

**MERRIMAN  
MAGAZINE  
1975**

# INDEX

SECTION 1

SECTION 2

SECTION 3

**SECTION 2**

SECTION 2

ENGLISH

<u>CONTENTS:</u>	<u>Page</u>
Argie! .....	1
The Silver Stallion .....	1
Lord Descending .....	1
Night Driving .....	2
Rainstorm .....	2
i am? .....	2
The Bird-Bath .....	2
The Withered Arm .....	3
" " " continued .....	3A
There's More To A Day, Than Just Getting Through It. ....	4
I Toil and Labour .....	4
Grey .....	5
Beauty Lies In The Eyes Of The Beholder .....	5
War .....	6
Today .....	6
Goodbye Perdita .....	7
Plea For Tolerance .....	7
The Gardener .....	8
Poem .....	9
Boy .....	10
Playtime In Spring .....	10
Shipwreck At Midnight .....	11
The Moods Of The Sea .....	11
My Poor Baby .....	12
On My Blindness .....	12
A Gift Of Wonder To The World .....	13
You Never Can Tell .....	13
It Served Us Right! .....	14
I Knew Cain Before He Killed Abel .....	15
How n'Kosi Became Chief Of His Tribe .....	15
Homeless .....	16
Life .....	16
The Sea-Horses .....	17
Is There An Environmental Crisis? .....	18
Thutmose III .....	20
Stone Age .....	20
A Pharaoh .....	20

ENGLISH ctd.

CONTENTS:

	<u>Page</u>
Stone Age Men .....	21
Once Upon A Time .....	21

**ENGLISH**

ARGIE!

He stands there in the half-light at close of day. The ragged little newspaper boy slouches against a lamp post, "clothed" in nothing more than a torn pair of jeans, a short-sleeved T-shirt and a moth-eaten jersey, already unravelling at the cuffs and neck.

Every few minutes his loud, shrill voice rings out across the night air, "Argie, Argie!"

A car stops at the robots. A man signals to the scrawny figure, always on the alert. Long, skinny legs carry him swiftly over the grass patch alongside the road.

He hands the businessman a newspaper and receives twelve cents. "Keep the change", says the man and, without a second thought, he eases his foot onto the accelerator and drives away.

"Tenks master", mumbles the feeble voice and his mind is lost in a dream of his future hopes.

A. OLIVIER  
Std. 7.

THE SILVER STALLION

In the east the sun, a fiery ball, was disappearing beyond the horizon spreading a wealth of colours that fell in sparkling drops on the uneasy surface of the lake.

The large silver stallion stood on the high, jagged peak, silhouetted against the deep velvet of the darkening sky as he watched over his kingdom. His magnificent body glimmered in the last rays of the sun. His long sweeping mane was like the crest of a silver wave, and his tail a cascade of silver. He was powerful in his immense strength and beauty. The silver stallion's cry rang out in defiance and exultation. The stallion leapt off the rock and galloped through the soft darkness, his mane and tail flying as free as the winds that roamed the heavens. His gallop was soft and flowing. The wind was racing with him. His pale silver body shimmered, lit by thousands of tiny stars. His strong neat hooves seemed hardly to touch earth. He was wild. He was free!

A. BOWLEY  
Std. 6.

LORD DESCENDING

A double-image. The golden-brown sunset is reflected on the turbulent waves of the sea. As the glowing orb of the sun slowly descends upon the waters, it dominates the paling sky and shoots red-gold arrows of light darting across the ocean. Then it plunges below the horizon as if being pulled by Apollo in his golden chariot, not to return again until sunrise.

S. SMIEDT  
Std. 9.

NIGHT DRIVING

The motor roars as the metal monster speeds along the tar. Round, staring eyes beam ahead, lighting up shadows and reflecting the wide, frightened eyes of a wild cat. Its shiny body cleaves through the darkness which folds back like a curtain and swings into place again. The wheels follow the white lines, the driver's eyes hypnotised by their regularity and monotony. A hyena screams, shattering the intense silence of his solitude. A match flares, the shadows playing hide and seek across his face.

The burning tip glows like a firefly in the night.

N. DUNCKLEY  
Std. 9.

RAINSTORM

Silver bullets from a leaden sky  
ricochet off the steel-grey city.

N. DUNCKLEY  
Std. 9.

i am?

yesterday  
i knelt in the dew-damp grass  
and before me splintered a thousand suns.

today  
i stand alone in the bible-black night  
and the moon muffles her friendly glow.

tomorrow  
i will lie in a mole-blind world  
and no blade of grass will have whispered  
of my going.

N. DUNCKLEY  
Std. 9.

THE BIRD-BATH

Mossed and stony it stands alone,  
Quiet in the shade of looming pines  
Dark, cool water in hollowed stone.  
Suddenly a gentle splash! a flash of Jade.  
A sunbird swoops and settles on the brink  
Nonchalantly to drink.  
Then tilts its head and wings away  
Leaving feathers in the pool,  
Bared with peace and watery gloom, it soars  
To the day.

C. WHITE  
Std. 10.



E. Schneider-Waterberg  
Std. 9.

THE WITHERED ARM

The old woman piled the last logs on the bonfire, lit it and went inside. She made herself a cup of tea and sat there brooding, while the tea became ice cold.

A few hours later Dr. Keith Scott, who was on holiday, threw down his spanner and swore furiously. His car had broken down and he could not get it to start again. He was miles away from the nearest town and the only house in the vicinity was the mansion reputed to be inhabited by a witch. Resignedly he put on his jacket and set out for the mansion, not in the least perturbed by the rumours of the witchcraft practised there.

As he approached the house he saw smoke billowing up, and thinking that the mansion was on fire, he broke into a run. As he ran he smelt a peculiar smell, but could not place it. Then it struck him; it was the smell of burning flesh. Stumbling with hurry, he rounded the bend and was relieved to see the mansion intact. The bonfire was burning merrily on the side of the mansion, casting eerie shadows over the garden. As Dr. Scott approached the house something lying near the bonfire caught his attention - a charred and withered arm! With the stench of burned flesh in his nostrils, he climbed up to the porch and knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again. Still no reply. On this third knock the door was opened by an old woman who was pale and trembling. Explaining that his car had broken down, he asked to use the telephone. He noticed how she kept glancing at the bonfire and a trickle of fear ran down his spine. Was he dealing with a murderess?

The old woman led him to the telephone and then went downstairs to make some tea. Dr. Scott quickly telephoned the garage and told them to go to the car and wait for him there. Silently he replaced the receiver and turned the handle of the nearest door. He looked inside and saw the old woman's bedroom. The next room he investigated was a store-room filled with huge chunks of wood. All the rooms seemed innocent enough, except one, the one with the locked door.

This investigation had only taken a few minutes and when he returned downstairs the old woman was just pouring the tea. She was silent and still pale, but when he studied her face he was sure he had seen her somewhere before. He suddenly recognised her aristocratic features and her oval face and realised that she was the celebrated artist and wood sculptor, Anne Hutchinson. When her husband had died she had been shattered and had vanished into thin air after his cremation.

Gently he asked her why she had given up carving and come to live there as a recluse. She turned her grief-stricken eyes to him, but told her story.

Her husband had always doted on his cat, Pouncer. On his deathbed he had told her that as long as she had Pouncer, she had him. In order to devote her life to Pouncer she had come to live in solitude in this large mansion. She had started rumours to discourage visitors and had been reasonably happy until Pouncer caught cat-flu. Pouncer had died that morning and, in accordance with her husband's wish, she had cremated him, hence the bonfire.

"What about the arm?" Dr. Scott asked.

"Arm?"

"Yes, the charred arm lying near the bonfire." They went outside so that he could show it to her, but when she saw it Mrs. Hutchinson started laughing.

"Oh, that's a piece of my sculpture. I've locked up all the good pieces and now I'm burning all my practice pieces. Did it give you a fright?"

T. BOSMA  
Std. 9.

THERE'S MORE TO A DAY, THAN JUST  
GETTING THROUGH IT.

What is a day ..... ?  
Who knows; just a length of time  
through which to pass  
day after day, one morn to another.  
All is an effort as we go on our way;  
through "good days" and "bad days",  
now "happy", now "sad",  
never glad of the fact of -  
being alive.

If only we'd see those invisible joys  
that slip past unnoticed, unsought for.  
Those joys that can never be bought for ....  
Happiness ....  
There's joy in ALL people,  
in nature, in giving.  
We don't seem to see the beauty in living.

