MERRIMAN MAGAZINE

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INDEX

ENGLISH

SECTION 1

E N G L I S H

English (Cont.)

English (Cont.)

M E M O R I E S

Sitting in the hushed audience
Listening
to the drifting-pure songs
of other times and places
twisting the threads of emotion; minor chords
catching the notes of sadness flowing through the mind
and you want to sing along
but you can't
afterwards -
trying to recapture the songs in your quiet room
but the chords won't fit and your mind
wanders
with the sorrow
of evening memories, to the dark
wind rocking the trees in the sea
of cool night
to the red beat of jazz rising and throbbing in
the darkness, and like the drifting lines
of sweet smoke curling from the incense
your thoughts drift and flow
quietly to
drown
in the night.

Niki Dunckley
Std. 10.

M O U T H

Mouth
soft, red
sucks a straw
and the cool, fresh
taste of an
orange
flows.

A. Olivier
Std. 8.

A G E

The silvery skin
stretched taut
o'er knobbly helpless fingers.

Once strong and straight
Now bent
like reeds in the wind

A withered hand
whispering to Someone
above.

C. Grootendorst
Std. 6.

A U T U M N

Autumn-fiery
defiance of dwindling death -
tumbling, twisting, still.

J. Barker
Std. 9.

A U T U M N

The whispering wind
whistles secrets of autumn
when the summer wanes.

S. Harris
Std. 9.

TIME STOOD STILL

The road meandered up the flowing country. Above the tourists' chatter came the grind of gears from the driver trying to change down. The cigarette smoke was beginning to collect at the back of the bus, the air conditioner being of little use. I opened a window, my eyes beginning to prickle and water. Finally the bus halted, the tourists quietened down and were told that they were going to visit Bergrestaurant Falsenegg by cable car.

Looking up I saw nothing, as thick mist blanketed the mountain. Walking into the cable car the tourists pushed, squeezed and elbowed their way to the windows. Luckily I managed to be caught at one of the back windows. With an awkward jerk we swung off.

The car swayed, creaked and groaned with the weight. Zürich rolled out beneath us with the dark, metal-blue lake sparkling. The misted mountains appeared like Japanese paintings. Soon we were encased in the mist, seeing the disturbingly near tree-tops whose feathery fingers reached, but never touched. The conifers rippled away as we climbed higher. A strong, vibrating crack broke the tranquility.

The car slid back shuddering, every mechanical sound clear, sharp through the sudden silence. Alarmed eyes veiled thoughts of the past, and future. The base car station flashed into my mind, the reinforced concrete walls, the old man bored with ticket selling, his front golden tooth and right cut cheek. Our hotel rooms, the waiter at breakfast. Strangers in the car seemed suddenly familiar.

A quiet German looked quickly about, located the red button. He shouted urgently. The instruction was simultaneously translated to French and English. The pale-faced American shakily placed his finger on the button and pressed.

The car squeaked, swayed violently and began slowing down. We came out of the mist then, passing the feathery conifers. At the top it seemed as if we had entered a new land. We walked up a damp path to a large wooden lodge where we were served hot cups of coffee. The postcards on sale at the counter told us we were still living in Zürich.

Serena
S. Herbert
Std. 9.

R A I N

Rain,
light, soft
pattering
on to the ground.
Pelting drops
shower
dash.

M. Smiedt
Std. 9

S U N S E T

A fiery light illumines the dim sky .... Quietness and peace reign... Shadows dance among the rocks like little children. The crystal-like sea shimmers in the bright moonlight. Birds lift their wings to the fading sky.

Now all is quiet as the sun sinks below the mountains...into the unknown world below.

S. Baker
Std. 6.

B R E A D

Just out of the oven
Still hot.
The crust, brown and crispy,
Five tantalised children, waiting
Drooling, wet tongues
As soon as it is buttered, the butter slips -
through the holes
And the soft, warm bread disappears down five
greedy throats.

K. Barron
Std. 6.

SAND-DUNES

The golden sand-dunes sweep across the
everlasting desert.
As the sun goes down the sands slowly turn
to a dark crimson.
Then night falls and slowly the beauty goes,
as the sand and the night air turn to a
dark, dull beach.

K. Barron
Std. 6.

JOSEPH IS SOLD

Joseph was spoilt by his dad
So his brothers punished the lad
They pushed him down a hole
and then sold him for some dough.

They told his father he had been eaten
they had tried to kill the lion, but been
beaten.
Of course they lied, and
Joseph's dad cried and cried.

S. Eve
Std. 6.

A LETTER TO GOD

Dear God,
Thank you for seeing me safely across the
border. I was really scared.
Lord, thank you for keeping my family safe
and for seeing them safely through each
hour of the day. But I thank you mostly,
for making me feel I have done my share
for my country by fighting in the war!
Amen.

L. De Kock
Std. 6.

DARKNESS AT SEVEN

It was a cold and dreary winter's day and the rain had been pouring down as if it had an eternal source. I had been to visit a friend, Jane Conway, and we sat in the lounge, the whole lot of us, drinking steaming hot coffee from mugs, and playing cards with pop music blaring out from the gramaphone. Many other teenagers from the neighbourhood were there and we were completely lost in our own world.

Outside the wind was whistling through the stripped trees and the rain came down like a sheet. A few hazy figures could be seen sloshing through the puddles and hurrying to their destinations under this torrential downpour, which seemed to be washing our city away down the drains at the sides of the roads. It was now five o'clock and quite dark already. More ugly black clouds were crawling across the sky and the wind increased. The occasional bird chirped a sole note, which was soon swallowed by the heavy atmosphere and the gaiety coming from the Conway's house seemed almost out of place today.

It was approaching seven o'clock, and the party was breaking up, so I decided to go home too. Being in the warmth of the house all afternoon, I had forgotten what the weather was like outside and when I opened the door the cold hit me in the face. I passed slowly out and blinked to adjust my eyes to the darkness. The air hung with fog, I was cold and it was dark. There were no streetlights in this suburb, as it belonged to the divisional council, but I had an old torch, of which the light was rather dim, as the batteries were nearly dead.

I walked all hunched up, my hands in my pockets pulling my coat tighter around me and my woollen scarf hugged warmly around my neck. The station was quite a long way from the Conway's - about a twenty minute walk. Eventually I arrived there, but I had to go under the subway in order to reach the other side. I was the only person at the station (as far as I could see) and I was petrified to walk through the subway alone. I began to hasten through it, and as I was about half way I heard footsteps behind me. It was not the sound of two feet I heard, but of three feet! I dare not look behind me, but my curiosity and fear overcame me.

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To my horror, I saw a man walking towards me with a club (the third foot). I did not know what to do - whether to run or stand, so for a moment I froze as the man approached. He came so close that I noticed every ugly detail on his ugly little face.

He had not a pair of beady little eyes, but only one. In the place of the other eye was just a hollow. He had deep wrinkles on his forehead and a scar on the side of his face. His nose was long and crooked, and it looked as though it had been broken and left to heal on its own. I was terrified by this mean-looking character and my heart frequently missed beats in the duration of the following few seconds.

The man lifted his club - I jumped with fright as he brought it down on the cement. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, and as I ran up the steps of the subway, I heard the guard's whistle blow. Thankfully I hauled myself onto the slowly-moving train.

M. Smiedt
Std. 9.

SATURDAY MORNING AT CHECKERS

On entering the bustling shop a strong whiff of spices and rich coffee hits one. One felt small, bewildered and lost amongst the clattering cans and silver, gleaming trolleys. Neon noticeboards glared yellow and black messages at one. Crockery...Kitchenware... Vegetables. The smell of people and food twisted around one. Gossiping housewives stared, picked, fingered and compared the quality of goods while children screamed and chattered. Loaded trolleys, like full stomachs gorged food and heaved and nosed their rattling wheels over the dull floor. Assistants glanced suspiciously at choosy customers. The heavy, thick smell of fat and meat hung silently, closely hugging the atmosphere. Old women paused, stared - moved on. A cold grey fish eye glared out from under glass. A coarse voice shouted "Fresh feesh, fresh feesh".

One slowly pushed forward down the columns of gaily green, orange and solemn rows of cold tins.

The smell of hot rolls, bread and dripping oily doughnuts wafted past. Green gnarled cabbages slept limply in wooden boxes. A sharp crack of splintering wood crackled through the tense and busy atmosphere as a new box of overripe grapes was opened. The smell of wine lingered round the box. The cashiers, looking limp, tired and unfriendly constantly fed the hungry cash registers with crisp notes and tinkling coins. The cash registers chattered greedily and incessantly. Tins, toiletries and towels trundled down the sloping ramp to the crackling brown paper packets. The packets, straining and bulging at the seams were trundled in the yellow clipped squeaky trolley to the car. The car door opened and then slammed. The trolley left, happier without its load.

Then there was peace.

J. Barker
Std. 9.

A NIGHT AT THE NICO MALAN

The broad, gleaming stairs sparkle as their cleanly-scrubbed beauty, the effort of an employee's daily toil, is illuminated by the lantern-shaped lights decorating and lighting the outside of the epitome of beauty in architecture. This is the Nico Malan.

Uniformed in rich scarlet coloured suits, the doormen of the Nico Malan wait, arms outstretched, hands ready to receive tickets. The patrons of the theatre glide up the stairs in an elegant array of clothing - a tapestry of colours and textures. Women, dressed in satins and silks, pearls and furs, exchange courtesies, while waiting, outside the enormous glass doors, for the menfolk, in bowties and tails. They arrive to escort the ladies, after parking their cars. The entourage makes a beautiful picture of ribbons and lace and highheels clattering towards programme stands. A gong penetrates the painted walls and as long skirts shuffle over the thickly-carpeted floors, the usherettes show the first guests towards the plush chairs. Amid the fragrance of expensive perfume and the aroma of tobacco, snatches of conversation uttered from red-lipsticked women reach my ears and till the doors close and the lights go out, I am briefed on the latest sports news and cigar sales and a running commentary on the latest fashions and the decor of the Jones's house.

After the first half of an entertaining evening, a break is encountered and once more one must raise one's voice and scream one's orders to be heard above the hubbub of the fun-loving assembly. Finally, however, with a glass of coke and a sandwich, I retire to a table. The second and last part of the play ends almost just as soon as it has begun. The people file out and step into waiting cars. Then silence dawns on the theatre. The cold penetrates and I draw my coat tighter around me. The clean-up squad has started its job, and the mean and women scattered around the theatre in old overalls make amazing contrast to the former scene. Wash buckets have replaced elegant, serpent-skin handbags and brooms have replaced delicately wrought canes. Instead of the gossip the rich ladies had spoken, these women discuss the rising costs and the difficulty of bringing up children. The men discuss their racing-cards and bets.

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As the clock strikes twelve and the last of the clean-up squad make their exit, leaving beind a spick-and-span theatre it now looks the same as it did before the crowds arrived. The only thing that has changed is the event that took place before - the gap between high-society and the working-class. This is a repetition of what happened last night and will happen in the future. No one notices the contrast, but it is there, in the Nico Malan theatre, and everywhere else too.

D. Smiedt
Std. 6.

WOOD FLOWERS

A soft breeze blows the leaves,
Shadows dart about,
And through the brown of forest trees,
Children leap and shout.

But far away from crowd and noise,
Tiny spots of pink and blue,
Radiate the woodland joys,
With their softly pastel hue.

Cyclamen like water drops,
Hang beneath their stems,
Like tiny grains from farmers' crops
Or semi-precious gems.

Between the mushrooms and the moss
Amythest violets peep,
The dew has lent an added gloss
To orchids flocked like sheep.

And as the sun slowly sets
In scarlet satin strands
The shadows cross as fishing nets
And colors bled in bands.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

A beautiful old white building looking like a tourist attraction rather than a school, surrounded by majestic trees bending heavily under the weight of their green leaves was what first made an impression on me when we approached Herschel in our car. There were colourful flower beds, green lawns, and birds singing and fluttering around gaily up in the trees. Never had a school appeared so inviting and pleasant from the outside. Therefore it was not difficult to part from my parents; not to see them for a whole term.

My dormitory was similar in looks to one in an old hospital in Germany. The room was divided into five cubicles by means of wooden walls which did not reach the ceiling. In front of each cubicle was a curtain. I got the impression that here everybody preferred being by themselves rather than mixing with their room-mates. This did not appeal to me, as I am a talkative person. When the first girls entered the room carrying heavy suitcases, tennis rackets, hockeysticks and hats only saying "Hello, are you new?" and going on with their own business, I began to feel lonely and deserted. This feeling became stronger the more the girls came in, laughing and speaking a language I did not understand. Every now and again somebody came up to me and asked what my name was and where I came from. Most of them had pretty faces and when I looked at them I tried to think of names which would suit their faces. As soon as they found out that I could not really understand them, they became hesitant, not knowing what to talk about.

A bell went a little later on and the girls lined up outside. I did not have the vaguest idea of what was going on and envied those who stood out there laughing and chattering and not having the problems I had to face. Supper was in a big dining-room which had shining floors and old-fashioned chairs and tables. Everything seemed old and comfortable in this place. The food at supper was better than any I had had at other boarding-houses before. I was able to eat only the food given to me as I did not know how to ask for the rest. The conversation at table was fascinating to listen to but also discouraging and depressing as I could only pick out a few words I understood.

Assembly the next morning first terrified me. Prefects looking strict and angry stood fiercely on the way to the hall. They were also in the hall, on the stage, glaring at the girls as if they were criminals. Every

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now and again a prefect called out a name and it sounded like firing off a shotgun. But when the "Our Father" was sung a little later on, I forgot my fears and did nothing but listen. Never had I heard this prayer sung before. In the beginning the girls sang softly as if they were not sure of the text. It then became louder and louder and the "power and glory for ever" at the end sounded so truimphant, joyful and convincing that I completely forgot I was in a school where nothing was familiar. After the prayer, there was deathly silence and only the solemn voice of the headmistress saying the benediction was heard. It all fitted in so well that I felt freed from my troubles and full of new courage..... but unfortunately not for long.

During the day my frustration reached its climax. I wanted to talk but was not able to and the attempts of others to speak to me were not very successful either. During lessons I sat and stared at the teachers, finding it extremely strange that they taught in a language foreign to me. Everyone was working eagerly and what surprised me most was the fact that the front desks were always occupied first. At our school we used to fight for the back seats and teachers had a hard time trying to make us work. I felt like crying because there was really nothing else to do but to sit there and pity myself. At break-time I looked for my sister to encourage me but when I saw her I realised that she who used to be the stronger and more secure of us two was the one who needed encouragement. She was in tears and completely perplexed.

The school building still had its pleasant looks, so had the gardens and flowers. The trees had not changed their appearance either, but these first impressions were soon forgotten and replaced by others which were more important, although not as attractive as the first ones.

I. Schneider-Waterberg
Std. 10.

N. DUNKLEY.
STD. 10

DAWN IN THE CITY

Slowly, but surely, like an infant taking its first steps, the sun climbs, uncovering the city's sin in a warm blaze. The nocturnals disappear, the alley cats, their bellies full on fish heads, stale bread move off from the overturned rubbish bins where they have spent the night scavenging food, before an irate maid chases them with her broom. The drunk weaves his way along the silent streets, stumbling now and then, leaving a waft of alcoholic beverage behind him.

The birds wakened by the shafts of sunlight streak through sparcely situated trees, begin their chorus which seems to echo in the streets. A baby lets out a hungry bellow and the mother stumbles from the warmth of her bed, bleary eyed with sleep, cursing under her breath, but lovingly feeding the child until it falls into a milk-warmed sleep.

The paperman does his rounds quickly, avoiding large sly-eyed dogs slumbering on the doorsteps, thinking of the nice hot cup of sweet tea that awaits his return.

A soft breeze begins to blow, shifting an empty carton across a deserted street.

The sun is high in the sky now and the city stirs, shutters are flung open and maids call to each other as they swwep the Autumn leaves from the doorsteps. The sound of culinary utensils can be heard from the kitchens of various houses and the smell of bacon drifts from the large casement windows.

Dawn is over for another day, slipping away unobtrusively, waiting for tomorrow.

J.K. Kelly
Std. 9.

THE BEGGAR BOY

As I walked through the rain and the thunder rumbling in the sky, I saw him. Crouched against a wall with paper protecting him from this foul, cruel weather. As I looked at him, I noticed pathetic tears running down his cheek. His boney little hand was now outstretched. Slowly I opened my purse and took out the last of my pocket money and placed it gently in his hand. Our eyes met for a split second, and I noticed a twinkle in his eyes, as if he was trying to say thank you. I looked up, into the grey sky. Just then a flash of lightning flashed. Slowly I looked down at the beggar boy. He was gone. Had I imagined it all?

L. De Kock
Std. 6.

C Y C L A M E N

The pink and pastel flower
Hangs brilliantly in its bower
And the dew slides off the petals
Like white and blushing faces.

