



# Bryanston

**HIGH  
SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE**

**No. 16  
1983**



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# BRYANSTON SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1983

*Editor:* Miss S. Featherstone

With grateful thanks to Mr. Manolios, Mrs. Frost, Mr. Quilliam, Mrs. King and Miss Walls

*Photographers:* Mrs. M. King, T. Hacking, I Johnson

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Life is composed of two parts :  
that which is past - a dream,  
and that which is to come - a wish.



## **Bryanston High School 1968 – 1983**

Bryanston High School first opened its doors in January 1968. Mr. Joel Alswang, who had been Headmaster of Bryanston Primary School was appointed Headmaster of the new school.

Educated at Potchefstroom Boys High and Parktown Boys High, Mr. Alswang took his B.A. and M.A. at the University of the Witwatersrand and his Teacher's Diploma at the Johannesburg Teachers' Training College. His specialisation courses were Classical Languages. During the war, Mr. Alswang served as an officer in the South African Air Force with tours of duty in East and North Africa, Europe and the Far East. The sporting aspects of Mr. Alswang's character were well catered for and he was awarded provincial colours in football and swimming. He also played league cricket, tennis and squash.

It is, however, the establishment of Bryanston High School as its Founder Headmaster, for which Mr. Alswang will always be remembered.

From a nucleus of 218 pupils to about 1 200, Mr. Alswang was instrumental in establishing a school with all the necessary facilities; from open veld to well laid out sports fields for rugby, cricket, hockey and netball.

It was due to his efforts that 6 tennis courts, a swimming pool, tuckshop, two pavilions, a caretaker's flat and a T.V. studio were acquired. Mr. Alswang built up a first rate staff, the school acquired a sound academic atmosphere and a fine sporting reputation which it has never lost. The longer one worked with him, the more one saw evidence of his amazing talents, his drive, his sincerity and also his teaching ability. He was a prime mover, an unselfish worker, both for education and for the community.

Since 1974, Mr. Alswang has served as an Inspector of Education for Latin and French.



Mr. Andre van Rensburg, also a product of Potchefstroom Boys High, arrived at Bryanston High School in January 1969 as its first Vice-Principal, more or less at the same time as the second wave of bulldozers came to level out the grounds. The place has never been the same since.

He became the first Deputy Principal of the school in 1971 and was, for the second term of 1974, the Acting Principal as Mr. Alswang had been appointed Inspector of Education.

This was an odd situation as Andre had already been notified of his appointment as head of Hyde Park High as from the third term. Andre's sojourn at Hyde Park was brief — for in February 1975 he was appointed to the post of Inspector of Education, English First Language.

In April, 1983, he was appointed to the Selection Board where he now finds himself in august company and much inclined to be serious even after office hours.

Mr. J.L. Viviers was appointed Headmaster of Bryanston High School in 1975, although he had been Acting Headmaster for at least a term.

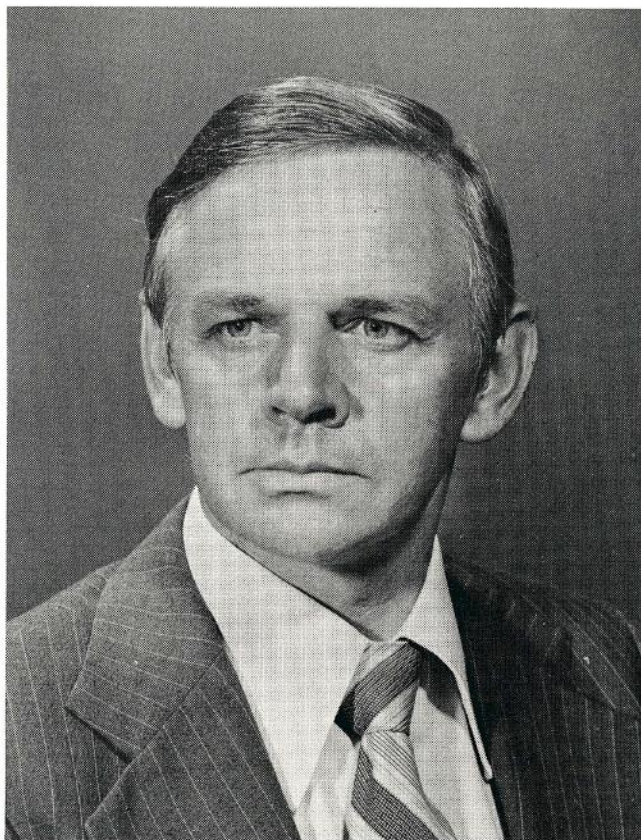
Mr. Viviers matriculated at the Hoër Seunskool Helpme-kaar and went on to complete his B.Sc. at Witwatersrand University. He took up his first appointment as Science Master at the Nelspruit High School in 1963 and while in Nelspruit completed his B.A. degree.

In 1968 he was appointed Senior Assistant (Science) at the Greenside High School and in 1971 he took up the appointment of Vice-Principal at the Bryanston High School.

As a keen all-round sportsman and fine golfer, Mr. Viviers showed a keen interest in the promotion and development of sport at the school.

The academic side of the curriculum was, however, not neglected and Mr. Viviers saw to it that the fine academic standard of the school was maintained.

His keen sense of humour and friendly disposition made his departure felt even more and a big gap was left in the school with his appointment to the post of Inspector of Education.



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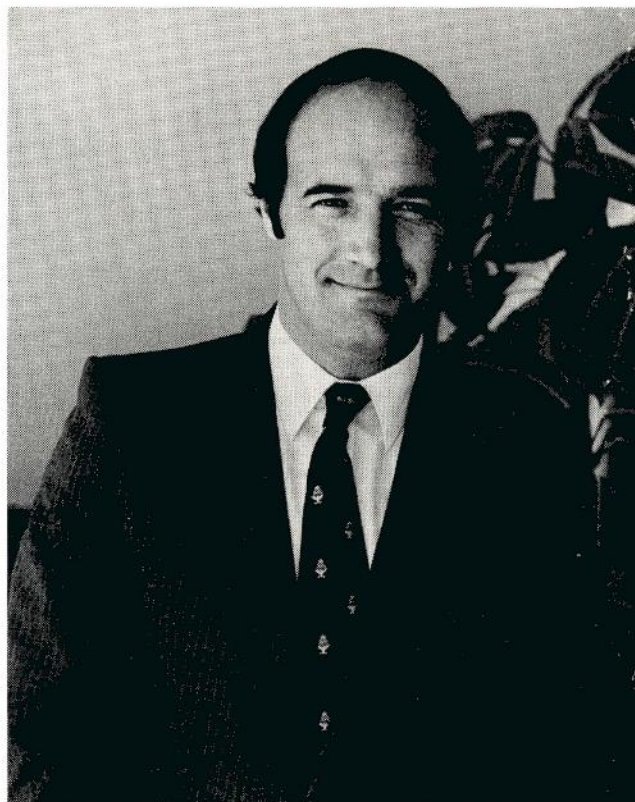
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## From the Headmaster's desk

Bryanston High School is entering a new phase in its history. With the advent of any new headmaster, a school, by virtue of its function, assumes the nature and character of the person at the helm. Bryanston High School is a young school and as yet cannot lay claim to the epithet "traditional". The school does, however, have a certain vibrancy and energy which is not to be found in the older, more established schools. It is fortunate, also, in the quality of pupil and the quality of young adult it produces. The foundations were well and firmly laid by its founder headmaster, Mr. Alswang — a man of great ability, foresight and accomplishment. Mr. Viviers, a man who created in Bryanston High School, an institution of commendable academic and sporting standards catalysed the further development of the school. Mr. Paige can be assured that he has the support of all in the task that lies ahead of him and we know that he also will contribute to making Bryanston High School a school second to none.

### ACTING HEADMASTER

Mr. G. Manolios



### Governing Body

Chairman: Mr. D. Fowlds

Mr. D. Fowlds	Mr. N. Gallie	Mrs. S. Crosswell
Mr. V.H. Penaluna	Mr. B. Train	
Mr. M. Adcock	Mr. J. Kamps	

### Parent's Association

Chairman: Mr. A. Brombacher

Mr. C. Begley	Mr. Tarr
Mr. F. Crosswell	Mr. Peatling
Mrs. L. Stafford	Mrs. Brooking
Mr. J. Kamps	Mr. Knox
Dr. K. Boughton	Mr. Stoffberg

### Staff Representatives

Mrs. P. Deacon	Mr. J. Folster	Miss G. Bodmer
----------------	----------------	----------------

### Mother's Committee

Chairlady: Mrs. L. Stafford  
 Deputy Chairlady: Mrs. S. Crosswell  
 Tuckshop Convenor: Mrs. G. Gibson  
 Tuckshop Finance: Mrs. J. Hultzer

### Tuckshop Helpers:

Mrs. C. Arnold	Mrs. Cockburn	Mrs. Van Wel
Mrs. I. King	Mrs. Clewlow	Mrs. De Klerk
Mrs. U. Walker	Mrs. Bennet	Mrs. Crosswell
Mrs. Smart	Mrs. R. Davey	Mrs. Hunter
Mrs. Trichler	Mrs. D. Leech	



**SCHOOL EXECUTIVE**

*Front Row, left to right: Mr. G. Manolios (Acting Headmaster), Mrs. C. Scheltema (H.O.D. Humanities)  
Second Row: Mr. J.L.W. Visser (H.O.D. Ed. Guidance), Mr. L. Steijn (H.O.D. Natural Sciences), Mr. R. Stoltz (H.O.D. Ed. Guidance)*

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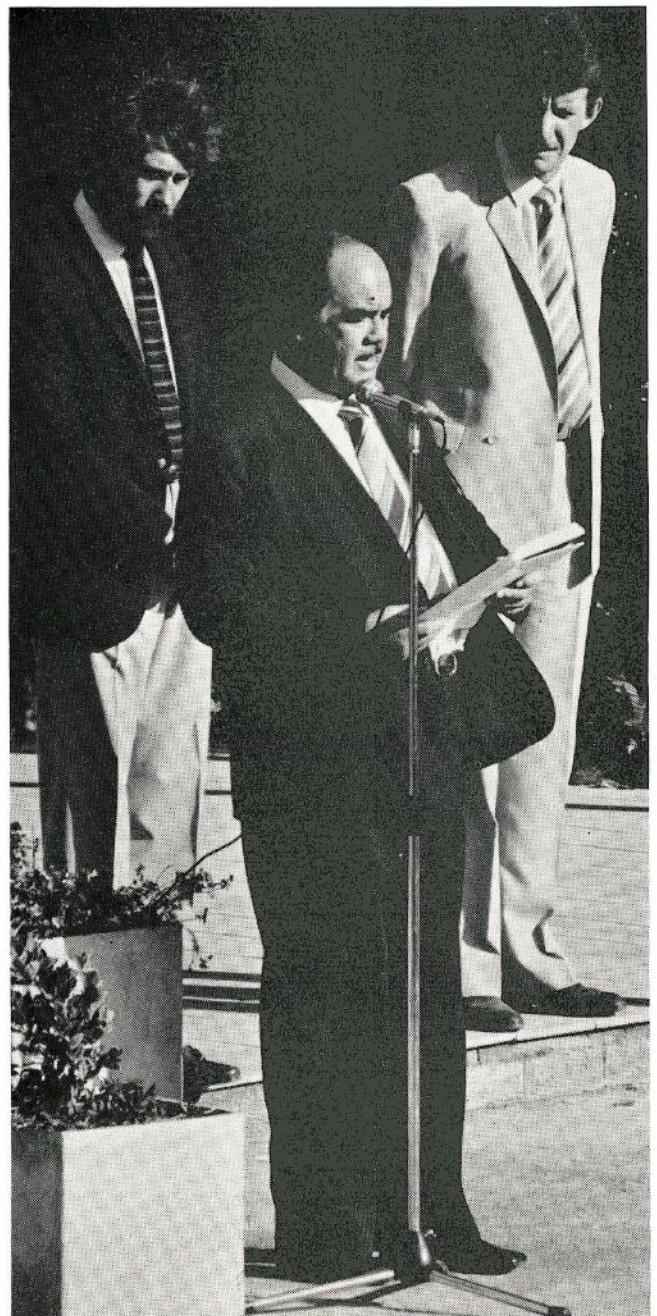
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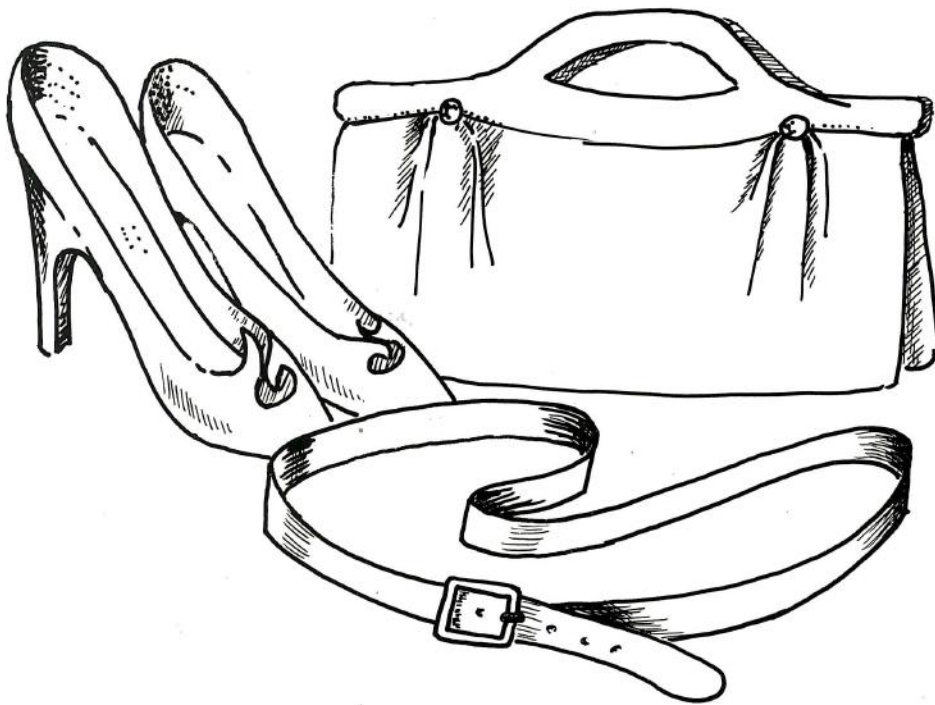
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## Governing Body Notes Report by the Chairman

Every three years a new Governing Body is elected by ballot supervised by the School Board as this committee is officially recognised by the Transvaal Education Department. At the beginning of this year the election took place and only one change was made to the existing committee. Mr. Jack Kamps was elected in place of Mr. Alan Tyley who did not stand for re-election due to pressure of work. Mr. Kamps will be a valued addition to the committee and I would like to record a vote of thanks to Mr. Tyley for his valued contributions during his term of office.

Apart from the usual duties of the Governing Body, consisting of control of buildings and grounds, interviewing of prospective teachers and general consultations with the Headmaster, we were shattered by the news of Mr. Viviers appointment to the Inspectorate. From Mr. Viviers point of view we were delighted and know that he fully deserved this promotion. We formally wished him every success at the various functions to say farewell to our very popular Headmaster. In the thirteen years he was at the school, he has made it, through his personal efforts and dedication, into the finest co-educational school, not only in the Transvaal but from an academic point of view, the finest school in the Republic. With such a fine person in control we on the Governing Body were not at all pleased to accept Mr. Viviers resignation. However, there is absolutely nothing we could do to delay Mr. Viviers promotion as it was a terrific honour for a fine academic and we know that he will be an outstanding Inspector.

Your Governing Body had a most difficult task in recommending to the Transvaal Education Department a successor to Mr. Viviers from applications received by the Department. Many hours of interviewing took place with all members of the Governing Body being present on every evening. At the time of going to press, we have not had any indication from the Department who is to be appointed as the new Headmaster. What we do know from the standard of the applicants is that Bryanston High Schools high standard will be maintained whoever is appointed.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Manolios for the hours of work he has been forced to give to the School over this trying period. He is at present carrying out three official functions, that of Head of Department English, Deputy Headmaster and Acting Headmaster all at once. No person should be expected to do all this but Mr. Manolios, who is dedicated to teaching, is carrying out the function admirably.

During the past years the Governing Body has been very conscious of the necessity to give our teachers as much as we can in the way of reward and comfort. The Trust Fund announced last year has been formed and contributions are being received at a steady rate. The Trustees meet towards the end of the year to distribute certain of the funds. As regards the comfort of the teachers in the staff room, this has been taken care of by an extension to this room. The Province were unable to vote funds for this project and the Parents Association have agreed to raise the funds needed to pay for the extensions. The building should be completed by the end of November.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Committee for their total support to me during this year. The Governing Body consists of Mr. Blythe Train, Vice Chairman and Representative to the Association of Governing

Bodies. Mrs. Sandy Crosswell, our extremely efficient Secretary. Mr. Neville Gallie, 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, Chairman of the Finance Committee ably assisted by Mr. Jack Kamps who is also Treasurer of the Parents Association. Mr. Mike Adcock who attends to our legal requirements and finally our valued ex officio member, Mr. Nout Broombucher Chairman of the Parents Association.

D. FOWLDS



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## Parents' Association – Chairman's Report

Another school year has almost passed and we are happy to be able to report that our Association has contributed in many ways to the welfare of the school and, therefore, to the education of our children.

The following are but a few of the projects undertaken by the Association this year: Sport fields were kept in good condition; new lockers were purchased and breakfasts were provided for pupils involved in early fixtures.

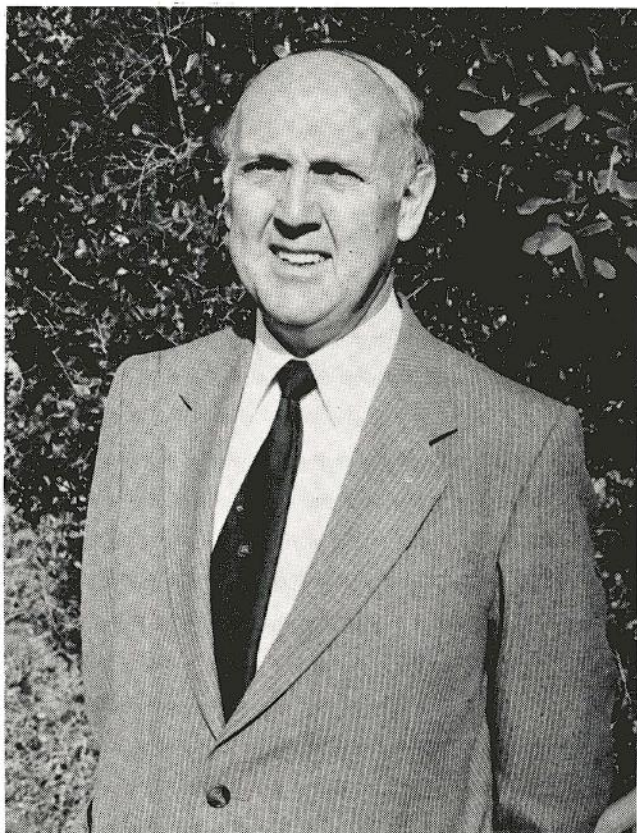
Parent contributions reached an all time high. We are most grateful for this, but would like to point out that further contributions would still be most welcome.

Our major project this year is the extension of the common room for the teachers. As you read this, the room should be almost completed. The cost for this alteration, which has to be covered completely by the Parents' Association, exceeds R30 000. If, therefore, we ask this year for a special fund raising effort or donation, please co-operate with us.

I would like to thank the members of the committee for all the hard work done so far. I would also like to thank the many parents who helped us in their active and quiet way to reach our goals and last, but not least, the Acting Headmaster, Mr. Manolios, and his staff for all they did for our children.

The Parents' Association tries to involve all parents at the school. If you feel you would like to join in our activities, please let us know by either contacting our secretary, Mrs. Brooking, at the school, or the undersigned. You will experience with us the satisfaction of working together towards the benefit of our school and, therefore, to the education of our children.

A.A. BROMBACHER



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S. Croswell, G. Gibson, P. de Klerk, C. Arnold  
*Second Row:* I. King, M. Clewlow, D. Leech, A. Bennett,  
E. Trichler, P. Hunter, S. Cockburn, W. Smart, S. van Wel



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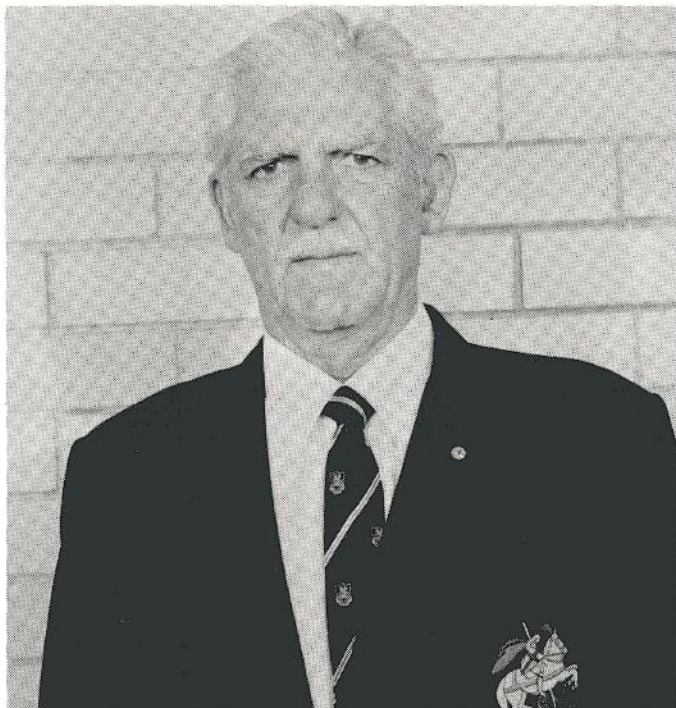
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P. Mobogo, P. Matsilela

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J. Mahladsisa, H. Raseloma



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*Front Row, left to right:* Mrs. C. Pienaar (Afrikaans), Miss D. Otto (Afrikaans), Mr. G. Manolios (Acting Head of Department), Miss C. Walls (English), Miss M. Pratt (Afrikaans)  
*Second Row:* Mrs. J. Frost (English), Mrs. J. Kean (English), Mrs. S. Prinsloo (Afrikaans), Mrs. Marriott (Afrikaans), Miss J. Coney (Afrikaans), Mr. N. Quilliam (English), Miss W. van Rooyen (Afrikaans)  
*Third Row:* Miss D. Cohen (English), Mrs. H. von Ludwig (Afrikaans), Miss S. Bezuidenhout (English), Mrs. A. Willemse (Afrikaans), Mrs. E. Huggett (English), Mrs. M. Henderson (English), Miss S. Featherstone (English)



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*Second Row:* Mrs. J. Graff (History), Mr. M. Sherman (History), Mrs. J.D. Gorrie (Geography), Mr. W. Luckmann (German), Mr. J. Hewson (Geography)  
*Third Row:* Miss V.A.C. Vonk (Geography), Mr. A.M. Parry (History), Miss J. Moeller (Geography)  
*Absent:* Mrs. B.J. Erasmus (Geography), Mrs. G.D.E. Townsend (Geography)





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*Front Row, left to right: Mr. R. Stoltz, Miss G. Bodmer, Mrs. K. Botha, Mrs. B. Weir, Mr. W. Visser  
 Second Row: Mrs. K. McCarten, Mrs. A. Eitzen, Miss C. Smuts, Mrs. D. Brunner, Mrs. P. Turvey, Miss J. Moeller  
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 Mr. S. Cuthbertson (Biology and Science)  
 Second Row: Mrs. V. Chiappinin (Maths), Mrs. M. King (Science), Mrs. M. Klein (Maths), Miss D. Barlow (Biology), Mrs. D. Dee (Biology),  
 Mrs. J. Butters (Maths), Mrs. V. Pawson (Maths)  
 Third Row: Mrs. I Russell (Maths), Miss T. Landau (Biology), Mrs. G. Rushton (Maths), Mrs. J. Ernyes (Science), Mrs. Pringle (Laboratory Assistant),  
 Mrs. E. du Plooy (Maths), Mrs. G. Train (Maths)  
 Absent: Mrs. I. Everett*



## Staff Report

1983 has been a year of welcome additions and fond farewells to members of staff. Some are already fleeting memories, while others live on in everyone's minds.

### DISPATCHES

A long and illustrious era ended when Mr. Viviers was appointed as an Inspector in January and left to fill his new post in Pretoria at the end of the second term. He departed after a hectic round of farewell parties and functions, taking with him our most sincere wishes for another long, fulfilling appointment. His constant demands for commitment and perfection in teaching at Bryanston High School will remain an inspiration to all those who were fortunate enough to have worked with him.

Others left for diverse reasons.

Miss Gripper and Mrs. Mann left to travel overseas, while Mrs. Weir has returned. Miss Levinson was selected to complete her PhD under world-renowned Professor Tobias. Mr. Geoghegan started his military service. Mr. Gillomee and Mr. Edgar on the other hand, are on long leave, taking a well-deserved break and replenishing their reserves for the fray that awaits. Mrs. Fynn, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Reitz, Miss Reynham, Miss Paizes and Mr. Onody are also no longer seen in the staffroom.



### MATCHES

Cupid was busy and the bells were hardly quiet this year.

Miss Michael and Miss Andrews left to tie the knot and thereafter live in Klerksdorp. Mrs. King (née Ehrmann), Mrs. Butters, (née Chalmers), Mrs. Rushton (née Herbert) and Mrs. Kean (née Andrews) all returned to Bryanston High, wearing wedding bands.

Miss Bodmer and Miss Barlow are making plans, and a little bird tells us that Miss Vonk is also considering the state of wedded bliss.

### HATCHES

Mrs. Bloch had a son, Jarrod, in June.



## LITERATCHES

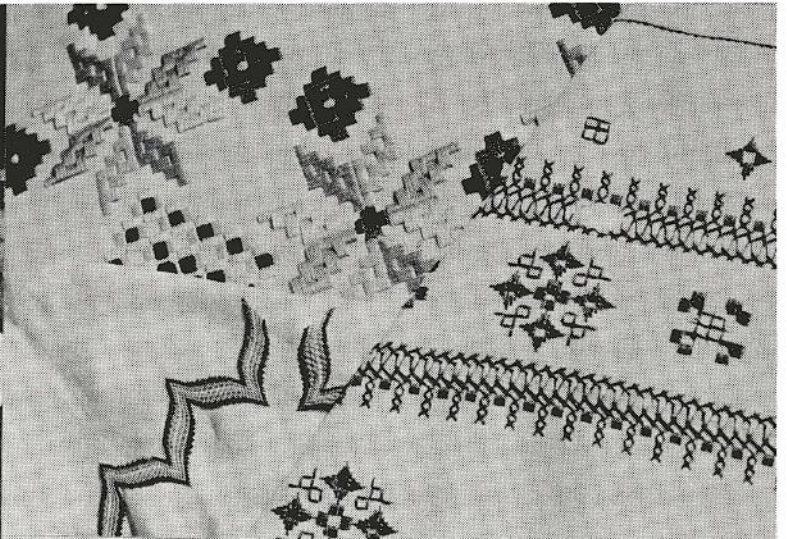
On the cultural front, Miss Walls and Miss Featherstone, produced an excellent and most enjoyable operetta, "Doodkwaggadam". Miss Cohen organized a delightful inter-house play competition and entered Bryanston High School in RAPS with "Black Comedy".

Mr. Quilliam, who is leaving, entered "The Bridegroom Rose Early", in the Randburg Play Festival. Among other prizes which the school carried away, Miss Otto was awarded the prize for the best producer.

We have a few exciting moments in store for us. The staffroom is being extended, the prefabs are under construction and salary increases are on the way.

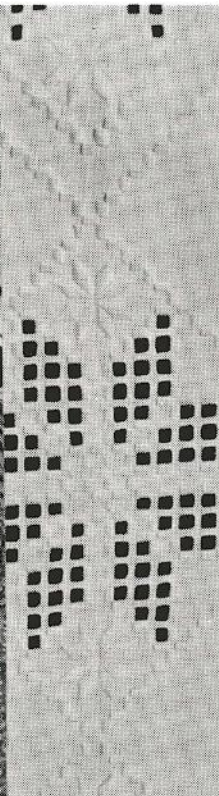
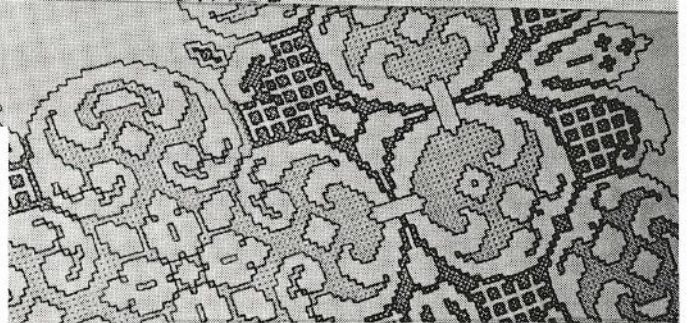
Under the leadership of Mr. Manolios, the school has enjoyed a sense of discipline which may not have been present after the departure of Mr. Viviers. Mr. Manolios has taken us through this difficult period with a rigid view to the future. For this we thank him, because without his guidance, the school might have floundered. This has been an unenviable task, but he embraced it, and through his efforts, we have all emerged unscathed, full of enthusiasm and committed to the ideals and aims of Bryanston High School.





## Housecraft Department

With many hard hours of toil now behind us we can look back at 1983 and breathe a sigh of relief. The year started with Mrs. Weir away on long leave and the department being capably run by Miss Bodmer with Miss Gripper working hard at her side. Our thanks go to Miss Gripper for her six months of hard work; it was most appreciated by staff and pupils. During the first two terms the needlework syllabus was completed and to round off this section the Housecraft display was held in October. This event was a great success and was attended by a capacity audience. Fifty-eight girls modelled their needlework outfits and I am certain that those who attended the evening will join us in congratulating the young ladies on their fine turn out. This year's housecraft awards were made as follows:



- |                             |                                     |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Best std. 6 pupil           | Marianne Kloosteman                 |
| Best std. 7 pupils          | Marilyn Painting<br>Michelle Thorne |
| Best std. 8 pupil           | Ingrid Leitner                      |
| Best std. 8 model           | Ingrid Leitner                      |
| Best std. 9 pupil           | Nikki Bennett                       |
| Most outstanding embroidery | Gill Pivnic                         |
| Most outstanding patchwork  | Debbie Robertson                    |
| Best std. 10 pupil          | Marianne Hartong                    |
| Best std. 10 model          | Sandy Noakes                        |

Well done to all those girls for their enthusiasm and hard work; teaching is a pleasure with pupils of this nature.

The matric year was ended with a formal dinner held the same week as the display. Mr. Visser attended this function as Head of our Department and we would like to thank him most sincerely for his appropriate and wise words. In conclusion to our housecraft year we say farewell to our old Miss Bodmer and we shall welcome her back in January as Mrs. French.

BEV WEIR

**DEPARTEMENT AFRIKAANS**

Die volgende personelede was betrokke by die onderrig van Afrikaans 1983: Mej. J.W. van Rooyen (Senior Onderwyseres — std. 9, 10); Mev. H. von Ludwig (st. 9, 10); Mev. J. Huggett (st. 8, 10); Mej. J.K. Coney (st. 6, 9, 10); Mev. A. Willemse (st. 6, 7, 9); Mev. R. Marriott (st. 8); Mej. D. Otto (st. 6, 7); Mev. C.J. Pienaar (Immigrante); Mej. M.E. Pratt (st. 7, 8); Mev. S.J. Prinsloo (st. 6, 7).

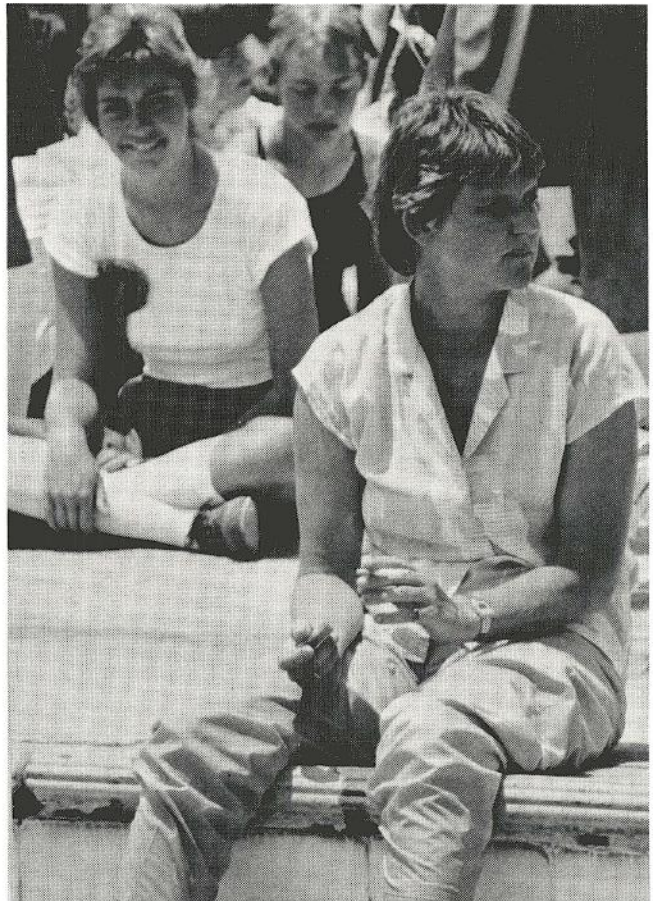
Hierdie span het gepoog om die leerlinge 'n liefde vir Afrikaans aan te kweek d.m.v. nuwe onderrigmetodes, wat daarop gemik was om die leerlinge se belangstelling in Afrikaans aan te wakker. Sukses hiervan word gesien in die feit dat leerlinge al hoe meer in Afrikaans met hul onderwyseresse kommunikeer.

Aanvanklik het die Afrikaanse onderwyseresse dikwels die vraag: "Hoekom moet ons Afrikaans leer? Ons het dit nie nodig nie," gehoor, maar nou is die meeste leerlinge entoesiasies en die vraag is aan die verdwyn. Dit moet toegeskryf word aan die inisiatief en toewyding van die onderwyseresse. Miskien het Televisie hier ook 'n groot rol gespeel.

Ek wil ouers graag aanmoedig om 'n positiewe houding t.o.v. Afrikaans by hul kinders aan te moedig, aangesien dit die taak van die Afrikaanse onderwyseres so veel makliker maak.

Ek wil graag my dank betuig aan die samewerking wat ek van my kollegas ontvang het en ek wil die Afrikaanse Departement alle sukses toewens vir die toekoms.

J.W. VAN ROOYEN



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<i>Orlane</i>	<i>Yardleys</i>	<i>Elizabeth Arden</i>	<i>Arpege</i>
<i>Innoxa</i>	<i>Lancôme</i>	<i>All men's fragrances</i>	<i>Christian Dior</i>
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<i>Loncil</i>	<i>Max Factor</i>	<i>Estee Lauder Perfumes</i>	<i>Van Cleef and Arpels</i>

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# PREFECTS

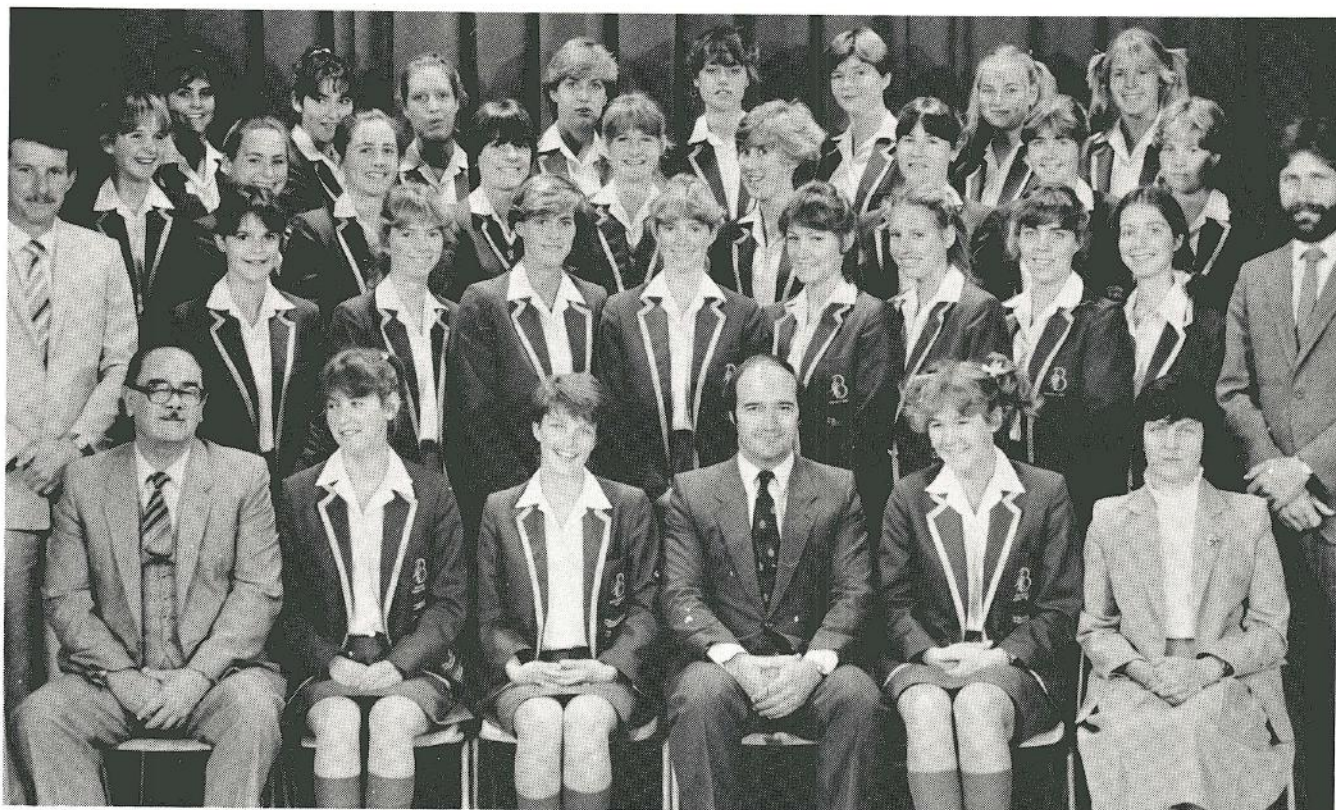


## SENIOR PREFECTS

*Front Row, left to right: B. Klews (Head Girl), Mr. G. Manolios (Acting Headmaster), W. Luyt (Head Boy)*

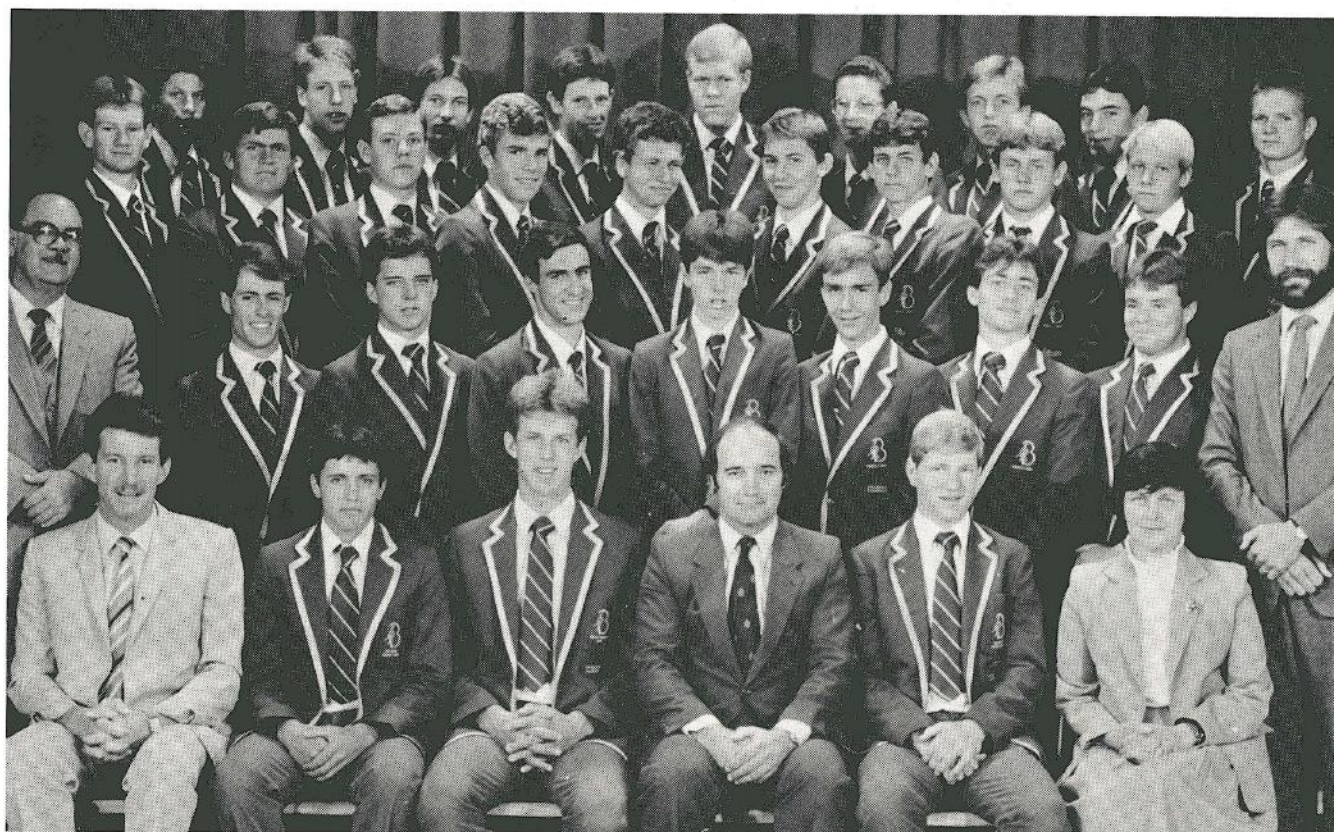
*Second Row: J. Martin (Deputy Head Girl), A. Thomson (Deputy Head Boy), W. de Klerk (Deputy Head Boy), H. Ridgway (Deputy Head Girl)*





