



1975

The St. David's College Review

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College
Review
1975

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MARIST BROTHERS COLLEGE, INANDA, SANDTON.



SUB TUUM PRAESIDIUM

*We take refuge beneath your
protection, holy Mother of God:
do not turn your eyes from our
prayers in our need,
but forever set us free from all evil,
O glorious and blessed Virgin.*

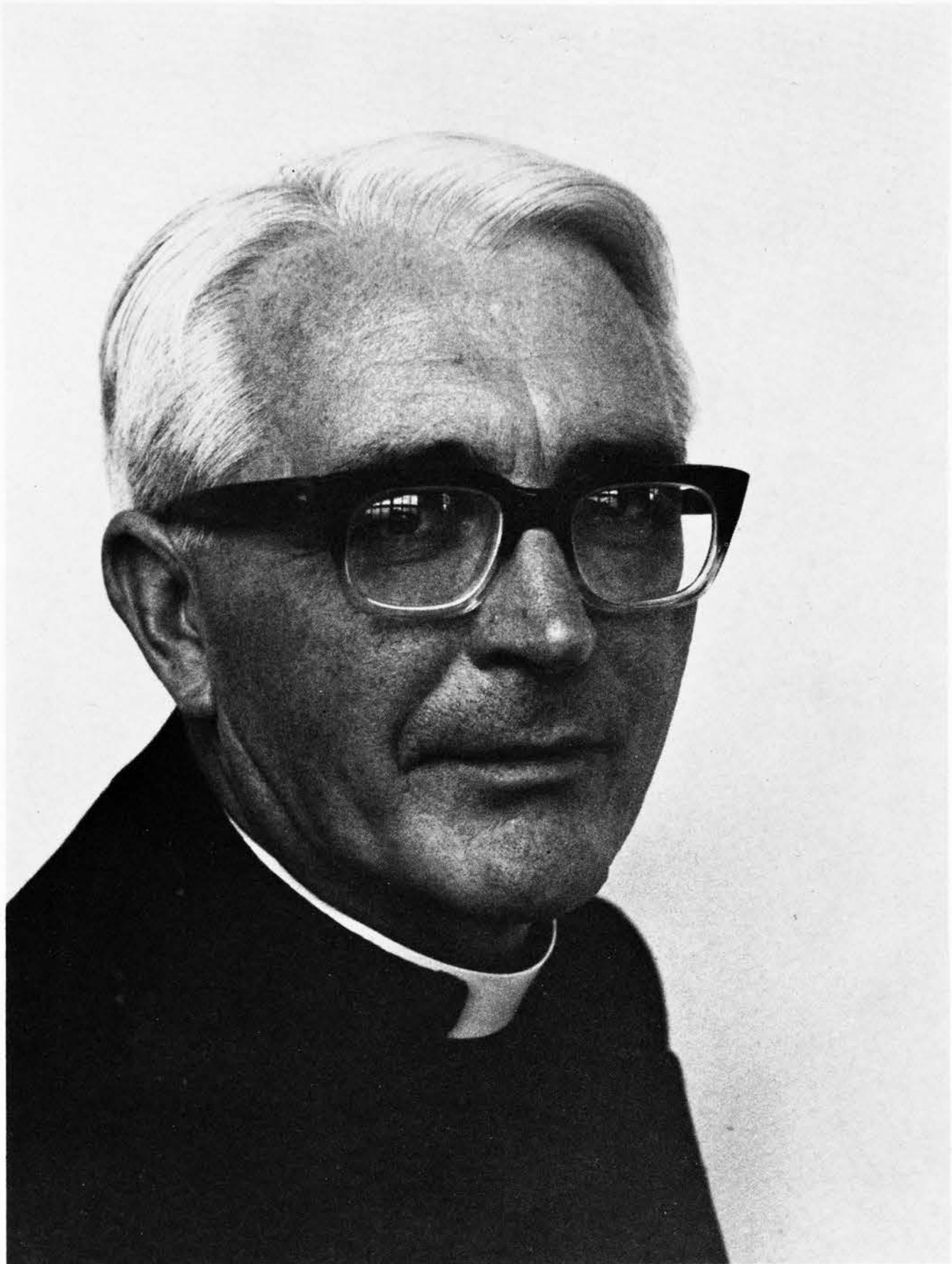
An ancient prayer to Our Lady
dating from the Third Century.



“The young have within themselves the capability, the imagination, the force, the spirit of dedication and self-sacrifice to enable them to make their contribution to the salvation of their brothers . . .”

Pope Paul VI





This Issue is Dedicated
to
Rev. Brother Anthony
Headmaster (1960-1974)



Editorial

Fifteen years, half a generation, a period significant for any institution, and more than substantial in the life of a man: extended thus the span of time Brother Anthony devoted to directing the destiny of St. David's College as headmaster.

It would be out of place to speak here of the expansion of the College and its facilities during his term of office: these matters are adequately chronicled in the school records and the St. David's Review. On this occasion we pay tribute to the outstanding and inspiring qualities of leadership with which he is blessed.

With vision wide and enthusiasm contagious he combined a personal interest in every school activity with concern for every pupil, parent and staff member. His zeal for the religious education of the young was permeated by a fund

of common sense and a gift of sensitivity to people and their problems. Times were not always easy, but his determination to do whatever seemed right for the school overcame many an obstacle. His manly character and commanding presence earned the respect of all the boys, and yet he could readily put them at ease with his natural warmth and sense of humour. Were Shakespeare's Brutus to pass commentary, unnumbered would be the times he'd repeat the line: "Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's."

And so, it is with affection and admiration, with pleasure and pride that we dedicate this issue of the Review to Brother Anthony as a mark of our indebtedness towards him. In gratitude we pray the Lord to bless him and keep him in his fold, and beg the Virgin Mary to watch over him for ever.

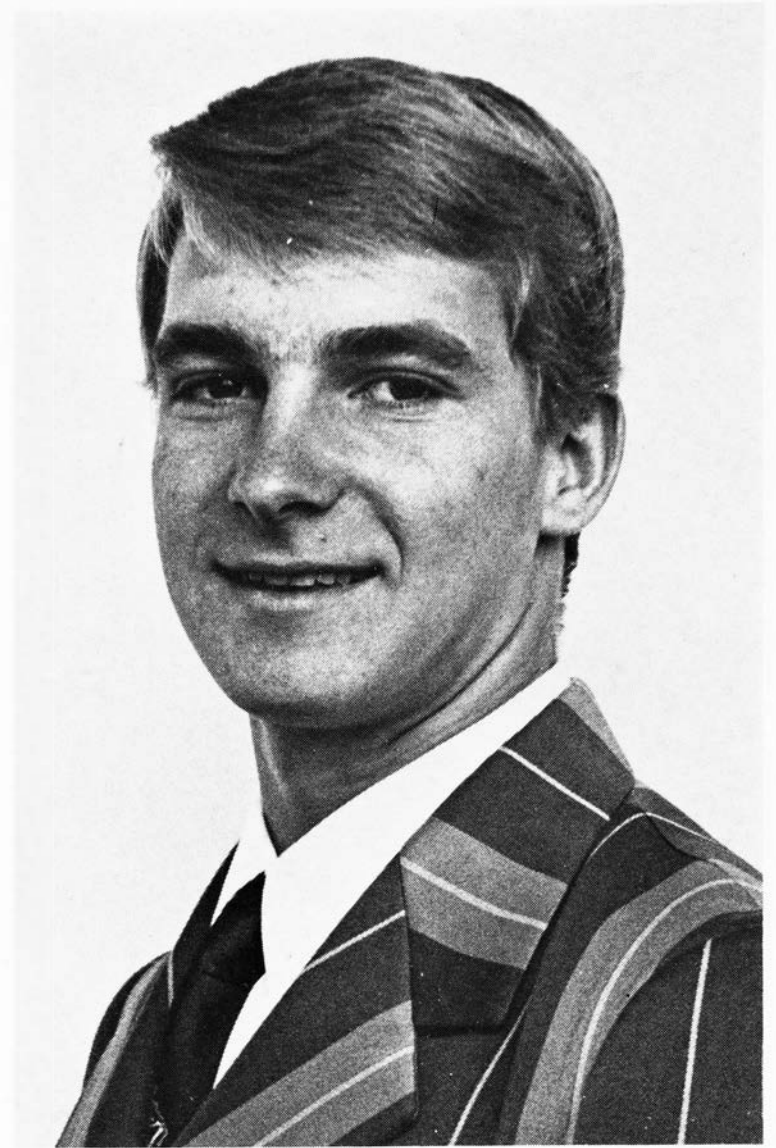
Message from the Head Boy

It was the beginning of a New Year, and certainly the most exciting year. It was Matric! I felt rather apprehensive as to the responsibilities I would now have to shoulder. As is the motto of our school, I did take courage to be a man, which enabled me to carry out my duties to the best of my ability.

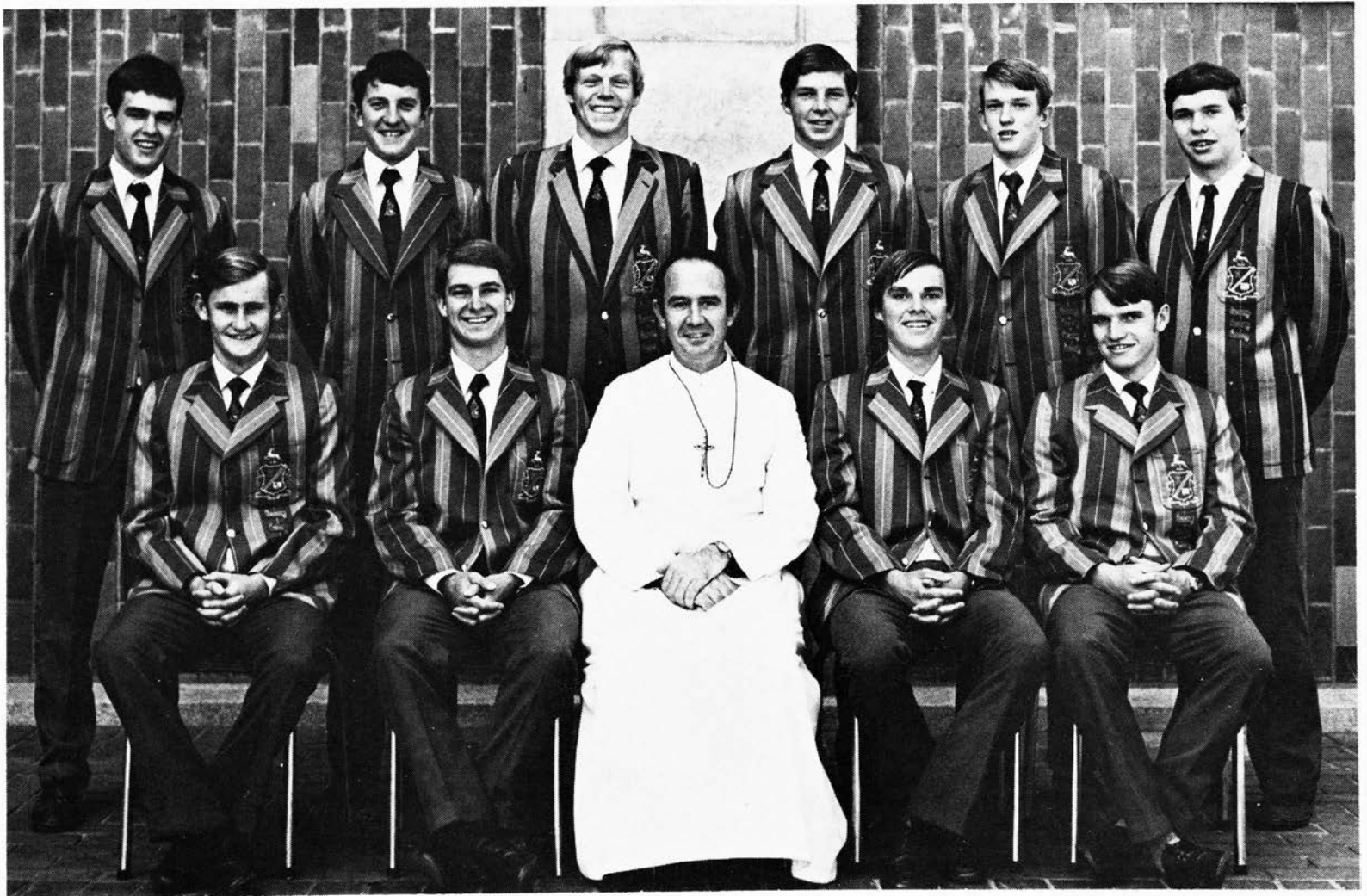
Looking back, things have changed a little during this, my final year at school. Pride grows in one's achievement and in the spirit one has helped to promote throughout the school. One feels like a veteran when looking at the little boys starting the long and hard road to matric.

Now that the year and my term as Head Boy has drawn to an end, I wish to thank the Headmaster, Brother Timothy, for giving me this privilege and also for all his help during this year. To the staff, fellow prefects and the Matrics of 1975 go my sincere thanks for their loyalty and support through the year. To the Vice-Head Boy, Victor Lalieu, a big thank you for his help, loyalty and unfailing friendship at all times. All these people made my task much easier and for this I am very grateful. To all I say thank you for your encouragement and support.

To all scholars and future matriculants at St. David's, I have this to say: "Your names and faces, your achievements and failings, may well be forgotten, but the loyal support for your school will always live on".



Andre Dugas — Head Boy 1975



Prefects

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): G. Ramsay, A. Dugas (Head Prefect), Br. Timothy, V. Lalieu (Vice-Head Prefect), M. Lindsell.
BACK ROW — T. Dalais, F. Soll, C. Reynolds, E. Seed, R. McLay, T. Ryan.

Religious Notes

Start of a New Academic Year. We had hardly begun the first term when an urgent appeal for help arrived from the Marist Brothers of Rwanda, a relatively small country lying between Zaire and Tanzania. A disastrous drought had produced famine throughout the land, and starvation threatened the Brothers and Novices unless monies could be had for the purchase of food. Both the junior and senior school pupils responded generously at the Masses of the Holy Spirit celebrated to ask blessings on the work of the year. Over R300 was collected and forwarded through the appropriate channels. A letter of thanks was received later during the year.

Christian Life Group. This group of some fourteen standard nine and ten pupils continued to meet regularly, sharing their prayers and thoughts on many issues relevant to their daily life as Christians. Contact with other people was varied in kind — a soccer match *with* (rather than *against*) the youth group at St. Matthew's Mission in Soweto, participation in a meeting with the Victory Park C.L.G., and two joint meetings with the Rosebank Convent C.L.G. Other activities



Rev. Father A. Plesters — Chaplain of the College

included the organisation of sales of plaques of the Madonna and Child: the proceeds amounting to R100, were sent to The Star's TEACH Fund.

Holy Year, 1975. Reconciliation and Renewal were the two joint themes proposed by Pope Paul for the Jubilee Year, 1975. Several meetings were conducted between teachers of religion to Catholics and Protestants, including our chaplain, Fr. A. Plesters, and Fr. John Harker who visits various classes on a regular basis. These meetings proved very fruitful indeed. As a result, several joint services were held both in the senior and junior schools, particularly before Easter when all Christians celebrate the central truths of our faith. Visiting speakers to combined groups of senior boys included Mr. Franz Auerbach from the Transvaal Teachers' Association, Dr. C. F. Beyers-Naude, and Bishop Timothy Bavin, of the Anglican Diocese of Johannesburg. The standard nine and ten boys arranged a reading of "Christ on Trial" early in the year. This penetrating assessment of Christ in a modern courtroom setting was very well received.

Champagnat Day and School Mission. Holy Mass to mark the feast day of the Marist Founder, Marcellin Champagnat, was concelebrated by Fathers Albert Plesters and Jan Haen, who had attended St. David's



Dr. C. F. Beyers-Naude



"CHAMPAGNAT
.D.A.Y."



cELEBRATIONS

1975
.D.A.Y.





Christian Life Group

IN FRONT — *R. van den Handel.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *T. Ryan, P. Lavelle, A. Dugas, M. Lindsell, H. Jost, A. Barale.*

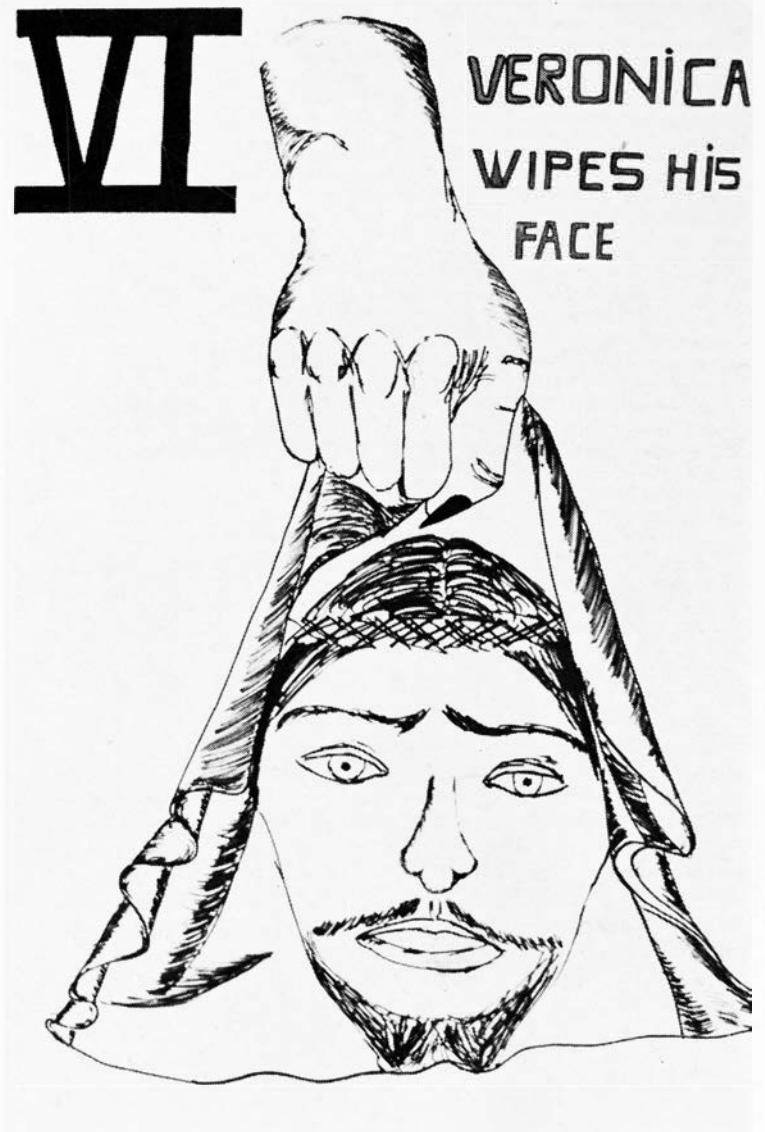
BACK ROW — *Br. Mario, V. Rugani, J. Lawrenson, C. Reynolds, J. Kindt, S. Duley, M. van der Merwe.*

from 1953 to 1959 before deciding to go to the Redemptorist Juvenile in Pretoria. It was a pleasure to have a former pupil celebrate with us and for us on this occasion. Once again we had a tremendous response to our annual collection for the education of the poor. We were able to send R300 to St. Owen's School in Retreat (conducted for coloured boys by the Marist Brothers), and R250 each to the Rand Bursary Fund and to St. Matthew's Mission School at Moroka, Soweto. A few days later, Father Haen began a three-day Mission for the senior boys, concentrating mainly on the matriculation class. Assisting him was Alan Ralphs, another former pupil, now a trained leader for Christian youth work. We thank them for their efforts on behalf of the boys, and trust that the Holy Spirit will bless their work in ways that we cannot imagine.

The Needs of the Aged. Coinciding with reports in the daily press about the distressed condition of many of the aged in the Johannesburg area, the Rand Aid Association visited the College and explained how it comes to the assistance of our senior citizens. As a result several boys volunteered to assist the Association with some of its projects, and a collection of food was organised. Over one hundred parcels were made up

and taken to very needy old people. Our sincere thanks go to all the donors, those who made up the parcels, and those who assisted with their distribution.

Workshops 1975. Two Workshops were organized this year by the Marist Brothers in combination with the Christian Brothers in the Transvaal. 28 boys from six schools attended the first at Boksburg intended for pupils in standard six and seven. Father Francis Middlewick was the chaplain during the two days, thoroughly appreciated by all who participated. The second Workshop for older lads was organized as a camp on a farm in Nelspruit. Ten boys from five schools joined to form a community with three Brothers and Father Michael Connell from St. John Bosco College, Daleside. Praying and sharing ideas together, celebrating the Eucharist, practising the culinary arts, complaining together about the hardness of the floors, hiking and exploring the Sudwala caves — all were factors contributing to a wonderful spirit of fellowship in the group. Everyone was sorry that it had to come to an end after only four days. We trust that the lads will have learnt some values for life, and that they will reflect further on the meaning of the ministry in the service of Jesus Christ, and on the basic truths of our faith and way of life as followers of the Lord.



“PROFESSOR WONDERFUL”

Thus did the late Walt Disney characterise Julius Sumner Miller, a professor of physics who visited South Africa for a second time this year. This extraordinarily dynamic and energetic teacher has an ability to entertain and captivate audiences of all ages and intellectual backgrounds. In eleven lecture-demonstrations given at the Randse Afrikaanse Universiteit he drew some 9 000 people to his performances — an apt description for his dramatic manner of conducting experiments, involving the audience, asking questions and stirring the spirit with excerpts from the history of science and eloquent commentary on how Nature behaves. Young and old alike become oblivious of time when Miller is presenting his matter: his sessions rarely last less than two hours.

Professor Miller, now sixty-six years old, is Professor Emeritus at El Camino College, Torrance, California. Educated in philosophy, mathematics and theoretical physics, he is an internationally-known authority on demonstrations in physics, his work having taken him to Canada, Europe, East and South Africa, and especially to Sydney, Australia where he has participated in Professor Harry Messel’s International Science School some fourteen times. One of his most treasured memories is his association with Albert Einstein as a Carnegie Grant Fellow at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton.

More than 2 500 television programmes have been made featuring Professor Miller (including one by the S.A.B.C.) and he has given over 950 public lecture-demonstrations in his career. (All this apart from regular

classroom teaching at places where he has held a post).

The accompanying verses were delivered at one of his last meetings with a group of teachers at R.A.U. On the same day, accompanied by his wife, Alice, he visited St. David’s briefly in order to view the stained glass panels of Great Thinkers in the Brother Urban Auditorium. Those who have had the unique experience of seeing Miller in action are likely to appreciate these lines which attempt to capture his many moods, and his fascination with the drama and beauty of Nature (“Never to be spelt with a small ‘n’ — that would vilify the word.”)

MEMORIES OF MILLER:

THE MAN, HIS METHOD, AND HIS MADNESS

Vir Miller, Oom Julius Sumner, ons gas,
'n Paar versies geskryf wat so waarlik sal pas!

This Professor has travelled some thousands of leagues,

To show to mankind just how Nature intrigues.
How the people have flocked, for, in truth, his real mission

Is doubtless improving the human condition:

Like Newton, exploring the ‘ocean of truth’,

For fifty years now, from the time of his youth.

He’s fired with a zeal when with students he’s dealing:

To quicken the spirit, enkindle a feeling.

“Pathetic your classrooms: quite lifeless and dead!

Professors and teachers, have passion instead!”

Don’t interpret this message as darkness to curse:

For to light a bright candle, his errand no worse!

Experiments numberless clutter your table:
 To plumb all their depths, even you are not able!
 Electrophorus, candles, and hoops and such things,
 (Black boxes avoiding), and spheres tied to strings.
 "Those arms," you insist at a lecture's inception,
 "Must be raised by you people without an exception!"
 Your questions on items as simple as discs,
 One answers at peril, incurring grave risks!
 A housewife you'll query on cream rich and thick:
 "Does it weigh more than milk? — With your answer
 be slick!"
 For smashing a plank, those old muscles you flex:
 Extricating a sphere, you will use Newton's Lex!
 Amazing the tip of the tilted hinged stick:
 More than 'g' is its 'a' — so incredibly quick!
 As for Newton's Third Law, with spring balances two,
 You've shown that most teachers just haven't a clue!
 In most of your problems you get us perplexed:
 And then calmly announce the experiment next!
 You say you'll bring water to boiling by cooling:
 And by laying-on of hands, you can prove you're
 not fooling!
 You go even further and boil it to ice!
 You delight to repeat it. "I like it! It's nice!"
 "In Sydney, or Sweden, or Torrance again:
 For Nature's reliable — much more than men!"



Observations abundant are made by this prof:
 Beware to think twice, now, before you just scoff!
 For answers from Miller no bribe will avail,
 But sweat and some suffering, toil and travail!
 He deplores that "most teachers give too many answers:
 A disease to the intellect." (Worse than all cancers!)
 (From Juvenal) Miller would frequently say:
 'To know all desire, but few wish to pay!'
 He has some expressions that sound rather quaint:
 Thus for pressure, remember that "suction just ain't!"
 The case of the can with three holes does surprise:
 For Miller has shown that most textbooks tell lies!
 With the monkey and hunter the audience lose face:
 That question so shrewd on the limiting case!
 'What's the go' of his problems gives mental disquiet:
 He urges his audience, like Maxwell, to try it.
 Attempting an answer, we usually 'boob':
 For instance, the case of the string in the tube!
 Amazing those pipes, like a musical band!
 But alas, how few realise that holes must expand!
 Dissected and grounded, the Leyden-type jar:

Yet astounding the energy storage! "Aha!"
 "Little Johnny's bright answer in manner so bland:
 The teacher must ask him, 'Do you understand?'
 Don't satisfy pupils with praise that they know:
 For knowledge alone is pretence and a show!"
 "Enchanting is Nature: it ravages reason.
 To sit abject, quiescent: betrayal and treason!"

The wheel and a turntable spinning a chair:
 Extr'ordinary physics which causes a stare!
 "Mathematical reasoning — there is your duty:
 For analysis deepens the drama and beauty!"
 For grasping the basis of such-like rotation,
 Inertia's own moment, secure a foundation.
 No lecture to public without praising duly
 The genius of Switzerland's family Bernoulli.
 To Bernoulli the flying of aeroplanes credit,
 And fluttering of flags. (Mathematics has said it.)
 He tells of his neighbour despairing downhill,
 For her chimney was smoking, the updraught was nil.
 Till at last she tried Miller, and knocked him up coolly
 (The bell didn't work!). Then he called on Bernoulli!

Prof. Miller can boast of a singular whim:
 No textbook or syllabus satisfies him!
 A quotation from Einstein he often employed:
 'Curiosity holy, the schools have destroyed!'
 For Miller's real aim is to urge us to think.
 (His students who didn't were thrown to the drink!)
 His moods very changeable. Watch out for Julius!
 An audience not voting, just makes him so furious!
 A feature that Miller endures not, nor brooks —
 Any flabby weak elbows with angular crooks!
 "You're dormant and dead, and so lifeless, inert!
 Alive, I would have you, awake and alert!
 The passive a danger to humanoid race:
 In classrooms just sitting — an abject disgrace!"

Forget not this characteristic of Miller:
 He's fond of a story, or Sherlock Holmes thriller.
 Napoleon, Emperor's mood rather miserable —
 Till plates bowed by Chladni made music quite visible!
 For a company local from Julius a glower,
 When asked to write cheques for electrical 'power'!
 His secret'ry keeps rubber bands inelastic.
 (She first looked aghast! 'Sure he needs treatment
 drastic!')
 Torricelli-research by an In-law of Pascal —
 Up a peak with twelve priests. (Lest they thought him
 a rascal!)
 For the Empress of Russia called Catherine the Great,
 Once Leibnitz to Newton paid tribute of weight.
 In Sydney, attempting potato and straw,
 His damnable language earned boxes galore!
 But 'Experiment fails' — an expression abhorrent —
 From Miller elicits abuse in a torrent!
 "Universal is Nature — 'twill always repeat:
 The fault lies in men who conditions don't meet!"

His antics, superficial observers amuse.
 But possessed by a god, he can only enthuse!
 Said Einstein: 'Important ingredient of life,
 An imagination.' (And not just a wife!)
 Intellectual honesty, wanting in many:
 Such people for Miller, worth less than a penny!

For when he is troubled, the most does he learn:
 If wishes were torches, such liars he'd burn!
 In dealing with Miller, his path do not cross:
 He's likely to show you just who is the boss!
 For, adopted a stance that appears unassailable,
 To change his opinion, he's never available!
 In dispute he's an adversary so contumacious,
 Like Hooke versus Newton, opponent tenacious!
 When the Prof is upset, then his manner — nigh
 rancorous!
 He insists it's not jest his demeanour cantankerous!
 But he's saved by his fondness for men of the cloth:
 He'll need intercessors for Judgement Day's wrath!

To look and to see is a privilege of few:
 Sir Isaac was one, Mister Faraday too.
 'The Chemical History of Candles', the latter
 Expounded in London: Enchanting his matter.
 And Miller was honoured in that very room
 To lecture. A memory to take to the tomb!
 When candles he spins as a part of the cult,
 He's shown us a truly astounding result!
 Demonstrations with metre-sticks reach thirty-one:
 Only two less for candles with which he has fun!
 These numbers just fascinate, forming a pair
 Of closely-packed primes. (They're eventually rare.)

An exhibit which mentally causes much trouble
 Has soapy solution in double-type bubble.
 Surface tension dictates that the more that you blow —
 Unbelievable fact — so the pressure turns low!
 "The secrets of Nature are deep and profound"
 And history reveals that but few, men expound."

In dialogue engage him this man can enthrall —
 On philosophy, history, and classics withal!
 The message in "Out of my Later Years":
 So moving, so touching, right near to tears.
 Harry Messel did comment: 'The living you stir,
 But the dead you can't raise!' (That's hardly a slur!)
 Walt Disney declared you're not modest nor lowly:
 'The Wonderful Prof has a boldness quite holy!
 But no praise for Prof Miller without recognition
 Of Alice who Julius has kept in condition!
 Great joy to you both, and of blessings a score:
 May your lectures in count reach a thousand and more!

South Africa's heard you, a guest of some rank:
 'Ons bedank u, Oom Julius. Sincerely we thank!
 A Zulu salute for him: cry out 'BAYETE'!
 'What needeth words more?' There is hardly a better.
 Brother Mario
 2 August, 1975

BUSINESS GAME

The Inter-High Schools Business Simulation Exercise, or better known as the Business Game, has just drawn to a close for the year. With the completion of this exhilarating exercise, the budding directors return to the routine of matric.

This very life-like and lively Game is organized and sponsored by the National Council of Chartered Accountants (S.A.) and International Computers Limited (S.A.). These people give us an insight into the business world and a taste of what it is like competing against others under pressure.

Each school has a Board of Directors which represents a firm. This firm competes against four others. The Directors have to make decisions concerning production, marketing, sales and other financial factors. A financial world is set up by the computers and they analyse our decisions accordingly. The Game consists of four periods, each representing three business months. At the end of the "business year" the team with the highest taxed profit is the winner.

1975 Board of Directors

Managing Director	P. Lavelle
Production Director	A. Melton
Marketing Director	J. Wallington
Financial Director	R. Price
Production Manager	A. Barale
Marketing Manager	N. Morgan

For our team it was a very testing year, though we enjoyed the experience and appreciated what we learned. Our board meetings were very true to life with everybody participating, even though there were a few strained moments.

Unfortunately we got off to an uneasy start, this being due to our lack of familiarity with the exercise. We gradually picked up and towards the end were doing very well. Due to the mistakes at the beginning we could not catch up and ended in fourth place.

We congratulate Highlands North on entering the semi-finals. Our sincere thanks to Mr. J. Zacharewicz who was the master-in-charge and our consoler. We also convey our thanks to the organizers.



Business Game

FRONT ROW—(LEFT TO RIGHT): N. Morgan, P. Lavelle, A. Melton.
 BACK ROW — M. Meaker, J. Wallington, R. Price, A. Barale.

Matriculation Results 1974

English	Afrikaans	Latin	Maths.	Phys. Sc.	Biology	Geography	History	German	Italian	Art	Add. Maths.	Aggregate
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UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE

Billenkamp E.	1	P	P	1	1	-	1	-	-	-	-	1
Browne P.	1°	P	P	-	-	P	1	1	P	-	-	1
Eb R.	1	1	1	1	1	-	1	P	-	-	-	1
Ferrero G.	P	-	P	1°	1	-	P	-	-	1	-	1
Finkelstein M.	1	1	-	1°	1°	1°	1	-	-	-	1	1
Harrison D.	1	1	1	1°	1°	-	1	1	-	-	-	1
Koel J... ..	1°	1	1°	1°	1°	-	1°	-	-	-	1	1
Lambiase D.	1	P	-	1°	1	-	1	P	-	P	-	1
Linington A.	1	P	P	1	1	-	1	P	-	-	-	1
Nicol K.	1	P	1	1°	1	-	-	1	-	-	P	1
Ross M.	1	P	P	1	1	-	1	-	-	-	-	1
Spicer D.	1	-	-	1	1	1	P	-	-	-	P	1
Urmson A... ..	1	P	-	1	1	-	1	1	-	-	-	1
Waizenegger P.	1	1	P	1	1	-	1	-	1	-	-	1
Waters N.	1	P	P	1	1	-	1	-	-	-	-	1
Zweigenthal C.	1	1	1	1°	1	-	-	1	-	-	-	1
Asbury T.	1	P	-	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	-	2
Browne R... ..	P	P	-	P	P	P	1	-	-	-	-	2
Buchan S.	P	P	P	P	P	-	P	P	-	-	-	2
Haggiyannes A... ..	1	P	-	P	P	-	P	P	-	-	-	2
John Y.	1	P	-	P	P	-	P	P	-	-	-	2
Kourie J.	P	P	-	P	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	2
Marchant A.	1	P	P	P	P	-	P	P	-	-	-	2
Marneweck A.	1	P	-	P	P	-	1	P	-	-	-	2
Meldau N.	P	P	-	P	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	2
Parry D.	P	P	-	P	P	P	1	P	-	-	-	2
Raymond P.	P	P	-	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	-	2
Richardson C.	P	P	P	P	P	-	1	P	-	-	-	2
Rowlinson G.	P	P	-	P	P	-	P	P	-	-	P	2
Sopas M.	P	-	-	-	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	2
Stanley M.	1	P	P	P	P	-	1	P	-	-	-	2
Vonk P.	P	P	P	P	P	-	P	-	-	-	2	2
van den Handel A.	P	P	-	P	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	2
Waner M.	1	P	-	P	P	1	1	-	-	-	-	2
Ward W. P.	1	P	-	P	P	-	P	P	-	-	-	2
Winer A.	P	P	-	1	1	P	P	-	-	-	-	2

SECONDARY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

Benson W.	P	P	-	-	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	2
Braun J.	P	P	-	-	1	P	P	P	-	-	-	2
Hutt G.	P	P	-	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	P	2
Robinson N.	1	P	-	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	-	2
Shepstone M.	1	P	-	P	P	-	P	-	-	-	-	2

Key: 1° - pass with distinction; 1 - First class pass; P - pass in subject

Prize Giving

Class Prizes

- Standard VI 1. M. Hoinkes
2. M. Lebos
3. D. Ward
- Standard VII 1. K. Breackell
2. A. Seebregts
3. M. Nicol
- Standard VIII 1. J. Schlimmer
2. A. Paizes
3. J. Tjiattas
- Standard IX 1. C. Boocock
2. M. Meaker
3. V. Lalieu

Brother Pius Medals

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|--------------|
| Standard VI | English | M. Hoinkes |
| | Afrikaans | M. Hoinkes |
| | French | M. Hoinkes |
| | Mathematics | M. Lebos |
| | Physical Science | M. Hoinkes |
| | Biology | M. Lebos |
| | History | M. Hoinkes |
| | Geography | M. Hoinkes |
| | Standard VII | English |
| Afrikaans | | A. Seebregts |
| Latin | | M. Nicol |
| Mathematics | | A. Seebregts |
| Physical Science | | R. Mason |
| Biology | | K. Breackell |
| History | | M. Nicol |
| Geography | | K. Breackell |
| Standard VIII | | English |
| | Afrikaans | A. Paizes |
| | Latin | J. Schlimmer |
| | Mathematics | J. Schlimmer |
| | Physical Science | J. Schlimmer |
| | Biology | C. Zent |
| | History | J. Tjiattas |
| | Geography | J. Schlimmer |
| | Standard IX | English |
| Afrikaans | | C. Boocock |
| Latin | | C. Boocock |
| Mathematics | | C. Boocock |
| Physical Science | | C. Boocock |
| Biology | | M. Meaker |
| History | | M. Meaker |
| Geography | | J. Swingler |

Good Progress Prizes

- Standard VI C. Hawkins
Standard VII M. Stuart-Cox
Standard VIII A. McCartney
Standard IX G. Ramsay

Cricketer of the Year Trophy

R. Adair

Horse Riding Awards

- 1974 Hickstead Miniature B. Merks
Most Improved Rider C. Black
Best Mini Rider G. Slaven



Congratulations to John Koel who obtained a First Class Pass with Distinctions in English, Latin, Mathematics, Physical Science and Geography.

Studies Scrolls

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| A. Barale | K. Prudence |
| C. Boocock | C. Reynolds |
| T. Dalais | E. Seed |
| S. Duley | F. Soll |
| M. Fulton | M. Taffinder |
| V. Lalieu | M. Walford |
| M. Lindsell | J. Wallington |
| M. Meaker | J. Whelan |
| N. Morgan | |

Merit Scrolls

- | | |
|-----------|---------|
| T. Dalais | T. Ryan |
|-----------|---------|

Prefect Scrolls

- | | |
|----------|---------|
| R. McLay | E. Seed |
|----------|---------|

Cricket Scroll

- M. Lindsell

Osmond Cup for Leadership

- A. Haggiyannes

B. R. Hunt Scholarship Trophy

- J. Koel

Lynn Stuart Memorial Trophy

- J. Koel

Michael Science Trophy

- J. Koel

Phillimore English Trophy

- J. Koel

Sandton Mayoral Trophy

- R. Berti

AWARDS

Honours Blazers and Scrolls

Honours Blazers

A. Dugas (Head Prefect)
V. Laliou (Vice-Head Prefect)
A. Barale
T. Dalais
M. Lindsell
R. McLay
G. Ramsay
C. Reynolds
T. Ryan
E. Seed
F. Soll
M. Walford

Prefect Scroll

A. Dugas (Head Prefect)
V. Laliou (Vice-Head Prefect)
T. Dalais
M. Lindsell
R. McLay
G. Ramsay
C. Reynolds
T. Ryan
E. Seed
F. Soll

Merit Scroll

A. Barale
T. Dalais
A. Dugas
V. Laliou
M. Lindsell
R. McLay
G. Ramsay
C. Reynolds
T. Ryan
E. Seed
F. Soll
M. Walford

Studies Scroll

A. Barale
C. Boocock
T. Dalais
S. Duley
M. Fulton
V. Laliou
M. Lindsell
M. Meaker
N. Morgan
K. Prudence
C. Reynolds
E. Seed
F. Soll
M. Taffinder
M. Walford
J. Wallington
J. Whelan

Debating Scroll

A. Barale
C. Reynolds
M. Walford

Athletics Scroll

R. McLay (Captain)
M. Hamilton

Cricket Scroll

M. Lindsell (Captain)

Rugby Scroll

G. Ramsay (Vice-Captain)
R. McLay
M. Otto
J. Schlimmer

Swimming Scroll

A. Dugas (Captain)
T. Ryan (Vice-Captain)
E. Seed

Tennis Scroll

V. Laliou (Captain)

Art Exhibition 1975

Many, many months of frantic hard work and frenetic activity culminated in a very impressive and unusual art exhibition at the College. The variety of media was the most remarkable feature of the annual Exhibition, held, as always, in the old Boarders' Dining Room on the nights of September 23rd, 24th and 25.

