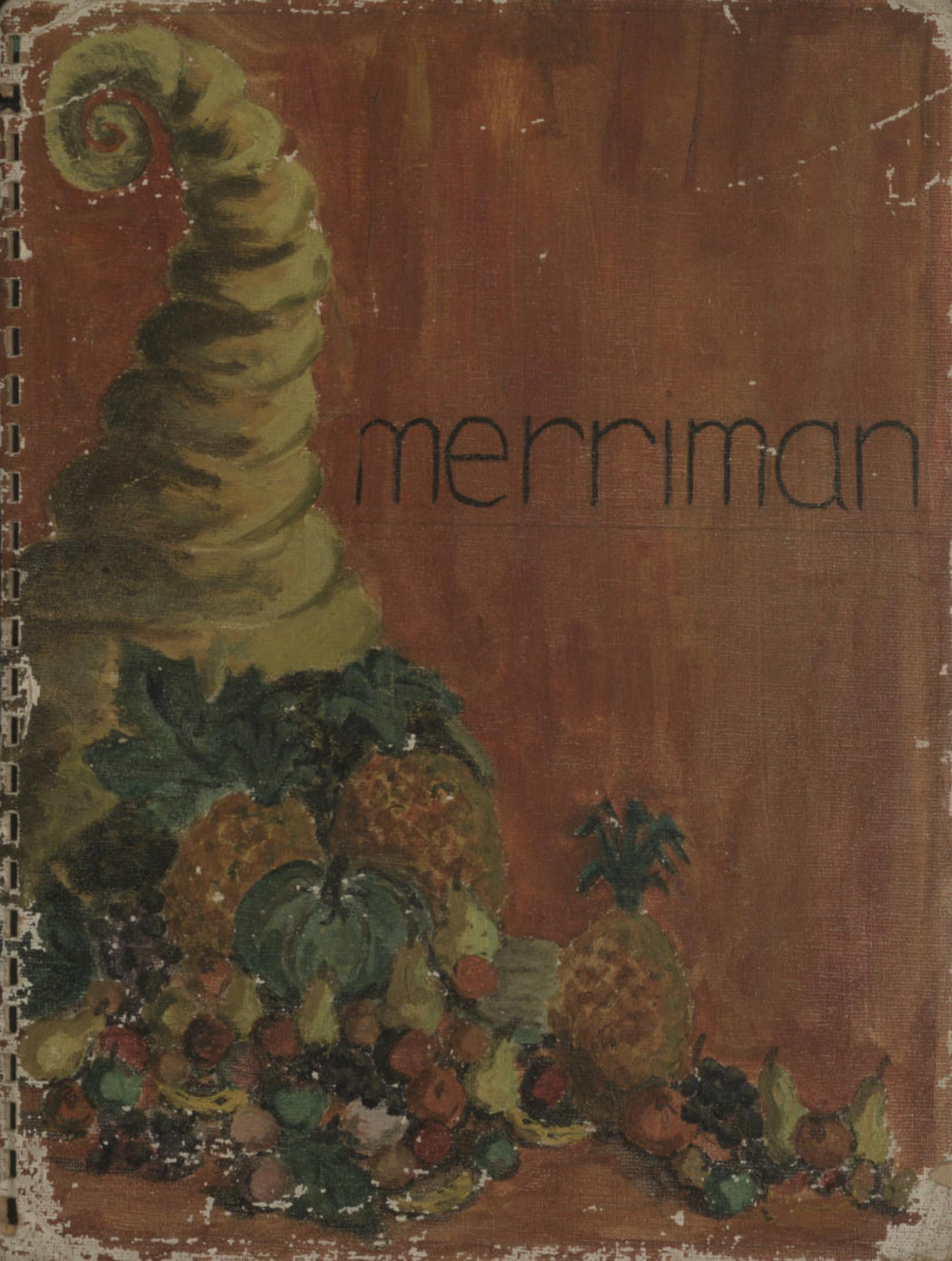


merriman



autumn.



"Come, little leaves," said the Wind one day,  
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;  
Put on your dresses of red and gold;  
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

anon.

# merriman magazine

1970

## contents

	Page	
1. House Undertakings.	3.	
2. School Activities.	10.	
3. Love and Happiness.	16.	
4. Nature.	26.	
5. Here and Elsewhere.	40.	
6. Feelings of a Pupil.	52.	
7. Thoughts and Experiences.	58.	
8. Miscellany.	70.	
9. Editor's Note.	83.	

Cover: Mary Whitaker.



family tree.

house  
undertakings

# merriman house report

First, I should like to thank Mrs. Muller for all the help and encouragement she has given us throughout the year. We are all very grateful to her.

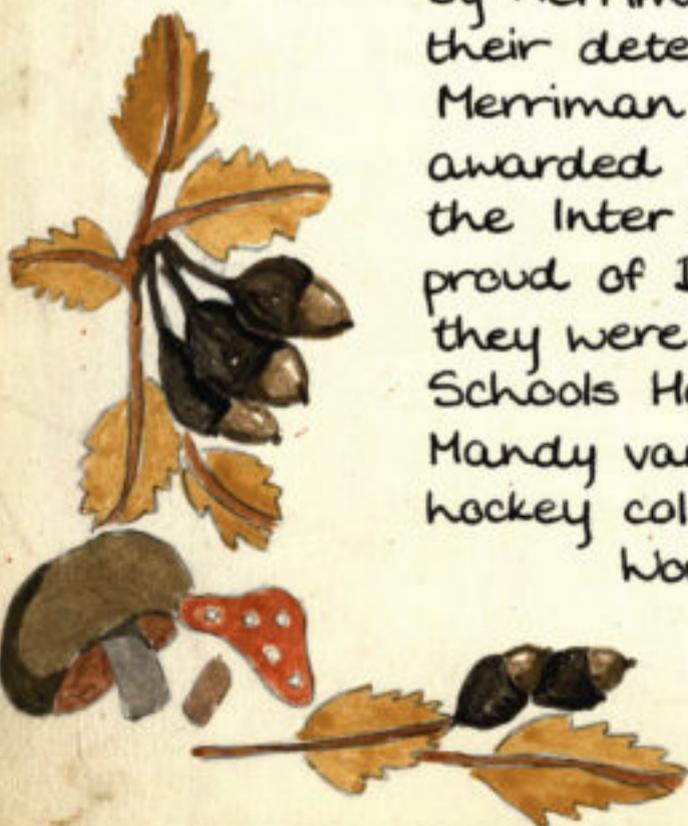
A keen interest has been taken in our charities this year. Easter eggs were sent to St. Michael's and jerseys, knitted by every girl in the house, were taken by Mrs. Muller to the home where they were received with much appreciation. Three girls attended the Annual General Meeting of St. Michael's. The home is celebrating its centenary this year. In commemoration of the centenary, the House of Bethany, adjacent to the main building, has been completely reconstructed and fitted out as a separate nursery unit. This will accommodate thirty young girls, including babies, and will be supervised by trained staff.

St. Michael's has been fortunate enough to secure sufficient funds to build a swimming pool for the older girls, leaving the old shallow pool for the toddlers.

The Inter-house swimming gala has always been recognised as one of the main events of the year, and this year proved to be no exception. Rolt is to be congratulated on their well-deserved win and Jagger on winning the diving. Vanessa, Weinliq was again, for the third year, "Swimmer of the Year." We are all very, very proud of her.

The Inter-house tennis cup was once more won by Merriman, after losing it last year, as a result of their determination and enthusiasm. Well done, Merriman! Pam Jesse and Deb Turner-Smith were awarded their tennis colours after their excellent play at the Inter-schools Tennis Championships. We were very proud of Deb Turner-Smith and Helen Braver when they were elected to play for the Western Province Schools Hockey Team. Helen played last year, too. Mandy van Breda and Edwina Abbot were given their hockey colours.

Work, however, is not as good as it should be, but we must not be discouraged. Mandy van Breda and Alex Reay are to be



Herschel.

Merriman House.



congratulated on their constant good work.

I would like to thank Sally-Ann Wells and the other Std. 9's for producing the Merriman magazine and I hope that their hard work and enthusiasm will be richly rewarded.

Last, but not least, I would like to thank Tessa Helfet and Helen Braver for all their help and support they have given me this year.

I hope that Merriman will go from strength to strength and will keep up their wonderful spirit and determination. Good luck, Merriman!

e. abbot.



# tennis report.

Having been defeated in the swimming and diving, Merriman was determined to prove that she was NOT inferior to the other houses. Enthusiasm and sheer determination won the tennis cup for us, and I was truly proud of all the teams.

This year Merriman emerged brightly displayed in red, together with their own mascot - five-year-old Baby Wee, the child of the Weinlig's cook. She distributed red flags to encourage the supporters.

I would like to congratulate the team on their wonderful display and the house for their unceasing encouragement. Good luck for next year!

e. abbott.



Back row: J. Hearn, V. Weinlig, M. Foot, S-A. Wells.

Second row: M. Whitaker, S. Brimble, P. Brownlie, K. Resnekov, L. Brailey.

Front row: H. Brauer, P. Jesse, E. Abbott, M. van Breda, D. Turner-Smith.

# swimming report.

This year the Inter-house swimming gala was, as usual, a great success and full of excitement.

Although the Merriman swimmers had quite a few practices, these proved insufficient for them to win the gala. Vanessa Weinlig managed to win the "Swimmer of the Year" award and we are very proud of her performance. We are also proud of Jenny Hearn for winning the cup for the U-15 Individual Medley.

The gala started off with Sarah Knight as Miss Merriman floating the length of the pool on a rubber tyre, followed by the team of Merriman swimmers. As always, Merriman showed a wonderful spirit. The supporters cheered and sang to encourage their swimmers right up to the end of the gala. The divers deserve a special thank-you for their fine performance and stout effort.

All the best for the swimming next year, Merriman! I know that you can really win the gala if you practise hard.

h. brauer.



The Hockey teams.

# hockey report.

Merriman won the Inter-house hockey last year, although it was a very hot day and everyone felt very lethargic. The senior team drew with both Jagger and Rolt in its matches. The junior team beat Jagger and drew with Rolt.

Last year was the first year that specific cheer-leaders were chosen to lead the cheering of the supporters. This was a great success and really helped to spur the Merriman teams on. Mary Whitaker, Mary Foot and Sally-Ann Wells were the Merriman cheer-leaders.

