

THE

MERRIMAN

MAGAZINE

1973

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REPORTS

CROXLEY
SCRIPT

EDITORS' REPORT.

The Merriman Magazine has been well supported this year and we have had some very interesting entries. There are entries in different languages as well as some excellent topics in the compositions. The work submitted has been both amusing and light-hearted, or serious and intellectual, and provides a large variety of new literary works. The wide selection of art entries were very good and it was difficult to choose the ones that now decorate our magazine.

We would like to thank all the girls very much and a special thank - you to Sara Knight and Sharon Bosma for their hard work. The Head of Merriman, Lynne Brailey, has also given us some excellent guidance in this venture.

Although Merriman is not always the victor in our Inter - house competitions, we are always happy and smiling -true to our name -and have all enjoyed the past nine months immensely.

We hope you will enjoy reading our Merriman Magazine!

Joanne Pulsford and Susan Brownlie Std 9.

HOUSE REPORT.

Visions of splashes of red colour, enthusiastic girls and Mrs. Muller always come to mind when I think of Merriman and will always, I am sure, in the future be reminiscent of Merriman for most 'old girls'. St. Michaels, too, is very closely linked with Merriman, and once again the Orphanage received hand-knitted jerseys from the girls themselves.

A couple of us attended the Annual General Meeting at St. Michaels, and Mrs. Pretorius - the supervisor of the Home - thanked us profusely for all that Merriman had done to brighten the lives of the children.

In the Inter-House sporting events Merriman has been victorious in the field of netball where, thanks to our Captain Bev Joslin and very capable shooter Ingrid Winberg, we gained first position, despite the extreme heat. Merriman was placed third in the Hockey and Swimming events, and achieved second place in the Tennis - and in all events proved strong opposition. These results show an improvement in comparison to last year, which is a hopeful sign.

In the academic world there is room for improvement but, who knows, with a determined effort, the much coveted Efficiency Shield might be ours to cherish.

One of the climaxes of the year for Merriman was when Peta Brownlie's production of "Taming of the Shrew" was given first place in the Inter-House Drama competition. This was a very modern version of the play, involving the majority of the Merrimans, and was cleverly done.

The achievements gained during the year are largely thanks to Mrs. Muller who, with her endless encouragement and personal involvement, forms the backbone to Merriman. So I should like to thank both Mrs. Muller and the Prefects for their enthusiasm and assistance and, on behalf of the Matrics, wish Merriman the best of luck for next year, and hope that they will continue to sing:-

"Merriman's the best house in the town,
They will never let us down, etc..."

with as much gusto as they have done in the past.

Lynne Brailey - Head of House.

CHOIR REPORT.

The choir has been fully occupied this half year as it has sung at many occasions, the most important being the evening at the Nico Malan. We sang "La Damoiselle Elue" by Debussy, the two solo parts being sung by professional singers. As there were three other works besides ours, we appeared last on the programme and ended a successful evening without detracting from it at all.

We sang at a number of weddings including that of Josephine Dean when we combined with the Wynberg Girl's choir. In the second term the choir had to sing at two weddings at the same time. We had to divide ourselves but everything turned out alright in the end with no complications.

One very amusing and enjoyable occasion for those who took part in it, was the production of "The Pirates of Penzance" with Bishops. Fourteen choir girls took the parts of the "maidens" and we had to supply girls for the solo parts. Although this meant a great deal of practising and a few late nights, the final result was very worthwhile.

The choir sang at the Founders Day Service and six girls sang with the St. Saviours choir on Palm Sunday. We sang at the funeral of Harry Lawrence, which was beautiful. Choir badges have been handed out to those girls who have been faithful to the choir, some of which are in Merriman.

With Miss Sweet's thorough teaching and the willingness of Mrs. Dowdle, our accompanist, we hope to continue with our success!

Sara Knight Std 9.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT.

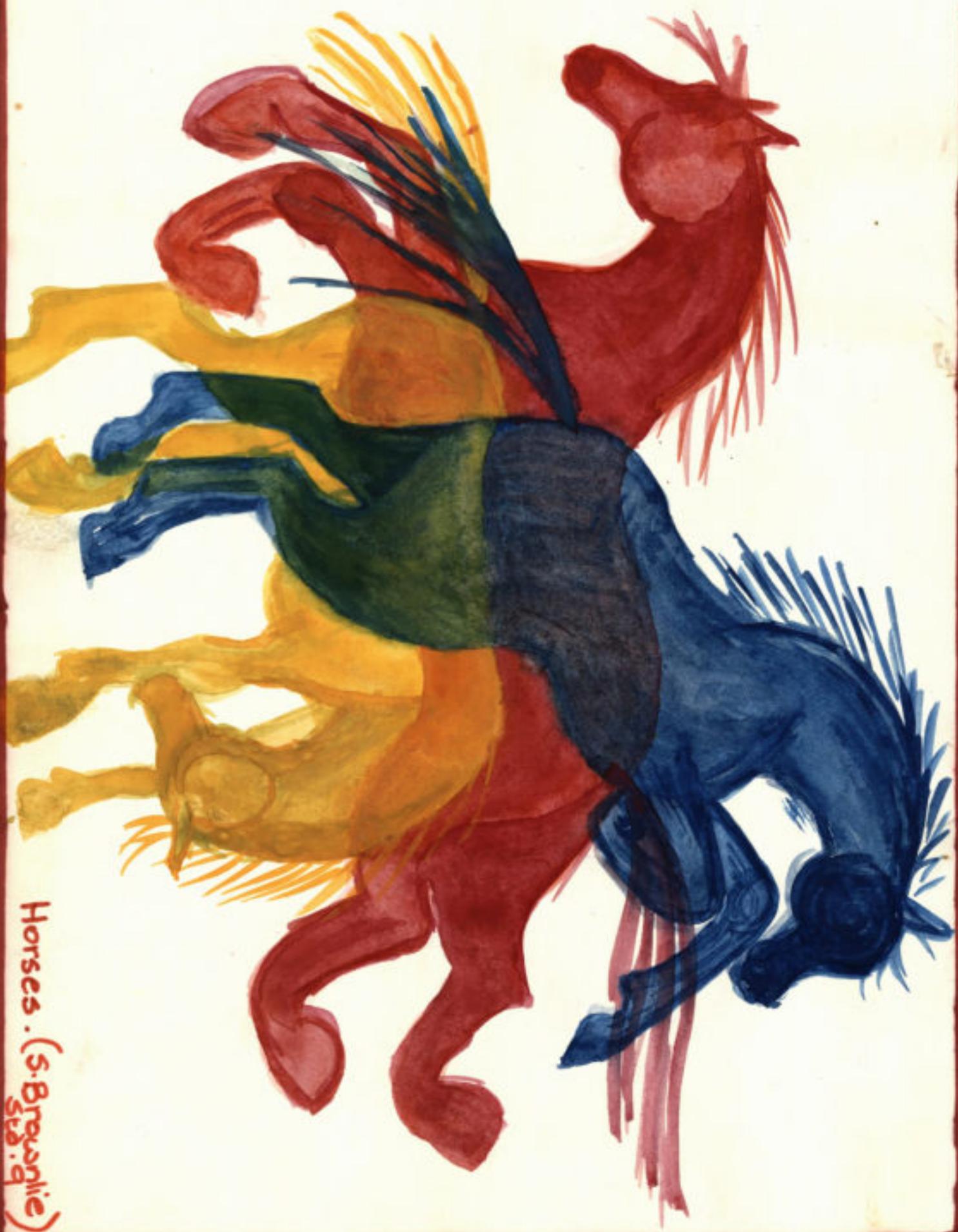
Although the Historical Society was only formed in the third term, it is already showing signs that it will be very successful.

We have had one meeting during Sociological Club when Mrs. Malherbe, who has studied famous South African people, came to speak to us. She told us how to start historical research and described a few of the characters she had studied.

We have many ideas for other meetings, and hope in the future to be able to obtain various people to speak to us on different subjects.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Stockwell, for being so enthusiastic and helpful in starting this Society.

Sara Knight
Secretary



Horses. (S. Brauerlie)
S.B. 1917

THE MATRIC DANCE '73.

On the evening of Saturday, 14th April blaring, beating music shook the rafters of our school hall. Piggies Discotheque were really "doing their thing", and everyone was enjoying themselves. The music is far too loud said the Staff and some, sitting with fingers in their ears, proclaimed "It sounds better this way!"

Our theme was 'Tahiti' and on Friday, 13th we embarked upon our project, which had taken considerable deliberation, the co-operation of 'Parks and Gardens', friends and accomplices and at the cost of many frayed tempers we considered, in retrospect, it had indeed been well worthwhile.

At 7.30 we arrived and were greeted by Dr. Silberbauer and her husband, as well as by Fiona McLachlan and her partner. We seated ourselves at several tables, and were soon all dancing in the tiny area provided as a dance floor. The Buffet was super, and dancing continued.

The evening passed so quickly that no-one realised it was midnight, nor feared their coach might turn into a pumpkin, as Piggies played their final records at 12 o'clock.

It was a joyous evening, memorable an occasion, which will remain one of those special milestones in the lives of 'Matric 1973'.

Sandra Westcott

CHAPEL REPORT.

Committee: Dr. Silberbauer, Mrs. Muller, Miss Harsant, M. de Toit,
L. Brailey, K. Caradoc-Davies, S. Cunningham, L. Tarr,
S. Bosma, G. Pettigrew, J. Frater, P. King.

Music Members:

S. Cunningham, G. Pettigrew.

Our tiny, much-loved Chapel continues to play an important part, both in School and Boarding-house life.

At the end of last year, we ended with our traditional "Chapel by Candlelight" Service. The Chapel looked truly beautiful with the careful decorations lit up by the candles, and the atmosphere was truly one of joy and peace.

During this past year, Holy Communion has been served in the Chapel at 8 a.m. at least twice a term. Since Canon Hodgeson left us for the Constantia Parish, Holy Communion has been served by the Reverend Ives.

M.I.X. Bible Studies are held regularly in the Chapel at 8 a.m. on Wednesday mornings, and the Chapel now houses the M.I.X. library.

On alternate Sundays, the Boarders attend a 9 a.m. Chapel Service, which is usually conducted by Father Commins, by Mrs. Muller, Dr. Silberbauer or a guest priest from a nearby Parish. On the other Sundays we still have our 7.30 p.m. Chapel Services.

