



Bryanston  
High School  
Magazine

Vol. 1

December 1968

Bryanston  
High  School

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# Bryanston High School

1968

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Mr. J. Alswang - Headmaster.  
Mr. R. L. Pohorille - Senior Assistant.  
Mrs. M. M. Wright - Senior Assistant.

Miss M. C. Cronje.  
Mrs. D. C. Hurry.  
Mr. D. J. Nortje.  
Mrs. C. F. Scheltema.

Mr. O. J. Viljoen.  
Miss L. Wisenberg.  
Miss P. A. Hare-Bowers.  
Mrs. L. Marais.

Mr. E. M. Saks.  
Miss P. S. Smith.  
Mrs. D. Ward.

## *School Committee*

Mr. W. R. Hedding - Chairman.  
Dr. J. F. Davidson - Vice-Chairman.

Mr. N. M. Anderson.  
Mr. H. Cohen.

Mr. P. W. Seddon.  
Mr. E. A. Buy.

Mr. S. B. J. Page.

Mrs. V. A. Wilson - Secretary.

## *Parents' Association Committee*

Mr. M. C. Krook - Chairman.  
Mr. T. A. Taylor - Vice-Chairman.  
Mrs. N. Cohen - Hon. Secretary.  
Mr. E. A. Buy - Hon. Treasurer.

Mrs. J. Anderson.  
Miss M. Cronje.  
Mr. J. B. Gird.

Miss P. S. Smith.  
Mr. E. Brackley.  
Mrs. A. M. Dunsford-White.

Mr. H. Klein.  
Mr. H. T. H. van Gemert.

## *Mothers' Committee*

Mrs. J. Anderson - Chairlady.  
Mrs. S. Klein - Vice-Chairlady & Hon. Treas.  
Mrs. N. Cohen - Hon. Secretary.

Mrs. J. Ashby.  
Mrs. G. E. Fyfe.  
Mrs. M. E. Krook.  
Mrs. D. C. Rayner.

Mrs. F. Tenderini.  
Mrs. B. K. van Til.  
Mrs. F. D. Daniel.  
Mrs. X. E. Gird.

Mrs. I. A. Page.  
Mrs. M. D. Taylor.  
Mrs. A. Ward.

## *Finance Sub-Committee*

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Mr. J. Alswang.  
Mr. E. A. Buy.

Mrs. J. Anderson.  
Mr. C. M. Krook.

Mr. W. R. Hedding.

# BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL ON OPENING DAY

15th January, 1968



Education amid Distraction.

## FROM THE HEADMASTER'S DESK

THE book of Ecclesiastes states “. . . there is no new thing under the sun . . .”, therefore the appearance of a School Magazine is nothing unusual. Bryanston High School can, however, claim that the publication of a School Magazine in the first year of the School's existence, and under the conditions under which we have “existed” here during this year, is nevertheless something of an achievement.

It has been a very trying year for all — with builders on site the entire year, hammering, banging and clanging away; concrete mixers, pneumatic drills, high-pitched power tools and bulldozers adding to the tumult; plumbers, carpenters, glaziers and painters in and out of classrooms and offices adding their quota to the cacophony and distraction; building material and rubble here, there and everywhere, making a trip from the offices to the classrooms a hazardous undertaking; no playing area for the pupils (to use up excess energy); very restricted facilities; inadequate heating during a bitter winter — all in all, an atmosphere not very conducive towards education. It is therefore to the credit of the staff and the pupils that the former have endured and survived the ordeal, and that the latter have made progress and that a pleasing standard is being achieved. To all members of staff I would like to record my thanks and appreciation for all they have done for the pupils and for their loyalty and assistance to me.

Furthermore, despite lack of facilities, numerous extra mural activities were organised including swimming, chess, debating, dramatics, photography and a choir and orchestra, in addition to cricket, hockey, tennis and netball matches against other Schools.

The enrolment has increased from 218 to 239 pupils and by January, 1969, should top the 450 mark. Despite the grave teacher shortage throughout the country, we have been fortunate so far in having built up a nucleus of good teachers. With the appointment in January, 1969, of a Vice-Principal, two Senior Assistants and an additional number of experienced teachers, we should have a sound teaching staff.

Due to a number of technical hitches and other factors beyond our control, the levelling of our sportsfields was delayed month after month, much to our frustration, and the contractor is only now being given the go ahead. Our attempts to acquire a swimming bath in the near future have also been frustrated so far, but we are persevering.

On the positive side there is much to report. After our initial teething troubles we are starting to see the fruits of our labours. A large number of audio-visual and other educational aids have been acquired. Our School Library is well organised and is already stocked with over 3,000 reference and other books. Hall curtains and chairs have been ordered and tennis courts should be ready early next year. Many trees and shrubs have been planted and lawns and gardens are beginning to take shape.

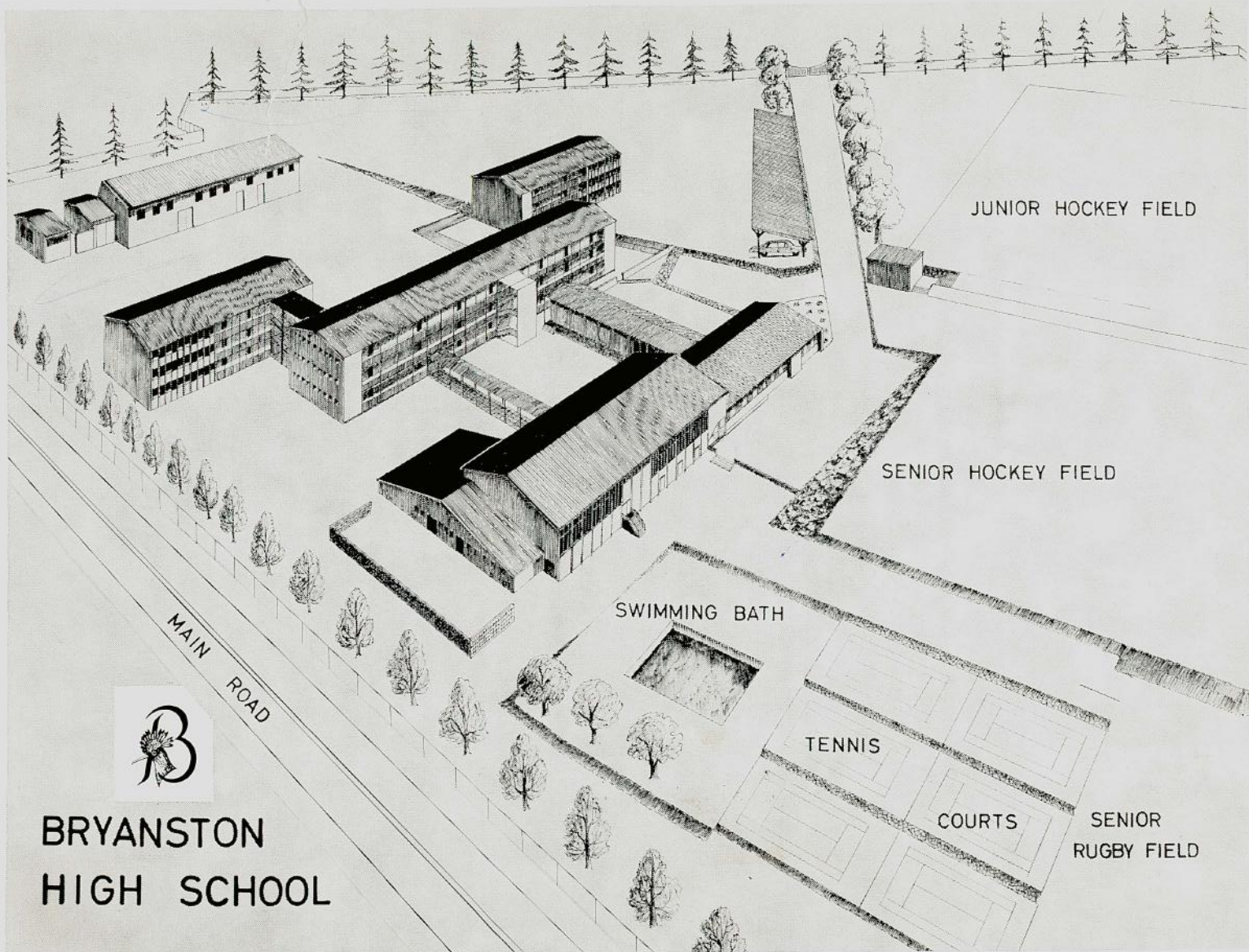
All these and other amenities for the benefit of our pupils have been acquired with the assistance and co-operation of the School Committee, the Parents' Association Committee, the Mothers' Committee and the many parents who supported our School in a hundred and one different ways. We appreciate all their efforts on behalf of our School during this year and look forward to continuing this happy association and fruitful co-operation in the coming year.

We are also indebted to Mr. J. J. A. de Villiers, our Inspector of Education, and to Mr. L. W. Gillard, Secretary of the Witwatersrand Central School Board, for their interest in our School and for their guidance and help. We would also like to record our thanks to Mr. Crosley, Headmaster of Hyde Park High School, Mr. Doyle, Headmaster of Roosevelt High School, Mr. Lane, Headmaster of Greenside High School, and Mr. Harrison, Headmaster of Northview High School, for their friendly advice and assistance, and to Mr. Jordaan, Acting Principal of Bryanston Primary School, for making so many facilities available to us.

It is thanks to this goodwill of so many people that our School has made the progress it has, and we would like to thank them all and also to extend to them our best wishes for a blessed Christmas, and a happy and peaceful New Year.



J. ALSWANG,  
Headmaster.



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**BRYANSTON  
HIGH SCHOOL**

**"THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME"**

## Message from the Inspector of Education



IT IS gratifying to me and to all those interested in the education of the children living in and around Bryanston that our long-awaited High School is now a reality. It is with confidence that we anticipate the excellent service which this school will render members of the community in the years ahead.

The solid foundations laid during the first year of its existence augurs well for the future. The spirit of friendly co-operation between the school and the home has been evident throughout the year. I thank the Parents for their genuine interest in the establishment of the School. The work done by the Governing Body, Parents' Committee and Mothers' Committee is warmly appreciated. I thank the Principal and his staff for their patience in attending to the educational needs of the pupils in spite of the many inconveniences and difficulties they encountered during the year while building operations were in progress. I thank the pupils for giving their attention to their studies although they had to endure much opposition from cement mixers and other extraneous influences.

A good school is one which not only produces good examination results, but also equips its pupils adequately for maturity. The reputation of a school depends on the success achieved by the pupils after they have left school. True education goes far beyond the classroom and the accumulation of facts. It means experience and

faith, courage and understanding, and, most of all, the ability to think and to act, and to translate dead knowledge into living wisdom.

I am confident that, under the guidance of the devoted Principal and Staff, the interest of the pupils will be stimulated, that they will be encouraged to pursue their studies in a spirit of harmony and contentment, and that they will be inspired with a zest to develop into well-educated citizens keen to be of service to their country and their fellow-men.

May all who frequent this house of learning come in peace and go in peace. May the Principal, Staff and the honorary workers be rewarded with gratification and success in their labour of love.

Vivant Academia! Vivant Professores! Vivant discipuli et discipulae!

**J. J. A. DE VILLIERS,**  
Inspector of Education.

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### SCHOOL CALENDAR 1969

#### FIRST TERM:

13th January (Staff) }  
14th January (Pupils) } to 28th March

#### SECOND TERM:

15th April to 27th June

#### THIRD TERM:

22nd July to 28th September

#### FOURTH TERM:

7th October to { 5th December (Pupils)  
12th December (Staff)

BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL STAFF — 1968



Standing: Mr. D. J. Norfie, Mrs. C. F. Schelltema, Miss L. Wisenberg, Mrs. D. C. Hurry, Miss P. A. Hare-Bowers, Mrs. D. Ward, Mr. O. J. Viljoen.  
Seated: Mr. J. J. ...



## A GUIDING PRAYER FOR PARENTS

O Heavenly Father, make me a better parent.  
Teach me to understand my children, to listen  
patiently to what they have to say and  
to answer all their questions kindly.  
Make me as courteous to them as I would  
have them be to me.  
May I not vainly hurt the feelings of my  
children.  
Reduce, I pray, the intolerance in me.  
May I cease to nag, and when I am out of  
sorts, help me to hold my tongue.  
Blind me to little errors of my children and  
help me to see the good things that they  
do.  
Give me a ready word for honest praise.  
Help me to grow up with my children.

Allow me not to rob them of the opportunity  
to think for themselves and to make  
decisions.  
May I grant them all their wishes that are  
reasonable and have the courage always  
to withhold privileges which I know will  
do them harm.  
Make me fair and just, so considerate and  
companionable to my children that they  
will have a genuine esteem of me.  
Fit me to be loved and imitated by my  
children.  
Give me calm and pose and self control, and  
so guide me hour by hour that I may  
demonstrate by all I say and do the  
correct way of life.

## FOR CHILDREN

O Heavenly Father, make me a better child.  
Teach me to understand my parents, to listen  
carefully to what they have to say and  
to obey their instructions unhesitatingly.  
Make me as courteous to them as I would  
have them be to me.  
May I not heedlessly hurt the feelings of my  
parents.  
Reduce, I pray, the obstinacy in me.  
May I cease to rebel and when I am frustrat-  
ed help me to hold my tongue.  
Open my eyes to the goodness of my parents  
and help me to appreciate the things they  
do for me.  
Give me a ready response to their worthy  
efforts.  
Help me to grow up in a way which will make  
them proud of me.

Allow me not to deprive them of the oppor-  
tunity to guide me so that I will be  
competent to think for myself and make  
wise decisions.  
May I make no unreasonable demands on  
them and may I have the fortitude to  
accept that they have sound reasons for  
withholding a privilege to which I feel I  
should be entitled.  
Make me fair and just, so considerate and  
understanding towards my parents that  
they will have a genuine pride in me.  
Fit me to be loved and esteemed by my  
parents.  
Give me calm and pose and self-control and so  
guide me hour by hour, that I may dem-  
onstrate by all I do and say the correct  
way of life.

