

E D I T O R I A L.

My thanks go to all those members of Merriman who contributed towards this magazine.

I must admit though, that there were occasions that I despaired somewhat because there were so many other diversions busily engaging everyone. My worries, however, were groundless, for as usual, the Merrimans came up trumps.

I am quite certain that both the quantity and quality of their efforts will be such that this House magazine is assured of success.

Lastly, I wish to thank the lady responsible for the task of typing these contributions who, however, wishes to remain anonymous.

GAIL DE BEER.

(EDITOR)

FANTASY.

A world of your own,
created by - you !
By day a timid school girls,
By night a famous author !

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Goblins, owls, dreams.
Hopes, fears and laughter.
Jumbled words, Latin verbs,
French nouns and adjectives.

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Dreams full of terror,
Some full of fun,
Others can be serious
But very few are.

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Fantasy is fantasie,
a world created by you,
You - the film star; You - the teacher ...
You and your fantasies.

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T. LLOYD-ROBERTS.

UPPER 3.

NIGHT

Dark, menacing, frightening !
What's that ? Who's there ?
Noises, creates and motles
What's it all about ?
Footsteps - Oh No !
Help, someone, help !
But - everyone's asleep - fast asleep
I'll have to wait till the fingers of dawn
Creep cautiously across the sky.

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T. LLOYD-ROBERTS
UPPER 3.

WANT AD

Notice a vacancy, cottage for rent;
A super garden, no need for a tent.
Wanted a tenant with out delay,
If you like you may move in today.
Children are welcome to stay !
Do not mind noise, parties or singing
Or any relatives you might be bringing
In apple pie order a beautiful area
Rents of the season specially for you
Ladies and gentleman, you cant go wrong
If you're worrying about money,
The cost is a song !

R. WEBBER

UPPER 3.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

It was lovely -
So different.
Everything was hazy, blurred
but happy somehow.
The world was spinning
Very fast
And the grass was cellophane.
Gentle noises
Paper flowers
Beautiful people -
Lovely world.

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If only our world were like that
Nothing would be complicated
Only fascinating.
No war - only gentleness and peace
And everywhere the cry
From the youth - our youth - goes up:
"peace, brothers, peace ! "
Why don't these people - these ants,
These sheep
Try to make peace
It is needed.

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T. LLOYD-ROBERTS.

UPPER 3.

AUTUMN

Autumn ! Red, gold, orange, brown
Autumn leaves upon the ground.
Squirrels gather nuts galore
To hide away in their Autumn store.

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Leaves twirl, play and dance together,
In this cold and windy weather.
Children stamp to keep warm.
But the animals are asleep and safe from harm.

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Winter sports, they're great fun.
And they keep you warm without the sun.
Hockey makes you run and run,
And makes you hot, though you're just begun.

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Soon we'll have a fine roaring,
With the flames leaping and soaring
Toasting crumpets on a fork
We're nice and cosy, and its not too dark.

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PAMELA KING.

UPPER 3.

DUSK AT THE RIVER

Dusk is falling, and the animals crowd to the water's edge to enjoy their evening drink. It is pleasantly cool by the swiftly flowing river.

The air is filled with the sound of the shuffling made by hundreds of milling feet, snorts, grunts and bellows echo round.

The Zebra, Wildebeeste, Impala and Springbuck come and go in turn. Small birds flit from tree to tree, singing jubilantly. The insects buzz around the herds.

From out of a clump of reeds on the opposite bank, a wily old crocodile glides, the buck draw back and in a moment have scattered ! The crocodile, intent on food, carries on downstream to another drinking place frequented at this time.

Slowly the animals return, they are cautious, wary and alert, if one scents danger, he gives the warning for everybody. "All for one, one for all" is the motto of the wilds.

The wind has changed, and is blowing to the west. From under a bush, not far downstream, a tawny form crouches ! A lioness ! Hungry and intent on getting food, although she is alone ! She is upwind to the herds, so they cannot smell her.

She waits patiently ! Suddenly past her bush, a troupe of Gazelles appear ! There are many young, so she bides her time. The herd stop at the water to drink.

Stealthily she creeps through the long yellow grass which comoflages her. An ewe and her lamb are very close ! She springs ! Pandemonium reigns as the herds scatter in wild panic. In an instant there is not an animal in sight ! Or is there ? From under a large but low hanging tree, about two hundred yards along the bank stalks a magnificent male lion !

The lioness is busy dragging the ewe's carcass to a nearby tree. He greets her, then he lifts up his head, and there follows the call of the Wilds ! The voice of the King of Beasts ! His small pride gather round at his call.

The males eat their fill, and soon the cubs and lioness are eating too !

Peace reigns, but already, the jackals and hyenas are crowding round. The jackals nip in and take small mouthfuls when possible.

The moon is up, and clouds are drifting aimlessly across with a gentle wind behind them.

The nightjar calls mournfully, accompanied by cicadas and the crunching of bones ! The hyenas are at work !

In the morning, the vultures will have their turn to pick the bones of the carcass of the once proud mother !

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PAMELA KING.
UPPER 3.

OUPA VERTEL

Na die volgende slag van die gong is dit presies agtuur op Springbok radio

Ding-Dong..... Ding-Dong

„Goeie môre mense, dit is Vincent Hesse hier en vanmôre het ons 'n nuwe program vir u. Ons noem dit; „Doe Ou Dae“. Ek sal mnr. Viljoen vrae vra en hy sal vir ons vertel omtrent die jare toe hy 'n seun van nege jaar was, in 1895.“

„Nou voort met die program. Eers moet jy mnr. Viljoen ontmoet „Goeie môre mnr. Viljoen,“ „Goeie môre mnr. Hesse“.

„Nou kan jy vir ons sê hoe dit in die ou dae was. Wat se tipe vervoer middels was daar gewees ?“

„Daar was perdekarre en in die dorpe was die trems deur perde getrek om die mense te vervoer“.

„Op watter manier het die verskillende lande met mekaar handel gedryf?“

„Daar is gebruik gemaak van seil stoomskepe en op die land was daar treine wat aangedryf was deur stoom wat ontwikkel is deur die verbranding van steenkool. Daar was geen vliegtuie nie“

„Was daar bioskope ?“

„Ja, maar dit was klankloos“.

„Was daar ligte in u huise ?“

„Nee, daar was geen elektrisiteit nie en daar is gebruik gemaak van kerse en koel-gas“

„Wat was die mense se klere drag ?“

„Die vrouens het lang rokke gedra met lang moue en hulle was hoog opgeknoop tot by hulle nek“.

„Die mans het vel broeke en baadjies gedra“.

„Was daar 'n telefoon in u huis ?“

„Nee, daar was nie 'n telefoon in ons huis nie, maar my pas het een in sy kantoor gehad. Daar was 'n tekort aan telefone“.

„Het u die ou dae geniet ?“

„Ja, maar dit was nie so modern soos vandag nie, soos jy weet“.

„Ek is jammer mense maar ons tyd is op en ons moet totsiens vir mnr. Viljoen sê. Totsiens en baie dankie mnr. Viljoen. Ek hoop daar sal nog baie jare vir u voorlê“.

