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We began this year, 1966, as a house 54 members strong, with Mrs. McCormick and Mrs. Hampson as house mistresses. At Founders' Day, Rolt received the Swimming, Tennis, Netball, Hockey and Squash cups and the Diving and Efficiency Shields - much to the jubilation (and justifiably enough, too!) of all Rolts. We also have the Art cup, which was won in 1964, since there were no Inter-House Plays last year. Consequently we had an extremely high standard up to which to live. Unfortunately, however, due to, I think, especially determined efforts on the parts of Jagger and Merriman we have lost some of these trophies.

During the first term we lost the Swimming to Jagger, who must be congratulated on the win they well deserved. On the actual day of the swimming it rained, which was rather unfortunate as it rather dampened things, literally and figuratively. The standard of diving throughout was very high and Rolt retained the shield. Also during the first term, too, the Inter-House Tennis was played. This we lost to Merriman. Congratulations from us, Merriman!

The Interhouse Hockey was played a few weeks ago, and was very exciting — all the teams playing well and enthusiastically. In the Under-15 section, Merriman came first, and in the Open Rolt won. The netball result was a draw between Merriman and Rolt and so we share the cup this time.

Although netball is no longer part of the curriculum, it was decided that we should play the Interhouse. Considering the lack of practice, the Under-14 Rolt team played extremely well and deserved their win. The senior team lost to Jagger, but beat Merriman, giving Rolt an overall win.

The squash is as yet unplayed and for the first time, this year, we are going to play an Interhouse Volley-

ball march.

On the academic side, there has been a marked improvement, but there is still a great deal of room for more improvement. This can only be achieved if everyone, from Upper III to Upper V, pulls their weight evenly, and conscientiously, in a sustained effort.

Once again this year the house plays are being produced by the Lower V's. D-Day is the 24th September and we wish especially Cheryl Wake and the cast the best of dramatical inspiration.

Finally, on behalf of all Rolls, I would like to thank Mrs. McCormack for all the help and encouragement she has given us this year. She will be leaving us at the end of the year to take up her post as headmistress of Rodean in Johannesburg. We all want her to know that when she goes she will take with her our grateful thanks and most sincere wishes for success in the future.

B Moore

HOCKEY REPORT

Well played, Rolk !! All the Open and Under 15 Rolk hockey players must be congratulated on winning the Inter-house hockey, with Merriman. Congratulations, Merriman !

As teams, both the Under-15 and Open teams played well. Cheryl Wale must be mentioned here and congratulated as goalie for the Open team. Even though it was her first step inside the goalie-pads, she managed to stop some very hard shots from Merriman and Jagger. Jackie Mann and Lindsay Unite each scored goals for the Open team and Pauline Gilbert scored one for the Under-15.

Even though we won the hockey, we cannot say that we beat Jagger. They made us fight hard to draw the match, and Jagger teams must be congratulated.

Last of all, I wish Rolk the best of luck next year, especially in hockey, and hope they manage to keep the hockey cup on the Rolk shelf.

S. Strong

NETBALL REPORT

On Thursday the 8th September, the Under-14 netball team played Jagger, and immediately there after, Merriman. They played well as a team and won both their matches. The game against Merriman was the harder, but more exciting and enjoyable, for the players and the supporters. This gave Rolt a 4 point lead which established their lead, and victory finally.

The Senior Open Team played on Monday the 12th September and won the toss to play Merriman first, which we won 6 goals to three, giving us a 6 point lead. There we seemed to stop in our points, but not in spirit, or determination, as Jagger as beat us in our last match, after a hard fight, putting them in 2nd place. The team played hard together, and with much gest and "fight."

The overall result was highly commendable, and Rolt won with 6 points. This was a pleasing result, as Netball is no longer an official sport at Herschel, which proves Rolt's quality.

J Newton-Thompson

SWIMMING REPORT

Each year the competition in the Inter House Swimming Galas is becoming keener. This year, it was a real fight to regain the cup, but unfortunately it was lost to Jagger. The team co-operated very well on the whole, but I do feel that it should be an occasion for the whole house to take part in and not just the dependence on a few of the members. Our strength lay more in the Under 14 and Under 15 teams so that I feel the Open team needs many more enthusiasts in order to regain that cup again.

The Roll divers are truely to be congratulated, on winning the shield back again. The talents was of a high standard and their team spirit showed up even during tedious hours of practice. I would like to thank Cheryl Wale especially for her valuable help in selecting and training the team.

G Kinlay

TENNIS REPORT

This year the Inter-house tennis was held on Saturday, 26th. March. Some matches were played at Sheila Mackenzie's house, others at school, and we were also able to use the Claremont hard courts. The Open team won five of their eight matches losing to the Jagger A couple. The Under 15's didn't play very well, and only won two of their eight matches. Merriman won the cup, after the Under 13's played the following week, and we managed to come second. Well done, Merriman, and well-tried, Rolt!

J. Mann.

ST CUSTARDS

SCHOOL

NAME: Unknown

FORM: 8 + 9 + 10

AGE: Below normal

SUBJECT	Cl.	REMARKS
HIST.	I	Extraordinary! her life of Marlborough was uncanly brilliant one of the best things of its kind in the present century. Guy.
GEOG	1	She have a good sense of position, Give her a Stake and she know exactly what to do with it! P. st Lgr.
LATIN	1	It is seldom that we get a skolar like this who knows all her grammar backwards. If she have a fault it is too much. Ford did not write enuff for her but would be better if she thought they wrote in LATIN
AFRIK.	I	Beyond Words. Lulu.
ENG.	1 (one)	I didn't ought too say so much in praise of her style but I get her essays are unmistakable and have been reproduced in school magazine strike a glorious (burning hole)

SUB.	Cl.	
FRENCH	1 (une)	Très Très Très Très Bien Bravo! Formidable! NLLD
ART.		A wonderful sense of colour & line Her choice of subject is perhaps a little doubtful. * L. Patt.
MUSIC.	1#	~~Toscanini visit~~ ~~new tune~~ ~~Yodel Song~~

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Tennis: Badges well — Getting Gloucester Cup

Net Ball: Bounces well. In Judo. Whistle

SChool Report

There was a time where dere ? was rather wild and chased about the place at full till shouting "Down with Sk" Now thanks to skool (that is all changed) we halle almost worked a miracle We know see wa. is a skolar :. girl of action dilliltinto · lover of w dreamer She is the lot will have gone strength to straight. I look forward to her return next term

(Headmistress & sole licensee)

NEXT TERM ~~Jan~~ ~~May~~ Sept. 31.

"VIETNAM"

C. Wale.

Lower V.

'n SKIPBREUK

Die kaptein het deur sy verkyker, na die pragtige, maar gevaarlike, stormwolke, wat oor die horison kom, gekyk. Hy het vir die eerste beampte van die skip gesê dat voor sononder son daar 'n goeie storm wees. Hy was reg. Net toe die son oor die horison gegaan het, het die wind begin hard gewaai en na 'n rukkie het dit baie hard begin reën. Die skip was net 'n klein tenkskip en die skeepsruim was vol olie, dus moes die kaptein baie versigtig wees. Buitendien was hulle net tien myl van die kus af.

Die skip het toe baie begin rol, so veel dat die kaptein 'n boodskap aan die bemanning gegee het om nie op die dek te gaan nie. Daarna het die donder begin rommel en bliks het deur die mistige lug gestreep. Die kaptein het toe 'n lig gesien wat hy verklaar het as die van die vuurtoring van die hawe. Maar hy het later uitgevind dat hy verkeerd was, omdat na 'n half-uur het iets baie verskriklik gebeur.

Daar was 'n groot geraas en voordat iemand iets kon doen het die skip tot stilstand op die wrede rots van die kus gekom. Die kaptein het dadelik die sirene van die skip gedruk en toe na die skeepsruim gehardloop om te sien of daar 'n gat daarin was. Voordat hy daaraan gekom het, het hy vlamme gesien en toe geweet dat sy skip verlore was! Maar hy was toe baie gebekommerd omdat hy nie geweet het nie hoe om die lewe van die bemanning te red ~~red~~ nie. Hulle kon nie in die reddingsbote na die land gaan nie omdat hulle son dadelik verdrink. Net toe hy hieroor gedink het, het hy 'n gedreun oor sy kop gehoor. Hy het opgekyk, en 'n lig daar gesien. Dit was 'n helikopter, en van die vyf helikopters wat hulle lewens son red gedurende die volgende twee-ure.