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## BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL

For many years there was the moan  
For a High School nearer home.  
At last the powers-that-be agreed  
To satisfy this crying need.  
In Extension Se'en a site was found  
Soon building artisans milled around  
To complete the school by '69 —  
But it opened ahead of time.  
The buildings were so incomplete,  
To teach at all was no mean feat,  
But bricks and noise, dust and dirt  
Made the pupils more alert.  
In charcoal grey and garter blue  
Our pupils looked so neat and new

In safari suits or costumes smart,  
Our boys and girls the year did start.  
The teachers and committees too,  
Are striving hard to gain a few  
New amenities for all to use —  
For this there is no time to lose.  
Now with some luck we should have soon  
Our grounds and courts—all such a boon,  
A swimming bath and other things  
We hope the future quickly brings.  
Co-op between the home and school  
Is happily the basic rule.  
So at this stage they say aloud  
Of Bryanston High all should be proud.

## REPORT BY THE CHAIRMAN, BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL COMMITTEE

It is with considerable pleasure that I write this report for the first edition of our school magazine. Mr. Alswang, our Headmaster, and his staff are to be congratulated on making such an early start with the publication of a school magazine.

Perhaps at this juncture I should explain the functions of the three main committees which we have at the school. These are the School Committee, the Parents' Association and the Mothers' Committee. The School Committee's name will in due course be changed to "Governing Body". It is a statutory body created by the Education Department and as such its actions and obligations are governed by legislation. It is the official body representing the parents and has the right to make representations, through appropriate channels, concerning any matter affecting the interests of the school as a whole. It is not its functions to deal with individual problems. Its most important function is concerned with the choice of teaching staff; all applications are considered by the School Committee and recommendations are made in connection therewith to the Director of Education.

The Parents' Association is a voluntary organisation of parents, not officially recognised by the authorities, whose main task is "by fair means or foul" to raise money to acquire all those things necessary to complete our school which are not financed by the Government. The Association also takes an active part in adult education and arranges symposia, lectures and other functions for parents, and generally fosters the parents' interest in the school.

The Mothers' Committee, as the name implies, is really a sub-committee of the Parents' Committee, who do most of the work behind the scenes, particularly providing refreshments at school functions, advising on the uniform and generally acting as the "Mothers" of the school.

Parents will have received a circular setting out in some detail the monies that are required to provide those facilities at the school which we consider necessary to help the staff to turn out boys and girls who have not only passed the matriculation examination or its equivalent, but who are able to think for themselves, to discriminate clearly between what is good and what is mediocre and who are sound of mind and body, and who will therefore be able to take their place as citizens of our country.

One of the main tasks of the School Committee after its election was the selection of the teaching staff.

It was with great pleasure that the committee learned that our recommendation that Mr. Alswang should be headmaster was accepted by the Director, and on behalf of the parents, staff and pupils of the school, I welcome his permanent appointment to the school. We are most fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Alswang as our headmaster. We have only to look at the success that he has made of Bryanston Primary School to realise this.

Mr. van Rensburg is our new vice-principal and will move from Potchefstroom to take up his duties in January, 1969. The Committee is confident that in Mr. van Rensburg we will have an able and enthusiastic deputy for Mr. Alswang, and I take this opportunity of wishing him a warm welcome to Bryanston High.

A matter in which the Committee was actively concerned and which has been brought to a successful conclusion during the year has been that of safe pedestrian crossings of the Bryanston Expressway, P.79-1. One bridge will be located at Bantry Road, thus enabling children to reach our school without endangering their lives crossing this high-speed road on foot. The construction of the bridge will be co-ordinated with the reconstruction of the road.

In addition, the roads adjacent to our school have been the subject of discussion between representatives of the School Committee and the Local Authority. The latter has agreed to reconstruct and surface these roads, but is unwilling to commence this until the levelling of the school grounds has been completed. Once this has been achieved we will get our roads tarred.

The Committee has spent considerable time and effort in trying to expedite the levelling and construction of the school grounds. I am glad to say that a tender has been accepted by the Department and work should start before the end of the year or early in January.

In the meantime negotiations are proceeding to secure the construction of a swimming pool as soon as possible. If we are successful in persuading the authorities that we should have a

swimming pool constructed immediately, we might be lucky enough to start using the pool at the beginning of the fourth term of 1969.

With the completion of the school buildings we will be able to make use of many of the facilities which during the first year of occupation were denied us. This applies particularly to the school hall and the stage, and in anticipation thereof it is hoped to stage "H.M.S. Pinafore" next year.

It is with keen anticipation that we all look forward to next year with all buildings completed. Most of the staff will be permanent appointments and it will even be possible to approach the school buildings in the dark without endangering one's life among the builder's equipment, rubble and excavations.

To Mr. Alswang and his staff, who have done so well during the current year under the most trying conditions, we thank you and wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

**W. R. HEDDING,**  
Chairman, School Committee.



**SCHOOL COMMITTEE**

Standing: Mr. H. Cohen, Mr. E. A. Buy, Mr. S. B. J. Page, Mr. N. M. Anderson, Mr. P. W. Seddon.

Sitting: Mrs. V. Wilson (Sec.), Dr. J. F. Davidson (Vice-Chairman), Mr. W. R. Hedding (Chairman), Mr. J. Alswang (Headmaster).



**MOTHERS' COMMITTEE**

Standing: Mrs. J. Ashby, Mrs. I. A. Page, Mrs. X. E. Gird, Mrs. M. D. Taylor, Mrs. G. E. Fyfe, Mrs. F. D. Daniel, Mrs. M. E. Krook.

Sitting: Mrs. B. K. van Til, Mrs. A. Ward, Mrs. N. Cohen (Hon. Sec.), Mrs. J. Anderson (Chairlady), Mrs. S. Klein (Hon. Treas.), Mrs. D. C. Rayner, Mrs. F. Tenderini.

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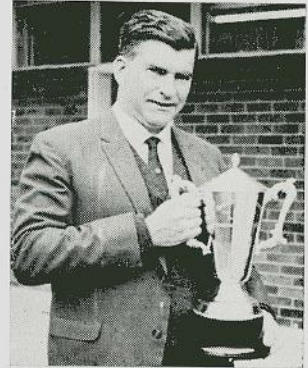
**PARENTS' ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE**

Standing: Mr. E. Brackley, Mr. E. A. Buy (Hon. Treas.), Mrs. J. Anderson, Mr. T. A. Taylor (Vice-Chair.), Mr. H. Klein.  
 Seated: Miss M. C. Cronje, Mrs. A. M. Dunsford-White, Mr. C. M. Krook (Chairman), Mrs. N. Cohen (Hon. Sec.), Miss P. S. Smith.  
 Absent: Mr. J. B. Gird, Mr. H. T. H. van Gemert.



**TROPHIES**

This school has been fortunate in acquiring a number of trophies already. Mr. Balfe, on behalf of Bryanston Round Table No. 128, presented an impressive cup, to be awarded annually for Leadership and Service (girls) and a similar trophy for boys has been presented by Lions Club, Bryanston.



Mr. Barnes of Mutual Construction Co., builders of our school, has donated R100. This has been placed on fixed deposit, and the interest each year will be used to purchase a suitable book to be awarded to the pupil making most progress.

Mr. T. A. Taylor has presented a magnificent inter-house cricket trophy. A few more trophies have been promised by some other parents.



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# HOUSE NOTES

**M**UCH discussion went into deciding on suitable House names for our School. Pupils, parents, teachers and committees put forward suggestions, including, among many others, names from ancient mythology, statesmen, authors, sportsmen, animals, explorers, scientists, Bantu tribes, planets and even horses.

The final choice was a blend of both the ancient and the modern — names applicable both to ancient Roman deities and to modern space exploration — Jupiter, Apollo and Neptune.

## JUPITER

House Master: Mr. R. Pohorille

House Mistresses: Miss P. Smith, Mrs. D. Ward

House Captains: Deborah Dunsford-White, Iain Skinner

House Colour: Red

Jupiter, king of the gods, has made his debut in Bryanston. Until he is fully acquainted with our new School, we have asked him to be lenient towards the other two gods, Apollo and Neptune.

Consequently, he has allowed himself to be beaten in a few sports, but can nevertheless boast of several achievements. We are happy that of the 60 girls who ran in the Inter-House Cross Country Race, Deborah Dunsford-White came third. Congratulations, Debbie! In the Swimming Gala we came second, as also in the Netball and Hockey.

## APOLLO

House Masters: Mr. O. Viljoen, Mr. E. Saks

House Mistresses: Miss P. Hare-Bowers, Mrs. C. Scheltema, Mrs. M. Wright, Mrs. L. Marais

House Captains: Susan Cowen, Ross Fyfe

House Colour: Yellow

Apollo were the overall winners of the Inter-House Rugby, Hockey, Netball and Swimming. We hope that Apollo will continue in future

years, with the same enthusiasm and success which they displayed this year. Apollo congratulates Neptune on winning the Cross-Country and guarantees tougher opposition next year.

## NEPTUNE

House Master: Mr. D. Nortje

House Mistresses: Miss M. Cronje, Mrs. D. Hurry, Miss L. Wisenberg

House Captains: Sharon Paine, Eugene Mendoza

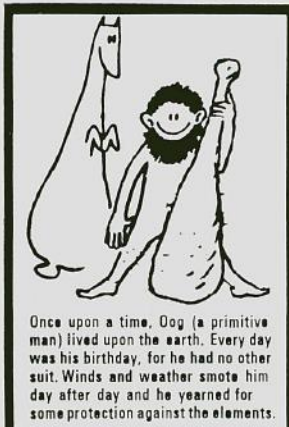
House Colour: Blue

Neptune House, though named after the god of the sea, has not succeeded in ruling over the School's Inter-House activities.

The Swimming Gala started off very well, with Neptune just ahead of Jupiter, when Apollo, true to its name, soared to dizzy heights and won the gala.

Perhaps it was this first defeat which so disheartened Neptuners. It is probably this lack of spirit which contributed to our lack of success in other sports also. The same pattern repeated itself in Netball and Hockey, with Neptune coming last each time. In the Rugby matches our boys showed more determination, and came second. This indeed was a breakthrough and in the Inter-House Cross Country Marc Massey ran an excellent race to lead Neptune to a first victory of the year.

Perhaps this success will encourage Neptuners to greater efforts in future.



Once upon a time, Oog (a primitive man) lived upon the earth. Every day was his birthday, for he had no other suit. Winds and weather smote him day after day and he yearned for some protection against the elements.



So with great reluctance he debagged his erstwhile companion, Dino (who was understandably sore about it) and sewed himself a dining outfit. So far, so good.



But the weather still presented something of a problem, so Oog retreated to a cave. Alas. The sun could not reach Oog sitting muttering "Insulation . . . insulation" . . . in a dark corner.



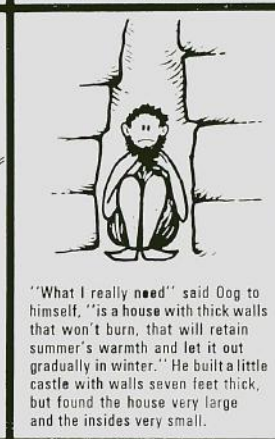
Whipping out his Boy Scout tinder sticks, Oog soon had a roaring fire in his cave which was very welcome, and a lot of smoke, which was not. Oog made a strategic retreat to think the matter over.



Oog thought he had his problem licked. A grass hut was a lot lighter than a cave and could be moved around with less effort.



Came winter however, and his hip-bone was frozen to his backbone. Out came his trusty tinder sticks again, but the fire soon spread to the grass hut. Oog fiddled in the distance while home burned.



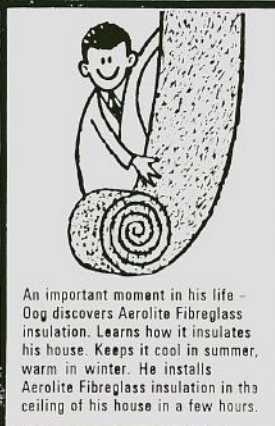
"What I really need" said Oog to himself, "is a house with thick walls that won't burn, that will retain summer's warmth and let it out gradually in winter." He built a little castle with walls seven feet thick, but found the house very large and the insides very small.



A few centuries later, Oog has installed himself in a modern home. But summer comes and the house becomes hot and humid as the heat pours through the roof.



In winter, things are worse, for no matter how many heaters Oog has working, the heat escapes through the roof.



An important moment in his life - Oog discovers Aerolite Fibreglass insulation. Learns how it insulates his house. Keeps it cool in summer, warm in winter. He installs Aerolite Fibreglass insulation in the ceiling of his house in a few hours.



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Years have passed the door and Oog is still enjoying the benefits of Aerolite Fibreglass insulation in his home. Unlike Oog, you don't have to wait a few centuries to enjoy comfortable living. You can get

Aerolite Fibreglass insulation for your home today. It costs you less than 5c per sq. ft. to insulate your home against summer heat and winter's chills and enjoy year after year of comfortable living.

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## HOCKEY

It was with mixed feelings and even on occasions misgivings that I started this hockey season.

As playing in matches is always the dearest wish of the girls, I decided to enter them in the league. Being a newcomer to Johannesburg, I did not understand that to do this one must also have a first and second team. We received a rude awakening on the day of our first match to discover that we had to play the first and second teams of our opposition. This, of course, meant playing against Matric girls, although our girls were only in Form I.

Nothing daunted, we attacked our first game with great spirit and determination. At this stage we didn't even know all the rules and had just learnt how to hit the ball, to stop it, to pass and where to stand on the field. I was tremendously proud of the girls at this match and, in fact, at all matches because of the way in which they approached the game. Never once did they give up or moan about their opposition being too strong or so much older. They knew they would lose, but were determined each week to lessen the score against them, and they achieved this. Never before have I coached girls who absorbed so much so quickly. Their keenness made coaching hockey a joy.

We have some aspirant first-class players and I sincerely hope that they will continue to improve by leaps and bounds.

The third and fourth teams, under the able

coaching of Mrs. Kemp, had a very pleasant season. They were enthusiastic and so progressed well. They played two matches against the Primary School and won one and lost one. Our sincere thanks are extended to Mrs. Kemp for all her assistance.

The season ended with a staff versus first team match. This proved great fun and was enjoyed by the pupils and staff. The staff managed to win, but feel that the girls excelled themselves. An end of season party was held after the game. Prizes were presented by Mr. Alswang to Marjorie Holder for constant good play, and to Beverley Crane, Beverley Jones and Barbara Horn for progress. We congratulate these girls and hope to see them in the Springbok team in years to come!

We would like to thank all parents and staff members who ran a "taxi service" to hockey matches. Without their co-operation, no matches would have been possible.