„Totsiens mnr. Hesse. Ek het hierdie onderhoud baie geniet“.

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DEBORAH WESTCOTT.

UPPER 3.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

I am old, and weather worn,
I have had many owners;
Many births I have seen,
And many deaths too.

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My roof has been thatched many times,
And I overlook a beautiful garden.
My surroundings are of trees and flowers
My windows are green-shuttered like eye-lids
Which are closed every night.

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I was built a century or more ago
And the oaks up my drive are old
We have seen many things happen,
Experienced many sorrows and joys
Over all the years.

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In my cellars casks of wine have been stored,
Pickles, preserves and jams in crocks on my shelves
My floors are of oak, covered with Persian rugs
And my furniture is stinkwood and yellow-wood.

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During Autumn, the russet leaves, litter my patios
Gold, brown, orange, yellow and red.
The fruit too has passed over my portals
En route to my cellars and pantry.

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My life has been very long and happy,
But my plaster is flaking off and my wood is rotting
No doubt I shall soon be replaced by a modern house
Ah, but I shall be relieved, as I am tired.
And my rest is due.
When I die, may I rest in peace and quiet.

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PAMELA KING.
UPPER 3.

L I G H T S.

I awoke from my slight nap, and stared blankly around me. Lights gleamed from the ceiling above and I realised that I was still in the Boeing 717 on my flight to Cairo.

With no warning whatsoever, the lights above me flickered, popped and went out. Then the cabin lights went out.

Abrupt cries echoed from nearby seats, then --
"Please keep calm. Do not worry, there is a slight fault in the plane's engines. Fasten your seatbelts, please. Prepare for the crash-landing".

The speaker's voice faded abruptly. An excited babble had arisen from all corners of the aeroplane. Were we all going to be killed? Would the plane land safely? Would we all burn before the landing?

Silent prayers were uttered; already the flames were creeping up one of the wings of the aeroplane. The body of the aeroplane was gradually being heated.

Then dim lights came into view, twinkling comfortingly below us. We were safe!

As soon as we had landed, hysterical people rushed through the corridors, sobbing gratefully to thank the pilot.

Still, in the lone evenings, those comforting lights flash through my mind as I relive that terrifying scene.

S. BROWNLIE

LOWER 4.

J A N A R I E.

Januarie is vir my die beste maand in die jaar. Dit is die begin van 'n nuwe jaar en almal kan probeer om beter te doen. Dit is somer en die weer is baie warm. Die dae is laak en heerlik. Dit is 'n nuwe jaar en almal is opgewonde en bly.

Party mense is met vakansie by die strand. Hulle swem in die see en hulle speel tennis op die tennisbane. Die kinders en die hondjies hou baie van die water en hulle plas die mense rondom hulle.

Dit is parstyd by die plase. Die vrugte hang ryp aan die bome. Hulle is gereed om gepluk te word. Die voëls sing in die bome en die voëltjies maak 'n geraas in die nes omdat hulle honger is.

Daar is baie mooi blomme in die tuin. Die rose ruik baie lekker en die dalias is baie mooi om na te kyk. Die diere en hulle kleintjies is bly omdat daar genoeg kos vir almal is.

Dit is lekker om braaivleise te hê by die strand maar soms maak die vlieë my baie kwaad. As dit so baie warm is, is al die mense rusteloos en dan word hulle vas aan die slaap.

Januarie is vir my die beste maand omdat die weer is warm en ons kan baie lekker in die see speel.

GAIL PETTIGREW.

LOWER 4.

AN OLD TACTIC

When the day of the fight came,
there was nothing but mist on the sandy plains
where they were to fight
 The sun began to shine
 This was the signal.

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A challenging neigh, that echoed over the horizon,
came to greet the lonely old stallion and his herd.
Far across the plains he could see the twirling sashes of dust.
 The thundering of hooves was plain to his old grey ear.
 He was of no royal blood, but his senses were alert
 as those of a racehorse entering his box.

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The charging herd was led
by a pure black youngster.
His snorting nostrils flared wider as ne neared
the other small herd.
 nearer,
 nearer,
 nearer
 came the black stallion his hooves pawed the ground
 frantically and he stopped !

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This was his great moment.
He could become champion of the plains.
His body surged forward but his thought held him back.
There stood the grey stallion.
 Although old, he was young in courage.
 The black stallion stood, his feelings grew
 less,
 less,
 less.

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The he was no longer a proud black stallion that had been
triumphant in his dreams of victory.
He turned around to face the way he had come.
The he whinnied and galloped, his herd following.
The grey stallion turned away. Another victory he thought.
The old tactics of calmness had won through again.
 He seemed to smile, and then he trotted
 After the straying yearlings, to round them up.

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THE CAPE TO RIO YACHT RACE

I went down to the yacht basin three days before the start of the race. Flags of at least fifteen different countries tossed and strained at the flag poles of the yachts in the blustery South-Easter. Everyone was bustling around, loading food-supplies, doing last minute painting and securing the main-masts. I could feel the tense, excited atmosphere as I watched these brave, daring people.

I lunched at "S. A. S. Unite" listening to the old naval jargon or the drawl of the Americans. I saw skippers of foreign ships hurry in for a quick beer and a bite to eat, heard them exchange a few words with their companions, and then bustle out to get on with the work.

Saturday, the 16th January, found me at a Mouille Point flat with a ring-side view of the starting line. I had come well equipped with binoculars, cameras, a radio and a brochure of the race. It was a sunny day, with the usual strong South-Easter.

"Graybeard" and "Ocean Spirit" cruised a long quite calmly whilst others tested their sails and made last-minute arrangements by radio, with the guardship "S. A. S. Tafelberg". Thousands of people crowded into their speed boats or yachts, and went to have a last look at these beautiful ocean-going crafts.

As for the yachtsmen - this was their last look at their loved ones, and dry land, for another twenty, perhaps thirty days. They waved goodbye sadly but soon the thought of their brave adventure ahead, cheered them on. When the yachtsmen looked ashore they must have been most impressed at the thousands of South Africans who crowded every doorway, street and windows, waving streamers, shouting and singing. People thronged the beaches and the sun glinted on car windows. Hundreds of cars stood boot to bonnet along the beach front.

Then BANG ! The five minute gun. The tenseness became almost unbearable as the yachts jockeyed for positions.

And then, suddenly another bang, a cloud of smoke and they were off ! Off to Rio !

The lead changes several times and brightly-coloured spinnakers began to appear, as they were hoisted. And then came the grand old lady of the sea, the favourite of the spectators, the majestic "Cariad" under full sail and creaming along, a sight I would not have missed.

About an hour after the start the first yacht was seen turning towards Robben Island. All that could be seen of her was the white sail silhouetted against the celestial blue sky. Closely following behind her came the other yachts, looking their proudest and loveliest as they began to disappear over the sunlit horizon, taking their last look at Table Mountain, their home of the last few weeks.

Slowly the spectators-craft chugged home, full of happy, tired people, people filled with the events of the last few hours. Traffic-jams began to disperse and I walked home, one of those thousands of people who had watched this spectacular event.

