



ryanston

High School

Magazine

No. 2

December 1969

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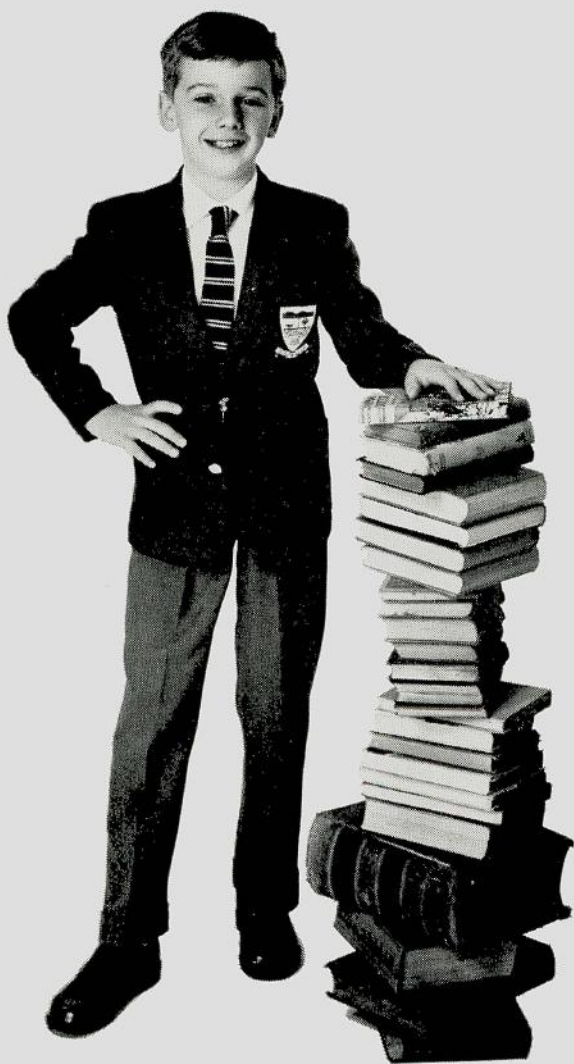
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December 1969

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Mr. A. G. J. van Rensburg — Vice-Principal.
Mrs. V. J. Andrews — Senior Assistant.
Mr. G. W. Kapp — Senior Assistant.
Mr. R. L. Pohorille — Senior Assistant.

Mrs. C. W. Botha;	Mrs. D. Bretherton.	Mr. C. J. Briers.
Mr. N. A. Champion.	Mrs. P. S. Deacon.	Mrs. F. A. S. Douglas.
Mrs. A. M. Dunsford-White.	Mr. M. L. Genade.	Mrs. M. C. Leigh.
Mrs. I. L. Inman-Bamber.	Mrs. S. Leissner.	Mrs. L. Marais.
Mrs. J. Moore.	Mr. D. J. Nortje.	Mrs. C. F. Scheltema.
Mrs. M. U. Tangen.	Miss P. C. Tatz.	Mrs. M. M. Theron.
Mr. J. N. Wells.	Mrs. R. A. Wentzel	

Secretaries: Mrs. V. A. Wilson, Mrs. C. B. McCall-Peat.

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

Mr. N. M. Anderson.	Mr. E. A. Buy.	Mr. H. Cohen.
Mr. S. B. J. Page.	Mr. P. W. Seddon.	Mrs. V. A. Wilson (Sec.)

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Mr. C. M. Krook — Vice-Chairman
Mrs. M. Young — Honorary Secretary.
Mr. R. L. McCall-Peat — Honorary Treasurer.
Mr. A. G. J. van Rensburg — Vice-Principal.

Mrs. J. Anderson.	Mr. E. Brackley.	Mrs. P. S. Deacon.
Mrs. I. L. Inman-Bamber.	Mrs. N. Cohen.	Mr. T. A. Taylor.

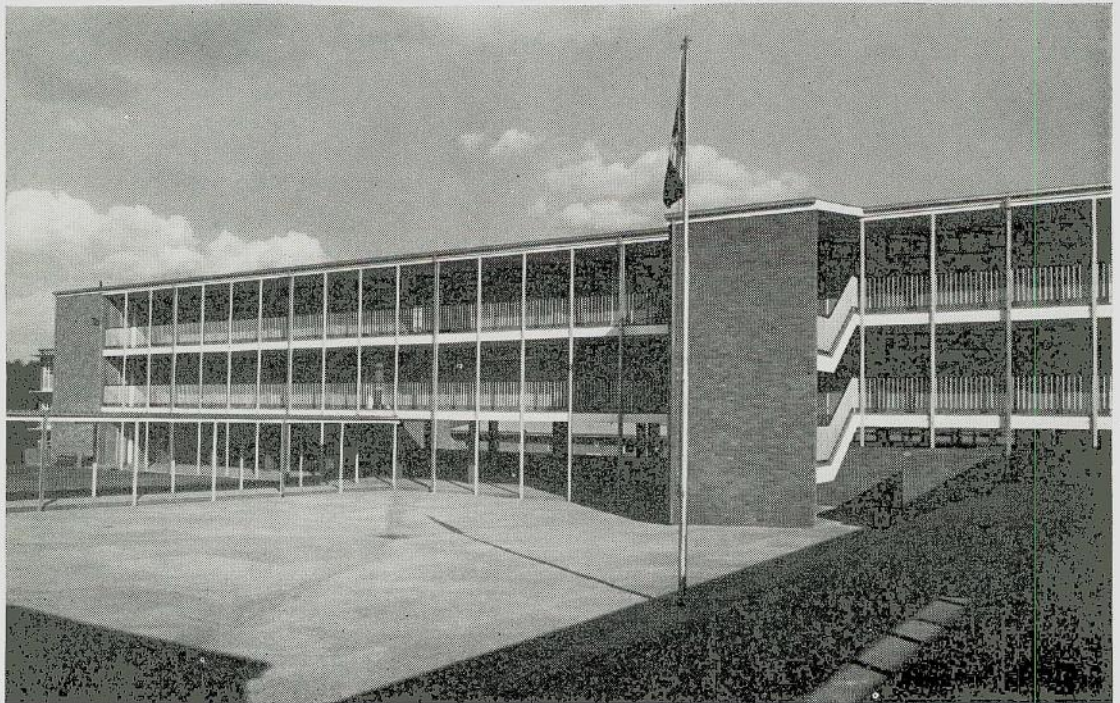
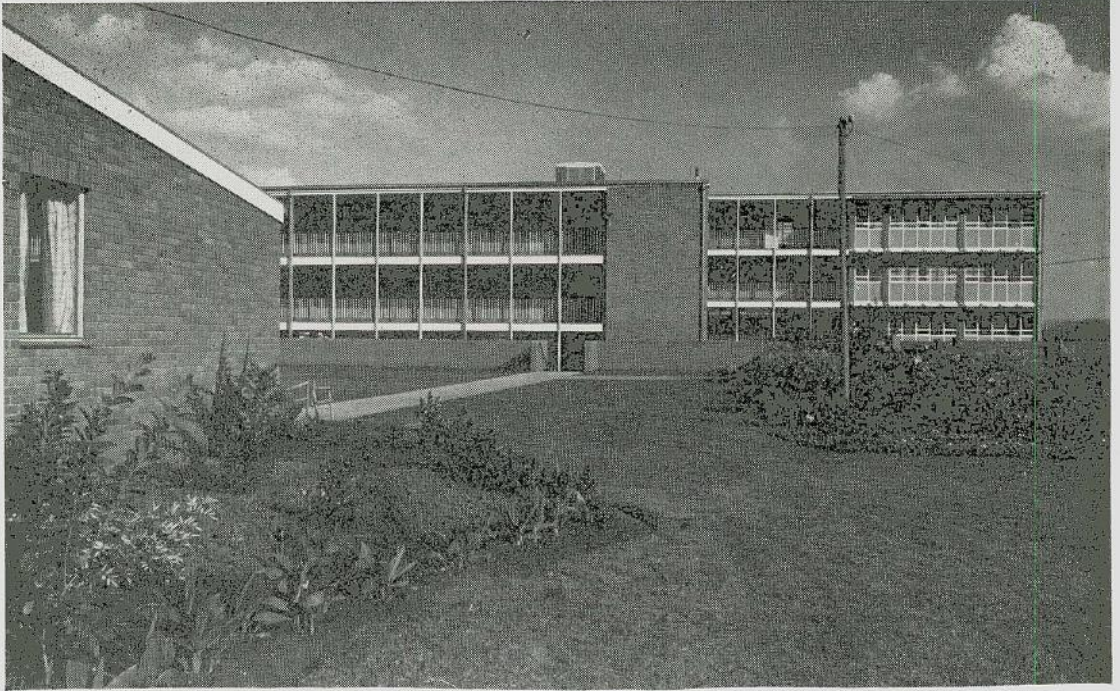
Mothers' Committee

Mrs. J. Anderson — Chairlady.
Mrs. A. Ward — Vice-Chairlady.
Mrs. N. Cohen — Honorary Secretary.
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Mrs. J. Ashby.	Mrs. M. McCarthy.	Mrs. M. D. Taylor.
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Mrs. M. E. Krook.	Mrs. O. M. Swart.	

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Mr. D. A. Collins.	Mrs. J. Anderson.	Mr. R. L. McCall-Peat.
	Mr. W. R. Hedding.	



BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL
Quite a change since last year

FROM THE HEADMASTER'S DESK

THE pupils of this space-age have the misfortune of growing up in a modern permissive society, which makes the task of the school far more difficult, particularly as it works only in one direction — in favour of (or is it to the detriment of) the pupil. Should the school err in the slightest way, or should a teacher discipline a child severely, the irate parent is very quick to complain. But if a child's diligence leaves much to be desired, the modern trend is for parents to excuse or condone this lack of diligence or to blame the teacher. When all right-thinking persons are appalled by today's slovenly "hippie" modes, too many parents negate or even oppose a school's attempts to instil, among other things, neatness in dress and smartness in hairstyles. Some dash off letters to the press, others write to the school demanding that teachers should concentrate only on the teaching of school subjects. Little do such parents realise that education is not filling a child's brain with so many facts — it is the development of character and personality.

It is because of this modern dereliction of parental duty that schools have to shoulder the additional responsibility of teaching manners, consideration and respect — respect for others and, above all, self-respect. Too often the parents in today's society imagine that, by providing the material things in life, he or she has done his or her duty as a parent. The old idea of the close-knit family with respect for elders and for tradition is now neglected or rejected. We are all too busy in the pursuit of our own selfish pleasures. So often schools are asked to allow a child off so that the parent can enjoy an extra day's holiday, irrespective of whether this absence is to the detriment of the child. Small wonder the modern world is plagued with the "social diseases" of juvenile drug addiction, "drop-out hippies", violent thoughtless student protests and other ills of this second half of the 20th century.

At Bryanston High School we have been comparatively free of some of these trends so far, but we cannot expect to remain untainted by these fast-spreading destructive patterns of behaviour. Before it is too late, parents must take the blinkers off their eyes and take a closer look at some of the activities at various local teenage evening functions. It will come as quite a shock to many of them and should prod them into taking action immediately. Parents must realise that it will require the whole-hearted co-operation between school and home (and with parents undertaking their full and rightful share) to tackle these problems and must give the teachers their unstinted support.

1969 has been quite an eventful year in this young School's history. The School was officially opened by His Honour, the Administrator of the Transvaal, Mr. S. G. J. van Niekerk. Our sports fields have been levelled by the provincial authorities. Six all-weather tennis courts have been provided by the Parents' Association, and our Committees are leaving no stone unturned to try and provide a swimming bath in the near future. The enrolment has increased to 520 pupils (Forms I and II only). Additional classrooms are already urgently required and we hope these will be built early next year. We have been fortunate in acquiring Mr. van Rensburg as our Vice-Principal, and a number of teachers of the highest calibre have joined our staff. This assessment of their ability has been substantiated after a panel inspection of this school by nine Inspectors of Education early in August. Their comments on the School's progress so far were favourable and encouraging. Numerous audio-visual and other modern educational aids have been acquired and put to good use. Our lawns and gardens are taking shape.

Our Parents' Committees (Governing Body, Parents' Association and Mothers' Committee) have been very active on behalf of our School and many functions have been organised, including ballet performances, a cinema premiere, a symposium on the danger of drugs, and a fireworks display. We have also benefited from the generosity, assistance, advice and goodwill of many parents, officials of the Department and friends, for which we thank them.

To our staff (both teaching and administrative) I would like to express my thanks for all they have done for our School and to assure them that their efforts are very much appreciated.



J. ALSWANG, Headmaster.



OFFICIAL OPENING OF BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL BY HIS HONOUR, THE ADMINISTRATOR OF THE TRANSVAAL, MR. S. G. J. VAN NIEKERK, 10th MAY, 1969.

**ADDRESS BY HIS HONOUR,
THE ADMINISTRATOR OF THE TRANSVAAL,
MR. S. G. J. VAN NIEKERK
AT THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL**

MR. ALSWANG, Their Worships the Mayors of Randburg and Sandton, Members of Staff, Members of the Governing Body, Inspectors of Education, Guests of Honour, Parents and Pupils.

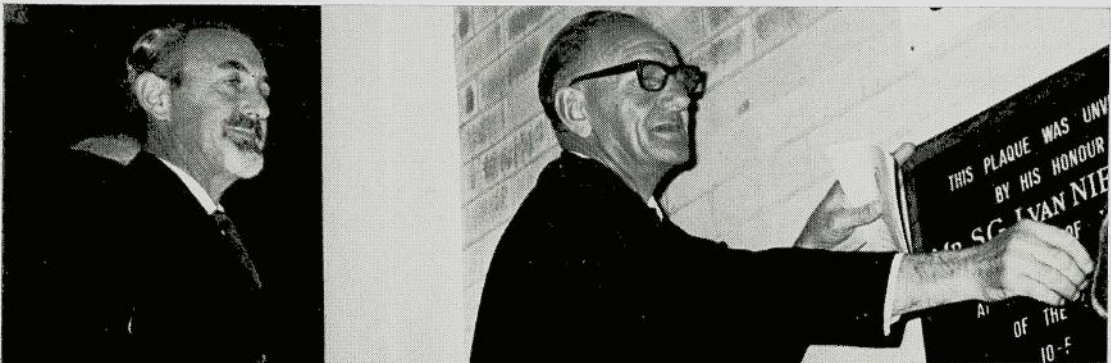
Ladies and Gentlemen, it affords Mrs. Van Niekerk and myself great pleasure to be with you today on this memorable occasion.

It doesn't happen often that one is called upon to visit such a novel and attractive building as the new Bryanston High, planned on a site as spacious and well-situated as that of this school. One's appreciation of all this is apt to soar still higher if the facts come to light that the 11-or-so morgen for the school grounds cost the Department a round R250,000, the building R500,000 and the basic equipment needed to equip it cost another R250,000. The completed project thus — apart from all the unpaid-for thinking, planning, pleading and propaganda that has gone into it from the community itself — cost the tax-payers of this Province about R1,000,000.

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is not all the Education Department is doing and is prepared to do for the children. In the Province, education is absolutely free up to and including Standard X. It supplies the basic needs of your children with regard to textbooks and stationery. It may be of interest to know that it costs the Department R162 per annum to keep a child at a primary school, R217 per year to keep him at high school and R670 per year to make a school teacher of him. This means that if a child finishes his primary school education in the normal time, passes successfully through the high school and spends the minimum of three years at a college of education, it costs the Department R4,229 before he can render any service as a teacher.

But this is not the full picture. In earlier days parents and children had to forge for themselves if they wanted a sound education. Children living within three miles of any school did not get any financial or other help in getting to the school. They had to walk, ride on donkeys and even on oxen to get there. But today the Department is willing to provide the cost of getting pupils to their nearest schools. In this area the Department is running two bus services free of charge for the convenience of pupils who have to attend the Bryanston High School. These few facts will indicate that the Province considers that money spent on education is money well spent. The education budget grows from year to year; the unit costs I have just quoted to you have during the last two years gone up with R28 for high and R26 for primary school. In addition, you can picture to yourself the rise in capital costs if you compare this new building and all the teaching equipment and aids it houses, to what some of us had to be satisfied with some two decades ago. A gymnasium and a spacious, well-equipped school hall, for instance, are today standard sections of any new school building complex in the Transvaal.

All this goes a long way to prove that we have reached the stage where we consider that our children should be deprived of nothing in the way of educational facilities and equipment



UNVEILING THE PLAQUE
His Honour, the Administrator, Mr. S. G. J. van Niekerk, and the Headmaster, Mr. J. Alswang.

that have been properly tried out and found necessary with a view to their physical, mental, and moral development to the maximum of their potential.

This willingness to serve the youth of the nation with the best that money can buy does, however, go much further than merely supplying the physical requirements and surroundings with a view to creating a favourable climate for education and study. The Department is willing to use the best brains and the highest talents to keep on improving our system of education and better to adapt it to meet the ever-changing demands of society and the problems created by the rapid expansion of human knowledge through the splitting of the atom and the exploration of outer space. In this connection, ladies and gentlemen, I want to make a special appeal to the young ones in the audience to have high ideals of scholastic and academic achievement.

Don't be satisfied with a Standard VIII certificate or even a Matriculation diploma but exploit the further education facilities at your disposal today. I want to extend a special invitation to those who have not irrevocably made up their minds about their future career yet to consider seriously joining the teaching profession. You can as future teacher enjoy excellent training absolutely free of charge, join an honourable profession, earn a good salary with numerous possibilities for early promotion and in addition render an essential service to your own people and the country as a whole, a service that carries its own special reward in the knowledge that one has laboured towards furthering the wisdom and happiness of one's fellowmen.