Die kaptein was die laste om die skip te verlaat, en toe hy in die ling opgetrek is, het hy na die vlammende gedaante wat drie-uur geleë sy tenkskip was, gekyk.

S. Simpson.
lower V.

"THE WRECK OF THE S.A. SEAFARER"

As heaving seas crashed, we were aground
Spray and soaked like dead;
The ship was struck and surely downed,
The tragedy was there we knew.

A cold wind blasted in our way
A cargo ship with goods untold
What wonds we see at break of day?
Too soon, but we were bold.

And now the streaming waters streams
And people rush about.
We were awakened from our dreams
We start to move and shout.

No time to think, no thought of song.
We climb, crawl and fall.
We pray, and know it cant go wrong,
O God, please help us all!

With angry, crashing breakers land
We alone just carry on.
We start to hear the cheering crowd,
Our ship our friend has gone.

N HUTTON
lower V

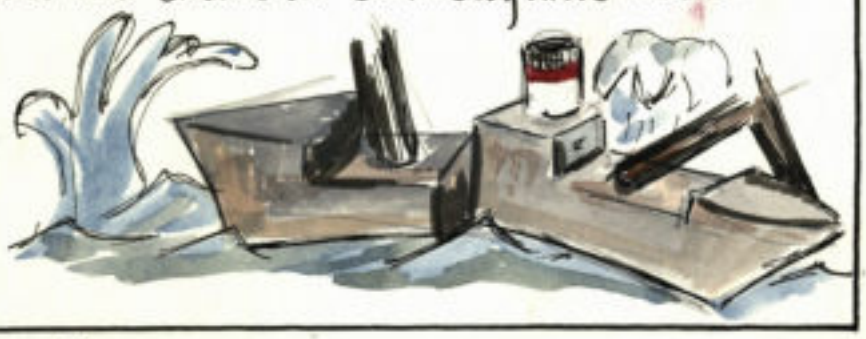
And now morning shows our gaping scars,
Our souls are bathed in peace
Even as we see the twisted stars
In time this ship will cease.

Thats what I thought as these last lines
Failed to reach from torches white
For I was wrong in anxious times
There was courage in this night.

The helicopters, here they are
With crew of bravery we know
So land us on dry land not far,
With untold gratitude will go.

Now I watch the breaking ship;
The restless waves of breaking seas.
The twisted mass of metal dip,
Gone forever like lost ocean keys.

Who only in the years to come,
Reveal the mystery of the wreck.
But not too many, only some,
Who braved the strain on S.A. Seafarer's deck.



Oatmeal is wonderful for the complexion.
For serious blackheads you work it into a paste and leave on your skin for a while; or make a tiny muslin bag of the oatmeal and swish through the water before you wash your face.

Cucumber peel has a delightfully, cooling effect on a hot, sticky skin.

Beaten white of egg applied to the face while relaxing in a bath before you go out. Let the egg white dry. You can feel the skin tightening – then rinse. It is as good as any expensive face-pack.

Squeezed lemon juice from the lemon skin makes a most intriguing perfume. You will be amazed how many people will ask you what perfume you have got on – and when you tell them that it only cost you 3c, they will surely want to know the secret!

Does your nose sometimes shine just before you go out? To overcome this embarrassment, just rub some vinegar on, and then apply powder.

Milk soaked in a wad of cotton wool makes a good skin refresher.

"Vaseline" rubbed on eyebrows, on eyelashes, and rough elbows makes you look really glamorous.

CHOOSING COLOURS

RED COAT:
For country: dark br. shoes, bag and gloves: red and brown patterned scarf.
ROYAL BLUE COAT
Navy shoes and bag: black gloves patent. emerald green scarf and gilt broach.

TURQUIOISE COAT
Navy shoes and bag white gloves and white beads.
NAVY COAT
Navy shoes and bag; black gloves bright red scarf and hat.
Wear beads if other colour is wanted to be worn.

Never stick to the same colours on one outfit for instance if you wear a green coat, don't wear tan shoes, bag, gloves, hat and scarf all together. Put in changes Black patent shoes black gloves, tan hand bag and silky scarf cravat if you want to wear a hat, wear a tan with black trimmings
Once you have learned how to play with colors you can become more adventurous.
On a plain dress. pin the brooch onto it. make it look attractive yet simple.

F. DICEY. lower V

ROLT CAROL NEWTON THOMPSON UPPER IV B

DELIA BECK
UPPER IV
ROLT

'THE BOY OF THE BACKSTREETS'

In one of the backstreets of Liverpool there lived a boy named Tony. His parents were very poor, and at the age of ten he had to work because they could not afford to send him to school. Tony worked in a sweet factory and one day he had a fight with another boy, and they were both dismissed. His father was so angry that he had beaten him and sent him out of the house. Now he had to beg for money, and sometimes went without food for a few days.

One day as he stood on the pavement he saw a smart white car pull up outside a shop and a very well dressed young man get out. It was not often they saw wealthy people in that part of Liverpool and all the children, except Tony, crowded around him begging for money. The man gave them a little and then they crowded round him begging for still more. At length he began to get angry and he shouted at them to let him through. He disappeared into a shop and after being in there for quite a while, he came again carrying a box. He put it in his car, got in himself and drove off. Tony looked longingly after the car with his big blue eyes. He pushed his fair hair out of his face and looked down at his dirty brown feet and torn clothes. How he wished he was a child of wealthy parents and was able to go to school and have his own pets instead of living in the dirty streets having been chased out of his own home by parents who didn't love him.

Suddenly he saw something glittering lying in the road, and running forward he saw it was a ten cent piece. He picked it up clutching it in one hand, started running down the road towards his old home which was about a mile or two away. After having run for about ten minutes he came to an abrupt halt, quite out of breath. He stared as though he could hardly believe his eyes, his old home had been burned down and hardly any of it remained. Tony decided to ask one of the men working on it how it happened. He opened the gate, walked across the lawn of dry, brown grass, went

up to one of the men and said, " Please, mister, could you tell me how this happened ?"

" Well sonny, three nights ago the man who lived in this house was drunk and tried to light a cigarette. He was so unsteady that he dropped the match and hadn't the sense to get water but stood looking at it, goggle-eyed. To cut the story short, he and his wife were badly burnt and rushed off to hospital where they both died a few hours later. It just goes to show what drinking does to you."

" Thank you, mister" said Tony and ran away as fast as he could, found a lonley part of the street and cried himself to sleep.

A few days later having got over the shock he was walking down the street when he heard a lady shout " Someone please save my dog!" Looking round he saw the big white car he had seen before coming at full speed down the road towards a poodle who was walking across the road. Without stopping to think, Tony dashed into the road, picked the poodle up and was just about to start running when he saw the white car less than a foot away and knew it was useless, so he threw the dog to safety and he was knocked down by the car. The last thing he heard was a scream, a screech of brakes, then he felt something hit him, and he knew nothing more.

When he came round, he was lying in hospital with nurses hurrying up and down the ward doing different jobs. A nurse came up to him and asked him how he felt. Tony said he felt a bit peculiar, but the nurse said he would soon be quite fit again.

Mr. Wermer, the young man who had knocked him down came to visit him every day and Tony liked him very much. He told Mr. Wermer the whole story of how his parents were burnt to death. A few days later, Mr. Wermer and his wife came to visit Tony and asked him if he would like to be adopted by them. He was delighted and the next day when he was discharged from hospital, Mr. and Mrs. Wermer brought him to his new home and he was delighted with it.

Tony had a room to himself on the second floor which had

lots of lovely pictures of farming in it. A month later Tony went to a local school and came home every afternoon at half-past two. He decided that when he had finished school he would be a farmer just like his father.

B. Dicey.

upp. III.

D SPECER upp V

Beer

Puts body into hair, holds set. Fill polythene bottle, spray beer on damp hair before setting — brewery smell vanishes as your hair dries. Light coloured beers and lagers are best.

Vinegar

Softens water, makes dark hair silky and glossy; pour over hair after last rinse.

Lemon

Brings out highlights in fair and auburn; halve lemon and squeeze the juice into a glass of water, and apply as with vinegar.

A good home treatment for damaged hair is to wash it with a raw egg (yolk and white) Rinse well and then go into the sun and gently brush the hair until dry.

"Do not roll up skirt". —— "Pin and Hem." ——

This film struck me most forcefully in that the emotions experienced by the characters are the same emotions that millions of people all over the world are experiencing, and have experienced all the time. The particular circumstances may change, but man's nature does not.