Newsflash:

"Pioneer" sunk by whale; "Sprinter" lost and found;
"Jakaranda" returns to Cape Town for rudder repairs, then sails on;
"Barbette" broke mast outside Rio; "Stormkaap" has rudder trouble, repairs at Port Nolloth, but is forced to give up. Makes for St. Helena and is shipped home, to Cape Town; "Elegance" stands by "Stormkaap" to give help; "Ocean Spirit" first at Rio; "Albatros II" overall winner on handicap !

J. PULSFORD

LOWER 4.

A PENNY FOR THE GUY.

It was a Friday afternoon, two days before Guy Fawkes night. The children had all gathered together, preparing to make a guy. Old clothes were strewn across the floor and a bale of straw was standing in the corner of the room with two sticks lying next to it, waiting to be made into a guy.

Peter, the eldest boy, picked up the two sticks, ordering one of the children to go and fetch some string to bind the two sticks together, to make a body. When that was done, a big, orange pumpkin was fetched from the backyard to be used as a head for the guy. Eyes, and a mouth with teeth were cut out and a carrot was stuck in the face for a nose. The clothes, which consisted of some old jeans, a jacket, gloves, a shirt and a tie were put on the guy and filled with straw to give him some body. Straw was also glued on the pumpkin for hair.

When all the mess in the room had been cleared up, the children seated their guy on a cart and proceeded to him up and down the streets, stopping at all the doors and shouting "A penny for guy, a penny for the guy". Heads were pushed out of doors and windows to see the guy and to throw down some pennies to the children.

When it began to grow dark, the children dragged their guy back home with their pockets bulging with their pockets bulging with pennies. When they got home, they counted out their money deciding what fireworks to buy with it.

Two nights later, the children gathered round a huge bonfire, watching their guy burn. In the distance you could hear rockets firing off with a big BANG ! Some of the children around the bonfire were holding sparklers.

Jumping Jacks leapt over the ground while Catherine wheels decorated the black sky with tiny lights glittering in the dark night. The children's faces glowed with joy and excitement.

The guy still burnt merrily on the fire while the children danced round it, singing for joy and happiness. Making the guy had been fun and worth the trouble.

GAIL PETTIGREW

LOWER 4.

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DROUGHT

Death under a cloudless sky.

GAIL PETTIGREW

LOWER 4.

THE BEACH

Vivid coloured domes - bodies lie baking in the sun as the breakers crash endlessly on the ever-suffering sea-life and sand.

This is part of summer, even for ways of enjoying oneself, even for toddlers rummaging among rocks, hoping to find a pebble, a shell or even a fish.

Where everyone flocks in hot weather, to mingle as one -

ON THE BEACH

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VICTORY

The smudged parallels glide, forced through their land -
forced through their land -
A repetition of drums, the line crumble - The war is won.

S. BROWNLIE

LOWER 4.

A DREAM

.....the car journey and the exciting, ting-ling feeling whirling around within me. The sound of the wheels against the hot, sticky surface of the tarmac; and the mysterious mirages that seemed to float away into nothingness.

The walks along the beach, those white, white sparkling dunes. The patterns which the wind had blown in the loose sand. The jetsam left high and dry from the Spring Tide. Running down a dune, tripping over the tufts of coarse grass, and finding yourself at the bottom screaming with laughter.

Sitting on a bleached, driftwood log, watching the tide come in, the waves curling further up the beach, seemingly beckoning to us to swim.

The evenings when the sun set. The clouds turning a soft pink and then darker until they would become black against the orange sun. The light-house silhouetted against that circle of orangy-red with its shimmering waters. Then as the red circle disappeared the yellow emminous one would take its place later, making a shimmering silver path up to it on the sea. The amusing poems about nothing specific.

Then the sound of metal against metal, the grinding, twisting, writhing agony and the splintering and shattering of a reflecting dream. Blackness! White, everything white and a fresh smell. Smell? Could'nt quite place it..... hospital! Worried faces. Then I knew. They did'nt even need to tell me.

I knew.

L. STORCH-NIELSEN

UPPER 4.

WARNING: HE IS STILL AT LARGE:

Jesus is supposedly alive and well, according to a number of young Americans who have proclaimed a religious revolution in his name. Communal Christian houses are multiplying as well as dance clubs and coffee bars. Bibles abound !

The Jesus people, also known as Street Christians or Jesus Freaks have blended the counterculture and conservative religions together.

Many people of the Jesus group trace their beginning to the 1967 flower era in San Francisco, but there were almost simultaneously stirrings in other areas some, but definitely not all effect the hippie style. Although others have forsworn it as a part of their new lives.

Even the singer, Larry Naman 24, who took part in the "Jesus Rock Opera" exclaims "It's growing and there is no stopping it".

Some convents enjoy translating their faith into everyday life, like those who answer their telephones and say, "Jesus loves you" instead of "Hello".

The path to the movement in the communes is often littered with drugs, but as Danny Flanders tells us "If you are Christians you can use drugs after Jesus, but you won't need them".

Many conversions seem to be slow, but finally confide in turnabouts, rather than lightning bolt illuminations.

The enthusiasm is not universal. Some say the movement is a new gimmick or "just another bad trip". Parents are worried that other churches will reject their Jesus-crazed children.

But is the growing fascination with Jesus a passing infatuation. There are obviously gimmicky aspects - bumper stickers, shirts, poster and even wristwatches !

There are obviously signs that it is a bit larger than a religious Woodstock, but is it a gimmick ? What do you think ?

P. BROWNLIE

UPPER 4.

What is time?

The Time

Sometime or anytime

Is it like the fleeting smile of a stranger in a street

Or a glittering drop of dew on a morning web

Can it be measured as the time when kings are born and die ?

Or is it the breathless pause between wars.

The old cling to it

The young scatter and waste it away.

But time remains the victor

Unbeaten.

J. HEARN

UPPER 4.

HIPPIES.

Peace and love are all they want;
No war, no bloodshed
People despises them for what they are
but their thoughts are hidden in their own feelings,
In a life of peace and happiness, the life that they enjoy
People say "What a crowd ! What a rowdy mob"
but are they the wild, uneducated and unconcerned ?
Group that people think they are ?
They are tied up in their own world,
And yet are looking for an escape.

J. LAZAR

UPPER 4.

BEHIND BARS.

' Penny for de ou poor guy'
' Penny for de ou poor guy '
' He has'nt got a mudder'
' He has'nt go a fudder'

I sit a dejected lump on the pavement
my skin and bone part of me

You,

You

the citizen pass by and sneer as I recite my swan song
Pah, honourable citizen.

You,

The lawyer
The idealist
The doctor
The egotist

Everyman

Everyman for himself

Then again the egotist
So involved

So involved, in his petty life
Not, the least interested in me
Me - the common man
As my vindictive thoughts progress
And I become more bitter and twisted
My frozen body of T. B.

Heaves a sigh
A rashing cough
And rolls into the gutter

DEAD

SALLY-ANN BRIMBLE

UPPER 4.

THE LOAFER.

Its you

You who inhabits life

You who opinions that life is a mediocre joyride

You, whose opaque mind is always open to wickedness

You who lives in an aura of semi-oblivion

Is'nt life what you make of it ?

