

MERRIMAN

Cover

Very nice. Fresh, attractive and carefully made.

Presentation

Lay-out pleasant - clear and attractive print with not unpleasantly contrasting main headings. The clear division into sections was a good idea. Numbering of pages traditional but effective. With careful proof-reading most spelling errors could have been eliminated.

Club reports

These were lively in tone, giving a fair amount of detail though I often wished for more. One gained an impression of constructive activity and a very happy House whose members feel themselves to be not only members of a House but also of a school. One felt that the efforts made by its members for both the House and School are appreciated by its leaders.

Illustrations

These were quite attractively dispersed throughout the magazine. I admired very much the delicacy of Julia Paley's study. She is most fortunately talented.

Articles, Stories and Poetry

The intermingling of prose and poetry was successful and the writing had an attractive freshness about it.

Much of the poetry I found interesting and sincere in tone. I wonder whether the ironic last line of 'It's their life' was intentionally so - it comes off anyway. 'The New-Born Foal' by the same writer is carefully observed as is true of many other pieces, for example, 'Butterfly', 'A Simple Pleasure', 'Stars on Stems'.

It was pleasant to read a piece of informed criticism - in this case of The New London Ballet.

The foreign language section offered a pleasing variety of writing.



EDITOR'S

LETTER

Bearing in mind that the compiling of this year's edition of "Merriman Magazine" has taken half a year of entry hunting, brain racking and sleepless nights, it is hard to imagine how a magazine like "Fair Lady" can produce an edition every fortnight! However I hasten to add that it has been half a year of fun and we really can say that it has been enjoyable trying to create something between our conventional School Magazine and a glossy fashionable one - a magazine that gives us a wider spectrum of the classroom and yet remains appealing to all who read it.

After 50 years of Interhouse magazine competitions, Merriman has maintained a good standard and won for the last two years. With this year being her birthday, what better present could she have than a "third time lucky!" We thank the house for their co-operation in making this magazine possible - all that remains to be said is; enjoy it and, of course, LONG LIVE MERRIMAN!!

ELIZABETH BAKER
EDITOR

MERRIMAN HOUSE LIST CONTINUEDSTD. 7

J. Bosma
 H. Botma
 C. Christie
 E. de Wet
 L. Fiorevanti
 J. Foster
 S. Frith
 F. Gilliland
 N. Hanekom
 D. Hathaway
 L. Hosking
 F. Knight
 J. Saunders
 T. van der Spuy
 J. van Reenen
 J. Williams

STD. 6

L. Bailey
 L. Challis
 S. Crawford-Browne
 L. Eichler
 K. Gordon
 J. Hendry
 S. Joyce
 C. Kendal
 C. Meredith
 G. Niven
 S. Orren
 L. Preiss
 V. Sess
 N. Shub
 N. Westgarth-Taylor
 H. Wood
 P. Wilson



EXAMPLE OF AN EDITOR
SEARCHING FOR IDEAS.



MERRIMAN EDITORS
NICKY, ELIZABETH, SONYA.

**MERRIMAN
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.**

1974

INDEX.

SECTION 1.	REPORTS.
SECTION 2.	ENGLISH.
SECTION 3.	OTHER LANGUAGES.

SECTION 1.

REPORTS.

This first part of our Magazine is not literary; it is intended to give the reader an idea of the School's activities and the part Merriman plays in these.

<u>Contents.</u>	<u>Page.</u>
HOUSE REPORT.	1.
MATRIC DANCE.	2.
HOCKEY REPORT.	3.
HOCKEY TOUR.. . . .	3.
SQUASH REPORT.	4.
CHOIR REPORT.	5.
SWIMMING REPORT.	5.
DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT.	6.
SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB REPORT.	6.
M.I.X. REPORT.	7.
CHAPEL REPORT.	7.
HISTORICAL REPORT.	8.
NETBALL REPORT.	8.
TENNIS REPORT.	8.

MERRIMAN HOUSE REPORT. 1974.

Head of House : V. Hau.
Prefects : S. Knight, S. Brownlie, S. Bosma, G. Pettigrew.
Sub-prefect : P. Harris.
Staff : Mrs. Rauch, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Bastians.

Congratulations to Jagger and Rolt who shared the Efficiency Shield at the end of last year. Our heartiest thanks to Mrs. Muller for her endless encouragement and personal involvement in the activities of Merriman during the past years; we regret having to say farewell, but wish her all the best for the future. Consequently we welcome Mrs. Rauch as head of "the best house in the town". Welcome also to Mrs. Bastians, our new member of staff, and the many new girls who have joined us.

During the first term each girl knitted a jersey; all these were taken to "our" orphanage - St. Michaels. The money collected at the beginning of each term has been distributed among the Animal Welfare, S.A. Council for the Aged and the Dove Crèche.

A Debating Competition was held during the first term and a Public-speaking Competition in the second term. With all the tremendous enthusiasm and house-spirit on the part of the Merriman speakers, as well as the invaluable help from Mrs. Saffrey, we achieved first place in both these events.

On the sporting side, however, there is much room for improvement. We came Third in the Swimming, Tennis and Hockey but attained a well-deserved victory in the Netball. Our thanks go to Bev. Joslin, our Captain, and to all the energetic girls who made this success possible.

Susan Batho (Merriman) and Margo McLachlan (Rolt) were selected to play in the Western Province Squash Team, and Susan Batho won the School Squash Championship. In the Inter-house Championship, which was played recently, Rolt came first and Merriman second.

The standard of work this year has been exceptionally high. We have achieved the highest average result in all the Mark-readings so far; Susan Brownlie, Tanya Bosma and Janet Hammond are to be commended on their consistent high marks.

Merriman has shown a marked improvement in all fields this year, and should continue to do so under the leadership and supervision of Mrs. Rauch.

V. Hau.
 Std.10.

THE MATRIC DANCE.

For twelve years we thought of this great occasion, for three months we discussed it and suddenly Friday, 19th. of April was here! Faces, appearing out of masses of red and black streamers, displayed large white grins at the prospect of the activities and frivolity of the following night. Finishing touches were put to posters and last-minute arrangements made, but suddenly the chaos and disorder was replaced by - what was originally intended - a cabaret!

A few tempers were frayed, but on the whole a happy, but tired, band of Matrics left at 11 o'clock.

Saturday morning saw the return of the enthusiastic interior decorators, now even more ecstatic that the great day had arrived. Bunches of grapes adorned the tables, and kind Parents helped with arrangement of the main supper tables. A few posters, which had descended during the night, were now restored to their rightful positions with numerous types of sticky tape and several wishes that they would not fall on the Staff during the dance. The Matrics - now feeling even better - went home to begin their transformations. Razors, tweezers, shampoo, hair dryers and containers of vanishing cream appeared whilst other blemishes such as pimples rapidly disappeared. Books were read whilst pink nail polish dried, and enchanting facial expressions practised in-front of the mirror. Dresses were donned and the tension mounted as dinner-jacketed partners arrived in expensive 'zapping' vehicles, a little cream Datsun or a blue Mini.

Then off to the Before-party where, sitting on CLOUD NINE, friends were greeted, their partners eyed and speeches made.

And then - the DANCE! The Old Hall resounded with pop music, grins enlarged as the evening progressed and the Photographer was kept busily snapping at cheesy expressions. Generally a good time was had by all and the roll of drums signalled the end of the Cabaret. Covered in streamers the ecstatic couples departed.

At the After-party jaded looks and smudged make-up vanished whilst formal dresses were replaced by the usual jeans. Hungry stomachs housed chocolate eclairs and once more the party went with a swing. Under normal conditions the film we saw would have made our hair stand on end, but at 3 o'clock in the morning with dulled senses and drooping eyelids it turned out to be more of a comedy with cryptic comments and loads of laughter. Anyway - it served its purpose and entertained us for a further two hours.

I did not manage to go to the breakfast and so my next recollections are of rolled-up posters, bare walls, where the sticky tape had removed the paint, and somebody leaning bleary-eyed on a broom. After weeks of work our Cabaret was mutilated by hands eager for souvenirs, the remains put in the dustbin and in half an hour we were gazing at the usual white-walled gym hall of our everyday life - our Cabaret was gone forever.

Still feeling great on Monday, we gossiped, heard the scandal and waited eagerly for the photographs, but, when the day ended, depression settled in and the black clouds of examinations gathered on the horizon, dimming our golden cloud of Saturday.

But now, alas, with no cheerful prospects ahead, no more Matric Dances in the future and only those numerous text-books facing me, I have only my memories to keep me ecstatic.

J. Pulsford.
Std.10.

HOCKEY REPORT 1974.

The Herschel 1st. XI started the season with a wonderful tour to Pietermaritzburg, which we all thoroughly enjoyed.

Under the captaincy of Gill Austin and with Miss. Kable as our coach we had many successes during the season; the most spectacular being our 6 - 1 victory over Rustenberg.

Seven girls were chosen to play in the Western Province Schools final trials; this was very encouraging and eventually Gill Austin and Margo McLauchlan were chosen for the team.

The Hockey matches against the Parents were more like fashion parades. The 2nd. team drew with the Moms 1 - 1, and the 1st. beat the Dads 4 - 1.

At the Under 15 Inter-Schools Tournament Herschel and Rustenberg reached the finals and after a very tense struggle the result was a draw - each side scoring one goal.

The Open Inter-Schools Tournament took place at the Green Point Stadium on Saturday 21st. September. Herschel entered two teams and the A-Team won through to meet Rustenberg in the final. The result was another good win for Herschel after an extremely exciting match.

This completes a highly successful Hockey season and all those, who have represented their School, must be congratulated for their performances.

Susan Batho.
Std.9.

THE HOCKEY TOUR.

The Herschel 1st. XI went on tour this year during the Easter Holidays. Those who represented your School were the following :- Gill Austin, Liz Jeffery, Barbie van Alphen Stahl, Tessa Douglas-Hamilton, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Nickey Fouché, Susan Batho, Margot McLauchlan, Annie Serritslev, Dawn Garish, Jeanne André Pelt and Babara Gordon-Bagnall.

The Team left Cape Town Station at 6.00pm on Friday, April 5th, with loud shouts of encouragement from a large crowd of well-wishers seeing us off.

Much of the time on the train was passed by eating, making up songs and music.

We arrived at Pietermaritzburg on Sunday morning to be met by Robin Twentyman-Jones (Bridgid's brother), and after piling into a Kombi, we were taken to the Youth Hostel where we all had our own rooms.

The first match, against Collegate, resulted in a draw 1 - 1.

On April 8th. after a practice game we set out for Midmardam, where unfortunately we got stuck in the mud, then back to the Howick Falls. After lunch we played Pietermaritzburg Girls High and lost 2 - 0.

The next day we visited the Lion Park where we saw many animals and afterwards played Epwarth, winning 2 - 1.

On April 10th. we played St. Annes at St. Johns and lost 5 - 2, and after lunch went to Amanzimtoti, supping at The Friars and spending the rest of the evening at the Amusement Park.

(Cont...)

(The Hockey Tour. cont.)

Easter was spent most enjoyably in the Drakensberg - this must surely count as one of the 'high-lights' of the tour.

The train journey back was rather a wild affair but it was with great reluctancethat we eventually went to bed on the last night of a memorable tour.

We would sincerely like to thank Miss. Kable for making this tour possible - it was really great fun !

Annie Serritslev.
Std.10.

SQUASH REPORT 1974.

So far this season Herschel has had very successful results.

Diocesan College was beaten in a close match 3 - 2, but we went down to the Old Girls 5 - 2.

The Inter-house Competition was won by Rolt, with Jagger coming second; but we must congratulate all Merriman's players for their stout efforts.

Margot McLauchlan and Susan Batho were chosen to represent Western Province in the Inter-Provincial Championships in Durban during the Settler's Day weekend. Both did well for their Province but unfortunately failed to reach the finals.

The School Championships were played on September 19th. and Susan Batho beat Margot McLauchlan in the final 3 - 0.

The Inter-Schools Tournament is to be played during the coming week and it is hoped that the Herschel girls will do well. Our best wishes go to the Merriman players as well as to all other participants.

The Squash Season will end with the Under 16 and Under 18 Western Province Championships : Good luck to all our entrants.

Susan Batho.
Std.9.

CHOIR REPORT.

This year the Choir has taken part in a variety of events including a number of weddings. A memorable wedding was that of Miss. Frue Borton at which the Choir was virtually hemmed in by all types of flowers. They also sang at the weddings of Misses Alison Burns, Sally Abbott and Karin Attwell.

towards the end of the first term, School House of the Diocesan College and the Herschel Choir presented "The Mikado", a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. It was directed by Mr. David Slater and performed on three evenings in the Bishops' Memorial Hall. The Choir formed a chorus of Japanese girls while Yum Yum, the female lead, was played by Sara Knight and Yum Yum's two sisters, Pitti Sing and Peep Bo, were played by Susan Dowdle and Shelly Bell.