We are extremely grateful to the Standard 8 and 9 Boarders who do Chapel duties. Their duties are to arrange the flowers, and to see that the Chapel is tidy before the Service.

During the week, Chapel is held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, when either Dr. Silberbauer or Mrs. Muller take the Service.

Our thanks go also to those girls who have played the organ so willingly this past year.

Pamela King Std. 8.

THE M.I.X. REPORT.

Committee: Christina Murray (Chairwoman), Pamela King,
Dinah Longmore, Jean Napier, Helen Stubbings.

This year the M.I.X. Society has expanded considerably. We are very grateful to Miss Brown, whose help in organising functions and leading our Bible Studies is invaluable.

The weekly Bible Studies are held on a Wednesday morning at 8 a.m. in the Chapel. The attendance at these meetings has also increased over the last six months.

From the beginning of 1973 until 2nd August, we have been holding fortnightly meetings at 2 p.m. on Thursdays in the Geography room. These meetings were mainly talks by various speakers or a group of visitors from different schools, telling us about their S.U. group. However, this time was found to be most inconvenient, so we decided to try holding these meetings during Rest.

The first meeting in Rest was held on 2nd August at 1.20 p.m. We had a film from the Leprosy Mission, "Beauty from Ashes", which was attended by over half the school. Our last Thursday meeting was attended by 54 girls. It seems that our venture has paid off, and we hope that people will continue to come.

At the end of last term, on Friday 8th June, we held a M.I.X. party in the Hall. It was a cheese fondue with French loaves and salad, followed by ice-cream and coffee. Afterwards there was a film, "Red River of Life".

We now have a M.I.X. Library which is kept in our Chapel, and is open after Bible Studies.

It is most encouraging to see the way the M.I.X. Society has grown and how the interest of the girls is increasing. 1973 has been a very eventful year, and we look forward to the following year, hoping it will prove just as worthwhile.

Pamela King (Secretary)

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT.

Committee: Head:
 Chairwoman: Christina Murray
 Treasurer: Mary Newell
 Secretary: Sharon Bosma
 Std. 8 Representative: Terry Lloyd-Roberts.

The year started off with enthusiasm and with a determination to try and liven the interest of the rest of the School, as well.

Throughout the year we have had a large assortment of speakers, and have had three meetings with other Schools.

Bishops, as always, remains a close compatriot in debating, and the two debates we held with them were enjoyed by everyone. We also had a debate at Wynberg Boys' High School in the first term.

In April, a new kind of parachute debate was held. Six speakers spoke for six different charities, and the winning speaker, who was Tjitake Post, was awarded R5, which was donated to her charity (the Ruby Adendorf Home).

In the third term, Mrs. Mallett and Mrs. Stockwell took over the charge of the Society.

As from the second half of the year, a look-out has been kept for speakers for the annual Interhouse Public Speaking Competition. This competition is awaited with much interest on everyone's part, and the evening is usually a great success. This year was no exception. The competition was held on Friday, 17th August at 7.15 p.m., and was judged and criticised by Mr. Maxwell Lee from the 'Argus'.

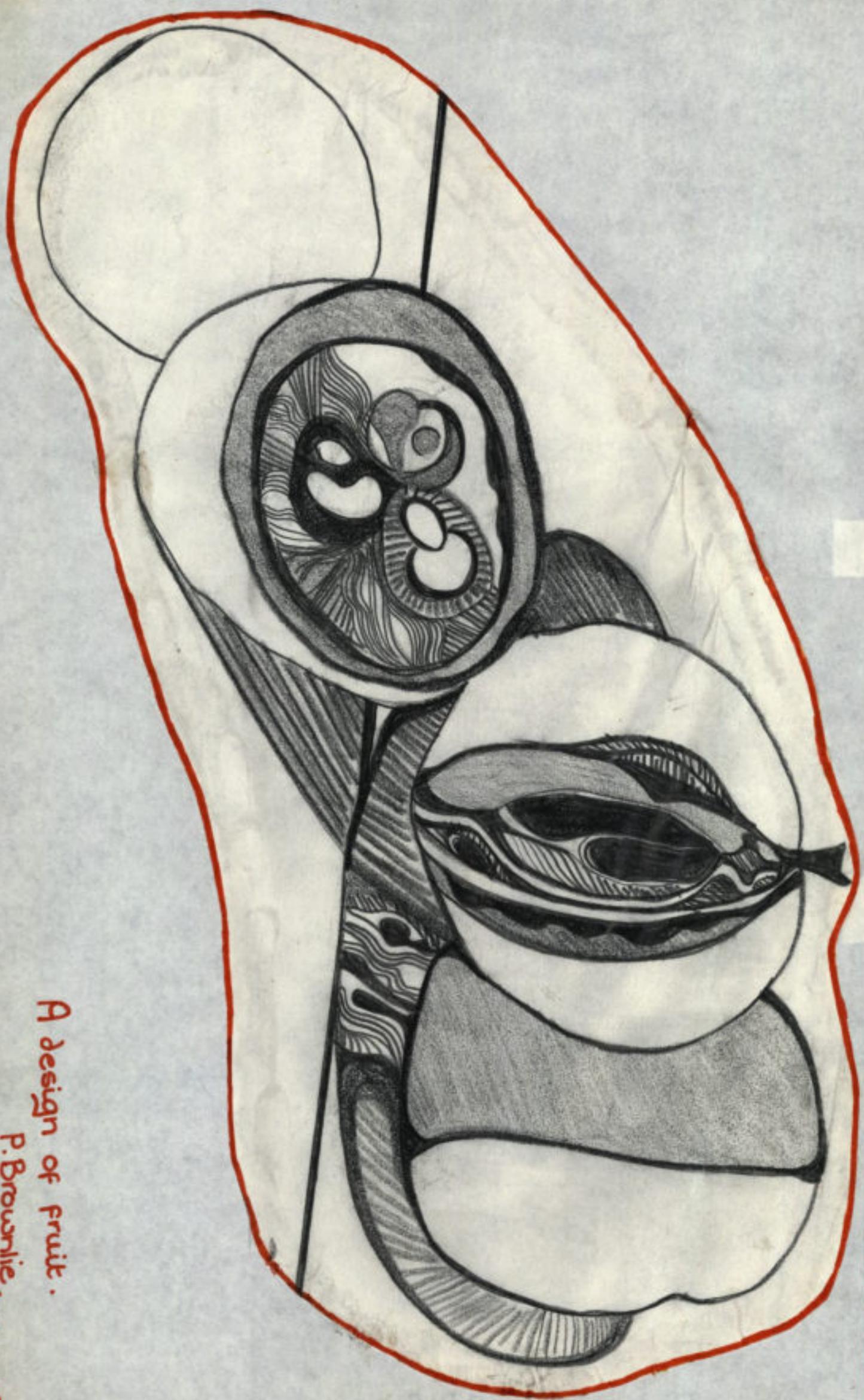
The Standard sixes and sevens held group discussions (Jagger won this section). The Standard eights held one minute impromptu speeches. This was extremely good fun, and was won by Merriman. Terry Lloyd-Roberts and Rosemary Webber spoke excellently, and had the floor in fits of laughter. The Standard nines and tens had to give three-minute persuasion talks on various subjects. The discussions were all interesting, but Clare Jolly, representing Jagger, won this section with an excellent talk. She is, therefore, to be congratulated on winning the 'Speaker of the Evening' cup.

Mr. Lee's criticism was very constructive, and the general comment was that more animation and gestures were needed, and that speeches tended to be memorised or read.

The overall result was: Jagger came first with 113 points; Merriman came second with 97 points and Rolt came third with 81 points.

Merriman girls have taken as active a part in the Debating Society throughout the year as the other girls, and it is hoped that next year will be just as enjoyable and constructive as this one.

Sharon Bosma (Secretary) Std. 9.



A design of fruit.

P. Brounlic

(Matrić.)

ENGLISH

Prose: From page 9 to page 26.

Poetry: From page 27 to page 38.

UPON A DISTANT VIEW OF A SPIRE.

Feeling immeasurably proud, and wondering why everyone did not notice, I skilfully eased my brand new Volkswagen into a gap more than wide enough to accommodate it, next to a big American car. Feeling a trifle deflated, I muttered something aloud to myself about flashy millionaires. When the driver in question seemed to comprehend what I was saying, I silenced him with a dazzling smile, and turned my attention to the traffic lights. They were still red.

Determined not to become annoyed by the traffic jam, I tried to concentrate on something else. My eyes wandered negligently back and forth. Suddenly an object in the distance arrested my attention: a church spire - barely visible among the surrounding buildings.

The sight of the spire valiantly standing its ground, despite its (doubtless) approaching destruction, made an impact on me. It reminded me of an exquisite little Church in Grootfontein.

The entrance to the town is a long, straight, tarmac road, clustered down with cowering little shops and bakeries. About two-thirds of the way down the road, this little church proudly dominates the scenery, its tall spire thrust defiantly into the sky, seeming to soar upwards.

I remembered the quaint supposition that churches were built with tall spires and pointed windows, so that they would be nearer to the heavens and God, and to point out God's dwelling-place. Certainly, I felt closer to God as I lay on my back beneath the tall poplar trees, following the regal line of the spire up, up, up into the blueness of the sky. Now and then an elated bird would soar around the spire, gliding in ever-widening circles, until it flew off to find a better playmate.

How often has the sight of a distant spire not encouraged a weary traveller, given him a sense of home-coming and welcome in a strange town because it is a common link, recognised everywhere.

In many novels I have read, the church spire remains a source of hope and encouragement to the hopeless and down-hearted. Being a part of the church and being so isolated on its lofty perch, it seems to symbolise Divinity itself.

And yet, the spire is solitary-reigning in an empty sky. It reminds me of a person who has attained success, and the words of a song drift into my mind "The view from the top is often very lonely". This puts into words what many have felt - on reaching the top one parades only on an empty ramp.

I turned my thoughts back to the present, and inched forward in my car, obtaining a better view of the tiny church.

Surrounded by lowering skyscrapers, the church nestled serenely in her nest of concrete. "Ah," I thought, "if only we could remain calm and untroubled when looked down upon; passive in the face of danger".

The spire, so unobtrusive and insignificant, provided ample room for thought, but I was rudely jerked out of my reverie by the impatient hooting of hundreds of cars, and the mass surged forward to rush into anonymity - the spire forgotten.

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MY ADVENTURES AS A SKIN-DIVER EXPLORING
A SUBMERGED WRECK NEAR THE BARRIER REEF.