The green and glossy leaves
With their roadways chalky white
Wound among the paths
That I walk on day and night.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

SILVER WEB

Web
Spun of
silver thread
dew drops hanging
diamonds shine
Spider's
Orb.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

M I S T

Mist
Softly
Clinging like
cotton enfolds.
Moist, billows
Milky,
gone.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

SMALL WONDERS

Heat waves shimmering
Off summer's desert; gold sand
Desolate and bare.
Orange, pink, a cactus bud
Breaks monotony; Beauty.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

DISTURBED SLEEP

T LE
U B
Toss and M out
Legs touch floor, toes curl with cold
Hand bangs chair, pain seethes
Through and through her cold body
She screams and wakes to reality.

C. Scholten
Std. 8.

FISH (Haiku)

A flash of silver
Shimmers in golden moonlight
Darkness submerges lake.

J. Coombe
Std. 8.

Tanka

ZAMBIAN SPRING

Charred blackness tells of
Raging flame and burning sun -
Out of this shim'ring
Heat of Suicide Season
Comes the Miracle of Life.

J. Coombe
Std. 8.

WAVE (Haiku)

A tremendous lift
As white froth hangs motionless
And falls to merge .....

J. Coombe
Std. 8.

DOWN AMONG ROCKS

Crabbed rocks curl skywards
Worn and bent, they stretch
in a sea of fossilized waves.

The sun gently touches the far mountain
And creeps warmly upon the dismal depths
Tingeing the grey emptiness with pink.

J. Coombe
Std. 8.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL OF THE YEAR

Summer is a faded memory. Gone are the warm sunny days spent lying on the beach soaking up the sun, or swinging amongst the dark green oak leaves. Winter has come, his cold blue fingers icing the windows and turning the clouds to snow. The oak trees, naked and gnarled, strain against the bitter north winds, and the schoolboy returns home from school, his hands thrust in the pockets of his grey, flannel trousers, his tri-coloured scarf wound up his nose, flying behind him in the wind.

Then the snow comes; first slowly, softly, the light snowflakes coming to rest on a little girl's outstretched hand, and on the wild black moors it lands gently, tickling the wild ponies soft muzzles, making them frisk and leap for joy. Then it comes as fierce lashing snowstorms, covering the earth with a thick layer of hard snow, icy and slippery, - the little girls is frightened and runs inside. The ponies are cold and shelter on the lee-side of hills and mountains. The snow is no longer soft and playful, but wild and savage - torrenting.

The next morning however is a contrast. The sky is piercing blue and reflects off the glassy snow and frozen lakes. The children wake up excited, and slide all the way to school along the smooth roads, blinking their eyes against the glare of the snow which can burn as the sun in summer. The country is serene. The mountains sweep up to their peaks iced with snow. The green grass and sandstone rocks are hidden under two feet of snow. It looks like a scene from a Christmas card.

In the town the people bustle about - fur-lined boots crunching the snow on the pavement and cars creating two depressions on either side of the road. The wild ponies come out and paw the snow away to reach the grass underneath. Their warm breath forms clouds from their flared nostrils. The first snowfall of the year.

R. Smith
Std. 8.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The blood red sand lies stark naked, barren, deserted, beseeching the merciless sun to relent and bring life, instead of its counterpart, Death, to its expectant soil. Thorntrees writhing in grey agony, extend their bare and brittle arms, raising them in supplication to a harsh master who dries up the last vestiges of their life's blood, refusing them even that small quantity that will bring out fluffy yellow pompoms on their withered limbs and relieve the harsh monotony of the dehydrated land.

South West Africa; the land of spine-tingling first impressions, of hostility, of vastness and of lurking dangers, Harbourer of the hazardous Skeleton Coast, Breeder of insignificance, where even the most prominent persons feel nullified and worthless, yet asylum to those who recognise and acknowledge her, and who, while constantly aware of the truth of their first impressions, seek behind her harsh facade to find her gentle heart.

The sun-raped expanses where anthills wriggle into existence as if at the command of an Indian piper and giants play at jigsaws with the watch glass puzzle pieces of a thirsty river-bed, are part of the tacit, understanding land where each morsel of colour is intensified by its scarcity, and beauty plays havoc with the senses, where soft mocking clouds billow like sails and darken into thunderclouds that explode in a torrent of violence, causing floods in scattered areas, only to dry up again in a few hours, as if repenting of its temporary loss of self-control, this is the land with a lesson to teach all who believe that one's first impressions are the truest and most long-lasting, and hide little if anything at all.

Anyone who has ever lived in South West Africa for any length of time cannot fail to disbelieve that maxim, as they cannot fail to have noticed the contrast between the startling and horrific first impressions made upon them and the careful gentleness of a tender and beautiful land. The harsh heat that burns the brown sand red nevertheless encourages the survival of some plants; the deep intensely clear blueness of the unending sky is relieved by white pillows of softness that are forever changing shape and which eventually bring life to the dryness in such a tremendous, if short-lived, explosion of glory and beauty

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that one can scarcely absorb it. The Namib in bloom is a sight to rejuvenate the most disillusioned. Yet even when few plants flourish there, life is still present in the screeching cicadas and quaint dungbeetles in the reverent praying mantis, and irritating mosquito. There is no place in this vast 'unfriendly' land that is without life.

The true character of this friendly land is completely hidden by the initial unpleasant feelings which arise in one when first beholding it. Never is there a more startling revelation than when one becomes fully aware of the implications of one's discovery and how it can be adapted to all situations in life under the basic idea of judging by long experience and not by first impressions which often lie and cause much unhappiness by their falseness. Although first impressions are important in as much as they form your initial opinion, they should definitely not be taken as unalterable as there is still much, often conflicting, information to be found out about the subject.

First impressions should be the pompom, not the thorntree in the South West of our lives.

T. Bosma
Std. 10.

E V I L

The tousled heads of many giants lure
Against the purple silhouetting sky;
They hypnotise men who can't endure
The creeping of the silent inborn cry.

Black clouds loom angrily ahead,
Moving closer, closer all the time,
Before we know they lie like someone dead
In some facetious act or terror'd mime.

Warm gusts of air propel the monster large
To magnify and grow in fear intense
Until it fades into a grimacing mirage
In which all fear and dark moves hence.

J. Coombe
Std. 8.

THE WILD HORSES

Out they come from the west
galloping with immortal energy.
Muscles ripple along their coats which nature
jealously guards.
Their heads thrust up and their nostrils dilated
Their eyes wild and dark against the white of
their bodies.
The earth is thrust behind them as their pounding hooves
Eat up the miles of bush and scrub.
Their arched necks produce flowing manes which fly in
the wind.
The Stallion leads, he, the king of the band
Leads the mares and foals to the mountains,
The great looming mountains filled with green valley
And a lush fertile grass.
They, the wild horses, possess a beauty unknown by
The domestic horse.
They have a beauty of their own.

R. Smith
Std. 8.

THE STORM

The towering blue-ridged mountain peaks announced the coming of the storm. Far away thunder cracked and resounded in the small valley. The first black heavy clouds appeared at the entrance of the valley, between the two lofty sentinels, slowly they drifted in, black and ominous yet seemingly gentle, floating as light as feathers, and yet..... what they brought was important, essential to the valley. After these first rains the dry, arid valley would be transformed into a wonder carpet of flowers. The sky was lit up by a lightning flash, and one second later a clash of thunder shook the mountains and reverberated on the other side of the valley. The animals, frightened by this powerful show of heaven, fled squawking and squeeling to the safety of their burrows. The storm had begun, the lightning streaked through the sky like a yellow dart and thunder boomed, shaking the very roots of the mountains. The storm exulted. The heavens opened and shed it's great tears upon the waiting, parched earth. The feeble little trickle that wandered aimlessly down the ravine was augmented to a rushing angry torrent overwhelming and dragging everything in its torrent. The dry mountains suddenly sprung torrents and waterfalls. Everywhere the birds flew, showering in the cool clear raindrops which washed their hot dusty feathers cool and clean. Then, as quickly as it had begun, the storm ended. The shower was turned off. The music of the storm ceased with a final arpeggio of lightning on the harp and an echo of the drums. Then all was quiet while the valley contemplated her gift. Then the frogs started, and the birds were singing with joy and the valley was tranquil.

R. Smith
Std. 8.

THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW VIOLENCE AND MURDER

The first time I ever saw violence and murder and when death was knocking at my door, was in France, 1941. That was a year of death and destruction, and for me, embitterment and revenge.

For two years the war had raged and for almost two years the smell of death and flames had hung in the streets of France. I was sitting with my parents late one afternoon when suddenly about five German soldiers burst in. They looked at us as we froze with fright. Adrenalin coursed through my body and my taut nerves nearly snapped with tension. The soldier in charge was a fat, cruel-looking man with short-cropped blonde hair and a paunch. His beady eyes roved around the expensive furniture (few though it was as it had been used to make stretchers and blankets and bandages for the wounded) and his red face creased into a grin.

"Break ze house up", he directed his men.

My mother gasped, put her hand up to her mouth and burst into hysterical sobs. The man laughed an evil cackle and picked up the revolver from his pocket and aimed it at my mother.

"No" I whispered in an inaudible voice.

His finger curled around the trigger. The explosion from the weapon brought me back to my senses. I rushed to the still, waxen figure on the floor. A circle of bright red blood was staining the soft material of her dress. It grew and grew in size as it soaked the pink cotton. Grief overcame me and then anger and loss swept me into a sea of mixed and tumbled thoughts of love, hate and revenge. Salty tears trickled down my face and into my mouth. Then I noticed that one of the younger soldiers was pouring petrol in a wide circle around the house. He and his colleagues tied my father and me to a chair and left. Now it was every man for himself. As soon as they lit the petrol it burned. I strained and strained and finally managed to bite the thick rope from my feet. Once my feet were free it was easier to untie my hands using the same method. The flames were licking the carpet beneath me, and as I stood up I saw the bright orange fingers reach my father, and I heard his anguished voice scream as it pierced my ears. I stood on my chair and jumped to the table and from there I reached up to grasp the roof-beams in my trembling fingers. I swung precariously

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Cont.....

over the charred remains of my parents. I reached the last beam safely and looking down I saw the smoke and fire not far below me. The beam groaned and began to crack. I could feel the heat of the furnace of crackling fire tickling my toes. I reached out and feverishly fumbled to open the sky-light. My body was tense, my stomach was knotted tightly in a ball, my heart was hammering against my chest. Then, suddenly a rush of fresh air forced it's way in through the skylight, - I was free.

I watched as the last dying embers faded and I felt as if my life had died with them. I had. I had no lust for life. The Germans had destroyed it, along with my parents and so many other human lives and things. I was living, but what had I to live for. My home and my parents were gone. Who could call this burnt blackened skeleton of a once beautiful house, home. But I was alive, and life was precious in this time of stress. I heard the German anthem and the tramp of booted feet in the road. They had won, they had conquered, but through such an evil way that they could not be human. Only wild animals with a lust for blood could have killed so many innocent and harmless people and left so many wounded and homeless. War is war, and Death comes, but should only be on the battle field. This was murder. Pure, cold-blooded murder.

D. Smiedt
Std. 6.

M O O N

Proud and majestic
Smiling down upon the earth
Sky lit by moonbeams
Enchanting the wastes of water
A bulb lit by the sun

L. Diamond
Std. 8.

THE LAST JUMP

The aeroplane dropped it's speed and a man slid across the hatch.

"Ready Joe?" he called.

"Yes".

I stepped across to the hatch and my heart bounded like a trapped animal. My feet, then my waist, then my head, disappeared through the gaping blue hole to meet empty nothing. My sould was elated as I floated in the air. That fantastic hollowness and lightheadedness that comes only when sky diving or galloping on horseback.

"Now", I thought, "I must pull the rip-cord".

My fingers closed around the handle and I wrenched the cord. Now I would feel the check in speed, and the pull on my shoulders as the parachute flared above me. But I did not feel anything, just the wind rushing around my face and pulling my hair.

"O No", I said aloud, "My parachute's failed. This is the end, I'm going to crash".

My mind froze and my head was cold, - icy fingers grabbing my head and face. I was helpless. The ground came nearer and nearer. Trees and bushes took shape although my blind panic-stricken eyes saw nothing. Fifty feet from the ground, my mind in desperation found something, "The safety parachute, - what a fool I am". My fingers fumbled wildly and my heart almost burst, all I could hear was the wind, and my heart. At last my groping fingers found the rip-cord, tightened around it and pulled. Ten feet above the ground my parachute opened .... too late...and then the ground was rushing up to meet my convulsing body.

R. Smith
Std. 8.

THE ERRAND

Mounted on horseback; three men
Rode through the creeping mists
With black cloaks around their shoulders
And tightly clenched fists.

All their minds were busy with
Thoughts of deeds ahead
Each dreaded the gore and terror
But none would thus have said.

Soon they disappeared from view
Into the whirling dark.
We, crouched beneath a bush
Had to wait for sun and lark.

A scream echoes through the stillness
And rebounds from rock to rock
As the clouds divide and open
They reveal a sight which mocks

A dead body lies distorted
Across a bloody pile
Of stones and sand new lifted
A case for Scotland's file.

Slowly the picture changes
To one of rosy fear
The secrets of the rock are shown
And forever will be clear.

J. Coombe
Std. 8.

THE SKIER

Down the stones he sped,
Picking up speed,
Faster and faster he came...
Racing against time.
His face...
A mask of determination.
He swept over the slopes of white fluff
Faster, faster.
Suddenly...
A tree in his way.
He couldn't stop...
Straight for the tree he went.
A scream ... a thud -
Silence.

L. Diamond
Std. 8.

BRIGHT CURTAINS

There is nothing worse than having to write an essay when a persistenly dull grey curtain obliterates all inspiration, leaving you empty and frustrated.

You conjure up all sorts of remembrances, ideas, phases, and anecdotes, hoping that somewhere a light will shine, that somewhere an idea will come into being and that inspiration will fire you with enthusiasm and literacy and your pen will fly with unforeseen haste over the bleak pages, bringing life and animation to the empty green lines. But your mind is dead, cut off by the opaque curtain from all sensation. Isolated.

Death, the Grand Destroyer, has stealthily overtaken all your fantasies at their conception, leaving the dark domain of its footprints impressed upon your infertile mind.

Your pen doodles down the side of the foolscap page, past the punch holes, and up along the other side of the margin, only to retrace its steps and repeat its journey. But the curtain still hangs in front of you, blocking out anything that might help you. Not even a glimmer of light penetrates. All is dark. The curtains do their work well. Too well.

You gaze around you at the posters on the walls. Nothing. At the carpet. Nothing. At the bookshelf. Nothing. You wonder at your usually versatile mind, willing the curtains to part, even slightly so that you can write at least one paragraph. Perhaps inspiration will come from that. But nothing is forthcoming. You merely tire yourself out with the intense concentration. You lie down and relax, thinking of yesterday, to-day, tomorrow, anything to give you mind a break, perhaps then.....

Exhausted, you fall asleep. Refreshed, you waken, but sleep has not aided you, it has only dulled your imagination even more. You do downstairs, drink some water, play with your dog; still no inspiration. The best thing to do is return to your desk and write the cat sat on the mat until something stirs the obstinate curtain.

Two steriotyped pages and one cramped arm later you give it up as hopeless and go and read your book. By now it is seven-thirty on Sunday evening. However, because you are troubled about your lack of imagination,

Cont.....

Cont.....

you cannot concentrate on your book. You have read the first two paragraphs three times and still cannot understand them. Perhaps it would be best to write something, anything, no matter how dry and uninteresting it turned out to be. At least it would be proof of an effort.

You return to your unimaginative desk and pick up some paper. Your little sister barges into your room: "Tan, look what I've got". A daisy. Perfect in its yellow simplicity, it's petals smilingly unfurled, its brown face smiling up at you. Gently you take it from her and a sense of well-being fills you. As you gaze at the miracle in your hands a bird starts to sing and you remember that the most startling part of the daisy - its yellow petals - is petals. Suddenly the brightness of the curtain blinds you.

T. Bosma
Std. 10.

TO SIT

To sit
On the edge of a forest
In a flowering garden,
In a grassy meadow,
With shoulders bare
And to be aware
Of the pale violet,
At the foot of a tree
And a swallow swooping,
Or an ant in a hurry
is to be
(to me)
in ecstacy.

To feel
The warmth of the sun
Seep down through your body
And the soft breezes
Which blow the daisies,
And to hear the birds calling
And to know that you can stay
All day
Without moving
Is to have, before you
A whole world,
Unfurled,
at peace.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

AUTUMN LEAVES

When the air is crisp, and cool and fresh
And the sky is slightly cloudy
And the wind moves briskly through the trees
Then I become a vagabond
And leave the warmth of home
and I go walking through the coloured leaves.

Red and brown and yellow
And orange, pink and gold
Dry and crisp, they crackle
So gay and bright and bold

They fill the gutters in the streets
Make music when the wind drops by
In unraked yards I shuffle through them
While leaves around me fly.