The basic plot is a story of the "eternal" triangle and the lesson that it is trying to portray, is that of love, and the fiery passion that it arouses, is too wonderful for people to withhold. Too powerful for people of even the strongest character, with the highest principles, too strong for all the legal, traditional and contempory barriers, that may be erected by society against the threat of third parties disturbing the "happy home".

"Dr Zhivago" portrays many facets of life, with all its pathos, drama and its trials. Man is stripped of his clothing and he stands naked to the eyes of the world, his cruelty, his passion, his callousness, exposed for all to see. I find it difficult to imagine somebody who could not identify themselves with one the characters in the film. Never was one aware of the fact that these people were mere actors, that the words they spoke were written for them. The whole experience is so realistic that one inevitably comes to the conclusion that Boris Pasternak, did not make the story up. He wrote Dr. Zhivago with an inspiration that could only spring from him personally seeing or experiencing this drama in real life, though in a contempory setting.

I feel that the message Pasternak is trying to get across to us, is that it is incredibly hard, if not impossible, to disregard the call of love. It is almost as if once Cupid has shot his dart into your heart you must forever be his slave. Somewhat more indirectly, he was showing us, that unless we marry for love, we should either cause, or be doomed to a life of unhappiness, bitterness and frustration.

The film also shows how flimsy the so-called "traditional sexual morality" is, yet I do not feel that Pasternak was

censuring or praising Lara and Zhivago's actions - However, he was trying to show that love can be so strong that all other considerations, all obstacles, smashed to the ground, in our headlong flight, if we are not to suffer the acute mental torture of unfilled love. Man who has not loved has not lived - Lara and Zhivago lived.

This is an extremely emotional film. In the beginning, we have the frustration of the peasants, the ruthlessness of the Imperial Guards, the childlike passion of Lara and the callousness of Komarovsky. There is the mental agony of Lara's mother, and Lara's bitterness and hate swelling into fiery revenge after being scanned. There is the blind loyalty of Tonya and the ever-brooding passion of Zhivago.

Through every line that is spoken, every scene enacted, the rushing river of human nature with its high principles, its faults and failings sweeps one along between the banks of life.

J. NEWTON THOMPSON.
lower.V.

G. Dicey.
upp. IV.

N. Hutton,
lower. V.

"UN CAMBRIOLEUR"

Ma mère, mon père, moi et mes deux soeurs, habitaient à la campagne prez de Bourton en angleterre. Ceci s'est passé un jour en hiver pendant nos vacances de Noël.

C'était la veille de Noël. Ma mère et mon père sont sortis dîner en ville avec notre voisin. Mes soeurs et moi avons dîné et commençe à decover l'arbre dans la salle à manger de petit boules dié verre et beaucoup d'autres jolies choses a neuf heures nous avions fini. Nous avons apporté notre taie d'oreiller au lit et s'endormions. Mon père et ma mère sont rentrés à onze heures et demie. A minuit cette nuit je me suis réveille quand je entendans une personne dans mon chambre. Je pensa que c'etait le Père Noël avec les cadeaux. Alors je couchais immobile tout agitéé. Je me suis endormie encore.

Le lendemain je me suis réveillée pour trouver que quelques chose étaient absents. Un cambrioleur avait eté.

E. Mackensie.
lower. V.

G. Vekster.
upp. IV.

'PRAWLEENS'

Ingredients

3 cups brown sugar
1 cup milk
½ cup cherry
2 Tablespoons butter
a few grains salt
1 Cup blanched Almonds.

Method

Cook brown sugar and milk until the sugar dissolves - then bring to the boil, cook until it forms a ball when tested in cold water.

Take it off the stove, add the butter and salt, allow to cool. Then stir in the blanched almonds and beat well until creamy, place tablespoons of mixture on a greased paper and allow to set.

'DATE ROLLS'

Ingredients

½ lb. butter
¾ cup sugar
1 pkt. Marie Biscuits
1 Cup shredded coconut
1 Egg
1 lb. Dates.

Method

Melt butter with sugar, do not bring to the boil, take off stove, and add one beaten egg; beat well, add diced dates, put back onto stove and stir until blended. Remove before bringing to the boil, and add the broken Marie Biscuits; stir. Form small balls, and roll in coconut. Serve as sweets or with coffee.

P. Cunningham. Tower. IV.

"UPON MY HANDS"

One sunny day
Over the sands,
I walked along
Upon my hands.

Along the beach,
And by the rocks,
And near the sea.
In hips and hops.

The sun went down
I tried to stop,
But I just kept on
Until I reached a rock.

I attempted to turn
To avoid the rock;
I managed to swerve,
But I could not stop.

I never did pause
As I walked on my hands,
With my feet in the air,
On the golden sands.

A. Mackenzie.
upp. III.

"LE PRINTEMPS"

A la fin d'hiver, quand le neige a disparu et les arbres gris secouent doucement leurs feuilles timides, tout le monde est surpris de l'arrivée soudaine du printemps. Partout on voit le monde qui reveille du long sommeil d'hiver froid. Dans les bois sous les vieux racines, on voit les nouvelles fleurs; les jacinthes marins, les muguets possés et les marguerites craintifes. Les oiseaux qui avaient emigré vers le sud pour les long mois d'hiver, sont rentrés pour chanter leurs romances joyeux à la renaissance des environs, pendant que les animaux et les insectes sont animés par le vent frais qui accompagne l'arrivée du Printemps.

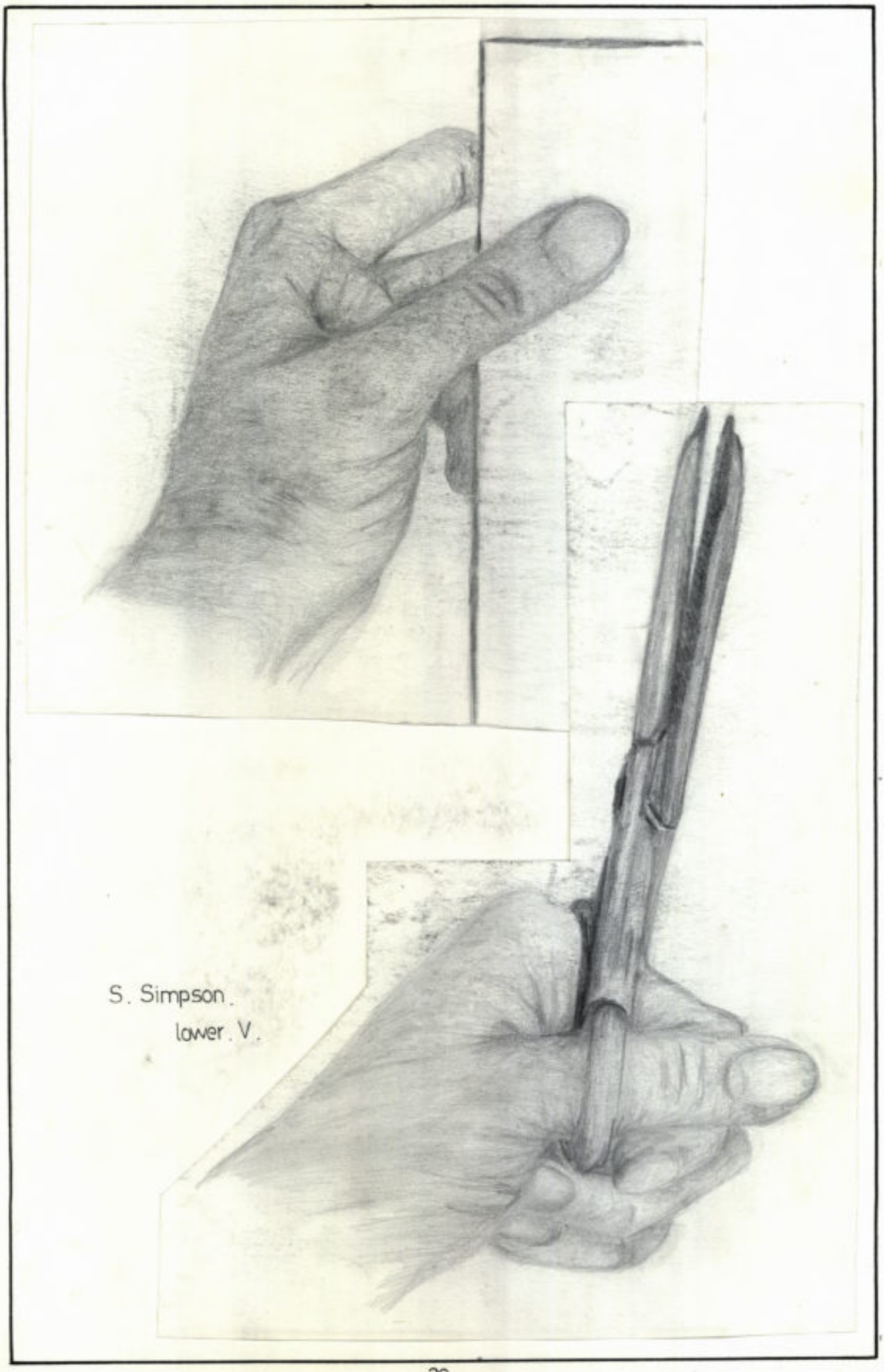
L. Townsend.
lower. V.

