Knowledge is like a garden;
if it is not cultivated, it
can not be harvested.

Proverb of Guinea.

HOUSE REPORT

On behalf of Merriman, I would like to thank Julie-Ann Allsop and her prefects for enabling us to win the Efficiency Shield last year for the fifth time running, and we hope that we can do it again in 1979.

This year, Merriman has not done too well on the sporting side, although we have done worse before: we came third in the swimming and diving competition, second in the Netball and first in the hockey. Inter-house Tennis and Squash still have to be played!

On the Academic side, Merriman is leading in the Mark Reading averages, and our thanks and congratulations go to the following girls who continually obtain high results and so help to keep the average high: Rowena Evans, Susan Bowley, Gill Parker, Natasha Theophilou, Marijke Hommersom, Jane Yeats, Kate Saunders, Alexa Singer, Clair Grootendorst and Alison Bowley.

Not many cultural events have taken place yet, but at the end of the 3rd term the Inter-house Play Competition will be held, and in the fourth term, the Public Speaking Competition will take place. We wish all the girls concerned good luck.

This year the money collected at the beginning of each term has gone to the Peninsula School Feeding Association and a number of other charities. The jerseys which were knitted or bought by the girls went to St Michael's Home where they were greatly appreciated.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs Rauch, our house - mistress, and all the other Merriman house - staff for their help, enthusiasm and support. I would also like to thank Sandi Nichol and Louise Gray, the other house prefects, for their help, and we wish next year's head and her prefects the best of luck.

Long Live Merriman!

Pippa Leighton-Davies
Head of Merriman

I N D E X

I N D E X (continued)

I N D E X (continued)

EDITOR: Clair Grootendorst

SUB-EDITORS: Cathy Moll
Morna Lawson and Jenny Gray

ART: Fleur Hanekom

COVER: "The Merry Man" by Cathy Moll

PAGE DESIGN: Susan Baker

A WORD FROM THE EDITORS

We've done it! Yes, we have finally achieved "the impossible," for that was what compiling a magazine seemed when we started. However, although there were times when we despaired of ever getting any entries, when we look back we realize that we should never have worried. Thank you all for your help.

We have tried to depict the varying interests of the girls, and, to truly make it a house magazine, we have involved as many people as possible - even the staff! We have of course accepted all entries as being original work, except where the source has been acknowledged.

Unfortunately, one of our sub-editors, Morna Lawson, could not stay to see the magazine finished, as she left to complete her schooling in Scotland. Thank you, Jenny, for taking her place so admirably.

We hope that you will enjoy reading the result of our joint efforts.

Clair Grootendorst
Cathy Moll

MERRIMAN MEMBERS - 1979

STAFF

Mrs Rauch (Head of House)
Mrs Banfield
Mrs Cheadle
Mrs Meinert
Mrs Thompson

STD 10

A Bowley
K Brossy
C Callow
A Campbell
T Campbell(Boarding House Prefect)
K Croome
R Fletcher
M Gudehus
L Gray (Head of Board. Hse. & Pref.)
P Leighton-Davies (House Captain)
A Mathieson
F McLennan
D Newton
S Nichol (Prefect)
D Partridge
J Saunders

STD 9

S Baker
K Barron
L de Kock
M Enthoven
S Eve
J Gray
C Grootendorst
F Hanekom
M Lawson
S Lloyd-Roberts
C Moll
L Moore
M Rosenwerth
P Sharpley

STD 8

N Deal
D Diamond
K Eve
R Haden
M Hommersom
L Jones
G McLean
B Olek
C Ovenstone
A Rabie
C Roberts
K Saunders
S Schröder
A Singer
J Thomson
K Westaway
J Yeats
F Paine

STD 7

J Batchelor
S Bowley
N Broome
M L du Toit
M du Toit
K Gottgens
C Hales
S Hammond
C Hemingway
V Hommerson
C Krauss
C Loch-Davies
J McKenzie
D Pargiter
G Parker
J Quibell
A Robb
W Sharpley
K Smit
N Theophilou
M Thomas
M Townsend
C Whitfield

MEMBERS(CONTINUED)

STD 6

A Abdy
E Baker
S Bester
R Evans
C Fletcher
N Jones
S Mackay-Davidson
A Ovenstone
E Perry
P Thesen

HOUSE HONOURS

Academic Badge:	Fiona McLennan Karen Croome Clair Grootendorst Morna Lawson Jane Yeats Kate Saunders
Academic Scroll:	Alison Bowley
Oral Communication and Drama Badge:	Pippa Leighton-Davies Louise Gray Clair Grootendorst Monica Gudehus
Deportment Badge:	Karen Croome Pippa Leighton-Davies
Tennis Badge:	Alison Bowley Sandra Nichol
Swimming Badge:	Joan Saunders Linda de Kock Kate Brossy Rosemary Fletcher
Swimming Colours:	Fiona McLennan
Hockey Colours:	Debbie Partridge

Well done, keep it up Merriman!