To you Parents, Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to appeal to do your share in furthering the ends of education. Teaching can be fully successful only if the parents are full partners in the educational process. The teacher has of late taken over many of the responsibilities which were in earlier days shouldered by the parents in the education of their children. Nobody is to blame for this shifting of responsibility. It is owing to the changes brought about in our way of life by the change from a rural to an industrialised life. Even though both parents may be working during most of the daylight hours, they can still, through their attitude towards learning, the teacher, the school and the future of their children do much to strengthen the hands of the teacher, and to round off the good work planned by the education authorities and put in practice by the teacher.

In conclusion, Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to mention something else even at the risk of being accused of sermonising to you. I want to appeal to you all to bear in mind that the Administration and the Department are in all their actions on behalf of education in this Province motivated by the desire to provide only the best by way of training and education for the young of the Nation.

Education is a dynamic process which allows no time for sitting back and resting on one's laurels. Renewal is the watchword because changes occur in our own society and in our environment almost hourly, and human knowledge and understanding are marching forward at a tremendous pace. To keep up with all this, essential changes are outdated almost before they are properly introduced and our research and planning section have to be perpetually on the alert and ready to accept new challenges. At the same time no new techniques and methods are allowed in our schools until they have been properly tried out and found useful under our own specific conditions. This explains the fact that the Department is continually conducting experiments in some of its schools and colleges. At the moment experiments with closed circuit television are conducted in one primary and one high school as well as in one college of education. At the same time the Matriculation Project is still in full swing and the Initial Teaching Alphabet is being tried out in five primary schools.



The Headmaster escorting His Honour, the Administrator, into the hall.



Presentation to Mrs. van Niekerk, wife of the Administrator, by Andalene Mostert and Colin Pilliner on behalf of Bryanston High School.

It is now my duty and privilege to perform the task which I am really here for today and to declare this building complex open to serve the present generation of high school pupils from this area and many generations to come. May — through the sound teaching methods, the lofty ideals and the inspiration of those who will be called upon to teach in this institution — from it annually pour forth a stream of young men and women, endowed with the best that natural aptitude and sound education can supply and with the wish to serve their fellow men, their country and their Maker.

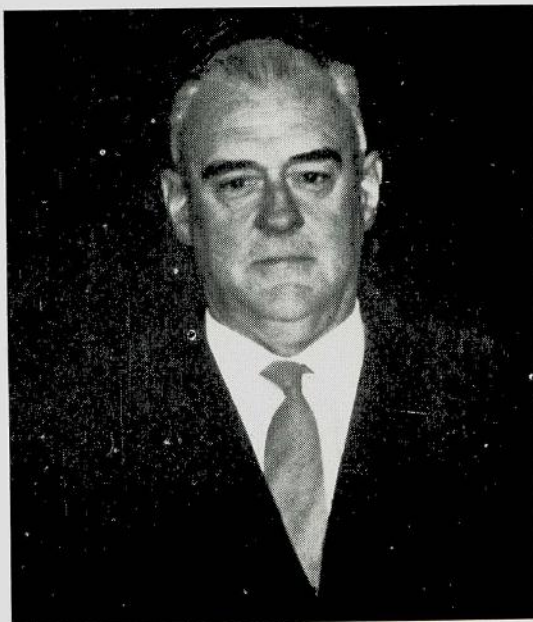
I thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen!

REPORT BY THE CHAIRMAN, GOVERNING BODY

We can all look back on the year 1969 as a year of great progress in our school. Our enrolment doubled; His Honour the Administrator formally opened the school; and the levelling and turfing of the playing fields has all but been completed. Under Mr. Alswang's guidance the school has made considerable academic progress. Next year our enrolment should increase by approximately 250, bringing our total to about 750. This increase calls for additional classrooms and, notwithstanding early representations in this matter, I regret to say that there is no sign yet of the builders, who only have to fill in the blank classrooms on the ground floor in the south wing.

The appointment of the best possible staff for the school has been a priority project and already a number of outstanding teachers have permanent posts with us.

A report on the Administrator's visit to our school and the formal opening by his Honour appears elsewhere in this magazine, but I would like to take this opportunity once again of thanking his Honour and Mrs. Van Niekerk for coming to our school and spending most



MR. W. R. HEDDING — Chairman

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of Saturday with us. It was an honour and a pleasure to have two such gracious persons in our midst.

As it will be at least a year before the grounds are formally handed over to us, (we have to wait for the grass to grow) the Committee is most anxious to proceed in the construction of a swimming bath.

Discussions have been conducted with the Sandton Municipality to improve the roads around the school and it is hoped that during 1970 these will be widened, parking bays provided, and the roads tarred.

During the year the Mothers' Committee has been most active in numerous ways, and

our thanks are due to those good ladies for all the strenuous work that they have put in on behalf of the school. The Parents' Association, too, has had a busy year, and I wish to thank them also for what they are doing for the school.

In conclusion I wish, on behalf of all the parents, to express our thanks to Mr. Alswang and every member of his staff for the splendid job of work they have done for our children during the year, frequently under the most trying conditions, and I wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

W. R. HEDDING,
Chairman.

REPORT BY CHAIRMAN, PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

My thoughts go back to 1960-1967—the period I served with the Bryanston Primary School P.T.A. — the trials and tribulations the various Committees had in helping build up the School and the gratification of seeing our efforts bearing fruit. Little did I realise then that I would be similarly involved in the Bryanston High School.

Last year's Committees (Parents' Association and School Committee) were faced with numerous difficulties, even to the extent of getting the parents together, due to the lack of a suitable meeting place. On your behalf I would like to thank them for the amount of "behind the scenes" work they did manage to get through.

To assist those you have put in office to tackle and complete the numerous problems that lie before us, I earnestly urge every parent to assist us (a) financially, by contributing to the Parents' Association Fund and (b) by supporting the various functions that are arranged. In this way you will be helping us to help your child.

Our thanks to our Mothers' Committee, ably led by Mrs. Anderson, for their unstinting efforts throughout the year.

My thanks, too, to Mr. W. R. Hedding and his Governing Body for their support and advice during the year, and to the Lions' Club, Bryanston, and Bryanston Round Table No 128 for their interest in the progress of the School.

(Continued on Page 15)



MR. D. A. COLLINS — Chairman.

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WHO'S WHO AT BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL — 1969

Mr. J. Alswang
Headmaster



Mr. A. G. J. van Rensburg
Vice-Principal



Mr. G. W. Kapp
Senior Assitant
Afrikaans



Mrs. V. J. Andrews
Senior Assistant
Mathematics



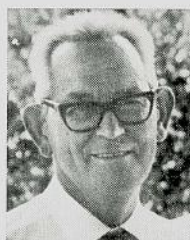
Mr. R. L. Poharille
Senior Assistant
Geography



Mrs. C. W. Botha
Afrikaans and History



Mrs. D. Bretherton
Home Economics



Mr. C. J. Briers
Industrial Arts



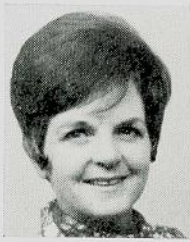
Mr. N. A. Champion
Science



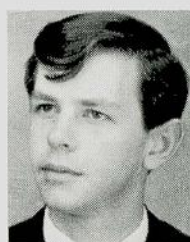
Mrs. P. S. Deacon
Mathematics



Mrs. F. A. S. Douglas
Music and English



Mrs. A. M. Dunsford-White
Art, History and English



Mr. E. French
English and French



Mr. M. L. Genade
Mathematics



Mrs. I. L. Inman-Bawber
Librarian and English



Mrs. M. C. Leigh
Science



Mrs. S. Leissner
English and French

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History



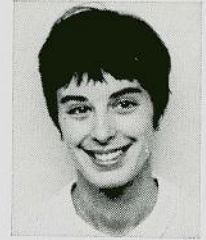
Mrs. M. U. Tangen
Latin and English



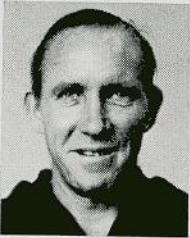
Miss P. C. Tatz
French and Geography



Mrs. M. M. Theron
Afrikaans



Mrs. D. Ward
Geography and French



Mr. J. N. Wells
Physical Education
and Commerce



Mrs. R. A. Wentzel
Mathematics and
Physical Education



Mrs. V. A. Wilson
School Secretary



Mrs. C. B. McCall-Peat
School Secretary

REPORT BY CHAIRMAN, PARENTS' ASSOCIATION *(continued)*

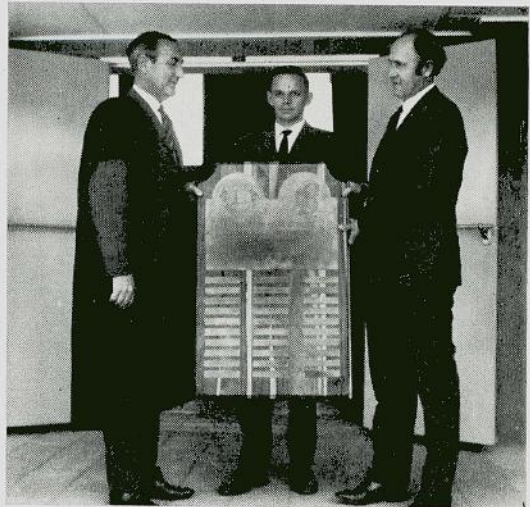
You will all, without doubt, join me in voicing our appreciation to our Inspector of Education, Mr. J. J. A. de Villiers, for the tremendous interest he shows in our well being. As I have done so often in the past, so again do I convey my thanks to our Headmaster, Mr. J. Alswang, for his valuable assistance, advice, and ever thorough guidance.

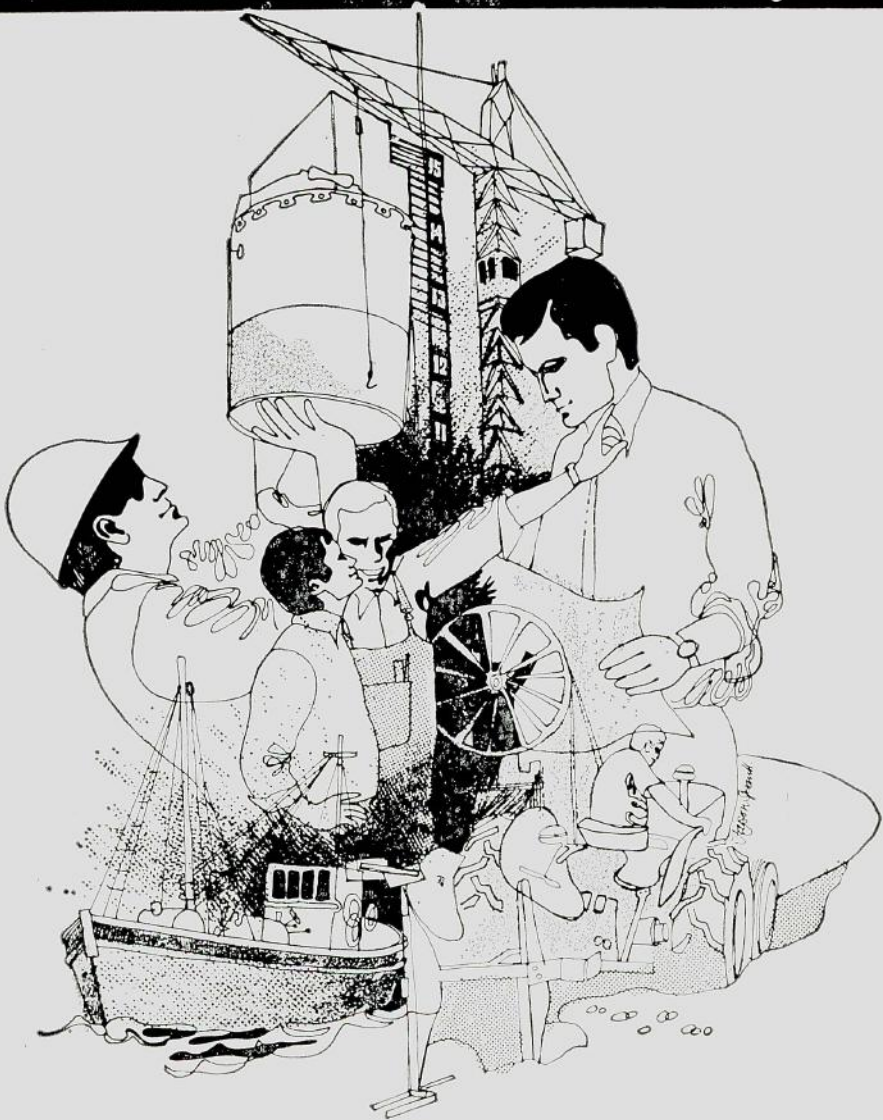
Finally, to my Committee, I say: "We, and the Committees to follow, have a long, winding, uphill road to travel before reaching our ultimate objective. Continue with increasing vigour and I am sure we will find a few detours to shorten our journey to that objective!"

D. A. COLLINS, Chairman.

LIONS AWARD.

This impressive trophy was handed over by Mr. A. Aitken, President of Lions Club — Bryanston, to Mr. J. Alswang, Headmaster, and Mr. A. van Rensburg, Vice-Principal, to be awarded each year for leadership and service.





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HOUSE NOTES

APOLLO

House Master: Mr. J. N. Wells.

House Teachers: Mrs. I. Bamber, Mrs. L. Marais, Mrs. C. W. Botha, Mrs. C. F. Scheltema.

House Captains: Thomas Nieuwveld, Beverley Jones.

Colour: Yellow.

Apollo House, although lagging at times, has done very well during the year and has shown great enthusiasm in all the inter-house activities.

The pupils are very grateful to their house teachers for their assistance and encouragement. Our sports results were as follows:

Cricket	1st
Chess	1st
Rugby	2nd
Swimming	2nd
Cross Country	4th
Hockey	4th
Netball	4th

Lookout Neptune, Jupiter and Mercury — Apollo is going to give you an even rougher time next year! Thanks for being such good sportsmen!

JUPITER

House Master: Mr. R. L. Pohorille.

House Teachers: Mrs. V. Andrews, Mrs. P. Deacon, Mrs. M. Theron, Miss P. Tatz.

House Captains: John Hemmens and Susan Catto.

Vice Captains: Colin Pilliner and Penny Sergiades.

House Colour: Red.

Cricket: Our team put up a valiant effort, but unfortunately lost first place to Apollo in the inter-house matches.

Rugby: We are confident that had the competition been completed Jupiter would have emerged victorious. Only the first round was completed.

Swimming: Jupiter came third in the gala. After a very close struggle for second place.

Netball: Congratulations to our girls who played so well. They won the inter-house competition, spurred on by their vivacious captain, Susan Catto.

Hockey: Our girls deserve praise for coming second in the hockey tournament.

They have set a high standard of play and feel confident that next year we will witness them emerge victorious.

Cross Country: Heartiest congratulations to John Hemmens, not only for coming first, but for breaking the existing school record. He ran the course in 15 minutes, 43.4 seconds. Also of Jupiter Colin Pilliner came third and Marc Massey fifth. Our overall position was third.

Chess: Our stalwart Stelios Pouyoukas fought a lone battle. He certainly did well but could not beat the opposition's numerical superiority.

MERCURY

House Master: Mr. G. W. Kapp.

House Teachers: Mr. N. A. Champion, Mr. C. J. Briers, Mrs. R. A. Wentzel, Mrs. J. Moore, Mrs. A. M. Dunsford-White.

House Captains: Graham Hardacre, Marjorie Holder.

Colour: Green.

1969, Mercury's very first year on the field, has been a very good one. At the beginning of the year Mercury was a new house with very little house spirit and even a few ex-members of other houses, pining for companions and "compatriots" who had suddenly become "the enemy" (as far as the different sports were concerned).

It took much enthusiasm, hard work and let's admit it, a good bit of old fashioned luck to build a good reputation for our house.

Through work and spirit our house has done outstandingly well in the inter-house sporting events. Surely, even the most objective commentator would have to admit a certain mercurial quality in our make-up.

No matter whether we win or lose, Mercury will always show good sportmanship and spirit.

We would like to congratulate the houses who have managed to snatch a victory or two from Mercury.

In conclusion a few results:

Hockey	1st
Cross Country	1st
Netball	3rd
Swimming	3rd
Chess (tie with Neptune)	2nd

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NEPTUNE

House Master: Mr. D. J. Nortje.

House Teachers: Mr. M. L. Genade, Mrs. F. A. S. Douglas, Mrs. M. U. Tangen, Mrs. M. C. Leigh, Mrs. D. Bretherton.

House Captains: Edward Mendoza, Donna Shannon.

House Leaders: R. Muir, Y. Amman, C. Leslie, W. Wolter, M. Gird, S. Britz.

Colour: Blue.

Our House-Match Results:

Cricket — 2nd. Our congratulations to Apollo.

Swimming — 1st. A fitting result for the House of the god of the Oceans!

Netball — 3rd. The School Netball teams consist mainly of members from the other houses, so our team was rather inexperienced.

Hockey — 3rd. Some of our good players could not play because they had to take part in the S. Tvl. Gym Championships. However, we congratulate those girls who stepped into the breach and put up a good defence.

Rugby — Final House-matches were not played because of a lack of fields, but our bigger boys give us confidence for our rugby next year.

Cross Country — 2nd. This achievement was made possible only through good spirit of co-operation of the members of Neptune; since House points were awarded to each finisher, and Neptune entered 67 pupils, against the 62, 45 and 39 finishers from the other houses.

Chess — 2nd. We were checkmated only by Apollo.

Neptune has been sub-divided into three groups, each with its leaders. These leaders help with the control, discipline, uniform and personal appearance of members of our House.

Neptune is proud of the fact that every one of its pupils has a house badge.

Through the co-operation of pupils and the House Teachers Neptune has already built up a good house-spirit which is going to help us to do well in whatever event we participate, and even if we should be unfortunate enough not to win, we will have had the satisfaction of knowing that Neptune always does its best.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS 1969

The appointment of School Captains is made at the beginning of each term after the Headmaster and Staff have discussed candidates for this honour, who by reason of their qualities of personality seem most able to shoulder the responsibilities placed upon them.