The heat was unbearably stifling. The ocean resembled a bed of shimmering lights, as the sunlight was reflected. This was the atmosphere which surrounded us as we approached the Barrier Reef. From the angle of our approach we could see through the gaps the barren coast of Queensland in the hazy distance.

It was a perfect day for skin-diving. As soon as we reached the site of the wreck, Barry and I, eager to get down to the blurred wreck to explore it, enthusiastically dropped over the side of the "Inyanga". Unfortunately, I had a cold and had to descend very slowly, as soon as I felt the pressure in my ears. It was a wise thing to do because, before I had gone down twelve feet, I found that I had great difficulty in keeping my balance. After a long, slow downward journey, Barry and I found ourselves standing on the deck of the old wreck.

The world beneath the surface was absolutely breathtaking and looked like a 'world without sun', as the film title says. The feeling of seeing the sun from below the ocean's surface was eerie and yet very beautiful. It was very difficult to distinguish objects in detail, or to see what colour they were. The sight, however, was incredible. As far as the eye could see, despite the unearthly light, there were trees of coral set in the bluey-green velvet of the sea. The reefs rose up from the soft, sandy bottom to the surface.

After surveying this unearthly, watery world, Barry and I started to scramble over the skeleton of the wreck. The whole of the forward deck was covered with long strands of green seaweed.

All the wood on the ship had been devoured. There was no deck covering, no hatch covers or any doors or windows. At the foot of the bridge there was no bell which, if my guess was correct, should have been there, as it seemed that the ship had been built in the 1940's.

Next we went down along the hull, on the portside, and crawled in through a large hole there. Inside the old ship we could see many large formations of mother-of-pearl, and masses of coral-coloured fish moved swiftly across this unusual background. They appeared to be uninterested in what we were doing and, after watching us for a short while, carried on darting back and forth.

After a while we retraced our steps out of the hole, and began to explore the surroundings of the sunken ship once again. There were beds of giant clams, everywhere, and the great half-open shells shut immediately when we reached out to touch them. From outside the ship we estimated that it was about 350 feet long.

Barry tapped on my shoulder and indicated that his breathing apparatus was leaking, and that he would have to go up. Together we began to go up towards the surface. I signalled to Barry that he could use my mouthpiece if he wanted to, but he refused. His own was working a little better.

We surfaced a few feet from the Inyanga, and with the help of other crew members were quickly on board.

It had been a beautiful dive - but Barry was very sorry that he had 'spoiled' it. However, I told him not to worry as we would have many more opportunities to explore the unearthly, 'World Without Sun.'

Rosemary Webber Std 8.

BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR.

I had known from the start that there was something about the house that worried me.... something I couldn't place but that I knew was there. Maybe I was just being childishly imaginative, but a place like that could not possibly exist without a mystery of some kind. It was too old and too wise....and too full of secrets.

My father and I had lived there for two years before the incident occurred. My mother had left us with explanation when I was very young, and whenever I pestered my father about her whereabouts, he told me she had gone on holiday, and assured me it would not be long before she returned back home. As I grew older, I realised that she was never coming home, so I bluntly asked my father one day: "Father, is Mom dead?" He turned sharply to me with a shocked expression on his face, but then seemed to relax a little, as he said: "No...no, she...went away to live with another man..." He did not look at me as he said it, and young as I was, I did not believe him.

Gradually, as the years went by, I forgot the incident and resigned myself to living alone with my father. I could not remember much about life with my mother anyway; all I can remember was that I hardly ever saw her, and when I did, she used to be cruel to me and I used to cry a lot. And most of all I remember thinking that she was a mad witch; she had a loud hysterical laugh, and her cold eyes would dart about like a snake. I was very scared of her... scared of my mad mother.

Later my father decided to move into this house in the forest. It was an enormous old house, situated miles away from any other form of civilization, but he loved the peace and tranquility that surrounded the area, and most of all, he wanted to be alone. I soon became part of the roaming hillsides and the deep green forests, but there was something eerie about the house that made me feel happier outside in the open air than inside.

One thing that bothered me was the big white door that led off the staircase up to the attic. The door was locked, and every time I turned the knob of it, a slight shuffling noise came from inside. "Rats", I thought, and proceeded to forget the subject, until one day I suddenly decided to mention it to my father. We were sitting drinking coffee in the drawing-room after dinner that evening. "Dad", I asked quite casually, "what is behind the locked door that leads off the attic staircase... you know, the big white one"?

The teaspoon he was stirring his coffee with fell from his hand, and dropped clattering to the floor, as he turned quickly and stared at me, all the colour drained from his face. I rose quickly and walked towards him, quite faint from the shock myself. "Dad, what's the matter"? I asked worriedly, "you've gone quite pale". He still stared at me. "Nothing, nothing's the matter with me, daughter... but promise me one thing... promise you'll never queerie that subject again, that you'll forget all about that door... do you promise"? I had no option but to promise him, but I knew right then that I would never forget it; there were now too many questions spinning around in my head, and all had to be answered before I could be satisfied. Little did I know that my questions would be answered that very evening.

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A few hours later I was lying in bed, going over the conversation with my father, when suddenly I heard footsteps coming from the passage outside my room. It was my father, and he was making his way quickly up the attic steps to the big white door. I held my breath as I saw him turn the key in the lock and push the door open, just wide enough for him to slip through. After a few minutes he came out again, locked the door, and walked back down the passage. He had that same shocked expression on his face, as though he were walking in a trance.

I was just wondering what to do, when suddenly I noticed the key drop from his pocket, and fall noiselessly to the carpeted floor. After a few minutes, when I knew all was safe, I picked up the key and walked slowly towards the attic stairs. I was positive that behind this door would lie the source of all the mystery and evil I felt in the house and the reason for my father's strange behaviour during the past few years. Now all my questions would be answered....I was sure of it.

I placed the key in the lock and turned it carefully, and then putting my trembling hand on the gold knob, I turned that too, pushing the wooden frame slowly open. I gasped with horror. I saw now what had lain behind the locked door....

Victoria Hau

Std 9.

15

WHEN RELATIVES COME TO STAY.

Usually when the news arrives that our old Aunt Mabel has decided to spend a few days with us, we are all eating breakfast. After several groans, my brother is most likely to mumble "I shall have to tidy up, I s'pose?" This, we all know, is my younger brother's pet hate. The other remarks which follow from the other members of my family are:-

"Hope she remembers to bring me something decent!"

"Don't say that, dear!"

"She can sleep in the guest room."

Invariably when we meet Aunt Mabel at the airport she is overloaded with approximately four suitcases and five hat-boxes. Her hat-boxes usually contain the most GHASTLY creations. No wonder we, my brothers and sisters, hate going out with her. Nobody could possibly see over her hat without a step-ladder.

However, apart from the fact that Aunt Mabel always resembles a walking fruit or flower shop, she is one of our family's favourite guests.

The morning before she arrives, the whole household is in an uproar. The clean linen must be put in the room. The bed must be made up with blue sheets, as she cannot sleep if they are any other colour. Even my younger brother enters into the spirit of things at this stage, and his usually chaotic bedroom really looks quite respectable. That evening we all drop into bed exhausted. My small sister said one evening before the big day "I hope Aunt Mabel brings me a big, big present after all this!+

Last year, when Aunt Mabel decided to pay her respects, it was particularly amusing. My Aunt Sue, whose husband had had to go on a long business trip, telephoned my mother and anxiously asked if my twin cousins could stay with us for a while, as her mother-in-law was seriously ill. Of course my mother told her sister that the twins could stay with us for as long as it was necessary (she quite forgot Aunt Mabel), and she could drop them off that afternoon. When the twins arrived and were told that one of them would have to sleep on a camp bed, they immediately argued about who was to sleep where. This, however, was easily sorted out, as they decided to sleep in the bed alternately. Fortunately the other minor fights between the two boys were not very serious. Aunt Mabel enjoyed her stay even more that year, as Justin and Victor reminded her of "the good old days when my twin brothers used to fight!" This statement just goes to show what a good sport Aunt Mabel is. She does not mind or complain when my elder brother and I play our records or guitars. Sandie, who is four, loves her "specially most" as she also knows and understands the fairy who lives at the bottom of the garden.

We all love Aunt Mabel very much and, despite all the complaints on her arrival, we are all always sincerely sorry to see her leave.

THE FUNERAL.

The fog was clearing now and dark, eerie shadows once again became tombstones. The trees had ceased their mournful groans and howling, and the weather was clearing. A watery sun filtered through the stark branches of the trees, which were wishing for the leafy spring to come and cover their bareness.

The grave-diggers threw the few remaining clods of earth into the grave, hoisted the rusty shovels onto their shoulders and ambled away—"another day's work done!" The mourners walked thoughtfully down the hill; the vicar, too, disappeared into the church, very much aware of his sad loss.

I stood looking down at the mound of earth, and the smell of freshly-turned soil drifted towards me. A few, already-wilted flowers lay scattered here and there. All around were large and ornate marble monuments, with sentimental inscriptions to be read by all, and fresh flowers which had been brought by relatives who, no doubt, found the whole thing rather a chore.

Yes this grave where I stood had something of its very own; a sincere feeling left there by people who truly missed her - a wonderful woman who had thought only of others in all she did.

I had met her at tea one day, when she had sat in an armchair, busily knitting a jersey. She did not say much, but her friends told me that she supplied the Home for the Blind with woolly jerseys. Never had they heard one complaint or word of frustration from her. On Wednesdays she had baked cakes for the orphans, and she had always helped with the Church Bazaars. Few knew her name, because she had never wished to be thanked.

Everyone had been welcome at her thatched cottage, and they were always greeted by a variety of dogs who had found their way to this kind lady's house. Her address had become a keyword amongst the animals, who could always have a delicious meal and a sleeping place by the fire, when they were in need of a home.

Yet all her kindness was known only to those she had helped. She was not famous, and her name was not displayed in black and white on the front page of the newspapers. She had satisfied herself, and not done these kind deeds to gain others' attention and words of praise.

Her memory would live far longer than those of her neighbours, with all their showy displays. She had lived a true life, with a real personality, unlike the artificial characters of those socialites who, even in death, must show the world their status in life.

The next morning, the passers-by, if they had stopped to look, would have noticed a hastily-painted stone lying on a new grave, with the epitaph:-

"To our friend, who put everything into life
and received only happiness".



JULIA RILEY.
(STO. 9)

RILEY
SCRIPT

HEAVEN AND HELL.

