



Bryanston

**HIGH
SCHOOL
MAGAZINE**

**No. 15
1982**



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1982

BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1982

Editor: G.M. Manolios B.A. B.Ed. T.T.H.D.

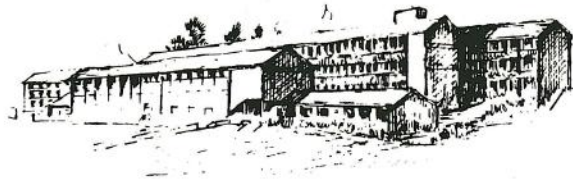
Sub-Editors: Miss C. Walls, Miss S. Featherstone

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THE PERMANENT TEMPTATION OF LIFE IS TO
CONFUSE DREAMS WITH REALITY.
THE PERMANENT DEFEAT OF LIFE COMES WHEN
DREAMS ARE SURRENDERED TO REALITY.



From the Headmaster's desk

Bryanston
High School
December 1982



FROM THE HEADMASTER'S DESK

We are all doomed! The situation in the World appears hopeless — particularly in the Western world. In South Africa, the situation cannot be described in words. How many of us don't believe these statements to be facts? We are constantly indoctrinated by the Mass Media to believe that the above-mentioned opinions are indeed, facts. For the average man, most knowledge and opinion of the outside world is obtained through the Mass Media. What is the picture that is painted for us? — one of general social unrest, wide-spread terrorism, genocide, suppression of individual rights and a break-down of law and order. Just mention the words : "Ireland, Lebanon, Iran and Afghanistan" and we think of slaughter, destruction and injustice. According to the Media nothing good and uplifting has come from these countries for a number of years and the future holds little promise of improvement. That the actual reporting is partly factual, cannot be disputed. The fact is that it is one-sided, and the consequences thereof, warrant comment. What qualifications are necessary for someone to be appointed as a journalist? Judging by the approach adopted by reporters, the main qualifications are : negativity, a fatalistic approach and a hypercritical outlook on life. We all know that sensation sells; however, if this is the only motive of the Media, they are obliged to relinquish their claim as "Watchdogs of our Society" forthwith.

It is not my intention to attempt to educate the Media as to their responsibility and role in our Society. The abovementioned all serves as background to a current concern of edu-

cators throughout the world. It is a well-known fact that young people are most impressionable during their developmental years. Because they are constantly bombarded by the negative side of life through the Media, they eventually believe it to be a fact of life. Their whole outlook on life becomes negative. Destructive criticism is part of their daily routine. It has become a way of life to them.

Let us accept the fact that people are not perfect, systems are not perfect and there is always room for improvement. It is our right to criticize and then the choice is ours; to be destructive or constructive. Destructive criticism produces further negativity whereas constructive criticism can lead to an improvement of the issue under consideration.

As parents and teachers we are obliged to give the youngsters in our care the necessary guidance as to the approach required for a happy and successful life. To do this we must, firstly, adopt a positive outlook on life ourselves, identify the cause of the negativity and concentrate on that which is good and beautiful. We must help children to adopt a positive approach to life, to criticize constructively and to believe in their future. There is so much good in this life. If we focus on what is good positive development must result. We all have but one life to live. We cannot afford to go through life with a guilty conscience. A conscience, by all means but not at the expense of our children.

All that is necessary to a fulfilled life is a change in attitude. Adopt a positive approach. This will lead to a happier world and happier people. Because : Life is great, life is beautiful. Life is.

Headmaster J.L. VIVIERS



BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL EXECUTIVE

Mr. R. Stoltz, Mr. L. Steijn, Mr. J. Viviers (Headmaster) (Seated), Mr. W. Visser, Mrs. C. Scheltema.

Governing Body

Chairman: Mr. D. Fowlds

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Mr. D. Fowlds | Mr. N. Gallie |
| Mr. V.H. Penaluna | Mr. A. Tiley |
| Mr. M. Adcock | Mr. B. Train |
| Mr. D. Brooking | |

Parents' Association

Chairman: Mr. A. Brombacher

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Mr. C. Begley | Mrs. L. Stafford |
| Mr. F. Croswell | Mr. J. Kamps |
| Mrs. C. Oliver | Mr. J. Finlayson |
| Mr. I. Harris | Mr. R. Wilson |

Ex-Officio

- Mr. J.L. Viviers (Headmaster)
- Mr. L. Lloyd (Chairman, Governing Body)
- Mrs. L. Stafford (Chairlady, Mothers' Committee)
- Mr. I. Rickleton (Chairman, Old Bryanstonians)

Staff Representatives

- Mr. J.L.W. Visser Mrs. P. Deacon Mr. J. Folster

Mothers' Committee

- | | | |
|-------------------|---|---------------------|
| Chairlady | : | Mrs. L. Stafford |
| Deputy Chairlady | : | Mrs. S. Croswell |
| Tuckshop Convenor | : | Mrs. G. Gibson |
| Tuckshop Finance | : | Mrs. J. Hultzer |
| Tuckshop Helpers | : | Mrs. C. Arnold |
| Mrs. I. King | | Mrs. R. Davey |
| Mrs. U. Walker | | Mrs. D. Leech |
| | | Mrs. S. Gold |
| | | Mrs. D. Kloosterman |

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Governing Body Message from the Chairman

The task of a Chairman of any Body is always easy if he is fortunate enough to have a strong committee in support. This definitely is the case at Bryanston High School with the following members of the Governing Body: Mr. Blythe Train, Vice Chairman and our Representative on the Association of Governing Bodies, Mr. Neville Galley, who represents the School on the Johannesburg North School Board and is also responsible for the buildings and grounds, ably assisted by Mr. Vic Penaluna, Mr. Douglas Brooking who advises the School Administrative Staff in controlling the School funds, Mr. Alan Tiley and Mr. Mike Adcock, who attend to public relations and legal matters, Mr. Nout Brombacher, Chairman of the Parents Association and ex officio member of the Governing Body and finally, the most important member is Mr. Viviers, whose co-operation and advice to the Governing Body is essential. During the year two valuable members of the Committee resigned: Mrs. Margaret Leitner, who was the most efficient and able Secretary any Chairman has had the fortune to have on a Committee; Mrs. Leitner has now joined the staff of the School in the office. Also, Mr. Leon Shirley who had to resign due to pressure of work.

The main item occupying the Governing Body during the current year has been the buildings and grounds. After years of negotiation, mainly by Mr. Lloyd the past Chairman and Mr. Viviers, the School was completely renovated. This naturally caused a great deal of disruption to the staff and pupils but the Province and Contractor must be congratulated on the quality of work. This should last another 14 years, as this appears to be the length of time between renovations.

A new Head of Department block has been agreed to in principle by the Province but due to lack of funds, has been delayed. It is hoped that as soon as the economy improves, tenders will be issued for these offices. At the same time, the Parents Association has allocated funds to increase the size of the staff room. The plans have been completed and the building will be erected at the same time as the new administration block.

Five new pre-fabricated classrooms have been allocated to the School for 1983. This was against the advice of the Governing Body as we did not want to increase the size of the School. Representations have been made to the School Board for another high school to be allocated for the Northern area but have not received any support from the Province due to the shortage of funds. Representations, together with those from other schools in the area are continuing.

Another very important function carried out by the Governing Body has been the interviewing of prospective permanent teachers who applied to the School through the advertisements in the Government Gazette. It is a pleasure to speak to these academics and the standard of applicants is absolutely outstanding. Unfortunately there are many schools vying for their services but we have been fortunate in most cases in getting teachers whom we selected.

Bryanston High School is considered out of town and to make the conditions more attractive to present and prospective staff, we are considering starting a Trust Fund to assist teachers. This fund is being studied by a Select Steering Committee and should be operative from 1983 onwards.

The work of the Governing Body never ends and the Committee will always have a great deal to do to keep Bryanston High School up to the standard it has achieved in its relatively short history.



I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the members and Mr. Viviers for their loyalty and encouraging support to me during the current year.

DAVID FOWLDS.
Chairman

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Parents Association

The year 1982 has been a very active and successful one for the Parents Association and for the School.

Undoubtedly, the "GO FOR GOLD" Carnival on 15 May was the highlight of the year. Here we had maximum parental involvement. And . . . we did it all for our own school and for the benefit of our own children.

Other events to be mentioned are:

A very successful Debs Ball — Thanks to the pupils for the funds raised.

A Horseshow, which drew a lot of attention to the school — the number of entries broke all records.

A Junior Inter-house Quiz Evening — an outstanding success.

Parents' contributions were in excess of previous years, both in the amount of money raised and in the percentage of parents who paid.

As a result of all this, we were able to help the school as follows:

Three new school Combies were purchased

A new storeroom was erected

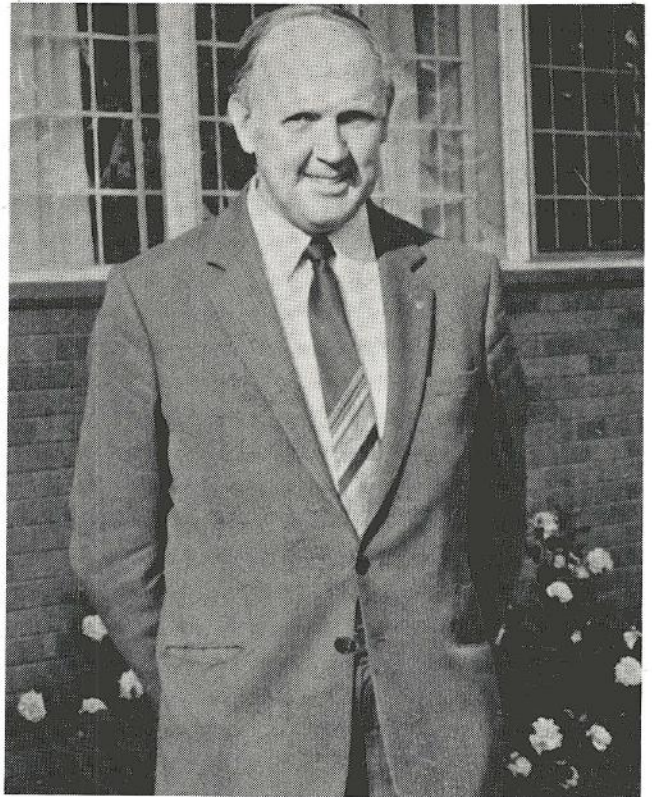
Trees were planted

Tennis courts and cricket fields were repaired

We assisted with the buying of new equipment for the Cadet Band.

Still we could have done much more.

It is disappointing to realise that, compared with other schools in and around Johannesburg, we contributed the lowest amount per family and this amount was paid by the lowest percentage of parents. The less affluent areas put us to shame.



Please do realise that whatever we contribute is used towards our own school and therefore towards better education of our own children.

We are looking forward to a very active 1983 and hope to see as many parents as possible involved.

A.A. BROMBACHER
CHAIRMAN

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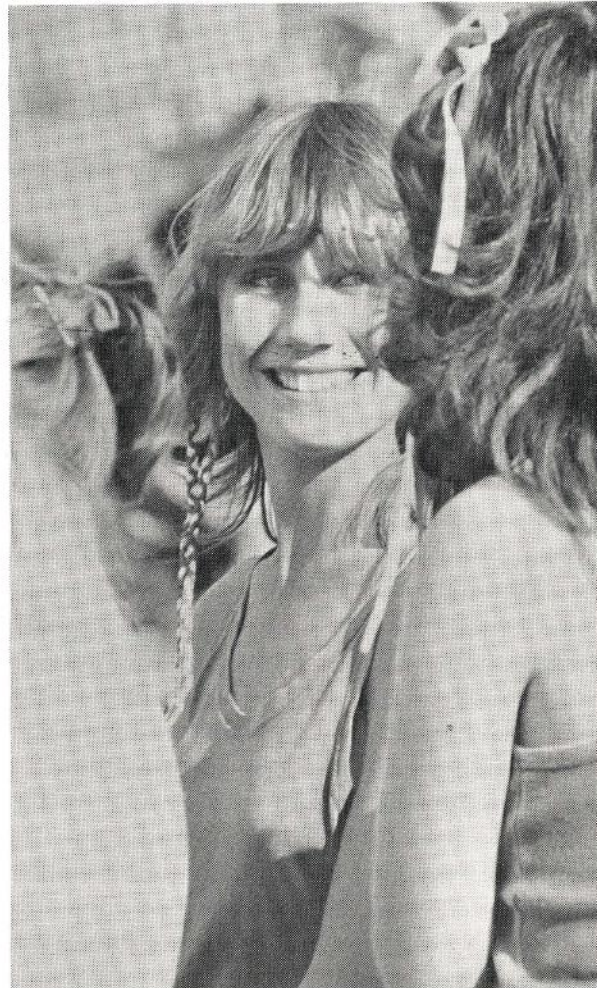
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MOTHERS COMMITTEE 1982

Front Row: Mrs. J. Hultzer, Mrs. S. Croswell, Mrs. L. Stafford, Mrs. G. Gibson, Mrs. S. van Wel.
Back Row: Mrs. M. Clewlow, Mrs. C. Arnold, Mrs. U. Walker, Mrs. D. Leech, Mrs. D. Kloosterman, Mrs. P. de Klerk,
 Mrs. W. Smart, Mrs. P. Hunter, Mrs. R. Davey.
Absentees: Mrs. I. King, Mrs. M. Morris.

Mothers' Committee Report

As 1982 draws to a close the 1982 Mothers' Committee can reflect over a busy, rewarding and happy year together.

Besides the numerous sporting events, there were many other meetings, courses and functions held at the School this year which had to be catered for — the most important of these being the "Go for Gold Carnival". For this event my committee gave up many hours of their time unstintingly to make this occasion a success.

This year we undertook the extra tasks of selling advertising space in this magazine and organising the Parents' Association Dance held at the Bryanston Country Club, both of which turned out to be successful ventures for us.

On behalf of Gunnel Gibson (Tuckshop Convenor) and Christine Arnold (Tuckshop Helpers) I would like to take this

opportunity of thanking the many mothes who give up time every week to help in the smooth running of the Tuckshop.

A big thank you to all the mothes of the school who supplied the delicious and gorgeous cakes which helped feed the vast numbers of visiting sportsmen and sportswomen this year. Your efforts are greatly appreciated by the different sports convenors.

Special thanks must go th three teachers who were always more than willing to help us. They are Mrs. Weir, Miss Bodmer and Mrs. Deacon.

Lastly, I cannot put down in words the thanks and appreciation I feel for the 1982 Mothers' Committee. They have made me very proud to be Chairlady of such a hard-working and happy committee. Thank you ALL most sincerely for your tremendous support throughout the year.

LORRAINE STAFFORD

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Staff Notes

Our congratulations are extended to the following staff members for whom 1981/2 proved to be a rather "productive" period.

Mrs. Marais, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Smith were all delivered of baby girls. It was also a period during which a number of our colleagues entered into the arena of marriage. Miss Oberholzer became Mrs. Scheepers, Miss van der Werken is now Mrs. Willemse, Miss Prange became Mrs. Engelhardt and Miss Hatting has assumed the name of Mrs. Huggett and has also been appointed to our school in a permanent capacity in the Afrikaans Department. Mr. Schonken was also married and his young bride joined our staff.

Miss Michael, Miss le Roux and Miss Andrews all announced their engagements and we take this opportunity of wishing them the very best of luck.

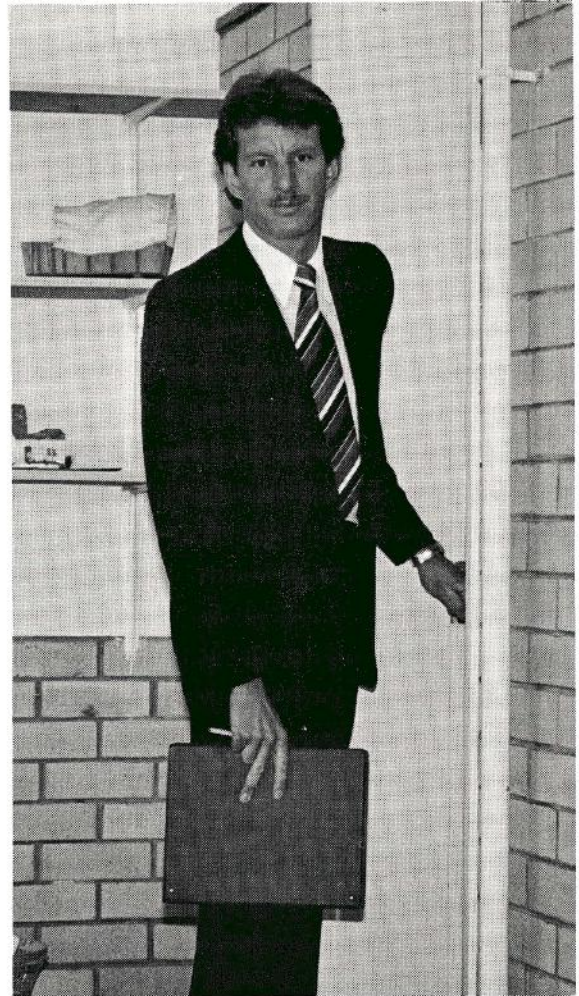


On the professional front, Mr. Stoltz was appointed to the position of Head of Department in the department of Educational Guidance and Mr. Louw was seconded to P.C.E. in the capacity of Maths lecturer.

Our best wishes go to Miss Hodgson who has decided to pull up her roots and start afresh in a school in South West Africa, Mr Walter who has decided to succumb to the call of commerce and Mrs. Engelhardt whose husband has been transferred to Kempton Park.

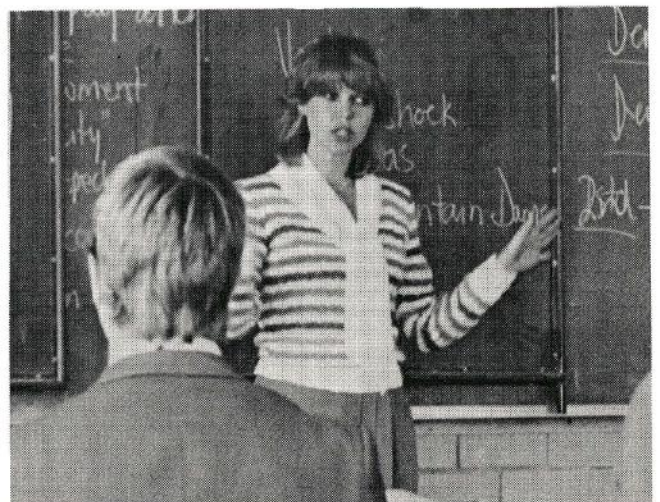
Hearty congratulations are also due to Mrs. Weir, whose excellence has been recognized by the department and rewarded with a Merit Award.

MRS. D. BLOCH



QUO VADIS (?)

The school is abuzz. Security in the office block has been trebled. Storm troopers of the prestige platoon scurry about in squads of six, shielding heads of department. Screams echo from the prefects' room, reassuring the pupil body that the questioning of suspected stool-pigeons is under way. Members of staff with something to hide queue up to voice their complaints to the headmaster. The rugby coach has been confined to the recess under the staff-room table until the parents who want to discuss the team's last defeat leave. The telephone lines have been disconnected. Expatriate Irish pupils are storming the prefabricated block. The SCA is in the gymnasium . . .



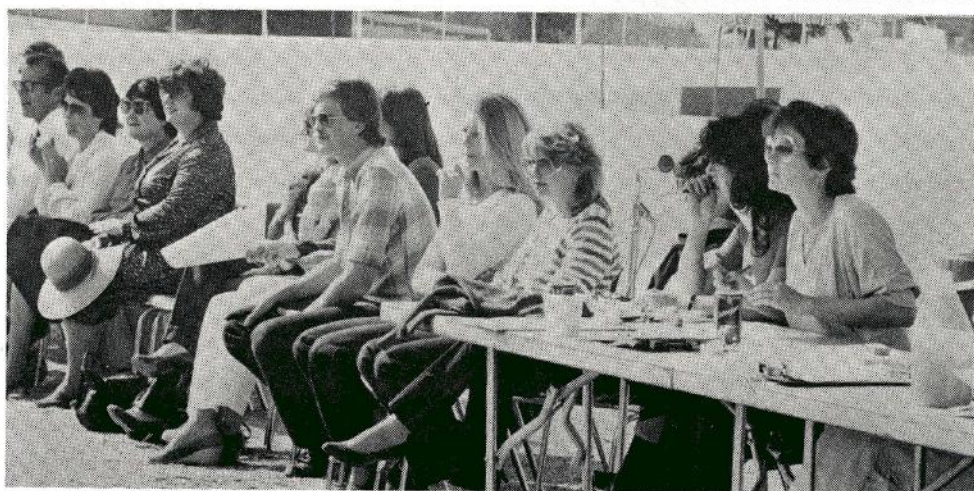
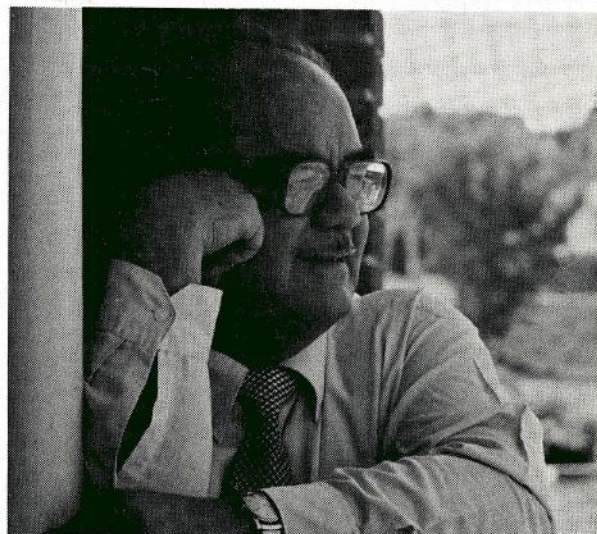
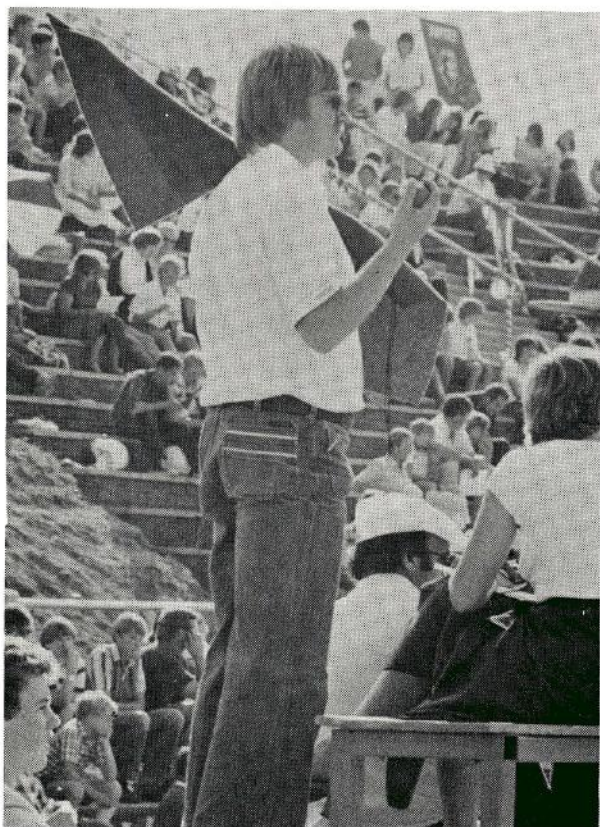
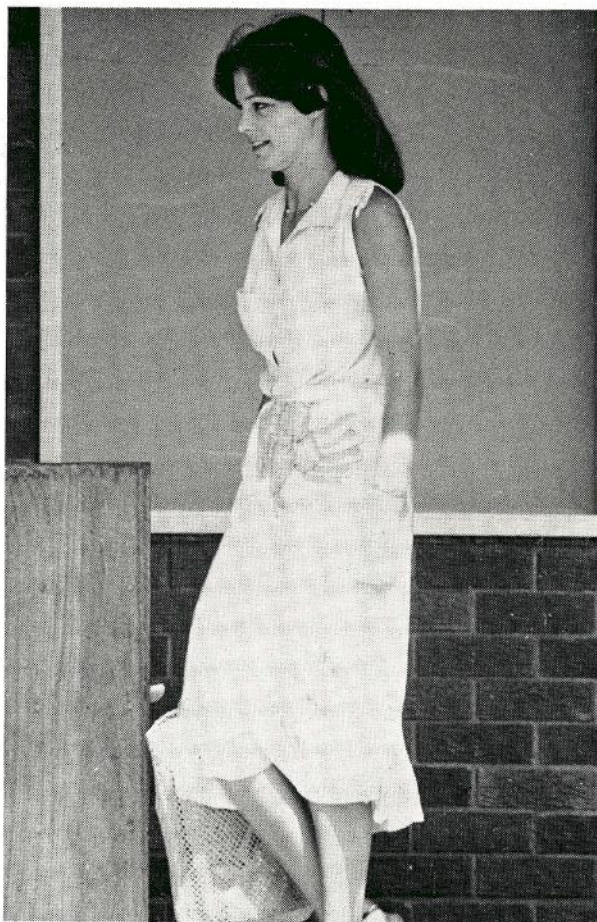
It is Friday. All is well at Bryanston. The latest issue of "Quo Vadis" has been distributed, some of it by air from the Afrikaans teacher's window. One is reminded of scenes from "Battleship Potemkin" depicting the distribution of "Pravda"

Mr. Manolios is back at Bryanston. His return is welcome and has been welcomed. However, with him he brought a little black bag containing:

- 1. 1 X little bird
- 2. 1 X editorial kit
- 3. n X pep tablets

Out went the monthly PA newsletter. In came "Quo Vadis". Out went secrecy. In came the vox vulgaris. Out went charade. In came a lighter moment. We hope that he has fewer free periods next year. We hope that he takes Cadets next year. We want our privacy back. We want to decide which scores should be publicized. We demand professional discretion . . .

And now we hear that Mr. Manolios is editing the School Magazine! . . .



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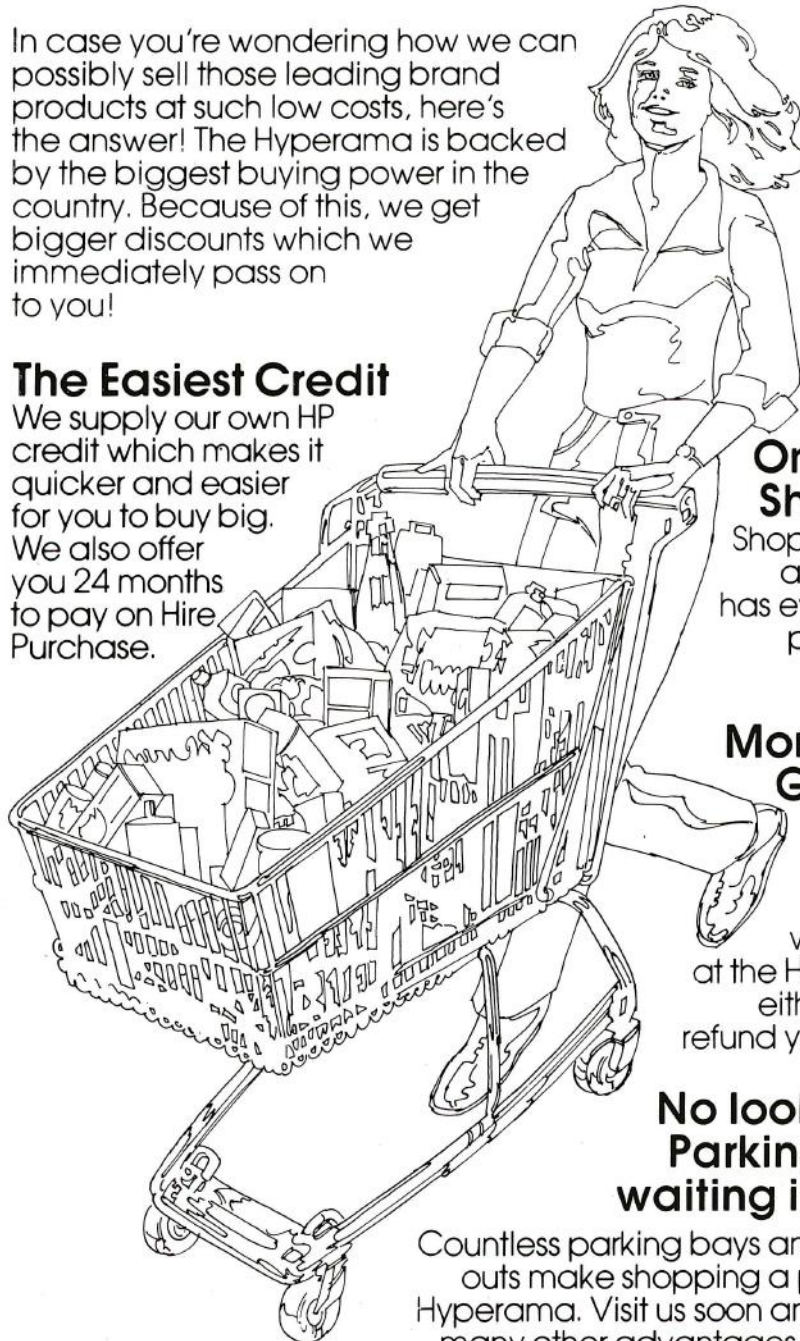
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DEPARTMENT OF OFFICIAL LANGUAGES

Front Row: Ms. Walls (Eng), Ms. Michael (Eng), Mr. Schonken (Eng), Ms van Rooyen (Afr), Mrs. von Ludwig (Afr), Mrs. de Beer (Afr).

Second Row: Ms Featherstone (Eng), Mrs. Frost (Eng), Mrs. Scheepers (Eng), Ms Bezuidenhout (Eng), Mrs. van Niekerk (Afr), Mrs. Huggett (Afr), Mrs Prinsloo (Afr), Ms Coney (Afr), Ms Willemse (Afr), Ms Cohen (Eng), Mr. Manolios (Eng).

Absentees: Mr. Viviers (Acting Head of Department), Mrs. Bloch (Eng), Ms. Pratt (Afr).

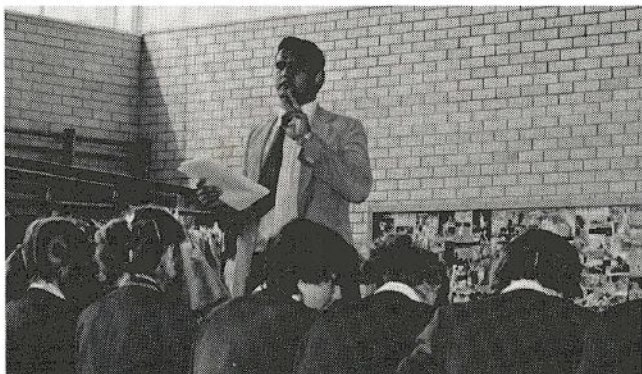
English

1982 has seen a revolution in English teaching at Bryanston. Ten English teachers, working as a team (with the regretted subtraction of Mrs. Erasmus and the welcome addition of Mr. Manolios) set about the tasks of establishing a competent analytic foundation for literature studies, a comprehensive and correct command of the grammar of the language for the purposes of communication and a systematic and accurate set of comprehensive skills in each pupil.

We believe that our past Heads of Department, Messrs. Bam and Paige, would have been proud of our achievements in spite of their sorely-regretted absences.

We are well on our way to establishing an English teaching team without peer. With the contribution of the English teachers in the extra-mural field already recognised as an essential contribution to the School, we look forward to recognition of this department as one of the academic corner-stones of the school as well.

MR. J.L. VIVIERS
ACTING HEAD OF DEPARTMENT



Afrikaans 1982

Vanjaar was ons alweer soos 'n ellendige afkop hoender. Verlede jaar het die Amptelike Tale Departement twee howe gehad, en beide was Engelse taalafrigters. Hierdie jaar moes ons toe ook sonder hulle klaarkom, en dan wel met 'n wetenskaplike agter die stuur.

Nou ja, hoenders kan seker sonder koppe klaarkom. Met die onmiskenbare bystand van Mev Scheltema en onder die knap leiding van Mej van Rooyen het ons duidelik bewys dat die sleutel tot sukses daarin sit dat elke lid sy kant bring en bereid staan om elke ander lid van bystand en raad te bedien.

Knap só, kollegas!

J.L. VIVIERS
Waarnemende Departementshoof





NATURAL SCIENCES DEPARTMENT

Front Row: Mrs. D. Steele (Sc), Mr. E. Walter (Bio), Mr. L.J. Steijn (Head Of Dept), Mrs. P. Deacon (Maths), Mr. R. Edgar (Maths), Mrs. I. Russell (Maths).

Second Row: Mr. E. Eybers (Maths), Mrs. F. Mann (Bio), Mrs. S. Termorshuizen (Maths), Mrs. S. Schonken (Gen Sc), Mr. S.A. Cuthbertson (Bio), Mrs. A.v.d. Merwe (Bio), Mrs. G. Train (Maths), Mrs. L. Gale (Gen Sc), Mrs. S. Hunter (Maths).

Natural Sciences

In 1982 a series of remarkable teachers came and went and stayed, showing conclusively that Science, Mathematics and Biology teaching is fun. We do our share extra-murally in Boys Hockey, Boys Tennis, Girls Hockey, Athletics, Rugby and Swimming, and Squash.

Our hearts go out to those pillars of strength that helped us through the year 1982. Just think how much the pupils thank you for your efforts. For several months we had two teachers to see that Standardised tests were set and marked in all the other classes taking science.

The Archimedes truth is that most of our pupils excelled in extra curricular examinations. Hugh Hacking and Matthew Gough were the stars in this respect. We even received a prize from the Chamber of Mines for being the school with the most candidates amongst the top 10% of 12 000 candidates nationwide.

There is no doubt that Mathematics, Science and Biology are very important subjects for any pupil who wishes to go to university at a later stage. At present, we are in the fortunate position of having competent staff, but as teachers in these fields are rapidly becoming a rare commodity, parents and pupils must give serious thought to how to encourage young people to take up teaching in these fields and perhaps in the future this department could be sponsored by external bodies.

Two of our pupils, Hugh Hacking and Michael Gibson, did an analysis of Cadmium poisoning in marine invertebrates. They entered their project with "Expo" and were awarded a 1st prize and will be going forward to the final round.

L. STEIJN
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT NATURAL SCIENCES

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DEPARTMENT OF HUMANITIES

Front Row: Miss O.H. Hodgson (History) Mrs. C. Scheltema (Head Of Dept) — (History), Miss H. Andrews (Geography), Mrs. P. Powell (French).
Second Row: Mrs. D. Wernars (History), Miss G. Dyer (History), Miss Z. Recsei (History), Mrs. E. Huggett (French, Miss M. Moosbauer (Zulu), Miss J. Moeller (Geography) Miss B. Erasmus (Geography).
Absentees: Mrs. E. Boshardt (Zulu), Mrs. R. Hancock (Art), Mrs. G. Townsend (Geography), Mrs. D. Engelhardt (German).

Department of Humanities

As Head of Department, I should like to thank the members of the Department for their hard work and dedication. The teachers in charge of the various subjects made our department one with few problems. Mr. Stoltz (Art), Miss Hodgson (History), Miss Andrews (Geography), and Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Engelhardt (Third Languages) made my task an easy one.

The Department of Humanities consists of young teachers (except for the "institution" at the top) who are enthusiastic and, above all, take advice and guidance in such good spirit, that it was easy for me to guide them. They are not merely subject teachers, but above all, educators. The Department of Humanities has accepted the challenge of being an exempted school by increasing our standards and we have been able to expand and consolidate our pupils' abilities even further.

Promotions always seem to come from our department and this year was no exception when Mr. Stoltz was promoted to Head of Department, Educational Guidance. Congratulations, Mr. Stoltz. We appreciate the fact that you have made the Art Department one that Bryanston is proud of. Mrs. Hancock's hard work in the junior classes is much appreciated.

The History Department is going from strength to strength. Manned by Miss Hodgson, Miss Dyer, Mrs. Wernars and Miss Recsei, they have worked hard to maintain our high standards and have been rewarded by a good response and enthusiasm from the pupils.

The Geography Department, consisting of Miss Andrews, Mrs. Erasmus, Mrs. Townsend and Miss Moeller, has made a major contribution to the activities of the Department of Humanities. We were sorry to lose Mrs. Jackson, but Miss Moeller has stepped in with her characteristic dedication. These teachers are maintaining the high standards of Bryanston High.

Apart from a mid-year scare caused by Miss Moosbauer, all is well in the Department of Third Languages. Numbers of pupils taking a third language are increasing and in 1983 the first matriculants will write Zulu on the higher grade. Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Engelhardt, Miss Moosbauer and Mrs. Boshardt are dedicated teachers. There is one sad note — Mrs. Engelhardt is leaving us and it will be difficult to replace her.

For the Department of Humanities, 1982 was a good year.

MRS. C. SCHELTEMA
 HEAD OF DEPARTMENT HUMANITIES



DEPARTMENT EDUCATIONAL GUIDANCE

Front Row: Miss G. Le Roux, Mr. R. Stoltz, (H.O.D. Educational Guidance), Mr. J. Visser (H.O.D. Educational Guidance), Mrs. B. Weir.

Second Row: Mr. G. Giliomee, Mr. J. van Niekerk, Mrs. A. Eitzen, Mr. J. Folster, Mrs. K. McCarten, Miss G. Bodmer, Mr. G. Manolios.

Report of the Department of Educational Guidance

The Department of Educational Guidance consists of Mr. J.L.W. Visser, Head of the Department, Mr. R.P. Stoltz, Mrs. K.J. McCarten and Mr. G. Manolios.

We congratulate Mr. R.P. Stoltz, who was also appointed Head of the Department of Educational Guidance in June of this year.

A Careers Guidance Seminar was held in May, 1982. This was arranged by the Sandton Rotary Club and attended by the whole Department of Educational Guidance as well as Standard 8, 9 and 10 pupils. It proved to be a great success and pupils felt they had gained more insight into the different types of careers, particularly, as they were able to ask questions and receive immediate answers on any aspect of the career which interested them, from someone actually involved in that career.

The Standard 7 and Practical Course pupils attended the Manpower Exhibit which gave them more knowledge of the different kinds of careers available.

Mr. Stoltz attended meetings at the Meat Board and at Escom and brought back valuable information. Mrs. McCarten took Standard 9 and Standard 8 girls on a tour of the Johannesburg General Hospital as well as of Rosebank Secretarial College, so that the girls could see what careers in these fields actually entailed. The girls seemed very interested. The teaching of Guidance became more academic this year. It has been a good year and a great deal has been accomplished.

MR. G.S.W. VISSER
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT EDUCATIONAL GUIDANCE



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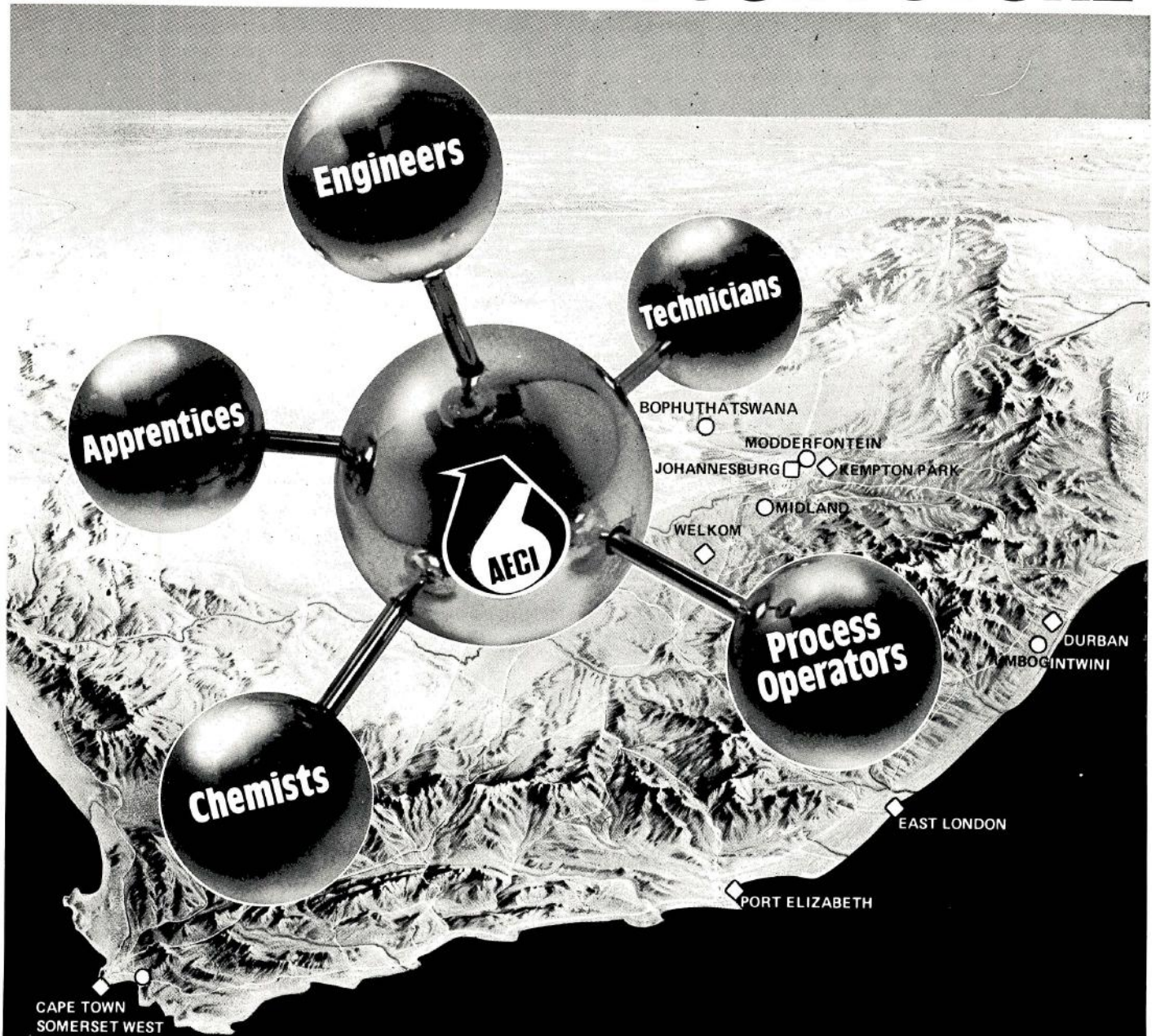
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1982 Awards

1. Welsh Cup — Dux Leadership Award — Boys' Trophy Gregory Lance
2. Welsh Cup — Dux Leadership Award — Girls' Trophy Lisa Cooper
3. Lions International — Service — Boys' Medallion Richard Barker
4. Round Table No. 128 — Service — Girls' Trophy Gillian Freimond
5. Sandton Mayoral Award — Academic Achievement — Boys' Hugh Hacking
6. Sandton Mayoral Award — Academic Achievement — Girls' Alison Cochlovius
7. Time Centre Tophy — Science Hugh Hacking
8. Pamela Tatz Trophy — Le Prix Francaise Gillian Freimond
Book Prize Dominique Chauvin
9. German Trophy Bettina von Moltke
10. Biology Trophy Hugh Hacking
11. Practical Biology Trophy Hugh Hacking and
Michael Gibson
12. Zulu Trophy Laurel Holmes
13. Geography Trophy Hugh Hacking
14. Mathematics Trophy Janice Kaye and
Mark Train
15. Art Prize Tracy Field
16. English Prize Gillian Freimond
17. History Prize Gisele Pulé and
Lisa Cooper
18. Beste Prestasie in Afrikaans Hugh Hacking
19. Home Economics Trophy for most outstanding Housecraft Pupil Sandra Marais
20. Teacher Training Bursary Tracy Field and
Tracey Stafford
21. Academic Colours

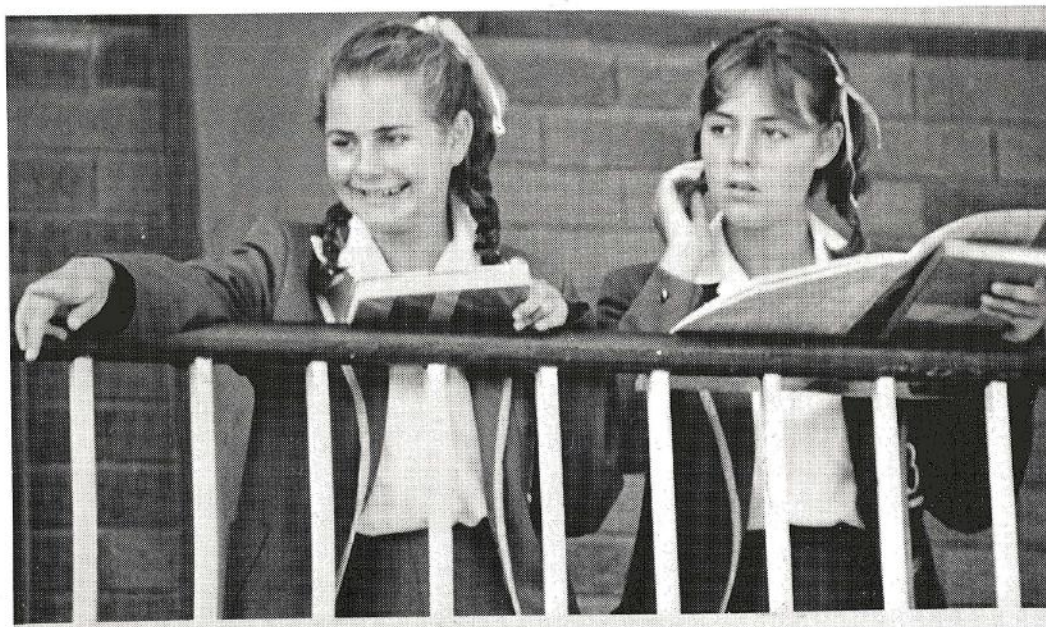
Mark Baillie	Richard Barker	Colin Burns	Alison Cochlovius
Lisa Cooper	Angela Dickson	Tracy Field	Gillian Freimond
Matthew Gough	Hugh Hacking	Michael Hilditch	Laurel Holmes
Jaqueline Hunermann	Andrea Kaiser	Janice Kaye	Carol Lippert
Duncan Lloyd	Amanda Marshall	Fiona McAllister	Freddy Pretorius
Michele Rochat	Norbert Schnadt	John Stuart	Allan Taylor
Julie Thomson	Mark Train	Bruce Tyson	Karen Volmer
Bettina von Moltke	Hilary Wagstaff		
22. Certificate of Merit

Bridget Stroh, Deborah Wright, Lynda Finlayson and David Howard — for Exceptional Progress in Art Practical.

Bruce Tyson — for meritorius and reliable service to the School.

Clair Kruse — for positive attitude, whole-hearted participation and good progress in German

Tracy Hooper — for coaching of the beginner girls hockey players.
23. Headmaster's Award Andrew Barwood
Karin Volmer





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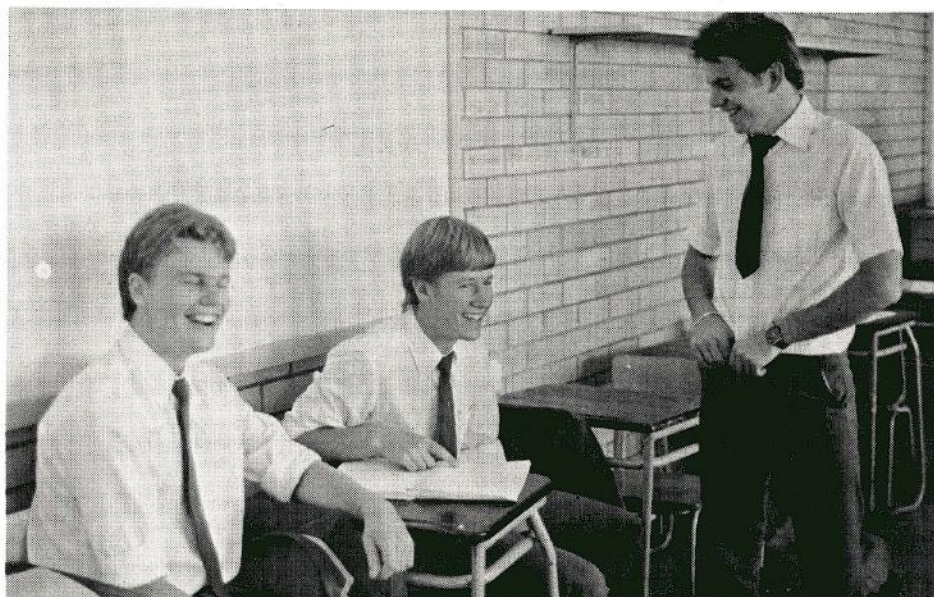
Distinctions in brackets

With university exemption

Adamson G.F.
Baillie K.A.
Barbour J.H. (ENGLISH, AFRIKAANS, MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY, HISTORY)
Bardouleau A.F.
Barker W.H. (ZULU, MATHS, SCIENCE, COMPUTER STUDIES)
Bayes C.M.
Bear N.D. (MATHS)
Blackwell S.M.
Bleloch M.J. (MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY, GEOGRAPHY)
Bradford G.M.
Brombacher G.D.
Brooking A.C. (ENGLISH, MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY, HISTORY)
Canning L.S.
Carr V.C.E. (HISTORY)
Celliers J.P.
Chambers D.L. (MATHS, SCIENCE, COMPUTER STUDIES)
Cole M.C. (MATHS SCIENCE, HISTORY)
Commandeur A.J.
Cooper T.G. (MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY)
Crawford K.M.
Crystal S.C.
Damstra J.R.
Dixon C.C.
Drysdale G.L.L.
Duff D.
Durst A.G. (AFRIKAANS, GERMAN, BIOLOGY, HISTORY)
Evans B.L.
Ewen K.J.
Fabricius A.I. (MATHS, SCIENCE GEOGRAPHY, METALWORK)
Fenton B. (MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY, HISTORY, COMPUTER STUDIES)
Fitzhenry C.
Flook H.J. (BIOLOGY)
Flook W.H.



Forster A.L.
 Fulcher R.G.
 Fulcher B.W. (MATHS, SCIENCE)
 Gallie B.F.
 Gilson R.M.
 Gloster R.C.H.
 Goodwin H.S.
 Hardwick G.B.
 Harris A.J.
 Hein T.
 Herbst S.M. (MATHS, BIOLOGY)
 Hewson D.R. (AFRIKAANS)
 Hewson R.O.
 Hobday J.R.
 Hollander L.S.
 Houchin M.L.
 Howard P.M.B.
 Hurry C.Y. (ENGLISH, HISTORY)
 Ilsley J.C.
 Ind F.H.
 Iuel N.C.
 Jackson J.M.
 Johnstone K.B. (MATHS, HISTORY)
 Jones C.A.
 Kamps P.R. (MATHS)
 Larter G.J.
 Kearney G.J.
 Kenning J.M. (HISTORY)
 Kernot D.J.
 King K.L.
 Kratz P.A.
 Kriel E.D.
 Kruse R.P.
 Lance P.A.
 Leisewitz A.L. (BIOLOGY, GEOG)
 Levenderis S.M. (MATHS, SCIENCE, GEOGRAPHY)
 Lloyd N. (AFRIKAANS, FRENCH, MATHS, BIOLOGY, HISTORY BIBLICAL STUDIES)
 Longbottom R.H.
 Lucas M.A.
 Luchs M.S.
 Machado P.M.C.Q.
 McBean E.D.
 Mcenhill I.C.
 McNeil K.G.
 Meiring M.F.
 Mitchell-Adams D.J.
 Moore D.L.
 Mulligan D.G.
 Naafs S.C.
 Newby L.M. (ENGLISH, AFRIKAANS, FRENCH, MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY, COMPUTER STUDIES)
 Nyce A.P.
 Parry R.J. (ENGLISH, ART)
 Patrick N.A. (ENGLISH, MATHS)
 Pearson J.
 Penney A.C.
 Phillips K.M.
 Pivnic A.C. (BIOLOGY)
 Porter L.G.
 Price A.D. (HISTORY)
 Prizeman A.G.
 Raad R.
 Rackham S.M. (BIOLOGY, GEOGRAPHY)
 Rochat W.M.
 Schultz H.R. (GERMAN)
 Seabrooke G.J. (METALWORK)
 Seddon J.A.
 Sherratt M.S.