L. NEL  
Std. 7.

I TOIL AND LABOUR

I toil and labour all day long  
from dawn to dusk.  
I work and help my master  
for I must.

I pull the plough  
that turns the soil,  
So man can plant  
and reap from toil.

My muscles strain  
as on I go.  
Up and down  
row after row.

We smell the earth.  
We feel the sun.  
We hear the birds  
till day is done.

Homeward bound  
we wend our way.  
Across the fields  
at close of day.

A. BOWLEY  
Std. 6.

GREY

Grey. The colour of a city. Pillars of grey smoke drift upwards to the grey sky above. Below, a grey mass of old, dirty tenements.

Children, grey from malnutrition, dirt and sorrow. Children, running along the filthy, grey cobblestones, knocking over dustbins and throwing banana peels and fish skins at a little heap of rags. They laugh with glee when they hit their target - a little girl, a victim of rickets. Her mother looks through the crack in the window and shrugs: "My daughter must learn to live." A man stumbles along the street. The children call him Nick. Instantly they change their target and the little girl crouches thankfully away.

Grey, the colour of war. The colour of a man when death stares him in the face.

Grey, the colour of the rail clouds. The colour of the rain as it pelts against the window pane. The colour of slush and wet, soggy snow.

Grey, the colour that symbolises old age. The silver-grey of my aged grandmother's hair. Her grey face looking kindly towards death.

Grey eyes, soft as the mist and hard as steel.

Grey mist. A London "pea-souper" finding its way into minute crevices, nooks and crannies.

Grey cats. Soft and silky with icy, yellow eyes. Grey elephants. Massive animals swaggering through a clearing, their leather hides creasing with every move they make. Monkeys, whirling through the trees, stopping to catch their breath, chattering and shrieking. Donkeys, peaceful, grey, quiet, grey.

Grey countryside. Small grey huts sending up spiralling columns of grey smoke. The grey dyke, over which children clamber on their way to and from school. The grey sheep with their grey lambs following bleating behind them.

Grey. All the world is grey.

J. BARKER  
Std. 8.

BEAUTY LIES IN THE  
EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

There are so many  
Beautiful things  
That we look at  
and  
Never see.

A. OLIVIER  
Std. 7.

WAR

War is serious. It involves courage, confidence, tension, pain and doom, hope and fear, pride and shame, joy and victory. And death.

As the attacking army march in time to the monotonous beat of the drums, the tension increases. Determination hardens everyone's thoughts as they approach the defending army - yet somewhere tucked away in some hidden crevice, unseen by others, a fear of death shudders through them. As they draw near the opposing army they prepare their weapons - for the war into which they are marching.

They fight relentlessly, never tiring because they are not only fighting for themselves and their country, but also for their freedom. Hope is still young in their hearts.

War involves pain, and death, which many men experience. They often die from the loss of blood or serious injuries, the yells and screams of their dying comrades ringing in their ears, and the fear of their deaths clutching mercilessly at their hearts - they are ashamed. "They" have been beaten.

The attacking army watch, trembling, while the defending army retreat with resentment and bitterness at their losing, not only friends, but power.

The other army's hopes are fulfilled and bells chime while the triumphant and victorious soldiers cry out in joy, yet the tears in their eyes are also for their dead friends. They praise God, thanking Him for the strength and the courage He gave them which helped them gain confidence to win the war.

The war is over. Peace returns. The victorious army march away chanting their national anthem. All the injured and dead soldiers are taken away in covered wagons and the dead are mourned by their friends.

It is all over, and despite the many deaths, the people feel that it was worthwhile because at last they have acquired their long desired independence. They are free. The war has ended.

G. DEAL  
Std. 8.

TODAY

When it rains  
I feel greyer than the sky.  
Sunny fragments  
inundate my thirsty mind  
saturating it with second-hand  
happiness.

T. LLOYD-ROBERTS  
Std. 10.

How can she, your lover,  
come between us?  
We were close. We never quarrelled,  
before you met her.

You laughed with me, protected me  
until you met her.  
How can she, your lover  
come between us,  
When I,  
your sister, am your best friend?

J. MacGREGOR  
Std. 9.

GOODBYE PERDITA

Goodbye Perdita! No, why am I saying that? You are not really gone. Just ..... well ..... partly. The thought of you is still here, and always will be. It's just your soul that's not.

But why did you have to go? You were still so young, so beautiful, so alive and happy. You were so full of life, and wanted to live. You wanted to go on and on. But now that cannot be because you are gone.

Gone from this dreadful world. From pain and violence. Gone from your suffering and unhappiness. But are you happy now, Dita?

And yet, as I gaze down at you through eyes misty with tears, your hazy beauty is even more lovely. You look peaceful at last. There are no lines of suffering anymore. Your face is no longer rigid with pain, and your body lies perfectly still - so peaceful.

There is a lovely serene smile on your lips which tells me something - you must be happy after all.

Goodbye Perdita!

A. OLIVIER  
Std. 7.

PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

Scorn me  
Sack me  
Starve me  
                  if you must  
(for i am black)  
                  but  
Suffer me  
Succour me  
Save me  
                  if you can  
(for i am human)

N. DUNCKLEY  
Std. 9



B. Twentyman-Jones.  
Std. 10.

THE GARDENER

The gardener is travelling back to inspect his handiwork. He has created many gardens in his time, most of which he had established long ago. His gardens have all been very beautiful, each one different and individual, yet all having his stamp of genius upon them. He is an ardent gardener, in fact, gardening has been his life's work, and he has made it his business to find out everything he can about nature and growth. He comes up with many original and exciting ideas and he is extremely well-versed in horticulture.

Now he has decided to give himself the pleasure and reward of going back to look at the one which he formed with the greatest love and care and knowledge. This garden was the best prospect from the start and he deserves to be as proud of it as he is.

In the beginning, he had created this beautiful garden from the natural chaco that had existed. He had ordered it and had set it in the beauty of a rhythm of seasons. He had ensured that the rich soil would give forth grass and trees in the pattern that he had laid out for it. He thinks of the wide sweeps of scenery, the gentle greenery and the shady hollows. He remembers the delicate detail of the flowers which were splashes of colour against the greens and browns, the slender cypresses and the sighing pines. He can see in his mind's eye the brown, strong rocks, the rich soil and the cascading streams and still lakes.

He had stocked the waters with fish and had introduced birds to rest in his trees. He had developed a system of watering which ensured sufficient water for his marshy areas where water-lilies and mosses grew, yet also regulated the supply of water for his cacti and succulents. Being the expert that he was in his field, he did not favour insecticides and poisons, but had likes to keep a steady balance of life in his garden. And so he had balanced life in his wonderful garden carefully and meticulously so that no-one species of living creature in his garden would grow too dominant and overrun the others and by doing so destroy his hard-earned wealth of beauty and symmetry.

Now he is reaping the fruit of his labours. He strains forward eagerly to feast his eyes on the colour and form which he had fashioned with his own hands. He is struck afresh by the beauty and range of colours; the rich brown of the soil, the grey granite of the rocks, the cool green of the willows and the playful blue waters of his streams. Wispy white clouds drift across the turquoise ceiling of his garden and he is awed by the magnificent conception which he had caused to become a reality.

As he gets nearer, he is able to see the perfection and intricate detail of leaf and petals. His plants have grown and flourished and his heart is glad and singing with the simple joy of a job well done.

Then a frown creases his weathered forehead. His eyes rest on a couple of sooty, black smudges. He clicks his tongue impatiently and shakes his head wearily. A fungus has attacked his paradise. He peers closely at it. He sees that one of his creatures has multiplied and colonised to form the dirty areas. Then he sees something else.

Streams running past the colonies had been stained brown by their excreta. Trees had been felled by them; bushes eaten down and they had burrowed deep into the rich soil and cast up heaps of earth. He wonders which of his creatures had caused this destruction and devastation. He had not thought that any of them had been strong enough to multiply so quickly and strongly. Luckily they had not overrun the whole garden. There still remained beautiful untouched areas where they had not spread yet.

He bends down to inspect a colony and he recognises the pests. He remembers that he had had trouble with them when he had first established his nursery. They had eaten what they were not supposed to eat and had generally made a nuisance of themselves. He had finally had to chase them out and guard the door so that they would not come back. He had thought that that had got rid of them, but he had been wrong. They had multiplied and had almost ruined what he had created. But there was still time to get rid of them.

