

An original writer is not one
who imitates nobody, but one
whom nobody can imitate.

Francois - René de Chateaubriand



C O N T E N T S

<u>ENGLISH:</u>	Page
Communication	A. Williams 1
A Sunday Morning Walk in a City	F. McLennan 2
The Mountain	J. Gray 3
Table Mountain Twilight	T. Cambell 3
Animal Locomotion in Water	M. Knudsen 4
The Dandelion	K. Ketelby 4
Memories	J. Yeats 7
Apple Seller	H. Turner 7
A Tanka	C. Roberts 8
The Moods of a Baby	A. Bowley 8
Born to Die	F. Paine 8
Death	D. Smiedt 9
The Stars	K. Kearney 10
Protest without Violence achieves nothing	C. Baker 10
Johannesburg	G. Deal 11
Where?	L. Gray 12
Joy	A. Williams 13
The Leaf	C. Baker 13
The Hitch-Hiker	C. Ovenstone 14
The People of Indonesia	H. Turner 14
Not tall enough	S. Naude 15
Lost	D. Newton 18
The House that disappeared	S. Lloyd-Roberts 19
Waves	A. Singer 20
The Titanic Disaster	C. Thomsen 21
Shadows	K. Ketelby 22
Bathing Habits	M. Lawson 23
Desperation	L. Jones 24
I saw the Seals	R. Smith 24
Fishing	L. Diamond 25
A Korean Sijo	L. Gray 26
Charred Fingers	F. McLennan 26
Recluse	A. Williams 27
Nigely Poop	M. Lawson 28
Summer	J. Allsop 29
The Arab-Israeli Conflict	A. Olivier 30
I'll never forget those Happy times	G. Deal 31
Spring	K. Ketelby 34
Past and Future	A. Olivier 34
Curiosity ... Remorse ... Desperation	S. Naude 35
Four Fathoms Down	J. Coombe 36
Sunset	M. Knudsen 37
Fire, fire burning bright	K. Kearney 38
Hatred	L. Diamond 39
Gauguin	M. Lawson 39
Remorse	G. Deal 40
Fathoms of Secrecy	R. Smith 43
The Wreck of the "Santa Jeane"	L. Diamond 44
The Successful Man	A. Mathison 45
Curedes	C. Pickholz 46
What happened to Mr. Sinclair-Wade?	A. Olivier 47
The importance of Mineral Elements to Living Organisms	A. Singer 48
	K. Ketelby 49



		Page
The Play	A. Olivier	51
Sept	M. Smiedt	51
Something of Great Importance	J. Coombe	52
Tiger	K. Ketelby	53
A Day in the Amazon	J. Yeats	54
Literature	J. Coombe	55
Sept	P. Leighton-Davies	55
Remorse - too late?	A. Williams	56
Cockroaches	J. Coombe	57
Earth	C. Baker	60

OTHER LANGUAGES:

AFRIKAANS

Die See	C. Thomsen	61
Langs ver Paaie	C. Pickholz	62
Die Mis	C. Thomsen	63
Die Son Kom Op	C. Pickholz	63
Die Jag Dag	B. Duckitt	64
Die Woestyn	C. Thomsen	65
Spookasem - en Toffieappeldae	C. Pickholz	66
Vlieënde Swaeltjies	C. Pickholz	66

FRENCH

Je ne pourrais jamais expliquer ce que ce bruit m'a fait	M. Rose	67
Une Grande Ville à midi et à minuit	J. Coombe	68
Une Lettre	M. Lawson	69
Grandpère a quatre-vingts ans - mais ...	A. Williams	69
Tante Annie	K. Ketelby	70

CHINESE

	K. Saunders	71
--	-------------	----

LATIN

Romulus et Remus	M. Knudsen	72
------------------	------------	----

GERMAN

Eine Eisenbahnfahrt	C. Pickholz	73
---------------------	-------------	----

XHOSA

Ukutya uholide	K. Saunders	74
----------------	-------------	----

DUTCH

Jaapjie en de zere Vinger	C. Grootendorst	75
---------------------------	-----------------	----

TURKISH

A Hodja Story	A. Williams	76
---------------	-------------	----



REPORTS

	Page
House Report	78
House List	79
Tennis Report	80
Swimming and Diving Report	80
Netball Report	81
Hockey Report	81
Squash Report	81
Gymnastics Report	82
The Outeniqua Trail	83
	83
The Bicycle Ride	84
Matric Dance Report	85
Oral Communications and Drama Club Report	86
	86
Choir Report	87
Editorial	88



ENGLISH

poetry

prose

factual essays



Communication

i want to write
words
that will fill you with ecstasy as they bubble
from your lips
creating rhythms and patterns of
colourful, joyful life - of
simple things like
bugs and
leaves

i want to cause white, searing pain, as my
poetry? recalls
sadness, and hurtfulness.
wistfully; want you to murmur
the words again,
pondering the despair
of poor, sick, unwanted,
unloved.

and i want to find the precise
figures of speech and
onomatopoeia alliteration assonance
to flash pictures of
tiny pools of rippling water, which
plink patteringly as rain falls,
and other such
microscopic
joys.

so many things i want to say,
beautifully,
forever.
so i keep
trying.



A Sunday Morning Walk in a City

Last Sunday morning I decided not to go to church. Instead I planned to go for a walk in the city. I thought of this because, at almost any other time of the week, the city is full of roaring, grinding and screeching traffic which I hate. I felt that it was wrong for someone to hate visiting one's own city, and so decided to see what it was like when one came upon it unexpectedly at an unusual time.

I reached Adderley Street, and started my walk in earnest. The sky was overcast and there was a cold wind blowing. I walked briskly to keep warm.

The wind was blowing rubbish along the street and a crinkly paper bag wound itself around my legs. The shops on my right hand side seemed lonely and forlorn. I wondered how a burglar must feel when he broke into a sad, dark shop.

A solitary car passed me. I wondered who was in it. Was it someone who thought that no day, not even the Sabbath day, was kept holy by thieves? By now, I had reached a cinema. The billboards showed gay coloured pictures of the newest, most violent film, with "Now Showing" written underneath.

At the garages, no one stood by the petrol pump. No loud hoots tore at the silence. No stentorian voices commanded the invisible cars to move forward, backwards or stay still. At the robots there was no trouble in crossing the road, but the fact that I did not even have to press the button, seemed so strange, that I looked both ways twice, to make sure I was not being tricked into crossing the road.

Outside Stuttafords, there was none of the usual jostling for a parking place. The big doors were closed, and, on looking in, I could see all the sweets on the sweet counter and on the self-service counter. I thought 'Is this what it is like to have no money, to only be able to look in, never to go in and buy?' All the parking meters showed "expired" I felt the same.

I walked on, my head bent, and looking at the pavement. The paving stones were smooth and shiny with the use of the years. The gutters were fairly clean. I wondered how often they were cleaned.

Everything seemed grey. The stone of the buildings, the pavements, the roads, all were grey. I felt depressed. In the suburbs, there is always some colour. If, eventually, there was no more space for gardens and parks, what would happen? Would we all live as little grey beings for the rest of our lives - overshadowed by skyscrapers and smutty from their dirt?



The Mountain

Tension had filled the air as the shape of two figures stood out against the rising sun. They stood motionless with visible determination to conquer the unconquerable. The time of challenge had come for the battle between man and nature. They set out, expecting the unexpected and dreaming the undreamable, up the rocky face to their destination. There above, stood the unexplored, feared mountain.

The vegetation crept higher and higher up the monotonous slopes until it was overpowered by the accumulation of snow. The majestic, threatening, irregular peaks towered above the pitiful village, resting at its base.

These two men were by no means the first. The mountain had previously claimed its victims and hasn't ceased to do so.

Their bodies were found by a native a week later, frozen perfectly preserved. Even at death their facial expressions never changed from their brave, determined one.

J. Gray
Std. 7

Table Mountain Twilight

Dusk.
 misty mountain magic
 Bare autumn trees silhouetted
 against an exotic terracotta sky.
 Wisps of gold paint the clouds
 which float above the mysterious
 dark, placid mountain.
 It is black and grey
 but within itself alive and
 exciting.
 It crouches in peace, beckoning
 the coming of the crisp
 night.

T. Cambell
Std. 8

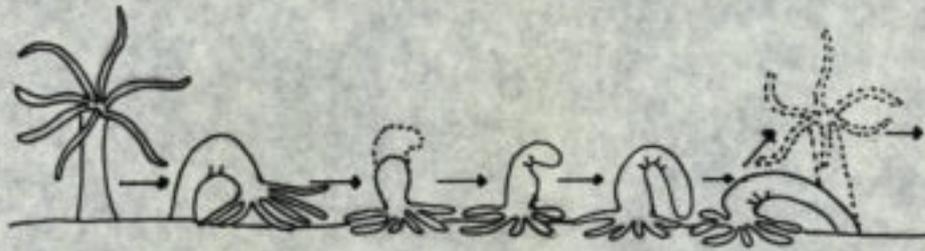


Animal Locomotion in Water

Introduction

Locomotion is essential to all animals. It is needed for protection, in the search of a mate, in the search of food, to prevent over-population of one area ("birth dispersal") and generally to help keep the balance of nature. Each animal becomes specially adapted to its type of locomotion and specialises in that specific locomotion. This essay will deal with the locomotion of a number of different animals in water.

Hydra moves in a variety of ways. The simplest method by which it moves is by gliding on the base, by the creeping amoeboid movement of the basal cells. Rapid movement is obtained by "somersaulting". The animal bends over and attaches its tentacles to the substrate by means of adhesive thread capsules, loosens its base, swings the base over the mouth and attaches it to the substrate; it then loosens the tentacles and repeats this process.



A Hydra Somersaulting

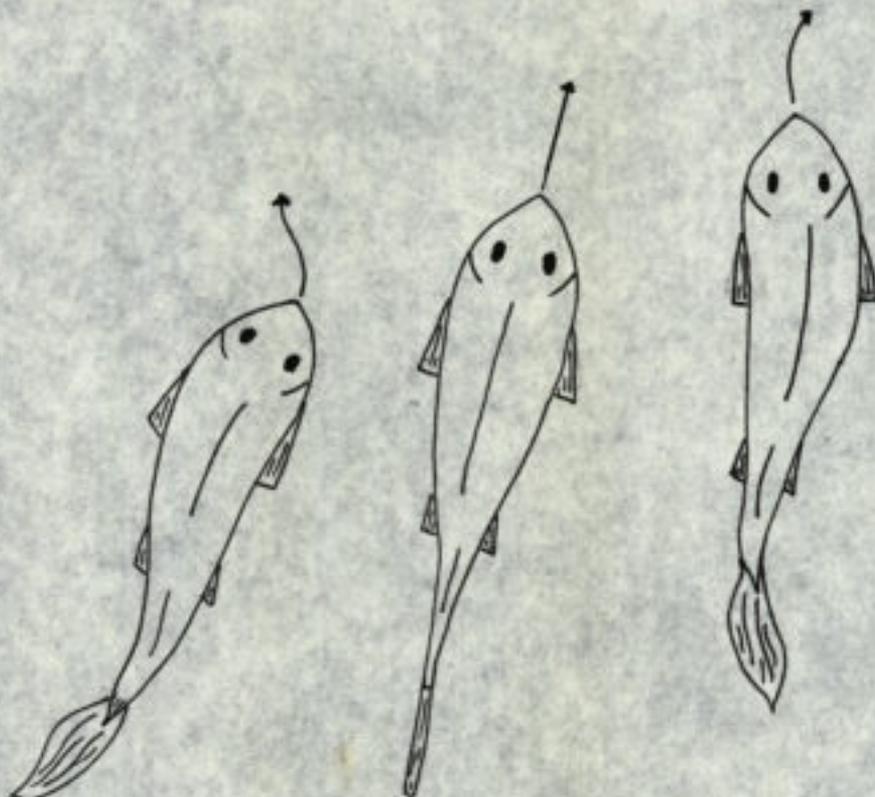
Another common method by which Hydra moves is by floating. The basal disc detaches and secretes a gas bubble that carries the animal to the surface, where the polyp may float upside down, hanging from the surface film for a long time. Then the Hydra can leave the surface film, sink with outstretched tentacles and make contact with a new substrate.

Although jelly-fish belong to the same phylum as Hydra, they do not move in the same way, but instead by a kind of jet propulsion. One could imagine it to be like the opening and closing of an umbrella under water. When the umbrella is closing, water is forced out and this pushes it through the sea. Although the jelly-fish floats largely at the mercy of wind and wave, its slow pulsation provides some control over its movement.

This method of locomotion by means of jet-propulsion is not very common, but the paddle is widely used in nature. Some animals have four paddles, others two and others many paddles, all working in a well-established rhythm. The caudal fin, and, to a certain extent the pectoral and pelvic



fins of a fish serve as paddles. When it swims, the tail muscles pull the tail slowly from its medial position, outwards to one side, and then quickly back again to the median position; the tail is then slowly pulled outwards in the opposite direction, and quickly back again. These movements are repeated rapidly and rhythmically, and the pressure of the water on the large tail-fin, forces the fish forwards. The paired pectoral and pelvic fins, assist in upwards or downwards movements, steering and keeping the body level.



A Fish Swimming

The crayfish also uses its tail-fin for propulsion, but in a different fashion from the fish. The abdomen is flicked forwards, propelling the cray-fish backwards. The tail-fin is fan-shaped, consisting of the uropods and telson. In addition, the crayfish has four pairs of appendages on the underside of the abdomen. These appendages, the swimmerets, assist in swimming.

The "paddles" which a frog uses for swimming are not found on the tail (a frog has no tail) as in the fish and crayfish, but on the hindlimbs. Each foot has five long toes which are joined together by a web of skin which prevents a wide surface to the water. By a strong backward kick of the hindlimbs, the animal is vigorously propelled forward through the water. On the recovery stroke the toes are curled together, folding the web, thus the feet present a smaller area to the water and there is less resistance.





The webbed hind foot of a frog

The last animal to be discussed is the bird. Most birds that swim have webbed feet, while some have lobes along the sides of their toes. As in the frog, the toes are brought together and curled during the recovery stroke and are separated and straightened during the effective stroke.

Conclusion

There are hundreds of water-dwelling animals which have not been discussed in this essay. If, however, the locomotion of a large variety of water animals were studied, it would be established, that there are three basic methods of locomotion in water. The jet e.g. The jellyfish; the paddle e.g. The fish and the sail e.g. The flying fish. Of all these, however, the paddle is the most common. It must also be the most effective, since the animals which use the paddle are the most highly developed of all aquatic animals.

M. Knudsen and K. Ketelbey
Std. 9



The Dandelion

A pungent, spicy smell,
 The sharp taste of cloves and cinnamon,
 Delicate and fluffy,
 Khaki, cream, black fawn and gold,
 The colours of dust and drought.

A brittle, curved stem,
 Scratchy, bumpy, itchy,
 A light, round ball of soft down,
 A breath of wind,
 A whispering rustle,
 And it is bare ...

Jane Yeats
 Std. 6

Memories

A dance at the disco,
 A night at the flicks,
 A mid-night swim just for kicks.
 A walk in the garden,
 A kiss in the rain,
 Falling over but not feeling the pain.
 Not feeling the pain
 because he is there,
 To hold your hand and stroke your hair.
 A dream of weddings,
 A meeting of eyes,
 And then the sorrow of angry good-byes.

Heather Turner
 Std. 8



Apple Seller

Selling apples from door to door,
 "Fifty cents a pocket."
 At many a gate, "Can't you see I've a tree?"
 "Can't you? Look then, dashit!"

"No one wants apples today, it seems,
 Now I'll get hit by the boss.
 Not my fault he doesn't try selling them
 They just all look at me and get cross."

Caroline Roberts
 Std. 6

Tanka

Red
 Sinking
 Fiery Sphere,
 Multicoloured
 Night.

A. Bowley
 Std. 8

The Moods of a Baby

A chuckling, gurgling
 mass of contented plumpness

A screaming, squealing
 mass of furious body.

Frances Paine
 Std. 6



Born to Die

The beautiful creature that attracted my eye that morning was delicately balanced on a thin twig which swayed softly as the wind gently blew. Disturbed by the slight motion, the butterfly moved its gauze-like wings and floated towards a pink rose, wet with droplets of dew.

As the soft lights of morning stole across the pale sky, it complimented the beauty of the rose and the butterfly, and my heart filled with wonder and awe at what Mother Nature had created.

Suddenly the air chilled and I shivered as the wind crept in through my thin sweater. Then I noticed two gigantic eyes staring through the greenery at the butterfly. I searched the bush and marvelled at yet another wonder of nature, for it was almost impossible for my eyes to find the well-comouflaged body. But, after deep observation of the bush, I managed to identify the ugly body of the chameleon.

The butterfly, completely unaware of the chameleon's presence, continued sunning itself and gently fluttering its wings. Then the hunter struck.

Its deadly weapon lashed out from its mouth and in less than a second the butterfly was returned to the reptile's mouth.

It happened so quickly, that I had no time for reflection and when it was all over, I realized, that I had witnessed the other side of Nature. For, all creatures are born to die. The ecological cycle signed the death warrent for every animal, and the laws of Nautre carry out the sentence.

