

MERRIMAN '72



MERRIMAN HOUSE REPORT.

During the past year, Mrs. Muller, as usual, has given us much help and enthusiasm.

The Merriman girls knitted jerseys for St. Michaels again this year, which were received with great appreciation!

On Easter Sunday, Mrs. Muller, Peta and Susie Brownlie, took eggs to St. Michaels which were greatly enjoyed by the children.

This year, six Merriman girls attended the annual general meeting at St. Michaels, and they were extremely impressed by their new swimming pool.

As usual, this year's interhouse swimming gala proved to be a time of great excitement. All the girls swam well, and Camilla White and Jenny Heain must be congratulated on breaking past records.

The tennis cup was won this year by Jagger. It proved to be an enjoyable afternoon with the Merriman girls cheering loudly!

The Inter-house speaking competition was a great success. Rolt is to be congratulated on coming first! Mary Newell was awarded the cup for the best speaker.

Work, has not been as good as it should, but we must not be discouraged. Mary Newell and Pam King have maintained constant good work!

I would like to thank Peta Brownlie for working so hard on the magazine, as well as the people who helped her.

To conclude, Merriman appreciates all work and enthusiasm shown by Janet Pettigrew and Robyn Wrentmore this year.

I hope that next year will be a successful one for Merriman, and that we shall see our shelf full of cups!

Epit de Beer.

MERRIMAN HOCKEY REPORT.

Next Monday, I'm sure will be another victorious event for MERRIMAN. The hockey matches are always great fun as the umpire is lenient and everyone gets their full share of exercise.

Good Luck everyone, and remember Merrimans- we need the cup on our shelf!

LYNNE BRAILEY.

S.R.C. REPORT.

During the first term the S.R.C. made regular visits to Bonniestown. A puppet show was organized which the children thoroughly enjoyed and the evening ended very happily with everyone joining in a gay sing-song.

During the second term we did a fair amount of entertaining. We visited Valkenberg where we had a variety concert. We found the audience very appreciative and willing to join in with the dancing and singing.

A fabulous tea was provided while the matron spoke to us about Valkenberg. Another visit to the Ruby Arndorff Home and St. Josephs in Phillippi were also successful.

All in all the visits to each home have been far more successful than previously and the audiences have been far more receptive.

We look forward to visiting more homes in the near future, and cake sales have been held to raise funds for this club.

SALLY BRIMBLE/LYNDA JOSLIN.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society has been extremely active this term under Mrs. Beaumont and Mrs. Kowan. We have had various Inter-School debates, but far more exiting was our own inter house debate on the 17th of August.

A large number of Merriman supporters arrived for the occasion which was tense, nervewracking and very worthwhile.

Our congratulations go to Rolt who won, with Merriman in second place and Jagger third, but our special good wishes go to Mary Newwell, who won a cup for the best speaker. WELL DONE!

PETA BROWNLIE.

MERRIMAN PLAY 1971.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" which will be put on on September the 9th, is proving to be a great success and everyone is enjoying themselves.

Bubble-gum and yo-yo's are a new aspect of Shakespearian comedy, but it is very amusing and lighthearted!

Thank you to everyone who has assisted in the play and Good Luck.

PETA BROWNLIE.

MERRIMAN MAGAZINE REPORT.

After many weeks hard work the magazine has now been completed and we hope the finished product will provide many enjoyable hours to its readers in the future.

Our thanks go to Sue Rae for sending us a letter from America, and to Mrs. Coleman who so kindly typed the magazine and our scripts for the play. Thank you!

It has been an interesting and enjoyable task, editing the magazine and we're sure every girl in Merriman has had as much pleasure in writing essays and poems!

PETER BROWNLIE/MARY NEWELL.

INTERHOUSE SWIMMING REPORT.

This year the Inter House swimming gala was as usual a great success, but unfortunately cheerleaders were not permitted and the afternoon wasn't quite as noisy.

Congratulations to Jagger for winning and to Rolt for coming second. Special congratulations must go to Sally Brimble, Camilla White and Terry Lloyd-Roberts for their outstanding swimming.

I would like to thank the Merriman girls for being so enthusiastic and helpful in the organization of the gala.

Keep up the training and hard work in the rest of the swimming season, and the best of Luck for 1973.

JENNY HEARN.

THE JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL.

Although this activity is outside school, I would like to express my thanks to all the girls who have so willingly contributed to the many charities invowed in our work, and for entering our art competition.

A big thank you to the boarders who supported our pollution evening.

PETA BROWNLIE.

MERRIMAN TENNIS REPORT.

Once again Merriman proved her strength by winning the Inter-House tennis and through sheer determination the tennis cup is now on our shelf. The team was encouraged by the Merriman supporters who always play a great part in inter house events. So although we were defeated in the hockey and swimming events, Merriman came out on top on the tennis court. WELL DONE!

GOOD LUCK FOR NEXT YEAR.

LYNNE BRAILEY.



6th August, 1972.

Hello to Herschel!

Since returning to the States, I have been doing clerical work in a busy office, and I realize now that my destiny is not to be found behind a typewriter. At the end of August, I shall go to University in San Antonio, Texas, majoring either in political science, or journalism and English. My year in Cape Town has not diminished in importance and I shall always remember my close ties with everyone connected with Herschel.

Go well, keep well in peace.

SUE RAE NEWMAN.
AFS 1971.

AFRICAN STATUS.

Have you ever thought about the Africans in their
 smelly, dark huts?
 When with the Government there are no 'buts',
 With all their worries they still carry on
 Though day after day another life has gone.
 Most of all they have Malnutrition
 With fat bellies and thin legs that's their condition.
 Families and wives separated from fathers and husbands
 Just because they have to empty your dustbins.
 So the next time that you're feeling low,
 Just think of the Africans and their woe.

VANESSA HETER. (MERRIMAN)

THREE MEALS A DAY.

By B.A. Twentymen-Jones. (Merriman).

You are very lucky!
 Why, you will ask?
 You've got three meals a day
 And you still ask for more and more!
 What about those hungry people?
 They have no meals a day!
 Unsuccessful hunting,
 In dustbins and in front of houses doors!
 Give them a penny!
 They'll buy a brandy bottle
 A crust of bread
 What can you expect?
 Some pork and apple-pie!

A THOUGHT.

B.A. Twentymen-Jones.
Merriman.