S. BRIMBLE

UPPER 4.

Well, here it is Sunday night, as all Sunday nights must come an' I'm sittin' here at my writin' desk wanderin' what the hell am I gonna do for English. Teacher always gives us work of some kind or t'other for the weekend and this weekend is no exception. Like weekends previously I leave it go till Sunday night comes sneakin' round. An' sure enough, Sunday p.m. is here an' if I don't mind, I'll end up with nothin' to give the holy terror. Not t'all like Miss Peasample. Hell, I get t'laughin' when I say her name. She's such a sorry old mare who never got t'prove her worth. She was all pinched and thin, on the lookout 'tseems; never smiled and she smelled like stale talc put on after a visit to the attic. You could tell she was bitter like my gran's ancient tonic remedy that I used t'have t'take when I's feelin' a mite bit low, come winter-time. One thing 'bout Miss P. - she was funny 'round menfolk like my pa an' my friends' pats when they came for Back-to-School night. Actin' all strange an' stand-offish but hurt when nobody paid no mind to her. Why I can remember a queer thing that happened just afore she left.

She lit into Rupert Homer Smith for teasin' Bella Johnston. Hell, what a ruckus! All's Rupert did was take Bella's new dime store pencil an' wouldn't give it back till Bella promised t'walk home with him after school. T'my way a-thinkin', Miss Peasample didn't want t'be left out so's she told Rupert t'come t'the front of the class for talkin' when the teacher was supposed t'be talkin'. I could see Bella's face just a blushin' but Rupert's wasn't. He walked up sure of himself and stood there in front of the class, not lookin' at no one for fear a'burstin' into fits of laughter. Miss Peasample was just so serious an' I swear that lady's got high blood pressure. (I reckon this t'be true cuz ma's aunt got it an' she gets so excited an' red she's fit to pop). Anyway, Miss Peasample kept trying t'say things (polite obscenities, I figure) t'Rupert but I could only make out little squeaks. Musta been the first time ol' Miss P. didn't have nothin' t'say cuz she's always shootin off at the mounth. Hell, it was fun watchin' her make faces at Rupe, him actin' all solemn an' good, an' it made her even madder when Rupe wouldn't look at her. He stood with one foot front of t'other with his hands in his pckets. Miss Peasample just couldn't take it any longer an' grabbed Rupert's shoulders, tryin', I guess, to'shake the devil outa him that she thought was there.

Now Rupert's a mite bit taller than ol' Peasample - big an' full o'muscle he gets from workin' on his pa's farm (an' also from flexin' his arms on the sneak, behin' the barn where he's hid a mirror). Miss P. looked so darn pathetic tryin' t'shake Rupe and she musta got more tired than him. He just stayed all relaxed and let the old mare shake him.

He seemed t'be enjoyin' it an' I saw him smile down at her almost though he knew a secret. Ol' Peasample let loose a him quicker than anything an' drew away as though she'd seen a monster. Rupert's eyes never left hers an' the two a-them had a stare-down.

All the girls whisper that Rupert's got something the rest of us don't have an' I swear they make such fools of themselves in fronta Rupert; what with their gigglin' and' wigglin' an' actin' dumb, which they are, no doubt in my mind. I couldn't be bothered, but ol' Rupe just swaggers by, causing the girls t'whisper an' giggle even more. Miss Peasample musta found whatever it is Rupert's got an' she didn't know what t'do. But she looked away from Rupert's stare all upset an' grabbed her neck with her hand. I was surprised she made it outa the class room before doing something really rash, like pukin' or faintin'. But she didn't come back, not ever as yet an' we heard she went back East to live with her relations in Boston.

Rupert never talks about that day even when Bella tries t'coax it outa him. I myself can't make it out - what went on up there in fronta the class between Rupe an' ol' Miss Peasample. At least Miss P. didn't give us work every dad-burned weekend like the one we get now. Sunday nights are like takin' cod liver oil. Just wonderin' what I'm gonna write brings Miss P. t'mind. Hell, she was a hard one t'figure, but it don't matter much cuz people are just plain strange anyways.

SUE NEWMAN

UPPER #.

My mind is muddled and I don't know where I am,
People seems concerned
Which worries me more
If only I could start again - a new life
I am not a problem child am I ?
There is only one person that I feel I can turn to.
Yet, would he help me
I'm blind - I'm dark.

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Boredom

Sitting
Waiting
Aimlessly
wondering if it's ever going to get to 7.30
People sit -
Bored
Writing letters for want of things to do
A rustle of paper -
surely someone must be working in this dead and alive role ?
I hear the monotonous scratching of a pen.
A whisper of a voice
someone sighing
Then silence

Suddenly a noise is heard from the front
the glad cry is uttered
It's 7.30
The time has come - everyone dashes out
and leaves the room, desolate and cold -
as it once was,
before the prep when everyone was bored.

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J. LAZAR
UPPER 4.

MASKS.

It was late and dark when I finally went to bed. My parents had been asleep for ages, but I had stayed up late trying to finish my week-end homework.

I was in a restless mood. My mind wandered aimlessly for one subject to another. I decided to read for awhile to give my thoughts something concrete to think about. The book that I had picked up, happened to be an educational one, describing the various different sorts of masks, their uses and the superstitions connected with them. After about an hour, I put down my book, and tried to get some rest. Now, I was in a much more peaceful state of mind and I soon dropped off to sleep.

While sleeping, I had a most wierd and curious dream which must have been brought on by my book on Masks.

.....I was in a strange, desented house, all alone when I heard the sound of soft footsteps coming up the path. Then, I heard the creaking of the front door and the footsteps seemed to come closer and closer. I let out a stifled scream, as I saw coming towards me, four strange-looking people. They were all dressed in long black cloaks and each wore a hideous - looking mask which seemed to represent devils, wanlocks, and other evil - looking creatures. I had read, that masks sometime s had a strange sort of power and had a magical effect on those who wore them.

These strange beings neither moved nor spoke, but stood as still as statues, watching me from behind their frightful -looking countanances. I could do nothing but hpe and pray that they would leave me alone.

This, of course, was not the case. One of these fearful men clicked his fingers and suddenly a chair flew from beside me and landed gently next to a particularly hideous looking creature with a mask that looked like a ghost's face: It was completely white, with the exception of the tentacle like objects hanging from his chin, which were red, and his long printed devil-like horns. He also had an upside-down crown, perched on his horns and persumed from this that he was the leader of this terrifying and inhuman looking quanter. He sat down on the chair and the creature who had previously clicked his fingers, did so again and another, and another chair floated through the room and landed opposite the leader. The leader, then stood up, pointed to me and then touched his mask. I felt myself being drawn towards the chair like a magnet. Then I was tied to the chair with some thick rope.

All the masked fiends then proceeded to come closer to my chair and formed a small circle around me. They atarted to move round and while doing this they uttered eerie chants. At the height of the proceedings, they all took off their masks and identified themselves to the leader. Their own faces were all painted red and black but were not really so terrifying as the masks and I could feel the magic power of those masks oozing out of the room like cream squeezed from a tube. I made a frantic attempt to free myself from my chair .

Luckily I was able to undo the ropes with surprising swiftness and I rushed to the door before any of them could stop me.