**GIRLS' PREFECTS**

*Front Row, left to right:* Mr. L.J. Steijn (H.O.D.), N. Ridgway, B. Klews, Mr. G. Manolios (Acting Headmaster), J. Martin, Mrs. C. Scheltema (H.O.D.)  
*Second Row:* Mr. J.L.W. Visser (H.O.D.), G. Venn, S. Ellis, C. Oliver, J. Ellis, T. Keenan, C. Bock, T. Potgieter, C. Broulidakis, Mr. R.P. Stoltz (H.O.D.)  
*Third Row:* B. Train, B. McBean, L. Malan, N. Godwin, W. Train, T. van Zyl, J. Glanville, J. Tyson, G. Tiley  
*Fourth Row:* L. Koyd, J. Brooking, J. Enslin, M. Fowlds, L. Barker, T. Hodnett, L. Tarr, C. Bodham



**BOYS' PREFECTS**

*Front Row, left to right:* Mr. J.L.W. Visser, W. de Klerk (Deputy Head Boy), W. Luyt (Head Boy), M. Manolios (Acting Headmaster), A. Thomson (Deputy Head Boy), Mrs. Scheltema  
*Second Row:* Mr. Steijn, W. Arts, N. Kotze, D. Torrente, W. Pye, B. Varcoe, M. Smith, D. Gold, Mr. Stoltz  
*Third Row:* W. Christensen, L. Nel, P. Swanepoel, T. Holtz, A. Dougall, T. Hacking, S. Vogel, G. Parsons, A. Johnston, E. Kratz  
*Fourth Row:* K. Beard, C. McKenzie, C. Russell, P. Harris, N. Ruhmsman, P. Bianco, P. Ludi, S. Penney

# Transvaal Senior Certificate Examination Results 1982

Distinctions in brackets

## Pass with exemption

Anema, Joanne Irene  
 Asher, Simone (Housecraft)  
 Ashman, Keith John  
 Baillie, Mark Stuart (Biology, History)  
 Balfe, Patricia Anne  
 Barker, Ellis Richard (Physical Science, Geography)  
 Barwood, Andrew Richard  
 Baudinet, Gavin Dean  
 Bingle, Jonette Cheryl Anne  
 Black, Peter James  
 Blackburn, Sian Lizbeth  
 Bodley, Michelle  
 Boyd-Grey, Enime Jane  
 Brislin, Dorothy Joan  
 Buckmaster, Charmaine Paula  
 Burger, Berenice Serena  
 Burkhalter, Thomas Andreas  
 Burns, Colin Andrew (Biology)  
 Butler, Gayle Elizabeth  
 Chauvin, Dominique Anne (French)  
 Cochlovius, Alison Clare (Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology)  
 Cooper, Lisa Jane (English, Biology, History, Geography)  
 Cox, Leonard John (Biology, Geography)  
 Cummings, Andrew James  
 De Wet, Darren Thomas Basil  
 Dickson, Angela Mary Elizabeth (English, History)  
 Duffus, Michael John  
 Eadie, David Ross  
 Eklundh, Mats Peter  
 Felton, Stephen Alan  
 Field, Tracy Ann (Biology)  
 Finlayson, Linda Jane  
 Flint, Karin Anne  
 Foley, Michelle Anne  
 Ford, Michelle Dawn  
 Freimond, Gillian Susan (English, History)  
 Gaunt, Nicholas John  
 Gent, Bruce Roland  
 Gibbs, Elizabeth Anne  
 Gibson, Michael Ian (Biology)  
 Glanville, Darren Edward  
 Goldie, Jean Thomson  
 Gilchrist, Andrew  
 Gaugh, Matthew Robert (Mathematics, Physical Science, History)  
 Graffin-Praschma, Kim Maria Therese  
 Graham, Bridgid Jane  
 Gray, Cassandra Vivian  
 Grem, Philip John Giddings (Mathematics, Physical Science)  
 Groves, Michelle  
 Ham, Warwick John  
 Hacking, Hugh (English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, Geography)  
 Hardwick, Bronwen Leigh  
 Harle, Lauren  
 Hasselau, Russel Lance  
 Haynes, Michael John  
 Higgins, Anthony Roberts  
 Hilditch, Michael David  
 Hobday, Natalie Carole  
 Holland, Mark Jonathan  
 Holmes, Lauren Ann (Zulu SG, History)  
 Howard, David Paul (English)  
 Howe, Warren Kim  
 Hunermann, Jacqueline Carolina  
 Irvine, Sophie Karen  
 Iuel, Anne-Marie  
 Iwanczek, Bernadeta Maria (History)  
 Jennings, Guy Alistair John  
 Johnson, Kerne Elizabeth  
 Johnston, Shaune Patrick  
 Jones, Garth David (Zulu)  
 Kamps, Craig John  
 Kaiser, Andrea Ulrike (Afrikaans, German, Biology)  
 Kaye, Janice Lesley (Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology)  
 Keenan, Perry John  
 Kellond, Richard James  
 Kerswell, Neil Desmond  
 King, Michael James Hilton  
 Kirkland, Timothy Graeme  
 Kitchin, Owen Martin  
 Koeglenberg, Michael John  
 Korn, Axel Bernhard  
 Kruse, Clair Verna  
 Lance, Gregory John  
 Laros, Natalie Ann  
 Liddel, Bridget Alice (History)  
 Lippert, Carol Anne (Mathematics)  
 Lloyd, Duncan Henry Ashworth (Physical Science, History)  
 Maack, Jutta (German)  
 Marais, Sandra  
 Marshall, Amanda (Mathematics, Physical Science, History, Computer Science)  
 Martin, Cherie-Dene  
 McAllister, Fiona (English, History)  
 McConnachie, Jean Patricia  
 McKeiver, Katherine Ann  
 McLachlan, Deborah-Lee  
 Millar, Arthur Gower  
 Nelson, Susan Jane  
 Nuenborn, Virginia (History)  
 Panos, Nicole Joy  
 Payne, Elizabeth Ellen  
 Pender, Laurie-Anne  
 Pickering, Lesley Jean  
 Politsopoulos, Constantinos  
 Pretorius, Johannes Frederick (Afrikaans)  
 Pulè, Giselle Antoinette (History)  
 Quayle, Lee-Anne Rosaly  
 Ras, Hylton Andrew  
 Reeder, Gabrielle de Kock (Afrikaans)  
 Robertson, Gavin Peter  
 Robson, Cheryl Anne (History)  
 RoCHAT, Michele Janine (History)  
 Rodriques, Sean David



Saayman, Karen Louise  
Saunders, Gillian Margaret  
Schnadt, Norbert (Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical  
Science, Biology, Geography)  
Sharples, Susan Yvonne  
Sieling, Richard John  
Stacey, June Ingrid  
Stafford, Tracey Anne  
Stron, Bridget Leigh  
Stuart, John Gerald Winston (Physical Science)  
Stumke, Karl Roland  
Sunasky, Pauline Mary  
Swallow, Catherine Nerina  
Taylor, Alan Grant (Biology, Geography)  
Taylor, David William  
Taylor, Michael Sydney  
Thomson, Julie Caroline (Mathematics, History)  
Tiemann, Hans Henning Otto  
Towsey, Karen Jayne  
Train, Mark Campbell (Mathematics, Physical Science,  
Biology, Geography)

**Pass without exemption**

Allen, Gregory Cecil  
Bennet, Susan Anne  
Bruyns, Clive Robert  
Courtenay, Richard Charles  
Cutting, Michele Anne  
Da Costa, Manuel  
De Gaede, Craig Ian  
Driver, Robert Gould  
Edwards, Martin John  
Grundlingh, Diane  
Hooper, Tracy Lynn  
Jackson, Brenda Veronica (Mathematics SG)  
Kernot, Peter Graeme  
Kruger, Barry Colin  
Leveton, Murray Bernard  
Miles, James Stewart  
Morris, Mark Reid

Tyson, Bruce Daughtrey (Physical Science, Biology,  
Geography)  
Veenendaal, Deborah Elaine  
Volmer, Karen Hilda  
Von Buddenbrock, Warren  
Von Moltke, Bettina (German, Biology)  
Vroegindewy, Robert David  
Wade, Bruce Allen  
Wagstaff, Heany Jane (Mathematics, Biology,  
Geography)  
Wedderburn, Allan Leslie  
Welsh, David John Bransby  
Weston, Ainsley Richard  
Whiskin, Dolwyn Charles  
Williams, Dawn Roslyn  
Wavels, Catherine Ursula  
Woodward, Tina Susanna (History)  
Wright, Deborah Jacqueline  
Wright, Gregory Norman  
Zaduck, Petrina, Louise  
Zanziger, Karin

Nurcombe, Bronwen Elizabeth  
Reynolds, Heidi Louise May  
Rina Riccardo Gino  
Rogers, Michael Thomas  
Schortemeijer, Willem Ian  
Scott, Grant Gregory  
Stolarczyk, Paul Tadensz  
Thompson, Sharon  
Thornhill, Fiona Jane  
Tickton, Pamela Ann  
Van den Heever, Pieter Schalk Andrew  
Warren, Linda Lee  
Watson, Michael Kevin  
Welle, Caroline Margarete Ruth  
Wilkonson, Tracy  
Wood, John Swinburne

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# ACTIVITIES 1983

## Mercury



## Apollo



## Neptune



## Jupiter



# Mercury

*House Captains:* CHRISTINE SHAW, ERWIN KRATZ

We had our fair share of victory this year mainly due to great spirit, determination and lots of hard work.

The first event of the year was the inter-house gala and once again our swimmers gave of their very best and received a well earned 2nd place. Thanks to Karleen and Erwin for the great organization (and swimming).

From the swimming pool to the athletics field. I feel this is where Mercury showed her true colours. Our athletes put up a great performance and to the surprise of the other houses (but not ours) walked away with the winning trophy — well done Mercury runners.

Many other inter-house sporting events took place and Mercury then again secured a close second behind Jupiter in most cases. Our up and coming junior geniuses showed their wisdom at the Inter-House Quiz and were awarded first place.

To Mr. Quilliam, Miss Pretorius, Kellam Beard, cheerleaders and all others involved with Mercury organisation — thanks for the hard work.

CHRISTINE SHAW



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# Jupiter

House Captains: JANINE MARTIN, CHRIS MCKENZIE

1983 was characterized by success both on the fields and off, and Jupiter came forward as the King of the Gods and all Inter-House events were marked with excitement.

At the swimming gala red was the dominant colour with exciting cheerleaders and dazzling swimmers. As a team, Jupiter pulled together and won the gala. Special mention, however, must be made of Lauren Irvine, who broke two records, and Carol Oliver for winning the Victrix Ludorum.

After an exciting and close meeting the Jupiter runners were narrowly defeated coming second in the inter-house athletics. Congratulations to Jeanne-Marie Enslin who put the red on the map by winning the 100 m Trophy. The girls in red once again triumphed on the hockey fields, romping to an overall win. Here also Jupiter was represented by a star, Alison Stacey, who received full colours.

The boys also proved their worth and brought back the Rugby trophy for their house. All boys are to be congratulated for their "grinding spirit" in these games. Congratulations are also in order to Chris McKenzie for being awarded full colours and Michael Thompson for having been awarded the trophy for the most promising player amongst the U/15's. The netball was a triumphant victory for Jupiter who won the junior and senior sections, thus winning overall. Well done to all the girls in their striped shirts for winning in spirit and in play.

The inter-house quiz held for the first time for seniors was a good testing ground. Jupiter managed to come second losing by only two points. A good deal of emotion, fun and effort went into this year's entry in the inter-house play festival. "In need of Care" drew full honours winning the best play award. Margie Fowlds and Nicole Ridgway won best producer, Kim Peterson and Matthew Smith were awarded merit certificates, Lester Thoresson won best supporting actor and Nicole Ridgway won best actress. Most of all, however, it was characterized by Jupiter's obvious team camaraderie and spirit.

A bit more of the old red fighting spirit is needed next year in order for Jupiter to maintain its high standards. Well done for a successful and team orientated year.

CAROL OLIVER



# Apollo

*House Captains:* DEBBY WHITTAKER and DUNCAN LEITH

Although our policy of "success without victory" once again won, 1983 proved to be a great year for Apollo.

Originality and persistence intermixed with our spirit, seemed to be our formula for success.

The array of yellow and yelling at every interhouse competition showed that Apollo's spirit is likely to continue until success matches their spirit. Keep it up Apollo . . .

There were some breathless moments this year, when it appeared that Apollo would be placed third, due to ambitious competitors winning their events, but alas we were placed a proud fourth. Although we did not win, the spirit and enthusiasm of the competitors and spectators was exceptional, which is what counts. The 'Veteran' members are pleased to notice the talent creeping into the younger age groups. Caroline Bardeleau and Warren Pye were noticed for their outstanding achievements.

Unfortunately we must comment on the lack of enthusiasm from some of the Apollo members. This is what stops us from having a winning attitude. Come on Apollo, lets show the other houses what Apollo is all about!

We appeal to next year's seniors to put everything into Apollo and make it the winning house.

Duncan Leith and Debby Whittaker would like to thank the teachers in charge and our cheerleaders. Thanks to them thanks, to all the supportive members of this great house.

Good luck for 1984 — Apollo forever!

DEBBY WHITTAKER



# Neptune

*House Captains:* COLLEEN BADHAM, WAYNE ARTS.

Although we might not have walked away with the victory trophies, we certainly showed our true "blues" on the stands. Originality and persistence, intermixed with our usual spirit proved to be the formula for success.

Our first clash with the other houses was at the gala, and despite a sensational entrance, Neptune only managed a third. However, I would like to thank all those who participated and those on the stands who showed their enthusiasm. Maybe next year Neptune will show his mastery control over this element — hang in there swimmers!

On a more victorious note, our hockey girls and boys excelled. The junior girls put up a furious fight and the senior girls ran circles around the other houses, winning in fine spirit.

Rugby — the boys' game! The true barbaric spirit of our boys shone through and they played in fine style, but once again our main opponent, Jupiter, seemed to gain control of the field and win overall.

Netball was not as successful as we hoped it would be, but the girls played exceptionally well despite very strong opposition from Mercury and Jupiter.

The third term saw the start of the athletics season. The Inter-House Athletics Day was approached with great hope and enthusiasm, but unfortunately our star, Jenny Stoffberg, broke her ankle, dashing our hopes of winning the newly-introduced event, the hurdles. However, we still showed great spirit and all athletes tried their best, with DARIO TORRENTE winning the Victor Laudorum and RICHARD MOSS the Junior Victor Laudorum, S. STEYN won the 1 500 m trophy.

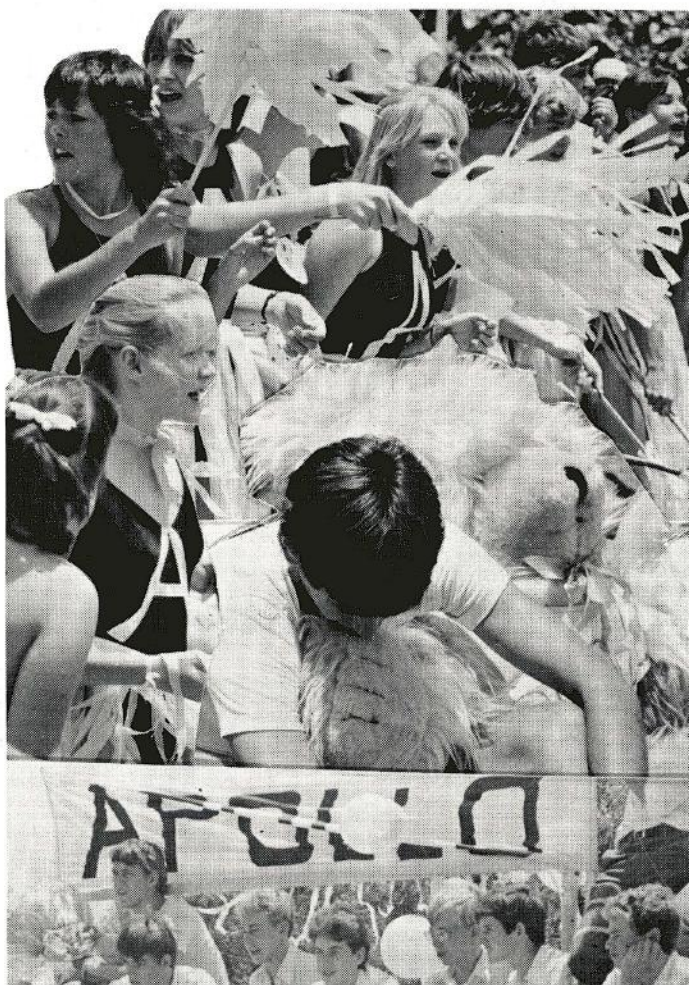
On the more cultured side, the inter-house plays went off fantastically and were enjoyed by all. BRITT KLEWS won the best supporting actress.

Finally, triumph for Neptune. I didn't know we were the academic house. The Inter-House Quiz was a great success, the juniors were excellent and very amusing, while the "gifted" seniors took the trophy.

We are almost there, and the credit must go to our enthusiastic, encouraging teachers — our thanks go to MR. FOLSTER, MR EDGAR, MISS L'ANGE, MR. VISSER and MRS. CHIAPPINI.

So keep it up Neptune, and all the best for next year.

CAPTAIN: COLLEEN BADHAM



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## The Cadet Parade

In the life of every person who has ever donned a uniform, the inevitability of a grand parade is ever present. At Bryanston High, this event is held annually in the month of September. Apart from the technicalities of organising such a parade along strict military lines, the staff involved with cadets had the invidious task of coping with cadets who in all probability, have never bought a right shoe in their short lives.

Lt. Folster was responsible for the organisation and during the weeks of preparation, aged considerably, as he wrestled with cadets who insisted a right turn was to be executed to the left.

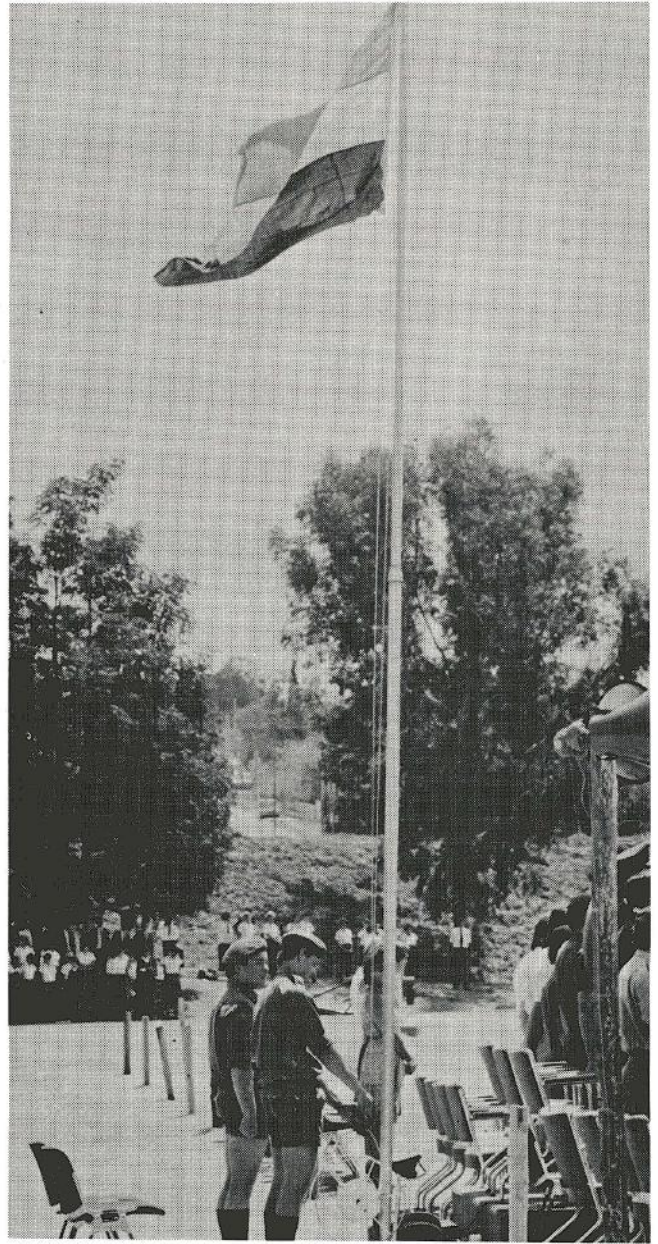
However, the grand day arrived and the whole school was ready to put their prowess on parade. The parade was held before the officer commanding West Park Commando, Cmdt. E. Wesselo. In his speech to the parade, Cmdt. Wesselo mentioned how all young South Africans could lend their support to the struggle against forces bent on destruction in our country. He indicated that all young people should be prepared to stand together and expect to be called upon to serve their country in some way.

He congratulated the pupils on the standard of the parade and the parade was dismissed.

It was a day to be remembered by all from the little Form 1's, who for the first time, had come under military instructions, to the by now blasé matriculant who enjoyed the relatively relaxed army discipline, in comparison to what most of them could expect next year.

Congratulations and thanks go to all involved in the preparation of one of the only events in which every pupil in the school becomes a participant.

ALAN THOMSON



## SHOOTING TEAM 1983

The team consisted of 5 members: Wayne Arts, Piero Bianco, Wayne Leigh, Graham Holmes and Kevin Leigh. Practices took place every Wednesday during physical activities and this was enough to secure a third place in our division at the overall shooting competition. Notable achievements were by Wayne Arts, who shot 381 out of a possible 400, Wayne, Leigh 358, and Piero Bianco 357. We wish the very best of luck to the team of 1984, which will be based on the two remaining members — the Leigh brothers.

Many thanks to Mr. Giliomee and David Chambers, for without their support, there would have been no shooting team.

PIERO BIANCO (Captain)

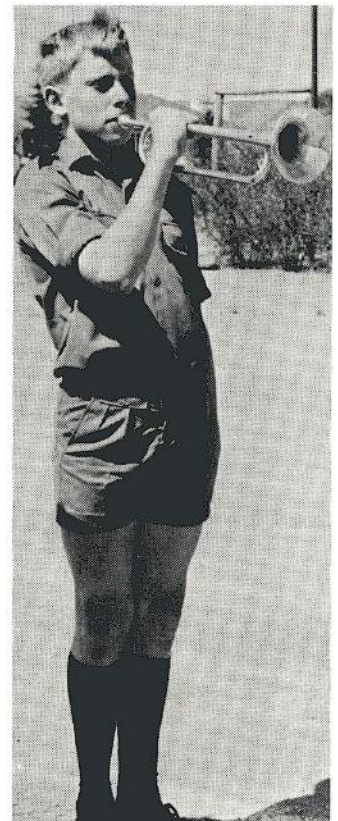






**THE CADET BAND**

*Front Row, left to right: M. Halgryn, G. Harris, S. Meiring, R. Selesnick, A. Hammond*  
*Second Row: A. Kramers, G. McGlashan, B. Selesnick, D. Strydom, T. Bogatie, G. Wilson, C. Graham*  
*Third Row: D. Graham, M. Joffe, J. Holland, J. Smith, D. Horne, C. Kilfoil, A. Smythe*  
*Absent: P. Botha*



**CADET BAND 1983**

As I recall the past years of the band's existence, I recall fellowship, hard work, fun-times and success. Let me share them with you.

In 1978, the band's first year of being active, we entered the North Rand Competition and we were awarded 1st Place. However, that was not all, the winning of the North Rand involved many problems. Two of the band members dropped out, one before the parade and the other retreated on the command "Retreat Sound!" during our parade. Even though we were two members short, we still won. This subsequently led to the Transvaal Competition. Here we earned the title "Best Band in the Transvaal".

In 1979, still with the taste of victory in our mouths, we again entered the North Rand Competition only to be beaten into 2nd Place.

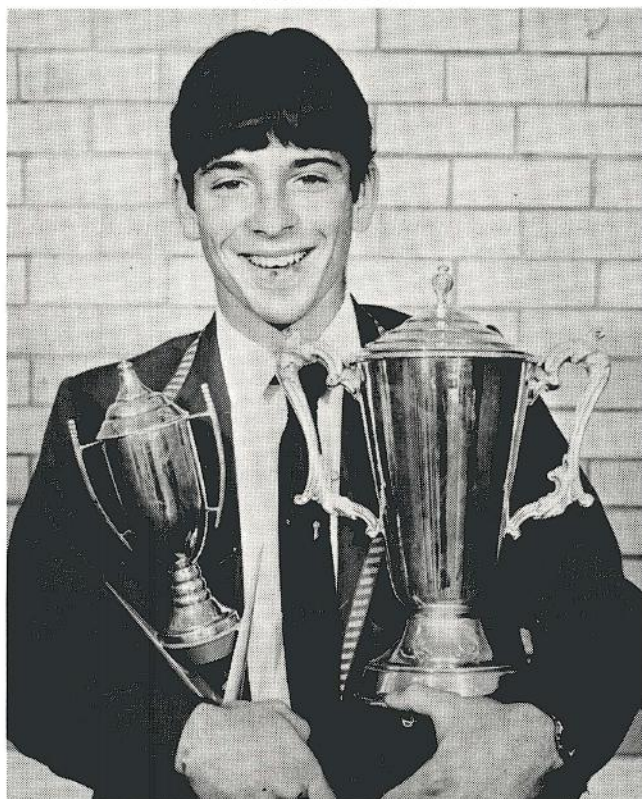
In 1980, we regained our winning spirit. A number of competitions took place that year of which we won two and were pronounced eighth best band in the Witwatersrand.

1981 and 1982 were the band's downfall, this due to the fact that we had lost most of the 1978 band members in 1980. This necessitated a re-building process.

Now to the present. This year turned out to be the most successful, in my opinion. From the beginning of the year up until 22 August, the band believed that we were not entering the competitions. Little did we know that the band had been entered, and we had from the 22 August to 2 September, to practise. The competition was held on Saturday, 3 September, when we competed against other schools who had been practising the whole year. Bryanston High were placed in third position.

Being the only "founder member" left in the band, I would like to mention how much I have enjoyed being a member of the Bryanston High Cadet Band. For as long as I live, I will remember it.

STEPHEN MEIRING (Band Major)



**R. Selesnick**

At the annual inter high school cadet band competition he was judged in the individual section to be the best bugler. He then went to the command final where he again was judged the best bugler in the Witwatersrand area



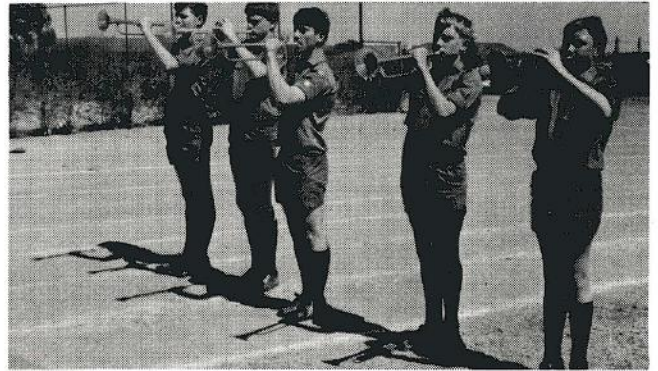
**PRESTIGE PLATOON**

*Front Row, left to right:* Mr. Visser, N. Nel, A. Thomson, S. Vogel, Mr. Stoltz

*Second Row:* T. Holtz, B. Varcoc, A. van Wel, R. Moss, B. Malan, J. Walls, P. Swanepoel, T. Courtenay

*Third Row:* A. Anema, S. Stafford, G. van Zyl, S. Beauteament, J. Sydow, A. Gallie, G. Friend, C. Friemond, L. Friemond, J. Kamps

*Fourth Row:* G. Tarr, R. Price, M. Hilditch, G. Hewson, M. Reynolds, M. Thomson, I. Sanne



**Boys' Prestige Platoon Report 1983**

Friday morning, exactly one week before the day of the Annual Cadet Competition, Mr. Stoltz was faced with a mass meeting in the gallery. The pupils had refused to enter a Cadet Competition with only one week's notice. However, undaunted by this unexpected resistance from all quarters, Mr. Stoltz persevered with varying strategy. These tactics covered a wide range and included such action as direct threats, pleading and begging for assistance from pupils and eventually we succumbed to the ever-successful method of bribery.

Much to the delight of the Std. 9's, they were promised four periods off school for the next week. Much to the horror of the Std. 9's, the offer was refused by diligent matrics concerned about forthcoming exams. A compromise of one period per day was eventually reached and so a week's intensive training began.

This was the preparation for a highly successful competition. We were placed third overall among schools which had been drilling for four hours a day for the previous ten months. We, therefore, had the last laugh on the other schools.

All credit due must go to the fantastic group of boys comprising this year's Prestige Platoon. They never knew when to say die.

I know I will miss them.

ALLAN THOMSON





**GIRLS' A PRESTIGE PLATOON**

*Front Row, left to right: Mr. W. Visser, I. Staffetius, A. Crystal, M. McKay, Mr. R. Stoltz*  
*Second Row: E. Wernig, C. Traviss, A. Newby, D. Reynolds, E. MacConachie, L. Puren, M. Patterson, T. Bond*  
*Third Row: E. Sterzel, S. Woods, K. King, P. Godfrey, A. Crowell, S. Senior, N. Norris, M. Hearn, S. Kling*  
*Fourth Row: A. Tyson, I. Leitner, G. Scheepers, J. Scheepers, N. Jones, D. Hunter, V. Mitchley*

**GIRLS' PRESTIGE PLATOON**

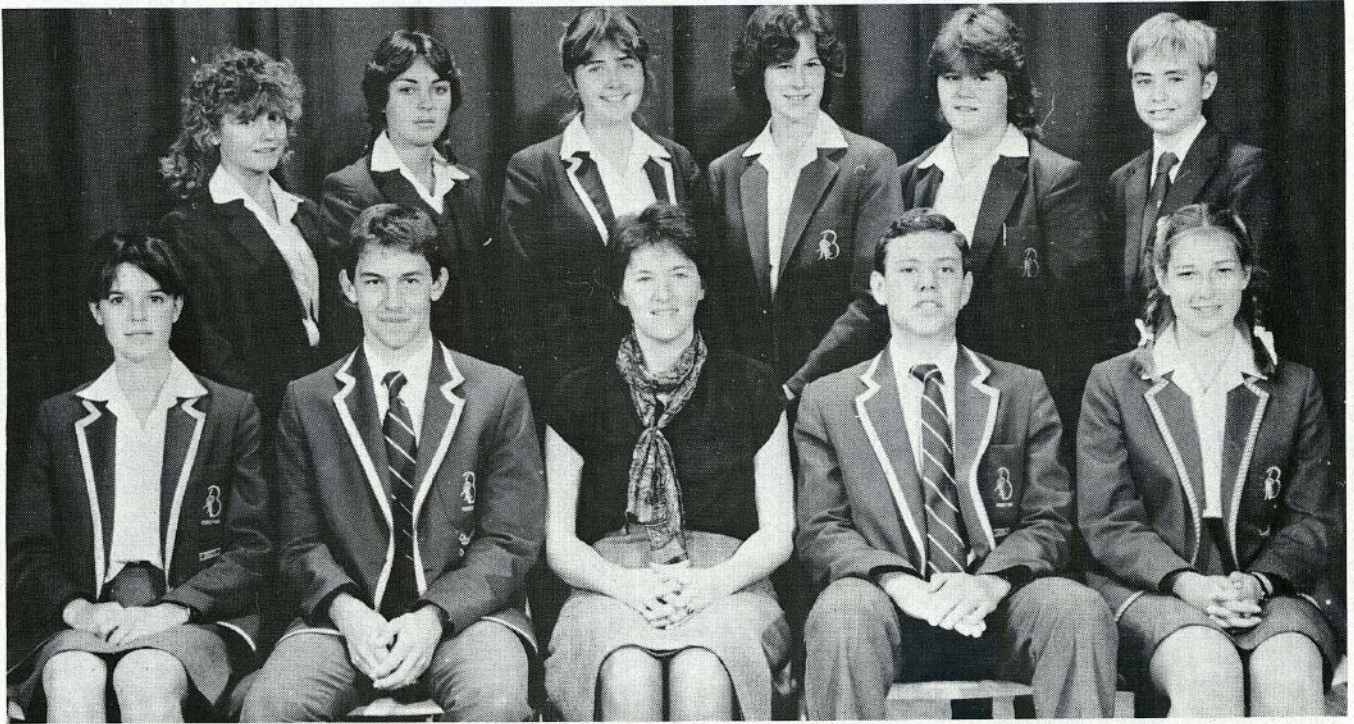
The Bryanston High Girls' Prestige Platoon originated in 1981. The prestige platoon consists of volunteers made up of girls from Standards 8 and 9.

This year, we have achieved more as a platoon than ever before. For the first time, Bryanston High Girls' Prestige Platoon was invited to participate in a drill competition at Randburg Hoërskool, where we found that we were the only English speaking girl participants. Even though we did not succeed in walking away with the cup, much experience and know-how was gained at this competition. The competition was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

I would like to thank all the girls in the platoon for their co-operation, wonderful spirit and determination which they have shown this year. Without them, the platoon could not have proved to be so successful. A special thanks to a number of members of staff: Mrs. Turvey, Mr. Folster, Mr. Stoltz and Mr. Visser, for the perseverance, courage and support which they constantly offered us. Once again, thanks to all involved for making this so worthwhile!

ANDREA CRYSTAL





**PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY**

*Front Row, left to right: G. Venn, T. Hacking, Mrs. M. King,  
P. van Niekerk, I. Johnston*  
*Second Row: R. Singleton, C. Roebert, J. Tyson, S. Coutts,  
T. van Zyl, E. Rushbrooke*  
*Absent: S. Siebert, A. Kelly*

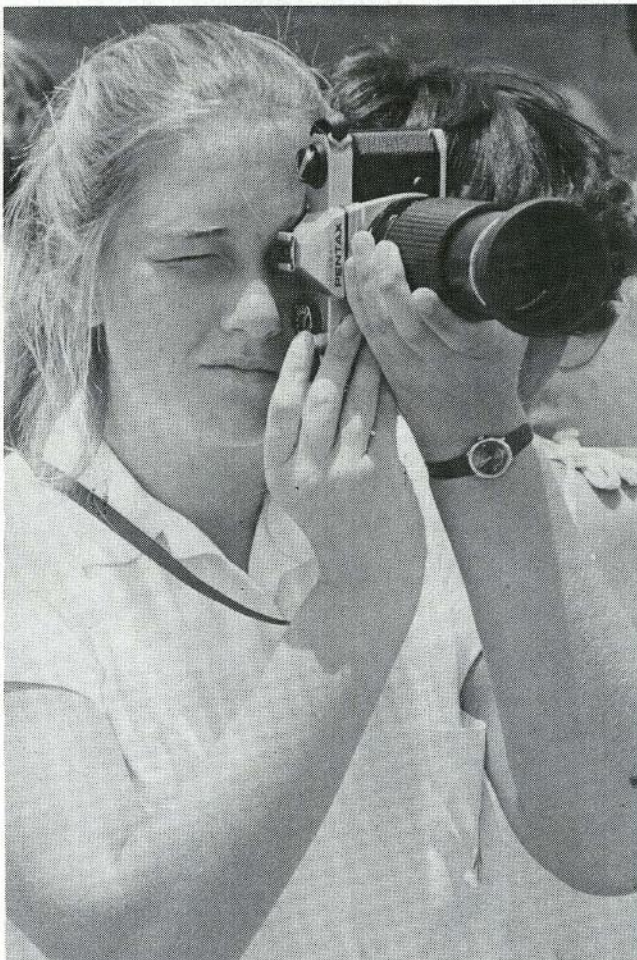
**The Photographic Society**

This has been a very exciting year for the photographic society. Many pupils have joined us this year, and we learnt a great deal about the art of photography, as well as printing and developing our own photographs in the dark-room.

We went on many excursions; for example, to Randburg where we took candid photos of people, places and objects. However, our efforts were not appreciated by certain embarrassed shoppers! We also attended exhibitions and studied photos of many well-known photographers.

Photography is a very creative and interesting hobby. We encourage all pupils to join the society next year. All you need is a camera, one eye, two hands and one finger to push the button; we will teach you the rest. Who knows, maybe you will be the next "STAR" photographer of the year.

INGRID JOHNSTON





**COMPUTER CLUB**

Front Row, left to right: R. Gaunt, T. Hodnett, P. Swanepoel (Chairman), Mrs. Steele, D. Baronetti, G. van Zyl  
 Second Row: W. Sculpher, M. Admiraal, P. Hodnett, C. Hughes, E. Kreft, A. Wiederholdt, G. van Bavel  
 Third Row: C. Peters, B. Till, I. Thompson, N. Hewitt, B. Mullings, S. Coutts  
 Absent: M. Thorne, W. de Klerk, J. Sydow

**Computer Club**

The Computer Club was started by some far-sighted pupils at the end of 1982. Mrs. Steele, a similarly motivated teacher, was more than willing to assist. An introduction into the world of computers for pupils is an essential investment.

Thanks to the persistence of Mrs. Scheltema with her high moral standards and historical knowledge, the Society got under way with a strong foundation. Before she would give the go-ahead, a computer had to be purchased, a room in which to operate this computer had to be located, and a lengthy 12 page constitution had to be drawn up.

The Club or Society was eventually started, after the election of a committee comprising a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary, Publications Officer and Treasurer. A membership fee was introduced towards the purchase of software.

The Society had much enthusiastic support at first, but as with all new concepts, the enthusiasm soon waned and only a few members showed true interest. These few are what any Society is looking for because they have the "staying power" which a Society requires to survive.

The activities included tours to other Clubs, a tour to I.B.M. and outsiders making appearances to impart their knowledge to the members. Lectures on the basic operation of the computer were also included in the year's activities.

The initial aim of the Society was merely to give pupils an introduction into computers, but the ultimate aim was to aid the school in administration and the control and production of school reports.

We wish this fast-growing Society much luck in the years ahead.

P. SWANEPOEL (Chairman)

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## CHESS – 1983

After a somewhat dramatic (if not traumatic) start with the annual five-a-side Tournament at the beginning of the year, everything was running beautifully by the time we finished playing our last league game.

Although this year's activities weren't as hectic as last year's we still had the same number of matches to play. First of all, the abovementioned Five-a-side Tournament, then the Northwest Rand High Schools' Chess League and the Johannesburg Schools' Chess League (the latter of which our Stephen Raal was chosen chairman).

It took a lot of enthusiasm, dedication and pure endurance on both the pupils' and the teachers' side to be ready for two matches per week — with two teams each time and not necessarily at the same venues. Gary Friend and Diana Michie have to be congratulated on this. The results did not prove to be as spectacular as those of last year, but it was still great fun. We needed 20 pupils for both leagues and although there was an occasion or two where we had to pull in some unsuspecting 'amateur' chess player 'from the street' so to speak, we managed to have full teams most of the time.

Apart from the leagues there were quite a few tournaments, sponsored by several firms, to keep the chess spirit alive. Our chess club has acquired a chess computer for general practice sessions and that, too, provides lots of fun. If you cannot beat it on your own, get a friend to help you.

Many club members have become members of the South African Chess Federation which enables them to play in many diverse chess tournaments and where they also receive a rating and are constantly graded according to their performance.

Our chess champion this year is Gary Friend and Mercury won the trophy for the best house.

We have lost a few of our strongest players due to old age — they had to leave school, but fortunately we have acquired a few very promising juniors and are quite confident that our famous chess reputation will be restored in the near future.