Life has been often described as a journey, with all its ambitions, successes and failures; therefore, the end of the 'journey' would be heaven or hell. But where exactly are heaven and hell? This is a point which has been debated many times in the last twenty years or so. Are they really places, or are they a state of mind that people wish, or do not wish, themselves to be in?

As a child, I always thought that heaven was 'up there' somewhere and hell was somewhere 'down there'. This is, I am told, what the people who lived soon after Christ believed. They also believed that the passage connecting earth and heaven was a long, rough and twisted path, but the path to hell was short, smooth and straight. This, I think, is still true to-day but, instead of an actual passage, the difference lies in the sort of mind that you have. As a child, I was told what a wonderful and good place heaven is, and how evil and bad hell is; therefore, as a child, I obviously wanted to go to heaven when I died. But I soon discovered how difficult it was to be good all the time. Everytime I was given two bubble gums, I had to give one to my sister, and keep only one for myself. That was a tremendous sacrifice in those days.

The path you took, I deduce, reflected the sort of life you had led. If you had led a kind and virtuous life, and shared all your bubble gums with your sister, I suppose you would go to heaven. On the other hand, if you had led a wicked life, and kept all the bubble gums to yourself, then you would definately go to hell.

But nowadays, with all the space crafts and rockets, the idea of heaven being "up there" is proved false. It has been seen by the spacemen and by the television viewers that there is no heaven "up there"; so man has to think of another place for heaven.

I think, however, that heaven is just an ideal, created by men's minds, for them to strive towards. Most people have an ideal to strive towards, for example; a child just entering school usually wants, one day, to become a Matriculant, and a Matriculant wants to have a university degree and travel, their main wish being to ski in Switzerland or Austria, just as everyone else does, and so on. I think that people want their heaven, which will be a place of goodness and tranquillity, so they create heaven in their minds as the place they would like to think their souls went to after death.

Many of the young people of today feel that they cannot live their lives without some happiness in it (which I think, in their lives, is their ideal.) So, to create this happiness, they turn to drugs. Some people find they cannot exist without taking regular and sometimes increasing doses because their lives are so miserable. The pictures or feelings that are created by the drugs are apparently, happiness and freedom, which is their ideal, and I think, their form of heaven, and their lives are, to them, a form of living hell. Some of them feel that they cannot bear to live any longer and so they take a "short cut" to eternal happiness.

I think that heaven is just an ideal which, as I have said before, all men wish to attain. They create this because their lives are so wicked compared to the kind of world that must have originally existed. Perhaps the Garden of Eden, with fertile soil and abundant food, was another ideal.

CATASTROPHES!

It was on a Saturday when I first heard that some distant relatives were coming to stay. I uttered a cry of horror. You might wonder why. The reason was that whenever relatives come to stay everything seems to go awry.

It all started when my third cousins arrived unexpectedly from England. It was on that memorable occasion that we had a power failure. That night we had to eat the previous day's cold meat. The next morning the newspaper said "Lock all doors and windows". This was a warning to housewives, because of recent murders. Our relatives were just the people Cape Town was supposed to impress!

We had no rain, and my aunt was an enthusiastic gardener. She watched the flowers shrivel up in front of her dismayed eyes. She could not water them as there were heavy water restrictions. During her stay, one often heard phrases like, "It was not like this 'at home'", or "I really miss England". She left the next week, not surprisingly!

When Aunt Susan arrived our hot water cylinder burst; when Uncle Bill arrived from America, we took him for a drive in the country. Lo and behold, the car broke down, after only an hour of travelling. What followed I would not like to recall.....

Tring..Tring.. There is the front-door bell. It must be our distant cousins arriving from Australia. Oh, well, all I can do is to hope for better luck with these relatives.

Deborah Westcott Std 8.

THE ROLLER COASTER.

We walked slowly through the fairground, now and then having to stop and pause, while Grandpa struggled to keep up with us. My younger brother, Jim, yelled excitedly and gestured wildly towards the roller coaster, from which terrified screams were being emitted.

"Oh, come on!" he said impatiently, as we stood in the long queue for tickets to ride on this awesome giant of metal; perfectly constructed to ensure no accidents of any possible kind. Only after excessive persuasion and gentle reminders that the roller coaster was accident-proof, would Grandpa consent to accompany us on our daring travels over the unknown and unexplored. (He was most reluctant to consent because his health was not exactly what one could call good.)

After paying for our four tickets, we climbed into a shocking-pink car with green dragons painted on it, causing Grandpa to exclaim that "they were obviously there to remind one of the dangers of riding on the roller coaster."

The brilliantly-painted car was pulled slowly up the chain and onto the rails, parallel to a nearby drive-in where the film 'Funny Girl' was being shown. Cautiously the little car chugged and jolted round the curve and then, gathering speed in an alarming fashion, whizzed hair-raisingly down a near vertical drop, to the cries of "Stop", "Leave go of my hair, man" and "Where's my tummy gawn?" Down another not-so-vertical drop and up the metal rails on the other side, and we had reached the concentric circles. Round and round we spun, forever gathering speed, and becoming more and more giddy at every turn. Screams of all different tones and pitches throbbed and vibrated in the air around us, while the car leant inwards at a dangerous angle.

Eventually the track began to straighten out, and the screams gradually faded away. The car behind us collided abruptly into our car as they, too, neared the end of the track. The girl in the car in front of us inclined her head gracefully over the side of the rails, and proceeded to vomit.

The attendant roughly pulled our car onto the rails alongside the platform, and gestured to us to climb out, before yelling to his mate to "pass me a fag".

As if floating on air, we clambered out of our faithful vehicle with the now greener dragons painted on it, and began chatting to each other about how enjoyable the ride had been, and how none of us had even blinked an eyelash while hurtling down the vertical drop.

Suddenly I noticed that Grandpa was no longer with us and turning round, I stared in the direction of our car. Inside was Grandpa, completely motionless.

21

CHRISTMAS.

Ah! Six months of peace and relaxation, here in my pinewood chalet in the Canadian Mountains. This is the life! Ha, Ha! To think that all those children will be writing to "Dear Father Christmas, c/o The North Pole" - the address of my Riviera residence. I'll have to go there in June, and clear out my letterbox, but that task is still six wonderful months away.

You have no idea how hard I work, and sometimes I even have to go to Stattaforde in Cape Town to fetch the children's letters - not to mention all the other post offices and red letterboxes I call at. Then I have to choose one present from a list about three pages long that some cheeky, spoilt boy has written (when I would rather give him nothing at all), or find a present for some poor orphan who has built her dreams on receiving that one present she has been wanting for years.

Sometimes, if I read the "Personal Column" of "The Cape Times" (which is usually reserved for wrinkled spinsters finding wrinkled future husbands, and urged on by some equally misguided representative from "The Happy Hearts Marriage Society"), I will find a pleading letter about a red bicycle or a silver gun that an anonymous writer has seen in the window at Garlicks, and would dearly love to have for Christmas. Being a bachelor (and I'm very proud of the fact, too), I am highly critical of the notices in this column, and only read them to see if there is a request from one of my children.

Then, on the 20th December every year, I groom my reindeer - a terrible task. Last year Rudolf, my favourite reindeer, had made his hooves very dirty, and I ran out of Vim trying to scrub them shiny again. I tried Cold Water Omo, but he complained that the bubbles got in his eyes and hurt. As I could not have Rudolf walking around with red, tearful eyes on such a joyful occasion as Christmas and as I had no 'Eyegene' eye drops, I had to be content with his having only three sparkling hooves. The fourth hoof made a black mark in the snow all through Zurich, and the people must have wondered what had passed by in the night, but by the time we reached Vienna the dirt had all worn off.

In Brisbane I had to do some very difficult driving along the freeways, and at one stage I had to park in a loading zone. When I returned from delivering the presents in that street, I found a "no parking" ticket on my sledge and one on every reindeer - that in the middle of the night, too! They must have a very efficient police force.

I would not exchange all the riches in the world for some of the picturesque family scenes which I view as I travel around the world on Christmas Eve. Once, on looking through the window of a house in the Latin Quarter of Paris, I saw a mother and father sitting by the fire, telling their children wonderful stories about me, whilst their off-spring listened with open mouths and sparkling eyes. At the foot of their beds, next to their stockings, I found some chocolate bon-bons and a card on which was drawn a crudely-coloured Father Christmas - a present from two of my happy children.

In Hong Kong, I was given a brand new radio, which I managed to smuggle through the Canadian Customs, and now I can sit in my secluded chalet and listen to the world and its life - be it on Springbok Radio or the B.B.C. On leaving England I was held up by the dock strike and could not cross the Channel to France, with the result that I was rather late in arriving in the Swiss Alps. Here I received a handsome gold

Adam and Eve were, according to the theory of evolution, fictitious characters and they were blamed for bringing sin to the world. I suppose they, the people who wrote the Bible, thought that they had to blame someone and they also felt they had to explain the beginning of the world, so, they invented Adam and Eve.

As I have already said, I think that there is no actual place for heaven. But all the same, when I die, I do not want to go to hell. I want to go to heaven which, I hope will be my destination.

Philippa Harris Std 9.

9

JOURNEY'S END.

We lived in the main street of the village of Downham in Lancashire. Two houses away from us, on top of a small hill, was a squat russet-tiled cottage owned by the blacksmith, George Potter. He was a small, old man who wore a little, white, bristling moustache and a top hat. These two together managed to give the effect of the Mad Hatter. He often travelled to other villages to shoe horses there, driving to and fro in a cart pulled by his earhorse "Tom". George had never married, but had a small housewife called Matilda. She was his staunch protector, flapping her wings, squawking and pecking at any intruder. She always laid his breakfast, and followed him wherever he went. Apart from Matilda and Tom, George was a lonely old man, preferring solitude to the rowdy evenings in the "Village Arms".

George had one odd tendency and that was towards wearing a queer, worried expression on his face, as if searching for something and looking rather disgruntled because he could not find it. This expression worried the village priest, who was always praising God and going around with a smug expression on his well-fed face, because he wished to reform everyone into doing the same, and had never succeeded with George. In fact, he had never really succeeded with anyone, except his wife who really had no choice. I think one reason he had not overcome this difficulty was a little incident, during a church service for the Harvest Festival. While he was thanking God for "all things bright and beautiful", the mice were eating any fruit and vegetables they could find behind the pulpit. The villagers never allowed him to forget that moment.

