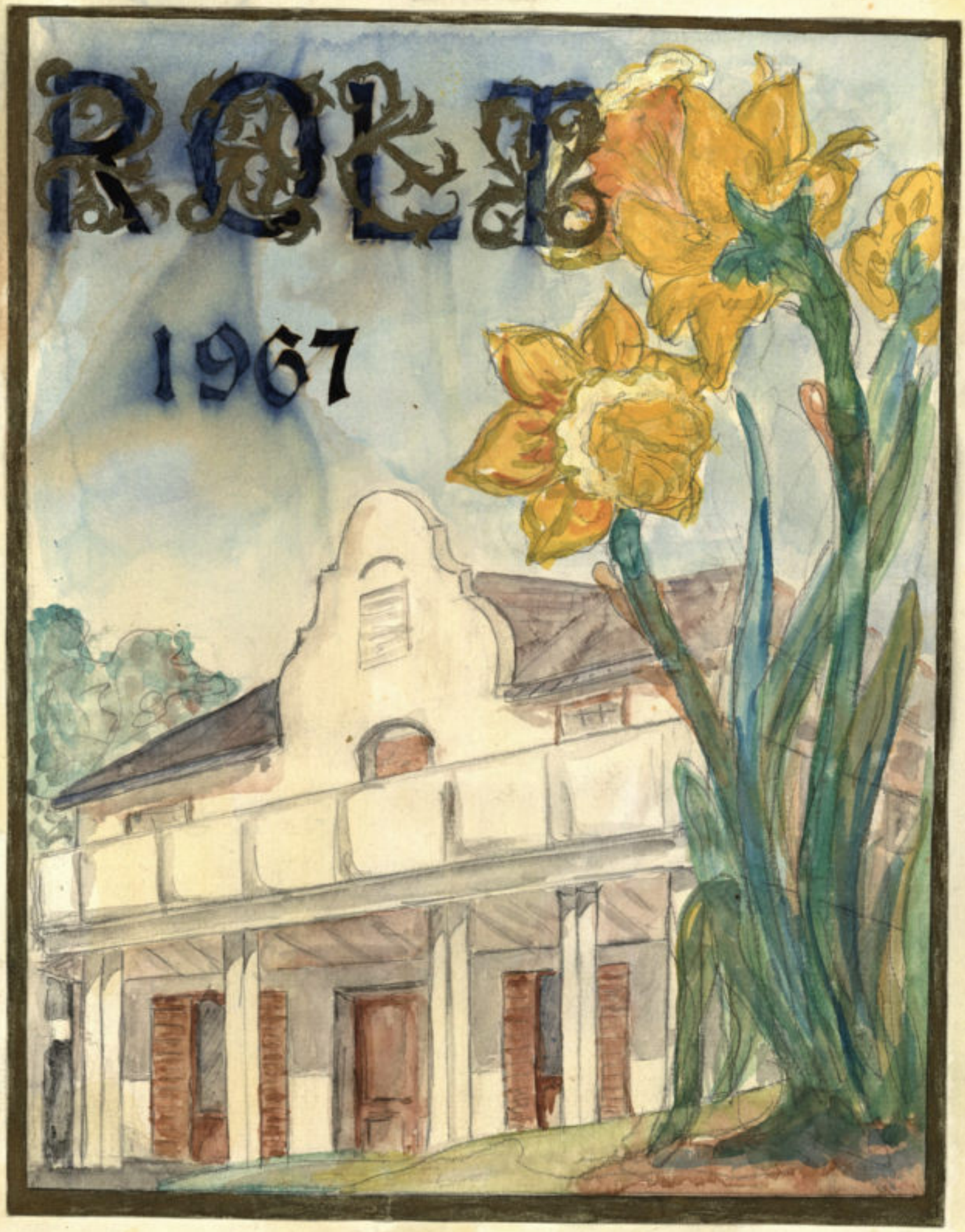

RAKE
1967

ROLT HOUSE REPORT

Once again this year, much to the delight of all Rolt members, we were awarded the Efficiency Shield on Founder's Day. Our congratulations and thanks go to Beverley Moore for all she put into her position as Head of our House and whose hard work was rewarded when we retained the shield. I hope that in years to come this shield will constantly be seen on Rolt's shelf. In addition, Rolt received the diving shield, the netball, the drama, and the magazine cups. The hockey cup we shared with Merriman, and we lost the tennis and swimming to Merriman and Jagger respectively. Congratulations to you both from us, Merriman and Jagger.

The Interhouse Swimming Gala, held in the first term, was won by Rolt and this was, I think, due to our swimming captain, Cheryl Wale's, determination and interest in this sport. Our sincere thanks go to her for helping us to regain the swimming cup.

Jagger deserved their victory when they won the diving shield; ~~but~~ however, I hope that it will find its way back into our shelf. The day of the Gala, this year, was sunny, quite different from the previous year, and the spirits of all three Houses were high. Each house had songs which were sung with zest, and this resulted in a gay atmosphere which remained happy throughout the afternoon.

We share the tennis cup this year with Merriman. The Rolt under-14 couples played especially well, winning all their matches, and with Merriman senior couples playing better, the match resulted in a draw.

The Interhouse - ~~net~~ Ball, hokey, squash and volley ball are yet to be played. We hope that we shall be as

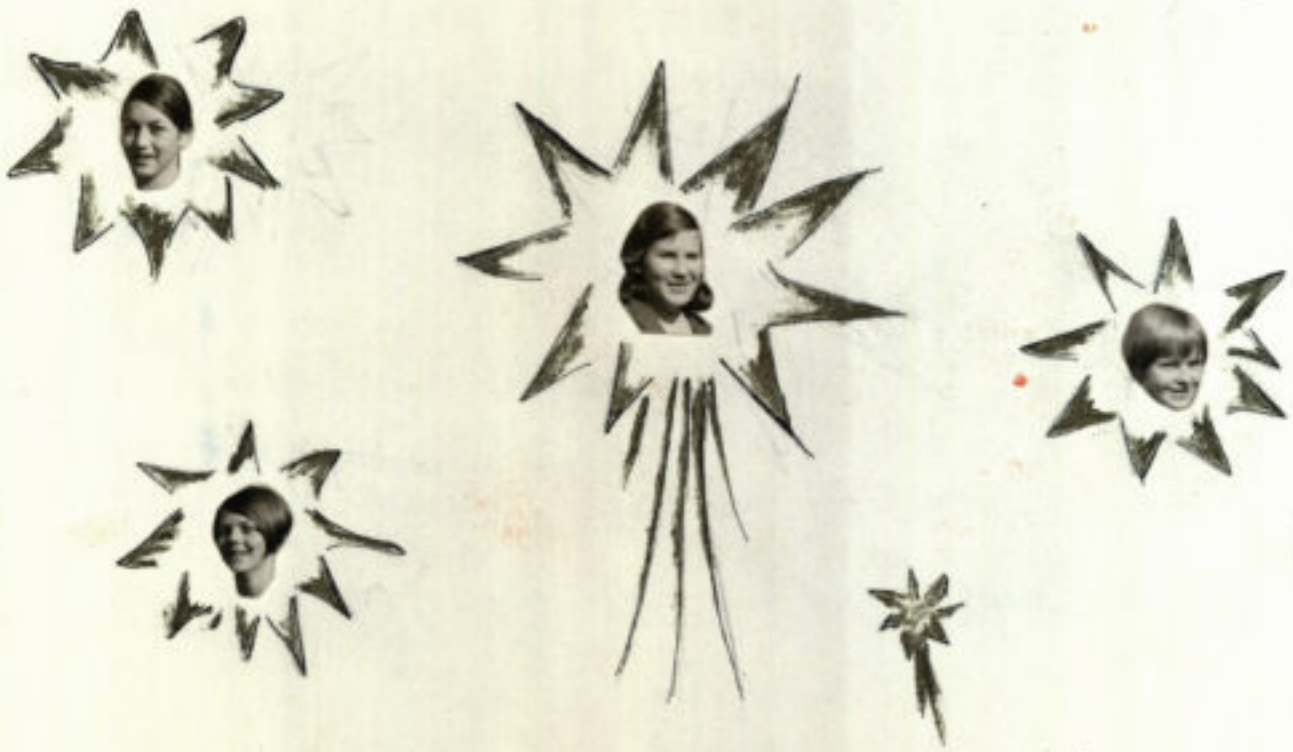
successful as we have been in the summer sports.

Merriman won the work cup last year. It is in this sphere that Rolt lacks effort and determination, although there are a few girls who do extremely well, but the marks these girls attain for the house are so often lost by the failures. A greater effort is needed by for everyone to improve the marks in Rolt, and a lot of hard work will ~~required to~~ achieve obtain the work cup.

Our congratulations go to Lynne Cunningham who has been appointed a school prefect, and to Linda Townsend on her appointment as a boarding house prefect.

The Princess Alice Home, still very much a part of Rolt, has been visited as usual. I would like to thank Mrs. Hampson, who has filled Mrs. McCormick's place, for all the encouragement and guidance she has given me this year. My thanks go also to the other mistresses in our house, Mrs. Turley and Mrs Pering. I hope Rolt continues to be the house it always has been, and I wish all Rolt members the best of luck in the future.

FIONA DICEY.



TENNIS REPORT.