Why do we have to kill when we are born to live?
 To cause death and suffering to others?
 Think of yourself.
 Would you like to be killed for no reason at all?
 Would you like to be shot down in cold blood for
 someone else's pleasure?
 Think of others for a change!
 All of us are equal
 Whatever colour, shape or size.
 Money makes no difference; we are still one being.
 So make the best of it.
 MAINTAIN PEACE!

" FRIENDSHIP. "

PETA BROWNLIE.

She was wearing a small checked smock, as dirty as her speckled face, and her square legs smacked together as she pulled him in their peach box motor-car, painted red with nailed-on tin lights.

They slid on their bellies around the long reeds, peering glassily between the black seed pods, and side smiled with gaping gums when they saw the river.

Jumping over the small thorn bushes they ran, their knees sinking deeper into the rich brown mud until they lay outstretched like lazy crocodiles, their faces in the chocolate pudding.

The reptiles awoke, and in some wondrous transformation became piggy as they rolled, squealed and snorted with delight.

And they were running again, cuffing each other, falling, rolling, giggling and running.

Tea on the stone steps with the tin cups and bread were over, and they were galloping and then walking home as the bell was heard from the native church.

The two children did not need to say goodbye as they walked to their two separate houses. Tomorrow would be the same and so would the following day until perhaps ten years later.

She was baking bread for mother and he was shearing sheep. "Good day miss" he would say when passing the back door. "Empty the dirt bins" she would reply.

JAIL. BY. MICHELE YOSH. (Standard 6)

Jail bars hold them in,
Bunks cover the room,
No space to move
No space to breathe
No space to think!
Thoughts merely lie stagnant in their minds.
An emptiness -
The prisoners,
Sweating bodies,
Rolling minds
Swaying feet
No chance for escape
No chance for chance
The beds seem older
The bricks get darker
The springs on the beds break,
Sweat glistens -
They must get out!

DAWN.

Dawn - soft rosy fingers,
 Creeping slowly over the sky.
 Catching shimmering dewdrops,
 As the huge orange ball slowly rises,
 Birds twitter, and have their baths
 And everywhere the soft pink, silence
 the Peaceful dawn.

Dawn - the soft rosy fingers,
 turn pale mauve,
 The sun breaks through the soft purple
 and glints on the threadlike cobwebs.
 The world slowly comes to life.
 Dawn has broken, the sun shines in
 This noisy world.

R. WEBBER.

L.IV

BRIGHT DAY.GAIL PETTIGREW.

The sun spread its first few rays over the sodden earth. It had been raining all night but now the sky had cleared and it was the beginning of a new bright day.

Raindrops glistened like diamonds on the leaves. The flowers slowly began to unfold their petals and turn their pretty faces towards the sun. Birds began to sing their "good day's" to one another as the new day was just arriving.

From under a dead leaf, a tiny pointed nose and two bright beady eyes peeped out. This little shrew was coming to find his breakfast after a cold uncomfortable night under a leaf.

There were the usual noises like the roar of the frequent car, the moo of a distant cow and the whistling of the milkman and postman doing their rounds. The sun had risen higher up into the sky, its rays sucking up the water after last night's rain.

People's sleepy eyes were forced open by the loveliness of this new day. Animals scuttled out to dry their fur in the sun. Raindrops fell from every branch. The worries of yesterday had been swept away by the dawning of this bright new day.

SUNRISE IN THE VELD.

As the sun rises above the hills, the dew on
 the veld grass whispers in the wind.
 The cock crows and the animals stir and get up
 groaning and sighing.
 The birds soar above their colourful background
 the sky.
 And life in the lonely miles of veld begins.
 The sun is now burning bright in the sky and
 sunrise is over until another day.

VANESSA HETER (MERRIMAN)

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Six O'clock in the morning, I awaken to find the sun's rays touching my bed. The sky is streaked with early morning sunlight as fresh as though it had just been to the laundry. In the distance there is the soft mooing of the calves as they await their breakfast. The cows walk lazily across the yard to the milking-shed and wait one by one to be milked. Their cubes clatter into their mangers and they munch slowly, blinking their velvet eyes contentedly as they are milked. The buckets clang together as they are carried here and there. Footsteps sound across the yard, a boy whistles and the maid sings in the laundry. The morning has begun.

After dressing quickly in old clothes, I hurry down to the kitchen. The fresh milk stands in a bucket on the wooden table, with white frothy cream on the top. My mother, who is cooking breakfast, is surrounded by chickens. She calls exasperatedly to one of the family to feed the chickens. As always, there is the usual silence, and I have to feed them. As if by magic, when the food appears, so do the hens, geese and ducks, all squabbling over who should eat what.

At six thirty, the rest of the family appear, my brother in his pyjamas, my little sister dragging an unfortunate lamb by its ears, and my father who has been up since five o'clock. The lamb bleats pitifully and my sister begs to feed it. The lamb sucks hungrily at its bottle of warm milk, nearly wrenching the bottle out of my sister's hands as he drinks.

After a good breakfast, my brother dresses and he and I go to feed the horses. We are greeted by nickers and whinnies as the horses beg for their food. They stretch their necks and roll their eyes inquisitively as we bring their food. There are five horses, my father's grey stallion, my own bay, my brother's chestnut and my mother's strawberry roan. The fifth horse is actually a donkey. This is my sister's pet and is called Peragino.

We hear the sound of hooves on the cobbles and we rush back to the house. The milk has come. As it is not my turn to take the milk in, I put the large carthorses who pull the milk cart. As the cart rumbles off, a tractor appears carrying a load of vegetables and eggs for market. My brother disappears into the back of the tractor and goes with the driver to the market.

The work is over, so I retire into the garden to read a book. My mother sings to herself in the kitchen. As I sit there, the sparrows hop on the lawn dodging in and out of the snowdrops which peep as shy as gazelles through the soil. A robin sings on a branch above me and then there is perfect silence. What bliss to spend the morning like this!

"Sara! Sara! Your horse has just opened its stable door, so you had better start trying to catch him! A perfect morning, I think to myself, as I rise slowly from the bench. Oh Well, I suppose it is what you could call a bright morning.



PETA BROWNIE.

THE STREAM.

Underground I churn and toss
 Along the stony passage ways,
 The only thing that makes me cross
 Are the dark and musty days.