H. VON LUDWIG (Chess Organizer)



### CHESS A TEAM

*Front Row, left to right:* S. Raal (Chairman, Johannesburg Chess League), Mrs. H. von Ludwig, G. Friend (Captain), G. Corlett

*Second Row:* J. Lombaard, S. Miller, D. Venter, G. Kamps, G. Walker, D. Hodnett, R. de Villiers



### CHESS B TEAM

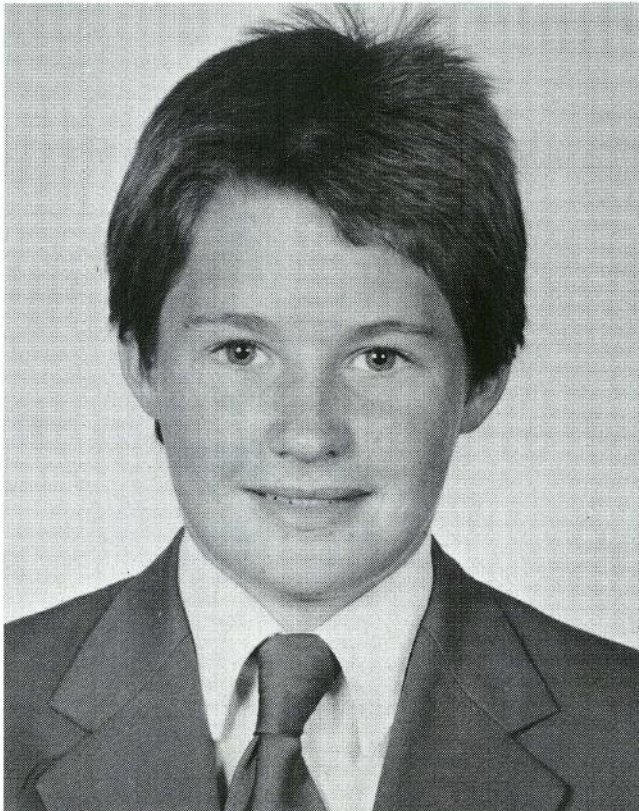
*Front Row, left to right:* A. Larter, Mrs. H. von Ludwig, D. Michie (Captain), I. Sanne

*Second Row:* D. Michie, M. Carroll, G. Freimond, R. Price, P. Marais, R. Henschel, W. Wegenaar, D. Sieling

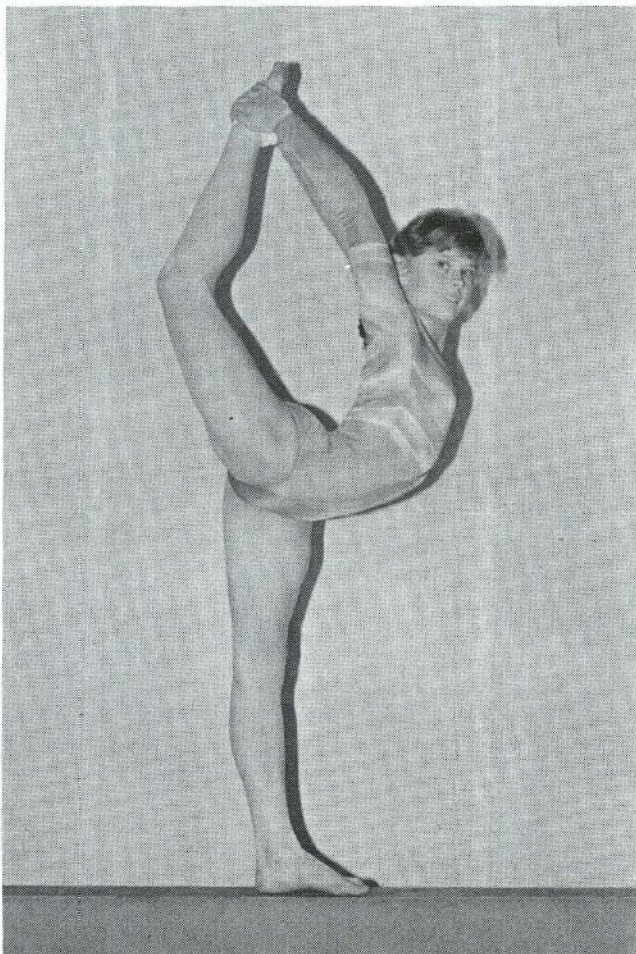
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S. Kiralfy



**Springbok Gymnast**  
D. Wilmore



**SENIOR INTER-HOUSE QUIZ TEAMS**

*Front Row, left to right:* L. Malan, M. Orr, N. Ridgeway, T. Gewis, T. Hacking, A. Thompson, K. Fellingham  
*Second Row:* T. Hodnett, W. Luyt, Miss Featherstone, N. Ruhmann, C. Russel  
*Third Row:* E. Scheurer, C. Freimond, T. Courtenay, C. Johnston  
*Absent:* A. Knowles

**Junior and Senior Inter-House Quizzes**

1983 has seen a new function on our Bryanston High School calendar, the Senior inter-house quiz. Last year, Mr. Manolios introduced the junior inter-house quiz to our school in a drive to motivate greater cultural involvement in our school. Owing to the great success of this venture it was decided to open up the quiz to the whole school. The quiz teams were selected by a screening process in which every pupil wrote a test on 80 sample questions. The top scorers from each house were selected for their teams — I may add here that staff and pupils alike were appalled at their lack of general knowledge and their cultural illiteracy! Our final quiz took place on 20 September, with Adrian Steed as our proficient and entertaining quiz-master. The winning senior team was Neptune, represented by Clyde Russel, Craig Johnston, Tim Courtenay and Craig Freimond. The winning junior team was Mercury, represented by Norman Kelly, Shane Kidd, Mark Beukes and Bruce Leech.

**MISS S FEATHERSTONE**



**JUNIOR QUIZ TEAMS**

*Front Row, left to right:* C. Hughes, N. Zalk, R. Ruhmann, N Zalk, B. Beetar  
*Second Row:* Miss Featherstone, A. Russell, J. Ridgeway, M. Beukes, H. Humphrey, S. Kidd, N. Kelly  
*Absent:* R. Henschel, B. Leech, A. Grove, A. Heyns, A. Wiederhold



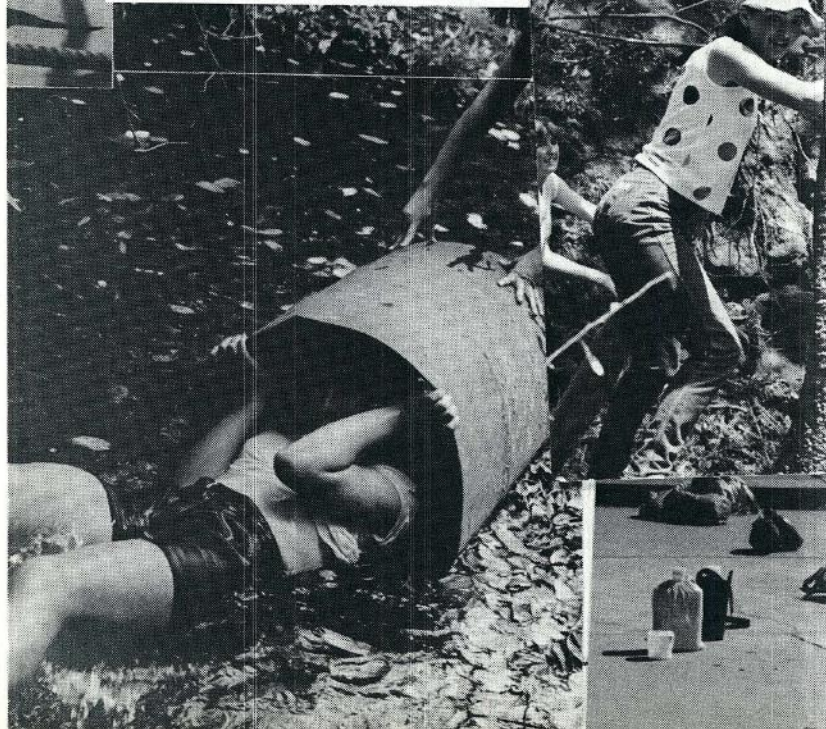
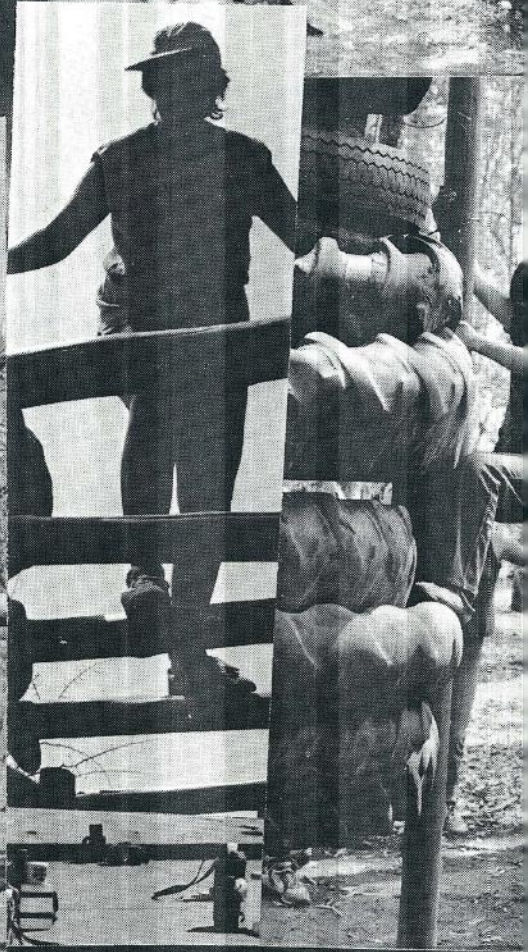
## Girls' Veldschool at Barberton

All the girls that went to Barberton agree that it was an experience that they will never forget. For one thing, it was definitely not what we were used to. We all went on to the bus with high spirits and high expectations and our journey seemed shorter than it was. When we arrived, we had our first taste of what to expect — plenty of running; plenty of fresh air. Our first night was spent in a "thousand-star hotel."

At the crack of dawn, or so it seemed, we started our leadership "tests" and were assigned to "dometries". The "tasty, tasty food" was almost that but we missed Mom's home cooking. Every evening we had a "fillem" on the Creation, Pollution or Wildlife. We took part in nature observation rambles and an exciting night hike with "stalk the lantern," and plenty of fun camouflaging each other.

Our most tiring hike was to the top of the mountain, a distance of about fifteen kilometres. Once there we had to build our own shelters and start fires (without fire lighters). The adventure course was a "soaking" experience, but it was great fun, in mud, over rocks and stones and swinging from ropes. In the evening we did "skits" and sang songs until it started to rain so we ran for our shelters and beds.

Our last day was not so strenuous and we were happy to have the tuck shop open. At last the time came to board the buses from home, weary, dirty but pleased we went along. Thanks to the "Ooms" and our teachers who gave us so much help and encouragement.







**PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY**

*Front Row, left to right: G. Venn, T. Hacking, Mrs. M. King,  
P. van Niekerk, I. Johnston*  
*Second Row: R. Singleton, C. Roebert, J. Tyson, S. Coutts,  
T. van Zyl, E. Rushbrooke*  
*Absent: S. Siebert, A. Kelly*

**The Photographic Society**

This has been a very exciting year for the photographic society. Many pupils have joined us this year, and we all learnt a great deal about the art of photography, as well as printing and developing our own photographs in the dark-room.

We went on many excursions; for example, to Randburg where we took candid photos of people, places and objects. However, our efforts were not appreciated by certain embarrassed shoppers! We also attended exhibitions and studied photos of many well-known photographers.

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INGRID JOHNSTON





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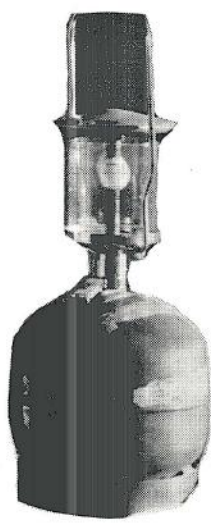


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## 1983 Wildlife Report

Once again the Wildlife Society has had a very enjoyable and successful year. We went on many camps and educational outings that many of us will never forget. Unfortunately, we did not have the time or opportunity to do a project for Enviro '83.

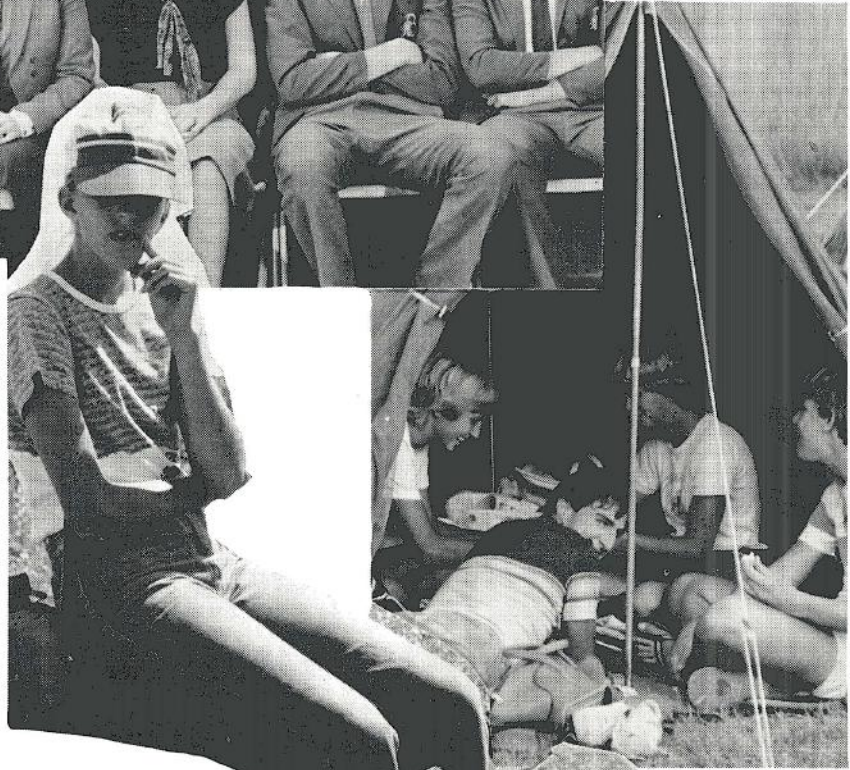
All our camps were great fun and in the Pilansberg Game Reserve we actually did some work. We spent a weekend in the Suikerbosrand Nature Reserve, which was to get everybody to meet one another. On our first Pilansberg work party, we dug a firebreak and on the second we rolled five kilometres of barbed wire fencing. The reserve have expressed their thanks for all the work we have done.

Seven privileged matrics trailed through the Umfolozi and the St. Lucia Game Reserves in the July holidays. This is an experience we will never forget. We learnt more in that week than we would in six months at school.

On behalf of the outgoing matrics in the society, I would like to give special thanks to Miss Walls who has organised us this year and the past few years. We hope to have many Old Bryanstonian camps.

We hosted the Wilderness Leadership School film festival which was an enormous success and provided many funds for a worthy cause. Altogether the Society is proud of what they have achieved for Wildlife Conservation.

STUART WALLS and THOMAS HOLTZ



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#### DEBATING SOCIETY

*Front Row, left to right:* C. Russell, N. Ridgway,  
Miss C.B. Walls, T. Hodnett, L. Nel

*Second Row:* C. Hughes, L. Hearn, N. Cummings,  
M. Economides, C. Pule, M. Hearn

*Third Row:* A. Hugo, P. McCombe, A. Gilmour, G. Scheepers,  
J. Scheepers, V. Mitchley, A. Crosswell, N. Economides

*Absent:* Mrs. J.R. Frost, D. Irsigler, L. Kay, P. Haynes,  
D. Hodnett

## Debating Society

The Helen Suzman Debating League provided us with a round of challenging debates right at the beginning of the year. The senior team, Clyde Russel, Tracey Hodnett and Nicole Ridgway won through to the finals, mastering such topics as "Any Multi-National politico economic community is doomed to fail". At a later date, however, our team was narrowly defeated by the powerful King David debaters. These debates were approached with great enthusiasm, encouraged by the support from the school and especially the 1983 prefects.

There were two friendly debates against Hyde Park giving our juniors a chance to speak in public. Spirits were high and everyone who attended enjoyed themselves.

This year, again, the Debating Society and the Media Centre crew came together and filmed a panel discussion. The topic was "Sex Role Stereotyping". The video is being used as a teaching aid by the English teachers.

The finals of the Inter-House Debating were held recently. The results are as follows:

**Seniors:** Jupiter v Neptune. The topic was 'Mass Media Inhibits Freedom of Choice.' This was won by Jupiter.

**Juniors:** Apollo v Neptune. 'The lack of Money is the Root of all Evil.' This was won by Neptune.

TRACEY HODNETT and NICOLE RIDGWAY





## The Choir

1983 saw a definite improvement in the Bryanston High School Choir.

Under the expert tutorship of Miss D'Angrela, the choir (greatly reduced in number after strict auditions) has revealed itself to be a group with great potential! Apart from their noticeable contribution to the singing at assemblies, they performed superbly at the Valedictory, arousing admiration in all who heard their recital.

Sincere thanks go to Miss D'Angrela for her training, as well as to Mr. Manolios, who provided invaluable support to the choir throughout the year.

The presence of the enthusiastic band of musical members is certainly an indication that great heights will be reached by the Choir during 1984.

CHRISTINE BROULIDAKIS



### JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL

Front Row, left to right: A. Gilmour (Sandton), R. Stamper (Sandton, Secretary), A. Crystal (Sandton)  
 Second Row: H. Carty (Sandton), M. Economidies (Randburg)



**S.C.A. COMMITTEE**

*Front Row, left to right: M. Orr, K. Phillip, Miss S. Bezuidenhout, A. St. Leger, J. Cooke  
 Second Row: J. Lovely, T. Baker, D. Kloosterman, I. Sanne, P. Welsh, C. Jordaan, C. Beaumont  
 Absent: D. Irsigler*

**The Students' Christian Association (SCA)**

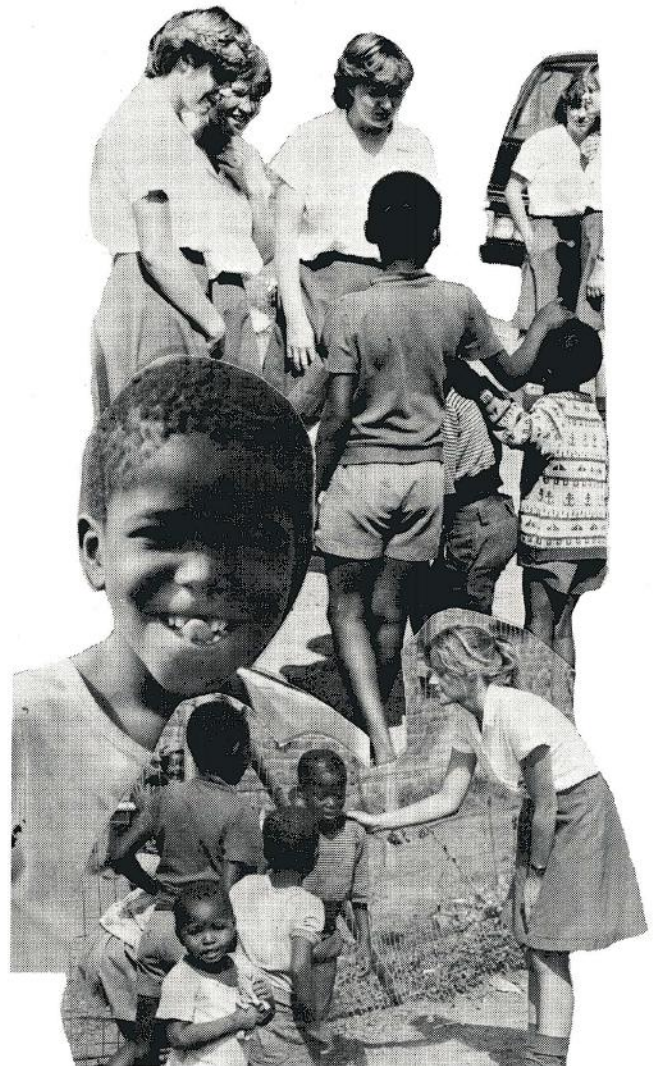
The SCA has had a full calendar this year — from a camp to a Bible — Reading marathon, as well as visiting the Tear Fund projects in Soweto. I am sure that all the scholars who have involved themselves in SCA this year have realised that Christianity is dynamic and exciting.

We began this year by holding a joint camp with Waverley SCA. The spirit and comradeship was terrific and everyone had a wonderful time. The weekend was highlighted by a talk on "Peer Group Pressure" which was excellently presented by Richard Girdwood. In his speech he emphasised the fact that too many people are 'controlled' by their peers and that the Christian scholar must be aware of the pressures brought to bear upon him by the crowd he mixes with.

We decided that SCA would have an objective this year. We pursued a goal that would enable us to help those less fortunate than ourselves. With this in mind, and remembering I John 3: 17-18, we decided to support Tear Fund. So, on a cold winter's afternoon, twenty people met and read the Bible for five hours — a marathon and a great achievement! As a result of this R650 was presented to Tear Fund. We then decided to visit the Tear Fund projects in Soweto. The ensuing trip can only be described as "mind-boggling". The squalor and hopelessness of the Sowetan society instils in one the determination to raise funds for the neglected children entrusted to care of Tear Fund. The home under construction for the 60 children costs R160 000 and the SCA feel that this is a worthwhile project to support.

We can look back over 1983 with gratitude for the way in which God has richly blessed the SCA.

DAVID IRSIGLER (1983 Chairman)





**INTERACT**

*Front Row, left to right: M. Qilliamson, V. Bartlett, L. McNally, E. Sterzel, L. Russell  
 Second Row: L. Boughton, N. Cubberly, N. Wilkie, K. Voet, A. Clewlow, A. Hugo, N. Cummings, C. Ormsby  
 Third Row: B. Scarrott, D. Hainebach, B. Burns, P. Saayman, G. Warden, C. Bayne, S. Gadd, J. Pickett  
 Absent: L. Adcock*

**Interact**

Interact is a voluntary, community service organisation comprising scholars. Each Interact Club is committed to take part in one major project a year. The nature of this project is decided upon by the entire club and the Rotarian in charge.

This year the Bryanston Interact Club has had the pleasure of doing something that has never been done in Interact before. We have built a therapeutic swimming pad for the Quadraplegics of Cheshire Home. This pool has seating arrangements with jacuzzi jets included, for therapy. It has a slide and special stairs for the residents to get in and out of the water. And for those who are unable to use the slide and stairs, a hoist has been specially built for this purpose.

We have been kindly assisted by a pad-building company and we have been very generously sponsored by various other companies. However, we have raised a fair amount of the total sum of R18 000 ourselves.

I hope that through this report, I have emphasized the importance of Interact and other community organisations, and I hope Interact will be as successful in the future as it has been this year.

LISA McNALLY







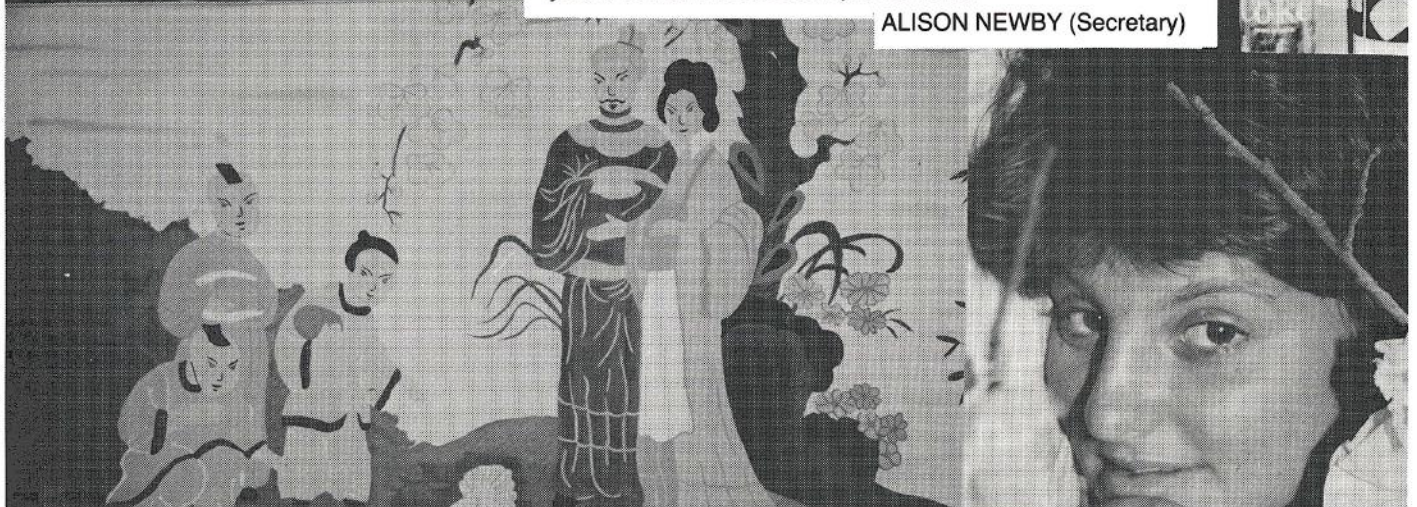
## Matric Dance Committee Report

The 1983 Matric Dance would not have been what it was, had it not been for the imaginative thought, enthusiasm and, most important, the teamwork of the members of the committee.

After several "hot discussions" concerning the theme, we finally decided on something oriental and focussed on Japan. The hall was romantically decorated in pink, white and silver. These colours captured the atmosphere to perfection and added to the enchantment of the evening. The release of hundreds of pink and white balloons from a Japanese lantern suspended from the ceiling, was an exciting climax. The artists and lighting experts are to be commended on their fine work. Thanks also to the Hong Kong Restaurant for providing the delicious array of Far Eastern foods. The chopsticks were fun for most, frustration for some, and just plain maddening for others.

Our most sincere thanks to Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Huggett, Mr. Manolios, and all the other members of staff, without whose help and tolerance we could not have made this year's dance the success it proved to be.

ALISON NEWBY (Secretary)





**MEDIA CENTRE CREW**

*Front Row, left to right: M. Halgryn, B. Till  
 Second Row: B. Mullings, Mrs. McCarten, Mrs. Botha,  
 Mr. Stoltz, S. Miller  
 Third Row: D. Baronetti, J. Harris, N. Ham, G. Roberts,  
 S. Meiring, J. Smith, D. Hallendorf, P. Swanepoel*

**The Media Crew**

The media crew, as it is now called, has been a lot more active this year than last year. Our main project was filming the matric setwork "Twelfth Night" by Shakespeare. We have Mr. Quilliam to thank for this as he produced it. The cast and crew should also be thanked for the time they gave up for the production, especially since it was filmed on Sundays.

Other projects this year that we have undertaken are many slide/sound shows for use as educational aids for teachers.

The media crew used to be called "The TV crew" but since our duties have been extended we are more rightly called "The media crew".

Lastly, we would like to thank Mr. Stoltz for his support throughout the year — it helps to have a Head of Department behind you.

DOMINIC BARONETTI (Secretary)



**LIBRARY REPORT 1983**

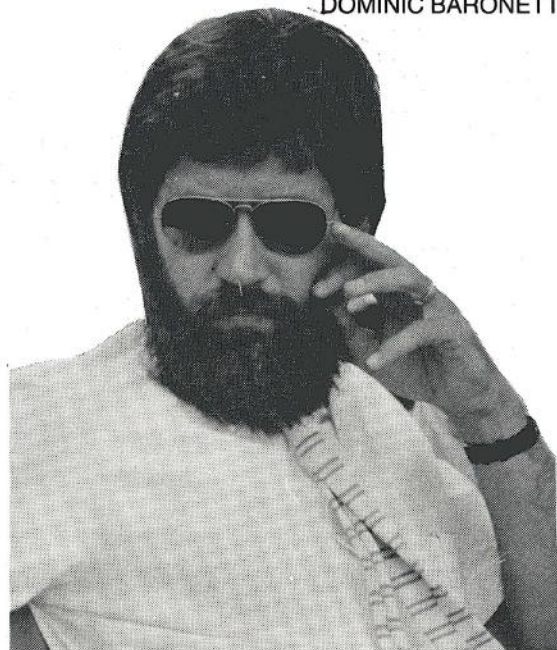
On the whole the library has had a satisfactory year indicated by a marked increase in the number of books being used by pupils for research work. Many new books have been added to the library selection and these mainly deal with housecraft and metalwork departments. New equipment, including taperecorders, projectors etc, has been installed in the library by the media crew and this is available for use by the pupils.

This year's allocation will be spent on books for the fiction section of our library and suggestions for books will be greatly appreciated.

The library does, however, have its problems in that there is a shortage of librarians and there are a large number of books overdue.

On behalf of the librarians, I would like to thank Mrs. Botha and Mrs. McCarten for all their assistance during the year.

BELINDA MULLINGS (Head Librarian)





## “Doodkwaggadam”

“Doodkwaggadam” was this year’s operetta. It was written by an ex-teacher of our school, Alastair Smurthwaite, and for this reason seemed an appropriate play to present.

The play is about a “plattelands dorpie” with a one-star hotel and one petrol pump, that gains recognition when a TV star comes to film a programme about it.

The operetta, as all operettas at Bryanston High, was a great success. Other than a few minor problems such as Ouma kicking her shoe off, the neighbour’s dog walking onto the stage in the most romantic part of the play, Clarens hitting Dingle so hard that he was virtually knocked out, Dingle throwing his walking-stick at the orchestra, Clarens grazing his elbow every time he fell off the podium shouting “Melinda!”, one of the dancers falling on her “rear end” during one of the performances, Clarens singing the top note of his solo so flat that the audience had to block their ears, the whole cast forgetting the words to the finale, everything ran very smoothly.

We would like to thank Robert Walsh for teaching us the music, which was a great privilege since he wrote the music, and Josephine D’Agrela for handling the rest of the music for the operetta i.e. teaching the cast to sing their songs properly. Above all we thank Miss Featherstone and Miss Walls for producing and directing the operetta, and for doing it so well.

Thank you: The Wendywood Primary School Orchestra, Tracy Kirchoffer for your choreography, the backstage crew and all those who helped in any way.

Last of all, to the cast, “Then kyew faw wun of the most in jawyibl taams ah iverad.”

DOMINIC BARONETTI (Clarens)



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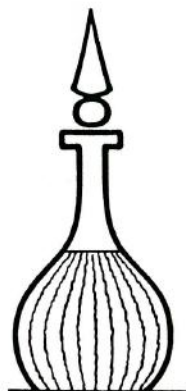
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## The 1983 Houseplay Festival

The merry month of May brought with it the annual ulcer-agitator — that yearly event that causes many teenagers to turn grey overnight — the house plays.

The spirit and goodwill amongst the participants (apart from the odd occasion when natural instincts were unleashed and tempers flared — especially when flats came down on the casts' heads) was unbearable. On the dawning of the great event, nerves were raw and the tension was almost tangible. The plays were of a high standard, characterized by accompaniable competitiveness. Of the awards that had been made the winners were all congratulated by the other participants and this camaraderie continued into the ensuing celebrations. The adjudicator, Mr. Keith Maker had to choose between "Rinse the Blood of my Toga" (Apollo), "Fumed Oak" (Neptune), "The Bridegroom Rose Early" (Mercury), and "In need of Care" (Jupiter). Jupiter (producers, M. Fowlds, N. Ridgway) took the prize for the best play, K. Beard (Mercury) won Best Actor, N. Ridgway (Jupiter) won Best Actress, Lester Thoresson (Jupiter) won best Supporting Actor, with Britt Klews (Neptune) winning the female equivalent. Mercury was awarded the "best stage design" award and Certificates of Merit were awarded to Mark Halgryn (Apollo), Clyde Russell (Neptune), Monique Hearn (Mercury), Matthew Smith (Jupiter), Kim Peterson (Jupiter).

Congratulations and thank you to all those who had anything to do with the plays, especially Glenda Venn and Miss Cohen (and the wonderfully responsive audience!).





**R.A.P.S. PLAY FESTIVAL  
Cast and Crew**

*Front Row, left to right:* C. Russel (Cast), K. Beard (Cast), Miss Comen, P. Harris (Crew), S. Walls (Crew)  
*Second Row:* B. Varcoe (Crew), G. Venn (Crew), N. Ridgeway (Cast), B. Klews (Cast), M. Beukes (Cast), A. Gilmour (Crew), J. Tyson (Crew),  
 L. Bardouleau (Cast)  
*Third Row:* D. Baronetti (Cast), T. Hodnett (Crew), M Halgryn (Crew), L. Nel (Crew), L. Johnston (Crew)

## Raps Play Festival

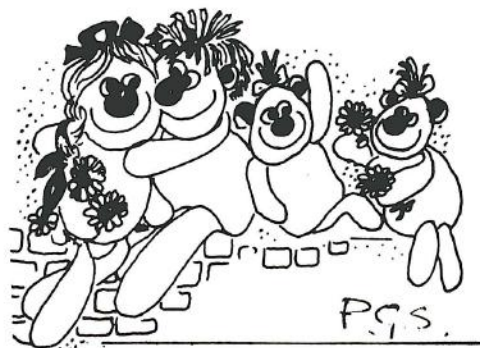
The Raps Play Festival is held every year. This year we were one of 46 entries. The rules of the festival are strict and extensive to ensure a high standard of theatre. Marks are awarded for all aspects of the play including a poster advertising the play. This was done by our own award-winning artist, Glenda Venn. Our entry this year was the play "Black Comedy" by Peter Shaffer. The play is a sophisticated comedy that was extremely difficult, due to the intricate lighting.

The cast and backstage crew all worked together with great spirit and enthusiasm to put the performance on stage on time. The play was also performed for the school and the enjoyment of those on stage and behind it was obviously infectious, as the audience also enjoyed the performance.

Thanks especially to Miss Cohen for her help and patience, to Russell Grundlingh for helping with the lights, to Kim Peterson for her make up and artistry, and for all the kindred spirits who supplied moral support.

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**RANDBURG PLAY FESTIVAL**  
**"The Bridegroom rose early"**

*Front Row, left to right: A. Dougall, C. Russell, Miss D. Otto, K. Beard, G. Holmes*

*Second Row: Z. Mathews, P. Caizergues, B. van Nieuwkerk, J. Horner, G. Harrowing, L. Hearn, N. Economides, M. Economides (Director), M. Hearn*



**SCHOOL SAILING**

Bryanston once again took part in the Inter-School Regatta. This year the event was held at Victoria Lake Club, Germiston.

With February not being a windy month we were all overjoyed to have a pleasant breeze for the day of the regatta.

Our sailors Brenda Austin sailing a Laser, Catherine Whiskin and Paul Saayman both sailing Daochicks really enjoyed themselves and sailed well. Bryanston finally finished 19th, out of 35 competing high schools.

We extend our congratulations to Sandringham High who won the regatta.

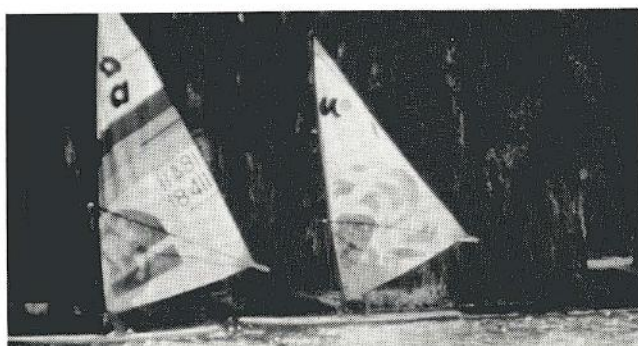
We would also like to thank the hardworking committee, whose great efficiency really made the regatta such a success.

G. BODMER



**WINDSURFING**

*Front Row, left to right: C. Menzel, H. Holsboer, Mrs. M. King, F. Torrente, A. Knight  
 Second Row: A. Russell, V. Berry, D. Torrente, V. Arnold, K. Bock, A. Hammond  
 Third Row: J.P. Ridgeway, M. Tiley, W. Malan, M. Menzel, D. Christensen, J. Freeman  
 Fourth Row: G. Knight, S. Arnold, G. Roberts, I. Sanne, N. Ham, P. Kruger, G. Harris*



**The Windsurfing Club**

This year a boardsailing club, run by Mrs. King, was formed. Permission was granted to sail on Monday afternoons at Emmerentia Dam. Mike William, a top class racer, came regularly and gave the sailors useful advice on technique. His training boards initiated many novices into the art of board sailing.

Sailing weekends at the Vaal and Roodeplaats dams were most successful.

**Apollo** won the Inter-House Regatta.

C. Menzel, H. Holsboer, A. Knight and F. Torrente entered the S.A. National Championships at Harrismith. Wind at 35 knots and experienced Capetonian board sailors proved to be stiff competition, but the experience was exhilarating.

Thanks to Miss Otto and Mrs. King for all the work they did to make this activity so successful.

CHRIS MENZEL



# SPORT



## Golf

Golf has, in past years, been a sport at our school which has, to a large extent, been neglected. It is pleasing to see how this has altered during the past year, mainly due to the enthusiasm of a handful of pupils.

As can be seen from our results, we had a most successful year on the links. Warren Minster proved himself a worthy captain and due to his efforts, manners and his high standard of golfing, he was awarded full colours.

We have good potential for next year and it is my sincere wish to see golf go from strength to strength at Bryanston High School.

Venues, transport, times and coaching for younger players remains a problem and any interested parents who would be willing to help in this regard may contact me early next year.

Team Colours — G. Tillet, J. von Wel, P. Rushbrooke.

Colour Awards — Full Colours: W. Minster.

First team won "The Standard Bank" competition of 1983.

The South African schools "Allied Building Society" championship of 1983 — first team was placed 7th in Southern Transvaal.

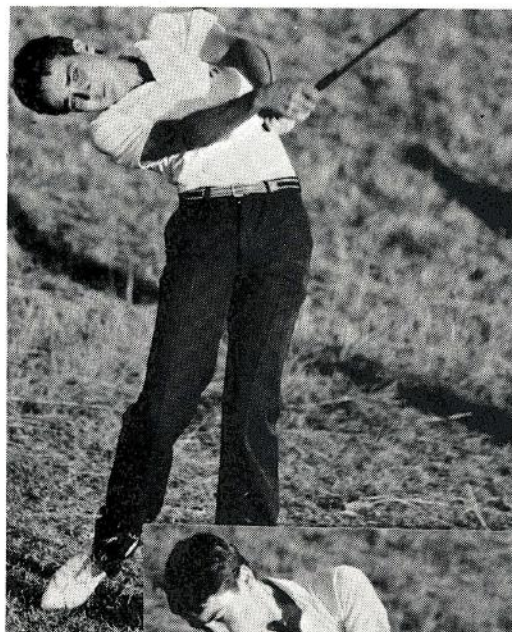
Inter House results: 1st Jupiter, 2nd Apollo, 3rd Neptune, 4th Mercury.

School League results: vs Greenside (won 6-0), rematch (won 4-2);  
vs Northcliff (won 6-0), rematch (won 4-2);  
vs Blairgowrie (won 6-0).

1st Team members were: W. Minster (Captain), J. van Wel, G. Tillett, P. Marais.

2nd Team members were: P. Rushbrooke, C. Snijman, K. Kamps, R. Price.

R. EDGAR



*Patricia Jennings*

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## A TRIBUTE TO ERWIN KRATZ

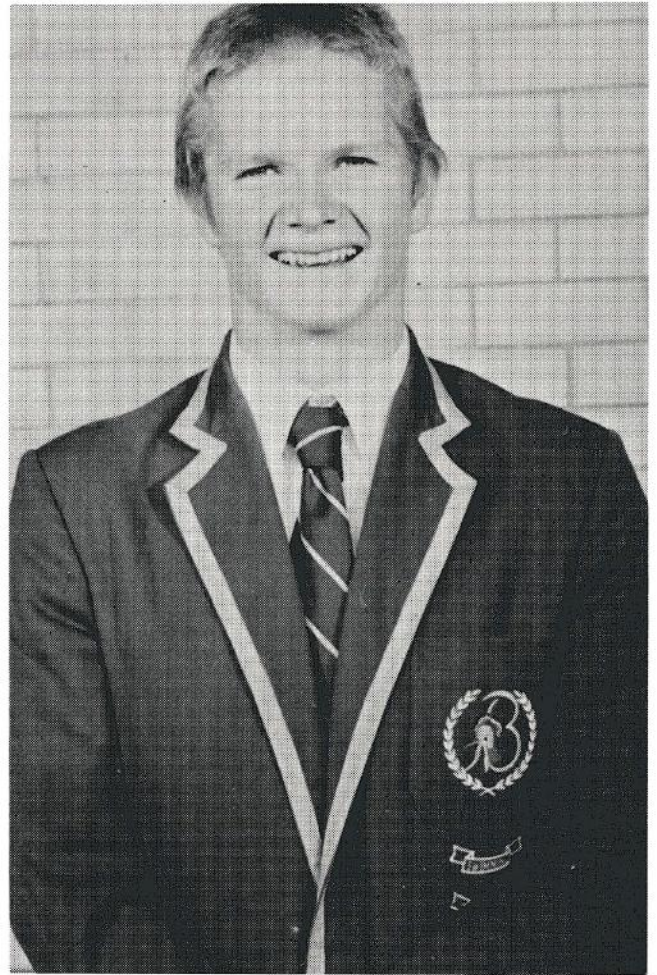
In April 1983 Erwin Kratz earned the distinction of becoming the recipient of Bryanston's first ever Honours' award, an award which is to be made only to sportsmen of exceptional ability.

"Kojak" is without doubt the most outstanding sportsman ever to have emerged from our school. Here are some of his more recent achievements:

January ± 20th	5 titles at Transvaal Open Swimming Championships.
February ± 28th	6 National Open Swimming Titles 3 National Open Relay Titles 1 S.A. Record Best male swimmer at S.A. Champs.
March ± 19th	S.A. Schools Swimming Captain 1 S.A. Record
March ± 25th	Springbok Captain for Test series against U.S.A. Voted best S.A. performer of 1982/83 Season Transvaal Age Group Swimmer of the year
July	7 National Winter Swimming Titles 1 S.A. Record Best swimmer at Winter Nationals

We can be justly proud of Erwin. He has never let us down, swimming in even some of the most minor inter-school meetings. He has been a constant source of inspiration to his team mates. Erwin — we will miss your swimming, but most of all the tremendous inspiration you gave us and the example you set for us.