On Founder's Day this year, the tennis cup was awarded to Jagger, who thoroughly deserved their win. The Interhouse tennis for 1967 took place during the 1st. term and all the Rolf junior couples played well, especially the two Under 14 couples who won all their sets. The Senior couples however, although trying hard, did not fare as well as the juniors did. The Merriman senior couples played well, and deserved their win in the senior section. So, with Rolf winning the junior section, and Merriman the senior, the match ended in a draw between Merriman and Rolf, with Jagger second. So after losing the cup last year, we retained it for six months of this year, while Merriman the remaining months of the year.

Our congratulations go to Merriman, and also the Jagger, who tried extremely hard.

FIONA DICEY
Tennis Captain

AGE OF ELEGANCE?

GILLIAN VERSTER
LOWER V.

FREEDOM

JENNIFER SIMPSON
UPPER III

SWIMMING REPORT

We won! Now who would have believed that we could do such a thing? We had so few and chaotic practices and our team (although we didn't realize it before) was not quite complete. Oh, and of course there were the usual last minute casualties and things.

Anyway, we finally arranged ourselves on the left bank and struck the first song with two Masters of Ceremony dressed in yellow buckets and nighties – namely Suzanne and Gill – conducting with great gusto (which they <u>could</u> have saved for a later date!)

However there was much competition and "booing" as far as songs were concerned among the three houses. We spent our lungs and finally resorted to splashing about in the pool.

And did we get a shock! Jagger ran away with all the freestyle races while we stagged behind winning one or two here and there and were forced to stop singing – some thought was necessary.

After some sulltabicious planning we decided that perhaps we'd pull up on our backstroke – that was our backbone. <u>We</u> ran away with those races. What with a Mallett and others who formerly denied such distinction, it was inevitable. And so we took the lead. Our greatest flop was the novelty race – I seem to remember some thick-fingered amateur getting stuck with a bra!

And then we drew the diving with Jagger thanks to a Gasson and Smith, not to forget a Little.

It was fun – great fun. Full of song and dance and blessed by a sambrious bit of sunshine and a wonderful sense of sportsmanship from our rival houses – Jagger and Merriman.

CHERYL WALE

Swimming Captain.

Congratulations to you all, see that it happens again and keep up the good name; but above all, be good losers if needs be!

CHERYL WALE

"UM" .....?

ARABELLA LLOYD
UPPER III

DELFT TILES

Delft tiles were used in Dutch homes in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, on fire-places, skirting boards, kitchens and corridors. They were made from pottery which imitated Chinese porcelain, which was imported by the Dutch East India Company in Holland.

At first the tiles were painted with patterns in orange, yellow, green and blue. When these tiles were put together on a wall, they made a larger pattern. Later, people became keener on plain blue tiles. These were cheaper so more people could afford to buy them.

The tiles were made in sequences. In the 17th century, there were a series of mythical monsters, shepherds and sheep, horses, vases of flowers, horsemen, ships and many others.

The corner designs on the tiles were painted to cover the marks of the tongs when the tiles were lifted from the furnace. The designs followed various patterns: fleur-de-lis, ox-head, bees, Holy Trinity, leaf decoration, carnation and the imitation Chinese designs called the Wan-Li decoration. The last two designs were only used in the 18th century.

The tiles are between 12 cm. - 14 cm. square. The sizes differed because when the tiles were fired, they shrank to varying sizes. The tiles which I copied were 13 cms. square and were made in the 17th century.

The 18th century medallion Biblical tiles are some of the best examples of the tile potter's work. They are found in the Netherlands.

Tiles are a constant source of interest and they lend a homely atmosphere to a room.

SUZANNE MILTON
UPPER IV.

NATURAL BEAUTY.

ANN AXELSON.
LOWER V.

PRINCESS ALICE HOME

Each term, usually near the end, Princess Alice Orthopaedic Home in Retreat, is visited by several girls from each class who are members of Rolt, and one or two house mistresses. The matron of the home sends us a list of those patients who have celebrated a birthday during the last term, and their ages, so that the members of Rolt, many of whom are unable to be present at the home itself, may buy gifts and sweets for the children, all of whom are under the age of sixteen.

On the prescribed day, which is usually the last Wednesday of the term, the girls and house mistresses are transported to Princess Alice usually by means of lifts from several kind mothers, as well as a house mistress. When we arrive at the home, laden with sweets and gifts for the children, we are greeted at the door by the efficient matron who proceeds to direct us through the home which is large and airy and has a clean, medical smell about it. The home is very modern and has all the facilities necessary for such a home. There are several operating theatres, a heated swimming pool which is used to help patients recuperate and strengthen their muscles which, for some reason or other, may have become weakened, and a modern schoolroom adapted for the education of handicapped children.

The wards are very spacious and the atmosphere in them is one of great happiness. There are only two wards in the hospital for white children and all the others are for non-whites. The sisters and nurses are all very compitent and seem to get on with their patients very well. The children show great happiness and joy at the presence of visitors and, if they can be persuaded, sing songs for us as we distribute presents among those who have celebrated birthdays during the term, and sweets among all.

Although the children in the hospital are all very happy and cheerful, and receive all the attention necessary for their particular handicap, as we leave the hospital before returning the following term, we can all appreciate how fortunate we are in not having to spend either our lives, or a great deal of them, on a hospital bed as most of the children in the Princess Alice Home are obliged to do.

DELIA BECK.
LOWER V.

SURFING

Captain Sheffield first started surfing in South Africa when he brought his fifteen-footed, redwood surfboard, which weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds, to South Africa. The average modern surfboard is about nine foot five inches long and weighs about twenty five pounds and is known as a "hot-dogger" surfboard. Hot-doggers, which are ideal for South African surf do not exceed twelve foot, but they could not be used in places where the waves are bigger, because they are too light, so big-gun boards are used because they are bigger and heavier.

The modern hot-dog boards are made of Polywethene foam with a central piece of wood which acts as a backbone. The foam is shaped and then covered with a thin layer of fibre-glass. A skeg or fin is put into the back of the surfboard to keep it from sliding down the wave and to help guide it.

When the surfer has reached the beach which is best for surfing, he waxes his board to stop him from sliding, paddles out towards the huge ocean, and waits for a suitable wave. When he sees a swell rearing up behind him he kneels or lies down and begins to paddle, but this time towards the shore. When he has caught the wave, he proudly stands up and controls the board with his feet and the weight of his body.

From all the kneeling done during the performance of surfing he gets "surfers bumps" on his knees. They look just like bumps and start off being raw, but slowly heal into bumps, which disappear in about six months if no surfing is done for that period of time.

The surfer wears skitools, a bathing costume looking rather like Bermuda shorts.

The sport of surfing has increased tremendously during the last five years. It is a very healthy sport, being out in the sun and fresh air all day and getting a lot of exercise.

ELIZABETH SIMPSON
UPPER IV

HELPFULLNESS

PIP BROADBENT.
UPPER IV.

identified as me. She had on a suit which was very similar to one of mine, and because of my identity card in my handbag, which she was carrying, friends had certified me as dead and gone to join Mrs. Weatherby.

HEATHER NOTCUTT.
UPPER IV.

HAPPENING

PIP BROADBENT

UPPER IV.

A BONFIRE

The smoke rose in the air with the lapping flames following behind. The fire sizzled and crackled and hundreds of sparks flew out. These complemented the burning red sky magnificently, for the sun had almost disappeared behind the black, domineering mountains, and had left her glowing embers behind — the beautiful, orange-red sunset.

Turning towards the fire, I saw what looked like colonies and colonies of mice, pouring out from the terrible heat, and the devastation of the fire, and scattering over the stunted grass and the road. This scene reminded me of the Pied Piper and his retinue, as he called the rats which came swarming out of holes, doors and windows.