However, one day when I met George on his way back home, I noticed that his normal expression had vanished, and in its place was a peaceful serenity. As we drove back, with Tom slowly pulling the cart, which creaked as the wheels lumbered over the stones of the serpentine pathway, I noticed too that Matilda was strangely silent and not her usual bustling and squawking self. We passed through the copse of sweet chestnut trees, stopping to pick a sprig to tie on to the brow-band of Tom's large head, to keep the flies away. George smilingly watched the harvest mice scuttling hither and thither through the long grass and the small birds singing their evening song, pouting out their breasts like self-important businessmen in tight, little waistcoats.

As we came to the end of the winding road, and clopped onto the cobbles of the village, people in their gardens turned to watch George in amazement. So they, too, had also noticed the change in his features. Only the priest was not surprised, as he beamed proudly at his wife, saying he had at last succeeded in reforming the old blacksmith. Hearing this, George turned and smiled wistfully at the priest and shook his head slightly, as though wanting to disagree with him. At our cottage, George stopped to let me down, and then drove up towards his cottage. At the top of the hill, his figure - silhouetted against the seemingly dying light - turned and waved back to me. I felt a sudden inexplicable surge of sadness come over me, and I turned abruptly into the cottage.

During the night, George reached the end of his long journey, and the next day the smile was still on his face, as if to say he had found what he had been looking for and was pleased with it. At his side lay his faithful companion, Matilda, who stayed with him even after the end of his journey, because they were buried next to each other in the Downham Cemetery. There are just two wooden crosses under a sweet chestnut tree.

Omega watch which I did not know whether to accept as a gentle hint for being late, or an innocent boy's thank-you present.

Cape Town is the end of my journey and I arrived here at lunch-time on Christmas Day. My reindeer were becoming very hungry, but we soon found a sack of oats from the S.P.C.A. - a very sensible present, indeed. From here I go to the North Pole, to leave my animals for six months, until I join them again in June. Then I go by Jumbo Jet to Montreal and from there to my peaceful haven. Although I have such a large family, I am often loney, and look forward to my next Christmas.

I always feel sad when a child stops believing in me and starts to grow up, following the path of life, but I am happy again thinking of the toddlers and children who will come in the future and be introduced by their parents to "The World of Father Christmas".

Joanne Pulsford Std 9.

'POP MUSIC'

Paint a portrait of 27 - year old Roderick David Stewart. The face: mediaeval woodcutter, masquerading as a Restoration fop. The sound: Red Mckuen, Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin with just a slight twitch of Joe Cocker. The movement: Mick Jagger, Peter Townsend, Elvis Presley, with just a prance of the old Supremes. He is now called the reigning genius of pop rock. Get the picture?

This is the new talk of today and many teenagers have begun to adopt it. The radio is a good source for young people to get to know pop music, then later, when there is a rise in pocket money, they begin to listen to new long - playing releases and consequently buy them. There are many different types of groups, some play pop music which is now known as 'bubble-gum' music and is very commercialised, especially in South Africa. On the other hand many overseas groups play underground music, soul or rock and roll. These long-players are usually only heard about a year later in South Africa. Different aspects of music have different effects on people. Part of the youth of today listen to the lyrics, while others concentrate on the beat, instruments or vocal sounds.

Nowadays, pop music is only played over the radio or at discotheques or at parties because it keeps the atmosphere going, and it has a good beat and a lively sound. I think that this present popularity hinges much more on live appearances than on albums, although we do not see very many live shows. Most of the musicians excite themselves phsically, mentally and musically, and then the audience reacts the same way.

But I would say there is going to be a great change in music in the near future, as overseas, besides the commercial pop music, the majority of people are listening and beginning to like a new sound which is Blues Music. It is mainly folk songs, with a slight touch of pop beat in it. This new sound has not yet reached South Africa, but a talented young group, who have recently come to South Africa, are trying to advertise jazz as much as they can.

At the present moment, I find that people try to find something in music that is not there. They look too deeply into music, and I think the duty of a pop group, or any other type of group, is to make as much good music as they can in the shortest time possible.

Beverly Joslin Std 9.

APPROVED

THE ARTS ARE AN ESCAPE FROM LIFE.

Many people use one or more of the 'Arts' as an escape from life. These can also be known as hobbies. The Arts are the skill of a person shown in music, literature and painting.

Painting has generally been the most used means of self-expression. It has also the advantage in that it requires less time and money than the other major arts. The famous artists Van Gogh, Michaelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci all used their skill in painting. They have brought much joy to people who are inartistic in ability but who, although they are unable to have the satisfaction of producing their own creations, derive much joy from the beauty of others' paintings. It must be remembered that a painter has a gift, and with that gift he can remove himself from people, take his easel and paints and spend his time painting, and return feeling refreshed and tranquil.

Music seems to appeal to most people, either for the sake of music itself or as part of other things, for example dancing, playing or working. In some factories to-day it is considered beneficial for workers in repetitive jobs not involving their minds to have constant music playing. It has been proved that this not only increases their speed, but stops them from becoming bored. There are so many varieties of music that there is enough to satisfy all tastes, from classical music and opera, through folk singing to 'pop'. People who are unable to play the piano or any instrument are lucky to be able to listen to the recordings of great musicians, old and new. It is not possible to say yet which new works will stand the test of time, but it is certain that the works of the old masters, such as Bach and Beethoven, will continue to give pleasure, as they have done in the past, for many years to come.

There are so many varieties of literature: children's literature, drama, essays, fairy tales. As in music and painting, there is enough in literature to-day, both old and new, to satisfy every age-group and every taste in reading. People are kept amused and occupied, and at the same time improve their knowledge. Books, especially such as the writings of Beatrix Potter, are particularly important as they introduce children at an early age to the joys of reading. To-day, to improve our knowledge and vocabulary, we are told to read as much as possible, but most people read to remove their thoughts from work or life and to transpose themselves into the lives of the characters in the book which they happen to be reading.

Whatever your interests in life may be, whatever your worries, however busy you may be, most people to-day find the time to escape from the difficulties and problems of everyday life, whether it be problems at work, screaming babies, loneliness, depression or boredom, by reading books or poetry, looking at paintings or listening to music. If you are one of the privileged few who have the creative gift of writing, painting, composing music or any other art, you have the added satisfaction of not only giving joy to other people, but to yourself too. All in all, without 'the Arts' the world would indeed be a very dreary place.

LIBERTY IS NOT A RIGHT BUT A PRIVILEGE
TO BE CHERISHED AND CONSTANTLY DEFENDED

Liberty is the condition of being free. Although one says this, few persons have ever been completely free. Nearly everyone has always, from time immemorial, been restrained from doing what he likes by the rights of other people, by laws and customs and by his own physical and mental humiliations.

We feel free when we can do as we please. We do not like it if anyone tries to restrain us.

Liberty is not the same throughout the world. In America and Europe to-day freedom generally means that people have certain political rights. Political freedom usually involves freedom of the press, freedom of speech, the right to assemble peaceably, the right to petition, no search without warrant and the right of trial by Jury.

One does usually find liberty falls basically under political and civil liberty. To summarise, political liberty consists of the right of individuals to participate in government by voting and by holding public office.

Liberty can, I believe, be a benefit or a curse, depending on how it is used and controlled. In one's private life liberty must be balanced by temperance, prudence and a respect for wise authority. In politics, freedom and liberty should harmonize with order and justice.

It is very important to have the ability to choose between right and wrong, and to tell the difference between good and evil. This is true moral freedom. But do we often really have the liberty to decide for ourselves?

One of the chief characteristics of maturity is the ability to choose and make one's own decisions. People who do not do this remain small children all their lives, in a moral sense.

Politically one's liberties are often suppressed and stifled out of existence. Liberty without any respect to wise authority is dangerous to free man and those even around him. Authority rests on a body of true knowledge and on a source of justice. Courts of Law and just political leaders are also authorities. A person who recognises no authority but his own wishes tends to abuse his freedom, and many lose it altogether. So often authority literally 'inflates' the little mind of the person who has it, and this person endangers others by using his authority to curtail the liberty of others. Liberty is also often threatened by the honest efforts of its own defenders. People may be overzealous in protecting freedom.

As in any society, the liberty to say what one feels and write as one feels is limited, so it is the duty of any individual not to abuse this liberty, and thus spoil further our present liberties for others.

It is not a right, and right has a duty attached to it. People who enjoy the right of free speech have the duty of trying to speak decently and sensibly. If, for example, a man walks uninvited into a private home and makes a speech, he has no real right to complain if the people present put him out, or have him arrested. He has,

in fact, abused the privileges of society, this one being the right to free speech. He has also abused the privilege of privacy and perhaps of property.

Basically, put it this way - liberty is only really appreciated when one has been restricted. Liberty is a right and should be cherished and defended as a privileged right.

Sally Brimble Std 10

THE BIRTH.

It was dark
 cold
 eerie.

The stars shone brightly
 happily
 silently.

The birds huddled closely
 warmly
 lovingly.

The wind blew gently
 kindly
 teasingly.

Everyone was ready
Everyone was awaiting
 the birth.

The birth of a new day.

Gail pettigrew Std 9.

THE SEA.

The sea is rough and cruel.
The waves come rushing to the shore,
Like merciless machine guns
Whipping everything out of its way.

The sea is blue and calm.
The waves come gently to the shore,
Like a mother pushing her baby----
Gently to sleep.

Juliet MacGregor Std 7.

THE FLEDGLING.

The soft, dove-grey cloud
of faint, blurred memories
of her.
The flash
of primrose yellow;
that sad, whirling movement of
the water.
She could not call;
only the willows would hear,
not I.
Memories, soft
as her downy feathers
are calling.

Sara Knight

Std 9.

ACTION.

Listen! Stop! Look around you.
You criticize this world,
You sit there pointing fingers at your brothers.
But what about yourself? Are you perfect?
Do something about this world you criticize.
Time will not wait for you.
Day by day we sink deeper into our problems
Why let it happen?
Listen! Stop! Look around you and see
what good you can do in this world.
Instead of just looking for faults.

Coralie Wale

Std 8.

'THINGS I LOVE'

I love chips and crackers and rockets on Guy Fawkes' night,
I love watching the sea,
And being held tight
Which gives me
A sense of security.

I love sitting up in bed in the silence of the dawn,
Watching the sunrise
With my curtains drawn,
Hearing the sounds
Of birds on the lawn.