GIRLS:

1st Term: Catto Susan, Cohen Robyn, Holder Marjorie, Jones Beverley, Owens Kathleen, Rand Jacqueline, Rose Jane, Wolter Wendy.

2nd Term: Brackley Linda, Catto Susan, Cohen Robyn, Panaretos Elaine, Rose Jane, Sergiades Penny, Wolter Wendy.

3rd Term: Catto Susan, Cohen Robyn, Horn Barbara, Panaretos Elaine, Rose Jane, Sergiades Penny, Wolter Wendy.

4th Term: Ammann Yvette, Brackley Linda, Grant Beverley, Marais Bernice, Panaretos Elaine, Sergiades Jane, Van Weely Sylvia.

BOYS:

1st Term: Fyfe Ross, Hardacre Graham, Hemmens John, Mendoza Edward, Nunns Christopher, Pallas Colin, Pilliner Colin, Richardson Brian.

2nd Term: Fyfe Ross, McConnochie Robert, McKellar Ian, Mendoza Edward, Pilliner Colin, Richardson Brian, Schonken Segnes, Usher Douglas.

3rd Term: Blignaut Anthony, McConnochie Robert, McKellar Ian, Mendoza Edward, Pallas Colin, Pouyoukas Stelios, Richardson Brian, Schonken Segnes.

4th Term: Blignaut Anthony, Bristow Glen, Massey Marc, Nieuwveld Thomas, Pallas Colin, Pilliner Colin, Pouyoukas Stelios, Tenderini Richard.

What's Life Without Pictures?



A BRUSH WITH THE PRESS

On 22nd April this year, "The Star" published a leader-page article by James Clarke, who mourned the passing of Bryanston's rural atmosphere and, in passing, referred to its new high school "that looks like a penitentiary".

The article was written in humorous vein, but our pupils were not taking any insults lying down and more than 140 indignant letters poured on to that paper's editorial desk. Many letters and extracts from letters were printed:

"This is ridiculous", said Margaret Gillespie. "Our school has no huge wire fence with barbed wire on the top."

Michelle Jameson emphasized that: "We are sweet, honourable, tender-hearted and upright children."

Frank Berkely challenged Mr. Clarke to "design a better school on the same budget."

Peter Noden reminded the author that the school "has only been open for just over a year, and everything cannot be done at once."

"We have many amenities that other well-established high schools do not have yet," weighed in Donna Shannon, and Lynne Michael confirmed that "with a fish pond, flower rockeries, and lush green grass, the School is looking like a park already."

Mr. Clarke in a later article considerably mollified the pupils by admitting "the children are right and I was unfair. Having read all 140 letters I couldn't fail to be impressed by the spirit in which they were written. I know that inside the rugged exterior of Bryanston High School there is a happy atmosphere and a very high standard of education."

Honour is satisfied!

THE SECRETARIES . . .

From the Secretary's desk there's words to be said,

She has work for pupils, teachers, parents and "Head",

All day long, she is hard at her job

The phone's always ringing — it makes her head throb.

Some requests that she gets are really too bad
If ALL parents did this she would simply go mad.

"Is Mary warm enough — please lend her a coat."

"Jack's forgotten his lunch" — how mothers dote!

The children too, from morning to noon —
For her the bell can't come too soon!

"Please may I have a disprin—my head aches"

A request from a pupil — there're often some fakes.

"Kindly check on the haircuts — there may be some pain."

The Headmaster's on the warpath again.

"My zip has broken — do you have a pin,"

"We have collected this money, where is the tin,"

"The toilets are flooded, call in a plumber."

Strawboaters — the only dread of summer.

The teachers too, their demands on her make,
For some she must phone — for others duplicate.

The days fly fast, and are never a bore —
Tasks never-ending — but certainly no chore.

Strange to say this office she'd miss

If she stayed at home with a life full of bliss.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

A small but very keen group of pupils take an interest in photography.

Since virtually all of them are beginners, much of the time was spent instructing the pupils in the elementary stages of photography. It is hoped within a year or two, to raise the

standard of work to a level where competitions can be entered and exhibitions staged.

On behalf of the club, we would like to thank Dr. Davidson for his generous offer of a camera of excellent quality to the club. It will most certainly encourage and incite our members to a higher standard of work.

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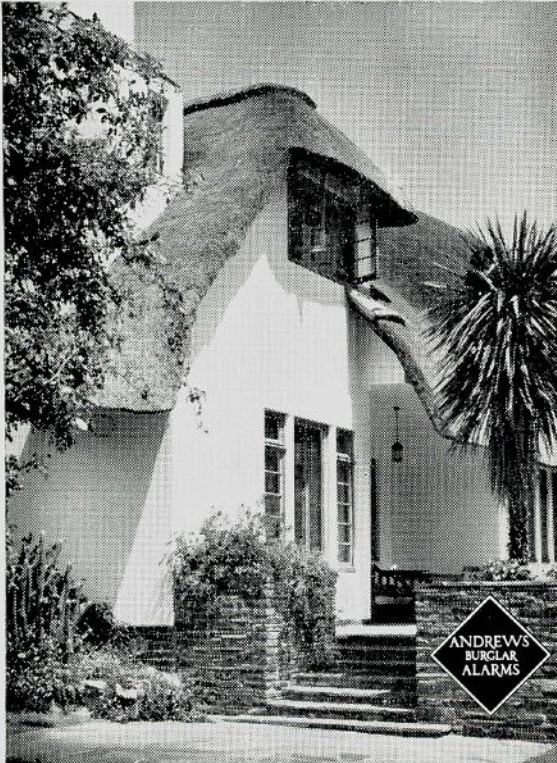
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A STAFF ROOM IN DECEMBER

The fever of revision, the ferment of exams and the nightmare of marking are over. The pupils have left on vacation. The school echoes hollowly. We teachers begin to feel kindly towards the pupils now out of sight — until we start Reports.

I wonder if parents realise what mental agonies are experienced in concocting these documents. Not all parents are tolerant; not all even want to know their child. Some Reports consequently become masterpieces of non-commitments.

Therefore, in lighter vein, to help parents interpret report remarks, we have compiled a special glossary, culled from various educational and other publications and from the experience of members of staff:—

- “Reliable” — completely lacking in imagination.
“Imaginative” — has an endless store of excuses.
“Makes an effort” — would if he could but he can’t.
“Is capable of good work” — could if he would but he won’t.
“Could do better” — couldn’t do much worse.

- “Average work” — Help! Who is he?
“A disturbing influence” — has more control over the class than the teacher.
“Trying” — very trying.
“Has shown himself capable of good work”— has done precisely one decent piece this term.
“Very quiet” — can’t get a word out of him under any circumstances.
“Enthusiastic” — occasionally lets the teacher get a word in.
“Is good at sport” — and nothing else.
“Produces excellent work” — has more brains than the teacher.
“Satisfactory” — This is the last name on the register — have run out of ideas.
“Inclined to play the fool” — he isn’t acting, either.
“Work has recently deteriorated” — has just discovered boys (or girls).
“Making slow progress” — isn’t failing quite so badly.
“Interested and enthusiastic” — has completely deluded the teacher.
“Steady worker” — mother does his/her homework regularly.

TO THE HEADMASTER

Your circular addressed to me,
States quite clearly 4” above the knee,
So though my daughter did rant and rave,
I told her sternly to please behave
And measured the skirt to the exact inch.
But Ah! Alas! now here’s the pinch,
For as my daughter points out to me,
It’s strange where some girls have their knee.
And judging by the skirts so high,
Measurements were taken above the thigh.
Please restore her faith in me,
And return the skirts to 4” above the knee!
I wonder if you’re also aware,

That some of the faces, so very fair,
Owe much to the careful make-up art.
Of which soap and water form little part.
I think eye make-up is a great boon,
But they’re using it four years too soon!
Their beautiful orbs may make the boys sigh.
But they do nothing for the uniform of Bryanston High.
So take a good look at your Form Two,
And specially at their eyes of blue,
So we can return to soap and water ways,
So they may enjoy their halcyon days!
By AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

SCHOOL CALENDAR 1970

FIRST TERM:

12th January (Staff) }
14th January (Pupils) } to 26th March

SECOND TERM:

14th April to 26th June

THIRD TERM:

21st July to 18th September

FOURTH TERM:

29th September to } 4th December (Pupils)
} 10th December (Staff)

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THE PUPILS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The Pupils' Representative Council consists of a representative (boy or girl) from each class, elected by that class, plus a Dean for Girls (Mrs. Tangen) and a Dean for Boys (Mr. Nortje).

This Representative Council has fulfilled an excellent purpose. It has been the liaison body between pupils and staff. When the school was suffering growing pains at their worst, the P.R.C. was enabled to give to their fellow pupils a satisfactory explanation from the staff for the somewhat unreasonable conditions existing at that time. In their turn, the staff were given an opportunity of being made aware of and appreciating most of the difficulties that pupils had to contend with and so, where possible, of easing the situation for

them.

This interaction between staff and pupils has made for a better understanding on both sides. During the first half of this year, when they were most needed, meetings were held regularly once a fortnight. With the solution of most of the pressing problems, the number of meetings has been reduced to one a term, with the understanding that a special meeting may be convened should there be any reason for it.

We thank the representatives for 1969 for a job well done and trust that the 1970 Council will discharge its duties with similar goodwill, having the interest of School, pupils and staff at heart.

Thank you members of the P.R.C. 1969!



THE PUPILS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Standing: Mr. D. Nortje (Dean for Boys), R. Lupton, D. Sacher, R. Dewar, R. Wood, C. Pallas, Mrs. M. Tangen (Dean for Girls), E. Beltramo, C. van Til, G. Heuer, C. Busby, R. Buy, Mr. A. van Rensburg (Vice-Principal).

Sitting: H. Nathan, M. Spicer, A. Lind, J. Kiesouw, J. Gilpin, K. Walters, D. Drake, S. Catto.

DRAMA GROUP

Most of the time was spent on play readings and some of our talented young artists produced their own plays for a Drama Society audience at the beginning of the year.

Mrs. Sholto-Douglas helped a great deal and all of us enjoyed the Drama Society meetings on Tuesday afternoons.

The pupils who seem to be very promising actors and producers are: Priscilla Hansel, Andrew Short, Lynne Michael and Colin Pallas.

During the second term, the operetta "H.M.S. Pinafore" by Gilbert and Sullivan was produced by Mrs. Deacon and Mr. Pohorille. The leads were taken by the following pupils: Kathy Owens, Lynda Bateman, Bar-

bara Daniel, Kathy Avenant, Ingrid Gowie, Odette Jaquet, Rhona Jackson, Robyn Cohen and Karen Dewsberry. Our thanks go to Beverley Crane for all her help at rehearsals and to Mrs. Douglas for all her assistance.

This operetta was a great success and was also staged at Randjeslaagte, the home for the aged.

In the third term Mr. French had started a play by Chekov, but when he left at the end of the third term, it was decided to discontinue rehearsals in favour of reading simpler one-act plays.

An inter-House play festival was mooted, but our crowded calendar precluded this. The Society, however, would like to revive this idea next year.

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"FILMSOC"

What started out as something of a problem at the beginning of the year has turned out to be a very successful venture. Many staff members were loath to operate the School's 16 mm projector. Accordingly two boys in each class were trained as projectionists. They duly received certificates.

A meeting was then held to discuss when and where they would use their newly acquired skill. The idea of forming an extra mural society to show films was mooted. The idea was welcomed, a general meeting was called and FILMSOC Committee duly elected:

Christopher Nunns — Chairman,
James Smith — Vice Chairman,
Sylvia van Weely — Secretary,
Colin van Til — Treasurer.

David Klein, Andrew Short and Geraldine Price. David Sacher soon proved such an asset to Filmsoc that he was unanimously cho-

opted onto the Committee.

By sheer hard work and enthusiasm the Committee has built FILMSOC into a thriving club at our School. Membership, standing at 60, has been closed and a waiting list started. Full length features are screened every Wednesday blending educational programmes with film "classics". Our selections up to date have included: Pulse of Africa, Tom Brown's Schooldays, Cruel Sea, Where no Vultures Fly, The Wrong Arm of the Law and Lord of the Flies.

We have already raised sufficient money to present a cinemascope lens to the school. We have also (proudly) assisted Form IB to raise funds for their presentation to the School.

A hearty thank you to Chris Nunns and his Committee for their enthusiasm and untiring efforts in successfully arranging a film show every Wednesday.



FILMSOC COMMITTEE

Standing: D. Sacher, C. van Til, A. Short, D. Klein.
Sitting: S. van Weely, J. Smith, Mr. R. L. Pohorille, C. Nunns, G. Price.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Following a series of in-class debates, the School decided to launch a Debating Society with the primary aim of competing in the Inter Schools Debating Competition, which is sponsored by the Johannesburg Junior Chamber of Commerce.

On Tuesday 29th July, our two representatives, Priscilla Hansel and Wendy Wolter, both

from Form II, debated against senior girls from Brescia House Ursuline Convent. Though our team spoke with spirit on "Censorship as a Necessary Evil" and "The Need for Outlawing Gambling", the Matric girls were adjudged the winners.

We welcomed the experience and look forward to next year's competition.

Bryanston High School

thanks

JOHN LEE,
DIANA THORP

and

N. A. CHAMPION

for the photographs published in this Magazine.

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nor the Print that smiles from open pages
Value me not for these, for they are but
trappings — the House in which I live
and the Clothes I wear.
But come to me and know me for what I am,
The Wisdom of the World

captured and arranged for you; brave Deeds
performed before your very eyes;
the Music of tuneful words;
Hours of laughter and moments close to tears;
the Glitter of Artic Ice
and the Blaze of Desert Sun;
the Spirit of Discovery
and the Thrill of Invention.
I AM AN OPEN DOOR. ENTER.”

We are South Africans and we love the sun but most of our pupils don't realise that the library is open also on sunny days. It is crowded on cold days and in rainy weather!

We have a wonderful stock of books — 2,000 in 1968 and 500 new books so far this year, yet only 52 books are borrowed each week by our 520 pupils. The main function of a school library is to provide reference material for the subjects you are studying but we do have books for your enjoyment also. Alistair Maclean, Agatha Christie and Gerald Durrell books are well thumbed but how about the authors you haven't heard of yet?

The photograph shows our first 10 librarians who are proudly displaying their new badges and working very enthusiastically. They are in the library both breaks to help you. Come in and browse around.

Ernest Davidson and Gregory Upton have been reliable newspaper monitors for the year. All of you who read the daily papers so avidly owe them a debt of gratitude.

Our thanks to these 12 and all the other pupils who have helped in the library during the year. We also wish to record our thanks to Mrs. Barker for her regular behind-the-scenes assistance.

A strip film collection has recently been started as part of the library reference material and the School has bought a wonderful set of colour slides on art.

Next year we hope to acquire pamphlets, pictures and maps to be used in the library.

We are extremely grateful to a number of parents who so kindly donated books and in particular to Mrs. Steenkamp for her very generous gift.



J. Barratt, K. Avenant, Mrs. I. L. Inman-Bamber, G. Price, A. Short, G. Land, C. Wadman,
A. Rickelton, A. Fitzhenry, J. Llackman, J. Hemmens.

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CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES AT SANDSTONE

In the region of Sandstone Boarding School a large number of crimes had recently been committed. Why, just a week ago, a ruffian had even set upon the venerable Mr. Squilah, the Head! He had been walking along the river when this desperado had demanded his wallet. Mr. Squilah with a walking stick . . .

Lately this topic had aroused much interest amongst the children in the School, and as the ruffian (at the police station) had sworn revenge on the School, the children had been told to latch the windows at night, and keep a cricket bat handy. The youngsters in the lower forms had thought this a great lark, until one night . . .

On this certain night, a particularly greedy youth from one of these lower forms had awakened, and as he was feeling peckish, he got out of bed—oh, very silently—and inspected each boys' locker. In Dilton's locker he found exactly what he wanted.

Generally Algernon was an honest lad, but where food was concerned he was without scruples. Staring Algy in the face was a delectable array of edibles: a cream bun, half a bar of chocolate, and a packet of bullseyes. Algy set to.

Halfway through the choc' bar he heard a noise. He gave a start. "Dilton", thought he. But no, that lad was recumbent on his bed.

He dismissed the noise and had forgotten

all about it three quarters of a choc' bar later. But there it was again; a scraping sound on the window pane, as though someone was sliding the latch from outside. He could see nothing beyond the heavy curtains. He dropped the choc' bar and paled. One thought was in his mind — the revenge of Mr. Squilah's attacker.

Again came the noise, and Algy wakened the nearest boy, who happened to be Dilton. "You cad!" he exclaimed, "take your thieving hands . . ."

"Shhh!" said Algy, and bade Dilton listen. He listened and the same fear entered his mind.

The two boys waited in silence on either side of the window. Algy with a cricket bat, and Dilton with a large, heavy ruler. Thoughts raced through their minds: "What if he's armed? Is he drunk? Will he get me first?"

Then they stiffened as the latch clicked, and a form pressed against the curtain. Algy and Dilton lunged in panic. The form disappeared and with loud yells they beat at the spot where the intruder would emerge. Their blows found no resistance there and they succeeded only in belabouring each other. Light clicked on, and the scared warriors were separated.

On the floor stood Tom, a large cat belonging to Mr. Squilah, oblivious of the commotion, idly sniffing the remains of Algy's feast.

ROBERT DEWAR — Form II.



by Beverley Crane — Form II



STILL LIFE.

by Alan Laubscher — Form I

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MAN ON THE MOON

It was Wednesday 16th July, 1969 when the three astronauts of Apollo II were blasted off into space. Destination: Moon. From Pad 39A the rocket was seen soaring into the sky.

