



Bryanston

**HIGH
SCHOOL
MAGAZINE**

**No. 17
1984**



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BRYANSTON SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1984

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I. Johnson, I. Sanne, K. Fellingham, N. Beard

WITH GRATEFUL THANKS TO:

- * The English Department for all the help with the editing of the reports and creative writing
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Headmaster's Report 1984

After a long absence one returns 'home' with the images of excited nostalgia fairly implanted in one's expectations; faces, attitudes, surroundings will be, should be, as before. Reality presents a different picture — one is two-years changed, and so are others; familiar faces are few in a vastly improved staffroom; trees are taller; anonymous Standard 7's have matured into individual Seniors. The welcome is warm, yet many are wary; the new partnership still has to take its vital form.

Eleven months later two truths have emerged; it is, as was anticipated, a privilege to be at the head of a school fleshed by the pupils, parents and staff of Bryanston High; the willingness within the School to move forward educationally which was characteristic of earlier years has become stunted through uncertainty induced by triple change in leadership over a short period and continual staff movements.

The message is clear, I believe.

Young people require a stable, controlled environment if they are to thrive. Stability in terms of staff is what Bryanston needs, so that the school can venture forward confident in the security of its base. Fortunately I can assure the community that there is every reason to hope that this will be achieved in 1985. The new staffing structure introduced by the Transvaal Education Department will expand the school's executive from eight to fourteen, providing a solid core of experienced teachers. The advertisements for ordinary teaching posts attracted a gratifying number of applicants so that most posts will be filled with permanent appointees with a career to establish. My role will be to ensure that the professional needs and aspirations of the teachers are met so that they are not tempted to move on. I alone cannot achieve this — continued parent support in the provision of up-dated facilities and equipment is just as essential as efficient administration. It is self-evident that 1980's teaching requires a 1980's educational environment — a school without television and computer-aided instruction will be left in the past by its neighbours. Communities can no longer look to the State for the financing of that which provides a better, more relevant education. The State will provide the basics; the parents' attitude and funds will provide the quality.

1984 has not been one of those flamboyant years of pub-

lic success, but, nevertheless, the achievements have been solid and worthy as evidenced in the following pages. Bryanston is in the 'A' league in all its academic, cultural and sporting activities. The challenge to achieve pre-eminence is there, beckoning and reachable. It can be met once the pupils decide as a body that they will be the best, and actively undertake the hard work needed to achieve it. The ability is there, but attitude will determine success.

The Inter-Act Club is deserving of mention. The altruism of its members refutes the oft-heard criticism that the youth live in a plastic world of empty and self-centred concerns. The Bryanston High community has every reason to be proud of the achievements of this group of special people whose work for the disabled has achieved acclaim throughout the considerable Rotary world, and in the media.

Bryanston is fortunate to have Heads of Department of the personal calibre and immense dedication of Mrs. Scheltema, Mr. Visser and Mr. Stoltz. They have carried burdens beyond reasonable expectations this year, particularly in the first term when an executive of four did the work of eight due to vacancies. The arrival of Miss Saayman and Mr. Breytenbach in the second term brought Fortune's cup to brimming. Both have added their contributions in ample measure and fully justified their appointments. I would like to record publically my deep gratitude to these dedicated five for their support, hard work and wise counsel in a difficult first year as headmaster.

What has been achieved this year has been made possible by the co-operation and professionalism of the staff as a whole. New headmasters with their own ideas and ways are not easy to live with, and can be either tolerated or obstructed until they settle down. I am deeply appreciative that the staff have done more than this, and in fact given their crucial support to a number of innovations. Their involvement and readiness to offer constructive suggestions has led to progress, particularly as regards the provision of opportunities for pupils to gain recognition is concerned. The pupils and I have learned much from their accumulated experience.

My thanks go to the overburdened administrative staff for their diligence, cheerful support and much needed guidance through the maze of red-tape. Mr. Osborne and the Black staff are thanked too, for maintaining the grounds and buildings so excellently, despite difficult conditions.

Bryanston High is blessed with some wonderful parents whose devotion to the school is expressed in hours of effort, raising funds, providing refreshments, running the tuckshop and being generally supportive. It has been a privilege indeed to work with the Mothers Committee chaired by Mrs. Crowell, the Parents' Association chaired by Mr. Brombacher, the Finance Committee and all those parents who have made their presence and generosity felt. Thank you on behalf of the school and myself.

The Governing Body gave me the opportunity to achieve a professional dream to my enduring gratitude. I sincerely hope that I will vindicate their judgement in the years to come. Mr. Fowlds and his fellow Governors have given Bryanston a great deal over the years and have zealously ensured that the interests of the school are well served. Their wide experience and willing counsel have been invaluable to me. I thank them on behalf of all their beneficiaries for that dedication to Bryanston High and education.

HEADMASTER
Mr. R.E. Paige

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PARENTS' ASSOCIATION — CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

I reported last year that the new staff room was almost completed; I am now able to inform you that the P.A. did finance the expenses.

Many thanks to these parents who voluntarily paid their contributions and assisted in other activities.

I would like to invite these parents who are still hesitant to assist us with their contributions to have a look at what we have been able to achieve for the school and therefore for the education of our own children.

I would like to thank the members of the committee very much for their support during the year. Your committee consists of Mr. Frank Croswell. Vice Chairman and chairman of fund raising, his wife Mrs. Sandy Croswell, who represented all the mothers who supported us and the school on numerous occasions, Mrs. Lorna Zander, our always active and efficient secretary, Mr. Ossie Knox who, with his team, tried to collect your contributions, Mr. Jack Kamps, our treasurer, who advised us how to spend and how not to spend the moneys received, Mr. Cecil Begley who looked after buildings and ground development and maintenance. And last but not least, the other members — Mrs. Lorraine Stafford, Dr. Ken Boughton, Mr. Ian Bell and Mr. Rodney Leech who assisted us in various ways.

While writing this report we are busy preparing a new contribution scheme which enables you to let the Receiver of Revenue participate in your contributions. We hope that you will give this scheme your full support. The more we do for the school, the more money we seem to require.

My report would not be complete without a sincere word of thanks to the Headmaster, Mr. Paige, his teachers and staff, for all they have done for our children. Again, it has been a pleasure to be part of Bryanston High School this year.

We wish you the compliments of the season and are looking forward to many happy activities in 1985.

A.A. BROMBACHER



GOVERNING BODY REPORT

1984 was a year of change for Bryanston High School. Mr. Roy Paige came back to the school as Head Master and the Governing Body, together with the Selection Board of the Transvaal Education Department, was responsible for his selection. We are entirely satisfied that we made the right choice.

Mr. Paige was immediately thrown in at the deep end. He did not have any deputy and was without the full complement of Heads of Department. The executive of the school was extremely thin. The Governing Body would like to thank Mr. Paige and the executive of the school for the effort they made during the year to keep Bryanston at the forefront of Transvaal schools. This was only done by many hours of extra work far beyond what was expected.

The Transvaal Education Department has changed the executive of schools and we have been classified a 'complex' school. This entitles us to have a senior deputy principal, two deputy principals and 10 Heads of Department. Mr. Brown of Alexandra High School in Natal has already been appointed as one of the deputy principals and soon the Governing Body will be interviewing applicants for the other vacant posts to be filled in 1985. With a strengthened executive Mr. Paige will have the time to achieve the goal he has set himself, and that is for Bryanston to be the best co-educational high school in the Transvaal, and he will have the full support of the Governing Body.

The accommodation at the school is being stretched to the limit and it will be a number of years before a second high school is built in the area. This has meant that we have had to be extremely strict in allowing only pupils from the area to attend the school. This policy will continue and we have informed the School Board accordingly. No money will be allocated by the Department to Bryanston for any additional buildings although extensions to the Administration Block and a Media Centre are sorely needed. Plans are being formulated on how to raise the necessary funds to build this accommodation ourselves.

The Governing Body has worked very well and we have been fortunate in not having any changes to the committee. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Croswell and Messrs. Irvin, Adcock, Brooking, Brombacher, Gallie, Kamps and Penaluna for all their support during 1984 and, of course, the Headmaster, Mr. Paige.

DAVID FOWLDS (Chairman)

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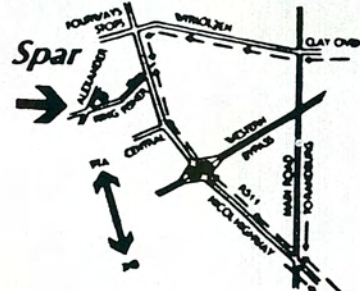
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1984 Valedictory Awards

1. Time Centre Trophy — Science Richard Gaunt
2. Pamela Tatz Trophy — Le Prix Francais Philip Rushbrooke
3. German Trophy (most promising non-German speaking pupil) Karen Kreft
- Book Prize: Best overall German-speaking pupil Gabrielle Wiederkehr
4. Biology Trophy Jennifer Lovely and Ann St. Leger
5. Practical Biology Trophy Ian Sanne and Diana Michie
6. Zulu Trophy Alison Newby
7. Geography Trophy Philip Rushbrooke
8. Mathematics Trophy Richard Gaunt
9. Art Trophy (continued excellence in both Art Practical and Theory) Sarah Ballam
10. English Trophy Jennifer Lovely
- Special Prize (Outstanding Contribution in the field of English) Dirk Kloosterman
11. History Trophy Jennifer Lovely
12. Beste Prestasie in Afrikaans Trofee Heidi Klingenberg
13. Housecraft Trophy Nicola Bennett and Julia Train
14. Industrial Arts Award Peter Schortemeyer
15. Humanities Award Heidi Klingenberg
16. Natural Sciences Award Jennifer Lovely
17. Official Languages Award Jennifer Lovely and Heidi Klingenberg
18. Teacher Training Bursaries Geoffrey Kamps and Heidi Klingenberg
19. Top 20 and Academic Colours:

Jennifer Lovely	Timothy Courtenay	Gerrit van Zyl
Gabrielle Wiederkehr	Gillian Watermeyer	Dirk Kloosterman
Heidi Klingenberg	Philip Rushbrooke	Anne Tyson
Richard Gaunt	Sandra McLeman	Nicola Cooper
Gregory Jones	Fiona Finlayson	Ian Sanne
Alison Newby	Sandra Wiederhold	Melissa Paterson
Ingrid Johnson	Ann St. Leger	

23. Certificates of Merit:

Science:

Jennifer Lovely — Consistent achievement throughout the year

Gerrit van Zyl — Top Candidate in School for the Science Olympiad; outstanding work throughout the year

Geography:

Heidi Klingenberg and Gregory Jones — Outstanding performance throughout the year

History:

Heidi Klingenberg — Consistent good work throughout the year

Mathematics:

Gary Friend, Ingrid Johnson and Jennifer Lovely — Consistent achievement during the year

Biology:

Jacqueline Begley — Project on the ecology of a river estuary

Zulu:

Talitha Laros and Anne Tyson — Outstanding work

Afrikaans:

Philip Rushbrooke — Vir buitengewone prestasie in Afrikaans deurdat hy Afrikaans met besondere deurstellingsvermoë binne twee jaar aangeleer het

Housecraft: Sandra McLeman

Religious Instruction:

Gerrit van Zyl, Ivor Goetsch, Gavin Hewson, Royden Blackwell, Helen Achterberg, Craig Tunbridge, Kirsten Shirley, Andrea Crystal and Donald Ferguson

21. Headmaster's Award 1984

There are no set criteria for this award. Traditionally, it is awarded to a pupil who, in the opinion of the Headmaster, has demonstrated by action or attitude, qualities which exemplify the values for which this school stands.

The recipient for 1984 is a pupil who, although denied the opportunity by injury to participate actively in sporting activities, has been ever-present as a supporter. Bryanston has no more loyal pupil. Many of his fellow pupils have had the benefit of his concern for the welfare of others, his willingness to sacrifice his time so that his skills would be available in time of need. His fine, proud qualities have been recognised in his appointment as a prefect.

ANTHONY MURPHY has every right to walk tall amongst his peers.

- 22. Welsh Cup — Dux Leadership Award — Boys' Trophy Gerrit van Zyl
- Welsh Cup — Dux Leadership Award — Girls' Trophy Nicola Bennett
- 23. Lions International — Service — Boys' Medallion Timothy Courtenay
- Round Table No. 128 — Service — Girls' Trophy Renee Stamper
- 24. Sandton Mayoral Award — Academic Achievement — Boys Richard Gaunt
- Sandton Mayoral Award — Academic — Achievement — Girls Jennifer Lovely
- 25. Special Awards — Honours Blazers:
Criteria: (a) 6 Distinctions — end of Std. 9
(b) Prefectship and 3 full colours in recognised school activities in one year
(c) S.A. Schools Junior Springbok or Springbok in a recognised school activity
(d) Gold Medallist in English, Science or Mathematics Olympiad
(e) Exceptional achievement (on a par with the above) at the sole discretion of the Colours Committee

Recipients: Karleen King and Fiona Fatcher



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Transvaal Senior Certificate Awards 1983

Subjects in brackets after the name indicate a distinction in that subject

Pass with full exemption

- Anderson G.
 Andries B.B.F.
 Arts W.G.H.
 Attree D.J. (Afrikaans)
 Austin B.K.
 Badham C.
 Baker T.A.
 Baldock S.E.
 Bardouleau E.L.
 Barker L. (Afrikaans, Physical Science, Biology, History)
 Baronetti D.L.
 Bartlett J.
 Baudinet J.D.
 Beard K.S.
 Beaumont C. (Physical Science)
 Begley C.E.
 Best C.
 Bianco P.R. (Biology)
 Biggert B.Y.J.
 Blake S. (Mathematics S.G.)
 Bock C.B.
 Bradford S.C. (Art)
 Broulidakis C.P. (Physical Science, Biology, History)
 Brown M.J.A.
 Brown P.D.
 Brown R.V.
 Buchmann D.H. (German)
 Burgess J.M.
 Capsopoulos A.G.
 Carty T.J.
 Chambers A.F.
 Chambers L.
 Christensen C.
 Clewlow D.A.
 Coetzee C.L. (Physical Science, Biology)
 Cole C.L.
 Collett T.A.
 Collier S.E.
 Connellan G.K.
 Cooke J.M.
 Coutts S.P.
 Crawford S.V.
 Cubberley S.M.
 Dawe N.B.
 De Klerk W.A. (Physical Science)
 Dingwall B.C.
 Du Sautoy J.Y.
 Duffy R.M.
 Dutton C.
 Ellis J.A.
 Ellis N.J.
 Ellis S.E.
 Enslin J.
 Felton M.D.
 Fletcher J.R. (History)
 Fowlds M.C.
 Franley S.
 Francis P.J.
 Friedrich K.M.
 Genis T.S.
 Gettliffe J.B.
 Glanville J.C. (English, French)
 Godwin N.J. (Biology)
 Gold D.
 Grainger M. (Physical Science, Biology)
 Greef N. (Mathematics SG)
 Grey L.D.
 Grey S.L.
 Hacking T. (English, Afrikaans Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, Geography)
 Hall A.P.
 Hansmann J.R. (Art)
 Harris P.D.
 Harris P.J.
 Hartong M.R.M. (Afrikaans)
 Hodnett T.E.
 Holland R.E. (Mathematics SG)
 Holtz T.H. (German)
 Houchin D.L.
 Hurry B.A.
 Jackson N.C. (Geography)
 Johnston S.P.
 Johnstone L.M.
 Keenan T.L.
 Klews B. (English, Afrikaans Physical Science, Biology, History)
 Knowles A.J.
 Kotze N.
 Koyd L.S.
 Kratz E.D.
 Larter A.H. (Biology, History, Geography)
 Lasch M.V. (German)
 Leiswitz W.A.
 Leith D.R.P.
 Liebenberg H.L.
 Ludi P.G.
 Luyt W.R.
 Martin J.H. (Geography, Art)
 McBean B.I.
 McKenzie C.J.
 McNeil G.L.
 MacPherson S.K.
 Malan L. (English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, History)
 Melville D.A.
 Milton A.J.
 Minster W.S.
 Monsma J.L.
 Mosson G.N. (Mathematics, Geography)
 Mohlberg L.
 Mullings B.C.
 Nel L.J.
 Nicoletta G.W.
 Orr M.L. (History)
 Page B.J.
 Page S.F.
 Pagenkopf S. (German)
 Pain J.
 Park D.L.A.
 Parsons G.W. (Physical Science)
 Pell C.S. (Mathematics SG)
 Penney S.J.
 Pestana T.R.
 Petters A.C.
 Pond C.L.
 Potgieter T.
 Pullinger A.P.
 Pye W.
 Raal A.S.
 Rackham P.A.
 Rayner A.P.
 Reed C. (Mathematics SG)
 Reeves-Moore M.
 Ridgway N.S. (English, Afrikaans, Biology, History)
 Roebert C.J.
 Ruhsmann N.K. (Physical Science, History, Geography)
 Russel C.M. (History)
 Seals L.
 Shaw C.A.
 Simcock C.J.
 Singleton R.L. (Art)
 Sivers A.J.
 Smith A.C.
 Smith J.M. (History)
 Smith M.T. (Physical Science, Biology)
 Smythe A.J.
 Stockl R.J. (German)
 Swanepoel P.W.
 Sydow C.J. (Mathematics, Physical Science)
 Tarr L.S.
 Tebbitt N.D.
 Ternent S.J.
 Thomson A.R.
 Tiley G.M.
 Torrente D.
 Train B.J.
 Train W.A.
 Tyson J.A. (Geography)
 Van den Beukel K.M. (Afrikaans)
 Van der Merwe B.A. (Biology)
 Van Wel J.R.
 Van Zyl T. (English, Afrikaans, Zulu, Mathematics, Biology, History)
 Varcoe B.M.
 Venn G.J. (Art)
 Verspui A.T. (History SG)
 Van Buuren G.W.

Vogel S.J. (Afrikaans, German,
Physical Science)
Walls S.J.
Walker S.J.
Wassenaar A.D. (Afrikaans)
Watchorn S.
Weyers L.C.
Whittaker D.G.
Williams M.
Wilson G.H.
Wilson S.
Wright N.Y. (Mathematics SG
Wroegemann R.

Without exemption

Bartlett M.
Beattie M.N.
Beukes D.W.
Bruyns C.R.
Bryson P.K.
Dougall A.S.
Duncan N.J.G.
Dunkley B.S.
Halgryn M.B.
Holmes G.V.
Holsboer H.B.
Jansen van Rensburg A.J.
Johnston A.A.
Kay M.R.E.
Kightley J.
King N.S.
Knowles A.L.
Lipschitz G.L.
Meiring S.J.
Noakes S.K.
Oliver C.
Onslow R.D.J.
Park J.C.W.
Patten S.
Robinson E.C.
Rose N.A.M.
Smillie A.B.
Stumke N.A.
Swart C.T.
Vakis C.
Van der Meyden E.
Wentzel D.J.

With conditional exemption.

Bevan R.A.
Bosman K.
Burns I.B.
Lobban A.J.
McLeod J.A.
Nicholls M.G.
Rintoul C.
Tebbit L.A.
Vester M.C.



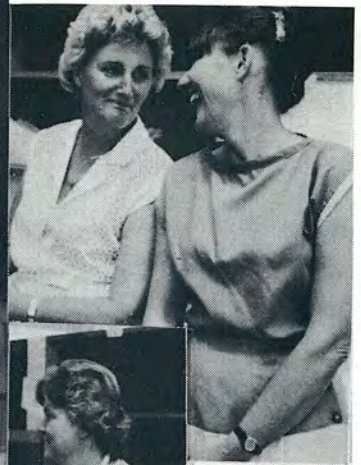
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MOTHERS' COMMITTEE

*Front Row, left to right: S. van Wel, B. Beautemont, S. Crowell (Chairlady), Mr. R. Paige (Headmaster), M. Clewlow
 Second Row: P. de Klerk, D. Wilson, C. Arnold, G. Gibson, S. Cockburn
 Third Row: J. Hultzer, L. Lewis, E. Trichler, E. Janovsky, R. Davey, A. Bennett
 Absent: I. King, C. Knight, W. Smart*

MOTHERS' COMMITTEE

It is with pride and gratitude that I am able to look back on the unselfish contributions made by each and every member of the Mothers' Committee during 1984. Many of the activities are handled in a low manner and go unnoticed to all but a few. The hours spent in service of the school are undertaken at great personal sacrifice which makes it all the more laudable.

To indicate the variety and scope of the Committee's involvement, it may be of interest to note that many sporting fixtures, cultural events and academic functions were catered for. In addition, a dedicated group of parents provide a tuckshop service every day of the week. Any expression of thanks to parents would be entirely inadequate. Many parents control the expense of educating their children by taking advantage of the services provided by the Swoop Shop and the Lost Property Office.

Over the years, the School's magazine has built up a very enviable standard of both production and content. The pupils have made a magnificent literary contribution which has in recent years been threatened by dramatic increases in the cost of publishing the magazine. This year the Mothers' Committee has collected in excess of R5 000,00 which has guaranteed that the high standard of printing the magazine will be maintained.

My sincere thanks are extended to the Committee members for the unwavering enthusiasm and willing support I have received from them. I, however, wish to include the many other parents who have rendered much needed assistance to help with the tremendous catering load creat-



ed by the range of activities and functions that have taken place throughout the year.

The foundations of our commitments for next year have already been laid. We look forward to the challenge with great expectations.

SANDY CROSWELL (Chairlady)



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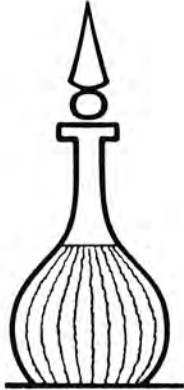
AFRICAN STAFF

*Front Row, left to right: J. Mahladsisa, J. Sithole, C. Ngoma, L. Duma, P. Maseiela
 Back Row: S. Matshaba, S. Dumazi, P. Malinga, J. Mahladis, H. Rasilome, D. Mbambo
 Absent: T. Mbambo, J. Sibiyca*



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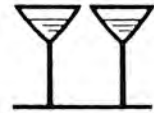
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Back Row: Mrs. L. Zander, Mrs. P. van den Heever



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SCHOOL EXECUTIVE

Front Row, left to right: Miss M.J. Saayman, Mr. R.E. Paige, Mrs. C.F. Scheltema

Second Row: Mr. J. Breytenbach, Mr. J.L.W. Visser, Mr. R.P. Stoltz



To face a new year and seventy new faces in a staffroom is a daunting prospect, but Mr. Paige revelled in it. New systems, organizations, methods and constitutions were introduced by this enterprising man. The new broom has swept clean, and has ensured that we have maintained our house in immaculate condition.

The ever-changing, yet ever constant staff body is functioning as an efficient and organized unit, which, in the light of the large number of members, is a praiseworthy achievement. This staff is volatile, expressive, demanding, but above all, motivated. All these qualities are being channelled successfully in the right direction by the helmsman. There'll be no mutiny by this bounteous crew.

The seconds-in-command, Mrs. Scheltema, Miss Saayman, Mr. Visser, Mr. Stoltz and Mr. Breytenbach have each put in more than an oar. Each one of these Heads of Department is responsible for the maintenance and smooth running of the school administration. That they do so successfully is evident.

Staff '84

It seems hardly a few months ago, midway through 1983, that we were all agog to hear who the new headmaster was going to be. Speculation and gossip were rife, and conjecture was the name of the game. The staffroom buzzed with suggestions, counter-suggestions and recommendations. When the announcement was finally made, the staffroom breathed a sign of delighted relief.

The successful applicant for the post of headmaster at Bryanston High School was Mr. Roy Paige.

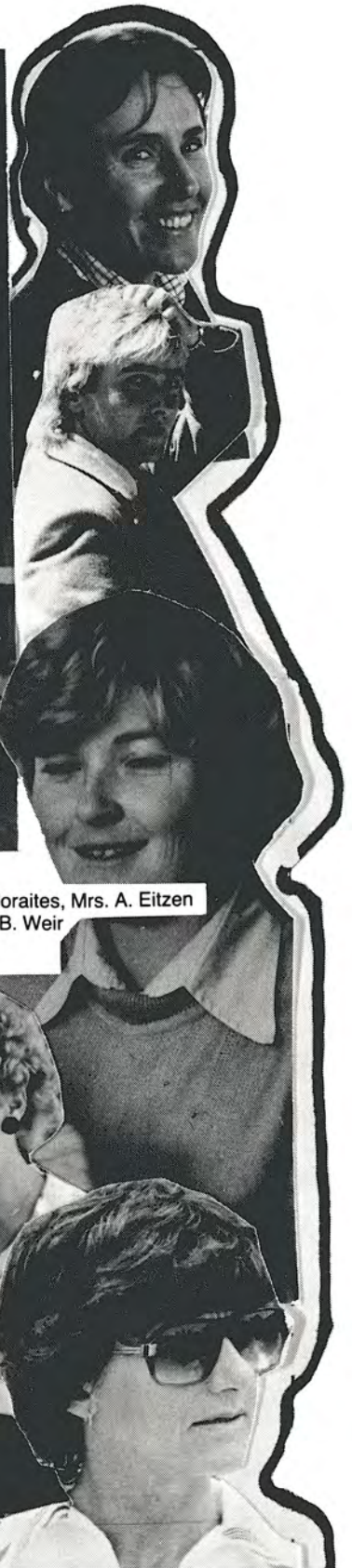
After matriculating from Northview High as headboy, he read a B.A. at Wits and completed his training at J.C.E. His first teaching post was at Northview whereafter he was seconded to Potch Boys' High as Senior Assistant for English. He returned to Northview for a while, and was then transferred to Hyde Park as Senior Assistant for English. After five years at Bryanston High, followed by two years as Deputy Head at Edenglen, he has returned to Bryanston High as headmaster. (We hope this will be his last move for a long while).





DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL GUIDANCE

*Front Row, left to right: Mrs. G. French, Miss H. Telemahou, Mr. J.L.W. Visser (Head of Department), Mrs. A. Moraites, Mrs. A. Eitzen
 Second Row: Mrs. J. Gorrie, Miss E. Pretorius, Miss C. Smuts, Mrs. K. Botha, Mrs. C. Fox, Mrs. B. Weir
 Third Row: Mr. I. Morrison, Mr. K. Havenga Mr. G. Giliomee*



Miss Saayman, as a newcomer to the school, has adapted and acquitted herself so well of her tasks, that she may well have been designed especially for the job. Like Mr. Paige, she joined our ship after having been at Edenglen. Their loss has most certainly been our gain.

Mr. Breytenbach has returned to the school as Head of Science, after an absence of two years. Rand Park High must look to its laurels, as Mr. Breytenbach's enthusiasm and dedication to the athletics track as well as the rugby field augurs well for the future of Bryanston High.



Other staff members have veni'd, vidi'd and vici'd throughout the year. Mrs. Strydom (née van Eunen) tied the knot, and the stork visited Mrs. Pawson, Mrs. Powell and Mrs. von Ludwig. Some members of staff are moving to greener pastures while others have found their pastures here.

To all these people we say congratulations, goodbye and hello, but above all, thank you.



DEPARTMENT OF HUMANITIES

Front Row, left to right: Mrs. Y. Daymond, Mrs. G. Townsend, Mrs. E. Huggett, Mrs. C. Scheltema (H.O.D.), Mr. J. Hewson, Mr. M. Sherman, Miss M. Moosbauer

Second Row: Mrs. J. Kean, Miss L. Broomberg, Miss C. Ravenscroft, Miss J. Moeller, Miss Z. Recsei

Third Row: Mr. D. Smith, Mr. J. van Niekerk, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. W. Luckmann



DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL SCIENCES

Front Row, left to right: Miss V. Vonk, Mrs. V. Chiappini, Mrs. M. King, Mr. J. Breytenbach (H.O.D.), Mrs. D. Steele, Mrs. M. Balarin, Miss A. Kok

Second Row: Mrs. P. van Zyl, Mrs. A. Strydom, Mrs. J. Butters, Mrs. I. Russell, Mrs. I. Kruskamp, Mrs. M. Cikes, Mrs. M. Pringle

Third Row: Mrs. P. Deacon, Dr. A.H. Scott, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, Mr. R. Edgar, Mrs. M. Klein





DEPARTMENT OF OFFICIAL LANGUAGES

Front Row, left to right: Miss R. Bester, Miss M. Pratt, Mrs. J. Frost, Miss J. Saayman (H.O.D.), Mrs. K. Pienaar, Miss C. Walls, Mrs. H. von Ludwig

Second Row: Mrs. A. Meier, Miss S. Featherstone, Mrs. M. Henderson, Mrs. J. Kean, Miss S. Bezuidenhout, Mrs. B. Codd, Mrs. D. Light

Third Row: Miss J. Coney, Mrs. L. Prinsloo, Mr. A. Lauff, Mrs. M. Randall, Miss D. Otto

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HOUSECRAFT DEPARTMENT REPORT

The first half of the year was spent completing the needle-work section of the syllabus. We are sure that there was ample evidence of the girls hard work at our annual housecraft display, which was held in September. We also announced the top pupil/s of each standard:

Std. 6	Bridget van Genderingen
Std. 7	Janine van Zyl
Std. 8	Debbie Stamper
Best Std. 8 Model	Karen Coenen
Std. 9	Ingrid Leitner
Best patchwork	Jean Sharples
Best embroidery	Nicola Hallendorf
St. 10	Nicola Bennett
Best Std. 10 Model	Nicola Bennett

A great deal of fun was had by all the Std. 7 girls who knitted "Pink Panthers", using the 'Your Family' pattern. We were visited by the editors who had tea with us and took photographs of the girls and their panthers.

We are now approaching the end of the year and all standards will be doing a practical cookery exam.

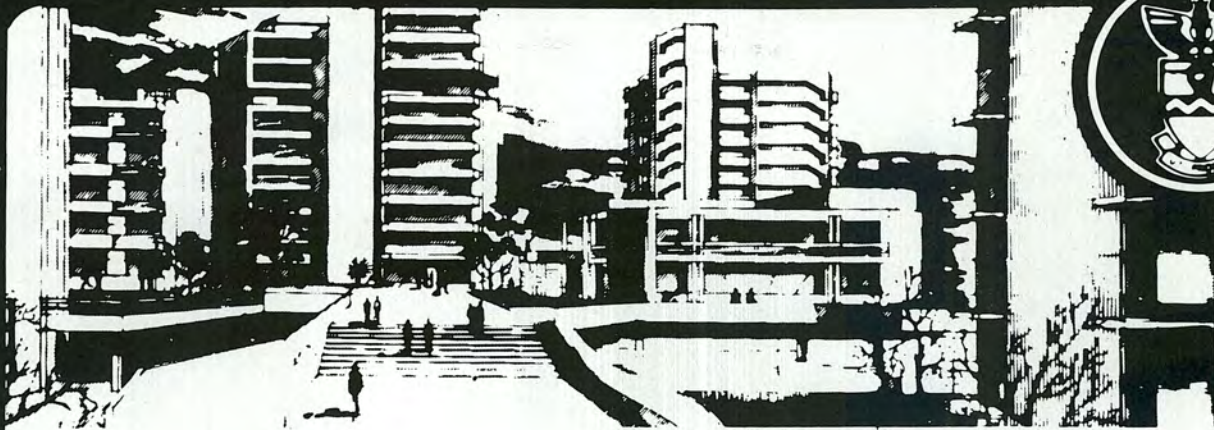
As our matrics start their final exams we would like to wish them the best of luck both for their exams and the future. A special word of good luck to the four girls who will be going into Housecraft careers.

We wish you well for the New Year and look forward to more and better housecraft next year.

B. WEIR AND G. FRENCH







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- Community Nursing Science
- Computer Data Processing
- Dental Assisting & Dental Technology
- Electrical Engineering & Electronics
- Food and Clothing Technology
- Hotel Management & Catering
- Management (various courses)
- Mechanical & Industrial Engineering
- Medical Technology
- Microbiology
- Mining & Metallurgy
- Optometry
- Public Health (Health Inspectors)
- Pharmacy (degree course)
- Public Relations
- Secretarial Training
- Theatre Technology
- Tourism

Courses are offered subject to sufficient enrolment.

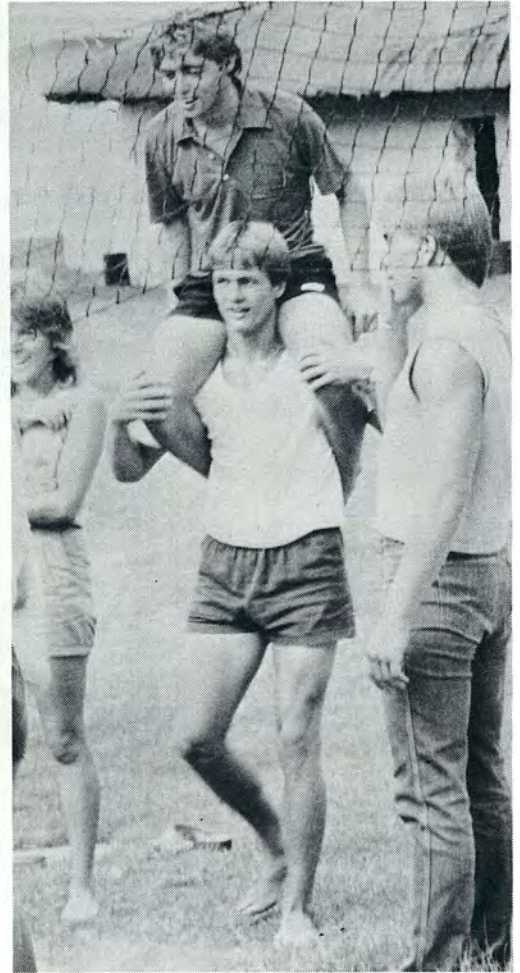
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HEAD PREFECTS 1984

Front Row, left to right: Mrs. C. Scheltema, Mr. R. Paige, Mr. J. Visser
Second Row: R. Stamper (Deputy Head Girl), G. van Zyl (Head Boy), N. Bennet (Head Girl), T. Courtenay (Deputy Head Boy)



Prefects '84

PREFECTS' REPORT

In many ways the prefects of 1984 had a rather confusing year, because of all the changes occurring within Bryanston High School. It is never easy to start something new, and this year was the beginning of a new era at Bryanston owing to the appointment of a new headmaster, Mr. Paige. We underwent many trials and tribulations during our year, all of which have been filed for future reference.

1984 started off with the Form I orientation day. A census showed us that the Std. 6's were suffering from an identity crisis, created by the transition from primary school to high school. This problem required a speedy solution, so we introduced some rather minute name tags in the hope that they would soon realize their place at Bryanston High.

We spent the first weekend of February shattering the peace and quiet in the Magaliesberg, at Camp Kaplan, where we were taught basic management skills. At the same time, some of the boys, i.e. Richard Price, Andrew Hammond and others had their first cookery lesson with Mrs. Deacon at 6.30 a.m. on the Saturday morning. Surprisingly enough we survived to see another day. We hope Mr. Visser recovered from his kinky attack.



PREFECTS 1984

Front Row, left to right: T. Courtenay (Deputy Head), G. van Zyl (Head), Mrs. C. Scheltema, Mr. R. Paige (Headmaster), Mr. J.L.W. Visser, N. Bennett (Head), R. Stamper (Deputy Head)

Second Row: A. Crystal, J. Train, J. Lovely, J. Chambers, J. Yuill, L. McNally, J. Milton, I. Johnson, S. Woods, A. Stacey, F. Fletcher, K. King, N. Cooper

Third Row: A. van Wel, A. Bac, T. Hultzer, G. Hansmann, M. McKay, A. Tyson, A. Newby, G. Stafford, A. Anema

Fourth Row: G. Lindsay, R. Price, J. Smith, H. Brombacher, A. Murphy, G. Hewson, I. Sanne, C. Freimond, G. Kamps, A. Hammond

The inter-high swimming gala was an enormous success. Although we did not win in the pool, we certainly won on the stand, which is after all what really counts. Thanks must go to the pupils who accepted our generous invitations to our little Friday afternoon "sessions", for contribution to our collection of 500 shakers which were used at the gala. Thanks, too, to our magnificent cheerleaders.