The medium best represented was that of Pottery, and the high standard of article made by the pupils impressed even Art teachers from several schools who were kind enough to visit the exhibition. The guiding spirit and source of inspiration in this regard was Mrs. H. McLeroth. She it was, who was responsible, not only for the introduction of Pottery at the school, but also for the purchase of an excellent Kiln. The Kiln, costing R575,00 (shelves included), was paid for with the nominal fee of R5,00 per month paid by the pupils for their weekly lessons.

Mrs. McLeroth was very ably assisted by Mrs. L. Luyckx, to whom we are most grateful for all the many behind-the-scenes odd jobs and favours, too numerous to mention, which she was forever engaged in. We are sincerely grateful to her and to Mrs. F. de Decker for their very real interest and assistance.

We are most grateful too, to Mrs. Buckley-Jones, Mrs. Mullineux, Miss Joseph and Miss Jamieson for their help in inspiring the pupils with their ideas, suggestions and guidance.

We hope that more parents will visit the annual Art Exhibition in coming years — it is only when they show an interest in their son's achievements, that the children feel the achievements are worthwhile. On the 3 nights of the exhibition those parents and visitors who did come were very impressed. And we were



able to serve teas and coffees and home-made cakes, for which our sincere thanks go to Mrs. V. Holm and her assistants. Mrs. Holm has always shown a keen interest in the art at the school, and the success of the art exhibition was, in no small measure, due to her encouragement and enthusiasm.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Debating

The year has been a very exciting, enjoyable and victorious one for the debating society. In the first round of the Kolbe Cup Competition we were drawn at home against St. Stithian's. The topic for the debate was: For Most People Life will be Better in 50 Years time. Our proposer Charles Reynolds and our seconder Anthony Barale delivered excellent speeches, our floor support was good and we won.

In the next debate we were drawn away against Roosevelt High and although our first and second speakers spoke well, our floor support was very weak and we lost.

In the third debate we were guests of Victory Park and had to argue against the motion: Manners Maketh Man. Perhaps our true sentiments were too much in favour of the motion because we lost this round.

Due to the fact that La Rochelle could not compete, we found ourselves in the semi-final of the Judge

Vieyra Cup against St. Stithian's. We proposed the motion that Most Mass Media is Ass Media. Our proposer on this occasion was Anthony Barale our seconder was Jimmy Schlimmer. Both delivered very good speeches and Charles Reynolds gave an excellent summing up, though called upon at short notice to do so. Our speakers from the floor bandied words and ideas with their opponents. Victory was ours and we proceeded to the final debate against Rosebank Convent. We approached these young ladies with great respect, but we were well prepared. Our team consisted of Charles Reynolds, Anthony Barale and Marshall Walford. We were 60 strong on the floor plus parents, friends and staff. The topic for the debate was Ignorance is Bliss. Our speakers spoke well, Marshall gave an excellent summing up and our floor support was outstanding. We won the Judge Vieyra Cup but even if we had lost, it was a night to be remembered in the history of the debating society. It was informative and certainly entertaining and the debating society thank you for all your support.



Debating Team

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): J. Schlimmer, A. Barale.
BACK ROW — C. Reynolds, Mrs. T. Elliot, M. Walford.

Senior Best Speakers

The Senior Best Speakers Competition, which was held on 20 June, proved to be a very successful and entertaining event. Sixteen speakers entered for this competition and their speeches covered a wide range of topics. Some speeches gave us food for thought while others amused us. In particular, the humour of Grant Ramsay's speech on bathing his Pyrenean Mountain puppy was commented on. The Evaluators praised the standard of diction, vocabulary and the confidence with which the speeches were delivered. The prepared speeches lasted between four and a half and five and a half minutes, then all competitors were asked to give one and a half to two and a half minutes impromptu speeches.

After a long discussion the Evaluators, Mr. I. MacRitchie, Mr. R. van t' Hof and Mr. G. Mazaham, finally awarded first place to A. Barale, second place to James Schlimmer and third place to Marshall Walford.

CREATURES AND CAMERAS

A. Barale — Winner of the Senior Best Speakers Competition

We all live in Africa; and it is therefore reasonable to suggest that most of you have at some time or another visited a game park or some such region which is supposed to epitomise that which makes Africa, Africa — huge open expanses, or tangled vegetation and creatures of a dying age. I am furthermore con-

vinced that those of you who have visited such a place, carried with you that little black box — the camera!

Not too long ago I happened to be visiting a game park and had come across a dying rhinoceros on the side of the track. I, and the party I was with, had barely discovered the creature when another car pulled up hastily alongside us. As the dust settled, I watched fascinated as a battery of camera lenses appeared through the car's windows. In the dusty silence that followed I heard the frantic clicking of shutters accompanied by sighs of exasperation. Our fellow-gameviewers then came to the conclusion that the rhinoceros despite the encouraging noises was not going to "do something". And so they shuttled off in search of some more active creature. The lion is a favourite of this breed of tourist. After all the lion does symbolise Africa!

Our camera-wielding tourists, having dashed about for some time, will come across a pride of lion. Now the lion is a creature lazy by nature and the less physical exertion it must perform the happier and more content it is. The lions perhaps lying in the shade of a tree will look at the tourists and the tourists will stare back, each as fascinated as the other. After a while the cameras disappear and the tourist sits back, disillusioned. Every now and again a beer can will be seen leaving the vehicle and travelling in the direction of the lions. An effort has to be made to goad them to action. In a world of such variety it is a pity to take wild creatures one at a time and look at them as separate entities. The wild-life watcher and photographer who focuses on a single specimen is like the man who can't look at a butterfly without wanting to stick a pin through it. He thinks he can examine it better that way, that he can at least find out what makes it a butterfly. Such people fail to realise that wildlife is more than just an "attraction", to be recorded on film, animals were inanimate things like ancient buildings or national monuments. The photographer wants to isolate the creature, "capture" it on film. Wonderful! But their approach is not much different from those who want to hang its head on the wall, even though the photographer's approach isn't quite as final. The tourist may object that he can't spend days and weeks waiting and watching, but he can view the animal in it's full context within it's environment and give it a space within the horizons of his imagination.

When one looks at a wild animal, one is not looking at a single creature, one is looking at a wild world and a single member in it. No creature lives alone, none enjoys splendid isolation. A visitor watches a vulture picking up a stone and carrying it to break open an ostrich egg, without always realising what a phenomenon he is witnessing, a creature using a tool! Yet the visitor asks for the tenth time where the lions or the elephants are — and away he goes. Africa is a continent not so much to analyze as to wonder at; it is a whole, not so many bits that happen to be in one place for the convenience of homo sapiens to record on film.

Ladies and gentlemen, the next time you visit a wildlife region, take more with you than a lot of spare film and suntan lotion! Take a little patience and spend just a little time contemplating what you see — and please restrain yourselves from throwing any empty beer cans!

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF INSECTS

J. Schlimmer — Runner up in the Senior Best Speakers Competition

Many of us go about with never a thought for the vast fascinating multitude of insects which inhabits our planet. Perhaps the only time we ever think about insects is when we see a fly on the wall and we immediately swat it, or when a bee stings us. Scientists have estimated that the average number of insects per square mile of land equals the total number of people on earth. There are more species of insects than of all other plants and animals combined. If their scientific names were printed in a book the size of a telephone directory, it would take 6000 pages to list them.

Insects really are spectacular. An ant can lift an object with a mass 50 times that of its own body — equivalent to a man of 80 kg being able to lift a 400 kg truck with his teeth! A flea would set a new Olympic record of 70 m in the long jump if it stood as high as a man.

In their endless struggle to survive since their arrival on earth from the oceans, insects have developed an incredible variety of body forms and ways of life. Most varieties are harmless and even helpful towards man.

A powerful ally to man is the wasp family — normally regarded with fear and painful recollections. The larvae of certain wasp species are parasitic. The female wasp finds a caterpillar and injects an egg into it. The larva hatches and feeds on the blood and tissues of the host. Towards the end of its growth, it attacks the vital organs of the host, kills it and emerges to spin a cocoon wherein it pupates and later emerges as an adult wasp. Some parasitic species are themselves the hosts of still other parasites. Thus you may have a butterfly caterpillar inside of which is the larva of an *Apanteles* wasp, inside of which is a *Hermitia*, inside of which is a Chalcid wasp larva. This reminds me of the idiotic rhyme I learnt long ago: "Bigger bugs have little bugs upon their backs to bite 'em and little bugs have lesser bugs and so ad infinitum!"

There is a small minority of insects which are directly harmful to man. The blister beetles secrete a substance that acts as an extremely powerful blistering agent on contact with human tissue. A curious feature about the larvae of these beetles is that some of them, after hatching from the egg, climb upon flowers and wait for a bee to arrive. They cling tightly to the body hairs of the bee and travel with it to the hive. When the queen bee lays her eggs in the cells of the hive, the larvae slip on to the eggs and are sealed inside the cells with them. The first thing they then do, is eat the eggs.

The female bot fly makes sure that its offspring will survive, by seizing mosquitoes, and while holding them, she cements a number of eggs to their lower surfaces. Then she releases them. The fly eggs only hatch when the mosquito alights on a warm blooded animal. They burst out of the eggshell and bore into the skin.

An interesting beetle which we can find in our own gardens is the small blue-grey and orange bombardier beetle which utilizes chemical defence. When it is disturbed, it is capable of ejecting a pungent fluid which vaporizes explosively on contact with the air to form a smoke screen, enabling it to escape. In some species

the fluid has the acid odour of iodine and is quite irritating to the eyes.

Perhaps the most voracious members of the insect world are the mantids. A resting mantis folds its front legs as they are 'praying' peacefully, but it is always ready to lash out and seize any suitable victim that comes within reach. The female often eats the male after, or even during mating, which seems a rather harsh way of making the bridegroom pay for the wedding present!

Junior Best Speakers

Following the successful competition of last year, we had another big entry of competitors this year and we had to eliminate a few competitors in a preliminary contest. Although some of the speakers were nervous they rose to the occasion and provided us with a very entertaining evening. It was heartening to see these younger boys standing up and taking on a large audience and it is to be hoped that the enthusiasm for this event will continue.

The meeting was chaired by Mr. P. Commins and the Evaluators were Mr. G. Mazaham and Mr. V. Rugani. The Evaluators had a difficult task. Some of the competitors delivered excellent prepared speeches but were not so good at impromptu speeches and vice versa. Finally they awarded first place to Simon Foy, second place to Ian MacRitchie and third place to J. Slaven.

The Debating Team, the Senior Best Speakers and the Junior Best Speakers would like to thank all the parents for their support. We would also like to thank Mrs. Holm, who so kindly provided us with tea during our activities.

WALES AND THE WELSH

S. Foy — Winner of the Junior Best Speakers Competition

I wonder how many of you have been to a small country in the South East part of Britain. The country is Wales and its people are the Welsh. Why the Welsh — you might ask. Well the fact is that I, although of English birth, am Welsh and still have that terrible Celtic instinct within me.

The Welsh people, to me, are some of the most friendly and hospitable in the world. They have a love for life and a zest for living. They have fought for their country for many centuries, always claiming it to be theirs and no-one else's. The one thing that you cannot take away from the Welsh is the fact that they are Welsh and nothing else. They consider Wales to be separate, even though the United Kingdom is one. However, their loyalties are not so one-sided. For example, there were Welsh soldiers who fought for the British cause in both World Wars.

The Welsh have a certain very strong characteristic, namely a tremendous appreciation for art, particularly music. There have been some tremendous people from the world of art and music, through the ages, who have come from Wales. For example, Vaughan Williams, Dylon Thomas, and in more recent times, Tom Jones, Shirley Bassey and Richard Burton, not

to mention Gareth Edwards and Barry John, but their art is slightly different from the others.

The ordinary Welshman, no matter how badly he talks, or for that matter sings, can become one of the most fantastic choir, namely 40,000 or so Welsh Rugby supporters urging and singing their team on at Cardiff Arms Park, which I might add is the mecca of all rugby. It is incredible to see so many people acting as one, but typical of the Welsh.

The Welsh sense of humour, to many people, is strange and not very easy to understand, but within its own right, it is very, very amusing. A Welshman's favourite trick, on returning from a rugby trip, is to collect souvenirs. Pubs have been known to have been stripped of bannisters, bar-stools, and doors. Destructive, you might say, but all in a good sense of fun and accepted as such.

This sense of fun comes from their love for living. It was reported that 59 supporters, from a small Welsh country village, hired a coach to make the journey to Murrayfield in Scotland, to see the Wales-Scotland rugby match. However, one snag! This luxury coach had a bar! Well, the fact is, 59 set out, one saw the game on television in jail, arrested for drunken driving. No-one knows what happened to the others along the way.

Wales is one, and the Welsh are one, despite two languages and to a certain extent two divisions. The two languages are English and Welsh which is a branch of Celtic. The two divisions, which are entirely imaginary, are North Wales and South Wales. Within these two divisions are two groups of people, what is known in Wales as "Chapel" and "The Others". The "Chapel" are the T-totalling, God-fearing people, much respected and admired throughout Wales. They are wonderful people in their own right, and form the conservative part of the society in Wales. "The Others", as I put it, are the coach-hiring, souvenir collecting, rugby-mad people, who tend to be the more lively and energetic of the two and those who tend to get further on in life. Needless to say my family comes from the latter. I might add that the best in these people, as regards singing and talking, comes out when they are operating under an alcoholic haze! Needless to say again, my family comes from the latter, and needless to say, my mother wanted that remark censored!

Strange people — you might say, but to me no more generous, helpful and loving people exist in the world today.

Well, Wales is one and always will be. There is one United Kingdom but at the same time, one Wales. The Welsh are from Wales only. They are tremendous people. They have some very great gifts and at last I consider them to be the best rugby players in the world. They love others, they love each other and the world in general. One people, one country and only that. There will only be the Welsh in one Wales, and only one Wales. Wales is one and will stay like that.

SHARKS

A. MacRitchie—Runner up in the Junior Best Speaker Competition

At the end of the year, some of you may be going on holiday to the sea, and I have a few disturbing thoughts to give you.

You may know that the shark is the biggest fish in the sea. In the shark family, at one end of the scale is the whale shark, which is an enormous brute, and at the other end is the dog fish, a tiny little chap.

In between these two species, are the ferocious sharks, blue pointer, mako, ragged tooth and zambezi. It is these we are concerned with, as they live around our coastline.

Sharks must keep moving to oxygenate their gills, and if they stopped, they would sink to the bottom of the ocean, because they are one big chunk of muscle.

The shark has no solid bone structure. Its bones are made up of cartilage. The only real bones are its teeth, and depending on the species of shark, they have between two and five rows of teeth.

The shark is predatory. It lives on other fish, and animals, including human beings that might venture into the sea.

And to show you how successful he is, he has not changed in shape or habits throughout the many millions of years of his existence.

The most incredible thing about the shark is that it can sense blood and erratic movement in the sea from up to a kilometre away.

As we know it today, the shark is the perfect killing machine. He is streamlined and looks and moves like a bullet in the water and when he attacks, he closes his gills and has a protective film over his eyes.

Sharks swim in packs and alone. When in packs, they can be very dangerous. When one is injured, the others quickly turn to cannibalism. Wounded prey causes a frenzy among sharks.

At the moment, the shark has minimal uses. However, with world population growth, who knows, a new source of protein may be supplied from sharks.

Swimmers rarely see the shark before it attacks, and even after the attack, they tell stories of not realising what had happened until they saw the clouds of blood around them.

When swimming in shark waters, it is advisable to have a friend to come along with you, for if you are attacked, your friend will be there to assist you.

When you see a shark, your first thought is to get out of the way and fast. But you must never turn your back on it or swim off as quickly as you can, because it would soon catch up with you and attack from behind. So keep your eyes on it and swim away slowly.

Everything has a use, even the shark, which has still to prove itself in the commercial world.

And to conclude my speech, ladies and gentlemen, may I wish you a happy holiday and swim warily.



College Diary 1975

FIRST TERM

January

- 15th** Wednesday: A new Scholastic Year begins. Br. Timothy is appointed Headmaster. Miss Whelan joins the Secondary School Staff. Mrs. Clark, Miss Jamieson, Miss Leyden, Mrs. Walsh and Mrs. Walton are welcomed to the Primary School Staff. Monitors, who were appointed in November 1974, are T. Dalais, A. Dugas, V. Lalieu and T. Ryan. The Pre-primary class opens with 20 pupils.
- 16th** Thursday: Cricket and Swimming practices begin.
- 17th** Friday: M. Lindsell is appointed as Cricket Captain, A. Dugas as Swimming Captain and V. Lalieu as Tennis Captain.
- 20th** Monday: M. Lindsell, G. Ramsay, C. Reynolds and F. Soll are appointed monitors.
- 21st** Tuesday: Father Plesters, the College Chaplain, celebrates Holy Mass for the Primary School to ask God's blessings on the Scholastic Year.
- 24th** Friday: Father Plesters celebrates Holy Mass for the Secondary School to ask God's blessings on the Scholastic Year.
- 27th** Monday: The following House Captains are appointed: E. Seed (Benedict House), C. Reynolds (Bishops House), G. Ramsay (College House) and A. Dugas (Osmond House).

FEBRUARY

- 9th** Sunday: Junior Inter-House Swimming Gala.
- 12th** Wednesday: Ash Wednesday. Father Plesters conducts the Blessing of the Ashes for the Secondary and Primary Schools.
- 22nd** Saturday: Official Opening of the new Swimming Pool Complex by Mr. A. E. Lean. The other guest of honour is Br. Anthony. Senior Inter-House Swimming Gala. A. Dugas and V. Lalieu are appointed Head Prefect and Vice-Head Prefect respectively. T. Dalais, M. Lindsell, G. Ramsay, C. Reynolds, T. Ryan and F. Soll are appointed prefects. R. McLay and E. Seed are appointed monitors. Merit Scrolls are awarded to A. Dugas and V. Lalieu. Swimming Scrolls are awarded to T. Ryan and E. Seed.
- 28th** Friday: Half Day in anticipation of St. David's Day.

MARCH

- 1st** Saturday: St. David's Day. Cricket vs Marist Observatory.
- 2nd** Sunday: Swimming Gala and Water Polo Match vs Marist Observatory.
- 3rd** Monday: A representative of the A.F.S. addresses the matrices.
- 9th** Sunday: Annual Prize Giving. Mrs. V. Kempster presents the prizes. Honours Blazers are presented to A. Dugas and V. Lalieu. Merit Scrolls are awarded to T. Dalais and T. Ryan. R. McLay and E. Seed are appointed prefects.

- 15th** Saturday: Senior Inter-House Athletics Meeting. Honours Blazers are presented to T. Dalais and T. Ryan. Merit Scrolls are awarded to C. Reynolds and E. Seed. An Athletics Scroll is awarded to R. McLay.
- 18th** Tuesday: National Extra-Curricular Science Examination. M. Meaker and J. Schlimmer are placed in the final hundred. C. Zent is placed in the final two hundred.
- 21st** Friday: Honours Blazers are presented to C. Reynolds and E. Seed.
- 23rd** Sunday: The C.L.G. visits the St. Matthew's Youth Group in Soweto.
- 24th** Monday: "Christ on Trial" is presented for Standards 8, 9 and 10 pupils. Standards 6 and 7 pupils make the Stations of the Cross.
- 25th** Tuesday: Standards 8, 9 and 10 pupils make the Stations of the Cross. Junior Inter-House Athletics Meeting.
- 7th** Thursday: Holy Thursday. Classes close for Easter Week End. A group of Matrics leave on a leadership course with Mr. Lipschitz. A group of boys leave on a biology expedition with Mr. Carew.
- 28th** Friday: Good Friday.
- 30th** Sunday: Easter Sunday

APRIL

- 1st** Tuesday: Classes resume after the Easter Week End. Mr. G. Manolios takes up his new post as the Primary School Headmaster.
- 3rd** Thursday: Mrs. Hahn of the Sandton Civic Foundation visits the College and addresses the Standards 3, 4 and 5 pupils.
- 4th** Friday: Dr. C. F. Beyers Naude of the Christian Institute visits the College to address the Standards 8, 9 and 10 pupils.
- 10th** Thursday: Br. Jude, the Provincial, commences his visits to the Senior Classes. Mrs. Hahn visits the College to address the Grades and Standard 1 and 2 pupils.
- 11th** Friday: Mr. F. Auersbach of the T.T.A. visits the College to address the Standards 6 and 7 pupils. Br. Jude completes his visits to the Senior Classes.
- 14th** Monday: Rugby practices begin.
- 15th** Tuesday: An Athletics Scroll is awarded to M. Hamilton.
- 17th** Thursday: End of First Term. A group of Standard 6 and 7 pupils leave on a Vocations Workshop accompanied by Br. Mario.
- 27th** Sunday: C.L.G. has a combined meeting with the Victory Park C.L.G.

MAY

- 7th** Wednesday: The First XV leaves for Cape Town on Rugby Tour.
- 8th** Thursday: Ascension Thursday. First XV plays St. Patrick's College.
- 10th** Saturday: First XV plays St. Joseph's College.
- 11th** Sunday: First XV returns to Johannesburg.

SECOND TERM

MAY

- 13th** Tuesday: Second Term begins.
- 20th** Tuesday: Merit Scrolls are awarded to R. McLay and F. Soll. Debating Scrolls are awarded to C. Reynolds and M. Walford. Mr. I. MacRitchie, Chairman of the Old Boys' Association addresses the Matrics. Mr. P. Stuart of the Old Boys' Association addresses the Matrics on Law as a career. The C.L.G. has a combined meeting with the Rosebank C.L.G.
- 22nd** Thursday: The Mathematics Olympiad Examinations.
- 29th** Thursday: Mr. De Hahn of the Department of Telecommunications addresses the Matrics.
- 30th** Friday: Honours Blazers are presented to R. McLay and F. Soll.

JUNE

- 6th** Friday: Champagnat Day. Father Jan Haen C.Ss.R., an Old Boy of the College, celebrates Holy Mass for the school in the Rosebank Catholic Church. The Champagnat Day collection for the poor totals R800.
- 7th** Saturday: Rugby vs Marist Observatory.
- 9th** Monday: A Debating Scroll is awarded to A. Barale.
- 10th** Tuesday: Mission for Standard 10 pupils begins. It is preached by Father Jan Haen who is assisted by Mr. A. Ralphs, also an Old Boy of the College.
- 12th** Thursday: The Mission ends.
- 17th** Tuesday: Mrs. Hahn of the Sandton Civic Foundation addresses the Secondary School.
- 20th** Friday: The Senior Best Speakers Contest takes place in the Brother Urban Auditorium.
- 26th** Thursday: Classes close for the Mid-Term Week End.

JULY

- 1st** Tuesday: Classes resume after the Mid-Term Week End.
- 3rd** Thursday: A Merit Scroll is awarded to A. Barale.
- 4th** Friday: Mrs. Anderson of the Rand Aid Association addresses the Standards 8, 9 and 10 pupils.
- 7th** Monday: Mrs. Anderson addresses the Standards 6 and 7 pupils. J. Schlimmer attends the National Science Week in Pretoria.
- 10th** Thursday: Honours Blazer is presented to A. Barale. He is the first son of a St. David's College Old Boy to receive the award. Mrs. Anderson of the Rand Aid Association addresses the Primary School pupils.
- 21st** Monday: Matriculation Preliminary Examinations begin.
- 23rd** Wednesday: Mid-Year Examinations begin for the rest of the school.
- 31st** Thursday: Examinations finish. The Preliminary Round of the Inter-House Rugby competition is played. Osmond House vs Benedict House; College House vs Bishops House.

August

- 1st** Friday: Dr. S. Miles of the Old Boys' Associa-

tion addresses the Matrics on the Medical Profession.

- 2nd** Saturday: Final Round of Inter-House Rugby Competition is played. Bishop House plays Benedict House for third and fourth places. Osmond House plays College House for the Morgan Inter-House Trophy. Professor Julius S. Miller visits the College to see the stained glass panels of Great Thinkers.
- 4th** Monday: Mr. E. Folli and Mr. J. Kamps, both of the Old Boys' Association, address the Matrics on Chartered Accountancy as a profession.
- 5th** Tuesday: Parents are invited to the College to meet the teachers and to collect their sons' reports.
- 6th** Wednesday: Parents are invited to the College to meet the teachers and to collect their sons' reports.
- 7th** Thursday: End of the Second Term. The Annual Matriculation Dance. Mr. Morgan presents the Morgan Inter-House Rugby Trophy, for the first time, to R. McLay, the Captain of the winning Osmond House Team. Rugby Scrolls are awarded to R. McLay, M. Otto, G. Ramsay and J. Schlimmer. Merit Scrolls are awarded to M. Lindsell and M. Walford.
- 9th** Saturday: St. David's Horse Show for Juniors.
- 10th** Sunday: St. David's Horse Show for Adults.
- 13th** Wednesday: The St. David's College Horse Riding Team leaves for England to compete in the All England Schools' Jumping Championships at Hickstead.

THIRD TERM

September

- 3rd** Wednesday: Third Term begins.
- 5th** Friday: Mr. Price of the S.A. Institute of Chartered Secretaries visits the College to address the Matrics.
- 9th** Tuesday: A Merit Scroll is awarded to G. Ramsay.
- 11th** Thursday: Dr. C. F. Beyers Naude visits the College to address the Standard 6 and 7 pupils. Honours Blazers are presented to M. Lindsell, G. Ramsay and M. Walford.
- 13th** Saturday: The Big Walk takes place.
- 19th** Friday: The Right Reverend Timothy Bavin, Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, visits the College to address the Standard 8, 9 and 10 pupils. Junior Best Speakers Contest.
- 20th** Saturday: Annual Tennis Championships.
- 26th** Friday: Classes close for Mid-Term break.

October

- 6th** Monday: Classes resume after mid-term break.
- 10th** Friday: Kruger Day. School Holiday.

November

- 2nd** Sunday: Cricket vs the Parents.
- 10th** Monday: Matrics begin Final Examinations.
- 17th** Monday: Rest of School begins Final Examinations.

December

- 2nd** Tuesday: End of Third Term. Christmas Vacations begin.

Matric Dance

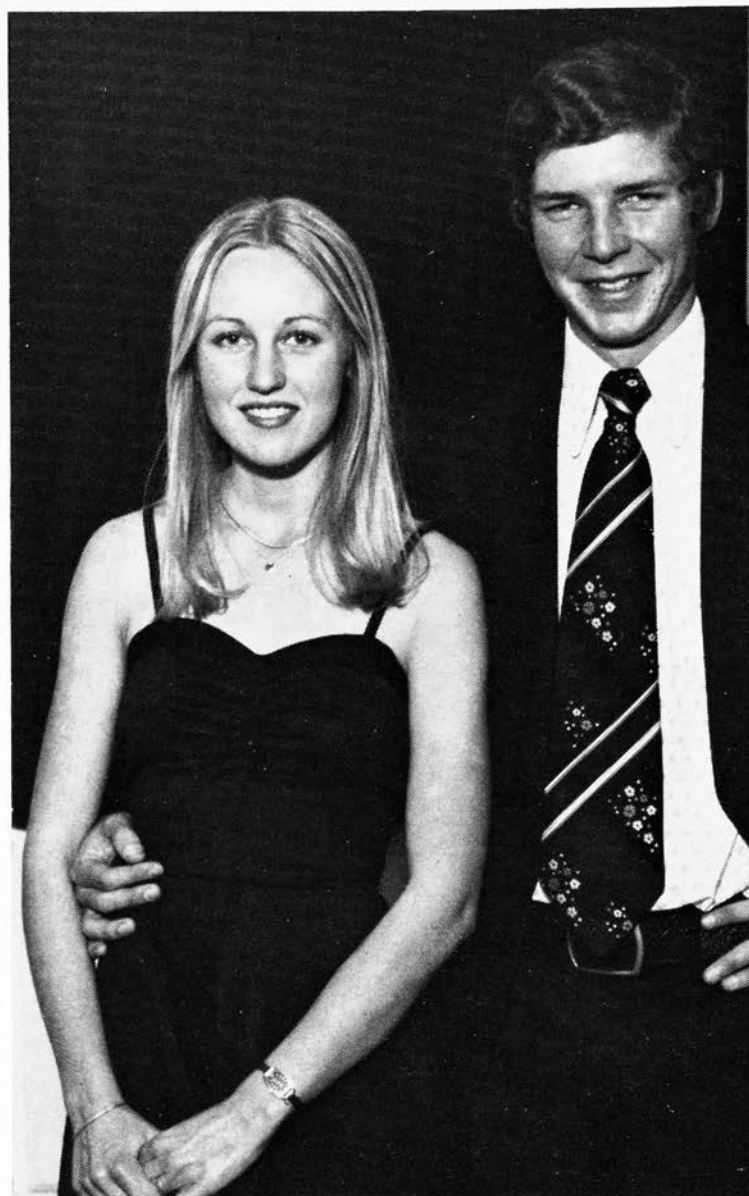
For the theme of our Annual Matric Dance, we plunged back into the distant past and emerged to find ourselves in a Gaulish Village during the Roman occupation. Coincidentally, the name of the village happened to be "Inandrix".

At eight o'clock on the 7th August, we found our eyes feasting on the sumptuous splendours and decorations of the hall. Surrounded by picturesque masterpieces on the walls, and equally impressive table decorations, the scene was set for an entertaining evening. It was the privilege of Andre Dugas to open the dance with the traditional waltz played by Duggie Finch's Band. Soon he was joined by others, stumbling around the dance-floor.

Presently, the waiters, clad in Roman togas, entered bearing the extravagantly prepared main course of "Bubula Torrita" with "Coquina Mala Terrarum", "Lactura" and "Paris cum Allio". To round off this delicious meal, we proceeded to devour the "Fructus Mixti".

A boisterous atmosphere prevailed throughout the evening, until the eerie hour of midnight struck, and the Dance finally concluded.

The Matric students wish to express their gratitude to all those who helped to make the Dance an outstanding success. In particular, the tireless help and expert organisation of the mothers contributed largely to the success of the evening. For this we thank them.



Belinda and Edward

OOOR 'N STERWENDE, KRANKSINNIGE AAP

Colin Boocock St. 10

Kalm ewigheid streef sy warm kop,
En die brein se eienaardigheid
Hou 'n rukkie op.
Die wit om hom, alles daarin gekleed,
Word rooi, blou, groen voor sy oë

Hy lê op sy rug
En kyk hemel toe
Terwyl die dood sy longe
dwarsboom . . .

TOEKOMSPLANNE

Colin Boocock St. 10

Die wyn lê op die vloer
Gemeng met bloed, my bloed, jou bloed,
En ons lê in albei
Ons kele afgesny
Afgesny deur die jare van
die bruinman onderdruk.

JO'BURG CITY

M. Meaker

Going back to Jo'burg City
You know it just turns me on —
Screaming down the M1 Highway,
Easter Show on the horizon.

Going back to Jo'burg City —
To meet the people in the know —
'Specially the elite set,
Who all want to run the show.

Going back to Jo'burg City,
Where the gold dust gets in my eyes,
Where the world is so remote
And the Doll's House sells hot dogs and pies.

Going back to Jo'burg City,
Where the climate suits me fine,
To imitate the oh! so phoney Sandonites
And get the Jet Set on the line.

Matriculation Classes

Barale, Anthony Edward (Barrels): Age 18 years; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,70 m; Weight 59 kg; Activities Debating Society, Business Game, Second XV Rugby; Scrolls Studies, Merit, Debating — Honours Blazer; Ambition B.A. LL.B.

Baronetti, Simon Timothy (Barrows): Age 16 years 6 months; 4 years at St. David's; Height 1,70 m; Weight 69 kg; Activities Fourth XV Rugby; Ambition Chemical Engineering.

Black, Michael (Mickey): Age 17 years 4 months; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,70 m; Weight 55 kg; Activities Third XV Rugby, Captain of Golf Club.

Boocock, Colin Noy: Age 17 years 4 months; 3 years at St. David's; Height 1,80 m; Weight 62 kg; Scrolls Studies.

Cunningham, Sean James (Ariel): Age 17 years 10 months; 5 years at St. David's; Height 1,65 m; Weight 54 kg; Activities Second XI Cricket, Athletics Team; Ambition Dentistry.

Dalais, Raymond Thierry (Goodly): Age 17 years 1 month; 2½ years at St. David's; Height 1,80 m; Weight 70 kg; Activities Debating Society, First XV Rugby, First Tennis Team, Athletics Team, Water Polo Team; Scrolls Prefect, Merit, Studies — Honours Blazer; Ambition Chartered Accountancy.

Dugas, Andre (Duggie): Age 18 years 10 months; 6 years at St. David's; Height 1,73 m; Weight 68 kg; Activities Captain of First XV Rugby, Captain of 'A' Swimming Team, Captain of Water Polo Team, Vice-Captain of Athletics Team, C.L.G., Captain of Osmond House; Scrolls Head-Prefect, Merit, Swimming — Honours Blazer; Ambition B.Comm.

Duley, Stephen John (Groof — Part 2): Age 17 years 4 months; 9 years at St. David's; Height 1,78 m; Weight 58 kg; Activities Third XV Rugby, C.L.G., Second XI Cricket, Third Tennis Team; Scrolls Studies; Ambition Mechanical Engineering.

Fulton, Michael Alexander: Age 17 years 2 months; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,88 m; Weight 73 kg; Activities Fourth XV Rugby; Scrolls Studies; Ambition B.Sc. Engineering.

Jowett, Richard George Bernard: Age 17 years 8 months; 2 years at St. David's; Height 1,80 m; Weight 65 kg; Activities Horse Riding Club.

Lalieu, Victor Joseph Marie Emile (Lulu): Age 17 years 5 months; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,87 m; Weight 70 kg; Activities Captain of First Tennis Team, Vice-Captain of First XI Cricket, Third XV Rugby; Scrolls Vice-Head Prefect, Merit, Studies, Tennis — Honours Blazer; Ambition Dentistry.

Lavelle, Paul Anthony Gerard (Bristles): Age 18 years 1 month; 7½ years at St. David's; Height 1,75 m; Weight 60 kg; Activities President of C.L.G., Managing Director of Business Game, Third XV Rugby, Horse Riding Club, Athletics Team; Ambition B.Sc. Engineering.

Lindsell, Michael Count (Mike): Age 17 years 11 months; 5 years at St. David's; Height 1,80 m; Weight 69 kg; Activities Vice-President of the C.L.G. Captain of the First XI Cricket, First XV Rugby; Scrolls Prefect, Merit, Studies, Cricket — Honours Blazer; Ambition Civil Engineer.

Mancini, Massimo Alessandro (Max): Age 17 years 3 months; 2¾ years at St. David's; Height 1,88 m; Weight 73 kg; Activities Third XV Rugby, Second XI Cricket, Athletics Team; Ambition Business Administration.

McGurk, Kevin Peter: Age 17 years; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,73 m; Weight 66 kg; Activities Second XV Rugby, Second XI Cricket; Ambition Civil Engineering.

McLay, Roderick Mackenzie (Scotsman): Age 17 years 8 months; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,83 m; Weight 64 kg; Activities First XV Rugby, First XI Cricket, Captain of Athletics, Vice-Captain of Osmond House; Scrolls Prefect, Merit, Rugby, Athletics — Honours Blazer; Ambition B.Comm.

Meaker, Mark Alan: Age 17 years 5 months; 5 years at St. David's; Height 1,80 m; Weight 75 kg; Activities Business Game, Witwatersrand University Solar Energy Science Project; Scrolls Studies; Ambition Medicine.

Melton, Andrew Francis Simon (Melies): Age 17 years 6 months; 8 years at St. David's; Height 1,75 m; Weight 62 kg; Activities Business Game; Third XV Rugby, Athletics Team; Ambition Quantity Surveyor.

Melton, Nicholas Clive (Melies): Age 17 years 6 months; 8 years at St. David's; Height 1,75 m; Weight 59 kg; Activities Third XV Rugby; Ambition Architecture.

Merks, Brian Kenneth Robert (Turkey): Age 17 years 6 months; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,78 m; Weight 68 kg; Activities Captain of Horse Riding Team, Fourth XV Rugby; Ambition Veterinary Surgeon.

Morgan, Norman Vivian: Age 18 years 5 months; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,75 m; Weight 64 kg; Activities Business Game, Athletics Team; Scrolls Studies; Ambition Electronics.

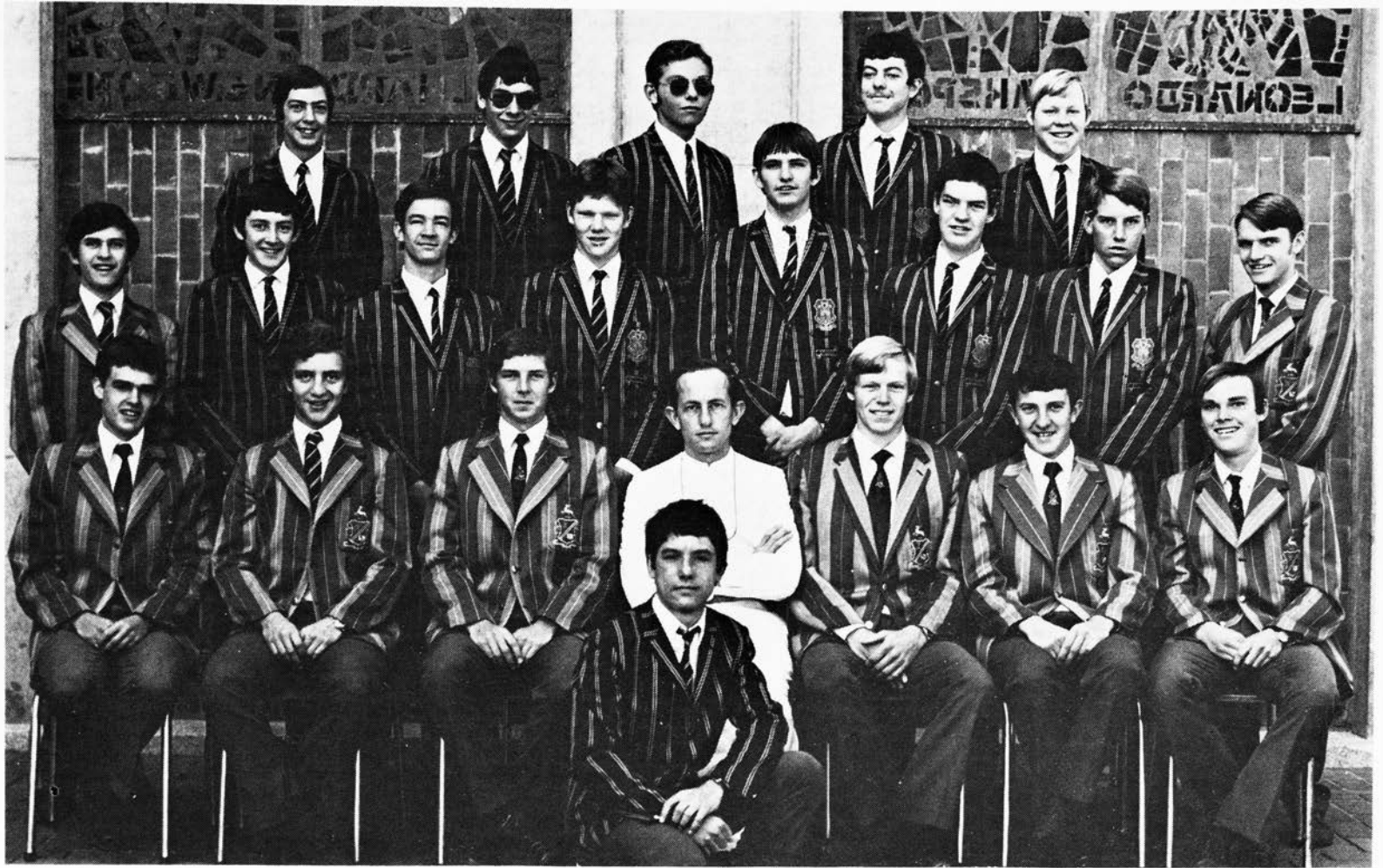
Morrison, John Joseph (Took): Age 17 years 4 months; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,73 m; Weight 61 kg; Activities First XI Cricket, Captain of Second XV Rugby; Ambition Chartered Accountancy.