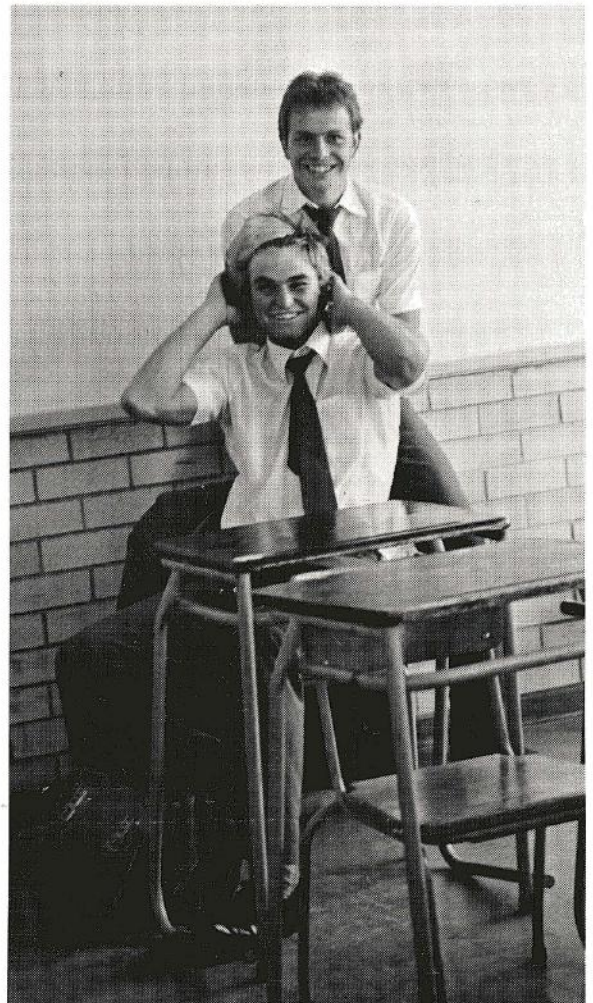
Smith B.T.
 Smith I.D.
 Smith K.B. (ENGLISH, BIOLOGY, HISTORY)
 Smythe D.D.
 Smythe E.J.
 Sonderup B.G.
 Southgate V.J. (ENGLISH, ZULU, MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY)
 Sperling J.E.
 Spurdle A.B. (ENGLISH, FRENCH, MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY)
 Stanton L.A. (AFRIKAANS, HISTORY, HOUSECRAFT)
 Stockl P.B.
 Swanepoel T.
 Temlett M.A.
 Thieme H.J.A. (GERMAN)
 Thomson B.H.
 Thresher D.A.
 Trichler G.A. (METALWORK)
 Tunbridge M.T. (ART)
 Tyrer J.M.
 Van der Walt M.
 Van Buuren T.J. (HISTORY)
 Van Hoepen KIM
 Van Wel J.K.
 Venn D.A.
 Venter D.B. (AFRIKAANS, GERMAN, MATHS, SCIENCE, BIOLOGY, COMPUTER STUDIES)
 Venter J.C.
 Verco A.M.
 Verploegh A.G.
 Vos A.L.
 Warren E.R.G.
 Wassenaar J.M. (AFRIKAANS)
 Webb A.C.
 Wilkinson N.
 Williams-Ashman G.M. (HISTORY)
 Wilson J.R.
 Woods M.J.
 Zimmermann O.T.
 Without exemption

 Alderton B.A.
 Arthur M.S.
 Bianco C.L.
 Bowker M.L.
 Butler A.C.
 Cargill J.E.
 Clark P.A.
 Coenon W.N.
 De Wet D.T.B.
 Eloff V.
 Findlay E.A.
 Goowin S.J.
 Grove E.B.
 Haefele A.M.N.
 Jackson A.P.
 Hellstrom N.K.
 Kohler P.S.
 Mann G.
 Milborrow I.L.
 Minto I.A.
 Ramsden B.A.
 Rickelton M.J.
 Robinson S.L.
 Smith B.A.
 Stephens J.
 Strong H.M.
 Sucevic M.
 Symons D.J.

Taylor C.G.
 Thackray N.H.
 Thomassen K.M.
 Van der Westhuizen B.J.
 Vehlow R.C.O.
 Walls A.C.
 Webber C.
 Webster C.D.
 Weiss T.C.
 Wolfaardt K.
 Woof M.

Practical Course

Dismore B.L.
 Linford W.M.
 McLeod G.S.
 Nunes A.L.
 Robinson B. (ENGLISH)
 Solomon T.M.



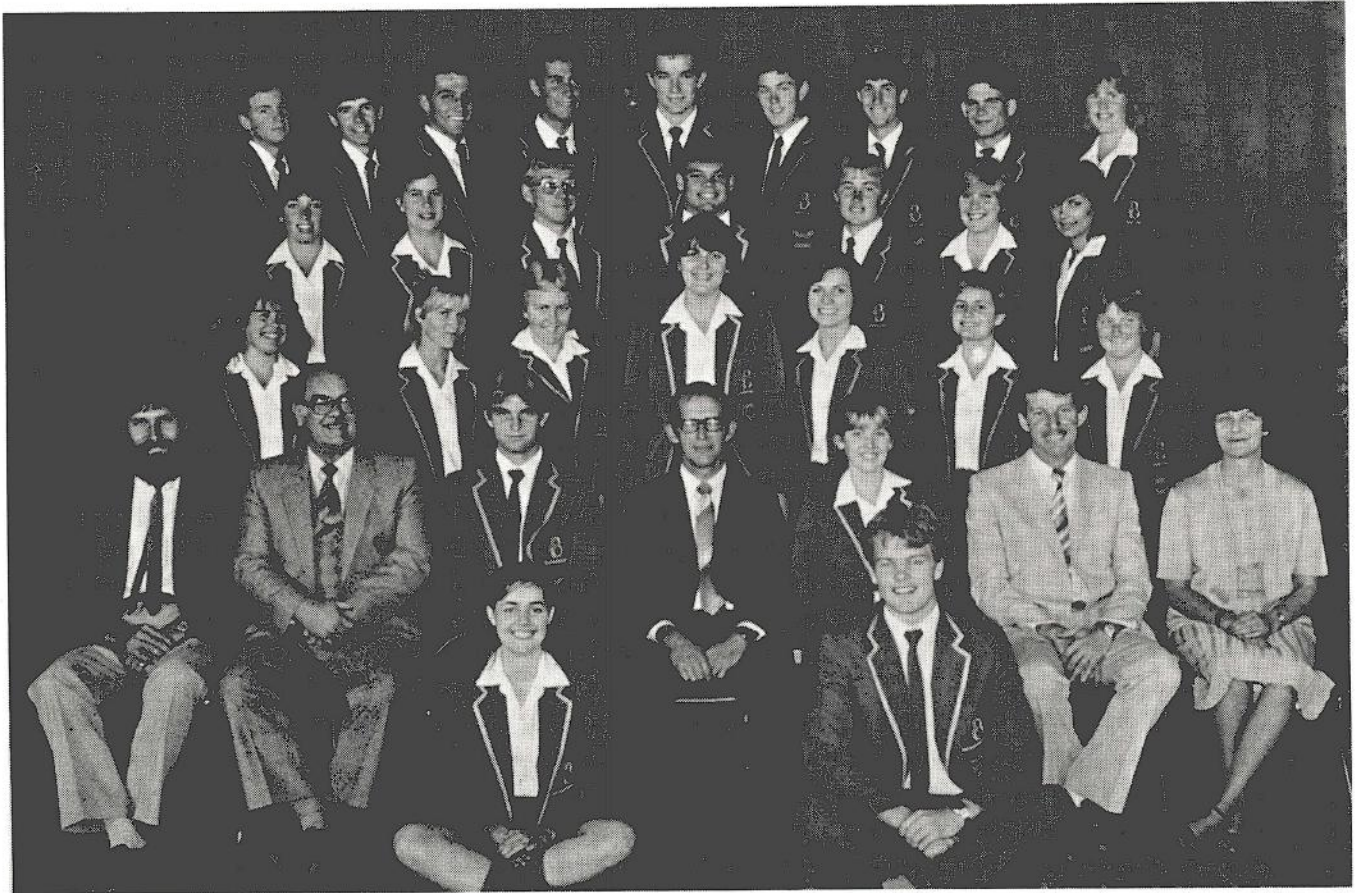
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Front Row: G. Freimond (Deputy Head Girl), R. Barker (Deputy Head Boy).
Second Row: Mr. R. Stoltz, Mr. L. Steijn, G. Lance (Head Boy), Mr. J. Viviers (Headmaster), L. Cooper (Head Girl), Mr. J. Visser, Mrs. C. Scheltema.
Third Row: K. Flint, T. Stafford, D. Williams, B. Liddell, T. Field, G. Pulé, T. Hooper.
Fourth Row: I. Stacey, G. Butler, H. Hacking, J. Miles, M. Watson, L. Holmes, C. Robson.
Fifth Row: N. Schnadt, B. Tyson, F. Pretorius, P. Keenan, M. Baillie, L. Cox, M. Train, L. Pender.

Prefects' Report 1982

Our year started off with a camp to the Golden Gate and Mont Aux Sources under the watchful eyes of Mr. Visser, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Viviers with Mr. Giliomee behind the wheel. A good time was had by all and we got to know one another and work together, although the peace and tranquillity was somewhat disturbed by the Bryanston mob. We returned ready to handle the rest of 1981.

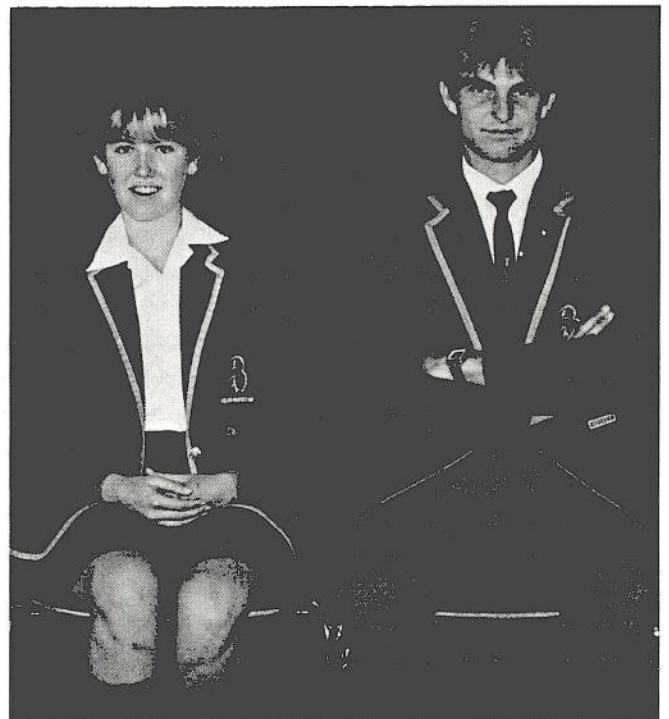
1982 began with a camp and new boss. Unfortunately, Mr. Campbell went to Athlone and Mr. Visser took the "hot seat". At Camp Caplain we learnt the basics of prefectship and had a couple of good games of water polo.

Looking back on 1982 events such as the Standard Six Day, the Inter-House and Inter-High galas and the weekly Prefects' Assemblies stand out. We attempted to work together and adopted a theme promoting better relationships between prefects and pupils and pupils and teachers — at times not an easy task!

We all learnt a great deal about ourselves and about people and for most of us 1982 turned out to be an invaluable experience.

The support of Gillian and Ricky and the rest of the Prefect Body was appreciated by us and our thanks go to Mr. Visser for his support. All in all it was a great year and one that we will not forget in a hurry!!

LISA COOPER AND GREG LANCE
 Head Prefects

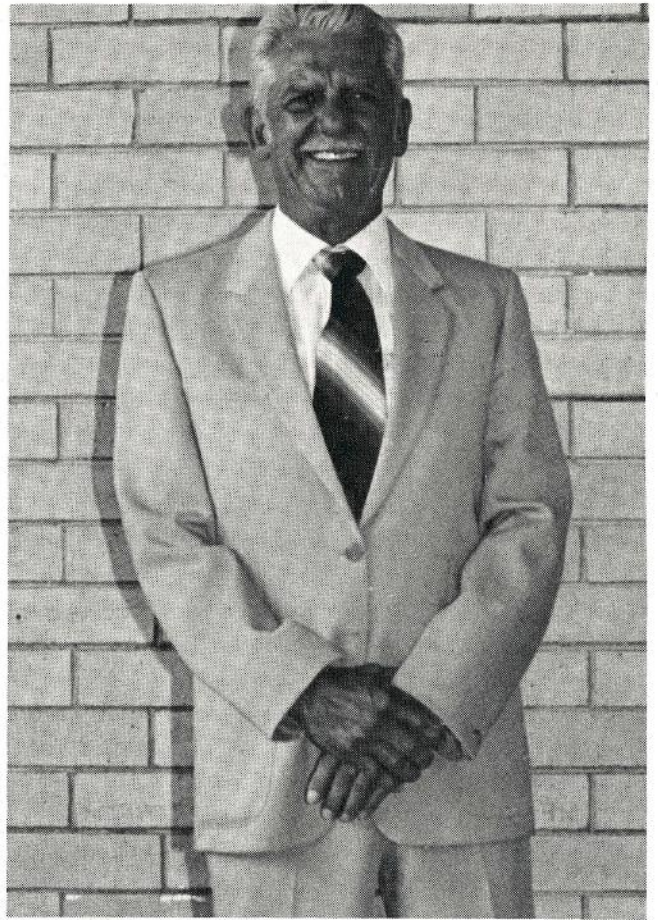


Lisa Cooper and Greg Lance



OFFICE LADIES

*Front Row: Mrs. L. Lance, Mrs. M. Price.
Second Row: Mrs. D.P. van den Heever, Mrs. M. Leitner, Mrs. J.W. Tyson.*



Mr. V. Osborne



Mrs. N. Brooking



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*Back Row: P. Letsadla, J. Mahladiisa, P. Mobugo, L. Duma, H. Rasiloma, P. Matsiela, S. McHaba.
Front Row: T. Hlutangungu, J. Mahladiisa, J. Ngoma, G. Ngoma, J. Sibiyi, D. Mbambo.*

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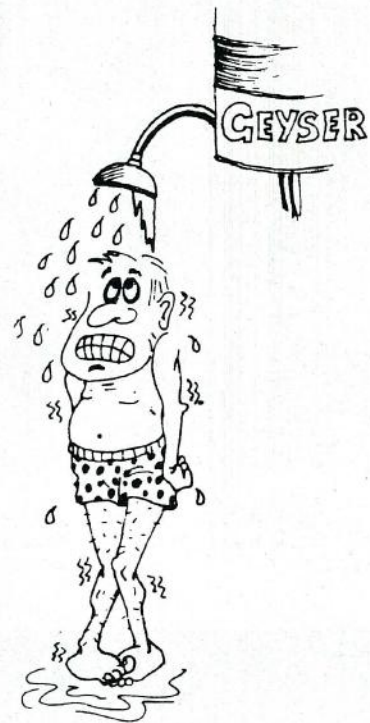
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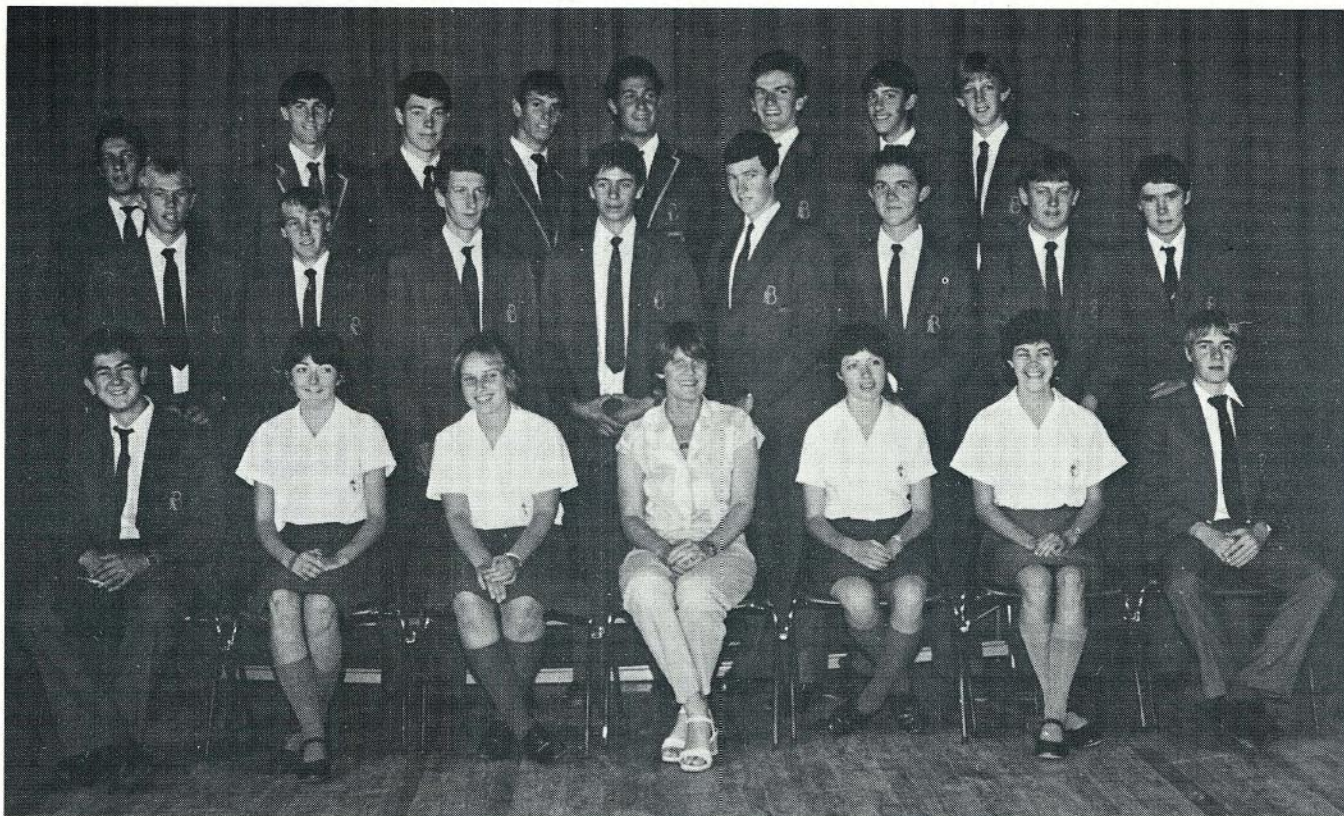


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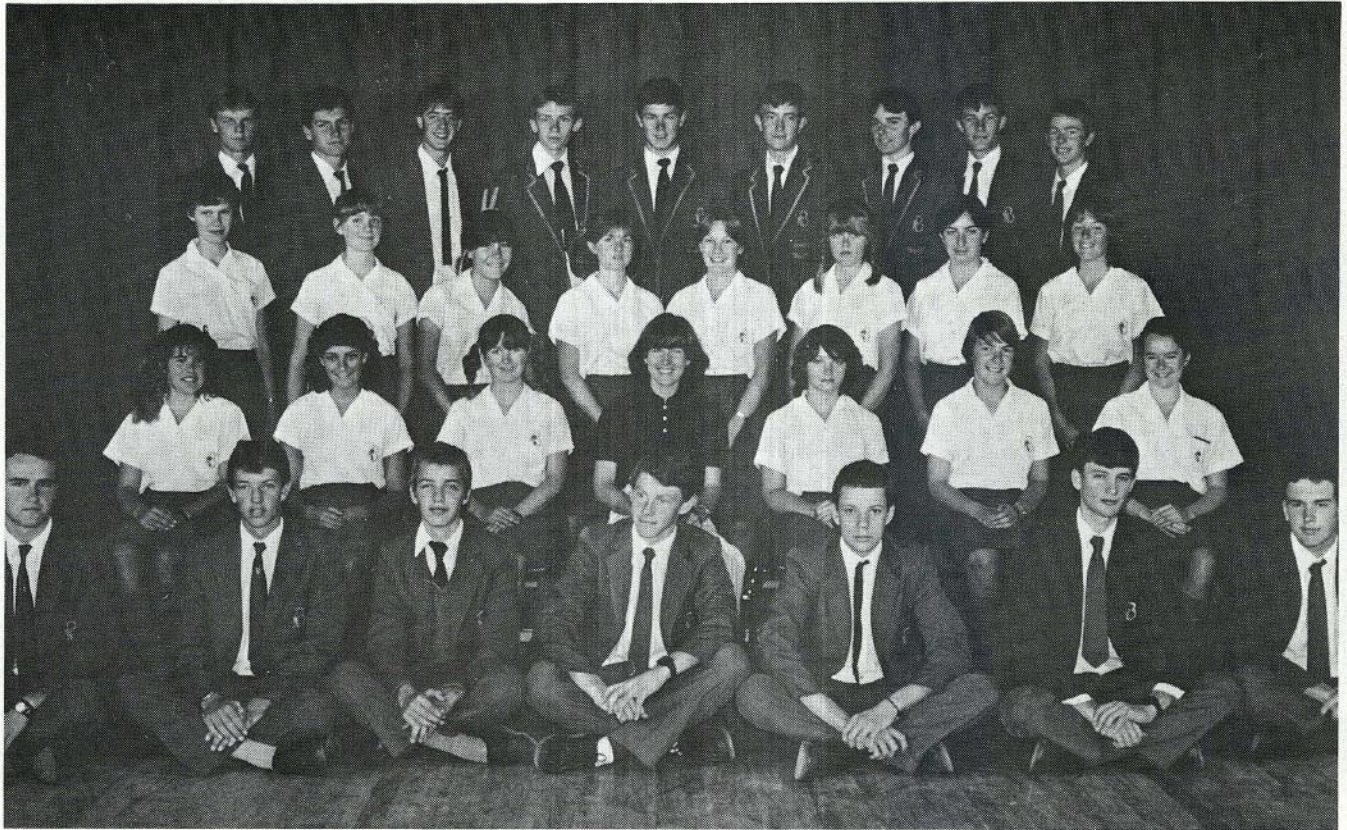
FORM 5A

Back Row: R. Da Costa, L. Cox, W. Ham, A. Barwood, M. Leveton, A. Higgins, M. Koegelenberg, D. Eadie.
Middle Row: N. Kerswill, S. Johnston, J. Shortemeyer, D. Glanville, B. Gent, C. Kamps, C. Bruyns, G. Kernot.
Front Row: M. Holland, S. Barrett, K. Johnson, Miss J.W. van Rooyen, J. Anema, B. Hardwick, P. Green.
Absentees: R. Driver, M. Edwards.



FORM 5B

Back Row: M. Train, B. Tyson, A. Millar, R. Barker, M. Hilditch, F. Pretorius, T. Kirkland, G. Reeder, N. Schnadt.
Middle Row: M. Watson, A. Korn, G. Lance, M. Morris, B. Kruger, H. Ras, G. Robertson, A. Wedderburn, D. Welsh, H. Hacking.
Front Row: K. Volmer, G. Saunders, H. Wagstaff, Miss Andrews, N. Panos, K. Saayman, A. Taylor.
Absentees: D. Taylor, T. Burkhalter, J. Stuart.



FORM 5C

Front Row: R. Kellond, R. Sieling, K. Stumke, A. Cummings, R. Riva, M. Haynes, W. Howe.
Second Row: K. Flint, K. Towsey, B. Stroh, Miss G. le Roux, A. Dickson, C. Kruse, A. Balfe.
Third Row: A. Cochlovius, J. Kaye, M. Foley, F. McAllister, D. Wright, J. Golcic, D. Brislin, D. Veenendaal.
Fourth Row: J. Wood, P. Black, S. Rodrigues, D. Lloyd, M. Baillie, K. Ashman, C. Burns, B. Wade, G. Wright.



FORM 5D

Back Row: R. Courtenay, M. Gibson, G. Jones, M. Gough, O. Kitchin, H. Tiemann, G. Boudinet.
Middle Row: C. Politsopoulos, L. Holmes, A. Kaiser, L. Pender, B. von Moltke, M. Taylor.
Front Row: A Marshall, J. Thomson, K. Zanzinger, Miss M. Michael, P. Sunasky, G. Freimond, J. Hünemann...
Absentees: M. Eklundh.



FORM 5E

Front Row: C. Woods, L.A. Quayle, I. Stacey, D. Williams, T. Wilkinson, D. Chauvin, S. Irvine.
Second Row: J. McConnochie, L. Finlayson, S. Asher, Mrs. H. von Ludwig, C. Buckmaster, B. Iwanczak, L. Harle.
Third Row: D. McLachlan, S. Sharples, D. Grundlingh, B. Jackson, D. Howard, A.M. Iuel, C. Lippert, N. Hobday, C. Martin.
Fourth Row: M. Ford, B. Liddell, S. Weston, P. Keenan, P.v.d. Heever, J. Miles, E. Boyd-Grey, S. Marais.



FORM 5F

Back Row: B. Burger, G. Butler, P. Tickton, M. Duffus, W. von Buddenbroeck, M. King, S. Thompson, H. Reynolds.
Middle Row: L. Cooper, M. Bodley, S. Blackburn, L. Gibbs, T. Field, T. Stafford, C. Swallow, S. Nelson.
Front Row: M. Rochat, T. Hooper, Mrs. Wernars, M. Cutting, G. Pule.
Absentees: R. Vroegindewey, G. Allem, V. Neunborn, T. Woodward.



FORM 5G

Back Row: G. Jennings, G. Scott, D. Whisken, D. de Wet, N. Gaunt, P. Stolarczyk, A. Gilchrist, J. Maack.
Middle Row: C. Welle, C. de Goede, M. Rogers, S. Felton, R. Haslau, C. Grey-Reimer, J. Bingle, B. Nurcombe,
 J. Graham, K. Grafin-Praschma.
Front Row: C. Robson, N. Laros, L. Warren, F. Thornhill, K. McKeiver, L. Pickering, P. Zaduck.
Absentees: M. Groves, Mrs. D. Bloch.

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Art at Bryanston High School

Those pupils you see walking around with great big, flat, canvas bag slung over their shoulders, are the "Art Pupils".

No longer is art considered one of those "drop out" subjects you take if you can't cope with anything else. On the contrary, the subject has become an important choice and one that must be considered very seriously.

A pre-requisite for studying art is not only basic talent: you must have extreme patience and fierce determination. Ask any matric art pupil and he will tell you in no mean terms that taking art leaves very little time for a social life. If your art is not done neatly, carefully and intelligently, then it's "tough noogies".

The standard of Art at B.H.S. has improved in leaps and bounds. Bryanston High was even represented at an exhibition put on for the Director of Education and the Administrator of the Transvaal.

So if you want to belong to the culturally enlightened, then grab your paints, brushes and canvas bag and join up.

MR. R. STOLTZ
TEACHER-IN-CHARGE



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TRIP TO LONDON

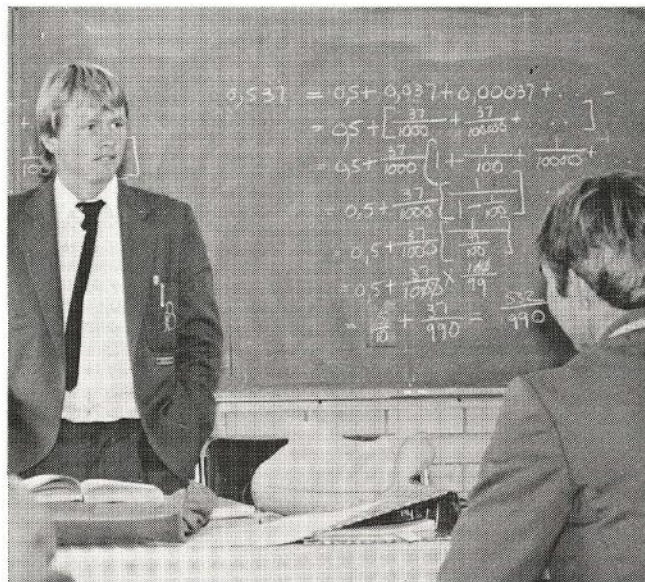
During July — August this year I was fortunate enough to be one of the 15 representatives from South Africa at the International Youth Science Fortnight in London.

We arrived two days before the start of the fortnight and had a wonderful time admiring the sights of London. The Fortnight was divided into a scientific programme and a social programme. The social programme enabled us to visit Stonehenge and the theatre and also to make friends with representatives from the 26 different countries. The scientific programme consisted of a series of excellent lectures and several visits to prominent scientific institutions.

One of these visits took me to the nuclear reactor at Harwell. We walked around and on top of the reactor, looking at various features. A prominent feature was the large number of safety devices. It was a strange experience to walk on top of one of the most famous reactors in the world. It was a really fantastic fortnight.

Thanks to Bryanston High for the generous financial support!

HUGH HACKING



EXPO '82

This year we entered Expo with not much more than a vague hope of achieving anything. Fortunately, the excitement of our research helped us to achieve a place in the finalists.

Our research is an investigation into the effects of The Cadmium (which is an element) present in crude oil on marine invertebrates and vertebrates. Our results are startling. We have results which would tend to indicate that the Cadmium poses a potential threat to marine life in certain areas. Cadmium has proved to be deadly — especially in ionic form.

We hope to achieve a first place during the finals.

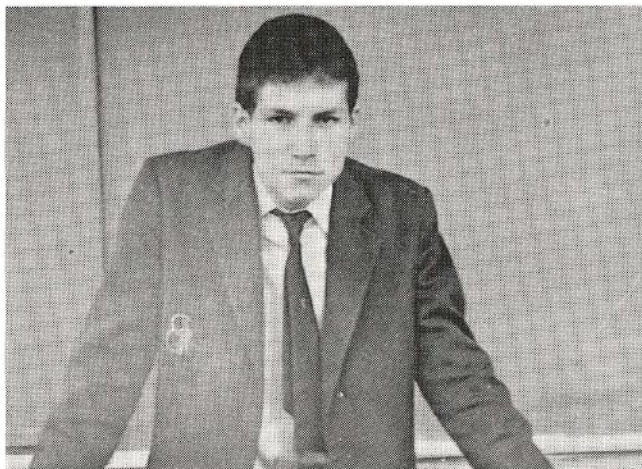
Thanks to Bryanston High for the tremendous support!

MICHAEL GIBSON
and
HUGH HACKING

Bryanston's High Times

With yet another year in the history of BHS behind both staff and pupils, the high school medium is proud to announce that the school newspaper, "Bryanston's High Times", is not only well off the ground, but has proved to be a roaring success.

During the course of this year, the newspaper staff have thoroughly exercised their talents in writing. The aims of the medium (to inform, amuse and educate pupils, while upholding the name of BHS) have been met with success.



The staff, C. Bock, D. Brislin, B. Burger, T. Field, L. Findlayson, K. Johnstone, B. Klews, P. Ludi, L. Nel, J. Pain, C. Russell, A. Thomson and T. van Zyl, all deserve to be commended on the manner in which they dedicated themselves to their work. The newspaper covers a wide field of subjects, and by reading it one may gain information about "movies", high school sport, forthcoming attractions, or past achievements. The cartoons add to the general appeal of "Bryanston's High Times" and afford people a good laugh.

Naturally, I do not feel that it is meet that I should suffer the injustice of not also being commended for my excellent work simply because I am writing this article. For this reason and with great solemnity (and a spirit of truth), I now pronounce my literary works as also being worthy of special mention.

The editors, G. Pulé and G. Freimond, have done a superb job. They have proved to be indefatigable and exuberant, and have transmitted a vibrant desire, to write well, to the staff. We shall miss them next year, but promise to build well on the sound foundation which they have worked so hard to establish. Thanks girls — and may we take this opportunity to wish you the best of luck with your involvements in the coming years!

Last of all (but most certainly not least of all) our thanks as a group go to Mr. Schonken — the man behind the scenes. We have all thoroughly enjoyed working under his direction. It follows that we have naturally learned a great deal from him. Perhaps some of the greatest assets we have become endowed with, are the abilities to both write with little prior warning and little time, as well to write "something about nothing", (viz. the ability to cook and cook until a golden brown waffle with cream and cherries makes its appearance).

Now, in conclusion, I simply wish to say that we all had a most enjoyable year, and are proud to have been able to bring you "Bryanston's High Times", your very own newspaper. Until next year then . . . adieu!

JOHN PAIN

ACTIVITIES 1982



Apollo



Apollo House Report

Once again Apollo, celebrates the end of the year with a sense of achievement. Yes, this year we have once again shown just how successful our policies are.

Apollo believes that, to be the best, you have to work hard. We believe that our results indicate dedication by every member of the house.

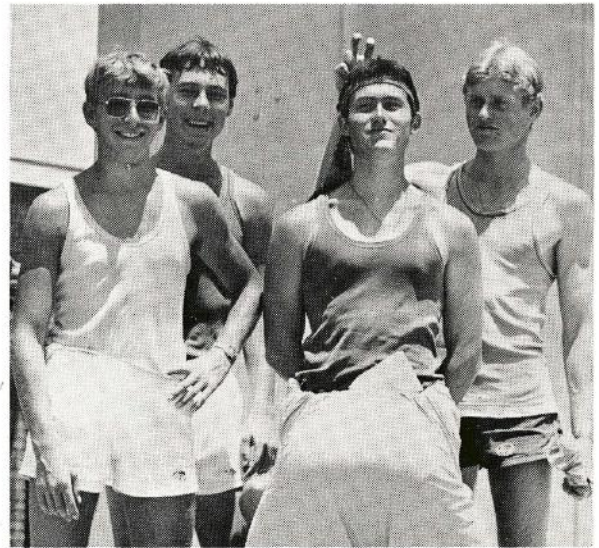
You may be asking how this is all possible.

Unlike the other houses, Apollo does not believe in physically or mentally overpowering the opposition. In fact, we believe that achieving a first place in an event is not at all a great achievement.

Indeed, we have been at work so carefully and with such subtle persuasion that we have persisted in outwitting all our opposition to such an extent that we have managed to control every event completely.

The extent of our control is so great that we have achieved the last place not once, nor twice, but upon every occasion. This splendid achievement was not noticeably obstructed by the insurrective efforts of Mrs. Weir, Murray Leveton and Tracy Hooper. Apollo forever!

HUGH HACKING



Jupiter



Jupiter House Report 1982

Teachers in Charge: Mrs. Deacon and Mr. Walters

House Captains: Lisa Cooper and Ricky Barker

Once again, Jupiter experienced a very successful year, managing to come out tops in both sporting and cultural events — if, at times, only marginally. Thanks to all the members of this great house for your interest and good spirit. Good luck for 1983.

i) Swimming

Captains: Tracey Stafford and Norbert Schnadt

Our swimmers strained every muscle in order to give of their best and they were cheered on enthusiastically by the "less-talented-in-this-field", who were sitting on the sidelines. Red came out tops!!

ii) Athletics

Captains: Karen Volmer and David Taylor

Jupiter were lucky to win with a marginal victory of a 1/2 point over Neptune. Although it was a beautiful day, support was lacking and next year, if there is as little interest shown, Jupiter could find herself in dire straits. The Victrix Ludorum award was shared by Tracey Stafford and Karen Volmer.



iii) Hockey

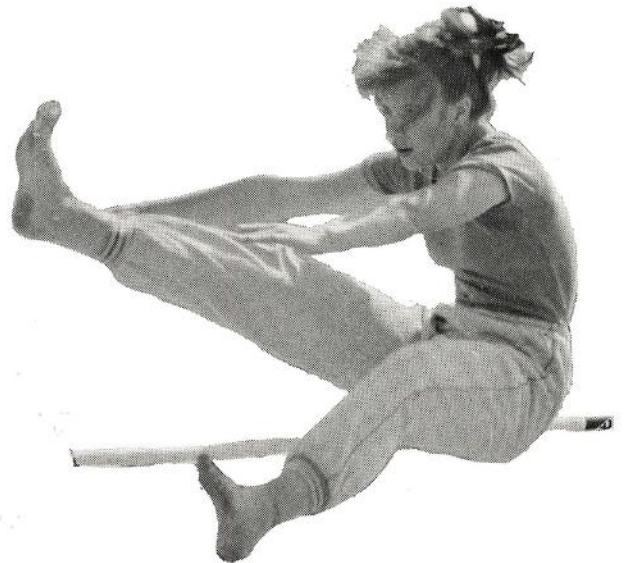
Captains: Dawn Williams and Mark Baillie.

The girls managed to win their section with "Pik" scoring most of the goals in the senior section and the junior girls also stood their ground. The senior boys lost an exciting final to Neptune, with Bruce Tyson accounting for most of the goals. The juniors scored another 'first' for Jupiter.

iv) Netball

Captain: Bridget Liddell

Thanks to all the girls who turned up to play and who worked hard to see that Jupiter maintained her superior position on the netball field.



v) Cross Country

Captains: Karen Volmer and Pieter van den Heever

There was a period of uncertainty when on the day of the inter-house cross-country, we seemed to be lacking in the senior boys age-group — a quick visit to the rugby practice sorted this out. It was the depth that enabled us to be placed first. Thanks to all those runners for their enthusiasm.

vi) Rugby

Captain: Ricky Barker

Here Neptune eventually managed to beat Jupiter 4-3 in a tremendous match, lasting 15 min. The juniors shared the same fate losing to Apollo in the finals. Michael Hilditch is reputed to have accounted for Michael Watson's (Neptune) new pair of false teeth!

vii) Squash

Girls Captain: Bridget Liddell

Girls Inter-house squash matches were held for the first time and Jupiter came second.

viii) Culturals

The results of the chess seem to indicate lack of intellectual ability in Jupiter, however the inter-house plays, under the guidance of producer Cheryl Robson, although unplaced, gave a splendid performance, and deserve much praise for their hard work.

Mercury



Mercury House Report 1982

House Master: Mr R.P. Stoltz

House Captains: J. Anema, M. Morris

The motivation, enthusiasm and sheer hard work of the Green House has paid dividends. Although we did not win, the enthusiasm and spirit shown by the spectators and competitors was exceptional and that is what counts!

Pupil organisation and participation was greater than ever, and for that we would like to thank the Staff Members concerned with Mercury for their support and help. Thanks also to the cheerleaders who created the right atmosphere and keeping the house at its highest limits at all times.

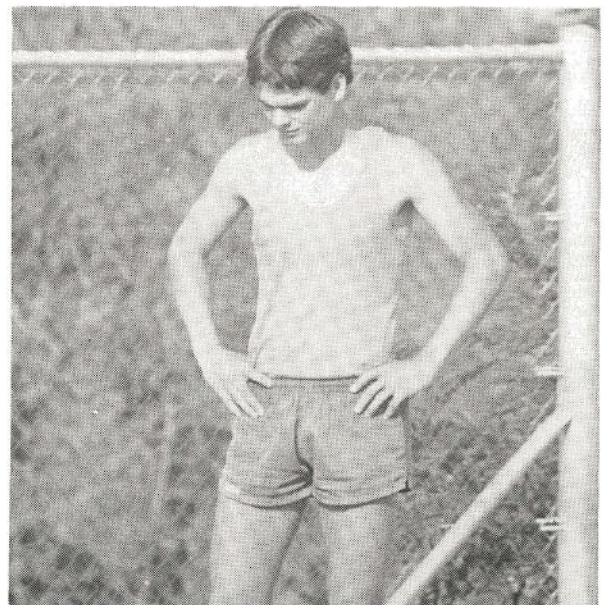


Our House Captains this year, Mark and Joanne, put all their time and support into helping us achieve what we accomplished. I would like to thank them and the Section Captains, for their dedication. During the course of the year, we competed in numerous competitive events, some we won, others we JUST lost. We came second in the swimming gala which we should have won and third in the athletics meeting, both of which, a fine achievement. We hope to do better next year.

To all our rivals — watch our next year, the Green Meanies are going to get you!

To all of Mercury — Thanks for a great year.

KARLEEN KING



Neptune



NEPTUNE IS THE GREATEST!

Yes — although we might not have our victory trophies lining walls and filling cabinets, what we do have will ultimately be that which really counts — talent, potential (evident in our win at the Std 6 quiz), spirit, perseverance and sheer determination.

The first event of the year was the Inter-House Swimming Gala. Despite our unique blue-haired cheerleaders' screaming and cajoling, Neptune came third. However, rather than lose hope, we were set 2 challenges, which we duly met. The Inter-House Plays Festival was a great success: David Howard directed our winning play, "The pen of my Aunt", as well as winning the Best Actor award. Above the dangerous clicking of hockeysticks, wielded by a majority of inexperienced hockey players in the Inter-House Hockey Matches, the senior boys achieved a first place, and the juniors a second; while the junior girls came first, and the seniors second. In rugby and chess, we came second overall.

The epitome of Neptune's seemingly jinxed fate, was the Inter-House Athletics, in which, after a day of mounting excitement, tension and nailbiting, we came second by half a measly point! Dario Torrente won the Victor Ludorum. Our thanks go to each and every Neptunian, especially those who showed their true spirit, and to our teachers: Mr. Cuthbertson, Mr. Folster, Miss Hodgson and Mrs. MacCarten.

Although 1982 was a year of second-best for Neptune, we will most certainly get what's coming to us — and when those trophies start rolling in, there's going to be no stopping them.

So, stick around Jupiter — your days are numbered!

HOUSE CAPTAINS: RICHARD COURTENAY
GILLIAN FREIMOND



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Housecraft Department

It gives us a great deal of pleasure to have been asked this year to submit an article for the school magazine. We are quite certain that, by now, most mothers and a lot of fathers think that the Housecraft Department are quite definitely the most disorganised, most demanding and certainly by far the most expensive department in the school, what with questions like:

- 7.45 am — Mom, I need: fasco, 1 green pepper, 1 carton of cottage cheese, my housecraft fees and a clean apron.
- 8.30 am — (telephone call) — Mom, please bring me my apron, 1 washing up cloth, 1 dish cloth and some flowers.
- 10.30 pm — The teacher gives us so much homework, I will never do housecraft in matric.



Well, parents, the truth of the matter is that the proof lies in the pudding. Those girls who write down their homework and do it the day it is given to them, always seem to manage to get books here, fees paid in January, aprons, dish-cloths, washing-up cloths and even flowers in time. No last minute dashes to B.H.S. for Moms delivering the missing goods — what pains they must be to their fellow classmates and what a pleasure for us to teach. Thank you to all those girls who make our teaching fun.

We have a lot of patient parents to thank. We are striving to make B.H.S. Housecraft Department one of the best in the Transvaal and with your co-operation we do feel that slowly we are getting there. The Housecraft display of 1982 certainly created a good overall impression of the department's efforts. Our girls have worked hard and the winners certainly deserve the prizes they walked off with. We congratulate all our girls and thank them for an outstanding 1982.



Industrial Arts

At the Bryanston High School, we offer Woodwork and Metalwork as subjects in the Standard Grade up to Std. 10.

We have two teachers in this Department, Mr. Giliomee, who teaches woodwork, and Mr. Folster, who teaches metalwork.

Industrial Arts is compulsory for boys in Stds. 6 and 7. The Std. 9 and 10 boys show a lot of interest in the subject, as we try to make worthwhile projects with high quality timber such as Imbuia and Par Marfin.

The Industrial Arts Centre has been a hive of activity throughout the year and the work the pupils have produced is proof of its success.

MR. G. GILIOMEE



Sandton Junior Town Council

1982 saw the start of the first official Sandton Junior Town Council. Representatives from Bryanston High are Christine Broulidakis (Junior Town Treasurer), Tanya Van Zyl, and Rene Stamper.

The main objectives of the 21 councillors are to stimulate the interests of scholars in the activities of the Junior Town Council, and to imbue a spirit of civic pride amongst the youth of Sandton.

With these aims in mind, the councillors will start editing their own page in the Sandton Chronicle. Items such as civic affairs and forthcoming events, as well as light-hearted entertainment, will be covered in the page, which will appear on a monthly basis.

As councillors, we have attended various functions such as the opening of the Sandspruit Trail, and have received invitations from the Randburg Court of Justice and the Traffic Department, involving Bryanston High in the community.

Events included a Barn Dance and a second seminar. Our first leadership seminar held in June, was a great success. We learnt to have confidence in ourselves as well as our abilities.

We are all pleased with the success of our first year, and hope that this Town Council will continue to be of service to the community.

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The Randburg Junior Town Council

Being on the Randburg Junior Town Council is proving to be a most interesting and informative venture, as well as being great fun socially. The council consists of pupils from Northcliff High, The Holy Cross Convent, De La Salle College, Blairgowrie High, Randpark High, Hoërskool Randburg and Bryanston High. Each school is allowed one representative per 100 pupils living in Randburg. This year's theme is "United we achieve/Eendrag maak mag". This, incidentally, is a fact. At the beginning of June we had a most successful dance. Just completed is our play festival, where I was elected to be master of ceremonies on one of the evenings. This was an invaluable experience as I was required to welcome the guests in both English and Afrikaans and then introduce the activities of the evening. Other functions planned are another dance, a squash competition, a barn dance, a public speaking competition and a "fun run". As our senior mayor has asked us to help her with her "Awareness of the Senior Citizens" campaign, we are participating wherever possible. For example, Senior Citizens were invited to our final rehearsal of "My Fair Lady" and they really enjoyed the evening.

Working with the various members of the group is most interesting. We also learn more about our neighbouring schools. On the fun side, we organise monthly "get-togethers" and take it in turn to host the "evenings". Much is discussed around a fire while the meat is "braa-ing". Here we learn to understand our fellow councillors, be they English or Afrikaans. A real respect for each other is grounded.

Being a Randburg Town Councillor is great!

CARON BOCK



JUNIOR TOWN COUNCILLORS

Back Row: C. Bock (Randburg Town Council), R. Stamper
(Sandton Town Council)

Front Row: T. van Zyl, C. Broulidakis (Town Treasurer)



BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR

Teachers-in-Charge Miss J. D'Agrela, Mr. G. Manolios.
Accompanist: C. Broulidakis.

The Choir

1982 saw the start of an enthusiastic, promising society — the choir.

The response to the appeal for members from Forms I and II was overwhelming. Auditions were held, and 70 members were chosen.

Within two days of singing together, the improvement of the singing at assemblies became obvious. The choir meets for one hour every Monday and Wednesday. Their main aim is to improve on the singing at assemblies, as well as to appear at functions such as the Valedictory.

We hope that the spirit and enthusiasm shown by this select band of singers will lead to the establishment of an exciting choir at B.H.S. Sincere thanks go to Josephine D'Agrela who trains the choir and Christine Broulidakis who provides the accompaniment. It is our intention to make the Bryanston High School Choir an invaluable part of our school.

MR. G. MANALOS
Master-in-charge

Orchestra

This year the orchestra has not had much support, but we are hoping to organise an interesting selection of music for the matric. Valedictory. Although the orchestra was small in numbers, we played for the annual operetta and enjoyed the experience. Thanks go to Mrs. Turvey for her helpful hand and support. Any hidden musical talent, please reveal yourself.

Guitar Lessons

CARON BOCK

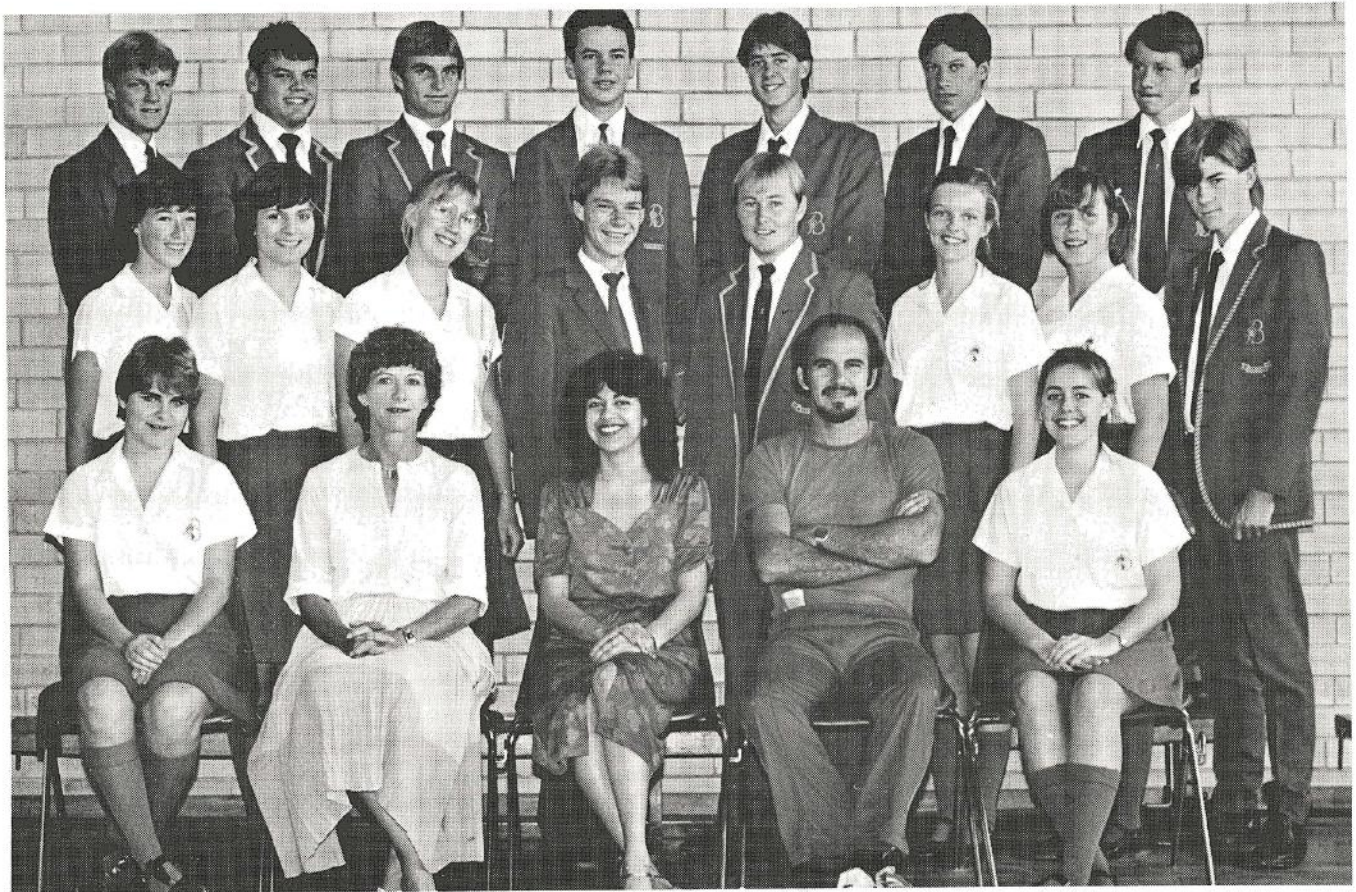
April this year began with a new activity at Bryanston High, namely, guitar lessons.

Four groups of five pupils gather once a week on a Monday, Wednesday or Friday in Miss Andrews' classroom and attempt to play the guitar. If one happens to walk past this particular classroom in the afternoons one is bound to hear a variety of strange sounds including giggles.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Andrews for the super time we've had.

S. ASHER AND K. SAAYMAN





MAIN CAST MY FAIR LADY

Back Row: J. Wood, J. Miles, G. Lance, D. Barber, S. Rodrigues, K. Beard, A. Cummings.
Middle Row: N. Bennett, T. Field, T. van Zyl, D. Howard, M. Watson, B. Klews, I. Staffetius, J. Stuart.
Front Row: F. Thornhill, Mrs. P. Turvey, Miss M. Michael, Mr. J. van Niekerk, G. Freimond.