An interesting service was held at St. Saviours, Claremont, in which Choirs from Herschel, Sans Souci, Monterey, Greenfield and S.A.C.S. took part singing hymns, anthems and psalms which they introduced themselves. This service, broadcast on the wireless one Sunday morning, was enjoyed by those who participated in it and by those who were able to listen to it.

On 15th. February the Choir sang at Founder's Day in St. Saviours, and the next big event with the School will be the Carol Service, in which the Choir plays an important part.

Merriman contains a great many Choir members; S. Knight, S. Bosma, S. Brownlie, G. Pettigrew, B. Twentyman-Jones, S. Batho, P. King, R. Webber, A. Winburg, M. van der Bijl and J. Hammond, all of whom are enthusiastic and hard-working.

Sara Knight.
Std.10.

SWIMMING REPORT.

Although there was much House spirit and determination among the Merriman swimmers and supporters, we were placed third behind Jagger and Rolt in the Inter-house Swimming and Diving Championships.

Hilary Day is to be congratulated on receiving her swimming Colours and Camilla White, Jenny Louw and Susan Louw are to be commended for their high standard of swimming.

V. Hau.
Std.10.
Captain.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT 1974.

"Merriman" has done extremely well in debating this year. An Inter-house Debate was held at the beginning of the second term and the team, consisting of Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Victoria Hau, Helen Stubbings, Pamela King and Camilla white, won this competition.

Later on in the same term an Inter-house Speech Competition took place. The Standards 6 and 7 were required to pick, from a hat, any letter from the alphabet and speak for one minute on a subject concerning that letter. This was very well done, as was the task of Standard 8 when they were required to prepare an amusing telephone conversation between two characters who had really nothing in common. The Matrics and Standard 9 discussed a prepared topic between five people.

"Merriman" won two out of these three competitions and so won the overall Inter-house Competition.

I would like to congratulate all those who took part in either of these competitions.

Camilla White.
Std.9.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB REPORT 1974.

The members of the Sociological Club, consisting of Standards 8, 9 and 10, have enjoyed being addressed by many interesting people throughout the year.

They have been shown three films, one of which being in Afrikaans. They have also spent two Wednesday afternoons being entertained by various classes during the Afrikaans Sociological Club.

We all appreciated the talks very much. Many of the Speakers who addressed us showed slides or films to illustrate what they were discussing. These afternoons were both informative and very enjoyable.

Camilla White.
Std.9.

THE M.I.X. REPORT FOR 1974.

Committee: Leader. Miss. Brown.
 Chairman. Jean Napier.
 Secretary. Sheila Hacking.
 Members. Pamela King, Helen Stubbings, Karen Wessels.

1974 for M.I.X. (Movement in Christ) our Scripture Union has been a fruitful one although a little haphazard. The membership has increased during the past year, and there is a fairly small, but regular, attendance at our weekly Bible Studies held in the School Chapel.

At the beginning of the year, we were forced to hold evening meetings once or twice a term, if we were to have any main meetings at all, due to the shortening of lunch-break which had previously been the appointed time.

The meetings were fairly successful, but many of the day-girls were unable to attend as they had difficulty in obtaining transport. Finally the Committee decided to try meetings during lunch-break and so far this term we have found them very successful.

One of the highlights of the evening meetings was a Light Show on the Crucifixion by David Hofmeyer, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

Although our Scripture Union is small, it is steadfast and slowly increasing as the year goes on.

I should like to express our gratitude to Miss. Brown who has helped us to raise M.I.X. to its present position.

Pamela King.
 Std.9.

THE CHAPEL REPORT 1974.

Committee: Chairman. Dr. Silberbauer.
 Members. Miss. Way, Mrs. Johnson, Miss. Brown,
 Sharon Bosma, Jean Napier, Gail Pettigrew,
 Josephine Frater, Pamela King, Tanya Bosma,
 Helen Stubbings, Jennifer Torr.

The tiny Chapel is still the 'Special' place at Herschel for many of the pupils and many of the old-girls too.

As a result of the new influx of boarders the Chapel is very full when Dr. Silberbauer takes the services on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Rev. Ives from St. Saviours celebrates Holy Communion in the Chapel every alternate Friday morning at 7.50 am and conducts the evening services every alternate Sunday.

Much is being done by the Committee to keep it looking its best and the flowers on the Altar every service, arranged by the Std.8 and 9 boarders, make it a really cheerful place.

We are all looking forward to the highlight of the year - the Chapel by Candlelight service at the end of 1974. It is on this occasion that the Chapel looks its best and is a truly beautiful sight to behold.

Our thanks go to the boarders for arranging the flowers on the Altar and to those who play the organ.

Pamela King.
 Std.9.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPORT 1974.

Committee: Chairman. Mrs. Stockwell.
 Secretary. Elizabeth Jeffery.
 Member. Pamela King.

The Historical Society is a relatively new society, having only been started during 1973. However, despite this, it is flourishing and we have had some extremely interesting talks since the beginning of the year.

Miss. Davidson, a guest speaker, gave an illustrated talk on "The Bible as History" and brought up many fascinating details during the course of her talk.

Mrs. Webb gave an extremely interesting talk during the second term on Sociology. Her talk was illustrated with a few very fascinating books, one of which concerned advertising during Victorian days, and, as a result of her talk, an entirely new aspect of history was made known to many of those present.

This term, Mrs. Daphne Wilson, another guest, gave a talk on "The Organisation of an Election Campaign". I think very few of us realise the work entailed in the organisation of such an event!

The Historical Society cast light on different aspects of various topics of interest, which need not necessarily deal directly with History. Its members are mainly the History pupils from Standard 8 to Matric, but many non-history pupils derive enjoyment in attending these meetings.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Stockwell who is the backbone of the society and without whom it would not be in existence today.

Pamela King.
 Std.9.

NETBALL REPORT 1974.

Herschel has just recently commenced Netball in the Senior School and the standard needs to be much improved before we can achieve better results.

We were not placed in the Inter-Schools Competition, but nevertheless gained much experience.

Merriman attained first place in the Inter-house Competition - all our players excelling themselves.

Bev. Joslin.
 Std.10.
 Captain.

TENNIS REPORT 1974.

A few Merriman girls have played regularly for their School as well as in the Inter-Schools Championship.

Bev. Joslin, Jenny Pentz, Susan Batho and Camilla White are to be commended for their consistent play and enthusiasm.

Unfortunately Merriman was placed third in the Inter-house Competition - nevertheless all their players tried their best.

Camilla White.
 Std.9.

SECTION 2.

ENGLISH.

<u>Contents.</u>	<u>Page.</u>
THE DOWNFALL OF MACBETH AND HIS WIFE...	9
RED...	10
BREAKFAST WITH THE FAMILY..	10
THE COLD GLASS PANE.	11
LIFE IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP..	11
THE ELEPHANT...	11
RAIN..	11
THE CROCODILE..	12
I LOVE TO REBEL...	12
THE CHAR.	13
THE BIRTH...	13
TOO SOON THE SPRING..	14
SHADOWS..	14
THE STRANGER...	15
THE HIJACKERS..	15
LOST..	16
THE INTERIOR OF A CHURCH ON A HOT DAY..	16
THE OLD BRIDGE.	17
A NEGRO WOMAN..	17
THE SPOTTED SCARF.	18
THE HEARING OF AN OLD PERSON..	18
THE PRIZE BANANA PLANT..	19
IT'S THEIR LIFE...	20
WHAT THE SCARECROW SAW ON WEDNESDAY, 17th. JUNE.	20
DISCO.	21
THE SPOTTED SCARF.	21
THE CHAR.	22
THE NEW-BORN FOAL.	22
DOODLEBUG...	23
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF EBENEZER TROTTER..	24
STARS ON STEMS.	25
A VULTURE...	25
A LIMERICK..	25
A SIMPLE PLEASURE.	26
GERTIE...	26
BUTTERFLY...	26
THE HUNT.	26

ENGLISH.
(Cont)

<u>Contents.</u>	<u>Page.</u>
AROUND THE CORNER.	27
POEM.. . . .	27
REMEMBER.	28
A 20th. CENTURY BALLAD OF LOVE...	28
QUIET.	29
THE TOTEM POLE.	29
THE BEACH ON A WINDY STORMY DAY.. . . .	29
THE NEW LONDON BALLET...	30
DEATH.	31
A POEM...	31

THE DOWNFALL OF MACBETH AND HIS WIFE.

The witches send Macbeth out on his road of tragic existence by inspiring and stirring his dormant, hidden thoughts. From the beginning of the play, Macbeth refers continuously to the original prophecy of the three 'old hags' who echo his innermost thoughts and help to consolidate his evil impulses.

Lady Macbeth, on receiving her husband's letter telling of the witches' encounter and of the supposed titles within his grasp, performs a fervent ritual to pervert her womanly nature and thus to aid her husband on his new path through life.

Macbeth, although recognizing in advance the horror of his forthcoming actions with reference to Duncan's murder, is spurred on by his wife and by his own overwhelming ambitions. He is heard to say, before his first evil deed, "if it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well if it were done quickly", showing his hidden fears about the assassination. Lady Macbeth challenges her husband, aiding to spur him on to fulfil his promise that was made in a drunken state. Under her extreme influence, he proceeds to Duncan's chamber and the visionary dagger that floats before his eyes portrays the depths of his intense imagination.

Macbeth, after committing the 'deed', immediately regrets his actions and becomes locked in his own horror as he is gripped in the memories of his experience, crying out that "Macbeth shall sleep no more". Lady Macbeth appears at this stage of the play as a forceful, steadfast character compared to her husband, whose attention, startled by a sudden 'knocking', is drawn to his bloody hands as he asks in agony if "all great Neptune's ocean can wash this blood clean from my hand".

(The continued 'knocking' throughout the play seems to reflect all the powers of heaven and hell knocking simultaneously at Macbeth's heart.)

Macbeth, realising that 'deeds' are the only opiates for fears and that the defect in this remedy is the fact that the dose must be increased with alarming rapidity, follows up his last murder with the killing of Banquo whose bloody ghost haunts Macbeth relentlessly henceforth. Pursuing his course of delusion, Macbeth, whose conscience stabs ceaselessly at his thoughts, begins even to distrust his own wife; and their relationship's disintegration can clearly be noted in the change in attitude of the King towards his once doted-on wife.

Macbeth, in his gloomy depths of thought, says he has become "cabined, cribbed and confined to saucy doubts and fears". Haunted and magnetized by the three witches, he returns to their den, demanding prophecies for the future; but, as self-engrossed as he has become, Macbeth interprets the apparitions as he wishes, being unaware of their ambiguity. Haunted and tormented by the reappearance of Banquo's ghost, he leaves the witches' hellish den and, although they do not reappear in the play, their influence continues, taking a fast hold on the spirit of Macbeth.

At this stage in the play, Lady Macbeth, having at last attained the same insight that Macbeth had after the committing of his first murder, is observed sleep-walking, clutching a lighted candle in an effort to rid her tortured mind of its murky images. Caught in a circle of madness, she continuously rubs her hands together in a frenzied attempt to rid herself of the blood that is now haunting her. In the same train of thought as her husband, she cries out "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand".

Macbeth's frenzy, having been described by Angus, Menteith and Caithness later in the play, now becomes visible in this violent scorn and overwhelming confidence that alternate with profound depressions. After Lady Macbeth's suicide - her only escape from her unbearable torment - Macbeth finds life meaningless and contemptible because, by now, his sins have bled all meaning and glory out of it.

(cont.)

(The downfall of Macbeth and his wife - cont.)

Macbeth's head, raised triumphantly above the crowds after his death, signifies the end of a mentally pathetic, weak and tortured man, but a physically strong one who remains courageous to his last second on earth before his tortured soul flees to join his wife in a, perhaps, happier existence elsewhere.

Susan Brownlie.
Std.10.

RED.

What is red ?
A fire on a cold night,
A lake at sunset,
The magma of an erupting volcano ?

Red is the sun in the late evening.
The colour of a ripe cherry.
Red is the colour of ink
Or a ruby.

Red is the Post Office letter box,
or a plum or an apple.
The colour of a leaping flame.
The colour of a garnet.

Elizabeth Hyslop.
Std.6.

BREAKFAST WITH THE FAMILY.

"Breakfast before sunrise", those were my Father's words the evening before our departure for an annual holiday at Plettenberg Bay. The suitcases were packed and ready at the door. The absence of our two dogs seemed to have left an unusual quietness yet excitement about the house.