When the air is crisp and cool and fresh
And the sky is slightly cloudy
And the wind moves briskly through the trees
Then I become a vagabond
And naught would keep me home
And I go walking through the autumn leaves.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

THE HEALING HILLS

One Sunday afternoon I decided to walk along the Bridle Path since it appeared to be an interesting route. So I packed a flask of coffee, biscuits, a couple of apples and a jacket into my rucksack and off I went.

As I walked the cool green pines extended friendly arms to assist me as I walked through a soft carpet of pine needles. The overhanding needles suspended from sixty foot pines brushed gently against my cheek and a soft breeze filtered through the green curtain of trees. The going was easy, there were no sharp rocks and the ascent was gradual.

I felt gloriously happy and all thoughts of malice left me and were driven away by these hills in all their glory.

Unfortunately, parts of these mountains are concreted, because, being so very steep, under a torrential downpour the red soil is washed away. When I saw this concreted route, I felt resentful that civilization had invaded such a wonderful area and my joy was slightly clouded. It was tought climbing and I felt hot and disgruntled as I doggedly went on. At last I was over the bridge which spans the small ravine. I rested on the delicious green grass as I joyfully watched the healing hills.

M. Lawson
Std. 6.

H A I L

Hail
Pelting
Downwards to
A frozen world
of nothingness
whiteness,
Death.

M. Rose
Std. 9.

G R E E N

Green
means sea
and apples
Tranquility
Peace.

M. Rose
Std. 9.

M E

i
am what
i am and
can only be -
me.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

F R E E D O M

sea
roaring
gulls crying
sand crunching as
i run - i
am me -
free.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

WRITING POEMS

i rack my brains - but
nothing comes - why not? - Sometimes
words just fall out and
onto my paper - this time -
nothing - it won't come - why?

G. Deal
Std. 9.

INSCRIPTIONS

What a dull topic! You're thinking. That's not surprising because inscriptions conjure up for many, a forlorn picture of tombstones and graveyards. However, I have come across many commemoration stones which convey a strength or an ideal. Many of these are found in very out-of-the-way places. An example of this is the beautiful, peaceful Cairngorn Mountains of northern Scotland. Here, I chanced upon a stone on which I read the following inscription :

To Helen Campbell Hughes who loved these
hills and led others to love them.

Killed by a flying bomb, June 1944.

This inscription stuck in my mind because it was so poignant and it brings to mind a Highland girl who loved the hills of home but who died far from her native heath. Another in the same vein because the person referred to also died ten thousand miles from home. I discovered in Braemar a large town which is also in the north of Scotland.

Here, Robert Louis Stevenson spent the
Summer of 1881 and wrote "Treasure
Island", his first great work.

This makes me think that too often we think of the link only between the poet and his work and we don't think of a home and life and death coming to him.

Most inscriptions have an indestructible love shining through the words and this reveals a whole history and can be a good deal more interesting than a stuffy book.

M. Lawson
Std. 6.

POP FESTIVAL

Scream out your pulsing chant
You glittering gods of the night's hot air...
Black velvet chords to turn the soul
Molten sound to twist the mind,
Confuse your sweating bodies.
Flesh that crawls under the twisting heat
of naked heart, half flesh half fire
Drum and cymbal writhing in the smoke-laden air
A primeval life-force
A primitive religion
whose priests scream today -
To be sacrificed tomorrow.

N. Dunkley
Std. 10.

S U N

Sun
Burning
Ball of fire
The light of life
Treacherous
Intense
Heat.

M. Knudsen
Std. 8.

H E A T

Train
slowly
approaches
the wide desert.
Arid, dry
country
sleeps.

C. Cornforth
Std. 8.

AN IRIS

Dainty, springtime bride
Adorned in white, velvet gown
Gentle, outstretched arms
Tremble, as her slender form
Sways gracefully in the breeze.

K. Ketelby
Std. 8.

WORD PLAY

Some words pass through moving lips
And are forgotten in a thrice
Others necessitate repeating
Once again or maybe twice.

Sassafrass, borgonzola
Mississippi, Kalamazoo
Antidisestablishmentarianism
Ozymandias and quagga, too.

Zither, zither, zither
Try to say it fast
Seven slowly slipping slugs
Slid slimily slinkily past.

Play with words
Roll them on your tongue:
Lapping, loony, lolling, light,
Litanies, lumineescant,
Laryngitis, lordly, slight
Elfin, Elegy, Effervescant.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

G E R T R U D E

Gertrude longed to be a boy;
To her it seeme d the only joy
To tear her dresses, to graze her knees,
To splash in puddles, to climb up trees.
Her mother always used to say,
"That's not the way for girls to play,
You should be courteous and polite
And never try to pick a fight".
This warning Gertrude did not heed
For she felt there was no need.

One day, when no one was around,
Gertrude crept, without a sound,
Towards a dark and dismal wood
Where towering pines and fir trees stood.
Around that wood there ran a fence,
Which had kept Gertrude in suspense.
She longed to know what lay beyond,
For of adventure she was fond.
She knew the only way would be
To climb to the top of a tall tree.

Above her clouds began to form,
It was the start of a dreadful storm,
But still our friend had a burning desire
To see over the fence; to climb still higher.

The tree began to quiver and shake,
Gertrude realized her dreadful mistake.
She should have heeded her mother's warning,
And stayed at home that very morning.
The tree swayed over to the side
Gertrude screamed, she howled, she cried,
She clung to the tree with all her might,
Hold on, she thought. Oh! Hold on tight.
Suddenly she heard a deafening crack,
She felt herself falling, then all went black
Oh! If only Gertrude had not tried
To climb the tree, she wouldn't have died -

K. Ketelby
Std. 8.

JUNE 5th

We had something precious
But you feel hemmed in, imprisoned
Like an exotic bird in a tiny cage
Which longs for a breath of freedom
You broke through the bars
And spread your wings
And flew...
And I witnessed the release
And was happy...
Happy for you...
for you...
you left me...
left me...
me...
broken, at the bottom of the cage.

N. Dunkley
Std. 10.

L I F E

teach me of dreams
teach me of sunshine
and laughter -
teach me of happiness
teach me of love.

N. Dunkley
Std. 10.

N. DUNKLEY.
STD. 10

AFRIKAANS

SECTION 2

A F R I K A A N S

SIEN JY HIERDIE LITTEKEN?

Ons het een somervakansie met vriende van ons Muizenberg toe gegaan. Ek was toe net sewe jaar oud. My vriendin, Tanya, was vyf en my broer Craig was vier. Ons het in 'n gehuurde huis gebly gedurende die hele vakansie.

Eendag het ons besluit om ons ouers kwaad te maak, terwyl hulle daardie middag wou rus. Daar was 'n rusbank teen een van die mure in die sitkamer en ons het besluit om daarop te spring. Ek het gou eers vir ons 'n koeldrank gaan haal, omdat ons vreeslik dors was. Toe ek die sitkamer binnestap, was hulle al besig om op die bed te spring. Ek het toe vir hulle elk 'n koeldrank gegee en nadat ek en my broer ons sin klaargedrink het, het ons ons glase op die tafel neergesit. Tanya was nog nie klaar nie, maar toe sy klaar was, het sy haar glas nie neergesit nie. Toe sy alleen op die bed gespring het (met die glas nog in haar hand), het sy per abuis te hoog gespring en die glas het uit haar hand gegly en teen die muur gevlieg. Dit het dadelik gebreek en 'n stukkie het vir my net bokant my regteroog getref.

Ek het baie geskrik en dadelik begin gil, want die bloed was oral oor my gesig. Die snytjie was taamlik diep. My moeder het my gehoor gil en het sonder om te weifel gou uit haar kamer gevlieg. My ouers het my dadelik dokter toe geneem en ek het vier steke gekry.

Craig en Tanya het natuurlik 'n goeie pak slae gekry, want ek kon maklik my oog verloor het. Sien jy hierdie litteken?.....

C. Cornforth
Std. 8.

A F S K E I D

Ek het 'n ou mens sien afskeid neem van 'n paar stukkies meubels in 'n vertrekkie wat hy vir altyd moes verlaat. Oupa Piet het jare lank langs ons woonstel in 'n klein kamertjie gewoon en was ons beste vriend toe ons klein was. Ongelukkig het hy te siek geword om op sy eie te bly woon en moes oor 'n week na 'n oumannetehuis geneem word.

Die meubelwa het vroeg een oggend aangekom. Ek het twee jong en sterk mans gewys waar die ou man gewoon het en saam met hulle na sy kamertjie gegaan. Hulle het hom vertel wat die doel van hulle besoek was en die vriendelike en sagte gelaatstrekke van die gryse man het skielik versteen. Hy het egter geen woord gesê nie en beduie dat hulle maar met die verwydering van sy ameubelment moes begin.

Die manne het 'n swaar kas opgelig. Oupa Piet het my in 'n weemoedige stem vertel dat hy die kas destyds van sy Oumagrootjie as 'n erfstuk ontvang het. Liefdevol het hy die geelhouttafel wat in die middel van sy vertrek gestaan het, gestreel. Die tafel het hy sestig jaar gelede self getimmer. Die twee manne het laggend en skertsend teruggekom. Sonder om enige aandag aan die ou man se gevoelens te skenk, het hulle die tafel waaraan Oups se hart gehang het, uitgedra. Onderweg het hulle dit teen deure en wande gestamp en ek kon sien dat die ou man gely het.

Die stoele in my kamer was oud en glad nie meer aantreklik nie, maar Oupa Piet het hulle 'n lang en bewonderende kyk gegee en aan my verduidelik dat hy hulle vroeër teen baie geld op die koop toe ontvang het. Naderhand het die manne alles behalwer 'n spieëlkas verwyder. Toe hulle terugkeer om dit te kom haal, kon ek aan die ou man se gesig sien dat hy hartseer was. Kort daarna het die meubelwa se masjien begin dreun en die motor het in vaart weggetrek.

'n Ou man oor wie se gesig die trane geloop het en wat heeltemal radeloos was omdat niks van sy eie wêreld oorgebly het nie, is agtergelaat. Partykeer wonder ek hoekom ons mooi wêreld so onbarmhartig kan wees.

I. Shneider-Waterberg
Std. 10.

A F S K E I D

Ek het 'n ou man sien afskeid neem van 'n paar stukkies meubels in 'n vertrekkie wat hy vir altyd moes verlaat. Dit was een van die hartroerende voorvalle in my lewe wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie. Hy was moeg en alleen en dit was asof hy afskeid van die lewe geneem het.

Die kamer was beknop en 'n bietjie donker. Daar was net een venster, met 'n bont rooi gordyn daarvoor. Dit was amper die enigste kleur in die kamer. Daar was 'n bed, 'n kassie, een stoel en 'n klein tafeltjie. Daar was 'n lig en 'n paar boeke op die tafel. In 'n bekertjie was daar twee geel blomme.

Hy het probeer om alles blinkskoon te kry, maar die stof het in die hoeke weggekruip en sy oë was te oud en swak om dit te gewaar. Hy het op die bed langs die muur gesit met sky kop in sy hande. Sy skouers het mismoedig gesak. Hy het bewen vingers deur sy grys hare gevryf, sy kop geskud en met 'n uitgeputte uitdrukking op sy gesig, stadig opgekyk.

Sy oë het dof gelyk en ek het geweet dat hy was besig om sy verlede te onthou. Die ou kamertjie was vol herinneringe en het 'n deel van sy lewe geword. Hy was 'n arm man, maar in die jare wat nou verby was, was hy 'n gelukkige man. Sy vrou en dogtertjie het in hierdie kamer gewoon. In die dae was dit lig en vrolik en vol liefde, alhoewel dit so klein was. Maar hulle was in 'n ongeluk betrokke en hy was weer alleen. Hy het 'n winkeltjie besit, maar 'n jaar gelede het hulle dit gekoop en woonstelle daar opgerig. Hy het 'n bietjie geld gekry. Genoeg om te lewe, het hulle gesê.

Hy het alleen in hierdie kamertjie met sy boeke en herinneringe gebly. 'n Ou man wat in die verlede lewe. 'n Paar dae gelede het 'n man hom besoek. Hy het gese dat hulle het planne vir 'n groot, nuwe gebou wat almal se lewe sou vergemaklik. Hulle het hom geen keuse gegee nie, hy moes gaan.

Hy moes gaan. Die woorde was vir hom soos 'n doodstraf. Hy moes afskeid neem van lewe en liefde en moes weer in die wêreld instap, sonder kind of kraai. Hy het opgestaan en huiwerend by die deur uitgestap. Dit was ek wat gehuil het.

N. Dunckley
Std. 10.

BLARE IN DIE WIND

Elke mens het ander gevoelens as hy aan "Blare in die wind" dink. Blare in die wind..... ek dink aan herfsaande, waar alles stil en verlate is, en 'n sekere gevoel van droefheid oorval my.

Dit is Woensdagaand: 'n dag wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie. Die begrafnis is oor en ek staan alleen by die pas begrawe vrou. Vir my was sy 'n volmaakte vrou; my moeder. Ek kan dit nie glo dat sy ons verlaat het nie. Ek kan die trane wat oor my wange rol voel nie - die wêreld is laag en wreed.

My gedagtes swerwe in die verlede. 'n Sagte wind waar deur die bome en die blare val op die grond. Vir my is die blare net soos herinneringe. Hulle val, val, val.... en land op die grond, waar hulle nie verder kan val nie. My herinneringe vind ook 'n vaste plek in my.

Die son sak in die weste en gee die blare wat steeds deur die lug waai 'n warm kleur: probeer hulle my troos? Die verlate omgewing is net so leeg soos ek nou voel. Nou is die son agter die berge. Vir my is dit asof die laaste hoop my verlaat het.

Skielik is dit koud - is dit hoe die wrede herfsaand my beveel om afskeid te neem van my moeder? Nog nooit het ek so 'n groot verlies gely soos vandag nie. Ek is moedeloos en stoksielalleen. Ek is te bang om my van die graf af te wend.

Ek onthou haar stories wat sy my oor Pa vertel het. Hulle het mekaar op 'n koel herfsaand leer ken. Dit is asof Ma se lewe met 'n herfsaand begin en met 'n herfsaand opgehou het.

Stadig val die blare van die bome - maar nie een val op die graf van my moeder nie. Die kaal bome laat my skielik besef dat ook hulle nou alleen is - sonder blare. En die wind wat die blare van die bome waai laat my besef dat die lewe altyd sal aangaan. Ek sug hard. Ek sien 'n blaartjie op die graf val - die eerste. Ek tel dit op en wend my huis toe. Ek het, deur die hulp van die blare in die wind, besef dat ek my moeder verloor het.

E. Schneider-Waterberg
Std. 10.

DIT IS NOU DINGE WAT MY BAIE KWAAD KAN MAAK

Dit is nou dinge wat my baie kwaad maak! Vandag is daar baie mense wat roekelose bestuurders is. Hulle is baie eiesinnig en ry teen hoë snelhede. Daar is ook die voetganger wat net 'n bontloper is. Die jaagduiwels en dronkaards is die slegste. Ons dodetol is mos taamlik hoog en mense soos hierdie is onnodig.

Eendag toe ek op pad huis toe was, het ek 'n ongeluk gesien wat jare lank in my geheue vars sal bly. Hierdie insident het gebeur toe 'n ou man 'n drukke straat, in die middestad, probeer oorkom het voordat die geel kruisie verskyn het. 'n Blou motor het teen 'n taamlike hoë snelheid aangekom. Hy het na links uitgetrek om 'n ongeluk te probeer voorkom. Dit was tevergeefs en hy het teen 'n geparkeerde motor gevets. Die motor was heeltemal opgefrommel en die bestuurder was op slag dood. Die bejaarde voetganger was ernstig beseer.

Gelukkig was daar 'n polisie op die toneel en hy het onmiddellik die ambulans ontbied. Daar was ook baie toeskouers in die drukke straat! In 'n ommesientjie het die ambulans opgedaag en die twee op draagbare geplaas en hulle dadelik hospitaal toe geneem.

Die offisier het 'n belangrike nota gemaak. Dit was dat die man wat die motor bestuur het, nie mondig was om 'n motor te ry nie. Hy het geen bewys gehad nie omdat hy net sewentien jaar oud was. Hy het dus sy eie dood veroorsaak en 'n onnodige beseerde persoon vir die hospitaal gegee.

Die beseerde voetganger is gelukkig na twee dae uit die hospitaal ontslaan. Sy been was in 'n gips gespalk en hy het net skok opgedoen.

Die volgende more het ek aan my broer gesê wat maar ook 'n bontloper is, "Dit is nou dinge wat my baie kwaad maak!".

C. Veldhuisen
Std. 10.

TOE MAAR, OOR SES MAANDE IS EK KLAAR MET DIE SKOOL, EN DAN ....

Ja, oor ses maande is ek klaar met die skool en alhoewel ek nou baie daarna uitsien, sal ek baie hartseer wees as ek hierdie vriendelike gebou en sy hulpvaardige bewoners groet. Maar 'n boeiende toekoms lê voor my en ek is haastig om daarmee te begin.