1983 SWIMMING TEAM



### GIRLS' A SWIMMING TEAM

*Front Row, left to right:* A. Sydow, L. Hunter, S. Moizeau, L. Haupt, S. Durr  
*Second Row:* A. Scheepers, L. Irvine, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, C. Oliver (Captain), K. King, S. de Bruyn  
*Third Row:* V. Lynch, P. Panos, C. Cole, J. Spann, S. Smart, T. Hultzer, W. Lasch  
*Fourth Row:* S. Woods, M. Painting, C. de Bruyn, T. Bennet, D. Tomlinson, N. Ridgway  
*Fifth Row:* I. Leitner, J. Southgate, T. Potgieter, C. Badham, S. Broad, K. Roberts, V. Arnold

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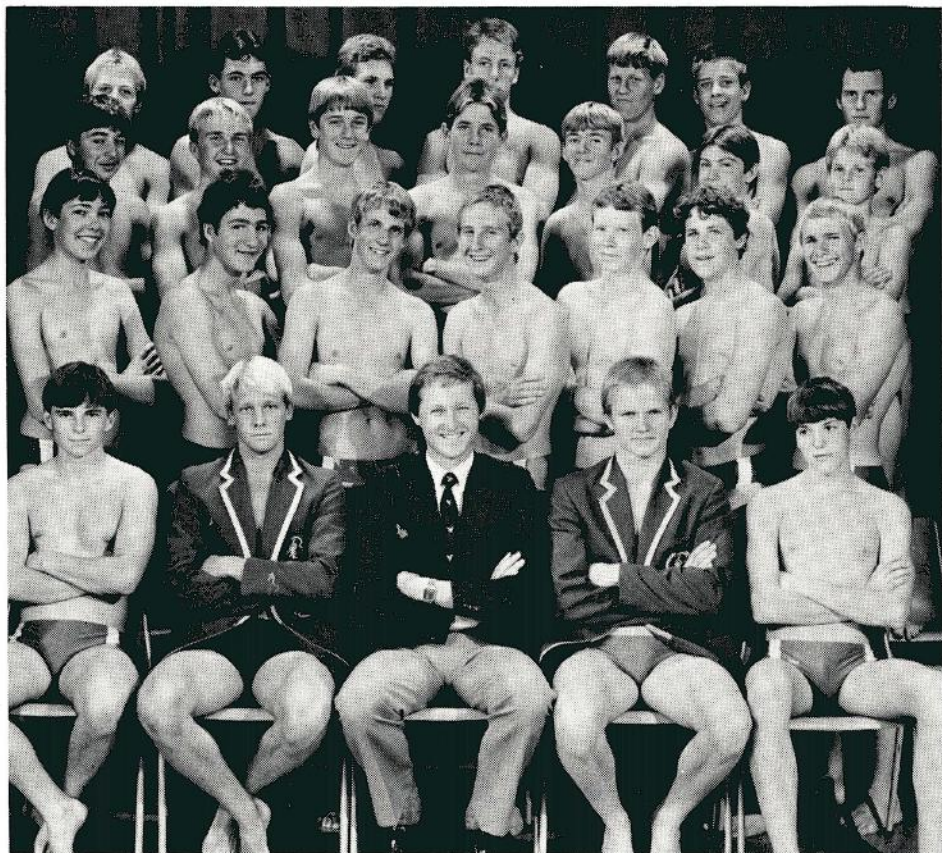
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**BOYS' A SWIMMING TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: C. Johnstone, A. Johnson, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, E. Kratz (Captain), A. Taylor  
 Second Row: C. Marais, C. Stafford, S. Haupt, J. Holland, B. McCue, D. Smart, G. Stafford  
 Third Row: M. Menzel, M. Joffe, W. von Buddenbrock, K. Hultzer, G. Lindsay, M. Adcock, P. Badham  
 Fourth Row: M. Nicholls, S. Penney, D. Goldschmidt, C. McKenzie, J. Smith, G. Holland, C. Sharrer*



**BOYS' B SWIMMING TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: P. Karam, G. Boullé, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, M. Halgryn (Captain), D. Christensen  
 Second Row: G. Painting, A. van Rensburg, T. Courtenay, J. Boughton, C. Bothma, A. Taylor, G. Wright, G. Floyd  
 Third Row: M. de Munk, C. Bruyns, W. Christensen, S. Meiring, T. Kleynhans, G. Patterson, C. Christensen, A. Dougall*

## Swimming

The "A" swimming team had a very enjoyable and successful season this year. We fielded possibly the best team in recent years and lost to only one of our 20 opponents.

The season began with the Interhouse gala which was won by Jupiter. Several outstanding times were achieved and the following awards were made:

Most promising U13 boy: M. Menzel  
Most promising U13 girl: C. de Bruyn  
Victor Ludorum: E. Kratz  
Victrix Ludorum: C. Oliver

Early in the season we went on a tour to the Eastern Transvaal, the highlight of which was winning the gala against the local schools and Hyde Park.

The climax of the season was undoubtedly the Interhigh gala at Ellis Park, which we would have won but for an unfortunate disqualification in one of the closing relays. With the incredible support of five hundred Bryanston pupils on the grandstands, the swimmers rose to the occasion and several best times were recorded.

At the end of the season Erwin Kratz, the Bryanston and Springbok Swimming Captain, was presented with the first honours blazer ever awarded at the school in recognition of his outstanding ability and loyalty to the sport and school. Full colours were awarded to Andrew Johnson and Karleen King and full colour re-awards to Carol Oliver and Lauren Irvine.

S. CUTHBERTSON

### SWIMMING B Team (Girls)

*Front Row, left to right:* L. Adendorf, L. Adcock, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, D. van Rensburg (Captain), D. Whittaker  
*Second Row:* P. Courtenay, B. McBean, G. Wiederkehr, N. Bennet, R. Vasey, H. Boughton, B. Lind, K. Damm, P. Selley  
*Third Row:* J. Millborrow, M. Jones, A. Berens, D. Wilson, E. McConnachie, M. Kelfkens, I. Leitner



## Athletics Report 1983

The 1983 athletics season began for some in May some four months before the interhouse meeting. As a result some of the boys that did not do cross country gave up early in the season when their egos were destroyed by being continually beaten by the girls. After all, it is a bit much when a little blonde girl about half your size shows you a clean pair of heels after only a few metres! Those who were not destroyed by Vivien's, Susan's and Jenee's efforts went on to great things later in the season.

The Interhouse meeting was very successful and a number of records were broken. Fiona Futcher broke the 100 m, 200 m and 400 m, Susan Holmes the 400 m, 800 m and 1 500 m, Jenee Hansman the 800 m and 1 500 m and Jean-Marc du Buisson the 1 500 m. The following awards were made:

Junior Victor Ludorum: Richard Moss  
 Junior Victrix Ludorum: Susan Holmes  
 Senior Victor Ludorum: Dario Torrente  
 Senior Victrix Ludorum: Fiona Futcher

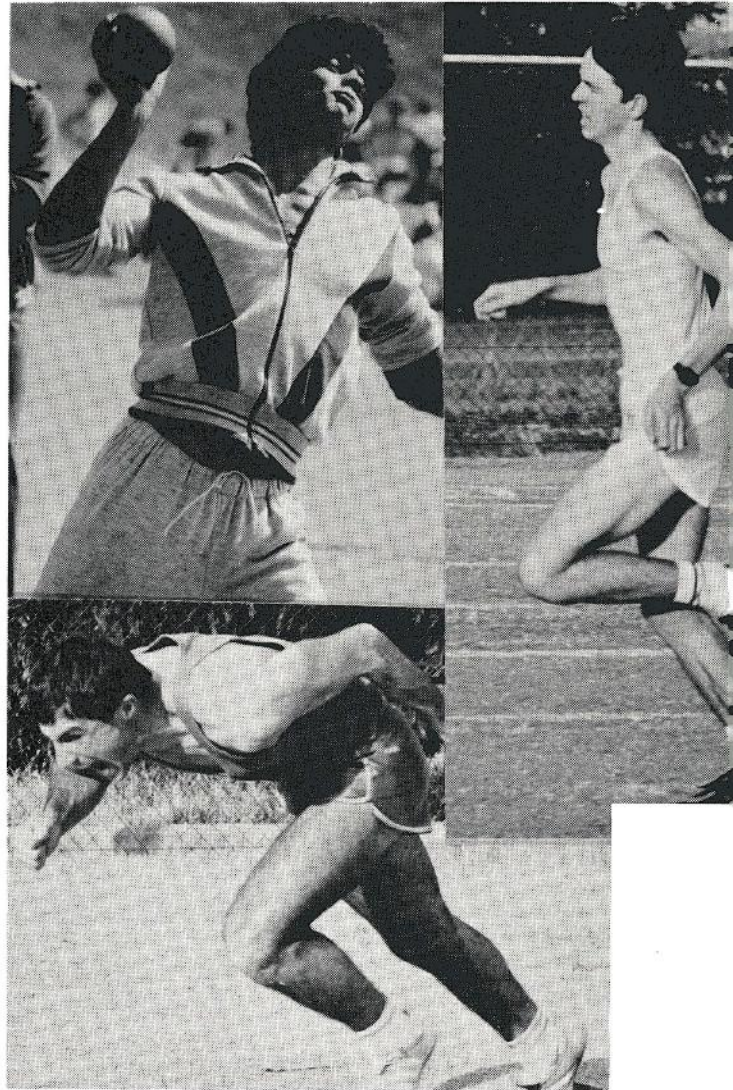
During the course of the season we competed against 16 schools, losing to only 4. Our most outstanding performer was, without doubt, Fiona Futcher, who was unbeaten over any distance. She will undoubtedly rise to great achievements in the future.

Our performance at the "A" interhigh was marred by the unfortunate absence of all our U15 athletes who were on Veld School. As a result we only took part in 4 out of every 5 events. We were placed 4th, which was excellent, under the circumstances.

At the end of the season the following awards were made:

Full colours: F. Futcher, J. Hansman, W. Pye  
 Half colours: K. Lyell, T. Holtz, K. Beard, G. Knight  
 Team colours: H. Reeves-Moore, B. McBean, W. Arts,  
 E. Sheurer, L. Puren, S. Wiederhold

S. CUTHBERTSON



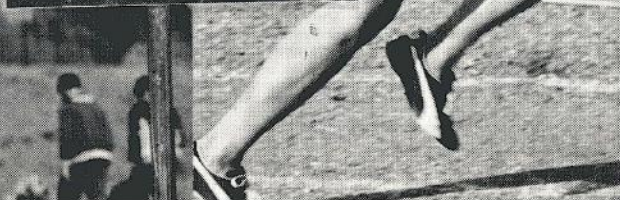
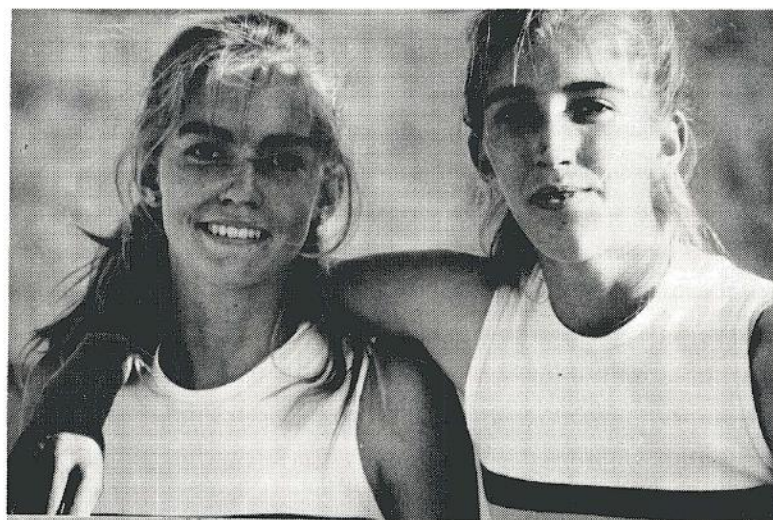
### ATHLETICS (BOYS A)

Front Row, left to right: J. Mullings, P. Robinson, G. Painting, P. Bosman, L. Thorreson, J. du Buisson, P. Badham, B. Beetar  
 Second Row: E. Sheurer, A. Anema, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, Miss C L'Ange, Mr. J. Folster, K. Beard (Captain), A. van Wel  
 Third Row: T. Trichler, G. Davey, F. Torrente, G. Knight, R. Moss, D. Torrente, T. Courtenay, S. Solomon, J. Groves, M. Halgryn,  
 N. Glossoti, J. Snyman  
 Fourth Row: M. Nelson, G. Mountain, J. Holland, T. Holtz, R. Sova, M. Martin, W. Pye, G. van Zyl, R. Potgieter, W. Arts, G. Duffus  
 Fifth Row: M. Thomson, T. Kleynhans, P. Harris, H. Brombacher, S. Meiring, L. Gruss, G. Patterson, M. Hilditch, R. Stafford



**GIRLS' FIRST ATHLETICS TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: I. Volmer, V. van Rooyen, Mr. Cuthbertson, Miss L'Ange, Mr. Folster, J. Hansmann, S. de Bruyn  
 Second Row: B. MacBean, G. Tilley, L. Hurrell, L. Gover, L. Powell, K. Bock, C. de Bruyn, H. Reeves-Moore, J. Stoffberg  
 Third Row: S. Wilson, D. Wilmore, C. Pestana, L. Puren, R. Wrogeman, F. Futcher, D. Tomlinson, A. Gover  
 Fourth Row: I. Leitner, A. Scheepers, V. Mitcheley, C. Badam, J. Southgate, C. Traviss, S. Holmes, S. Wiederholdt*



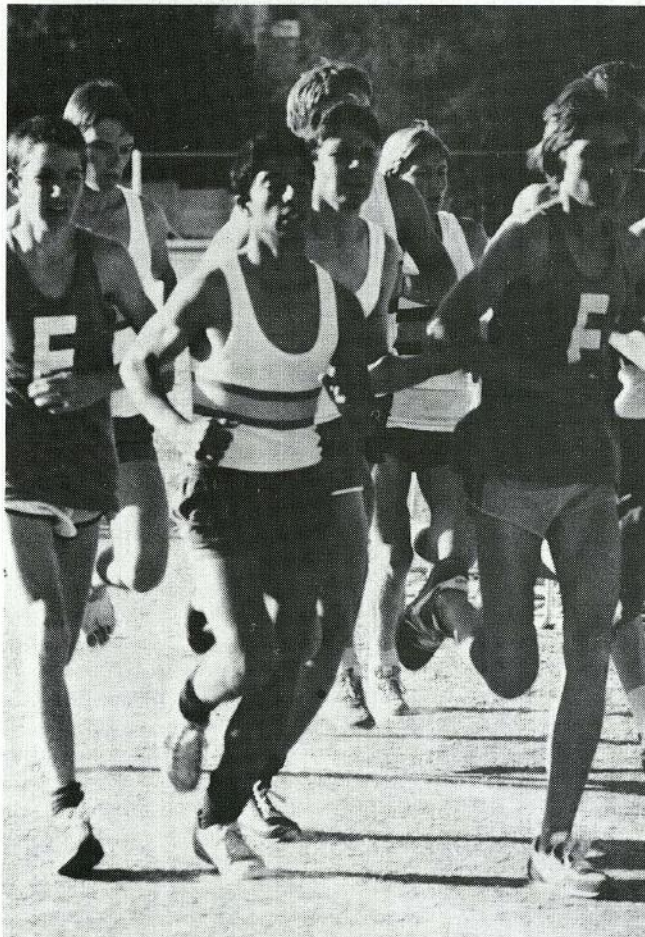




**BOYS' CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM**

Front Row, left to right: J. Groves, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. W. Luckmann, D. Torrente  
 Second Row: R. Moss, J. Holland, T. Kleinhans, R. Sova, N. Adamson

"CROSS-COUNTRY"  
 GRAFFITI



**Boys' Cross Country**

We had a small but dedicated and high-powered team this year. Practices got off to a slow start but by the time we started competing the boys were ready and ran well. Special mention to the "three stooges" and to James Groves who made it to the Southern Districts team.

MR. PARRY and MR. LUCKMAN

**THE LIFE OF AN ATHLETE**

Train, train, and train;  
 He never stops, but to eat and sleep;  
 A Golden Rule, he never walks!  
 On he must go to pass the ribbon.  
 Round and round the track;  
 Pushing, fighting to finish,  
 I will, I will he says;  
 I will beat time.  
 The Race!  
 And nerves begin to pinch,  
 Silence, then the gun;  
 And they're off, the pinching ceased.  
 Two kilometres behind him;  
 And the athlete's still going strong  
 Three kilometres and up a steep gradient;  
 The cramps take action, but on he goes.  
 The pains become prominent,  
 The Stomach begins to shift position;  
 But the athlete fights, I will, I will,  
 I will better time.

VIVIENNE MITCHLEY 3H



**GIRLS CROSS – COUNTRY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: S. de Bruyn, D. Wiederholdt  
 Second Row: N. Fynn, A. Gover, C L'Ange, J. Hansmann, T. Bennett  
 Third Row: L. Gover, L. Puren, V. Mitchely, J. Southgate, A. Beith, G. Hansmann, S. Holmes, C. de Bruyn, J. Stoffberg,  
 H. Reeves-Moore*



**Girls' Cross Country**

One can recognise the cross country runners by a multitude of red, flustered faces and sexy legs flashing past you as you drive along the roads in Bryanston.

Pure physical fitness is needed for a person to compete in this sport. Once one has acquired this "fitness", one can start smiling, forget about the legs and enjoy running.

Training started in March, with a violent scream at "come on you creeps", coming from our trainer Miss L'Ange. At first our legs protested with creeks and groans in a sudden attempt to get them moving from a walk to a jog and a final last minute sprinting effort.

Pure dedication to training hard, got the majority of cross country members through the season with Vivienne Mitchely, Susan Holmes, Jénee and Gaylin Hansmann chosen to represent the Northern Districts Team at the Inter Districts Championships.

Results achieved at the Northern Districts Championships (which was an individual event) were as follows: Junior girls, S. Holmes (2nd), V. Mitcheley (3rd), Senior girls, J. Hansmann (4th), G. Hansmann (5th), H. Reeves-Moore (6th).

We hope to see more people and especially more "young men" joining the fitness fanatics of the cross country next year.

Remember: Training is all in the legs!

JÉNEE HANSMANN (Captain)

## Girls' Squash Report

Due to the enthusiasm of the Girls' Squash this year, there were three open and two under 15 teams.

The Open A had quite a few tough matches and unfortunately lost to our biggest rival, Greenside by a few points. The Under 15 teams did well in their leagues, the B team lost only one match.

Congratulations to Vanessa van Rooyen and Denise Hurry who were chosen to represent the Under 16 Transvaal B Team.

We thank Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Kean for organising the weekly matches and transport.



### BOYS' FIRST SQUASH TEAM

*Seated:* R. Selesnick

*Front Row, left to right:* Mrs. B. Weir, A. Knowles (Captain), Miss G. Bodmer

*Second Row:* T. Carty, R. Stöckl, M. Lash

## Boys' Squash

During this season Bryanston had three squash teams entered into the Summer and Winter Leagues. As usual the boys played good squash and at all times displayed excellent sportsmanship. The league results were as follows:

1st team — runners up in 3rd league  
 2nd team — third in 8th league  
 U 15 team — fifth in under 15 league

Colours were awarded to the following boys:

Half colours: Adrian Knowles

Team colours: Michael Lasch

Trevor Carty

Robert Stockle

The conclusion of our season was highlighted by the squash tour to Natal. Mrs. Weir, Miss Bodmer and nine squash players took off in a combi for the first stop, 'Maritzburg College. DHS and Glenmore High Schools were our other opponents and with excellent opposition and much laughter, a wonderful weekend was had by all. The following letter sums up the turn out and sportsmanship of the Bryanston High School Squash Players. Thanks go to the staff and boys for a season well supported.



### GIRLS' SQUASH FIRST TEAM

*Front Row, left to right:* K. Phillip, B. Hurry, C. Bock

*Second Row:* V. van Rooyen, D. Hurry



### GIRLS' SQUASH SECOND TEAM

*Front Row, left to right:* G. Hurrell, I. Anema

*Second Row:* A. Berends, J. Martin, C O'Connor

*Third Row:* A. Tyson, A. Newby, C. Roebert

M.J. Hinson  
c/o P.O. Box 118  
NEW GERMANY  
3620

12 September 1983

The Headmaster  
Bryanston High School  
BRYANSTON  
Johannesburg

RE: SQUASH TOUR OF NATAL

Dear Sir

It was extremely gratifying to witness the recent visit of your Schools Squash Team to the Westville Country Club.

I have been a member of the WCC for the last ten years, and cannot recall having been such a well turned out side. Not only were they immaculately dressed, they were also thoroughly enjoying themselves.

I congratulate you, and all those involved in organising such a tour, the children were a credit to all concerned.

I can only encourage you to continue with more trips of this nature, for the good of squash, and your school in particular.

Yours faithfully

(Sgd.) M.J. HINSON



**BOYS' SECOND SQUASH TEAM**

Front Row, left to right: Mrs. B. Weir, W. Luyt,  
Miss G. Bodmer

Second Row: G. Lindsay, M. Hawkins, G. Friend



**BOYS' SQUASH TOURING TEAM**

Seated: M. Hawkins

Front Row, left to right: R. Selesnick, Mr. B. Weir, A. Knowles, Miss G. Bodmer, T. Carty



## Rugby Report

If the First XV were to be judged on results alone, then one might say that the team was better than that of 1982. However, the tendency to make this sort of comparison should be avoided in fairness to both teams, because in every season, the circumstances and the players differ. From a different perspective then, the First XV of 1983 could be described as a team that, on paper, seemed brimful of talent and potential. Unfortunately, this was never realised. The team suffered a lack of confidence and early season losses only aggravated this condition. Losses against Northview and St. Johns were inexplicable and in retrospect, they were games that might easily have gone the other way. It was only against Greenside and King Edward that the team revealed they had successfully aligned their talent with achievement. An unsuccessful — from a results point of view — tour to Natal built up the spirit of the team and this was instrumental, I believe in holding the team together in the latter stages of the season. Five games against the Old Boys, Northcliff and Parktown Boys remain vivid in the memory and looking back on the season, one can only feel that rugby at Bryanston High School is on the way up again. The "pattern" or rugby that is played by our school teams is an excellent one but attention must be paid to improving the standard of back play. Once this has been achieved and the fine forward play that our school is noted for has been complemented by competent and attacking backline play, then, one feels rugby at the school will have "arrived". The following players deserve a special mention:

Neville Kotze, the Captain, proved a fine, talented, versatile player. He lived for his players — so much so that their vacillation in form became a personal cross for him to bear. A fine person and captain, Neville was the mainstay of the team.

Jamie Bartlett — a Craven Week representative was a fine, highly talented player. The "character" of the side, Jamie played an aggressive, bustling game that earned him the colours and awards he so richly deserved.

### FIRST RUGBY TEAM

*Front Row, left to right: D. Gold, G. Parsons, Mr. G. Manolios, N. Kotze (Captain), T. Courtenay*  
*Second Row: C. Bruyns, M. Nelson, W. Christensen, S. Solomon, A. Thomson, A. Johnston, M. Nicholls, A. Rayner*  
*Third Row: A. Bac, J. Bartlett, C. McKenzie, N. Rushman, P. Bianco, L. Lofty-Eaton, B. Kotze, W. Arts*



Mark Nicholls — a quiet unobtrusive player, did all, and more, that was expected of him. His play was a key factor in our second phase tactical play. Chris McKenzie. A fine underrated (mostly by himself) player, Chris played a fine game. He supported the tight play but was always in position to cover the backs. This, after all is what one expects of a fine 8th man.

Glen Parsons. Glen was a competent scrum half and a fine vice captain. His loyalty to the team and his enthusiasm were important elements in the character of the team.

David Gold — the 'iron man' of the side, did his fair share in the tight play and yet was mobile in the loose. Another quiet, unobtrusive player, David will be missed.

Mention must be made of the enthusiasm and competent coaching of Craig Gibbs and David Bodley. Their enthusiasm for and genuine interest in the side were sincerely appreciated and we hope that their services will be available for many seasons to come.

Bryanston High School is very grateful that the 'Old Boys' of the school were interested enough and keen enough to offer their coaching services to the school. This can only auger well, not only for rugby at the school but also for the tone and spirit in the school — they are, in fact, contributing to the establishment of 'tradition' at Bryanston High School.

G. MANOLIOS (Master-in-Charge of Rugby)

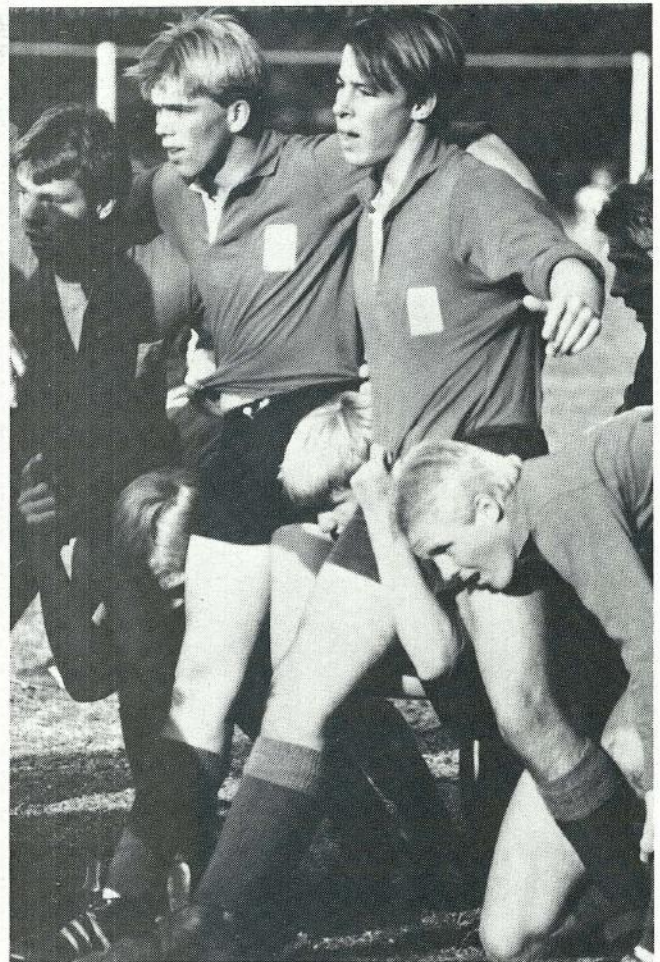
**SECOND XV RUGBY TEAM**

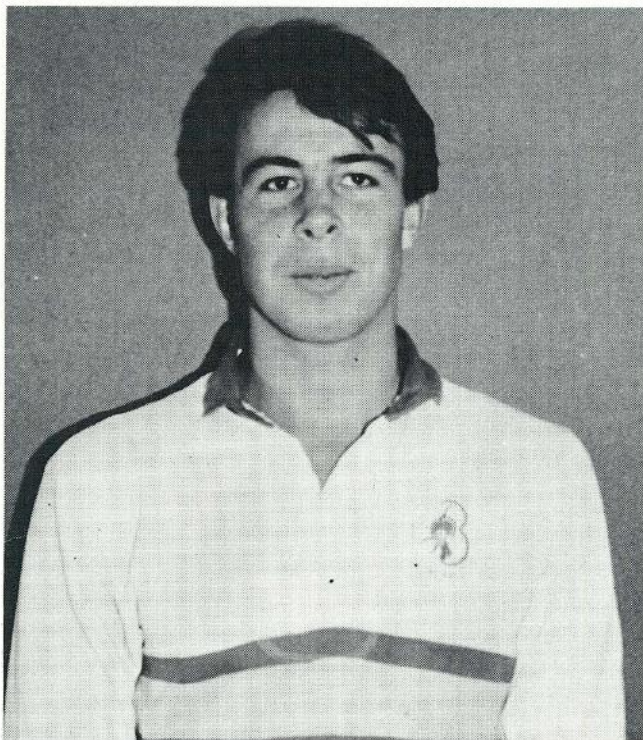
*Front Row, left to right: G. Floyd*

*Second Row: R. Selesnick, L. Nel, Mr. G. Manolios, W. Luyt (Captain), E. Scheurer*

*Third Row: G. Kamps, A. Lobban, C. Bruyns, W. Christensen, T. Hacking, W. de Klerk, C. Tunbridge*

*Fourth Row: G. Rodrigues, R. Price, A. Dougall, J. Smith, G. Holmes, C. Christensen, M. Quayle*





**RUGBY**  
**Player of the Year**  
 J. Bartlett

## RUGBY AWARDS 1983

**Barwood Award for the most promising Under 13 Rugby Player:** Jacobus Snyman

**Barwood Under 13 Rugby Coaches' Award:** Linton Kruger

**Barwood Award for the most promising Under 14 Rugby Player:** Greg Fulcher

**Barwood Under 14 Rugby Coaches' Award:** Nicholas Rabjohn

**Barwood Award for the most promising Under 15 Rugby Player:** Michael Thomson

**Barwood Under 15 Rugby Coaches' Award:** Andrew Hughes

**Barwood Open Coaches' Award:** Mark Debbo

**Team Colours:** Alan Thomson, Piero Bianco, Nicholas Ruhsmann

**Half Colours:** Glen Parsons, David Gold, Mark Nicholls, Neville Kotze (reaward)

**Full Colours:** Jamie Bartlett, Chris McKenzie, Andrew Johnston

**Bryanston High School most improved Player Trophy:** Shaun Solomon

**Paige Award for the Team of the Year:** Under 14B

**Bryanston High School Player of the Year Trophy:** Jamie Bartlett

### REPORT ON THE 3RD, 4TH AND 5TH RUGBY TEAMS

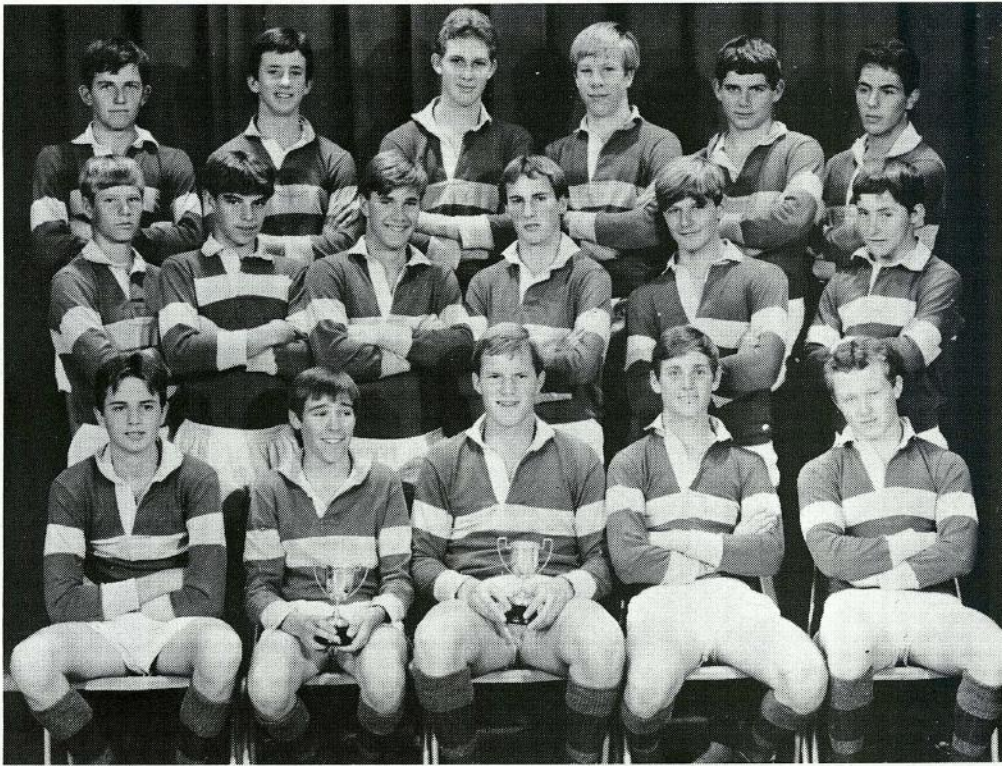
The 3rd, 4th and 5th Rugby Teams had a fairly successful season this year. The teams not only won most of their games but also thoroughly enjoyed their rugby. Some of the highlights were when the 3rds almost beat King Edward School at the beginning of the season and when all the teams beat Athlone and some of the teams won against Greenside.

Unfortunately, due to injuries in the higher teams during the season we lost many of our better players but the coaches kept up the good spirit and the high standard of play was maintained. We did occasionally have our off games where everything fell apart but we quickly pulled ourselves together again. The climax of our season was the tour to the Lowveld, where we again performed to the best of our abilities and all the teams won.

Our special thanks go to the coaches Mr. Page, Mr. Essex-Clark, Wouter and Chris, without whom the season would not have been a success.

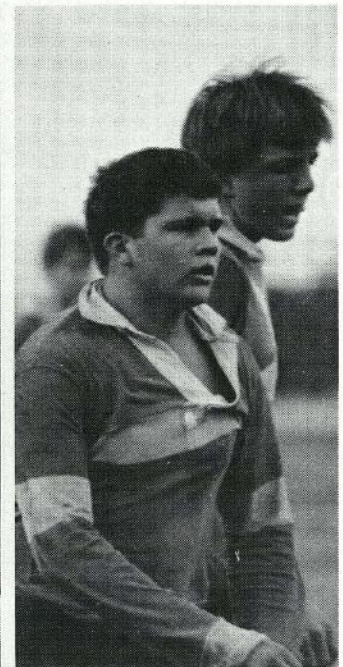
THOMAS HOLTZ





**UNDER 15A RUGBY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: J. Millar, S. Hughes, M. Thompson (Captain), R. Moss, H. Carty*  
*Second Row: G. Davis, R. Potgieter, J. McCloud, J. Groves, E. Rodda, G. Tillet*  
*Third Row: M. Barker, J. Mathies, D. Goldschmidt, G. Leech, T. Gell, J. Salalidis*



**UNDER 15A RUGBY REPORT**

The U15 'A' team was an exceptional unit. The team lost only five out of the eighteen matches they played. Our rugby was successful due to a tremendous set of characters who don't lack grit, discipline and the ability to learn. These players will always look back at this season, remembering the tremendous comradeship that took them to victory so often. Importantly, they were as good losers as they were victors. Bryanston High School will be proud of these players in years to come. Following the same theme, the lack of depth in the age group affected the 'B' Team. This team suffered many early defeats. However, the team stuck to its task, developing into a team that had a tremendous string of victories at the close of the season.

The 'C' team was unmistakably a rugby team. Their record was an average one, their spirit not. These players enjoyed each other's company and playing the game of rugby.

Special mention must go to: top try scorer, centre, Richard Moss; the most improved player Thomas Gill; a great captain and best U15 player, Michael Thomson, and to the receiver of the Barwood Coach Award, A. Hughes.

Lastly, a sincere 'thank you' to the dedication of the U15 rugby players and their 'old boy' coaches, Johnny Seddon and Roger Hewson.

DAVID BODLEY







**UNDER 14A RUGBY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: A. Russell, B. Beetar, M. Martin (Captain), G. Fulcher, S. Mahoney  
 Second Row: R. MacKay, P. Thompson, F. Stephenson, J. Mullings, S. Beattie, D. Christensen, P. Bourke  
 Third Row: J. Boughton, G. Patterson, R. Rushman, D. Smart, S. Jeffries  
 Absent: G. Luke*

**UNDER 14 RUGBY REPORT**

Under 14 rugby was a great success this year. This success was due mainly to the hard work of our coaches, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Cuthbertson.

The "A" Team, after starting off badly finished by losing only 3 matches. We found our true strength when we went on a weekend tour to Lowveld High and played a strong Under 14 side. The reason for this good result was due to the strenuous but much needed coaching of Craig Gibbs.

The "B" Team had a very good season, playing hard 15 man rugby. They lost only 2 matches and as a reward for their hard work, they were awarded the prize for Team of the Year. This exemplified the high standard of Under 14 rugby as a whole, and filled us with a sense of pride and achievement.

The "C" Team started the season off badly. Many of their matches were cancelled mainly because of a shortage of players but soon more interest was taken and they started beating sides. They began to feel more confident in themselves and thrashed several other "C" Teams illustrating their great potential.

MICHAEL MARTIN



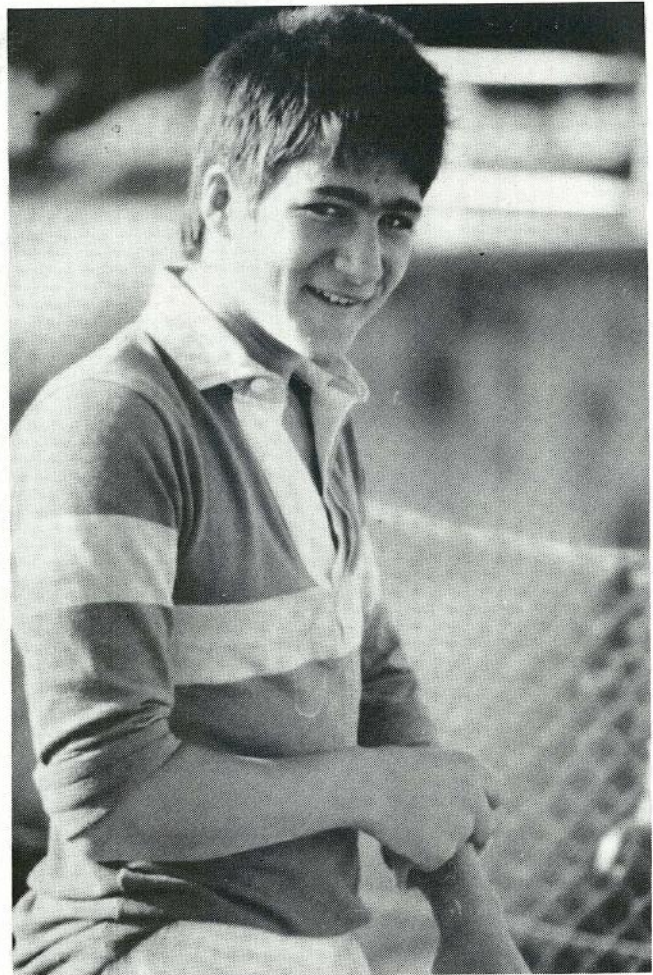
## UNDER 13 RUGBY REPORT

There were many new boys, who had no knowledge of the game. The coaches pushed us hard to make us fit for the first match. We had our ups and downs, but never did we lose spirit. On Tour to the Lowveld we struggled with the conditions we played in, and so lost the game. We tried very hard to meet our ultimate goal, which was to beat Greenside. They beat us, but only after a big struggle.

We had very few injuries which was due to our hard training. Our motto was "train hard, win hard". Our high point of the season was the victory over our big rival, Sandringham.

I'd like to thank all the coaches for their help. They were Guy Jennings, Mark Sherrat, and David Chambers. I hope we have as good a time next year as we have had this year.

JOHN WARREN



### UNDER 13A RUGBY TEAM

*Front Row, left to right:* P. Kallel, K. Traviss, G. Painting, S. Gullan

*Second Row:* G. Page, J. Warren (Captain), Mr. D. Chambers, J. Snyman, G. Wilson

*Third Row:* L. Knox, M. Adcock, P. Badham, M. Wolmer, J. Glanville, N. Glossoti, O. Stern, L. Thoresson, J. Jones



### BRYANSTON RUGBY RESULTS 1983 (TRANSVAAL)

Opponents	Under 13			Under 14			Under 15			Opens				
	C	B	A	C	B	A	C	B	A	5	4	3	2	1
Northview	W 32-0	W 32-0	L 0-	W 30-0	W 26-0	W 26-0	-	-	W 48-9	-	L 3-7	-	L 0-3	L 9-12
St. John's	W 6-4	W 6-4	W 6-4	L 4-20	D 8-8	L 12-18	L 4-14	L 0-12	L 6-9	-	L 0-14	L 12-20	L 9-0	L 9-21
King Edward's	L 0-28	L 0-26	L 6-21	L 0-44	L 4-24	L 0-27	L 6-7	L 0-48	L 8-16	L 6-42	L 9-42	L 10-19	L 3-36	L 15-27
Sandown	L 0-14	L 8-12	L 20-24	L 4-12	L 0-18	L 0-4	W 10-8	L 3-16	W 29-9	-	W 24-0	W 20-0	L 0-18	L 15-16
Edenglen	-	W 4-0	W 20-0	-	W 32-0	W 30-0	-	W 34-0	W 40-0	-	W 9-0	W 28-0	L 3-12	L 18-23
Greenside	L 6-18	W 6-4	L 3-28	L 0-10	W 10-6	D 0-0	L 4-14	L 12-24	W 13-10	L 10-32	L 9-14	L 4-19	W 12-10	W 15-12
Randpark	W 12-8	W 26-0	W 14-0	-	W 20-0	W 9-3	-	W 58-0	W 55-0	-	-	W 34-0	W 18-0	W 44-6
Athlone	W 36-0	W 20-12	W 16-6	W 12-0	W 8-0	W 17-4	-	L 12-16	W 13-8	-	W 34-0	W 24-3	W 16-14	W 13-3
King David	W 10-4	W 13-6	L 6-12	A	A	A	-	L 10-20	W 12-0	A	A	A	A	L 10-21
Parktown	L 0-24	L 0-10	L 17-18	L 6-18	W 8-4	W 15-0	W 6-3	L 3-18	D 0-0	-	L 3-20	L 0-26	L 9-17	W 13-9
St. Stithian's	L 0-10	L 9-11	L 4-18	L 6-10	W 6-3	W 8-3	L 0-38	L 3-24	W 20-8	-	L 3-30	L 0-38	L 4-24	L 12-15
Hyde Park	L 6-10	W 6-4	L 7-30	W 6-4	W 22-10	W 7-6	W 52-0	W 23-9	-	L 14-16	L 0-34	L 0-20	L 6-22	L 3-19
De La Salle	-	W 42-0	W 28-0	-	-	W 38-6	-	W 39-0	W 78-3	-	-	-	W 24-0	W 24-6
Northcliff	-	W 6-4	W 3-0	W 41-0	W 16-4	W 26-0	-	W 25-6	L 4-6	W 32-0	L 10-11	L 3-16	W 14-12	W 21-15
Blairgowrie	-	W 45-0	W 48-4	-	W 36-0	W 42-4	-	W 42-0	W 19-7	-	W 18-6	W 9-6	W 12-10	W 32-0
Sandringham	L 6-10	D 6-6	W 16-8	L 4-7	W 10-0	W 4-0	L 0-24	L 0-44	L 0-16	-	L 9-33	L 6-24	L 3-16	L 10-12
St. Andrews	-	-	-	-	-	W 26-0	-	-	W 24-0	-	-	-	W 7-6	W 12-9
Lowveld	-	W 48-0	L 4-8	-	W 20-0	D 0-0	-	W 8-0	L 0-10	-	-	W 24-10	W 22-0	W 17-9
Port Shepstone	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	L 0-13
Grosvenor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	L 25-32
Glenwood	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	L 3-26
Westville	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	L 4-19
<b>TOTAL</b>														
102 Wins	5	12	8	4	12	12	2	7	12	1	4	6	8	9
93 Losses	7	4	9	7	2	3	5	9	5	3	9	8	9	13
5 Draws	-	1	-	-	1	2	-	-	1	-	-	-	-	-
200 Total	12	17	17	11	15	17	7	16	18	4	13	14	17	22
52 % Win Rate	42	75	47	36	86	80	29	44	71	25	31	43	47	41
2 784 Points For	114	277	218	113	226	260	30	301	392	62	131	174	162	324
2 151 Points Against	130	99	190	125	77	75	108	228	110	90	193	201	200	325



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**1ST CRICKET XI**

*Front Row, left to right: G. Hewson, M. Reynolds  
 Second Row: A. Thompson (Vice-Captain), M. McKay (Scorer), Mr. J. Folster, W. Luyt (Captain), G. Parsons  
 Third Row: G. Lindsay, G. Kamps, T. Holtz, J. Smith, A. Dougall, P. Marais*

**Cricket Report**

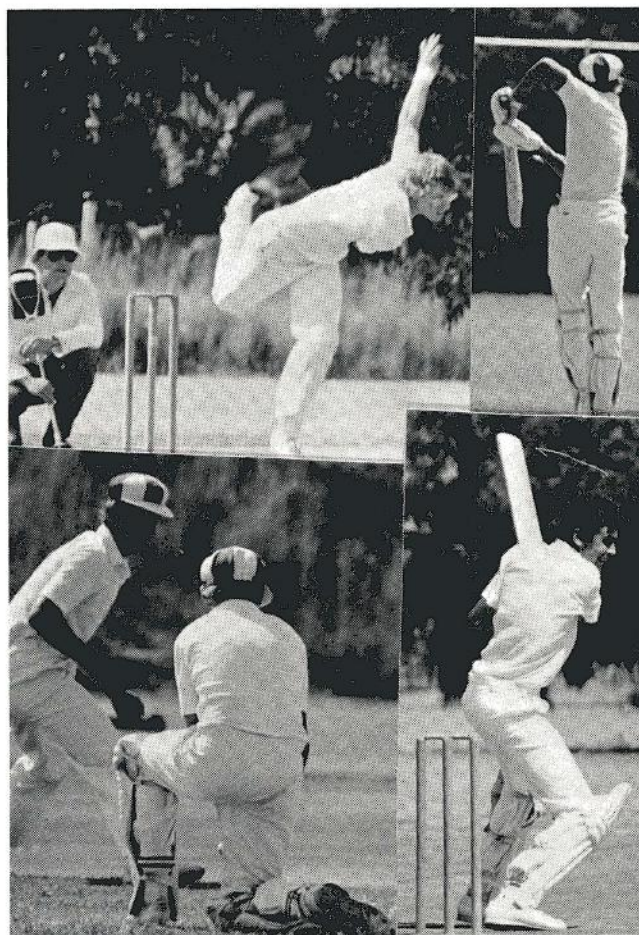
1983 was a year of mixed fortune for cricket at Bryanston High School. All our teams did fairly well and the future of cricket at the school looks very good indeed. One side that must surely be our top side is the U 14A's, who in two years have only been beaten twice. We look forward to seeking these boys in our senior side.