Once out in the warm sunshine
 I dance and sparkle along,
 To join my father, the Rhine,
 Who is very wide and strong.

I tumble, fall and cascade
 Down from the towering ridges,
 And flow impishly past man-made
 Homes and under many bridges.

Continon pg 8.

a SEA-STORM.

By Pamela King (Merriman).

The sun is hidden
Behind a blanket of
Black, forbidding clouds.
The sea changes colour
Becoming grey and menacing
As the wind whips up the
Salty spray from the wave crests;
Lashing the coast in its fury.

Soon the sea is a raging
Demon, wrecking havoc
Everywhere, even in the once
Quiet bays it leaves destruction.
It continues its tirade even through
the night, but by morning it is spent.

THE WATERFALL.

I stood in the shade of a kaffirboom tree,
Listening,
Not a sound in the air except for the noise of the waterfall
And the river running free.

Great clouds of spray rose to my eye,
Glistening,
The surfs shining disc half hidden by mist
Just visible in the sky.

The weight of the water in crashing wave,
Shattered,
The dark hidden pool at the foot of the cliff
Waiting, forever brave.

CAMILLA WHITE
Merriman.

DIE OU STAANKLOK.GAIL PETFIGREW.

Ek was 'n klein akkerboompie net drie jaar oud toe 'n houtkapper gekom het en my afgekap het. Ek was baie treurig maar tien jaar later het dieselfde houtkapper gekom en my afgekap.

Toe hy die byl die eerste tyd in my lyf ingelaan het, was dit so seer dat ek het gehuil. Groot druppels water het van my gesig afgerol en op die grond geval.

Die houtkappe het al my takke afgekap en daarna my lyf op 'n groot vragmotor gelaai. Hey het my na 'n groot fabriek gestuur, en daar het hy hulle

my na 'n ou staanklok verander.

Ek het gedink dat ek baie pragtig was, en elke uur het ek 'n klein liedjie gesing. Dong, dong, ding.

Eendag het 'n pragtige vrou my gekoop. Ek het haar familie baie geniet. Elke keer dat ek my liedjie gesing het, het al haar kinders om my gestaan en hulle hande geklap. Ek was daar baie gelukkig.

Ek was daar tien jaar lank, maar gedurende daardie tyd het my familie baie arm geword. Aan die einde van die jaar het hulle my verkoop om geld in die hand te kry.

Die familie wat my gekoop het, was saaklik en het nie van my gehou nie. Elke keer dat ek my liedjie gesing het, het hulle my geskop.

Jare later, was ek na 'n museum in Kaapstad gebring want ek was so oud. Elke dag kom mense hiernatoe om na my te kyk en daaroor is ek baie trots. Een keer het my eerste familie vir my kom kuier, en ek was so bly dat die trane geloop het, net soos die dag dat Ma weggesleep is. Ek was bly dat die my nie gesien het nie.

FABULA DE LUDO.

Mane puen et puellae ad ludum festinant. Orbilius magister ludi est. Bonus et insties vir est. Ludus in longo vico est. Sunt magnae ianuae et parvae canuae in ludo. Ludus ad forum est.

Discipuli magistrum in villa expectant. Magister intrat et discipulos salutatur. Discipuli non ignavus sunt. Orbelius ignavos pueros monet et ignavi puellae castigat. Deinde ad ludum festinant. Gallus sero intrat. Orbelius

puenim monet.

Orbelius pueros de Italia et Britannia docet. Pueros de magno bello docet. In magno bello nautae Italiae ad Britannian navigaverint sed nautae deos timet et non laboraverint. Magnae villae dogminius nautas moneri et ad Britannian navigaverint.

Orbilius pueros mane docet deinde puellas. Puellas docet recitare et numerare.

Est serum dili et pueri et puellae in vicum ad velleis festinant.

TANYA BOSMA.

During the years of the Roman Empire the market was an exceptionally busy place. There were many colourful stalls where everything from horses and slaves to carpets and water were sold. Throngs of people were everywhere and there was always a jostling crowd listening and uttering remarks around the speakers' platform.

There many different types of people from all over the Roman Empire collected, Darkskinned foreigners from Spain were dumbstruck by the latest Eastern discoveries. Brown Africans from North Africa, their dazzling white robes contrasting greatly with their shiny brown skins, were to be seen. Aloof Arabs were looking for stalls to which they could sell their spices, their caravans of camels trailing behind them, loaded with exotic spices.

There were romantic young Roman ladies with little boys in attendance, strolling through the market, admiring the silks and other fabulous cloths from the East. Critical old ladies were carried in wooden litters with linen curtains by exhausted slaves who hated those extravagant beings with all their hearts.

Traders, with tired and dusty feet thrust into worn sandals, were exchanging woollen and dyed linen cloths from Phoenia for carpets from the East, and bright coloured cottons from Egypt. Senators in long flowing robes and togas strutted, like elderly penguins, from one stall to another, and to and from the speakers' platform, where many attentive listeners had gathered.

Poorly dressed carpenters made large banquet tables for the nobleman's feasts and small writing tables of mahogany for the ladies' rooms. Cobblers were enquiring about traders footwear and were busily cutting leather sandals for the vast Roman legions. There were many downhearted slaves being sold by merciless slave traders and many people were gathered around the low, wooden platform.

The cobblestones were hard and so intensely hot that the humble folk, without shoes, had to run to cross them. The fruit and vegetable stalls had all their delicious wares displayed under the shade of olive trees. Cloaks were being sold by merchants who specialised in the art of designing robes and togas.

The Market place was always teeming with jostling crowds who bartered, talked, quarrelled and listened all day long. The Roman Market was indeed a magnificently busy place.

FEELINGS.

By MICHELE YOSH

Standard 6.

I am free, floating in space -
Walking, and never coming to an end.
All over it is dark
Except for the glare of the sun -
Dark, spooky and cold .
Soundless.
I make my way around Mars.
Suddenly I see a figure with long
nails and toes inches apart,
Teeth, long and ugly,
Chinese eyes.
A Mouth, screaming - "Death to the
Americans!
Then, it was so quiet
I thought he was dead,
I could only hear the
throbbing of his tears.

SILENCE.

I stand and think
A peaceful silence is all around me
Even the birds are silent!
Am I alone?
No; I don't think so,
Ten yards away many girls stand or sit.
But why is it so quiet?
Could they also be meditating?