..... Suddenly, my brother burst into my room complete with his toma hawk and feathers. He was wearing a very authentic-looking Red Indian mask and he seered down into may face to show it off. "Dont", I said feebly, shuddering as I remembered my dream.

VIVIEN CARTER

LOWER 5.

Black White; Black White
It flashed continuously
I reached out - no one !
Security is what I needed - Grovaling
I fell on the floor still no one
Hope, Dispair, Pain, Death
White Black White Black.

S. ABRAHAMSE.

LOWER 5.

G R A C E _ D A R L I N G.

Dawn was still some two hours off, "We're blind", thought the boy; and even if we could see, we shouldn't be able to choose our way.

Page at their helplessness burned within him. The demon was relentlessly driving his prey into a corner. Suddenly, out of the dusk ahead there towered a black mass. It was as if the land leapt forward to meet them. A tremendous shock ran through the vessel. The boy was flung off his feet. Then, above the tumult came the screams of human voices. "She has struck, we are wrecked! "

The deck of the "Forfarshire" was crowded with people running to and fro waiting for the help that no one could give. Some set about lowering a boat into the boiling sea, others flung themselves overboard. The boat itself vanished. The demon was beginning to tire of his play, and hastened to make an end of the victim. She was pounded by waves that rushed over the decks, sweeping them clean of everything.

The boy was clinging to the bow rails, frozen to the marrow and half suffocated. A miserable death was now only a matter of time, perhaps the boy's strength would fail before the ship's, it was just a question of whether he would be swept off the decks, or sink with the vessel. The seas thundered to and fro. The morning grew on a scene of unabated storm. Daylight found more people waiting for the end.

Across the evil seas, on one of the black rock islands, a tall finger pointed to the sky. It was the Longstone lighthouse. There were human beings there. Perhaps they were looking at the wreck, though they could never guess that there was anyone left on it.

The boy forced his eyes open, and saw a black speck that roared on the waves by the lighthouse. Suddenly he screamed, "It's a boat! " Someone cursed him, but his cry had startled the despairing and presently faint voices were clamouring with him, "It is a boat! "

Up and down the waves it danced, drawing steadily nearer. There were two people in it. The boy found himself crying; the hope was more than he could bear. But the boat came on, and reached some low lying rocks nearby. One of the people got out and began to creep towards the wreck, while the other held the boat. One by one the rescuer had to lead the survivors over the rocks to the boat. The boy's turn came last. "A little longer", he said, "and you would all have been drowned. When I saw the wreck this morning I didn't think there would be anyone on her, but my daughter swore she could see people through the glass. Then I did not believe we could reach you, but she would have us try". The boy stumbled over the rocks, thinking that he owed his life to a girl's eyes and tongue. They had reached the boat and now he stood staring stupidly. The second boatman was a girl.

During the hard shoreward journey he could not take his eyes off the little fair creature straining at the oar. He could never repay her; he could never thank her, but in his prayers each night he would ask her name. She turned her eyes from the sea, startled by his question. "I'am called Grace Darling", she said.

J. PETTIGREW

LOWER 5.

M A S K S.

A wizened old carpenter sat in the patch of sun that streamed through the diamond panes of his shop. Between his knees he gripped a log of cherry wood, and in his hand he held a chisel and a hammer. It was a few weeks before the annual Fertility Festival, to celebrated in his village, high up in the mountains of Austria. It was the one time of year everyone looked forward to, with its gaiety and free-flowing ale.

As he sat in the sun and carved his own special mask, he dreamed of by-gone days and their masks. Every year one had to make a new mask, which could be used only once.

Slowly the terrifying features of the face began to appear as the carpenter chipped away and whistled absently to himself through the gap in his front teeth. The bloated cheeks, hollow eyes and protruding tongue brought satisfaction to the carpenter's eyes as he surveyed his handwork. Next came the dying and varnishing. His fingers, although old and rough, were as deft as an artist's as he stained the lips blue and the eyes red. Then, with the final coat of varnish finished, he left it in the patch of sun to dry.

The days drew nearer to the festival date as the carpenter and his wife prepared for the festival. His plump little wife was as happy as a lark as she baked sweets and sweet cakes which she knew the children would enjoy. She washed and ironed her national costume with meticulous care and stiffened her many frilly petticoats.

The day of the Festival dawned crisp and cold. A watery sun shone through the thin spring leaves, forming a shadowed pattern on the cobbled roads. Laughter and excited shrieks reached the ears of the carpenter's wife, as she donned her finery, ready for the happy hours ahead.

Then hand-in-hand like little children, the carpenter and his wife joined the colourful parade through the streets. Along the streets young girls and boys danced in time to the throbbing music of conserinas and cheerful pipes.

The ghastly masks worn by everyone dated back to a tradition started thousands of years ago, by their fore-fathers. They had worn these masks to ward off the evil spirits that came to spoil their crops. Now, many years later, these simple people high up in that Austrian village did the same.

At midday, when everyone was exhausted from singing and dancing, the women of the village displayed a magnificent spread of things to eat. The people tucked into the traditional foodstuffs, and after everyone had eaten and drunk their fill, the young girls and boys danced demonstrations of the traditional folk-dances far into the night.

That night, as the carpenter and his wife crept wearily into bed, he knew the mask which had taken so much work and care would never be worn again. And it was the same with all the other families, their masks would be stored away in an attic or cellar to gather the dust of years.

W H E N _ R E L A T I V E S C O M E _ S T A Y .

My Papa and Mamma and the rest of our family live in a very large house in a grand square in London.

My Papa is a grand Victorian gentleman and there are times when I find him uncommonly strict, but Oh ! how elegant is Papa ! Mamma is renowned for beauty and her habit of enjoying bad health, for, whenever anything disturbing happens, Mamma utters a faint sigh and promptly swoons away. Then it falls upon poor Papa to revive her with the smelling salts. Lalage, my elder sister is quite grown up and plays the pianoforte with exquisite grace.

One day, Aunt Millicent and Uncle Marmaduke came up from the country. They were accompanied by their son, Ferdinand, who was extremely handsome, and I thought Lalage curtsied most prettily when Cousin Ferdinand kissed her hand.

It was my duty to show them my stitch samples and to read verse aloud, two most important accomplishments for a nicely - brought up lady, not to mention singing an accompaniment to the pianoforte. But at the end there were some who whispered, "Maria is not a very rewarding pupil ! "

That afternoon, because it was a special afternoon, we went to Kensington Gardens, where I could bowl my hoop, and where Ferdinand and Lalage could watch the other grand people parading up and down. When they were seated side by side on a seat in the park, Lalage, with her arms folded demutely in her lap, Ferdinand asked if she would wish to marry him. Lalage blushed prettily and said, "I think, Ferdinand, that my affections have been won by Adolphus, the poet".

On the day of the wedding the one person calm and collected was Lalage herself. Although her cheeks were a little pale, her beauty was beyond compare. But at the church things began to go wrong. The bride was uncommonly late in arriving and Aunt Jane happened to remark that Ferdinand was missing.