Operetta 1982: "My Fair Lady"

"AEOOOWWWWW!!! Heavens, what a noise! This is what the British Population calls an Elementary Education?"

For several months this year, the hall at Bryanston High resounded to "Ow" and "Garn!" and sundry dropped "h's" as Professor Higgins put Eliza Doolittle through another sort of education. In true "Pygmalion" style, she duly metamorphosed from a cockney guttersnipe into "My Fair Lady".

The demanding part of Eliza was very well handled by Tracy Field and Britt Klews, who sang their way from "Wouldn't it be lovely?" to "I could have danced all night" with charm and sensitivity.

Kellam Beard and David Howard played the pedantic Professor with precision and aplomb, enthusiastically supported by James Miles and Sean Rodrigues as Pickering. Mrs. Higgins, the professor's mother, was elegantly portrayed by Nicky Ridgway and Ingrid Staffetius. The household at "27A Wimpole Street" was ably ruled by Mrs. Pearce, the housekeeper, in the persons of Gillian Freimond and Tanya van Zyl.

"Wiff a little bit o' luck" Michael Watson and John Stuart will be remembered for a long time for their hilarious performances as Doolittle, the "most original moralist in England". The love-struck Freddie, constantly returning to "the street where you live" was played by David Barbour and Andrew Cummings.

Cameo parts were well played by Fiona Thornhill as Mrs. Eynsford-Hill, and Head-boy Greg Lance as the bewhiskered scoundrel, Zoltan Carparthy.



The producer, Mr. van Niekerk, must be commended for his fine work with the casts, and for his most original sets. With the help of an excellent backstage and lighting crew he transformed the hall into a charming street. Miss Michael must be heartily thanked for all her work, and especially her calming influence when things went wrong! Mrs. Turvey is to be congratulated on the standard of singing she extracted from the cast and chorus, and for producing with Caron Bock an excellent orchestra — the most indispensable part of a musical. Gillian Glanville and the Ellis twins did a splendid job of choreography, particularly difficult this year in the restricted area of the "street". Well done dancers, broomsticks and all!



"My Fair Lady" proved to be a most enjoyable event that involved parents and pupils. Thanks must be given to Mrs. Thornhill for her hard work on the costume side, and to Mrs. Field for once again providing beautifully made props.

Memories of "My Fair Lady" will remain forever in the echoes of BHS school hall, and also in the minds of those who leave the school this year, and who were involved. not to mention those who look forward to the operetta next year!

TRACY FIELD



DEBUTANTES' BALL COMMITTEE

Back Row: M. Jones, J. Lavers, R. Stamper, G. Roberts, A. Murphy, I. Sanne, A. Berends, M. Glanville, A. Newby, B. Flint.
Middle Row: H. Scott, J. Train, E. Russell, T. Bond, G. Knight, L. Haselau, I. Staffetius, N. Bennett, J. Chambers.
Front Row: A. Stacey, A. Tyson, Mrs. A. Scheepers, Mrs. P. Deacon, Miss C. Walls, G. Miles, B. Brislin.

DEBUTANTES' BALL

Total chaos!! Or so it seemed. The Debutantes' Ball Committee started decorating the hall five days before D-day. The theme was 'Enchanted Island.' The side walls were decorated with wind surfing sails and canvasses that we'd painted silhouettes on to. The back wall on the stage was the focal point. A full moon with a couple swaying to the music was painted onto it. The roof was lowered by hanging streamers from wall to wall. This created a cosy atmosphere. Finally, on Thursday all was completed except for the arranging of the tables, which was finished during school on Friday. The end product was stunning. The drab school hall had been transformed into a Victorian era ballroom. The glamorous debutantes arrived in their beautiful and glittering dresses. They were exquisite. The waitresses were dressed in nautical style minis and the waiters had white longs on. The meal proved to be outstanding. Valentino's Disco finished the perfect evening off with very suitable music. Tracy Stafford and Guy Jennings were the couple of the evening and Christine Broulidakis raised the most money, R467,00. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Scheepers, Mrs. Deacon, Miss Walls, Miss Featherstone, the entire committee, Valentino's Disco and the very hardworking mothers for a tremendous effort in providing an entertaining evening enjoyed by all.

GLEND A MILES
 Chairlady



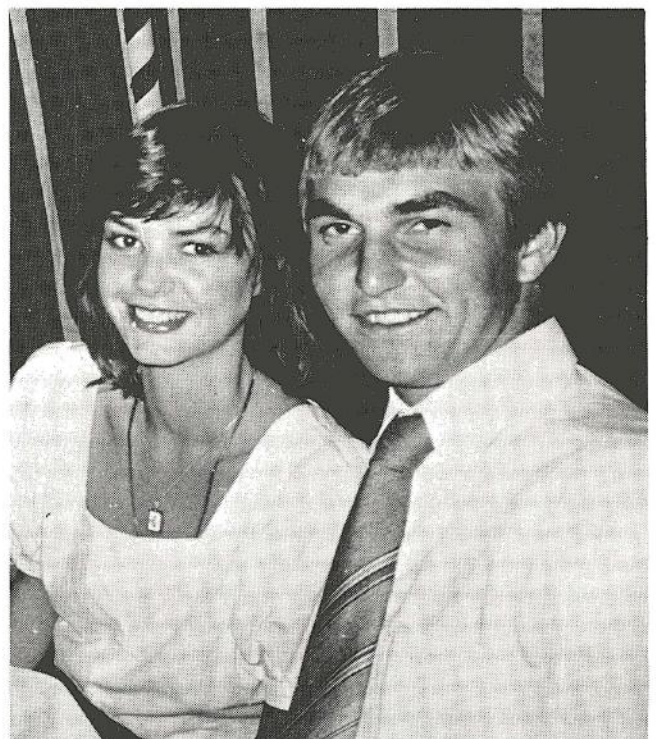


MATRIC DANCE COMMITTEE

Front Row: J. Smith, B. McBean, R. Wrogemann, L. Malan, G. Connellan, B. Klews (Treasurer), W. Train.
Second Row: C. Broulidakis, T. van Zyl, T. Potgieter, W. Luyt (Chairman), Mrs. P.S. Deacon, J. Tyson (Chairman), B. Train, G. Glanville, R. Singleton.
Third Row: A. Chambers, A. Larter, G. Venn, G. van Buuren, M. Halgryn, P. Swanepoel, P. Rackham, D. van Rensburg, J. Brooking, C. Oliver, G. Tiley.
Fourth Row: C. Bock, D. Melville, J. Martin, M. Fowlds, A. Dougall, G. Holmes, L. Tarr, S. Ellis, J. Ellis, C. Badham.
Absentees: N. Ridgeway (Secretary).



Charlene Pretorius and Tanya Pestana take a quick break and recline on silken cushions in the "harem".



Headboy Greg Lance enjoys the feasting together with Susan Humphrey.

Annual Inter-House Plays Festival

Teacher in charge: Miss M. Michael

On Thursday, the eleventh of March, this year, the annual inter-house plays festival took place. Each house presented a play and competed to win the awards offered in each category. Within six weeks, a suitable play had to be found, a cast and crew had to be assembled, and the play had to be plotted, polished and presented before a hall filled to capacity.

As usual, the first four weeks of rehearsal time were spent fooling around on stage, making half-hearted attempts at learning words and movements, and generally doing absolutely nothing constructive. Then the panic started! With only a week to go before the performance, and actors still using scripts on stage, there was instant chaos as producers battled to book the stage and actors sweated over scripts. Fainting and crying followed as we realised that costumes still had to be made, sets still had to be found and words still had to be learned.

As the voices of the audience drifted into the dressing-rooms on the night, nerves were stretched to breaking point and last-minute adjustments were hurriedly seen to. As the lights dimmed, an expectant hush fell over the audience, the curtains opened, stage lights came up, and, to quote a cliché — the wheels were set in motion.

For over two hours, there was fierce competition as players performed to their utmost ability and attempted to win the honours for themselves and their house. The plays were of the usual high standard and the judges found it difficult to award the prizes. Eventually, Tracey Field was announced to be the best actress and David Howard, best actor. Neptune presented the best play.

MISS M. MICHAEL
CO-ORDINATOR

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Inter-Schools Regatta

On the 6th of February, this year, Bryanston High participated in the Inter-schools Regatta, at Benoni Yacht Club.

Both Junior and Senior schools participated, hence the races were sailed back to back. The winds were ideal, considering the number of boats that participated.

The first race was at 9h00, with the Lasers leading the way, and the rest of the fleet following. We came off the water at lunch time, during which everybody devoured the hamburgers and hot-dogs which were served. The second race was sailed right after lunch, and most people managed to improve their positions. The last race of the day was sailed at 16h00 and finished in the early evening.

While the results were being finalised, the sailors derigged their boats. The prize-giving was eventually held at 20h00.

In the High school section

- 1st. Sandringham
- 2nd. Willowmore
- 3rd. C.B.C. Convent

In the Primary school section:

- 1st: St. Pauls
- 2nd: Rand Park
- 3rd: Colin Mann

The following represented Bryanston High:

Laser

O. Kitchen	11th
W. von Buddenbruik	12th
N. Kerswill	14th
B. Austin	20th
T. Repprich	29th

Dabchicks

D. Whisken	16th
P. Saayman	25th

Mirror

D. van Zyl and J. Owen	36th
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Of 34 High Schools which entered the regatta, B.H.S. finished 10th. Well done to all those who sailed and happy sailing.



PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

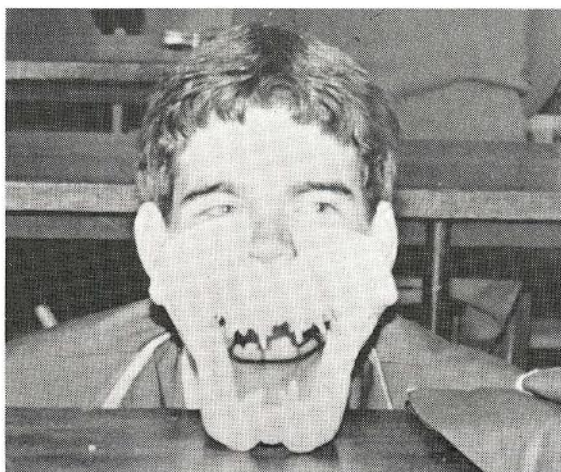
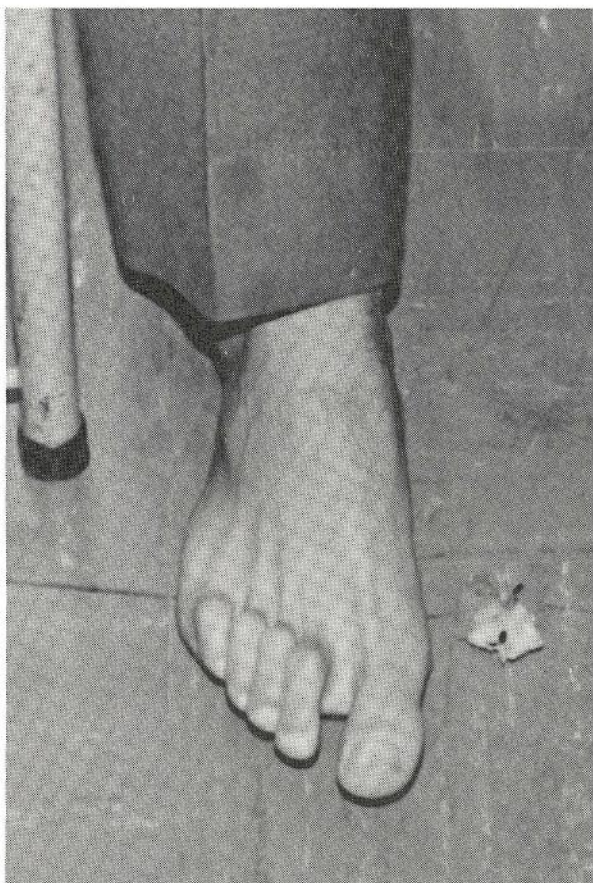
We hope you are enjoying this magazine. Yes, once again the photographic society has produced all the fun shots and group photographs that make for a memorable magazine.

This was a great year for the Society in that the external photographer has been replaced by a member of the photographic society. This year all the teams are in the magazine, making it bigger and better, and what is so encouraging is the fact that not one of these photographs was taken by anyone but the society.

I would like to thank our Chairlady, Bridget Stroh, without whom the society would not have been as good as it undoubtedly has been. Thank you Mrs. Powell and lastly a big thanks to all the members who made the society.

Enjoy the pictures!

HUGH HACKING
Chief Photographer
Bryanston Magazine



Boys Veld School 1982: Schoemansdal

Have you heard the stories about Veldschool? The mental fatigue and physical torture? The air was heavy the day we left. People were wrapped up in jerseys, spare blankets and they carried their private food supplies, which were immediately confiscated by Oom Piet. Mr. Stoltz, Mr. Cuthbertson, Mr. Walters and Mr. Folster seemed to support this fully. The "Hit of the Week" was "Veldschool's Burning". Friday was a full day, completed with Letteria Course Mental Problems, and a refreshing walk through a cold slimy dam with no clothes on. Our first discussion on the general urban situation in South Africa led to interesting results. Saturday we climbed half-way up the mountain with pre-issued rucksacks and water bottles for each group, which had to be carried by each group member for a given time. We had lunch at a large rock and discussed the apartheid situation. 'Bundu Bashing' was the topic for the afternoon: seven kilometres, with two checkpoints, straight through the bush. Bruce Flint, deciding he did not like thorns, picked a fight and lost, ending up with one blue eye and a large gash. The evening was taken up by a compass race, followed by a mine-field course, which we had to negotiate. Fortunately, these weren't real mines, otherwise many of us would never have lived to tell the tale. Instead, bells and sirens were attached to all obstacles in the way. They even sounded when there were no obstacles in sight. The teachers know nothing of this. Sunday was no day of rest. We climbed a relatively steep slope up the mountain (+/- 1,5 km straight up) with a chain ladder the last 25 metres. Hairy and scary! The poor teachers had to cling to pieces of rock to guide all 140 boys up the ladder.

Monday was slightly cooler and we spent the morning patching up Sunday's work and eventually we were started off on an obstacle course which ended with a tree-identification path. The evening was spent in a discussion on the threat to South Africa and it seemed the natural thing to do, to play a "steal the flag" game. Tuesday saw rain clouds in the sky and we climbed down the mountain in the rain and spent a very relaxing day. The tuck shop was opened to a long queue.

And on Wednesday morning at 3 a.m. Schoemansdal Veldschool near Louis Trichardt became a happy memory.

Our thanks to the teachers who accompanied us and the matrons who provided us with such excellent food.

MR. R. STOLTZ

Old Boys Report

The present Old Boys Committee took an important but small step forward in establishing a substantial Old Boys Club this year. Sport was identified as an area where something substantial and permanent could be offered to its members.

Consequently, Escom Rugby Club was approached to host an U20 Rugby team. Escom obliged, giving us access to the superb facilities of Megawatt Park.

The team played for and under Escom, although, every weekend, only Bryanston Old Boys and occasionally Bryanston School Boys represented the Escom U20 team in the Transvaal third league.

Considering the results of the team, we only lost to Old Eds and Union Rugby Club. More important was the privilege to play club rugby with fourteen other players who enjoy each other's company. Having all come from a common background, and all interested in enjoying rugby, we had a relaxing and rewarding season.

An U20 team will be fielded next year, hopefully alongside an open team. For those wishing to play and enjoy rugby next year, Old Boys rugby is highly commendable. Lastly, there is a need for any present or future members of the club to create any other sport club. This is essential in order to create an Old Boys club of any note. Hopefully, rugby will not be the only service to the club in 1983.

(Any person wishing to start a sport should contact our recruitment committee member Graham Lance at 706-3773)

Results Old Boys 1982

Escom vs Vaal Pukke	13-12
Union	18-31
Sasolburg	37- 0
Sturrock Park	27-15
Pirates	9- 0
Old Eds	9-28
Westonaria	30- 0
Westelikes	16-12
Johannesburg	25-16
Elsburg	18- 0

The T.V. Studio and Audio Visual Media Society

A Society which has been non-functional for the last four years has, due to the initiative of Mr. R. Stoltz, been re-started. The Society, which also incorporates the T.V. Studio, forms part of the School's Media Centre.

The original crew was trained by National T.V. who also installed the Studio. The Studio was equipped with over R3 000 worth of video and audio equipment. It also has the facilities to record programmes directly from the S.A.B.C. The school is equipped with video monitors in five strategic classrooms, viz. the geography and history classrooms and in the science and biology laboratories.

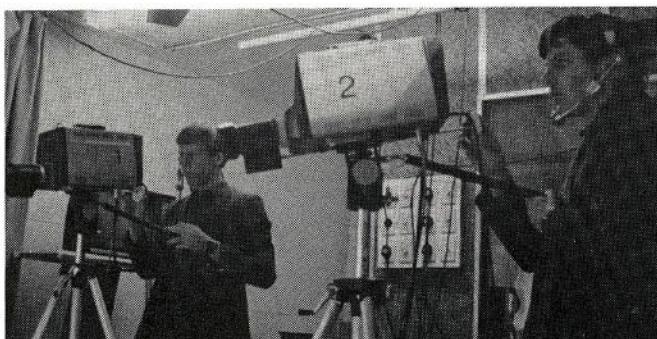
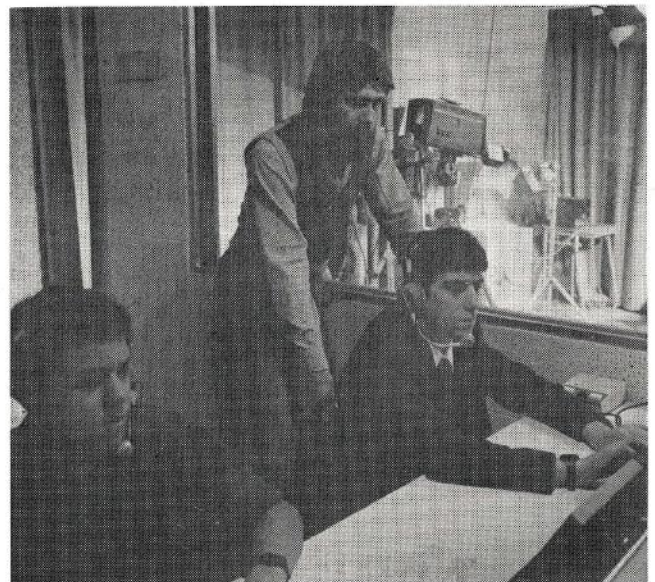
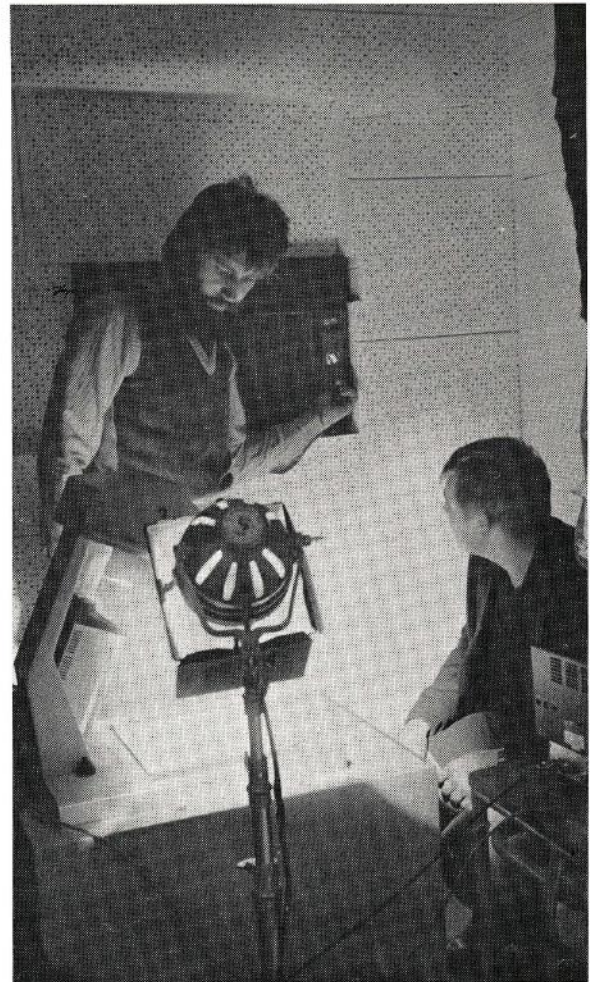
The T.V. Studio will be used in conjunction with the library to form a Media Centre. This can be used for more intensive and interesting teaching. The Studio also has a portable camera for recording sporting activities and live theatre productions. It has proved invaluable this year for the showing of R.I. films.

The Society is open to Forms Three, Four and Five for training, but it is available to the entire school for teaching. Next year, this Society will play a major role in the creation of software programmes for use in the Media Centre.

The Society will be responsible for making slides and sound programmes in conjunction with subject teachers in order to uplift the teaching of a subject.

Watch this Society go from strength to strength.

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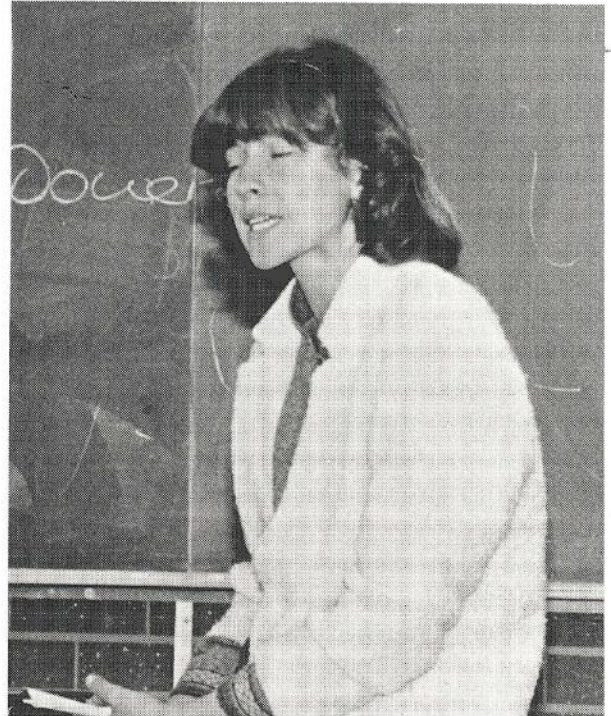


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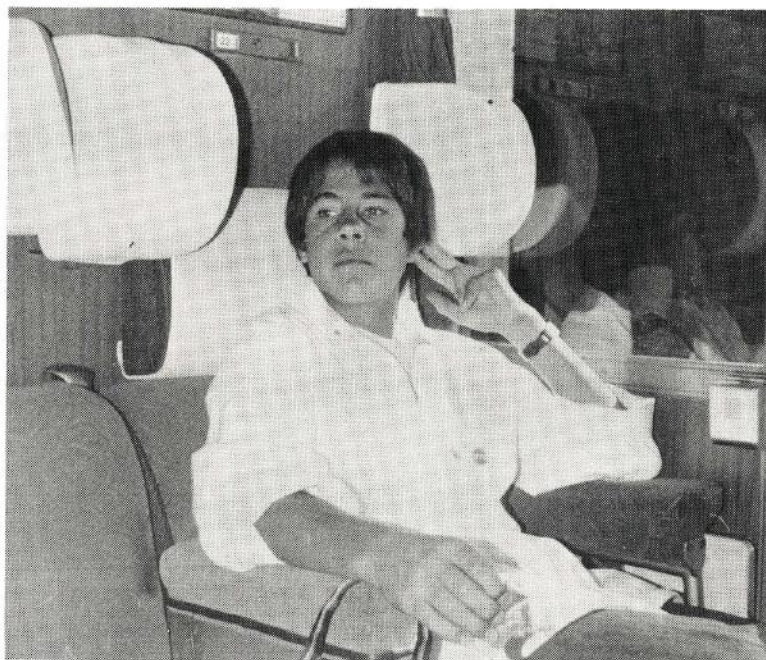
WORD FROM THE S.C.A.

S.C.A. stands for Student Christian Association. The purpose of the S.C.A. is to provide the opportunity for our Christian youth to gather and share ideas. The meetings are held every Tuesday and Thursday at second break, and due to the fact that S.C.A. has grown so tremendously, we have had to move to the gym, where we sing Christian songs and share the Word of God. In addition to this, we have meetings every Monday afternoon from 2.30 p.m. — 3.30 p.m. This is when we invite guest speakers to speak on different aspects of Christianity. It is pleasing to note the improvement in attendance, as our youth need to know God, through Jesus Christ. What are the aims of the S.C.A.? Christianity has come a long way from the days when elders and society decided that going to church and listening to the Word meant deferentiality in the eyes of the community. In this day and age you are still respectable, acceptable and knowledgeable even if this knowledge is confined to the vague opinion that Christianity is only for the non-intellectual, poverty-stricken, ugly-looking, ambitionless individuals of our society. We are inspired to broaden the knowledge of the confined knowledgables, in that there is a distinct difference between religion and Christianity; this being that religion is man working his way to God through good deeds and Christianity is God coming to man through Jesus Christ and offering him a personal relationship with Himself.

A man once asked "Why should I turn to God? I am not poor that He should support me; I am not unhappy that He should give me happiness; my marriage is happy, my children are happy and my life is organised." I replied, "You are very fortunate. Did you know that your life could be even happier, you could be even wealthier, you could be even more organised if you turned to God, because He promises that those who trust in Him will have it abundantly."



STUDENTS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION JUNIOR GROUP



Robin Abrahams: Born 3 October 1966 — Died 13 July 1982

Although Robin had not been at Bryanston High School for long — he came to the school in January this year, he was fast becoming a popular and well-liked pupil. In a quiet, unobtrusive manner, Robin established himself as a fast, powerful runner on the wing in the Under 15 Rugby Team. Amongst pupils and teachers, Robin was a gentleman both in manner and deed. We miss him.



STUDENTS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION SENIOR GROUP

Man, in spite of advanced achievements, is after all, a limited being, but the man who knows and walks with God (who is the very initiator of man's existence) has at his disposal the unlimitedness of God Almighty. Jesus came so that the man, who seeks God, might have life and have it more abundantly — man — body, soul and spirit.

MRS. EITZEN
Miss LE ROUX
Teachers-in-Charge



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PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Back Row: G. Watermeyer, I. Johnson, G. Smith, P. Swanepoel, H. Hacking, A. Cummings, C. Menzel.
Middle Row: C. Fairclough, D. Nortje, M. van Bavel, Mrs. Powell, G. Boullé, B. Ströh, M. Garden.
Front Row: L. Allen, L. Noakes, S. Schubart.



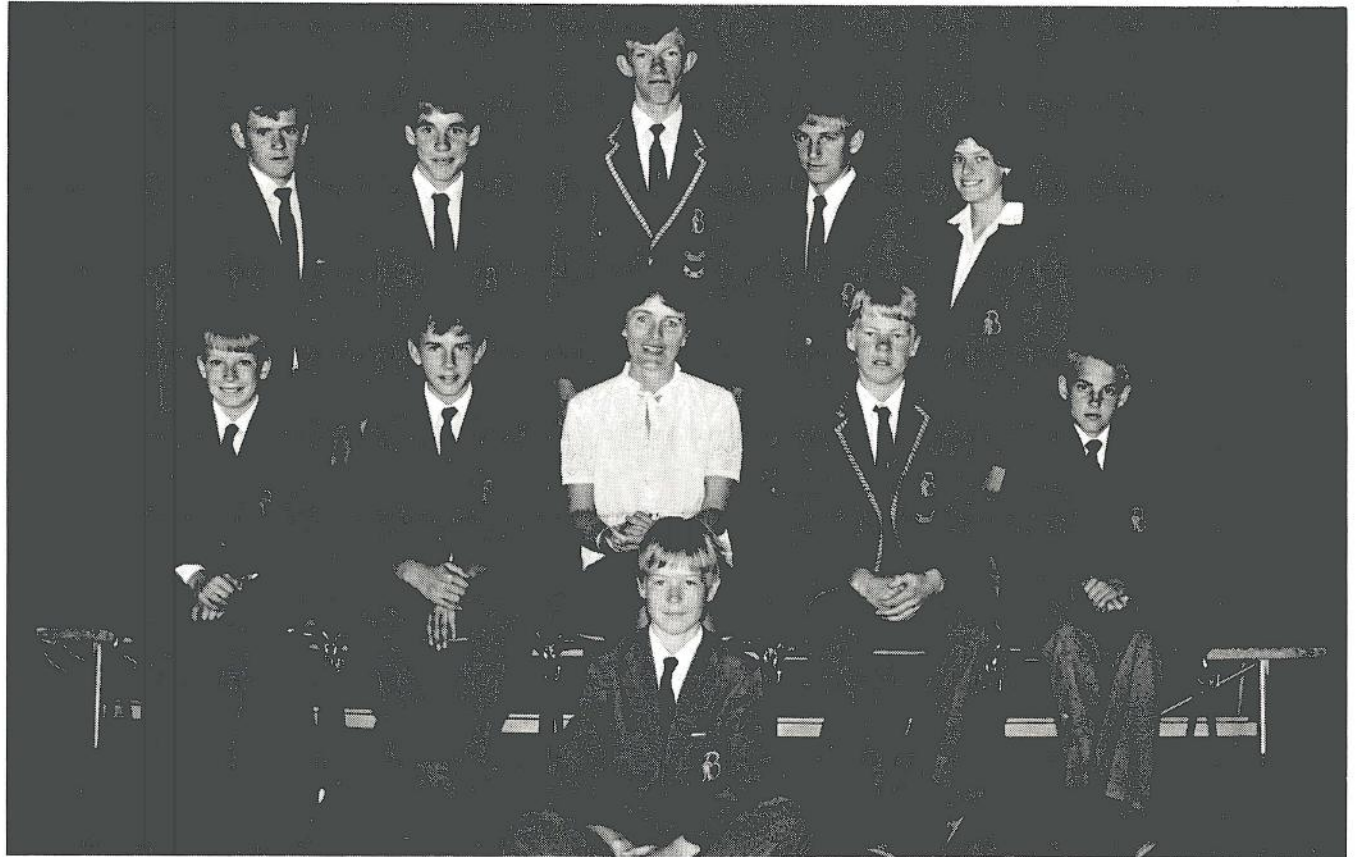
GUITAR GROUP

Back row: T. Coutts, T. Glanville, J. Carter, R. Stamper, I. Leitner, A. Walls, D. Ferguson.
Front Row: S. Asher, G. Watermeyer, Miss Andrews, K. Saayman, L. Haselau.
Absentees: I. Leitner, S. Meiring.



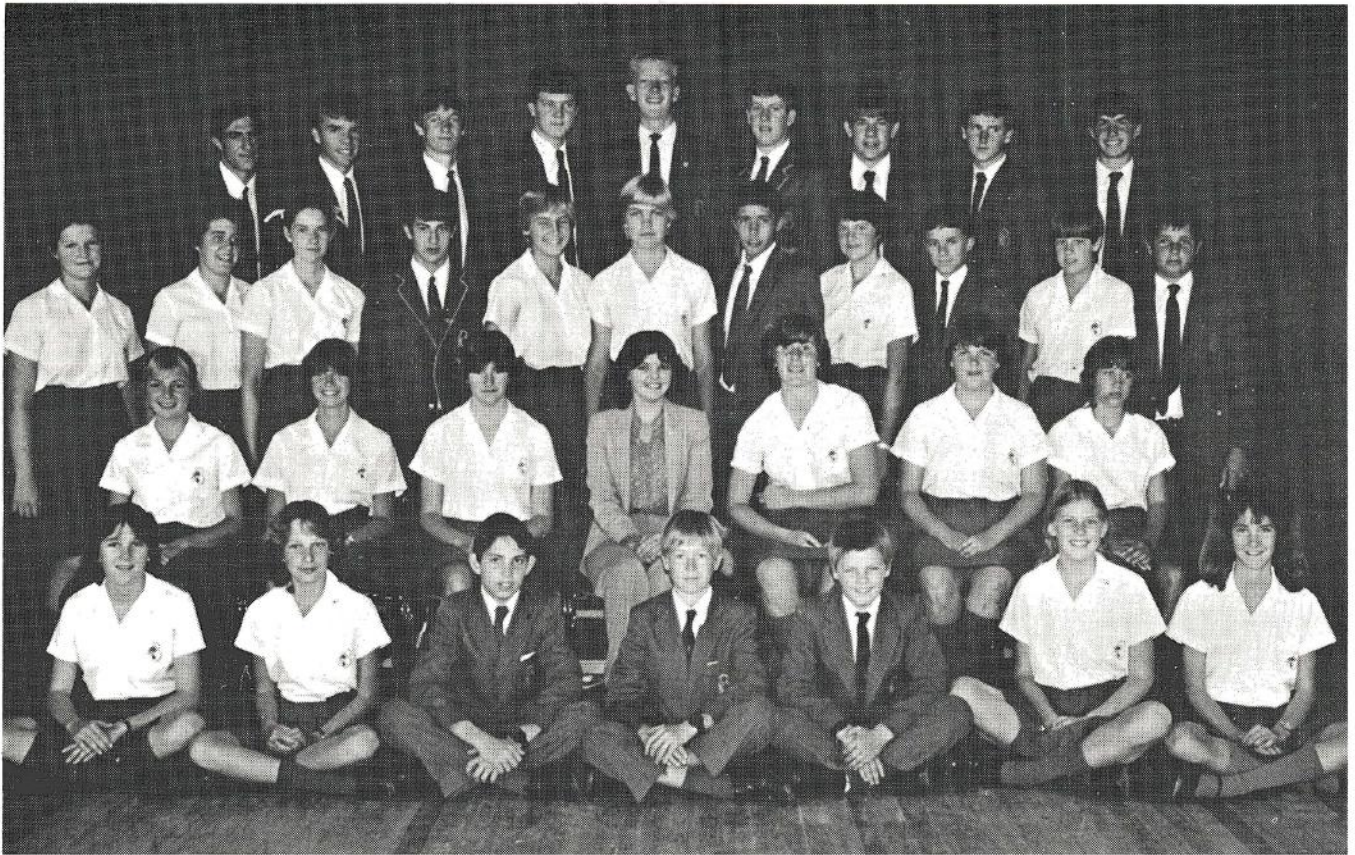
JUNIOR INTER HOUSE QUIZ TEAMS

Back Row: A. Sinclair, C. Hughes, C. Williams, V. Berry, R. Ruhsmann, G. Fulcher, J. Zwart, N. Zalk, B. Reynolds.
Middle Row: N. Kelly, J.P. Ridgway, B. van Niekerk, M. Beukes, C. Fairclough, W. Malan, M. Golden, N. Zalk.
Front Row: A. Wiederhold, B. Beetar, Mr. G. Manolios, A. Haynes, J. Dunne.



CHESS A TEAM GROUP

Back Row: S. Raal, G. Corlett, M. Gough, G. Friend, G. Hansmann.
Middle Row: R. de Villiers, G. Walker, Mrs. H. von Ludwig, C. Wright, M. Nielsen.
Front Row: A. Wiederholdt.



WILDLIFE SOCIETY

Font Row: J. Arthur, L. Cullen, J. Labuschange, A. Wiederhold, C. Wyss, D. Stamper, S. Kidd.
Second Row: H. Scott, J. Varcoe, B. Mullings, Miss Walls, R. Stamper, L. Haselau, A. van Buuren.
Third Row: D. Clewlow, A. Crosswell, L. Adcock, L. Johnstone, V. Arnold, J. Scheepers, W. de Klerk, J. Walls, G. Vine,
 N. van Zyl, C. Van Niekerk.
Fourth Row: D. Torrente, T. Holtz, C. Russell, S. Walls, A. Murphy, M. Grainger, W. Christensen, I. Burns, S. Arnold.
Absentees: C. Begley.

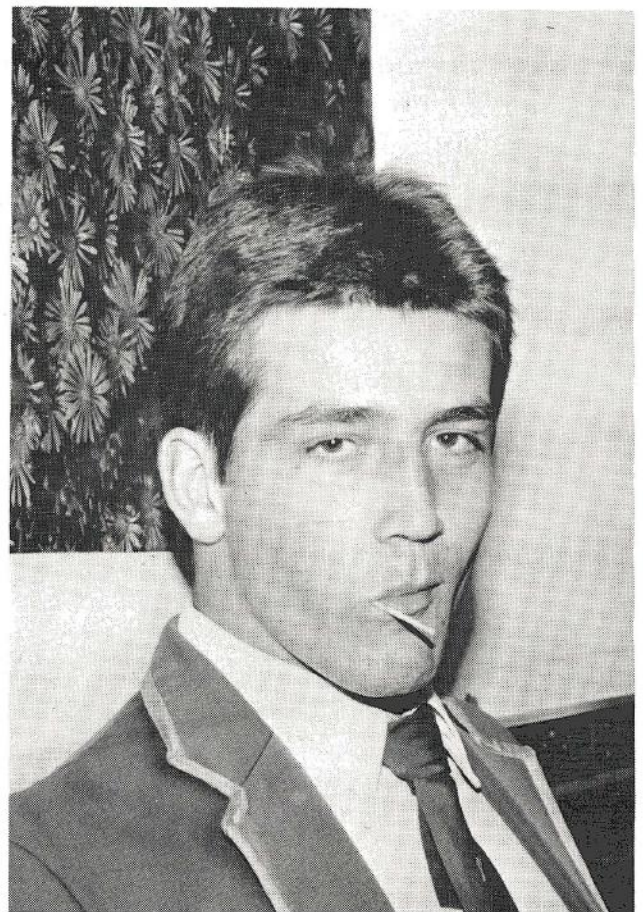
Report on Wildlife Society's Activities for 1982

This year, the Wildlife Society has been very active, with the highlights being three very entertaining camps. Two of these were week-end camps in the Suikerbosrand Nature Reserve and the Pilansberg Game Reserve. The former was enjoyed by everybody. The second, in absolute contrast to the first, involved a lot of hard work by all. This was very interesting as we removed barbed wire fences, which were a danger to the game in the reserve.

The third camp, or rather trail, was in the Timbavati Game Reserve, and could only be attended by a privileged seven. It was an experience never to be forgotten. We spent six days and five nights in the bush. We learnt more in those six days than in six months at school. We had to dig for our water in a dry river bed which made us appreciate the "good stuff" more than ever before.

In this Society, everybody has benefitted greatly from this year's activities. We have to thank Mrs. Lucas, who, unfortunately, left us soon after our Pilansberg camp, and Miss Walls, who has done a magnificent job in the latter part of the year.

STUART WALLS



Chess

There was a great deal of interest in chess this year, and we were able to enter two teams for the first time.

We also enjoyed excellent results. The A team triumphed in the Johannesburg League, winning every match by a convincing margin. Out of seven matches, three were 20-0 victories. The B team's performance was highlighted by a 7-3 win over Blairgowrie A and an annihilation of Randpark.

The talent of our players was shown in an individual tournament in Randburg. Stephen Raal came second in the Form 4 section and Gary Friend came second in the Form 3 section.

Our thanks to Mrs. von Ludwig, without whose time and effort the chess club could not have functioned successfully, and to Miss van der Werken for her assistance.

MATTHEW GOUGH



INTERACT

Back Row: V. Bartlet, L. McNally, D. Baillie, S. Gadd, R. Draper, B. Burns, A. Hansman, K. Voet, N. Wilkie, P. Haynes, M. Cummings.
Front Row: N. Cubberley, M. Williamson, L. Russell, E. Sterzel (President), K. Cochlovius, T Baillie, H. Boughton.

The Debating Society

The Debating Society was challenged by Sandown. This was our juniors' first encounter with challenge debating. They, unfortunately, lost to more experienced opposition. The seniors, however, won, despite the lively, sword-waving opposition by Sandown, thus proving the "The pen is mightier than the sword".

It was arranged with the T.V. crew to videotape a panel discussion on the topic "Do films have anything to offer?" Nicky Ridgway had her work as chairperson cut out trying to

control a 'film-star', a 'director', a 'critic', a 'teacher', and 'a lady from the censor-board'. The evening proved entertaining and educational and we hope there will be further collaboration in the future.

After all "the time has come," as the walrus said, "to talk of many things, of shoes and ships — and sealing wax, — of cabbages and kings". The Debating Society will be discussing all these important issues in the near future. Join us!

TRACEY HODNETT
 VICE CHAIRPERSON



SCHOOL NEWSPAPER EDITORIAL STAFF

Back Row: K. Johnston, C. Bock, A. Thomson, P. Ludi, J. Pain, C. Russell, L. Nel, B. Burger, C. Begley.
Front Row: B. Klews, T. van Zyl, G. Pule (Editor), Mr. Schonken (Master in Charge), G. Freimond (Editor), T. Field, D. Brisun.
Absentees: L. Findlayson.

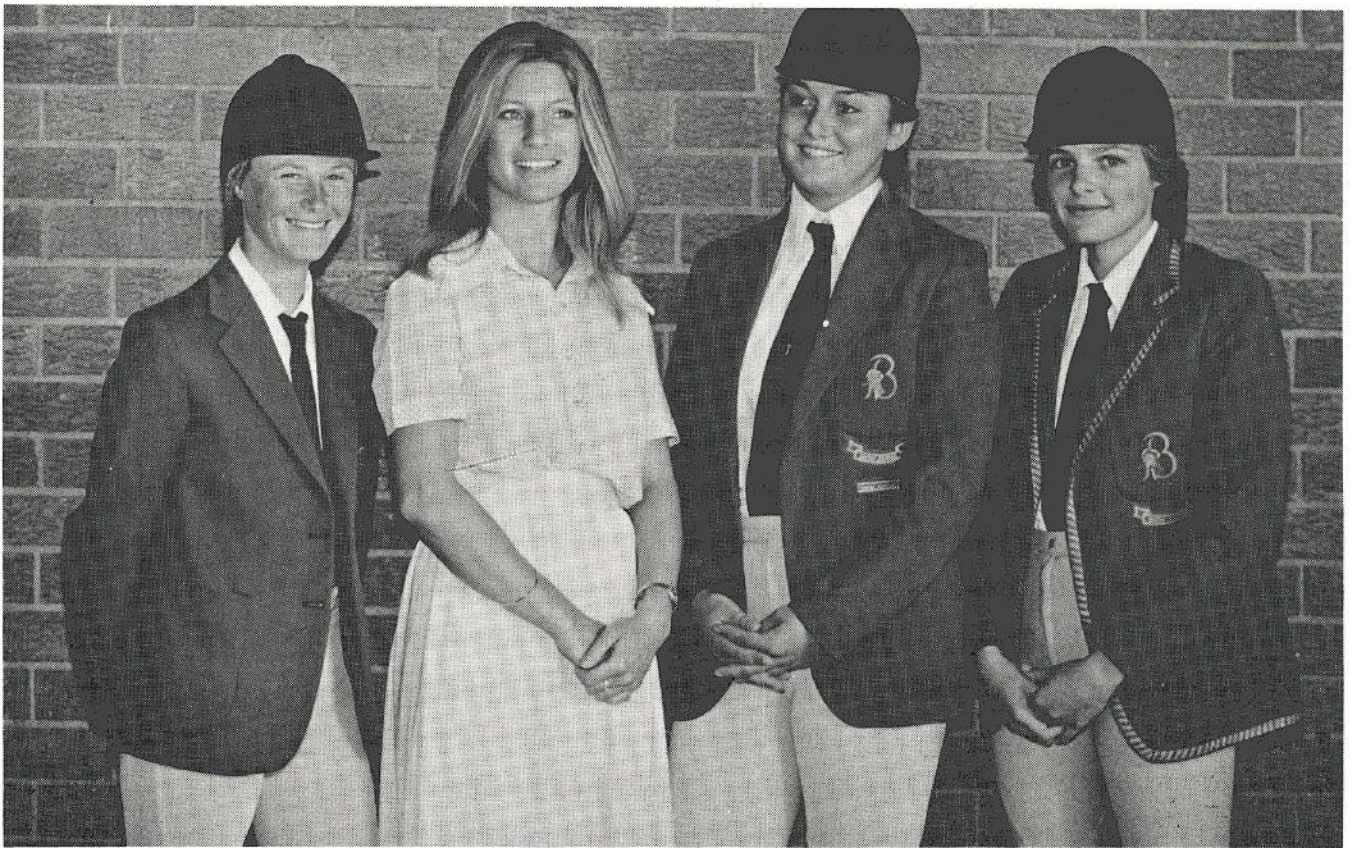


INTERACT

Back Row: V. Bartlet, L. McNally, D. Baillie, S. Gadd, R. Draper, B. Burns, A. Hansman, K. Voet, N. Wilkie, P. Haynes, M. Cummings.
Front Row: N. Cubberley, M. Williamson, L. Russell, E. Sterzel (President), K. Cochlovius, T. Baillie, H. Boughton.



SHOW JUMPING OPEN TEAM
Back Row: A. Beith, A. Wilson, N. Laros, R. Bevan.
Middle Row: J. MacLeod, B. Ströh, M. Whyte, G. Wach.
Front Row: J. Sharples, Miss Cohen, L. Warren.

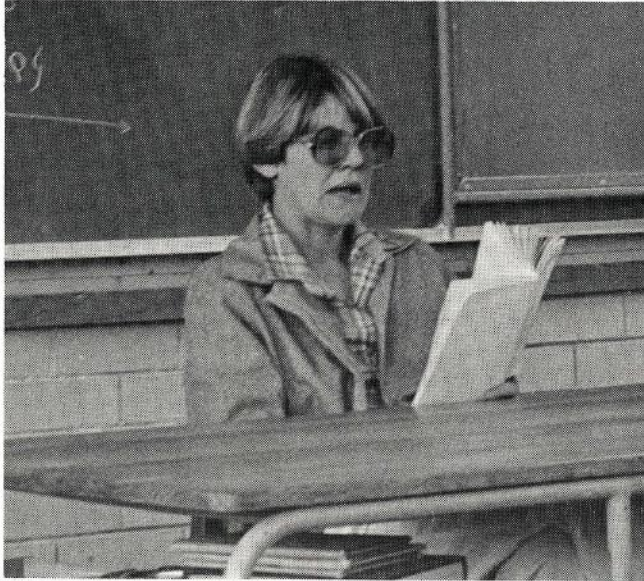


SHOW JUMPING A TEAM
Back Row: J. Sharples, Miss Cohen, L. Seals, M. Myburg.
Absentees: T. Laros.

The History Society

The History Society has had an unfortunately quiet year in anticipation of going on tour. The tour had to be cancelled as it conflicted with other financially demanding activities occurring at approximately the same time.

However, we are going to make definite arrangements for a tour next year, as well as more field trips, lectures, and films.



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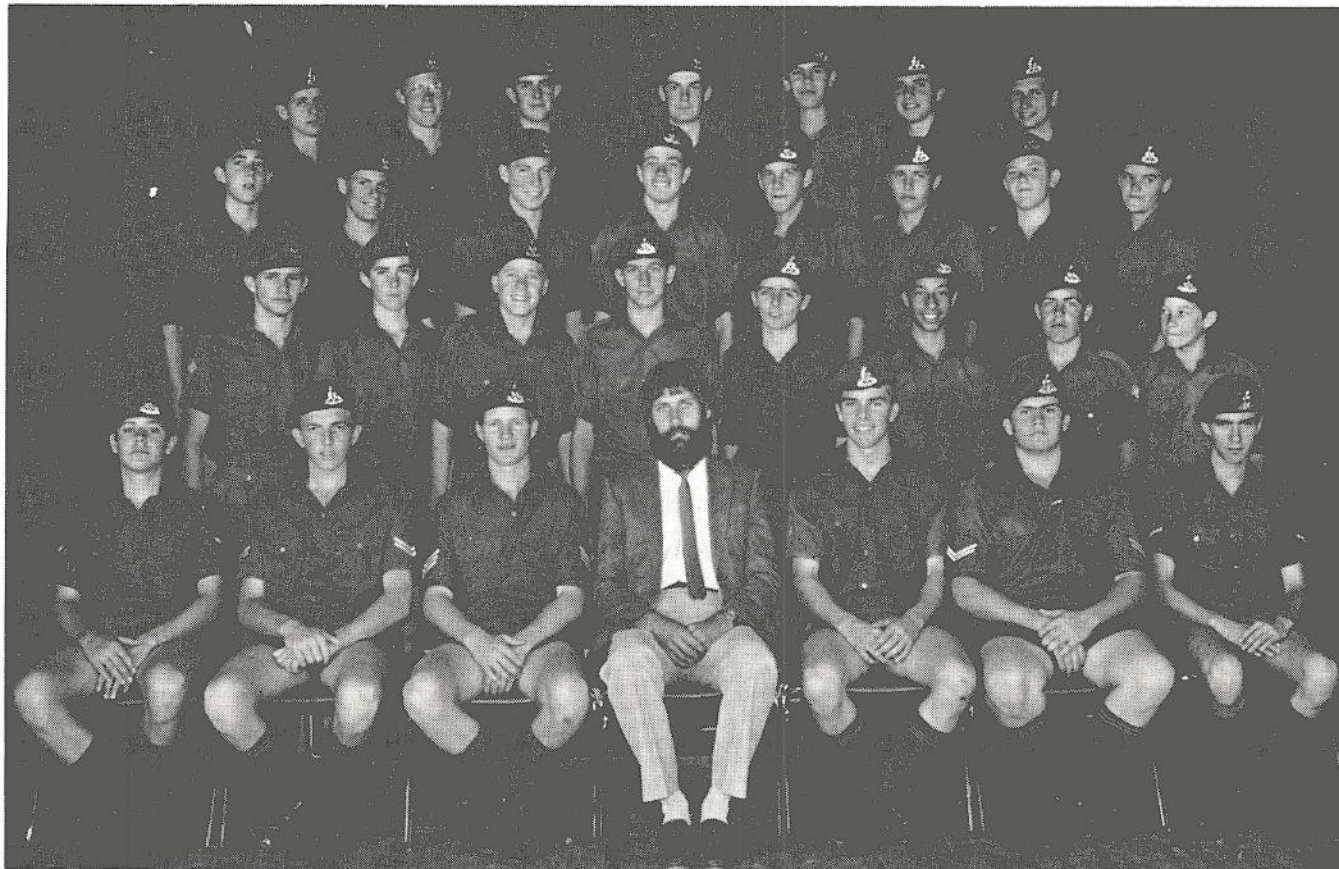
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PRESTIGE PLATOON

Front Row: P. Swanepoel, P. Ludi, A. Thomson, Mr. R.P. Stoltz (Master-in-Charge), T. Holtz, L. Nel, B. Varcoe.
Second Row: S. Stafford, B. Malan, T. Hilditch, G. Friend, A. Anema, C. Conadaris, B. Flint, J. van Wel.
Third Row: C. Freimond, T. Courtenay, S. Beautement, R. Price, G. van Zyl, W. de Klerk, J. Kamps, M. Lasch.
Fourth Row: S. Vogel, T. Francis, J. Owen, M. Reynolds, G. Heuwson, M. Smythe, A. Dougall.

Prestige Platoon 1982

This year's Prestige Platoon, made up of Form Three and Four boys, had a highly-adventurous and successful year. The year began with a nerve-wracking camp to Tonquani Gorge arranged by Mr. Cuthbertson and Mr. Stoltz.

The camp was morale-destroying for many boys, who soon discovered that mountain-climbing was not their forté.

Some common excuses were:

The sweetcorn was contaminated — we hope Peter Ludi feels better.

Some people decided that back-packs needed protection from marauding monkeys — our thanks go to Andrew Dougall for his valuable assistance.

Numerous limbs were sprained when the ropes were taken out — our sympathy goes to John Owen and Gary Friend.

Craig Freimond broke his tooth and was unable to climb.

Brendan Malan must have had a foresight of what was to come and conveniently missed the bus.





GIRLS PRESTIGE PLATOONS

First Row: J. Brooking, Mr. J. Folster, Mrs. P. Turvey, G. Miles.

Second Row: S. Kling, A. Crystal, N. Norris, D. Whittaker, L. Maitland, L. Puren, S. Woods, P. Godfrey, K. King, M. Economedes, M. Bartlett, J. Lovely, M. Hearn.

