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College Crest

The College Crest is surmounted by a leaping Springbok for South Africa.

A horizontal bar underneath the springbok has alternate white and red bands - colours associated with the Transvaal. Growth and prosperity are symbolised by wheat stalks. The left panel incorporates the Marist monogram, an intertwined A.M. ("Ave Maria" or "Hail Mary") surmounted by a crown of twelve stars (Revelation 12:1). The right panel shows a book and torch for the light of learning.

The inscription "*Confortare esto vir*" means "*Take courage and be a man*".



Mrs S Bowles
Editor of the Prep School Section of the Marist College Review

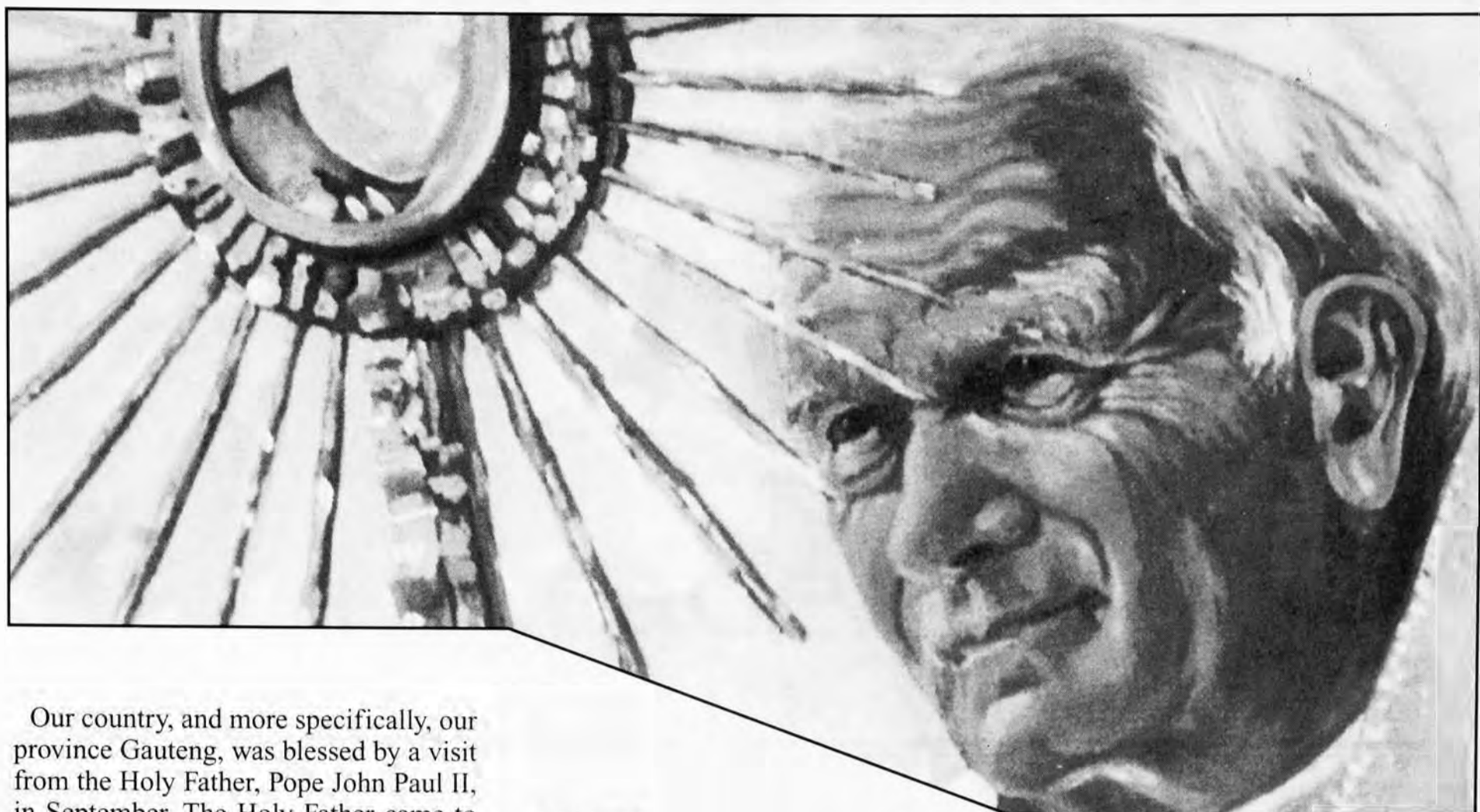
From the Editor's Desk

My grateful thanks go to Mr Neil Mitchell, editor of the College section of the 'Review' - his hard work, eye for detail and dogged determination have made my task so much easier this year.

My colleagues in the Prep school, especially our resident photographer, Mrs B Geldenhuys, I thank for your clear and concise reports and the delightful contributions from your pupils.

I say a sad farewell to Greg Royce and I look forward to a new era as we welcome Mr Rick Wilson as our Headmaster in 1996.

The Holy Father's visit to South Africa



Our country, and more specifically, our province Gauteng, was blessed by a visit from the Holy Father, Pope John Paul II, in September. The Holy Father came to South Africa to hand over a document setting forth the deliberations of the Special Assembly for Africa of the Synod of Bishops. This took place at the closing ceremony of the Assembly in the Cathedral of Christ the King. The theme of the ceremony was *JUSTICE AND PEACE*, and in addition to the bishops and cardinals present, there were also representatives of other Christian churches and other faiths.

The Holy Father also presided at a festive and joyously African celebration of Mass for the faithful at Gosforth Park, where he prayed that God would bless South Africa with:

KHOTSO! PULS! NALA!
(Peace! Rain! Prosperity!)

CHRISTUS VINCIT

Christus vincit! Christ conquers!
Christus regnat! Christ rules!
Christus imperat! Christ reigns!

Christus vincit! Christ conquers!
Christus regnat! Christ rules~!
Christus imperat! Christ reigns!

Exaudi Christe. Hear us favourably, Oh Christ.

Exaudi Christe. Hear us favourably, Oh Christ.

Summo Pontifici et universali Papae: vitae!

To the Supreme Pontiff and Pope of the universal church: long life!

Salvator mundi tu illum adjuva.
Saviour of the world: enlighten and assist him.

Sancta Maria: tu illum adjuva.
Holy Mary: enlighten and assist him.

Sancte Petre: tu illum adjuva.
Saint Peter: enlighten and assist him.

Sancte Paule: tu illum adjuva.
Saint Paul: enlighten and assist him.

Sancte Gregori: tu illum adjuva.
Saint Gregory: enlighten and assist him.

Christus vincit! Christ conquers!
Christus regnat! Christ rules!
Christus imperat! Christ reigns!

Rex regum! Reigning king!
Christus vincit! Christ conquers!

Rex noster! Christ our king!
Christus regnat! Christ rules!

Gloria nostra! Christ our glory!
Christus imperat! Christ reigns!

Ipsi soli imperium gloris et potestas,
per immortalia saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

To you alone be the everlasting kingdom, glory and power, for ever and ever.
Amen.

Christus vincit! Christ conquers!
Christus regnat! Christ rules!
Christus imperat! Christ reigns!

This Marist College Review is dedicated to Wendy Schaafsma and Greg Royce.



**Wendy Schaafsma Teacher and
H.O.D. at Marist Brothers
Inanda 1962- 1995.**

The difficulty when writing a tribute to someone is to find appropriate superlatives to describe that person. The difficulty in Wendy's case is to find words fitting enough to describe someone of her standing and dedication.

Wendy joined Marist Brothers in 1962 under Brother Anthony, and in spite of a brief hiatus in the late sixties in order to

have a baby, she continued her teaching tenure until 1995. (Her daughter Beverly, was almost delivered in class such was her commitment!) It was during Brother Timothy's leadership that she was promoted to H.O.D. and Wendy still harbours fond memories of those days gone by, especially those spent with Brothers Aidan Vincent and Anthony and Fathers Brewer and Plester. Indeed, her most embarrassing moment happened during those seemingly halcyon days; the day she fell over backwards into a bed of cannas whilst inspecting a class and not one of the boys laughed.

As a teacher, Wendy was often the dread of many Grade 1 and 2 pupils, that is until they found themselves in her class, at which point they more often than not loved her. The fact that many an ex-pupil requested she teach their sons is testimony to her fairness and understanding. Certainly the Junior Primary was stronger for her headship. This was especially so during the 17 years she taught with Cynthia Hildyard.

In addition, after 25 years service, the PTA presented her with a much cherished Kruger Rand.

Wendy also performed in a development capacity for the school overseas, having been commissioned by Brother Anthony to investigate open plan schooling in the UK, and visiting the Marist Brothers' College in Hong Kong. Actually Wendy was quite the globe-trotter in her private capacity and enthralled her classes with travel stories particularly those of her favourite, Bermuda. Her last trip was to the Caribbean, from which she returned ill, an illness that was to be the major contributory factor to her retirement.

Wendy will be missed by both staff and pupils, and we wish her well in her new vocation as Grandmother to Baby Jessica.

Perhaps the last word should be left to an anecdote. In Brother Timothy's time sweet peas were planted in the Grades. Those under Wendy's classroom were much healthier than those growing elsewhere. This prompted Brother Timothy to remark that they wouldn't dare **not** perform with her nearby. Perhaps a teaching parallel is masked within.

Farewell to Greg Royce

1995 had its moments of sadness and for both pupils and staff of St David's one of the saddest was saying goodbye to our friend and colleague, Greg.

Have you heard the one about the travelling salesman?

Well if you haven't you can bet that Greg will relate the story in his inimicable style complete with actions and accents.

Always ready with a joke and a cheeky and often devilish smile, Greg enriched St David's for six happy years.

He became Headmaster of the Prep school in April 1989. The school grew and flourished under his amiable leadership; a leadership which somehow always left his staff feeling that the contribution made by each was of equal importance. Through his persistence we became the first school in South Africa to introduce Kumon into the curriculum.

His love of music encouraged boys to join the choir and together we enjoyed some memorable musical evenings.

He coached soccer and swimming and was ever present at all extra-mural activities.

Greg was educated at De La Salle College in Victory Park and was Headboy in 1973. He became a lieutenant in the army on leaving school and attended Wits from 1975 to 1977. He met his wife Pam whilst teaching at Broadlands Private Boarding School in Meyerton and they were married in 1980. Nicholas, his first son, was born in 1981 and Kate in 1982.

From Broadlands he moved to St Martins and ultimately became deputy headmaster. He was the founder of the 'Martians', a social club for staff and parents. His ability to hold a class spell-bound during a history lesson is nothing short of incredible. Many a small boy's spine has been chilled by stories of lion hunts and ghosts whilst sitting with Greg around a camp fire at Lapalala.

His interests include 'bird' watching, wine collecting, music, history and gardening. Pam is a qualified Remedial Teacher and is currently headmistress of the renowned Pre-School 'Stepping Stones'. Their second son Liam was born in 1991.

It is still hard to believe that he and Pam, Nicky, Kate and Liam are not just down the drive, happy, smiling and ever

hospitable. How we miss them!

Our love and best wishes go with them as they take up the reins and begin a new phase of their lives at St Peter's.



Greg Royce displays one of the gifts presented to him and his family by the staff and parents. He gave a light-hearted, yet moving, speech at his farewell party.

St David's Marist College Review 1995

The Magazine of the Marist Brothers' College Inanda Sandton

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Staff of St David's 1995

*Back row (left to right): Ms H Joseph; Mrs S Murray; Mrs M Middlewick; Pr P Selima; Mr W Craven; Mr R Carr
Mr R Smith; Mr G MacMillan; Mr M Mitchley; Mr W van der Merwe; Mr S Eilertsen; Mr N Mitchell; Mr D Trollope
Mr S Fry; Mr G Pretorius; Mrs G Burt; Ms C Beynon; Mrs R Orr*

*Middle row (left to right): Mrs L Tyack; Mrs A Norton; Mrs M Phillips; Mrs N Sulter; Mrs A Haywood; Mrs S Rose
Mrs B Kalk; Mrs A Carter; Mrs R Henderson; Mrs J Egan; Mrs M Guilfoyle; Mrs B Levick; Mrs A Whitfield
Mrs M Clover; Mrs A Williams; Mrs J Carvalho; Mrs S Bowles; Mrs P Milne; Mrs M Ryan; Mrs C Ansell; Mrs L Sherratt
Mrs B Sternberg*

*Seated (left to right): Ms E Pengelly; Mr G Lambe; Mr P Geldenhuys; Mr A Brownlee; Mr R Girdwood; Mr G Norton
Mr P Edey; Mr D Spence; Mr W Castle; Mr N Sloane; Mrs G Anderson; Fr B Brewer; Ms L Henning; Mrs E Snyman*

HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

Headmaster: Mr P A Edey, BA (Wits), BA Hons (SA), H Dip Ed, F Dip Ed

Deputy Headmaster: Mr G M Norton, BSc Hons (Wits), H Dip Ed, Dip BM

Senior Housemaster & College Housemaster: Mr R J Girdwood, JCD, BA (Natal), H Dip Ed (Wits), Dip Theol, OLJ

Benedict Housemaster: Mr P C Geldenhuys, HED, F Dip Ed

Osmond Housemaster: Mr A D Brownlee, BA Ed (Wits)

The Bishops Housemaster: Mr G M Lambe, BSc (Wits), BComm (SA)

College Chaplain: Fr B Brewer, SJ

HOD Mathematics & Guidance & Careers Counsellor: Miss L A Henning, BA (SA), BEd (Wits), TTHD

HOD Natural Sciences & Computer Administrator: Mr P C Geldenhuys, HED F Dip Ed

HOD Languages: Mr R J Girdwood, JCD, BA (Natal), H Dip Ed (Wits), Dip Theol, OLJ

HOD Humanities: Mr A D Brownlee, BA Ed (Wit)

Religious Education Co-Ordinator: Mr N L Mitchell, BA (Wits), BEd (UCT), H Dip Ed (Wits)

Academic Director: Mr R T Smith, BA (Wits), B Ed (SA), M Ed (SA), TTHD, F Dip Ed

Director of Music: Mr D Trollope, BMus Hons (Wits)

Director of Computer Studies: Mr S Eilertsen TTHD

Librarians: Mrs M Clover, Lib Dip (SA); Mrs N Sulter, BA, H Dip Lib (Rhodes)

Secretaries: Mrs L van Heerden - Headmaster's Secretary Mrs J Anderson - School Secretary

Bursar's Office: Mr M Smit, IMTA, IAC; Mrs A Williams; Mrs G Carvalho

DEPARTMENTS:

English: Mr R J Girdwood (HOS), JCD, BA (Natal), H Dip Ed (Wits), Dip Theol, OLJ

Mr N Mitchell, BA (Wits), BEd (UCT) H Dip Ed (Wits)

Mr R T Smith, BA (Wits), B Ed (SA), M Ed (SA), TTHD, F Dip Ed

Mrs R Henderson, BA H Dip Ed (Wits)

Miss J Leenstra B Prim Ed (Wits)

Afrikaans: Mrs B Marais (HOS), BA STD (UWC)

Mr W Craven, HED (JCE)

Mr D Trollope, BMus Hons (Wits)

Zulu: Mr W Craven: HED (JCE)

Mathematics: Miss L A Henning (HOS), BA (SA), BEd (Wits), TTHD
Miss C Beynon, BSc Hons, H Dip Ed (Wits)

Mrs E Snyman, HED (JCE)

Miss J Leenstra, B Prim Ed (Wits)

Science: Mr P C Geldenhuys (HOS), HED, F Dip Ed
Mrs E Snyman, HED (JCE)
Mr G Pretorius, BSc, H Dip Ed (Natal)

Biology: Mr G M Norton (HOS) BSc Hons (Wits), H Dip Ed, Dip BM
Mr G M Lambe, BSc (Wits), BComm (SA)
Mr G Pretorius, BSC, H Dip Ed (Natal)

History: Mr S Fry (HOS), BA Ed Hons (Wits)
Mr P Edey, BA (Wits), BA Hons (SA) H Dip Ed, F Dip Ed

Geography: Mr A D Brownlee, (HOS), BA Ed (Wits)
Mrs R Henderson, BA H Dip Ed (Wits)

Arts: Mrs A Carter, (HOS), BA (Wits), THED

Accounting: Mrs M Guilfoyle (HOS), BComm (Stell), H Dip Ed (SA)
Mr G M Norton, BSc Hons (Wits), H Dip Ed, Dip BM

Business Economics: Mr R Smith, (HOS), BA (Wits), B Ed (SA), M Ed (SA), TTHD, F Dip Ed
Mr G M Lambe, BSc (Wits), BComm (SA)
Mr G D McMillan

Computer Studies: Mr S Eilertsen, TTHD

Additional Mathematics: Miss C Beynnon, BSc Hons, H Dip Ed (Wits)

Religious Education: Mr N Mitchell, BA (Wits) BEd (UCT) H Dip Ed (Wits)

Physical Education: Mr G D

McMillan
Estate Manager: Mr W van der Merwe
Caterer: Mrs M von Guillaume
Nursing Sister: Sister M Ryan, SRN SRM QN

PREP SCHOOL STAFF

Headmaster, Terms 1 & 2 G. W. Royce BA HED
Senior Deputy Headmaster & Acting Headmaster Term 3 D. I. Spence TTC Dip Theo
Deputy Headmaster & IC Extra-Murals W. J. Castle
Acting Senior Deputy Headmaster Term 3 N. Sloane BA (Hons) HDE
Head of Junior Primary Term 1 W. Schaafsma PTC
Head of Junior Primary Term 3 G. Anderson PTC PTHC (ISM)
Head of Senior Primary English S. Bowles PTC (Dist Eng) Dip Ed ESN
Head of Senior Primary Maths B. Geldenhuys TTHD (Dist)
Head of Senior Primary History A. Morkel PTD
Head of Senior Primary Geography N. Sloane BA (Hons) HDE
Head of Senior Primary Science G. Royce BA HED/D. Spence TTC Dip Theo
Head of Senior Primary Biology A. Morkel PTD
Grade 0: Mrs B. Sternberg Dip Ed Pre-Primary; Mrs P. Milne Dip Ed Prim

& Pre-Primary; Mrs L. Tyack Montessori (London)
Grade 1: Mrs C. Ansell TTHD; Mrs S. Rose Dip Ed (Edinburgh); Mrs A. Norton TTHD
Grade 2: Mrs S. Murray TTHD; Mrs E. Pengelly B Prim Ed; Mrs B. Kalk TTHD
Standard 1: Mrs G. Anderson PTC PTHC (ISM); Mrs L. Sherratt B Prim Ed; Mrs D. Hurley
Standard 2: Mrs Y. Sandy Dip Ed (Dist Eng & Drama); Mrs J. Egan Dip Ed (Dist Eng); Mrs G. Burt TTHD
Standard 3: Mrs M. Phillips B Prim Ed; Mrs A. Whitfield HPTC (Rhodes)
Standard 4: Mrs B. Geldenhuys; Mr M. Mitchley
Standard 5: Mr N. Sloane BA (Hons) HDE; Mrs A. Hayward TTHD; Mrs A. Morkel PTD
Physical Education: Mr W. Castle; Mr M. Mitchley; Mr N. Sloane; Mr R. Carr
Religious Co-Ordinator (Term 1): Mrs J Kirchhoffer
Director of Music Prep School: Mrs M. Middlewick TTHD Gr VIII Music
Therapists: Janet Wright BSc. O.T. Wits (1985); Karin Raynal BSc. O.T. Wits (1985); Sandra Tarlie BA (Log) Wits; Mitzi Claassen BA Ed. (Rau) B Ed. Orthopedagogics
Secretaries: Mrs B Levick; Mrs R Orr

St David's Marist College Parents and Teachers Association

The year started off with a major change. Our Chairman for the last four years, Mike O'Shea, decided to stand down from his post. The loss of a person of such drive, commitment, ability and popularity was clearly going to present a challenge for the new Committee.

Fortunately, both the parent and staff representatives have been extremely hard working and imaginative. At this stage, it seems that we will show increased revenue over last year. More important, we have been able to contribute to a number of important aspects of the infrastructure of St David's.

Among these have been contributions to the completion of the Prep School Pavilion, purchase of certain reading programmes for the Prep School, redecoration of the Hall, the purchase of tables and chairs for the Hall and Pavilion, renovation of the Grade 0 playground, purchase of furniture for the Staff Room, and the purchase of a large number of benches and other equipment for the grounds.

In addition, we have had a great deal of fun! The Rugby World Cup Draw was once again a wonderful evening (and raised a great deal of money!), the Family Fun Run brought the Marist family together, the Rock and Roll Evening gave the parents and staff an opportunity to relax together, and the Guy Fawkes Fireworks Display was our best ever.

Many thanks to all who contributed to the many functions and events. It is this spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm that builds the Marist family and makes St David's such a special school.



The Headmaster's Address at the 1995 Prizegiving.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted".

The school heard the same reading from Ecclesiastes at the Matric leaving groups final assembly and I make no apology for reading it again tonight.

These are particularly moving and poignant words. Some of the young men sitting here tonight have spent 12 years at St David's Marist College - it is a time for them to pluck up that which is planted - a time to venture out into what might appear to be fairly uncertain waters. I know that much of what has been learnt by you at St David's will stand you in good stead. I am of course speaking about the value system which the school has given you.

At the heart of your education as St David's boys lie certain values, attitudes and beliefs. The College motto "Confortare Esto Vir" means "Take Courage and Be a Man".

You have received a liberal education here - an education which has taught you tolerance of others, a generosity of spirit, a commitment to the rule of law, and a high ideal of the worth and dignity of man.

Many of the young men leaving the school tonight are probably doing so with a great deal of trepidation. You are not sure what you are going to do, you are fearful that your Matric results will not get you into the university or the faculty of your choice. If you do get into

university you are probably wondering whether you will get a job or not after you have completed your degree - perhaps I am projecting too far - perhaps you are simply worrying whether the car will still be parked outside after the Bon Jovi concert.

To the Matric group I would like to say again, "Take Courage and Be a Man". There is much to be gained beyond the often restrictive boundaries of school. A new dawn has broken in South Africa - we have a State President who is venerated world wide, a man who, after 27 years on Robben Island, can still preach reconciliation. The country has come a long way since the State of Emergency of 1985 and 1986 - the endless finger wagging of the then President in his Bavarian undertaker's hat as we failed to cross the Rubicon.

It is fashionable to be pessimistic and cynical about our future but I honestly believe that there is much that is worth staying for in South Africa. These are exhilarating and exciting times - the famous Romantic poet, William Wordsworth, wrote of the French Revolution "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven".

This year has really flown for me. It has been a year of growth and conspicuous success for the school. The numbers are up - 100 Standard 6's will enter the College next year and the school's enrolment will stand at approximately 310 next year. Certainly this is still tiny by the standards of our competitors, both State and Private, but the important thing is that there is demand to get in - there is now a waiting list for Standard 6 and Standard 7. The mood in the school is buoyant - much of this confidence must be attributed to the excellent achievements of the 1995 Matric group on all fronts: academic, cultural and sporting.

On the academic front we are hoping for some good Matric results from a Standard 10 group which saw St David's to fourth place in the Mintek Science Quiz out of 49 schools.

In the Maths Olympiad Iain Morgan once again reached the Final Round along with Daniel Wright, a Standard 7 pupil. Five boys altogether went through to the Second Round. The First Round was written by some 30 000 pupils coun-

trywide. These achievements are testimony to the quality of teaching in the Maths Department.

On the cultural side dramatics continues to flourish - Mr Richard Girdwood produced an excellent production of 'Journey's End', by R C Sherriffs.

Particularly memorable performances came from Gavin Emes as Second Lieutenant Trotter and Jeremy Wickins as Captain Stanhope.

The Inter-House Play Festival was an evening of much fun and variety. The winning production of Fawltly Towers by Bishops House brought the house down with superb cameo performances by Sydney Ngwenya as Manuel, Rafiq Sarlie as Sybil Fawltly, Michael Ward as Mrs Richards and Clint Bechus as Basil Fawltly.

The choir continues to grow under the capable direction of Mr Trollope but it would be good to see more of the Standard 6's and 7's joining it.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the sporting year was the astonishing record of the 1st XV.

1972 Old Boy Matriculants will try and tell you that their team had the finest record in the history of the College - I checked the record books and, yes, their record of played 14, won 13 lost 1, is good - but does it compare with played 20, won 19? I'm sure the Captain, Jonathan Kyriakakis, will agree with me when I say that this record was the result of a team effort produced by boys who had an excellent record through the age-groups.

Other highlights were:

* *the 1st XI cricket's good run in the John Waite Knockout before losing to Jeppe by 8 runs in the quarter-finals;*

* *Michael Ward and Michael Haswell, batting third and fourth, between them put on 202 n.o. against Zimbabwe's top cricket school, Falcon College;*

* *Jeremy Wickins and Richard van Lienden were selected for the Southern Gauteng 'B' teams for the inter-provincial waterpolo tournament; whilst Robert Tait was selected for the Under 15 side;*

* *8 members of the 1st XI cricket side have been selected to represent the Sandton side at Beckwith Week. Michael Ward captains the team;*

* *Bamuza Sono was selected to represent South Africa at soccer;*

* 7 Under 15 players from St David's have been chosen for the Sandton Area Side at the Ken Viljoen Week. We hope that some of these boys will be chosen for Transvaal Schools' teams at the conclusion of these cricket weeks.

All of this makes for fairly impressive reading particularly when you consider that there are only 260 pupils in the High School. Probably more important than these results is the extent of the involvement by the boys. Mr Smith had more than 60 boys down at Under 14 rugby practice and every boy was given a game. Sometimes it meant bringing 10 new substitutes on at half time but it did mean that every boy was given a chance to represent his school.

Another very important area of involvement is the SMILE programme. Every Wednesday of the school year Standard 9 pupils from St David's have acted as guides and teachers to Standard 4 pupils from four Primary schools in Alexandra.

The main thrust of the venture is conversation activities and this is followed by Classroom Reinforcement and a Teacher Training Programme under the guidance of Mrs Robyn Henderson. The project is given generous sponsorship by First National Bank and S.A. Breweries.

As part of the Outreach Programme at St David's SMILE plays an integral part and I know that it is of great benefit not only to the children from Alexandra but to our Standard 9 pupils as well.

The Co-Workers, under the leadership of Greg Lambe and Mary Ryan, continue to raise substantial amounts of money for charity. This year the beneficiaries included the Mission at Slough, the Joseph Gerard Centre and the Alexandra Orphanage.

To shift tack a little away from past achievements to the future, one of the most awkward questions I have had to field when interviewing new parents is, "Mr Edey, what is your vision for the school?"

I always gulp and then after a considerable pause trot out some glib comment about the pursuit of excellence and developing the potential in every St David's boy. Quite frankly I haven't had a vision yet, perhaps the vision will come - I sincerely hope so because I think the school needs vision. Where does St David's Marist College stand within the context of private schools? Where does it stand in the broader con-

text of education in South Africa?

There is no doubt that much of the upsurge in demand for places at the school is triggered by alarm amongst parents at what they see as impending chaos at Model C schools.

Parents are fearful of falling standards, impossibly large classes and indifferent teaching. There is no doubt that Model C schools are changing and that standards will fall. It will, however, be a tragedy for this country if the great State schools - schools with a tradition of excellence - are allowed to collapse.

St David's Marist College needs to create a niche for itself in the marketplace.

We should like pupils to come to St David's, not because they have failed to make it into other private schools or because they fear being swamped in the Model C school down the road; ideally we would like to attract pupils to the school because of its excellence - its caring community and the desire for a quality Catholic education.

This school faces a dilemma. It is situated in probably the wealthiest 10 square miles in Africa - its present constituency is overwhelmingly upper middle class and yet the mission of the Catholic church and the Marist Brothers is to provide education for all.

... an education that has taught ...tolerance of others, a generosity of spirit, a commitment to the rule of law, and a high ideal of the worth and dignity of man.

After the State schools, the Catholic schools comprise the largest group of schools in South Africa. The vast majority of these schools are poor and are unable to cope without State assistance.

St David's is an exceedingly wealthy and privileged school measured against the majority of Catholic schools.

Should we not also go the state aided route? I think that would be courting disaster.

I believe that the bulk of our parents would simply remove their children.

Perhaps St David's needs to confront the fact that it is situated in Inanda and we should stop apologising for that.

We are, with Sacred Heart, probably the most affluent and elitist Catholic school in the country and yet Sacred Heart is a completely different school from the Marist Brothers Observatory it was and from St David's. It has undergone an exciting, successful and radical transformation. It is probably fair to say that Sacred Heart is now a black private school at which whites are welcome.

I can't see St David's attempting the same course.

Whatever course we take I believe that it would be a sad day if we priced ourselves beyond the reach of middle class people.

We do need, as a matter of urgency, to set up a far more vigorous and substantial bursary scheme and we also need to become more representative of the population of this country. The intake of black pupils has dropped alarmingly - we need to take steps to get these pupils back.

I would like to conclude by mentioning a number of staff changes.

Next year the staff will be joined by Gavin Behr to teach Business Economics, and by Mrs Debbi Cameron in the English Department.

Both should prove assets to the Staff Room.

Sadly I must announce that Mrs Meryl Guilfoyle has resigned to take up a post at Westerford High School in Cape Town. I would like to take this opportunity to wish her well. In her own inimitable way she has made a significant contribution to St David's.

To the staff I say "THANK YOU". You are a committed and by and large a happy group of people. I have greatly valued your support, advice and guidance. I would like the parents and boys to join me in a vote of thanks to all the staff, academic, administrative and support staff.

To Michael von Guilleaume and the prefect body, thank you for leading by example. The Head of School, Michael von Guilleaume, is a young man mature beyond his years. A young man with dignity and leadership, who has all the values which we try hard to instill in Marist Boys. You have provided superb leadership to the school and wise counsel to an often impulsive new boy headmaster. You have been ably supported by your irrepressible deputy, that immensely talented all-rounder, Jeremy Wickins.

To you all, thank you for your attendance. Suzie and I wish you a restful holiday and a blessed Christmas.

Finally to the Matric class of 1995 I say thank you. Your contribution has been immense. Yours has been a vintage year and I have been deeply privileged to have had you as my first Matric Group.

Go well and I hope you get the results you deserve.



The Head Boy's Speech

I remember the first time I stood on these pool steps. I was just three feet tall, extremely nervous and close to tears. It was my first swimming lesson at St David's. I wasn't scared of getting wet, since my costume was already drenched in yellow adrenalin. My fear was caused by a short, stocky man with a moustache and a thunderous voice, who bellowed out commands to us little boys like a drill sergeant addressing his new recruits. Things haven't changed much since then. I'm a bit taller, a lot wiser and Mr Castle still features in my worst nightmares.

Many of the matrics share this memory and numerous others with one another. St David's has provided us with the best years of our young lives. We've been privileged to have had the opportunity to get a solid Catholic education, backed up by a professional and dedicated staff body, both in the classroom and on the sportsfield. But St David's has given us something extra. We've all experienced the Marist family atmosphere which has helped to develop boys into men and humans into compassionate people ready to face life's challenges.

Many people had high expectations for the matric class of 1995. As the year draws to an end we can proudly say that most of these expectations were fulfilled and in some instances surpassed.

The First XI Cricket side was captained by Michael Ward under whom the side enjoyed an extremely successful season. The highlights of the season were the Zimbabwe tour and the narrow loss to Jeppe in the last over of a Johnny Waite quarter-final match.

Both the Swimming and First Water-Polo Teams toured Natal. The Swimming Team won the Inter-Catholic Gala at St Henry's and the Polo Team won the Port Shepstone Tournament. A new event this year was the senior boys' and girls' Inter-High Gala held at St David's, which was the Swimming and Water-Polo Captain Jeremy Wickins' highlight of the season.

1995 produced the first successful senior rugby season in the school's history. The First XV, captained by Jonathan Kyriakakis, lost only one match. The Australian Development Tour was an unforgettable experience and a cherished memory for those who went along.

The Athletics Team tenaciously persisted through another hard season and were ably led by Martin Brand's "die hard" attitude.

The Tennis and Basketball sides relished productive seasons as well.

Sydney Ngwenya made Transvaal Schools Rugby and Jeremy Wickins made the Transvaal Biathlon and Water-Polo Teams.

Academically the matrics stuck to their high standards. We achieved a fourth place in the Mintek Science Quiz and Iain Morgan received honours in the Old Mutual Maths Olympiad. Clint Bechus, Neil Davison and Iain Morgan were selected as Rotary exchange students, which is not only a compliment to the boys and their families but to St David's as well.

St David's is a small school in comparison to the other all-boys' schools against which we compete. We are also a very spiritually-oriented school. These two factors are what make St David's boys different. When there is a sporting, cultural or academic event the majority of the boys are involved. This results in strong bonds being formed not only among peers but also between boys of different standards. There is a greater emphasis on teamwork which results in

everyone getting a chance to participate and be recognised, whereas at a larger school they'd just be numbers.

The prefect body had a good working year. By this statement I mean that we set our goals and stuck to them. There were times when not everyone saw eye to eye; however, the Marist values instilled in us by St David's helped us to overcome the problems. I'd like to thank the prefects for their loyalty, commitment and unity and to extend a special thank you to my deputy, Jeremy, for all his support, dedication and friendship.

To Jordan and your prefects, my advice to you is to take courage and be men!

Over the year I've learnt many lessons. One of them is that dynamite comes in small packages. This was proved by the arrival of Mr Edey. Mr Edey is a perfect gentleman. He possesses a rare and enviable quality in that he is a strict disciplinarian who is able to earn people's respect with his fair, sincere and honest character. I'm indebted to him for all his support and guidance. On behalf of the boys I'd like to thank him for captaining the ship so well.

Finally to the matrics. Mr Edey often referred to us as a vintage year. I'm going to compare us to a crop of grapes ready to be harvested. St David's has been our vineyard where the staff have nurtured our development and growth both spiritually and academically. Now it is time for us to reap the rewards. I imagine some of us will become sparkling wines as we leave school with a bang and then fizzle out. Others may sour and turn into vinegar. However, I imagine the majority of us will become strong, full-bodied, reliable wines, which with time will flourish and give pleasure to those who meet you. We are on our own now and can make a difference, but remember these words of William Blake:

"No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings".

M von Guilleaume

College General

College Diary

January

- 13-14 Prefects Leadership Camp
- 18 Std 6 Parents' Braai
- 23 Cricket Parents' Supporters' Club inaugural meeting
- 29 Opening of Main Cricket Oval

February

- 4 Johannesburg Catholic Schools and Teachers' Association Mass for teachers at Rosebank Church
- 10 Visit to four Alexandra Primary Schools by Std 9 and 10 pupils in the Smile outreach pro-

gramme

- 10-12 Swimming tour to Natal
- 13 AGM of Parents' Association
- 15 Shaun Sandy and Iain Morgan represent St David's at the launch of the Easter Stamp Campaign at the Hope School for the disabled
- 16 Rugby Parents' Supporters' Club inaugural meeting
- 17 Inter-House Water Polo competition
- 24-6 1st X1 Cricket Tour to Zimbabwe
- 25 St David's Rugby and Sports Fund Dinner and Dance at Cedar Park Centre, Woodmead

March

- 1 St David's Day and Ash Wednesday: Combined Mass at the pool
- 3 Performance by the Johannesburg Welsh Male Voice Choir in the School Hall
- 4 Ms Henning represents St David's at launch of COSAS Code of Conduct for Schools at the University of the Witwatersrand
- 7 Jonathan Kyriakakis, Iain Morgan and Jeremy Wickins achieve fourth place in schools' Mintek Science Quiz
- 10 Inter-House Swimming Gala
- 17 First test in the new Group Test programme
- 28 Donation of a computer and



software received from Mr John Tollemache of Global Technologies, giving the Computer Centre access to the Internet, Beltel and various bulletin boards

29 School Library subscribes to The Sowetan and Weekly Mail and Guardian in addition to The Star

30 Std 6 Parents' Evening

28-31 Performance of school play, Journey's End

April

4 Std 9 Tertiary Education evening

6 Paschal Meal in the School Hall

6-8 Five boys attend the School Newspaper Camp at the

Johannesburg College of Education, presented by the Institute for the Advancement of Journalism

May

11 Std 10 Parents' Evening

13-1 Std 8 Leadership Camp at Groot Marico

18 Std 9 Parents' Evening

19-20 College Open Days

21 St David's hosts fun and social day for Catholic High Schools of Gauteng

22 College Choir performs with Wits Youth Orchestra at Sandown Hall

27 World Cup Rugby Evening

28 St David's promotion at Sunday Masses at Bryanston Parish

29 Std 8 Parents' Evening

June

4 Inter-Parish Fun Relay

6 Champagnat Day: combined Mass at the pool, followed by fun activities

11 PTA Fun Run

22 Inter-House Play Festival

25 St David's promotion at Sunday Masses at Rivonia Parish

July

6 Biology Projects Presentation Evening

7 Family Bingo Evening

10-11 Book Fair in the Library

21 Dinner and American Auction evening in aid of Sports Trust Fund. Team selected for Australian Tour presented with



blazers and kit

31 Std 8, 9 and 10 Business Economics students visit the Stock Exchange

August

5-24 Rugby Tour to Australia

15 Jonathan Nel and Rafiq Sarlie participate in the South African Computer Demo Competition at the Wits Theatre

September

6 Inter-House Tennis

8 Matric Dance

12 C Busschau (representing parents), N Mitchell (representing staff) and J O'Haughey (representing students) attend the District Education and Training Forum of the Gauteng

Department of Education at the Johannesburg College of Education

Std 7 Subject Choice Evening

13 Rugby Dinner at the Wanderers Ballroom

14 Inter-House Oratory Evening

19 Post-Matriculation Course Information Evening

27 Art Exhibition in the School Hall. St Teresa's/St David's Book Quiz at St Teresa's

29 Confirmation Ceremony at Rosebank Church

October

3 Std 9 Art Class participate in the Art Education Workshop at Saheti School. Corporate Golf

Day at Johannesburg Country Club in aid of Sports Development Trust

5 Annual College Road Run

6-8 Std 7 Camp at Groot Marico

10-11 Cabaret Supper Show by the College Choir in the School Hall

17 Std 10 Valedictory Mass

21 Rock 'n Roll Evening

30-31 Std 9 Leadership Course

November

4 Fireworks Display

11 Mothers' Luncheon



Prize Winners 1995

Standard Six Prizes

Bro. Edwin Cup for Dux of Std 6

P Edkins

Second Prize J Ashforth

Third Prize A Kanter

Subject Prizes

English P Edkins

Afrikaans P Edkins

Mathematics P Edkins

Mathematics-Most Improved

K Moriguchi

Science P Edkins

Biology D Bradbury

History P Edkins

Geography P Edkins

Art D Jackson

Accounting P Edkins

Zulu P Edkins

Standard Seven Prizes

David Cup for Dux of Std 7 Z Laher

Second Prize S Contardo

Third Prize L Chandler

Subject Prizes

English S Contardo

Afrikaans N Ranger

Mathematics D Wright

Mathematics-Most Improved

R Orr

Science D Wright

Biology S Contardo

History W Bruns

Geography S Contardo

Art N Ranger

Accounting B Thomas

Best Entrepreneurial Partnership

G Geldenhuys & V Deyzel

Zulu Z Laher

Standard Eight Prizes

O'Connor Cup for Dux of Std 8

A Iorio

Second Prize R Morgan

Third Prize J Ryan

Subject Prizes

English A Iorio

Afrikaans A Iorio

Mathematics A Iorio

Mathematics-Most Improved

G Bowler

Science A Iorio

Biology A Iorio

History D Horsten

Geography A Iorio

Accounting F Ahmed

Art A Treki

Computer Studies J Thurton

Business Economics L Eliot

Standard Nine Prizes

Bro. Urban Cup for Dux of Std 9

J O'Haughey

Second Prize R Sarlie

Third Prize D Pierson

Subject Prizes

English D Pierson

The Seed Trophy for Afrikaans

I Acott

Mathematics J O'Haughey

Mathematics-Standard Grade

N Kallinikos

Additional Mathematics

J O'Haughey

The Keith Schafer Trophy for

Science R Sarlie & R van Lienden

Biology NO AWARD

History T Fokane

Geography G Metcalf

Art R Sarlie

Business Economics NO AWARDS

Accounting J O'Haughey

Computer Studies R Sarlie

Standard Ten Prizes

Phillimore Trophy for English

D Roane

Trudy Elliott Award for English

Literature D Roane

Buckley-Jones Trophy for Afrikaans

D Roane

Italian Prize M Bertuzzi

Ryder Bowl for Mathematical

Achievement I Morgan

Mathematical Achievement in

Standard Grade C Bechus

Walter Cronje Trophy for

Additional Mathematics I Morgan

Michael Science Trophy for Physical

Science I Morgan

Matric 1991 Trophy for Biology

P O'Farrell

Dion Saks Trophy for Geography

I Morgan

Thomas McFadden Trophy for

History D Rabbolini

The Germco Trophy for Art

NO AWARD

Matric 1991 Trophy for Business

Economics NO AWARD

Accounting Prize I Morgan

Mayat Trophy for Computer Studies

I Morgan

The Buchanan Trophy for

Achievement in the Mathematics

Olympiad D Wright

Bronze Medal and Certificate from

Old Mutual for Mathematics

Olympiad I Morgan

Lynn Stuart Memorial Trophy for
Academic Achievement J Wickins

B R Hunt Trophy for Dux of the
School I Morgan

Old Boys Trophy for Leadership and
Promotion of the Marist Spirit

M von Guillaume

Osmond Cup for Study, Sport and
Leadership D Rabbolini

Special Award: "Laudi Dignus"

S Sandy

Games Trophies

Cricketer of the Year M Ward

Most Improved Cricketer

G Hutcheon

Reeves Trophy for the Swimmer of
the Year J Wickins

Most Improved Swimmer P Kobila

Clark Atwell Trophy for the

Waterpolo Player of the Year

J Wickins & R van Lienden

Rugby Player of the Year A Bayne

Most Improved Rugby Player

D Helyar

Hockey Player of the Year N Davison

Desmond Schatz Trophy for

Sportsman of the Year J Wickins

Academic Ties

Standard 8 ("A" Aggregate - 80%)

A Iorio

SMILE Guide Award T Fokane

The Davies House Trophy for

Academic Diligence Benedict

Service Awards - for general service
to the school

Standard 6 D Thomas, M Gordon

Standard 10 I Morgan

The Champagnat Medal

"A pupil who is nominated for the award of the Champagnat Medal should exemplify the Marist spirit in the following categories: Academic; Spiritual; Sporting; Cultural; and Service."

This medal can only be awarded to pupils in Std 10.

Neil Davison; Peter O'Farrell; David Rabbolini; Declan Roane; Michael von Guillaume; Michael Ward; Jeremy Wickins *Two more to come*

College Art

The College artwork was judged by

artist Mrs Estelle Kenyan, who has a Fine Arts degree from Pretoria University.

The following places were awarded:

Std 10 Simon Gallizio; Timothy Wright; Clint Bechus

Std 9 Miguel Nunes; Rafiq Sarlie; Bradyn Dama

Std 8 Brett Grindlay; Adam Treki; Rodney Ngobeni

No places were awarded in Stds 7 and 6 as too many pupils had works of equally high standard.

Certificates of commendation were awarded to:

L Ceresa; L Chandler; W Collett; S Contardo; V Deyzel; L Fiasconaro; L Guareschi; M Harrod; R Jorge; P Kobila; R Lai; J Libera; J-R McKay; S Moorad; A Moore; D Moore; M Murray; D O'Haughey; S Pinto; N Ranger; J Sternberg; G Ross-Munro; V van der Merwe; G Brennon; M Bourne; A Chemaly; H Cheng; P Edkins; D Jackson; S Jennings; L Johnson; E Jones; A Kanter; M Paschkewitz; M Stapelberg.

The South African Marist Award

The South African Marist Award was instituted by the Marist Brothers Provincial Council in the 1950s, to be awarded to a pupil at a Marist school who appeared to the teaching staff, whether brothers or lay, of his school to exemplify the qualities which the brothers strove to inculcate in the pupils under their care. These qualities include leadership, simplicity, modesty and humility, and excellence in academic, sporting and cultural achievements.

This award is generally known as the Provincial Blazer. The last blazer awarded by the brothers was in 1992 to a boy from St Josephs in Rondebosch. Through the 54 years of St David's history there have been eleven blazers awarded. The twelfth St David's boy to be awarded a blazer is Jeremy Wickins.

Brother Timothy as his last function as Brother Provincial, awarded Jeremy the Provincial Blazer at the end of the Prizegiving Ceremony. Congratulations to Jeremy and his family.



College Honours

Jeremy Wickins and Michael Ward received their honours blazers during the first term.



Honours

*Back row (left to right): M Brand; D Rabbolini; M Haswell; N Davison
Seated (left to right): D Roane; J Wickins; Mr P Edey; M-A Wilkinson; I Morgan
Absent: M von Guilleaume; M Ward*



Mr & Mrs Wickins with their son Jeremy, Deputy Head Boy 1995, Brother Provincial - Brother Timothy, Mr R Girdwood and Headmaster P Edey.

The Class of 1995



James Bateman

St David's has given me a sense of individuality and confidence which I think I would not have learnt elsewhere. My memories of St David's I will always treasure.



Miguel Bertuzzi

St David's taught me to respect my elders... and to disrespect my youngers.



Karabo Denalane

St David's taught me that responsibility and self-pride come from within and it is up to every person to find it within themselves.



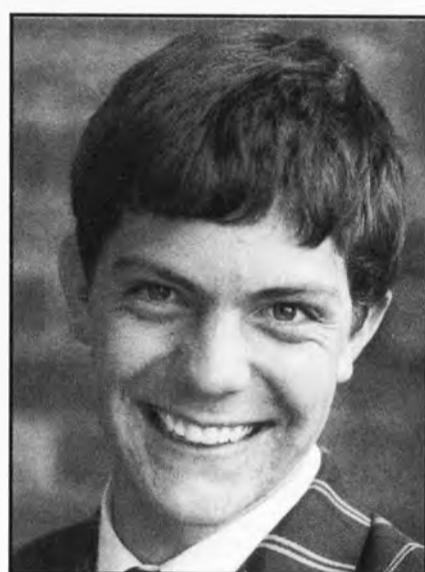
Mark Elphick

My time at St David's Marist College has been more than just an education and can perhaps best be described as an experience that I will fondly remember for the rest of my life.



Anthony Bayne

Not only has St David's allowed me to further myself in the sporting and cultural fields, but it has taught me the true meaning of friendship.



Martin Brand

St David's has given me enlightenment and understanding.



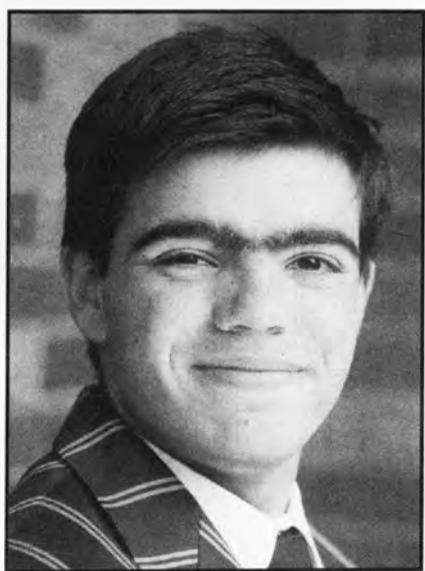
Ian Duncan

At the end of the year, I will be going out into the 'big world'. St David's has given me the preparation and knowledge to go out and make my mark on the world with confidence.



Gavin Emes

St David's taught me what it means to be part of a team.



Clint Bechus

St David's has taught me to appreciate my new-found freedom.



Neil Davison

St David's taught me everything I know and everything I am.



Jethro Edwards

St David's taught me to be more considerate and thoughtful to others.



Bryn Foulke-Jones

I will take from St David's many friendships and memorable moments.



Simone Gallizio

St David's, apart from giving us red stripes on our rear ends, kept us disciplined and made us the men we are today, full of faith and hope.



Michael Haswell

St David's is the greatest school I have been to. I will remember these two years as the most memorable and two of the best years of my life



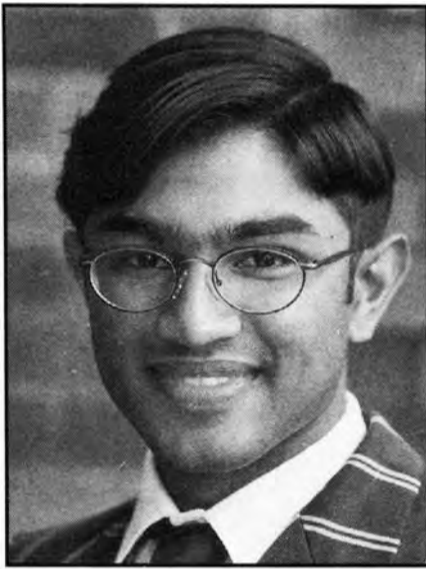
Gerard Joseph

St David's taught me about Hobson's choice.



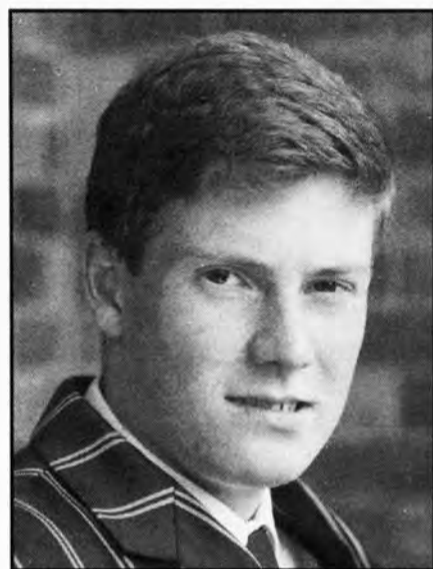
Warren Mande

St David's taught me the value of an all-round education as well as making me a part of the Marist family.



Sunil Gopal

St David's taught me how to act busy when I'm actually not.



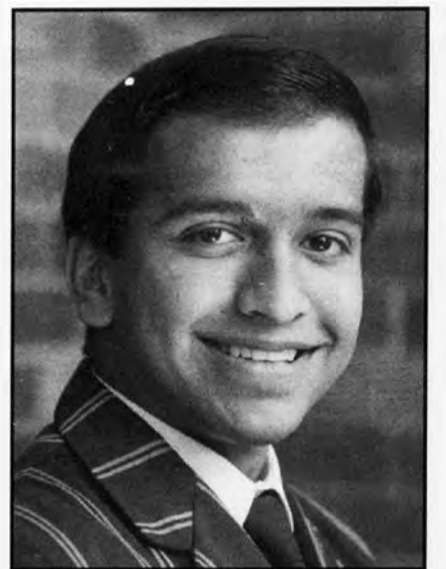
Greg Hellig

St David's has equipped me with knowledge to proceed to university only to have to gain more knowledge.



John Kobil

St David's has made me a well-educated Catholic boy.



Haroon Mongratie

St David's taught me that there is at least one sport I'm good at. It also taught me responsibility.



Brendan Greeff

St David's taught me to appreciate friendship, freedom and females.

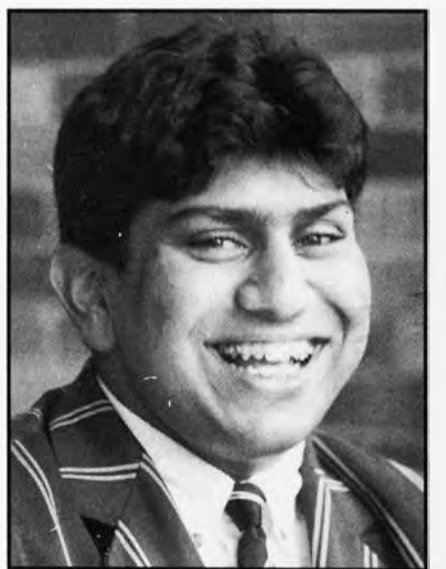


James Jepp

St David's has given me 6400 hours of work and only 360 hours of break, but I'm sure it was all worth it.



Jonathan Kyriakakis



Mohamed Moorad

St David's taught me the difference between right and wrong.



Iain Morgan

St David's has given me thirteen years worth of knowledge, a load of great friends and a great start for the future.



Peter O'Farrell

I learnt at St David's that it's not work, but extra work, that puts one ahead.



Declan Roane

St David's taught me the value of good friends and good times.



Jonathan Tilley

The Marist ethos and environment has been a way of life. My past has been fulfilled and now to the future.



Leonardo Neto



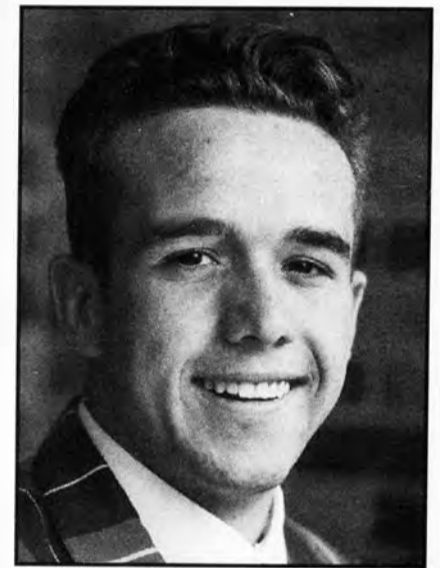
Ziyad Osman

I'll take from St David's a letter to certify that I paid my bail.



Shaun Sandy

St David's has given me a fine well-rounded education. It is a school I am proud to have attended; both academically and socially it has helped me to grow.



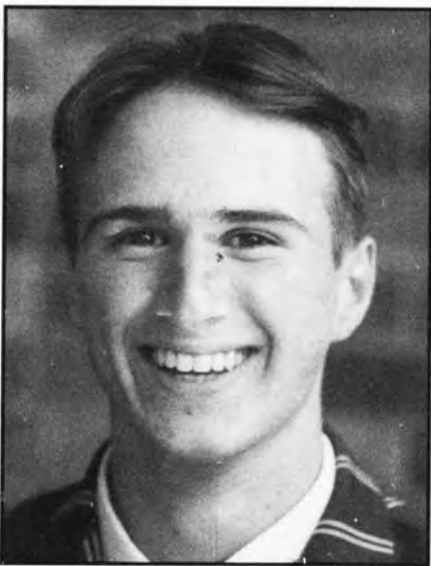
Michael von Guilleaume

St David's gave me an education in life which will provide me with a solid moral base to face life's challenges confidently.



Sydney Ngwenya

St David's has given me burnout and a channel to express my talents.



David Rabbolini

St David's taught me to take the good with the bad



Gavin Sheppard

St David's taught me to be responsible and self-confident, and gave me a good grounding for my future.



Michael Ward

St David's taught me to think only the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.



Jeremy Wickins

St David's has made us part of the Marist family; that will keep us and our friendships firm forever and be with us wherever we go.