Bryanston	1st Team	2nd Team
<b>Versus</b>		
Parktown Convent	Lost 5-0	Lost 16-0
Edenvale	Lost 4-0	—
Queens	Lost 2-0	Lost 5-0
Redhill	Lost 5-0	Lost 1-0
Afrikaans	Drew 0-0	Won 2-0
Hoërhandel		
King David	Lost 3-0	Lost 1-0
Greenside	Won (ceded)	Won (ceded)
		<b>P.S.S.</b>



### HOCKEY FIRST TEAM

Standing: Lynda Bateman, Michelle Sedoon, Janine Gilpin, Louise Verhamme, Beverley Jones, Beverley Crane.  
 Seated: Sue-Ann Felgate, Marjorie Holder, Miss P. Smith, Pamela Knight, Robyn Cohen.  
 Absent: Linda Brackley.



#### HOCKEY SECOND TEAM

Standing: Susan Brown, Jane Weston, Lesley Gwillim, Elizabeth Nurse, Alison Stalberg, Elizabeth Morf and Wendy Wolter.  
Seated: Carol Hopkins, Yvette Ammann, Gillian Hammond, Miss P. Smith, Jennifer Malcolmson, Lynette Mendoza, Valerie Sclanders.

## NETBALL

Thanks to the enthusiasm shown by the girls, two teams were fielded in the netball league. Notwithstanding the recent establishment of our school, the results reflect the potential of the players.

Bryanston vs.	Under 13	Under 14
Malvern	Won 15- 0	Won 28-9
Mayfair	Lost 9- 5	Won 14-8
St. Angela's	Lost 12-10	(Ceded)
Jeppe	Won 10- 7	Lost 26-8
Sandringham	Lost 21- 4	Lost 14-8
Athlone	Lost 14- 5	Won 5-3

Unfortunately the match against St. Angela's Convent had to be ceded owing to insufficient

transport. The teams appreciate the help rendered by parents and staff in connection with transport, which enabled them to participate in the league, but we regret that there were insufficient parents able to assist in this respect.

The end of the season was marked by inter-house matches won by Apollo.

Jupiter beat Neptune 10-1  
Apollo beat Neptune 12-0  
Apolo beat Jupiter 12-3

We hope that in future years these matches will be more keenly supported.

P.A.H-B.



#### NETBALL — UNDER 14

Standing: Betty Morf, Sue Cowen, Corrie Louw, Madeleine Stouffs, Sonja Lombard.  
Seated: Sylvia van Weely, Gillian Craike, Miss Hare-Bowers, Debra Drake (Capt.), Lesley Ashby.



**NETBALL — UNDER 13**  
 Standing: Beverley Larsen, Andalene Mostert, Linda McCarthy, Sharon Paine.  
 Seated: Elaine Panaretos, Sue Catto (Capt.), Miss Hare-Bowers, Beverley Jones, Valerie Sclanders.

## INTER-HOUSE CROSS COUNTRY RACES

Residents in the neighbourhood must have wondered during August about the sudden enthusiasm by pupils for jogging along the roads at all odd times. The answer was, of course, preparation for our first annual Inter-House Cross Country Race, which was held on Saturday, 7th September, in glorious spring weather.

A large crowd of spectators was present and promptly at 2.30 p.m. over 50 eager boys lined up at the starting post for final briefing before setting off on a 2½ mile gruelling run.

Exactly 16 mins. 29.2 secs. later Marc Massey of Neptune House, amid cheers from excited spectators, puffed over the finishing line, closely followed by John Hemmens (Apollo) and Robert McConnochie (Neptune). An encouraging feature was that every starter finished the course.

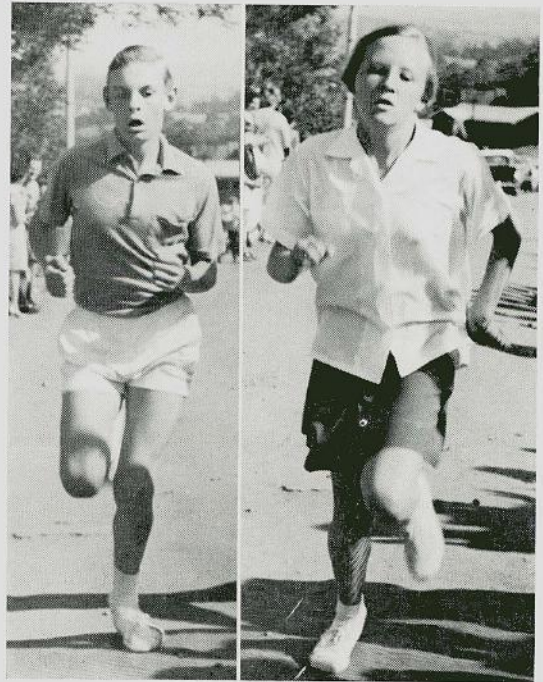
At 3 o'clock almost 60 nervous and giggling girls, cheered on by families and friends, rushed off to complete their 1½ mile course.

Congratulations, Gillian Hammond (Jupiter), who won in the good time of 11 mins. 39.8 secs., with Yvette Ammann (Apollo) a close second and Deborah Dunsford-White (Jupiter) a good third. They were followed home by the rest of the girls, closely bunched, and all deserve praise for completing the course.

Thanks are due to our Physical Education teachers, Miss P. S. Smith and Mr. D. J. Nortje, for their enthusiastic coaching and encouragement.

The final results were:—

	Boys	Girls	Total points
1st Neptune .....	1949	1562	3511
2nd Apollo .....	1050	1112	2162
3rd Jupiter .....	716	1263	1979



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**CROSS COUNTRY**  
 Standing: Yvette Ammann, John Hemmens, Deborah Dunsford-White, Robert McConnochie.  
 Seated: Gillian Hammond, Miss P. Smith, Mr. D. J. Nortje, Marc Massey.

## CRICKET

Lack of sportsfield facilities have been a major problem, and not even the kind offer by the Bryanston Primary School of their B field and nets on Friday afternoons could compensate. This was a pity, as we appear to have some latent cricket talent.

Practices were taken at first by Mr. Evans of Balfour Park Club and thereafter by Mr. Nortje and Mr. Viljoen. The boys batted and bowled quite well in practice matches, but

there is still room for improvement in our fielding. The enthusiasm is remarkably high.

On the evidence of the only match played against another school, we are confident that we could have put up a good performance in the league. The scores were:—

Sandringham High 33 runs for five wickets;  
 Bryanston High 143 runs for one wicket.

**D.J.N.**



**CRICKET**  
 Standing: John Hardacre, John Liackman, Ross Fyfe (Capt.), Douglas Usher, William Rogers.  
 Seated: Robin Muir, Gordon Grant, Mr. D. J. Nortje, John Hemmens, Remko Warns.  
 Absent: Rui Gonsalves, Adrian Shackleton, Eugene Mendoza.

## TENNIS

The tennis at the School is at a disadvantage because of lack of courts and so progress is very slow. Ideally the pupils need to be divided into groups of similar ability and then coached on different days. We now have only  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours on the Primary School courts, to coach 60 players, and so they just haven't a chance of improving.

A lack of staying power is obvious, as they are not interested in making the most of the time they have available. A lack of enthusiasm and a lack of manners, such as not excusing

an absence, makes coaching a drudgery instead of a pleasure. We do hope that this will be remedied.

One tennis match against Roosevelt High was arranged, but the rain decided to spoil the afternoon and so the game was abandoned. We hope to play a number of matches next term.

There are a number of budding good players. If they practise hard and often we shall have a strong team in the year to come.

P.S.S.



### TENNIS

Standing: Beverley Jones, Beverley Larsen, Louise Verhamme, Susan Catto, Susan Cowen, Pamela Knight, Beverley Crane.  
Sitting: Deborah Dunsford-White, Patricia Carr, Susan Spooner, Miss P. S. Smith, Carol Hopkins, Denise Golden, Elizabeth Morf.

## RUGBY

As this was the boys' first year of rugby, and as our own playing fields were not ready, we did not play any league matches.

Initially, progress was slow, as the game had to be learnt from scratch. Fortunately everyone was very enthusiastic and it soon became evident that we have some very good potential rugby material. We hope that this small beginning will bear much fruit in future.

At the end of the season, Inter-House matches were played. The results were:—

Apollo beat Jupiter	18-3
Neptune drew with Apollo	6-6
Neptune beat Jupiter	3-0
Apollo beat Neptune	6-3

O.J.V.



**RUGBY — APOLLO**

Standing: Steven Gray, John Taylor, Robin Muir, Kenneth Taylor, Eric de Hooge, John Liackman, Hubertus von Moltke, Graham Pick, John Dean, Dennis Venter.  
 Seated: Christopher Wheelwright, Ian McKellar, Roy Spurdle, Ross Ryle, Mr. O. Viljoen, John Hemmens, Nigel Forbes, Anthony Rayner, David Child.



**RUGBY — NEPTUNE**

Standing: Robert McConnochie, Joaquim Couto, Hines Esch, Gregory McDougall, Gordon Grant, Graham Hardacre, Michael Gird, James Smith, Colin van Til, Peter Flanagan, Edward Mendoza.  
 Seated: Ian Georgeson, Mark Goodale, Gabor Dery, Gerald Baartman, Mr. O. Viljoen, Richard Tenderini, Edmund Prizeman, Arthur Dobeson, Graham Kiggan.



**RUGBY — JUPITER**

Standing: Richard Buy, Russell Komlosy, Ralph Bestic, Colin Pallas, Iain Skinner, Segnes Schonken, Gerald Balme, William Rogers, David Klein.  
 Seated: John Chancellor-Maddison, Shaun Cullen, Robin Pearce, Mr. O. Viljoen, Graham Elliott, James McCall-Peat, Remko Warns.

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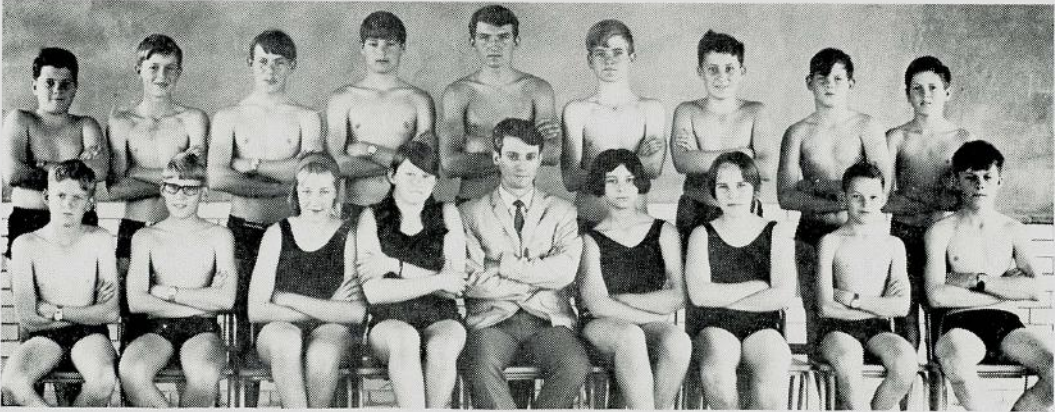
## LIFE SAVING

A knowledge of swimming, rescuing and resuscitation is becoming increasingly important as more and more private pools are constructed around us. With this in mind we have started a class for Candidate Life Savers.

The boys and girls in the class have been avidly training for the South African Life Saving Society's "Bronze Medallion" award. To obtain this, each candidate has to pass a difficult practical examination, held at a Municipal Pool, and under a panel of examiners. They are tested on (among other things): (a) their ability to rescue a person in difficulty

in still (or sea) water; (b) their ability to rescue a tired swimmer, who cannot swim back to shore; (c) their knowledge of first aid; (d) their knowledge of artificial respiration, including mouth-to-mouth and mouth-to-nose breathing; and (e) their general swimming skill, including a time limit for 200 yards of swimming in all strokes.

We hope that by the time this magazine is issued, the entire class, whose names appear below the photograph, will already have attained the invaluable "Bronze Medallion" Award for Life Saving. **R.L.P.**



### LIFE SAVING

Standing: Richard Burroughs, Shaun Cullen, John Liackman, John Hemmens, Ross Fyfe, Douglas Usher, Rowan Simmons, Nigel Forbes, Gabor Dery.  
Seated: Robert McConnochie, Andrew Short, Elizabeth Nurse, Barbara Horn, Mr. R. Pohorille, Madeleine Stouffs, Deirdre Todd, Richard Buy, Ronald Weir.



### GYMNASTICS

Standing: Mark Ward, Michael Heydon, Richard Tenderini, Leon v. Kraayenburg.  
Seated: Hines Esch, Mr. D. J. Nortje, Gerald Baartman.

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## DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society has struggled to establish itself against complete lack of facilities. At the beginning of the year, when the hall was a mere idea in the mind of the architect, there was little hope of producing a play. School bus times also created a problem, but in spite of this a small group of keen pupils attended the meetings. At this stage it was decided to combine the Dramatic Society with the Debating Society to encourage all present to have self-confidence in expressing their opinions, as well as to learn to act in front of people without self-consciousness. A number of informal debates were held and time was spent in teaching pupils to act Mime and Character.