FIGHTING FOR LEADERSHIP

A. Axelson. lower. IV

Nicky Hutton.

"THE STUDY OF HANDS"



S. Simpson.
lower. V.

"SPRING"

A. Lomax. + N. Hutton.
lower. V.

*A CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF "BORN FREE"

With the haunting theme-tune sounding in my ears, I sat and waited for the much-talked-of film version of 'Born Free' to begin. I have read 'Born Free' and 'Living Free' and both books left me with a great admiration for Joy Adamson and her husband, and an overwhelming feeling for the great open plains of Africa and all its wild life - a feeling that not many books can give, and as I waited I was wondering if the film would live up to my preconceived ideas of 'Born Free.' I was not disappointed. It is a wonderful film, easily and naturally produced and filmed as regards Elsa, and convincingly played by the husband-and-wife team, Virginia McKenna as Joy, and Bill Travers as George Adamson.

The opening scene is of native women in Kenya, (where George was a game-warden) washing clothes on the banks of a stream. Suddenly a close-up of a lion's face was shown and immediately danger threatens. The women return to their village leaving one young girl alone, washing.

Suddenly the lion charges; she turns and screams, but too late, and the water of the stream becomes tinged with red. Everyone's attention, of course, ~~was~~ is captured by the attack; then relief ~~was~~ is afforded in the next scene of the little rock-hyrax, Paki-Paki, whom we see in the Adamson home trying to get at the whiskey bottle. Joy appears and rescues the bottle and Paki. We learn that George is out hunting the dangerous lion, and then the actual shooting of the man-eater is shown, followed by the charge of the lion's infuriated mate, whom, in self-defence, they are forced to shoot, only to discover that she ~~was~~ is a mother with three young cubs to her credit. Having no choice, George loads the cubs into the truck to take home to Joy.

After finally having persuaded the cubs to take the food prepared for them by George, they grow fast, Joy's favourite being the smallest, whom she named Elsa. Between the three, the cubs provide many an amusing incident during their cub life. These scenes are very well filmed and the mischievous nature of cubs of that age is beautifully caught.

When the cubs are full grown, it is decided to send them by air to a zoo in Holland. Although heart-broken, Joy realises it is the best thing to do, and sadly she makes the hundred and eighty mile car trip with them to Nairobi. At the last moment George decides not to send Elsa, but to keep her for Joy. Happily the three return home, where life together passes contently and during this time Elsa accompanies Joy and George on a trip to the coast where she is introduced to the Indian Ocean, much to her delight.

However, sometime after they have returned home, Elsa "plays" with a herd of elephants causing a stampede in which the damage done to crops and villages is extensive and George and his boss decide that the time has finally come to send Elsa away.

However, Joy pleads with them to let her try and return Elsa to the wilds - something that has never been done before - and they consent. For three months they try unsuccessfully to familiarize Elsa with life in the bush, taking her out on safaris, leaving her overnight in the bush near other lions, and finally leave her for a week by herself. When they return to her, they find her very thin and pathetically happy to see them again. It seems as if Joy really is trying for the impossible. However, from that time onwards they notice a change in Elsa, and not long afterwards she makes her first kill. Time after time she proves that she can feed herself and at last they know that they can release her in safety.

They take her to a particular rocky outcrop where they know there is a lion, and say goodbye. But as she walks up the slope towards him, she is attacked by a jealous lioness and a furious fight follows which would have been a fight to the death had Joy not fired her rifle and frightened the fighting lionesses. However, Elsa has finally crossed the bridge back to the wilds. When, more than a year later they return to look for her, she appears out of the bush, followed by three cubs, ecstatically happy to see them again. As the sun sets that evening, an imperial roar is heard, and Elsa says a temporary good-bye, collects her off-spring and returns, in obedience to her master, to the bush, once more a lioness of the wilds.

The scenes of wild life and the African panorama in the film are beautiful, and extremely interesting, apart from being educational. In them, a wide variety of African wild life is seen in their natural habitats following their natural and customs. All this is a fascinating background to the story of Elsa herself, and the incredible feat which Joy Adamson accomplished in returning Elsa to the wilds. But even more than that, it is a deeply human story of the love of a man and woman for a lioness, and her love for them. When they releasing her for the first time, they suffer all the apprehensions of parents whose teenage daughter is out on her first date. But although Joy subjects Elsa to confusion, fear and hunger, she is determined to return her to a wild life to let her live as free as she was born, remembering the words which she later used a

in her book :

"Then the chief captain came, and said unto him
Tell me, art thou a Roman?
He said,
And the chief captain answered, with
a great obtained I this freedom.
And Paul said. But I was free born."
Acts, xxii v. 27, 28.

B. MOORE.

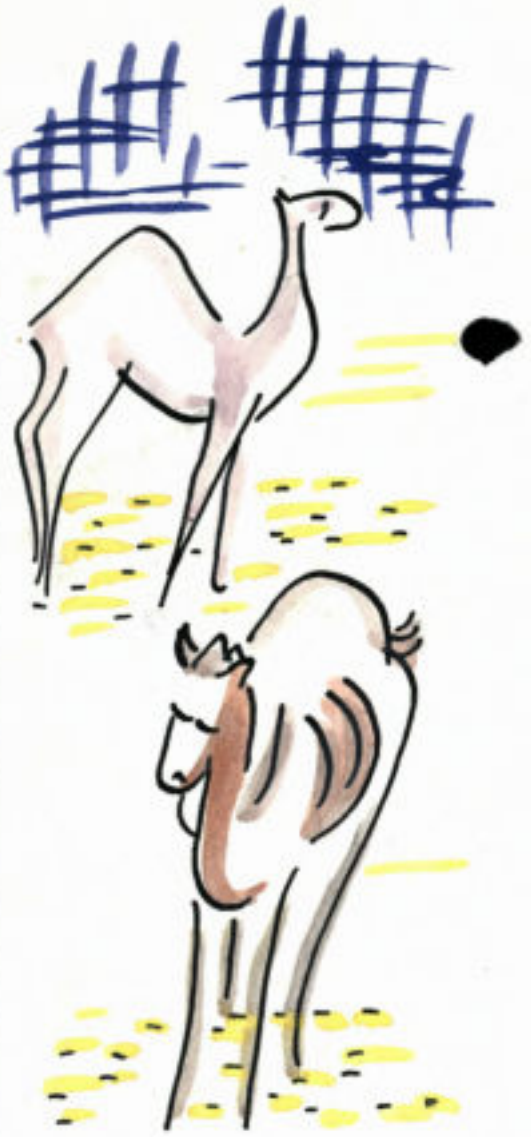
upp. V.

L. Cunningham.

lower. V.

"A- FAR IN THE DESERT"

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy by my side.
Away, far away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffaloes glen.
By valleys remote where the lion cub plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle and the hartebeest graze
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline,
By the skirts of grey forest overhung with green vine
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the crocodile swims untouched in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will,
In the vlei where the wild giraffe is drinking
his fill.



S.Smith.
lower. IV.

"GLOBE TROTTING"

Maybe I'll fly by aeroplane,
All the way to "Sunny Spain",
Maybe I'll sail over the sea,
All the way to "Gay Paree"
Maybe I'll fly on the Golden Fleece
All the way to enchanting Greece.
Maybe I'll march behind a band,
All the way to Switzerland,
Maybe I'll pass by foreign scalps
All the way to the snowy Alps.
Maybe I'll just out my window gape
And stay in this fair old homely Cape.

L. Kohler. upp.3.

A. Axelson.

lower. IV.

38

P. Broadbent.

upp. IV.

"DREAMS"

I slip between my sheets each night,
And silently switch off the light.
I snuggle down and close my eyes,
Sighing contended, happy sighs.

Soon I'm under an eerie spell;
Where I am I can never tell.
Things seem so very strange and new,
Some are strangely familiar too.

Friends of mine are never the same.
Here one minute - then gone again!
They saw the most amazing things,
Then from nowhere, a wildcat springs!