Marc-Anthony Wilkinson

The school gave me the opportunity and encouragement to excel in sport and to develop my other talents.



Justin Winderley

St David's taught me not only to think of myself, but also those less fortunate than I am. It has taught me how to laugh, play and have fun.



Anthony Wostmann

St David's taught me about school spirit, and brought me good times and great friends.

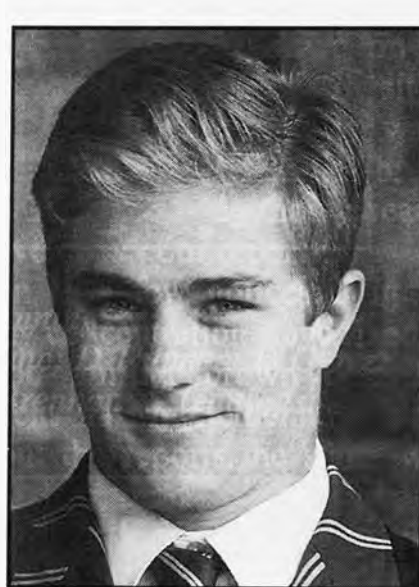


Timothy Wright

St David's has given me... one free Coke and doughnut every Champagnat Day.

Nhlanhla Mogale

At the end of his Std 9 year in 1994, Nhlanhla was - like his classmates who appear in the foregoing pages - looking forward to his matric year at St David's, where he started in 1982 as a Grade 0 pupil. He was also looking forward to serving the school as a prefect. During the December holidays, however, a personal tragedy struck his life which made returning to St David's for 1995 very difficult for him. A number of people from the College, not really equipped to deal with or even understand the tragedy, tried to intervene, but our fumbling efforts fell short. Some of Nhlanhla's classmates and their parents offered him a place in their homes, but this also did not seem to be the solution. Perhaps if we tried harder Nhlanhla's picture would have appeared in these pages alongside those of his friends. We hope and pray that Nhlanhla has overcome the adversities which threatened to destroy his young and promising life, and that those responsible for causing them have come to their senses.



Andrew Young



School Prefects

Back row (left to right): D Rabbolini; M Haswell; J Kyriakakis

Middle row (left to right): W Mande; A Bayne; M-A Wilkinson; J Tilley; M Brand

Seated (left to right): D Roane; N Davison; M von Guillaume (Head Prefect) Mr P A Edey;

J Wickins (Deputy Head Prefect); M Ward; K Denalane

Gauteng Senior Certificate Examination Results

Subjects in brackets indicate distinctions

Passed with full matriculation exemption

James Bateman
Anthony Bayne
Clint Bechus
Miguel Bertuzzi (Italian)
Martin Brand (Biology)
Neil Davison
Ian Duncan
Jethro Edwards
Mark Elphick
Gavin Emes
Bryn Foulkes-Jones
Sunil Gopal
Brendan Greeff
Michael Haswell
Greg Hellig (Mathematics)
James Jepp
Gerard Joseph
John Kobila
Jonathan Kyriakakis
Warren Mande
Haroon Mongratie
Mohammed Moorad

Iain Morgan (English, Mathematics,
Geography, Additional Mathematics,
Science, Accounting, Computer
Studies)
Leonardo Neto
Sydney Ngwenya
Peter O'Farrell (History)
David Rabbolini (History)
Declan Roane (English)
Shaun Sandy
Gavin Sheppard
Jonathan Tilley
Michael von Guillaume
Jeremy Wickins (Mathematics,
History)
Justin Winderley
Anthony Wostmann
Timothy Wright

Passed with conditional exemption

Karabo Denalane
Simone Gallizio
Andrew Young

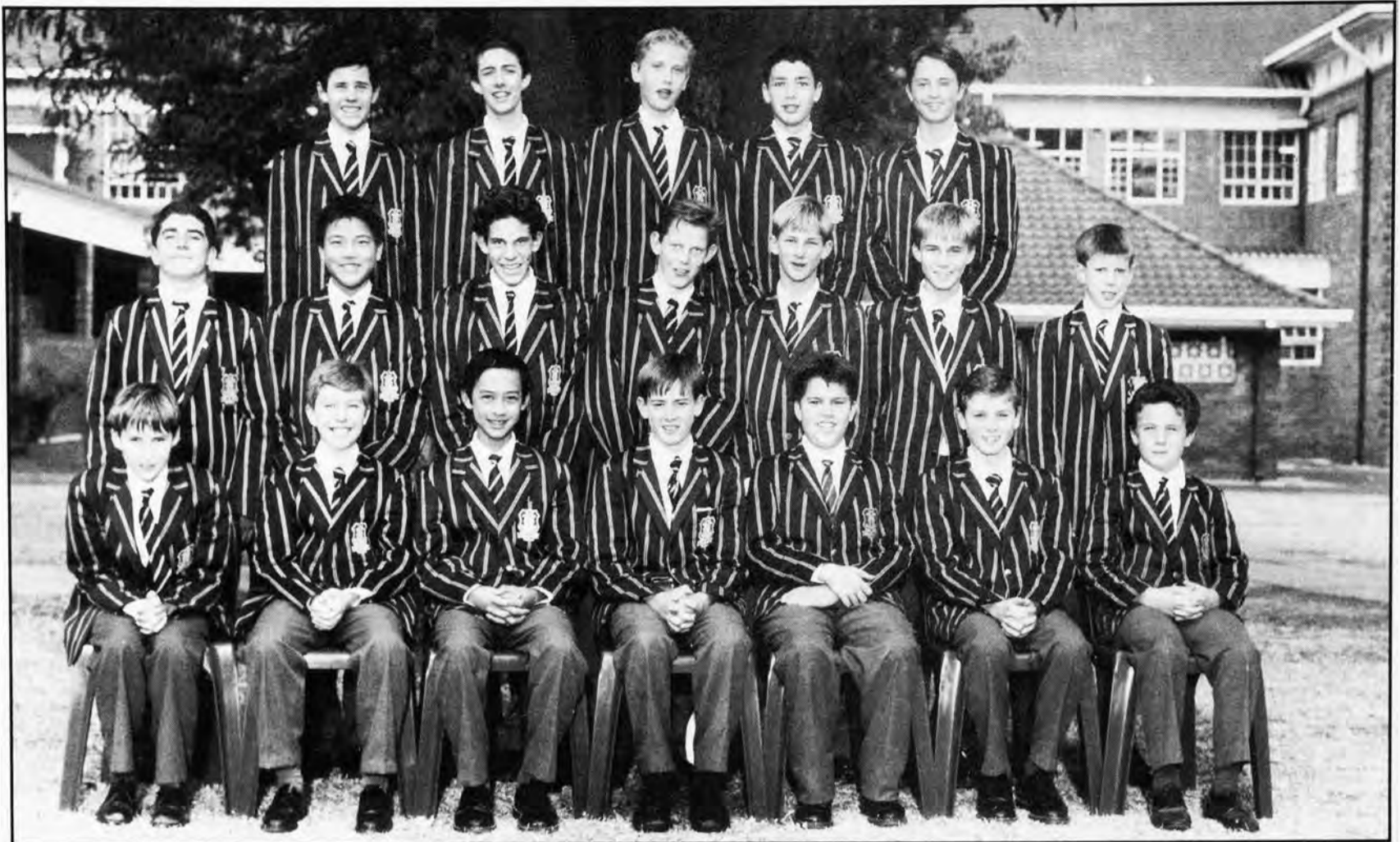
Passed without exemption

Ziyad Osman
Marc-Anthony Wilkinson

There were no failures

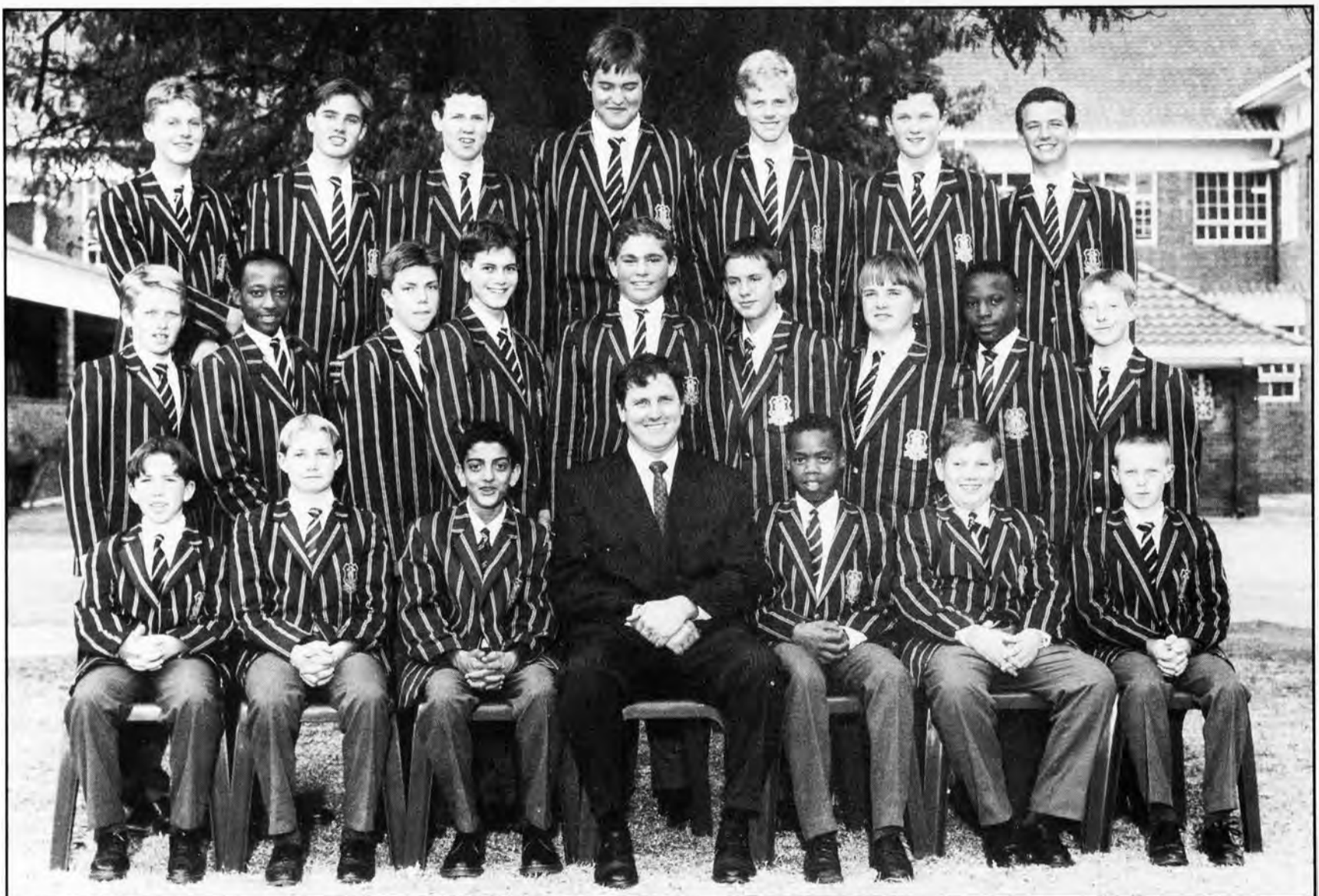
Leaders in Sport television coverage

VIDEOSPORT T E L E V I S I O N



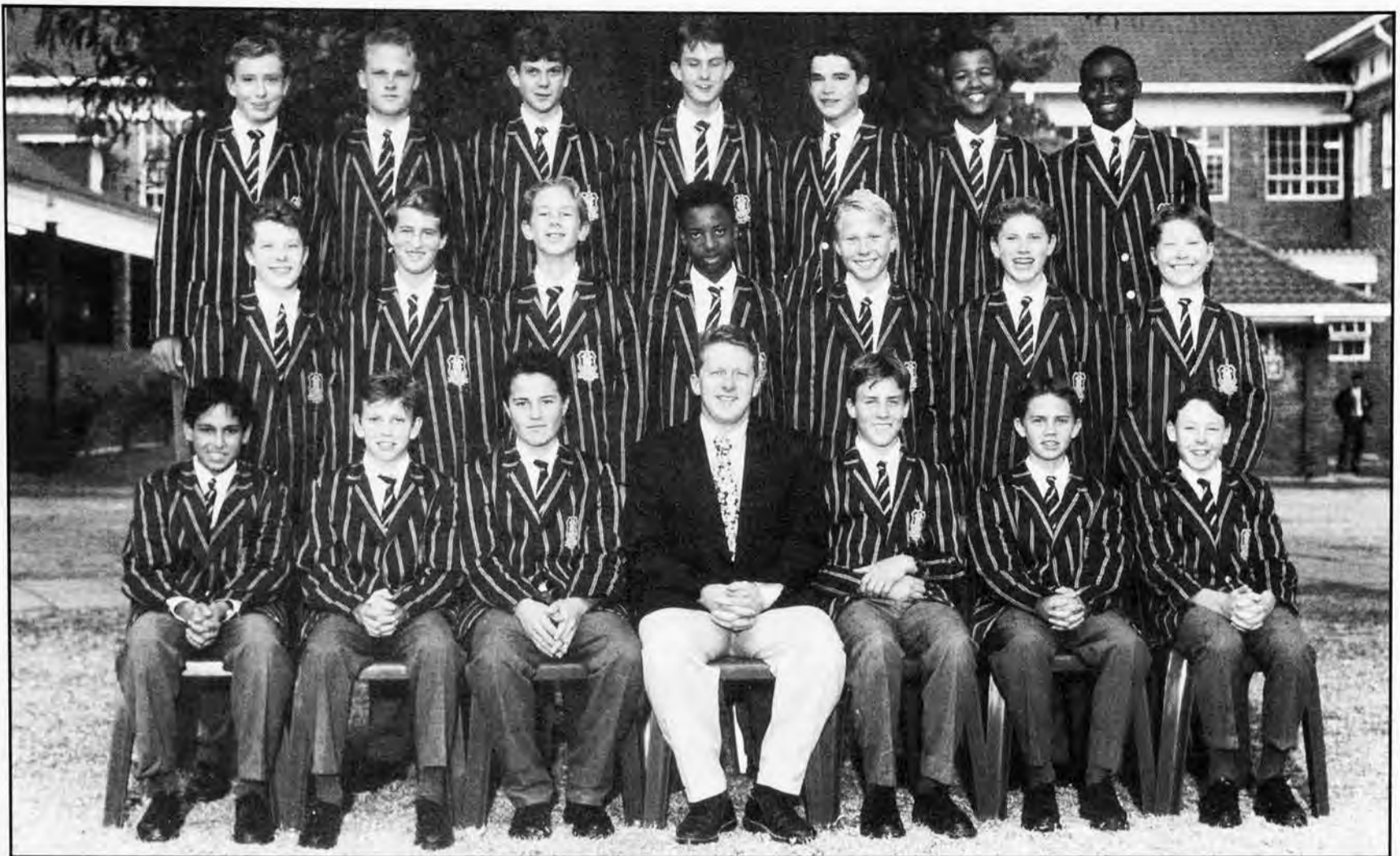
Standard 6M

*Back row (left to right): M Gordon; M Lopes; E Jones; D Boyd; M Gunning
 Middle row (left to right): A Witten; K Moriguchi; M Paschkewitz; D Randall; A Macfarlane; D Thomas; D Clover
 Seated (left to right): J Ashforth; M Stapelberg; H Cheng; M Marsay; J Farrell; G Brennon; S Jennings
 Absent: L Dafert; M Darne; M Marchand; M Tyack*



Standard 6B

*Back row (left to right): S Browne; M Lenz; A Hawes; F Bush; K Haswell; K Speirs; I Busschau
 Middle row (left to right): C Thomas; P Kuzwayo; B O'Shea; G Finnemore; J Tonetti; A Kanter; C Bredenoord; R Phiri
 T Warneke
 Seated (left to right): J Orr; N Davis; S Makat; Mr G MacMillan; D Radebe; K Montgomery; G Atkinson*



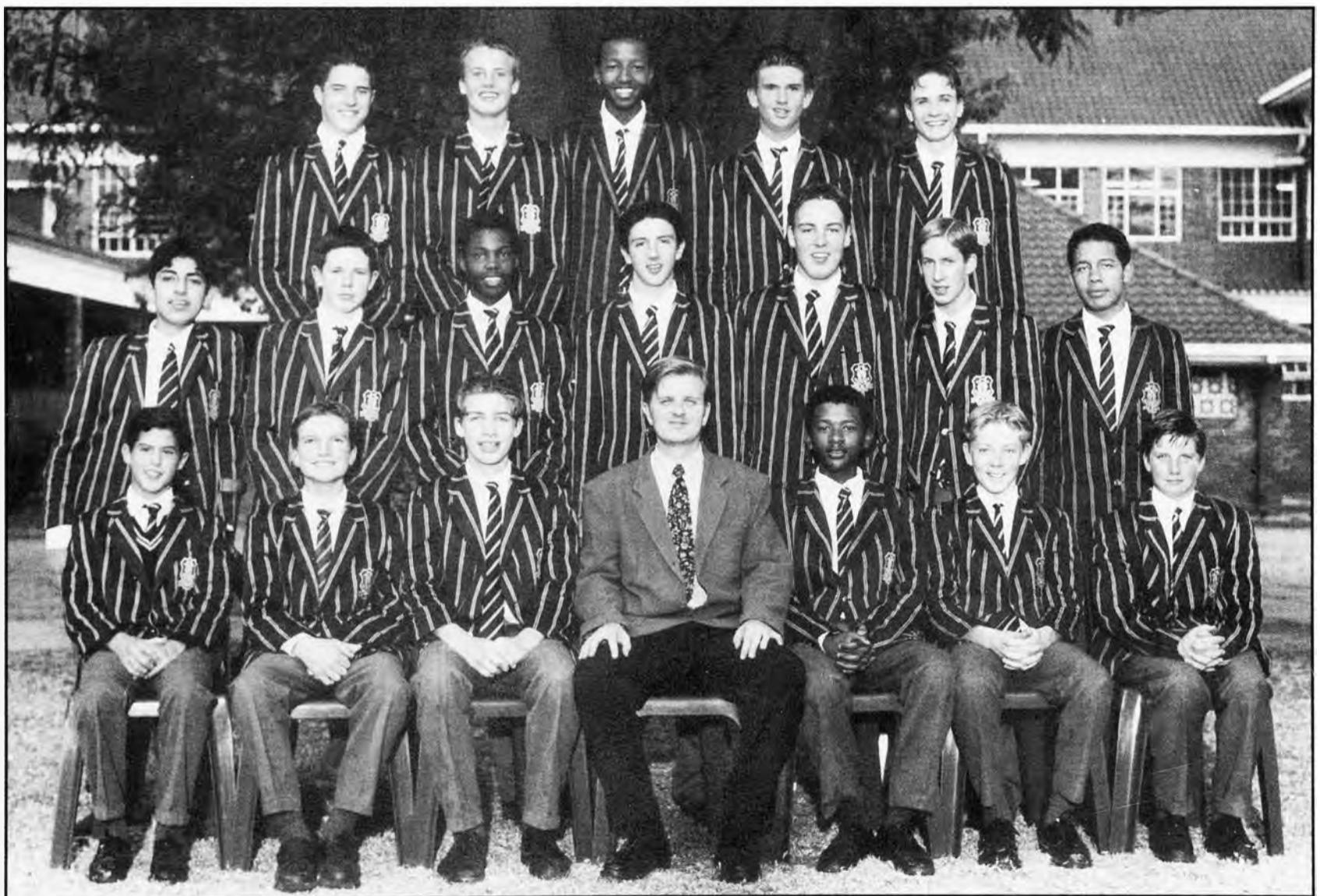
Standard 6C

Back row (left to right): D Bradbury; C Tomsett; B Hubbard; G Thomas; M Bourne; R Magampa; K Williams

Middle row (left to right): D Protti; L Johnson; D Jackson; T Makamba; G Nel; N Risi; P Edkins

Seated (left to right): M Kader; A Holmes; P-J Steyn; Mr G Pretorius; J Bennett; P Smith; B Leadbetter

Absent: A Chemaly; W Pollard



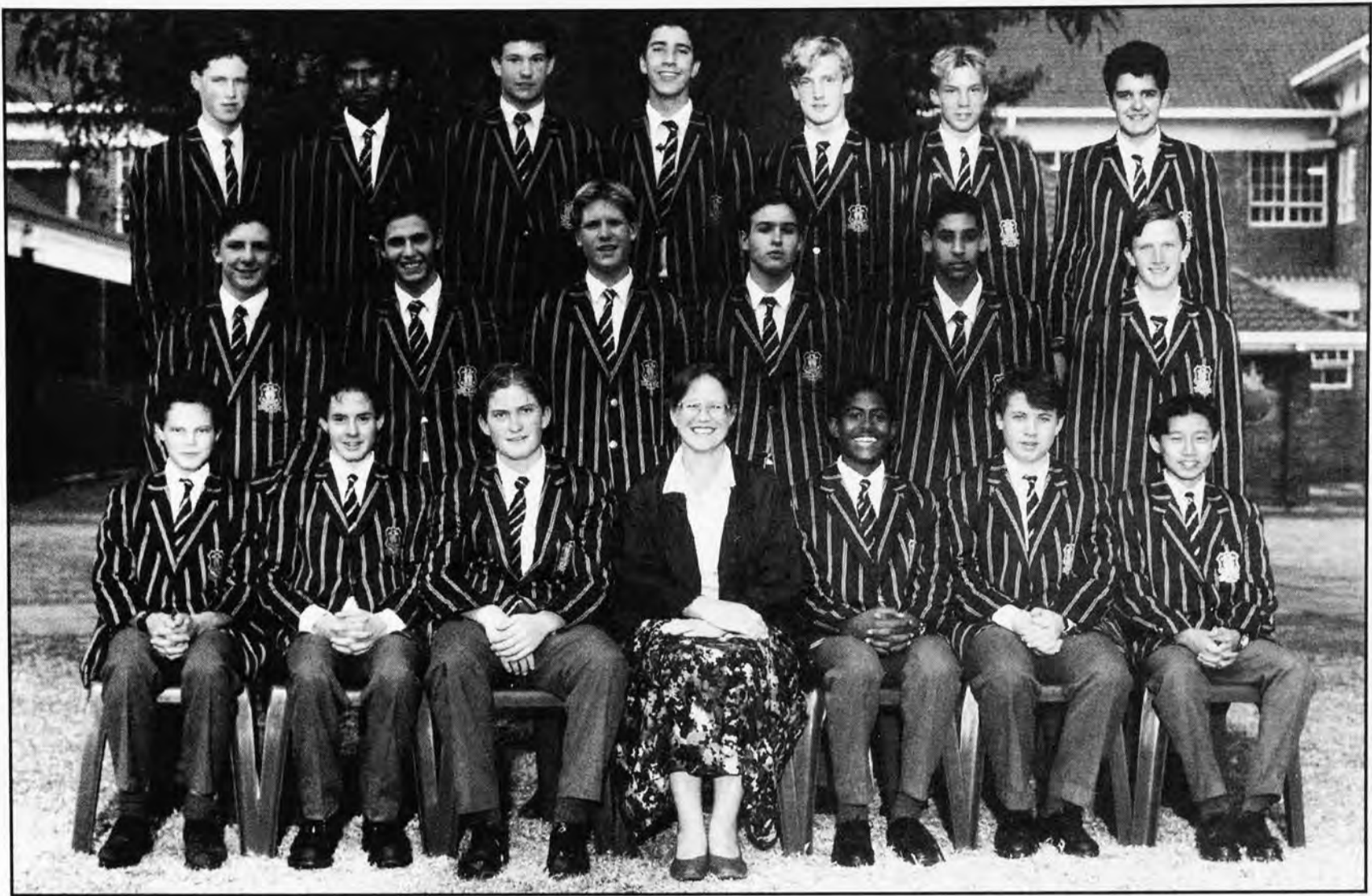
Standard 7M

Back row (left to right): L Fiasconaro; W Bruns; F Lenkoe; J West; B Poultney

Middle row (left to right): Z Laher; R Orr; B Sono; V van der Merwe; M White; J Middlewick; R Lai

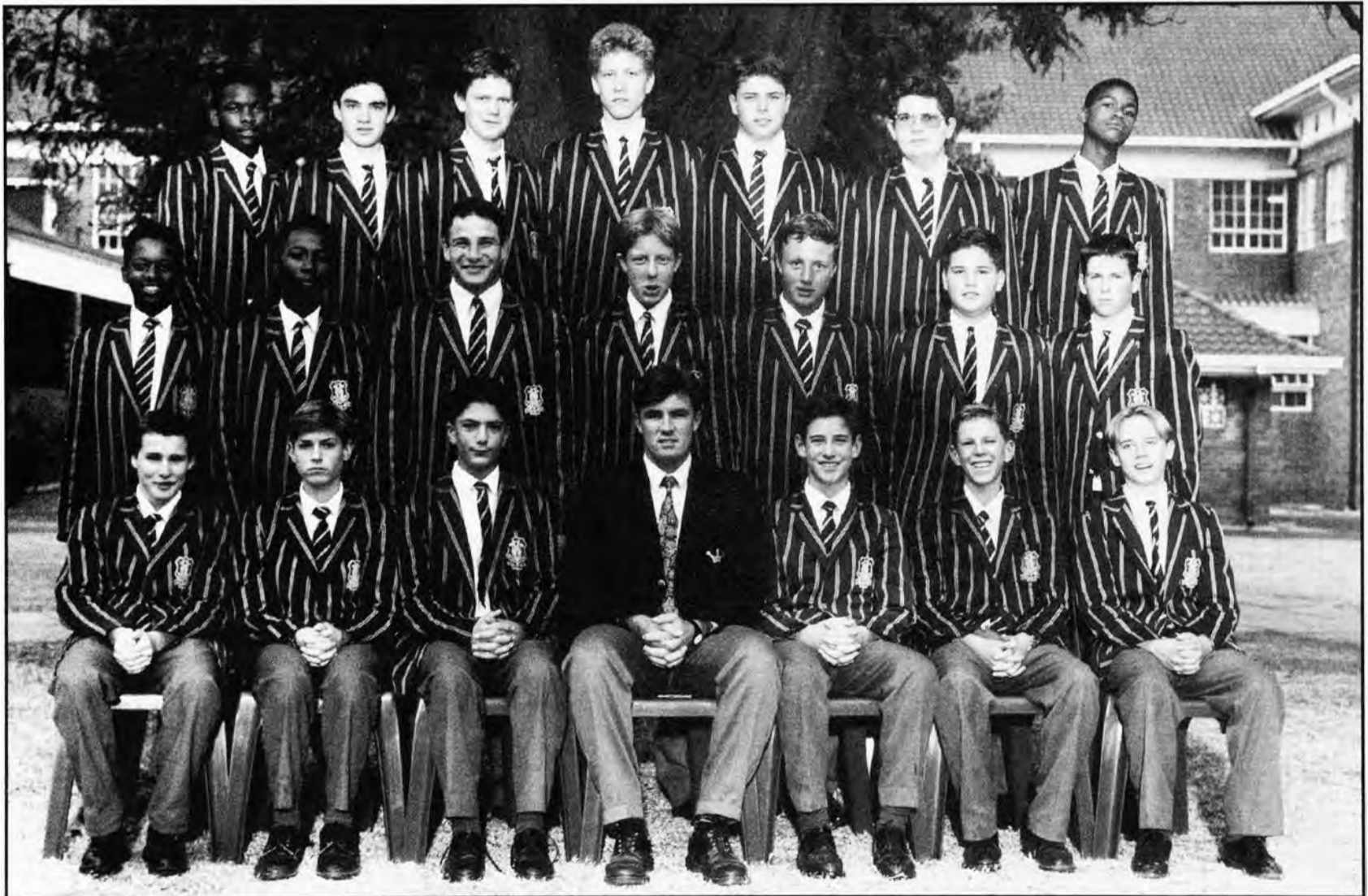
Seated (left to right): R Traver-de Sousa; J Sternberg; J Libera; Mr D Trollope; M Ramokgopa; A Moore; A Horsfield

Absent: S Naude; D O'Haughey



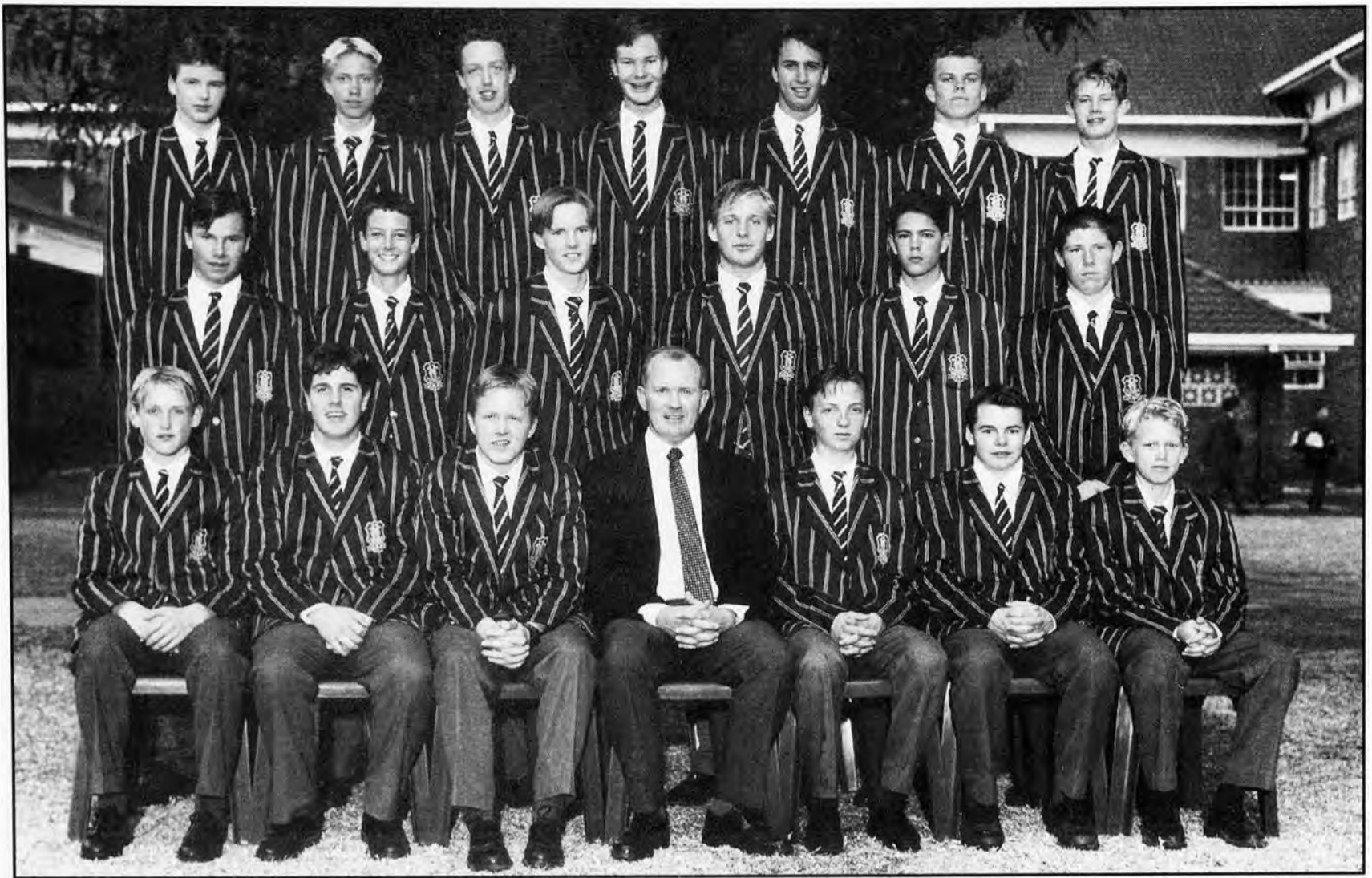
Standard 7B

*Back row (left to right): M Harrod; S Moorad; B Thomas; J Morte; D Wright; S Hayes; R Jorge
 Middle row (left to right): M Murray; S Pinto; R Tait; N Ranger; N Mahomed; W Collett
 Seated (left to right): N Alberts; G Simaan; B Janssens; Mrs A Carter; D Archary; G Ross-Munro; T Chen
 Absent: L Ceresa*



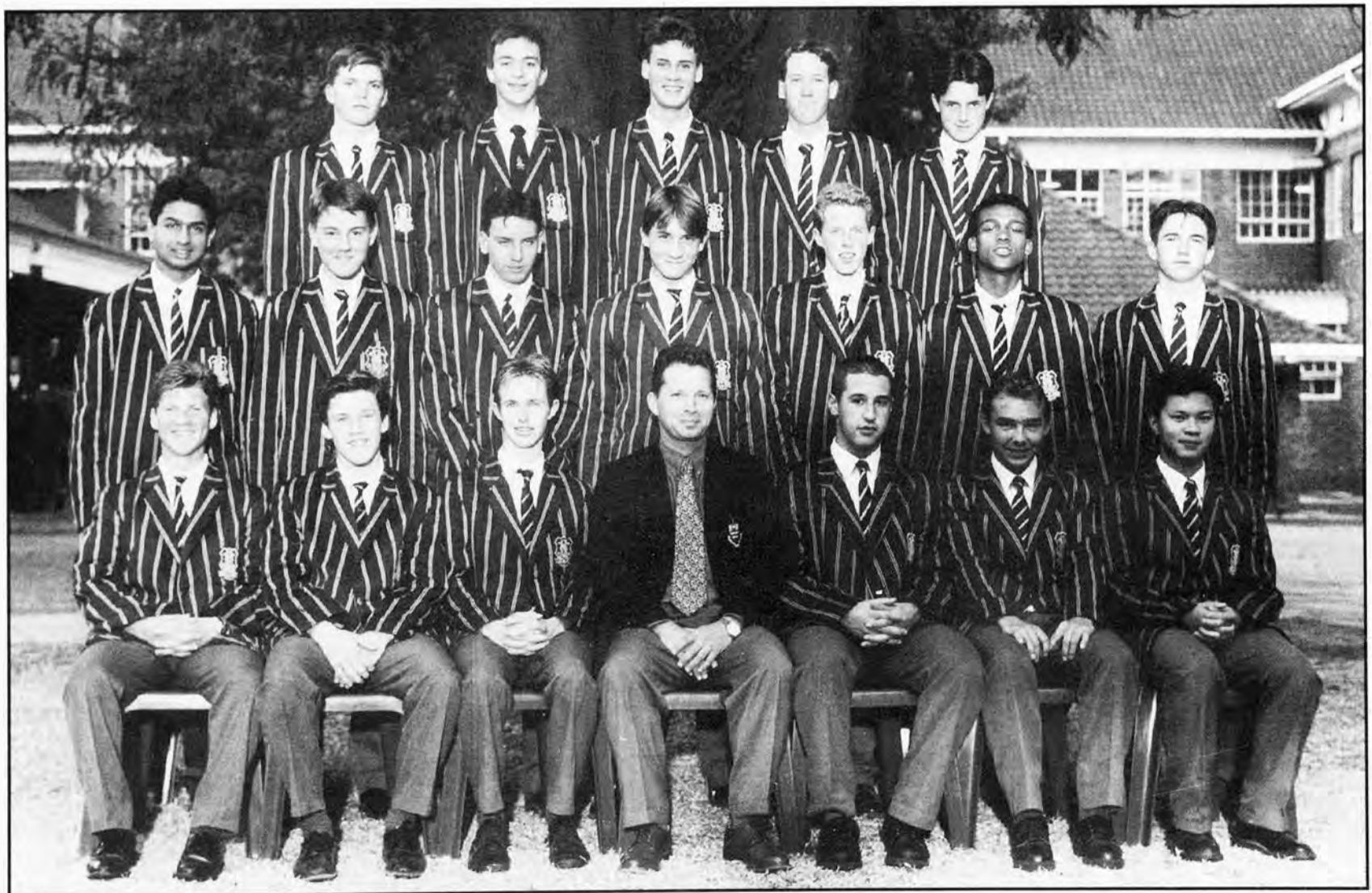
Standard 7C

*Back row (left to right): Z Nhantsi; K Putter; D Moore; M Lacueva; S Contardo; A Stocks; M Mageza
 Middle row (left to right): S Matshikwe; F Matitdza; P Owens; C Verhoog; V Deyzel; P Kobila; G Geldenhuys
 Seated (left to right): J Farrell; L Guareschi; L Chandler; Mr W Craven; J R McKay; N Royce; G Goodwin
 Absent: T Kalebka*



Standard 8M

*Back row (left to right): D Anderson; K Clover; A Foden; S Levick; A Iorio; J Turton; C Stockden
 Middle row (left to right): G Hutcheon; G Bowler; A Kelly; R Morgan; C Chandler; M Hellig
 Seated (left to right): D Emes; P Schoombie; J Hilton; Mr N Mitchell; R Whitaker; S Drayton; N Dempster
 Absent: R Abvajee; B Grindlay; D Tsaperas*



Standard 8C

*Back row (left to right): I Terbrugge; T O'Shea; M Vassarotti; D Horsten; A Treki
 Middle row (left to right): F Ahmed; S Zuccolotto; J Ryan; R Farinha; K Tucker; V Ngobeni; B Copestake
 Seated (left to right): B Duffield; B Teixeira; A Lacy; Mr S Fry; G Brown; L Eliot; J Lai
 Absent: J Dodson; C Lacy; C Mellis; M Muller; A Nel*



Standard 9C

Back row (left to right): V Nunes; D Pierson; P Denny; M van Gemert; G Moser; S Goldhawk; W Phillips

Middle row (left to right): D Helyar; G Metcalf; I Acott; J O'Haughey; G Wark; T Fokane

Seated (left to right): R Harris; R Sarlie; B Dama; M Ross; C Skhosana; M Ushikubo; T Tshabalala

Absent: N Kallinikos; G Shippen; I Wood

Standard 9M

The class photograph of Standard 9M does not appear.

D Busschau; J Cole; J Forssman; A Hsu; S Joseph; A Mahomed; K Masterton; M Masuku; C Morte; J Nel; K Noinyane; M Nunes; R Pinto; A Quail; A Sardar; M Skenjana; R van Lienden; B Vundla

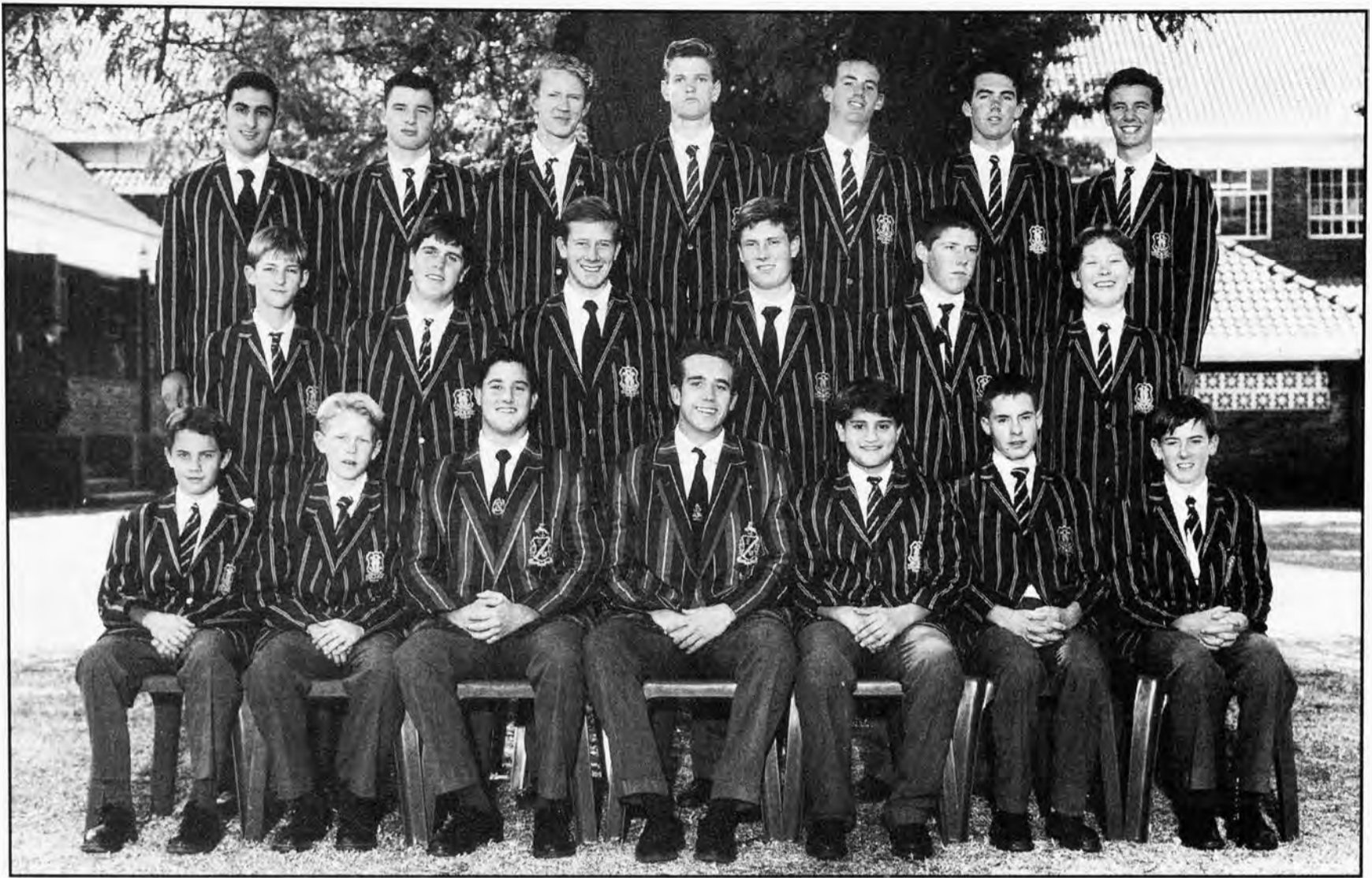
ELITE

**TRUCK HIRE
SERVICE CENTRE**

**LES TOMSETT
MANAGING DIRECTOR**

Nobel Street
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2093

P.O.Box 43410
Industria 2042
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Sons of Old Boys

Back row (left to right): G Joseph; M Ross; J Cole; A Quail; D Busschau; J O'Haughey; I Busschau

Middle row (left to right): A Macfarlane; P Schoombie; P O'Farrell; G Hellig; M Hellig; P Edkins

Seated (left to right): P Smith; N Dempster; J Wickins; M von Guilleaume; A Chemaly; G Simaan; M Marsay



Grade 0 to Standard 10

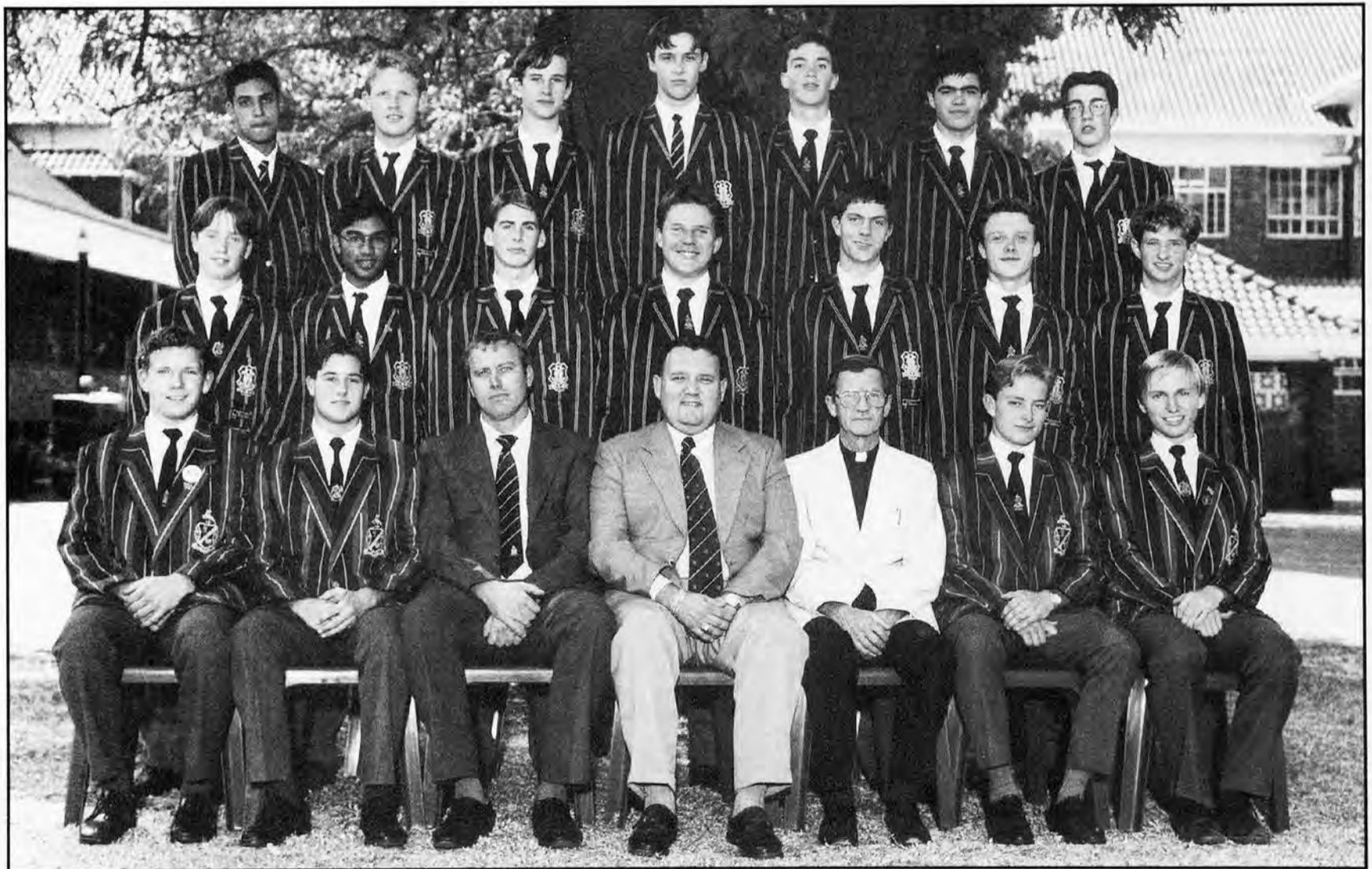
Back row (left to right): M Brand; I Duncan; M Wilkinson; T Wright

Seated (left to right): P O'Farrell; S Gallizio; J Wickins; M von Guilleaume; I Morgan; G Hellig; K Denalane



Driver Education

*Back row (left to right): K Denalane; B Foulkes-Jones; J Tilley; M Wilkinson; P O'Farrell
Seated (left to right): I Morgan; Mrs A Carter; W Mande; Mrs M Guilfoyle; J Wickins*



School Play - Journey's End

*Back row (left to right): A Mahomed; I Duncan; D Pierson; J Nel; T O'Shea; C Bechus; L Neto
Middle row (left to right): D Roane; S Gopal; I Acott; M Elphick; M Brand; G Emes; J Winderley
Seated (left to right): N Davison; J Wickins; Mr A Brownlee; Mr R Girdwood; Fr B Brewer; M Ward; I Morgan*

The Play

In producing the three-act play *Journey's End* I was once again most impressed by the scope and depth of the drama talent at St David's. The cast was made up of those who have been involved in drama for most of their high school careers, as well as a number who were walking the boards for the first time.

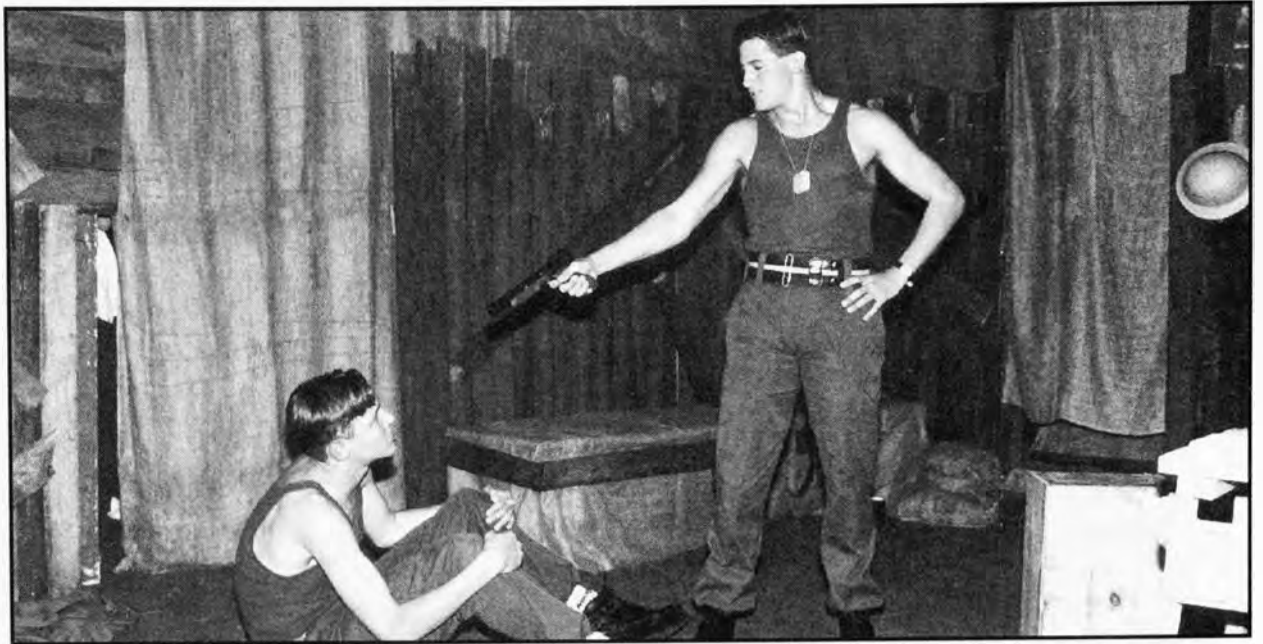
The play dealt with a situation in the trenches of France during the First World War - that "great war to end all wars." While the war raged on around them, the characters developed the plot of the play in their dug-out.

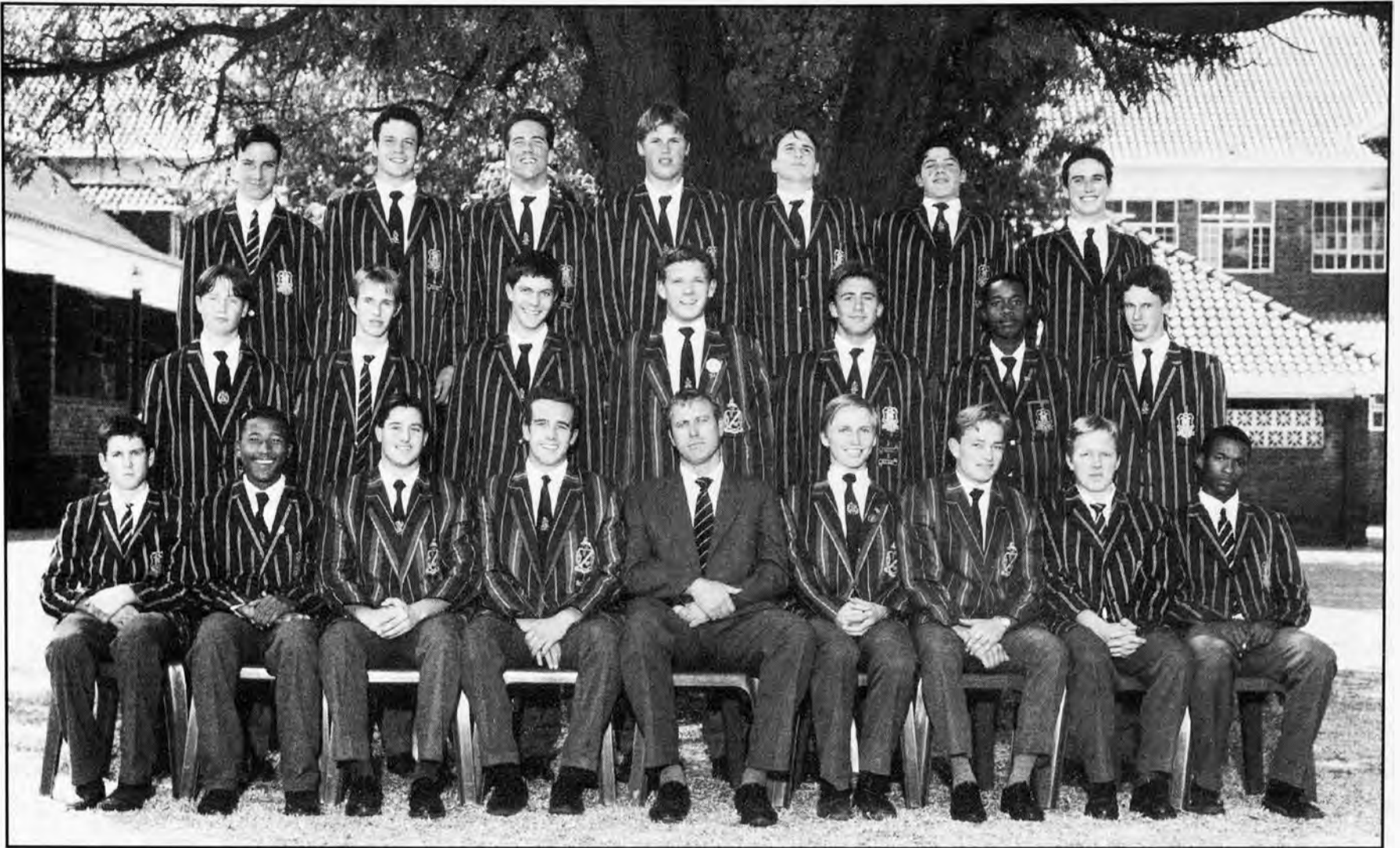
The backstage crew were most efficient, and the set, designed and constructed by the crew, was very effective in suggesting life in the trenches.

Drama at school has an important place in the development of the pupil. Not only are the communication skills enhanced, but the general confidence of the boy grows immeasurably. I certainly hope that we will be able to build on the good drama record we have achieved over the last six years.

Mr R J Girdwood

Master-in-Charge: Drama.