And God stretched out his mighty finger and rubbed out the sooty smudges of London, and New York, Tokyo and Paris and a few smaller areas where the fungus had spread, and thus destroyed the too active little creatures. And as he did so he remembered and cursed the first insignificant small animals, Adam and Eve, who had tried to destroy his first garden. Eden.

N. DUNCKLEY  
Std. 9.

You would not think  
that I lay last night  
in aching wakefulness  
thinking of the madness of your hair.

My sun burst into a rainbow  
but you wanted to examine its  
completeness;  
analyse its joy;  
take our happiness to pieces -  
(microscopically carefully)  
critically aware  
of its gaping flaws  
and silly, sad shortcomings.

You spoiled my idyllic security  
and, softly, broke apart  
my dreams.

T. LLOYD-ROBERTS  
Std. 10

BOY

The small boy sat at his desk, his hand poised reflectively in the air. He sighed, his big grey eyes weighed down with boredom. He brushed his small hand through his untidy, mousey hair and raising his eyes, met those of a stern, elderly man. He quickly looked down at the blank page in front of him.

"How much have you written, Peters", the sharp voice cut through the silence. The boy lied, "Oh, a few lines, sir." The man nodded and continued correcting Latin papers.

The boy toyed with his pen. Then slowly, elaborately, wrote at the top of his page, "Curiosity killed the cat." He looked around at the empty classroom. The stark, white walls closed in on him, and looking and looking again at his paper he deliberately scrawled across the clean white page

J. COOMBE  
Std. 7.

PLAYTIME IN SPRING

"Come on children,"  
Said I one day,  
"Come on out  
and let us play.

Now work is over,  
Let's play in the clover -  
of Dover,  
Where you were born.

Come on children, get some play.  
Go on! Go on! Jump in the hay!  
Cover yourself with straw galore  
Then try to spring on me, like a cat  
with its paw!

Come on children, out to play.  
The Spring is out now,  
There's never any doubt now!  
The road is short children,  
Play while you can!

S. LLOYD-ROBERTS  
Std. 6.

SHIPWRECK AT MIDNIGHT

Midnight struck. The passenger liner was sailing into unknown danger. The captain and his assistant were both lying motionless on the floor. Food poisoning had taken its toll.

An iceberg loomed up ahead. Suddenly the ship which was travelling at full speed struck it. The vessel was badly damaged. The waves were pounding the side of the ship in a ceaseless rhythm. People panicked and hysteria reigned. Still the merciless battering continued.

Slowly the ship heaved laboriously and sank, sighing below the stormy surface. People were struggling to no avail. A few tried to swim to the distant shore. They were succeeding when a giant swell overtook them. They were dragged and sucked in a circular motion, round and round, under the water, deeper and deeper.

Suddenly, all was in darkness. The only sound was the mocking laughter of the waves.

M. SMIEDT  
Std. 8.

THE MOODS OF THE SEA

There are gentle ripples on the crystal clear, cool sea. There is the haziness of a single silhouette against the kaleidoscope of an horizon. The gentle breeze is accompanied by the soothing lapping of the water on the sand and rocks as if coaxing them, turning over and over the smooth, bubble-like pebbles. The sky, now more blue than pink reflects its mauve colour onto the sea, making it look deep and inviting.

The calmness of the sea is soon broken and whipped up like egg white. The wind, now violently howling, is no contrast to the crashing of the sea on the sand and rocks, as if it is angry and is trying to bite them and hurt them; trying to pull them with it in the backwash, as if waiting its turn for revenge.

The sky has gathered the clouds into an army and is now blue-grey, matching the colour of the sea. The sounds, similar to a percussion band, batter one's ears.

Slowly the wind dies down and the sea becomes calm as if wearied by its sudden burst of anger. Caressing the sand and rocks, it please for forgiveness.

Again the sky changes. Instead of its grey, dull colour it clears again to reveal a fascinating orange-pink sunset.

Then darkness falls, and all that can be heard is the  
l...lapping...l...lapping....

C. THOMSEN  
Std. 7.

MY POOR BABY

He walked in at the door, holding a suitcase, just as I was laying my supper tray. I was so surprised, I leant for a moment against the kitchen sink, and then put my arms tightly around him. My baby was back!. I knew, without asking, that he had left that foolish creature who was his wife, and come back to me.

It was difficult to believe that fifteen years had passed since Jim left home to marry Elsie. I warned him he could never be happy away from me. But he was thirty-seven and felt he should get married and have his own home. "No-one lives with their mother forever", he used to say, "although no woman will ever look after me like you, Mum."

He was right, of course. Elsie tried her best, but poor Jim never got a decent meal. Poor woman, she had no imagination when it came to cooking. Granted, she loved him after her own fashion, but her love was shallow compared to mine. Jim appeared to love her too, at first that is. But soon after the marriage, he started to come to the cottage to see me, and we would talk far into the night.

Poor darling! Poor Jim, he should never have left the home where he was sheltered and protected. Physically, I am a strong woman too, and could work for him. Elsie was little and helpless and, I suppose, pretty. Jim needs strength not weakness to keep him happy.

I took his suitcase from his hand and led him to the sitting-room. The fire was alight and I threw on large logs to make a blaze. Jim sat down heavily on the rocking-chair. He looked drawn and pale.

"I've come home, Mum," he said. "You've got what you wanted."

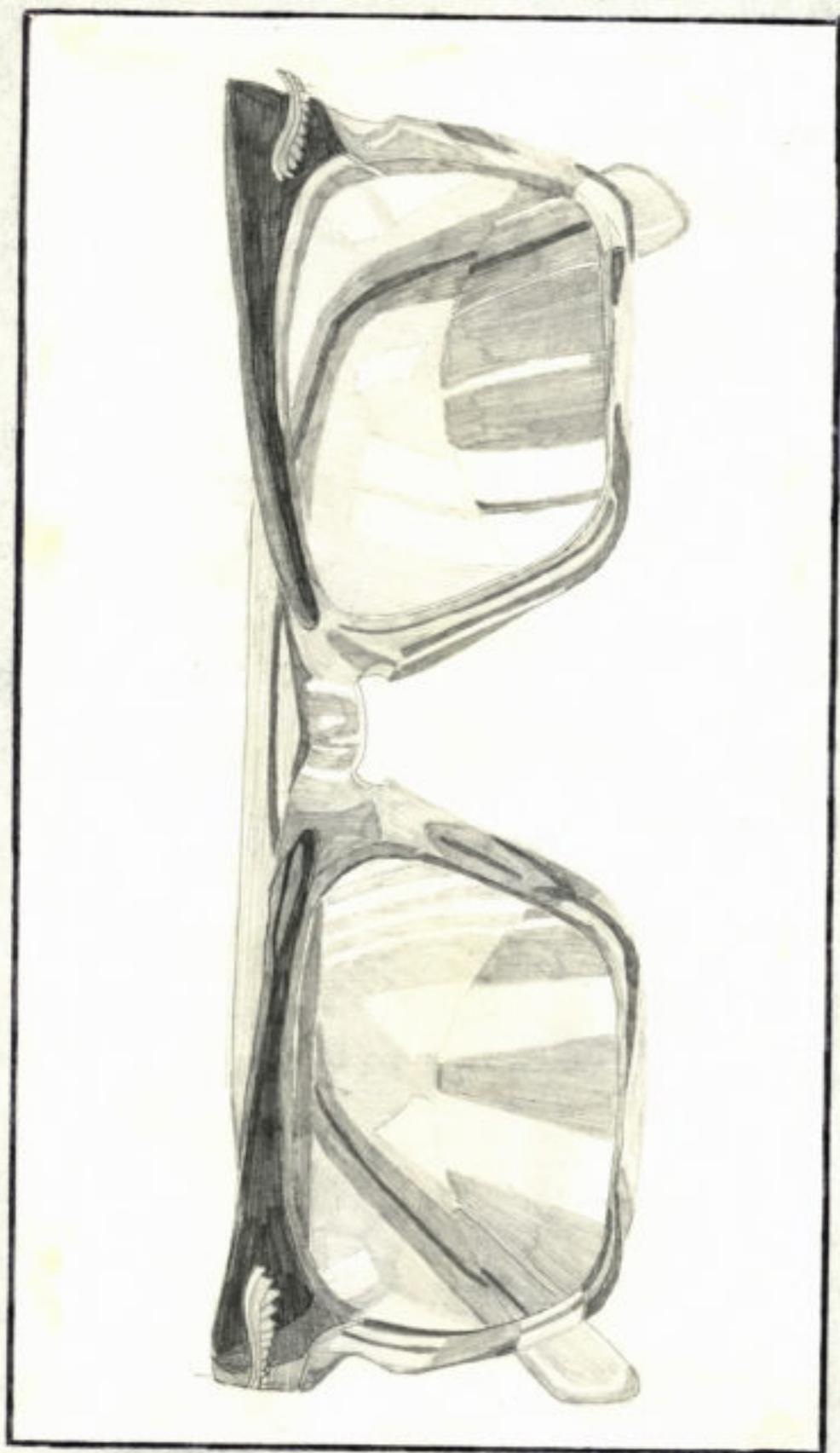
Poor boy, he seemed confused. But I will make him happy again. I will look after my baby. My poor baby is home.