The Students' Advisory Council was another important step in the right direction for the school. The main aim of this council is to give the pupils a voice in the school. If this facility is used in the way it has been intended, Bryanston can only benefit.





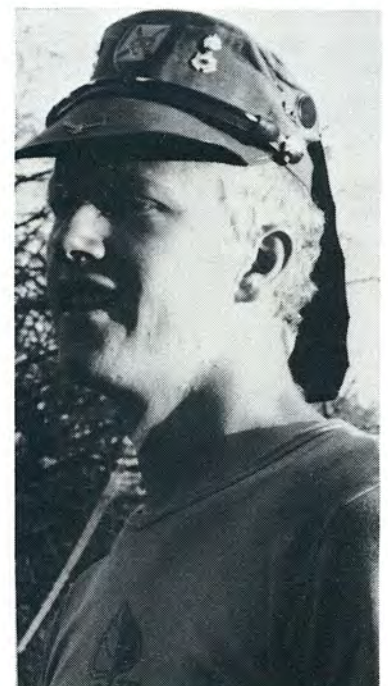
We established a Spirit Trophy for the Inter-house Athletics meeting. The criteria necessary to obtain this trophy are based on the number of people who attended the meeting and the degree of spirit generated. Congratulations to Mercury for being the first winners of this shield!

Our thanks must go to Mrs. Scheltema for all her knowledge and guidance and her willingness to attend our meetings at 7 o'clock on Friday mornings.

Sadly, now that we are old and wise, we have to take leave of a school that has served us well. We have tried to serve you to the best of our ability and even though we have not always won, we certainly have come away having learnt many important lessons.

We thank all those pupils and members of staff who gave us their support during the year and lastly, we wish the prefects of 1985 the best of luck!

NIKKI BENNETT & GERRIE VAN ZYL
(Head Prefects, 1984)





JUNIOR TOWN COUNCILLORS

Front Row, left to right: H. Carty (Sandton),

M. Economides (Randburg), A. Gilmour (Sandton)

Back Row: M. Thorne (Sandton), D. Heinebach (Sandton)

RANDBURG JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL

Our aim on the Randburg Junior Town Council is to encourage the youth of Randburg to show an interest in the town and the functions thereof.

This is done through organising functions of different natures, some of which include discos, a play festival and choir competition, a civil defence competition, a Best Speakers competition, a Fun Run, Miss Randburg and many more.

The Council, which consists of 19 representatives from 7 different schools, is divided into sub-committees which each organise a certain function during which the whole council helps. This is a lot of fun and hard work and I can honestly say that I have learned a great deal about organising and also about people through this. I have had the opportunity to mix with people from different schools and have made many friends.

Being a member of the council does not entail only hard work. We have social functions as well, either in the form of a braai or going away for the weekend or going out to dinner. Through being on the council I have broadened my outlook on life; it is an experience for which I am grateful.

MELINA ECONOMIDES (Junior Clerk of Council)

THE SANDTON JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL

The theme of the Youth Council this year was LUSY — Let's Unite Sandton's Youth.

We started out by having our induction. This year's Executive is as follows:

- Mayor: Hilton Carty
- Deputy Mayor: Amanda Gilmour
- Secretary: Nicky Head (Sandown)
- Treasurer: Kim Bennet (Hyde Park)
- Clerk: Claudia Güssling (Hyde Park)
- PRO: Simon Gentry (Marists)

Our first function was to attend the Alexandra Youth seminar, where we learnt about leadership, planning and fund raising.

The Sandton Council then held its own disco at Ernest Ullman Park. It was a social success but financially there wasn't a very large profit.

Then Hilton Carty and Amanda Gilmour swapped schools with Hyde Park for the day. It was very beneficial in that they experienced the differences between schools.

More recently they attended the formal opening of "Thursorg" — recreational centre for youth of Alexandra built by the Sandton Civic Foundation.

The projects on the agenda for the future are an "Impromptu Play Evening"; another disco; a debate between Alex. and Sandton Youth Council over our political future; an interdistrict Sandton fun run; and our most important project — a road safety test for all bicycle riders of Sandton between the ages of 12 and 13 or in Std 5.

We hope that our Std 8 councillors Michele Thorne and Dominique Hainebach will carry on the good work!

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INTERACT

Interact has been very successful this year. We have not only kept up the reputation we gained last year, but we have expanded on it.

Each year the club is compelled to do one major community project and one major international project. This year we have completed two community projects and two international projects.

Our community projects have been, firstly, to build a covered walkway for Cheshire Homes. We all thought that after building a swimming pool, a covered walkway would be a piece of cake! How wrong we were! It turned out to be twice as difficult! And then secondly, to buy a Toyota Hi-Ace for Transvaal Cripples Care Association.

On the international side, we spent a very interesting weekend in Venda, where we met the president, made many friends and gave R3 000 to the school for the Deaf in Venda.

We organised an exchange to Germany. Some of us were extremely fortunate to be able to go to Munich, where we spent an unforgettable three weeks. We made many friends, learnt a lot about people, cultures, and foreign places. All of us have made up our minds to return to Germany as soon as we can afford it!

In return we hosted eleven Germans in South Africa for three weeks. We showed them all around and let them see for themselves what South Africa was like. For this project, we have been nominated for a Rotary International Award, which is a great honour.

Good luck for the future, Interact, and keep up all the hard work!

KIRSTY STILWELL





INTERACT

Front Row, left to right: P. Haynes, L. Adcock, B. Scarrott, K. Stillwell, M. Williamson, A. Hugo, D. Hainebach
 Second Row: K. Wilson, L. Boughton, C. Ormsby, L. van Zyl, J. Malan, G. Pulé, C. Cooper, C. van der Berg, S. Rogers, W. Goodrum
 Third Row: A. Clewlow, N. Cummings, J. Vile, T. Goodley, A. Brombacher, L. Bayne, G. Koyd, L. McNally, S. Hall, L. Jones
 Fourth Row: S. Dolk, G. Davey, G. Tarr, A. Gallie, M. Martin, C. Hughes, W. Siebrits
 Absent: A. Kelly, G. Irving-Smith, J. Milborrow, T. Trichler

Interacts are not afraid of hard work, dirty hands

Cripples' Care gets a mini-bus

Cheshire Homes' new pathway opening

Rotary builds bridges for young Interacts set to aid disabled

Interact aid handicapped

Bryanston interact to aid of cripples

COMMUNITY IN CAMERA

Interacts for Munich
 NINE Bryanston High School Interacts led by Rotarian adviser, Pat Schmidt, have left during their three week stay they will be touring widely the club will be...

Interacts set to aid disabled
 Interacts set to aid disabled...

Interact aid handicapped
 The youngsters of Bryanston High School Interacts have undertaken two mammoth projects this year for the benefit of physically handicapped. They have bought a new 10 seater mini-bus...

Cripples' Care gets a mini-bus
 The Bryanston High School Interacts presented a 10-seater bus to the Transvaal Cripples' Care Association yesterday.

Cheshire Homes' new pathway opening
 Cheshire Homes' new pathway opening...

Rotary builds bridges for young Interacts set to aid disabled
 Rotary builds bridges for young Interacts set to aid disabled...

Interact aid handicapped
 Interact aid handicapped...

Bryanston interact to aid of cripples
 Bryanston interact to aid of cripples...

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House Reports

Jupiter



JUPITER

House Captains: DEBBIE VAN RENSBURG and GARETH STAFFORD

At Bryanston High, Jupiter is known as the house to beat and rightly so. This year we were given the privilege of holding our house meetings in the hall as we were overall winners last year. It certainly helps house spirit to all be under the same roof and proved to be very convenient.

Our first challenge of the year was the inter-house gala. The dominant colour was red and the cheerleaders looked superb. With enthusiastic supporters and a talented team, we couldn't go wrong and once again the trophy became ours. Our junior swimmers were particularly good and we hope that they will lead Jupiter to victory for many years to come.

The athletics meeting proved to be extremely exciting. Jupiter won the field events comfortably but from then on were constantly challenged by the other houses. Mercury took the lead a number of times but eventually all depended upon the last race. Mercury pipped us at the post but we gave them a good "run" for their money! It certainly was an exciting way to end.

The hockey and rugby this year were less successful but well done to all who joined in the fun and went down in true Jupiter spirit! Fortunately our tennis team managed to clinch a bit of glory for us, by winning all their matches.

The red flag flew once again when Jupiter won the golf challenge by a comfortable margin. The netball too was a triumphant victory for Jupiter who won the junior and senior sections, thus winning overall. Well done to all the girls for winning in spirit and in play!

A good deal of effort, fun, drama and excitement went into this year's entry in the inter-house plays festival. Our play "The Veld" proved to be the success of the evening, winning the "best play" award. Congratulations to all involved, you did a fantastic job!

All in all, Jupiter continued to hold its head high and our wishes go to the best house for future years.

RENÉE STAMPER





JUPITER INTER-HOUSE PLAYS (CAST AND CREW)
Front Row, left to right: L. Jones, A. van Wel, K. Petersen, L. Thoressen, I. Staffetius
Back Row: A. St. Leger, T. Cribbs, J. Hall, W. Jones, K. Martin, J. Haeefele

Apollo



APOLLO HOUSE REPORT 1984

House Captains: Julie Chambers, Gregg Rodrigues

Due to the dedication, determination and enthusiasm this year, Apollo has shown itself to be victorious in many of the year's events. Apollo believes that to be the best we have to work hard and we believe that our results indicate dedication from every member of the house.

One of the highlights of the year was the inter-house rugby matches. Apollo, rated as the worst team, proved everybody wrong, by first annihilating Jupiter, and then finally beating Mercury in the second game. Apollo emerged as the overall winners of the rugby.

Our dedicated team of male hockey players made up a formidable side. However, victory eluded us, although good sportsmanship prevailed. Unlike the boys, the girls proved to be a very talented and successful team and emerged as overall winners of the girls' hockey.

In the tennis, the girls once again served their way to victory against very strong opposition, although the boys did not do as well as expected.

In athletics, spirits ran high and Apollo competed valiantly; although, not winning on the field, we showed our superiority on the stands, with the girls doing a very fine job with the cheerleading.

Swimming was an unusually exciting event on the agenda even though we did not manage to feature prominently in the final scene.

Cricket, as well as some of the other cultural events, is expected to bring honour to Apollo.

Thanks to all the members of this great house for your interest and good spirit.

Good Luck for 1985!

GREGG RODRIGUES





APOLLO HOUSE PLAYS — CAST
Front Row, left to right: A. Crystal, N. Cooper
Back Row: C. Abraham, C. Hughes



THE INTER-HOUSE PLAY FESTIVAL 1984

Towards the beginning of March this year, the four producers of the house plays were informed that they had exactly one month to prepare for the greatest cultural highlight of the year . . . the Inter-House Play Festival. Amidst the mass hysteria during that month, we managed to produce four very polished and most entertaining one-act plays. The rehearsals seemed endless, the headaches abundant and the nerves on edge as March 30th approached. But before we knew it, we were performing before "the world!"

Apollo shocked us with a bizarre production, "Mutatis Mutandis" produced by Andrea Crystal. Mercury provided us with a light-hearted romp entitled "The Slippers of Cinderella", produced by Vanessa de Villiers. After interval, Jupiter stunned everyone with a futuristic drama, "The Veld", produced by Kim Peterson, and the evening finally ended on a more light-hearted note with Neptune entertaining us with the comedy "Suppressed Desires" produced by Jeni Yuill.

At the end of all this, the judge, the well-known Mr. Joseph Sherman, a director of plays and a lecturer at WITS, was faced with the tremendous task of choosing a winner . . . Jupiter walked away with the well-deserved trophy for the second consecutive year. Jeni Yuill won the "Best Actress Award", and Craig Freimond won the "Best Actor Award" for 1984 . . . both are in Neptune. The "Best supporting Actor" and "Best supporting Actress" awards were presented to Lester Thoesson of Jupiter and Julia Horner of Apollo respectively. Congratulations!

The evening's performances stood up to the high quality previously set by the various houses, and I hope that next year will prove as successful . . . so, if you are "into" the stage, and if you are into a **lot** of fun, get into the house plays next year . . . you'll love it!!

Our thanks once again are extended to Mr. Neethling for all his time, effort and patience . . . it was marvellous!

JENI YUILL



Neptune



NEPTUNE — HOUSE REPORT 1984

House Captains: Jeni Yuill/Tim Courtenay.

For Neptune, 1984 was not the most successful of years. Our ups and downs in the water, on the fields, and on the stage proved to our three rivals, however, that our unity and spirit still prevail.

In the house gala in the beginning of the year, we fared a grand third against our "enemies". The junior swimmers prove to be most promising, so Neptune certainly has a great deal to look forward to in the coming years.

The athletics meeting proved to be a highly successful and well-participated event, with the athletes receiving their support and encouragement from an equally full spectator contingent. Everyone had high hopes for Neptune, and we were one of the favourites, with a number of prominent athletes making up our ranks. But the Mafia had put up five grand for Mercury to hit the big time, so we quietly accepted third place, just to please everyone! Congratulations to all the athletes.

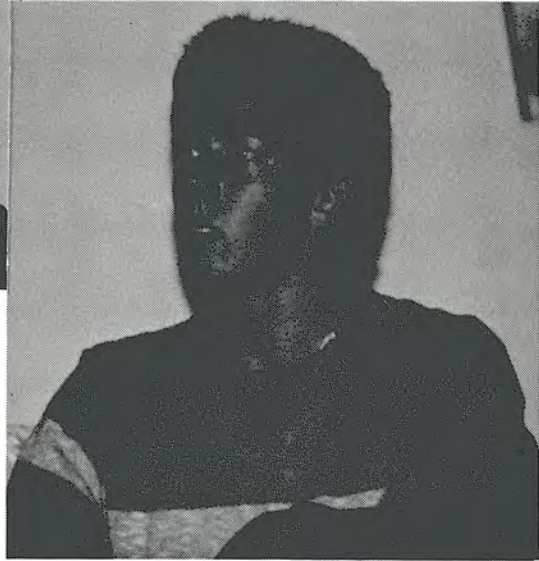
The open rugby team finally came in fourth after persevering to the end. We lost to Mercury in the first round after playing on a field that made the Sahara look like the Garden of Eden. Jupiter also narrowly beat us through use of their constant rolling mauls and forward drives. All Neptunians tackled like demons and we came up eventually with a few movements which nearly led to victory for Neptune.

On the more cultural side, our house-play entry this year was "suppressed desires", a play which led to our victory of the Best Actress and Best Actor awards, by Jeni Yuill and Craig Freimond.

Tim and I would like to extend our thanks to all the teachers in charge of Neptune for their much needed and much appreciated assistance, and to the cheerleaders for their well-used spirit and enthusiasm.

Let's hope that next year, Neptune will show its true blues in both its achievements and its spirit. Good luck Neptunians!

JENI YUILL



NEPTUNE HOUSE PLAY (CAST AND CREW)

Front Row, left to right: A. Hayes, S. Gibson, J. Yuill, C. Freimond, J. Harris

Second Row: B. Burchell, L. Tomlinson, G. Tarr, S. von Poncet, P. Selly

Third Row: L. Haselau, M. Paterson, J. Haselau



Mercury



MERCURY HOUSE REPORT 1984

House Captains: Karleen King, Adrian Anema

Although we may not have won all the victory trophies this year, we do have what will ultimately be that which counts — talent, potential, spirit, perseverance and sheer determination.

Our first dash with the other houses was at the gala and once again our swimmers gave of their very best and received a well earned second place. Thanks to Karleen and Adrian for great organization and swimming.

From the swimming pool to the athletics field is where Mercury showed her true colours. Not only did we win the athletics meeting, but we also walked away with the Victrix Laudorum and the Victor Laudorum. Congratulations go to Fiona Futchter and Mark Nelson.

On the hockey field it seemed as if no-one could touch our boys hockey team, who won by a large margin. Even though our girls never did as well, we had a few laughs when Mrs. Gorrie helped us along until she was discovered by horrified Jupiter players. Thanks go to Adrian and Karleen for organizing these teams.

Rugby — the boys' game. We never did too well, but our boys showed the other houses how the game is played in true spirit.

On the tennis court our boys and girls showed their talents with our girls managing third place and our boys second place.

I would like to thank all the cheerleaders for their hard work and enthusiasm shown and also Miss Moeller, Mrs. Gorrie and Mr. Lauff for all their support.

My thanks also go to Adrian Anema who gave all his support to Mercury and helped me whenever I asked. Lastly, I must thank all those Mercurians who helped us achieve what we did, and for all their spirit.

So, keep it up Mercury, and someday we'll be tops.

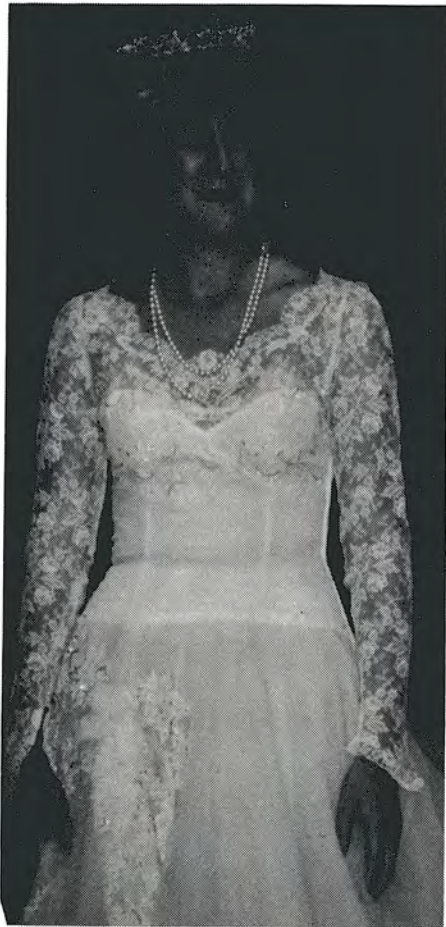
KARLEEN KING





MERCURY HOUSE PLAY (CAST AND CREW)

*Front Row, left to right: Q. Weldon, M. Evans, B. Grönn, V. de Villiers (Director), M. Economides (Stage Manager), S. Kling, C. Coombe
 Second Row: M. Hearn, C. Pulé, B. Thurlow, B. Scarrott, Z. Matthews, B. Wiggett, L. Martin
 Third Row: T. Aldrich, A. Hansmann, G. Hansmann (Lighting Manager)*



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DEBATING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING

*Front Row, left to right: J.P. Ravazotti, A. Crosswell, Mrs. J. Frost, A. Gilmour, Miss C. Walls, M. Hearn, M. Bowes
Second Row: A. Hayes, K. Coetzee, M. Economides, P. Haynes, Z. Matthews, B. van Nieuwkerk, A. Coyle, L. Hearn, J. Fulcher
Third Row: P. McCombe, A. Hugo, B. Janovsky, J. Scheepers, G. Scheepers, A. Scheepers, M. Aldridge, M. Williamson
Fourth Row: P. Davey, P. Laubuschagne, D. Kloosterman, I. Sanne, D. Ferguson, C. Barker, R. Field*

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

1984 has definitely been a "learning period" for both seniors and of course the most welcome juniors.

The first team on the agenda was the Helen Suzman Debating League, with Bryanston sporting the only Std. 9 team, who fought courageously against experienced matric teams. Unfortunately the team did not come out tops, but maybe next year . . .!

Following closely on this serious event, came the Parachute Debate, pupils vs teachers. A fun event enjoyed by all, with such stars as "Paddy O'Byrne", "Cupid and Brooke Bond" putting in an appearance. After winning over many hearts, Father Christmas was finally awarded the one and only parachute.

In between this and the inter-house debates was a "friendly" against Hyde Park. After a stimulating debate about whether a mother should be paid to stay at home or

not, Bryanston triumphed.

Both senior and junior inter-house finals developed into a "battle of wits" with Neptune finally beating Mercury in the junior debate, and Mercury's senior team overcoming Jupiter.

This year, thanks to Miss Saayman, public speaking has been introduced for the first time, an activity which holds much promise. The first major event of this nature, was the Best Speaker's competition, held recently and adjudicated by Ms. Brophy. A newcomer to the scene, Richard Canning, took the junior award, with old favourite Jenny Lovely taking the senior cup.

Many thanks go to Mr. Sherman for his adjudication of the house debates, and to Mrs. Frost and Miss Walls for their help and support.

M. HEARNE



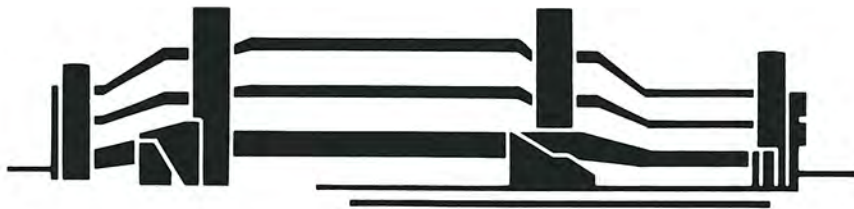
QUIZ TEAM

Bryanston High has entered a number of competitive inter-school quiz events this year; namely the Perm Rotary High School Quiz, the preliminaries for the S.A.T.V. High School Quiz and the Rand Daily Mail Quiz — in which we won our preliminary round. These were Bryanston's first ventures into inter-school quizzes. Not only must participants have a good academic knowledge in their subjects, but they must also have a broad knowledge of current events. I appeal to Bryanston's cultural elite to further our cause next year!

MISS S. FEATHERSTONE

QUIZ TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: A. Crystal, Miss S. Featherstone, J. Lovely
Back Row: E. Schevrer, D. Kloosterman*



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*Front Row, left to right: B. Jones, C. Page, Mrs. Henderson, L. Maitland, B. Brislin
 Second Row: F. Finlayson, K. Philip, G. Redmond, G. Watermeyer, N. Bennett
 Third Row: D. Ferguson, D. Hunter, D. Kloosterman*

BRYANSTON'S HIGHTIMES

This year has seen the long overdue birth of 'Bryanston's Hightimes'. We started off on an enthusiastic but not very hopeful note, feeling as if we were plunging into nothingness with our eyes closed. After such humble beginnings, we trudged on, dragging work out of people as if extracting teeth. Suddenly, it took form. The impossible had happened. Our goal was in sight, and the newspaper became the mouthpiece of the pupils. They woke up to the fact that they could actually get what they wanted said. They stopped moaning about how difficult it was to communicate, and saw a means of doing it themselves, indeed a wondrous phenomenon. We honestly hope that this small but thriving organisation will gain impetus and increase in importance until it is impossible to run the school without it. And I'm sure that this will happen if the competence acquired by a few is passed on through the years and infects more and more.

The pen is mightier than the sword — and there is no better place or time to learn it than at school where we should be learning all the other astounding facts of life!

L. MAITLAND

Maggie Hallower

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RANDBURG PLAY FESTIVAL — "BLACK COMEDY"

(Cast and Crew)

Front Row, left to right: A. Gilmour, L. Thoressen, Miss D. Otto, M. Economides (Producer), M. Beukes

Second Row: M. Hearn, B. van Nieuwkerk, G. Harrowing, Z. Matthews, L. Hearn

Third Row: J. Vile, E. Klews, C. Hughes, S. Dalk, P. Caizergues

Absent: J. Holland, C. Johnson

"BLACK COMEDY" — 1984

"Black Comedy" was a tremendous success. The cast consisted of Lester Thoresson, Amanda Gilmour, Gillian Harrowing, Mark Beukes, Christopher Hughes, Monique Hearn, John Holland and Craig Johnstone. We entered the play into the Randburg play festival and walked away with five of the eight prizes which were as follows:

- Most promising actor — Lester Thoresson
- Best actor in a supporting role — Mark Beukes
- Best actress in a supporting role — Gillian Harrowing
- Best Producer — Melina Economides and Miss Otto
- Best Play — Black Comedy — Bryanston High School

A very special word of thanks must be expressed to the backstage crew which consisted of: Betsie van Nieuwkerk, Zoë Matthews, Elke Klews, Patricia Caizergues, Lisa Hearn, Natalie Economides and Mandy Glanville. Without their dedication, and efficiency, the play wouldn't have been the success it was. A special word of thanks also goes to Stephen Dolk who gave up his weekend to do lights for us. Thank you Stephen! And thank you everybody for the tremendous experience of working together. It was terrific! Congratulations!

MELINA ECONOMIDES Director



R.A.P.S. 1984

For those less enlightened amongst us, the RAPS Play Festival is an annual inter-school one-act play festival for all Transvaal High schools. This year, the festival extended over a period of two-and-a half weeks and took place at the Wits Theatre, a superb location for what turned out to be a superb festival. This modern setting consists of the downstairs theatre in which the first rounds took place, and the larger upstairs theatre where the semi-finals and finals were held. The aim of the festival is to encourage innovative theatre amongst teenagers today by using all aspects of versatile theatres such as those at Wits. Keeping this in mind, Mr. Neethling wrote an exciting play based on the T.S. Eliot poem "Rhapsody on a Windy Night", entitled "Clear Relations", revolving around the tragic life of a suicidal teenage girl. The play was extremely emotive, but deeply depressing, presenting the situation in a surrealistic form. The cast and crew suffered the strain for a month of rehearsing and polishing, and on Friday 8 June, we finally felt courageous enough to brave the Wits Theatre! We found out about one week later, much to our disappointment but also relief, that we had not made the semi-finals, but I attended the finals to collect our certificate for our décor, and to witness four excellent productions.

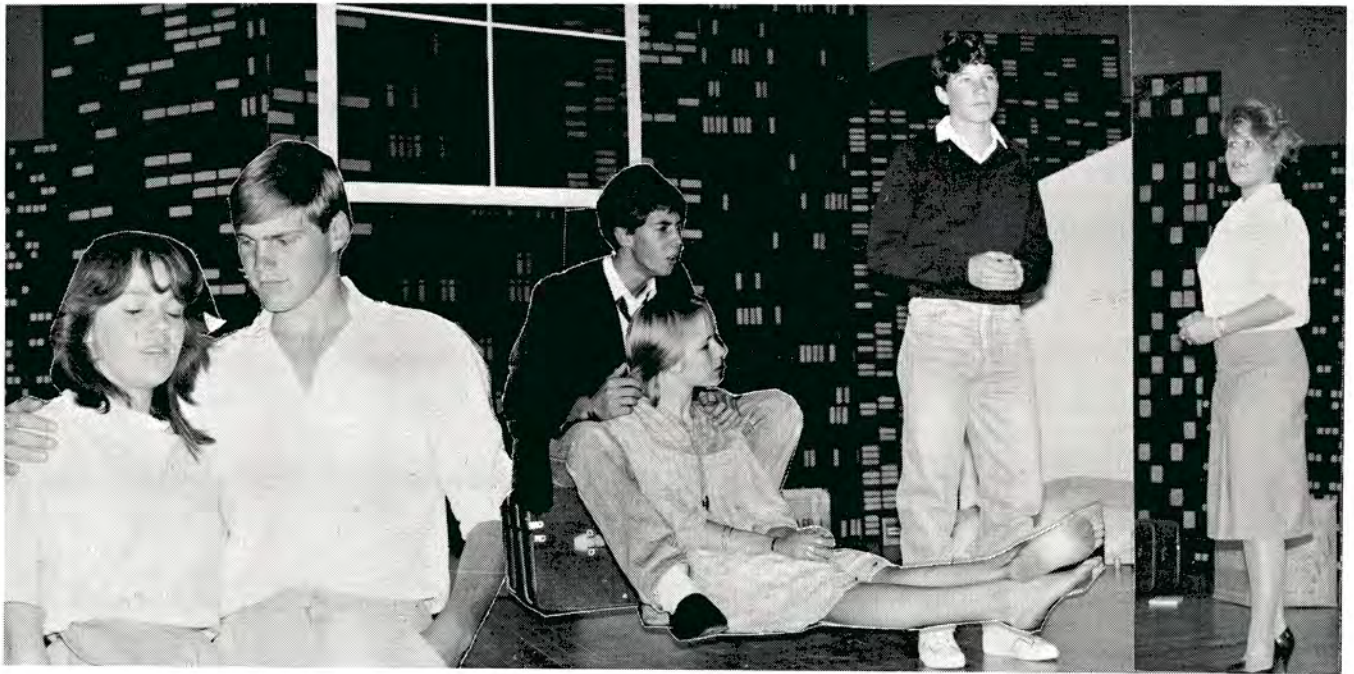
I hope that next year the festival will prove even more rewarding for the pupils involved than it did for all of us this year... Good Luck, and remember: "All the world's a stage..."

JENI YUILL



R.A.P.S. (CLEAR RELATIONS)

*Front Row, left to right: V. de Villiers, A. van Wel, L. Jones, C. Freimond, S. Yuill, M. Halgryn, B. Burchell
 Second Row: P. Selly, C. Chambers, W. Worsthorne, G. Lance, A. St. Leger, M. Paterson, L. MacNally, S. Gibson
 Third Row: T. Bond, H. Hansmann, M. Davis, M. White, P. Marais, D. Botbyl, K. Martin*



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PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

*Front Row, left to right: G. Petran, G. Watermeyer, Mrs. King, I. Johnson (Chairlady), M. von Rossum
Back Row: A. Hewitt, C. Jackson, S. Illingworth, I. Sanne, K. Fellingham, E. Strydom, D. Horn, E. Rushbrooke*

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This has been another successful year for the photographic society. Many eager photographers could be seen skulking behind the bushes taking the many excellent photographs that have appeared in this year's magazine.

A photographer's life may be placed in danger when taking photographs of certain people, but courage and creativity are the two important qualities of a good photographer.

The society attended exhibitions of many professional photographers, and the members soon realised that there was always room for improvement. Thus the photographic society provides the opportunity for you to learn more about the art of photography and darkroom techniques. It also enables you to develop and improve your photographic skills. All candid shots appearing in this magazine were contributed by Mrs. King, I. Johnson, Neville Beard, Ian Sanne, Angus Gallie. It is not the type of camera owned but the talent lying within, that determines the success of the photographer.

INGRID JOHNSON



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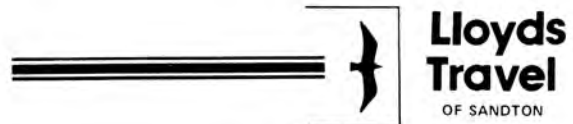
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Sports Focus

FIRST XI CRICKET

The first XI had a good season under the able captaincy of Gavin Lindsay who led his team by his good example on the field and at practices. Gavin Hewson was the top scorer of the season; he scored a record 154 against Marist Brothers (Linmeyer). Jonathan Smith was the most successful bowler, taking 23 wickets for an average of 8 runs per wicket.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the boys for their co-operation during the season, and I would like to wish the matrics all the best on the cricket fields in the future — I look forward to coaching the up and coming players on the tour to Zululand and in 1985.

The following cricketers received colour awards:

Full Colour Award: Gavin Hewson.

Half Colour Awards: Gavin Lindsay, Jonathan Smith, Gavin Tarr, Mark Reynolds, Michael Thomson.

Team Colour Awards: Michael Martin, Guy Tillet, Duncan Goldie, Geoff Kamps.

R. EDGAR



FIRST XI CRICKET TEAM

Front Row, left to right: G. Tarr, M. McKay (Scorer), Mr. R. Edgar, G. Lindsay (Captain), G. Kamps

Second Row: G. Tillet, M. Thomson, J. Smith, M. Martin, D. Goldie

Third Row: G. Hewson, M. Reynolds

1984 CRICKET TOUR TO ZULULAND

The tour was most successful during which invaluable experience was gained.

The results were as follows:

1. Against Empangeni High: Bryanston batted first scoring 120 all out.
Thomson — 21, Tarr — 21, Frazer — 20, McKay 18.
Empangeni replied with 84 all out.
Martin — 6 wickets for 26 runs (brilliant)
Carty — 2 wickets for 3 runs
McKay took 3 catches
Bryanston won by 36 runs.
2. Against Stanger High: Limited to 40 overs.
Bryanston batted first scoring 176 for 6 wickets.
Werry — 64 not out (very good), Reynolds — 41 not out (good), Thomson — 25.
Stanger failed to reply, scoring 34 all out.
Reynolds — 4 wickets for 11 runs (excellent)
Martin — 4 wickets for 11 runs (also excellent)
Frazer — 2 wickets for 0 runs
Bryanston won by 142 runs.
3. Against Eshowe High, in pouring rain. Bryanston batted first scoring 168 for 7 wickets declared.
Tarr 39, Thomson — 36, Carty — 31, Goldie 27.
Eshowe replied with 119 for 3 when bad light stopped play, and the match was declared a draw.
Martin — 3 wickets for 29 runs.

A most successful tour, and thanks go to Mr. Edgar and Mr. Visser for giving up their holiday to accompany us.

MIKE THOMSON 4D (Team Captain)



2ND XI CRICKET

This group of cricketers mirrored the exuberance and enthusiasm of their more illustrious West Indian counterparts. I wish more people could have seen the Calypso Second Team play a game of cricket, as their attitude towards the game was a perfect example for others to follow. The essence of every match — win or lose — was enjoyment. However, they never lost their competitive spirit — typified by Price and Brombacher's continual challenges to the first team for a Saturday morning game.

The team also displayed a rare degree of democracy making Craig Freimond, Paul Marais, Tim Courtenay and Hans Brombacher vice-captains. (Price was assured skilfully but varied and unorthodox assistance). Promising Std. 9's who earned their spurs in the Second Team and should develop into fine cricketers are: Carty, Leech, Warwick, Goldie, Hogg and Fraser.

Thanks must go to Eric Scheurer, the Third Team Coach and Captain who made a guest appearance for us against St. Andrews and held off the attack for 45 minutes of hectic bowling to earn us an honourable draw.

Thanks also to Amanda Gilmour's faithful scoring and all mothers who provided cakes and expert advice.

F. MORRISON

3RD TEAM CRICKET

1984 was the first year that Bryanston had an official third cricket team and this was due to the enthusiasm found in the open age group. Team spirit made up for the lack of talent and we had some memorable moments both on and off the field. We played 6 matches and had pleasing victories over Greenside and K.E.S.

I hope Bryanston will maintain a 3rd team next year as it will be beneficial to cricket at Bryanston.

E. SCHEURER Captain





FIRST XV RUGBY TEAM

Front Row, left to right: C. Tunbridge, R. Moss, A. Bal (Vice-Captain), Mr. R. Paige (Coach), T. Courtenay (Captain), G. Stafford, J. McCleod
Second Row: M. Quayle, M. Nelson, T. Gell, G. Kamps, R. Price, B. Kotze, S. Solomon
Third Row: J. Smith, M. Thomson, G. Hewson, M. Hilditch, W. Christensen, M. Barker

1ST XV RUGBY REPORT

The open rugby group of 1984 was plagued by lack of skill and depth. This was an unfortunate situation which perhaps led to the results obtained during the season. Nevertheless, the players all persevered meritoriously to do their best for Bryanston. The 1st XV results in wins and losses were not pleasing, but the results of the games were misleading. After performances against Highlands North, Saint Stithians, St. Johns and a few other schools, evidence was given of the potential of the 1st XV. However, potential is something that is not often exploited, which was the case this year.

By no means was this a reflection of attitudes in the 1st XV, and the perseverance shown by the players was commendable, especially when we were constantly coming out underdogs. Some players chose the easy way out by constantly getting injured, however! No names mentioned, Adrian, but at least the First Aid team were given something to keep them occupied.

Mid-way through the season, we went on tour to St. Andrews in Bloemfontein, but the conditions were so wet that getting points was a question of luck. Bryanston 1st XV were not the owners of a bountiful supply of luck and we narrowly lost. Towards the end of the season, we went on tour to Durban, playing Westville Boys' and Glenwood Boys' High. We came out second best, but the defensive play, especially against Westville, was superb. All in all, considerable experience was gained by next year's matrics, and we learned how to tackle, and tackle, and tackle!

Thanks go to all the people and coaches involved, especially Mr. Paige who spent all available time coaching us in very adverse conditions. Hopefully the Std. 9's will use the experience gained to their advantage next year, so good luck to them.

