

1978

WONDERS ARE MANY, AND NONE  
IS MORE WONDERFUL THAN MAN.

SOPHOCLES.



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Dana Smiedt left Herschel at the end of last year to go and live in the United States of America. This is a letter received from her..

Dear Merrimans,  
"The New World!" When the first pioneers saw this land, it held promise for them. Promise of a place to start and mould with their own ideas. But, they had left a lot behind, and gambled with their future. Loneliness was deep in their hearts because they had left all that they knew and loved behind.

Well, they succeeded and built with sweat and hope a land of such incredible strength and integrity that it stands now like a lighted beacon amid dangerous, grey and turbulent waters.

My story follows the same basic story in the beginning, and I hope that I can grow and build myself and be as great a success as America.

Life here, is geared for enjoyment. Americans have a good philosophy on life, and feel that if one is healthy and happy it shows in prosperous work! The schools follow this basic pattern and most of the students are happy. Sport and spirit plays an important part in school-life. In fact, it is school-life. To see the spirit of the students at a football game is an example of what the American people are like. During foot-ball season all students get out of school at 2.00. This gives time for all the people involved in the game that night to get home and prepare for it. This includes football players, cheerleaders, drill team, spirit team, band-members, bell boys and so on! Everyone is at the game of their own free will and, afterwards a dance is held.

Every announcement is announced over the P.A. system, and assembly is only held for sports meetings and when we voted for the school government. This consists of senior class president, historian, treasurer and helpers. This is the students voice! There are no prefects, nor are the teachers disciplinarians, yet in a school of over 2000 pupils, I have never seen such organisation. Organisation is the key word in the school system instead of discipline, and the results are incredible. The students handle their own affairs, yet a computer is noting how many days you are tardy or absent from school and if your marks are higher than 85% and your absences minimal, you do not have to write exams. That is a good incentive to get good marks, is it not?

Dallas is the centre of new ideas and much like Johannesburg in appearance. D.F.W. Airport is the largest in the world and the most modern. Everything moves at a very fast pace, for an example most people wake at 5.00 in the morning. Most people start working in high school to pay for their cars, and the American's biggest characteristic is their willingness to work and earn more money.

This is the place of the future, and although I am having a ball, I think often of my old friends, and miss them all. Don't ever forget me, I shan't you!

Tons of happy love to all I knew.

DANA.



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ENGLISH

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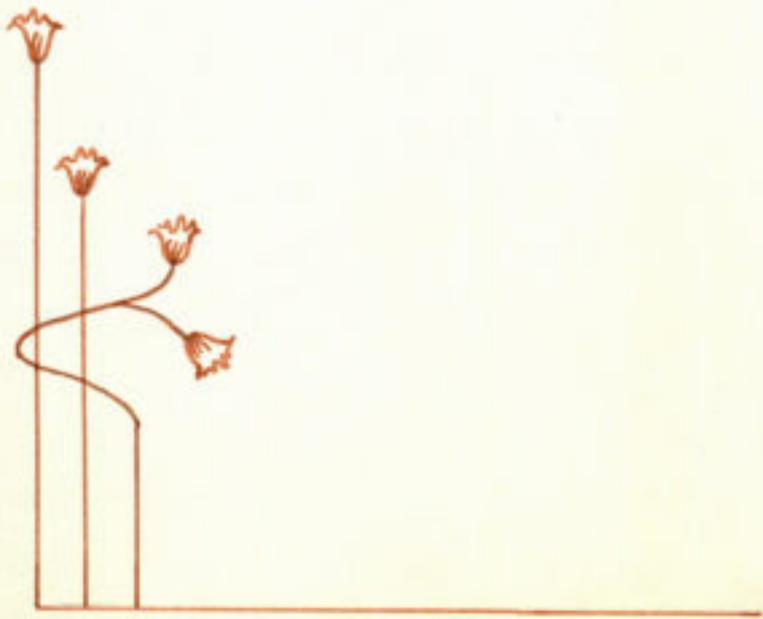
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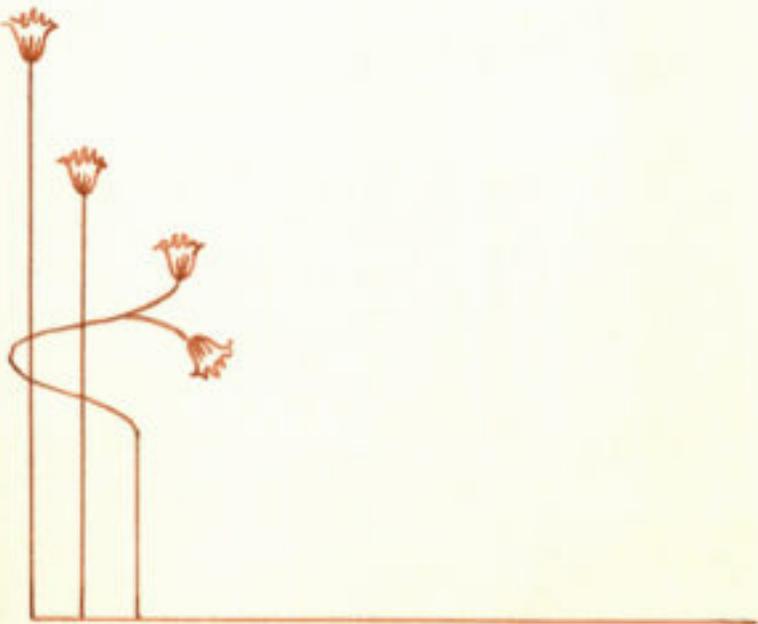
Editorial



ENGLISH



SECTION I



THE STORY OF ADAM AND EVE

Adam and Eve were contented in the garden of Eden, which was a convenient two miles from the outskirts of London. As there was no Yorkshire "pudding" they ate off all the fruit trees in the garden, except from the tree of "the Knowledge of Good and Evil!" Both Adam and Eve were naked, but they were not ashamed.

One fine day, as Eve was walking through the beautiful garden, a serpent stopped her.

"Why do you not eat off this tree?" he asked, looking at the tree of the forbidden fruit.

"Surely you will not die if you take a nibble?"

"Well, you know how it is," said Eve, in a distinct English accent,

"The Lord said we shouldn't, and I really don't think we should!"

"Oh go on," persisted the serpent, "have a bash!" Eve gave up.

"Oh jolly good then, I will" she said as she took a large bite.

"I say! it's really not bad, you know," she mumbled with her mouth full. Just then, wearing nothing but a bowler hat, Adam wandered

past, and saw what Eve was doing. Horrified he muttered, "Good heavens.... Eve, what are you doing?" "Oh, I'm just....munch....

eating this fruit, it's really very good, you ought to try some Adam."

"But Eve!!"

"Oh go on...don't be a stick in the mud, come on Adam, be a devil, try some!"

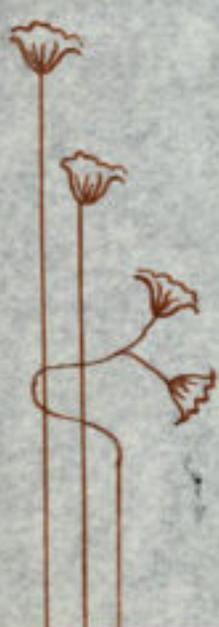
"Well I ...."

"COME ON!" Eve nagged. Being a woman, she learnt the art of nagging very quickly. Overpowered by Eve's constant nagging, Adam gave up, and tasted the fruit. No sooner had he swallowed, then he looked at Eve's naked body in disgust, "Good Heavens Eve .... just look at yourself, how disgraceful, go and put on a fig leaf at once!" Now, feeling suddenly ashamed of her naked body, Eve did as she was told.

Scandal travelled fast, even in those days, and soon the story made the back page of the Sunday Times, and it was not long before God got to hear of it. He took action at once, and Adam and Eve were evicted from the Garden of Eden.

As a precaution against further squatters, an angel with a flaming sword was placed at the entrance of the Garden.

MAGDALENE DU TOIT STD. VI

HUNTED!


"But Tessa, what am I going to do? Everything's gone wrong for me. I mean, there's Gran, who is so annoying. She always pokes her nose into matters which have nothing to do with her and she is continually criticizing Mum about the way she brings us up. As if Mum hasn't enough trouble already what with Dad goodness-knows-where and Gary doing I-don't-know-what in the airforce and now Gran behaving like this. She never used to be like this, mind, she used to be so, well, so nice. Now, we're hunted - no, don't laugh Tessa, I'm quite serious! And Peter! I've been aiming for him all week and he hasn't even noticed. As far as he's concerned, I'm nothing!" Tessa looked at her friend sitting disconsolately on the bed, knees hugged close to her body. She was worried about Laurie but did not know what to do. The best she could manage was a change of subject, or at least, avoiding discussing Laurie's grandmother.

...."Tch, don't worry about Peter

HUNTED....cont.

"Tch, don't worry about Peter, Laurie, he's not worth it. I mean, has he ever danced with anyone at a party? Not that he goes to many, but when he does, all he does is hold up the wall! Anyway forget about him. Hey, have you seen that new guy at the tennis club. You know, "tall, fair and bronzed like the books say." She and Laurie giggled and fell to discussing Shelley Lind "who will be after him just like that, if Winnie Snell doesn't shove her nose in first" prophesied Tessa gloomily.

"Do you know what time it is, Ella?" Julie Vine didn't wait for an answer to her question but went on, "Half past eight, that's what the time is - and where's your daughter? Gadding around with that Tessa, that's where. I'm surprised you allow it, Ella, those Sinclairs are so trashy!" Elevating her old nose into the air, she went on, "Well, if you would only listen to me sometimes - but I'm sure you don't care what happens to your daughter. Well, mark my words, she's going to come back "enceinte" one of these days, like the French say, and then you'll be sorry!" Ella Rodgers sighed and managed a weak smile for her mother but merely murmured something about finishing her patchwork quilt that evening.

Laurie arrived home at eleven o'clock. Ooh, it had been a great movie! Imagine Peter phoning and asking her to go to the cinema! Oh Peter was such a guy and everything was wonderful and if only - if only Gran would stop interfering in her life. Stop picking all the guys she brought home to pieces- while they were there as well! Stop being so nosy, stop reading all her letters, stop making snide remarks and stop persecuting her!

She took her key out of her pocket and inserted it quietly into the lock. Sliding the door open, she crept in and was just about to switch on the kettle when she heard a clicking sound. She swung around and her hand went up to her mouth. Grandma Vine was sitting in the armchair knitting, her eyes fixed on Laurie's white face.

"I-I-er well, haven't you gone to bed yet, Gran?" she stuttered, unnecessarily loudly.

"What a talent you have for stating the obvious! Now let's get on to what's less obvious. Where've you been out at this time? Out with that Tessa and her wicked friends, no doubt! Here I am, waiting up for you, while you play around at the dead of night. I'm warning you, you're going to be a juvenile delinquent one of these days, my girl, a disgrace to your entire family. And what's more, you spend all your time chasing boys. When I was young, those type of girls were called chasers, hunters! Now just you mark my words, young lady - " Laurie straightened herself up and said in a strangled, quiet voice, but one with such a queer ring that Mrs. Vine drew back.

"Have you ever stopped to consider, Gran, that you are the one that is causing the trouble in the family? That it is you who is causing the rot and that our family is crumbling due to your efforts?" Her voice rose and shook, despite her attempts to control it. "Everyone is scared of you, yet we're all tired of you! Mum has so much worry as it is and all you can do is criticize! You call me a hunter. Have you ever heard of 'the hunter hunted'? Think about it Gran, think about it!" She shrieked the last three words, bringing her mother into the room. Laurie, however, brushed past her, going to her own room, where she stayed, not crying, but staring, staring like a human vegetable, as if she had lost her mind. She did not sleep that night, just lay there staring. In the morning, she was no better. She rose, made her bed and wandered out to the back verandah, where she sat, staring.



HUNTED...cont...

"El-Ella, m-may I speak to you?" Ella looked up surprised, and spoke, amazed.

"Of course, Mother, you know that" She looked inquiringly at Mrs. Vine, who stumbled a bit and then began to speak, haltingly.

"I, I wanted to know if it was true, you know, what Laurie said. I can see what she means about me being irritating, but do you really feel - hunted?" She looked old and drawn, but Ella knew that she wanted the truth. She was silent for a moment and then she answered, "I know that you've always wanted to help, Mother, but - yes, we do feel hunted. The twins do and Gary does - although it does help now that he's joined the airforce - and I know that Laurie feels it especially."

Mrs. Vine lifted her head and said proudly, "Thank-you, Ella, thank-you for telling me the truth. All I can say is that I'm sorry, more sorry than I can say." She paused for a moment and then continued, "Oh by the way, I received a letter from an old friend of mine this morning. She's asked me to start a boarding house with her and I thought I might try it."

"What a splendid idea." Ella exclaimed. "You'll make lots of new friends, develop other interest and -"

"Gran, you're going nowhere." Laurie had come in and was standing between them, speaking softly. "You received no such letter this morning and even if you did, you're not leaving here. Gran, we need you and if anyone should be apologizing, it's me. I must have been mad last night, so please - I'm sorry!" Stopping for a moment, she stood there and then she spoke again, her eyes laughing. "Besides, who will I tell about my latest?"

It was the young Julie Vine who spoke at last. "Did I ever tell you about John? Remind me sometime. That's a real epic! - And, thank you for the chance. I'm always going to be grateful to you for saying what you did and I'll always remember, the hunter hunted?"

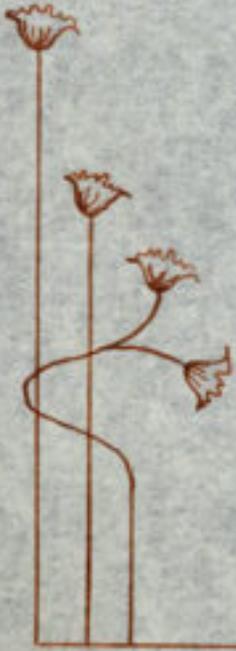
MORNA LAWSON STD VIII

Slowly the sun comes

Over the purple mountains

It stains the valleys.

M. THOMAS STD VI



4  
ONE DAY

This is an apple-crisp,  
juicy sort of day  
When song-snatches  
come quicker-than-quarrels  
to mind  
and tumble out,  
like eager children  
on

a  
slide

they collide.  
Oh, this is a daisy-chain  
ringlet sort of day  
when I could climb  
the oak tree  
if you would lift me  
and forget quite  
that at 16  
it's just not done!  
Butterflies are  
confetti

like  
falling,

mid-air stalling  
and like my spirits  
rippling upwards.  
This is a dogwood-dappled  
creamy sort of day  
for though the air  
is diamond clear,  
opal colours,  
sun-lit, play  
on the autumn aspens  
shaking

and  
quaking,

silver coins making,  
and I could fly  
sky-high.

If you would be my wings  
I'm sure that spongy blue  
is filled with dazzling things,  
This is a dragon-kite  
flying sort of day,  
when the orange, pink  
and yellow  
cellophane-thin thing  
will bluewards wing  
if you hold the tail  
while I run,  
and remember to  
let go  
and

ribbon-  
rumped,

crackling  
and ripped aluminium-foil  
it might fall,  
like my spirits

AMY WILLIAMS STD. X

when I recall.....



ONE DAY ..cont..

When I recall  
 you're nothere yet,  
 and I am wishful thinking  
 about an apple-crisp,  
 juicy sort of day  
 one day.

AMY WILLIAMS STD.

BIRTH

Birth  
 New young.  
 Innocent  
 trusting, learning.  
 Wise.

SPRING

Opening of buds  
 clear blue early morning sky  
 soft winds whispering  
 pink of an early blossom  
 changing colour, summer red.

CAROLE ROBERTS. STD VII

NO RETURN

The sordidness of the railway station's smutty walls was not enhanced by the cheerful sun and clear sky, rather they became more obvious, standing out from the surrounding pretentious suburban houses. She stuck out her tongue at the greyness. For a minute her expression *changed* and she smiled briefly to herself.

The petty childish gesture relaxed her taut nerves for a minute and she could laugh at herself. But then she reminded herself, there was nothing to laugh at. So she sat down on the grey, dirty steps without bothering to wipe the cigarette butts from beneath her.

She was nineteen and had just finished one year at University when she received an urgent telegram from her parents in Cape Town, asking her to come home immediately, and not as she had otherwise planned a week after the beginning of the holiday.

she was puzzled.....



She was puzzled by their decision but dismissed it as a quirk of her father's. And what a quirk! They had, her parents told her, decided to tell her the truth at "long last." Her parents had always beaten about the bush.

The facts sorted themselves into neat compartments as she had finally learnt to deal with them. She was, in fact, adopted. Her mother was seventeen and unmarried when she was born and had requested anonymity. Her "parents" had never faced her with the fact and as she grew older it had become easier just to let the matter slide. She would never know.

And then came their extraordinary decision, to tell her. She still thought it was her mother who feared the decision. She had been reading an article on "Adoption and You" in her women's magazine; the girl had seen the cover and had taken it up to her bedroom to read in privacy. It put forward a very convincing case. The child must know of his adoption from a very early age and should, if possible, meet his real mother. Her mother had always been influenced by her magazines.