I would very much like to thank Mrs. Gibson for organising this Inter-house competition, and also to thank the teams.

m. van breda.

# squash and volley-ball report.

Last year the Inter-House squash competition was held on the same afternoon as the Inter-House Volley-ball. This meant that the spectators were divided but the afternoon was still a great success. Jagger played very well and succeeded in winning the cup for squash, but the Merriman players stood up very well and tied with Rolt to come second. Congratulations to Jagger and well done, Merriman.

In the volley-ball matches, the gaily-coloured Merriman players proved that all their hard practising was to some avail when they emerged winners.

p. gillanders

d. turner-smith.

# st. michael's home.

1970 celebrates the centenary of the death of Dickens, Beethoven's 200th birthday and 'Water Year', but just as important as any of these is the centenary of St. Michael's Home.

From being housed in one old building in 1870, the Home had expanded to three houses by 1876. In this year the Sisters of the All Saints' Community had taken over the running of the Home.

The houses in Keerom Street and New Street became old and dilapidated. In the early 1890's the Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Rev. William West-Jones, did his utmost to prepare the way for moving all the institutions, including St. Cyprian's School, from these ruinous buildings. In 1891, Cecil Rhodes purchased the site and, on All Saints' Day in 1894, amidst the vines of the vineyard on the lower slopes of Lion's Head above Kloof Road, Lady Lock, wife of the then Governor of the Cape, officially opened the new Home.

1950 once more saw the Home in a dilapidated condition but the Sisters of Bethany, who had established a Home for girls in Plumstead, returned to England and decided to give the property of five acres to St. Michael's Home.

The only portion of the old House of Bethany which had not been demolished in its reconstruction in 1955, was redecorated last year to accommodate thirty young children, including babies under the age of three. With this House of Bethany, the Home can now take complete families into its care and, not like in the past, splitting of families will be prevented.

The Matron-in-charge, Miss J. Pretorius, gives her orphaned 'children' sympathetic understanding and has created a homely and Christian atmosphere within the Home. She thanks Merriman, amongst their other donors, for all the help and support they have given to the Home over the years.

s. a. wells.

# school activities

## mrs. kittow.

1st April, 1962 saw a rising sun appear over the damp silhouette of Herschel. It rose high into the sky where it stood firm for a long time and, in its lighting up the school, everyone suddenly became aware of — Mavis Kittow.

Could anyone forget a person like Mrs Kittow? She was no ordinary principal but also excelled in acting and English literature. In 1968 the British Government awarded her a Visitorship to Britain where she furthered her studies in teaching techniques of modern English to increase the standard of English education in both Herschel and her adopted country.

Mrs Kittow did nothing in half measures. She had a strict control over her pupils, her staff co-operated as she wished and she was well-liked by the council. Nevertheless, she found time to radiate her interest into the sports activities as well by shouting encouragement to the Herschel teams at both inter-schools competitions and ordinary matches or galas.

Her warm personality glowed through her round face and her red hair seemed to suit her plumpish, yet well-held, body. Although she had to lead quite a lively social life, Mrs. Kittow obtained a shack on the Muizenberg beachfront where she would creep away from the world to enjoy a quiet, tranquil week-end, never failing to have her early morning dip!

She loved humour and, as anyone, she had times of rage. But her humanitarian approach to individual problems of the girls proved her deep love for all the little Herschelians.

So, although her sun has travelled beyond Herschel, Mrs Kittow has left behind a warm glow of sportsmanship, labour and love and the least we can do is to say:

"Good-bye, 'Mrs Chips'!"

s. a. wells.

# hockey tour.

Monday the 20th of June dawned a chilly morning and twenty four Herschel girls plus Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Cove-Jones assembled with their families and friends on Cape Town station. Spirits were high as the train slowly drew away. We spent two freezing nights wrapped in hockey scarves, coats and dressing-gowns and finally arrived in Pietermaritzburg on Wednesday morning. That afternoon we played our first match against Epworth.

Merriman can be proud to have constituted almost half of the tour in number. The girls in Merriman on tour were - Edwina Abbott, Helen Brauer, Mandy van Breda, Deb Turner-Smith, Pam Jesse, Tish Gillanders, Glenda Harris, Sally-Ann Wells, Mary Whitaker, and Vanessa Weinig. Of these girls we are very proud to have Helen Brauer and Deb Turner-Smith as two of the five Herschel girls chosen for the Western Province School's team which toured Bloemfontein shortly after we returned from Pietermaritzburg.

On the whole, Herschel did well in winning most of their matches against



Herriman girls outside the Ansonia.



Howick Falls.

Mrs. Gibson on the train.



Ephworth, Wickham, G. H. S., Kloof and St. John's. The standard of hockey was very high and they were often difficult to beat.

We spent one day touring to Kloof, visiting the beautiful Valley of a Thousand Hills and Howick Falls on the way to our match against the school. Here we met Mrs. Burns, an ex-games mistress from Herschel, and we all enjoyed seeing her again.

The tour, for Mrs. Gibson, was a wonderful ending to her long term at Herschel. Her devotion to sport and love of the girls made her name one that will never be forgotten. We all have many memories of the good times we had with her on tour. Mrs. Cove-Jones accompanied us on tour and we thank her for coming and joining in all the fun.

We found Pietermaritzburg an enchanting town with a beautiful surrounding countryside of rolling hills and forests. The girls we met were all very friendly and they defined their little town as " $\frac{1}{2}$  the size of New York Cemetery but twice as dead." The Ansonia Hotel where we stayed was very comfortable — and very plush!

We had our last dinner at The Hilton Hotel just outside Pietermaritzburg. We all enjoyed the delicious food very much and toasted Mrs. Gibson with champagne and speeches.

Finally, we should like to thank Hilary Gasson, our hockey captain, for her expert leadership and want her to know that the hockey tour wouldn't have been the success it was without her.



Back row: V. Weinlig, H. Whitaker, P. Jesse, D. Turner-Smith.  
Front row: H. Brauer, E. Abbott, M. van Breda, S-A. Wells.  
Absent: G. Harris, T. Gillanders.

v. weinlig.



Herschel hockey chant.





OLIVIA HUSSEY.

v. weinlig.

**love and  
happiness**



S. van Ienne p

## war.

The yellow dandelion  
Shivering in the mist,  
The symbol we held.  
It regained our lost love,  
It bade us welcome oft when we drew back.  
The beauty engulfed us in our world,  
Our world of sin, yet beauty.  
We found joy, deep love.  
It didn't last,  
It couldn't,  
The way we lived  
a world of sin.

Then a myriad ants ate one yellow dandelion,  
Soldiers seized our haven in the woods.  
Their boots trod hard on our hearts  
Our love died.

s. brimble.

## message.

How sad  
I thought. I trusted you  
You leave me alone on the threshold of  
darkness  
And you?

s. brimble.



# illusion.

We walked along the unfurling road to happiness  
Beneath the crimson sky.  
Ahead the swaling sunset.  
We passed amidst the lilies, lilies of Spring,  
the faint of smoky rosemary.  
We walked through fields of organdie  
softer than the light,  
Then through vales of burgundy.  
Onwards towards eternity.

s. brimble.

# lost unity.

It was  
WE  
Now it is YOU  
and I.  
Let us remember  
what we WERE  
and not what we ARE.

Somehow, it is difficult.

p. pettigrew.



# happiness.

Bubbling-over joy,  
Immense excitement,  
Good news and new things,  
This is all that  
Happiness brings!

A day at the beach,  
Or a film at night,  
Christmas, a birthday,  
All this brings  
delight!

New places, new people,  
No misery, no sorrows,  
But just what follows:  
PURE HAPPINESS!

j. pulsford.



s. abernethy.

# hope.

There is no hope .  
The bells in the church ring  
While the bells in my mind toll.  
I see white and black before my eyes,  
She is beautiful and he .....  
Through my tears I smile,  
And shower congratulations on them both.

White and black,  
They clamber happily over the wall  
That leads to the reception hall.  
The happy chatter -  
"Would you like a slice of cake, Madam?"  
The mist is now gone from before my eyes  
But the hurt remains.

It is all over now,  
The room is cleared and the gaiety's gone.  
I am left alone with my thoughts,  
My thoughts of black ---- and white.

k. resnekov.





## an intimate exchange.

The blazing fire, the cosy room,  
The hound Rex sleeps contentedly.  
At last there is a sound - he wakes,  
His eyes alight with fearless joy  
For he knows he hears his master.

His tail wags wildly and barks fill the silent room.  
In all his humanity he seems to say:  
"Master, at last you're home,  
I've waited for you all day."

After this intimate exchange,  
Rex settles down once again  
To sleep before his blazing fire.



# young love.

My love would never die  
It lingered leasurly about my heart,  
The thought of which often made me cry.  
Why had WE to part?

His face so lovely and sincere  
Had been part of me for very long.  
Then to me my love had been clear,  
Just as the words of our song.

Had been!  
Why the past?  
True love should always last!  
Was I wrong,  
Was it really our song?

Suddenly, like a snake shedding its skin,  
I grew up and knew that real love would now begin.

1. faults.



s. abernethy.

# what are friends for?

Cure for depression,  
Telephone a friend.  
Cure for loneliness,  
Call on a friend.  
To share your happiness,  
Why not a friend?  
Problems at home,  
Confide in a friend.

A friend in need is a friend indeed!

k. resnekov.



s. maggs.

nature



# desert lizard.

Desolate

Sand

Sand

Sand

Everywhere,  
The glare of the sun.  
No water.

A sudden movement in the sand -  
I am not alone.

Grasping, I stretch out my hand  
and..... and I grasp a..... a  
convulsing lizard,  
Its heart beating wildly.

The scaly skin  
dry and cracked,  
feet four,  
millions of colours.

It has an urge to get away  
but it is held firmer in my grip.  
Then I slowly release it.  
It lies still for a minute and then...  
it is off

burrowing in the sand  
maybe to the other end of the world.  
My mouth is still parched.  
I am alone with perpetual thirst.

S. brimble.



# those monstrous mountains.

Those monstrous mountains, so great and so grand,  
For ever like watchdogs they silently stand.  
The world lives below them in sunshine and rain,  
In light and in darkness, in health and in pain.

Those monstrous mountains, so big and blue,  
Are fearlessly watching for me and for you.  
As the years and the centuries are slipping away,  
We lean on their strength as we pass on our way.

l. olds.

l. faulds.





m. whitaker.