C. WHITE  
Std. 10.

ON MY BLINDNESS

You were sweetly uninvolved  
all the time  
I think I knew it  
(somewhere, lurking in the blankness of my  
stubborn mind)  
yet, persistently female -  
I wanted to try to make something  
out of nothing.  
I was persevering - chasing clichéd rainbows  
forcing myself  
forcing you -  
into a tenaciously precious state of  
togetherness.

T. LLOYD-ROBERTS  
Std. 10.



E. Schneider-Waterberg.  
Std. 9.

A GIFT OF WONDER TO THE WORLD

Silky; soft; delicate; a mass of glorious yellow, it's face freckled with black. A miracle.

Around its intricate head a crown - a ring of feather-like beauty. Yet this queen is powerless. Her body is slender and fragile, but minutely complex to suit her need in this cruel, thoughtless world. Her clothes, which fall around her supple body, show the exquisite green shapes that Mother Nature has endowed her with. She is a beautiful creation.

"What is she?" someone queries.  
"A daffodil" is the reply.

H. ENTHOVEN  
Std. 9.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

It was the way she looked at me as I handed back her ticket in the bus this morning that made me decide to go and see her. We were sitting on opposite sides of the aisle when the little green card fluttered into the turn-up of my trousers. She thanked me, and her eyes were grey and gentle under the brim of her sou-wester, and her smile was friendly. It was raining and the hat was wet and glistening. I had watched her for twenty-five minutes out of the corner of my eye.

Since my parents died, I have lived alone in the old Victorian House in Pewter Street. I have kept it as it was when they were alive. My father's wing-chair stands in front of the fireplace; the anti-macassar still redolent of his lavender hair-oil; the tapestry foot-stool in place as if it were waiting for his feet. My mother's work-basket stands open next to her rocking-chair, the undarned socks just as her dear fingers left them. Perhaps I should do something to the living-room, put up new, bright curtains, buy a few "pop" records for the phonogram in case I have friends to visit me. But perhaps no-one would come if I invited them. You never can tell.

This girl has haunted my dreams for six months. The thought of her keeps me awake at night. She wears so many different hats in the bus: the pale-blue sou-wester in winter, a burnt straw with an orange ribbon in summer, and a rakish black beret in the spring. But her eyes are always kind, and her hair beige and silky down her back. I know she is lonely because I have followed her to her flat. I often wait across the road and watch, but no-one else ever goes in. Sometimes I stand there for hours. I remember one night, she came out of her door unexpectedly, and I thought she had seen me. I felt sick, and my heart beat very fast. But she walked quite naturally along the pavement to the shop on the corner, and came out later with a newspaper. She almost touched me as she went past, but her face was buried in the paper. I hurried home after that, shaking, but elated. That night I hardly slept, wondering if I should have spoken to her. Perhaps she would have asked me to go in, or she might have been annoyed. I had no way of knowing.

I have a headache now that the great moment has come to visit her. But I am dressed up, and I must go, or I never will.

I know she will welcome me. We are both such lonely people. I really look very nice now that I am ready to go, tall and even elegant. I slam the front-door, and draw on Daddy's old kid gloves. They cling reassuringly to my fingers.

It is only ten minutes walk from Pewter Street to her flat, and I have to stop myself from running, so eager am I to knock on the lavender-coloured door. It has started to rain again, so I move into the doorway of a shop opposite her flat and wait until it has stopped. I catch a glimpse of her through the window as I walk up the path, and suddenly I am knocking firmly on the door.

She is in a grey woollen dress, her hair all loose down her back. She smiles at me. I could put out my hand and touch her, but I turn away. My face is burning. Perhaps she has other people in the flat with her, or perhaps she only smiled to cover her embarrassment. You see, you never can tell. You never can tell.

C. WHITE  
Std. 10.

#### IT SERVED US RIGHT!

One grey day, we were in our rowing boat when a storm arose and the boat turned over. We swam for a while and soon saw a stretch of land in front of us. We arrived there breathless and panting. It was an island overgrown and uninhabited. We decided to explore it.

To our astonishment we saw a lighthouse which was in use. We tried the handle and the door opened. We became very excited and suddenly discovered an old bottle of champagne. We drank it all. In our drunken state, we just managed to clamber up the stairs. There, in a chair, we saw an old man lined with age. His narrow mouth was curved slightly upwards. His small grey eyes were like slits. The flesh of his cheeks hung in folds, colourless and age-eaten. His knobbly hands worked the lighthouse. He prevented ships from crashing on the wicked rocks below.

To my surprise, Joe took out his knife and Tom followed. I did the same. Joe thrust his knife into the man's heart. The old lighthousekeeper died.

We went to sleep early that evening. I suddenly awoke to hear a cackle and a hearty laugh. I saw a ghost which made cold shivers run down my spine. I looked as if it had a knife in its hand. I had never believed in ghosts before, but now there was one right in front of my eyes. I was so frightened that I lay down and covered my head with my blanket. The next morning Tom and I awoke to find Joe dead with blood all over his shirt. The morning after this awful occurrence, Tom was dead.

I am writing at six o'clock in the evening. It will probably be my turn to die in a few hour's time. I now put this book in the corner of this room and lie down, close my eyes, and wait to die.

R. FLETCHER  
Std. 6.



HOMELESS

In a dark street  
on a dark night  
a kitten  
w e a r i l y  
crosses the road.

A sudden screech of brakes  
The kitten fell  
with a  
thud  
into the gutter  
So near to home  
and yet  
so far.

L. WRENTMORE  
Std. 8.

LIFE

The sun is dying  
lower  
and  
lower  
it  
sinks  
and soon it becomes  
only a feeble light  
in the sky  
trying  
desperately  
to give the earth all  
the light  
it possibly  
can.

Darkness settles in  
Taking over  
the world.  
Now the moon is lord of the sky  
and then  
the sun  
is reborn  
to  
travel through  
another life  
only  
to die  
again.

B. JEAREY  
Std. 8.

**HISTORY  
AND  
BIOLOGY**



N. Dunckley.  
Std. 9.

### THE SEA-HORSE

Sea-horses of the family Syngnathidae live in warm, temperate and tropical seas throughout the world. They are so unusual in appearance that they are hardly recognisable as fish. This bizarre creature has the arching neck of a stallion, the swelling bosom of a pouter pigeon and a long tail like a monkey's. It has also the colour-changing power of a chameleon. The head is directed forward at right angles to the body and is freely movable. The body is encased in a tough cuirass of bony plates from head to tail. Because of this they live and move in a more or less vertical position, swimming by rapid undulations of the small dorsal and pectoral fins. Ramrod straight, the sea-horse moves his tiny yellow-fringed fanlike fins so speedily that the vibration is almost invisible to the naked eye. Two transparent fins flare like tiny manes at the sides of its head, waving incessantly in synchronised figure 8's.

The small mouth is placed at the end of a long, tubiform snout through which they suck tiny shellfish and other creatures on which they feed. It has eyes that pivot independently so that while one eye is watching the surface, the other can be directed below. To top this whole strange make-up, the male seahorse is endowed with a kangaroo-style pouch from which the little sea-horses are born.

Most sea-horses are dark-grey or bronze-black, but those in the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean are often splattered with pink, blue or white or yellow. The sea-horse is a past master at camouflage and at the approach of danger, a bright, tropical sea-horse can suddenly become a dusky-brown and merge into the surrounding rocks. One kind of sea-horse who lives in Australian waters, trails seaweedlike filaments like ribbons. Orange-brown antlers spout from his head and kelp-textured strands float from the snout, body and tail. Naturally he is seldom seen.