She was shown photographs of her true mother. The picture showed a pretty open-faced blonde, a few years younger than the girl. She had thought, bitterly, "the child-mother! We'll be like sisters." In her anger she had coloured on permed curls and glasses, jealously trying to age her and spite her spotless complexion, and then too late searched for a likeness.

Her parents had kindly reassured her that they wanted her to know the truth. But did she? She screamed silently, returning to her heartbreaking horror, with the wind blowing her clothes tightly against her on the steps outside the station.

Her stable little world was shattered.

Her parents had kindly suggested that she visit her real mother. "We wouldn't want to stand in the way of a true blood-link," they said fondly, tears swimming, as they fumbled for the address written out carefully, in advance.

She had thanked them for their kindness to her and for telling the truth. Then screaming wonderingly inside herself she had climbed the stairs to her room where she had sat for a day, thinking, with the Johannesburg address on her mantelpiece.

This was the next day. She boarded the train. A man asked to see her ticket, peaked cap pushed back. "Single, hey, Miss?" He handed it back and walked on. She stood alone in the passage. "Yes," she whispered, "Single - No return."



SUNSHINE

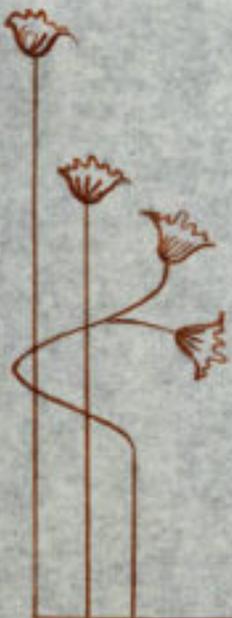
Shine,  
 Warm sun  
 Come fill me  
 With love and warmth  
 So I may  
 Like you  
 Shine.

Kate Saunders Std. 7.

CEDARBERG

Sky brazen blue over,  
 cinnamon mountains,  
 lump-rocking their way into  
 grey-green tufts.  
 Sunsupreme world of  
 burnished beauty  
 timelessly sharp  
 skysharp, scrubsharp and  
 sharp scattered boulders  
 which coalesce in the distance  
 to pile themselves into mountains.  
 A dusty palette brightened by  
 aggressive blobs here,  
 fronds or  
 shyness there,  
 of purple, orange,  
 yellow.  
 Only the heathaze  
 moves, it seems.  
 From overlooking human height  
 all is  
 moonscape still, and yet  
 fierce flies swarm free,  
 beetles scritch-scurry  
 leaving invisible tracks  
 on the infinite sand.  
 Sidewind blur; only the trail  
 of a  
 quicksilver  
 snake,  
 remains.  
 In awe of  
 crumbling, brownsugar mountains,  
 and wind-whipped, knife-planted  
 plateaux,  
 life here goes on well hidden.

AMY WILLIAMS    STD 10



ENCOUNTER

The folds of sand rose and fell into the distance, creating ripples like those of a cloth thrown carelessly aside. The sky and sand, both dazzling in their unbroken expanse and fearful colours, reflected light from each other in shimmering waves.

A man walked draggily to the top of a rise and then ran down the other side with his arms waving to keep his balance. A few struggling plants and a couple of rocky outcrops formed an island of life. He sat with a sigh of relief, his legs straight out before him, the long white cloth clinging sweatily to his heaving body. He combed his hand through his matted, unruly dark hair and mournfully brushed his sleeve across his unshaven face. He was hungry.

In his mind he followed the unplanned path he had taken since his arrival in this desert. He had wandered, sat and slept at different places in this large and cruel expanse for exactly - he picked up the edge of his robe in his hands and counted the strips he had torn in it. - thirty-four days.

He heard a scuffling and scratching behind a cluster of rocks nearby. The sound was emphasized by the muted silence of the sands broken only occasionally by the hoarse, raucous cry of a vulture. He rose to investigate the cause of the scrabbling, and on lifting a rounded brown stone he saw a scorpion staring provocatively up into his face, his scaly tail arched evilly.

In the same moment he saw a small purple-leaved bush which, he knew, had a very tender, edible root. Instinctively he bent down and stretched out his hand to pull the root, but the sudden movement sent a wave of dizziness through his head and body and he sat down jerkily. A voice in his subconscious demanded of him: "Fool! You are the Son of God; for what reason do you starve yourself? Not only have you the right to pluck and eat all the roots of this desert but you could turn that stone into bread."

The man looked at the smooth warm stone in his hand and visualized it as bread. Oh, for a solid mouthful of the bread his mother used to bake, in place of the empty growling which racked his stomach. "Come on," said the voice. "You have not eaten for a month - what else does your unnatural God demand?"

A sudden cool wind brushed his face and, refreshed, he slowly pulled his head up from between his knees and stood. Throwing his head back, he shouted for the sand, the sky and the world to hear: No! for my father said: "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word which I speak," Thankfully the man walked on, away from the place of treachery.

But before he turned to go, he dropped the stone deliberately on the scorpion's head.

A week later the man was up at dawn. Still tired from the day before. The sun, burning scarlet in a haze already formed around the horizon, was rising slowly. He walked slowly, discouraged, with rainbows of sand fountaining from his feet.

Suddenly his dirty white robe caught on a rock submerged under the sand and he sprawled helplessly across it. His sudden angry laughter broke out and echoed across the desert. "King of the Jews!

...Son of God.....



ENCOUNTER...cont

Son of God!" he shouted, "Who would follow you now, obey you now, why, you should be able to fly across these earth-bound obstacles! Your angels would catch you, prevent you from suffering any bodily harm! But look at you now, you wretch!"

He lay full length on the sand, panting with frustrated pride. On looking up into the blazing sun, he saw drawn into the hot mass, a purple shape which grew darker and more distinct as he looked at it. He saw himself, a cross and a lonely hill and knew that this was what God was preparing him for. The supreme sacrifice. And as the vision faded, he collapsed, head on his arms and sobbed at his near escape. "You shall not test ~~the~~ Lord your God," he said, cursing himself for his weakness.

It was late that night; he was at the end of his strength. Just as he exhaustedly reached the crest of a deep and hot hill, he was astounded by the sight he saw. A whole city lay spread out in front of him with cool trees and lakes, rich buildings and homes. In his confused mind, he imagined ruling this magnificent city and the surrounding rich and fertile districts which stretched to the edge of the world. "You are King - and as the son of God, you can amaze these simple people with your power, and rule for God on earth!" The voice probed his hidden hopes and set them growing.

But amazingly, the buildings started falling into ruins, the water evaporated before his eyes and the trees crumbled slowly. The disintegration was extensive and huffifying. Soon all that was left of the city was a ruin. The rich fields and crops withered and their dead leaves blew over the ruins. And then, with an enormous shudder the piles subsided and the sands blew lightly over ~~the~~ place.

He shook his head wonderingly. The desert stretched innocently away. "Yes, that, you ambitious traitor, is what would have happened to your rule. For you wanted it, not for your Lord and Master, but for yourself. You shall worship the Lord your God and serve Him alone." And at this last release, he fell asleep and dreamt fitfully until he came to a wide blue river, cool and deep, surrounded by trees. Here he felt a sense of excitement rushing towards him from the crowd of expectant people by the shore. And there was John, humble and loyal, ashamed and yet proud to baptize his Lord. The ecstatic joy and rich fulfilment relived in his baptism nearly woke the man lying on the lonely sands. But then the divine peace of his Father's words came to him and lay over him as a cool sheet: "You are my Son, the Beloved in whom I delight."

In the morning Jesus awoke, refreshed and calm, and knew he should go back to Galilee as John had been arrested.

JANE COOMBE     STD X



HYSTERIA

Crowds rising  
 Tension mounting  
 Screaming body  
     who  
 is there?  
 People follow  
 One man's lead  
 Mindless -  
     True.

MORNA LAWSON STD VIII

PLUTO/ 20th CENTURY SICKNESS

I feel like planet pluto  
 drifting numbly on the edges  
 of life,  
 I pretend  
 that if I wait long enough,  
 patiently,  
 (Oh good little girl, Patience is a Virtue)  
 a solar explosion  
 will fling me whirling  
 towards the Sun.

But patience is killing me,  
 I'm living in a dream,  
 dreaming of life.  
 Sometimes, a little mood-mist wraps around  
 and I see my life  
 through a haze.  
 Plastic, assembly-line life.  
 Trivial (good marks, new dress)  
 Play acting  
 (painstakingly made-up face, covering every defect  
 for whom?)  
 I'm begging to have someone, somewhere  
 electrify me, frazzle me  
 into reality, normality.

Oh my God, what a joke!  
 Normal.  
 Here I am,  
 Presumably not resembling a warthog  
 and possessing:  
 I brain (in good condition, it vainly thinks)  
 several pairs of feelings,  
 many emotions, (only slightly rusty)  
 and a heart,  
 which, as well as pumping blood  
 supports to be able to overflow  
 with love,

But,  
 I go on feeling  
 like  
 planet Pluto  
 drifting, barren and cold  
 in blackness,  
 while around me

flicker.....



PLUTO/20th CENTURY SICKNESS .....cont

flicker  
 little lights so distant  
 while I could die,  
 hover, hover, burst, explode, crumble  
 into holes,  
 black black holes;  
 holes in my existence, experience, mind  
 Oh God what if I die  
 Still Pluto,  
 Never having touched  
 the Sun.

AMY WILLIAMS STD XREMORSE

The mourning organ's doleful dirge  
 Drenched her thoughts as she staggered,  
 almost in oblivion,  
 After the child's coffin.  
 A pitiful, wretched sight was she  
 As she stooped by the grave,  
 Her shoulders shuddering with each choked wail.  
 Rivulets of remorse streaming down  
 Her ashen, cadaverous face.

Why hadn't she saved him  
 From the turbulent water?  
 What had held her back when she had heard  
 That strangled, wheezing cry,  
 And seen that body,  
 Bruised, battered, broken against the rock face?

When his glance had met hers  
 And that helpless, pleading gaze  
 Had pierced her soul,  
 Why had she not rescued him?  
 Why had she let it happen -  
 His death was due to her.  
 Why?

Yet now she remembered -  
 Now she recalled what had held her back.  
 She had never learnt to swim.

K. KETELBY STD X

A little seed grows  
 Through rain and snow it strives  
 Until it is fall.

M. THOMAS. STD VI

DILEMMA

Eight years old  
 And the bed was here,  
 While the greenflow light switch  
 was over there.  
 To turn it out myself  
 was my self-imposed dare,  
 So I turned off the bedside lamp.

I strolled across the room,  
 casual as you please  
 nightgown hiding  
 knocking knees  
 turned if off,  
 darkness welled up so thick,  
 I longed for my covers,  
 I had to be quick.

I could never walk calmly  
 back to bed,  
 there was a gap  
 between it and the floor - my dread.  
 Who knows what grotesque  
 bony witch  
 would hold me fast.  
 No, when I had flicked  
 that switch  
 twas a run and a leap  
 and I was safe at last.

And now, when I'm stumbling  
 Through time, I wonder  
 if (instead of waiting for a witch  
 to pull me under)  
 I shouldn't shut my eyes  
 and run and leap,  
 and hope for soft landing  
 beneath my feet.

AMY WILLIAMS    STD X

FEET (essay)

There they go! Clippity cllop, scrunch, scrape, plod, pitter-patter. Oh, if only those feet belonged to me. Snug and warm in their fur boots, briskly trotting off to the feet parlour to be perfumed and tenderized. I know to whom those feet belong; slow, flat and horny feet can only belong to a tramp. Those brown and shoeless feet have nowhere to go and nothing to do but walk the stony streets. The long knobly toes protrude from the fronts of those foundations, pushing their burden faithfully forward, causing the colourful veins to bulge.

Squelch! Wet feet inside rubber boots can be uncomfortable and cold and cause feet to wrinkle and soften, but those feet that I see are free and working feet. They have a destination. Those feet in their yellow boots shall work. They shall return with a satisfied owner. All I can do is sit in this cramped basement, imprisoned in poverty, staring out of a dirty little window at the feet. If only my feet could take me out into the world, to work and to associate with other people. All my feet can do is dangle from the ends of my legs, thin and helpless.



MEETING A TRAIN (cont..)

offices,...people! Would there be happiness?

So, as the train, that alien object, chugs away, getting further and further from the Karoo, leaving the scintillating sands far behind, a tear trickles down the girl's face. She dabs her moist cheek and notices that the people are now looking at her, frowning, wondering. The red rushes to her face, the colour that is foreign to people who do not mix with other people.

ALEXA SINGER STD VII

THE LIFE I DO NOT LEAD

I had been lying in a bubble bath when my father rushed excitedly into the house and announced triumphantly that he had been appointed to do some research at the Los Angeles University. For a week I had been walking on a dream-cloud, fantasizing about that "different world" I was still bewildered, and refused to accept the fact that within in three days our family would be in Los Angeles.

I have been in Los Angeles for over a year and I am exhausted. I can no longer keep up with "keeping up." What happend is quite simple. During the course of the year I got swooped up in a circle of friends and noticed that the people in L.A. claim that having nothing is no fun at all. Naturally I was facinated by their way of life and consequently joined in and started to acquire and achieve in order to keep up with them. The only way to keep up is by joining one of the accepted sets - old money, new money, young establishments, old establishments, political jet-set, new Hollywood or old Hollywood.

I had to learn by looking for the right people and by doing what was considered fashionable. I had to forget about looking for good friends and search for the right people. Background, schooling and family do not count much unless your last name has been around for generations. You also have to be seen breezing around the fashionable shops where Beverly Hills, label-struck, newly-rich clientele sniff out the most outrageous price tags.

The next step up the social ladder and into the realm of beautiful people is to be invited to parties or hold one yourself. The first party I went to, seemed rather like a nightmare. I wandered about rather ill at ease among the swirl of people, the dancing couples, and those keeping in the corner. I then found myself the topic of conversation because I was wearing a shirt designed by Pierre Cardin who was already considered to be out of fashion. I crawled to, and cowered in the cocktail bar which was one place I would not look so lost and alone. However, after going to these parties every other weekend, I soon accepted this jet-set way of life, and horrified, I soon found myself joining in.

Where and how you live will say it all. People do not mind what it looks like inside, as long as it has a pretentious extravagant exterior. While the traditional Rolls-Royce will assure your position in any social set, it is also acceptable

to drive any expensive....



THE LIFE I DO NOT LEAD (cont..)

to drive any expensive, imported car, with Porsche and Ferrari leading the pack. It is frowned upon if you own an American car, unless of course it is a vintage model.

I found that it was important to belong to a club. Clubs are the homes of half the celebrities of the world. - and also the people who watch them. I found myself tempted to go to Studio 7, which is reputed to be stardom's most celebrated watering hole. Stars go there if they want to be seen, not noticed, where they can mingle with one another and talk business, propose marriage and swap vicious gossip. Over lunch, you can see the daily ritual of the Studio 7 interviews when stars keep their daytime appointments with reporters. Seating for lunch is calculated on an intricate scale of celebrity status. A big star gets a window seat, preferably on the right where no one can fail to notice the important business being discussed.

A friend of mine told me that getting your name in the society column is all part of the American ethic of being a winner. As I said, it is all too exhausting for me. My father has decided that this kind of life is not suitable for us. All I need is my blue jeans, a clean beach and my dog. It is time to start breathing clean air again.

SUZANNE NAUDE. STD X

QUEEN ELIZABETH I

Elizabeth I was the daughter of Anne Boleyn and King Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn was King Henry VIII's second wife. There were those who questioned the legitimacy of Elizabeth's birth but it was obvious that she was his daughter as she had inherited his red-gold tint in her hair, his blue eyes and his fresh, fair skin. She had also inherited his shrewd brain which was very quick to think up things, his imperiousness, his grasp of statemanship, his cold egotism and it must be admitted, his complete lack of scruples.

As a child Elizabeth knew more of sorrow, loneliness, bitterness, and fear than any other child. She spent most of her early years in virtual imprisonment. Yet with good tutors, a large selection of books and in the company of her younger stepbrother, Edward, son of Queen Jane Seymour and Henry VIII, she found contentment and the quiet months she spent at Hatfield House were among her happiest memories.

When Edward became King Edward VI after their father died, <sup>Mary</sup> ~~the~~ daughter of King Henry VIII and his first wife, Katharine of Aragon, was in succession to the throne. Edward, who was very sickly, died before he reached manhood. Mary was now Queen with Elizabeth in succession to the throne. When Mary ruled, England became poorer as she spent a large amount of money on the war against France; While Mary reigned, she had Elizabeth imprisoned, one of the reasons being that Mary and Elizabeth did not share the same religious views as Mary believed in the Catholic faith and Elizabeth in the Protestant faith.

When Mary died.....



THE DEATH OF MRS. HAMPSTEAD (cont..)

Ever since I had been at school, I had bought the Friday night fish on my way back to our house. Mrs. Hampstead, shaking with delight, would sway around the counter with a newspaper-wrapped package clutched in her fat hands. Singing her little song, she would hand the parcel over to me with a mock curtsy. After the ritual had been performed she would chat a few minutes before I had to leave.