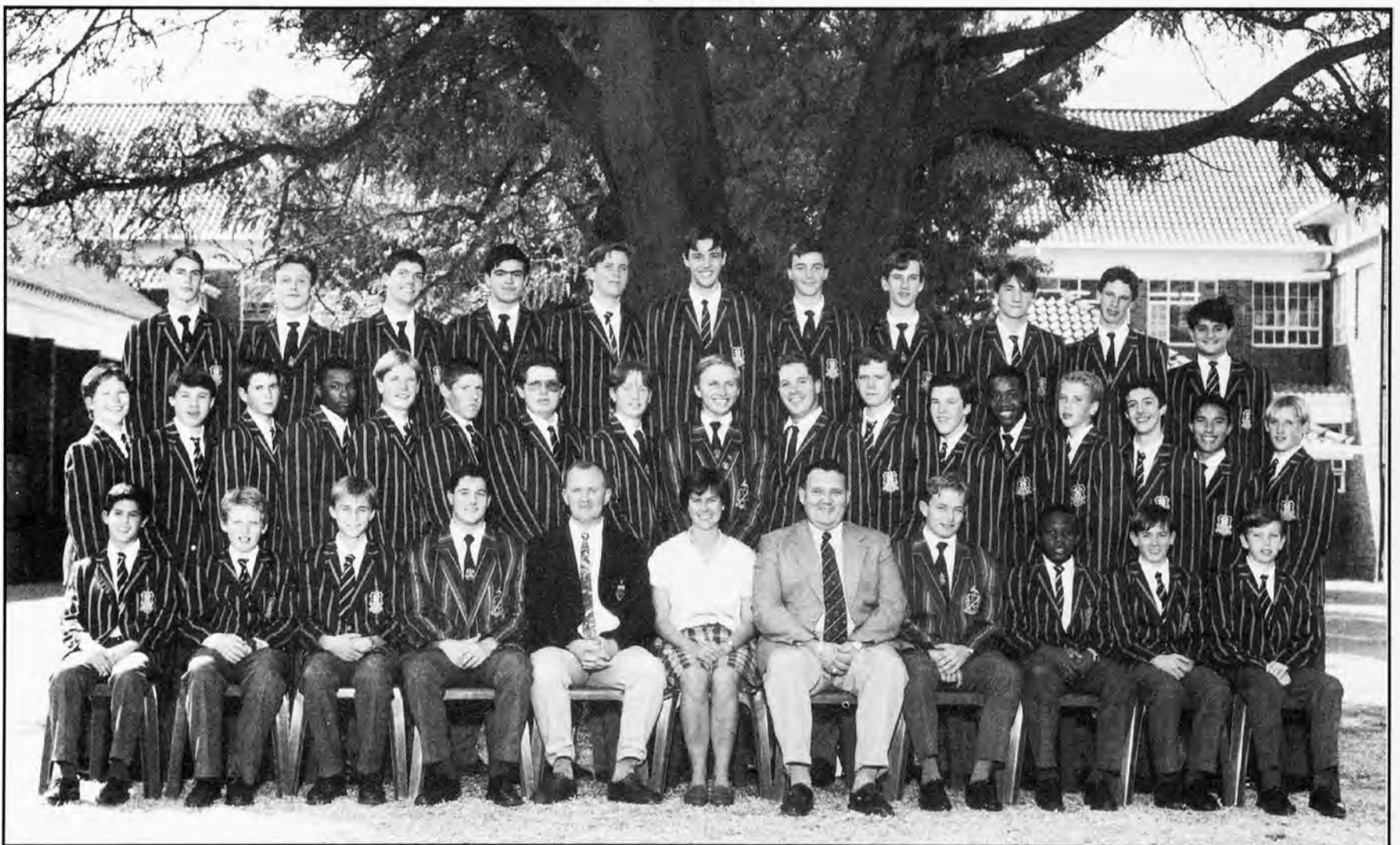


Parliament

Back row (left to right): J Ryan; M Wilkinson; J Kyriakakis; M Haswell; D Rabbolini; J Tilley; S Gallizio

Middle row (left to right): D Roane; A Lacy; M Brand; N Davison; W Mande; T Fokane; J Bateman

*Seated (left to right): G Geldenhuys; K Denalane; J Wickins; M von Guilleaume; Mr A Brownlee; I Morgan; M Ward
J Hilton; B Vundla*



Oratory

*Back row (left to right): I Acott; G Emes; M Brand; C Bechus; J Forssman; J Nel; T O'Shea; D Pierson; R Farinha
J Bateman; A Chemaly*

*Middle row (left to right): P Edkins; G Ross-Munro; G Geldenhuys; B Vundla; R Tait; M Hellig; A Stocks; D Roane
I Morgan; A Wostmann; D Moore; B Teixeira; T Fokane; E Jones; M Lopes; R Sarlie; D Emes*

*Seated (left to right): R Travers-de-Sousa; C Thomas; J Wickins; Mr N Mitchell; Ms J Leenstra; Mr R Girdwood; M Ward;
B Phiri; M Marsay; A Holmes*

Oratory

As in previous years St David's participation in Oratory covered the whole high school. Teams from each standard were entered in the Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers High Schools' Public Speaking Festival during the first term. The standard of speaking was high and our boys achieved adjudications which did them credit. Thanks to the members of the English Department for the time they put into helping the boys prepare.

An area of concern to a number of schools over the years has been the standard of the adjudication at the Festival. A number of initiatives have been made to start a smaller festival where tighter control over standard can be exercised. At present there are no fixed plans for changing our participation in the Festival in the future.

The second thrust in the Oratory programme at St David's is the Oral Examination at the end of the year. This year there were some innovations in the exam. The Standard 6, 8 and 9 boys presented themselves to the examining panel in groups of six, with different standards being examined on specific days. The Standard 7 classes presented their dramatisations of a scene from their Shakespeare set-work, "Julius Caesar".

R J Girdwood

Master-in-Charge: Oratory

Debating

This year we entered both the junior and senior sections of a local debating league, (last year we entered only the junior section). Debating at St David's had been allowed to lapse over the last few years and we still have quite some way to go in building up a Debating Society of experienced speakers well-versed in debating technique.

Motions debated included "Education is indoctrination" (against King Edward VII), "South Africa needs affirmative action now" (against Kingsmead), "Following orders is no justification" (against St Teresa's), "The crisis of modern youth is that of identity" (against Jeppe Boys) and "It is better to wear out than to rust out" (against Sacred Heart). Our relative inexperience meant that we didn't fare too well in most of these debates. More than once our first and second speakers did a fair job, only to be let down by a poor third speaker overcome by nerves who failed to execute his task properly or adequately.

Nevertheless, the lessons learnt, experience gained and growth in self-confidence is valuable and worthwhile, making winning or losing largely immaterial. Having to prepare a debate on a topical issue (which involves reading and research) and then stand up in front of a crowd of people, many of them strangers hostile to your point of view, and present an articulate, entertaining and persua-

sive argument, and sound as if you know what you're talking about, puts a boy on a rapid learning curve and gives him some familiarity with the issues of the day.

The keenness of the boys involved and the interest and support of many parents was very pleasing, and we look forward to the continued growth of debating at St David's next year.

Mr N Mitchell

SMILE

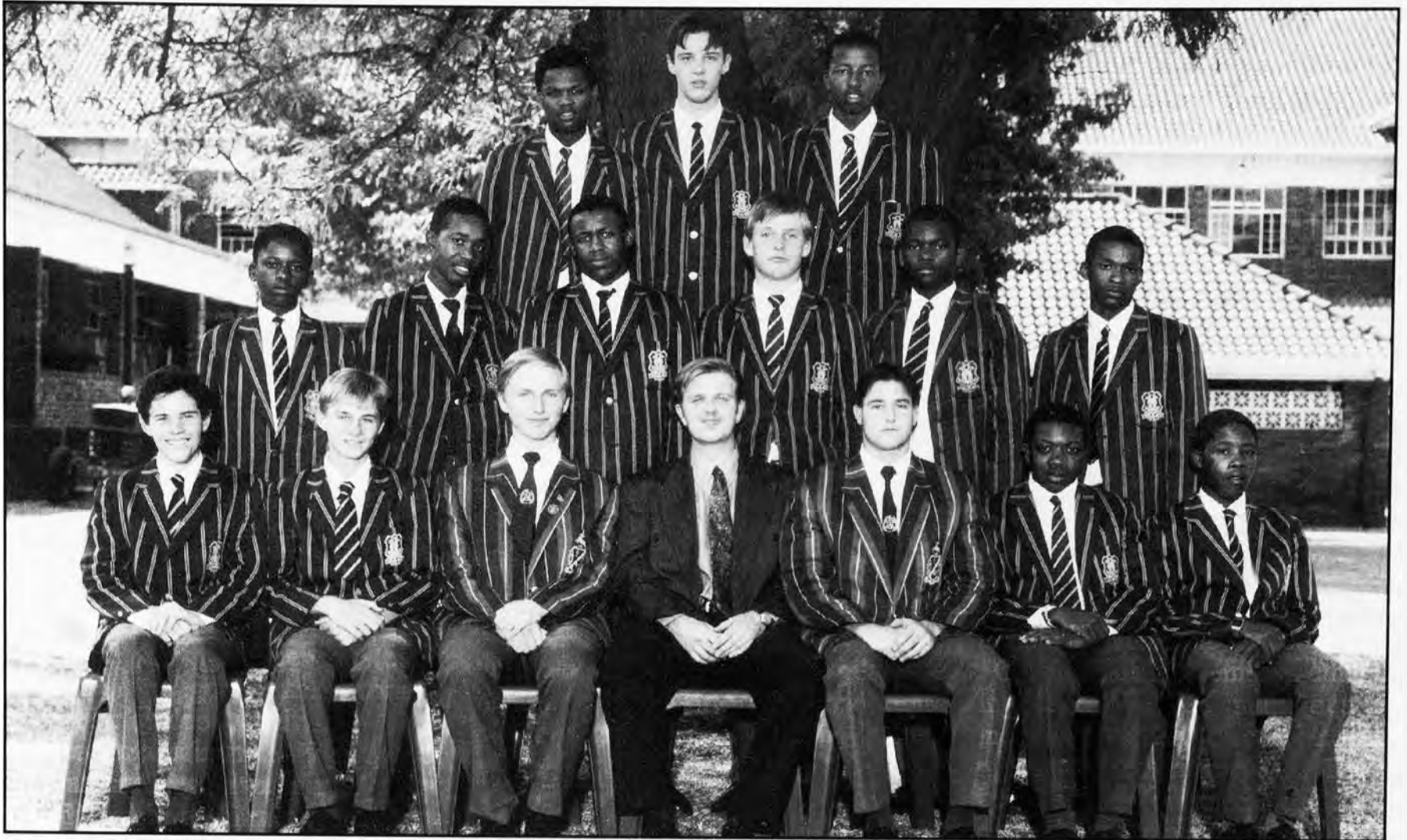
Our SMILE project, where we host Standard 3 children from schools in Alexandra in an English communicative skills programme, continued this year. The year's activities culminated in a Christmas concert, attended by the principals and teachers from the various schools in Alexandra, as well as representatives from First National Bank and SA Breweries, both of whom have kindly agreed to continue their sponsorship of the project for 1996.

Co-ordinator Tosca Collins reported on the achievements of the pupils, making particular mention of a 78% improvement over the past fifteen months since initiation of the programme. Much of this success is due to the commitment and enthusiasm of our own Standard 9 pupils who act as facilitators in the programme.

It was wonderful afternoon and a successful year.

Mrs R Henderson





College Choir 1995

*Back row (left to right): K Noinyane; J Nel; F Lenkoe
 Middle row (left to right): S Matshikwe; T Fokane; M Masuku; R Morgan; Z Nhantsi; B Vundla
 Seated (left to right): M Gordon; D Thomas; I Morgan; Mr D Trollope; J Wickins; T Tshabalala; R Pinto*

Standard Seven Oratory Exams

On Monday 6 November, four groups of Std 7 pupils put on plays of the assassination scene from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, for their oratory exam marks.

Considering that most boys in the cast were first-time actors, the plays went quite well, helped along with a multitude of colourful costumes and props. Large amounts of time, effort and fake blood went into the plays - although the blood could not always be seen as Caesar's body was usually facing the wrong way.

The costumes were interesting - one toga had an unusual floral print, and one was made of a varied collection of beach towels held together with belts. A few of the "Romans" had difficulty adapting to their new mode of dress, and seemed to lose their left arms in the folds of their robes. One unfortunate Mark Antony lost most of his toga as he was led from the stage, but he managed to get into the wings before disaster struck!

I felt that the best Caesars were Luca Fiasconara and Michael Murray, but they had certain advantages - Luca traded on being Italian, while Michael drew on his superiority complex. However, when cardboard daggers (covered in tin-

foil) struck repeatedly into them, they both consented to lie down and die.

Thanks to Mrs Henderson and Miss Leenstra for making the plays a success, and to Mr Girdwood and Mr Smith for helping to adjudicate.

G Ross-Munro Std 7B



The Inter-House Play Festival

The Inter-House plays won much acclaim and well-deserved praise this year. Not only were they of a very high standard, but the choice of plays made for a stimulating and highly entertaining evening of theatre.

The consistent high standard of the production made adjudication an unenviable task for Ms Denise Goosen and Mrs Margie Shaw-Taylor. After careful consideration, the following awards were made:

Best Producer went to Martin Brand of Benedict. His production of THE FIFTEEN MINUTE HAMLET highlighted skilful direction and a focussed cast. Benedict also garnered the award for Best Costume.

Best Set was awarded to College for their domestic drama NEVER RIGHT, YET AGAIN.

Winning Play was awarded to The Bishops for their outstanding production of FAWLTY TOWERS - COMMUNICATION PROBLEMS.

Clint Bechus won the Best Actor award for his hilarious portrayal of Basil Fawly.

The Best Supporting Actor award went to Michael Ward for his definitive performance as the 'irascible old duck'.

Our boys can be justifiably proud of themselves for show-casing their talents so effectively for their enthusiastic teamwork. Their efforts are worthy of congratulation and emulation.

Mrs D Cameron



Maths Olympiad

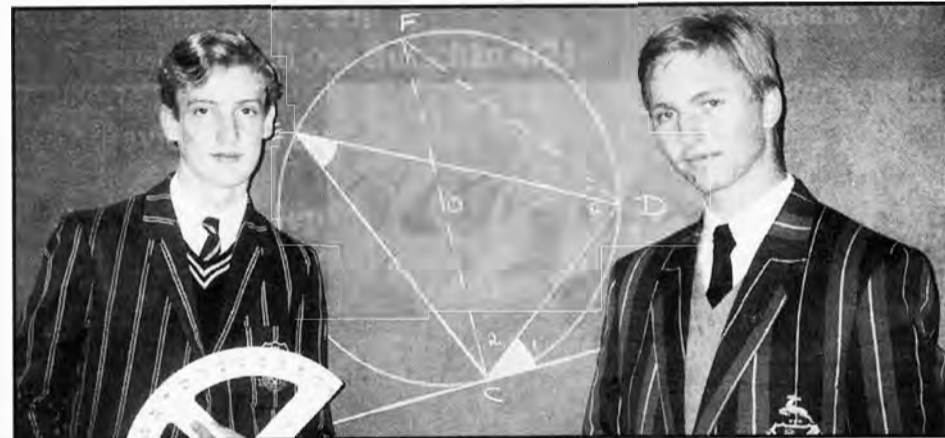
In the first term, our top Maths pupils wrote the first round of the South African Maths Competition, which is sponsored by Old Mutual. There are two sections in this competition, one for Juniors (Std 6 & 7) and the other for Seniors (Std 8, 9 and 10).

We were delighted with the results. Iain Morgan (Std 10), Jeremy Wickins (Std 10) and Jeffrey Ryan (Std 8) qualified for the second round in the Senior Division and Daniel Wright (Std 7) and Yasuyuki Moriguchi (Std 7) qualified in the Junior Division.

In the second round, our Maths "buffs" did not disappoint us. Iain qualified for the final round of the competition, known as the Maths Olympiad. Daniel was one of the winners in the Junior section and was awarded a silver medal for his achievement. Just for the experience, he decided to try his luck in the final round with Iain.

The final round was very tough - questions involving formal mathematical proofs replaced the multiple-choice questions of the first two rounds. Iain was not one of the ten winners, but he was awarded a bronze medal in recognition of his participation in the third round. To all our competitors and achievers, well done!

Miss L A Henning
(Head of Maths)



Maths Olympiad Daniel Wright and Iain Morgan.



Jonathan Kyriakakis, Jeremy Wickins and Iain Morgan achieved fourth place out of 49 schools in the Mintek Science Quiz for high schools. They brought home a R500 cheque for the college.

Job-shadowing

Once again many senior pupils benefited from the opportunity to experience the working world as it is in everyday life. Thanks to the many parents who volunteered to host our pupils, and to the "outsiders" who responded so positively to our requests for help, we were once again able to offer job-shadowing experiences to most of our interested pupils.

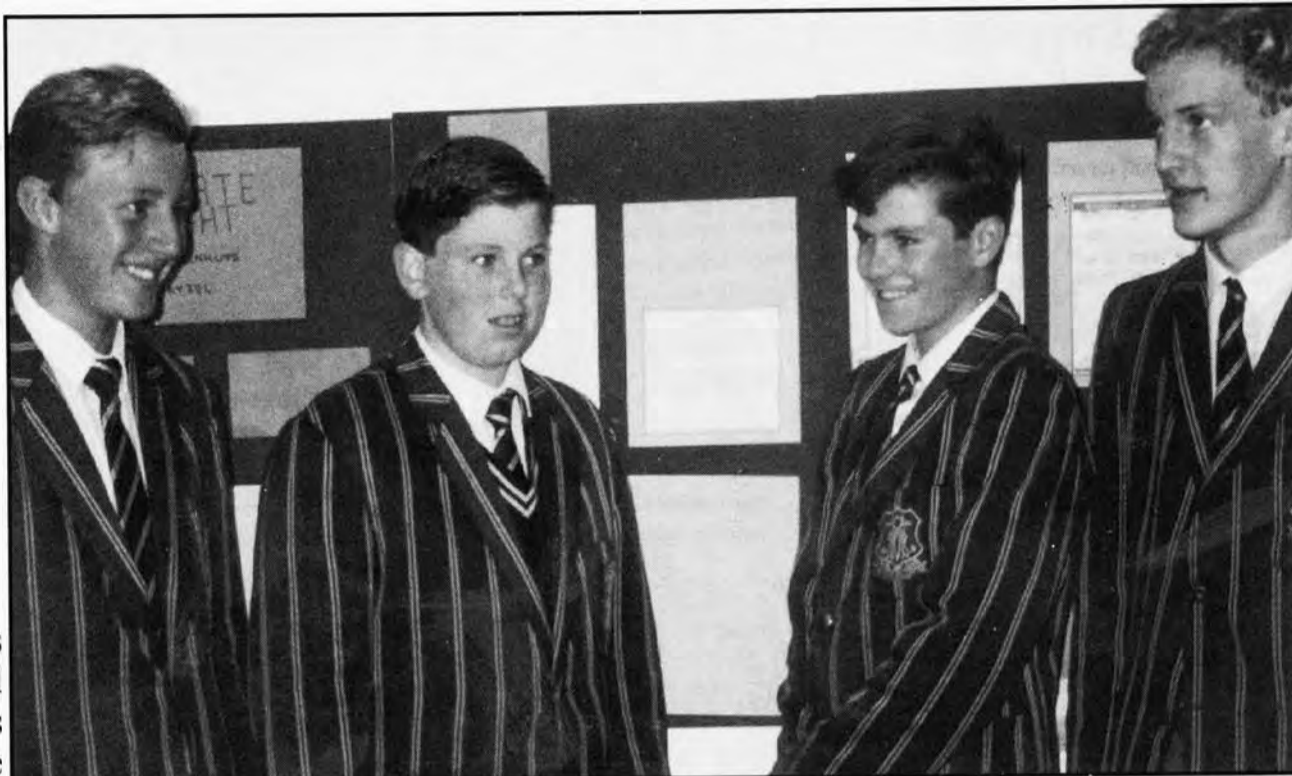
During the April holidays in particular, a large contingent of young men sampled a very wide range of careers, ranging from actuarial science to sport management and paramedics to chartered accountancy.

There is little doubt that this exposure to various careers helps teenagers to make more informed decisions about their future careers. Either they return to school more convinced than ever that their career choice is indeed the "right" one, or they are so put off by the experience that they know they must try something else during the next school holidays.

Whatever the outcome, our pupils are the winners - and helping them to win are the folk in the business world who are so willing to participate in our Job-shadowing Programme. We thank them most sincerely.

Miss L A Henning
(Career Guidance Counsellor)

Vaughan Deysel, Luca Ceressa, Gary Geldenhuys and Daniel Wright discuss their small businesses which were run over a period of four months as part of their Accountancy project. The knowledge they gained during this time will stand them in good stead when they enter the big world of business in about four years time.



Trout Fishing

To cast a home-made fly on a barbless hook delicately in front of a territorial fish, resulting in a sudden "knock", is for many a young angler the ultimate fishing experience. At St David's, trout fishing, and fishing in general (be it with lures or "papgooi"), has become a very popular outdoor activity.

This year pupils from the High School as well as the Prep have enjoyed a few outings to local trout farms. Not all outings have resulted in good catches, but they were always an enjoyable and relaxing afternoon away from the rush and the noise of modern urban life.

Some pupils have acquired the skills of a fly fisherman, having learned to tie their own flies, cast a line and bring to net their supper. For some, an afternoon included releasing geese from gut, looking for feathers for flies, or just hoping that a big fish would choose their fly or bait. Never enough time could be spent fishing - pupils would like to stay at the trout farms for longer periods than allowed by these outings. Sport and weather permitting, day trips will be arranged next year.

It was very pleasing to see how many pupils in both the Prep and the High School have started tying their own flies, in itself a very relaxing pastime. Many an afternoon was spent tying various flies in the Biology Lab.

Mr G M Norton

Bonsai Society

1995 has not proved to be a good Bonsai year, with only a few trees being planted by pupils. The extremely hot and dry summer of 1994/1995 resulted in the death of many of our trees, especially those grown in medium to small containers. Many pupils who initially started growing these little trees have tried other societies or have maintained their original trees planted during previous years. An example of such a tree is a Kei apple (*Dovyalis caffra*) planted by one of

our matrics, Peter O'Farrell, when he was in standard six. Many pupils have brought in trees for pruning and transplanting indicating an ongoing interest in this fascinating hobby.

Mr G Norton

Matric Dance Committee 1995

The theme for this year's dance was Africa. The event was held off school property again at Oakfield Farm in Honeydew. Organizing the dance was hard work, especially since we were competing with the Australian rugby tour. Nevertheless, the committee put all their enthusiasm into it and we managed

to hold an incredible dance.

Our fundraising seemed a rather daunting task. We had numerous events including raffles, discos, movie premieres and catering events. The dance itself was an outstanding success and certainly a memorable occasion.

On behalf of the Matric Dance Committee I would like to thank all those parents and staff who assisted us throughout the year, and especially Miss Joseph and Mr Trollope without whose hard work and advice the dance would not have been the success it was. Thanks also go to all those Std 8s who waited at the dance.

D Pierson Std 9C





Students of Morris Isaacson High showed us around their school, used for the filming of "Sarafina". Our boys were surprised to find that in many classrooms there were places for more than a hundred students.



The caretaker at Regina Mundi (Queen of the World) explained how the church had been a sanctuary during the liberation struggle. He pointed out the bullet holes in the windows, left by the police and army at rallies and funerals.



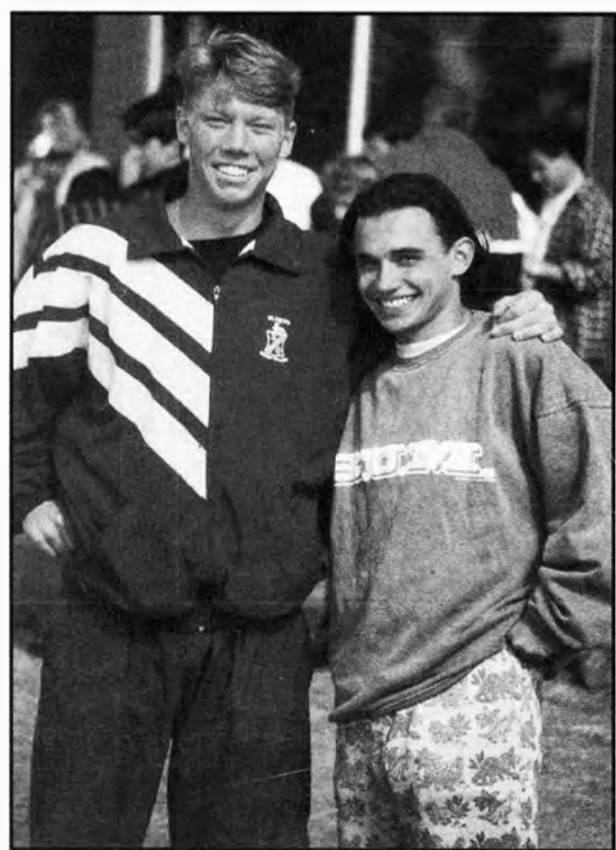
At the Hector Peterson memorial, erected at the spot where he was shot.



Getting a good look at Winnie Mandela's sumptuous home.



Mr Andrew Brownlee, Osmond's Housemaster, poses with the Osmond Junior Oratory team who won the Inter-House Public Speaking Competition. (left to right) Adam Stocks, Paul Edkins and Gary Geldenhuys hold the trophy expertly fashioned by Mr Gary Norton.



Kai Masterton and Rotary Exchange student Justin Plichta from Houghton Michigan, USA. Justin was with us from August '94 to August '95. The Masterton family hosted him for part of his stay.

College Literary

My Cat

My cat sits on the window ledge in the gleaming sunlight, staring at the birds below, he slowly, but cutiously makes his way out the window like a sneak thief in the night. Unknowingly the birds move out in the open. Like an assassin he moves in closer for a clear shot. As quick as a flash he launches himself, he stops, lifts up his head and meows contentedly. I admire his instincts, but am repulsed by his cruelty.

Anonymous

My Phonecard

My phonecard waits eagerly in my wallet, just to be zipped out and plugged into a machine. This small piece of plastic is the key to all the phones in South Africa. Each time I pull it out, it buzzes with excitement, then transfers all its energy to the ring on the other side of the line.

G Brennon Std 6M

The Painted Picture

There is a valley with trees all around, and in the centre of this beautiful valley is a dam which gives life to all who dwell in it. The great pine trees that flourish on the hills are like crowds of people in ancient Greek theatres looking down on the centre stage, which is the water. If you wake early in the morning, go outside and sit quietly. Looking at the dam, it is flat as glass. If you are lucky enough you will see the monkeys and little bucks come and bask in the short period of fresh morning sun they get.

The fresh air will come down in clouds of mist and cure a cold from the city. All of a sudden the morning will come to life when you hear the sizzle of the bacon and eggs on the fire. The whole day is relaxing and refreshing. You could never get tired of it. Once you have been there, you will always remember it because there will always be that picture in your mind of this beautiful valley.

M Marsay Std 6M

The Golf Course

The crisp sound of the club connecting with the golf ball makes me feel proud of my shot. Early in the deep green wet morning is the time I like to play. When the mist is lifting and you are able to see one hundred yards, that is the time. You

feel fresh and clean and you feel determined to do better than on your previous encounter.

As you hit your opening tee shot the tension leaves you. Then you pick up your clubs to proceed to your fairway shot. You pull out the four iron so as to get relatively close to the lush wet green.

The second shot vaults over the stream in front of the green and lands like a puff of smoke in the white as snow sand in the trap. You walk over the stream as you follow your ball's trail into the sand trap. You pick up your most suitable club, the sandwedge, and balance yourself neatly and comfortably in the sand. You measure your shot take the backswing and trumpet down onto the sand, lofting the ball. It is followed by puffs of sand that flutter into the sky like a flock of birds. I follow the ball as it rolls and rolls.

"Oh", I say. I have missed by a couple of centimetres. I step up and take my putter. I sink the ball in the black hole. Then I proceed to the next tee.

L Dafert Std 6M

Shutdown

She was beautiful. Her blue eyes had a twinkle in them. I gazed at her. She turned and smiled. She walked towards me, her hair flowing behind her. I moved towards her with one thing on my mind. Then her boyfriend came from behind and kissed her. I felt shutdown.

K Speirs Std 6B

The Unforgiving Rugby Field

Right down at the corner of the school are four havens of enjoyment, covered in a thick coat of grass like the finely layered hair on our heads.

Each has lines drawn across the half, the quarters and the sides. These lines stretch across like confusing roads on a map. Around the field is a huge perimeter - orientated fort of trees, hiding the houses like a wall of camouflage. The birds thrive in the beautiful brush, chirping away their noisy gossip. Along the line I walk, the line that many have attempted to cross but which few have managed to do.

I stop at the towering H-like posts. I glance between the poles and bring out a rugby ball from my lonely torn, satchel. I plant it on the bright, green grass that almost blinds me as I look down. I plant

the ball on the ground and back up to kick my dreams ahead. The ball shatters the air, gliding past the right post. I shudder in defeat and think, "So close, yet so far!" I have learned how the curse of the field endures in the hearts of men. Triumph is not a common virtue. The sun rages down on me, yet it was calm the day before.

As I leave with my stricken ball and my tired satchel, I remember to accept the unpardoned pains and triumphs of the rugby field.

M Lopes Std 6M

This is Me

It had finally happened. My greatest fears come to rest and set an unescapable spell. I nearly passed out as Mr Smith handed two pieces of writing to me. It was true.

I hadn't been working at all. My lethargic personality had taken me on, one on one. "Fifteen minute trash", was all one needed to say. I had thrown aside the marks as if they did not matter to me. I had gotten too big for my boots about English.

I was eager for a way out of this unexpected nightmare. The only way to keep the reality alive was to extinguish the dream. I went to Mr Smith to search for answers.

I got the kick I had needed for the past thirteen years. I'll never forget his words:

"When you write, you must be able to say to the world when you've finished, 'This is me'."

I felt reborn and reformed.

My lethargy had been replaced by pride.

M Lopes Std 6M

The Air of Death

At a place about 200km from Johannesburg lies a camp. It lies between two hills. Next to it runs a river strong and blue. At this place the birds still sing their merry songs of praise. You can hear the hyena still laugh to himself. Here animals live their lives with no worries. The grass grows as high as a child. But when the winter comes the hunters come to rest and fest. At this camp they have come and gone. It is winter now. The hunters come to kill again and the birds have gone. The animals go and hide. The willows are bare. The air of death is here. The cars come and the roar of the generator starts again. The fire burns. The air is filled with tales of hunts gone by. The laughter of the hyena is now the laughter of men.

The huts are bare except for the gun racks and beds. The store room is filled with food. The rusted old hooks still hang on. The bellowing of bullets is the reminder of the terror. But slowly it becomes summer again and the hunters leave. The life returns once again.

M Paschkewitz Std 6M

The Death of an Animal

The scorching midday sun blazed down upon my face. Sweat trickled down my forehead and into my mouth, leaving the taste of salt on the tip of my tongue.

As I drew nearer to my prey the gravel crunched beneath my feet. I took my gleamingly polished rifle's rough leather shoulder strap off my shoulder and took aim. As I pulled the trigger the force of the shot knocked me down onto the dehydrated veld.

I had hit the buck and it staggered off in agony. I followed in anticipation. The characteristic smell of blood smothered my nostrils as it dripped from the animal's wound, leaving a trail of blood.

The animal collapsed and blood oozed from its mouth. Its fur was stained by the blood's distinctive colour. All the muscles in the animal's body suddenly went limp. Its innocent face lay on the dry dust and flies soon began to crowd it. A while later the cry of a vulture could be heard.

V van der Merwe Std 7M

Night comes like...

Night comes like *a silent warrior in a mystery attack.*

L Fiascanaro

Night comes like *a blanket covering the sun.*

B Sono

Night comes like *the end of the holiday.*

J West

Night comes like *a broken light bulb.*

N Ranger

Night comes like *the circular movement of a clock.*

S Moorad

Night comes like *a dark blanket being cast over the earth.*

S Pinto

Night comes like *the flick of a switch.*

W Collett

Night comes like *a pair of silent black wings.*

B Thomas

Night comes like *a cold silent mist.*

D Wright

Night comes like *a floating petal.*

M Murray

Alliteration and Assonance

The whisper of the wind whined through the trees.

W Bruns

The whispering wind whined through the windswept streets.

L Fiascanaro

The woeful wailing of the infirm infant.

R Traver-de Sousa

The chatter of the boys as they see the enchanting girl.

N Ranger

The sobbing of a child whose throbbing heart is sore.

S Moorad

The hollow howl of the harrowed hound.

D Wright

The snivelling, sniffing, sobbing of a child.

M Harrod

Similes

The cranes creak like *enormous cork openers.*

S Hayes

A high-rise building is like *a towering rocket ship about to blast off.*

J Sternberg

The cranes creak like *giants walking over an old wooden bridge.*

N Ranger

She smiled like *a happy, young, excited puppy.*

N Ranger

She smiled like *a breath of fresh air in a mine shaft.*

D Wright

Associations

What are light? Feathers and *cowardice.*

What are shiny? Suns and *bravery.*

What are long? Roads and *envy.*

What are blue? Skies and *Mondays.*

Z Laher

What are light? Feathers and *fun.*

What are shiny? Suns and *fortune.*

What are long? Roads and *reason.*

What are blue? Skies and *treason.*

D Wright

Overcoming Prejudice

I was born in Hong Kong and I lived there for a few years. Up until the point I left Hong Kong, I had never seen a black person. We were moving to South Africa so I guaranteed to see one there. I was about six years old at the time. I never even knew where South Africa was but it was to be my home for years to come. My family is not a prejudiced family and I never knew what prejudice was until I moved. I hadn't witnessed even one instance of racism in my young life so far. Hatred hadn't entered my life yet.

My dad said we were leaving Hong Kong, which was the only place I knew, and I thought to myself where else is there to go; haven't I seen everything? I had seen planes but never even thought about where they were going. The plane was great fun; it always is at that age. I ran up and down like a house on fire. A few rows down I saw a black man for the very first time. It was strange as I had only seen white people and oriental people. My mother talked to me later on that night in the queue for the toilet. He looked normal to me but the people on the flight, who were mostly South Africans, seemed to ignore him and even avoid him. I never understood. It turned out he was British and was doing a round trip back to London via Jan Smuts.

On arrival at Jan Smuts I saw many black people, all of whom were doing work for white people, like carrying their bags. We got a lift to a friend's house, where we were staying for a while. I curiously asked the driver, who was my father's friend, where all the black people were and why I hadn't seen any in the cars opposite us. After all, my parents did tell me there were "different"

people here. The driver replied, "Blacks don't have cars; they walk everywhere". This puzzled me.

After a few months we were living in a house of our own. My father employed a lady to work for us, a black lady. She was nice and became my friend. However, my father also employed a gardener. His name was Samuel and he was also black. I never really talked to him in the beginning. For some reason I never liked Samuel. I think it was because he was always doing wrong things. He would always make a noise while I was watching television. He cut down a big plant which I loved. I hated him for it even though he was told to do it. I disliked him as he was a little different. There is a bit of hate in all of us. He walked with a limp and claimed he was shot in his leg. He seemed dirty and talked funny. I really just hated him and found the smallest excuse to hate him even more. He couldn't read. My friends from pre-school came round and I said he was a horrible man and they replied, "No, he is just a kaffir; kaffirs can't read". I asked what the word "kaffir" meant and they said they didn't know; they heard their parents use it. My parents told me I must never use it when I asked them what it meant.

One day, for some reason I cannot remember, I shouted foul words at this guy which I had picked up. I used words I am ashamed to use now. I said I wished he would leave and I told him I hated him. He said I shouldn't say things like that. That made me more angry. However, Samuel stayed on.

Samuel brought his son home, who was the same age as I was. We got on well and played together. We were great friends. But Samuel's son left after a month and I was sad. I started talking to Samuel more now. Every time I talked to him more hatred disappeared. He told me about his life and how he lived as a child. He was poor and I felt sorry for him. He taught me how to ride a bike. We eventually became friends. Every day I talked to him. He was fun to be with.

Samuel stole a gold pen from my father. My father asked him to leave. I was very sad. Samuel was gone but my memories of him have remained.

K Tucker Std 8C

Subconscious Speculations

Medically, I would not consider myself an insomniac. Generally, I am able to get the amount of sleep that my body requires. However, there are the nights,

perhaps one every one or two months, that some chemical, quietly secreted from some deeply buried gland, stealthily makes its way to my brain.

It usually starts affecting me in the early evening. I feel a reluctance to exercise, a desire to drink something cool and smooth, to feel cool and smooth, a yearning for some eerie melody to move my soul. As the evening wears on, my mood remains constant, until eventually I decide to retire to the sleep that I know will not come. Like a grim machine, I mechanically go through the process of cleaning my body, my teeth, my face.

When I do finally lie on my bed, I know that there is no point in lowering the blind. Rather, I let the silvery light of the moon softly illuminate my room. I turn on the radio and play the most soulful music I can find. Slowly, I become more and more relaxed. I sink into a kind of melancholy depression. I stare out of the window, with faces of people I know drifting before me. I become sadder, lonelier.

As I lie, I recollect a conversation I had with my father. He told me how almost exactly the same condition plagues him from time to time. I know that this whole experience is due merely to some chemical, but it is hard to believe that, lying on my bed. I feel so lonely, and yet I want to be alone. There is a hollowness in my chest.

Eventually, I reach a state somewhere between consciousness and unconsciousness, what you might call subconscious. I can feel that I am almost able to harness the elusive power of the subconscious brain, but then I realise that I am only a spectator. Like one lonely person in a massive metal stadium, looking on as my brain chews through thoughts like a runaway wheat harvester tearing up a field. The harder I struggle to see what my mind is doing, the further away it seems to get.

Hours slip by. The later it gets, the further into the realm of the unconscious I fall, but never reaching sleep, never finding rest. Strange things start to happen. It's almost as though my brain has gone to sleep, but some strange part of my mind remains awake, watching. My brain starts to dream while I am watching it, but it is not the same as an ordinary dream. From where I am, I only see a few snatches of images, a couple of micro-seconds long. I don't enjoy the dream, but rather it is so fast that I just feel uncomfortable.

I am not afraid, but I break into a cold sweat. Even though the thoughts that my

subconscious brain devours seem incredibly complex and profound, my mind tosses them round like toys. The dismaying part is that I never get to see the conclusions that my mind draws, and so I emerge none the wiser. I suppose that sleep must overcome me sometime between midnight and the time that I wake up.

Although so many things are happening in my mind, the intense calm is never really disrupted. If people could only harness this immense power, our unending striving for harmony and understanding would finally be brought to rest.

J Turton Std 8M

The Waiting is Over

The hot sun is beating down on my back. I talk to a few friends as I wait for line-up to begin. My housemaster walks towards us holding that familiar brown cardboard box containing those dreaded brown envelopes - our reports.

We listen to a few notices. I ignore these as my concentration stays fixed on that all-too-familiar brown box. My body stiffens as Mr Geldenhuys starts handing out the reports. He starts with the Standard Tens and I can move again. I have mixed feelings. First I feel excitement in the hope that I might get a good report, and then nervousness follows as I think how badly I could have done. It is only when I wipe my face that I realise I am sweating.

My conscience starts to get to me. I know I have not worked hard at all this term and deserve a bad set of results. All my concentration now shifts to Mr Geldenhuys who is now handing out the Standard Nines' reports. My senses become dulled. I am unaware of any sound or movement around me. It is like I am trapped on a planet with no other life on it and I cannot escape.

My imagination starts going wild. I start having visions. I picture myself in my room studying my butt off after having been grounded for three months.

Finally the Standard Nines are finished and Mr Geldenhuys pulls out the Standard Eight reports. I am the first in Standard Eight to receive my report. I start walking towards Mr Geldenhuys. I feel like I have been waiting for a year and I am on death row. The report is the lethal injection I will receive.

I have to spend another painful fifteen minutes waiting for my mom in the car park. She does not arrive. The waiting becomes too much. In one swift movement I whip my report out of my pocket

and rip it open, taking care that no one sees me.

The results are as bad as I imagined. This is the day I experienced what is meant by that famous saying: the anticipation of death is worse than death itself.

C Chandler Std 8M

Homes for All

In the back of my mind, subconsciously, I know that homelessness is an acute problem in society today. I try not to take what I have for granted but I know I do. Donating to charity in the past seemed to relieve the burden on my soul. After an encounter with this horribly disturbing fate of many my prior feelings have been blown away and strong emotions are arising like a phoenix from its ashes.

Driving through the streets of Johannesburg city centre a group of "dogooders" has caused an upwelling within my heart. We are travelling in a minibus and my ears are open to all the conversation. A certain raconteur is informing us where to play a great war game. Another member keeps airing his anxiety about the upcoming exams. I cannot help thinking that the point of this trip has already eluded them.

They, the unfortunate creatures, are lined up against the north-facing walls as if waiting for a departure. The sun had long been nesting and now the cold is settling in like a cloud of mist. The cold is bitter and they are bearing the brunt of it. Every extra joule of warmth is a godsend. Emerging from the bus I notice that few have ample clothes. Their faces are gloomy and dismal. Whilst speaking to a fellow volunteer I learn that these people have lost all hope in society. They are living to die.

The soup kitchen van arrives. A little hope is restored. A slice of wholesome bread and a cup of soup is welcomed. This food, in all likelihood, is the first in days. The gratitude of these people is unlike any other I have received. I realise that I still take everything for granted.

God created us. He created us in a way that not two are alike. He also intended for all to see that we are all his creations. The Khoi have lived by this rule for centuries. Why is it that society is in this state of confusion? It is due to no one accepting the responsibility for their actions.

All are different but equal and thus we must care for others as we care for ourselves, help others and love others as we do ourselves. The only way to experi-

ence life is to give it by helping others.

A Iorio Std 8M

Night thoughts of an insomniac

I finally lay my tired head, crammed full of formulas and definitions, onto the cool, soft pillow. I slowly allow the softness of my bed together with the darkness of my room to let my mind drift into another world. I suddenly recall that I have to write a science exam the next day; in doing this, my mind halts. Quickly and silently I begin to recite the many formulas and confusing definitions, making sure that none have accidentally slipped my mind.

I know, in the back of my head, that I must sleep, in order to be fresh and to be able to think clearly during the upcoming exam. I begin to take note of the surrounding noises. Roughly two metres away I can hear the monotonous groaning of my aquarium pump. To my right, the constant irritating ticking of my bedside clock takes my attention away from the aquarium. The intermingled groaning and ticking fill my tired mind; I must do something. My hand fumbles clumsily in the dark as I search for my light switch. The blinding white light stabs the cores of my eyes. I grab my clock and irritably yank the batteries out. I destroy my comfortable position and slowly climb out of bed. The cold floor sends shivers through my body. The aquarium seems much further away than it actually is. Eventually reaching it, I pull the plug out of the wall. The groaning steadily dies away.

I turn the light off upon reaching my bed. The face of the motionless clock fades in the dark. It has been an hour since I first lay down. The thought of exams re-enters my head, I quickly block it out. I begin twisting and turning, trying to find my once comfortable position.

My room is now silent. Jealously I can hear the deep breaths of the rest of my family sleeping. I try to calm my mind by thinking about hobbies, school, friends, anything. I just cannot clear my mind. Perhaps reading will relax me. Once more I turn on the blinding light. While propping up my pillow, I select a suitable comic out of my collection next to my bed. The meaningless pictures and words float past my tired eyes. I read for an eternity.

Back in the darkness, I fail to remember exams, irritating noises and other interruptions. My mind is finally at ease, thinking about nothing except darkness.

I finally fall into a much-deserved sleep.

C Stockden Std 8M

The Waiting's Over

Dawn breaks. There is blue in the sky amongst the pitch black void that has been dotted with sparkling stars for the past ten hours. Colour begins to be reflected from the tree tops as the sun's outstretched arms begin to enclose everything within their grasp, into a period of time called day. The waiting's over.

The waiting is never over. Humans wait impatiently for something, anything. We wait and wait for the unexpected, unknown and undefined to come and embrace us in all its mystery. But once it arrives we will instinctively search, like an inquisitive mouse, for another insignificant little something. But all is not forgotten; we will dwell on the past for the rest of the future. Ironic, isn't it? We fear for the future, live in the past, and the present - the only liveable place - is totally and utterly ignored.

A Nel Std 8C

Jonk wees

In Suid Afrika, op hierdie tyd, is die normale, die ongelooflike. Vir my was al die jare vandat ek elf was tot van dag, baie gelukkig. Maar daar is bare mense wat nie hulle tiener-jare geniet nie. Hierdie mense het probleme, want hulle het nie geweet van die gevoel wat jy kry as jy verlief raak nie. Die meeste van die mense het geen lewe na skool nie, want hulle weet nie wat om te doen nie.

Vir elke ongelukkige persoon is daar ses ander gelukkige mense. Ek is een van hulle. My Lewe het net drie dinge. Soos alle ander seuns dit is kos, slaap, en meisies. Hierdie een verstand het een day begin toe ek wakker geword en meisies in 'n verskillende lig as "Ugh!" gesien het. Op die sportveld het ek gevind dat al die mense wat langer as ek was, is nou korter.

Ek wil se dat vir die drie jaar wat van my tiener-jare oor bly en ook my skool jare, sal ek die lewe ten volle geniet. Ek wil ook se dat vir al die dinge wat met my plan verkeerd gaan, is ek nie aanspreeklik nie.

J Ryan Std 8C

Beskermen Bewaar

Elke persoon in 'n ontwikkelde en beskaafde samelewing ken die belangrikheid van woude. Hulle dien as die omhulsel van die natuur vir baie buitegewone diere, plante en voëls. Hulle speel 'n lewensnoodsaaklike rol in die

aarde. Die woude is die longe van die aarde. Hulle verander vuil besoedelde lug in skoon, vars lug. Maar die mens probeer om hierdie longe tot niet te maak. As ons al die woude vernietig, dan sal die ongesonde gasvormige verbindings vrylik in die lug bly, wat longkanker kan veroorsaak.

Daar is min plekke op die aarde waar daar natuurlike woude is. In die middel van Afrika is daar 'n klein strook woude-lyke bos. In die noordelike-helfte van Suid-Amerika is daar 'n groot gebied waar daar woude is, maar in die res van die wereld is daar net klein woude. Hierdie woude in Suid-Amerika en Afrika is die bron van oorlewing vir die menslike bewoners. In die oorblydende woude word die bome afgesny om plek te maak vir 'n snelweg of vir die westerse wereld se uitsetting.

Die mens, wat nou weet hoe belangrik die woude is, probeer met nuwe metodes om ontbossing te voorkom. "Sappi", die papierfabrikant in Afrika, het besluit om 'n boom te plant vir elke boom wat afgesny is. Dit sal sorg dat die aantal bome nie verminder nie.

Dit is ons plig om te verseker dat die oorblywende woude nie vernietig word nie. Die gevolgtrekkings sal nie vir ons geslag 'n probleem wees nie, maar die geslagte wat volg, sal miskien gasmaskers nodig n.

D Horsten Std 8C

Die Skoolbank

Dagse, ek is 'n skoolbank. My naam is... wel ek het nie rerig 'n naam nie, want baie min mense praat met my, en di, wat met my praat, is nie hier vir 'n lang tyd nie. Ek sit in die agterste ry, daar in die hoek van die Engelse klas, waar al die stoutes sit. Ek onthou die eerste dag van elke jaar soos dit net 'n paar dae terug was. Al daardie nuwe seuns en hoe ek gewonder het wat die een wat by my gesit het, later sou word. Ek moet erken die seuns is nie almal here nie en hulle skryf en teken op my en die ander tafels, maar saggies lag ek vir

hulle wanneer dit eksamentyd is.

Ek onthou steeds daardie kind, Kobus was sy naam. Hy het niks gedurende die Engelse lesse gedoen nie, net speel, slaap en praat, ooh ja, en baie keer op my geskryf en teken. Maar die dag het gekom toe hy sy Engelse eksamen moet skryf. Hy het daardie m"re met 'n le%o gesig die klas ingestap en sy plek ingeneem. Ek kon sien dat hy glad nie geleer het nie. Hy het 'n kort gebed opgeoffer voordat hy die vraestel gekry het. Toe het die druppels sweet beginval. Hy het deur die vraestel gelees en niks geweet nie. Toe het hy sy kop begin krap en sy voete begin skryf. Daarna het hy sy hand deur sy hare getrek en sy pen getik. Hy het sy stelling 'n dosyn keer verander en sy hare begin uittrek, maar niks het hom gehelp nie.

Dit het vir hom geleer om op my te teken in plaas van na die onderwyser te luister. So die volgende keer jy op jou tafel begin skryf, onthou net dat gedurende eksamentyd lag ons vir jou!

B Texeira Std 8C

Ek is 'n ywerige seelversamelaar...

Is seeversameling het nog een van die duisende stokperdjies waarnit 'n mens kan kies? Ek dink dat dit spesiaal is. Jy sal nou verstaan...

Van toeka se dae is seelversameling 'n bekende stokperdjie. Mense van heinde en verre stel hierin belang. Ek het met net een seel begin en oor die jare het my versameling gegroei. As jy een van die beter versamelaars wil wees, moet jy baie tyd aan jou stokperdjie bestee. Jy baie boeke daarvoor lees en natuurlik moet jy seels soek. Jou versameling sal nooit eindig nie - jy kan seels vind wat ander wat splinternuut is. Dit is wat hierdie stokperdjie so interessant maak.

Z Laher Std 7M

Ek het nog altyd daarvan gedroom : ek wil 'n wereld= beroemde ruimtevaarder word.

Wat sou my rede wees? Alles lyk so interessant daar bo. Ek wil weet wat daar is om te sien. Is daar ander mense wat iewers in die groot ruimte bly, en as daar is wil ek hulle vind.

Wat het jy nodig om 'n ruimtevaarder te wees? Nie elke Jan Rap en sy maat kan een wees nie. Jy moet eers baie fiks en gezond wees. Die kondisies waaronder 'n mens daarbo lewe is baie anders as hier op aarde. Daar gaan baie werk in so 'n affere... Sonder werk gaan jy nerens nie. Daar is selfs spesiale klere nodig, omdat dit baie koud word in die ruimte.

Waarom wil mense dan reise onderneem na die buitenste ruim toe? Daar is talle redes. Ons sit satelite in die ruimte vir televisie, om waarnemings oor die weer te maak en net om te leer wat daarbuite is.

S Naude Std 7M

Suid Afrika

Suid-Afrika het die mooiste kus in die hele wereld. Die Kaapse Tuinroete is die beste plek om 'n vakansie deur te bring.

Grahamstad is 'n baie interessante plek. Dit is deurdrenk met geskiedenis van Suid-Afrika en staan bekend as die studentestad. Grahamstad het baie goeie skole en is waarskynlik die enigste plek waar kinders skool geniet.

Port Elizabeth is die vriendelike stad met sy wereldberoemde seeakwarium waar 'n mens ure kan deurbring. Die slim afgerigte dolfyne is die beste.

As jy die hoogste geniet, moet jy oor die Stormsrivierbrug spring. Dit is die hoogste brug in Suid-Afrika en daar is niks opwindender as om oor hom te spring nie. Die tonele van oorhangende kranse en die rivier is pragtig.

Die Tsitsikamawoude is die mooiste in die land. Die weelde van groen hemelhoe Outenikwaberge is 'n onvergeetlike toneel.

'n Mens ken Suid-Afrika nie as jy nie hierdie plekke besoek nie.

A Iorio Std 8M

College Sport



Athletics 1995

The Athletics season this year was extremely short and intensive. This was due to our return for the last term being so late and the long weekend taking place only three weeks later. Our season was thus disrupted and the boys were never quite able to achieve their potential or get into any sort of rhythm.

Despite all this, they did well, coming third at the B Inter-High and second at another meeting where we beat a strong side from Helpmekaar. 167 standards were achieved and 18 records were broken, showing that the boys gave of their best at all times and were never disgraced.

An innovation for St David's this year was to run the Road Race at 09h00 in the morning in order to beat the heat. I am sure all those who ran really appreciated this. The race was won by Peter O'Farrell with a time of 26min 40sec.

The Athletics squad was captained by Martin Brand who was exemplary in his running of the team. Thanks must go to the staff as well as Andrew Harris, our postmatric student, without whose help the season would not have run so smoothly.

Results

B Inter-High

KES B	266
St Alban's	247
St David's	216.5
Pretoria Boys High B	177
Parktown B	148.5

Inter-House

1st	Benedict	43
2nd	The Bishops	40
3rd	Osmond	37
4th	College	34

Awards

Colours M Wilkinson
K Denalane

Half Colours S Gallizio
M Brand
A Quail
B Vundla

Age Group Scrolls

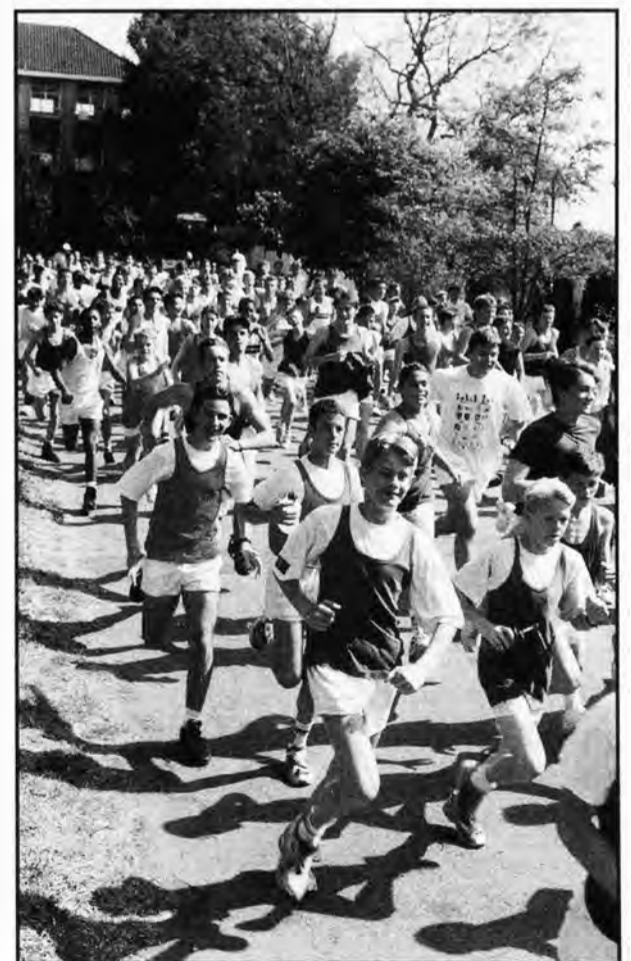
U/14 N Ranger
I Busschau
R Tait
M Mageza
J Morte

U/15 P Owens
V van der Merwe
N Mahomed
L Fiasconaro

J Turton
K Williams

U/16 J O'Haughey
A Nel
R Abvajee
W Collett
G Hutcheon

Mr G Lambe



The Road Run was held at nine in the morning in an attempt to beat the heat.