Slowly, reluctantly,
I gather my books.
My prep has got to be done
But, I am loathe to leave this -
Peaceful atmosphere.
The classroom, which I usually dread!
I drop a book, the silence is shattered!

DROUGHT By Pamela King . (MERRIMAN)

The land is dry and parched,
Animals thin and weak
Vainly search for water and found,
Though nothing is to be found.

Farmers pray each night for rain
Lifegiving, refreshing rain.
Searching the dawn sky
For any sign of the urgently-needed nectar.

They will look for many a long day.
Before their prayers will be answered.
But the rains will come and once again
The land will be fresh and green.

The world look lovely, pink and blue
That chair looks just like mother goose
She's talking of colours like grey to you
But they're delicate, beautiful, like hecnards let loose.

Floating, up in the sky
Just like a bird
Your flying so high
Its absurd.

Thats where it charges
Your mind rearranges.

Mother goose is holding a noose,
Tolouse has got loose
and is painting your scene with red and green,
Red, screaming dead-red
You clutch the chair but
it doesn't seem to be there
and fall to the black-gaping ground
while your world tumbles down
all around without sound.

JENNY HEARN.

A HUNTING PLEASURE.

The short-cashed school boy is very early with his
gun, luck and determination,
His money and spirits are low,
But his spirits rise with the sun and the splendour of
the morning.
He appreciates God's beautiful morning,
But shoots his pheasants.
He makes his money.
The pheasants die.
No longer giving pleasure to bird-lovers.
Only the rich school-boy
And the hungry hotel customers are left.

MERRIMAN.

C. STUART-FINDLAY.

A BOX OF MIRACLES.

Long streaks of pastel coloured ribbon stretch across the sky,
The rainbow has appeared;
Plants seem dead, deep down in the earth,
But in the night they spring up.
Anything hard one expects to be opaque
But stone and glass can be transparent.
Moving things and trees are reflected off the water
There is actually so much water in the world!
It is amazing that beasts are made in so many
different shapes and sizes, and can still be called animals!
When I hold a little box of matches, I hold a little
box of miracles.
When I blow through a tube of polished wood,
magical sounds come flowing out.
And I marvel

Most things in our gigantic box are miracles.

IT'S TIME.

Those days are gone
When we ran brown
With our barefooted legs through
the slothful corn
as it vasculated
with the feel of fields as sea blue skies.
Even the sky was running,
running high,
high with the childish fever of youth, and
Youth itself was spinning
around

and
around

holding on to our filaments of happiness.
And we grasping hands and running
along the sea-shore
and letting the sea slow and slyly
seep

Into our minds and mood
until it blended and seemed
like splendid liquid sunlight,
and our toes met and recognised.
And we knew life was just a wheelbarrow
full of all time.

Yet those times are gone,
The creamy mornings
and incense-filled moons
and stars.
Now we must settle down,
Down to Life
This mediocre joy-ride.

SALLY BRIMBLE.

Contin... from Pg 5

Many drooping willow trees -
Branches trailing in the water -
Which flourish with the woodland scenes,
Enjoy my merry laughter.

By many I am thought a lonely lass,
But really in my shallows
Friendly little fish do mass,
Watched by the gliding swallows.

Though many a forest of waving flonds
Of bull rushes and ferns,
I force my way to woodland ponds
And to the homes of cheeky terns.

I wind and bend and double back -
My pretty banks to see -
Like a fisherman who must take up slack
To cast into the sea.

Beneath the moon and stars at night
I slide serenely by
Chuckling softly till the light
Of dawn lights up the starry sky.

Then once again I tumble on
Forever along my way
Like man who must hurry on
And never has time to stay.

MARY NEWELL.

A LOT CAN BE LEARNED
FROM
LOOKING
INTO A PERSON'S EYES
LIKE
WHETHER OR NOT THEY'RE ASLEEP.

MYRA MAASTRECHT.

JEFFERNEY'S BAY.

CAROLINE PARKER.

The sulky sand lies motionless on the shore,
But it is soon disturbed by the collectors,
gathering, searching digging for shells
And then returning for more.

The frothy waves are breaking
Slowly onto the shore,
The surfers ride the "tubes" with joy, excitement.
And then shout for more.

Visitors from far and wide,
Australians and Americans stride
They disrupt the forceful waves
Scatter coco-cola tins and sandwiches
Plunging and paddling desperately to overcome the waves
And still they come back for more.

FEET OFF THE GROUND.

G. DE BEER.

It is an old saying that enthusiasm requires both diligence and the ability to succeed. Inspiration requires perspiration. Without basic ability all the enthusiasm and pipe-dreams never amount to much. Without the basic technical requirements necessary no machine can fly; in other words, will never get off the ground!

In the end, a loss of reality leads only to utter confusion. For instance, when we look back at some of the characters in our History Books, we see that many indeed did not have their feet on the ground.

Hitler, a megalomaniac, could have done so much for his people had he kept his feet on the ground. In the end, his loss of balance led to a disaster and one of the world's worst periods of suffering and misery.

contin...

Mussolini, too, could have been a great man. When he had his feet on the ground he rid Italy of Malaria, built roads and restored Italian National Pride, but when Power went to his head, he lost all reason and ruin followed his lack of stability.

Even during the Renaissance when a literal and attempt to fly was made, it ended in futile failure.

Sometimes hunches and imaginative ideas do succeed despite the fact that they were an apparent Mare's nest.

The Wright brothers through their belief and perseverance did succeed literally in getting off the ground, even though at the beginning for only a matter of seconds. Their wildcat ideas eventuated into a Jumbo Jet and a man being placed upon the moon.

In Ancient Greek Mythlogy we hear and learn much of hare-brained ideas with no resemblance to reality.

In the fields of art we see in Picasso a new concept of art - cubism, some paintings even when turned upside down may mean much to a person who has his feet off the ground.

Music also has had periods of instability and eras of popularity. Imagine our great -grandparents listening to the beatles! It would have been difficult for them to accept that a person who has his feet on the ground likes their music.

Despite all the apparent drawbacks and dangerous conclusions resultant upon instability, if we do not have inspiration to change the end result will be a monotonous mediocrity. The continuous improvements in Society have always been due to persons who are not content to have their feet on the ground, during that particular period. Imagine a world without radios, television, telephones and radar sets. We would not be far ahead of the "dark ages". When I assume everyone had their feet very firmly planted on the ground, even although their beliefs did not imply complacency.