# under the trees

I feel a little sad and lonely so I will go and visit my friends; friends who do not show me their friendship but who, in their own simple way, are friends in need. Just to see them going about their own lives calmly and unhurriedly is enough. Moccasins do not make any noise so that I think I shall wear mine so that I shall not disturb them. Quite often I steal into the woods, usually in the evening, to sit, watch, listen and muse.

Late afternoon seems to bring a faint breeze dancing softly over the world, whispering in and out of the nooks and crannies and cooling my cheeks so that I no longer feel like a wet rag, and am ready to run like a stag and leap for joy. The forest seems to echo my pleasure; the birds flit unconcernedly about and the squirrels chitter happily to me.

Evening comes at last. The skies suffuse with pleasure at the honour that the sun has bestowed on them of reflecting his personal glory. A rosy glow becomes a brilliant gold and then an angry orange as it surrounds the dying sun, as if to protect him. Like a spinning disc he hangs on the horizon and the whole world holds her breath. Suddenly, with a dipping flash, he is gone. The vertical bars of my window become ashen and sombre as everything begins to lose its colour. Wandering, wine-dark vapours flit here and there among the trees, surrounding them and covering them. The leaves murmur in appreciation and it is as if a curtain has been drawn across a stage and everything is wiped out.

I fumble for my torch. Its brilliant light is harsh and unreal and blots out everything except the little world around me. As I walk, thick tree-trunks chopped off at shoulder height loom up in front of me, come abreast of me and fall behind, reforming into impenetrable blackness. A muffled twitter from a sleepy bird - and all the forest is asleep.

Equally moving is it to watch the dawn. If one is early enough one can watch



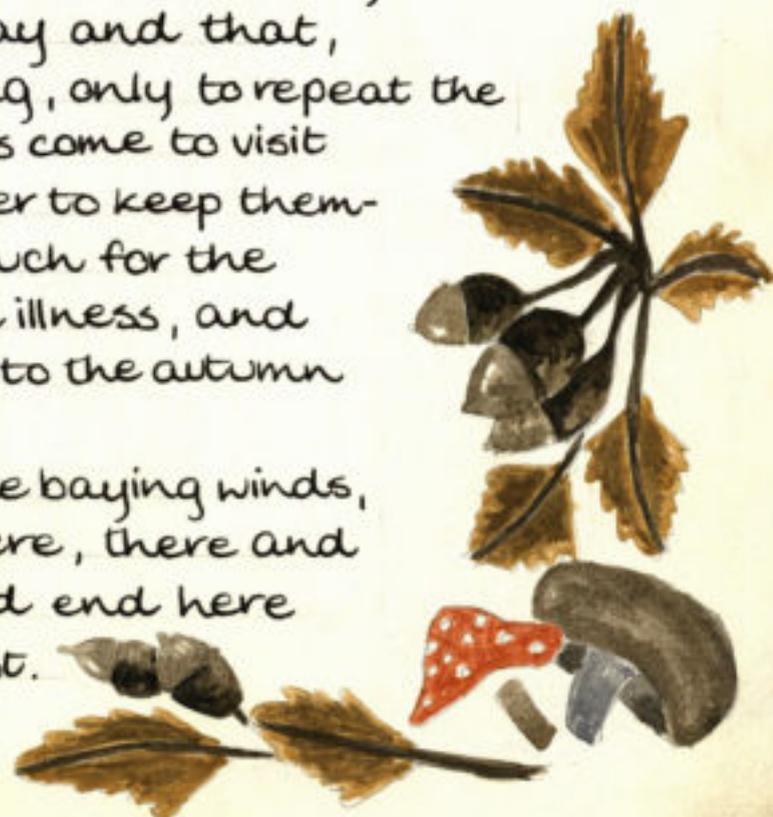
the whole process of the stars fading gently to nothing, and then a slight tinge of grey touching everything - suddenly the trees in the east are faintly silhouetted against a pale sky, then sharply, as the rosy fingers of dawn creep upwards and outwards. Colour flows into place and the bars of sunlight begin to move down to a horizontal level as the bright sun pushes its brim over the cold horizon. The whole soul of the forest seems to be bending towards the rising sun and as the bars of light creep through the trees, life under them begins.

After rain, when a watery sun is peeping over the fast-disappearing clouds, the woods are a place of endless delight. The grass underfoot is covered with drops of water and, looking back, I can see a stripe of vivid green spots weaving in and out of the trees. The moss is soft and as I tread on it, the water oozes out with a bubbling sound from under my feet. All the leaves have been varnished and are standing to attention, proud of their clean new uniforms.

The forest is quiet, eerily so, and even though my lungs seem to be bursting for air, I cannot help but hold my breath in case I disturb this tableau. A leaf, finding its load too heavy, releases it, and, like a spring, leaps back into place. 'Twang,' the commonly quiet sound of a drip falling to its death, is hard and jarring in the stillness.

Sometimes, the forest becomes much agitated by its own spirits. The trees begin to whisper, softly at first, among themselves and the little brooks bubble even more loudly. Branches start to sway, leaning this way and that, touching one another, hastily withdrawing, only to repeat the communication. Their friend the wind has come to visit them. The frantic work during the summer to keep themselves looking beautiful has become too much for the trees. They turn yellow with fatigue and illness, and then flush red with pleasure in welcome to the autumn breezes.

Anxious to get their work done, the baying winds, like hunting hounds, chase the leaves here, there and everywhere; now fast, now slow, a dead end here and the leaves rise and whirl in protest. At last to their rest they tumble, a



warm blanket to the fragments of life that may be underneath them.

My mood always seems to match that of the woods, so full of character are they; but whatever the weather they are beautiful. When all one wants is to get away from the world, there is nothing better than to sit alone under the trees and watch that world go by.

p. pettigrew.



s. abernethy.

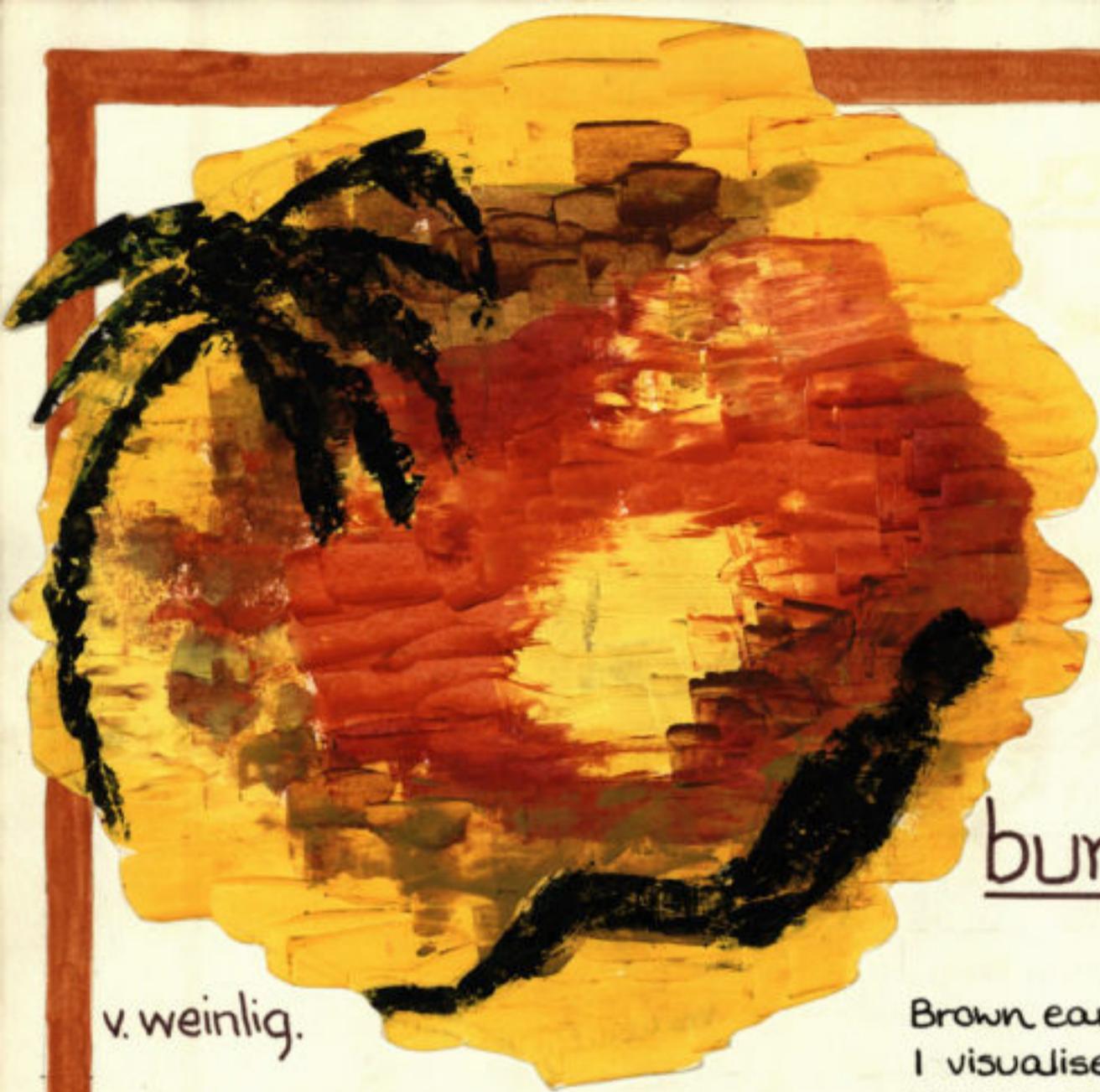
## the daffodil



Before the cold has gone away  
And winter's nearly gone,  
A little bud will appear,  
To tell you that the summer's near  
And spring has just begun.

The little green stem and yellow bud  
Curl out of the ground where they were so snug,  
It grows and grows right over the hill,  
Until it becomes a daffodil.

j. pulsford.



v. weinlig.

## burning sun

Brown earth and orange skies  
I visualise,  
Cracked lips,  
Dehydrated eyes.

The sun moans,  
and with burnt-out rays  
gives birth  
to still-born  
heat.

Dying flowers send  
orisons  
to a crumbling sky,  
while mother earth  
pulsates  
on the verge of  
eruption,  
for there's nothing to eat  
but the  
sun.

s.a. wells.