Price, Richard Gregory (Tough man): Age 17 years 4 months; 9 years at St. David's; Height 1,83 m; Weight 64 kg; Activities Business Game, Fourth XV Rugby; Ambition B.Bus. Sc.

Prudence, Kevin Wynn (Prudie): Age 17 years 4 months; 9 years at St. David's; Height 1,83 m; Weight 68 kg; Activities Second XV Rugby, Athletics Team; Scrolls Studies; Ambition Marine Biology.

Ramsay, Grant Hugh (Groof — Part 1): Age 17 years 4 months; 10 years at St. David's; Height 1,78 m; Weight 70 kg; Activities Vice-Captain of the First XV Rugby, Captain of College House, Captain of Third Team Tennis; Scrolls Prefect, Merit, Rugby — Honours Blazer; Ambition Medicine.

Reynolds, Charles Rodney (Charley): Age 17 years 8 months; 7 years at St. David's; Height 1,86 m; Weight 71 kg; Activities C.L.G., Debating Society, Captain of Bishops House, Captain of Second XI Cricket, Second XV Rugby, Athletics Team; Scrolls



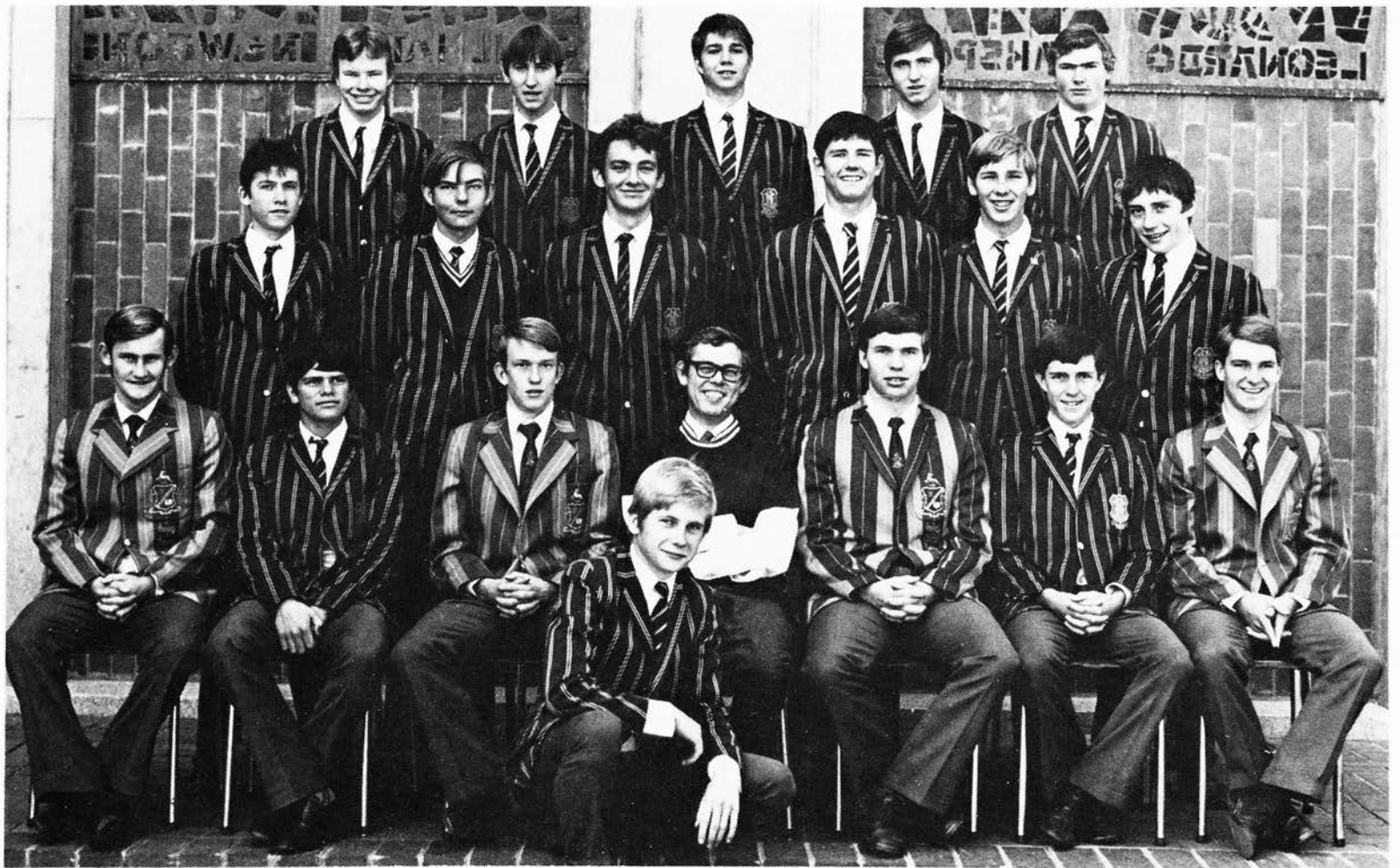
Standard 10

IN FRONT — *M. Black.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *T. Dalais, M. Walford, E. Seed, Br. Mario, C. Reynolds, F. Soll, V. Lalieu.*

MIDDLE ROW — *A. Barale, S. Duley, M. Taffinder, K. Prudence, J. Wallington, M. Fulton, C. Boocock, M. Lindsell.*

BACK ROW — *N. Morgan, J. Whelan, M. Meaker, L. Spinazze, A. Robinson.*



Standard 10 'A'

IN FRONT — *P. Lavelle.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *G. Ramsay, T. Baronetti, R. McLay, Mr. A. Furness, T. Ryan, S. Cunningham, A. Dugas.*

MIDDLE ROW — *W. Sagar, R. Jowett, M. Mancini, K. Schilperoort, R. Price, B. Merks.*

BACK ROW — *J. Morrison, N. Melton, J. Swingler, A. Melton, K. McGurk.*

Prefect, Merit, Studies, Debating — Honours Blazer;
Ambition Law.

Robinson, Anthony Peter Christopher (Alk):
Age 17 years 6 months; 9 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,78 m; *Weight* 82 kg; *Activities* Golf Club, Second XI Cricket, Vice-Captain of Bishops House; *Ambition* Electronic Engineering.

Ryan, Trevor William (Boesman): *Age* 17 years 10 months; 10 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,80 m; *Weight* 80 kg; *Activities* C.L.G., First XV Rugby, Vice-Captain of 'A' Swimming Team, Water Polo Team; *Scrolls* Prefect, Merit, Swimming — Honours Blazer; *Ambition* Hotel Management.

Sagar, Warwick Archer: *Age* 17 years 6 months; 10 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,79 m; *Weight* 61 kg; *Activities* First XI Cricket, Athletics Team, Fourth XV Rugby; *Ambition* Hotel Management.

Schilperoort, Kees Anthony (Case): *Age* 17 years 1 month; 9 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,95 m; *Weight* 75 kg; *Activities* Second XV Rugby, Vice-Captain of 'B' Swimming Team, Water Polo Team; *Ambition* B.Comm. and Hotel Management.

Seed, Edward William (Eddy-baby): *Age* 17 years 7 months; 10 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,83 m; *Weight* 75 kg; *Activities* 'A' Swimming Team, Water Polo Team, Debating Society, Captain of Third XV Rugby, Captain of Benedict House, *Scrolls* Prefect, Merit, Studies, Swimming — Honours Blazer; *Ambition* Veterinary Science.

Soll, Frank Wayne (Dynamite): *Age* 17 years 2 months, 4 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,83 m; *Weight* 73 kg; *Activities* Vice-Captain of Second XI Cricket, Vice-Captain of Third XV Rugby, Vice-Captain of College House; *Scrolls* Prefect, Merit, Studies — Honours Blazer; *Ambition* Veterinary Science.

Spinazze, Luigi Carlo (Spinach): *Age* 17 years 8 months; 5 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,79 m; *Weight* 69 kg; *Activities* 'B' Swimming Team; *Ambition* Chartered Accountancy.

Swingler, John Loveday (Jonny): *Age* 17 years 10 months; 10 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,73 m; *Weight* 61 kg; *Activities* Vice-Captain of Second XV Rugby, Water Polo Team, 'B' Swimming Team; *Ambition* B.Sc. Civil Engineering.

Taffinder, Anthony Michael (Taffy): *Age* 17 years 10 months; 5 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,80 m; *Weight* 65 kg; *Activities* Third XV Rugby; *Scrolls* Studies; *Ambition* Dentistry.

Walford, Marshall Jon (Hamite): *Age* 16 years 10 months; 5 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,80 m; *Weight* 80 kg; *Activities* Captain of 'B' Swimming Team, Chairman of Debating Society, Vice-Captain of Benedict House, First XV Rugby, Water Polo Team, Athletics Team, Vice-Captain of Golf Club; *Scrolls* Studies, Merit, Debating; *Ambition* Dentistry.

Wallington, John (Wallies): *Age* 18 years 2 months; 5 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,96 m; *Weight* 77 kg; *Activities* Fourth XV Rugby, Business Game; *Scrolls* Studies; *Ambition* Mining Engineering.

Whelan, James Louis Joseph (Yanky): *Age* 17 years 8 months; 3 years at St. David's; *Height* 1,80 m; *Weight* 75 kg; *Activities* Second XV Rugby; *Scrolls* Studies; *Ambition* Marine Biology.

ADVANCE AND PROGRESS

C. Reynolds

Look! How wonderful!
Look!
Pretty flowers here and there,
Pale butterfly on the air.
Purple and azure all around,
Deep green carpet coats the ground.
Trees a-blossom!
Birds a-flutter!
Spring . . . listen!
Listen to the splutter
Of yon crystal babbling brook.
Oh listen! Oh look!
This land is from a picture book.

Yea, I know!
'Tis too good to be true.
Here it comes . . .
A grey, threatening black hue;
Distant smoke stacks begin to belch and chuck
Out industrial waste and a yellow sul'frous muck!

Look! How dreadful!
Look!
Sickening death of yon bloom,
Butterfly hovers, dives . . . and sinks to doom.
Purple turns grey and wears a frown,
Deep green carpet now a muddy brown.
Trees a wither!
Birds in a dither . . . and dying!
Progress . . . Listen!
Listen to yon brook
Now a-sighing and a-crying
Oh Look! Oh listen!
Is this man's mission?

THE KUDU

C. Reynolds

Oh! How majestic the Kudu stands,
A masterpiece . . .
Wrought by God's fair hands.
Look! Carefully now,
See how gracefully he does run . . .
Alas and alack straight towards the poacher's gun.

And now . . .
There he lies, DEAD . . .
He lies there still. He no longer runs,
The flies buzz dizzily round his head
Was this done by fair God's sons?





Standard 9

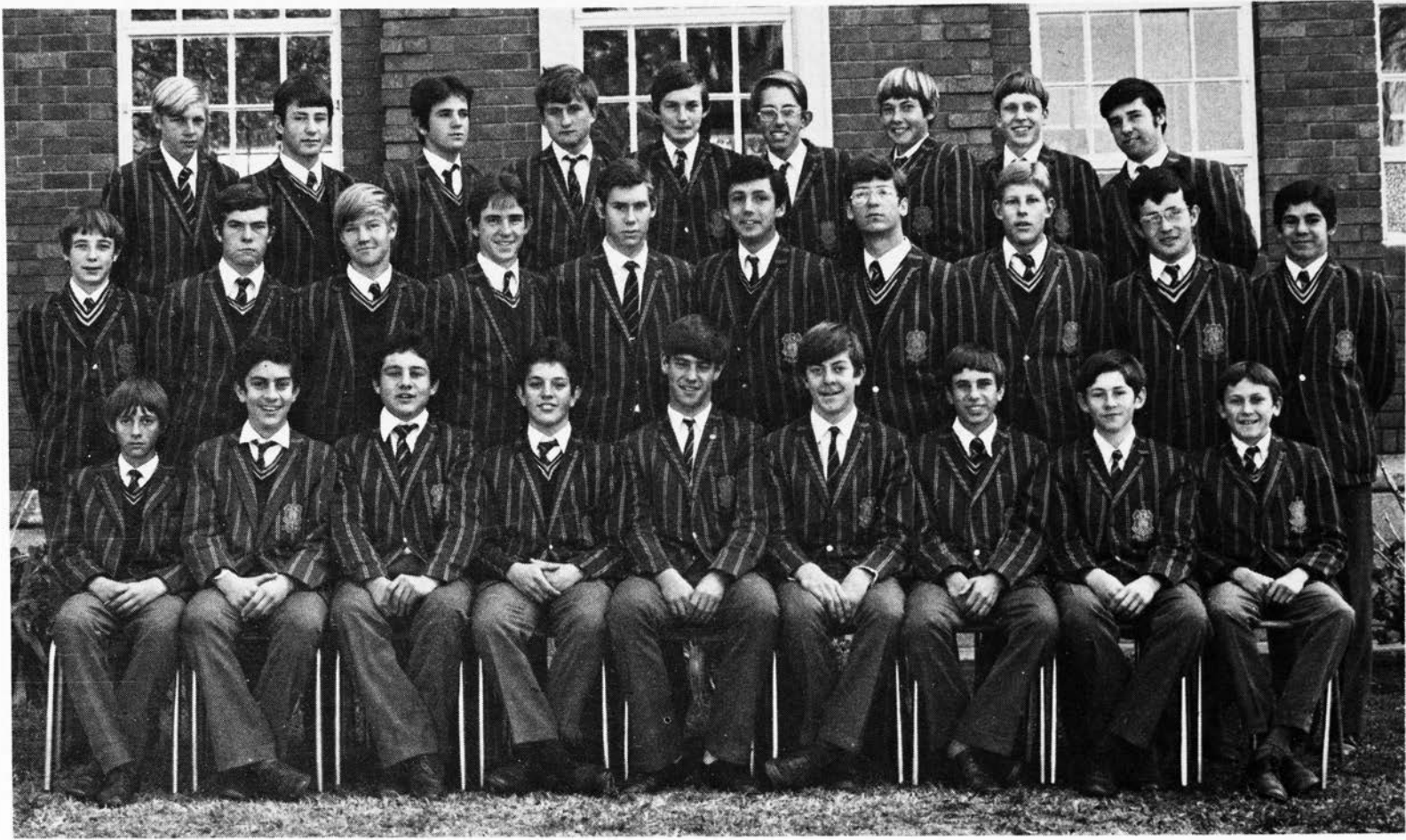
FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): S. Sardinha, A. Paizes, A. McCartney, C. Daras, C. Hinton, Mr. K. Lipschitz, B. Stretton, J. Schlimmer, P. Daly, E. Finkelstein, L. Perlman.
 MIDDLE ROW — R. Dagge, G. Taylor, S. Reitzer, T. Reuss, B. Ross, M. Gill, J. Kindt, N. Jacobs, R. Berti, M. Otto.
 BACK ROW — C. Zent, R. van den Handel, P. Nicholson, J. Lawrenson, V. Rugani, P. Napier-Jameson, J. Lebos, J. Tjiattas.



Standard 9A

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): G. Carosini, B. Morgan, M. Craig, J. Tite, Mr. P. Saunders, L. Tankle, K. Tyrer, M. Sparrow, R. Quarmby.
 MIDDLE ROW — M. van Zwam, T. Gurr, D. Pantin, M. Meier, R. Harrewyn, J. Hildebrandt, R. Hofford, D. Stevenson.
 BACK ROW — H. Jost, P. Ford, J. Santini, B. Adkins, F. Lambiase, M. Hamilton, N. Georgoulakis, M. van der Merwe, P. Tangney.

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Standard 8

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 MIDDLE ROW — *C. Sloane, A. Aldous, P. Taffinder, C. Anderson, A. Reeves, G. Verga, J. Zanghi, R. Mason, V. Berti, J. Kourie.*
 BACK ROW — *G. Robertson, M. Stuart-Cox, A. Rowlinson, M. Nicol, J. Duthie-Thomas, A. Seebregts, G. Heatlie, M. Paterson, C. Richardson.*



Standard 8A

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *R. van Doorene, J. Morrison, R. Aust, R. Lewis, Mr. B. Claassen, L. Hartog, N. Erleigh, J. Boic, P. Ralphs.*
 MIDDLE ROW — *G. Negra, W. Meier, J. Limberopoulos, P. Moni, M. Carena, D. Nicholson, P. Marneweck, P. Denham, R. Walkden.*
 BACK ROW — *J. Rodrigues, A. Risi, T. Branscombe, N. Harding, G. Kennaugh, S. Marlow, G. Freeman.*



Standard 7

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *D. Smith, M. Giraud, M. Lebos.*
 FRONT ROW — *A. Roschker, M. John, M. Peel, D. Ward, Mr. W. Carew, R. Cunningham, C. Burn, D. Morgan, D. Lambert.*
 MIDDLE ROW — *B. Gordon, D. Volkwyn, P. Riley, A. Parry, B. Walters, R. Saccani, M. Hoinkes, C. Vetter, M. Gonsalves, R. Anthony.*
 BACK ROW — *M. Hildyard, N. David, R. Zent, D. Maher, F. Nel, A. Slaven, A. Durrant, P. Keegan, N. Walton.*



Standard 7A

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *P. Kennedy, R. Koenraad, G. Christie-Taylor, Br. Bernard, P. Raymond, M. Boic, M. Bertie.*
 MIDDLE TOW — *A. Platt, C. Hawkins, B. Sterzik, A. Tyrer, G. Pugh, C. Black, R. Hutt, M. Stevenson.*
 BACK ROW — *R. Forster, C. Allem, R. Lindsell, M. Stevenson, E. Strong, J. Kourie, M. Haas, A. Asbury.*



Standard 6

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *K. Kelly, R. Lachermeier, G. Drust, R. Landuyt, R. Heany, G. Pansegrouw.*
 FRONT ROW — *J. Du Mughn, D. Flanagan, M. Forssman, J. Slaven, Mr. F. Maritz, B. McCarthy, G. Symes, L. Walsh, P. Wahl.*
 MIDDLE ROW — *L. De Gouveia, A. Prudence, A. Alexander, J. Lossau, G. Bertoli, D. Beuthin, C. Embleton-Smith, K. Morris, G. Beuthin,*
R. Genovese, R. Wagner.
 BACK ROW — *M. Samson, J. Joseph, K. Oosterbroek, M. von Klonowski, A. MacRitchie, N. Williams, M. Drysdale, D. Kalk.*



Standard 6A

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *C. Pandelias, A. Marsden, T. Smith, C. Malherbe.*
 FRONT ROW — *S. Buchan, A. Barone, M. Sandiford, R. Kilm, Miss M. Whelan, K. Cunningham, P. Zana, M. Hartog, T. Monahan.*
 MIDDLE ROW — *L. Carzola, D. Georgoulakis, S. Mitchell, J. Sher, L. Gaia, M. Templeton, C. Edwards, C. Choyce, M. Parr, M. Stevenson.*
 BACK ROW — *M. Belcher, W. Marlow, C. Carter, A. van Bruggen, M. Ninow, G. Soffiatti, E. Schoemaker, G. Lazarus, R. Dee.*

With compliments **Douglas Dale Dairy**
Ursula Beuthin Estates (Pty) Ltd.

Literary and Art Contributions

THE BULLDOG

J. Kourie

His short brindle hair glistens
In the bright burning sun.
He stands with shoulders
As wide as London Bridge;
His droopy skin hangs to him
Like a far-too-big jacket;
His face is down and dejected
Like a sad and beaten soldier;
His flat face and droopy cheeks
Are a terrible sight to see;
He is hateful to the human eye;
But under that horrible face
Is a heart of Gold!
He is mine — The Bulldog!

GREY DUST

A. Oosterbroek.

Swirling, billowing in great gusts, howling up and down great corridors of time and space, is grey dust: alternatively, lying unruffled in the shape of a moving ocean, yet unmoving, but for the occasional breeze of timeless wind which ruffles it.

This was a world before the world we know today. From this, God made one of his creations — the earth. With the left-overs he fashioned the moon and other planets and the stars. God then started decorating his balls of grey dust, now moulded and tamed. He splashed water in the dips and green lush vegetation on higher points. Unable to wipe away all original traces, he left acres of grey dust, which we now call desert. It is God's reminder to us that he made the world from that.

Then later at Pompeii, an entire city was covered, embalmed by layers of hardened, impenetrable grey dust. Who knows, perhaps the whole city had sinned, the inhabitants worshipping false gods. A simple way to make the inhabitants of the city repent was to cover them with grey dust, harden it and so bodies and souls would be entombed.

Men lost in the desert, resting place of grey dust; could they not have been sinners, or people who practised evil rites. Would it not be a fitting end for a person such as that to be reminded at his death, that God had made him out of grey dust, and now he was going to destroy him with grey dust?

Now we come to our world of today! Look at yourself and study your inner soul. Are you not a sinner in some small or larger way? Then take a look at man around you. Is it not a cruel and ruthless world? A world of no second chances! If you make a slip you are finished. The world is full of people who scorn and mock God as an impossibility, not realising that God performed the greatest miracle ever. He made us, a living thing, from grey dust. These people, plus yourself, although you and they do not realise it, are making an evil world of no second chances.

I believe that God is giving us a second chance. He is giving us a choice — repent or be returned to grey dust. He has done this by giving us the means to destroy ourselves, but also by giving us the chance to reject that means. It is our decision.

God gave us nuclear power, the best way he could think of to return us to grey dust. He put it into our hands. We will experience a nuclear explosion, brought upon ourselves. Grey dust or radiation will spread across the world like the plague. We shall have returned ourselves through our own actions, to clouds of grey dust.

Once again howling winds of grey dust will billow across the heavens, up and down, planned and unplanned, it will spread. A cloud of ever-moving grey dust that will last until He decides to give man another chance to make something worthwhile out of the Grey Dust.

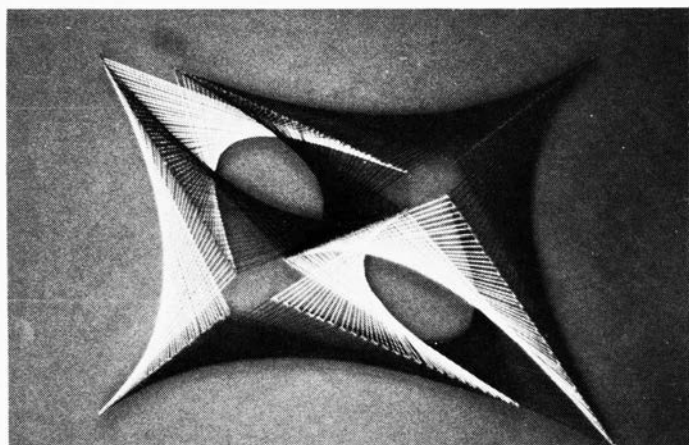


TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN!

Grant Ramsay

"It is time," said my mother, "that you gave the puppy a bath." A simple friendly motherly statement spoken in a well-modulated tone, and yet my innards twisted into a knot. The truth was, that Lady Caroline, our Pyrenean Mountain puppy was, at the age of fifteen months, a bit too old to be called a puppy, and was long overdue for her first bath.

Giving the puppy a bath presents a picture of gently dunking a scrap of fur into a pudding basin of warm suds. It does not describe wrestling desperately with one hundred and twenty-eight kilos of powerfully-sinewed, wilful doormat. I couldn't get Caroline anywhere near that pudding basin! I decided to be stealthy. "Come, Carol. Come Carol!" I said with doggie shampoo in one hand and waterbomb in the other. In case you don't know, a waterbomb is a large plastic bag filled with water which explodes on impact and deluges the victim. But this did not work. Carol eyed me warily and as I strolled towards her, the bag burst and filled my shoes with water. Surely I was a failure now, but I was determined to get Caroline "wet" somehow.



I decided to try again. This time with the garden hose! There was a pile of Caroline's favourite goodies on the lawn; old raincoat, slippers, bones, and even the string from the Sunday joint. What I intended doing, was letting her settle down to a good chew then blast her with water. I walked towards her stealthily and signalled to mother, concealed in a bush, to turn the water on. None came! Not a trickle! I couldn't understand it. Then I pushed the nozzle of the hose pipe down my trousers, in order to have both hands free. I turned round and saw Caroline lolling on the hose. I shouted at her, and at that moment, she got off the hose. I was drenched! I could not catch her for she could run circles round me. How often can the human spirit be dampened before despair sets in?

Then an idea struck me. What I needed was a water cannon, the kind they use for dispersing rioters. Surely this would not fail! I didn't know anybody who had a water cannon, but old Mr. Van Rensburg had a grain-lifter. This was a huge machine which, when plugged into the mains, could be used to squirt grain through a long pipe in any direction. Mr. Van was only too willing to oblige, and so the grain-lifter duly arrived that afternoon and was parked on the front lawn. The suction tube was immersed into a huge container of water, and the pipe, through which the grain was squirted, was trained on the pile of Caroline's favourite goodies. The Lady Caroline was taken into the house and kept there for the afternoon while I got the cannon ready. Then came the big moment! Caroline was let out of the house. She made a bee-line for her pile of goodies and was settling down to a good chew when I gave the signal to my mother in the house.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash! The whole machine blew into a mass of flame! Every light and neon sign within a radius of ten miles went out!

The magistrate found me entirely to blame. Surely I had seen the warning on the side of the thing and had I not known that the thing was not designed to work with water. I had seen the warning on the side of the machine, but took it for a motto demonstrating perseverance. What was actually written on the side, in humiliatingly large letters was: If at first you do not suck seed, try drier grain!

REJECTION

C. Reynolds

He lived alone . . .
In the Twilight Zone . . .
And knew no passion but hate,
When all at once He came to him
And said, "Reform, it's not too late."

The man looked down at his yellowing hands
And thought about his fate,
"I'd better make friends", he said to himself
"Before he shuts The Gate".

But Christians are people who don't forgive
Although they know its bad.
So they spat and kicked and scratched at him,
And the old man went away sad.

So he shut himself in his room
And fell down upon his knees.
"Oh, God! Oh God!" he cried to himself,
"All I do is try to please."

Then all at once the Answering Voice
Came through the Twilight Zone.
"My Son! My Son! You are not alone
Rejected and forgotten in that twilight zone."

"I Myself as all can see
Suffered a fate like you
Nailed to a tree on Calvary
By Roman, Pharisee and Jew."

"And so my son you can see
That people are often bad.
But if you'd like to come with me
I'll take you from your Calvary."

So the old man who had learnt to love
The Christians living in sin,
Left this hypocritical life and he
Joyfully went with Him.

A few days later they found him dead
Lying in a heap across the bed.
He was buried like everyone else,
But not a soul
Watched him drop down that dark black hole.

The moral of the story is
Reform before it is too late
Because the longer you live in this world
The more you learn to hate.

HIS FORCE

Simon Foy

We, the creatures of this earth,
We speak of love, truth and friendship.
But, we will have to face a time
When we must put these things to use,
and look upon ourselves.
For we cannot face this world of ours,
If we do not act like men.
Let us use effort, work and strain,
Let us face this world like men.
For our peace marches and our heedless wars
Get us nowhere. They are extremes.
Let us act like men.
Let us trust Him in all our troubles
And our virtues of love and truth and friendship,
effort, work and strain
Will be put together as one force.
His force.
It cannot fail.

THE BAT

P. Verga

Immobile, hanging from its claws in an inverted position,
Lidless, semi-seeing eyes staring in expectation,
Cool, reptile blood flowing through powerful skin-webbed wings,
In the audible silence and hanging darkness,
With sword-sharp teeth in a long, pointed, firmly clenched beak,
The pterodactyl, predecessor of bats, awaits for the birth of darkness.

A high pitched sound pierces the silent night air,
It is released from its cavernous prison,
And drops on its nocturnal prey.
Death is born!



FIRE! FIRE!

A. Seebregts

“Fire?” was the question. “Fire!” was the answer. “But how?” was the question. Typically the answer was, “I don’t know!”

Those were the questions being asked all over man’s universe — by chemists, physicists and astronomers; and not only by them, but also by the ordinary, everyday people — housewives, shopkeepers, even street-sweepers. For everybody knows that you categorically cannot have a fire without oxygen, and there is no oxygen in Space. (As one scientist said: “Every fool knows that, except the fool who put *that* there!”) But there *was* a fire in Space. Every instrument ever made by man verified the fact. The Palomar telescope showed that something was definitely burning. The best spectroscopes in the world verified that hydrocarbons were burning. But the same spectroscope showed that there was not one oxidising agent in the fire! So what made it go? Nobody knew. Nobody would try a guess either. As one astronomer put it: “If I thought what I thought I was thinking, I’d lace myself into a straightjacket!”

Naturally the appearance of this weird phenomenon sparked off a hue-and-cry in all religions. The Buddhists and most other Oriental religions proclaimed that it was a promising sign from Allah. The Jews hoped that this heralded the Promised Saviour. Officially most of the Western religions took a stand of indifference. Officially, but not in the parishes, where most priests based whole serialised sermons on it! In fact, in one Roman Catholic church, where two priests, each with different opinion, were serving, the mass degenerated into organised chaos. Of course, prophets were a dime a dozen; surprisingly, all with the same message — “Make peace, brother! Armageddon is at hand!” However, when the police broke up a meeting, peace wasn’t exactly prevalent. (Now I know why “prophets” carry heavy signs!) The Communists broadcast an urgent message. It read: “No comment!”

Philosophers felt a sudden urge to work. In a very short time hundreds of books, each with its own “unique” idea, poured out into the market. Speakers’ Corner (Hyde Park) was jam-packed with soap-box orators. (The only surprising fact was the diminished heckling). Every housewife, shopkeeper and street-cleaner had his or her own ideas. Frankly, most of these homespun philosophies were merely formed as a form of “one-up-on-the-Jones”. Still, all told, very little resulted. Perhaps mankind was still stunned by this defiance of their fixed laws!

One strange result of this phenomenon appeared in politics. One would have thought that the politicians would have capitalised on this second-to-none tool. It could certainly have been used to good effect. But it was not used! Only one politician tried! He failed miserably! He was the only one. No one else dared. Perhaps they felt it would be ‘cheap’ to try to use it, or perhaps they felt it had a taboo. Still it is surprising they felt this way — they don’t usually!

That fire still burns on. But people have calmed down now, the way they usually do. Scientists still speculate, but that is their privilege. Only one thing puzzles me — why don’t they approach it in a spaceship? Perhaps they will, one day. But I doubt it!

DIE GELUIDE VANUIT DIE HEMELRUIM

A. Barale

'n Ruk gelede het ek op die rant van 'n vallei gestaan en met verbasing gekyk na 'n stukkie van die ruimte — een wat deur suikerbos en ander plantegroei eie aan die Transvaal omring word. Wat vir my te wonderbaarlik is, is dat op hierdie spesifieke oomblik, nie ver van Krugersdorp af nie, na die geluide en stemme van die hemelruim geluister word.

'n Paar maande gelede het ek die voorreg gehad om hierdie plek, Hartebeeshoek, te besoek. Hier is hulle druk besig met die uitbreiding van 'n radio-astro-nomeprogram. Die stasie bestaan uit 'n reuse-skottel, wat 21 meter in deursnee is asook ander bybehorende toerusting. Wanneer 'n mens na hierdie skottel kyk, dan kan 'n mens bykans glo dat daar laser-strale is wat vanaf baie verafgeleë sterre terug na die aarde toe gereflekteer word.

Die skottel word hoofsaaklik gebruik vir die posisie-bepaling en nasporing van sterre, asook vir die van veranderende radioprogramme wat onafgebroke waarneming vereis. My gids het my deur die beheerkamer vergesel, en ek was beïndruk deur die stilte wat kenmerkend van die hele installasie was. Teen die mure van die beheerkamer staan hoogs gekompliseerde berekenaars en ander toerusting. Die span deskundiges wat die stasie beman, is nie net in staat om sterre op te spoor nie, maar kan ook bemande maanvlugte waarneem. 'n Gereelde taak van die stasie is om 'n ogie te hou oor die diepruimsatelliete soos die Explorer en Mariner-soorte. Hierdie satelliete neem somtyds jare om baie verafgeleë planete te bereik.

Daar is geen vensters in die beheerkamer nie. Die skottel word op twee televisieskerms dopgehou. Die ontvangers wat in hierdie radio-astronomie gebruik word, is met goud uitgevoer. Die rede hiervoor is dat die helderste seine deur die gebruik van goud ontvang word. Ek het na 'n wetenskaplike gestaan en kyk toe hy 'n paar knoppies druk sodat die skottel teen sy snelheid van 'n graad per sekonde beweeg het. Die skottel weeg sowat 600 ton, maar is so fyn gebalanseerd dat dit deur 'n paar sterk mans beweeg kan word.

Hierdie wetenskaplike wonder kan egter ook 'n potensiële gevaar wees omdat dit hoë-energie laser-strale uitstuur en omdat dit loodreg met die aardoppervlakte kan beweeg. Toe NASA dit opgerig het, moes hulle all die omliggende gebiede opkoop omdat die laserstrale gevaarlik en selfs dodelik kan wees.

Terwyl ek in die beheerkamer gestaan het, het 'n klein mannetjie met 'n baard en bril ingekom. Hy het na die televisieskerms gehaas en knoppies gedruk sodat die skottel effens beweeg het. Sekere gegewens het voor hom op 'n rekenaar verskyn en hy het in alle erns op 'n stukkie papier besonderhede neergeskryf. Skielik het hy opgespring en met 'n opgewonde gesig weer uitgestorm. Ek glo nie hy het eers agtergekom dat daar 'n vreemde persoon in die kamer was nie. Nou ja, 'n mens moet baie toegewyd wees om so lank na die geluide en stemme van die hemelruim te luister.

EN NOU WORD DIE OU GEBOU GESLOOP

Mark Meaker

Voor my word 'n ou gebou, die Victoriagebou, gesloop. Die gebou laat my dink aan 'n insident wat 'n paar jaar gelede plaasgevind het. Die storie is soos volg:

„Venter!” roep Jacques Lucien van sy sitplek in die teekamer”. Kom hier man”. 'n Groot vriendelike glimlag verskyn op sy vet, blas gesig. Ek sit.

„Koffie . . . twee koppies — met suiker . . . haai kelner!” Hy druk sy groot lyf teen die rand van die tafel. Hy kyk direk in my oë, en ons neuse is slegs 'n paar duim van mekaar af. Ek merk op dat hy deesdae te veel knoffel eet.

(Jacques Lucien is 'n speurder. Ek werk saam met hom.)



„Luister, Venter!” sê hy opgewonde, „Hier in hierdie stad is daar 'n sekere gebou, Victoriagebou — waarin een van Kaapstad se miljoenêrs, Dawid Sacher, gebore is. Hy het onlangs gesê dat hy baie geld sal betaal om die plek te vind sodat hy 'n leidraad kan kry.”

„'n Leidraad?” vra ek.

„Ja, man. 'n Leidraad van sy moeder se lewe voor sy geboorte. Sy het kort na haar seun se gbeorte gesterf.

„Bietjie vergesog, Jacques. Wat van die geld?” Hy kom nader en fluister: „Tienduisend Rand!”

„Hemel!” antwoord ek. „Waar is hierdie wonderlike gebou?”

'n Paar minute later staan ons voor die Victoriagebou in Krugerstraat. 'n Ou vrou sit op 'n stoel voor die ingang. „Verskoon my, Ouma, maar weet u enigiets van hierdie gebou?” vra Jacques. Sy lag net. Na 'n rukkie antwoord sy met 'n moeë en skril stem: „Baie jare voor jy gebore is, het ek hier gesit, my seun.”

Ek vra saggies: „Weet u iets van 'n sekere mev. Sacher wat cenma-” „Nie Rebecca Sacher nie!” val sy my laggend in die rede. „Die straatvrou van Kaapstad! O ja, ek onthou haar — o ja! Sy't 'n kind gehad en toe gesterf, nê?”

„Ja. Dankie Ouma,” sê Lucien; en later in sy motor; „Venter, ou kêrel, sal ons die geld kry en 'n man se drome vernietig, of hoe sê jy?”

„Tot siens, tienduisend Rand . . .” fluister ek.

DIT WAT EK OM MY SIEN

Edward Seed

„Edward, ontmoet Harry Barker,” sê my vriend, Piet van der Westhuizen.

„Aangename kennis, Harry,” sê ek en hou my hand uit. Hy skud dit en ek is dankbaar dat ek dit in die regte rigting gehou het.

Piet stoot my, in my rystoel, na die sitkamer, waar mev. Van der Westhuizen en mev. Barker sit en gesels. Hy stel my aan mev. Barker voor. Gelukkig hoef ek nie haar hand te skud nie, want ek weet nie waar sy sit nie.

Ek is in 'n vreemde plek. Ek weet dat dit 'n baie groot huis is. Ek weet ook dat daar tapyte op al die vloere is omdat ek nie die ander se voetstappe kan hoor nie.

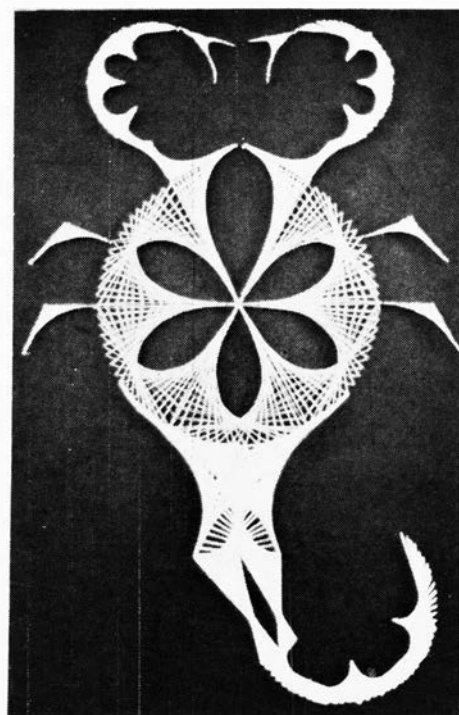
Ek voel hulpeloos in hierdie sitkamer. Ek oordeel aan mev. Barker se stem dat sy 'n baie gawe vrou is. As haar voorkoms enigiets soos haar stem is, sou sy ook 'n baie aantreklike vrou wees. Ek luister na die stem en ek dink daaraan dat Harry baie gelukkig is om so 'n mooi vrou te hê.