On deeper consideration it is reasonable to consider that a combination of "feet on the ground" plus the wild imagination and dreams of "feet off the ground" are the keys to prosperity and continued improvement.

A constant dissatisfaction must lead to changes; some for the worse, but many for the better. We were given talents, and the Bible tells us what happens when they are not used. They simply decay!

Imagination, and constant pursuit of knowledge, and the belief that dreams can become realities are the factors which stimulate people into action.

If one pauses and looks for instance at a vacant plot of ground; one imagines what can be done there; a pool? a house? a factory? or a theatre?

Ideas are necessary to stimulate and start people into action. Action without ideas is negative, like walking down an upward-moving escalator. Whilst every endeavour is made to keep one's "feet on the ground", one's mind should be in the clouds with the horizon so far away that even our children's children will still not succeed in reaching this goal.

It is today very reasonable to consider that a man who has his feet off the ground is a fool; however in say fifty years' time his ideas may even become practical and accepted, only history will decide whether he was in fact a fool or a genius!

Without vision we stand still, and much of what we inherit today is a direct result of some of our ancestors who had their "feet off the ground".



P. JOHNSON.

AWAKE IN THE DARK.

I awoke to hear the usual noise outside, which probably meant it was about five o'clock in the morning. The workmen were laughing and murmuring as they walked down the streets, the smell of early breakfasts was drifting into my room. I could hear water running in another part of the building and could feel the occupants of the building around me moving and waking.

The joy of my dark days was to hear the peasants in the distance on the country road, shouting and welcoming each other. I could imagine the large peasant women swotting their many children aside as they chattered with one another; stopping occasionally at workmen's wayside braziers, and stamping their feet for warmth.

As the mass of peasants and farm labourers, spread out over the cobbled market place, I imagined them transforming the dirty desolate square into a noisy bustling centre; people jostling each other for suitable positions. I could hear the squeak of barrows and carts, loaded with noisy children, fruit and vegetables, as the women pushed them shouting at their pinched husbands, constantly being where they were not wanted or where they could not be found, while others resigned themselves to trail mutely after their large red-faced buxom wives.

Surprisingly these sweating, rough, rowdy women formed the centre of the hub of the market place.

I heard my family, which I had adopted since I had arrived at this room, settle themselves before the closed shutter. I could hear the wife and husband setting-up the cart, cursing occasionally and finally the flop and flutter of the little flags on the cart as they drifted in the breeze.

As the little boy began to cry, the gentle-voiced nurse entered my room, "Good morning, how are you today?" "No, I'm afraid it is not time for your bandages to be removed yet."

She scuffled around in my room, and while she was doing so, I heard the cries suddenly muffled and imagined a desperate mother pushing a plum into his mouth to pacify him.

As the morning proceeded, I recognized the voices of the early customers, lured into the square by enticing calls of fresh fruit and vegetables. The men and women settled down seating themselves on boxes, tins or up-turned buckets; the women chattering, and I could hear the clicking of needles, while the men whistled and scratched at bits of wood and mettle.

I could hear the little street urchins and "ragamuffins" fighting and arguing, occasionally being reprimanded by a fierce grandmother and playing in the gutters probably slimy and squelching with bad fruit.

At about midday I heard a great clamour and commotion and realized that a cart had been turned over, by the delighted squeals of childrens voices and the angry cursings of the unfortunate owner. Soon however all was quiet again, and the smell of rotting fruit drifted into my room. I could imagine the once fresh oranges, pears, peaches and plums wilting and slowly going brown in the sun.

THE FOX.

Frightened and sweating he stands alone,
Trembling with animal fear.
The dogs crowd in from every side,
Where can he turn, not there, not here.

Hunted alone, not feared but fearing,
His only refuge a hole in the ground.
The hooves of the horses shatter and pound,
The hated face of the hunting hound.

CAMILLA WHITE (Merriman)

THE TIGER.

The flames soar, but wait!
Are they really flames?
In between the thick green vines,
And the dense bushes,
A long shape.
Black shadows, and
Hot orange flames.

The long, sleek shape moves,
Slowly,
With an incredible gracefulness.
The muscles ripple
What is it?
It resembles a hot desert with
Cool black shadows.

A TIGER.

The buck springs forward,
Bounds into thick bush
"LOOK OUT!"
Too Late.
The buck is caught,
Not by the tiger but
By the jungler.
The tiger springs.
Nature has her way
Beast kills beast for beast must live.

R. WEBBER. L.IV



J. JOHNSON.

I don't need their false sick
 sympathy,
 To prick my bloated bag of
 dammed up tears.
 To burst it, and leave me
 While they go on.
 Funny, it reminds me of when 'I was young and
 used to throw plastic bags of "water bombs".
 At the sleek, long black cars, representing something.
 I don't know what, and I watched water gush onto the
 polished black boot and trickle down the sides.

J. HEARN.

GRANDMOTHER.

I look at your face
So gentle in it's senility.
Your wavy white hair
Glimmering brightly in the sunlight.
Long ago that hair had been your crowning glory.....
You were young then, so gay and attractive.
Now? A ghost of your former being.
Why, any minute now you might
breathe your last and die a quiet and unnoticed death.
Your blind un-seeing eyes stare at nothing - blackness.
You rock gently back and forth, back and forth,
dozing peacefully - contented with the world.

Sitting at an open window, you feel and smell progressiveness
An imperative urgent onward motion.
forward onward, forward, onward - Like the wheels of an
express train,
Against a background of surging onwardness
What a pathetic and feeble picture you make.
It seems to me a crime that we should age.

T. LLOYD-ROBERTS Std. 7(b)

Merriman.

CHILDREN.

T
H
I
N
fat
bursting with
energy,
playing,
fighting,
living,
as
children.

SANDRA WESTCOTT.

LET THOSE
LOVE NOW
WHO NEVER
LOVED BEFORE
LET THOSE
WHO ALWAYS
LOVED
NOW LOVE
THE MORE.

N. MAASTRECT. (Merriman)

MY THOUGHTS LINGER ON.

M. NEWELL.

My thoughts linger on

The wonderful heady scent of pine;
 The fragrance of blossom and of columbine;
 The salty, tangy smell of the sea;
 And the aroma of a strong "cuppa" tea.
 And yet these memories are recalled
 The smell of exhaust fumes issuing forth;
 Of stinking allies to the south and the north;
 The pungent reek of stagnant water;
 The stench of blood from the house of slaughter.