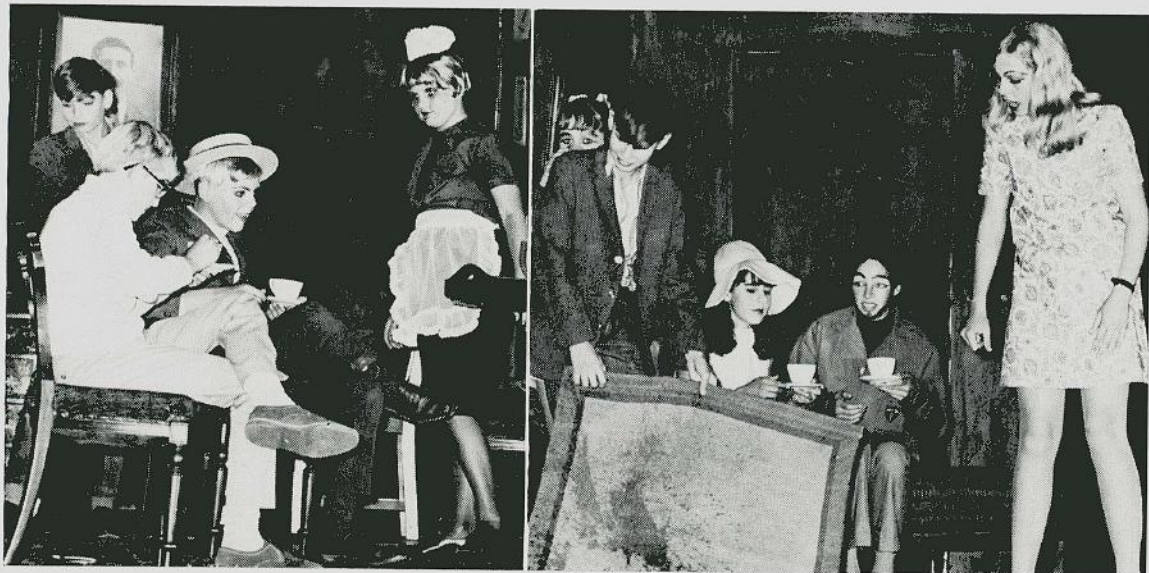
In the second half of the year it was decided to go ahead and produce a play in spite of the difficulties confronting us. Although transport problems were slightly improved by the bus departing later, it was found that meetings clashed with sport, extra lessons and other activities. In spite of this, our numbers increased to about 15, with other pupils anxious to give a hand where possible with back-stage work. The play itself caused some headaches, as available plays seemed suitable for either a younger or older age groups. Eventually "Michael" was chosen, an adaptation of a story by Tolstoi, which would need acting

talent and which it was felt had some message for the people of today. However, owing to a number of unforeseen difficulties this had to be postponed and a story by Oscar Wilde was chosen, "The Canterville Ghost", which was then adapted as a play and rehearsals started in earnest.

"The Canterville Ghost" was an obvious success from the beginning, helped by the natural humour of Colin Pallas. All those taking part were amusing and talented and much hilarity was caused by the varying degrees of American accents necessary for the parts. With our own hall not ready, we were fortunate to have the Primary School hall made available. In spite of many difficulties, the play was performed on the 15th November, with Andrew Short taking over the part of the Ghost at the last minute. Although it was a bitterly cold, wet night, the hall was full, and judging from the reactions of the audience the play was most successful.

This performance has proved that the pupils, although only in Form I, have carried their responsibilities capably and efficiently, not only the actors on stage, but also those responsible for the decor, stage lighting and many other back-stage duties.

D.H.



SCENES FROM "THE CANTERVILLE GHOST"

Left: Kip Connor, John Fletcher, Colin Pallas, Heather Webbstock.  
Right: Lynette Mendoza, Kip Connor, Lynn Michael, Wendy Wolter, Andalene Mostert.

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## CHESS CLUB

Although our School had Standard Sixes only this year we nevertheless formed a Chess Club in January. Sonja Lombard and Alex Hattingh were elected Captains. After Alex Hattingh left, Bert v.d. Pijpekamp took over.

We played several matches in the Johannesburg Chess League. Despite the fact that our opponents often were Matric pupils, we succeeded in winning several matches. We hope that when we are Matrics ourselves, we will win all our matches.

We would like to congratulate not only the team, but also all the other players, who, although they did not enter the Top Ten bracket of our Chess Ladder, showed as much enthusiasm as all the team members.

We would like to thank all the willing Mothers for their help in providing transport for the team. Without their co-operation, it would have been impossible to play all our matches. Without Mrs. Ward's enthusiastic coaching, we would not have achieved the success we did.

### Results

vs. Waverley	Lost	13-27
vs. Marist Inanda	Drew	20-20
vs. Parktown Girls	Won	24-16
vs. K.E.S.	Lost	9-31
vs. Holy Cross Convent	Won	22-18
vs. Athlone	Won	22-18
vs. St. John's	Lost	13-27
vs. Marist Observatory	Lost	8-32
Played 8, Won 3, Lost 4, Drew 1.		



### CHESS

Standing: Christopher Nunns, Craig Leslie, Graham Kiggan, Stelios Pouyoukas, Nigel Forbes, Gabor Dery, David Klein.  
Seated: Betty Mori, Jane Rose, Sonja Lombard, Mrs. D. Ward, Bert van de Pijpekamp, Donna Shannon and Beverley Jones.

## THE LIBRARY

When the school opened, one question was frequently asked by both staff members and pupils: "When will the library be ready?" Everyone keenly awaited the arrival of our first book stock, and Mrs. Wright, our teacher-librarian, with the aid of the T.E.D. Library Service, several staff members, mothers, College students and pupils, quickly and efficiently prepared the books for the shelves.

The library was opened soon after the start of the third term, and since then it has been put to very good use for reading, study and

reference purposes.

A very generous grant of over 1,500 books (reference and non-fiction) was received from the Education Department. This was supplemented by a donation from the Witwatersrand Council for Education and by the Parents' Association, as well as by a few individual parents. We now have the nucleus to make our library the hub of our educational system, but we still have a long way to go. Any donations by parents of useful books will be welcome additions to our library.

M.W.

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## ADVENTURE CLUB

The idea of an outdoor Adventure Club instantly aroused the interest of our young teenagers. Why? To enjoy an exciting week-end in a tent with their pals? To escape from those nagging parents for a few days?

The reason matters not. Whatever their reasons for joining us on one of our excursions they have all proved themselves good campers.

What could be more fun for a boy than not to wash for four days? One lass came to me at Camp in her tracksuit, unkempt hair dangling down over her eyes. She pulled up her nose: "At home now I'd be putting on my new mini skirt and stockings for another stupid Saturday Session. Then I'd have to nag Dad not to fetch me before midnight. At least here we can enjoy ourselves without all that fuss and without our parents worrying about us."

We held three camps this year. The first was in May, in the Municipal camping grounds of Rustenburg Kloof. The weather was good to us: we swam and hiked, and learnt how to pitch a tent and make a camp bed. "The food is super," mumbled one lad, his mouth full and his chin dripping with boerewors juice.

One week before our second bumper camp, this time on the Bartlett's farm, the "crew" motored out to the Magaliesberg to view the site. Beautiful, yes! But facilities? No water. No latrines!

Our enthusiastic and ingenious friends the Felgates and the Strydoms soon overcame these minor obstacles: out came the tractor, up went the 500-gallon tank, in went the hose-pipe, down to the geyser. Hey presto! Hot and cold running water all day, in the "kitchen", "bathroom" and "shower". The two "Bombs" were planted, camp was set up, including kitchen sink and caravan fridge, and

we were well on our way to a fabulous week-end.

The food? Not bad, thanks to Mrs. Strydom, her helpers and orderlies. (And Mrs. Eveleigh, your menus are superb!)

Although the entertainment was planned beforehand, it turned out to be rather spontaneous. Especially the hike where we "got lost" and had to wade through the river to get back. Joe Balme entertained us round the campfire with his guitar, while Dennis Venter won the Van der Merwe joke competition. Of course, we loved the treasure hunt, where the winners had their own private waiters for dinner.

The Fourth Term offered no long week-ends, but so enthusiastic were our Adventurers that we arranged a camp over a week-end early in November.

Although Johannesburg suffered a rainy week-end, we in Rustenburg had glorious sunshine until after Sunday's breakfast.

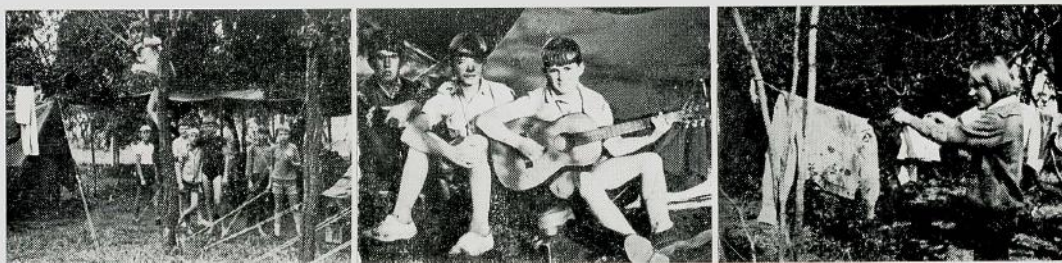
We'll make a bargain with you. If you donate camping equipment to us, we'll promise to take your "darling brats" off your hands next long weekend.

Many thanks to all who have already donated useful items to us, and a special thanks to the members of the staff, without whose enthusiasm the Adventure Club would not have been born.

Our Club has made large strides forward. Thanks to Mr. Komlosy and Mr. Joffe we have acquired an ex-army tent 14 ft. x 14 ft. with a fly sheet. We have already raised R41 towards this tent, but we still need a further R34. We are sure that, with your co-operation, we'll soon be able to pay fully for the tent.

Parents, now for the sting in the tail. Please dig deep into your pockets (and store rooms!).

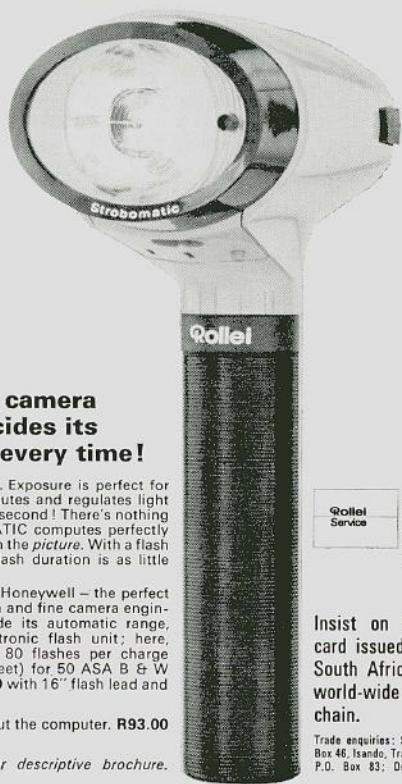
**R.L.P.**



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## SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

After several months of regular practising, our squeaks and bangs have at last given way to something that resembles music. You cannot imagine Mr. Pohorille's rage when the cymbals are clashed at the wrong time. Even worse when he looks at the culprit only to be met by a grinning face holding a dented cymbal.

Our Orchestra rehearses every Thursday, playing melodies of our own choice, pop or light classical. We have 26 "musicians", each

bangng, crashing or blowing his or her own instrument. Our leader is Beverley Crane, whose well-rehearsed piano accompaniment keeps us all together. Colin Pilliner, our versatile drummer, amuses us each time he "stirs the porridge" as we play the "Oukraallied".

If any of you have a musical instrument at home that is no longer in use, we will gratefully accept it as a donation, even if it is only an old Stradivarius.



### ORCHESTRA

Standing: Robert McConnochie, Roy Spurdle, Colin Pallas, Sally Noble, Barbara Horn, Geraldine Price, Joy Weddepohl, Christine Wadman, Gabor Dery, Craig Leslie, Andrew Short, Richard Buy.  
Seated: Susan Brown, Ingrid Regenass, Carol Hopkins, Gail Antill, Denise van Zyl, Audrey Bolton, Mr. Pohorille, Bernice Marais, Joanne Pittaway, Jane Rose, Beverley Crane, Cheryl Cheze, Glynn McDonald, Barbara Daniel.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Just as the school started with noises, delays, shifting and trouble, so did the Photographic Society.

Early in the year we received our "dark room" equipment. With the equipment on hand, all we then needed was a dark room. This we got from the builders after a few months' struggle.

We had just moved in when the builders again told us to clear the place so that they could paint it and connect the water supply. This, of course, took weeks to complete.

With everything just finished and us ready to move in and start, we were told to wait because the cold drink machine had to go in the room for the time being.

But with the school almost completed, we were able to work on this very interesting hobby during the fourth term.

D.J.N.

All that we have had now is trouble, trouble and nothing more than trouble!

Firstly, we had to find a "dark room" for printing and developing. When we found one there was no water, it was not painted, the plumbing not done, and the plastering (a mess) not finished.

Secondly, after it was all finished, a cold drink machine was installed!

Equipment is already purchased, and anybody found meddling with the equipment without permission had better make themselves scarce!

Anyone who wants to become a member will have to pay a fee of 50 cents. (All members can develop and print photographs free.) Mr. Nortje is in charge of the Society, so contact him.

P.S. Meetings every Monday.

THOMAS NIEUWVELD—Form I.

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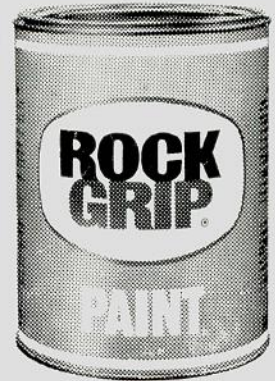


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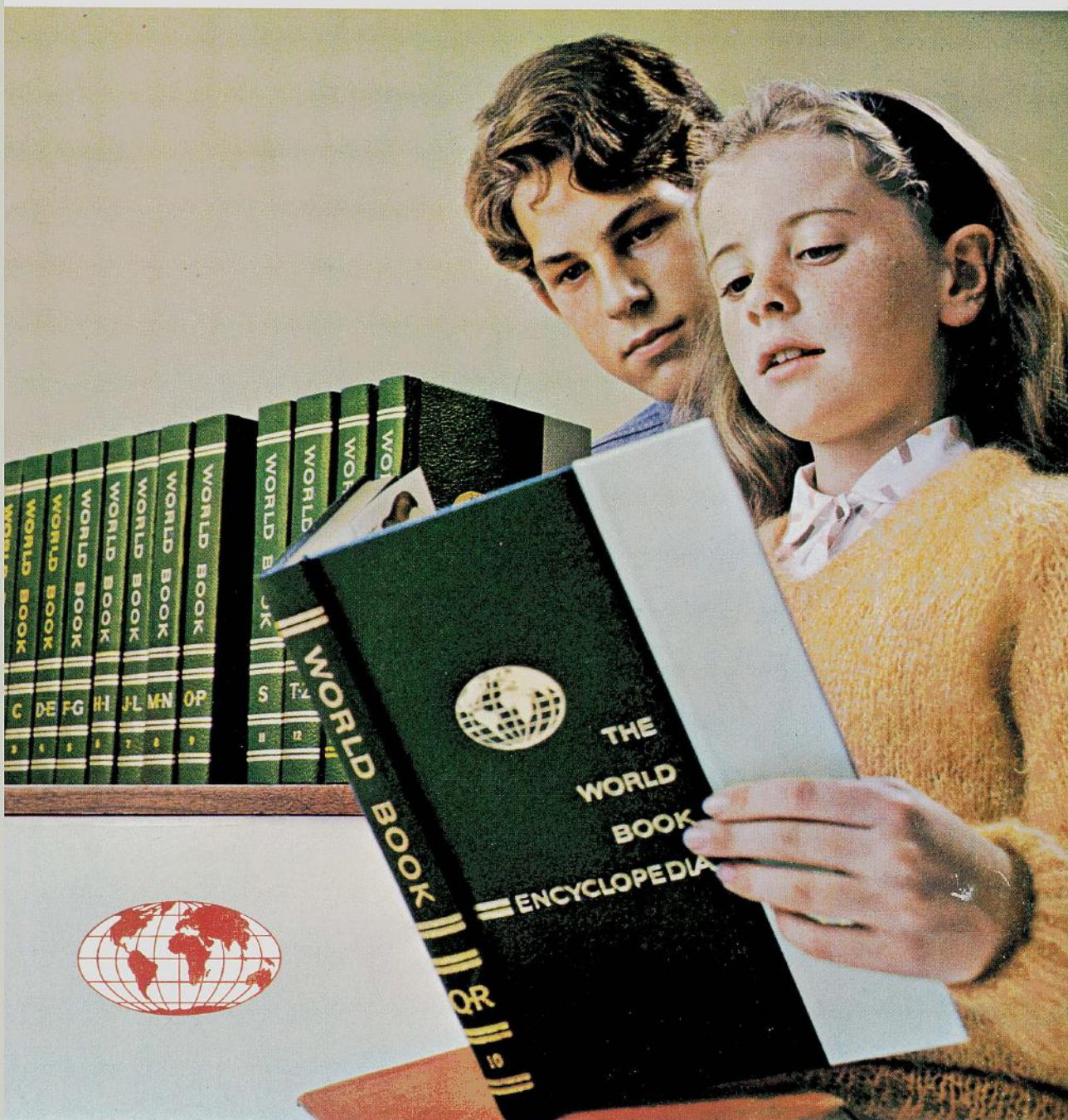


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## FOLK SINGING

How often have you heard it said, "I cannot sing. I'm tone deaf"?