Van Harry se stem, verbeel ek my dat hy die volkome teenoorgestelde van sy vrou is — ru, lelik en miskien 'n bietjie onbeskof.

Ek ken die Van der Westhuizens al twee jaar lank. Dit is 'n baie lang ruk en ek kan my teen die tyd al presies voorstel hoe hulle lyk. Ek ken hulle baie goed omdat ek baie hard gewerk het om hulle karakters vir myself uit te werk.

Ek bly nie altyd in my rystoel nie. Gewoonlik gebruik ek my „oë”. My „oë” bestaan uit my gids-hond en my wit wandelstok. Met my „oë” kan ek verbasend goed „sien”. Ek kan net die goed, wat ek raakloop, „sien”.

Iets wat my ontbreek en wat ek baie mis, is kleur. Ek kan die vorm van 'n voorwerp uitmaak, maar nie sy kleur nie. Daarom is my lewe so dof en donker.



CITY NIGHT FACES

Kevin Morris

As the fiery round object sank far beyond the horizon, the city came to life. The night lights from the hotels, theatres, shops and parks created a glittering necklace around the city. The hustling, bustling people were ever on their way to cinemas and for rides on the fun fair. Little children fast asleep, like doormice in their nests, were unconscious of the noise and excitement of the city at night. People were attracted by the brilliant posters outside cinemas to enjoy the comedy on show. In the hotels, waiters rushed with armfuls of plates to the hungry diners. The sound of the band drifted from the room like the drone of bees. At the end of a night's excitement in the city, the church clock chimed the hour of three and streets became deserted.

Guy Pansegrouw.

The twinkling lights shone like stars below the thick, swirling mass of mist that overwhelmed the city. The slow cars crawled like ants along the dark streets. The people scattered like hens to their homes, to a warm and satisfying meal and then on to a comfortable, cosy bed.

AUTUMN

Richard L. Wagner.

The colourful Fall, with the beautiful trees,
is like a child with a paint set, full of glee.
The sad looking people on the pavement below,
are like a plank with a crack in it, full of woe.

The yellow grass with the reddish-brown trees,
are like a hive with honeycomb and many bees.
The ominous roar of the dark angry seas,
Seems like a warning from Hades, "Do not travel
on me"!

But wait! Halloween's here, children are gay,
Parents are happy,
Winter's on it's way.

Simon Scruton.

The cars hoot, screech and rev their engines in the fast moving lane. From the flats it is possible to hear babies crying and hysterical voices. These are the everyday sounds in the city of New York. This is the city where there are over ten murders a day, but now, as it is night these sounds disappear and are replaced by screams, cries for help and other frightening sounds. You can almost smell the evil that lurks in the back streets. This is the time when the criminals come out of their hiding places bent on following their paths of evil. Then, when the night has fulfilled its duty, the sun comes over the horizon and a new day begins.

LOST

Guy Pansegrouw.

The hot rays of the sun beat down on my aching back. The scorching sand under my feet made them feel as though I was standing on a fire and that they were ten, nay, a hundred times bigger than they should be. I looked around in despair then trudged on aimlessly not knowing nor caring in what direction.

Having no water left to drink, my tongue felt like a bit of century-old parchment. I had not eaten for four days — at least I think it was four days — and the overwhelming weakness made my whole body seem heavier and heavier with every step I took.

Eventually came the night when the searing heat of day gave place to the bitter cold. Exhausted, I huddled against a sand-dune but soon was tormented by the army ants which punctured my blistered skin with their tiny teeth. Hopelessly I tried to rub them away with sand but to no avail.

Came the dawn but no birds twittered and no doves sweetly cooed. A terrible loneliness assailed my soul. My head throbbed, my bones ached and despair swamped my heart.

Day after day dragged by, my life slowly coming to its inevitable end when the vultures and ants between them would pick my bones clean and leave them to bleach in the merciless sun.

My mind turned to thoughts of home and I dreamed . . .

THE BEGGAR

Marc Gonsalves

Most people when they see an object of pity do not pity, but move on. I know I did . . .

The street down which I found myself walking was dirty to say the least. It looked as though no-one had come there in the last hundred years. The old buildings reared up on either side casting dark shadows. The road was full of refuse which, by its smell, led me to wonder if it was as old as the buildings. The old cobblestones like the bumpy surface of a leper's back clicked under my polished shoes. Why did I come here?

I was a Deputy-aide to the "Minister of Health" in a small Arab Emirate — an Honorary title this "Minister of Health". What could you do to try and help illiterates who are under-run, little better than dogs? I was sent there because there were reports of a beggar, so disgusting, that he had to be apprehended because he begged on the streets and put the rich shieks off their walk! He lived at number 8.

I came to a stop. Here in front of me was a house or a hovel more like. Boldly drawn upon it was the number 8, — I stepped in. Confronting me was a flight of old stairs. I stepped on the first, and started up. At each creaking of the wood I asked the question — what did he look like? I came to the top of the first landing and knocked on a door as old as time itself. Scribbled on it were the words, "Salen Fathalla shiek Deb-o-Kan" which means 'Salem Fathalla King of the beggars'. I knocked on the door and entered.

Directly in front of me was the most horrific creature I have ever seen. He turned his sightless orbs at me, — his blind eyes.

"Mister Fathalla?" I asked stupidly.

"Yes?"

"I'm from the Ministry of Health!" That was a mistake.

"Look at me", he said. "Look".

I looked at it . . .

He sat cross-legged on the floor, one foot was missing. He smiled and revealed his pink gums. His sightless orbs could not see me, yet how I felt they could! His one good hand was scratching his small



grizzily beard, his other rested on his knee, swollen and full of pus. The flies covered his bad hand like a thick carpet of disgust. He smelt. You could smell the dirt and grime from where I was standing (a good six feet away). His body was covered in scabs.

Feeling nauseous I turned and walked out. As I left the 'house' I could hear his mocking laugh down those stairs. I started to run . . .

TO JUSTINE

M. Meaker

Today I didn't understand
The emotions behind your mask —
Have I ever?
I feel helpless
When you respond so warmly
To words
I would never have thought
interested you.

Or is it me,
safe in my little cocoon
of ambitions, desires and opinions
who is too selfish
to have known,
instinctively
what to say?
But that will come later . . .
(with age).

I wish I knew
what kind elusive source
powers your well-hidden feelings.
But I'll never know,
not me —
with my flaring tempers
and critical observations —
No, not me.

THE MIND

R. Jowett

A tree of thoughts
Full and blowing in the wind
Memories of foreign parts
And lost loves and romances.

The tree, so complex in structure
So abstract in ideas
So beautiful that its character
Cannot be set down on paper.

The dreams, the imagery
All in a sea of water
Which the knowledge of the world does carry
To bring it to its perfection.

The perfection, of the human mind.

BOEKE

M. Samson

Soek jy romanse, of avontuur, of kennis of net vermaak? Wel stap na die naaste biblioteek en gaan maak kennis met die boeke daar.

As 'n mens nog nie kennis met boeke gemaak het nie sal hy verbaas wees om te sien hoeveel boeke daar in 'n biblioteek is. Hier lê 'n nuwe wêreld vir hom.

Waar sal hy begin?

Vir 'n paar sent en 'n voltooide vorm kan hy boeke huis toe neem en op sy gemak in 'n gemakstoel lees. Langs die vuur in die winter, op die stoep in die somer, is 'n geskikte plek. Hy kan alles vergeet en die genot van 'n goeie boek smaak.

Na 'n lang dag in die stad is 'n mens gespanne en nou kan hy alles vergeet met behulp van sy boek. Die boek kan pure avontuur wees, net reg vir ontvlugting. Maar hy moet gou maak, want daar is ook boeke met gedigte en dramas wat op die rakke wag.

Later sal hy besef dat boeke oor geskiedenis, filosofie en Godsdienste net so interessant is. Hy kan nou kennis opdoen in enigiets waarin hy belangstel.

Nou sal hy geen vervelige dae of aande hê nie. Hy kan homself opvoed of net ontspan en as hy die werklikheid net vir 'n rukkie wil ontvlug, dan neem hy sy toevlug na boeke.

... EN TOE VAL DIE EERSTE LENTEREËNS

M. Stevenson

Die wind waai al die afgelope paar dae knaend van die „regte kant” en daarom verwag die boere die eerste lentereën.

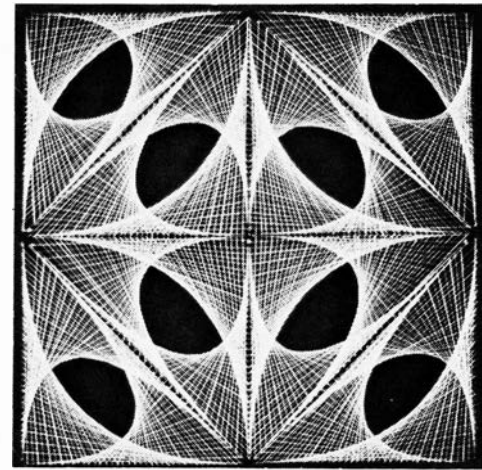
'n Lieflike dagbreek en die lug is frisser as gewoonlik. Die voëls vlieg haastiger as gewoonlik, die miertjies is bedrywiger as ander dae en die vlieë is traag en lastig.

'n Wolkemassa stoot hoër op teen die horison terwyl 'n onnatuurlike stilte volg. 'n Windjie spring op en die wolke word gryser. Elke oomblik word die lug gryser en die diertjies, voëls en insekte wat so bedrywig was het skynbaar verdwyn, want hulle is nêrens te sien nie. Die windjie waai sterker en laat stofwolkies opspring uit die droë aarde. Die reuk van reën kom nou aangewaa.

Soms hardloop iemand om 'n hoed wat afgewaaai het te vang, party mense kyk geammuseerd na die hardlopers, ander kyk kort-kort na die hemel en wonder seker of hulle betyds tuis sal kom. Blare en papier waai verby almal, want waar die mens hom bevind, is rommel.

Kuikens word haastig deur die eienaars versorg. In die strate leun die straatveërs moedeloos op hul besems en kyk kopskuddend na die papiere en afval. Wie kan op so 'n dag voorbly met skoonmaak?

Mense gaan haastig na hul bestemmings. Die wolke hang laag en dreigend oor die wêreld. Die wind neem toe in geweld en huil om die hoeke en fluit deur die bome. Die dondergerammel verdwaal in die huilende wind, skielik deurkief 'n weerligstraal die lug, die donder dreun, die wind gaan lê en toe val die eerste lentereëns.



WAT HET VAN REDE/DRYFVEER GEWORD

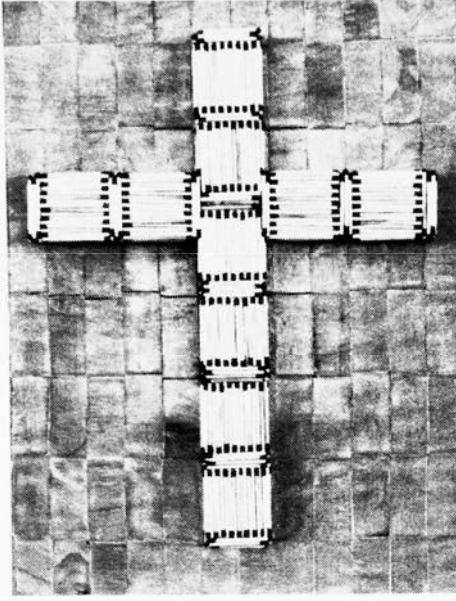
Russel Lewis St. 8A

Die idee van 'n dryfveer is om 'n doel te hê. 'n Mens se vrees om nie die doel te bereik nie, gee hom werkvermoeë en sy werkvermoeë laat al sy werk uitstaan bo die ander en met sulke werk kan niemand nie sy doel bereik nie. Sonder doel is 'n mens gewoonlik sonder dryfveer.

Deesdae oorweeg sommige mense baie min en hulle lewens word nie beplan nie, dus het hulle geen doelwit nie en daarom maak hul lewens geen sin nie. Indien 'n mens dryfveer in sy lewe het word sy lewe standvastig en daardie persoon kan die genot van 'n gelukkige lewe ervaar.

Om 'n doel in jou lewe te hê is om jou pligte te besef, as 'n mens doelloos rondwaal word jou plig vergeet en spoedig is jy in die moeilikheid en dan volg ellende. Baie mense het hul plig vergeet of nooit besef nie! Hulle oortree die wette en veroorsaak chaos, want hulle weet nie wat hulle wil hê nie. Hulle het geen dryfveer vir hul aksies nie. Hulle tree op sonder om die gevolge te besef, want hul lewens is onbestendig en sonder langtermynbeplanning. Hul houding is: „gryp en dink nie oor more nie.”

As mense meer ambisie en meer vaste doeleindes het, sou dryfveer 'n groter invloed op ons lewens uitoefen. Chaos sou dan nie kon bestaan nie. Laat ons 'n doel stel, sodat ons lewe kan rigting kry.



THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Andrew Parry

Syria, August 1974. A small deserted village. The air is fresh, but there is still a lingering smell of burned cordite.

After the Arab armies had hurled themselves at Israel, the Israelis had launched a blitzkrieg style counterattack against Syria. Habn-el-hat had been one of the many primitive villages situated on the front line.

The marauding Israeli Phantom and Skyhawk jets had inflicted gaping wounds on the village. Then came their tanks and troops.

The village inhabitants had fled. First individuals, then families and finally everybody had gone. They had taken little, carrying only the bare essentials. They had fled, only to become refugees.

At first sight one gains the impression that this village could not have been changed much since Christ's time. The primitive mud and wood houses at first are quaint, but soon become monotonous.

The track leading to Habn-el-hat is rocky. There are recent ruts, made by carts. The waterhole is on the right. Peering down it, you are almost bowled over by the sick smell. One patriotic inhabitant had the presence of mind to poison the water, so that the enemy could not use it.

The main (and only) road is a dusty, flat strip of earth winding like a mediator between two armies of houses.

A dry wind blows, feebly trying to cool down the baking objects and people standing under the sun.

One particular house draws your attention. The owner planted some bright desert flowers in a forlorn attempt to make the house attractive. They had been flattened by the hooves of donkeys desperately trying to tow their heavy loads.

I walked to the end of the street. The small church had been destroyed. The priest had hurriedly been buried by a few loving parishioners. Evidently Christianity will not be introduced to these Moslems for some time.

I left the village, desperately trying to conjure up scenes of laughing, happy people — the picture of gay, chattering children. I could not. The village of Habn-el-hat had been mortally wounded. It was too near the front line to ever heal. This shall remain a deserted village.

'N WINDERIGE DAG

Charles Burn

Dit is Augustusmaand hier op die Hoëveld, gevolglik is feitlik elke dag 'n winderige dag. Jaar na jaar werk moedernatuur op dieselfde wyse. Elke jaar stuur sy haar leër van lug om die koue wintergreep te verbreek, en elke jaar stuur dit, die koue weer, weg.

Die wind ruk en pluk aan boomtakke. Blare en stukke papier dwarrel hoog in die lug en dam op teen mure en heinings. Die sterkte van die wind maak die voëls feitlik soos skoenlappers teen 'n luggie, vlerke word geklap en hulle beur met alle geweld, maar hulle voer weinig uit.

Party mense trek voordeel uit die wind. Die seile van hul bootjies bol in die wind en hulle vaar teen 'n hoë snelheid oor die water. Kinders is ook verheug, hulle vlieërs skud en beef in die wind se gramskap.

Daar is min verstandige mense buite. Dit is 'n soort dag waar 'n goeie boek in waarde toeneem, of om net sommer voor die radio te lê en luister. Jy kan ook vir 'n rit in 'n motor gaan om na die branders te kyk by die rotse. Van veraf kan jy die gedreun van die see hoor en sprei sien wat meters hoog bo die rotse hang; soms, as jy gelukkig is, sien jy 'n reënboog in die sprei, of a seemeu wat laag oor die branders sweef.

Die natuur het sy winderige dae nodig om die lug te suiwer en 'n nuwe seisoen in te lui.

FUN WITH LIGHT IN THE DARK

Roy Zent

And God said "Let there be light" and God saw the light, and appears to have liked it. And God said "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," and this too was done. Man roamed the earth and he too, in turn wanted to make his own likeness of the life around him. But even man's best attempt, although aesthetically pleasing, could not portray life with the absolute fidelity for which the camera is renowned.

Light, and the image, are the two fundamentals that produce the photographic picture. The earliest form of the camera was invented in the 11th century. It was called the 'camera obscura' meaning "dark room", and consisted of a room with a small hole, through which light reflected an image on a wall which could be traced by the artist. In the 17th century, the camera obscura was fitted with a lens, which concentrated the light rays to form a sharper image. Then, in 1727, a German named Shulze found that if silver nitrate was activated by certain chemicals, light would form an image on it. Later still, Niepe, a Frenchman, succeeded in capturing a permanent image by using a solution. Niepe's pictures, taken on metal plates, led to the invention of the black and white monochrome film used today. The motion picture and the art of the cinema followed, and then last but not least came colour photography.

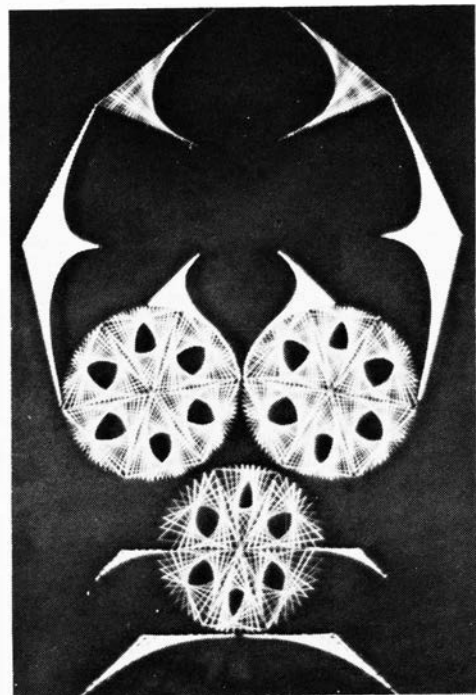
Photography is one of the most enjoyable hobbies. It has its moments of excitement, of tension, and of sadness, especially in the darkroom. Scientific advancements have made this hobby accessible even to amateurs like myself.

I was rummaging through my father's cupboard one day, when I made what I now regard as one of the greatest discoveries of my life, a 1930 model Leica. This was my first camera. I started taking photo's with this camera but found I had no place to develop

them and so I asked one of the teachers at the school if he could teach me a couple of tricks in the dark. Since then I have had quite a few accidents in the darkroom, but my first and probably most famous darkroom antic was performed on the first occasion when I worked there. My mentor asked me to bring some acetic acid from his shelf. With clumsy good intentions I took the bottle to him on its side. I only realized that the top was not sealed when I saw he had hoped to win a competition. Apprehensively I called him over, and he came just in time to see his negatives ruined. His face turned purple and he glanced at me in the dim light. I wished I could have melted away with the negatives. I thought wistfully how much I had enjoyed my first and probably last day in the darkroom. My teacher, however, recovered his normal complexion, sighed and said consolingly, "Ah well, accidents happen especially when you're only leetle." So I survived my first day in the darkroom.

Since that day I have learned a great deal about the skills required in taking photos. Unfortunately I have had to learn the long and hard way, like most photographers. I learned not to turn the lights on, without checking, when I destroyed nine rands worth of paper by switching the lights on while the box was open. I learned to remember to put off the drier when I came in one morning to find my precious prints in cinders. But, despite these setbacks, it is well worth the trouble of carrying on.

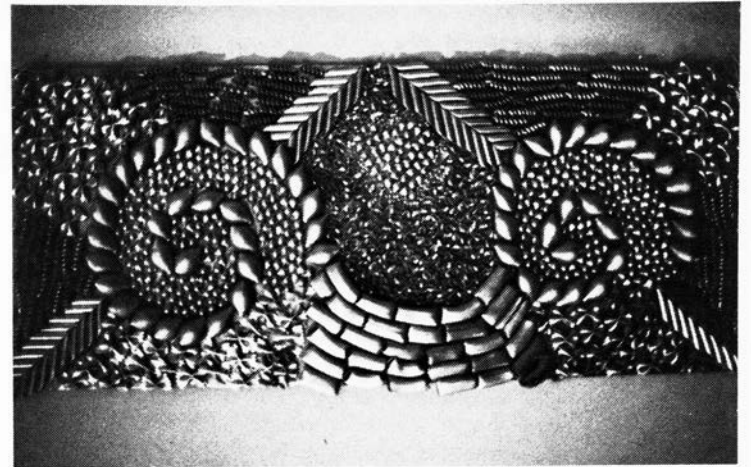
Not only the photographer, but also his family and friends, can gain great pleasure from this hobby. Probably my most pleasing photograph for both myself and my family was of my grandparents on the occasion of their 45th wedding anniversary. My grandfather is a very fit and active man for his age but has a droopy lip and hardly ever smiles. He is therefore called "Grumpy" by the family and he certainly loves his name. I managed to catch him while he had a broad smile on his face and when the photograph was developed it came out as a fine portrait. When I gave it to "Grumpy" he hung it proudly on the wall and at the Friday night dinner every member of the family admired the picture for its quality and happy smiling subjects. So I had killed two birds with one stone. I was pleased with the technical side of the picture and the family was pleased with the content.



DISASTER IN THE T.V. AGE

R. Mason

Your life, once filled with rays of light,
Is now a darkened tomb,
No gleam of hope or happiness,
Can pierce the dismal gloom,
And so you sit, a saddened soul,
Deprived and all alone,
Because you've learned to your despair
Your picture tube has blown!



STATE OF MIND

M. Meaker

Agh! I'm so sick
of flowery speech
and pretentious meanings —
Everything's well above
my simple mind
anyhow.
You! wise, complacent man,
with your Ph.D., and all,
tell me of your labour's reward
or is there none at all?
Don't look so smart and smug,
and twist and slide and slither and hide
from direct explanations!
You realize now
the Joe Soap
who takes his pleasures naturally, carnally,
(with a lot less fuss)
is the one who knows
just how to live.
Not you.

NOTES FROM HER DIARY

M. Meaker

Trouble with me —
(said the old man)
I ain't got the brain
to appreciate just exactly
what you bin talking 'bout.
(He wisely smiled)

No, no! — Just lissin
(said the young man)
I know you'll understand,
Just try a little harder —
soon you'll see the TRUTH!
(He frowned and began again)

COGENT REFLECTIONS ON BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY NO. 7 IN A, OPUS 92

M. Meaker

With rhythmic impetus —
(an apotheosis of the dance)
'bonne bouche' to utter contentment,
Fiery Bacchanale saturated
with typical vitality . . .

O! How the Vivace's crescendo
O'erflowing with Bacchic fury —
my spirit helplessly
into dithyrambic expostulation whirls!
Such Dionysiac experience flows
From a Master's pen only!

Which ebullient scherzo
and truncated trio
can ever surpass —
can ever create
such cosmic gaiety,
such incandescent upsurging
as this —

The Seventh:



PORTRAIT OF FAILURE

M. Meaker

John Delaney was, in his own peculiar fashion, a happy man. He constituted a reaction to an age; our age — the age of the motor car and Concorde; the age of great wisdom and learning, and the age of supreme folly. As is to be expected, John did not aspire to any god, and therefore relegated the seemingly futile life-style which he adopted to the animal sphere. Oh yes, John was a great believer in man's animal nature — a disciple even. His attitude was that of the non-intellectual, but paradoxically, it was a viewpoint attained by means of the very intellectuality which he denied. For John was not born a "noble savage" by any means. In fact, he was born with the chains of morality and conformity securely fastened about his being, and, being perhaps genius, or perhaps badly

indoctrinated with values worthless in his estimation, he set himself the task of overcoming the limitations imposed upon his thought by his superiors, and thus transpired his "failure" in society's eyes.

An extract from a song, written by Cat Stevens, goes as follows:

"Wherever you go
The world will follow you,
So let your reasons
Be true to you . . .
But —
Don't let your weaknesses
Destroy you . . . etc."

John found that these words embodied an ideal very real to him. Although labelled by society as a "failure", due to the fact that in his lifetime he had failed to accrue vast hordes of money: failed to exact the required amount of respect and veneration of his peers; failed to marry and multiply; failed, in fact, to achieve anything concrete and tangible which mankind as a whole could stand in awe of, he persevered. And here lay John's dilemma — for John was not really exceptional, and for him to deny those things which other men looked upon as 'good' and 'right' took willpower and fantastic endurance, so much so that John nearly relented — was almost seduced — but somehow made it. In hindsight, the gift of experience, John looked upon this stage as his 'bad' stage.

If one had to give a brief resume of John's life as he would give it, one would say: he was born, he lived, and he died. For to John's way of thinking, the small things which make each of us individuals, i.e. the personal traumas, ideals, dreams and relationships, are merely incidental and, by the same token, irrelevant. To evoke a well-known platitude: "When you're dead, you can't take your money, fame etc. with you". If one extrapolates this way of thinking, which is obviously true, one might also say, "Why achieve that which is so very transient and impermanent at all?" In fact, why bother?

This basically, was the train of thought followed not only by John, but also (in a more complicated form) by S. Maugham, J. P. Sartre, Adam Hirscher and many others. All great men, all individual thinkers. However, it could be argued that John's ideas, if adopted by the rest of humanity, would lead to mankind's downfall. It would, but rest assured, it never will. So until such time as the impossible comes about, John, and those like him, must remain, by popular demand, — portraits of failure.



A SIMPLE CHAIN

A. Barale

There was a time in the life of a boy when the frost lay on the crisp, frozen grass and his feet ached from the cold, but all was just a simple chain and the seasons linked each static moment. Now as he sits and thinks and from the window watches the pace of his existence move to a blur, winter and spring are just dirty leaves on a dusty pavement and the man's voice hurts like twigs blown in an August wind:

"One has to be aware of one's surroundings. One has to experience and notice things and think on the magic of the world that moves on, incessantly, regardless of the lives we . . ."

Yes, the boy could remember when the ploughs churned up the dry soil and he would choke and cough as the birds darted about him, gulping little insects in the dusty wake and he thought he saw a little of a new Spring in the blueness of the sky. But it wasn't Spring, only a change in his world and he would run ahead of the tractor to see if he could find any little green shoots of grass, soft and so bright in the dullness of that frost-burned expanse.

"Father, there are little pieces of green grass."

"Yes, my son, it is only Spring," he would shout back above the din and the boy would try to count the number of brown and earthy little snakes disturbed from their warm winter nest.

"What is Spring?" asked the boy.

"As we grow older" continued the man, "we tend to become so involved in all our activities and the future is all that is important. The present is forgotten or disregarded. We should strive . . ."

The boy, at the time of the year when the men ploughed, was happy because Spring was coming even if he wasn't sure what it was. As he now sat and listened to this man speaking to them, he remembered how everything began to smell differently as the trees budded and birds sang more cheerfully early in the morning in the big, nasty thorn-bush outside his bedroom window and the fire in the kitchen lost the smell of dry wood burning and took on a leafy and pleasant smell that made his nose tingle. He was happy because he didn't have to wear a clumsy jersey and he could walk bare-foot and the crisp mornings smelt of newly-planted tobacco and the still air hung heavy with the scent of the kaffir-tree near the stables as it gloried in its bright bloom. In Spring he was happy and his little world was happy with him.

"Why is everything so green and happy all of a sudden, father?"

"Because its Spring, and that is what always happens".

"Alienation has taken a grip on most modern societies. As the prosperity of a society increases and as it advances so it widens the gap between itself and the earth."

"This man knows something," thought the boy, but he wondered if the man knew of the feel of mud between his toes as the rains fell feebly at the beginning of the rainy season or if he had known in his soul the anguish of watching clouds, far across the



valley hesitating and leaving the toil of many weeks to die at one's feet. He would kneel for hours by the window when the rains did finally come and watch the fine drops of water trickle down the glass, and the lizards, lazy and sullen would eye him disapprovingly as there would not be any flies during the rainy hours.

The boy did not like Winter, although, somehow, he knew it had to come and that at least when the cold had greyed and killed everything, he could look forward to everything bursting to life once more. When the birds all gathered for days and then suddenly left, he would be sad and mourn. He became even more sad when the cosmos faded and then died and looked so pathetic.

"We can no longer release our minds and let them know the meaning of the seasons and . . ."

After the lecture the boy left the auditorium and he imagined that the sky had grown paler and that he detected a faint yellowness in the grass. He felt his mood changing and felt vaguely happy about his past. The seasons were changing and still he didn't know Winter from Spring, just a change of mood or colour and smell.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE FUTURE

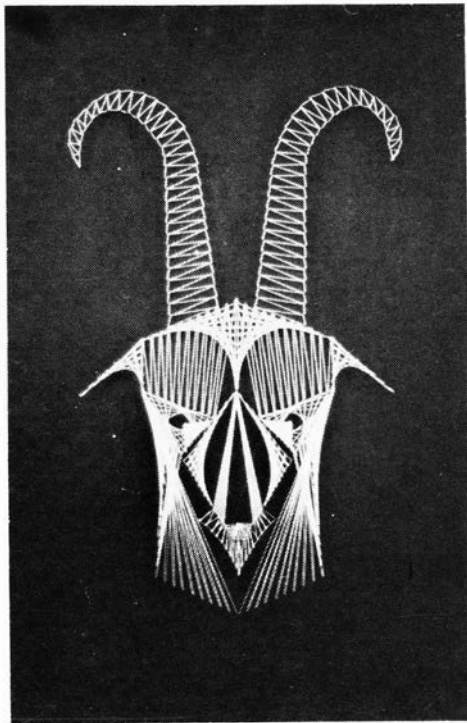
A. Barale

There was a boy, with hair the colour of a moonless night and eyes like pools of phosphorescence, who sat in a dull and dusty hall and gazed through its tall windows. The wind was his chisel and he carved

statues from the bright billowing clouds. The boy was not listening to the little man with a paunch who stood before the assembly and let his flowery words fall on each youthful head. The little man raised his voice in an effort to inspire his wilted audience:

“And so it is for you, dear boys, to pick the fruits that the future holds for you and not let them fall and rot at your feet. You have a challenge . . .”

The words flooded the boy's thoughts with swirling memories of a time when dogs were demons and the future just a clear mist. Then the land was his and school so far away that all he did was roam and ramble over stretches of lucern and through fields of maize with mice in the thickets and men on the tractors. Everything was just a simple chain of linking life, filling him and his brown little friends with a tangible happiness in the warm air.



“A man must always have a challenge and it must always include that which is noble and just.”

The boy noticed how the little man's stomach folded over his labouring belt. And then he saw the old induna who would smoke dagga before his dung hut each evening and listen patiently and attentively to all the boys relating the exciting events of the day and he remembered how he could see the setting sun in the old man's watery eyes. When the stars were singing and the moon was young, the induna would lay aside his pipe and, rubbing his yellowing hands, would relate to all the bright keen boys squatting before him the story of the man who would not accept the challenge of the future.

“You will soon be leaving school and no doubt most of you will at some stage start a family. Families, dear boys, cost money and in the future . . .”

The boy wondered whether the little man's belt would snap if he inhaled too deeply. The little man continued, trying desperately to sound profound:

“It is necessary to start now, while you are young to build the foundations that will enable you to take up the challenge of the future successfully.”

The boy remembered how when the kraal fires were dying down and the veld was waking to its noisy nightly sounds he would approach the induna shyly and not without that little bit of fear that comes

when one knows a person has some insight into your future:

“Father, what happened to the man who would not accept the challenge of the future?”

He would grin a ragged, almost toothless grin, and would say slowly and in between his chuckling:

“My son, he was as the rogue elephant is; without a family, without a herd. He lives only for each new day, not knowing when the bullet or assegaai will put an end to his fruitless life. He just wanders and wanders —”

“But father, I like to wander and travel.”

Then he would scowl and chase him away for interrupting him and he would sit and smoke and mumble into the dark morning.

“Now it is time for you to decide in what way you wish to take up this challenge. Think carefully on the matter.”

The boy was happy the lecture was over and he knew that he had thought carefully. He watched a butterfly move madly from plant to plant and the challenge was not to breed like a rat nor hoard like a raven but to move and feel and hear people crying and laughing along slippery streets all splashed with autumn.

HIS WONDERS

Simon Foy

O, my friends, look upon this world of ours,
 Staggered by pollution, infested by society.
 We look. Look at the evil,
 Black, as the coal of this earth.
 Yet, my friends, we are greeted each morn by a
 golden sun,
 Like a golden fairy flying across the blue, blue sky.
 Day departs with a golden sunset,
 beautiful as the fairest maiden.
 Just two of His beauties.
 The grass sways before a gentle wind,
 The birds sing in a golden tone,
 The leaves of the trees rustle restlessly.
 So let us not destroy His beauties,
 They are far more than we will ever create.



IN RETROSPECT

M. Meaker

It was startling to walk into the bright and friendly sunshine after the dark coldness of her room. He could still feel the dampness of her clammy body; he recalled the faint and elusive fragrance of 4711 and her greying hair spread on the pillow like a dying dahlia.

He was pleased to see the number of pigeons in the park that morning. They fluttered and cooed and flapped and pecked round him like a blue-grey sea in constant disorder. Throwing crumbs to the birds, he reflected that time had not treated Marlene kindly. Loose bags of flesh hung under her eyes, her breasts drooped sadly, and crow's feet were clustered thickly round her eyes. 'Why then, had she looked so intensely appealing last night?' he wondered. 'Must have been the combined effect of several glasses of heady champagne and very subdued lighting, he mused.

Walking home to his flat, he passed a tramp who clutched several newspapers under his arm. He was astounded by his similarity to this man, this no-one, this tramp — same eyes, same mouth, same expression. The tramp passed and was gone.

He recalled the poem he had written the previous day:

"My ageing mind, cobwebbed and blear,
crabbed,
Unheeding all this glamour of the far-flung
world,
Right here, in Leicester Square:
Ah, my pigeon friends,
Where has the magic fled?"

He stopped and looked up and down the street at the throng of humanity. Words fell into place, and the second verse formulated itself in his mind:

"But now I'm sad,
That in this thronging hub,
The heady tang of sweeping lash
On soft-down cheek,
Of 'scraping darkest tendril
'Gainst the steady grey of eye —
The sheer, unparalleled splendour of a human
face —
That such grace
Should come to naught
Within the seedy context of some down-at-
heel pub."



With this he realised that he had expiated Marlene's unpleasant memory from his mind. He walked on into the morning.

Night came, and with it the pain of being alone once again — so dreadfully alone in a hostile world. Faithfully he fed his pet canary, and watched as it flitted to and fro, to and fro — gaily singing and never still.

"The budding lead, the business of birds,
The promise in the air.
The uneasiness of flocks and herds —
The intensity to pair:

Compare this wide and secret intimation,
Vibrant, undefined,
With the harrowness of human wishes,
Petty and confined
(Men alone have hopes)."

He noticed without surprise that the central heating wasn't working. Another cold night with no warmth of human contact to stay the chill from his weary body. On the mantelpiece stood a photograph of himself and Emily, his long-dead wife. They had had two children, both boys and both now living on the other side of the earth, in Australia.

Writing poetry had become his only interest; the one thing which warded off depression and passed the lonely hours in his dingy London flat. He got up and went over to a desk, from which he took a folder of poems written ten to fifteen years before. He leafed through them, then stopped and read one over and over again:

“Will these be the mellow years —
Brief golden comfort in the afterglow of storm,
Serene, and free from tears?

Or will they be sere and yellow years,
Narrow, lined, cramped,
Grey and shot with fears?

So say the gods; the choice is ours —
To gird our loins and twist circumstance
To suck all nectar from the dwindling hours.

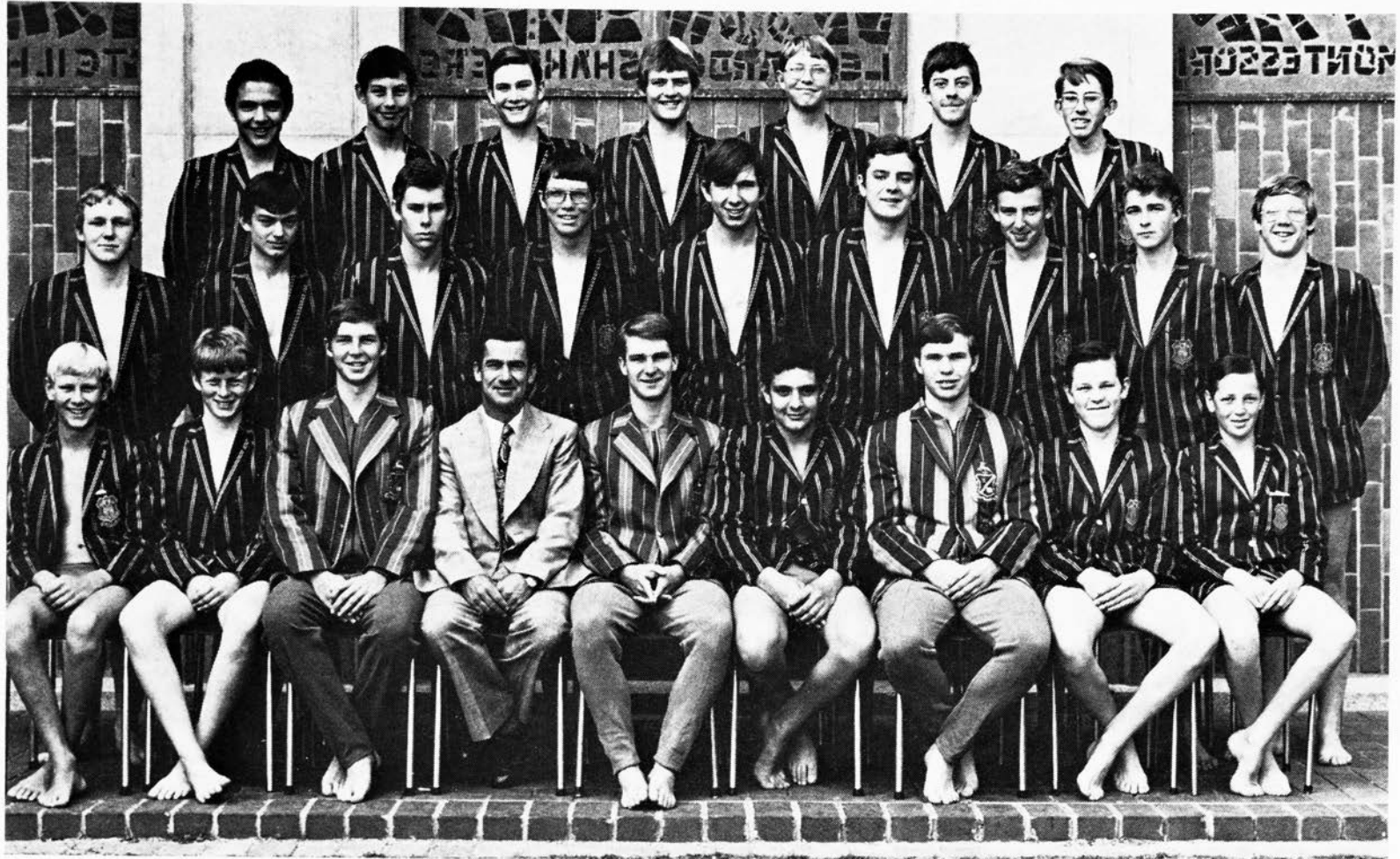
Have we such powers . . . ?