The Apollonauts were Neil Armstrong — Commander, Edwin Aldrin — pilot of lunar landing craft, and Michael Collins — pilot of command module. These three names will appear in every book on space travel.

They were all born in 1930. Each of them is married and has children. All three have been up in space before.

The Saturn V rocket was 364 feet tall with a diameter of 33 feet. Its weight at lift-off was 6 million pounds.

The rocket hurtled through space for 5 days. Frequent messages were sent from the happy and contented crew. It was on the sixth day that “Eagle”, the landing craft, touched down on the surface of the moon amidst a cloud of dust. It was precisely 10.17 p.m. South African time on the 20th July.

First words were “TRANQUILITY BASE HERE. EAGLE HAS LANDED.”

A dream of the ages had come true as two astronauts settled down on soil where no man had ever touched before.

Looking out of the window, they had a good view of the moon.

Prayers for the astronauts were offered throughout the world.

The astronauts rested for a few hours while Michael Collins orbited the moon above them. Then came what the world had for so long been waiting.

Neil Armstrong descended the ladder to set foot on the surface of the moon. As he did so, he uttered the historic words: “THAT’S ONE SMALL STEP FOR A MAN, ONE GIANT LEAP FOR ALL MANKIND.”

Armstrong and Aldrin set to work at once setting up experiments, collecting samples of the soil, and taking photographs of themselves. The world listened and those fortunate enough saw these historic moments relayed on T.V. The American flag was placed firmly in the dust on a plaque which was left on the moon: “WE CAME IN PEACE FOR ALL MANKIND.”

The distance from moon to earth has been accurately measured. It averages 238,856 miles.

Magnificent photographs showing man’s work on the moon were taken and brought back to earth.

Then came one of the most dangerous and exciting moments when “Eagle” had to be blasted back to earth.

The world held its breath until the astronauts were again safely back in the mother craft, Columbia.

As the earth watched itself growing bigger on T.V. screens, the astronauts saw their second world growing smaller.

The mission had been a 101% success.

As soon as the Apollo II crew were safely back on earth they were lifted with special suits and were put straight into isolation in case of moon germs.

The president of the U.S.A., Mr. Nixon, spoke to them while they were in quarantine.

Their three names will be remembered for ever, because of the great step they had taken in space exploration. This is only the first step in space travel, but nonetheless a dangerous, exciting and fantastic feat has been successfully accomplished.

The entire mission was, literally, “out of this world!”

JANE ROSE — Form II.



ROBIN MUIR — Form II.

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THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

Eating my food at no great haste was not what I expected on this hunting morning, but there were my parents, remarking on certain points of the news, which seemed uninteresting to me, so quietly and unhurriedly, that I felt the frustration building up in me. My brother attended the hunt only to meet all his friends, especially the "cool chicks" in our district and therefore was not in any great hurry.

After provoking my father into rising from his chair, we made ready to leave. The horses — neatly bandaged and gleaming — pranced and leapt about, feeling the excitement in the chill morning air.

Eventually our small cavalcade of three set off.

The horses were my four year old brown mare, Sherry, who was having her first outing in the hunting field; my father's solid, reliable, dappled hunter, Guardsman, who was very experienced; and my brother's excitable black horse, Whirl-a-way.

The air was crisp and soon steam rose from our horses. Finally we arrived at the meeting place in our tiny village. After bidding the Master a cheery good morning, we spoke to our friends, who were just as expectant as we.

The master made the field spread out and

we were off. A crash of hound music made the horses plunge about and, as the hounds found the scent, the horn blew, striking the chill morning air.

The old fox tried to escape across a ploughed field, through a spinney, and down a steep hill into the woods. The hounds, still young, lost the scent, but the master let the field run and we were going well. Suddenly, with a sinking feeling in my heart, I saw a fence of post and rails, five feet high, which my horse, I knew, could not jump. I turned back, sick with disappointment, while the sound of the hunt faded away into the distance. Suddenly I heard the hounds coming nearer and nearer. The fox had turned back my way, and burst through the thicket, the hounds close on its tail. I went after them, the wind tearing at my face. It was the most exhilarating feeling I had ever experienced, galloping over the hard turf.

The fox was tired now, and I witnessed the hounds bring him down. He struggled vainly, his eyes bulging, and then fell back, dead.

I turned away, feeling sick, and a thought suddenly struck me: A life has been ended viciously, and all in the name of "sport".

CLAIRE ROOS, — Form I.

THE FEAR OF MARMALADE

The marmalade cat was sitting there,
Licking its fur without a care,
Orange, golden, shining in the sun,
Enjoying a life of rest and fun.

When all at once a dog it spied!
The marmalade was terrified,
With green eyes wide he had to flee,
Over the wall, up the apricot tree.

LINDA BRACKLEY — Form II.

THE FAIR

A once-a-year fairyland, the fair's lights blink and wink, flirting with the darkness. The sound of gay music is mingled with the cries of the stall owners, and the shouts of the jubilant crowds.

A tired and sweating stall owner hands the dirty tennis-balls to a giggling teenage girl, who is determined to knock down something worthwhile. A sticky, freckle-faced little girl hangs on to her tired mother, demanding a balloon from a man who resembles one himself. The scream of a girl, who thought she was brave enough to ride in the dive-bomber, penetrates the air as she hurtles towards the

ground, only to be swooped safely upwards again. A young man emerges from the tent of the fortune-teller, looking apprehensive and unhappy about his future. The ice-cream seller smiles triumphantly as the last of his ice-creams is bought by a scowling, scruffy little boy.

Then, slowly, the crowds drift away, the stalls close down, the machinery comes to a stop, the balloon seller goes to his caravan, the fortune teller takes off her big gold earrings and the fair goes to sleep. Everyone hopes that tomorrow will be as successful as today.

CHERYL DAVIES — Form I.

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THE ATTACK

The yellow sand, shimmering in the midday sun, gave off a fierce heat, burning the soles of my feet. Seemingly alone in my agony, I stood tense, awaiting the fatal hit from my opponent.

Again and again, I had withstood his powerful attacks, longing for the time when he would tire, giving me time to relax my body and collect my scattered thoughts.

My head was throbbing and the perspiration was running down my face. My eyes kept stealing glances towards the only bit of shade — a pitiful attempt made by a half grown mimosa in the noonday sun. Oh, how I longed to sit quietly under it, sipping a glass of water. It didn't have to be cool or clean as long as it

was something to wet the parched roof of my mouth.

I could sense my opponent preparing for the attack. My heart was beating frantically against my ribs, and my knees were wobbling like jelly.

With a stout effort, I forced my limbs to obey my commands. My feet felt like lead and my head was floating up in the clouds. Eventually I was ready to place my final shot. I awaited my fate.

With an almighty rush the ball hurtled into the net, once, twice, I shut my eyes with relief as the umpires shouted: "Double fault, set to . . .!"

PENNY SERGIADES — Form II.

PARENTS

Parents, I find, often will
Understand you, yet they still
Make an ominous "tsk, tsk",
When you take a so-called risk.

Parents, you find, get easily 'het up',
Under the impression of a different set-up
They will not listen to your reason,
Withhold your pocket money as for treason.

You're sent to the garden and told to weed,
You usually dig up the newly-bought seed,
You are brought inside and put to bed,
They don't even listen to what you said.
And when at last the next day dawns,
You are told to eat stewed prunes.
Though they know you hate the stuff,
If you don't eat it, they'll get rough!

STEPHEN WILKINSON — Form I.

SURPRISE PRESENT

On my birthday I was given a small bundle of brown fur which had four legs, two big floppy ears and what looked like a small pointed tail. I was horrified!

"I . . . Is this the surprise?" I asked my mother feebly and then I felt immediately ashamed of myself as a shadow crossed my mother's face.

"O . . . Of course, he's lovely, but you know I hate animals," I added hastily.

"Oh . . . I thought you would like a companion at Granny's house when I go to France next week," my mother answered, a hurt look in her eyes. I tried to hide my feelings as I thought wryly, "Really! A dog in Granny's immaculate house!" The bundle of fur, which I had put on the rocking chair, suddenly un-wound itself and I could see more distinctly the legs, tail, body, ears and bullet-shaped head.

It gave a little yelp of surprise as it slipped

off the smooth surface of the tilted chair and fell with a bump on to the floor. It jumped up, turned around and attacked the chair's rockers with all its puny strength! We were in fits of laughter at its antics.

When the puppy had tired himself out, he looked at me with his big, brown eyes and whined gently. My heart melted at his plea and I fed him some bread soaked in milk. When he had finished, he clambered up into my lap and fell asleep with me softly stroking his plump little tummy.

"Er . . . will you take him to Granny's or must I . . .?" My mother began, although she already knew the answer.

The next fortnight was one of the best holidays I have ever had, and I think Bundle, my puppy, thinks so too!

LESLEY CRONJE — Form I.

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CARNABY STREET

"Carnaby Street, Borough of Westminster."
I looked up at the sign on the high brick wall; there I was in Carnaby Street, London.

I had just left Oxford Street Station and had asked a man selling hot chestnuts, the way to Carnaby Street. He looked up at me and said: "Couple o' blocks down luv."

Well, I walked a "couple o' blocks down" and found myself facing the sign on the high brick wall.

There were Christmas decorations hanging from one side of the street to the other. As I walked further on, I saw what once was the renowned "Apple Boutique" now with psychedelic paintings on its whitewashed walls, and known as "Lord John's". On walking further on I came across a small, dimly lit shop known as "Gear", which had a distinct smell of incense. I bought many souvenirs in "Gear", all of which had a Union Jack on them, which is the theme of "Gear" clothing.

Outside the shop to the right they were selling posters and badges with slogans on e.g. "Forget Oxfam", "Feed Twiggy" and "Ban Badges". I must have spent a small fortune in badges and posters from Carnaby Street.

All of a sudden a queer wailing noise reached my ears. I looked across the street and saw a boy of about nineteen playing a flute. Sitting beside him was what seemed to be his girl friend.

The boy was dressed in a long German officer's coat, while the girl wore a long grey sweater with tight denim jeans. Beside her was a straw hat into which people dropped coins.

I crossed the street and dropped about two shillings into the hat. The girl caught hold of my sleeve and wrote on a slip of paper two little words, "Thanks luv". She was mute.

That too, is Carnaby Street.

LYNDA BATEMAN — Form II.

THE RIVER

Rushing, rushing
Always gushing.
Swirling, turning,
Does it ever stop churning?

MICHELLE SEDDON — Form II.



THE SKETCH CLUB.

Above: Bruce Kerswill busy with a lino cut.

Below: Lindsay Seiderer completing a still life.



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.



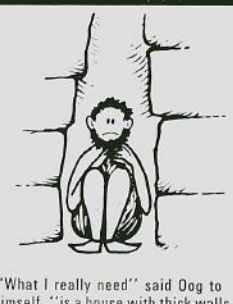
Whipping out his Boy Scout tinder sticks, Oog soon had a roaring fire in his cave which was very welcome, and a lot of smoke, which was not. Oog made a strategic retreat to think the matter over.



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.



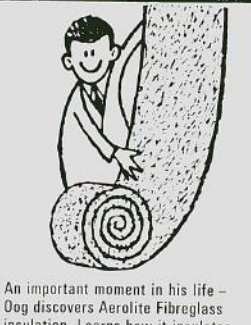
"What I really need" said Oog to himself, "is a house with thick walls that won't burn, that will retain summer's warmth and let it out gradually in winter." He built a little castle with walls seven feet thick, but found the house very large and the insides very small.



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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THE SEAGULL

Look! High, high in the heavens,
Dives the body of the gull.
Bigger and bigger it gets.
Swooping down to the crystal waves,
It disappears — there it is again,
And that's how it plays all day long.

DEIDRE TODD — Form II.

HORROR

The silkworm's body curled up in agony,
His hairy legs stretched out in pain,
His wound oozed,
His eyes bulged,
With one great jerk he curled up
Dead.

BEVERLEY CRANE — Form II.

THE BUILDERS OF B.H.S.

Two years old — that's B.H.S.
And what a change of face!
The school is looking like a school,
Not just a messy place,
With builders here and builders there,
And red dust blowing everywhere.
Now we have some room to move;
A place to do our gym;
Some courts on which to tennis play:
And soon we hope to swim.
No builders here, no builders there
No clouds of red dust anywhere.
The classrooms are all going strong
With book and ball-point pen.

Where, oh where, are the new ones going
When we are Standard — 10?
With no builders here, no builders there,
No red dust flying anywhere.
So I can see before too long
The time will surely come again,
When B.H.S., a thousand strong,
Will need this old refrain —
Builders here and builders there,
Move the red dust anywhere!
Move the hall! Move the labs!
You must make room for our PRE-FABS!

LESLEE COLLINS — Form II.

THE MISTAKEN IDENTITY

All of the Third Form were toiling, scrubbing, brushing, sweeping, dusting, washing and polishing, until their fingers were bent and their backs ricked.

The floors in the old school never seemed so red and shiny, the windows never so sparkling and glinting. The blackboard, normally covered in dust and chalk marks, was spotless, washed free of its grime.

The girls were milling around like little bees, too excited to complete their prep.

The reason for this exceptional activity was the imminent arrival of the new school governor, just recently posted to the district. He had notified the school, that he would like to get acquainted with the school, and that he was not averse to addressing the pupils.

Then in the midst of the excitement disaster struck! One of the ancient pipes leading to the main fountain in the courtyard burst.

An immediate call was put through to the village plumber. It was learnt that he was still sunning himself at Brighton, so the distraught school appealed to one of those expensive plumbers from the neighbouring town. In the meantime they directed the water flow into the fish pond, and arranged a human chain of

bucket wielders to maintain its level.

The next day a message came. The governor would call that very morning. The pupils lined up when the Great Man's black, but disappointingly small, car arrived.

A few of the girls giggled but were hastily reprimanded, as the head muttered something about the Government's budget scheme.

This modest arrival was further supplemented by the gentleman's ordinary brown suit and rather heavy brief case, obviously stuffed with important papers.

All the girls lined up to form a guard of honour as the Head, talking ten to the dozen, pointed out the features of the School and expressed her pleasure at being honoured by a visit by such a busy man.

The Dignitary was obviously discomforted by the effusive welcome.

All were ushered into the hall for the long awaited address. The Headmistress said how honoured they were by his visit and asked him to speak to the assembled body.

"I'm much obliged to you all," he began, "but I thought you wanted me to fix a busted pipe, not talk about it . . ."

KAREN DEWSBERY — Form II.

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THE LUCKY FORM I's

The Form I's of this year have no idea how lucky they are in having our new, thief-proof bicycle shed.

Last year, all we had was an old, rusty tin shelter. It was certainly better than nothing, but offered no protection at all from thieves and people with itchy fingers. Quite a few cases of stolen bicycle parts were reported last year. Most of these were small, easily-removable parts, though very inconvenient to have replaced.

Our new bicycle shed is one for which we can be really thankful. However, it looks as though in a year or two an extension will have to be added as the number of cyclists is growing apace.

Perhaps the Form I's of next year will have the chance to be thankful for a sparkling swimming-pool . . . who knows?

ANDREW SHORT — Form II.

MY ROOM

A person entering my room is liable to be greeted by objects cluttering the doorway. But he should not be disillusioned by the untidiness, for this room has both charm and character about which even I feel ashamed to boast.

Like any other ordinary room it has a bed, cupboard and all the other basic necessities. It is not these, but other details, which help to compile its charm.

In the corner of the room stands a rather old and battered desk, which has, however, served its purpose well during the years. Piled high upon it lie books, papers, long-forgotten homework and pens.

My bed stands a little way away from the desk — old, yet so comfortable — it has withstood much jumping and springing.

Scattered across the crumb littered floor lie various items of clothing. However, some hang from the back of the yellow chair.

High on the walls hang my favourite and much-loved pictures. The pretty mirror has been on the wall for countless years.

On a low shelf stand my many ornaments given by doting aunts as birthday presents. Though long undusted, they do add gaiety to the room.

Now perhaps you think my room is just another of those untidy slightly battered rooms, but to me its familiarity and security make it the most charming and delightful room ever.

SOPHIE MONAT — Form II.



LINO CUTS.

Above: Lindsay Seiderer — Form I.

Below: Angela Westwell — Form I.

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. . . think of **Luggage!**

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THE SEA

(An anthology of verse and prose)

"They that go down to the sea in ships
That do business in deep waters,
These see the works of the Lord,
And his wonder in the deep".

Psalms. Chap. 107 v 23.

Sea ever-changing. Sea of a thousand moods
Magnificent in fury; Beautiful when at peace.
Foam-flecked waves lashing barren coasts;
Gentle waves lapping sunlit beaches.

The sea means many things to many people:
Fishermen — wresting their living from her
waters. Cursing her for barren nets —
blessing her for bountiful harvests —
weeping for the lives she takes.

Children—paddling in her soft, gentle ripples
at the water's edge. Splashing and laugh-
ing seeing only her pleasant gentle face.

Divers—exploring her depths, seeking treasure,
laying cables, repairing ships. Far down
in a world so little explored.

Passengers—on ocean-going liners, sipping
drinks, playing games. Far from land
and all its problems.

Men on oil rigs — braving her every mood —
seeking her black gold.

Naval men — sailing her waters to guard
their countries. Fighting battles far from

land, burying their dead in her depths.
Merchant men — guiding their ships, carry-
ing cargo to every land. Goods necessary
and vital to millions of people.

Yes, meaning many things to many people.

Yet she cares nothing for these humans.
She smashes their puny ships and feeds their
bodies to the deep. The monsters of her
waters prey upon the unwary human, her
currents carry him swiftly to his death. She
guards her wrecks — defying men to take back
their treasures. She watches over her riches,
forcing men against tremendous odds — to
gain even a small portion of her wealth. Men
cannot tame her. She vents her fury on their
efforts. He may use her waters but she will not
be his slave. Her waters freeze and trap his
ships — her waters rise in anger and break
his boats upon the rocks.