I love lying on the beach in the middle of the day
Reading a book,
With my toes in the sand,
At peace and at rest
With the day at its best.

Beverly Joslin Std 9.

THE CANDLE

A white, frosty light,
lit with its flame of pure fragrance,
burning the cold, white Winter's air,
to bring light where there is darkness;
to bring warmth where there is chill;
a pure white flame
radiating holiness.

Deborah Westcott Std 8.

CATS.

Some cats are sleek creatures,
 Some are fat and glossy.
 Some prefer to sleep all day,
 While others like to jump and play.
 Some prefer to annoy their neighbours
 By howling all the night,
 But some love to please their neighbours
 By catching all their mice!

Mandy Rose Std 6.

I AM NOT YET BORN.

I am not yet born.
 Oh hear me plea for safety
 From all the dangers of life.
 From-----
 Drugs and Alcohol,
 Ration and War,
 From Cruelty and Murder,
 Sickness and Death.

I am not yet born.
 Oh provide me with---
 The five senses
 With arms and legs
 With strength and good health
 And an ending to this poem.

Barbara Jeary Std 6.

UNAWARE.

She crouched
rigid
unaware
Two golden eyes,
staring.

Among the blades of grass
a mouse played
gleefully,
Unaware.

The hair rose stiff on her back
her tail twitched
She lept
claws outstretched.

The mouse played no more.

Gail Pettigrew Std 9.

OUR GARDENER.

Our gardener Boetie Aaron
has a comical appearance.
His eyes are like those of a rattlesnake,
deeply embedded behind smoke grey eyebrows.
His hair is like tiny pieces of knotted grey wool
and his lips forever behold a grin.

He comes to work in his old worn takkies
his boilers and his shirt of green and blue,
he wears his cap lop-sided on his weather-beaten head.

Karina Raath Std 6.

THE DAYS OF MY WEEK

Monday's black day,
tired day bad day,
Tuesday's blue day,
work day hard day,
Wednesday's homework day,
late day music day,
Thursday's test day,
slow day long day,
Friday's last day,
new day relief day,
Saturday's relax day,
swim day tennis day,
Sunday's sun day,
church day rest day,
lunch day,
and then - school days.

Janet Hammond Std 6.

PLEASANT TO TOUCH

I like the feel of a hairy peach,
A smooth round pebble,
Upon the beach.
The baby's tiny little pink nose,
The velvet petals of a rose.
The soft green moss where the earthworms go,
and the falling raindrops as they quickly fall.

I like the feel of a furry kitten,
Sun in summer
And mohair mittens,
Of a peacock's feather,
and crackling leaves in Autumn weather.

I like the feel of a fluffy rug,
The heat of a fire on a snowy night,
and the warmth of a cocoa mug on the kitchen stove.

Karina Raath Std 6.

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER

Suddenly last summer
 something happened
 that made me
 age

Something hit me
 cold and hard
 and woke me
 from my youthful
 slumber

New thoughts and ideas
 filled my big head -
 new opinions about
 people

What an innocent
 I was -
 What a nice person
 I was -
 last
 summer

Terry Lloyd-Roberts Std. 8

AT DAWN THE LIGHT WILL COME

At twilight the sun will disappear
 behind the mountains,
 Bringing a black darkness
 which covers all.
 Until ... the moon and stars appear,
 Then at dawn the light will come,
 Bringing birds and the sun,
 Waking flowers from their beds,
 Opening their petals,
 Lifting their heads,
 Birds land on the window sills,
 Their singing voices clear and shrill,
 Audible from far away,
 Welcoming the light of day.

Georgia Deal Std 6.

CHEE.

Once a monkey named Chee,
Was sitting in a tree.
He was thinking of what to be.

Maybe a car which goes parp,
Or an angel who plays a harp.

Maybe a little brown boy,
Or a king with a golden crown.

Maybe a balloon which goes pop,
Or a little girl who can hop.

He could not think of what to be.
He then decided to be
What God had wanted him to be.

Linda Herweg Std 6.

EXAMS.

As a little boy so long ago,
I dreamt of the trains that come and go.
I spent long hours down at the track,
Hoping to jump aboard and not come back.
I always prayed the day would come,
When I would be in charge of one.
And now at last my dream is true,
My final exams I have to do.

Susan Batho Std 8.

THE WITCH.

The wind begins to howl,
 For a witch is on the prowl,
 With a swish and a twitch
 A witch appears.
 She crackles and chuckles,
 She's cunning and sly,
 She has a beady evil eye,
 Her face is wrinkled, overlapping and dry.
 She uses a broom on which to fly.

Malva Marine Std 6.

ON DISILLUSIONMENT.

I have this odd, sick feeling inside me
 as though my insides have frozen.
 An aching throb.

With each pulse I feel more sick
 With fear
 of what?

I feel an inexplicable longing to escape
 from people, and their insincerity.

The sun has gone, and is replaced by empty greyness.
 I feel more lost as each day passes.

Terry Lloyd-Roberts Std 8.

THE TRAMP.

Down by the lake, by an old bent willow,
 An old tramp sleeps with his coat as a pillow,
 His tatty old jacket is rugged and torn,
 His muddy old boots are scruffy and worn.
 Down by the lake, the water blue with sky,
 He watches all his memories go gliding by,
 Some are half forgotten, some are still to make,
 Down by the calm, quiet waters of the lake.

Lindsay Parr Std 8.



'Tree'

P. Broussin (cont'd)

CIDER WITH ROSIE.

The sighing of the hay as it is cut,
Mingled with the murmur of voices
Creates a lullaby
While resting in the shade of a haycart
After toiling ceaselessly in the summer sun.

The bees, buzzing industriously
And the scent of newly cut hay,
Results in a drugged feeling of bliss
Which is made complete by
Cider ----- and Rosie.

Pamela King Std 8.

TODAY.

The trees are naked today,
Tall and stark.
They rise imposingly
Against a black sky.
They hold a somber beauty
And yet are hideously plain
And empty
Like
Me.

Terry Lloyd-Roberts Std 8.

LIMERICK.

There was an old lady of Rio,
Who lost her dear little key O.
She knocked and knocked,
But her house was locked,
So she spent the night at the sea O.

Jennifer Louw Std 7.

CHESS IN HEAVEN

You take black and I'll take white and
Let's see who wins now?

White dominates very shortly
(Well, after all, what is Apartheid for?)
Check-Mate! - No, not quite
This king is out again!
Ah! But not for long
because the superior white is much too strong
and soon the game is done...
But not for long.
Soon the game will be reversed
and then the accursed shall curse.

Pamela King Std 8.

THE TRACK

Along the garden path I see,
A tiny track all silvery,
On I walk until I find,
A tiny snail beneath a vine.

Karina Raath Std 6.

DEATH

Is it painful?
Pain?
Can you feel it?
NO.
It is a numbness,
between light and dark.
Shadow and sun.
My grasp is slipping
I MUST hold on!
I have let go.
The sun sets slowly,
I walk slowly from day into night.

Rosemary Webber Std 8.

SCARLET
MACAW



GOLD AND BLUE MACAW



MILITARY
MACAW



AFRIKAANS.

'n INTERESSANTE LANDSTREEK WAT EK BESOEK HET.

Die stilte het soos 'n warm golf oor my gespoel en die windjie het my klere sag-sag gestreel. Dit was skemeraand en het al koeler geword.

Die sand was nog warm van die brandende son en die duine het eindeloos voor my uitgestrek.

Die Namib Woestyn.

Land van verskuiwende duine en honderde akkedisse, spinnekoppe en slange wat selde gesien word. Die fyn wit sand wat so skoon is - tog kan dit 'n mens gou in 'n sandstorm laat verstik.

Die wêreld - beroemde woestyn strek uit langs die kus van Suidwes - Afrika maar die dorpe wat aan die kus geleë is, kan met groen grasperke en palmbome spog. Die kokerbome is 'n kunswerk met hul snaakse vorms en die welwichia plant word alleenlik hier gevind.

Swakopmund se glanserende ligte kan in die verte gesien word en die geluid en reuk van die see is iets heerliks.

As dit toegelaat was, sou die mense heeldag en orals vir diamante en edelstene krabbel!

Nader aan die binneland word klein, plat, grys bossies en klossies gras gevind. Die hele Suidwes - Afrika bestaan uit dongas, sand, droë bossies, doringbome en lang gras maar dit is 'n land met 'n aanloklike karakter en ontsettendheid wat aan 'n mens se hart vasklou sodat jy net met hartseer daarvandaan kan vertrek.

Namibia, of Suidwes - Afrika, die interressante land wat ek nog besoek het.

Sharon Bosma

Std 9.

ONS LEWE IN 'N TYD VAN ONRUS.

Almal in Kenya het geweet, dat eendag - ja - eendag in die nabye toekoms sal ons rooskleurige lewe verander. Die Bantu, wat vir ons gewerk het, en so gaaf en getroue was hulle in daardie dae voor die onrus, het soos 'n gevaarlike brander oor die wit strand gekom. Jare lank het dit geswel en geswel tot dit nie langer kan swel nie en dus het dit gebreek...Toe die brander gebreek het, het die families soos die wit perde wat oor die see galop, weggegaan na Engeland.

Ek wil twee vreeslike ervarings herhaal, ag, maar hulle was te vreeslik! Een aand het my Pappie en ek om die plaas gedryf om te sien of alles in die haak was. Toe ons deur die "Herelordkampie" gery het, het ek amper doodgegaan van skok! Ag, maar daar was ons sewe beste koeie half dood op die grond. Hulle bene was afgekap en alles was te verskriklik om te beskou.

'n Ander verskriklike ervaring was toe ons op my tante se plaas gebly het. Hulle het drie honde gehad - Rastus, Zorba en Billy - die dierbaarste honde in die wêreld. Toe my Mammie en ek na hul stalle gestap het, het sy onverwags gestaan. Toe het ek besef wat gebeur het - Zorba het op die lendelamme hek agter die huis gehang - Ag, maar dit was vreeslik - ek het gestaan, heeltemaal verbaas - te verskriklik!

Ag nee - nooit weer wil ek na Kenya gaan lewe; te veel hartbrekende herinneringe sal terugkom.

Diana Lindbergh

Std IO.

HOE EK IN DIE DONKER VERDWAAL HET.

Verlede Vrydagaand het ek na my vriendin se huis gegaan sodat sy ons huiswerk vir my kon verduidelik. Omtrent half tien het ek my boeke gepak en vir haar "totsiens" gesê .