I struggle wildly to be free,
The wildcat seems to fancy me!
His teeth are bared - I yell and scream!
I wake up - Why, its just a dream!

J. Haram. Yr. IV.

"THE THINGS I LOVE"

The things that I love best are ordinary, everyday ones. I am very much a Nature-lover so that it can be easily understood that the things I love most are out-of-door and very beautiful in their own way.

I love Summer and Autumn, the best of all the seasons. In summer or late spring, there is usually a light breeze that springs up in the early evening; it breathes over one the smell of summer, of promises of glorious days on the beach and in the country. It brings back memories of former summers, of summers that one knows will come in the future, magic promises of scented winds and brightly-coloured blossoms, of love and of unborn children, our children.

I also love Autumn when the winds smell of early bonfires, ripening berries and nuts. There is a haze of smoky colour of russet leaves, yellow leaves and red leaves. My love of dancing revels in the dance of the leaves as they eddy round and round and then, with a swish and crackle land in a heap.

I also love feelings, funny feelings, some of them, but all very dear to me. I love the feel of the cool earth under my bare feet. I love the feel of rain on my face or a little breeze that wafts through the window and cools my face at night. I love the feel of a baby's hand lying trustingly in mine.

I love these things that I have mentioned, and also many others. There are also many sounds I love but these are more difficult to express so I will tackle them when I am ready to "pour myself out."

P. Barton.
upp. IV.

"BUILDING CHELSEA STYLE"

The modern trend is now to buy
a house that's derelict.
Well, that's exactly what we did,
And now we're all half-wrecked.

We looked at the foundations
And found that they were fine.
The "stinkwood" window frames
Were made of local pine.

The plumber came to see why water
Was in short supply;
A bird flew out the cylinder
And eggs went rolling by.

We called in the electrician
On nights to get advice
He said, "There's no fuse-box here;
But candle-light is nice."

The cupboards in the kitchen are
Collapsing one by one.
And as we sigh, we simply cry,
"Rebuilding is such fun!"

T. Palmer.

lower. IV.

"WINTER"

No noise did pierce the raging air,
Only the creaking of the old oak stair,
Around the house the white flakes fell
Over prairie, mead and dell.

The autumn leaves had left their trees
And with bare branches, they faced this breeze.
The snow fell on their naked arms
Covering them with crystal balms.

The moon shone through the deep grey mist,
Giving it an eerie gist.
The empty house was cold and bare,
As the wind walked up the stair.

The dawn rose up so pink and gay,
And slowly after spring the day.
The sun rose up, and the sky turned blue
Making the snow sparkle with dew.

E. Mackenzie.
lower. V.

L. Townsend.
lower. V.

D. Spencer.
upp. V.

"WINTER"

L TOWNSEND lower V

A LAMENT OF A HOMELESS SQUIRREL.

I am so cold, oh I am so cold. I wish the rain were not so forceful and the wind so sharp and bitter. It seems that the night and its mysteries and miseries are going to last forever, until I too join my beloved mama and my brothers in the other land which now does not seem so far away. O listen to that wind howling round the house, mournful, yet not as mournful as I. Oh, I am so lonely. Why did they kill my mama so mercilessly? Will I ever forget the sound of that gun? Will I ever cease to remember my mama's death-cry, and the sight of her falling, falling, falling until she lay in a lifeless, crumpled heap so far below? How can I forget the way my brothers looked when MAN had finished slaying them? Oh but man is cruel, so cruel! My hatred grows every time I think of dear Sarah in her warm bed, so satisfied now that we have gone, our home destroyed, no longer able to disturb her "beauty" sleep! But I must not hate. I must try to forgive. Maybe we were unhealthy for THEM. Oh, but why did they turn us out so mercilessly? Surely all God's creatures have a right to live; but they have the power, the power to destroy. For I am only a homeless squirrel, not long born, so soon to perish. Perhaps the dawn is not far off, but what a dawn, for HE will soon be out with his gun, looking for me. Oh, but it is so cold!

L. Townsend.
lower. V.

"THE FARM"

Early in the morning when everything is still,
You can hear the river gurgling down by the mill.
You can see the birds a-nesting dashing to and fro,
You can hear the birds chirping, warbling as they go.
Then suddenly, astoundingly, everything awakes,
And then you are surrounded by everything He makes.

The farmer begins to plough the field,
To dig the furrows deep;
The children gaily pick the daisies,
Although the hill is steep.
The cow is milked without a moo,
And placidly stands by,
The big brown eyes take all in,
And occasionly flicks a fly.

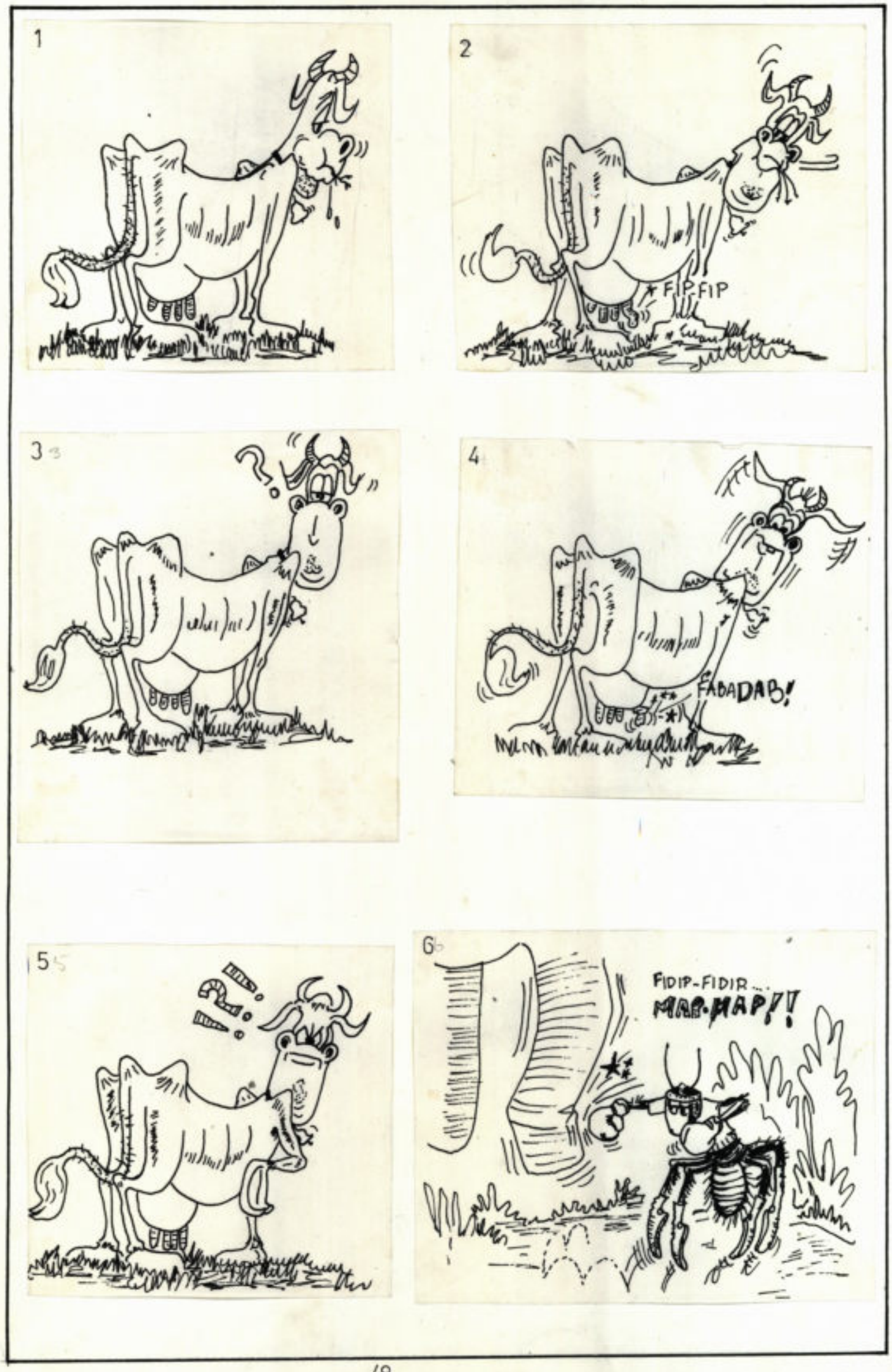
Yes, I like farm life,
And city life too.
I only wish I could combine the two!

K. Broadbent.
upp. III.

M. Harris.
upp. IV

S. Simpson.
lower. V.

"ONE DAY IN THE PARSTURE!"