Men may reveal the secrets of Space; the
sea remains a mystery unconquered.

BEVERLEY FOSTER — Form I.

OLD TOM'S TALE

Old Tom is a gold prospector. He was old
when my father was a child and I, like all other
children, loved to listen to the tales of his
youth. He must have been a young man twenty
times over. He is known to everyone in South
West and well liked.

Old Tom arrived in Windhoek, which then
was only large enough to be called a village,
from goodness knows where. Children ran to
meet him. Dogs barked and jumped around
him. He sat down outside the store, while they
all gathered round to hear his tale. He mopped
his round wrinkled face and placed a dirty
little boy on his knee. He began his tale.

"Aye, I remember when I decided to become
a jolly jacktar. I have sailed the seven seas.
After many adventures I came to Africa to
find a fortune. It was useless going to the
goldfields in the Transvaal, so I came to a
land where no riches had yet been found,
sleeping under a roof of stars and sweating to

find the yellow metal which makes one rich.
Yet after so much digging not a grain did I
find. I learnt the habits and ways of the many
beasts which roamed that almost waterless
land. I made friends with the natives and many
of them showed me how to survive in this land
with two faces. Once I was lost in the desert
and my water was soon gone. My lips were
swollen; my tongue was like leather. Circling
high above were the scavengers of the sky,
waiting to take the flesh from my bones if I
fell. Luckily I met some bushmen who realised
how precious water was. They gave me just
one mouthful and directed me to the nearest
settlement. One day I might find gold but as
long as I have the blue sky above and a few
friends I am happy."

He put down the boy, picked up his bundle,
smiled and set off in the direction of the
setting sun. He was going to find his dream.

GERALDINE PRICE — Form II.

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FEAR

(Extracts from essays by Form 1C)

Fear came along in a hurry to me, in fact it came as a surprise and ran headlong into me . . .

KATHARINE MURRELL.

. . . I hit the water, fear pierced me like a knife; I could not move. I had probably broken my back. Yes! It is quiet here at the bottom of the river.

JOHN HAMMOND.

. . . I was standing on the edge of the long pier. The strong wind brushed my ears with an eerie whistle. I began to tremble with fear as the huge waves crashed and swirled beneath me. I saw a sharks' fin appear. A gruesome thought came to me. If this pier should collapse the shark would be waiting for me! . . .

GARY HEUER.

. . . The plane screamed down in a screaming hurtling dive and fear gripped me like an iron fist.

MYLES SIEBRITS.

Death touched my shoulder one day while I was walking along the cliff. Suddenly the ground under my foot vanished. I dived with all my might to grab a nearby tree. Fear filled me.

RICHARD NYCE.

I stood in the path of an advancing, hissing cobra. My body began to quake. Perspiration ran down my back, my face blanched. I looked into the glassy eyes. I knew that Death was near.

PETER FLEMMER.

A WEALTHY MAN

The old man sits reminiscing in the watery warmth of the winter sunshine. His old and weary eyes gaze over the scene before him, a wisp of smoke slowly ascends from a nearby chimney; the gentle gurgling sound of the river penetrates his ears. Then without warning a car stops, two thugs jump out and grab the old man.

The old man is completely taken by surprise and tries to withstand the power of his two youthful attackers, but to no avail. Within seconds the old man is in the car speeding towards . . . towards . . . if only he knew what. His thoughts are shattered by the voice of a gangster ordering him out of the car. In his bewilderment the old man obeys without question.

A few yards further on the gangster comes to a halt reaching into his jacket pocket. The old man, his mind in a turmoil, watches with bated breath, then . . . "All right, Dad, end of scene one, have a coffee break, we will carry on afterwards."

Yes, you knew it all along, didn't you; it was only one of the many scenes in the shooting of that exciting film, 'A Wealthy Man'.

EUGENE MENDOZA — Form II.

DEATH OF A WHALER

It was a very calm, cloudy day and the Anne-Marie was out on a whaling expedition, off the coast of South West Africa. Her crew scoured the ocean for a sign of the huge school of whales, which had been sighted by a fisherman returning to land with his catch the previous evening.

The cry went up, "There they are. Hard-a-starboard!" Soon the little boat was far out at sea, in pursuit of the whales. All at once a torrential downpour came gushing from the heavens. The strong wind which had meanwhile arisen, drove the craft relentlessly coastwards. Suddenly, without warning, a crashing sound rent the air. The crew gazed, horrified, into the hold to see water already pouring in through a hole caused by one of the treacherous rocks which surround this coastline.

Already, the crippled craft showed signs of capsizing. Panicking, the men dived for the life boats and rowed with all their might to escape from the vacuum that the sinking vessel would create.

When they looked back they saw only the blue sea for the storm had blown itself out. There was no boat, only an empty feeling in each man's heart and a lump in each throat.

NICHOLAS IFE — Form II.

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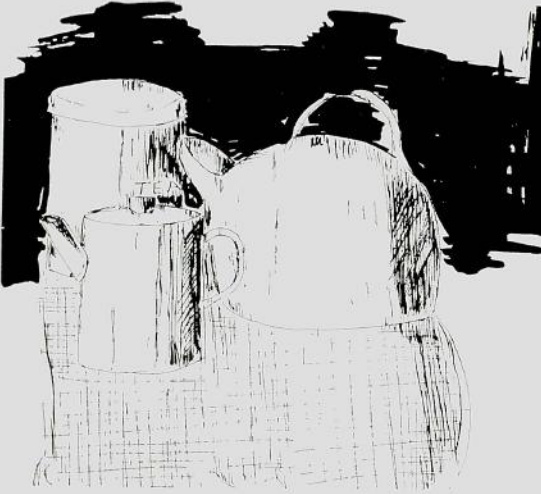
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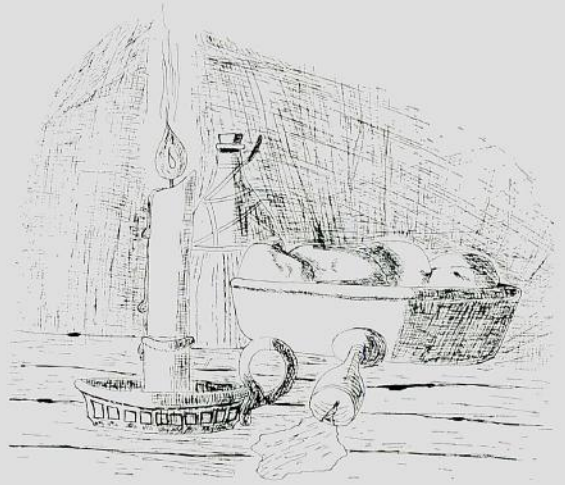


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MARLIZE MEYER — Form I.



GERALD BAARTMAN — Form II.

WOLVES ON THE HUNT

Over the frozen wastes of Northern Canada, the eerie howl of a wolf on the prowl could be heard, wafting over the ice.

A large pack of these ferocious canines, twenty strong, rose from their resting places in the snow. With their nostrils to the ice, they searched industriously for the scent of the solitary moose they had been trailing for the past twelve days. Five minutes later they were off on the trail, tongues lolling from their open mouths, at a steady tireless pace.

The old bull moose stirred from an exhausted sleep. He could clearly hear the eager bay-ing of his pursuers and knew that it was once more time to move, as the wolves were but a few miles away.

He set off at a steady, loping trot but the wolves were gaining steadily on him, for he was weak from running day and night, with little time to sleep or feed.

For days the chase continued, the aged moose just staying ahead of the tireless wolves, although with great effort.

However, at dawn on the nineteenth day, the old bull did not run. He was too tired to do so, and he knew that his time had come.

Slowly he turned to face the oncoming wolves, his great antlers lowered.

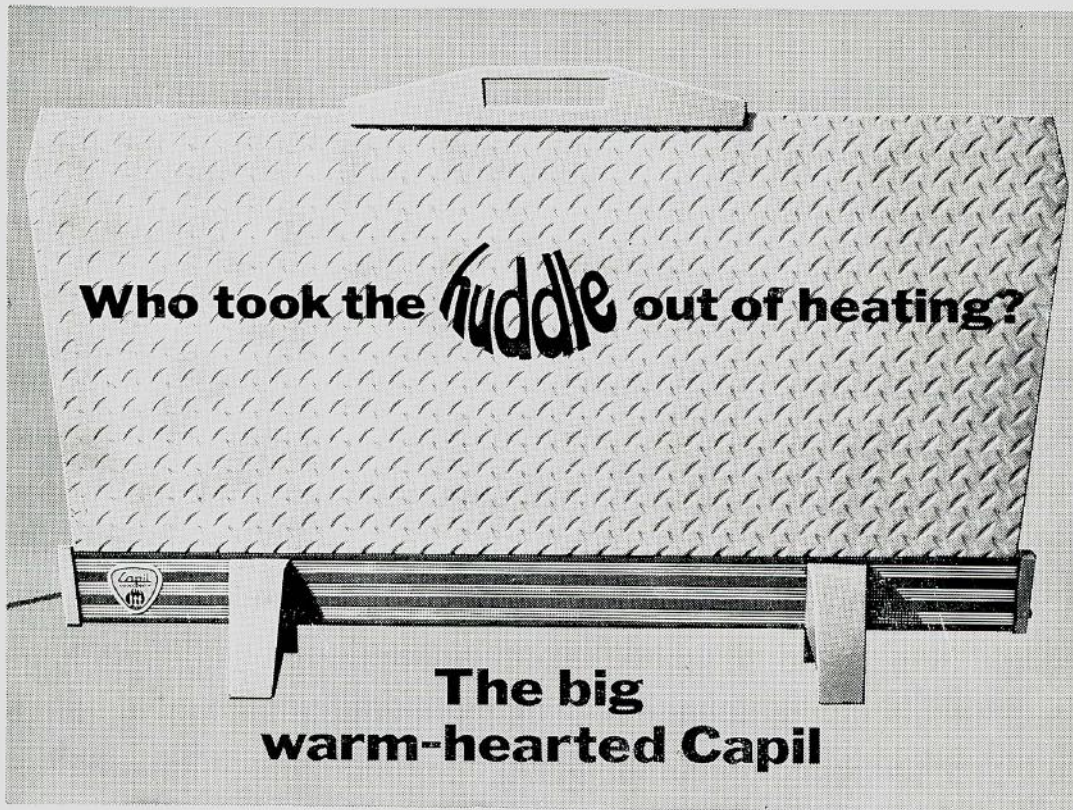
The wolves circled him warily, for although the moose was tired, they knew he was still a formidable foe. Two of the bolder predators leapt forward to engage the moose. They were met with flaying antlers and sharp, cloven hooves. One of the wolves leapt back in alarm, but his comrade did not, for she lay still in the snow, her skull broken.

Gradually the wolves began to close in as the terrified moose snorted and wheeled round to face the nearest wolves. Again a wolf leapt at the moose's vulnerable jugular vein, only to be thrown back, mortally wounded with a smashed ribcage.

Still the wolves attacked relentlessly, until overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers, the moose collapsed to his knees. This was his undoing, for a large grey wolf flew at his throat and dealt the death blow.

So ended the reign of a monarch of the animal kingdom, who had fought his last fight and now lay still and cold in the snow, surrounded by the bodies of seven dead wolves; those who had not lived to see his death.

ROBERT McCONNOCHIE — Form II.



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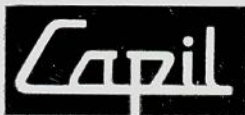
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A NIGHT VENTURE

Looking at the gloomy scene looming before me, doubts entered my mind. I wondered whether it was worth venturing through the wood to the house of my friend just to get the Algebra homework. Convincing myself it would take but a few minutes, I braved on.

The trees lining the path creaked and moaned as if in agony, while faint beams of moonlight lit the way with an eerie gleam. Just then the shrill hoot of an owl rang through the silent air. Trying to ignore it I made my way through brambles and bushes. On either side of me mysterious and gruesome branches lurched forward trying, it seemed, to clutch at me.

My back stiffened with fear as I heard unearthly sounds come from the undergrowth.

Suddenly I began to run. I ran as I've never run before. Gritting my teeth and with my eyes glued to the path for fear of stumbling I ran into the black nothingness. The next moment I crashed into a figure. Forcing my eyes to look up, I realised that the inky blackness deprived me of all ability to identify this person. Then he spoke, "I'm sorry but I've lost my way." Confusion and relief flooded my body.

Later, safely home again, I realised that that incident would at least teach me not to let my imagination run wild. I couldn't prevent the quotation "A coward dies many times before death" from entering my mind!

SOPHIE MONAT — Form II.

SEAGULLS

Seagulls have an intricately patterned social life. Each seagull has an exclusive club to which it belongs and the club starts anew each Spring. They return from their roamings to the breeding places, usually rocks and sand-dunes. There are usually about two hundred birds in a flock. These seagulls usually remain in areas around the places where they were reared.

Seagulls are monogamous, they have the same mate year after year. For the unmated seagulls the "club" serves as a meeting and courting place with rigid rules of conduct. The female looks coy and the male puffs up his feathers and raises his head, two then race off happily together.

LAUREN STEENKAMP — Form II.

A DREAM COME TRUE

The Wanderer's Gym Hall was brightly lit. The air was hot and stuffy because three sides of the hall were covered with grandstands. Human bodies sat restlessly on the stands.

The speaker blared: "The next competitor is number 56, Wendy Wol . . ."

I rose shakily to my feet. The blur of faces surrounding me seemed to be closing in on me. My head ached and my mind was blank, as I waited for the judge to give an impatient nod for me to begin.

Then, suddenly, my vision cleared, my nervousness vanished, and the expanse of firm red mats seemed to be inviting me to do my freestanding. A hush settled over the audience and I heard the tape recorder click and the first note of music rang across the room. I began the series of complicated movements, remembering my previous faults and correcting them.

Again from the tape, there rang that final note. I curtsied stiffly to the judges and escaped back to my place amongst the other competitors.

The rest of the evening passed in a blur. I was only living for the moment the selected team would be announced. At last the great moment arrived. The chief judge turned to the speaker . . .

WENDY WOLTER — Form II.

POP TALK

(The names of songs are indicated in capitals)

JENNIFER ECCLES wrote a letter and sent it by SPECIAL DELIVERY to INDIAN GIVER saying DON'T LET ME DOWN and begging for his MERCY telling him to CRY IF YOU WANT TO but a BAD MOON WAS RISING, and not even CRYSTAL BLUE PERSUASION would help. She also told him to tell the MIGHTY QUIM that CHEWY CHEWY was FEELING SO GOOD. The PROUD MARY she said was at the DOCK OF THE BAY surrounded by 1, 2, 3, RED LIGHTS. She STARTED A JOKE about FOX ON THE RUN but soon got DIZZY saying SOMETHING IS HAPPENING. And IN THE YEAR 35-35 people would be saying BREAK MY MIND because JACK AND JILL and CRIMSON AND CLOVER would be over. This she said was the WAY OF LIFE.

JANINE GILPIN — Form II.

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IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

Dear Mom,

I'm putting this note on the dashboard before going off to School so that you will know what to do if the car breaks down on your lone trip to Durban. If things start going wrong, stop at the first safe place and open the bonnet by pulling the "Hood" button under the dashboard till it goes "sprong!" Then go round to the front, hook a finger round the little metal tooth in the bonnet's grill, pull it towards you and lift the bonnet

gingerly — it will suddenly shoot up, so stand clear!

Now stand in full view and look helpless. I'm sure the first car on the scene of the "disaster" will help.

Here's hoping this won't be necessary.

With love,

Your son.

HUBERTUS VON MOLTKE — Form II.

THE HUNT

The chase is on,
The fox is gone.
The hounds had the scent,
The fox would soon be spent.
The chests of horses heaved,
And the wily fox weaved
In and out of the trees,
Under the falling leaves.
His chest felt as if it would burst,
His mouth was dry from thirst.
O for a drink of water!
But the hounds were ready for the slaughter.

MICHAEL GREEN — Form I.

YACHTS

Yachts with many coloured sails,
Gliding smoothly in the bay.
A gentle breeze ripples the water
Against the background of the sky.
And the people, bulky, scrawny:
Whistling, talking, loudly laughing,
Others always look so glum,
Some are drinking, and some smoking.
People cannot ever compare
With the beauty of the yachts,
Which are gliding o'er smooth waters
With serene skies in the distance.

HEATHER WEBBSTOCK — Form II.



GAVIN PATTERSON — Form I.



GREGORY JEAN-JACQUES — Form I.

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vir . . .

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THE SPOILT CHILD

Sometimes in the morning I get a lift to School with Mrs. Jones. That particular morning she had to take a very large cardboard calendar to the office and had given it to Tanya, her little "angel" to hold. But of course Tanya did not want to hold it and threw it out of the window, where unluckily for her it landed in a rather muddy puddle. A very cross Mrs. Jones gave her a spanking but not without Tanya biting her. She is a beautiful child, with blue eyes and black hair, but she is definitely a little devil in disguise, and the morning's escapade was merely the beginning of Tanya's activities.

Later that morning she decided she would like to pinch her dad's razor and shave the cat. This was not a great success as far as the cat was concerned, and dad's razor was ruined.

That afternoon when she was supposed to be asleep, she had sneaked out of the window and had gone to play under the garden sprayer in the mud. To get her back inside was a major undertaking!

Each morning I look forward to hearing about this little girl's latest pranks but sometimes I feel very sorry for Mrs. Jones and all Tanya's victims.

JOS KIESOUW — Form II.

A STALLION

Magnificence is his.
He stands erect.
Muscles ripple
Under his shiny coat.
With ears twitching
And tail swishing,
He stands watch
Over his herd.

BERNICE MARAIS — Form II.

ANT

Small and blind,
The midget of life,
Eyes that are closed,
He follows his kind,
He works till he dies,
Serving his queen,
Small but mighty:
A lesson in all our lives.