Voor ek ons voordeur oopgemaak het, het ek snaakse geluide gehoor, nes borde wat rondgegooi word. Ek het gedink dat dit Ma en Pa was wat weer baklei. Ek het begin huil en weggehardloop. Ek het nie geweet waarheen ek gehardloop het nie. Toe ek moeg geword het, het ek op die gras van die sypaadjie gelê, maar ek kon nie slaap nie. Na 'n uur het ek opgestaan. Toe het ek die gesing van mense wat dronk was, gehoor. Ek was baie bang vir hierdie mense wat enige oomblik om die hoek sou kom. Toe het ek die geroep van my broer uit die ander rigting gehoor. Ek het na hom gehardloop.

'n Koppie koffie en 'n half uur later, is ek weer by die huis. Ek het my storie vertel. My ouers het gelag en gesê dat die geluide wat ek gehoor het, het hulle gemaak om 'n verdwaalde hond uit die kombuis uit weg te jaag.

Philippa Harris Std 9.

PROXILE
SCIENCE

'n BOOM OP DIE KRUIJ VAN DIE BERG VERTEL.

Ek, 'n Metusalem van 'n denneboom, is nie hier bo op my kruin verlate nie. O! Nee, ek het die voëls wat hier op my takke kom sit, die pragtige veldblommetjies tussen die rotse en, bo alles - klein Flora.

So 'n goedopgevoede meisie met haar liewe maniere . Elke aand kom sy onder my takke sit om met my te gesels. Twee jaar lank het sy elke aand hiernatoe gekom maar sy word nie eendag ouer nie. Waarom...?

Dis die 23 Maart, 1949. Dit is bedompige weer en die blommetjies verlep. Die aarde hyg na reën en die blomme het vir my gevra of ek die reënwolke al kan sien. Daar op die kim verskyn hulle - groot banke swart wolke wat deur die wind aangedryf word. In die verte dreun die donder en af en toe is daar 'n bliksemstraal.

Nou woed die storm ver bo ons. Die reën stort neer op die aarde en die vloed water bruis oor die klippe. Die ou blare van die somer word saam weggesleur. Die blitse kom al vinniger. Dis baie na aan my.

Maar... wat is dit? Daar hoog in die lug is 'n groot voël, of... is dit, ja, dit is 'n vliegtuig! Wat op aarde doen die ding daar bo? Ek voel vreeslik jammer vir die vlieër want die vliegtuig is soos 'n wildeperd. Ai! Daar gaan hy, nee...hy is nog in die lug. O! Vader, daar tref die weerlig hom. Die vliegtuig is nou aan die brand!

Ja, ek dink jy kan nou maar raai waarom Flora nie ouer word nie, kan jy? Maar vader het op die laaste oomblik haar naam wanhopig uitgeroep, maar te vergeefs...Flora het gesterf terwyl haar vader nou nog leef...

Mary Newell Std IO.

'n SKIP VERGAAN.

Daardie dag sal ek nooit vergeet nie, want dit het ons lewe heeltemaal verander. Ek is 'n klein vissie en toe die vreeslike ongeluk gebeur het, het ek met my Mammie, Pappie en sussie, Anna, in Krewedorp gewoon. Die ongeluk het op 2 Visapril gebeur.

Ons het die groot skip vroeg in die môre gesien, maar ons het ons nie daaraan gesteur totdat dit middagete was nie, want toe het die skip al groter gelyk. Dit het stadig na benede begin val en sou op ons huise val! O! Daar was groot konsternasie!

Die seekatte van die telefoonkantore het met visse van ander dorpe oor die telefone gepraat. Die seeperde het katte heen en weer getrek om meubels uit die huise uit te neem. As ek nie so bang was nie, sou ek gelag het, want hulle het so vinnig met die karre geswem dat die meubels altyd op die grond geval het.

My Pa het na die bank gegaan om sy geld uit te trek, maar al die ander pa-vissies was ook daar en hy moes lank wag. Die meerminne het ons gehelp om alles van die huise weg te neem en seekatte het met panne, ketels en vislepels na ander dorpe geswem.

Ek het op 'n kreef na Neptune se paleis gery om hom te gaan haal. Hy het ons gehelp, want hy is so groot dat al die klein vissies en seeskilpaaie van ons dorpie aan sy groen baard gehang het terwyl hy hulle na 'n veilige plek geneem het. Maar hy het nie my sussie geneem nie, want sy het die ou visse gehelp en hom nie gesien nie. Toe die skip op die grond val, is sussie daaronder betrap met daardie ou visse. Dit was baie treurig en die volgende dag het ons in ons nuwe dorp, die dorp van die Goue Meerminne, 'n begrafnis vir haar gehou.

Dit was 'n seldige dag en as ek daaraan dink, kry ek 'n nare gevoel in my hart. Toe ons na die skip gaan kyk, het ek die naam gesien. Dit was "PRINSES ANNA", en dit was my sussie se naam!

RYLOOP!

Die stralende ligte het die donker deurboor en die nou pad verlig. Die motor het stadig geloop want daar was baie draaie in die pad en die bestuurder was nie gewoond daaraan nie. Al langs die pad was daar digte groen plantegroei, en skielik het 'n persoon daaruit gespring en voor die motor op die pad beland. Dit was 'n pragtige meisie met lang, swart hare en 'n wit rok aan.

Die remme het geskree en die motor het net voor die meisie tot stilstand gekom. Met pleitende oë het sy die man gesoebat om haar na 'n huis ongeveer twee myl verder te neem. Sonder wiefeling het die man die deur oopgemaak en haar binnegenooi. In die lig van die deur kon hy sien dat sy baie ontsteld en uitasem was. Die motor het stadig vorentoe geloop.

"Wie is jy? " het die man gevra sonder om na haar te kyk. Daar was 'n oomblik van stilte voordat die woorde sag uit die donker gekom het.

"Annemarie Wiesel, en sal jy nou asseblief by jou eie las hou, meneer."

Verbaas het hy omgedraai om na haar kant toe te kyk, maar die motor het van die pad afgery en hy moes al sy aandag daaraan bepaal om dit veilig weer in die pad te kry. See het hy koud en kortaf gesê.

"Goed mevrou, as dit u wens is. "

'n Onvriendelike stilte het neergesaak en uiteindelik moes die man weer na haar toe kyk. Sy was 'n mooi meisie - nee, amper 'n kind - met 'n reënvangertjie van 'n neus, vlymskerp oë en lang, swart oogwimpers. Maar daar was een ding wat haar pragtigheid bederf het - 'n langlitteken op haar regter wang.

Daar was die huis... nou moet sy uitklim. Hy het weer die pad gekies en stadig vorentoe gery. Uiteindelik het hy sy bestemming bereik en veilig begin uitklim. Toe het hy dit gesien...bloed waar die meisie gesit het. Haastig het hy binne gegaan en sy maats reguit daaroor uitgevra. Eers was hulle verward, maar toe hy van die litteken gepraat het, het verligting uit hul oë gestraal...dan vrees.

"Sy is al twee weke oorlede," het hulle gefluister, "Langs daardie pad gevind, ook..."

Mary Newell

Std IO.

GEEL.

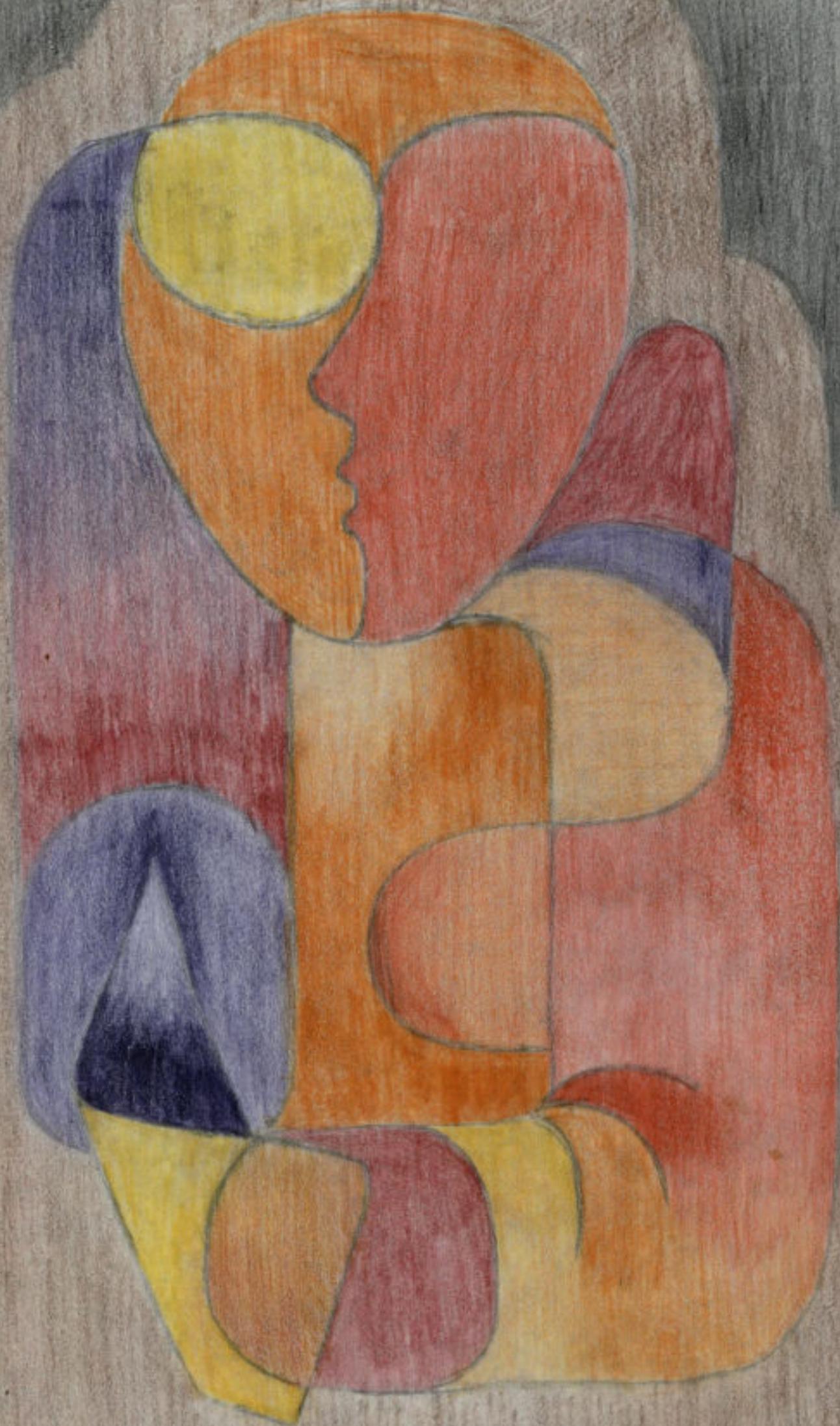
Geel is die kleur van 'n suurlemoen,
 van perske, pere, piesange en ander soorte vrugte.
 Geel is die kleur van affodile
 wat so helder in die tuin is.
 Geel is die kleur van blydekap
 toe Ma die klein baba tuis gebring het.
 Geel is die kleur van sonstrale
 wat die wêreld helder en warm maak.
 Geel is die kleur van herfsblare
 wat is in die wind opgeswel.
 Geel is om iemand te kul.
 Iemand wat bly is, is geel.