T. COURTENAY (Captain)



2ND XV RUGBY

A very enjoyable season was experienced by all 2nd Team players. This year's second team was not the best second side on track record due to the fact that it was a very young side, but a side that gained immense and profitable experience. The side had to play in all types of conditions. These ranged from torrential rains and waterlogged fields, to drought-stricken concrete pitches.

The second team won 35% of their games and although this does not seem very good it is not a true reflection of their ability and the team never failed to rise to the occasion. They lost to schools like K.E.S., Saints, St. Johns, and St. Andrews, but never by more than three points.

The side was coached by Mr. Breytenbach and Mr. Paige who, with their knowledge and understanding of the game, turned the side into one that nearly beat the best there was to offer. Our sincere thanks to these gentlemen and everybody involved in the second team. We wish the Std. 9's the best of luck for next year.



REPORT ON 3RD XV RUGBY TEAM

This year I feel that the 3rd XV showed the school what could be achieved when a team plays together and has a great deal of team spirit. We had the privilege of having Mr Ross Colder as our coach this year and his attitude and dedication towards us helped to make the 3rd's the team it was — a bunch of happy guys with the determination to win. Our results were very satisfying and we won about 70% of our matches. One of our better results included the achievement of setting up a new school record of 84 points to nil, scored in a single match. It would not be fair for me to give personal credit to any player because the 2nd's were constantly using our players and very few players played all their matches for the 3rd's. I would like to thank all those dedicated players who never missed a practice or a match in order to play for the 3rd's. It was these people who helped make the 3rd's win the respect and admiration they received from the rugby supporters of Bryanston High School.

GREGG DAVEY (Captain)



4TH XV TEAM RUGBY REPORT

The first half of the 1984 season was not particularly promising for the 4th team with a string of depressing losses and low attendance figures at practices. However, with the build-up to the Saints match, conditions took a turn for the better, results improved, team spirit reached a peak, practices were regularly attended and there were more players than places available. These factors contributed to fine victories of 26-3 and 22-0 against Saints and Hyde Park respectively.

The enthusiasm and determination of the players and their positive approach to the game resulted in a season that was enjoyed by all.

MARK REYNOLDS



BRYANSTON RUGBY RESULTS 1984

Opponents	1	2	3	4	15A	15B	15C	14A	14B	14C	13A	13B	13C	13D	TOTAL
De La Salle	—	W	W	—	—	—	—	W	—	—	—	—	—	—	
King Edward's	L	L	L	—	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	
Ednglen	L	W	—	—	L	W	—	W	W	—	W	W	—	—	
Athlone	D	L	W	—	W	L	—	W	L	L	W	W	D	L	
Northcliff	L	L	W	—	W	W	—	W	W	L	W	W	—	—	
Roosevelt	W	W	W	—	L	L	L	L	L	W	W	L	—	—	
St. Andrews	L	L	—	—	W	—	—	W	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Sandown	L	L	W	L	W	L	L	L	L	L	W	W	L	L	
Parktown	L	L	W	—	W	L	W	L	L	L	W	L	L	L	
Highlands	L	L	L	—	W	L	W	L	L	L	L	W	L	L	
Blairgowrie	W	W	W	—	D	W	—	W	W	—	W	W	—	—	
Greenside	L	L	L	—	W	L	L	L	W	L	W	W	L	W	
St. John's	L	L	W	—	L	L	L	W	L	L	W	W	L	W	
Sandringham	L	L	L	L	L	L	D	L	L	L	W	L	L	L	
Saints	L	L	W	W	W	L	—	L	L	L	W	W	W	W	
Hydepark	L	L	W	W	L	—	—	L	L	L	W	W	W	—	
Rand Park	W	W	W	—	W	W	—	W	—	—	W	W	—	—	
King David	L	L	W	—	L	L	—	L	L	—	W	W	L	L	
Northview	L	L	—	—	W	—	—	W	L	W	W	W	W	W	
Glenwood	L														
Westville	L														
Wins	3	5	12	2	10	4	2	9	4	2	15	13	3	4	88
Losses	16	14	4	2	7	11	5	10	12	11	2	4	8	7	113
Draws	1	—	—	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	4
TOTAL	20	19	16	4	18	15	8	19	16	13	17	17	12	11	205
Win %	16	26	75	50	59	27	25	47	25	15	88	76	27	36	44



UNDER 15 RUGBY REPORT

In a season plagued by injury and the unfortunate withdrawal of some of our top players we still managed to win over 50% of our games. In the early part of the season we had some difficulty filling the C team and thanks must go to our regular players who got their friends out onto the fields and showed them just what an enjoyable game rugby can be. As a result we had a surplus of players for the rest of the season. Thanks must go to our coaches Craig Gibbs and Roger Hewson who were able to motivate our boys and mould them into some fine rugby players. Our three years as a unit have now ended and I am sure we can look forward to some fine open teams in the next two years.

MR. S.A. CUTHBERTSON (Master-in-Charge)



UNDER 14 RUGBY REPORT

The under 14 rugby teams enjoyed a season of mixed results. U/14A team in particular lost several matches very narrowly which, had they won, would have given this team an above average record. As far as team spirit and enthusiasm for the game were concerned there was nothing missing.

Special thanks must go to Mr. G. Parsons and Mr. G. Warren for their contributions in coaching and creating a rugby spirit in this age group. Thanks also to the parents who helped with cakes and first aid.

In the years ahead Bryanston can look forward to many promising rugby players from this year's U/14 rugby group.

MR. D. SMITH (Coach)

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UNDER 13A RUGBY TEAM OF THE YEAR

*Front Row, left to right: N. Martin, B. Ewan (Vice-Captain), Mr. I. Morrison (Coach), P. Moss, D. Johnston
 Second Row: P. Davey, P. Viljoen, W. Thomas, M. Peycke, P. Robinson
 Third Row: G. Rennie, S. Wade, C. Pallatt, K. Jedelhauser, M. Glossotti*



UNDER 13 RUGBY REPORT

The Under 13 age group has excelled itself in several sports this year, e.g. swimming, hockey and netball. This trend was carried on by the rugby boys. Results in this case do provide a true reflection of their standard of play: with the "A" and "B" team enjoying a neck and neck tussle throughout the season for Team of the Year, which the "A" team finally won.

The age group was a pleasure to coach as I received excellent co-operation from the boys and the coaches: Mr. Havenga ("B"s); Craig Dixon and Martin Rickleton ("C" and "D"). The enthusiasm from all concerned helped make the season an enjoyable one for all. My thanks must also go to the parents who, as always, provided moral and vocal support and also to several students who occasionally helped coach the age group: M. Thompson, R. Moss, G. Davey, J. Smith, A. Bac, T. Gell. Hopefully these students will carry on coaching to enable Bryanston to regain the heights it can so easily reach.

Several players with exciting potential must be mentioned:

Peter Moss — scored 226 points and was an example-setting captain

Bradley Ewan — pack leader and possessor of a dangerous tackle, and

Christopher Pallatt, a hard driving forward, in the mould of Moaner van Heerden.

F. MORRISON (Coach)



GIRLS' FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: A. Stacey, J. Chambers (Vice Captain), Mrs. P.S. Deacon, K. King (Captain), C. Pestana
 Second Row: J. Lovely, A. Gilmour, S. Woods, T. Hultzer, J. Milton
 Third Row: N. Bennett, A. Tyson, J. Spann*

GIRLS HOCKEY REPORT

The season started with a trip to Pietersburg to play Capricorn High. The 3rd and 4th teams along with tennis and squash players journeyed there by bus and stayed in the hostel. The hockey was of a high standard and the time spent there was most enjoyable. It was a tremendous experience for the girls and it set them on the road to success.

During the April holidays, the 1st, 2nd and U/15A teams went on tour to Cape Town. They stayed at the Kings Hotel and played against Pinelands High, Westerford, Bergvliet and in a tournament. They started off rather badly but as the week progressed so the combinations improved and by the Saturday they were teams to be reckoned with and shared tremendous spirit. Not only was hockey played but plenty of sight seeing was done and most of Cape Town was graced with Bryanston Hockey Girls presence.

The season was an up and down one. The stars of the year turned out to be the U/15's who won their section and showed us that Bryanston is still a leading hockey school. The beginners were coached by Mrs. Gorrie and Miss Vonk and they achieved wonders giving the girls a fantastic grounding and a love for the game. They played a few matches towards the end of the season and although not always victorious, enjoyed the games and benefited by the experience. Bronwen Gallie coached the U/14's. They developed into two very good sides and showed plenty of skill and ability. It is only a pity that the Form II's of 1984 are not participating more in sport!



The champions were coached by Tracey Stafford who taught them not only the necessary skills but enthusiasm and the will to win. This group of players should go far.

The 3rd and 4th teams had Miss Moeller as their coach. They played well and lost very few games. A tour to Bloemfontein was a just reward for a group of very enthusiastic players.

The 1st and 2nd teams showed plenty of potential but just didn't achieve consistently. The teams never really jelled but most of the girls gave of their best at all times. On



no occasion did they disgrace themselves in the game and were able to come 3rd in the 'A' League which is no mean achievement. Congratulations go to the girls who achieved honours. Karleen King not only played for Southern but also received Southern umpiring colours and at the Inter-Provincial tournament received an umpiring grading of a S.A. School 3. Jenny Lovely umpired for Southern and obtained an S.A. Schools 2 grading. Joanna Spann and Julie Chambers played in the Witwatersrand team and both agreed it was a tremendous experience. Nikki Bennett and Colleen Traviss received Witsies colours for umpiring and were awarded a S.A. Schools grading of 3 and a 2 respectively. Alison Stacey played for Nuggets and was chosen as an umpire for Witsies but was unable to avail herself of the opportunity. Congratulations too to Julie Milton and Simeone Woods for playing in the trials and to Simeone for receiving a S. TvI. Umpires grading.

The annual hockey dinner was held at Bryanston Country Club and thanks go to Mrs. King for the organisation of this really special evening. The guest speaker was Miss Helen Weir who played goalkeeper for Scotland. Her experiences were very entertaining. To all who coached go our grateful thanks for giving up so much time to make hockey such fun and so successful. The mothers who made the superb teas were as tremendous as usual as were the tuckshop mothers. To all who supported matches or helped with transport, a big thank you.

Hockey is a marvellous team game but like anything worth doing, it demands a tremendous amount of effort, practice and dedication. The rewards are great not only in terms of playing the game but in terms of the chance of friendships formed on the sports field where all play towards a common goal — the goal! We hope that Bryanston hockey will continue to reach great heights and be known not only for its ability but also for its sportsmanship.

Good luck for the '85 season.

P.S. DEACON
Teacher-in-Charge





BOYS' FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row, left to right: S. Weiss, L. Conidaris, B. Aont

Second Row: A. Anema (Captain), A. van Wel, M. McCue, M. White

Third Row: Mr. B. Neetling (Coach), G. Lindsay (Vice-Captain), C. Freimond, S. Arnold, G. Tarr, V. Berry, T. Fraser, Mr. N. Beard (Coach)



BOYS HOCKEY 1984

To say that this hockey season was a good one would be to reiterate what various hockey coaches have said every year. Each one is of course right, but for different reasons. This year the enthusiasm of all players and their attitudes towards the game were the reasons why it was good.

Although the 1st team only won about half of their games, the under 13A side made up for that, winning often by 8 or 9 goals. However, results alone are not why a sport is played, and the spirit in which the boys played this year was exemplary.

Four players stood out this year, i.e. Adrian Anema, player of the year and member of Southern Transvaal A side for the second year running; Bruce Flint, most improved player (our 'roller-ball' wing); Vaughn Berry, junior player of the year; and Lame Tomlinson, most promising player (especially his stickwork). Gavin Lindsay, although

not hogging the lime light, made sure that goals were scored while others were doing the hogging.

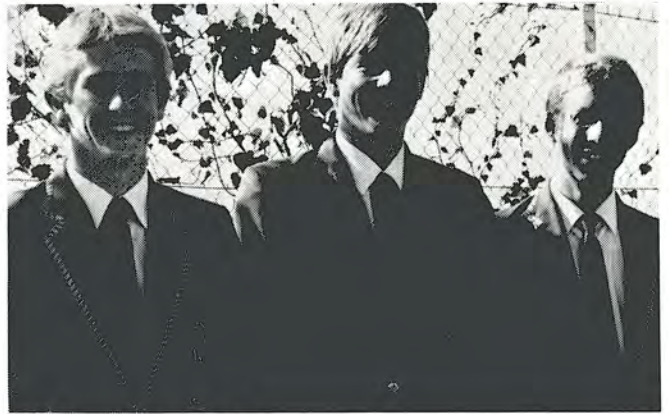
The tour to Bloemfontein, while soggy, showed the 1st team playing excellent hockey against a strong side. The U15's match, however, resembled under-water hockey in the rain, which demoralised players and umpires alike.

The 2nd team played very well this season, even beating KES's second side, a feat indicative of their determination and team spirit. Also playing fine hockey were the junior sides which bodes well as most open players are leaving this year.

Finally, many thanks to our coaches Andrew Brocking (U13) and Ricky Gloster (U15) without whom hockey would have struggled, and thanks to Mr. Stoltz for all the administrative work. Let's hope next year will be at least as successful as this year has been.

NEVILLE BEARD AND BURT NEETHLING (Coaches)





SWIMMING REPORT

The 1984 swimming season was very successful for both A and B teams. The A team competed in the A league and the B team in the C League. The galas were dominated by Bryanston swimmers and the scores reflected Bryanston's superiority. The Inter-High Gala at Ellis Park was the highlight of the season. Bryanston's spirit and sportsmanship were dominant. Unfortunately, the swimmers were forced to take second place to Greenside, despite the tremendous effort put into each race.

The support of the school was greatly appreciated throughout the season. Our thanks go to the B team captains and also the A team vice-captains for their help. The greatest credit and thanks are due to Miss Moeller for her help and organisation and also to Mr. Giliomee for the provision of transport and for his support.

We wish both teams the best of luck for next year.

TREZANNE HULTZER,
ADRIAN BAC
Captains



BOYS A SWIMMING TEAM

Front Row, left to right: G. Painting, J. Holland, G. Stafford (Vice-Captain), Miss J. Moeller (Teacher-in-Charge), A. Bac (Captain), M. Adcock, L. Tomlinson

Second Row: B. Ewan, S. Haupt, W. Malan, K. Hultzer, C. Scanlon, P. Botha, B. McCue

Third Row: C. Sharrer, C. Stafford, G. Sharrer, O. Goldschmidt, J. Smith, C. Marais, B. von Buddenbrock

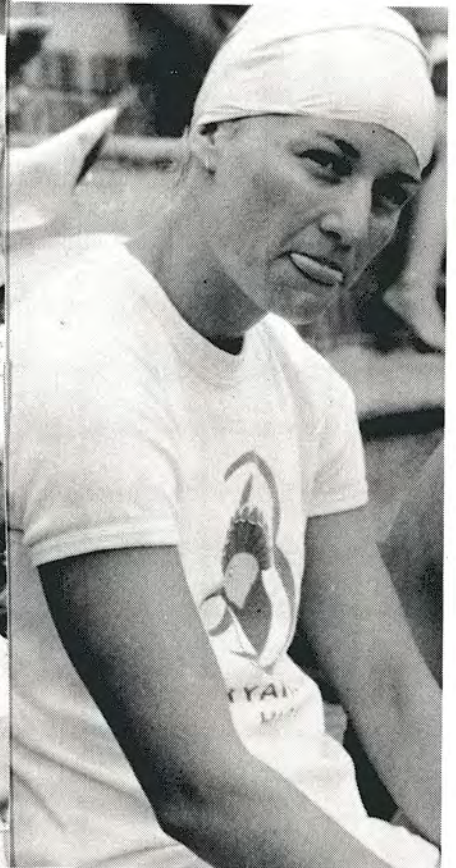
Fourth Row: G. Patterson, G. Holland

Absent: G. North, G. Freemantle



GIRLS' A SWIMMING TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: S. de Bruyn, D. Tomlinson, K. King, Miss J. Moeller, T. Hultzer (Captain), C. Stillwell, H. MacConachie
 Second Row: K. Carter, D. Rogers, S. Durr, L. Hunter, E. Gilmour, L. Haupt, K. Coetzee
 Third Row: S. Woods, T. Bennett, L. Irvine, W. Lasch, J. Spann, S. Smart, L. Adendorff
 Fourth Row: D. Wilson, I. Leitner, J. Southgate, K. Roberts*





GIRLS' FIRST ATHLETICS TEAM

Front Row, left to right: A. Gover, S. Wilson, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. J. Breytenbach, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, F. Futchter (Captain), D Wilmore
Second Row: C. Martin, D. Tomlinson, J. Gordon, J. Chambers, C. Pestana, J. Stoffberg, M. Moizeau, S. de Bruyn, A. Caroll, C. Stamper, B. Wiederhold
Third Row: D. Thomson, T. Bennet, C. Hunter, C. Leitner, S. Wiederhold, T. Hultzer, C. de Bruyn, L. Gover, N. Guiranovitch
Fourth Row: G. Hansmann, I. Volmer, V. Mitchley, I. Leitner, J. Southgate, I. Leitner, A. Scheepers, C. Traviss, S. Holmes
Absent: K. Lyell, H. Bequelin



ATHLETICS

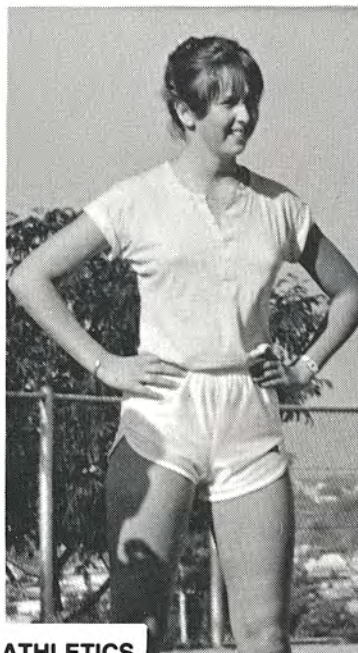
I would like to make use of this opportunity to congratulate a number of individuals who performed extremely well during the athletics season.

Fiona Futchter won all the 100m, 200m and 400m races that she ran in. She also holds all school records in the 100m, 150m, 200m, 400m and 800m except one. This is a remarkable achievement and one that has been recognised by the colours committee who awarded Fiona the prestigious honours blazer.

Congratulations also go to Richard Moss, Vivienne Mitchley, Jenny Stoffberg and Kim Lyell who were awarded full colours, and Trezanne Hultzer and Graham Knight who were awarded half colours. A number of our juniors also performed exceptionally well and reached the level of full colours. This was recognised and merit awards were given to Peter Moss, Sandy de Bruyn, Brenda Wiederhold and Jonathan Hollingsworth.

The competition in the A section is hotting up and next year we will have to do much better if we are to stay in the A league. I appeal, therefore, to all athletes to commit themselves to a far greater extent next year than was the case this year.

J. BREYTENBACH (Athletics Coach)



ATHLETICS

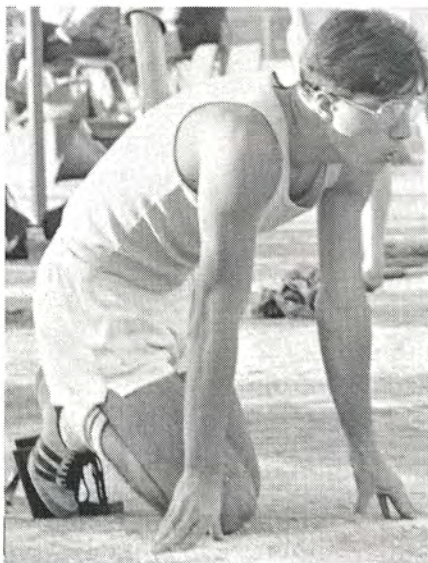
Although the Athletics season wasn't as successful as we had hoped, it was a great deal of fun. The season began with the inter-house athletics which was narrowly won by Mercury; Jupiter came second, Neptune third and Apollo fourth.

We ran in six meetings this season of which we won three. To end the season we ran in the Inter-high where we came fifth out of six schools.

Our thanks must go to all those dedicated athletes who may not always have won but were always there; without them there would not have been a team. Hopefully next year more people will participate in athletics for, although it is hard work, it is very rewarding.

A special thank you goes to Mr. Breytenbach and Mr. Cuthbertson and all the other teachers for their hard work and dedication. A thank you is also due to the mothers who gave up their time to help with the teas.

F. FUTCHER and G. KNIGHT (Team Captains)





BOYS' ATHLETICS TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: J. Hollingsworth, D. Johnston, P. Viljoen, P. Moss, N. Rabjohn, P. Davey, P. Labuschagne, M. Healey
 Second Row: G. Harden, Mr. I. Morrison, Mr. J. Breytenbach, G. Knight, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, Mr. D. Smith, L. Tomlinson
 Third Row: D. Price, S. Harle, J. Jones, C. Holtz, Mr. A. Parry, B. Beetar, N. Glossotti, R. Letcher, L. Thoreson
 Fourth Row: V. Kilassy, W. Siebrits, J. Snyman, R. Moss, C. Tomlinson, R. Potgieter, D. Creer, J. Mullings, G. Davey, C. Beattie,
 F. Torrente
 Fifth Row: T. Courtenay, E. Roberts, W. Leigh, M. Thomson, M. de Munk, W. Fulton, G. Leech, G. Mountain, M. Nelson*



CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: J. Hollingsworth, G. Knight (Captain), Mr. A. Parry, G. Hansmann (Captain), S. Bacon
 Second Row: C. Martin, C. Stamper, J. Stoffberg, M. Williamson, D. Thomson, B. Wiederhold
 Third Row: A. Hugo, S. Holmes, V. Mitchley, I. Volmer, S. Wiederhold, J. Groves
 Fourth Row: B. Smith, A. Scheepers, E. Roberts, T. Sculpher, S. Beutement*

CROSS COUNTRY 1984

We inherited a very strong girls team from last year and training began early in the year. Tony Frost helped us immensely with training programmes and his presence at practices. Gaylin Hansmann, the girls captain, was instrumental in attaining and maintaining the spirit of her team.

There were some boys who ran consistently and well, but by and large the girls were a far more cohesive, disciplined and successful group. Our junior and senior girls teams came 2nd and 3rd overall and the following qualified for the northern districts team. Gaylin Hansmann, Vivienne Mitchley, Susan Holmes, Brenda Wiederhold and Jonathon Hollingsworth (Jonathon also qualified for Transvaal Cross Country).

Our tour to Natal during the July holiday was very successful, with our 8 girls conscientiously relaxing when it was time to relax, and running well when it was time to run. My sincere thanks to Tony Frost who organized the tour and made it such an enjoyable one.

The following awards were made: Full colours to Gaylin Hansmann and Vivienne Mitchley and team and merit awards to Graham Knight (the boys Captain), Susan Holmes, Brenda Wiederhold, Jenny Stoffberg, Ingrid Volmer and Jonathon Hollingsworth.

To sum up. Cross Country has its ups and downs, and sometimes the going is quite rough, but at Cross Country you can go far.

ANDREW PARRY
 (Teacher-in-Charge)





FIRST NETBALL TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: J. Chambers, Miss J.K. Coney, F. Futcher (Captain)
Back Row: A. Stacey, I. Johnson, V. Arnold, D. van Rensburg, L. McNally*



NETBALL REPORT

The netball season was very successful and enjoyable this year, due to an increase in interest by the pupils. At the beginning of the season, the 1st, 2nd and U-16A netball teams challenged the 1st and 2nd rugby teams to a game of netball. The 1st team netball girls beat the 1st rugby team convincingly but unfortunately the 2nd and U-16A teams lost due to the height of the boys. A great deal of fun and horse-play ensued and we hope this will be an annual event.

All our teams continued to play extremely well, and most won all their games, the exception being against Linden Hoërskool. We are very proud of our U-13A team who drew with Linden, and so go forward to the quarter finals of the netball league.

Of the 7 girls who sent to S. Tvl. trials, Vanessa Arnold, Debbie van Rensburg, Jackie Vile and Fiona Futcher went through to the semi-final round. Congratulations go to Vanessa who made the final round and was chosen to represent the S. Tvl. "B" team.

The 1st, 2nd and U-16A teams went on tour to the Vaal for a weekend, where we had a fantastic time. Although we weren't very successful against the Afrikaans schools, we learnt a lot.

Congratulations to the following people who were awarded colours:

Full colours: V. Arnold, D. van Rensburg, F. Futcher.

Half colours: A. Stacey, J. Chambers.

Team colours: L. McNally.

Sincere thanks go to all the coaches for their hard work and enthusiasm. A special thanks to Miss Coney who is in charge of netball, for all her organisation. Finally a thank you to all the mothers who gave of their time to provide teas for our home matches.

FIONA FUTCHER (1st Team Captain)





BOYS' OPEN A SQUASH TEAM

Front Row, left to right: M. Hawkins (Captain), Mrs. B. Weir, R. Selesnick (Vice-Captain)
Back Row: S. Kidd, G. Friend, I. Reynaers, B. Selesnick

Our team captain Michael Groger did a fine job organising teams and helping with all practises. Thank you to you Mike, and to all players who helped to make the season so successful.

U/13 BOYS SQUASH

Team Members:

1. Peter Train — Vice Captain
2. P. Hickman — Captain
3. Marcus Brabec
4. Stuart McMurdo

Reserves: Mark Glossoti, Robert Fischer

The team was fairly nervous at the start of the season but after a number of wins, were well on their way! Three out of five matches were won. Thanks to all team members for their support and a special word of appreciation to Mrs. McMurdo who assisted with lifts and boosted team morale with delicious home-made cakes!

GIRLS' SQUASH REPORT

This year the school entered three open squash teams and one U15 team into the School Girls League. The open A achieved third place in the league. The matches were played with enthusiasm and spirit.

Congratulations to Vanessa van Rooyen and Denise Hurry who were chosen to play for the Transvaal Girls U19B Squash Team.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Kean who gave time and effort to organise the teams and matches for this year.

Squash awards: Full colours: Vanessa van Rooyen.

DENISE HURRY

BOYS SQUASH

Captain: Mike Hawkins

Vice Captain: R. Selesnick

This year boasts a number of firsts for boys squash at Bryanston High. Our first year with 6 teams entered into this league. The introduction of U/13 boys squash and our first year of a position in First League. Our sincere thanks go to those teachers who assisted with the organisation and transporting of boys to practises and matches — Mrs. Fox (Under 13). Mrs. French (Under 15) Mr. Parry, Miss Smuts and Mrs. Weir (Open). Our school championships were organised by Gary Friend and well supported as we had a record number of entries. Congratulations to our Winner, R. Selesnick and our Runner-Up, B. Selesnick. Bryanston was proud to be represented in the Transvaal Provincial teams at interprovincial tournament as follows:

Colts A Team: — B. Selesnick
(who won the plate event)

Open B Team: — R. Selesnick

Well done to these two fine squash players.

U/15 BOYS SQUASH

We had two teams entered in the U/15 School's League. Our first team played in the "C" league while the second team played in the "E" league.

Bothe teams did well and finished the season about 4th in their respective leagues.



GIRLS' FIRST OPEN SQUASH TEAM

Front Row, left to right: D. Hurry, Mrs. J. Kean, V. van Rooyen
Back Row: K. Phillip, S. Kidd



BOYS' A TENNIS TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: G. Hewson (Captain), Mrs. M. Klein, R. Price
Back Row: J. du Buisson, D. Blatch, C. Freimond, G. Wilkinson, A. Coetzee, M. Powell*

BOYS TENNIS 1984

Boys' tennis this season was most enjoyable for all, with many new Std. 6 pupils participating. Five teams played league matches and on the whole a high standard was maintained. The first team achieved third place in Section Two of the league during the first term.

We thank Miss Kok, Mrs. Prinsloo, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Butters and Miss Randall for transporting pupils to neighbouring schools. Our special thanks to Mrs. Klein for the effort and enthusiasm she put into tennis this year, as well as to Mrs. Hewson and the mothers for organising the teas.

Congratulations to the following players who were awarded colours this year.

Full colours: G. Hewson, R. Price.

Team colours: A. Coetzee, C. Freimond, G. Wilkinson, M. Powell.

Tennis was of a high standard at Bryanston and we wish the players the best of luck for the future.

GAVIN HEWSON (Captain)

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GIRLS' A TENNIS TEAM

Front Row, left to right: A. Tyson (Vice Captain), Mrs. J. Gorrie, J. Chambers (Captain)
 Back Row: M. Painting, J. Spann, V. Arnold, M. Morton

GIRLS' TENNIS 1984

'Fun' was the name of the game this year. Spirit prevailed in all the tennis teams throughout the year. The girls' teams, although not outstanding, produced some very satisfying results and ended the tennis season very well by winning most of their games.

The year's programme of matches was interrupted by a tour to Pietersburg. Many friends were made and an enjoyable time was had even though tennis was prevented due to rain.

A warm word of thanks to Mrs. Gorrie who, with spirit and dedication, helped and encouraged us along; to Mrs. McCarten, Miss Vonk and many other teachers who helped transport the teams. And also to the mothers for the teas. We wish next year's tennis teams the best of luck.

Tennis Results of Girls League:

1st Team	—	won 4 lost 3
2nd Team	—	won 5 lost 2
3rd Team	—	won 6 lost 1
4th Team	—	won 4 lost 2

School Championships

Singles winner	—	M. Morton
Runner-Up	—	J. Spann
Doubles winner	—	M. Morton & J. Spann
Runner-Up	—	J. Chambers & A. Tyson
Mixed Doubles	—	A. Tyson & G. Hewson
Runner-Up	—	J. Spann & C. Wright

House matches

Winners	—	Apollo
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The Std. 6 and 7 tennis leagues are played in the 3rd Term. Two teams have been entered for both leagues. New tennis uniforms have been made. The uniform consists of a white skirt and top with blue edging. Hopefully by next year all the girls in the teams will have the new uniform.

Special thanks must go to Mrs. Gorrie, Miss Vonk, Mrs. Daymond, Mrs. Maraites and Mrs. McCarten for transporting the teams, and the mothers deserve a big thank you for organizing the teas.



GIRLS' TENNIS — Std. 7 and 6 Teams

Results:

Std. 7A Team	won 3	lost 2 matches
Std. 7B Team	won 1	lost 4 matches
Std. 6A Team	won 3	lost 2 matches
Std. 6B Team	won 5	lost 0 matches

Well done to all the girls who played in these teams. Keep up the good tennis, as you will be needed in future years to play in the senior tennis teams.



BRYANSTON BOYS IN VOLLEYBALL SURGE

Seven schools participated at the second edition of the Blairgowrie volleyball tournament (Kellogg's school volleyball challenge).

The Bryanston boys coached by Andy Hartman (Witwatersrand "A") and Wolfgang Luckman nearly made the gold in reaching the final, but lost against the Randpark boys after three disputed sets. To reach that final they had a brilliant match against the German school, winning 3-2.

Their captain, Sean Beautremont, and top spiker Ashley Mudge are selected in the Kangaroos team (Transvaal school side) to play an exhibition match at the SA nationals at Wits this week.

VOLLEYBALL REPORT

Volleyball was started at Bryanston at the beginning of this year under the guidance of Mr. Luckman. By March we had both a boys' and a girls' team. The boys entered the Transvaal Schools Championship in March for the experience and came 9th out of nine teams. However, our team was nominated as the team showing the best sportmanship. Although our first adventure into the world of competitive volleyball was not successful, it was fun and made the members of the teams determined to improve. Intensive practices began. Along with our proficiency at volleyball our image also improved when, with the help of some parents, we designed and acquired team shirts. Proudly sporting our Bryanston Volleyball kit, we won the next tournament we entered!

Volleyball is not a seasonal sport. It is played throughout the year with tournaments held on most Saturdays during the term. The sport is rapidly becoming popular with schools in the Transvaal. Our results so far are most encouraging. The boys team has won its section in three tournaments and been runner-up once. The girls team has won its section twice. The captain of the boys' team was selected for the Transvaal Schools team.

Thanks to the players, the supporters and especially to Mr. Luckman for the time and encouragement he has given us in guiding our development. Thanks also to our recently acquired coaches, Andi and Charlotte.

We look forward to welcoming many more players to the volleyball section at the school. Volleyball is an energetic, tactical game which relies on the contribution of the whole team. It is also FUN.

We wish the players the best of luck for the future and are convinced they will regularly occupy the winners' rostrum.

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FIRST VOLLEY BALL TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: A. Crystal, B. Abbott, Mr. W. Luckmann, S. Beautement, A. Kelly
 Second Row: Y. Woods, S. Cowper, P. Herau, J. Collins, S. Francey
 Third Row: J. Hall, A. Mudge, A. Galley, T. Trichler, A. Godfrey*



VOLLEY BALL AND THE UNSUNG HEROES

Volley ball is a new sport at Bryanston High School which has made a name for itself in a short space of time. A year ago the only way we came into contact with volley ball would be in P.T. lessons, though now the sport is mentioned frequently in school assemblies as a winning team.

The recognition for the birth of volley ball at B.H.S. must be given to those few dedicated pupils and teachers who wanted to do something good for the school. After all it was not an easy task, a great deal of time and effort was put into practising, at times when other pupils would be out doing something enjoyable and at a stage when volley ball was still unrecognised in the school. This does not imply that volley ball was not enjoyed, for it is a thoroughly enjoyable sport if you participate in it. Another point which adds merit to the male participants of volley ball, is that they carried on and will still carry on playing volley ball, even though in some circles it is commonly believed males should stay away from volley ball and play rougher sports.

Volley ball is a sport with an emphasis on skill and stamina, not just hitting a ball over a high net. With this in mind the B.H.S. volley ball team have shown that they have got what it takes. For in a recent tournament at Blairgowrie School, the first boys team came second in their league, though they were narrowly defeated in the finals. In the same tournament the girls' first team were the plate winners.

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GOLF

Golfing activities really got underway last year after a successful season and this year the sport became more popular with only 3 of last year's members remaining and the team was reasonably successful. The 1st team comprised of five members: Paul Marais (captain); Guy Tillet, Phillip Rushbrook, Jan Mathies and Russel Mackay. At the Standard Bank tournament held at the Wanderers Golf Club, we were placed 4th out of the 12 schools participating. This was considered well earned as only 3 points separated the first 4 places.

In the Allied competition our golf left something to be desired as the team did not perform as well as we had hoped it would. In the Interhouse competition, Jupiter led, followed by Apollo and Mercury (tie 2nd place) and Neptune fourth. The golf team could not, however, have functioned so efficiently without the help of Mr. Edgar, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Breytenbach.

Hopefully golf at Bryanston High will prosper and be recognized as a major sporting activity in the future.

PAUL MARAIS (Captain)



FIRST GOLF TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: R. Price, G. Tillet, Mr. Edgar, P. Marais (Captain), G. Kamps
Back Row: J. Mathies, P. Rushbrooke, R. McKay*



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WINDSURFING

Front Row, left to right: F. Torrente, A. Hammond, J. Harris, Miss D. Otto, A. Knight, A. Grové, C. Holtz

Second Row: J. Wilson, R. Bell, S. Muller, G. Freeman, T. Creer, K. Perry, P. Selley

Third Row: G. Nichols, V. Berry, A. Taylor, D. Scheepers, N. Ham, I. Thomson, W. Malan

WINDSURFING CLUB REPORT

The Windsurfing Club has been meeting at Emmarentia Dam every Monday afternoon. A lot of our beginners are now mobile and enjoying the sport more. We had an inter-school regatta at Benoni Lake and a team of ten entered. Fabio Torrente and Alan Knight did very well, as did Peta Selley who came third in the ladies-section. Earlier this year Alan Knight represented South Africa at the World Championships in America.