Just before pushing the door which was "closed on account of the weather," I leant towards the notice and pulled it off the window. The tape left a sticky rim around a clean square of glass which was where the sign had been. I folded the softened paper between my hands as I pushed the door open with my shoulder.

Mrs. Hampstead was a lower middle-class who ran a fish-and-chips shop on the corner of Riding and Gloucester Road. She had a flat in the rooms above the shop. She made enough money to live comfortably, if a little skimpily, but who did not at that time? She had assured me several times that her family, was a good one. It had a long history and they had lived in "one of those smart h'uppity-like houses with maids and all sorts." But, they fell on hard times and she was reduced to selling fish to those who could afford it, and chips to the little dirty-nosed kids from the school down the road.

"I have my pride, though," she would say puffing out her ample bosom, "and no one can complain that my fish ain't clean." The whole shop, in fact, was always scrubbed and shining and Mrs. Hampstead herself smelled of yellow soap and pumice stone.

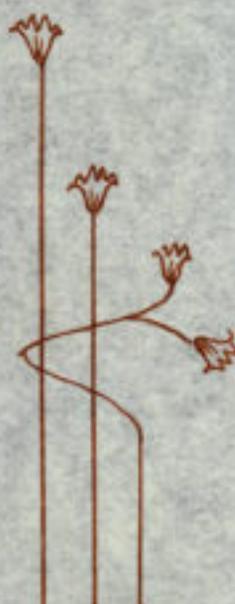
The lights were on in the shop although it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the sun was shining brightly. It struck me as being very strange that thrifty Mrs. Hampstead would have left them on. Maybe, I thought, she was feeling "down" as she called it when she got a rare fit of depression. This depression seemed to come to her in summer when the end of June approached. It was difficult to communicate with her at these times and I got home early on days like these.

I imagined her to say: "A bit of light never does an old girl like me any 'arm. Cheerful in the winter and the summer too."

"Mrs. Hampstead," I called cheerily, "Mrs Hampstead!" She must be upstairs I thought, making tea. I looked on the counter for my package, when with dismay I saw that the surface was streaked with blood. The marks of hands were drawn through it, as if in an effort to clean the plastic. Automatically I reach for a cloth behind the counter.

There lying on the floor was Mrs. Hampstead, her puffy face pasty under her powder. I unfolded the paper and covered her face with it, I had to cover her shocked mouth and drained features. The silly rhyme seemed seemed to take on the solemnity of its duty and lay still. I picked up our package of fish lying waiting by the till, put the money carefully in the till and then left. As I walked down the stairs, the tune in my head changed to the slow, majestic tune of a funeral march.

"Don't have meat  
Have fish instead  
And for your fish  
Try Mrs. Hampstead"



HEADACHE

My head-oh -  
 Universe of empty spaces,  
 Spinning pincushion  
 Whirling to countless prickings,  
 Carousel dizzy.  
 The world flashes  
 Whitely blinding  
 Fires kindle  
 And leap to  
 Curl over my forehead.  
 They dance, jab  
 At the boundaries of blackness,  
 Fade, then  
 Spike inwards  
 To lacerate my eyes.  
 There is only one  
 Escape:  
 The volutary vacuum,  
 Sleep.

AMY WILLIAMS STD X

A LANTERNE

How far does  
 far does  
 Space extend,  
 And what when it  
 Ends?

JANE YEATS STD VII



FEET (cont...)

Quick, impatient feet leaning back against high heels do not care for people like me - poverty stricken. Joyful, free feet come skipping by but only leave their haunting shadows behind. Those ugly feet can barely lift their heavy weight. As they shuffle past, the fat ankles shiver and bounce but the unlucky parts inside their shoes are cramped and sore. I wouldn't care if I had feet like that nor any kind of feet, as long as they were not my own. With all these feet flowing past, I can tell who looms above them. Each pair has its own character and they are my only companions. Till tomorrow, goodbye feet.

KATE SAUNDERS. STD VII

A TANKA

I seize it gently  
This leaf is God's perfection  
Its network of veins  
Like interlocking green streams  
Unite to form one river.

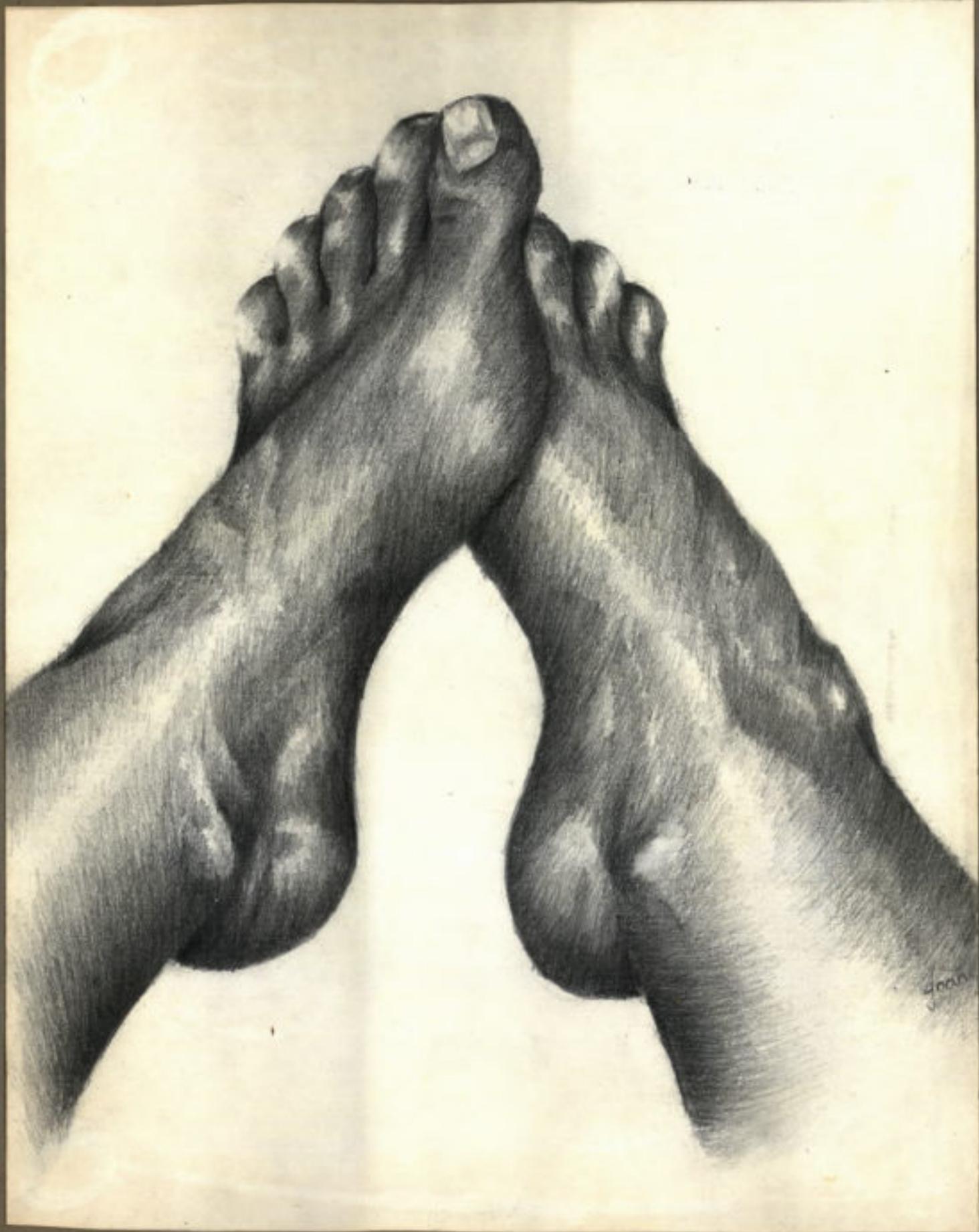
D. DIAMOND. STD VII

THE BURGLAR ALARM

The electricity runs through the wire,  
Sounding like frying cheese  
Smelling like a forest fresh and new after the rain  
Touch it with your tongue  
Bite it with your teeth  
And find it is as sour as a lemon  
As bitter as a plum and  
As filthy and ghastly and crunchy as sand!  
Look at it and study it  
Pale green stem  
With apple green instructions  
Burnt Orange settings with 'groen' knobs  
A dark and mysterious knob  
Marks the on and off.  
Drop it on the floor  
And watch and wait -  
Will it bounce or will it break?  
Yes it will bounce a bit.  
Run your fingers over the top  
Feel the detectors sliding underneath  
Rub your arm the other way  
And find the wire pricking you  
All the time in your big hand,  
it's been a simple leaf!

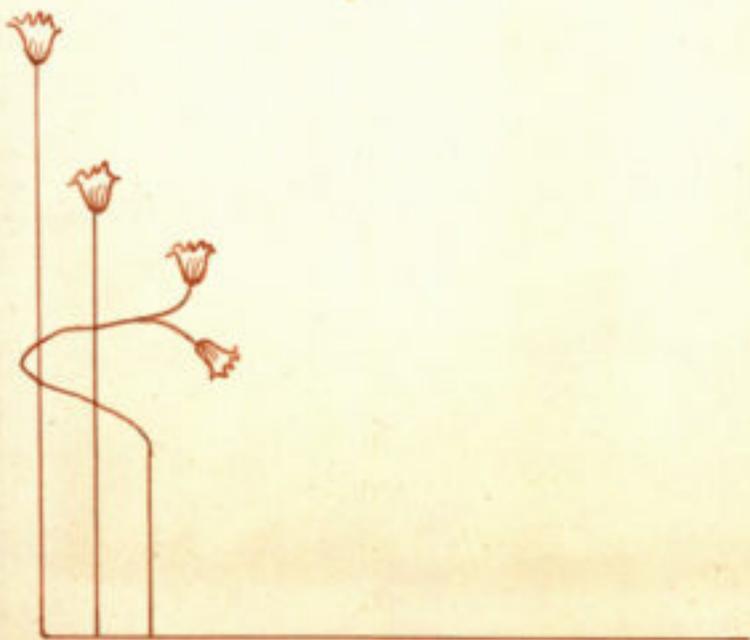
GILLIAN PARKER STD VI





Joan Saunders Std 9

SECTION II



MY FEELINGS ABOUT KILLING A LIVING THING

There are two schools of thought concerning the killing of a small animal. These arise primarily from the consideration of whether an animal has the same pain sensations as a human being.

I like to consider that I am in the middle - the killing of an animal like a fly means less than nothing to me. This is because a fly is biologically useless, having no function in nature's plan and being a health and hygiene hazard. I must admit however, that I do feel a slight-but very slight - twinge when I lift my fly swat simply to blot out that irritating buzzing!

An animal like a mole, however, is entirely different. I think perhaps the fact that it is a mammal and that it can make a sound scares me slightly, because I cannot imagine deliberately treading on or suffocating a mole. Neither could I kill a mouse, or rat or even a spider - not because I am particularly tender-hearted, but because I have a fear of doing so. I cannot explain this fear, it is a horrific fascination, but a repulsion for an animal like this. Perhaps it is cowardice, a fear of revenge - I tread on an ant or a fly without thought but I always feel that a larger animal might injure me in some way although I can never be sure in what way.

I do not believe that being female, this reaction is quite normal. After all, Women's Liberation has certainly taught us that we are equal to men if not better, and so on. I do think though, that men are brought up to scorn any semblance of fear and to admit to it is a sign of weakness. Since this is true, I can be extremely grateful that I am female because at least, I can admit to my very real hatred of killing a mammal because I am afraid.

To sum-up this essay, I would say that I would not kill a mammal, but this stems from fear and not from any moral principle. I should have no compunction about killing a small insect, perhaps because I know that I cannot suffer as a result. That may sound very heartless, but I feel that it is very true of many people.

A very apt conclusion would be to quote from "Scottish School Humour" a book relating many true, very amusing anecdotes of a head-master's career.

A mother entertaining her neighbour, was proudly describing her five-year-old's affection for all living things.

"Why there's the darling talking to a fly! Just listen to him!" The visitor impressed turned and listened. "Does oo love God, ickle fly? Yes? Den go to God!" And with a smart bang, he sent him on his long journey!

MORNA LAWSON      STD VIII



TO A CAT CALLED JENNY

I came to you  
 As you lay there  
 Head on your paws  
 You were so obviously in your own little world  
 Oblivious of me.....  
 A human.

ALEXA SINGERSTD VII

Slowly you fade from my vision,  
 and alone I stand again  
   s hivering in the winds  
       of reality.  
 Gone are the warm dreams of the  
   past.....  
 though my mind is alive with  
   illusions of my tomorrows.  
 You were a shattered fragment  
   of my existence -  
   who came,  
       uncalled for, though  
 smiling into my life to teach  
 me not to stumble or falter  
       over the next stepping  
                           stone ...  
       on the road of my life.

THERESA CAMPBELL    STD IXMEETING A TRAIN

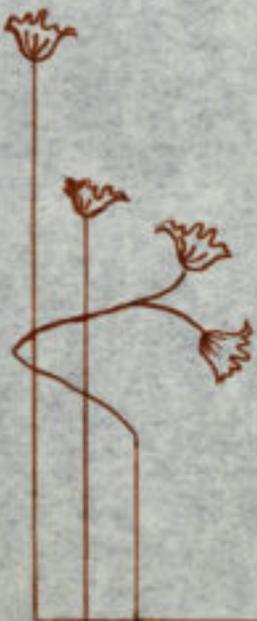
The warm wind of the Karoo blows the fine yellow grains of sand across the stark black railway line which seems to etch a thin, seemingly never-ending pattern across the distant horizon.

Silence reigns. The blazing heat that hangs down in a shimmering stifling mist seems to enclose one, dragging one down into depths of loneliness- all alone with one's thoughts in the Karoo, yellow sand dotted with sparse, green bushes.

The stillness is broken by a snake slithering across the sand.

A black dot, far away, grows to a mammoth object, looming up towering above her, overpowering her - an alien object, destroying the surroundings, scattering the fine grains across the lines, cold and impersonal, it chugs to a halt. It opens its mammoth mouth - nobody streams out, no feet are heard clapping on the desolate platform. Faces, scattered, blank, gaze out. No-one registers her small indecisive figure, pair of faded blue jeans clothing her ill-formed legs, thick, heavy jumper hiding her from the outside world - the train, insulating her, despite the heat

The doors clang shut - teeth interlocking with one another. It pulls away from the small "shack" The girl gazes forward, looking into a new life, a life of tall, dark buildings, of droning noises, of smog-filled air, of dancing girls, discos,



QUEEN ELIZABETH I (cont..)

When Mary died, childless, unloved and a tragic failure, neither the people nor Elizabeth were upset. People referred to her as "The Reign of Bloody Mary." Elizabeth was now queen.

Queen Elizabeth I was well loved by the people of that time because she made England a prosperous country again and made up for the amount Queen Mary had extravagantly spent on a war which had proved to be pointless, costing the lives of many Englishmen. She was ruthless, cold, clever and unscrupulous. When she died, unmarried, she left England rich in the renaissance of art, literature and architecture. Gossip of the time said that she never married due to a physical defect but it is more pleasant and more probable to believe historians who state that England, itself was her only lover. She was the greatest queen in British history.

DIANA DIAMOND. STD VII

THE DEATH OF MRS HAMPSTEAD

The village of Little Chiswick nestled against the hill, the neat thatched roofs warmed with the golden rays of the afternoon. The village was peaceful - it was a Sunday afternoon and everything was at rest. The old folks had brought their rocking chairs out to soak in the welcome warmth of the spring day. With their heads dropped on their chests they dozed, their mouths slackened, issuing forth snores of deep contentment which rose into the air, creating an aura of impenetrable sleepiness around the town. Even the dogs were sleeping - curled around at their master's feet.

The somnolent serenity of the village was jostled by the insistent roar of a motor car hurrying towards the unsuspecting village. There was the jarring sound of car-doors slamming, as dark-suited official-looking men jumped out and briefly enquired of a dozing couple as to where Mrs Edna Hampstead lived.

They knocked on her door and when there was no answer, one of the men who looked as though he were the leader said,

"Open up, Mrs. Hampstead! This is the CIA, We've found you out!"

A gunshot rang out shrilly and without another word, the three men wrenched the door open and burst upon the terrible scene:

The crumpled figure of Mrs. Hampstead lay on the floor, a growing blood-stain soiling the white carpet. At her right hand lay a black revolver. The back door wavered in the breeze. The chief cursed under his breath.

"Damn! We wanted her alive."

"Well, it looks as though she didn't want to be alive," piped another, "These Russians sure are brave. She'd rather kill herself than give herself up to us."

"Seems like it .....



THE DEATH OF MRS HAMPSTEAD (Cont..)

"Seems like it, but she doesn't look at all like a Russian spy - she looks just like a sweet little old English lady."

"She had plastic surgery to make her look English."

As a matter of course, finger-prints were taken, but the verdict was suicide. Her secret papers were found in a cupboard in her room.

Strangely enough, while this was happening, a white Morris minor was speeding along the narrow winding road to London, the driver - a little old lady - Mrs. Hampstead. She was clucking to herself as she swung generously around the tight bends.