The worst thing that could happen to a sea-horse is for him to get a puncture; for his buoyancy is stabilized by a bladder. If a single bubble of gas escapes from the chamber, his specific gravity is disturbed and he sinks helplessly to the bottom. He must remain there until he has made enough gas to refill his chamber. This is his only danger because, as a result of his brittle, leathery, prickly exterior neither fish nor man bothers him.

There are about 50 species of sea-horses ranging in length from inch to two feet. The Greeks nicknamed this freakish fish Hippocampus which means the sea-monster horse. As one can see, this name is not surprising.

The courtships of sea-horses is a fantastic performance. The elaborate wooing dance takes twenty-four to forty-eight hours and is accompanied by tiny, drumlike mating signals. The male and female swim in delicate circles around one another, the female following the male. At the height of their dance the male and female come together and meet in a trembling embrace, and at that moment the bride transfer one or several eggs that she has created to her husband's pouch. She meets him in mid-water again and again until she has given him two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty brick-red eggs, each one fertilised at the moment of transfer. Her marital duties over,

she swims away, free from care and worry, her husband being left to do the rest of the work.

The male sea-horse nourishes the eggs in his steadily swelling incubator chamber. At the end of a forty-five day period, a single little sea-horse and then another and another prance out, some no bigger than a comma. The father finally spews out a herd of young, clinging together with air bubbles to form a ball. As this ball rises to the surface, the fifty or sixty infants dart out. This continues until hundred of baby sea-horses have emerged. Each baby is an exact replica of his parents, except that its body is so transparent that one can see its tiny heart beating. Pigmentation occurs later.

Sea-horses have always been a great fascination to man. Long ago in Athens, the sea-horse was attributed with dark powers. Steeped in wine, it was regarded as a violent poison. But the ashes of the sea-horse taken with honeyed vinegar were believed to be a powerful antidote to other poisons. Pliny recommended it as a cure for hot flashes, skin eruptions, baldness and the bite of a mad dog. A Frenchman suggested dipping sea-horse ashes into a mixture of oil of roses that would produce a cure for chills and fevers.

Even today in apothecary shops in New York and San Francisco you will be smilingly reassured that powdered sea-horse is his fastest-selling aphrodisiac!

N. DUNCKLEY  
Std. 9.

#### IS THERE AN ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS?

Before tackling this great question, I looked up the word "environment" in a dictionary. This stated that it was the "surrounding; surrounding objects, region or circumstance". On looking at our surroundings, it is clearly evident that man has achieved a great deal. People now live longer, are more comfortable with better houses and there is more convenience and security. However, frightening changes in our environment are the by-product of our material advancement - pollution in its manifold forms.

Needless to say, pollution has set in in all countries. To give an example, Sweden has reported "black snow" because of winds sweeping smog from the Ruhr across the Baltic Sea. Our rivers, streams, lakes and even seas are dying. This affects our oxygen supply and all life in the sea i.e. mainly fish. Man, too, is suffering physically and mentally as a result of the toxic matter he has to breathe, drink and eat.

This situation is a result of the population explosion and the increasing needs of people. The population is increasing at an alarming rate. A few centuries ago man emigrated from England and Europe to new, relatively, empty lands like America, Australia and South Africa. Farms were set up and central towns were formed. Delopments in mechanical fields took place steadily and medical knowledge increased which kept many thousands of people alive.

Through ignorance, people drained soil of all its goodness and allowed animals to devour any plants. Indigenous forests

were replaced by pine ones, killing all natural undergrowth. Great bulldozers flattened fields and man continued blindly until great concrete jungles were the visible results.

Man has now spread all over his land. Great wealth is obtained from the earth in the form of minerals. What will happen when we have taken everything out? This may not have happened yet, but some animals are certainly extinct already. There are 835 endangered species and subspecies on the brink of extinction today. The American bald eagle, which is the symbol of the United States of America, may also be on its way out as a result of D.D.T. poisoning. In England, a deadly poison has been found in herons which causes the birds to lay fragile eggs which break so that hatching cannot take place. Plants, too, are becoming extinct.

Thus pollution certainly seems to be overtaking man and nature's efforts to counterbalance it. Many scientists are extremely pessimistic about the future and believe the situation to be desperate. One authority deplored the rapid growth in population by saying: "Growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell."

Man is, however, dependent on his environment for food. Thus scientists are doing their utmost to remedy the situation and are trying to keep food production abreast with the population explosion. In Natal, a fully-developed plant has been produced from a single cell. The botanists were able to duplicate the environmental and cultural conditions that enabled an isolated cell from its parent tissue to follow faithfully the genetic instructions inherited from the fertilised egg. This has proved an effective, speedy way to carry out experiments to improve crops.

Experiments on bread were made too, and protein concentrates e.g. soya beans, coconuts, cotton seeds were partially substituted for flour. Apparently, this does not affect the flavour or texture and, in fact, in Brazil there is a law that all bread must contain at least a small proportion of indigenous non-wheat flour!

Farming the sea is also being developed. In Japan and Norway there are already aquacultures and people are developing the idea of using algae as a protein resource.

One of the greatest causes of pollution is industry. Great factories belch clouds of poisonous gases and dirt into the atmosphere and fill the river with dye and rubbish. The lack of clean water has come to such a point that there is a deliberate re-use of water. In Los Angeles, 38 - 67 million liters per day of municipal sewerage is deliberately recovered and used again. Santee, which is in California, was a community in a semi-arid area without any water for recreation facilities. Today, they purify their waste water and reuse it to fill lakes for boating, swimming and fishing. This may be a step forward, but we are going to need more efficient and economical systems to do this in the future. A system of cleansing the air with a carbon cloth has been invented too. This also needs developing, but will certainly help.

Another interesting advancement to combat pollution is the computer monitor. When a chimney anywhere in New York Industrial Centres releases more than the legally permitted amount of smoke, a computer rings a bell and prints out a report on the violation. This computer belongs to the States Department of Environmental Conservation and in addition to its other duties, it prepared a comprehensive report on air and water

conditions throughout the state three times a day.

Thus it is obvious that man has upset the balance of nature and his environment although he is waking up, realising what he has done, and trying to improve the situation, man and nature must come to terms in the very near future if he is to survive.

H. STUBBINGS  
Std. 10.

THUTMOSE III

When Thutmose III was ten  
He was shown the throne and then  
Pushed far into the background  
By Aunt Hatshepsut the crowned.

When Thutmose III was twenty-one  
He realised what his old Aunt had done  
And all the statues that she had built  
One by one began to wilt.

H. TURNER  
Std. 6.

STONE AGE

Long, long ago in the time of Stone Age  
Man hunted for his food and he fought  
As we turn our history book's white page  
We are told how he progressed and was taught.

The wives stayed at home and minded the pies  
While the men were away out to hunting  
The tigers and elephants were of a rather  
large size  
And huge wild pigs were always grunting.

Stone Age families lived in caves,  
Hunting, painting, eating and sleeping.  
They were happy and free, not like slaves,  
They danced and sang with no time for weeping.

J. LITH  
Std. 6.

A PHARAOH

A Pharaoh's a man  
Who owns all the land  
Who spies on his enemies  
And thinks himself grand.

His servants are many  
He has riches galore,  
His palace is huge  
And he never gets poor!

H. TOMLINSON  
Std. 6.

STONE AGE MEN

The old Stone Age men lived long ago  
They were quite different from us, you know.

The animals were bigger and wilder than today  
I would be so frightened if one came my way.

Men lived on wild berries and strange, funny roots,  
They didn't wear trousers, dresses or boots.

Their shoulders were round, their noses were flat,  
And some were so thin and others so fat!

Let us hope that stone age men  
Will never come to this world again.

D. PARTRIDGE  
Std. 6.

ONCE UPON A TIME .....

500,000 years ago when man first appeared  
He was haunched, huge and muscular  
With long hair and a beard.

By means of excavations  
We have found old civilizations.  
We've discovered what they wore  
And that they ate things raw.

Think about their homes  
Which were made of mud or stones.  
Many sites have been found  
Way down deep under the ground.

The ancient city of Ur,  
Found by Woolley, Sir.  
The legend of Troy, a clue,  
Schliemann proved to be true.

And whilst digging on Crete  
Evans found a King's seat.