— Or should we rest content to burgeon
naturally,
Or winter casually,
As do the flowers?”

The tears ran from his eyes, and slowly his whole body shook with the sobs of anguish, disillusionment, and despair.



SWIMMING



'A' Swimming Team

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): R. Hartmann, F. Nel, E. Seed, Mr. F. Maritz, A. Dugas (Captain), D. Georgoulakis, T. Ryan (Vice-Captain), C. Vetter, N. David.
 MIDDLE ROW — M. van der Merwe, B. Walter, A. Reeves, M. Meier, B. Ross, P. Moni, S. Reitzer, D. Nicholson, R. van den Handel.
 BACK ROW — N. Georgoulakis, R. Saccani, P. Napier-Jameson, G. Pugh, W. Meier, R. Spinazze, A. Seebregts.

Captain: A. Dugas

Vice-Captain: T. Ryan

The highlight of the swimming season was the official opening of the new swimming pool and amenities. The swimming pool complex was opened by Mr. Sonny Lean and it was blessed by the Reverend Father A. Plesters.

The season got off to a fairly good start even though the weather was not very kind to us. The team is to be congratulated on the fine spirit that prevailed throughout the season.

Congratulations to Paul Napier-Jameson on being chosen for Southern Transvaal Schools and Currie Cup and for his consistent form throughout the season.

Quadrangular Gala vs. St. Stithian's, St. John's, and Highlands North: 5th February, 1975.

The team went to St. Stithian's most unprepared due to the number of practices which had had to be cancelled because of the incessant rains. Nevertheless the team rallied well, coming third.

A. Dugas and P. Napier-Jameson gained first places in the 100 metres Open Bu. and 200 metres Open Br., 100 metres U/16 Br. respectively. A. Dugas, Edward Seed, Alan Reeves, Gregory Pugh, Paul Moni, Douglas Nicholson and Lawrence Kourie all achieved second places in their individual events.

Result:

St. Stithian's	191,5
St. John's	187,5
St. David's	155
Highlands North	115

Inter High Schools Relay Gala — 19th February, 1975

This was held at St. Stithian's with eight schools competing. This was an extremely exciting gala and was marked by the tremendous team spirit shown by the boys.

The U/13 and U/14 events were over 25 metres while the rest of the age groups were over 50 metres. St. David's did not fare as well as they might, although at about midway through the gala we were all pretty close except for K.E.S. and St. Stithian's. The U/14 Bu. Relay redeemed the day for St. David's by winning, well done.

Results:

K.E.S.	152 points
St. Stithian's	133,5 points
Pretoria Boys	96,5 points
Parktown Boys	82,5 points
St. David's	79 points
St. John's	70,5 points
Highlands North	52 points
Athlone	20 points

33rd Annual Inter-House Swimming Gala — 22nd February 1975

A keen Inter-House spirit built up during the week with a tremendous 'tension-packed' gala on the Saturday evening. After the official opening and the blessing of the pool complex, the first race got under way with the able assistance of Mr. Sonny Lean.

The strong spirit of all the Houses prevailed throughout the evening, and the weather decided to give us a break. Osmond was leading, by a margin of 15 points, after the precontested events, but nobody could hold the forceful College swimmers who finally won the gala by 1 point. At event 29 both Osmond and College were level on 117 points each. The excitement became unbearable at this point. The lead then changed backwards and forwards until the penultimate event, where, with only 2 points difference, College took second place and Osmond third place, giving College that 1 point lead. Congratulations and well swum, College.

Results:

College	129 points
Osmond	128 points
Benedict	111,5 points
Bishops	86,5 points

Presentation of Trophies

The trophies for the gala were presented by Reverend Brother Anthony.

1. 400 m. Open Fs.—E. Mandy Trophy—P. Napier-Jamieson (B)
2. 200 m. Open Fs.—E. Mandy Trophy—A. Dugas (O)
3. 200 m. U/16 Fs.—E. Mandy Trophy—R. v.d. Handel (T)
4. 200 m U/15 Fs.—E. Mandy Trophy—P. Napier-Jamieson (B).
5. 200 m. Open Br.—E. Mandy Trophy—A. Dugas (O)
6. 200 m. U/16 Br.—E. Mandy Trophy—B. Ross (O).
7. 200 m. U/15 Br.—R. Sheffield Trophy—P. Napier-Jamieson (B).
8. 4 × 50 m. Ind. Medley—R. Bishoff Trophy—A. Dugas (O).
9. 100 m. Open Fs.—R. & A. Gohdes Trophy—A. Dugas (O).
10. 100 m. Open Br.—I. Hope-Jones Trophy—E. Seed (B).
11. 100 m. Open Ba.—Hutton Trophy—A. Dugas (O).
12. 100 m. Open Bu.—E. Mandy Trophy—A. Dugas (O).
13. 50 m. U/16 Bu.—E. Mandy Trophy—R. v.d. Handel (T).
14. 100 m. U/14 Fs.—Br. Raymond Trophy—W. Meier (C).
15. 50 m. U/14 Bu.—J. Moni Trophy—L. Kourie (B).
16. 50 m. U/14 Br.—D. Nicholson (T).
17. 50 m. U/13 Br.—E. Moni Trophy—B. Walter (C).
18. Senior Diving—R. Schulman Trophy—T. Dalais (C).
19. Junior Diving—R. Schulman Trophy—R. Quarmby (O)
20. Water Polo—Beaumont Trophy—Osmond House.
21. U/13 Age Group—R. Schulman Trophy—1. B. Walter (C) 2. D. Georgoulakis (C) R. Hartmann (T) (Tie).
22. U/14 Age Group—R. Schulman Trophy—1. L. Kourie (B) 2. D. Nicholson (T) 3. W. Meier (C).
23. U/15 Age Group—A. Stott Trophy—1. P. Napier-Jamieson (B) 2. A. Reeves (C) 3. G. Pugh (B).
24. U/16 Age Group—W. Ballard Trophy—1. R. v.d. Handel (T) 2. B. Ross (O) 3. M. Meier (C).

25. Open Age Group—Friedlander Trophy—1. A. Dugas (O) 2. T. Ryan (C) 3. E. Seed (B).
26. INTER-HOUSE TROPHY—J. S. LEIGH TROPHY—College House.

Swimming Scrolls: Scrolls were presented to E. Seed and T. Ryan.

Gala vs. Jeppe: 26th February, 1975.

St. David's again played hosts to the gala. The swimmers of St. David's excelled themselves in winning 22 of the 33 events contested. They achieved first place in all the Relays and Medleys which was outstanding.

Results:

St. David's	122 points.
Jeppe	88 points.



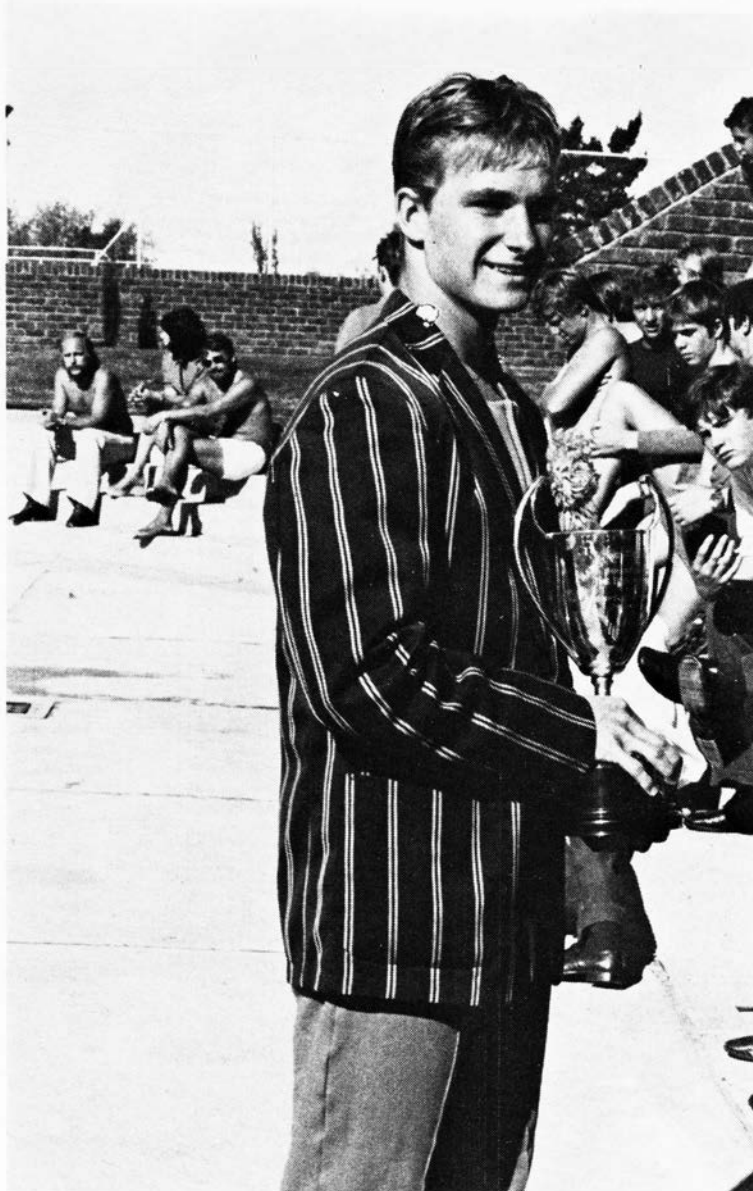
Annual Inter-College Swimming Gala vs. Marist Observatory: 2nd March, 1975.

This was the second last gala of the season with St. David's being the host. A keen spirit was displayed by both schools with St. David's swimmers excelling themselves from the start.

After taking the lead in the first two races, with a first and second in each race, we never looked back. Fine support from the rest of the school contributed to a sound victory, in which St. David's won 32 of the 39 events contested.

Congratulations to the following St. David's swimmers who broke or equalled Inter-College Records.

N. Carpenter-Frank	25 m. U/12 Ba	18,1"
L. Kourie	50 m. U/14 Bu	34,2"
G. Pugh	50 m. U/15 Bu	31,2"
P. Napier-Jameson	200 m. Open Br.	2' 42,9"
	100 m. U/16 Br.	1' 16,6"



U/14 Medley Relay	1' 04,8"
U/14 Relay	57,0"
U/15 Relay	53,9"
U/16 Relay	53,8"

Results: Inanda 181½ points
Observatory 85½ points

Inter High Schools Gala — 5th March, 1975

This annual event, the last gala of the season, was held at St. David's for the first time and our team did justice to the occasion.

We did not come first, but the team was there giving their very best right to the end. St. David's came a good fourth behind K.E.S., St. Stithian's and Pretoria Boys' High.

Congratulations to Paul Napier-Jamieson on winning the 100 metres U/15 Br. Congratulations to Brian Walter (50 metres U/13 Bu.), Lawrence Kourie (50 metres U/14 Bu.) (50 metres U/14 Br.), Gregory Pugh (50 metres U/15 Bu.), Andre Dugas (100 metres Open Bu.) and to the U/15 Relay team in taking second place in their respective events.

Results: K.E.S.	224 points
St. Stithian's	168 points
Pretoria Boys'	159 points
St. David's	140 points
St. John's	135 points
Parktown Boys'	130 points
Highlands North	96 points
Jeppe Boys'	84½ points
Athlone	47½ points

“B” Swimming Team

The season was a “washout”. The rain allowed them to have only two (2) galas! The team was confident and promised strong opposition to the other schools, but were unable to put themselves to the test.

1st Gala

They swam at Athlone and had a convincing victory against Jeppe High and Athlone High.

The outstanding swimmers were B. Morgan and M. Stuart-Cox.

The under 13 group had a very good day, winning all their team events.

Final points: St. David's 230, Jeppe 141 and Athlone 126.

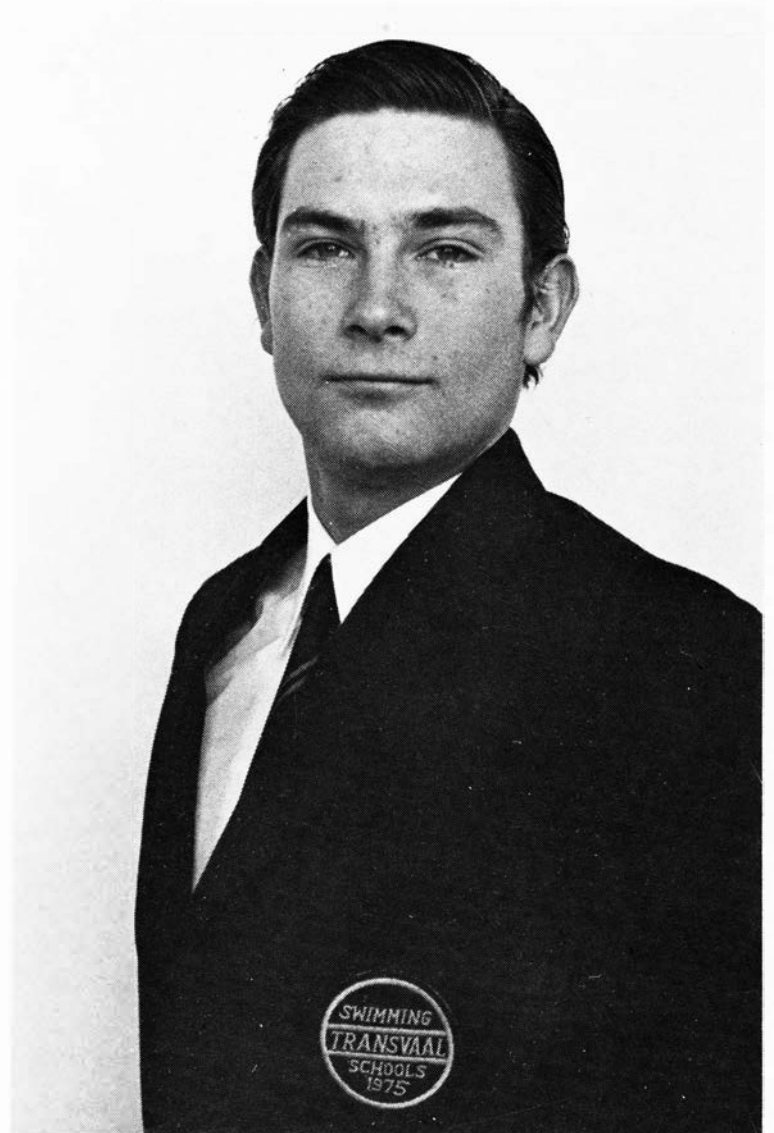
2nd Gala

The main event of the season. The team was in great form but then illness and the “A” team claimed most of our outstanding swimmers.

B. Morgan gave the team a few firsts.

Final points:

K.E.S. 228, Pretoria 208, St. Stithian's 207, St. David's 180, Parktown 127, Athlone 87 and Jeppe 72.



P. Napier-Jamieson — Selected for Tvl. Schools 1975



'B' Swimming Team

IN FRONT — *M. Samson.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *G. Beuthin, J. Du Mughin, G. Lazarus, R. Koenraad, M. Walford, (Captain), Mr. B. Claassen, K. Schilperoot (Vice-Captain), M. Forssman, D. Kalk, P. Raymond, A. MacRitchie.*

MIDDLE ROW — *P. Riley, C. Hinton, H. Jost, C. Black, G. Verga, M. Mancini, L. Spinazze, J. Santini, J. Swingler, B. Sterzik.*

BACK ROW — *K. Morris, B. Volkwyn, B. Morgan, C. Richardson, C. Daras, L. Tankle, M. Lupini, R. Lewis, R. Lindsell.*



Water Polo Team

IN FRONT — *R. Lewis.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *T. Dalais, J. Swingler, A. Dugas (Captain), Mr. F. Maritz, T. Ryan (Vice-Captain), R. van den Handel, M. Walford.*

BACK ROW — *H. Jost, S. Reitzer, P. Moni, E. Seed, K. Schilperoot, B. Ross, N. Georgoulakis.*

WATER POLO

During the precontested events prior to the Inter-House Gala, an Inter-House Water Polo contest was played on a Round Robin basis. Osmond eventually came out the winner. Following from the previous year we again entered a team in the Inter Schools Water Polo League with a fair amount of success. The highlight of the season was the 7-5 victory over Observatory at the St. David's vs. Observatory Gala, particularly after having been beaten in the League 6-4.

The following players represented the team either as players or as reserves:



A. Dugas (Captain)
E. Seed
R. v.d. Handel
M. Walford
B. Ross
T. Ryan
J. Swingler
T. Dalais
K. Schilperoort
N. Georgoulakis
D. Georgoulakis

Congratulations to Andre Dugas and Rik v.d. Handel on been chosen for the Southern Transvaal Schools Trials.



Results:

Thursday 6th February vs. Parktown Lost 4-2.

Thursday 13th February vs. Highlands North Won 8-1.

Thursday 20th February vs. Athlone Won 10-1.
vs. St. Stithian's Won 6-4.

Thursday 27th February vs. Observatory Lost 6-4.

RUGBY

Ist XV

The 1975 First XV was undoubtedly one of the youngest and most inexperienced to represent St. David's for some years. The pre-season practices were attended with great enthusiasm and despite the many and sometimes heavy defeats this enthusiasm never waned. Their zest for the game of rugby was as strong as ever even at the last practice of the season. The team spirit was unbelievably good throughout the season. This was particularly noticeable during the matches. Although in most of the games the First XV was on the receiving end, each player kept playing and giving of his best right up to the final whistle. This factor alone made the coaching of this year's team both a pleasure and enjoyable. All the players are to be complimented but, in particular, a special word of praise and thanks must be given to the Captain, Andre Dugas, and the Vice-Captain, Grant Ramsay. Both these players did wonderful work, both on and off the field, in maintaining the great spirit of camaraderie within the team. During the trip to Cape Town at the beginning of the season, the First XV were worthy ambassadors for St. David's. Their behaviour was exemplary and they are to be commended for this. In addition they were a very happy, united and pleasant group of boys. It was a pleasure to take them on tour. A special word of thanks must be given to Mr. R. Shaw for his valuable assistance and advice. We hope to see more of him in the seasons that lie ahead.

As the season progressed, the standard of play and the self-confidence of the players improved quite remarkably. By the end of the season the forwards were definitely more competent in gaining possession of the ball and the backs more assured in making use of that possession. In looking to 1976, we can only feel confident that the valuable experience of playing First XV rugby and the skills gained by the players, who will be back next year, will bear fruit.

On the evening of the Matriculation Dance, Rugby Scrolls were awarded to Roderick McLay, Mark Otto, Grant Ramsay and James Schlimmer.

vs **St. Patrick's, Walmer** — (Lost 0-28)

The teams took the field in the most appalling conditions. The field was a "sea of mud" due to the incessant rain that had fallen during the night and the course of the morning.

For the first twenty minutes of the game, the First XV, being relatively young and inexperienced, was both literally and metaphorically "at sea". The Team was pinned in its own twenty five, and before the Team knew where it was, St. Patrick's had scored eighteen points. Then the St. David's players managed to shake themselves out of their stupor and started to play rugby. They held the opposition at bay for thirty



minutes, but towards the end of the game they lost concentration again and St. Patrick's came through to score another ten points.

vs **St. Joseph's, Rondebosch** — (Lost 4-32)

This match, like the first, was played in pouring rain from start to finish. The First XV played with much more determination, and very ably held a strong St. Joseph's Team to 12-0 at half time.

Early in the second half, from a line-out in our own half, the backline received the ball and ran hard and straight. P. Daly received the ball at outside centre, sliced through the gap and put T. Reuss away for an excellent orthodox try. St. David's had opened their account. Unfortunately, however, the Team decided to rest on its laurels and payed the price. The Team forgot how to tackle and St. Joseph's took full advantage and scored another twenty points in even time.

vs **K.E.S.** — (Lost 0-51)

This match served to illustrate one of the basic principles of rugby football. The team in possession of the ball will score points. K.E.S. with 90% of the ball did just that. The St. David's Team was both hesitant and reluctant to match the hard, fast, vigorous and robust play of K.E.S. Thus a St. David's First XV suffered its heaviest defeat for many a season.

Both J. Schlimmer and P. Daly, playing in the centre, tackled very courageously and are to be highly commended on their efforts to close the flood gates. The Team as a whole kept playing and trying right up to the final whistle. At no stage did the members of the team give up. This was a point very much in their favour.

vs **C.B.C. Boksburg** — (Lost 10-28)

The first half was much the same as the previous three matches. The Team was unable to come to terms with itself. The half time score was 18-0 in favour of C.B.C.

For fifteen minutes in the second half the First XV came alive for the first time in the season and showed their true capabilities. It was good to see the hard, driving play in the loose and the hand to hand passing between the forwards and backs. Such play saw T. Reuss storm over for a magnificent try. The other try resulted from good thinking and a quick movement from a short penalty. The ball moved sharply along the backline and A. Dugas crashed over to score with

two defenders on his back. G. Ramsay added two points with a very neat conversion.

The Team's concentration unfortunately lapsed and C.B.C. scored another ten points.

vs Parktown — (Lost 3-32)

The first XV was once again completely outplayed in all phases of the game. The forwards were overwhelmed in both the tight phases and loose phases of play although M. Otto had an excellent game on the flank. The backs made too many elementary mistakes and their positioning on defence was very poor. This resulted in Parktown forcing the overlap on many occasions and going through to score.

vs C.B.C. Pretoria — (Lost 3-10)

There was a definite improvement in the play of the Team, particularly the defensive work of the backs. The forwards won a greater share of the ball than in previous matches, but still insufficient for a match-winning score. The good ball from the forwards moved much too slowly along the backline resulting in the wings being forced into touch. The play of the backs was much too stereotyped.

On many occasions, particularly during the second half, St. David's went onto the attack only to be driven back at the next tight phase of play. The Team was unable to keep the opposition under pressure because it was unable to retain possession of the ball.

vs Marist Observatory — (Won 22-16)

St. David's took the field as the apparent 'underdogs', while Observatory was quietly confident. As Mark Otto stormed over for the first try, the Observatory team and supporters were stunned, while St. David's supporters were overjoyed. It heralded a match in which the lead was to change hands four times and in which all the points came from tries and conversions. This match gave the supporters of both sides moments of elation, moments of suspense and moments of disappointment.

For the first time this season, the forwards played with confidence and vigour. T. Ryan had a field-day in the line-outs. He was very well supported by B. Ross who did excellent work. The front row consisting of J. Santini, who led the pack well, R. van den Handel, who hooked magnificently taking several tight-heads, and M. Walford, who had some good bullocking runs around the front of the line-outs, played with much fire in the tight and loose phases of the game. M. Otto had a stormer of a game, one of the best seen from a St. David's loose forward. Mark went over for two brilliant tries. Not far behind were T. Dalais and M. Lindsell.

The backline showed that, given good ball, they can make excellent use of it. B. Morgan had a great game, one of the best scrum-half displays for a long time. R. McLay, although slightly shaky at first, settled down and turned in a good game. The centres, J. Schlimmer and P. Daly, had magnificent games on attack and defence, and both were rewarded with good tries. A. Dugas and T. Reuss had good games on the wings. It was fitting that Andre should score the winning try after having captained the side so well. Last but not least, G. Ramsay put up a good steady per-

formance at full-back, giving the team in front of him plenty of confidence.

vs St. John's — (Lost 10-23)

This match was very similar to the C.B.C. Boksburg game. In the first half St. John's scored three times to make the score 16-0 in their favour at the change over. Then came the spirited fight back to 16-10, putting St. David's within striking distance. But being unable to maintain the drive and pressure, the Team gave way and allowed St. John's two more scoring opportunities, which they gladly accepted.

In this game the forwards definitely lost their cohesion and their spirit of adventure and attack. The backs, therefore, had great difficulty in getting on the move.

T. Reuss scored both tries, one of which was converted. The first of these was the most opportune of opportunist tries. The second was an excellent effort. R. McLay drew the man extremely well and then put Terry over to score. Terry could have scored on two other occasions but for bad passing, lack of anticipation and poor judgement as to when to pass the ball.

vs Roosevelt — (Lost 10-13)

The Team played well in this game, but squandered scoring opportunities and gave away points as if they had plenty to spare.

In the first half, St. David's supporters were feeling relatively confident that the First XV was to notch up its second victory of the season. The forwards were playing well, gaining good clean possession and the backs were probing the defence of the opposition very keenly. R. Berti's try resulted from intelligent and forceful use of the blind side. Earlier on he had had another good run on the right wing. In the second half the forwards faded badly. R. van den Handel was hooking the ball, but the pack was being pushed off it. The effect of this spread to the line-out work and the loose phases of play. This decline had an effect on the backs who became jittery, dropped passes and kicked badly. Roosevelt sensed this change in fortune and made good use of the opportunities that presented themselves and notched up the winning points.

vs St. Stithian's — (Lost 7-18)

The Team played well as a unit but once again made crucial mistakes. St. Stithian's won the match in the loose and tight-loose phases of the game where they were outstanding. In the other phases, particularly the tight scrums we held our own extremely well. R. van den Handel hooked magnificently and had a very good all round game. The defence of the team, and particularly that of J. Schlimmer and P. Daly in the centre, was excellent.

The try scored by T. Reuss was a good orthodox team effort with the ball moving smartly and swiftly along the back-line. This was the key to the game for St. David's as we were being outplayed in the loose and both our wings were playing well. Unfortunately the wings were brought into action on only a few occasions. St. Stithian's, however, kept the ball close to their forwards where their real strength lay. It paid dividends enabling them to score the tries which won the match.



First XV

IN FRONT — B. Morgan

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): G. Ramsay (Vice-Captain), M. Otto, A. Dugas (Captain), R. van den Handel, T. Dalais.

MIDDLE ROW — Br. Timothy, P. Daly, T. Ryan, J. Santini, M. Lindsell, J. Schlimmer, F. Soll.

BACK ROW — T. Reuss, R. McLay, B. Ross, M. Walford, R. Berti.

vs Jeppe — (Lost 0-11)

The First XV went down to a team which they were quite capable of holding. Basic errors on defence, particularly with regard to positioning and going for one's man, were made. This allowed Jeppe to force the overlap, particularly late in the second half, and go over to score tries. On attack, the side lacked the incentive to score points, although at no stage did the Team give up playing. There was a tendency to fritter away good possession with aimless tactics.

vs Highlands North — (Won 12-9)

In a game which did not produce any spectacular rugby from either side, the St. David's First XV played its heart out and ultimately were the victors over a side which had had a good season. It was a great team effort. The forwards won good loose ball, the backs ran well showing a definite sense of purpose in their play, and the defence of the team as whole was outstanding.

For the record, this match was decided on penalties. St. David's put over four penalties to the three scored by Highlands. Territorially, however, St. David's had the better of the game, particularly in the second half. It was only late in the second half that St. David's went into the lead for the first time in the match. This lead was held onto during the last five minutes

of the game with the St. David's supporters sitting on the edge of their seats and willing the final whistle to be blown.

vs Athlone — (Lost 3-16)

This match was definitely a valiant effort by the First XV. Early on in the game, the forwards were playing well and the backs looked full of running and good prospects for the rest of the game. Tragedy struck when B. Morgan, playing at scrum-half, had to leave the field with an injured thigh. This meant that the forwards had to play with seven forwards for most of the game and the rhythm of the backs was upset. Full credit must be given to the Team that at no stage did it give up playing, even though for most of the second half of the game St. David's, due to the tiring of the seven forwards, was pinned in its half. Once again the defence of the Team was excellent, and in addition B. Ross is to be complimented on his precision jumping in the line-outs. This was one phase of the game in which St. David's was not over-shadowed.

vs De la Salle — (Won 22-12)

This match was won because the Team played good basic rugby football. All the tries resulted from team efforts. There was no individualism or opportunism in any of the points scored. The defence of the side once again held good and the opposition scored all

their points from penalties. On attack the forwards provided plenty of good ball and the backs ran well and handled the ball with skill.

The half time score was 18-3 in St. David's favour. These eighteen points came from three superb tries each of which was converted. The first of these was scored by T. Reuss. From a line-out, R. McLay, playing at fly-half, kicked through for his wing. The ball bounced perfectly for T. Reuss coming through at full speed. He gathered the ball, swerved to beat the full-back and scored under the posts. R. Berti scored the second try. Having received the ball from an orthodox line movement, he quite easily beat his opposite number. He then put through a kick to beat the cover defence and won the race for the touch down. The third try resulted from a good hand to hand movement between forwards and backs. Close to the opposition try line the ball went loose, J. Schlimmer pounced on it and dived over to score. All three tries were converted by G. Ramsay. Half way through the second half, R. McLay completed the scoring for St. David's. He went blind from a five yard scrum and squeezed over to score in the corner. The conversion was not successful.

2nd XV

The Second XV had a reasonably successful season winning half the matches played. They were only really outplayed by one side, St. Stithian's, which was a big strong side. The best match of the season for the Second XV was the one against Marist Observatory. The Team played copybook rugby in which the forwards subdued and the backs penetrated. Both wings, R. Berti and H. Jost, had field days. This great victory set the scene for the momentous triumph of the First XV. It also set the Second XV on the right path as it was in the latter half of the season that they played their best rugby.

The side was very ably captained by J. Morrison, who played in the scrum-half position. He combined well with his fly-half, B. Stretton, who matured into a very capable, quick-thinking player. The other three quarters, who represented the side on a regular

3rd and 4th XV

The 3rd and 4th XV enjoyed a very good season although one or two matches were most decisively in our opponents' favour. The most outstanding game of the season was of course against Marist Observatory which was clearly won by St. David's. The forward play as well as the three-quarter play was very good in the 3rd XV, while the team organisation had considerably improved from our last season. These factors were rather lacking in the overall co-ordination of the 4th XV.

vs Sandown — (Lost 12-13)

During the first half of this game, the St. David's First XV played magnificent, controlled copybook rugby. With the half time score 12-0 in St. David's favour, the season appeared to be running to a close on a high note. Two great tries had been scored by T. Reuss, one equally as impressive by T. Dalais, and R. Berti had been adjudged to have narrowly missed scoring after a great attacking movement. Each of these had resulted from brilliant rugby skills by the team as a whole. The forwards had established their superiority in every department of the game. Their running and support of the backs had been magnificent. The backs were handling and passing the ball like masters. The Team's tackling was tremendous.

Then came the inexplicable change of fortune in the second half. The First XV became lethargic, slightly individualistic and jittery in handling the ball and tackling opponents. St. David's did not look like scoring in the second half. Sandown very competently capitalised on the First XV's mistakes and snatched the match from under our noses.

basis and with distinction, were K. McGurk and C. Daras in the centre, and C. Reynolds, R. Berti, until he was promoted to the First XV, and H. Jost on the wings. N. Georgoulakis, playing his first season at full back, acquitted himself very well. J. Swingler, the vice-captain and pack leader, had an excellent season. He hooked very cleanly and led his forwards with great enthusiasm. He was well supported in the front row by V. Rugani, M. van der Merwe, who was later promoted to the First XV, and then by J. Whelan. Up till this stage J. Whelan together with A. Barale and K. Prudence had been doing great work as loose forwards. K. Schilperoort developed as a lock forward and did some excellent work in the line-outs. He was very well supported by the other lock forward M. Meier.

The Second XV are to be complimented for the fine team spirit and positive approach which prevailed throughout the season. Finally a word of thanks to the Ladies' Catering Committee for the very welcome refreshments provided after both the First XV and Second XV matches.

All the matches played were clean and hard with a very good spirit prevailing throughout the season. The captaincy was extremely well handled by Edward Seed and Frank Soll (Vice). Other outstanding players during the season were Max Mancini, Mark Hamilton, Victor Lalieu, Andrew Melton and Horst Jost.

The game between the 2nd XV and 3rd XV did not however materialize this season due to considerable injuries in the senior XV's.

Overall the players in both teams should be well satisfied with their season's results. Congratulations on a good season and excellent team spirit.



Second XV

IN FRONT — N. Georgoulakis.

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): A. Barale, J. Swinger (Vice-Captain), J. Morrison (Captain), B. Stretton, C. Reynolds.

MIDDLE ROW — Br. Timothy, C. Daras, M. van der Merwe, J. Lebos, H. Jost, K. McGurk.

BACK ROW — J. Whelan, K. Prudence, K. Schilperoort, M. Meier, V. Rugani.

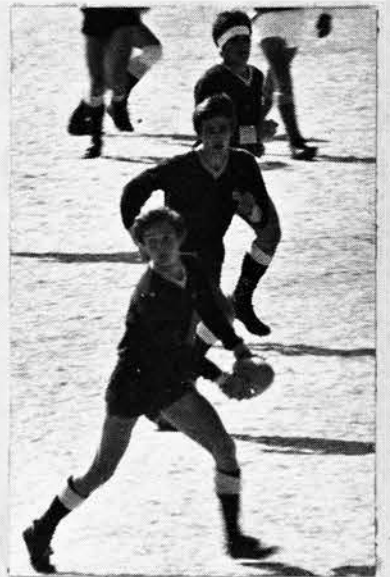
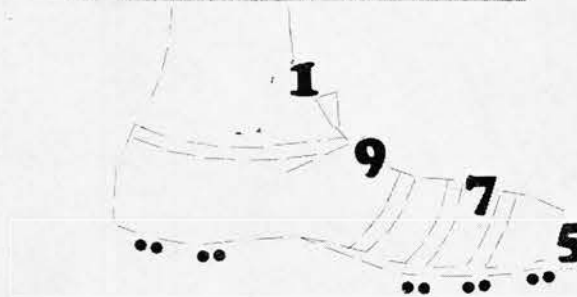
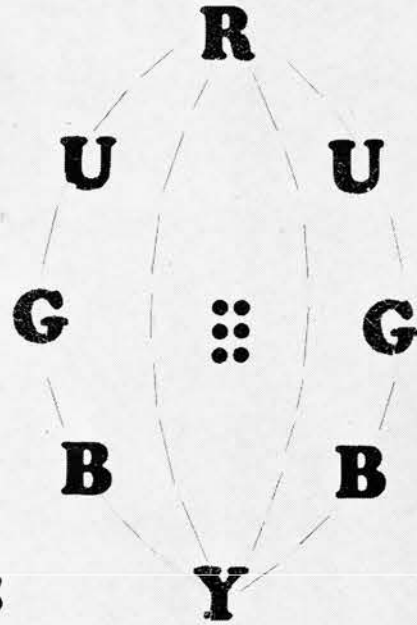


Third XV

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): M. Hamilton, F. Soll (Vice-Captain), E. Seed (Captain), V. Laliu, S. Duley.

MIDDLE ROW — M. Black, S. Sardinha, A. Melton, M. Taffinder, P. Lavelle, R. Lewis, Mr. F. Maritz.

BACK ROW — G. Taylor, S. Reitzer, M. Mancini, R. Harrewyn, J. Zanghi.



Under 15

This season started with a most exciting match against K.E.S., which the A team were unlucky to lose 12-14. The prospects at this stage were promising to say the least. Their record for the season ended with 14 matches played, 9 won and 5 lost, while the B team played 11 matches, won 4, drew 1 and lost 6. The A team scored 244 points as against their opposition's 72 points. All in all a good result which did not quite match up to expectations.

This record was a reversal of their under 14 results. They were helped, however, by the new age groupings which allowed a few of last year's under 15's to stay down. Their success can be attributed to a keenness to train hard and to learn the basics of the game.

Despite their losses against K.E.S. and Parktown by two points in each case, they were determined to play their best as a unified team. Simon Foy as captain and Allan Reeves as vice-captain, showed true leadership in their attempts to maintain the will and spirit of their team. As a result, C.B.C. Boksburg and Pretoria, Marist Linmeyer, Victory Park and Sandown were very convincingly beaten in exciting matches. While Highlands North proved to be the better team (lost 3-14), the A team were unlucky to lose to Athlone (6-11) and Jeppe (3-9).

The B team captained ably by Raymond John, started off hesitantly and did very well to come back and win four matches. Again their improvement is due to team spirit and their keenness for the game. They lost to Jeppe and St. Stithian's by one point in each case and drew against the much fancied Highlands North Team. Marist Observatory were easily beaten 29-0.

While the under 15 successes were clearly team efforts, it is necessary to mention a few players who showed outstanding ability and determination on the field. Simon Foy, Clive Zent and Colin Anderson, the A team loose forwards, played enlightened rugby and proved to be the backbone of the team's attack and defence.

Joe Rodrigues at fullback played intelligent rugby and was his team's top scorer. He also enabled his team to feel absolutely secure in defence. Gregory Pugh played excellent quarterback rugby and his determination was reflected in the K.E.S. match when he continued to play for 20 minutes with a broken arm. Others who should be mentioned are Peter Marne- weck at centre, Andrew McCartney at wing and Ruggero Spinazze at hooker. A weakness that should be mentioned was the lack of cohesion in the tight forwards who were unable to give their back line enough clean ball. Of these players, Paul Moni did well as lock and especially in his line-out play.

All told, this was a very pleasant season for both the boys and their coach who wishes them every success in senior rugby. The season ended with a delightful braai and filmshow at the home of Clive Zent.

Under 14

The Under 14 'A' team won only three of its fourteen fixtures, but the records cannot reveal the fine spirit of co-operation and loyalty shown by the boys. The captain, Michael Peel, was the outstanding player of the season: as scrum-half, he would have been a credit to any of the teams encountered during the term. P. Taffinder (flank) and P. Denham (support) developed into fine forwards. L. Kourie and C. Edwards were two other promising loose forwards. Other members of the scrum were M. Stuart-Cox (hooker), J. Duthie-Thomas (support), W. Meier and A. Tyrer (locks).

The back line struggled in that they were often behind a pack that was outweighed and outplayed (especially in the second half). Handling errors, however, were often further contributors to breakdown of promising movements. M. Hildyard at centre played most consistently throughout the season.

Other positions were filled by P. Ralphs (fly-half), R. Forster (centre — who showed signs of rapid improvement at the end of the season), P. Riley (wing), A. Slaven (wing — a fearless tackler) and M. Boic (full-back). The following players substituted as wings during the season: R. Saccani (4 matches) and R. Hutt (6 matches).

The B team had a difficult season (only one victory), but formed a very pleasant group of boys to work with. A Durrant was the captain: a capable catcher and kicker of the ball. R. Zent and M. Parr, as well as P. Strong, assisted him with the forwards.

Under 13

The Under 13's began the season very well, beating our old rivals at King Edward VII in a closely fought contest. The Team had seen some key players move up into a higher age group, with the result that both the A and B teams took a little time to settle down. They were very much a pot-pourie of 'old veterans' and 'new conscripts' — and one did not know how well they would knit together. But knit together they did, and this victory at the beginning of the season augured well. We went on to play 14 matches, of which we won 10 and lost 4.

We had more than our fair share of illnesses and broken bones, thus necessitating several and frequent drastic changes in key positions, from one game to the next. But the team was resilient and very pliable, so that with very few exceptions, no-one really let the team down when playing in a strange position.

We would like to record our sincere thanks and deep appreciation for the interest shown in us and the help given us by Mr. Des Turner. We were very privileged to have the Chairman of Our P.T.A. come and coach us on a regular basis during the season. His experience and knowledge of the game, and his ability to make others enthusiastic, were two qualities which could only improve the standard of the game. Many many thanks, Des.