Ek gaan aan die Universiteit van Kaapstad 'n dokterskursus volg en alhoewel dit baie moeilik skyn te wees, veral met die nuwe sillabus wat volgende jaar in werking tree, ek sal my terdeë geniet omdat ek baie in medisyne belang stel. Die gedagte dat jy iemand se lewe gered het, moet darem baie genot aan 'n dokter verskaf, veral as jy dit deur 'n ingewikkelde operasie gedoen het.

Ek hoop om my as 'n chirurg te bekwaam en dan in Groote Schuur te werk. As ek genoeg ervaring opgedoen het, sal ek êrens gaan werk waar dokters so skaars soos hoendertande is, want daar sal hul jou werk werklik nodig kry, nie soos hier in die stad nie, waar 'n dokter soos 'n druppel in 'n emmer is.

Voordat ek my egter hierop sal kan toele, sal ek my werk deeglik moet doen sodat ek die eksamens met vlieënde vaandels deurkom, want anders sal al my ideale soos stof wees waarop ek geblaas het.

Maar eers gaan ek gedurende die lang Desember-vakansie rus. Ek gaan laat slaap, saans uitgaan en gedurende die dag in die son lê en bak. Hoe heerlik skyn dit nie te wees nie! As ek verveeld raak, is daar talle biblioteke waar ek ure lank kan gaan sit en waarvandaan ek boeke huis toe kan neem om te lees. En ek sal lag vir al die arme mense wat nog op die skool is!

Ewe skielik hoor ek 'n voëltjie fluit: "Wie die laaste lag, lag die lekkerste". Ja, ek moet versigtig wees en nie die aand voor die dag prys nie.

T. Bosma
Std. 10.

OOR SES MAANDE IS EK KLAAR MET DIE SKOOL

Toe maar, oor ses maande is ek klaar met die skool! Ek sien uit na volgende jaar, want ek kan maak net soos ek wil. Dis my lewe en dit lê in my hande of dit 'n sukses is of nie.

Die groot besluit wat ek binnekort moet neem is of ek na die Universiteit wil gaan of nie. My ouers en baie ander mense het die feit dat dit baie harde werk is, onder my aandag gebring. Hulle het my ook vertel dat dit baie belangrik is dat ek nie my tyd vermors nie. Ek wil graag 'n onderwyseres word want ek hou so baie van kindertjies. Miskien moet ek in 'n kleuterskool onderwys gee.

Ek het ook gedink aan Bloed-tegnologie by Groote Schuur - dit is werklik 'n baie interessante kursus om te volg. Ek moet net vier jaar daar bly en dan kan ek oorsee gaan en in enige hospitaal daar werk.

Ek wonder of dit beter sal wees as ek 'n bietjie van die Universiteit se lewe ervaar. Ek voel dat ek miskien te jong is om dadelik in 'n hospitaal te begin werk, want ek sal in die teenwoordigheid wees van pasiënte wat in ernstige toestande is.

As ek klaar is met een van die dinge waaroor ek netnou gepraat het, wil ek oorsee gaan vir een of twee jaar. Ek wil graag na die "Cordon Bleu"-huis gaan om te leer hoe om goed te kook. Daarna wil ek na Frankryk toe gaan en daar wil ek die taal van die land puik leer.

Daarna sal ek terug na Kaapstad reis en as dit moontlik is, wil ek my eie droomhuis koop. Ek wil definitief nie trou voordat ek drie-en-twintig is nie, want ek wil my jeug en vryheid geniet so lank as dit moontlik is!

C. Parker
Std. 10.

EK BLAAI DEUR MY FOTO-ALBUM

Een reënerige Maandagmôre gedurende die Paasvakansie het ek besluit om deur my foto-album te blaai. Ek het twee foto-albums, maar die een het net prente van my vriende daarin en die ander het prente van allerhande dinge daarin. Die een met kiekies van allerhande dinge is interessant - meer so dan die ander een.

Die eerste bladsy het kiekies van my toe ek 'n baba was. Ai, maar ek war darem lelik. Daar is ook twee kiekies van my suster toe sy 'n baba was. Ek het die album in verskillende dele geskei. Die volgende deel is prente van ons vakansies. Ons het drie keer per boot na Durban en terug na Kaapstad gegaan - dit is snaaks om te sien hoe ek gedurende drie jaar verander het!

Die meeste prente van ons eerste bootreis na Durban was van die "Mini Town" in Durban. Die tweede keer het ek baie prente van die mense op die boot geneem en ook van die dinge wat op die boot plaasgevind het. Toe ons in Oos-Londen was, het hulle die reddingsbote in die water laat sak en daarin in die hawe rond geroei. Die derde keer het ek baie prente geneem van dinge wat gedurende die dag plaasgevind het. Byvoorbeeld, op die laaste dag op die boot was ons die hele dag op see en omdat dit in Durban die "Durban-July" was, moes al die vroumense hoede maak. Hulle moes net dinge wat hulle op die boot kan vind, gebruik, byvoorbeeld spyskaarte. Daar is baie prente van al die hoede omdat hulle baie pragtig was.

Een dag, toe my ouers oorsee was, het ek en die dame wat saam met my bly, haar vriendin en my vriendinne van Kirstenbosch tot by Constantia-nek en terug na Kirstenbosch gestap. Ons het 'n kiekie voor die stap en na die stap geneem. Die verandering was ongeloof-lik. Na die stap was ons almal baie warm en kwaad. Dit is baie snaaks om nou na hierdie kiekies te kyk, alhoewel dit nie so snaaks was toe hulle geneem is nie.

Daar is ook baie prente van ons troeteldiere wat ons het en ook van dinge wat gedurende Kersfees plaasgevind het, maar die interessantste prente is dié van ons vakansies.

B. Jearey
Std. 9.

EK BLAAI DEUR MY FOTO-ALBUM

Ek is nou 'n ou dame van twee en neëntig jaar oud, en ek blaai deur my foto-album om weer my jeug te bekyk.

Die album begin toe ek 'n tienjarige skoolmeisie was. Toe het ek lang, bruin hare gehad, maar nou is dit sommer kort en wit. Ek dink nou terug aan my skooldae en onthou dat ek tweede prys in Sub-B gekry het.

Toe sien ek die kiekies van my eerste oorsese reis. Ek was toe elf jaar oud, dus kan ek nou nie alles onthou nie, maar een ding het helder in my gedagte gebly - dit is die Verandering van die Wagte by Buckingham-paleis wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie. Die wagte met die groot swart hoede op hul kop het vir my so hoog gelyk, dat ek gedink het dat ek ware reuse gesien het!

Dan blaai ek weer om en sien my eerste kêrel. Ek was vyftien en vol onkunde, en dit was my eerste ware liefde. Noudat ek nog niemand in die lewe het nie, is dit vir my treurig om terug te kyk na my blonde kêrel. My man het in 'n ongeluk doodgegaan, toe hy vyf en twintig jaar oud was. Ek het nie weer getrou nie, want ek het geen ander man liefgehad nie. My suster van wie ek baie gehou het, het laaste jaar gesterwe.

Die laaste bladsye van my album is alles van my troudag. My trourok was eenvoudig, want ons het nie baie geld gehad nie, maar dit was baie mooi. My man het so jonk en fris gelyk, en my bruidsmeisies, wat altwee lankal dood is, was pragtig in hul suurlemoengeel rokke.

Soms wens ek dat ek binnekort hemel toe sal gaan, want ek het 'n volle lewe gelei maar nou is dit alles verby.

Ek staan op en sit my foto-album terug in die kas. Nou neem ek album nommer twee uit en vee die stof daarop af.

M. Smiedt
Std. 9.

LATIN

SECTION 3

L A T I N

REX MIDAS

Haec est fabula Midas qui rex avidus erat. Sileno magistro servato et recepto, Bacchus propter magnum gaudium Midan iusserat munus optare. Bacchus nihil dixit, scivit tamen Midan arbitrio poenas daturum esse. Midas erat laetissimus et domum profectus est vix credens fidem dei. Virgam ex proxime arbore detraxit et virga quam tenebat aurea facta est. Sed ubi domun pervenit et fructus et cibum tetigit omnia in aurum statim mutatus est. Tum Midas attonitus mali novitate quod nullo modo famen sitimque relevare poterat cupiebat effugere potestatem novam.
Tandem clamavit "Pater Bacche, nunc tuum auxilium peto. Remove potestatem hanc". Bacchus ei imperavit eum ad vitus Pactoli vadere et corpus et caput in aquam submergere. Hoc facto, vis corpore discessit et arenas fluminis tinxit.

J. Hammond
Std. 9.

ROMANUS POPULUS

Latina lingua maximi interest mea et de moribus Romani populi discere amo.

Discimus de vestimentis, religione et vita cotidiana. Nos, cum opera clari auctoris aut poetae studemus, de vita etiam discimus, itaque cogniti de Romano populo, de moribus discimus. Inter alia, praeceptor nos de Caesare pugnisque docet, de legatis acerrimis et de temerariis hostibus, de pugnis per totam orbis terratum. Caesar erat praeclarus imperator, sed a Bruto suo amico Idibus Martiis dicens verba illa, "Et tu, Brute?" necatus est.

Romano terra erat maxima claraque, dum manebat, sed Romanus populus iam dives et potens tam ignavus et corruptus factus est ut terra in ruinas delapsa est. Forsitan haec auditi discere ex hac fabula debeamus.

T. Bosma
Std. 10.

GERMAN

SECTION 4

G E R M A N

MEIN ERSTER SCHULTAG

Schon seit Wochen konnte ich an nichts anderes denken. Wenn meine Mutter ausser Sicht war, stahl ich mich an den Schrank, in dem meine Schultracht aufbewahrt wurde und zog mich genau nach Vorschrift an, so wie es mir meine aeltere Schwester beigebracht hatte: Zuerst die Struempfe, weil es im Schuelerheim kalte Zementboeden gab. Dann die Bluse, die in ezakte Falten gezogen werden musste, bevor der Rock daruebergezogen werden konnte. Als ich endlich alles an hatte, stellte ich mich vor den Spiegel und bewunderte mich als Schulmaedchen.

Der langersehnte Tag kam endlich, ich konnte vor Aufregung kaum still im Auto sitzen, das mich zur Schule brachte. Nur der Gedanke, dass mein geliebter Rock verknittern könnte, zwang mich, meine Aufregung fuer spaeter aufzubewahren. Oma und Mama waren so komisch, sis verstanden main Verhalten nicht. Aber das war sowieso nichts Neues, und so machte ich mir nichts draus.

Dis Schule sah ganz anders aus, als ich sie mir vorgestellt hatte. Anstelle von einem grossen Haus standen dort 3 Reihen von Haeusern, die wie Eisen bahnwaggons miteinander verbunden waren. Was mich am meisten beeindruckte waren die Baeume. Sie hatten ungefaehr die gleiche Groesse wie ich. Ich konnte aber nicht fragen, warum es nur Baeumchen gab, denn ich war ja jetzt in der Schule, und in der Schule fragt man nicht solche dummen Fragen. Viel leicht sollten in einer Grundschule nur kleine Baeume stehen???

Man fuehrte mich zu einem Zimmer in einem dieser Bahnwaggons. Auf der Tuer zu diesem Zimmer konnte ich "Kantor" entziffern, Was ein Kanto war, wusste ich nicht. Ich beschloss, dass es ein Wort fuer Tuer sein musste, denn Kantor bestand ja aus "Kan" und "tor". Bevor wir dieses Kantor betraten, flusterte Oma mir zu: "Micky, ab heute heisst due Ilsa, denn Micky ist kein Name mehr fuer ein grosses Maedchen wie Dich". Oje, dachte ich, ich weiss gar nicht, wie man diesen Naman schreibt. Ausserdem wurde Emily auch nicht umgetauft, als sie in die Schule kam. Oma will mich sicher nur deshalb so nennen, weil sie selber so heisst. Wenn der Lehrer mich allerdings auch Ilsa nennen wird, dann ist sicherlich alles richtig.

Endlich gings ins Klassenzimmer, das schon voller Kinder war. Eine nette Oma kam auf mich zu und meinte, dass es doch sicher schoen fuer mich sei, mit der Schule anzufangen. Ich nickte bekraeftigend, loeste mich aus der Hand meiner Oma und haengte meinen Ranzen auf den erstbesten Stuhl. Danach wollte ich Bekanntschaft schliessen. Die anderen Kinder waren aber irgendwise komisch. Sie sassen da auf ihren Stuhlen, starrten mich an und sagtren nichts. Nachdem auch ich eine Weile gestarrt hatte, wurde as mir zu dumm und im Nu lernte ich Dagmar, Antje, Bastel und Ingo kennen. Ich fuehlte mich sehr wohl in meiner neuen Umgebung. Mama und Oma liess ich wissen, dass sie ruhig nach Hause fahren koennten.

In der ersten Pause kamen all Eltern, uns wurde allen eine Zuckertuete in die Hand gedrueckt. Wir verglichen den Inhalt und die Groesse unser Zueckertueten und bald wurde ein grosser Tauschhandel getrieben. Die nette Oma, von der ich inzwischen herausgefunden hatte, dass sie Frau Dreselhaus hiess und dass man sie nicht mit Oma und Du anreden durfte, sondern mit Frau D. und Sie, scheuchte uns nach kurzer Zeit auf eine Treppe Dort mussten wir uns alle schoen artig aufstellen, in die Sonne guckenm nicht blinzeln und froehlich grinsen, sodass ein Foto von uns geknipst werden konnte.

Emily mit ihren Freundinnen kam dann auf mich zu, um mich und meine Zueckertuete zu bestauen. Eine von den Freundinnen holte eine Bonbontuete aus meiner Tute und fragte: "Micky, hast due diese Leckers schon mal probiert?" Ne "Jenne, da hast du was verpasst. Due wiesst gar nicht, wie lecker die da schmecken. Da ich nicht als Geizhals gelten wollte, teilte ich die Leckers Ich staunte ueber den Appetit deur Freundinnen, und wenn die Glocke nicht gelaeutet haette, waeren alle meine Leckers verteilt gewesen.

Nun verabschiedeteten sich die Eltern der Schuelerheimkinder von ihren ABC-Schutzen. Die meisten Schuelerheimer in meiner Klasse fingen an zu weinen. Das konnte ich nicht verstehen, denn Schule war meiner Meinung nach genau so lekker wie die Bonbons, die ich gerade verspeist hatte. Mama und Oma kamen zu mir und versuchten mich zu ueberzeugen, dass ich

nicht Weinen muesste, grosse Maedchen weinen nicht. Diese Reden verstand ich nicht, ich fuehlte mich wohl, wollte weder seinen, noch hatte ich Verlangen wieder nach Hause zu fahren. Naja, Erwachsene denken immer, dass man ohne sie nicht fertig wird. Ich nickte also und versprach, nicht zu heulen, mich gut zu betragen und immer artig zu sein. Ich stellte mich in die Reihe, die Aub A schulerheimer bildeten. Da standen aber nur Jungen. Auch nach langem Warten kamen keine Maedchen. Eigentlich war ichfroh, dass ich das einzige Maedchen war, denn die meisten Jungen hatten sich das Heulen verkniffen und waren daher interessanter fuer mich als die Maedchen. So wie der erste Schultag vergingen die kommenden Tage, Wochen und Jahre in der DSO nicht, aber heute, als Std 10nerin, denke ich stets gern zurueck an meine Schulzeit in der DSO.

I. Schneider-Waterberg
Std. 10.

G E W I T T E R

Glühend und unerbarmlich schickt die Sonne ihre sengenden Strahlen auf das ausgetrocknete Land. Es scheint, als wolle die Sonne, wie die Menschen im Krieg, wenn sie die Teinde vernichten wollen, die letzte Fruchtbarheit auf dem Land vernichten. Wie ein Mensch, der nach Luft schnappt, röchelt ein Eind. Der Boden des Dammes sieht aus wie Schokoladentastchen und die Pflanzen, wie ein Mensch der nach Wasser schreit, trocken und verwelkt. Alles scheint verwüsket, was vorher so schon aufgebaut war. Die Tiere beigen wie Menschen, die eine schwere Last auf den Schultern tragen, ermattet und trage im Schatten. So heiss schon am Vormittag!

Plötzlich verschwindet die Sonne, als wolle sie sich hinter den auftauchenden Wolken verstechen. Langsam bezieht es sich, als wollten die Wolken die Erde von dev Glut der Sonne beschützen, als wollten sie noch Menschlichkeit zeigen. Endlich Regen! Wie ein Ungeturm pfeift der Wind, doch so unbarmherzig, wie auch Menschen sind, blässt er die Wolken wieder weg, als wolle er den Wolken ihren Platz anweisen. Nach einer Weile ist es genauso unerträglich wie vorher.