GREETINGS FROM ABROAD

Dear all

I hope that by now you have managed, without my expert assistance, to get the magazine together. No doubt, the last - minute panic is setting in. Nevertheless, I hope you all produce a great magazine - after all my help(?),how could you fail?

Life here in Scotland is rather different from that in South Africa. In the first place, the weather is dreadful. We're having a really bad summer, although there is the occasional sunny day. As a result of the weather, life is much more indoor - orientated. People tend to spend a great deal more time indoors, but when the weather is good, the streets and beaches are packed. During summer it stays light till ten o'clock at night, or later, unlike South Africa, where it switches from light to dark very rapidly. People here are very philosophical about the weather, simply because it is so unreliable. They say, somewhat wryly, that the day you take your umbrella with you, it won't rain, but the day you forget it, it pours!

In Scotland there are far more people occupying far less space than in South Africa. The cities, Glasgow in particular, are sprawling, often dirty, miles of buildings and streets. Many of Glasgow's buildings are filthy on the outside because of the heavy industry earlier in the century. Now, however, it is a smokeless zone and there is a massive "clean-up" campaign in operation. Nevertheless, a few miles of the country are like a breath of fresh air!

Although I miss Cape Town, I feel very much at home in Glasgow and I, like Miss Geldard, love the Scottish lilt. My South African accent is an embarrassing source of amusement to everyone, so I am carefully cultivating my old Scottish accent again so that I won't get questions like "Whit ye sayin'?"

Best of luck for the magazine - I know it will be a success. I'm missing you all very much and think of Herschel often.

All my love

Morna

Dana Smiedt, a faithful old Merrimanite, who left Herschel two years ago and now lives in America, hasn't forgotten us. Here is what she writes:

Dear Merriman Girls,

In this episode of Herschel's answer to Scarlet O'Hara, y'all's li'l ol' Southern Belle, none other than the infamous Smitty herself, graduates from high school!

What a celebration! The Americans place more emphasis on the actual ceremony of divorcing the students from school-life, than the academic tests of scholastic ability.

We wrote no final exams, because the system works on the number of credits the student has acquired during his years in high school. Every course has individual credits, and the credits vary in number according to how long or difficult that course is.

So, to mark the termination of our high school years we celebrated "Prom" (Matric Dance), "Senior Campout", and "all night party." "Senior Campout" was held at the lake and all the seniors (Matrics) went out and celebrated, informally with the accompanying pleasures of a little food, a lot of music, much drink and "tons of fun."

On the morning of the day we graduated, a bank in Dallas gave us a breakfast. After the breakfast we went to practise for the graduation ceremony at the indoor stadium in which it was to be held. Then we returned home to don our white caps and gowns for the traditional ceremony.

We slowly entered the quiet auditorium, two - by - two, from both sides of the hall to the sounds of the United States National Anthem. The gathered assembly rose to honour the 1979 graduates of Lake Highlands High School. After we had reached our designated positions, a prayer was said and then the moment we'd all been waiting for, arrived. The superintendent of the school district concluded his boring speech with these glorious words:
"I now pronounce these young people standing before me, graduates. You may move your tassle over to the right."

For the next three hours every senior of the '79 graduating class (700 in all) walked across the stage and received his diploma.

This was a very awe-inspiring night and at that moment I was proud to be an American. But the latter statement is not quite me, because I am still a South African, and I miss my old home very much, and most of all, I miss all of you, my friends.

/You.....

You symbolise a part of my life I will never forget, even now as I go out into the world alone.

I love every one of you who still has a place for me in her heart and memory.

Much love

Dana

ENGLISH

People

THAT COLD NIGHT (BALLAD)

That is a day we'll all remember
That cold night in late December.
That was the night he was born
That was when for our sins he did mourn.

First came the shepherds with one lamb
Wondering why he was to be a man.
They knelt down in wonder of him
While around his head shone a lighted ring.

Next came the Three Wise Men from afar.
Guided to him by a bright star
And for their sins a cure,
They offered him gold, frankincense and Myrrh.

All around the stable the angels did sing
Praising God, their Almighty King.
While the donkey and cows gentle did look
And he of their straw a little took.

He went from town to town teaching,
Singing, shouting, telling and preaching.
Then in a grove they came him sought
And took him off to Pilate's court.

On Friday at Calvary he hung on a cross
His disicples looked on, felt a terrible loss.
Then on Sunday from the tomb he rose,
For this his father for him chose.

Then he went up to heaven again
and left the world not nearly the same.
Still today that day we remember,
That cold night - in late December!

Susan Eve
Std 9

ENIGMA

An enigma : the confusing disguises of reality, the puzzling clarity of life, and human behaviour.