The day started off with the ringing of the alarm-clock. First, and always first, at breakfast was Mary-Jane, my eighteen year old sister, whose immense appetite is the main cause of her obesity. Lying beside her on the table was a Weight-Watchers manual which, up to now, has proved unsuccessful. My father who was eager to get going had started his breakfast, but proceeded to read his newspaper as soon as he realised how long breakfast would actually take.

Ten minutes later, my brother and I came down to breakfast followed by my mother and baby sister Polly. Polly insisted on bringing her potty along with her together with her teddy "Rosy Growler".

We had not been seated at the table for long when my brother started to complain, saying "I'm sick to death of having to eat un-cooked eggs". But he was stopped promptly by my mother's stern words. "In future if you are going to complain, please do not come to breakfast. Now pull yourself together"!

Mary-Jane who leads an extremely lethargic life, as well as a secluded one, continued to eat what was put in front of her.

Polly nibbled at a piece of toast and half-way through it she explained that she was "foool". With that my father excused himself from the table and set off to do a few last minute chores. The family was eventually packed up and ready to go. The last key finally turned in the lock and the time was 11 o'clock.

C. Parker.
Std.8.



B.A. Twentyman-Jones.
Std. 9.

THE COLD GLASS PANE.

Alone I sat,
 and watched my reflections in the window.
 Cold and lifeless, my eyes stared back at me
 I was reaching out beyond the rain,
 in search of something someone.
 I was lonely,
 and yet not alone.
 My tears mingled with the rain.
 I watched it beating against the pane,
 my pain,
 I was my only friend.

Coralie Wale.
 Std.9.

LIFE IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP.

Cold, with only a tatty rag covering my shivering body, I have to put up with many hardships here. I get beaten when I am lazy but I really have no strength at all. I get fed one bit of stringy meat once a week. We try to escape at times, but are watched like a hawk watches a mouse. Most people are dying helplessly on the ground - they are just skin and bones. I wish you knew how terrible it is, but it's no use complaining. My Grandmother died two weeks ago. I envy the people who have gone into hiding for, when the War is over, we will probably all be shot !

Suzanne Naude.
 Std.6.

THE ELEPHANT.

Big and bold,
 he strides along the bush,
 his muscular legs trampling plants,
 uprooting trees and;
 fighting another Bull,
 he carries on his journey
 to the Water Hole.

Monique Herweg.
 Std.6.

RAIN.

Showers of celestial sorrow
 in an already empty world.

Mandy Scott.
 Std.9.

THE CROCODILE.

The Crocodile, lying there,
 With evil in its eyes.
 Lurking in the shadows,
 Waiting for someone to be
 Foolhardy enough
 To venture to the lake for water.

It is evil itself,
 Daring to appear in the form of an animal.
 Waiting there, eager to kill,
 Bloodthirsty and cruel,
 Sinister as a ghost story,
 Unknown and frightening.
 A creature who is doomed
 To kill.

A young girl walks down to the lake,
 A pot balanced proudly on her poised head.
 He still waits, unrelentlessly, never tiring.
 She sees him not, and stands
 Gazing at the setting sun over the lake.
 Remembering her purpose
 She bends, lowering the pot from her head.

Her beautifully fashioned body
 Seems to glow with innocence.
 She kneels and swirls her hand around
 In the water.

Little waves trickle from her hand's movements
 And softly run to shore.
 She takes her pot and fills it with
 The pure, cool water.

As she rises her senses are alarmed.
 There in the shadows
 Is a movement.
 The Crocodile
 Moves fast,
 Contrary to the slovenly way he lies in the water.
 The water swirls.
 There is a splash,
 Then silence.

The pot lies there on its side,
 The water trickling from it.

Jane Coombe.
 Std.6.

I long
 to rebel -
 Run open-armed in the
 cutting rain
 and shout my empty words
 into the endless hollows
 of
 your mind...

See them spin in timeless circles,
 Echo,
 Cling,
 Then, slowly,
 Fade.

Terry Lloyd-Roberts.
 Std.9.

THE CHAR.

She was thin and gaunt, with deep wrinkles all over her long face. She was old and poor and wore the same old, but neat-looking, clothes every day. She had long silvery grey hair which she usually wore in a neat bun at the back of her head. She was very religious and her Bible seemed to be her only true source of love as she had no family. Her name was Mrs. Morris.

Every day at six o'clock sharp she left her tiny neat cottage to go to work. Mrs. Morris worked for Mrs. Dobson who was a middle aged widow and lived in a small cottage in the village.

Mrs. Morris had no particular interests, but there was one thing that she really wanted and had admired for a long time. It was a beautiful silk dress which cost a lot of money. But she had been saving up for this for a long time and when she thought that she had enough to buy the dress, she went all the way to the next village to buy it. She was very excited and was planning when to wear it when the shop assistant told her that the last dress had been sold the day before. She was so disappointed that she put her hands over her face and sobbed, muttering every few minutes, and slowly walked out of the shop with her handkerchief to her forehead.

The next day, still feeling sad, she went to work and while she was cleaning Mrs. Dobson's bedroom caught sight of something which nearly made her faint. It was the beautiful silk dress hanging up elegantly in Mrs. Dobson's cupboard. Involuntarily, she grabbed the dress, tore it off the hanger with her trembling fingers and hid it under her apron. She whirled around and to her horror saw Mrs. Dobson standing in the doorway. Mrs. Dobson's face was white as a sheet, while Mrs. Morris' knees were trembling with fear. Silently, Mrs. Morris bent down on her thin quivering knees and poured out her sad story, begging for forgiveness and sobbing constantly. It was such a pathetic sight that Mrs. Dobson stood mouthing words which just would not come out. Silently she made her exit.

The next morning instead of giving Mrs. Morris the laundry, Mrs. Dobson handed her a paper parcel. Mrs. Morris, guessing what it was, bent down on her weak knees and, looking up at Mrs. Dobson, said "May God bless you and be with you for the rest of your life".

S. Smiedt.
Std.8.

THE BIRTH.

Black and silent,
the bald rocky outcrops
 silhouetted
 against the grey sky
 waited

Nothing moved.

The camel thorns,
 erect and spikey
 waited

Then,
 a twitter grew
 and grew till finally,
to a chorus of bird-song
 and a burst of light,
 the new day was
 born.

Pamela King.
Std.9.

TOO SOON THE SPRING.

Winter comes and goes,
 Too soon for sorrow.
 Then spring returns,
 To light the spark of life
 Tomorrow.

Too soon is gone the wind,
 That forgets to sigh
 And just becomes soft music
 As winter's whirlwinds
 Die.

I find romance in winter,
 in soft and soaking rain.
 It flattens down our curls,
 and sneaks in ribbons down the
 Pane.

Now woods are torn by
 Birdsongs gay !
 And where is winter, damp but dear ?
 We hound the year as
 Prey !

Camilla White.
 Std.9.

SHADOWS.

I wonder, I listen, but nothing do I hear. I am alone and all that remains by my side, to comfort me when I need someone to take away the pain, is my shadow. There might have been another shadow in the arms of mine had I only taken care that awful night of the accident twenty-five years ago. She was to have been my wife a week after that, but, to my horror and guilt, she never lived to walk up the aisle with me. She now walks in the valley of the shadow of death and sometimes I wish to be there with her.

It all happened a long, long time ago and yet the memories of her last words and the pictures of her beautiful face are still very vivid in my mind when I think back; it is as though it had all happened only yesterday. My guilt is still as great as it was the day I regained consciousness while lying on my back in the hospital bed.

They broke the news to me as gently as they could, but what news of that kind is gentle ? I took it badly; I just did not want to carry on living in the shadow of my guilt, watching people cast a shady eye on me, saying, "He killed her - it was his fault ! They'd been to a party, he was a bit 'tight' and still insisted on driving the car. An awful shame, that ! and such a lovely girl, too"!

I've never been able to rid myself of my wheelchair - there's never been any reason to. I didn't even try ! I didn't want to try.

But today would have been our Silver Wedding Anniversary and life seems a little different now. I suddenly realised that I couldn't bring her back by being a martyr in my wheelchair. Today, I'll try, because, today, I want to try.

The shadows of the past have gone and the sun is shining upon my future.

Lesley Stubbs.
 Std.8.

THE STRANGER.

I was quite young at the time when my mother was pregnant with my sister, but I can still remember it clearly.

All the fuss began - of preparing a room for her, getting baby blankets and cuddily wool toys for her to play with, and all the things a baby usually needs. These preparations went on for a long time until at last we were ready for "the stranger", someone who would mean a lot to us even though we had never seen her, never heard of her or spoken to her; someone whose character and appearance was an unknown mystery to us; someone whom I had waited almost a year to see and know; someone who would be my one and only sister.

Before she was born there were often times I wondered what she would be like, would she look like me or have blonde hair and blue eyes.

On the 10th. August 1963 all these thoughts came back to me when I was waiting for her to return home with my mother from the nursing home where she was born.

But on her return I was totally forgotten and the world began to revolve around her, as it would for some time. Her birth was celebrated with champagne and, admittedly, I became jealous of "our blue-eyed girl" (or rather "stranger", as she was only one day old, not old enough for me to know) when she attracted all the love, fuss and attention from everyone and was given presents - which everyone likes getting. All this distressed me, not thinking or knowing that this was how it must have been when I was born too.

Soon all the excitement settled down and we watched her grow up as a part of and a possession in our lives. From that day we have regarded her as a part of us, and it is odd to think that at one time I thought of her as "the stranger".

Georgie Deal.
Std.7.

THE HIJACKERS.

Silently they wait
At a nearby gate,
Ready to board the craft,
With their daring proposition
in mind.

Far in the distant skies,
The great silver bird flies,
Travellers relax and chat,
With no idea of mishap.

Suddenly all is chaos
As a man with pistols
Confronts us.

Women cry out in terror
Oh ! what a dreadful error,
Amongst us there is great danger,
Who, indeed, is this daring young stranger ?

On and on and on we fly,
Is this the place where we shall die ?
But, as the plane descends to land,
Help is a blessing
Close at hand.

Melanie Veldhuizen.
Std.6.

LOST.

She walks down the street
amongst the dirt and rubble.

Nobody is around

The wind is biting
her bare feet,
Her sodden hair hanging like ratstails.

The clouds break up,
slowly the sun comes creeping through.

Things begin to lighten up,
people start rising.

She sits on a doorstep,
watching the people.

The donkeys pulling carts
on the cobbled roads,

Little shops opening
for a new day -

She is happy now.

Susan Louw.
Std.7.

THE INTERIOR OF A CHURCH ON A HOT DAY.

The priest's voice drones on and on and on. The person next to you shifts to another position. The door opens and someone else enters. "Poor soul," I think, "she doesn't know what she's letting herself in for." And still the priest drones on.

Everyone is wavering and I think "That's funny," but then I notice the walls are wavering too. And the floor and even the altar. "Oh ! I realise - "it's a heat haze."

My eyelids grow heavier and I'm sure someone is pushing them closed. I turn to look. There is no-one. I am at the back of church.

And still the priest drones on.

Mary's halo is not of holiness, but of fire, as she sits there sedately on the window-pane. Her cheeks are not rosy, they contain coals. The white of the Baby is not the white of coolness, but of fire, of heat, as He lies there all wrapped in swaddling clothes.

"Oh, God ! I cry in silent anguish, "how can they lock you in here from one Sunday till the next.?"

And still the priest drones on.

Then suddenly everyone is standing and the priest finishes his sermon with

"--- In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God,
the Holy Ghost."

Amen.

Tanya Bosma.
Std.8.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

It was March 1818. A red-haired, palefaced man with a red moustache leaned out of the window of his small hotel-room. His eyes were enthusiastic and alive as he looked out over the sun-drenched countryside of Arles. "Today I will paint the old bridge!" he announced to the squares and streets of the town, to the fruit trees and gaily coloured gardens and to the great yellow sun.

For many days he had studied the bridge. He had watched the peasant women come every morning to scrub their clothes in the river beside the bridge. He had seen the country people on the bridge. He had seen the drawbridge lifted to allow a large barge to glide slowly through. He had watched the life of the country village flow around and over the bridge. He had come to love its beauty and tranquility. And now he had decided to capture these qualities on canvas.

Each delicate detail sprang to life with his brush strokes. A poetic vision appeared on the rough canvas as his deft loving fingers worked swiftly and steadily. Houses as blue as the sky, slender cypresses, a miniature horse carriage and rider and a distant cloud became visible to the eye.

Then the drawbridge itself; slender and filmy like a spider's web, each minute detail etched against the clear blue of the day. He painted the stone part of the bridge and the inner bluish wall, transparent as the water below, itself a bridge between the water and the sky.