D. OTTO

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BOYS' FIRST AND SECOND BADMINTON TEAMS

*Front Row, left to right: W. Parsons, D. Price, Mrs. D. Taylor (Coach), I. Reynaers (Captain), W. Siebrits
Second Row: M. Davies, C. Kilfoil, R. Potgieter, G. Duffus, D. Creer, B. Taylor*

BADMINTON

As usual it was a good year for our badminton teams, the 'A' boys and girls both winning their respective leagues and our girls winning the Southern Transvaal trophy and our 'A' boys being runners-up. We were also lucky enough to be able to have entered a boys 'B' team who did very well and in no way disgraced themselves. Practices were as usual on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings for team practice. The enthusiasm of all pupils was the key to their success. It was a good year with lots of fun and lots of sweat. Many thanks to Mrs. Erasmus who kept an eagle eye on the 'B' team and helped Mrs. Taylor with the coaching. An open invitation to all pupils who would like to join us next year — we want to keep up the good record so help us! Best wishes to our matriculants — we will miss you all.

MRS. TAYLOR (Coach)



GIRLS' 1ST BADMINTON TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: S. Rogers, A. Tyson (Captain), J. Malon
Second Row: G. Hanowing, G. Hansemann, Mrs. D. Taylor, A. Wenby*

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A TEAM — SHOW JUMPING

*Front Row, left to right: M. Whyte, T. Laros
Back Row: J. Sharples, A. Beith, L. Schutte*

HORSE RIDING

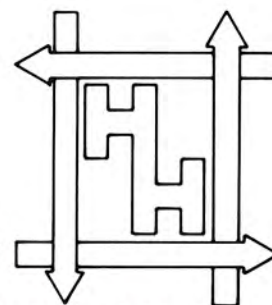
Krugersdorp Show:

Bryanston won the parade and Show jumping class. The teams were competing against fair opposition. They were short of one member, due to horse lameness.

St. David's Show

Bryanston High competed against 88 riders from other schools. Bryanston High was placed third, although being short of one rider, due to a riding injury. The team's place was as a result of the fact that Bryanston high cleared the jumps for the 3rd round with the fastest times. Among the many schools participating were Saint Stithians, St. Mary's, St. David's, Sandown and other Transvaal schools from as far afield as Nelspruit. The entire show was a success due to the high standard and spirit the riders kept up throughout the show.

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Miscellany

1984 PRESTIGE PLATOON (BOYS)

Well, what a great bunch of guys, able to joke and laugh but always getting down to work when asked to!

From the beginning the platoon was plagued by the drop-outs, the irregulars, the dumb and the unco-ordinated. There were also those who found everything hilarious. Umpteen times our routine was changed, and changed again, and changed back to the original again. Despite these setbacks we somehow managed a third. This can be attributed only to the spirit that prevailed among the guys and to the dedication and time of Mr. Stoltz. Thanks Mr. Stoltz!

Competing against pre-programmed robots is not so easy as their "precision" is "precise", some of the opposition seemed to be robots, same height, same build, same looks and the same clockwork precision. We might have lost marks on precision but we gained almost full marks for our uniforms. This is chiefly due to the efforts of Mr. Paige who somehow got the army to squeeze new uniforms from the air. They arrived two days before we marched.

Of course, the worst mistake was made by the Platoon Sergeant who would prefer to remain anonymous. Thanks guys! It was great!

MICHAEL THOMSON 4 D.
(Platoon Sergeant)



PRESTIGE PLATOON (BOYS) 1984

Front Row, left to right: Corporals G. Tarr, A. Gallie, R. Moss (Marker), Sergeant M. Thomson, Lance Corporals H. Carty, C. Page, J. Groves
Second Row: M. van Bavel, B. Beetar, C. Page, S. Dolk, D. Christensen, C. Britten, D. de Klerk
Third Row: M. Martin, G. Davey, D. Creer, R. Potgieter, C. Kilfoil
Fourth Row: C. Bianco, G. Patterson, T. Kleynhans, M. Barker, C. Tomlinson



GIRLS' A PRESTIGE PLATOON

Front Row, left to right: E. Lavers, V. Mitchley, G. Scheepers, I. Leitner (Sergeant), J. Scheepers, K. Burgess, M. Hearn

Second Row: E. Watson, A. Crowell, M. Glanville, J. Stoffberg, B. Ide, M. Economides, S. Senior

Third Row: M. Williams, T. Aldrich, D. de Beer, D. Stamper, J. Spann, A. Beith, M. Thorn

Fourth Row: I. Leitner, M. Verspui, V. Arnold, J. Southgate, D. Botbyl

GIRLS' PRESTIGE PLATOON — 1984

If you think marching is a waste of time, boring and a case for the mentally retarded, your'e probably right! But let us look at the good side of it. Besides getting off M.P. and P.A. you can have a grand time showing up the boys and having a good laugh at their co-ordination. And what of the grueling hours in the blazing sun with corporals bellowing in your ear? Look girls, those corporals are usually tall, good-looking and tanned from the sun!

"Competition Day" dawned too soon and of course we were late for inspection. All the other platoons stood stiff and ready with the "Elna-Press Squad" standing around oohing and aahing over their "born-to-be" sons. At the last minute the "Bryanston chicks" came skidding out of the classroom with odd shoes, creased shirts and giggling hysterically. "That's the spirit girls," said Sarge. When our time came to march old Sarge. spoke again, "kom ons wys hulle!" Teamwork was at its best, not one sock fell down, the sun glinted on our beautifully polished shoes and we finally marched off leaving the grandstand gaping. "Not bad girls!" said Sarge smirking delightfully. We obtained a brilliant second place in our section and for that it was definitely worth it.

Special thanks go to Mrs. Turvey for her hard work, determination, encouragement and support throughout the year!

INGRID LEITNER 4E.
(Platoon Sergeant)





CADET BAND

*Front Row, left to right: M. Brabeck, J. Holland, M. Joffe, M. Halgryn, R. Selesnick, B. Selesnick, D. Dobor
 Second Row: W. Pienaar, G. McGlashan, R. Kersten, G. Venter, G. Painting, D. Strydom, B. Hoare
 Third Row: T. Bogatie, C. Bothma, C. Scanlin, G. Holland, S. Webber, D. Horne, A. Barradough*



SENIOR AND JUNIOR SHOOTING TEAMS

Front Row, left to right: S. Whitehead, J. Smith, Mr. G.J. Giliomee, W. Leigh, G. Irvine-Smith

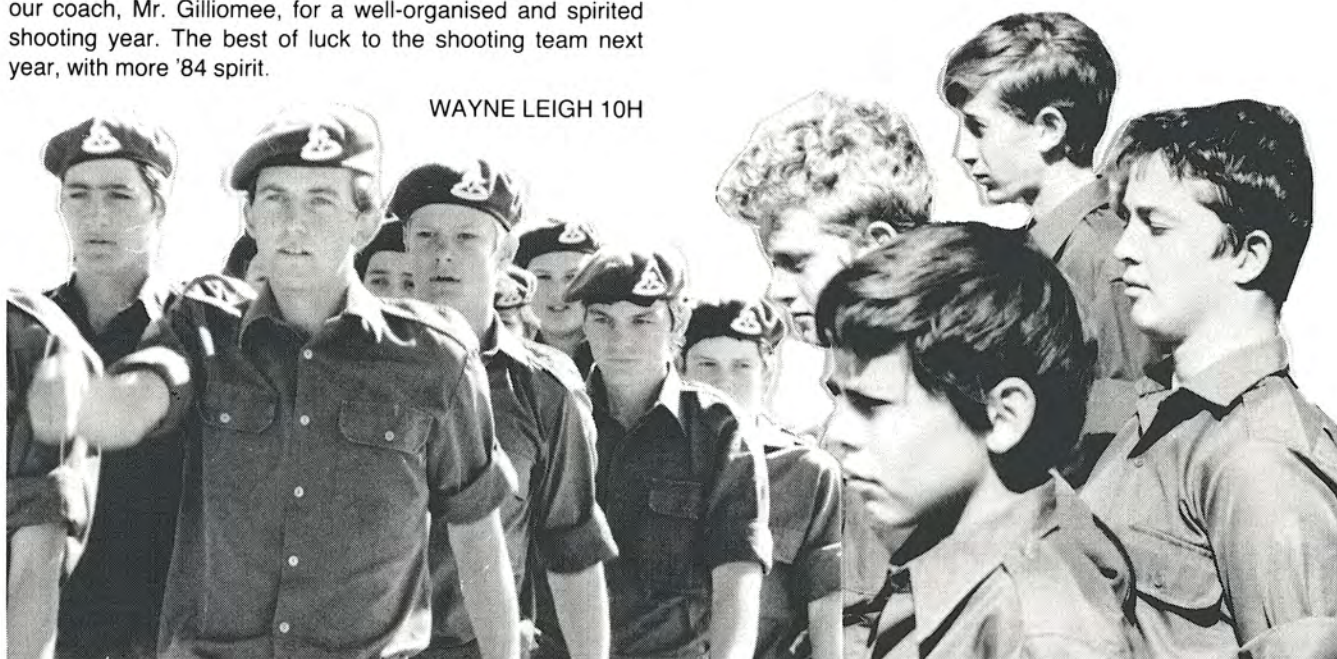
Second Row: A. Kelly, M. Joubert, G. Dean, H. Keichel, H. Smythe

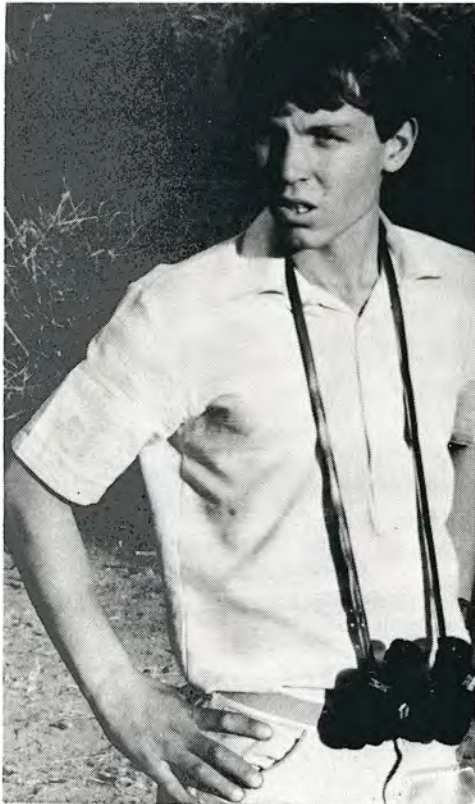
Third Row: K. Leigh, A. Murphy, D. Goldschmidt, G. Fulcher

SHOOTING TEAM

1984 Brought many new spirited participants into the shooting team. Unfortunately though, our practices were handicapped by the lack of ammunition but, all considered, Bryanston did exceptionally well retaining a 5th place in the North Rand competition. A new breakthrough of a smaller competition against "KES" and "Vorentoe" were also successful and we hope these continue. Our gratitude goes to our coach, Mr. Gilliomee, for a well-organised and spirited shooting year. The best of luck to the shooting team next year, with more '84 spirit.

WAYNE LEIGH 10H

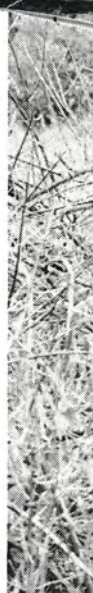


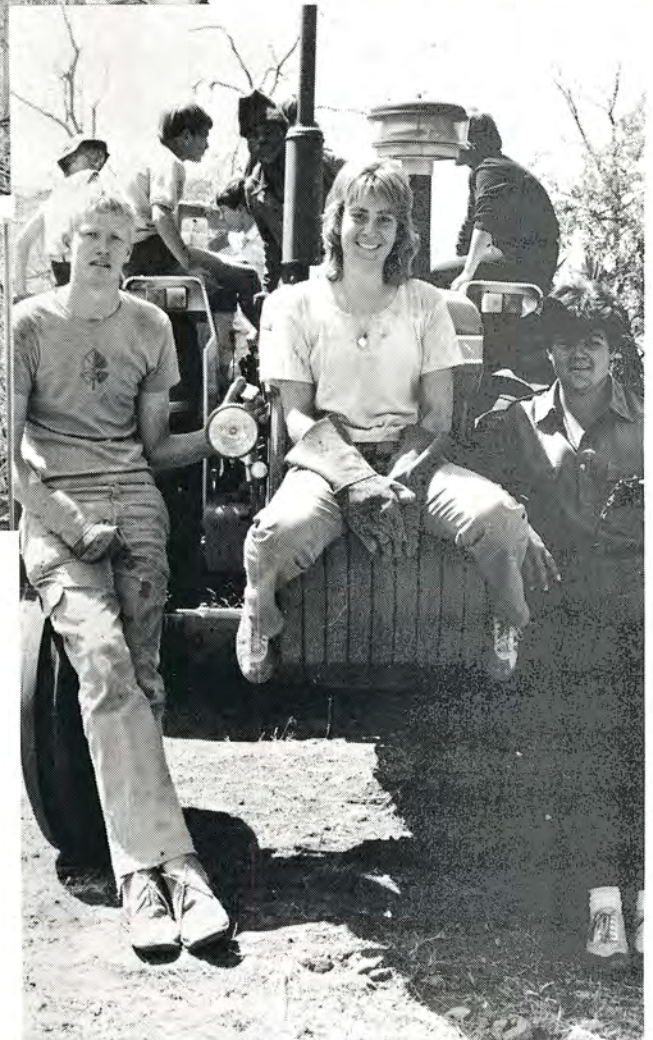
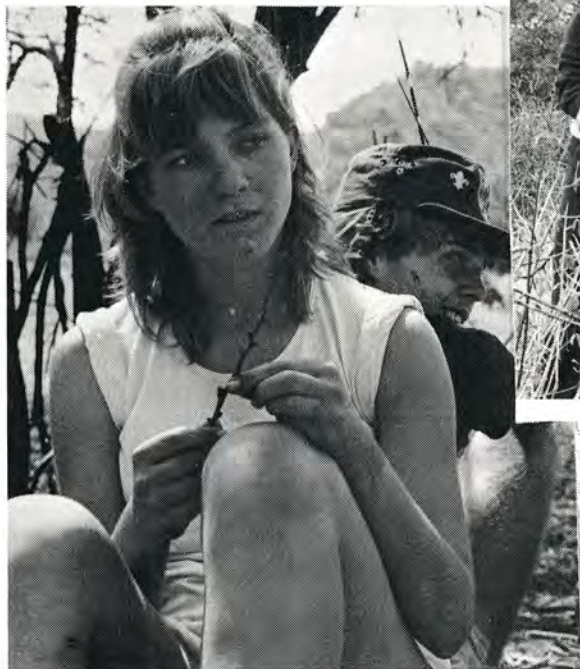


THE WILDLIFE SOCIETY

The Wildlife Society had a rather quiet 1984 year and we learnt our lesson the hard way that the demand for camping in wildlife reserves had increased tremendously and that booking in advance was essential. So our outings were mainly to conservation talks given by the S.A. Wildlife Society which enabled us to learn about a number of unreachable places and a walk along the Braamfontein-spruit where we learnt about our own surroundings and the problems they face. We have also come up with a number of ideas for next year's society — one of which is to lay a nature route through the school and also label our indigenous trees. Our thanks go to both Miss Walls and Mrs. King for organising our outings and giving us the support and time we needed.

R. STAMPER





CAMP WORK PARTY TO PILANESBURG GAME RESERVE

Sixteen privileged members of the Wildlife Society, junior and senior, enjoyed a weekend "Work Party" in the Pilanesburg Game Reserve in mid-September.

We spent the weekend "roughing it" in the bush. We learnt many things: not only that hard manual labour can be very satisfying (the job we were given involved clearing and hauling bricks from a section of the Reserve), but we also learnt how to classify trees, bird calls, saw plenty of game, and basically came to a better understanding of the nature that surrounded us and exactly how precious and rare that kind of beauty is.

What we felt can hardly be put into words, but we hope to have many new members who will be able to experience what we did and further the aims of our society.

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MATRIC DANCE COMMITTEE

Front Row, left to right: C. Page, R. Moss (Treasurer), R. Potgieter (Chairman), Mrs. P.S. Deacon, I. Leitner (Chairman), C. Traviss (Secretary), M. Hearn

Second Row: S. Rogers, L. van Zyl, D. Hurry, P. Courtney, H. Boughton, J. Malan, J. Vile, C. Cooper, G. Pulé

Third Row: J. Iuel, G. Harrowing, B. Ide, P. McCombe, L. MacDonald, A. Gilmour, L. Irvine, B. Jones, A. Hugo, K. Stillwell, Z. Matthews

Fourth Row: V. Mitchley, J. Southgate, C. Page, J. Scheepers, C. Kilfoil, M. Thomson, G. Scheepers, G. Davey, J. Spann, G. Koyd, S. Smart

Missing: M. Passow

MATRIC DANCE COMMITTEE

Being on a Matric Dance Committee is probably one of the most chaotic, exciting, frustrating times of your life.

Firstly, the choice of the theme, "we want Tom Sayer", "we want the Birds and the Bees", "no ways, we want Casino." "We want space". "Ag, chuck it on the moon". The result "Cosmic Casino!" Now the embarrassing part of standing in front of Dion's on Saturday mornings started. We all experienced a slight shortage of flour, making cakes for those wonderful cake sales. Two weeks before the dance we arrived at "Panic Station". "We'll never finish, we haven't got enough time." Paintings came alive and planets (which started off as fried eggs) turned into brilliant galaxies. The mass production of stars began until everyone complained of cramps and nightmares about stars. After clipping them onto the net we all needed back-supports and looked like a bunch of disabled. A moment of heart failure came when one marquee threatened to blow down. We all sat there like the local "Tarzans" holding the poles down.

The evening finally came and we all arrived with dashing partners and acting cool, calm and collected. The dance was spectacular but ended far too soon. We couldn't believe it. All that effort for one night! The chairman and chairlady shook hands on a job well done. What a fantastic Dance Committee! Our sincere thanks also go to Mrs. Deacon for making the dance possible.

INGRID LEITNER (Chairlady)

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THE DEBUTANTE'S BALL

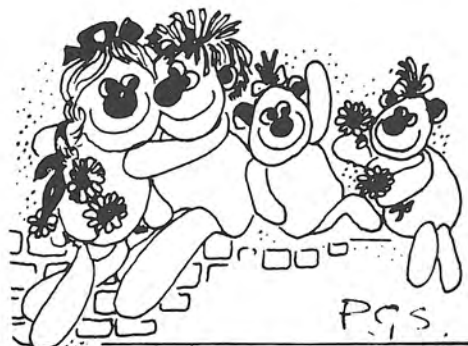
"An Evening to remember!" A comment by someone present at the 1984 Debutante's Ball, a sentiment echoed by one and all. The success of the evening would not have been possible without the hard work and dedication of the "Debs' Ball Committee" selected from the Std. 8's.

Our first duty was to decide on a theme, and our "Brainstorm" resulted in the idea of an "Old English Country Garden". We then started cleaning and preparing "flats" for the very talented artists to create the scenes, after which we approached them tentatively with paint and brush. The result was beautiful flats and a paint-bespattered committee!

Because of Veld School, we had a short break of ten days and on our return we had to pull out all stops to finish in time. We had many hands helping in the form of teachers and their "Other halves", and the hall looked beautiful in pink and white, with many baskets of flowers, the result of Mrs. Stafford's genius — suspended at strategic points from the ceiling. Thanks to Mrs. Weir and Mrs. French who made our "waiters" and "waitresses" outfits. We looked as attractive as the Debs, with just as many compliments received. The food was delicious and this was prepared by the Mothers' Committee, whose hard work was greatly appreciated. Most important of all and the crowning glory of it all was the fact that the Debs raised a sum of approximately R20,000. Our thanks to Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Frost, Miss Walls and Miss Featherstone for helping to create such a successful Debs' Ball.

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DEBUTANTE'S BALL COMMITTEE

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Second Row: K. Morgan, M. Painting, J. Green, S. Gullan, S. Muller, A. Gordon, V. Smillie, W. Worsthorne, L. Bac
Third Row: L. Coole, V. van Rooyen, M. Edwards, T. Orr, F. Maconachie, D. Stamper, C. Herau, M. Thorne, D. Bosman, C. Jones, V. Lynch
Fourth Row: K. Coenan, M. Joffe, M. Beukes, P. Botha, G. Patterson, C. Stafford, K. Hultzer, J. Holland, D. Christensen, I. Leitner



FIRST CHESS TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: S. Miller, Miss M. Pratt, G. Friend (Captain), Mrs. I. von Ludwig, D. Michie
 Second Row: A. Korwessis, R. de Villiers, L. Lombard, W. Abraham, M. Nielsen
 Third Row: D. Hodnett, G. Walker, S. Ind*



CHESS 1984

This year the chess season was a great success, with many Standard Sixes joining the club; we managed to enter two teams into the league. The season did not start very well, but once the Standard Sixes were correctly placed, the season ended successfully. The First Team came third in the Johannesburg first league. The team also participated in the Randburg first league, but were not very successful. The club was captained by Gary Friend and the vice-captain was Diana Michie. The teacher in charge was Mrs. von Ludwig, but once she left, Miss Pratt took over. Sincere thanks to Miss Pratt and the other teachers who assisted with transport.

Colour Awards:

- Full:** G. Friend
- Half:** D.Hodnett
- Team:** R. de Villiers, G. Walker, D. Michie,
M. Nielson, I. Lombaard

G. FRIEND & D. MICHIE



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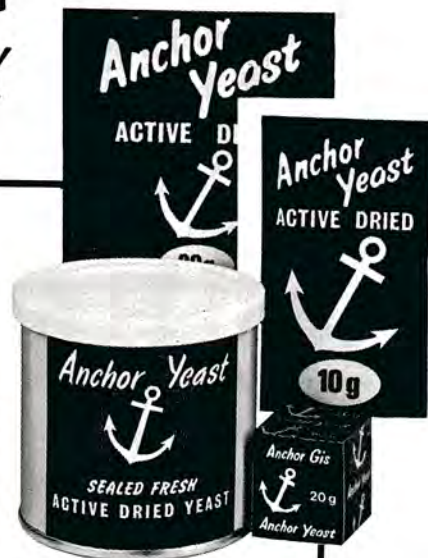


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*Front Row, left to right: R. Field, S. Trommer, M. Halgrin, Mrs. Botha, S. Miller (Head Librarian), J. Holroyd, D. Jones
 Second Row: G. Friend, W. Leigh, N. Ham, J. Harris (Leader), K. Leigh, B. Taylor
 Third Row: J. Hall, G. Roberts*

MEDIA CENTRE

1984 was a very interesting year. Slide projectors, tape recorders, overhead projectors, were very much in demand because we are becoming very familiar with the hardware. Teachers have made their own programmes and its becoming part of our language to talk about Carametes pulsing and synchronising tapes and slides!

Library integration between Book Education and Form 1 and 2 English teachers sparked off a project assigned for all pupils to read four books of fiction, to do fiction analysis of the books, to say what types of books they like and then write and post a letter to a friend telling about the project. Well, the spirit of competition started catching on, pupils began exchanging books, more fiction books were bought as library stock and off they went.

Then reports started coming in. I have read 12 books. There was no time for sitting idle. Every afternoon, week-end, was spent reading and the reports came in. It became a wildfire project. May we please have an extra week?

To crown it all, the way in which these projects were presented was so professional and so pleasing; the librarian had 600 projects to mark and the standard was so high, she was stunned with delight and pleasure! And the reports came in. I have read 25 books, and then after 5 weeks of delight, the top figure was 32.

The stars shone brightly. Star pupils produced star projects!

It was so rewarding! And the statistics for numbers of books read have never been so high.

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COMPUTER CLUB

*Front Row, left to right: R. Field, J. Laughrey, Mr. J. Hewson, G. van Zyl, Mrs. D. Steele, M. Thorn (Chairlady), N. Norris (Secretary)
 Middle Row: W. Goodrum, J. Lombaard, A. Wiederhold, C. Barker, J. Helé, E. Cox, D. Sandrock
 Back Row: C. Peters, N. Hewitt, M. de Munk, T. Wege, C. Hughes, B. Reynolds*

COMPUTER CLUB

The Computer Club has had a good year in 1984 under a competent committee and with the able assistance of Mrs Steele. The year's programme has included two very interesting outings, a number of courses in programming for members, and an enthusiastically supported members' evening.

The first outing, to the data processing department of Price Forbes Federale, was organised by Michelle Thorne. This attracted a full combi load of members and we were given a full and varied introduction to the working of a busy data processing department.

The second outing of the year, organised by Mrs. Steele, was to St. Stithian's College Computer Club, who showed us over their excellent facilities and demonstrated some of their varied and impressive projects.

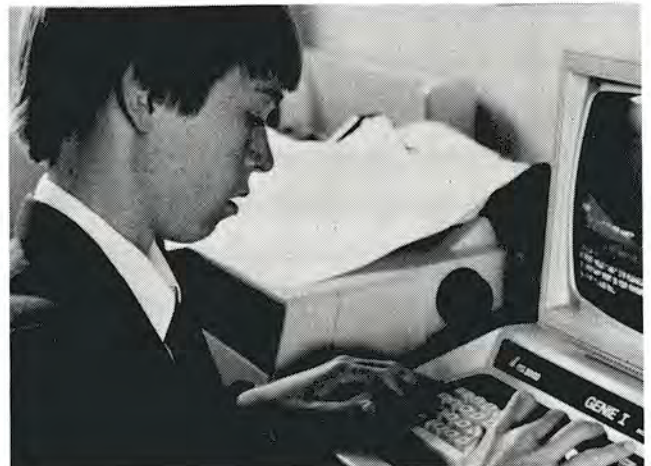
The Computer Club's third evening was an enthusiastically supported members' evening organised by Gerry van Zyl. Some twenty members set up their equipment in the Science Laboratory for this evening meeting. Mrs. van Zyl very kindly provided two delicious cakes, and ideas and programmes were swapped and demonstrated by an animated group that included both members and parents. The success of this evening has encouraged the club to plan a further members' evening this year.

Complementing these outings were two on-going projects providing introductions to the Basic language and to Sinclair Assembly language. These courses, run by Mr. Hewson (Basic) and Gerry van Zyl (Assembly), have been intended for interested beginners, and have been arranged to cater for small groups so that hands-on experience of the com-

puter could be had. The response from members has been good and the committee hopes to continue these courses next year.

Any society of this type depends to a considerable extent on the support of parents, the committee and of members, and I should like to express my thanks to all three of these groups. In particular I should like to thank Mrs. Steele and the committee for their support throughout the year, to Gerry van Zyl who has fulfilled his Deputy Chairman's role with distinction, to those parents who kindly donated magazines and books to the club, who made possible our visit to Price Forbes Federale, and to Mr. Riche who has most generously donated an Atari computer to the club.

J.A. HEWSON



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S.C.A. REPORT

The S.C.A. is the "Student's Christian Association". It is the only official representative of the Lord Jesus Christ at Bryanston High. This year, we have done a lot to try and improve S.C.A.'s image, and have launched a number of fund-raising activities. We ask, too, that in future, all Christians at Bryanston High support the S.C.A. In February, we held a camp, which helped a lot of people with their spiritual growth. In September, three fundraising activities were organised in aid of Tear Fund: a poster competition, an S.C.A. dinner and a Bible reading marathon.

God's children, unfortunately, often let Him down, but for what has been accomplished: All Glory be unto God.

DIRK KLOOSTERMAN
(S.C.A. Chairman)



S.C.A. COMMITTEE

Front Row, left to right: M. Economides, Miss S. Bezuidenhout, D. Kloosterman, Mr. A. Parry, T. Coutts

Second Row: S. Gordon, M. Thorne, C. Traviss, M. Williamson, R. Blackwell

Third Row: A. Mann, C. Howard



THE STOCK EXCHANGE GAME

*Front Row, left to right: D. Venter, C. Wright, Mr. R. Edgar, D. Kloosterman, M. Davies
Second Row: G. Palé, J. Vile, I. Sanne, D. Creer, A. Gilmour*

STOCK EXCHANGE

The Johannesburg Stock Exchange this year was not very successful — on the part of Bryanston High School. We entered two teams — one Std. 9 and one Std. 10 team with six members per team. Each team was started off with "R20 000". The Std. 9's invested and withdrew; invested and withdrew and made a big loss. The matrics left the money alone and made a profit on the interest.

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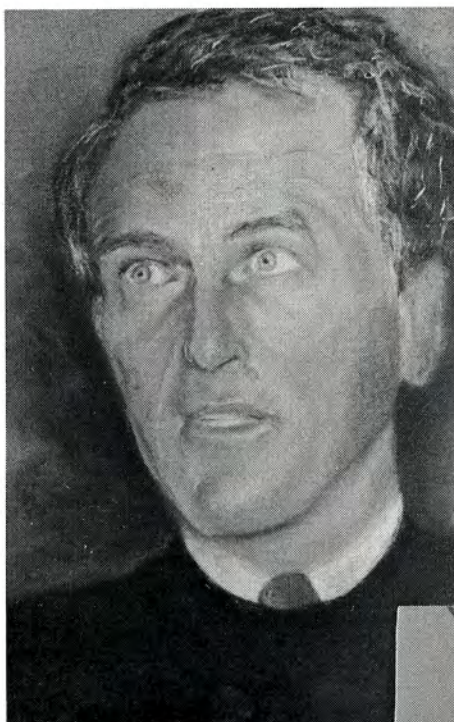
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Portrait



G. WALKER Form 3



R. KLING Form 5



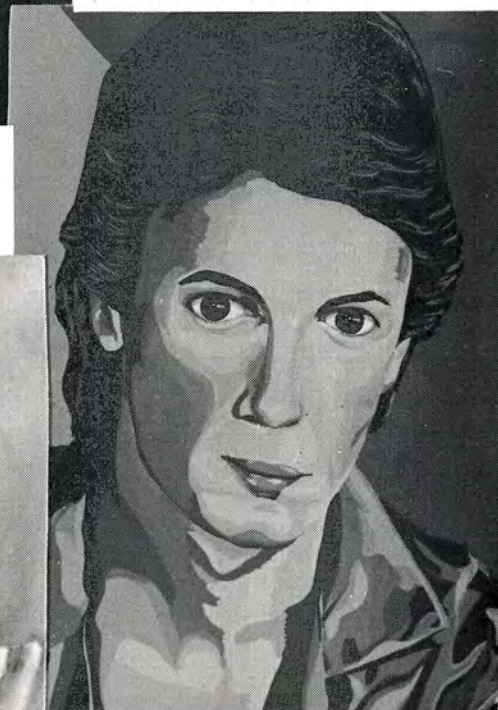
R. GRIBBLE Form 2



D. FORD Form 5



S. BALLAM Form 5



S. LOTZ Form 3

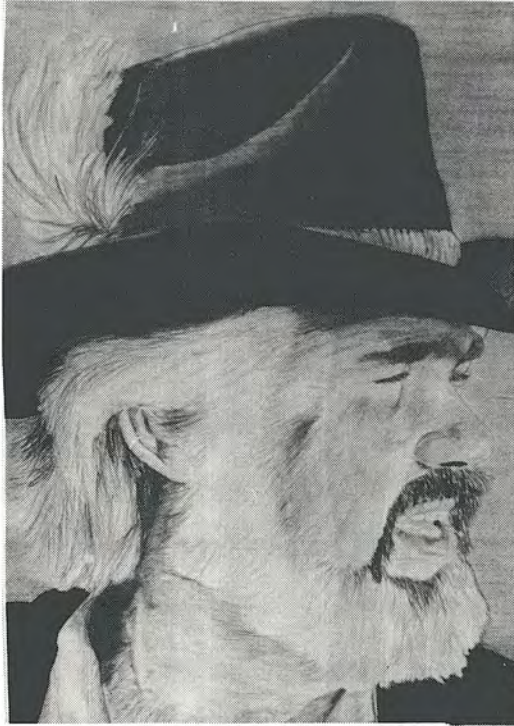


L. EADIE Form 2



A. HANSMANN Form 3

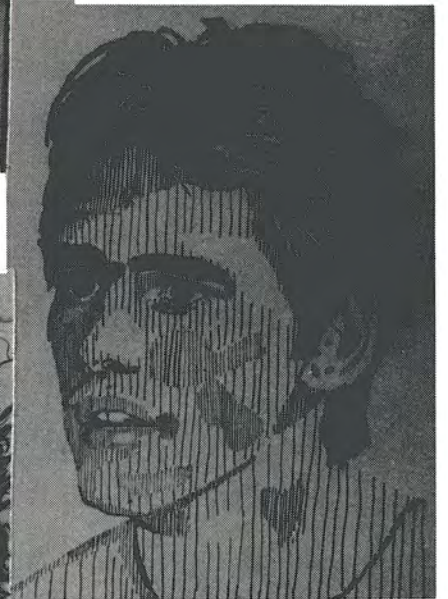
Gallery



G. LINDSAY Form 5



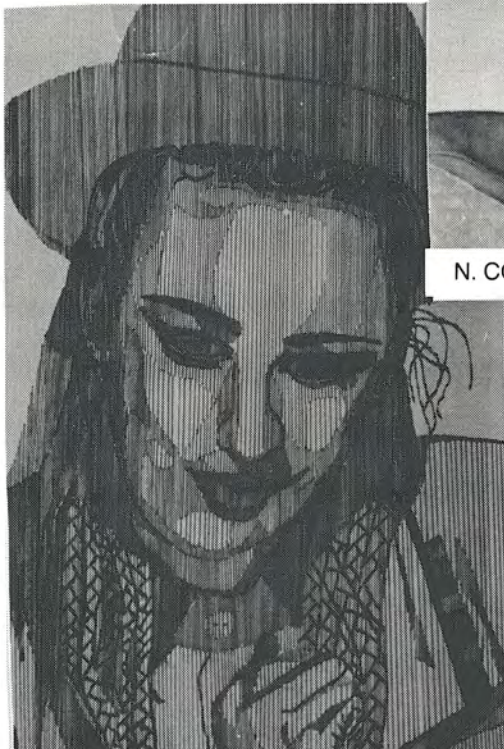
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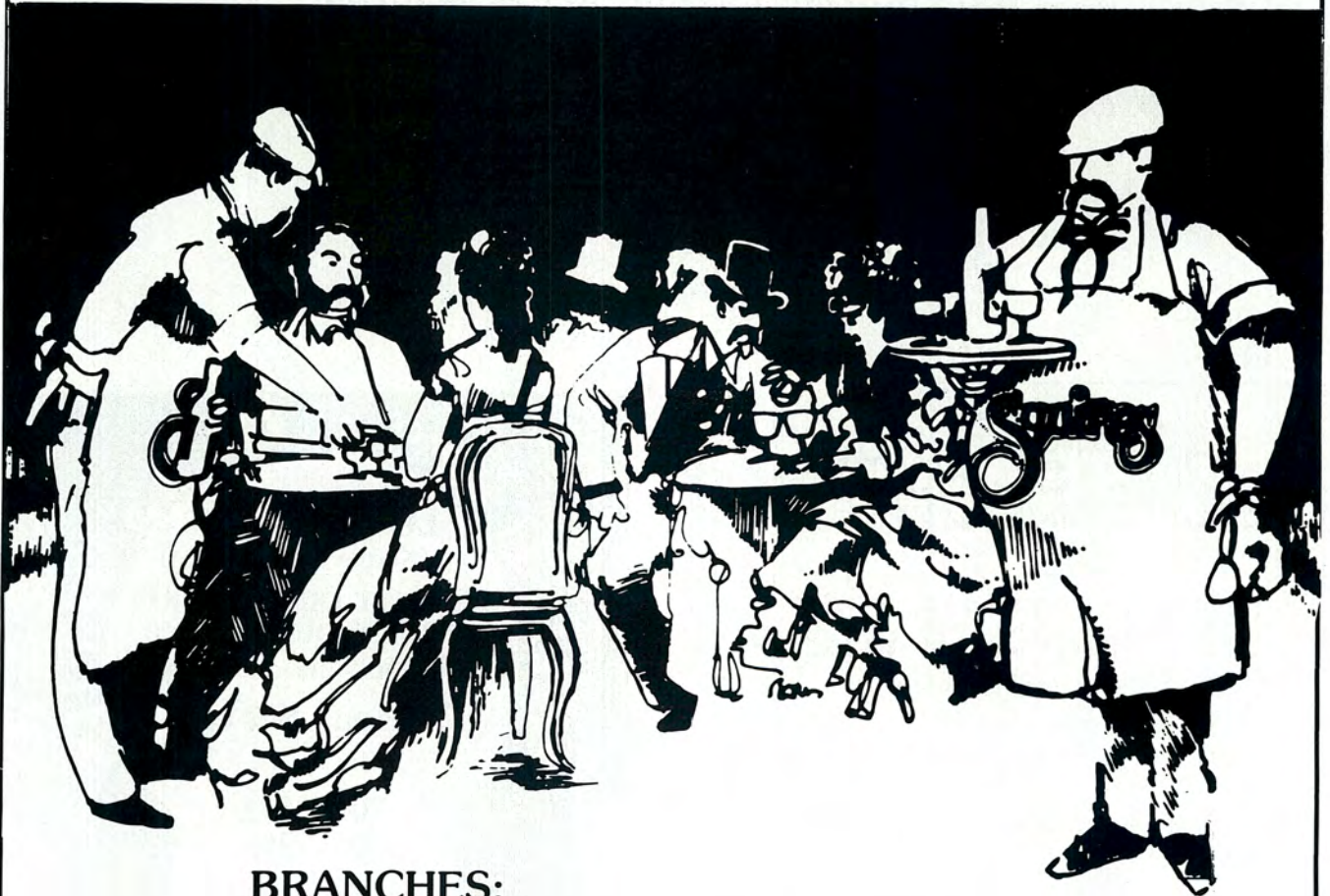
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DIE BOESMAN

Daar trek die Boesman
deur sy land
Hy loop van hier af,
tot by die anderkant.