**TONE DEAF?!**

Deaf people I've met, yes. But tone deaf? I've yet to meet someone who cannot hear the difference between a man's and a woman's voice. Have you? If so, you've met a tone deaf person.

Why then does it seem that so few people can keep in time? Why do so many of us sing flat or off key? And yet most of our teenagers seem to take to the latest hit songs and "dance" steps that require rhythmic contortion and nothing else.

I think the answer is painfully simple: Lack

of aural training. The Bantu start harmonising long before they go to school; we shun singing, claiming to be "too shy".

After this preamble I am happy to place on record that we have at this School many good singers, both solo and group. Our singers and guitarists meet once a week in informal atmosphere to entertain themselves with a medley of songs. Our soloists, both Guitar and Vocal, have posed for you in the photograph. These are the entertainers of tomorrow, who will bring happiness to many. Encourage them! Singing is the cheapest form of entertainment and part of the universal language of music.

**R.L.P.**



### FOLK SINGING

Standing: Craig Leslie, Kathy Avenant, Gerald Balme, Dennis Venter.  
Seated: Kathy Owens, Robert Maarschalkerveerd, Andalene Mostert, Oliver Mehl, Lynda Bateman, Hubertus von Moltke, Heather Webbstock.

## THE LITERARY CLUB

During the second half of this year, Form 1C, under the guidance of their English teacher, decided to produce a school newspaper. A Committee was chosen from the class, consisting of an editor, Susan Catto; sub-editor, Beverley Crane; secretary, Penelope Barnes; treasurer (as the newspaper was to be self-supporting) Thomas Nieuwveld; a features editor, Michael Heydon; and assistants, Robyn Cohen and Colin Pilliner. The whole class would contribute ideas and articles, while the Committee dealt with the administration.

Firstly, it was felt that this would keep pupils and staff in constant touch with all school activities and thus foster school spirit. Secondly, pupils felt that literary articles worth circulating could be published as written by the pupils, and thus foster an interest in writing for the enjoyment of expressing ideas and feelings on any topic, as well as articles of

scientific interest. Such things as competitions and announcements could be included to cover the cost of publication, and for fun an advice column would also be included. Lastly it was felt that the paper could establish an important link between staff and pupils by airing views on topics causing discontent or misunderstanding to the pupils.

The first edition was produced and written by Form 1C, in order to start the ball rolling. It was greeted with a fair amount of enthusiasm, and the second edition, published a month later, included contributions from many different classes and was greeted with much greater enthusiasm. Sold at 2 cents each, sufficient money was made to cover publication costs and competition prizes. As the name of such a paper should reflect its nature and is likely to stick, it has not yet been given a suitable title.

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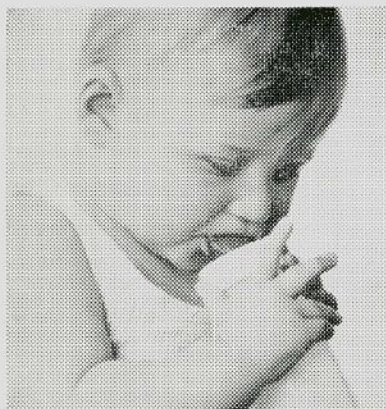
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## MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

### (Preserve me from them)

After months of slaving, two hours of practising (or stomping, as my brother calls it) each and every day, and worst of all having to bear an hour a week of an hysterical teacher, exams finally arrive. As an experienced participant in these follies, I shall now give some advice to those beginners: **STEER CLEAR OF THEM**, but if you are forced into them, take heed of the following!!!

**TEACHER:** Some six weeks before doomsday this person, usually as calm as a cucumber, tends to get more and more hysterical. She does abnormal things: i.e., tearing out chunks of hair (hers) and singing yom-pom-pom to the music in a different key!

At your last lesson before you, the fly, enter the spider's web or examination room, she greets you in such a strange voice (a mixture of singing, crying and laughing) that you don't know whether to run as if the devil were after you or telephone Tara Hospital. This little episode puts you off key for the rest of the lesson and your potential lunatic of a teacher spends this hour screaming, slapping your back and rapping your knuckles. When at last you take leave of this, your almost bald teacher is crying and the dustbin is unusually full of hair.

**PRACTISING:** If your teacher has told you to practise three hours a day, by all means disobey her. Why? The reason is simple. In the previous heading you read how crazy she becomes before exams, so anything she says might be wrong and if fifteen minutes a day brought me through this fantastic ordeal, it should be more than enough for you.

If you continually play the same wrong note, I find the most satisfying way to overcome this difficulty is to bang on the right note for about ten bars in Common Time. Disregard all comments, as I do, such as:

"Sharrup, Susan!" from my brother.

"Now, now, temper, temper!" from my sister.

"Susan, play properly," from my gran.

"Susan, don't do that to my piano," from my mother.

"Play properly or not at all" (this suits me fine) from my father.

And this method really works.

**EXAMINERS:** These mainly comprise fogey old men. They are out to find fault with your playing and never ever will you find a compliment on your report. The examiner will fidget with his pencil and cluck his tongue to make you nervous. If you have been practising F Major madly, he will undoubtedly ask for D Minor or some scale you have almost certainly forgotten.

Another warning: the nosey parker examiner usually sits at a table some feet from the rickety old piano (they are about the same age), but if you suddenly feel a gush of warm air on your neck, don't think a Great Dane has been set loose on you . . . you've guessed it! Old quizzy has probably decided to take a look at your music to make sure there has been no skullduggery.

I have told you all about music exams, so learn from me, the veteran of a Grade I music exam.

**SUSAN CATTO**—Form I.

---

## THE SEA

When gazing at the sea  
It rather frightens me  
It throws things all about  
And seems to rage and shout.

It has such restless waves,  
How strangely it behaves.  
It never comes to rest,  
But's full of tireless zest.

**LAUREEN STEENKAMP**—Form I.

---

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Stark naked trees,

Creatures hibernating,  
Nature's master painting.

**CHERYL CHEZE** — Form I.

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# RANDOM THOUGHTS

## STAIRS

Phew! . . . Only half-way up . . . I wish they could keep buildings on ground level.

Almost there . . . Oh, no! . . . Wrong building. I'll have to go all the way down again and start climbing the stairs of another building.

**GERALDINE PRICE**—Form I.

## LATIN

Walk into class . . . Sit down . . . Teacher shouts for quiet . . . Take out books . . . Haven't done homework . . . Scared . . . Sent to office . . . Homework neglected again! . . . Lame excuse . . . Three cuts, all because of Latin . . . If only the ancient Romans could realise what they've done to me.

**JOHN LIACKMAN**—Form I.

## THE SEA

Soft yellow sands . . . Lovely breakers . . . Good for surfing . . . Lazing on the beach . . . Hot in the sun . . . Water so refreshing . . . Swim out to the breakers . . . On to a surf board . . . Sliding down a wave . . . Wonderful life.

**SHAUN CULLEN**—Form I.

## FEAR

In bed . . . Alone . . . Dark . . . Mother gone out . . . Something creaks . . . Terrified . . . Hair prickles on neck . . . Stomach muscles tighten . . . Must be burglars . . . Tense . . . Panic . . . Must lock door . . . How stupid! . . . Only rats in the ceiling . . . Such a relief!

**NICHOLAS IFE**—Form I.

## BIRD'S NESTS

Birds build their nests . . . From year to year . . . Twig by twig . . . So neat . . . So beautiful . . . So easily made . . . So comfortable.

**MELANIE RIDSDALE**—Form I.

## SPRING

I can smell the Spring —  
Feel it tickling in my bones.  
Birds are on the wing  
Flying back to their homes.  
Blossoms are budding,  
The leaves are appearing,  
The green grass is coming  
Warm weather is nearing,  
The air is so fresh,

## IN CLASS

Why does he keep tapping that pencil? . . . It's getting on my nerves . . . It's almost hypnotising me . . . Isn't it time for the bell? . . . Shouldn't it be break now? . . . Oh, no! It's French next! . . . Wonder what the time is? . . . Maybe there's only a few minutes left . . . Oh, gee! a whole fifteen minutes still . . . Wonder what I've got for lunch . . . Not jam again, I hope . . . I hope it's cheese . . . If only she hasn't forgotten to give me raisins . . . Did I pack the English homework? . . . Can't remember . . . I suppose I'll be wasting time writing lines again tonight.

**MICHAEL HEYDON**—Form I.

## PEOPLE

People . . . Old, young . . . Energetic, lazy . . . Doing things . . . Sitting . . . Watching . . . Thinking . . . People . . . Laughing . . . Surging . . . Shouting . . . Doing this and that . . . Some with a sense of humour . . . Some sour . . . All are only people.

**JOHN LIACKMAN**—Form I.

## MY FIRST HOCKEY MATCH

Waiting for the whistle . . . tense . . . nervous . . . Whistle shrills . . . ball comes my way  
Dribble . . . Pass . . . Rolls towards goal . . . Shoot! . . . Shoot . . . Lift my stick . . . Hit with all my might . . . A goal! . . . My first goal! . . . Referee reprimands: "It's time you learnt not to hit sticks!" . . . No goal . . . So disappointing.

**WENDY WOLTER**—Form I.

## EXAMINATIONS

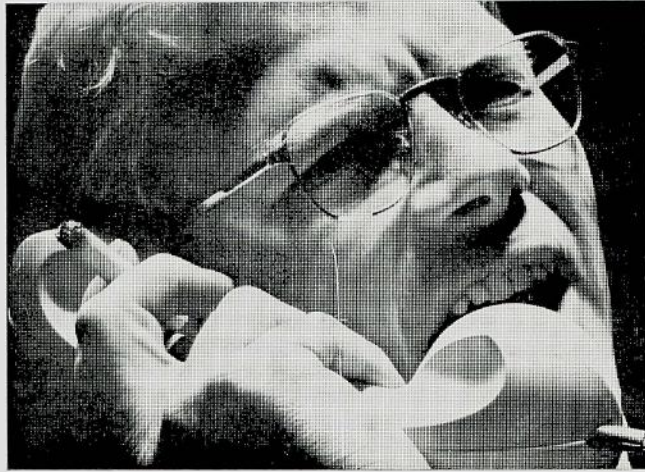
Nerve racking . . . So long . . . So difficult . . . Disliked by all . . . A trial . . . Cruelty . . . A blank sheet of paper . . . As blank as my mind . . . An examination or just torture?

**BEVERLEY CRANE**—Form I.

Filled with animal sounds,  
The river is rippling  
And colour abounds.  
There's a buzzing of bees,  
And birds shrill and sing,  
And shady green trees.  
It's the beauty of Spring.

**YVETTE AMMANN**—Form I.

**Forget it, Mike! It's no rumour —  
it's a fact!**



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## JOURNEY INTO SPACE

One day last year I was walking in the veld when a loud bang startled me and I found myself staring at a huge space-ship. Minutes later a huge metallic claw grabbed me. Its strength was unbelievable. Inside the space-ship some queer little creatures put on a helmet, fitted with electrical equipment, on me. This helmet enabled me to communicate with them. I found out they only wanted to study me, much to my relief.

It is hard to explain what these creatures look like, but they had small faces in a huge head, their legs were of no colour known to earth and were sort of amphibious. The tallest was smaller than I but many times stronger.

The space-ship was heading for Pluto, millions of light years away, but it took less than six hours to reach it. When we landed the 'Rangrans' as they called themselves were able to speak easily and needed no helmet. They could not speak so well in space because of the thin air. The city where we were was obviously Rangran.

They made me quite welcome, although I was very surprised that Pluto was so warm. The Rangrans explained to me that Pluto had a small sun inside the planet. The city was highly advanced; they even had tubes running over the city for the 'vacuum cars'. I was put in an hotel next to the laboratory. The hotel was completely automatic. To go to the top floor I stood under a special tube and pressed the desired button, and immediately I was sucked to my destination.

The days passed with experiment after experiment. I saw new wonders each day. One day the thought struck me: "What about my mother! Maybe she had the police looking for me!" I rushed to the Flight General and told him why I must go home. He allowed me to go after the last experiment.

At last I was on my way home. When we arrived on Earth the same metallic claw put me back. The explosion that was there when I left was just dying down. A fragment hit me on the head. When I came round I found a man leaning over me saying, "You shouldn't walk around here while we're blasting dynamite, son."

Was it all a figment of my imagination or not? I wonder.