# Gough Island.

On the rocky slopes of the dreaded Gough Island, two weather-men fought for their lives against a storm more terrible than either of them had experienced before. Early in the morning of that fateful day, the two men had set out from the lonely but vital weather-station that was perched on a cliff, thousands of miles away from any kind of human life.

The two men, Gert, a German, and Dean, an American, had just arrived at a mountain peak ten miles from the weather-station, where they had to check on certain equipment placed there for weather observation. Suddenly, from nowhere, as they began the return journey, an icy, biting wind sprung up and started to whip at their wind-cheaters. As if getting ready to attack these merciless humans, huge, monstrous, coal-black clouds started to form and blocked out what little rays the sun had shed.

Gert and Dean looked at the clouds with expert eyes, then at each other, worriedly. They quickened their pace. The ground was very difficult to walk on because of the dense undergrowth and, every now and again, they had to make a detour around a bog or marshy area. Suddenly the wind strengthened and the rain pelted down on them. The storm had begun. There was a howling gale that forced the men to crawl on their hands and knees to prevent their getting swept away. Above, the steel-grey clouds shot along, making seeing virtually impossible. All the time, the sleeting rain was stinging their faces and hands and almost penetrating their thick clothing. This is what surrounded the men as they fought their way back to shelter.

Two days later, a rescue party found their unconscious bodies three miles from the weather-station, nearly dead from exhaustion and exposure. Gert died on the way back and only Dean lived to tell the story of a seemingly impossible storm.

j. hearn.



cats.





e. burns.

## the eagle

Winging silently through the air,  
All gentle things on earth, beware!  
Greedy eyes, smoky grey,  
Glitter as they spy a prey.  
Descending swiftly with triumphant cry,  
No pity for the hopeless sigh.

m. maarstrecht.

## the pool

I looked into a pool where I saw my face,  
Then my eyes saw through the shining face  
And there I could see, in its full majesty,  
The life of the fishes under the sea.

There were pebbles so smooth, looking up at my face,  
There was seaweed that floated around with a grace,  
More even than dancers, and without such a pace,  
Where the life of the pool found a hiding-place.

s. penberthy.

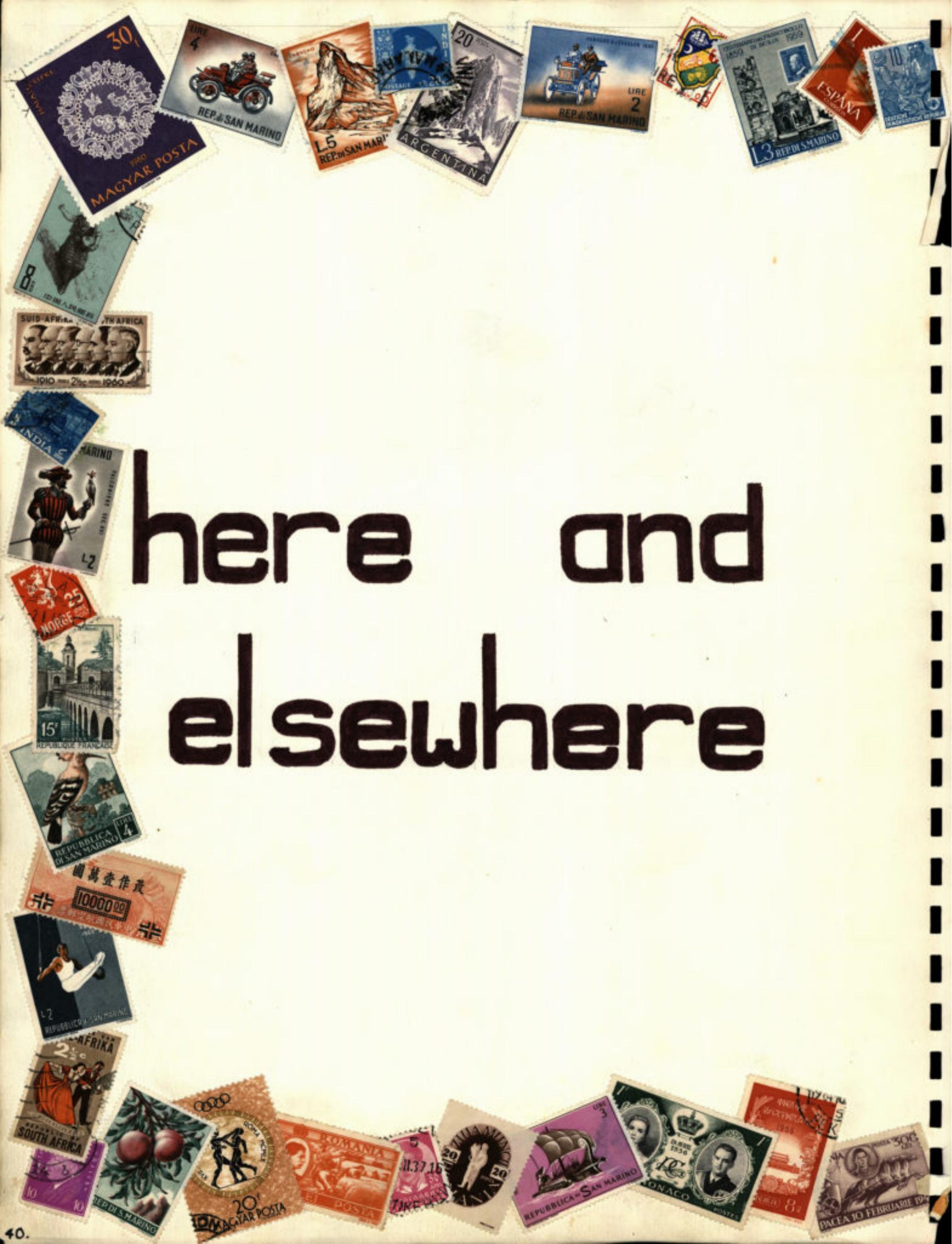




the so



here and  
elsewhere





# ad dei gloriam.

- |                            |            |
|----------------------------|------------|
| 1. To the Glory of God     | English    |
| 2. Tot die Glorie van God  | Afrikaans  |
| 3. Ad Gloriam Dea          | Latin      |
| 4. Ku Zuku Luka Thixo      | Xhosa      |
| 5. Zur Ehre Gottes         | German     |
| 6. A la Grace de Dieu      | French     |
| 7. Velsigned Vaere Gud     | Danish     |
| 8. Deo Lemon               | Greek      |
| 9. Roem van God            | Dutch      |
| 10. Gloria de Nossa Senmor | Portuguese |
| 11. Por Gloria Deo         | Italian.   |
| 12. Zuwa sa Dawkaka Allah  | Islam.     |

# thoughts.

Me pudet dicere tibi meae calamitatis. Non habeo nova epistolae Merrimanis. Ignoscendum mihi a Sally sceleris magni mei. Sedeo putatum sed non sunt cogitationes, aliquis, similis est Plutonis, dixit "Puto igitur sum". Non puto igitur nolo esse. Haec res sunt cogitationes tristes, sed adeo est, nisi puto aliquid, non sum ego, etiam Sally me volet necare.

a.reay.

# happiness

Felicitas est :-

bene probationem gerere.  
cubile calidum.  
salutari nostro cane.  
pervenire ad summum montem.  
Princeps canis esse.  
jactare ab arbore.  
scribere hanc linguam Latinam.  
amari.  
veriam.  
bonos amicos habere.

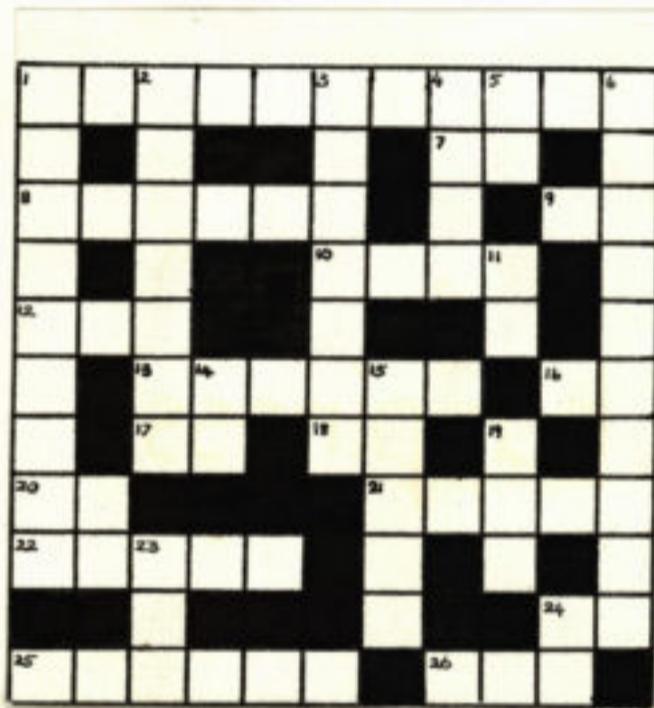
s. a. wells.



# latin crossword

## ACROSS

- |               |                         |
|---------------|-------------------------|
| 1. seventy    | 17. me                  |
| 7. same as    | 18. takes an ABL.       |
| 8. of defeat  | 20. you (acc. sing.)    |
| 9. it         | 21. P.P.P.F. of to pray |
| 10. a recruit | 22. and also            |
| 11. country   | 24. him                 |
| 13. he uses   | 25. at once             |
| 16. if        | 26. where?              |



## DOWN

- |                                |                       |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. by a priest                 | 11. prep. gov. ABL    |
| 2. I am in command of          | 14. same as 20 across |
| 3. in summer                   | 15. by a wife         |
| 4. a journey                   | 19. he gives          |
| 5. introduces neg. purpose cl. | 23. thus              |
| 6. build (plural)              | 24. if                |

a.reay.





## la ballarine.

Dans les doigts tremblants

Dans les mains, vieilles et ridées

Reste

Une image,

Une image spéciale,

D'un tutu rosé et des souliers rosés,

Les cheveux noirs enroulés en chignon.

Une petite fille danse

Pour toujours,

Sur une scène désertée depuis longtemps,

La scène du temps.