Third Row: E. Sterzel, L. Hasselouw, S. Paton, B. Mullings, B. Klews, T. van Zyl, A. Newby, T. Bond, T. Keenan, E. Wernig, K. Thole, T. Hultzer, M. Paterson, S. Coots, S. Martin, I. Stafetious.

Fourth Row: T. Potgieter, D. Reynolds, M. Hartong, A. Tyson, C. Bock R. Coetzee, G. Scheepers, R. Stamper, E. Winterton, G. Scheepers, N. Jones, D. van Rensburg, J. Martin, D. Hunter, E. Macconachie, V. Mitchley.

Some last minute entertainment was provided by Brent Varcoe, who had a slight mishap and looked a trifle unhappy dangling at the end of a rope over a two hundred foot cliff.

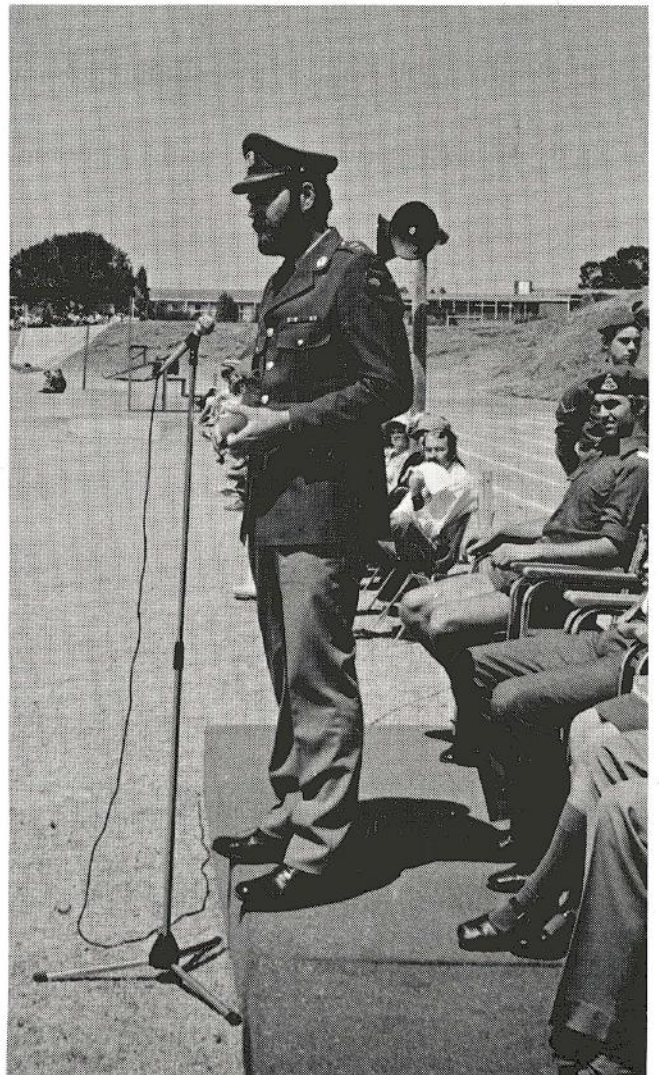
Nevertheless, the excellent spirit achieved during the camp was maintained throughout the year.

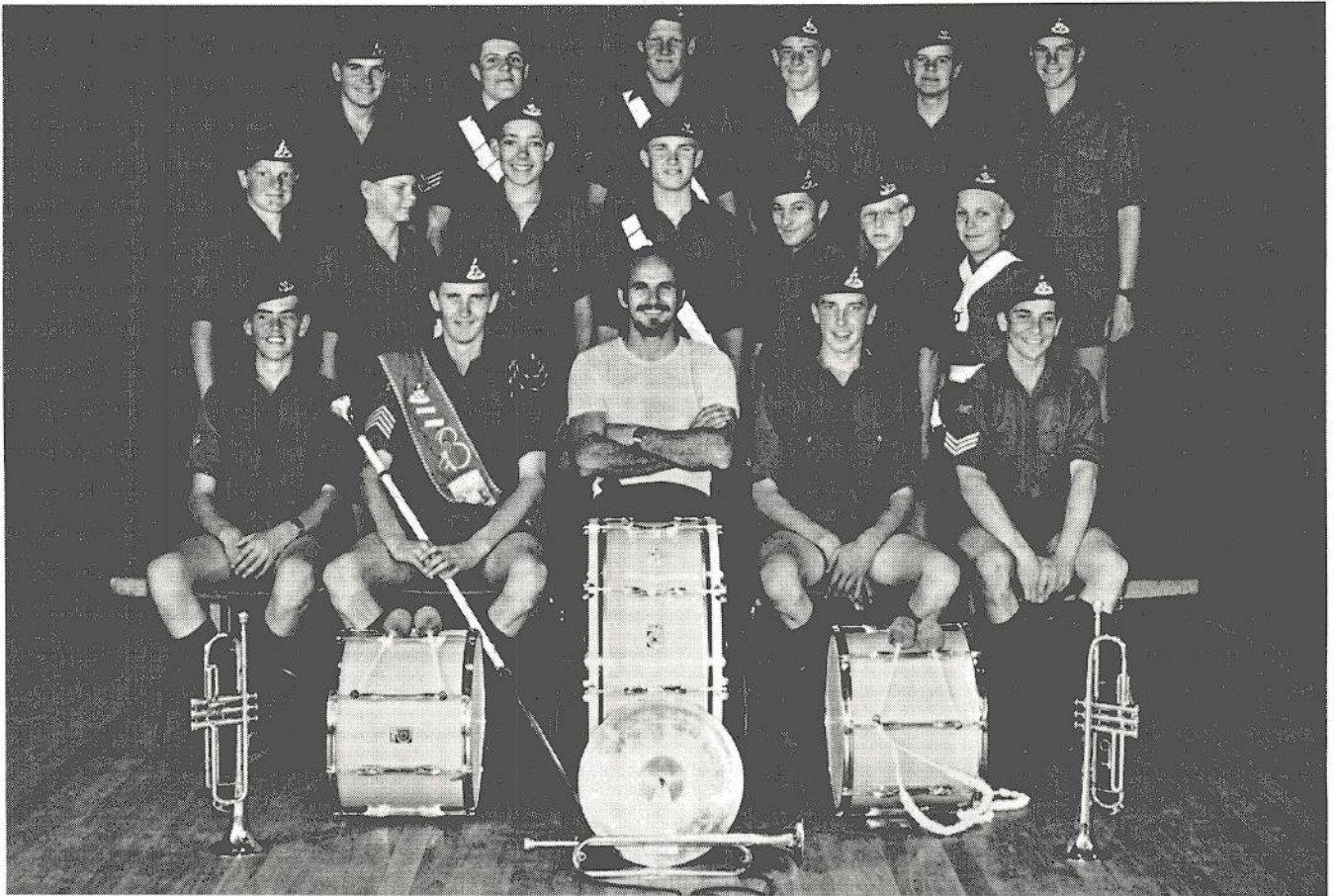
The climax of the year was the cadet competition. Numerous last-moment "crash-course" practices ensured that the platoon was fairly competent.

Our thanks go to Mr. Folster, whose organisation of the twelfth-hour ironing ensured an excellent mark for inspection. On the day, the platoon performed admirably and one teacher was quoted as saying, "It is the best prestige platoon the school has ever had."

Our final result was a 13% improvement of last year's and fourth place, just two percent behind Helpmekaar.

A final word of thanks goes to Mr. Stoltz, our master in charge, for his time and dedication.





CADET BAND GROUP

Back Row: C. Kilfoil, A. Hammond, J. Smith, D. Irsigler, V. Murrish, M. Halgryn.
Middle Row: D. Horn, S. Gordon, C. Marais, M. Joffe, B. Selesnick, G. Saunders, G. Jackson.
Front Row: A. Gallie, P. van der Heever, Mr. V. Niekerk, S. Meiring, R. Selesnick.

Cadet Band

Once again, time was very limited to have achieved anything worthwhile with the band this year. However, the boys are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm. The 1982 band, bought a set of Premier drums worth R4 000 for the detachment.

If everything goes according to schedule, the band should have a good year next year, with its peak in 1984.

Many people do not yet realise that the band competitions at the end of every year are very demanding. In my opinion, the band-members will work with more enthusiasm if Bryanston supports them fully and with this sort of support we know the Bryanston High School band will go from strength to strength.

J. VAN NIEKERK
 BAND MASTER

Cadet NCO Training Course

1982 saw a new development in the school's approach to cadets. We decided that what is needed for the programme is a more formal scheme of work for the basic training of every cadet and a formal establishment table of our cadet detachment as a training unit.

Actually, the scheme of work requires an NCO body to implement it and an NCO body must be formalised in an establishment table to operate efficiently. However, before any of this can become operational, we need NCOs. In con-

sequence, cadet training followed its usual course this year, with the noteworthy addition of an NCO Training Course, with a view to implementing the new scheme of work and establishment tables next year if the course proved successful.

Before an NCO can be asked to exert discipline over others, he must prove his capacity for self-discipline and acquire expertise at drill. Then he must be taught the proper military commands which are the vehicle for exerting discipline and finally, he must prove his mettle as a leader. Over 40 boys started the course; 16 were eventually passed. The results, which are no longer a secret, can be revealed:

J. Pain	86%	D. Torrente	82%
D. Cramer	80%	C. Russell	78%
A. Smythe	76%	C. Christensen	70%
A. Bac	70%	C. Tunbridge	70%
T. Brown	70%	W. Christensen	68%
D. Ferguson	68%	R. Blackwell	68%
A. Venter	68%	P. Welsh	66%
G. Roberts	66%	L. Grüss	66%

Congratulations to these boys, who were all substantively promoted to lance-corporal, with the exception of Pain, who, as best student on NCO course, was sustantively promoted to corporal.

We look forward to great things from our cadet detachment in 1983, and these boys had better gird their loins for the hardest part of the job!

MR. SEGNES SCHONKEN
 MASTER IN CHARGE: NCO TRAINING 1982



CADET PARADE LEADER GROUP

Back Row: Sgt. A. Thompson, CO. B. Tyson, Cpl. P. Ludi, L. Cpl. W. Christensen, CO. R. Barker, Cpl. J. Pain, CO. P. Keenan, COM. Leviton, CO. M. Baillie, L. Cpl. M. Gibson, CO. D. Lloyd, L. Cpl. L. Grüss, L. Cpl. C. Russell, CO. G. Lance, L. Cpl. P. Welsh.

Third Row: L. Cpl. C. Tunbridge, L. Cpl. T. Courtenay, CO. M. Watson, Cpl. L. Nel, L. Cpl. D. Torrente, L. Cpl. R. Kellond, CO. J. Miles, L. Cpl. G. Roberts, L. Cpl. D. Ferguson, L. Cpl. C. Christensen, Cpl. T. Holtz, L. Cpl. J. Wood, L. Cpl. A. Smythe, L. Cpl. D. Swanepoel, L. Cpl. A. Bac, L. Cpl. B. Varcoe, L. Cpl. T. Brown.

Second Row: CO. H. Hacking, CO. T. Hooper, CO. L. Cooper, CO. C. Flint, CO. T. Stafford, CO. I. Stacy, Sgt. G. Miles, Sgt. J. Brooking, CO. B. Liddell, CO. L. Pender, CO. G. Butler, CO. L. Holmes, CO. T. Field, CO. C. Robson, CO. G. Freimond, CO. G. Pule, L. Cpl. R. Blackwell.

Front Row: Mr. Cuthbertson (Supervisor), Mr. Folster (Co-Ordinator), Mr. Visser (Supervisor), Mr. Schonken (Convenor), Mr. Stoltz (Supervisor), Mr. Eybers (Supervisor), Mr. Edgar (Supervisor).

Absentees: Mr. Walter, (Supervisor), Mrs. Turvey (Co-Ordinator), Mr. London (Supervisor), Mr. van Niekerk (Co-Ordinator), Band-Major P. van der Heever, CO. M. Train, L. Cpl. M. Hilditch, L. Cpl. N. Kerwill, L. Cpl. A. Venter, L. Cpl. H. Ras, CO. F. Pretorius, L. Cpl. S. Rodrigues, CO. N. Schnadt, L. Cpl. A. Barwood, L. Cpl. G. Jones, L. Cpl. G. Reeder, CO. D. Williams, CO. L. Cox, L. Cpl. D. Cramer, L. Cpl. D. Taylor, L. Cpl. P. Black, L. Cpl. M. Morris, L. Cpl. G. Jennings.



Band Major: P. v.d. Heever

Cadet Parade 1982

On 29 September 1982, the Bryanston High School held its annual cadet parade. We invited Commandant Wesselo, Officer Commanding of Westpark Commando, to attend the parade as our guest of honour.

Perhaps his praise for the parade should be our point of reference for the future. He said that he believed the parade to be an unqualified success, and complimented our leader group, instructors and cadets, and had especial praise for the girls on parade.

We promised in return that our 1983 parade would have him really catching his breath.

To name names at this point would be to infer that there were participants in the parade who did any less than their best. Thus, when we avoid naming names, we in fact say, to the whole school, "Magnificent, Bryanston High!"

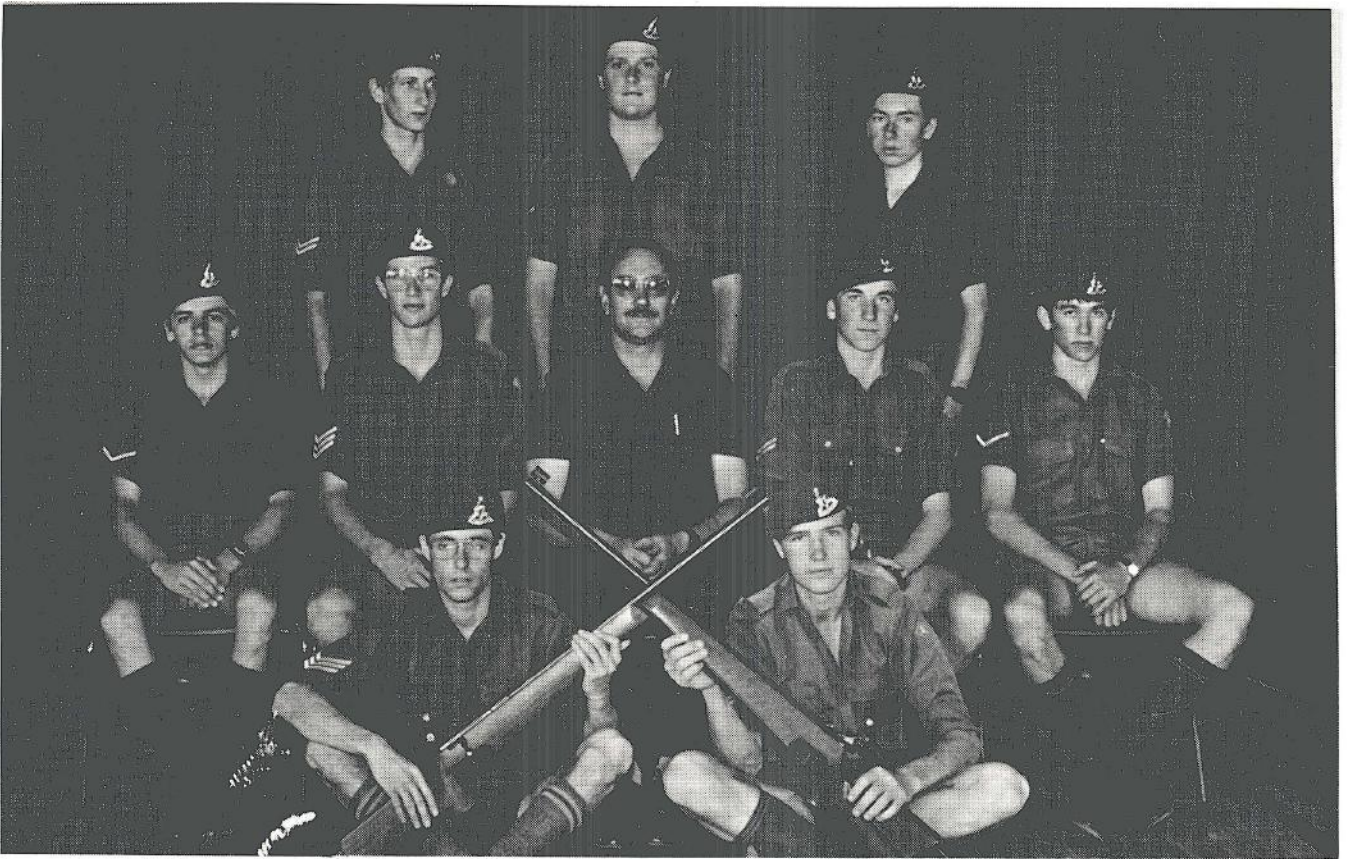
MR. SEGNES SCHONKEN
CONVENOR: CADET PARADE 1982

Shooting team 1982

The Shooting Team this year has progressed a great deal. Indeed, we had a large amount of talent. Jan Schortemeyer was the first marksman to better 96% and was well rewarded, thanks to an indiscretion by Mr. Giliomee. At the Cadet Competition, two teams participated — a junior and a senior team.

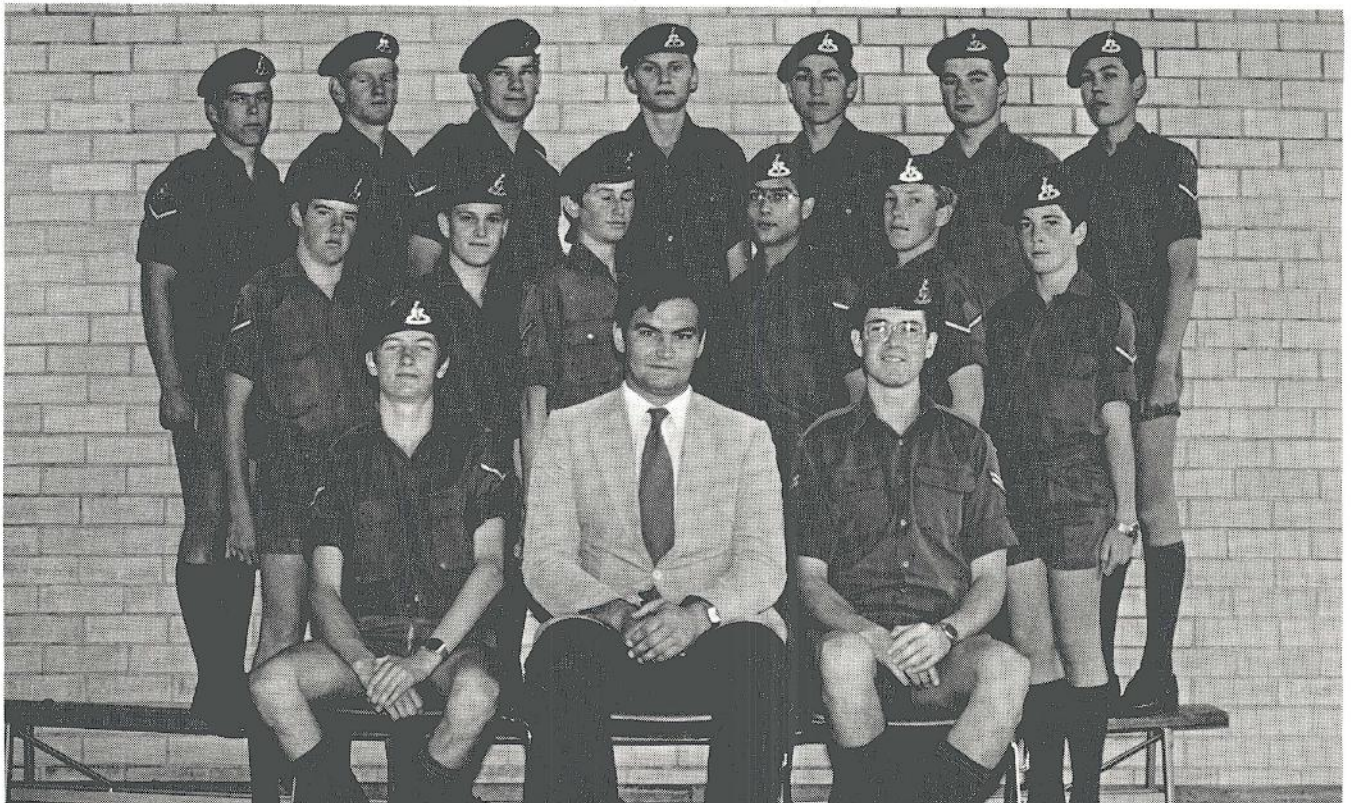
The senior team was placed seventh in the senior division, Robbie Driver obtaining Bryanston's top score of 91%, and the junior team was placed third in their section. Wayne Arts was adjudged the third best junior marksman of this region. Overall, 1982 was a fairly successful year for the shooting team and we give great thanks to our coach, Mr. Giliomee.

P. BIANCO



JUNIOR AND SENIOR SHOOTING GROUP

Back Row: J. Schortemeyer, T. Kirkland, K. Leigh.
Middle Row: B. Andries, P. Bianco, Mr. G. Giliomee, W. Leigh, A. Knowles.
Front Row: W. Arts, G. Holmes.
Absentees: A. Jean-Jacques, R. Driver, L. Keiser.



NCO TRAINING COURSE CADETS GROUP

Back Row: L. Cpl. A. Bac, L. Cpl. C. Christensen, L. Cpl. W. Christensen, L. Cpl. L. Grüss, L. Cpl. D. Cramer, L. Cpl. D. Ferguson, L. Cpl. G. Roberts.
Middle Row: L. Cpl. A. Venter, L. Cpl. R. Blackwell, L. Cpl. P. Welsh, L. Cpl. A. Smythe, L. Cpl. C. Tunbridge, L. Cpl. T. Brown.
Front Row: L. Cpl. C. Russell, Mr. Schonken (Master in Charge), Cpl. J. Pain.
Absentee: L. Cpl. D. Torrente.

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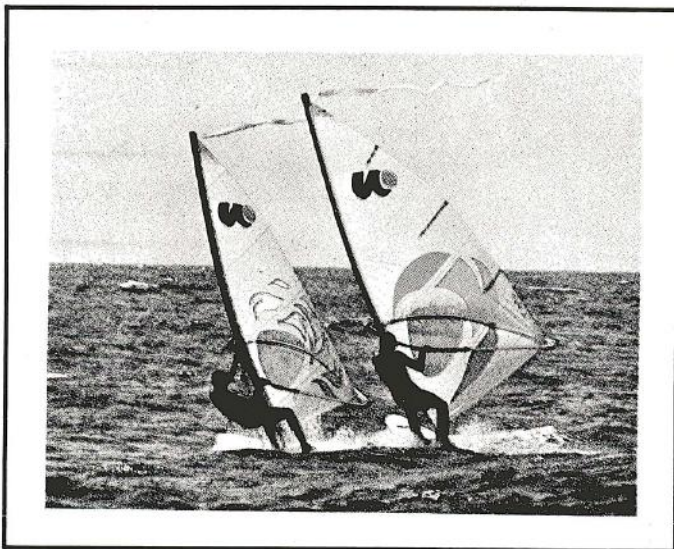
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ATHLETICS BOYS GROUP

Front Row: E. Scheurer, J. Mullings, D. Christensen, B. Williamson, J. Groves.
Second Row: N. Zalk, W. Pye, T. Courtenay, Mr. S.A. Cuthbertson, R. Courtenay (Captain), G. Rodrigues, S. Haupt.
Third Row: B. Selesnick, R. Selesnick, G. Duffus, G. Knight, M. Halgryn, J. Holland, A. Gallie, C. Menzel.
Fourth Row: D. Torrente, J. Salalides, J. Miles, T. Holtz, K. Beard, W. Howe, L. Gruss, M. Thomson, C. Russell, B. Tyson, M. Martin.
Fifth Row: A. Johnston, D. de Wet, S. Rodrigues, H. Brombacher, P. Bianco, P. v.d. Heever, S. Meiring, T. Francis, A. Miller, A. Barwood.

Athletics

Without any doubt this season has been the most successful in the history of the school. After comfortably winning the B league in 1981 we became the rookies of the A league this year and surprised all by losing to only two of the fourteen schools against which we competed.

Our thanks must go to the athletes themselves who performed so splendidly and gave of their best at all times. We do seem to have to rely on a faithful few, however, and I am sure there are many other fine athletes in the school who have not been participating. Let's see more of you out on the track next season.

Finally we are indebted to our coaches, particularly Mr. Cuthbertson, Mr. Folster and Mr. Harris. Without them our considerable achievements this season would not have been possible.

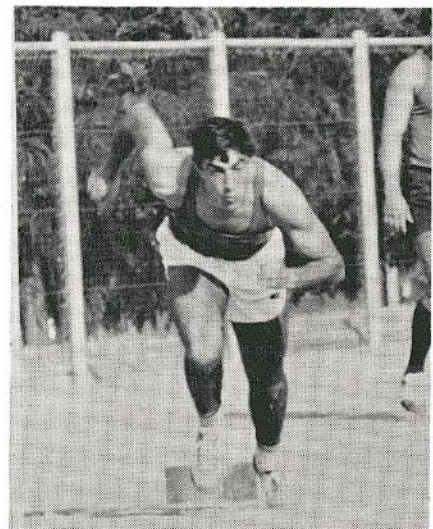
RESULTS:

Inter/House Athletics

This was a very exciting meeting with Neptune coming very close to breaking Jupiter's complete dominance over the last few years. In the end, Jupiter scraped home with a half point victory after the final event. The results were as follows: Jupiter 186 1/2, Neptune 186, Mercury 156, Apollo 151 1/2.

The 1982 trophy winners were:

Perkins Trophy	100 m Girls Open	T. Stafford
Steyn Trophy	1500 m Boys U15	H. Brombacher
Sanderson Dams	1500 m Boys U16	W. Pye
tra Trophy		
Roodt Trophy	1500 m Boys Open	D. de Wet
Andrews Trophy	800 m Boys U16	D. Torrente
Staff Trophy	Junior Victor Ludorum	R. Moss
Liberty Trophy	Junior Victrix Ludorum	F. Futcher





GIRLS ATHLETICS GROUP

Front Row: C. Kruse, L. Gover, C. Pestana, Mr. S.A. Cuthbertson, T. Stafford (Captain), S. de Bruyn, S. Blackburn.
Second Row: V. van Rooyen, V. Lynch, J. Stoffberg, A. Nurcombe, F. Futcher, J. Chambers, K. Lyell.
Third Row: H. Becquelin, N. Godwin, J. Hansmann, S. Holmes, V. Mitchley, G. Hansman, T. Hultzer, C. Lippert, C. Shaw, K. King.
Fourth Row: T. Volmer, C. Traviss, J. Enslin, G. Butler, C. Badham, C. Boch, A. Cochlovius, K. Volmer.

Krook Trophy	Senior Victor Ludorum	D. Torrente
Ellis Trophy	Senior Victrix Ludorum	K. Volmer/ T. Stafford
Collins Trophy	Winning House	Jupiter

Inter/School Athletics

18th August:
 Northview 75, Edenvale 190, Hill 159, Bryanston 262.
 25th August:
 Hyde Park 252, Rand Park 87, Mondeor 131, Bryanston 266.
 1st September:
 Bryanston 280, Northview 84, Roosevelt 204, King David (V.P.) 84
 8th September:
 Sandringham 222, Bryanston 168, Mondeor 118
 15th September:
 Bryanston 155, Edenvale 113, King David (Links) 126
 22nd September:
 Hyde Park 175, Bryanston 193, Greenside 262
 29 September: A. League Inter-High
 Greenside 186, Sandringham 137, Bryanston 120, Hyde Park 102, Northcliff 92, Sir John Adamson 33.



Notable Achievements

Four records were set by Bryanston athletes at the Inter-High.
 D. Torrente (400 m Boys U16) F. Futcher (400 m Girls Open) R Moss (800 m Boys U14) and the U15 Girls Relay.
 F. Futcher (200 m) and D. Torrente (400 m) were unbeaten this year in eight meetings.
 A. Miller (100 m) S. de Bruyn (100 and 150 m) D. Torrente (800 m)
 R. Moss (800 m) and F. Futcher (400 m) lost on only one occasion in eight meetings.

MR. S. CUTHBERTSON
 Master-in-Charge Athletics



CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Seated: A. Wood.

Front Row: T. Jones, P. van den Heever (Captain), Miss O. Hodgson (Coach), K. Volmer (Captain), C. Shaw.

Second Row: I. Volmer, G. Knight, D. Torrente, H. Reeves-Moore, A. Cochlovius, J. Groves, C. Pond.

Third Row: R. Vermaak, A. Wiederhold, D. de Wet, G. Hansmann, C. Zimmermann.

Cross Country Report

The number of people who have taken to jogging along the roads over the last couple of years has increased tremendously. It was therefore no new sight to see the cross-country runners puffing along the road to increase their stamina and fitness for the competitive inter-school meetings.

The cross-country team did very well this year and a number of runners were chosen to represent the Northern Districts Team. They were: G. Hansmann, K. Volmer, A. Cochlovius, C. Shaw, J. Groves, D. de Wet and P. van den Heever. Well done, runners.

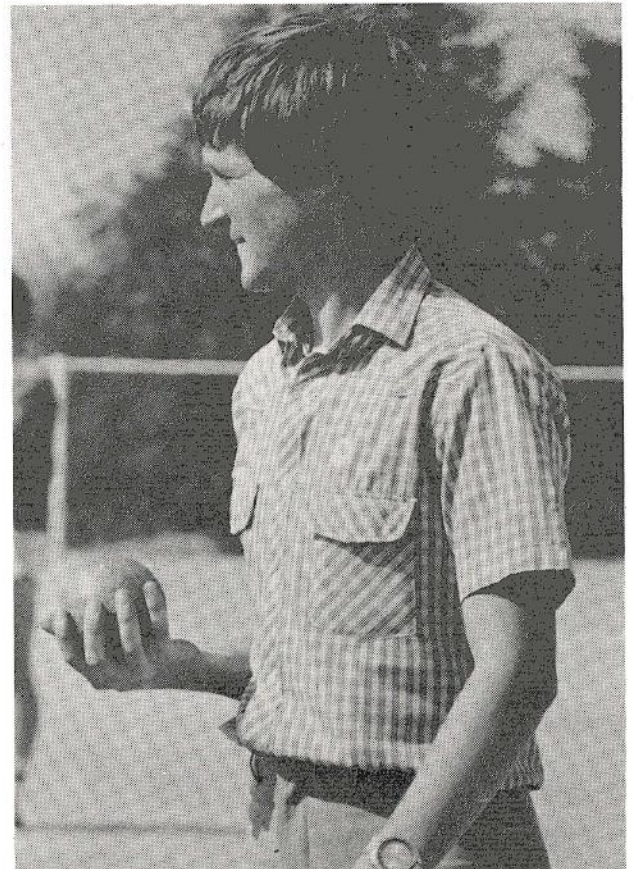
Results of Inter-House Cross-Country

- Kratz Trophy (winning House) — Jupiter
- Von Weldenberg Trophy (Open Boys) — D. de Wet
- Dan Steyn Trophy (Junior Boys) —
- Steyn Trophy (Open Girls) — A. Cochlovius
- Bryanston High School Trophy (Junior Girls) — G. Hansmann

The team -members would also like to thank Miss Hodgson for all her help and enthusiasm, and Miss Andrews for helping out with the transport.

We hope that next year more people will become involved in cross-country as it also helps build up stamina and fitness necessary in many activities.

K. VOLMER
P. VAN DEN HEEVER
CAPTAINS





BOYS FIRST BADMINTON TEAM

Back Row: I. Rayners, W. Ham, P. Swanepoel, B. Taylor.
Front Row: L. Cox, Mrs. D. Taylor (Coach), Miss S. Featherstone, K. Ashman (Captain).

BOYS BADMINTON 1982

Badminton started the year on a negative note. We had lost four matriculant team members and due to the renovations the hall and gym were occupied. Mrs Taylor, our voluntary coach, worked wonders, and we practised three days a week in a hall nearby. Due to her hard work and the eventual dedication of the pupils, we built up a team capable of success.

The league was played during the final two weeks before the June exams. This, however, did not deter our team and we won our zone league. Both teams owe their sincere thanks to Mrs Taylor whose hard work and dedication brought success.

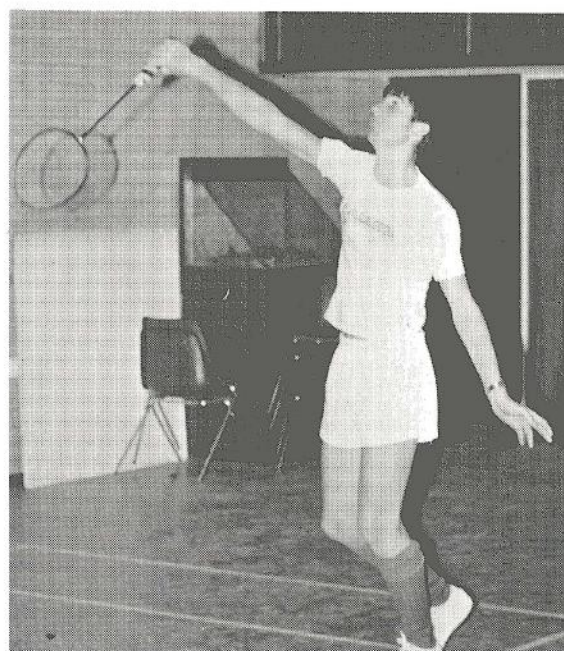
If the team next year is to succeed, Mrs Taylor will need support from both the pupils and the school. Thanks to the teachers for their "friendly" match and good luck for next year.

KEITH ASHMAN

Girls' Badminton

This year the girls badminton team did very well. We were a very young team and did not have much experience. We practised every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday night.

When the time for the League came we were all ready and won all the games we played, thus we won the Schools League. We then had to play the semi-finals against Waverly Girls. It was a hard match but we won. This meant that we now had a place in the final. Due to having such a young team and not very experienced in such a thing as a final, it proved too much for the younger players. The girls played hard and well but were beaten by President Hoërskool.



I'm sure I speak for all the girls when I say we all enjoyed the season. Finally I would just like to thank Mrs. Taylor and Miss Featherstone for all the hard work they did. Without them badminton would not function.

Thank you.

Good luck to next year's team and I hope you bring the trophy home.

T. HOOPER
 Captain

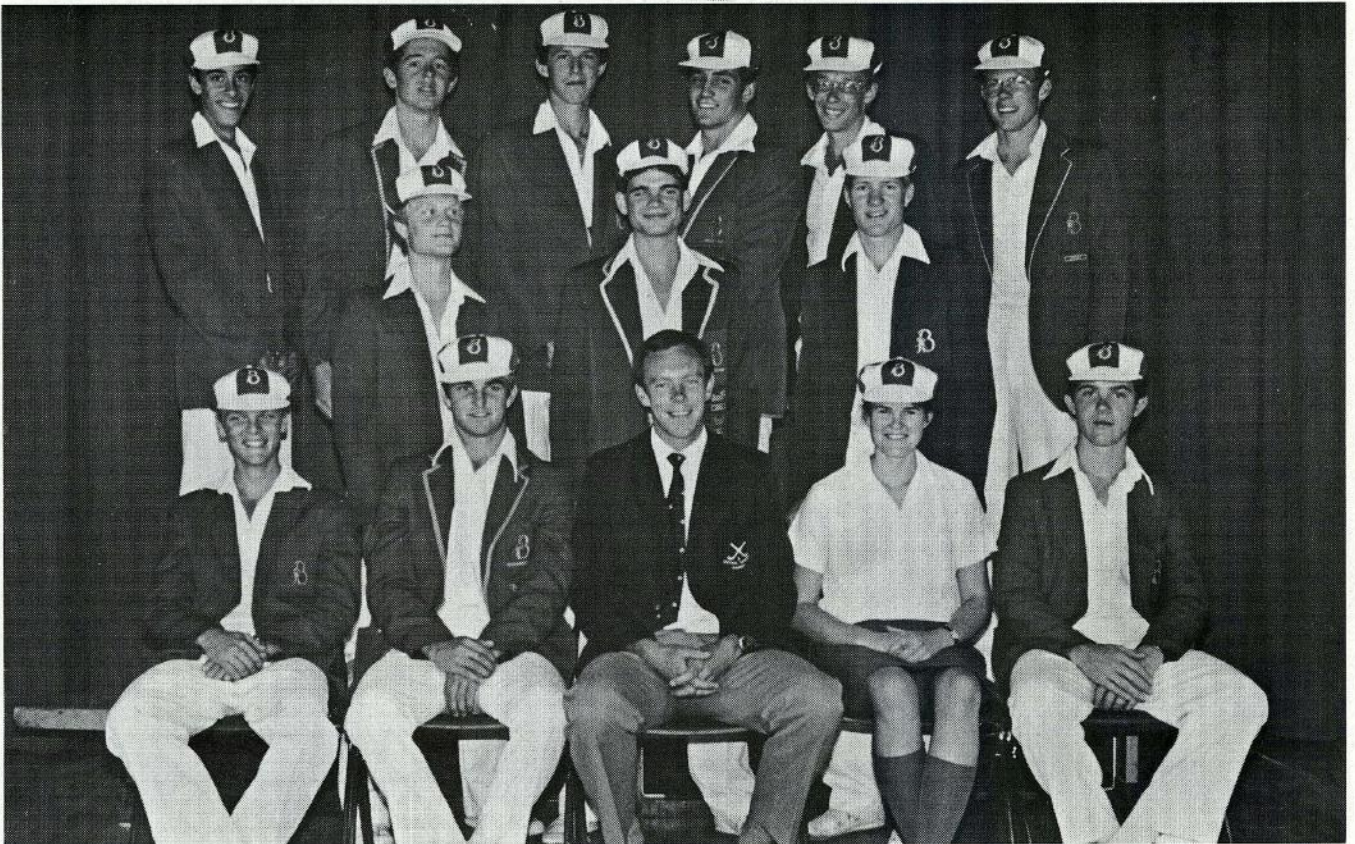


GIRLS FIRST BADMINTON TEAM

*Back Row: S. Rogers, B. Mullings, A. Tyson, A. Newby, G. Harrowing.
Front Row: T. Hooper (Captain) Mrs. D. Taylor (Coach), Miss S. Featherstone, B. Hardwick.*



Cricket



CRICKET FIRST XI

Back Row: M. Koegelenberg, M. Hilditch, W. Luyt, F. Pretorius, G. Rheeder, T. Francis.
Middle Row: B. Kruger, M. Train, A. Thompson.
Front Row: J. Wood, G. Lance (Captain), Mr. J. Folster, S. Marais (Scorer), C. Kamps.



CRICKET SECOND TEAM

Back Row: M. Morris, A. Thomson, C. McKenzie, O. Kitchen, T. Holtz, H. Holsboër.
Middle Row: G. Jennings, G. Parsons, A. Smythe, B. Varcoe, A. Dougall.
Front Row: M. Watson, Mr. Walters, R. Courtenay.



CRICKET UNDER FIFTEEN

*Back Row: E. Scheurer, M. Reynolds, H. Brombacher, C. Freimond, C. Conidaris.
Front Row: J. Smith, G. Kamps (Captain), Mr. J. Folster, T. Courtenay, A. Hilditch.*



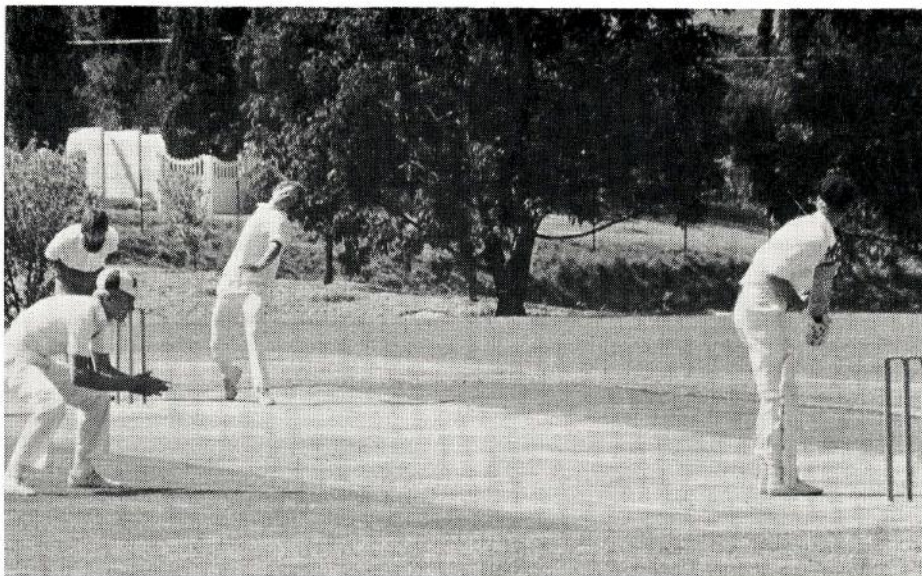
CRICKET UNDER FOURTEEN A

*Back Row: W. Siebrits, C. Wilson, C. Snyman, G. Tarr, G. Leech, R. Moss, H. Carty.
Middle Row: C. Gallie, M. Thomson, Mr. D. Bodley, G. Tillet, G. Duffus.
Front Row: W. Goldie.*



CRICKET UNDER THIRTEEN A

*Back Row: W. Peterkin, V. Berry, N. Zalk, N. Zalk, S. Mahoney, B. Beetar.
 Middle Row: M. Beukes, M. Martin, Mr. J. Folster, S. Mackay, G. Nichols.
 Front Row: S. Werry.*





BOYS HOCKEY FIRST TEAM

*Back Row: W. Pye, T. Francis, P. Harris, K. Beard, D. Torrente, A. Taylor.
 Middle Row: B. Varcoe, A. Smythe, A. Anema.
 Front Row: L. Johnstone, Mr. E. Walter, M. Baillie, Mr. J. Folster, L. Cox.*

Boys' Hockey

Boys Hockey at Bryanston High School in the last two years has flourished due to the greater following, as well as the excellent coaching by the masters-in-charge, Mr. Walter and Mr. Folster, as well as the English International coach Mathew Berry. The 1st Team players excelled during 1982, and proved to be the most successful First Team Bryanston has yet seen. Out of a total of 14 games, Bryanston won 9, drew 2 and lost 3. Well done Bryanston Hockey Boys.

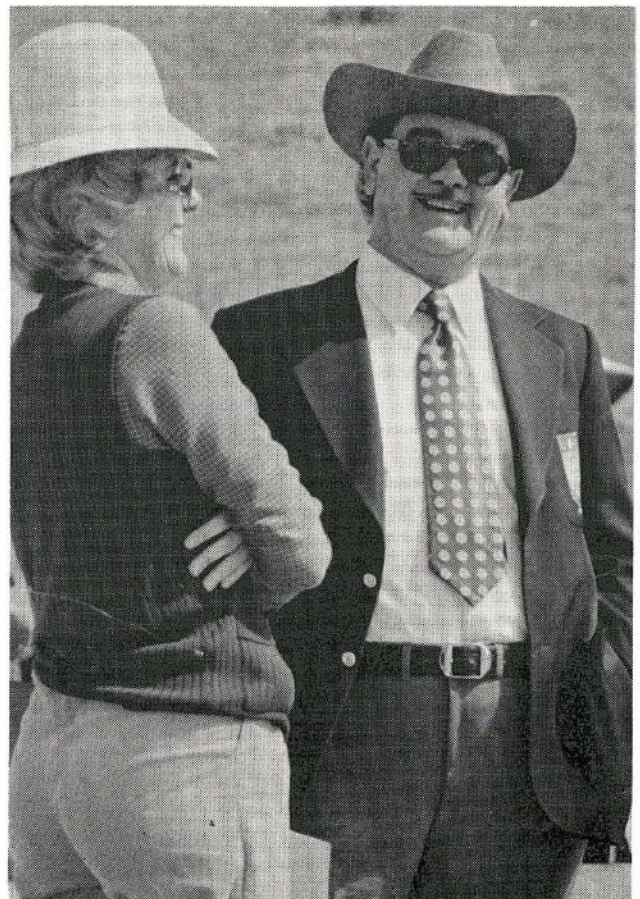
Not only has the 1st Team done well, but amongst the juniors there is a lot of potential and Bryanston can look forward to many good years of hockey. The U 15 won most of their games and succeeded in getting 5 fine players into the Southern Transvaal U 15 A and B sides.

Awards:

Players of the year
 Full colours
 Half Colours

- V. Berrie
- P. Harris
- M. Baillie
- L. Cox
- T. Francis
- A. Anema
- L. Johnston

MARK BAILLIE
1ST TEAM CAPTAIN





BOYS HOCKEY SECOND TEAM

Back Row: N. Tebbitt, M. Smythe, S. Walls, C. Russell, H. Holsboer, A. Milton.
Middle Row: D. Park, M. Grainger, Mr. E. Walter, J. Park, G. Connellan.
Front Row: P. Kuyer.



BOYS HOCKEY UNDER FIFTEEN B

Back Row: B. Flint (Captain), G. Vine, G. Tarr, S. Arnold, B. Caprari, G. Friend, C. Conidaris.
Middle Row: S. Wyss, C. Friedmond, Mr. E. Walters, P. van Wel, A. Gallie.
Front Row: C. van den Beukel.



BOYS HOCKEY UNDER THIRTEEN

*Back Row: M. Pestana, D. Gleed, F. Torrente, S. Wormington, G. Walker, A. Bennett, G. Austin.
Middle Row: J. Buckmaster, G. Tebbitt, R. de Villiers, N. Davies, B. Scott, G. Werry.
Front Row: V. Berry, Mr. J. Folster, C. Battel.*





GIRLS HOCKEY FIRST TEAM

*Back Row: J. Chambers, I. Stacey, J. Brooking, B. Liddell, T. Keenan, D. Williams, C. Kruse.
Front Row: K. King, T. Hooper (Captain), Mrs. P.S. Deacon, T. Stafford (Vice Captain), B. McBean.*

BRYANSTON HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS ANNUAL HOCKEY TOUR TO DURBAN DURING THE APRIL HOLIDAYS (13 — 19 APRIL 1982)

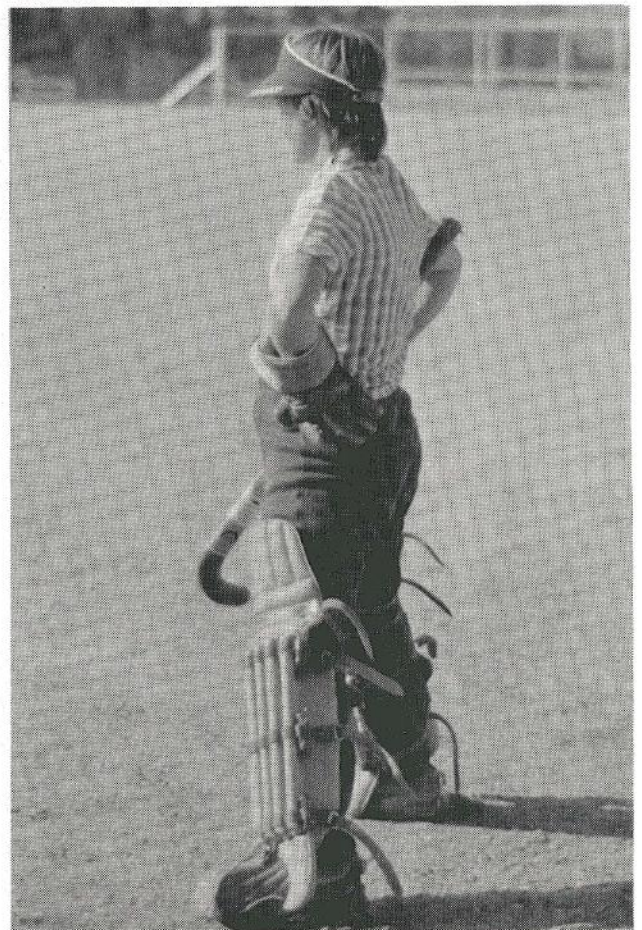
On the Tuesday following the Easter weekend, Mrs. Deacon and Mrs. Hunter once again embarked on a hockey tour, along with three hockey teams. Even though a number of girls didn't travel down with the bus there was still a fight for ground space!

Once in Durban we experienced perfect weather — if you call a heatwave perfect. We stayed at the YMCA (note the 'm' not 'w') — but unfortunately weren't the only females around. Being situated right near the yacht basin we had easy access to the harbour and "Sarie Marais" and were near enough to walk into the town centre.

Even after connecting a parking meter the busdriver took us to our matches as far afield as Westville. The First and Second teams generally did exceptionally well, the Second team not losing a match. The 'piks' started off shakily but by the end of the tour proved a team to be reckoned with. On this tour a number of girls were introduced to the goings on in a busy hospital on a Friday night. The result was a number of teddy bears being aptly named Addy (after Addington Hospital), the Gastro & Enteritis (self-explanatory!).

This year the matrics had a lot of spirit and a good time was had by all.

MRS. P. DEACON
Teacger-in-Charge





GIRLS HOCKEY SECOND TEAM

Back Row: G. Tiley, D. Melville, C. Oliver, J.M. Enslin, C. Badham, L. Pickering.
Middle Row: L. Cooper, J. Thomson, G. Venn, J. Tyson, J. Kaye (Vice Captain), N. Panos.
Front Row: D. Veenendaal (Captain), Mrs. P.S. Deacon, D. van Rensburg.



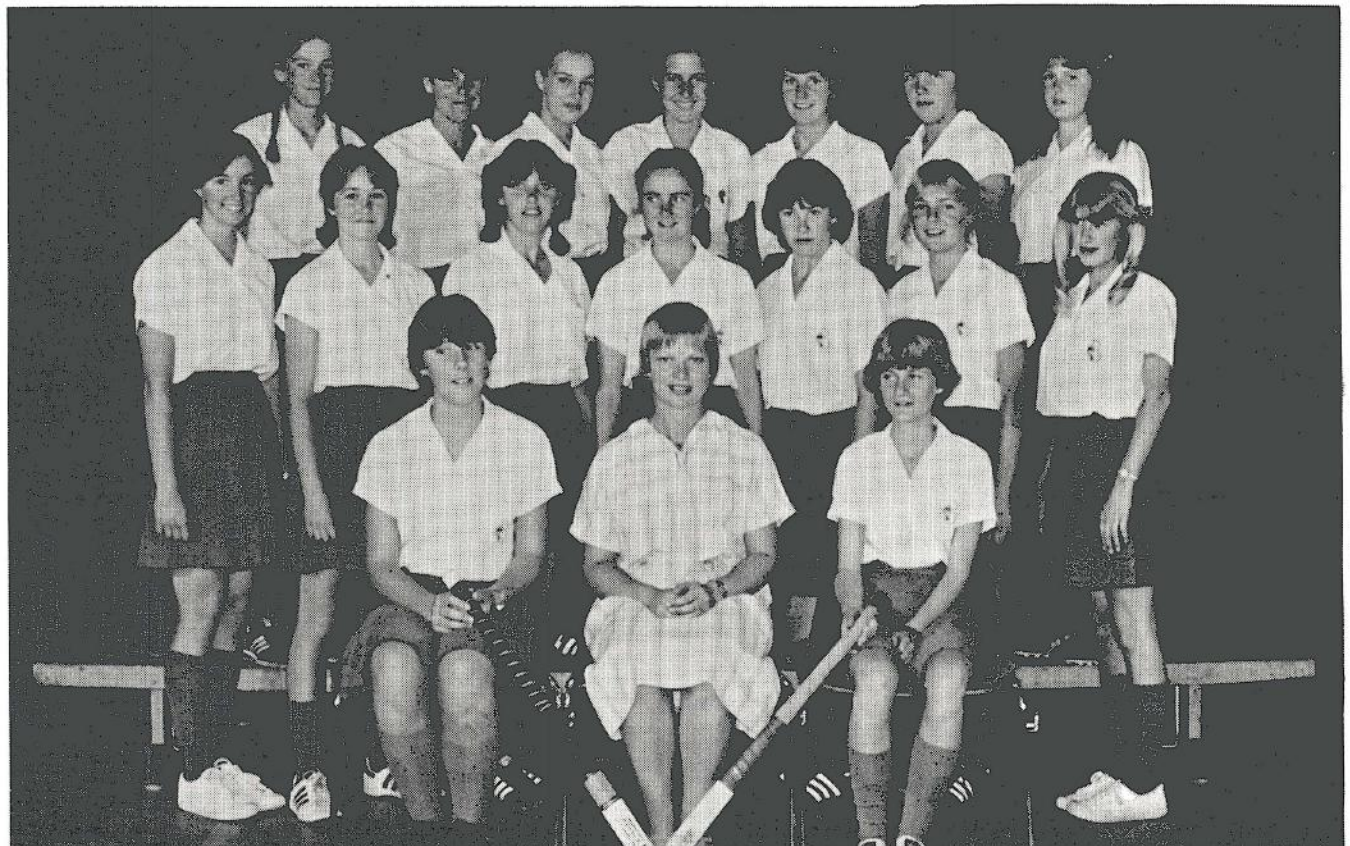
GIRLS HOCKEY THIRD TEAM

Back Row: D. Brislin, L. Tebbit, M. Fowlds, L. Tarr, C. Bock, D. Wittaker.
Middle Row: N. Godwin, M. Fowley, S. Blackburn, B. Harwick, B. Dingwall.
Front Row: R. Wrogemann, J. Anema, Miss J. Moeller, L. Holmes, K. Flint.