Cricket is a game where tremendous sportsmanship is always part of the sport, due to the nature and duration of a match. The first team, in particular, showed us that sport can still be enjoyed and that there is no need for a big pre-match build-up. It is one of the few sports where the competitiveness has not become more important than the enjoyment of the game.

If one looks back on the year a few players must stand out above the others. I have singled out the following:

- Warren Luyt            1st XI (Captain)
- Alan Thomson        1st XI
- Michael Thomson    Under 15
- Gavin Tarr            Under 15
- Michael Martin      Under 14
- Russell McKay       Under 14

The new season has just begun and our new look first XI is heading for the top. It is a very young side with five Std. 8 pupils. We wish them all the best of luck for the forthcoming season.





**2ND CRICKET XI**

*Front Row, left to right: A. Smythe, E. Scheurer, M. Hawksworth  
 Second Row: B. Varcoe, A. Gilmore (Scorer), L. Nel (Captain), T. Courtenay  
 Third Row: H. Brombacher, R. Price, A. Hilditch, C. Freimond, W. de Klerk*



**UNDER 15 CRICKET TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: G. Tillet, H. Carty, W. Goldie  
 Second Row: G. Leech, A. Crosswell (Scorer), M. Thomson (Captain), J. Scheepers (Scorer), G. Tarr  
 Third Row: G. Davey, R. Moss, T. Trichler, I. Kendall, G. Duffus, W. Siebrits*



**UNDER 14A CRICKET TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right:* N. Zalk, V. Berry, M. Beukes, B. Leech, N. Kelly

*Second Row:* W. Peterkin, S. Guiranovitch, M. Martin, K. Hultzer, R. McKay

*Third Row:* C. Beatty, J. Buckmaster, B. Beetar, G. Werry, S. Mahoney

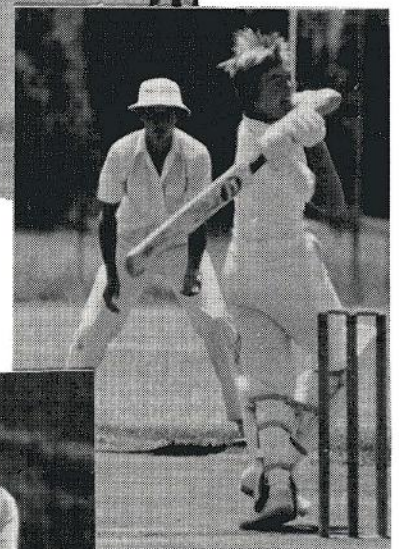
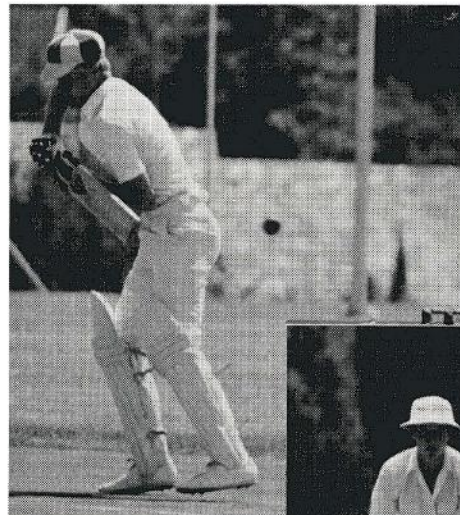


**UNDER 13A CRICKET TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right:* P. Badham, G. Wood

*Second Row:* L. Knox (Captain), Mr. D. Chambers, P. Traviss

*Third Row:* P. Blatch, S. McKenzie, G. McGlashan





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## NETBALL REPORT

It is the time of the year when we look back on our Netball season and can proudly say it was a very successful one. Many of our teams played extremely well, narrowly losing only one or two matches. There was a great amount of spirit and encouragement amongst the girls and this resulted in a most successful season. Thanks go to all the coaches whose hard work undoubtedly had a significant bearing on the good results. Best of luck to all the girls for future years. Keep up Bryanston's good name on the field!

Thanks must also go to the mothers for providing teas for the home matches.

### FIRST TEAM

This season was a successful one, and although we did not win all our matches, the enthusiasm and the way the team combined and produced outstanding netball throughout the season, is something to be proud of! Our first match was against our strongest opponent and it was a good hard game, but they pipped us in the end. This didn't discourage us and we went through the season winning most of our matches. Some of our girls had already made further hockey trials and were unable to make the Southern Transvaal Netball trials, but congratulations must go to Janine Martin who went through to the second round, and Vanessa Arnold who went through to the final round which was a great achievement, as she is still very young. We wish her all the best for next year and the years to follow. Congratulations to the following girls who were awarded colours:

**Full Colours:** C. Oliver, K. King (re-award).

**Half Colours:** V. Arnold.

**Team Colours:** B. McBean, L. Tarr, L. Barker, E. Robinson.

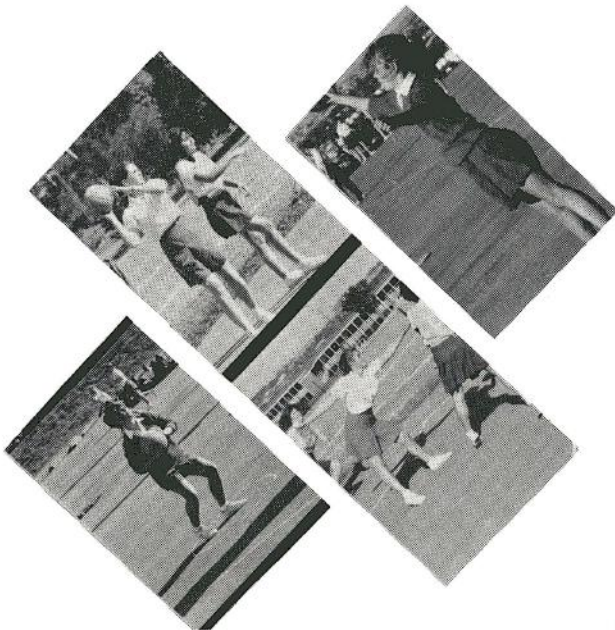
**Merit awards:** T. Potgieter, J. Martin.

Finally a big thanks must go to Jacquie Liddel who gave up many afternoons to come and coach us and to Miss Coney who was in charge of the netball this year.

### SECOND TEAM

Although there were many changes made in this team throughout the season, the spirit and the will to win resulted in a most successful season. Thank you Janine, for the hard work and well done to the girls!

CAROL-ANN OLIVER (First Team Captain)



#### FIRST NETBALL TEAM

*Front Row, left to right:* B. McBean, Miss J. Coney, C. Oliver (Captain), K. King

*Second Row:* L. Tarr, L. Barker, V. Arnold, E. Robinson



#### SECOND NETBALL TEAM

*Front Row, left to right:* D. van Rensburg, Miss J. Coney, J. Martin (Captain), D. Whittaker

*Second Row:* L. Koyd, T. Potgieter, C. Roebert, B. Klews, C. Pond



**UNDER 15A AND B NETBALL TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: J. Scheepers, L. Irvine, G. Pulé, S. Senior  
 Second Row: E. Klews, A. Cooper, Miss D. Otto, J. Vile (Captain), M. Marter  
 Third Row: A. Gilmore, A. Beith, G. Scheepers, J. Southgate, I. Leitner, J. Span  
 Absent: I. Warren, G. Koyd, K. Atkinson*



**UNDER 14A AND B NETBALL TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: J. Collett, M. Morton, J. Tunbridge, T. Gruss  
 Second Row: B. Scarrott, Mrs. J. Frost, H. Humphrey, D. Heinebach  
 Third Row: L. Bayne, L. Martin, T. Goodley, S. O'Rourke, M. Raal  
 Absent: D. Bosman, M. Edwards*



**UNDER 13 A AND B NETBALL TEAM**

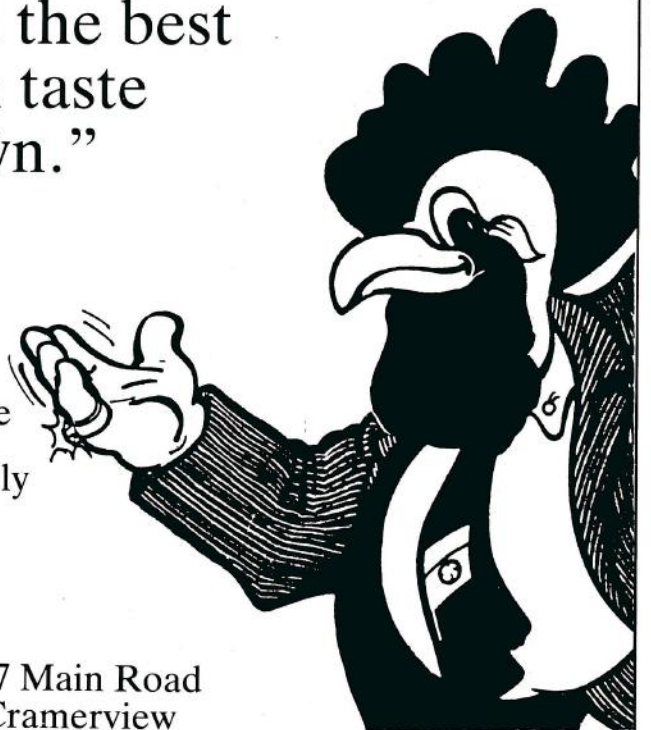
*Front Row, left to right: L. Williams, B. van Moerkerken, K. Story, S. Edwards*

*Second Row: G. Tarr, Miss S. Bezuidenhout, C. Chambers, C. Cifarelli*

*Third Row: K. Redmond, A. Sydow, M. von Rooyen, A. Brombacher, I. Peycke, L. Haupt, L. Hurrell*

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### **Girls' First Hockey Report**

Once more we have come to the end of another enjoyable hockey season and it is difficult to accept that many of us will not be playing again next year.

We started the year with a relatively inexperienced side and our successful tour down to Port Elizabeth gave us the opportunity to build up good combinations and team spirit.

Having four excellent halves this year gave us the chance to play a new system of defence, with a sweeper back. This meant a lot of hard practice and playing this system often baffled our opponents. We played a more attacking game which was a tremendous experience.

Although we were troubled by injuries and illness our enthusiasm and determination never failed. This was shown in our last match, played against an unbeaten touring team (Queens) where we emerged victorious after a very hard game.

Another first this season, was our enjoyable hockey dinner at the Bryanston Country Club. The guest speaker was Mrs. Harrison, an ex-Springbok Captain who kept us all enthralled with her 'hockey stories'. The evening was a great success, enjoyed by all.

Many players improved remarkably this season and 6 were chosen to represent their province. Bev McBean, Janet Brooking, Karleen King were selected for the Witwatersrand Team while Julie Chambers, Alison Stacey, Simone Woods were chosen for Nuggets. Bev McBean also represented her province for umpiring.

To 'Deaky', I'd like to express the team's gratitude for her unfailing support, encouragement and patience throughout the year. I wish the hockey players at Bryanston the best of luck for future years.

BEV McBEAN (Captain)





**GIRLS' FIRST HOCKEY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: S. Woods  
 Second Row: J. Brooking (Vice-Captain), Mrs. P.S. Deacon,  
 B. McBean (Captain), J. Tyson  
 Third Row: A. Stacey, G. Tiley, D. Melville, J.M. Enslin,  
 T. Keenan, K. King  
 Absent: J. Chambers*



**GIRLS' SECOND HOCKEY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: J. Milton, G. Harrowing, B. Brislin  
 Second Row: J. Lovely, G. Venn (Vice-Captain), Mrs. P.S. Deacon, C. Badham (Captain), F. Futcher  
 Third Row: A. Tyson, T. Hultzer, T. v.d. Linde, N. Bennett, E. Russel, D. Etchells*



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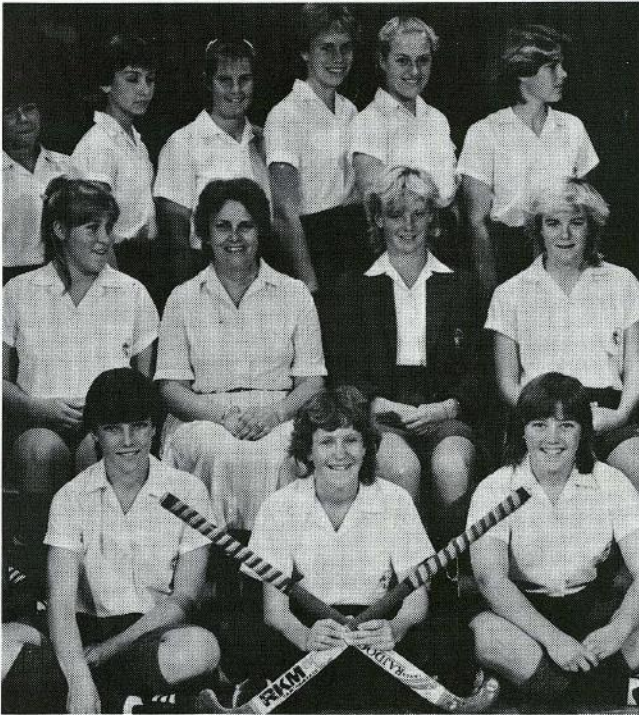
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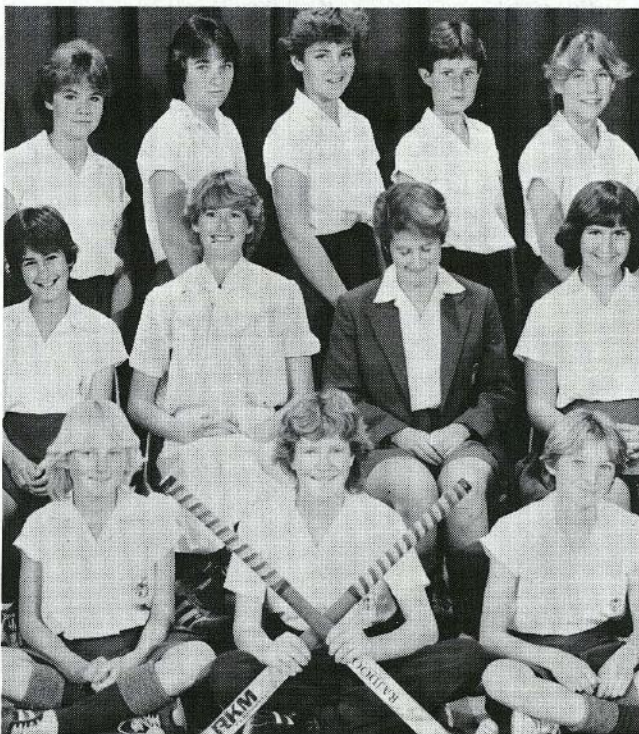
**UNDER 15A GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right:* D. Tomlinson, L. Goldie, D. Ferguson  
*Second Row:* S. Smart (Vice-Captain), Mrs. P.S. Deacon,  
 J. Spann (Captain), V. Lynch  
*Third Row:* C. Pestana, J. Malan, A. Gilmour, J. Southgate,  
 C. Traviss, K. Stilwell  
*Absent:* Miss T. Stafford (Coach)



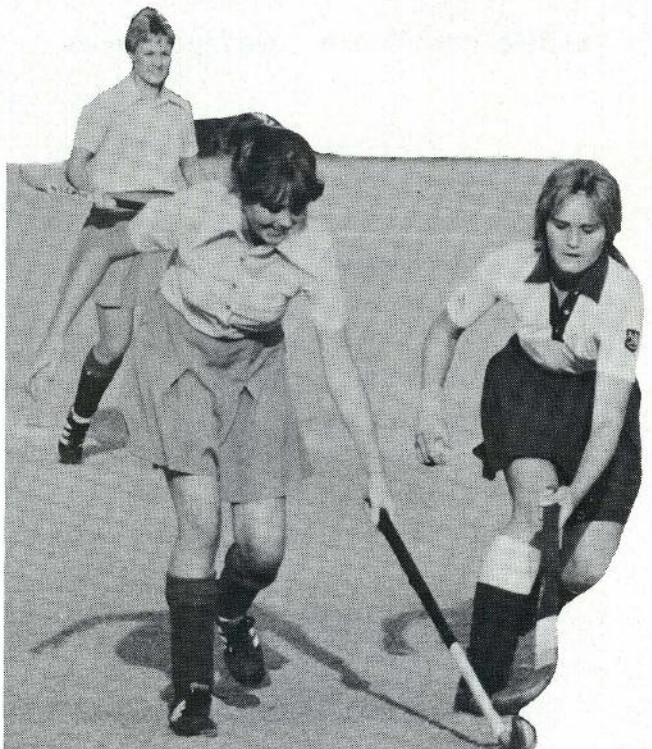
**14A HOCKEY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right:* T. Fulton, L. Gover, N. Finn  
*Second Row:* S. de Bruyn, Miss Moeller, M. Thorn  
*Third Row:* F. MacConnachie, S. Holmes, L. Williams, T. Baillie,  
 C. Jones  
*Absent:* R. Doak, J. Harris



**UNDER 13A HOCKEY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right:* C. Studholme, L. Goldie, S. Niven  
*Second Row:* L. Boughton, C. L'Ange, N. Shand, L. Hearn  
*Third Row:* J. Wilson, J. Moss, H. Benning, G. Cassidy,  
 C. Chambers





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# 1st XI Hockey Report

The 1983 season started in early April and preparation was well under way for the tour to the Eastern Province. The tour was a great success both sportswise and socially. This was the first time in many years that both boys' and girls' hockey had embarked on a joint tour. We returned from tour having won 3 matches and losing 1. Ahead of us lay what can only be described as a very hectic year. In total the First XI took the field 31 times! Although this included tournaments it was a long and hard season. Under the able leadership of Philip Harris, the team approached each game well prepared and the season's results show a well-drilled and well-motivated team. Good sportsmanship and team spirit prevailed throughout the season and it was perhaps this, more than the results, that made this a great season.

The season ended with an awards dinner, held at the Wanderers Club. At this dinner the following awards were made:

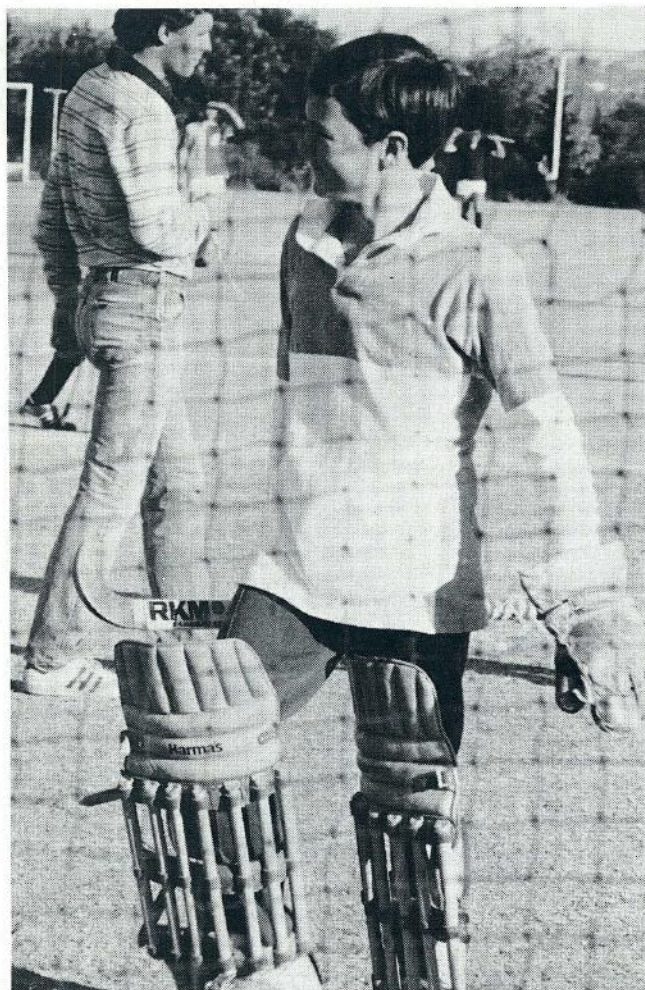
- |                    |   |   |
|--------------------|---|---|
| Player of the Year | — | Adrian Anema  |
| Full colours       | — | Adrian Anema<br>Philip Harris (re-award)<br>Lance Johnstone |
| Half colours       | — | Dario Torrente<br>Kellam Beard                              |
| Team colours       | — | Gavin Lindsay<br>Brent Varcoe<br>Alex van Wel<br>Warren Pye |

It is here that we say farewell to Mr. Folster, who has coached us so ably this year. We will certainly miss having Uncle John around next year.

### Match Analysis

Played	31
Won	19
Drawn	5
Lost	7
Goals for	48
Goals against	17
% success rate	7,5%

JOHN FOLSTER



### FIRST XI HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row, left to right: L. Johnstone  
 Second Row: A. Anema, P. Harris (Captain), Mr. J.A. Folster, K. Beard, A. van Wel  
 Third Row: G. Lindsay, D. Torrente, W. Pye, M. McCue, B. Varcoe, M. White, B. Funt



**2ND BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: J. Park, M. Grainger (Captain), Mr. N.E. Quilliam, K. van den Beukel, C. Freimond  
Second Row: S. Arnold, D. Park, G. Tarr, N. Tebbit, M. Hawksworth, C. Condidaris*



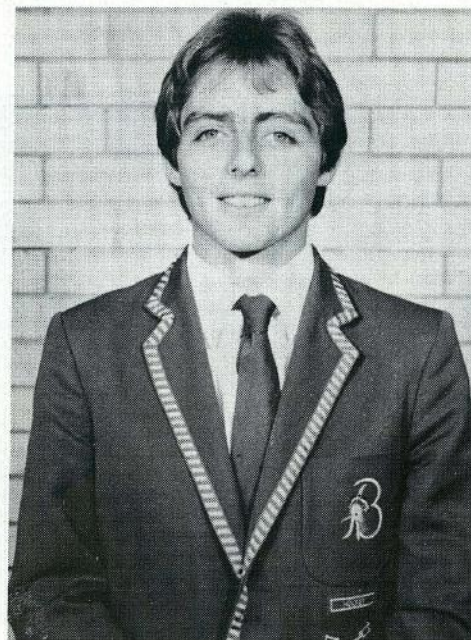
**UNDER 15A BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: J. P. Ridgeway, R. Clark  
Second Row: C. Wyss, G. Tebbitt, T. Frazer (Captain), M. Beukes, G. Werry  
Third Row: I. Thompson, F. Torrente, A. Gallie, G. Tarr, S. Woolmington, V. Berry, C. Wright*



**UNDER 13 BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: G. Smith, S. Siebert, I. Kevern, J. Tulley, B. de Munk, A. Hewitt  
 Second Row: S. McKenzie, B. Quinn, A. Kelly (Captain), G. McGlashan, C. Peters,  
 L. Sharples  
 Third Row: M. van Rossum, R. Blatch, B. Bramley, J. Coke, A. Godfrey, C. Peters,  
 G. Wood, S. Kreft, A. Kramers*



**SOUTHERN TRANSVAAL HOCKEY  
 Player of the Year: Adrian Anema**

Sport in schools today has become a highly competitive and professional part of the curriculum. To be able to succeed in school sport requires something more than the two afternoons a week practices approach. Adrian was one such person who decided that to reach the top one must do a little more than the next man. He was rewarded initially when he represented S. TvI U15 in 1981 and 1982. It was also in 1982 that Adrian represented the schools first XI for the first time. In 1983 he was selected for the Southern Transvaal Schools senior side. This side eventually went on to win the inter-provincial tournament. Adrian was awarded full colours as well as the 'Player of the Year' award in 1983. It is a name that we look forward to seeing in next years S.A. School's side and the future Springbok side.

## Girls' Tennis

*Teacher-in-charge:* Miss J. Moeller

*Captain:* Jeanne-Marie Enslin

During the year the following girls represented the first team:

C. Bock	M. Marten
J. Brooking	J. Spann
J. Enslin	A. Tyson
S. Gough	

We blew through our tennis season like a whirlwind and I doubt if the dust settled as it was before. The firsts won all their matches with the seconds, thirds and fourths doing equally well. A very successful term, with the highlight being a tour to Bloemfontein. Although the majority of us were beaten, it was a memorable experience, thank you Miss Moeller, Mr. Quilliam and Mr. Folster. The defeat of the Americans was another unforgettable event for all the girls who played on that much awaited day!

Thank you to Miss Moeller for organising and running the teams, all those teachers who gave up their afternoons to take us to other schools and those mothers who helped in making the teas.

CARON BOCK



**FIRST TENNIS TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right:* J. Enslin, Miss Moeller, J. Brooking  
*Second Row:* M. Morton, J. Spann, A. Tyson, C. Bock  
*Absent:* S. Gough



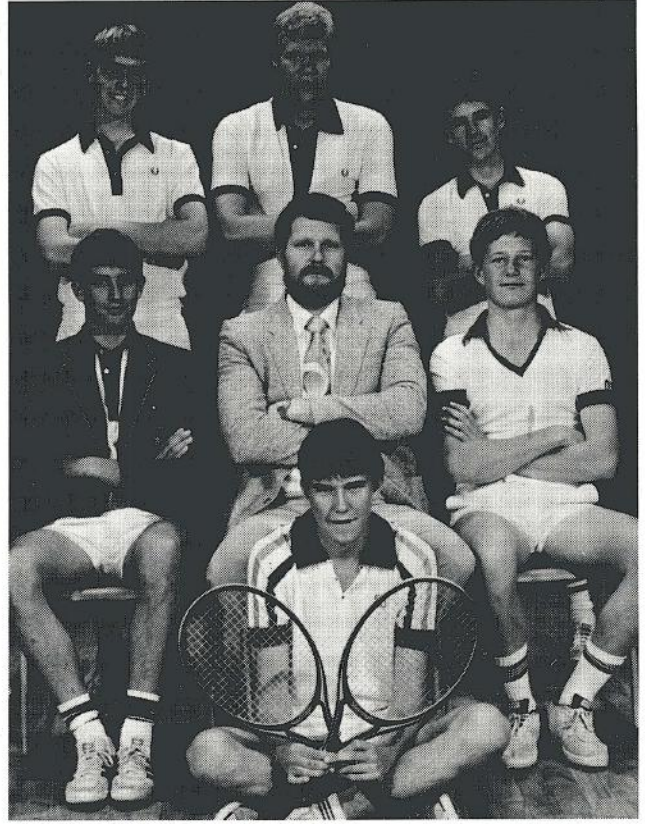
**2ND, 3RD AND 4TH TENNIS TEAMS**

*Front Row, left to right:* J. Vile, T. Bennet, J. Begley  
*Second Row:* A. Gilmour, L. Tarr, Miss Moeller, N. Bennet, R. Wrogemann  
*Third Row:* C. Chambers, G. Tiley, J. Tyson, T. Keenan, J. Milton, A. Woods, M. Patterson, M. Thorn  
*Fourth Row:* M. Painting, T. Bond, K. Roberts, L. Barker, J. Scheepers, V. Arnold, D. Melville, C. Travis



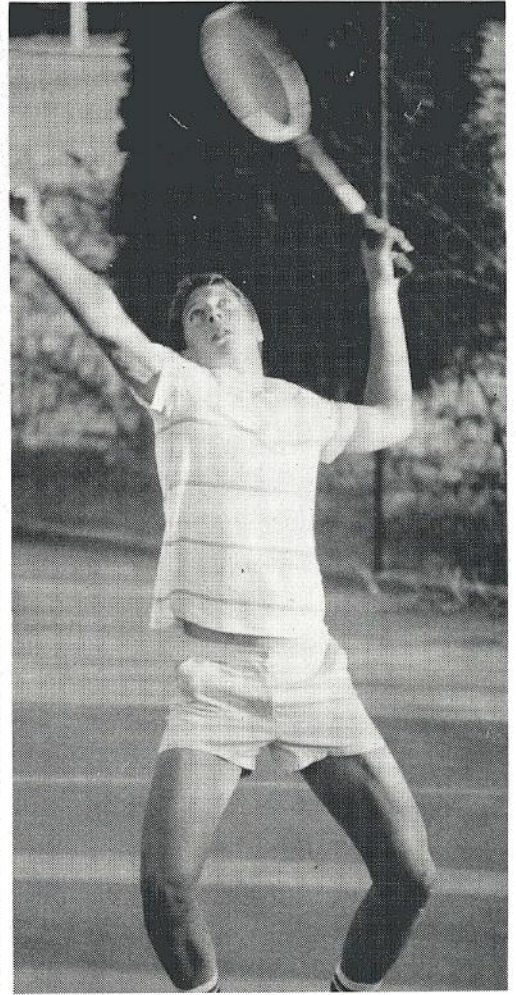
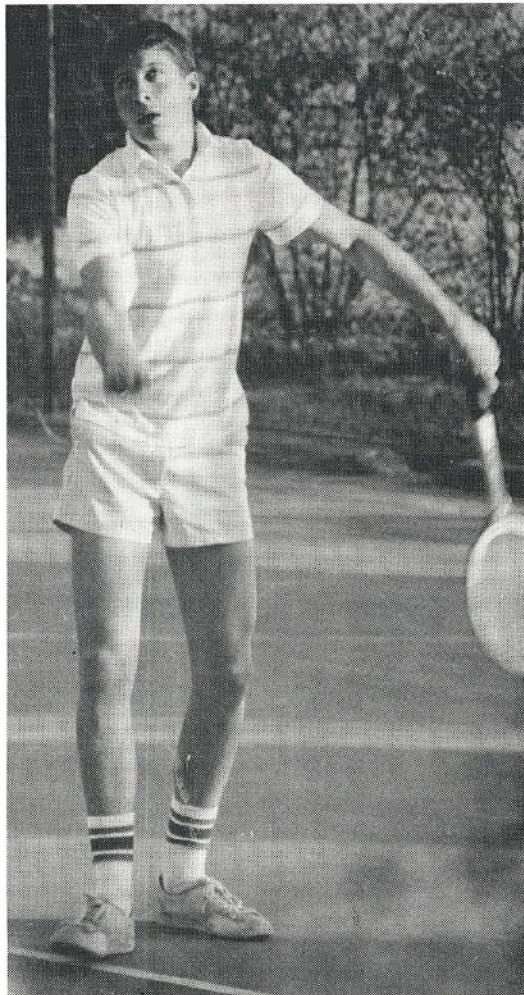
**BOYS' SECOND TENNIS TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: D. Blatch  
 Second Row: C. Freimond, Mrs. G. Townsend, M. Powell  
 Third Row: A. Milton, A. Coetzee, J. Park*



**THIRD BOYS' TENNIS TEAM**

*Front Row (seated): A. Mudge  
 Second Row: G. Friend (Captain), Mr. N.E. Quilliam, D. Park  
 Third Row: S. Arnold, N. Ruhsmann, H. Smythe*



## Boys' Tennis Report 1983

1983 could be seen as a year of mixed fortunes across the net. In the first term, our teams struggled to gain the upper hand in the leagues. Some fine tennis was played and practices were always well attended, and yet, we did not taste sweet victory too often. The first team donned new kit, but even this did not help us win our games. The younger players showed enthusiasm and talent, and Bryanston High can look forward to strong teams in the years to come.

Enough dwelling on the gloomy side of the net. Early in the first term, we were visited by a team from Grey College, Bloemfontein. After a very early start and a welcome breakfast, supplied by those stalwarts of the school, the Mothers' Committee, our boys played against their strongest opposition of the year, the greatest battle being fought by J. Park, who nearly missed lunch as a result of it! Grey departed that evening after extracting the promise that we would reciprocate some weeks later, and with a girl's team in tow, we boarded our school buses and headed for Bloemfontein. A wonderful weekend was had by all, with scintillating tennis being played. When one considers that most of the Bloemfontein team members are Provincially ranked players, it is not surprising that no scores are mentioned in this report! Gavin Hewson, our Boys' Captain, had a very exciting match against his opponent, but the best matches of the tour involved our girls. They won more games than the boys! (Were our faces red?!) This tour concluded the first season.

Due to a grave misunderstanding and communications being lost in the post, we were not included in the league for the third term. However, we did host a touring American team. Anticipating strong opposition from America, we fielded our strongest team, with one strange face included. However, the tourists lacked the MacEnroe Sulk and the Connors Killers instinct, and we triumphed easily. The girls joined us, and again, the mothers supplied a hearty meal. Friends were made, and it is believed that certain girls have not removed their gift T-shirts yet!?

With only the school championships to be played, we bid farewell to the courts and turn our interests to passing into the following year and another tennis season. All the boys must be congratulated on their fine spirit during the year. They faced strong opposition, but battled gamely on. Their enthusiasm is most gratifying and the future of tennis at Bryanston High is bright.

Congratulations to the following players on the award of their colours:

Full colours: G. Hewson  
 Half-colours: R. Price  
                   M. Lasch  
 Team colours: P. Ludi  
                   K. Beard

N. QUILLIAM

### BOYS' FIRST TENNIS TEAM

*Seated:* G. Wilkinson

*Second Row:* G. Hewson (Captain), Mr. N.E. Quilliam (Coach), R. Price

*Third Row:* M. Lasch, P. Ludi, K. Beard





**GIRLS' A BADMINTON TEAM**

*Front Row, left to right: S. Rogers, G. Harrowing  
 Second Row: A. Tyson, Mrs. G. Townsend, D. Clewton  
 Third Row: G. Hansmann, A. Newby, B. Mullings*

**Girls' Badminton**

Our badminton this year was of a very high standard and the team managed to do very well; losing only the finals of the Johannesburg Schools 'A' league in a very closely contested match, played against President Hoërskool.

On behalf of all the girls I would like to thank our coach, Mrs. Taylor, very much for all the effort she has put into coaching us. Without her, badminton would not be possible.

To the matrics who are leaving the team, best of luck and you will be sorely missed next year.

A. TYSON (Captain)

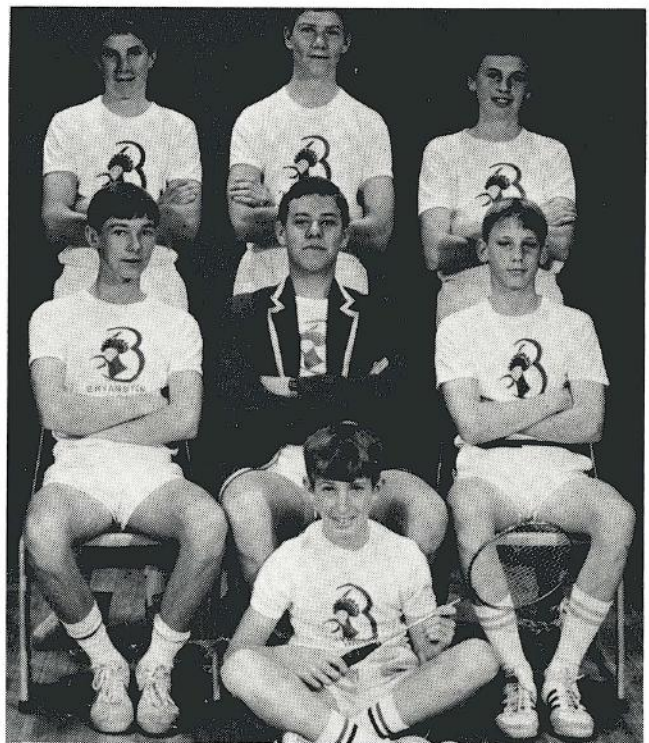
**Badminton — Coach's Report**

Badminton started off with a bang in the first term with many newcomers. Unfortunately, with only 2 courts available, I think many of them felt they would be too old to play before they had learnt the art of badminton and so numbers dropped considerably. There were many newcomers with a lot of talent and I would like to encourage them to "give it a go" again next year — who knows — you could make the team.

Our league started in the second term and both our boys' and girls' teams were again runners-up in the Southern Transvaal Badminton School League, both having conceded only one match in the League. Well done teams — we'll win it yet! Many thanks also go to Mrs. Erasmus for her very welcome help in coaching beginners and team players with me.

Good luck to all our players writing matric. We're going to miss you all next year.

MRS. D. TAYLOR



**BOYS' BADMINTON**

*Front Row, left to right: G. Smith  
 Second Row: I. Reynaers, P. Swanepoel (Captain), D. Prior  
 Third Row: M. Hawksworth, M. Davies, D. Taylor  
 Absent: C. Killops, Mrs. Taylor*

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MRS. D. TAYLOR



# WRITING AND ART

## THE BEAT OF LIFE

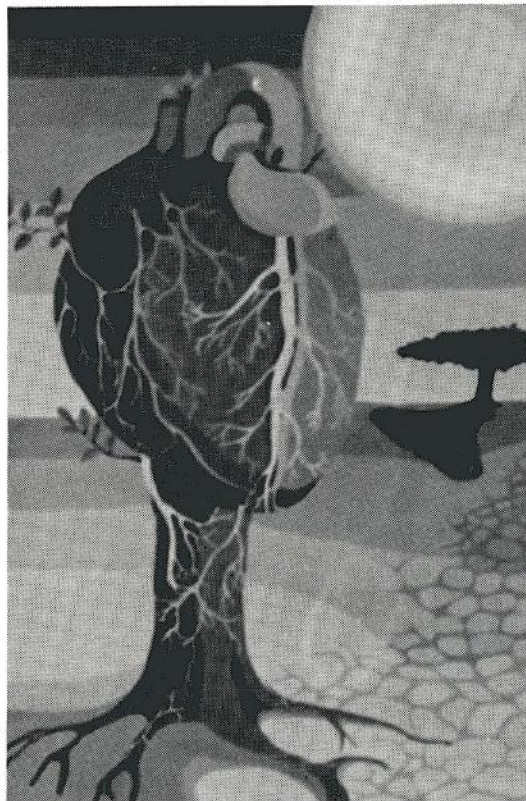
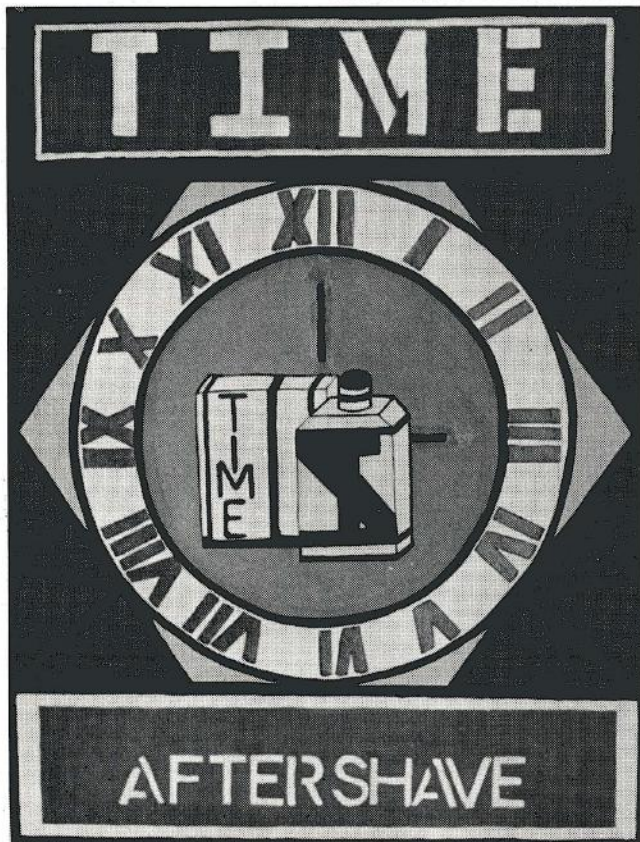
Waves run up the lonely beach  
And scurry back,  
Up again  
And back  
An endless movement  
Filled with  
A sort of longing . . .  
A longing much like ours,  
A longing to be free  
But yet to have security,  
To be loved  
But not too much  
so you feel  
close in  
To be alone  
But not to be lonely  
A movement of  
No time  
Only a steady rhythm  
A beat so monotonous  
It pulls at your nerves  
And grabs at your heart  
Like Life.