**MICHAEL HEYDON**—Form I.

## FIRE IN THE HEARTH

Our open fire in the sitting room  
Is hot - coloured red and black.  
It keeps our house so warm and snug,  
When icy winter nights are back.  
Joyous flames from logs and coal,  
Crackle and spin in upward motion,  
Dancing, leaping, never still  
Causing such a lively commotion.

**AUDREY BOLTON**—Form I.

## MIDNIGHT MOON

A clear and brilliant light you see,  
Cold and eerie, spying on me,  
Round just like a giant's eye  
Lights the shadows from on high.

**MICHAEL HEYDON**—Form I.

## A GALLOP

With wind whistling through the air,  
Against my face and through my hair,  
Pounding hooves upon the ground,  
Moving faster with each bound.  
Blurred objects flashing by  
As through the air I seem to fly.

**LISA GRINTER**—Form I.



**CARNIVAL CAPERS**

**Robert Dewar**—Form I.

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## SUNSET

Have you ever watched the sun setting from a high point through tall graceful fir trees? I think the most awe-inspiring scene is the setting of the sun..

I have watched how the large, round, fiery ball begins to sink lower and lower in the sky lighting the white clouds, which look like wads of cotton wool, in the most delicate shades of pinks and greys imaginable. The green fir trees are blackened like statues against the pale blue of the twilight sky.

As the sun slides nearer to the horizon, it seems to grow redder and, as if using all its strength in a final effort, holds its place for one glorious, triumphant moment above the horizon. Then like a dejected, beaten warrior, it disappears behind the darkened horizon, as if never to rise again.

Night arrives, its darkness stealthily creeping along, covering everything in black satin.

SUSAN CATTO—Form I.

## "IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE THERE IS NO ROOM FOR THE ARTS"

To understand the meaning of this contention, we must first of all consider what kind of place this world would be without the arts.

Let us remove all the pictures from the walls of our homes, pull down all the curtains and roll up the carpets. Then let us reconstruct our homes along severely practical lines, making sure we do not include anything that is beautiful or artistic.

Then let us set about eliminating all music from our homes; let us wear clothes that are designed only to protect us from the weather; let us dig up the beautiful flowers, shrubs and decorative trees from our gardens and replace them with "useful" plants.

We must also burn, like barbarians, all the novels in our libraries and ban all games and sports which are played for pleasure. Furthermore, let us make sure that when we talk to our friends we discuss only subjects of scientific interest and of practical value.

The world of science would indeed be a dull place to live in without "the arts" and few, if any, of us would honestly prefer it to a world in which "the arts" are given their appropriate place.

JEANNE FELLINGHAM—Form I.



STAINED GLASS WINDOW  
Denise Wimbury—Form I.

## VELD FIRE

I came tearing into the house screaming "Veld fire! Veld fire! Right next door! Come quickly! Bring the hoses!" We ran down to the hole in our fence, scrambled through and held the hose on the raging fire. The water hit the fire, causing it to sizzle and get wilder and more vicious. The bright orangy red flames leapt at us, sparks flew in all directions. To make matters worse a slight breeze was blowing and the fire was likely to catch the house. The neighbours came from all directions, breaking off branches from the nearby trees and beating the fire, which had spread rapidly. I thought of the destruction that this fire was causing, killing all the grass and the beautiful pine trees. The flames, having spread quite a way caught the first tree. Like lightning the whole trunk roared into flame and the tree came crashing down to the ground.

It was really a terrifying scene. After much fighting and much water used, the crowd of people who were now helping managed to get the fire under control.

ROBYN COHEN—Form I.



**Pour up flavour-  
Pour up Pitco!  
...and be known for the  
tea you serve.**





## IS THERE NOT LIFE IN OUTER SPACE?

This is a question that has been asked by many people of today and of yesterday. Scientists, after finding surface temperatures and by testing the gasses in the atmosphere of planets known to us, maintain that there is no life as we know it on any of these planets. Life, or at least life as we know, definitely cannot live on the stars, because stars are burning masses. But with planets it could be. Although the scientists have their proof, many people claim to have seen flying saucers with flashing lights. Others are said to be in the shape of a cigar, and these are thought to be the 'mother' ships, where all the saucer-shaped flying saucers are housed.

These flying saucers are said to fly very much faster than jet aeroplanes. An American Air Force pilot was flying his aeroplane at over one thousand miles per hour, when he claimed to have been overtaken by a flying object, which was flying very much faster, and therefore could not have been an aeroplane.

These flying saucers have been called U.F.O.'s (Unidentified Flying Objects). There are many organisations which investigate reports of U.F.O.'s. What is certain is that these U.F.O.'s are not man-made. What do the beings who operate the saucers look like? Do they have the same basic form that man has? Their civilisation must be more advanced than ours

to produce such machines, or is it? It may first have progressed on different lines. These are just some of the many questions which will remain unanswered until, if ever, man makes contact with these beings.

One English University last year used flying saucers for promoting their rag week. Without telling the police or anyone, they planted five "saucers" in various places in the south of England. The "saucers" were made of fibreglass, approximately two feet in diameter with a battery-operated system which emitted "bleeping" noises until the battery ran down. It was amusing to see the results of this. They were all discovered the next morning and made front page headlines in some newspapers. Demolition squads were called in. The Army took no chances with their saucer and immediately blew it up! Scientists were more inquisitive with theirs. They successfully broke the "saucer" open and much to their surprise (and probably embarrassment as well) they found an Earthman's Ever-Ready 12-volt battery and an automatic "bleeping" device! Once this was found out, the University got full publicity on radio and television.

But the question still remains: are the other flying saucers real, or, in other words, is there life other than on this planet?

**MARK GOODALE**—Form I.

## GORDON'S "MACHINE"

Everyone in our village knew of Gordon; he was the district's craziest old fellow. One day he even said he would build a flying machine.

On 18th March, 1820, he started. The cattle were turned out of the barn, and to the horror of his wife it was soon full of bamboo and sacking. All day long, for three months he banged and swore and banged. The farm went "to the dogs", and the farmhands left due to lack of pay. Bessie, his wife, was demented.

One day in June he announced that his flying machine was ready. Amidst cheers and jeers "it" was manhandled out. What a crate! It was very much like a box-kite, with wings and blades. He clambered in and, oh calamity! The machine snapped in half! The guy wires coiled "most throttingly" about his neck. His wife screamed and pulled him out.

But was Gordon daunted? Oh, no! The very next day he was ready on the village green. "He's crazy," exclaimed everyone. With

a now-or-never look on his face and four strong men pulling him, he started off. All at once he let go. His machine gave a few hops, and took leave of the earth. He skimmed low over the vicarage, knocking off a chimney-pot. Soon he gained height.

Below him was the lake, and the squire cruising in a pleasure-barge. There was a gasp from the spectators, for the wind had died down, and Gordon and his contraption were plummeting towards the lake!

The squire also had his own dilemma; the machine seemed to be dive-bombing him! "Demons," he shrieked and he abandoned ship. (I'm sure no squire looked as undignified as he did.) The machine skimmed low over the barge, and landed with a crash on the island. Bits of bamboo and cloth rained down.

Gordon was jailed for a week for "disturbing the peace" by the irate squire, and "Gordon's Machine" was never mentioned again . . .!

**ROBERT DEWAR**—Form I.

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# CONTRASTS

## SCHOOL

It is your first day at a new school. Unfriendly faces eye you, and scrutinise your appearance. There are large, cold buildings all around you. One wonders why you left your old school, with its familiar rooms and corridors and the people you have known for most of your school life. People keep turning around and staring at you with stony eyes. Young, inexperienced teachers, who don't appear able to teach you anything. You have never been so lonely in all your life. You want to leave this awful new school as soon as possible. Nobody speaks to you or even makes a friendly approach. It was much better at the old boarding school.

— OR —

You left your old boarding school with its cold rooms and terrible children. When you go into the classroom at the new school, everyone smiles at you with good-humoured, twinkling eyes. They immediately approach you, and introduce you to their group. They ask your name and find out many things about you. Why, you query, did you not come here before? The sunny corridors are packed with friendly, chattering boys and girls, who smile at you as you pass. You are offered chips, sweets, fruit, cold drinks and bites of many people's sandwiches, and you are very happy. The teachers are all young, and therefore understand very easily your problems and queries and even on your first day you have acquired many new friends.

PAMELA KNIGHT—Form I.

## CLASSROOMS

Dreary school desks, like grave stones in a row. Piles of depressing brown-covered books. Brooding silence as if life has ebbed away. Blackboards like eerie square eyes watching. Brain racking problems to solve. Grim and surly teachers. Such a pleasure to get away from it all when the bell rings.

— OR —

Gay palace of pleasure, filled with happy, chattering children. Sparkling coloured books, like a rainbow after a brisk shower. Friendly attitudes and obliging people. Work, to prepare for a future job. Enjoyable as an amusement park. Very interesting and full of life.

MICHAEL HEYDON—Form I.

## JOHANNESBURG

High buildings, masterpieces of construction, towering skywards. The noise of creative activity. A fascinating bustle. The noise of car gears grating, lorries grinding along, jackhammers at work with earsplitting chattering, ventilators whirring, the buzz of conversation. The running of porters, the shrill remarks of messengers, tourists, housewives shopping, activities of industry and commerce. All add up to the ant-like bustle of a lively city.

— OR —

Ugly faceless buildings, which seem to leer at one. The air polluted by odours of perspiration, burnt cloth and rubber, overheated oil, exhaust smoke and unwashed human bodies. A blanket of smog. Shoppers and beggars and idlers clog the pavements and the streets made impassable by hooting, roaring, churning motorised traffic. A nervous irritating restlessness. Deafening industrial, commercial, traffic and human noises—hooters, whistles, engines, machines, assault the eardrums. Altogether a city to dislike and avoid.

SEGNES SCHONKEN—Form I.

## DURBAN IN SUMMER

### MIDDAY

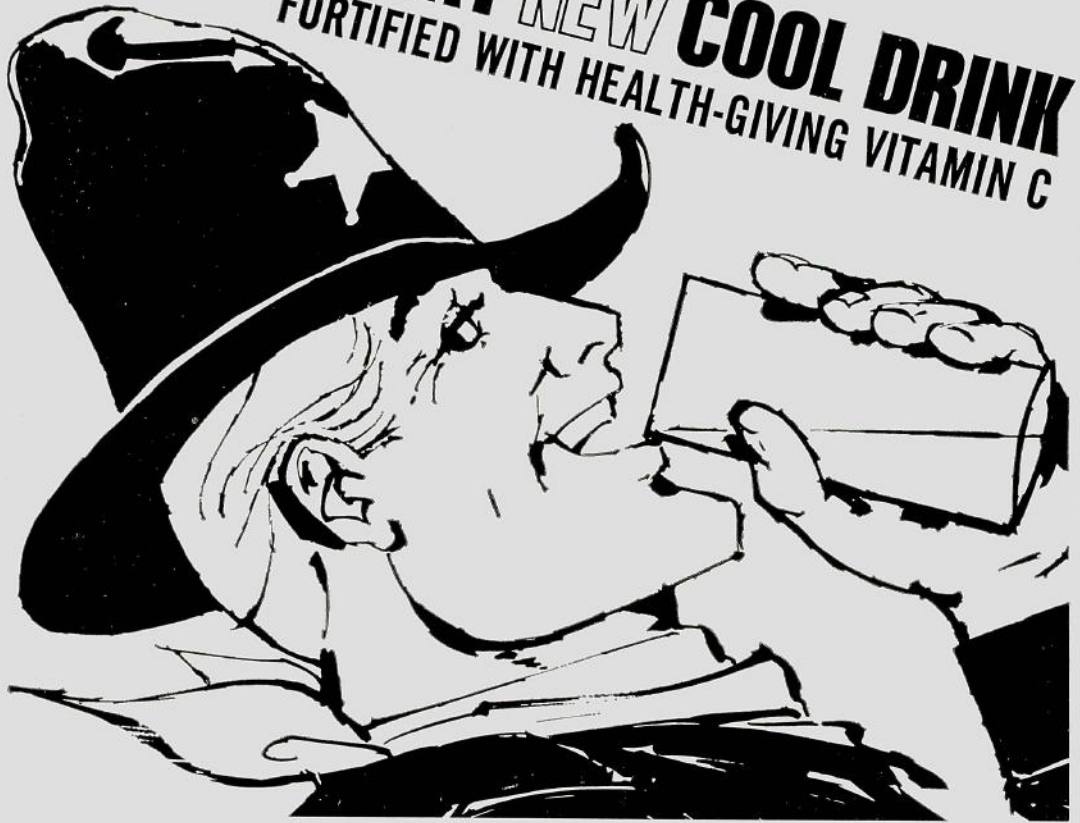
The hot midday sun scorching the golden sandy beach. One of those days with a south-east wind blowing. Papers gusting by and hot sand stinging bathers' legs. Others rubbing sand out of their eyes. Umbrellas up for protection. There's a strong backwash, and blue-bottles. Sticks, papers and other rubbish dirty the greyish blue-green water. It is neither safe nor pleasant in the sea. Under these conditions the beach is an unpleasant place.

### EVENING

The time is almost half past six. The sun is setting in the West, slowly dipping down over the horizon. The unpleasant wind has dropped, and a refreshing sea breeze cools the air. Far-off seagulls can be heard crying piteously to one another. Blue-green waves splash quietly on the coloured-shelled beach front. The cool waters slide smoothly over my feet and the soft seasand squelches between my toes. A hot, clammy, unpleasant day has turned into a cool, peaceful evening.

BARBARA HORN.—Form I.  
(Continued)

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## IN BRYANSTON

### EARLY MORNING

Just half past six. The rosy sun peeping over the hills. Dew-drops glistening on the trees. Birds begin their daily morning choir. Plants lift their heads to greet the sun. So fresh the early morning air. An occasional rooster crows in the distance. Dogs begin to bark. People awake and begin to rise. So begins yet another day.

### LATE AFTERNOON

Just after five o'clock. The sun sinks slowly towards the horizon. The Jukskei River oils its way over the grimy stones. Weary workers begin their homeward journey. Cars hurry along dusty untarred roads. Frogs begin their ugly croak. So ends another day.

CAROL HOPKINS—Form I.

## A BABY

Lying among soft blankets. Defenceless Gurgling and cooing. A cuddlesome bundle of joy.

— OR —

Wet nappies spread across the kitchen on a rainy day. Irritable and irritating. Won't sleep. Howls all day.