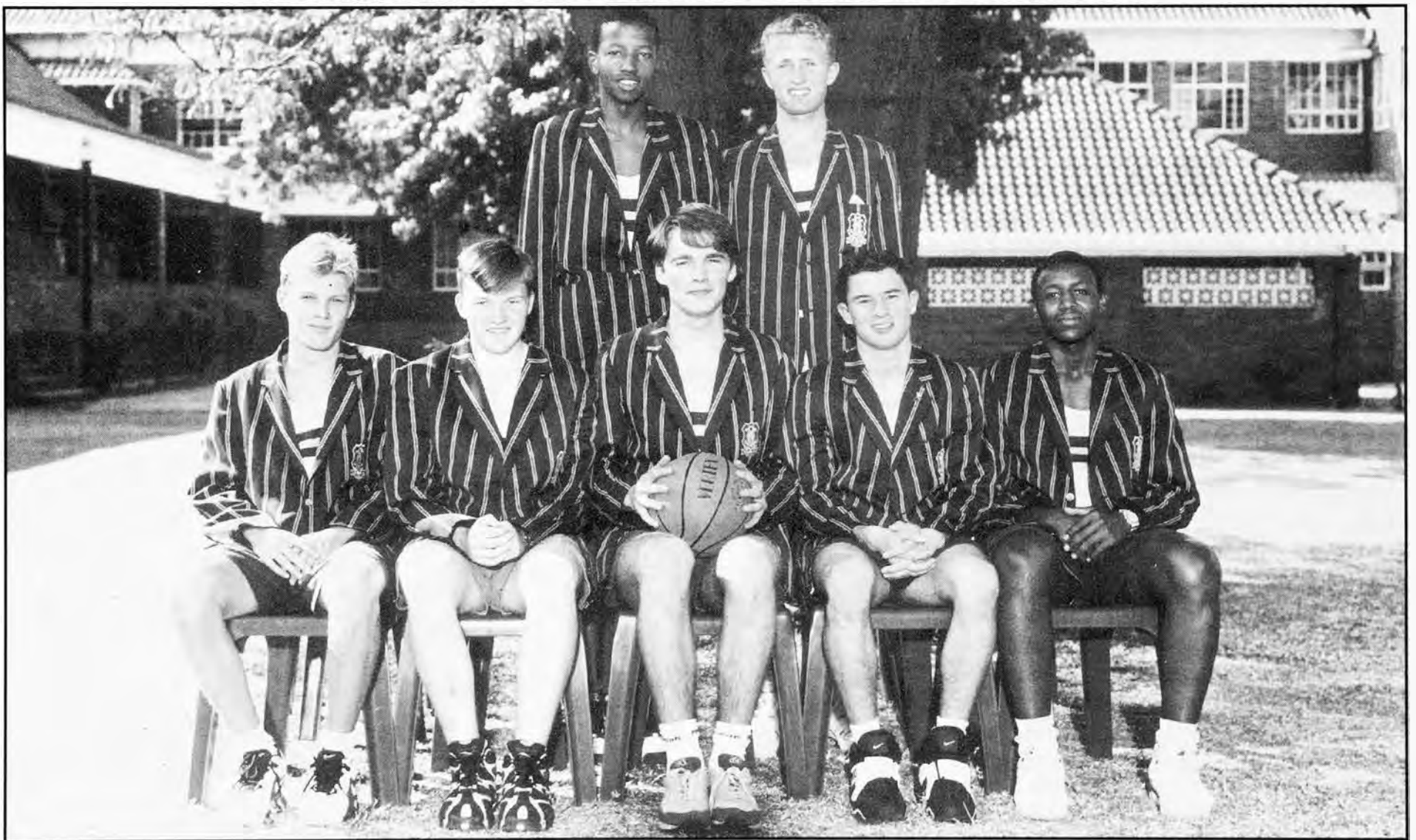
Athletics

*Back row (left to right): M Mageza; S Moorad; D Busschau; M Wilkinson; G Sheppard; W Bruns; D Rabbolini; T O'Shea
F Lenkoe; J Nel; A Harris; A Nel; J Tilley; J Morte; A Quail; M von Guilleaume; R Farinha*

*Second row (left to right): G Brennan; K Williams; P Kuzwayo; M Ward; M Ross; R Tait; N Mahomed; A Kelly; G Thomas
J Ryan; P O'Farrell; Fr B Brewer; L Fiasconaro; J O'Haughey; C Stockden; T Kalebka; C Skhosana; Z Nhantsi
G Geldenhuys; K Speirs; N Ranger; D Clover; N Davis*

*Seated (left to right): Mr R Girdwood; Ms J Leenstra; Mr R Smith; Mr G Norton; Mr G Lambe; M Brand; Mr A Brownlee Mr
G MacMillan; Mr W Craven; Mr S Fry; Mr P Geldenhuys*

*Kneeling front (left to right): M Marsay; D Emes; B O'Shea; D Archary; G Nel; R Magampa; G Hutcheon; W Collett
C Tomsett; V van der Merwe; I Busschau; T Makamba; S Matshikwe; S Makan*



Senior Basketball

Back row (left to right): F Lenkoe; A Nel

Seated (left to right): B Greeff; B Foulkes-Jones; J Edwards; M Ross; M Masuku

Basketball

The high point of the year's basketball season was the junior team reaching the finals of their division. Unfortunately they ceded victory in the final match to Bishop Bavin, going down 28-34.

Certainly the most effective and successful tactic of the junior team was the 'fast break', which often had our opponents in a panic.

The senior team didn't have as impressive a season as the juniors. It seems our planned moves didn't come off as we hoped, which led to frustration and a lack of concentration. Nevertheless, it was an enjoyable season.

J Edwards Std 10M Captain.

Senior Team

vs Sacred Heart	won	34-14
King Edward VII B	lost	63-76
St John's	won	40-30
Sir John Adamson	lost	40-81
Crawford College	drew	55-55
Forest High	lost	31-76

Junior Team

vs Sacred Heart	won	34-21
King Edward VII B	won	37-5
St John's	won	39-6
Sir John Adamson	won	31-18
Crawford College	won	30-10
Forest High	won	25-10
Bishop Bavin	lost	28-34



Junior Basketball

Back row (left to right): P Kobila; C Chandler; Z Nhantsi; N Mahomed
T Fokane

Seated (back row left to right): A Holmes; T Tshabalala; K Tucker
M Lopes; L Chandler

Cricket Tour to Zimbabwe

At the start of the cricket season we toured Natal, and then enjoyed much success in our domestic season, losing only two matches (both to Jeppe, the most important being the one where we met them in the quarter finals of the John Waite Knock-out Competition). We concluded the first term season with a tour to Zimbabwe. The trip was not only a fine experience but provided many moments which will be treasured by the sixteen-strong party forever.

Our professional and excellent organiser as well as faithful supporter, Father Brewer, took the thirteen boys to Victoria Falls, where we were later joined by Mr MacMillan (coach) and Mr Craven (manager). The highlight of Vic Falls was the little cruise we took down the Zambezi. Mr MacMillan was confronted by a small crocodile which liked the fly on the end of his rod. Both he and Shippen got away unscathed. A Charging hippo nearly wrote off a few team members one morning. After these experiences we visited the beautiful Hwange Game Reserve.

We did play some cricket, too.

Our first match was against CBC Bulawayo on a somewhat overcast and windy day. Everyone was really looking forward to this game, but the nightmare of the season started when O'Shea, O'Haughey, Ward and Haswell went very cheaply. Busschau showed the most resistance to succumbing to what was a very unimpressive performance. CBC passed our lacklustre total without too many problems. As Mr MacMillan said, Mother Cricket has a funny way of humbling those who think they are too good.

St David's was fired up and focussed for the second game against Plumtree. We fielded first. Spinners Haswell and Ngwenya proved to be the pick of the bowlers and Anderson looked impressive. Plumtree notched up 187. After lunch St David's knew their batting had to click or else there would be trouble. After the fall of O'Shea and O'Haughey very cheaply again, the likes of Haswell and Ward came to the wicket. They put up a useful partnership before Haswell held out to square leg. Young Anderson, powerful Hutcheon, along with Ward

and Shippen, looked very good at stages but failed to really get going. The game ended in a draw which we had to be satisfied with.

Now we looked forward to our most formidable and enticing opponents, Falcon, who have the reputation as the best cricketing school in Zimbabwe. St David's batted first with the new-look opening pair of Hutcheon and Anderson. Some delightful stroke-making from them saw the total race to 40 before both went to stupid shots. The captain and vice-captain were number 3 and 4 and knew the game was resting on their shoulders. They got off to a slow yet positive start but it took shape and before lunch they both had their half centuries. To make a game of it St David's had to come back after lunch and make some quick runs. Ward batted elegantly with some entertaining shots and Haswell, who was out of form, showed touches of class. Ward made a fine 109 not out and Haswell ended with 91 not out. It was a very special occasion for Ward because this was his first 'ton' ever.

We declared at 248/2, Haswell and Ward sharing an excellent 200 partner-

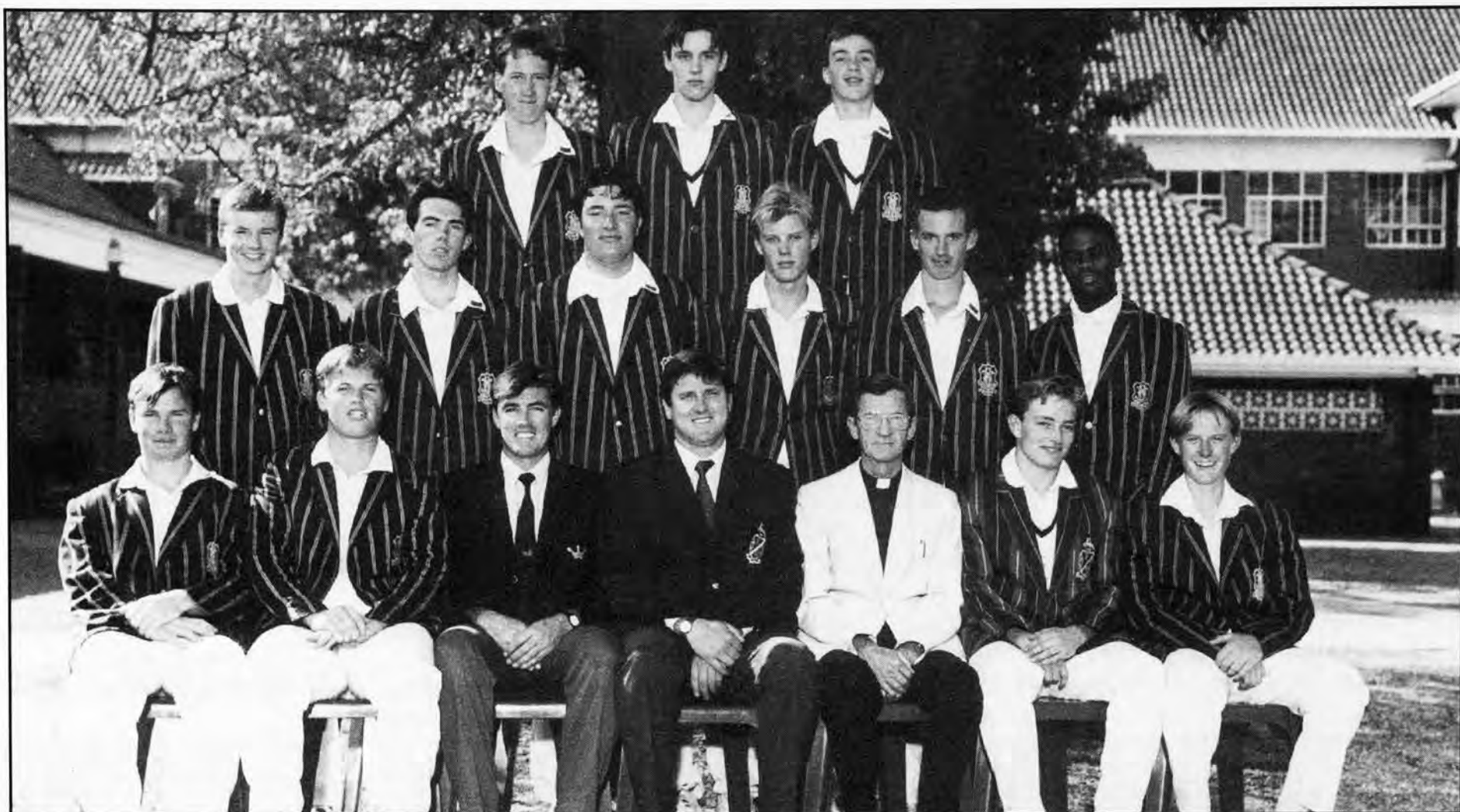
ship. Falcon were put in to bat with St David's looking very comfortable. But Davies of Falcon made an incredible 140, his century coming in the 17th over. The game was poised on a knife-edge. The St David's team were poised in the field for Busschau's bowling and the St David's catapult strode from the crease with manifest resolution, and then, tak-

ing his long run, sent down the first spinning cannonball of the match. It all came down to the last over, with Falcon needing 5 to win. The experienced Ngwenya tried his luck, but to no avail, and St David's lost an extraordinary cricket match. The Falcon headmaster remarked after the game, "That was the finest cricket played on the Falcon field for

many a year".

A special thank-you to Mr Craven, Mr MacMillan and Fr Brewer for a great tour and a great season. On behalf of Michael Ward I would like to thank the First X1 for a fine season. We showed people we've got it.

M Haswell Std 10C



Zimbabwe Cricket Touring Team

Back row (left to right): D Horsten; J Nel; T O'Shea

Middle row (left to right): D Anderson; J O'Haughey; C Morte; B Greeff; D Busschau; S Ngwenya

Seated (left to right): G Hutcheon; M Haswell; Mr W Craven; Mr G MacMillan; Fr B Brewer; M Ward; G Shippen



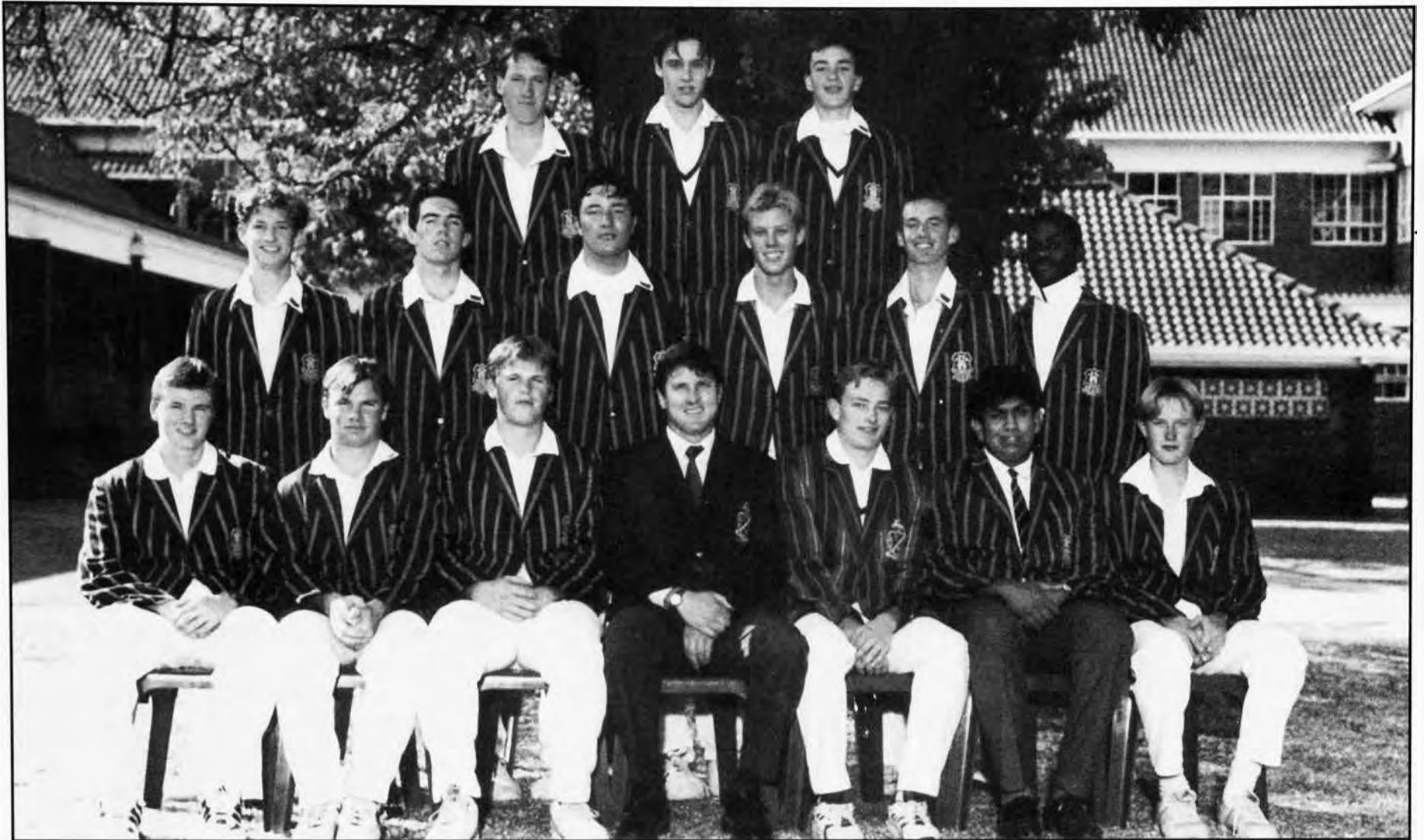
At Vic Falls



The coach, the manager, and the organiser.



A cruise on the Zambezi



First XI Cricket Team

Back row (left to right): D Horsten; J Nel; T O'Shea

Middle row (left to right): J Winderley; J O'Haughey; C Morte; B Greeff; D Busschau; S Ngwenya

Seated (left to right): D Anderson; G Hutcheon; M Haswell; Mr G MacMillan; M Ward; M Moorad; G Shippen

First XI - Third Term

The cricket season continued in the positive mood that had prevailed in the beginning of the year. Although the season was relatively short (only five matches being played), it must be one of the more successful seasons.

The season kicked off with a fairly easy match against a Development side. Soweto was bowled out for 65. Chris Morte was one of the more devastating bowlers with a haul of 5 wickets for only 16 runs. Batting second, St David's scored a quick 175 for 4. D Anderson scored 30, M Haswell 51 n.o. and J O'Haughey 49. This batting performance enabled Soweto to bat again. They only managed 26 for 5 in their second innings. St David's won on the 1st innings by 100 runs.

Wednesday 25 October - The second match was a sweet victory for St David's. Having lost to Jeppe in the quarter finals of the John Waite Knock-out in Term 1, a motivated St David's side went all out to win.

Jeppe: 129/7 in 30 overs
D Busschau 3 for 16,
D Anderson 4 for 2667.

St David's 131 in 30 overs

T O'Shea 35, M Haswell 20
St David's won by 5 wickets.

Saturday 28 October - The fixture against St Alban's is always a fiercely contested match. St David's batted first and posted a massive 248 for 7. D Anderson scored a quick 52 with no less than 8 boundaries, fellow opening batsman T O'Shea made 38 with 6 boundaries. After an opening stand of 95, St David's were set for a huge total. M Skenjana was run out for 38, G Shippen went out for 20 and D Horsten with 7 fours and a six, scored 43.

At the end of the day's play St Alban's were 165 for 8. Batsmen 9 and 10 managed to block out for a draw.

Thursday 2 November - The only loss of the season occurred against neighbours Sandown. We were put in to bat and managed a respectable 158/7 off 25 overs. M Haswell scored 37 and G Hutcheon a blistering 61 (14 fours). Sandown started fairly slowly, due to some tight bowling. However, S van Zyl of Sandown blazed a 62 (4 fours, 3 sixes). This put Sandown in a winning position. D Anderson, 3 for 18, ironically had the winning runs hit off him.

Saturday 4 November - The final match of the season was against St

John's College. The toss was won by St David's and we elected to bowl. After a good start, having St John's at 32/3, a dropped catch enabled St John's to fight back to a formidable 231/7. St David's managed to bat steadily throughout the innings. D Anderson 49, G Hutcheon 74, D Horsten 23, were the noticeable contributors to the innings of 195/9. The match ended in a draw.

Squad

J O'Haughey (Captain); D Busschau (Vice-Captain); C Morte; M Ward; M Haswell; D Anderson; T O'Shea; D Horsten; G Hutcheon; G Shippen; J Ryan; R Pinto; M Skenjana.

Scorer: J Ashforth

Record: Played 5, Won 2, Lost 1, Drawn 2.

Full Colours: M Ward; M Haswell

Half Colours: C Morte; D Busschau

Provincial Representatives:

M Ward (Transvaal A); D Busschau (Transvaal C)

G D McMillan
Sports Co-Ordinator

Third Eleven Cricket

The third term cricket season is perhaps a short one. For the 3rd XI this was markedly so, as both the Development Team and KES cancelled their fixtures against us. The boys thus played two matches, winning against St Alban's and losing to St John's. Notable performance in these two games came from Keith Clover, (46 vs St Alban's) Brian Texeira (36 vs St John's) and David Pierson (4 for 18 against St Alban's). Others who played and/or attended practices regularly were Ian Acott (Captain), Michael Muller, Shaun Levick, Jason Lai, Shaun Zuccolotto, Alfred Foden, Alistair Lacy, Nicholas Dempster, Craig Stockden, Matthew Ross and Gareth Wark.

Mr R T Smith

U/15 Cricket

While this was not a successful season in terms of results, the boys nevertheless

remained enthusiastic and motivated throughout. This was a tribute to their character and their willingness to learn and improve. It was particularly encouraging to win the final game of the season which gave the players a little inspiration for the season to come.

The fielding and bowling were of a good standard and opponents were often restricted to targets which were achievable. Unfortunately the batting was not of an equal standard. Greater focus and concentration will be necessary in the season to come if the team is to improve this record. Most of the games are of the limited-overs variety where the batting side has to be constantly aware of run rate but at the same time judicious in the strokes played. The Under 15 side this year very often did neither. We often either fell victim to an extremely slow run rate or threw away wickets with shots which were ill-disciplined and inappropriate.

Many of the boys in the team are genuine ball players and it only requires practice and application for them to be

more successful.

Mr S Fry

Although our Under 15A team won only one of our matches we had a most enjoyable eight weeks. We worked under the capable guidance of Mr Fry and we had a good sense of team spirit. We certainly had good support from our families too. One Saturday we had support from eight families. Our strength seems to lie in our bowling and fielding so we need to work at our batting. I enjoyed being captain with the support of most of the team.

G Geldenhuys Std 7C
U/15A Captain

All in all it was a disappointing season, losing every game but the last. The problem was a lack of discipline and the fact that we are more of a bowling side than a batting side. From here on we can only improve.

Ross Mckay Std 7C
U/15B Captain

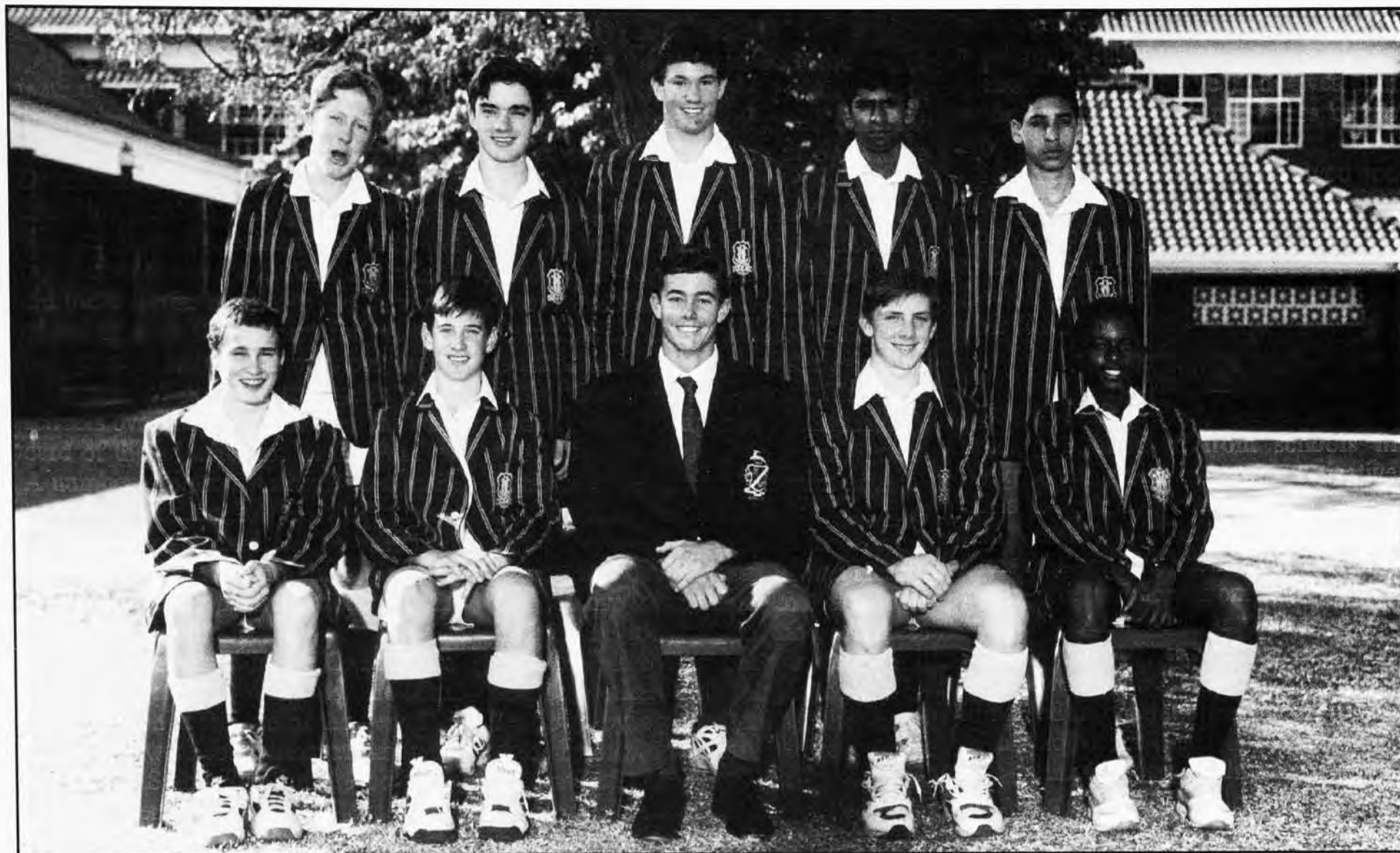


U/15A Cricket Team

Back row (left to right): K Haswell; W Bruns; J West

Middle row (left to right): W Collett; M White; V van der Merwe; C Verhoog

Seated (left to right): D O'Haughey; G Geldenhuys; Mr S Fry; C Tomsett; S Naude



U/15B Cricket Team

*Back row (left to right): C Verhoog; K Putter; B Thomas; S Moorad; N Mahomed
Seated (left to right): J Farrell; J R Mackay; Mr B Kretzmann; M Murray; S Matshikwe*

Under 14A Cricket

The U/14A cricket team had a fair start to the cricket season, playing 7 games, losing 3 and winning 4.

Spearheaded by our ever-improving opening attack of J Morte and B O'Shea, the strength definitely lay in the depth of the bowling. Busschau, Spiers, Smith, Bennett and Davis rounded off the bowling.

Unfortunately our batting let us down with the exception of Busschau, Morte, Spiers and Jansens, the rest failed to put runs on the board.

However, the potential is there and with continued commitment this team will go from strength to strength.

A Chemaly Std 6C

Results:

St David's vs Greenside:

St David's 97/4 Jansens 38
Leadbetter 12 not out
Greenside 58 all out Busschau 4/21
Morte 2/11
St David's won by 6 wickets

St David's vs Jeppe:

Jeppe 111/7 O'Shea 3/26
St David's 82 all out Morte 25
Speirs 19
Jeppe won by 3 wickets

St David's vs Northcliff:

St David's 98 all out Busschau 37
Northcliff 62 all out O'Shea 2/2
Morte 4/7 Busschau 3/9
St David's won by 36 runs

St David's vs St Stithians:

St David's 60/9 Jansens 13 Morte 11
Chemaly 10
St Stithians 62/2 Busschau 2/10
St Stithians won by 7 wickets

St David's vs Randpark:

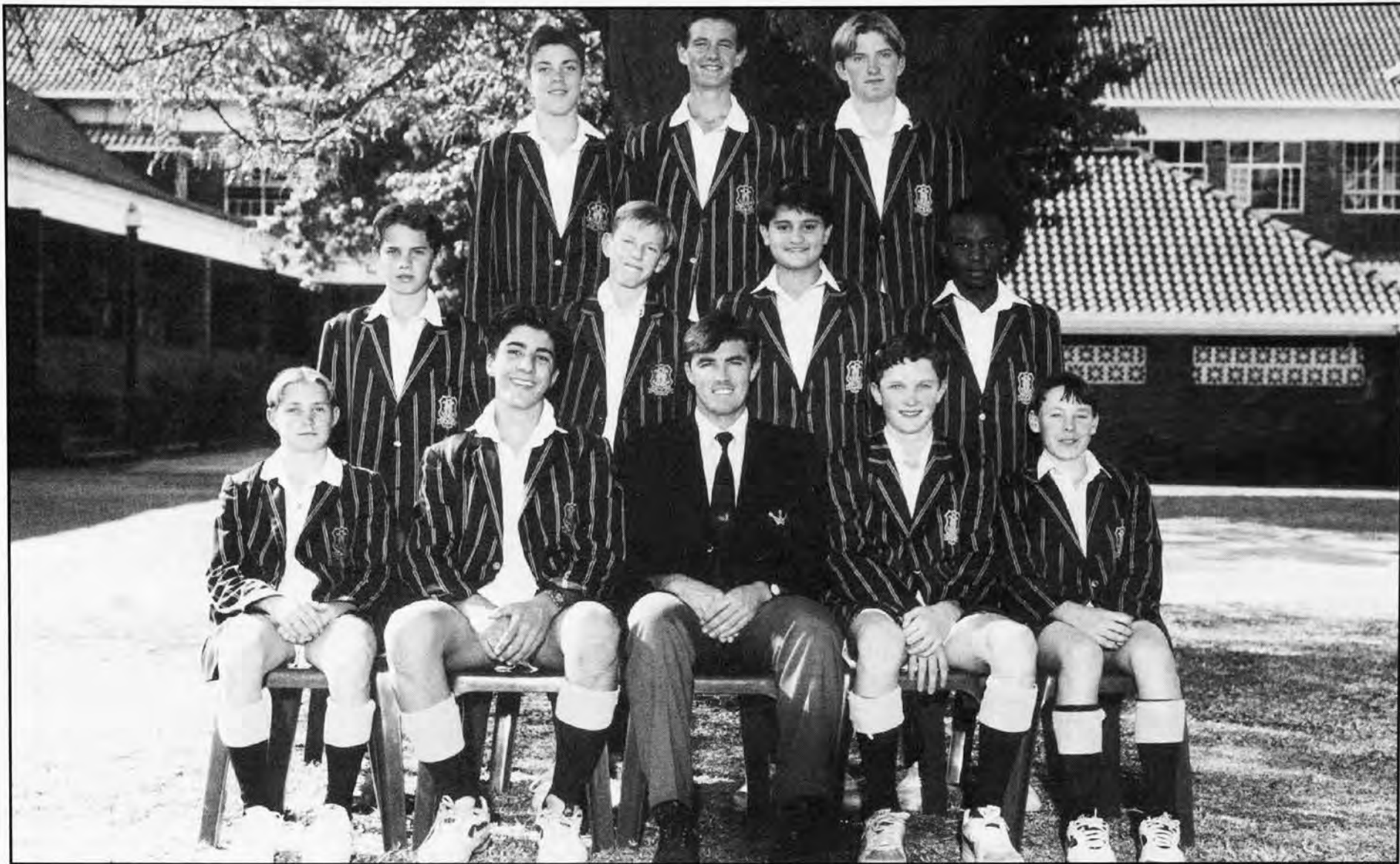
St David's 125/8 Speirs 39 Morte 23
Randpark 86/9 Speirs 3/53 Davis 2/57

St David's vs KES:

KES 54/4 Speirs 1/7 St David's 68/8
Busschau 31
KES won by 4 wickets

St David's vs Bryanston:

St David's 127/9 Jansens 55
Bryanston 126/9
St David's won by 1 run



U/14A Cricket

*Back row (left to right): B O'Shea; I Busschau; B Janssens
 Middle row (left to right): P Smith; N Royce; A Chemaly; R Phiri
 Seated (left to right): N Davis; J Morte; Mr W Craven; K Speirs; B Leadbetter*



U/14B Cricket Team

*Back row (left to right): L Dafert; B Hubbard; G Thomas
 Middle row (left to right): M Marsay; W Pollard; J Tonetti; D Bradbury; D Potti; P Edkins
 Seated (left to right): G Brennon; J Orr; Mr W Craven; D Clover; C Thomas*



First Hockey Team

Back row (left to right): M Haswell; S Levick; K Clover

Middle row (left to right): R Harris; I Wood; I Morgan; G Shippen; L Eliot

Seated (left to right): K Putter; I Duncan; H Mongratie; Mr B Kretzmann; N Davison; J Hilton; J Bateman

Hockey

This year's hockey season was one of the most eventful and nerve-racking seasons St David's has had. With our first challenge, the Chairman's Festival, only a week away, and only sixteen members in the hockey club, we began to rebuild a squad. Chairman's Festival was anything but a flop; although we lost all six games, we now knew which aspects of our game to concentrate on.

By the time the actual season began, we had recruited enough members to make up two teams. The season was long and tough and every school we played was taken by surprise by our commitment and enthusiasm. Throughout the season we remained a competitive side and several schools ended up playing good, clean hockey games against our teams.

Although this season never saw the successes of last year we still enjoyed every minute. The only thing we lost was the match itself. Our pride, guts and school spirit made us a very enthusiastic side.

Special mention must be made of the First Team goalie, Haroon Mongratie who put in tremendous effort in his goal-keeping. He really was an asset to the

team.

I can speak for all the matric players, when I say we will miss school-boy hockey.

The junior side had a particularly good season, winning most of their games. With players like Sean Levick and James Turton, St David's hockey can only grow from strength to strength.

Our season ended on a high note with a surprising victory over St Theresa's Convent. Good luck to all playing next year and get out there and show everyone that St David's hockey is about more than just winning.

N Davison Std 10M
Hockey Captain

Awards for 1995

Colours: N Davison

Half-colours: J Bateman
I Duncan
M Haswell
H Mongratie

level. The hallmarks of this year's First XV became one of hard driving upfront and expansive spreading of the ball. This was clearly illustrated by the first try of the season, by Kai Masterton against Bryanston High. After this try the season, not only for the First XV but for the whole Rugby Club, was determined. The open style of rugby set up excellent wins, with a total of 460 points for, and a well organised defence restricted the points against to 177. The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the tour to Australia which was an undeniable success.

The following boys made the first round of Craven Week Trials: Simone Gallizio, Jonathan Kyriakakis, Andrew Harris, Marc Wilkinson, Anthony W'stmann. Only Captain J Kyriakakis made it to the second round.

Sydney Ngwenya and Batana Vundla were selected for the Transvaal Development side which played in the National Development Week in Mafikeng.

Mr G D MacMillan

Rugby First XV

The record of this side speaks volumes for the players' commitment and skill

The Squad

J Kyriakakis (Captain)	J Wickins
A Bayne (Vice Captain)	M Ward
A Wostmann	S Ngwenya

G Joseph S Gallizio
 A Harris B Vundla
 J Edwards K Denalane
 M Wilkinson K Masterton
 J Tilley G Wark
 W Mande A Young
 M von Guillaume
 Touch judge: D Rabbolini

Full colours: J Kyriakakis, A Bayne, A Wostmann, G Joseph, A Harris, J Edwards, M Wilkinson, J Tilley, W Mande, M Ward, S Ngwenya, S Gallizio, K Denalane, A Young.

Half-colours: B Vundla

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
19	18	0	1	460	177

2nd XV Rugby

The record of the second team for 1995 leaves one confident about the future of St David's rugby. The team which consisted of mostly Std 9's, only lost 3 fixtures. More important than their wins was the calibre of rugby they played. They drove hard at the opposition and were prepared to run the ball at every opportunity.

Unfortunately we suffered when players were promoted to the 1st team as a result of injuries. This not only disrupted their rhythm but exposed the weaknesses of the side especially the inability to change tactics when necessary. However, this is part of the learning process and I am sure the experience will lead to a better first side from 1996.

Notable players for the season were Jordan Forssman and Mike von Guillaume amongst the forwards and Warren Phillips and Brendan Greeff amongst the backs. The latter was very unlucky not to make the 1st team.

Martin Brand led the team by example and was a pleasure to work with as were the rest of the squad.

The 2nd XV can take pride in the fact that the success of the 1st XV in 1995 was a result of their application and dedication even when their numbers were sometimes depleted.

Mr G Lambe

Third XV Rugby

For senior pupils, rugby is often more than just a sport. Be this as it may, at the beginning of the season the first practice was an awkward experience for many a player. Some pupils had grown in

height, others in mass and some in attitude. Feelings of doubt, insecurity and boldness were very obvious during the pre-season talk.

Comments like, "Commitment comes first", "Your attitude is important!", "If you are not fit you won't make it", "Don't think your position is guaranteed", "No practice - no game" were not taken lightly by a group of young men about to embark on a season of "Take Courage and be a Man".

The 'Mighty Thirds' were once again to make us proud of rugby at St David's. The efforts and support of the Thirds was what helped to make rugby for the open age group as successful as it was this year. Of the thirteen games played, eight were won, four lost and one drawn. This represents a 61% win rate - an achievement to be proud of, considering that in four games the opposition were unable to score and one game was played against another school's second team.

Many players replaced injured second team players and performed well, showing guts and determination, clearly illustrating that the team counted and not the individual. The captain, Leonardo Neto, was able to build spirit and a sense of belonging within the team in a quiet but firm manner, although he also represented the second team occasionally.

Mr G M Norton

Under 15 Rugby

Coaches Mr A D Brownlee, G Behr.

The highly motivated players in this age group ensured an excellent rugby season for everyone involved. From the first practice of the season, the boys were committed and prepared to go the extra mile to ensure success. The large number of players ensured that there was sufficient depth not to allow players to automatically expect a place in either the A or B team. This did much to ensure that the competitive edge remained throughout the season.

The A team in particular had an excellent season. The drive and determination of the forwards with their excellent rucking and mauling ensured that a better-than-average backline was able to play attractive, running rugby. The defensive play and the commitment to tackling was remarkable and ensured that the try tally against us was kept to a minimum. Testimony to the effort of the players was the selection of B Sono, P Owens, A Witten, M White, B Thomas and the captain L Fiasconaro, for the

area trials for the Transvaal Under 15 side.

Without a B team very few A sides could exist. The guts and determination of many B team players made selection of the A team a difficult task. The improvement of the players in this team was impressive and many of the boys had to learn to dig deep within themselves to find the additional courage that they needed to become successful rugby players. Well done all those boys who learnt to give of their best.

Mr A D Brownlee

U/14 Rugby

Captains: A team - Michael Gunning and Alan Horsfeld

B team - Neil Davis and Bryn Leadbetter

C team - Warren Pollard

The first year of rugby presents huge physical and emotional hurdles for almost all boys, not to mention their mothers. The fact that virtually all go into the season with much trepidation and emerge at the end as devotees says much for the nature of the game. With this year's Std 6 group it was no different. From the start the boys were enthusiastic and committed. From a results perspective it is unfortunate that these were their greatest attributes. Speed, size, bulk, strength and flair, all of which the opposition seemed to have in abundance, were somewhat lacking. The fact that some ten to twelve Std 7's who were still under fourteen chose to play in the under fifteen age group complicated things still more. Fortunately courage was one attribute that the group displayed in abundance and that in the end contributed to an acceptable set of results over the season.

In the first match, against Bryanston, the A-team was outgunned. They held their own for the first half, but finally wilted in the face of some frighteningly huge boys and a heavy downpour. The B, C and D boys fared more successfully.

Against CBC Boksburg narrow losses were recorded. Our third match was against Hyde Park who had played four matches by then and were undefeated. Here the A-team pulled it off 5-0, largely due to intelligent play by Ricardo Traver-de-Sousa. The B-team won 17-5.

A six week lay-off from matches as a consequence of the overlap between GED holidays and ours saw a fairly rusty group of boys go down 0-29 to

Highlands North at A-team level and 5-12 at B-team level.

After this match it was decided that those Std 7 players who were under fourteen and who were not playing in the Under 15A team were to come down to the under fourteen age group. Morte, Tait, Jansens, Hayes, Moorad and Archary immediately made their presence felt. In the next fixture against King David (Linksfield) stirring rugby was played. The B-team could do nothing wrong and played copy-book rugby, with Kegan Speirs outstanding. The A-team lost a hard-fought match in the dying minutes, and all boys could go home with their heads held high.

De la Salle (72-0) and Greenside (22-7) provided further wins at A-team level, as did Fourways. Sandown pipped us at the post, while St John's, St Alban's and St Stithians were superior by far. Against Roosevelt the A team recorded a draw with the B-team going down 5-12.

A heartening feature of the season was to see the B's and C's win a significant number of their matches. Regrettably few schools could produce a C-team let alone a D-team and these boys had con-

stantly to be inter-changed, further diluting the opportunities for match play at C-team level.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all the players for their cheerfulness, their commitment and their sportsmanship. They remained at all times as pleasant a group to coach as one could ask for. A special word of thanks is due to Mr Peet Smith, a parent, who gave unstintingly of his time and expertise. Another feature of the season was to see three of the coaches from this age group, namely Mr Craven, Mr Jurgens and Miss Leenstra successfully complete the Transvaal Rugby Union Level One Coaching Course.

Mr R T Smith

Under 16 Rugby

Coaches: S C Fry, M Valente, D Rabbolini.

More than 70% of the season's games were won by St David's. Only the bigger boys' schools prevented a better success rate.

The team was well balanced, with use

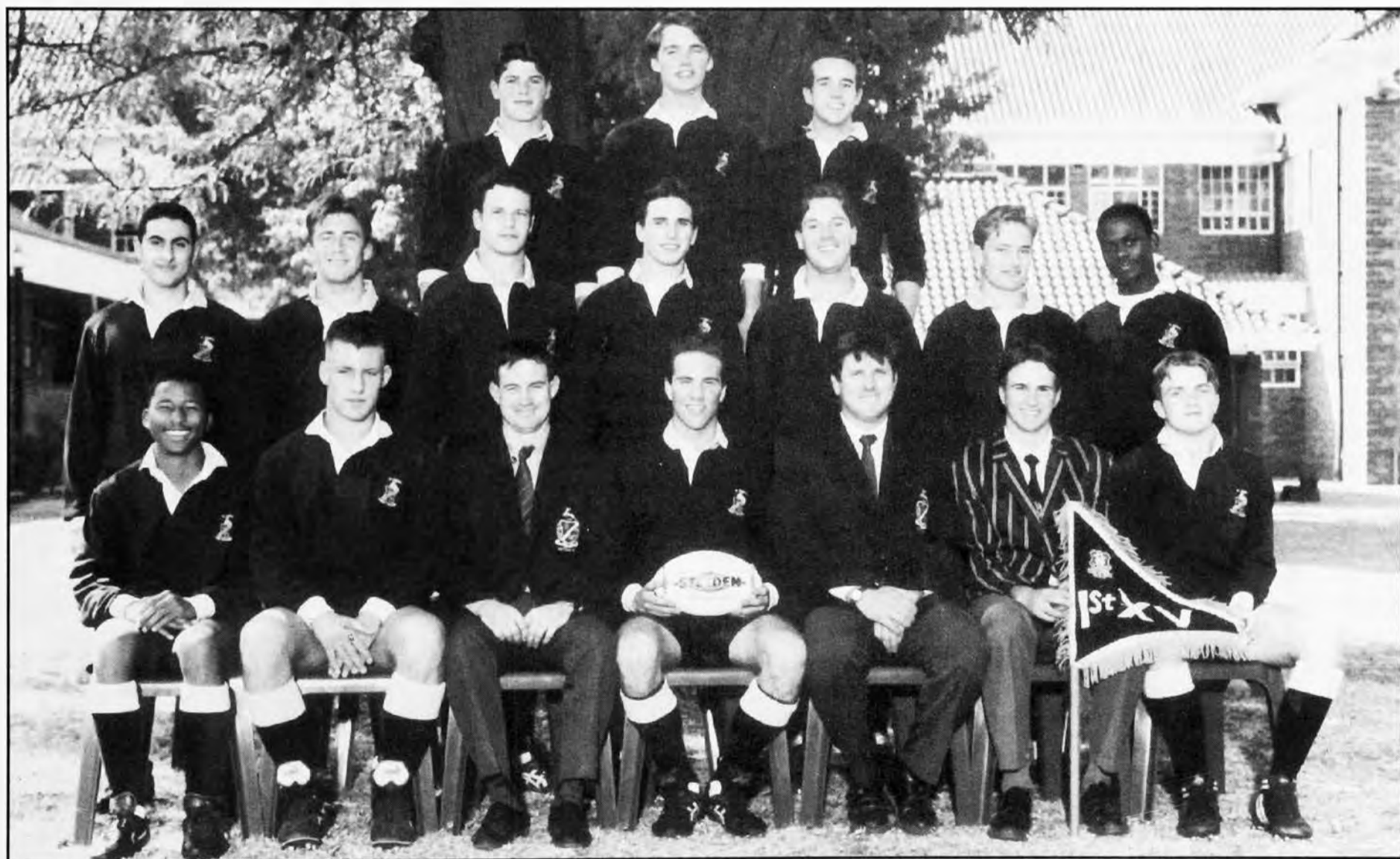
ful forwards and backs. Their enthusiasm provided an ideal basis for teaching essential skills. It was mainly the greater physical presence and pace of teams from the boys' schools which proved the vital difference.

The style of rugby played was attractive and enjoyable to watch. The ball was stretched at every possible opportunity. Shortcomings included insufficient support and a tendency to be over-individualistic. More team work is necessary if this team is to achieve greater heights. Inexplicable slumps, which occurred during some of the games, will also have to be eradicated.

The B team were an absolute pleasure to work with. Their great love for the game was always evident. Ball skills were good and this allowed for an open free-flowing style. Inevitably, injuries often depleted this side as able players were called in to play for the A side.

Many thanks to David Rabbolini for the superb commitment he showed in coaching this age group.

S C Fry



First XV Rugby Team

Back row (left to right): J Tilley; J Edwards; M von Guilleaume

Middle row (left to right): G Joseph; W Mande; M Wilkinson; S Gallizio; A W'stmann; M Ward; S Ngwenya

Seated (left to right): K Denalane; A Harris; Mr G Lambe; J Kyriakakis; Mr G MacMillan; D Rabbolini; A Bayne

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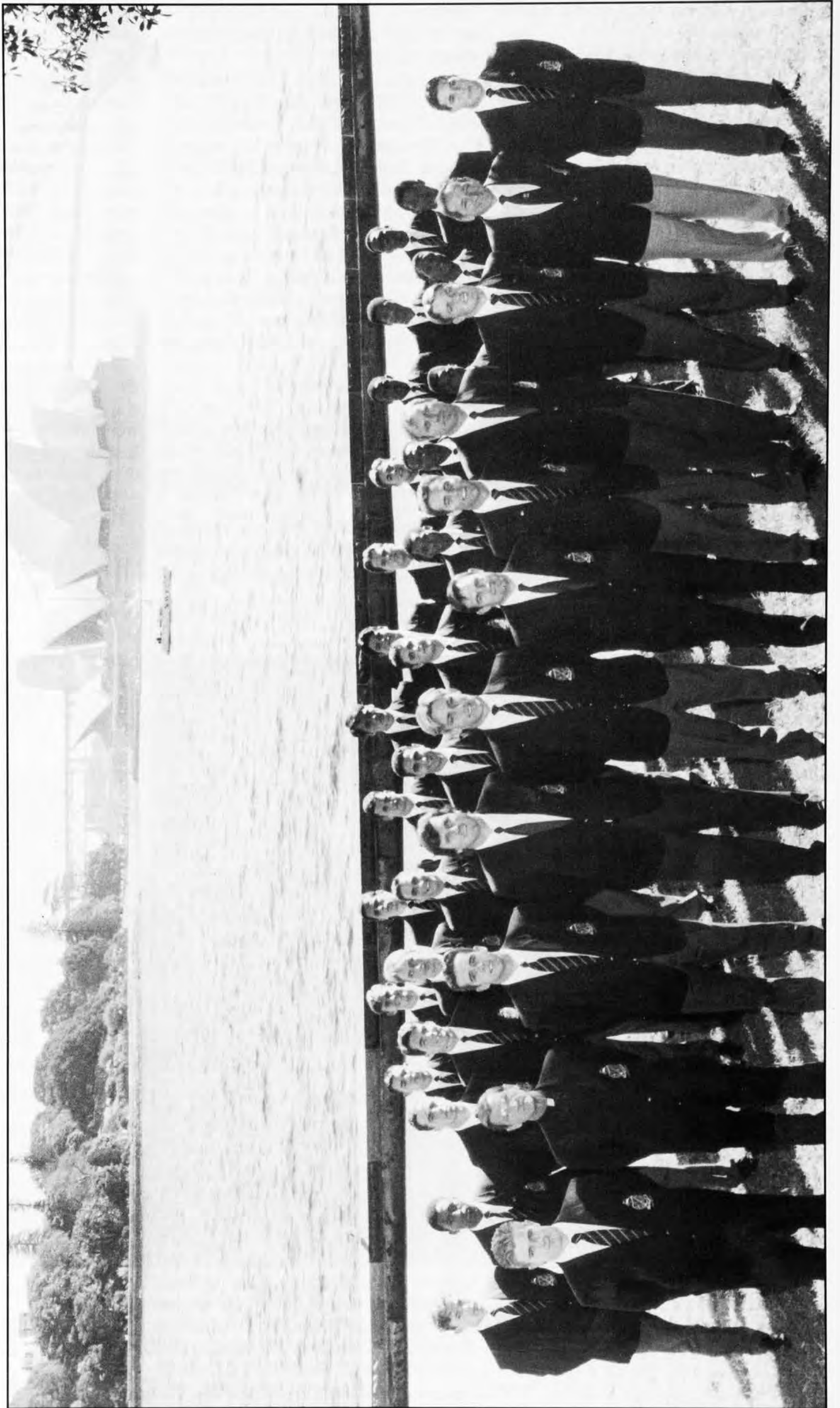
Development Rugby Tour to Australia

Back row (left to right): M Ross; G Sheppard; J Forssman; M Wilkinson; J Edwards; J Tilley; A W'stmann; W Mande
M Masuku; S Maseko; S Ngwenya

Middle row (left to right): M Ward; K Denalane; G Wark; J O'Haughey; S Goldhawk; S Gallizio; G Joseph; S Joseph
B Vundla; J Maduna; S Mbele; L Ngwenya; A Twala

Front row (left to right): A Young; Fr B Brewer; M von Guilleaume; Mr G MacMillan; A Harris; Mr G Lambe; J Kyriakakis; Mr A Brownlee; A Bayne; Dr A Khoury
J Wickins

For all the results turn to page 182



St David's Rugby Development Tour to Australia

The departure of the St David's Rugby Development Tour from Johannesburg International Airport was quite an emotional affair. Some of the boys had never been out of the Gauteng area before and were now going all the way to Australia. But even those who had never been on a plane before found the flight rather long, and the novelty soon wore off.

In Perth, a clean modern city, our hotel was of a better standard than expected. After the long flight, we left training till late afternoon, when we went for a run to the impressive WACA cricket ground and had a light practice. The next day we went on a tour of Perth. What impressed us most were the city's sports facilities and huge parks.

We had two fixtures in Perth (on the same day) which couldn't have been a better start for the tour. The national anthems were played before the games and all the boys got to play. We won both games quite convincingly, scoring 18 tries with only 1 against.

The school we played against had had a very serious injury the week before, with the individual concerned possibly paralysed for life. Our boys responded by giving him a donation towards his medical expenses, a school tie and a ball signed by the entire squad. Some of the boys even went to visit him in hospital. This showed true Marist spirit.

From Perth we went to Sydney and immediately we realised how large Australia is, as it took almost as long to cross Australia as it did to get there. Sydney was vastly different from Perth far busier and not as modern. Once again, our hotel was more that satisfactory. On a bus tour of Sydney, and then on a harbour cruise, we realised we were real jet setters, enjoying the privilege of looking at such well-known tourist sights as the Sydney Opera House, the Sydney Harbour Bridge, Bondi Beach and a host of others.

Another enjoyable trip was to St Joseph's Marist College, a magnificent school with marble hallways hung with paintings. We saw jerseys and blazers of past pupils who have represented Australia in sport and other ventures such as government. They have a tower with a magnificent view of the city. At the base of this tower, Blessed Marcellin Champagnat's chalice and chasuble are displayed. Our boys were prouder than

ever to be associated with the Marist Brothers on seeing that it is truly a worldwide organisation.

Next we went to the Sydney cricket and rugby grounds and saw such unique artifacts as Sir Don Bradman's bat, a cricket ball for blind people and Sir Garfield Sober's jersey. We even had an opportunity to walk on the hallowed turf of these grounds.

In Sydney we played the Petersham Rugby Club, not a club as we know it, but a regional team which the manager chooses by inviting players from the local schools. We won the fixture quite easily, although there were times when the game could have gone either way. After the match we had a lovely function, prolonged when Father Brewer met some old friends and was obviously keen to reminisce.

A further highlight of Sydney - although this is debatable - was Mass at the magnificent St Patrick's Cathedral. We were especially welcomed by the parish priest and the singing of the Salvation Army choir enhanced the occasion. Unfortunately this highlight was diminished when, after two hours, the Mass had still not ended! We had a fixture that same day, as well as the official photograph to be taken, so time became a worrying factor. We left church enriched, however, and in time to have our official photograph taken in front of the Sydney Opera House.

Our next stop was Melbourne, a city similar in climate to Cape Town. Again we were struck by the cleanliness of the central city. For the first time we were able to get out of the city and went on a bus trip to Phillip Island, seeing our first Koala bears, Wallabies, Kangaroos and Emus on the way. Phillip Island is one of the largest breeding grounds for Penguins in the world. The Penguins all come in to roost just after dark, a phenomenon known as the 'Penguin Parade'. But we saw very few Penguins; in fact the tourists outnumbered them by fifty to one!

The next morning we visited the famous Melbourne Cricket Ground, and saw the parades commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the end of the war in the Pacific.

Our Melbourne fixture was undoubtedly our most important as it was the curtain raiser to the match between the Wallabies and the Barbarians at Olympic Park Stadium. Our opponents were Geelong Grammar, who were runners-up in the State championships. In the first half our boys were obviously a

little overawed by the occasion and we went down 13-0, but in the second half they showed their mettle and clawed their way back into contention. The Australians have a unique way of timing games: an official in the stands sounds a buzzer after thirty-five minutes. The game then ends at the next stoppage in play. When the buzzer went St David's were 13-8 down, but managed to score before the final whistle went, making the score tied. Sydney Ngwenya was left with a conversion kick on the touchline in front of 14 000 people. He proved equal to the occasion, and St David's remained unbeaten on the tour. It was pleasure, after having won, to walk past the Australian national team's dressing room with the boys singing 'Shoshaloza'. Some of the boys met such people as Bob Dwyer and David Campese.