GIRLS HOCKEY UNDER FIFTEEN A

Front Row: D. Tomlinson.
Second Row: A. Stacey (Captain), Mrs. Hunter, J. Lovely.
Third Row: D. Etchelles, A. Gilmour, N. Bennett, S. Woods, F. Fitcher.
Fourth Row: T. Hultzer, A. Tyson, R. Stamper, J. Span, T. van der Linde, S. Smart.



HOCKEY UNDER FIFTEEN B

Back Row: J. Story, T. Bond, C. Traviss, M. McKay, A. Newby, S. Cowper, M. Paterson.
Middle Row: J. Milton, M. Boughton, L. Ardendorff, P. Godfrey, D. Mitchie, H. Scott, J. Begley.
Front Row: E. Russell, Mrs. Hunter, G. Harrowing.



GIRLS HOCKEY UNDER FOURTEEN A

*Back Row: J. Milborrow, I. Leitner, G. Scheepers, J. Scheepers, V. Mitchley.
 Middle Row: A. Crosswell, K. Stillwell, I. Anema, G. Lance.
 Front Row: L. van Zyl, M. Darroll, Mrs. Termorshuizen, P. Courtenay, J. Stoffberg.*



GIRLS HOCKEY UNDER FOURTEEN 4B

*Back Row: A. Nurcombe, K. Roberts, J. Southgate, A. Beith.
 Middle Row: J. Vile, L. Adcock, L. van Gemert, P. Caizergues.
 Front Row: M. Economides, M. Hearn, Miss Cohen, J. Milborrow, S. Kidd.*

**Over 25 ways to achieve
domestic bliss can be
found at the foot of
this page...**

For true domestic bliss you need products and appliances you can really rely on. Defy: built-in ovens and hobs, free-standing stoves, refrigerators, tumble dryers, automatic washing machines, combined automatic washing machines/tumble dryers, dishwashers, upright and chest freezers, microwave ovens, cookerhoods, gas stoves, airconditioners, baths, basins, cast-iron cooking pots, coal and woodburning stoves, solid-fuel heaters, electric, gas and solid fuel commercial stoves, humidifiers, fan heaters, irons, toasters and kettles. Not to mention the largest South African range of matching, colour co-ordinated appliances especially designed to complement your kind of home.

People rely on Defy. Everywhere.

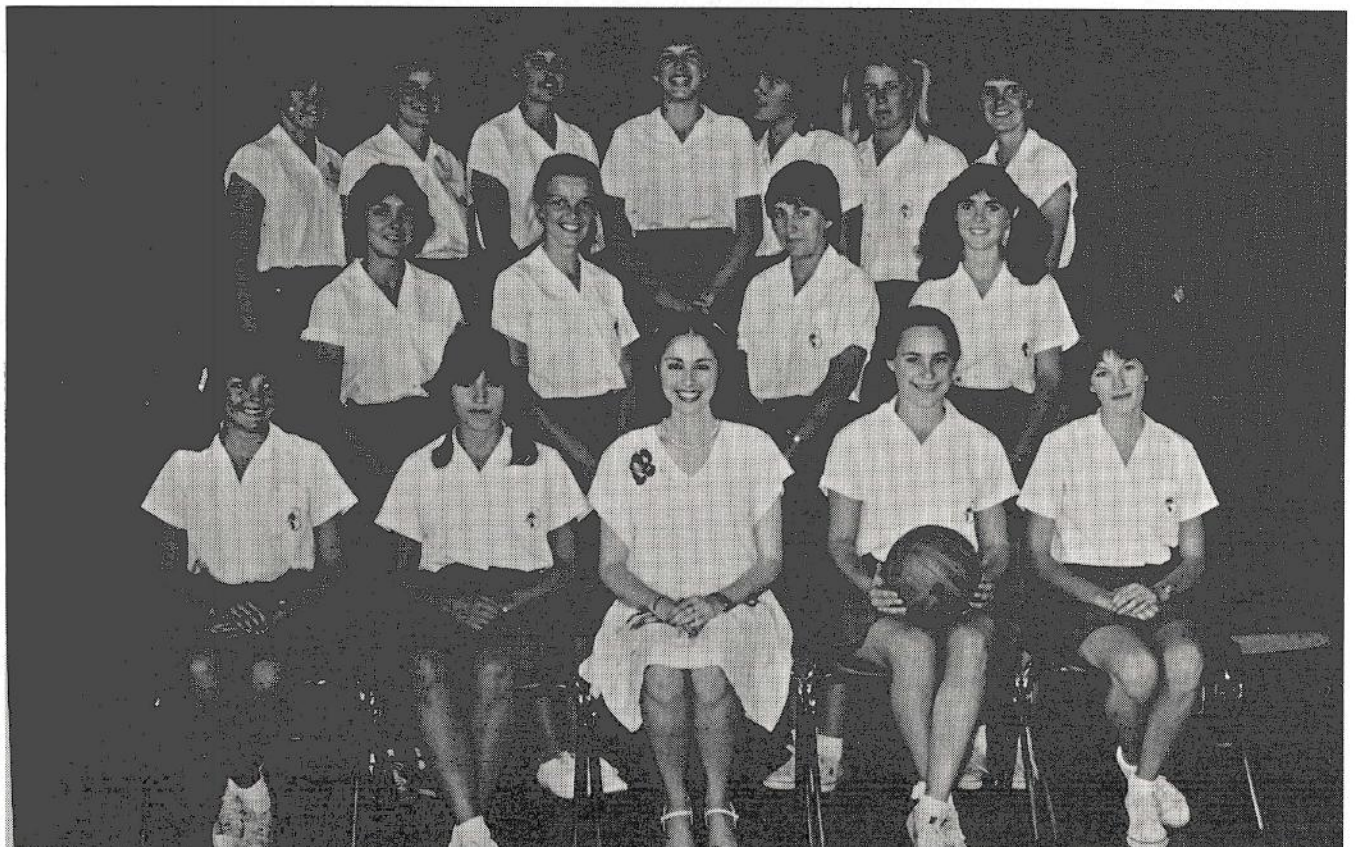


Bates Wells Kennedy ● 8254



NETBALL FIRST TEAM

*Back Row: D. Williams, O. Erasmus, B. Liddell, S. Oliver, C. Robson.
 Middle Row: I. Stacey, Miss J. Liddell (Coach), V. Arnold.
 Front Row: C. King.*



NETBALL UNDER SIXTEEN 16 A. & B.

*Back Row: J. Martin, L. Tarr, L. Barker, E. Winterton, D. van Rensburg, C. Badham, S. Noakes.
 Middle Row: C. Roebert, B. Klews, K. Holmes, P. Harris.
 Front Row: D. Whittaker, A. Capsopoulos, Miss J. Coney, B. McBean, C. Pond.
 Absentees: Mrs. M. Scheepers*



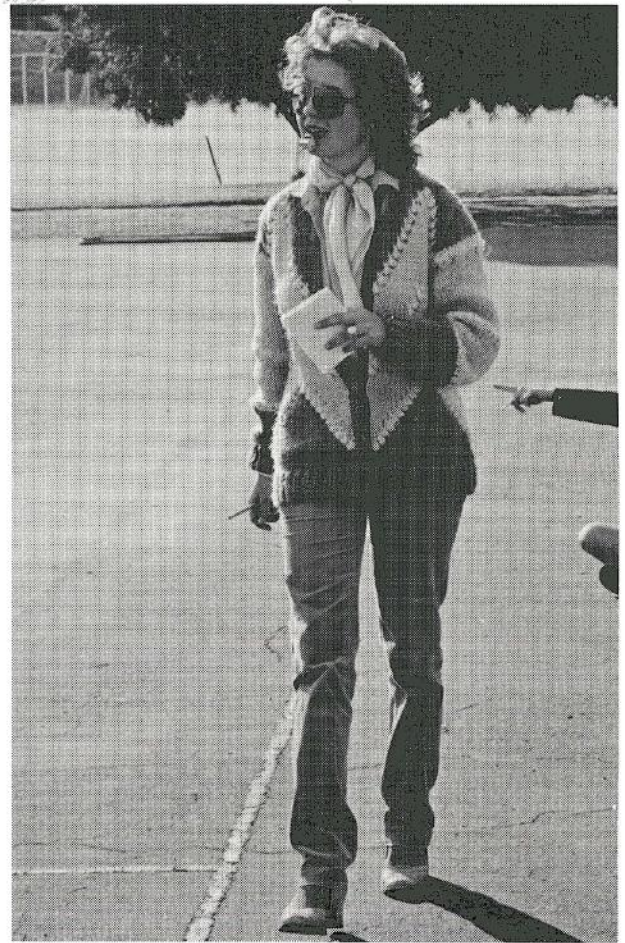
NETBALL UNDER FIFTEEN A. & B.

Back Row: K. Thurlow, I. Johnson, S. Steyn, K. Philip, G. Miles, M. Patterson, D. Reynolds.

Middle Row: F. Fatcher, C. Durie, L. McNally, D. Robertson, J. Chambers, D. Etchells.

Front Row: A. Stacey, Miss Liddell, Mrs. Powell, G. Pivnic.

Absentees: L. Grönn, B. Grönn.





NETBALL UNDER FOURTEEN A. & B.

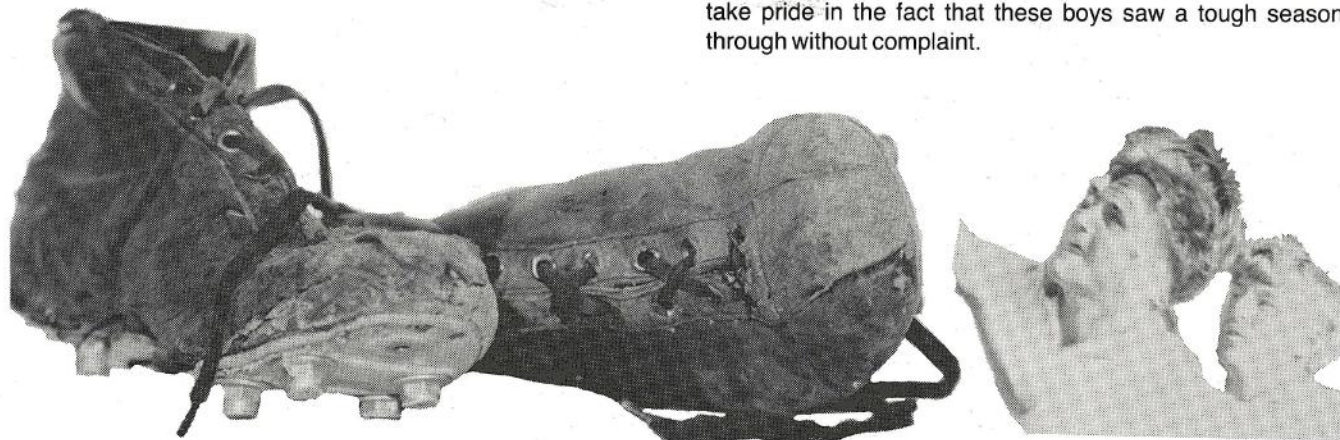
Back Row: M. Maarten, A. Gilmour, L. Irvine, J. Southgate, I. Leitner, J. Warren, A. Nurcombe, E. Klews, A. Cooper.
Middle Row: A. Rabjohn, Mrs. J. Frost, J. Vile, Miss S. Bezuidenhout, G. Pule.
Front Row: K. Atkinson.



NETBALL UNDER THIRTEEN

Back Row: S. O'Rourke, L. Gover, L. Noakes, L. Bayne, M. Raal, H. Humphrey, C. Robert.
Middle Row: L. Bac, V. Arnold (Captain), Miss Z. Recsei, J. Zwart (Vice Captain), S. de Bruyn.
Front Row: L. Martin.
Absentees: A. Clewlow.

Rugby 1982



At the end of this season, we can all sit back and heave a communal sigh of relief. It has been a hectic season, and one full of lessons. Twenty-one fixtures in a three-month season is no laughing matter.

The First XV were the most notable casualties of the long season. Eight wins in twenty matches (including one against the Bryanston Old Boys Under 20 XV, who lost only two matches in their league) is not a good record, although it is no disgrace. The First XV went through a total of twenty-six players in the season, illustrating clearly the effects of a heavy fixture list at this level.

The season also brought an insight into a development in the spirit of the game which must have caused concern to parents and teachers alike. Suffice it to say that our boys did the school proud by keeping themselves above a "win at all costs" attitude. I suspect that what we saw and experienced this year is the consequence of excessive prestige attaching to the game (and I do not refer here to the prestige that rightfully accrues to the players) and the players then becoming a means rather than being seen as the end.

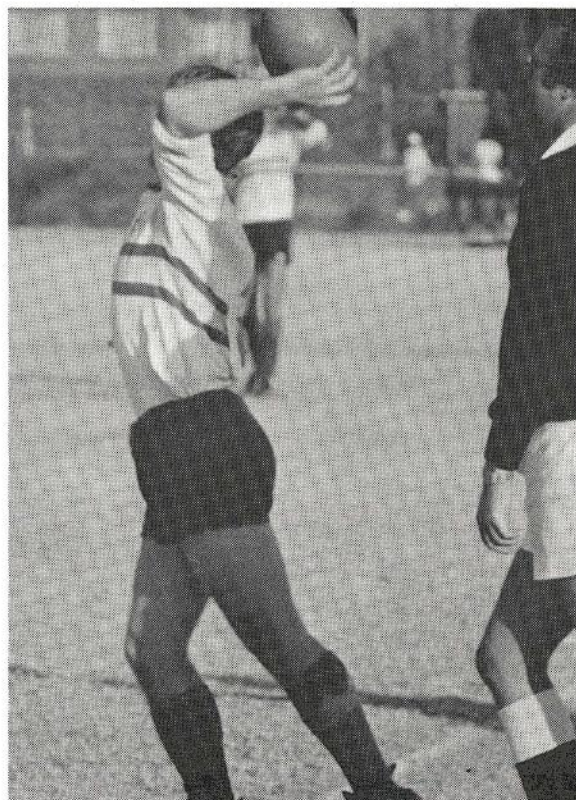
The lesson in this is that we must choose between stooping to the same ruthless approach, or codifying some sort of *modus vivendi* whereby we limit our fixtures to schools who share our attitude and then keep our part of the bargain by keeping our own noses scrupulously clean. No doubt every Bryanston parent, player and coach would prefer to secure the second option, so it remains for us simply to hoist our colours before, and not after, we enter the fray in 1983.

I have mentioned the relatively ordinary record of the First XV this year. Let us consider the exceptional records of other teams. The Fourth XV, rightful winners of the 1982 Team of the Year Award, won 85% of their matches, losing the other two very narrowly and coming within a deuce of giving the school its first undefeated team for many a year. The runners-up for the 1982 Team of the Year Award were the Sixth XV, who won 80% of their matches. Expressing my joy about this statistic is not easy; I believe that the strength of a school's rugby can be assessed by examining the results of its lowest team. This is the first year we have had a regular Sixth XV and their results are utterly delightful. Teams which won 75% of their games were the Under 15B XV, the Under 14D XV and the Under 13B XV. Congratulations to these boys. Winning three games in four is not easy.

The results of the Under Thirteen C XV and the Under Thirteen D XV are not as worrying as they seem. These two teams played all but two of their games away from Bryanston and I believe that, given a better home: away ratio, these scores will be reversed with interest next year. We can all take pride in the fact that these boys saw a tough season through without complaint.

The Under Thirteen A XV must be one of the most talented groups Bryanston has ever fielded, and the fact that they won two games in three, playing only twice on home ground, bears this out. When these boys take the field as Under Fourteens next year, I am confident that we shall see great things. The strength of the group is borne out by the fine performance of the Under Thirteen B XV.

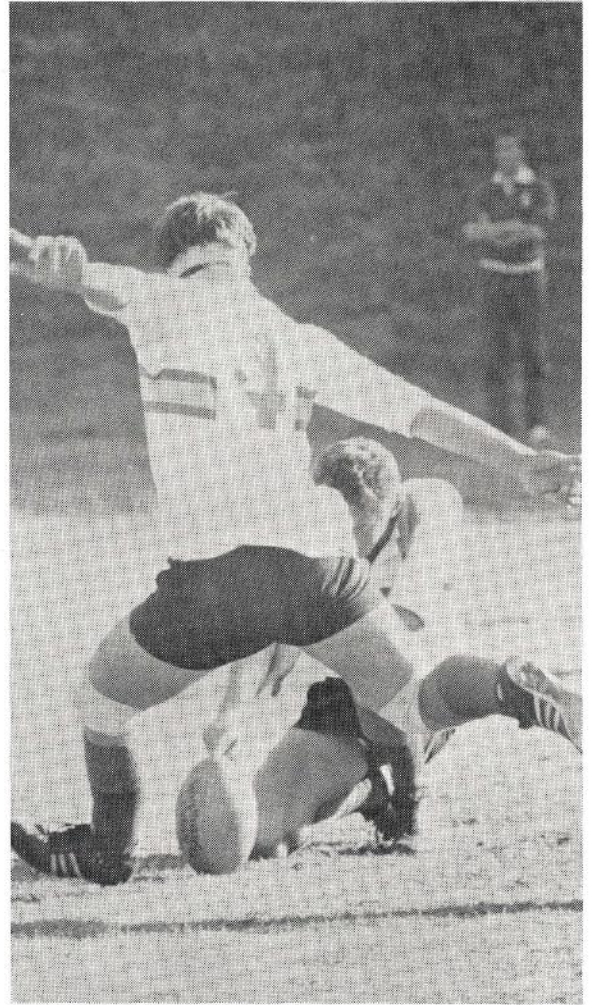
The Under Fourteen group is a source for rejoicing and hope. Not for years have we had a successful Under Fourteen group at this school, and lo and behold, this year we produce an entire group which wins two games to every one lost. The real measure of this feat is the fact that we never really had a full Under Fourteen A XV; and the lower teams were consequently also depleted. Next year we shall be building a new First XV, but I foresee that 1984, when these Under Fourteens, who play rugby on grit and pattern, reach the Open Division, will be a great year for Bryanston.

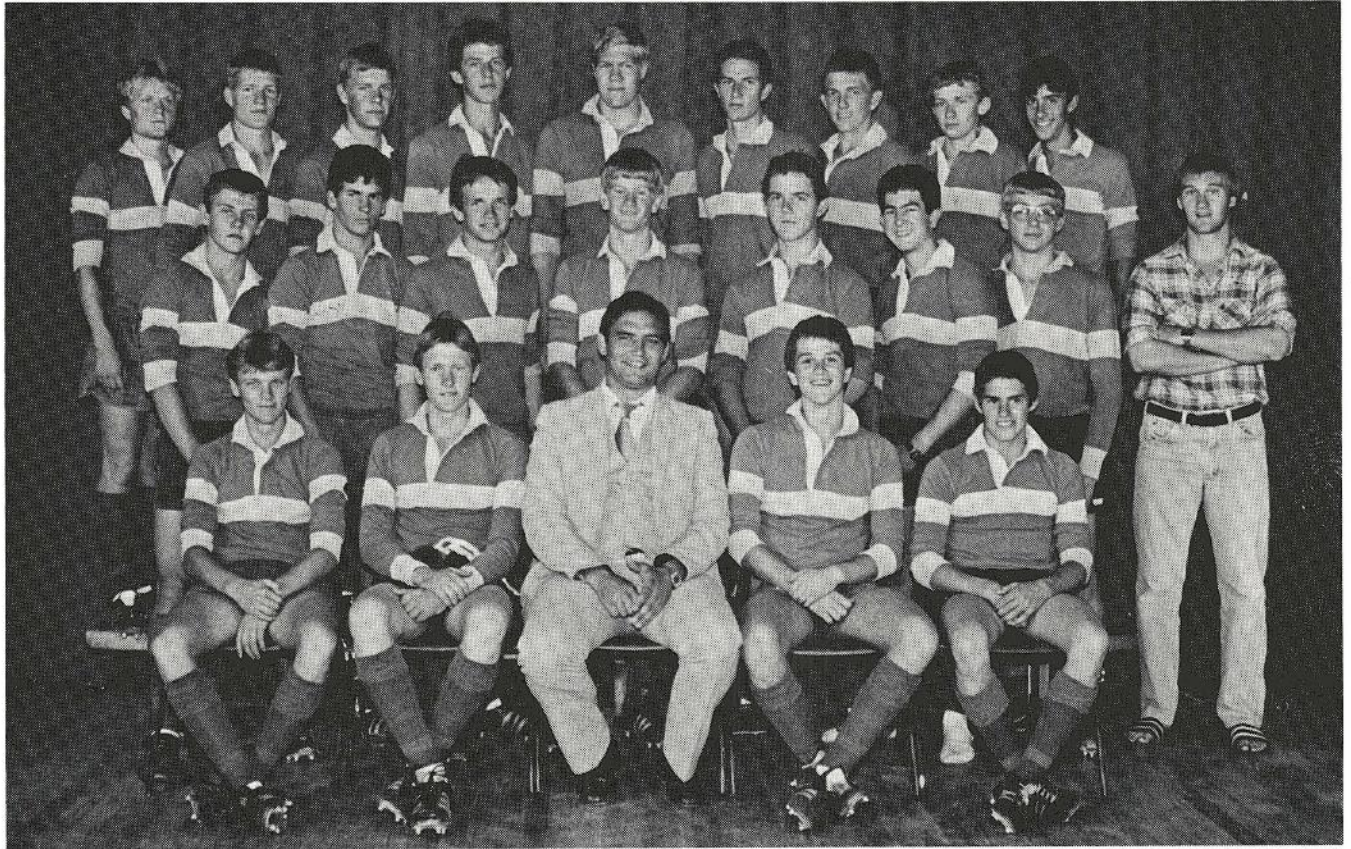




FIRST RUGBY XV

Back Row: N. Schnadt, S. Rodrigues, R. Barker, W. Luyt, M. Hilditch, A. Barwood, P. Bianco, M. Train, G. Lance.
Middle Row: G. Parsons, A. Johnston, A. Thomson, G. Jones, M. Nicholls, D. Gold, C. McKenzie.
Front Row: J. Miles, A. Korn (Touch-Judge), F. Pretorius (Captain), Mr. Schonken (Coach), R. Courtenay (Vice-Captain), M. Watson, N. Kotze.
Absentees: M. Katic.





SECOND RUGBY XV

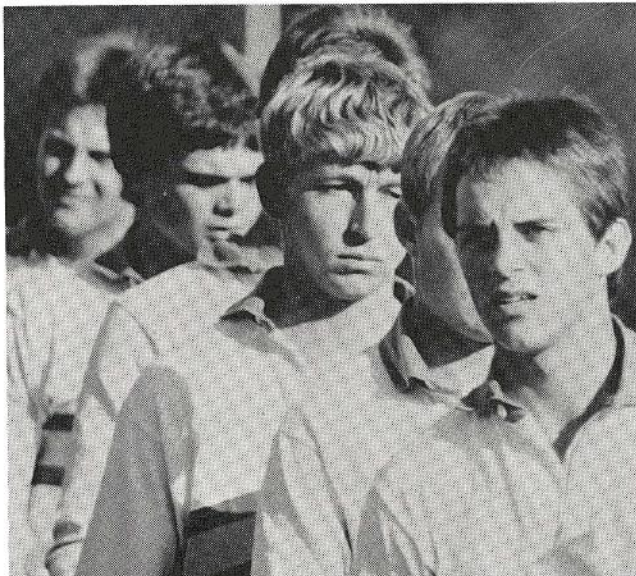
Back Row: B. Kruger, A. Thomson, M. Gibson, W. Luyt, N. Ruhsmann, P. Bianco, P. Ludi, D. Lloyd, M. Koegelenberg.

Middle Row: G. Parsons, M. Morris, D. Leith, C. Christensen, C. Kamps, M. Holland, H. Hacking, Mr. Gibbs (Coach).

Front Row: J. Wood, H. Ras (Captain), Mr. Schonken (Master in Charge), G. Jennings (Vice-Captain), P. Bryson.

Absentees: M. Edwards, M. Smith, D. Taylor.

At Under Fifteen level this year, we saw a tremendous revival amongst the splendid Under Thirteens of 1980. Although the Under Fifteen A XV record seems little better than the First XV record, we must remember that these boys won only once last year, and that their performance this year is only the first step of their complete recovery. We look forward to watching these boys next year as they complete the cure. Again, the prodigious strength of this group is underscored by the performance of the Under Fifteen B XV. I am reliably



informed that the Under Fifteen C XV is easily the unluckiest team in the whole school.

The Second XV must have set a record this year by going through a total of forty-eight players. The "ripple" effect of injuries multiplied itself from the First XV through the entire age-group, and; the Second XV and Third XV in particular are to be congratulated on their performances this year. Perhaps this is the moment to mention players unlucky not to have played in the First XV this year. Those who spring to mind are: M. Holland, C. Kamps, M. Gibson, M. Morris and B. Kruger. The Third XV is a source of confidence for the future, for no matric boys were selected for this team, and these boys hopefully will build on their experience next year just as we may be said to have built next year on these boys.

Thanks go to our coaches this year. Mr. Manolios is the genius behind the revival of the Under Fifteen group, and he was admirably supported in this task by the enthusiasm of Steven Ellis and the patience of Trevor Paige. Mr. Visser was able to leave the Under Fourteen group in the very capable hands of David Bodley, Andrew Loedolff and Guy Meikle. Messrs. Cuthbertson and Stoltz mixed their enthusiasm and interest with the expertise of Craig Potgieter, Michael McKenzie and Ian Morrison to produce a perfect blend in the coaching of the Under Thirteen group. I was admirably supported in the coaching of the Open division by Craig Gibbs, Ian Rickelton, Jeremy Smith and Walter Essex-Clark. Aside of coaching expertly, these men were a source of great moral support for me. Let it be stated publicly that rugby coaching is a labour of love. It leads to tensions, anxieties and introspection that no money will ever repay. We appreciate what our coaches put into the game.



FOURTH RUGBY XV (TEAM OF THE YEAR)

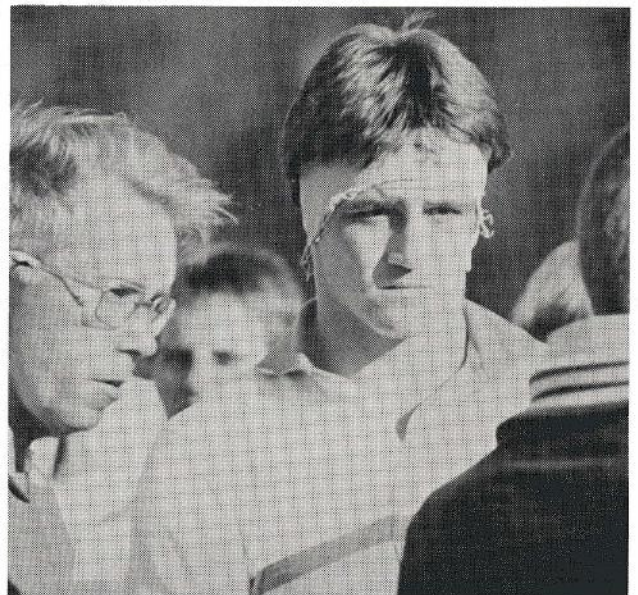
Back Row: W. von Buddenbrock, A. Millar, G. Reeder, A. Higgins, M. Koegelenberg, B. Wade, G. Baudinet.
Middle Row: D. Glanville, M. Edwards, D. Welsh, P. Black, C. Kamps, B. Tyson.
Front Row: W. de Klerk, O. Kitchen (Captain), Mr. Schonken (Master in Charge), B. Kerswill (Vice-Captain), P. Green.
Absentees: Mr. Smith (Coach), R. da Costa, M. Gibson, S. Johnston, G. Kernöt.

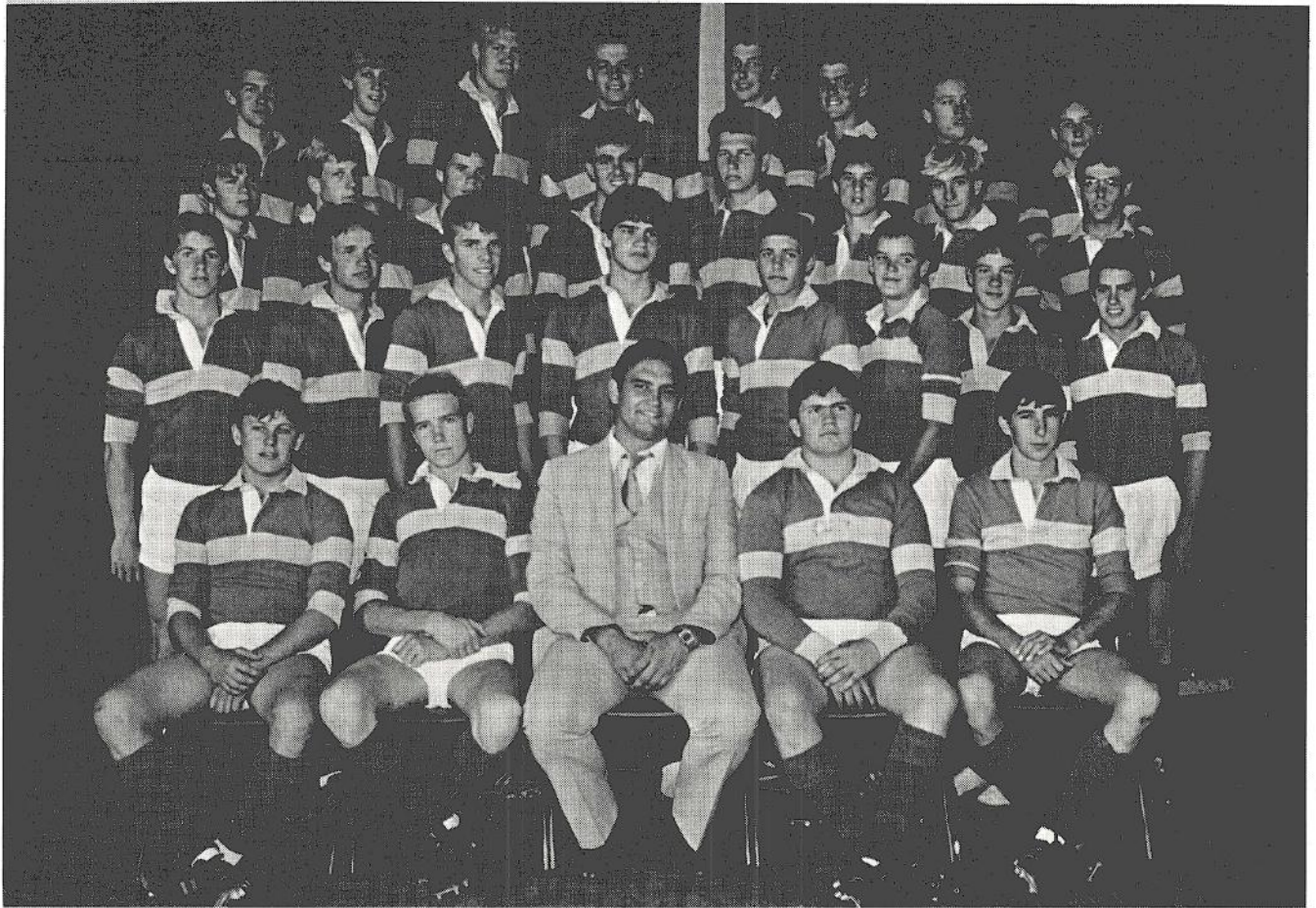
Frederick Pretorius, who captained the school's rugby this year, stands alone as an object of admiration. I pay tribute to him for the way he held together a group of boys troubled by unfortunate influences from without and within, during a year of transition from a proven coach to an untried one and from a proven team to an untried one. Bravely done, Freddy.

Mr. Osborne deserves the thanks of all Bryanston rugby players for providing us with easily the best home ground in Johannesburg. His constant support was also deeply appreciated. Likewise, we owe a vote of gratitude to Mr. Steijn, who missed not a match and did some auspicious spying on our behalf as well.

Without Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Gibson, we should have been unable to rejoice in our hard-won victories this year or salve our vigorously-contested defeats. Many thanks to every mother who spent time in the tuck-shop catering for rugby matches. Please do not believe that your contributions have been overlooked — we appreciate them the more because they were voluntary!

Thanks also on behalf of boys injured and uninjured for the vigilance of Mrs. Erasmus, Ms. Michael, Ms. Walls and Mrs. Townsend, who were on hand to apply first-aid when it was needed. R. Stamper deserves a special commendation in this regard for the hours she offered to Bryanston rugby.





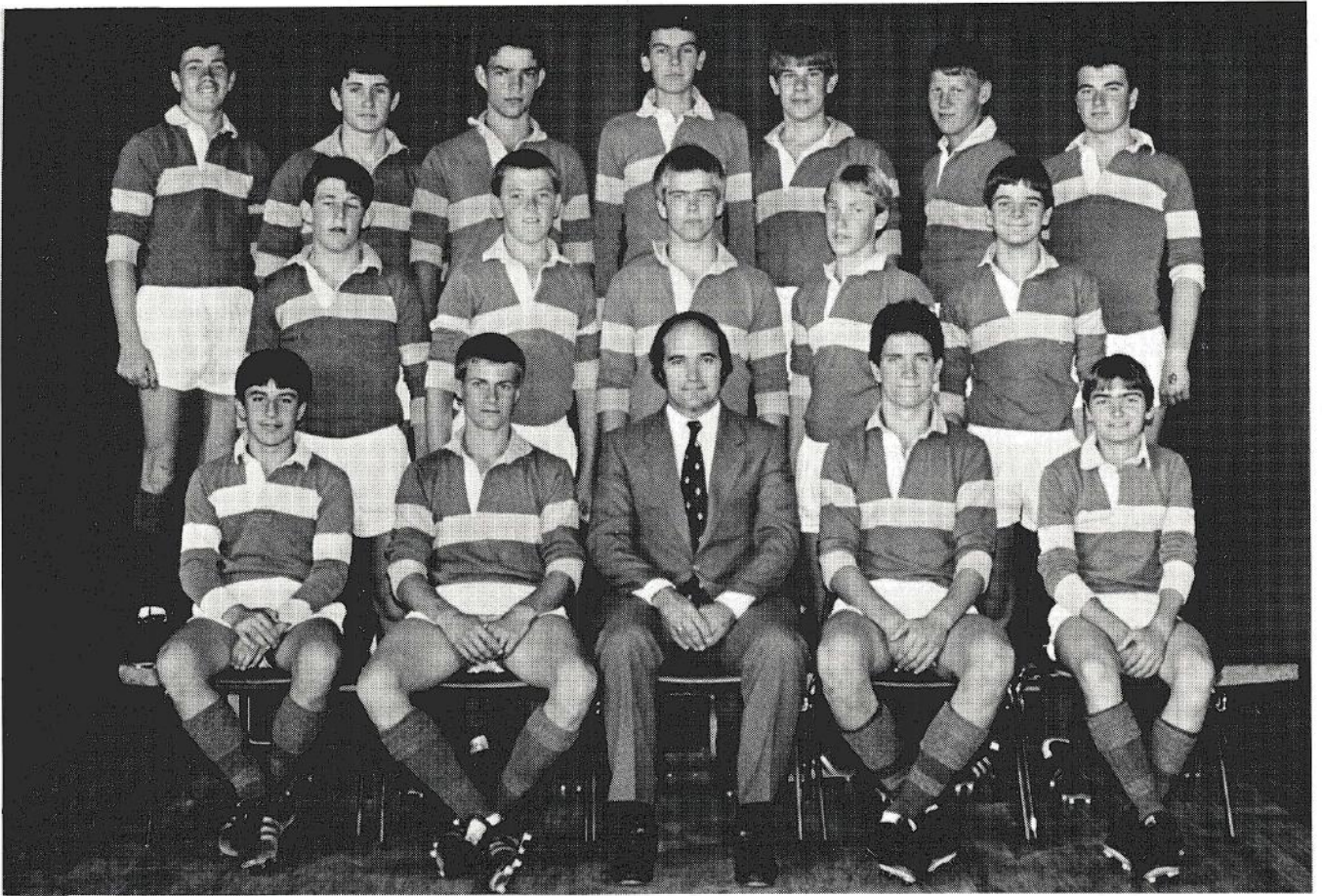
OPEN RUGBY TEAM

Front Row: C. Bruyns, G. Holmes, Mr. Schonken (Master in Charge), L. Nel, G. Baudinet.
Second Row: A. Lobban, D. Leith, T. Holtz, I. Goetsch, W. de Klerk, M. Lasch, M. Felton, P. Bryson.
Third Row: D. Beukes, M. Brown, N. Mullin, A. Smith, A. Dougall, A. Wassenaar, M. Rogers, W. Arts.
Fourth Row: T. Hacking, D. Eadie, N. Ruhsmann, G. Huiras, S. Meiring, W. von Buddenbrock, R. Niven, P. Howard.
Absentees: Mr. Rickelton (Coach), Mr. Smith (Coach), Mr. Essex-Clark (Coach), T. Carty, A. Cummings, S. Vogel, R. da Costa, C. de Goede, A. Knowles, G. Kernôt, J. McLeod, J. Molle, A. Pullinger, G. Richardson, A. Rayner, R. Stockl, G. van Bouren, M. Vester, M. Leviton, G. van Wel, W. Nicollella, L. Cox, M. Baillie, W. Howe, R. Kellond.



Our special thanks and appreciation go to Mrs. Deacon and her hockey-girls, whose support we could not have done without. If we did not return the support as abundantly as you gave it, please know that it was because of an unbelievably heavy fixture-list and not because of any lack of gratitude on our part.

Our use of student coaches on a systematic basis throughout the school's rugby teams has yielded its first dividend this year. For the first time, the overall performances of our middle age groups have been satisfactory. We have thus found a method for overcoming our paucity of male staff competent in rugby coaching and can in future expect to receive in the open division an input of consistently-coached players year after year. It bears indicating that the two teams with the lowest percentages of wins this year were not coached by members of our student coaching body. It is in this system that I see the light for Bryanston rugby. With such results after one year, I believe we can face the future with a certain confidence.



UNDER FIFTEEN A RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: R. Price, M. Quayle, K. Potgieter, G. Hewson, W. Christensen, J. Smith, D. Ferguson.

Middle Row: C. Caulfield, G. Kamps, A. Bac, C. Tunbridge, T. Mitchell-Adams.

Front Row: E. Scheurer, T. Courtenay (Captain), Mr. G. Manolios (Coach), M. Gullan (Vice-Captain), G. Floyd.

But let us temper optimism with a negative consideration. This year saw some very disappointing withdrawals from the obligation to participate in the game which pupils entered into when they first applied to play rugby at the beginning of the season. I shall not discuss the disgrace that is brought about by such a breach of commitment, other than to say that it is frightening to perceive that there were such withdrawals actually countenanced by parents. Let it, however, be said that the school cannot consider sharing in such a disgraceful withdrawal from commitment by cancelling fixtures because "D" teams have evaporated due to withdrawals. We owe a vote of thanks to all the "C" team players who played a second game in the "D" team so many times during the season to make up the numbers. The same thanks go to the non-rugby players who made up the Sixth XV twice this season. It is important that we have "D" team and a Sixth XV; these teams ensure that every boy who wants to play rugby gets an optimal fixture list which he can take on with a hope of success. It may be contended that these are the most important players in the school.

There was another lesson in the season in a similar vein. It became evident that players in "C" and "D" teams, and in the Fifth XV and Sixth XV, were reluctant to practise twice weekly for a fixture list which is light — of necessity. Indeed, two practices a week are not necessary for these teams and next year we shall experiment with only one weekly practice for these teams.

As we turn from the season gone by to the season yet to come, we say "good-bye" to most of our First XV players,

and, with equal regret, we say "good-bye" to the splendid Under Thirteens of 1978. There is a lesson the First XV learnt this year which, I am confident, they should like to pass on to new generations. The First XV watched four matches slip through their fingers, and, painfully, became aware that you must never under-estimate your opposition (irrespective of who they are); you must never over-estimate your opposition (no man is not a man); and no match ends before the referee ends it. Rugby is a testing of the better man and each man wants to pass the test — never stop trying because you are either ahead or behind. The eventual measure of a man is in his heart and not in his biceps. This is what makes our sport a great one. No man can win a match of rugby for you; you must do it yourself.

In closing, I should like to dedicate the 1982 rugby season to two great men. The first is our Headmaster and the patron of rugby at the Bryanston High School. We all thank Mr. Viviers for his interest in every player in the school and every match played by the school. The second is Mr. Roy Paige. Mr. Paige is the man who laid the foundations for our school's emergence as a force in rugby. I hope that he watches our progress with the satisfaction of knowing that his foundations are being built upon.

I hope that he likes what he sees.

SEGNES SCHONKEN
Master in Charge of Rugby 1982.



UNDER FIFTEEN B.C. RUGBY TEAMS.

Front Row: J. Owen (Captain B. Team), Mr. S. Ellis, (Coach), Mr. T. Paige (Coach), M. Cock (Captain C. Team)
Second Row: J. Labuschagne, B. Paige, A. Venter, G. Stafford, T. Hilditch, M. Debbo, A. Hunermann.
Third Row: A. Barker, M. Halgyn, A. Hammond, G. Knight, M. Warren, G. van Zyl, G. Bruyns, W. Fulton, D. Goldie.
Fourth Row: B. Malan, G. Rodrigues, K. Fellingham, I. Burns, L. Gruss, D. Clewlow, M. Hilditch, G. Farrel.
Fifth Row: G. Blanckenberg.
Absentees: C. Conidaris.





UNDER FOURTEEN A RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: H. Carty, J. McLeod, J. Groves, M. Barker, D. Goldshmidt, D. Greef, G. Leech, T. Gell.
Middle Row: Hughes, G. Tillet, G. Davey, R. Potgieter, T. Trickler, N. van Rensburg.
Front Row: M. Thomson, Mr. D. Bodley (Coach), R. Moss.



UNDER FOURTEEN B. & C. RUGBY TEAMS

Front Row: W. Goldie, S. Voigt.
Second Row: M. de Munk, D. Thomson, Mr. Bodley (Coach), W. Erasmus, A. Hughes.
Third Row: S. Adamson, C. Horn, C. Johnston, G. Duffus, P. Saayman, W. Siebrits, I. Reynders, L. Correia, M. van der Merwe.
Fourth Row: M. Dixon, M. Bradford, D. Greer, C. Killfoil, D. Greeff, L. Bianco, J. Miller, C. Cockburn, G. Rintoul, C. Page.
Fifth Row: D. Rodda, M. Ninow, W. Erasmus, S. Watkins, J. Zwart, C. Snijman, M. Tilley, A. Mann.



UNDER THIRTEEN A RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: C. Stafford, G. Fulcher, G. Patterson, R. Ruhsman, T. Carlson, K. Hultzer, D. Jeffreys.
Middle Row: D. Christensen, S. Mahoney, W. Malan, N. Zalk, D. Smart, F. Stephenson, B. Miller, M. Beukes,
 C. Nicholls.
Front Row: M. Martin (Captain), Mrs. S.A. Cuthbertson (Coach), B. Beetar (Vice-Captain).
Absentees: P. Thomson, A. Russell



UNDER THIRTEEN B.C. & D. RUGBY TEAMS.

Front Row: N. Rabjohn, J. Brinkman, F. Morrison (Coach), R. McKay, A. Knight.
Second Row: D. de Klerk, M. Nielsen, G. Boule, S. Kidd, N. Kelly.
Third Row: M. Golden, A. Sinclair, B. Leech, M. Tiley, B. Graham, N. Zalk, C. Laureys, B. Patten, A. Wiederhold.
Fourth Row: J. Mullings, M. Pond, G. White, T. Krantz, P. Burke, R. Thomson, R. Richardson, M. Smith, W. Peterkin.

**Barwood Award for the most promising Under Thirteen
Rugby Player: MICHAEL MARTIN**

**Barwood Under Thirteen Rugby Coaches' Award:
NORMAN KELLY**

**Barwood Award for the most promising Under Fourteen
Rugby Player: JAMES GROVES**

**Barwood Under Fourteen Rugby Coaches' Award:
WARREN SIEBRITS**

**Barwood Award for the most promising Under Fifteen
Rugby Player:
ADRIAN BAC**

**Barwood Under Fifteen Rugby Coaches' Award:
MARK DEBBO**

**Barwood Open Coaches' Award:
BRUCE TYSON and GREGORY LANCE**

Team Colours: GARTH JONES

Team Colours: SEAN RODRIGUES

Team Colours: ANDREW JOHNSTON

Team Colours: DAVID GOLD

Team Colours: MARK NICHOLLS

Half-Colours: ANDREW BARWOOD

Half-Colours: NEVILLE KOTZE

Half-Colours: MARK TRAIN

Half-Colours: FREDDY PRETORIUS

Half-Colours: CHRIS MCKENZIE

Half-Colours: NORBERT SCHNADT

Half-Colours: MICHAEL HILDITCH

Full-Colour (Re-award): JAMES MILES

Full-Colours: RICHARD BARKER

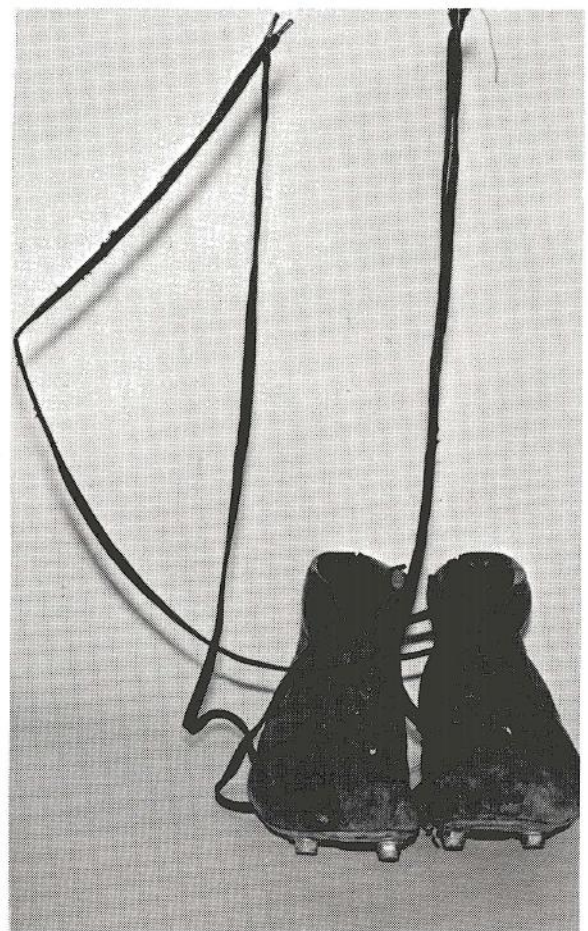
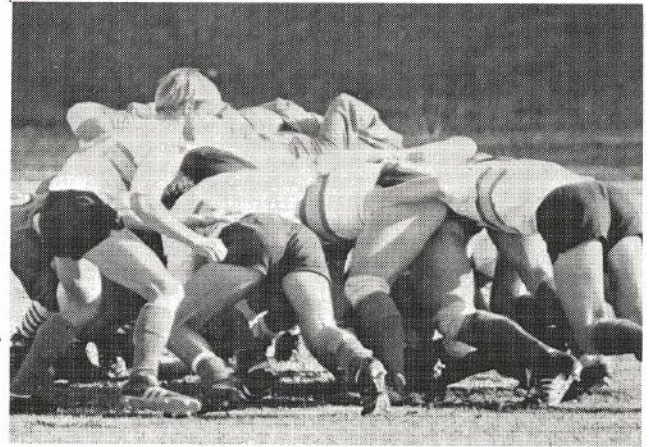
Full-Colours: RICHARD COURTENAY

Full-Colours: MICHAEL WATSON

**Bryanston High School Most Improved Player Trophy:
ANDREW BARWOOD**

**Paige Award for the Team of the Year:
FOURTH XV**

**Bryanston High School Player of the Year Trophy:
A. BARWOOD**



RUGBY RESULTS 1982

Helpmekaar Seuns H.S.	U13D	U13C	U13B	U13A	U14D	Y14C	U14B	U14A	U15C	U15B	U15A	6th XV	5th XV	4th XV	3rd XV	2nd XV	1st XV
St. Andrew's H.S.	—	—	—	—	W 14-10	L 0-38	L 3-23	L 0-28	L 0-46	D 10-10	L 0-21	W 15-4	W 28-4	L 3-9	L 6-20	L 3-12	L 13-24
Rand Park H.S.	—	W 26-0	W 11-3	W 22-0	—	—	W 22-0	W 40-0	—	W 36-0	W 10-3	—	—	—	W 34-0	W 37-0	—
King Edward VII H.S.	L 0-26	L 0-28	D 14-14	L 0-34	L 22-30	L 0-10	L 7-18	L 0-33	L 6-42	W 16-13	L 15-21	L 0-16	L 0-24	L 14-18	L 6-42	L 6-16	L 0-38
Bergvlam H.S.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	W
Blairgowrie H.S.	—	—	W 30-0	W 26-0	—	—	W 50-0	W 25-3	—	W 48-3	L 12-18	—	—	—	—	W 29-0	W 30-3
Sandringham H.S.	W 8-7	W 12-0	L 4-6	L 0-12	—	L 9-30	L 3-22	D 15-15	L 3-19	W 10-0	W 12-10	—	W 19-0	W 20-10	L 3-24	L 17-13	L 15-30
Parktown Boys H.S.	L 0-14	L 0-12	W 4-0	L 0-4	D 4-4	L 3-15	L 10-18	L 0-7	L 0-24	W 10-7	L 9-16	—	L 3-6	W 24-6	W 16-4	L 0-28	L 15-21
Roosevelt H.S.	L 4-8	L 4-6	W 14-0	L 4-6	W 29-4	W 26-6	W 16-0	W 22-0	—	W 36-0	W 28-0	—	—	W 49-0	W 18-0	L 0-20	W 15-10
Sandown H.S.	L 0-42	L 0-22	W 14-4	L 4-10	—	W 27-0	W 30-4	W 22-4	W 38-10	W 10-3	W 22-21	—	—	W 44-0	W 8-3	L 15-10	L 7-9
Eden Glen H.S.	—	—	W 38-0	W 24-0	—	W 52-0	W 38-0	W 10-6	W 3-6	W 18-4	W 20-10	—	—	W 54-0	W 42-0	L 32-3	—
Northcliff H.S.	—	—	W 24-0	W 8-3	—	—	W 38-0	W 9-0	—	D 4-4	D 4-4	—	—	—	W 22-3	W 10-3	L 13-18
Hyde Park H.S.	—	W 35-4	W 12-8	W 20-0	—	W 54-0	W 46-0	L 10-12	—	L 4-6	L 13-31	—	L 12-13	W 20-0	L 8-11	L 7-3	L 7-21
King David (Links)	L 6-24	L 4-14	W 8-0	W 8-0	W 36-0	W 24-4	L 7-24	L 6-16	W 22-0	W 20-4	W 10-0	—	—	W 62-0	W 18-3	L 19-9	L 6-9
Greenside H.S.	L 4-10	L 4-14	L 0-24	L 4-10	W 40-4	—	W 16-0	W 17-4	W 17-4	L 3-6	L 6-22	—	L 4-6	W 30-0	L 4-18	L 6-22	L 13-21
de la Salle H.S.	—	—	W 34-0	W 62-4	—	—	—	W 49-0	—	W 64-3	W 18-0	—	—	—	—	W 14-3	W 26-6
St. Stithian H.S.	L 0-52	L 0-14	W 20-8	W 26-0	W 26-11	L 11-34	L 6-24	L 9-66	L 0-8	L 3-8	L 0-46	W 11-4	W 9-0	W 28-3	L 0-22	D 6-6	L 0-13
Hill H.S.	—	—	—	W 36-0	—	—	—	W 36-0	—	—	L 10-14	—	—	—	—	W 38-0	W 10-0
St. John H.S.	L 6-32	L 10-21	L 8-22	L 4-10	L 6-22	W 4-3	W 6-3	W 12-10	—	W 10-0	W 20-8	—	L 9-17	W 14-4	L 0-38	L 3-12	L 15-10
Northview H.S.	—	—	W 52-0	W 6-0	—	—	—	W 32-10	—	W 32-0	L 3-14	—	W 16-8	—	—	W 37-6	W 22-17
Athlone Boys H.S.	L 4-6	W 14-3	L 8-10	W 17-0	W 20-6	W 14-12	L 8-18	L 8-24	L 0-18	D 0-0	L 3-6	W 20-6	W 16-8	W 50-3	W 11-4	W 10-4	L 4-10
EXTRAS																	
C.B.C. Boksburg	W 16-10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	L 10-12	—	—	—	—
Athlone Boys H.S.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	W 36-6	W 11-4	—	—	—	—
Total Scores	32-231	109-125	295-99	271-93	197-91	224-152	300-154	393-238	72-177	331-71	249-268	82-36	175-94	412-53	225-192	296-179	241-288
Scoring ratio	0,13:1	0,8:1	3:1	2,9:1	2,2:1	1,5:1	2:1	1,7:1	0,4:1	4,6:1	0,9:1	2,3:1	1,9:1	7,8:1	1,2:1	1,7:1	0,8:1
Win rate	18%	25%	75%	61%	75%	58%	60%	60%	30%	75%	44%	80%	50%	85%	56%	60%	42%





BOYS SQUASH OPEN A

*Back Row: G. Lance, A. Knowles.
Middle Row: Mrs. Weir, G. Jennings, Miss Bodmer.
Front Row: R. Selesnick*

Boys Squash

Term 1 saw boys' squash on a long road to success when we started with a squash ladder, social squash and our Open Boys Squash Championship.