Atlast, to everyone's relief a carriage came into sight and out tumbled Papa - but where was Lalage ? Papa looked quite distraught. Lalage had eloped with cousin Ferdinand ! They had crept down the back stairs while Papa waited impatiently in the hall.

Adolphus, being a poet could not help but announce that he felt a little hurt at this treatment, and, in fact, declared his heart broken into a thousand fragments, - but as far as Lalage was concerned, she live happily with Cousin Ferdinand, whom she married at the first opportunity.

Mamma, quite shocked by the incident, vowed never to have relatives to stay again - if that sort of thing was to happen!

JANET PETTIGREW.

LOWER 5.

MON FRANÇAIS, AMÉRICAIN HISTOIRE.
MY FRENCH, AMERICAN STORY.

Je suis une américaine fille Je viens de Pennsylvania dans États-Unis. Ma maison est très bonne. J'ai chambre jolie.

En automne ma ville est très beau! C'est très beau au printemps aussi. La saison que j'aime beaucoup est le printemps. Au printemps toutes les fleurs ouvrent.

J'ai quatre frères. Un frère vient de l'Afrique australe. Il a quatre ans. Nous visitons l'Afrique australe en 1967. Ma école était Micklefield. Herschel est très bonne. J'aime Herschel beaucoup. Mais, j'aime toujours ma autre école meilleur. C'est parce que mes amis très bonne sont là.

Je suis amusé ici. J'aime l'Afrique australe.

K. RESNEKOV,
LOWER 5.

1. Peaceful Freedom ?

Wandering wandering
Sleep will come with a swarm of Butterflies
I shall be white, very white and my body very dead
Then a black enchanter will smother me
And my ghost will go wandering, wandering.

2. Beauty and us ?

Scales and feathers
Cover their bodies
Quantity, quantity ever constant
but we
 we are the womb of mother earth
 pregnant with God's second grace - beauty.

With drunken goldenness, we live to breathe and multiply
pollute, disgrace in half-nakedness,
swear and life for peace

 so that even Solomon was glad
 he was not clad like one of us.

SALLY-ANN WELLS.

UPPER 5.

I had the opportunity to experience an airplane voyage first-hand when I learned I was to go to South Africa via New York City and Brussels, Belgium.

I left my home-town of Denver in the state of Colorado, U. S. A. on a blossoming Tuesday morning. The good-by's said at the airport were tearful and emotional, for I was to be in South Africa for the span of twelve months. Before disappearing into the airship, I waved a final farewell to my family, my friends, my home. Forcing myself to walk down the aisle, I found a windowseat with blurred eyes and pressed my face to the glass to absorb the hand-waving intended for me. Without noticing, yet seeing the smiling stewardess, I moved across the aisle to my assigned seat. There I was to stay throughout the duration of the flight to New York City, and I lacked the motivation even to pay a visit to the restroom. I mechanically fastened my seat belt and glanced down to the empty ashtray as the 'No Smoking' sign blinked on. I realised that the captain of the plane was reciting his welcoming speech, but I didn't hear it. Without further ado, the plane taxied to the runway and was soon lifting its immense body off the ground, defying the laws of gravity.

Once we were airborne, the voice of the stewardess came on over the public address system. We became, officially, the people who "fly the friendly skies of United", and were treated to earphones playing various selections of music. One glance around told me my travelling companions were few and I leaned back in my chair to reflect on the morning past and to question the evening future. The airplane-ride was relaxing and my emotions once again came under my control. I found myself enjoying the music in my earphones and although I ate little, I silently complimented the chef on a dish well cooked. The stewardess came to see if everything were satisfactory and I felt secure in knowing I was worth a pleasant voice and a cheerful smile.

By the time the airplane had landed in the bustling city of New York, I had come to like my 'anti-gravity machine'. I had been well taken care of, and as I departed from the airplane, the stewardess wished me a "good-day". I smiled warmly back and turned my face toward big, noisy New York.

But I would rather forget New York and continue with my airplane journey. This was a totally different experience from that of the Denver-to-New York trip. The number of tickets for the flight was oversold. There were a few people who needed to be re-seated and re-arranged: consequently, there were a few first-class seats that had to be occupied and I was assigned to one of them. Having never been in first-class, I was overwhelmed and quite impressed. The size of the seats was much larger in comparison to those seats in the economy class. Fancy covered the back of the seats and the curtains on the windows matched the upholstery of the seats. The first-class cabin was in a soft green color-scheme. Magazines and newspapers in English, French and German were in abundance in racks built into the walls. Large flight-maps were furnished at regular intervals to inform the passengers of the plane's location, altitude, speed and of the prevailing weather conditions. No sooner had we received our foot slippers when the menu for dinner was presented. I feasted on hors d'oeuvres, lobster, roast beef, white wine and red wine served for the two courses respectively, and French pastry. I passed up the after-dinner liqueur or snuggle into a warm blanket, and with my head floating on a pillow, I went into a deep sleep.

I was awakened by the sound of French, which was replaced by German, and then by English. The pilot was informing his passengers of the correct time for Brussels, Belgium, our destination. I drew back the curtains and saw the brilliant light of the sun on the clouds below us. I felt rested and ready for my first day out of the United States. I struck up a friendly conversation with the man sitting next to me, and smiled at my fellow first-class friends. I didn't even pay for the excellent service I received! The plane-ride was made as comfortable as possible for me by the crew of the airplane, and I learned how the "other half" travels.

Brussels was cold and wet throughout the duration of my visit. My next episode in a plane was a fifteen-hour experience, for I traveled with twenty-five other students who were also to spend a year in South Africa. We had a common destination; a common bond of friendship.

During the flight, we passengers became a flying city of the sky. We had three meals together; we talked with one another; first as strangers, then as friends; we exchanged confidences, feelings, opinions, and smiles when no words were necessary. I met an Austrian family who was travelling to South Africa to settle there. The little boy gave me sweets as a shy token of his affection for me. He took great delight in watching me eat his gift, and his smile grew when I passed the sweets around to other people. The little boy and I spoke different languages but were able to communicate with and understand each other. Although the chances are slight of my seeing him again, I will never forget him. He had offered his friendship selflessly, and I was able to return it.

The advantages of an airplane trip are numerous. Some people complain that they are too fast and just add to the frantic pace of modern life. But I have found otherwise. I did a year's worth of maturing on my flights because of the people I was fortunate enough to come into contact with, to meet, and to cherish forever in a bright corner of my memory.

SUE NEWMAN

UPPER 5.

The colors are muted, not clearly defined
The light is distorted as thinking minds are
And decisions are made in objectives
Where no regard is paid to emotions.

I am just one man, a grain of sand in the sea of life
With one beating heart whose voice is stronger than
the cogs in my head
I can see
I can feel
I try to listen, ^{even} when I don't want to and sometimes
the beat of my heart grows weak with sadness
While my head is aflame with protest.

In a dark corner of my mind
The door of conformity opens just a crack
And the wise old man comes crashing down on me
Saying "Yours is NOT to REASON
WHY"
But I am alive
I cannot simply do or commit suicide
Although, wouldn't it be easy ?

So many grains are gone from the sea
Never-ending are the waves
Lapping at my heels
Tempting, teasing, laughing and crying.
Biting when I've done wrong.