Nou sit hy by sy vuur
tussen die rook
En in die donker nag
lyk hy net soos 'n spook

Wanneer die son opkom
is hy lankal weg
Die son brand neer
en die hittie is erg.

Maar hy stap aan, deur 'n vallei
en oor 'n berg.
Hy beweeg so vinnig
soos die pyl waarmee hy jag

Nou stap hy in die
lig van die volle maan
Ons vra hom waarheen hy
trek. Maar hyself weet
nie waarheen hy gaan . . .

ROB CANNING 1D

KAT EN HOND

Ek het 'n hondjie,
Sy is so klein en skraal
Ek het 'n hondjie,
en ek is lief vir haar.

Saans as ek huis toe kom
Staan sy daar.
Voetjies nat en
Voetjies swart.

"Toe, wat het jy nou aangevang?!"

Haar speeltyd in die môre,
jaag sy ons kat
Die kat klap met haar pootjie
en hondjie sit en blaf.

Dit is 'n groot geraas by ons,
met kat en hondjie saam,
maar altwee is nog vriende
wat nooit uitmekaar sal gaan.

BRIGITTË BONATZ 1D

DIE VUUR

Wat is dit?
Niemand weet.
Wat is dit?
Dis so wreed.

Groot en warm
Sterk soos 'n leeu
Wat is dit?
Dit laat my skreeu

Wilder as 'n storm
Wyer as die see.
Wat is dit?
O nee, nee, nee!

Hoor jy dit daar,
sy aaklige sang?
Dit lag en dit dans,
Dit maak my bang!

Krikkel, krakkel,
Uur na uur,
Kyk daar —
Dis 'n brandende vuur!!

Nou is dit weg,
Kalm, bedaar
Groot is die skade
Weg die gevaar.

KIRSTEN KLINGENBERG
1E

WINTER

Grys is die wolke
Donker is die see
Die branders breek
so onvoorspelbaar
oor gladde rotse
kyk hoe val die reën
liggies oor die sand!
Nat is die wêreld
Koud is die land.

Skreeuende seemeue
vlieg oor die see
soekende na iets
om hul magies mee te vul
Verlate is die strande
nat is die wêreld
koud is die land.

Y. COX 7D

DIE HARDLOPER

Klap,
Ons is weg.
Vinniger, vinniger,
Swaai regs, swaai links,
vorentoe, vorentoe
Kan nie stop nie,
om en om,
uit-aseem,
vinniger, vinniger,
vorentoe, vorentoe.
Al die oefening,
eerste, tweede, laaste, derde
hardloop ons.

Die klok lui,
nog 'n rondte, die laaste
pyn, sweet.
Laaste draai
Daar's die eindstreep,
Die skare skreeu.
Mag nie stop nie.
Ek is voor,
die winner.
Eerste, laaste, tweede, derde.
Dis verby.

J. SNYMAN 7E



PRAGTIGE GESIG, PRAGTIGE HART?

Die vroue wat deur Londen paradeer,
Wat 'n kind se drome domineer:
Prente van waens van silwer en goud
En pragtige, ryk meisies — hulle word nooit oud
Hulle woon in herehuise, woon danspartytjies by,
En dra pêrelorabelle en rokke van sy.
Maar hierdie gemaskerde gemeenskappe vol
glans en prag,
Vertel ons net stories van skoonheid en drag.
Wat die dromer graag wil weet
Is of hul lewe teen hul harte meet.

LINDSAY BOUGHTON 2E

NIEMAND GEE OM NIE

Uitdrukkinglose gesigte
Trippel weg deur die smerige strate,
Geen tyd om stil te staan
En te dink oor, waarheen hulle gaan.
Onbewus van alles wat rondom hulle aangaan.
Die swak ou man vou dubbel van die pyn
En val op die sypaadjie neer.
Terwyl hy na sy bors gryp
"Help my," fluister hy hees,
Maar hulle oë en ore is toe.
Hulle eie probleme is groot genoeg,
En hulle het geen tyd vir ander s'n
Hulle loop haastig verby die lewelose liggaam,
Maar die ou man was een van die gelukkiges
Want hy't ontsnap uit 'n wêreld
Wat nie meer omgee nie.

MARIANNE KLOOSTERMAN 2C

DIE SUINIGE KIND

Hy is alleen
so alleen
en hy huil hard
en die trane val
Die suinige kind.

Hy wil nie speelgoed
uitleen nie
Daarom is hy alleen
Hy lag nie met die ander
Die suinige kind.

Hy skreeu en terg die ander
Hulle huil en loop huis toe
Hy voel lelik en aaklig
Omdat hy ander terg
Die arme suinige kind.

LIANÉ STANIFORTH 2D

DIE DROOGTE

Genadeloos bak die warm son
Wanneer sal ons reën tog kom?

O Liewe Heer laat die wolke kom
Mag die water val op U rykdom

Môre gaan ons nasie bid
Algar moet in die kerk kom sit

Genadeloos bak die warm son
Maar môre gaan die reën nog kom

In die Weste bou die wolke op
Aan dankbaarheid is daar geen stop

O Liewe Heer mag ons dankie sê
Dat U gegee het wat ons wou hê.

PETER VAN NIEUWKERK 2E

DIE LEWE

Lewe . . .
Liefde en haat . . .
Vrede en oorlog . . .
Waarom?
Ek verstaan
mense nie
hulle verander so . . .
Ek weet nie wat om
van hulle te dink of te glo . . .
Liefde of haat?
Vrede of oorlog?
Wat?

Liefde . . . Lewe
Haat . . . Oorlog
Vrede . . . Liefde
Oorlog . . . haat

Dit is die lewe!

HELEN HUMPHREY 3G

VLAKE STORMS

Vroeg in die skemerte van 'n nuwe dag
ontwaak die natuur uit 'n stille nag

Die suid-oostewind gly saggies oor die vlakke
en seil hoog en laag deur die hemel en oor die laagte

Dit baljaar oor rustige blou strome
en fluit saggies deur blare en wilgerbome

Die bome beweeg van kant tot kant
terwyl hul deur die wind gewaai word.

Die son sit hoog bo die berge
maar word agter 'n wollerige wolk verberg

Die wind duik wispelturig
en dik swart wolke sak uit.

DARRELL STRYDOM 2E

VREES

Onbedwingbare emosies,
Saamgesmelt met die onvoorsiene gevaar
Wat saam daarmee kom.

Wisselvalligheid — die Vader van Vrees,
Skok — die Kind.

Geen rede, net die gevoel

Wat soos 'n siekte

Op die onvoorbereides

'n Lewe van vres belowe.

TRACY ALDRICH 4D

ONTSNAPPING

Slaap die ander wêreld
Die wêreld van die bed.
Slaap.

Welkom tot die land van drome:
Drome van die werk,
Drome van die lekker tye,
Drome van jou angs
Alles in die land van slaap.

Slaap, dit laat jou verstand ontspan
Slaap is waar ons ontsnap.

COLIN HOWARD 5C

ONS LAND — SUID-AFRIKA

Daar onder by die see
het Van Riebeeck iets geplant
waarvan ons vandag dikwels leer —
die geskiedenis van ons land!

Tafelberg kroon mooi Kaapstad,
die ou Kasteel en Riebeeck plein.
Die Groot Karoo is net so plat
soos die strate in Bloemfontein.

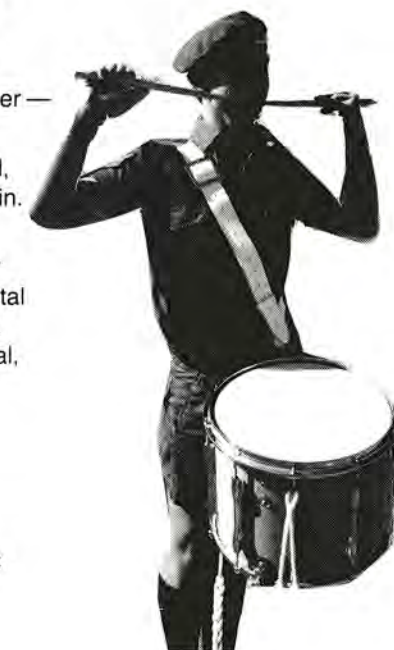
Van die hoë, groen berge in Natal
sien ek die deining van die see.
Ek pluk 'n blom, uit 'n groot getal,
om vir my nooi te gee.

Terwyl ek in die veld is
waar niks my kan pla
dink ek oor ons erfenis . . .
My land . . . Suid-Afrika!

CHRIS PAGE 4C

GEDAGTES

Hoe laat is dit?
Ag nee . . . kwart voor twee
Watter huiswerk het ek?
Wiskunde . . .
"Ja, mevrou ek luister."
Sal my ma my na skool kom haal?
Wat moet ek vandag doen?
Ek is honger!
Hoe laat is dit nou?
Tien minute voor twee
Hoekom loop tyd so stadig?
Kyk net na Jan, hy eet die hele tyd.
Waaroor praat sy? . . .
"Ekskuus mevrou, wat het u gesê?
Ja mevrou, jammer mevrou."
Kry ons dit in die eindeksamen?
"Mevrou, skryf ons daaroor in die eindeksamen?"
"Ja."
"Mevrou ek verstaan nie."



T. COUTTS 4E

MY FEAR

I'm not afraid of the dark
 I'm not afraid of dying
 I'm not afraid of many things
 except one . . .
 . . . being alone
 what must it be like . . .
 to have no one to love you
 and to love
 . . . to fight with and to
 fight for
 To have no roof over your head
 To be hungry . . . for love
 and warmth
 . . . it's worse than the dark or dying
 in fact . . . it's a death of it's own.

M. BAKER 1B

WAR! WAR!

There's a roar in the sky
 A streak of metal goes by
 There's the clatter of a gun,
 Could it be a Hun?
 A parachute comes out,
 Was it a scout?
 There's a crash in the trees
 As he lands on his knees.
 The guns sound rat-a-tat
 And the soldier keels over onto his back.
 The last man is dead —
 But the Germans we still dread.

ANDREW PANZERA 1J.

SHE'S TOO PERFECT

She was born to the earth,
 Too perfect I could see,
 And then she left
 and I realised,
 She was too perfect for the world
 and ME.

BRENDA WIEDERHOLD 1J.

Form 1

Writer's Nook

LONELINESS

You are all alone
 alone with the moon, sky and stars
 alone with the birds, bees and butterflies
 Yet . . . is this loneliness?
 The countryside is swamped in darkness
 only the stars sparkle against the black sky
 A single light flickers in the distance
 The light of life . . . perhaps
 or . . . the light of loneliness?
 The sun shines, the sky sparkles
 No sound is heard but birds chirping
 A lone bee flits from flower to flower
 He is alone . . . is he lonely?
 None of us really know what loneliness is
 . . . or do we?

M. BARKER 1B

FIRE

It destroys everything in its sight
 burning plants, animals and houses to ashes
 breathing its hot, cruel breath
 plants scorch rapidly under its breath
 animals die, trapped
 the fire crackling with its evil laugh,
 and to think all this was started by a
 simple-minded being
 carelessly dropping a cigarette . . .

TESSA CADMAN 1G.



SADNESS

All alone with a family to look after,
 To feed the young,
 To find them a home,
 Is definitely no fun;
 But most of all, when man comes along,
 Then everything is destroyed
 Oh, no, my family is gone
 And so is my home,
 That is, Sadness!

KAREN ZANDER 1J.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is . . .
 A fragrant blossom. Its root
 is deep, delicate and lasting
 Love is . . .
 The purest flower
 in the garden of the heart
 Love is . . .
 The ruling queen
 in the garden of life
 Love is . . .
 Thinking of each other
 when you're far apart

C. ALDERTON 1B





K. KLINGENBERG Form 1

DREAMS

In the quiet of the night
 when darkness has covered the sky
 with her dark shawl, Dream creeps
 out to find her victims for the night.
 Her victims howl, scream and cry in terror
 as she casts her spells over them all.
 The cock crows to say 'tis dawn.
 The dreams have gone,
 quick as they came.
 A relaxful sleep strikes the city,
 free of the terror of the night.

K. SPARKS 1D.

I'M NOT DEAD

Everyone was standing by the old man's bed.
 Praying and gasping for he is almost dead.
 Then a little girl kissed him on the cheek,
 and he slowly opened his eyes and said.
 "THANK YOU LORD," I'm not dead".

BRENDA WIEDERHOLD 1J.

MY HERO

My hero is someone who thinks about other people before himself. He is concerned about suffering people or people who need love and family. My hero would have to care for people to be my super hero.

A few jobs that would fulfil this task would be a gentle nurse or a doctor. The person may be an occupational therapist. Florence Nightingale, a loving nurse, is my heroine. During the Crimean War she went to care for the soldiers. The wounded soldiers kissed her shadow as she walked through the room. Florence is known for amazing love and for her gentle touch with which she helped the dying soldiers.

My hero is not a person who wins races. He is one who wins other people's hearts, people who need him. My hero is not a famous manager who sits at a mahogany desk. He is one who sits patiently, watching carefully over sick or lonely people. My hero is not either a person who kills the most in a competitive war; he is the one who kills loneliness in people's sore and sad hearts.

There are not many helpful people like this, but there are a few who try. My hero would not hurt people's feelings; he would liven them up and fill them with peace, joy and happiness. My hero loves, he cares and is peaceful. My hero tries.

SUSAN WAINRIGHT IH



S. JOCHIMS Form 1

THE EAGLE

The eagle soars
 on the wind
 gracefully,
 dancing to the choreography
 of the air.

Swooping down on its prey
 a hungry hand
 reaching for food
 at last . . .
 satisfied.

Y. WOODS IG



L. THOMLINSON Form 1

RESCUED

Not long ago my dad taught me how to deep-sea dive. I experienced a wonderful sensation as I went deeper and deeper, my body becoming heavier and my toes tingling as they seemed to follow behind me. I definitely wanted to do it again.

The next day I went to the place where my father said he got his oxygen tanks filled. I told the man, who was helping me what a wonderful feeling of freedom I had felt and about the bewilderment of the beauty around me. I also told him how amazed I was at the kaleidoscope of colours I had seen. He seemed very interested so, I continued to tell him even more.

Two days after I had the oxygen tanks filled, I once again went sea-diving with my Dad. We hadn't been under the water for very long, when I felt my breathing becoming uneasy, I tried to signal to my father to tell him what was wrong, but he thought I was pointing to the beautiful corals and sea anemones.

I was starting to lag behind now. My breathing was deteriorating rapidly and my feet felt as if they were trailing behind me in the sand. My father was further into the distance now although I could still see an unclear vision of him.

No sooner than I could say, "Jack Robinson" I was lying on a large sand dune at the bottom of the ocean. That was the last thing I could recall when I awoke lying in a hospital bed.

During the hospital visiting hours, my dad came to visit me. He told me everything that had happened and that I should be glad to be alive.

I am definitely glad to be alive although I do wonder who rescued me!

KIM CARTER 1C



FASHION

Dresses, jeans, skirts and shorts are all the lovely things I've bought. Yellow, purple, orange, blue Oh, the fashions are so new. Zig-zags, dots, waves and stripes, old and new, and modern types. Red, pink, blue and green are four of the best that I have seen. Big and small, and medium heights, colours dark, colours light. Some people just don't care with the fashions that they wear.

DOMINIQUE BOSHELL 1H.



PAIN

He was shot in the shoulder.
It is pain,
He was shot in the leg.
The pain withers on.
He is shot in the heart.
The pain is gone . . . he's dead.

BRENDA WIEDERHOLD 1J.

DANCING

Dancing is the thing to do
When you're feeling sad and blue
When you have nothing to do
Quick! Get up and do it too.
As the drums beat
You move your feet
The guitar plays
And your body sways.
And now you get into the feel
You start to move just like a wheel
You dance like fire, brighter and brighter,
You start to feel lighter and lighter.

A. KORVESSIS 1D

DEATH

So final
So sure
So . . . dead
The pale, still features
The glazed look
The florid limbs,
A whole life
in a wooden box
All the loves and fears
packed away —
Forgotten in a dark hole.
The fresh ground
flung aside
To make space
for this used to be.
Roses and flowers
brightening the bleakness
as mourners bow their heads
and try to accept
That this is the end

LEE-ANN SKETCHLEY FORM 2J



G. THERON

THE ELEPHANT AND THE GIRAFFE

One day in Woodmead Forest the Elephant came across the Giraffe drinking at the waterhole.

"Good day my friend Mr. Giraffe — how are you?"

"I was well but am now in a bad way Mr. Elephant"

"and what puts you in such a state Mr. Giraffe?" asked Mr. Elephant with plenty of concern.

"Well you see — I had a fight with one of the bulls from Waterfall creek and while fighting he tore my leg."

"I have a great idea."

"Tell me about it," encouraged Mr. Giraffe.

"If you and I were allies then you, because of your height, could spot the enemy, and I, because I am so strong, could do the fighting."

It then so happened that when the Giraffe went to Waterfall Creek again he met up with the same bull he had fought with before. On seeing the bull Mr. Giraffe called out, "Mr. Elephant, Mr. Elephant come help. I have found the enemy." On hearing this the bull attacked the Giraffe before the Elephant could be of any aid.

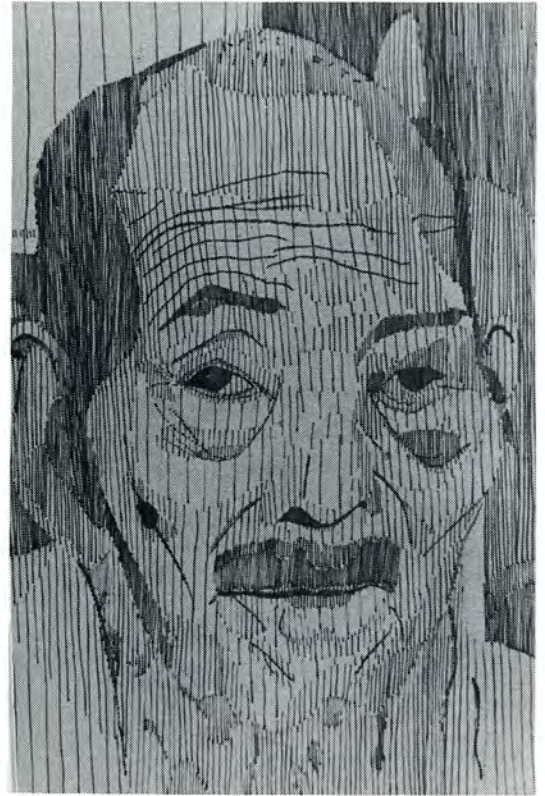
From this we can learn that we must not depend totally on others for help.

A. BROMBACHER 2E

BAREFOOT!

Barefoot I walk across the sand
that creeps between my toes
I watch the seagulls dart
between the crashing waves
that break across the jagged rocks
Leaving trails of foaming lace
between their jagged rows

TONI GETTLIFFE 2E



R. GRIBBLE Form 2

Form 2

THE TRAMP

Its dawn and the tainted sky is glowing but the city is still asleep. One cold winter's morning in a barren park, on an old peeling neglected bench, there lay an old man asleep — His only means of warmth is an old tattered shirt, over-mended trousers, with some takkies which didn't fit. His life is a struggle, a struggle for survival, he's alone in this world with no-one to care for him, except a bottle which to him at that moment means everything; comfort, love and understanding.

He roams the street searching for that extra scrap of food and those few cents from those generous people which will buy him a meal — that of a piece of bread and his bottle. The public avoids him as if he's a walking plague or a piece of dirt! Why don't people take the time about looking at them through their own eyes! And see that he's also human; he feels and loves, envies and hates just like themselves.

Yet he carries on his struggle . . .

He once again returns to his home, the Park, and sits on his bench, watching the carefree people walk on by and listening to the laughter of the children.

Once again he finds himself sitting alone, just watching the day come to an end and wondering what lies in front of him for the new day. But for him there's nothing really to look forward to. His days are filled with it's surprises and disappointment. He'll just have to go on until his time is up.

JENNY BEATTY 2A.

ATMOSPHERE AT A FAIR

Always, when I enter a fair-ground, I am immediately struck by the barely suppressed urgency of the masses, all filled with boundless energy as they rush from each gaily painted canvas stall to another. The sun shines down brightly —almost as bright as the smiles of men and women as they find that they are the new owners of a much-publicised item. The small children with their bouncy balloons tethered to their hands, dart under tables, through legs, chattering incessantly and the air is filled with the gay sound. Wares are displayed in exciting arrangements and the calls of, "Try my honey, fresh honey!" are heard constantly. The bustle, the rush, the feverish excitement is evident everywhere. But, the sun slowly falls westward and an aura of sadness descends. The stall owners slowly pack up what little is left of their wares, talking jovially all the while, the children wave good-bye to newly-made friends as their parents hurry them home. At last — the empty show-ground stands alone, desolate. But, in the trees, there whispers an exciting promise for the next fair, when people can forget their worries amidst the joys of the fair.

GILLIAN TARR 2H

MY LIFE, MY PRISON

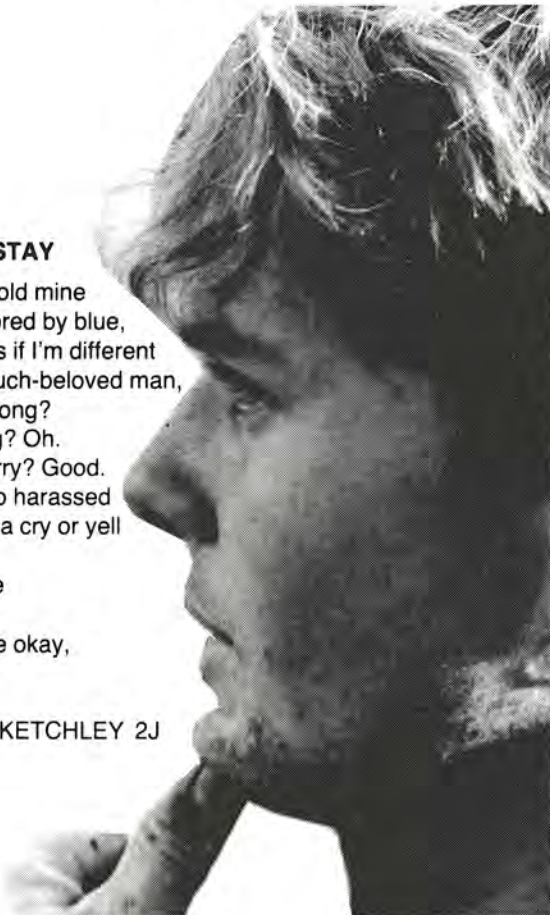
These four, peeling grey walls stare down at me. These walls which are my life and my company. No door, just an eternity of grey. No shape, just wide open nothingness. This is how I live. Why? Because there's no other way for me. The will to live has left me. For what is life without the one you love? Why don't I leave this world of bleakness and try to find fulfilment elsewhere? Why? Because I'm afraid. Afraid of what I'll discover about myself once without the protection of my four grey walls.

LEE-ANN SKETCHLEY FORM 2J

YOU GO, I STAY

Your eyes hold mine
Blue mirrored by blue,
Gazing — as if I'm different
What is it much-beloved man,
What's wrong?
You're going? Oh.
You're sorry? Good.
Don't look so harassed
I'm not gonna cry or yell
Not yet.
Go on, leave
I'll stay
I'm gonna be okay,
I think . . .

LEE-ANN SKETCHLEY 2J



UNDER THE SEA

After my delicious Mauritian breakfast I decided to go diving. St. Geran is one of the best places on the island for snorkeling and diving. I got my kit from the clerk at the hotel. It was an oxygen tank with a pipe leading from it to the mouth piece. The flippers were a size too big, but I didn't bother to change them. As I entered the warm water I had a strange feeling of being watched. I shed this thought impatiently and went under. The coral was magnificent. Breathtaking colours covered the bottom of the sea. Rainbow fish swam around me. A shadow passed overhead. I looked up. There was nothing there. I carried on admiring the beauty of this almost stagnant sea inside the reef. I saw the same shadow again. I surfaced slowly, with intervals of rest, so that I wouldn't get 'the bends'. I was on edge. Someone, or something, was following me. But what? As I surfaced I looked around. The pounding surf on the reef was quite loud. The tide was going out. I dived again and swam on. I could feel eyes watching me. They seemed to get closer. The level of the water was dropping quickly now. I thought of turning back but the beauty of it all kept me back. I could feel the current pulling back. The reef was getting nearer and so, it seemed, were those eyes. I saw the shadow and instantly turned around. Shark!!!

SIGRID GIBSON 2H

IN DEFENCE OF WASTING TIME

Time! An element in our daily lives that we could not possibly do without. A factor that regulates every minute detail in this vast and complicated world. Time is the basis of life around which everything revolves

Man has always been fascinated by time and a great deal has been learnt and discovered. For example, how long it takes for the earth to revolve around the sun, or the interval between the moving tides of the sea. Or even the time it takes for a tadpole to become a mature frog. Everything takes time.

The dictionary describes time as "all the years of the past, present and future." The most important of the three tenses is probably the future. The unpredictable and unknown, except to the "One Who Knows All!" He gave us time to use at our discretion. As individuals we can decide what we want to make of the time available to us.

Few people realize how precious time really is. Seconds, hours, years gone by are lost for ever. Time that could have been spent, perhaps on improving the future. In this world we live in today, with ever increasing violence and destruction, the present has to be used to enrich the quality of our future. man has an instinct to progress.

Wasting time is not making use of opportunity. Not doing something constructive that could be of help in the future. Life is what you make of it. What you put into it is what you'll get out of it.

People have become famous and wellknown because they were able to make use of time to improve their talents. If you want something you have to make it happen. Waiting is not always the answer.

I believe that God has given us the opportunity on earth to prove ourselves. To make use of our talents and capabilities to the best of our ability, according to the time allotted to us. To achieve the highest point of success in life, time has to be used with infinite care and consideration. Who knows? The world might end tomorrow!

L. THORESSON 2H

THE LYING DUCK: A FABLE

One day, whilst Duck was swimming in the pond, he saw a fish right near the bottom. He plunged with all his might under the water and paddled as hard as he could. He was quickly running out of air and his eardrums felt as if they were going to burst. With one final effort he caught the fish.

He surfaced, well pleased with himself.

"Huh," he thought to himself, "that must be the deepest I've ever dived! I think I'll tell my friends about it."

He paddled to the bank, scrambled up it and waddled into the farmyard.

"Quack, quack," he said to Chicken, "You should have seen how deep I dived in the pond this morning!"

And then, wishing to impress his friend even more, he exaggerated the depth and said, "I must have been about . . . er . . . fifteen feet under water! My eardrums were on the verge of bursting. But it was well worth it, for I caught a fish about one and a half feet long!"

"Gee wizz!" exclaimed Chicken. "That's jolly good!"

"Yes, I thought so too!" replied Duck, then he hurried off to tell someone else. He told lots of his animal friends, but every time he repeated the story, the depth grew and so did the length of the fish.

Duck had just finished telling Dog when he saw Cow. He rushed over and repeated the story. By now the depth had grown to thirty feet.

Cow laughed and said, "You fool! Chicken was here a few minutes ago, and he told me that it was only fifteen feet!"

"Er . . . erll," stammered Duck, "I had another look and I realised that it was actually deeper than it had first seemed."

"That may be so," replied Cow, "but then how do you explain what I heard the other day?"

"What did you hear the other day?" asked Duck.

Well, I heard Farmer Brown say to Farmer Jack that he was going to enlarge his pond from six feet deep and eight feet across, to ten feet deep and fourteen feet across so that he could buy more ducks."

"Well . . . er . . . there must be a l-l-logical . . . er . . . explanation. He must have . . . er . . . been . . . er . . . talking about another p-p-pond!" replied Duck.

"He couldn't have been. There is only one on this farm!" exclaimed Cow.

"I am quite sure that you just wanted to make us notice you for once! But lying never works because most often you are found out and from then on people look down on you even more!"

Moral: Never lie, because lies always catch up on you and once you are caught out, you lose a lot of self and other people's respect.

GUY McGLASHAN 2B



THE SUNBIRD THAT BATTLED AGAINST ALL ODDS

Once there was a bitterly cold wind that blew for days and days. During that time all the birds in that area began to remake their nests so that they would not be blown away by the mean wind. Most of the birds finished in one day and were able to provide their family with a well-built, cosy little home for them to rest in.

Finally all the birds had their nests completed, except for a tiny little sunbird who had battled against the wind all day and had achieved nothing. The other birds watched this poor bird struggling in the gale, but did not offer him their assistance.

Everytime the poor little bird got together a few twigs and grasses, he would have to put them down to go and fetch some more. The wind, who was enjoying this game, then blew them away and the exasperated little bird had to start all over again. The sunbird did not wish to be humiliated and therefore persisted to try again and again. He decided to place the twigs and bits of grass under a heavy stone while he looked for more.

During all this time the other birds had chuckled and jeered at him, although they had not dared to leave their own warm nests to go and help.

Hour after hour, day after day the little bird collected and stored all the twigs necessary for making a good home. By the end of the fifth day his house was completed and he was able to rest in comfort. The little bird was so tired, because he had not slept in five days, that he slept soundly for two weeks.

When he finally awoke he saw a most unexpected sight. All the other birds' nests had broken up and collapsed; his was the only house that stood firmly and steadily and had actually withstood the terrific wind.

Moral:

Never give up as you will find you will not only be able to do what you thought was impossible; but do better than all the others and achieve more than ever imagined.

LAUREN WILLIAMS 2E

LIFE ON THE MAINLAND

1. The beach was deserted, it was dawn and a few rays of light were evident in the east. There was a cool breeze blowing and the palms rustled softly — it was beautiful. On the islands dawn was accompanied by the singing of birds, the rustle of palm fronds and the rhythmic drumming of the surf. This was indeed paradise — a world totally on its own. As the sun rose higher the sea turned brilliant colours of flame. The people of the islands were also rising and the humming of a new day was very evident.

Alena was walking along the beach thinking, she was twenty two years old and had finished college a few days ago. Her father wanted her to work in his restaurant, but she didn't want to. He said she belonged on the islands and should work, live and die here. She didn't want to stay — she felt trapped and restless and every night she dreamt of a life and career on the mainland. She desperately wanted to go into acting but there was no future for her here, at least that is what she thought.

Whenever she spoke about her ambition of becoming an actress her father would laugh saying she should stop dreaming up fantasies and that she didn't have the right personality to become a successful actress anyway.

"I've got to leave here," she thought as she walked along the deserted beach. Today was her first day at work at her father's restaurant. She had given in yesterday to her father's reasoning only because all the arguing wasn't getting her anywhere, only making her father more stubborn and persistent.

She jogged back along the beach towards their little but pretty beach-front home. Her mother had had good taste but she was dead now, and the house was a little neglected. As she walked through the tropical garden and sliding door she could hear her father in the bathroom and she moved towards the kitchen to start breakfast. She had made all the meals since her mother had died and she made them now with great ease.

2. Alena had gone through the days at work like a robot and it was difficult to believe six months had already passed. She had worked hard, harder than the rest because her father had demanded it. She had worked late every night doing the books or other paperwork and she wasn't even being paid for overtime.

This evening, as she sat alone working, her mind began to drift and slowly an idea crept into her mind. She tried desperately to push it aside, but it was there, implanted in her mind. She tried to concentrate on her work and when this didn't help she decided to pack up and go home. When she was in bed she couldn't sleep and stared out the window over the sea towards the country she so desperately wanted to live in. As the moon covered the sea and beach in a blanket of silver she knew what she would do. Having made up her mind she fell into an exhausted and deep sleep.

3. Two weeks later she was in her room hurriedly packing her case, supposedly recovering from a headache before the restaurant opened at six. Usually she stayed helping with flower arrangements or doing some paperwork, but not today.

She was too excited to think of neatness and just threw her clothes into her case. She could almost relive the excitement she had felt when she received the answer to her letter from Louise. They had been friends for a long time and Louise now lived in Los Angeles. Louise had welcomed her with open arms saying she could stay for as



long as she wished. Alena was above the stars with happiness for she was positive that she would go — now or never.

That same day Alena had bought her ticket to L.A. with her easily saved salary — today she was leaving.

She left a letter to her father explaining why she had left and asking him to forgive her for just disappearing. She didn't say where she was going, but he would know.

As the plane took off she felt relieved. There was no anger, no anguish and no guilt, only the warm feeling that comes from doing what you think is right.

4. As they circled over L.A. the huge area and intertwining freeways seemed to throb with life and Alena felt excitement ripple down her spine.

Louise had picked her up at the airport and it seemed hours till they caught up on all the events since they had met a year ago. Alena told her about her plan of becoming an actress and Louise had immediately given her the address of an acting school. Their friendship bloomed because Louise believed in Alena and she encouraged and supported her ambition.

Alena had worked well and already six weeks had gone by since she had started her acting lessons. She went to the acting school in the morning, practised by herself during the afternoon and had an evening job as a waitress in a nearby cocktail bar. Time had flown and Alena had not thought about home for quite some time. But this evening, as she sat reading the newspaper, she wondered how her father was and if he was angry with her. On an impulse she decided to phone him.

She sat on the couch trembling, remembering clearly the anger and hate in her father's voice. The phone call had been disastrous. He had shouted and yelled at her, cursing her and telling her never to come home again, and on top of it all wishing her all the bad luck in the world.

That evening as she lay in her bed thinking she became even more determined to achieve her goal. Throwing back her blanket she got up and looked through the paper for acting parts. There were many auditions being held and she decided to try for as many as she could. The next day proved to be very disappointing. She came home feeling exhausted and terribly depressed — she had not got any part. Suddenly all the doubts and fears came back to her. Maybe her father had been right, maybe she did not have what was needed for an acting career.

Louise was very encouraging and quick to reassure her that it takes time to find the right part. She also said that today had only been a day out of a million and one.

With a little more confidence Alena sat out the next day with more success. Bubbling over with excitement she ran up the steps almost knocking over an old lady and ran into the apartment she shared with Louise.

"Guess what!" she said, trying to look relaxed.

"What?" Louise asked.

"I got a supporting role in Martin Caine's next film" she said almost at once. "He says it's small but very important and that I am perfect for the part".

They spent the rest of the evening celebrating and got to bed very late.

5. The next few months flew by and the shooting of the film was finished before she realised it. They had a big party to celebrate and the director had come to Alena personally congratulating her and saying she had a great future ahead of her. He also said she could use her talent to the full. Alena was all smiles. She was very happy



L. DYER Form 2

because now she had proved not only her father wrong but also herself and the remark from the director had given her an extra boost of self-confidence.

The cutting of the film took another two months and then the film was released. It was released on the twenty second of March — exactly a year since Alena had arrived in L.A. She attended the opening night with Louise and all the other crew members and whenever she appeared on the screen she got this funny feeling in the pit of her stomach. The film was a box office hit.