Endlich wachsen die Wolken zu einer schwarzen Wand zusammen, wie ein Versuch eines Menschen, der in Not ist und nicht aufgeben will. Die Wolken turmen sich aufeinander und is sieht aus wie eine Grosstadt mit hohen Wolken kratzern. Schwarz und schwarzev wird es, wie Menschen, die sich im Laufe der Jahrhunderte so schnell vermerht haben. Unheimlich wirkt die Wand und unheimlich, wie der Hass der Menschen ist die Stille. Schliesslich ist der ganze Himmel schwarz. Rollend und donnernd wie Kanonenschüsse kommt das Gewitter näher. Erst leise, dann laut und lauter, wie Trommeln. Der erste Wind kündigt das Gewitter an. Ein leises Donnern hört man in der Ferne. Stark und stärker wird der Wind, unbeugsam ist der Wille der Natur. Das Grollen des Donners wird lauter, wie ein Mensch, der seinen Groll aufbaut. Die Bäume beigen sich unter dem Wind, wie Menschen unter ihrem Herscher.

Dann fallen die ersten Tropfen, gross und schwer. Nach einer Weile hört man den prasselnden Regen auf das Dach trommeln, wie Pferde, die über eine

Zementfläche gallopieren. Blitze zeigen die Macht des Himmels: grell, schnell und geweltig. Es kracht und donnert.
Das Land ist dem Willen des Himmels ergeben.

Plötzlich, so schnell wie is gekommen ist rollt das Gewitter ab. Freundlich blickt die Sonne auf das erfrischte Land. Man riecht nasse Erde und das Leben hat neuen Glanz.

E. Schneider-Waterberg
Std. 10.

K. RAATH.
STD. 9

TURKISH

SECTION 5

T U R K I S H

I S T A N B U L

Ben Istanbul hic ünütmiyecegm. Herzamah eski Paxar, tasli şokaklar, camilet, Bosfor, veya, tabii, Türkler, düşüneceğm, ve gülüyorum.

Biz Türkiyede Ankara, Ayvalik, Bursa, Antalya, Bodrum, Alanga, konya, her yerlerde gittik, ama Istanbul en çok sevdim.

Kişda, bazan kar yagdik, Bosfor griolduk, valahi, hepsi Istanbul beyaz ve griolduk! Ve, bazan yagmur yagdik, ve çamar bixim dar arhavut taşi sokak yagladi.

Ilkbaharda, Istanbulun bahçelerde lâleler aciyorlardi (Biligormusaa, Felemenkiler onlarin lâleler önce Türkiyeden almişti?).

Biz yazda herzaman kiliyos veya Şile plajlara gittik, sar kum, kac kilometresuzatti bilmem. Yazdaki, Kari Deniz hic soguk degildi. Marmala Denizde, birkac adalar valdi: kizil Adalar. Biz bazan orada yüzdük.

Istanbulun sesler yalniz Türkiyede dinlebilirsin. Eskiciler "Pantaloular, gazetteler, şişeler aliyoruz" bag irdi. Taşlarda iki tekeleri yük arabalar, veatlari, "Clip clop clatter clatter" yapti, Sis varsa, ferribotlar derinlik bir baykuş gibi ö ttü. Ve sabahda, saat beşde, dokuzda, öğleden sonra birde, besde, dakuzda muezzin cagidi: "Lā ilāha ill'Allāh". Bular sesler Istanbuluh seslermis, Sen Istanbula girderse, güzel bir süpriz için haxirlansih!!!!

A. Williams
Std. 8.

(Translation)

I S T A N B U L

I will never forget Istanbul. I will always think of the Old Bazaar, the cobblestoned streets, the mosques, the Bosphorous, and, of course, the Turks, their smiles.

We went, in Turkey, to Ankara, Ayvalik, Bursa, Antalya, Bodrum, Alanya, Konya, everywhere, but I liked Istanbul the best.

In winter, it sometimes snowed, the Bosphorous became grey, truly, all Istanbul became white and grey. And, sometimes it rained, and mud washed down our narrow cobblestoned street.

In spring, in Istanbul's gardens, the tulips bloomed. (Did you know that the Dutch first got their tulips from Turkey?)

In summer, we always went to the Kiliyos or Sile beaches, the yellow sand stretched I don't know how many kilometres! In summer, the Black Sea was not cold. In the Marmara Sea, there were several islands: the Princess Islands, where we sometimes swam.

Istanbul's noises could only be heard in Turkey. The "rags and bones men" would shout "pants, newspapers, bottles, we take them". On the cobbles, horses and carts would go "clip-clop-clatter-clatter". If there was fog, the ferry boats hooted deeply. And in the morning, at 5 o'clock, nine o'clock, after lunch at one, at five and at nine, the muezzin called "There is but one God, and Allah is his name". These noises are Istanbul's alone.

If you ever go to Istanbul, prepare yourself for a beautiful surprise.

A. Williams
Std. 8.

FRENCH

SECTION 6

F R E N C H

UN INCIDENT DES VACANCES

Il faisait très froid ce jour là, le soleil ne brillait pas et le ciel n'était pas bleu, mais j'ai decidé de faire du ski. Je me suis habillé et bientôt j'ai marché vers le petit train rouge qui montait la montagne et amenait tous les skieurs au sommet de la pente.

Quand le train est arrivé au sommet de la pente, j'ai regardé la piste. Ce n'était pas facile. En effet, c'était rhes difficile! J'étais seule au sommet de la pente et j'ai commencé a sentir un petit peu effrayée.

Le vent sifflait et l'air froid pénétrait mon veston. Mon écharpe etait fort pousse par le vent pendant que j'admiais la montagne celèbre, Mont Cervin à Zermatt, en Suisse. Grace à Dieu, je n'ai pas du faire du ski le long de cette montagne.
Tout à coup je me suis rendu compte que j'ai dû descendre par une piste très difficile. J'ai tiré mon béret sur mes oreilles très froids et j'ai commencé à descendre la piste affreuse. Il n'y avait pas beaucoup de neige. Je pensais à cette region affreuse quand mes pensées étaient arrêtées rapidement. Je suis tombée du haut sommet de la montagne très vite sans que je puisse m'arrêter. J'ai prié et j'ai pleuré en même temps. Je ne croyais pas que je pourrais m'arrêter. Je pensais que la fin de ma vie est arrivée. Mon coeur battait contre ma blouse blanche. Enfin je suis arrivée à ma destination sans mes skis. J'étais vraiment dans les difficultés. Mes genoux tremblaient et je pleurais. Je cherchais mes skis quand j'ai vu un homme derrière moi. Il tenait deux skis familiers. En me levant, je l'ai remercié pour avoir trouvé mes skis et j'ai decidé de prendre le train rouge à mon hôtel.

Dix minutes plus tard, je m'asseyais dans le petit train rouge. J'étais tres fatiguée. C'était une expérience très effrayante et encore une fois, j'ai admiré le beau Mont Cervin.

S. Smiedt
Std. 10.

UNE TELLE SURPRISE

C'était vendredi, mes parents étaient sortis et j'attendais mon frere, qui devait rentrer á sept heures moins le quart.

J'étais très nerveuse d'être seube chez-vous, mais je me suis occupé á preparer un bon repas. Mon serin chantait doucement et j'ai essayé de battre la mesure parce que j'ai decidé de faire un repas trés delicieux, par la cuisine bourgeoise, mais celle digne d'un roi.

J'ai commencé a préparer des asperges avec la sauce blanche, puis mon favorit potage á l'oignon. J'ai pleuré beaucoup quand j'ai coupé les oignons, mais je croyais que ceci arrivait á tous les cuisiniers. Ma mére m'a dit de mettre l'oignon dans l'eau mais cela ne m'aidait pas. Quand j'étais finie, j'ai mis le potage dans une petite soupiére. C'était un peu salé, mais ce n'était rien á faire "Sole á la Bonne-Femme ou un soufflé?" me suis-je demandée. J'ai decidé Sole á la Bonne-Femme avec des champignons et des nerbes-fines. Soufflé au chocolat peut-être? Non, ceci était un peu ambitieux. J'ai preparé des legumes aussi, et j'ai fait une salade.

Fout était prêt et puis j'ai entendu sonner. C'était certainement mon fiere. Je suis allée a la porte avec un sang froid inebranlable.

Je l'ai ouvert. Mais non, ce n'était pas lui.

"Bon soir, comment allez-vous?"

J'ai invité les quatre amis de mes parents á entrer. Nous nous sommes regardés. Ils n'ont rien dit, puis j'ai demandé,

"Mes parents sont sortis, mais puis-je vous aider." Ils m'ont regardée d'une maniére étrange.

"Ah, mon Dieu, je sais ce qui s'est passé. Ils out oublié qu'ils vous ont invite á dîner avec eux!"
"C'est vrai?"

Ils ont dû rester, parce qu'ils ont voyagé très loin pour arriver chez nous. Mon frere n'est jamais rentré et j'ai dû élargir un repas pour deux á un repas pour cinq. C'était tres heureux

qu'il n'est pas rentré!

Nous avons ri beaucoup et quand mes parents sont rentrés a onze neures, nous causions encore. Vous auriez dû voir leurs têres. Une telle surprise et un tel embaras, mais nous avons ri ensemble!

C. Stuart-Findley
Std. 10.

UNE EXPÉRIENCE TERRIBLE

J'ai regarde ma montre. Il était huit Leures! J'étais seule à la maison et je commencais à sentir un petit peu effrayée. Je deteste rester toute seule dans cette grande maison. J'ai senti courir un frisson le long ma colonne vertébrate. J'attendais mon frére, Martin, qui devait arriver depuis une demi-heure. J'avais passé toute l'après-midi à le faire cuire.

J'ai encore regarde ma montre - il était neuf heures et demie! Martin était vraiment tard. Je suis devenue trés inquiete parce que Martin était une personne trés ponctuelle. J'ai attendu quelques minutes, puis j'ai decidé de téléphoner la police et leur demander si on await signalé des accidents. D'une main tremblante, j'ai décroché le recepteur et j'ai composé le numero '414'. Le gendarme á repondu á ma question et m'a dit qu'une demie heure avant, un jeune homme aux cheveux nóiurs conduisant un auto jaune await été tué dans un accident de la route. J'avais tellement peur que j'ai laissé tomber le recepteur - cette déscription était exactement celle de mon frére!

J'avais la gorge nouée. J'ai voulu que mes parents soient avec moi, mais malheureusement, ils étaient allés au cinéma.

Je me disais "Du courage", mais ces mots ne m'ont pas aidé. Tout à coup, j'ai commence à pleurer. Martin était mort depuis une heure et déjá il me manquait. Je ne verrais encore jamais son visage souriant et je n'aurais personne á qui je pourrais raconter mes problémes ....

Mes pensées étaient interrompues par un coup de téléphone. J'étais trés excitee - peut-être c'était Martin - peut-être il n-était pas mort! J'ai ramasse le téléphone et j'ai entendu une voix tres familiére, trés excité, "Je viens d'acheter un auto neuf et je veux vous ammener a dîner. Habille-toi vite - j'y serai en dix minutes!" Puis, il a remit le téléphone.

J'étais si heureuse que j'ai pleuré de joie. Par faut le repas s'etait brûlé dans be four, donc c'était une bonne idée de sortie pour le dîner.

S. Smiedt
Std. 10.

J'AI ECHAPPÉ BELLE

C'était passé dimanche dernier. Moi ema famille sommes partie à la plage, nous avons pris nos cannes à pêche et notre repas.

Nous sommes partis de bonne heure, vers six heures du matin. Il faisait beau, l'air de la mer était très frais et nous étions très heureux de nous promener au bord de la mer deserte. La brise de mer était douce et la mer était sans vagues. J'ai cherché des coquillages et j'ai trouvé de bons espéces, des bruns, des blancs, et de jous roses. Quand nous sommes arrives à notre destination, nous avons pêché.

Nous étions assises sur les rochers et nous attendions patiemment comme de bons pêcheurs. J'ai decidé de m'asseoir seul, et je suis venu à un autre rocher. J'ai attendu les poissons, mais ils ne sont pas venus. J'ai regardé les oiseaux de mer, et j'ai ecouté des cris des mouettes qui tournaient au - dessus de moi. Je rêvais des dieux marins et des nymphes de l'ocean. Je pensais à mon ami dans son petit bateau en mer, la mer houleuse, les grands chevaux marins et j'ésperais qu'il n'avait pas le mal de mer. Je pensais aux dangers de l'ocean, les marées. La lune controle les marées, la morte - eau et la grande marée.

Soudain je me suis éveillé de mes rêves. J'ai senti quelque chose, a ma canne à pêche. Il m'a tire et m'a tire. J'ai realisé que ce poisson n'était, pas un petit. Au debout j'ai pensé aux baleines et aux dauphins et puis aux requins. Mais je ne pouvais plus penser. Je sentais qu'il me tirait du rocher. J'ai crié, "Maman, Papa!" Mais ils étaient déjà là. Papa m'a attrapé avant je precipite dans la mer. J'étais sauvé d'un requin féroce.

J'ai vraiment exchappé belle.

C. Stuart-Findlay
Std. 10.

DIMANCHE AU BORD DE LA MER

J'aime le dimanche au bord de la mer. Dimanche est le jour où tout le monde est libre, et peut aller à la plage.

Moi, je suis estropiée, mais mes amis sont très gentils, ils me mènent à la plage avec eux. Je reste assise sur la sable et je regarde éblouie, fascinée toutes les sortes de gens qui vont à la plage.

Il y a des personnes comme moi, qui sont très contents de s'être assis et de regarder les autres. Ils ne veulent pas être energiques, leur occupation de dimanche est de se reposer. Les autres sont pleins d'energie. Ils jouent à footbal et à la crosse et la balle.

Il y a des familles; Maman, Papa et les jeunes enfants. Les enfants jouent joyeusement sur les dunes. Ils construisent des châteaux de sable et les decorent avec des petit coquillages, les plumes de mouettes et le debris comme la plastique et les papiers sales. Moi, je ne peux pas comprendre comment les gens doivent jeter le débris et gâter une plage si belle et blanche.

Je me sens comme une mouche contre le mur. Je me peux pas grimer sur les rochers, cueillir de jous coquillages, bruns, blancs et roses. Je dois tour voir d'en haut, mais je l'apprécie tout il même.

Les jolies filles m'amusent. La plupart d'elles vont a la plage seulement pour se branzer. Elles ne veulent pas gâter les cheveux, et l'eau est toujours 'si froide' ou 'trop froide', et elles rentrent vite à lits au soleil!

J'admire la patience des pecheurs. Beaucoup d'hommes sont comme mon père. Ils rêvent de je ne sais quoi, mais je suppose c'est leur façon de se détendre. Ils altrapent les requins de temps èn temps, mais ceci ils ne les mangent pas.

Des gens et la mer m'intriguent, et je peux les regarder des heures san fin.

C. Stuart-Findlay
Std. 10.

LA GRAND-MÈRE DE MON FILLEUL

Pendant les vacances j'ai rencontré beaucoup de gens. J'ai passé une semaine à Port Elizabeth, une semaine à Plettenberg Bay et dix jours à Durban. Je suis allée à Durban parce que mon filleul y avait son baptême.

La famille de Sean, mon filleul, habite à Durban. Il a deux grand-mères mais il est sans grand-pères. Une des grand-mères, la mere de son père est très interessante. Quand je suis arrivée a Durban, elle était bien faisant et charmant. J'avais du chercher ses deux petits - fils seule à Port Elizabeth quand leur mère journait, au tournoi de hockey. Elle pensait que j'étais fantastique cherchant des enfants quand j'étais si jeune.

Nous avons passé quelques jours chez elle. C'était comique. Elle se levait à six heures du matin chaque jour. Nous mangions le petit dejeuner à six heures et demie. Je n'aimais pas manger de si bonne heure. Je lui disais que je ne mangeais jamais le petit-dejeuner chez moi. Done je me levais à neuf ou dix heures.

Elle s'était fâchée contre moi mais je ne m'inquietais pas. À onze heures et demie nous mangions le dîner. Nous avons fini avec le dîner avant six heures du soir. Puis elle regardait les programmes d'Afrikaans mais elle ne comprenait pas l'Afrikaans. Elle était au lit avant huit heures.

C'est une dame qui fait des embarras. Quand je baignais le bébé, elle me regardais pour voir que je n'eclabousse pas son tapis. Quand je portais le bébé à la chambre, elle coupait la lumière pour ne gaspiller pas l'électricité. Puis elle disait sarcastique, "Tout le monde laisse briller les lumières."

Quand nous allions à la plage, elle ne permettait pas que le bébé mange le sable. Mais, elle ne comprenait pas que tous le bébés mangent tout ce qu'ils peurent. Au baptême de Sean elle m'a dit, "Enlève son ballot. Il ne devrait être pas baptisé avec son ballot. Donc il a pleuré pendant tous les offices."

Elle était amusante et je pense qu'elle ne comprend pas les jeunes gens d'aujourd 'hui.