On arrival in Brisbane we were struck both literally and figuratively by the extreme heat and humidity, especially as it was a winter's day! Our hotel overlooked a magnificent park, which in turn overlooked the city. We visited the Lone Pine Sanctuary, a type of zoo housing Koala bears, Kangaroos, Wallabies, Tasmanian Devils and Dingoes as well as other indigenous fauna and flora of Australasia. After seeing the magnificent Gabba Stadium, we took a boat trip down the Brisbane River.

Our fixture in Brisbane did not get off to an auspicious start as the bus driver had to ask the staff directions to the rugby ground, causing much mirth amongst the tour party. We eventually arrived at Redlands Rugby Club and although we beat them convincingly, all six of our tries were scored in the last fifteen minutes of play, which showed our superior fitness. Incidentally Redlands were the runners-up in their league.

We travelled to the Gold Coast via the Lamington National Park, which is in the mountains and consists entirely of tropical jungle. We walked through the tree-top canopy on rickety suspension bridges which in some cases are sixty metres above the ground.

The sight of vast numbers of high-rise buildings lining endless beaches of clean white sand struck us upon arrival at the Gold Coast. It reminded us of Durban's Marine Parade, only ten times bigger. Our hotel, although not on the beach, was unbelievable. It had three swimming pools, two jacuzzis and a spa bath as well as a live band performing every night. Other than the beaches the main attraction at the Gold Coast is Sea World. Here we looked at sharks, saw a demonstration on the history of diving

and an entertaining dolphin and seal show, and ended off the day frightening ourselves to death on every possible roller-coaster ride.

Our last stop was Sydney. The hotel we were booked into, we discovered, was an absolutely filthy boarding house close to falling down. We managed to change to the hotel across the road which had a magnificent view of Rushcutter's Bay and was as good as the other hotels in which we had stayed. Probably the best meal we had on tour was our dinner at the Centre Point Tower of Sydney, the tallest structure in the Southern Hemisphere. The restaurant is situated in a revolving dome at the top. It was a perfectly clear evening and we could see for miles.

The fixture in Sydney was in the suburbs and gave us an opportunity to see the real Sydney. We won the game against Carlingford High, but the fatigue and diminishing enthusiasm amongst the boys was beginning to show. After the game we went back to the hotel and certain prizes - some serious and others not so serious - were awarded. Marc Wilkinson was named Best Player on Tour, and prizes for scoring the most

tries and the most points went to Batana Vundla and Sydney Ngwenya respectively.

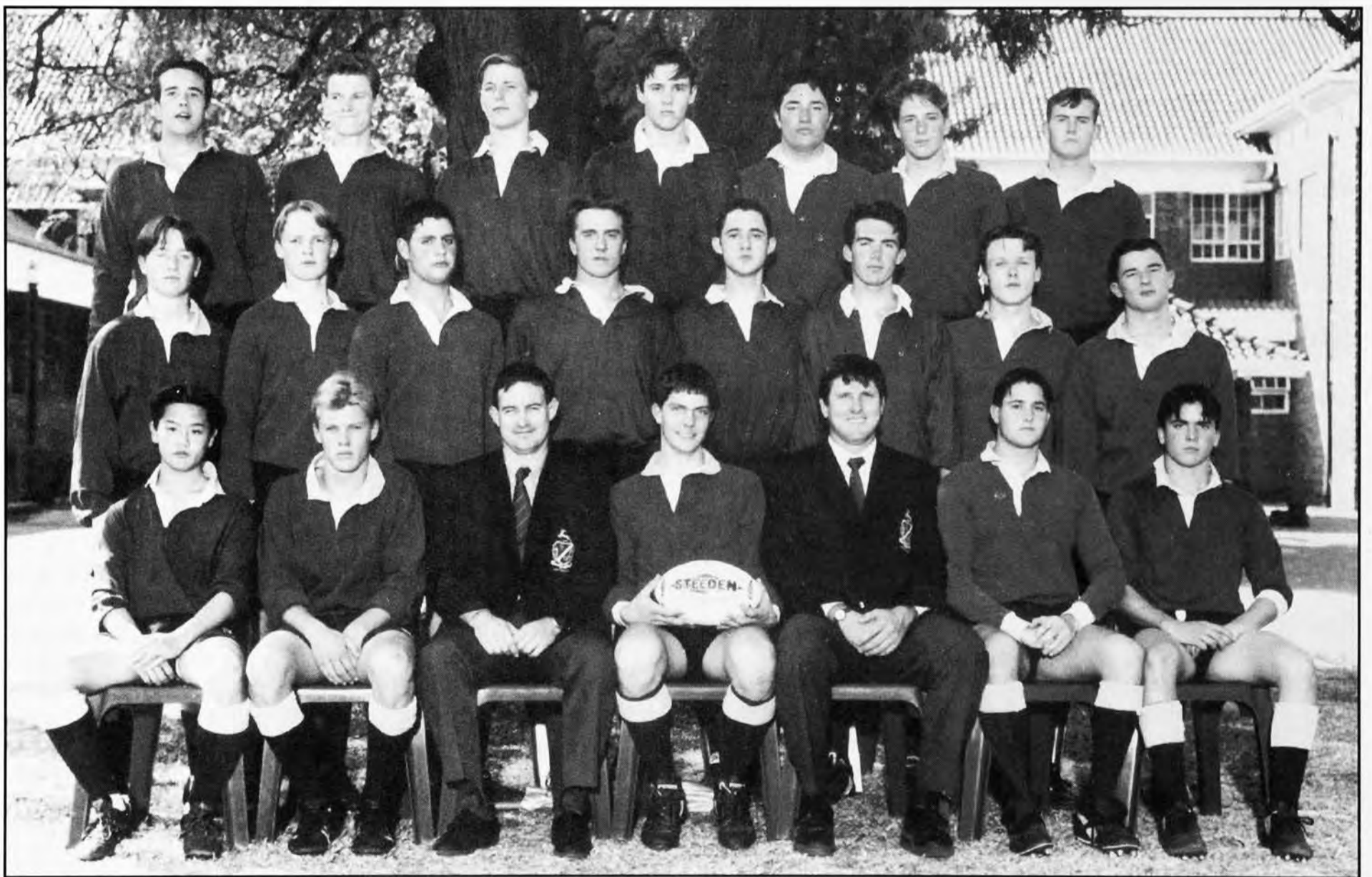
That evening, being our last in Australia, everyone was expecting to have a big party, but exhaustion caught up with most of us and a fairly early evening was had. The return trip to Johannesburg was dauntingly long, but on arrival everyone was in top spirits.

In short, the tour was a massive success, not only on the field but, perhaps more importantly, in terms of the boys' education and development. They mixed well with one another despite their different social backgrounds, and learnt what it was like to live in one another's pockets. Yet at the same time they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, never forgetting who they were, where they came from and what they stood for.

Well done to everybody who was on tour or involved in the tour.

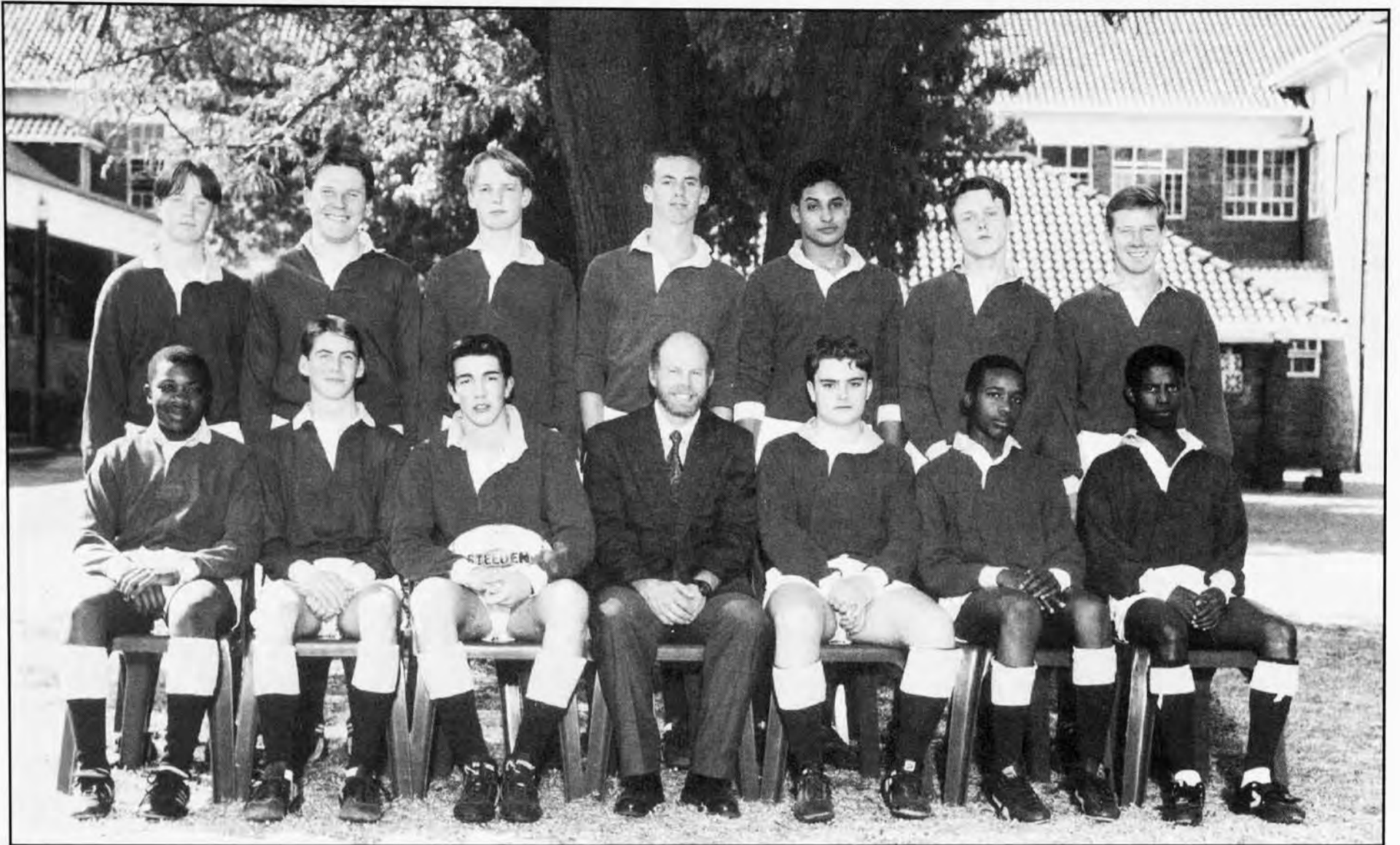
You can be proud of your achievements.

G M Lambe
Tour Manager



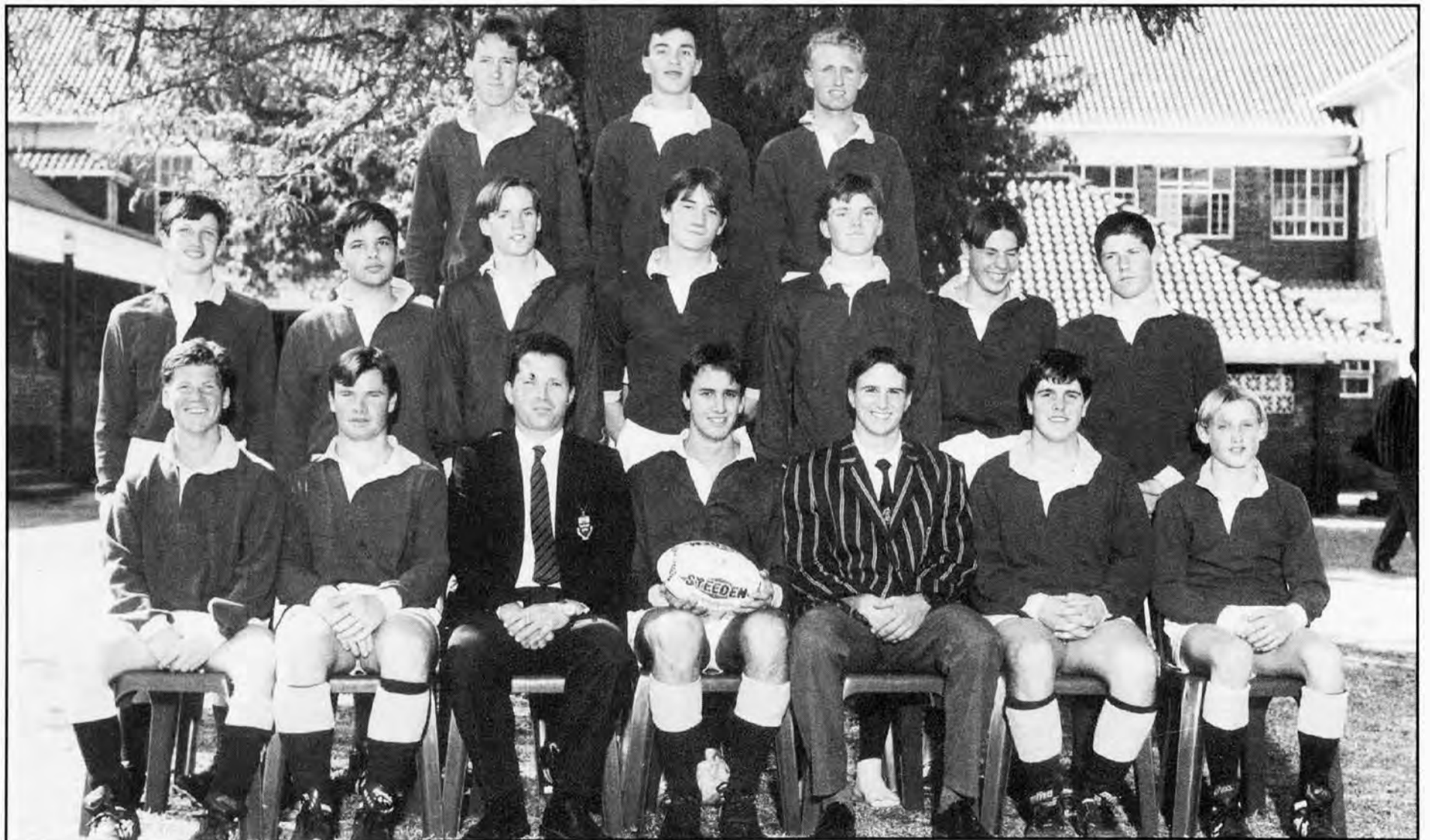
Second XV Rugby Team

*Back row (left to right): M von Guilleaume; A Quail; J Forssman; J Nel; C Morte; S Goldhawk; G Sheppard
Middle row (left to right): D Roane; R van Lienden; S Joseph; G Wark; W Phillips; J O'Haughey; G Emes; M Ross
Seated (left to right): M Ushikubo; B Greeff; Mr G Lambe; M Brand; Mr G MacMillan; J Wickins; D Helyar*



Third XV Rugby Team

*Back row (left to right): D Roane; M Elphick; R van Lienden; D Busschau; A Mahomed; G Emes
Seated (left to right): T Tshabalala; I Acott; L Neto; Mr G Norton; J Kobila; T Fokane; C Skhosana*



U/16A Rugby

*Back row (left to right): D Horsten; T O'Shea; A Nel
Middle row (left to right): W Collett; B Dama; A Kelly; R Farinha; I Terbrugge; T Kalebka; M Hellig
Seated (left to right): B Duffield; G Hutcheon; Mr S Fry; A Iorio; D Rabbolini; P Schoombie; D Emes*

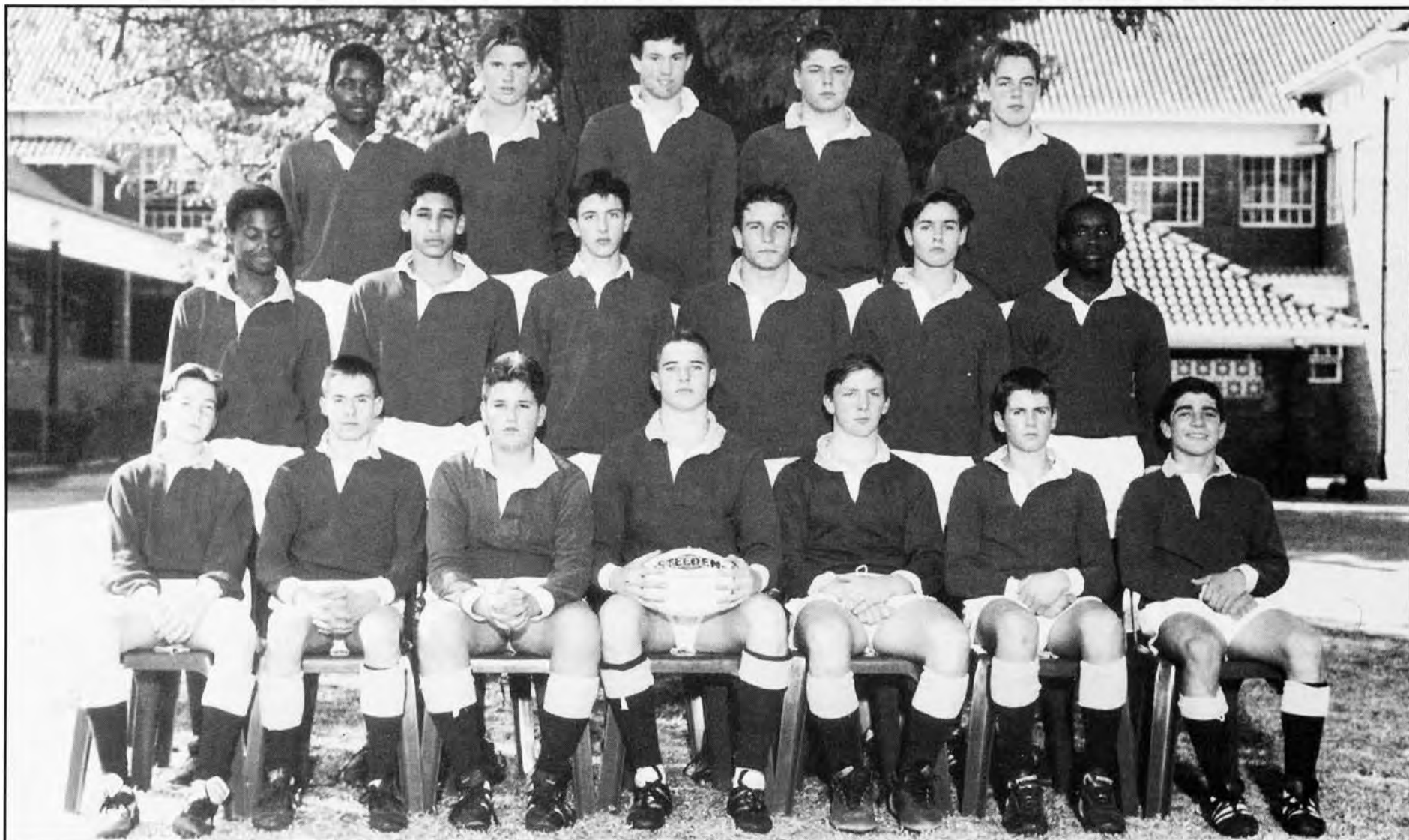


U/16B Rugby

Back row (left to right): J Ryan; A Foden; A Treki

Middle row (left to right): C Stockden; A Lacy; R Morgan; S Zuccolotto; D Anderson; T Kalebka

Seated (left to right): N Dempster; S Drayton; Mr S Fry; A Kelly; D Rabbolini; C Chandler; B Teixeira



U/15A Rugby

Back row (left to right): Z Nhantsi; J West; B Thomas; S Contardo; M White

Middle row (left to right): B Sono; N Mahomed; V van der Merwe; P Owens; N Ranger; K Williams

Seated (left to right): D O'Haughey; G Simaan; P Kobila; L Fiasconaro; M Murray; G Geldenhuys; A Witten



U/14A Rugby Team

Back row (left to right): K Speirs; S Moorad; W Bruns; J Morte; K Haswell; R Tait

Middle row (left to right): N Royce; G Nel; J Tonetti; I Busschau; D Bradbury; B Janssens; D Randall

Seated (left to right): R Traver-de-Sousa; M Gunning; Mr W Craven; Ms J Leenstra; Mr R Smith; A Horsfield; A Chemaly



U/14B Rugby Team

Back row (left to right): D Archary; R Magampa; M Lenz; M Haswell; K Speirs; B Hubbard; T Makamba

Middle row (left to right): R Phiri; P Kuzwayo; B O'Shea; M Gunning; D Boyd; P-J Steyn; K Moriguchi

Seated (left to right): A Holmes; N Davis; Mr W Craven; Ms J Leenstra; Mr R Smith; B Leadbetter; C Thomas



U/14C Rugby Team

Back row (left to right): N Risi; D Protti; G Finnemore; G Thomas; M Lopes; D Jackson; A Kanter

*Middle row (left to right): M Darn, D Thomas; P Edkins; C Bredenoord; L Dafert; L Chandler; M Paschewitz; M Tyack
P Smith*

Seated (left to right): J Orr; D Clover; Mr W Craven; Ms J Leenstra; Mr R Smith; W Pollard; G Atkinson



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Swimming

The swimming season towards the end of 1994 was a short yet powerful one. The Christmas holidays then softened us up and we were a little slow in getting off the mark again. This was rectified immediately by the vigorous training sessions held by our coaches, Mr Brownlee, Mr Lambe and Mrs Henderson. The boys also showed their dedication throughout the season by attending the Captain's Tuesday morning practices.

When we departed in February for our annual swimming tour to Durban the spirit was high. St David's excelled themselves by winning the Inter-Catholic gala held at St Henry's and afterwards participated in the Midmar Mile, which was rather tough after a relaxing weekend.

The climax to our training came at the Boys' Inter-High gala which was held at Ellis Park on Wednesday 22 February. Competition, as always, was extremely fierce but the boys gave it their all in the pool whilst encouraged by the wonderful spirit of our supporters.

Finally the grand finale to the season - the popular inter-house gala, which this year was a most exciting event. Many changes were introduced by Mr Brownlee, one visible one being that it was compulsory for each swimmer to wear his house colours. This definitely enhanced the spirit. The programme too was re-structured with Championship races highlighted and trophies being awarded after each stroke was completed in all age-groups. The evening ran like clockwork in a most professional manner and our thanks to the starter, announcer, time-keepers, place judges, supporters and all those who made it a success. The winning house was The Bishops, which proved rather controversial as College swimmers walked away with more than three-quarters of the silverware!

Thank you to the coaches and swimmers for a rewarding season and for all their support.

Swimming Captain
J Wickins Std 10M

53rd Annual Senior Inter-House Swimming Gala

Friday 10 March 1995

Butterfly Trophies:

50m U/14 R Hartmann Trophy R Tait
50m U/15 J Moni Trophy S Pinto
50m U/16 P Rebel Trophy K Johnson
50m U/17 E Mandy Trophy
D Rabbolini
100m Open E Mandy Trophy
J Wickins

Backstroke Trophies:

50m U/14 Hartmann Brothers Trophy
R Tait
50m U/15 Boswell Trophy
A Treki
50m U/16 G McLeroth Trophy
K Johnson
50m U/17 P Moni Trophy
S Goldhawk
100m Open Hutton Trophy
J Wickins

Breaststroke Trophies:

50m U/14 Hutton Trophy
R Tait
50m U/15 St David's Trophy
P Owens
50m U/16 E Rebel Trophy
G Brown
100m U/17 A Moni Trophy
R van Lienden
100m Open Hope Jones Trophy
J Wickins

Freestyle Trophies:

50m U/14 Br Aquinas Trophy
R Tait
50m U/15 Br Raymond Trophy
A Treki
50m U/16 Br Anthony Trophy
K Johnson
100m U/17 B & G Muller Trophy
D Rabbolini
100m Open Gohdes Trophy
J Wickins

Pre-Contested, Age Group and Inter-House Trophies:

400m Open Freestyle E Mandy Trophy
J Wickins

200m Open Freestyle E Mandy Trophy
J Wickins
200m Open Breaststroke E Mandy
Trophy J Wickins
4 X 50m Individual Medley R Bischoff
Trophy J Wickins
200m Open Backstroke M Valente
Trophy J Wickins
200m U/17 Freestyle E Mandy Trophy
D Rabbolini
200m U/17 Breaststroke E Mandy
Trophy R van Lienden
4 X 25m Junior Individual Medley
P Pugh Trophy K Johnson
200m U/16 Freestyle E Mandy Trophy
K Johnson
200m U/16 Breaststroke G W
Sheffield Trophy R Farinha
U/14 Age Group L Shulman Trophy:
1. R Tait 2. K Spiers 3. G Nel
U/15 Age Group L Shulman Trophy:
1. A Treki 2. S Pinto 3. J Middlewick
U/16 Age Group A Stott Trophy:
1. K Johnson 2. R Farinha 3. B Dama
U/17 Age Group W Ballard Trophy:
1. D Rabbolini 2. R van Lienden 3.
S Goldhawk
Open Age Group Friedlander Trophy:
1. J Wickins 2. M Wilkinson 3. G Emes
Inter-House Swimming The J S Leigh
Trophy: **The Bishops**

Swimming Awards - 1995

Honours: J Wickins

Full Colours: D Rabbolini

Half Colours: M Wilkinson

Age Group Scrolls:

U/16 B Dama R Farinha A Kelly

U/15 S Pinto A Treki

U/14 R Tait G Nel

Swimmer of the Year: J Wickins

Most Improved Swimmer: P Kobila

1 Page Sponsorships
*The Kallinikos Family * The O'Farrell Family*



Swimming Team

*Back row (left to right): P O'Farrell; L Fiasconaro; A Treki; S Contardo; C Bechus; D Rabbolini; A Nel; J Forssman
J Tilley; J Kyriakakis; S Goldhawk; R Farinha; R van Lienden*

*Middle row (left to right): G Nel; L Johnson; M Gunning; J Middlewick; B Dama; T Kalebka; R Tait; A Kelly; G Emes
N Ranger; E Jones; D Boyd; M Gordon; M Tyack*

*Seated (left to right): P-J Steyn; G Simaan; D Randall; Mr A Brownlee; J Wickins; Mr G Lambe; M Wilkinson
A Macfarlane; D Thomas*



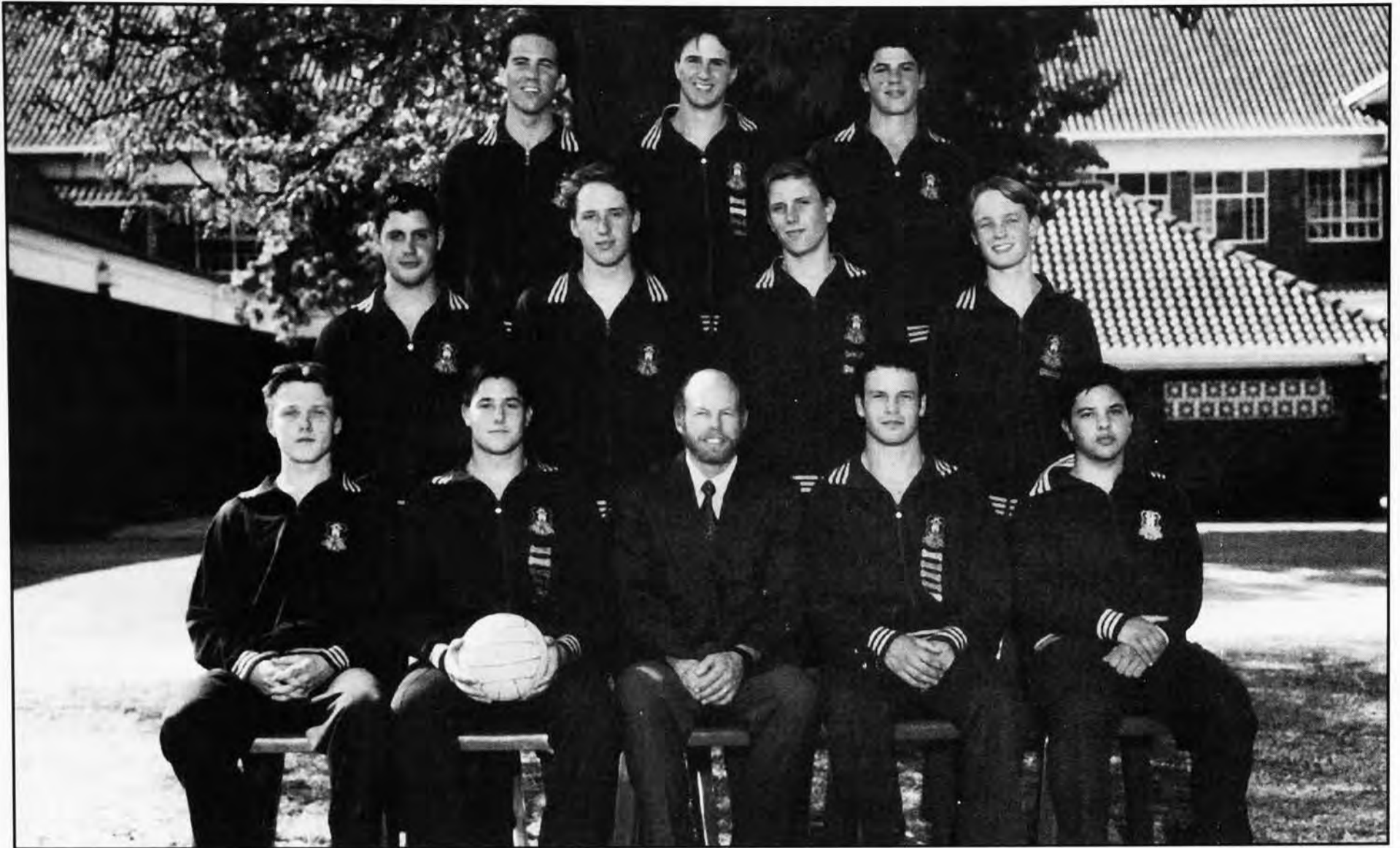
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First Water Polo Team

*Back row (left to right): J Kyriakakis; D Rabbolini; J Tilley
 Middle row (left to right): S Joseph; S Goldhawk; J Forssman; R van Lienden
 Seated (left to right): G Emes; J Wickins; Mr G Norton; M Wilkinson; B Dama*



Second Water Polo Team

*Back row (left to right): P O'Farrell; A Treki; A Nel; J Forssman; C Bechus; A Mahomed
 Seated (left to right): A Kelly; G Emes; Mr G Norton; T Kalebka; B Dama*



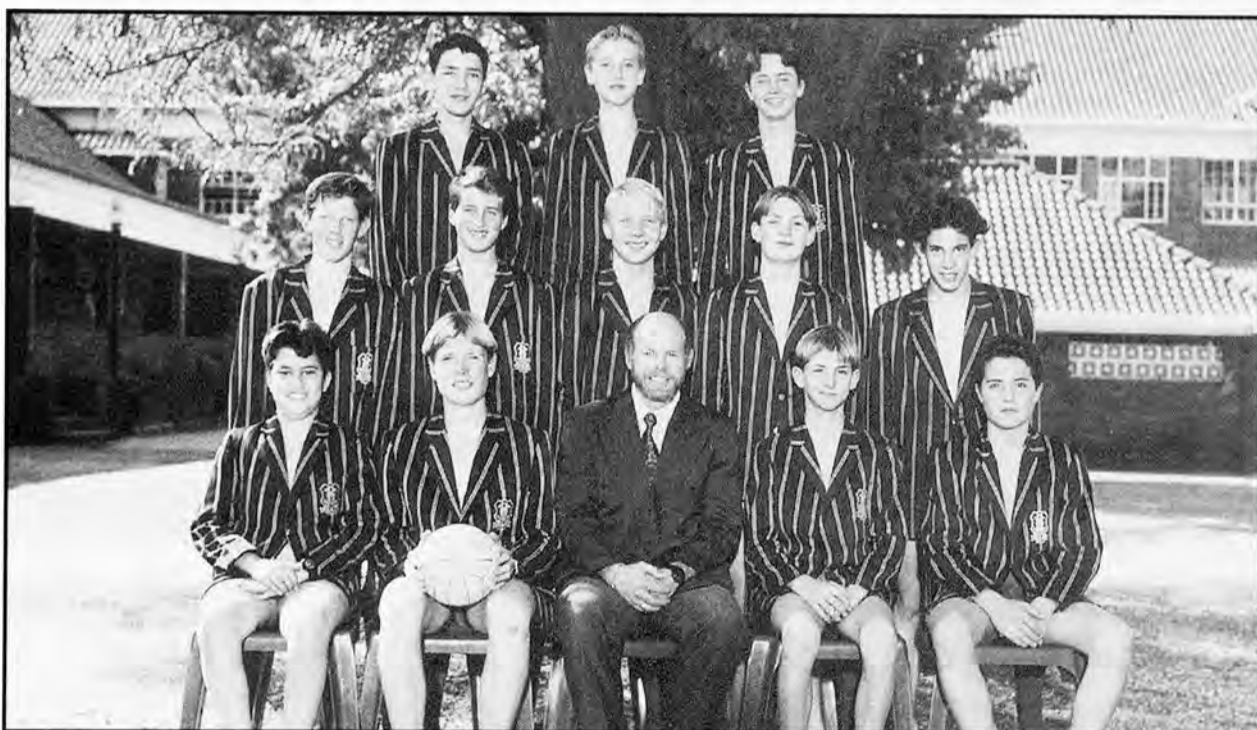
U/16 Water Polo Team

*Back row (left to right): R Farinha; A Treki; A Iorio; T Kalebka
Seated (left to right): A Kelly; A Nel; Mr G Norton; R Morgan; M Hellig*



U/15 Water Polo Team

*Back row (left to right): J Middlewick; R Tait; S Contardo; L Fiasconaro; M Lenz
Seated (left to right): N Ranger; A Witten; Mr G Norton; G Simaan; P Kobila*



U/14 Water Polo Team

*Back row (left to right): D Boyd; E Jones; M Gunning
Middle row (left to right): D Randall; L Johnson; G Nel; M Tyack; M Paschewitz
Seated row (left to right): J Farrell; R Tait; Mr G Norton; A Macfarlane; P-J Steyn*

Water Polo

This year we welcomed our new water polo coach, Mr G. Pretorius. His enthusiasm, youthfulness and excitement at training our teams has been invaluable and his input much needed. St David's water polo is growing and many more boys are enjoying the challenge of participating. In March our First Team enjoyed a successful tour to Port Shepstone.

After mastering the "lingo", we showed them what water polo is all about by convincingly winning the tournament. I am sure Mr Pretorius was pretty shocked and impressed when we defeated his alma mater 6-1.

Water polo is a team game. We must be committed to supporting each player. It's not the "glory shot" at goal that counts, but the players who have participated in getting that shot. It is therefore important that each player is committed and that we train together.

I thank all the players for their support throughout the season - one which had some wonderful successes with St David's holding its own against much bigger schools.

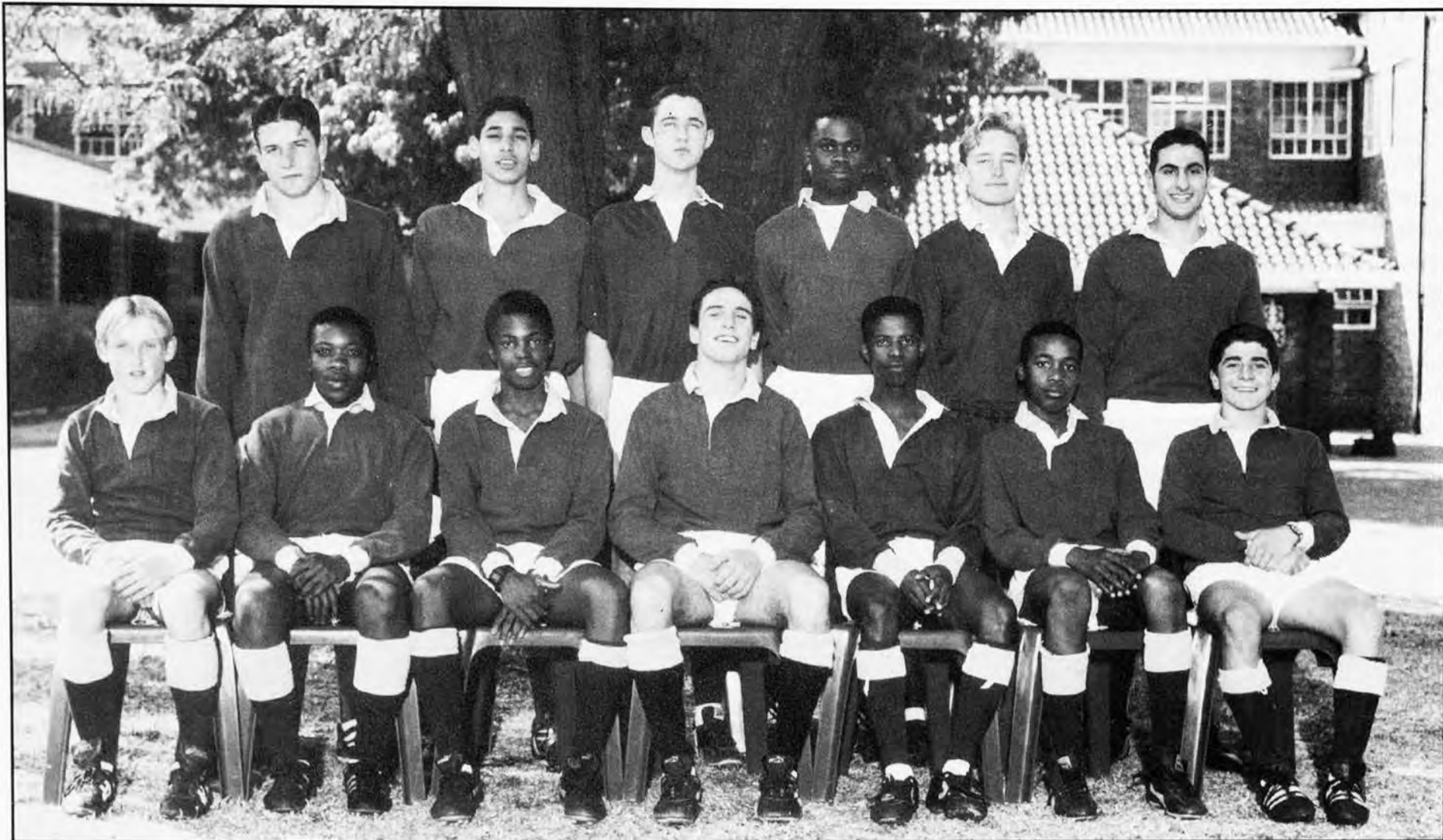
J Wickins Std 10M
Water Polo Captain

Awards for 1995

Colours: J Wickins

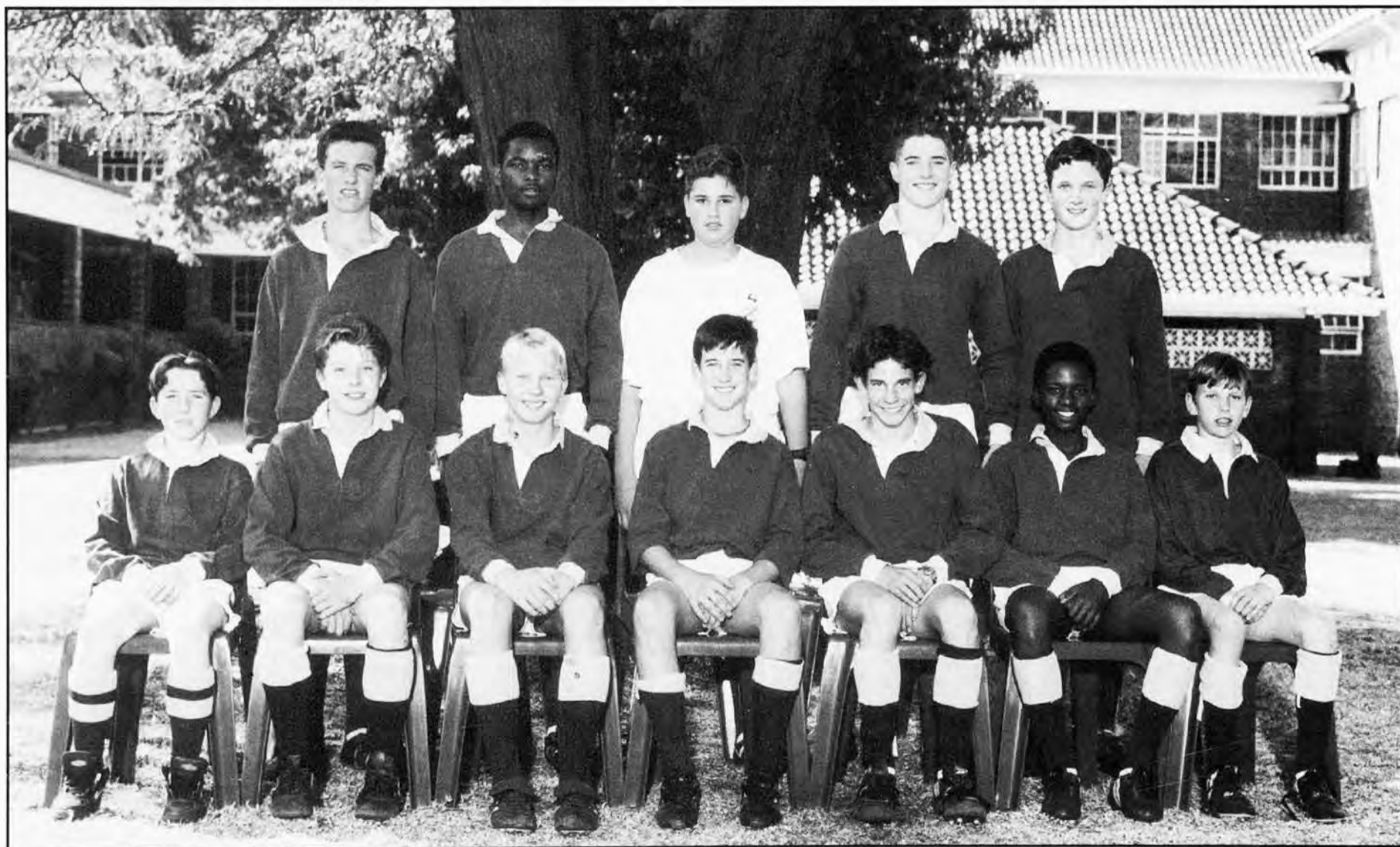
Half-colours: M Wilkinson
D Rabbolini
J Tilley
S Goldhawk
J Kyriakakis
R van Lienden

1 Page Sponsorship * The Prior Family



Senior Soccer Team

*Back row (left to right): P Owens; N Mahomed; W Phillips; S Ngwenya; M Ward; G Joseph
Seated (left to right): D Emes; T Tshabalala; B Sono; S Gallizio; C Skhosana; T Fokane; A Witten*



Junior Soccer Team

*Back row (left to right): I Busschau; Z Nhantsi; P Kobila; L Fiasconaro; K Speirs
Seated (left to right): J Orr; D Protti; G Nel; J R Mckay; M Paschkewitz; S Matshikwe; A Holmes*

1 Page Sponsorship * The Shaw Family

Tennis 1995

The season of 1995 was undoubtedly the best season that St David's has seen in a while.

With our newcomer, Miss Leenstra, as our willing and able 'Mistress in Charge' we couldn't go wrong. This year produced three teams with the 'C' team consisting mainly of Std 6's who adapted to the High School standard of tennis very quickly. The 'C' team came up

against some strong teams but managed to win all their games bar one. It's good to see some strength coming through for years to come.

The 'B' team had an equally successful season winning all their games and coming out tops in their league. They too, came up against strong opposition but most of the games ended with a large difference in the scores. The 'B' team had the most exciting finish of them all. For our last match we played Bryanston,

who also had won all of their games. In what was to be a rain deciding match we won by 5 games and took the league.

The 'A' team proved themselves to be too strong for their league winning all their games by a large margin.

A special thanks to Miss Leenstra for making this season such a success and thanks to all the boys who played.

Neil Davidson Std 10M -
B team captain.



First Tennis Team

Back row (left to right): B Greeff; A Nel

Seated (left to right): G Hellig; M Brand; Ms J Leenstra; J Wickins; B Duffield



*Second & Third Teams
Tennis*

*Back row (left to right):
D Pierson; D Horsten
J Ryan*

*Middle row (left to right):
G Nel; I Busschau
I Wood; P Edkins*

*Seated (left to right):
D Emes; Mrs A Carter
N Davison; Mr N
Mitchell; G Brennon*

Religious Review

Chaplains Report 1995

When trying to evaluate the spiritual welfare of the School, what criteria do you use? Unlike academic subjects where you can set a test and determine from the marks whether progress has been made during the year, this is not so with the spiritual side of the school. To judge from outward appearances is dangerous, to make a decision from the way a boy behaves among his peers can also be misleading. Teenagers are by nature critical of adults and their way of life, they go through the stage of **apparently** casting aside the values and principles of their elders. They **appear** to be disinterested in religion and their own spiritual growth. They are fiercely ambitious and competitive among themselves, striving to be recognised, hoping for the prize. Are they wrong? No, they are just going through the process of growing up. They are finding themselves and their own identity, they are accepting values and principles because they themselves believe in them, not because they are told to do so. This is an inner discovery, a discovery that is often full of conflict and turmoil. How can we judge from the outside? We forget that they are not adults, we forget that they have not had the experience of life that adults have had, we forget that they don't see life as adults do. Yet we are so quick to judge and condemn them. We can only offer support, encouragement and direction in their voyage self discovery.

Here at St David's we offer opportunities for this self-growth, this voyage of self-discovery. Every day begins with prayer, every assembly begins with prayer. Every week Mass is said for the high school, the junior school and the primary school, where the choir and altar boys have the chance to serve God in a special way. Opportunities are provided for the sacrament of confession. Each class throughout the school has an annual retreat to reflect on life, relationship with God, values and principles. Every day of Lent we walk the Way of the Cross. The Catholic boys are prepared for their first Confession and first Holy Communion, and Confirmation. The school tries to reach out to the Parishes through the Parish Fun Run and participating at Masses in different parishes. Fund-raising for the poor and underprivileged done by the co-workers

and other groups is on-going. Out-reach programmes, like Smile, give the boys hands-on experience. The Staff themselves, from their own pockets, provide bursaries for the less privileged.

Looking at the overall picture instead of looking at things in isolation, St David's is indeed alive and flourishing.

Religious Education

Often what is perhaps fundamentally lacking... is a clear realisation of the identity of a Catholic school and the courage to follow all the consequences of its uniqueness. ... a Catholic school's job is infinitely more difficult, more complex, since this is a time when... a pluralist mentality dominates and the Christian Gospel is increasingly pushed to the side-lines.

The Catholic School, Sacred Congregation for Catholic Education, Rome.

The teacher of Religious Education in a school like St David's is in an invidious position. The handing on of the Faith and the development of our students' moral consciousness is the *raison d'être* of the Catholic school. If in our RE classes we impart Christ's teachings, values, standards and concerns, but the school - in its actual practices and ways of doing things - does not follow them, we can end up working against ourselves.

Class retreats offer an opportunity to withdraw for a while and examine where we are going. Some boys complain that retreats are "boring" and some even - with the collusion of their parents, apparently - stay at home for the day. Perhaps, when you are not used to being self-reflective, you will quickly become bored on a retreat. Many boys, however, in the pieces that they wrote for the weekly newsletter, expressed appreciation for the time they spent on retreat with Father Brewer. "We discussed the attitudes that the modern boy has, and how to improve them", "We learnt about friendship and how it is cowardly for a group to gang up on one person", "Don't think that you are the best", "It's okay to be just me", "I learnt how to get closer to God", "I realised that I need to treat my parents with a lot more respect" - these were some of the comments.

The Standard Ten retreat was again

held in the peaceful surroundings of the Good Shepherd Centre, overlooking Hartebeespoort Dam. It was led by Father Michael Deeb, a Dominican priest who works in the Winburg district of the Free State. He has extensive experience of working with youth, having worked in the Young Christian Students movement for some years, and soon established a good and open rapport with the boys. The theme of the retreat was "Choices". A few boys chose to stay away from the retreat - the unanimous verdict of those who came was that this was an unwise choice. A pleasing aspect of the retreat was the presence of our Muslim and Hindu students.

We had a small confirmation group this year. Some of the candidates, in their own quiet way, grew enormously in their personal faith during the year, and cultivated the practice of daily prayer. There was a singular lack of enthusiasm on the part of other candidates for "all this churchy stuff". "We just want to have fun", was their cry. Their exposure to the rather more enthusiastic young people from the Eldorado Park parish, on the confirmation retreat we went on at the Bosco Diocesan Youth Centre, was a salutary experience for them. Our confirmation preparation programme, and the confirmation service itself, certainly, are not entirely satisfactory and need to be revamped.

This year's Paschal Meal had a special significance, in the light of the present moment in our country's history. As the Jewish people celebrate each year God's intervention in their history to deliver them from slavery into freedom, we celebrated our deliverance from the tyranny and evil of apartheid to the freedom of a more just and equitable society.

There were moves to establish contact between the students of Catholic high schools. Jeremy Wickins and Jonathan Tilley represented St David's at a meeting attended by students from Catholic schools all over Gauteng. The meeting decided to have a fun and social day, which we hosted. Numbers were limited to thirty students from each school. The day began with a festive celebration of Mass full of joyous singing, followed by fun sporting events such as six-a-side soccer, a braai, and a variety concert at which each school (with the notable exception of St David's) staged an item, some of which brought the house down and had the enthusiastic audience shouting wildly for more. There is not much for youth in the townships to do on weekends, and they really appreciated

the day.

It was good to have Brother Vincent visiting the school. The presence of one of the brothers in his Marist habit had some of the staff, who worked here when the brothers still lived and taught at the school, hankering after the "good old days". Brother Vincent spent a RE period with each of the Std 6 and 7 classes, telling them about the life of the Marist Brothers. Some of the boys found the concept of giving up everything to follow a religious vocation very difficult to understand - a sign of the times.

We were sad to see the departure of Mrs Joan Kirchhoffer, after many years of service to the school, some of them as RE Co-ordinator in the primary school. Joan is one of those solid old-style Catholics whose love for her faith and her church deeply affects her whole life, and her going is a great loss for the RE Department. We wish her good health and many years of happiness, and enjoyment of their grandchildren, in their retirement.

There are countless little signs that the Holy Spirit is at work at St David's, quietly and often imperceptibly preparing the ground for the Gospel of Christ to take root in the minds and lives of our school community.

Neil Mitchell
RE Co-ordinator

People are like fireworks

Adapted from Std 4 Catholics' assembly which was presented just prior to Guy Fawkes day in November 1995

Fireworks come in many varieties and with a little imagination can be compared to people. Let's look inside a box of mixed fireworks and see what we can find. Ah! sparklers - safe, hand held fireworks which bring a great deal of pleasure to all as they are waved around in the air. Just like these sparklers, there are quiet harmless people who bring pleasure to everyone as they go about their daily round. What have we here? Second out of the box come the small, cone shaped fireworks which give off red, yellow and green smoke. The coloured vapours are safe and soothing. In the world we also have colourful people who yet have a calming effect on those with whom they make contact. They are a pleasure to be with.

Here come the Catherine Wheels! They spin around frantically and it is difficult to follow their rotating motion. In our world we have very busy people. They bustle here and there. They are forever rushing! Always on the go! When they do stop for a breather, they are such interesting people with whom to communicate because they have achieved so much.

And what about the Golden Fountains? Small golden stars spew out of these fireworks. Sparkling people also draw admiration from others because of their bubbling personalities and positive attitudes. These are the people who like to make others happy.

What surprise awaits us next? Why, it's the sky rocket! A sky rocket cannot be sent soaring into the clouds unless it is first stabilized in a bottle or a mound of sand. Once stabilized, it can be ignited then it flies straight up into the air, free and sparkling, giving off magnificent little stars and making whirring sounds as it sails into space shattering the darkness in its path. We also have people who are like skyrockets. Once they have stability, a firm foundation and are lit by enthusiasm, they can do great things. They live their lives on a straight path and bring pleasure to those around them. Everyone loves a skyrocket.

Each of us is different. Each of us is unique. Each is special in his or her way. We can try to be the best light that we can possibly be and try to look for that special light in others.

Dear Lord, we know that you made us all different yet all special. Please help us to be the best people we can be and help us to recognise the good in everyone we meet.