Why does the sea swallow my footprints
And come back for more with its mocking foam ?
Taking back the strength it gave to me
And with it LIFE

I get tired sometimes and
I long for a soft, gentle slope that will ease
My mind into oblivion
I want to know everything
I want to know nothing
I want to live
I want to die.

My battle will never be one
I am torn and confused
Where is the path that leads to the sea ?

SUE NEWMAN.

UPPER 5.

E K K Y K T E R U G

Ai, maar dis 'n wonderlike ding - die lewe! Om te dink dat ek al drie-en-tagtig jaar hier lewend gebly het. Ek het so baie herinneringe van daai jare.

Die plaaslewe van my jeug was vir my die beste dae en ek onthou nog voorvalle van daai tyd. Ek onthou die blou treintjie wat ek vir my vierde verjaarsdag present gekry het. In daardie dae was dit my dierbaarste besitting. Ek kan die reis na skool so goed onthou. Ons drie kinders het in 'n karretjie gery wat deur die perd, Swartman, getrek was. Die roete is nog helder in my verstand. By die eerste groot gosboom het ons links gedraai en daarna padlans tussen die heuweltjies totdat ons eindelijk by die skoolhuis opgedaag het. Daar het ons kêreltjies gewag - Gert van die plaas 'Jagersfontein' en sy suster Maria, die twee de Villiers seuns, Johanna en Jacoba van der Merwe en die vier Malans, Danie, Susara, Elsa en Pietie. Ons onderwyser was Meneer Hanekom, 'n geleerde man wat oorsee gaan studeer het.

Na my skooljare het ek Pa op die plaas gehelp, maar skielik, net na ek en my vrou in die huwelik getree het, het die Wêreldoorlog uitgebreek. Die depressiejare tussen die oorloë was harde jare vir ons almal. Dit was baie moeilik om geld te kry om vir my vrou en ons kinders kos te gee. Ons het eindelijk ons eie plaas gekry maar meteens moes ek weer oorlog toe gaan.

Ons kinders het grootgeword en een vir een getrou. Jannie woon nog op die plaas met sy vrou. Hy is 'n goeie seun en het dit goed opgepas. Hy is nie soos die jong mense van vandag nie. Ek verkies beslis die vriende van my jongdae bo die jongmense van vandag.

'n Paar jaar gelede het my geliefde vrou na 'n lang siekbed gesterwe. Ek voel nie meer lus vir die lewe nie want daar is niks meer wat ek wil hê nie. Ek het lank gelewe en ek dink dat ek hierdie tyd vol en goed gebruik het. Nou is ek gereed om hierdie wêreld vir 'n beter oord te verlaat. Ja, hoe wonderlik is die lewe!

S. ABERNETHY

Upper 5.

1. "How long have you worked in that shop ?"
a student asked her friend.
"Ever since they threatened to fire me"
the friend said.

2. The teacher wrote on the black board LXXXX
She then said to Susan-Jane in the back row
"Can you tell me what that means ?"
"Love and kisses" was her answer

3. Annoyance is:
 - (i) little sister answering your telephone call
and saying, "is that Paul, Barry, Frankie or
Johnny" when its Mike.
 - (ii) Spilling coffee over the study carpet.
 - (iii) Having to get up early on Saturday
morning to play hockey,
 - (iv) discovering that the match is cancelled
when you are already dressed.
 - (v) Finding that you have spend all your money
by the 9th of the month.
 - (vi) Nagging parents.
 - (vii) Not being young but then again not old
enough to do something.
 - (viii) Someone who is always nice to everyone.
 - (ix) An alarm clock.
 - (x) An alarm clock that does not work.
 - (xi) Having to be you.

SALLY-ANN WELLS.

CHOIR REPORT.

The choir sang at the Founder's Day service on the 12th February at St. Saviour's Church.

Our next commission was the broadcast for Palm Sunday. We sang "O Lovely Peace", "All in the April Evening", "The Holly and the Ivy" and "Hosanna".

The Chamber Choir entered for the 1971 Eisteddfod, singing "Oh had I Jubal's hyre" and were awarded High Honours.

We sang in a competition for the Republic Festival, towards the end of May. The songs included our favourite "Es ist ein vos entsprungen" a German Carol, and numerous other English and Afrikaans songs.

After Mrs. Withers' sudden death on August 11th, the choir sang at her memorial service on Friday 13th of August at St. Saviours Church, Claremont.

On the 18th of August we were recorded at the S.A.B.C. in Sea Point for a church service which was broadcast the following Sunday.

The only important wedding at which we have sung this year is that of Marion Sampson. We sang "Lift Thine Eyes to the Mountains".

Thanks to the endless enthusiasm of Miss Sweet, the choir continues to improve :

VANESSA WEINLIG.

MERRIMAN HOCKEY REPORT 1970.

The Merriman Open Team played very well indeed, and won their Section. We were very proud to have had two Western Province girls in our team. Helen Brauer and Deborah Turner-Smith.

Three goals were scored; two against Rolt and one against Jagger. Sally-Ann Wells, Pat Gillanders and Mandy van Breda scored the goals for the Merriman Open Team.

In the U. 15 Section, Jenny Stearn was the only girl who scored a goal for her house. Unfortunately, even after the hard practices, the U. 15 section were unable to beat the other houses and came third in their section.

The overall result was: 1st Rolt } Tied
 1st Merriman }
 3rd Jagger

VANESSA WEINLIG.

M.I.X. REPORT.

M.I.X. or movement-in-christ, is the name which we have given to our Scripture Union Group in the hope of creating an intimate and friendly atmosphere amongst our members. Every alternate Monday afternoon the group assembles in the library to listen to a guest speaker, and the following Wednesday morning we meet in the Cahpel to discuss the Bible or various controversial subjects relevant to Christianity.

The theme for our first term was:

Catching an Interest, and our first speaker was

Mr. Peter Holgate, from the Cape Town S.U., who explained to us what Christianity really was. The standard 6 members were welcomed into the group and the meeting ended with biscuits and cooldrinks. After our Bible study on the Wednesday Miss Eglin and Miss Allcock, two Missionaries from Kenya, told us about the traditions and habits by the Masci people amongst whom they worked. They showed us slides and pictures of this backward race who live in small, dark self-made huts and drink the blood of their livestock on special occasions. We were grateful for the interest shown by Mrs. Silberbauer and Mrs. Tomalin at this meeting and those that followed. Father de Costa was our next guest speaker. He spoke on the underpriviledge Coloured people in District Six where he is the rector of an Anglican Church. He stressed that our birth and our status are just an accident of history and said that we must treat everyone as an individual. His inspiring and informative talk was well received by the larger group. To end the term, Sally-Ann Wells held an Italian supper at her home and the forty girls who attended seemed to enjoy the evening.

"What a wonderful World" was our next theme and a friendly talk from Mr. Mulligan, recorded by ex-Herschelian, Pip Broadbent, on the subject "All roads lead to God" put the group into the swing for the second term. The following few weeks a series of speakers told us about Hinduism about Buddism, whose worshippers bow to their teacher, Buddha; about Jehovah's witnesses and the seventh Day Adventists, who believe in a legalistic approach to Christ. One of our most enlightening discussions in the Cahpel was one on "Spiritism", led by Binky Newman. The last Wednesday of term a selection of records by artists such as Joan Baez, Cliff Richards, Leonard Cohen and George Harrison were listened to, and a lively discussion followed.