Susan Louw Std 6.

DIE KONYN.

Ek het 'n konyn gesien spring.
 spring spring spring
 spring spring

Rosemary Webber Std 8.



'man reading a book'

AMS^{std}
9

OTHER LANGUAGES:

Latin: Page 46 and 47.

French: Pages 48 to 52.

Hebrew: Page 53.

MISERA PUELLA.

Olim parva puella erat quae in fundo habitavit. Mater vi in ludo collocavit. Post quinque dies ex ludo effugit. Haec, autem, ambulans in agro florum pleno cecidit. Ut accidit, vulnerata saxo, animus suus se duobus diebus relinquit.

Tandem iuvenis, qui defessus erat quod decem milia passuum ambulaverat, eam vidit. Tarde eam excitavit. Ea oculos aperuitque eum vidit. Inquit dulcissima "Salve!"

In eius equo eam collocavit. Equo ambulante ei fabulam narravit. Tandem domum pervenerunt. Mater eius gaudio flebat et eis cibum dedit. Sed proximo die ad ludum redit.

Post tredecim annos iuvenis pulcherrimus eam in matrimonium duxit.

Helen Stubbings Std 8.

CAPTIVA.

Semper Grasciam desidero ubi in foro ambulo. Captiva Graeca enim a Romanis capta. Ubi omnes homines felices video, meam domum desidero. Meos parentes et meum canem et nostram villam pulchram desidero.

In Graecia habitebam Olim autem Romani venerunt et multi nostrum capti sumus. Nave cum multis captivis Roman rectus Luciae, Valeni filiae laboravi. Nullam pecuniam, nulla vestimenta habui etc miserima eram.

Labor erat difficillimus in Luciae villa erat et post dies paucos, defessissima, nocte effugi.

Tandem ad meam patriam veni, postquam dies tres et noctes quathior navigavi. Ad meam villam festinavi et meum patrem et meos amicos magno gaudio salutavi. Quam felix eram quod domi eram!

Tanya Bosma Std 7.

MEA DOMUS.

Romae in domo urbana habito. Domus mea muros albos et ianuam magnam ligneamque habet. Domi mensas duas, sellas decem et dua cubilia magna habec. Extra domum rosas plurimas sunt. Mane meusas omnes rosis semper orno.

Domus meae ianuae multae sunt quas omnes lignee sunt. Sellae meae etiam ligee sunt.

Ubi amici mei domum meam veniunt, in sellis sub rosis semper sedemus. Foris sedere amamus quod rosae pulcherrimae sunt. Ubi sub rosis sedes mare videre potes.

Mare pulcherrimum est sed et omnes mei amici id timemus quod vitas multorum cepit. Nautae multi mari necati sunt et naves multae deletae sunt.

Domum meam et rosas meas amo et mare spectare amo.

Tanya Bosma Std 7.

48

UN INCIDENT QUI S'EST PASSÉ AU COLLÈGE.

Je suis un poisson et je m'appelle Ptomely Poisson. Je vais à un collège, sous la mer, dans une petite ville qui s'appelle Poissonville. C'est un petit, joli collège construit de pierres blanches et de petits bijoux.

Un jour, au collège, le Roi Neptune et deux sirènes sont venus nous rendre visite. Neptune avait une barbe verte et il souriait toujours. Les sirènes avaient de beaux, longs cheveux et des queues vertes. Nous avons enseigné aux serpents de mer comment jouer mais ils sont allés très lentement parce qu'ils ont parlé avec les grenouilles qu'ils ont rencontrées. Nous avons vu des escargots noirs qui ont marché sur les rochers. Nous avons vu des écrivisses rouges et jaunes. Nous avons rencontré beaucoup de petits poissons qui sont venus d'un autre collège d'une ville qui s'appelle Ville-des-Serpents.

Quand nous avons fini, nous sommes allés manger de l'argue et nous sommes allés boire du thé que les sirènes ont fait.

Neptune et les deux sirènes sont rentrés chez eux à cinq heures. Nous nous sommes bien amusés. Neptune a dit qu'il reviendrait à Noël pour donner des cadeaux à tous les petits poissons. Je suis très heureux parce que je suis un petit poisson donc j'aurai un cadeau. Je souhaite qu'un incident comme cela se passe plus souvent.

Sara Knight Std 9.

LA VISITE INATTENDUE D'UN PARENT.

"Suzanne! Allez voir qui frappe a la porte!

Suzanne a couru a la porte. Elle l'a ouverte et elle a crié: Michel, comment allez- vous? Je ne te vois pas depuis cinq ans. Michel lui a repondu: Je y viens pour passer les vacances. Qu'est ta mère?...Ah, la voici! comment allez- vous ma tante?

La mère de Suzanne a dit: Oh, je vais bien merci. Venons au jardin. Comment va ton père et ta mère ?

Michel a repondu: Mon père? Ah, il va bien. Tous les dimanches il joue au tennis avec ma mère. Ils aiment jouer au tennis. Maintenant il travaille très bien. Beaucoup de gens achètent ses produits, donc il a beaucoup d'argent. Ma mère travaille aussi, mais elle travaille au jardin. Il y a maintenant une belle pelouse devant la maison. Il y a aussi une piscine devant la maison. Il y a aussi beaucoup de belles fleurs. Ma soeur, qui a seize ans, aime encore à coudre et à écouter la musique moderne. Cette année elle écrira le dernier examen de l'école et elle n'aime pas y penser. Mon autre soeur aime encore jouer de la guitare. Elle la joue depuis deux ans et je crois qu'elle la joue très bien.

La mère a dit: Michel, où restez- vous maintenant? Michel a dit: Er, je viens d'arriver et j'espérais rester chez vous pour une semaine. La mere a dit: Michel, naturellement vous pouvez y rester. Nous sommes heureux de t'avoir."

MON AMI.

C'était un petit âne gris qui habitait un verger de pommiers près de notre maison. Il s'appelait Mistigris. Il aimait les carottes et les pommes. En automne, il mangeait toutes les pommes qui avaient tombées sur l'herbe au-dessus des pommiers quand le vent a soufflé.

Moi et Mistigris jouions ensemble pendant toutes les vacances, mais un jour des vacances d'été, quand j'ai visité Mistigris, je ne l'ai pas trouvé.

Le fermier m'a dit que pendant le soir Mistigris est tombé dans un trou et il s'est cassé la jambe. Le lendemain matin, il l'a tué parce qu'il n'a pas pu marcher. Ça a été la chose la plus gentille que nous lui pourrions faire et le dernier service que nous lui avons rendu.

Pamela King Std 8.

MON GRAND'PÈRE.

Quand j'étais petite je visitais mon grand'père. Quand j'y arrivais, il me donnait toujours des bonbons. Il me donnait aussi du thé et un gâteau. Il avait des yeux bleus et les cheveux gris; et il était très gentil. Il aidait tout le monde, et il n'était jamais impoli.

Sa maison était petite et dans le jardin devant la fenêtre, il y avait un vieux banc. Dans sa maison il y avait une cuisine, un salon, une salle à manger, une salle de bains, et trois chambres. dans sa bassin il y avait des poissons, près de l'autre fenêtre.

Il écrivait des lettres a ses amis, il se promenait dans le bois et dans les champs, et il lisait des livres intéressants. Il visitait ses amis et il allait au café avec sa femme, qui était ma grand'mère!

Oui, mon grand'père était très, très gentil.

Vanessa Hefer

Std 8.

CROXLEY
STATION

QUELLE DRÔLE DE PETITE BÊTE!

Tout le monde dit: "Quelle drôle de petite bête, " quand il me voit. Je suis une chenille et je m'appelle Claudia.

Ma maison est une belle fleur rouge et je mange les grosse feuilles vertes. Ma nourriture favori est l'herbe, mais j'ai toujours peur qu'un gros chien m'ecrase si je marche sur l'herbe fraîche.

Je porte un joli manteau de cheveux. C'est aussi ma protection parce que si un enfant me touche, il recevrait des cheveux a la main. J'ai cinq mois et après l'hiver, quand je me réveillerai et quitterai mon cocon, je serai un joli papillon.

Ma vie est très dangereuse parce que le jardinier met le poison sur les plantes avec un pulverisateur. Si je mangeais ces feuilles je mourrais.

J'ai beaucoup d'amis. Mon voisin est Monsieur Christo, le coleoptère. Il est très amiable et il rit toujours. Je vais aux bals chez - lui, et il invite toutes les araignées et sauterelles. Nous buvons des gouttes de rosée et nous mangeons tous les petits bourgeons verts qui paraissent au printemps.

Tout le monde me déteste mais je m'amuse et "C'est la Vie!"

Joanne Pulsford Std 9.

M. Marine (6.B)

Nein

פִּנְיָתוֹתָּם אֵלַי וְאֶתֶּן לָכֶם
 אֶתֶּן לָכֶם אֶתֶּן לָכֶם אֶתֶּן לָכֶם

(Translation)

Moses

In Egypt there lived a pharaoh who
 had just begun to rule. The pharaoh,
 Rameses, was afraid that the Hebrews
 would overpower his country, so he
 made a law that all baby Hebrew
 boys were to be killed at birth.

A mother (who's daughter was
 Miriam) gave birth to a baby son,
 and was determined to let her son
 live. She placed him in a basket,
 and put him in the Nile. Pharaoh's
 daughter was, by chance, bathing
 by the river that day, and heard a
 baby crying. She found Moses
 and decided to bring him up as
 her own son. So Moses grew up
 in his enemy's palace!

THE

END