There was no evidence of the beauty of the butterfly now. All that was left of the touching scene was one pink rose with a drop of dew running down the soft pink petal. A tear for the death of the butterfly.



Death

Death comes -
like a creeping
black panther.
Stalking its prey.
Crushing you
with one
blow
of its powerful paw.
Knocking you -
Into Eternity.

K. Kearney
Std. 6

The Stars

Look up towards the dark heavens -
and see the millions of stars
scattered like glistening eyes on black velvet.

No matter what -
they'll always look evil -
evil eyes on a dark background,
staring, unblinking -
forever afterwards.

C. Baker
Std. 9



Protest without Violence achieves nothing

Throughout time civilized man has desired reforms and justice. The tragedy is that these improvements have never been achieved by protest or by reasoning alone, and no changes have come without some degree of violence; in fact, one of the ingredients of reform is violence.

In order to discuss the fact that "protest without violence achieves nothing," I want to refer to five totally different major events in history which prove this point. The first is the French Revolution. During this period in France, the Clergy and First Estate governed the country as they were very wealthy and the masses had neither rights nor justice. This is illustrated by the King's use of the "lettre de cachet", which was the right to imprison anyone without a fair trial and without cause. The peasants were so poor, that something had to be done, and men like Jurgot, Necker and Calonne, tried to improve these conditions by various means. French philosophers like Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau attacked this system of government in their writings, but these protests were in vain. The method which did, however, attract public attention was street rioting in Paris and the storming of the Bastille prison as a result of unemployment problems. A mob of starving women broke into the Palace, which illustrates how everyone was becoming involved and, eventually, something was done if it was only in order to stop the violence.

Another major reform which was finally achieved only with violence, was the abolition of slavery. In the middle of the nineteenth century, civilized people decided, that irrespective of whether slaves were sometimes well treated, slavery, as such, was an evil which had to be abolished. Years and years of protest produced little or no change, and finally violence achieved what protest on its own had failed to do. The slaves themselves revolted in many parts of the world and in the USA a civil war had to be fought over this controversial issue.

Britain with its Industrial Revolution managed to achieve reforms without the terrible violence that was necessary to bring about changes in France. But even protesting on its own about the inhumane working conditions, child labour and long working days, led only to trade unions which were banned, and in order that they be recognized, violence was the people's last resort.

With all the social reforms taking place, women's rights, however, were still neglected. For example, when the right to vote was extended to many people, women were not included. All their protests were to no avail. Sylvia Pankhurst was a well-known suffragette. Their type of violence was chaining themselves to the House of Commons and throwing themselves in front of the King's horse at the Derby, in order that their rights be recognized.



For many decades men protested against the injustices that were perpetrated against people purely on the grounds of the colour of their skins. In the middle of the twentieth century, mankind took a major step forward by agreeing to this. In spite of this decision and despite most nations accepting this as a fundamental principle of human rights, protest alone did not achieve change. In the nineteen fifties, violence by the people who wanted change, occurred in many American cities. Regrettably, all the protests in the world about racial injustices in Southern Africa will not achieve reform unless accompanied by some violence. One has only to follow Rhodesian developments to see, that it is unfortunately the violence of the "terrorists" or "freedom fighter" (depending which side you support) that has forced the Rhodesian government to recognize black people's rights which had not been formerly recognized. We can only hope, that we in South Africa will choose responsible reform instead of irresponsible and violent revolution.

On minor matters "protest" has often brought about change, but if one looks back into history, it appears, that major reforms and change have come about only with violence, for protest alone has never been enough. As I see it, therefore, and, as history tells us, "protest without violence achieves nothing."

G. Deal
Std. 10

Johannesburg

People merge together in
 hostile cement, glass and steel,
 forever hurrying.

Roads flow into one another
 like the wires of an ever-moving machine.

Robots change and the cogs in the machine
 are once more on the move:

Pushing buttons, switching switches, pulling knobs
 and getting your money's worth
 of money, glamour and lights

L. Gray
Std. 8



Where?

Born in filth,
 My world was howling sibilings,
 Dry crusts,
 A cold corrugated iron wall
 And roof
 And door,
 Imprisoning me.
 My education in a
 One room
 Squash
 Of black bodies,
 Confining me.
 A job, preaching faith
 When mine has flown
 Confusing me.
 A country,
 Where some skin is a sin,
 A voice
 Refusing me.
 Where do I turn?
 Where?
 To mother Despair?

Amy Williams
 Std. 9

Joy

The wind blows the sand gently across the dark and
 unfriendly road,
 as a dog,
 small, cold and alone,
 he's shivering in the gutter.
 A little Black boy comes, sees the dog
 and gently lifts it up close to his chest.
 He tucks it inside his coat -
 close to him, giving him warmth.
 The dog, showing its affection,
 Gives the boy a lick,
 making him sigh with relief -
 and smile.

C. Baker
 Std. 9





The Leaf

An emerald sea
 With light green blotches
 Black spots clinging to the veins
 The brittle edges like waves breaking
 The top; a carpet of dew-dropped grass
 The texture; smooth, yet rough.
 A hard midrib giving cut veins
 The underside rasping
 The pungent orange-pine incense
 Bites at your nostrils
 The sea-sand taste
 Is left in your mouth
 Its heavy movement
 Like the beat of a bird's wings
 It was once perfect,
 Erect and bold
 But now it withers,
 Crinkles
 And dies ...

C. Ovenstone
 Std. 6

The Hitch-Hiker

Standing in the roadside thumb in the air
 Pleading a lift to anywhere,
 A car stops, you clamber in,
 And now's the time when it will all begin,
 Your imagination controls your mind
 That the things you dread, you might later find,
 Through red robots and perspiration
 You are at last at your destination,
 "So a warning to all my hitch-hiking friends,
 the road of fun has many twists, turns and bends!"

Heather Turner
 Std. 8



The People of Indonesia

Indonesia is a very densely populated country and ranks fifth in the world. Two thirds of the people, live on Java, which covers less than seven percent of Indonesia's total area. Most of the people live in small farm villages and still follow ancient ways of life. They dedicate foods to spirits and combine Moslem prayers with this spiritual worship.

Indonesia is an economically underdeveloped country with little manufacturing. Farming is the chief activity. There are tropical rain forests with many valuable hardwood trees. It is a mountainous country with 60 volcanoes. The volcanic ash makes the soil very fertile, which partly explains Indonesia's farming success. It is difficult to study the islands as a whole, for there is too much variety among the peoples, their ways of life and their political organizations.

Government

In the late 60's, Indonesia entered a period of change from one kind of government to the other. President Sukarno's powerful rule, called guided democracy and gave way to the army-controlled government of President Suharto. Sukarno worked to return Indonesia to constitutional democracy in the early 1970's. Sukarno had controlled the political life increasingly after 1959. He re-established the nation's old constitution of 1945. This constitution gave him great power. He dissolved the parliament, which had been elected in 1950, and appointed a new one. Under the 1945 constitution, the assembly was the supreme authority.

Landscape under human Settlement

Indonesia is basically rural and 85% of the population live in agricultural areas. About $\frac{1}{3}$ of the population inhabits the inland wet rice areas of Java and Bali, which have a highly developed rural structure. Most of the rest of the population is sparsely settled by tribal groups who engage in shifting cultivation.

The Javanese village is the most common settlement. Green rice fields cover that flat land and rise up hillsides in terraces. Most villages have less than 100 houses. The people of each village form a group that is homogenous in economic condition and in social interest and outlook. Over-population in the densely populated areas, has led to the decrease in size of the average farm, and to an increase in the numbers of the landless rural group, who work as farm labourers. Each village has its source of water, its mosque, primary school and network of earth-swept paths. There is little commercial activity because goods are made in market towns. The houses are very separated and are normally made of bamboo. Rural structures vary considerably from region to region. The social pattern also varies considerably. The rural mode of life is



controlled by the productivity of the land. It ranges from the semi nomadic shifting cultivation of tribal groups and smallholder plantations and irrigated rice farms to large mechanized plantations. Most Indonesians are small scale, independant peasant farmers who farm on the subsistence level.

Urban Settlement

In 1970, Indonesia was not undergoing rapid urbanization, despite the rapid growth of its several large cities. Urban growth is more a reflection of the large total population than any great movement to the cities. The urban sector accounts for about 17,4% of the total population. The growth of the cities has not been accompanied by a parallel growth of industry and the outlook of much of the urban population is still rural. The three largest cities are Djakarta, Surabaya and Bandung and are all in Java.

Djakarta is a capital and a centre of finance and has fine government buildings. Surabaya is a major port and an industrial city and Bandung has light industries and universities.

The nation's urban structure is decentralized, with the population indentifying with the regions. The evolution of Indonesian cities has not yet been adequately studied, but they appear to be comprised of an elite group of government officials, military officers and business leaders; a middle income group of civil servants, who are underpaid and struggle to maintain their position, and a large group of labourers who strongly identify with their villages. The Indonesians have not yet developed their own urban culture, although Djakarta with its strong international contacts would certainly be the closest approach. The lower income groups have retained their basic ethnic cultures, strengthened by trips back to home villages during times of harvest and festivals.

Although social structure is decentralized, the administration structure is highly centralized, with Djakarta the headquarters of central government.

Origin, Language and Religion

Indonesians are small lithe people of Malay stock. Insularity has given them the opportunity to develop a vivid and distinctive culture. The graceful, stylized dances of Bali and the temples and music of Java, are world famous. Indonesians speak more than 250 Malayo-Polynesian and Papuan languages and Indonesian is the official language. About 90% of the people are Moslem and 5% are Christians. Buddhism and Hinduism are important religions. In parts of Borneo, people whorship ancestors, idols and natural features. Their main food is rice which is cooked in many different ways. The traditional clothing of men and women is a kind of colourful skirt called a Kash or a Sarong. It is a long cloth strip wrapped around the body.



Education

In 1945, less than 10% of Indonesians could read and write. The government set up programmes to promote literacy, especially in villages. Today, most of the people between 15 and 45 can read and write. The government provides free elementary schools, and also aids private schools. Indonesian children are required by law to go to elementary schools for 8 years, beginning at least by the age of 8. But there are not enough schools, teachers or textbooks to meet the needs of the rapidly increasing population. As a result, about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the children did not attend elementary school during the 1900's. Indonesia's high school program, consists of 3 years junior high school and 3 years senior high school. Before 1945, Indonesia had some colleges but no universities. More than 30 public and private universities have been established since it declared its independence that year.

S. Naude
Std. 9



POPULATION OF INDONESIA

No. of persons per sq. km	
over 200	(Pink)
100 to 200	(Orange)
50 to 100	(Brown)
10 to 50	(Green)
0 to 10	(Yellow)



Not tall enough

Not to be tall enough is a drawback that I think can never be converted into an advantage. When I was three, there was the matter of the biscuit jar. This was always thoughtfully placed out of reach. At that time I was under the false impression that my height was to blame, however, no matter how many carefully-measured centimetres I gained every year, the coveted jar was always inaccessible.

Stealthily I would creep into the kitchen and reach blindly onto the top of the shelf, conquering fears of nasty insects and spiders with the thought of the delights in store. By fumbling and rolling my fingers along the length of the jar slow progress could be attained. However, within minutes a jealous brother or angry mother would put an end to my ideas. Of course, if I had been slightly taller the matter would have presented no problems.

Even at the age of four, when a delicious array of goods would be displayed on the table (so that my eyes were horizontal to the food) my toes could not stretch those extra few centimetres.

An everyday occurrence can become an enormous dilemma to one who is short. When dragged along by my mother to do some shopping, I was pushed, trodden upon and, in fact, made to feel completely invisible. It was only the tie with my mother, who would firmly clutch my wrist, that enabled me to remain alive. When I was eleven, all my attempts at making myself look older (fourteen) would be overlooked after my height had been taken into consideration. "At the most she can only be nine, I mean, look how short she is!" Age restrictions were certainly one big hazard.

At the cash registers the cashiers tend to think that they can shove aside any person below the desk line, even if they are first in the queue. The accepted rule is: "The height of the customer is always right." How wrong they are! I never thought it even worthwhile to summon up the courage to disprove this uneducated theory.

Clothes tend to be made extra long and then one has to double the whole length of the dress when taking up the hem. This makes one look as though one is wearing a double dress resembling a type of armour, apart from feeling heavy and uncomfortable. Hems of slacks are similar in this respect. Fortunately in these last few years my height has begun to take my age into account and I am now not regarded as such an idiosyncrasy.

Diane Newton
Std. 8





Lost

I saw the lonesome look in his eyes
Oh such a misty brown
His fur was wet and mangled,
His face bore the saddest frown.

I wished I could take him home
He was hopelessly sick and lost,
The rain beat on him so hard
His feet were bitten from frost.

Then suddenly the robot changed
The car sped on with a flash
His weak attempt to follow us
Was halted with a lash.

The car behind us hit him
And did not bother to stop
To think that life could be so cruel
I try to think it not.

That night, I had the strangest dream
I'd never dreamt before
A little dog cuddles up to me
And was afraid no more.

I awoke with a sickly mind
To think him limp and dead
Warm tears trickled down my cheeks
And wet the pillow on my bed.

Susan Lloyd-Roberts
Std. 7



The House that disappeared

Mr. Wade was concerned. He could have sworn that he had seen the house and had spoken to the woman but now there was nothing to see except the rolling green hills, the farm gates in the distance and the circling birds above.

It had all started that morning when Mr. Wade had taken his daily walk in the country. He was just rounding a green-hedged corner when he saw it. In the distance there was a large and attractive Victorian house that was emitting thin wisps of smoke from its solidly built red chimneys. Wondering why he had never seen it before he casually strolled towards it. He was just peeping over the high brick wall when the ancient teak door creaked open and a wizened old woman stepped out. Slightly embarrassed he looked away but she had already seen him and began shuffling her way cautiously towards him. When she was near enough she peered curiously into his puffy red face and then, suddenly began to cackle - a laugh that was long and withdrawn. Mr. Wade was shocked. The laugh which he heard contained hysteria!

The woman, still laughing, turned, and began the long shuffle back to the house. Mr. Wade, slightly afraid hurried on. After he had gone a little way he looked behind for a last gaze at the enormous house and was filled with shock and bewilderment to find that it had disappeared!

In the Green Dragon, Mr. Wade, after drowning two pints of stout ale began to relate his extraordinary tale. He, however, did not notice the scholarly looking man sitting in the darkest corner of the pub who was gazing at him steadily and with growing interest.

Today Mr. Wade doesn't see rolling hills, circling birds or disappearing houses, but four white padded walls which envelop him to a suffocating extent. The doctors consider him a lost case. After all, who would believe in disappearing Victorian houses or wizened old women that cackle hysterically and that have a certain aura of mystery surrounding them?

A. Singer
Std. 6



Waves

With the fragrance
of elusiveness
the mists of my memories
whisp,
 whisk,
over the footprints
in the beach of my life
that has been trod.

And then I look
 to the waves
that show me
the strength and continuation
of my
 present life.
The determination
of continual
 striving,
 failing,
 striving ...

And these blue waters
 of life
give hope for the future,
and show me the way
as the massive mass of water
 strides forward
to win the eternal race.

Ceredwin Thomsen
Std. 9



The Titanic Disaster

That fateful year of 1912, when the "unsinkable" Titanic went down on her maiden voyage, after striking an iceberg, will always be vivid in my memory. Most people had heard about this magnificent ship and, much to my pride, my father had been chosen as captain.

At last, after much excitement, the great day arrived. I must admit, that the ship was magnificent. Every finishing touch possible had been added; the red velvet curtains had been bordered with gold braid, the floors had been covered in hand-woven Persian carpets, chandeliers hung from the ceilings and exotic plants decorated the lounges and dining rooms.

There were hundreds of people to bid us farewell. The press men, crowding the deck and side of the dock, took photographs one after the other. I tried to be in as many photographs as possible. After all, was not MY daddy captain of the ship?

The next few days were a whirl of activity. Banquets, balls and cocktail parties were held night after night. It was during another of these cocktail parties, that a grating, grinding, heartrending tear was heard, followed by a quivering and shaking of the ship, as if the sea had just undergone an earthquake.

A number of people stood up anxiously and whispered nervously. More joined in, and then suddenly the whole room became a sea of whispers, one minute loud like a pounding wave, the next minute soft and gentle like the foam running up the beach. Suddenly a woman's scream pierced the air. Like a trigger it set off the people panicking, scurrying, clambering, heaving, pushing, they converged on the various exits.

Over the loudspeaker came Daddy'd shaky voice, and, in a voice broken by sobs, said: "S.O.S! We have hit an iceberg! Will all passengers collect at the lifeboats. S.O.S! We have ... " The rest of the message was a blurr to me. Hit by an iceberg! To me that meant only one thing - the unsinkable Titanic would sink!

The first thought that struck me, was to find Daddy. I plunged into the sea of people. Amid wave upon wave of people, that forced themselves out of the door, I struggled with more courage than ever before to the bridge. Daddy was alone up there! He turned towards me, his face grey and haggard, his brown eyes conveying more sadness than I shall ever again see. The wrinkles by his mouth seemed deeper and longer than ever before, his forehead more contoured than I can ever remember.