My thoughts linger on.....

The soft texture of cloth against my skin;
 The smoothness of paper, so delightfully thin;
 The spring of the turf beneath my bare feet;
 The welcoming touch of a newly ironed sheet;
 Yet even now I must recall
 The coarseness of sacking which so many wear;
 The greasy sliding of unwashed hair;
 The searing pain of a red hot coal;
 The pricks of the fragments of a shattered bowl.

My thoughts linger on

The song of the birds so pure and clear;
 The gentle rustling of leaves year by year;
 The flowing melody of an instrument;
 The gurgling brook all twisted and bent.
 Once again I stop and recall

The screeching of metal after a collision;
 A cry of despair, a voice of derision;
 The wails of an animal hunted and trapped;
 The report of a gun ... the last wing flapped.

My thoughts linger on

The waving corn in the golden light;
 The rich brown earth to left and to right;
 The sight of my home nestling near;
 Among the grapevines, infinitely dear.
 To my mind is recalled.....

The squalor and filth of native location;
 The shortage of food and the meagre ration;
 The animals running from a wall of flame;
 The sight of beggars blind and lame.

My thoughts linger on

WINTER AT THE LAGOON.

A haze hung low over the lagoon,
 And down went the moon,
 The sun was hidden amongst the clouds,
 At noon the heat rose high.
 At dusk the sun went down
 And the moon reappeared over the lagoon -----
 It glimmered and glittered in the moonlight that night.

C. PARKER UIII.

Oh, it was good to feel the warm yellow sands of the South Coast of Natal beneath my feet again! I had driven down to my little cottage for a holiday. My 1935 Vauxhall had given me some trouble and the day had been stiflingly hot, but it was worth all that to be here again. It was almost time for the sardine run but there would not be any tourists this season, with the war in its 3rd year. Gosh! Was it really 1942, a year since my accident! That bomb explosion, then 6 weeks to recover and finally declared unfit to go to sea again. How that had hurt me! My ambition had been to be a captain in the Royal Navy and here I was only a Lieutenant. Oh Well! A backroom boy at Durban Harbour was better than being out of the Navy and the War altogether.

I continued walking along the beach until I reached my favourite rock. There I sat down, contemplating life in general, and mind in particular. What would I do after the War? Well, now ,..... that was a good question!

I looked up and gazed out to sea. What! Did I imagine it? A conning tower? Oh no! That was a bit much! But there it was a surfacing submarine!

Mesmerised by what was taking place in front of me, I stood and stared, and presently saw a rubber dinghy bobbing on the waves and slowly advancing towards the shore. I could faintly distinguish six men, four rowing frantically against the surge of the tide. Eventually the dinghy sufed up on to the beach, and stopped a short distance from me.

"Who are you?" I called out. "Hilfe! Wir sind Deutsche Uberlebende.

"Sorry, I don't speak German". "Oh", The German turned to one of his companions, a tall wather-beaten mariner. "Hans, kannst du Englisch sprecken?" Hans turned toward me.

"Please, sir, we come von German raider. It was sunk and submarine picked up some of us. They give us dinghy van submarine. We leave two men here. They go to spy on new radar on coast. But we all don't want to go backto submarine. Help us please."

I looked at the tired and worried faces in front of me. Yes, I had read about that German raider being sunk. If these men had the submarines' dinghy nobody could come ashore and follow us. True, I would have to call the police, but these were obviously disillusioned men who would rather be prisoners-of-war here, than in a German Concentration camp for failing to obey orders.

"All right, I'll help you. Come up to my cottage."

Hans turned to the others "Er wird uns helfen. Komm., ".

I led them back to my cottage, gave them some hot coffee and then called the police who arrived about an hour later and as they were preparing to leave, Hans turned to me.

"Danke, we would rather be here, than be punished by Germans."

I lay in my bed later that night and thought of how I had done my small part in the war for England.

As I was drifting off to sleep, I thought I saw again in the twilight a dinghy, containing six men, rowing towards the shore, and the guttural sounds of a foreign language floated across the water towards me.

Tick Tock Tick Tock The unconscious girl stirred in her chair. The big Grandfather clock in the hall ticked loudly. The girl was beginning to regain consciousness. Her head fell uncomfortably to the side and she made a feeble effort to move, but her body was limp and frail. She opened her eyes slowly blinking to adjust them to the bright light. She looked around her. She was no fool. Even at that stage she realized her fate; the rope tied round her neck was attached to the study door handle. If the door opened she would be strangled; she could not do anything about it. Utter helplessness overcame her. She was bound to the chair and her arms and legs were tied tightly. Her lips felt dry and sore under the thick scarf which was round her mouth.

Time ticked by.. The Grandfather clock struck 10.00. She shivered. Tick.. Tock.. Tick.. Tock.. She prayed.

Seconds, minutes, hours ticked by. The continual tick of the grandfather clock began to agitate her. She was undergoing great mental strain. She was shaking more freely now and went into a cold sweat. Time .. Tick.. Tock... Tick... Tock... Time... drifting on.. on... on... She felt nauseous and toppled over in a faint Time ... Tick.... Tock....

An hour passed. Suddenly the front door was opened and she was jerked into awareness. Someone was coming; Footsteps were moving across the hall. Faster and faster as they approached the study door. They slowed now and the doorhandle was turning slowly.

The Grandfather clock ticked more loudly now as if a warning Tick... Tock.... Time had run out.

THE NEW MOTEL.

As I was sitting on the beach, I watched a long seagull fly over a small rocky peninsula and swoop down for food, not to eat the old food of the fresh fish left by fishermen who used to haunt the rocks, but to snatch up scraps and rubbish left by workers after their lunch break.

The workmen looked like swarming ants invading the once peaceful island to build a cement and steel monster on its rocks. The little wooden bridge marking happy childhood memories was being ruthlessly replaced by a large ugly promenade and no longer would the rickety warning sign "You are crossing this bridge at your own risk" answer holiday makers.

Two cranes loomed over the concrete jungle entangled with steel wires and metal girders which were surrounded by neat "prefab" houses inhabited by yellow helmeted men in blue overalls.