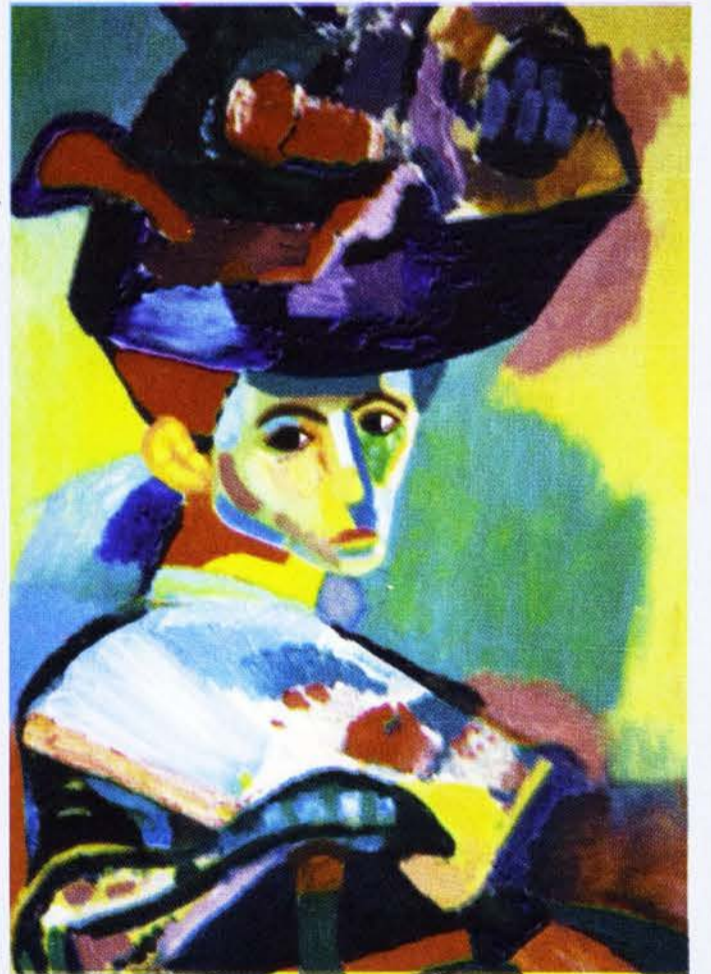
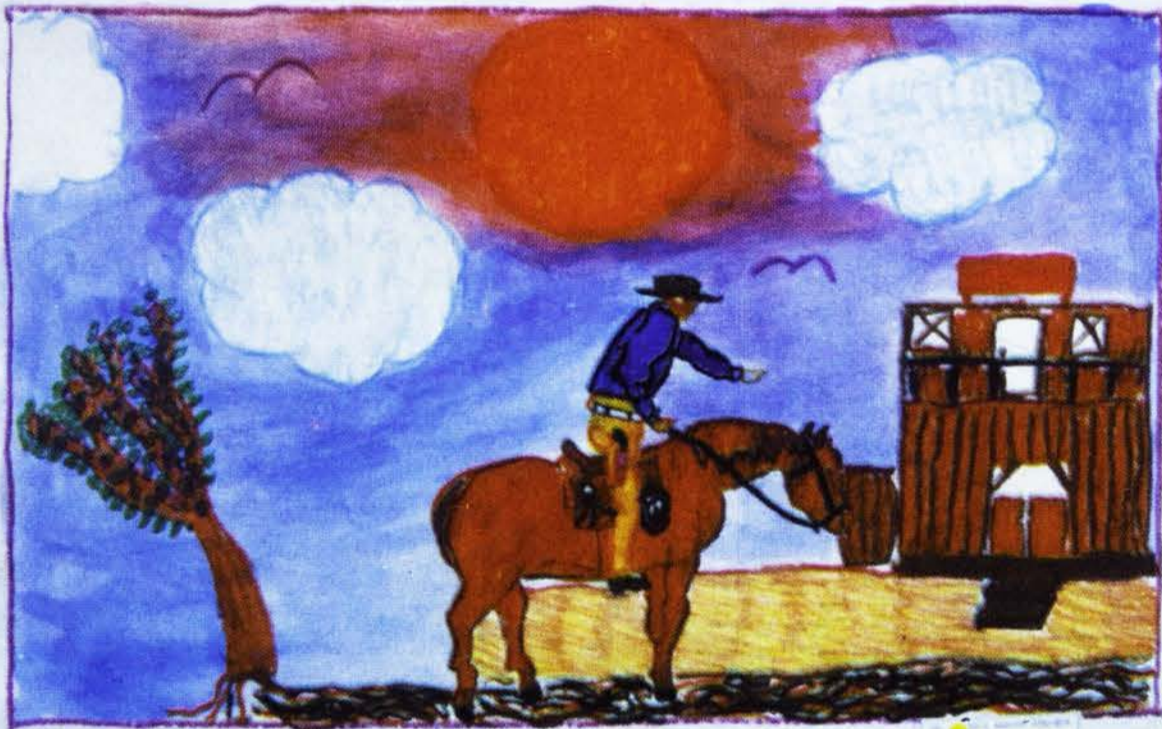
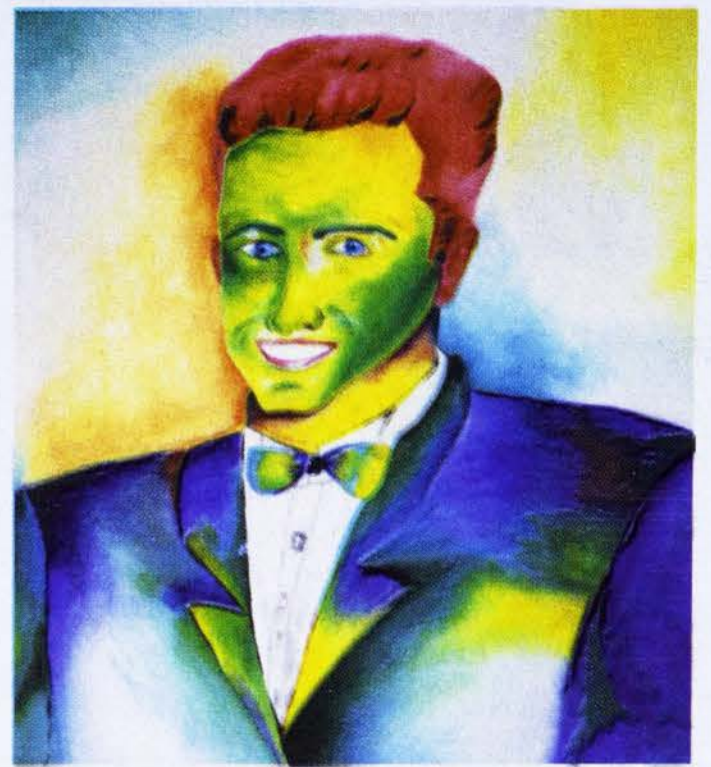
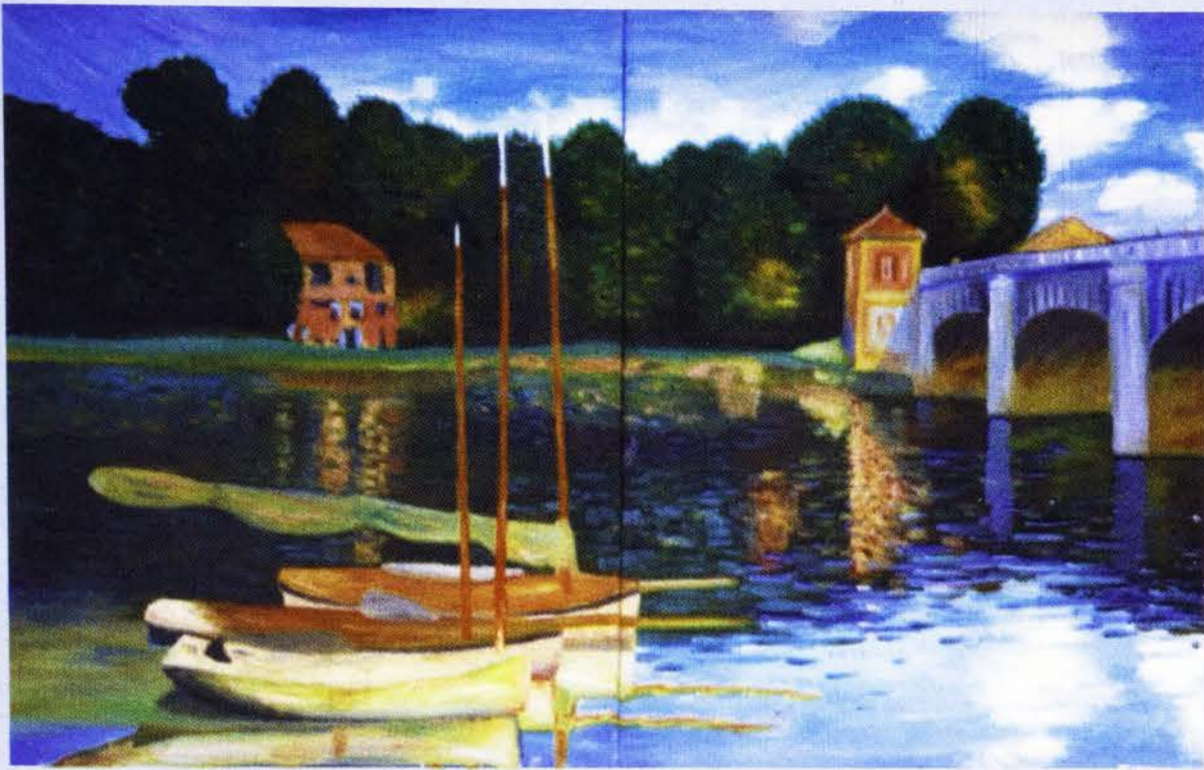
Lord hear us!

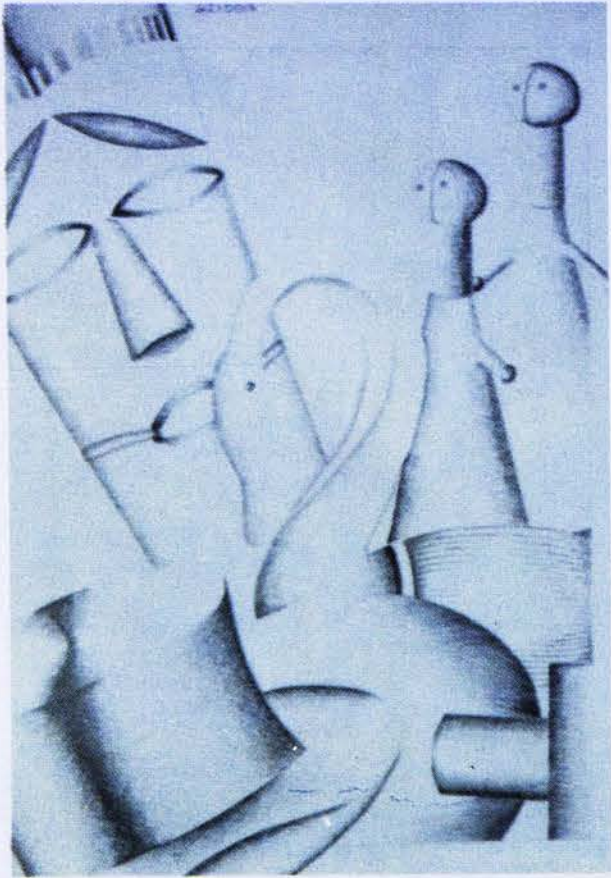
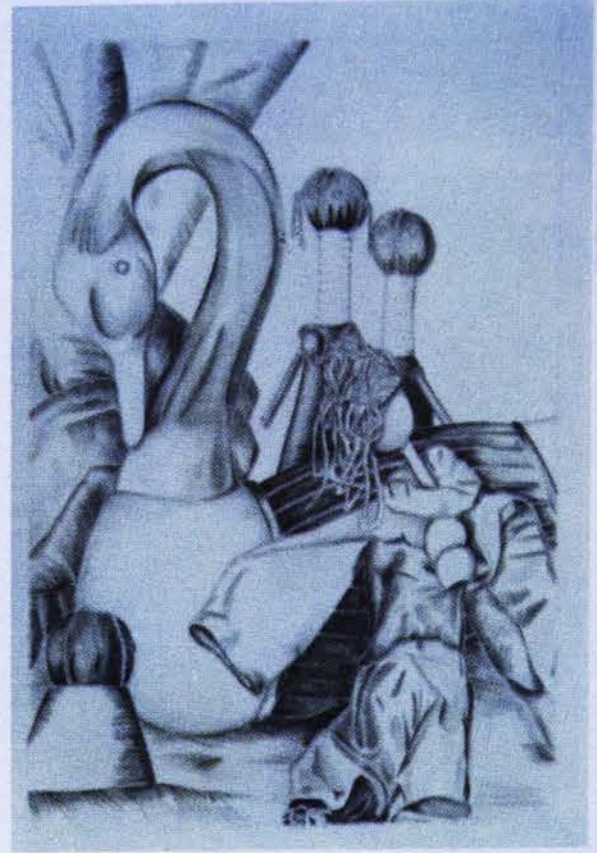


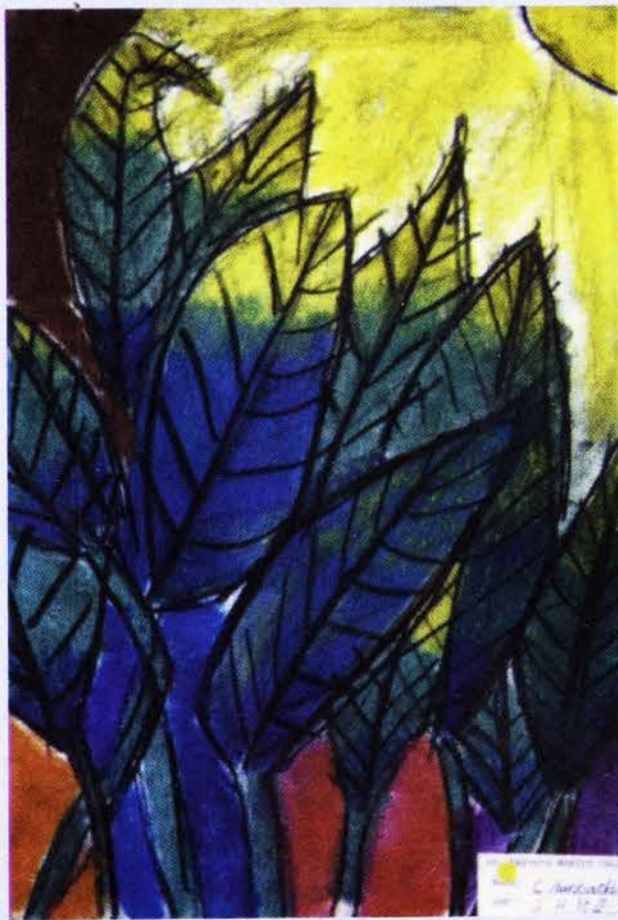
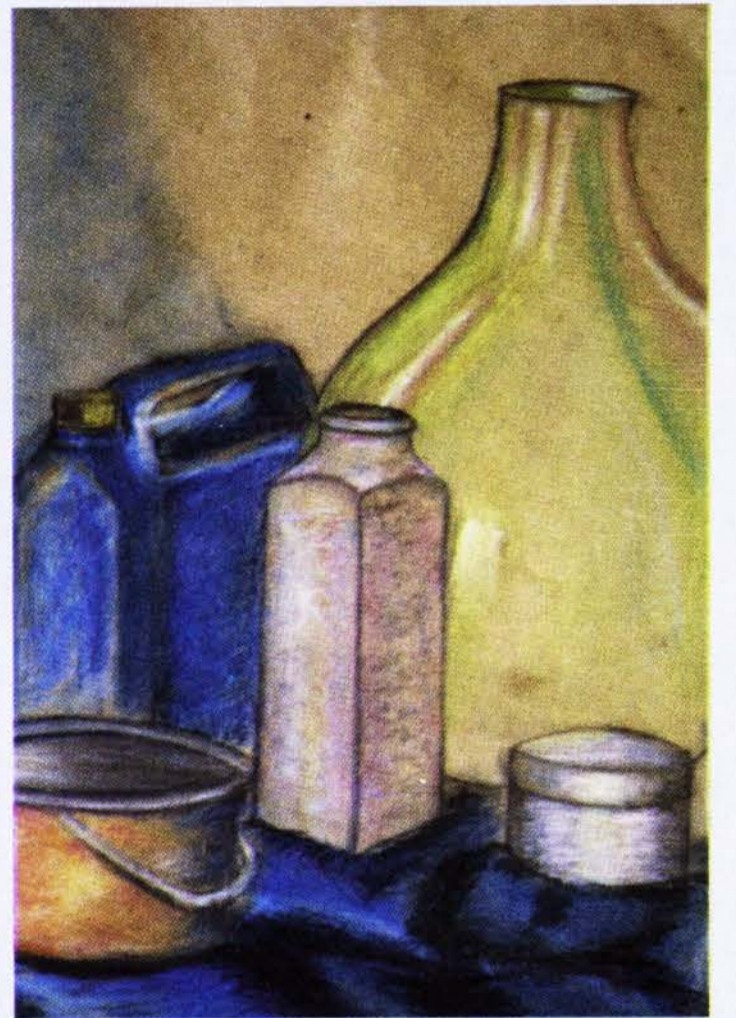
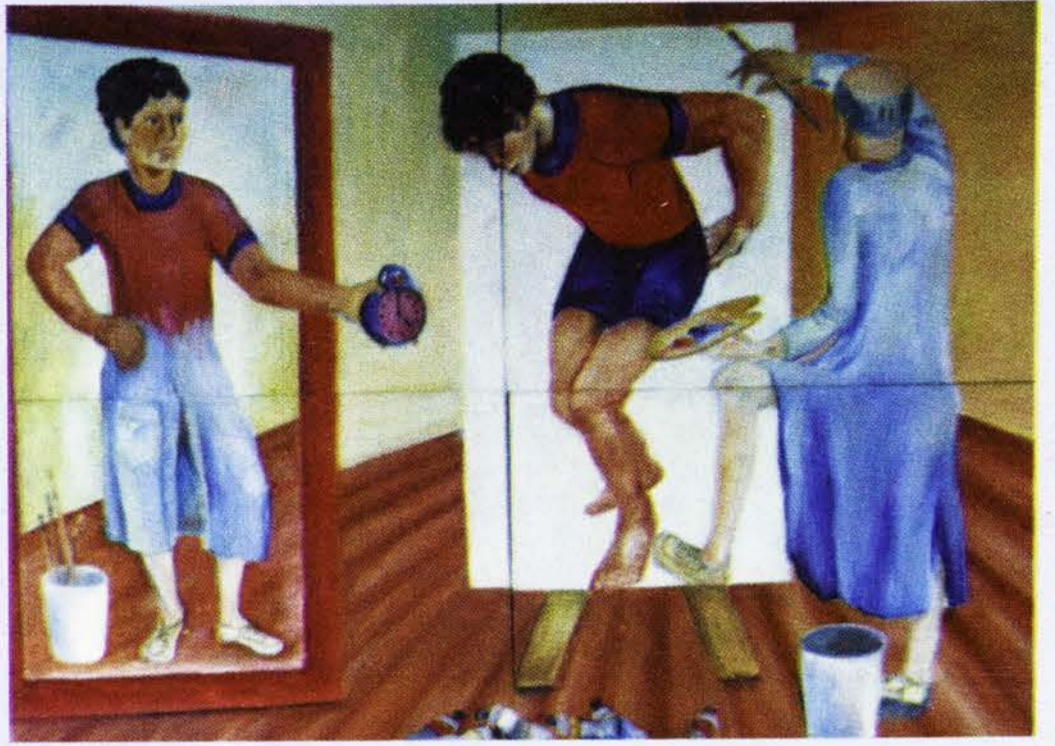
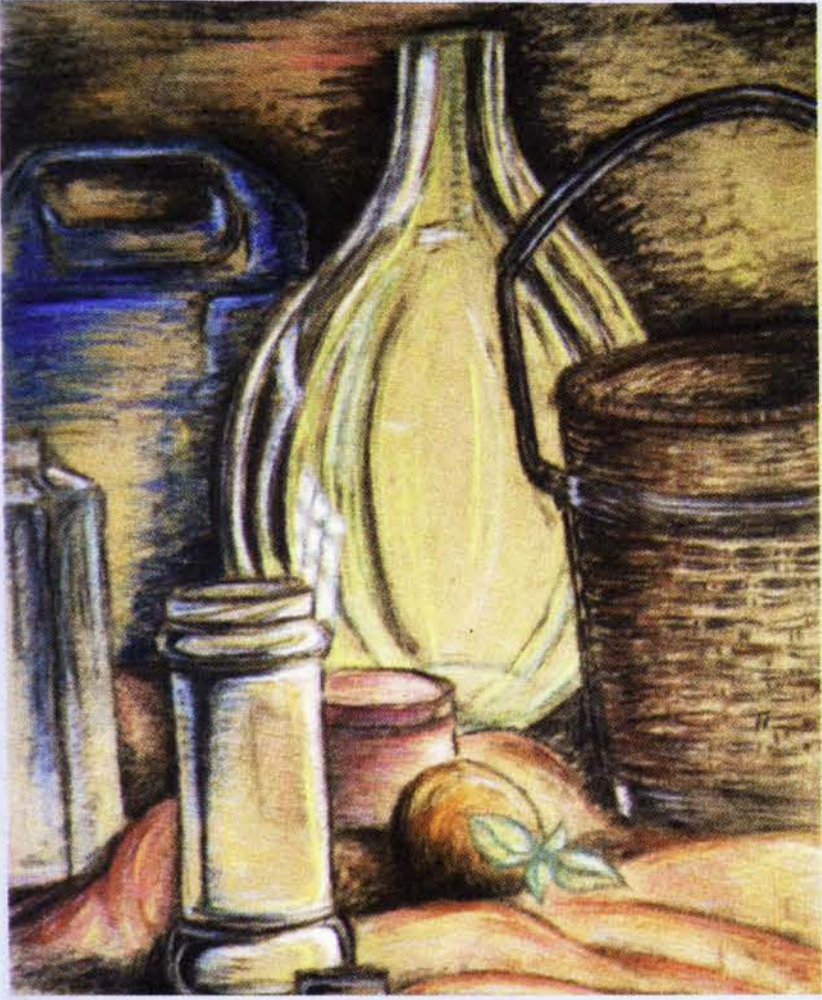
People are like fireworks

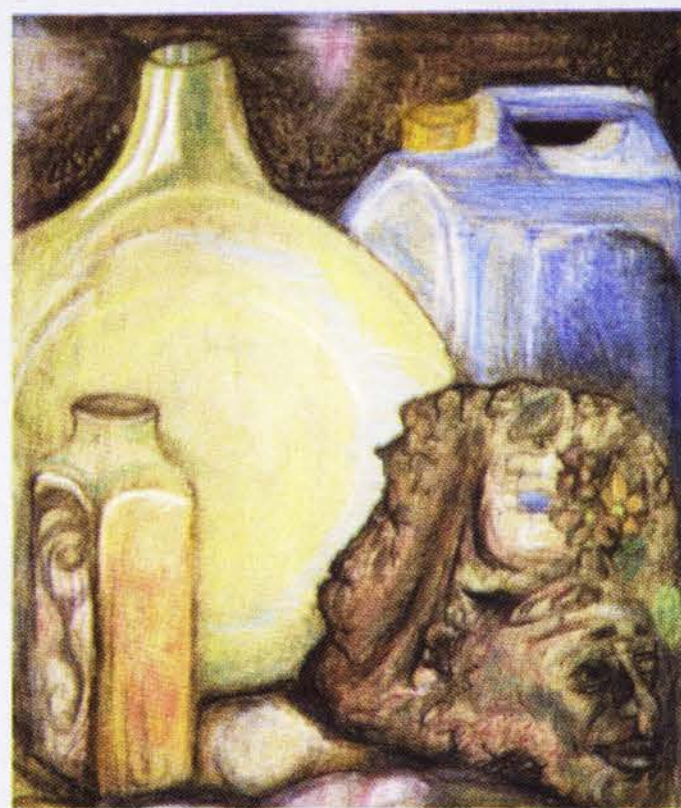
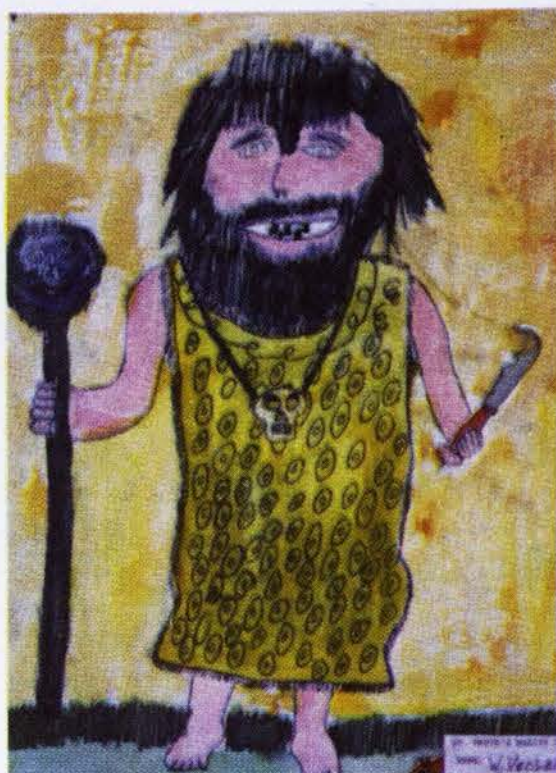
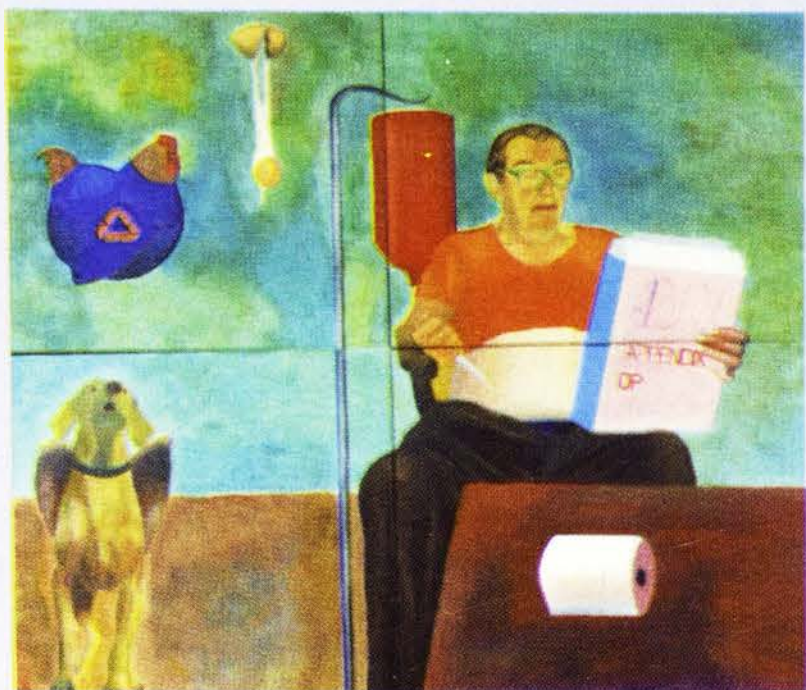
Standard 4 Catholics' very clever assembly had us all wondering which type of firework we resembled?

ART











Confirmation Group

*Back row (left to right): R van Lienden; A Quail; M van Gemert; C Morte; V Nunes
Seated (left to right): B Dama; Mr N Mitchell; M Ross; Fr B Brewer; I Acott*



Participants in the Std 9 Confirmation Retreat follow the Way of the Cross on the hills around Bosco.

Morning prayers and meditation.



Some comments on the Std 10 Retreat

"I learnt that the church is not as inflexible as we think over some issues."

"The 'Star Power' game taught us exactly what people are like and what life will be like for us after school. How power corrupts."

"I learnt to use the Church as a strict guideline in life. If, however, I do something that contradicts the Church, but I can still live with myself and face God, then it's alright; I can still be a Catholic."

"There was often too much lecturing, instead of interesting discussions. The sessions were also rather long. They should be delivered in short powerful doses."

"The venue was good but it is a little too close to the shops."

"I appreciated being able to go and

speak to Father Mike by myself."

"I learnt that prayer is more than just talking, but listening as well."

"The meals were very good, although the juice was too sweet and there was no dessert at night."

I learnt that Christianity is an outdated practice that contradicts its own laws. The retreat only prompted me to research other religions more."

"The video was unappealing and outdated and didn't hold the pupils' attention."

"It was an interesting video. The choices that girl had to make were difficult and she had to make sacrifices. I think it was a pity that not many watched it. They would have learnt something."

"There was nothing to learn. I live my life the way I want to."

"There should have been more free

time and not such heavy subjects. At this age we don't take interest in these subjects."

"The retreat gave me good insight into such things as sex before marriage and why the church has certain laws."

"The closing service was very emotional and brought out a different side in all of us."

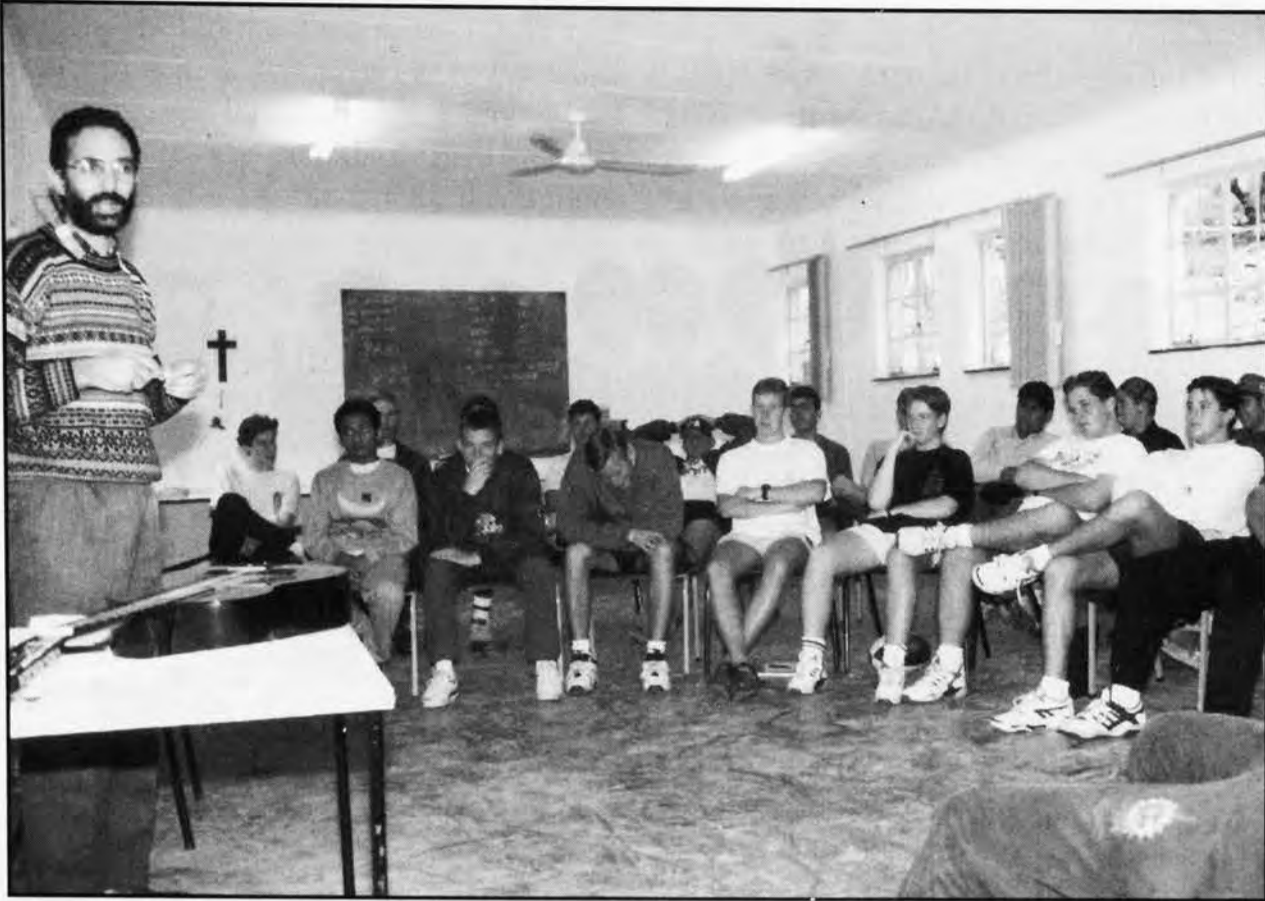
"The closing service appeared at first as being exceptionally outrageous, but developed into an exceptionally warm, friendly and respectful kind of service."

"The retreat needs to be longer, maybe over four days. There is a lot to think about and we need the time for contemplation where you have to go and just be by yourself."

"I realise now that many of the things that are important to me in my life, like entertainment, don't provide the fulfilment that faith in God could."



1 Page sponsorship * The Ross-Munro Family



Father Mike Deeb leads a session.



There was also time for relaxing (!)



James Bateman adds a candle to those lit by other participants in the closing ceremony of the retreat, affirming the choices they made on the retreat.



First Holy Communion Boys

*Back row (left to right): L Senatore; B Estment; G Afeltra; W vd Merwe; A Cavalieri; A Kalebka; N Schilperoort; T Avnit
M Sethole; T Forssman; A Shaw; M v Niekerk; W Giuricich*

*Middle row (left to right): Mrs G Anderson; D Larsen; S de Lame; J Beaton; G Ramsay; M Stirk; C Small; B Roane
M Kairuz; M Poultney; K Parbhoo; M Borrageiro; T Rametse; N Koll; D Clarkson; N Rasenti*

*Seated (left to right): M Senatore; R Dama; B Kolsch; P Van't Hof; A Likotla; M Middlewick; S De Villiers; C Steinbach
R Afeltra*

First Holy Communion

On Sunday 29 October 1995 the following boys made their First Holy Communion in the College Chapel:

Gianmarion Afeltra, Riccardo Afeltra, Tyrone Avnit, Jake Beaton, Matthew Borrageiro, Andrea Cavalieri, Dylan Clarkson, Rowyn Dama, Sebastian de Lame, Steven de Villiers, Tebogo Dlukulu, Bjorn Estment, Timothy Forssman, Walter Giuricich, Michael Kairuz, Alexander Kalebka, Nicholas Koll, Bernhard Kolsch, Dayne Larsen, Anthony Likotla, Mark Middlewick, Kiran Parbhoo, Matthew Poultney, Thamsanqa Rametse, Nicholas Rasenti, Geoffrey Ramsay, Brendan Roane, Nicholas Schilperoort, Lucy Senatore, Massimo Senatore, Maredi Sethole, Alistair Shaw, Craig Small, Christopher Steinbach, Michael Stirk, Warrick van der Merwe, Marc van Niekerk and Paul van't Hof.

Despite the strong wind blowing the candles out, there were very few dry eyes as the boys led into the Chapel to Mr R Girdwood singing "Suffer Little

Children". The Mass was celebrated by our College Chaplin, Fr B Brewer, and the Choir, consisting of fellow Standard One pupils led by Mrs Middlewick sang beautifully adding to the moment of the day.

As is the Marist tradition, the boys proceeded to the Hall after Mass, where they were treated to a special breakfast prepared by Mrs von Guillaume. While the boys enjoyed their breakfast, the parents and their guests enjoyed tea.

After breakfast, the boys were called upon by Fr Brewer to present a posy of flowers to their mothers in appreciation for all they had done for them, after which each child was presented his First Holy Communion Certificate.

I thank the parents for supporting their sons during the preparation for the Sacraments of Reconciliation and Holy Communion and pray that they will continue to encourage them to approach the Table of the Lord with the same sincere faith and childlike simplicity that they possessed on the day.

My thanks to all those Staff and parents who helped to make this such a memorable day for our First Holy Communicants.

Mrs G Anderson

Senior Prep Altar Servers

This year saw a gratifying number of pupils willing to give of their time in order to serve at our weekly celebration of the Mass.

These pupils show a sense of commitment and dedication which makes them Marist boys in the true sense of the word. Only if they were called upon to take part in inter-school sporting events, did they miss our bi-weekly meetings - and then they usually remembered to excuse themselves beforehand.

Serving at the altar is an honour and a privilege and the pupils who serve set the tone of the Mass. Our pupils never let us down; they are dignified and alert, setting a good example by the way they conduct themselves. Yes, we make a few mistakes, but thanks to whispered reminders from Father Brewer or a discreet dig in the ribs from a fellow server, we don't disgrace ourselves.

My sincere thanks to those loyal pupils who never say 'no' and who are always more than willing to serve at a moment's

notice, should the need arise. I look forward to a new group of eager Standard Two servers in 1996 and I say a sad farewell to my Standard Five servers who have been so dedicated throughout the year.

Mrs S Bowles.

Junior Altar Servers

This year saw 22 enthusiastic little boys from Standard One give up part of their free time on a Friday afternoon to be prepared as Altar Servers.

They took these duties with extreme seriousness and with a dignified reverence while all the time bubbling underneath with great excitement. Although it

was a nerve wracking experience, they could not wait to begin serving, which took place towards the end of the First Term and the boys remained as eager right up to the end of the year.

To all these boys, my grateful thanks for being so willing to serve the Lord in such a special way.

Mrs G Anderson



Senior Prep Altar Servers

Back row (left to right): R Ravenhill; R Harris; N Emmanuel; A Colia; B James; G Horsten; C Cikara

*Middle row (left to right): C Jeurissen; M Tonetti; R Davies; P Wilkinson; Mrs S Bowles; M Reid; G Maraschin; R Pizzi
H Gill; A Papadopoulos*

Seated (left to right): J Criticos; A Castle; J Sing; D Carnicelli; F de Lame; K Mullane; F Cellini; M Stapelberg; N Ansell



Junior Altar Boys

Back row (left to right): A Shaw; A Cavalieri; R Gomes da Silva; V Holland; M Sethole; M Poultney; W Giuricich

*Middle row (left to right): Mrs G Anderson; S De Lame; M Stirk; B Roane; B Estment; R Kelly; J Beaton; N Rasenti
Fr B Brewer*

Seated (left to right): R Afeltra; B Kolsch; P Van T'Hof; N Koll; G Ramsay; M Middlewick; C Steinbach

1 Page Sponsorship * Deloitte & Touche

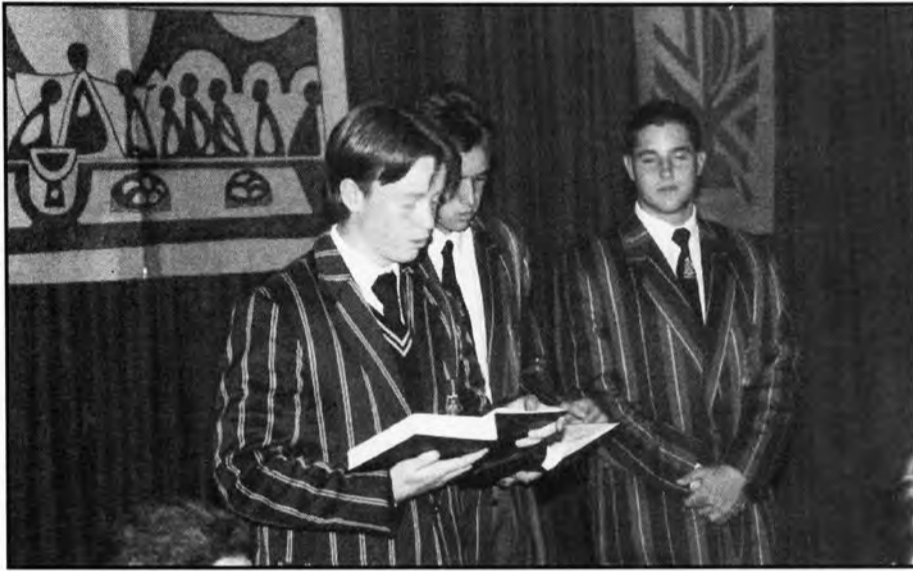
Celebration of the Paschal Meal



Mothers traditionally light the candle at the Seder table. Mrs Joan Kirchhoffer lights the candle for her table.



Ryan Norton holds the Seder plate containing the karpas (parsley), maror (bitter herbs), haroset (sweet herbs) and shankbone - reminders of the Israelite's time in exile and their subsequent deliverance.



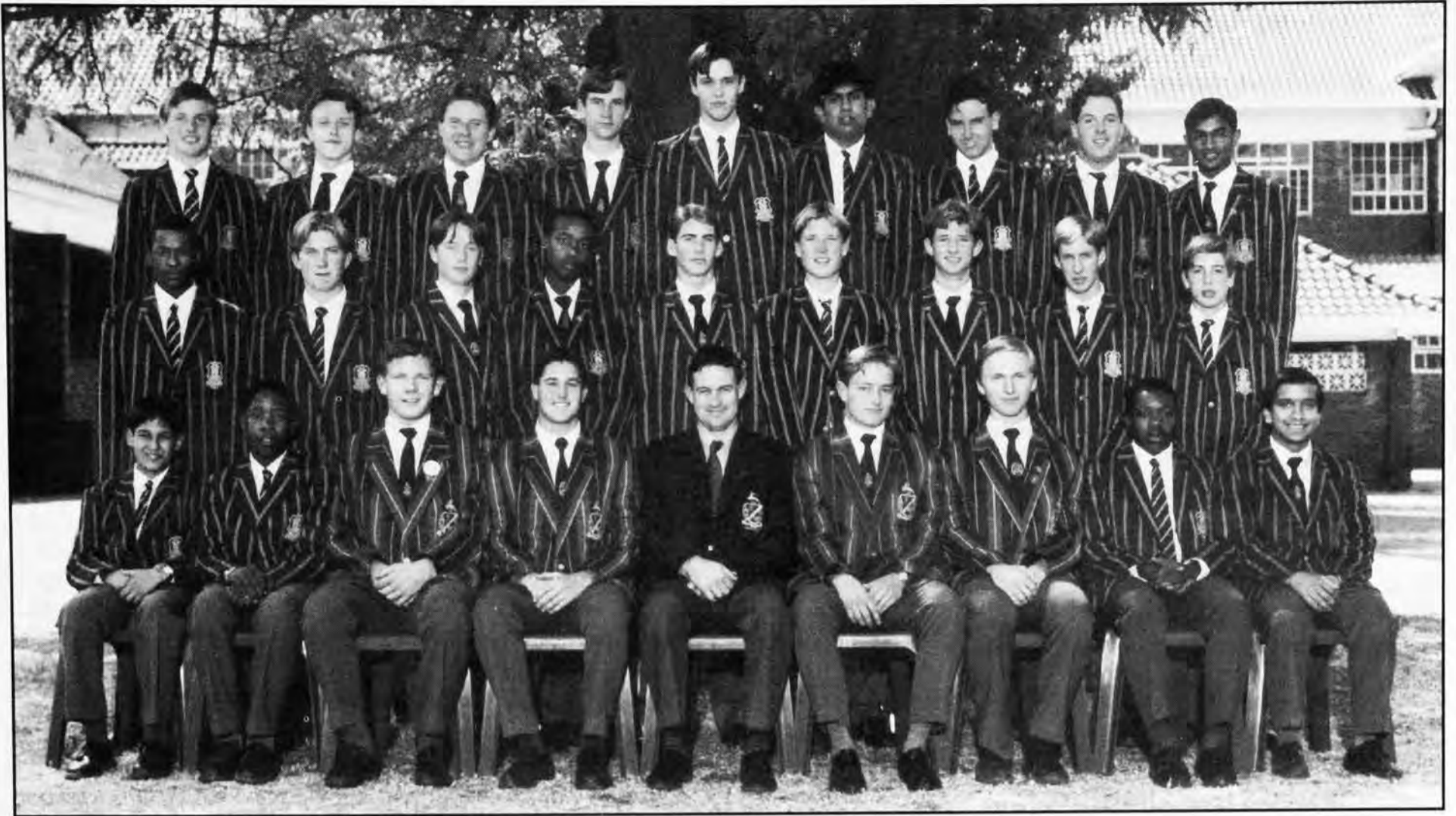
Declan Roane reads the story of the Passover from the Book of Exodus.



The veneration of the Holy Cross on Good Friday. Gary Geldenhuys holds the symbolic figure of Jesus for the Marist family to show their respect. The empty Tabernacle and bare Altar are also symbolic of the emptiness left with the death of Jesus on Good Friday. The congregation were moved by the solemnity of the service conducted by Father Brewer.



Father Brewer unveiled the Holy Cross on Good Friday in front of the members of the Marist family who attended the three services held in our school Chapel. Father made the congregation feel as if they were actually going back in time to relive the events leading up to the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.



Marist Co-Workers

*Back row (left to right): R Morgan; G Emes; M Elphick; D Pierson; J Nel; M Moorad; J Ryan; A W'stmann; S Gopal
 Middle row (left to right): B Vundla; B Janssens; D Roane; T Fokane; I Acott; R Tait; J Winderley; J Middlewick; S Naude
 Seated (left to right): J Kader; R Pinto; N Davison; J Wickins; Mr G Lambe; M Ward; I Morgan; T Tshabalala; H Mongratie*



Senior Prep Co-Workers

*Back row (left to right): Mrs J Egan; J Nel; J Morkel; S Malherbe; R Ravenhill; J P Pera; A Colia; C Lazley; S Deller
 M van Deventer; R Harris; M Reid; J Brown; K Wales; Mrs S Bowles
 3rd row (left to right): K Nkosi; J Whitson; L Peter; J Davidson; R Davies; M Schafer; J Cain; G Ross-Munro; W Gordon
 K Hutton; R Weedon; R Abvajee; T Ratshikhopha; R Pizzi; P Wilkinson; H Gill M Tonetti; C van Vliet
 2nd row (left to right): B McLuckie; B Jachs; M Ward; T Marais; F Cellini; G Kennedy; B Annagarn; N Dabbs; J Jericevich
 R Horsfield; N Howse
 Front row (left to right): A Mills; F de Lame; T Monyemore; C Jeurissen; S Jali*

College Co-Workers

The Co-workers had a fairly quiet year but nevertheless managed to raise enough money to make significant contributions to the Marist Brothers at Slough and the Joseph Gerard home in Alexandra. We also helped to pay for Christmas parties for children from Westbury and the children involved in the Smile programme. It is to the credit of the boys of the College that they could raise funds during the course of this year with so much other fund raising going on at the same time. They do it with very little fuss and so inconspicuously.

Unfortunately due to time constraints there were few Co-workers excursions this year. This is something I feel is very necessary for the college and is a priority for the new year.

Special thanks must go to Sister Ryan for her support and invaluable contributions throughout the year, and to the Chairman for the year, Michael Ward as well as his fellow matrics.

Mr G Lambe

Co-workers Co-ordinator

Prep School Co-Workers

Since we began our bi-weekly meetings in the Chapel, there has been an excellent response from the young Co-workers. During this year they have persuaded their mothers, aunts and grannies to knit almost one hundred colourful 'vests' to Mother Teresa's time-honoured pattern. They also made a considerable contribution to the blanket square collection for the Junior Mini-Councillors and brought stacks of shoes and warm clothing for distribution at Slough.

Several pupils collected money by sell-

ing hot chocolate, popcorn and candy floss in order to raise money for the poor. Some of this money was used to buy bulk packs of seed which the Co-workers from Std 4 and 5 took with them on their visit to Slough. We also raised funds to buy diesel fuel to run the pump which provides water for the Brothers' vegetable garden project at the Mission.

Funds were raised by two raffles, one for a beautiful cloth doll and a hand-knitted school scarf and the other for an autographed menu from the Rodney Ontong testimonial dinner. This was kindly donated by Ronnie Carr, and raised approximately R2800. The Co-workers presented this money to Mrs Ansell for distribution to our many charities.

As leaders of the Prep School Co-workers, Mrs Egan and I should like to thank all those parents who contribute so willingly to our 'causes'.

Thank you also to our loyal members who give of their time and their pocket money to help our less fortunate friends.

We look forward to welcoming many new members in 1996 and with the Lord's blessing may we continue to work with the Marist Brothers and be a part of the great Marist Family.

Mrs S Bowles and Mrs J Egan

Prep School Co-workers Visit to the Marist Brothers' Mission at Slough

Religion is of course a high priority of life at Slough.

On the Saturday evening we co-workers and the Brothers celebrated a simple Mass in the open, seated on stone seats in the Brothers' garden. (By the way the Altar table was a solid slab of tiger's

eye!)

A young Polish priest called Father Antonie gave a sermon based on the story of the lazy steward who wasted his master's riches and therefore had all those riches taken away from him. We were urged to use the riches or talents given to us by God, and once again we appreciated just how many talents the Brothers use as they go about their daily round at Slough.

They have dug boreholes, made vegetable gardens, maintained machinery, delivered babies, made bricks, built schools, built clinics and churches, taught children, cared for the sick and hungry, persuaded companies and embassies to part with cash and been a part of the Operation Hunger scheme - which sadly, no longer exists - to distribute basic food supplies to those who are malnourished.

Often, we at St David's, who call ourselves Marist pupils, wonder why there are no Marist Brothers here to teach us. Well, at this point we should remind ourselves of the promise made by Marcellin Champagnat when he founded the Marist order. This promise was;

"...to bring education to the poor and needy, to teach them about the Lord and to provide primary health care".

Can we honestly call ourselves the poor and needy? Perhaps some of us need to be reminded that as Christians we should follow in the footsteps of our Lord but when we compare ourselves to those who live at Slough, we are certainly not poor and needy.

What did the co-workers do at Slough? They dug a compost pit under the stern supervision of George, the man in charge of the vegetable gardens. He was often heard to utter 'tut tut' as he watched our boys wilting in the relentless heat and handling tools in a most inexperienced manner. The pit had to measure two metres wide, one metre deep and four metres long. Once dug it had to be half filled with old cans for drainage and then topped up with Kraal manure. And they did it and I was proud of them.

Mrs S Bowles



Mass at Slough

Mass was celebrated in the Brothers' garden.

Father Antonie is the celebrant and Ross Weedon gives the reading.



**Co-Workers
at Slough**

Father Antonie wearing the white hat which he wore as an officiating priest during the Pope's visit.



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Prep School Co-workers' Trip to Slough

They begin work on the compost pit.

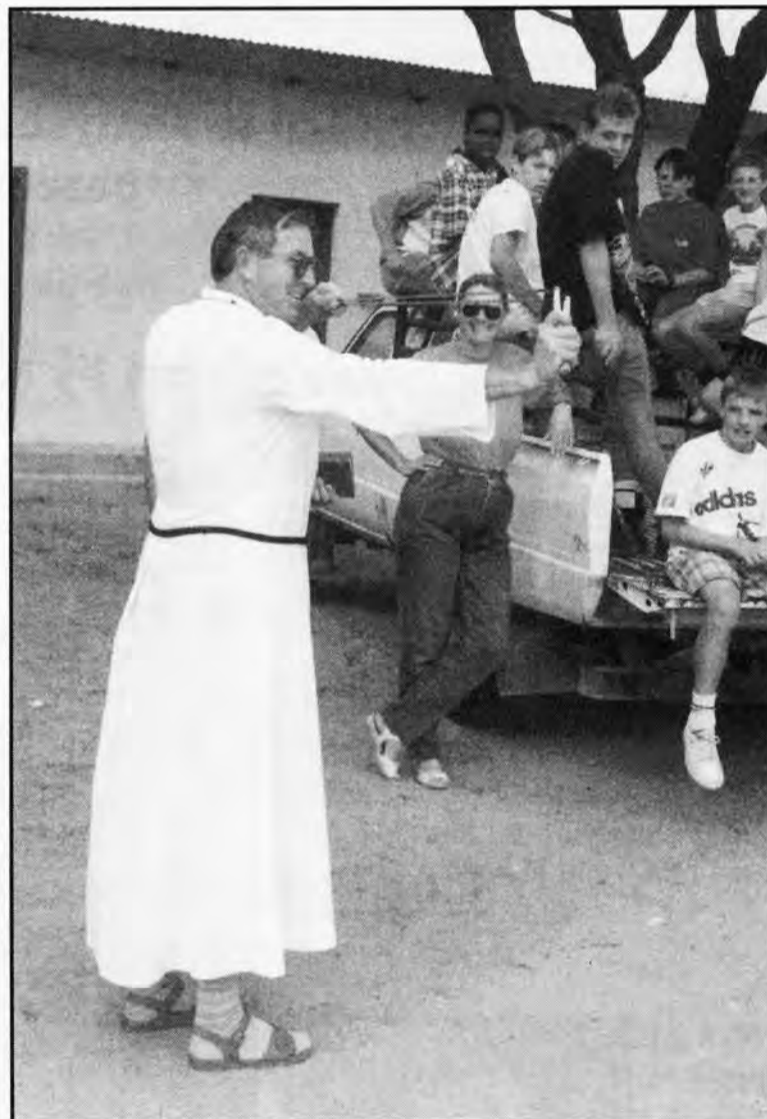
Behind are the shaded vegetable gardens, a project started by the Marist Brothers.



The Compost Pit

Four long, hot hours later!

The pit is ready to be filled with compost.



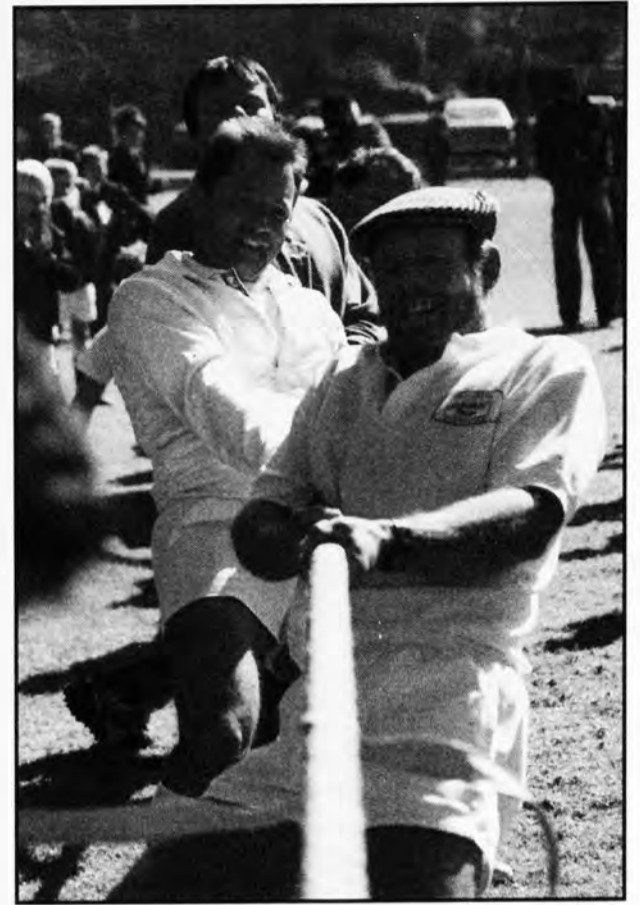
Is there no end to the talents of the Brothers?

Brother Vincent shows the Prep School Co-workers just how to hit a can on the fence.

Champagnat Day Celebrations



Champagnat Day began with the traditional combined Mass at the pool.



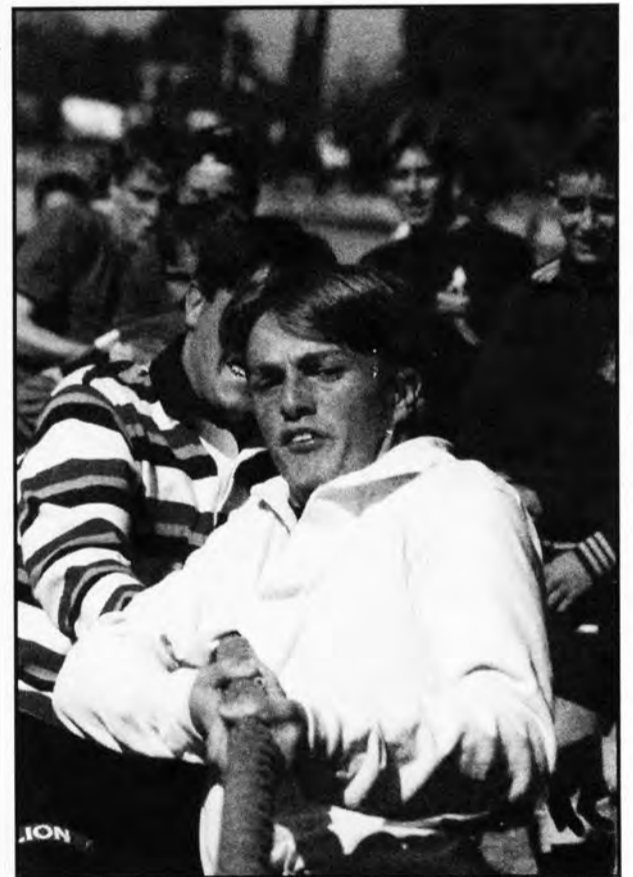
Messrs Norton, Fry and Edey prove their mettle in the staff vs boys tug of war.