S. NICHOL  
Std. 6.



N. Dunckley.  
Std. 9.

**SECTION 3**

SECTION 3

LANGUAGES

<u>CONTENTS:</u>	<u>Page</u>
<u>AFRIKAANS</u>	
'n Paar Onvergeetlike Skoolmaats .....	22
'n Dag By Die Strand .....	23
Saans Om Die Kaggelvuur .....	23
Op Meter Daad Betrap .....	24
 <u>FRENCH</u>	
Les Pêcheurs Bretons .....	26
A La Montagne .....	26
La Fête De Mon Père .....	26
 <u>LATIN</u>	
Flavia .....	29
Nuntius Improvisus .....	29
 <u>HERERO</u>	
The Mad Omuhherero .....	30
 <u>GERMAN</u>	
Sturm Auf See .....	31

**AFRIKAANS**

'n PAAR ONVERGEETLIKE SKOOLMAATS

Al die onderwysers het beweer dat ons die stoutste klas in die skool was. Daarom het hulle natuurlik nie van ons gehou nie. Ek sal net 'n paar van my maats beskryf wat die oorsaak van ons ongewildheid was.

"Stompie" Brockmann het baie meer van musiek gehou as van skool. Hy, sy suster en 'n ander vriend het dus "The Golden Blues", 'n dansorkes, gestig. Die orkes was nogal goed en hulle moes naderhand op elke partytjie speel. "Stompie" het natuurlik geen tyd meer gehad om skoolwerk te doen nie. Hy het byna elke dag 'n pak slae gekry en eenkeer is hy selfs kantoor toe gestuur. Ons was baie bekommerd oor hom en het angstig gesit en wag. Toe die klein gestalte by die deur van die kantoor uitkom wou ons almal weet wat gebeur het. Hy het sy agterwêreld gevryf en gesê: "Ek sê vir julle, daardie skoolhoof kan nie slaan nie!" Ek voel amper niks nie, en ek het drie houe gekry." 'n Mens kon sien dat hy byna begin het om te huil.

Dan was daar Amanda Fes wat deur die onderwysers Amanda "Pes" genoem is. Sy het gewoonlik gedurende die lesse gepraat of briefies aan een van haar kêrels geskryf. Sy was nogal mooi, maar sy was ook aan die gesette kant. As 'n onderwyser een van haar briefies in die hande gekry het, het hy dit altyd voorgelees. Eenkeer het 'n briefie so gelui: Liefste Jan, Ek hoop jy het my nog altyd lief. Ek is vreeslik kwaad vir hierdie onnosele onderwyser want hy het my netnou strafwerk gegee omdat ek Linda vertel het hoe oulik hy is. In pouse moet jy my kom troos. Honderd soene, Amanda. Sy het natuurlik nog meer strafwerk gekry.

"Polla" Steyn was baie lief vir fietsry. Toe hy eendag in 'n ongeluk betrokke was, het hy sy neus gebreek. Dit het nooit weer reggekome nie en was heeltemal plat. Dit is ook waar hy sy naam "Polla" vandaan gekry het. Sy "Otto" was 'n pragstuk van 'n fiets. Almal het hom daarom beny en wou graag daarop ry. Op hierdie manier het ou "Polla" 'n bietjie ekstra sakgeld bymekaar gemaak, want elkeen wat op sy "Otto" wou ry, moes twee sent betaal. "Polla" was nie slim nie, maar het ook nie gewerk om daardeur sy punte te verbeter nie. Hy was al agtien jaar oud toe hy in ons St. 8 klas was.

Ons het almal van mekaar gehou en dit het selde gebeur dat ons gestry het. Dit is hoekom die onderwysers nie met ons kon klaarkom nie, want as een van ons onregverdig behandel is, het die hele klas betoog.

ILSA SCHNEIDER-WATERBERG  
Std. 9.

### 'n DAG BY DIE STRAND

Dit was 'n snikwarm Saterdagmôre en ons hele gesin het besluit om strand toe te gaan. Ons het 'n strandhuis by Rooi Els. Nadat ons 'n mandjie vol kos, en handdoeke en baaiklere in die motor gelaai het, het ons soontoe gery.

Die weer daar was heerlik, die see was helder en kalm en die son het warm geskyn. My broer was in sy nappies want hy hou baie van Rooi Els.

Toe ons van die teerpad afgedraai het en by Rooi Els se gruispad ingedraai het, het ek die motor tot by die huis bestuur.

Sodra ons buite die huis stilgehou het, het ons ons huis oopgesluit, die motor afgelaai, ons baaiklere aangetrek en daarna het ons strand toe gegaan om te gaan swem.

Die water was heerlik koel en was baie verfrissend. Nadat ons geswem het, het ek en my broer ons gereed gemaak om te gaan duik, terwyl my ouers op die strand gelê en bak het. Ons het ons duikbril, snorkel en paddavoete aangesit en vir alikruikels en perlemoen gaan duik.

Die water was kristalhelder en die bodem van die see was duidelik om te sien. Daar was allerhande soorte vissies, seediere en seegras. Omdat die water so helder was, was dit maklik om alikruikels en perlemoen te vind, dus het ons gou-gou 'n sak vol alikruikels en perlemoen gevang.

Ons het daarna huis toe gestap om middagete voor te berei. Daar was slaai, perlemoen en alikruikels om te eet en koeldrank om ons dors te les.

Nadat ons ons heerlike middagete genuttig het, het ons weer gaan swem. Die wind het toe al begin waai, maar dit was nog heerlik warm.

Terwyl ons nog geswem het, het ons skielik twee swart vinne na ons sien swem. Ons het ons boeglam geskrik en het dadelik strand toe geswem, want ons het gedink dat die haai was, maar tot ons verligting was die vinne dolfyne s'n. Hulle was pragtig en het met die golwe gery.

Dit het begin laat word en ons het ons motor gepak, die huis gesluit en huis toe gery.

Ons het die dag ten volle geniet en sal probeer om so gou moontlik die strand weer te besoek.

C. THOMSEN  
Std. 7.

### SAANS OM DIE KAGGELVUUR

Almal weet wat 'n heerlik gevoel dit is om vakansie te hê en almal weet hoe wonderlik dit is om saans as die koue wind waai en die reën daar buite val om die warm kaggelvuur te sit en te gesels. Vorm nou 'n kombinasie van dié twee dinge en verbeel jou hoe lekker ek gevoel het in die vakansie voer die kaggelvuur.

Saans na ete word die wynglase uit die drankkabinet gehaal, 'n wynbottel ooggemaak en dan kom ons almal om die vuur bymekaar. Ligte musiek vul die kamer en dan heers daar harmonie. Dit is heerlik om die familie bymekaar te hê en dat hulle nie êrens in die koue en reën buite moet bly nie.

Dikwels speel ons kaart. Dan is die glad nie meer so rustig nie, want Pa raak nogal entusiasties oor die kaartspel. Vrolike deurmekaar stemme dring dan deur die huis en almal raak opgewonde. Partykeer leer Pa vir ons verskillende toertjies met kaarte, maar ons kry hulle meestal nie reg nie.

Ek hou baie daarvan as Ma en Pa saans voor die vuur van vroeër vertel. Hulle noem die maar „die goeie ou dae”, maar as jy hulle dan hoor vertel van streke wat hulle gedoen het, vra ek my altyd af of hulle ernstig is as hulle van „die goeie ou dae” praat; hulle was mas net so stout soos ons is.

Dit sal my nooit verveel om voor ons ou kaggelvuur te sit en in die kole te staar nie. Ek dink aan so baie dinge, mooi dinge en dinge wat my sleg laat voel het. Somtyds voel ek dat die ou kaggelvuur my tog help om party probleme op te los.

I. SCHNEIDER WATERBERG  
St. 9

#### OP HETER DAAD BETRAP

Dit was die dag net voor die skole gesluit het vir die vakansie en ons het besluit om daardie nag 'n middernagfees te hou. Ons het alles daardie middag reggesit om saam met ons te nee.

Ons het almal vroeg gaan slaap. Ons was baie opgewonde en dit was moeilik om te slaap. Ek het van kos gedroom ...

Skielik het 'n wekker afgegaan en ek het gehoor dat iemand dit dooddruk. Dit was nie lank voor almal in ons slaapkamer gestaan het nie. 'n Paar meisies het sakke vol kos gedra.

Stilletjies het ons twee-twee na die venster toe gestap en uitgeklim. Almal was baie senuweeagtig. Ons het uiteindelik in die dagskoliere se kleedkamer gekom. Dit was 'n groot verligting om veilig daar aan te kom. Dit was nou twee-uur in die oggend.