"Maria!" His voice was choked with distress. "You must leave. Go now to the lifeboats."

At that moment a sailor came onto the bridge.

"Take Maria down to the lifeboats and make sure she gets one."

I remember, how suddenly it struck me, that Daddy was going to die. The Titanic, because it was claimed to be unsinkable, had only enough boats for half the number of passengers.

Suddenly, life to me had no meaning. If Daddy was gone what would matter after that? I did not cry as the sailor led me away. I just did not feel as though I was there at all.

I remember being handed down into the lifeboat and noting how ironic it was that the aristocracy in their silks, satins and furs were huddled, bedraggled, in the lifeboats. Otherwise everything around me was just a faint blurr. The shouting of orders, the screaming and wailing of passengers, seemed far in the distance. All I could think about was Daddy. All memories of him began to crowd back. They seemed to force themselves into my mind, upsetting and exhausting me. I broke down, sobbing, and somebody comforted me. Eventually, exhausted, I fell into a deep sleep.

Ours was the luckiest lifeboat, I learned later; we were picked up before the others. We were cared for well on board and set ashore some time later.

The loss of the Titanic was a blow to society. All in all, over one thousand lives were lost. Although Daddy left a great gap in my life, I am always very proud when I remember how courageously he met his death on that fateful night in 1912.

Katharine Ketelbey
Std 9

Shadows (Haiku)

Huge, distorted forms,
Silently stealing phantoms,
Leaping and fading.

Morna Lawson
Std. 7



Bathing Habits

Bathing habits,
 Reading, reclining,
 Bubble bath foaming.
 Complexion cream melting,
 Interruption!
 Telephone ringing.

Towel thrown around dripping body ... ,
 "Sorry wrong number!" ...

Curlers bobbing as excitement mounts while reading a novel,
 Rubber ducks bobbing,
 Apple floating, -
 Forgotten.

Interruption!
 Telephone ringing.
 Frown -
 Turns radio on ... loud!

An hour later comes a knock on the door
 "Darling we'll be late for the party."
 "Coming ..."
 "Now??"

Lindsay Jones
 Std. 6

Desperation

When
 You are
 Struggling to
 Eradicate
 The source of
 Rising
 Panic

R. Smith
 Std. 9



I saw the Seals

I awoke to the sound of the partridges squawking their protest at finding no seed out for them. It was dawn, but the sun had not yet risen. I sat and waited. Waiting for the precious moment that few people ever saw. Then I saw it! A fragment of shining fury peering over the mountain. My eyes never left it. I sat as though in a trance. The sky brightened and the dark, blue-grey sky began showing tinges of pink. Glimmering wastes of water shone in the early morning light, sparkling like white wine. The sun rose higher, slowly, as though waiting for the moment when it would launch its burning body over the mountain to glare down at the sleeping world. The moment arrived. It hung there, victorious. Man, unable to live without it.

The heat of the day grew intense as the sun approached its zenith. The streets were jam-packed with people of all shapes, sizes and colours bustling to and fro. Shop windows displayed their wares proudly, daring people to come in and buy. Supermarkets had an overflow of shoppers going in and out as a concertina might do.

I could stand it no longer and decided to get away from it all. What could be better than going out to 'Seal Island' on the 'Iona'? This was a sound idea, but at the back of my mind was a niggling doubt. What would happen if she sunk again? She had sunk twice before, but luckily in the harbour. I brushed my fears aside and decided to chance it. After all, third time lucky!

We cast off to the sound of fisher folk selling their wares in the Kalk Bay Fishmarket. The 'Iona' eased out of her berth and gently we nosed our way out of the harbour careful not to bump the incoming boats filled to the brim with fish. We were soon clear of the harbour and headed out towards the open sea, to the island which has been a seal colony for many years. We were all informed that we would be unable to get off the boat onto the island, as that right had only been reserved for the researchers researching on the island.

The 'Iona' chugged on its way. Nearer and nearer we came, until we were very close to the island. The boat's wake was like that of a machine which is spewing out its finished product. Occasionally a seal or two were to be seen, frolicking in the water, looping and diving, loving every inch of their vast domain. The ocean, enemy to some and friend to other. Often a silent fan glided gently through the water, passing within feet of the boat.

Already people aboard were drifting towards the railings, waiting to catch a glimpse of the seals on the rocky, sandy island. As we came nearer, what a beautiful sight met our eyes! Hundreds of sleek, black seals lay in the sun. Others



swam in the waves close to the shore. The sun beat down upon their coats, setting them alight with blackfire which reflected back into our eyes, dazzling but a breathtaking sight. These gentle creatures, unaware of what the future holds for them. Some will be left to the mercy of the cullers who say they do it for two reasons. One, to keep down the population and the other, for their furs. They do not seem to realise that there are abundant sharks around the island who see, that the population is kept down. The others will be left to breed more victims for the cullers. One was almost able to forget this, as we cruised slowly round the island as close inshore as the rocks would allow us.

I would never forget that memorable day. A day of seeing some of the finest animals in the Cape. Seals, sixty thousand, are doomed to die because of the cullers aim to reach their ultimate goal.

Lisa Diamond
Std. 9

Fishing

The sky blushing at the horizon
Tranquility all around you,
Sitting on the quay side swaying your
feet in the water,
you realize the simple pleasure of
fishing.

L. Gray
Std. 8

A Korean Sijo

Fish swimming silently
Through all-embracing waters
No ripples mark their path
Transparent fins swish smoothly
Bodies move as if propelled
By a hidden source of power

F. McLennan
Std. 8



Charred Fingers

The bare brush hills
 Blanket-rippled, and folded
 Oscillate
 In the heavy heat.
 This smothering sauna
 Opressive, clinging,
 Is void of people
 Who like snakes
 Tired of sunning
 Crawl to cool retreat.

Dry so dry
 The pine forest stands.
 The vampire sun
 Has sucked out its sustenance.
 The needles have
 Chamelioned
 From green to
 Brittle brown.
 The forest is silent,
 Watching and waiting
 Unaware that
 This day will become
 Devastating.

Poised is the forest -
 Innocent as the pool
 Before plunging pebble
 Crumple-writhes the surface.
 Inviting disaster as a clear pane of glass,
 Before webs of ice
 Pattern it, after the shatter-stone.

Squirrel, quiffling for food
 Stops. Hunches.
 Eyes bulge, dart
 Tail whips from flop to
 Ramrod.

A haunting hoot,
 Stealthy shadow,
 Swish over the air
 Which is wispily tinged by
 Smoke.
 An owl.
 In daylight.
 The squirrel flees, chattering warning,
 Echoed by the magpie of the scape-grass hill.
 Then -

With the wicked wind whipping it,
 Curling smoke swirls, turns
 Grasps the hand of the next needle,
 Licks on and bursts.
 Flames rush, rolling-roaring
 Speed on, spitting



Crackle, devouring.
 Frenzied, frantic
 Wild-eyed animals
 With scorching tongues, and
 A lapping lunatic behind,
 Flee from the fire.

Yellow, belching fumes
 A torch on the mountain-top
 The forest stands
 While ribbons of scarlet and
 Curling crimson
 Pay a last tribute
 To its soul, once damp and dark.

As night draws on
 The charred
 Forest stretches
 Black fingers,
 Futile scars,
 To touch the
 Blueblack satin
 Of the sky.
 That day I cried,
 When the forest died.

Amy Williams
 Std. 9

Recluse

High on a mountain
 An embittered crabbed old man
 Hating the whole world

Morna Lawson
 Std. 7



Nigely Poop

They were curious people, not a bit like us. My grandfather called them little folk. Captured in the fleeting world of fantasy, I would listen for hours on end, absorbed in the adventures of my tiny, curious, yet enthralling 'bed-time' characters. Eventually, I would close my eyes and drift into a sleep filled with gnomes, hobbits and goblins.

Looking back on my past, I try to recall some of the adventures I passed with my little friends. One particular adventure I will always remember.

Nigely Poop was a hobbit, a very foolish hobbit at that. He had a few hobbit friends but they soon became tired of him, as he tended to grumble a bit much. Soon Nigely Poop's only friends were his flowers to whom he gave his constant attention. He was a very lonely hobbit and soon developed an inferiority complex because he had no friends. He had many foolish beliefs, and one was that the sky would fall one day and would crush his precious flower patch outside his front door.

A time came when Nigely Poop was feeling particularly depressed. He went to all his neighbours, grumbling and moaning pitifully about his beloved flowers whose delicate stalks had got battered by the vicious winds during that past week. His friends immediately realized how stupid Nigely Poop really was and at once proceeded to ignore him. Nigely Poop was very upset by this and went out to seek comfort.

Now the hobbits were a small tribe, who had always lived in constant fear of the mountain trolls. They were ruled by an extremely wise and just hobbit. Everyone knew of his great wisdom and also admired him for his courage. He had led his hobbit people through many battles against the war-like trolls; until he discovered a secret valley to which he immediately took his tribe and where they now lived in peace, unmolested by the trolls.

When the chief hobbit heard of Nigely Poop's sadness, he at once sent for him. Nigely Poop went to him and soon became angry, realizing that what he really wanted was to be clever and to be admired as his chief was. He set about wondering how he was going to achieve this.

Weeks went by, and however hard Nigely Poop tried, he could not make himself wise and popular. The more friendly he tried to be, the more annoyed his neighbours became. He was very lonely, so he decided to set out in search of happiness.

He packed his bags and set off, promising to return shortly to water his flower patch.



He had been walking for some time, when he stumbled upon the hidden entrance to the valley. Without a moment's hesitation, he ventured through the opening and at once was struck by the size of the outside world. After gazing in wonderment for some time, he set off at a brisk pace, whistling happily for it was the first time he had felt so happy for a good long time.

Presently he came across a little curled-up man who was much like him. Nigely Poop had never seen a troll before and was very afraid. The troll greeted him kindly and took him to meet his friends. The trolls were wise and saw how they could find the entrance to the valley through Nigely Poop's stupidity. Nigely Poop was happy for the first time in his life. He had never before had so many friends.

Without much prompting he told the trolls of the hidden entrance to the valley. He stayed with his troll friends for many days and was very happy until one day he woke up and longed for his flowers. He decided to go back to his village.

Nigely Poop took leave of his troll friends and ventured back home. When he reached his little village, he saw that everything was very different. There were many sad-looking hobbits, looking forlornly at their broken-down homes. When they saw Nigely Poop, they told him immediately of what had happened.

Nigely Poop was filled with remorse, as he realized what he had done. He climbed the little hill to his home, only to find, that his house was in ruins and his flower patch crushed.

Nigely Poop sat down and wept as he realized how foolish he had been. He was now more lonely than ever before.

J. Allsop
Std. 9

Summer (tanka)

Flowers turned their heads
and bowed, knaves of their queen's court
And as she entered
Sweeping supreme over their
heads, they worshipped her. The sun.

A. Olivier
Std. 9



The Arab-Israeli Conflict in the Middle East from 1955 - 1973, including the 1956 Suez Crisis and how the Conflict has affected Arab Relationships

There has been Arab-Israeli conflict ever since the establishment of a Jewish national state in Palestine, which made it necessary to divide Palestine into two parts. At this time Palestine was a British mandate, and the Arabs were therefore worried, that all the Jews being allowed to settle in their land, might take it away. The formation of the Anti-Zionist League was formed as a result and all the Arab countries that formed this League, promised to do everything possible to stop the state of Israel from expanding geographically. It is therefore not surprising, that there have been frequent wars between the two countries.

In this cold war, Egypt turned to Russia for support and armaments. Fearing Russia's increasing influence in the Middle East, Britain and America offered Egypt financial assistance for the construction of the Aswan Dam, on which Nasser's plans for the economic development depended. But Britain and America withdrew their offer when Nasser refused to give an assurance, that he would not permit Russian involvement. This resulted in Nasser's decision to nationalize the Suez Canal in order to provide funds for the Aswan Dam. Britain and France were alarmed, because the Suez Canal, which was owned by an international company, was Britain's main line of communication with the East. At least half of the total oil supply for Europe went through the Canal, and, therefore, Egypt's action was a threat to this vital supply. Israel was also concerned because she knew that her ships would not be allowed to use the canal once it was under Egyptian control. Nasser not only closed the canal to Israel, but he also closed the straits of Tiran to all shipping, bound for Elat, which was Israel's only port on the Gulf of Aquaba.

Ben Gurion, decided to act boldly. At the end of October 1956, Israeli troops were sent across the border into Egypt. In a vigorously conducted campaign, Israeli troops seized the Gaza strip, cleared the approaches to the Gulf of Aquaba and defeated the Egyptian army in the Sinai Peninsula. Israeli troops advanced within 40 km of the Suez Canal.

On 30 October, Britain and France sent an ultimatum to both Egypt and Israel demanding, that they should both withdraw their forces from the canal and cease hostilities. Unless Egypt and Israel stopped fighting, Britain and France threatened to occupy key positions along the canal to ensure the safety of shipping.

Egypt refused to accept the ultimatum and appealed to the Security Council. The British and French planes began an intensive bombardment of Egyptian airfields, while paratroops and commandos landed in the Port Said area.



The outbreak of war in the Middle East caused a world crisis and a threat to peace. The United Nations General Assembly adopted an American resolution calling on all belligerents to cease fire. There were world-wide protests against the British and French action in the Middle East.

Russia was involved in suppressing the Hungarian rising at the time and consequently did not react to the Middle East crisis immediately, but, later, Russia did send letters of protest to Britain and France and threatened to use rockets in support of Egypt. In the face of such world-wide disapproval, the Anglo-French forces complied with the United Nations resolution and withdrew. The United Nations sent an Emergency Force (made up largely of Norwegian, Danish and Yugoslav soldiers) to patrol the Suez Canal area.

Nasser, although he suffered at the hands of the Israelis, gained much recognition in the Arab world because he had dared to resist the Western 'colonial powers'. The Soviet Union had also gained prestige in the cold war, because African and Asian states saw in Russia their protector against the imperialism of the Western powers. Communist influence was now more firmly entrenched in the Middle East.

Tension continued along Israel's frontier, especially along the stretch where Israel borders Syria. There were raids and counter-raids, reports of which were submitted to the United Nations. In spite of these tensions, there were, until May 1967, no signs pointing to conflict in the Middle East. There was a sudden escalation in tension, largely due to the weak Syrian Government, adopting a militant line against Israel. Soviet Russia engineered an alliance between Syria and Egypt and supplied them with more military equipment in preparation for the "holy war" against Israel.

In 1969, the Security Council demanded that Israel should give up all the territory she had gained in the Six Day War and in return the Arab states would give formal recognition to Israel's independence! Of course the Israeli government refused to do this and both sides started a programme of heavy rearmament; Israel helped by the USA and France - Egypt and Syria helped by Russia. Egypt obtained Russian missiles, equipment and personnel who trained the Egyptian army.