College Staff



A Motley Crew





*Champagnat Day
A 'handicapped' College
team played against the
under seven soccer
side. Its not easy to
chase a ball when you
are tied to someone and
an ankle biter is attack-
ing you from the
ground!*



Matrics versus Under 7s



The College team played a serious match against the First XI and surprised their audience by their expertise and fitness!

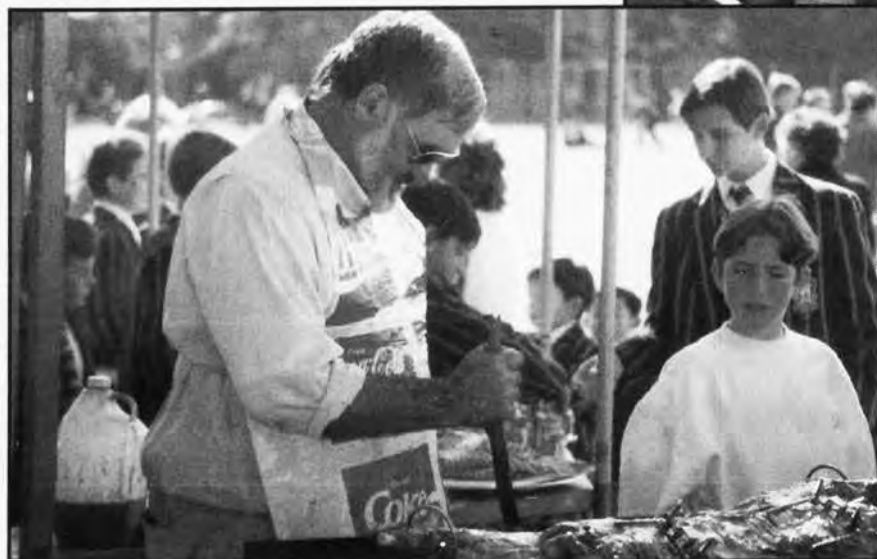


Champagnat Day

The Prep staff before they challenged the First Team to a game of soccer. We could not print an 'after' photograph in all fairness to the staff!



Champagnat Day was a very special day for our boys. They all received a cold coke and a packet of chips and then they were able to go on pony rides. After that they all went to the soccer field to watch the teachers play soccer against the boys.



Grade 0 Nativity

Every mum and dad must surely agree that the Grade 0 Nativity Production is the most moving event on the School Calendar. This was proved by the number of video cameras, flash lights and tissues evident at 11.00am Friday 24th November 1995.

Once again 75 little boys gave of their

best! Unfortunately, Marilyn Middlewick fell ill at the beginning of the week, after many hours of dedicated teaching of Christmas Carols. So, the day before the performance, Dudley Trollope (The High School Music Teacher) stepped in and very ably led the boys on the piano - the Grade 0 Staff thank him for his time and patience.

The only near-drama was when our little star, (in more ways than one) Dale

Walker, slipped on the hessian and almost lost his balance. However, he very calmly carried on unruffled, after uttering a very quiet "oops!" Well done - we are so proud of you all.

The highlight of the morning was undoubtedly the arrival of Father Christmas - this was such a surprise and the boys' faces said it all!

Mrs B Sternberg

OBITUARIES 1995

The Headmaster, Principal, Staff and Pupils offer their sympathy and prayers to the families of those who died since the publication of the 1994 St David's Marist College Review.

May they Rest in Peace.

MR JACK NORTON, May 1995

Father of Gary Norton, Deputy Head of the College and Grandfather of Sean Gr 1K and Ryan Std 1A.

MR MICHAEL ZELTNER, October 1995

Brother of Mrs Snyman and Uncle of Rhayne, Gr 2A

MR PETER ALLEN, October 1995

Founding member of Board of Governors, Inanda. Father of Dornet Fulton and Charles - Old Boys of St David's Marist College.

MRS PATRICIA GILL, July 1995

Grandmother of Hugo Gill, Std 4G

MISS KATHERINE COLEMAN, October 1995

Cousin of John Brown Std 3W and niece of Nikki Brown, member of PTA.

MR MAGAN MAKAN, October 1995

Grandfather of Shamit, Standard 6B

MRS MARGUERITE ANNEGARN, July 1995

Grandmother of Bjorn, Std 3P

MR TONY MARUGGI, November 1995

Grandfather of Stefano Contardo, Std 7C



Grade 0S

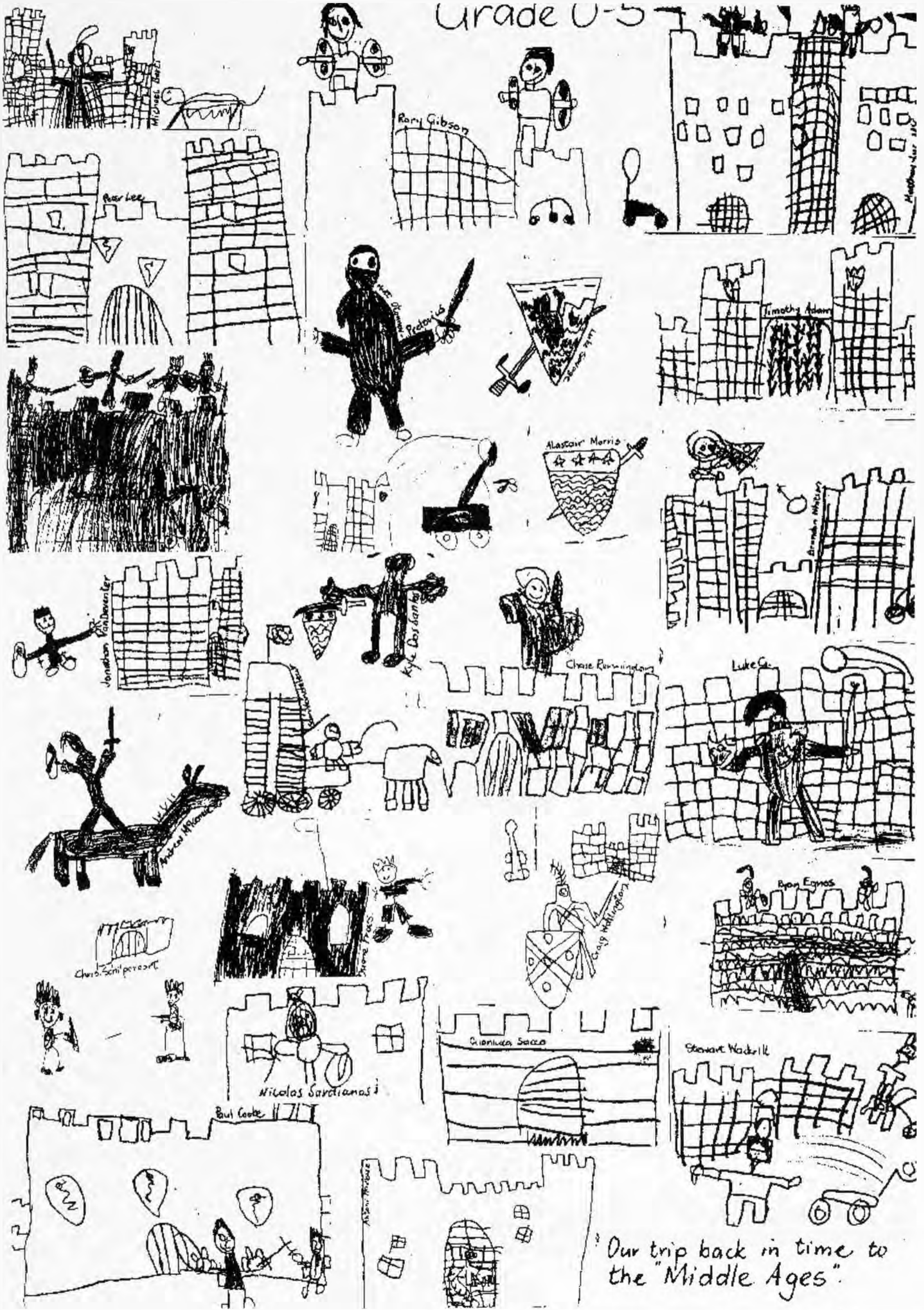
*Back row (left to right): P Cooke; C Wallington; S Wackrill; Mrs B Sternberg; S Gishen; G Sacco; A Harbuz
 Middle row (left to right): J van Deventer; P Lee; B Whitson; L Savage; C Schilperoort; A Morris; K Dos Santos
 L Goncalves; S Vandeleur; N Sardianos; C Remmington
 Seated (left to right): R Gibson; M-L McCreedy; R Egnos; M Berti; M O'Connor-Pretorius; T Adam; D Froes*



Grade 0M

*Back row (left to right): B Panos; C Williams; S Frost; Mrs Milne; R Nefdt; D McLaughlin; J van Wyk
 Middle row (left to right): N Kalk; M Ware; D Haigh; W Burt; M Egan; G Kukard; S Estment; A Osborne; M Alves
 J Savage; B Diepraam
 Seated (left to right): D Walker; M Loewke; G Borrageiro; D Perdigao; K Tiedemann; J O'Byrne; D Chappel*

Grade U-5



Our trip back in time to the "Middle Ages".

Dinosaurs Grade O-M.

Dinosaurs lived long ago, long ago, long ago.
Dinosaurs lived long ago,
That's prehistoric!

Tyrannosaurus was very mean, very mean,
very mean,
Tyrannosaurus was very mean,
That's prehistoric!

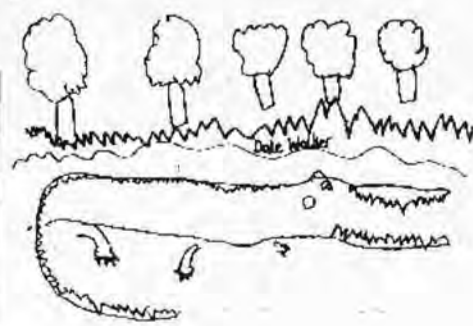
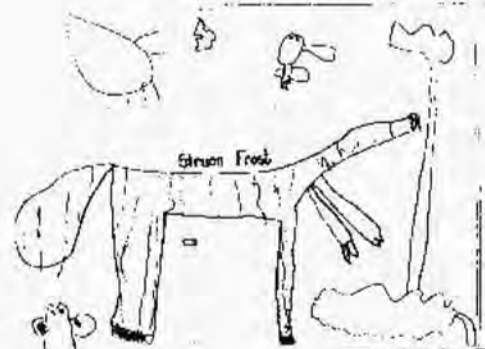
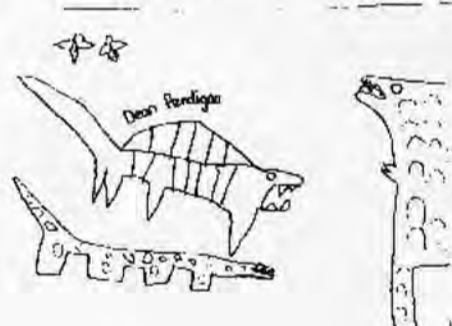
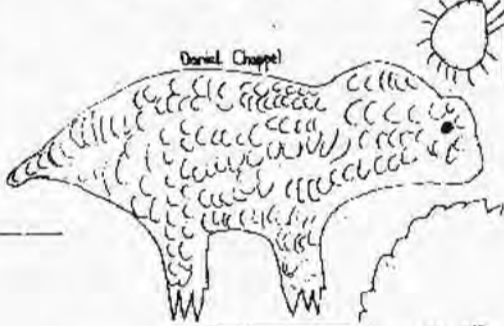
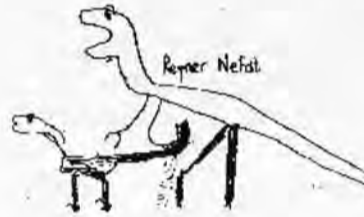
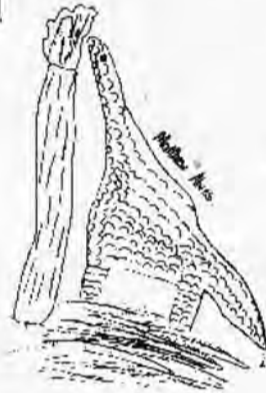
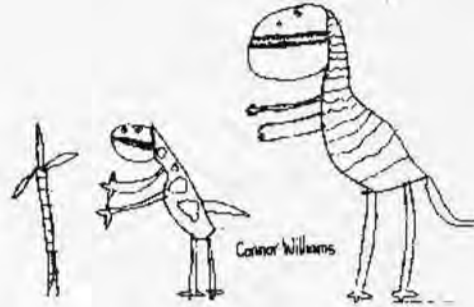
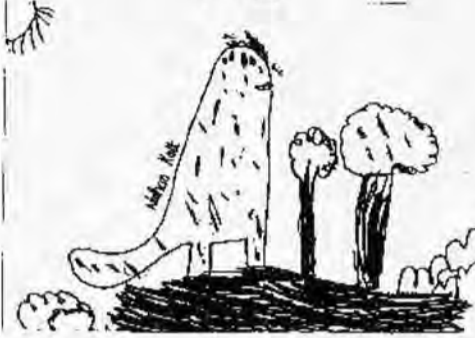
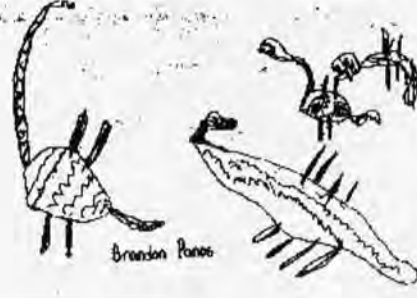
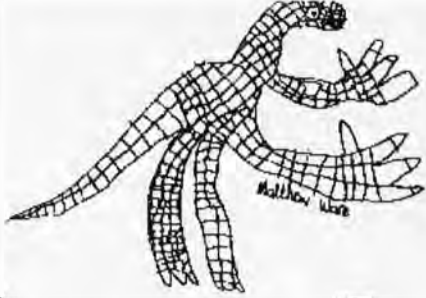
Brontosaurus was very big, very big, very big,
Brontosaurus was very big,
That's prehistoric!

Stegosaurus wore heavy spikes, heavy spikes,
heavy spikes,
Stegosaurus wore heavy spikes,
That's prehistoric!

Triceratops had big sharp horns, big sharp
horns, big sharp horns,
Triceratops had big sharp horns,
That's prehistoric!

Pteranodon could fly in the air, fly in the air, fly
in the air,
Pteranodon could fly in the air,
That's prehistoric!

All the dinosaurs disappeared, disappeared,
disappeared,
All the dinosaurs disappeared,
That's prehistoric!





Grade 1R

A Higginson; D Berti; K Tonetti; Mrs S Rose; D Naylor; P Egnos; A Weldon-Ming

*Middle row (left to right): D Reid; A Moody; M Wallace; M Goosen; D Solomon; K Reith; J Hertz; D MacKenzie; R Brett
F Goncalves; S Libera; L Mabo*

Seated (left to right): J Ferriere; D Schilperoort; M Picone; T Ray; N Bristow; O-M Mogale; T Hussey

Daniel Gr 1R

Write a story

Write a story about your trip to outer space.

I went to space
with my dad
and my brother.
my brother
saw a monster
we ran for our
lives the monster
chaste us our
dad was loocking
for us and wen
he saw the
monster he
came with
us to hide
behid the rocks.

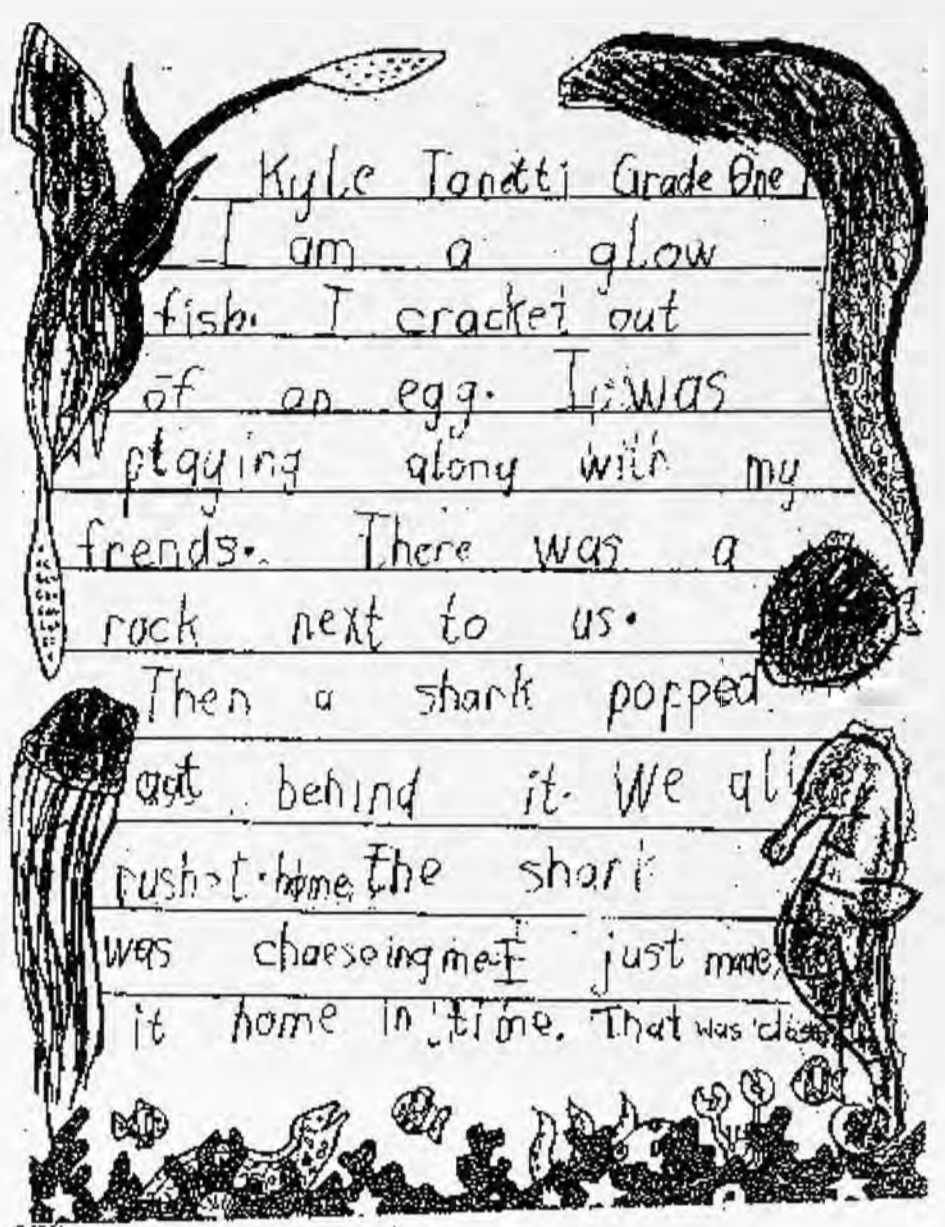
R.I.C. Publications 10

I am a clownfish
I went out for a
swim then I saw
a big octopus he
trid to catch me but
I was too fast for
him then he gave up
so I went along
then a shrack came
trid to catch me then I
went home.
the end

Name Steven T Gr 1R

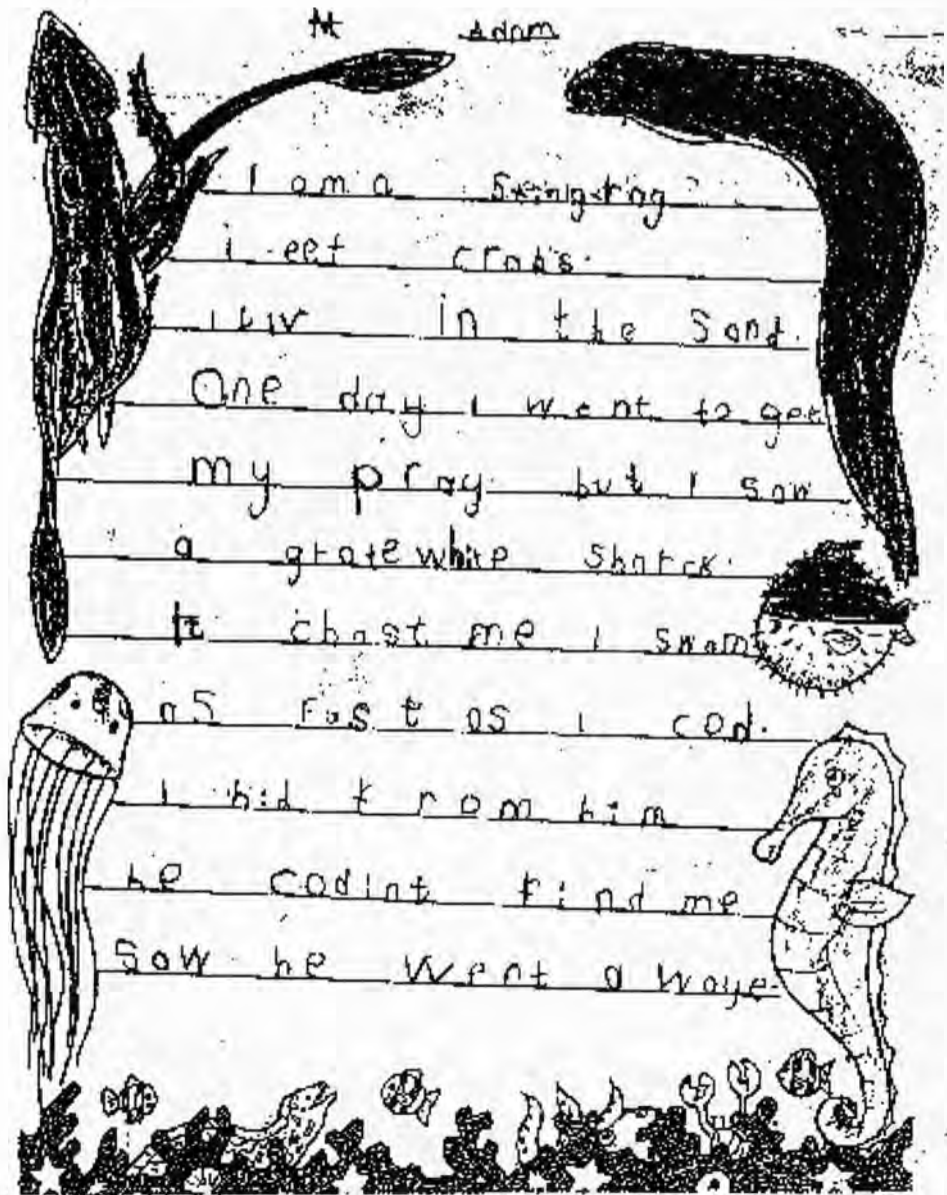
My trip to Uranus
 I went to Uranus
 I went with my alien friend.
 I went in my rocket.
 My alien friend showed me
 his alien friends.
 We played hide and go seek
 then I went home to Earth. I told
 my Mum and Dad but I
 did not think they did not
 believe me.

Duncan Reid Grade 1R



Kyle Tonetti Grade One
 I am a glow
 fish. I cracked out
 of an egg. I was
 playing along with my
 friends. There was a
 rock next to us.
 Then a shark popped
 out behind it. We all
 pushed home. The shark
 was chasing me. I just made
 it home in time. That was close.

Name Kyle



Adam
 I am a swimming
 i eat crabs.
 I live in the sand.
 One day I went to get
 my prey but I saw
 a grate white shark
 to chase me I swam
 as fast as I could.
 I hid from him
 he could not find me
 so he went away.

Name Adam Weir Grade One 1R

St David's is my best
 school. we learn a lot
 over. we are the best
 in sport. we are all
 friends in St David's. we
 go to p.t. we do fun swims
 we go to computer.
 we do reading.
 I thank my Mom and
 Dad to put me in
 St David's. the End.
 Filip Gonsalves, Grade One 1




Grade 1K

Back row (left to right): D Kets; D De Lorenzo; E Le Roux; Mrs B Kalk; B Filmatter; M Colia; R Abrey

Middle row (left to right): D Kalil; B Manganye; G Gomes-Sebastiao; N Loewke; K Nyatsambo; W Whittaker; W Gird

C King; R Ramsay; M Holden; R Harte; J Gates

Seated (left to right): W Tam; G Murphy; A Keightley-Smith; S Norton; G Davidson; K Mohlahlo; W Steinbach

My News 
 On Saturday I went to Graigs
 . pate and we went to Sper
 . and I dad Sper ribs then
 we went home and plade
 crikit and I was Aw t
 on Sunday I went to cheurch
 then I went home and went
 . to the bikescl shop and got
 a bike for my mom and dad
 then we went home and
 went for a ride to the
 barn.

W
 Warwick
 Gird
 Crik

A fishy Story

I am a little fish.

my friend got chastised by a man
 and I went in to the weed.
 and I hid in the weed.
 and then the shark swam after me.



I am a tyrannosaurus - rex One day I came a cros sum
eggs ther war six eggs I started aeten I couldnt
stop then Diplodocus came an hit me on my body I
fal down I couldnt get up it tooc me eighteen minets
to get up .

By Kuda Nyatsamo

My News

On Friday I went to Gerard's house . we were going to
sleep in the tent but there were spiders and wasps
We went to the tv room and watched the Mougli and
the Junglebook .

By Ryan Abrey



Ryan Abrey Gr 1K



Gr 1K Kuda Nyatsambo

I am a Tyrannosaurus - rex I am a
meat eater I eat meat and I eat all the
Dinosaur One Day Allosaurus ctased
my babies then I ate Allosaurus.
Allosaurus died. I am a fierre Dinosau
Wesley Tam Gr. 1K

I am a T-rex I eat meat. I am 10 feat
tall. wanes I was lookinf for food and I
found a Stegosaurus and he was so

strong that he wackt me rite over whit
his taill. and I wos ded.

Gregory Murphy Gr. 1K

I am Stegosaurus I am a herbivore one
day I was wockin thro the forist and I
said a Tyrannosaurus - Rex I went to
cold muy frend pelorosaurus hit
Tyranosaurus - rex tyrannosaurus - rex
fal down - then Tyranosaurus - rex go
up stegosaurus hit tyrannosaurus - rex

with his spuks.

Domenico Delorenzo Gr. 1K

My News

I swam and my dog bit my I went to
the hospital he bit me on my chest I
stade in hospital four two days and my
chest had a hol in it wus saw my dog
fownd five rats he ate a rat ther was
blud it wus grose.

Wade Steinbach Gr. 1K

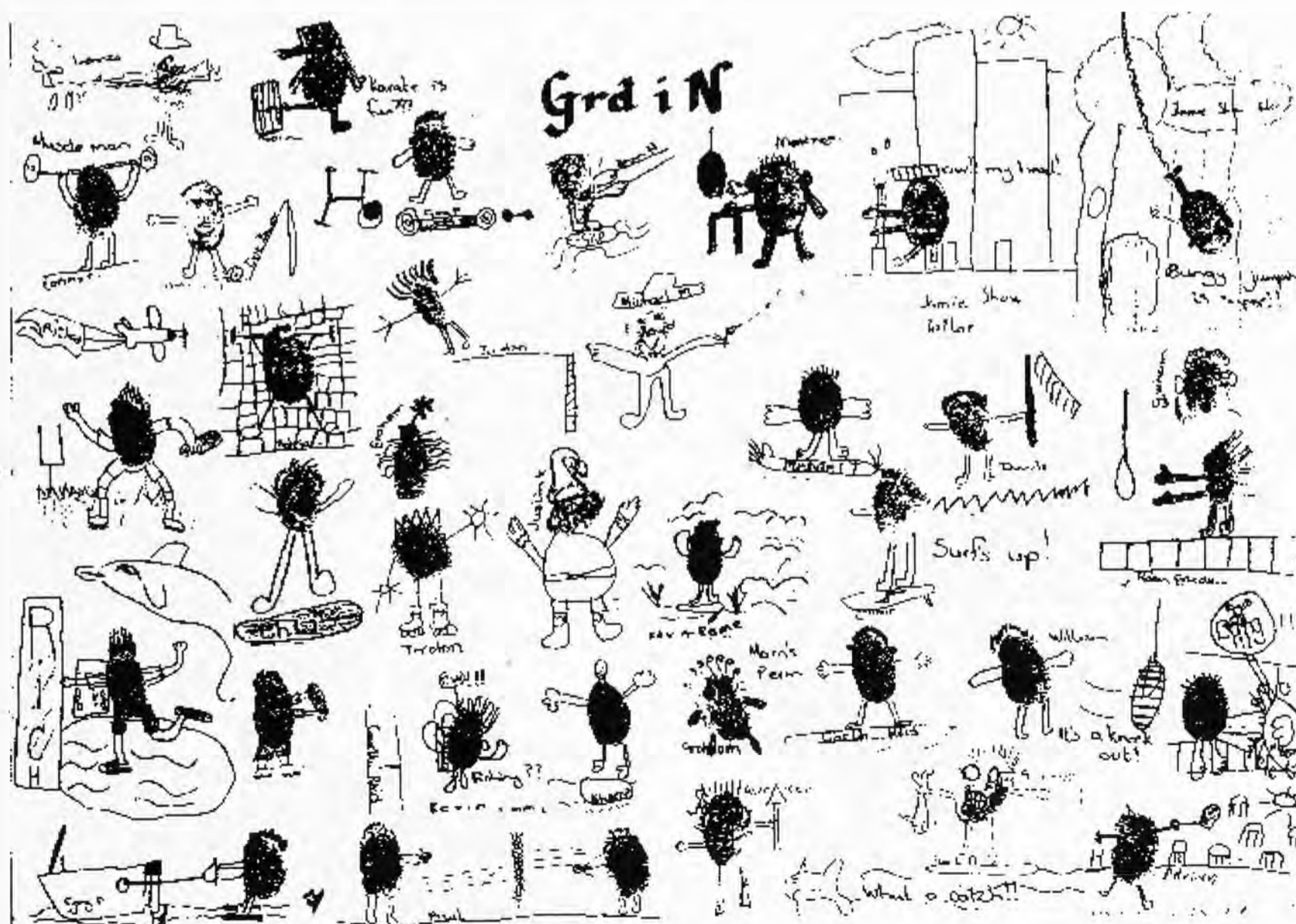


Grade 1N

Back row (left to right): G Reid; C Forssman; M Sherratt; Mrs A Norton; A Gebers; W Rice; J Graham

*Middle row (left to right): K Phetoe; E Bauer; J Kalk; L Agostinetto; M Macindoe; G Pearce; I Giuricich; G Freeman
R Edey; R Garden; C Mace; B Manganye*

Seated (left to right): D Tollemache; P Nieuwoudt; K Came; M Tindall; J Shaw-Taylor; K Harding; D Biccari





Grade 2B

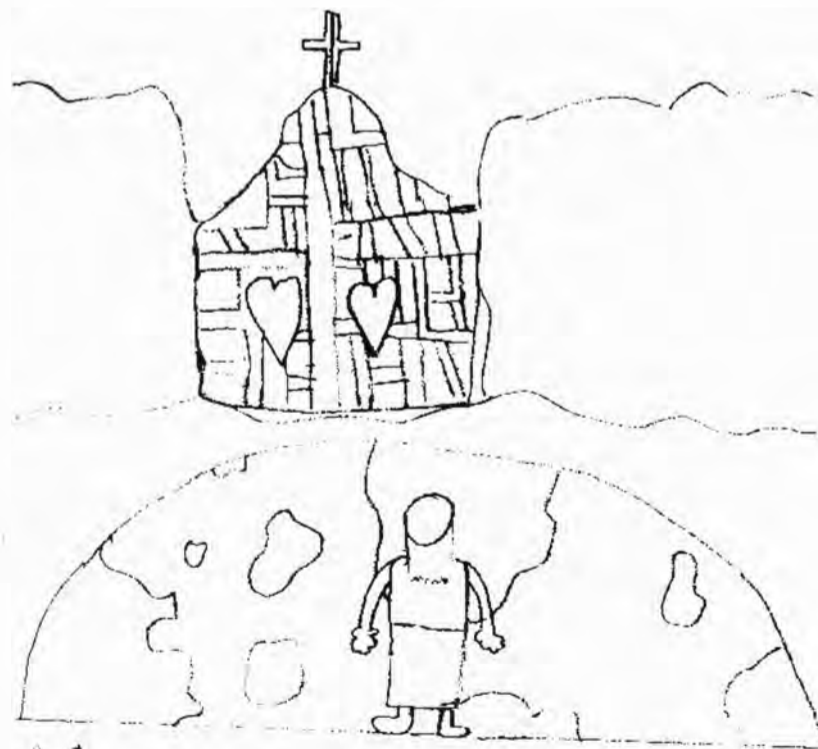
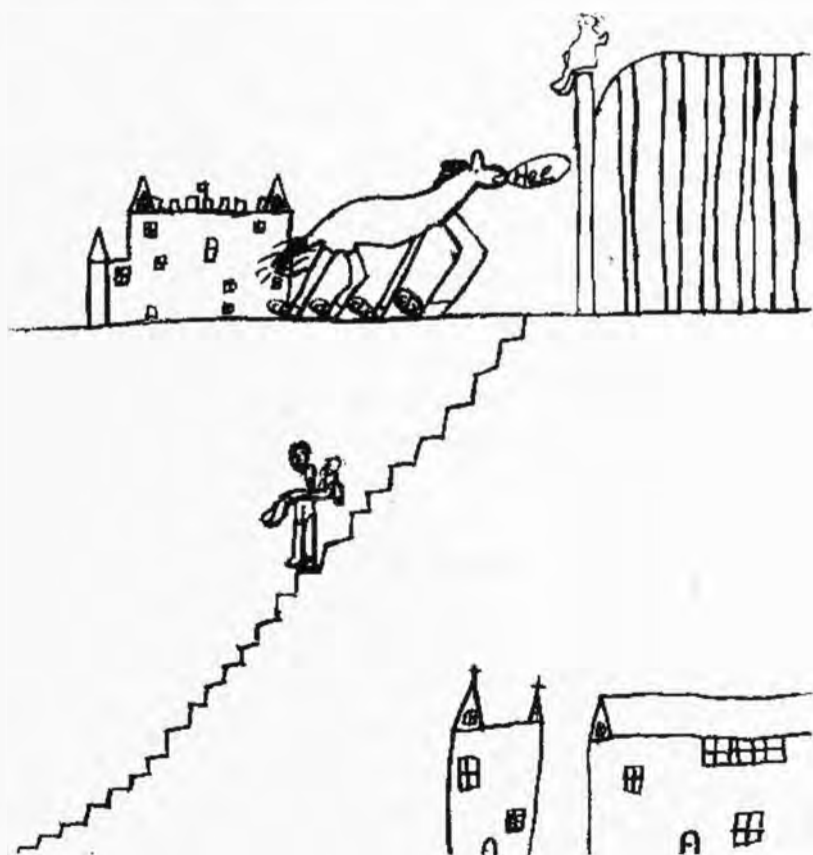
Back row (left to right): B Lemmer; S Lewis; L Agustini; Mrs G Burt; R Mets; B Ross; K Mapetta

Middle row (left to right): K Fane-Hervey; M MacFarlane; P Fabian; A Mendès; R Guimaraes; L Miles; K Figlan; V Clery;

D Everson; D Rogers; N Berti

Seated (left to right): R Jamieson; J Duckworth; S Cameron; P Pang; M Peck; C McCreedy; P Gahan

When Mary died Jesus took her up to heaven



Mary was very very speshil so her holl body went to heven.



Grade 2A

Back row (left to right): K Burger; G Hammond; P Delaney; Mrs C Ansell; K Mace; M Shaw-Taylor; J Ware
 Middle row (left to right): M Cook; N Roets; A Moerdyk; M Zweigenthal; S Sithebe; R Heynike; D Kuan; B Marais
 D Berndt

Seated (left to right): S Adam; R Collins; M Khoury; M Lazarus; G Filby; P Isaac; W Tollemache

Paul Delaney

Gr 2.A

My Prayer

I thank you Lord for helping me in my soccer. I feel so bad for hating Daren in rugby. I'm sorry for doing that. I am sorry for what I have done to my family. I hope you can forgive me for all these things I have done. Thank you for helping me do good. Thanks for the chat.



Paul Hunt gr.2.A.

My prayer

Dear Jesus thank you for helping me score the goal and helping me at school thank you for getting me a house and for making me and getting me into St. David's and getting me friends and helping me in soccer matches

Grade 2P

Dear Jesus

I love you love so much that I would like to be your speshil freind because I think to be a speshil freind takes liking the same things and taking care of ech other.

All my love Adriano Mendes Gr. 2P

Dear Jesus

I love you and can you be my frend because you are very good. You cude be my best frend and be very speshul

Love Jonathan Duckworth Gr. 2P

Dear Jesus

I love you very much because you are very impatant because you made the world. You love all people even the rich and poor and lepers and the sick. Thats why you are impatant.

Love David Everson Gr. 2P

Dear Jesus

I love you so much and I will like to be your very best frend. And when I do a bad thing can you foregive me for the bad things I have done. And can you foregive my hole famaly for evrything they have done.

Love Nicholas Berti Gr. 2P

Dear Jesus

Please may I be your friend. I want you to be my friend because you are very kind and generus and loving and you can teach me lots of things about God and yourself.

All my love

Kholane Mapetla Gr. 2P

The Most Delicious Dessert

Choclote Meadles

Melt the choclote in a bowl or a pan of hot water. Put the pastry cutters onto a baking sheet. Pour about «cm melted choclote into each pastry cutter. Leave the choclote to cool and set. Wrap each one in a piece of silver paper. Stick a ribbon to the back of each medal with tape.

Peter Pang Gr. 2P

Hollow iec cream cake with jellynuts

Hollow iec cream with chocolate cake inside with wobllely jelleynuts. Big and small wafers butered in red storberry jam. On the outside likerrish orsortes stuck on with orang apricot jam.

Patrick Gahan Gr 2P

Chopped up strawberry

Chopped up strawberry with caramel cake with Italeon kisses and choclote

mose and choclat cake and lots of sweets and lots and lots of shuger and condens milk.

Conor McReedy Gr. 2P

Fudge Supreem

Fudge mixed with rice crispies and straberry ice cream with melted aroe toffie in the middle of sugar mixed with coconut and wafers.

Sebastian Lewis Gr. 2P

Grade 2A

My News

On Sunday I went to my friends house, and we played tv games. On Sunday my moms friend died his name was Dr Pan. He got highjacked and the man who highjacked Dr Pan shot four bullets on his stumik (and im not joking, my mom told me that also it was in my dad's newspaper) I did sone homework. On Friday I went to Garys house. And we played Mickey Kouse. We played game's and we swam in the pool and we climbed on the marberry tree and had a magnum and we played Sonic 3.

D Kuan Gr 2A

On Saturday I went to a party and we went to Gold Reef Sity and all of the rides were scary. And won of them was the bumper cars and it was fun. We took it in turns to drive it and it is hard to drive it. We went all over the place. And then we went on the shalls and that was very scary and fun I bumped my head when it went very fast. And then we went to the wate log. And it is fun when your on your way because it is the wild life and when you go down you get so scary that you think that you are going to fall off and die and I got so wet that I wet the car.

M Zweigenthal Gr 2A

On Friday I went to Esten Trons Voll. On Saturday I played putt-putt at Esten Trons voll in a mountain and there was a gamroom. Then we went on a game drive. We saw baboons in the house and a hegehog bit a boy and didnt want to let go. We saw a cat with no clors so he coodent go back in the wiled because he carnt cach his pray. I nely broke my rib when I was jumping on the trampleen.

G Filby Gr 2A

On Monday in the morning I went to my Nanas house for the day. The first thing we did was go to Lone Hill to get this cind of mooty for pricks and needils. When we were finished the pricks and

needils stuf we went to Fourwase mall and we went to Wimpy and I had a hamburger in a role with tomarto souse and my Nana had a tostard mayunase on toast. On Saturday I went to Haurtedees Port Dam and we killed a snake there and it was about four miters and it was not dangerruse but it was screee and my mom screamed her head off and my sister was jumping up and down and my dad rushed to get a axe and chop its head off.

P Isaac Gr 2A

The Land of Riches

One fine day I wanted to go to the enchanted wood and vist the tree-of-lands. So I went to my friends Michael Shaw-Taylor, Nicholas Roets and Gregg-Micheal Hammond and asked if they wanted to come they said "Yes". We went to the tre-of-lands, as we were thinking - what land was at the top of tree suddenly when we got to the stairs a puppet made of gold came down the stairs and said "ello my name is Pedro" in a Mexican exint. When Micheal had seen the gold he rubbed his hands with glee Gregg said "Stop it Micheal" said in his bumpy way of talking. The puppet went back up the tree we all chased after him. Nicholas was the best sprinter of us so he caught the puppet and said "What land is this" he said, the puppet said "This is the Land of Riches". I was made of gold cause my master was a man who worked in the mines. "Look" said Micheal rubbing his hands with glee once again, a pool of gold coins. We all jumped in, the police came and asked us why we jumped in "This is Queen Carol's property you must come to Death Peak Prison" When we got there Gregg and Nicky tried to keep us happy by telling us jokes but I interupped Gregg "Don't tell jokes right now." Suddenly Pedro came to try and free us he said "You must get the magic golden key". Yo are here to turn this prison back into Lord James the Second's castle where he had the finest men to fight the Arysin's "The whats" asked Gregg "The Arysins" said Pedro they witch did this, she put the key heavily gaurded by men, under the castle the gold key also leads to princess Dianas room soon we tricked the men and we got the key and we went down the stairs and back home.

S Sithebe Gr 2A

The Pig and the Wolf

One day the wolf was hunting for food he saw a house. He herd someone singing to himself The wolf peept in the

window he saw a pig he looks jusey, he said to him self. The next day the pig was celekting wood and the wolf saw him and hid behined a rock. The pig saw a peise of wood near the rock. When the pig was close he jumped out and put him in a bag. When the wolf was at his hous he put the pig down the wholf needed a rest. After the wolf had falen a sleep the pig fond a sharp stick and cut the bag and fild it with stick and went back to his house and made a fire and sat down for tea. When the wolf woke up he said to him self im angry he chopt the carits and ented it into the pot and the boling wate crasht on the wolf and he dide.

Lesin. You must do what you afto straytaway or you whont get to do it at all.

M Shaw-Taylor Gr 2A

The Woodpecker and the Bug

Wonce there were two freinds a big bettle and a wood pecker. In the same tree there was a bug, the wood pecker did not like the bug. So the wood pecker decided to play a trick on the bug. He said: I will have a race with you if I win I tell you wat to do, but if you win, you tell me wat to do. So the race began, the bug was wining but then the wood pecker bit the bugs wing and the bug full to the ground. Then he ran to the finish line and won. As for the wood pecker he came last and the bug got to tell him wat to do.

Morl: If you cheat you mite find you come last.

S Adam Gr 2A

The Cat and the Robben

Once there lived a cat and a robben. One fine day the cat came to the robben and said, lets see who is the best.

Ok the robben said.

The cat can climb, the robben can fly "So we are even", the cat said. :now it is

the finels!"

The cat climbed to the top of a tree and said I bet you can't get up here, but he could. He flue up so the cat said sorry and they became best frends.

W Tollemache Gr 2A

The Octopus and the Crab

Once upon a time in the Indian ocean there lived an octopus and a crab. The octopus was very ugly and the crab was butiful. One day the octopus met the crab. The octopus wanted to make friends with the crab but the carb said "no you're ugly". The next day the octopus came to the crab's shell. He brought the crabs favorate food sea-weed and coral. The crab thanked the octopus and agreed to make friends, Moral:-sometimes people are ugly out side and nice inside.

A Moerdyk Gr 2A

The Fox and his Freind

Once upon a time their lived a fox. The fox invited his freind but before his freind had irived he made a trap. Then his freind came and his freind walked right into the trap. He fell then he went home. The next day the foxes freind invited the fox to his house. But before the fox came the foxes freind made a trap but more dangeris then the trap the fox made. Then the fox came and walked right into trap their was blood evry were and the fox died. This story teachers you not to do horrible things to other people because they might do it back even worse. (You have got to be over five to read this story).

J J Kourie Gr 2A

Trees

Trees are very important to us and I want to tell you wat I lernt. Apple tree:- An apple trees seed is the pips inside the apple and they are deciduous trees. All

the fruit trees are deciduous trees. An evergreen tree is were it keeps its leaves. In my garden I have a mellberry and a apple and a baby lemmon and lots more. The peach tree:- A peach tree has a sweet fruit there is a pip too. All the fruit trees in the wold looses its leaves in winter and in summer its ripe with green leaves and fruit. In Autumn its got difrent couler leaves lik gold and red and yellow and brown. In the tree it sends up watter from the roots. In the middle of the tree because of the carbon dioxide that the trees breath in. In 1896 the indins used the leaves to draw on there animil skin close and on their saddle on the hourses back and allso they used it on there tea-peas.

D Berndt Gr 2A

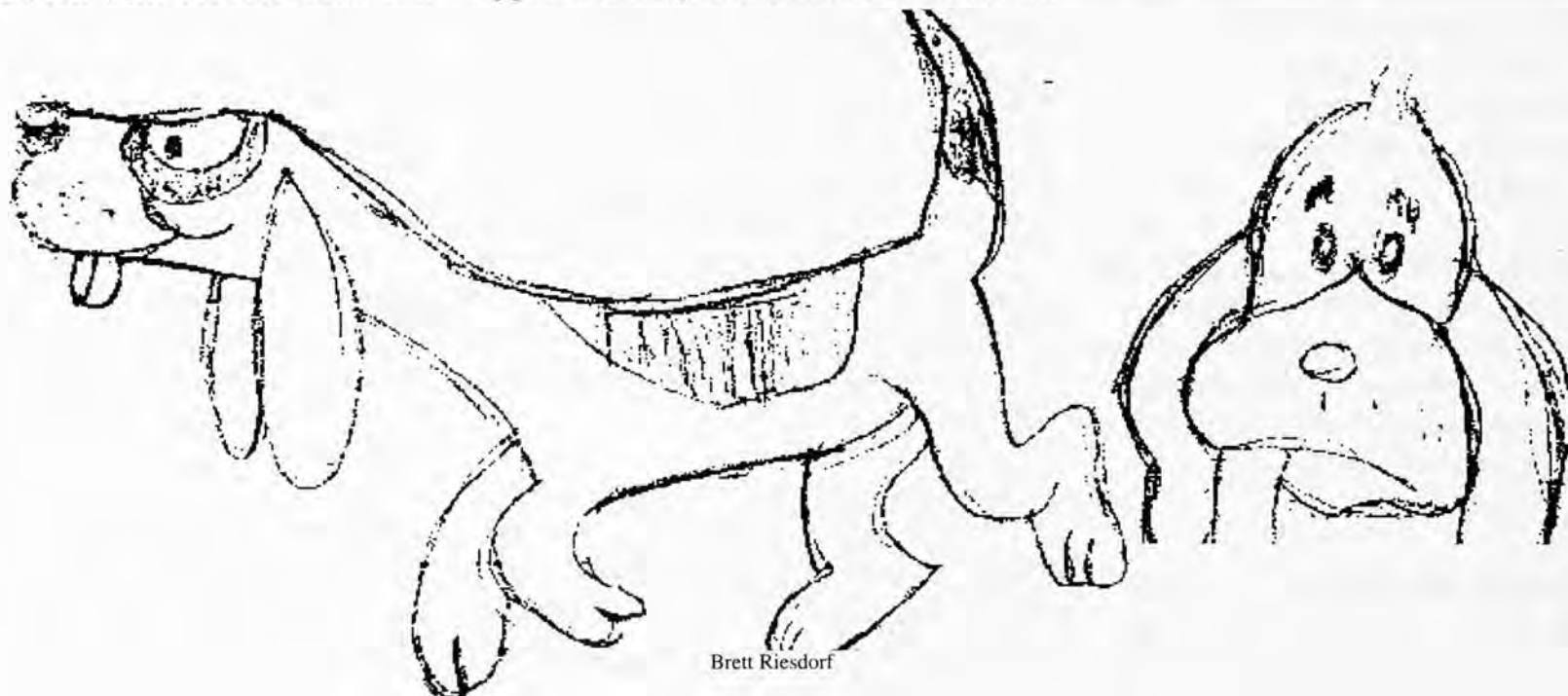
Fir trees are evergreen trees thate meensd they are green in winter and they stay green.

An oak tree is a deciduous tree and there froot is an aycirn. It is a big tree but it groys slowly. If you cut a tree down you can tell how old it is by cownting the rings in the midill of the tree. A mulberry tree is osow a grower and mulberrys are the froot from the tree and it is a deciduous tree.

J Ware Gr 2A

Trees are very impotant they give yo oxygen. To cep a tree a live you hafto give it water and sunlight and soyl and I alsoe have an oke tre. It is a deciduous tree. You hafto plarnt an akorne to grow one when it is raiing you do simthing what makes asids then the rain will turn-into asid rain and it will make the trees die. I osoe have a lemon tree. You hafto plont a lemon tree. You hafto plant a lemon to grow a lemon tree you hafto give it water and sunliht.

M Lazarus Gr 2A





Grade 2M

Back row (left to right): D Hauptfleisch; R Austin-Williams; A Smith; Mrs S Murray; A Prior; S Mets; D Hodge
 Middle row (left to right): D Chatfield; N Neto; S De Sousa; J Lazarus; R Botha; G Hayward; A Lowe; L Masekela
 M Sethole; D Leader; R Ferris

Seated (left to right): R Hardy; E Eb; M Burt; D Kalil; W Bretherton; S Parker; M Einhorn

Grade 2M

The Tournament

One the king and the black knight wer siting at the round table and then the black knight came up with an idier he said king why dont we have a tourna- ment the king said thats a brilliant idier il organise it a midietlea. Today is the tour- nament. I whent to the starting line and then the flag flue into the ear and then we charged. I noked the other knight off his horse and I went to colect the prize.

R Botha Gr 2M

My Dream

My Hunt to Victory

On Saturday I was walking down the road when sudenly triped over a brick. There I was in the middle of a pile of rubbish. I sat up and I saw a familia peace of paper. It was treasure map. I could not believe my eyes. I dashed off to show my parents. And there in the mddle of the living room was a small chimney just big inof for me to squeeze through. I followed the map. It shoed me to gow down the chimney I jumped down I was in a cave filled with stalic tights and stalic mights. I looked at the map again it showed me to go west fifty paces then knock on the wall on the east

so I knocked on the wall and it slid silently to one side now it was even more dark and scary because it was get- ting neara to the treasure so I read the map again and it said go strait and I did and I found the treasure.

R Hardy Gr 2M

I Became a Knight

Once upon a time I was 8 and I wanted to be a knight and every day I went to school we drove past a castle so one day I went to the castle and looked at it closly I thought it wid be the best to live in it so I became a page and built my way up until I was knight it was fun we had jousting and I won 16 and lost 13 until one day anouther group of knights came about 50 and we had 45 but when it came to the draw bridge 45 got over and 5 didnt they got eaten by the croco- dile I got onto my horse and got my every knight fought hard afte half an hour 38 knights were out and I was still in after an hour 42 knights were off thier horses the other side had 38 off thier hores then I made a good efet and knocked 4 knights so now 42 all then it was 1 hour and 30 minutes I each and I knocked him off his horse and we won the battle. Then I was named head knight then at night we had a banquet and the we lived happily ever after.

N Neto Gr 2M

My Dream

My hora dream all hapened on the night of haloween. I dremt that there lived a terabl man who lived in acastle on a hill. This man was a vampieyer he didnt haave any family. His name was Vlad the Drack. On his castle was writ- ten Vlad the Drack. He was avery funy cind of vampieyer he was very silly. Like when he made a trapdoor in the midl of his castle geas wat hapend. He walked right over it and fell all the way down to the botem. And when he was gardening he stept on the rake it came up and hit him on the head. He went to bed that night and woke up the next morning with a bang he looked at the window and his eyes poupt out. He was so happy some vampieyer were moving in he shot down the sters he quickly had breakfast and went out side and started helping he tried to hammer in a nail but he hit his finger. Then one vampieyer invited him to lunch they becam frends. Then I woak up with a knock it was my mom.

S Mets Gr 2M

The Monkeys and the Dussies

Once upon a time the king of Africa the lion said I am the only animal in Africa with a tail so he set to work making for

all the animals in Africa at last they were ready and the lion sent the monkeys to tell the animals in Africa to come to the lions den but when the monkeys came to the dussies the dussies said we do not want to go we would rather stay and lie in the sun and you can bring us our tails. Once the monkeys got back to the lions den all tear tails and the monkeys put the dussies tails on ther tails.

Moral: Don't be selfish.

A Prior Gr 2M

My Holiday News

On August the 10th we went to the Comers near France and I vomited 12 times and I was going to get the drip and one minute later I did not get it. I went snorkeling three meters deep abd we went parasailing exsept me and skiing exsept me and then we went to the airport and waiterd and then the plane went to Joberg and I got a pizza.

A Smith Gr 2M

Two Poor Good Friends

Once there was two young poor boys they played every day behind the squatters. Then one day the boys wanted to play with some other boys but the boys

they wanted to play with would not let them play with them. So the two sad boys walked off back to their home. The next day the boys mothers bought them a ball. The two boys played with it the hole day. Then the boys that would not let them play with them came and they said can we play with you. But to their surprise the poor boys said yes. And they played happily ever after.

Moral: Always be kind.

D Eb Gr 2M

I am a Pirate

One day I became a pirate. I plundered ships and I took all their booty. I sailed to Cuba in 1935. I also sailed to Treasure Island in 1940. I lost my leg when I was looking out of the crow's nest and my ship hit a rock. My cabin boy was called John. My cook was called Sarah. I also lost my eye. Another pirate poked it out with a cutlass. I also like playing the flute when I am sad. I am the captain of the ship. My name is Captain Pugwash.

A Lowe Gr 2M



Standard 1A



Standard 1A

Back row (left to right): R Gomes Da Silva; A Kalebka; N Reeves; Mrs G Anderson; T Avnit; Y Gomes; A Jordan
 Middle row (left to right): B Estment; M van Niekerk; W Giuricich; L Senatore; M Poultney; W Atherton; B Morkel; A Shaw
 Seated (left to right): B Kolsch; R Norton; M Stirk; M Ksiezycki; G Ramsay; P Van't Hof; J Edey

The Stolen Land Rover

It was a dark night and nothing moved in our street. Silently a Land Rover drove up the street with its bright lights shining. When it came to the stop sign four people dressed in black ran up to the Land Rover. They opened the doors and threw out the driver. The driver ran to our house and rang the bell. My parents who were asleep didn't move, so I ran downstairs and answered the door. When the driver told me what had happened I ran to the phone and called the police. They were around in two minutes and they took lots of notes. Two weeks later I went camping with my family, I was asked to get some water from the stream. As I was walking I jumped with fright, there in the shade of a tree was the stolen Land Rover. I saw fake number plates on the Land Rover. I began to panic but then I calmed down, I felt I needed to call the police but I didn't have a phone. Then I heard someone talking I quickly ran and hid behind some rocks. I heard a big clank, I peeped over the rocks and saw the real number plates that belonged to the Land Rover. This time I really panicked. I moved slowly in the tall grass but I heard an engine noise. I knew it was the Land Rover so I ran and hid up a tree. I jumped from the tree onto the Land Rover.