He gave himself up to his task completely; the sensitivity and warmth and light of his character giving form and substance to the old bridge.

Then he signed his name in the corner of the canvas - VINCENT.

Niki Dunckley.
Std.8.

A NEGRO WOMAN.

She is beautiful -
her make-up adding to her beauty.

Her big eyes
and long eyelashes.

Her creamed hands
and shaped nails.

She is waiting
for someone.

She is calm and collected,
a rumble of a car outside,
a final touch to her hair,
and she is ready.

C. Thomsen.
Std.6.

THE SPOTTED SCARF.

I sat in a small, cluttered up, room waiting for the telephone to ring. I had an image of him in my mind - tall and strong with piercing blue eyes to match the scarf. He would stride to the door and present me with a large bouquet of beautiful red roses. I had pictured us, in the future, sitting around a cosy fire telling our children of how we had met.

"I had had a long boring day and realised, with depression, that the evening would probably be very similar. I lived in an ordinary suburban side-street in a block of ugly flats, and altogether my life was monotonous and uneventful. As I walked home something fluttered around my feet, glancing down I saw an elegant dark blue spotted scarf. It was so lovely that I bent to pick it up. It had a strong scent of man's after-shave lotion! I took it up to my flat and debated whether to keep it or not; but decided against it and advertised in the evening paper. I was so lonely and did so want a male companion! Anyway, the 'phone rang the very next morning and THAT is how I met your father"

The shrill ring of the telephone startled me out of my daydream, gently lifting the receiver I spoke in my huskiest voice - "Helloo!" A masculine voice replied - "Good evening. I read in the local newspaper that you have a spotted scarf which fits the description of the one I have mislaid. Would it be to your convenience if I obtained it from you tomorrow evening?" I managed to reply in the affirmative and replaced the receiver with a thudding heart.

The next evening, just as I was putting the final touches to my carefully arranged hair, the door-bell rang. As I glanced in the mirror, my scarlet dress and scarlet lips looked slightly 'garish', but it was too late to change.

I opened the door with a flourish - a man was leaning nonchalantly against the wall and smiled coyly as I appeared. I stared at him in amazement. The 'man of my dreams' was small and slight and with beautifully coiffeured hair. He wore purple velvet trousers and a satin jacket to match. As he reached out for the scarf I noticed, with disgust, that his nails were superbly manicured. He thanked me hurriedly and I noticed him glancing, with interest, at an elderly, well-off looking man along the passage. Without giving me another look he ran mincingly in the direction of his prey!

I stared after him and my face must have reflected the colour of my scarlet dress.

The last thing I saw was the ghastly spotted scarf fluttering out of my life, just as it had fluttered into it.

Camilla White.
Std.9.

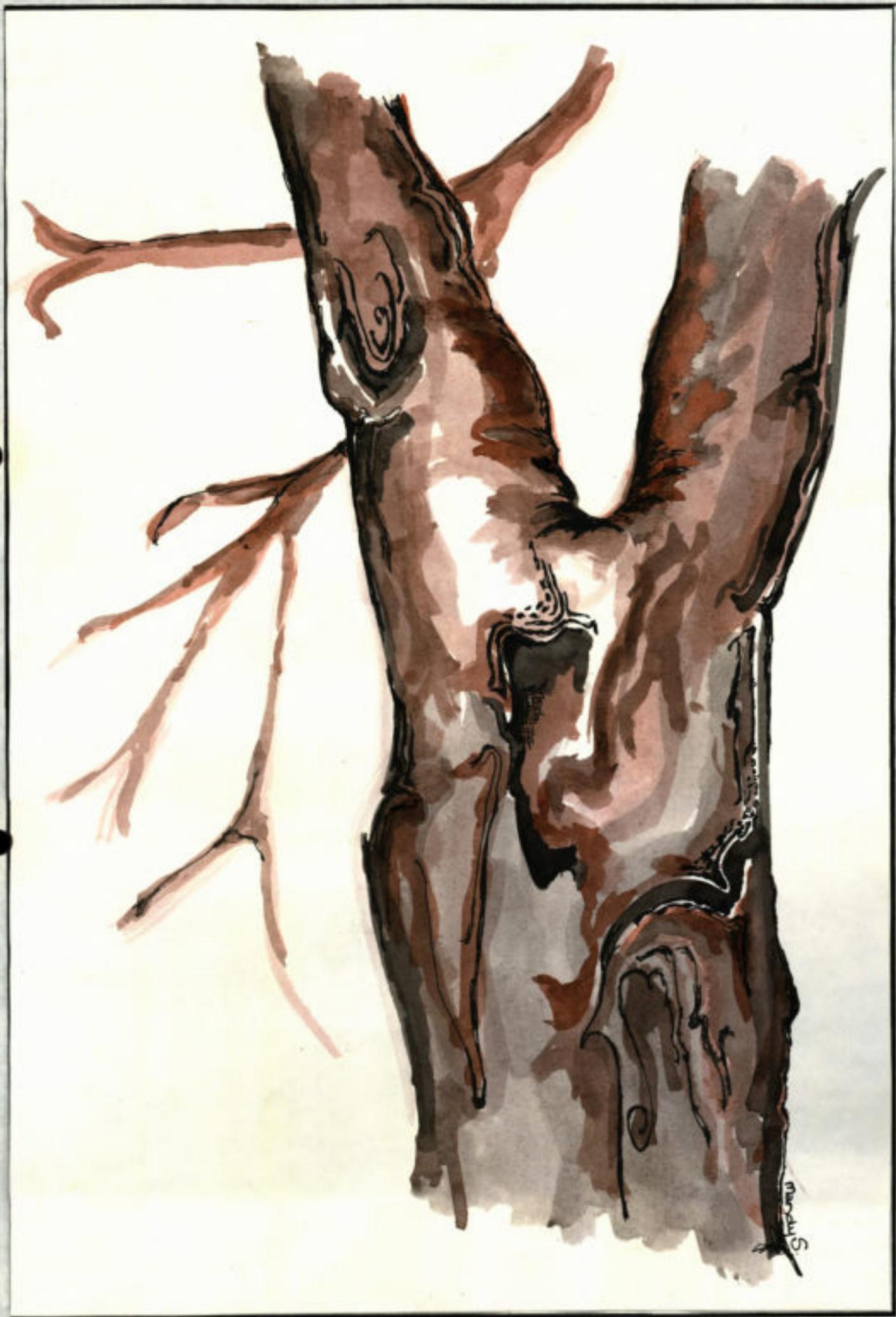
THE HEARING OF AN OLD PERSON.

I cannot hear very well and like people not to shout, but to talk clearly. Usually they do shout and very often say something behind my back which, not realised by them, can be heard.

Best of all, I can hear my own thoughts, so quiet and lovely!

People, talking behind their hands, offend me - they think I cannot hear but, very often, I can.

Catherine Baker.
Std.6.



Mandy Scott.
Std.9.

THE PRIZE BANANA PLANT.

A small green car sped along the grey dust road, screeching and squealing around the corners. The dust blew up behind them and, from a distance, it looked almost as though they were trying to hide behind the sheet of dust. Suddenly they skidded to a halt and their two heads popped out of the window. From there on the car crept into the shadows with as little noise as possible. They were approaching their destination

A few miles off in an old ramshackled house were Professor Cudleigh and Mr. Wright, both highly interlectual individuals who were at present engaged in secret research on a prize banana plant, an enormous yellow-leafed plant with a prickly stem and sharp pink projections.

Professor Cudleigh at this moment, however, was on his knees digging out soil samples in the vicinity of the house. Mr. Wright was hunting for his, seemingly elusive, pair of spectacles which were in fact perched on his bewrinkled brow. It was only after at least half an hour of frantic searching that he discovered them neatly balancing on top of his head, for "Safety".

The green car arrived at the gate of the house. The two figures crept out of it and then made their way towards the house. One went round to the back, the other to the front. A few minutes later they moved round a corner and came face to face. "Jake", said one, "Mick", exclaimed the other and they both ran back to the car. "Mick, are you listening to me, mate? I'm going round to the back, into the kitchen and I'll grab the plant. You stay here to warn me. Then we'll make a break for the car."

Jake set off towards the house, this time far more confidently; unfortunately, as he tiptoed towards the kitchen door, he glanced behind him and knocked the dirtbin over. Absentmindedly Mr. Wright, without his spectacles, waved at him and nodded with approval, mistaking Jake for Professor Cudleigh. This unnerved poor Jake, so that, quaking at the knees, he mustered all his courage and walked to the kitchen window. He peeped in at the prize banana plant, hopped through the window and grabbed it.

Meanwhile, Professor Cudleigh came wandering back towards the house with his soil samples. He emptied them out onto a table and to his absolute delight found a shrivelled up piece of Hypoglotal Mesodermae. He snatched it up, held it to the sun and then cuddled it running to Mr. Wright. Jake planned to begin his get-a-way at this inopportune moment and to his dismay found Professor Cudleigh running at him. Breathlessly he garbled some technical terms to Mr. Wright and hand in hand they danced towards the gate. Seeing the little green car, parked ready to depart at a moment's notice, they jumped in and roared off.

An hour or two later the two excited men returned to find two wide-eyed strangers sitting despondently on their doorstep. They apologised profusely and offered them their assistance. This was hastily refused but, nevertheless, the Professor guided them to their car and helped them in. Jake carried the banana plant, moving it to his side from his rear, depending on the movements of Mr. Wright.

At last they were safely off and both Mr. Wright and the Professor waved happily and cheered "Good-bye". As the car grew faint into the distance they turned and made their way to the kitchen, now quite empty.

H. Stubbings.
Std.9.

IT'S THEIR LIFE.

It's their life,
 To work in the mud and slush ---
 All day long,
 To be down on their hands and knees -
 Picking vegetables.

It's their life,
 Never to have a break
 From the grimy dirt,
 And to have fingernails and hands
 Like lumps of coal.

It's their life,
 To have faces and clothes splattered with mud
 From morning till night,
 To be pushed around by a heartless employer and
 Never to have a moment's break.

it's their life,
 and they like it !

A. Olivier.
 Std.6.

WHAT THE SCARECROW SAW ON WEDNESDAY, 17th. JUNE.

It looked like another boring day for the Scarecrow on Mr. Henderson's farm when he woke up. He was situated in the South field, not in the North Field where everything seemed to happen. It looked like a sunny day for the little village of North Hill in Cornwall.

The same little white cart, ridden by Mr. Jiggs, crossed the bridge over the Lynher River, taking the milk supply to the little village as usual. The Scarecrow was only about fifty metres away from the road so he knew very well who was coming and who was going to and from the village.

One vehicle that the Scarecrow could not wait to see was the new tractor Mr. Henderson had bought. It was the first one ever to arrive in North Hill and the Scarecrow didn't know that he was going to do more than just see it.

The day rolled on and at about three o'clock there came an audible roar in the distance; it began to grow louder and louder until all of a sudden a little red tractor came tearing over the hill. It was such an extraordinary sight that the straw on his head nearly jumped. The tractor seemed to be going so fast, abnormally fast. When it was about one hundred metres away there was a tremendously loud scraping noise and clouds of dust, then, suddenly, a huge splash !

Almost in no time at all the little milk cart came bobbing back from the village and saw the horrible accident. In what seemed like five minutes practically the whole village had arrived at the scene, including the little North Hill Hospital van.

In the meantime the Scarecrow could just hear snippets of the conversation going on between Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Giles. Apparently Mike Smith had stolen the tractor and, not being able to drive it properly, had crashed and been taken to hospital with a broken leg.

It was sad about the tractor but the whole affair livened up the Scarecrow's day, and that of the birds !

Sue Harris.
 Std.7.

DISCO.

Lights flashing,
 Bright colours,
 Voices,
 Dancing,
 Shuffling feet and
 Music.

My head spins with dizziness,
 Bright colours,
 Dancing,
 Music.

My tired feet move on
 without feeling.
 I feel nauseous,
 I get out.

Outside I lean over the railing
 And get sick,
 Sick of all the noise,
 Bright colours,
 Dancing and
 Music.

Tired, I return to the world of
 Flashing lights,
 Bright colours,
 Voices,
 Dancing,
 Shuffling feet and
 Music.

Georgie Deal.
 Std.7.

THE SPOTTED SCARF.

In cabin number 25, Mrs. Rosen was unpacking. She unpacked in a happy carefree way as she knew she had eleven glorious sun filled days before her. She and Mr. Rosen with many other people on the ship were sea-bound for England.

The ship had just said goodbye, by booming out of the funnel, to the Pilotship and tugs. Mrs. Rosen walked towards her suitcase and unpacked me. I am a blue-and-yellow spotted scarf and one of Mrs. Rosen's most treasured possessions; I had been given to her by her brother who was recently killed in a tragic accident.