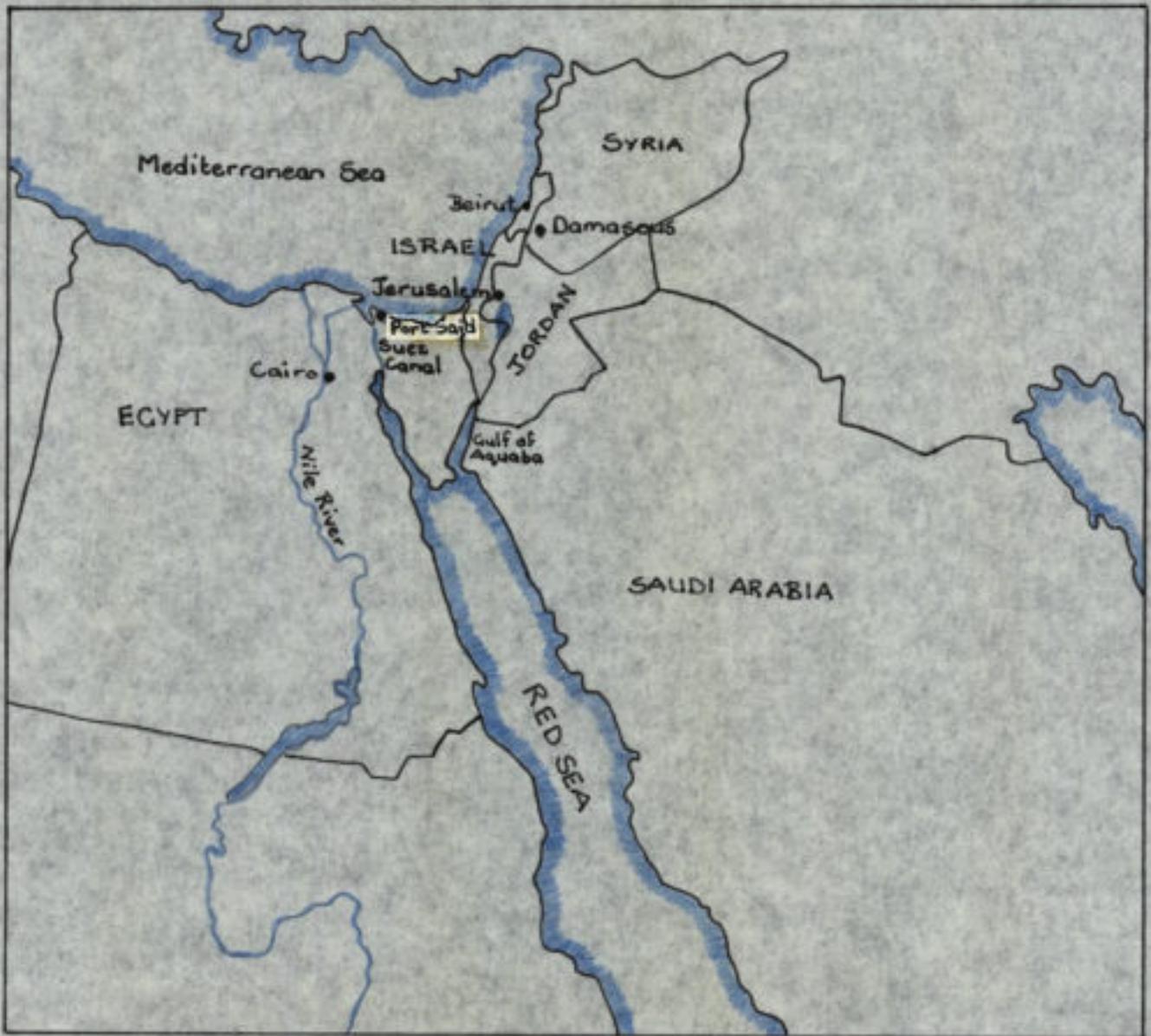
Nasser died in 1971 and was succeeded by Sadat, who managed to achieve a kind of unity between his own country - Egypt, Libya and Syria. He also made an alliance with Saudi-Arabia. In October 1973, Egypt and Syria launched an unexpected attack on Israel. This is known as the Yom Kippur war. Israel was unprepared for this, probably because during the preceding five years, many attempts had been made to settle the Middle East problems, or there may, perhaps, have been an element of complacency, after her tremendous success in 1967.



Although Israel recovered quickly, the Egyptians and Syrians, managed to enter territory gained by Israel in the 6 Day War. Egypt and Syria have retained those areas which they gained as did Israel with the territory she gained in the Six Day War. A proper peace treaty has still not been organized. Success gave the Arabs a new sense of unity and they were willing to discuss common problems and resulted in the starting of an oil embargo against Israel and any other country favouring her.

G. Deal
Std. 10

THE MIDDLE EAST



I'll never forget those happy times (Sonnet)

I'll never forget those happy times
 The silver ring, the wedding chimes.
 The mutual joy we felt when you
 Took my hand and said, "I do."

Our honeymoon passed blissfully by,
 Engulfed in love we used to lie
 Enfolded in each other's arms
 By the murmuring sea, beneath some palms

Those halcyon days did not last for long
 You became restless, uneasy - something was wrong
 I was torn by grief when deep down I knew
 That I was never meant for you.

But I'll never forget those happy times
 The silver ring, the wedding chimes.

K. Ketelbey
 Std. 9

Spring (Tanka)

Sunlight drenched the world
 In a dappled blanket of
 golden snowflakes, and
 I saw little animals
 wallow in its golden sea.

A. Olivier
 Std. 9





PAST

And is no longer,
 Is not ever,
 But a state of mind
 That when grasped
 holds no longer.

Can only be a memory
 Felt
 As something lost
 In longing,
 Not to be achieved again.

As black pines
 against the sunset
 echo
 All the thoughts
 of the years long gone,
 long drifted away
 To beyond the soft glow
 That reddens the sky into silence.

FUTURE

The winds of change
 blow
 and the past
 moulds
 the present
 which merges
 with
 the
 future
 to become
 the way of tomorrow,
 while the fires of the unknown
 burn brightly,
 but like
 the future,
 the teasing
 flames
 are untouchable.

Suzanne Naude
 Std. 9



Four Fathoms down

The mist hung low, the bay shrouding it into a grey oblivion. It swirled and whirled its airless weight forming ice-cream castles in the air. Feather canyons engulfed the approaching morn, secluding it from all streaking light. I stood alone, small and insignificant, gazing outwards onto the deep blue sea. Small flecks of white foam shattered the monotonous blue and they seemed to dance on top of the surging and bubbling waves.

The rollers toppled and crashed onto the awaiting shore and then slowly ebbed away. Then again they clawed their way forward swirling and surrounding the broken shingles on the shore. The sand under my feet was wet and it crunched as I walked forward. It was moist as I picked it up and it slipped away through my fingers. I found a delicate shell and lifted it to my ear. The pounding sea roared from this delicate structure and echoed through the morning. A cool breeze raised the fine sand particles and they clung to my swinging legs. The salt stung my face and it bit into my delicate skin.

I climbed onto a wet, slippery rock surrounded by fanged and angry boulders. The seaweed swirled around it and its long slimy arms drew forwards and then submerged beneath the water. The algae formed a green slime across the rock but interspaced sprung minute anemones which spurted brilliant colours into the drab green.

My feet dangled into the icy water and it sent a tingle up my spine. The cloudy sea water shattered against the rock and it covered me in millions of shattered fragments. The splintered water reflected the sun and it shone like millions of dewdrops upon a spider's web.

I slipped off the rock and into the smooth, jewel-green water. It was refreshing and I caught my breath as the cold water seemed to seize all my limbs. I drew a deep breath, turned, and dived deeper and deeper into the dark fathoms below. The water was a dark blue although it was crystal clear. Tiny fishes loomed up in my face, magnified by this large expanse of water. I was secure in these columns of water, feeling as though I was an intruder on this foreign place. Things loomed up out of the distance, creating a godlike, unreal image. Myriads of tiny fish of every colour, drifted through the water. It was like swimming in flaked silver.

I drew a deep chestful of air and rolled over letting my body dangle downwards like a fish. I touched the bottom and I felt as though I was under an immense crushing power, slowly forcing me downwards. I saw an irregular dark shape clinging to a rock and immediately I began to push myself frantically upwards. Then something soft and



clammy touched my leg. Panic filled me and I thought of a clinging octopus. I turned round and saw a harmless tentacle of seaweed drifting past in the current.

My head was beginning to swell and my lungs to ache so I gave a convulsive kick upwards, rising slowly. The water streamed passed me and yet it seemed never ending. I thought myself at my last tether and an immense swelling pain filled my head. I gave myself a last panicky kick forward and suddenly the darkness cracked into an explosion of white light. I gasped my breath back and slowly swam back to shore.

I lay there for a while, absorbing the sun's energy into my body. I walked slowly back across the beach, but now the mist had cleared and people were coming down onto the sands. It had lost its inhuman touch and beauty which had seemed so real when I first arrived.

M. Knudsen
Std. 9

Sunset

The glowing ball
descends
spinning
to its bed of
glittering ocean.
Casting the sparkle
of a diamond
into the deep
blue water.
It rolls -
infinitely
through a burning furnace
of sky
... suddenly
Disappears ...
And the dark
profile
of the night
creeps
onto the world.

K. Kearney
Std. 6



Fire, Fire burning bright

The sun shone relentlessly upon the earth.
 Rays like those of a Laser ...
 Cut deep through the drought-stricken veld
 Penetrating the already dry, living substance,
 Adding to the agony of God's creations.

Noontime came, the sun grew hotter,
 Rolling oceans of shimmering veld
 Grew in intensity until they might break
 Beneath the merciless heat of the day.

The break when it came ...
 Was sudden,
 The shimmering waves burst into flames,
 Hundreds of tongues lapping the air
 Spread rapidly through the dry expanse,
 Neither caring, nor questioning
 The living dying in its wake.

There was no wind to aid the flames
 Along their murderous way,
 The flames weakened in their burning venture,
 Dying down, their efforts spent,
 Until all that was left
 Was a smouldering remainder
 of veld
 From which life had once grown.

L. Diamond
 Std. 9

Hatred

Worming through the heart
 The cancer of emotion
 Turning sweet to sour

Morna Lawson
 Std. 7



Gauguin

Born in Paris, Gauguin spent four childhood years in Peru, then grew up in Orleans, France. At 17, he joined the merchant navy for 6 years. Then for the next 12 years, he worked successfully in a stockbrokerage firm, married and settled down. During this period he began drawing and painting as an amateur, and collected Impressionist paintings; he even exhibited with them twice. At the age of 35 Gauguin left his job (after a market crash) and decided to devote his full time to painting and moved with his Danish wife and children to Copenhagen. When an exhibition there of his work was a failure, he returned to Paris alone where he lived in extreme poverty. But all he wanted to do was paint.

His style was different from that of the Impressionists because he wanted to create an art that expressed the visions of his mind, rather than of his eye. He developed his style in which the emphasis was on bold simple lines and clearly defined areas of colour; unlike the Impressionist organization of a variety of colour put on in many small strokes. Gauguin's colours did not attempt to reproduce reality - he combines rare and exotic elements in a broadly decorative manner. Gauguin's art is often referred to as a mixture of Eastern and Western elements, but colour dominates his work and he paints large curving areas of vivid reds; oranges; blues and greens next to each other, so that they seem to unify in a glorious harmony. Thus line and colour came to be used for expressive (and thus abstract) rather than naturalistic means. His style is individualistic, powerful and based on simplified forms which he executed in pure, clear colours.

In 1886 Gauguin went to Brittany in Northern France and in the paintings he did here like the "Swineherd in a Brittany Landscape", one can see his style had not developed completely because although his colours are rich, his brush strokes are noticeable and they carry, giving the painting a textural quality. After this he travelled to the islands of the West Indies but had to return due to an illness to Paris, but he left again and worked among the French peasants.

Aged 43 he went to Tahiti in search of an unspoiled environment. It was here he produced his most typical works, using the characteristic large quiet areas of flat rich colours which are clearly defined and often separated by dark contours - this represents depth and expresses his aim to create a simpler more expressive art. It was here in Tahiti he found a source of inspiration and attained the grandeur of primitive art by unifying colour and line, perspective was unimportant, volume was, and he frequently used complementary colours.



An example of his early works is the "Yellow Christ" and it is also an example of his new theory, that nature must be unified with pictorial harmony and emotion in order that arrangement and simplification occurs. He felt that nature should not be copied, but used to derive the abstraction found in art from nature, it must act as an inspiration to creation. In this painting one can see how the crude stone crucifixes found along the waysides of Brittany inspired Gauguin to combine the superstitious simplicity of the Breton peasant women with the element of nature. He reduces all forms to essential outlines, avoiding shading and modelling the pure colours. By doing this, he attained a subtle crudeness, but nevertheless, it is tranquil and harmonious. To link his composition, he made use of the repetition of a rusty orange colour in the trees and one of the women's apron. The unrealistic yellow colour of Christ, is repeated in the background which adds to the unity and harmony of this painting.

An example of work from his middle period is the spirit of the dead watching. Although the figure and setting are Tahitian, the theme however of a reclining nude, belongs to the Renaissance. There is Byzantine influence to be found in the simplified linear pattern and broad areas of flat colour. The forms are slightly distorted and flattened but still this painting retains a fairly calm atmosphere. Gauguin has also made use of complementary colours to set off the composition, depicting a Tahitian woman lying across a bed while a totem like figure on the upper left hand side of the painting watches her. This is meant to be symbolic of the Tahitians belief that night and death are one and when it is dark it means that the "spirit of the dead is watching."

In December 1897, Gauguin felt unable to continue his life, of illness and increasing debts, he was leading in Tahiti, so he planned to commit suicide but decided to paint a last important painting before doing so and to include more detail than he usually painted. He titled this work "Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?" The large canvas depicts the night and in the lower corner are a sleeping child and three Tahitian women. Two figures dressed in purple, confide their thoughts to one another, while an enormous crouching figure raises its arm and stares in astonishment upon these two who think about their fate. This figure is out of proportion. A centre figure picks fruit while two cats and a goat sit near a child. An idol on the other hand has raised arms which have something rhythmical and mystical about it and it appears, as if it hints at or symbolized the life to come. A seated girl seems to listen to this idol while an old woman, nearing death, appears to accept everything and to be absorbed in her thoughts and acts as a conclusion to the story. The strange white bird at her feet represents the uselessness of words. The entire scene takes place on



the bank of a small river in the woods and the background consists of the ocean and beyond it the mountains of a nearby island. This painting is almost a story, depicting the views of various people from various walks of life and it flows by the implication from the lines without colour or words as it is not a material structure but a figment of the imagination. Both the background and placement of figures link it compositionally while the colour is more realistic than those found in the other works.

In 1903 (May) Gauguin died alone in his island hut, only to be recognized after this as an important contributor to modern painting and especially his abstract use of colour, line and simplified forms and compositions.

G. Deal
Std. 10



Remorse

The paint brush glides under the young - artist's
 Hand,
 Leaving trails of colour blending
 Subtly,
 Perfectly,
 Into the vivid portrait of a lovely young girl.
 The model sits patiently,
 Her sparkling eyes taking form
 On the canvas.
 The lovely thick lashes curl upwards,
 Their blue-grey eyes reflected beautifully
 By the skilfulness of the artist.

With every stroke the picture gains
 More animation.
 In subtle tones
 She forms the delicate nose with flattened nostrils,
 And from the face she leads the golden locks;
 Reflecting light.
 The lips
 She leaves till last.

The excitement of the artist grows,
 Overwhelming her heart with joy
 At her own talent,
 And at expectation of the
 Finished product.

She studies the lips carefully
 So as to reflect their
 Red fullness
 And Cupid's bow
 Exactly.

She excitedly mixes the paints
 But they are too thick;
 She reaches out
 To dip her brush in turpentine,
 But ... her hand moves too quickly
 And pulls it over.
 It glistens
 Maliciously
 As it runs across the paper.
 Those vivid colours blurr and run into one another
 Until they are
 Indistinguishable.
 The artist stares in horror,
 She drops her paint brush and clenches her fist,
 She bites her lips till the blood runs
 Red.
 She grabs the hateful jar of turpentine
 And clashes it to the floor,
 And it splinters into
 A thousand pieces.



The young unknowing model
 Looks on inobland
 Ignorance.
 She
 Had only sat for the portrait.
 The artist looks at her
 Shaking her head in
 Hopelessness.
 "Why did I do such a stupid thing?"
 She whispered hoarsely
 "I've ruined ... a
 Masterpiece."
 These words came stuntedly;
 Then the great tears of the remorse she felt
 Which shook
 Every nerve of her body
 Till she thought her head
 Would burst,
 Glided slowly,
 Smoothly,
 Down her cheeks.

R. Smith
 Std. 9

Pathoms of Secrecy

Swirling masses crowd the rocks,
 Fighting obstructions in their way,
 I sat and thought of the sea that mocks
 All living things throughout the day,

The two-faced sea in its powerful might,
 Hiding secrets unknown to all,
 Wrecking ships who scorn its plight,
 Helping those who to the ocean call,

The deep, blue fathoms reaching deep,
 Suppress the silt upon the ocean bed,
 The harmony spoilt by a darting heap
 Of tiny fish, images of the dead,

The sea, proud and fierce in all its glory
 Fathoms of water each telling a story.

L. Diamond
 Std. 9



The Wreck of the "Santa Jeane"

It was about nine o'clock at night. As usual the people in the bar had arranged themselves in the same social groups and were just having the after-dinner chat and drink. Wispy curls of pipe and cigarette smoke wafted around the warm room and a buzz of conversation made the atmosphere a very pleasant one.

Then it happened. A huge torrent of gushing water surged through the bar, picking people up and throwing them about like shells. Then it sucked out again taking six people with it. The rest of us just lay where we had been thrown, either unconscious or too weak to move. No one really knew what was going on. It had happened so quickly, but then, as if we had all realized at the same time, we knew we must all get out of there, so we all forced ourselves up and made our way out onto the open deck where we met the other passengers. Their faces, stricken with terror, glowed white in the dark. The raging sea swirled about us, snatching whoever got in its way into the madness of the rocking tide.

A small boy stood on the edge of the deck, his eyes piercing the black obscurity, like glazed mirrors. Then suddenly another enormous wave engulfed him and pulled him back over the deck. But his expression did not change - no surprise, no sudden effort of defending himself - just the hard, sharp terror that had always been there. His parents were probably already dead and if they were not, they would never know that he was, for soon they too would join him.

Slowly, but perceptibly, the sea was regaining its calm, steady self once more. All were dead now and I alone remained, rocking in the only life-boat. I looked for the little boy, but I could not see him; only the other dead bodies that the waves tossed mockingly around like lifeless rags of brown sea weed.

When I was finally picked up by the rescue launch and taken to the hospital, everyone was so pleased, but they said I would never recover. I lived with one picture in my mind - the picture of a small boy with glazed eyes. I tried to tell them about it at the hospital and about the wreck of the "Santa Jeane", but they said I was mad, they said it was a flood in the "Bluebell Inn" and although the statue outside looks exactly like the boy who drowned on the "Santa Jeane", I know that I'm right. But they still do not believe me, so they keep me at the hospital by day, and by night I go as usual to the "Bluebell Inn" where I always used to go before the flood, and I tell them every night about the wreck of the "Santa Jeane", and I think they're beginning to believe me.