LEE-ANN SKEECHLEY 1L

## TIME

Make a little time each day,  
For putting wrong things right,  
For breaking up the misty days,  
And letting in the light.  
Make time for helping others,  
For sometimes they'll help you too,  
For counting up your blessings,  
That you had the whole day through.

CAROLINE STUDHOLME 1K



## DOG-IN-THE-“BOX”

My dog is most peculiar  
And you could say quite strange,  
For when by chance  
He happens to glance  
At the T.V. in our lounge,  
His soft lip curls  
His tail unfurls  
And in him you will see a change.  
His soft eyes stare,  
His white teeth bare  
He leaps and frowns and growls,  
And when he's through with snarling  
Around the “Box” he prowls.  
Innocent victims, dogs or cats  
Gaze down at his small head  
And watch him growl and fight the glass  
To get at them instead.  
I turn the sound down, way down low,  
The noise from our “Box” ceases  
And the snarling, growling and the whining  
Gradually decreases.  
And then my dog is himself again  
Calm and gentle, without shocks,  
Who would know how scared he is  
of one small, noisy box?

SAMANTHA PARKER 1J

## THE INVASION

A streak of terror runs through the busy, modern city as the two planes circle the tall sparkling skyscrapers. Business stops in the overcrowded stores as people run in panic to the nearest shelters. The roads are chaotic as cars speed into basements, and on the highways cars cut across fields for protection against death. A scream develops in horror as the city shakes while the block of stores, apartment buildings and a barbeque shop fall under the thundering explosion of the new destruction missile. Flames leap as the buildings alongside are damaged as a modern epic of adventure is displayed in reality.

Two months prior a Federal document stated that a defense system would prevent attacks of this nature, but they had so far failed. A heat missile raced through the smog of the city totally destroying one aircraft damaging the other by destroying the left wing. The plane jerked and glided towards the City. The pilot had a choice of crashing into the City slums, or suicide by ejecting and dying in the explosion of the plane. These slums knew his decision before he had made it. The plane crashed destroying three blocks. Although the survivors were homeless, they were angry. As the end of the attack turned into a major riot the Government had failed and one could see smoke rising caused not by the explosion but by the riots. Panic seized in some places over the City but still ambulances, Federal cars, Police, F.B.I. and reporters raced around the City. An atmosphere of fear hung over the city as this modern epic turned into fear and hatred for the enemy which would possibly cause another world war.

PAUL ROBINSON 1J



**A MARK ON THE WORLD**

It was a cold and misty, grey morning. The lone, solitary figure walked along the bare stretch of sand. He walked slowly as though not wanting to reach his destination. Through the mist he trod, on and on. For a moment he paused — as though confused, not knowing which way to turn. Then he headed in the direction of the sea and disappeared into the grey, murky water. As the sun appeared, a ray of light settled on his solitary footprint, his mark on the world.

M. REED 1J

**MY FRIENDS**

In my days of innocence I had many friends. We played together in those happy, fun-filled days. We didn't worry about little things like skin colour and prejudice. We liked everybody — after all — they were just kids like us. It wasn't until we were older that the world's cruelty was thrust upon our small shoulders. No longer could we go everywhere together. Black and yellow always stood out among white at playgrounds or moviehouses. But when I turned six and had to go to the "big building" . . . it was a pain my heart will never forget. Slowly the friends of my childhood, with whom I shared my fears, my joys, my sweets and my secrets . . . slowly they drifted away. Away from my life of luxurious living to theirs of poverty and condemnation.

GILLIAN TARR 1K

**THE DRAKENSBERG**

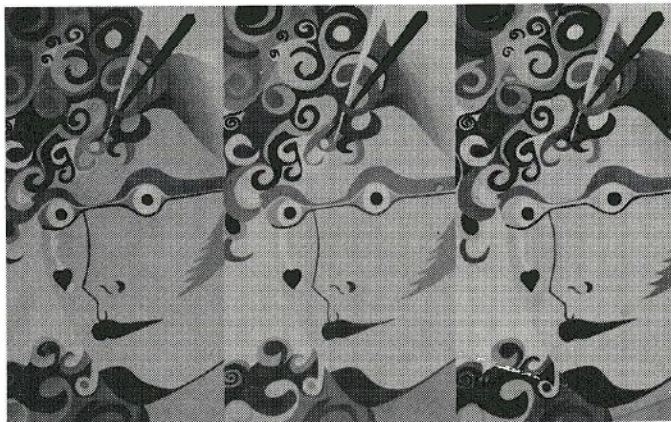
The Drakensberg is a world of its own,  
 A place of beauty and splendour.  
 The high peaks soar above all things  
 Except the great, majestic eagle,  
 That floats across corridors of the sky.  
 Giant yellowwoods dream along  
 In forests of perennial green.  
 With tiny, sparkling streams,  
 The berg is kept from thirst.  
 Waterfalls glide majestically down slopes,  
 Glistening in the bright sun.  
 These become ice during winter,  
 When the peaks are capped in purest white.  
 Here, thunder and lightning are violent,  
 Like dragons in torment.  
 And when all is calm, and washed quite clean,  
 The Drakensberg is truly something to be seen.

B. PHILLIPS 1K



**SPACE**

An endless frontier  
 You just wander  
 Feeling as free as a bird  
 Not knowing where you're going  
 Or what to expect  
 You're there or you're not  
 An endless frontier  
 Which has no beginning and no end  
 Planets revolving  
 Never ending  
 Infinity  
 An endless frontier  
 LISA TIMEWELL 1J



## THE GHOST GAME

The thunder struck  
The lightning cracked  
The jeep stuck  
The trees crashed.  
The driver got out  
His wife sopping wet  
Heading for the house  
They stumbled and crept.  
The house dark  
The garden cold  
The trees swayed  
The tumble-weeds rolled.  
They opened the door  
(It needed oil)  
They climbed the stairs  
In the shape of a coil.  
The windows rattled  
Against their frames  
Calling the ghost  
With his evil game.  
They entered the room  
The wind blowing strong,  
They peered in the darkness  
Something was wrong . . .  
They walked slowly closer  
Looked at the bed  
Under the covers  
The family lay dead.  
The door slammed —  
Locked by the key  
They ran to the door  
And screamed "Save me!"  
They looked at each other  
Screamed again —  
This was the frightening ghost game.

ROY BLATCH 1K

## THE LADYBIRD

I was angry  
A small, dainty ladybird caught my eye  
It seemed so carefree and happy, so  
Different to the way I was feeling  
Wrapped up in all my frustration I  
Lifted my hand to squash it  
I looked again, I realized  
I lowered my hand  
I was no longer angry

SAMANTHA BROWN 1K

## GALLOPING

Galloping, Galloping from dawn till dusk  
Silver hoofs flying, tails colour of rust  
Hoofs pounding ceaselessly on tough soil  
Legs flying faster the harder they toil  
Nostrils flared, eyes awide  
Suddenly steadily they slow their stride  
These beautiful creatures so elegant and strong  
Galloping, Galloping for ever so long.

L.S.K. ALLEN 1L



## NIGHT PROWLERS

One dark mysterious night  
From a cave a bat took flight.  
And far below a cheetah prowled  
He stormed and raged like an angry child.  
The lions and pumas stalk their prey  
Under the dark black sky.  
Buck and zebra screech and die  
As dawn breaks for yet another day.

N MORGAN 1K

## A VISIT TO THE OFFICE

The Headmaster wants to see you again  
Oh no, now what's wrong?  
I drag myself to the door,  
my eyes are focused on the floor  
my feet feel like lead.  
I hang my head in shame.  
I can feel one hundred eyes  
watching me, wondering 'What's his name?'  
"Oh, how I fear the evil that's going to befound me!"  
The hour is close  
The time is near  
I walk past the lines  
but they just sneer  
It's cuts no doubt  
a jolly good clout.  
The door is open,  
I can see the room,  
I knock  
and I walk in.  
He sits there behind his desk  
smiling at me.  
I smile back nervously,  
"It looks as though you've turned over a new leaf," said he.  
Then everything went phew inside of me!

GILES HARTMAN 1C

## THE CLOWN

The little boy cried bitterly when he realised how desperately lost he was. He was being violently shuffled around by the crowds and, worst of all, he was abandoned. He sobbed more and more as it got later. When the crowds slowly dispersed he crawled to a corner.

He heard a beautiful tune coming from somewhere; a tune so beautiful, sweet and relaxing. He looked up with tearful eyes, tears that soon faded into happiness and joy. In front of him was a sad-faced clown. Behind the deceptive make-up was a sympathetic face.

The boy became happier and happier, his heart filling up with silent joy as the clown played on his fiddle, producing a tune filled with sweetness and happiness.

When the clown had finished playing the boy said to him, "You have done well to entertain me, Now it is I who shall entertain you in my world of paradise." Then the little boy kissed the clown on the forehead.

The next day the clown, an old hobo who had found work in the circus, was found dead. All around him the grass was green and the flowers were in full bloom, even though it was winter.

ADRIAN KELFKERS 1G



## THE NUCLEAR WAR

Over the world, there is war, violence, death  
People suffering, starving, dying  
Peace treaties signed in vain  
Arms races beginning  
Wasn't this what happened some time before?  
Tempers rising, diplomats fighting  
All this will lead to the inevitable  
— WAR  
But this time it will just not be war  
as bitter as before,  
— BUT NUCLEAR WAR!  
Man's self destruction  
This time there will be no second chance  
Everything's going from bad to worse  
Politicians' power going to their corrupt, sly heads  
And then it takes, just one finger to push just one button  
— And  
THE END!  
THE BIG BANG!  
Earth as we knew it —  
A beautiful place, full of joy, happiness, love,  
pleasure, trust;  
All these things have gone  
Earth is now a timeless, lifeless mass in space.  
Where no living creature shall ever dwell.  
And what of the people, the lovers, the wives, the husbands,  
the boys, the girls, the babies?  
What of them?  
Who knows?

LISA CULLEN 2K

## THE PULLAWAY

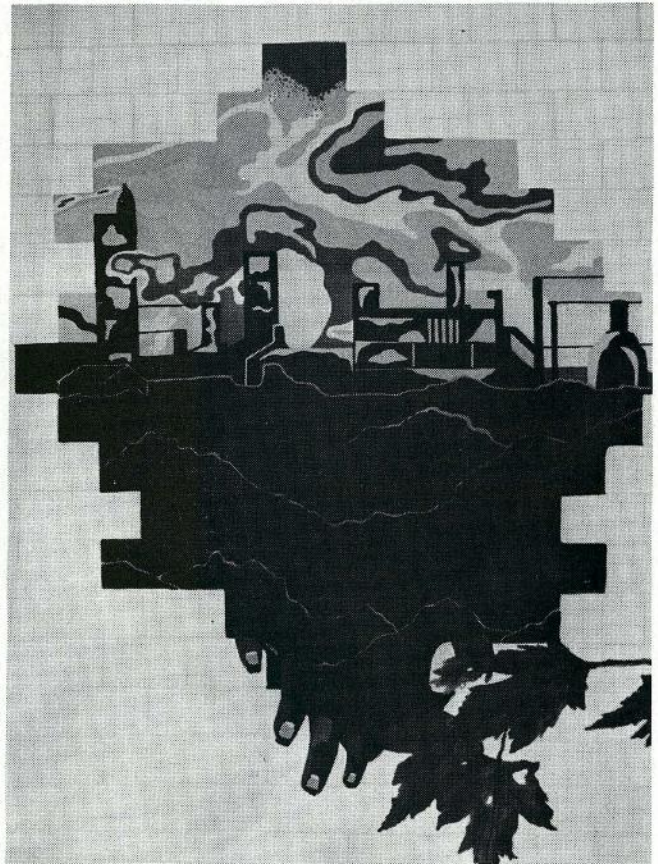
The flag rises, you rev your machine.  
Thinking, waiting for the flag to flop.  
Thinking about the berms, the bumps  
and the camel humps that you wait to face.  
The finger rises, you rev your machine to the red,  
You slam your machine into first,  
pushing it to the limit.  
Tense! tense! tense!  
The flag flops  
and you're off!

WARWICK SCULPPHER 2J

## THE SEA

The echoing sound of the sea  
Against the rocks on the shore,  
The crash of the waves against the rocks  
And the steady withdrawal of the backwash  
There is the call of the seagull  
Which glides swiftly  
Over the pounding waves  
There is no comparison  
Between these homely sounds  
And those of the traffic in  
the roaring cities,  
For a fisherman who sits  
at leisure on the rocks  
Waiting . . . Listening . . .

APRIL MYSON 2E



## “LONELY LITTLE BOY”

Why does he sit, stare and cry?  
NOBODY CARES  
He thinks of love and wants to be loved  
NOBODY CARES  
As he watches loved people go by  
NOBODY CARES  
He searches for food in a dustbin  
NOBODY CARES  
He sleeps in the street at night,  
And huddles for warmth at night  
NOBODY CARES  
But when they find him dead the next morning  
as the sun is dawning  
“WHY?” they all ask  
NOBODY CARED

KIM MORGAN 2J



## THE NUCLEAR WAR

Over the world, there is war, violence, death  
People suffering, starving, dying  
Peace treaties signed in vain  
Arms races beginning  
Wasn't this what happened some time before?

Tempers rising, diplomats fighting  
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What of them?  
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LISA CULLEN 2K

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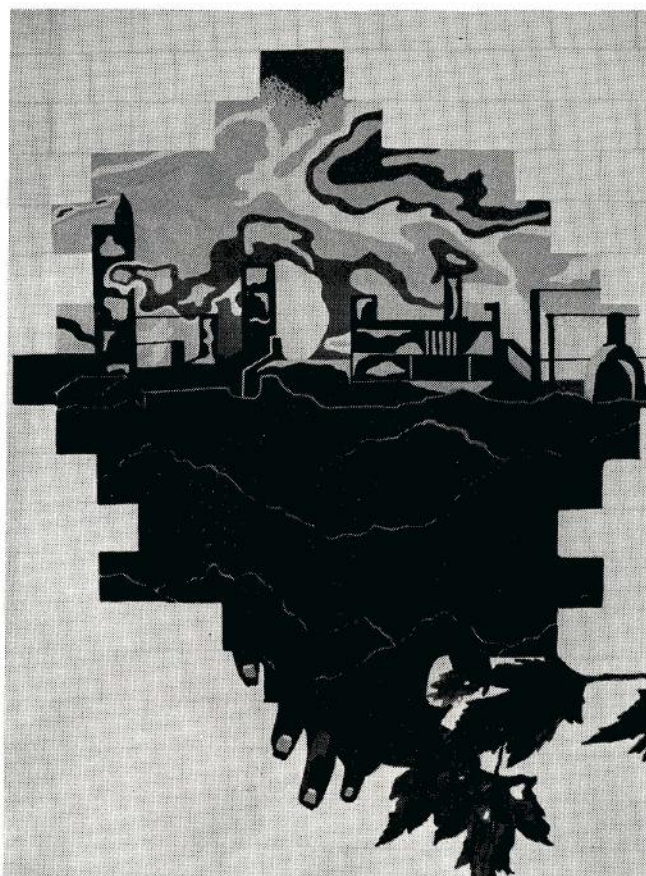
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Which glides swiftly  
Over the pounding waves  
There is no comparison  
Between these homely sounds  
And those of the traffic in  
the roaring cities,  
For a fisherman who sits  
at leisure on the rocks  
Waiting . . . Listening . . .

APRIL MYSON 2E



## “LONELY LITTLE BOY”

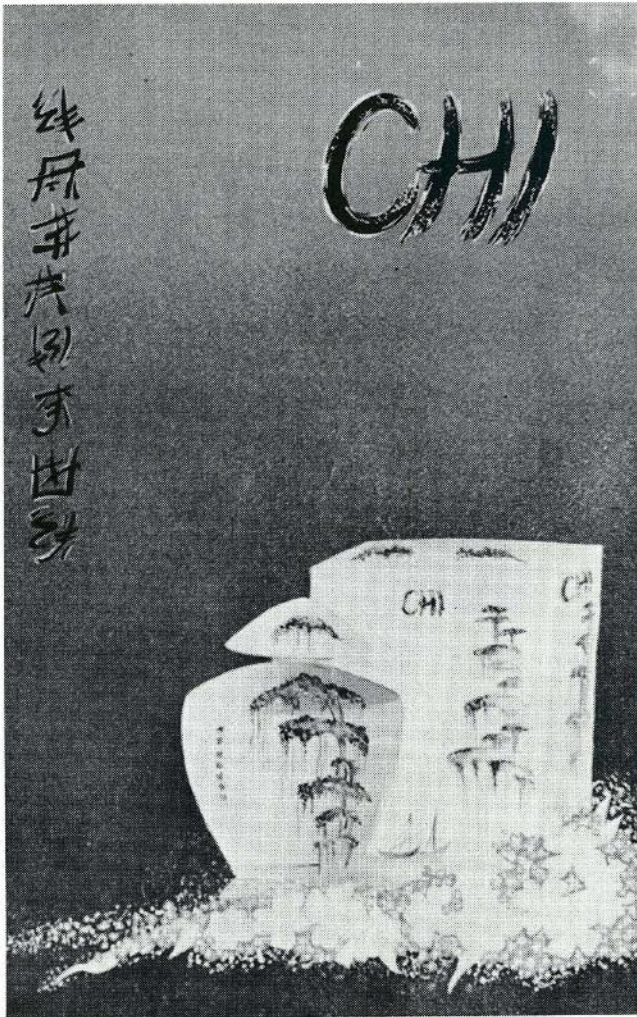
Why does he sit, stare and cry?  
NOBODY CARES  
He thinks of love and wants to be loved  
NOBODY CARES  
As he watches loved people go by  
NOBODY CARES  
He searches for food in a dustbin  
NOBODY CARES  
He sleeps in the street at night,  
And huddles for warmth at night  
NOBODY CARES

But when they find him dead the next morning  
as the sun is dawning  
“WHY?” they all ask

NOBODY CARED

KIM MORGAN 2J





### TROPICAL SUMMER EVENING

Tropical summer evenings are 'adventures' experienced by only a few . . . the air is thick & wet — so humid the help of a spade is felt to be needed to wade through the atmosphere. Nocturnal animals crawl towards any source of dampness and the vegetation is held in place by the almost solid night air, Insects hum deep guttural sounds that reach out towards the velvet sky — but all sounds dwindle before even a treetop is reached. A lifeless owl — disinterested in its surroundings — stares through the night into a dark void. 'Melting candles' huddle around a fan which spins away the heat — which just as hungrily engulfs that moment of cool air. These 'candles' pass the night away by swatting nearby mosquitoes and wiping beads of perspiration off their brows. Outside there is the sound of silence that indulges in torturing all who dare to venture a tropical summer evening . . .

VANESSA LYNCH 2J

### THE DRUNK

The drunk lies bent and distorted in the back of the alley, the saliva, poisoned by alcohol dribbles from the corner of his mouth. His hand will sometimes twitch, his head moves further forward and dirty hair falls softly on the bent shoulders. His eyes try to focus and his unsteady hand brings an empty bottle to his mouth. It is flung against the wall for not a drop of sweet juice is left to be savoured. He shuffles and staggers to his feet, his mind is lost but will come painfully creeping back when morning comes.

BRONWEN MARRIOTT 2J

### SUN SET

As the sun sets  
 Behind the sun burned hills,  
 The sea is left  
 Shimmering in the evening light.  
 The beach is silent  
 After the past afternoon,  
 The only remaining things  
 Are the foot prints of happy people.  
 The sea slips up the beach  
 And slowly slides back again  
 Taking beautiful shells with it,  
 Leaving its trade mark in the sand.  
 A pair of lovers stroll along the beach  
 Watching the sun  
 Saying its last farewell.  
 Before it disappears completely.  
 Now that the sun is gone  
 The orange light  
 Gives way to darkness,  
 And waits to rise again

NICOLE BURKHALTER 2K



### FRENCH

French lessons are terribly boring,  
 All the others marks are soaring,  
 Mine just go down and down.  
 With words like 'parlez vous',  
 Which means 'how are you',  
 Or something to that effect.  
 I can't understand,  
 One word they say,  
 When it comes to exams,  
 I sit down and pray.

NICHOLAS RABJOHN 2J

### SCHOOL

Several  
 Childish  
 Hours  
 Of  
 Oblivious  
 Learning

VAUGHAN BERRY 2K



## JUST SIMPLY ME

I am me  
 I am free  
 to flit  
 to flirt  
 Then turn around  
 Smile silently, not making a sound  
 My eyes dancing,  
 glancing  
 My mouth is curved and seducing  
 Then producing laughter  
 I laugh at you  
 I laugh at me  
 I laugh because I'm free  
 I laugh into your eyes  
 blue as the summer skies  
 Free to be just  
 simply  
 "me".

KIRA WHITE 2B

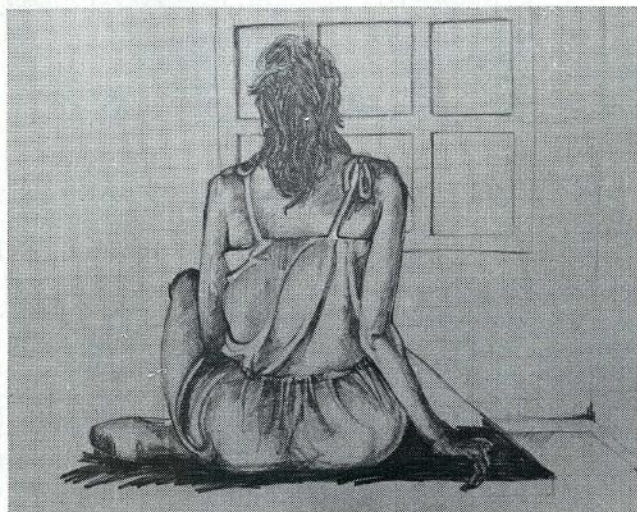
## ONE DAY

I woke up with a snap. The house was dark and forbidding. I glanced at the clock above the fire. Almost midnight and they still weren't home. I slumped back into the wing chair. What if they had been killed! I'd have to work in a dingy workhouse until I was sixteen! No, they couldn't be dead — they wouldn't dare die.

Outside the window I saw an owl flying past. The house was silent except for the incessant ticking of the clock. Where could they be? "We'll only be two hours dear." It was close on four now. I glanced at the fire and reached to the table next to me for a cigarette. Fool, I thought, you finished them ages ago. I glanced at the fire desparingly. The glance became a stare. The smoke of the fire was forming above the mantle piece into some sort of shape. It was just like a man, yes I could see the arms growing out. I wanted to scream but found myself choking on my tongue. The dark swirling shape came closer — it smelled of burnt newspaper and continued to form up tighter and tighter until it was more of a solid than just smoke. It made a wheezing noise. In a choking rasp it announced "I am Fear". With that it bent down and laid its grey finger on my forehead. The most blinding, tearing spasm jerked at my leg. I couldn't breath. I gave a terrified yelp and tried to scramble out of the chair but I felt I was fainting. The creature removed its finger from my forehead. The terror left as abruptly as it had begun. That had been fear in its most raw ugliness. I still panted and the muscles in my neck stuck out like cables . . . "We will be together for a very long time," it mused, "a very long time." "You see," it continued, "your family is not dead — you are." I stared at him as if he was mad.

I glanced up at the clock. It was still one minute to midnight. IT SHOULD BE LATER, I screamed in the silence of my heart. "You begin to understand" Fear wheezed, "it will always be one minute to midnight for you. I will meet you again soon" he said. With that he formed into a pillar of smoke and flew up the chimney. No, I thought, 'Forever'? It will end one day — surely it will end one day? I sank into my seat, exhausted. I'm dreaming, I thought — yes, I'm asleep, yes that's it, asleep. With that I fainted. I woke up with a snap. The house was dark and forbidding. Almost midnight and they still weren't home. The clock ticked on, never moving, just ticking. One minute to midnight, forever.

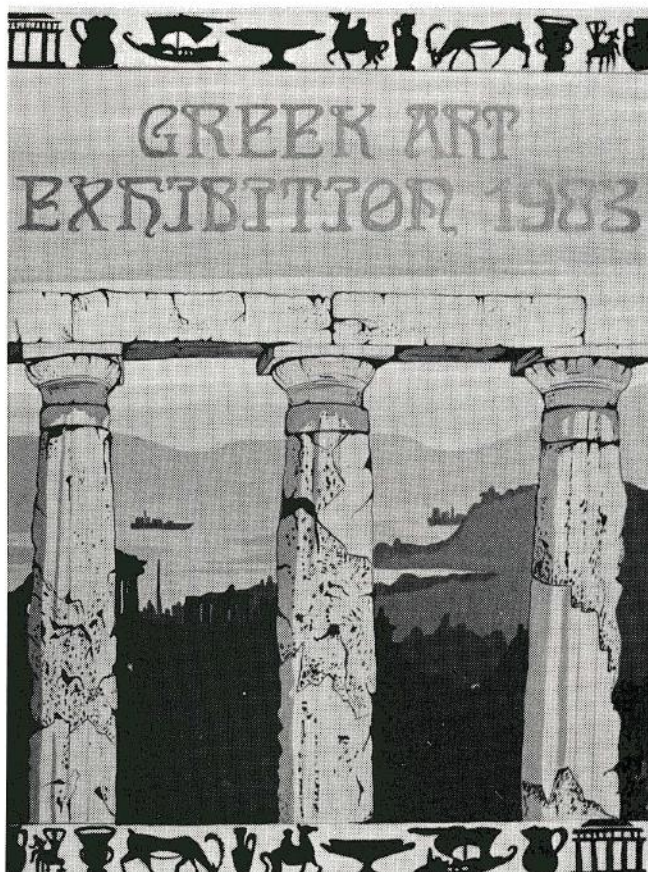
CHRISTOPHER HUGHES 2A



## DO I CARE

Do you think I care?  
 Doctors tell us one out of every  
 Twenty babies born will be blind  
 One more nuisance to the world  
 Do you think I care?  
 I can still read about  
 Renaissance architecture in a grey classroom  
 And watch people starve in Thailand  
 Or people being shot in Ecuador  
 On my twenty-six inch colour T.V.  
 Do you think I care?  
 I can still play the record of  
 Beethoven's C minor trio  
 While somebody struggles to play the scale of C  
 But do I care?  
 Every time you turn around  
 There's another hard luck story  
 Waiting to be heard  
 Or another homeless child  
 With a melancholy face.

KATE SHAND 2K



### ESCAPE

Caught, locked in a prison  
Thinking of escape  
Determined to escape:  
Night falls, you escape  
Get the feel of freedom  
Sense you are being followed.  
You run faster and faster, then hide  
Trembling, fear of being caught  
Wait, nothing comes  
No sound  
Free at LAST  
MARC THERON 3E

### FOOTSTEPS IN TIME

You!  
Yes you. I am talking to you  
How can you just walk away,  
After all these years?  
Maybe a wrong word spoken,  
A small misunderstanding  
between lovers.  
But stop!  
Don't dismiss it like this  
I'll forgive and forget  
We can heal all broken hearts,  
Bring back the good times  
Oh wait!  
Please don't leave me  
Just to be . . .  
Another lone set of footprints  
In the sand  
COLLEEN TRAVISS 3J

### THE MINE

Silhouetted against the horizon  
Deserted, abandoned  
Too many people have died there,  
So the mine no longer functions.  
Innocent men, who knew no other life,  
Left behind their loving families  
They worked 24 hours a day,  
In a mine where it was always night  
Things were going well, men were happy,  
But then that terrible explosion,  
That killed so many  
And left so many children fatherless  
Nobody knows what happened  
Nobody cares what happened  
Everybody just wants to forget  
The tragedy of the mine.  
LAUREN IRVINE 3B

### SUNRISE

It is quiet and dark,  
The world is dead.  
A lone lone owl calls,  
A cricket replies  
Soon, oh so soon,  
The day will arrive  
The sun will come.  
The moon which once shone  
Will disappear  
Quickly, silently it will slither away.  
One by one the stars  
Will blink, then fade.  
The sun will rise —  
It will peep its cheeky crown above that mountain.  
Then bit by bit it will adventure further,  
Until finally its beautiful being will be exposed to the world.  
The people are oblivious of this magnificent beauty  
A few wakeful animals will watch.  
The miraculous task once more completed  
The dawning of a new day.

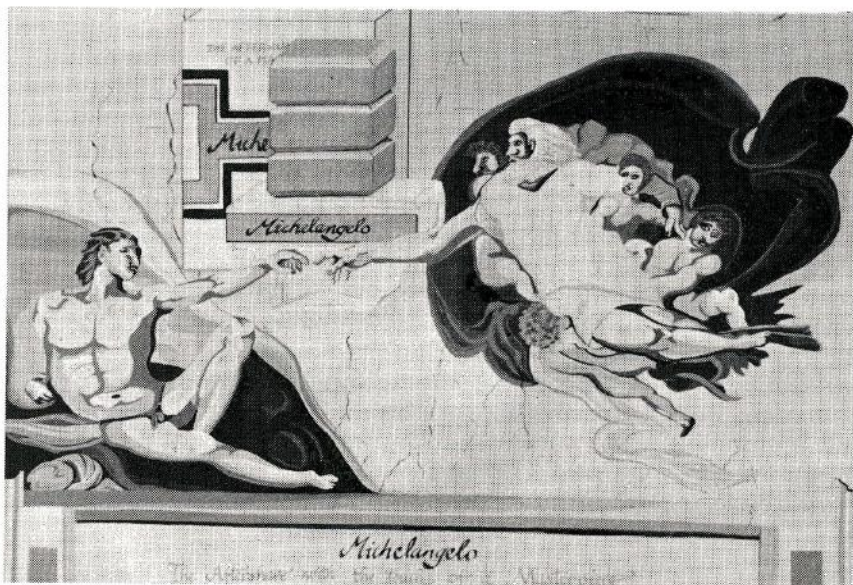
MORAG WILLIAMSON 3J

### BIRTH

With fresh young relief  
She opens her blooming eyes  
To a world with cries  
INGRID ANEMA 3B

### HAPPY PEOPLE

People say it's a state of mind  
dis happiness bizness!  
People say:  
If ya think it, ya'll be it.  
An' what people say  
I think dat's true  
If ya think bad  
ya feel sad  
An' with us niggers  
— what with our brown skins an'all  
We gotta make ourselves happy  
makes us feel tall  
Workin' in dem fields  
all day long  
Singin' our songs  
Waiting for dat dere gong  
But we are happy folk  
doin' just like da people spoke  
makin' ourselves happy  
— us niggers.  
JEAN CARTER 3L





## DEVASTATING DROUGHT

Thandi, a young Zulu maiden, trudged along a sandy path balancing a calabash on her head. She was tired and she sat down in the shade of a thorn tree while she rested. The sun, a burning ball of fire, had drawn the energy from her as it seemed to have done with everything else. "How unfair the sun is", she thought. "It has dried our rivers, ruined our crops and baked our soil. Now it is starting on the people of the land."

Already many people had died during the drought but Grandfather said others would die like flies when winter came, as they would have no food. Because of the drought they had only yielded one quarter of their meagre crops.

When at last she reached the river she got down on her hands and knees and began to dig. At last a small pool of water bubbled through the sand. She filled the calabash and then drank greedily. How good it felt trickling down her dry, parched throat. When she was satisfied she covered the hole as none of this precious liquid must be wasted, and prepared for the long trek home.

She climbed koppie after koppie, covered with vegetation which seemed to weep for water. The cattle she passed were gaunt and their ribs showed under their leathery skins. The occasional goat would let out a pitiful bleat but worst of all were the small kraals she passed where every eye was fixed with longing on the calabash.

How she wished she could take those tiny children into

her arms and gently pour the life-giving liquid into their delicate mouths. But she couldn't, for this meagre amount of water would have to last her family of five for the next two days and they needed every drop of it.

In the city of Johannesburg the Wilson family sat down to a luxurious Sunday meal. They began a discussion on the awful consequences that such a drought could bring to a land so reliant on water.

Henry, the father suggested that the children shared a bath but the girls objected strongly and Mary their mother, thought it was a singularly unpleasant idea. However, she thought by not watering the garden they could save a great deal of water. Now Henry objected strongly and said that he was not going to spend precious money on plants that were going to be allowed to wither and die. The children said that now that it was winter the pool no longer needed filling and that should help a bit but their mother was horrified at what her friends would say when they came to play bridge and saw a half empty swimming pool.

The Wilsons all agreed that they really must save water!

"Sipho", Henry beckoned the garden boy, "Will you quickly wash my car". "And while you're about it", said Mary, "Wash down the slasto."

Thandi returned home. She was exhausted but quickly ran to the baby when she heard it crying. It was gaunt and its sunken little eyes looked up pitifully. It was going to die and so probably were the rest of them.

JENNY SOUTHGATE 8H



## DROUGHT

The sun burns down,  
The land is dry,  
Grass just shrivels up,  
All the waterpools are empty —  
Remains of animals scatter  
the parched ground.  
Pot-bellied children scratch  
for some food.  
What has happened to Gods magnificent creation?  
DROUGHT HAS STRUCK!

ANN HUGO 3J

## BEIRUT

The black smoke lay pall-like over the dying city  
The buildings, intact and bomb-shattered alike,  
were invested in the dark anonymity of its sulphurous evil  
A dying city, and already the silence of death seemed to  
have enveloped it  
The irregular stacato of machine-gun fire sounded distant  
and unreal,  
a far off echo in a dream  
The few who still moved slowly through the rubble-strewn,  
And almost deserted streets, were like the aimless  
wanderers of a dream;  
Hesitant, listless and unsure, stumbling blindly,  
And hopelessly groping through the fog of  
A nightmare . . .

GARY CORLETT 3C



## FOUR WALLS

Within these four walls. On reading this phrase, I immediately conjure up thoughts of an enraged prisoner, silently brooding and cursing within the four walls that ensnare him.

In smug, cold silence, these same four walls laugh at his hopes for freedom and mock his sanity. They alone separate this man, whom society has condemned from the incredible freedom of the outside world. They can be smug in the knowledge that they are all this man thinks, broods and curses about.

He looks upon them every minute of his waking life. He hears them — hears their hideous silence. He smells and tastes the dark, green odour of them. To him, they are what his whole, bleak existence revolves around. He knows what lies behind them, knows he will never escape them.

Who can blame him if he chooses to take his own life within these same four walls?

But, I muse, do we not all pound out an existence within four walls? Even as I write this, I am completely closed in a box, formed and sealed tight by four cemented classroom walls. In fact, I was born within the surgical white of four walls and I am bound to die within four walls. I can only hope that these walls will be familiar and loved by me, and not unfeeling and strange and in some far-away place unknown to me.

I think of the men of this world who must work, cramped between four miserable walls. These trapped souls grow to loathe the walls that bind them. To these people, these walls are what is stopping them from becoming what they desire to be. The walls become their scapegoats, their excuses for their own failures to 'move on in life.'

Those insignificant little grey men and women of our world who hold down grey nine-to-five jobs in small, dowdy rooms, feel cornered, trapped and are screaming to get out, get free. Thus we can compare them to that doomed prisoner who was driven to taking his own precious life, on account of his four walls.

So too will the souls and minds of these cornered, frustrated ants die, of their own doing, within their four walls. Each new day they let them by, staring at the four walls which confine them will cause a micron more of their souls to pass away, until one day, their tormented souls will just snuff out completely, and leave them deeper in their rut and with no hope for a future.

## LIFE?

Hopelessness and despair fills my head. I mentally go over that Science exam, cursing those questions I answered incorrectly. Carelessness! Misunderstanding! I shudder. School seems a pointless waste of time. I tell myself to forget it. Who cares anyway about marks. The fact is, I do. My future lies in my results. Every failure ushers me out of the opportunity of 'varsity!' Anger flares.

School has dealt me a bad hand. I feel like throwing my cards in, but I must press on, bluffing, the only chance I have. Life seems to smother me. Is this what life is about? Yes? No? Confusion.

The past dribbles into my mind, happy days seem hard to recall. The worst is remembered. One bad day extinguishes the thoughts of ten pleasant days. Life cannot be that bad or is it? School? Well, 'suppose it has to be done, just one of those things, just life.

GRAEME ROBERTS 4D

So these men and women will go about their lives, mechanically, receiving no joy and therefore not being able to give any themselves. What hope is there for them? They have dead, broken spirits because they have allowed the psychological confinement of four walls to destroy them.

This is not the way to look at four walls. Regard them rather as a sanctuary where you can work and develop a deeper knowledge of life.

And, as you become more and more successful in your life, the spaces between you and your wall will steadily broaden, until you are free to do as you please, because you have not been broken by the psychological trap and phobia of confinement that four walls seem to pose for us.

MANDI KEFKENS 3F



## "LUST!"

The setting was perfect, the music ideal: soft, harmonious tunes in the background. The lights were low and there was that . . . that gorgeous hunk within less than an arm's reach of me. All I had to do was stretch my arm a little and I could touch this divine hearthrob. Handsome, well-built, mmm, just simply delicious!

I felt weak: the trembling in my knees was increasing. Here was I, so close — so close to having this 'lush' all to myself.

My face flushed. I felt as if everyone around me was watching me: I suppose that was just my inferiority complex. Was I worthy of such a gift? Yes, yes indeed! I'd worked hard for it; I'd waited for this moment for over a month and, at last, my waiting was over. The time had come. I reached out and —

"Excuse me Dave. Please . . . uh, please can I have a bite of your doughnut?" I begged.

"Why certainly dear," he replied politely. "You deserve it. After all, your diet ended yesterday. Go ahead, finish it," he added.

And so I did. I ate the whole doughnut and thoroughly enjoyed every mouthful.

LESLEY BURNS 4F

TIMBAYUKU

The river snaked its way in amongst the dense jungle foliage like some ancient glow worm, momentarily revealed by a stray beam of moonlight. Shadows shimmered, seemingly awakened by the darting streaks of light which slid across the glossy surface. Deep in the jungle a lion roared, the sound reverberating in the still night air.

The Seasprite glided noiselessly downstream, her hull slicing the sluggish water and sending tiny swells racing toward the banks. She was a dark black smudge on the horizon. The muffled sound of voices could be heard on deck. American voices, low and lazy, while below them lay the Seasprite's storage room, empty. Soon it would be full, filled with the skins of jungle animals. Perhaps the animals senses it for the jungle was still, as if watching, waiting for some as yet untold event. Holding its breath.

Timbayuku stirred. What had woken him? But there was nothing, save the oppressive silence, calm before the storm. Timbayuku had learnt to distrust this calm; he raised himself cautiously on one elbow and scanned the surrounding bush. Nothing. Just a bizarre feeling that many pairs of eyes were watching him, evil eyes. He shivered in spite of the intense heat. Thoughts began to whirl through his mind: the look of pain and surprise in the eyes of the animals whose skins he had taken; the hostility of his tribe since he'd helped the American smugglers; and his own loneliness.

Something rustled in the undergrowth. Instantly alert, Timbayuku curled his wiry fingers round his assegai. The rough, woody feel reassured him and he glanced around, cautiously shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Timbayuku knew well the sound a tiny twig could make, a sound like a crack of thunder. He daren't move, daren't take the chance. What if they were out there? Waiting for him. His head throbbed as if a thousand tom-tom drums were beating and his chest felt crushed as if caught within the coils of giant python. Fear was an almost tangible presence.

His senses acutely alive, atuned to the electricity of the night, Timbayuku crouched low, softly cursing the moon for her pale beauty. He knew he would have to move before she drifted out from behind her misty cover. He could feel his muscles tighten. How much time did he have? How much time before the moon revealed him, betrayed him to his former friends? The rough edges of the stone cut into Timbayuku's clenched fist, biting into the soft flesh of his palm. A crack of thunder rent the night and Timbayuku felt, rather than saw, the tiny movement in the bush all around

him. So they were there, watching him. Were their hearts pounding too?

The moon peeped out from behind a cloud. Timbayuku knew in his heart that he wouldn't escape, but still he tried. Dashing swiftly into the undergrowth near the river banks. Instantly the jungle was alive with the sound of thunder; the thunder of feet and war cries: charged with excitement. The soft hiss of an assegai mingled with the cries of animals awakened from slumber by this explosion of sound and activity. There was a soft thud and Timbayuku felt the warm trickle of his blood, his blood. The assegai tip burnt into his flesh sending shivers of pain through his body. He fell writhing howling, his eyes mirroring the pain in the eyes of the animals he'd killed. Finally he lay still, crumpled like a heap of skins in the dusky moonlight. Savage eyes watched him, eyes alight with an inner fire, burning with hate, twisted with jealousy.

Out on the river the American smugglers cursed softly as the boat drifted aimlessly, waiting, waiting for a ghost. Where was Timbayuku? Where were their skins? Just couldn't trust those darkskins, probably selling to someone else. Well, what if he was? They'd find another helper, they'd plenty of fake diamonds to bribe them with. Though who knew what the darkskins wanted them for, worthless junk!