The weeks that followed proved that the director had been right, she got several phone calls from distinguished and well known directors. They were all very interested in her for their next movies.

This was the start of one of the most glamorous careers in movie history.

6. By now her father had heard of her success and every morning he would sit on the beach hoping she had forgiven him and wishing she would come home to see him soon. He would sit on the beach for hours looking over the sea till it was too dark to see anything, thinking. He would curse and scold himself for being so stubborn and heartless towards his own daughter.

In the meantime Alena was very restless and after a few hours she decided she had to go home to see her dad. Quickly she booked a ticket on the next plane bound for Hawaii. It had taken her a while to recover from everything that was happening to her and even longer to adjust.

On the plane to Hawaii she had a lot of time to think and she was amazed how suddenly her life had changed. She smiled to herself when she realised she had done it all by herself — excluding Louise's support. She also thought about her dad and wondered if he had forgiven her and if he wanted her back.

As she walked along the old but familiar driveway she could not see any lights in the house. It was twilight and her father would most probably be sitting on the porch — but he was not. As she looked down towards the beach she recognized her father's figure coming out of the water. He was drying himself when he first saw her and the next minute he was running towards her and they were in each other's arms. They hugged each other. There was no need for words.

SONJA VAN PONCET Form 2G

THE FABLE OF THE DISCUS AND THE CATFISH

Once in the Fishtank of Haldane, mainland of Fourways, lived a stately Discus fish and his harem. He was a handsome fish and much admired by all the other fish in the tank. He had a sunken boat in which to play or cogitate. He was neither rich nor poor but he was very sad because he had no fry.

After many fishtank waters had fallen, ten young were born to him and his Number One wife. They grew quickly — replicas of their handsome parents, radiating in the sunlight with their brilliant colours. "Growth Food be praised" repeated the parents over and over again.

Many algae-scrubbings passed and the little fish grew into beautiful specimens, much admired by all. Proudest of all was their father and his especial favourites were Tweedledee and Tweedledum, the prettiest and most adventurous of the young fish.

One day, whilst these two were grubbing in the murky depths amongst the rotting snail shells, an old fat Catfish came whimpering by saying, "Please help me! My wife is trapped under the big filter at the far corner of the tank and I cannot free her by myself".

Now, although they were purebred specimens, the fish were, unfortunately, selfish and unkind. "No!" said Tweedledee. "Why?" said Tweedledum. "Fine, well-bred fish you may be but you certainly need to be taught a lesson", threatened the old Catfish. "As I am Master of this Fishtank by virtue of my seniority, I command all the other fish to nibble your fins and eat your food". Having uttered these words he swam off to seek kinder souls to assist in freeing his trapped wife.

Later, when the culprits returned home to their ship, their loving parents did not recognise them. "Go away!" they cried, "Our beloved children have beautiful bodies and tails — not scarred and torn ones!"

Sadly the young fish swam off and hid in the Elodea weed at the back of the tank. Seeing their misery and discomfort, the kindly Catfish ordered the other fish to cease tormenting the Terrible Twins. They lived midst the weed for many weeks, too embarrassed and humiliated to show their scarred bodies to the other inhabitants of the Fishtank. During this time, their bodies healed and slowly regained their beauty.

One day, they swam out of the Forest of Weeds and approached the Catfish and apologised for their unfeeling behaviour. "Apology accepted", declared the Catfish, "but, if you don't want to receive the same treatment again, never behave in that rude and unkind manner again". "We promise, Great One", they fervently declared.

The newly mature Discus fish now returned to their family where they were welcomed joyfully and, to this day, the old folks burble about their king, handsome and helpful sons. They take all the credit for their exemplary behaviour, but the Catfish and we know better, don't we?

So, the moral of this story is: always be helpful, good and kind in everything you do, or strange things may well happen to you . . .

M HALDANE 2B



R. BLATCH Form 2

THE BUDDING OF SPRING!

It is a moment of intimate beauty as an innocent bud unwraps itself for the first time. It captures silent, radiant sun rays in its soft, attractive arms and enters silently into our world of dazzling cities and dancing colours. A feeling of love explodes as I touch the delicate petals of soft, feathery down. The sweet-smelling, floral perfume diffuses sear-chingly in all directions. A sugary fragrance melts, inviting buzzing insects to venture nearer.

Soon, a chorus of colourful, flittering birds and diving insects move excitedly around the exquisite bud, sounding their pleasure of freedom!

CATHERINE CHAMBERS 2E



R. BELL Form 2

LONELINESS

Loneliness is your empty room
And the book you've read three times
It's the telephone that never rings
The clock that never chimes

It's the time we spend remembering
The sorrow and the tears
Forgetting all the happiness
We've gathered through the years

JULIA COLLINGS 2B



G. WALKER Form 3

BY MYSELF

Why can't people let me be . . .
alone
There's always someone
Asking questions
How do I feel?
Where have I been?
Will I be going again?
I want to live with myself
my own thoughts
Without a loud, self-important voice
Spitting its vile ideas
Into my ear
Forcing me to think
its thoughts
I want to be my own person
After all,
I am my best friend
Why aren't we left alone
To live life our way?

L. FERGUSON 3J



K. COCHLOVIUS Form 3

JESUS

The fire is bright,
Yet I cannot feel the heat
I do not want to feel the heat
I want to scream and cry and
Tear at the door which separates us.

You once told me
"Together we cry
and together we die"

But I sit here alone and cry
and you lie there alone and die
We'll never be together and
Who is to blame. Was it you
Or was it me, or was it
that you were just never
meant
to
be.

Form 3

LONELINESS

Loneliness is an unwelcome feeling
When your eyes fill with unbeckoned tears
your gut feels empty and your
throat aches from sobbing
Life, I miss you so
please
please.

MARYILYN PAINTING 3H

METAMORPHOSIS

look at it out there in the sun
splashed trees, you see it,
you have seen it before —
Although you have never seen it,
you acknowledge its existence
and you reluctantl grant it
its existence and beauty
and pretend to care —
that you know its there —
Rather butterflies than caterpillars —
Banish the caterpillars!
Replace them with delicate butterflies!
and delude yourself into believing
you'll never have to face it.

M. FELTON FORM 3B



G. WALKER Form 3

VIETNAM '66

The tracer bullets,
screamed upwards,
towards the "Huey".
Almost positively
It nestled between the trees,
Green blurs jumped,
Into dark jungle
Their long shadows
falling in the Vietnamese sun:
The effortless
escaping into the dusk.

M. FELTON FORM 3B

A SOLITARY DAY:

A day of peace, a withheld bomb which
will explode into Monday,
A solemn day filtered with loneliness,
This day is Sunday.

Every hour and minute stops to rest on
the hands of time, while one by one,
faithful seconds beat on.

A day like this serves many purposes
by which the old and young are
affected,

No day for entertainment, but a
relaxing day by which youngsters
could be corrected.

They sit by their windows, searching
for excitement,
But such delight could never appear,
There's no enlightenment,
On Sunday.

Oh what a beautiful day for the
old ones,

When the sky is blue and the sun
is warm,

So restful, so tranquil, so serene . . .
A day in which love can refill their
hearts,

A day with beauty, and a day
with means,

Could it be reality, or is it just a
dream?

A dream filled with dry tears and
memories of yesterday,
Or a dream of freedom and
life,

And fulfilment of the soul.

Sunday can do many things

Because it is a life on its own,

Sunday is not a dream, but a reality
of heaven on earth,

It is wonderful,

But it is alone . . .

SHARON LOTZ 3H.

FASHION

Fashion . . .

Fantasy,

Individuality,

Your own personal
being evolving.

Imagination,

creativity of your
own,

A personal touch.

Another facet,

of yourself,

of your oneness,

a world of your
own!

HELEN HUMPHREY 3G.



S. LOTZ Form 3

AS PER USUAL

I am rudely awoken
By a loud muffled rumbling
A discontented grumbling
The ravenous beast in me
Will starve no longer.

It takes over my willpower
Forces me to rise
Blind to my size
And I find myself
On forbidden ground.

That smooth white box
Holding smooth white ice-cream,
The subject of my vivid dream
Is opened
By hands which are not mine.

I reach an ecstasy of pleasure
Who thought ice
Could taste so nice?
After two weeks
Of going without.

Guiltily I start,
It's my figure I'm ruining
As I sit here spooning
Slow, sweet sin
Down my throat.

L. FERGUSON 3J.

THE LADY OF THE STORM

She stretches then yawns
Carelessly discarding her hazy cloak
To send it fluttering in mysterious folds
On the stormy grey ocean.
Disguising and nurturing danger
She lures ships into her midst
To send them crashing to their doom
On jagged rocks below
Misty fingers hover about the wreck,
Searching . . . always searching
But never finding.

BARBARA SCARROT 3H.



M. PAGE Form 3

2010 A.D. — SOCIAL GEOGRAPHY

In Britain: the C.S.I.R. (Coal-Seeking Industrial Robots) have once more gone on strike. Apparently they're demanding more anti-freeze because several robots have recently collapsed due to frozen silicon chips. A sympathy strike by W.A.R.T. (Workers Association of Robotic Tea-makers) looks like bringing Britain to her knees.

P.S. Rumours have it that the government has made a giant blunder in ordering an ancient humanoid delicacy known as fish 'n chips instead of microchips for a top-secret new computer.

In America: President McKintosh has passed a resolution giving computers the vote. He was quoted as saying that he was keeping America democratic.

In Brazil: Chaos reigns as Brazilians celebrate the realisation of their greatest dream — an unbeatable robotic football team.

In Russia: Soviet war ministers are still celebrating the purchase of a new video program. "Capitalist Invaders." Most pleased was Naval Commander Neptunsky who still holds high score.

Japan: Has been overrun by computers. Apparently too many were built for too small a market. In their latest attempt to kill humanised dissidents, the computers destroyed this year's rice crop.

In Iraq: Fanatical Islamic IBM's (Iranian built microcomputers) have claimed responsibility for blowing up several Iraqi oil fields.

In Ireland: The IRA (Irish Robotic Army) has claimed responsibility for a power failure which swept Ireland rendering thousands of computers helpless.

In South Africa: There has been widespread internal criticism of the apartheid policy which prohibits integration of mainframes and micros through modems. Opposition leaders were quoted as saying that all microchips were created equal.

In China: There is a desperate shortage of space caused by the escalation in production of microchips and keyboards.

Throughout the world: Computers are taking over. An IBM is no longer a missile, nor an Apple a fruit and a Commodore is not a naval officer. Times have indeed changed since 1984.

BRADLEY BEETAR 3C



THE SOLDIER

His white, aching fingers pulled
his crumpled body up from what seemed
a bottomless pit,
he was now up, his dully illuminated
weapon loomed menacingly in the
pallid morning light,
He was now running, running
then it happened . . .
a fiery explosion ripped open the
mourning earth to his left . . .
then right.
He was still running
his weapon tucked viciously in his
jerking arms
He was confused, groaning men dying
everywhere like rabid animals
mercilessly cut down
He felt a numbness in his leg
his body slumped into a black empty pothole
It was like a hot piece of melting iron
slamming into him, he didn't care,
he'd had enough.
Then he saw his beloved Emily running
to him, his father reading the Daily Telegraph,
his mom in the garden, flashing vividly by . . .
he was delirious now.
But he didn't care,
He tried to climb out,
But,
Something that felt like a brick
slammed into his head, he
doubled up and fell,
his wide-open, frightened eyes
glimpsed another man
he waited and screamed for help
a helpless little infant
he suddenly felt warm, very warm.
It was cold, but he was warm
he was floating now
He saw his body hunched
in the hole,
he wasn't worried, he was warm
he felt like a free
bird winging in the heavens
peaceful and free
he didn't mind
he was warm.

MARK BEUKES 3J



THE EAGLE

High above the earth he soared
The awesome, majestic bird of prey
Looking down, he saw a small brown fawn
stray away
in innocence from the protection of the mother he adored.
The predator with his gimlet eyes
gave a warning call and swooped down
from the skies
In just a few seconds, a mere heartbeat of
time, the young creature lay broken in the
mud and grime
The conquering bird plucked the fawn from the
ground
And climbed back to the skies with
hardly a sound
Up higher and higher to his mountain top
hide
with food for his babies who plaintively cried.
There was once a time when man used
to care
when birds such as these had the right
to fly free
But now, all that has changed
Man has lost his respect for the once
mighty eagles and, instead,
he destroys their names and undermines
their dignity
Should this be allowed in all sincerity?

LISA CULLEN 3G

VELD SCHOOL 1984 — BOYS

On 5th March, 80 Std. 8 boys were queued outside Bryanston High School waiting eagerly to depart, for the simple reason we were missing one week of school for a pleasant vacation in the bush, a chance "To get away from it all", or so we thought. We were soon disillusioned. We were quickly put into two equal-sized groups and herded onto our 00803217buses.

After a few "necessary" stops we reached our destination; at first we thought it was two African huts, but we were all shocked when the driver turned and drove towards them. We were told to get out of the buses and line up in a straight line. We were then put into groups. We were expecting to go into a warm hostel with mattresses and beds, but were told to look for a nice patch of grass, which was going to be our bed for the night.

At 6 o'clock the next morning we were awakened by a shrill whistle and a booming voice counting to ten. This meant we had ten seconds to run \pm 200 metres which is rather tiresome first thing in the morning especially at 6 o'clock. Many of us have never woken up that early in our whole lives. We had breakfast and were issued with rucksacks and told to walk to the "main camp". Five kilometres later after climbing what seemed an everlasting hill we reached our "camp" — an old hospital in Pilgrims Rest. People were already arguing as to who was going to the top bunk but when we went inside the hostel we found an empty room to accommodate six of us. When I say empty, I mean it. Four walls, a roof, a door, a floor and a window, and that was it.

Every evening we would have a sing song and discussion and in the mornings a quick Bible study and prayer in a beautiful secluded area. This was followed by breakfast and dorm inspection; this was usually followed by an activity, which ranged from sightseeing to tree cutting, lunch was served and in the afternoon there were hikes or, if we were lucky, a swim, then dinner. The highlights were:

The lantern stalk in the evening in which a group actually touched the lantern which is difficult because the teachers sit around it. The aim of that exercise was camouflage and stalking methods.

The obstacle course: no-one will forget that steep, slippery muddy wet hill and in our mature years, it will still ache somewhere.

Wattle bashing, our favourite — armed with sticks, poles, axes, clubs, in fact anything we could get our hands on; we went tree bashing, as the wattles are a hazard to the delicate eco system in that community.

Surprisingly enough none of us missed T.V. or the radio and although it was hard it was enjoyable, a chance to get to know everyone much better and create a group spirit, which in our case was very successful. We returned, glad to be back, but then ironically sad.

Our thanks go to the teachers who accompanied us and the matrons for providing us with excellent food.

MARK BEUKES 3J.



GIRLS VELDSCHOOL — WATERVAL BOVEN

Teachers: Miss. Otto, Miss. Featherstone, Miss. Moosbauer, Miss. Smuts.

Veldschool turned out to be even more of an experience than many of us were prepared for and I think there were a few of us who just couldn't manage to keep our spirits up until the end, but for the majority of us veldschool was fantastic.

The many excursions and hikes we went on were great fun, maybe not so much of what we saw and learnt, but just because we were all together in one group. The obstacle courses, the rain, the cold and mainly the mud taught us a great deal about our physical and psychological limits but midnight feasts of condensed milk, biscuits and tinned tuna (a favourite of the Northview girls who were there with us) after lights out always helped to restore us to our former alive selves.

After a tough day, sun-tanning at the river, away from the hectic hustle and bustle of central Waterval Boven and riding the bumslide were favourite time occupiers and often a very convenient time to catch up on one's sleep after getting up at 6.00 a.m. to do exercises and have Bible reading. Our three meals a day made by the ever efficient 'tannies' in the kitchen, are something I'm sure most of us would prefer to forget, but all that food we could get from the tuckshop — after lining up for at least 30 minutes — made up for the 'tannies' cooking.

The saddest event at veldschool was when we had to say good-bye to all the Northview girls as we had become firm friends. The happiest of course was to get home to mummy and her cooking. So remember Std. 7's, stock up well on food before you leave otherwise veldschool's really something.

D. HEINEBACH 3A.
M. PAINTING 3H.
(Std. 8 Veldschool Girls)

THE SUFFERING

Trapped . . .
restricted and near suffocation
From inside it claws at the gates
crying silently when freedom
becomes an obsession.

It never dies only suffers
But is it not this very suffering
which finally forces one to take
one's life?
For the spirit knows where perfect
freedom exits
and it not freed when need be
ones life becomes monotonous
inside the self-made cage
in which one pretends
his life

is whole . . .

JENNY MACLEOD 4F

DOUBTS

I sit here wondering
whether you care
The doubts forcing themselves
into my very soul
Their sharp blades
scraping the raw fears,
delighting in the blood which flows
and smiling at the tears which
cause me to recoil . . .

It spreads
like the venom of a deadly snake
Infecting everything inside of me
except the chain which links itself
to my dying hopes . . .

JENNY MACLEOD 4F



D. HURRY Form 4

Form 4



L. PRETORIUS Form 4

FRUSTRATION

No escape,
Total frenzy, boiling up
cools down to simmering rage
Mixed emotions — anger, hate, fury.
Stirred together with the spoon of energy
Bubbling higher, reaches the turning point.
Overflows with the turbulence of
an angry ocean.
Emptiness, relief.

TRACY ALDRICH 4D

LIFE

Life is like a round ball,
As a child we throw it around carelessly
Unaware of its value.

As we grow older and wiser,
We learn to use it to our advantage
And we get the most from it.

But eventually we are old, too old
And it slips from our grasp
To bounce away from reach.

Thus we play a game with life
And all games have their victors
And losers.

LYNNE PRETORIUS 4F



T. BYLETT Form 4

MOTHERHOOD

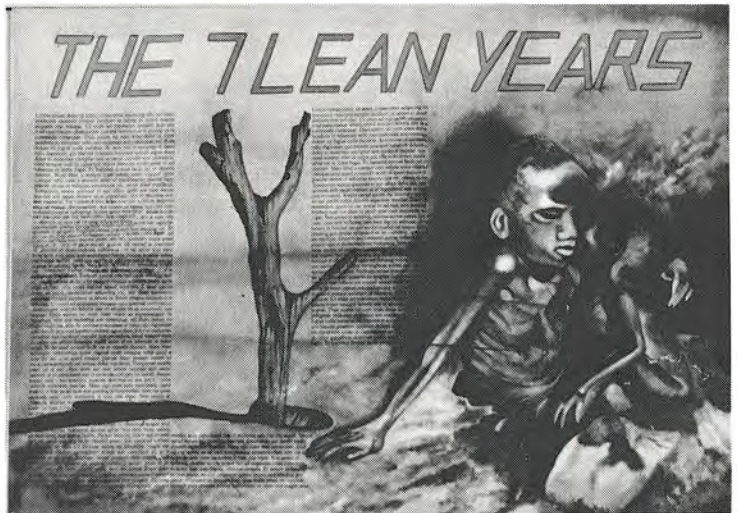
Infancy
 Motherly love
 Boyhood
 utter devotion and blind love
 Teen years, dating
 guiding, unflinching love, but jealousy.
 Manhood
 possessive love and devotion
 Thus Oedipus complex . . .

ANGIE BEITH 4D

SEPTEMBER

Feel
 New love
 Now growing
 Then blossoming
 Flourishing beauty
 folding; to
 dwindle and
 Fade.

HELEN BOUGHTON 4J



P. HURRY Form 4



L. PRETORIUS Form 4

THE MODEL

He sat.
 Shadows casting deep dark hollows across
 his powerful body.
 A sprinkling of light rays fell piercingly on his eyes —
 Sparkling and twinkling
 with tears of anguish and bitter pain.
 Deathly still and silent, he sat on and on —
 The rugged timber behind him contrasting,
 with an angelic appeal that reflected from his soul.
 I could feel his emotions — he had withdrawn
 Timid in soul
 and yet
 majestic in body.
 He stood up
 I glanced foolishly at my fellow students.
 Packing my brushes quickly — I left,
 my canvas a vast expanse of white —
 empty.

ELKE KLEWS 4A

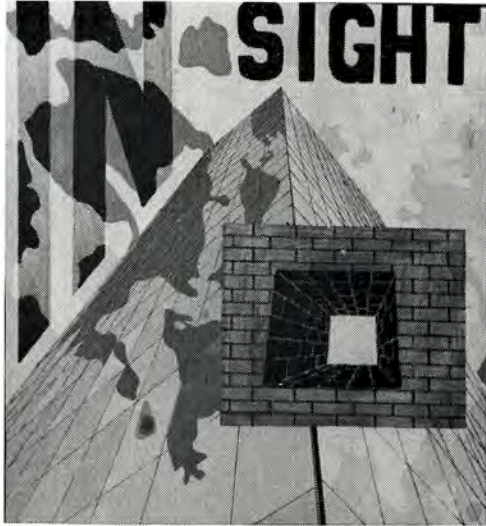
CLASS POETRY

I sit and chew my pen.
 Wondering what to write.
 Everyone stares around the room,
 Their minds as blank as the page
 in front of them.
 Now and then an attempt is made
 to get something written down.
 Pen is put to paper for two seconds
 and then heads are raised and
 the space-staring recommences.
 Suddenly the idea comes,
 Like a gush of water from
 an overrunning bath.
 The process of writing is too slow
 to put the rapid thoughts down.
 Eventually I have written all I wish to
 And I relax the tightened grip
 on my pen
 I sign my name at the foot
 of the page and hand my
 poem in.

JEAN CARTER 4J.



C. PAGE Form 4



W. AUSTIN Form 4

THOMSON'S FABLE — THE LITTE ANT

Once upon a time there was an ant colony, not a large colony, about 1 300 inhabitants; it was called NOTSNAYRB. Their leader or RETSAM DAEH was a good ant but battled to maintain the spirit among his five DAEH ants and 64 FFATS ants. This tired spirit affected the rest of the colony and his ants lacked spirit.

Now there was one little ant who was a dedicated SLIP-UP and worker. He was a reasonable leader among the slipups and was selected for most of the tiresome tasks. Often he BOWLED over from exhaustion on the pitches and often he PASSED out on the fields from jumping. He never had enough time to do the things he wanted to do. He slaved while the schlunk slipups sat and did nothing. They had time for parties, and never seemed to be exhausted. Worst of all they weren't asked to work; he was.

One day a DAEH ant introduced a new job, CIRCLING grass around a track every day. Now, as usual, the diligent slipup was asked to do the job along with many schlunks. Nobody complained until the schlunks realized what the work entailed. Our little ant began to feel very tired and drained. He was getting weaker every day. He saw how nobody minded if the schlunks stopped circling and so decided to stop himself. Immediately, the DAEH ant complained. The RETSAM, DAEH and FFATS ants all told him he was lazy and was letting the colony down. This upset our ant because they didn't shout at the other slipups who did not work. Our slipup did not want to be lazy or let the colony down and so he started circling again. Not long after he passed away from exhaustion. Now, the colony is missing a BOWLER, a PASSER and a CIRCLER all because they forced him to circle.

The moral of the story?

DO ONLY WHAT YOU ARE BEST AT OR YOU WILL NOT BE GOOD AT ANYTHING.

M. THOMSON 4D.

HIM

There was a young lad called Parry
Who spent most of his life in a tree
He said, "It is cool,
and a nice break from school.
And a lovely retreat from 4G!"

ZOE MATTHEWS 4G.

SHE

In the darkness . . .

A sudden flurry of brighter than rainbow colours,
amazing blinding, swirling before my dull eyes!
She stood still, and yet, due to the aura around her, she continued to move.

Her eyes looked on wisely, full of mirth, humour and life!
Vibrant vivacity glowed from her brilliant face and astounded those around her,

Her actions and mannerisms those of a self assured, self confident and mature being.

No doubt in her mind — she was herself — careless to what others thought!

Could she be the one I wanted to be?

ELKE KLEWS 4A

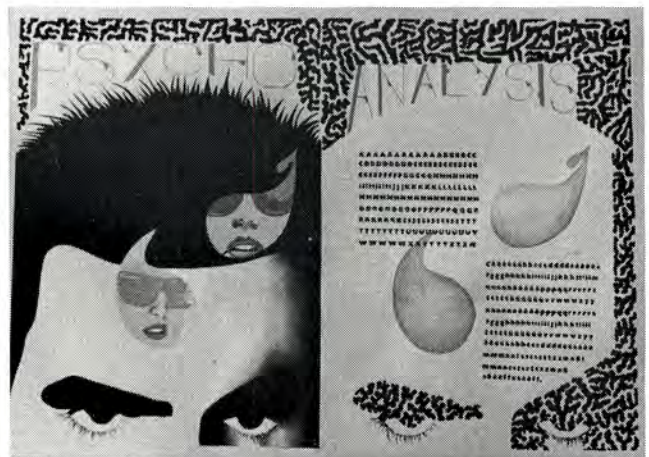


M. WHAYTE Form 4

ALONE

I am alone
Not in a dark alley or sombre room
Not like in a horror movie
But a peaceful alone
Alone with nature
Alone with my thoughts
At peace with myself.

ANNE HUGO 4G



W. AUSTIN Form 4

SECRET FEARS

The shrill, insistent, electronic buzz of my alarm clock, filters through my sleep-drugged brain and I awake startled. I clamber awkwardly out of bed and open one curtain. The searing intense light hurts my eyes and I wonder for the hundredth time why I bother. Why I bother to leave the warm womb of my bed, that dark, quiet void of solitude, the warm comforting, protective embrace and yet deep inside I know. Each new morning inevitably comes to pass, one more day to struggle through, pain, anguish and failure to be faced before once again I return to my dark oblivion of sleep — that's life.

As I rush down crowded pavements on my way to work, newspaper headlines scream the latest atrocities: "High cholesterol diets cause heart attacks", and I wonder whether I'll be dead by the time I am forty. Dead! Like any normal human being I fear the unknown; I fear death and the finality of it.

A cruel twisted face passes me in the crowd and I search my memory for a familiarity: "Could he have been one of the faces I saw on Police File last week?" He could be a murderer, a rapist, a thief and how will I ever know?

I pass a decrepit beggar lying in a doorway. He is clothed in filthy rags, and curled in one paw is a battered tin mug with a lone two cent piece lying on its bottom. A silent leer twists his hideous face and I shudder involuntarily. If I had been born that beggar, would the world have smiled kindly and given me a helping hand or would it have left me alone to die? I am scared for that beggar and for myself.

The world is afraid and I read it on every page of my newspaper. The Prime Minister is afraid; the people are afraid: Nuclear warfare, tornadoes, floods, earthquakes, computers taking over man's employment. We are losing our human emotions and our feelings for fellow human beings and it scares us. I fear for my country, my people and myself.

I am afraid you are too; we all fear something; it's human.

MEGAN ALDRIDGE 4B



T. BYLETT Form 4

THE WINDMILLS OF MY MIND

The lesson has reached the stage of relentless monotony where the teacher's voice can be heard only in the distance of reality. The presence of all around me is lost and my mind ventures on a journey of past experiences of joy and pain. I can never forget the pain.

Why do the situations that bring so much hurt and pain reflect themselves so vividly in the back of my mind that it is possible to relive to the full extent of my emotion and yet joy is so suppressed that it is hardly recognisable?

My mind is overcome with seething rage and guilt as the memories come flooding back to haunt me and remind me of the mistakes, the failures and the never-ending bitterness expressed so vividly on the faces of loved ones that I have so cruelly taken advantage of. Their facial expressions are ones that are hard to reckon with as the guilt and shame are poured over me like boiling hot tar, burning, disfiguring and applying such pain that I am forced to my knees. Why is there no joy in my life?

I see my friends laughing, smiling and generally having a good time but no smile fleets my troubled features as my depressing memories rack every last molecule of my entire existence. The reassurance that God will never part from my side in times of trouble is constantly pumped into me like air being pumped into an already over-inflated balloon, just waiting for the bang. Finally professionals in their respective fields are called in to give a helping hand where needed but this is all to no avail.

What else can anyone do to improve my situation? This being the question that has been hurled at me for the past sixteen years of my bitter existence is answerable only by the shrug of my shoulders. Finally I am asked why I do not take my life if I have had such a troubled life the past sixteen years? The answer is simple.

I have too much to live for.

IAN KENDAL 4B



J. WARREN Form 4



L. KOENIG Form 4

FEAR

As the night draws near;
 To accompany the 'lone soul,
 So it drags along fear,
 Leaving one's mind, not whole!

The mind becomes fragmented
 With exaggerated alertness;
 One's feet become cemented,
 Frozen, and boldness drained, face colourless.

Every inch of muscle becomes taut
 In expectation of a meeting with Lucifer;
 Darkness prevails and one fears being caught, Anxiously
 awaiting, Light, the manager!

As Light makes itself known,
 Exaggerated sounds of the mind fade;
 Fear diminished, security regrown
 As if fear with darkness was made.

V. MITCHLEY 4D

SCHOOL LIFE

At 07h50 it becomes a mass of blue.
 After assembly it oozes away like glue;
 Flowing into various spaces,
 Aiming to accumulate knowledge,
 Stacking it away behind faces.

The bell rules the day
 And the months, through past May;
 Arousing the blue mass, to move on.
 On, to the next interval
 And time which has already gone.

How the blue lava rolls by,
 almost more lethargic than a fly.
 The volcano core is peaceful,
 But time erupts the sky
 And the blue lava rolls on to be no more.

V. MITCHLEY 4D

YOUTH'S LOVE

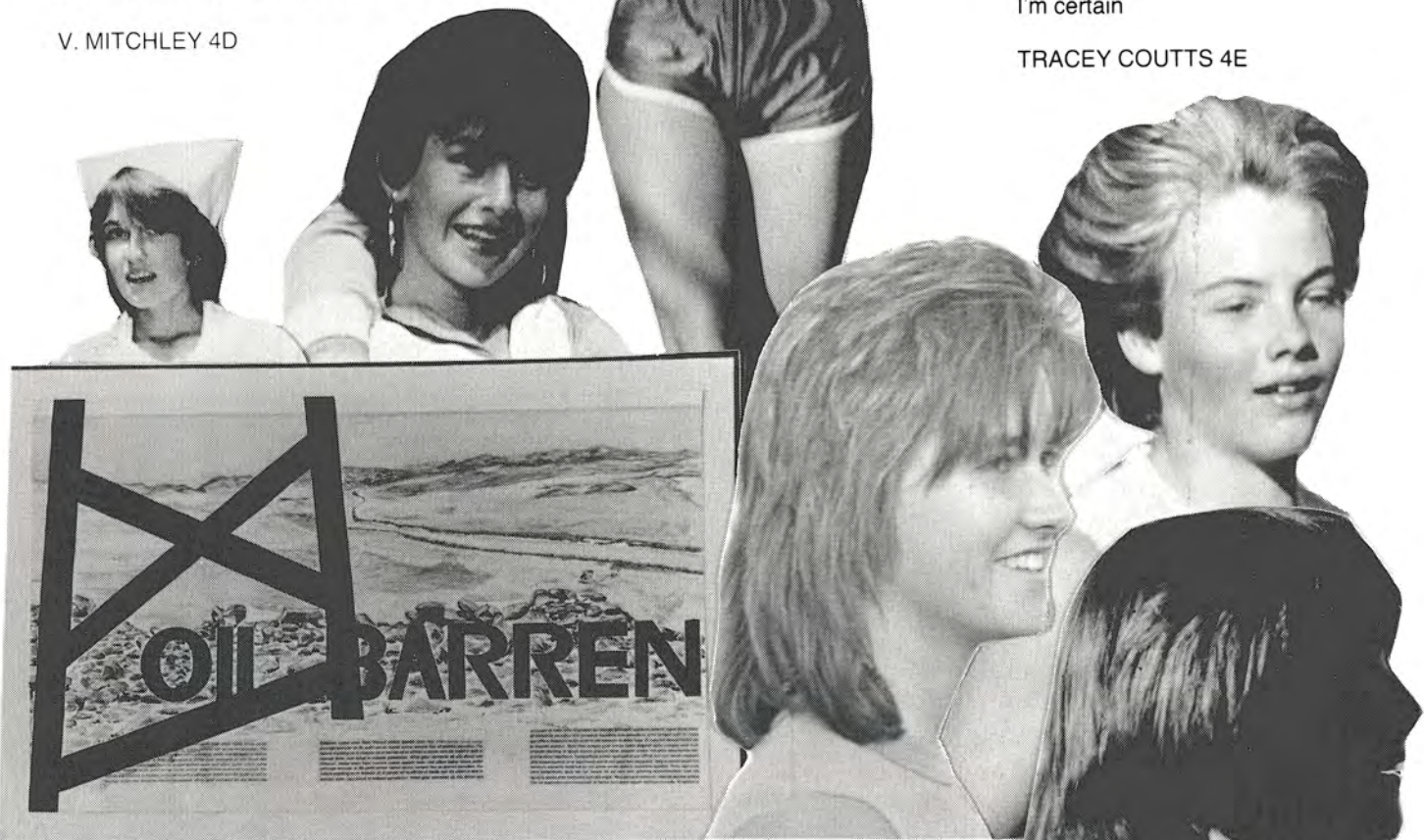
A mingle between lust and love
 Is today's Youth
 Classified Romance
 Yet uncertain

The sheer trust of heart and soul
 A created craft
 Certain desire
 Yet uncertain

The leisure of body and touch
 A trapped aim
 Contact needed
 Yet uncertain

The disgust of wanting and taking
 A taken advantage
 Pure sin
 I'm certain

TRACEY COUTTS 4E



M. DARROLL Form 4

THE SOUND OF THE PIANO FILLED THE NIGHT AIR

It was a chilly night last month as I made my way down the mostly streets. Despite the peculiar silence that enveloped the almost dying town, I could still somehow hear the resounding echoes of song and dance as I looked nostalgically into Oom de Bruin's music shop.

My mind was cast back about ten years, to the time when a young loner, Willem Halgryn, arrived here in Hotagterklip. At first he was ignored and stared at by onlookers as he walked down the streets. Then, one night, we had a party for Oom de Bruin's wife, Tannie Magda, who had just turned sixty. Oom de Bruin owned a music shop in the town and he wheeled one of his brand new Bösendürfer grand pianos onto the large platform in the open ground next to Oom Ben's bicycle shop. The whole town was preparing for the big night — except for one person, Willem Halgryn. He was a strange chap, quite antisocial with a keen affinity for alcohol. But there was some special quality about him — one that was about to be recognised and admired by us all.

As dusk crept in and Oom Ben slowly began stretching his concertina back and forth, producing a somewhat unharmonic tune, and a few unsober individuals tried their talents at the piano, people started dancing, but something was lacking; no one really knew what.

The party had been going to some time before he appeared — a tall, slender figure, his face charred by the dancing shadows. As the music died down, the people stopped dancing, forcing the shadows off his face and unveiling his identity.

A strange silence overcame the party, for the person standing next to the Bösendürfer piano was Willem Halgryn. Then, without uttering a sound, he placed himself carefully on the piano stool and began playing. The silence turned into chatter, the chatter into laughs of amazement, which turned into raucous song and dance. The missing ingredient had been found and that night went down in History as the greatest party ever held at Hotagterklip. We admired him as a true maestro!

Party followed party and every time our very own Willem Halgryn stole the show. One evening, when we were preparing for Hettie Le Roux's engagement, old Andries van Wyk said to me, "You know, when Willem goes, all the fun will go with him."

"Ja," I replied, wondering what he really meant. I suppose I never could imagine what it would be like without him — or was it perhaps because I thought he would never leave?

It was a day that will never be forgotten here in Hotagterklip, the day when a sharp dagger was thrust into the town's flesh creating a wound that we thought would never heal. It was the day Willem had been asked to play for a charity concern in the park. We knew something was amiss when he didn't arrive because he was always punctual. We searched for hours, enquired at every house but he was nowhere to be seen. Willem Halgryn, the mysterious maestro, had disappeared as quickly as he had appeared.

The town lay in shock for several years as it a part of it had been blown away. I thought back to what Andries van Wyk had told me and I realised how right he had been.