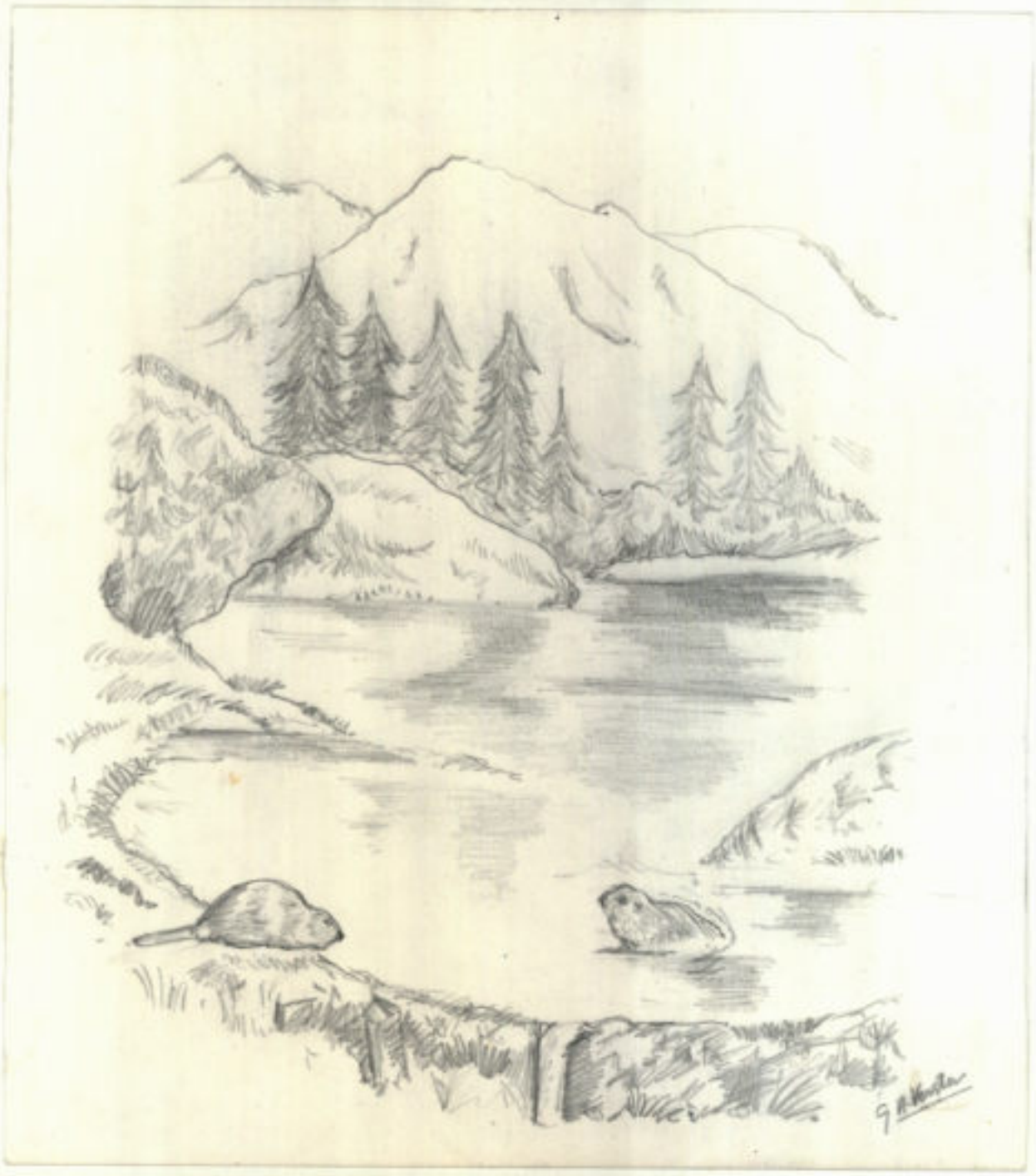
These mice were field-mice which had made their holes in the bank, their occupation being to eat off all the bank around the bottom of the young apples, so killing them. It was for this reason that we had been collecting together for the past few days all the grass, twigs, bushes and pieces of cardboard that we could lay our hands on.

We had laid the rubbish out along the bank, and set it alight. Unfortunately, to control the blazing flames was more easily said than done, for the mice were still scampering around. The heat of the fire had become intolerable as the flames climbed higher and higher. The smoke had turned blackish and rose in thick columns to join the clouds.

Eventually after much bearing with sticks, the fire had died, as had the sunset, and all that was left was a few smouldering bushes and charcoal stumps.

JANET GRAAFF
LOWER IV.

RING OF BRIGHT WATER.



GILLIAN VERSTER.
LOWER V.

JOURNEYS AT NIGHT

One is alone, driving a car at night. The car headlamps pierce the darkness, battle with it and throw it aside so that the car may pass – after which it leaps back into its place and is left behind, while the battle begins again. One seems completely pinned down by the night without, and there is no release, either from its grasp or its monotony. One feels so alone, so cut off from the world, that one begins to wonder if there is anything else but the road with its white lines racing to meet the car, and oneself.

The same experience may be felt in an aeroplane at night. The little community of travellers chat to one another and read the news of a world invisible to them, a world which has been suffocated and blacked out by night. The passengers try to appear oblivious of the nothingness without, but the blackness is in the backs of their minds, glowering in through the windows and peeping between the cracks in the curtains. Despite the moving of watch hands, time seems to have stopped, and the aircraft appears to hang in space. It has come from nowhere and seems to have no destination, and one finds it hard to believe that when one wakes in the morning, there will be the world again floating by, still overcrowded with people and familiar places.

Figuratively, to journey at night, is to dream. One relaxes one's mind and drifts into another world, a private one, where strange things may happen, characters change and animals may often become human beings. Terrifying things can also happen: nightmares – falling into nothingness over cliffs, being chased and being unable to run, everything and anything – one's imagination is busy all night and one wakes up exhausted.

The other side of the dream world, however, is filled with fancies: people one loves appear and one does exciting things in places one knows well. Often the dream becomes so realistic that one forgets that it is

but a dream, and it is sad to wake and find that new and exciting possessions that appeared in the dream have disappeared and are unlikely to be rediscovered in real life. One dreams of being able to fly, of being able to soar through the air and leave the earth with its dangers behind. What an anti-climax it is to wake, and discover it all to have been a fantasy of night time.

What is it that makes most people afraid of night? What is it that makes them think twice about a night journey? Is it the dangers they may encounter on the way, the bad road, or the fatigue? Surely it is the sheer lonliness, the fact that one travels only with oneself, because the night is too strong and too overpowering to be conquered alone. The nightmares that cause one to wake with a thumping heart and icy fear, — only to find night still waiting, even at the end of the journey, silent and unrelenting, — are no different from the events of any other night journey, and the only escape is the coming of the light.

LINDA TOWNSEND.
UPPER V.

AGE

ANN AXELSON
LOWER V

RAIN

There was a sudden roar of thunder. It seemed to shake the whole world, and then the grey sky was lit up with a streak of lightning. The rain had at last come! Farmers had been waiting and praying for over twelve years for rain. The land was dry and the crops had died and so cattle and beasts had starved.

There was no doubt about it – the rain had truly come. The thundering continued and the rain poured, soaking everything in sight. People could barely hear themselves speak as the rain made such a noise pattering heavily down on the roofs. The gardens became muddy messes as the rain swept down in bucketfuls. The rain settled the dust roads, eventually making them sloshy and streamy. The water ran down the mountain side collecting, and then came down in a channel which had been made with a slight hope of having rain one day. The rain continued falling and the dams began to fill up, the rivers overflowed their banks and the water began to creep through the orchards, almost drowning grapevines and orange trees. Animals, man and vegetation now rejoiced – water, at last!

Elsewhere, people were not rejoicing. The poor with no houses or even a roof to cover themselves with. The rain seemed endless to them. It came down in torrents, blowing in their faces, wetting them through and through. Their bare feet were unable to touch anything dry and turned blue with cold.

Rain can be cruel to some, and wonderful to us who live in good homes. It is normal and easy to cope with, sitting by a nice fire and drinking tea. To others it is a saving, to farmers such as those in the Karroo where it seldom rains. I do not think we could ever really go without rain. To me, it seems to wash the earth's surface clean!

MARILYN SIMPSON
UPPER IV

SPANISH DANCES

PRU BORTON
LOWER V

WATER.

The heat is suffocating. The bare rocks blister my bare feet. Above me is a tarred along which cars are speeding, their windows flashing as the sun catches them; down below me is the sea twinkling and sparkling with blue and gold. As I kneel down to watch a trail of ants creeping speedily between two stones, I can hear a steady dripping. On following the sound of the water, I arrive at a place where this small subterranean stream pours out of a clept rock, dashes over a flat one below it and disappears underground again.

The road is out of sight, and the only sound is the cool trickling of the little stream and the swishing of the sea as it washes back over the shingle. These sounds are timeless as water itself. Water was moving on its continuous cycle, long before it gave birth to the first plants and animals from which all living things have come. Without water there would be no life or movement.

This little trickle of water which I now watch, has evaporated off the skins of dinosaurs as the wallowed in a saltless sea. It had watered man's first crops; it had fallen as hailstones upon the ancient Britons.

How beautiful this water had looked as it played in the fountains of ancient Rome! The water had travelled around the world in waves and clouds, and had arrived purified to wash Christ's feet. This crystal ~~kn~~ stream knew the squalor of the Dark Ages, and had boiled the cannibal's grisly meal. On its eternal cycle, this water had caused many people to die, and had given life to many more.

Water has so many lovely forms. It falls softly in pure white crystals of snow, or sails along as pink clouds at dawn. It forms lakes and fantasies of icicles. The sparkling blue sea may become heaving, roaring and black with fury. Water may flatter any face mirrored in it; and it can split the light to display the colours of the spectrum in dazzling beauty. The waterfall contains glorious power as it plunges.

Now, in these modern times, we find water, one of the first three

elements, more important than ever before, as it is used in all types of industry. Yet water is always at its most beautiful when it is freely trippling down to the sea.

Water is a thing of great beauty. Water is indispensable. Water is life.

SUZANNE MILTON.
UPPER V

Water is transperent lickuid that runs in rivers, streams and in dams like the Greenbras dam and others dams and lakes Hale is Ised water and so is snow and frost we would not have water if we did not have rane and also we code not live very long if we had no water We would be very derty if there was no water to bath with. It is wonderful what water can do, mist and fog are also water but it is caled water - vaper. Water looks so nice in a waterfall and in lakes where it shines and sparkles in the sun.

There would be no fish on earth if not for water. I am glad that there is water to swim in and drink ant you.

SHONA MILTON
UPPER I

"KITTY"

MOIRA LITTLE
UPPER IV

PORTUGUESE CONVERSATION

João : Bon dia, senhor Eduardo, como está?
Eduardo : Muito bem. E o senhor João? Como vão as coisas?
João : Tenho estado muito ocupada ultimamente.
Eduardo : O que há de nôvo?
João : Nada. Não há nada de nôvo. É verdade.
Eduardo : Por que não vem até a nossa casa?
João : Não tenho tempo, tenho que apressar-me, aqui tem o meu endereço e o meu telefone.
Eduardo : Muito obrigada!
João : Telefono depois de amanhã, até breve, adeus!
Eduardo : Até amanhã, adeus!