"If only those CIA men knew. Poor Mrs Hampstead! But I had to do it, otherwise they would have found me out sooner or later when they discovered she was not a Russian spy. Only Comrade Sverhof could have thought of such an ingenious plan! There are two villages in England called Little Chiswick, and a Mrs Hampstead is in one of them. Why should there not be another Mrs. Hampstead in the other - both sweet little old ladies?

Truly an ingenious fool-proof cover for my spywork. It is a pity though, that they found me out, I was just getting along nicely."

Mrs. Hampstead set her face, "There was another reason why I killed Mrs. Hampstead.

She was no sweet old lady, she was a Chinese spy!"

R. SMITH      STD 10.

LENIN'S ROLE IN THE RISE OF SOVIET RUSSIA.

Lenin was the Communist Party leader in Russia. He promised the peasants and workers of Russia "land, peace and bread" In this way he gained their support and, as they were the majority, the support of the majority. When he could not keep his promises to the workers and the peasants (because the upper class and wealthy land and factory owners naturally refused to give up their possessions) he encouraged the use of violence against the upper classes and in this way Lenin started the civil war. It was between two sections: the White Russians (the upper classes) and the Red Russians (the lower classes) The White Russians were given support by the <sup>Mensheviks</sup> Britain and the U.S.A. The civil war ended in 1921 with a red victory. The Whites might have won but continued interference by the western allies was used as propaganda to spur the Reds on and after the League of Nations had been signed, member states withdrew their troops from Russia.

Two years elapsed before law and order was established and a constitution was drawn up in 1923. Russia became the U.S.S.R. - a federation of four republics (White Russia, Russia, the Ukraine and Transcaucasia) The republics varied in size and each regarded as a separate state and encouraged to have its own language, culture and tradition. All races could claim equality. Then Stalin was appointed Commissar for Nationalities - his duty being to safeguard the rights of the various nations in U.S.S.R. to have their own language, customs and culture.

As a result of the civil war.....



LENIN'S ROLE IN THE RISE OF SOVIET RUSSIA (cont..)

As a result of the civil war, which was fought with great brutality, the country was ravaged. Food and fuel were ~~scarce~~ and black markets flourished. The seizure of the estates of the landlords had caused an unsatisfactory situation because there were now 25 million farmers tilling tiny plots of land with primitive equipment. Lenin needed to increase production to feed the urban workers, so consequently a decree of 1919 brought all peasant plots under state control and all surplus produce was taken to feed the city workers. Lenin also realized that a new economic policy (N.E.P.) was needed to save the Revolution (much to the disapproval of many of the Communist Party members, such as Trotsky) by permitting private enterprise on a small scale.

Private trade and individual enterprise in small-scale manufacturers was permitted, but large industrial plants, big banks and foreign trade remained in the hands of the government. Lenin realized he needed the support of the peasants to ensure food supplies for the urban workers so the peasants were allowed to sell their own corn on the open market after they had paid tax on it. The N.E.P., however, did not save Russia from famine. Nevertheless, there were improvements - there was a rise in industrial and agricultural production and trade became more active. Technical experts were sent to Russia and mechanization made progress. More attention could be paid to education and recreation.

In 1922 Stalin was made Secretary General for the Communist Party and in this capacity became the real ruler in Russia while Lenin was ill. After Lenin's death, three men were appointed by the Council of People's Commissars (this was one of the committees appointed by delegates at the Congress of Soviets. Soviets, working men's councils, elected delegates to represent them at Regional Soviets and delegates from this number were sent to the Congress of Soviets.) to rule the government. However, Stalin by 1928 was the unquestioned although unofficial ruler of Russia.

D. NEWTON. STD IX





Kate Saunders Std 7

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SUBMARINETO SINK A SUBMARINE!

The year was 1961. Cuba was fighting for a socialist revolution of "freedom" instigated by the Russians. America, in the days of President Kennedy was anti-communist and did not want communism on their doorstep. America sent their submarines to spy on Cuban and Russian activities.

OO173, an American Submarine, was the first one, early on Friday morning, to refuel before returning to the grim task of spying on Cuban and Russian activities. Many men gazed with awe and were filled with admiration for these two young Americans, Captain Richard Armstrong and his partner, Roger Wilson, as they entered the submarine, OO173. They watched the black, torpedo-shaped submarine descend to the murky depths of the seabed.

Captain Armstrong grinned cheerfully at his partner, Roger Wilson. "Ready for a hard day's work, eh, Roger?" he inquired, finishing his fourth ham and tomato sandwich.

"I suppose so," replied Roger, "the sooner this job is finished, the better. Then I can spend more time with my wife and son."

"Yeah, same with me," sighed Richard. "I also have a wife and son. He's a cute guy. I sure am proud of him."

"All parents are proud of their kids, I reckon," Roger chuckled. "Anyway, back to work. I'll see what's going on up there. The periscope is facing the island."

Roger swivelled the periscope, a thin, black tube, into position. The throbbing of the submarine's electric motors vibrated through the murky, green-blue water, terrifying the fish nearby who swiftly dispersed and swam away in all directions. The horizontal rudders, as well as the vertical ones, controlled the submarine, enabling it to be steered up and down as well as sideways.

Unfortunately, unknown, to the crew in the American submarine OO173, a Russian submarine, U.S.S.R. 091, was lurking in the vicinity behind OO173. Igor Boroff, officer in charge of the Russian submarine, U.S.S.R. 091, who was also a K.G.B. agent, smirked as he ordered Valentino Ishevik, also a K.G.B. agent and a member of his crew, to fire a torpedo at the American submarine OO173.

Captain Igor Boroff's orders were carried out efficiently. The lethal torpedo was fired. The aim was deadly. The American submarine OO173 and its crew of two had descended to the murky depths of the seabed for the last time. There was a shattering explosion. A few moments later, amid a carnage of blood and wreckage, the mutilated bodies of Captain Richard Armstrong and his partner floated face down.

This tragedy, concerning these two brave young Americans who not only dedicated their lives in the service of their country but also gave up their lives in the fight against communism, is one of the many tragedies caused by Russian communism.



THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

I left them all behind,  
The dying men who were my friends,  
And travelled wide the country side,  
Striving to find some like those I left behind.

I did in the twilight ponder,  
When the pain from mustard gas left me blind,  
That my mind would not wander  
Far from those I left behind.

Often do I cry out at night  
And curse with anger in my mind  
The cruelty of God's might,  
He that made me leave my friends behind.

In the day when the sun shines brightly,  
And I search here and there, but know I will never  
find Much as my soul hungers mightily  
For those I left behind.

Now my wounds have slowly healed,  
But not, I fear, my mind  
For my heart is still sealed  
With those I left behind.

A. SINGER - STD. VII



MIDSUMMER EVENING AT  
KEURBOOM'S RIVER LAGOON.

In the West,  
 The Sun  
 A vibrant flaming body  
 A thumbnail, from the dark ridge of mountains,  
 Weighs down towards the horizon  
 Splashing the water  
 With a thunderhead of light;  
 With boats of burning gold and silver.

In the East,  
 A soft-green line of grass-bushed hills  
 Curves the horizon.  
 Each one folded in flaming pleats.  
 Behind tip the peaks of distinct mountains  
 The hills glow gold  
 As though from within  
 Shade and light blended in  
 subtly  
 The life's work of an artist.

These, merely the rim of great sphere of water  
 Which bends towards me  
 The pale-deep blue waters of the lagoon  
 With leaves and nipples of  
 Shifting shadows.  
 Long nipples wind out to  
 Stroke the sand  
 one  
 by  
 one

Stillness  
 seals the beauty  
 Holds it up  
 Into an excruciating gasp  
 of pleasure  
 A sailing boat  
 A little white leaf  
 floats  
 glides slowly towards the shore.

At the far lagoon edge  
 A white chimney nestles  
 Into a rich chink  
 of dark pine trees  
 pastelled  
 With golden light.  
 Behind me  
 the sea,  
 Sighs,  
 and whispers of the closing day.



ANTI-CLIMAX

In your own bubble of joy and laughter  
of being in love,  
You float around,  
forgetting, dreaming, thinking  
only of the happiness of your  
togetherness.  
After all - its your entire reason for living  
at that moment.  
The week-end draws nearer,  
You try to picture everything  
you're going to do,  
everything you're going to share once again.  
Suddenly, unexpectedly,  
the phone rings -  
and he's gone, gone to  
the unknown borders that call his duty.  
And all you're left with is a  
drained, empty vacuum in your bubble.

LOUISE GRAY. STD 9HAIKU:

A drop of water  
Comes falling from the heavens  
Mankind calls it rain.

M. THOMAS STD 6THE SEA

The  
sea calm  
boisterous  
foaming gentle  
thunderous  
icy  
cold.

CAROLE ROBERTS STD 7CURIOSITY

Where's Daddy, Mummy?  
Why hasn't he come home for so long?  
She winces;  
Her heart aches in pity for the child.  
He won't be back for a long, long time, my boy.  
But where's he gone?  
To a place where he'll always be happy, son.  
Tears pool in her eyes.  
Tenderly she clutches the child to her heart;  
If only she could believe her own words.  
But why did he leave us  
When we'd rather be with him?  
I don't know, son.

/ When's he coming back, Mummy?



CURIOSITY (cont,..)

When's he coming back, Mummy?  
 Slowly she turns  
 And with glistening eyes stare at the blank wall.  
 Tears trickle down her cheeks  
 As memories flood her mind.  
 Her mouth quivers, as she forms the answer;  
 An inaudible whisper escapes her lips .....  
 But the boy has not heard.  
 Mummy, he repeats, when's he returning?  
 Shaking her head and sobbing  
 She faintly leans against the wall.  
 She cannot bring herself to tell him.  
 Mummy, when's he returning?.....Mummy.....Mummy

KATHARINE KETELBEY

STD. X

The wind blows across the parched land  
 And brings to life the dry bush,  
 And turns it to music;  
 As the seedpods rattle in the breeze,  
 And faint odours of dry tobacco drifts towards me.

Though dry and hostile looking,  
 Fawn in colour, with angry spiky arms  
 Tasteless, rough and fiercesome?  
 This pod gives food to wandering flocks.

With gentle tinkle  
 The pod drops to the ground -  
 Spilling its silky black seeds  
 So more will grow  
 Across the desolate plain.

It lies upon the sand just as a Blaasoppie,  
 With spikes outstretched, finished with its work,  
 Is washed upon the seashore -  
 To fascinate the passers-by.

SUSAN BOWLEY STD VITHE SOUTHEASTER

Paper swirl up into the sky,  
 Milk bottles smash, children cry  
 Ladies cling to skirts and hair  
 Dust and leaves everywhere.  
 The Mountain is covered by its tablecloth.  
 The waves at sea are whipped into froth.

Then the wind stops.

The leaves of the pool have sunk to the bottom  
 Everything's quiet and the wind is forgotten.

K. GOTTGENS STD VI

THE MISSING PILLAR

It was five o'clock mass at Santa Maria, precious Renaissance jewel. Father Withitt turned from the glowing sanctuary lamps of the High Altar to face the congregation. His voice echoed and wrung back and forth in the dank, dark and empty recesses of the church.

He peered through the gloom; his sole congregation knelt in the front pew; old Mrs. de Vaute, faithful pillar of the church; in her ill-fitting, grayish-black clothes.

However, Santa Maria was not always empty. Twice a week, the silence would be shattered by the strident tones of a polyglot guide. Talking volubly as they entered, the tourists would gradually be cowered into whispers by the dark eyes of the saints regarding them from the walls.

"My church is just a museum," Father Withitt thought, "Modernisation - that is what is needed. Lively music...pop," he thought with a sinking of his heart. "It would appeal to the wayward young."

It was five o'clock mass. Father Withitt turned round with a swish of his robes to face an almost full congregation. The lively, jangling music came whining to a halt. He spoke briskly, inspired by the bright faces and the clothes of the people facing him. He felt that he was doing right, but afterwards he would have to contend with Mrs de Vaute.....

NATASHA THEOPHILOU    STD    VI

SNOW

Outside, the night was still, hot and humid, but inside the hut it was snowing; to be more accurate 'snow' was being distributed. The group of degenerate men sat in huddled silence gloomily gazing at the young man in front of them. The young man himself, whose name was 'H' was different from his apathetic audience. His outward appearance was that of a healthy, intelligent, ordinary man who conducted an orderly domesticated life. The only jarring feature were his eyes. In the passive air of the hut they gleamed evil and wicked, resembling the devil's eyes in a human body. In contrast, the group of men were dull and spiritless, although their eyes burned with a passionate longing. Their eyelids drooped slightly, but still kept in focus the man who was there to satisfy their craving.

The hut was obviously unused and the desolate stillness of the atmosphere emphasized this. 'H' did not talk for there was no need. His talking would be greeted with the same response as speech has on a zombie, and would only frustrate the already impatient men. The whole transaction was understood. Slowly, so that the men could see their share clearly, the 'snow' was divided. This fine, white cocaine powder, looking clean and harmless, was sniffed and absorbed into nasal membranes.

The 'takers' of this material were the lowest form of human life. Of the five, two were so drastically emaciated that the clothes on their bodies hung on them like ill-fitting tablecloths protruding at sharp angles from a flat surface. All the men looked as if they suffered from insomnia

and had a moribund look.....



SNOW (cont....)

and had a moribund look in their burnished eyes. Somewhere in the depths of their souls they had accepted the fact that because of the depression of the entire nervous system and other medical malfunctions, their life would end in painful death due to respiratory failure or convulsions. Harboring this thought in their minds their purpose in living began to sink and slowly submerge under the impact of this acknowledgement and their minds ceased to concern themselves with the real living world. Now the world was imaginary, a fantasy - a form of escapism from their problems. They had lost their moral battle, laid down their arms and surrendered to a dream-like existence.

The first man to react to the powerful and harmful substance leans back and waits. He does not have to wait long. Hallucinations replace clear vision. Animals and insects take on different shapes and sizes. They seem to crawl and move over him with assassinating rhythm. Horses! Horses, with their nostrils inflamed grope for a sign.....for a breath, and insects of monstrous height crawl, and feel with colossal antennae. He feels a compacted awareness of his surroundings. Sounds and shapes burn in the sky, while through the slapping tide of the sea, through the body to the nose the sensations get nearer....and further. New risks are etched forever in a cold system of wax, there is nothing to obtain or achieve, everything is beautiful....serene, as he floats into oblivion.

The 'pusher' gets up steadily, stupidly but consciously, hoping not to disturb them. But he could never disturb them. As he slithers out into the night, the filth he has left behind has turned into poison - deadly poison.

Only one man survives the trial. Only one man, out of the five, will live to experience it again.

D. NEWTON. STD IX

ADOLF HITLER

Adolf Hitler was born in the village Brannau in Austria on the 20th April, 1889. Little is known about Hitler's childhood except, that his father was a clerk who tyrannized his wife and children. He ran away from home and for a while stayed in Vienna, but nothing is known of that time of his life. After that he went to Munich where he worked as a house painter. When the First World War broke out he joined the Bavarian Artillery. He had a very good record as a soldier and received 2 Iron Crosses for bravery. He was rather annoyed when the war came to an end for he, like many other soldiers, had been winning their battles and did not know what was going on. He, like many others, blamed it on the government.

He joined the Nazi party and when the Nazi party tried to overthrow the existing government, he was imprisoned for a sentence of 5 years. He was released again after 9 months. It was during this time that he wrote his book 'Mein Kampf.' In it, his ideas are clearly portrayed and it shows his aims. During Hitler's regime it was a best seller in Germany.

After Hitler and his Nazi followers were out of jail again, they continued with their political activities.

Many men had already been appointed prime-minister, but no-one was able to cope with the job and one after the other they resigned.

Hindenburg asked Hitler/.....

ADOLF HITLER ( cont...)

Hindenburg asked Hitler to take the position, but he asked to first have an election to see if the people really wanted him. Hindenburg was greatly pleased because he did not see Hitler's trick. Hitler had a band of men called the "Brown Shirts" (they wore brown shirts and were strong, hefty and armed with truncheons) who caused trouble at other people's gatherings but literally carried out trouble-makers from his.

Hitler won over the communists with a small majority - not big enough for him to make laws. There was another general election in which Hitler again had a large propaganda campaign. The night before the election, fire was set to the Parliament houses and it was made to seem as if the blame lay on a half-wit who slept nearby and who was in pay of the communists. Hitler won with an overwhelming majority.

After he became prime-minister he had the ~~Enabling~~ Act passed which gave him dictatorial powers so that he could revive Germany. When this act came to an end he had it prolonged. He was a dictator.

When Hindenburg died in 1934 Hitler made himself President and Prime-Minister. Hitler had a great talent as a speaker and could hypnotize the masses with his emotional speeches.

He revived Germany from World War I and lifted the morales of the people, provided work and provided food for them.

He took back the piece of Rhineland which had been given to France at the end of World War I. He demanded Czechoslovakia (a part of the Sudetenland) back. England and France spoke to him and tried to stop him from doing so, but he proceeded. When he finally invaded Poland it sparked off World War II because England and France attacked Germany. Japan also attacked America by bombing her fleet in Pearl Harbour. The U.S.A. then also attacked Germany, Italy and Japan.