The term has brought the ideas of the "Youth" of today into the group. Four Rustenburg girls, accompanied by guitars, addressed the group, and on the 23rd August, Brian O'Donnell, an ex-hippie who runs the Market, wish Headquarters in Cape Town gave us his testimony.

On Friday, 9th January, the annual Leadership Conference was held at Froggy Pond and Belinda Blane, Binky Newman and Sally-Ann Wells were our M.I.X. representatives. The weekend in Simonstown in August this year was attended by five of our future leaders.

All in all, M.I.X. seems to have been very active this year and has grown considerably in size. I hope that this trend will continue in the future.

SALLY-ANN WELLS.

(CHAIRWOMAN)

MERRIMAN TENNIS REPORT 1971.

"Merriman's the best House in the town, they will never let us down".

This certainly proved true once again at the inter-house tennis competition on 30th March 1971. As a result of Merriman's defeat in the interhouse swimming gala we were determined to put all our strength and effort into winning the Tennis cup.

After much practising beforehand, the day arrived and it seemed to be the hottest day of the year. It was the most exciting afternoon especially the last match. The winning house depended on the result of the match between Merriman and Jagger U 14 B couples.

With much cheering and excitement Merriman won with sheer determination and hard play. Well done !

I would like to congratulate all the Merrimans who played so splendidly and I hope you will continue to keep the cup on our shelf !

M. FOOT.

H O U S E - R E P O R T .

First and premost I should like to say thank you very much to Mrs. Muller, not only for her help and encouragement but also for her personal involvement and devoted house spirit.

We were very proud to have the A.F.S. student, Sue Newman in our house. Sue Rae comes from Colorado in the U.S.A. and is living with the Weinlig family. She seems to be enjoying her stay in Cape Town and has taken part in many activities in both Merriman and the school generally. At this stage I should like to congratulate Mary Foot on being made a prefect at mid-year and to thank Vanessa Weinlig for her strong support and enthusiastic help throughout the year.

Once again Merriman knitted jerseys for St. Michael's and received some appreciative letters from their new owners. The girls attended their Annual General meeting. This year we decided to divide our charity money between

The Inter-House Swimming Gala was even more exciting than in previous years because Merriman's determined efforts provided strong opposition and, although Rolt won again, Merriman took 2nd place, so that now we have begun our upward climb lets see if we can reach the top nextyear ! I must offer special congratulations to Vanessa Weinlig for her outstanding performances in the swimming pool, which won for her the "Swimmer of the year" award for the fourth year in succession !

The Inter-House Tennis Cup was once more placed upon the Merriman-shelf where we feel it belongs !, and although Jagger was close on our heels the enthusiastic singing support coupled with the excellent tennis-play won us the day.

Inter-House Hockey ended in a tie between Merriman and Rolt but we proved victorious in the Volley-Ball and Squash matches.

Mary Whitaker must be congratulated for producing "Peter Pan", our Inter-House play. She included as many Merriman members as possible and we proved our acting ability was supreme. Both in "Peter Pan" and the School Variety Concert Sally Brimble excelled.

The constant good work of various girls has been reflected in the improvement in our academic results, but we are still lagging behind Jagger and Rolt. Let us put on an extra spurt and determination to work harder so that we too may enjoy the honour of seeing the Efficiency Shields on our shelf.

Last but not least, I should like to thank Gail de Beer and Janet Pelligrew for producing this magazine, and wish them luck in the Art Competition.

In conclusion, on behalf of the Merriman matrices, I should like to wish the House all the best for the future and remember if at first you dont succeed try, try and try again.

SALLY-ANN WELLS.

(HEAD OF HOUSE)

SWIMMING REPORT - MERRIMAN 1971.

The Inter-House swimming gala took place on the 25th March and was once again a tremendously exciting and successful occasion. For the first time, the Junior School combined with the Senior School, for the event, making the afternoon all the more enjoyable and hectic !

The results of the gala were as follows:

1st: Rolt
2nd: Merriman
3rd: Jagger

The fact that Merriman was placed second was the biggest surprise of the afternoon, as it is the first time in many years that we have not ended embarassingly far behind the other two houses !

I would like to congratulate Jenny Hearn for winning the U15 Backstroke race, Terry Lloyd-Roberts, for winning the U 15 Butterfly race, Camilla White for winning the U14 Backstroke race, and Brenda Williams for her success in the U 16 Backstroke event. These girls have shown constant good swimming, effort and interest this season.

We are also very proud of Jessica Lazar who maintained a very high standard of diving and was awarded a cup for "The Most Improved Diver" at the Inter Schools Gala, where she won the U 15 diving section.

Finally, I would like to thank all the Merriman Girls for their wonderful support. A magnificent, red mouse was made by the Brownlies as a lucky mascot for the event - it was a great success.

Congratulations Merriman ! We have finally risen from the bottom. Keep it up, and Good Luck next year.

VANESSA WEINLIG.
SWIMMING CAPTAIN.

S.R.C. REPORT.

Last year it was decided that we, as a group should try to find a way in which to help our fellow humanbeings and thus the S.R.C., or Social Responsibility Club, began. This aim was accepted enthusiastically by the girls.

The Club organizes outings to orphanages, old age homes, convalescent homes, or any similar institutions, which need a bunch of happy, smiling faces to liven up their days. A group of approximately thirty girls are selected for each occasion and they choose a series of happy or attractive songs, one act plays or fashion shows or where the model old-fashioned or mod-clothes. Cakes and sweets are given to their audience, to whom they chat freely.

On the 26th and 27th April 1971, after exhausting rehearsals and practices, the S.R.C. produced a Variety Concert to raise funds. Each standard worked out their own performance which they seemed to enjoy acting as much as the audience enjoyed watching it. We were very fortunate to have the help of Clive Silberbauer, as our 'light engineer', without whom the show could not have been as polished as it was. Sally Brimble proved to be an excellent compere and kept the audience in convulsed laughter. Sue Rae Newman, our A.F.S. Scholar, brought the whole cast on stage, as a Grand Finale, to sing "Fi Fae" with her. Tee was served during the interval by girls in Hot Pants and on both evenings all the seats were sold. Together with the donations for the Transkei Relief Fund a round sum of R200 was collected and gratefully received by the Club.

The Club has now been handed over to Dite Newman and Barbara Parry and we wish them and their standard 9 supporters all the best for the future.

SALLY-ANN WELLS.

(CONVENOR)

THE SQUASH AND VOLLEY BALL REPORT.

The interhouse Volley Ball competition was held on the "Cabbage Patch" at the end of 1970. Encouraged by their enthusiastic supporters, Merriman managed to win. Simultaneously, Deborah Turner-Smith, Edwina Abbott, Mandy van Breda, Vanessa Weinlig, Pam Jesse and Glenda Harris displayed excellent squash technique and obtained the cup.

M. WHITAKER.