MICHAEL BROWN — Form II.

MY SCHOOL

At the beginning of last year Bryanston High School opened even though it was an "unofficial" opening. The working conditions were not ideal. Builders walked in and out of classes; it was dusty and noisy. The worst time was when we tried to write our exams. Trying to concentrate with all the noise, called for a superhuman effort.

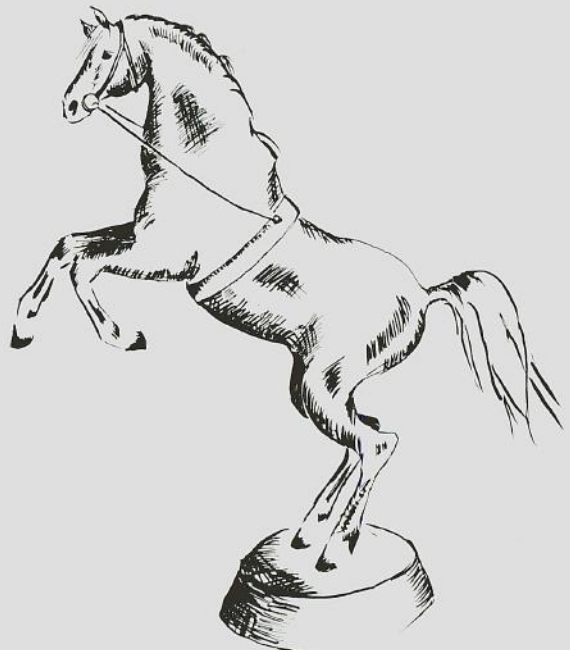
But gradually, the builders got our school ship-shape. They had completed their work by the fourth term.

In March of this year the school was officially opened. It was a grand occasion. Then the noise started again! Bulldozers, tractors, graders, everything one could think of arrived. Our fields began to take shape.

We now have six tennis courts, with two more in the offing, and some first class playing fields. Some of them have already been grassed.

So with modern buildings and tip top playing fields Bryanston High can at last be called a School.

DAVID KLEIN — Form II.



THERESA GROBBELAAR — Form II.

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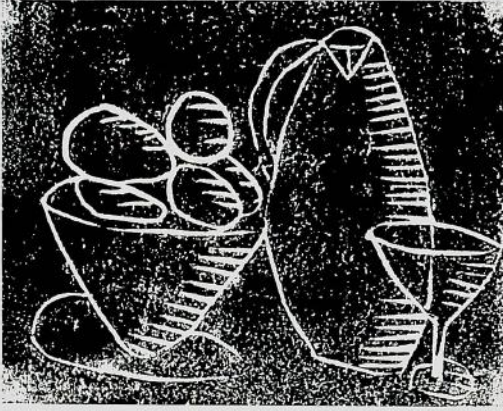
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MARTIN COWPER — Form I.



ALAN LAUBSCHER — Form I.

LINO CUTS.

MY DOG

She has long legs,
 And short tail too,
 She loves to lick
 My face — Oh goo!
 A white dog,
 Though sometimes black,
 She loves to play,
 But hurts my back.
 She comes inside,
 She's not allowed.
 We chase her out,
 She barks out loud.
 She's a rascal;
 Plays in the mud,
 I have to wash her,
 In a big soapsud.
 Her name is Sheba,
 We have a pact.
 She's my best friend,
 And that's a fact!

DEREK DU TOIT — Form II.

THE CAT

Silently the cat walked
 Stealthily towards the mouse
 Silently the cat stalked
 Waiting for the chance to pounce
 Silently the cat crept
 Watching every move of his prey.
 Suddenly the cat leapt
 I knew he would catch one some day.

LESLIE ASHBY — Form II.

WATER

Ripping, rushing, roaring rapids,
 Into bubbling, frothy pools
 Flipping, flashing, splashing fishes,
 Scales and droplets in gleaming sun.

KATHLEEN OWENS — Form II.

THOUGHTS ON RUNNING THE CROSS COUNTRY

A wild rush, the start, heels kick at the dust. I am left behind for a while, until the sprinters start lagging. It's hot, unbearably hot, my throat feels as if it is closing up, my mouth is dry and I long for a gulp of cool water.

A stitch comes on and I hold my side until it is gone. How much farther? Through a gap in the houses I see the first runners

coming in, faint applause and cheers. The last hill is unbearable. I walk a bit, but many start to overtake. I must run. The last stretch. Vague faces line the road. Only a few more paces . . . home! And I feel nothing except the rasp of my breath, and a spreading joy at having made it.

DAVID MULLIN — Form II.

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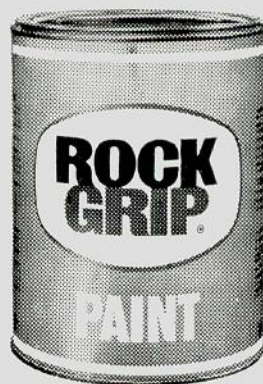
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THE LIFE OF A LIFT OPERATOR

I would certainly hate the job of a lift operator in a large departmental store. Nothing could be more boring and monotonous than pressing buttons and shouting "Going Up" or "Going Down", all day long. It could also be exasperating. Here is an example of a typical conversation you would have:

"Going down".

"Up?"

"No, Madam, going down."

"On what floor is the tearoom?"

"Fifth Floor"

"Up?"

"The tearoom is up, but I'm going down."

"Well I want up".

"Sorry Madam, Going down." (sigh).

She walks away. By this time your patience has worn thin. You would spend your whole day saying "First floor — haberdashery, shoes, materials, going up. Second Floor — tea-lounge, ladies and children's wear. Going up. Third Floor — showroom. Accounts. Going Down!"

"No Madam, I am not going up! This is the top floor of the building."

"Oh well! I suppose I will go down."

WHAT A LIFE!!!

DONNA SHANNON — Form II.

TOM SAWYER

Tom Sawyer, for all his childish pranks, must have been a very clever boy, and he must also have been very mature for his age. He discovered an extremely important trait of human nature when he was still relatively young: that one wants something if it is made difficult to attain.

In the classic episode of "Whitewashing the fence", Tom discovered this through his fear of appearing a fool before Ben Rogers, whose ridicule he had been dreading above all. Because of this, clever Tom craftily decided to make the onerous task of whitewashing the fence seem like a very special job which only he could be trusted to do. This put the job in a different light. Tom thus succeeded in arousing Ben's interest, and in the end, after much argument, Tom grudgingly let Ben do the major part of the job, and soon he had all the boys in town waiting for their turn — and in exchange for playthings too!

Tom was a very clever little devil.

PAMELA KNIGHT — Form II.



REGULATION SCHOOL HAIRSTYLE (??)
Edmund Prizeman — Form II.

POISON BREW

Ingredients:

2 cups Geography,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon History,
2 lbs. English,
1 pint Book Education,
1 teaspoon Maths.
3 oz. Afrikaans,
Pinch of Home Economics.

Method:

Mix together Geography, History, Maths and English. Slowly pour in Book Education and add Home Economics. Boil for 2 minutes and sprinkle Afrikaans over. Bring mixture to boil and you'll have your poison brew!

ANNEMARIE FITZHENRY — Form II.

LONELINESS

Black void of darkness, I'm alone,
A long and lonely way from home.
Shadows creep and night is falling.
In my heart a voice is calling —
A long and lonely way from home.

KAREN DEWSBERRY — Form II.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOON

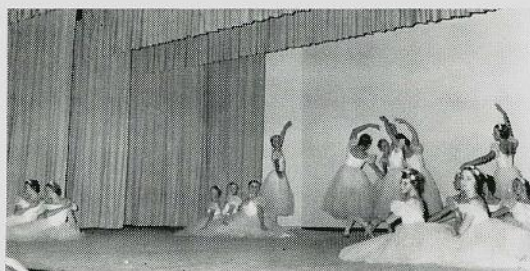
There have been many scientific theories about the origin of the moon. The first maintains that the moon is a thrown-off portion of the earth. When the earth was new and in a semi-liquid state, its rapid revolution around the sun caused it to assume the shape of a lop-sided dumbbell. The smaller part of the dumbbell broke away to become the moon.

Other scientists believe the moon is older than earth. They contend that the moon is a

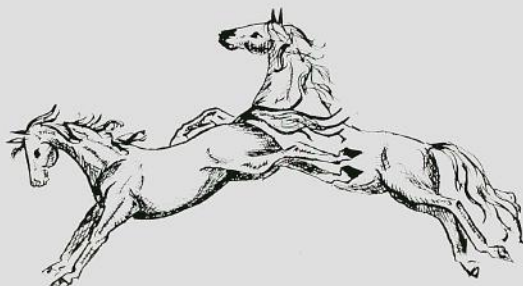
relic of a stage of the solar system earlier than that during which the earth was formed. Towards the end of the earth's formation, it caught the moon in its force of gravity and thus the moon became a permanent satellite.

Most scientists today accept the theory that the moon and the earth were formed at the same time and of the same basic materials.

GRANT PRICE — Form II.



Ballet performance arranged by Audrey King for the official opening of Bryanston High School.



Geraldine Price — Form II.

TROPICAL FISH

Black shiny mollies and bright coloured guppies,

Shy little angels as gentle as puppies.

Swimming and diving with scarcely a swish.

These were just some of my tropical fish.

Then I bought mantas that sting in the water.

Deadly Piranhas that itch for a slaughter,

Savage male Bettas that bite with a squish,

Now I have rather fewer tropical fish.

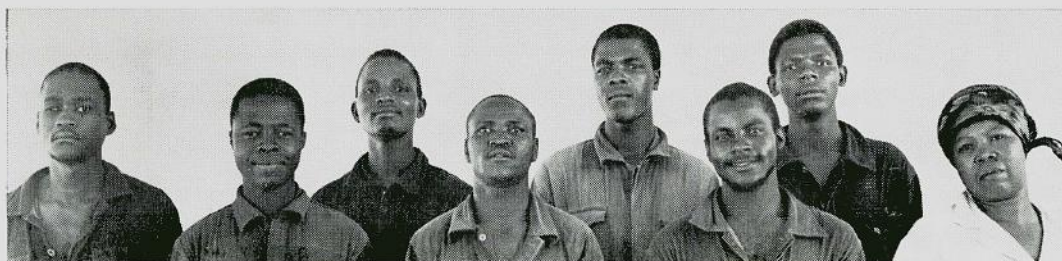
MARGARET GILLESPIE — Form II.

LONELINESS

The word conjures up a vision of old people wandering aimlessly through the streets; eating what they can when they can. Only an unlucky few survive the freezing winds of winter; a season when they huddle in lonely corners with only their memories for comfort.

They make no friends for they know that friends will soon be found cold and stiffly crumpled under sacks and newspapers in a ruined room.

ANDREW BLACKWELL — Form II.



THE BANTU CLEANERS.

Enoch, Siphewe, Johannes, Joseph (Head Cleaner), Lucas, Njana, Patrick, Mary. (On leave: Thomas).

A HARBOUR SCENE

Cape Town was a magnificent sight, when we arrived there off the blue train, that wonderful spring morning, en route to Europe.

A warm breeze wafted across the water causing slight ripples. The squawking of the seagulls in their endless search for food, together with the mixed sea smell of the waters of Table Bay, added to our anticipation of the trip ahead.

The harbour was crowded with ships of all sizes, shapes and nationalities — all taking on or offloading cargo and passengers. There were large ocean liners, tankers, cargo ships, and rusty old tramp steamers. Fishing vessels and coasters and smart pleasure yachts added

to the scene.

The noise and bustle was tremendous and an air of excitement was everywhere.

We found our ship, a huge vessel named “Andes”, which was the last word in comfort and modernity. It was fun getting aboard with all our luggage and exploring the ship from stem to stern — imagine finding a swimming pool with all that water around!

At last sailing time approached and, after much fussing by the tugs and cheers and farewells between ship and shore, we slipped out of Table Bay with Table Mountain outlined against the setting sun.

LYNDA-ANN MACKIN — Form I.

AUTUMN

Whhoooshhh!
Another load of leaves,
Red, Brown, Yellow and Orange,
All come sailing down.
Sweep them into a pile —
But then the wind blows,
And sends them to and fro.
Whhoooshhh!
There they go again.
The pile flies,
The leaves jive,
Red, Brown, Yellow and Orange,
Oh! Mr. Wind, do stop teasing,
Just now you'll have me sneezing.
But will he listen?
No! He is just a nuisance
He doesn't have to work,
But he couldn't care
Just as long as he is merry.

DEIDRE TODD — Form II.

MY DREAM HOUSE

I saw it, standing there, looking so elegant in every way. The big oak tree, almost 50 years old, seeming to tell so many secrets of lovers in the twilight and maybe even of tears. The white trellis on the east side, looking so beautiful, with a splash of bright red roses clinging to its sides. The front door stood ajar, and it seemed to say, “Do come and stay.”

Everything looked so welcoming and inviting, that I did so want to stay.

When I left, I had made up my mind that some day, I would live in that house and it would be mine forever.

BRIDGET ROSSITER — Form II.

SMELLS, SOUNDS, LOOKS

There's a special smell to the earth after rain,
To a rose with petals opening.
To moist morning grass
To a beach with soft waves lapping,
And a special smell like a baby after a bath.
There's a special sound of rain on a hot day
Of horses running through a field.
Of wind whispering through tall trees,
Of a beach with waves continually lapping,
And a special sound of a mother singing to her babe.
There's a special look to the earth in the morning,
To flowers that sway in a breeze.
To water asleep in a still lake
To birds that spread their wings and fly,
And a special look of a mother holding her babe.

RENEE OOSTERBERG — Form II.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND RECALLED

The lights from the Christmas tree are reflected by the glistening snow. Far away the church bells ring. People stream there, many for the only time of the year. The choir, with red cheeks and noses, sings lustily. Everyone is happy, with full stomachs to insulate themselves against the cold snow and frost, that waits quietly beyond the solid oak doors of the church.

The church finally pours out its laughing merry crowd, to make their way home and eat again and drink while reminiscing of previous Christmases.

ANDREW BLACKWELL — Form II.

CRUELTY

Once upon a mound he stood,
Lord over all he saw.
Now parasites course through his body,
His eyes still soft but empty.
The grass beneath him stained and flat,
Flattened like his pride.
The life blood which once raced through him,
Has seeped away to earth.
The once sleek deer, lies bloated,
Victim of the hunter's crime.

SUSAN CATTO — Form II.

MY FEELINGS

I adore cats
When they're asleep in hats.
I cuddle kittens,
Because they're as soft as mittens.
I abhor mice,
Because they're not all nice.
I can't stand dogs,
When they play with dead frogs.
I also like you.
Because you are just you.

GERALDINE SMITH — Form II.

POWER

Proudly holding his trunk high in the air,
With his great feet trampling the jungle,
His white tusks glinting in the sun,
And his eyes sparkling with anger.
His huge body rumbles on,
Crushing trees beneath him,
His big ears flapping,
He leaves a sense of danger
And bowing trees in his wake.

IAN McKELLAR — Form II.

A HORSE

He stands in the meadow,
Big — on heavy hooves.
Contentedly chewing grass,
He awaits his burden.
Charging in the battle field.
Nostrils wide,
Ears laid back,
His legs a blur,
He snorts at cannon and
kicks away the sword.

ROBERT DEWAR — Form II.

ADVICE

If you would change your outlook,
Towards your fellow man.
If you would do as we do
Read carefully our plan.
From one land to another,
Advice flows like a stream,
But do they ever stop to see,
If their own backyard is clean?
Take heed of this, our helpful friends,
On this you can depend,
That in a country such as ours
We'll win out in the end.

SUSAN CATTO — Form II.

SUMMER

Flowers, flowers everywhere,
Surely summer's in the air.
The sun is shining a yellowy red,
Making the flowers all turn their head.
The leaves are all a-turning green,
Upon the trees blossoms are seen.
Coloured birds fly round and round,
Swooping down towards the ground.
A lovely scent drifts through the air,
Wafted on the breeze so fair.
Autumn's over; Spring is past,
How long will this summer last?

MARY-ANNE ROUX — Form I.

DIT IS BLOU MAANDAG

Trienggg! is die geluid wat in my ore weerklink. Ek maak my oë stadig oop en kyk in die rigting van my ellendige wekker. Die klein wysterjtjie is op die agt en die lang een op die elf. Toe beseft ek dat die skoolklok om agtuur lui. Ek spring uit my bed so gou as wat ek kan en hardloop na my klerekas toe. Nadat ek my slaapklere uitgetrek het, trek ek gou my skoolklere aan en hardloop kombuis toe. Ek gryp my koffer, nadat ek 'n beskuit in my mond gestop het.

Nou dat ek by die bushalte is, kyk ek na my horlosie en sien dat dit vyf minute oor agt is. Nadat ek vir 'n tydjie gery-loop het, hou 'n motor by my stil. Ongelukkig is dit my prinsipaal. Hy kyk my kwaai aan en sê dat hy my in sy kantoor wil sien. Toe ek in die klas verskyn, is my onderwyseres natuurlik baie kwaad vir my. Sy sê, „Jy is dertig

minute laat. Skryf vir my 'n opstel van vyf bladsye. Die opskrif is: „Hoekom 'n mens nie laat moet wees nie.”

Dit is nou eerste pouse. Ons het ten minste al die Rekenkunde-les voltooi, maar nou kantoor toe. Die prinsipaal kyk my streng aan.

„Ken jy nog nie die reëls van die skool nie?” vra hy.

Ek bloos.

„Jy sal elke pouse vir die volgende drie weke na my kantoor toe kom en rekenkunde doen.”

„J-ja Meneer,” mompel ek.

Maar, dit was maar slegs die begin van daardie blou Maandag. Ek moes nog deur baie onaangename gebeurtenisse worstel.

FRIEDERIKE WOLF—Vorm I.