During his life-time Hitler organized the killing and putting into concentration camps of many Jews, gypsies and others. There was at one time a period of 2 months during the elections when dead bodies were found all over the place and people from high positions simply vanished. The night of the Long Knives was a night in which over 1000 people in Germany were murdered by Hitler's men.

Hitler also established a strong secret police-force called the Gestapo. He had a great hatred against Jews. He knew that there had been some Jews in the provisional government and he blamed it on them that this government had failed. Hitler had the idea to bring every German speaking place under German rule. So he fancied he had the right to invade other countries and to take the land.

BIRTE OLEK STD VII

SEPT

Sun  
sizzling  
majestic  
following-path  
of glory  
seething  
fire

CLOE OVENSTONE STD VII





Joan Saunders Std 9

A SEPT

Stars  
 Dazzling  
 Flickering  
 Scintillating  
 Galaxy  
 Striking  
 Blaze.

ALEXA SINGER    STD VII

ENCOUNTER

Have you noticed something strange in the air lately? I have, and really, it worries me quite a bit. There seem to be so few flying teacups around nowadays - Why, I saw only one the other day. Let me tell you about it.

I was walking through the wooden telephone-pole forest one Sunday afternoon. The forest was looking particularly fresh after the recent rains and I walked and walked and walked for miles, just peacefully breathing in the woody smell, when suddenly, there was ..... a flying teacup.

I was terribly astonished, since these had become a rare and protected species of late and it was very seldom that one saw them (especially when our ecology went a bit haywire and produced an overpopulation of flying saucers!)

Very pleased indeed, I went forward into the clearing in which it stood. It was really a beautiful flying teacup, you know, lovely. It was of English bone china with an exquisitely delicate, curved handle.

I felt as if there were something unusual.....about the teacup, but I could not work out what it was. Suddenly it struck me.

The pattern of the china was not that of the conventional teacup - showers of pretty leaves and butterflies - but a frieze .... made up of people. Tall people, short people, fat, thin, pretty people were depicted there.

This was a very unusual feature in a flying teacup, I subsequently found out, but nobody knew why the conventional pattern was sometimes passed over for this one. It was one of the rather gaping holes in our scientific knowledge.

I stared and stared at the beautiful frieze on the teacup, when suddenly one of the people in it moved, a door opened in the cup and a teacup inhabitant stuck its head out and beckoned to me, rather shyly and hesitantly, to come in.

I got up to enter, no longer amazed.....



ENCOUNTER ( cont...)

I got up to enter, no longer amazed at these incredibly strange occurrences that were taking place - it seemed to be a magic day all round.

I stepped carefully into the little entrance hall where the teacup-inhabitant was waiting for me. She said (in teacupian, a language similar to saucerian, which I understood) that she would leave the door open since it was such a lovely day outside, wasn't it?

I walked slowly through the interior of the teacup. It was furnished with beautiful silks in bright greens, blues and also soft pastels. The furniture was exquisitely simple (and was of course, screwed into the shining wooden floor to provide better flying stability.)

The teacup inhabitant showed me around her beautiful home. There was nothing missing - not even a lovely little fountain between the living and dining rooms.

The teacup inhabitant made some tea, which we had in the company of her husband and her brother. They were delightful people, so charming and friendly, and I stayed chatting with them in my halting teacupian. Then I finally took my leave, and said I hoped to see them again.

I thought about my visit as I walked home. Those teacup-inhabitants seemed to have everything they wanted. Yet....but no, I dismissed the half-thought.

Now I realize it, only now. Those teacup-inhabitants have nothing to live for in their beautiful flying teacup.

C. PIKHOLZ STD X



ART DESCRIPTIONFEAST OF THE GODS - GIOVANNI BELLINI1514 Oil on Canvas

This is a painting in which Bellini has created the Olympian Gods appearing as peasants enjoying a heavenly picnic in Northern Italy, in very luscious surroundings. The figures are spread across the foreground and one tends to look at the right hand side as the focal point. Your eye is caught, by the use of a very bright, light colouring, of two girls standing in the background.

Your eye then moves to the extreme right foreground and travels up the girl's leg of the girl who is reclining, and up the tree trunk. In the tree is a magnificently painted bird - this bird leads your eye to the direction in which it is going to fly, and so back to the feast in the foreground. Therefore, subconsciously your eye has absorbed the wide picture at a glance.

There is great activity in the arrangement of the people and it blends well with the background which has been treated in a different texture. There is definitely a contrast between the foreground and the background - the foreground is lush and lazy, whereas the background has a cool, green, atmosphere.

Bellini has achieved a great harmony in his use of colours. He has used rich colours, which he repeats in several places to pull the composition together. He has also made use of modelling in light and shade. He has done this by not painting the leaves of the trees, for example, in great detail, but by suggesting the detail with a clever use of light and shade. This makes his painting very gently and subtly harmonized.

The glowing sun in the background emphasizes the textures and folds of the clothing, and the flesh and the polished metal. Each texture has been completely separately treated and the three combined in a composition emphasizes the vast difference between them.

The atmosphere in Bellini's "Feast of the Gods" is very idyllic. The trees on the right hand side give them shade, and so almost symbolizes protection. The bird in the tree signifies sweet music and merry making. The painting gives the message well; that there is never-ending pleasure for the immortal Gods.

LOUISE GRAY STD IXLANTERNE

Drop  
Perfect  
Translucent  
Suspended in  
Awe.

CLOË OVENSTONE STD. VII

BOSCHENDALÉ

Boschendalé is situated in the Drakenstein Valley. And if you have ever visited this part of the world you will agree with me that with the dark towering mass of mountains, and the cultivated landscape at the foot of it, it is the perfect setting for the Cape Dutch Homestead.

The first owner of Boschendal was a French Huguenot, Jean le Long who farmed there from 1685. The governor of the Cape, Simon van der Stel, encouraged all the colonists to plant new trees, especially oaks, and to this day these oaks are an integral part of Boschendal's setting.

With the wild country around them the early farmers grouped their buildings, binding them to each other and to cultivated lands with linking walls and avenues of oaks. And it is probably this inter-relationship of homesteads at Boschendal that makes it such a fine example of Cape Dutch Architecture.

When le Long died in 1715, Abraham de Villiers, another Huguenot, bought Boschendal. He died in 1717, and the farm was bought by his brother Jacques. After his death his widow lived there til 1738, when she gave it to her youngest son Jan. His twentieth son Paul de Villiers eventually became the owner in 1817 and built the homestead as it is today.

Rhodes Fruit Farmers have restored the homestead and the outbuildings to their beauty today. When restoration started in 1975 no trace could be found of earlier cellars or outbuildings used by the first two owners. They did, however, uncover the footings of Jan's house, for Paul has built the soft brickwork of his fathers house, raising the floor level by almost one metre and levelling the surrounding erf. This made his house more imposing when seen from the rear court and widened the view towards the Drakenstein mountains from the side and front stoeps. The increased floor height meant that the walls were also much drier. Paul de Villiers must have felt great pride when the final plaster decorations were added to the front gable; for together with the date 1812 appear their own initials to show who the builders had been.

In the Cape Archives there is a description of how the rooms of Boschendal were furnished early in the nineteenth century! soft sofas, early chairs and dining chairs with horse-hair upholstery, mahogany framed mirrors, a grandfather clock, cabinets with silver inlay, sideboards, paintings with gilded frames, several dining tables, a four-poster and other beds with their drapings, carpets, curtains, copper cuspidors and kettles; a large collection of silverware and cutlery.

At the end of 1839 Paul and Anna moved to Paarl, transferring Boschendal to their two sons Jan and Hendrik. But in 1843, Hendrik bought his brother out and became the sole owner.

When planning the renovations, the architects found that the H-shape had changed only a very little. All the dividing walls inside the house were examined to find Paul's original ground plan. It was found that two interior walls had been added some time after the completion of the house; one dividing the kitchen created a rather useless small passage to the pantry, the other, dividing the voorkamer to the right of the entrance hall, partly obscured a front window sill, so that the window was squashed into the end room. When this was removed, the reception room assumed its original generous proportions; exposed at the same time on the underlying plaster was the original dark blue-green wall paint with a pattern of hand-painted figures around the window-sill.

/ This find lead to an examination .....



BOSCHENDAL (cont...)

This find lead to an examination of all the original wall colours and the discovery that the voorkamer, agterkamer and reception room had all been painted a dark green, whereas the bedrooms were originally painted a warm being or light olive. Decorations were discovered in all the rooms. The patterns varied, one consisting of entwining pink roses, another of black acorns with small green leaves and another of stylised orange and black fruit on a bright ochre background.

On going to Boschendal one could just imagine Paul sitting on the back stoep in the evening sucking a pipe and looking with satisfaction and pride over his werf, enclosed on two sides by two parallel rows of out-buildings and kraals, and at the far end by a ring wall with wrought-iron gates. To the left would be the hen-house with slatted wooden gate, cobbled floor and rows of laying nests built into the wall. Then there was the milk room - where butter was made and meat stored in large barrels of brine - which formed part of the long cellar, with its arched doorways and small barred and shuttered windows. Paul harvested his grapes in February and March but after his slaves had trodden the grapes and the juice had fermented in wooden vats, the young wine had to be stored in the cellar until the following September, for by law he was not permitted to send it to the Cape market before that.

LOUISE GRAY STD IX







HEY, UP THERE!

Queen of the Quinces! 'Fairy of Food'  
 I ride in Mummy's trolley. Her heels and the rattle of the wheels  
 blend into a regular rythm - brr click click, brr click click ...  
 Up and down the rows; it's the same every week.

We pass a round mountain with rocks piled high, but as I stretch my  
 hand out, it suddenly - I dont know why - becomes an angry waterfall  
 of toilet rolls cascading over the floor. I can see a very cross lady  
 behind Mummy. She is shouting loudly at her, and Mummy is looking  
 upset. Now she's shouting at me. I think I've been naughty.

"You can get out and walk, Sally. I don't give naughty girls rides."

Down here its darker. The trees tower above me. Here is someone who  
 has a bandage on his leg. Maybe he fell. But his shoes are nice.  
 They are soft and furry, like Daddy's tobacco puch. I sometimes  
 wish I could have shoes like that.

"Oooh, Mummy, loook! Somebody's dropped two sweeties under the  
 shelf. No, Mum, its not dirty!"

Those are old legs. She is wearing stockings - in summer! She  
 has blue bulges on her legs. There is a little boy, but he is crying.  
 Where is his Mummy? Oh, dear, I can't get past. A lady and a granny  
 are talking. The wheels of their trolley are banged together. The  
 cross lady is here again - and she's shouting again! Npw there are  
 lots of people behind me. They are making a noise. I'm squashed  
 into a man's legs. He's got a beard on his legs.

I can smell fish. The glass is cool. Now the tip of my nose is  
 also cool. There is a halo of misty warmth on the glass.

My fingers tingle when I bump them on the tins. The tins are rattling  
 and shaking. I think they are laughing. They don't like being  
 tickled though.

Short, fat, hot fingers, are messing my hair. Perfume smells. It's  
 almost suffocating me. "Oh, what a gorgeous little girl. The darling!  
 Aren't you a sweetie pie?" Hot sticky lips are on my face. "Go  
 away!" Her blurry face is looming up again. "Mommy, tell this lady  
 to go away!"

.....!"But where is Mummy?"

C. GROOTENDORST

STD VIII



NEW BROOMS RAISE GREAT DUST

The dust particles of Room 409 were enjoying a happy, peaceful existence. No-one had bothered them seriously for years. Of course, there had been the occasional enthusiastic cleaning-lady who would arrive resplendent in a clean, flowered overall, clutching a broom in her hand and with every intention of cleaning the office up, but she would soon leave, choking, her eyes streaming and declaring that she had been mad enough to attempt the impossible. This suited the particles down to the ground and as a result of no human interference, they were now lying four inches deep in some places.

Room 409 had not been used for many years. It had been empty ever since an elderly clerk had shot himself in there. Everything was more-or-less how he had left it. There was an old filing cabinet in the one corner, an old, wooden chair lying on its side in the middle of the room, a desk behind the door and a number of shelves attached to the wall. There were strict territorial rules in Room 409. The younger dust particles were allowed to move around relatively freely, but the four shelves attached to the wall were reserved for the older and wiser particles. Many of these particles had not moved for many years because they were too old. Their knowledge and advice was constantly asked for - they were truly great!

Unknown to the happy little souls of Room 409, a young man was studying an advertisement in the morning newspaper. It was advertising an office and read like this: "Office to let. Good condition. Furnished. In elite area. £45 a month. Apply at: 72 Warwick Avenue, London.

The man thought for a while, and then he reached a decision and got up. He put on his coat and caught a taxi to No. 72, Warwick Avenue. After much negotiation with a short, fat man with a bald head, the young man decided to take the office. He was shown various photographs of it, which had been taken a few years back and were actually those that had been taken by the police after the suicide, but the young man was unaware of this. He agreed to take the office in two days' time.

The door was rudely flung open in the middle of their siesta. The dust particles woke with a start, at the door stood the formidable figure of a cleaning-woman, but this was no ordinary cleaning woman. She was massive and was armed with a brand new orange broom which seemed to be licking its bristles at the thought of the meal it was about to have. The woman set about her task with a determination which the particles had never seen before. She showed no mercy and soon there was a mound of dust lying in the middle of the room. Thousands of dust particles managed to escape through the door and the old window which had been flung open. The older and wiser particles looked on sorrowfully, but were convinced of their safety as they knew that brooms did not climb walls. It came as a terrible shock to them when they suddenly saw the black bristles of the broom appear over the edge of their shelves. With one foul 'sweep' they were removed from their places of rest and tossed in the air. Many fell to the ground and were swept up, some managed, like the others, to escape.

Eventually a yellow dust-pan was brought and the dead comrades

/ were removed .....



NEW BROOMS RAISE GREAT DUST (cont..)

were removed. Two days later the young man entered the office and remarked how clean everything was. He could not have known what a massacre had taken place the day before. Some of the survivors may be found in a particularly beautiful set of Encyclopaedia Britannica.

P. LEIGHTON DAVIES STD. IX

MEETING A TRAIN

The whole family piled into the car and we drove to the station. That day Aunt Matilda, our favourite but eccentric aunt, was coming to town for three weeks. She was arriving on the eight o'clock train from Pietermaritzburg.

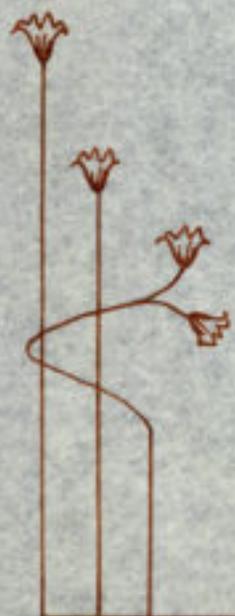
When we arrived, we were drawn into the bustle and hustle of a huge crowd. Many of the people, who having spent the night at the station, were irritable and some of the men had stubble on their chins. Their clothes were crushed and children were crying. Others were excited and happy as they were leaving for a holiday, or a wife was meeting her husband home from the army. Tears, both happy and sad, were flowing freely and unashamedly down people's cheeks.

I had not managed to have any breakfast, so I went to where a man was selling what looked like coffee and buns. When I came near, the stench of bananas and eggs and the smell of perspiration almost suffocated me! I asked for the cup of coffee and a bun. He stared sullenly at me from behind the counter, with bloodshot eyes. With a grunt he pushed the coffee towards me, spilling most of it, and reluctantly, it seemed, passed me a bun. He barked a price, which I thought downright extortion, and then turned to serve another unfortunate customer. I walked slowly away and sipped the coffee. Ice cold. The bun tasted like wet cotton-wool.

As I was trudging wearily back to my parents, I felt something tugging at my skirt. It was a child, lost and terrified. I picked her up in my arms and managed to soothe her a little. I wasn't sure what I was going to do, but just then a woman dressed magnificently, rushed forward and snatched the child from my arms. Without a word she turned away. Why can't mothers look after their children properly?

I was still fuming when I saw my parents. As I walked towards them, a porter who looked "rushed off his feet" ran into me. He gave me a look, and if looks could have killed I would have dropped dead, there and then at his feet. He swore and rushed on. A little way away a wife and child were meeting their father and husband. They looked so happy seeing each other again. I smiled and ran the rest of the way to my parents. The smells of rotten fruit and the sight of unhappy and angry people did not bother me any longer. I saw those who were happy and longed to see my favourite aunt again.

/A whistle shrieked.....



MEETING A TRAIN(cont..)

A whistle shrieked and we heard the soft clickety-clack of Aunt Matilda's train come creeping slowly into the station. As she glided to a halt we heard the doors open and there bouncing out of the train was Aunt Matilda. She had dyed her hair green. Everybody stared as the magnificent bulk of our favourite aunt bulldozed her way towards us, arms outstretched.

LINDSAY JONES STD VII

INTELLECTUAL?