That night, Mrs. Rosen wore me as she walked along the deck. She and Mr. Rosen kept talking about how certain they were that there was a storm brewing. The big black clouds swirled overhead. There was a violent wind blowing that managed, somehow, to get into every corner. After an enjoyable evening of tortoise races, in which Mr. Rosen won all his money back, plus more, he and Mrs. Rosen retired to bed. Soon the ship began to roll from side to side and backwards and forwards. The sea seemed very rough and suddenly there was a strange ringing noise. This was the sound of the alarm and all the lifebelts had to be worn. Thank goodness Mr. and Mrs. Rosen had been to Lifebelt drill.

After much crying and shouting all the passengers were gathered on the deck. They were all told to which lifeboat they were to go and soon everyone was in the boats and away they went.

The ship was silent; the only noise audible was the creaking of the ship's timbers and the sound of strong waves breaking on the decks. Suddenly I saw a strange sight - water was coming under the door of the cabin. The door was pushed open by the pressure of the water against it and water began pouring through. Through the porthole I was washed and landed in the sea. The sea was crowded with odds and ends which had had the same experience as I had. Without my knowing it, a wave broke on me

(cont..)

(The Spotted Scarf. cont.)

and I was pushed on and on, tumbling and turning as I sped towards the shore, where I was washed up along with many other things.

In the morning a whole crowd of people came to identify their own belongings and I was so happy when Mrs. Rosen picked me up, and I knew she was too.

Barbara Jearey.
Std.7.

THE CHAR.

Her tired lined face sagged in resignation. With a weary, calloused hand she brushed away a strand of lank, grey hair that straggled over her drooping features. Her eyes were downcast and she sat hunched in the straight-backed chair, her nervous fingers working incessantly. She fingered the fringe of her faded blue apron which was patched and darned in many places. The blue-and-white striped dress fitted only where it touched her thin bent frame; it, like the apron, had seen better days.

"I'm sorry this had to happen", ventured Mrs. Whiteford, the words dropping like a stone into the heavy silence.

She glanced up like a frightened rabbit, her eyes wide and terrified. The thin hands fluttered in her lap and she glanced down again at her shoes.

"This is the third time in four months. It is just not good enough".

There was a silence; then the words came tumbling out from between the thin lips.

"I meant to pay it all back, Ma'am, I really did. What with Willie gone and the four children to look after I just couldn't manage. Honest Ma'am, I meant to give it all back. Please, I won't do it again".

The lips trembled pathetically, her voice was pleading.

"You know the money was not the only reason for my speaking to you. I am sorry, but I can not allow it to go on".

She had taken a bottle of Brandy and the three Rand notes had been lying on the desk in the study. She had not been able to resist the temptation.

Mrs. Whiteford rose, her face grim, "That will be all, thank you, you may go. I will take you to the station, if you like".

The two women faced each other. Then the older one turned and walked falteringly to the door. Her stockings were creased around her ankles, her back bent pathetically. She opened the door, stepped out into the icy wind and was gone.

Niki Dunckley.
Std.8.

THE NEW-BORN FOAL.

He stands.....

Barely.

His legs

Unstable.

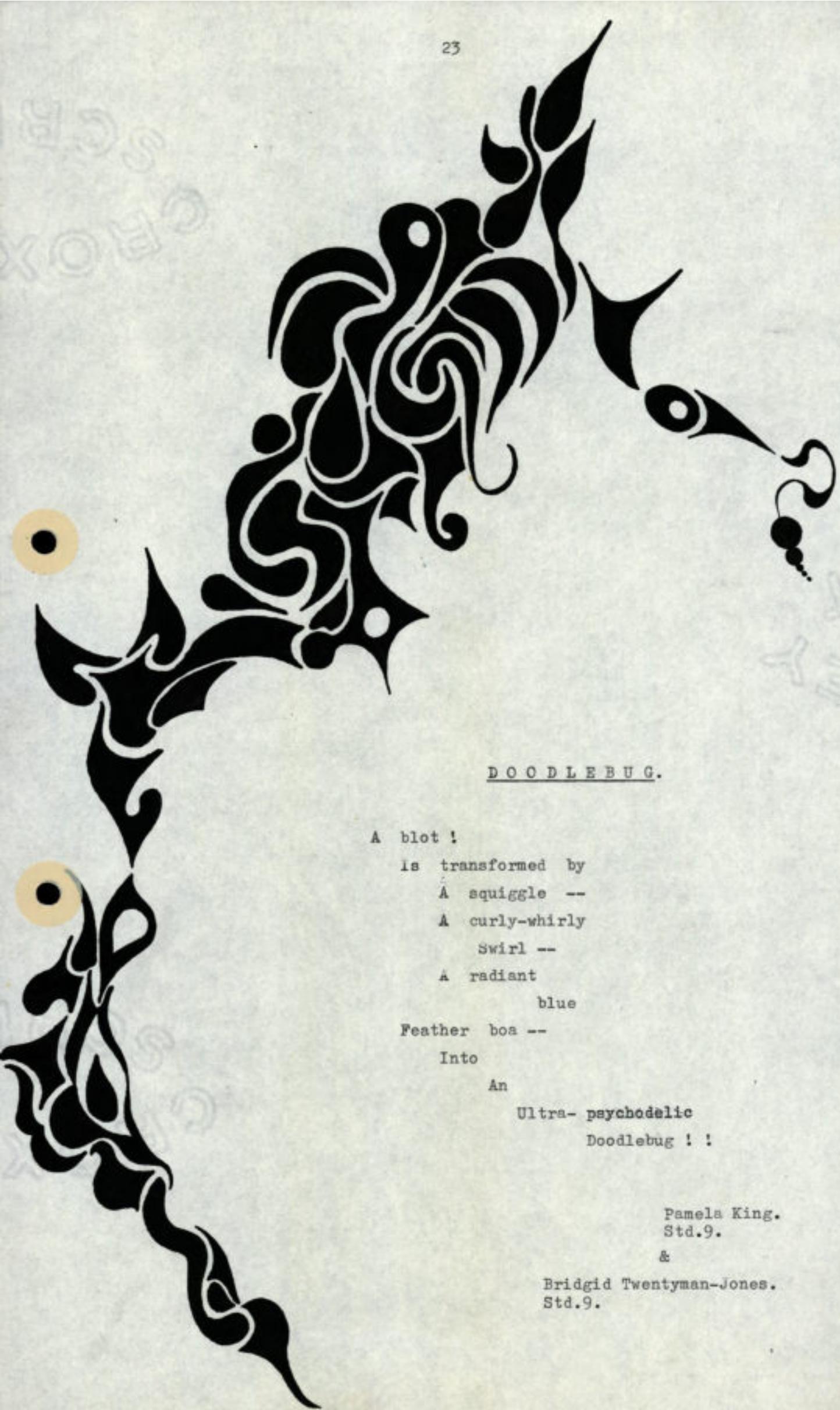
The big soft eyes watch thin wobbly legs.

He calls for his mother,

She comes and

They are united.

A. Olivier.
Std.6.



DOODLEBUG.

A blot !

is transformed by

A squiggle --

A curly-whirly

Swirl --

A radiant

blue

Feather boa --

Into

An

Ultra- psychedelic

Doodlebug ! !

Pamela King.
Std.9.

&

Bridgid Twentyman-Jones.
Std.9.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF EBENEZER TROTTER, MAGICIAN EXTRAORDINAIRE.

The day in question, the first of April 1965, began too well to be true. When I awoke the sun was shining, the world was smiling and my boiled egg was just right; the latter being of utmost importance and very seldom correctly cooked. I got up and viewed my diary over a cup of hot tea - this being of just the right temperature and flavour. Something was definitely wrong and I was suspicious.

'Appointments - 1st April 1965 - 10 o'clock, Children's Birthday Party - house of Sean Beatty, Claremont.'

This notice deflated me slightly. Imagine me, Ebenezer Trotter, Magician Extraordinaire, performing at a children's birthday party! "Never mind, Trot old boy", I tried to convince myself, "practice makes perfect, so they say".

And that's how I came to be at Sean Beatty's house at 10 o'clock that fateful day, with the premonition that something was up. I arrived, expecting to be mobbed by screaming fans and autograph-hunters, but no such welcome waited me. I carried my paraphernalia, consisting of 3 top-hats, a menagerie of rabbits and doves, a wardrobe of scarves of all colours, a couple of wands and other aids, to the front door, only to be told by the lady of the house - "No thank you, not today". She must have realised too late that I was not trying to sell her part of my show and quickly ushered me inside.

I found myself in a large room, quite empty, except for one large table at one end, and a bevy of unsmiling faces at the other. I set up my apparatus, endeavouring to keep hidden the rabbits and doves I was to conjure up later in my act. Having got ready, I looked round to the hostess for some kind of introduction to these children.

"What a smashing audience" I said to myself, seeing the unresponsive, unsmiling and yet smirking faces of the 'little brats' in front of me, obviously enjoying my acute embarrassment.

"Well, well, Ladies and Gentlemen", I began professionally, "I am here today to show you some amazing feats of magic. First of all I will place hat on the table, here, see it is completely empty - no rabbit in sight. Here, on the table. Now, said I, imagining a roll of drums, "Abracadabra", and I repeated this 'password' with more vigour and determination than ever before, "and there should be a rabbit under the hat".

But 'should' was the word. To my horror and dismay there was no rabbit in sight, least of all under the hat! To my embarrassment the audience began to laugh rather too boisterously to be amused by the 'bumble'. I laughed nervously along with the children, trying desperately to pretend I was fooling. "How silly - imagine trying to conjure up a rabbit! Medicrous!", I thought, but felt defeated and embarrassed. Valiantly I continued with my repertoire but unfortunately every single solitary trick I performed either failed hopelessly or was mixed up with another. The audience found this failure hilariously funny and didn't stop hooting for one second.

Eventually, not being able to hide my dismay, defeat and embarrassment from them any longer, I sat collapsed into a despairing heap on the floor. The children thought it was part of my act and continued to laugh hysterically and very boisterously.

To my amazement a little boy approached me and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Trotter, Sir, pretend you've just done the best comedy magician show ever, I'll carry on with the real magic". "My name is Pete, Sir, by the way". And with that he started to perform all the tricks most efficiently and with talent so that even 'I' couldn't quite follow what he had done. And he did more; he conjured up 7 rabbits and I know that I had only brought 5, furthermore he conjured up a red and white spotted scarf, which I know for a fact I had left in the car outside.

(cont..)

(A day in the life of Ebenezer Trotter - cont.)

This boy really saved the day - that fateful day of April 1st., it in itself fateful. It hardly boosted my ego and hurt pride when a little girl thanked me for "A great comedy show, Sir".

I looked around for the dark-haired little boy who had come to my aid but he was nowhere to be seen. I asked the hostess and was told that her son had wanted to invite a little boy fitting his discription, called Peter Endrich, a strange little boy with a magical air about him, but he had had an accident the week before and was in hospital recovering from brain damage.

I knew then it was magic that 'Pete' had been at Sean Beatty's house that day and, because of his magical powers, I felt inferior to him and it was a result of this inferiority complex that the performance was my last professional act as "Ebenezer Trotter, Amateur Magician Extraordinaire".

Mandy Scott.
Std.9.

STARS ON STEMS.

As they sway gently in the wind,
The little stars on their stems
Bob and curtsey.

They lift their petals up,
Crisp and delicately perfect.

They are soft and tickly,
Yet brittle
As I rub them against my face.

As if in contrast to the stars
Stretching upwards,
The leaves droop, tired and
Ready to drop...
Drop to the ground.

But the stars still shine
In their perfect impeccableness.

Jane Coombe.
Std.6.

A VULTURE.

A scraggy vulture sits squawking and screeching on the weary branches of a tree. Its long, drawn out screech pierces through the air as hunger strikes it. It flies off hunting for the carcasses of dead animals.

J. Allsop.
Std.6.

A LIMERICK.

There was a young lady from Paarl,
who bought simply thousands of fowl.
I'm afraid to say
She ate them that day.
That greedy young lady from Paarl.

Jane Coombe.
Std.6.

A SIMPLE PLEASURE.

Down from the hydrangea bush
 flutters the simple pleasure.
 A pale green pattern, beginning slightly to blush.
 The sweet tangy taste echoes throughout the mouth.
 The delicate petals are formed round the tiny pin-head centre.
 The ancient dirt sticks on as if glued.
 Even the smell is a pleasure - a smell of sweet tea.
 The velvet feel of the petals
 feel so gentle
 brushing under my finger-tips.

Catherine Baker.
 Std.6.

GERTIE.