J. Louw
Std. 10.

MES VACANCES À LA FERME

Aujourd'hui, je vais à la ferme. Je me lève de bonne heure et je voyage par avion de le Cap à Port Elizabeth, où je trouve mon amie Cathy Bell, son frère, David et leurs parents. Le soir nous allons à la ferme des grandparents de Cathy. La ferme est vieille, très vielle. Elle s'appele "Eildon".

Tout les jours, nous joueons autours de la ferme. Nous baignons dans la rivière au bord de la ferme, nous faisons des promenades dans les collines et souvent nous regardons les vaches, les moutons et lex cheveux. Le temps, il fait très beau et nous nous amusons beaucoup, parce que le soleil brille.

Les matins quand nous nous reveillons, nous ecoutons les alouettes dans le bois derrière la maison et nous regardons les renards de la fenêtre de notre chambre.

La nourriture de la ferme est merveilleuse et toujours nous avons bon appetit! Nous mangeons des cotelettes, des biftecks et la viande de veau, de boeuf et de mouton. Délicieuse!

Maintenant, je quitte la ferme pour revenir à l'école et j'ai la plus grande tristesse parceque j'adore la ferme.

M. Lawson
Std. 6.

UNE CONVERSATION AVEC L'EPICIER

Aujourd'hui je vais chez l'épicier pour acheter des choses pour ma mère. J'ai une liste et sur la liste il ya du thé, du café, du sel, du poivre, de la mouitarde et de la confiture. L'épicierie est un grand magasin. J'entre dans l'épicierie.

Moi — Bonjour, Monsieur.

Monsieur — Bonjour ma petite. Que désirez-vous?

Moi — Voici ma liste. Le désire les choses sur la liste, s'il vous plait.

Monsieur — Mais certainement, ma petite! Maintenent, voici votre thé, votre café, votre sucre, votre poivre, votre confiture et votre moutarde.

Moi — Mais, où est le sel?

Monsieur — Le sel? Il n'y a pas de sel sur votre liste.

Moi — Mais oui! Voici le sel, sur la liste!

Monsieur — Ah! Le vous demande pardon. C'est vrai!

Moi — Merci beaucoup, monsieur.

Monsieur — C'est cinq francs, ma petite, s'il vous plait.

Moi — An non! Je n'ai pas cinq francs, j'ai trois francs seulement.

Monsieur — Eh bien! Apportez l'argent demain.

Moi — Merci, Monsieur. Je vais venir demain avec deux francs. Au revoir, monsieur.

Monsieur — Au revoir, ma petite. N'oubliez pas l'argent!

M. Lawson
Std. 6.

LE DÉJEUNE DANS UN RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS

Aujourd'hui je suis dans un restaurant. Ce restaurant est dans la ville. C'est très grand et les murs sont hauts. Il y a beaucoup de garçons dans ce restaurant. Ils portent des vestons rouges avec des pantalons noirs. Ils ont des cravates noires aussi. Je parle au garçon.

Moi — Garçon! Viens, vite!

Garçon — Oui, mademoiselle? Désirez-vous le menu?

Moi — Certainement. Mais, ce menu est sale. Je desire un menu propre, s'il vous plait. Merci. Maintenent, la viande, est-elle bonne?

Garçon — Mademoiselle, il n'ya pas de viande dans la cuisine.

Moi — Et du poisson? Avez vous du poisson?

Garçon — Ah, non, parceque c'est très cher.

Moi — Qu'avez-vous, garçon?

Garçon — Ah, nous avons du pain, du beurre et d....

Moi — Du pain? Je ne désire pas du pain ou du beurre. J'ai faim! Ce restaurant est terrible! Je vais partir.

Garçon — Mais, mademoiselle, le pain est tres bon. Et nos fromages sont merveilleux. Restez s'il vous plait.

Moi — Non! Non! Non! C'est abominable! Vous avez un restaurant et vouz avez du pain, du beurre et des fromages seulement! Je suis furieuse et je vais partir! Bonsoir!

Garçon — Mais, mais, mais, mademois....

Moi — Bonsoir! Ce n'est pas de restaurant, c'est un café, et ce n'est pas de très bon café. Au revoir. Je ne vais pas revenir ici.

M. Lawson
Std. 6.

N. DUNKLEY.
STD. 10

HERERO

SECTION 7

H E R E R O

OTJIRURU NOKANATJE APEHARA

Otji pari otjiruru metundu okuzamba tjimuna kokama-puku. Ape kapita omnatje ngunonyama meke. Otjiruru atji tja: "Muatje nai pao onyama nu nyende."

Omuatje onyama a ha yandja ko a tupu kisa. Opu wo otjiruru ookuramba ingomnatje. Otjtja vi: "Mnatje, tupuka wa vambwa, yami ngumbiri kawazikira kondjupa ya Urumbu. Omeho tji maye kongara omarumbu me kangara ootate naho nini tji vari pondja ndja yo mapeta".

Otjiruru atjikurama, natjita: "Tuende nu onyama yoje méri".

I. Schneider-Waterberg
Std. 10.

(Translation)

THE GHOST AND THE CHILD

A ghost once lived in a very deserted place. One day a child walked past the place with meat in her hand. When the ghost saw the child approaching, he said: "Child, give that meat to me before you walk past me!"

The child got a big fright and ran away with the meat in her hand. The ghost became very angry and chased after her and shouted loudly, "Child, I am Kawazikra, you may run as fast as you like but I am still going to catch you today. When my eyes assume the colour of those of my grandmother and grandfather's when they were still able to catch birds, I shall catch you".

The ghost then stopped and said: "I will let you go this time because one day I will eat your meat".

I. Schneider-Waterberg
Std. 10.

HISTORY

SECTION 8

H I S T O R Y

HISTORY ESSAY

In March 1917, the Tsar of Russia was forced to abdicate, and was subsequently murdered. Alexander Kerensky, a Menshevik socialist then formed a provisional government which was Russia's first republic.

From the very beginning the provisional government was faced with opposition from the Petrograd Soviet, which was a revolutionary council of working men, led by Trotsky. Trotsky and Lenin were longstanding communists, belonging to the Bolshevik section of this political group and favouring violent overthrowof the capitalist system in Russia. Lenin had been exiled for his part in political demonstrations. With German assistance, Lenin was able to re-enter Russia. Together with Trotsky he critised the Kerensky government, which incidentally, was also communist, but which favoured peaceful negotiation in bringing about changes in Russia's political system. Lenin promised the factory workers control of the factories, soldiers were promised the termination of war and the peasants were promised redistribution of land. His group established a hold over soviets in Petrograd and other Russian towns. The soldiers refused to fight in the attack that Kerensky insisted that the army should launch against the Germans. Instead they rose up against his provisional government.

After gaining control of the Petrograd garrison, the Bolsheviks occupied all public buildings and Kerensky's head quarters - the Winter Palace. When the congress of "All Russian Soviets" gathered in the city, the Menshevik communists were forced to withdraw, thus leaving the Bolsheviks in control. A new government was then formed, the Soviet of People's Commissars with Lenin as chairman. The Bolsheviks, who were really in the minority, became known as the Communist Party.

After the take-over, Lenin withdrew Russia from the First World War, having dissolved the newly formed Constituent Assembly, because he discovered that only one quarter of its members were Bolshevik. All opposition was crushed by the work of a strong secret police force, and a dictatorship of the Proletariat was established. The new government was entirely Bolshevik.

Lenin refused to pay the Tsar's governments war debts and tremendous unrest followed. For three

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years there was civil war between the Red Russians (supporting Communism) and White Russians. By 1921 the Reds had eliminated all rivals. Almost two years elapsed before law and order was restored and then in 1923 a constitution was introduced and Russia became the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (there were only four at the time - Russia, White Russia, Ukraine and Transcaucasia - now there are fifteen). Each republic was regarded as a separate state and encouraged to develop its own culture, language and traditions. Stalin was appointed as Commissar for Nationalities.

To what extent was the electorate method democratic?

Soviets or working mens councils were elected in local areas by citizens over eighteen years old. These soviets then chose representatives to the "All Russian Congress of Soviets", which was the main governing body.

There were about two thousand delegates in this body and their function was to elect two committees to govern. The two committees were:- "The Executive Committee", which had both legislative and administrative powers, and "The Council of Peoples Commissars" (similar to our cabinet). This new constitution was not really democratic because a large number of Russian citizens were not given the right to vote, and those who were permitted to vote could only register their votes in favour of communist nominations.

Money was almost worthless, there was illegal trading; shortages of food and fuel. In an attempt to correct this situation the state took over all industry as well as all public and private wealth and also banned private trade. People were moved all over the place according to where they were needed to work. The nationalism of farming areas became essential because about 25 million small land owners were trying to produce food for the country, still using very primitive systems. This process resulted in dissatisfaction of the people and the position of industry worsened. Trade came to a standstill except in the black markets, which flourished. A drought caused the deaths of about 5 million people.

Lenin realised that a new economic policy was essential. He introduced his new economic policy, which permitted private trade on a small scale, but industrial plants, banks, and foreign trade were still state controlled. Peasants were permitted to sell their corn on the "open market", after paying a grain tax. Nevertheless, these changes came too late, and to save herself from famine, Russia had to accept foreign aid.

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All Church property was confiscated, and the clergy were not allowed to vote. Church schools were also closed because the Bolsheviks regarded Christianity and all other religions as superstition.

In 1922 Stalin was made General Secretary of the Communist Party. During the two years before Lenin's death in 1924, there was great rivalry between Lenin and Trotsky; the latter believed in forcing communism on the world, while Lenin wanted communism to succeed in Russia first. Stalin managed to have Trotsky exiled from Russia.

After Lenin's death in 1924, Petrograd was renamed Leningrad in his honour, and a triumvirate made up of Stalin, Kamenev and Zinoviev ruled Russia. Stalin soon became the dominant figure and by 1928, even though he was still Secretary of the Party, he was regarded as the unquestioned ruler of Russia.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

GEOGRAPHY

SECTION 9

GEOGRAPHY

FJORDS AND RIFT VALLEYS

Fjords

When glaciated highland coasts become submerged the flooded lower parts of the valley are called fjords. A glacier can apparently erode its valley to far below sea-level since six-sevenths of its thickness lies below sea-level by the time it reaches the sea. Because of the nature of ice erosion, a fjord has steep, almost vertical, sides with no large level beaches. The only habitable land is where the rivers have built small deltas out into the water and at the head of the fjord where the valley rises from the sea. Along the sides of the fjord hanging valleys are found, which, if below sea level, form fairly shallow inlets. Near the mouth of the fjord there is an underwater ridge that gives the entrance a shallow depth although the rest of the fjord is probably deep. This ridge consists partly of solid rock, caused by a lessening of glacial erosion as the glacier began to float, and partly of terminal moraine. Fjord coasts are generally unsuitable for harbours because the water is too deep for anchorage and there is usually no space for the necessary buildings. Though fjords penetrate deep inland, the hinterlands are generally unproductive. Other means of communication (railways and roads) to join the harbours with other centres can only be built at tremendous cost. Settlement along a fjord is extremely difficult due to the steep walls and there is little level land. Settlements are usually found at the head of the fjord, far inland, on the little level land that may be found there. Because there is almost no agricultural land, people who live in these areas are almost compelled to turn to the sea for a living. The picturesome fjords are a great tourist attraction and provide excellent breeding grounds for fish. This type of coastline is seen in Norway, the west coast of Scotland, the coast of British Columbia and Alaska, in southern Chile and the west coast of South Island, New Zealand. Coasts of this type are therefore situated mainly on western coats in the westerly wind belt.

Rift Valleys

Whenever a crustal block subsides relative to the surrounding blocks and forms a troughlike depression bounded by fault-scraps, we have a rift valley or graben. Most rift valleys are associated with block mountains, as for example in the Basin and Range Province in the south-western USA. For the very reason that rift valleys are not formed by the activity of rivers only active as deep as sea level, the floors of

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of some of these troughs are well below sea level. The trough of the Dead Sea is 431 metres below sea level, the Turpan Depression in the Sinkiary Province of China, 168 metres, and the Salton Sink and Death Valley in the south-western corner of the USA, 96 metres and 90 metres respectively. Approximately 140 km to the west of the south-western highlands of South West Africa, amongst the mountains of the Escarpment, a rift valley, 25 km in width and 100 km long, extends from Witputs far into the Namib. The well-known Fish River Canyon can also be regarded as a partial rift valley, 300 metres in depth, into which an erosional valley, 200 metres deep has been incised.

The Great African Rift Valley

The best known grabens on earth form part of the so-called Great African Rift Valley which is actually a complex of rift valleys occasionally interspersed with block mountains. It stretches for about 5 000 km from the mouth of the Zambesi in the South, through East Africa where it branches, and then through Ethiopa to the Red Sea and the Jordan depression. Much of the valley troughs are filled with lakes, e.g. Lake Albert, Lake Victoria, the Red Sea, the Dead Sea. The Red Sea today occupies a part of the African Rift Valley which is almost surely a break of the same kind that led to the fragmentation of Gondwaraland. This sea is too wide for a normal rift valley whose width is usually about the same as the depth of the crust, and it has been established that this width is the result of Africa and Arabia moving apart as though hinged at the Suez area. In fact, the measurement might be as rapid as 5 cm a year. The whole African rift valley system is larger than previously thought and extends into Natal itself.

M. Rose
Std. 9.

DISCUSS THE FIVE STAGES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH

CAN THEY BE APPLIED TO SOUTH AFRICA?

Economic development is usually seen as a process of growth. A nation progresses from a hunting and gathering stage to agriculture and then to manufacturing industries, etc. In this way it is possible to distinguish between certain progressive stages of economic development.

The Traditional Community

This first stage is apparent in areas where the same basic subsistence practices have been employed over a long period of time, and still occur. A further characteristic is the fact that some of the customs and practices have become so obsolete that they can no longer be employed profitably. Under these conditions it is no longer possible to increase the production per person and the population exists in a condition of uncertainty.

Before the arrival of the Dutch settlers, the Bushmen, Hottentots and Bantu of South Africa were at this stage, a state of affairs which continued long afterwards because of the majority of the majority of the population were subsistence farmers. Wine and wheat, and much later wool, were the only commercial commodities that could be produced. It was only after the discovery of diamonds, gold, coal, etc., and the associated development of the railways, that this stage gradually came to an end.

The Pre-Industrial Stage

During this stage an internal awakening occurs or external forces begin to play a part. This means that new ideas develop and become established so that changes can be effected gradually - changes which can proceed over a period of decades. At this stage most of the labour force (60% or more) is employed in the agricultural sector. Other primary activities such as mining and forestry begin to be important, industrial raw materials are exported and manufactured goods are imported. Basic services become necessary and consequently communications develop and financial concerns and an effective administration are established. A rapid population growth (with a high percentage in the lower age-group bracket) is characteristic of this stage.

After 1820 South Africa experienced a gradual change. The arrival of the British settlers was important because Britain had already experienced the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution. The poverty and over-

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crowding caused by the Industrial Revolution actually persuaded them to emigrate to South Africa. New ideas began to be accepted and schools, newspapers, hospitals, better roads, banks, etc. appeared and began to spread. These developments encouraged a greater volume of trade, but the real change only began with the discovery of diamonds and gold. Immigration increased greatly, capital was accumulated and urban areas such as Kimberley and the Witwatersrand sprang up. During this time the Union was established which created a larger common market. This stage lasted until about 1933.

The Take-Off Stage

This stage follows logically on the last one because during that period forces develop which must engender further change. Capital is gradually accumulated and becomes available for further development, while, at the same time, technological progress occurs. Machinery is imported and factories are established. Textile factories and factories which process perishable goods are normally the first to be established. Capital is obtained from other countries in the forms of investments and loans and this leads to further development and expansion. The percentage of the labour force which is employed by the primary industries begins to diminish and falls to between 35% and 55%. New industrial and political leaders usually appear to show the way, and as the expansion progresses so the communications network improves. As a result the standard of living rises. In contrast to the first two stages, this one does not last for long - at the most for two or three decades.

South Africa entered this stage in 1933, devaluation favoured the gold-mining industry and by that time ISCOR had come into production. These two factors led to the establishment and development of other factories with a consequent strengthening of South Africa's economic structure. Imports of manufactured goods were drastically reduced during the Second World War and local factories were compelled to produce a greater quantity and variety of goods. Towards the end of the war the country was in a position to enter the true industrial phase.

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Industrial Nations

A characteristic of an industrial nation is the rapid growth of secondary industries. This means that more workers are employed in the industrial sector than in any other sector. Growth during the take-off stage acts as a stimulus for further expansion. The local market increases in size and the export of goods becomes a possibility. More and more workers are employed by the factories, while mechanisation becomes common on farms. A drift therefore occurs from farming to secondary activities. During this phase governments normally protect their local industries by placing an import tax on competitive imported articles. The establishment of heavy industries (particularly iron and steel works) becomes essential because the secondary industries depend on them either directly or indirectly. Machinery for the factories is manufactured locally instead of being imported. More and more consumer goods are produced locally and local raw materials are exported in a processed form. To support such industrial communities, well-developed services are necessary.