John : Good morning Edward, how are you?
Edward : Very well, and you John? How is everything?
John : I have been very busy lately.
Edward : What's new?
John : Nothing. There's nothing new, that's the truth.
Edward : Why don't you come to our house?
John : I have no time, I have to hurry, here's my address and telephone number.
Edward : Thank you!
John : I'll call you the day after tomorrow, see you soon, goodbye!
Edward : Until then, goodbye!

SUZANNE NOSWORTHY.
LOWER V.

THOUGHT

CHERYL WALE.
UPPER V

FILM FANTASY

During the FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, there lived a man called DR. ZHIVAGO. He was married to a lady named MARY POPPINS. Unfortunately, though, his heart lay in other directions, namely a flirtacious young woman whose name was Daisy Clover. Everything about Daisy brought the SOUND OF MUSIC to Zhivago's ears. One day, while he was with her, he said: "Oh, MY FAIR LADY, how can I live without you? I love you." INSIDE DAISY CLOVER'S mind, nasty little ideas were hatching. "Listen," she replied, "it's NEVER TOO LATE to do anything. I'll give you some ideas on HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE." Zhivago agreed to this, for it was AGONY AND ECSTACY to keep on meeting Daisy on the sly. So he murdered his wife, Mary. Then, much to his disgust, Daisy Clover went away, and a few week's later he received a letter FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE in which she told him that she did not want to see him again. He was furious, and he was sure that he had been born into a MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD. Meanwhile, Daisy Clover told the police about Zhivago's crime, and he was arrested. He realized that he had been TRIPLE CROSSED and he had to confess his sins to the archbishop, BECKET, and then he was sent to live in the Arabian Desert, where he became known as LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. Often, he would think to himself, "And I always thought that man was BORN FREE!"

JANE HARAM
UPPER IV

SECOND CHILDHOOD

PRU BORTON
LOWER V

FLORAL FANTASY

JUDY SCOTT SHAW.
LOWER V.

THE HUNT

My mother and I had been trying for weeks to find some red Disas or Disa grandiflora, as they were botanically known. In our last desperate attempt, we followed an overgrown and forgotten track up the mountainside, hoping that it would lead us into Skeleton Gorge, one of the few places we had not yet searched.

Although the day was warm, we almost shivered with cold, for the foliage of the lofty trees hardly let a beam of light or warmth through the leaves. In the distance we could hear the sound of a water-fall falling down the gorge. The nearer we approached, the more loudly it thundered, until we were actually standing, awestruck, beside it.

It is a sight which I shall never forget: the water which seemed to emerge from nowhere, came tumbling down in cascades to fall into a large, frothing pool below us. About half way down, the boulders were placed in such a position that one could almost walk under the water-fall. Upon the black, moss-covered sides, where cracks and fissures had allowed it, appeared the stumps of some indigenous trees and – lo and behold! – disas, varying in colour from white to shades of blue or purple, sometimes in striking combination!

"A bevy of beauties," my mother remarked with a smile of satisfaction, as she drew out her binoculars. Luck was with us, for within minutes she spotted a cluster of red disas, often called "the Pride of Table Mountain," and our hunt was over!

After taking some photographs of the disas, we made our way precariously along the ledge so as to get a close-up view of them and also to make one or two life-size sketches.

JANET GRAAF

LOWER IV

INNOCENCE

JANET GRAAF.
LOWER IV.

LIMERICKS.

There was a young boy of Tokyo
Whose name was actually Pinnochio
He bought a great Dane,
Which was quite insane,
For that small young boy of Tokyo.

There was a young man of New York
Who bought a leg of pork.
He mistook it for mutton,
And ate like a glutton
That poor sick man of New York.

SUSAN BORTON
UPPER III

There was a young man named Charlie,
Who lived on oats and barley
When he couldn't get these,
He lived on cheese,
And pinched his mother's campari.

There was a young lady named Anne,
Who married a handsome young man,
And after sixteen years
Had three little bears,
The eldest of whom was Suzanne.

SUZZANNE NOSWORTHY
LOWER V

"CAN I ?"

ARABELLA LLOYD
UPPER III.

NOTRE PERE

Notre pére qui es aux cieux,
Ton nom soit sanctifié,
Ton règne vienne,
Ta volonté soit faite sur la Terre comme au ciel
Donne - nous, chaque jour notre pain quotidien
Pardonne - nous nos péchés, car nous pardonns
aussi à tous ceux qui nous ont affonsés
Et, ne nous abandonne poient à la tentation mais
délivre nous du malin.

Amen.

LINDSAY GASSON

LOWER V.

SQUIRREL'S SONG

I'm a squirrel
The sun is my friend.
We play in the leaves
I can jump from branch to branch
over fences,
roofs
and benches.
The birds fly all around me
the flies and the bees.
The air is so mild
Everything so wild
I'm free,
I'm glad,
I'm happy,
and never sad.

CAROLINE VIRGIN
UPPER III

EN NOVELL

Inne i hon Kringlas kontor visade almenackan den trettio första mars. Detektiven lade på luren gäspade. Spöken? Det fannes väl inga numförtiden? Hur kunde det då spöka på det gamla slottet Gnovetin? Inbillning, fastslog han och gick fram till fönstret. Skulle han åta sig fallet eller ej?

Alldeles nyss hade hans vän greve von Bjoin ringt och bett honom undersöka vad som hände på närterna.

" Det hois underliga förstreg, jämmer och hammerslag men så fort jag stiger upp slutar Gnoden," berättade greven.

" Ja, det hande larör mycket underligt! Har din fru, son och betjänt också märkt det?" hade hen Kringla undrat.

"Ja, det hande. Jag undrar om det inte är spöken!"

" Neg, det är det säkert inte " lugnade honom detektivem."

" Man kan aldrig vara säkert! Jag behöven verkligen din hjälp nu Bob", klagade greven.

" Jag måste tänke på saken, gamle vän", hade han svarat och lagt på luren.

Detektiv Kringla gick av och an i summet. Skulle han åta sig fallet med de mystiska Gnoden eller de skulna breven? Orsaken till at han valde det förste var att han äntligen kunde ha nytta av sin maskeraddräkt. Over axlarna hade man ett laken som nådde än da ner till golver och på anktet hade man en lysande skellermask. Detektiv Kringla vär väldigt stolt över denna tt dräkt och tycktre att han liknade ett riktigt spöker (sådana man såg i bocker).

Följande dag anlände han till slottet full av energi och entusiasm. Detektiv Kringla gick fram till den oullade dörren och ringde på. Det var mycket tidigt på morgonem och det dugnegrade. Han rystre till och ringde en gång till. Man det nu inter heller kom någon öppnade han dörren ock steg in.

" Greven!" ropade han och blev genast närmad av ekot. Detektiven började gå uppför en trappa som dedde till sovrummen.

Där var lika tomt och ödsligt som i hallen. I gästrummet var det bäddat och på nattbordet låg en lapp från greven. Den löd

Goddag gamle vän!
Jag kommer snart hem igen. Är bara ute på en 1:a april promenad med min familj. Mat finns i kylskåpet.

HENRIK

Med en suck sjönk Bob ner på sängen. Så trakigt, trist och otrevligt! Ute regnade det och inne kanske spökade det.

"Damm finis det verkligen gott om!" utbrast han efter en häftig mysttrack.

Efter en timme hade han packat upp och satt sysslolös på sängen.

Hanske kunde man stryka spöklakanet? Han tog ner den från galgen och gick ner i strykrummet som låg bakom köket. Men det var ju typiskt! Strykjärnet var sönder!

När Bob hade undersökt huset gick han ner och åt lunch. "När kommer dom hem igentligen?" mutrade han. "Jag står inte ut längre." Efter maten gick han ut för att ta sig en promenad i trädgården men allting tycktes vara emot honom för det började spöregna och han blev dyblöt. Hela eftermiddagen satt han och sänkade, suckade och lade patiens. Efter en enkel middag nere i köket gick han och la sig.

Bob sov fridfullt enda till klockan halv tolv då han väcktes av "Guden". Sakta, sakta och med bultande hjärta gick han ut i korridoren. Men inget spöke syntes till och Guden tystnade tränt.

Plötsligt kom Bob i tåg sin spökdräkt och smog till baka mot sitt rum. Han skrek till när han fick se fyra spoken flaxa på sängen men spökerna tycktes bli lika rädda och sprang mot garderoben. Bob lyckades ta allt sitt mod till sig

ochrapade "Stop, i lagens namn!" Spökerna stannade och vände långsamt på hvrnderna och började plötsligt att skratta och ropa: "April!, April!" Bob föistod då att han blivit grundligt buraö av familjen von Björn. De berattade sedan att de hade blivit lika rädda när de sett honom i nattskjorta. Alla gick sedan ner i köket och åt en nickig 1 april middag (klädda som spöken allihopa).

LOUISE VIRGIN
LOWER IV

A HAWAIIAN GIRL

JUDY SCOTT SHAW
LOWER IV.

CRITICAL REPORT ON THE STAGE PLAY - OEDIPUS REX.

B.C. 473

Once again this year, to mark the lengthening of the days after mid-winter, for the feast of the Sun god, the giver of life and warmth and the patron of all the shining arts, our prominent actors have produced outstanding and heart-stirring performances of both tragedy and comedy. Deserving of special mention, is the tragedy, "Oedipus Rex," written by Sophocles, who has already earned himself great success as a playwright.