(A character sketch of a Coloured)

She's the type that brightens up that blue-monday with a beaming, gold-toothed smile. She has an amusing sense of humour and goes into fits of laughter because the handle has come off the broom. She is always ready to discuss the latest pop-song on Good Hope but is strictly anti-Springbok Radio, or that ghastly Test in Afrikaans. She is a quaint sight with a neat uniform, hair tied in a bun and blue sandshoes. She picks up strewn clothing off the floor and is always willing to iron those "needed-at-once" jeans. She is everyone's friend, even the dogs'. And she is a member of the Family.

Jane Kelly.
 Std.7.

BUTTERFLY.

Hold
 a butterfly,
 and you hold in your
 quivering hands.....
 Fleeting perfection.

Terry Lloyd-Roberts.
 Std.9.

THE HUNT.

The Fox is tiring !
 They will have him soon
 He hears the thud of hooves that soon will be on him,
 Excited barks from the dogs,
 Almost feeling their warm breath upon his back.
 He hears the shouts of the Huntsmen
 Then, knowing his end is near and
 never again to hear those tormenting cries,
 He gives a last spurt of energy
 Then all is still

A. Olivier.
 Std.6.



JULIA PALEY.

AROUND THE CORNER.

I lead a very quiet life for a young man, working in the local museum in the Egyptian Tomb. My duties include seeing that the exhibits and mummies from Tutankhamen's reign are dusted and in good order; and to answer the many questions of the ignorant and learned alike. People tell me that they would find my job very depressing, perhaps it is. I sometimes do feel depressed.

My aging mother and I live in a quiet street in the suburbs. All our neighbours are elderly and respectable with one exception - around the corner ! A young girl with daffodil-coloured hair lives in a small mews cottage. She has painted her front door bright yellow. I suppose she thinks it matches her hair.

My mother disapproves of this girl and I suppose I do too. Her skirts are too short and her legs too long, and the wide happy smile she gives me every morning on the way to work embarrasses me. Every night the gay beat of music from around the corner drowns the programme on our television set. The most interesting educational talks are at 10 o'clock - just when the parties around the corner usually begin. Sometimes as I lie in bed, unable to sleep, the beat of that music seems to pervade my mind and body, and I long for the daylight and the peace of the Tomb room.

Today she spoke to me. As I walked towards the bus-stop she ran around the corner, dressed in a short scarlet raincoat and black boots, her yellow hair flying in the wind.

"Hello ! Would you like to come to a party tonight ? I live just around the corner from you. Do come !"

I stared at her, paralysed. The thought of actually going around the corner, and being part of that music and gaiety, stunned me. I was saved by the arrival of the bus. As she turned and ran, I shouted, "I'm sorry, I can't."

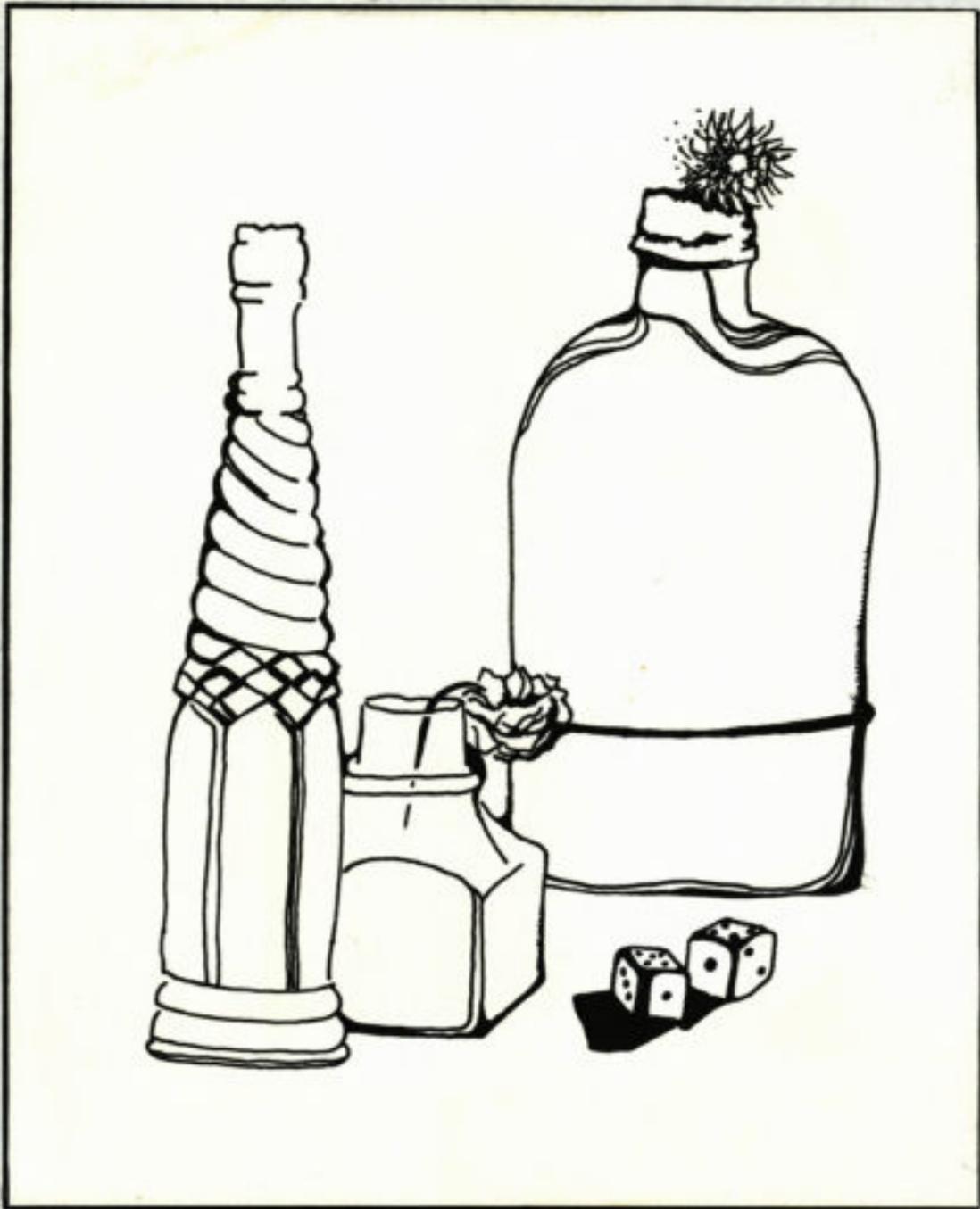
I walked very slowly towards the museum - it wouldn't matter being five minutes late at the Tomb for once !

Camilla White.
Std.9.

POEM.

funny,
 isn't it
how, when you feel like writing
 and your words
flow
 like perfect, harmonious
pearls.....
they end up in a jumbled
 heap
and.....
 you've lost your inspiration !

Terry Lloyd-Roberts.
Std.9.



K. van Lennep.
Std.9.

REMEMBER.

Remember,

If you can
 Our happy days;
 Full of carefree sunshine,
 Sharing a soft, sunny sweetness,
 Our honey world
 of
 Memories.

Mandy scott.
 Std.9.

A 20th. CENTURY BALLAD OF LOVE.

Simon meandered along the beach,
 The damp sand oozed between his toes.
 He didn't care about anything more,
 Except Jenni.

The waves, as they crashed onto the shore,
 The whistle of the wind among the reeds whispered to him,
 "She's dying",
 "You can go home now".
 There was none in the world whom he loved,
 Except Jenni.

He sat on the rocks and gazed out to sea.
 The half-light of evening reminded him
 Of her beautiful grey-blue eyes;
 The wind, of her carefree ways.
 There was none else in the world whom he loved,
 Except Jenni.

The waves, as they crashed onto the shore,
 The whistle of the wind among the reeds whispered to him,
 "She's dying",
 "You can go home now".
 There was none in the world whom he loved,
 Except Jenni.

The tide was high,
 Water ran between his toes,
 Bringing with it a piece of driftwood.
 Plucking it up he wrote on the sand
 ' I LOVE JEN.'

The waves, as they crashed onto the shore,
 The whistle of the wind among the reeds whispered to him,
 "She's dying",
 "You can go home now".
 There was none in the world whom he loved,
 Except Jenni.

He thought
 She was so happy to live,
 So lovely.
 We were so happy together.
 Why did it have to end like this - why ?
 No one in the world loved him,
 Except Jenni.

The waves, as they crashed onto the shore,
 The whistle of the wind among the reeds whispered to him,
 "She's dying",
 "You can go home now".
 He had loved her so much and now she was gone -
 Jenni.

A. Olivier.
 Std.6.

QUIET.

Quiet is the noise of its own
 Roaring with silence,
 Echoing around corners,
 Wooshing up chimneys.
 It absorbs the world in
 Its wet, dark blanket.
 Smothering it,
 Repressing it,
 Holding it in.
 Letting no sound escape
 Except the roaring, echoing, wooshing sounds of
 Silence.

Jane Coombe.
 Std.6.

THE TOTEM POLE.

Where Indians have been,
 Now he is left alone
 Carved beautifully with knobs at his side,
 Streaked with lone lines.
 Still he has the smell of smoke,
 Knobs glaring at me,
 Still shocked by his abandonment.
 Alone,
 The totem pole will be forever.

Suzanne Naude.
 Std.6.

THE BEACH ON A WINDY STORMY DAY.

On a stormy day the beach is lonely and sullen. The only noise is that of the sea thundering on the rocks below; the howling of the wind and the soft thud of your footsteps, accompanied sometimes by the sudden crack of dry bamboo as you step on it.

The clouds look black and ominous as the thunder rumbles in the distance. Then you suddenly feel scared and lonely as you look at the angry sea crashing with all its might on the rocks and the trees tossing roughly in the wind as if a branch could break any minute and squash you to smithereens.

You feel the cold spray on your face and the soft wet sand on your feet. When you lick your lips they taste salty and you can smell the fresh saltiness in the air. When you walk in the water it is cold and your toes feel numb as the water splashes around them.

Then you listen and you hear the thunder coming closer and the sky grows darker. You realise that you must return home as it is growing dark, so you run along the beach for the last time that day and the wind whistles through your hair and feels as if wet clammy fingers are clasping you.

It has started to rain again and you know you must go.

C. Thomsen.
 Std.6.

THE NEW LONDON BALLET.

The new company, led by the superb Galina Samsova and the virile André Prokovsky, has thrilled many South African audiences as it has audiences all around the world. The company is a small one consisting of twelve dancers; six male and six female artists. They are a group of soloists performing without a corps de ballet which allows them a wide scope for undertaking a large variety of differing styles of dancing. Their performance conveys their versatile brilliance and the ballets reveal the talents of its dancers. The company has dancers from all over the world; from Russia to Rhodesia and America and other parts.

Their repertoire includes modern and classical ballets such as the much loved *Le Corsaire*, *Pythonesse Ascendant*, *Scarlatti* and *Friends*, *Intimate Voices*, *Vespri* and many others.

The evening opens with "*Scarlatti and Friends*" which is delightfully light and introduces the whole company to the audience (all of them wear leotards and tights with their names printed on their backs). There are no soloists in this ballet and each dancer is given their own turn to present themselves to the audience.

"*Intimate Voices*" is an interesting work about a woman and her memories. I felt that this was a little long and too repetitive, although the simple setting and costumes and the intense concentration and acting, especially by the principal, Elaine McDonald, created a pleasing impact.

"*Le Corsaire*", third on the programme for the evening, delighted the audience and rounds of applause and cries for more, with innumerable curtain calls, rewarded the dancers' magnificent performance. Samsova dances this with exquisite purity and a modest manner. Her technique is strong but delicate and she conveys a feeling of sincerity in her dancing. Prokovsky, with his buoyant manner, shows his immense skill as a partner, showing off his ballancing to the full. This pas de deux was breathtaking! At some stages he seemed to hang in mid-air before a lightly and effortlessly controlled coming down. This feat brought gasps from the audience who were quick to reward him with a roar of applause. Samsova's pirouettes were faultless and, here again, an almost gasping audience showed their admiration. Their simple costumes in this ballet were well appreciated although the choreography could have been better: this I am criticizing as a comparison with CAPAB's "*Le Corsaire*" featuring Phillis Spira and Edward Greyling.

"*The Pythonesse Ascendant*" is a twenty minute solo by Galina Samsova. It is run to a 'tape' on which one word is spoken. The Italian word 'parole' means 'words' and it is repeated over and over to create a disturbing atmosphere. After "*Le Corsaire*" this was a let-down. It was not a ballet for enjoyment but one could marvel at Samsova's brilliance. It is a modern work and I, who prefer Classical ballet for entertainment, can not say much for this as its meaning did not mean anything to me and I felt it was too long and the 'so-called' music added to its unpleasantness.