As I watched I tried to imagine what the various square, rectangular and half-domed rooms would eventually be. It was composed mainly of criss-cross girders underneath which would probably be a conference room. The huge rectangular room was the ballroom, the medium sized squares were restaurants and lounges while the pocket sized squares were the many hundreds of bedrooms.

I gazed sadly at the now desolate beach. I was on and tried to visualize thousands of people crowding it.

As I left I looked back at the new hotel and tried to remember what the old one had been like, but I could only hear the thud of cement against steel and the echo of voices above the waves.

JENNY HEARN.

Time is precious no matter what one does. Nothing lasts longer than time since it is the measure of eternity. When will time stop? Only when the world ends - which may seem very soon for some older people, while for other young people it may seem decades or thousands of years away.

Yet there is nothing shorter than time since it is insufficient for the accomplishment of one's aims. The days seem to race on and the hours shoot by like Apollo 16 to the Moon. One's life seems so short to include all the corners of the globe, and the never-ending acquisition of knowledge. One never knows when one's life on Earth may end, and it is impossible to know if one has enough time in which one's projects may be completed to one's satisfaction.

There is nothing slower to one that expects and nothing more rapid in passing to one that enjoys, than time. Why do the hours seem to drag by when one has to work at something that one dislikes, is uninterested in or that bores one?

This is also true of the time it takes one's dentist to fill a tooth. Is it not true that the hours race by when one is enjoying oneself? Pleasure all seem to be memories, and never present events. When one is enjoying oneself the minutes seem like seconds and the hours like minutes and much as one feels like ordering the clock to slow down, it is impossible to stop time. The Earth rotating makes its orbit around the sun and day and night are reflected on the Earth. This power of the solar system can never be altered, or falter in its rhythm.

The greatness of time extends to infinity. It is impossible for man to record the lifespan of the Earth accurately, though it is but a moment in eternity and yet despite its smallness, time is infinitely divisible. A split second may cause or avoid an accident or the accurate baking of a pie. But the period of time between writing an important examination and learning one's results may appear to be an eternity.

As Christians, we believe that after death we shall enjoy a life of eternity where time would be of no significance or importance. Time is a great healer of sorrow, pain and physical things, and yet it immortalizes great events and the efforts of truly wonderful people, who have all contributed their brilliance to our world. Truly great people, such as the Curies and the discoverers of medicine which are able to cure terrible diseases have earned and deserved their places in History.

Every year there are new discoveries made which enhance our enjoyment of our lives, making them even more comfortable. It has been said that all men neglect time, wasting precious moments in frivolous and unprofitable pursuits, when in a few years time these moments may be greatly regretted.

In time, each man on Earth contributes in his special way no matter how small, to the progress made on Earth. Time is needed by everyone and no-one can survive without it.

But perhaps the most important fact concerning time is the uncertainty involved in the "Future Time". We cannot know what will happen in the next second, but we can make a reasonable guess; the next day is less certain; next week and next month are still more obscure, and what we conjecture about next year belongs to the realm of fantasy.

EMPTY BOTTLES.

The penetrating wail of an infant made me shiver as I stood waiting at the "Outpatients". I stared unseemingly at the people around me, until a particular shelf attracted my attention. Arrayed on it were empty bottles of different shapes, colours and sizes.

These empty bottles, now standing useless on the shelf, had played an important part in some person's life, for their contents had reduced pain and suffering to a minimum, and had, perhaps, cured someone of a harmful disease, or even a common cold. These bottles had, maybe, held the ingredients that were needed to make the world's first heart-transplant successful.

There were many kinds of empty bottles to be seen of which the commonest is, undoubtedly, the wine bottle. Scattered unsparingly over pavements or other public areas, they ruin the cleanliness of a city and are a dange to animals, car tyres, and bare feet. They tell a story of a raucous celebration where the ending is always the same!

Empty bottles were used to float messages to nearby shores as desperate pleas of help; empty bottles are used for storing sugar, chloroformed snakes and many other interesting specimens.

As I was beckoned into the consulting room I took my last glimpse at some of the more useful types of empty bottles.

S. BROWNLIE.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Anne-Marie Serritsler.

Knock! Knock! I put my book down and walked to the door. In the glass next to the door I saw two figures. They were of two, small, young children, dirty and sad.

The boy, who was about seven years old, had curly red hair and his small, dirty, round face was covered in freckles. He had a turned-up nose and his red eyes looked as though he had just been crying. He was biting his dry lips nervously. He wore a long-sleeved, patched, red shirt. The collar was fraying and one of the sleeves was torn. His shorts were a washed out blue and covered in brown soil at the back.

His knees were also covered in soil and from one knee an old bandage was falling off. His small feet were dirty and he wore no shoes.

The girl was very pretty. Her long, dark, plaits were tied at the end with dirty, yellow ribbons. She was about ten years old and was very tall for her age. Her pale face and sad eyes made her look as though she had had a very hard life.

She wore a green and blue floral dress which was too small for her. Around her neck was a dirty piece of string with a key on the end. On her wrist was an old watch and she carried a bundle of brooms under her arm.

On her big soil-covered feet were a pair of old slip-slops. One of them was very warn and was stuck together with sticky tape.

"Hello" I said "What can I do for you?"

"Miss", the girl stammered "do you want to buy a broom?" .

This novel by Winston Graham is about Elizabethan England and is seen through the eyes of a boy, Maugan Killigrew. The Killigrews were a well-known family of Arvenack in Cornwall. Winston Graham writes with extreme exactness of the history of the Second Armada, which set out to defeat England in 1597.

Winston Graham writes some outstanding character sketches, especially that of Sir Walter Raleigh. We learn of many of Sir Walter's personal habits a number of which we have never heard of before. One thing that amused me about Sir Walter, was that he, of all people, had the unfortunate humiliation of seasickness. He had confessed and complained about this to Maugan Killigrew, while on his own ship, the "Warspite".

Another good character sketch is that of John Killigrew. Winston Graham writes extremely clearly of the effects which the passing years had on this man.

One of the reasons that I enjoyed this book was because of its human qualities. I shall mention one example and this is the friendship between Maugan Killigrew and Victor Hardwieke, a relation of Lady Raleigh, who was an assistant steward on the large estate the Raleigh's owned. The friendship soon formed a strong bond between these two men, which seemed very moving to me. They remained strong friends until Victor died. Even after that, Maugan often thought of him. This is shown in the last two lines of the book when Maugan thinks of his friend's favourite song which he would play on his lute. I quote two lines "Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee, when thou art old there's time enough for thee". I think that is a very touching way to end a book.