We would also like to thank the Ladies of the catering committee for their unstinting and unrewarding efforts to give us their "support" — this support was always very welcome, and always very, very enjoyable. Thank you sincerely, Mrs. Val Holm.



Under 15 XV

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *B. Sterzik, J. Limberopoulos, R. Spinazze.*
 FRONT ROW — *S. Minucci, J. Kourie, C. Anderson, S. Foy (Captain), M. Reeves (Vice-Captain), A. McCartney, J. Rodrigues.*
 BACK ROW — *C. Zent, A. Aldous, M. Carena, P. Moni, P. Marneweck, G. Pugh, Mr. K. Lipschitz.*



Under 14 XV

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *M. Hildyard, M. Boie, P. Ralphs.*
 FRONT ROW — *A. Slaven, M. Stuart-Cox, L. Kourie, M. Peel (Captain), P. Riley, C. Edwards, R. Forster.*
 BACK ROW — *Br. Mario, P. Denham, A. Tyrer, W. Meier, P. Taffinder, J. Duthie-Thomas, L. Hartog.*

Rugby Results 1975

Opponents	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	U/15A	U/15B	U/15C	U/14A	U/14B	U/14C	U/13A	U/13B	U/13C
St. Patrick's ..	0-28	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
St. Joseph's ..	4-32	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
King Edward VII ..	0-51	3-17	0-40	0-88	12-14	0-54	0-16	0-22	0-60	0-64	6-4	0-16	42-0
C.B.C. Boksburg ..	10-28	12-19	26-0	26-6	13-4	4-10	-	3-4	0-4	-	36-0	0-16	-
Parktown ..	3-32	3-12	3-8	3-30	6-8	0-18	0-22	0-36	0-30	0-26	0-16	0-26	24-0
C.B.C. Pretoria ..	3-10	7-0	18-0	0-15	17-0	6-0	-	13-0	7-3	-	0-10	0-20	-
Observatory ..	22-16	22-3	24-8	-	10-6	29-0	-	0-10	0-0	-	20-9	12-0	-
St. John's ..	10-23	0-11	4-34	0-42	11-3	6-3	0-22	0-28	6-17	0-35	12-6	10-10	12-0
Roosevelt ..	10-13	6-0	4-0	0-4	20-3	8-0	-	3-4	9-9	-	24-0	4-14	-
Linmeyer ..	-	16-22	20-3	-	32-0	-	-	36-0	-	0-18	48-0	16-0	-
St. Stithian's ..	7-18	6-32	0-43	-	9-0	3-4	8-18	0-52	0-60	0-62	4-38	0-52	26-0
Jeppe ..	0-11	19-3	13-4	-	3-9	3-4	13-4	0-8	0-18	3-8	18-6	-	4-14
Highlands North ..	12-9	4-10	13-0	0-44	3-14	0-0	0-36	3-8	3-8	7-4	11-8	-	32-0
Athlone ..	3-16	27-3	10-11	-	6-11	0-8	20-10	0-0	0-21	0-42	3-12	-	4-4
Victory Park ..	22-12	43-9	-	-	36-0	-	-	10-0	-	-	8-0	-	36-0
Sandown ..	12-13	18-6	62-0	-	66-0	-	-	3-15	6-26	-	8-4	-	48-4
Played ..	15	14	13	7	14	11	7	14	12	8	14	9	9
Won ..	3	7	8	1	9	4	2	3	1	1	10	2	7
Drawn ..	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	0	0	1	1
Lost ..	12	7	5	6	5	6	5	10	9	7	4	6	1
Points for ..	118	186	197	29	244	59	41	71	34	7	198	42	228
Points Against ..	312	147	151	229	72	101	128	187	246	269	113	154	22



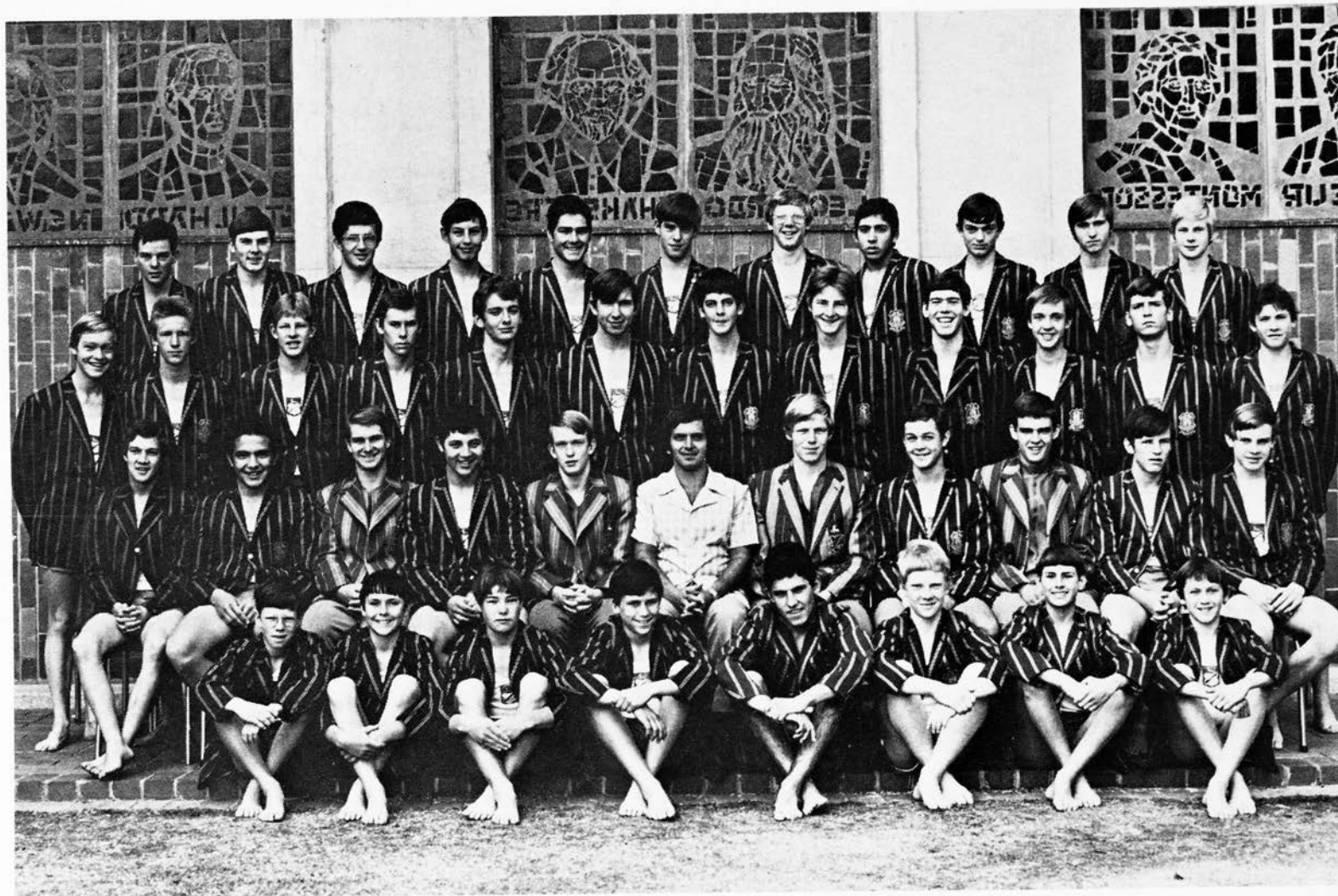
Under 13 XV

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *B. Gordon, D. Georgoulakis, C. Stevenson.*
FRONT ROW — *C. Pandelias, R. Landuyt, J. Slaven, L. De Gouveia (Captain), M. Lebos, A. Prudence, R. Heaney.*
BACK ROW — *N. Walton, S. Mitchell, D. Beuthin, B. Walter, M. Gonsalves, Br. Bernard.*

Congratulations to
Barry Morgan
on winning the Southern
Transvaal Schools Welter Weight
Boxing Championship



ATHLETICS



Athletics Team

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): M. Peel, R. Landuyt, M. Hildyard, A. Slaven, J. Rodrigues, A. Prudence, L. De Gouveia, D. Duley.
 FRONT ROW — B. Morgan, N. Georgoulakis, A. Dugas (Vice-Captain), C. Daras, R. McLay (Captain), Mr. K. Lipschitz, C. Reynolds,
 J. Schlimmer, T. Dalais, B. Stretton, P. Riley.
 MIDDLE ROW — M. Hamilton, M. Otto, R. Mason, A. Reeves, M. Mancini, B. Ross, M. Gill, M. Carena, T. Reuss, G. Taylor, J. Zanghi,
 W. Sagar.
 BACK ROW — C. Zent, H. Jost, V. Berté, R. Saccani, J. Santini, S. Foy, R. van den Handel, J. Lebos, B. Walter, A. Melton, P. Lavelle.

Captain: R. McLay

Vice Captain: A. Dugas

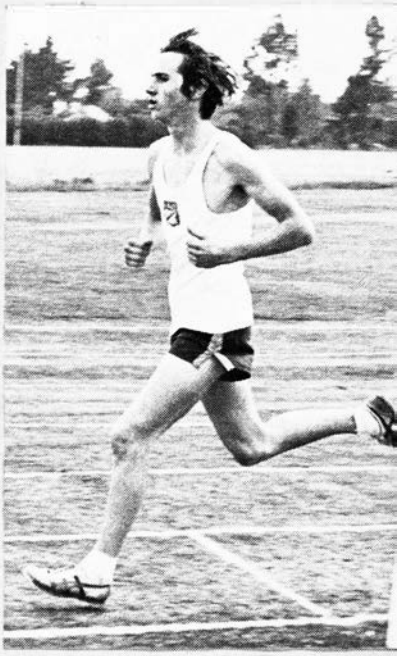
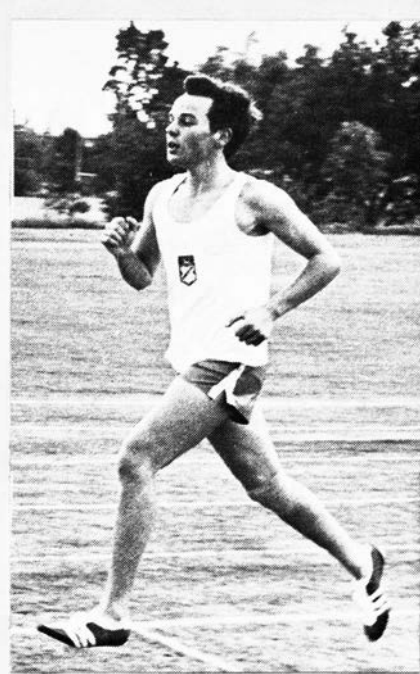
33rd Annual Inter-House Athletics Meeting —
 15th March 1975.

This meeting got off to a lucky start, having had days of heavy rainfall before. The day turned out to be bright and sunny even though the track was still very heavy and slow.

The field events were generally disappointing. Good performances were given by R. McLay, J. Lebos, M. Gill, G. Drust and M. Hamilton.

Records and Standards were attained as follows:
 R. McLay High Jump 1,80 m. Inter-House Open Record.
 J. Lebos Shot Putt 14,72 m. Inter-House U/15 Record.
 J. Lebos Discus 40,82 m. Inter-House U/15 Record.
 M. Hamilton Road-Race 23' 24,3" Open Standard.
 A. Melton Road-Race 23' 24,4" Open Standard.

The Road-Race as a team event was won by Benedict House for the second year in a row even though Bishops were trying very hard to regain their record of previous years.



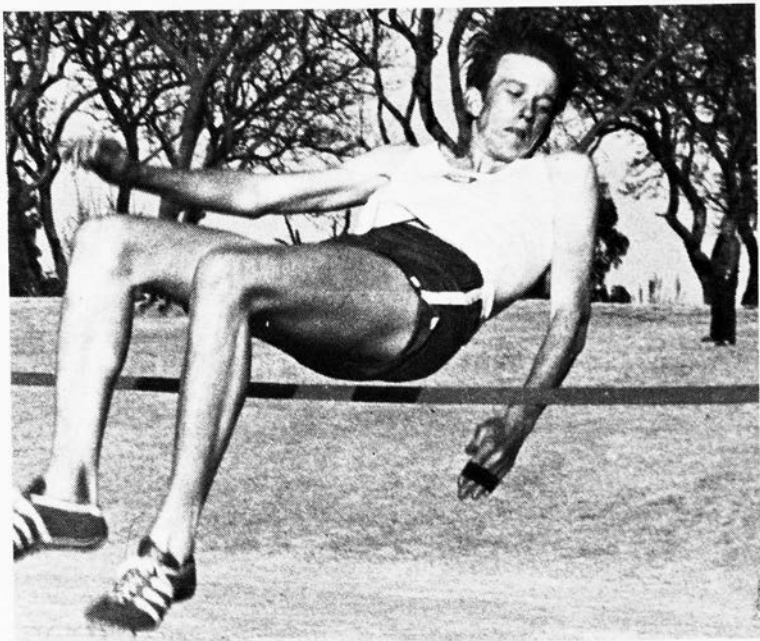
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Athletics



R. McLay

At the end of the precontested events the contest was very close with Benedict leading with 147,5 points followed closely by College with 142 points, Bishops with 139 points and Osmond with 128,5 points.

The track events, while keenly contested, were disappointing due to the wet and slow track. College House soon showed their ability and took an early lead which they increased all the way to the relay races. However, the contest between the remaining three houses was very close with only 7,5 points separating them at the close.

Only two Inter-House records were broken. The first was taken by T. Reuss who won the 400 metres U/16 event in 53,7" bettering the old record by 0,5". College House won the U/15 Relay 4 x 100 metres in a Record time of 48,8". Other good performances were given by A. Reeves in the sprints and M. Hildyard in the U/14 Hurdles.

Final Points Position of the Houses

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1. College House | 265 points |
| 2. Osmond House | 222,5 points |
| 3. Benedict House | 216,5 points |
| 4. Bishops House | 215 points |

At the conclusion of the meeting R. McLay was awarded his athletics scroll.

Athletics Meeting — Combined Marists vs K.E.S. 8th April 1975

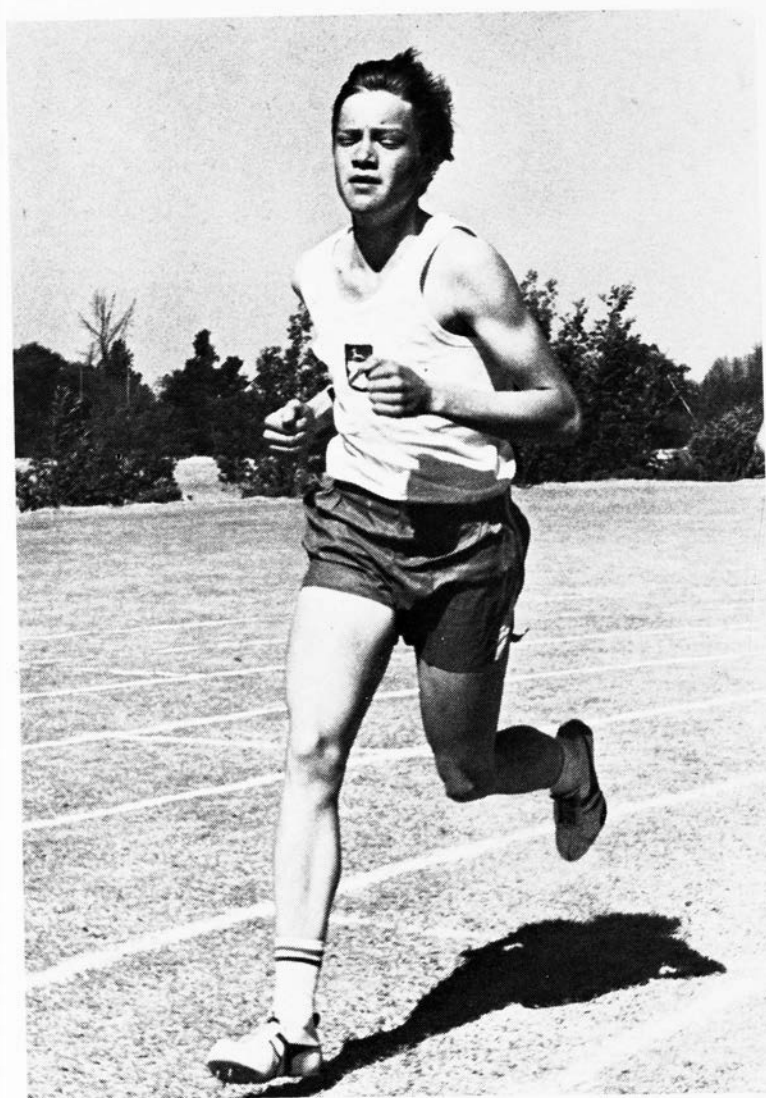
This was the first full meeting after about three weeks of cancellations. The meeting against Marist Observatory had to be cancelled due to heavy rainfall with the result that the best combination of the two schools could not be chosen. However the team tried

very hard and notable success was achieved in the following events:

- High Jump U/15: 1st M. Gill, 2nd M. Carena 1,64 m.
- 100 Metres U/15: 1st A. Reeves 12,0".
- High Jump U/13: 1st G. Drust, 2nd R. Landuyt 1,40 m.
- 70 m. Hurdles U/14: 1st M. Hildyard 11,1".
- U/15 Relay Team: 48,4".

Mark Hildyard's Time in the 70 metres Hurdles was a new record. Mark Hamilton achieved his third standard in the 1500 Open event, while Andrew Melton achieved his second standard in the 800 metre open event. Alan Reeves put in an exceptional performance to help Marist to win the U/15 relay event.

Meetings had also been arranged against Athlone and Parktown, St. John's and Jeppe Boys' High, St. Stithian's, Marist Observatory and the Inter-Catholic. Of these only two were started; and these two had to be called off, due to bad weather.



M. Hamilton

CRICKET



First XI

IN FRONT — P. Ralphs.

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): J. Morrison, V. Laliu (Vice-Captain), M. Lindsell (Captain), R. McLay, C. Zent.
 BACK ROW — J. Lawrenson, B. Stretton, P. Marneweck, C. Anderson, J. Lebos, W. Sagar.

Ist XI

A young First XI, captained by M. Lindsell, represented the College this year. Their lack of experience and confidence counted very heavily against them in matches against strong sides. The very poor weather conditions made practising very difficult as the turf nets were not available on so many occasions. The batting was very brittle resulting in very low scores. The bowling lacked penetration although P. Ralphs put up some good performances. Towards the end of the season, M. Lindsell had some excellent spells of bowling. He got a hat trick against Greenside. P. Marneweck also managed to get among the wickets in the last few matches.

A cricket scroll was awarded to M. Lindsell. Congratulations to R. Adair of the 1974 First XI who was chosen for the Transvaal Nuffield XI.

Summary of Results:

vs Highlands North Boys' High School

Highlands North	190/7 dec.	(P. Ralphs 4/37)
St. David's	33	(C. Zent 17)
Lost by 157 runs		

vs Parktown Boys' High School

Parktown	120/4 dec.	(C. Zent 2/38, P. Ralphs 2/30)
St. David's	59	(C. Anderson 11, W. Sagar 13)
Lost by 61 runs		



Robin Adair, who was selected for the Transvaal Nuffield XI, receiving the "Cricketer of the Year" Award from Mr. D. Turner.

vs Sandown High School

St. David's	60	(P. Marneweck 14, V. Laliou 17, R. McLay 10)
Sandown	74/2	(P. Ralphs 2/20) Lost by 9 wickets

vs Wanderers Nomads

Nomads	167/7 dec.	(J. Lebos 2/11)
St. David's	22 and 62/6	(M. Lindsell 10, B. Stretton 29, P. Ralphs 11) Lost by 145 runs

vs Greenside High School

Greenside	72	(M. Lindsell 7/26, P. Ralphs 2/65)
St. David's	58	(M. Lindsell 16, C. Anderson 10) Lost by 14 runs

Michael Lindsell, 1st XI Captain, in action ▶

vs Athlone Boys' High School

Athlone	204/4 dec.	(C. Zent 2/34, P. Ralphs 2/65)
St. David's	57	(P. Marneweck 12, C. Anderson 12, P. Ralphs 17) Lost by 147 runs

vs King Edward VII School

St. David's	76	(C. Anderson 25, J. Morrison 19, J. Lebos 14)
K.E.S.	80/0	Lost by 10 wickets

vs Marist Observatory

Observatory	29	(M. Lindsell 6/18, P. Marneweck 2/9).
	and 72	(M. Lindsell 5/25, P. Marneweck 5/29)
St. David's	36	(C. Anderson 11, C. Zent 11, J. Morrison 12)
	and 59	Lost by 6 runs



2nd XI

The Second Eleven had a very enjoyable and exciting season, despite the incessant rains. The latter washed out not only half our fixtures, but also numerous practices. We consoled ourselves, however, with the thought that the rain was falling equally "on the Just and the Unjust alike".

The Score Card reads as follows:

vs **Highlands North**

T. Reuss: 4 wkts for 9 runs

M. Craig: 2 wkts for 12 runs

A. Robinson: Top scorer with 21 runs

RESULT: Opponents: 76 for 8

St. David's: 43 for 9

MATCH DRAWN

vs **Parktown**

T. Reuss: 3 wkts for 14 runs

K. McGurk: 3 wkts for 33 runs

S. Cunningham: Top scorer with 11 runs

RESULT: Opponents: 103 for 8 declared

St. David's: 40 all out

MATCH LOST by 64 runs

vs **Sandown High:**

T. Reuss: 6 wkts for 36 runs

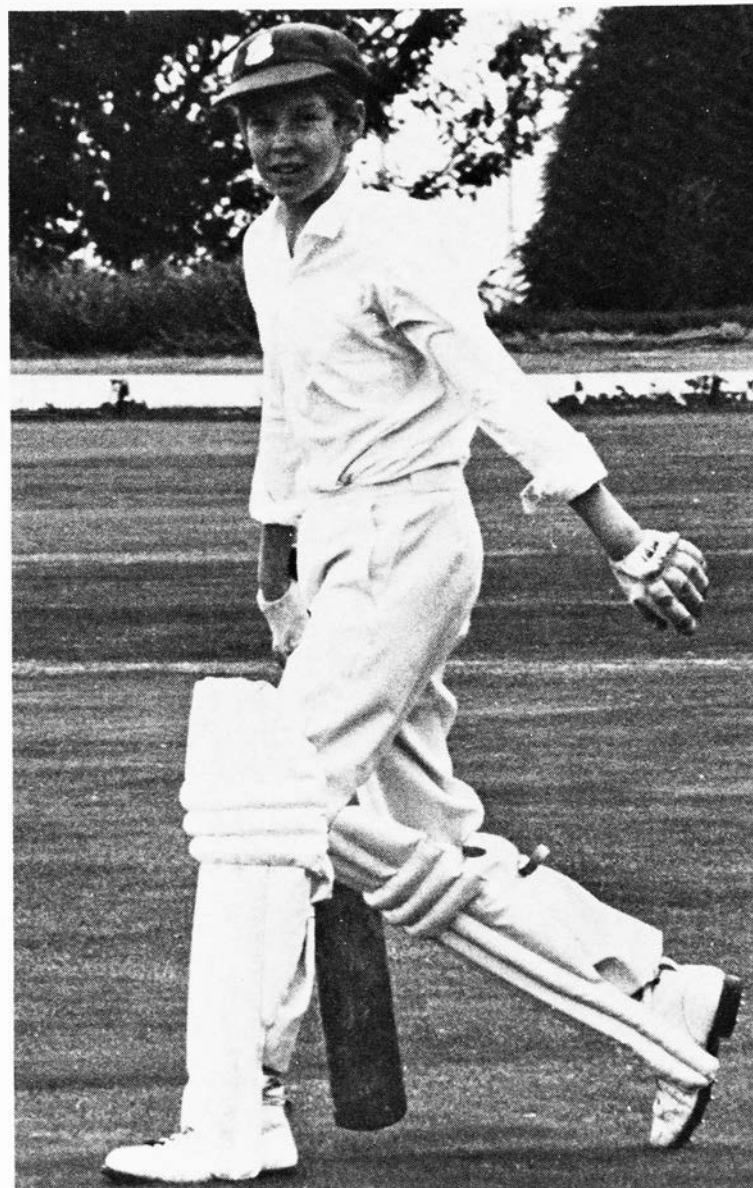
J. Morrison: 3 wkts for 5 runs

A. McCartney: Top scorer with 38 not out

RESULT: Opponents: 47 all out

St. David's: 111 all out

MATCH WON by 64 runs



vs **Northview**

C. Reynolds: Top scorer with 38 runs

T. Reuss: 21 not out

RESULT: Opponents: 112 for 5

St. David's: 111 for 9

MATCH LOST by 5 wkts

vs **Athlone**

K. McGurk: 4 wkts for 12 runs

T. Reuss: 3 wkts for 17 runs

A. Robinson: Top scorer with 33 runs

C. Reynolds: 20 runs

T. Reuss: 19 runs

RESULT: Opponents: 43 all out

St. David's: 125 for 8

MATCH WON by 82 runs

vs **King Edward VII**

T. Reuss: 2 wkts for 64 runs

F. Soll: Top scorer with 35 runs

RESULT: Opponents: 139 for 2

St. David's: 68 all out

MATCH LOST by 71 runs

vs **Observatory**

RESULT: Opponents: 34 all out

St. David's: 50 for 5

MATCH WON by 5 wkts

Of the 7 matches played, 3 were WON, 1 was DRAWN and 3 were LOST — which is not a bad record, considering the lack of practice. We are indebted to the Under 15 Team, some of whose players were available to play for us, on the several occasions when the U/15 Team had a bye.

A very big THANK YOU, too, to the Ladies of the Catering Committee. Their delicious teas and cakes were always very welcome.



Second XI

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): P. Daly, C. Reynolds (Captain), Br. Bernard, F. Soll (Vice-Captain), A. Robinson.
 BACK ROW — S. Cunningham, J. Schlimmer, S. Duley, T. Reuss, G. Taylor, M. Hamilton, M. Craig.



Under 15 XI

IN FRONT — L. Perlman.
 FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): A. Roschker, R. Quarmby, A. McCartney (Captain), C. Sloane, S. Foy, J. Kourie, R. John.
 BACK ROW — Mr. K. Lipschitz, D. Pantin, M. Gill, G. Heatlie, J. Rodrigues.

Under 15

For the record, this team remained unbeaten throughout the season. However, of the nine matches scheduled, only four were played due to a wet and wintry summer.

This age group, while not generally talented at cricket, made up for their inexperience by tremendous drive and enthusiasm. The talented players were soon promoted to 1st team (four players in all) and the rest found themselves short of good pace bowling. Despite this, Simon Foy took two wickets for 18 runs against Highlands, Andrew McCartney took one for 18 runs against Highlands, Andrew McCartney took one for 21 runs against Parktown. Two Under 15 players who were promoted to 1sts helped to defeat Northview very convincingly. Joseph Lebos and Clive Zent each took 5 wickets with Northview all out for 28 runs.

Batting was generally determined even though the wetter pitches favoured the bowlers. McCartney dominated the batting with 32 against Parktown, 29 against Highlands and 26 against K.E.S. Christopher Sloane and David Pantin did very well against good bowling as openers for the season.

The fielding of this team was like a breath of fresh air in St. David's cricket. There were many exciting saves in the in-field and three outstanding catches by Sloane, who played an excellent game as wicket-keeper.

McCartney, the captain, created good team spirit, which was in danger of being lost due to the cancellation of so many matches. He was ably assisted by Foy, whose enthusiasm for the game bolstered the whole team.

In all, this was still a satisfying season for both players and coach.

The Results were:

Won Northview by 8 wickets

Drawn Highlands North
Parktown
K.E.S.

Under 14

After a short period of experimentation, Roy Zent was appointed as captain of the team. The strength of the side lay in its bowling attack spearheaded by fast-bowler C. Edwards supported by J. Duthie-Thomas and also M. Hildyard. R. Zent was able to flight his spin deliveries cleverly, and together with C. Edwards took nearly all the wickets during the season. When M. Peel joined the team after three matches, the wicket-keeping became an attractive feature of the fielding. He was also the only batsman who could be relied on to score consistently. Some fine catches were taken during the season.

The unusually prolonged rains of the first term restricted the team to playing only six fixtures of the eleven on the list. The players will have to apply themselves to their batting particularly and also to ground fielding if they are to come up to expectations.

Other boys who played regularly in the team were P. Keegan, M. Boic, A. Durrant, R. Forster, L. Carzola, D. Smith and K. Weeks. The following boys also represented the school in this team on various occasions: M. Giraud, R. Cunningham and R. Wagner.

Results of matches played during the first term:

vs Highlands North

Highlands North	144	(C. Edwards 4/45; R. Zent 4/41)
St. David's	51/8	(M. Boic 15, J. Duthie-Thomas 17 n.o.)
Match drawn		

vs Parktown B.H.S.

St. David's	43	(C. Edwards 13)
Parktown	44/0	
Lost by 10 wickets		

vs Sandown High School

Sandown	100/3 dec.	
St. David's	50/6	(R. Zent 20)
Match drawn		

vs Greenside High School

Greenside	25	(C. Edwards 5/10, R. Zent 4/6)
St. David's	26/2	(M. Peel 17 n.o.)
Won by 8 wickets		

vs King Edward VII School

K.E.S.	95/9 dec.	(R. Zent 5/26, A. Durrant 3/17)
St. David's	45	(M. Peel 19)
Lost by 50 runs		

vs Marist Observatory

Observatory	90/5 dec.	(J. Duthie-Thomas 2/12, R. Zent 2/27)
St. David's	73	(M. Peel 33, C. Edwards 18)
Lost by 17 runs		

Under 13

Although the U/13 team did not perform so well this season, the team showed great sportsmanship. The captains M. Peel and P. Krog showed great leadership. I am sure the results will improve next season.

The results are as follows:

18 January Against C.B.C. Pretoria:

Match cancelled.

25 January Against St. John's:

Match cancelled.

29 January Against St. Stithian's:

Match cancelled.

1 February Against Highlands North:

Highlands: 71 for 2 declared.

St. David's: 46 all out. Highlands won.

Peel scored 30.



Under 14 XI

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): R. Wagner, D. Smith, R. Zent (Captain), M. Peel, R. Forster, M. Giraud, M. Boic.
 BACK ROW — L. Carzola, A. Durrant, J. Duthie-Thomas, Br. Mario, C. Edwards, M. Hildyard, P. Keegan.



Under 13 XI

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): R. Heaney, M. John, K. Kelly.
 FRONT ROW — K. Cunningham, R. Landuyt, G. Drust (Captain), A. Prudence, L. De Gouveia, J. Slaven, T. Monahan.
 BACK ROW — B. Gordon, G. Bertoli, Mr. P. Saunders, D. Beuthin, N. Walton.

With compliments from **Kevin Bates Flooring (Pty) Ltd.**
"Always at your Service" "Greatermans"

5 February Against Parktown:
St. David's: 70 for 9 declared.
Parktown: 41 for 5. Match drawn.
Peel scored 38.

8 February Against Sandown:
Sandown: 105 for 3 declared.
St. David's 46 all out. Sandown won.

12 February Against Northview:
St. David's: 40 all out.
Northview: 41 for 5. Northview won.

19 February Against Greenside:
Match cancelled.

22 February Against Athlone:
Match cancelled.

26 February Against K.E.S.:
St. David's: 22 all out.
K.E.S. 38 for 3. K.E.S. won.

1 March Against Observatory:
St. David's: 85 all out.
Observatory: 20 all out. St. David's won.

Tennis

With the introduction of professional coaching at the College, the interest in tennis has increased to a large extent during the course of the year. Consequently, the College now has four teams competing in the Inter-School League. However, tennis got off to a very shaky start in the First Term, with the result that the teams did not fare well at all. The First Team, comprising V. Laliu (Captain) T. Dalais, A. McCartney, G. Taylor, J. Kourie, A. Rowlinson and M. Roschker, was relegated down from First League into Second League. However, the First Team now stands a good chance of promotion back into First League. Likewise, the Second & Third teams did not have a successful season in the First Term. A Fourth team has now been entered into the League to give the younger boys a chance to experience competitive tennis.

School Championships:

The finals of the Annual School Championships were held on 20 September, and the results are as follows:

Singles:

Open: Winner — V. Laliu. Runner-up — T. Dalais

Under 16: Winner — J. Kourie. Runner-up — A. Rowlinson

Under 14: Winner — M. Peel. Runner-up: — B. Walters

Doubles:

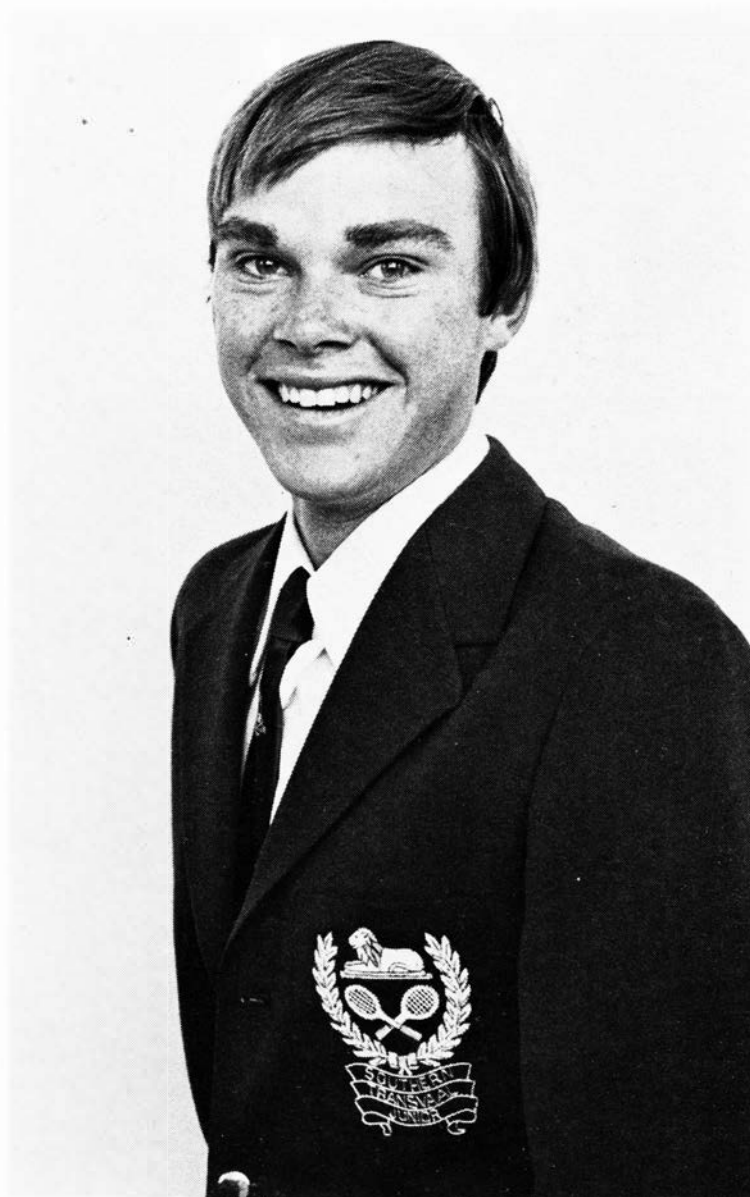
Open: Winners — V. Laliu and T. Dalais. Runners-up: M. Otto and M. Mancini

Under 16: Winners — A. McCartney and G. Taylor. Runners-up: A. Rowlinson and J. Kourie

Under 14: Winners — M. Peel and R. Zent. Runners-up: — G. Christie-Taylor and P. Ralphs

An encouraging aspect of the championships was the keen interest shown by the boys; this was clearly evident from the large number of entrants.

The boys would like to extend their thanks to Br. Ezechiel and Miss S. Sanderson for all their help throughout the year, and to Mrs. E. Laliu for providing refreshments at all home matches.



Victor Laliu, selected to represent Southern Transvaal under 18 Tennis Team.



First Tennis Team

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *A. Roschker, V. Laliou (Captain), T. Dalais, J. Kourie.*
 BACK ROW — *A. Rowlinson, G. Taylor, A. McCartney.*



Second Team Tennis

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *N. Jacobs, R. Berti, J. Kindt.*
 BACK ROW — *N. Morgan, B. Ross, G. Heatlie.*



St. David's Riding Team —

N. David, B. Merks (Captain), C. Burn, S. Marlow

Horse Riding

1975 has been a very full and, I think, most successful year for the Riding Club. We have a membership of approximately sixty boys and girls, all of whom seem to enjoy their riding immensely.

There have been a number of very enjoyable functions at Riverbend and it was most gratifying to see the excellent turn-out of both parents and children. The enthusiasm of the spectators at the gymkhanas was both infectious and delightful. I hope that we can always retain this friendly atmosphere.

Klaus Degener and the Riding Club Committee are to be congratulated on organising what I can safely say was St. David's biggest and most successful Show to date. We received a record number of entries and in order to accommodate all the riders had to run two arenas concurrently. The event for African grooms, the first of its kind to be held in this country, was the highlight of two exciting days. The St. David's Show has certainly become a major event on the Show Jumping calendar.

The Team to compete at Hickstead left for England on August 13th. Once again they were met by the Reverend Canon Booth and taken to Shoreham Grammar School, where they remained for the duration of their stay. We are extremely indebted to Canon Booth and his wife for their magnificent generosity and for their continued interest in our Club. Without the kind invitation of Canon Booth, it would not be possible to send the Team to England. We are also most fortunate that Major Nigel Budal, who goes to an enormous amount of trouble, manages to find suitable mounts for the boys. This is indeed the most difficult part of the exercise.

After weeks of glorious weather the day of the Championship dawned wet and muddy. The boys competed on relatively strange horses in conditions which were completely foreign to them. In the preliminary round with 58 senior schools competing:

Charles Burn — clear round
Brian Merks — clear round
Neal David — four faults

Only seven schools were allowed to go forward to the main arena and, as there were four others each with four faults, the St. David's Team had to compete in a nail-biting jump-off, once again in pouring rain and this time against the clock:

Charles Burn — clear round
Brian Merks — four faults*
Neal David — clear round

And so, in the fastest time, we went forward to compete on the famous Hickstead Derby Arena, one of the final seven schools.

Unfortunately, the strain of competition for both horses and riders took its toll and we ended up being placed seventh in a great competition. Congratulations to the boys and to Klaus, who was highly delighted with his pupils' performance.

Canon Booth has again extended an invitation to the St. David's Team for next year. As it will be his final year before retirement, I feel that we must make an all-out effort to raise funds to assist in sending a Team. Please give us your support.

Finally, the Riding Club has received a very nice letter from former member Clifford Posner, who is at the moment doing his military training at the Equitation School in Potchefstroom. He attributes his acceptance into this section entirely to a letter of recommendation from Mrs. Virginia Hawkins, our former Chairman. If any of you boys are interested in riding or doing your service in the Cavalry — join the Riding Club.