The Protagonist, who played the part of the accursed Oedipus, has been adjudged the best actor Athens has ever known. He carried out his part with the grace of a widely-experienced actor, and as he slowly found himself subject to the wrath of the gods, and bound to enter upon the exile he had unwittingly brought upon himself, he becomes so fittingly overwrought and distracted, that the audience was quite at one with him as it watched how the mighty had fallen, from the heights of a glittering fame to the infernal depths of desolation and misery.

The judges felt that the Deuteragonist, who took the parts of Jocasta, mother and wife to Oedipus, the priest, and the shepherd and messenger, although an actor with evident promise, was not adequately matched to his great parts so that he was unable to excel to the same extent as the Protagonist, Oedipus. His words and movements were timed to perfection, but he seemed to lack expression and feeling for the part. I, personally, feel that the Deuteragonist would have been more suited to a part where he was required to play one character only, for example, that of the Protagonist, as perhaps the strain of carrying out too many roles weakened his performance.

Tiresias, the blind prophet, indeed showed his power of accurate insight into the future, and, but for his mask disengaging itself at a very crucial moment, would assuredly have been able to convince the judges as well as the audience, that he was more justly entitled to the award for the best actor than the Protagonist himself. It is increasingly apparant that the chorus is losing its significance, but the judges are still of the opinion that the choral odes, acompanied by the flute and the traditional grave and rhythmical movements, provide the necessary relaxing of tension, especially in a play as serious and heart-rending as 'Oedipus Rex'. The entire play was written with such depth and splendour that the downfall and destruction of the great and mighty Oedipus, on whom the very gods take revenge through the medium of fate, is rendered ever more impressive and memorable.

Fellow-Athenians, we have proved ourselves righteous in the sight of the gods; the might of the Persian Empire is ours; in fact, we are in the midst of a Golden Age of an unparalled prosperity. Never before have we had such opportunities in the fields of Mathematics, philosophy, the arts and sciences, architecture, athletics, drama - I implore you to study and be wise, to make contributions, that in time to come, future generations may look back with pride, and say, "These were the works and discoveries of the Golden Age of Greece." Tonight we have seen how the mighty Oedipus fell from a throne higher than any to which mortal has ever before attained. Take this as a mortal lesson, for the years of the Golden Age will not be ours forever.

MAUREEN HARRIS.
LOWER V.

BELLS.

When one thinks of bells, one thinks first of church bells when they joyfully ring out their glad tidings on Christmas morning. It is a sound that travels clearly through still air to the next valley, and passes the glad tidings on to people far and wide. Yet these bells do not always ring for joy, for their function is to give no messages. Many times they toll sadly for a person who can no longer hear them, or they cry out that there is war in the once-peaceful land. The church bell is only one of the many kinds of bells that were developed long ago as the first method of immediate long-distance communication.

A bell that all children know well is the school bell. This bell forces children on to yet another boring lesson, in a stuffy classroom, with its monotonous clanging. This bell is very prompt to ring the children into school, but seems to see that the last lesson drags on for yet another five minutes.

Cow bells are very different. Each one has a voice that suits the nature of the cow, its constant change. Early in the morning, in Switzerland, you can hear the bells calling to each other from the mountain slopes. Their voices range from the tiny, talkative calf's bell, to the melodious, resonant and regular voice of the bell hanging round the neck of a contented cow.

In these modern times, too, many bells have had their voices made shrill and grating by the use of electricity. An excellent example of this is the electric door bell. A century ago, one could tell immediately by the way the door bell was rung, whether one should be "engaged" or "out on calls, and it is not known what time she will return." Now there is no way to tell whether your visitor is the tax-collector or your best friend, since the bell gives the same "ding" or "ping-pong" every time.

The alarm bell is the only example which indicates that making

bells work by electricity is an advantage. The terrifying scream of this bell is enough to paralyze any burglar until he is caught by any interested passers-by.

Modern bells certainly do not appeal to me, for I prefer the cow bells or even the bright little dinner-bell to them, but I am sure that as long as there are people who love beautiful sounds, there will be church bells, the overlords and predecessors of all other bells, to ring out their messages of joy and fear, as they have done from time immemorial.

SUZANNE MILTON.
UPPER IV.

MIERE.

Dis alles my broer se skuld. Hy het maar net die hekkie wat na sy Durban-bestemde vliegtuig lei, deurgestap, toe hy skielik omgedraai het, en hardop geroep het: „Manreen!" Ek het natuurlik reguit draad toe gehardloop, maar het gewonder hoeveel koffies nog by die huis was.

„Ek het vergeet (ja, so weet ek) ... my miere (nie wat ek gedink het nie!) ... twee keer per dag kos en water ... en moenie hulle uithaat nie ...!"

Ek dink dat die offisier by die hekkie net so verstrooi as ek was. Hy het net sy wenkbrone gelig, sy skouers opgetrek, en langs mev. v.d. Merwe, die volgende passasier se naam op die lys, die woord „teenwoordige" geskryf, maar met 'n dwidelik uitroepteken daarna. Om die waarheid te sê, moet ek 'n net versekeer dat daardie offisier met sy onlike swid-Afrikaanse Engelsens kuppie, seker gemeen het om die uitroepteken langs Roger se naam te sit, in plaas van dié van die doodmiers mev. v.d. Merwe.

Nou vra ek, kos en water. Water - ja, dit verstaan ek heeltemaal goed, maar kos? Al was ek doodseker dat die soorte kos waarvoor ek so hief is – koffieroomys, boerewors, vrugtesalat - baie populêr jiens die miere - gemeenskap soos gewes het, was dit ook net so verstaanbaar dat miere sekers met ander soorte kos meer gelukkig, maar en gesond soos voel.

Ongelukkig is dit vakansie, anders sou ek my biologie onderwysers, mev. Amdwer, na om so 'n bietjie hulp te verleen. Ma weet nie, Pa weet nie, my suster leer in 'n wiskunde-toets wat sy môre moet skryf, en ou Koekie het van min anders as pap, gekookte eiers en hoe om sokkies in die winter te breï, kennis nie, dus al wat aan my oorgelaat is, is om na te staan. Vreeslik. Asof ek weer skoolopstelle moet skryf.

Die ensiklopedie sê dat miere aan die familie „Formicidae" behoort en dat daar omtrent agduisend verskillende soorte te vinde is. Gedagtes flikker deur my geneed dat ek deur sewe-duisend negehonderd nege-en-negentig bladsye sal moet lees voordat ek enigiets kan uitvind, maar gelukkig nie, want dr. Skaife kan mense goed verstaan, en het my gespaar. Op die volgende bladsy lees ek dat miere van allerhande soet kos hou - koffieroomys? Nee, huise of groenvleë, of die skimmel wat op brood groei. Dit maak my ook genoeg om mee te begin, en my arme maag draai ondersteboo en agterstevoor. Ek lees verder. „Die Dorylina Miere wat in Afrika te vinde is, het vreemde nomadiese gewoontes." Daar sien ek die emstige gesig van my broer – „en moenie hulle uitkaart nie!" en verbeel dié ou swartjie op jag. Nee, ek kaart liewer daardié paragraaf uit. Pa sê dikwels: „Cross your bridges when you reach them," en ek sing, so effens verlig. Die laaste paragraaf is die mees inspirend en gee bewonderenswaardige woorde indié wat die aansporing so nodig het. „Sommige miere het die gewoonte om slawe te hou..." Verder lees ek nie, en gaan regmit 'n paar woorde met my nuwe bande te wissel.

Op gebooë knieë bekyk ek hulle onder die bed. Onder die bed, non wonder ek wie hulle dáár wil hê. Sê hulle kom loo! Ag, maar wie wil miere as troeteldiere hou? Behalwe my ou boetie. Ek sien hoe die blinde werker miere so besig woel, vinnig-vinnig, hulle bots met mekaar sekere om 'n haastige „hullo" te sê. Ek sien hoe die hui ou koningin die lewe geniet, en soos voor die Franse Revolusie, omring deur nog hier edelmense is. Maar ek sien laas die mees belangrike ding – waterbak - dolleeg, kaasdoos wat ook al hulle was, sekar op 'n ander plek, en op die klok op die muur, eenuur – middagete.

Miskien sal ek 'n paar stukkies koffieroomys of 'n lemoen-skyfie vir hulle spaar en nou en dan vir hulle gee. Ek wonder tog of ou mev. v.d. Merwe my nie met dié kos probleem soos kom help nie, want Dr. Skoife se woordjie is nie baie medelevend nie aan die amateur wat net weet dat sy 'n skaaf tot haar boetie se terugkomo gaan wees.

MAUREEN HARRIS.
LOWER V.

LOVE

CHERYL WALE
UPPER V

QUIET

"O, men from the fields,
Come gently within,
Tread softly, softly,
O men coming in
Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold Him
With mantle of blue!
From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.
O, men from the fields!
Softly, softly come through—
Mary puts around Him
Her mantle of blue."

A Cradle Song by Padraic Colum.

Perhaps Mary did not put her mantle of blue round the little child, and He lived his life on Earth. Perhaps he overcame the illness that had slowly been eating into His tiny soul, devouring Him till He was but the emanciated imolation of a human life. For if His mother's melancholy tears had not wetted the tiny, pallid face, He might have grown to be a man, taking His place amongst other men.