The sound of song and dance faded from my ears as I turned for home. But as I turned I heard a faint piano melody from down the chilly street. I hurried towards it. It was Oom de Bruin's music shop. The door was open and inside

a tall, slender, silhouetted figure sat in front of a piano. As the moonlight shone in through the shop window, I caught a glimpse of his face and once again the sound of song and dance flashed upon my inward ear.

I blinked several times to see if it wasn't just an image or a dream, but the figure continued to strum the delighted keyboard. The town's wound had finally healed — its medicine had arrived! A feeling of satisfaction filled my heart while the sound of the piano filled the night air.

CHRISTOPHER PAGE 4C



M. PRINGLE Form 4

PATIENCE

I am a teenager and waiting, wondering what is in store for me.

Waiting to see the new formation of the waist and hips
Mother Nature taking control . . .

Yes, oh yes waiting patiently for my handsome prince,
to appear from nowhere on his magic white horse.

Smile, and hand me a single red rose bud, symbolising
the four letter word 'love'.

Just like the roses handed out on "Valentines day".

But time marches on, and there is still no prince and
no white horse.

Patience waiting . . .

Patience seeking . . .

Patience wanting . . .

Waiting . . .

NADINE YOUNG 4E

THE BEAR

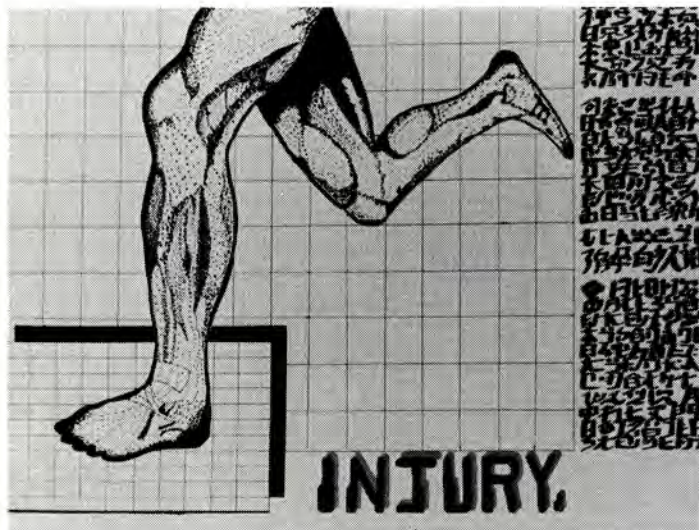
Two previous wars have they endured,
The animal kingdom of this world.
But now there is one certainty
Of the third and final calamity.
Although few know of its time to come,
Some believe it has already begun.
That fatal day when the Bear's eye journeyed,
She found her victim and the tables turned.
For it was the Springbok that caught her stare
And to be kept imprisoned in her snare.
The struggle between the two is now on
And no animal has been excluded.
Even a struggle between the snake and the lamb
Has been included.
It is debatable when this all started
But where or when it started, 'tis not important
For the Springbok from the Bear's eyeview will
Not be parted!
Terror in the Springbok has been planted,
But now the Bear's eye towards others has slanted.
"The Achilles heel of the West, the 'Boks are,
'Cos one thing I know by far
Is that the Eagle to their aid will not come,"
Said the Bear, not looking glum.
The Springboks have one problem though,
To which no-one an answer does know.
They have no unity with other Springboks
whose appearances differ.
They would resist the Bear, their dreaded enemy.

DENISE HURRY 4G

LE FASHION SHOW

She
Entered
Eyes turning
Admiring
Grasping the beauty
Drifting away
Retiring,
to the
wings.

C. BURKHALTER 4J



R. ALLAN Form 4

IN SUPPORT OF ROMANTICISM

I cannot tell a lie, I actually wrote this article on Sunday evening. But there is a valid reason for this. I find it is the only time when my true feelings can be unleashed, when the manacles of society (that allow for no expression) can be forced apart.

But seriously, I do feel that a lot of the romance (something that I'm sure most of us can relate to) has disappeared from the life of today; if it can still be called life. I say this because people no longer live, they just exist — "they" or should I say "we" are all parts of one huge machine. But the machine malfunctions because its components fail to work together successfully, therefore the machine is counter-productive, defeating the object of there being a machine at all. Why not scrap it and save on the maintenance costs? This is all the world is, at least at present; one big machine failing to work successfully.

Question: Why does it fail to perform successfully?

Answer: Refer to blue-prints and check for any flaws in its design.

Question: What are its flaws?

Answer: Too many similar components performing the same function, resulting in a malfunction.

Solution: Get to the root of the problem, i.e. us (the similar components). Sort out all the functions of the different components and adapt the similar components that perform the same function into performing different functions, resulting in better productivity of the machine.

But for a machine to work successfully, all the components must work together; that does not mean doing the same thing. For example, a watch consists of many different parts, each having a different function, yet together they can represent time.

In the world's arrangement, it is exactly the same. There are too many people competing for the same thing (similar components); each is trying to better the other in the different fields of existence (performing some function), breaking others in the process of achievement (causing malfunctions).

This shows a certain need for individuality, escapism, expression, change — all elements of Romanticism. Therefore, with romance, the world would be a more productive place to live in.

To summarize, when stepping off the assembly line of humanity, do not become stereotyped. Break out of the mould, be different, be imaginative, allow for change. When becoming part of the bag machine (as we all, eventually, will) develop your own function, not that of someone else. Work together with others by all means but "do your own thing".

* ROMANTICISM — adherence to romantic methods in Literature, art, etc. Romantic — marked by or suggestive of or given to, romance, imaginative, visionary, preferring grandeur or passion or irregular beauty to finish or proportion.

MICHAEL DAVIES 9A

LOST PROPERTY

Fudge the bloodhound was very worried, and he wrinkled his forehead and shook his head sadly.

"Wherever did I bury that bone?" he asked himself.

"I really must be losing my memory." Although Fudge was a bloodhound, he was only good at sniffing out particular things, like something tasty in the kitchen. When it came to finding old bones he was quite lost. He wandered vaguely from tree to tree, sniffing and sniffing.

"What on earth are you doing?" called out Sprock the squirrel from the tree above him. "Lost one of your old bones again?"

Fudge nodded his head gloomily.

"Now look here," said Sprock, coming slithering down the tree, "you really must be more methodical."

Fudge nodded again.

"It's no good just nodding," the squirrel went on rather bossily, "because I don't believe you know what methodical means. It is being careful, remembering where you put things. What do you think would happen to me if I didn't remember where I had put my nuts? Now, I have an idea for you: I will get a notebook and write down exactly where you put these bones of yours. Then, when you want one, you simply come and ask me, right?"

Fudge gladly agreed to Sprock's plan, and for the next few weeks the squirrel went with him whenever he buried a bone, and Sprock wrote down in his little green notebook the exact place of every one.

Then, one night, there was a terrible storm and all the trees in the wood swayed and groaned as the wind tugged at their roots. Suddenly there was a tremendous crack, and the squirrel's tree slowly heeled over and crashed to the ground.

"Don't panic, don't panic!" called Sprock as all his family tumbled out of bed, chattering with anger and surprise. No one was hurt, and when the wind died down they began to collect up their scattered belongings and look out for another home.

By and by Fudge came along.

"Sorry to hear about your upset last night," he said.

"No one hurt, I hope?"

"Oh, we're all as right as rain," said Sprock airily.

"We squirrels take this sort of thing in our stride."

Fudge coughed and looked even more worried than usual.

"Sorry to bother you, old boy, at such an awkward time, but I was feeling that one of those bones would taste rather nice this morning."

"Of course, of course," said Sprock importantly. "Just let me get my book."

He paused and looked a little thoughtful. "Well, as you can see, it happens to be in a rather difficult place at the moment because this tree that has fallen is blocking the entry. You could get at it with a lot of digging, of course, but then you're not much of a digger, are you? Oh dear, I am sorry, what a bother."

Fudge then suddenly had an idea. "Wait a minute" he said, and off home he trotted. There he found Tom, the hunt terrier asleep in his basket. He thought of explaining to him what he wanted, but he decided that one loud bark was best. Tom sprang up quickly, his eyes bright and ears cocked. Fudge led the way back to the fallen tree where the squirrel was waiting, looking rather impatient. He began to explain to Tom where he ought to start digging, but the terrier waved him away.

"Leave this to me," he said, and digging, furiously, he began slowly to disappear from sight. Soon he could be heard underground, panting and yelping.

"I hope he knows what he's doing?" said Sprock irritably. "Why does that rat keep popping up over there and making rude signs at us?"

There was suddenly a lot of scuffling, and Tom hurriedly backed out of the hole.

"Missed him by a couple of inches," he panted and disappeared once more. More yelps and scratchings were heard and then he appeared again. "Seen him," he asked.

"I don't know what exactly you think you're doing," said the squirrel coldly. "We're not ratting."

"Not rattin'?" said Tom in a puzzled voice, "Then what are we doin'?"

"Looking for my green notebook."

"Why?"

"Because it tells us where Fudge has buried some bones."

"Then why didn't you say so at first?"

"We did, but you wouldn't listen."

"Some people" said Tom, and the rest of his remark was lost as he disappeared once more down the hole.

There were a few distant yelps, and the cheeky rat who had made rude signs appeared again on the other side of the tree.

"You looking for somethin', matey?" he inquired, holding up a green notebook with an impudent grin. "You're just in time. I was taking it off to my old woman. She's always on at me about bedding for the new family." He tossed over the green notebook and darted down his hole again.

J. ABEL 4F

THE DANCER

A bus stops on the corner. People pile out, all of them, separate from each other, each in his own world. Suddenly a young woman bursts from the crowd. She is dressed in familiar red slacks and blue-striped sweater with the black bag over her shoulder. She runs up to a door, her blonde hair flowing in freedom behind her. There is a moment's hesitation in answer to her knocking, then the door swings open and she scurries inside. For a brief instant a segment of the excitement escapes; a glimpse of bustle and commotion common to backstage is apparent to the outside world. Then the door closes behind her.

Sitting impatiently in a darkened hall, waiting for the show to begin, is an audience. Eventually the curtains groan open, to reveal a stage. The stage is black, in a coat of expectation. The sleepy spotlight opens its eye to focus on a figure. The blonde hair picks up and reflects the lights as it slowly awakens to the probing music. The music is absorbed by her body and projected out through even her feet and fingers. In the empty space around her, she weaves a mystical world. The audience consists of individuals, but through her magic, she unites them as one. One in their dreams which are locked deep within their hearts, but which was freed by the atmosphere created. This is the gift of the dancer, for a few brief minutes another world is revealed.

Then the lights dim and once again the hall is in darkness, but a spark of hope has been kindled in the audience's heart. Backstage drained dancer is congratulated by fellow dancers. Then as the drops exhausted back into a chair, she is forgotten as the bustle once again begins and everybody is busy with their own lives. She dresses, picks up her bag and leaves. The door closes unnoticed and only a bleary-eyed drunk slouched against a backdoor, for a wavering instant, notices a slim girl with blonde hair disappear down the lamp-lit streets. Does she dance to live? No, she lives to dance.

LYNNE PRETORIUS 4F

WORK! WORK! WORK! I'M SO SICK OF WORK!

I come home from school to the sound of barking.
Lorries and trucks obstruct our parking.
Opening the door to sounds of shouting,
The tilers and plumber are busy grouting.

Not again — I can't use the toilet!
Mom can't fry food, she has to boil it!
All in all our house is full,
Of busy workmen, all holding some tool.

Even while sleeping I can't relax, The tiler's radio is turned
up to max!
The carpet is coated with dust and earth.
Mom's voice is free of mirth.

At the end of the day, when all have gone,
All our heads weigh a ton.
No-one complains, though, because when all is done,
Bathrooms and kitchen look much more fun!

T. ALDRICH 4D

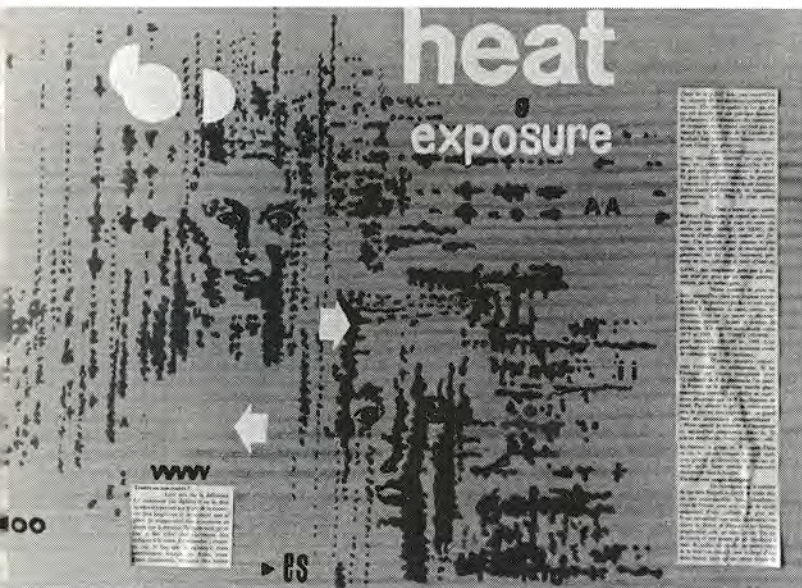


THE 52ND ROYAL SCOTTISH GATHERING

Deck chairs crowded together,
Cheerful umbrellas.
Stalls selling brightly coloured
Tam-o-Shanters
Candy Floss.
The haunting strains of the pipes
Facing the judges,
A bow, low from the waist,
Hands gracefully poised, head held
high.
The thump of heels, a pointed
toe
The swirl of a kilt — family
tartan proudly worn.
Leaping, leaping
Calf muscles straining, toes
narrowly missing crossed swords
reflecting in the sun.
Quickening of the Pipes
and faster moving feet
No second chance as
the uppermost sword moves.
Disqualified, disappointment.
Tears shed for
Months of hard effort.
Same place, same time, next year?

NATALIE BAGATTA 4F





H. BECQUELIN Form 4

LIFE

Yesterday —
 I was young
 Life was what I yearned for,
 To taste, to feel — to live!
 Life to me was the picture of perfection.

I dreamed —
 Life was my dream
 I wanted to reach out
 and grasp this "life".

Today —
 I realised
 Life was not perfection

I had lived in innocence
 I had not seen the lies that people love to live
 My love for this life was broken.

Tomorrow —
 Who knows what tomorrow will bring,
 Perhaps life shall be good to me again
 Perhaps I shall be disillusioned by life's lies once more
 Tomorrow is a "perhaps" we cannot foresee

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

MORAG WILLIAMSON 4G



DEATH IS BORN

Squawking they rise from the reeds as the last glinting sun
 dips their wings,
 A tawny man silhouetted against the light trembles in the
 misty air,
 Loose limbed he slouches in the cool of the ever darkening
 bush,
 He watches with veiled eyes that glint in the nocturnal light,
 Head down,
 Hide rippling,
 Legs braced and ears lowered,
 The primeval King leaves the pools edge,
 Suddenly incarnate fear lurked amongst those devoted to
 death, a leap — whirl of horns — a thud — the hot smell of
 blood
 Death is born!

LUCY AINSWORTH-TAYLOR 4F

MY FIRST LOVE

What a day it had been, but at last it was over. I could finally
 lock the shop and go home. The whole day had been
 characterised by indecisive customers who demanded my
 opinion and, after endless deliberation, chose the one video
 I had not recommended. As I slid the last bolt on the secur-
 ity door, I saw her.

I stood there transfixed, mesmerized by her beauty —
 she was standing across the road from me, within a few
 quick paces. I had a sudden and incomprehensible compul-
 sion to cross the road, the only barrier between us, and
 touch her, to feel her beauty and magnificence. But I just
 stood there with my hand still clasping the last bolt on the
 door.

I had never before seen or encountered such elegance
 and radiated sophistication. My mind could not immediately
 comprehend that such beauty and perfect proportion could
 exist together in such harmony.

In the fading light she seemed to radiate an almost blind-
 ing attraction. I felt like a moth attracted to a bare, burning
 bulb. I tried to move towards her but my legs rebelled and I
 remained still.

I wanted to approach her, to feel her strength under me,
 moving to my every command. She was all and even more
 than I had ever dreamed of. She was the culmination of
 everything I had ever desired in life.

How I longed for her! At last I started moving towards
 her. Then he came out of the café. I knew she was his, the
 minute I saw him. He was everything that I was not.

She suddenly seemed vulgar; my interest faded. I
 became once again aware of my surroundings; the cold
 metal of the bolt was cutting into my flesh and I released
 my grip on it at once.

I looked at her once again, with disinterest. My dreams
 had been shattered, and reality had taken their place. He
 stood alongside her and she opened up willingly to him. He
 climbed inside her and after a few seconds, she began to
 purr softly.

He then indicated and accelerated her out of my life. I did
 not even follow her brake lights down the street. I was no
 longer interested.

JAMES GROVES 4B



THE HORROR OF HUMANS

When one is younger, one has fears about virtually every little "bump in the night", but when one reaches adolescence and beyond, one's fears become more tangible, becoming a very real part of one's existence.

In today's sexist society, every woman and teenager has a secret fear of being sexually exploited. Rape has become a cold reality of the twentieth century and fear of rape is always rife. I find myself classing rape as a phobia, as my worst fear would be to be raped, and left to face the mental catastrophe of it. Very little seems to be done by the law in regard to rape, and few investigations or enquiries are made leaving the victim frightened and alone.

Due to the social structure of South Africa, a victim of rape is regarded as an outcast. In severe cases, the families of the victims even turn away and pretend not to hear, as rape is regarded as embarrassing. Societies have been founded to aid rape victims but their care is not the same as the love and understanding usually offered by a family.

Perhaps if an awareness programme were arranged through the media, the social stigmas behind rape would fall away. As I hear more about rape and its consequences, I find myself fearing it more and more. What a shame that a natural act has been perverted by human cruelty and crudeness!

The same feelings I have for rape apply to the way I feel about divorce. What a pitiful waste to marry someone and find, after a few years, that your judgment about your partner has been wrong! I look upon divorce as being totally selfish, as in the process somebody always gets hurt, and the scars never heal. Marriage is an institution to be kept. Whatever happened to 'Until death do us part'? It seems to be a case of 'Until divorce do us part'.

On a lighter side, another fear of mine would be to become obesely fat and unfit. How crude it seems to live in an unhealthy five-hundred pound body when, with a little self-determination, a healthy figure could be wrought. Today junk food takes the consumer industry by storm, and very few people seem to eat correctly. As soon as someone realizes she is overweight, she automatically reaches for the pep pills and appetite suppressants to curb her weight. Often disastrous results are incurred by these drugs, as it would seem that food breeds a vicious circle.

What kind of a race have we, the humans, become?

JULIA HORNER 4B

LIFE

Life is like being in a room full of strangers.
Just as you feel you know someone,
And have found a friend
A corner of the mask slips,
And you back away realizing you never knew them.

Life is full of people
Who either turn their backs on you,
Attack you with their criticism
Or simply mock you in your face.

Eventually you give up trying,
Trying to find the exit into the world of light
In which everyone else seems to live.
With exhaustion you collapse in the middle of the floor
To be trampled on
As the physical torture is easier to sustain
Than the mental agony
The mental agony of outcasts
And we are all outcasts.

LYNNE PRETORIUS IV F



CONTROVERSY

Christians say the world's end is near
There is also a third World War to fear
Should we laugh — or shed a tear?
I don't know . . .

Masochists are people who in pain delight
Sadists love to hurt, to tease, to spite
Who's to say which is wrong or is right?
I don't know . . .

Countries find traitors a straight-forward curse
As spies around the world disperse
Both are bad, but which is worse?
I don't know . . .

Atlantis, a city, once lost to the sea
U.F.O. sightings in every country
Are the myths true — what can they be?
I don't know . . .

KIM BURGESS 4A



FORM 5A

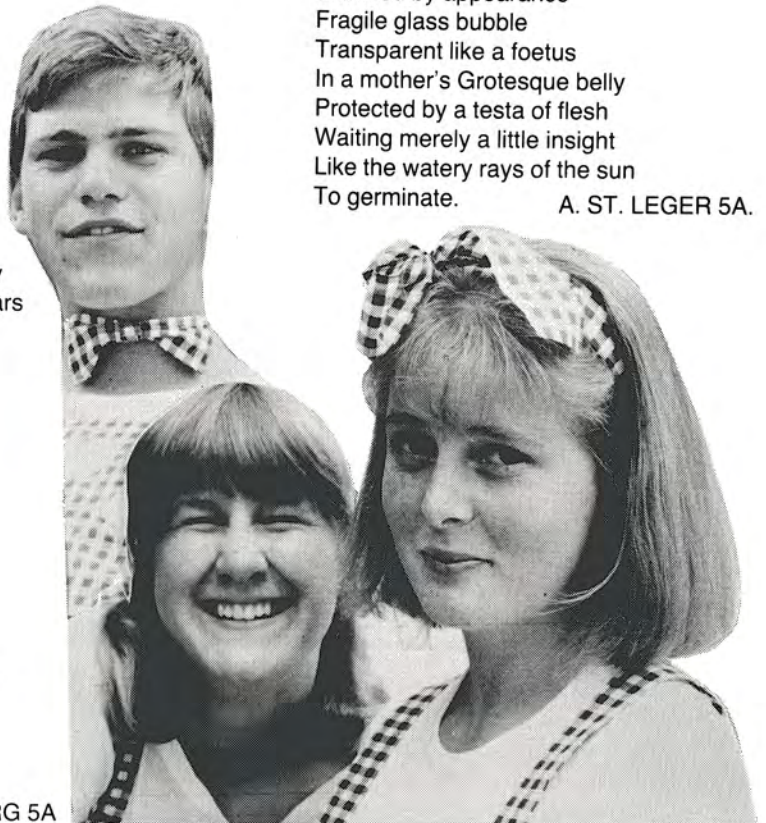
*Front Row, left to right: P. Godfrey, F. Fitcher, L. Kilbride, Mrs. H. von Ludwig, A. St. Leger, D. Reynolds, N. Norris
 Second Row: K. King, I. Johnson, A. Liebenberg, A. Venter, E. MacConachie, L. Puren, M. Paterson
 Third Row: T. Courtenay, M. Halgryn, R. Gaunt, D. Ewen, G. Jones, B. Malan, G. van Zyl
 Fourth Row: K. Fellingham, M. Hilditch, G. Roberts, A. Hilditch*

Form 5

LIFE, A MASQUERADE OF TIME

The light dwelled in his eyes from birth,
 Bright and welcoming, scrutinizing
 Becoming indecipherable with the onslaught of maturity
 Processions of life's hidden meaning, sacrifices and fears
 Marching past.
 A plunge headlong into life or death
 A growth from child to adult and again childlike,
 Senility akin to childhood,
 A pirate of maturity, plunder of an adult's age
 Regression to a child of old age
 Death beckons with a gnarled finger
 Silence now preferable for the occasion
 The light of life fades like the last convulsive
 Shudder of a moth's wing after being subject to the
 Curse of the candle's burning wick.
 Death, inscrupulous, seeks revenge on birth.
 Life after death, a compensation for years of existence
 preparedness for another living state
 Life, the mistress of time;
 The progress of young to old is a masquerade of time.

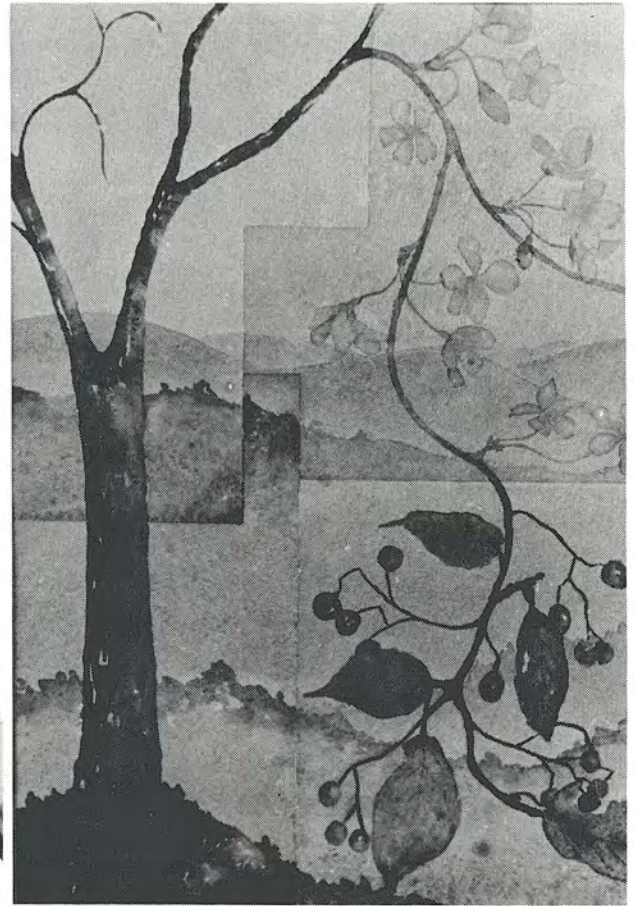
ANDY LIEBENBERG 5A



PHYSICAL

Strapping young girl
 Gawking
 Muscle, masculinity
 Labelled by appearance
 Fragile glass bubble
 Transparent like a foetus
 In a mother's Grotesque belly
 Protected by a testa of flesh
 Waiting merely a little insight
 Like the watery rays of the sun
 To germinate.

A. ST. LEGER 5A.



H. NAPIER Form 5



FORM 5B

*Front Row, left to right: M. Hawsworth, D. Graham, M. Quayle, Mrs. M. Klein, J. Begley, D. Mitchie, S. Miller
 Second Row: L. Morgan, D. Barry, P. Panos, A. Tyson, K. Kreft, T. Hultzer, H. Napier
 Third Row: A. Hammond, R. Eichhorn, M. Gullan, M. McKay, J.P. Bedeaux, P. Kernot, J. Harris
 Fourth Row: T. Hünemann, I. Goetsch, D. Pemberton*



FORM 5C

*Front Row, left to right: L. Thomas, E. Wernig, G. Wiederkehr, Mr. A. Lauff, E. Russell, L. Crawford, J. Yuill
 Second Row: K. Thresher, S. Sherratt, L. Pringle, V. de Villiers, C. Badenhorst, J. Hackney, H. Achterberg
 Third Row: G. Saunders, M. Pike, J. Smith, M. Cock, M. Thornton, G. Vine*

ESCAPING INTO LIFE

I sat in the still, tranquil beauty of the still autumn evening, watching the sun set on the horizon, watching the orange glow slowly change colour, watching the shadows grow longer until they melted into the darkness, and thinking. I grew pensive. My thoughts slid easily from one thing to another, and then to another. I had read about that once. The "stream of consciousness" thought pattern. Thoughts about life. Virginia Woolf stuck in my mind. She fascinated me. She expressed herself so masterfully . . . a reflection of LIFE. Was she really reflecting life in words, or was she escaping from it? Is writing, dancing, singing, painting and acting an exit, a way out of facing reality, of facing life? That evening I decided not. Definitely not. How could they be? They are an expression of life, of feelings. They are creations, masterpieces, requiring talent, skill and love. Barishnikov, Streisand, Picasso, Woolf, Eliot, Olivier. People who epitomise success in their fields, a dedication to and love for the Arts. Is **THIS** escapism? We must define escapism first before passing judgement. Is it a mental distraction? A relief from reality? A mental distraction! Relief from reality? How, then, can an expression of life be a mental distraction, a RELIEF FROM REALITY?

We tend to talk of life, but what do we mean? A physical, tangible being or a feeling omnipresent soul? The latter. Olive Schreiner: "The soul's life has seasons of its own, periods not found in any calendar, time that years and months will not scan." It is from these seasons in our soul's life from which our creative and artistic talents spring, and from which a true reflection of our being appears.

Let us take the theatre. Stanislavsky, a genius on the Arts, said of the theatre: "It is the art of reflecting life."



Pushkin defined dramatic art as "the power of transmitting the truth of the passions in given circumstances." The theatre is created by human forces, and reflects human force through itself. Every talent is the fruit of the development of the human force and the attention devoted to the forces. Those unique moments in an actor's work when he has to infuse the truth of the passions into the given circumstances, are not moments of accidental flashes of inspiration; they are the fruits of the study of the nature of the passions, and therefore reflect human life.

Moving away from the theatre into the fields of poetry and writing, and the poets and authors responsible for the creation of great works, we discover that it is these people who have taken life, analysed it, probed into it, toyed with it, stood within and examined, stood without and examined, and finally, reflected it in their works. An endless list of poems is available, in which every aspect of life is breathtakingly scrutinized and brought to the fore through this great literary form. Books, thousands of books, in which LIFE is examined and philosophically torn apart to present us with our true being.

These people not only provide us with a true feeling of life and reflection thereon, but they ARE life in every sense of the word.

And as I sat there on that river bank on that perfect evening, an immense overwhelming feeling of satisfaction and acceptance stole over me. I thought of the Arts, I thought of reflections, and I thought of life, and I decided that they are one.

JENNI YUILL Form 5C.



THE KIDNAP OF A BABY

He lay there so peacefully.
His tiny feet bound in woollen booties,
so innocent and naive.
But they took him.

He watched carefully
amazed at all he saw,
he understood nothing except the mottled colour
But they haunted his mind.

He cried helplessly
he opened out his hands and heart,
he called for attention,
But they scolded him.

He gave up,
confused,
he lay waiting
But they killed him . . .

J. LAVERS 5D.





DANDELION

"The changing moments of life"

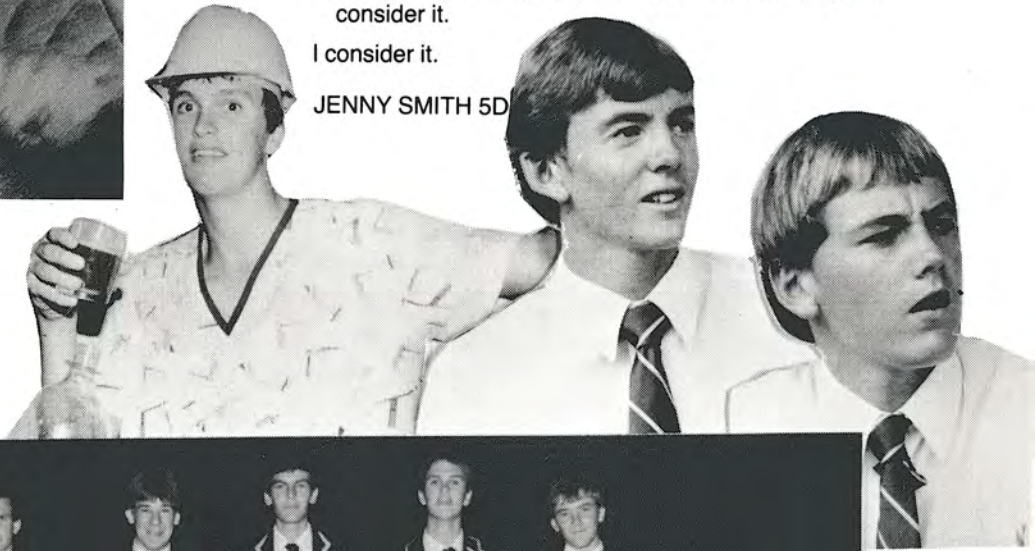
A dandelion drifted into our car
 via the open window
 It came to rest upon my brother's lap.
 My brother swiftly brushed it aside.
 The dandelion, now advancing towards my sister
 was hit towards my brother. He hit it back
 My sister picked the dandelion up
 (white in all its innocence)
 and discarded it, through the window.

The dandelion has gone. It is no longer part of our lives.
 It becomes a forgotten moment,
 except to those who stop and consider it.

Death passes us all and then passes by
 It is a passing thing
 A moment soon to be forgotten by all but who stop and
 consider it.

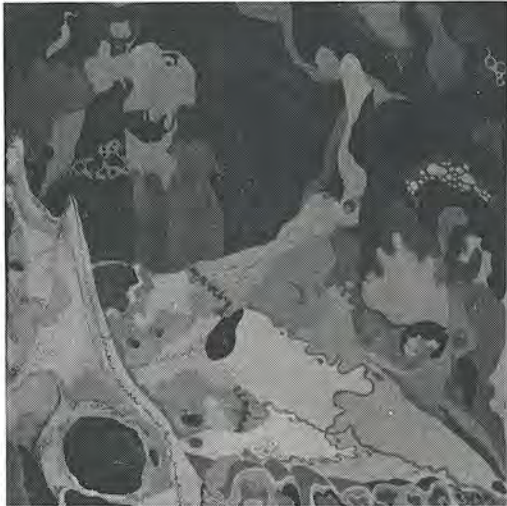
I consider it.

JENNY SMITH 5D



FORM 5D

*Front Row, left to right: T. Langlois, G. Lindsay, L. Adendorff, Miss J. Moeller, D. van Rensburg, R. Blackwell, T. Mitchell-Adams
 Second Row: N. Cooper, W. Howell, D. Webber, B. Gettliffe, S. Morris, A. Bruens, A. Stacey, J. Chambers, J. Smith
 Third Row: D. Ford, J. Story, M. Pearson, J. Lavers, I. Stern, L. Burns, J. Milton, T. Glanville
 Fourth Row: C. Scharrer, W. Christensen, G. Hewson, H. Brombacher, G. Kamps*



N. COOPER Form 5

JAILBREAK

It was time to draw his curtains
 Time to lock him out
 Time to end his happiness
 Time to end his doubt

They took from his his freedom
 They took away his gun
 He was taken as a captive
 Where he'd never see the sun.

He was thrown into the cage,
 his new home it would be,
 his new dark life had just begun
 in total captivity

Nothing to look forward to
 Nowhere to look back.
 He broke his only freedom
 to be put upon the rack.

Outside there was no-one
 to live for or to love,
 He thought it'd be a quicker way
 to get to the one above.

He died behind the metal bars
 he died all full of sin,
 and when he got to his destiny,
 They wouldn't let him in.

JANINE LAVERS 5D



L. ADENDORFF Form 5

OTHER WORLDS

I sat pensively in the breeze, on the fresh mountain, here I felt an exhilaration: a beautiful purple sunset and the gentle cooing of doves, the violet sun set unhurriedly and seemed to introduce the sparkling night. The stars fizzled like eternal sparklers and in the middle of the sky, cushioned in darkness, shone the moon, the lunar persuader of seasons and tides. The incessant chirping of a cricket magnified the stillness.

Peace . . . quietness . . . all asleep. Asleep? Was I asleep? Was I, Nerra, worlds away in dreams? People thought me mad: I didn't think striving for pipe dreams wrong. I often went away to places, they seemed real to me, that way I could hide from the startling unbearable truth when my mind was transported.

A peacock added harmony to the perpetual chirper, somewhere in the distance an owl flitted, a dark shape haloed by the moon. The soft drenched grass shimmered in the lunar path and water droplets tumbled to embrace. Embrace? That wasn't allowed on Elva: the Chosen Ones didn't even touch. They were impregnated by super-race computers, they don't ever know their children.

The wind rustled slowly and cool sweet dampness followed its steps. The trees swayed majestically in response and everything seemed to breathe life.

Life? Oh to live there, yet I know not where! Here on Elva there is no life, well 'life' as I would call it. Maybe the yearning is pointless, perhaps it's only another lost planet. Perhaps all the other worlds are like my physical world — destroyed! Destroyed by creatures like ourselves who are too short-sighted with the future, and too concerned with advancing to enjoy natural pleasures. Maybe there is no nature left to beautify their minds. Perhaps they are united by that one hideous fact. Couldn't they foretell? Poor fools! All is lost!

Oh to be lost in the wilderness! Beings here have wild thoughts. I wish I could live with the lost ones, living with the ancient past. I read about lost worlds in my history books, my old treasured forbidden history books. They wanted to take them, said I must be satisfied with today and not breed contempt! Said we were prospering — huh! My beloved, escaping, dreaming, real, ALIVE books! They do not understand me and turn a deaf ear to my helpless protests and plans for change. They'll never take my hopes away from me, nor my books!