A. Mathison
Std. 8



The successful Man

Dictionary definition: "succēssful (-ks) d. (-lly), that attains the end, prosperous." What does this really mean today? Take a look at our idea of The Successful Man.

He is wealthy. Very definitely wealthy. He is Johannesburg General Manager of the Standard Bank (or Barclays, Nedbank, Nedsual, Bank of the Orange Free State, ...). He drives a (Silver Finish) Jaguar Executive, and he has bought his wife an Aston Martin Sports Model for her last birthday. He lives in a spacious suburb of Johannesburg, and he has two children only, because he feels he should not overpopulate the world.

So that is the successful man, but what exactly does he do?

A day in the life of The Successful Man: He rises at 7.30 am; or rather he wakes up at that time, because he has breakfast in bed: slimming orange juice (he has to watch his weight), custom-made muesli with Bulgarian yoghurt, toast and coffee. He then showers, dresses in an everyday three-piece suit and wears his everyday cufflinks (he cannot decide between the gold studs and the engraved silver bars, or the jade ones ...). A kiss on the cheek for his languid wife, a "bye-bye, darling!" in return, and he leaves for The Office (in capitals, because The Office is a very (the most) important place for The Successful Man).

Hundreds of papers are signed before luncheon, which he takes at the Carlton Grill with a visiting Member of the Board of Directors, from England (these are Very Important Persons to The Successful Man).

In the afternoon, an Opening Speech for a shopping centre is scheduled. Afterwards a few more papers are signed at The Office and work is over for the day.

Now comes the play. After work - a session at the gymnasium (this is rather hush-hush and shamefaced). Straight home, a change of clothing into a lounge suit, and off with The Ravishing Young Wife to a cocktail party, with Mrs. Helen Suzman as the other Special Guest. It is entirely a bore, of course, but over by seven. Then home to change into evening dress, and on to "Carmen" at the Civic Theatre, where one Sees and Is Seen. Dinner at the President Hotel, with cabaret. Home at 1.45 pm. Bath. Bed.

An enjoyable life? Don't ask a Successful Man - he won't have time to think about it!

C. Pikholtz
Std. 9



Curedes, a Poem of Curiosity, Remorse and Desperation

The maiden, Curio,
 Of inquisitory fame was she.
 She sought,
 and found,
 But did not think
 or learn
 there was an
 end,
 until she sought,
 and found,
 and learnt.

The woman, Remosa,
 had sought and found
 and learnt
 and knew
 of the end,
 but did not think
 of what came
 next,
 until she again
 found ...

The unfortunate, Desperata,
 had sought,
 found,
 learnt,
 and knew,
 but she thought
 of what came
 after the end,
 and found no solution.

And on these three,
 which are one and the same,
 The light hath dawmed,
 and died,
 And will not live again,
 for there is no solution
 to the fate
 of Curedes - .



What happened to Mr. Sinclair Wade?

Today the large Spode Villa stands desolate, its bleak windows staring out while the weeds choke the mangled flowers. The superstitious villagers believe it's haunted but the real truth is still shrouded in mystery.

At 8.30 am on the morning of the 24th March, the butler at Spode Villa reported to the police that his master, Mr. Sinclair Wade, the well-known game hunter and author, was missing. Inspector Brackett, a rather pompous but shrewd man was called in and immediately began his investigations. The butler was the first witness to be questioned and was called in. He was an elderly man who was greying slightly at the temples. Brackett couldn't quite place his face. Where had he seen it before? Somewhere ... somewhere ...

After a long period of questioning, Brackett managed to find out that the butler had taken his master a cup of cocoa and then had gone straight to bed. In the morning he had entered the library to find it in a state of disorder and after finding Sinclair missing, had phoned the police. After a few more questions Inspector Brackett dismissed him and after stopping several times at the pubs which dotted the kerb, slowly made his way home.

Brackett was brooding. Something was nagging at his brain. That cup of cocoa, the butler had said that he had brought his master a cup of cocoa before turning in for the night! It suddenly clicked into place - the face, the mug of cocoa and an incident that occurred several years ago.

"More tea sir?" said the butler to the perspiring Brackett. "Now what were you saying? Me murder Master Sinclair? That's a laugh. Why should I do a thing like that?" "Don't play the fool with me," said Brackett sharply. "I've got evidence you know. Well, enough to incriminate you. Now where did you hide the body. Was it in the ...?" He stopped, his face distorted, his eyes bulging while his hands clenched and unclenched around the arm of the chair, and slowly the body of the honourable Inspector Brackett slid to the floor to end up at the butler's feet.

Today in Scotland Yard two cases (amongst others) remain unsolved, one of the disappearance of the renowned Sinclair Wade and the other of the disappearance of a certain Inspector Brackett.

A. Singer
Std. 6



The Importance of Mineral Elements to living Organisms

Of the 103 known existing elements, 92 exist naturally. Of these only about 20 are needed for the growth, development and normal functioning of living organisms. These elements are called the essential elements. Those essential elements which are needed in relatively large amounts are called the macro-elements. They are Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen, Phosphorous, Sulphur, Potassium, Calcium, Magnesium and Sodium. Those elements which are needed in relatively small amounts are the micro-elements. This essay will deal with the macronutrients, and their importance to living organisms.

One of the most abundant macronutrients in living organisms is Carbon. It forms part of the cellulose in plant cells and is therefore absolutely essential to plants as it contributes part of the basic unit of all life.

Two other macronutrients which form a large part of the cell are Hydrogen and Oxygen. They bond to form water, which constitutes 85% of the protoplasm of the cell. H_2O is essential for the continued life of all organisms.

Carbon, Hydrogen and Oxygen, although macronutrients, are not classified as mineral macronutrients. Mineral macronutrients are those which remain largely as ash when the tissues are burned. Nitrogen is not considered an animal mineral macronutrient, but is considered a plant mineral macronutrient. It stimulates the growth of a plant and is present in the chlorophyll and coenzymes. It also forms an essential part of the protoplasm of a plant. Nitrogen is also present in the nucleic acids, DNA and RNA. A shortage of Nitrogen causes stunting in growth and a yellowing of leaves (chlorosis), particularly the older leaves.

In addition to Nitrogen, DNA and RNA consist of the element Phosphorous. This also forms part of the coenzymes which play an important role in the photosynthesis and respiration of a plant. It is the component of some plant proteins and is important for ATP formation. When a plant is lacking in this mineral element, brown areas develop in the leaves and petioles.

In animals Phosphorous is involved in energy release, nerve conduction and cell permeability. It also helps build the bones and teeth. A deficiency would result in poor bone structure, poor growth and rickets.

A deficiency in Calcium would have the same effect on an animal as would a deficiency in Phosphorous; the animal would have a poor bone structure, its growth would be poor and it would have rickets. Calcium is necessary for the contraction of muscles and clotting of blood. It activates enzymes and increases cell permeability in both plants and animals. In a plant Calcium combines with toxic by-products formed during metabolism, thus making them insoluble and non-toxic. It is also essential for normal mitosis and encourages root development. A deficiency in Calcium in a plant leads to the death of meristematic tissues in the



stem and root tips and growth in these organs ceases. Chlorosis along the margin of young leaves and short, stubby, brown roots are also a result of a lack of Calcium. The middle lamella of plant cell walls consists of Calcium.

Another constituent of the middle lamella is Magnesium. It also forms part of the chlorophyll molecule without which carbohydrate synthesis would not occur. Many enzymes are also activated by Magnesium e.g. the enzymes involved in carbohydrate, DNA and RNA metabolism. Magnesium is, in addition, an important binding agent for the ribosomes. A deficiency in this mineral element in plants leads to chlorosis.

In animals, Magnesium is necessary for muscle and nerve irritability. It also helps build bones and teeth. If an animal is deficient in this mineral element, it results in the upsetting of the regulation of the nervous irritability and muscle contraction.

An element also necessary for normal nerve conditions and muscle functioning is Potassium. It is also necessary for the synthesis of proteins and for maintaining the balance between acidity and alkalinity.

The specific role of Potassium in a plant is not known, but it is known that the element is essential as plants do not grow normally in soil deficient in it. It appears that it is necessary for normal cell division, synthesis of proteins and carbohydrates and for the activation of enzymes. A deficiency leads to the development of brown patches at the tips and margins of leaves and also to chlorosis.

A deficiency in Sulphur leads to chlorosis, too. Sulphur also promotes an increase in root development and a deep green colour in the aerial parts. It forms part of some plant and animal proteins and vitamins. In an animal it is a constituent of cartilage, hair and nails. A deficiency affects certain metabolic reactions.

The elements which have been discussed - the macronutrients - are, of course, not the only elements necessary to living organisms. There are also the microelements, but these are only needed in small amounts. They are essential enzyme activators.

Whereas plants absorb their mineral nutrients direct from the soil, animals obtain theirs from eating plants and/or plant-eating animals. Therefore it can be seen that these 20 or so mineral elements are primarily essential to plants, for, from plants, animals obtain their nutrients. Thus, if it were not for these essential elements, plants, and, therefore, nor animals would grow, develop and function as we know them to.



The Play

Reality spreads by degrees
 thru' the mind
 Which boggles
 and
 splits
 And idealism takes the stage
 And plays to a full house,
 nite
 after
 nite
 after
 nite

The bill boards
 carry
 placards
 on which are written
 In
 big
 red
 letters
 "ESCAPISM"

A. Olivier
 Std. 9

Sept

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

Mandi Smiedt
 Std. 10



Something of Great Importance

Professor Multaverba sat all day and most of the night in the little room which led off from the passage just before the upstairs library. He was a "strange" man as Molly, the new girl who dusted and polished, told her youngman every Saturday night. Molly tried every Wednesday (that was her dusting day) and every Friday (that was her polishing day) to clean his study. But as she excitedly protested to the housekeeper on her first day:

"I didn't mind so much when I read that rude notice on the door, or when a pile of heavy books fell on my head when I DID open the door, and a notice shot up, just about knocking my nose off, saying: 'Told you NOT TO!', but when Prof. Multy said, calm as you please, 'Encyclopaedia Britannica 1956 - no better use for them!' Well, then I was furious, as you might well imagine.

"I wouldn't have it said that any of the Martin family, least of all Molly Martin, had ever failed in his duty. So I said, very respectfully, 'Professor Multaverba,' whoever heard of such a name anyway? 'I'm here for no other reason than to dust your furniture. I don't snoop, pry or whatever else was up on your door. I don't appreciate being treated like this - Encyclopaedia Britannica 1956, indeed - but, as I said to you, Ma'am - 'No Martin has ever failed in his duty and I don't see why I should either. So if you'll excuse me, Sir, I'll just clean up a bit.'

"He didn't even comment, just carried on scribbling on one of the great pads stuck to his desk. But when I started banging the books open and shut - phew, you should have seen the dust that came out of it -he became quite pale ..."

And as Professor Multaverba said to Mrs. Featherthwaite that night: "... It's bad enough having another woman in this house; but one who marches straight into my room despite my very explicit notice and the Encyclopedia Britannica 1956, and then starts mucking around with my books ..."

As you must know by now, Professor Multaverba spent much of his time with his books and his pen. He was working on what he called: "Something - of - great - importance - please - leave - the - room" Mrs. Featherthwaite, either because he had once expressed a partiality to chicken or in order to exort her master to greater efforts, sent up a tray for supper each night, **letter** chicken noodle soup and one slice of wholewheat bread and butter. The tray came down every night with an inch of pasta a's, b's and c's lying at the bottom of the bowl. Mrs. Featherthwaite chose to ignore this.

Professor Multaverba, not being one who expressed his opinion on such mundane matters as chicken noodle soup, never did. In fact, his inability to talk about anything which did not centre around books, led to his leading a very solitary existence.



As people passed his house, they said: "There lives that Professor Multy something!" No one called him by his Christian name, or even knew this name for that matter, except his great aunt who occasionally sent a letter to "My dear Albert."

It was nearly a year since Molly had arrived at the Professor's house. It had been a very ordinary day, except that Professor Mulloverba spent particularly long over his supper. Eventually, when Mrs. Featherthwaite was beginning to get worried, the bell rang in the kitchen. Molly (who now dusted, polished and took the Professor's meals up) went to fetch his tray.

Mrs. Featherthwaite became alarmed when she heard a shriek of mingled laughter and surprise coming from the first floor. Mrs. Featherthwaite rushed upstairs, very dismayed. Never had she heard of such a thing; what would the Professor say! She arrived, red-faced, at the door of the study. As usual, a state of havoc met her eyes. But this was different. Sheets had been pulled off the Professor's bed and tied into a rope which hung from the window. The Professor's hat and coat were missing from behind the door. Molly and Mrs. Featherthwaite looked at each other. Molly pointed at his desk. Spread out on its surface, were the volumes of Encyclopaedia Britannica 1956 and on it, spelled out in pasta letters, was: "Words, words, words, I'm sick of words."

Jane Coombe
Std. 9

Tiger

Silently, stealthily it stalks its prey
Magnificent fire-flecked feline monstrosity
Softly stealing through the undergrowth.
Eyes narrowing, tail twitching,
It stops,
Crouches, steadies then springs!
Steel muscles strain as it surges forward
Snarling, frothing,
Leaping, lunging
Tearing, ripping and rending at flesh
It brings down an unsuspecting buck.

And the, like a starving peasant
This kingly cat, this blood-bespattered beast,
Gorges itself.

Kathy Ketelbey
Std. 9



A Day in the Amazon Basin

... by a Jaguar

I am a jaguar and I live deep in the dark, green, cool Amazon forest by the brown, slow-moving river.

In the early morning when the sun was just beginning to filter through the trees and undergrowth, I was woken by the noisy, bright macaws. These parrots are green, blue, yellow, orange, scarlet and purple and live high in the trees on berries and nuts. I stretched my sleek, golden patterned body and disappeared through the undergrowth. I took a short cut through the tree tops down to the river for breakfast. I swam through the water and had a foolish monkey for a snack while it was intent on opening a Brazil nut to eat.

Then I started off on the long journey to my favourite spot in the depths of the forest, a shady grove near a large, still pond. On my way through the forest there was a lot to see and I admired the flamboyant orchids attached to the tall trunks of fantastic giant hardwood trees. The undergrowth also hides strange animal life and I passed wild pigs, chattering monkeys, sleek, black pumas and smooth gliding snakes unnoticed. Perfectly camouflaged in the dappled light I watched the small Indian men walking single file through the forest carrying their lethal bows and arrows ready for hunting. These I avoided but watched their activities with curious eyes.

At noon I was still moving and though the sun was hot, it was cool and shady in the forest and the other animals slept. Soon it was thundering and the rain poured from the leaden sky as I sheltered beneath a dripping plant.

Later, when it had cleared, I climbed into the fork of a tree and waited for something to come by. A tapir shambled past and I sprang onto its back, crushing it with my weight. That supplied a good meal and I dragged the rest of it up the tree for my return journey. At sundown I reached my destination and as I lay at the still, black pond's edge for a drink, the shadows began to fall and soon I was in darkness. The birds were silent and I looked up at the stars through the inky black of my mysterious Amazon forest.

Jane Yeats
Std 6



Literature

Oh written word inscribed with care -
 Laden in innumerable fleets -
 Rituals o'er time's oceans bear
 Buffeted by winds and scorched by heat
 As a wind lashing treacherous tears
 Men use you to carve into a strait
 Ignorants and those of little years,
 Until they think as does the state
 The precious cargo has survived the storms
 And to those who unburden these ships so rare
 (fortunates from many forms)
 Comes self-knowledge and joy beyond compare.
 The ship grows heavy with writing, yet it must fill
 before
 It reaches, a long time hence, the distant shore.

J. Coombe
 Std. 9

Sept

Trees
 Growing
 Quietly
 Blossom and bloom
 Winter comes
 Soon now
 Death ...

P. Leighton-Davies
 Std. 8



Remorse - too late?

(Dedicated to the Carrier Pigeon, the Quagga and the
Great Auk - who is next?)

Red brick smokestacks, streaked with black
Vomit vile smelling
Fumes
While into the river, from a factory pipe
The sludge and waste slimy
Spumes.

In a deep pine-wood ... under needles green and lush
The icy glassy stream
Tumbles on
Downstream, a heron eats a floating fish,
Gives an epileptic shiver - then too,
Is gone.

Flowerfull meadow, where hikers ate their lunch
Solitude - a magpie shriek - a beer bottle
Shattered
Behind a bush of thyme are
Crinkled, crumpled cola cans
And plastic bags
Tattered.

The Sargasso Sea teems with life;
Every piece of seaweed some tale
Unfurls,
Twenty miles away, with the speed of stormy waves
A slick of slimy oil towards that universe
Whirls.

Oh, are we a race of dodos
To look on while we are dying?
If we destroy this precious earth
We're on a self-destructive course.
There soon will be no time
For action,
Only for (too late)
Remorse.