As a young boy, He may never have strayed from His dear mother's side always eager to help in the simple, country home. In a nearby village schoolhouse He may have learnt to read and write, add and subtract, amongst the other studies which were surely

to dominate His later life. Of a bright afternoon, He may have wandered to the sandy shore, and admired the proud lines of the sailing boats, the cutters, or the new steamships, as they chugged along their tireless course. From the neighbouring shipyard would come the cheerful and encouraging notes of the Guild Song, hummed and whistled by the workers. And as the evening mists would rise against the blue heavens, the stars radiate their fiery glow, there would be the brooding and ever dominant stillness of yet another dark night, and it would be quite still, quiet.

His youth was to see Him an apprentice in the very dockyard He had visited so frequently as a boy. He would love the calm in His quiet home, amongst the simple and crude, yet stately country furniture, after a long day, when He would have heard little else besides the hollow crack of the timberman's hammer, the sighing song of the knitter's saw, or the happy shouts of the labourers when at last they could tread their weary homeward way. In later years, He would of a calm evening, repose before the fire, warming His feet in the beaming glow, and in sublime peace of mind, would in far-off times see His own name engraved upon the shining facia above the gate of the shipyard, His own place where now the old men sat, studiously poring over plans for new ships, orders for new wood, cedar and oak, spices and ivory from the East, coffee from Brazil, oranges from Spain, coconuts from the Bahamas – all from afar. What was the quiet in their dignified country faces, "free from discontent and flattery of fears," "so calm in the tranquil surroundings, honest and good!" How passive was the unobtrusive village life, after the haste and bustle of the big towns, the confused din of the city markets, the shouts of the hucksters, anxious but to sell their wares.

But this was not the life intended Him by Mary, as she wrapped the tiny child in the folds of her blue mantle. His was to be but the

quiet life of the silent and starry universe all about a gentle tomb stone in a still, village churchyard, yet grown over with nothing reeds, sighing over an everlasting quiet – the quiet of death.

MAUREEN HARRIS.
LOWER V.

RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in hat, but isn't in coat;
My second is in oar and also in boat;
My third is in light but isn't in dark;
My fourth is in sing, but isn't in lark;
My fifth is in day but isn't in night;
My sixth is in main but isn't in might;
My last is in gravy but isn't in roast;
My whole is a time we look forward to most!

ANSWER : Holiday !

HEATHER NOTCUTT
UPPER IV

GILLIAN VERSTER
LOWER V.

LADY HUNTS A LORD

Although it was very early in the morning everybody was already up. The air was crisp and clean and the long shadows of the trees in the courtyard fell upon the thick walls of the castle where I ruled. Up on the battlements sat white doves cooing to one another, with wings shining in the early morning sun. In the stables I could hear the blacksmith shoeing a horse.

He always had a lot to do as I have so many horses. In the workshops they were mending the armour. They also had a lot to do because I had, not long ago, waged war against the cruel lord who owned the castle nearest to mine. He was a callous man and had treated his vassals very badly. We had won the battle but when we were celebrating in the great dining hall, a soldier arrived and told us that the lord had escaped from the dungeon in my castle. The feast was at once broken up, and we rode out to search for the lord, but we could not find him. Then, after a few days, a rumour reached us through a minstrel that the lord had crossed the border. We were desperate because then we could not really claim that we had won the battle, and no tapestries about it could be embroidered or woven.

From behind the sleeping quarters of the soldiers I could hear the singing of metal and understood that my son had started his daily lesson in his training to become a knight. As for my daughter, I knew she was learning to nurse the sick and wounded.

Suddenly the falconer came up to me and said that my youngest falcon was learning very fast and asked if I did not want to try her out. I nodded, and went quickly up to the cages. Lady, the young falcon was very beautiful with her short, powerful beak and her feathers tinged with grey.

A little while later the falconer and I rode over the drawbridge and entered the forest. The falconer had taken out a hawk which sat on his right side on his iron-gloved hand. I was holding Lady, who

was gazing at me the whole time through her yellow eyes.

It was really a wonderful hunting day. The sun shone through the leaves and splashed sporlights on the flowers. The birds seemed to sing out their joy over the beautiful day and were keeping many nocturnal animals awake.

Suddenly we saw a hare rush out of the bushes and the falconer released his hawk, which immediately flew after the game. We rode as fast as we could after the hawk which was now high up in the sky, sweeping along with its enormous, widespread wings. Then suddenly it plunged down into the bushes. When we arrived at the place where we had seen it dissappear we realized that it had succeeded in grasping the prey. The falconer was very proud as it was he who had trained the hawk.

We hunted with the hawk in different places, for example among the hills, near a lake and over a field with crops.

As we came to a green meadow, surrounded by the forest, we dismounted to let the horses rest before we let Fady hunt. She seemed to know that it soon was to be her turn, because she walked up and down my arm, as if she were disturbed, and wanted to fly.

After the horses had rested, we mounted again. Just then a partridge flew up and I let Fady go. To our great astonishment, she did not fly after the bird, but in a completely different direction! Quickly, I turned my horse around and galloped after her. The whole time I was thinking that I must not lose sight of her. Fady seemed troubled because she flew from one side to another as if she were searching for something. I could not understand it, and was forced to ride in zig-zags.

Suddenly she seemed sure of her direction and flew at great speed. My horse was getting tired, but I could not bear to think of losing Fady whom I loved so much. Fady was then flying in

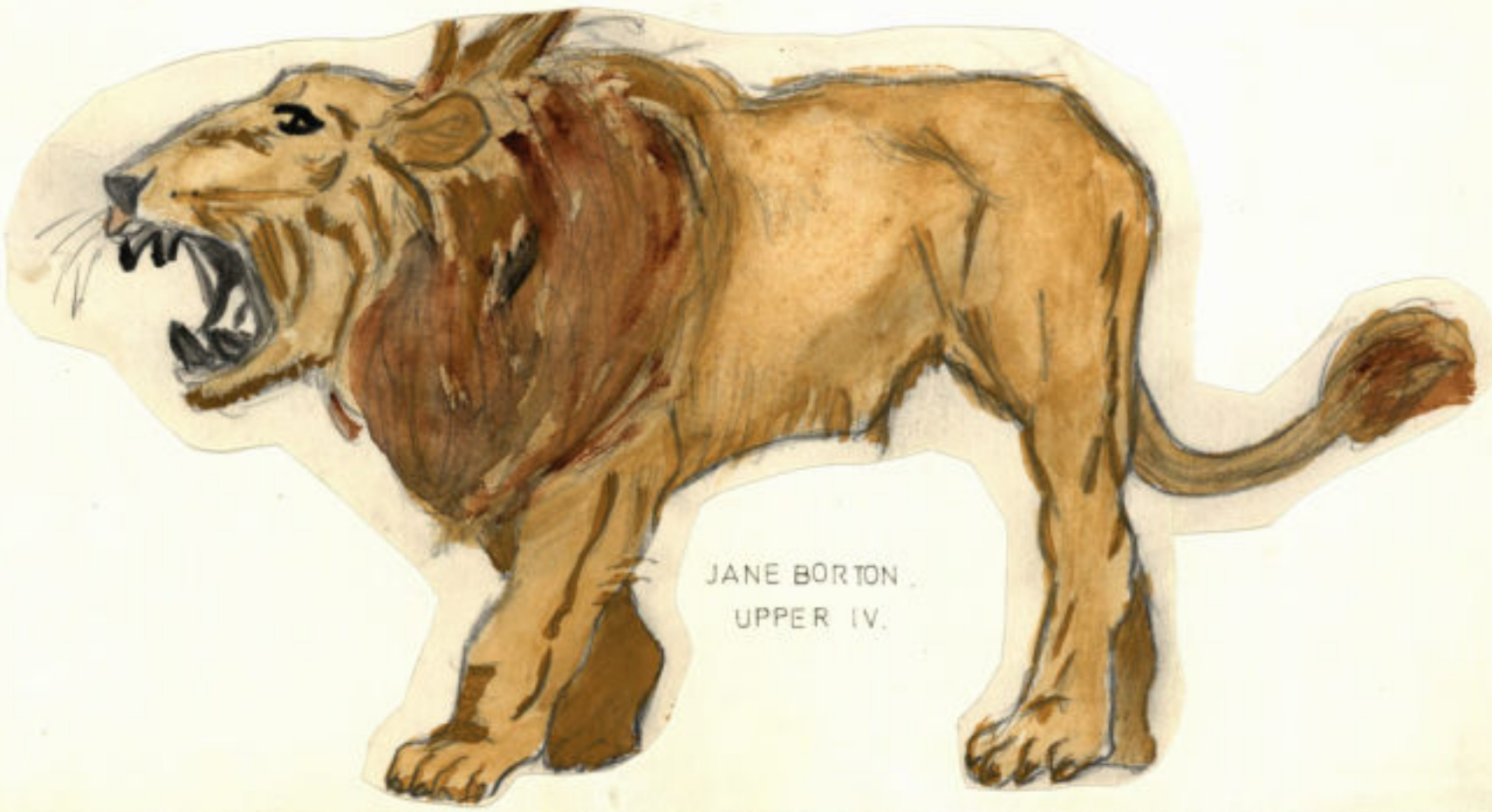
a circle round and round and steadily lower and lower.

I slowed down, gave my horse a pat and dismounted, while watching Lady swaping lower and lower down. Then, as she plunged, I heard a scream. I moved through the wood, the big sword hitting my leg as I ran. The screams guided me to a little stream, and on the bank stood my enemy, the cruel lord!

He was unable to move with the agressive Lady flying around him, flapping her big wings. I was extremely surprised but I soon recovered, drew my sword and moved nearer. When the lord saw me he tried to get hold of his own sword, but I managed to kick it into the river.

