.

To save you can do your own repairs, buy sensible clothes and grow your own vegetables. With the saved money you can earn interest and take out insurance and invest in plots.

I think it is better to have less money because then you are less likely to waste it.

People with too much money don't know what to do but people must not be paid too little because then they cannot buy all their things and save.

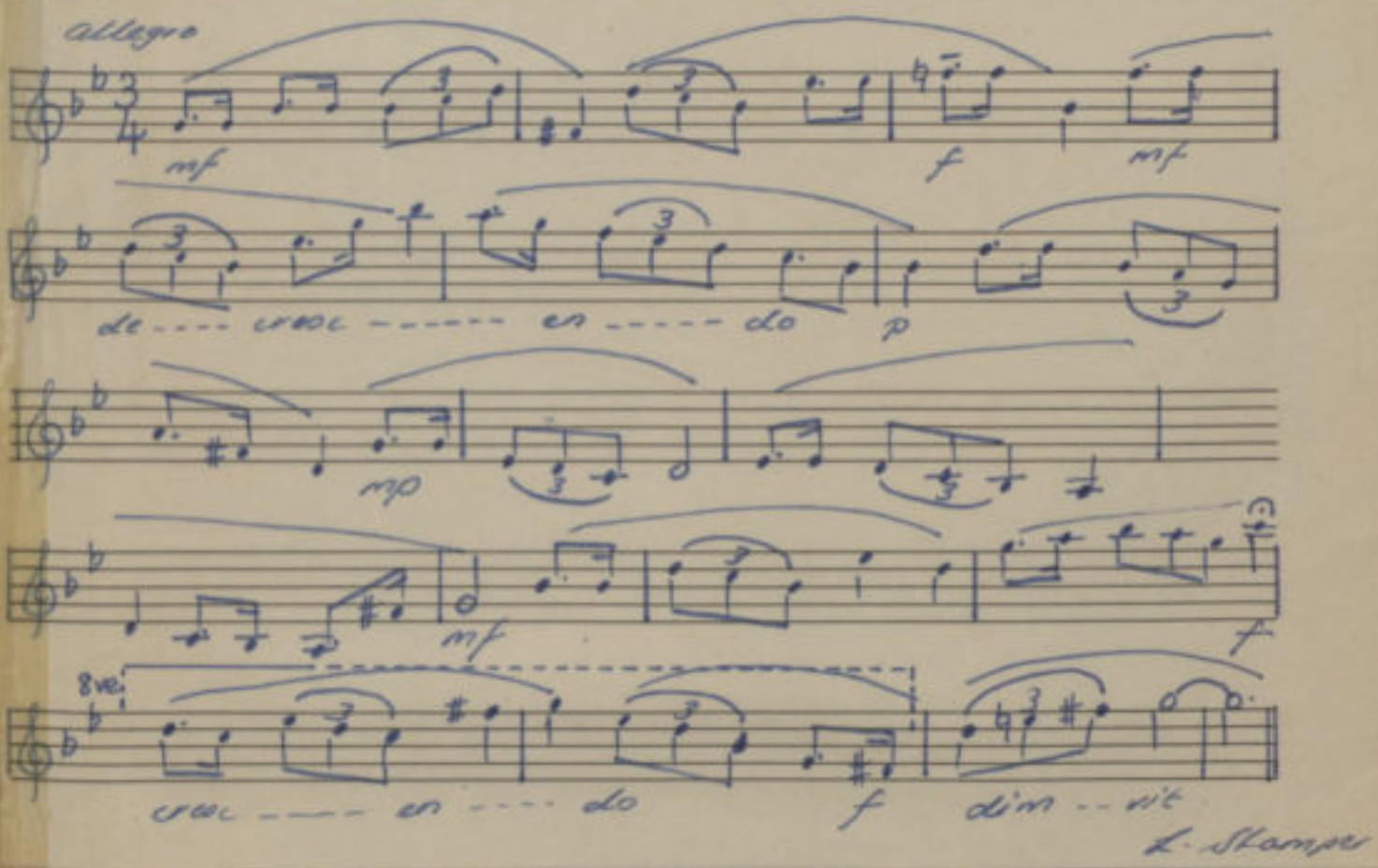
Salaries must rise as inflation rises.

KATHY DOWER
Std 10

Music

MUSIC

This is a question from the 1982 June matric paper. The candidate is given the first eight notes and has to complete a sixteen bar melody down to the last detail, including any accidentals, time changes, phrasing and note values.



LYNN STAMPER
Std 10

Phototography!

RIDING HIGH

By Britt Schrauwen.

TAKE THE PLUNGE

By Britt Schrauwen.

WITSANDS

By Britt Schrauwen

Match the kids!

1

2

4

3

7

6

5

8

KIDS./

M

O

KIDS./

KIDS!

KEY

1-X
2-S
3-O
4-M
5-O
6-Y
7-B
8-N

VOTE ROLT FOR PRESIDENT!


ROLT