Une larme coule le long de ses joues,

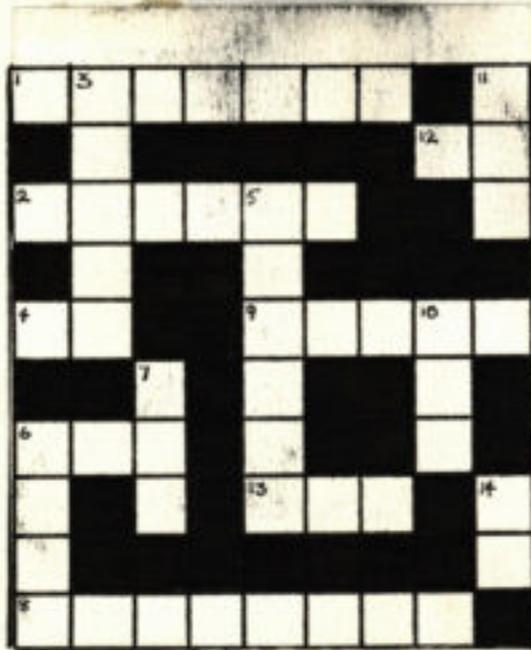
Des yeux toujours jeunes,

Tomber à l'image

Les mémoires ne sont pas toujours heureuses.....

Surtout quand on est vieux.

m. resnekov.



## french crossword.

### QUESTIONS

#### Across

1. Le premier mois
2. 3<sup>ème</sup> personne du singulier de  
ARRIVER
4. Je suis, tu es, ..... est.
6. Le singulier de feux
8. Un autre mot pour FINIR
9. Le père, le frère, la mère,  
la .....
12. Pourquoi êtes vous .....  
malheureux?
13. Négation

#### Down

3. Le mois après Mars
5. Un vêtement
6. 3<sup>ème</sup> personne du pluriel de  
faire (ils.....)
7. Le contraire de non.
10. Un chien, ..... chienne
11. Une boisson
14. Elle ou.....

g. peltigrew.

# un vieux monfagnard raconte sa vie.

Par un temps splendide, j'ai décidé de me promener à la monFagne. Au bait d'une demi-heure, je me suis approché d'une bicoque à l'ombre de vieux cheniers.

Assis, sur un moignon devant sa vieille maison du bois. Était un homme. Il était barbu, mafrasé, aux chereux gris et à<sup>la</sup> barbiche grise. Sous ses soureils rangés par le soleil, brillaient des yeux bleus et étincelants. Il portait des vêtements troués, et il n'arait pas de souliers. U était, ou arait été, monFagnard. Puis il commençait à me raconter l'histoire de sa vie.

Il aimait a monFagne et puis quand il s'est arrêté de marter, il continuait à virre dans les monFagnes. Il virait seul, parce qu'il u'aimait pas de bruit et de bavardes. Il gardait un troupeau de moutons et en été, ils paissaient sur les pentes veits en haut. Il montait la monFagne pour le plaisir, ensemble avec des cordes, des pitons, des cordes d'attache et de rappel. Un de ses amis, l'accompagnait sourent et ensemble, ils escalavnt les piques et les parois. Autrefois, il est tombé, mais il n'était pas blessé comme il était attaché à son ami. Au lairtain j'ai entendu les bêlements. C'étaient les montans et ils voulaient rentrer pour se chauffer, et se nourrir.

Le soleil a commencé à descendre au ciel et j'ai aû rentrer. J'ai dit au revoir à mon ami et j'ai rebroussé chemin. Comme je m'approchais de plus en lointan et plus deux et enfin' ils ont disparu, et le soleil est tombé derrière les monFagnes.

e. abbott.



# vietnam.

"The peace we seek in Asia is a peace of conciliation; between Communist states and their non-Communist neighbours; between rich nations and poor; between small nations and large; between men whose skins are brown and black and yellow and white; between Hindus and Moslems and Buddhists and Christians. It is a peace that can only be sustained through the durable bonds of peace; through international trade; through the free flow of people and ideas; through the full participation by all nations in an international community under law, and through a common dedication to the great tasks of human progress and economic development." President Johnson gave this summary of the long-range American objective on July 12, 1966. The United States seeks no territorial nor economic concessions in North Vietnam - it is prepared to withdraw its forces if it has the North Vietnamese assurance that they will do the same. Since 1954 the United States aid mission has spent more than \$ 2,000 million on economic assistance to South Vietnam.

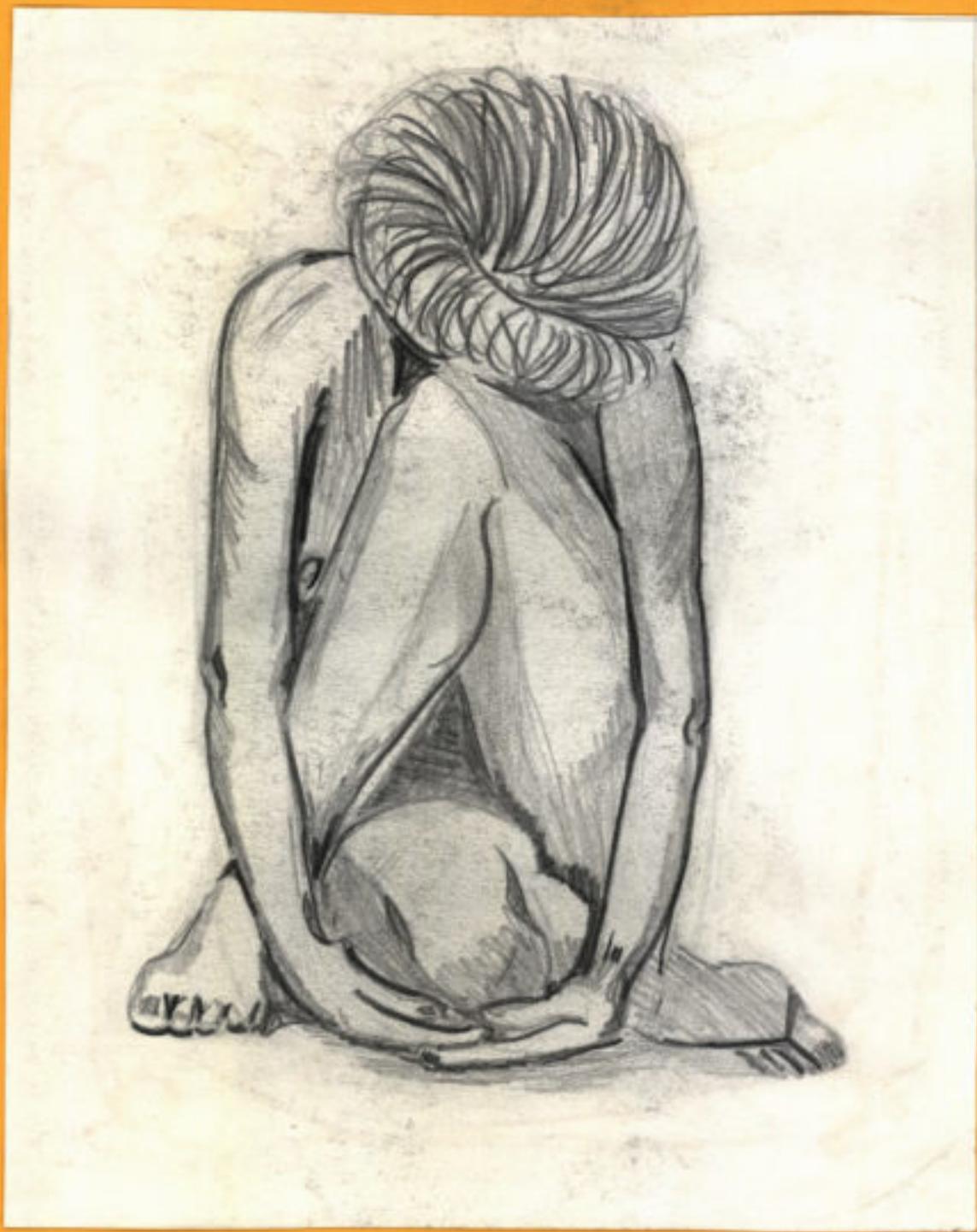
The North Vietnamese campaign of terror was begun by the "Viet Cong" (from Viet Cong San meaning "Vietnam Communist"), some 2,500 to 6,000 of whom had stayed South of the seventeenth parallel after the Geneva agreements in 1954, burying their weapons and radio equipment and awaiting orders from Hanoi. By end-1967 the terrorists had succeeded in killing, wounding or kidnapping some 60,000 men, women and children. At this time the combined forces of Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops was estimated at 295,000. A grandmother sits and waves a U.S. patrol through her village every day for months and one day draws a machine gun from beneath her skirts, injuring or killing the majority of the patrol. This is an indication of the complexities which beset all the peoples - fighting in the North and the South and the countries which are aiding them.

t. helfet.





m. whitaker.



m. whitaker.

## my dood.

Eendag het ek na die see gegaan,  
Daar het ek op die strand gestaan.  
Die branders het oor my kop geslaan  
En daar het ek toe doodgegaan.

Niemand het na my begrafnis gekom,  
Want hulle het gesê ek was so dom  
Om op die strand te staan, en wag  
Vir die branders om oor my te slaan,  
daardie dag!

s. bosma.

## die blitzhuis.

Een oggend het my vader besluit om 'n nuwe huis te bou.  
Hy het die werksmense gebel; veertig het daar opgedaag - vyf  
messelaars, tien loodgieters, twintig handlangers en vyf  
pleisterraars. Een vragmotor het vyf honderd duisend bakstene  
en vyf duisend sakkies sement gebring. Nog 'n vragmotor met  
sand het opgedaag.

Almal het omstreeks agtuur die oggend begin werk. Ons nuwe  
huis was elfuur klaar. Die swembad was half-twaalf klaar en ook  
die tennisbaan. Die tuinier het ingekom en die tuin was om een-  
uur klaar. Die blomme het dadelik begin blom en die gras het  
begin groei. My moeder het van die blomme gepluk om in die huis  
te rangskik. Die meubels was in, die tapyte was gelê en die  
gordyne was opgehang.

Om vieruur was alles klaar en gaste het ons gehelp om die  
huis in te wy. My vader het om sesuur tuis gekom om te vind  
dat alles kant en klaar was.

Ja, so 'n leven hoor 'n mens nie alledaags nie.

g. de beer.



v. weinlig.

feelings of  
a pupil



s.obernethy.