Lorraine David

Golf Club

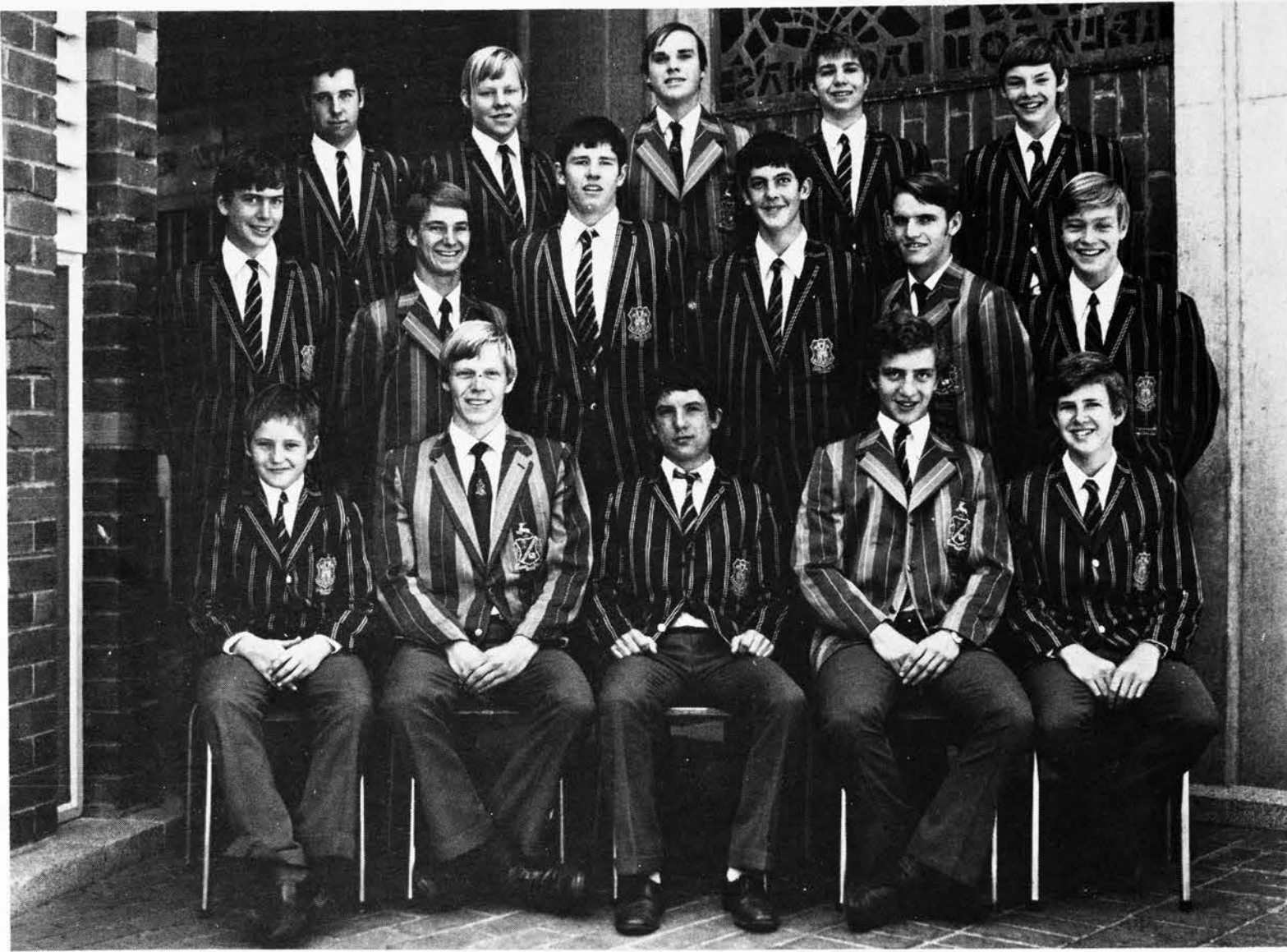
The Golf Section was fortunate enough to receive the courtesy of Houghton Golf Course on Wednesday afternoons at the end of the first term. However, due to the importance attached to Rugby during the second term, the Golf Section only functioned in the third term of this year.

We had an enthusiastic response, with members whose handicaps ranged from 7 to 24.

The annual Golf Championship was held during the third term at Houghton Golf Club. This was won by A. Robinson, who played with great skill and enthusiasm to score 81 gross. M. Black was runner-up. The prizes for the best nett score was won by M. Hamilton with a score of 73.

The golf knock-out is still in the process of being played: the four players to reach the semi-finals being A. Robinson, M. Black, M. Hamilton and M. Walford.





Golf Club

FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): M. Drysdale, C. Reynolds, M. Black, M. Walford, C. Hawkins.
 MIDDLE ROW — T. Gurr, A. Dugas, K. Schilperoort, M. Gill, M. Lindsell, M. Hamilton.
 BACK ROW — C. Richardson, A. Robinson, V. Lalien, J. Swinger, C. Hinton.



JUNIOR SCHOOL



St. Joseph's Guild

FRONT ROW—(LEFT TO RIGHT): G. McLoughlin, G. del Giudici, E. Landuyt, J. Maroun, G. Cathrall, Mrs. F. Knezovich, D. De Gouveia, R. Bertie, B. Forssman, F. Rebel, C. Robinson.

MIDDLE ROW — G. Slaven, A. Wright, N. Withey, A. de Decker, M. Nicholas, H. Mirabail, B. Alcock, B. Muller, E. Maraschin, M. Risi.

BACK ROW — R. Hartmann, A. Nagel, P. Berridge, A. de Chaud, M. Rugani, A. Cooper, M. Stretton, J. van Crombrugge, N. Sloane.

St. Joseph's Guild

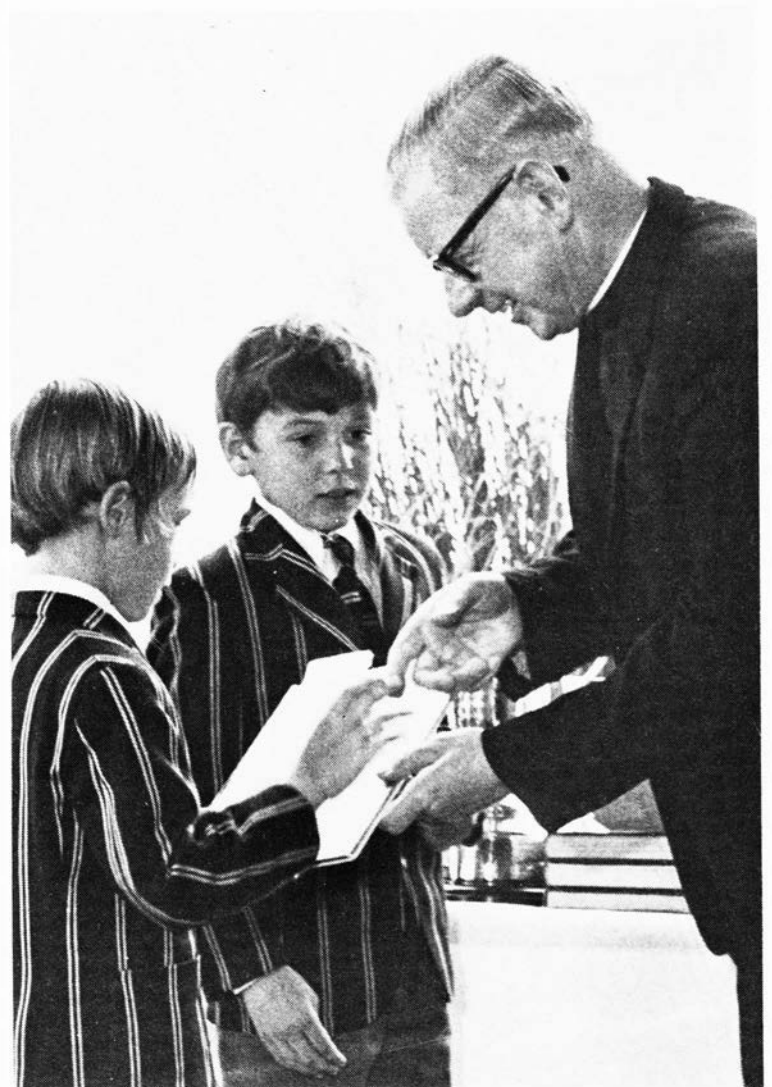
The Guild of St. Joseph was again very active in the Junior School last year. During the year the members did much in the way of collecting monies, foodstuffs and clothing for Charity.

As a result of their efforts, the Junior School contributed a substantial cheque, as well as several boxes of foodstuffs and clothing to Rev. Bro. Paul, for distribution among the needy African Blind.

In addition, it was possible to purchase several items of baby toys and boxes of sweets, which were sent to the children of Orlando Township.

The aged were not forgotten. Six hampers, containing tinned food and powdered milk were made up and handed to lonely pensioners, to bring some Christmas cheer into their lives.

While thanking all the boys and teachers who helped with these collections, a sincere note of appreciation and gratitude goes out to all parents, for their generosity and co-operation throughout the year.





Monitors

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *M. Nicholas, A. Perlman, A. Whitty, Mr. G. Manolios, B. Alcock, E. Maraschin, G. Mason.*
 BACK ROW — *K. MacKinnin, G. Daras, M. Stretton, G. Slaven.*



Sons of St. David's Old Boys

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *N. Desilla, G. Muller, S. Martinengo, P. Cernich.*
 FRONT ROW — *G. Tonetti, C. Woodward, M. Cernich, Mr. G. Manolios, T. Woodward, M. Gheri, P. Woodward.*
 BACK ROW — *G. Muller, M. Risi, B. Muller, M. Rugani, R. Hartmann, S. Gheri, W. Greenstone.*

Prize Giving

Catholic Doctrine

Grade I	Christopher Murfin
Grade II	Aidan Schoonbee
Standard I	Sheldon Quarmby
Standard II	Marc Aguirre
Standard III	Blaise Aguirre
Standard IV	Bobby Forssman
Standard V	Rainer Lachermeier

Scripture

Grade I	David Milburn-Pyle
Grade II	Roy Ingle
Standard I	Marc Shanahan
Standard II	Ashley Senior
Standard III	Philip Parry
Standard IV	Glen Mason
Standard V	Nigel Askey

Class Prizes

Grade I (B)	1. Jason Goodall 2. Christopher Murfin 3. David Milburn-Pyle
Grade I (S)	1. Jeremy Murfin 2. Craig Quarmby 3. John McKenna
Grade II	1. Matthew Slaven 2. Gregory McLeroth 3. James Graham
Standard I	1. Sheldon Quarmby 2. Jurgen Scheel 3. David Wood
Standard II	1. George Meligonis 2. Gary Beuthin 3. Graham Muller
Standard III	1. Diederik van t' Hof 2. Blaise Aguirre 3. Michael Shirran
Standard IV	1. Glen Mason 2. Anthony Nagel 3. George Daras
Standard V	1. Rainer Lachermeier 2. John Slaven 3. Guy Pansegrouw

Good Progress Prizes

Grade I	Richard Eccles & Nickey Robertson
Grade II	Richard Gordon
Standard I	Jean Francois Dupre
Standard II	Yoichiro Sugimura
Standard III	Phillippe Dupre
Standard IV	Don De Gouveia
Standard V	Roger Landuyt

Sandton Mayoral Trophy

Craig Edwards

Costa John Memorial Trophy

Rainer Lachermeier



HISTORY TOUR TO NATAL

Standards 5 and 5A

Monday 29 September

We left at 7.30 a.m. for Fort Mistake and after an enforced stay of 4 hours at Standerton, where our bus broke down, we arrived at Fort Mistake.

Tuesday 30 September

After breakfast, we left for Blaauwkrantz where the Voortrekkers were massacred by the Zulus. Here we saw the site of the massacre and the grave of Gerrit Maritz. From Blaauwkrantz, we went to Blood River where are sited 64 bronze waggons in a laager formation. The waggons are the original shape and size of the Voortrekker waggons on the day of the battle. Here Mr. Manolios led us around the laager describing the battle to us.

Wednesday 1 October

The tour then took us to Isandhlwana where most of Major Chelmsford's army was massacred by the Zulu army. Twenty to twenty-five thousand Zulu took part in this battle. The survivors of the British army fled along Fugitives Drift to Rorke's Drift, 10 miles to the west. At Rorke's Drift we had a picnic lunch after seeing the monuments there. We saw the site of the hospital and the sandbag and biscuit-tin wall. We then spent a very interesting afternoon visiting an African school.

Thursday 2 October

This was the last day of the tour and in the morning we climbed Amajuba where the Boers attacked the British who had occupied the summit of the hill. This battle took place during the First Boer War. There are a few monuments on the summit and a white cross marking the spot where the British commander, General Sir Pomeroy Colley, fell. We had great fun climbing this hill. After another picnic lunch, we left for home.

The standard 5 classes would like to thank Mr. Manolios and Miss Joseph for making the trip such an enjoyable one.



Standard 5

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *A. de Decker, B. Forssman, E. Landuyt, Mrs. F. Knezovich, D. De Gouveia, F. Rebel, G. McLaughlin.*
 MIDDLE ROW — *C. Rapp, G. Slaven, E. Maraschin, B. Muller, N. Withey, G. Mason, G. del Giudice, K. MacKimon.*
 BACK ROW — *H. Mirabail, A. Nagel, G. Perlman, A. Cooper, M. Rugani, J. Asbury, G. Daras, P. Berridge, N. Sloane.*



Standard 5 A

IN FRONT — *A. Whitty.*
 FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *J. Maroun, J. Collier, K. Oertel, Mrs. D. Buchan, G. Cathrall, R. Bertie, C. Robinson.*
 MIDDLE ROW — *R. Herber, A. Wright, A. Perlman, D. Joubert, B. Andrews, R. Hartmann.*
 BACK ROW — *B. Alcock, J. van Crombrugge, A. de Chaud, A. Wolluter, N. Carpenter-Frank, M. Stretton, M. Nicholas.*



Standard 4

IN FRONT — *M. Heaney.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *M. Shirran, S. Dickson, S. Turner, Mrs. C. Walsh, T. Woodward, B. McDonald, A. Goodall.*

MIDDLE ROW — *P. Pritchard, D. van t'Hof, P. Parry, B. Moyle, D. Bagnall, R. Beuthin, B. Aguirre, M. de Decker.*

BACK ROW — *M. McAnallen, P. Schulz, M. Goldberg, G. Fox-Smith, H. Marchant.*



Standard 4 A

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *W. Alcock, B. D'Aboville, S. Cairns, Mrs. E. Addison, W. Greenstone, J. Bryan, J. Fairley.*

MIDDLE ROW — *M. Squirrel, W. Scott, B. Barclay, F. Cagnat, J. Kourie, S. Quarmby.*

BACK ROW — *R. Rebel, C. Luyckx, J. Robertson, N. White, M. Weiss.*



Standard 3

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *R. Robinson, G. Meligonis, A. Usher, Miss H. Joseph, Y. Sugimura, M. Aguirre, A. Bell.*
 MIDDLE ROW — *M. Rosewitz, B. MacNaughton, M. Melamed, P. Grobler, F. Biatrix, N. Zent, P. Marneweck, G. Muller.*
 BACK ROW — *R. Rensen, A. Senior, P. Nicholas, R. Reck, T. van den Handel, G. Beuthin, J. Holm.*



Standard 3A

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *L. Lavelle, H. van der Merwe, R. Carey, Miss R. Leyden, M. Levine, M. Olsen, C. Tame.*
 MIDDLE ROW — *A. Webb, J. Alexander, P. Clare, J. McCarthy, B. Mayer, E. Oertel.*
 BACK ROW — *K. Magill, P. van Crombrugge, D. Crowley, W. Simleit, J. Jaquet, J. Pritchard, S. Gherzi.*



Standard 2

IN FRONT — *R. Perlman.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *J. Schoemaker, D. Wood, J. Whitty, M. Hayes, Mrs. D. Napier, J. Wagner, D. Senior, R. Hickey, M. Robertson.*

MIDDLE ROW — *K. Ford, J. Hrusa, F. Genovese, K. Nyirenda, J. Scheel, E. D'Aboville, M. Oppler, M. Attieh, J. Askew, P. Bartos.*

BACK ROW — *A. Forssman, J. Dupre, G. Graham, D. Grubb, M. Reeves, K. Grotz, M. Shanahan, S. Quarmby, A. Hefer.*



Standard 2 A

IN FRONT — *C. Donovan.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *S. Romeo, C. Marosek, D. Wilkinson, Mrs. G. Anderson, P. Woodward, M. Lazarus, J. Paterson.*

MIDDLE ROW — *A. Fox-Smith, J. Clegg, C. Sandiford, G. McCormac, M. Belluigi, P. Rebel, J. Williams, B. Prodocimi, J. Divoux, A. Maraschin.*

BACK ROW — *D. Webb, M. Volkwyn, J. Romeo, C. Brindle, N. Reck, S. West, T. Romeo, P. Donald, W. Bell.*



Standard 1

IN FRONT — J. Counter.

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): J. de Saint Clair, C. Woodward, J. Marlow, Mrs. D. Clark, I. MacNaughton, N. Efthimiou, R. Gordon.

MIDDLE ROW — R. Watson, R. Carr, G. McLeroth, R. Ingle, C. Keetch, J. Graham, S. Goebbels, P. Harrison.

BACK ROW — B. Cannon, A. de Paiva, N. de Sousa Costa, I. Aguirre, A. Schoonbee, M. Gullan, L. Goldberg, D. Rekemeyer, M. Slaven.



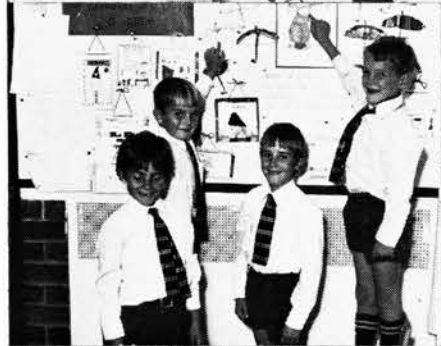
Grade 2 'S'

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): A. McInnes, N. Robertson, J. Livshitz.

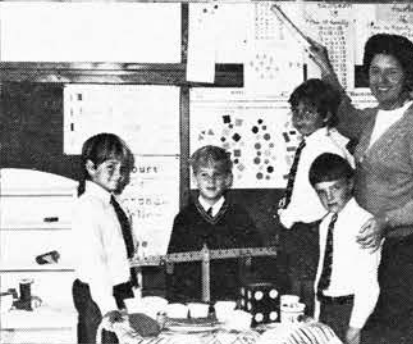
FRONT ROW — J. Murfin, E. Parisot, Mrs. W. Schaafsma, J. McKenna, I. Brown.

MIDDLE ROW — M. Karakashian, S. Marosek, D. Marais, S. Kirkpatrick, M. Segal, S. Khoury.

BACK ROW — K. Turner, C. Quaraby, W. Dredge, P. Brown, R. Hartmann, K. Schaafsma, J. Shanahan.



Mini 1975
MARISTS





Grade 2 'W'

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): C. David, S. Murabito, Mrs. R. Walton, M. Rynkiewicz, K. Moran.
 MIDDLE ROW — S. James, J. Mullins, D. Milburn-Pyle, C. Murfin, D. Prosdocimi, G. de Decker, J. Goodall, T. Romano.
 BACK ROW — R. Scott, S. Martinengo, A. Gollub, R. Eccles, B. Dykes, M. Combrink.



Grade 1 'H'

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): N. Ross, R. Jenkins, S. Clegg, Mrs. C. Hildyard, M. Murray, L. Mauger, P. Grubb.
 MIDDLE ROW — T. Browne, P. Varchmin, G. Tonetti, M. Reck, H. Raubenheimer, C. Bester, G. Field, B. Buchanan.
 BACK ROW — C. Kraft, P. Efihimiou, M. West, Z. Nyirenda, J. Goebbels, A. Nel, K. Ford.



Grade 1 (B)

IN FRONT — *J. Weir-Smith.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *J. Joubert, P. Ceprnich, Miss M. Busschau, N. Desilla, D. McDonald.*

MIDDLE ROW — *G. Grotz, A. Taylor, A. van Baalen, D. Hefer, R. Ralph, J. Broderick.*

BACK ROW — *M. Gheri, G. Ritchie, R. Alcock, M. Ford, L. Marais.*



Pre-primary Class

IN FRONT — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *S. Donovan, K. Clifford, B. Kirkpatrick.*

FRONT ROW — *C. Williams, A. Ferreira, K. Haywood, Miss C. Jamieson, M. Luyckx, C. Bartos, D. Loo.*

MIDDLE ROW — *J. Wall, B. de Decker, P. Ronbeck, M. Campbell-Pitt, J. Carr, A. Bergstrom.*

BACK ROW — *J. Andreka, S. Gullan, B. Forssman, J. van den Handel, V. Khoury, A. McQuillan, G. Muller.*



OUR
 MICRO-mini
 MARISTS !!!

1 1 7 9 7
 9 4 7 5
 7 5
 5



LITERARY AND ART CONTRIBUTIONS

A WORLD OF MY OWN

J. Robertson. Std. 4A

I am a fish that swims all day
in my crystal-clear sea
Silent, softly, oh so brightly
Clean and beautiful, even at night.

So to all fishermen
See the beauty of the sea
Save us from rods and hooks
But save us for all picture books.

And all the oil all around
We implore you to look after our sea
You are running our crystal clear deep blue sea
So save us, let us be.

THE DOLPHIN

S. Turner. Std. 4

In the water swims the dolphin
With glistening grey skin
His only wish is to eat fish
And splash his tail with a mighty swish
He likes to play and swim all day
And swims around the island bay
His little eyes so small and round
all round.

THE FISH

D. Bagnall. Std. 4

A silvery object surfaces on the glistening sea
It is a fish that feels free as he swims through the sea
Suddenly a fisherman in his boat appears
The fish knows that danger is very near
He swims away in the heat of the day.



THE ROSE

M. Shirran. Std. 4

The rose stood swaying in the breeze
amongst the tall pine trees
A beetle climbed up the stalk
Only to be impaled on it.

The rose's pink petals
like very soft metals
Slowly close up
For the night in a small cup.



A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

P. Parry. Std. 4

Monday: Will the water in the swimming pool at school be cold?

Tuesday: I must practise hard to get into the cricket team.

Wednesday: We are going to win our cricket match.

Thursday: What are we going to do in Art?

Friday: Is there going to be singing today?

Saturday: What work will I have to do for my dad?

Sunday: What am I going to do on Monday?

MR. BLACK AND BLUE

D. van t' Hof. Std. 4

My dear Mr. Black and Blue
What has happened to you?
I see that you walked under
an old archway and sneezed,
But the brick was too quick
to be siezed.
Don't do it again
How's your leg?
I heard you got kicked by a horse
You were full of remorse
Let me bandage it up
It's dangerous to walk behind a horse.

ON GUARD

S. Cairns. Std. 4A

The night is settling in
The sky is blackening to the east
The crackling camp fire
The croak of the frog at the lake
My ears alert for any noise or quack
I look round for hours
While the endless night goes.

GUARD DUTY

J. Bryan. Std. 4A

In the dark night, on the hot border,
there I stand, waiting, waiting,
for someone to come out and fight,
I wonder why they don't:
It's only half past twelve,
another boring hour wait
what's that light?
Could be torches moving in the trees.
I better wake the rest up
Get up its time to fight.
We fought for ten minutes
There were guns firing and people dying.
Well at least we won.
Now its time for me to sleep
and let others do the guarding.



ON GUARD

A. Goodall. Std. 4

Down, dark in the deep trench of soil
The fire burning brightly; laying on the soil
All to hear was the yelping, howling Jackal
Howling for its food in a very bad mood.
On the border, lonely and quiet;
Squatting on the soil in the lonely quiet night.

I love to listen to nothing in the dark,
The only light is the wood bark.
The wind blowing, grass swaying;
That is the only thing to be heard
Sleepy and stiff, weary and silly,
Feeling like an old Billy goat.

No torch, no cigarettes, no companion, nothing.
Scary in the dark, guarding the heavy wooden railway
bridge.
Its made of old oak bark, the stem, the iron.
Lots of things have to make a bridge
to hold the old old train.

1. Name of pupil: George Daras
Name of book "From the mixed-up files of Mrs. B. E. Frankweiler."
Author E. L. Konigsburg
Did you enjoy the book. No.
Give reasons for your answer.
 1. It held my attention all the way.
 2. When I finished I realised it was a bit too far-fetched.
 3. It took the author a bit of time to think up something different from the usual junk.
 4. I did not enjoy it.
2. Name of pupil: M. Melamed
Name of book "Sounder"
Author W. H. Armstrong.
Did you enjoy the book. Yes.
Give reasons for your answer.
It was a very good book because I have seen the film.
3. Name of pupil: A. Usher.
Name of book "Tupi's papa"
Author E. B. de Terevino
Did you enjoy the book. No.
Give reasons for your answer.
This is a gipsy story. I did not like it because it was old-fashioned and suitable for a girl. I found the foreign names difficult. It was rather a boring story, suitable for reading aloud to younger children.
4. Name of pupil: Michael Heaney
Name of Book "Over the top"
Author Ivan Southall
Did you enjoy the book. Yes.
Give reasons for your answer.
I liked the book because it was thrilling, scary, exciting and funny. One of the best parts was when Perry left his cart and his father tripped over it in the middle of the night while going to the car as Perry's mother was going to have a baby. I think Perry was a very brave and funny person. I envy him very much.
5. Name of pupil: K. Mackinnon
Name of book "The house of Sixty Fathers"
Author Meindert De Jong
Did you enjoy the book. Yes.
Give reasons for your answer.
I think it is a good book as it is a true story in which bravery and endurance stand supreme. Little Tien Pao goes through war at full force. He walks hundreds of miles, climbing and descending dragging a pig behind him the whole way. He is helped by guerillas only to have another mishap. Only someone brave could go through all these things and still come out on top. Meindert De Jong I think is an excellent writer. This book, I think, is suitable for Standard 4 and 5.



6. Name of pupil: A. Usher.
 Title of book "Riley".
 Author J. Vockings.
 Did you enjoy the book. Yes.
 Give reasons for your answer.
 This book was so exciting that I could not leave it alone. I finished the book in two nights. It was about Christopher Riley and Mark Ramond, boys aged fourteen who ran away from home. This story tells about their adventure and it has a happy ending. I thought the illustrations were good especially of cars.
7. Name of pupil: P. Grobler.
 Title of book "Riley"
 Author J. Vockings.
 Did you enjoy the book. No.
 Give reasons for your answer.
 The author should know better than to write stories like this and let children read them.

GLOG THE ELF
David Webb. Std. 2A

Glog was an elf. He lived in an oak tree. He had many friends. Now this is the adventure he had when he got mixed up with a nasty witch called Witchy - Pong-Poo.

Glog woke up one morning and went to Tot's house. (Tot was an elf too). He rang the bell and out came Tot trembling with fear. "What is the matter?" asked Glog. Tot answered, "Everyone of our friends has been captured and the wood cutters are dead so they can't help us. We are the only ones left!" "We must rescue them," said Glog.

They went to Witchy-Pong-Poo's cave and there were their friends tied up. Sitting at the table was the witch eating a banana. Glog and Tot crept forward and untied their friends. At the table the witch had finished the banana and threw the skin on the floor. Then she saw Glog, she ran at him, slipped on the banana skin and fell off the cliff and was never seen again.

MR. TURTLE
Marc Aguirre. Std. 3

Let me tell you about a turtle I know,
 Some call him Henry but his name is Joe.
 He crawls around my house in slow short strides,
 My baby brother goes for piggy-back rides.

One day I want to take old Joe to school,
 He won't learn anything but he's no fool.
 He'll just start moving toward the boys with bags —
 He'll eat your bread your fruit and then your
 laundry tags.

BIRTH
K. Schoemaker. Std. 2

It was a lovely spring day. The birds were singing and the trees were in blossom and there in the thicket lay a tiny new-born deer. He was all fluffy. He had two tiny blue eyes and a little snub nose. Soon the news spread all over the forest. In a flash, all the animals came. Then one bird asked, "What is his name? I'll call him Beaut." Soon Beaut made a lot of friends. His best friend was the blue bird who lived in a tree hollow. Everyone called it "The Horned Oak Tree" because it had a branch that looked like a horn. One day hunters came to the forest to look for deer, and when they saw Beaut they shot him, and his friend the blue bird was very sad.

A SAILFISH FOR ME
Neil Whithey. Std. 5

One morning as we were launching our Ski-boat, called "Marlin", I had a feeling it would be my lucky day. Then it occurred to me, how could anything be lucky, as we had had such an unlucky holiday in Mocambique this year. Our boat had over-turned in the Surf on our first day out, and then another day we had to be towed in, because both motors had failed out at sea.

But later in the morning as we were trawling with feathers up to the next day I caught three yellow fin tunny. These fish are very heavy in relation to their size. Then as we were going back we hit a shoal of fish. Our boat-boy caught one small Barracuda. When we arrived back just off Tofo Point (where our cottage is situated) we tried a little drifting. There was a sudden splash. We all turned round and saw behind the boat a beautiful Sailfish. This was the one waiting for me I was sure! The vision of the Sailfish tail-walking is an incredible sight, it will be printed on my mind for the rest of my life.



I was putting out my line to which was attached a rotten smelly piece of bait. I hadn't let out more than 10 metres of line when I felt a bump, so I slowly let my line out more, and the fish took my bait properly. The Sailfish came dancing out of the water quite close to the boat, it was a beautiful sleek lady with a magnificent mauve sail. It jumped probably about 20 times around the boat, so I gradually brought it nearer and nearer truly enjoying my fisherman's fight. When eventually I had it right by the boat, my father gaffed it and helped me lift it on board the boat.

On beaching the boat there was great excitement, everyone came to see my fish and pat me on the back. Then with ceremony the fish was hung on the Scaffold (provided for such occasions), weighed and photographed. The actual weight was 79 lbs. (we didn't have a metric scale with us).

So it turned out to be my lucky day after all. I decided to give the Sailfish to the local boat-boys and house-boys for their dinner (it probably fed 50 that night), and I took a small piece for myself and had it fried for my supper.

THE COTTAGE NEAR THE SEA

Philip Berridge. Std. 5

One fine summer's evening when the tide was in, my friend and I decided to go for a refreshing stroll along the beach. As we walked along we gazed at the twinkling, bright stars. It was a full moon and it looked just like a sleeping baby's face.

I could hear the clear sound of the breaking waves and whisper of the wind on the sea's face. Even the sand felt crisp like lettuce as it crunched against our bare feet. Then all of a sudden as from nowhere a small, beautiful cottage came in sight. Its beautiful thatched roof was gleaming in the moonlight.

We tiptoed over to it like silent ghosts. When we got to the door, all was silent. We knocked with the shiny, copper knocker. No one answered, so we pushed the door open very silently. It creaked and slammed behind us and we jumped with fear. We tiptoed into the richly furnished sitting room. There was a bookshelf with books going back to eighteen-seventy-six.

My friend took one off the shelf and started to read it, when I heard something running across the floor behind me. I turned around swiftly and all I saw was a dirty, grey rat peeping out of the rat hole. Just then I heard another noise behind me and I looked to see what it was. To my surprise, I saw a man sitting in a chair, sleeping. It was his snores that made me turn around. My friend put the book back and stood frozen stiff. We both scuttled out of the house then ran all the way back to the hotel. We hurriedly put on our pyjamas and went to sleep.

My friend and I never went near that cottage again.

THE CHAMELEON

George Meligonis. Std. 3

Hello Miss Chameleon,
With your colours bright and gay
How are you on this bright and sunny day?
How colourful you look sitting on the hay
Are you waiting to attack some sort of prey?
Or just resting after a busy day?



PROJECT ON THE FROG

Jean Francois Dupre. Std. 2 (Came to South Africa from France in September 1973)

A frog is an animal that can live in and out of water. The female lays eggs in spring. The eggs are covered in jelly. From the egg a tadpole hatches. The tadpole has a big head and a long tail. After two back legs grow, after front legs grow.

There are many kinds of frog; the giant frog is forty centimetres long. Every frog jumps well. They can swim well too. Frogs sleep throughout the winter like fishes. They don't eat and drink in winter. Frogs have long sticky tongues. Frogs have big mouth and big throat. The frog used its throat for croaking.

Frogs have round eyes. When frogs are standing they look a sitting monkey. Their back legs are longer than their front legs like man.

SNOW

Jason Askew Std. 2

It is snowing heavily. I am a carthorse. I was left outside. I was tied to a pole. The only person that was about was the baker. He was walking home with a loaf of bread. The moon had just come out as the baker got home. A blizzard had just blown up. I was shivering. A big blob of snow fell on my back. I now knew the storm had stopped. It was morning. I heard music coming out of the houses. It was Christmas!

THE SNAKE

Richard Reck. Std. 3

Slithering, sliding and twisting there it goes
Its yellow, beady eyes darting to and fro.

Its red tongue flits in and out
when he saw his enemy catching trout.

He slowly, silently, slithered forward
while the little boy faced northward.

By using his spit, he killed the boy
but then he found it was a modelling toy.

MR. TORTOISE

Paul Marneweck and John Holm. Std. 3

Mr. Tortoise you are witty and you are wise,
How brilliant are the colours on your shell
How colourful are your eyes
You walk so slowly why is that?
Is it because of your shell or is it because you are so fat?



'N SPOOKSTORIE

Michael Shirran Std. 4

Een donker aand het ek na 'n vriend se huis gestap. Toe ek by die huis kom, het dit anders gelyk, maar ek het by die hek ingegaan. Ek het aan die deur geklop, maar niemand het dit beantwoord nie.

Ek het die deur oopgestoot en dit het baie gekraak. Ek het rondgekyk en stadig na die trap geloop.

Skielik het 'n deur toegeslaan en iemand het hard geskree. Ek het omgedraai en so vinnig soos ek kon weggehardloop.

Toe hoor ek my ma se stem. "Droom jy boetie?"

WEET JY?

H. Marchant Std. 4

Weet jy? 'n Seun het na my gekom en gesê: „Is jy 'n meisie?"

En weet jy 'n meisie het my oor die telefoon gevra: „Is jy 'n dier?"

Ek het geskree: „Nee ek is 'n seun!"

Weet jy? 'n Man het na my gekom en gesê: „Is jy 'n Skot?"

En weet jy 'n vrou het na my gekom en gevra: „Is jy Engels?"

Ek het geskree: „Nee, ek is 'n Walliser van Wallis."

'N STUKKIE LAND

Philip Parry Std.4

Eendag het 'n boom gesterf en dit het die grond verryk. Toe het 'n ou boer daar gekom en die grond bewerk. Mooi blomme het hier gegroei. Hy het die blomme by die mark verkoop. Die ou boer het so ryk soos die grond geword.

DIE MELROSE VOELPARK

R. Beuthin Std. 4

Die Melrose Voëlpark is omtrent 'n honderd en veertig akker groot. Daar is omtrent 75 soorte voëls in die park. Verder is daar 'n groot pan vol karp.

Vroeg in die more is daar tarentale en wilde-eende op 'n groot veld.

In die middag vang swart-nek-reiers vis in die pan. Die vinke het hul nessies in die riete.

Voor sononder vang duisende vinke muggies.

In die aand slaap tarentale, eende, vinke en al die ander voëls in die wilgerbome en bloekombome.

DIE VOORTREKKERMONUMENT

A. Goodall Std. 4

Een dag het ons hele klas na Pretoria gegaan. Ons het met die skoolbus gegaan. Jacob het die bus bestuur.

Toe ons daar aangekom het, het almal ingegaan en na alles gekyk.

'n Dame wat by die monument werk het vertel dat die monument dertien jaar geneem het om te bou.

Ek het met die trap afgegaan en die lampie wat al van 1938 brand gesien. Almal het om die monument geloop. Buitekant is beelde van Piet Uys, Andries Pretorius, Pieter Retief en Gert Maritz.

Daarna het ons na die museum gegaan. Elkeen het 10 sent betaal. Ek het na die muurtapyte gekyk. Daar was ou klere, gewere, kruithorings en ou meubels. Ek het 'n ossewa gesien en ou „Grietjie", 'n kanon was daar.

Die uitstappie was aangenaam.

M. Goldberg Std. 4

Wanneer ek groot is sal ek 'n antropoloog wees. Ek sal na Tanzania gaan om fossiele te soek. Ek sal in die grotte van prehistoriese mense soek. Daar is baie ou naalde en roeispane in die baie groot en donker grotte. Daar was baie soorte prehistoriese mans, daar was Australopithecus Robustus en Australopithecus Africanus. Australopithecus Robustus het vrugte en wortels geëet en Australopithecus Africanus het vleis geëet. Prehistoriese mans het baie werktuie gemaak en ek sal die klipwerktuie soek. Antropologie is 'n baie interessante vak. Op die mure van die grotte sal ek skilderye wat prehistoriese mense twee miljoen jaar gelede versier het vind.



A TRAMP TELLS HIS STORY

Enrico Maraschin. Std. 5

Here I am catching a fish for my midday meal. I have no fixed home. The people call me a vagabond. I live here in the mountains with my ruck-sack and stick.

As a small boy I used to love the mountains with their snowy peaks and gushing winds. When I was old enough, I decided to go into the mountains for a week or so. Later in my life I made up my mind to live in these mountains.

I climb the peaks, high and beautiful. Sometimes I sleep on top of this paradise. I waken as the morning breaks with the yellow sun so near to me that I feel that I can almost touch it. I eat berries, wild vegetables and fish from the river. I obtain wood from the wild, dark pine forests.

I have a kingdom which no man has. The kingdom of beauty and nature is my only treasure. I have the pine forests, cool and never-ending with birds, owls, squirrels and insects of many kinds. I have water straight from a spring which is as clear as crystal. I live in the kingdom of the gorges, the peaks, the rivers and the rocks. This kingdom is my domain.

I will never leave these mountains till the end of my life. I have made the most of my life and I thank God for making this paradise and not giving me any problems. Now I am old and have a white beard. But I am glad that I chose the life of a tramp.

DRAMA IN FOX STREET

Paul Clare. Std. 3A

It all happened at approximately 12,45 midday. The police were called out and they thought it was a false alarm so they returned to their normal duties. The man or men in the Israeli Embassy started shooting into the street so the police cordoned off the area around the Embassy.

Shooting went on for some time and passers-by were wounded, some very badly.

The police started to shoot back and lots of damage was done to the buildings; many windows were broken.

Through one of the hostages, contact on walkie-talkie was made with the leader of the gang and a doctor was asked to go up to the fifth floor of the building to look after the wounded.

Fortunately a doctor was in the area and he offered to help and spent many hours helping. The gang made him work in his underpants.

There was a lot of talking between the police and the gang and after many hours David Protter gave himself up to the police.



DIE SUID-AFRIKAANSE BERGLEIERSKAP-SKOOL

D. van t' Hof. Std. 4

Gedurende die vakansie het ek na die Suid-Afrikaanse Bergleierskapskool gegaan.

Ek het per trein gereis. Die trein het om sewe-uur vertrek. Ek het nie baie geslaap nie, want ek was te opgewonde.

Die trein het om agt-uur in die oggend daar aangekom.

Ons het op baie uitstappies gegaan. Ek het ook teen kranse met toue geklim. Ons het met toue teen kranse afgeseil.

Ons het nege dae later vertrek. Die trein het om vyfuur in die oggend by Johannesburg aangekom.



THE KNIGHT'S ADVENTURE

B. Forssman. Std. 5

It was a cold Winter's morning when Sir Negarth and I went out to hunt. On the way Sir Negarth was talking to me about the duties and vows of the Knights of the Round Table. We came back late and empty-handed.

Early the next morning the trumpets blew. All knights and men ran to their positions. The Saxons had landed on the beach! Sir Negarth and I went out with the attacking force and the rest stayed behind to guard the castle called "Grimly". From all over the country came knights and squires, including the knights of the Round Table.