After a while, the falconer reached us and helped me to bring the prisoner back to the castle. On the way back, the lord confessed, at the point of my sword, that he had paid the minstrel to tell me that he had fled to the other side of the border.

Oh, what joy the news brought to the castle! The new victory dinner was a splendid meal with dancing and exciting entertainments. Lady sat on my chair throughout the dinner, fed by everyone and looking as if she were the owner of the castle and the queen of all falcons which indeed I thought she was!



MAD AGE IN THE MIRROR

SUSAN SIMPSON
UPPER V

RECORD ROUNDABOUT

She was a BACK STREET GIRL who was GOING TO THE CHAPEL to get married in the morning to A WELL RESPECTED MAN ABOUT TOWN.

When he first met her, she was a SINGLE GIRL. It was at a party AND HE WALKED UP TO HER AND ASKED HER IF SHE WANTED TO DANCE. If you LOOKED THROUGH ANY WINDOW you could see their SILHOUETTES. He asked her "CAN'T YOU HEAR MY HEART BEAT," and when she replied, "yes", he gave her THE ROSE and said that "ALL OVER THE WORLD I WILL NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU." She said, "RELEASE ME" and CRIED SOFTLY. There was A KIND OF HUSH and she told him she was going on a SUMMER HOLIDAY to SALT LAKE CITY. He said, "WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF WE COULD BE TOGETHER ALL OF THE DAY AND ALL OF THE NIGHT but do not worry. When you return JUST CALL AND I'LL BE THERE."

After the holiday, he met her in POSITIVELY 4TH STREET. HE CALLED HER NAME and she came to him. He said, "OUR LOVE WILL NEVER DIE." She said "FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE." Then they made a date for the following day. He said, "GOODBYE MY LOVE" and she said "SO LONG, SO LONG, I'LL BE ON MY WAY."

They met again ON THE BEACH IN A SHABBY LITTLE HUT. There he proposed to her and said, "I'LL BE TRUE TO YOU, YES I WILL". They were HAPPY TOGETHER and lived in THE HOUSE WITH THE WHITE-WASHED GABLE IN THE COUNTRY.

MARILYN SIMPSON
UPPER IV

PAULA CUNNINGHAM
UPPER IV

UNDERWATER WORLD

LOUISE VIRGIN
LOWER IV

FRUSTRATION

FRUSTRATION is trying to do matho.
FRUSTRATION is going shopping with your mother.
FRUSTRATION is asking David for "seconds" at lunch when there are none.
FRUSTRATION is fish on Tuesdays and Fridays without fail.
FRUSTRATION is trying to knit a complicated row and getting it wrong.
FRUSTRATION is a record that's got stuck in a groove
FRUSTRATION is trying to get last years pullover over your head.
FRUSTRATION is reading the same line in a book more than twice after being interrupted by a rather intent conversationalist
FRUSTRATION is trying to turn the tape recorder back to your favorite song by hand because your brother has broken it.
FRUSTRATION is trying to find out who that Valentine Card came from
FRUSTRATION is trying to get a song, which has been on your mind all day, out of your head.
FRUSTRATION is trying to get some hot water for a bath when everyone else has used it.
FRUSTRATION is trying to pick up pins off a thick sheep skins carpet.
FRUSTRATION is trying to do your Dad's cuff links when he won't admit that he's got fat and his shirts don't fit properly any more.
FRUSTRATION is trying to keep a diet for longer than a day
FRUSTRATION is trying to do the "Cape Times" crossword
FRUSTRATION is trying to get to sleep with the kitchen clock ticking endlessly beside you.
FRUSTRATION is trying to scrape up another 5 cents to be able to pay for a rather extravagant meal.
FRUSTRATION is trying to think of something original for the Rolt Magazine!

DELIA BECK.
LOWER V.

EMBARRASMENT

EMBARRASMENT is trying to tell the hairdresser tactfully after he's cut your hair that if you have to look at it again you'll scream

EMBARRASMENT is watching your dad shift from foot to foot as your friend sits in his favorite chair.

EMBARRASMENT is getting dust in your contact lens in the middle of Maderly Street

EMBARRASMENT is walking into a room and finding someone wearing the same dress as you.

EMBARRASMENT is walking out of the cinema tear stained

EMBARRASMENT is forgetting to put the headmistress's chair on the stage so that she has to stand throughout assembly.

EMBARRASMENT is running in a tennis dress along the station in the wrong direction trying to find the 'Blankes.'

EMBARRASMENT is wearing your oldest and shabbiest clothes on a quick errand a being seen by a some[illegible] friend

EMBARRASMENT is dancing round the 'circular lawn' singing "We hate school!" as a punishment.

EMBARRASMENT is being asked to translate the next Latin sentence into English when it should have been done for homework and hasn't been done.

EMBARRASMENT is meeting someone you'd completely forgotten about and who recognises you

EMBARRASMENT is going on to the stage to fetch a department badge when the whole school laughs.

EMBARRASMENT is being asked for Roll entries when you've completely forgotten about them!

DELIA BECK
LOWER V

PITY

"Pity's akin to love." This is a saying which has a great amount of truth in it. Pity is one of the most important emotions of humanity. One cannot love another without pitying him when he is in trouble or sickness.

However, to many people, pity is an embarrassment. Deformed people, or people who are not very attractive often find others staring at them with pity clearly written on their faces. Naturally, this irritates and annoys the afflicted person, who becomes even more conscious of his affliction.

In history we read of many great events that make us think that people had no pity in their hearts whatsoever. When one thinks of the massacres during the French Revolution and the two World wars, one wonders how some people could be so pitiless. However, even during those frightening periods, a few men and women, who became the heroes and heroines we read about today, showed courage, love and pity to their fellows.

Nowadays, we like to think that the people of the Western World are civilized, loving and merciful. It flatters us to think that no longer does our civilized race consist of savages or cannibals, who must surely have the least pity possible. As a matter of fact, I think there are still some savage White people who murder and massacre for either pleasure, ambition or love. One must remember, however, that in different parts of the world, there are savages who will spare nothing and no-one.

There is one true story which illustrates pity clearly. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, many people sailed to America. There, some were captured by the Red Indians, who usually scalped or beheaded them. One Englishman who had been captured was about to be beheaded when the chief's daughter, Pocahontas, begged her father to spare the man's life. Her father did so, and the story

of the brave Red Indian girl spread among the settlers. Later she married an Englishman and left her native land for England, where she was very popular.

If all the people in the world realized how essential pity is, and tried to develop it in their own hearts, the world would be a much happier place. It would also develop and help religion, and everyone would be closer to God. As another saying goes:-

"Now Pity is the touch of God
In human hearts,
And from that way He ever trod,
He neer departs."

JANE HARAM
UPPER IV

THE BABY ELEPHANT WALK.

I HAD TWELVE HOURS TO LIVE

I remember very clearly the whole frightening chapter in my life when I had only twelve hours to live.

I had just finished typing the last few letters for my employer, and was busy collecting them together and putting them on his desk, when old Mrs. Weatherby, the office cleaner, walked in with her bucket and mop held before her as she manoeuvered her large circumference into the room. She greeted me with a cheerful "'ello ducks," and proceeded to the cupboard in the corner where she kept all her other "equipment." I often met her as I was just leaving the office, and as she was coming in to clean it, and we were quite friendly and never failed to stop and chat about this and that.

It was not long before we were deep in conversation. I asked her why she still worked; for I knew for a fact that she was really too old. She replied that it was for money that she still worked, and that the one great wish she had in life was to win the "pools", or something just as spectacular. Then she suddenly said: "What would you wish for, Miss?" I really did not know what to say, so after a moment's reflection I told her that I would wish for tomorrow's newspaper — after all, I could then see the pools and racing results beforehand; and make an easy fortune. She just smiled and went on working, and suddenly I realized what the time was, and left in a hurry.

The next morning, when I walked into the office, a buzz of conversation greeted me. I asked what was happening, and one of the girls turned round and said; "Oh! Haven't you heard? Mrs. Weatherby's died!"

I was shocked. I asked when and where she had died and was told that she had died at home the previous morning, and had not put in an appearance in the office that night! "Yesterday morning!" I whispered. I was dumbfounded, as I went into my

office and sat down on my chair — stunned. A few minutes later, I woke up to the fact that there, on the desk before me, lay — tomorrow's newspaper.

I picked it up, made quite sure that it was tomorrow's newspaper, and then read it right through. Eventually I turned to the back page, and there, staring me in the face, was a picture of myself! More surprising still was the heading below it: "FATAL ROAD ACCIDENT." I read through the article with a trembling heart and discovered that at exactly ten o'clock tomorrow I was to die, because the article revealed that I had been found run over, in Highgate Road. The car which had run me over had then swerved and hit a tree, and all the occupants had been killed instantly.

All this news was too much for me, and I fainted. When I came round, I found about six girls crowding around me asking what the matter was. I told them I was feeling really ill and somebody very kindly drove me home. As I was about to leave the office I saw that there was no sign of the fateful newspaper.

The next day on waking up, I looked straight at the clock beside my bed; it was half-past nine! I broke out in a cold sweat and clutched on to my bed. Wild horses could not have dragged me to within five miles of Highgate Road! The minutes ticked by endlessly as I watched the hands of the clock moving nearer and nearer to ten o'clock.

Then suddenly, I remembered that the newspaper had stated 10 p.m. at night and not 10 a.m. the next morning.