## work.

French is boring , Latin is worse,  
Maths is ghastly , Afrik. a curse,  
History has too many names and dates,  
Geography too many rivers and states.  
Music needs a voice and an ear,  
English has too many tests I fear,  
Domi Sci is one huge bore,  
Art needs someone who can draw,  
Science is crammed with atoms and things,  
Bilg. with wasps, bees and their stings,  
Games is a bit too strenuous for me  
So I'm in a bad way as you can see.

j. pettigrew.

## the horrors of the imagination.

O ye girls  
Of Herschel, and ye most ancient teachers; where,  
Oft as the headmistress obliquely strides,  
Her face vident red, and her eyes smouldering,  
Stops short the unsuspecting to scold,  
Presiding o'er the scene, some monstrosity  
Founded by Jagger or some poor fool's hands.  
O ye ice-cold classrooms, which overlook  
The rocky playground and the littered grass  
Of bubblegum papers and broken glass;  
How fearfully I recall your disc-slipping desks,  
Hated of old, and that miserable time  
When, all alone, for many a weary day,  
I ploughed through all that homework, but  
It is not over yet for tomorrow is another day.

m. resnekov.

With apologies to Mark Akenside and his "Pleasures of the Imagination" from which this is an extract.



## exams.

Crinkling of paper, scratching of pens,  
Will this question paper never end?  
One more hour to go  
And progress is very slow.

Now and again a nervous sniff,  
This paper is pretty stiff.  
Steal a glance at the girl next door  
And see she's already on page four.

Hastily continue in an untidy hand,  
Abbreviating words where I can,  
'Time's up', I hear the teacher say,  
Put down my pen, the end of a day.

s. penberthy.

## feelings of a pupil.

I twist and I turn,  
What do I care what they think,  
Their warped motto burns my mind.  
AH! The heated word stumps my path,  
Why me? Why me? Why me?  
I am not of their world!  
To finish this is to start life.

j. hearn.



# school photographs.

Thursday dawns - it is bright and fine,  
We're sorted out and placed in line.  
Oh dear, here we go once again  
To the familiar school refrain.  
Sally's pulling silly faces,  
Linda, fix your dental braces,  
Jill removes with her eraser  
Goo from her new blue school blazer.  
Teachers all wearing sombre black,  
With expressions funereal,  
Know it's Jill's breakfast cereal.  
Poor photographer in a daze,  
As Liz arrives late and harassed,  
We begin to feel embarrassed.  
Mrs Kittow in cap and gown,  
Stands up instead of staying down.  
"Now, girls, attention and smile please,"  
The photographer decides to quile.  
"Now watch the birdie, if you please,  
While every one of you say 'cheese!'"  
Click - now it's all over and done,  
Our tired photographer has won.  
These dear old school group photographs  
Will give us lots of future laughs.

m. tennyson.



s. van lennep.

**thoughts and  
experiences**



I. faulds.

# the storm breaks.

I pressed my nose against the glass of the kitchen window. It had been one of those steamy days when one knows that soon a storm will break. They had sensed it too and although I couldn't understand their reasons, I knew that they were tense in one another's presence.

The thunder growled in the distance and fat grey clouds began to mass themselves across the sky. A sheet of white light followed the thunder.

In the room next-door I could hear voices raised in anger. They were always fighting, but lately it had got worse. Had my mother and father ever loved each other, really? My question was unanswered. The thunder muttered, then roared. The voices could be heard above the storm.

"Who was that other woman you were with? If you can't answer your own wife then... I suppose you are ashamed of her!" my mother's voice was raised in anger.

I turned back to the window. The wind had suddenly come up and I felt myself being tossed, like a leaf. No-one wanted me anymore. The tree from which I came no longer had firm roots. I longed to be able to get up and tell them what I thought of them, but that would only make it worse.

"Look at how you've brought up John. You've molly-coddled him until he doesn't know whether he is a boy or girl."

"I tried to be a father as well as a mother to him. You never cared two hoots about him."

"Send him to a boarding-school and let him grow into a man."

Why was I always brought into their fights like a sort of vase that they could throw at one another? I pressed my nose harder against the pane as if to try and gain comfort from the cold smooth glass. I wanted to be a part of the storm and not just an onlooker.

"I'm leaving you and your son. I will go to my lawyer."

Lawyers always came into the fight



Then she would go and pack and as she packed she would call out remarks.

"My mother was right about you."

But then the storm would die down, they would apologize, they would go to their room together, and I would stay alone in the kitchen.

The thunder roared once more, but my father had not gone to her. He had put on the radio, which was a sign that he didn't care. The door of the kitchen opened and my father came in. He kissed me. I didn't kiss him back.

"Goodbye, John. You and your mother are going away. I'm going out now."

He was going to Anette, his redhead. The door opened again. I stared out at the lightning. My mother was upset.

"John no matter what your father tells you, I am doing this for your own good. I should have done it long ago. Write to me, John. Good-bye."

I am alone in the house. The storm has carried me along in the house. The storm has carried me along with it and I am no longer an onlooker. Outside the wind is dying down, the thunder has stopped and the air is no longer heavy. It is raining outside, as the tears tickle my nose. Through blurry eyes I know that my heart is broken.

m. resnekov.



# perhaps.

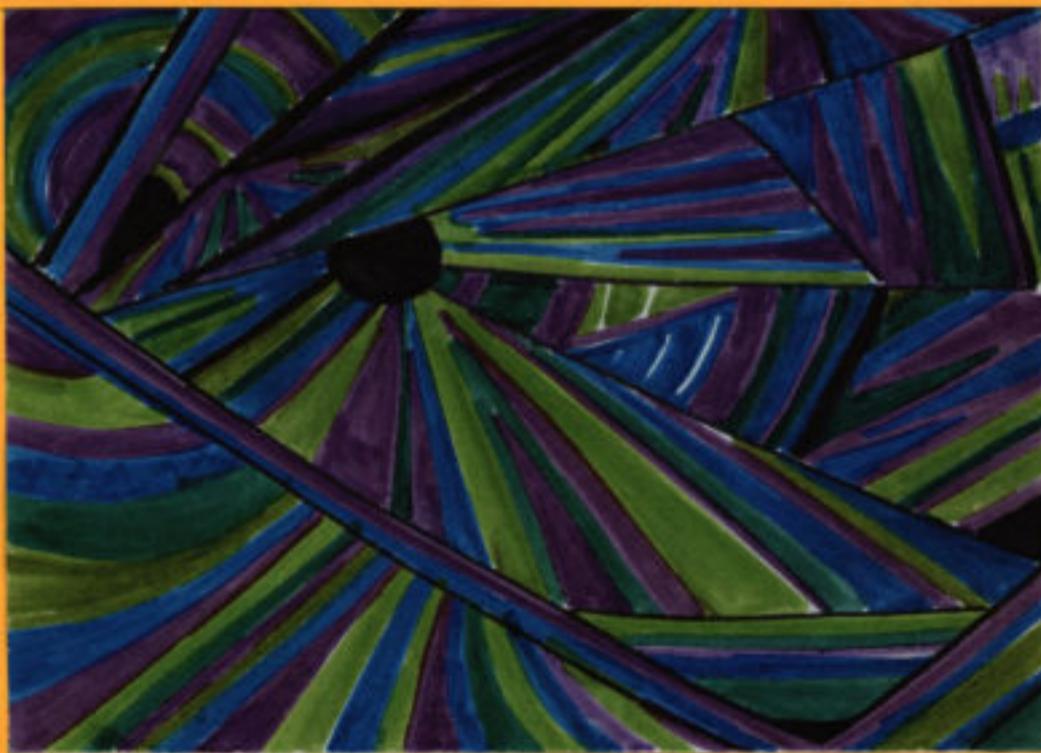
I sit here,  
Dreaming of what might or might not be.  
Perhaps,  
When I am older, decisions might come more easily.

I sit here,  
Dreaming of what might or might not be.  
Days,  
They pass so quickly and yet time drags by.

I sit here,  
Dreaming of what might or might not be.  
River,  
The river flows smoothly but we jerk by.

I stand now,  
Forgetting my dreams and thinking of the present.  
Perhaps,  
When I am older, decisions will come more easily.

k. resnekov.



e. abbott.

# first of may.

Come one kid  
Come all my oblivious heinous friends  
To 'Naples' back streets.

We have arrived

We have !!!

Down  
to the water-  
side

Let's go to the slum child's

Land of Beyond  
(his destination)

his home

Some home  
Shame

We slowly enter to my normal state,  
out of the stinking sun.

We come to an area with a difference  
they have (interesting things)

drains — blocked

rats — filth

empty bottles — fish oil or wine

| wonder

shacks — holiday houses.

| wonder

washing — dirty  
Must be Monday.



Then come to the  
1st of May,  
Walpurgis - night.  
We caroused all in sincerity.  
The fire laughs in the middle  
its flames rise

up  
up  
up

right past Timothy Leerie  
he took the place of our filial representative

We hear the early bells,  
ringing and laughing, calling to us.  
It is the 2nd of May.

We go to a big white building  
So clean We're dirty

We go to see a poor boy —  
nailed to a pole Oh endurance

he suffered lots  
how he isn't dead I don't know.

We ask for help we get it  
help is all around

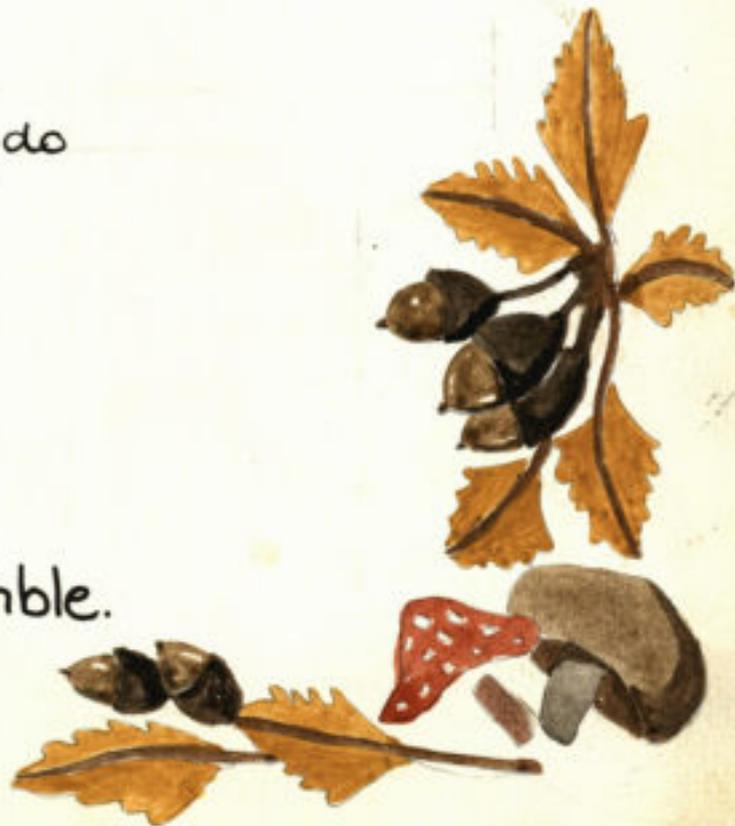
if we could but perceive  
then we feel clean,  
although we don't look it,  
more lashed out  
after 1st of May.