The winner of our tournament was Guy Jennings, with the runner-up being Rodney Selesnick.

The league was played during Term 2 and teams were entered into the T.S.S.R.A. league as follows:

Team	League	Overall Results
1	2	5th
2	5	4th
3	7	1st
U15A	U15A	5th

B.H.S. players excelled themselves by improving their overall

results from last season by 13% — a good deal better than any other school — and were awarded the New Southern Life Trophy for the most improved squash school. This trophy is awarded with a miniature for the school to keep and display in its entrance hall. The 3rd team was awarded a trophy and certificate for its achievement in the league.

It was made a policy that full colours in this sport can only be awarded to boys for outstanding behaviour, attitude and attendance with selection for the Transvaal Squad. As with all other sports, only those boys playing in the Open age group qualify. Congratulations go to:

- Rodney Selesnick — full colours
- Guy Jennings — half colours
- Adriane Knowles — half colours
- Brian Selesnick — awarded a certificate for the most improved player of 1982





BOYS SQUASH OPEN

Back Row: M. Koeglenberg, A. Barwood, P. Ludi, M. Gibson.

Middle Row: Mrs. Weir, N. Kerswill, Miss Bodmer.

Front Row: M. Lasch.

Absentees: R. Kelland, R. Stodele



BOYS SQUASH UNDER FIFTEEN A

Back Row: H. Carty, T. Francis, M. Hawkins.

Middle Row: Mrs. Weir, B. Selesnick, Miss Bodmer



GIRLS FIRST SQUASH TEAM

Back Row: C. Bock, B. Lidell.

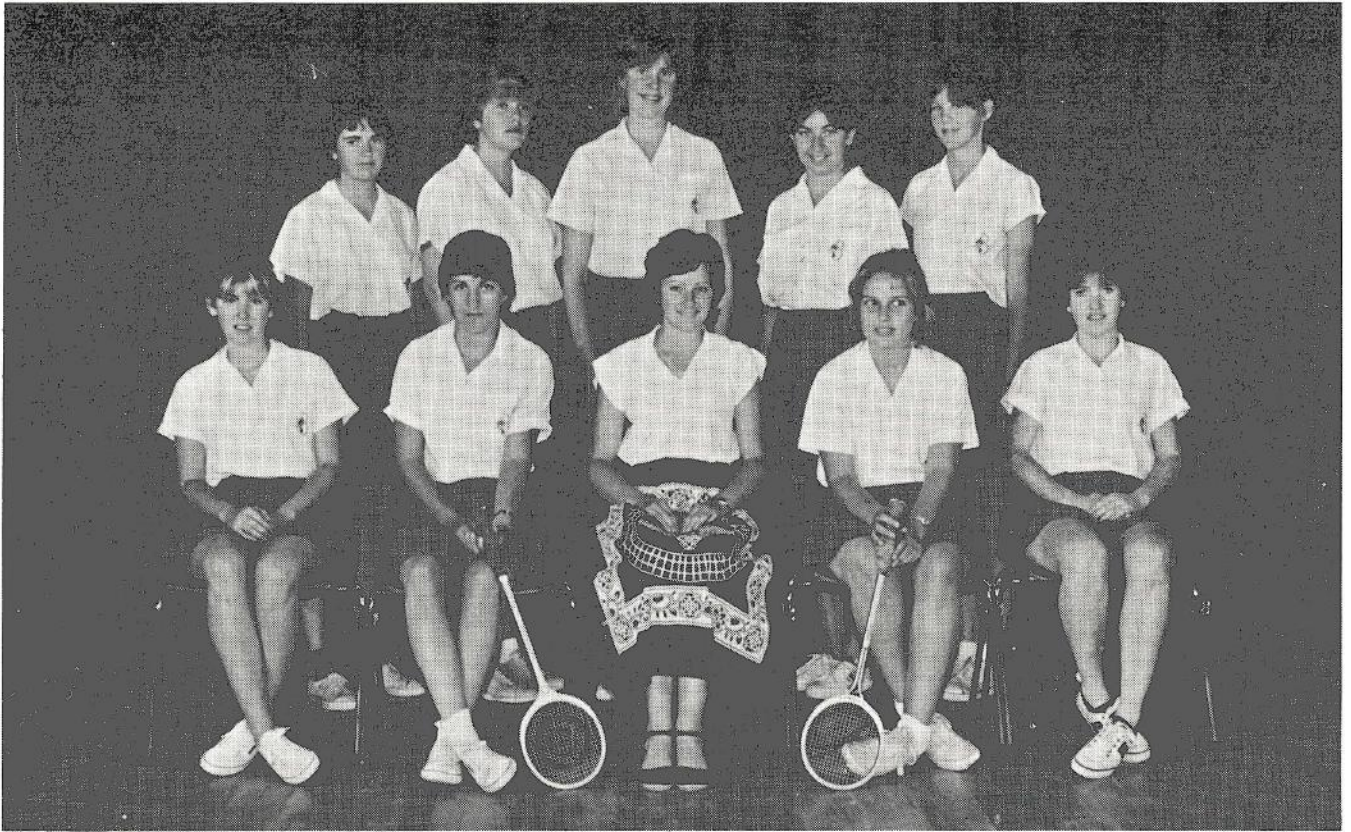
Front Row: T. Wilkinson, Mrs. Mann, B. Hurry.

TURNRITE ENG.

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RANDBURG 2125
Tel. 793-2628

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Met die Komplimente van*

GENERAL & PRODUCTION ENGINEERS



GIRLS SQUASH OPEN

*Back Row: J. Smith, L. Holmes, L. Penda, D. Brislin, S. Grey.
Front Row: L. Cooper, C. Holmes, Mrs. Mann, K. Johnston, L. Pickering.*



GIRLS SQUASH UNDER FIFTEEN

*Back Row: V. van Rooyen, G. Lance, K. Phillips, A. Newby, A. Tyson.
Front Row: D. Hurry, Mrs. Mann, G. Hurrel.
Floor: I. Anema.*



BOYS SWIMMING TEAM

First Row: S. Cuthbertson, M. Leveton (Captain), W. Visser, R. Courtney (Vice-Captain), Termorshuizen.
Second Row: D. Christensen, D. Smart, M. Joffee, S. Haupt, B. von Buddenbrock, B. Malan, K. Hultzer, C. Stafford, S. Stafford, W. Malan.
Third Row: A. Taylor, J. Holland, T. Courtney, C. Menzel, A. Johnstone, A. Bac, M. Halgryn, C. Johnson, T. Trichler.
Fourth Row: N. Schnadt, I. Burns, W. Christensen, M. Gullan, W. Ham, M. Bailie, T. Francis, D. Goldschmidt, C. Christensen, E. Kratz, A. Taylor.

Swimming

The swimming season of 1982 was very successful, owing to the co-operation of all swimmers. Everyone always tried his or her best, with the team at heart. We achieved outstanding results at our galas, which were also very enjoyable. The results of all our galas were outstanding. We won every gala with the exception of the one against Greenside.

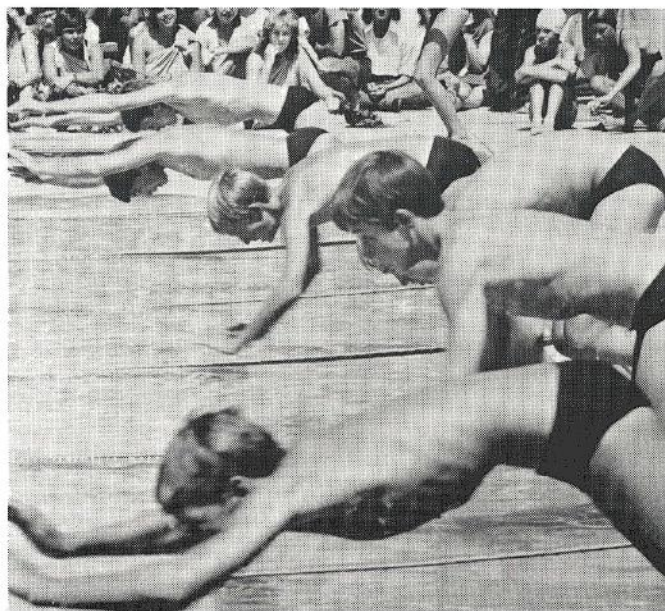
Our tour to Nelspruit

Apart from winning, I believe we became the strongest team Bryanston High has ever had. The behaviour and spirit were exceptional and I am sure the experience will be remembered by all swimmers.

Inter-High Gala

We were beaten into second place, but, as usual the spirit on the stands and the support from the school were tremendous. Although we came home with a second place, we were singing and shouting and behaving as a true team should. **WATCH OUT NEXT YEAR GREENSIDE!!!**

Last, but not least, we should like to thank Mr. Visser, the other coaches and the tuck-shop ladies, who were greatly appreciated. Special thanks go to RICHARD COURTENAY for his help, which was given with a smile whenever we needed it.



The B team, although it only participated in two galas, kept up the good spirit and won both galas very convincingly. My thanks go to Allan Taylor and Debbie van Rensburg for their hard work.

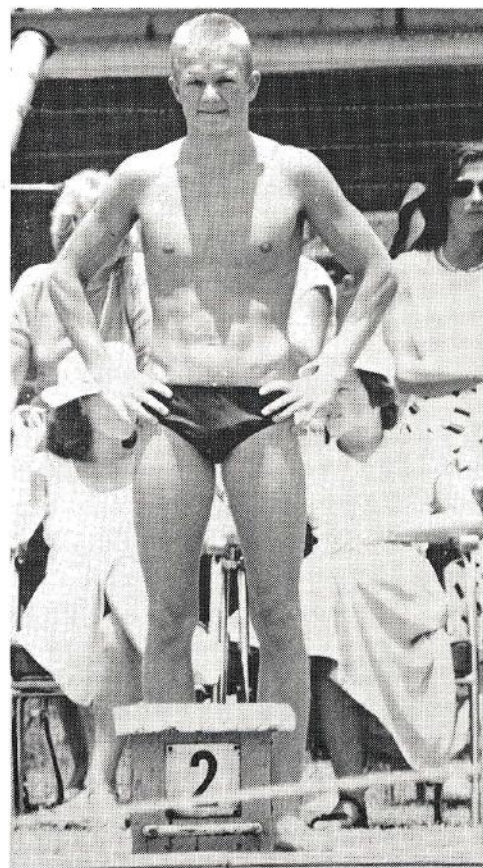
Good luck to next year's swimmers!

M. LEVETON — T. STAFFORD

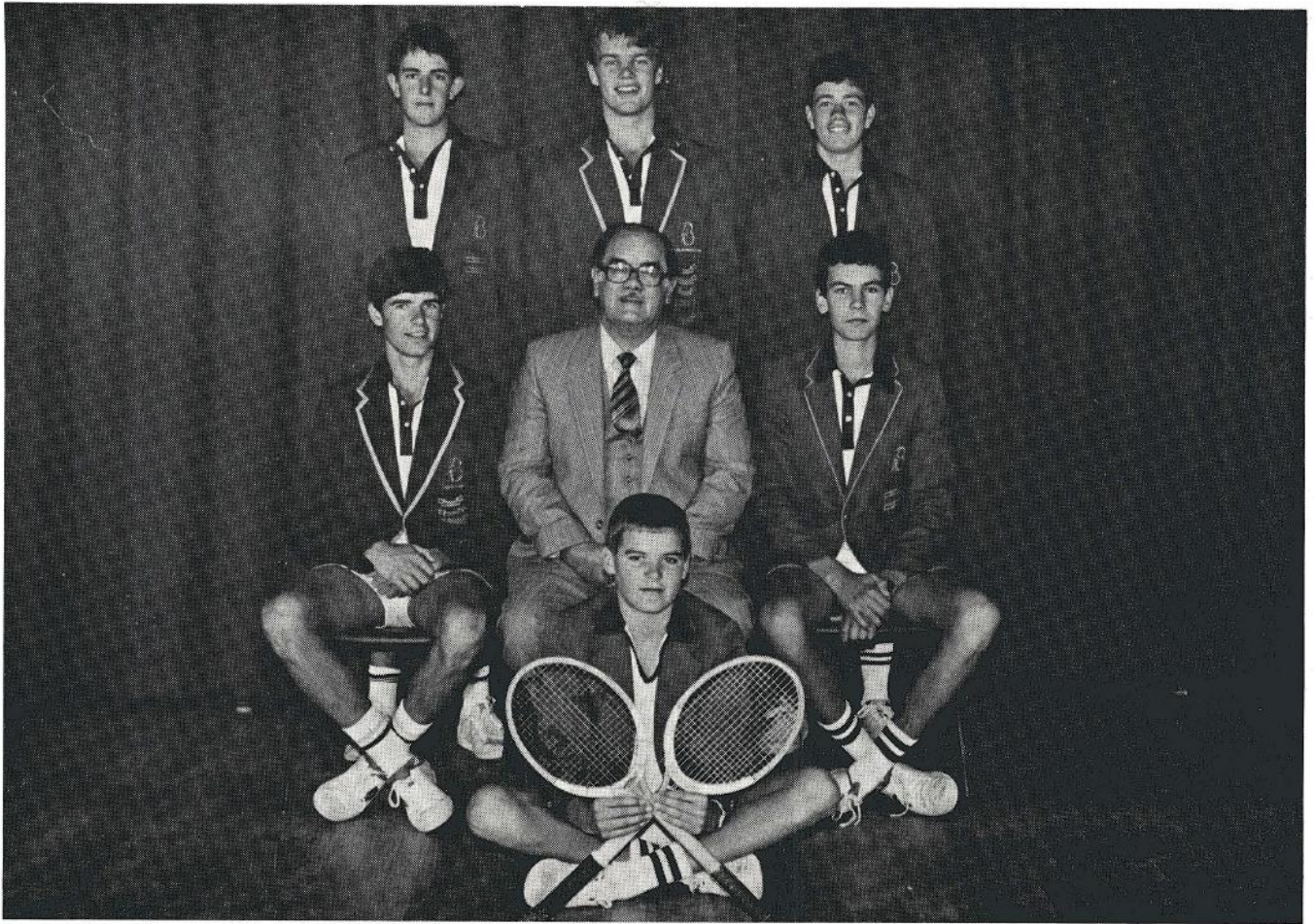


GIRLS SWIMMING TEAM

Front Row: Mr. S. Cuthbertson, C. Oliver, Mrs. Termorshuizen, T. Stafford (Captain), Mr. W. Visser.
Second Row: S. de Bruyn, V. Lynch, D. Whittaker, S. Woods, F. Futcher, M. Painting, D. Tomlinson.
Third Row: A. Nurcombe, S. Smart, T. Hultzer, D. Wilson, I. Leitner, J. Spann, L. Irvine, K. King, L. Adendorf.
Fourth Row: J. Millborrow, J. Southwate, K. Roberts, D. van Rensburg, C. Badham, V. Arnold, C. Bock, I. Leitner, T. Potgieter.



Erwin Kratz



BOYS FIRST TENNIS TEAM

*Back Row: J. Owen, R. Barker, R. Price.
Middle Row: B. Tyson (Captain), Mr. L.J. Steijn (Master in charge), G. Hewson.
Front Row: M. Lasch.*

Boys' Tennis 1982

Master-in-Charge: Mr. L.J. Steijn
Captain: Bruce Tyson

When we consider Boys' tennis at Bryanston High School we always think of Mr. Steijn. Without his constant support and encouragement at home and away matches, something would surely be missing. Our greatest thanks go to Mr. Steijn for his interest in the game.

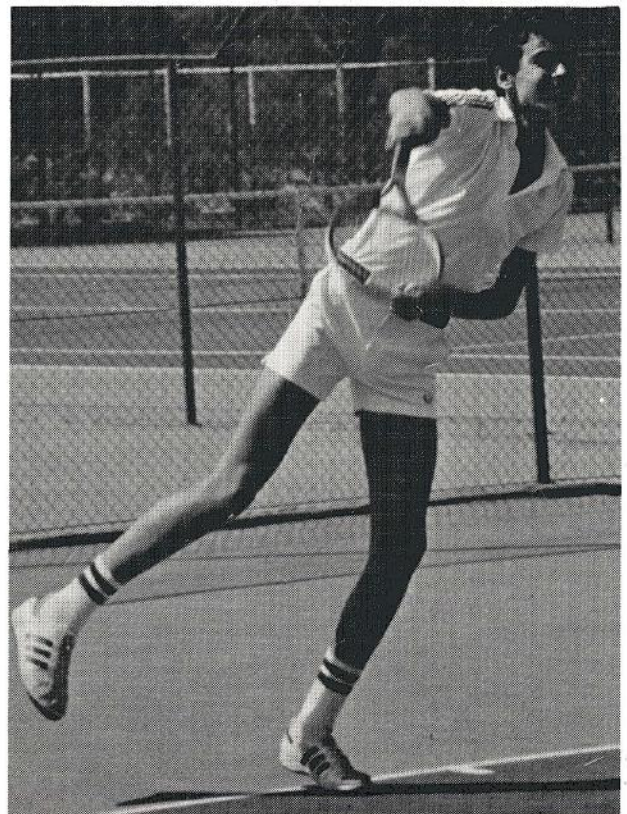
Our First team started off the year with the tough task of surviving in the First League. Previously, this team managed to get into the top league, but it had never been able to remain there. Well, this year we did manage it and we can say that this is the best boys' tennis team that Bryanston has yet produced.

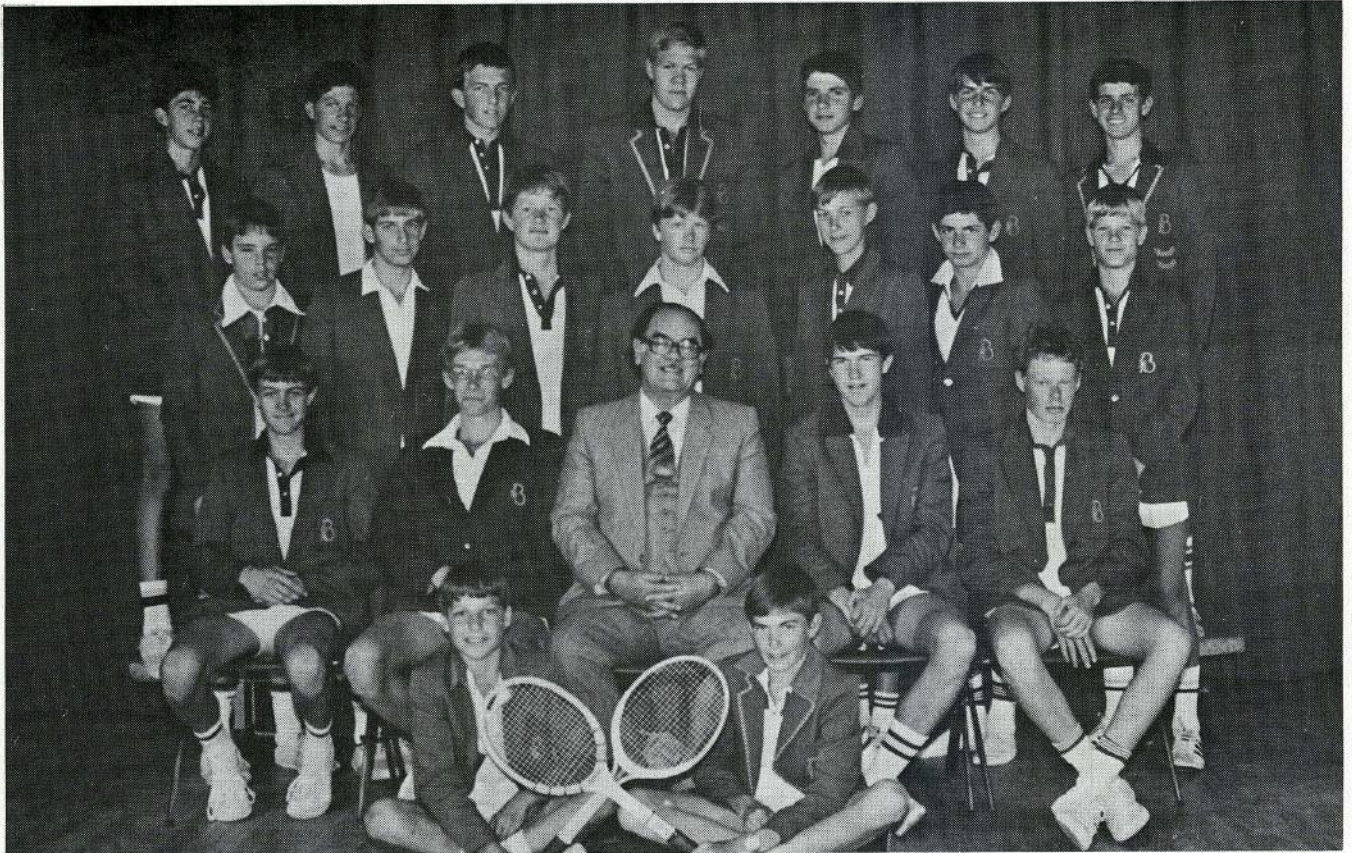
The B, C and D teams were not very successful, only winning a few matches between them. One of the reasons for this is that they always played against the First or Second teams of other schools.

The E team brought up the rear with a successful season, although it was not promoted to a higher league.

In conclusion all the boy tennis players would like to convey their thanks to teachers who transported the teams and also to the tuck-shop mothers, for their arrangement of excellent teas.

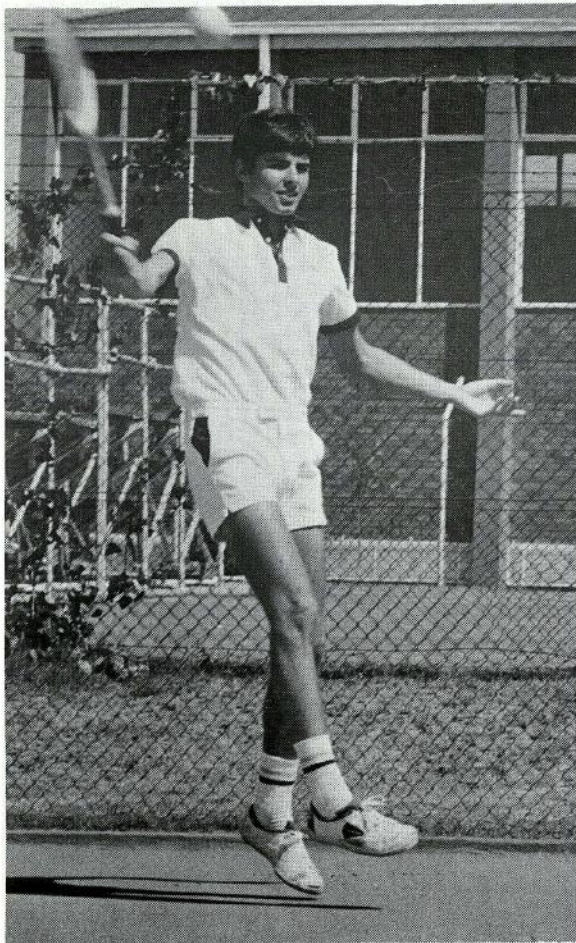
BRUCE TYSON AND RICKY BARKER





BOYS TENNIS OPEN

Front Row: M. Powell, D. Blatch.
Second Row: A. Milton, G. Reeder, Mr. L.J. Steijn, A. Mudge, J. Park.
Third Row: A. Coetzee, G. Friend, D. Park, G. Blanckenberg, G. Wilkinson, T. Gell, G. Davey.
Fourth Row: C. Freimond, K. Beard, P. Ludi, N. Ruhsmann, M. Smythe, S. Arnold, S. Vogel.



Bruce Tyson



1978: BHS TENNIS TEAM COLOURS
 1979: SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND U17
 TENNIS CHAMPION
 1980: BHS FULL TENNIS COLOURS
 1981: BHS FULL TENNIS COLOURS
 1882: BHS FULL TENNIS COLOURS.
 RANKED 9th IN SOUTH AFRICAN U18.



GIRLS TENNIS A TEAM

*Back Row: J. Enslin, C. Bock, J. Brooking.
 Front Row: F. Woods, Miss J. Moeller, S. Gough.
 Absentees: S. McPherson.*



GIRLS TENNIS B, C, AND D TEAMS

*Back Row: T. Keenan, A. Tyson, D. Mellville, L. Barker, L. Tarr, V. Arnold, G. Tiley.
 Middle Row: J. Vile, R. Wrogemann, N. Bennett, J. Spann, T. Bond, M. Morton, J. Chambers.
 Front Row: J. Begley, T. Hooper, Miss J. Moeller, I. Stacey, J. Tyson.
 Absentees: A. Gilmour.*

GIRLS TENNIS

Teacher in Charge: Miss J. Moeller.

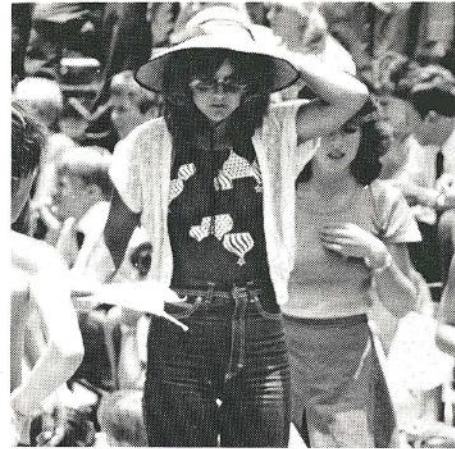
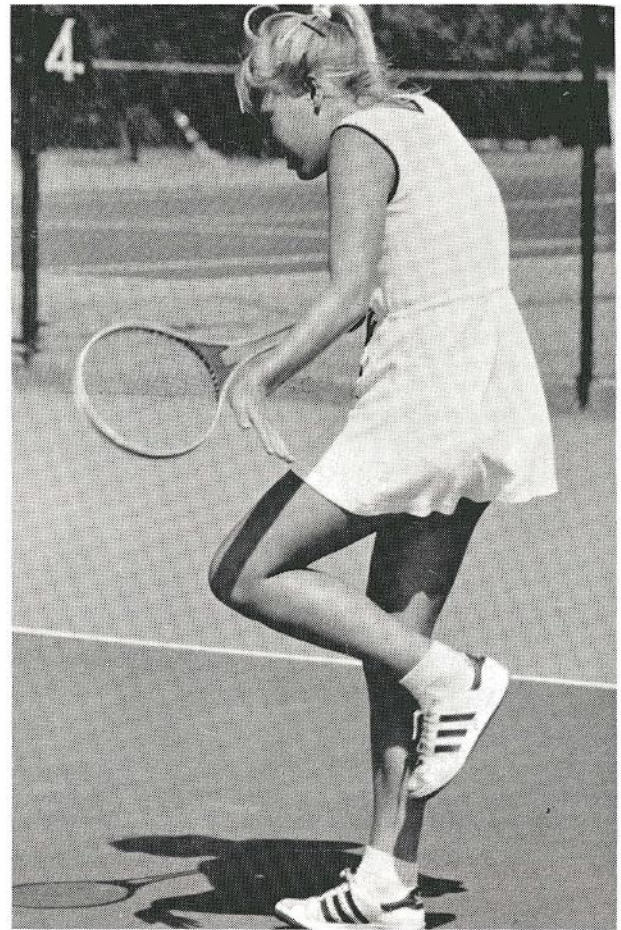
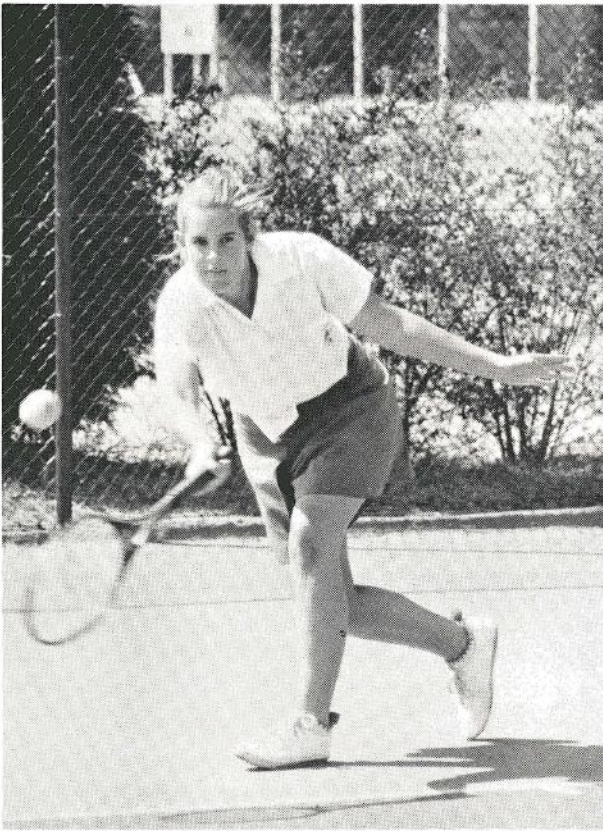
Captain: Topsy Woods

Bryanston High School can be proud of the high standard of tennis this year. All the girls played positive, hard tennis and the Form 1 and 2 girls deserved to win all their matches. These are a very strong group for the future first team. Among them are Joanne Span and Michelle Morton.

Samantha Gough and Topsy Woods were awarded full colours, while Caron Bock and Jean-Marie Enslin received half-colours. Janet Brooking (Betsy) received team colours.

A big thank you to all the staff members who transported us around, and to Miss Moeller for the good organisation. Good luck for next year!

TOPSY WOODS



Writing '82

GHOST TRAIN

Pushing . . . shoving . . . shouting
Fighting for a cart
Getting in
Safety belts on
Moving slowly . . .
Into the jaws of death
Hands hanging down
Touching, tickling
Bats swooping
Hovering
Icy water down your neck
Smell of death
Approach an axe
Dripping, swaying
Falling towards you . . .

MARK BEUKES 1E

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

One icy-cold winter's day the snow began to fall. At first snow flakes came drifting slowly down from the heavens. Then in almost no time a blizzard began. All the roofs of the houses were thickly clad with snow. It was then that a little kitten sat, dazed, nose glued to the window pane, wondering what lay beyond that window. It was anxious, curious to know. Then, without a sound, it slipped out of the back door. An icy stab of pain shot up his leg. What was this cold, white stuff? He began to explore further. All at once he lost his sense of direction. Where was that nice warm house he had been in a few moments before? He wandered around for a while, then he lay down and fell asleep . . .

LEANNE RUSSELL 1F

EK GENIET MY TENNIS

Wanneer ek aan 'n groot tennistoernooi deelneem, is ek aanvanklik baie senuweeagtig. Nadat ek 'n goeie hou gespeel het, en aanmoediging van die toeskouers gekry het, begin ek ontspan. Nou geniet ek die spel baie. Elke hou is vir my van uiters belang en daarom verg dit baie konsentrasie. Wanneer ek 'n swak hou speel, maak dit my nog meer vasberade om beter te speel. 'n Groot voordeel van tennis is dat ek tot op 'n hoë ouderdom kan speel. Tennis is vir my 'n groot uitdaging en daarom geniet ek dit terdeë.

MICHELE THORNE 1B

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

When their parents decided to tell them where they were going for a holiday so that they could have something to look forward to there were so many questions.

"Is there a pool?"

"And caves?"

"Will we have ice creams?"

And to almost everything their mother would answer 'Yes'.

One day, a brochure arrived in the post. It showed the resort with its huts, caves, food and scenery and a beautiful lady on the edge of a diving board about to dive into the pool. Everyone knew she was just there for decoration, except the youngest little boy. He thought she was as real as all the rest.

When they arrived, they played games, swam, ate, made sand castles and, altogether, had a great time. But the youngest little boy still had an empty feeling in him as he saw the brochure again. He had missed the beautiful lady.

PENNY COOKE 1H

THE SCHOOLS IN FRANCE

In the schools in France, children do not wear uniforms. We wear jeans, dresses, skirts etc. We are also allowed to leave our hair loose, but if it is longer than your shoulder you have to tie it up. We are not allowed to wear make-up. I think that a uniform is not too bad if it is not ugly. I like our Bryanston High uniform, every time I have it on I feel great. Why I say that it is not nice to wear civies? Sometimes some girls who are in fashion and you are just with normal clothes, they tell you that you are a poor person. In the schools we do not have such nice playgrounds as here. We just have a big yard, and a little grass around.

We also do not have "tuck-shop" because we start school at nine o'clock in the morning and close at twelve in the afternoon, then we start again at one o'clock. (Between twelve and one we have lunch) then break up at five for Primary and five-thirty for High School. We only have two breaks in the whole day, which are twenty minutes long. I like it the way it is here, because you can do your homework in the afternoon then play in the evening. But in France because you break up so late we have homework until ten, eleven at night. Also here you have seven years of Primary and five years of High. In France we have five of Primary and seven of High. The schools in France do not have tennis courts and swimming pools. We only have rugby, football, gym etc . . . for one year we have to pay about thirty rand, and once a week three classes for one hour go to a Private covered pool for schools. In France if someone in their house has a tennis court or a swimming pool, other people think that you are a very rich person.

I love France because this is where I was born, but I think South Africa has great schools, especially BRYANSTON HIGH.

SANDRA BOYARD 1H



DROUGHT

Drooping, the garden lies even at night,
Right through the night we dream of cool,
refreshing rain and then
Out of the grey dawn comes a great red ball of fire,
Until it's over the tallest fir trees,
Getting higher and higher until it's unbearable,
How and when, will
This sizzling nightmare end?

Helen Humphrey 1A



WILLARDS CRINKLE CUT. THAT'S GOOD TIMES!



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SORROW

A Lonely Mountain
 The Sound Of a Poacher's Gun
 The Empty Heart Of an Orphan
 Fear On an Animal's Face
 A Torn Rose Petal

LAUREN IRVINE 2H

THE SEA

The clouds were dark,
 The moon was high,
 I heard the thundering waves go by.
 They crashed on the rocks
 As they hurried past
 And I ran on the dunes to reach them fast.

The beach was deserted,
 Not a soul was there,
 The gulls dipped and circled in the air.
 The rocks were awash
 With the spray and foam,
 And I paced down the beach
 Wanting only to roam.

The wind in my face
 Was salty and stinging
 The noise in my ears
 Was harsh and ringing

I was soon afraid
 Of nature's might, and one huge wave gave me quite a fright.
 I felt too lonely to be on my own,
 So I turned on my heels and headed for home.

ALISON WOODS 1A

VICTORIA FALLS

A mighty river
 Surging forward
 Pushed by a great force
 Suddenly narrowing
 Skimming over smooth stones
 Suddenly plunging
 Crushing, falling
 Spraying
 Like a burst of a dam wall
 Through a series of changes
 Boiling hot
 Silent pool
 Moving on slowly
 At peace with itself

MARK BEUKES 1E

MY BEST FRIEND

My best friend is very clever
 My best friend is a friend forever
 My best friend is very loyal
 My best friend is far from royal
 He's usually found lying on my bed
 With words in his eyes that are never said
 But these words have a special meaning
 As well as lots of love and feeling
 My best friend is not a boy
 My best friend is not a toy
 My best friend is as heavy as a log
 My best friend is my very own — DOG!

TRACY ALDRICH 2H

SHOULD TEACHERS RECEIVE A RAISE?

YES BECAUSE:

Teachers scream at uncontrollable pupils for approximately eight hours a day, including sport. They then go home and have to mark hundreds of books, tests, exams or projects. I think that they should get a raise.

Another reason is that they dedicate four years of expensive training to this unpopular profession. Four years' training gives you an idea of how demanding the job must be. Despite the fact that they have to pay R4 000 for four years' training, they also have to pay R200 a year for text books and stationery.

A day of teaching is hard work, especially at a High school, because that is the time when the children try to overrule the teacher. The teacher then has to do at least two hours of sport for at least two days a week. Then they have many meetings which they have to attend, mainly in the evenings. Apart from marking they also have to prepare the following day's lessons. On average a teacher gets five hours of sleep a night. This is bad, considering all that they have to attend to.

A lot of people disagree with me, but that's because they either have no idea of the value of money, or they hate their teachers — which is usually the case. Also, teachers have to drive to meetings and to school, which costs them a lot of money. There is no reason why teachers should use their money for education, therefore there should be free buses for teachers. Teachers should be allowed to make rules which make children respect them more.

If teachers receive a raise, interest in the teaching profession will increase, especially among the youth of today. I think that the TED should consider a raise, otherwise there'll be a greater shortage of teachers in the future.

MICHELLE THORNE 1B



The Origin of an Idiom

A WHITE ELEPHANT (A useless possession)

A long time ago in India when elephants were used for almost anything, an albino elephant was born. Its owner, because albino elephants are very rare, gave it to the Rajah so that it would be properly looked after.

As you know, elephants have long lives and before this elephant was even feeling old, the Rajah died and his son took over the throne. This elephant was still as pampered as ever — it ate like a king, or should I say rajah — and never worked. This was because it was sacred. It just cost money. In other words, it was a useless possession.

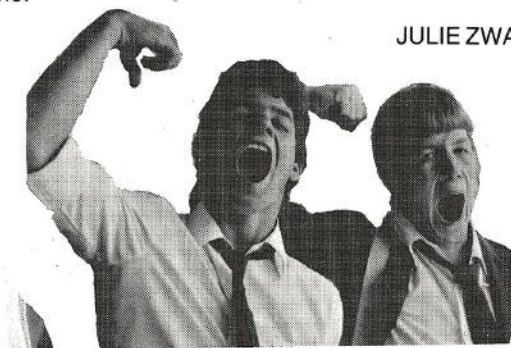
ROBYN DOAK 1B

TO CUT YOUR COAT ACCORDING TO YOUR CLOTH

It probably started like this: A man went to the local tailor's shop and bought some cloth to the price of his salary. He asked the tailor to take his measurements and make him a coat. When the tailor took the man's measurements, he found that he did not have enough material for the type of coat that he wanted, which was a long winter coat. As he had no more money, he could not buy any more cloth to lengthen his coat and so he was able to make a long coat. The tailor then asked if he would mind if the tailor, shortened the coat so that the amount of cloth would tally with that of his measurements. The man then replied that this would have to be done or he would not have a winter coat for the forthcoming winter. The tailor then asked if the man would rather like to put the amount of money he needed for the last few metres on credit. The man replied that he would rather cut his coat according to his cloth than pay back the money the following month.

To cut your coat according to you cloth: live within your income.

JULIE ZWART 1B



RED LETTER DAY

Once upon a time, there was a king who was about to die from an unknown disease. The king had to choose one of his four sons to succeed him.

He decided to give this responsibility to his wife. He wrote a letter on red paper and put it in a red envelope for his wife to give to the son whom she chose. She had not seen her sons for quite some time, so she could not decide. She thought of a good plan and carried it out. She put the envelope in a tree in the garden and sent her sons on a treasure hunt. As it happened, the youngest son found the red letter and was made king. That day was the son's most important day, and from that day on all important days have been called **red letter days**.

KIRA WHITE 1B

A WHITE ELEPHANT

Long ago, in the jungles of Africa, there lived many Zulu tribes. An elephant in those days was a true sign of wealth, and the darker its skin, the better. One day, Nkomo, a sly Zulu, found a 'White elephant'. The elephant, which had been wallowing in a clay pool, was now white. An evil glint came into Nkomo's eyes as a wicked plan quickly unravelled in his mind. He would tell his stupid cousin that the Gods had given him an ivory elephant. Nkomo's plan worked and his stupid cousin paid him many oxen for the elephant. Now that Nkomo had many oxen, he disappeared. Not long after the stupid cousin had purchased the elephant, there was a storm which washed all the clay off the elephant, to reveal only an extremely lazy, grey elephant!

The 'white elephant' was now a useless possession.

BARBARA SCARROTT 1F

'N AAND WAT EK NOOIT SAL VERGEET NIE

Ek en my twee susters het geslaap toe ons oupa ons wakker gemaak het. Die nag was pikswart en die maan het nog nie verskyn nie. Ek het 'n groot lawaai buite gehoor. Ons het so gou as moontlik ons klere aangetrek toe ons oupa ons vertel het dat daar 'n veldbrand naby was. Buite het ons gesien hoe my oupa en ouma die brand probeer blus. Ek het 'n stok gekry wat nog groen was en 'n groot sak daaraan vasgebind. My susters het dieselfde gedoen. Ons bure het ons dopgehou en dit het my woedend gemaak. My ouma het hulle gevra of hulle nie kan help om die vuur te blus nie, maar hulle het net daar stomgestaan. Ons het almal tot die vroeë oggendure die vuur probeer blus. Daar het orals nog 'n paar vuurtjies gebrand. My hande was pikswart en die punte van my vingers was erg verbrand. My ouma en susters se gesigte was ook swart soos myne maar hul hande was nie verbrand nie. My oupa was die ergste verbrand. Sy hande, voete en gesig was geskroei. Sy voete was die ergste verbrand want hy het stukkende skoene gedra en toe hy op die vuur getrap het, het die hitte deur sy skoene gebrand. Ons moes hom hospitaal toe neem. Hy het daar gebly maar ek het medisyne gekry om aan my vingers te smeer. Ons het weer bed toe gegaan en tot tienuur die volgende oggend geslaap. Toe ons eindelijk opgestaan het, het ons gesien dat die veld om die plaas afgebrand is.

IRENE LEITNER 1C

THE CAT

Cautiously she takes a step
Hiding in the
overgrown grass
Creeping slowly
ready,
ready to pounce
She leaps
and puts her
Sharp claws
into her victim's neck
the noise
and flutter
of the victim
trying to escape
but
he is caught!
She licks herself
contentedly
and
with innocence
she lies by
the heater
until she must
kill again.

PENNY COOKE 1H

There was a young boy from school,
Who everyone thought was a fool.
Until all in a daze
He popped into MAYS,
And discovered a valuable rule:

Service, value, and advice
Cannot be bettered at any price.

Auckland Park	726-1210	Honeydew	795-1318
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Bryanston	706-7500		



mays
chemists



SOMEONE CARED

Sammy leaned against the pillar of a flat in New York and as she listened to the hustle and bustle of the city and watched as grey, forlorn faces passed her by in the muddy alley, a tear trickled down her cheek. Here and there someone would laugh and curse but the smoggy, overcrowded city never changed.

Nothing in the city had ever pleased her and nobody had ever said so much as a kind word to her. Her mother, although a beautiful woman, cared for nobody but herself and at the early age of six had left Sammy, telling her she was quite old enough to fend for herself. So here she stood; a poor, miserable little girl with nowhere to go.

Mr. Williams, a young, handsome, well-built, wheat farmer who had come into town for an agricultural show happened to notice her. As he liked nothing less than snivelling 'city kids', he ignored her. However he didn't feel quite the same when he again noticed her at 10 o'clock that evening. He lifted her up in his muscular arms and carried her up to his room where she sobbed out the story of her unhappy life.

He put her to bed but in the morning he suggested to Sammy that they went and looked for her mother. All he knew about her was from the locket around Sammy's neck, which had a picture of her mother in it. Sammy started to moan and sob and he soon realised that Sammy's mother was the cause of her misery. However, he persisted but in spite of all his time, money and effort he could not, much to Sammy's relief, trace her mother. The only thing he could do would be to send her to an orphanage but because he had a 'soft spot' for children, he decided to adopt her. He hoped that Sammy would make a lively playmate for his eight year old son, Jeremy, who was rather lonely on the wheat farm.

Sammy was excited when she heard about it for he was the first person she had ever liked and she looked forward to meeting Jeremy and wondered what it would be like to have a friend.

When they arrived at the farm Sammy couldn't believe her eyes. It was like a fairy land. the farm was on the banks of a sparkling blue river which seemed to wink at her every now and again. There was field after field of golden wheat but best of all was the large farm house, creaky, comfortable and strong and so different from the flats in New York.

It was only a matter of seconds before she was out of the car, running across a patch of lush green grass, picking yellow flowers with delicate petals and sweet smelling centres, laughing and rolling in the grass.

Suddenly she stopped, for she noticed a freckled face boy had joined her. He was also laughing and she immediately decided she liked him and thought of all the questions she wanted to ask. The very first thing she asked was the name of the sleek, silky, shining red dog that was standing next to him. He was 'Rufus'. She thought he was wonderful and she and Jeremy set to work to make him his own little wooden house.

The rest of her childhood were the happiest days of her life. If she wasn't being taught by Jeremy how to steer their sailing boat, or fish, she would be climbing trees, finding new hide-outs, or merely swimming. Sometimes she and Jeremy would pick flowers or help his father with the harvesting or all three of them would have a pillow fight, but whatever they did they would laugh and have fun. She loved this sort of life and she and Jeremy became inseparable. She felt very happy when she noticed Jeremy, his father and Rufus loved and cared about her as much as she loved them.

JENNY SOUTHGATE 2C

THE "TAIL" OF THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

A cat with evil firmly set in his eye,
sees a bird, in a tree, way up high.
The bird flies down and sits on the grass,
and the cat walks on down the garden path.

The cat drops down, upon his chest
and then guess who flies past? Yep the Robin Red Breast
The cat smiles and giggles and sniggers with glee,
at the sight of a nice birdie supper for tea.

He pounces, and swipes, and misses, and falls.
And then the small birdie, to him, he calls
"You're much too slow and you're much too fat,
you'll never catch birdies if you are like that."

The cat in anger, takes one final jump,
but misses, and falls on the path with a bump.
Supposedly, cats always land on their feet,
but this one bounced like a ball on his seat.

He bounced off a wall and into a tree,
but the bird didn't see him or have time to flee.
The cat grabbed him and said, "I tell you my friend,
never deal with a cat who has a bouncy end."

MICHAEL DAVIES 2G



MATHS

For hours and hours I now have toiled,
Till the blood in my very brain has boiled.
This problem that is making me numb,
Would probably make Einstein feel dumb.
I am told to find the value of Y,
I am beginning to think the sum is a lie,
Because for long tired hours now,
It just won't work out, somehow!
I've put pencil lines here, tippexed out there,
Even run my toes through my hair,
In order to get my brain ticking,
But the problem is still sticking.
I am at a loss at what to do,
Aha! THE PROBLEM . . . TWO PLUS TWO!

MICHAEL THOMSON 2H

An empty heart
Is always accompanied
By an equally empty life.
Knowledge gives certainty
Certainty gives
Security.



INGRID LEITNER 2B

REGISTER AND TONE

To his Father

Dear Dad,

I really enjoy this new boarding school but due to circumstances I couldn't prevent, I will be coming home sooner than expected. During break some of the matric boys grabbed me and pulled me into the change-rooms. They kept me for over an hour and forced me to smoke a whole cigarette. I have now been expelled for bunking and will be coming home on the usual train.

Yours sorrowfully,
Mike

2. To his friend

Dear Marc,

It worked! I'll be coming home Monday. All I did was walk into the cloakroom with the matric schlunks. I stayed there for an hour and had a puff or two. It was quite a gas when I went back to class, the boss and everybody was there. I was zapped for bunking and chucked out straight away. I'll chuck to see you when I get back.

Yours,
Mike.

3. To his Sister

Dear Sis,

As you probably know I have been expelled, however it wasn't my fault. You know how Fellingham and his bunch are, forcing everybody to do everything. It should be them getting expelled and not me. I wonder if you could have my room ready for me on Monday?

Yours
Mike

4. To the Headmaster

Dear Sir,

I am writing for forgiveness of the offence for which I have been expelled. I was unable to attend class because of some unruly matrics. I guarantee it will never happen again and would be ever so grateful if you would minimize the punishment from expulsion to a caning

Yours,
Michael Thomson
MICHAEL THOMSON 2H



HORSES

Heads aristocratic and proud
Over the green pastures
Roaming far and wide
Soundlessly galloping, happy and free
Ending in a
Stance of arrogance.

AMANDA CROSWELL 2H

MY MOOISTE PAAR SKOENE

Dit was die dag voor my vriendin, Lillana se troue. Sy het vir my gevra of ek haar strooimeisie sal wees, en ek het natuurlik ja gesê. Sy het vir my 'n blou en wit rok gekoop. Daardie middag het ek skoene gaan koop. My moeder het my na Mode Belle in Randburg geneem, en ek het 'n mooi paar blou-en-goue skoene uitgesoek, wat R175 gekos het. Hulle was my mooiste paar skoene. Die aand voor die troue was ek so opgewonde dat ek skaars kon slaap. Die volgende oggend het ek my koffie gedrink en my klere aangetrek, maar ek kon nie my mooi blou-en-goue skoene vind nie. Ek het in al my kaste gesoek maar ek kon hulle nie vind nie. Nadat ek onder my bed gekyk het, het ek hulle gevind. My suster se kat het 'n voël gevang en die dooie voël in my skoene gesit. Ek het hulle gou-gou koongemaak en na die troue gegaan. Vanaf daardie dag het my mooiste paar skoene my aan die dag van my vriendin se troue herinner.

CHRISTINA VAN DER LITH 2B

MUSIC

What a wonderful sound!
Sound booming noisily through the air
It creeps unnoticed up the spine;
It revives the heart and makes it jump;
It goes rushing into the ears, causing their parts
to vibrate violently;
It gives the limbs that sudden urge to move;
It makes you forget all your troubles.
It encloses you in its endless magic . . .
And is a sensational thrill to the mind.