Somewhere not far off a panther, returning from a kill, sniffed curiously at a twinkling object, nudged it with a velvety nose and stalked off into the blackness. The treasure which Timbayuku had kept imprisoned in his hand, lay exposed, released from its murky prison by the numb, lifeless fingers. Timbayuku had been proud of it, had been shamed because of it, driven out of his tribe and then hunted down by those who coveted it. He'd never thought of the pain it had brought him, only the joy it would bring. But they hadn't got it; it lay now, curled crookedly, glinting in the light, flaunting its beauty and its worthlessness. Three tiny fake diamonds, held together with gum from a tree; not much, but, to Timbayuku's daughter, that crude attempt at a necklace would have meant much more than words can say. But she'd never know, never possess the mysterious stone that seemed to burn with an icy fire.

Perhaps it was better that way.

KIM PHILIP 4D

MEMORIES

She stopped  
to pick up the conch shell,  
half buried in the sand.  
And carefully  
dusted off the fine grains,  
revealing the soft pink beauty  
beneath.  
She felt the rough surface,  
the miniature cliffs and craters:  
A superb work of art.  
Still marvelling at its perfection,  
She lifted it to her ear  
And listened  
to the symphony of the sea  
Kept in its own tiny music hall:  
Once,  
the armour of an animal  
Now,  
a record of memories.

LISA MARTUS 4G



## SUMMER CAMP

Lots of people say that I'm crazy but I don't think so really, you know, I'm not bad like some people cos' I think I done what was right and anyway I don't care what others say, cos' I know I'm alright really. I'm eighteen, and I think I'm smart enough. When I went on camp the first day I was very happy cos' my dad told me I could get a tortoise, and my friend Alvin had a tortoise and it was really nice and I liked them. The camp was a summer camp in the holidays for all kids, and it was on a farm where there were pigs, but I didn't like pigs cos' they all stared at me, and they got little eyes and I don't like it when they stare at me cos' I get nervous a little. That was in the morning when we saw the pigs, and then we had lunch, and I was with my friend Alvin and I met a girl. Her name was Carrie, and she was very beautiful, she had lots of lovely gold hair and she had a blue dress and all the other girls wore jeans so I thought she was real special. Alvin said, "Carrie, this is John," and she said: "Hi, John", and she pulled my ear and winked at me and I didn't say anything cos' I couldn't think of anything smart to say, and she was staring at me, so I said, "Hello", real softly, so like she could hardly hear it.

That afternoon, I was helping Alvin to make a bow like the one you shoot arrows with. Carrie was helping to make a fire, and called me, and said, "Hey, John, can you help me with these boys, please?" So I went to her and let go of the string I was holding and it hit Alvin and he said, "Hey, watch it! That hurt. Hey, where you going?" I moved a whole lot of boys and Carrie was very grateful, and she said, "Thanks, hey John", and squeezed my arm and smiled and looked very beautiful and I loved her. I didn't tell anyone I loved her, but I wanted to be with her for ever, and I hoped she would marry me, and I dreamed about us living together always.

At night, we had a sing-song around the fire, and then everybody kind of split up into little groups, and I was with Alvin and four others. Carrie was with us, and Alvin was with this other girl called Rachel, and they were holding hands. We were talking, except me, cos' I don't know why but I didn't like Alvin holding hands with Rachel but I just looked at Carrie, who I loved. After a while she said, "Say, John, why you so quiet?" I shrugged my shoulders, cos' I couldn't say why I really was quiet, could I?" Then she said, "Hey, John, do you like girls?" I didn't know what to say, and I said, "Sometimes". "Have you ever been in love with a girl?" I said, "Yes". Alvin said some poetry stuff about love and roses, and he thought he was very funny, but I didn't think it was funny and I didn't know why everyone was laughing. Then Carrie said, "John, you ever been kissed by a girl?" Everyone was laughing and I was glad it was dark cos' I knew I was going red. I didn't answer her, and she said, "Well", and I was very uncomfortable, but just then Alvin and Rachel stood up, and Alvin said, "Bye, folks". The other two people were also holding hands, and they looked at Carrie and me, and Carrie stood up and said, "Come", so I got up and followed her into the trees. We walked a little way and then she turned round and held my hands, and looked at me, and I saw she was very beautiful and I wasn't so cross anymore about what she said at the camp fire, and she said, "John, I think you're a really nice guy".

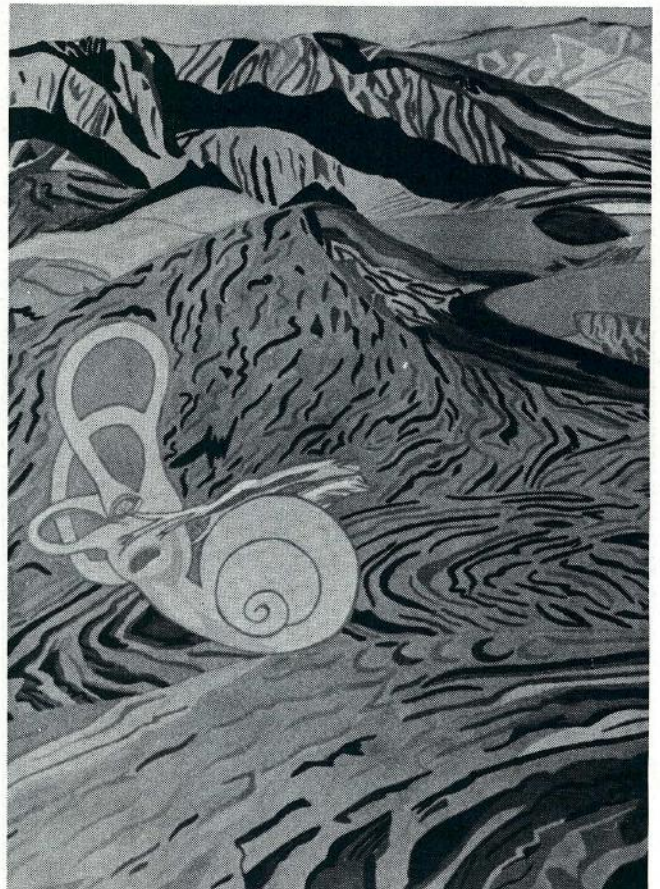
I said, "I love you," and she laughed and said, "Oh, do you John?" She moved her face close to mine and I hoped she wouldn't notice I was shaking and I moved my face a little towards hers and then she drew back and let go of me, and said, "So you love me?", in a funny way, and then gave me a strange look, but I was very excited by it, and I

put my hand on her shoulder. She slapped it softly and then grinned at me, and said, "If you can catch me!", and she turned and ran away, and I saw her dress flapping like a flag behind her, and I ran after her, and I was cross and I didn't know why she was running from me, cos' she said she liked me and I wanted to catch her cos' I was getting tired. Then, I didn't see her, but she jumped out from a tree behind me, and said, "This way, handsome", so I ran after her again. She came to a clearing, and sat down laughing, but I was tired, and cross, and said, "Who do you think you are?" and she said, "Marilyn Monroe. Who do you think you are?" I didn't think she was funny, and I sat down next to her, and grabbed her arm, but she pulled it away and said, "Aah, you haven't been a good boy, have you, John?"

"I love you", I said, and she laughed.

"Are you a good lover, John?", she said, and I said I didn't know, so she said, "Can you kiss well, John?" and I was very shaky and I grabbed her again and moved to kiss, but she pulled away and laughed at me. I didn't like being laughed at, so I grabbed her and shook her and shouted, "What you doing this for? Stop it! She must have got a real fright, I saw on her face, and she slapped me in my face and I was shocked, but I didn't let go of her, and she screamed, and said, "Let go me! Help! Rape!", but I didn't care and I hit her and said, "Shut Up!" She tried to kick me, and then I found a stone and pounded her head with it. When she stopped screaming I dropped the stone. I was real worried, cos' I thought I might have killed her and then the camp director and my dad would be cross, and I probably wouldn't get my tortoise. I thought maybe I'd just bury her and say I lost her, but I was too tired, so I went back to camp and sneaked into our tent, cos' everyone else was asleep. The next morning when I woke up, Alvin stared at me and said, "Hey John, man, what's all that blood on your shirt?"

DIRK KLOOSTERMAN 4D



## MODERN CRISIS

The words mocked me.  
I stared at them,  
Unseeing, unfeeling.  
A numbness.  
A coldness.  
Infusing my person.  
I wanted to cry  
to release the pain  
that lay buried  
burning within me.  
But no tears came.  
Just numbness, coldness.  
I closed my eyes,  
trying to shut out the world,  
and with it, the pain.  
But, the words were there,  
imprinted in my brain.  
I tore up the words,  
trying to destroy the pain.  
The words fought back,  
mocking me again.  
Echoing up and down the corridors of my mind.  
I wanted to reach out, tell someone,  
but I recoiled afraid of what I might find.  
A rash decision, rare ecstasy  
and now the pain.  
Pregnancy test — positive  
The words raced through my brain,  
intensifying the pain.  
The pain of knowing,  
my child would have no father.  
The pain of knowing,  
I was another statistic,  
another teenage tragedy,  
Another Unmarried  
Mother.

KIM PHILIP 4D

The day is wild,  
like my emotions;  
Thoughts run through my mind  
like a printing press  
Music beats from a stereo  
matching the beating of my heart  
Dates, figures, sums  
speed, weave, crash  
through the caves of my brain  
A sound repeats itself  
Again, again,  
Piercing, demanding attention,  
The voice . . .  
of a baby  
crying, wailing  
also demanding a moment  
of a day,  
wild and untamed  
but  
it will be over soon:-  
this day,  
and then  
the peace  
of sleep.

AGNES BERENDS 4C



## THE MARKING OF THE WALL BY COLORADO FOX

The teacher sits marking the wall. What is she marking? Why is she doing this? It is important to establish the time in such an essay (why I don't know!) Perhaps it was winter. I remember the thick scarf wrapped thickly around my neck. I can still feel the cold of those grey cadet shorts and the biting nip of the wind that blew softly through the class.

What is she marking, and how? Perhaps it is a portrait of freedom. Hah! Freedom . . . that elusive word that gurgles with irony and sarcasm, that word that was created by mad, perverted psychologists and philosophers, in search of the answer to Life's problems. How does freedom enhance one? It is but an elusive dream of a few, a misconceived idea of happiness and sanity; of rest and idiosyncrasy (dribble dribble, splatter splatter, parp parp). But no, it cannot be this because she is crying, huge big tears rolling down her fat cheek as she marks the wall.

No, the mark on the wall is beginning to take form. It is black and ugly. Perhaps she is drawing death. Death; that word lies on all mouths, the age-old cycle of life and cessation (like coffee percolating slowly in a tin can). I have often thought about death, the ramblings of my mind running like a deer through a wide open field, smelling of dew and freshly cut hay! Death — the few tears that are shed for the deceased's wife or children, the few insincere words spoken on the spur of the moment about 'hope' and 'charity' and 'never have to look to another for help' . . . all are lies! Death is but an illusion; a dream; a passion sought after by a few snotty nosed philosophers. There is no death . . . but this is not the mark, the mark is different, it is an escapist's way of escaping.

But oh no, dearie me, the pen is blotting. The ink is running, I shall have to write faster. The marking of the wall increases with the wild vivacity of a stormy sea, crashing mightily against the fragile sea-shells, crushing them with a loud agonised scream of pain. My mind, like a great tiger is encaged by English Literature and History. History, the endless study of man and his 'endeavours'; the age old quest for knowledge. Phah, it's all a story. I mean how can they expect us to learn about some schizophrenic people and their coffee-percolated ideas?

Oh woe to me, I am but a speck of dust on a dusty table; an insignificant frog in a crocodile infested habitat; a coffee bean in a coffee-percolator; a . . . Hey come off it, what are you doing? I don't need a straight-jacket, all I need is a crocodile and a coffee-percolator and a . . .

DAVID IRSIGLER 4D

## SUMMER CAMP

Lots of people say that I'm crazy but I don't think so really, you know, I'm not bad like some people cos' I think I done what was right and anyway I don't care what others say, cos' I know I'm alright really. I'm eighteen, and I think I'm smart enough. When I went on camp the first day I was very happy cos' my dad told me I could get a tortoise, and my friend Alvin had a tortoise and it was really nice and I

## BACMETH (With apologies to Shakespeare)

One day, coming home from school, I saw three tramps in the distance. As I drew nearer, these individuals seemed more and more strange. Burning with curiosity as to whether these persons were representing some wierd festival or phantom party, I charged them thus: "Speak if you can: what are you?"

The first vagabond said: "All hail, hail to thee, Prefect of Bryanston High."

The next added: "All hail, hail to thee, Head Girl of Bryanston High."

The third of these scoundrels said: "All hail, that shalt be headmistress hereafter."

On saying this, they vanished, and in vain I called after them, beseeching them of further knowledge. Truly I was a prefect, but the other prophecies seemed ridiculous.

That night I slept in a troubled mind and arrived early at school in anticipation. During assembly, it was announced that I was to become Head Girl, as the previous one resigned due to several nervous break-downs. I was excited and at once set about reassuring my fate, though I truly felt in borrowed robes. At last, my decisions were final, there was no going back . . . I charged into the Staff Room and threatened to poison the staff unless I was appointed Head Mistress. This was done willingly as I also offered a salary increase. I felt no remorse, as the evil spirits had conquered me. I gloated over my new position and reigned well: Bunking was IN, homework was OUT, there were two lessons a day, uniform was not compulsory and teachers got paid overtime (ie: paid for absence).

That night I could not sleep, I had murdered sleep. The sleep that rewards after a day's hard work (**What** hard work?) The sleep that refreshes your soul, making one ready to face the day's challenges. Guilt and Sloth attacked my conscience like sharp daggers. How I wished I could make certain of my future; I would seek the three vagabonds immediately.

I found them eventually and said, "I conjure you, by that which you profess, howe'er you came to know it — answer me to what I ask you."

The first replied: "Beware Manolios"

The second: "None of woman-born shall harm thee."

The third: "Thou shalt never be vanquished, until Jo'burg Zoo be banished."

I thanked them and was relieved, I would have to watch Manolios, but the other advice would never be . . .

Unfortunately, Manolios, despite his raise, notified the T.E.D., and my doom was truly sealed when "The Star" reported termination of the Zoo due to lack of funds. Alas . . . the T.E.D. was not born of woman!

SANDI MORRIS 4D

put my hand on her shoulder. She slapped it softly and then grinned at me, and said, "If you can catch me!", and she turned and ran away, and I saw her dress flapping like a flag behind her, and I ran after her, and I was cross and I didn't know why she was running from me, cos' she said she liked me and I wanted to catch her cos' I was getting tired. Then, I didn't see her, but she jumped out from a tree behind me, and said, "This way, handsome", so I ran after her again. She came to a clearing, and sat down laughing.

## THE KAROO

The arid landscape stretches endlessly  
Merging with the wide canopy of sky,  
A purple haze of silence; of ancient mystery,  
Brooding like some intangible spirit,  
Eternally mourning its primeval past.

Land of thirst and scattered thorn trees,  
Of vibrant sunrise and brilliant sunsets  
Like vast eruptions of red, amber and gold  
The Karoo in its most enigmatic mood.

Air crystal clear, A cloudless bright sky.  
Frosty winter nights — sharp before the dawn.  
Stars twinkling like fragments of ice,  
Shimmering in an expanse of jet-black sky.

DIANA MICHIE 4C

## THE TROUT AND THE FISHERMAN

A rise.

Close to the bank.

He's huge.

Wait, watch, study.

More rises.

Choose, cast, wait, watch.

Time stands still.

Breathless wait.

What is it?

Watch, follow, study.

Is it real?

Decide, take, dive,

What? What is it?

Plunge, dive, struggle.

A battle of instinct,

A battle for life.

A battle of skill,

A battle for sport.

Plunge, leap,

Lunge, jump.

Behind rocks.

What is it?

Why won't it go?

You can't lose him.

You mustn't lose him.

He's huge.

May be a record.

Tiring.

Fight over, life gone.

In the net,

Onto the bank.

A record.

A death.

CRAIG BRITTEN



Songs of yesterday,  
Movements of today,  
Illusions of tomorrow.

C.L. COLE

## TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR A HAPPY SCHOOL LIFE\*

\*Note — this essay may also be read under the title of "How to be Happy in Prison"

### STAFF AND PREFECTS

1. **The Headmaster is Headmaster:** so never forget that. Whenever you pass him, say briskly "Mornin' Sah!" and the reply is "Morning," or say "Aft'noon sah!"

"Morning"

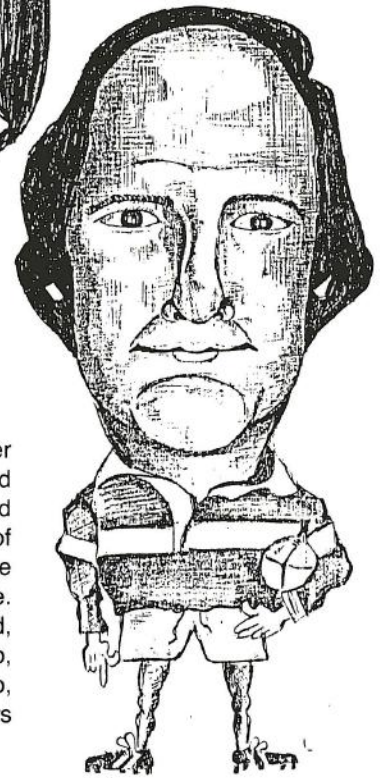
Or, even, "Morning Ma'am"

"Morning"

Or, if you like, "Halitosis, sah!"

"Morning."

When you pass him, be sure that you pull your socks up, do your top button, tuck in your shirt, put on your blazer, straighten your tie, push your hair behind your ears and say whatever is necessary. When in the office, never argue — jacks are only sorer. After jacks, always say something like "Thank you sir — would you like your door open or shut?" but never, "Thank you sir — what an exhilarating experience! Thank you indeed!"



2. **Shlup up to the Heads of Department** — whenever you pass any of them always put on your tie and shoes, button up your shirt, and find your blazer, and say, "Mornin' sah!" with a bright smile. When out of school, always beam at one if you see one, but make sure you are in your uniform — otherwise run and hide. Always attend every meeting, but never get involved, so the 'heads' will think you're in the Chess Club, Rugby Team, Marathon Team, Paleontology Club, Archery Team, Ancient Etruscan Clay Pottery Lovers Club, etc., and consider you for prefectship.

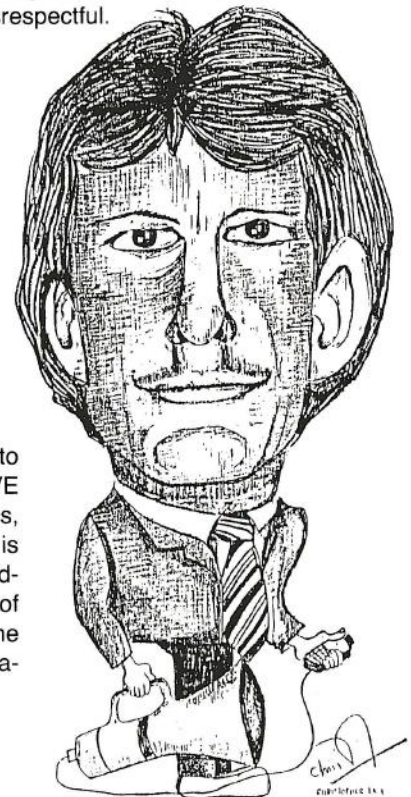


5. **Never let a Teacher see What You Are Really Like** — pretend you're unhappy, or, if that's too hard, just pretend you're not happy. In biology, pretend you're going to become a botanist, in science a physicist, in English a poet, etc. If a teacher sees you on the playground, stop doing what you were doing, and brace up, saying, "Mornin' ma'am!"
6. **Always Obey Prefects** — if scolded, punished or rebuked, pretend you're sorry. If that's too hard, just try not to laugh. If in assembly you're told to put your blazer on, do it — believe me, you'll hear much better. And, by doing up your top button, you'll grow into a better citizen and won't go around blowing things up, and shooting people and watching bad movies.

3. **Shlup up to the Teachers** — they love it! Offer to carry books, bags, boxes, handbags and whatever else you can think of. When in class say "Yes, Ma'am!", "Thank you for the lesson Ma'am!" and other mindless savings. If something is confiscated, or you are scolded, go to her at the end of the lesson, and say "Ma'am, I apologise; I realise what I did was despicable to human integrity, how it tears at the very fabric that has put this great nation on its pedestal, alas, . . . oh, woe!" etc., etc.
4. **Do not call a Teacher by his or her first name** — this may be considered disrespectful.

### PERSONAL

7. **Always Look Neat and Tidy** — you should be able to see your face when you look at your shoes, and HAVE SHORT HAIR! It may not be the fashion at Cannes, they may wear it longer at St. Moritz — but school is not a fashionable institution, is it now? And if the Headmaster likes hair to be so, who cares what the rest of the world is doing? Our motto is, "Strive to keep the past alive." Anyway my marks have improved immeasurably since I cut my hair — that's what school is for!



8. **Shlup up your Books** — a shlup's book is always not only up-to-date, but its ahead — yes, shlups go home, do double the homework and then extra research. They stick in pictures and diagrams (As long as it doesn't SAY "Encyclopaedia Britannica" on them — teachers may disregard your efforts). Your book should be full of koki and shlup headings. A shlup's dream is to shake his Tippex and hear "sssshlooop." He loves very thin Tippex, and his bottle is always full. When writing essays, always use big words — this is an important point, so do not regard it with floccinaucinihilipilification. Always sign all letters "Yours anticonstitutionalistically."

**EXAMS AND TESTS**

9. (a) **Never Cheat from Less Intelligent Persons than Yourself.** (If you can find any).

(b) **Never Cheat in an Obvious Manner** — do not shout, "Psst! Hey! You! Whassa answer? C'mon man, gimme thuh anser! Hey! Whassa matter wit youse? Cain't youse . . . uh oh . . ." and you know the rest. Never whistle, chuck notes across the classroom. Be clever: write on the back of your hand "4.d.)", if that's the answer you want. Put your hands behind your head and sigh. If the teacher comes past, sit on your hands, then a few minutes later, say "Ma'am, c'n I borrow someb'dies Tippex please, thank you ma'am!" and your friend immediately passes you an emptied out bottle of Tippex, wherein lies the answer. Or, since invigilators never look at the ceiling, why not stick a mirror on it, above the slup's desk?



10. **Always Scrounge for More Marks** — when you get your test back, go up to the teacher and pretend you know a lot. For example, in Science: "But ma'am, according to relativity, gravity is directly proportional to time, and thus bends space, creating a multi-dimensional warp in the space-time continuum, which could reach a point where the tachyon-driven anti-matter universe jumps through hyperspace, and thus releases energy converted from matter by post-dispensationalism, and thus the incomprehensibilities . . ." Carry on like this until you get the mark.

To sum up: Always remember you are two persons:

1. A shlup for teachers and prefects — you are respectable, logical responsible, vegetable, etc.
2. A reckless, disregarding, unsociable, impudent whatever for yourself and friends.

DIRK KLOOSTERMAN 4D

**Maggie Hallower**


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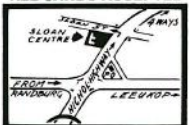
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PEOPLE RELY ON DEFY. EVERYWHERE **DEFY**

## TIENDE PERIODE — AFRIKAANS

In die rivier van mense  
riviere van monde en pense.  
Staan ek sonder hoop of vrede —  
en die rede?

Die volgende periode is Afrikaans.

Ek gaan deur die deur van haat  
gaan in 'n klas wat my hart breek.  
Die werkwoorde en lidwoorde en die gepreek  
vermoor my, ek kan nie asemhaal  
want hierdie periode is: een van taal!

Die bysinne; spel; opstel en voorskrifte,  
is soos bottels giwwe  
en wanneer ek aan poësie dink,  
sink my hart, ek dink dit verdrink  
in 'n see van donkerheid,  
geen tyd vir vrolikheid.

Twintig minute later in die dag,  
was Afrikaans voltooï  
en ek het daarna gelag.  
Maar tien minute later het ek weer getreur,  
want kuns was volgende  
en ons leer oor kleur!

Wat 'n dag!

JULIA HORNER 3C



## 'N SOLDAAT SE PLIG

Snelvuur. 'n Radelose uitroep. En die aaklige gesig van die sterwende man word skielik leweloos. Grynslag in die laaste angs van dood . . . hy val. Sy hande is kloue en hy lê in 'n bloedpoel. Dood . . . maar glad nie vergete nie. Die enigste ding om te wys wat eindag 'n lewe was, is 'n vae aandenkning. Die lewe van 'n man wat sy land gedien het — om ons te beskerm. Maar is ons dankbaar? Al wat oorbly is 'n eensame grafsteen met 'n enkele blom wat daar geplaas is deur daardie paar wat sorg, om ons te herinner dat hierdie soldaat vir ons gesterf het. Ver van sy tuiste, ver van die sagte stem van 'n geliefde. In 'n skermutseling. In 'n oorlog . . .

Wat het dit bereik? Hoekom? Was die absoluut noodsaaklik? Hy het saam met duisende manne gesterf. Manne wat 'n toekoms wou gehad het. Hulle sou die toekoms gewees het! Die plig van 'n soldaat is om te sterf, sê hulle . . . maar is dit?

CHRISTOPHER PAGE 3F

## ADVERTENSIES, ADVERTENSIES, ADVERTENSIES

Ma en pa het van hulle SEALY POSTUREPEDIC MATRAS af opgestaan — sonder om ruggyn te hê. Ma het die OIL OF OLAY van haar gesig afgewas. Ma en Pa het daarna hulle monde wakker gemaak met MACLEANS TANDEPASTE. Ma het die grys uit haar hare met CLAIROL NICE 'n EASY gewas, terwyl pa sy EGO aanspuit.

Ma maak tee met JOKO TEE se groot gaatjies teesakkies. Boetie trek sy hempie aan wat in STASOFT uitgespoel is. Dan kyk hy na pa wat sy PRONUTRO KRISP KRUNCHY eet, terwyl Boetie sy NESPRAY MELK drink, wat hom groot sal maak. Ma drink haar tee, waarin twee lepels SUIKER is om haar energie te gee.

Pa ry werk toe in sy MERCEDES-BENZ. Hy ry oor 'n padwerker se piesang met sy GENERALS — die langopstand houers. In sy kantoor kyk hy op sy ADEK HORLOOSIE, staan op en soek vir tien minute na die CREMORA wat so romerig smaak in suiwer KENNA KOFFIE.

Hy verlaat die kantoor en steek 'n CAMEL aan. Die volgende oomblik kom 'n hand uit 'n posbus uit en trek hom in die posbus in (dis die EGO wat nou werk).

Middagete op kantoor — Pa haal sy toebroodjie uit 'n GLADWRAP toebroodjiesakkie. Hy kan die egte BOTTER en die proteingelaaide BLACK CAT GRONDBOONTJIE-BOTTER daarop proe.

Na 'n lang dag se werk spring hy in sy GRAFTON EVEREST gemakstoel met 'n spring en 'n CARLING BLACK LABEL in sy hand.

Daardie aand het hulle smaaklike BEESVLEIS geëet terwyl hulle na die advertensies op hulle BLAUPUNKT TELEVISIE kyk.

GRANT LEECH 3A

## GOEIE MANIERE?

Elke land het sy eie gewoontes. Suid-Afrikaanse mans het gewoonlik goeie maniere maar juis daarom kan hulle ook in moeilike situasies beland.

My vriend het gaan kuier by die Europese immigrante wat onlangs in sy buurt ingetrek het. Daar was 'n aantreklike meisie en hy wou graag 'n goeie indruk skep.

Die familie het gesellig in die sitkamer gesit toe die Mevrou met die skinkbord tee ingekom het. My vriend het opgespring om haar te help met die skinkbord. Die Europese Mevrou het hom streng aangekyk en gesê, "Jongman, moenie so gulsig wees nie. Jy sal ook tee kry!"

BETSIE VAN NIEUWKERK 3C

## DIE LAKSMAN

Ek het hom weer gesien, toe ek stilletjies uit die ou huis gesluip het. Hy't my gestee met sy donker ongevoelige oë. Toe het hy begin hardloop. Ek het blitsvinnig omgevlieg, en om 'n hoek geskuiwe. Ek het vinnig spore gemaak, maar die meedoënlose dood, met sy kragtige bene, was besig om grond te wen.

Hy't al lank na my gesoek, sedert daardie noodlottige dag, toe ons mekaar die eerste keer gesien het. Daar was onmiddellik 'n onsigbare haat tussen ons. Ek het hom en sy soort meteens gehaat en ontsettend gevrees. Van daardie dag af het hy sonder rus of slaap na my gesoek. Hy't om elke hoek en draai gewag om my onverwags te betrap.

Hy wil my lewe vat, ek hardloop om te oorleef. Hy't gesweer om my in my hel te stuur en nou is hy besig om my in te haal. Die verkeersligte is rooi, maar ek moet aanhou. Ek swenk tussen twee motors in, maar die laksman is nog agter my.

My hart pomp en my bene skreeu om rus, my kop wil bars, maar ek moet uithou, die dood moet my nie inhaal nie.

Ek kyk om, hy is net agter my, ek kan sy vuil asem ruik. Sy mond begin te water en sy oë rol kranksinnig in sy kop rond!

Daars geen hoop oor nie. "Here vat my siel, ek kom huis toe!" Maar wat staan voor my, 'n boom, 'n lewensreddende boom. Ek spring, ek klou vas aan die boom. Ek klouter soos 'n mal ding boontoe.

Hy gluur my aan, toe loop hy 'n paar keer om die boom, toe loop hy weg met sy stert tussen sy bene. Ek is weer veilig, maar eindag sal ek my moses teëkom en daardie hond sal my doodbyt. Gelukkig het ek drie van my nege lewens oor!

JAMES GROVES 3C

## "TIENERWEES IS . . ."

Kommerlose dae van vreugde;  
Slaaplose nagte vol moed en tranes.  
Dae wat gou verby vlieg — dae wat stil-stil luier.  
'n Intensiewe tyd — partykeer hartseer . . . partykeer liefde  
Om in die wolke te wees, of, skielik reg plat  
Op die yskoue grond te val.  
Om drome te droom: illusies.  
Oë vol lewe en lewenslus,  
Verlangende oë wat alles vertel.  
"Onsekerheid — hartseer — pyn — geluk"  
Maar dis lekkerwees!  
Geniet die uitdagings. Gryp jou kanse.  
Sit jou ideale hoog op 'n trap en begin,  
dan om op te loop. STAP VIR . . . STAP.  
Die lewe is soos sneeu,  
Wees daarom versigtig waar jy trap, want —  
elke merk sal wys.  
Die tienerjare is die lente van jou lewe!

NADINE YOUNG 8E

## DIE DOOIE LAND

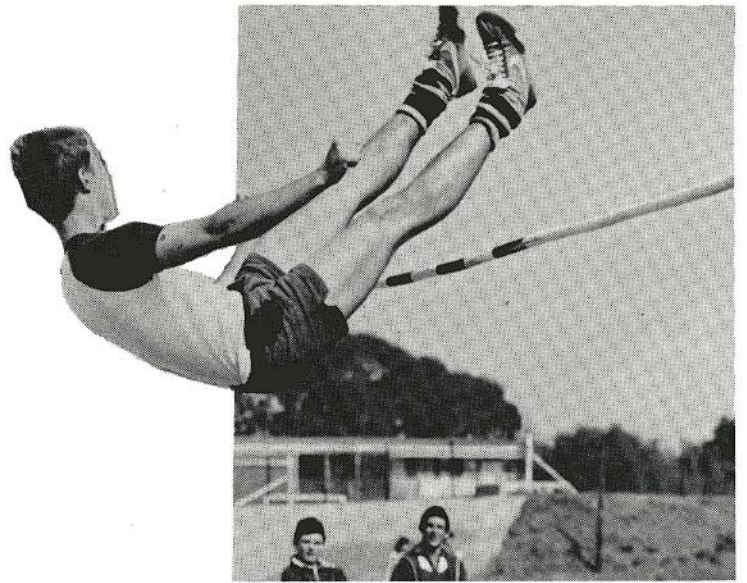
Witblou is die wolkelose hemel  
In die veld is geen beweging of gewemel.  
Die karkas van 'n dier bak onder die wreedheid van die  
son.  
Geen lewe!  
Geen geluide!  
Stompe van bome dreig om stukkend te verkrummel onder  
die skraalste wind.  
Die hele omgewing skreeu uit soos 'n huilende kind!  
Gekraakte, gebakte rooi sand lê hopeloos en wag  
Water!  
Dors!  
Lelike bruin rotse versier die eindelose woestyn  
Die groen, vrugbare, verfrissende veld het skielik verdwyn  
Moeg van die geveg om te oorleef, het die land tou opge-  
gooi en gesterf  
Onvrugbaarheid!  
Dood!  
Hierdie is droogte!

INGRID LEITNER 8E

## VROEE MORE DRAF

Die son was nog nie mooi in die lug nie, en die mis wat  
laag oor die veld gehang het, het die lug nog donkerder laat  
lyk. Die enigste geluid was die ritmiese geklap van my  
voete — links, regs, links, regs — op die koue teer. Geen  
alledaagse geluide wat so bekend geraak het nie — net die  
gefluit van die voëls af en toe, en die oorverdwende ge-  
kraai van 'n hoenderhaan. Die toneel beweeg stadig verby,  
en soos my asemhaling duideliker gehoor kan word, begin  
die sweet ook van my voorkop aftap. Oor heuwels, deur  
klowe; deur velde met lang gras waaraan doudruppels  
hang, reg om af te val. My litte was seer, my voete het ge-  
pyn en die pols in my brein het eentonig gedrom. Uiteinde-  
lik was my liggaam heeltemal vry.

LISA VAN ZYL 3B



## DIE ATLEET

Die klokke lui vir die laaste rondte. Hy het sewe rondtes  
agter hom en nou lê daar net een rondte voor hom. Hy is  
geestelik en liggaamlik uitgeput. Sy voete brand en sy  
spiere is seer. Die toeskouers juig, maar al wat hy kan hoor  
is die voetstappe en die diep asemhaling van die hardlo-  
pers agter hom. Daar is nou twee Russe op sy hakke. Hulle  
kom om die laaste draai en al drie is in 'n reguit lyn. Die  
nou 'n naelwedloop tot die einde toe. Elke spier in sy lig-  
gaam bruis met krag. Die toeskouers, op hulle voete, juig  
— maar al wat hy kan sien is die wit lint. Hy beur vorentoe.  
Hy bereik die eindpunt, en sak inmekaar. Sy longe bars en  
sy spiere brand, maar dit is alles die moeite werd, want hy  
is die Wêreld Kampioen.

A. COETZEE 3F

## 'N RESIESPERD SNEL NA DIE WENPAAL TOE

Almal het hul asem opgehou en toe — skielik om die  
draai, kom die grys perd. Alle oë het die verdwynende fi-  
guurtjies gevolg. Die klein ruitertjie met sy kleurvolle hemp  
het ingekrimp op die perd se rug gesit. Die twee se ge-  
dages het net oor die wenpaal gegaan. Elke spier van man  
en dier het in gladde harmonie gewerk.

Sweet het altwee gevlek en hulle probeer al hoe harder  
toe die wenpaal insig kom. Daardie laaste paar meter was  
altdy die moeilikste, die skreeuende pyn van elke spier en  
die moegheid van gees en liggaam. Dit was 'n hartbre-  
kende stryd en toe die wenpaal gehaal is, is alles verby.

MEGAN ALRIDGE 3C

## EK WONDER . . .

Ek wonder soms wie ek is?  
Waarom ek, ek is?  
en hoekom ek die persoonlikheid het wat ek het?  
Ek wonder waarom ek van musiek en dans hou,  
en daarvan hou om 'n goeie boek te lees?  
Ek wonder hoekom ek so van die platteland hou,  
en al die diere wat daar woon?  
Ek wonder waarom ek bruin hare en oë het?  
Ek wonder, ek wonder, ek wonder . . .  
Een antwoord het ek net,  
God het my gemaak, en dit is hoe Hy my wil hê.

SHIRLEY ELLIS 3E

Een oomblik was die pad 'n stuk wit lint in die motorligte, toe meteen was alles donker. Die geweervuur wat ek oomblikke te vore gehoor het, het die voorkant van die motor verpletter en ek kon voel hoe dit oor die teer begin gly en swenk. In 'n poging om die motor te beheer, het ek rem getrap en aan die stuurwiel geklou, maar die bande was in flarde geskiet en ek kon die motor nie op die pad hou nie. Met 'n gedreun van brekende glas en buigende yster het die voertuig die pad verlaat en teen 'n boom gebots. Ek is vorentoe geruk en my kop het die stuurwiel hard getref. Skielik was ek net bewus van die warm bloed wat langs my gesig afstroom en van die toeneel wat om my uitdoof.

Toe die aanval plaasgevind het, was ek van New York af op pad na Florida. Ek was 'n geheime agent by die CIA en moes belangrike inligting oor wapentoeestelle na laboratoriums by die kus neem. My werkgewers was daarvan bewus dat die Russe miskien sou probeer om die inligting terug te kry en daarom het hulle dit in spesiale staalhouers in my motor versteek. Op die oog af was ek 'n doodgewone verteenwoordiger van 'n oliemaatskappy op pad na Florida vir besigheid.

Toe ek weer bykom, was ek in 'n vreemde kamer aan 'n stoel vasgebind en 'n helder lig het op my geskyn. My kop het geweldig gepyn en droë bloed het aan my gesig geklou. Voor my het figure in die donkerte agter die lig rondbeweeg en voor hulle het die staalhouers, wat aan my motor vasgemaak was, op 'n tafel gelê. Toe ek die portret van die Russiese eerste minister teen een van die betonmure sien, was die figure onmiddellik as KGB-agente voorgestel.

Hulle het gou agtergekom dat ek my bewusyn herwin het, en een van die figure het een vraag na die ander begin vra.

"Hoe maak ons die ysterhouers oop?"

"Vir wie werk jy?"

"Waar is jou hoofkantoor?"

Op elke vraag het ek geantwoord dat ek John Anders, 'n werknemer by die Shell Oliemaatskappy is.

Eindelik het die ondervraers se geduld gedaan geraak en toe het een van die donker figure die skaduwees verlaat en voor my kom staan. Sy gesig was toe duidelik sigbaar en dit was sonder twyfel dié van 'n Oos-Europeër. In sy hand het hy 'n inspuitnaald vasgehou. My opleiding het gesorg dat ek dit dadelik uitken as 'n dwelmiddel wat gebruik word om die tonge van onwillige persone los te maak. Hy het my arm gegryp en die inhoud van die inspuitnaald in my arm ingespuut. Byna onmiddellik het ek gevoel hoe my kop lig word en my arms en bene het geprikkel.

Toe die vrae weer begin, was my wil om weerstand te bied weg; ek het sonder aarseling antwoorde gegee:-

"Die kombinasie is 3752, gebruik dit om die staalhouers oop te maak"

"Ek is 'n lid van die CIA. Ons hoofkantoor is New York ..."

Nadat hulle alles gehoor het wat hulle wou weet, het ek nog 'n inspuiting gekry en binne sekondes was ek vas aan die slaap.

Toe ek weer wakker word, was ek terug in my woonstel in New York. My motor was in die motorhuis en alles was op die regte plek, die enigste teken van my ontmoeting was 'n sny aan my voorkop en 'n geweldige hoofpyn. Ek het met die CIA in verbinding getree en toe hulle my vertel dat hulle 'n ander motor my laat volg het en dus die hele bende KGB-agente opgespoor het en in hegtenis geneem het, het my kop weer gesond begin voel.

T. HACKING 5B

Dit was mos 'n lekker Woensdagmiddag. Die son het op die opgewonde aarde geglimlag. Ek het op my bed gelê en dink hoe graag ek daardie nuwe David Kramerplaat wou hê. Toe lui die deurklok en ek spring op om te sien wie dit is. Dit was Piet. "Haai," sê hy uitasem. "Jy weet, David het 'n hele klomp kassette gesteel — en lekker musiek ook! Joe Dolan, Sonja Herholdt, Gé Korsten . . ."

"Jislaaik!" sê ek. Is hy mal?

"Ag nee, man," antwoord Piet, "Dis makliker as wat jy dink. Dis waarom ek met jou wou praat. Ek dag jy neem 'n jas, en ek staan en kyk en dan sit jy 'n kasset of twee in jou jassak. Ons kan dit maklik in die 'OK' doen. Dan koop ons 'n bietjie sjokolade — net sodat hulle nie agterdogtig raak nie en dan . . ."

"Ja, ja," sê ek, "maar waarom moet EK hulle vat, en JY staan en kyk?"

"Want ek is die slimste en dis my plan en ek weet presies wat om te doen."

"Huh!" snork ek. "Wel, as jy dink dat ek so dom is, om met daardie stjoepit plan saam te gaan . . ."

'n Uur of wat later was ons in die OK Bazaar. Met ons hande in ons broeksakke het ons na die kassette geslenter. Ons staan daar en kyk na hulle. Niemand is in die omgewing nie.

"Doen dit nou. Maar gou!" fluister Piet. Stadig vat ek die David Kramer kaset. Ek sit my hand stadig in my jas in en toe draai ek om. Ek stamp per ongeluk aan die kassetkas en toe val die hele ding met 'n vreeslike geraas op die vloer. Ons het na mekaar gekyk, sonder om 'n woord te sê.

"Wat sal ons doen?" vra ek skielik. Maar my vraag is nie beantwoord nie, want toe daag 'n winkelassistent op.

"Wat het hier gebeur, menere?" vra hy boos.

"Um, ek . . . ek het dit omgestamp. Ek sal u help meneer . . ." Ek het gebuk om die bandjies op te tel en toe val die David Kramer uit my jas uit.