SUSAN CATTO—Form I.

## THE EXPLOSION

There was a loud explosion in the street in front of my house. I jumped hastily to my feet, startled, as smoke rose rapidly from a gaping hole in the road.

Rocks and debris began to rain down upon the house. Windows shattered and I could faintly hear the sound of tinkling glass above the roar of the stones crashing down on the roof.

The roof gave way and hard objects came through the ceiling to crash on to the floor. The house began to shudder and then the walls fell in on me! I struggled to stay on my feet as bricks and masonry fell to the floor about me.

Something hard struck my back and knocked me off my feet. After that I was unconscious of what was going on around me, as I was buried by the rubble.

I came to in great pain, for every muscle ached. To my great relief, there were no rocks on top of me and I was fortunate to be lying in a hollow.

I attempted to sit up, but something prevented me. Further examination proved that a great beam of wood lay across my body. Realising that further struggles would prove fruitless, I lay still. I could dully hear the shouts of many voices, the wail of a police siren and the clang of a bell outside. "Probably a fire engine," I thought to myself.

I tried yelling for help, but my throat was so dry from dust that I could barely produce a hoarse whisper.

I glanced around me. To my left was the bath, with a large crack in it. Above me I could see faint traces of daylight in a number of places.

Suddenly, not a yard from my head, I heard a faint moan. Frantically, I screwed my head round to spy Chips, my Labrador. He, too, had miraculously escaped the falling rubble and was now regaining consciousness. I called softly to him. He whined and crawled over to me. He licked my face and then lay down beside me. Night came and there I lay, trapped, but thanking God for such a lucky escape.

All night long I heard the continuous murmur of voices as people struggled to remove the rubble that imprisoned me.

Early next morning I awoke from an exhausted sleep to see a grimy face peering at me. I blinked. "Was it my imagination?" To my relief we were soon taken from the debris.

I was rushed to hospital with a broken leg and a fractured wrist. As for Chips, he suffered nothing more than a few bruises.

Although the police are investigating the explosion, they have as yet found nothing explaining the cause of it.

ROBERT McCONNOCHIE—Form I.

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## IN THE FLYING SAUCER

There was a loud crash. I jumped out of bed and ran to my window. All of a sudden I saw a red flame. Then I thought I saw a flying saucer. I glanced at my watch. It was two o'clock in the morning. I threw on my clothes and ran downstairs to the front door.

As I ran, I tripped and fell. I had a funny feeling someone was watching me. As I rose I heard a twig snap. I turned round, but saw nobody. I stood up and nervously walked the rest of the way, but as I drew nearer I felt myself running.

When I was about ten yards away from where I thought I had seen the flying saucer, I turned round suddenly, to see if anyone had

followed me. Then I had the most terrifying moment of my life. I saw a funny-looking creature come towards me. He spoke to me. "You are coming with me." I felt myself fall into a trance.

When I woke up I found myself in the flying saucer. I had my breakfast, which was strange but delicious. Then in came the Martians as they called themselves. They demanded to know the secret weapon Earth had invented, but I could not tell them. Thinking I was being obstinate, he knocked me out.

Suddenly there was my Mother shaking me and saying, "Wake up, darling, or you will be late for school again!"

LYN FRENCH—Form I.

## MICE

Ugh! Mice!  
They're not at all nice.  
They crawl in thin  
Then crawl out fat,  
Bulging with food —  
They and their brood.  
Harvest mice might be cute,  
Although I have tried to shoot  
Them for stealing our fruit.  
My cat is the smart one  
To catch mice she'll always run.

ROBYN COHEN—Form I.

## I'D RATHER BE

If I would not be me,  
What would I really rather be?  
Perhaps a lazy tabby cat,  
Snoozing on an old doormat,  
Perhaps an ant outside our house,  
But definitely not a little mouse.  
A bird's life wouldn't be too bad,  
But imagine being a donkey sad!  
Now what about a busy bee,  
But no, I'd rather just be me.

NICOLE VERCH—Form I.

## BID FOR FREEDOM

There was a shrill blast on the whistle. The train's destination was West Germany. It slowly chugged out of the station of one of the main ports in East Germany.

In one of the fodder wagons at the end of the long stream of coaches lay four men. Four desperate men. Slowly the train gathered speed. It sped faster and faster along the line. The men's hearts were beating faster and faster in time with the train. Suddenly the train jerked and all four men were hurled forward.

They heard footsteps nearing the coach next to them. They were the footsteps of German guards searching the train for any East German citizens trying to cross illegally into West Berlin.

The four men tried to hide under the straw. The doors of the wagon clattered and creaked as the guards opened them. The men's hearts

began to throb faster than ever. Their perspiration made their clothes stick to their backs and they could feel it running down their faces. They dared not move, for they knew the punishment for trying to smuggle themselves back to their families in West Berlin. Death!

The guards had luckily not spotted them. In five minutes the train would cross the border and they could jump for freedom.

The train began to move again. Slowly it gathered speed. The five minutes seemed like a few hours to the men. They opened the heavy doors as quietly as possible. They had surely crossed the border already. One . . . two . . . three . . . four black figures jumped from the train. Jump for freedom . . . but the guards were alert and when the men landed they never rose again!

IAN McKELLAR—Form I.

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# DESCRIPTIONS

## EARS

Have you ever noticed that animals have one expressive feature? With my pony it is his ears. I could sit for hours just watching them. Everyone who has ever ridden him has remarked on them. They are fairly long, dark and slender. They are not long like a mule's, but just long enough to give him character. They are nearly always pricked forward, except when they flick back to listen to me. On a ride they are forward, then one will flick back, and then the other, then both will go forward and stay there.

I can always tell his mood by his ears. When he is excited they are forward and don't come back. When he is disgusted or bored they go back, and when he is cross his ears lie flat on his neck. When he is nervous his ears are forward and only half flick back when I talk.

LISA GRINTER—Form I.

## A BUSY RAILWAY STATION

It reminds one of a beehive with its restless activity and its millions of different sounds.

A peep into the main concourse reveals hundreds of travellers coming and going, some on short suburban trips, bustling with briefcases and newspapers, school cases or shopping baskets. Others are all set for a three-night journey, perhaps to Walvis Bay. To add to the congestion, families and friends come to say their fond farewells. Sad faces, happy faces, fresh faces, weary faces, old faces, young faces—they are all there in our busy railway station.

Many sounds from many sources mingle together to form a background of considerable noise. Clanging carriage doors jar the nerves as passengers board or alight, flinging shut the metal doors. Whining sirens announce the arrival and departure of electric units. Shrill blasts on the whistle exhort would-be travellers to sprint like athletes or be left forlornly on empty platforms. Porters add their quota to the medley. Suddenly a blast of sound on the loudspeaker announces that the train to Cape Town will be departing from platform three in five minutes time.

A busy railway station is really an unbearably noisy place. I doubt whether bees in a beehive would tolerate all the discordant noises!

JEANNE FELLINGHAM—Form I.

## MY STALLION

He stood in the paddock, neck arched and bright eyes glowing. His nostrils were trembling, his ears pricked forward. His long mane flowed sleekly over the slender rippling muscles of his long neck and chest. His curly black tail was held high, now swishing, now still. His legs were motionless except for the occasional quiver at the knees. A picture of beauty and strength, a picture of my own horse, guarding over his mares.

ANGELA ANDREWS—Form I.

## AT THE DENTIST

As I sit in the dentist's chair I look in terror into the eyes of the dentist. I feel the scraping of the probe in my tooth. Again I catch the glint in his never blinking eyes.

Suddenly the fearful buzzing of the drill starts. Sharp pain streaks through my mouth. At last it is all over and I walk thankfully out of the dentist's room.

YVETTE AMMANN—Form I.

## THE CRASH

The wheels were locked and the screeching tyres slid and slithered on the wet road.

There was a loud bang as one of the cars hit the solid rock wall on the side of the road. The car seemed as if it was going to go straight up the horizontal wall of rock, but suddenly turned over on to the roof and fell ten yards to the ground.

At first it seemed that the other car would stay on the road. The windscreen had been shattered in the impact of the two cars. The headlights had been damaged, plunging everything into darkness, as the car skidded and swerved on the wet surface. Then suddenly it jerked and charged like a mad bull at the wooden fence erected to save anyone falling over the thirty foot cliff. Wooden splinters flew into the air and the nose of the car dipped over the edge of the cliff. The car teetered and then dropped over the edge of the cliff, nose first.

Down . . . down . . . down it fell. Then it hit the ground and burst into flames. Black smoke rose into the air—thick black smoke, showing everyone for miles around the death of five people. Sirens wailed in the distance; otherwise everything else was quiet.

How true is the Road Safety motto "Speed Kills!"

IAN McKELLAR—Form I.

(Continued)



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### The Capil is baby-safe!

Simply can't burn, shock or cause a fire because the elements are totally enclosed in strong, insulating asbestos.

### The Capil is economical!

Switch on in the morning — switch off at night. It has such a low current off-take, you won't even know it's winter from your electricity bill.

### The Capil is versatile!

Comes with a special rail that converts it into an airer for 'smalls' and nappies.

### The Capil is inexpensive!

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Asbestos Heater

## DAWN

It was before dawn when I stumbled down the stairs of our seaside cottage. The early morning walks were routine, but this was especially exhilarating, because the stars were just fading, and the first signs of morning were appearing. I ran outside and in five minutes I was on the beach. On the way there I had seen many beautiful dew-dropped cobwebs which sparkled like animated children's eyes. I had never imagined in my wildest dreams that nature could possess such beauty.

On the beach the sand felt so cool and fresh that I could have spent hours just standing looking at the pre-dawn beauty and wiggling my toes in this natural cooler. The sea was a greenish-blue, with the foamiest white horses imaginable, but the sea was not rough at all. The small opaque waves were gently caressing the golden-white sands.

In the east there were the pinkish beginnings of the most splendid dawn, and there I was, a solitary being on the usually crowded beach, perhaps the only individual for miles around to appreciate it.

The sky could have been a painting with rose-coloured, feather-like clouds, daintily picking their way through the indigo heavens.

A few minutes later the sun rose, looking more like a beautiful Chinese Lantern, suspended on invisible string. I was hypnotised by the magnificence, and imagined myself in the Orient, with weird but sensitive Eastern music playing.

Such beauty — but so few to see and marvel at it!

**PAMELA KNIGHT**—Form I.

## SUNSET

The sun slowly slips behind the mountains. In front a lake like a mirror reflects it. The last birds of the day sing the final song. For a few seconds the world is soundless. Then as if by some magic signal the frogs start to croak and the lion and hyena start to hunt for food.

**GERALDINE PRICE**—Form I.

## AUTUMN

Leaves! Leaves! Leaves!  
Lying on the ground  
Everywhere  
Red! Brown! Yellow! and Orange!  
Another gust of wind,  
Whooooooooooooooooosh!  
And another carpet of leaves  
Lies on the ground.  
Red! Brown! Yellow! and Orange!

**MELANIE RIDSDALE**—Form I.

## A WINTER MORNING

I wake up with the freezing cold air whistling through the crack in my misted window. Outside there is a blanket of snow-white frost covering the grass and plants. I would hate to be one of those plants in the bitter, freezing cold and turning black from the biting frost.

I would love to stay in bed, but unfortunately I have to go to school. I jump out of bed, close the crack in my window and flick on the heater.

After a cosy breakfast, I wait for my lift; the wind races past me, my cheeks get redder and my nose colder still.

There is excitement at school when the first signs of snow fall softly on the frozen ground. I feel that if we have to suffer the cold, why can't we have something to enjoy it with, LIKE SNOW!

**ROBYN COHEN**—Form I.

## TRAPPED

The trapdoor slammed shut and he was left in darkness. His mind was filled with terror. A hundred thoughts rushed through his mind at once. He began to panic and to feel faint. He was hot all over and the perspiration beaded on his forehead. He wanted to run, but his legs felt lame. Everything was pitch-black. He imagined he saw people rushing towards him, laughing at him, pushing him and calling him. He felt hot, and terrified, and then he fainted..

**IAN McKELLAR**—Form I.

## EYES

My horse has the most expressive eyes. They are not grey and lifeless, like some horses, but big and bright. When he is interested in something, his eyes light up, when he is angry his eyes roll, and when he is ashamed he tries to hide his face, but can't resist looking at you out of the corners of his eyes.

**ANGELA ANDREWS**—Form I.

## OLD AGE

He was old. He sat in his tiny room. Outside and inside it was cold. He sat listening bitterly to the excited people outside. They were warm with happiness and did not feel the bitter cold as he did, alone. He wanted to go out also, but could not manage the stairs, into the bright neon-lit streets. Why was life so unfair? Why could they, outside, see the lights? O, how cruel the world was, to leave him hungry and forsaken.

**SUSAN CATTO**.—Form I.

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## WHAT THE MOON HAS SEEN

I was lying on our lawn one summer's evening. Overhead a full moon shed a silvery glow. After a while, I wondered what the Moon had seen.

The Moon, whilst orbiting the earth, must have seen the fighting and horrors of the war in Vietnam, the rioting in France and America, or it might have seen the serene waters of the Mediterranean, the beautiful snow-covered peaks of the Alps, the many crystal-clear lakes of Austria and many of the beautiful sights on Earth and in the Universe.

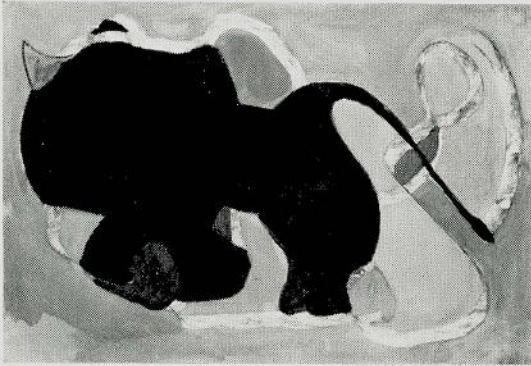
What has the Moon seen circling around itself? Is it a space-ship from Earth, or any other planet, trying to land on its surface, or is it one of Earth's spacecraft taking pictures of the Moon?

The Moon has seen rockets, stars, planets, falling stars and meteors. It might even have seen Leo chasing Virgo or Sagittarius shooting at Taurus.

It has surely seen some of God's angels drifting by on a cloud gently playing the harp, or heard a heavenly choir rejoicing and singing God's hymns. Probably it has also seen Hell's angels roar past on their black clouds chasing after Heaven's angels, but always turned back at Heaven's gates.