What would we be without it?
Nothing, nothing at all!
Dull, miserable creatures, with no zest for life.
What would the world be without it?
An everlasting bore.

Music is life.

HELEN REID 2B

WAT EK GENIET

Ek hou baie daarvan om te lees, om tennis te speel en om te swem. Ek lees boeke oor tennis en ook stories oor avontuur. Ek speel baie graag tennis. Dit is my geliefkoosde sportsoort. As goeie tennisspelers na Suid-Afrika toe kom, gaan ek na Ellis Park om hulle te sien. speel. Ek swem baie. Ek hou nie daarvan om deel te neem aan kompetisies nie, maar ek swem vir die genot daarvan. Nog een van my belangstellings is om na musiek te luister. Ek luister na plate, bande en die radio. My voorkeur onder popgroepe is "Queen", "Police", "E.L.O." en "Foreigner". Ek sien graag rolprente. Ons het 'n Video-opnemer en ek sien baie rolprente. Ek speel somtyds skaak en ook muurbal.

ANTON COETZEE 2B

THE LEAP

His tawny feathers make way
for some fluffy whiteness peeping through his breast,
As he casts his eyes to the East
Where the rising sun shows signs of a bright day.

Standing on unsteady legs he gains hope and
courage from the warmth of the sun.
But below lies the unmerciful valley where
darkness lingers.

It makes him shiver; the black rocks
bringing fear and doubt.

But now he must leap
And try to fly on young unsteady wings.
In taking that first fatal step,
he shows courage beyond compare!

DENISE HURRY 2G



FREEDOM

The vast blue sky
A sea gull soars on the wind
Tropical breezes fill the air
I smell the aroma of coconut oil
Golden sands
Jade-blue seas
Tall glasses of orangeade
Bathing costumes and sun shades
This to me is freedom

SUSIE KORN 3H



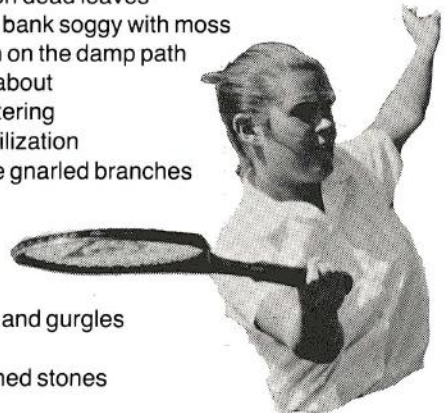
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ALONE

I hear the faint sound
of dew dripping on dead leaves
And on the pond bank soggy with moss
My shoes squish on the damp path
There is no one about
No birds are twittering
No sounds of civilization
Filter through the gnarled branches
The feeling is
Solitary
Tranquil
Fleeting
A brook bubbles and gurgles
softly
over age-smoothed stones
I am alone



VANESSA VAN ROOYEN 2B

MURDER THROUGH JEALOUSY

She dined alone in her home, waiting for her husband's return. They had been married for over three years, but had stayed in this home for just two. Their marriage never really went off very well and lately he had frequently been staying out late at night. He always used a feeble excuse to say why he was late and she was positive that he was having an affair with another woman.

The thought of getting rid of him went through her mind as it had before, while she awaited his arrival. She became more and more jealous as she thought of a woman with her husband. It haunted her just to think about it and she became more agitated by the thought of murdering him. Yes! That is what she would do; she would kill him!

It was soon after the clock chimed twelve when she heard his footsteps coming along the hallway. They got louder and louder and anxiously she slipped the leather gloves onto her shaking hands. When he entered the lounge, her back was to him as she fixed him a drink. Placing the drug in his drink, she handed him the glass. No words were spoken as he silently drank. He soon after fell helplessly to the floor. She insanely ripped the ancient sword from the wall and stabbed her husband's body twenty-two times.

Blood spattered everywhere and she gazed in terror at what she had done. She tried desperately to wipe the blood from the wall.

The pet parrot cried out, "Murder! Murder!" The words rang through her head making her feel quite insane. At first she made herself believe that it was a dream, but as she gazed at her husband's still warm, lifeless body she knew that she was not dreaming.

In terrible shock, she grabbed a bag and packed all she could. Before she left, she dropped a single rose at her husband's side and ran out the house. And with a last look over her shoulder she left her home and memories behind her as she walked into her empty, distant future. The memories of her past she would dare not repeat to anyone . . .

GINA KOYD 2F

On a cold winter night
Eating milk and grain
sat a gnarled man wrapped tight
Against a frosted window pane.

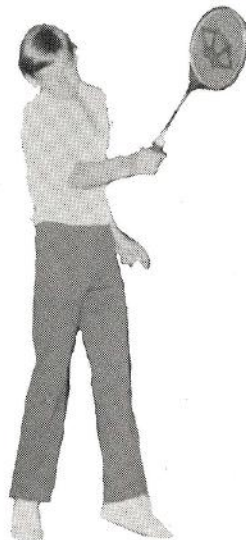
And as he thought wild thoughts
of his whole life long
He wondered how he'd brought
such sadness to song

Of hearts that he'd broken
An eternity of pain
And things that he'd stolen
From the lives of the sane.

A love-less life
A heart without joy
Time filled with stafe
And an unwanted boy.

And as he huddled
In his rocking chair
His mind was befuddled
By torrents of despair

So he begged for a second
Just one more year
For his conscience to try to clear
To try to clear.



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NATURE

Slowly the tide came in
sweeping away the white sand
of the beach

Waves crashed against the rocks
with soft, murmuring sounds.

The sun started to disappear behind
this beautiful blue blanket of water.

A light breeze swept across the waves,
While clouds slowly began to move across the sky,
as a seagull swooped over the harbour,
its echoing sounds
becoming fainter and fainter
in the distance.

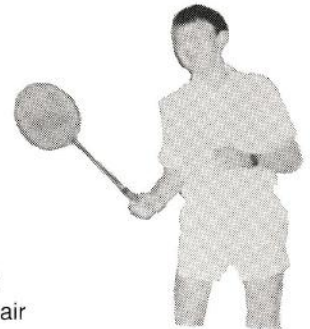
The moon began to shine,
its reflection seen clearly in the waves.

Stars twinkled like jewellery above the heavens
as darkness began to set in.

BARBARA IDE 2B

SILENCE IN WINTER

A deep mist closes in
Not a sound can escape
Its clawing talons
as it embraces us
with cold, dew and frost.
Suddenly the cry of a bird
Pierces the wintry silence
and the howl of a lonely wolf
Rends the gloomy forsaken air
Over the misty moor.



GARY CORLETT 2D

Satirical Essay

REVERSAL

Brrrrrrring — The alarm went off at six a.m. as usual, to wake Elizabeth. She climbed out of bed and shuffled across her small room to the cupboard. She hauled out a clean overall and apron, and began to dress. Finally she placed the “doek” on her head. She was ready. She put on the tatty slippers that were under her bed, and then walked out the door of her room and locked it behind her.

She entered the back door, of the kitchen and began to make the tea. She poured fresh water into the kettle and plugged it into the socket. It was now 6.30 a.m.

Elizabeth Sutton, as was her name, had been working for the Botolos for nearly six months. They paid her R80 a month and gave her sleeping quarters. All she had to do was: prepare food, clean the house, polish shoes, wash the dishes and clothing and do the ironing. She was looking forward to the holiday that lay ahead. It had been long overdue, but as they say, “Better late than never”. She had already written home, telling her husband and children the good news.

The kettle whistled, announcing that the water was boiling. She made the tea, put it all on a tray and carried it down the passage. She knocked on the door. “Come in Elizabeth,” was the answer. She entered and greeted her employers with a “Morning Master, Morning Madam,” and placed the tea beside the bed.

Beauty Botolo was a huge woman. She lay reading her “Fair Lady”, dressed in her silk nightie, beneath the duvet. Her husband, Philemon, a tall, well-built man, lay beside her, puffing away at a cigarette. “What’s for breakfast Madam?” asked Elizabeth, before leaving the room.

“Eggs, sausages and bacon for me Elizabeth,” was Beauty’s reply, “and do scrambled eggs for Emily and Joseph please.”

Emily and Joseph were her two children, aged nine and eleven. They both attended the elite “Nklomi Grammar School.”

Elizabeth began preparing the breakfast. Suddenly Emily burst into the kitchen, nearly in tears. “Elizabeth, where have you put my ribbons?” she screeched.

Joseph shouted from his bedroom, “Elizabeth, iron my shirt please.” Eventually, Elizabeth managed to satisfy the children and she took the breakfast through to the dining room. She retired to the kitchen and began polishing the school shoes.

Mr. Botolo was the first out that morning. “Good-bye, Elizabeth,” he said, and walked out the door. She watched as he reversed his metallic silver Mercedes out of the drive. Next was Mrs. Botolo and the children. She drove her Mazda out of the gate and turned left into Mzilikazi Street.

After dropping the children at school, Beauty Botolo stopped at the bottle store to buy some wine for her cooking. She entered the non-white section and came out soon after, carrying a bottle of cheap wine.

She arrived back home and told Elizabeth what to cook for lunch. Elizabeth had been doing the carpet sweeping and the usual housework.

Time dragged on but Elizabeth’s long awaited holiday arrived. She got a lift home with her friend’s husband. The battered old Valiant pulled into a small drive in George Street. Elizabeth waved to the neighbours, who were having their hair done on the side of the road. At last she was home in her own township — Bryanston.

SILHOUETTED LIKE A HERON
AGAINST THE EVENING SKY
STANDS A YOUNG BLACK
HERDSMAN, WATCHING.
HE HAS NO EARTHLY
POSSESSIONS SUCH AS MONEY,
ONLY THE WORLD WHICH
SURROUNDS HIM. YET HE IS
HAPPY AND PEACEFUL.
HE HAS GROWN TO KNOW
THE HARSH WAYS OF LIFE
CENTERED AROUND WORK
AND MONEY.
BUT HE WILL ALWAYS
FIND TIME TO APPRECIATE
WHAT GOD HAS
MADE FOR HIM,
AS HE IS AS
MUCH A CHILD
OF GOD AS YOU.



LONELINESS

And once again another day,
the same as yesterday,
I walk along the endless beach,
no words I ever say.

The world goes on around me,
as though a fulcrum here I stand,
never getting anywhere,
no love, no hate, nor helping hand.

If days go on much longer,
I'll one day go to see,
to swim away my sadness,
and no-one would miss me.

I'd float amongst the sea-weed,
a fine bed it would make,
but because I've never given,
I can't expect to take.

EXPLOSIVE FALKLANDS

General Leopoldo Galtieri, President of Argentina, strode to the balcony and, imposing as a monument, gazed stonily at the surging crowd in the street below.

"If the Junta is to survive, we must find some way of distracting the mob," whispered his aide-de-camp.

"Ungrateful swines," said the General. "We have brought order to Argentina, that is something they forget."

"Too many people have disappeared, General, that is something they cannot forget."

With a disgusted expression, the President returned to his desk and gazed at the map on the wall.

"You know, Carlos," he said ruminatively, "your idea of finding a distraction is not bad at all."

"But what is it to be?"

"I am a great admirer of things British," said the General with a vulpine smile. "We shall restore freedom to the Malvinas islands."

"But the islands are British, General. What if the inhabitants resist this freedom?"

"Why then my dear fellow," said the General languidly, "we shall simply shoot them. Take the necessary steps."

Thus did the president of Argentina decide on the conquest of the Falkland islands. His object was to shore up his oppressive regime by liberating the Falkland islanders from their freedom. He did not think that the British, who had astonishingly elected a woman to be their Prime Minister, would resist his bold and benevolent plan. Unhappily, this proved to be an erroneous judgement. He underestimated the British Prime Minister, who was known to her colleagues as 'Attila the Hen', and the willingness of the people of Britain to protect possessions, whose whereabouts were known to all but a few of them. And so the war began: on one side Galtieri the liberator, fighting for the cause of fascism, and on the other side Mrs. Thatcher, the resolute defender of one of the few remaining relics of an empire that no longer exists.

The invasion by General Galtieri's army and fleet took the islanders by surprise. "Goodness gracious! This is a jolly rum thing, what?"

"I say, rather, old fruit!"

The small British garrison stationed on the islands near Port Darwin was led by its commander, Colonel Blimp.

The Argentinians moved in quickly, and not long thereafter, contact was made with the gallant British garrison. In spite of their gallantry, the Britons had some strange customs which were rather a drawback in battle.

"I say, old chap, I think its getting on for time."

"Time? Time for what?"

"Awfully sorry! We'll be back later."

"Where are they going, by Tapioca?"

"No idea, by Alcazar! Letting us down in mid-battle. It's not done!"

They stopped at five o'clock every day to drink a cup of hot water . . .

"Just a spot of milk, please!"

Moreover, they stopped fighting two days out of every seven.

"Awfully sorry! It's the weekend y'know!"

"Caramba! This is really getting me down."

Accordingly, Galtieri, a cunning strategist, decided to fight only at five o'clock on weekdays and all day at the week-

end . . . Soon Colonel Blimp had to surrender. All of the Falklands was occupied . . . All? Well not quite. One village still holds out against the invaders.

The small village still holding out successfully against the invaders is inhabited by a tough clan commanded by their chief, Fred Kelper.

Chieftains from all over the islands meet here, brought together by their love for liberty. And sure enough . . . (over a cup of hot water):

"We can't hold out against the Argentinians much longer, we need help."

"Nae sugar, mon, just a wee drappie o'milk."

"I've got a cousin once removed living in England. Her name's Maggie Thatcher. I've heard she's got a magic potion which gives her superhuman strength."

"Blip, you had better go to England to see your cousin and bring back some of this magic potion."

"Oh I say, jolly good show."

The three Generals toasted the success of the mission, and after dark . . .

"Jolly good luck old boy and all that sort of thing."

The nimble General Blimp manages to slip through the Argentine lines . . .

"All's quiet tonight. There's no fog, the Britons won't try anything."

. . . and reaches the coast where he sets off for England in his jolly little boat.

Several weeks later, General Blimp, Mrs. Thatcher and the potion returned to the Falklands by boat, and succeeded in returning to the small village unnoticed.

The potion was warmed up and distributed among the inhabitants of the village, who, from that moment on, were addicted to it.*

The succession of events that followed is hardly worth mentioning. The Argentinians were massacred and the survivors fled back to the Argentine, utterly ashamed of their failure.

All inhabitants of the Falklands gathered in the small village in order to show their appreciation to their British Prime Minister. It was at this gathering that she first mentioned the famous phrase:

"Never in the field of human conflict, have so few, given so many, such a ?£@ & + ()@ %** thrashing."

A month later, President Galtieri, imposing as a monument, gazed down stonily at the surging mob below.

"Would you like to go down among them, Carlos, and explain why your little distraction didn't succeed?" enquired the President in dulcet tones.

"No, General," said the aide-de-camp cautiously, "but I know where we went wrong."

"Oh," said the General. "Tell me, pray, where we went wrong."

"Well, General," replied the aide-de-camp, "as you said, we Argentinians are great admirers of things British. Perhaps we should admire their fighting ability a little more and their possessions a little less."

* The magic potion was called "Tea"

** English swear words which we decline to translate.

THOUGHTS

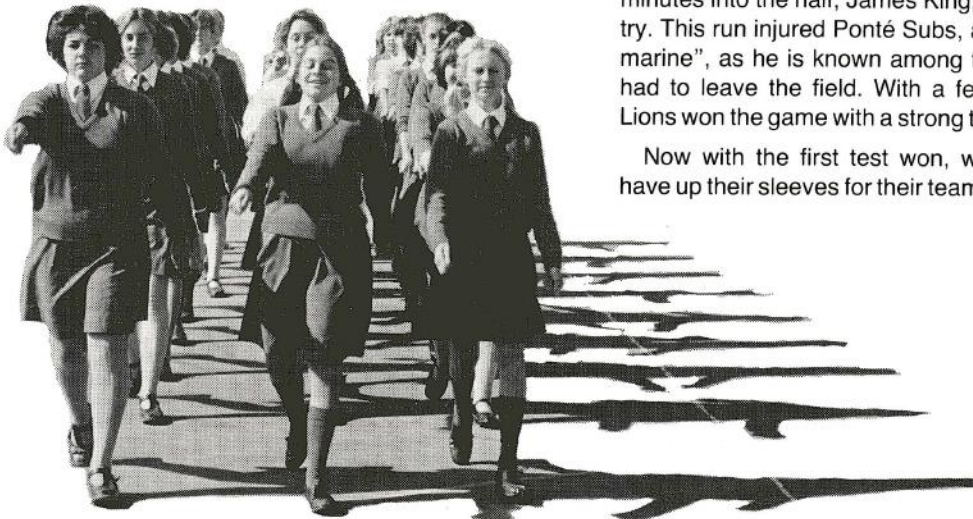
My mind is filled with so many thoughts.
Sometimes confused, sometimes sad,
So many things to think of, so little
time to find all the answers
can my questions be answered?
Or must I question all my life?
Without finding the answers I
want to have.

NICKY WILLIAMS 3D

THE WORLD

Where will the world be in years to come?
Where shall we be, sitting under a tree?
No way!
With guns and shell and funeral bells
We won't be anywhere
With politicians crying out loud but never involved
in the killing, pal. I say, where shall the
world be?

W. CHRISTENSEN 3F



WAR

Bombers approached,
Low in the sky
Closing in on the merchant ships
Their defence a solitary cruiser
The bombers drew nearer
The ships dispersed,
The cruiser brings her guns to bear,
Firing, firing continuously.
As the bombers drew nearer.
The cruiser exploded into fire,
As bombs hit the deck
The bombers go over . . .
And vanish.
The cruisers hull lifts
And she sinks vertically
Cremating her crew.

SUSAN MILLER 3C

BRITAIN PASSES FIRST TEST

Britain takes the first test and with one down and two to go; the battle starts between the Lions rugby team and the Jaguars.

On Saturday the two teams ran onto the field. The Jaguars carried the match ball. The Lions looked the better team with Henry 'Hermes' Miles and Edward Jones, better known as 'The Invincible', bringing up the rear. They looked ready to cross the white line and start war. The Jaguars held steady, not allowing themselves to be scared off. All waited for the referee, Mr. Haig, a neutral referee from the United States, who looked slightly uneasy and uneager, to blow, but try as he may, there was no way of keeping the two teams apart.

The whistle went and the crowds swallowed hard as everything got under way. Britain's manager, Thatcher, chattered and discussed tactics with the coach, Mr. Nott., while on the opposite side of the field Jaguars' manager, Galtieri, allowed the coach, Costa Mendez, to do most of the talking. During the first half, Jaguars kept possession of the ball, with the Lions still not able to get into the game.

Within the start of the second half the Lions had formed a strong line keeping Argentine to their side of the field. Ten minutes into the half, James King, a helicopter pilot, scored a try. This run injured Ponté Subs, an Argentine marine. "Submarine", as he is known among the Argentine crowds, then had to leave the field. With a few more clever tactics, the Lions won the game with a strong twenty - nil score.

Now with the first test won, what do Thatcher and Nott have up their sleeves for their team's success?

MELISSA PATERSON 3A

DAWN

The sun peeped over the horizon,
Lighting up the world
Like a lamp lighting the night.
The warm pink glow
Crept over the fields,
And the world began to stir.
Far away a cock crowed,
Ending the silence of the night.
Birds joyfully began singing,
Insects began stirring,
Lizards crawled out of their holes
To bask in the sun,
Bees flew to flowers
To begin their day's work,
Dogs stretched at their chains
Longing for their morning run.
Gradually the sun rose
Higher and higher.
Everything awoke.
The spell of the dawn was broken.

A. TYSON 3C

THE GREAT CATTLE FREEZE

The day dawned early, sending its cold grey light across the Texas countryside. At the Big Steer Ranch, arguably the biggest ranch in the country, two men met at the front door.

"Good morning, Leonid," said the first, a man in his mid-seventies. He had been manager of the only opposition to the Big Steer Ranch, namely the Silver Buckle Estate, just across the river, for only a few years, but was beginning to become accustomed to it, despite a near-fatal incident with one of the steers which went beserk, severely injuring him and puncturing one of his lungs.

"What do you want here?" came the thickly accented reply. This was Leonid Brezhnev, manager of his ranch since 1964. He had, with great success, bought up several of the small neighbouring farms, and ran them as 'satellites' to his own ranch. He had kept these and his own ranch comparatively cut off from the outside world, and operated them on a totally different principle from the Silver Buckle and other ranches in the vicinity. Ronald Reagan, of the Silver Buckle Estate, treated his farm hands as equals, but he had his doubts as to the way Brezhnev's were treated. Reagan had also spent his time developing a wide variety of animals, but it seemed from the outside that the Big Steer Ranch was only interested in one thing — cattle.

Cattle — the most dangerous and productive animals on earth, and it was true that the Silver Buckle had fallen dangerously behind in its cattle build-up. This situation was the reason for the series of meetings between the owners of the two farms.

"Have you considered the proposal which I put to you yesterday?" Reagan asked.

"Yes, the proposal that we, the two 'Super ranches' as we are called, should cut down on our cattle stocks before this massive build-up leads to disaster. Yes, I have considered it, but I dismiss it out of hand!"

"But, Reck, why? You know as well as I do that at this rate the tension will build up until it is so tight that the slightest thing would snap it! You know also that we are putting the other farms in the area out of business!"

"Yes, the other farms which you have successfully turned against me from the start!"

"But it isn't you that we disagree with, it's your principles, which, although you claim they work, have nothing to show for them except cattle, cattle and more cattle. You know as well as anybody that even if I were to form a coalition with some of my neighbours I should not be able to compete with this build-up. That is why I proposed this reduction!"

"I know that, but a reduction is not suited to me. Therefore, in return, I propose that we call a cattle **freeze** of our ranches."

"But you know very well that a freeze would put you out in front, without giving us a hope of catching up."

"That is my offer, Ronald, take it or leave it."

"I shall have to consider this very seriously, Leonid," was the reply. With that, he clicked the spurs of his boots and walked out to his chauffeur-driven Cadillac waiting outside. "Curse him," he muttered as he got in. "Curse him and all those 'satellites' of his. If we hadn't become involved with those Viet-cong two ranches away, none of this would have happened, we'd be on level terms with that vulture, Brezhnev. Curse him!"

R. GAUNT 3A

REVELATION

Patiently and evenly the threads are softly woven
All around the worm, completely closing him off from the world

Then it breaks out of the cocoon to reveal:

not a butterfly — a pretty petal that floats on the breeze;
not a moth — who flies at night and is attracted by any artificial light;

but a thing

that flutters around for the rest of its life.

Then the earth's new generation of people were born to reveal:

some who would make the world a beautiful place
some who would be interested in the false attractions of evil
and most who were wrapped up in their own affairs
all their lives, and then died.

JENNY LOVELY 3B



MOTHER

She woke him up,
Gave him tea,
got him dressed,
smiled happily.

She took him to school,
and when she got home,
she vacuumed the floor,
and answered the phone.

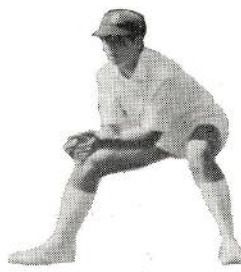
She ironed the clothes,
washed the curtains,
hung them up,
that's for certain.

She polished the shoes,
washed the dishes,
made the beds,
picked up the tissues.

She packed away,
all the clothes,
fetched him from school,
turned off the hose.

And when Husband came home,
that afternoon,
he said "I envy you darling,
with nothing to do."

DIANE ALBERTYN 3H



FLOWERS

Fresh as the morning sun,
Lustrous like the first star,
Outburst like a glass in the fire-place,
Wonderful as freedom,
Elegant as a walking model,
Reticent as an impromptu speech can be,
Scent incomparable with perfume.

JANINE LAVERS 3E



THE CHEETAH

He rockets from his vantage point,
High up in a tree.
He stands his ground
Then readies himself,
A pounce as fast as lightning
His once clear spots
Begin to blur,
As he moves towards his prey
Muscles ripple throughout his body,
His hind legs launch him forward,
He leaps high into the air,
Like a programmed missile.
He lands, and kills, swiftly as a bullet.
He is nature's perfect machine.

ANDREA CRYSTAL 3B

MINI SAGA

He was a small man with big aspirations. He built castles in the air, but they had no foundations and remained illusions.

He took up architecture, but he lacked mathematics. He frequented museums, but he lacked culture. He studied Biology, but he had no science. He was a small man.

ANNE LARTER 4D

WAVES

Rolling towards us, so self-assured as they gain
power and speed

They defy the world,

Coming for the rocks believing that they should scatter.

Powerful and angry they demand recognition

And when the earth fails to yield,

They crash their heads in angry defiance.

JENNY LOVELY 3B

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A TABLE

I first noticed the table on Monday. It was just standing at the entrance to an alley in central London. I noticed it as I walked to work. I recall wondering what it was doing there and whether perhaps, it had been stolen and then just abandoned by thieves, or perhaps it was there for a purpose. Perhaps someone used it for something.

When I walked home that night, it was still in the same place but with a small dent in one of the legs. Probably someone had walked past and kicked it.

After that, I forgot about it, until I saw it again, while walking to work the next day. However, now, it had a few more dents in the legs and a small scratch in the paint on the top.

I wondered whether I should comment on it at work, but then decided against it. My colleagues might have thought that I was slightly mad, worrying about a table, and I promptly forgot about it as my "boss" arrived.

When I walked home that afternoon, the table was still there, but with more dents and more scratches across the top. I remember standing there looking at the destruction of the table before walking on.

My diary said: "Saw the table again, am still wondering about it." The next morning, Wednesday, it was cold, so I caught the bus to work, not thinking about the table, but when I walked home, the table was still there, slightly bent and very scratched, almost as if it had been attacked by some animal.

Thursday saw the table bent with the painted top ripped off. Who could be so thoughtless? Perhaps someone could have used that table.

After that there were just pieces of the table on the ground, which in time rusted and were trampled by the passing masses.

Sometimes I still wonder about that table, just standing there.

CARON HOLMES 4C

LIFE . . . PRISON?

Day — day

Simplicity

Needs

Devotion

. . . life?

Aspirations

Dreams

Grasping

Self — ambitions

. . . life?

Degradation

Confusion

Suffocation

Prison

. . . or life?

LIANNE BARKER 4B

SADNESS

Her eyes said it all,
there was no longer,
any life in them.

The only thing she,
lived for was . . .
gone!

All that was left, was . . .

SADNESS

LEONI WEYERS 4H

CONFUSION . . .

Confusion . . .

questions without answers

enigmas ever spiralling

Spinning,

tornado-like

emotions.

Emotions . . .

diverse — intangible

movements without harmony

Symphonic disaster

flutes . . . cymbals

Silence

Aloneness

Togetherness

all encompassing

all enfolding

Swirling currents

ebbing tides

raging torrents

Clear surfaces

murky, muddy beds . . .

Superficiality —

Hide and seek

Limpid?

Facile, flexible —

Survival!

Sutures — healing — scars;

reminding, but dimming

Inevitable

Mistakes

Follies

Joy, Fear, Melancholy, Indifference, Ecstasy

Cohesive forces

integral parts

Necessary for life!

N. RIDGWAY 4B



Memories on a misty window

Caught in the moist droplets
of Time

And held by the pane of mind,

Blown across

with ripples of cool breath

then brushed away

with the casual wind of Age.

JENNY TYSON 4D

INFATUATION

The cliché of fabled "falling in love" is no secret to anyone. A poor, unsuspecting "victim" is suddenly struck by an arrow of Cupid's active bow and immediately she sees a boy she will in future sigh over, cry over and in her mind even die over! All her dreams take on his image and he becomes the subject of all her romantic ideas. She sees him through rosy-tinted spectacles, relives the classics with him and hears a special relevance in every love-song.

True Love? No, not love at all, but what is colloquially considered a "crush" and labelled by experts as infatuation. The word is derived from the Latin "fatuus" meaning foolish and is defined as "affected with extreme folly or inspired by extravagant passion" — once termed "limerence" by an American psychologist, Dr Dorothy Tennor.

Infatuation stems from a feeling that nothing is as important as that one special, perfect person who dominates your conscious and unconscious mind, even while end-of-year exams are looming.

An unfortunate girl is destined to languish until all hope is lost or until the object of her infatuation returns her love and devotion. In this eventuality, however, the relationship is doomed as infatuation feeds on uncertainty and relies on an element of surprise.

Unlike love, which is an unselfish relationship based on mutual understanding, infatuation is selfish inasmuch as it requires defining a person in one's own terms or wanting attention to satisfy one's ego. An example quoted by Dr Tennor was "If he is a classical music fan, the limerent boy will fantasize that you are too and bring you Bach chords while you'd rather listen to Meatloaf."

On the other hand, infatuation is fine until it leads to unhappiness! When the infatuated person is rejected, misery, pain and self-destructive feelings will result and a young person will be without resources to cope with it.

"Limerence is human nature, not a character flaw and anyone can experience it."

However, infatuation is not a negative experience in itself. On the contrary, it provides thrills and excitement and has inspired beautiful songs, poems and literature. (Was there ever a more limerent couple than Romeo and Juliet?)

So, if indeed you lose your head (and heart) you will have gained understanding and a little more maturity.

TANYA VAN ZYL 4E

ONE CENT BAAS

"One cent, Baas"

So I can go to the soup-kitchen tonight
for sticky porridge and dish-water tea.

"One cent, Baas"

So tonight I can sleep in
a moth-eaten charity blanket.

"One cent, Baas"

Or it'll be dustbins and newspaper
in Joubert Park.

"One cent, Baas"

Because the "Off-sales" sold liquor
on pay-day.

"One cent, Baas!"

Because my Sophie left.

B. KLEWS 4B

Maggie Hallower

RIVER CLUB PHARMACY

Box 749

River Club

PEOPLE

When you want something
different
there is always a box of assorted
people
next to you.

REVELATION

Theories are reversed
We, the mortals,
never die

EYES

Our eyes
are holes
in our skin.
We look in them,
and we see depths
without
piercing.

KARLIEN VAN DEN BEUKEL 4E

A SPOON
A CANDLE
MY SYRINGE
A DIRTY NEEDLE
the key to the doors of my mind.
I SEE THE DIRT
THE DECAY
I LOOK AWAY
AND PRAY
for another fix, another day.

T. HODNETT 4B

DESTINY UNKNOWN

South Africa, being a developing country and one of growing importance, should endeavour to maintain, in every respect, the friendliest of relations with her developed colleagues. As success lies in symbiosis we can not afford to soil our image. Only wealth brings that benefit. With the developed countries setting the standards, it is understandable that we can not mould our society to theirs as yet, but we can at least keep to a civilised existence within their guidelines.

Whenever political detainees die in cells, we are only adding fuel to the fire of both external and internal political opposition which in turn threatens the economy of the country. Not only are the suicides repetitious, but extremely dubious — in fact ridiculous. People have slipped on bars of soap, fallen out of windows and down steps and hanged themselves. All of this, in the eyes of the West, puts us amongst the ranks of various notorious South American countries. Neither should we let these atrocities be calmly accepted as characteristic of all such countries in the same stage of economic development.

Having close ties with Argentina does not at all enhance our image, but merely suggests that we are birds of a feather. Argentina is the prime example of the anti-communist phobia; it has ended up extremely "right-wing", ruled by highly volatile dictatorships, and has a bankrupt economy. Out of this situation, they have experienced an influx of personae non grata and have acquired expertise in "concrete footwear" and other underwater accessories.

Our worsening reputation will not, of course, isolate us totally from trade and foreign investment as our richer neighbours are often immune to public opinion or are successfully camouflaged when their interests are at stake. It is our potential wealth and future situation that we should be concerned about and, as such, we should be taking the right steps to ensure maximum future prosperity for all.

Extremes in both political directions are the same, so too are the consequences, and both extremes develop when the one side tries to crush the other. I believe that there is nothing more detrimental to the state of a country than to ban political organisations as these then "go underground" and the situation escalates.

NICHOLAS JACKSON 4C

SOCIETY WALL

Block upon block — brick upon brick;
concrete slabs sandwiched together —
A mass of grey symmetrical shapes
dented with transparent faces.
Trapped in this prison —
crying for help, no way to escape
Born into this prison —
a small brick in the wall
stuck fast.
A heap of jumbled stones lie useless;
They fell from their place
and crumbled forever-lost.
But the wall still stands
indestructible, formidable
it's bricks are held fast by the strength of its bonds.

LAURA MALAN 4B

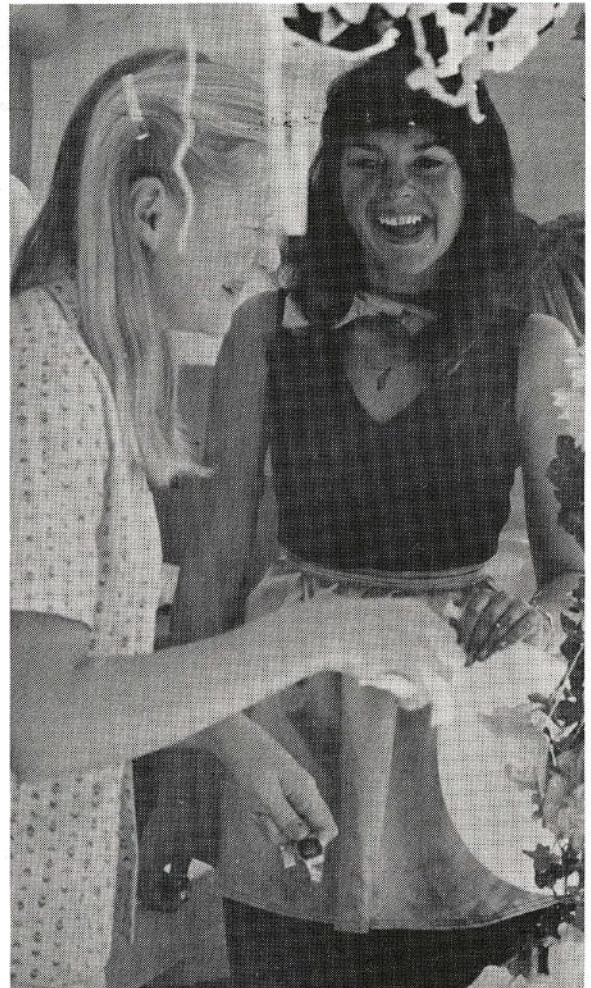
NATURE'S GIFTS

The moving finger,
sometimes does go back,
not to rewrite but to reread;
and what was once dismissed, derided, mocked,
may, in the fullness of a moon or two,
or even years,
be hailed as wisdom,
spoken forthrightly or that earlier time,
and hearing needed courage,
to face others less perceptive
though burdened with invective.

Remind yourself;
a prophet's seldom praised
before sunset,
of the day on which he first proclaimed,
unpalatable truths,
but if and when your truths,
in time became self-evident,
their author vindicated
be, at that harvest moment, forgiving, gracious;
broad of mind, large-purposed,
amused by life's contrariness.

For not all, only the few;
are gifts;
long vision, sagacity, clarity,
by chance, through lottery at birth
bestowed by busy nature.

MICHAEL FELTON 4D



INSIDE INFORMATION ON HOW TO BECOME A PATHETIC IDIOT

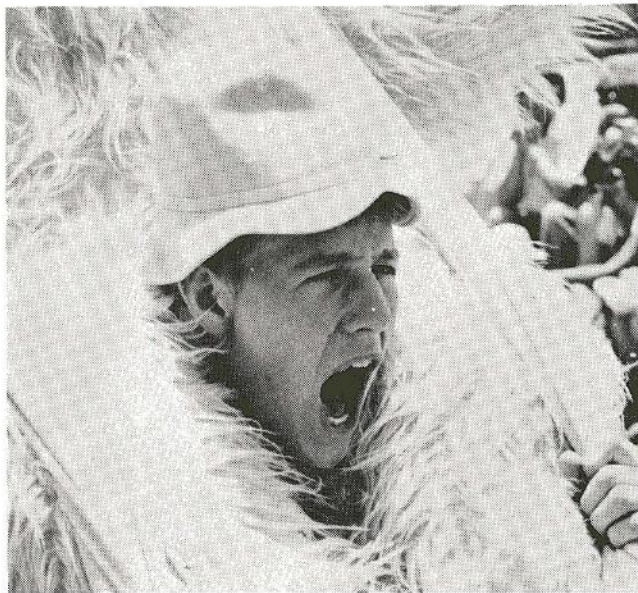
I might as well assure you, the reader, right now, that the information required to write this essay was obtained from sources no further afield than the brain which is controlling the movements of this pen.

To begin the lesson, I should make it clear that all instructions given must be carried out properly and without doubt that they will serve their purpose. Step one to becoming a typical, shy fool is to throw away all evidence of self-confidence. Once you have completed that first simple step, make it a habit constantly to remind yourself that you are not a member of the human race, but a mere undeveloped negative in society which must have been misplaced in the dark-room. Without hesitation, you must now lock all doors leading to vocal chords. Although speech is now impossible, you have no excuse for not listening to others. In fact, you should make a mental recording of every word spoken by all humans you encounter, with the intention of one day writing a book entitled, "The voice of the world." Always disagree with everyone, but make a point of never voicing your opinions. Choose a glossy print, fresh from the dark-room, and fall head-over-heels in love with him. This may seem irrelevant, but it is actually a very important part of becoming a graduate in this category. You are required to go out and enjoy yourself, which, believe it or not, is possible, but always keep in mind that normal, well-developed people may find it difficult to understand the habits of your species.

If you have followed all my instructions and have now become a fully-qualified, shy and pathetic idiot, I should like to inform you of what is to become of you. Your mornings will begin with great plans to undo the damage which you have done yourself, but as soon as you come into contact with a real person, your dreams will fall to pieces alongside you. By night-time, you will probably have recovered and will once again plan to change, but you will more-than-likely continue in the same cycle day after day.

In conclusion, I should like to add that being a member of this particular hermit group provides no benefits and only results in being labelled an unfriendly human being.

JEAN GOLDIE 5C



... for time immemorial poor mortals have tried to clip his wings
always out of our grasping fingertips he flees
elusive
immortal
tantalizing us with what he will never allow
to be ours — his capture
the fastest on our earth cannot rival his speed
taunting us with his almost tangible presence
more essential than any precious metal
is he
he who will not abate
a cruel master ...
is Time ...

LAUREL HOLMES 5D



THE RAINBOW

The sun catches the dirty glass
throwing a rainbow across the dusty table,
bringing colour to the cluttered room.

A plant — long dead — stands in the corner;
A cockroach serenades the dripping tap;
A mangy cat jumps on to the table
In search of something to feed his empty
stomach.
He's given up searching to feed his empty
heart.

An empty jar shatters on the floor.
Clothes are strewn on the chair
she groans and the bed creaks in harmony;
The dusty sunbeam caresses her eyelids
and, struggling awake, she sees her cat,
surrounded by the rainbow.
The sundrops off the broken glass
melt into a pool of hope.

She gets up and begins to pick up the
pieces of her broken life.

GILLIAN FREIMOND 5D

MY THOUGHTS AS MY SCHOOL-DAYS COME TO AN END

This discussion begins, appropriately, with my opinions of this year. School this year has been — as everyone said it would be, a very slow process when sitting in the class, but time has passed very quickly.

There have been many tedious moments, but the events that have made me laugh, or worry, far outweigh the tedium. If you are not laughing one half of the time, and worried about getting into trouble the other half, you are not leading a full school life.

When I look back to previous years, I wish that I had taken sport more seriously. This year I really enjoyed rugby, and perhaps, if I had played last year, I would have played in a higher team this year. If I had played tennis consistently, I would have been a team player and the same goes for golf and swimming. By participating in sports you get to know your school-mates far more closely, and so I believe it is best to be involved in two activities all the time.

I think the greatest thing about high school life is the companionship and friendship you find.

The things that will be most missed are the parties, the nights out with the boys; "stealing" the car (soon we will all have licences); using "motor-bikes"; pin-ball at the cafe; walking from class to class as slowly and with as much noise as possible, and all the people you will never see again.

There are many other nostalgic thoughts that come to mind, and perhaps these are the thoughts that make people say: "School-days are the happiest days of your life!"

As we are leaving one place, and going to another, I have to think of the future. I shall go to "Wits" University next year to study B.Com. I will probably play old boys' rugby — and so keep my contacts with the school. I wonder what I will think when I come to the school next year and remember my experiences here.

To end off: school has a lot of good and bad. It very often turns into a fight between you and authority. It is a process of learning that never stops. It is beatings in the office and teacher prejudice. However, I am sure that, when I think back to my school days, I shall have many happy memories.

ANTHONY HIGGINS 5A



A NEXT STEP

A young woman sits between her little son and daughter on a typical evening, reading the children a story before bedtime in a typical neighbourhood. What is it that seems to be out of place in this tranquil scene?

Could it be the loaded rifle lying just within her reach next to her? Surely not. In this war-torn country everyone keeps a gun near all the time. It must surely be something else.

Outside another petrol station is ablaze. On the hillside, she can see the all-too familiar nighttime flames and can hear the constant whip-like cracking as people battle it out in the streets once again.

Do her explanations satisfy the children when they ask when their father will return home? Even she draws little comfort from her tearful promise: "Daddy's in heaven with Granny and Grandpa."

The young widow will have to be strong to face the many problems which lie ahead. Is she not perhaps being a little too idealistic when she asks, "Darling, will you please stop calling the African a 'Kaffir'?"

DARREN GLANVILLE 5A



FRANS?

We did everything together, Frans and I — 'til we were six. We planned our future together, we played together, we ate together, Frans and I. There was no difference between Frans and me — except he never wore shoes. How could one lock his feet in shoes when they had done nothing wrong? Frans loved to play and so did his feet.

Frans was the source of my strength and courage. He was the one who kept me safe at night, when snakes and monsters crept through my window. All I had to do was to hold his "Love Stone" close to my heart. It's amazing how my horrible dreams disappeared. Frans was the one to lend me his shorts when Pa found us smoking behind the shed. Frans was the one to help me face Ma when I had a huge dark wet patch on my sheets. He shared everything with me. Frans and I . . .

Frans and I even lost our first tooth on the same day, (although I found out he pulled his out with a piece of string tied to the door). We were made for each other, Frans and I.

I even remember the first day of school. We both walked up proudly to the gate — I with my smart black shoes and Frans with his smart black feet. I remember his tears when the teacher turned him away. I couldn't understand, as I saw his tears and footprints in the sand were the same colour as mine.

BRONWEN HARDWICK 5A

HEAD TRANSPLANTS

The answer to eternal life! Stay alive forever! Donate your body or head to the National Institute of Medical Research!

Tel. 76-9112

An overseas doctor has now succeeded in performing the amazing task of transplanting a head from one monkey onto the body of a similar monkey; not only once, but several times. The Medical Research Institution does, however, sadly regret that the animal has to spend the remainder of its "life" on life-support systems with its body in a state of almost permanent paralysis. The head is able to function to a large degree, but the body cannot receive commands from the head. The ultimate success of the operation is to secure that the head remains alive.

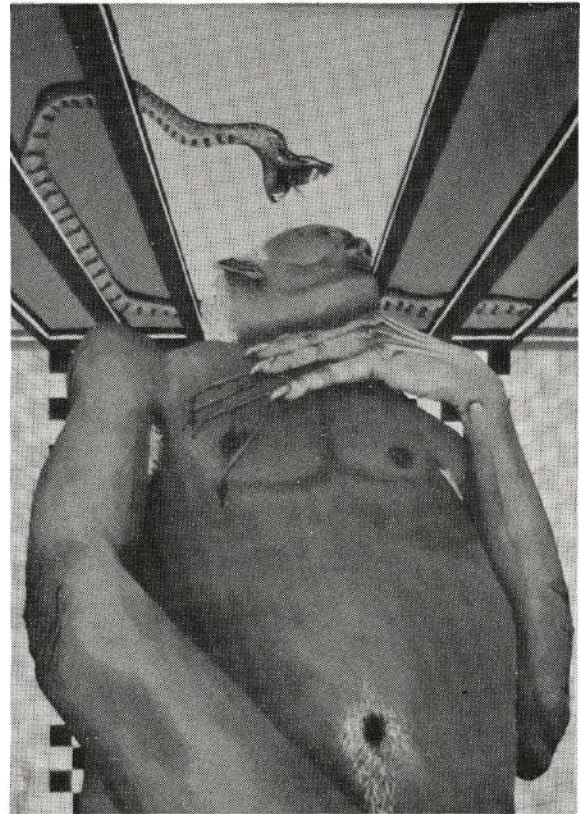
According to the Research Institution, the operation is not as pointless as it may seem. Unbelievably, they do seem to find a use for a living head. Undoubtedly, this operation is a feat of human "brilliance" of great "significance" to mankind. In the future, they intend to experiment on humans. No longer does man's morbid interest and curiosity extend to watching an animal suffering in a laboratory; he now wishes to observe his fellow human beings under similar circumstances too.

I cannot identify in these experiments any form of benefit to mankind, but rather a form of morbid fascination in some warped scientist. I fail to understand how a brilliant mind can function sufficiently under such false circumstances as to be of use to anyone, let alone mankind. Great men have drawn their conclusions from observations of life about them. What sort of mental stimulation can be drawn from a hospital "laboratory", while lying flat on one's back, paralysed from the neck down? Surely these great men have served society sufficiently in their life-times to rest in peace?

No person could wish to be only a mind. It would be a matter of time before a person would be weary of simply being a head. It would be an "existing" person and not a "living" one. The mental health of such a person would be dubious. For mental health and happiness, one relies on sport, physical and creative activity and, most essential of all, human companionship. Who could befriend such a monstrosity? When this "person" is tired of existing, who could be so murderous as to switch off the life-systems and could this be justified?

Science has achieved much regarding human development. Great men have served society through the ages, each having his time and place in which to serve his community. By his service to mankind, surely he has at last earned himself "rest" for eternity?

ALISON COCHLOVIUS 5C



POLITICAL EDUCATION AT SCHOOL

"Politics is the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary".

This is a quotation from "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" by Yoshida Torajuro. How true it is! One grows up in a school, where there is no political education. We are trained to become interpreters, historians, and geologists. The question is not, "Why not?", but "Could there ever be?"

Politics could never be taught at school, unless one was taught by different teachers entertaining different beliefs of all shades. Otherwise, we would get only one person's viewpoint.

Already we see that little "discussions" in class about politics end up in little "arguments" in class. Would Political Education at school ever work?

"History is past politics and politics, present History." This is a quotation from the works of Sir John Robert Seely. Is what people learn in History really "Politics" or is what we learn just the cream off the top of the milk?

Let us discuss politics. What is politics? "Politics is the science and art of government, political affairs or political principles." No-one is supposed to speak about and discuss politics and, therefore, no-one really knows what politics is about. We can link this up with another quotation by Junius: "There is a mistaken Holy zeal in politics as well as in Religion. By persuading others we persuade ourselves". This is also very true. If we persuade ourselves and "hush" up politics, surely we will eventually convince ourselves that it is not an important field of study, whereas it is. All we know about politics is what we hear and read in the media. Can we really believe what we are told by interested parties?

As a second passes, so does time, so does History, so does politics, SO . . . ?

MICHELLE FOLEY 5C

O. DOCUMENT STATEMENT

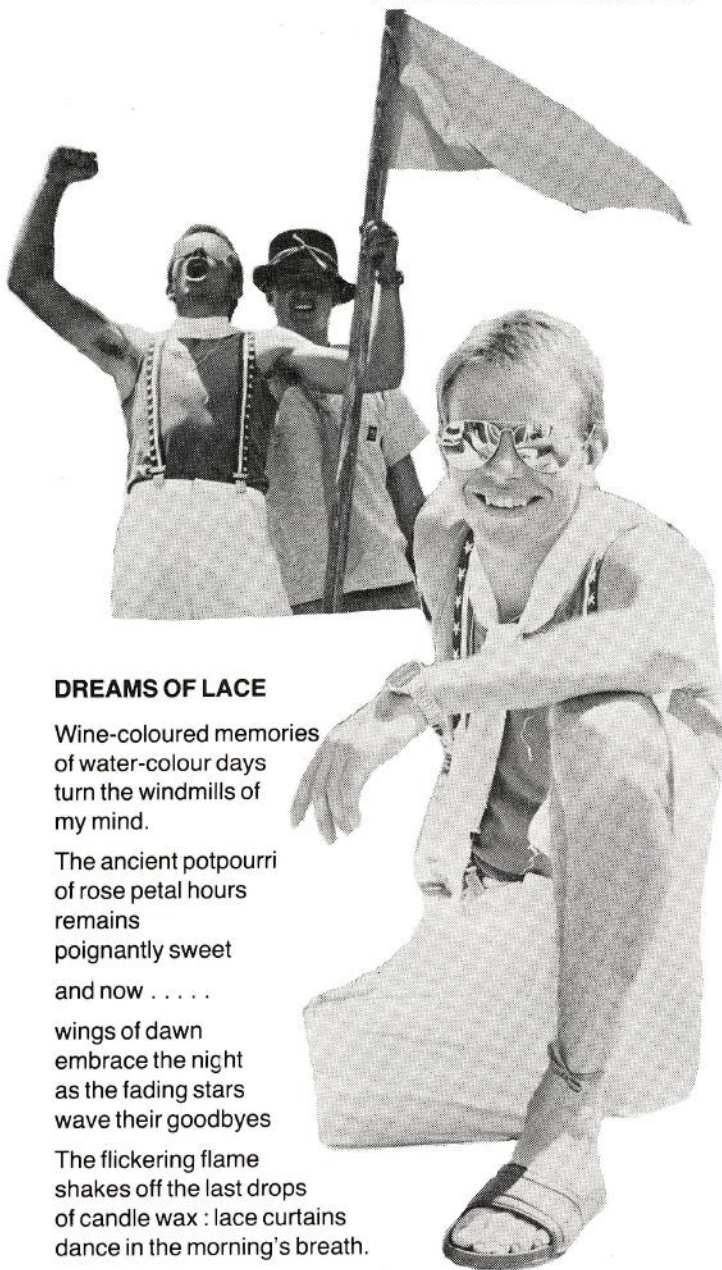
Discuss the attempts of the S.A.R. to expand in a Western direction and show how and why she was prevented by Britain.

In the year of our Lord 1952-08-20

I hereby solemnly do declare that I, Andre J.J. van Rensburg, wish to abstain from writing this essay on the grounds that I, the abovementioned, do not recall any data concerning the essay topic. Not from this year nor the previous. I, furthermore, wish to make mention of the fact that I absentmindedly believed that we i.e. 4C were merely going to write essays of some sorts. What I did not realize was that these essays would be written under test conditions and I did not know what the possible essay topics were.

I apologize for not making any attempt. I hereby accept the ultimate punishment of receiving an 0%. I give my assurance that this will not occur again.

SIGNED: A. VAN RENSBURG



DREAMS OF LACE

Wine-coloured memories
of water-colour days
turn the windmills of
my mind.

The ancient potpourri
of rose petal hours
remains
poignantly sweet
and now

wings of dawn
embrace the night
as the fading stars
wave their goodbyes

The flickering flame
shakes off the last drops
of candle wax : lace curtains
dance in the morning's breath.

The pastel minutes must pass
to make way for today.

GILLIAN FREIMOND 5D



THE BEGGAR

The night air was crisp and clear, with a hint of the forthcoming cold weather that made it uncomfortable to go out without a jersey. The stars twinkled clearly in the black sky and our breath formed little clouds as we laughed and joked.

I smiled softly to myself. It was good to be alive and young. Life was exciting and vibrant, constantly moving and, above all, it was fun. Glancing sideways, I examined Derek. He was good-looking, ambitious, athletic and the only son of a wealthy businessman. Yes, this young man had a lot of potential, but then, so did all of the boys in our group.

We moved slowly along the pavement, stopping now and then to examine the displays in the shop windows. The pavement was cracked and uneven. Gradually, the windows became heavily barred. The street lights ran out and the only light came from the neon signs and display lights.