Ons het ons tuisgemaak en dit was nie lank voordat al die kos opgeëet was nie. Daar was koeldrank, koek, lekkers, sjokolade, skyfies, ens. Almal het spookstories vertel en ons was doodbang. Toe dit omtrent halfvier was, het ons begin teruggaan.

Ons het weer twee-twee opgeklim, maar voor ons almal opgeklim het, het ons 'n flitslig gesien. Ek het my boeglam geskrik, want ek was nog onder. Ons het lank daar gewag voordat ons 'n kwaai stem gehoor het wat vir ons gesê het dat ons dadelik moet opklim.

Stadig het ons opgeklim en toe ons weer bo was, het ons 'n preek van ons matrone gekry. Gelukkig was al die kos op en sy kon niks van ons wegvat nie. Ons straf was dat ons tien reëls moes skryf: „Ek moet die matrone nie halfvier in die

oggend wakker maak nie.

Ons is op heter daad betrap, maar dit was tog die moeite  
werd!

C. THOMSEN  
St. 7.

.....

**FRENCH**

### LES PÊCHEURS BRETONS

Ilya deux ou trois années que je suis alle en France. J'ai passé quelques semaines en Normandie et puis je suis allé en Bretagne. Le petit village ou J'ai passé quelques jours s'appelait guilrinec - Finistère. C'était un joli petit village breton au bord de la mer.

Chaque jour, à l'aube on entendaient des cris des mouettes qui annaçaient que les petits bateaux quittaient le porte pour aller pêcher.

Dans ces petits villages bretons au bord de la mer, le jour commence avant l'aube, mais à nuit teures du soir on se couche.

Je me souviens toujours l'odeur du poisson grillé que j'ai pris pour mon petit-déjeuner. C'était un odeur inexplicablement atmosphérique du petit port.

Après cela, je suis allé me promener autour du village et chaque jour, vers midi je suis allé au petit navre où j'ai regardé les pêcheurs sur leurs bateaux, ou ceux qui étaient assis sur un petit bateau renversé où ils s'occupaient de réparer leur filets déchirés.

Les vieux y étaient assis au soleil ou ils fumaient, leurs pipes à la bouche et ils racontaient des histoires d'autrefois quand ils étaient jeunes.

A quatre ou six heures du soir, les bateaux rentraient, pleins de poissons, les pêcheurs aux ponts.

Et puis on voyait les femmes qui sortaient des chaumières pour aller voir les poissons qu'on avait pris. Il y avait des cris de felicitations et des cris exprimant la sympathie et parmi tout ca les cris des mouettes continuaient pendant qu'elles tournaient au-dessus des pêcheurs, cherchant des morceaux de poissons à manger.

P. KING  
Std. 10

### A LA MONTAGNE

Il y a quelques an anudes ma soeur et moi avons eproué quelque chose de très extraordinaire. Nous étions en vacance en Suisse dans un petit village montagrard.

Nous deux aimions beaucoup monter à la montagne et pendant les vacances nous sommes monlées plusieurs fois en haut.

Un jour nous nous sommes reveillées très tôt paraque nous voulions monter un paroi très dur.

Quand nou nous sommes sorties du chalet, le soleil brillait au ciel qui était bleu comme une gentiane. Il y avait quelques petits nuaces mais rien d'autres.

Au bout d'une heure nous sommes monle'es audessus de la région des arbres et en bas nous avons vu le petit village qui semblait miniscule. Devant nous, en haut, nous avons vu le paroi de granite.

Nous nous sommes arrêtées pendant quelques minutes pour rassumer nos cardes et pour manger une croûte.

Soudainement le soleil a disparu derrière une, grande nuage et le temps devenait plus froid. Nous avons aperçu de la brume dans la vallée et autour de nous.

"N'aie pas peur" m a dit ma soeur, "ce n'est bien qu' un peu de brume. Elle va s'en aller bientôt".

Mais, malheureusement, ca n'était pas le cas. La brume devencuit de plus en plus épaisse.

Tout à coup, j'ai vu quelqu'un dans la brume. Il n'était pas très clait et il n'a pas parler, mais il semblait nous appeler avec son bras de le suivre.

Nous l'avons suiri jusqu'une petite cabane.

Quand nous sommes descendues au village, on nous a dit que c'était l'esprit d'un vieux guide qui menout les montagnards perdus encore au village.

Après ca, personne ne l'a pas encore mais moi et ma soeur savent qu'il nous a sauré la vie.

P. KING  
Std. 10

#### LA FETE DE MON PERE.

C'est lundi le cinq mai. C'est la fête de mon père demain, et je ne sais pas ce que je vais lui acheter. Mon père est un homme très difficile, parce qu'il aime les choses trop chères.

Je regarde les vitruies. Elles sont belles. Il y a beaucoup de choses que j'aime et que je veux acheter, mais je n'ai pas assez d'argent. Je vais au magasin de vêtements et demande le prix des chaussettes, je ne veux pas les acheter. Puis je vais au grand magasin et j'essaye de trouver le rayon de portefeuilles. Maintenant je suis tres fâchée, et je demande au vendeur pourquoi tout est si cher. Je n'ai pas beaucoup d'argent, mais je decide d'aller au café et je bois du café au lait. Puis j'ai faim et j'achète le pain. Je ne m'inquiète pas au sufet de mon pere, il est trop difficile! Ah! J'ai une bonne idée. Un livre graveleux. C'est parfait pour mon père. Je vais très vite au kiosque, mais ils n'ont pas de livres polissons. Pas de Playboy, nei ... Je suis très triste. Aime-t-il les parfumeries? Les colognes? Non, je ne crois pas.

Puis je vois un homme très gros. Il fume une pipe. C'est l'image de mon père, gros, gai et une voix basse.

Je vais au tabac et je m'assieds sur un fauteuil confortable. Je suis très fatiguée.

"Je veux acheter une pipe," dis-je au vendeur.

"Puis - j'envelopper votre pipe, madame?"

"Merci."

"C'est deux cents francs, s'il vous plait."

Je n'ai pas assez d'argent.

"Ah ..... avez-vous des autres ..... ceci est trop cher.

Il me dit, "Prends - la, je paie la différence."

"Merci, merci monsieur."

Je veux pleurer. Je suis si heureuse.

C. STUART-FINDLAY

Std. 9

.....

**LATIN**

FLAVIA

Olum parva puella erat quae Flavia appellabatur. Flavia in silvis ambulare amabat. Olum, dum un silvis slores legendi causa ambulabat, forte erravit. Defessa esuriensque, villam petivit. Subiko villam a fronte vidit. Pulsavit ianuam. Nemo respondit, itaque intravit. In mensa tres pateras cibi conspexit, quarum una magna, una media et una parva erat. Maximam gestavit, sed calidissima erat. Media frigidior erat, igitur parvam edit. Deinde illa tres sellas vidit, sed ubi in parva sedebat, fracta est. Postea tria cubilia repperit. Magnum altius, medium durius erat. Dum dormit, auctores villae (tres ursi) redierunt. Ubi intellexerunt aliquem domi esse, irati erant. Infans flere coepit ubi vidit sellam fractam esse. Subuto ursi Flaviam un cubili invenerunt. Tam attonita erat ut per fenestram exciluerit nec umquam iterum un silvis iit.

T. BOSMA  
Std. 9.

NUNTIUS IMPROVISUS

Lucretia semper felicissima erat. Olim, tandem, dum ambulat, ad mare fleuit. Pater a matre liberisque abhunc tres annos pugnatum discesserat. Fortissimus homo erat et semper officium facere volebat. Lucretia atque mater fraterque iam pauperes erant et semper parum cibi habebant. Mater iam eam cotidie castigabat. Lucretia in saxo sedit et de patre cogitavit. Eum desiderabat.

Accidit ut pater adesset, sed non caro. Primo non intellexit sed subito aliquid in mari uidit. Ad litus cucurrit cum vellet uiderf quid esset. Ea mox naturam rei cognovit. Epistula erat. Epistulam apertam celeriter legit. "Veniam apud vos mox; M.T. Tullius." Nomen patri est.

Commota domum cucurrit ut matri nuntiaret. Lucretia laetissima erat sed speravit nuntium verum fore. Adventui diligenter paraverunt.

Diebus post paucis, procul hominem viderunt. Lucretia obviam el cucurrit. Erat vero laetissimus dies Lucretia vita.

H. STUBBINGS  
Std. 10.

.....