We then return to our homes  
I hereby do

I dream all the time to get  
away  
away,

from — the slums  
Today I dreamt  
I had a fight with the devil.

s. brimble.





g. de beer.



e.abbott.

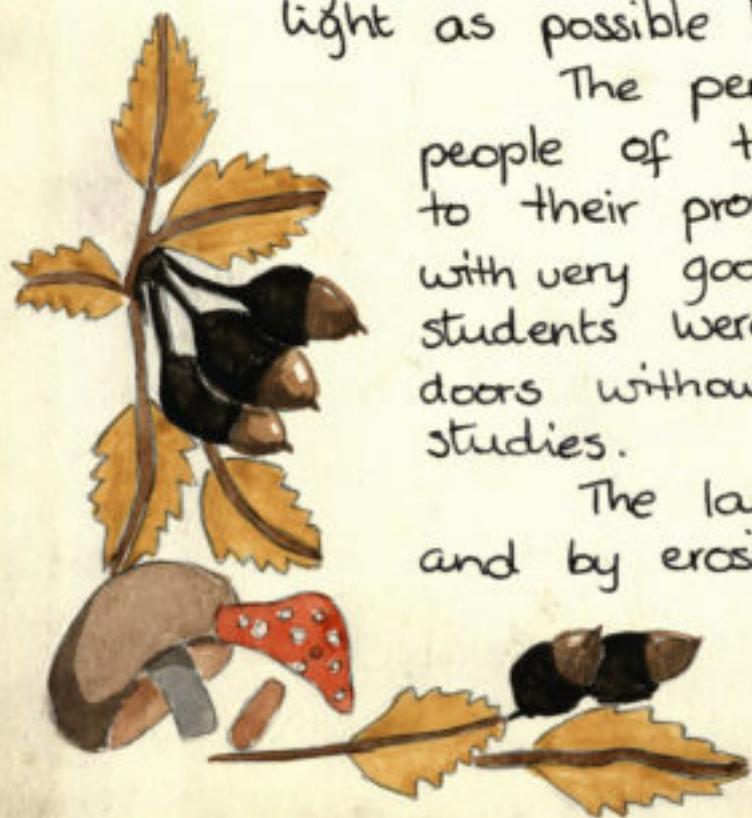
## an unusual experience.

I have always wondered what the world will be like in about one thousand years from now. Just before I fall asleep at night my mind wanders and wanders as I think about what god is, who I am and where space ends. Maybe we all live in layers, that is spiritual levels so that everything happens at once, that is the year 1421 and also the year 2359 are still happening. If this is so, it would be possible to travel in a time-machine to a year that we have not yet experienced; to travel into the future.

I travelled in a time-machine into the year 2070. It was unbelievable and not at all like anyone had imagined but it was dull and uninteresting. Everything was white. Man had discovered that white light could be broken down into seven colours and had used these seven colours so much that he had forgotten they could make white when mixed. In 2040 a scientist had discovered that if you mix red, blue, green, yellow, violet, indigo and orange you get white. Everyone had thought this a marvelous discovery and so they had ~~permitted~~ painted everything white. I cannot imagine anything more uninteresting than a completely white city. Everything was made of plastic and very smooth and shiny. Another reason for the white buildings was that the sun had lost a great deal of energy through the ages and was by this stage very weak so that as much light as possible had to be reflected.

The people were not very changed from the people of today but they were adapted physically to their professions. The athletes were tall and strong with very good eyesight while the professors and students were very small and adapted to living indoors without much interest in anything except their studies.

The land was flat from continual earth quakes and by erosion of the soil and by erosion of the earth by the wind. There was no water because it had all dried up in the sun. The continent of South



America had completely disappeared, that is it was level with the bottom of the ocean that was.

There were also trains, cars and aeroplanes which were propelled by the power of thought waves. Another thing that I found very unusual was that everyone read everyone else's mind so there were no secrets in the world and no-one talked because there was no need for conversation.

In one of the museums there was an old church bell which was extremely valuable. The bell began to ring and ring and ring and then it made a running sound like a clock unwinding.

The alarm clock had woken me up from a most unusual experience.

2.



1.



what are they?



miscellany

# miscellany

# shakespeare.

"I loved the man" wrote Ben Jonson, "and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped."

And again:

"Triumph my Britain! Thou hast one to show  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe,  
He was not of an age, but for all time!"

Nothing is lacking in Shakespeare's play: women, men and children of all classes and natures, fairies and strange monsters, green fields and flowers, sunshine and babbling brooks are all there. "We drink in nature as we read his words" and therefore I feel that producing his plays in the open air, for example at Maynardville, gives the audience a wonderful taste of his plays.

It is to the church that we owe the first kind of play. The priests acted the Mystery plays, with stories from the Bible as many people could not read or write, and this was one way of conveying the word of God to them. After the Mystery play, came the Miracle plays which cannot always be clearly distinguished. At first, plays were acted in the church, but later this idea was abandoned, and plays were acted in the market square. As time went on, a double storeyed wagon was used and this could be transferred from place to place if necessary. Little by little the church lost its authority over these plays. One important actor in these plays was the vice, full of tricks, fun and mischief, and in the Fools of Shakespeare, traces of him can be found. From the interlude sprang the comedy and "Ralph Roister Doister" by Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton, was one of the earliest. At this time there were no proper theatres, so strolling players moved from town to town and set themselves up under the protection of some nobleman, carrying their stages around with them and set them up in the yard of an inn. Wealthy

spectators sat in the galleries or balconies; the general public or "groundlings" stood near the platform with the sky as their roof.

As plays were performed in the open air long ago, it would not seem logical to abandon the idea completely today. Many scenes from Shakespeare's plays involve nature and therefore performing his plays outside helps to retain reality. Maynardville has an ideal environment and has aroused the interest of many people who did not realize the beauty of Shakespeare's plays and verse. The green foliage and whispering trees — the willows, oaks, palms — are very peaceful and serene. During the play, a flock of birds will fly over, silhouetted against a quiet evening sky and one almost feels as if the play is really of sixteenth or seventeenth centuries when Shakespeare wrote it. Every year, I see with our school, Maynardville's production. The beginning takes place in a dusk-light and as the play progresses, night will fall. I think that this Intermediate stage between day and night is very beautiful indeed. The slanting rays of the sun decrease and the honey colours of arrows sliding over the grass, the bushes and up to the tops of the trees. With the fading of light, the heat and anxiety of the day are cooled away into a sympathetic, soothing darkness. The stars appear from a sooty expanse and hang like lanterns above us. With night come the sounds of crickets chirping in the surrounding vegetation. The only noise that does not harmonise with the quiet serenity, is the shrill noise of an ambulance screaming to Victoria Hospital. Pinks, blues and yellows light up the stage, and night insects, attracted towards the brilliance adding to the atmosphere all ready created by the actors, and the natural beauty of Maynardville.

Interval — this signifies piping hot coffee and a rushed conversation with one of our friends from another school. Back in our seats, snuggled in our blankets, we hear the noise of crackling sweet-papers disturbing the voices of the actors. Although sometimes it is



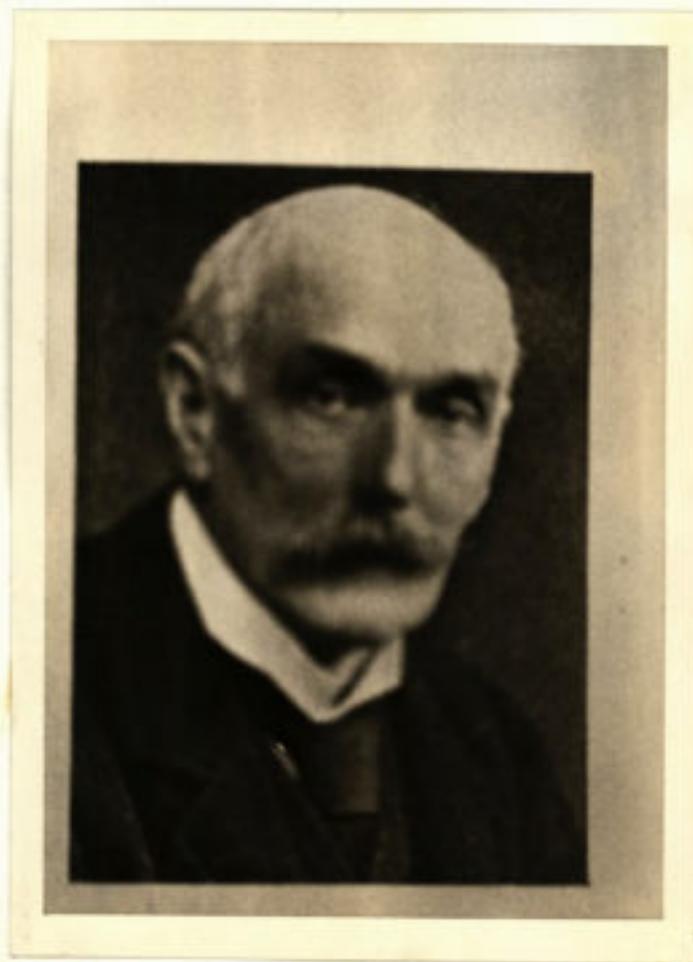
a little chilly, one always feels much more relaxed and comfortable sitting in the fresh, pure air that is free from smoke and excess carbon dioxide.