At the end of World War Two South Africa was highly thought of internationally and capital and immigrants flowed into the country. The development of the OFS gold fields was a further incentive for growth. The government initiated a dynamic programme to encourage and consolidate industrial development, e.g. the local processing of raw materials, the establishment of a textile industry, engineering, projects, etc.

The Post-Industrial Communities

In the final phase a further change in the employment pattern becomes evident. As the country proceeds along its road of economic development, it experiences rapid growth in its tertiary activities. The establishment and maintenance of effective services is essential in such communities. These services include banking, transport and communications, insurance, a stock exchange and trading companies. By means of local production and imports, sufficient goods and services are provided to meet the demand.

Although the RSA has made considerable economic progress and many services are strong and well developed, the country has not yet reached this last phase. A characteristic of this phase is the mass consumption of a wide range of products and articles, and our Non-White population, with some exceptions, has not yet attained this level of affluence.

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In the meantime more workers are engaged in tertiary activities than in the factories because besides the above-mentioned services, there is a wide range of professional services, while education, administration, recreation and cultural affairs provide work for a great number of people. The countries of Western Europe and North America fall into this category. Affluence, as reflected in the high per capita gross domestic product, is a characteristic of the populations of such countries. The highest degreee of urbanisation is found in these areas. This is the most advanced stage of economic development and in such countries human resources on the management, financial and technological level are fully utilised.

B. Geary
Std. 9.


G.D.

BIOLOGY

SECTION 10

B I O L O G Y

COLOUR IN PLANTS

Colour is a sensation produced on the eye by rays of decomposed light. Black is the effect produced by no light or by a surface reflecting no rays. White is the effect produced by rays of undecomposed light or by a surface which reflects all the colours of the spectrum (i.e. red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet).

How Colour Occurs in Plants

Plastids are most frequently found in plant cells and they contain (a) Chloroplasts - which contain a green pigment. (b) chromoplasts - which contain red-blue pigments. (c) leucoplasts - which are usually colourless pigments.

(a) Chloroplasts are the largest bodies in the cytoplasm. Mainly developing in leaf cells but also appear in the stem. They contain a green pigment known as chlorophyll, which absorbs the sun's energy during photosynthesis. Chloroplasts vary in shape and size. In leaf cells they are often oval-shaped, spherical or disc-shaped. In many algae cells e.g. seaweed - which also gets its colour from chloroplasts - they are cup-like, plate-like or ribbon-like. The electron microscope revealed that chlorophyll is sandwiched between closely packed layers of proteins and lipids in disc-like bodies called grana. These grana are stacked upon each other.

(b) Chromoplasts are plastids producing red and blue pigments in addition to yellow xanthophylls and reddish-orange carotenes. Chromoplasts are found in flower petals and in the skins of fruit, e.g. tomato, cherries and ripe peppers. In some plants, however, chloroplasts lose chlorophyll and become chromoplasts e.g. in the ripening of bananas or tomatoes, when the skin changes from green to red or yellow. Carotene chromoplasts lend the characteristic colour to plants like carrots, tomatoes, citrus fruits, ripe peppers and the petals of many flowers. Caratenoids make up the plant world's second family of colour and are divided into two main groups, carotenes and xanthophylls which range from pale yellow to tomato red. Their actual chemical function in plants are largely unknown.

(c) Leucoplasts are usually colourless plastids which contain enzymes that link glucose molecules to form starch. They are found in the cells of roots, stems

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and other plant storage areas. Leucoplasts may develop chlorophyll and change to chloroplasts when exposed to light for a long time e.g. potatoes.

Colour in Fruits, Flowers and Leaves

Most fruits are green when unripe, meaning that they contain a lot of chlorophyll. Some varieties of fruit e.g. apples (Granny Smiths) remain green even when fully ripe, others turn a soft yellow and still others turn red. The yellowing of apples is at least partly due to the disappearance of the masking green of chlorophyll, permitting the carotenoid pigments in the cells of the skin to proclaim their colour. Carotenoids are chemically more stable than chlorophyll. The yellow colour of ripening apples is not due to a new pigment, whereas the red colour is. It is caused by anthocyanins which are found in the cell vacuoles. The colours are shades of scarlet, crimson, blue, purple of turnip tops, the red colour of beetroot and radishes and petal colours of many flowers. The hydrangea's flowers are red in neutral soil but turn blue under alkaline conditions. The production of anthocyanins is stimulated by the accumulation of sugar, low temperature and bright light. The process which occurs in the ripening of fruits takes place in many leaves during autumn. The yellow of some leaves is due to the disappearance of chlorophyll while the red and purple colours of other leaves are due to anthocyanins. In conifers their colour remains green due to chlorophyll. In leaves one often finds one colour masked by bluish-green chlorophyll producing light-green. Depending on the proportion of carotenoids and chlorophylls, leaves may vary in colour anywhere from yellowish green to dark green, with all possible gradations between them.

Why Plants have Colours

The main reason colours are present in plants is to attract insects to enter them in order to obtain nectar and thus pollinate them. This is why most wind or self pollinated plants do not have or do not need big, showy, brightly coloured flowers. However, plants derive vitiman A from carotenoids and these colours are so durable that they survive the digestive processes of animals and have an influence on the colouring of egg yolks and butter, after the animal has eaten some plant containing carotene.

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The only conclusion I can come to about 'colour in plants' is that if it was not for colour, all the insect pollinated plants would be non-existant and to me plants, flowers, fruits and leaves would not be worth looking at.

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G. Deal
Std. 8.

I N S E C T S

What they eat and their role in the world

Insets are by far the largest and most successful class of arthropods, with almost 1 000 000 known species. They have a very large number of habitats and except for the sea, practically every kind of environment supports a flourishing insect fauna. They are the most important class of invertebrates as regards number, variety and economical importance. Insects also play an important role in the food chain of animals.

Insects occur in virtually all the terretrial habitats occupied by metazoan animals although relatively few are internal parasites of animals or plants (very few adult insects are internal parasites of animals). Few adult insects, mainly bugs and beetles inhabit fresh water, although lavae or nymphs are common. There are few marine insects. Locusts occur in dry grasslands and semi-deserts where the soil is sandy, from which regions swarms may migrate into surrouding areas.

The mouth-parts of insects are formed typically from three pairs of segmented appendages, attached to the head and surrounding the mouth. In general the first of these three pairs, serves to crush like teeth, the second to grasp like tongs, and the third to probe and taste, like a tongue. The mandibles are the most anterior of these appendages, behind which the maxillae are found. The third pair are fused in the midline to form the labium (or lower lip). In the locust and cockroach and other "chewing" insects, the mandibles are hard, large structures. The maxillae bear lobes, teeth or hooks to help in manipulating the food and each also carries a short segmented palp supplied with microscopic sense-organs. Another pair of palps is borne by the labium, on the inner surface of which lies a tounge-like hypopharynx and the latter helps in swallowing the food after saliva is poured out between the labium and hypopharynx.

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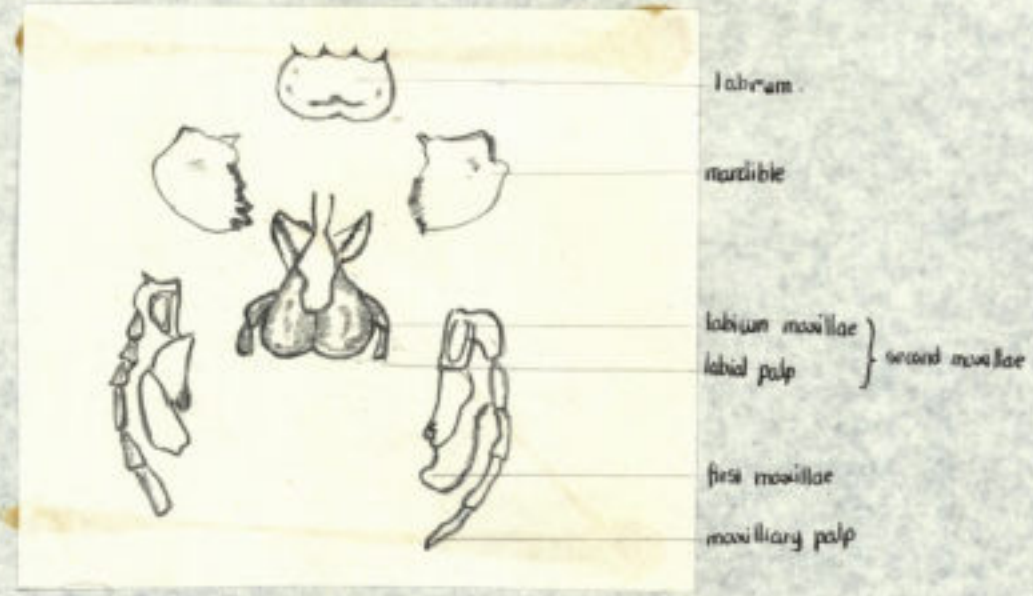

The Mouthparts of Locust

(a) Biting - the locust - it has all the characteristic mouthparts of an arthropod in the class insecta. It eats leaves and grasses and therefore can also be classified as a herbivorous insect.

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(b) Sucking - the butterfly and other insects dine on liquids and therefore their mouthparts are modified for sucking. They have the same basic plan except that they have fused and extended downwards forming a hollow tube like a drinking straw through which liquids are sucked up.

(c) Piercing - the mosquitoe, much to man's discomfort is among the most efficient mouth-parts. These insects are unable to bite, instead, the majority of their mouthparts are modified into needle-like stylets. The lower lip is a proboscus covering an array of parts. Six lancets are fitted into six grooves. Four of these are a pair each of mandibles and maxillae, transformed into extremely fine needles. The other two are the upper lip, also very thin and a sixth stylet that bears a salivary channel.

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(d) Sponging - the house fly

(e) Lapping and chewing - the honey bee

Herbivourous insects are economically important because of the damage they do to crops. The pine tree Emperor moth's larvae feed on pine leaves and often causes depoliation. The mealie stalkborer attacks maize stalks and causes a great loss. The Karoo bush, which is the country's most valuable foddr plant for sheep, is often destroyed by the Karoo caterpillar. The coddling moth is the worst pest to apple and pear farmers and does a lot of damage to their orchards. Locusts are general feeders and swarms can destroy the complete vegetation of a region. The CRM beetle feeds off flowers and foliage of various plants, while extensive damage is caused by weevils and other grain beetles who feed on stored seeds and grains.

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Many insects are predators and hunt or prey other animals and insects, then devour their victims without killing them. The tiger beetle (larva) has an unusual method of attack. It buries itself in a burrow and waits for an innocent insect to pass by, and then attacks. The ant lion also uses a similar method of trapping its prey. Other predators are the lady-bird beetles, which pray aphides, dragon flies which hunt mosquitoes and mantids and lace-wings which consume many various insects. Glow worms which are carnivorous feed mainly on snails and slugs.

There are two main kinds of insect parasites - ectoparasites which live and feed on the outer surface of their hosts (e.g. horse and tsetse flies) and those which spend their life within the hosts body (e.g. sheep nasal) - these are known as endoparasites. One of the most obvious features of these insects is the reduction in their sensory organs and lacomotor organs. Their body is usually flattened and often provided with rows of bristles which help to resist dislodgement from the fur or feathers of the host. Parasites have specialized feeding habits and usually secure themselves to a place on the host.

Insects can be regarded as playing an important role in food chains, but they are by no means vital in them to make them function. Herbivorous insects (e.g. the locust eats grass and the caterpillar eats leaves) feed directly on plants and are then preyed upon either by carnivora or parasites, who in turn are preyed upon and so on. This is known as a food chain, which will start with photosynthesis and end with decay. The part which insects play in food chains is in the food pyramid of land. If, for example, there are a large number of herbivores feeding on a single producer, this concept breaks down.

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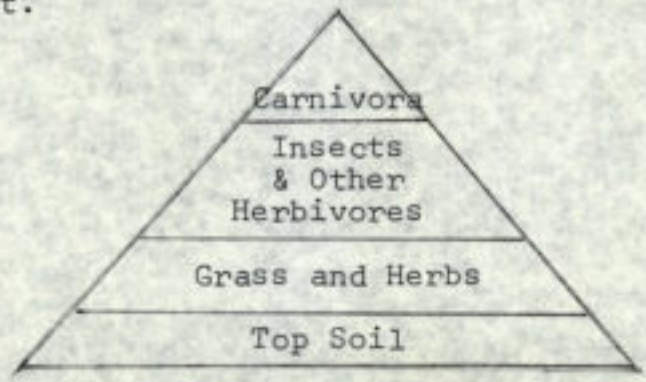

The Role of Insects in The Food Pyramid of Land

Insects can be regarded as economically important because the honey bee provides honey and beeswax, while other pollinate flowers. Some insects are predators of harmful insects and therefore create a balance and also keep the harmful insects to as few as possible, while still others are used for biological control of plant and insect pests (e.g. cactiblastis controls the prickly pear).

One not only finds useful, but also harmful insects which spoil ones food (e.g. flies) as well as spread diseases (e.g. mosquitoes spread malaria). A large number of insects also destroy wood, plants, grain, fruit and fabrics (e.g. weevils, clothes moths, etc.). All these insects are harmful due to their eating habits. Because of their eating habits they are rivals of man for food (e.g. grain, fruit and vegetables). They also rival with man for shelter (e.g. flies and cockroaches). So all these things make them seem not only harmful but as a nuisance.

To get rid of these insects which are pests, various methods of control have been devised: chemical control, which usually is an insecticide or a chemical proved to be a potent killer. Using a chemical control method may be successful but is also a disadvantage because their measures are non-selective and their application may result in the death of insect eating birds and mammals, who have indirectly (or directly as herbivores) come into contact with insecticides. Another disadvantage is the polluting of the environment. Biological control is another method of control. This consists of introducing a predatory species which eats the pest. This control is very successful and is permanent and no further money or labour need be spent. Yet this method too

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has disadvantages and can result in destruction of wild life. A group of animals so numerous and widespread, as the insects, cannot really have many generalizations, but the main one is their biological success. They have made adaptions on basic features to suit the individual groups (e.g. mouthparts) and have contributed to the unity of food chains and food webs. They have resisted extinction even though they have been controlled. In some cases they are an advantage to man and like all other living things have their advantages and disadvantages.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

ART

SECTION 11

A R T

THE MADONNA OF THE ROCKS - LEONARDO DA VINCI

In this unfinished painting Leonardo uses a triangular composition, broadened out to 3-dimensions, thus forming a pyramid. He uses chiaroscuro to achieve form in his background as well as his figures and their emotional expressions.

This deeply religious and poetic work shows clearly how Leonardo tried to unite ideal beauty with carefully observed naturalism. It depicts the madonna, the Christ Child and the infant John the Baptist and an angel emerges from the half-light of the cavernous landscape. Light reveals and veils the forms of things as well as expressing tenderness in the figures which pray, point and bless. These gestures unite the composition which fits into its natural surroundings to form and produce a successful painting.

The plants and rocks are exquisitely formed and are painted in very great detail even though they seem to melt away in the deep shadows. The tender gestures of the hands and the loving expressions of the faces, bathed in the soft, warm light, enhance the perfect unity of the pyramidal composition. Deep background colours attain aerial perspective while warm foreground colours also enhance the body forms and details found in nature. The whole painting is harmonious, painted in deep, well matched colours.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

THE BIRTH OF VENUS - BOTTICELLI

This is another example of Botticelli's work in which he materialized his visions. He uses a very decorative and linear system of painting that generates its own kind of figure and space.

It depicts Venus, born on the sea foam, floating to her sacred island on a conch shell blown by the zephyrs. On the island, Cyprus, the nymph Pomona, runs to meet her with a mantle. This theme is taken from classical mythology and is still realistic even though it is painted in a representational method.

Depicting Venus nude was regarded as an innovation. She is the central figure of the painting and the viewer's eye is led to her on the one side by very entwined zephyrs and on the other side by Pomona's arm in which she holds the mantle. The human figures have form and three-dimension and look realistic with human weight even though they have been handled delicately.

An attempt has been made at depicting some form of landscape and this is found on the right hand side of the painting in the trees and the waters edge which recedes, giving the painting depth and achieving linear perspective.

Due to the fact that this is a delicate subject pale colours, both warm and cool have been used. Movement has been obtained in the entwined bodies of the Zephyrs, Venus' hair, and Pomona's clothing, while rhythm is found in the stylized, repeated, pattern found in the sea.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

THE LAMENTATION - GIOTTO

This painting depicts the Lamentation over Christ's body by his mother and disciples, and it is an example of the technique Giotto used of depicting body emotions not only facial expressions. The composition has unity and is well linked by the rock which leads ones eye to the central figure of Christ, and the tree on the right hand side of the painting which then leads ones eye to the angels. This method of linking his composition also gives the painting movement.

In his figures he has achieved three dimensional form and one can feel emotions being expressed by the body movements and their positions. This is also found in the angels. Dramatic gestures (particularly the outstretched arms of the central standing figure) also express emotions and the mournful faces create an intense feeling of deepest sorrow. The angels too add to the effect of grief and loss by the tortured expressions on their faces one can feel this.