Amy Williams
Std. 9



Cockroaches

Richard lent over the railings of the little foot bridge which spanned the river running at the foot of his garden. Three great oak trees hid the bridge from the house, this was why Richard stood there with dry-run rivulets on his grimy face, kicking the poles with his foot. He didn't know the silly goldfish didn't like soap. In all his picture books, fishes were drawn with bubbles all around them. He was warned that their fish was abnormal, and so to please his mother, he had emptied two handfuls of dish-washing soap into the bowl. After shaking the glass sphere, it filled with marvellous foam and bubbles, just like the snow in his father's paper weight.

Gazing into the river below, he sniffed indignantly and watched the water running slowly to meet by the bridge where it deepened and swirled. The soft blue of the river changed here into an exciting adventure of shapes.

Richard observed indifferently at first, and then with growing involvement, the antics of a dragon-fly. This spectacular creature, glowing in the beauty of its own flight, swooped towards the river, each time catching itself up just in time to escape the terrifying depths; it helicoptered down and then shimmered in hesitation before settling serenely on the smooth surface of the slowly-moving river. Without warning, the insect catapulted into a whirlpool of moss and sticks. It was swung around and underneath the eddy, to once brilliant colours, drab and lifeless, dazzled by the glinting spray.

Overwhelmed by sorrow at the kingly creature's downfall, Richard whispered frustratedly to himself: "If only I had been there, down there in the river, I could have helped him." It had been so lovely with its rainbow wings shivering in the sunlight. Richard thought of Wart - from his story books - (King Arthur, if you prefer - from your History books) and Tom from the Water Babies and longed to join those two young boys in the exploration of the seas.

Salt pricked at his inner eyes and soon they swam with uncontrollable tears of total hopelessness. Richard leaned his forehead on the rails and staring unconsolably into the river, let himself sink into a well of self-indulged misery.

Already hazy with tears, the sight of the constant mill of water, soon turned him dizzy. He started rocking on his feet as the feeling of unsteadiness overwhelmed him. Soon he felt himself falling. His cumbersome body turned slowly in sickening jerks. He felt hot and cold by turns until in one glorious moment, he slipped into a cool, soft liquid which flowed all about him, easing his unwieldy body.



The bright light, which had tortured his eyes during the fall, had changed to a deep and gentle blue, tinged here and there with green. Richard realized, with surprise, that he was suspended as if in space. He had a strange sense of buoyancy which kept him hanging between the bottom and the top of this expanse.

Looking down, he discovered a yellowish tinge to the blue, whereas above his head, the deep colour seemed almost watered down. He deeply involved in trying to work out whether the colour was watered-down or, in actual fact, dehydrated, when he heard a worried cough just behind his ear.

He turned around to see a small brown fish, nervously twitching his tail from side to side. In a very breathy voice, this messenger asked Richard to follow him. He turned, anxiously beckoning to Richard. "Quickly", he said, "I can't wait for you. I have to take advantage of this current!" The minnow - Richard could hardly recognize the little fish he had often scooped up in his hands - could not swim without the stream behind him.

As they arrived between two clumps of reed which acted as gate posts, the minnow stopped and hurriedly told Richard to make himself presentable. "What for?" asked Richard.

"The King!" he announced in the grandest tone he could muster. They slipped through the entrance and turned left. Richard found himself standing alone at one end of a huge and richly-decorated garden. At the other end was an enormous fish, surrounded by more fish of the same kind. They were roach, Richard thought, and waited on the King with respect and fear.

Following the minnow's last instructions to "look sharp and be polite", Richard went up to the royal fish to introduce himself. Without hesitation he knelt before him, and looking up to tell him his name, he came face to face with a pair of the sternest eyes he had ever seen.

They were large and bulbous, but despite their glassy exterior, there shone from inside them, criticism and sceptical analysis. His ponderous voice silenced his chattering courtiers: "Well, Richard, we know why you are here. Your misdemeanours will be rectified. You shall begin as all our cockroaches do - in school." He paused, seeing a query in the boy's eyes. The King explained to him, not out of any sense of goodwill, but because he wanted Richard to follow his instructions clearly. "Cockroaches are our young boys - you would fit into their category if you were a roach ... Jeremy!" he snapped and the young minnow stepped forward. "You will see that Richard, here is taken safely to the lodgings and will attend school tomorrow morning. Understood?" Jeremy nodded and bowed and taking Richard with him, left the King's reception room.



As he swam along, Richard observed, all about him, scores of roach swimming with an intentness of purpose quite foreign to him. They reached a forest and started following a path. Many spaces had been cleared on either side of this path. It was with a great shock, that Richard saw in each clearing a little boy or girl of about his age. One was reading, another reciting his tables while a little girl was bad-temperedly stamping on a filthy piece of embroidery cloth. Richard became interested in the scene and lingered a while to see what would happen. He was not disappointed - a large motherly henroach bustled into sight and, with many energetic flicks of her tail, began reprimanding the disobedient child.

Its leader turned and beckoned him to follow, which he did, reluctantly. After passing more than a dozen clearings, he was led into an empty one where he was left, quite alone. He waited, feeling out of place and lonely. Suddenly he longed for his mother's forgiving arms around him. He sat dejectedly on the sandy bottom and, shutting his eyes, resigned himself to waiting.

He must have fallen asleep, because when he next opened his eyes, the water was very dark. He saw a dim shape of a henroach stooping and bustling around the space. Noticing that he was awake, she swam over to him and asked him kindly whether he felt hungry.

Immediately, he did, and said so eagerly. As he ate a type of vegetable stew, he became aware of his surroundings. Phosphorescents glowed in corners, shedding a ghostly blue light. The henroach was large and very friendly. She chatted comfortably to him about her family, her life and what his school would be like. Richard was very curious about the school and they talked about it so much that when he fell asleep, he was perfectly secure about his future.

The next morning he was led through the forest to the school. The teacher was an old cockroach, who moved slowly but purposefully. It seemed to Richard, that he knew everything. Richard worked, played and ate with the little cockroaches. He learnt the Roach Traditions and became as involved as the other little fish in exploring their land, their history and their people. He grew to love and admire certain characters, just as he learnt to despise and be wary of others.

Months went past, during which he was as happy as he ever had been, except some nights when he wondered about his family. He became very anxious that they would be missing him and worrying about him. He spoke to the old henroach and, to put his mind at rest, she explained that the time spent at the bottom of the river was not noticed on earth. River time was a type of fourth dimension.

One morning he was taken away from the forest, to the King. As he was presented to him, Richard carried out the complicated ritual he had been taught. This seemed to please the cockroach as he smiled briefly and asked Richard to rise.



"Tell me," he said, in the heavy manner he had of speaking. "During the time you have spent with us, what have you learnt?"

Richard opened his mouth to tell him about the Battle of Redrocks and many others, when the King said "No, no, I know you know your school work - I have had good reports of you. No, Richard, what I want to know is: "What have you learnt about us, the roaches?"

Richard'd eyes opened in astonishment - from his first day at school he never thought of the roaches as anything different. "But, you're all just like me ..." he gasped. "That is, Sire, you are far greater, more powerful ...".

"Don't worry, Richard, that is what I hoped you would say. And now, goodbye, boy - no, you must go, it is time. I hope you will always remember us as your friends of the water and as people you have respected as individuals ...".

The last words echoed as a bubble in Richard's ear as he slowly regained his balance. The sunlight reflected harshly in his eyes and his body felt strangely heavy as it does when one jumps from a trampoline to the ground. "Individuals", the shapes formed roundly in his mind, conjuring up far and distant places underwater, where he had lived so long with fish.

Jane Coombe
Std. 9

Earth

on this earth there is a rhythmic flow of life
 through everything that lives,
 the woods, a delicate fantasy ... stands
 shimmering
 brown leaves rise from the ground
 and dance
 great trees, majestic in their individuality,
 each one resembling an unconquerable
 spirit,
 stand silently
 ... birds fly out of nowhere and
 back into nowhere again ...
 this is earth ...
 tremendous in scope
 glorious in beauty.

S. Baker
Std. 7



**OTHER
LANGUAGES**



afrikaans



Die See

Dit was vroeg oggend. Die see het soos n blou woestyn voor my uitgestrek. Dit was stil en die mis het spookagtig hier en daar die see nog plek-plek bedek. Die brandertjies het sag en strelend oor die sand gespoel, die korreltjies sand omgedraai en dan weer teruggespoel na die dieper water toe.

Hier en daar het n voël sy kos uit die water gegaps en soos blits daarmee weggevlieg; asof ek miskien n dief was, wat hul kos wou steel.

Die sand het deur my kaal toue genaal en n sagte, krakende geluid gemaak. Die koel lug het my gesig laat lewe. Alles rondom my was so vars en skoon en het van lewensvreugde oorgeloop. Die mis het stadig en onopgemerk verdwyn en die son het sy plek ingeneem.

Die son het in dartelende diamante op die kristalhelder water weerkaats en het my water toe gelok. Ek het die vriendelike see ingehardloop en die branders het my omhels. Ek het soos n vis in die water baljaar en toe ek uitgeput was, het ek in die son gaan lê en bak. Stadig het ek aan die slaap geraak...

Skielik het ek wakker geword. Die lug was donker en die donderwolke het in n groep vergader. Die see wat vroeër blou en vonkelend was, was op hierdie oomblik groen en ontstuimig en die wind het gehuil. Die sand het teen my liggaam geslaan en my vel seer geprikkel. Die voëls het almal op die rotse gesit en die see was koud en onvriendelik.

Toe ek op my horlosie kyk, het ek besef hoe laat dit was en ek het geweet dat Moeder bekommerd sou wees as ek nie dadelik huis toe gaan nie. Ek het vir oulaas na die see gekyk en gesien hoe die see teen die rotse slaan asof dit n moordenaar is. Toe het ek besef hoe anders die see kan wees - moederlik en vertroostend of haatlik en moorddadig. Ja, n mens moet respek vir die see hê!



Langs ver Paaie

Mauritius. Groen heuwels en tropiese lower. Warm son, turkoois see. 1958-motors wat nog net-net kan ry. n Vogtige atmosfeer wat die gebabbel van mensestemme net laat deurdring.

Die hawe, klein en onbeskaaf. Die skip beweeg skaars langs die vuil kaai. n See van bruin gesigte daar onder wat elkeen sê: My ware is die beste, kom koop by my! Fantastiese figure van skulpe en koraal gemaak. Blinkende silwer en goud. Kibbelende stemme ruis hoër en hoër. Die verkoper lyk baie terneergedruk wanneer jy met jou kope wegloop, net om te vind dat jou vriendin dieselfde artikel gekry het vir n kwart van die prys.

Die mark. n Gebou, wat lyk soos n klomp pondokke met n muwwe ruik. Vis en groente en rokke en onderklere en hemde en ... Dis oneindig! Die mense! Eilanders! Altyd n opgewonde gebabbel en gekibbel. Daardie prys is te hoog. Maar hoe leef n mens dan? Ek loop nou na daardie man daar, hy is baie goedkoper! Nee, nee, nee, wag n bietjie! So gaan dit aan. n Gelukkige volk, dié.

Die botaniese tuine. Palmbome en nog meer palmbome. Alles is groen, daar is geen ander kleur nie. Reuse-skilpaaie wat stadig, voetjie vir voetjie beweeg.

Die mense is nog op die kaai, druk besig met onderhandelinge. Aan boord gaan ek na my kajuit, sit dinge weg, trek my skoene uit, en gaan weer op na die dek. "Meneer en mevrou so-en-so se landingsetikette is nog nie op die bord nie. Sal hulle dit asseblief onmiddellik daar plaas." Ons sal seker weer laat vertrek. Die laaste passasiers kom net betyds aan boord. "Hierdie skip is gereed om te seil."

C. Pikholtz
Std. 9



Die Mis

Die strand was verlate. Ek het alleen langs die see gestap en my spore op die sand was die enigste teken dat n mens daardie dag daar gestap het. Die mis was dik en spookagtig en het die see soos n tafeldoek gedek. Dit was nat en vars en koel op my gesig.

Die strand het onvriendelik en geheimsinnig gelyk. Dit was asof die mis oor die strand waghou en asof ek n vreemdeling was wat nie daar hoort nie. Selfs die voëls het op die rotse bly sit, asof hully vir die mis bang was. Ek het bang geword en het gevoel asof die mis my heel insluk. My verbeelding het op hol geraak en het verward en eensaamheid probeer ontvlug.

Toe ek my weer kom kry, was die mis besig om stilletjies weg te gaan en my gedagtes het na die hede teruggekeer.

C. Thomsen
Std. 9

Die Son kom op

Die wit lug word goudeel met die eerste titseltjie kleur, dan geel, dan oranje, en uiteindelik kom die ronde bal te voorskyn, so rooi soos die eerste vuur.

C. Pikholtz
Std. 9



Die Jag Dag

Ons het vroeg in die oggend van die huisie af vertrek. Daar was altesaam dertien gewere, twee outas, drie honde, twee kinders (ek was een van hulle) wat saamgekom het vir die dag. Almal was vir n rowwe dag in die veld aangetrek, met steuwels, hoede, kanaste en patroongordels.

Ons het bo-op strooibale, op n tweewielwa gesit. Daar is grappe gemaak en almal was baie opgewonde. Op pad deur die veld het die wa amper omgeval toe ons oor n molshoop gery het. n Paar van die mense wat heelagter op gesit het, het sommer van skok agter afgespring. Ek was so opgewonde en het regtig nie getraak wat gebeur nie, solank dat ons net gou by ons afklimpek kon kom. Dit was ook nie lank voordat ons stilgehou het nie. Almal het van die wa afgeklim en na n rukkie het die mense hul gewere begin laai.

My oom, wat die party gereël het, het toe vir almal gesê waar om te loop en het ook toe vir my en Japie n paar bevele uitgedeel. Ek het langs my oom en my ouer broer, Jan, gestap. Almal het in n lang ry gaan staan en toe het ons vorentoe begin loop. Die bosse was taamlik laag en daar was baie weiding vir die duikers, grysbokkies en steenbokkies. Almal het met oop oë, stadig en geduldig voortgestap. Ek was nogal bang omdat ek nie geweet het wat vir my aan die kom was nie.

Ek het lekker rustig voor my geloop en kyk, toe ek skielik n harde gedreun van n skoot naby my hoor. Ek het so groot geskrik, dat ek amper platgeval het. Toe klap daar nog n skoot en toe nog twee namekaar. Toe volg daar n aaklige geskreeu van die gekweste bok se kant af. Ek was so benoud dat die sweet van my afgetap het.

Toe ek weer opkyk, hardloop my pa met n hond kort op sy hakke na die bok toe. Toe was daar stilte en almal het gewag totdat Pa die bok afgeslag het. Toe loop ons maar weer verder.

Dit was iets wat ek nooit weer sal vergeet nie. Met die val van die eerste bokkie het ek my oë toegemaak, maar daarna het ek daaraan gewoon geraak. Om die bok af te slag, moes n mens eers die bok se nekaar afsny en daarna sy pens oopny om sy binnegoed uit te haal. Die bok se blaas is partykeer gehou vir wanneer die persoon die bok klaar afgeslaag en omgedraai het, sodat die laaste bietjie bloed uitgeskud kan word. Dan is dit oor die trotse jagter se hande uitgegooi sodat hy sy hande skoon kon was. Die bok is daarna in n sak gegooi en na die wa toe gedra. Die trekker en wa het gewoonlik n entjie van die jaglyn gewag sodat hulle nie die wild sou wegjaag nie.

n Paar patryse het skielik voor ons opgevlieg. Vir die tweede keer het ek amper my dienis geskrik. Party jagters het Boere-oorlog verklaar, maar op die ou end is net twee



van die ag voëls raak geskiet. Bokke het soms die jagters voor die tyd hoor aankom, en toe opgespring en weggehardloop. In die begin het ek maar my oë toegemaak, maar van die bokke het weggekom en toe het ek geraak aan wat ek gesien het. Ons het wind-op geloop, maar omdat dit n stil dag was, het n paar van die bokke ons hoor kom.

Na n taamlike lang ent se stap het ons almal lemoene en appels geëet en iets gedrink. Een van die outas het toe huis toe gegaan om n vuur te gaan maak, sodat die kole sou reg wees teen die tyd wat ons by die huis gekom het. Teen die einde van ons dag was daar n hele klomp bokke geskiet en n paar fisante.

Toe die son al aan die sak was, het ons moeg by die huis aangekom. Ons het toe gewas en skoon aangetrek. Drank is daarna geskink en die eerste vleis is op die rooster gepak. So veel vleis het ek ook nog nie tevore gesien nie. Daar was twee yslike komme vol vleis en n ander een vol wors. Die mense was vrolik en vriendelik. Daar was genoeg om te eet en te drink en die partytjie was n sukses. Soos ek daar gesit het, het ek geweet dat ek nie gou weer so n lekker dag sou deurbring nie.

B. Duckitt
Std. 9

Die Woestyn

Die woestyn. n Eindeloze streek wit, goue sand. Die son bak op die aarde neer en die hitte maak alles moeg en tam.