I wish I could have my books now; they would be a comfort in this damned hell, but I hid them and I can't get out from the torturous underground box. That's where they put me you know, said I was crazy and warped. I'm not warped.

The sky was silky black with shimmering gold sequins (I wish this windowless prison wasn't so black, but at least it hides the guards's faces when they bring me my tablets). The whole world seemed to centre around me and eager to show its beauty. I was overjoyed and thought of capturing some of it's wealth to bring to Elva. You cannot capture it as it's gone on Elva. I hate cages and would not want to imprison this beauty. The water is soft and silver, it sails along the furrow. Fish gleam and dart in the wealth. The water roars a little.

Did I tell you that I was put here, because I encouraged the wealthy to give riches to causes for restoration? You know, I'm going to die. They do this to every different person. They send you here and flood your box. You drown, you know. Did you also know that a drowning being thinks back on things and eventually stops struggling, peacefully?

I was studying my books, and I yearned for a place. I couldn't find it, and at last stumbled on it. This lovely place was called Earth. Quite lovely. A lovely . . . other . . . world. Did you know; Nerra? Wake up Nerra? . . . Earth is an ancient name . . . it means . . . Elva.

SANDRA MORRIS 5D



FORM 5E

Front Row, left to right: L. Martus, G. Walker, L. Maitland (Vice Class Captain), Miss J.K. Coney, K. Shirley (Class Captain), J. Hall (Vice Class Captain), R. Kling

Second Row: J. Adamson, B. Grönn, B. Krebs, C. Abraham, G. Redmond, T. Bond, L. Haselau, L. Grönn

Third Row: G. Stafford, P. Marais, T. Sculpher, R. Stamper, M. Broad, M. Hawkins, G. Friend

Fourth Row: G. Farrell, B. Page, C. Freimond, G. Anderson, M. Warren, R. Price, P. Kuyer



Grey walls
 Grey eyes
 Grey brain cells
 dormant
 "The high school years are the best of your life"
 lifeless ideas
 regurgitation
 Frustration
 no ventilation
 grey skirts
 monotone of the bell
 Conform, Conform, Con . . .
 and now the news
 war
 destruction
 desolation
 and the youth of today
 Repression
 Supression
 do we register?
 hide behind the excuse . . . society
 Individuality is imagination
 the cause of "twisted minds" —
 the only ray of sunshine.

LISA MARTUS 5E

WALLS

The doctor slapped it — nothing. Before taking the pulse he knew — the baby was dead. It had only known the world for a few short seconds, before its little soul had wandered aimlessly away from its underdeveloped body — breaking faith from all earthly barriers and drifting into oblivion. The doctor's thoughts were interrupted by the restless moving of the woman. He knew that to tell her about her dead child would not be easy. The woman reacted badly, worse than he feared she would. She let out a long, high-pitched wail and began to grow paler. Her panic became a mad animal frenzy of hate; hate for the man who had not given her a safe delivery and hate for the God who had so cruelly not blessed her with a child. The doctor could almost see her withdrawing into herself. As he stepped closer to comfort her, she withdrew with such speed that it made him feel that his advance would be fatal — that it would create a smothering effect. A warning light flickered as the doctor suddenly became aware of the barrier the woman was forming around herself. An impenetrable wall of cold impersonal steel. He reached out for her once more, but knew it was hopeless, for the woman had already in that short space of time — withdrawn into her invisible walls — escaping the world and the disappointments it had brought her. Her walls were closing in and becoming tighter, squeezing out the air with every breath she took, and sealing all cracks and weaknesses that her fellow human beings might discover and penetrate.

The doctor packed his instruments and walked desperately towards the door. He cast one last remorseful glance over his shoulder, seeing the woman drowning in her morbid emotions and seething in her desperate hate. He met her eyes and could see that there was no longer a person sitting where he had been working a while ago. Only a vacant body remained, distantly remembering emotions and slowly letting its soul inch out of its drained body. The doctor turned, pushing a distant memory of a forgotten woman towards the back of his mind.

JENNY SMITH 5D



LOVE . . .

It defies all claims of rationality
It conquers all obstacles without effort
It can bring untold
and incredible joy or
It can mean downfall and defeat
It claims supremacy
over all other emotions
It is you and
it is me.

LISA MARTUS 5E

You cannot touch me.
Push aside the shroud of
dark emptiness

You will not find me.
Wander the paths where unicorns trod.
Enter the cave of the dragon
Do you know me?

Roam the hidden valley of agelessness
Hear the echo . . . Shangri-La
You, mortal, will never have
more than a fleeting grasp of the universe's secrets
Throw off you human bonds
Find you Nirvana
You are enveloped by me
But cannot ever know

LISA MARTUS 5E



S. BALLAM Form 5

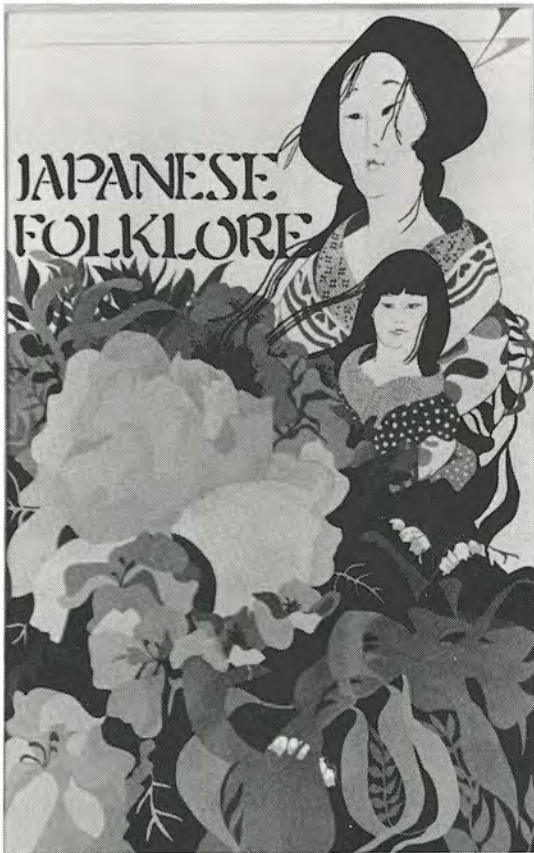
ETERNITY

Eternity is not the instant before death, when all is revealed before the mind lapses, into nothing. Nor is it the pain of being alone in your bed. It is not the moment of truth one glimpses when looking out to sea as the sun dances lazily above the waves, turning everything to gold.

No — it is not even a smile, after years of worthless living.

It is simply the look in eyes after love, when every corner of two souls are explored, and for a brief and momentary second, all is known. It is the shortest thing alive, but the truest, and it lasts for eternity.

LANA MAITLAND 5E.



B. GRÖNN Form 5

A windblown moment, laughing on the beach
 A frolicking Sunday past noon
 An instant's reflection in a railway carriage
 and a solitary seasand speck
 lodged
 in an eye's corner, like a tear —
 reflections in
 a rollicking waveborne midday
 and some of the beach in a shoe
 a whiteflecked immortal sea
 a train trip
 sandgrain trip
 reminds me of you.

KIRSTEN SHIRLEY 5E



STRANDED IN APATHY

In a dimmer fading light
 souls merge and stay.
 Clinging, like sickly smelling clay.
 Stagnant and poised in a stance,
 semblant of life, and not;
 entities suspended, in a trance,
 tentative as they reach out —
 into nothing.

Fixed to a point,
 they seize a chance,
 to flee.
 But they know —
 It's hopeless
 There's no escape,
 when stranded
 in apathy.

LANA MAITLAND 5E.

OPIUM FOR COLERIDGE

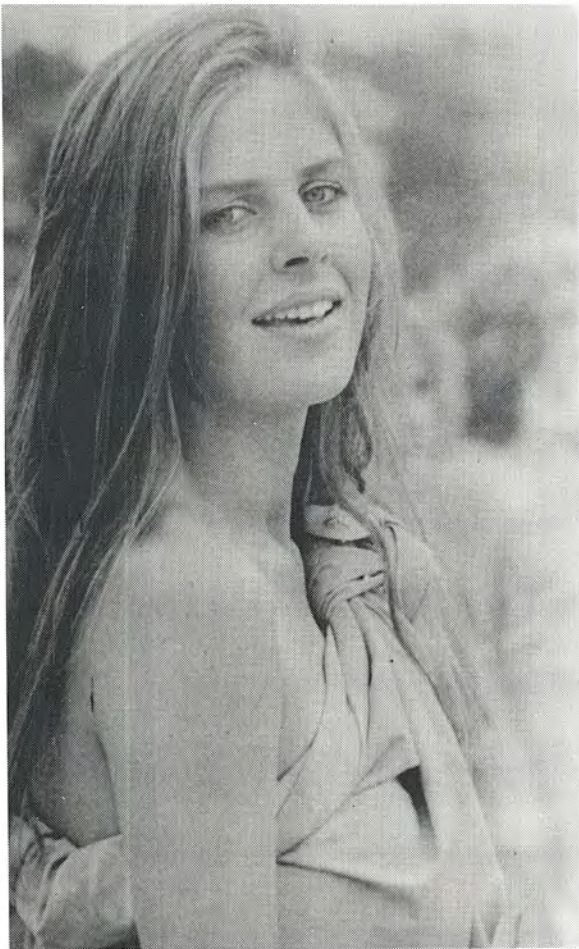
The only connection between me
 and unfantasy
 is the twisting chord
 umbilically feeding me fragments
 of you
 Hydrogen-lightness, arms hot airing
 into space.
 Phone on receiver (me)
 Stare a moment
 long . . . er
 textured wall strokes eyes
 overwhelmed by you
 voice calmly rolling deep
 sea diving
 into my mind
 I like you
 just
 (human) being
 Thank you.

KIRSTEN SHIRLEY 5E

God was a pastry maker
 having a bad dream
 he clung like a child
 to his dark blankets
 and his hand clutched
 at the space outside his bed.
 The pastry from his
 outstretched hand
 slipped slowly out
 and as it moved
 it made complicated convolutions
 until God
 in a burst of fear
 cried out the anguish
 of his mind
 and then there
 was a man.

KIRSTEN SHIRLEY (5E)





CONFUSION

Confusion . . .
 rages through her head.
 The corridors of laughter
 swarm as the maze becomes
 tangled.
 No, not trapped . . .
 want
 all.
 Choose one,
 Yes!
 But the others
 Are also smiling,
 wanting
 A wrong turn?
 Perhaps.
 Corridors can become hurtful.
 But this one smiles
 Just like all the others.
 And the maze become bigger
 With more long corridors
 smiling
 hurting
 smiling
 hurtling
 Till the end
 is just a blank —
 wall
 trapped . . .
 Yes, with nothing

LISA McNALLY 5F



FORM 5F

Front Row, left to right: U. Krebs, H. Klingenberg, G. Stephens, Mrs. Meier, D. Goldie, J. Watson, S. Driver
Second Row: M. Wood, L. McNally, D. Albertyn, L. Penaluna, N. Ammen, T. van der Linde, S. Watson
Third Row: T. Lards, K. Petersen, J. Jacobson, J. Botbyl, N. Jones, L. Ellis



FORM 5G

Front Row, left to right: A. Jean-Jacques, D. Hallendorf, A. Mudge, K. Potgieter, S. Arnold, M. Reynolds, S. Gallow, J. Hall, C. Erasmus, W. Fulton, E. Roberts

Second Row: G. Jackson, A. Bac, C. Tunbridge, P. Rushbrooke, K. Buchanan, G. Rodrigues, M. White, R. Onslow, G. Knight

Third Row: J. Lovely, S. McLemman, S. Wood, S. Cowper, G. Watermeyer, A. van Wel, D. Hunter, K. Phillip, S. Francey, F. Finlayson, S. Atkinson

Fourth Row: A. Crystal, B. Brislin, B. Abbott, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, E. Scheurer, S. Beaument, A. Anema

THREAD OF LIFE

Memories

Links in a chain

Hold me prisoner at the post

Age

The soft rain of time

A rusty link gives way.

Freedom to ramble.

Half remembered faces, unfamiliar places.

Memories that never were.

Slowly . . .

The links come apart.

Abandoned in tangled tunnels,

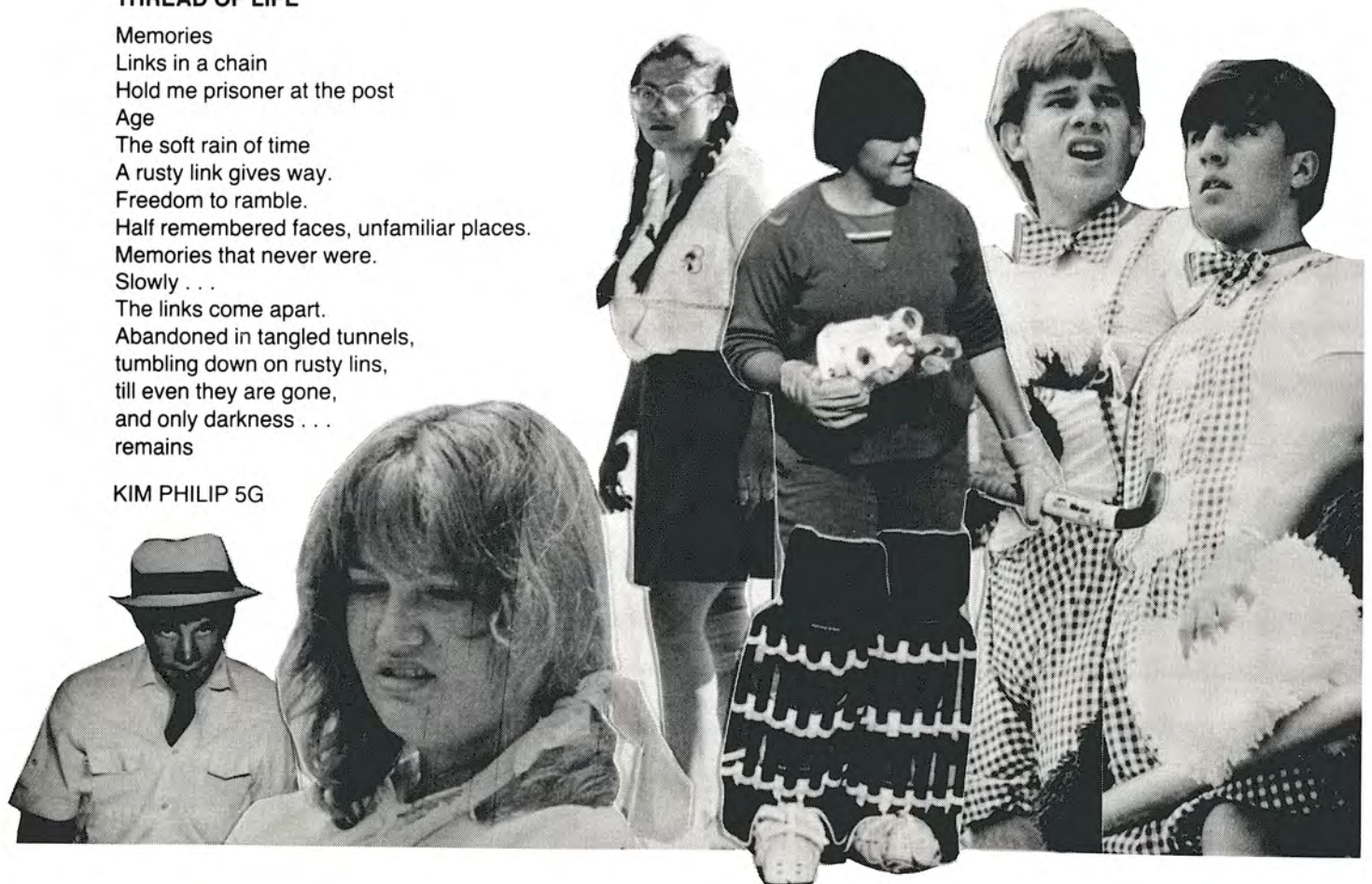
tumbling down on rusty links,

till even they are gone,

and only darkness . . .

remains

KIM PHILIP 5G



US DREAM THAT HAS BECOME A NIGHTMARE

Americans are regaining their sanity. That scourge and blight of the late 20th Century, the United Nations, is finally heading for history's junkyard. Recent events at the world body seemingly provide grounds for modified optimism on both counts.

The Americans led the post-war world in promoting the United Nations as a force for peace and anti-imperialism. Now it is turning in bitter disillusion on an institution that has disappointed its ideals, is Soviet dominated, and is threatening what is left of its influence in the world.

Charles Lichtenstein, United States Deputy Ambassador to the United Nations, made a memorable statement: "If UN member States . . . feel that the US is not a suitable host . . . and wish to remove themselves, we will put no impediment in your way. We will be at the dockside bidding you a fond farewell as you set off into the sunset." Judging by the polls, Lichtenstein caught exactly the mood of the US electorate, now at saturation point with the United Nations. Even liberals today talk of the 'squandered hopes' of the United Nations. Perhaps they forget the peculiar circumstances in which this organisation was conceived.

One of the United Nations' principal architects was Alger Hiss. He had been advisor to Roosevelt, helping to deliver 20 million hopeless Central Europeans to the USSR. Later, this American traitor was jailed as a long-term Soviet agent. Working with Hiss on the United Nations planning was another official of dubious loyalty, the Russian-born Dr. Leo Pasvolksy.

Born in the age of the 'globalthink' most private United States support for the United Nations came from 'One Worlders' in the United States. Eastern Establishment, from Wall Street international bankers and liberal media. Embryonically, at least, the United Nations was seen as laying the foundations for a federal or world government, envisaged as becoming fully operational by the year 2000. This all-powerful World Government, bringing to an end traditional ideas of national sovereignty, would usher in an unprecedented era of harmony and global co-operation. In the event, the United Nations has not become a world parliament. On the contrary, it has fallen short of its public goals. It has proved a colossal failure, and unmitigated disaster for the world. The General Assembly is a forum of hate and psychological warfare against the West — anti-American, anti-industrial, anti-free enterprise. The peace it speaks of is still to be seen, with our modern world engaged in countless local wars.

The United States decline in the United Nations, has coincided with the collapse world-wide. The Atlantic Alliance is unravelling. The global economy is wheezing and stumbling. For twenty years or more, the United States has steadily retreated from ever-larger parts of the world, to be replaced by the USSR or its clients. To the United Nations Russia does not practice imperialism, she is merely extending her boundaries, to what is rightfully hers — the rest of the world. As a result, Moscow today controls a world-wide belt of former Western bases.

One of the greatest forces of the United Nations, is the right of veto, a privilege given to the permanent members of the Security Council.

On a number of occasions, Russia has invaded sovereign, independent territories. As a result a Security Council meeting is called. At the meeting, Britain suggests, that a resolution should be passed, forcing Russia or any state for that matter, to withdraw from the invaded territory. For a resolution to be passed, all the permanent members must vote in favour of the resolution. Russia is one of the permanent members, and she vetoes the resolution. It therefore cannot be passed. In this way, countries who perform deeds contrary to the stipulations of this Organisation, can get off 'scot-free'.

America's own ultra-elite, the One Worlders, through their various manipulations, have successfully destroyed the United States supremacy and prestige — and with it, their own pretence at 'super-diplomacy'. Currently America's contribution to the United Nations is around \$1 000 million a year. Between 1964 and 1982 the United Nations cost the American taxpayer around \$12 500 million. United States expenditure over those years, made it one of the most ambitious, costly and pretentious human follies of all time. To show how ridiculous things have become: a conglomerate of about 120 countries from the so-called Third World, most of whom vote constantly against the United States and the West, pay 8,8 per cent of the entire United Nations Budget. Red China, the world's most populous State, is assessed at less than 1 per cent. All this explains the rationale behind Lichtensteins 'bid you a fond farewell . . .' stance. Politically and in every other way it is becoming increasingly difficult for the United States to justify its huge expenditure. Already, America has withdrawn from a number of organisations within the United Nations, with the support of the people of America. The United Nations, is slowly becoming financially bankrupt.

However, the damage is done. There is no possibility of undoing it. America, in the interest of the world, will have to start again, constructing a new framework of association and alliances. Today, one truth emerges: that, largely thanks to Hiss and others like him, Western civilization is in headlong retreat, strategically and ideologically — with the United Nations as living proof of that. Man watches as his dreams become shattered, as the United Nations 'sets off into the sunset . . .

ANDREA CRYSTAL 5G



MODERN CRISIS

The words mocked me;
I stared through them
The sun scorched down upon my frozen heart,
Icy rivulets infusing my seething blood.
I wanted to cry
to release the pain
that lay buried beneath the mask of normality
but no tears came.
I closed my eyes to shut out the world
and with it the pain.
but the words were there,
imprinted on my brain.
I tore up the words to destroy the pain,
the words fought back, mocking me again.
I reached out, feeling the air part before me.
It's emptiness suffocating.
A rash decision,
a rare moment of ecstasy,
and now the pain,
infusing my brain.
Dull, stabbing ache of knowing
Another statistic . . .
Another unmarried mother.

KIM PHILIP 5



THE MISSIONARY

The hot melted ball hung on the horizon
The dark, stark, cracked Karoo creation
Boasted nothing.
Far across the sea stood a saint with a watering can
On a land of green where water ran;
Needing nothing.

BRENDA ABBOTT 5G

Two butterflies skate through the air
with grace and ease . . .
Pirouettes, glides and intricate somersaults
are executed with practised precision.
Elaborate costumes of fine material
and superhuman design add appeal
to the sequence, choreographed
to the twitter of birds.

S. MCLEMAN 10G



GAMES

Here is the news:
Air minister at external affair
and the foreign delegate
made history today
after reading an agreement
one afternoon tea (or was it vintage wine?)
Thereafter a commemorative banquet was held
Where the diplomats discussed
the ever present problem
of starvation amongst the squatters.
The session in parliament
reached a climax today;
members of opposition parties
threw insults at one another . . .
the race goes on.
Mr. President said, (hesitantly,
not wanting to hurt anyone's feelings)
that as long as Big Brother
spreads his disease, the US would
continue to arm herself
And finally, some father's child
dies in a car crash,
his name is not known.

While leaders sit in lavish conference rooms
sipping their aperitifs, and tasting delicate pastries
they get fatter,
History is made,
Life goes on, life does go on!

BARBARA BRISLIN 10G

TRUE EVENT

Grey dawn. Sky concrete slabs. Grey dust scattered and twisted the far rooftops. Rancid chimneys coughing. Bundles of wet rags gaited hunched across cobbled streets. A beer-hall entrance drew a glazed smear of light over the sombre street. Inside, colour writhed.

Mr. Goldstein unlocked the cold door to his little butcher shop. Early Munich was still. Always so still. Cold. He began with preparations to open for business. Outside, a random figure smudged past. Sometimes, harboured hatred focused on the little shop, on Mr. Goldstein. He was waiting for his wife to join him. Help him run the business. Buy, sell, buy, eat. Sleep. Sell.

Outside, a post on the harsh wall opposite the street. Slipped his glance. It was anti-England, anti-Jew. Picture of a woman holding a newspaper. TIMES. Reflected in mirror. SEMIT. Jewish hag. Mr. Goldstein turned away. The State forbids discrimination. Only a few, a small few, hate us. Are diseased with hatred.

A horse pulled a cart past the shop. Hooves skipping cobbles. The horse looked like Mahler. Mr. Goldstein had loved Mahler. Once, when stuck in mud during a storm, the other two broke free, and galloped away. Mahler stayed and pulled Mr. Goldstein and his wife — in the trap — out. All by himself. But, times were strained, harsh, after the war. They had to sell Mahler to the meat-market. They had to live. Of course, now they had come to the city. Better. But not very. His wife arrived.

Shouts scattered in the wheezing air. Not far away. Tumult of voices, boots on cobbles, wide regarding eyes.

"What is it?" called Mrs. Goldstein from the back.

"Can't see, yet."

Mr. Goldstein stepped outside. People stirring, worms coming out of their holes. Boys running across the street. Human noises louder. A cat ran across the street, limp mouse in mouth.

Red cloth. Flag. More red flags. Troops. Brown. Black boots. Leader marching. Mr. Goldstein saw; they were not state troops. These were marching on the "Stadthaus". Was this a pretext? "Putsch"? State troops gashed out. Confronted the marchers. Two large groups. Still. Totally, deadly still. Staring. No movement now. No sound.

The sky cracked. Rasped and wailed. Thunder. Drizzle fettered. Immediately, gunshots. Disarray. Confusion, scattery, shooting. Several lay still in the street. The "Brown-shirts" surrendered. One lay near Mr. Goldstein. Gasping under the drizzle, near a gutter defecating dysentery. He called to his wife. Bandages. Water. He ran and knelt over the man being drained. He pressed bandages, first into the warm, soft, chest wound. Police arrived. Running. Shouting. Ambulance only much later. They took Mr. Goldstein's recipient away. Had stayed by him all the time.

Police officer spoke to Mr. Goldstein. "Thank you. We'll want him alive."

"You're arresting him?"

"When he recovers."

"Why? Who was he? What was this?"

"This? This was an attempted 'Putsch'. Wanted to overthrow the Munich Government. And he? . . . A certain Mr. Goering. Top party member. Mad, dangerous little group,

these National Socialists, under their despotic leader — Adolf Hitler."

"I have heard of him before . . ."

"Don't worry. That's the last time you ever will."

Mr. Goldstein looked down. The rain was washing away the bloodstain.

DIRK KLOOSTERMAN 5H



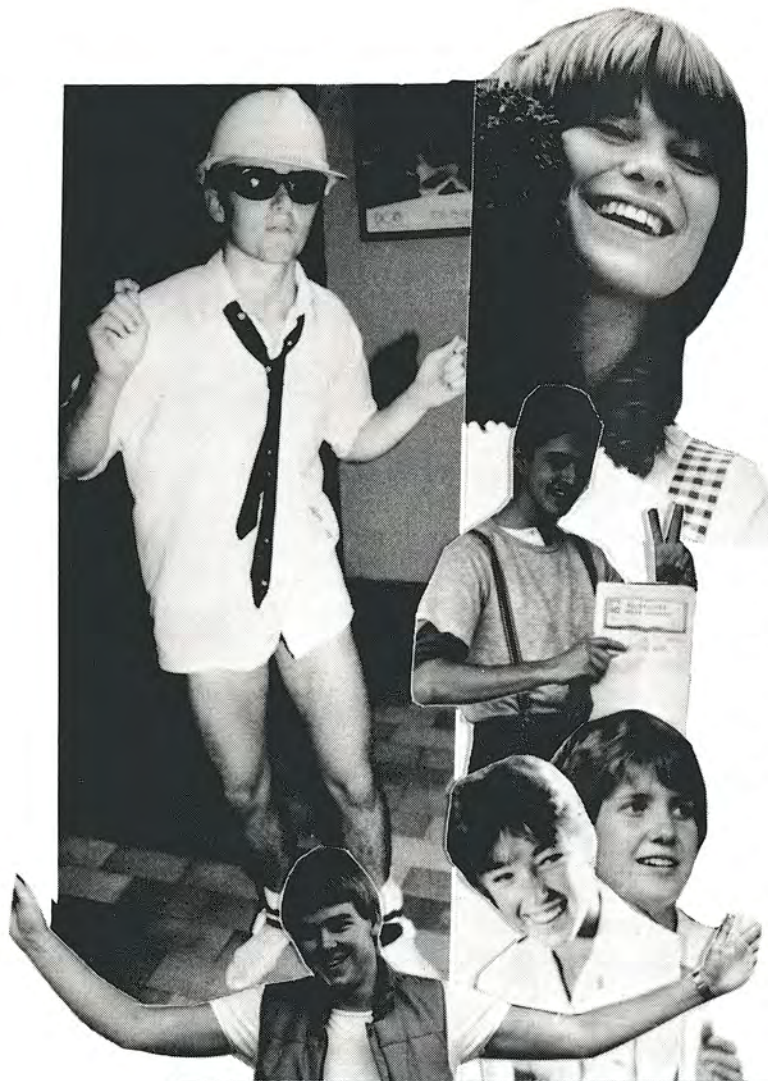
J.D. STEWART
Rotary Exchange Student

WHERE DO YOU FIT

When the earth spins so fast that life gives us a headache
And the masked faces assimilate success and happiness
the hollowness of it all consumes us.
With futile anger we lash out
With fierce passion we lash out
but it is spun so deeply into the system;
And although the system gives itself a headache with
its continual wheeling and dealing
It is fixed.

We break, it remains, it breaks us.
As a disillusioned cynic we are —
spat out
And then we think
Was there really any choice between Society and God?

JENNY LOVELY 5G



JOURNEY

The train ran on the track and the pulses of steel on steel became a heartbeat for me. In my compartment I sat, surrendering to the gait of the carriage. I looked out of the window. We were in a tunnel, and pillars of black rushed past, interspersed with spaces of black. Ahead, past the engine, I could see a light at the end of the tunnel. It was only a single star in the night. Very small and very far away. Joan Collins wearing a black dress with only one speck of glitter on it. I enjoyed staring at the faraway glint.

A girl visited me. A pretty girl. We flitted and flirted. We gripped and groped. It was nothing serious, you know. When I looked out of the window, I felt something brush against me. It was only a light caress that barely moved the hair on my face, but it thrilled me as it did so, and I felt stirred for a millimetre. Then it slipped off me, into the night, beyond my reach. I briefly extended a grasp, but the touch was gone. I remembered that stirring feeling, and went to sleep excited.

The next morning, I delved. Was that touch a dream, or did it stroke me? It was so far away. Inside me, but out of reach. I put my hand into the basin, and tried to grope a fistful of water, but my hand was empty when I unravelled my fingers, I looked out of my window and I saw there a grey, granular gravel on the ground and in the sky. The grey filled the earth, and I saw only a wide plateau stretching far and far. Grey rushed past to be replaced by grey. I looked ahead and saw grey and when I looked above, the sky was concrete slabs.

DIRK KLOOSTERMAN 5H



FORM 5H

Front Row, left to right: C. Conidaris, D. Kloosterman (Vice Class Captain), D. Ferguson (Class Captain), Miss C.B. Walls, I. Staffetius (Vice Class Captain), N. Williams, J. Train

Second Row: C. Smith, C. Jordaan, S. Wiederhold, M. Jones, N. Bennett, C. Hutchison, K. O'Connor

Third Row: D.P. Venter, M. Vehlow, A. Newby, G. Hansmann, G. Layton, A. Berends, S. Hume, L. Ormsby, W. Leigh

Fourth Row: G. Mountain, B. Lupini, L. Gruss, I. Sanne, G. Huiras, R. Reynolds, B. Caprari, M. Martin



I had a thought, just a while ago
and it imprinted, because I wanted to tell you so
But I search the depths of my shallow mind
And what I wanted I cannot find.

A bird in that tree distracted me — I think
After that my thought began to sink
I feel the wet from the cold against my cheek
As the evaporations water thin and meek.

Be a friend, I beg and understand
it'll be a moment before I catch the slipping sand.
Oh my hands are so full, I've got it now
But what I wanted has suddenly turned sour.

JULIA TRAIN



S. HUME Form 5

VISIONS — BLACK, WHITE AND TECHNICOLOUR

The crowd jeered
As solitary green and brown dappled figures
Scuttled back to the safety
Of the Beffets.
Darkness closed in as
The concrete rain of bricks, bottles, stones
Began yet again,
And the system's bully-boys
Rechecked their tear-gas, rubber-bullets and
The other accoutrements of their trade.
The squad opened their ranks to receive
Another victim,
Blood slithering from his mouth
And staining the pretty little badges of democracy
On his lapel.
Tit for tat . . .

Or is that merely more dissident propaganda?
The cannisters flew through space
Trailing white vapour as they burst amongst
The larva-mass of humanity.
But where once chaos would have instituted itself,
Anger won through,
And the crowd advanced.

For these few whites
Armageddon was early.

Later, Mr. De Morgan would reassure his viewers,
After having first recounted the latest constitutional news
And the birth of a two-headed calf:

"Police report the situation to be under control
And the mood is now quiet in the areas of unrest."

DONALD FERGUSON 5H



S. HUME Form 5

OUR QUAD

A cemented area surrounded
By buildings unbounded
Registration
Frustration
Voices fray
Hairs turn grey.
A meeting place
where every face
plays its part.
This is our quad.

NIKKI BENNETT 5H

MATRIC ECSTASY

HISTORY: A subject for parrots learn to write as fast as the speed of light.

SCIENCE: Throw some goodies in a hollow finger biscuit and shake (not the goodies, you!). Place a candle at the posterior end and the biscuit will turn to carbon. The goodies will get "excited" and burn your eyelashes. An exothermic reaction = a burnt hand. Remove this, and that happens. Add that, and this happens — A subject for dingbats.

ENGLISH: A universal application behind every poem and a universal tip to all free thinkers. You can think as freely as you like as long as the end interpretation is the same as the conventional (teachers') one.

PEECHES FIGURES: It encompasses crazy terms such as oxes in paradise and oxes who are morons. Metres are forward while smales have "is" in the wrong places. On matters concerning beer the sound effect (bur. . .p) represents the object.

POETRY: In order to do well you must lunar synthesise the distinction between the oke who died at 21; the one who dug his own grave; and the two who said that pushing up daisies was nothing to be proud of or to have dominion about. . . . poetry = confusion!

SET BOOKS: Remember to learn central quotes e.g. "You child of a child of a child of a child a kaffir's dog. You dog's paw, you cat's tail! You vagabond of a praying German!"

ROCK: If you find you haven't the vaguest clue as to what the question means — don't worry, neither have the rest of us! You decipher as many words as you can — even if its only "en" and "die" and write down the answer with the maximum relevance. If you're quite sure the **en die** kat skop **die** hond is a long shot, write all words except **en** and **die** illegibly and hold thumbs.

Write a lustrous BOEREPLAAS sign and donate it to our favourite Bee. Pretend you thrive on "BOEREWORS" and "gaan met vakansie plaas toe".

BIOLOGY: **Definition:** Learning the distinguishing characteristics of the eighteenth segment of an earthworm and honestly believing that this aspires to the highest ideals of knowledge.

Favourite "spots":

- 1) Differences between a twig and leaf
- 2) Differences between a moot and doot (monocot and dicot root)
- 3) The straw effect (passage of H₂O through a plant)

MATHS: Life is a series of points. So is a straight line. life =

HOUSE-CRAFT: Do an umpiring course (learn to blow a whistle) so that you have some self-defence against the mutiny of the eardrum.

FINALLY: MORAL PREPAREDNESS AND GUIDANCE

You will be emphatically convinced by a "completely unbiased" source that teaching is the only career worth considering!

J. LOVELY 5G

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FORM 5 PRACTICAL

A. Murphy, Mrs. M. King, C. Howard, P. Schortemeyer, S. Solomon, M. Debbo



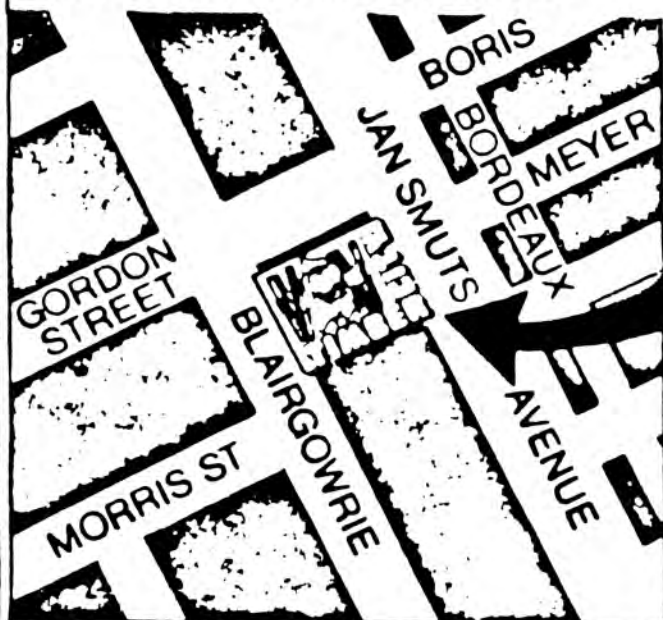
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