C. Wale.

lower V

"OUR TRIP UP THE JUNGFRAU"

The weather was a little dondy the night before so we were anxious that we might not have the opportunity to go up the Jungfrau, the highest mountain in Switzerland. However in the morning, I looked out of my bedroom window in Interlaken, to see that it was reasonably clear. The hotel porter telephoned the top of the Jungfrau to discover that the view was clear too.

At eight o'clock we set off and had a wonderful journey with an excellant Swiss Guide. We went by rail from Interlaken Ost to Lauter-brunnen which is in the valley of the Waterfalls. Hence we climbed the slopes of the mountains to Wengen, the home of the Guide, whose family had farmed there for 450 years. We changed trains twice on our way up, the last time at Klein Shedeg, for the last train which took us to the top was owned by private companies. The last five miles was through a tunnel and it took forty minutes to pass through it, reaching a height of 11,333 feet. The tunnel, we were told, was man-made and had taken many months to cave out of the mountain. There was a station in the tunnel, and from there we could see clearly the peak of the Jungfrau, which is 13,642 feet high. Our Guide reported our progress as we continued, and pointed out the slopes up to the Jungfrau which he had frequently climbed.

The sun was shining brightly onto the snow and we had to wear sunglasses to shield our eyes from the glare. I was thrilled that it was so clear as when we left the hotel, we could not see the top. When arrived at the top, we walked along a long corridor, to a lift which took us up the last 400 feet, and then I walked out onto the Spinx. From there I could see the Rhone Glacier with Italy in the distance, the Monch was on our left and the Jungfrau was on our right. The cold was intense but the sun was warm and I was warmly dressed.

We then descended in the lift and had the opportunity of walking in the snow. My sister and I found it very difficult at first, so the Guide pulled us up the incline so we could walk in the freshly

fallen snow and every footstep I took, I sunk about a foot deep. Amazingly, I noticed that beneath the pure white snow, it was slightly blue in colour.

After playing for a while on the slopes, we walked into the mountain to the Ice Palace. It is carved out of ice and everything, including the seats, were made of ice — so therefore, I didn't sit down anywhere!

We returned on the Cogwheel railway, passing Klein Scheidegg, Grindelwald, Zweilütschinen, Wilderswil and back to Interlaken Ost. I saw many varieties of colourful wild flowers and I managed to recognise Blue Bells and the Gentian. The Eselwilde flower is only seen by climbers very high up. The true flower is pure white with a yellow centre and if they are cultivated, they are usually off-white.

P. Gilbert.

upp. IV

G DICEY upp IV

"THE HEX RIVER VALLEY DAM"

"Brrr, brrr!" The noise was quite deafening. We were up at what is locally called "the dam site". It was exactly what the name implies for it was the site where the immense irrigation dam is being built, for the Hex River Valley.

The actual dam was started about three years ago, but before that a year was spent constructing pre-fabricated houses for the engineers, and labour forces. These houses literally form a small village all on their own now.

When the dam was first started, progress was made quickly. The main dam is down at the bottom end of the valley. A very bad road leads up to the site, and after passing through a few gates, one arrives at the site. To the right, are a few buildings. Cement is mixed in ingenious ways in these buildings, is loaded into bucket-like containers and these are then transported to lorries, which take the cement down to the immensly thick wall, which rises slowly, but surely. Before the wall was built, a great "donga" had to be dug to form the foundations of the wall. The actual donga was usually quite full of rain water, and had to be drained continually.

Apart from the actual dam, being built, down in the bottom end of the valley, a great tunnel goes from the dam three miles through the mountain to the top of the valley, and comes out in the Elskloof. This Elskloof is part of our farm and we have actually been been allowed into this tunnel. It is very jagged along the walls, and water drips down consistently from the walls, and top of the tunnel.

Apart from the main dam there will be smaller dams further up above it. This will also take many years before they are finished, and about 15 years before the entire project will be finished.

The water in the dam will be used mainly for the irrigation of the Hex River Valley, and should help a great deal during the future years of drought.

G. Dicey.
upp. IV

"LE NAUTRE NAUFRAGE"

S'homme gagnait le sommet de la dune voir enfin, ce motif pour lequel il était venu. Sa lan vers quatre cent metres devant de lui, toujours dans la prise des rochers cruels reposait le navire. Tout le travail en fer était revêti de la rouille. Ses mâts, les hublots étaient casses et tout l'equipement utile en avait été sauvé, laissant seulement le squellete de ce qu'il avait 'été autrefois. L'eau de la mer impitoyable jrappait contre son côté pour entrer le cale par l'ouverture grande percé par les rochers. Les yeux de l'homme devenait brimeux der larmes en se figurant l'état à l'interieur : l'eau qui se repandait dans ce qui avait été une fois la passerelle et les cabines, les portes avec les charnières cassés, le sable soufflé dans tous les recoins et les crevasses possible. Accablé de chagrin le capitaine, la tête baissée, se tournait du squellette pathetique qui il n'y a qu'. Un mois avait été le sien dans lequel il avait navigné les mers bleus.

B. Moore.
upp.V.

G. Vekster.
upp. IV.

WHY I LIKE SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare (1564 - 1616) was not a revolutionary. His comedies and tragedies are made up of the same elements as those of his contemporaries. Shakespeare had belonged to the people, catching in verse the accent of common speech.

In most of his plays, Hamlet being one of the more characteristic, he shows us life in its variety; he ranges from tragic passion to ironical comedy, from realistic portraiture to ghostly lyric beauty. But he fuses it all into a whole, by the life-giving form of his imagination. It does not matter if his stories are improbable, the people in them are so living, that we believe most things that we are told of them.

Shakespeare was greatly impressed by human life, but he had his limitations; he never attempted explore the spiritual side of life beyond that of human experience. He summed up human life in the quotation:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of. And our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Shakespeare has a very appealing dramatic style. He is able to convey as realistically as possible the confusion of thought and feeling passing through the minds of his characters. To achieve this he uses every means in his superb use of the English language; he breaks the ordinary rules of grammar, coins words of his own and uses any sort of language, from slang to the most ornate poetic diction. On occassions, his inventions reveal his great desire to express himself to the utmost and he becomes obscure or bombastic.

His style is such that it is virtually impossible to paraphrase his lines without losing the true significance of the words.

To appreciate many of Shakespeare's plays to the full, it is neccessary to understand a little of the history of sixteenth century England, for he took many of his ideas from that time.

Shakespeares early work is free and easy, in maturity it is complex, sombre, weighed down by the burden of thought.

Shakespeare wrote Hamlet at the turning point in his life and career. Here he uses the methods which he had mastered in his ten previous years as a man of the theatre. He knew his actors, and he knew exactly which words to put into their mouths. Hamlet contains none of the clumsiness of his earlier plays, and yet it is not as complex as the later plays.