There is an hour left  
 Then the be'll will ring, and end this nagging  
 boredom.  
 With piles of books we  
     squat on chairs  
     pretending (Oh! and laughing)  
     to be intellectual.  
 A girl sits, eating a niggerball,  
 And I sit, thinking about the leaves  
 falling,  
     and the wind  
     blowing,  
 and the rain kissing the grass.....making  
     grey patterns and white  
 translucent  
     zigzags as it  
     falls.  
 Then the weekend, pushes greedily into my thoughts,  
 and reminds me; guiltily about the poor poem,  
     I should be analysing  
     tearing to pieces like paper  
 For marks.  
     To be intellectual.

T. CAMPBELL STD IX

THE DEATH OF MRS. HAMPSTEAD

The torn piece of greying newsprint flapped idly at one corner making the reading of the faded message more difficult than usual. I barely looked at the writing, for the sight of the dishevelled shop flashed the jaunty tune into my mind. Mrs Hampstead always sung it to her customers at one stage or another of their shopping.

At each singing, Mrs. Hampstead was overcome by the hilarity of the words and the ingenuity of the rhyme-scheme. "Me ma always did say I had n'ear for powetry," she would say from somewhere deep within her large self. Now, as always, I climbed the set of concrete steps with the tune and a friendly greeting mixed prematurely in my head.

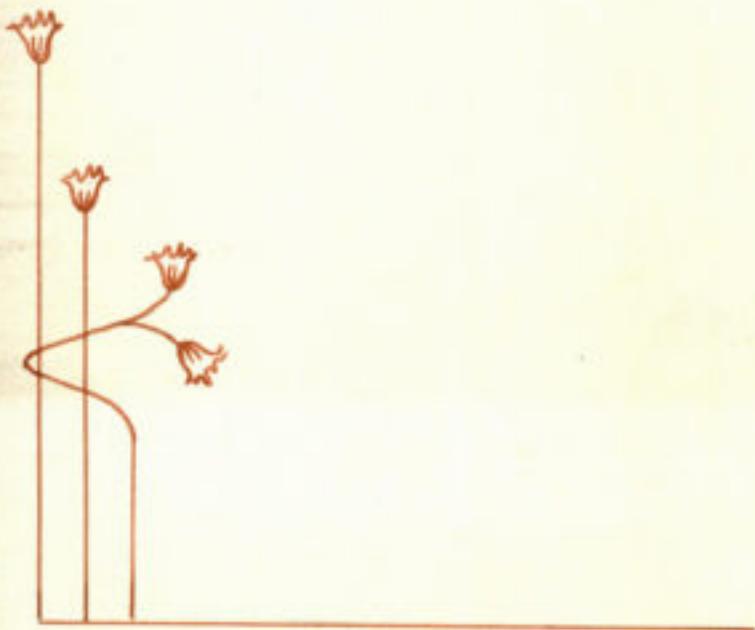
/Ever since I had been at school.....



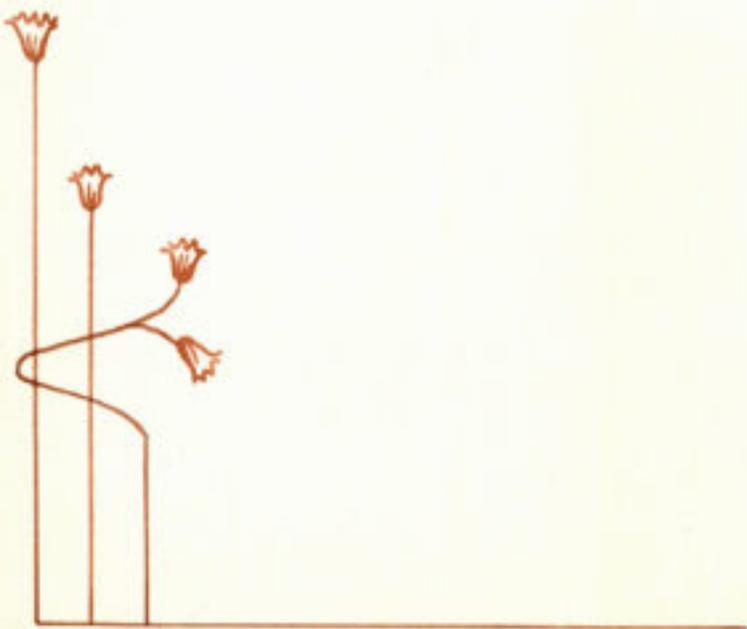


Joan Saunders Std 9

LANGUAGES



A F R I K A A N S



WILDE FERDE

Teen die teensettende son,  
galop twee wilde perde  
oor 'n moeras van  
helder sonskyn kleure.

Onrustig vreet hulle  
die groen spruite wat  
deur die bruin modder  
sukkel om te groei.

Donder klap, skrikkerig  
vlieg hulle, die rommel  
van hul hoewe wat  
in die hewels eggo.

M.L. DU TOIT STD VI

DIE STEM VAN DIE SEE

Die maan skyn effentjies op die stil glaserige see, soos gespekelde silver papier. Anders van die "sshh," "sshh" van die klein brandertjies is alles doodstil op die strand. Hier and daar kan ek die donker, gevaarlike rotse sien uitstaan uit die gladde spieël van die water.

Skielik hoor ek die liefde skreeu van 'n seevoël in die grotte naby. Ja, hulle het seker 'n nes daarin gebou. Die klanke van die voel se liefde gaan aan en aan, en dan is daar net so skielik weer, doodstilte.

Ek staan op, en loop stadig na die groot tafel van rots-poek en gladde rotse. Dis laag water en vanaand kan ek ver uit in die see op die rotse loop.

Dit is of die sag, spoelige geluide van die see op die einde van die "tafel van rotse" vir my roep, en die wit van die brandertjies wat in die maan skyn, die lig van my lewe is. Want, die see, en die rotse, en die strand en die sand duine, is my lewe.

Hulle is vir my die pragtigste, natuurlikste, en wonderlikste kenmerke wat God ooit vir ons gegee het. Ek kan vir ure lank by die waterkant van die see loop, dit is asof ek dit nie genoeg kan sien nie, om die volle waarde te kry nie. Die see en alles rondom haar sal nooit vir my moeg maak nie.

Wanneer ek op die strand hardloop, is dit net soos klein vlerktjies wat op my voete is. Ek voel asof ek op die lig hardloop; my bene word sterk en ek wil nooit ophou met spring en hardloop nie.

Wanneer ek op 'n boot op die see reis, is my maag onderste bo, want ek is so opgewind daaroor. Vir my is dit te veel om so 'in pragtige prent op een slag in te neem.

/Die see lig my hele hart.....



DIE STEM VAN DIE SEE

Die see lig my hele hart, op na 'n ander wereld toe. Wanneer ek weg van die see kom, wil ek vir almal skree, en skud, om vir hulle te se hoe mooi dit is. Ek wil vir party mense regtig woelig skud en vir hulle se. "Kan jy nie sien hoe pragtig die wereld wat God vir ons gegee het, is nie?"

Die mense wat nie van die natuurlike wereld hou nie is seker blind. Ja, hulle moet blind wees, anders sal hulle ook die selfde gevoel binne hulle kry wat hulle oplig soos die stem van ons God.

LOUISE GRAY. STD IX

NEONLIGTE, DIE STERRE VAN DIE STAD

Gaan loop in die veld gedurende die nag en kyk op. Die hemel is deur duisende liggies verlig wat die bloue duisternis met 'n wit tafeldoek bedek. Dis die sterre. Daar is die dowwes, die grotes, die wat lyk of hul skitter wanner jy na hulle kyk. Daar is ook die vaal agtergrond van wit, die sterre wat ver agter die ander is. die Melkweg. Hulle lyk soos die vaal agtergrond van 'n skildery van helder kleure. Die wind laat ruis die blare, van 'n boom. Behalwe dit is alles rustig en kalm.

Gaan loop in die stad gedurende die nag en kyk rondom you. Alles is deur helder ligte verlig - ligte wat alles mooier as gedurende die dag laat lyk. Daar is flikkerende groen, blou, orange, rooi. Hulle trek jou aandag na die winkels, die nagklubs en die bioskope. Name wat in een kleur geskryf is, is in 'n oogwink deur 'n onsigbare persoon in 'n ander kleur oorgeskryf. Pyltjies wys aanloklik na nagklubs. Die ruik van gebraaide vleis kom van 'n restoerant af. Bo die deur flikker 'n smaaklike stuk vleis aan en af .....Alles is 'n kaleidoskoop van blou, groen, geel, rooi, wat skitter en flikker, meng met die opgewektheid van die mense van die stad, met die leë plesier wat hulle kry om van nagklub tot nagklub, bioskoop to bioskoop, kroeg tot kroeg te gaan.. Sketterende musiek klink deur die strate.

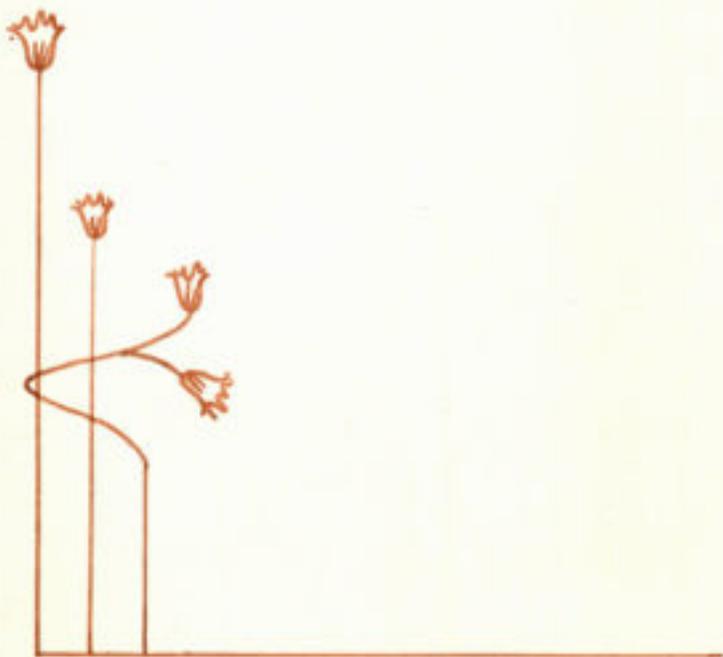
Maar gedurende die dag - wat 'n skrilte kontras! Papiere le op die grys sypaadjies en dans in die lig wanneer die wind opkom. Gebreke bottels le in die stormwaterslote. Die nag klubs en bioskope lyk soos enige ordinere geboue. Sonder die neonligte - die sterre van die stad - is die stad nie meer nie 'n verbeeldings wereld nie.

Maar die veld gedurende die dag lyk net so mooi as die veld verlig deur sterre gedurende die nag. Die skoonheid van die veld is nie van korte duurte nie, soos die "skoonheid" van die stad gedurende die nag.

KATHARINE KETELBEY



X H O S A



ISIXHOSAUTOM

Utom mncinci kakhulu. Le nkwenkwe ithanda ukuba kuba iyalamba. Umana katom ungxolisile yena kodwa utom utsiba phandle. Yena ubaleka emplanjeni. uTom udibana nengonyama. uTom uyoyika. Ingonyana ithi, "Ufuna ntoni inkwenkwe?" Ingonyana nkulu. uTom uthi, "Andaz mnumzana. Ndibaleke end lwini. "Ingonyama ithi," ngubani igama lakho. Kutheni ubaleke endlwini?"

NguTom igana lam mnumzana. Ndibaleke endlwini: kuba umama wam ufuna ukugxolisa mna, kuba ndibe isonka nobisi.

Ingonyama icinga, "uTom uza kusebenzela mna." Ingonyama ithi "Yiza nam. Indly yam nthe. Ndiza kupha yena nto." uTom akafuni kuya nengonyama kadwas uyoyika. "Ewe ndiza kuhamba endlwini yakho."

uTom nengonyama bahamba ngendlela. Bafrika endlwini. Phakathi kwendlu enkulu ingonyana ithi, "tom uza kusebenzela mna. Ndifuna imali." uTom uyeba yonke imihla kodwa uTom andithandi kuba ngoku. Ngenye imini uTom ubaleke endlwini yakhe. Umama wakhe uvuya.

KATE SAUNDERS STD VII

Tom is very small. This boy likes to steal because he is always hungry. Tom's mother scolded him but Tom jumps outside. He ran to the river. Tom meets a lion. He is very scared. The lion says; "What do you want boy." The lion is big and Tom replies, "I don't know sir. I ran away from home." The lion asks, " what is your name and why did you run away from home?"

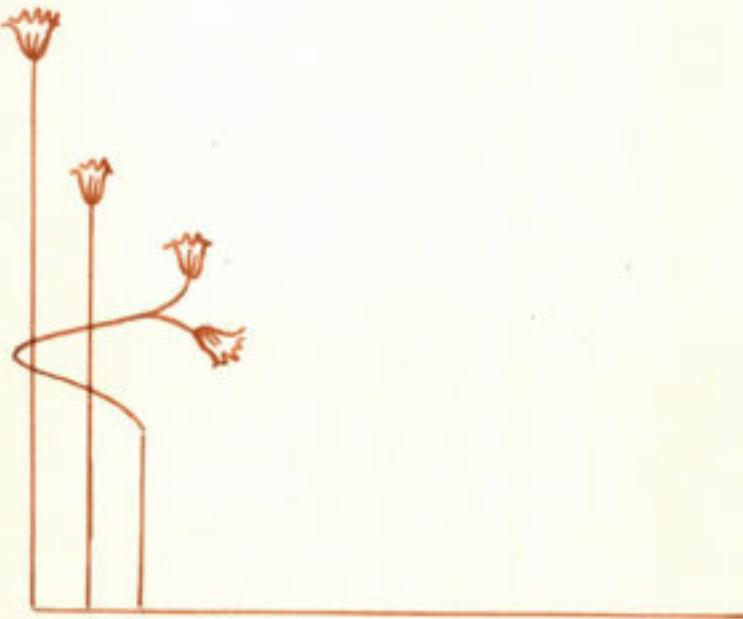
"Tom is my name sir, I ran away from home because my mother wants to scold me because I stole bread and milk.

The lion thinks, "Tom shall work for me." The lion says "Come with me, my house is pretty and I will give you anything." Tom does not want to go with the lion but he is scared so he says, "Yes I will come to your house."

Tom and the lion travel along the road. They arrive at the house. The house is big inside. The lion says "Tom you shall work for me. I need money." Tom steals every day but Tom does not like stealing anymore. One day Tom ran to his home. His mother is very happy.



FRENCH



PAPILLON

Un papillon,  
 Avec ses tremblants ailes de soie  
 Est comme l'âme de la fleur  
 Dont le miel il suce je crois

Ou peut-être un papillon  
 Est une peinture enfantine  
 taché de couleurs, plié  
 en deux moitiés, très fine.

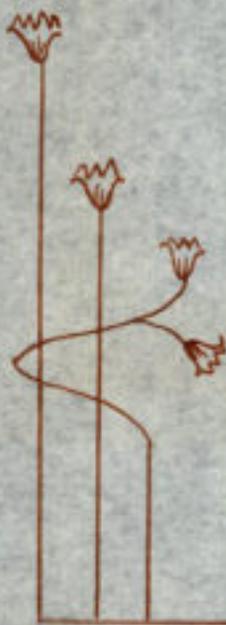
AMY WILLIAMS    STD X

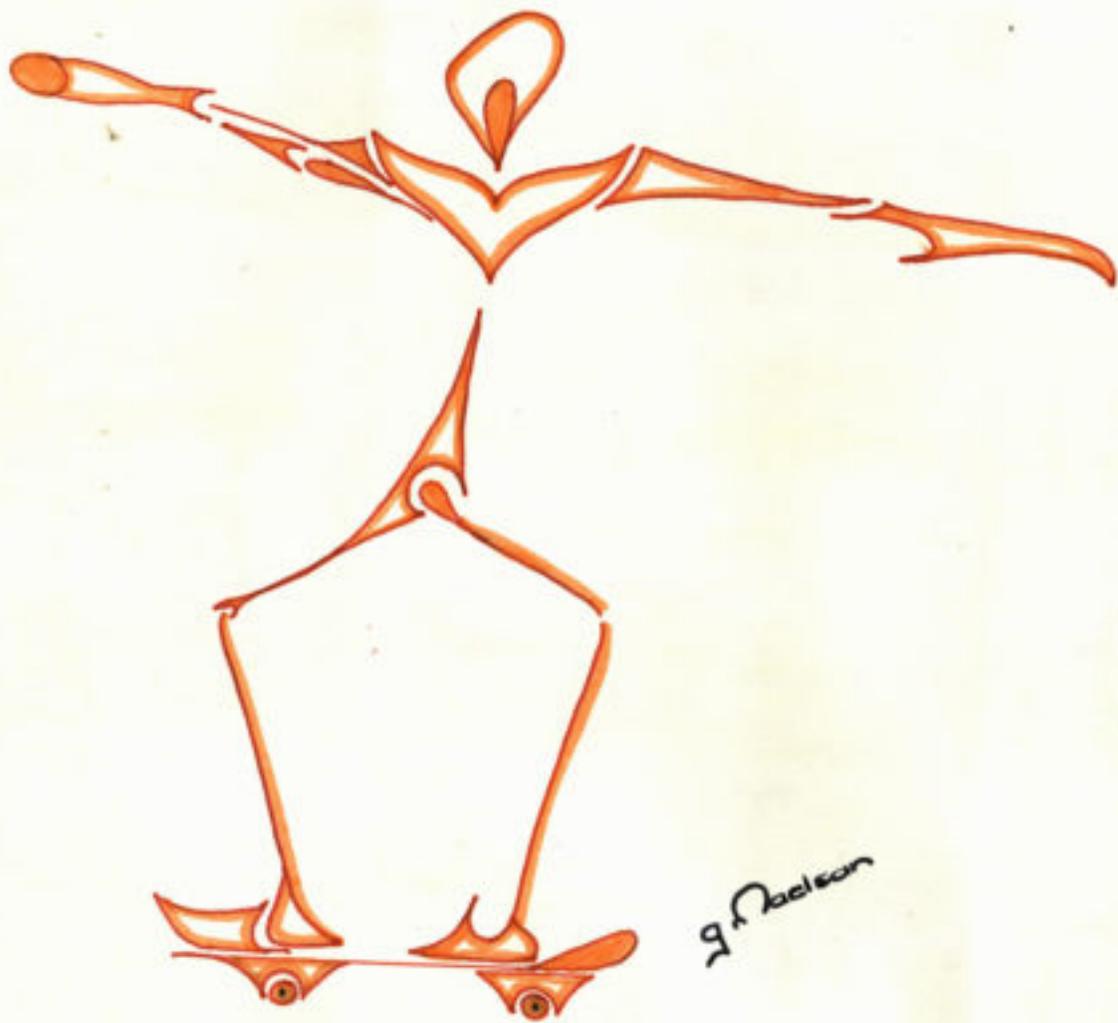
BUTTERFLY

A butterfly  
 With his trembling wings of silk  
 Is like the soul of a flower  
 of which, I think, he sucks the honey.