'N BEROEMDE MAN

Howard Carter is baie beroemd omdat hy die graftombe van Toetankamen ontdek het.

Howard Carter was 'n Brit en is in die jaar 1874 gebore. Hy het in London gewoon. Hy was 'n sieklike kind en kon nie baie buite speel nie. Toe hy sewentien jaar oud was, het hy in die Britse museum begin werk. Sy sketse van die graftombes het hom onder die aandag van 'n professor laat kom, wat hom as argeoloog sou oplei. Later het hy 'n landgenoot, Lord Carnarvon, in Egipte ontmoet.

Hulle twee het gou vriende geword en toe in 1917 begin saamwerk om die grafkelder van Toetankamen te vind. Lord Carnarvon het baie geld gehad waarmee hy vir die werk sou betaal.

Na vyf jaar het hulle nog niks gevind nie en Lord Carnarvon wou ophou soek, want hy het gedink dat dit net 'n mors van geld was. Maar Carter wou nog probeer om die graf te vind. 'n Paar maande later het een van die werkers 'n kliptrappie onder die sand ontdek.

Die trappies het na die begravnissaal geloop.

Die hele plek was besaai met kosbare en skitterende voorwerpe, sommige van suiwer goud. Nog sale is ontdek. Die sarkofaag met die mummie van die gebalseemde jong koning is in een van die sale gevind.

Carter kon egter die sarkofaag 'n ruk later eers oopmaak omdat die regering die tombe oorgeneem het en hom verbied het om in te gaan.

Binne-in die groot, goue sarkofaag het die mummie van die Farao Toetankamen gelê — volmaak bewaar deur die eeue.

Kort daarna is 'n vaas met 'n inskripsie gevind wat gesê het dat, as iemand die Farao se grafkelder binnegaan, hy sou doodgaan. 'n Paar dae later het Lord Carnarvon gesterf net voor die laaste deur oopgemaak is. Ander mense van die wat daar gewerk het, het ook gesterf, maar Howard Carter, nou 'n beroemde man, het nog sewentien jaar gelewe voordat hy gesterf het. Dit het bewys dat die vloek nie bestaan het nie.

DENISE WIMBURY—Vorm II.

ONS KLAS SE HANSWORS

In ons klas is daar 'n groot sterk kêrel; so sterk soos 'n bees en heeltmal breinloos. Hy is vreeslik snaaks, maar wat hy nie besef nie, is dat ons nie vir sy grappe en toertjies lag nie, maar vir die manier waarop hy probeer om slim te lyk.

In die Geskiedenisklas byvoorbeeld het hy dooernstig op die vraag, „Wat het die ineenstorting van die Romeinse Ryk veroorsaak?” geantwoord; „Iemand het dit gepootjie!” Toe hy gevra is wie die Voortrekkers was, het hy geantwoord, „Die voorste ou in die skool se toutrekspan.” Toe ons vir hom vra wat hy van die Viêt-Kong dink, sê hy: „Ek hoop sy val van die dak van die Empire State-gebou af, soos haar man, King Kong.”

In die Aardrykskunde-klas het die onderwyser vir hom gevra wat hy van die Apollo-maantogprogram dink. Hy het die vraag beantwoord deur te vra of dit op Springbok-radio was!

SEGNES SCHONKEN—Vorm I.



ROBIN MUIR — Vorm II

DIE AFRIKAANSE KLAS

Afrikaans, dié moet ons leer,
en altyd meer en meer.
Ons wil tog so graag lees:
'n Boek met die naam „Kees.”
Maar Taalwerk is ons lot,
Want ons Afrikaans is vrot!
„Kom, kom, kom,” sê hy.
„1, 2, 3 is die bladsy.”
„Kom ons kyk na Trap 2 (a)
En moet tog nie so vreeslik kla!”
Wanneer lui die klokkie dan?
Dis tog so vervelig man!

WENDY WOLTER en
MAJORIE HOLDER—Vorm II.

SOMER

Die Lente is verby,
En nou is dit Somer.
Die kinders is so bly,
Die voëltjies sing in bome.
Die bome is vol vrugte,
En die bye is so swaar;
Van die heuning van die blomme,
En met so baie nektar.
Geel, rooi en blou,
Is die blomme in die tuine,
Mense vind dit so mooi,
Dat hulle bly is,
Dit is Somer.

LINDA EERDMANS—Vorm I.

EK EN MY MANGELS

Ek het op my hospitaalbed gelê en gedink dat niemand sou omgee of ek beter word of nie. My keel het gevoel of dit aan die brand gestee was. My lyf was nat van die sweet.

'n Verpleegster het my kamer binnegekom; sy was té vriendelik. Sy het my 'n inspuiting gegee. Dit het my mond kurkdroog gemaak.

'n Paar uur later het ek wakker geword sonder my mangels.

Ek het baie stories gehoor van die roomys en jellie wat 'n mens gegee word nadat hulle jou mangels uitgehaal het. Maar nee, ek het 'n dosyn koppies melk gedrink en het ook 'n bord onsmaaklike pap gekry. Die kos het nie gehelp om my beter te laat voel nie.

Gelukkig het ek 'n paar dae later weer beter geword.

Ek is dankbaar dat 'n mens net een keer sy mangels kan laat uithaal.

SUSAN CATTO—Vorm II.

MY KÊREL

Deesdae moet alle meisies tog 'n kêrel saam-sleep. Omdat die meeste van my maats kêrels het, het ek besluit om ook een aan te skaf.

Eendag toe ek van die skool af terugkeer, hoor ek iemand aan die deur klop. Dit was my nuwe kêrel! Skamerig het hy vir my ma gevra of ek tuis was. Sy het gesê dat ek eers my tuiswerk moet klaarmaak voordat ek met hom kan gaan speel.

Ek het haastig my tuiswerk voltooi. Toe het ons op die stoep gesit en gesels totdat Ma vir ons koeldrank en beskuit gebring het, maar ek het die skok van my lewe gekry — so vinnig soos hy kon, het hy al die beskuit verorber terwyl ek net twee beskuitjies gekry het.

Toe dit my verjaarsdag was, het hy slegs vir my 'n potlood en 'n roos gegee. Hy het seker gedink dat dit 'n wonderlike geskenk was, omdat hy twee sent daarvoor betaal het. Hy het 'n paar van sy eie plate saamgebring: van Al Debbo en Piet Pompies.

Ag! Dit was lekker vir so 'n rukkies, maar ek wens hy wil maar liever meer aandag aan iemand van sy eie ouderdom skenk. Jy sien, hy is maar net ses jaar oud.

ANNEMARIE FITZHENRY—Vorm I.

DAAR BLY HULLE

Omtrent twee jaar gelede het ons klas se onderwyser besluit dat ons na die natuurlike bome van Suid-Afrika moes gaan kyk.

Op pad het ons op 'n sandpad ingedraai en 'n taamlike lang ent gery. Toe het die vragmotor stilgehou en ons het uitgeklouter. Ons het deur die veld gestap en by 'n stuk grond gekom wat met draad omhein was. Die pale waarom die draad vasgemaak was, was ou wa-aste.

Ons het die ou krakerige hekkie oopgemaak en ingestap. Dit was so stil en pragtig en natuurlik, hierdie begraafplaas. Daar was omtrent ses grafte en hulle was net met klippe opgebou, en vir die kopstuk was daar net 'n blok leiklip. Daar was 'n graffie van 'n klein seuntjie wat net vyf was toe hy dood is. Die grafskrif was in Hooghollands en ek het gedink, „Hierdie Voortrekkers het darem baie deurstaan.”

Die stilte en die ongerepte veld, gras en bome het so by die Trekkers gepas.

As ek een was, sou ek ook so begrawe wou word.

PRISCILLA HANSEL—Vorm II.

HOE MY SUSTER MOTOR BESTUUR

Ousus is besig met haar eerste bestuurles. Ons almal sit in spanning en wag. My pa sit effens nader aan Ousus en deel angsvallig bevels uit. Nog voordat een van ons kan beseef wat gaande is, trek die motor ruk-ruk die pad af.

Nie lank hierna nie stuur ons reguit op die telegraafpaal op die sypaadjie af. My klein broertjie gil en die volgende oomblik stuur Vader die motor skrams by die telegraafpaal verby. Vir 'n verandering is ons op die teerpad, maar nie vir lank nie. Heen en weer met stampe en stote, dan trap Ousus skielik die rem in plaas van die koppelaar.

Kleinboet is amper dwarsdeur die voorruit; selfs my pa se senuwees was teen dié tyd op hol en sonder om 'n woord te sê, het hy agter die stuurwiel stelling ingeneem. Ons was verlig toe ons weer veilig by die huis aankom.

SONJA LOMBARD—Vorm II.

APOLLO 11

„ . . . Tien, nege, selfontsteking begin nou, ses, vyf, vier, drie, twee, een, nul, vuur! Langsaam trek hy die lug in. Die knetterende vlamme spuit uit die Saturnus V se motore. Die yster van die toring brand terwyl die ruimtevoertuig nog steeds vinniger die lug in styg. Die mens is op pad maan toe!

Na 'n lang reis van twee tot drie dae het die drie ruimte-manne, Aldrin, Armstrong en Collins, by die maan aangekom. Aldrin en Armstrong het in die maanlandingstuig stadig na die maan gesak. Drie voet per sekonde is nie vinnig nie.

Die volgende ding was om die landingstuig versigtig op die maan neer te laat. Die Maandagmore, 21 Julie, was spannend vir die tweemanskap, want dit was tyd vir hulle om op die maan te loop. Versigtig stap eers Neil Armstrong by die trappie van die module af. Die eerste mens op die maan! Omtrent twintig minute later volg Aldrin hom.

Nadat hulle hulle gereedskap neergesit het en sand en klippe in sakke gebêre het, vertrek hulle weer van die maan.

Eers as Aldrin en Armstrong terug in die die beheermodule is, begin hulle hulle lang reis huis toe.

Die eerste maanlanding was 'n groot sukses.

HANS HUNINK—Vorm I.

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ONS SKOOL SE PREFEKTE

Nuwe prefekte word elke kwartaal gekies. Hulle word deur die onderwysers gekies. Dit is 'n baie groot eer om 'n prefek te wees, al is dit net vir een kwartaal.

Daar word agt meisies en agt seuns as prefekte gekies. By die samekoms oorhandig die hoof, mnr. Alswang, die kentekens aan die prefekte.

'n Prefek moet betroubaar wees. Hy of sy moet toesien dat die kinders hulle goed gedra. As hulle die skoolreëls verontagsaam, moet die prefekte hulle rapporteer. 'n Prefek moet al die kinders oor dieselfde kam skeer.

Prefekte moet 'n voorbeeld stel. Hulle moet

netjies wees en hulle altyd goed gedra. Hulle moet die regte uniform dra. Die meisie-prefekte se hare moet netjies gekam wees. Die seuns-prefekte se hare moet kort gesny wees. Die prefekte se skoene moet mooi blink wees.

Die prefekte word pligte gegee. Party moet detensie waarneem; ander moet orde op die speelgrond hou en hulle moet toesien dat dit netjies gehou word. Omtrent drie of vier prefekte moet die skoolgebou gedurende pouses oppas. Niemand mag gedurende pouse in die gebou wees nie.

BERNICE MARAIS—Vorm II.

'N NOUE ONTKOMING

Eendag het ek en my twee neefs die naweek deurgebring op 'n ou vriend se plaas. Ons ou vriend was baie kwaai. Hy het vir ons gewaarsku om nooit naby die stroom te gaan nie, maar sy waarskuwings het geen vrugte afgewerp nie. Die ou bad wat langs die windpomp gestaan het, het ons baie verleidelik gevind.

Nie lank daarna nie was die bad op die water; dit was vir my die mooiste bootjie wat ek nog gesien het.

Die bad met sy bemanning het stadig na

diep waters begin beweeg en minute daarna was ons aan groot gevaar blootgestel. Die bad het links en regs begin swaai en was heeltemal buite ons beheer. My twee neefs het begin gil en om hulp geroep. Ou Apner wat langs die rivier hout gekap het, het deur middel van 'n tou, wat hy na ons gegooi het, die bad wal toe getrek. Ou Apner het belowe om nie vir die oubaas te vertel van die katekwaad wat ons aangevang het nie.

KATHLEEN AVENANT—Vorm II.

DIT KON SO GEBEUR HET

Apollo II staan reg om op te styg.

„Op jou merke, gereed, weg!”

Op skiet Apollo II. Skielik kom daar 'n lang stofwolk deur die hek en na die ruimtetuig toe. Dit is Neil Armstrong wat so storm en hy skree, „Wag 'n bietjie, wag 'n bietjie!” maar hy is te laat.

Die ruimtetuig ontplof en die kapsule beland amper dadelik in 'n wentelbaan om die maan.

Snoopy moet nou na die maan afsak. Hy blaf en trek sy valskerm oop.

Op die aarde staan Armstrong en skree,

„Taxi, taxi, taxi!”

Snoopy land en die twee binne-in, klim gou uit en begin kaas te eet. Die mense op aarde sien hoe word die maan al kleiner. Eers volmaan, halfmaan en nou is daar net 'n klein stukkie maan onder elke poot van Snoopy oor. Hulle eet die laaste stukkie kaas op en daar is hulle vir ewig in die ruimte gestrand.

En wat meer is, die mense vra nog: „Waar is die man in die maan?” en dan sê hulle: „Nee, nou is dit die maan in die man.”

DEON BOTHA—Vorm I.

SPORT

HOCKEY

A marked improvement was shown by all the players this season. No longer did we present a timid team to our opponents but instead the girls played as hard as they could and with great tenacity.

They now seem to understand the game and because of this they were able to put many senior teams to shame and did well in the league. (Our First Team came third in their Section and our Second Team came second in their section).

The spirit throughout the season was very good. Many games were only won in the last few minutes when opponents tired and started resting on their laurels. It was then that untiring youth got the better of age and together with the desire to win, Bryanston would score the winning goal.

At all times the teams played attractive hockey and with plenty of practice and experience, promotion to a higher league can be achieved next season.

Congratulations to Linda Brackley, Valerie Sclanders, Odette Jaquet and Lynette Crane who were commended for their improvement and good spirit.

All the experience gained this season plus the fun the girls had would not have been possible if we hadn't had the help of Mrs.

Jaquet, Mrs. Sheldon and Mrs. Kemp as coaches and all our "transport" mothers!

The disappointment of the season was that we had so few beginners to train. We hope that our facilities will encourage many more girls to play hockey. It is certainly the greatest game for girls and besides playing, one meets many pleasant people.

Many players watched the Springboks play Wales and we benefitted from this.

The highlight of the season was the staff match with the staff once more victorious!

A party was held after the game and prizes were awarded to improved players.

Results:

1st Team:

vs. Parktown Convent	won 3—2
vs. Commercial High	lost 6—0
vs. Greenside	won 1—0
vs. Redhill	lost 3—0
vs. Victory Park Convent	lost 5—0
vs. Brescia House	won 2—0

2nd Team:

vs. Parktown Convent	won 8—0
vs. Commercial High	lost 0—2
vs. Greenside	won 3—2
vs. Redhill	drew 0—0
vs. Victory Park Convent	lost 1—2
vs. Brescia House	won 6—1



HOCKEY — FIRST TEAM.

Back row: P. Knight, M. Seddon, M. Holder, R. Oosterberg, B. Crane,
 Centre row: O. Jaquet, V. Sclanders, Mrs. P. Deacon, B. Jones, L. Brackley.
 Front row: L. Crane.



HOCKEY — SECOND TEAM.
 Back row: I. Hoffman, B. Nelson, J. Weston, E. Nurse, S. Britz, T. Grobbelaar, L. Bateman, G. Hammond.
 Centre row: S. Felgate, W. Wolter, Mrs. P. Deacon, A. Fitzhenry, D. Hudspeth.
 Front row: J. Gilpin.

SWIMMING

Although we did not take part in any competitive swimming during the season the number of pupils who turned out for training every Wednesday is an indication of the enthusiasm for this sport at the school.

At present all that can be seen of our School bath is a large level area and a site marked Swimming Bath on the general plan of the school grounds. However, it is hoped that digging will commence in the not-too-distant future and that a bath will be available for use by our enthusiastic swimmers. We will then be in a position to compete against other schools with, we are sure, favourable results.

A most exciting inter-house gala was held during the first quarter at the primary school:

Results:

1. Neptune.
2. Apollo.
3. Mercury.
4. Jupiter.

The School is indebted to Bryanston Primary School for the use of their swimming bath during the first quarter.

LIFE SAVING

In spite of our not yet having a swimming pool of our own, our Life Savers have done us proud. It was reported in last year's magazine that a team of boys and girls had successfully passed their Bronze Medallion examination.

This year, 2 of these Life Savers have attained even greater heights.

Shaun Cullen and Douglas Usher were selected to represent the Transvaal in the Inter Provincial Life Saving Championships at the South African Games in Bloemfontein.

They both did extremely well, and as a result have now been awarded their Transvaal Colours.

There is obviously great aquatic talent here in Bryanston. There are about 20 different awards a swimmer can obtain, ranging from elementary swimming to skilled life saving. The swimmers are here, the awards waiting to be won. All we need is a pool!

NETBALL

The netball season started off a bit late for Bryanston this year due to a shortage of teachers able to coach netball. However, the girls soon started practising and a special coach was employed. Mrs. Pullen, a Southern Transvaal netball player, helped the girls tremendously and discovered a wealth of talent. The girls were soon learning new tactics and especially in the under 15 team the girls were co-ordinating extremely well with each other.

Three teams were entered into the league: under 13, under 14 and under 15. Matches were played against Malvern, Mayfair, Jeppe A, Jeppe B, Sandringham and Athlone. Two other matches were cancelled because of bad weather and exams.