"Ek, ek . . . dit moes per ongeluk in my jas geval het toe die . . ." Die man het my nie geglo nie.

"Kooos," sê Piet met valse verbasing, "ek sou nooit diefstal van jou verwag het nie!"

"Wat!" skreeu ek.

"Hoe kon jy dit doen?" sê hy.

Toe probeer ek hom slaan, maar hy duik onder my vlieënde vuus uit en ek slaan die assistent direk op sy neus. Hy val op 'n kassie plate en hy en die kassie beland op die vloer. Toe besluit ek dis tyd om te hardloop en ek is blitsvinnig uit daardie winkel uit.

'n Paar jaar later het ons na 'n ander dorpie getrek en ek wou toe 'n betrekking vind. Ek moes vir 'n onderhoud gaan en het my das, mooi jas en mooi skoene gedra. Toe daag ek by die kantoor op en stap in. Die onderhoudvoerder was die winkelassistent.

D. KLOOSTERMAN 4D

### "VOETSPORE VAN DIE LEWE"

Die nag is stil en kalm. In die donkerte suis die branders saggies oor die strand asof die oseaan stadig asemhaal. Aan die hemel skyn die maan, en met yl vingers streel hy die donker waters, en in die mantel van die nag flikker die sterre, vonkelend en rusteloos.

Ek loop langs die strand en die water spoel oor my voetspore, en maak asof dit nie daar was nie. En dan dink ek dat hierdie dieselfde as my lewe is, niks het in my lewe gebeur nie, en niks sal gebeur nie. Wat is die lewe . . . ?

JOANNA SPANN 8E

## WILDERNES

Wildernes is waar die aarde en sy gemeenskap  
onaangeraak deur die hand van die mens in  
perfekte harmonie saamleef;  
waar die mens net 'n besoeker is —  
met tydelike verblyf.

Wildernes is 'n begrip sowel as 'n plek —  
waar die moderne mens geleer het  
om soos 'n skim verby te gaan  
oor dit wat hy nie self geskep het nie;  
en dít waarop hy nooit sal kan verbeter nie  
— die wesenheid van Wildernes in die  
afwesigheid van die mens se gepeuter.

L. MALAN 5B



Hy sit en bewe  
Ek dink ék kry koud  
Dis Winter op die  
Hoëveld.  
Moet ek nou na die anderkant van  
die kamer kyk,  
sê vir myself  
"Hy is nie daar nie."  
(want niemand  
kan swart in die donker  
sien)?  
Ek kan my hand oor die  
pad van wit op swart  
uitsteek,  
en die bond van  
warmte vir twee  
koue hande gee.  
Maar kan ek?  
Hoe diep is  
daardie pad in my  
kop geëts?

T. HODNETT 5B

## EENDAG

Wanneer my herinnering aan jou  
nog net 'n stippellyn is,  
'n naam,  
of dalk 'n woord,  
moet jy onthou —  
Vandag was jy 'n deel van my  
Daarom sê ek jou nou.

TANYA VAN ZYL 5E

## CUCULLUS NON FACIT MONACHUM

Bloedrooi roos  
Vol tintelende kleur en skoonheid  
Rein eksterieur  
Jy is siek!  
Die wurm wat onsigbaar is  
Wat in die donker nag boor.  
Het jou bed van vreugde  
Van skarlakenrooi verrukking  
Met sy swart liefde — vernietig.

N. RIDGWAY 5B

Die nimmer-eindigende stof klem aan alles vas;  
Rou is al die bore wie se erfenis in puin lê,  
Oppervlakte bars, na maande sonder verligting . . .  
Opperwese kon die uithonger, ondervoeding en dood verlig,  
maar.  
Geen teken van reënbelaaide wolke is te sien nie;  
Teleurgesteld en verdrietig, vol angs en wanhoop.  
Ellendige lewens, in die greep van . . . droogte.

C. BROULIDAKIS 5B

## ALLEEN:

In die maalstroom van mensdom . . . is daar 'n plek om  
alleen te wees?  
'n tyd om die diep kloue van jou siel te ondersoek,  
'n oomblik in ewigheid om stil te wees,  
om in die skaduwees van die driftige getye te skuil?  
Oorheersende gevare en aanloklike sonde . . . ontvlug!  
Maar daar is geen sekuriteit in die wete dat jy self bestaan,  
net geweldige droefheid  
Ek lewe maar niks bestaan nie.

B. KLEWS 5B

## HET JY IETS VERLOOR?

die swart van  
aangrypende donker  
wel binne in my bors op  
seermaak  
asof die lug  
vanuit my liggaam  
hard gepers is  
asemoos rou  
sonder jou.

Wat gee jou die reg om  
die sleutel tot my  
geheimsinnige lewe  
te dra?

Ek is beroof  
My siel is in 'n switserse bankrekening  
en ek krepeer.

T. HODNETT 5B

## TROOS

Toemaar, kind  
Jou nare droom is in werklikheid  
die werklikheid  
Wees gerus  
Daar is waarlik so min goed  
en soveel kwaad  
Slaap verder  
Gevaar is altyd maar  
so naby  
Toemaar, kind  
Ek het dit tot dusver oorleef . . .  
Jy sal ook.

TANYA VAN ZYL 5E

## JUGEND

“Bruder labt uns lustig sein  
Weil der Frühling währet  
Under der Jugend Sonnenschein  
Unser Land verkläret”

Dies ist ein berühmtes Studentenlied, das die Jugend besingt und die jungen Menschen auffordert, die Jugendjahre im Vollen zu genießen und zu nutzen, denn sie werden nur einmal gegeben.

Ein junger Mensch hat vielleicht noch nicht die höchste Weisheit und Verständigkeit, aber dafür ist er in Besitz von Kräften um die er von den Älteren beneidet wird. Sein größtes Gut ist Gesundheit — und Gesundheit bringt Frohsinn, Tatendrang, Schönheit und körperliche Höchstleistungen.

Mangel an Weisheit und Verständigkeit erleichtert eine sorglose Lebenshaltung. Jugend hat noch wenig Verantwortung, und daher hat sie das Gefühl der Freiheit.

JACQUELINE BEGLEY 4



## TROP TARD

“Seulement un homme  
qui cherche quelque chose dans sa vie,  
pense-t-il avec un petit sourire  
Il rit

Personne ne voit sa douleur  
dans les chambres anciennes  
de sa coeur  
Il sait qu'un jour, il trouvera  
peut-être  
un petit peu  
d'amour

Pourquoi? C'est la loi de la Nature  
Mais dedans,  
son âme est un mur,  
et rien, rien ne passera par là  
Sa vie a été trop lourde;  
c'est trop tard pour l'aimer.  
Il est perdu, seul et froid  
comme la neige  
gêlée sur les toits,  
où les oiseaux ne peuvent plus trouver  
la chaleur ou le repos  
parce que son âme est pris  
par un diable qui vit  
au fond de sa tête

LANA MAITLAND 4G



## L'AUTOMNE

Les feuilles tombent goutte à goutte, comme le miel, des branches du grand chêne. Elles hésitent ... mais l'automne a commencé. Maintenant il y a une brise faible qui taquine les feuilles tombantes et les fait danser. Le soleil brille encore, mais par un brume légère, et bientôt il disparaît parce que la brise faible devient un vent courroucé, qui déchire le reste des feuilles de leurs tiges. De-ci de-la, elles ont été chassées dans une frénésie de confusion. Et puis ... c'est fini, les fragments flottent gentiment à la terre aride, à mourir une mort silencieuse.

JILLIAN GLANVILLE 5E

## FREUNDE

Da sind viele Sprichworte gegen Freundschaft zum Beispiel:

1) Wahre Freunde sind wie Diamanten, wertvoll und selten, falsche Freunde sind wie Sand am Strand.

2) Um einen Freund zu haben, musst du auch ein Freund sein.

Was ist ein Freund?

Vielleicht ist ein Freund jemand der dein Leid teilt und es halb so schwer macht, oder deine Freunde teilt und sie zwei mal so glücklich macht. Freunde teilen alles und es ist richtig meinetwegen. Sie sind gerne zusammen und genießen ihre eigene Gesellschaft.

Wir haben jemanden nötig der dasselbe wie wir selbst denken dieselbe Intelligenz, Ansicht in dem Leben und auch denselben Charakter haben. Vögel von einer Feder laufen Zusammen heißt ja das Sprichwort.

Man teilt so viele Sachen zusammen, zum Beispiel, man erforscht neue Gesichtspunkte von dem Leben oder weiter in der Schule.

Trotzdem müssen sie vertraglich zueinander sein.

Ohne Freunde wird man sehr einsam sein. Wir sind nicht bewusst davon, aber wir hängen von unseren Freunden ab. Wenn man von seinen Freunden abhängt, hängen sie auch von uns ab.

Es ist nicht so schlecht im Gegenteil, es ist wunderschön.

INGRID STAFFETIUS 4D

**IZINKINGA ZEZWE LAKITHI  
— IMPELA IZINKINGA ZABANTU ABAMNYAMA  
EZWENI LETHU**

Namhlanje abantu abanengi baxabana ngalezizinkinga zezwe lakithi, kodwa ngalesisikhathi abantu abamnyama nabelungu bobabili baqinisile banokulimaza.

Abelungu, basongelwa ngabantu abamnyama ngoba kukhona abamnyama abanengi kakhulu futhi, akukho abanengi abelungu; futhi ngenxalezizinto ezenzekile emazweni amanye eAfrika.

Pho, thina singabantu abamhlope, ngakhoke sazi izinkinga zethu. Masibuke izinkinga zomuntu omnyama. Lapha, ezweni lethu, imithetho ebusa umuntu omnyama, inzima kakhulu . . . kodwa lemithetho ayenziwe izolo.

Kudala, abantu abamnyama babehlala emapulazini futhi emizini yabo — babengangeni emadolobheni kodwa uma igolide ufumaniswe, abanengi abamnyama babeza emadolobheni njenge Goli ukusebenza emigodini. Nokho, zazingekho izinkinga eziningi ngoba amadoda ayehola imali, ah-lale emalokishini, nxa abandeni bawo bebehlala-nje emapulazini.

Kuthe lapho, amadoda ayesengafuni umsebenzi emigodini noma ukuhola imali encane. Ayefuna umsebenzi emahovisi futhi ezitolo ayefuna ukufundiswa. Impela abafazi bawo, nabantwana, bebengafuni ukuhlala-nje emapulazini futhi abamnyama abanengi babeza emadolobheni.

Lapho umbuso wethu wawuqala ukwenza imithetho eqala ukungena emacaleni. Wawenza lokhu ngoba wafuna ukuqiniseka ukuthi abalimi banezisebenzi emapulazini futhi ngoba amadolobha agcwala masinyane — Kwakungekho umsebenzi omningi.

Kunjalo namhlanje emadolobheni, yonke indoda emnyana ithwala ipasi namaphepha emsebenzi. Uma umuntu akanawo, noma uma ebanjwa ngamaphoyisa endaweni engavumelani emthetho wombuso wethu, ehlala etilongweni lobubusuku.

Abantu abamnyama ebathandi lokhu futhi bafuna ukwenza ukuphenduka . . .

Ngicabanga ukuthi uma abelungu bengaboni ingozi futhi bengayiphenduli imithetho yabo, lapho ukuthula akuhlali phakade ezweni lakithi.

TANYA VAN ZYL 5E



I could have been a King  
Challenging the world wide realm.  
I could have been a Statesman  
Steering for peace from a country's helm.  
I could have caught the moon  
On a silver string of words,  
Or travelled afar through Persian lands  
And sought jewelled heads.  
I could have found the secret  
of lifes Algebraic maze.  
I might have reformed Society  
And gained humanities praise.  
All these I could have attained  
With work and fight and hurry,  
Many's the stair I would have leapt  
If I thought it worth the worry.  
But instead I watched the flowers grow  
And the sunsets paint the sky.  
Instead I sang a silent song  
And stopped to wonder why.  
I've marked my life in a leisurely way,  
I've hung my lamp nearby,  
And even if I lost the crown  
I won the minstrel's lyre.

J. TYSON 5D



**BAD TRIP**

The rain falls bleak and dreary, like a rusty prison blanket. I can go in only one direction down down down through the holes through the blanket. I know there's only black beneath the blanket. Falling. Fear. My brain alone inside my head, observer observing. I feel like Alice; tumbling forever. After hours I don't fear ! stop sweating my speeding plunging slows. Film-like to dream motion, I slow down I look down. The bottom — is coming up fast, like jagged rocks. I see myself, slowly revolving, like a rag-doll in space. Always approaching impact. I see a light, brighter, foggy in the mistiness but brighter, far sound over the grey hills. I must see — I can see figures forming, coalescing facing. Faces — a face — one face, blurry. "Hey man, you okay? You looked kinda baad back there." I shake my head, my body trembling. I rise weak and unsteady to my feet and am violently ill. "Where'd you get that stuff, what they cutting it with? Strychnine?" The questions seem irrelevant 'till I look at that face. The blue eyes look at me with deep concern. I try to struggle against the cottonwool that encloses me. I know there is something that I'm missing. There is an important point here, but it eludes me. I fight to focus my mind on it. I glimpse it, then its gone, leaving a deeper ache of loss inside me. The moment has past. The fog settles. It's raining again.  
"Yes. Bad trip."

T. HODNETT 5B



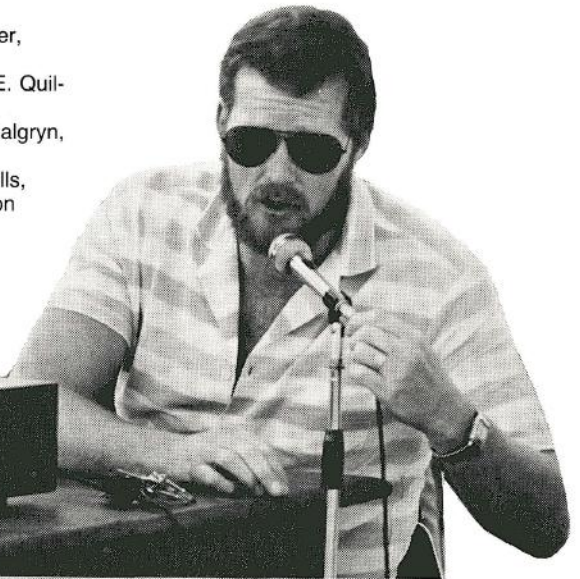
**FORM 5A**

*Seated, left to right:* A. Raal, G. Connellan, A. Rayner, J. van Wel

*First Row:* C. Coetzee, T. Keenan, M. Hartong, Mr. N.E. Quilliam, B. Mullings, C. Beaumont, A. Sivers

*Second Row:* A. Pullinger, G. van Buuren, L. Nel, M. Halgryn, P. Rackham, L. Johnstone, B. Varcoe

*Third Row:* S. Johnson, D. Park, M. Grainger, S. Walls, J. Pain, S. Meiring, P. Harris, M. Vester, A. Thomson



**ETERNAL SLEEP**

She lies so still,  
 Her only motion  
 The waves of hair that round her sweep.  
 Is it my flesh or her spirit  
 That see this breathless, eternal swoon?  
 I feel her spirit,  
 Revolving to its hushed and silent explosion,  
 As it leaves her.  
 She is on the shores of eternal sleep.  
 Death has no darkness to enmesh  
 My lonely rival of the moon  
 Her beauty silent and white  
 That wakeful through the long dark night  
 Is watched by my own sleepless eyes —  
 the darkness . . . Silver into day.

P. BIANCO 5E





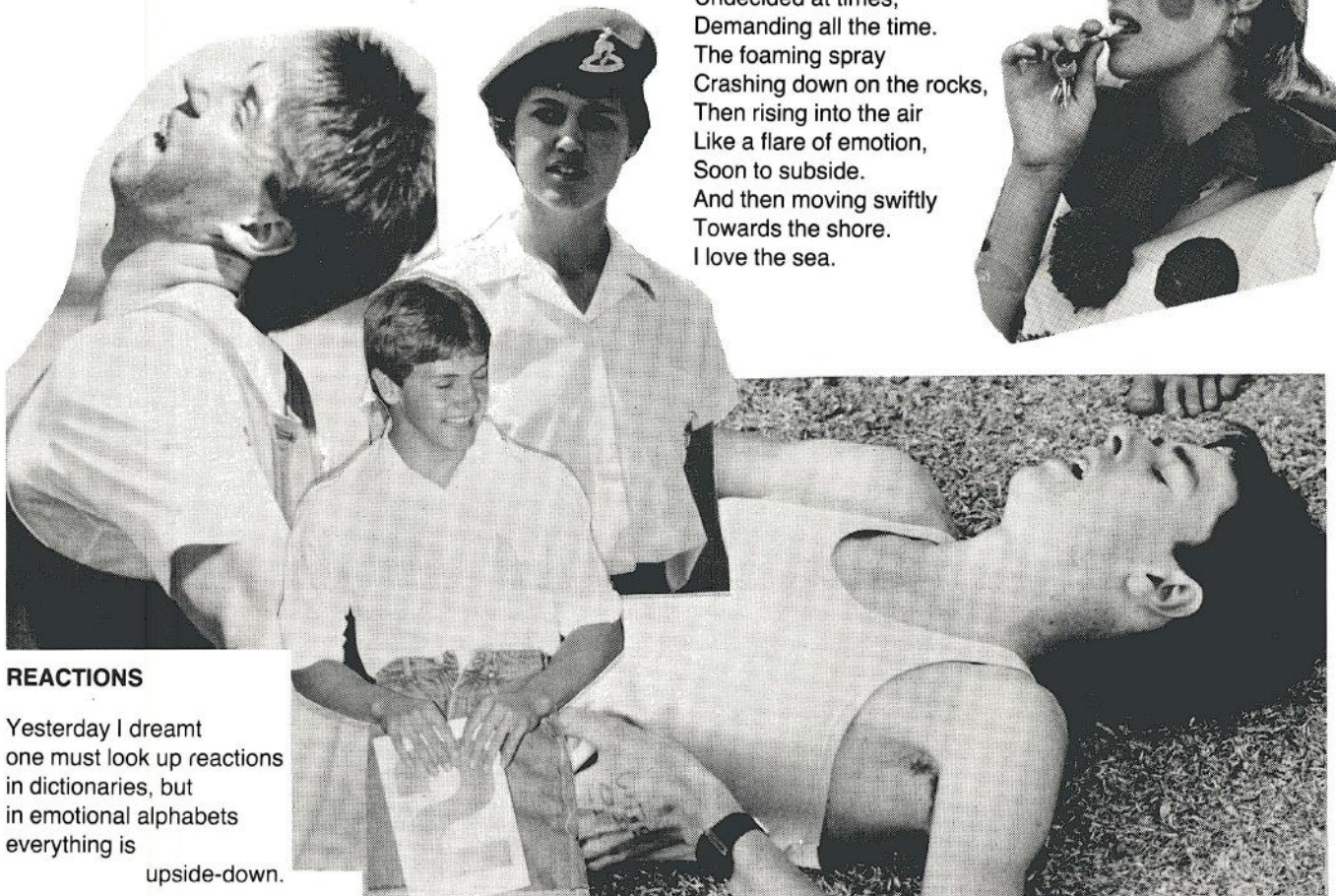
**FORM 5B**

*Front Row, left to right:* J. Fletcher, J. du Santoy, E. van der Meyden, M. Orr, N. Ridgway  
*Second Row:* L. Barker, J. Hansmann, B. Austin, D. Attree, Mrs. H. von Ludwig, C. Broulidakis, J. Smith, T. Hodnett  
*Third Row:* L. Grey, W. Train, D. Gold, A. Wassenaar, T. Hacking, C. Bruyns, M. Smith, B. Klews, L. Malan  
*Fourth Row:* J.M. Enslin, W. Pye, N. Dawe, S. Walker, W. Luyt, C. McKenzie, G. Wilson, G. Parsons, J. Brooking

**THE SEA**

TRACY POTGIETER 5E

The Sea,  
 Soft  
 Exciting  
 Sensuous —  
 The voluptuous movement  
 Never motionless.  
 It is like a woman,  
 Fantastical  
 Unpredictable,  
 Undecided at times,  
 Demanding all the time.  
 The foaming spray  
 Crashing down on the rocks,  
 Then rising into the air  
 Like a flare of emotion,  
 Soon to subside.  
 And then moving swiftly  
 Towards the shore.  
 I love the sea.



**REACTIONS**

Yesterday I dreamt  
 one must look up reactions  
 in dictionaries, but  
 in emotional alphabets  
 everything is  
 upside-down.

KARLIEN VAN DEN BEUKEL 5E



## SOCIAL PRESSURE

Pushing, pushing  
down, down, down.  
We're drowning in expectations,  
suffocating in acceptability.  
We're dying.

Our spirits, our spontaneity, our joy  
are being sucked out of our beings  
with tremendous pressure, social pressure.

Fight to the top,  
win, succeed, achieve  
no matter what the cost  
write, read, learn

never stop . . . to take a minute.

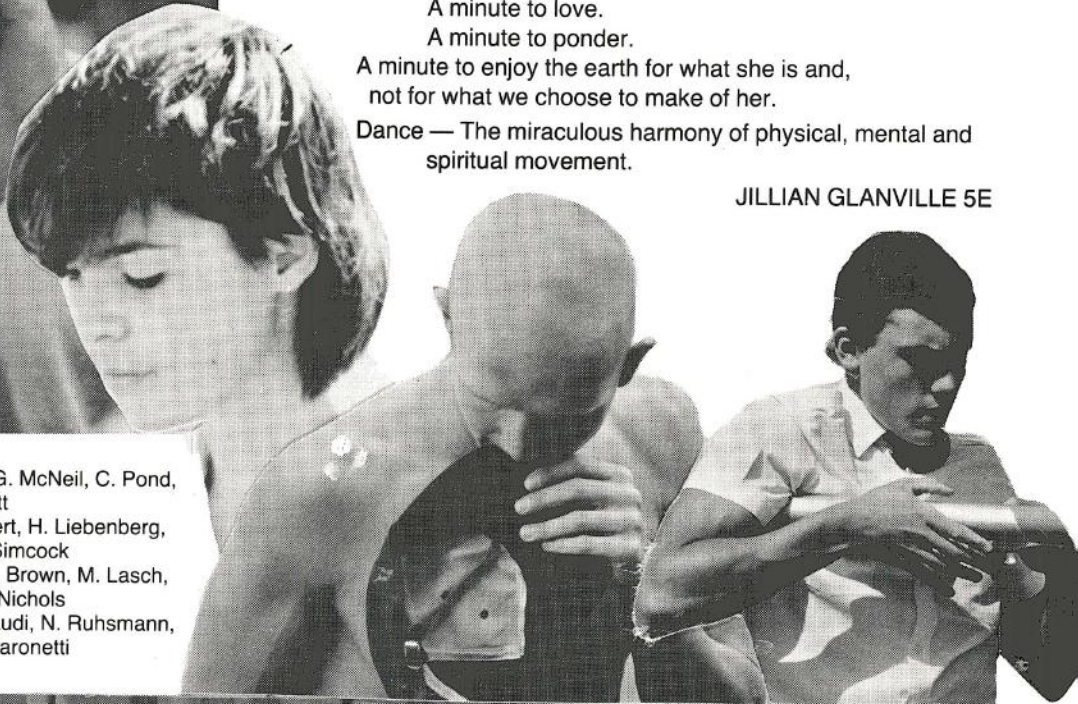
A minute to love.

A minute to ponder.

A minute to enjoy the earth for what she is and,  
not for what we choose to make of her.

Dance — The miraculous harmony of physical, mental and  
spiritual movement.

JILLIAN GLANVILLE 5E



### FORM 5C

*Front Row, left to right:* G. Mosson, G. McNeil, C. Pond,  
A. Walls, N. Tebbitt  
*Second Row:* J. Bamdinet, Y. Biggert, H. Liebenberg,  
C. Dutton, T. Collett, C. Simcock  
*Third Row:* M. Brown, P. Francis, P. Brown, M. Lasch,  
T. Carty, W. Minster, M. Nichols  
*Fourth Row:* A. Smith, K. Beard, P. Ludi, N. Ruhmann,  
S. Penney, E. Kratz, D. Baronetti





**FORM 5D**

Front Row, left to right: C. Roebert, B. Hurry, A. Chambers, S. Crawford  
 Second Row: J. Cooke, S. Blake, S. Baldock, Mr. Hewson, S. Coutts, J. Tyson  
 Third Row: D. Melville, C. Cole, R. Holland, S. Bradford, G. Venn, L. Tarr, L. Mühlberg  
 Fourth Row: N. Godwin, A. Smythe, I. Burns, A. Knowles, D. Torrente, M. Felton, M. Fowlds

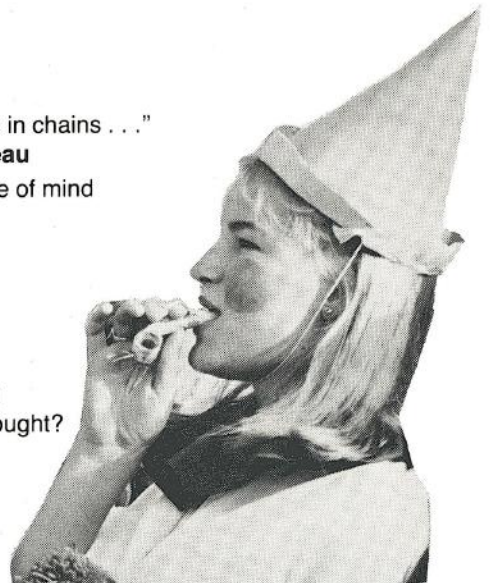
**FREEDOM**

"Man is born free but walks everywhere in chains . . ."

**Rousseau**

Yet, freedom is a state of mind  
 And who can ever touch my mind . . . or chain the freedom of my thought?

TANYA VAN ZYL 5E



**BARRIERS**

Tentatively, I reach out  
 I try and touch your mind . . .  
 But I am barred by the rigid framework of uncertainty that surrounds you.  
 In painful recognition I recoil.  
 Only to try again . . .  
 Silently I kindle my frustration  
 We are still Together in our isolation  
 Separate in our unity.

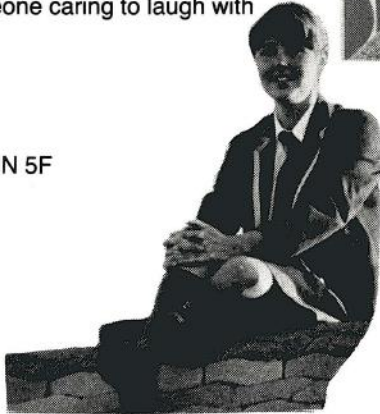
TANYA VAN ZYL 5E



## LONELINESS

I have everything  
I am rich, elegant  
I associate with well-reputed people  
I have a flair for fashion  
I see good movies  
Eat good food  
Use impeccable language  
External Sophistication  
Yet  
Inside  
I long for company  
I long to unmask this false existence  
Just to run  
To be me  
To really laugh again  
And to have someone caring to laugh with  
I am lonely  
I cringe as I admit  
I have nothing.

JANINE MARTIN 5F



**FORM 5E**

*Front Row, left to right:* K. Bosman, R. Duffy, L. Bardeleau  
*Second Row:* D. Clewlow, J. Glanville, C. Shaw,  
Mrs. D. Steele, W. Leisewitz, J. Mansma  
*Third Row:* B. Train, C. Swart, J. Ellis, K. v.d. Beukel, S. Ellis,  
T. Potgieter, T. van Zyl  
*Fourth Row:* C. Badham, H. Holsboer, J. Burgess, P. Bianco,  
J. Kightley, S. McPherson





**FORM 5F**

*Front Row, left to right: W. Nicollela  
 Second Row: A. Johnston, P. Kuyer, Mrs. E. Huggett,  
 B. Andries, G. Anderson  
 Third Row: J. Martin, S. Noakes, C. Pell, S. Page, J. McLeod,  
 B. McBean, B. Dingwall, N. Wright, R. Singleton, B. Page  
 Fourth Row: S. Francey, L. Seals, S. Grey, S. Ternent, N. Ellis,  
 N. Greeff, A. Hall, A. Petters, A. Smillie, S. Gubberley  
 Absent: A. Dougall*



**COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN**

I stare into  
 a plastered white mask . . .  
 You have locked the door.  
 Its grey isolation  
 renders my knocking infertile . . .  
 Your collar and eyes turned up  
 against the sun.  
 The resistance  
 inside of you  
 silences my plea  
 I want to crack  
 that glass exterior  
 and penetrate!  
 But my voice bounces back  
 off that solid surface  
 Or could it be that my screams  
 are drowning  
 any audible response?

TANYA VAN ZYL 5E

**BIRDS**

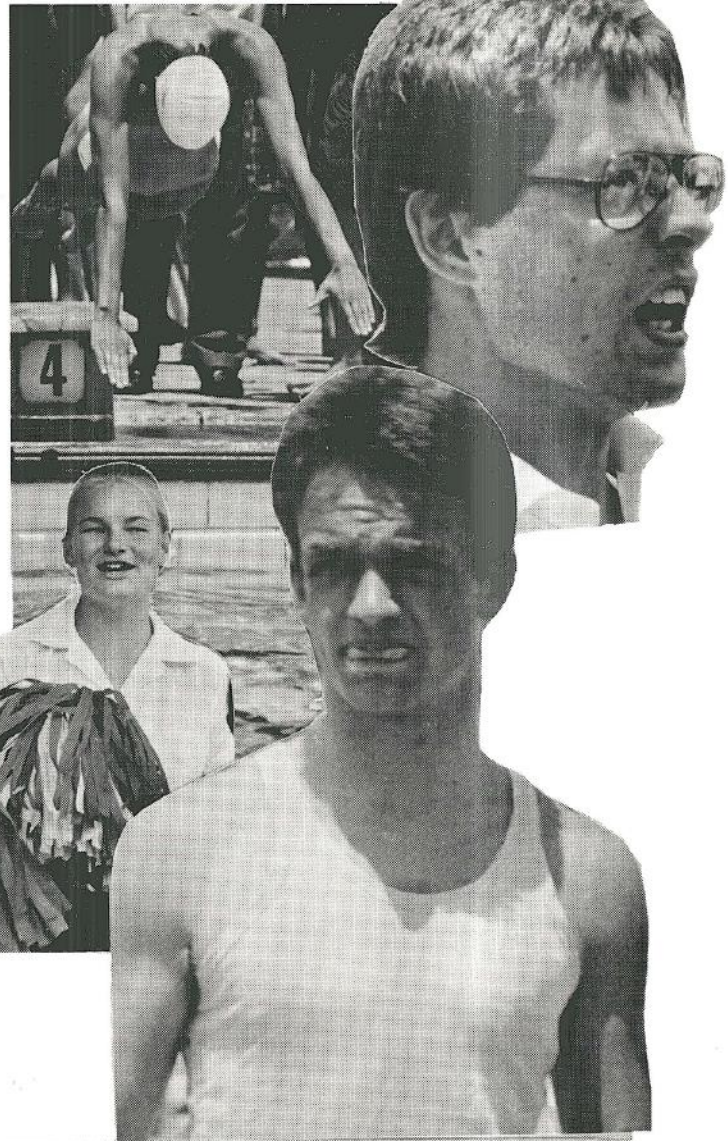
As the water reflects the beauty of their image;  
So let my life reflect the beauty of their gracefulness.  
As the sky holds their wings with freedom;  
So let my life hold the freedom of their peacefulness.  
As the earth teaches me to understand them;  
May it be a lesson to those who take their lives away . . .

ROBYN SINGLETON 5F



**FORM 5G**

*Third Row, left to right:* W. Arts, A. Lobban, N. Duncan,  
D. Leith, B. Dunkley, D. Buchman, C. Christensen, G. Holmes  
*Second Row:* R. Brown, D. Houchin, M. Beattie, C. Rintouc,  
T. Pestana, G. Tiley, N. Stumke, N. King  
*First Row:* T. Baker, A. Verspui, Mr. S. Cuthbertson, L. Koyd,  
C. Olivier





**FORM 5H**

*Front Row, left to right: S. Patten, S. Pagenkopf, K. Friedrich, L. Weyers, M. Williams*

*Second Row: M. Kay, J. Bartlett, Miss J.W. van Rooyen, G. Goodman, R. Stöckl, S. Watchorn*

*Third Row: A. Knowles, D. Wentzel, J. Gettcliffe, D. Whittaker, M. Bartlett*

*Fourth Row: D. Beukes, G. Lipschitz, N. Kotze, R. Onslow, S. Collier, P. Bryson*

*Absent: A. van Rensburg, P. Harris*



## DRESS BY YELLOW CANDLELIGHT

She fairly cowered with delight when she saw it, the dress. It was a little dusty as it had been lying, neatly folded, at the bottom of grandmother's travelling trunk.

The dress had been exquisite once, she immediately saw. It was light-blue (had it been midnight-blue once?) with delicate puffed sleeves. The bodice was fairly tight, with round pearl buttons stitched neatly in front. The skirt was wide and flowing. Chantilly lace tucked under the hem. It was a dress reminiscent of picnics, handsome young men with straw hats, with twinkling dark eyes, and shiny, dark hair. And boats, and swans. And sun-licked strawberries . . .

Katherine thought: "What a sweet delight! I could wear it!" She would try it on secretly, as she knew Grandfather wouldn't approve of it. Secretly!



### FORM 5J

*Front Row, left to right:* L. Tebbit, E. Robinson, S. Wilson, C. Best, A. Lanser, R. Wrogemann  
*Second Row:* S. Vogel, J. Sydaw, C. Russell, Mrs. J. Frost, C. Vakis, T. Holtz  
*Third Row:* C. Bock, C. Reed, L. Chambers, B. v.d. Merwe, R. Bevan, A. Capsopolaus, H. Reeves-Moore, C. Begley  
*Fourth Row:* T. Genis, N. Jackson, J. Pank, A. Milton, P. Swanepoel, W. de Klerk  
*Absent:* J.D. Stewart

She could imagine herself in it, it would look as if she had stepped out of another age. Her carriage would be waiting for her outside, and after she had said her graceful goodbye, she would drive back to the other side.

Then she saw Grandmother in the chair, a frail bent head, as if life had tired her so that she couldn't keep it straight. Her hands were terribly shaky, like the panicky fluttering of a terrified ruffled, grey bird . . . In an effort to wear something pretty, she had put a gold-patterned comb in her thin, straggly hair. It hung, the teeth showing, half-in, half-out.

Grandfather, still as quick and pert as ever, toddled toward Katherine excitedly, with an old, browned photograph in his hand. "This is your Grandmother in her dress!" And so it was.

She looked so proud, almost ecstatic.

Her face was pleated into an enigmatic, joyous smile. Her hair was beautifully black (shoes also). Katherine thought her Grandmother looked quite, quite beautiful. She was so vital, so charming.

Katherine laughed, throwing her head back with supple ease. Her Grandmother gave a crackling, broken laugh, but didn't say anything. She couldn't.

In the dead of the night, Katherine crept downstairs, towards the old travelling trunk. When she had retrieved the dress, she ran upstairs, heart beating wildly.

She slipped the dress on in semi-dark, fumbling with the fastenings like an inexperienced lover. And even though her yellow candle was on, she was barely perceptible in the mirror. She seemed like an apparition from the past, a past now covered in a fine layer of dust.

And although the dress fitted, it felt uncomfortable. She wasn't used to the lace, nor the pearly buttons. As she looked at her reflection, she suddenly thought of her Grandmother in the photograph, then her Grandmother in the wheelchair. All was lost and gone. And standing there, in the yellowed room with its faded roseprint wallpaper, she suddenly wished she had never tried the dress on.

KARLIEN VAN DEN BEUKEL 5E

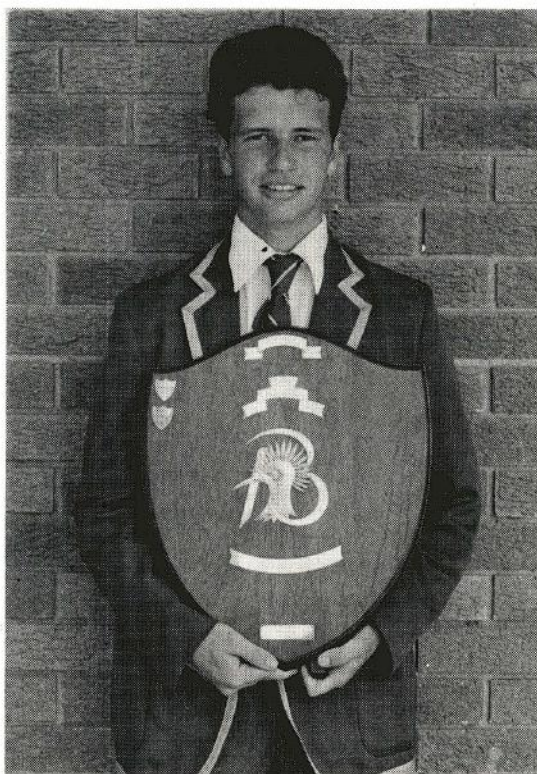




# 1983 Valedictory Awards

1. Welsh Cup — Dux Leadership Award — Boys' Trophy..... Warren Luyt
2. Welsh Cup — Dux Leadership Award — Girls' Trophy ..... Britt Klews
3. Lions International — Service — Boys' Medallion..... Warren de Klerk and Alan Thomson
4. Round Table No. 128 — Service — Girls' Trophy..... Janine Martin and Nicole Ridgway
5. Sandton Mayoral Award — Academic Achievement — Boys' ..... Theophilus Hacking
6. Sandton Mayoral Award — Academic Achievement — Girls' ..... Laura Malan
7. Time Centre Trophy — Science..... Laura Malan and Theophilus Hacking
8. Pamela Tatz Trophy — Le Prix Francaise ..... Jillian Glanville
9. German Trophy..... Sarel Vogel
- Best Candidate in German amongst the German speaking pupils ..... Susanne Pagenkopf
10. Biology Trophy ..... Laura Malan
11. Practical Biology Trophy ..... Piero Bianco
12. Zulu Trophy..... Tanya van Zyl
13. Geography Trophy ..... Martin Grainger
14. Mathematics Trophy ..... Laura Malan and Theophilus Hacking
15. Art Prize ..... Glenda Venn
- Special Santam Art Bursary Award — a Silver Medallion plus R1 000,00 ..... Glenda Venn
16. English Trophy ..... Tanya van Zyl
17. Special Award for Proficiency in English ..... Nicole Ridgway
18. History Trophy ..... Laura Malan
19. Beste Prestasie in Afrikaans Trofee..... Tanya van Zyl
20. Housecraft Trophy ..... Marianne Hartong
21. Teacher Training Bursaries..... Andrew Dougall and Desire Attree
22. Academic Colours
 

Desire Attree	Jane Fletcher	Britt Klews	Nicholas Ruhsmann
Lianne Barker	Jillian Carole Glanville	Anne Larter	Clyde Russel
Kellam Beard	Martin Grainger	Laura Malan	Julia Smith
Carol Beaumont	Theophilus Hacking	Janine Martin	Matthew Smith
Piero Bianco	Marianne Hartong	Meryl Orr	Jennifer Tyson
Caron Bock	Tracey Hodnett	Susanne Pagenkopf	Tanya van Zyl
Christine Broulidakis	Nicholas Jackson	Glen Parsons	Brent Varcoe
Caron Coetzee	Tracy Keenan	Nicole Ridgway	Sarel Vogel
Toni Collett			
23. Certificates of Merit..... Serena Bradford, Jenée Hansman, Heidi Liebenberg, Janine Martin, Robyn Singleton for Outstanding Work in Art  
Gavin Mosson and Johann Sydow for Outstanding Work in Mathematics  
Janine Martin for Good Work in Afrikaans
24. Headmaster's Award..... Boy: Andrew Dougall  
Girl: Christine Broulidakis





"EN AVANT CIVVY STREET — GOOD LUCK!"

*For fun in fashion*

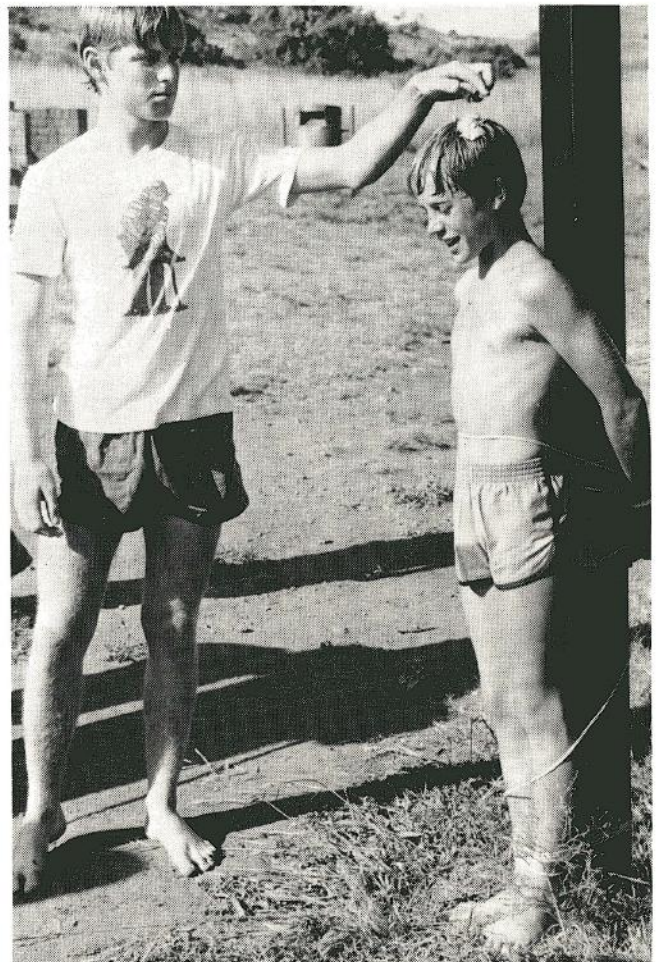
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# Autographs

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*of*

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2021