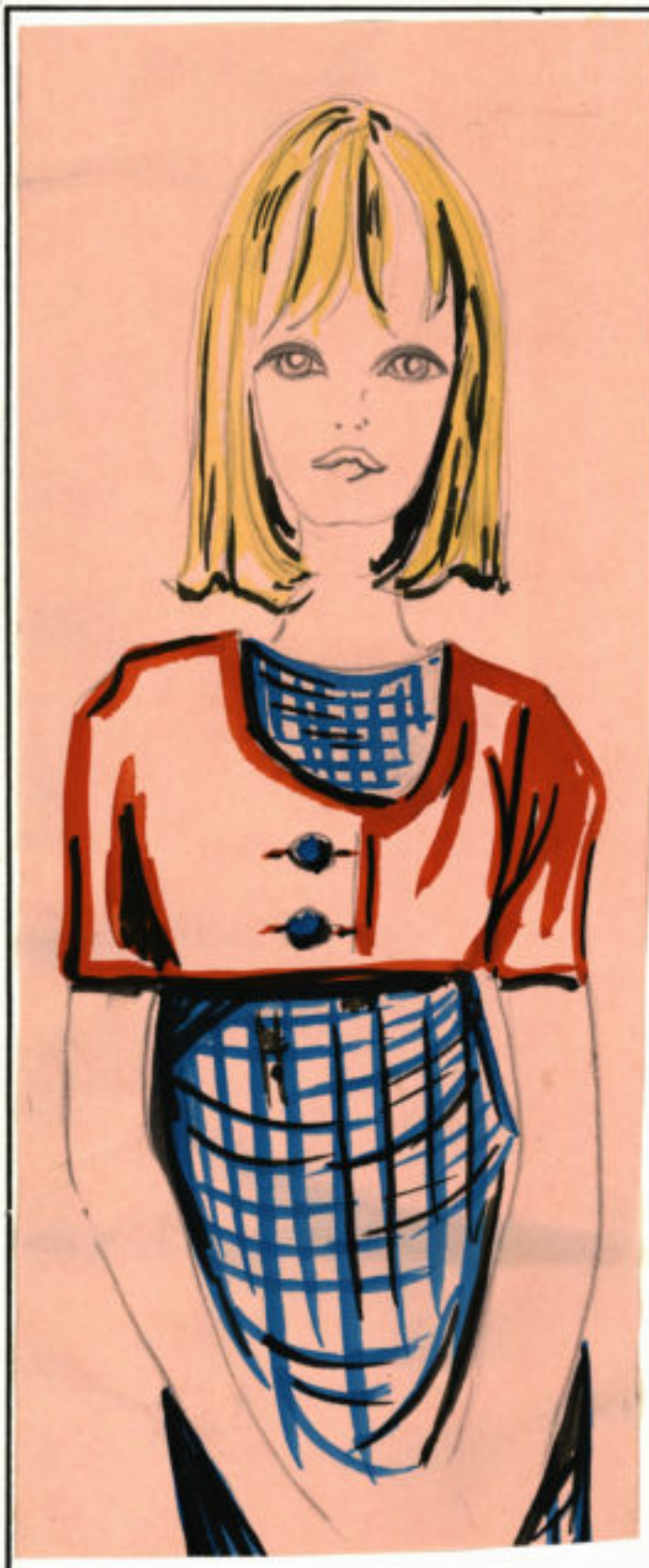
Hamlet is an example of Shakespeare's supreme characterization. Hamlet is a creation of the theatre. Shakespeare created him to use his supreme words, puns, metaphors and mannerisms. Hamlet stands for tragedy. He is a great man with a weakness which brings about his downfall. He was a man of indecision.

Many of Shakespeare's metaphors came from the bible:
(Hamlet V1:278) "Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand" — "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon; in the Valley of Ajalon" (Joshua X v12)
(Macbeth I vii 19) "His virtues will plead like angels trumpet tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off" — "And he shall send his angles with a great sound of a trumpet." (Matthew xxiv v 31).

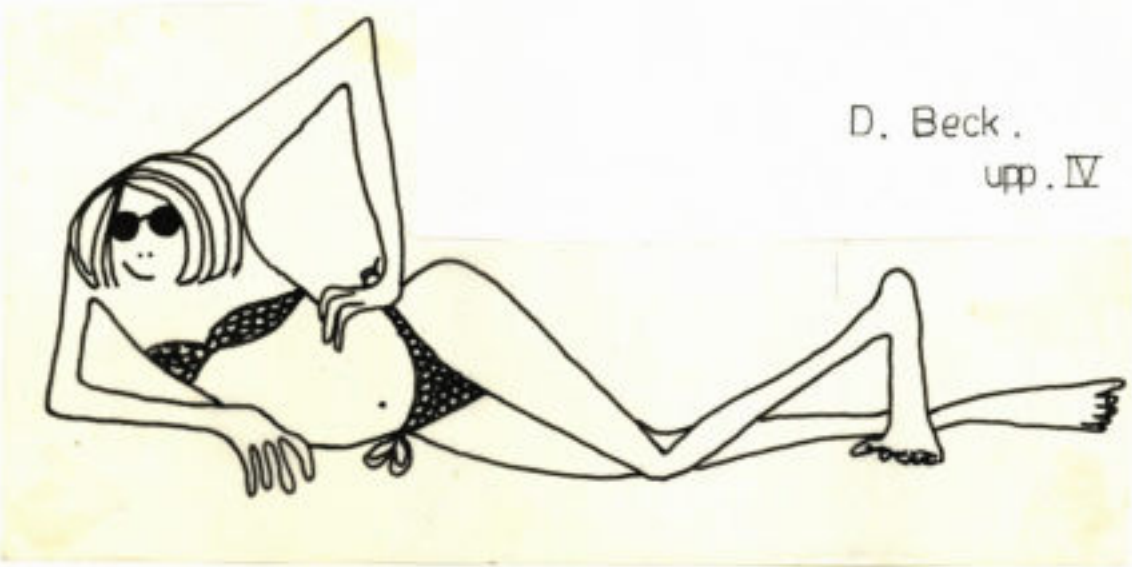
Shakespeare has been compared to Van Gogh who had the burning desire to express his moods and emotions through the medium of paint. Shakespeare had the urge to express himself through the medium of prose and verse.

DIANE SPENCER.
upp. V.

J. Scott-Shaw.
upp. IV



C. Wale.
lower. V.



D. Beck.
upp. IV

K. Droomer.

"It is a day for ducks!" someone exclaims, completely forgetting the children. For it is their day, too. As soon as the rain has ceased its endless patter on the playroom roof, out run the children to enjoy a glorious battle in the mud. Mud - what a word of enchantment is opened to the child as soon as that word is mentioned! Its prospects are limitless, its opportunities boundless. It is also a cross which all mothers have to bear at some stage or other.

Mud is what is brought in by the dog after a walk. Mud is what is left behind on the bathroom towels after the children have washed their hands. Mud is the dirty patches on the new carpet. Mud is what you have to clean off your shoes after a game of golf, which was almost entirely spent in the bunkers. Mud gives the most delicious sensation when one's toes are wriggled in it. Mud is just wet dirt!

Apart from being the delight of childhood, and the despair of motherhood - mud has been of great importance in the world and still is. If the River Nile had not overflowed her banks so many times, leaving all the fertile silt behind, Egypt would today be just a continuation of the barren Sahara desert. As it is, many Egyptians farm around the banks of the Nile as their only means of keeping alive. Cleopatra probably preserved her beauty for Mark Anthony by using face packs comprised of mud from the Nile banks!

Mud is also extensively used in the art of pottery. One of the most fascinating things I know is to watch a skilled potter at work, spinning his potter's wheel, as he delicately moulds the substance into the shape that he wants. Of course, this type of mud is not the pure mud one finds after a rainy day, but it is derived from the same source.

Rain and wind are the two main causes of soil-erosion. When the rain pours down and the wind blows, soil is washed

away down the slopes in the form of mud. This thick moving mass in turn dislodges more earth, and the surface of the slope thus becomes deeply eroded in places. Mud is also washed down rivers and this causes them to become badly silted up, preventing vessels from penetrating very far up the rivers. This condition is found in many of the rivers of Africa.

The sea-bed is really mud which has been formed from the dead bodies of tiny sea-creatures, plus the fragments of the shells in which they were housed. When these creatures died – from prehistoric times till now, – their bodies sank to the bottom of the sea, forming layers of matter. In this mass of mud, and now being discovered, are pools of oil, formed from the fat from the small animals, pressed from their bodies by each succeeding layer of corpses. This is naturally of great economic importance.

Pigs, and their relatives, the wart-hogs, are in their true element in mud. Once they start rolling in it, they get themselves and anyone in the near neighbourhood, covered in it. Rugby is a game which is invariably played in mud. I know this from experience. Whenever my brother used to come home from a game every Saturday morning, his clothes had to be kneaded and pummelled in the bath-tub till the last grains of dirt were out. Sometimes, watching a game being played in the pouring rain, I found it was hard to distinguish one side from another. Both seemed to be wearing brown boots, brown shorts and brown jerseys, and all seemed to have blotchy, indistinguishable, brown faces.

Mud is used for many things; by children, for the manufacturing of mud-pies, and a host of other things; by animals for wallowing in; and by adults in the field of commerce and industry. But apart from that, it is even a toast.

"Here's mud in your eye!"

J. Mann.
upp. V.

S. Simpson.
lower. V.

"SPACE"

A. Lomax + N. Hutton
lower V

donned by a crooked model may cause harm or poverty to a gullible bystander. Then, too, if all the masks surrounding religion were removed, would we not understand and believe more strongly? At first thought this is obviously true, but on deeper consideration it may not be. For if religion were simple for us to understand, it would not be wonderful enough to hold us. Our quest for truth must always be kept alive, for through it our faith is strengthened, far more than if its results were just given to us, since, if this were possible, we should not be very interested in having them.

A. Lomax.
lower V.

S. Nosworthy,
upp. IV.

Caradoc Evans spares us nothing in this verse story of an old woman's sacrifice. He demonstrates his almost-contempt for certain aspects of Christian behaviour shown by the minister, as opposed to the simple actions of old Nanni. Her mistake was to worship a God instead of God.