The under 15's obtained the best results winning three out of six matches viz. against Jeppe B, Malvern and Mayfair. The match against Jeppe B was most exciting and the final whistle went just as Bryanston High School scored the winning goal making the score 5—4 to Bryanston.

The under 13's won two matches. against Mayfair and Malvern but unfortunately the under 14's lost all their matches. This, however, was due to the fact that their team was constantly changing.

Although Bryanston did not come top of the league, they were always top in their spirit and enthusiasm and we look forward to a much better season next year.



NETBALL — UNDER 15.
Standing: A. Mostert, L. French, D. Drake, S. Catto.
Sitting: K. Harding, V. Sclanders, Mrs. M. Leigh, L. McCarthy, C. Andersson.



NETBALL — UNDER 14.
Standing: B. Maasburg, G. McDonald, S. Paine, L. Pattison.
Sitting: G. Crake, S. van Weely, Mrs. C. Scheltema, L. Ashby, S. Lombard.



NETBALL — UNDER 13
 Standing: E. Minnaar, L. A. Mackin, B. Forster, A. Utting.
 Sitting: B. Rayner, B. Dall, Mrs. C. Botha, A. Acar, S. Kuhner.

CRICKET

Once again we have to thank the Primary School for the use of their grounds.

During the first term we played Roosevelt High, Hyde Park High and Sandringham High School.

Apollo won the house matches and beat Neptune by the narrow margin of 21 runs.

We made a slow start at the beginning of the fourth term due to the rain which caused many matches to be cancelled.

Our first matches played at Greenside High were both a success.

Bruce Vermeulen scored 26 runs and Ernest Davidson took 5 wickets for 8 runs for U 14 team.

The under 13 cricket team scored over 100 runs. Hilton Young batted third and scored 38 runs before the remainder of his team

was dismissed.

We owe a hearty vote of thanks to all who provided transport. Without their help we would have been in difficulties.

Now that our own fields are almost ready we trust that our prowess at cricket will wax with each season we play.

Results:

U 13 team

- Lost to Roosevelt.
- Won against Hyde Park.
- Won against Sandringham.
- Won against Greenside.

U 14 team

- Won against Roosevelt.
- Lost to Hyde Park.
- Lost to Sandringham.
- Won against Greenside.
- Drew against De La Salle.



CRICKET — UNDER 14.
 Standing: R. McConnochie, J. McCall-Peat, E. Beltramo, M. Tessendorf, I. Lewis.
 Sitting: A. Kernick, B. du Toit, S. Sheppard, Mr. A. van Rensburg, E. Davidson, G. Roberts, B. Vermeulen.



CRICKET — UNDER 13.

Standing: A. Walker, P. Tout, R. Porter, R. Campbell, M. Siebrits, E. Setterberg, P. Lucas, M. Rossiter, F. Hirst.
 Sitting: A. McCauley, P. Bulterman, P. Barnett, Mr. M. Genade, H. Young, K. Siegers, K. Irving.

CROSS COUNTRY RACES

Approximately 100 girls began their course at about 2.30 p.m. on a hot Saturday afternoon the 6th September. The heat, however, did not disturb them.

They shot off at the blast of the whistle and a mere 13 minutes 8 seconds later an exhausted Form I girl, Odette Jaquet, (Neptune) broke the tape. This must be considered as a record because the girls' course had been lengthened by a few hundred yards. The second position was scooped up by another Form I girl, Ingrid Hoffman (Mercury) with Edel Minaar (Apollo) in third position followed by Bernice Marais (Neptune).

The boys' cross country over an extremely exhausting course of 2.7 miles proved equally exciting and successful.

Congratulations go to John Hemmens (Jupiter) who led the field all the way and finished in the good time of 15 minutes 43.4 seconds — breaking the previous record, by 46 seconds.

In second place was a Form I pupil Johan van Tonder (Mercury) followed by Colin Pilliner (Jupiter) and in 4th and 5th positions Eugene Mendoza (Neptune) and Marc Massey (Jupiter).

Thanks are due to all the teachers who helped this cross country to success, especially Mrs. Wentzel, Mr. Nortje and Mr. Wells. Some House teachers even had the pupils training at breaks in addition to the afternoon practices. Although the pupils probably hated it, they always wore a smile.

The final results were:

	Boys	Girls	Total points
1st Mercury	2970	3232	6,202
2nd Neptune	2847	3237	6,084
3rd Jupiter	2105	2411	4,516
4th Apollo	1958	2035	3,993

TENNIS

At last after many setbacks, the new tennis courts were finished and an extensive tennis program was launched. Every pupil in the school was encouraged to participate and the players were grouped according to their ability. Each boy or girl received coaching as well as being allocated a period of the afternoon for playing sets. It is thanks to the enthusiasm of the staff that interest in tennis has been maintained. The assistance of Mrs. Jaquet on Friday afternoons has also been greatly appreciated.

Teams were sent to Ellis Park to participate in the annual Inter-High Competition. Despite being overwhelmed by Senior and Matriculation Students, our boys played in a true spirit of sportsmanship and were a credit to our School. Due to a most unfortunate error on the part of the organisers, our girls were not able to compete. We are sure that they would have been as great a credit to Bryanston High as were the boys.

This term the School Championships were held. The entry was rather disappointing but there was much enthusiasm and enjoyment

from those who participated.

The final results were:

Boys singles: Chris Kassianides (runner up), Bruce Vermeulen (champion).

Girls singles: Mary Ann Roux (runner up), Karen Woest (champion).

Boys doubles: Derrick Ferreira and Chris Kassianides (runners up), Steven Gray and Enrico Beltramo (champions).

Girls doubles: Carol Hopkins and Deborah

Dunsford-White (runners up), Mary-Ann Roux and Karen Woest (champions).

Mixed doubles: Gary Heuer and Mary-Ann Roux (runners up), Derrick Ferreira and Karen Woest (champions).

Well done the champions, and special congratulations to Karen Woest who achieved a "grand slam" winning all 3 events in which she entered.



TENNIS.

Standing: C. Kassianides, G. Heuer, E. Beltramo, G. Dery, B. Vermeulen, S. Grey.
Sitting: M. Roux, C. Hopkins, Mrs. R. Wentzel, K. Woest, D. Dunsford-White.

RUGBY

At the beginning of the season all 3 age groups practised on Fridays on Bryanston Primary School soccer field. With approximately 85 boys it was impossible for each to have a full game. This was later amended to a practice for the U 13's on Tuesday and the U 14's, U 15's on Friday. Extra practices were arranged on Saturday afternoons when Mr. K. C. Fyfe and Mr. John Wilson gave our teams the benefit of their experience.

Notwithstanding the difficulties, each team improved steadily during the season, especially the U 15 team. In the first game of the season the U 15 team lost 45—0 to Roosevelt, but in their last game of the season they beat Northview 8—3.

During the second half of the game against Sandringham the team showed real determination, in spite of which they were beaten. A good determined spirit developed and was rewarded by the improved standard of play.

The U 14 boys also improved, especially in their understanding of tactics. Unfortunately their scores did not keep pace with their improving skill. In this age group, the boys' keenness, in spite of the few matches played, was excellent.

The U 13 had a successful season. They began with little knowledge of rugby but soon formed a cohesive team. Very few of the U 13 teams lost their matches. At present they still have difficulty with conversions. The U 13's especially showed the strength of their forwards.

When our own fields become available our players will have full opportunity for developing the talents they so clearly have.

Results:

Under 15	
vs. Roosevelt	lost 0—45
vs. St. Stithians	lost 3—15
vs. Greenside	lost 0—22
vs. Sandringham	lost 3—18
vs. Northview	won 8—3

Under 14a

vs. Roosevelt lost 0—20
 vs. St. Stithians won 8—0
 vs. Greenside lost 0—25
 vs. Northview lost 0—9
 vs. Sandringham lost 0—18

vs. St. Stithians won 42—0
 vs. Greenside lost 0—6
 vs. Northview won 13—0
 vs. Sandringham won 13—5
 vs. Hyde Park lost 6—13

Under 14 b

vs. St. Stithians lost 3—16

Under 13 b

vs. Roosevelt won 13—8
 vs. St. Stithians won 21—0
 vs. Northview won 11—0
 vs. Sandringham won 13—3

Under 13a

vs. Roosevelt won 13—3



RUGBY — UNDER 15.

Back row: E. Dougherty, M. Gird, A. Blignaut, E. de Hooge, D. Usher, H. von Moltke.
Middle row: G. Bristow, C. van Til, R. Muir, R. Maarschalkerweerd, G. Kiggan, R. Weir, D. Child, P. Flanagan.
Front row: G. Land, T. Nieuwveld, C. Pilliner, Mr. G. W. Kapp, Mr. M. Genade, J. Hemmens, G. Baartman.



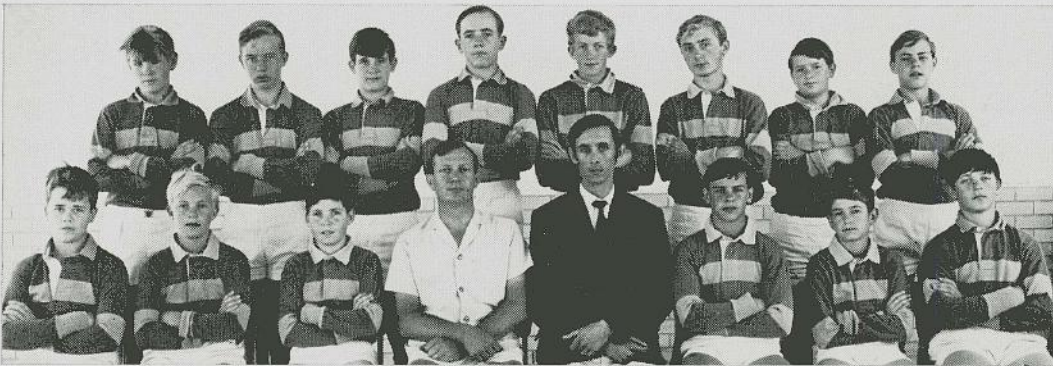
RUGBY — UNDER 14A.

Back row: M. Brown, A. Rayner, C. Pallas, L. McCall, I. McKellar, J. Liackman, S. Schonken, H. Esch, I. Lewis.
Middle row: J. Smith, C. Wheelwright, R. Tenderini, Mr. G. W. Kapp, Mr. M. Genade, G. Pick, A. Doheson.
Front row: R. Pearce, E. Prizeman.



RUGBY — UNDER 14B.

Standing: B. du Toit, J. McCall-Peat, R. McConnachie, N. Forbes, T. Dowding, M. Todd, A. Hunink, J. Chancellor-Maddison.
 Sitting: G. Elliott, R. Spurdle, Mr. G. W. Kapp, Mr. M. Genade, J. Dean, M. Ward



RUGBY — UNDER 13A

Standing: A Maddock, H. Hunink, T. Dunkley, M. Siebrits, P. Cloete, E. Setterberg, G. Fisher, P. Barnett, G. Heuer.
 Sitting: R. Porter, P. Tout, K. Bigham, Mr. G. W. Kapp, Mr. M. Genade, J. van Tonder, M. Neynes, D. Bristow.



RUGBY — UNDER 13B.

Standing: H. Cowper, G. Eglington, B. Vermeulen, R. Honeth, M. Green, J. Oettle, G. Patterson, M. Rossiter, N. Havers.
 Sitting: D. McPherson, G. Eastoe, M. Kemsley, Mr. G. W. Kapp, Mr. M. Genade, K. Siegers, C. Damstra, B. Woods

GYMNASTICS

For the first time in the young life of Bryanston High School the school entered a team in the Southern Transvaal Schools Gymnastic competition in the second grade section.

The boys were Glen Shelton, Robin Wood, Philip Knutsen, Martin Cowper and Reon Marais. We are proud of the fact that Robin Wood gained third place in vaulting and Glen Shelton gained third place on parallel bars and the freestanding exercises and was selected to represent Southern Transvaal in the South African Schools Gymnastic championships.

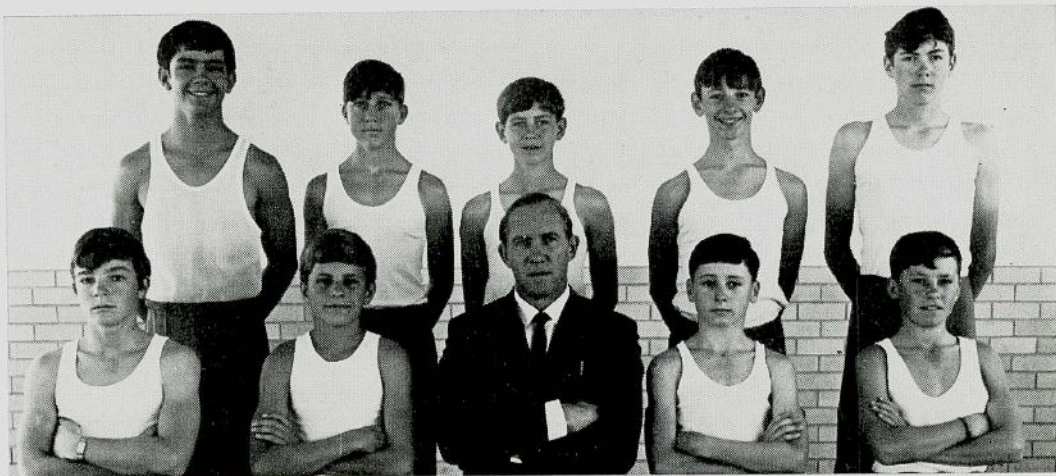
The 3rd Grade Southern Transvaal competition was held on the 13th September and Eugene Mendoza is to be congratulated on

gaining an overall 1st place and together with Alan Keely representing Southern Transvaal in the South African Schools Gymnastic championships in Cape Town during the October holidays.

The girls, Penny Sergiades, Odette Jaquet, Ingrid Regenass, Beverley Crane and Wendy Wolter were also very successful in the 2nd and 3rd Grade competitions.

Wendy gained second place in the second grade; Ingrid third place in second grade and Odette second and fourth place in first and third grade respectively.

If the present enthusiasm for gymnastics continues the school and pupils can be assured of an exciting and successful future in this sport.



GYMNASTICS

Standing: E. Mendoza, R. Garnett, A. Keeley, G. Shelton, P. Knutson.

Sitting: J. Chancellor-Maddison, R. Wood, Mr. J. N. Wells, M. Cowper, R. Marais.

CHESS NOTES

Our chess club commenced with great enthusiasm and strength of numbers at the beginning of 1969.

As the year proceeded and other extramural activities sprang into being, membership declined somewhat, leaving the real enthusiasts to keep the flag flying. We can now boast a solid group of keen and very promising chess players.

Our team entered the "D" League in January and have played six matches, winning five of them. Here are the results:

Bryanston beat Forest High 24—16
Bryanston beat Holy Cross Convent 33— 7

Bryanston beat Germiston (B) 24—16
Bryanston lost to King Edwards 12—28
Bryanston beat Parktown Girls High 28—12
Bryanston beat Waverley Girls High 28—12

These results give us good reason to be proud of our standard of play, especially when we take into account that our opponents' teams have been drawn, for the most part, from Standards IX and X.

Hans Hunink (Form I) entered for the Southern Transvaal High Schools' Tournament held at the Y.M.C.A. centre during the July holidays. In spite of being the youngest player, he ended up with a 50% score. Congratulations, Hans!

The results of the inter-house competitions were very close. First place was taken by Apollo; Mercury and Neptune scored even points for second place. Hard luck, Jupiter! But you're sporty losers, all the same.

Each of the matches during the year, as well as being a struggle for points, has been an occasion of friendly competition. We have met and enjoyed playing with others interested in chess.

A delightful afternoon was spent when we

played host to 22 visiting chess players from Benoni High. The emphasis was on comradeship and the score—3 points against Bryanston—was of minor importance. We have found some good sparring partners and the return "friendly" at Benoni was drawn.

Don't let us forget a word of gratitude and appreciation to our captain, Stelios Pouyoukas, for his able management of arrangements and his rounding up of members whenever the occasion called for it. Thank you, Stelios!



CHESS

Standing: J. Taylor, H. Hunink, J. Liackman, S. Pouyoukas, N. Forbes, G. Dery, K. Taylor.
Sitting: D. Sacher, J. Rose, Mr. M. Genade, Mrs. M. Tangen, N. Kiggan, G. Kiggan.



Richard Garnett on the vaulting table



Glen Shelton on the pommel horse



Robin Wood on the parallel bar



Eugene Mendoza on the horizontal bar

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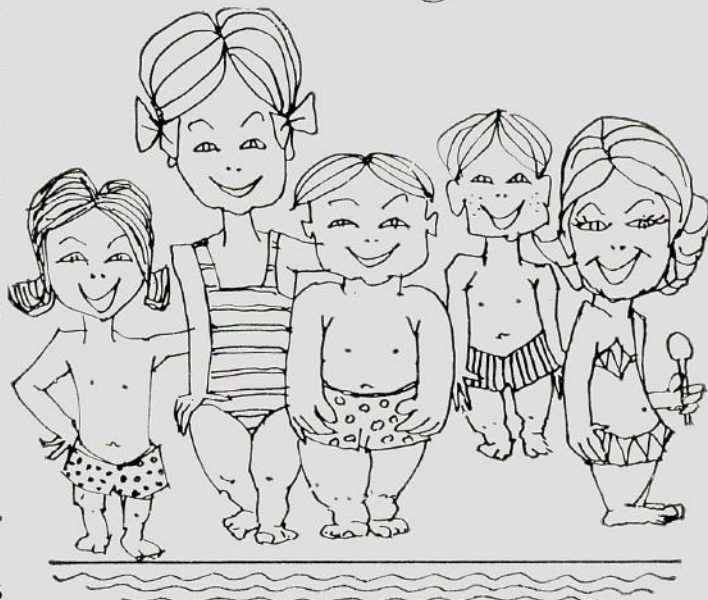
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