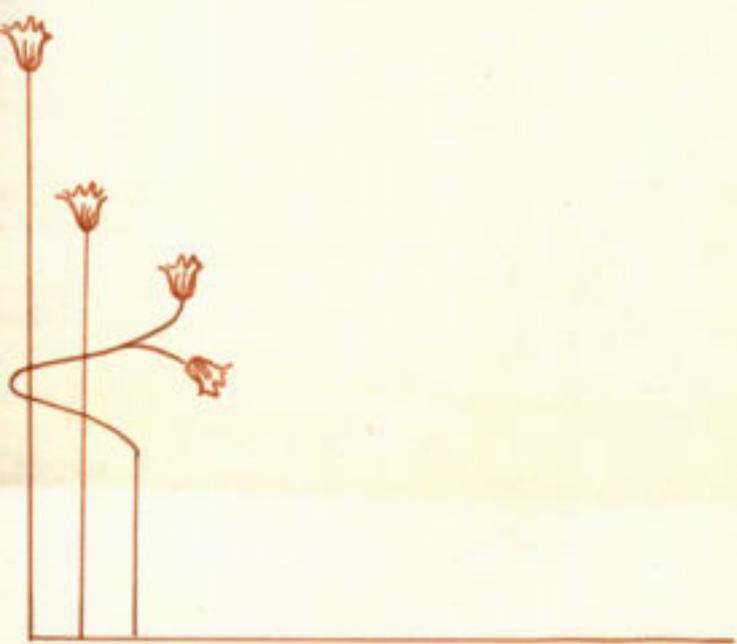
Or perhaps a butterfly  
 Is a child's picture  
 Spotted with colours, bent  
 in two halves, very fine.

oOo





DUTCH

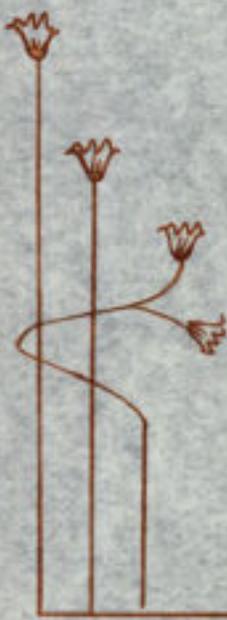


DE GERANIUM

Hier is zij opgegroeid en groot  
Geworden, voor het smalle raam.  
Zij heeft geen afkomst en geen naam  
Zij is alleen maar schoon en rood.

Fier laat zij in haar forschen schoot  
De tintelende bloemen staan,  
En heft onttakeld en ontdaan,  
Den tuil nog, pralend met zijn dood.

Zij kent alleen dit vreemd bestaan  
Van groeien en te gronde gaan  
Tezelfder tyd, in 't enge rijk  
Der kamer voor het raam te prijck,  
Door nood verschrikt nochvreugd verward,  
Want sterk en bitter is haar hart.

CLAIR GRODENDORST STD VIII

GERMAN



MEIN WEIHNACHTSURLAUB

Während des Urlaub am Ende ktztes Jahres,ging ich samut meinem Vater Übersee. Wir flogen zuerst von Johannesburg nach London, wo wir einer Woche verbrachte.London ist, meiner Meinung nach entzückend,weil es dort so viel zu tun gibt:in das Theatergehen Einkaufen machen ,selbst ins Blaue fahren.

Zunächst fuhren wir nach Paris, (aber nur zwei Tage lang)und dann nach Genf. Genf war für uns so fabelhaft, daß wir länger bkiben wollten,aber wir mußten weiter nach Salzburg,und dann auf einem Schiurlaub in einem kleinen Dorf in Österreich,Obertauern.

Das Schifahren war,von mir aus,das beste vorm ganzen Urlaub, obwohl ich eines Tages meinen linken Schi auf dem Schibahn verlor! Glücklicherweise gelang es meinem Schilehrer, ihn zu finden.

Zuletzt gingen wir nach Griechenland, wo es geregnet und gebläst und geschneit hat! Es war aber alles sehr interessant in Athen; besonders die archäologische Funde.

Ich werde nun aufhören, weil es unmögtich sein würde, alles über meinen unglaublich schönen Urlaub zu erzählen.

CATHERINE PIKHOLZ STD X

MY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

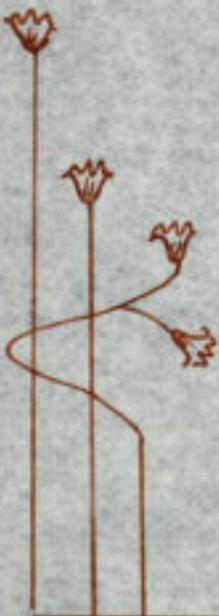
During the holidays at the end of last year I went overseas with my father. First we flew from Johannesburg to London, where we spent a week. In my opinion, London is delightful, because there is so much to do there: to go to the theatre, go shopping, even to go into the blue!

Next we travelled to Paris (but only for two days)and then to Geneva. Geneva was so enchanting that we wanted to stay longer, but we had to press on to Salzburg, and then to a skiing holiday in a small village in Austria, Obertauern.

The skiing was, as far as I am concerned, the best part of the whole holiday, although I left my left ski on the slopes one day! Luckily my ski instructor managed to find it.

Lastly we went to Greece, where it rained and blew and snowed! However, everything was very interesting in Athens, especially the archaeological finds.

I will stop now, because it would be impossible to relate everything about my unbelievably enjoyable holiday.



Wenn Einter-Winde durch die Lüfte Scheiden,  
 Schnee f; <sup>Flocken</sup> p; clem doe Erde weiß erkleiden;  
 Die Teiche frieren ein,  
 Draußen word leomer ,ejr sein

In den warmen Stuben,  
 Spielen und lachen die MEdchen un Buben  
 Eine tiefe Stille über Wald und Feldern liegt,  
 In dieser Khlte, friedlichkeit und Güte siegt.

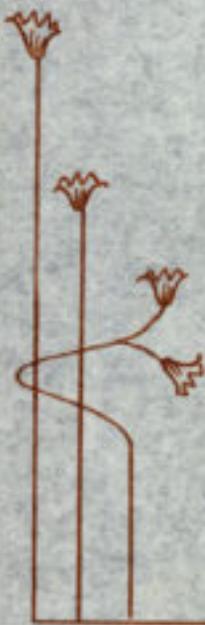
Wenn gedoch die Frühlings-Lufte kommen,  
 Und die Tierchen sich fröhlich sonnen,  
 Schallen Felder und Wldler von lauter Leben,  
 Und Gottes guten großen Segen.

BIRTE OLEK. STD. VII

When winter winds cut through the air, ~~and~~  
 Snow flakes dress the earth in white  
 The ponds freeze up  
 No-one wants to be outside.

In the warm houses  
 Boys and Girls laugh and play  
 A deep silence lies over woods and fields  
 In this coldness quietness and goodness win

But when Spring air comes  
 And the animals happily sun themselves  
 Fields and woods echo from lots of life  
 And God's good great blessing.



TURKISH



BIR GÜN

Küçük bir kız "biraz Türkçe yap" bana dedi. Ne yapıyorum? Hepsi; Türkçe'nin ünü tün! Valahi, anakter, sandelye, masa, bizim Madam Sebuktekin basın da konuşuyor! Ocak, Subat, Mart, Nisan, Mayıs, Haziran, Temmuz, Ağustos, Eylül, Ekim, Kasım, Aralık, Bir, iki, üç, dört, beş..... çocukların seyley. Ama onlar en iyi biliyorun. Bir gün, biz İstanbula yine gidiyoruz. Türkçe konuşacağız, tavla oynayacağım, bazara, yideceğim. Bir gün.

ONE DAY

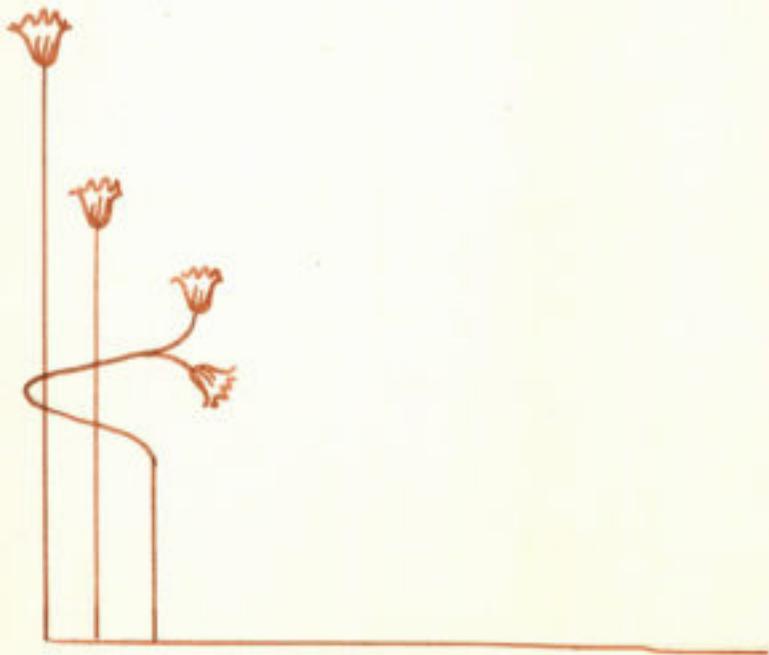
A girl said to me "write a bit of Turkish." What will I do? Key, chair, table, our Madam Sebuktekin's voice talks in my head. January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December. One, two three, four, five ..... children's lessons. But I remember those the best. One day we will return to Istanbul. I will speak Turkish, play tavia (backgammon) go to the bazaar again. One day!

AMY WILLIAMS STD X

oOo



R E P O R T S



LIBRARY REPORT

The prefects for 1978:

C. Dowdle (senior prefect)  
 P. Leighton Davies  
 C. Callow  
 L. Jones  
 S. Benson  
 L. Bettison  
 C. Grootendrost  
 Y. Stockwell  
 C. Broome  
 M. Crutchly

Honorary Prefects

T. Braun  
 J. Dicey

This past year in the library has been a rather unsettled one because of all the alterations. But while these alterations were in progress, it was "business as usual" in a temporary library set up in the Std. 7 Classroom. The library managed to carry on successfully, thanks to the hard work of Miss Tremble, even in a classroom with not even a third of the amount of books there.

Although it was a little inconvenient, we <sup>are</sup> sure that everybody who has seen the improvements to the library will agree that it was well worth the inconvenience.

During the first term we were very pleased to welcome Mrs. J. Torr who came to see the "Jennifer Torr Memorial Shelf." This shelf contains beautiful books which are in constant use and treasured very much by the girls of the school.

Because of the high price of books, we have, during this year spent much time on repairing and patching. This has meant a lot of extra work for the library prefects and the school owes a great debt to them for giving so much of their time to the sometimes monotonous task.

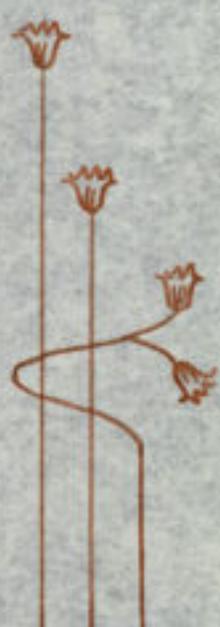
The Std. 6's and 7's continue to attend weekly classes which take place in the library. These classes are to ensure that girls know how to use the library properly and respect it.

The newspapers and a selection of magazines are available and are well used.

We cannot let the year end without paying tribute to Tanya Braun and Jackie Dicey, both of whom have given excellent services to the library.

CATHY CALLOW

STD IX



HOCKEY REPORT

Hockey is undoubtedly one of Merriman's better sports for, although we have only 3 members in the first team, we have at least 6 members in the second team. There is also a large number of members in the U15 teams which promises to yield a good future for Merriman's hockey.

Debbie Partridge is to be congratulated on receiving the cup for the most promising hockey player. Debbie Partridge and Marilyn Knudsen also represented the Western Province School Girls' Hockey Team in the holidays.

Last year Merriman won the interhouse hockey by narrowly beating Rolt. Well done to both the open and U 15 teams. Keep up the good play and team spirit! This year's interhouse competition has not yet been held, but Merriman will strive to maintain the cup!

M. KNUDSEN

STD. X





Merrimans  
spirit in the  
1977 Interhouse  
hockey matches.



ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA COMMITTEE  
FOR 1978

---

JAGGER: Fiona Lawson (Secretary)  
Tessa van Ryneveld  
 ROLT: Karen Corder  
Caroline Dowdle  
 MERRIMAN: Andrea Olivier  
Pippa Leighton Davies  
 SECRETARY  
 OF DEBATING:  
Kathy Pikolz (Merriman)  
 COSTUMES: Louise Gray (Merriman)

1978 and Herschel's drama "season" started with a bang. Very soon after the first term began, a number of standards 8's, 9's, and 10's began rehearsals on the school play "The House of Bernada Alba" to be performed at the end of the term. There were eight weeks before opening night, but in spite of the timing, rehearsing the success of the three night run of the play was worth it. A number of Merriman girls were among the cast: Sue Lloyd Roberts, Louise Gray, Jane Coombe, Andy Olivier, Monica Gudehaus, Lindy de Kock, Maddy Enthoven, Terry Campbell (Lighting) and Pippa Leighton Davies (Prompt)

Meanwhile work had already started on Eisteddfod and Centres of Interest items for which there was also only a limited time. But once again, judging by the amount of trophies and honours and Merit Certificates that were awarded, our girls triumphed! At the end of last term the Drama Club held a most entertaining workshop evening at which both parents and girls could watch these Eisteddfod, and other items. Pippa Leighton Davies (on our Committee) provided many a laugh from her dramatic extract from Joyce Grenfell's nursery-school comedy, "George - don't do that!"

In last year's Inter-house public speaking competition, Merriman fared well with a win in the Std. 8 and 9 Forum Discussion section and an overall second place. We have still to wait for this year's competition holds in store for us, but with Merriman's constant success in this field, I feel sure that we shall not be disappointed.

ANDY OLIVIER. STD 10



The House of Bernada Albo.



DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Although there may have been fewer debates than usual during the past year, those held have been an unqualified success: The Drama Room has been filled to capacity every time.

In the last term of 1977, two debates were held at Herschel, against Westerford and SACS. Both proved to be challenging to the speakers and exciting for the audience. The enthusiastic S.A.C.S. speakers (and supporters) jolted and astonished everyone with their aggressive attack!

In the first term of this year, a forum discussion with Immaculata was held at Herschel. This was approached from a totally new angle, whereby teams consisted of speakers from both schools together in one team. It was very successful indeed, and the atmosphere was exceptionally relaxed and friendly.

A debate against Bishops was held at Bishops late in the first term, and one against Wynberg Boys High at Herschel in the second term.

A sad loss for the debating society and for Merriman was that of Amy Williams, who left with her family for the United States (and then Canada) in April. With her tenacious ability to argue, Amy no doubt was involved in many an argument on the plane flying out!

All in all, the past year has been extremely rewarding for the debating society. It is exciting and encouraging to realise that the attitude of debaters seems to have changed from one of merely thinking of winning, to one of putting forward logical and interesting arguments.

CATHERINE PIKHOLZ  
(DEBATING SOCIETY SECRETARY)  
STD. X



MERRIMAN SWIMMING REPORT

Swimming in the first team was very exciting and we got off with a good start by winning all the galas against neighbouring schools. Herschel did extremely well in the inter-schools gala and all the training and effort proved worthwhile. Herschel came third.