This painting was done as a fresco and the colours are soft and subtle, yet realistic. Form has been obtained in this painting, not only by three dimensional figures but also in their clothing draped around them.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

THE MIRACLE OF THE SLAVE - TINTORETTO

Tintoretto is a mannerist and his works are always extremely dramatic. In his miracle of the slave St Mark is seen hurtling downward to the assistance of a Christian slave, who is about to be martyred for the faith, and shatters the instruments of torture. These are help up by the executioner to the startled judge as the throng around the central action stares. The composition is made up of contrary and opposing notions; for any figure leaning in one direction, there is another to counter it. The main group curves deeply back into space, but the most dynamic move of all is made by the slave, the executioner and St. Mark forming a central trio, which sweep together in a great upward movement forming a serpentine curve. The motion is checked by the plunging figure of St Mark, moving in the opposite direction. The motion, however, is firmly contained within the picture frame. The tonality of colours - the deep golds, reds and greens is purely Venetian while in the solid, robust figures, with firm movements and clearly composed space has little that is manneristic.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

THE MADONNA OF THE PESARO FAMILY - TITIAN

This painting was painted by Titian for the church of Frari. This great work which established the reputation and personal style of Titian, was presented to the church by the Bishop of Paphos in Cyprus. In a stately sunlit setting the madonna receives the commander who kneels at the foot of her throne. A soldier behind the commander carries a banner with the arms of the Borgia; behind him is a turbaned Turk - a captive of the Christians. St Peter occupies the steps of the throne and St Francis introduces other members of the Pesaro family, who kneel solemnly in the right foreground. The massing of monumental figures in groups as well as singly within the architectural background is characteristic of High Renaissance. Titian places his figures on a steep diagonal, with the madonna, as the focus of composition. Attention is directed to her by perspective lines, by the inclination of figures and by the directional lines of gaze and gesture. The design is beautifully brought into by the banner that inclindes towards the left balancing the tendancy of the main direction upwards and rightward. Titian displays a mastery of colour in this painting by rendering rich surface textures. This composition is more striking than those characteristic of High Renaissance and it is built movement rather than rest.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

VENUS OF URBINO - TITIAN

This painting was done by Titian for the Duke of Urbino. It depicts Venus reclining on a gentle slope made by her luxurious pillowed couch, the sleek continuous volume of her body is contrasted with the liner draperies. The sleeping dog at her feet balances the composition while the simple drape behind her places her figure emphatically in the foreground and presses a vista into the background at the right half of the picture. In the vista are two servants who search in a chest of draws for clothing for their mistress; beyond them is a smaller vista into an evening landscape. Colour plays an important part in this painting, especially shades of reds. Deep Venetian reds set off against the pale neutral whites of the linen and the warm ivory gold of the flesh are echoed in the red tones of the matron's skirt, the muted reds of the tapestries, and the neutral whites of the matron's sleeves and the gown of the kneeling girl. The linking of composition is well done with the use of colour, e.g. the placing of the two deep reds, in the foreground cushions and in the background skirt, that function so importantly in the composition as a gauge of distance. Here colour is not used simply for the tinting of pre-existing forms but as a means of organisation that determines the placement of forms. Colour is the dominant feature in this painting and yet the subject gives us all the compositional essentials as well as illustrates a typical 'Titian' style.

G. Deal
Std. 9.

THE FEAST OF THE GODS - GIOVANNI BELLINI

In "The Feast of the Gods", Bellini developed a new kind of mythology in which the Olympian gods appear as peasants enjoying a heavenly picnic in a shady glade. Ovid's "Fasti" describes a banquet of the gods, it was from this that he obtained his inspiration for this painting. The figures are spread across the foreground: satyrs attend upon the gods, a child draws from a keg and nymphs bring jugs of wine, while couples engage in love play. The various textures are revealted by the full resources of colour which are gently and subtly blended, providing the painting with harmony and unity. The figures are executed in warm, lush tones which contrast with the cool green, tree-filled glades of the background. The floral country-side makes a perfect setting for the never ending pleasure of the immortal gods and also adds to the idyllic, peaceful and heavenly atmosphere. It could be regarded as a description of the delights in nature and the pleasures of mankind, or as a representation of a pastoral mood including elements like eternal youth, song, revelry and a definite landscape.

Bellini did this painting after his student - Giorgione's - death, using the method of landscape painting that Giorgione had developed, so can also be regarded as a form of tribute to Giogione from Bellini. (It is believed that Titian, another of Bellini's pupils completed the background on the right-hand side of the painting.)

G. Deal
Std. 9.

MUSIC

SECTION 12

M U S I C

PALESTRINA'S CONTRIBUTION TO MUSIC

The sixteenth century was crowded with activity in almost every field of endeavour: exploration in the New World, the growth of modern nations, rise of Protestantism, the Counter-Reformation formed to combat it, and similar expressions of the human spirit in architecture, painting, literature and music.

The deliberations of the Council of Trent (1563) aimed at internal reform (in the Church) and this included music. Some wished to ban polyphonic music from the Church service because such settings obscured words. Pope Marcillus however influenced the Council to accept a simpler style of polyphony and then called a meeting of his choir at which he stated that church music should be sincere and suitable to its occasion and not too involved.

Palestrina was made choirmaster of the Julian Chapel in the Vatican by the Pope who was once his Bishop. Shortly after this Palestrina brought out a new book of masses and this was the first ever dedicated by an Italian to a reigning Pope. Palestrina's mass, Missa Papae Marcelli - the best of all his masses - is very beautiful and this combines with a great wealth and subtlety of technical resource, without detracting from the profound devotional character of the music, which was in conformity with the Council of Trent's decrees.

Palestrina was not, essentially, a revolutionist in music and did not introduce new vocabularly or forms. He was content with using the modes of his forefathers which frequently gives his music an uneventful character. His polyphonic style, in general, was most transparent and regulated and he wrote mostly for unaccompanied voices using a Latin text. His style was not the most typical of the time, but the most carefully refined. He sometimes used earlier works to serve as a basis for his Masses e.g. the Dies Sanctificatus Mass is based on his motet of the same name. This type of mass is known as a parody or transcription mass. Unlike his English contemporaries he did not break away from the mediaeval system of tonality and did nothing rash or bold but always a note of mysticism was present. It was always serence and aloof with no note of materialism.

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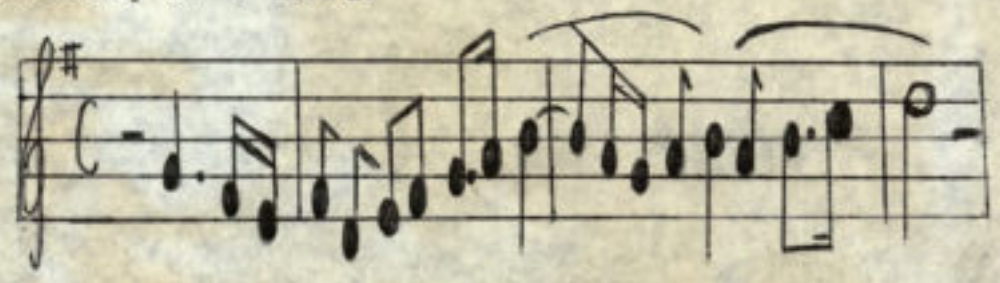
Part of the unworldly qualities of many of Palestrina's melodies is due to the fact that they move stepwise from note to note, with a minimum number of skips. This restraining discipline, which makes so many of his melodies seem smooth, calm and of purity of line and feeling, has the added advantage of making them easy to sing. In this melody from a motet for women's voices, Ave regima coelorum, there is only one skip of a third.



He wrote his greater choral works without bar-lines, as the voices sang different melodies in each part, and the accents therefore came at different points in each line, making a bar-line impossible.

The age of vocal polyphony was brought to a magnificent height of development by Palestrina - who was of the first contrapuntal school - purely vocal. Polyphonic music requires a listener who can hear separate strands of melody sung by separate voices, instead of hearing only the sound of all the voices as they happen from moment to moment.

Palestrina's most typical style is diatonic and modal imitative polyphony, beautifully balanced in rhythm, in melody, and in use of dissonance. In compositions in six or more parts it leans more often towards the originally Venetian and more homophonic style of antiphonal writing for divided choir, as in the Stabat Mater. About three-quarters of his Masses, for four to eight voices, are parody masses, a few are based on a plainsong cantus firmus e.g. Ecce Sacerdos Magnus, or on a secular song e.g. L'Homme Arme. His church music includes motets in four to eight and in twelve parts, Lamentations, Magnificats, Litanies and Psalms; his other works are sacred madrigals (in Italian) and secular madrigals.

S. Harris
Std. 9.

REPORTS

SECTION 13

R E P O R T S

HOUSE REPORT

1975 ended in a blaze of glory as Merriman carried off the coveted Efficiency Shield for the second successive year. Congratulations to all the 'Merrimen' who contributed in their various ways towards the achievement of this spectacular goal.

Academically, Merriman has done extremely well this year, winning all the mark-readings and coming second in the June examinations. Special congratulations go to Janet Hammond, Jane Coombe, Lisa Nel, Amy Williams, Kathy Ketelbey, Alison Bowley, Clare Grootendorst and Morna Lawson for maintaining a consistently high standard of work throughout the year.

So far the sports section has been very quiet this year, only interhouse swimming and diving having taken place. Our compliments to Rolt on winning both these events and we look forward to the accumulating interhouse events which will be played off during the remaining one and a half terms of this year.

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Merriman on showing such a high standard of leadership. Six of the twelve prefects are 'Merrimen': Juliet MacGregor, Niki Dunckley, Micky Schneider-Waterberg, Jenny Louw and Alison Ulrick. I am not alone in hoping that this example will be maintained in later years.

Every term each member donates fifty-five cents to charity and this year the money collected by Merriman has been sent to the SPCA, Cancer Research, Meals on Wheels for the Aged and St James Hospital in the Lesotho mountains. The jerseys and blankets knitted annually by the girls were taken to 'our' charity, St Michaels, where they were gratefully received by the matron.

Last, but not least, I would like to thank Mrs Rauch and the House Staff for their help and unfailing enthusiasm throughout the year, the prefects for their support and the editors for all the trouble they went to to make this Magazine what it is.

Long live Merriman!

T. Bosma
Head of Merriman

CHAPEL REPORT

A warm welcome to Andrea Olivier, Susan Ward-Able, Brigid Duckitt, Cathy Aubrey, and Clare Gawith, of whom Andrea and Brigid are Merrimen, as new members of the Chapel Committee and many thanks to Mrs Mary Brown for all she has done for the chapel since she, too, has joined the committee.

The attendance at Friday morning communion has greatly increased since the introduction of the New Liturgy by the Rev Mr Eve and many more girls from all standards are now attending these services regularly as they come to appreciate the simplicity and beauty of our peaceful chapel which continues to be the focal point of Herschel.

T. Bosma
Secretary

THE MATRIC DANCE

Although the matric dance was held in the second term, preparations for this, the highlight of almost everyone's school career, began early in the year. Everyone contributed in their various ways by bringing cakes for cake sales, their time and most important of all, their ideas as to the organisation of this great event.

After many class meetings and an equal, if not greater numbers of differences of opinion, we eventually decided on a band (The Winds of Change) in favour of a discotheque, an oriental menu and a Chinese theme. The art girls immediately rolled up their sleeves and tackled the mammoth task of painting the various necessary posters, and even succeeded in persuading many girls who do not take art, to join in, "Just to paint the background". Little did we know what lay ahead!

Eventually the Great Week sailed into view and arrived in a flurry of activity and groans, for there was still so much to be done, however by the arrival of Thursday, we were running to schedule. As soon as the three o'clock bell rang, we jumped up and stormed the cloakroom, where we donned our scruffiest jeans and tiniest T-shirts before setting to work. By ten o'clock, all the decorations were in place and only a few last-minute jobs remained to be done on Friday morning. (Owing to Holy Week which began on Sunday, our dance was held on Friday, 9 April.)

Friday dawned in a blaze of blue skies, overworked hairdressers and empty lessons. Promptly at seven-thirty, we arrived at school as if at Noah's Ark and floated to the hall, where we were greeted by beckoning candles, blue fountains and the Winds of Change.

T. Bosma
Std. 10.

TENNIS REPORT

The Merriman tennis team has been very successful during the past year. Although we did not win the Interhouse competition, we tied with Rolt in second place. All the girls did their best to achieve this encouraging result and we hope to win the matches next year.

A number of Merriman girls represented Herschel in the Interschools matches: in the Open Team Celeste Cornforth; and in the Under 15 Team, Credwen Thompson, Susanne Naude, Gillian Rauch and Lisa Nel. Congratulations and many thanks to these girls for their time and effort.

I. Schneider Waterberg
Std. 10.
Tennis Captain

SWIMMING REPORT

The Inter-House Swimming Gala took place this year on Thursday 11 March. Unfortunately, there were not many 'Merrimen' who were in the school swimming team, and as usual, there were girls swimming who had not swum for two years or more!

Even though we came third, nothing could dampen our spirits, and with our enormous red mouse as our mascot, Merriman sang to the end. Congratulations to the whole house on their team spirit - perhaps we'll do better next time!

J. MacGregor
Std. 10.
Swimming Captain

HOCKEY REPORT

The Inter-House Hockey Matches are scheduled for the end of August and, although last year's results were not very successful, we are more optimistic about this year, as we have three members of Merriman in the school first team: F de Klerk, M Knudsen and A Ullrich and there are several promising juniors coming up. However, it is not only results that count and certainly our house spirit is not lacking. Good luck 'Merrimen' and play well!

F. De Klerk
Std. 9.
Hockey Vice Captain

NETBALL REPORT

Netball seemed to take a backseat last year when the only interhouse winter-sporting activity was hockey. This year, however, a netball match is planned, and, with at least half the school team belonging to Merriman, it seems there is a good chance that we may repeat our last performance and carry off the trophy again! Unfortunately netball is not accorded with great importance at Herschel and we have only enough people to scrape an Open Team and Under 15 - as netball is our best sport, let's hope this changes.

All that remains to be said to our teams is "Go, go Merriman! Good luck and play well!"

N. Dunckley
Std. 10.

HOUSE LIST

SECTION 14

HOUSE LIST

MERRIMAN 1976

Our house this year consists of the following people:-

Members of Staff

Mrs N Rauch (Head of House)
Mrs C M Meinert
Mr Thomas
Mrs Thompson

Std. 10.

Tanya Bosma (Head of House)
Nicola Dunkley (Prefect)
Jennifer Louw (Prefect)
Juliet MacGregor (Prefect)
Caroline Parker
Shelley Smiedt
Clare Stuart-Findlay
Lesley Stubbs
Alison Ullrich (Prefect)
Carolyn Veldhuisen
Emily Schneider-Waterberg
Ilse Schneider-Waterberg
Helen Enthoven
Patricia Leisegang

Std. 9.

Janet Barker
Veronique Batchelor
Fran De Klerk
Georgia Deal
Janet Hammond
Sue Harris
Barbara Jearey
Jane Kelly
Susan Louw
Helen Manning
Kathy Page Wood
Karina Raath
Amanda Rose
Manda Smiedt
Lou-Anne Wrentmore
Serena Herbert

Std. 8.

Julie-Anne Allsop
Catherine Baker
Jane Coombe
Lisa Diamond
Monique Herweg
Marilyn Knudsen
Susanne Naude
Andrea Olivier
Gillian Rauch
Carilyn Scholten
Rose-Anne Smith
Credwen Thompson
Celeste Cornforth
Lisa Nel
Amy Williams
Katharine Ketelby

Std. 7.

Alison Bowley
Rosemary Fletcher
Movia Hollman
Elizabeth Hyslop
Philippa Leighton Daview
Flora McLennan
Diane Newton
Sandra Nicol
Debora Partridge
Joan Saunders
Heather Turner
Louise Gray
Anne Campbell

Std. 6.

Susan Baker
Lindy De Kok
Susan Eve
Clare Grootendorst
Penny Sharpley
Heather Tomlinson
Louise Oliver

Kathleen Barron
Madeleine Enthoven
Jennifer Grey
Susan Lloyd Roberts
Dana Smiedt
Beverley Brockman
Leigh Cluver

EDITORIAL

SECTION 15

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

We have had much pleasure in editing this magazine, in choosing the entries, many of which, due to lack of space had to be omitted. Firstly we would like to thank our typist, Mrs Rene Johnson, without whose help this magazine certainly never would have materialised. We would also like to thank Tanya Bosma, and the other members of staff for their invaluable assistance - it was such a relief to have people behind us on whom we could rely!

Last, but certainly not least, we must thank everyone for their enthusiastic support. We can only hope that next year the editors will receive as much pleasure as we have compiling this magazine and we wish them every success.

The Editors:-

J. Hammond
M. Smiedt
F. De Klerk
K. Raath