I really feel that the acting of Shakespeare's plays in the open air gives to them their real value and depth, and I am sure Shakespeare meant them to be acted like that:

"We wondered that thou Shakespeare went'st so soone.  
From the world's stage, to the Grane's - Tying-roome.  
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,  
Tels thy spectators that thou went'st but forth  
To enter with applause. An actor's art,  
Can dye and live to act a second part.  
That's but an Exit of Mortalitze,  
This a re-entrance to a Plaudite."

I. M.

e. abbott.



John X. Merriman.





## litterbugs.

Litterbugs Litterbugs 1, 2, 3,  
Litterbugs Litterbugs as far as you can see.  
Litterbugs are very bad  
Junior, sister, Mom and Dad  
They throw their rubbish everywhere  
Spoil the veld they do not care  
Bottles, paper-bags and plastic  
The way they do it is fantastic.



s. adderley.

What are they?  
1. A Flag Pole.  
2. A Stack of chairs.



v. weinlig.

There was an old man from the moon  
Who came flying down on a spoon  
And when he arrived  
His name was derived  
From the Latin word meaning the moon.

A beetle climbed up a tree  
To see what he could see  
But nothing appeared  
As the weather cleared  
So down he came for his tea.

There was a young lady from Spain  
Who danced all night in the rain  
She married a monk  
Who smelt like a skunk  
And never did dance again.

← s. abernethy.



When eating lunch in a garden  
A man begged everyone's pardon  
'Cos he burped so loud  
And disgusted the crowd  
So he went home in shame from the garden.

While getting married within the church  
The bridegroom was left in the lurch  
The bride did not come  
For drunken with rum  
She sat at the top of a birch.

j. pettigrew +  
v. carter.



Stay near me -  
do not take thy flight,  
A little longer stay in  
sight :-

A RAIN CLOUD ON A  
HOCKEY AFTERNOON.

These thoughts and  
many others of like sort  
Passed quickly through  
my mind.

JUST AFTER A BLOWING  
UP FROM PRINCIPAL.

S.A. Wells.

S. abernethy. ↑ ↓

With apologies to Keats.

There was an old man from  
Japan,  
Who was cooked by his wife  
in a pan,  
She added some salt,  
And plenty of malt,  
And served him for dinner  
poor man!

High bliss is only for the higher  
state.

PREFECTS HEATERS AND LIBRARY  
FIRE.

With apologies to Wordsworth.



1	7	2	1	4	9	5	7	1
5	1	9				6	2	6
		2						0
8	6	0			7	3	6	0

Across

1. The school telephone no.
5. The last teenage year.
6. Double the present Apollo number.
7. The no. of secs. in an hour.
8. The no. of eyes in both classes of Upper III.

Down

1. Subtract 1900 from next year.
2. The year in which the school was founded.
3. No. of pgs. in last school mag.
4. 200 x the no. of circular pillars of the sunny side of school building.

S. Bosma.

7	F	I	D	E	L	I	T	Y	
	E		I		O		I		19
1	E	M	E	N	D		3	P	R
	L				4	G	O		R
		5	A	15	T	14	T	E	N
			N	E	A	R		O	H
18	S		N	B			11	T	I
8	I	N			9	B	L	O	T
10	T	O	B	Y				E	

Across

1. loyalty.
2. to remove errors from.
3. inquire into others' affairs.
4. green robots say ----
5. person who applies his mind to something.
6. not far but -----
7. note well.
8. out or ----
9. what one does to ink writing to see that it does not smudge.
10. mug in shape of man with 3-cornered hat.

Down

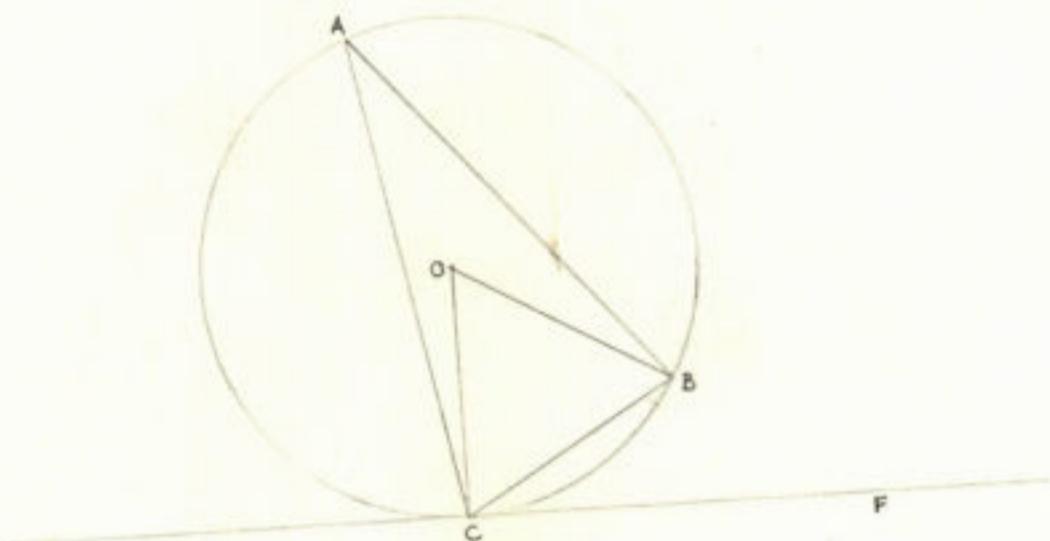
1. examine by touch.
5. word sometimes used instead of 'a'
11. one lives, then must ----
12. person paying for their accommodation
19. from head to -----
14. victory as bad as defeat.
15. eleventh whole number.
16. female cat.
17. first note of scale.
18. what one does to rest one's feet without lying down.
20. one - word negative answer.

L. Olds.

# a problem.

A question from a Lower V Mathematics paper, June 1970, and the answer as reasoned by me while writing the above examination:-

"If a straight line touches a circle, and from the point of intersection a chord is drawn, then the angle between the tangent and the chord is equal to the angle in the alternate segment. Prove it."



$$\begin{aligned}
 \text{P to P : } & \hat{BCF} = \hat{CAB} \\
 \text{Proof : } & \hat{COB} = 2\hat{CAB} \text{ (angle at } O_{ce} \text{ is } \frac{1}{2} \text{ angle at centre)} \\
 & \hat{OCF} = 90^\circ \text{ (CF is tangent to ABC)} \\
 & \hat{OCB} = \hat{OBC} \text{ (OC = OB radii)} \\
 & 2\hat{CAB} + 2\hat{OCB} = 180^\circ \text{ (angles of } \Delta \text{) (i)} \\
 \text{but } & \hat{OCB} + \hat{BCF} = 90^\circ \\
 \therefore \text{ (i) } & \hat{CAB} + \hat{OCB} = 90^\circ \\
 & \hat{OCB} + \hat{BCF} = \hat{CAB} + \hat{OCB} \\
 & \hat{BCF} = \hat{CAB}
 \end{aligned}$$

[ Q. E. D. ]

a.reay.

# the slow death of mrs. rilmington.

Rubbing a hole in the mist on the damp window with a grubby finger, I looked at the shrouded park. The swallows whorled in the sunless sky, brown palpitating masses shooting southwards, searching for something we had already lost. The ghost trees bent defeated, trailed the last blaze of their summer finery in tatters across the yellow grass. Slate grey wavelets, ate away the river bank and the sky wept gently.

The park bench stood distorted, empty beside the skeleton oak. Nobody had sat there for days, not even Mrs. Rimington who had frequented it all summer. I knew she was called Mrs. Rimington because I found her grave the next summer, a grey slab with spider-fine engraving, and it even smelt of lavenders.

She was tiny, Mrs. Rimington, all small and crumpled up like a new-born baby. She was a whisp of grey, a whisp of time, and like a winter lament, she floated through our sunny, summer happiness: a pastel shade in the rich waxy tints of a sun-drunk artists canvas.

Everyday she would sit quietly, clutching herself with bird hands, [to stop herself from blowing away like a dandelion] and gaze out across the punting river with milky sightless eyes.

Her cheeks were apple-red and gossamer-veined, and her soft ethereal clothes, wafted lavender through the park.

All through the winter I rubbed holes, and pressing my nose against the icy glass, I peered out, but nobody sat on the bench. The gardener raked away the pools of leaves, sheltered beneath their wooden slats, and sometimes a dirty, patched tramp slept their, wrapped in the uncertain comfort of yesterday's news.



Summer came again, and the park was crazy green and richly dappled with undiluted colours, vibrating life under a warm sun. The pastel shade had gone, however, and the park bench, usually capable of one feeble bloom, was barren.

Mrs. Rimington had disintegrated gently into nothingness with the snows of winter, a soft grey spirit waiting patiently for release.

We found her grave, one-day, lost among the fern fronds at the back of the churchyard. A soft, brown hump and a grey slab, newly overgrown with tendril wafting moss and it even smelt of lavender. Next year, there will be another Mrs. Rimington to wait and wait, and then to disappear without acknowledgement.

1. faulds.





p. pettigrew.

## the end.

Face, rugged and puckered,  
He walks falteringly over the sand  
Towards a never-ending sea;  
The horizon stretches before him.

The journey is long and he feels tired.  
At last he reaches the door  
It opens, and he walks in.  
He sits down.

Clamped-in and facing forwards he faces...  
One cannot go backwards in the moment of truth;  
One quick moment and it is all over,  
The end has come and with it came peace.

k. resnekov.



## editor's note.

The leaves of this book are now completed and we hope that this product of many months will be enjoyed by many people in the future.

Susan Abernethy and Vanessa Weinlig must take all the credit for this careful writing and I appreciate all the hours they have spent doing it. In addition I would like to thank our head girl, Edwina Abbott, for all her help and advice, as well as her good yet strange photography. But let us not forget the interest and co-operation from every girl in Merriman, and I thank them for their contributions.

But as a plant could not survive without roots, so could this magazine not have developed without the enthusiasm, thought and hard work put into it by Mary Whitaker and Vanessa Weinlig. I sincerely thank them both and hope that they have enjoyed producing the 1970 Merriman Magazine as much as I have.

by Sally-Ann Wells.  
(Editor)

Editor : Sally-Ann Wells  
Co-Editor : Vanessa Weinlig  
Art-Editor: Mary Whitaker.