She had brought up the Reverend Josiah Bryn-Beran, had nursed him, fed him and watched him grow up into manhood. He entered the ministry, and became a well-known preacher. Nanni began to worship him, because he was a living, concrete thing, which she could see, and hear, whereas she did not really know what to believe about the Unseen God.

Her weekly pittance which she collected from the Pension Office was a mere three-and-ninepence, and, of this, she gave a tenth to the Church. The people of the surroundings exploited her simplicity to the full, and employed her on their farms.

Then came the news that the Reverend Bryn-Beran had accepted a post in another parish. His ulterior motive was undoubtedly that the salary was far more handsome. Nanni was desolate, and when a seller of Bibles came to her door, she believed this was the perfect offering to give the departing 'Reverend', as a token of her devotion. The author is cynical about this seller of Bibles, for what might had such a man to press his goods on the very poor, as Nanni was! So great was Nanni's love for the minister, that she did not think that perhaps the Reverend might have a Bible of his own. After all, that is of primary importance in a minister's life.

So Nanni followed the Reverend about, and went to all his services. She had the book engraved, and must have spent all her miserable savings in doing so. One day she appeared in Church with a festering sore on the side of her mouth. People drew back in disgust, thinking her to be unclean. The sores got worse, until Nanni finally only appeared with a shawl over her face.

She was too ashamed to give her gift to the Reverend herself, and instead asked the wealthiest man in the parish, Sadrach Danyrefail, to do so. She could not attend the farewell service, during which the Reverend made mention of the gift, and in turn bestowed the humble offering upon Sadrach Danyrefail — which was given with what love and devotion and sacrifice! It was the final token of how proud and oblivious of true sacrifice and courage man sometimes can be.

Making a final round of visits on his parishoners, the Reverend called on his old nurse. No one answered his knock or his greeting. He entered the poor little cottage, and saw Nanni lying still on the floor, clutching something between two tightly-clenched hands. Receiving no response to his calling to her again, the Reverend knelt down and prised open her fingers. A large roasted rat fell out. Numbed with horror, the ~~priest~~ minister remained motionless for a few minutes, and in the quiet, several rats crept out and began anew their attacks on Nanni's face. Too shocked and disgusted, the pious Reverend ~~can~~ could do nothing but flee from the house. Caradoc Evans calls it "the house of sacrifice".

The title "Be this her Memorial" perhaps refers to the short story itself. Although not appreciated in her lifetime, through this story, old Nanni obtains sympathy and admiration from its readers. Evans's sentences are, to a large extent, all pregnant with meaning and he employs irony extensively. Nanni is a true, though in this case, somewhat misguided, Christian, whereas the pompous minister, though fully believing himself to be the epitome of all preachers, is not. He did not care for the feelings of the old woman in handing over her gift, which, though perhaps useless to him, was paid for by her with the extreme sacrifice. She gave her life to give the person whom she worshipped above all others, a worthless gift. That gift was then more precious than all the jewels in a king's crown.

J. Mann.
upp. V.

Every face has a pair of eyes, a nose and a mouth, but it is the expression in those eyes, the position of that mouth, and the angle of that nose that portrays the personality and character of the person. But everyone has his own opinion of what that face portrays, and this can clearly be seen in the faces of modern sculptors and artists. The face is the part of the body with the most expression, and that is why artists distort and change faces to portray what they feel, and want to convey to the observer.

People attending an Art exhibition gasp in horror when they see a moulded form with the caption "Face". It is true that it is not a realistic model a face, but a form in which the artist or sculptor has expressed his feelings. The English sculptor, Henry Moore, has created various abstract models of the human face. Moore has a profound love for natural forms, so he simplifies the head into its simplest shape. The polished wooden surfaces suggest the actions of wind and water on the natural surfaces and materials, and in this way he relates the human face to the enduring world. His faces have a feeling of dignity as have those of other sculptors who were more directly interested in representational forms.

Jacob Epstein distorted the human face to portray what the figure felt. In the face of the Virgin Mary he has enlarged the eyes, almost abnormally, to express humbleness and innocence. The full lips are set in a slight smile portraying contentment and inner happiness. Epstein's models receive special surface emphasis, to indicate all the minute surface planes of the head which interpret personality. Another sculptor who portrayed personality in his forms was Rodin. He was an Impressionist in his study of the effects of light, and in his faces he modelled simplified planes, whose rugged surfaces catch and disperse the light and thus make the face alive.

Van Gogh was much influenced by Impressionist painting, and his great love for humanity enabled him to paint faces which clearly portray his feelings and passion. He distorted his faces to show expression and said, "I enlarge the eyes and mouth to show expression, but I neglect the other parts of the face because they have few possibilities of expression"

Many artists were influenced by Picasso and his cubism, but the cubists carried cubism to the point where they were able to present an object as seen from several different angles simultaneously. Thus in the "faces" painted by the cubists, the eyes, the nose and mouth were completely dissociated, resulting in a mass of triangles and rectangles. Another artist which concentrated on shapes was Gaugin. He wanted to portray man in a primitive way and so his "faces" have flat noses, slit-like eyes and wide shapes. He painted them in the flat, decorative manner which typifies his art.

Naum Gabo, the Russian genius, also portrays the human face in a simplified form of intersected planes. He aimes to give a feeling of space and depth and the intersecting planes give an amazing sense of Rythm. He actually combines cubism and space and is the most modern sculptor of our time.

It is interesting to observe that even when fifteenth century sculptors searched for something new, as contempory sculptores are trying to relate reality to forces in space, they all seem to the return to the image of human faces as a point of departure.

K. Droomer.
upp. V.

Figuratively, at birth, arriving is coming from light into darkness, and departing, ~~and departing~~ is leaving that darkness behind and going into greater darkness, and, finally, into light. With each departure we carry a torch ~~with~~ which we must strike at our arrival if we wish to turn the darkness into sunlight. We then feed that sunlight with our eagerness to discover, and consume the light as vultures do their prey.

Arriving gives rise to many different emotions: joy, fear, wonder, curiosity, and many others. On arriving at a strange place, we almost feel fear. Everything is completely in darkness and we can make no decision about the place until we arrive finally and explore the darkness, and accept the light. Yet we form our own opinions by this light and choose our own emotions.

We may feel joy in at last meeting a long-anticipated friend. Or we may feel wonder at arriving in a new country of many dreams which we have had, and longed to see. Fear comes when we do not know what to expect, and when we shall have to find new friends and attach ourselves to new surroundings.

Departing, too, gives rise to different emotions. The most common of these is regret. It is an extremely deep word because it means thinking ahead, thinking back, and anticipating, yet regretting. We are sad to leave our old and well-known friends, our familiar surroundings and the things we used to do. It makes us think of all the things that used to be, and regret the many things we did not appreciate enough. We find ourselves taking in every detail of old faces and surroundings for the last time, hoping to snatch them up and keep them in our mind's eye forever.

But although we feel these sad emotions, we cannot help thinking of the future, trying to fill in the dark corners with the light of our imagination. We think of the things that are to be, and try to make everything seem easy and almost exciting.

The literal means of arriving and departing are ships, trains and aeroplanes. As Laurens van der Post says, the boat

is the kindest of the three; and he is right. It gives us time to meditate and think of the past, to take in every last detail possible, and to say "farewell" with as many waves of the hand as possible. The train tears us away from our past. With a jerk everything is whipped away from us, the last link is cut completely and our past is lost in the confusion of smoke, dust and porters. But the aeroplane is the most torturous of the three means of transport. Our past is taken away as soon as we walk into the door of the vehicle. It is a slow, cruel process, during which we sit shut up in a large cell amidst our surroundings, unable to see them. There is a tiny window which is even more torturous as it permits us to see only the corner or some part of the airport building. Our past is surrounding us yet we cannot grasp it, and we are left in a panic, trying to cram all our reminiscences at the last minute.

The only time when we do not form our own opinions is at our arrival into life and at our departure into death. Here we are brought into light and received with joy and love. We are too immature to think, but everyone is so overwhelmed and overjoyed at our miraculous arrival that they automatically think we are happy too, although we have not the capacity to feel anything. At death we do not feel anything. Usually either our minds wander further and further back and we are living in the old days again. We forget our surroundings and the people around our bed. Yet they are sad and may be crying at their loss. Of course they assume that we, too, are sad. They cannot help presuming to form our feelings for us because they are so overwhelmed by their own. How can they realise that we leave them and return to darkness in the happiness of the past and in the search for final light.

C. Wale.

lower V.

FAREWELL

7/2/3/6