As a cloud suddenly drifts across the shining Moon, I am reminded that it is time to go indoors, leaving the Moon above to see the wonders and horrors, the joys and the sorrows of our Earth and the Universe.

**DEBRA DRAKE**—Form 1A.



Graham Hardacre—Form I.



Angela Andrews—Form I.

## NOISES AROUND US

On the lawn, searching for seeds,  
Hop little mossies, twittering in glee.  
Suddenly a rooster crows,  
A little dog yaps excitedly.  
Then a car roars down the road.  
An African strums on his guitar.  
My canary warbles a tinkling tune.  
While love-birds screech at passers by.  
Far away a lawn-mower hums,  
A hosepipe nearby whispers wetly.  
Even when the world sounds still  
There's always some or other sound.

**WENDY WOLTER**—Form I.

## MISS MOD — '68

It's through her fringe she views the world,  
Her thick, blonde hair is short, not long,  
Her skirts are long, her dresses short,  
The nerves of her parents are always taut.  
She pillion rides like a world-famous ace  
Two huge blue eyes make up her face.  
When she dances the whole room sways.  
Not yet will anyone pin her down,  
She always knows the latest craze.  
A serious thought just makes her frown,  
Her boyfriend now won't be her last,  
She'll always find another fast.

**PENNY SERGIADES**—Form I.

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## NATURE

The flowers in the sunlight glitter and shine,  
Even the branches sway on the evergreen pine.  
The Golden Shower,  
In beautiful flower,  
And the birds and the bees  
Amongst the trees,  
Are all joyful that summer is here,  
Gone with the cold and that misty smear..

**AUDREY BOLTON**—Form I.

## BENJAMIN D'URBAN'S CITY

On the eastern shore of South Africa  
Romantic ships glide gracefully  
Into the magnificent harbour  
of Benjamin D'Urban's port.  
An endless sea of colourful lights  
Stretches for miles over hilly countryside.  
Long stretches of spotless beaches,  
Where young and old relax in peace.  
A tantalizing smell of cooking lobster comes  
From a nearby seaside restaurant.  
A warm breath of air comes  
From over the sea.  
This is a beautiful city.

**ANDREW SHORT**—Form I.

## KNOCKING AND BANGING

There has been knocking and banging  
For ever so long,  
They're breaking the place down,  
'cos it looked all wrong.  
The teachers try shouting  
To make themselves heard,  
But the fortunate pupils,  
they hear not a word.  
If this continues much longer  
I fear  
Bryanston will be a madhouse  
by the end of the year.

**MARJORIE HOLDER**—Form I.

## THE DEER

The moon was bright,  
The night was still,  
And a single deer stood on a hill  
He stood in a proud, majestic stance,  
As I watched him lift his head  
in a trance,  
Then he lowered his head and disappeared  
from the scene,  
And I thought and wondered,  
my soul was serene.

**SUSAN MELLISH**—Form I.



**Robin Muir**—Form I.

## MY STOKPERDJIE

My stokperdjie is om prente van mosaïek te maak. Eers sit ek koerantpapier op die tafel waarop ek gaan werk. Daarna sit ek tou om die omtrek van die figuur. Ek is dan gereed om die prent met mosaïek in te vul. Elke deel van die figuur word met 'n ander kleur ingevul. Die oë, die mond en die neus word met krale gemaak. Om die mosaïek en krale vas te sit, koop ek 'n spesiale gom. Ek sit eers die gom op die prent, dan sprinkel ek die mosaïek daarop. Ek laat dit vir 'n minuut staan om droog te word.

Wanneer ek met die prent klaar is, hoef ek dit nie te laat raam nie want dit is klaar gemaak wanneer ek dit koop. Dit is 'n baie interessante stokperdjie, maar 'n mens kan nie so baie prente maak nie, want om die prente te koop, is baie duur.

**LAUREEN STEENKAMP**—Form I.

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## STORMS EN PANNEKOEK

Pannekoek laat my aan storms dink. Toe ek klein was, het my ma die heerlikste pannekoek gebak. Gedurende 'n storm het ons gewoonlik om die vuur gesit en warm pannekoek met vars heuning daarop geëet.

Die reën ruis op die grond. Die wind waai en die bome kraak. Die lamp flikker terwyl die vensters klap. Weerlig blits en donder dreun. Die hael breek die blomme se stamme, en boomstamme buig.

Vandag eet ek die lekker pannekoek en kyk na die blou lug. Ja, pannekoek laat my aan storms dink. Storms en pannekoek gaan altyd saam.

**PENELOPE BARNES**—Vorm I.



**STILL LIFE**  
Robin Muir—Form I.

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## IMMIGRANTE NA SUID-AFRIKA

Jaarliks kom omtrent veertig duisend immigrante na Suid-Afrika. Hulle kom meestal van Engeland, Holland, Duitsland, Portugal en Italië. Die meeste van hulle is getroude mense wat ook hulle gesinne saambring. Suid-Afrika het immigrante baie nodig, veral mense wat universiteitsgrade het, of gekwalifiseerde ambagsmanne en werktuigkundiges.

My gesin het tien jaar gelede na Suid-Afrika gekom, toe ek nog 'n klein baba was. Ons was vlugteling wat van Hongarye af, hierna-

toe getrek het, na die einde van die Hongaarse opstand teen die Russe in 1956. My klein boetie wat in 1959 gebore is, was vir 'n tydjie die enigste Suid-Afrikaner tussen ons want hy is hier gebore. Ons is almal, sedert vyf jaar gelede, Suid-Afrikaanse burgers. Ons is almal baie gelukkig hier en beskou hierdie land as ons vaderland. Al ons Hongaarse vriende het Suid-Afrikaanse burgers geword. Ons hoop dat ons eienskappe en ons arbeid sal bydra om Suid-Afrika 'n gelukkige, ryk nasie te maak.

**GABOR DERY**—Form I.

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## ONS ONDERWYSERS

Al my maters het gesê: „Jy sal jou mond verby praat om oor ons onderwysers te skinder,” maar ek kon nie so 'n kans laat verbygaan om ons ouers die eienaardighede van sommige van ons onderwysers te laat hoor nie.

Die skoolklok lui en dadelik hoor ons die bekende stem wat deur die geboue weerklink en die kinders in hulle skoene laat bewe.

Dan is daar die kunsonderwyseres wat haar vererg as ons haar die verkeerde naam noem.

Die jong kêrel wat ons musieklesse gee, hou baie daarvan om met al die jong noëns die gek te skeer.

Ek wonder of die dame wat onlangs verloof geraak het, gebruik gemaak het van haar matematiese kennis.. Dit is net sowel dat sy nie haar eie middagete saambring nie, want as ons begin bak en brou kry sy genoeg om te eet.

En ons beste wense gaan aan die bibliotekaresse wat ons weet so uitsien na 'n belangrike gebeurtenis.

Hierdie is maar 'n paar van die waarnemings oor ons personeel en ek hoop om volgende jaar meer nuus te verstrek. Maar miskien is dit beter om liewers te min as te veel te sê.

**WENDY WOLTER**—Vorm I.

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## DIE SKEPPING VAN DIE AARDE

Ons leer in wetenskap dat die aarde begin het toe 'n massa stof en gas bymekaar gekom het. Dié het 'n verskriklike warm bal in die atmosfeer geword, maar dit is afgekoel deur eeuelange rëen. Oseane en mere het in die holties gevorm en riviere het die water van die mere en hooglande af see-toe gevoer.

Op dié stadium was daar nog nie grond of sand nie, maar dit het gevorm toe rotse (waaruit die wêreld bestaan het) verweer het. Geleidelik het die rëen opgeklaar en die son het die water tot 'n groot mate verdeel.

Toe het die eerste lewe begin — 'n klein groepie molekule, wat deur gasse en sure gevorm was. Dié het ontwikkel en die ontwikkeling was in twee groepe verdeel — diere en

plante. Die plantegroep het veel vinniger as die dieregroep ontwikkel, tot dié mate dat die hoogste stadium van plante-ontwikkeling nie kan herken word nie. Die hoogste stadium van diere-ontwikkeling is definitief die mens, wat oor miljoene jare geleidelik ontwikkel het.

Die Bybel sê dat mens uit grond gevorm was. Dit sê ook dat die hele skepping, die sterre planete, diere en plante, sewe dae geduur het. Dit is teenstrydig met die wetenskaplike teorie, wat sê dat die wêreld oor duisende miljoene jare ontwikkel het.

In die lig van die voorafgaande twee teenstrydige teorieë, hoe kan ek uitvind watter een die korrekte is?

**SEGNES SCHONKEN**—Vorm I.

## DIE LEWE VAN 'N BOER

Dit is Maandagoggend en in oom Hendrik se huis is almal al op. Die kinders het al skool toe gegaan.

Nadat oom Hendrik klaar koffie en beskuit gehad het, stap hy na buite na sy stoor toe. Al die Bantoes wag vir hom daar om te hoor watter werk hulle moet doen. Hy sê vir drie van hulle dat hulle in die lande moet gaan skoffel, want daar is te veel onkruid.

'n Paar van hulle moet vir hom help, met 'n trekker wat gebreek is. Die res van die Bantoes moet maar met hulle gewone werk aangaan.

Oom Hendrik is nou besig om met die trekker te werk. Hy skree vir een van hulle:

„Klaas bring vir my die tang! Die trekker wil nie regkom nie.”

Uiteindelik het hy die trekker reggemaak. Hy het pas net klaar geëet, en is op pad land toe. Hy sien dat alles daar goed gaan. Maar een van die Bantoes sê vir hom dat die bobbejane lastig is, en dat hulle al sy mielies opvreet. Hy is woedend en gaan dadelik huis-toe om sy haelgeweer te gaan kry. Die middag skiet hy sommer sowat tien bobbejane dood.

Die aand is oom Hendrik baie moeg, en na eete gaan hy slaap.

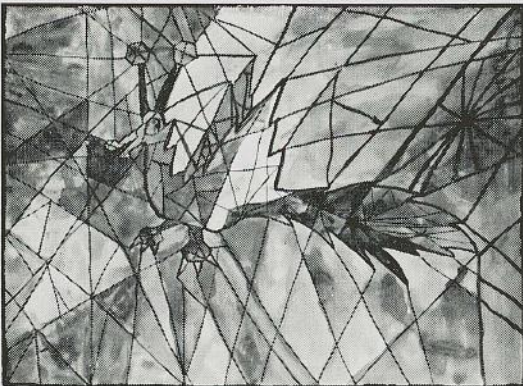
**GORDON GRANT**—Vorm I.

## MY DROOM

Een nag het ek gedroom dat ek na Galoobland gegaan het en dat alles deurmekaar was. My vriend se naam was Gobbels en hy het gesê dat ek en al die Galoobs piekniek moes gaan hou.

Ons het die volgende dag om elfuur vertrek. Dit was eintlik vieruur in die Galoobs se taal. Vir middagete het ons seegras geëet; dit is hulle groente. Ek was net besig om die seegras met 'n wurm te eet, toe my ma my wakker gemaak het. Maar nou is ek bekommerd want ek weet nie wat die einde van my droom was nie.

**NICOLE VERCH**—Vorm I.



**STAINED GLASS WINDOW**  
Jane Rose—Form I.

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## 'N NOUE ONTKOMING

Ons klomp seuns het nou onlangs besluit dat ons ons buurman se vrugte sou steel. Die buurman het heerlike geelperskes maar hy is baie suinig, en wou ons niks gee nie. Ons besluit toe om onself te help.

Ongeveer tienuur die aand het ons stilletjies oor die draad geklim en begin pluk. Ongelukkig het ons nie rekening gehou met die bulhond nie. Hy het eensklaps begin blaf en vreeslik geraas. Binne 'n paar sekondes het die buurman die huis uitgestorm en my maat raakgesien. Hy het hom aan die nek gevat en in die huis in geneem. Ons ander het baie gou

spore gemaak en onder in die straat vir hom gewag. Na ongeveer vyftien minute het my maat daar aangekom met 'n breë glimlag op sy gesig. Hy vertel toe dat die buurman hom eers 'n goeie loesing met die platriem gegee het, en toe 'n lekker koppie koffie en beskuit en 'n mandjie heerlike geelperskes.

Gelukkig het my maat ons nie verklap nie anders sou ons ook onder die platriem deurge-loop het.

Die perskes het darem lekker gesmaak.

**RICHARD TENDERINI**—Vorm I.

## VELDBRAND

Hoekom brand mense die veld in die winter? Hulle dink dat as hulle die gras naby hulle huis afbrand, hulle huis nie sal afbrand nie omdat die gras al klaar afgebrand is. Dan kom die reëns in die somer en spoel die grond tussen die ou grasplante weg omdat daar nie nuwe grassies is wat die grond tussen-in kan vashou nie. Al die gras is afgebrand voordat

hulle saadjies kon maak. Mense wonder hoekom so veel grond elke jaar na die see weg spoel. Hulle weet nie dat toe hulle daardie brandende vuurhoutjie in die gras gesit het nie, hulle gehelp het om al daardie grond na die see te laat weg spoel.

**PRISCILLA HANSEL**—Vorm I.

## 'N AVONTUUR

Eendag toe ek op ons plaas in die Noord-Transvaal was, het ek na die rivier gegaan om te sien of my pa daar was, maar toe ek daar gekom het, kon ek hom nêrens vind nie. Onverwags het ek in die water geval. Papnat het ek uit die koue water geklim en terug na die huis gehardloop. Toe ek my ma sien, het ek haar gevra of my pa daar was.

„Nee,” het sy geantwoord en voor sy iets verder kon sê het ek weer weggehardloop om my pa te gaan vind.

'n Uur later het ek my pa in die bos gevind. Hy het 'n rooibok gaan jag en het geval en sy been gebreek.

Hierdie avontuur sal ek nooit vergeet nie, want dit was my eerste plaas avontuur.

**JOHN ANDERSON**—Vorm I.

## SKOOL

As ek in die middag tuis kom, is dit so warm en ek is moeg en wil net gaan swem. Dan haat ek die huiswerk en alles wat met skool te doen het. Maar as my maag weer vol is en ek het my verkleed dan onthou ek dat as dit nie vir skool was nie, sou die hele wêreld net 'n spul ongeleerde, onkundige mense gewees het.

**ROBYN COHEN**—Vorm I.



**HONDJIE**

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