They passed our camp so I jumped down and showed my family the number plates which I got when they threw them away. I ran to our battery operated phone and called the police. I told them the number on the fake plates. An hour later we got a phone call from the police to say that they had found the Land Rover.

W Giuricich Std 1A

Dr Snisel Snine

Once upon a time there lived an ugly man who lived in a castle and he had a sister who was a witch. His ugly witch sister had a pet cat who had a black coat of fur. Dr Snisel Snine was trying to make a monster robot so he could rule the world. The world's only hope was a boy and girl whose names were Michael and Julie and who lived in an apartment in the United States. Dr Snisel Snine was just needing a few parts and he would rule the world so the children set off to find Dr Snisel Snine's castle and stop!! him from ruling the world. After a while the children got hungry so they remembered that they had packed some sandwiches at home. It was one o'clock so they sat down and ate their food. When

they had finished they set off to find the castle and stop him. They walked a long time until it was dark so they set their sleeping bags out and went to sleep in the dark cold woods. The next morning Michael and Julie got up and continued looking for the castle. They finally reached the castle and went inside and as they entered the gate it made a creeeeeking noise! Julie got such a fright she jumped. They walked slowly inside. There were lots of bats and creatures and then they saw Dr Snisel Snine's lab. They were very frightened. They went in and saw, the ugliest Dr Snine. He was working in the lab on his robot all he needed was a brain, a child's brain! The children knew that Dr Snisel Snine was wanting theirs. They also knew that they had to stop him and his robot, they just didn't know how. Suddenly the castle walls started shaking and crumbling. It was an earthquake. Julie and Michael ran as fast as their legs would carry them through the castle gate and just made it. When they looked back they saw just a pile of rocks. The earthquake had saved the world from Dr Snisel Snine!

B Morkel Std 1A

The Great Adventure

There was once a man who lived in the Cape. His name was Peter and he wanted to go on a great adventure to the swamps of India and the desert. He worked so hard for every penny. When he had earned 200 pennies he stopped working and looked forward to going on holiday. He started packing his bags and set off for the airport, put his bags on the plane and flew off to the swamps of India. When they were nearly there they crashed, nobody was injured but they crashed on a strange island. It was a beautiful island with trees and fruit, nuts, birds and snakes and many other strange things. When they had settled on the island they had found out that there was an Indian village. Peter said "I'm going for a walk!" He saw lots of strange things and then he screamed "Help me! Help me!" A 5 metre long python was about to bite him. Suddenly the Indian tribe heard him and they went to find him. When they found him, they caught him and took him to their village not far away. They said that they would keep him for four days and then if nobody came to get him they would kill him and eat him instead of a buck. The Indians started to tie him up. He tried to escape. When the Indians were asleep he got away. The next day the Indians went to look for Peter but he had gone back to

the others. The pilot had called another plane and they flew back home.

J Edey Std 1A

A cat in a tree

Once upon a time there was a cat and a boy. The cat's name was Sasha and the boy's name was Max. One day Sasha was walking in the garden and she wanted to climb a tree. When she was in the tree she didn't know how to get down. Just then Max's family came into the garden. Then Max said "Look! There is Sasha in the tree, how do we get her down from that big tree?" Max's father said that he would get a sheet. When his father returned with the sheet Max was in the tree. His father said "What are you doing in the tree Max?" I'm trying to frighten her so she can jump off the branch and into the sheet." Sasha jumped into the sheet and then just walked away without even bothering to thank the family for their trouble.

P van't Hof Std 1A

The fight with the dragon

When I was a young boy my dream was to be a knight. My Dad was a knight he fought dragons and other knights. He was very brave but he could not fight this other dragon which lived in a dark cave. Everyone was scared of him except me. I always played sword games with my friend who was two years younger than me and aged seven. As I grew older I learnt more about knights and my Dad told me many stories. When I was eighteen my Dad gave me a present. I looked inside. My dream had come true it was a knight's suit with a beautiful sword! Then my Dad said "It's time to fight the dragon." I rode on my horse to the dark cave, I walked in and saw him. He was so big and spat fire at me. I jumped on a rock and stabbed him he roared in fear and lay down. After a few days we made friends and the dragon came to live in the village!

T Avnit Std 1A

The Racing Car

In a town called Johannesburg there were some children who were looking at a poster advertising a car race. Suddenly they decided to make a racing car. So they started to get some old junk. To start with they took old car wheels, four of them. They found a pumpkin for a helmet, old wire and colourful wrapping paper for a flag, a big cardboard box for the driver to sit on. They found an old steering wheel to steer the car and some colourful paint. After they had built it

they had to think of a name. This was very difficult, the first idea was Thracher then more silly ideas came. At last they decided on Eagle. The next day they tried it, it worked splendidly. They went faster and faster until they saw a sharp turn, they turned and it still went splendidly. The next day the big race arrived. They drove faster and faster and at last they were ahead of the pack. Later they saw the finish line which they crossed 30 seconds ahead of the second placed car. The Eagle had won.

W Atherton Std 1A

Rain Adventure

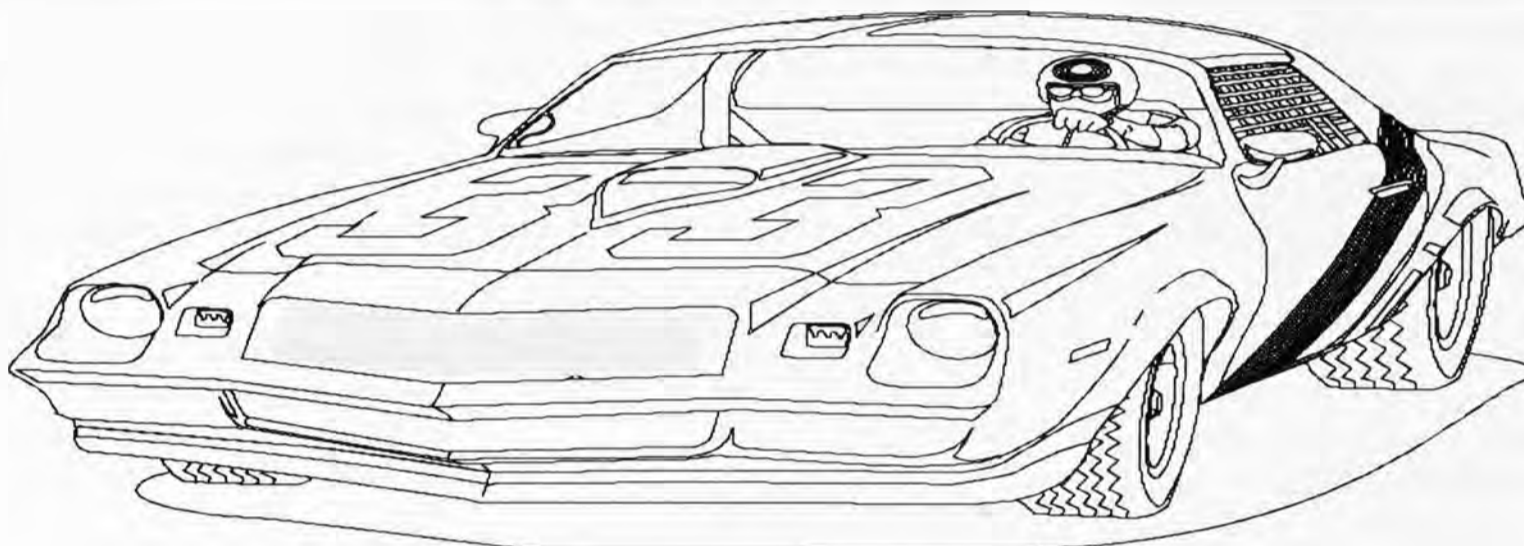
It was a rainy day and Ryan and James were coming home from school. They were taking a short cut through the dump and as they were going to say goodbye they both fell into a deep hole. It led to an unused gold mine. So they walked along until they came to a gold cart and then hopped in but it would not move. So Ryan put some oil on the wheel and it went down the track through the wall and they were on the other side of the dump. So they both went home quite happy after their adventure.

R Norton Std 1A

My very own racing car

One holiday I was bored and then an idea came into my head. I wanted to build a racing car. I took four wheels from an old lawnmower and then I took hundreds of nails and a hammer. I collected some wood and paint. I bought silver, gold, black, red and white paint. I got a sander and sanded the wood until it became very smooth. I then cut the wood. Oh yes I also bought some glue. I nailed and glued for over two hours, I screwed on the wheels on my racing car. Everything was done. Then I had to think of a name. I named my car Black Owl!

A Kalebka Std 1A



Standard 1H

Back row (left to right): W van der Merwe; S Reid; A Cavaleri; D Hurley; M Cumming; G Afeltra; M Kairuz
 Middle row (left to right): M Borrageiro; T Rametse; K Parbhoo; W de Klerk; J Beaton; E Barke; G Jordan; D Larsen
 C Small
 Seated (left to right): D Black; N Koll; R Watts; R Lee; A Likotla; R Halton; C Steinbach

Standard 1H

The Lazy Snake

I am a big fat snake and it is Autumn and I am getting ready for Winter but my friend, who is also a snake, won't get ready. He is just lying in the sun. I went to him and said, "What are you doing just lying in the sun? Aren't you getting ready for Winter?" "Stop panicking!" he replied. But, by the time Winter came he was very, very cold and hungry and he wished he'd listened to me. While I was all nice and cosy he was getting colder and colder and he even got so cold that he was about to die. Then it got warmer and he started to recover and Spring came. He was so lucky that he didn't die and he started to eat a lot because he was so hungry. He promised never to be a lazy snake ever again.

D Black Std 1H

Spring

I am very happy because the flowers are growing and the trees are getting new leaves and all the birds are flying back from overseas and we can also swim. The animals are mating and having their babies. The grass is becoming a lovely green colour and it is starting to rain. The sun is coming up early in the mornings and is going down late in the evenings. Soon we shall all have lots of silkworms and we can swop them at school. I am very happy that Winter is and Spring is here!

W van der Merwe Std 1H

The Egg

I was walking along a shady path when suddenly I saw a green spotted, yellow striped egg. Then it hatched! Out popped a baby dragon! At once I took the baby dragon home with me. When I got home, my parents both fainted! My sister said to me "Where did you get this cute little baby dragon?" I told her that I found it in an egg when I was jogging down the shady path. "Come and I will show you where I found it", I said. When we got there I noticed that the egg was not cracked anymore! It was whole again! Then it cracked again and we saw a girl dragon popping out. The baby dragon that I had was a boy dragon. The new baby dragon hopped into my sister's hands. She was too astonished for words... a boy and a girl! We went home and saw that our parents had recovered. Then the two of them said, "If you two want to keep these baby dragons, then you must do everything for them." The next morning, we awoke that they had

mated and were big, big adults now. We had to look after over a million baby dragons. Then my sister said, "These dragons are magic!" I asked one of the dragons to give me some gold. Then I saw a piece of gold in the dragon's mouth! We cried out, "We are going to be rich!" We became the richest people in the whole world and we still have those dragons to this very day!

G Afeltra Std 1H

The Lazy Snake

I am a green, violet and red snake. I live in a hole in a field next to the road. I slide in and out of my hole to look at the trees to see if it is Autumn. Then, one day I saw that the trees had only a few leaves left and I knew it was nearly Autumn. So I got a lot of flies, rats, mice, grasshoppers, worms and birds and lots of soft leaves to make a bed. But, what was this? My friend snake was just having a sleep under the trees! So I woke him up and said, "What are you doing?" "I'm sleeping!" he replied. "But it is almost Winter so go and get some food!" I told him. "Food! Ha! Ha! Ha!" he said. I told him that my tummy was full to last the whole of Winter but all he said was, "We'll see about that!" One month later I saw my friend outside and I asked him what he was doing. He said, "I'm looking for food!" Then, thank goodness, Spring came but my friend never saw the Spring because he had died of cold and hunger. He should have listened to me.

R Halton Std 1H

Spring

I am very, very happy that Spring is here because the birds are coming back from overseas and the flowers and trees are starting to grow again. The birds will be mating soon and they will have lots of babies. It will be getting warmer and warmer and soon it will start to rain again. We are wearing our summer uniforms to school now and we are also starting to swim and play cricket. My silkworms are eating lots of leaves and are getting bigger and bigger. I really enjoy Spring!

R Watts Std 1H

The Lazy Snake

I am a big fat snake and I am green red and black. My name is Jess and I live in a hole. Let me tell you about last Autumn. Last Autumn I was sliding along when I saw a whole lot of trees with brown and red leaves. I told myself that it must be Autumn so I quickly slid

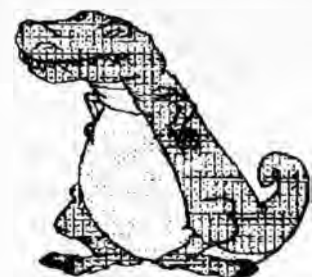
back to my hole for some tea. Then I slid out of my hole and saw my friend (who is also a snake) listening to his radio. I said, "What are you doing you lazy snake. It is Autumn you know and you are supposed to be collecting food for the Winter!" So my friend said, "Winter is a long way away!" I asked my friend when he was going to collect food and he told me he would start next week because he was too busy listening to his radio. So, I left him and went to collect food and warm things like feathers and long grass. I caught mice and grasshoppers, crickets and bugs to store in my hole. My lazy friend never got any food. Winter came. It even snowed. My poor friend was starving to death so I invited him to come and live with me and share my warm home and all my food. He said he would never, ever be lazy again.

M Cumming Std 1H

The Egg

I was walking along a shady path one day when suddenly I saw a big egg. At first I did not believe my eyes and I turned around to go but then I stopped and walked back to the egg. The egg was very, very interesting. The egg started to crack. I stood still and watched it crack open. I could not make out what it was but it looked like a dinosaur! It was not very strong so I picked it up very gently and took him home and fed him very well. Then he jumped up and went head first into the roof. I spent the whole day getting him out of the roof but, after lots of trying, I managed to get him out. Soon I was ready to show him to my Mom. He was very healthy and was very strong. I took him into my Mom's room. When she saw him, she did not scream. She just fainted. After one hour my Mom woke up again and she was very mad at me. Then I showed him to my Dad. He didn't faint. He just screamed. My Mom and Dad got over the shock and they became friends with my dinosaur. I called my dinosaur Harry because he was hairy, very hairy. Soon Harry grew old. He was not strong anymore. We gave him good meals but he refused to eat. He grew weaker and weaker and one day I saw him lying on the floor dead. I was so sad.

M Kairuz Std 1H





Standard 1S

Back row (left to right): L Falconer; T Forssman; W Gebers; M Starkey; N Schilperoort; M Sethole
 Middle row (left to right): W Raaff; B Roane; N Rasenti; Mrs E Sherratt; M Milne; R Kelly; M Middlewick
 Seated (left to right): R Afeltra; M Senatore; S de Villiers; S de Lane; D Clarkson; R Dama; C Pringle
 Absent V Holland

Standard 1S

My meeting with the Queen of England

One day I met the Queen of England in her car. She got out and shook my hand. She was wearing a blue skirt and a blue hat. Her car was a Rolls Royce. She was in Johannesburg. I thanked her for coming to hot sunny South Africa.

M Starkey Std 1S

S. A. World Champions

The match was played at Ellis Park. The score was 15-12 South Africa. Joost tackled Lomu with his head. James Small had a cramp so Brendan Venter had to go on for him. S. A. was coming tie with N. Z. so they played extra time. My favourite players are Francois P., James S., Brendan V., Joost V., Chester W., Joel S., Andre J. We are Champions as we scored in extra time.

B Roane Std 1S

A Big Surprise

I woke up early one Easter day and I saw the Easter Bunny he was putting Easter eggs down. He was big and grey. He had big grey ears with pink. He had big feet too. He had big eggs and little eggs. I went outside, when I got outside

he was gone in a flash! But he was so far I don't know how he could get over the wall. I found egg in the pool but it didn't taste nice. There were two eggs in the pot plant. I saw one in the rocks and five in a bush. I went in a helicopter and saw a dolphin and a dam. I saw a man fishing and a man in a boat.

M Milne Std 1S

A Big Surprise

I woke Early One Easter Day and I looked out the window and I saw a colourful thing behind a tree I put my gouin on and I went down stairs and I looked behind the tree and it was the Easter bunny he was holding a bag of Easter eggs and then the bunny had to go. I went back inside and I told my mum that I saw an Easte bunny and then I ate my eggs

M Senetore Std 1S

The Treehouse Secret

I have a secret.
 That nobody knows.
 In my little treehouse
 Where nobody goes.
 In my treehouse
 Theres a nest
 And in the nest
 There is a bird
 It made a nest

When winter came
 And stayed there
 Till winter went
 But now its spring
 And my little bird
 Has gone till winter
 Comes again.

S de Lane Std 1S

How Whales Help

Once upon a time a man went fishing in the sea. He went very far into the sea and then stopped and got his bait. He threw the bait into the water and started to fish. He fished for a very long time, then he went inside his boat and went to sleep. When he got up it was four o'clock and he thought he should go home and as he turned on the boat he noticed he had left his engine on and so he had run out of petrol. He thought he would be clever to throw some fish into the water and a whale would help hime so he threw some fish in the water and at that moment a whale lifted his boat and took him home.

S de Lane Std 1S

The Golden Flight

Once upon a time there was a secretary bird and a hawk. They both lived near a lake in Zimbabwe. Every day they went looking for food. One day some graders

came and started to bash down the trees so the birds started to fly to another place. On the way they saw a python so secretary bird darted down and caught it. Then they made a nest in a tree the day they started to go to the next game reserve but at the next game reserve they had also chopped down the trees. By the next game reserve the trees were still there but after two years they had built a city there. So the birds started to move to a new country, they did not cut down the trees so they made their nest in a tree by a huge lake. In the mountains lived a vulture so every day the birds would go out hunting together and they stayed near the lake for the rest of their lives.

T Forssman Std 1S

Spring Adventure

Once I went
Down to the river
There I saw a cave
One day I explored it
Then I saw the humungus thing
It looked like a lion

At first I thought it was a rock
But then I looked harder
And realised what it was
It was a monster
I ran away
And never came back.
S de Villiers Std 1S

The Boat

One day I was swimming with my friend when I saw a big boat it had a big cannon with a horny thing at the end. The thing started to shoot at us. My friend got shot five times and dide I got shot once and got away but my friend is dead. It is ten years later and I still miss him.

M Middlewick Std 1S

My Friend Santan

One day I went to visit my friend in the South Pole. We rode on a sleigh and then we got off and I was amazed, the house look like a snow ball but it was an igloo. We went on the sleigh all day long and for dinner we had seal.

N Rasenti Std 1S

The King Fisher

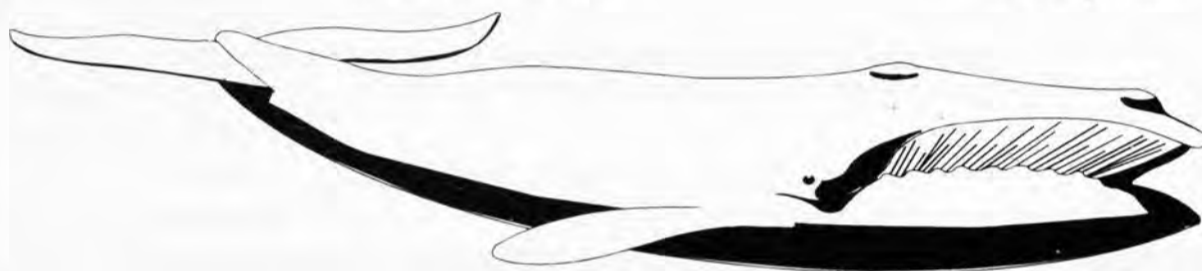
I look very colourful. My beak is very sharp and strong. I live in a hole in a rock. It is very high so that water cannot get in. One day my friend the king fisher was playing around at high tide. He was catching fish. He caught a fish, it looked very funny. He had no fin so the king fisher took him home. He did not know the king fishers name. He looked at his books. The next day something had happened to the fish. It had turned into a beautiful bird and they lived hap-pele ever after.

N Schilperoot Std 1S

The Whale

One day there was a storm. I, the whale looked up at the sky and saw lightning bolts and I saw a black thing coming toward me with a sharp pointy thing. It was a ship with a harpoon. It shot one whale he struggled and died and I just swam and swam to the South.

R Kelly Std 1S



Standard 2K(B)

Back row (left to right): J Sturzenegger; K Matseke; J Reeves; Mrs J Kirkhhoffer; N Zungu; V Clarkson; D Rodrigues
Middle row (left to right): G-L Tucci; Y Soobrayan; M Reid-Robertson; D Giacobazzi; R Archary; C Marsay; D Fourie; R McKay

Seated (left to right): D van der Walt; C de Siena; M Dansey; A Khoury; J Kirkness; G Allen; C Ntsebeza

Standard 2B

I can see light
it is the light near home
guiding us all home safely
The Lighthouse of Alexandria
Y Soobrayan Std 2B

Colosses of Rhodes

The statues beauty
fills my heart as one of the
best seven wonder
As I gase on the
statue I fall to the ground
filled with amazment
J Sturzenegger Std 2B

The Temple of Athena

This ancient wonder
lined with white marble pillars.
Glittering with gold.
D van der Walt Std 2B

The Great Pyramids

Mighty pyramid
In a field of yellow sand
Standing in Egypt
G Tucci Std 2B

A Valuable Lesson

It was a big supper. All my family were
at our house.

The second coarse was sole. I was two
years old, so I was given some fish.
Suddenly I started choking. My mom
gave me a pat on the back, but it was no
use as I had swallowed a fish-bone. I
was rushed to hospital in my Dad's
Mustang. As soon as we arrived doctors
werre all around me and I started to
choke and cry. Luckily the fish-bone
came out. My parents and Godmother
gave a sigh of relief. I sure learnt some-
thing that day and I am sure my parents
did as well. Moral: Always clean the fish
before you start eating.

C De Siena Std 2B

Bouncers, Whoppers and Taradiddles.

It rained so hard that the world sank.
The animals in the zoo became so
enraged that the gorillas killed every-
body and played cricket with their eye-
balls.

R McKay Std 2B

He ran so fast that a jet could not catch
him.

The baby was so tiny that I could swal-
low him whole.

J Reeves Std 2B

It rained so hard that I had a free pool
for a year.

This baby was so tiny that it made an
ant look like the Statue of Liberty.

The animals in the zoo became so
enraged that they started zoo war two.

V Clarkson Std 2B

He ran so fast that the wind could not
keep up.

We worked so hard at school today that
my hand nearly fell off.

G Allen Std 2B

It rained so hard that my house became
Sea World.

A Khoury Std 2B

He ran so fast that the wind was left
behind.

E James Std 2B

It rained so hard that you needed a
scuba tank to go shopping.

D Fourie Std 2B

He ran so fast he set the road on fire.

M Reid-Robertson Std 2B

His teeth were so sharp they looked
like lawnmower blades.

He ran so fast that his shoes caught
alight.

We worked so hard at school that my
hands got blisters on them.

C Marsay Std 2B

The wind blew so hard that the world
moved to Mars.

N Zungu Std 2B

It rained so hard that my family never
had a bath again.

J Kirkness Std 2B

He ran so fast that he left a trail of
black prints and fire behind him.

M Dlodlo Std 2B

The Hugu Tribe

Bang!! Bang!! Bang!! The noise of
drums could be heard in the distance. It
sounded like tribe doing a rain dance for
some special occassion. Perhaps a mar-
riage could also be the reason for the
drums.

B B B B B B B B -
BOOOOOOMMMMMM !!!

BBBBBOOOOOOMMMMMM !!!

BANG!!! BOOM!!! went on and on.
Finally it stopped. I could hear shouts of

people coming from the other side of the
hill. Were they attacking?

Both the tribes started charging with
spears and axes. The Hugu Tribe were
doing battle. Horse were being stabbed
people were falling of them. Others were
trampled by the horses. What a fierce
battle it was. Many people were killed.

The Hugu Tribe live in the Shremensa
Forest in North America. They live in a
group of about 30 men, women and chil-
dren. Tuba bear skins and monkeys fur
forms part of their clothing. The Hugu
Tribe eat meat especially snake and
monkeys meat and they love to eat wild
honey. Before they hunt they make sling
shots, spears and axes and afterwards a
huge fire is built to raost meat. The tribe
hunts by following their preys tracks to
where it lives. A burning branch is
thrown into the cave, smoking out the
prey. The Hugu Tribe love all birds and
animals.

D Giacobazzi Std 2B

Brochure

Jungle Adventure

Enjoy a holiday on Acturin Island with
your family. You will sail by ship to your
destination. When you arrive there, we
will swim in the huge river that slowly
runs through the island. Many different
animals such as birds, snakes and man-
eating fish can be seen on this wonderful
island.

We will hike and climb huge moun-
tains. The trip will last for two days.

DAY ONE: On arriving you can swim
and surf in the beautiful clear waters of
the Pacific Ocean. Afterwards we will
hike and climb mountains. Remember to
bring comfortable shoes. We should be
able to see many different varieties of
birds.

DAY TWO: Today we are going to
explore some caves. We will see statues
made out of wood. Then we will hike
back to Cape Point, and enjoy a deli-
cious lunch. We will go and make a raft.
We will need an axe to chop down a tree
for the raft.

Do you like exploring? Then come and
enjoy an action packed holiday. You
need to be trustworthy, as we have to
work together. If there is an accident you
should have some knowledge about First
Aid. Using a compass and map is impor-
tant. Remember you must be fit, brave
and know about animals, hunting, plants
and making boats. Bring along a First
Aid Kit and you must try to learn to fish.

D Rodrigues Std 2B

Travel Brochure

Come and join us on our Jungle Adventure! A Jungle holiday on the island of Acturin in the Pacific Ocean. This island has a Tropical rain forest. A boat will take you there! We will see a big mountain when we arrive. We are going to explore the Tropical rain forests and hopefully see many strange animals. A river called Turin runs through the island. There are birds and poisonous snakes. We are not sure if people live here.

Our trip will last 5 days.

Day 1. Pitch our tents and bird watch. We will go fishing in the Turin river and

cook them for supper. Hopefully we will be successful.

Day 2. The day will start with a hike up the mountains. When we get back we will go to the beach. There will be hot dogs for dinner.

Day 3. Today we will explore the island. After this, we will build our own rafts and go river rafting down the Turin River.

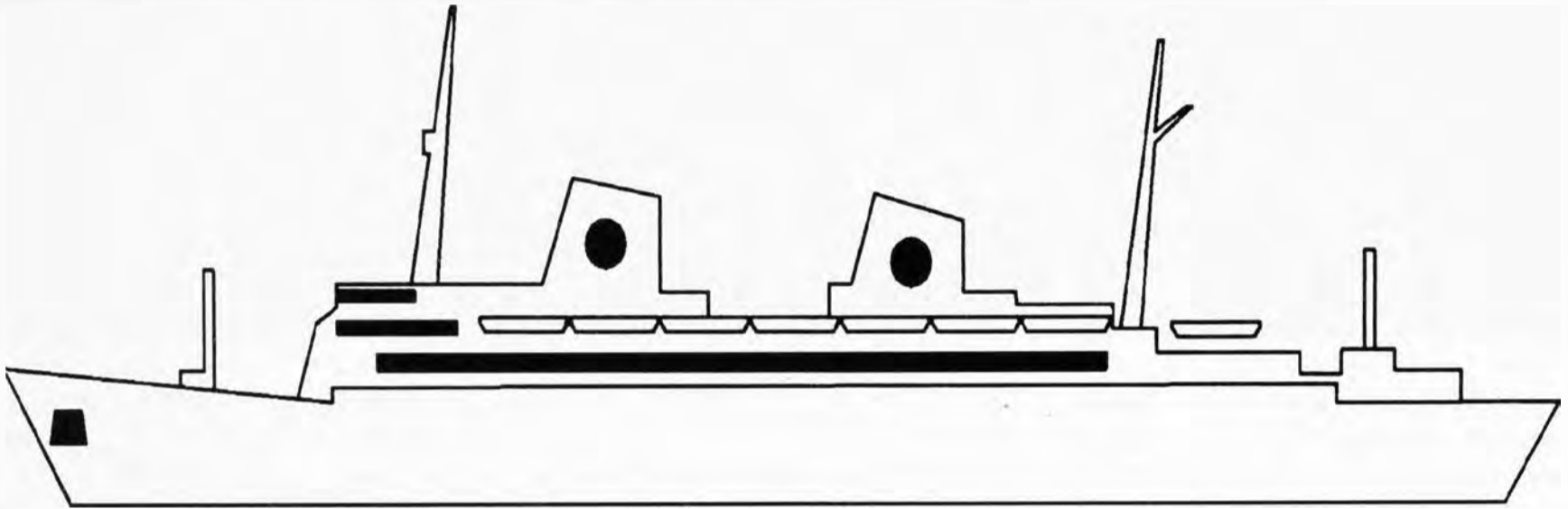
Day 4. Surfing. Animal idenderfing is on today's agenda. In the afternoon we will track animals and hopefully have fish for lunch.

Day 5. Taking down our tents and getting ready to leave will take up most of today. Do you last minute bird watching.

If you like Adventure join us! We are looking for a person with the following characteristics. He must be trustworthy so he can help us. We need a person who knows how to climb and hike because he will be needed to climb up the mountains of Acturin. People who can read a compass and follow maps will be required. On our adventure we will need a person who has knowledge about the jungle, first aid and animals. I hope this person is you!

I hope you enjoy your trip please come again.

J Reeves Std 2B



Standard 2S

Back row (left to right): A Scott; P Howe-Ely; J Parker; Mrs. Y Sandy; W Venter; G Foulkes-Jones; S Prior
Middle row (left to right): N Pearce; M Erskine; T Johnson; M Thomas; J Simaan; M Tyack; P Pereirinha; J Fabian
C Kufal; R Ramsden
Seated (left to right): L Stirk; S Schoombie; S Manganye; S Kolsch; A Castle; M Shea; N Ansell

Standard 2S

Bush Pig Buddies

Introduction: I came to school to find all the Std 2's on the bus, which was going to take us to Bush Pig Buddies. It was Sunday, the ninth of April when we left. It took us two hours to get there. When we arrived, we were greeted by some very nice people, called Mervyn, Kim, Hennie, the two Daniels and Johannes. Mervyn and Daniel set us up into two camp groups. After that we all went into the pig pen and drew a picture. That's where our group got the name Humps from.

Story: After a scrumptious lunch we went to the place where we were set up into groups. That place would now be the new place to meet whenever the bugle went. From there they gave us some instructions on how to pack for the Baboon camp. Only our camp group, the Cheetahs went. The other camp group, the Scorpions, stayed at the camp that we arrived at called Camp Crocodile. When we got to Camp Baboon Mervyn made us do an interview. Before we did the interview around the fire, we played another game called Baboon Roll. That really was a fun game. Early in the morning, Mervyn woke us up. We went on a mountain climb. When we got to the top we saw a troop of Baboons in a kloof. It was also Andrew Castle's birthday. We played a syringe game which was the best game of the whole time. We also did a 'mudstackle' course.

Conclusion: After lunch we had the two and a half hour drive back home. My mum and dad met me at the car park. I really enjoyed my holiday.

S Prior

A day of Adventure

There was a rush of water and ripples ahead. The two boys in the wooden boat called Mark and Paul were frightened that the boat was going to tip over. The boat was swaying from side to side. Mark was the most frightened because he was the youngest of all. Paul was trying to catch onto one of the rocks passing by. All of a sudden Paul saw a waterfall ahead. Then Mark noticed a rock nearby and was lucky to catch hold of it. The Mark cried to Paul, "Come over here!" Paul stretched towards the rock but tripped over an old fishing rod and fell into rushing water. Mark panicked when he saw his older brother struggling to keep his head above water. Mark grabbed the rope from his wet pocket

and threw it to Paul. It took him a few minutes to catch hold of the rope because he was cold and tired but he didn't give up. The two boys clung to the slippery rock screaming for help. The little man jumped into the water to save the boys from drowning. Mark and Paul were happy to be back on land but were sad because the boat had drifted away down the waterfall. The fisherman was cross because the boys had taken his boat without his permission. However they promised to help him build another one.

M Thomas

Joy

Joy is yellow. It tastes like banana split with caramel syrup.

It smells like a fresh country garden in spring.

It looks like Christmas time and sounds like an ever flowing fountain.

It feels like getting into a warm bed on a cold night.

T Johnson.

Excitement

Excitement is the brightest yellow you have ever seen.

And tastes like sparkling jelly.

It smells like a pudding that you have just made.

It looks like the new risen sun that has been around the world once more.

And sounds like chirping birds, that give you goose pimples.

W Venter.

The St David's Stove

At St David's there is a huge stove in the kitchen. He is about 54 years old. They say that ever since the day he was put in that kitchen, he has always wanted to be able to run and be like a human, but he knows that he will never be able to do that. So over the years he finally got used to being in the same position all day. However, he has been able to develop other talents, When filled with wood and coal and the fire is lit, he becomes hotter and hotter. The kettle on top blows off steam and whistles like a train and the fire glows like a lamp in the dark. The pots of food cooking for the boys hiss, splash and rattle on top. Smoke pours out of the chimney but sometimes escapes through the cracks, as he coughs and becomes older.

The staff and workers have to treat the stove with great respect, because if he is not properly cleaned and polished and filled with wood and coal, he becomes moody and will not work well. We must

respect our elders. He was and is the warm heart of St David's.

G Foulkes-Jones Std 2S

40 Winks

The alarm clock rings,

My parents shout

"Time to get ready and up and about"

I hate to leave my nice warm bed

So I snuggle down to forty winks instead!

Richard Ramsden Std. 2S

When I lie in the garden and look at the sky,

I try to imagine I am a bird that can fly,

Across the world to another land

Looking down at the mountains, the sea and the sand.

Piers Howes-Ely Std. 2S

Standard 2S really have a unique way of describing the world, here are some of their descriptions:

As deserted as the Sahara.

As cold as a dungeon in winter.

As dirty as Hillbrow.

As proud as a soldier in uniform.

As shy as Princess Di used to be!

Standard 2S' feelings on Spring.

Spring is a happy season. It keeps friendships green.

Spring is like a brand new World, it gives my brother and I more time to play.

In Spring the garden shines and cheerful faces peep out of the flower beds.

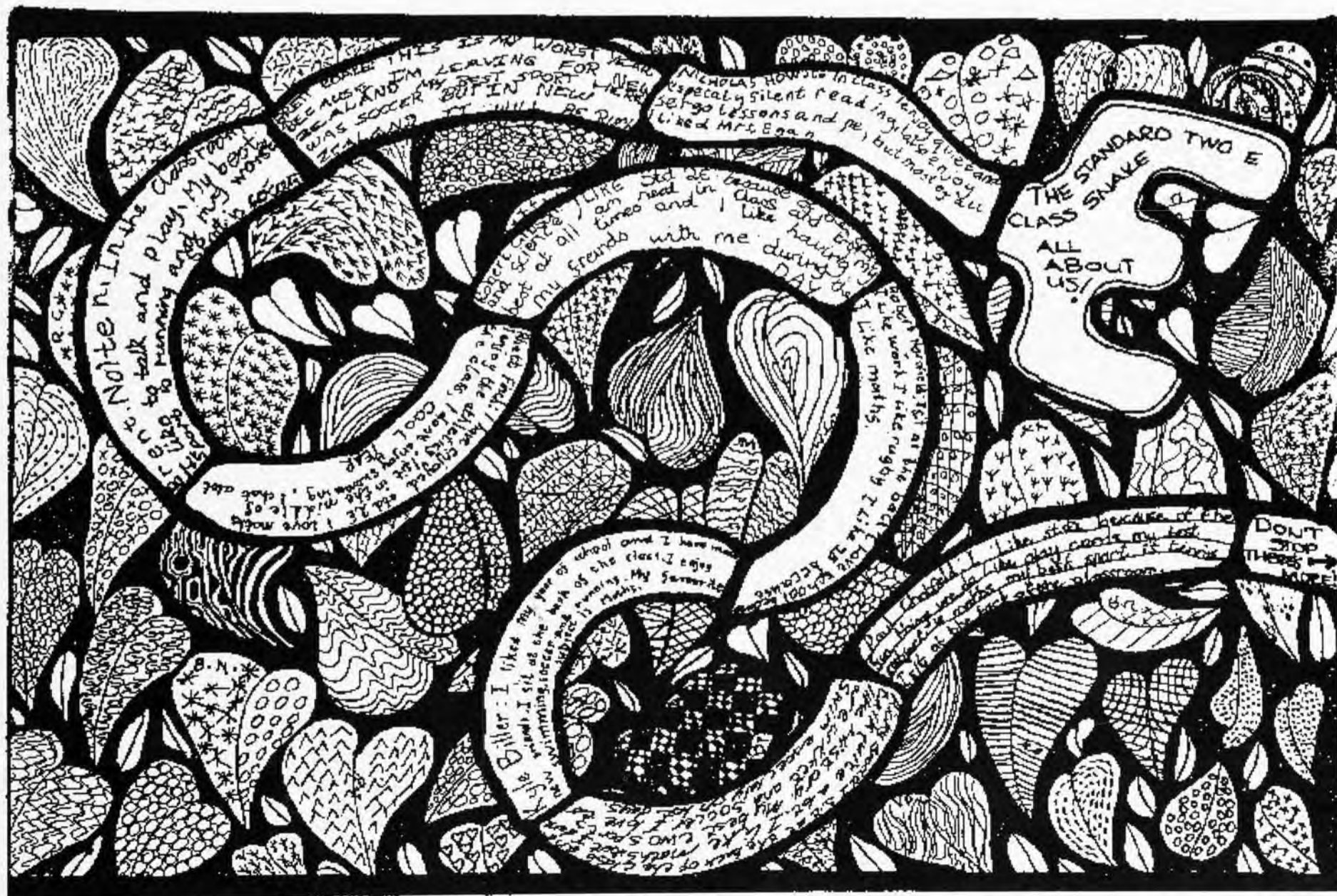
God is clever, because he makes us appreciate the green fresh world in Spring, after the dismal Winter.

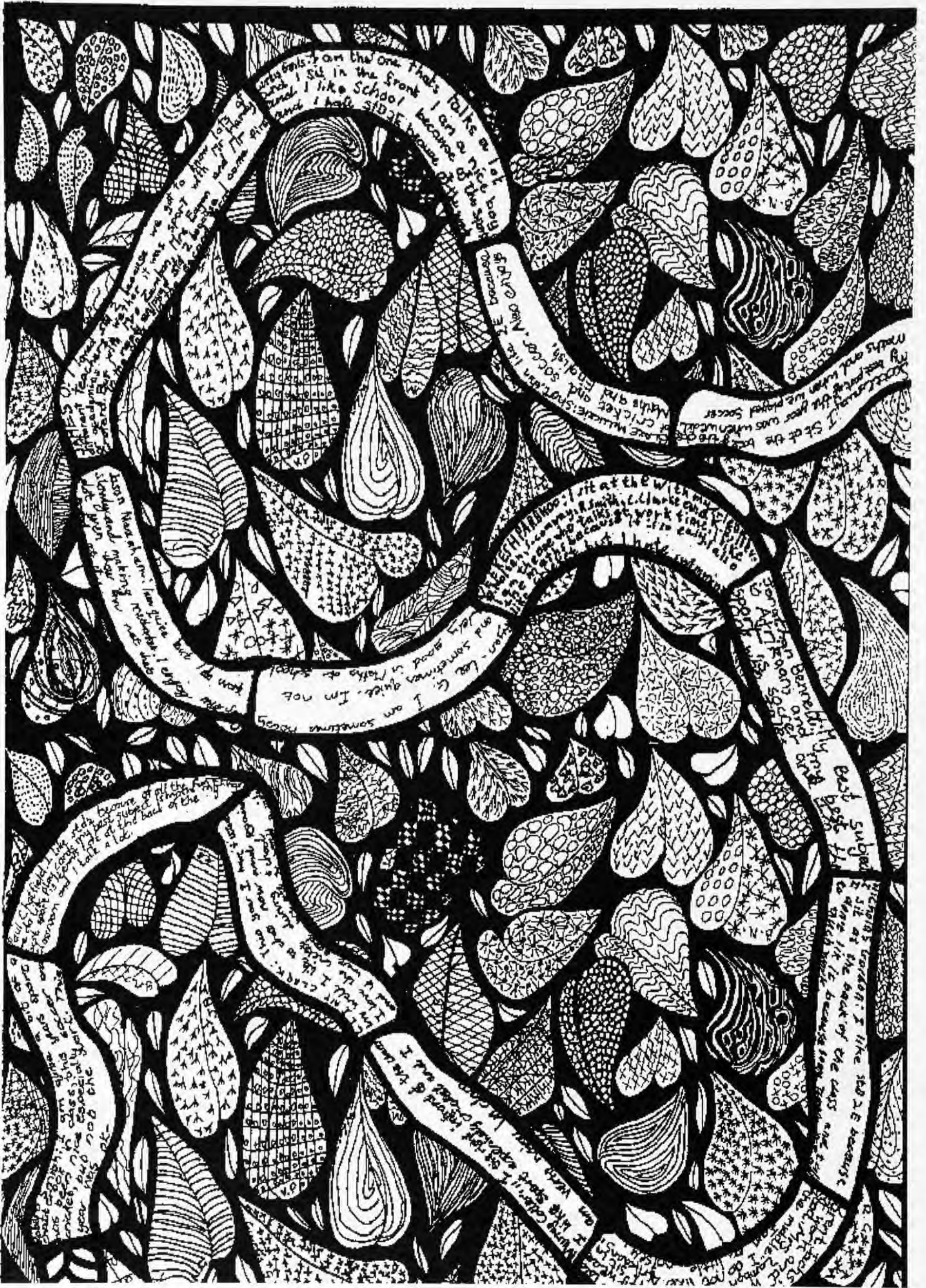




Standard 2E

*Back row (left to right): R Finch; K Biller; R Brocco; Mrs J Egan; R-L Goncalves; W Lemmer P Chatfield
 Middle row (left to right): B Nolten; V Parbhoo; R Cribson; J Oberholzer; S Conway; C Clark; C Geils; B Roake-Barefoot
 Seated (left to right): J Mazaham; N Gordon; J Bennett; R Smith; N Howse; M Collier; B McLuckie*







Standard 3W

*Back row (left to right): M Kaeflein; B Dlamini; D Smith; J Brown; B Lambert; R Spiers; K Barnes; B Gouveris
 Middle row (left to right): B Carreira; A Papadopoulos; M Archary; T Austin; J Whitson; Mrs A Whitfield; J Marchand
 C van Vliet; P Smith; K Setzkorn; K Mullane*

Seated (left to right): N Sprenger; J Ward; N Mahlangu; S Ntsebeza; J Jericevich; M Cameron; J Criticos



Standard 3P

*Back row (left to right): A Stapelberg; L Naidu; T Mbigi; N Marques; D Law; M Brink; M Maraschin; P Blank; B Reisdorf
 Middle row (left to right): M Hayward; N Tseporas; D Alves; R Pierce; J Makan; Mrs P van der Ploeg; S Raaff; F Cellini
 B Annegarn; G Brett; J Cohen*

Seated (left to right): L Rivers; A Lupini; P Jordan; K Sibiya; R Wainwright; J Lin; M Attwood

Lapalala

Ons het gedink dat Bush Pigs was lekker maar Lapalala was net die beste. Ons het duisende dinge gedoen. Ons het duisende dinge geleer. Dit was net die beste. Lapalala is 'n natuur skool in die Noordelike Provinsie. In Lapalala is 'n wilderness skool 'n wild tuin, met baie plante en diere. Lapalala is in die Waterberg gelee.

Die uitstappe wat ek die meeste geniet het was om Bobbejaan rots te klim. Bobbejaan rots word so genoem om dat daar snags baie Bobbejaan bo-op die rots bly en slaap. Ons het teen die rots wand van Bobbejaan rots uitgeklim. Dit was werklik 'n uitdaging! Nadat ons daarteen uitgeklim het het ons in die Palalarivier geswem.

Die snaakste ding wat met ons gebeur het, was toe die wildebees vir ons en Mev Whitfield gestorm het. Ons het ons byna doodgeskrik maar kon agterna lekker daarvoor lag.

Af en toe kry 'n mens 'n wees dier en by Lapalala het ons twee ontmoet. Hulle was Bwana die jong renoster en Motla die jong seekoei. Mnr Clive Walker en sy vrou het hierdie twee diertjies aange- neem en groot gemaak. Hulle hoop dat die diere terug geplaas kan word in die wildenes. 'n Kort rukkie na dat ons daar aangekom is Bwana vrygelaat. Het jy ooit saam met 'n renoster na die rivier gestap? Wel ons het en dit was 'n wonderlike ondervinding-iets wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie.

Clive Walker is stigter van die Lapalala wildernes oord. Hy het baie in Suid Afrika gedoen om die Bewaaring van renosters te bevorder. Hy het ons toege- spreek. Hy is baie entoesiasties en ons het so baie oor die renosters geleer.

Ons besoek aan Lapalala was 'n wonderlike ondervinding vir al die seuns en ek sienuit om weer een dag daar te gaan kuier!

D Smith Std 3W

Std 3 Lapalala Toer

Die doel van Lapalala is om jong mense te leer van die bewaring en ekolo- gie, beskerming en waardering. Kontak met die omgewing 'n begrip om hoe die natuur ten beste te gebruik en om dit te bewaar.

Lapalala is 'n wilderness skool naby Nylstroom in die Noordwes Provinsie. Ons was daar op 'n skool toer vir drie dae en drie aande. Op die eerste dag het ons in die Palala rivier geswem. Ons was

in groepe gedeel. My groep se naam was die Pofadders. Ons het in die veld gestap en van verskillende diere en plante geleer. Ons het 'n berg met die naam Bobbejaan rots geklim. Daar was baie brandnetels op die berg en 'n paar seuns was daarmee gestee, l,k was baie bly dat ek nie een van hulle was nie.

Op die laaste aand het maneer Clive Walker met ons kom praat oor die renos- ter. Na 'n lang bus reis het ons by die skool aan gekom en ons ouers was baie bly om ons weer te sien.

Ek het my toer by Lapalala baie geniet en ek het baie pret net my vriende gehad.
R Wainwright Std 3P

Escape from another land.

It was a boring afternoon and I was really desperate for some fun. Suddenly an idea popped into my head I was going to invent something that could take me back to the future. But it was going to be very hard to design. So I drew a clear sketch of how I wanted my machine to look. I was having lots of fun looking for some useful junk to build my so called time machine. I collected all the junk I could I put it all in a box and carried it home. I dumped all the junk on the pave- ment and ran upstairs looking for some glue. The glue was lying on my shelf beside my bed.

Once again I dashed downstairs and began working. After about five minutes it started looking like something but I couldn't imagine what. It looked a bit like a small spaceship I was very proud of myself. The wire which I had picked up from my dad's workshop I connected to a small motor. I gave a sigh. I was finished.

I picked up all the junk and put the appliances back where they belonged. I heard a noise coming from downstairs. I went to go and see what was going on, and before I knew it I was floating in the air. I sighed I was in my time machine and by now I was going as fast as a rock- et. Then suddenly it stopped dead still wow I thought I was in another land. I got out and looked around I could see big rocks falling from the sky and hitting the ground with tremendous speed. I was scared I didn't know what to do. I walked around and on a rock I saw a big dinosaur aaaahhhh I screamed. I was surely going to die. I ran from my space- ship but another meteor blocked my way. Dinosaurs were being killed every- where and I knew I was going to be next. I turned around and what I thought was T Rex I couldn't believe my eyes. I was amazed but at the same time very scared.

But this was no ordinary dinosaur. It pushed the boulder away with its snout and returned to his cave. I managed to dodge some rocks I jumped into my time machine and once again took off I reached home and parked it in my garage. I would have to tell my parents all about my adventure. For my machine and I would be seen next Sunday on another exciting adventure.

D Law Std 3P

My bed

Here is the plan for my sooper, dooper, brilliant, megabed. My super bed would be huge with three mattresses and five pillows. I like a big bed because I always fall off my old little bed and I would have seven pillows so I can sit up and read.

I would have a telephone next to my bed which don't have cords and does not cost me a cent. I would programme my telephone to tell me the time when I want to know and it must be voice acti- vated so I don't need to pick it up I just say "talk".

I would no doubt have a stand for my computer, with a three by three foot screen so I could see every detail and dot.

I could not live if I did not have a built in fax and internet. Then I would have a triple speaker digital sound TV with automatic tape and playback.

But my life would be boring if I did not have my sooper mega, ultra, blaster radio with three by two foot speakers and every single song and station you can think of. But no bed is complete without a library with 65 books of the "Hardy Boys" and an automatic choos- ing system.

My bed cover would say "The King" and would be shaped in a spaceship.

With my computer in front of me like a control panel my TV on the side of it and my radio on my left hand side with speakers on top of it. My library would be on my right hand side and my tele- phone on one of my shelves with my fax and I would have a sky light because it is a spaceship so I can look at the stars and the only way I can get out is by pushing in the book called the secret panel. But the best thing of the whole bed is the cocoa machine.

A Stapelberg Std 3P

The Death of Dinosaurs

It is the thirty first century and recent- ly we discovered a time machine, my father calls it his greatest creation but to me it's just an everyday machine. My

father says it could unearth the many mysteries of life. My father forbids me to see it as he is scared I will get in and go to the future or even the past. I guess that is how I got here to the prehistoric ages. It happened like this. I was pulled into the time machine's room by curiosity and there it was glowing like a fireball in the dark. I stepped in, turned the key and shot off along a deep dark tunnel. At first I thought I was just in an ordinary tunnel until I saw clocks go by at an alarming rate and that is how I got here. First thing I have to do is find food, water and shelter before I become part of the food chain! I found the perfect spot after about an hour and just in the nick of time too. There was a fight going on between a T-Rex and a Mastodon. They were fighting over a piece of meat, what babies. I ran to the cave I had spotted earlier. I grabbed some berries and had a drink. I stayed in the cave until the fight was over and everything was calm. Then I went back to fetch the time machine and pushed it to the cave, whew that was hard work! I parked the time machine in the cave, had supper and went to sleep. I have stayed there for three days now but soon I became homesick. I decided I would head for home.

Later that night I went to sleep and slept for no more than two hours then I woke with a jolt and a big bang. There were about five more bangs and five more jolts and then I realised all the volcanos on the island were erupting. I looked out the cave and saw a tidal wave of lava swallowing thousands of dinosaurs and plants. I ran for the machine, jumped in turned the key and went back through the tunnel. Finally I was home again safe and sound at least until my dad finds out I disobeyed him then you'd be hearing a different sound, maybe I should have taken my chances with the volcanos.

M Attwood Std 3P

The Mechanical Bed

My mechanical bed is a pleasure, I tell it to do something and it does it. It has arms that write messages and bring things to me, like cool drinks, food and lots of other things. It has an automatic answering machine for messages. The messages are written down on a piece of paper and shown to me. The television has an arm that moves it to the right angles for me to watch it, it also has a Remote and video machine for relaxation and peace.

My machine has a fridge that keeps my food fresh and my drinks cold. It has a

radio that can play CD's tapes and radio. It is totally automatic and an arm puts new CD's into it. It has a cupboard and in the cupboard is glasses and other things that belong in a cupboard. It has an automatic stove that cooks on demand and it also has a warming drawer and grill for meat and to keep things warm. I have lots and lots of video tapes and I keep them in a compartment made especially for them. I also have one for my CD's and tapes. Now my machine is switched on and off with a handle above it and is quite easy to lock it.

P Jordan Std 3P

What would you change at school

I would love to change all the subjects except Cultural. I would change them into sport mostly golf because golf is an interesting sport and I love to play it. The other sports would be cricket, swimming, soccer and tennis. If I could have the chance I would change school into a golf school. I would change Afrikaans into sports interview with Nick Faldo and Nick Price. My friend Matthew Chalmers and I would... run the show! Our school would become golf mania. Everywhere you go you would see boys hitting golf balls here and there! I would change Writing to golf scoring and PT into golf swinging. I hate Zulu so I would love to change it to pottery because it is so messy and Maths to mechanical engineering. History and Geography to a Scuba-diving school or lesson in the pool and Science I would like to change to an ecological lesson on dinosaurs. I would change Music to building and designing boats and houses. I would change Library to bowling. The thing I would most love to change is spelling into learning how to operate a TV camera because we could advertise the original golf school. I would like to change computer lessons into baseball lessons. It took me a long time to decide this I think I would like to change Cultural into learning how to carve a canoe out of a log... so Mr Spence, have a heart!

D Alves Std 3P

The Cat

The cat is sleek and silent in the night
Its sparkling eyes show off its gentle likes
It walks graceful and proud
With a twitching tail and a keen eye
It spots a mouse
Ready to die!

D Alves Std 3P

The Cat

The cat is sly
Just like the twinkle
in its eye
It's nimble its quick
and I know it has,
a dirty trick
It's the killer of the night
and has a bright sight
so remember at night
he may be lurking with his sight
I know I have been there
Miouw
N Tsaperas Std 3P

The Leopard

The leopard is the hunter of the night
Agile, graceful as a bird in flight
Its fur so silky so smooth
Its eyes, as yellow as a sunflower's bloom
Its teeth and claws, so very sharp
Sleek, slim but as heavy as a shark
It is quite fast as you will see,
The agile, gleaming, hunter of the night
L Rivers Std 3P

The Bat

The bat is as filthy as a rat!
He is very wise though he is a small size
His eyes are green
They shine and gleam
He likes the dark and hates a spark
He only comes out at night
In your bed you to bite
So on the next dark night
be careful to keep on your light
R Wainwright Std 3P

Dear Penfriend

I'm Timon Tim going to tell you a little about myself and my family.

I live in a burrow right beneath a tree. I have two brothers and a sister sometimes they can be a real pain in the neck. I go to St Warthog's Primary Bush school and I'm ten years old. My dad's a burrow digger and my mother is just a burrow wife. My favourite sport is burrow ball and I love the outdoors. My favourite dish is wormgettey as well as slug burgers.

I hope we get to meet each other soon.
p.s. I sent a picture of myself with the letter.

Your penpal Timon
M Brink Std 3P