Rounding off the evening well was "*Vespri*". This classical work showed off the whole company's professionalism. I found it really delightful and a relief from the "*Pythonesse Ascendant*".

The company uses no décor and, though it sounds out of the ordinary and unfinished, it does not take away the beauty from the setting. On the whole the evening was very satisfying piece of entertainment and it was thrilling to see such wonderful artists together.

Bridgid Twentyman-Jones.
Std.9.

DEATH.

The time when someone you love is torn away from you,
 when half your world falls apart;
 The feeling of emptiness in your heart,
 Shuffling footsteps down never ending staircases,
 Pushing your lifeless body through the days,
 Forcing your mind to concentrate
 on anything but Death,
 Gnawing into your very heart,
 Eating your spirit out of you,
 Leaving an empty gap
 where the loved one
 was

Jane Coombe.
 Std.6.

It is a pity to have your past blocked out
 like the sun, when a cloud passes.
 You cannot remember what she was like, or even who she was,
 only that it was sad, very sad.
 It is like being in prison not knowing why,
 desperately wanting to be free.
 When you find the photograph which explains all,
 it brings back memories which,
 correctly, were meant to be forgotten,
 Like a blocked out sun,
 Like a blocked out Life.

Juliet MacGregor.
 Std.8.

SECTION 3.

AFRIKAANS.

<u>Contents.</u>	<u>Page.</u>
MOEILIKHEID IN DIE BERGE...	32
DIE PLEKKIE IN MY OMGEWING WAT EK DIE GRAAGSTE BESOEK.	32
SKOOL.	33
LIEFDE...	33
LENTE.	34
SPOOK STORIE...	34
'n NAGMERRIE...	34
DIE PLEKKIE IN MY OMGEWING WAT EK DIE GRAAGSTE BESOEK.	35
TOE HET EK DAREM GEBLOOS...	35

FRENCH.

Mort mystérieuse sur paquetbot...	36
L'aurore.	36
La Journée du Chacal.	37
Mon jardin.. . . .	37
Sur l'île inconnue...	38

LATIN.

PATER NOSTER...	39
FABULA TRISTIS.	39

GERMAN.

HERSCHEL.	40
CHARAKTERISTIK VAN EINEM ALTEN MANN.	40

HEBREW.

GENESIS. (Ch.1.vs.1-3)..	42
----------------------------------	----

MOEILIKHEID IN DIE BERGE.

Ons het eindelijk begin om huis toe te gaan. Dit was koud en die wind het sterk gewaai. Ek was so moeg en baie siek gevoel. My kop het so gepyn en ek kon nie reg sien nie.

Die groot berge het voor ons gelê. Ons moes net oor hulle kom en dan sou ons tuis wees. Pa het probeer om opgewek te wees maar ek het geweet dat daar iets aan die gang was. Ma het net gesit en voor haar gekyk met 'n treurige uitdrukking op haar gesig.

Af en toe het Pa die radio aangeskakel maar die ontvang was so sleg dat ons niks kon hoor nie. Skielik het ek rook geruk en omgekyk. Een van die wiele was aan die brand. Vlamme het hoog gespring. Pa het vinnig die motor tot stilstand gebring. Ons het blits-vinnig uitgeklim en na die wiel gekyk.

Daar was niks water om dit mee te blus nie. Ons kan net kyk na ons motor wat uitbrand. Ma het begin huil en gesê dat almal 'n koue sal vat in hirdie koue wind.

Ons was tien myl van die huis af. Daar was nie 'n huis of mens in sig nie. Die son het agter die berge gesak en dit het begin donker word. Pa het gesê dat hy moes weggaan om hulp te gaan soek maar Ma het histories geword en geskree dat dit gevaarlik in die berge was en ons sou nie veilig wees nie sonder Pa.

Ons het vir 'nuur gesit en gewag, maar niks het gebeur nie! Niemand het gekom nie, en dit het al donkerer en kouer geword. Skielik het ek flou geword en, van hier af, kan ek niks meer ont-hou nie.

Toe ek weer my bewussyn herwin het was ek in my eie bed. Vermoedelik het ons bure gekom om ons te soek. Nulle het ons gered en huis toe gebring en die dokter gebel.

Dit was hoe ons, ons Sondag in die berge deurgebring het.

Gail Pettigrew.
Std.10.

DIE PLEKKIE IN MY OMGEWING WAT EK DIE GRAAGSTE BESOEK.

Tien jaar nadat my moeder gesterf het, het ek 'n stiefmoeder gekry en van daardie dag af het my lewe vreeslik geword. Die kille harding van my moeder het my baie vinnig laat besef dat ek nie by die huis welkom was nie.

Ons land is droog en 'n ysige wind waai altyd oor die vlakte. Die stof laat 'n mense altyd vuil voel en die sonlig verblind jou oë, maar in hierdie dorre wêreld het ek 'n pragtige plekkie gevind.

As 'n mens met die pad van die dorp aanstap, bereik jy eindelijk 'n klein bergie. Op die hoogste punt van die sketige afdraand is daar 'n lus vir die oë; 'n klein verlate huisie wat deur bome sigbaar is. Dit is so heeltemaal anders as die droë land van die dorp, want elke week kry dit 'n verkwikkelde reëntjie en daar is welige plantegroei; nie verwelkte gras en blomme nie. Iets waarvan ek die meeste hou, is die stilte. Daar is geen keffende handjies wat jou laat lastig voel nie en geen middeljarige stiefmoeders wat aanhoudend vir jou werk gee nie. 'n Mens kan onder die lommeryke takke van die bome rus en na die kleurvolle madeliefies bekyk terwyl die wind 'n roerende liedjie deur die bome neurie.

Daar is 'n kabbelende stroompie wat altyd vir jou lag asof dit geheime vir jou gooi. Die klein muisies en eekhorinkies sit in die lang gras by jou voete en daar is geen vrees in hul oë nie. Hulle is heeltemaal anders as die dorp se troeteldiere wat so bang is dat hulle jou net wil byt.

(cont.)

(Die plekkie in my omgewing Cont.)

Elke aand as ek laat by die huis aankom, suig ek iets uit my duim as my ouers vir my vra wat ek die hele dag gedoen het. Ek sal nooit van my geheime plekkie - waar die voëls altyd sing en die bye om die blomme brom - verklap nie. Hulle sal my geluk bederf en ek sal nooit 'n plekkie in my omgewing hê wat ek die graagste besoek nie.

Sara Knight.
Std.10.

SKOOL.

Toe die klokke lui
En die kinders stadig en treurig skool toe loop,
Kry ek 'n snaakse gevoel in my maag
Want ek weet dié dag gaan baie lang wees.
Jy sien, ons moes daardie dag
'n Afrikaanse eksamen aflê,
En ek het geweet dat ek niks geleê het nie.

Lou-Anne Wrentmore.
Std.7.

LIEFDE.

Liefde,
Dis sonskyn,
lag,
geluk,
heuning,
sagheid
en ook
JY.

Mandy Scott.
Std.9.



S. Brownlie.
Std.10.

LENTE.

Lente is so mooi :
 Die bloeisels van die bome
 Lê onder op die grond.
 Die weer is warm,
 Almal is bly dat die somer naby.

Monique Herweg.
 Std.6.

SPOOK STORIE.

Ek het nooit aan spoeke gelo nie maar verlede jaar het 'n verklaarbare voorval plaasgevind.

Ek was op reis na 'n verafgeleë plaas wat ek wou koop. Dit was al donker en dit was 'n stormagtige nag. Die motor het vasgeval in die modder. 'n Entjie van die pad af was daar 'n verlate bouvallige huis en ek het daar skuiling gesoek.

Ek was baie maag en ek het aan die slaap geraak net daar waar ek in 'n groot stoel gaan sit het. Kort voor middernag het ek wakker geskrik. Die storm het bedaar en 'n onheilspellende stilte het geheers. Toe het 'n uil mistroostig op die dak gesteun. In die kamer het ek die gefladder van 'n vlermuis gehoor en dit het kort-kort rakelings by my verby gevlieg. Ek het meer en meer sensuueagtig gevoel en toe hoor ek die gekraak van vloerplanke en die geskuifel van voetstappe en 'n gekreun. Dit het gevoel asof my hart gaan staan het. Ek was lam van vrees en 'n koue sweet het op my lyf uitgeslaan. Toe ruk ek my reg en ek skraap moed bymekaar en tjek 'n vuurhoutjie. Ek het 'n wit deursigtige gedaante gewaar. Ek het dit aangespreek en dit het verdwyn.

Die volgende dag het ek verneem van 'n ou kleurling wat op die plaas woon, dat daar eenmaal 'n afgryslike moord gepleeg is. Die volk glo dat die gees dwaal en nie rus kan vind voordat sy laaste wens vervul is nie.

Lesley Stubbs.
 Std.8.

'n NAGMERRIE.

Hier kom hy agter my aan,
 Hy is die monster van die maan !
 Ek wil hardloop, maar ek kan nie,
 En die monster kom al nader.

Die vuur slaan uit sy mond,
 Die skubbe op sy lyf is rond.
 Hy het ses groen koppe,
 Met een bloedige oog op elk.

Sy groot voete kom al nader,
 Help my ! O vader !
 Sy groot geel arms gaan my vang ... !
 Genade ! Dit was net 'n aaklige droom.

Julianne Allsop.
 Std.6.

DIE PLEKKIE IN MY OMGEWING WAT EK DIE GRAAGSTE BESOEK.

Ek woon in die platteland en die plekkie wat ek die graagste besoek word HIGH NOON genoem. Baie mense gaan daarheen omdat dit so 'n baieende plek is en daar is baie om te doen.

High Noon is 'n plaas wat baie groot is en wat amper in die berge geleë is. Gedurende die somer is dit 'n baie asemrowende uitsig. Daar is blomme orals en dit lyk net soos 'n kleurvolle kombers. Omdat daar baie water is, is die plantegroei baie weelderig, en dit is so 'n plesier om 'n entjie daar te gaan wandel. Soms is die water so stil dat die bewolkte hemel daarin weerkaats is.

Dit is gedurende die naweek dat die meeste mense na High Noon gaan. Sommige van hulle bring kos saam, maar 'n mens kan ook smaaklik kos daar kry. Die meeste van hulle sit op die bosbedekte heuwels en eet en kyk na die aantreklike natuurtonele rondom hulle.

Gedurende die winter is dit vreeslik koud en spierwit sneeu lê op die majestueus berge. Ek voel net 'n bietjie jammer vir die wilde diere wat daar is, omdat nie almal van hulle gewoond is aan sneeu nie. 'n Mens moet op 'n sonnige dag daarheen gaan en nie jou kisklere dra nie. Die beste klere om te dra is langbroek en harde skoene. Die lug is so vars en daar is geen besaldeling nie.

Ek het 'n vriend wat daar werk en hy sê dat dit die wonderlikste werk is. Een of twee keer het baie noodlottige ongelukke daar plaasgevind toe mense deur 'n leeu geslaan is. In elk geval dink ek dat dit die indrukwekkendste plek is waarna ek ooit gegaan het !

Gail Pettigrew.
Std.10.

TOE HET EK DAREM GEBLOOS.

Toe ek omtrent ag jaar oud was het ek in die kerk koor gesing. My twee susters en my broer het ook in die koor gesing en ons het dit baie geniet, maar die diens was nie vir kinders nie en ons het verveeld gekry toe die diens te lank geduur het.

Ons het ook baie honger in die diens geraak en het lekkers gekoop voordat ons na die kerk toe gekom het. Ons het in die kerk geloop met groot pakkie lekkers onder ons klere weggesteek. Toe moet ons die koor klere sansit. Gelukkig het die klere groot sakke gehad en ons het al die lekkers daarin gesit.

Toe het ons gebid en dan loop ons die kerk in - 'n hele ry van soet engeltjies. As die mense in die kerk kan weet wat agter daardie gesiggies aangaan. Ons het lekker gesing en toe moet ons weer bid.

Na die bid moet ons na die Minister se preek luister. Hy was oud en het baie groot woorde gebruik. Nou begin die pret - ons haal die lekkers uit en begin om te eet. Hierdie keer het ons meer lekkers as ooit tevore gekoop. Ons het sjokolade, skyfies en 'n groot pakkie "Smarties" gekoop. Toe het my suster my saggies gevra of sy die "Smarties" kan kry. Ek het die pakkie saggies uitgehaal. Dit was oop en ek moet dit baie versigtig uithaal. Die hele kerk is stil - die Minister het na die hoogste punt van sy prekie gekom - skielik het ek die pakkie laat val. Dit het 'n vreeslike lawaai op die hard vloer gemaak.