I think the way Winston Graham blends the life of the Cornish people into the novel is fascinating. He makes sure that while you are following the movements of the main characters, you do not forget the common people.

Lastly, I think he creates a great sense of excitement and suspense throughout the whole book especially before the great battle against the second Spanish Armada. In the beginning of this book we hear of how Maugan, the illegitimate son of John Killigrew, who tries to find his real mother. Winston Graham seems to forget this subject in all the following suspense, but suddenly at the very end he resumes it and we find that Maugan's mother is the witch, Katherine Footmarker, with whom he has just quarrelled.

This is a brilliant historical novel and it is authentic and original in idea.

The part describing the turtle in its slow, determined progress and its struggle to reach the highway, how the forty year old woman avoided it and then how a truck driver upturns it, summarises the migration of the Okies and the many adversities that came in their way.

In the same way as the Joad family and other migration families, the migrating turtle moved in a certain direction and kept in this direction "turning aside for nothing". His characteristics represented those of the people, as he had a tough build which appeared clumsy but with a certain amount of struggle he overcame opposing situations. Although reaching the highway was a great physical exertion, he maintained a passive air accepting struggle as the way of life. The high domed shell of the turtle is his only home and in the same way the Okies' loaded trucks became their homes. Without a burrow to return to sleep in, the turtle is not restricted and therefore travels without a destination although he moves in a definite direction. In this way the turtle symbolises the Joad family moving to California, who had no particular destination within the state, once they had arrived there. As with the turtle, struggle became their way of life and they remained in these conditions indefinitely and hope lay in later generations only.

The woman who avoided the turtle on the highway, could represent two different aspects of the story depending on what basis she had avoided the turtle. She could have avoided the turtle not out of pity but out of fear for killing and crushing the animal, so causing an unpleasant situation. In this way she would represent the capitalist society of America who preferred to avoid the poverty stricken Okies out of disgust for their way of living. As the turtle would have appeared threatening to the lady, the Okies were becoming a more threatening problem to the capitalists, because they realised that they would become a wrathful group. They were threatening too because they represented in reality the status quo of America which these capitalists possibly did not want to be reminded of.

If the woman had swerved in order to preserve life, she would have symbolised the concept of woman in the story. Ma & Rose of Sharon represented Woman and they had a constant emotional battle to preserve life. - Ma's role was to keep the family together and Rose of Sharon had a mental battle with herself over the preservation of her unborn child, which was an indirect hope in the Joad family's future.

The truck driver who upturned the turtle could symbolise the sheriffs and capitalist farmers who were trying to get a hold over the Okies, who squatted on their lands. They dealt with the people with violence and ill-treatment because they were in the position of power and they were the law so nobody could go against them, and not because they were the stronger group.

The truck driver represents the male Okies in general and particularly those of the Joad family. This image, in contrast to the concept of woman, shows their violent attitude towards those opposed of them. Tom Joad especially, finds it difficult to restrain himself from beating a deputy, who was antagonizing a friend because he had served a long term sentence in jail under conditions which drove many men to madness.

As the turtle struggled on after it had reverted itself from the knock, it dropped an oat head from which three grains fell to the ground which duly covered with earth by the turtle's movement. The sowing of these three grains symbolises the wrath of the Okies which is steadily growing until it reaches its ultimate stage of bursting when the crop pushes its way through the surface of the earth.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE NOVEL I HAVE READ.

I think the most enjoyable nove I have read, is Mark Twain's book "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer".

This book has great charme and wit, and it captures well the spirit of freedom in the countryside as opposed to the formalities of Tom's respectable town life.

His laziness, his typical child's opinion of school, parents, and having to wash before mealtimes, keep one's mind alert and sympathetic as Tom battles with the restrictions of adult society.

An example of one of the many amusing incidents in this book, is the Saturday morning when Tom, as a punishment, had been asked to whitewash the garden fence. Pretending to be intriqued with his task, Tom captured the envy of all his school friends who begged him to "lemme have a go". Tom reluctantly gave in, and sold them the grand privelege of doing it for him - at a good price!

Tom's appealing character, combined with the many exciting and charming incidents in this book, could not but ensure one's enjoying this well-written novel.

S. BROWNLIE. UIV S.

"WHO'S THERE?"

PHILIPPA HARRIS.

After being in this room for half an hour, I am becoming restless. I have been instructed to wait for the arrival of my husband. The reason for this anxiety is that I have just brushed with a burglar. He walked in in broad daylight and I found him in the dining room. I screamed, and he ran away before I could do anything.

As I was alone at the time I telephoned my husband immediately and he is on his way here. I am sure that the burglar could easily come back although I have locked all the doors and windows. I have been drinking coffee for fifteen minutes and the radio dosen't calm me down!

The floorboards keep creaking and that light outside seems to flicker. Noises sound coming up the drive, the handle is turned twice and a sharp knock on the door echoes round the china tea set. The world news was turned off and I peered through the crystalized glass and opened it with an umbrella in one hand. "Who's there?" I shouted repeatedly. The light outside flickered again and the dog walked proudly in.

I suppose in five years time I shall laugh at the whole incident but it certainly was not funny now!

pk

DARK GLASSES.

The light changes to red, and
Automatically the long,
never-ending stream of vehicles
Halts.
Pedestrians cross, a frenzied blurr
of vivid colour.
Like ants racing to honey -
All the pedestrians are safe
On the other side,
Except one.

The large dog in halter stops,
Mechanically looks from
Right to left.
The man behind him wears
Dark glasses.
Completely trusting, man
follows dog to the
Other side.

For once, man must bow
to the beast.

R. WEBBER. LIV.

THE CREATOR.

Susan Delahunt. L IV Bd.

He who is above us,
Commands all in heaven and on earth,
And in hell!
We who are mortals know not why, the creator of man -
kind created the earth and the life that dwells on it.
Life, the humain creation of the Almighty creator, is
like a myriad of stars.

We progress, but do not know why!
We fight but do not know why!
Maybe someday, the creator will be rid of the burden
which he created.
But those who are in heaven and in hell
might understand, because they are closer to Him,
than we are on earth.



I am as a butterfly,
Pull my wings off -
I am nothing!

PETA BROWNLIE.

7/2/2/12