A small shadow moved jerkily out of a doorway into the light. It was a small, black child, no more than eight years old. His clothes were ragged and badly in need of a wash. His skin could be seen through the numerous holes and his shirt flapped open where the buttons had long since disappeared. His trouser legs flapped loosely around his skinny legs.

Seeing us, he darted back into the dingy doorway and retreated as far into the corner as he could. Hastily he covered himself with a few ragged pieces of newspaper and tried bravely to stop his teeth from chattering. Beside him lay the remnants of his supper — a dried crust of bread — scorned even by the rats — and a bottle of murky water.

He raised his face as we passed by and brown eyes, too large for his small pinched face, held mine. He did not beg; did nothing other than stare back at us as if he was too weary to make the effort. My mind screamed out in protest: "Beg! Please make it easier for me to walk by" — but he did nothing.

The waitress came and we placed our orders, each of the boys competing to make her blush more deeply than the others. The food arrived: huge plates of succulent meat and vegetables, yet, as I raised my fork, I saw again the small pinched face, the quivering lip and in those eyes the look of resignation to the life he was born into.

ANGELA DICKSON 5C



TODAY TODAY, TOMORROW TODAY OR TODAY TOMORROW

Nature did not hide any secrets from me when I first awoke this morning. Even the depth of my sleep could not evoke surprise. Perhaps I have become too accustomed to the brilliance of the new sun. I wonder how many others close their eyes after they have opened them.

Johanna did not miss the sun today. She is lying on the floor next to the curtains. Johanna is a twenty-month old child and she is joy perfected. She is still hugging my teddy-bear, but her dummy was discarded as sleep descended. When the sun creeps through the curtains tomorrow, it will shine on her tiny face. She will open her eyes and run outside to play with the "fishies".

My mother dreams of fishes and sea-creatures; dreams disturbed by the rising sun. My parents do not always delight in the morning. I know that they are tired and would like to continue their blissful sleep. The sun becomes an alarm clock to be groped at with disbelief. It is, for them, an unpleasantness that forces them to engage themselves in traffic "jams", rushed lunches and dissatisfied, bickering people.

Many people do not comprehend the value of awakening to live another day. Days are merely shrugged off as "one of those irrelevancies". Their communication with others is limited. They have locked themselves within their self-recognition, to delve more deeply into the discovery of their attributes.

I once read of a man who religiously dug through stone and rock to meet the sun. He had forgotten the day in the darkness of a condemned cell. He had not revelled in the rays of sunshine for so long that even memories were obscure and the thought of death haunted him like terminal disease.

The old man has only memories to associate with the present. He wishes for the days when he played on the swings, to experience once again the laughter flowing from Johanna. He does not notice the sun through the stained curtains in a dingy room. His life has a hollowness like the thin hallway that echoes his footsteps.

Is it all going to be pushed away in hope of reassurance tomorrow? Will the eyes close no more? Or will the old man's footsteps be consigned to an almost forgotten dream? Oh, how many have walked and are motionless within the echoing of their footsteps?

BERENICE BURGER 5F

GOLF — DEDICATED TO MR. VISSER*

Whoever said golf was fun? A total misery, I would say! I'm no devotee to the "game", but playing golf is like being hanged outdoors and is a reliable way of getting a tan.

The "game" consists of fourteen clubs, a large number of white balls and a landscape of eighteen holes. It also involves a small amount of skill. The golfer feels miserable all the time. Each of his fourteen weapons is designed for a specific distance but he is convinced that he can't use at least six. They have betrayed him once too often. Does he leave the bad clubs at home? No. They grow old in his bag.

Despite all the disastrous happenings the golfer experiences, he will always look for new challenges, will go anywhere and pay any price to humiliate himself at a strange course.

Golf is the only game in which the player is not permitted to see what he is doing. He must continue to look down after he swings. The rest is up to the ball. It can stop on the fairway (a likely story), in the rough, woods, river or lake. With five options, what ball would choose to fly straight?

He who dreams of relaxation playing golf, is ruined. It is not only permissible but desirable to despise the course, ball, weather and the score.

I am certain that most golfers entertain the wrong philosophy. There is no triumph in golf. The proper attitude is to forestall disaster. Truthfully, I have never seen a hole being played, that I admire. All of them are spiteful, scheming and tricky.

Only naïve golfers play to have fun. These players who walk around the change rooms with a towel on the shoulder and a grin on their face are only concealing the misery of the putts they missed and the balls they lost in the rough, lake or even bunker.

My brother once "tried" to teach and help me to master the game, but after a great many ineffectual swings at the ball, we went straight to the club house and ordered double vodkas. Both of us are non-drinkers.

For the incompetent player, every shot is an almost. It almost goes where he wants it; it almost hits the green; it almost bounces out the lake; it almost runs the cup of the hole. Yet, few give the game up. They seek new and sharper pains.

Once, my brother was teeing off when his cart rolled into the lake. Consequently, he jumped into the lake to save his bag and cart. He was drenched and, pulling weeds out of his hair, he continued to complete the eighteen holes. Tell me why none of the players behind him was surprised!

As I have said, I'm a novice at the game but after a few "practice" rounds and "caddying" rounds, I can say, "Now I've seen everything".

Any golfer who comes home convinced that he enjoyed himself has either just played his first round, or his last.

JOANNE ANEMA 5A



HUMANE EDUCATION

The system of education and the "reliable" sources of conveying this educational information have a great importance in any scholar's later life. The teacher's function in this system, so it seems, is to give the pupil a good and suitable insight into what he will become and do when he leaves school, in a certain society. This is not teaching information to the pupil but merely gearing his beliefs for his later position in life.

When teachers urge children to study for the sake of getting good positions, do they not realize how they are falsifying the currency of life? To suggest to boys that a clerk is something better than a carpenter, an insurance agent better than a brick-layer, is entirely wrong. Teachers who openly or tacitly believe that if elementary school children receive a good education they ought not to become manual labourers, are dangerous to society. Teachers, especially the teachers in elementary schools, are the last persons on earth who can believe that all men are born equal. They should be the last persons on earth to countenance the belief that a manual labourer who is educated is fitted for something better than manual labour.

Surely the experiences of the war should have taught us that it is not what a man has to do that degrades him, but what he is, in habit and association. We must get into our minds the vital truth that education is our contribution to the whole twenty-four hours of man, and not merely to the eight or six or five hours that he devotes to an employer.

Vocational or professional training may or may not be education; but into the early foundation stages of education the circumstances of occupation must never be allowed to enter. We want the educated boy to rise; but we want him to rise above himself not above somebody else.

A humane education is a possession in which rich and poor can be equal without disruption to their material possessions. Education today can indoctrinate the future generation but I hope for my sake and many others' that the teachers can see the flaws in the system and slowly change and rectify it.

ANDREW BARWOOD 5A



COMPULSORY EDUCATION AND THE MINIMUM SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE

A question which is commonly debated today is that of the school-leaving age. At the moment, a pupil may only leave school when he is sixteen years old. If one suggests reducing this by two years and allowing pupils to leave at fourteen, many people become so shocked that their little fingers drop onto the teacup and they start ranting about "... going backwards, why in my day" "People need an education nowadays, one won't" Slowly the little fingers rise and things are back to normal. I feel that this issue is worthy of a bit more attention.

At school I think that we can distinguish three types of pupils. First of all Bartholomew Brainbox, who is obviously geared to an academic or professional career. He enjoys his studies and sails through school en route to university.

Secondly, there is Joe Bloggs. He may not be very bright but he works hard to draw as much benefit as he can from what the system has to offer. Since he always does his best, he will leave school with a good record and will hopefully be able to find employment of his own choice and suiting his capacities.

Thirdly, there is "Basher" Williams. He is probably the most recognisable, because he continually brings himself to our notice. He's the one that our teachers don't know how to deal with. Probably his parents don't either. He knows he's not very clever and has given up making any effort at all. He will leave school with a bad record, and will have great difficulty finding any job.

"Basher" Williams and his peers become very frustrated, because they are forced to remain at school, where they feel inadequate. They are probably heading for some kind of manual or practical job and since schools do not have the necessary equipment or teachers to train them for this, they rightly feel that they are wasting their time.

A very important reality of living in a modern society is the fact that responsibility breeds maturity. This can be proved in all stages of life, from the five-year old who seems to change drastically with the responsibility of school, to the young woman, who develops maturity and insight with the responsibility of her first child. If we give "Basher" Williams responsibility by letting him leave school at fourteen, he will probably mature better.

If we reduced the school-leaving age to fourteen, industry would be able to train school-leavers at an earlier age, an age when people find it easy to absorb new skills, instead of fourteen-year olds having to stay at school where they can only be taught useful skills for a limited time.

There are those who would argue that children leaving school at such an early age would be exploited and made to work for poor families. This is in fact a good point, but not in White South Africa, where the majority are well above the "bread-line". However, one cannot ignore the poor sector and the Blacks, but I really don't think that it would be difficult to monitor the occupations of all persons under the age of seventeen. It would certainly be no more difficult or expensive than sending them to school, where many would be wasting time.

Nowadays, we pride ourselves on living in a so-called "democratic" society. I can see nothing democratic about forcing fourteen-year-olds to remain at school against their wishes, and often, against and to the detriment of their futures!

"Careful. Really Georgina! You must learn to keep your finger up!"

COLIN BURNS 5C

HORRIBLE HELL

- H— is for hell. The hell and terror one goes through during a terrible, terrifying war.
- O— is for orphans, whose fathers have died fighting and whose mothers were murdered, butchered, raped maybe . . .
- R— is for running, running away, trying to escape the war, escape the fighting.
- R— is for reaping, reaping the dead. The reaping of loved ones and friends.
- O— is over. The violent war is over, all the fear and hurt is over.
- R— is the return. Re-uniting with the survivors, your family and friends.

TRACY POTGIETER—4E

ROCKET MAN

I think
I'm a rocket man,
Burning out my fuse up here alone,
fast and barren,
I am dust.

I miss my home so much
I miss my wife
I'm only human,
man, inclined to fear
Teardrop in my eye.

The clouds roll on,
One day to empty their all,
You and I
In this vastness.

JOHN STUART 5B



A FLY IN THE OINTMENT

This saying came about when wine was made. During this time, not many precautions were taken over the grapes, so often there were insects or bad grapes being mixed up in the making. This is a story of how I found out what the saying meant.

It was my grandfather's birthday and I had to buy him something. I was walking in town when I passed a liquor store and decided to buy him a bottle of imported wine. I bought a bottle and wrapped it up. The next morning, I took it to my grandfather and he opened it then and there. He was very pleased with it. At lunch, he decided to try some of it. He opened it and poured himself a glassful, to find that there were two fat, juicy flies sitting in the cup. He took them out and poured another glass, to find exactly the same thing.

The whole birthday present was ruined.

A fly in the ointment is something which spoils the quality of something else

SANDRA DE BRUYN



A TECHNICAL HITCH

I often wish I could return to my tender years; the years when I was a small, innocent child. My memories of that time are few, but the couple of incidents I do remember are vivid.

I was barely able to go to the toilet by myself. To me it was a grand ceremony: I would close the door, and after the prescribed ritual of undressing, carefully — and precariously — balance myself in the appropriate place, That well puzzled me and I often wondered where it went. I never shall forget that day when I encountered a technical hitch.

The rafters rang with the rockety shriek of my mother's voice when she discovered evidence thereof. I felt as though I had failed in my first attempt at proving myself. Being a sensitive little child, I decided home was definitely not the place to be. It was quite clear: I had failed and wasn't wanted.

I successfully persuaded my little brother to leave home with me. He always looked up to me, but perhaps that's because I was taller than he. It was my intention to set up home in an empty plot, just up the road.

After what seemed an age, we arrived at our new "home". There was a large tree located centrally on the plot. The rest of the plot consisted of long, dry winter grass with a distinct dusty fragrance that made the nose twinge. Our belongings consisted of two pillows, my brother's teddy-bear, (I decided I was too old for that) and a packet of Marie biscuits. Here, I need not scale toilets. Nature could easily tend to my less dignified needs.

I was lying on my pillow, already longing for home, missing my mother's large chocolate cakes, with layers of sweet icing that I always managed to get all over my face, in my eyebrows and on my eyelashes. The best part was when I would scrape the icing off, preserving as much as possible, even the parts that got stuck on my upper lip under my moist nose. The collected icing I would then jam in my mouth.

I was brought back to the present by my brother tapping me on the shoulder. He pointed down at his foot. It had been sliced virtually in half and all that held it together was the top skin surface. The inside looked like a fish's gill held wide open. Many muscle layers could be distinguished, although it all looked like one as the blood streamed and spurted forth. White spots indicated where the ligaments had been cut. My brother had jumped out of a tree onto a milk-bottle base with protruding edges.

I decided my mom was the best one to deal with a situation like this. I whisked my brother onto my back and sped home as quickly as my legs could carry both of us. It turned out we were returning home much sooner than we had contemplated. Secretly, though, I was pleased to return to the safety of my true home and mother.

CRAIG KAMPS 5A



THE BOON OF NUCLEAR POWER

On the sixth of August, 1945, the first atomic bomb (consisting of plutonium as the explosive material) was dropped on Hiroshima. Three days later, another atomic bomb (this time consisting of uranium as the explosive material) was dropped on Nagasaki. In both these cities, sixty-seven thousand people died. Since then, a further eighty thousand people have died a slow and extremely painful death from radiation sickness. Even today, people are still rotting away and dying from cancer caused by the bombs.

Today, the threat of nuclear war is very great, and the nightmares of Hiroshima and Nagasaki could become reality again in the not too distant future. Nuclear bombs, like those used in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but over a thousand times more powerful, could be dropped on major cities, killing millions of innocent civilians.

Although nuclear power is detested by the majority of people, it has both good and bad points. However, the bad points greatly outweigh the good points.

Some people, especially leaders and members of governments, believe that nuclear weapons act as deterrents, so that the enemy will not drop a bomb on them if they can retaliate and cause as much damage. This is true to a point, but there are many countries which don't have nuclear power, and so far, none of these countries have had any bombs dropped on them, and if nuclear war breaks out, these are the safest countries to be in.

The best point in favour of nuclear power is that it can be used as an alternative form of energy but this has many draw-backs. Nuclear power-stations can be found in most major countries; but accidents can and have happened. All accidents at nuclear power-stations have been minor so far, but one day thousands of people may die in a major accident or leakage.

Nuclear power-stations have to be supplied with plutonium and uranium and trains are usually used for the transportation thereof. The nuclear fuel is placed in 'specially designed containers, which can withstand an impact of fifty kilometres per hour', yet the trains carrying these containers often travel at three times this speed. The containers can also withstand fire for half an hour, but fires lasting several hours are not uncommon in marshalling yards.

Another great cause for concern about nuclear weapons, apart from their ability to cause terrible death and destruction, is the very high cost involved. Each year, America wastes billions of dollars on nuclear warfare. This money could be spent more fruitfully on helping the starving people of Africa and would therefore save the lives of thousands of people, instead of endangering the lives of millions of people.

Apart from the danger of nuclear weapons, there is great danger to the health of millions of people, because of nuclear waste. Ninety-nine percent of all uranium mined ends up as waste on open piles or in the sea. The Irish Sea, the most radio-active sea in the world, has over a million tons of liquid waste pumped into it every two days. As the radio-activity of the sea increases, all the sea-life will become contaminated and will eventually die. Sea-water evaporates to form rain and therefore in time the rain created from these waters could be deadly.

There is no solution yet to the nuclear problem, although nuclear power is dirty, inefficient and deadly. I think that all nuclear weapons and nuclear power-stations must be removed. Power-stations have a new fuel for us, but I think that, until they are as safe as coal-powered or petroleum-powered power-stations, and the transportation of the nuclear fuel is completely safe, they should not be used. If nuclear power-stations were scrapped, governments could spend their saved money on trying to exploit other forms of energy such as solar energy. I disagree with the maintenance of any weapons at all, so I think that nuclear weapons should be scrapped as soon as possible.

As one "C.N.D." banner quoted in a protest march: "There is only one defence against nuclear weapons. That is to remove them."

GAVIN MOSSON 4C

WHY?

A tiny, frail body reaches out for warmth —
 But all that is found is the cold and the dark.
 A hungry mouth opened wide,
 But all in vain, for it receives nothing.
 Whilst on the other side of the fence, the road
 A WHITE baby sleeps,
 Warm and contented — knowing not what longing is,
 Why??
 Just because fate gave out a darkened skin —
 This tiny soul suffers.
 Innocent and helpless;
 Bearing the consequence like generations before.
 Now this pure, white heart will not live to see morning,
 Will not welcome the dawning of a new day —

TRACY POTGIETER 4E

CAN YOU LOVE ME

Would you dare to seek and find the treasures
 of a heart, to discover and explore
 the labyrinthed recesses of a soul?
 Could you satisfy the cravings of one who is
 unfulfilled, and cope with the
 enormity of touching the core of
 another's existence?
 Will you create an enigma of unity along the
 lonely, uneven path of eternity?
 And even more than this,
 Can you love me?

B. KLEWS 4B



NATURE'S SYMPHONY

A hidden woodland glen . . .
where streams of sparkling water play music;
As they tumble o'er pebble and rock . . .
Their sweet notes reaching high into
the cool fresh air —
touched with a hint of icy wind.
As the fine mist hovers low;
And the leaves dipped in dew-gliosten-like
sparkling diamonds —
more beautiful than the crystals of the earth.
And the swaying trees "rustle"
as the breeze —
rushes and falls through the leaves —
enriching the beautiful music of nature.

LAURA MALAN 4B

STANDFAST

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DARK MADONNA

We thought we had everything
But, baby, we had nothing.
Nothing at all.
Just a collection of black painfilled memories.

Time racked us with guilt
But you cared not a damn.
Your ebony heart
Was as unyielding as a dead man's hand.
So you packed your things and went,
Like a dark shadow across the moon
A brief instant
Was like pitch in a bent bucket
So I was released from your enchantment
But not from your eternal payment

CLYDE RUSSELL 4B

DANCE

A Beautiful,
distantly unrealistic
view of the human form . . .
Eager, tender and vulnerable,
poise, renewed . . .
and so forever young . . .

TANYA VAN ZYL 4E



A BOY'S HEART

Late one night — or rather early in the morning — at the lonely hour of three o'clock, I sat in the waiting-room of a bus centre. There were only three of us. One other waiting passenger, a tired-looking grandmother — or great-grandmother — sat hunched on the other end of the bench from me. The thin grey coat she wore opened below the buttons to disclose a much-washed cotton dress. A long-used and dilapidated purse lay beside her on the seat. Her head bent forward eventually, and she slept from weariness. A boy who appeared to be of high-school age, sat on the bench across the room from us.

Because of the vicious crimes which had been committed in this city recently by teenaged boys, I found myself glancing at him somewhat apprehensively. Yet, he was cleanly dressed in neat brown slacks and a blue ski-jacket. His hair was trimmed neatly, which was reassuring to some extent. The look on his face, though, was a frequent one seen among the teenage generation of today: defiant, rebellious. Then I noticed that he was watching the little grandmother quite intently. I pretended to continue reading my magazine, but kept the boy under surveillance out of the corner of my eye.

He took out his wallet, and, rather restlessly, it seemed, examined its contents. His eyes shifted to the elderly lady's hand folded in her lap, to her neglected purse beside her and back again to her hands. Once more, he turned to his thin wallet, taking out what was clearly its entire contents; a one-rand note, and a five-rand note, a picture of a girl, and his ticket. He counted the small change in his pocket, shook his head, rubbed his mouth and glanced one more at the sleeping grandmother.

When he stood up, my heart began to pound. By now my full attention centred upon him, but for some reason he did not seem aware of my presence at all. As he walked towards the sleeping lady I prepared to spring into action should his hand reach for the purse.

"Did he dare", I wondered. He slowly stood up, hesitating above the little woman with his fist closed. Then, lowering his hand, he opened his right fist slowly and a note dropped into the cup formed by the wrinkled hands and worn coat.

It was not the one-rand note.
It was the five.

KAREN BOSMAN 4E

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

He was sent out to discover the universe.

He found some of it. He was heading nowhere in particular at twice the speed of light and was experiencing the strange effects thereof — the ultra-violet colour, the cinemascopic vision and all the other phenomena which were by now normal to him.

He had been in space for three weeks and was approximately five billion kilometres from his home planet Thuranon — the fifth planet in the twenty-one planet system. He had been sent on a voyage farther than any one had been and "discover the universe". He had been nominated after a series of physical and emotional tests.

To his left was a Quasar star, blue and searing in its centre and an orange-pink halo around it, giving way to blackness and then a mass of distant stars. He knew the image recorders in his ship would be soaking up this awe-inspiring show of nature. On his right was the blackness of inter-galactical space.

Abruptly, on his left, something materialized. It was barely visible and at first he didn't notice it. It blossomed like a beautiful flower and then took up the whole left view screen in his ship. He was awe struck and slowed his ship to just below the speed of light to get the full view of it — not just the stretched out appearance obtained from superspectric velocities.

Now it was even more glorious than before — purple, red, orange, fading and brightening like an aurora image, swirling and eddying like a whirlpool.

Then he noticed that the cinematic effect was appearing but he hadn't touched his velo-laser controls. He looked at his spectrometer — the instrument that measures light speed velocities. He was moving at twice the speed of light and accelerating — except this time it was towards the swirling maelstrom of orange and red light.

D. BARONETTI 4C

Vanaf my sekuriteit
— my verhewe ras —
kyk ek af op jou struweling,
jou hopelose stryd.
Ek sien die tam aanvaarding
in die oë van jou oudstes.
Dit waarteen jy veg!
In jou eie brand die vure
van oortuigde opstand
Jy smag na erkenning
maar die kettings knel jou
tot 'n magtelose enkeling
in 'n verdruchte massa

Nes jy
sien ek ook die verwronge liggaam
van 'n honger kind
En ek wil uitreik . . .
in die naam van geregtigheid
maar die koue greep van ons tye
ruk my terug:
"Jy sien dit nie!"
"Dit pla jou nie!"
Ek mag jou nie aanraak nie.
Jy sien . . .
Jy is nie wit nie.

TANYA VAN ZYL 4E

REALITY

Reality? What is it? Reality is the plain truth. People of today, in my opinion, do not live in reality.

We are not exposed to true reality in this country. I believe that there is more to life — the Bush War, politics, and other things — than we are told.

If you look at an interview from Britain and compare it to one in South Africa, interviewing a politician, you will find that the British interviewer digs deep, exposing everything, posing questions that are right to the point; but the South African interviewer goes around the point, and at the end of the interview, little has been exposed.

Why are films restricted? I believe it is good, but by censoring and restricting, reality is covered up.

Blood, violence; in my opinion, we need to see them to prevent war. We are exposed to total propaganda. We dread terrorists, not soldiers fighting for South Africa. We see the soldiers, not fighting and getting killed or wounded, but being awarded medals.

What are we taught about sex? Nothing; therefore we have the problem of not knowing about contraception and there is overpopulation and young people getting pregnant, not by choice but because they knew nothing of it.

Why can't we be exposed to reality? I am sure it would change the world and quite drastically.

PETER FRANCIS 4H



HOLIDAYS

A holiday is an annual event
Which everyone feels is very well spent
Enjoying themselves to their utmost delight
From early in the morning 'til late in the night.

Some people pack and travel by train,
While others drive or catch a plane,
But eventually the aim is always the same
The fact that it's holiday time again.

It's always pleasant to have a rest,
Be it at home, or in a wave's crest
But before long, you find that the days have flown by,
And being back at school makes you want to cry.

CHRISTINE BROULIDAKIS 4B

EMPTY ECHOES OF AN ECHO

As a child, I encountered the story of the Emperor's New Clothes. How everyone joined everyone else marvelling and exclaiming at the Emperor's new clothes, which weren't even there at all! Only one person dared to say what he thought, to express an honest opinion, when even the great brains of the court subscribed to the opinion of the masses.

Another incident that illustrates the fact that people are too scared to think for themselves took place at an art show in France. Two people were admiring a certain painting. Their praises did seem to be over-acted, although it was quite a nice picture. Suddenly, one of the two turned to the catalogue remarking, "Why, this isn't the Renoir painting, this is number so-and-so." Without more ado, the two turned away from the painting they had been admiring so ecstatically, and moved on to find the Renoir. There they fell into similar raptures all over again.

It is such a pity that people today cannot think for themselves. They are usually second-hand thinkers, and second-hand thinkers are not thinkers at all. Just as Londoners "Oohed!" and "Aahed!" about the Cubists and Dottists and Spottists and other cranks who bombarded them with an avalanche of new art, so these two people had no genuine enthusiasm or knowledge. They wanted to be part of the latest fashion; simply empty echoes of an echo.

This incident was harmless enough except to the ego of those who were exposed. What of those who harm others as devotees of the flock, however? I refer to the case of two Italians who disagreed long and with much conviction, about the relative merits of two philosophers. Eventually, they fought a duel about it. As both lay dying on the ground, one said, "And to think that I never read any of their works." "Nor have I," said the other, and with that they both died. Many times people are heard quoting, or using the ideas of, one or the other philosopher. Why must people look for some learned "great" to copy? Is that the only way people can make an impression on society? Why can't people form their own ideas and think for themselves

Many people go through life without ever having any original thoughts of their own; they get them second hand. We think in flocks and go wherever the shepherd leads us. People who are fearful of being "one of the masses" often try so hard to avoid one particular flock that they join up with another that has equally strong second-hand views in another direction.

Candidates writing a French Military Board examination were given a dictation consisting of an unsigned page. It was printed in the paper as an example of bad French. The passage was held up to ridicule by many, but the person who laughed the loudest at the piece was an enthusiastic admirer of Michelet. Only later was it revealed that the passage was from Michelet; and Michelet at his best.

It is not that we cannot think, but that we are too afraid to think differently. It is much easier to conform than to stand alone and shout against. We are too timid to trust our own feelings or our own judgement. We want an authority to lean against, and when we have it, we recite its principles as a child would recite its "two times" table. It would be far better if man could think ignorantly rather than merely by an echo. I gave a silent cheer when I heard of the Evangelical clergyman who said from the pulpit that he really couldn't see anything in Shakespeare. There was a man who, although he was naïve about Shakespeare, was too honest to pretend he could see anything in the Bard's work. What price integrity when we have to say what others say because of our social standing?

We have come far since the days when man was burned or prosecuted for daring to think for himself. The truth is, though, that thought does not thrive on freedom, and only if our liberty to think freely was taken away from us, would we discover what empty echoes of an echo we really are?

CLAIR KRUSE 5C



VIOLENCE

"This is the B.B.C. . . . 6.30 news . . . I.R.A. has claimed responsibility . . . blast killed five . . . child maimed . . . antagonistic left wing revolutionaries . . . names of the seven nuns bayoneted to death in Uganda . . . expected to clash . . . continued strife . . . Click!"

With a quick, desperate movement, I switched the small transistor radio off. My spasmodic movement served no purpose. The words of the inevitable doom struck fast in my mind, giving no relief — "DEATH" . . . "STRIFE". Where would it all lead to? This was a question no sane man would attempt to answer.

What causes this excessive violence apparent in the world today? I refuse to believe that we are basically primitive animals fighting for "survival". A more plausible postulation is that it is the world's present socio-economic conditions that are the fundamental causes.

To eradicate man's violence and cruelty to his fellows, the very infrastructure of our conventional economical, social and political systems will have to change. New systems will have to be introduced, to satisfy everyone, if this is at all possible. I think it is up to the individual to strive for a better world.

There are some people, however, who desire to bring about change through revolution. Any change that is brought about violently can only be a change for the worse, or no real change at all.

The old Greek word "agape" refers to a person's love and care for his community and fellow man. It would be a great achievement to build a society on "agape".

DUNCAN LLOYD 5C



HORSES: FRIENDS TO MAN

The novel expressions and the pleasure my friends received from the exercise are probably the reasons why I first became interested in the sport. Although I was a coward, I was foolish enough to join them.

If you are eventually persuaded to try it once or twice, nobody is to blame but yourself. It is no good denying that all horses have a sneaky look, along with an air of docility when unmounted. Beware of riding-instructors who assure you of the safety of their animals, as they usually take after those they are protecting. You may be told, "The horse is a friend of man". However, it is well to ignore this, as it was written by someone of poor mental development who had never been near a horse in his life.

If you are determined to ride one of these animals, you should read a book on the techniques of riding. That is, of course, if you can find one amongst the story-books about horses and by horses. They will tell you to keep your heels down, back straight; hand still and to look straight in front of you, but you'll probably find in practice the best thing to learn is how to stay on the horse.

Your instructor will tell you to keep your legs tight but the rest of your body relaxed. If your co-ordination allows you to do this, he will then push your legs into the correct position with heels down and in. He usually pushes them into the easiest position for them to break. Trying to get the correct position of the hands is guaranteed to give you cramp.

The correct attire is supposedly for convenience and comfort, but it serves more as a sort of laughing gimmick for others. It is designed for thin calves, knobby knees, bandy thighs, big behinds, small waists and round shoulders, developed from clinging to galloping horses.

On arriving, you're told that there is a quiet animal saddled up for you. Pawing at the ground, staring red-eyed, its ears laid back and showing large yellow teeth, it charges out of the stable.

If you're lucky, you will eventually own one. The first time I rode my horse, he threw me off three times. The following day, I'd bought him. Every time I tried to catch him, he charged me, tried to kick me and, when he was eventually caught, and I needed to tighten the girth, he would insist on biting my back and stamping on my feet.

I despised him, but it was this hatred that kept me at it. I won't let him get the better of me! If I sell him, he will have won and then I shall be the loser.

BRIDGET STROH 5C

THE ART OF GROWING UP

To be born is to enter a world of people who will do anything to get to the pot of gold before you. This essay is my attempt to teach you the art of growing up.

As a baby, you have the right to scream at one o'clock in the morning and Mother won't mind if you wake up the whole household. You will duly get a drink and be nursed back to sleep. It must be remembered that, after the age of ten, this early morning opera is not the "done" thing.

The first tooth to appear in your gummy mouth will be greeted with "oohs" and "aahs". This attention is great, until you learn how to use your teeth and, after chewing Mummy's fingers, Daddy's slippers and Granny's dentures, the novelty wears off.

When you find the use of your legs, you will be expected to toddle from one end of the room to the other. When guests arrive, running into Daddy's arms must be done with speed and agility and a smiling face always goes down well.

At the tender age of six, you will be pushed into an institution known as school. Here, people called "teachers" will try to make you read and write. You will be expected to add four guavas and six grenadillas and somehow get the answer of twelve "guavadillas". Don't worry, it's not as easy as it sounds. You will always be caught out in some way. Your primary school years stretch from the age of six to approximately the age of thirteen. The not-so-lucky usually reach high school by the age of fifteen.

Then you face high school and to the best years of your life. Suddenly, you can see your ex-boyfriend's ears appear to the world, sparkling and white after years of being hidden by thatches of hair. Suddenly, that little girl next door has grown two bobs on the side of her head. Looking closely, you will notice they are pony-tails swathed in ribbons. Suddenly, her legs don't seem to remind you of King Kong any longer, either.

At high school you will be expected to participate in many sports. Sports such as rugby and cricket really separate the ladies from the girls. You must ensure that you participate in at least one summer and one winter sport. Through doing this, a young supple body will be yours all year round. If you are female and leggy, you may take part in our annual Horse-Show. The winner of this is crowned Miss Bryanston High.

And so to your "matric." year. Your final year at school has arrived.

Twelve years' imprisonment and now the gates are opened and you sprint to freedom! (This is the one time you may appreciate all those exercises at rugby practice). At this time of your life, you will be attending "matric." dances as well as a Debutantes' Ball. These two gatherings are actually get-togethers where staff and pupils sit down, relax, enjoy a good stiff drink of "Coke" and listen to the music lifting the walls of the hall.

What happens after school is yet to be discovered. I've heard it's tough and cold out there and everyone is trying to reach the ribbon before you. If you haven't had enough of school by then, you can always attend University. Here you will learn everything about the government, as well as how to burn the national flag every Republic day.

Whatever happens, the choice is yours and your life is what you make it.

SIÁN BLACKBURN 5F

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE

Walking up to the calm tranquility of the buzzing wheels, turning at the command of the driver, I looked around at the little box I was in. Going on holiday was an expectation of the privileged every year and something to look forward to. The countryside flew past my window to reality. It was a monotonous eternity of mealee-fields, cattle, occasional trees and groups of mud huts made by a "stagnant" society that I saw.

The road was dusty, pot-holed and corrugated. It seemed quite a while before that we had turned off the evenly-tarred road and entered this havoc of flying dust. Little black children with out-stretched cupped hands ran towards us, begging for sweets. We had come to a closed rusty gate and they all ran towards it, covered by their meagre rags. Gabbling in a strange tongue, they showed their eagerness to earn whatever they could by opening the gate.

I looked up to see a young boy striving to follow the others, but fate had been cruel to him because his right leg was broken and untreated. Dragging it behind him like a lifeless weight, he came down the hill from his hut. The other children were out for what they could get and didn't want to be hindered by helping a cripple. The smaller children kept well away from the larger ones, fearing that the bullies might take away their meagre, newly acquired possessions.

Finally, the little cripple reached the gate. We handed him a sweet but an older boy with quicker reactions snatched it from him and gobbled it down. The little boy sadly accepted his fate, realizing that his lack of physical strength hampered him in fighting for what was his. He shuffled to the gate where the other children were and began to help with the latch. He had no payment, but using all his strength and twice as much energy as the others, he helped swing the gate back.

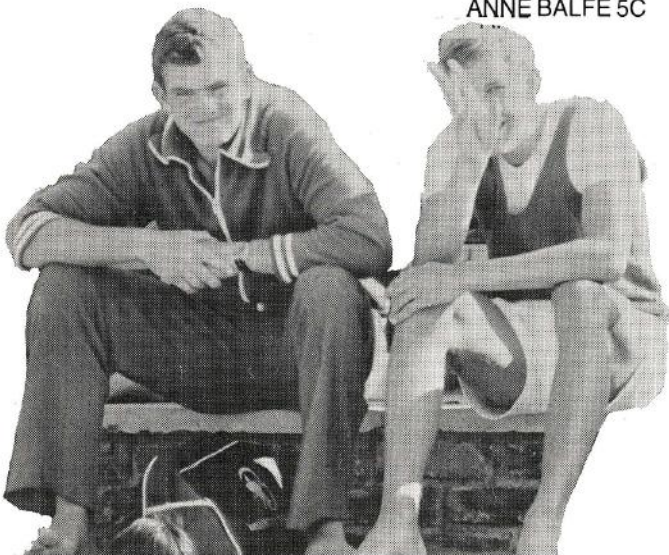
How I longed to go and help him and give him as many things as I could. Suddenly I seemed to have so much. If I broke my leg there would be no question of my going to a doctor; I would just go. After all, what is medical aid?

Even with all the determination that little boy had, he would never succeed to his full potential as people would always be suppressing him as a punishment for his colour.

Perhaps that little boy who fought so hard to succeed, ignoring his superiors' ridicule, may break through the barrier, revolt and assert himself.

Our car pulled away, leaving the gate behind and the boys to close it. The little cripple stood by the side of the road, observing. Quickly I dropped our few remaining sweets to him. His face lit up and he waved good-bye.

ANNE BALFE 5C



REQUIESCAT IN PACEM

What happens to you when you have drunk four cups of strong black coffee in one evening? It could turn your hair grey, make your toes shrivel up and may even cause a mild coronary thrombosis. What seems to be a perfectly innocent act could be very detrimental to your well-being.

It is one-thirty in the morning and you're still wide awake. You've tried everything possible to fall asleep. Counting sheep has no effect on you any more as you can't count past sixty, so you knock your head against the wall a couple of times, hoping that this will render you unconscious, securing successfully twenty-four hours of sleep (or more). You've given up knocking your head against the wall (before you get brain damage) and you decide to take a stroll around the house.

Little do you know that your shy, innocent maid is, in fact, an ardent member of the "A.N.C." and is at that time holding a party meeting in her quarters. You're also unaware of the fact that she has been storing bombs and machine-guns under her bed waiting patiently for "THE DAY."

In all innocence you enter the kitchen, open a can of peaches, add a dollop of ice-cream to it, knowing that you're probably going to gain two more kilogrammes — but never mind — and then, sitting down on the kitchen sink, you gaze out the window onto a panoramic view of your backyard (and washing line). But instead of seeing Fido, your dog, you are confronted with numerous black faces and milky white teeth. You remember that you're wearing your French negligée and you have no ambition to be accused of contravening the Immorality Act, so you hide behind the curtain and scream, "SOPHIE!"

Sophie appears — not in her pretty little pink apron, but in an army-type uniform, holding an "AK-47" in her little black hands. You smile at her, saying that you just wanted to know whether she was enjoying her party. Then, in a split second, you dash through the door, close and lock it, only to discover that you've caught your negligée in the "darn thing", so you remove your negligée, push your ten thousand rand Yellow-wood dining-room table against the door, and run screaming down the passage.

Your husband wakes up (so do all six of your children, the parrot, cat and your son's pet rat), grabs the fire extinguisher and proceeds to spray the surrounding area — you!

When eventually you manage to explain to him what is happening, you notice that he's gone into fits of convulsions and is lying prostrate on the floor. You also notice at that moment that you've left your negligée stuck in the door. You 'phone John Vorster Square and inform the police of your situation. You also instruct your "kids" to lock themselves up in the bedroom cupboard, and you hide yourself under the bed. When the police eventually arrive, you're in a shocking state. They inform you that Sophie left some time ago, and they promise to follow the incident up.

It is at this point that you wonder whether there isn't more to coffee than caffeine, and more to caffeine than cancer, and to crown it all, you still can't get to sleep, so you wonder whether you shouldn't drink another four cups of strong black coffee and be done with it.

GISÉLE PULÉ 5F

"GOD BLESS . . . GOD DAMN" (J. Thurber)

"Tell me, Sargeant. Who's that bloke up there that plays the dirty on an honest-to-God hard working guy? Huh? Tell me."

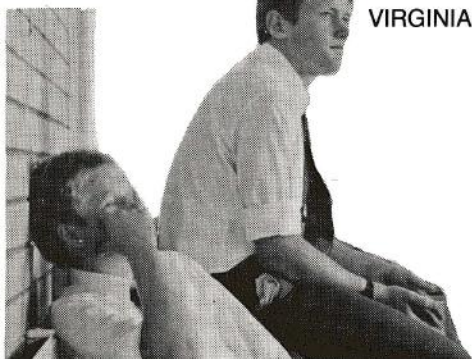
"I wake up one ordinary working weekday morning. The wife's screeching, the kids are bawling, the coffee's cold. The toast is near well burnt — and I only hate burnt toast! A guy goes to work, just like every other morning. You know the scene — "another day older and deeper in debt". Anyway, you get to work. The boss is ratty — I guess his old lady's been giving him a hard line on the social scene. The pan technicians haven't been serviced and the fool mechanics are as drunk as lords. Was pay day the night before? But that's okay. It's the usual scene. Eventually, we get everything sorted out. Get the show on the road.

"I'm driving there along the Botswana-Jo'burg road. Same graft. Same load. I'm doing a cool sixty k's. Going carefully — it's a heavy load. Nature's looking fresh-like, a bit polluted maybe, but I like it. It's the nearest I get to genuine countryside anyways. Then I saw this guy, he looked kind of peaky, but hell, I thought nothing of it. Not everybody goes for a country morning. Bit chilly perhaps.

"But the next thing! — I couldn't believe it. I look up and so help me, the stupid idiot's chucking himself under my wheels. What can I do? Or leastways what could I do? Slam on anchors, keep on going, twist the wheel and overturn the panch? There's a lady coming from the opposite direction. Poor dame, looked as though someone'd kicked her in the guts. But hell, who's going to blame her? Getting back to this crazy coot. You know the pan Technicons. They're so sensitive. You go over the wires the cops lay down — no offence, Serge — and you feel it, every copper-wire strand, literally, while you're counting, another strand, another rand. You don't think I didn't feel this guy? I felt him. I'm going nuts, trying to flick the blinkers, stop the truck while confessing my sins, praying and hoping I don't hit a wet patch, roll the whole joint and do God only knows what to myself. The dame in the "beetle"; you know — those cars that look like mobile ant-heaps — looks like she's in shock-spasm. What they call it? Epilepsy something. Nah? Well anyway, something likewise.

"The lorry's doing a cranky-corkscrew. I can feel this guy's body thrashing under the wheels. You know, like a banana. But, oh man, with amplified sound effects. I stopped. Not a 'mobile in sight. Can you credit it? There I am, stuck in Outer Mongolia for all a body cares and not one car!

"That selfish swine. I'm the one left hitched up to the neck as a result of his suicidal kicks. I didn't, couldn't even look-see. I was that disgusted. Just vomited. Try to find a phone box? You think there'd be one in that forsaken-bush place? Not a hope in hell. A five kilometre hike. I arrive, somewhere, anywhere! The feeble-female at the Janie Snyman 'stead thinks I'm some sort of freak — I don't know what. Take that. A freak I ask you Serge, with tears in my eyes, a freak. A bloody freak."



VIRGINIA NEUNBORN 5F



THOSE LITTLE BROWN PEOPLE

The city of Jerusalem thronged with little brown people robed in tatty but bright garments, and uttering a language that was no more than guttural sounds to us. We were objects of entertainment to them, something different, a different tongue, fair hair and western clothes. Their eyes held a look of envy. Or was it curiosity? Perhaps it was a little of both.

We had to push our way through the crowds of Arabs to get to the old city gates. From the outside, the gates looked forbidding, but once one was inside, it was a tourist's haven. Thousands of little shops crowded the alley-ways, wares and goods hanging across the streets. Children played happily in the gutter, while men and women hawked their wares. Their laughter and shouting filled me with frenzied excitement. These are happy people, I thought. I spotted a jeweller's shop and hurried towards it. It was small with green walls, and a smell of incense hung pleasantly in the air. An old Arab approached me. "You like something?" he asked in broken English. I asked to look at some rings and he eagerly presented a small silver ring. His price was too high, and he left me to decide while he attended to other customers.

The ring was pretty but not really what I wanted. He was engrossed in his customers so I carefully placed the ring back on the counter and left the shop.

The heat of the day hit me as I stepped out into the sunshine. The children still played, and the men shouted their wares. Everywhere there was happiness.

"Hey you!" came a shout, "Hey you!" My arm was grabbed and I spun around to face an extremely angry little man.

"You steal ring. You steal it, you not pay me! You thief!"

I was so stunned, I could only stare at his beady little eyes that glittered with hatred. In an instant, I thought, he was going to kill me. I could feel the heat rising as my anger mounted. The laughter from the children turned to jeers, the men were shouting, shouting at me I thought.

"I did not steal your ring," I started, but was cut off with a babble of Arabic. He pulled me back into his stuffy little shop and demanded to search me. I emptied my pockets and bag, all the while ranting back at him in my humiliation. He was not satisfied that I didn't have the ring and threatened to call the police in the Old City. I stared back into those horrible eyes, set in his evil little face.

"Get this straight — I did not steal your ring — call your police if you want, but I'll call the police from the New City."

At this his mouth closed over his yellow chipped teeth and he muttered an order to get out of his shop. I did so gladly and as I stepped back into the sunshine I thought to myself:

". . . those are hostile people . . ."

THE PLASTIC ARTS

Remember back to those long, sun filled days of childhood. Remember our dreams of those innocent years: "When I grow up, I want to be a cowboy, a fireman, a soldier . . ." Our first exposure to these various lifestyles came with the advent of "movies" and television and, to a lesser degree, the theatre. How we admired John Wayne, Michael Landon, Paul Newman, Marilyn Monroe and all the other thousands of famous and infamous Hollywood stars.

If only we had had the knowledge and insight that we have now? If only we could have planned our futures, aware of the fact that the people we strove to be like were all members of the exclusive club of the Plastic Arts, we could have been more realistic. How could we ever have wanted to be like them? To think we admired them is almost too much!

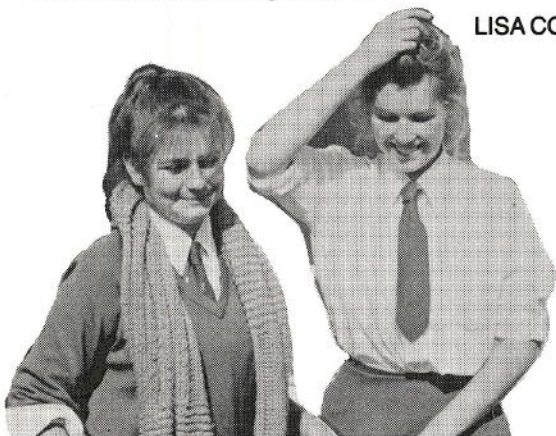
I speak of the "exclusive" club of the Plastic Arts. Did you know that you cannot join unless you've slept your way into it or have been divorced at least twice or have a string of young studs at your beck and call or, or, or . . . ! The list is endless — fill it with whatever sordid descriptions you can think of. They will be apt, I'm sure.

Did you know that "movie" making is an art? Why then may I ask don't they become box office sellouts unless they are filled with sex and violence? Is this type of film being produced in order to satisfy us, the audience, or is it that we still admire these people and their lifestyles, no matter how low they fall? And did you know that theatres and cinemas are the exclusive haunt of the bourgeoisie — prices are too exorbitant for the average worker? And, my dears, did you know that you are the bourgeoisie? Come now, don't be shocked. That's right, wear your new mink and your diamond tiara from "Andre" to the premiere of Pieter Dirk's new play; that's bound to impress them! "The theatre is so educational."

Elton John is a great artist — his music is quite exceptional. "Young Michael does so admire him. He wants to be like him one day. Charles and I are giving him two million rands to launch his career." See the children — young and impressionable — scream and shout at the rock concert. How they admire their hero! Later he announces that he is bisexual. What has happened to the children's dreams?

We cannot get enough of them. We will pay exorbitant prices to go to shows and "forget" to settle the doctor's accounts. Olivia Newton-John cuts her hair short — hairdressers find their salons over run. We want to talk like them, look like them and be like them. We don't stop to think . . . John Wayne died a lonely old man. Michael Landon divorced his wife of twenty years, leaving his family of five children for a girl of twenty five who "ditched" him anyway. Paul Newman is relatively happy — it's all relative. Marilyn Monroe committed suicide in a lonely room . . .

LISA COOPER 5F



TRANSPORT

On Saturday morning my father finally reached a decision. I would be allowed to own a motorcycle. This decision had been reached only after months of begging, pleading and cajoling on my part. My strongest opposition had been my mother. We had been through every argument imaginable. Motorcycles are dangerous and unfeminine; I would only use it for a year and then I would want a car; I heard it all. This morning, however, I was going to choose a motorcycle.

After going to the bank, we drove to Eastgate to look at the "bikes" at a Honda shop there. It was only once we were already looking at them that my father dealt what he believed to be the winning card. The only motorised transport he was prepared to buy me was a "scooter-bike" thing called a "Melody" or some similar silly name. As soon as I saw the "scooter" that my father had already decided to buy me, I knew that I would rather have nothing. I left the shop assistant to extol the virtues of the "Melody" to my father while I walked around, looking at the real "bikes". It felt awful to be admiring bikes like a silver "CB 900 F" while my dad was preparing to buy a pathetic green excuse for a machine.

"What do you think?" my father asked, coming up to me as I stood before a row of large motorcycles. There was even one hanging from the ceiling.

"Dad," I told him, "I just can't see myself on a scooter like that, with a basket in front and tyres like tricycle trainer wheels".

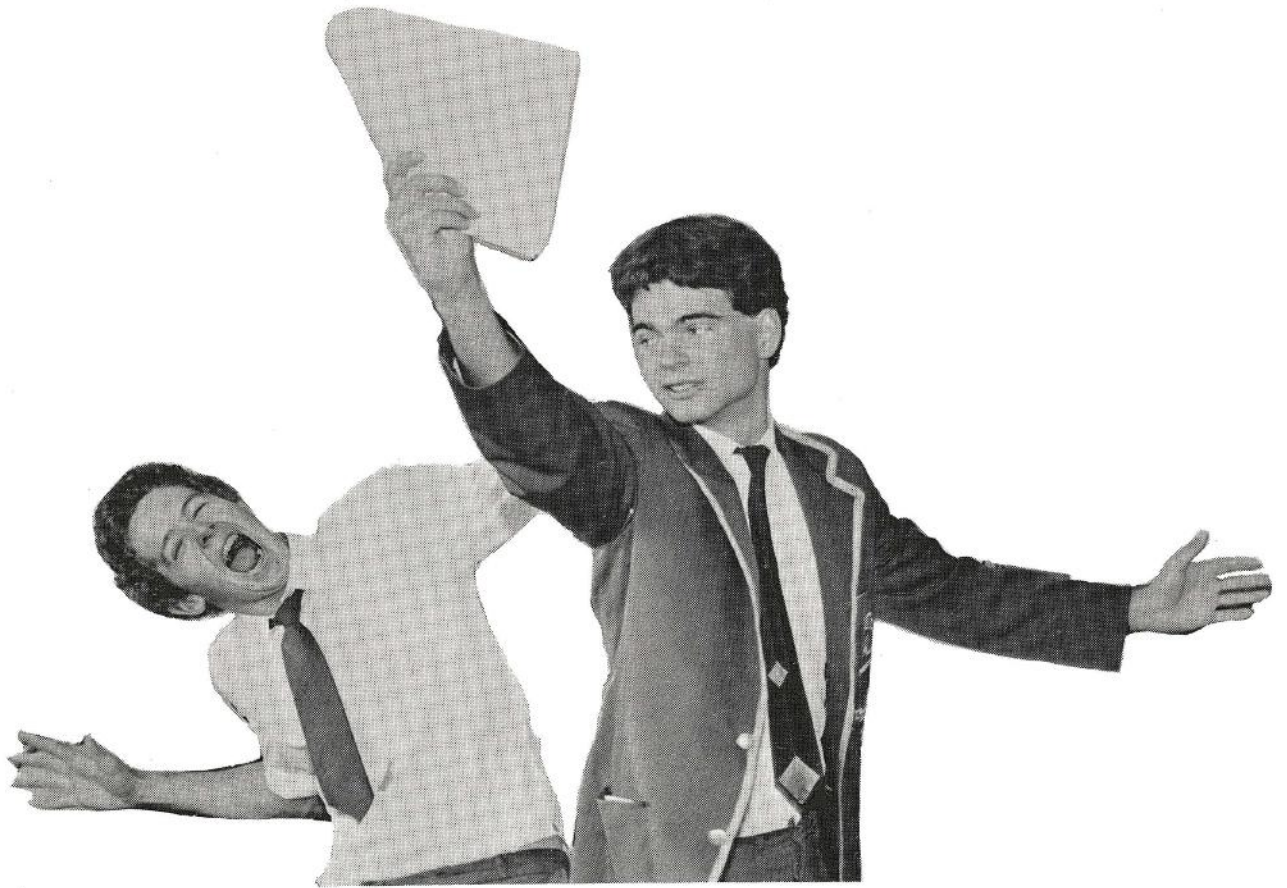
"But you're a girl," my dad said. I looked at him in disbelief. This was my father who had brought me up for sixteen years to believe that girls were the equals of boys and that I must never believe that being a girl would prevent me from doing what I wanted to do. This was my dad, who would rather be called a fool than a chauvinist.

We got back into the car and drove home in silence. I felt disillusioned, and all the excitement and anticipation that I had felt that morning had evaporated. The roads seemed filled with motorcycles and, when we drove into the garage, my brother's motorcycle parked in it was a slap in the face. They would never even consider suggesting that he ride around on a "Melody".

We didn't discuss motorcycles again the following week. I began to wonder whether, perhaps, I had been foolish in turning down the "scooter". After all, any transport was better than none at all.

On Friday night, my father came into my room. He had taken another look at the "scooter" and had come to the conclusion that, if he was in my position, he wouldn't want it either. If I still wanted a motorcycle, I could have one. We went into town the next morning, I chose a bike and it was delivered three days later.

FIONA McALLISTER 5C



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