Al die mense het omgekyk en raai wie het sjokolade al oor haar gesig ! Ek dink dat ek was nooit of sal nooit weer so skaam wees nie.

S.A. Smiedt.
Std.8.

Mort mystérieuse sur paquetbot.

Le grand paquetbot blanc faisait route, en pleine mer, vers le sud. Le matin, il faisait beau mais vers midi, le ciel était couvert et il y avait une brume épaisse. Le Capitaine vit au lointain les contours vagues des rochers, mais il ne savait pas au Gouverner le paquetbot. Il était en nage, mais subitement, il vit une mouette, volant devant le paquetbot.

Cette mouette lui montra la route et il ne donna pas sur les écueils. Puis, sans motif, un voyageur la tua de son fusil. Sur le coup de fusil, les petites vagues devinrent de grandes vagues, la brume devint les nuées d'ovage et le soir devint une nuit detempête. Tous les voyageurs étaient saisis d'effroi. Les femmes poussaient des cris et les enfants tâchèrent de saisir les robes de leurs mères.

Pendant la nuit, la mer déchaînée, entraînait le paquetbot encore, vers les rochers dangereux. Le Capitaine était assis sur le pont en silence, son visage inondé et larmes parce qu'il ne comprenait pas pourquoi le voyageur avait fait un tel parfait. Puis celui-ci saisit le fusil du Capitaine et se suicida. Tout à coup, il y avait un éclat de lumière et la mouette vola en vaid au dessus du Capitaine. Le Capitaine vit les rochers et il Gouverna le paquetbot vers un bord sûr. Le paquetbot était sain et sanf et les visages des voyageurs et leur Capitaine, étaient souriants et radieux.

Le puis curieux, c'est que la mouette était comme l'albatros. Peut-être le voyageur, était-il l'Ancien Marin reincarné avant la mort mystérieuse du voyageur.

Sara Knight.
Std.10.

L'AURORE.

La neige tombe doucement sur la terre dormante. Les arbres grands, noirs et sinistres se tiennent sur l'horizon. Le ciel gris des nuages commencent à s'éclaircir et sur le sol silencieux le soleil se lève, rouge et triamphant. La vainqueur de la nuit, apportant chaleur aux pauvres qui, presque morts de froid ouvrent leur fenêtres à l'aurore d'hiver.

Pamela King.
Std.9.

La Journée du Chacal.

La Journée du Chacal est un film que presque tout le monde a vu. C'est au sujet du Président de Gaule de France.

Un groupe de plusieurs hommes desira tuer le Président de Gaule mais ils pensaient qu'il fallait employer un assassin. C'est parce que la police les connaissait et leur trace d'un plan. Ils employèrent un assassin à qui ils donnèrent le nom du Chacal. C'était un Anglais.

Il fit le plan avec soins. Cela dura plusieurs semaines avant il fût prêt à faire son travail. Il fit plusieurs fusils extraordinaire et après les avoir éprouvés, il était prêt à tuer le Président.

Le jour Nationale de France qui est le quatorze juillet, le Chacal était dans un appartement prêt à tuer le Président. Il y avait grand pompe et cérémonie quand le Président est sorti de son automobile.

Dans l'intervalle le Chacal était occupé de son fusil. Enfin le temps était convenable le Chacal a tué mais a vauté le Président par une ponce. Quelques minutes plus tard le Chacal fut attrapé et tué.

Astrid Winberg.
Std.9.

MON JARDIN.

Autour de mon jardin il y à une muraille de pierres, très haute et très vieille. À son pied il y à des girofleés et des hyacinths. Ils y poussent très bien et leurs couleurs sont exquisés. J'ai aussi des framboises et des groseilles qui poussent à coté d'elles.

Il y a aussi un genièvre dont les branches sont les demeures des hochequeues, des grives, des meules et de petits voitelets. À l'aurore ils y chantent si admirablement que les larmes me viennent aux yeux. À l'ombre de ce genièvre poussent les petits violets timicles et les fougères.

Dans un coin de mon jardin il y a un petit ruisseau qui glougloue gaiement. Quand il fait chaud les gazouilles des oiseaux au bord du ruisseau remplissent l'air.

Pamela King.
Std.9.

Sur l'île inconnue.

Nous voyagions en pleine mer quand nous avons vu cette île inconnue. Il faisait plutôt froid et nous étions fatigués et presque aux désespoir. Tout d'un coup le capitaine, un homme taciturne a sauté de joie et de larmes jaillirent de ses yeux. Si vous aviez vu son visage ! Nous pouvions nous reposer et y rester pendant une semaine. Pourtant dans le chaleur du moment, personne n'avait aperçu le silence absolu et l'atmosphère sombre de l'île inconnue.

Pendant la semaine nous avons nagé et mangé et tout le monde était heureux, mais les soirs, l'île devenait étrange et mystérieuse. Sur l'île il y avait des esprits factieux !

Ils marchaient à pas de loup sur les toiles d'araignées. J'avais le sommeil léger et j'ai vu les yeux que me regardaient d'un air menaçant. Quand nous nous couchions à la belle étoile, un petit homme venait s'asseoir sans un saule pleurer et après avoir chanté des fragments de chansons mauvaises, il s'en allait en tapinois. J'avais une peur bleue mais je n'ai rien dit à mes compagnons parce que j'étais embarrassé.

Le quatrième jour, j'ai remarqué que le capitaine faisait l'imbécile parce qu'il allait partant à cloche-pied. Je croyais qu'il était devenu faible d'esprit. Cette nuit-là je me suis réveillé en sursaut et j'ai vu le capitaine qui était occupé à pleurer. Au même instant les esprits malins sont venus par petits groupes se tenir près de lui. Tout de suite ils ont commencé à la tourmenter pendant qu'il poussait des cris d'angoisse. Au bout d'un instant, ils ont disparu et le capitaine est retourné à son lit pour dormir.

Pour dormir ? Mais non, le pauvre homme était mort et nous l'avais trouvé le matin, rigide et froid, sans le saute pleurer. Je suis l'unique personne qui sache ce qui s'est passé.

Chose étrange, les jours suivants étaient calmes et je n'ai jamais encore vu les esprits. Je crois qu'ils avaient attrapé une victime et qu'ils étaient contents mais j'étais heureux quand nous sommes partis pour l'Angleterre. Je retournerai jamais à cette île inconnue ou nous passé une semaine étrange.

Sara Knight.
Std.10.



B.A. Twentyman-Jones.
Std. 9.

PATER NOSTER.

Pater noster,
 Qui in caelo est, Tuum nomen consecretur, regnum Tuum veniat,
 Tu consilia faciantur, in terra sicut in caelo ea faciantur.
 Da nobis hoc die nostrum panem cotidie et ignosce nobis nostra
 peccata sicut ignoscimus eos quos contra nos peccant.
 Et noli ducere nos in tentationem sed libera nos ex malo quod
 regnum, et auctoritas, et gloria Tibi sunt in aeternitum.

Amen.

Tanya Bosma.
 Std.8.

FABULA TRISTIS.

Olim puer erat nomine Marcus qui oves curavit. Cotidie in agris cum ovibus erit. Multas horas mansit. Eum autem taediut sedere oves tuentem. Itaque magna voce clamavit : "Lupus lupus!" Coloni in finitimis agris erant, labore defessi. Tamen currerunt ut oves servarent. Qui, ubi cognoverunt puerum non vera discisse. Iratissimi discesserunt.

Tribus post diebus, ut accidit lupus advenit. More suo clamavit voce "Lupus, lupus!" Celer coloni, antem, ei non crediderunt. Lupus interfecit omnes oves et puer ira doloreque commotus donum ambulavit.

Helen Stubbings.
 Std.9.

HERSCHEL.

Claremont ist 'ne kleine Stadt,
 Die Herschel als ihr' Schule hat.
 Herschel hat 'nen guten Nam'
 Und zieht deshalb der Schüler viele an.

Doch wenn Du erst hier gelandet bist,
 Dir keine ruhige Minute gegönnt mehr ist,
 Denn arbeiten, das musst Du immerhier,
 Sonst geht es nicht mehr gut mit dir.

Obwohl Herschel sehr klein ist,
 Du nie gelangweilt hier bist.
 Hockey, Tennis und Squash kannst Du spielen,
 Und zu einem guten Sportler Dich trainieren.

Doch einst wirst Du Deine Schulzeit hier beenden,
 Und dann kannst Deine Kenntnisse zu Vielem Du verwenden.
 Denn was Du in Herschel erlernst hast,
 In viele nützliche Berufe passet.

Ilsa Schneider-Waterberg.
 Std.8.

CHARAKTERISTIK VAN EINEM ALTEN MANN.

Jeden Nachmittag pünktlich um fünf Uhr, wenn ich auf der Veranda sitze und meine Schularbeiten mache, fährt er auf seinem alten Fahrrad an mir vorbei. Alles ist alt an ihm: sein Gesicht ist verrunzelt und wralt und doch umspielt ein ständiges Lächeln seinen Mund. Sein Fahrrad dreht jede Minute zusammenzucken, und auch seine Kleidung ist abgetragen und ausgebleicht. Jedemal wenn er an mir vorbeifährt, krächzt er sein: "Guten Abend!" und fährt weiter.

Er ist mit allem zufrieden, was er hat. Nie macht er sich Vorwürfe, nie verlangt er etwas. Er lebt ganz in sich und auf sich gestellt. Er kann es nicht verstehen, wenn Leute unzufrieden sind, wenn sie etwas nicht haben oder erreichen können.

Er liebt die Natur, die Größe und Schönheit der Natur. Er erfreut sich an allem Einfachen und begreift nicht, dass andere Leute sich nicht auch dafür begeistern.

Oftmals sehe ich ihn inmitten einer Kinderschar sitzen. Dann erzählt er von seiner Jugend, von den Krieg und anderen Erlebnissen. Die Kinder lieben seine Geschichten, dass sieht man den gespannten Gesichtern der Kinder an. Er macht gern jemand eine Freude und ist glücklich, helfen zu können. In seiner einfachen Art sieht es oft aus, als ob er naiv auflurert.

Manchmal sieht er dem Treiben der Stadt zu und wundert sich über die Eile der Menschen. Er hat Zeit, so viel Zeit, dass es ihm gar nicht auffällt wie langsam er ist, wie sehr er um Wege steht und wie sehr er den Leuten auf die Nerven geht. Wenn ihn Leute anschreien, er solle aus dem Wege gehen, verliert er nicht seine Fassung, sondern tritt zurück und entschuldigt sich höflich.

(cont...)

(Charakteristik van einem alten Mann. cont.)

Er kann sich nicht sattsehen an dem Treiben in der Stadt.

immer hilfsbereit und stets zur Stelle ist er, wenn etwas nicht nach Plan geht. Hier siehe man ihn einem. Kind die Wunde verbindend, dort einem etwas aufhelen, dort einer alten Dame etwas abrüchmend. Er scheint nerven aus stahl zu halen denn er lässt sich durch nichts aus der Ruhe bringen.

Fünf Uhr : Gleich muss er wieder an mir vorleifahren -
Dort ich sehe ihn schon und gleich brächster wieder sein : "Guten Abend !"

Emily Schneider-Waterberg.
Std.8.

HEBREW.

הַרְשִׁים הָרָקִי אֲדָמִים אֵת הַשָּׁמַיִם וְאֵת הָאָרֶץ:
 וְהָאָרֶץ הָרְחָבָה וְרֵוָה וְחֹשֶׁךְ אֲדָמָה
 תְּהוּהוּ אֲדָמִים מְרֻחָפִים אֲדָמָה וְחֹשֶׁךְ וְאֵת
 אֲדָמִים וְהָיָה אֵת וְיָמָּה וְיָמָּה אֲדָמִים
 אֵת הָאֵת כְּטֹהַר וְיָמָּה אֲדָמִים הָיָה אֵת

Translation :

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Now the earth was unformed and void and darkness was upon the face of the waters.

And God said "Let there be light".

And there was light.

Malva Marine.
Std.7.

THE EDITORS' REPORT.

We extend our thanks to all Merriman members for their contributions. Although not everyone has an entry in our Magazine, their efforts have not been unappreciated. We have enjoyed reading all the entries submitted and have had great difficulty in eliminating some.

Merriman express their sincere gratitude to Mrs. Rauch, our Housemistress, for all her encouragement and support.

A special thanks goes to Mr.H.E.Twentyman-Jones who has given up his time to do the typing for us; without his help the Magazine would never have been.

Finally, we would like to express the hope that you all have enjoyed reading Our Magazine as much as we have enjoyed compiling it.

B.A. Twentyman-Jones.
R. Webber.

Editors.

---0---

AD DEI GLORIUM.