The Saxons came in full force. There was screaming, shouting, yelling, and all I could see was blood. A Saxon tried to kill me, but he himself was speared in the back. King Arthur was watching Sir Negarth fight and was well pleased. I didn't go and fight but stood, sword in hand, and guarded the horses. Soon the Saxons withdrew their troops to the beaches. The knights gave chase and finished them off until there were no survivors.

From the fens still murky with smoke, Sir Negarth slowly drew up to the shore with his troops and stood before the King, who had summoned him. Then Sir Negarth knelt before King Arthur who took his sword, "Excalibur", and touched Sir Negarth upon the shoulder and said: "Now rise, Sir Negarth, Knight of the Round Table". And the air rang out with gladness.



THE WOLF

Eric Landuyt. Std. 5

Sighing, crashing
Sneaking, thrashing;
Seeking out his prey.

Over the hills, and under bushes,
Searching still with constant hushes,
Searching for his prey.

Creeping along in a silent world,
Sights his prey and jumps upon it;
Finishing his prey.

PEACE PLEASE

A. Nagel. Std. 5

Why must countries go to war;
Why can't we relax outside our front door.
Why must there be continual fighting;
Do people think it is exciting.
Why can't there be films on peace;
It's always soldiers cleaning guns with grease.
Why must there be war and fray;
"WHY CAN'T WE HAVE PEACE TODAY."

POLLUTION

G. Perlman. Std. 5

Man must find a solution
To stop the world's pollution
If he does not find one quick
The world will go like a zip
The smog in the morning air
To life is not very fair
The waterways are filled with dirty waste
So man must do something in haste.

The birds that were flying around
Because of pollution are lying on the ground
And of course the atom bomb
Has made a terrible song
There is many a bottle and can
Lying on empty land
So this is Pollution
For which man must find a solution.

SNOW

Jon Hrusa. Std. 2

The snow is dappled with sunlight and shadow. The bare trees are plastered white with snow on the windward side. It is still cold, in spite of the sun. The Arctic fox is baying and baying because he is so cold and hungry. He hasn't had his favourite meal, a snow-hare, for days. Suddenly a white flash shoots past him. It is a snow-hare. The fox races after it. Here is his meal! After quite a long run the fox catches the hare, kills it, and really enjoys eating it.

THE FLYING HORSE

A. Forssman. Std. 2

One day a horse was grazing in farm-fields when suddenly a plane dropped a bomb and it killed the farmer and his wife. The horse ran away. The horse walked for many hours until he came to the town. A vegetable man felt sorry for him and tied a bottle around his neck and also gave him some food to eat. The horse did not know what the bottle was for, so he bit it and a little man jumped out and said, "I will grant you three wishes", so the horse thought for a while and said, "I would like to speak proper English." The little man said, "First wish granted." Then the horse said, "I would like my master to come alive again and I would like to have smart clothes and to go to the best hotel in town for supper." "Second wish granted, let's go", said the little man, so off they went to the best hotel in town and sat down. All the people were frightened to see the horse. The waiter asked the manager if he could serve the horse. The manager said only if he has a tie and jacket so the waiter asked him what he wanted. The horse said "The whole menu, please." After dinner he wished that he could fly. So wings came out of his sides and he flew away — so far away that he came to a little village, a poor one. He landed and asked for some hay, but they had no hay so he ate ice creams and chips and drank fanta and coca cola. He lived there for a long time. One day he found a plastic bottle. He chewed it and the same little man jumped out again and said, "Hello, you may have one wish", so the horse wished he was back to normal. He walked back to his old house and lived there for the rest of his life. On 7 July he died and that was the end of the FLYING HORSE.

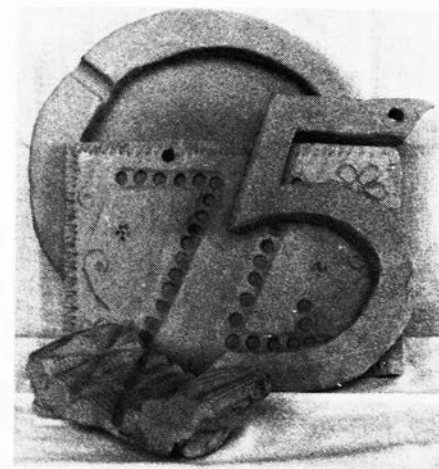
AUTUMN

D. Grubb. Std. 2

One lovely autumn day I looked at the falling leaves. They were different colours. I watched the squirrels make their holes in the trees. I made a leaf pile and jumped in it. Then I saw the birds fly away to the north. I noticed the days were getting shorter and the squirrels were collecting nuts. I noticed the grass went yellow and the animals were hibernating.

A. de Decker. Std. 5

There was a man called Luke,
Who tried to read a book.
In his rage,
He tore the page.
Then that was the end of his book.



WHITE

Paul Woodward. Std. 2A

The moon is white the clouds are white
I don't know why.
Some paper is white some lights are white
Why, I don't know why.
My radio is white, my shirt is white
Why, I don't know why.
My dictionary is white
Because they are printed white!

BONFIRE NIGHT

Jeffrey Livshitz Grade 1

The rocket is shooting off.
The children are lighting crackers.
The catherine wheel is on the pole.

OUR PETS

Jeremy Grade 1

There is a dog in the kennel.
There are kittens in the basket.
There is a rabbit in the hutch.

THE POST MAN

Michael Karakashian Grade 1

The Lady is taking the Letter.
The van is open.
Here are some postcards.

A TRIP BY AIR

Craig Quarmby Grade 1

A jet has just taken-off.
A plane is going to land.
The hostess is bringing food around the plane.

ON THE FARM

Jamie Shanahan Grade 1

A goose is standing by the pond.
A horse is in its stable.
The straw is in the barn.

NEWS

Neil Ross. Grade 1

I went too my friend too place and swim and we had a lovely time too and our Mother came. She came and fetched us and we went home.

Peter Varchmin. Grade 1

I went to Peter's party and I saw a film and I had coke and coke and Fanta and sweets and cake.

Andre Nel. Grade 1

On Saturday I went to the walk and I walk with my Daddy. On the way me and my Dad were drinking coke.

THE VALLEY OF THE DINOSAURS

Charles Marosek. Std. 2A

One day I went to the shops and bought a rubber boat. Then I tested it on a stream, it got stuck a few times, then it became a river and then all of a sudden I started to go round in circles. I had floated into a whirlpool. I was being pulled down and I thought I was going to drown. Ten seconds later I popped up. I was in a valley, it looked weird and I swam to the bank. I pulled myself up and saw cave-men running

as if they were frightened by something. Then I saw a huge dinosaur, he was so tall one could see his head out of the trees and his sharp teeth. The cave-men ran into a cave then I saw one behind me and I ran into the cave. I waited an hour and a half then I met an old man who led me back to the river. We walked through a waterfall to a cave where I saw my rubber boat and I floated down a hill. I saw my house on the side of the stream and I looked at my watch and found that I had gone back into time because I had only been gone a half hour.

A BIKE THAT FLIES

Clive Donovan. Std. 2A

One day a little boy was looking on the calendar to see when his birthday was. His birthday was 19th September and it was coming soon. He wanted a bike for his birthday. At last his birthday came. He hoped he would get a bike. When getting ready for the party his Dad called him into the bedroom and said, "Here's your present, son". "Thank you very much, Dad!" said Jim. When Jim went to ride the bike, instead of riding, it flew. Jim raced into his mother and said, "The bike flies, Mom!" His mother laughed. Off ran Jim and he jumped on his new bike and flew off.

CAMOUFLAGE

Karel-Jan Schoemaker. Std. 2

Some animals can hide themselves very well.
The tortoise looks like a rock.
The chameleon changes its colour to match the background.
The tree-snake looks like the branches so that you can hardly see him.
The green parrots hide in the trees with the same colour.
Some alligators look like logs.
Tigers creep behind cracked rocks.

A DEER IS BORN

Duncan Senior. Std. 2

In the forest where leaves crackle a mother deer is having a little baby. It is going to be a healthy baby she thinks. It is very cold in this forest because it is going to snow. The other animals are sleeping. A bear comes brushing past and gives her a little blanket made of bark splinters. It makes her warm and it is quite comfortable. When Spring comes the little deer is born. It is healthy as she thought it would be. It is christened by Mr. Skunk the priest. Lots of animals bring presents and come to the church. The church is in a hollow tree. The sun is shining brightly. It is Autumn and the deer has grown a lot. It is now married. Its mother has died. The deer lives happily ever after.

WHY THE JELLYFISH HAS NO BONES

Bruce MacNaughton. Std. 3

One day the daughter of the king of the fishes, fell ill. Doctor Octopus said that if she ate a monkey's liver she would be well again. He also suggested that the jellyfish go and find the monkey's liver.

The jellyfish set off and soon found a monkey drowning. The jellyfish asked the monkey, "Please may I have your liver?" The monkey replied, "Save me and I will give you my liver". The jellyfish gave

the monkey a lift to the nearest bank. The monkey jumped onto the land and screamed at the jellyfish — “You are so stupid, if I give my liver away I shall die.” The jellyfish swam sadly back to the king and said, “I was fooled by a monkey”.

The king called his guards and they all beat the jellyfish. That is why today, the poor jellyfish has no bones!



“TOMORROW AT SUNRISE”

George Meligonis. Std. 3

Whilst sitting in the galley of a ship called “Dead Man” we heard the captain, who was a pirate say, “Tomorrow at sunrise everyone shall die”. To die meant being thrown overboard. It was about midnight when we were passing the 180° E. meridian. Nobody knew about losing or gaining a day, so when they realised that it was queer that the night had been so long, they started arguing and fighting.

Eventually the sun rose and the pirates came into the galley and took us out onto the deck of the ship. We were relieved in a way to get a bit of fresh air. Then they started their gruesome game — throwing us overboard one by one. We were awfully scared of being eaten by sharks or other fish.

There were five of us now. We saw a school of dolphins swimming around us and this immediately made us very happy. One mate cried out, “Get on their backs”. We managed to climb on to their backs. The dolphins took us to a port, where a big boat was anchored. We saw someone coming towards us to help us.

We eventually touched dry land and told everyone of our great experience. We were most grateful to the dolphins for saving our lives and helping us to have a happy ending to a great adventure.



SWIMMING



'A' Swimming Team

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): M. Gullan, R. Perlman, M. Lazarus, Miss H. Joseph, D. Wood, B. McNaughton, R. Robinson.
 MIDDLE ROW — D. Joubert, F. Rebel (Vice-Captain), A. Nagel, N. Carpenter-Frank, A. de Chaud, G. Perlman (Captain), T. van den Handel, R. Hartmann.
 BACK ROW — P. Nicholas, M. Reeves, R. Rebel, K. MacKinnon, B. Barclay, J. Kourie, G. Beuthin.



'B' Swimming Team

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): S. Turner, A. Forssman, D. Senior, Miss M. Busschau, M. Attieh, P. Marnebeck, P. Rebel.
 MIDDLE ROW — J. Robertson, E. Maraschin, C. Robinson, M. Nicholas, A. Wolluter, N. Whitley (Vice-Captain), B. Andrews (Captain), J. Jaquet, E. D'Aboville.
 BACK ROW — S. Quarmby, J. Bryan, S. Dixon, D. Crowley, W. Greenstone, B. D'Aboville, J. Scheel.

Junior Inter House Swimming Gala

The 1975 Inter House Gala turned out to be a most successful and enjoyable school event.

Our congratulations go to all the swimmers and their houses, but in particular to Osmond, the winning House. The boys and especially the house captains put a lot of hard work into their swimming and cheering.

Congratulations to the boys who received trophies, they are as follows:

- U/7 D. Mandy Trophy—G. Ritchie.
- U/8 Wilson Trophy—M. Gullan & J. Marlow.
- U/9 J. Stodel Trophy—M. Lazarus.
- U/10 J. Stodel Trophy—R. Perlman
- U/11 Richardson Trophy—N. Carpenter-Frank.
- U/12 F. Gerard Trophy—J. Joubert.
- Open P. Moni Trophy—D. Joubert.
- U/9 Relay Ross Trophy—Benedict.
- Open Relay Costa John Trophy—Osmond.
- U/10 Breaststroke Hartmann Trophy—R. Perlman
- U/12 Breaststroke Perlman Trophy—A. Nagel.
- U/12 Butterfly Perlman Trophy—F. Rebel.

The swimmer with the most points winning the Rosenzweig Trophy was P. Nicholas.

Junior Inter House Hutton Trophy Osmond.

A big thank you to all those who made this event so successful.

Inter School Galas

Once again two teams, an A and a B, have entered in the Primary Schools' League. The league runs over the months of February, October and November. Together with Rosebank Convent, the teams have been able to maintain a good standard. Unfortunately many of the boys have had to pull out of league swimming due to other commitments, so our teams are not as strong as we would like them to be.

In March, a number of the boys were chosen to swim at Ellis Park in the Inter-Area Gala. Dolphins, the team the boys swam in, did not win but did exceedingly well.

Here is a list of results for the Galas already swum this year:

A Team Captain G. Perlman

1. St. David's 39. Bryanston 47. Emmerantia 28.
2. St. David's 46. Northcliff 35½. F. D. Roosevelt 30½.
3. St. David's 28. Bedfordview 28. Mondeor 40.

B. Team: Captain B. Andrews

1. St. David's 27 Bryanston 32. Emmerentia 18.
 2. St. David's 35. Northcliff 24. F. D. Roosevelt 19.
 3. St. David's 24. Bedfordview 24. Mondeor 28.
- Friendly against St. Stithian's: St. David's 40½. St. Stithian's 50.

Our best wishes to the teams for the remainder of the league.

Junior Inter School Tennis

In the first term the A. team played three league matches and won all three.

The team consisted of:

- G. Perlman, J. van Crombrugge.
- A. Perlman, A. de Chaud
- C. Robinson, K. MacKinnon.
- N. Sloane, G. MacLaughlin.

The scores were:

v. Bryndale 13.2.75:

Marists 32 Bryndale 31

v. Randburg 27.2.75

Marists 60 Randburg 3

v. Fontainebleau B. 13.3.75:

Marists 52 Fontainebleau 11.

Junior Tennis Championships

Open Singles:

Winner: G. Perlman. Runner-up: J. van Crombrugge.

U/12 Singles

Winner: C. Robinson. Runner-up: K. MacKinnon.

U/11 Singles:

Winner: P. van Crombrugge. Runner-up: G. Fox-Smith.

U/10 Singles:

Winner: R. Perlman. Runner-up: F. Genovese.

Open-U/12 Doubles:

Winners: G. Perlman & J. van Crombrugge.

Runners-up: C. Robinson & K. MacKinnon.

U/11 Doubles:

Winners: G. Fox-Smith & J. Kouric.

Runners-up: R. Rebel & W. Alcock.

U/10 Doubles:

Winners: R. Perlman & F. Genovese. Runners-up:

S. Quarmby & A. Fox-Smith.

CHESS



Our Chess Team did extremely well this year. Ten games were played of which St. David's won 9 and drew 1. The boys are keen and interested in the game and our Captain, G. Slaven, has been most helpful. We were lucky to have the services of Mr. Moshel who comes along to the school once a week to coach the boys in the finer points of the game; the beginners also receive special attention. We hope that next year will be equally successful.

D. Napier



Tennis

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): F. Genovese, R. Perlman, Mrs. G. Anderson, G. Perlman, Mrs. E. Addison, P. van Crombrugge, A. Fox-Smith.
 MIDDLE ROW—K. MacKimon, A. Perlman, G. Fox-Smith, G. Daras, J. van Crombrugge, N. Sloane, B. Alcock, G. McLoughlin, C. Robinson.
 BACK ROW — J. Kourie, R. Beuthin, A. de Chaud, D. van t'Hof, S. Quarmby.

Junior Athletics

The junior Inter-House Athletics was held on Tuesday, March 25th after having to be postponed on the Saturday due to rain. Many fathers were thus deprived of watching their sons run this year but parents supported the meeting very well and the boys were very enthusiastic.

Only two records were broken, both by Gary Beuthin in the U/10 age group. He won the 100 metres in a time of 14,5" and the long jump with a jump of 3,8 metres.

The house trophy was won this year by Benedict with last year's winners making a strong challenge.

The pre-grades were with us for the first time. Jeremy Wall U/5 and Bryan de Decker U/6 won the cup for their Pre-grade age groups.

The trophy winners were:

- U/12 Hurdles, Brother Edwin Cup—C. Luyckx (C).
- 800 m. Brother Aquinas Cup—G. Mason (B).
- U/6 Age Group Kempster Cup—L. Mauger (B).
- U/7 Age Group Tonnetti cup—M. Ghersi (C).
- U/8 Age Group Barenbrug Cup—R. Carr (B).
- U/9 Age Group George Ray Cup—L. Goldberg (T).
- U/10 Age Group George Ray Cup—C. Beuthin (B).

U/11 Age Group Kitty Shaw Cup—R. Rebel (B).
 M. Heaney (T).

U/12 Age Group Kitty Shaw Cup—C. Luyckx (C).
 Open Age Group Brother Pius Cup—G. Mason (B).
 U/10 Relay Cup Marais Trophy—Bishops.
 House Cup Kemster Cup—Benedict.

Our thanks go to the Junior School staff, Mr. Peter Stringer and, in particular, to Mrs. Betty Ross for compiling the programme. The Ladies Catering Committee deserve a special word of thanks for they had to make their preparations twice for this occasion.

Commonwealth XI

The first primary did not enjoy much success this season. However they did have spurts when their play became quite superb. They were always led very well by their captain Nigel Sloane. The boys never faltered in showing enthusiasm for the matches they played. The matches in which they did play well may be attributed to their fine spirit and all round ability.

The results were as follows:

- Rivonia: Won by 7 wickets. (Stretton 25 runs; Sloane 3 wickets.)
- Bryanston: Lost by 6 Wickets.
- Sandown: Lost by 31 runs.



Commonwealth XI

IN FRONT — *A. Whitty.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *W. Alcock, G. McLoughlin, N. Sloane, (Captain) Mr. G. Manolios, G. Mason, P. Parry, M. Heaney.*
 BACK ROW — *J. Collier, B. Alcock, M. Stretton, G. Fox-Smith, C. Luyckx, R. Beuthin.*



Ter Horst XI

IN FRONT — *G. Meligonis.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *J. Alexander, D. Wood, P. Marneweck (Captain), Mr. G. Manolios, N. Zent, B. MacNaughton, M. Slaven.*
 BACK ROW — *A. Fox-Smith, M. Gullan, G. Beuthin, J. Holm, C. Brindle, C. Tame.*



Under 11 Soccer

IN FRONT — *R. Rebel.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *P. Marneweck, G. Meligonis, W. Alcock (Captain), Mr. W. Carew, G. Fox-Smith, M. Turner, M. Heaney.*
 BACK ROW — *N. Zent, R. Beuthin, C. Luyckx, M. de Decker, P. Parry, S. Quarmby.*



Under 10 Soccer

IN FRONT — *P. Rebel.*

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): *R. Carey, G. Beuthin (Captain), Mr. G. Manolios, B. McNaughton, J. Whitty.*
 BACK ROW — *M. Lazarus, R. Carr, W. Bell, A. Fox-Smith, M. Slaven, Y. Sugimura.*

Bryanevan: Won by 67 runs (Stretton 53 runs; Sloane 30 runs).

Montrose: Won by 38 runs (B. Alcock 32 runs; W. Alcock 3 wickets; B. Alcock 3 wickets.)

Brampton: Won by 10 wickets.

TER HORST XI

vs Rivonia:	Rivonia 26 all out. St. David's 27 for 6.
vs Bryneven:	Bryneven 48 for 5. St. David's 52 all out.
vs Bryanston:	Bryanston 13 all out. St. David's 25 for 0. (Marneweck 20)
vs Bordeaux:	Bordeaux 34 all out. St. David's 35 for 1.
vs Brampton:	Brampton 8 all out. St. David's 11 for 0.
vs Bryandale:	Bryandale 8 all out. St. David's 17 for 0. (Marneweck 7)

Under 10 Soccer

Enthusiasm was the main attribute of the 1975 Under 10 Soccer Team. Unfortunately, the players' ability did not match their enthusiasm, and the team lost 7 of the 10 matches played.

The main weaknesses of the side were the forwards' inability to finish off their moves, which towards the end of the season were showing promise, and the lack of a consistent goalkeeper.

The forwards were generally in the game with Ernst Oertel and Wayne Bell always in the action but, somehow, the goals were never scored. Other players worthy of mention are Andrew Fox-Smith, Gary Beuthin, who captained the side but was often guilty of hanging on to the ball too long, and Bruce MacNaughton.

It was encouraging to see so many players turning up to practice, even though, in many cases, there was little chance of their getting a game. A final word of thanks to all the mothers who assisted with the catering at the matches.

Results:

vs Montrose L 0-1
vs Randpark W 3-1
vs Bordeaux L 1-2
vs F. D. Roosevelt L 0-2
vs Craighall Park W 1-0
vs Parkhurst L 0-4
vs Rivonia L 0-2
vs Risidale W 1-0
vs Bordeaux L 0-1
vs Sandown L 0-2.

P.T.A.

The 15th Annual General Meeting of the association was held on 10th February 1975. The following office bearers were elected at the first meeting of the committee.

S. D. Turner	<i>Chairman</i>
P. Keegan	<i>Vice Chairman & Treasurer</i>
M. Taylor	<i>Secretary</i>

The following portfolios were allocated.

B. Shanahan	Buildings & Grounds
S. Sandiford	Buildings & Grounds
E. Askew	Entertainment
R. Aguirre	Education
K. Krog	Fund Raising
S. D. Turner	Sports
Mrs. V. Holm	Ladies Committees
V. Rugani	Old Boys

While the A.G.M. was reasonably well attended I would like to appeal once again to parents to support this meeting. It is, after all, your opportunity of hearing what your committee has done for the school and your sons during the year.

Br. Timothy was appointed Headmaster at the beginning of 1975 and I am sure I speak for all parents in wishing him a long and successful term of office.

The swimming pool was officially opened and blessed during the Senior Inter-House Gala on 22nd February. The opening was performed by Mr. Sonny Lean, who had done so much to assist the school in

building the pool. After the Gala a celebration was held to present mementoes to Br. Anthony who had flown up from Port Elizabeth to be present at this memorable occasion.

Prize Giving on the 9th March saw a large gathering of parents and we were fortunate to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Kempster. Mrs. Kempster is enjoying a well earned retirement after her many years of endeavour at St. David's. Congratulations to those boys who shared the prizes — the many winners are proof that the academic standing at our school is as high as ever.

1975 has been the first three term year and I am sure the benefits of the new system will soon appear. Of course, the sporting activities have had to alter and it will take some time before everybody has adjusted to the changes and the new sequences of games and activities.

Nonetheless, St. David's has performed creditably on the sportsfields, with perhaps swimming showing the most improvement via a notable win at water-polo against Observatory. I believe our boys should be congratulated for their demeanour on the field. Whether winning or losing, they have always been a credit to St. David's.

The Horse Riding Club held a most successful competition at the school in August and shortly afterwards their team acquitted itself very well in England, being placed 7th out of 58 teams competing. Mrs. David, the Chairlady of the Riding Club was invited to join the P.T.A. committee during the year and this has led to a closer liaison between the two bodies.



P.T.A.

BACK ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): Mr. S. Sandiford, Mr. J. Tonetti, Mr. E. Askew, Mr. M. Taylor, Bro. Mario.
 FRONT ROW — Bro. Timothy, Mr. P. Keegan (vice-chairman), Mr. D. Turner (chairman), Mrs. V. Holm, Mr. G. Manolios.
 NOT PRESENT: Mr. B. Shanahan, Mr. R. Aguirre, Mr. V. Rugani, Mrs. L. David.

Your committee was forced to place special emphasis on fund raising this year as the P.T.A. resources had dwindled. Upkeep of the school grounds and equipment has become a costly item. For example, the roads within the school grounds will need retarring in the near future. The P.T.A. has undertaken to pay for this when required, knowing that the final cost will not be less than several thousand rand.

I have tried continually during my term of office to draw attention to the need for a Hall and Chapel. Traditionally, funds for building development have not come from fees, but from the fund raising efforts of our parents. This year we launched a pledge campaign in an effort to raise the necessary funds for this much-needed addition to the school. Unfortunately we were forced after three months to call a halt to the drive. A major factor against us was obviously the inflationary period we have experienced and the resultant tightness of funds. Next year's committee will again have to look at this situation if we are to provide the school with a hall and chapel. I would like to record my gratitude to those who did contribute either time and effort or money to the campaign.

Among the projects which enabled us to finish the year in a very solvent position were the car competition, the big walk, the ladies knitting competition and the Friday evening cinema shows. These raised a total of almost R18 000 for the P.T.A.

I have been most fortunate in having a committee

that has worked constructively and hard. I must thank Peter Keegan, our Vice-Chairman & Treasurer for his support and assistance throughout the year. To Brian Shanahan and Steve Sandiford, my thanks for your work on buildings and grounds which enabled us to save many hundreds of rands.

Ted Askew has selected and arranged the Friday night movies which have been so well attended and have contributed much to the fund raising committee. Richard Aguirre has got his educational committee off to a good start and they have made their mark in extra mural activities. I am grateful to you both.

Mike Taylor deserves our thanks for a job very well done as secretary. We could not have functioned as well without the minutes of meetings so well presented. James Tonetti was co-opted to the committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Kevin Krog. My sincere thanks, James, for your unfailing assistance in a difficult job.

The Ladies Committees represented by Val Holm worked extremely hard all year and I wonder if the boys realise how much these ladies contribute to the smooth running of the school? I would also like to thank Mrs. Buckley-Jones and Mrs. Gilroy for all the help given during the year.

Finally, my thanks to Br. Timothy for his advice and guidance and to Br. Mario and Mr. Manolios for their valuable contributions to the P.T.A.

Des Turner *Chairman*



Heads of Committees

BACK ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): Mrs. David (Horse Riding),
Mrs. Pritchard (Swop).

FRONT ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): Mrs. Holm (Catering),
Mrs. Rebel (Tuck Shop).



Tuck Shop Committee

BACK ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): A. Scott, M. Martinengo, V. Karakashian, J. Asbury, F. Weir-Smith, M. Marlow, H. Prodocimi.
FRONT ROW — B. Marsden, T. Del-Giudice, L. Scarciglia, J. Shirran, R. Rebel, S. Marosek, S. Andreka, M. Schilperoort.



Catering Committee

BACK ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): E. Murray, A. Templeton, D. Mason, S. Crowley, A. Scott, N. Wood, L. Luyckx.
 FRONT ROW — B. Ross, D. Saccani, H. McLeroth, E. Quarmby, V. Holm, P. Alcock, J. Campbell-Pitt, C. Boulle.



Swop Shop Committee

BACK ROW — (LEFT TO RIGHT): L. Pritchard, P. Turner, M. de Decker, P. Keichel, D. Hinton.
 FRONT ROW — D. McCartney, P. Ramsay, J. Taylor, V. Craig.

CATERING COMMITTEE

The Catering Committee has had another busy year, providing teas for Parents and children at our many functions. Our success is due to the hard work and dedication of these willing ladies. To both new and old mums alike my sincere thanks and appreciation for all their efforts.

All this would have scarcely been possible without the co-operation of the Brothers and staff of the College.

I wish the incoming committee a successful year of achievement.

Val Holm

SWOP SHOP

The Swop Shop has again had a busy and successful year and we hope to have been of service to Parents, boys and the School. We do feel we could have easily sold twice as much, had we had more articles brought in. With the ever increasing price of school clothing and school books, the Swop Shop becomes more and more important to Parents. We depend on Parents for our supply of these items, so please do remember to check your wardrobes regularly. We also depend on the willing help of voluntary workers and would like to take this opportunity of appealing

to interested mothers to be kind enough to offer their services on the Committee.

Swop Shop is open on Mondays and Fridays between the hours of 1,15 p.m. and 2,15 p.m. We look forward to your support.

Sincere thanks to the efficient and friendly Committee and to those ladies whose sons leave St. David's at the end of this year — Mesdames Ramsay, Keichel and Walford — thank you again for your assistance over many years — our Best Wishes.

Pamela Turner

TUCK SHOP

We started the year with lots of new mothers to help us, also our new toaster made work much easier.

Due to price increases we had to increase the price of hamburgers, hot dogs and toasted sandwiches, but keep the price as low as possible; we hope the parents will appreciate this.

After being in charge for two years, I will hand over to Sarah Andrelia. Sarah, we wish you a happy Tuck Shop year, and we will support you all we can.

To all the ladies I express my sincere thanks for their support in the past two years, and especially to the Thursday Ladies who were always there to help on extra Tuck Shop days.

Ria Rebel

ST. DAVID'S OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

No Marist "old boy" can deny the value of our Association. If he can, then we believe that he never was a Marist "boy" in the true sense of the word. He has never participated in or been intimately related with the true Marist spirit. It is with this spirit that the association is associated — a living, realistic and inspiring spirit. The word "spirit", however, must not be misinterpreted. Spirit implies tolerance, challenge and congenial reciprocity.

Are you prepared to accept the challenge or are you a snob? As much as you put into the Association, so much will you get out of it.

At the A.G.M. held at the College a new committee was elected as follows:

Chairman: Ian MacRitchie (1964) has been on previous committees. Ian has a B.Comm. from Wits University and is presently an Insurance Broker with Nabco.

Vice Chairman: John Buckley Jones (1966) is the Operations Manager of Freight services and is studying B.Comm. part time. John was married during 1974.

Secretary: Tony Wickins (1965) recently returned from London where he worked for two years. Tony is a Chartered Accountant and is married.

Treasurer: Gavin Meyer (1965) is serving his second term of office. Gavin is an accountant with a large firm of international chartered accountants. He is still an active hockey player and has represented Southern Transvaal. Gavin was married during 1974.

Entertainment: Lorenzo Brocco (1963). Lorenzo is a Director of a large construction company. He is still an active sportsman playing league hockey and tennis. Lorenzo was married during 1974.

Publications: Al Laing (1956) and Paul Sutej (1973). Al is an experienced committee man having served with Committees since the inception of the Old Boys. He is a partner in a well known Insurance assessing firm.

Paul is a second year medical student at Wits and is still an active Sportsman.

Liaison Officer: Brother Mario will be filling this post as contact man with the College.

The Association was saddened by the untimely and tragic death of Adrian Moni shortly after his election to the committee. We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

Stag Banquet

The 1975 Banquet was held on Friday 7 February at the Landdrost Hotel. Terry Bowker proposed the toast to the College. The guest speaker, Colonel Stephen Grenfell, replied to the toast and gave an hour long speech which reflected a deep understanding of Winston Churchill, the subject of his speech. One has to be an outstanding speaker to talk to a group of St. David's Old Boys at their annual Banquet especially after they have been imbibing freely. Colonel Grenfell gave a display of genuine eloquence. Many old boys we have not seen for a while attended.

Harry Rosmarin (1960), Leslie Berman (1960) and Norman Schwab (1960) and David Palmer (1967) "flew in" for the banquet.

At 1 a.m. on Saturday morning Drummond Robinson (1965) and Rob Shaw (1965) were still "selling" cocktails, while Lorenzo Brocco, Gerrit Hartman and Gordon Slabbert (1963) led the singing. At this stage the banquet moved to the Main Reef at the Carlton Hotel until 4 a.m. Quite a memorable evening.

Reunion Week End 6-7 June 1975

The week end started with the Dinner Dance at the Capri Hotel on the Friday night. The 240 people who attended will remember this dance as probably the best ever. The food was superb, the music was good — but the atmosphere was incredible. *Terry O'Mahony* (1968) and *Clive Schoombie* (1968) really got the party going with their rendition of "Singing in the Rain." At about 3 a.m. the last reluctant guests left. Much to the relief of the hotel staff.

On Saturday afternoon the 1st XV, with some coaching assistance from *Rob Shaw* (1965) beat the Observatory First Team by 22 points to 16. On Sunday morning a Mass for Old Boys and their families was celebrated in the College Chapel. The cold and rainy conditions however prevented us from playing the customary tennis including the annual challenge against St. Charles' Old Boys.

Gaming Evening

This ever-popular event was held at the home of *Lorenzo Brocco*. It was well attended by about 140 people. The setting of the house gave just the right atmosphere.

College Liaison

In keeping with one of the objects of the Association, the Old Boys have addressed the matric pupils on various careers including the medical and accounting profession as well as insurance and the legal profession. Other talks will follow.

The Old Boys also assist as referees, judges etc. at sports meetings and recently acted as marshalls at the Big Walk organised by the P.T.A.

Tennis Club

This active branch of the Association meets every Sunday at the College courts at 10 a.m. and finishes at about 3 p.m.

Golf

The 1975 Gold Day was held at the Johannesburg Country Club. The winner was *Terry O'Mahony* (1968). Next Golf Day Jan 1976.

Marist Speakers

This is one of the most active clubs in the Association. Speakers meet every alternate Tuesday at the College. This group runs along similar lines to Toastmasters in that its programme provides an opportunity to develop skills in communication and put them into use in professional and social experience. Since Speakers was founded a few years ago, it has developed to the point where it can meet Johannesburg's most prominent speaking club on equal terms. During 1974 Marist Speakers held joint meetings with Wanderers Toastmasters Club and Johannesburg Country Club Toastmasters and more than held their own. The Speakers Annual Banquet was held at the Sunnyside Park Hotel on 8th April 1975 with Rev. Beyers Naude as guest speaker. Rev. Beyers Naude gave an excellent speech which crowned an evening of high standard speech making. Dr. Stephen Miles wrested the floating trophy from the holder Vito Rugani in the impromptu speech contest.

Marist Speakers is available to all Old Boys — why not attend their next meeting? If you lack the confidence to voice your opinions at work or at University or perhaps become tongue-tied, Marist Speakers will provide you with the solution. Or perhaps you do have confidence in your speaking ability but, without your knowing why, you get that sinking feeling that your speech has not gone down well. Speakers can help sort out your problem.

Marist Speakers has two related functions:

1. To convert people, who are filled with horror at the thought of speaking in public, into fluent speakers who can be effective in any company.
2. To take people of natural speaking ability and iron out the imperfections that detract from their speeches, to make them socially accomplished speakers.

The following methods are used viz. prepared speeches and impromptu speeches. At the prepared level, a speaker is asked to deliver a speech which will attempt to achieve a certain technical objective. In the initial training series the method of speaking is emphasised — full use of effective gestures, voice-modulation and logical development. The advanced training levels concentrate on specialist speeches, i.e. the lecture type and heckling speeches as well as after-dinner speeches. After each speech is made a team of evaluators offers constructive criticism pointing out strengths and weaknesses in the speaker's style.

The second method that is used is the impromptu speech. Impromptu speeches, by denying the speaker any time to prepare, oblige the speakers to "think on their feet", i.e. think about what you are going to say while you are actually speaking. This skill is not difficult to learn and once you have acquired it, you will never have to worry about becoming tongue-tied in public again. The course is free and its worth a visit.

Old Boys Flashes

Frank Mills (1958) is an insurance broker at Price Forbes.

Andrew McDonald (1967) was married during 1974. Presently he is working for Phelps Dodge. Andrew holds a B.Sc. (applied Maths) and a B.Sc. Hons. (Geophysics). Will be sent to U.S.A. during 1975 for a period of training.

Ulrich Von Oppell (1971) is doing fourth year medicine. *Victor Hamilton* (1969) qualified during 1973 B.Sc. Chemical engineering. Victor has recently joined Marist Speakers.

Luigi Carleo is a student at Wits doing B.Sc. Geology at Natal University Pietermaritzburg and appears to be an extremely active sportsman. During 1974 he represented Varsity at hockey, badminton, athletics and cross country.

Robert Greenhalse (1970) is doing a B.Com. at Natal University Pietermaritzburg.

Joe Sadowski (1969) is in Pietermaritzburg at Teachers Training College.

Geoffrey Melman (1968) is a dentist. He studied at Wits and intends to go to the Eastman Dental Institute at Rochester in July 1975 for post-graduate study.

Edo Folli (1963) who is a C.A. (S.A.) has been made a director of the international advertising agency Grey, Phillips, Bunton, Mundel and Blake.

David Phillips (1960) is an attorney in Johannesburg.

Bernard Bender (1951) is the group buyer for a large group of paint companies and is an active golfer.

Harold Morgan (1948) is a quantity surveyor and is married with three children (all girls).

Otto Gilbert (1953) is presently consulting engineer for a mining company in Rhodesia. Otto holds the following degrees B.Sc. (mining) A.R.S.M., A.M.I. M.M. C.E. He claims that he has no new achievements except that he now has 3 children! Otto asks whether any one has had news of Charles Gilfillan (1952)?

Harvey McDougall (1953) is in Botswana working for the Selebi Pikwe Nickel Mine.

Greg Boyes-Varley (1973) is a second year dental student at Wits.

Andrew Roediger (1971) has just completed B.Sc. at Wits.

Terence van Heerden (1972) is studying a B.Sc. Zoology at Cape Town University. Terry plays first team rugby for U.C.T.

Peter Hamilton (1971) is doing fourth year Medicine.

Pat Noble (1966) has emigrated to the U.S.A. with his lovely American wife. Pat is a loss to all his friends. Pat was Chairman of the Old Boys' Association in 1972.

Christopher Pitts (1967) is an electrical engineer having graduated at Wits during 1973. Chris is an active member of Marist Speakers.

Rob Linden (1961) is the sub-editor of the Times in London.

John Knezovich (1963) is self-employed in an electrical contracting business. Won 1974/75 Formula Vee Motor Racing Championship.

Bryan Richardson (1968) is a qualified Civil Engineer and is at present Site Engineer at Rooigrond C.P.

Michael Richardson (1971) is doing 3rd year Medicine at Stellenbosch University.

Derek Clark (1954) is Managing Director of H. F. Clark (Pty) Ltd. Contractors and a director of Clark and Sansom Roads (Pty) Ltd. His wife teaches at the College.

Anthony Bartlett (1973) is guarding our borders until end of 1975.

Manual Gonsalves (1948) one of the "pioneers" of the Old Boys having started at the College in 1943. He is dairy farming in Krugersdorp.

Obituary

The Headmaster, Staff and Pupils offer their sympathy to the Families and Friends of those who have died since the publication of the 1974 College Review.

Mr. J. Lebos: Grandfather of Joseph and Martin Lebos, and Jerome, Laurence and Jeffrey Kourie, pupils of the College.

Mr. R. Meyer: Father of Gavin (1965) and Nigel (1972) Old Boys of the College.

Mr. Lalieu: Uncle of Victor Lalieu, pupil of the College.

Mrs. Laing: Wife of Mr. A. Laing, committee member of the Old Boys' Association.

Fr. W. Conway, O.M.I.: A Marist Old Boy.

Mr. I. Rugani: Grandfather of Vito and Marco Rugani, pupils of the College.

Fr. A. Daverin, O.M.I.: Former Parish Priest of Rosebank, and a Marist Old Boy.

Rev. Br. Leonida: Former Superior General of the Marist Brothers.

Mr. J. Renson: Father of Raymond Rensen, pupil of the College.

Mr. A. Moni: Former pupil (1969) of the College and a committee member of the Old Boys' Association.

Mrs. B. Killoran: Step mother of Br. Ezechiel.

Mr. Weiss: Father of Maurice Weiss, pupil of the College.

Acknowledgements

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Our Sponsors: Their names appear individually on various pages of this publication

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