Die son is n tiran, die koning van ons aarde. Hy is koning van die maan, die elemente, die natuur. Hy kan dinge laat bloei of sterwe, hy is magtiger as die aarde.

Voor my sien ek net n rooi, dowwe leegte, sonder end. Deur-mekaar gedagtes vorm in my verstand as ek na korrel op korrel sand kyk.

Die woestyn is soos n vrug, wat elke oomblik ryper word. Die sonstrale streel sy eindeloze vlaktes en maak hulle warm. Een korrel sand is so klein, tog vorm dit die woestyn, n voltooide prent van pragtige sandduine, sag soos wolke. Die woestyn roep, desperaat, en ek as antwoord, volg sy wink.

Ceredwin Thomsen
Std. 9



Spookasem - en Toffieappeldae

Daardie was die dae, toe n mens uitgegaan het met jou maats sonder om jou enigsins te bekommer oor hoe jou klere, hare en gesig gelyk het nie. Jy het in die sand, modder en water gespeel en pap kastele gemaak en verskriklik vuil geword. Jy het jou klere flenters geskeur in n klein geskil met die buurseuntjie. Jy het op kampe gegaan en jou hare amper nooit geborsel nie, sodat dit transe en verdriet veroorsaak het toe jou ma jou eindelijk onder hande geneem het.

Daardie was die dae, toe n mens enigiets en alles sonder bekommernis kon eet! Alles van spookasem en toffieappels tot gebraaide salami en Maltabellapap. Jy kon alles drink ook. n Halwe pint melk op n dag tot sewe bottels gaskoel-drink by n krieketwedstryd. Dit het jou liggaam alles verteer, sonder dat jy jou oor gewig moes hinder. Vet was n vreemde ding!

Daardie was die dae, toe jy nie omgegee het met wie jy speel nie, of vir wie jy omgee nie. Die onreg in die wêreld het jou nie geraak nie. Jy het jou spookasem en toffieappels gehad. Dit was genoeg.

C. Pikholtz
Std. 9

Vlieënde Swaeltjies

Swart-en-wit bondeltjies dartelende energie
wat die hele tyd rondkajakker. Moet wurms
gaan soek, vir Boetie voed, Pa wakker maak,
daardie gaatjie in die muur heelmaak ...
Die gesplete stertjie wip van lewenslus.

C. Pikholtz
Std. 9





C.D.
6.3.77

French



Je ne pourrais jamais expliquer ce que ce bruit m'a fait

Une jour ma mère m'a dit que j'allais chez le dentiste. Ca m'était égal parce que je n'étais jamais allé chez le dentiste. J'étais très jeune - six ans. J'ai demandé à mon amie, Penny, si c'était très douloureux et elle m'a dit que c'était très douloureux, surtout quand le dentiste avait mis un bout d'acier dans la bouche.

Maintenant, j'étais épouvanté. Une heure après, moi et ma mère sommes allées à Claremont. J'ai monté les deux escaliers avec précaution. Nous avons marché dans un long corridor d'arriver à la grande porte grise, avec l'inscription "Dentiste" en grandes lettres rouges.

Nous sommes entrées dans une salle d'attente. Il y avait quatre personnes - toutes très vieilles. Nous nous sommes assis dans deux grandes chaises brunes. Elles sont si grandes que mes pieds ne touchaient pas le plancher. Dans un coin de la salle était un petit aquarium avec beaucoup de poissons. Près du petit aquarium était une femme très grande au visage allongé et aux yeux carrés. Elle avait beaucoup de taches de rousseur et elle avait les cheveux bouclés. Autour de la tête, elle portait un bandeau. Je regardais mes souliers noirs avec concentration. Est-ce qu'elle était déjà entrée chez le dentiste?

Soudain une porte dans le mur en face s'est ouverte et une petite femme, bien halée est sortie et elle m'a appelé. Je me suis levé et j'ai marché en tremblant vers la femme. Nous avons marché dans un corridor blanc et puis dans une petite chambre avec une chaise brune et menaçante. J'ai vu près de la chaise un homme en habit blanc. Il m'a relevé dans ses grands bras et il m'a placé dans la chaise horrible. Il est assis et il s'est mis à parler. Je l'aimais beaucoup.



Après quelques minutes de piqueter dans ma bouche, il a mis un objet très extraordinaire dans ma bouche. Soudain, j'ai entendu un bruit très haut et pénétrant, certainement celui dont Penny m'avait parlé. J'ai poussé des cris et j'ai sauté de la chaise et j'ai couru dans le corridor et vers ma mère.

Quand je pense cet événement je très gênée, mais je ne pourrais jamais expliquer ce que ce bruit m'a fait.

Mandy Rose
Std. 10

Une Grande Ville à midi et à minuit

À midi, l'été, il fait chaud dans une grande ville. On a travaillé depuis le matin, et on est fatigué. Les marchands regardent les horloges. C'est presque l'heure du déjeuner. Les marchands des fleurs regardent tristement les roses brunes. On les passe vite. On veut être à la maison. Personne ne veut acheter des fleurs. Les mères qui n'ont pas fait des emplettes de bonne heure les font maintenant. Leurs enfants sont fatigués et ils ont faim - ils se plaignent.

En hiver il ne fait pas chaud. Non, à Cape Town, par exemple, il pleut. S'il pleut ou s'il fait très froid, on ne veut pas être à la ville. On se dépêche, on est impoli et on parle avec impatience. Pour beaucoup de gens, cependant, le midi dans la ville, c'est une heure d'émotion. C'est une heure pour acheter de nouvelles choses. Les jolies filles marchent devant les magasins. Elles sont joyeuses. Surtout à Noël elles sont comme ça quand tout le monde achète des cadeaux.

À minuit les gens qu'on à la ville y sont parce qu'il veulent être là. Ils s'amusent. C'est l'heure des fêtes. C'est l'heure de la gaieté et de la plaisanterie. Les lumières sont très importantes pendant la nuit. Dans une grande ville elles sont partout. Elles étincellent. Elles sont de tous les couleurs. On se hâte, on rit, on cause on s'arrête pour regarder dans les vitrines des magasins, on déguste le vin boit le café et regarde les gens qui marche dans la rue.

Mais à l'ombre quelque part est un homme (ou une femme) assis tout seul. Il n'est pas heureux. La nuit, c'est un temps isché pour lui.

Jane Coombe
Std 9



6 Cap, le 28 Juillet

Chère Pascale,

Mon professeur m'a donnée votre adresse et je m'empresse de vous écrire.

Quel âge avez-vous, Pascale? J'ai quatorze ans et je suis dans la septième classe de l'école. Mon école s'appelle Herschel et elle est à Claremont, un faubourg de la Ville du Cap. A Herschel, nous devons travailler très dur et souvent nous avons un projet d'Histoire d'une part et un projet d'Anglais d'autre part! A quelle école allez-vous? L'aimez-vous?

Vous ne savez pas peut-être au sujet de la Ville du Cap. La Montagne de la Table, qui est très belle, domine la ville. En été, la montagne luit avec couleur. Il ya beaucoup de belles plages tout autour et le Cap est la jonction de deux océans, l'Atlantique et l'Indien. A la Ville du Cap il ya des avenues ombragées qui ont beaucoup de grands arbres. Est ce que Brive est aussi belle que la Ville du Cap?

Nous habitons Tokai, un autre faubourg de la Ville du Cap et notre maison est très grande. Elle a un rez-de-chaussée, un étage contenant trois chambres et un autre étage contenant la chambre de mes parents et mon cabinet de travail. Comment est votre maison?

En attendant le plaisir de te lire, recois mes meilleures amitiés,

Morna.

Morna Lawson
Std. 7

Grandpère a quatre-vingts ans - mais ...

Grandpère? Oh, oui, il a quatre-vingts ans, mais il n'est vieux qu'en âge! Son histoire? Bien sûr, je vais vous la raconter, dit Anna Nodalsky. Il s'appelle Igor Nadolsky, et comme tu as probablement deviné, il était Russe (maintenant il est Français naturalisé). Quand, en 1917, Lenin a saisi le pouvoir en Russie, sa famille a fui en Turquie.

Son père avait admiré Karensky, un homme qui voulu le communisme en Russie, mais pas par la violence comme voulait Lenin. Alors, par une nuit sombre, en hiver, où le temps faisait mauvais, (il pleuvait et neigeait et el n'y avait pas de lune) M. Nadolsky, qui avait vingt ans, a entendu quelqu'un qui frappait sur la porte. C'était la police secrète de Lenin. Igor, qui habitait avec ses parents et sa soeur Kalinka, qui avait seize ans, savait ce que c'était, et eil a prévenu son père. Silencieusement comme



le renard qui traque un lapin, ils ont échappé à la police. Ils ont pris une route longue à travers la campagne, et, après deux semaines, mangeant seulement les petites provisions qu'ils avaient prêtes pour un tel voyage, ils ont les avait emmenés jusqu'à Istanbul. C'était une traversée longue et triste, car la mère Nadolsky est morte.

A Istanbul Igor a oublié lentement les horreurs de ses jours en Russie. Maintenant il enseigne la langue turque et le français à l'Université de Bogazici. Il enseigne aussi le yoga - qu'il peut faire habillé d'un complet! Même se tenir sur la tête! C'est vraiment un homme étonnant."

Sa femme, je dois dire Mme Nadolsky, était une jeune Française quand elle est arrivée à Istanbul, et elle enseigne maintenant le français. Elle a enseigné une petite fille pendant deux ans - moi!

Amy Williams
Std. 9

Tante Annie

Tante Annie a soixante ans, n'est pas mariée, et, comme pense tout le monde, est folle - vraiment folle. Elle ne se soucie de personne et quelques fois elle fait des choses très embarrassantes. Je raconte une telle occasion ...

Ma cousine, Nusi, est courrière. Un jour elle devait amuser des hôtes arabes. Leur manières étaient excellentes, ils étaient courtois, ils s'habillaient bien - ils étaient vraiment gentils. Quand ils partirent Annie décida de les accompagner à l'aérodrome. (Nusi alla, naturellement, aussi à l'aérodrome) Annie arriva, les vêtements mis à la hôte, ornée de bijoux étranges, portant un turban en biais ... on ne le savait pas, mais sous sa jupe elle portait un pantalon. A l'aérodrome Annie décida qu'elle était fatiguée et elle s'assit sur une chaise. Tout à coup on entendit un bruit déchirant - l'élastique du pantalon s'était cassé. A ce moment - là Nusi s'en alla pour aider ses hôtes à porter leurs bagages et Annie, au lieu de ramper à la consigne, la suivit. Elle courut derrière Nusi en criant "Anushka, Anushka" (c'est le vrai nom de ma cousine) tandis que le pantalon, à chaque pas qu'elle prenait, tombait de plus en plus au bas de ses jambes. Mais il y avait de l'élastique au dessus des genoux ...

Tout le monde se tourna regarder cette dame folle et cette "Anushka." Mais "Anushka" était déjà loin, essayant d'exprimer à ses hôtes étonnés que Annie était un peu malade, de temps en temps jetant des regards furtifs derrière elle.



Et maintenant Annie trouva qu'elle ne pouvait pas marcher parce que le pantalon, suspendu de ses genoux, s'agitait autour de ses pieds. Donc elle l'enleva - oui enleva - devant tout le monde, devant Nusi et ses hôtes horrifiés. A ce moment - là on annonça que l'avion à Iran partirait et Nusi, avec reconnaissance, emena ses hôtes à la porte en priant Annie de ne les rejoindre pas.

Naturellement Nusi ne retourna pas à l'aérodrome avant six mois plus tard. Et même quand elle retourna, quelques personnes la regardèrent curieusement, pendant qu'elles essayaient de rappeler où elles avaient vu cette dame.

K. Ketelbey
Std. 9

CHINESE

生 日 快 樂

= HAPPY BIRTHDAY

K. Saunders
Std. 6



latin



Romulus et Remus

Deus Mars Romuli Remique pater erat, Rhea Silvia erat mater. Avus, qui erat rex Albae Longae, ex regno ab Amilio, suo fratre, expulsus est. Amilius Romulum et Remum necare conatus est, nam timuit eos avum suum paucis annis ulturos esse. Amilius dedit Romulum et Remum pastori et imperavit ei ut eos in ripa Tiberis fluminis relinqueret.

Tamen liberi a lupa servati sunt quae pascebat eos lacte. Tandem pastor quidam inventor pueros educauit. Juvenes, arma ceperunt et expulerunt Amilium. Tum rediderunt Numeratori regnum. Postero fratres pugnaverunt, et Remo interfecto, Romulus condidit urbem Romam.

Translation

The God Mars was the father of Romulus and Remus, and Rhea Silvia their mother. Their grandfather, who was king of Alba Longa, was driven from his kingdom by his own brother, Amilius. Amilius tried to kill Romulus and Remus, for he feared that they would grow up to avenge the wrong done to Numerator. Amilius took Romulus and Remus to a shepherd and told him to abandon them in the marshes of the River Tiber.

The children were however saved by a she-wolf, who fed them on her milk. Later a shepherd found them and brought them up. When they were grown men, they return to Amilius and expelled him. They then returned Numerator to his throne. The brothers then quarelled and as a result Remus was killed and afterwards Romulus founded the city of Rome.



german



Eine Eisenbahnfahrt

Im Jahre 1970 reisten wir nach Europa. Der letzte Ort, den wir besuchten war Barcelona in Spanien. Dort war es eines Tages unerträglich heiss, und wir entschlossen uns zur See zu fahren und dort zu schwimmen.

Wir gingen also zum Bahnhof. Bei dem Schalter fragten wir wo wir am besten schwimmen könnten. Der Beamte erzählte uns von einem Ort, der etwa 60 Kilometer entfernt war. Wir kauften Rückfahrkarten dorthin, aber fanden heraus, dass sie für die dritte Klasse war. Das Spanisch meines Vaters reichte nicht aus.

Wir stiegen auf den Zug, aber jeder Spanier hatte das auch getan, und wir mussten stehen! Wir sagten aber: "Ach, das ist nichts! Wir sollen stehen, weil die Reise nur kurz dauern soll!"

Mehr als zwei Stunden später stiegen wir sehr müde ab. Zwei Stunden lang hatten wir stehen müssen, und obwohl der Zug bei Barcelona voll besetzt war, stiegen Menschen bei jedem kleinen Bahnhof hinzu, bis wir wie Heringe in einer sehr kleinen Büchse standen. Die Leute rauchten so viel, dass ich nicht atmen konnte, weil ich nur zehn Jahre alt war und so kurz, dass ich versteckt unter den Menschen war.

Niemals waren wir so dankbar als wir an diesem Tage vom Zug abstiegen.

Catherine Pikholtz
Std. 9



xhosa



I have a Holiday

I go to a farm with mother and father. Father prepares the car and mother buys some food. I am very happy because the schools are closed. When we arrived, we chatted to Mary and John. On the farm I saw sheep, cattle, horses and a pig. I like to play with Toki the dog. It is October.

In November we go to the sea-side. We all stay with Peter and Joe. We swim in the sea. I see my friend. I love to swim and to play in the sea. I am happy when we return home because I see the cat.

Ukutya uholide

Ndihamba efama nomama notata. uTata ulungisa imoto, umama uthenga ukutya. Ndonivaba kuba izikolozivalile. Xa sifika sincokolo noMary noJohn. Ndibona iigustia, iinkomo, amahashe nehagu. Ndithanda ukudlala noToki. Sihlala efama ngo-Octoba.

NgoNovemba sihamba elwandle. Sihlala noJoe noPeter. Sidada elwandle. Ndibono umhlobo wam. Ndithanda ukudada nokudlala elwandle. Xa sibuya ekhaya ndonwaba kuba ndibona ikati.

K. Saunders
Std. 6



duteh



Jaapje en de zere Vinger

Een avond, lag Jaapje in bed, met z'n vinger gewonden in lappen. Hy had het met een mes gesneden en tante had het goed verstoppt. Hy lag het plafond te bekyken in tante's deftige huis. Moeder was by Oma, die ziek was, om haar te versorgen. Vader was op zee, en zou pas over een paar weke thuis komen. Moeder wist niet wanneer ze hem zou komen halen. Dat hing van Oma's ziekte af.

Een mooie lamp hing er aan het plafond. Hy kneep z'n ogen half dicht zodat het effect verhoogd werd van de sterren die 't licht maakten. Het leek nu veel echter.

Hy was het zat om zo stil te liggen. Wat kon hy doen? Hy begon z'n hand te draaien zodat hy er zelf duizelig van werd. Vligger en vligger draaide hy z'n hand met de zere vinger tot hy niet mee zien kon hoe snel hy draaide.

Ineens, oh schrik, vloog de lap eraf; tante had het niet zo goed vast gemaakt als ze wel dacht. Waar was de lap geblewen? Hy zacht overal, in die bed, op de grond, in die vensterbank, nee hy kon het niet vinden.

Plotseling hoorde hy voetstappen in de gang! Oh, daar was tante zeker. Zou ze boos zyn op hem? Tante had geen kinderen en was héel precies. Moeder had hem gewaarschuwd dat hy zoet moest zyn want Tante Jacoba zou haar mooie meubeltjes niet willen bedorwen hebben door kleine kinderen.