And it was with absurd relief that I learnt later, when I had returned to the office, that I had left my handbag at the office, and a woman, who already had a jail-sentence, and had taken advantage of Mrs. Weatherby's absence, had stolen it and she was the one who had been run over. Then I discovered why she had been

ULYSSES' ADVENTURE.

One the little ship "The Wanderer" the crew were rejoicing over the victory which Ulysses, their captain, had won by killing Polyphemus. Corks off champagne bottles were popping and cheerful laughter echoed all around the ship.

Suddenly, one of the crew, who had been watching the sea from the crow's nest, rushed up to Ulysses, who was in his cabin and told him that the ship was sailing into huge waves, and that a storm was brewing. The crew stopped rejoicing at Ulysses' command and went at once to do the duties Ulysses told them to do. Ulysses then went up on to the deck and looked out at the choppy sea. Huge waves were washing up against the boat, causing it to rock from side to side. Thunder rumbled in the distance and black clouds covered the skies. The wind howled and rain started to fall; lightning streaked across the sky and a thick mist began to form.

Suddenly Ulysses saw a mass of lights in the mist and the Sea god appeared. "Ulysses," he roared, "how dare you blind my son." I am now taking my revenge." With that he disappeared into the mist. The lights faded away and the only sound that could be heard was the terrible storm. The boat tossed and turned in the rough sea and Ulysses thought the boat was going to sink.

Ulysses looked out towards the stormy sea again and, to his astonishment, he saw the lights reappearing, but instead of seeing the sea god, Ulysses saw Polyphemus walking through the lights. His eye was bright red and burning lava was pouring out. Polyphemus walked across the sea to the ship. He then picked up the ship and crashed it against some jagged rocks. Ulysses was thrown off into the sea. Suddenly he saw a large black thing coming towards him. He realized that it

was a whale. The whale opened its enormous mouth and Ulysses was thrust in by a wave. He swam into the body of the whale where he saw, to his astonishment, a little man who had sparkling blue eyes, a long beard and a wooden leg. He was obviously a sailor as he had a sailor's cap with a sailor's jacket. He was standing on a clump of sand twiddling his thumbs. When he saw Ulysses, he stood and stared at him as if he had never seen a human being in his life. "How did you get here?" the sailor asked Ulysses. "I was tossed in by a wave," replied Ulysses "I have waited here for a very long time for a person to be tossed into the whale," said the sailor. "Can you give me a match? I have been longing to smoke my pipe for a long time," said the sailor. Ulysses gave the sailor a match and he immediately lit his pipe and began to smoke it. The smoke caused the whale to cough and in the coughing fit, Ulysses and the sailor were coughed into the sea, which was calm because the sea god thought Ulysses to be dead.

Ulysses and the sailor swam to an island where they stayed until a ship picked them up. They joined the ship's crew and stayed on the ship until it reached the island of Ithica.

JILL GOLDING.
UPPER III.

MUM'S PUP.

I bought a puppy at a sale
Especially for my Mum.
A sort of compensation
Because she couldn't come.

I thought how glad her heart would be,
When she received my gift.
It had a little accident
While travelling in the lift.

A pity its got rickets
And rabies on the knees.
But Mum will fix its eczema,
And cure its worms and fleas.

She wouldn't mind it being sick
All down my best pink dress.
For what's a bit of washing,
Compared with happiness?

It seemed to dribble quite a lot,
Its nose was cracked and dry.
I knew she'd love it all the more
Because it had just one eye

Now home at last, and in her arms,
I thrust this precious gem.
With rusty teeth it grabbed her dress,
And ripped it to the hem.

It turned out to be stolen,
The police took it away.
I've washed my dress and mended mum's;
It's really made my day!

JACKIE PALMER
UPPER III

TWIGGY.

Twiggy est une fille de dix-sept ans qui est devenue la plus grande modele photographique et le type de 1967. Elle a un nez retrousse et couvert de taches de roussens. Sa taille est mince comme une planche et elle ne pèse que 45 livres. Twiggy raconte que son père est aussi maigre comme un dous et comme ça il n'y a pas de danger qu'elle engraisse, meïmme si elle mange beaucoup et ne fait jamais du sport. Mais son médecin à Londres est content parce qu'elle est frais et dispos.

Twiggy est settlement son "non de guerre". Elle s'appèlle en verite Lesly Hornsby mais personne ne l'adresse par son nom.

L'histoire de sa découverte est remarquable. Il n'y a que peu de temps que Twiggy allait en école dans un faubourg, pas très élégant, de Londres. Elle passaist ses soirs en compagnie d'un garçon qui s'appellait Nigel John Davies. Il etait decorateur et, en plus, vendait des cravates et de chemises dans un grand magasin. Quand ils se sont rencontrés Twiggy n'avait que quinze ans, tandis que Nigel John avait vingt-cinq ans. Elle ne comprenait pas ce qu'il voyait en elle qui était si maigre et pas tres jolie. Ce qu'il voyait, c'etait que Twiggy pourrait devenir une sensation photogenique. Pendant deux ans, il essayait tout pour ieussir. Il commença par changeant son nom, en s'appellant Justin de Villeneuve, pour se donner un peu de réclame, mais le succé n'est venu qu'il compit que Twiggy devait changeait sa coiffure. Il l'amena chez un coiffeur très connu à Londres qui lui coupa les longues cheveux. Le résultat fut si bon que le coiffeur fut prendre un photo de Twiggy et le mit dans la devanture. Un jour passa une redactrice de mode, qui travaillant pour le journal "Daily Express". Elle chercha un photographe et le lendemain tous les acheteurs du journal pouvait admirer le face innocente de Twiggy. L'après-midi même les téléphones commencèrent à sonner et depuis ce jour-là ils n'ont pas eu un jour

libre.

Ensemble les deux ont crée le "Twiggy Style." Cela veut dire des pantaloons qui serront, des chandails et des chemises de garçon aux colls hauts; les chaussures sont perforées et sans points.

Twiggy gagne maintenant beaucoup d'argent comme une modèle-photographique mais aussi par le vente de vêtements désignés pour elle. Par example en Etats-Unis il y a une fabrique qui produit de tels vêtements et des milliers de magasins les vendent.

Naturellement Twiggy, à cause de sa popularité enoime, a reçu des offres de faire un film de sa vie. Mais Justin de Villeneuve a peur qu'elle s'éloigne trop de son publi les "teenagers."

LOUISE VIRGIN.

LOWER IV.

RHINO OF SOUTH AFRICA

The Home of the Rhino of South Africa is in the Hluhluwe and Umfolozi Game Reserves under the guidance of the Natal Parks Board.

In the olden days Africa was teeming with them, and as the settlers moved in, and trade was started, the Rhino was heavily poached for its horn, which is made from hair. Their numbers were reduced considerably to about 30. The Natal Parks Board decided to take action in order to save these animals from becoming extinct. Gradually their numbers were increased and today there are about 600 rhino in Hluhluwe and approximately 500 in Umfolozi.

There are two species of Rhino in South Africa: the White Rhino, and the Black Rhino. The white one is the rarer of the two. There are marked differences between these two species. The white one weighs between two and three tons, and is also the larger of the two. The Black Rhino is very ill-tempered, while the White is placid. They are both short sighted.

The Natal Parks Board is now busy on a scheme called "Operation Rhino". This means that they are capturing the rhino in the game reserves and transferring them to other game parks throughout the country, and up as far as Kenya, Rhodesia and also to zoos overseas. To transport a Rhino overseas may cost up to R16,000.

In November, 1963, 16 white Rhino were introduced in the Kruger National Park at a cost of R500 per Rhino. It was decided that the rhinos would be set free in different regions of the park, and allowed to select their own feeding grounds.

One question may be on the lips of many people:
"How do they catch the Rhino?"
First of all, they inject tranquilizers into them which knock them unconcious. The drug is injected by firing a dart into the rhino's skin.

The system of moving Rhino from Natal to the Trans-

varal & today from the original methods used. Every week two vehicles leave Skukuza (the main rest camp in the Kruger Park) for Naral. There the game wardens shoot and drug two rhinos. The rhinos are then followed by two men on horseback. The drug usually takes about four minutes to knock the rhino out. Still in their unconscious state the rhinos are then carefully loaded on to a special trailer and driven through the night to the Kruger National Park. When the rhino are released, a message is sent through to the Naral and National Parks Board saying that both rhino are well.

This "operation Rhino" has become a weekly routine. The rhino have adapted themselves well to their new surroundings and one even chased some tourists along the Sabie Road (in the Kruger Park). It was enjoyed by tourists and the rhino.

BETH DICEY,
LOWER IV.

SALE.

This morning at breakfast,
While peace ruled supreme,
The wonderful silence
Was split by a scream.

Poor Daddy was reading
The paper held fast,
When clutching hands tore it
Right out of his grasp.

We all looked at Mother,
Her face red and flushed,
And out of the house
Like a madman she rushed.

He snatched up the paper
Thrown down in her wake,
And saw the announcement
That caused such a quake.

"Roll up for the bargains,
Regardless we sell.
Survivors will get
Tea and biscuits as well."

All day we were worried
Quite out of our wits,
We visualized Mamma
All trampled to bits.

When we felt like rags,
She appeared at the door,
Exhausted and loaded,
She sank to the floor.

As we scraped up the bits
And assembled our minn,
She gasped with a smile,
"What a day! Oh! What fun!"

JACKIE PALMER
UPPER III