**HERERO**

THE MAD OMUHERERO

Pa ri omurumendu, na vere oujoze a utuka m'okuti outuku, a ruhe a rara ma uru a rara m'otupikua, k'a ri n'otjoo, a jurauva. Ejiva rumue pe kukire ov akagendu, va harene okuenda k'Ovambo, n'outuku va rarere. Nu inqwi omurumendu na nukire omuriro ama tja ouami. Na tumukire, nu va zu vire okuuera, nouo va tirire, n'om uriro va tuire m'onjungu. Neje na endere ama puvantene, kutja maku hungire, po, indé. Nu pona pu pa ri ovakazendu pa tjere: njé! N'eje ue ere popezu n'a kapita. Novakgendu va tirire tjinene, nomuhukana va ira ku va za. Neje ue ere k'onganda ha hiti mu jo.

Translation:

There was once a man who was mad. He wandered in the veld at night and screamed in his sleep. He slept in distant places and had no home. One day a few women went to see an Ovambo. When evening came they slept. The man smelled the fire and said "It's me". As he approached he grumbled, and the women heard this and were afraid so they put the fire in a pot. The man carried on listening to the fire to find out whether it would speak. When the women were present it was silent. The man approached them, but then passed them by. The women were very scared and returned to their houses the next day, but the man came to the village and killed them all.

I. SCHNEIDER-WATERBERG  
Std. 9.

.....

**GERMAN**

STURM AUF SEE

Es war drückend heiss an jenem Nachmittag. Ich war am strand eingeschlafen. Als ich erwachte, hatte sich der Himmel Verfinstert und die ersten Regentropfen fielen gerade. Bis nach Hause würde ich es nicht mehr schaffen, ohne völlig durchnässt anzukommen. Also suchte ich unter einem Felsvorsprung Unterschlupf. Hier sah ich fastziniert dem Natur schauspiel tzu. Das Meer war sent unruhig Reisiège Brecher krachten gegen du Felsen. Die Gischt spritze meterhoch und wurde von dem starken Wind landwärts getrieben. Hier peitschte der feuchte wind mir ins gesicht.

Frierend, und nahe gegen den Felsen gedrückt sass ich da una holfte, dass der sturm bald vorbei sein würde. Schwere Tropfen klatschen auf die kahlen klippen. Schnell verwandelten sich die Tropfen in Hagelkörner und hüpften wie kleine Bälle auf den Felsen umher.

Der Schwartze Himmel Spiegelte sich im Meer und liess es dadurch gespenstlich erscheinen. Die Wellentäler wirkben wie tiefe schwartze Löcher. In den wellen trieben Holtzstücken und tote Fische. Sie wurden von der Brandwag gegen die Felsenwände geschleudert und von den breschenden Wellen wieder mit uns Meer gerissen - Es sah aus, als ob en gieriger Schwartzer Rachen alles un sich hineinschlänge.

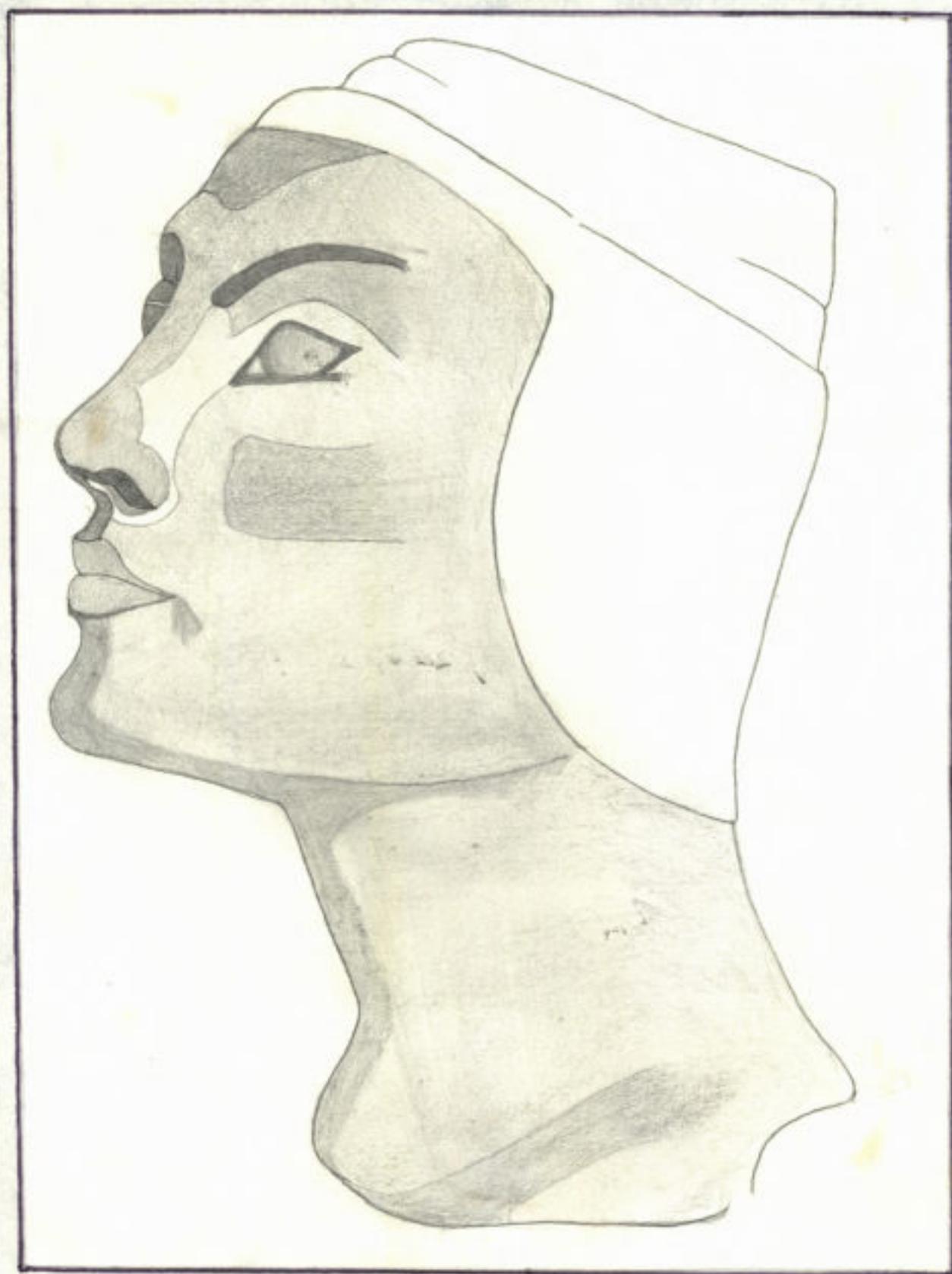
Ein dröhnender Donner erschütterte plöttzlich die Welt. Das ungestüme Spiel der natur setze für einen Bruchteil einer seckunde aus, um dann mit erneuter . Wucht, wieder emhusetzen. Blitze suckten kurtz hintereinander und erhellten flackernd den Horisont.

Auf einmal setze der Regen gantz aus. Eine ungewohnte stille trat ein und man hörte mir nach das klatschen der Brecher gegen die Felshänge. Durch einen Riss in der Schwartzen Wolkenmaner warf die untergehende sonne letzes, blutrotes Licht. Der Wind zerfetzte nach einer weite die wolken, und die sonne konnte nun ihre prachtvollen Farbeu auf dem gantzen Himmel ausbreiten.

Verfrozen und halb durchnässt stand ich auf, streckte meine streifen glieder und begab mich auf den Heimweg.

I. SCHNEIDER-WATERBERG  
Std. 9.

.....



E. Schneider-Waterberg.  
Std. 9.

**EDITORS'  
REPORT**

## EDITORS' REPORT

We would like to thank everyone who helped in bringing this magazine about. Firstly, Mrs Rauch and the house staff for their encouragement and enthusiasm, and also the Merri-man girls who did their part by supplying the necessary art, literary and financial contributions. Finally, we would like to extend our heartiest thanks and gratitude to Mrs "Goldie" Stobbs, our typist, without whose help this magazine would never have materialised.

We have had much pleasure in compiling this magazine, in reading the numerous and sometimes amusing work and in looking at the art sketches. We found it difficult to eliminate some of the entries, as we had to, because all were of the same high standard. We sincerely hope that next year's editors will derive as much pleasure and satisfaction as we did in undertaking this challenging task.

N. Dunckley  
I. Schneider-Waterberg  
T. Bosma

**FINIS**