Ineens, toen hy stil lag in bed, en naar boven keek, zag hy de lappen vinger liggen op die mooie lamp tussen de sterren van het licht.

Oh, nu kwamen de voetstappen dichtter by de deur. De deurknop werd langzaam omgedraaid en er kwaam iemand binne. Het was niet Tante Jacoba.

"Oh Moeder, moeder, lieve moeder, wat ben ik bly dat je er bent.



turkish



A Hodja Story* - Eat my Fur Coat, eat

I will tell you a story. Nasreddin Hodja was a wise man. He lived in Akşehir, six hundred years ago.

One day, Nasreddin Hodja went to a party, but because he wore old clothes, the guests did not talk to him and did not pay attention to him.

In the interval between the hors d'ouvres and meat courses, the Hodja hurried home, put on a brand new fur coat, and returned to the party. Upon his entering the party, all the important guests wanted to talk with the Hodja.

Later, at the table, Nasreddin Hodja put a bit of pilaff (rice) into the coat's pocket. In the other pocket he put a piece of şiş kebab and said: "Eat my fur coat, eat!"

The guests asked, "Hodja effendi (sir), why are you giving food to your coat?"

"Truly, Sirs, in this house, the most important guest is not myself, but my coat, that is why I am feeding it," he replied.

A. Williams
Std. 9

*In Turkish Hodja means "teacher."



Ye, kürk Paltonum, Ye

Ben size bir hikaye söyleyeceğim. Nasreddin Hoca akıllı bir effendi olmuş. Altıyüz yıllar evvel, Akşehirde oturdu.

Bir gün, Nasreddin Hoca bir partiye gimiş, ama çünkü eski elbiseler giymiş, misafireer onu konuşmamış, ve dinlememiş.

Meze ve et arasında, Hoca eve acele etmiş, yep yeni bir kürk palto giymiş, ve partiye dönmüş.

Partiye girince, her mühim misafirler Hocaya konuşmaya istemiş. Sonra, masada, Nasreddin Hoca paltonun cepisine biraz pilav koymuş. Diğer cepiye bir parça şiş kebab koymuş, ve: "Ye, kürk paltonum, ye," demiş.

Misafirler "Hoca Effendi, niye paltonuza yemeği veriyorsunuz?" sormuşlar.

"Valahi, Effendi, bu evde, en mühim misafir ben değil, fakat paltonum, onun için paltonuma yemeği veriyorum" demiş!

Amy Williams
Stđ. 9



REPORTS



House Report

On behalf of the girls, I would like to express our gratitude to Tanya Bosma for all she did for Merriman as Head of House during 1976, and to her prefects, Niki Dunckley, Juliet MacGregor, Jenny Louw, Micky Schneider-Waterberg and Alison Ulrick, for their encouragement and friendship during the year, which enabled Merriman to win the Efficiency Shield for the third year in succession. We hope to keep up this standard by winning it again this year.

Academically Merriman has been doing very well. So far this year, we have won all the mark readings including the June exams. The main contributors to this good record are: Janet Hammond, Jane Coombe, Kathy Ketelbey, Marilyn Knudsen, Cathrine Pikholtz, Amy Williams, Alison Bowley, Philipa Leighton-Davies, Diane Newton, Jenny Gray, Clare Grootendorst, Morna Lawson, Kate Kearney and Jane Yeats. WELL DONE!

On the sporting side we have not done as well this year but as our strongest sports - netball, tennis and hockey lie ahead, I am sure we can pull up. We came third in the inter-house gym and second in both the diving and swimming. Our congratulations go to Serena Herbert who won the Western Province Under 18 tennis singles and doubles, and was selected to play for the Western Province team.

The jerseys made by members of the house were sent to C.A.F.D.A. and Saint Micheal's Home and were very much appreciated. Donations were given to the Peninsular Feeding Scheme and Cancer Research. All charities were chosen by the girls.

On the leadership side, Merriman has also done well. Although we have only two house prefects, we have during the year had eleven form captains and ten vice captains in Merriman.

I would, on behalf of the girls, like to thank the staff in Merriman House for the support and encouragement that they have given us, which has helped keep up the lively spirit of the house. A special thanks to Mrs. Rauch for her help during the year and I wish next year's head and prefects all the best and may MERRIMAN go from strength to strength!

Fran de Klerk



HOUSE LIST : M E R R I M A NSTANDARD 10

J Barker
 V Batchelor
 G Deal
 F de Klerk
 J Hammond
 S Harris
 S Herbert
 B Jearey
 J Kelly
 S Louw
 H Manning
 K Raath
 M Rose
 M Smiedt
 L Wrentmore

STANDARD 8

A Bowley
 K Brossie
 C Callow
 A Campbell
 T Campbell
 R Fletcher
 M Gudehus
 L Gray
 M Hollman
 E Hyslop
 J Lith
 P Leighton-Davies
 A Mathieson
 F McLennan
 D Newton
 S Nichol
 D Partridge
 A Raath
 J Saunders
 H Turner

STANDARD 9

J Allsop
 C Baker
 J Coombe
 C Cornforth
 L Diamond
 B Duckitt
 K Ketelbey
 M Knudsen
 S Naude
 A Olivier
 C Pikholtz
 G Rauch
 C Scholten
 R Smith
 C Thomsen
 A Williams

STANDARD 7

S Baker
 K Barron
 L Cluver
 L de Kock
 M Enthoven
 S Eve
 J Gray
 C Grootendorst
 M Lawson
 S Lloyd-Roberts
 C Moll
 P Sharpley
 D Smiedt
 H Tomlinson

STANDARD 6

E Bassingthwaighte
 N Deal
 D Diamond
 C Eve
 S Hammond
 K Saunders
 A Singer
 J Yeats
 L Jones
 K Kearney
 G McLean
 C Ovenstone
 C Roberts
 F Paine
 C Whitfield
 R. Haden



Netball Report

The open and under 15 Merriman Netball teams won all their inter-house matches last year and with two strong teams this year, hope to repeat these victories. There are three Merriman girls in the school open team and two in the under 15 school team. Marilyn Knudsen and Fran de Klerk were awarded their Netball badges but no one was awarded colours.

May the Merriman Netball team go from strength to strength and we wish them all the best!

F. de Klerk

Hockey Report

Hockey is one of our better sports as we have five members in the first team and five in the under 15 team. Last year Debby Partridge was awarded her hockey badge and Fran de Klerk received her scroll.

In the inter-house hockey matches last year, Merriman tied first with Rolt, after some very exciting games. The team played well and with this year's inter-house hockey in sight, we hope to play and do as well.

F. de Klerk

Squash

The inter-house squash was an enjoyable event that provided both keen competition and a great deal of fun. The Merriman girls showed a spirit that was to be admired and although they did not win all their matches their enthusiams made up for their losses.

Many of the Merriman squash players show promise and potential and we hope they will continue with their playing.

S. Herbert



Tennis Report

The Merriman tennis team has been very successful during the past year. Thanks to the high spirits and hard work of the Merriman tennis teams, we managed to win the inter house competition by four games and hope to maintain this position in the years to come.

This year, badges have been awarded to Serena Herbert and Fran de Klerk. Serena Herbert has also been awarded a scroll, and is to be congratulated on winning the Western Province Junior under 18 singles and doubles.

Mandy Rose

Swimming and Diving

The Merriman swimming team did well this year, and was placed second in the inter-house gala. I would like to thank the standard nines who worked enthusiastically and efficiently to select a team in my absence. Bridget Duckett was awarded her swimming badge and Fiona McLennan was highly commended, both for their performances during the inter-school gala.

The Merriman team chosen to dive in the inter-house diving competition are to be congratulated on being placed second - a fine performance against strong opposition.

On behalf of the matrices, I would like to wish next year's swimming and diving teams the best of luck.

Fran de Klerk



Gymnastics Report

During the second term of this year, we had a very enterprising inter-house gym competition, in which girls from all standards took part, in group and individual items.

A group of six girls from Std 6 worked on the beam, whilst the Std 7's worked in three couples doing symmetrical and asymmetrical positions and balances, without apparatus. The Std 9 and 10 group did a sequence, without apparatus, to music. Congratulations to our Std 8 team, Andrea Raath, Monica Gudehus and Katie Brossie, who won their section, - shapes and supports. They displayed some very interesting and original work, using a mat, two ropes, the box and the beam.

The most exciting part of the competition came with the individual sequences. Dana Smiedt and Andrea Raath did the Std 6 and 7 and the Std 8,9 and 10 sections respectively. Well done to Dana, who came a very close second in her section with a very good, neat floor sequence, showing versatility and suppleness.

Last of all was the vaulting section in which Merriman came second. Our team of vaulters was Gillian Rauch, Katie Brossie, and Dana Smiedt, who all worked enthusiastically. Well done!

Thank you to all the girls who took part, for your interest and time you put into making the competition worthwhile, and thank you to the girls who faithfully supported Merriman.

We would most of all like to thank Miss Kable for helping us arrange the music, for all the interest she showed us, and for all the help that she gave us.

Well done to Jagger who won the competition, with Rolt in second place and Merriman third.

Work hard, Merrimen, and keep up our great spirit!

Mandy Smiedt



The Outeniqua Trail

During the Easter holidays 13 girls were chosen to go on a 5 day hike in the Outeniqua mountains. The party consisted of Vanessa Geldenhys, Jill Rauch, Suzanne Naude, Linda Svanepoel, Siobhan Mannion, Rose Meynell, Clare Gawith, Vivienne Malherbe, Di Loria, Chloë Fouche, Mary Bettison, Peta Simpson, Jean Bergh and four staff members, Miss Kable, Miss Cleghorn and Mr. and Mrs. Rauch.

On the last day of the first term, we left in the school bus for Herold's Bay where we were to spend the night. Mr. and Mrs. Rauch took the rucksacks in their Kombi. The journey took 9 hours. We ate unceasingly and felt positively sick by the time we arrived at the hotel.

The next morning we set off to Karatara Forest Station, our starting point, and met Mr. and Mrs. Rauch there. After organising our packs, all of us except Miss Kable, Mr. Rauch, Rose and Swannie, set off towards the first hut - Windmeulnek on the 75km trail. The four who stayed behind took the Kombies to the end of the trail. We walked 12 km the first day. It took time to get used to the heavy packs. The party of four arrived 5 hours after us, because they had taken the wrong turning and ended up walking 20 km!

The first hut was specially built for the hiker, the other huts being old rangers' houses. There were four rooms, each with 9 triple decker bunks.

As far as food was concerned, we were well provided for. We took turns to prepare the meals. Each night a group of 3 girls saw to the supper, which was, as can be expected, much appreciated by the starving hikers.

The second day was the toughest and longest, the hike being 18 km long. Fortunately, we were able to swim in a river which was a great relief. The scenery was beautiful. It was indeed gratifying to look back to the first hut and see how far we had walked. It took 6 hours to get to our second hut, Farleigh, and we were all exhausted. To relieve stiffness and sore muscles, we massaged each other with Deep Heat. Some people suffered from blisters and sore feet.

When we woke the next morning, we were all stiff and could hardly walk, but as we set off, the stiffness eased away and once again we were refreshed by a swim. The scenery on the third day was more wooded and we walked through beautiful indigenous forest, having walked through scrub and grass on the previous day. It started to rain in the afternoon but luckily we did not have any more rain after that. We slept at Millwood that night. We were even able to bath! Having walked 15 km that day, we appreciated a bed, even though they were rock hard. The next day we walked 12 km to Rondebossie, our last hut. This stretch was mostly through indigenous forest which was most beautiful. We saw elephant spores and their droppings, but fortunately, did not come across one! We reached Rondebossie early and went to swim in a river a kilometre away from the hut.

The last day was the longest - 20 km. By this time we were very fit and arrived at Diep Walle Forest Station at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was the end of the fantastic walk. We wanted to carry on walking, but of course, it was not possible. From Diep Walle we went back to Herold's Bay, where we spent the night and the next morning, we were on our way back to Cape Town.

Gillian Rauch and Suzanne Naude

The Bicycle Ride

A number of us decided that we would like to do a sponsored bicycle ride in aid of Shelter funds. After much discussion and planning, it was decided that we would attempt to ride from Elgin to Young's Field, some 67 km.

On account of accomodation and safety, we decided to keep the group fairly small and selected 7 girls, 2 of whom are in Merriman: Ceredwin Thomsen and Cathy Pikholtz.

On Sunday 15 May 1977 at 10.30 am, we left the Corder's farm in Elgin and drove at a fairly slow pace to the top of Sir Lowry's Pass, which we reached with some difficulty and several rests along the way. The descent of Sir Lowry's Pass came as a relief, despite the fact, that strong headwinds and driving rain forced us to peddle. The only accident was when Jackie Dicey fell off her bicycle at the bottom of the pass. Luckily she recovered quickly and we continued our ride to Somerset West where we stopped for lunch and then continued our ride.

We reached Young's Field at 5 pm, exhausted but thrilled at our achievement. Over R200 was raised and we were very glad to be able to give this money to such a worth-while charity. But the climax of it all, was the appearance of our photograph in the newspaper - on the front page!

Ceredwin Thomsen



Matric Dance Report

"What about 'Jungle Book'?"

"I've got a brilliant idea, let's have a western-style saloon".

So it went on, day after day, until finally the theme for that day of days, Friday 15 April, was chosen: Mykonos, a picturesque Greek Island. Painting proceeded at a phenomenal rate, once the few minors such as paint, cardboard and site had been found. The last few days of the first term whirled past, leaving the holidays to improve tans, aid diets and find time to buy a dress.

All too soon, as far as preparations were concerned, the most exciting day in every schoolgirl's career dawned grey and wet. Girls arrived in a flurry to help prepare the melon cocktail, the salads and to see to the meringues for the dessert. Last pieces of ivy and flowers were tucked into the lowered ceiling, the entrance was prepared and, while mothers saw to final details, their daughters swamped hairdressers before returning home for that last touch-up.

The evening began with a champagne cocktail at the Fouchés in the garden, the weather having cleared up miraculously. Everyone then proceeded to school where, having been greeted by Dr. Silberbauer, we gazed round at our Greek Wonderland illuminated by candles. The band, "Black Frost" whetted everyone's appetite for dancing as did the delicious food their appetite.

At midnight tired but elated pairs moved on to the Quibells for an all night endurance test and forty managed to make it to the Ackermans for a champagne breakfast! Only the clearing-up remained, but even this was worth the wonderful and memorable preceding twelve hours.

Janet Hammond



Oral Communication and Drama Club Report

Committee: Secretary - S. Fine
Treasurer - L. Wrentmore
Secretary for Debating Section - J. Hammond

Due to the expansion of all three sections of M.A.D. Club (Music, Art and Drama), the Drama section has broken away and formed "The Oral Communication and Drama Club" which includes debating. This has proved most successful. Bishops remains a close compatriot in debating and the one debate we have held with them so far, was enjoyed by everyone. Another debate was held with Bergvliet and the evening was enjoyed by everyone. Our school play, "Cry Havoc" which was held at the end of the third term last year left everyone with tears in their eyes and Mrs. Saffery is to be commended for being an excellent director.

There have been two external debates this year in which Merrimen have played a prominent part:
Morna Lawson and Janet Hammond against Bishops and Jane Coombe against Bergvliet.

In the internal debates we also featured well and at least 50% of each team always consisted of Merrimen.

At the time of writing, the team for the Inter-Schools Forum Discussion has not been chosen, but four of the ten possibles are Merrimen.

The Inter-house Public Speaking Competition is coming up next term and this is one field in which Merriman always shines - so let's keep it up and good luck!

Janet Hammond
(Secretary of Debating Society)
Lou Wrentmore
(Treasurer of Drama Club)



Choir Report

This year the choir has been extremely active from the start. We have sung at the weddings of numerous 'old girls,' namely those of Elaine Charnock, Jane Philip, Marilyn Simpson and Georgina Thorn.

On the 11th of February, the school celebrated Founder's Day and the choir participated in the service by singing an anthem and various hymns.

One of the year's highlights was the evening the choir sang for the Nine Club on the 22nd of April. Both the choir and the club members enjoyed themselves and the evening was a great success.

We look forward to more enjoyment and success later this year.

The Merriman choir members are:

Jane Kelly	Celeste Cornforth
Andrea Olivier	Gillian Rauch
Kathy Ketelbey	Monica Gudehus
Phillipa Leighton- Davies	Heather Turner
Susan Eve	Susan Lloyd-Roberts
Cathy Moll	

A. Olivier



Editorial

We would like to start this editorial by thanking our typist, Marion Nelsen. She really burnt the midnight oil working with us on the magazine. Without her help and the support of our class, it might not have made it to the finish.

At the offset, we were a little daunted at the prospect of doing what had always been done by "Them." But once involved we found ourselves enjoying it.

It was very interesting to get to know the girls of Merriman through their contributions. We would like especially to thank them.

Editors: Jane Coombe
Kathy Ketelbey
Amy Williams



Writing will remain
When words but spoken may be soon forgot.

Anonymous