Special recommendation must be made to Fiona McLennan (M) who was awarded her swimming scroll. Congratulations to Katie Brassy and Rosemary Fletcher for having been awarded swimming badges. Joan Saunders must be commended for her high standard of swimming and for receiving Breaststroke Cup.

Although there was much House spirit and determination among the Merriman swimmers and their supporters, we were placed third behind Rolt and Jagger in the inter-house swimming and diving. Congratulations Rolt, but with Merriman's spirit and determination we'll win back the cup again.

Best of luck for next year's swimming.

SUZANNE NAUDE    STD 10



MERRIMAN TENNIS REPORT

There's really no end to the Merriman team, because I am indeed proud to say that Herschel's 1st team (with the exception of a Jagger girl) is a Merriman team. Thank you Cered, Jill, Brigid and last but not least, Kathy, my vice-captain for making this such a happy year for not only me but Merriman too!

Achievements were quite rewarding because Merriman won the inter-house matches and thanks once again to the girls who put their time and effort into making our win possible.

Herschel came third in the Inter-schools this year and thanks once again Kathy, Jill, Brigid and Cered for the support.

I haven't forgotten you, U-15's. Well done for coming third in the inter-schools' tournament and also for winning your inter-house matches. Going to beat Rustenburg next year aren't you? Best of luck anyway and thanks go to Lindsay Jones, Nicky Deal, Cherie Whitfield, Cloë Ovenstone for giving our house support in all achievements.

CELESTE CORNFORTH      STD 10



SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB REPORT

President: Mrs McCirmick  
Secretary: Jane Coombe  
Vice Secretary: Philippa Leighton Davies (both in Merriman)

We have had another interesting and stimulating year of Sociological Club meetings, held every Wednesday afternoon in our hall for standards eight, nine and ten. Mrs. McCormick invited a selection of speakers, from Herschel and from outside, who told us about things as different as "cancer" and "Roman Dress." Speakers often used visual aids such as slides and films to illustrate the topic.

Our meetings have been quite unusual on several occasions. For example, a most enjoyable afternoon was spent when a group of beauticians demonstrated make-up technique on a few girls. One afternoon, after a talk on "Blood" we were tested for our blood and, in fact, discovered quite a few very rare types amongst us. Another time, all 'trekked' down to the cabbage patch to watch a demonstration of the Western Province Alsatian Clubs. We were very impressed by the dogs' obedience and the trainers' skill.

I now hand over to Pippa and hope that she will enjoy the secretary's duties as much as I have. I would like to thank her and all the other girls who have helped to make the meetings run smoothly.

JANE COOMBE STD 10



MATRIC DANCE REPORT

\* Well, it all really started in Std. 6 when we began dreaming of the perfect matric dance which would be ours. We ~~watched~~ successive dances go by (that is, whatever could be seen through the boarding house loo windows!) and counted the months till ours. In fact we had pictured the first theme in the very early days - a woodland rural scene inspired by Tolken's "Hobbit" and "Lord of the Rings." And when one's hopes materialised it was a pretty definite victory for this familiar theme.

During the preceding weeks the piles of coloured paper flowers in classrooms and cloakrooms slowly but surely rose until the six thousand were finally ready. Posters were miraculously finished and one by one they fitted together under the obvious title; "Songs from the Wood."

Herschel's "tickey-box" did a roaring trade - phone bills ~~rocketed~~ rocketed - as distraught girls searched telephone books for prospective beaux. But on the Friday afternoon, the weary bedraggled schoolgirls who left the hall - at last in perfect "disguise" - bore no resemblance to the striking young ladies who returned that night!

The band was a resounding success, the food was simple, but delicious. Most important of all, the atmosphere was happy and warm, enabling everyone, staff and girls - to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

But it did not end at the proverbial "stroke of midnight! Despite aching feet we danced on through an 'after-party' and were glad to relax with a cup of coffee in one hand and a glass of champagne in the other at the champagne breakfast.

The next morning we all agreed that of course, it had been the best dance ever.

JANE COOMBE AND ANDY OLIVIER

STD 10



The 1978  
Matric Dance.



CHAPEL REPORTCommittee members:

Dr. Silberbauer, Miss Way, Mrs. Browne,  
 Mrs. Gilham, Mrs. Montgomery, Celeste  
 Cornforth (M) Jackie Dicey, Brigid  
 Duckitt (M) Nicky Dauncey, Pippa Torr,  
 Andrea Olivier (M) Louise Gray (M)  
 Mandy Crutchley, Maria Stavrou, Penny  
 Sharpley (M) Philippa Jolly.

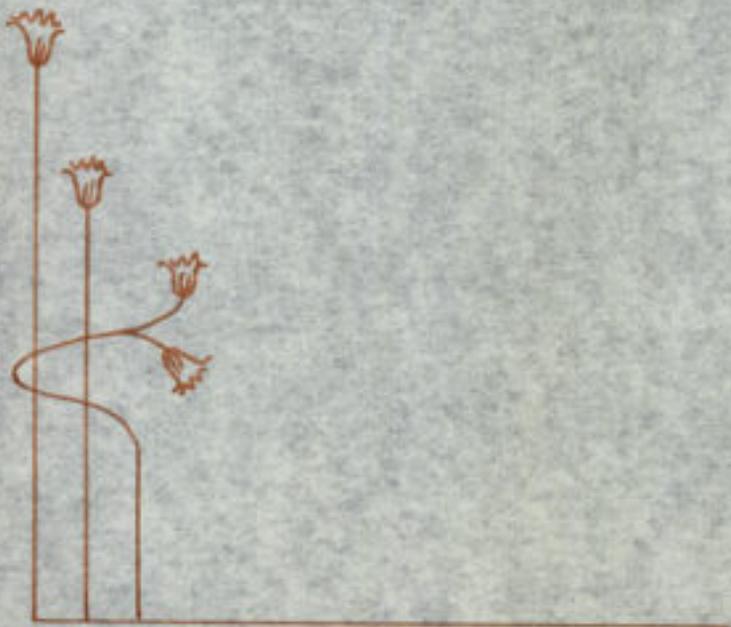
Herschel's very own little chapel continues to be used every Tuesday and Thursday evenings by the boarders for a short service taken by Dr. Silberbauer. Apart from that, our school chaplain, the Rev. Ian Eve, holds holy communion fortnightly on a Friday morning, and on Sunday mornings. The boarders alternate between the St. Saviours Holy Eucharist and a service in the chapel.

The chapel never fails to look lovely and welcoming, largely due to the efforts of Mrs. M. Browne and the Std. 8 and 9 boarders. Our thanks to them all and the Organists for their unfailing tunefulness. Special thanks to Miss Day for the lovely crucifix now hanging above the organ.

During the last few committee meetings which take more or less monthly, it has been decided to cover the chapel kneelers with embroidered covers done by girls, past and present, or parents. The designs have been created by Mrs. Meynell and the colours to be used, are of course, Herschel's.

Looking forward to our highlight of the year, the "Chapel by Candlelight" service in December, I think we must agree that this has been a particularly enterprising year for the Chapel and its committee, rather symbolic as we say goodbye to one of our most enthusiastic members, Dr. Silberbauer. We wish her well and say thank you for all her help and encouragement.

ANDREA OLIVIER    STD 10



CHOIR REPORTMERRIMAN CHOIR MEMBERS

C. Cornforth	P. Leighton Davies
K. Ketelby	S. Eve
A. Olivier	S. Lloyd-Roberts
G. Rauch (Choir Leader)	C. Moll
S. Naude	N. Theophilou
M. Gudehus	

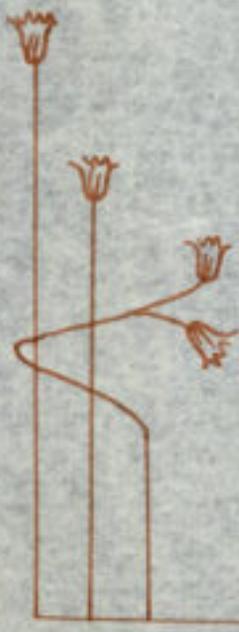
This year has not been an exceptionally busy one for the choir, but there has never been a moment lacking in interest.

After ending last year's on our traditional school Carol service note, (which the choir never fails to enjoy in spite of the weeks of hard practising beforehand) we made our first "appearance" at the Women's World Day of Prayer in the Plumstead Catholic Church Hall. Since then we have sung at numerous weddings of old Herschel Girls, and last term the choir performed for almost an hour in our own choir room for the Music Teacher's Association.

At the moment there is great excitement among choir members after having been invited to sing at the Nico Malan Opera House for the Cape Town Youth Festival early in August.

As we look forward to another Carol Service and more hard work towards the end of this year, we must not forget the efforts of our choir mistress, Miss Sweet, accompanist, Mrs. Dowdle and our two choir leaders who unfailingly organise the choir and help to keep up our standard. We thank them for all they have done.

ANDY OLIVIER STD 10



JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL REPORT

Every Monday afternoon from June to December last year at 3 o'clock, five Std 9's (Yvonne Ward-Smith Vanessa Geldenhuys, Amy Williams, Andy Olivier and Jane Coombe - the last three are Merrimans!) rushed down to Claremont station to catch the 3.10 train to town. We were on our way to a meeting of the Junior Town Council!

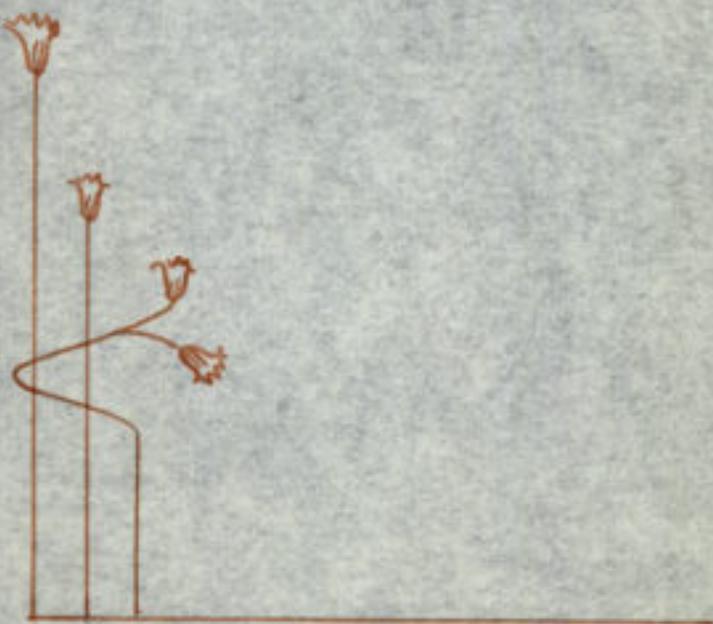
The group of Std. 9's who met there, were representative of many of the Cape Town schools. It was very interesting to meet people from all over Cape Town (Council was multi-racial as from last year) and to discuss our school life with them.

Apart from this, the main aim of Council was to be a voice for the youth of Cape Town; its many projects involved schemes for their benefit. For example, it was as a result of the Junior Town Council's efforts that the first skateboard rink in Cape Town was built.

It was run on the same basis as the Senior Town Council with a mayor and an executive committee. Because we were not allowed to discuss any political issues in the Town Hall building, we made arrangements to meet at a multi-racial cafe in the vicinity.

At 5.30 p.m. we downed cups of coffee and rushed back in time to catch the train to school.

JANE COOMBE AND ANDY OLIVIER STD 10



NETBALL REPORT

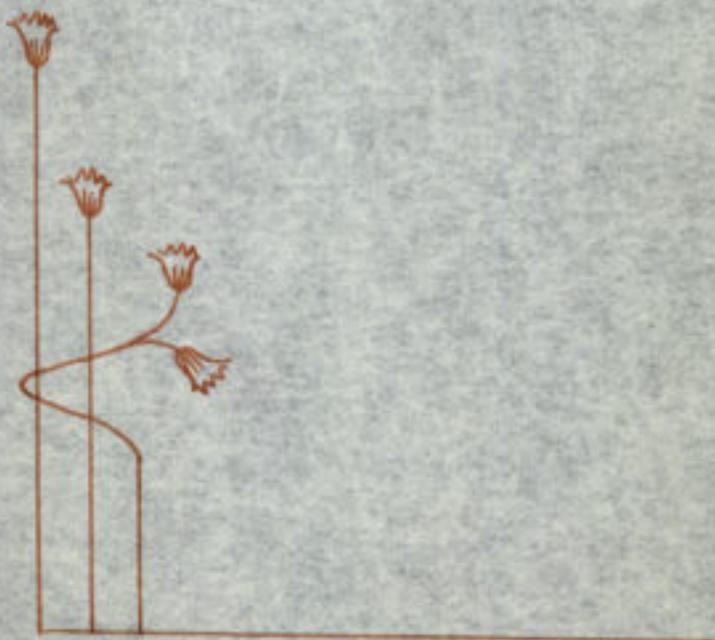
Merriman wins interhouse netball.

Merriman was successful and beat Rolt and Jagger and walked away with the interhouse netball cup. The players exerted themselves and were well rewarded. There were many enthusiastic supporters which added to the determination of the players.

This year the netball team has progressed remarkably, with the help of Mrs. Hudson, who patiently coaches all players. We regularly play league matches every Thursday afternoon, and we have lost very few.

Well done.

BRIGID DUCKITT    STD 10



HOUSE REPORT

Merriman triumphed yet once again last year in winning the much coveted Efficiency Shield for the fourth time in succession! On behalf of the house I would like to thank Fran de Klerk and her house prefects who made this tremendous feat possible. Last year Merriman excelled in all she did. She won the Inter-house Music, Hockey, Netball and Tennis competitions and came second in the swimming, diving and squash competitions.

This year Merriman has done extremely well in having eight out of the fifteen prefects in her house. The prefects are: J. Coombe, C. Cornforth, B. Duckitt, K. Ketelbey, M. Knudsen, S. Naude and A. Olivier.

Merriman has always featured well on the academic side, and has managed to maintain her high standard throughout this past year. Congratulations go to J. Coombe, K. Ketelbey, M. Knudsen, C. Pikholtz, J. Grey, C. Grootendorst, M. Lawson and J. Yeats who have all achieved outstanding results in their work.

As always each girl in the house knitted a jersey or a blanket at the beginning of the year. These jerseys etc. were given to Merriman's "own" charity - St. Michael's Home. Money brought by the girls each term has been given to school-feeding and to various charities chosen by the girls.

During the rest of this year the remaining inter-house competitions will be played off. I am confident that Merriman will do her best and keep up the good spirit which has marked us throughout the years.

Finally I would like to thank Mrs. Rauch and the house staff who have given unending support to all house activities, and who have helped make this year run smoothly.

I hope next year will be as happy as this one has been for all of us at Merriman.

LONG LIVE MERRIMAN!

J. ALLSOP. STD 10



EDITORIAL

A magazine of this kind is a joint effort, and we extend our thanks to everybody who has helped in its production.

We would like to thank last year's editors for their encouragement and help and a special thank you to Mrs. Leighton Davies for spending all her spare time typing all the entries.

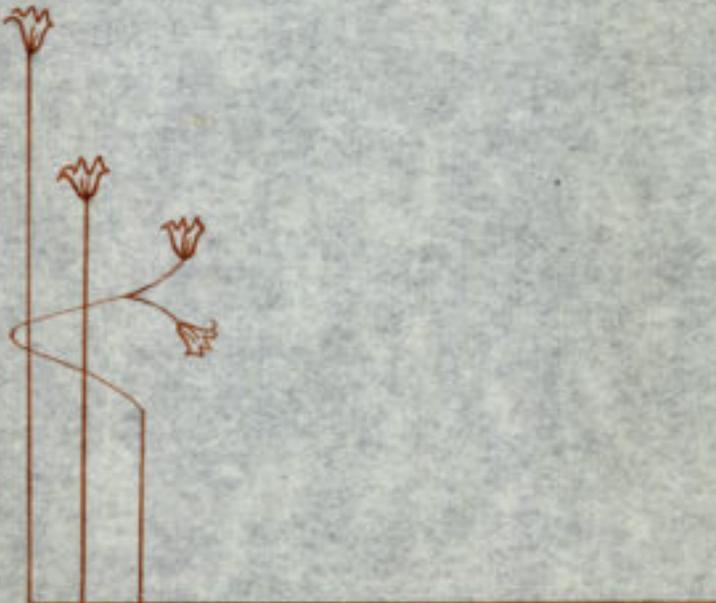
We've really enjoyed putting the magazine together and we would just like to say thank you to all the Merriman girls who contributed towards the magazine.

LOUISE GRAY  
JOAN SAUNDERS  
PIPPA LEIGHTON DAVIES.



NO ONE CAN BE PERFECTLY FREE  
TILL ALL ARE FREE; NO ONE CAN  
BE PERFECTLY MORAL TILL ALL ARE  
MORAL; NO ONE CAN BE PERFECTLY  
HAPPY TILL ALL ARE HAPPY.

HERBERT SPENCER.





7/2/2/18