I gaze at the smoke-filled bodies that occupy the room, and observe the interwoven threads of life which form a perfect pattern. I squeeze between two well-covered men and take note of the people around me. They are a jovial lot, laughing raucously at dirty jokes, and glancing sideways to confirm that no-one has observed their slightly unco-ordinated movements that are the first signs of drunkenness. Wearing plastered smiles and absorbed expressions, they swing to the swing of music. A few bodies stand out : a red-shirted man who steps to higher platforms, and eventually onto the table,

7/as....

as the afternoon progresses. He is enormous, and, as he clasps and unclasps his pasty fingers, he smiles chubbily at surrounding "admirers." He evidently thinks he has rhythm.

A short, black-haired man with a dark skin walks up to a middle-aged woman and the two of them dance. The woman concentrates with a half-smile, and allows herself to be swung around by the grinning, mirthful gang leader - a whirl of smart black slacks and dirty denim waistcoat. Young men support pillars, pretending to be at ease; but their darting eyes betray them to a girl, still against the shadowed wall. As a new song begins a slim-hipped gigolo asks the woman to dance. He is a skilled dancer and, having discovered an equally skilled partner, uses this opportunity to demonstrate his ability. The former suitor looks on with a gladsome grin - as happy as a hyena whose food has been stolen. One crowded table begins to stamp beer bottles and sing well-known army chants. Glasses smash, and people trip. The ceiling is "lined" with a smoky smell, and beer breaths. Eyes grow red and watery as the pupils dilate and the setting becomes distorted. People push, and sticky sweat lingers on in the air.

As the afternoon draws to a close, the people grow inwardly scared - outwardly, the scene becomes filled with more jollity and amusement. A blond-haired handsome youth sitting below the red fat man slips his hand into the latter's pocket. A wallet emerges; but the action goes unnoticed because the owner of the wallet is too busy pathetically trying to win the mob's admiration. But they reject him - and smile secretly at the thief for making a fool of this contorted thing of ugliness who winks feebly at strangers.

The slim dancer now has the woman on his lap, and holds her there uncomfortably, proof of his masculinity. However, his beautiful and effeminate features give him away - he is an outcast too. The woman pouts smeared red lips and smiles to reveal both discontent and pride. A dumb, dull, dumpy girl walks past and stupidly interprets crude remarks as compliments. She is plain, and unintelligent.

An old man with a time-eroded face talks to younger men. He is a bit obtuse, but full of self-importance; a tragic figure in the twittering, twilight of his life. When the music ends the crowd demands more, although they have not been listening. They want to submerge themselves for just a little longer; to remove themselves from the drab tenement building with iron-railed balcony that is their home. But the band refuses and, as the members leave their places, the people turn blankly to face one another. They cough a final cough through unwholesome lungs, breaking into accepting smiles (acting very hard) and then prepare their damp spirits once again for the role which is their life.

They leave slowly - this enigmatic disturbing assemblage of human attitudes.

Diane Newton
Std 10

JOAN SAUNDERS
STD. 10

MADNESS (OF PUNK ROCK, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS NEW WAVE)

Johnny's up there
Performing his arse off,
Spewing his guts out
Onto the stage,
Engulfing the mass of surging, shimmering
people....
Like a large tidal wave,
A sparkling, scintillating NEW WAVE.

The other chaps are "havin' a break today",
Turning out recorded junk in the studio.
The grinding of a saw,
Sawing a victim in two,
The wailing sounds
Of the musician's instruments
Echoeing through the eerie room,
Soundless sounds
Like large NEW WAVES.

Johnny's making a fool of himself
As usual,
Poor blithering, blubbering fool,
Playing his new shiny guitar,
Strumming away at toneless notes,
Covering the beach of people
By a rip-roaring, zip-slashing NEW WAVE.

So come on folks,
Let's forget about old Sid V
Who just happened to die.
Nancy's gone as well,
"Poor" innocent darling!
Forget them,
Come on then
Move!
Put on your new leather jacket, your torn black
stockings,
Come in
And join the NEW WAVE!

Alexa Singer
Std 8

BLUE

Bonsile stared, hypnotised by the crystal light, at the triangular piece of glass lying on the barren, cork-like ground. He picked it up, rolling the smooth, cold surface of the glass in his hand, calloused little hands, while the sun charged the glass with rays of silver and gold.

9/He .....

He was an African boy, who came from a very poor family, living in a small township on the outskirts of Kimberly. That night, sitting at the kitchen table, he examined and admired his piece of glass, noticing its unusual colour - pale blue, almost white. The glass glimmered in the firelight, sparkling with a thousand colours. Idly, he picked up an empty Coca-Cola bottle and began scratching, with his piece of glass, the word, 'blue' into it. He noticed how hard and sharp his piece of glass evidently was, as he cut deeper into the glass 'blue'. His thoughts stirred as he remembered having heard that there is only one kind of stone that can be so hard and cut into glass - a diamond. He tried to sleep, but could not, not because he was hungry or cold, but his mind would not rest. His thoughts and dreams were like a kaleidoscope. Why was his piece of glass so hard? Where had it come from? Why was it blue? Was it a blue-white diamond or just a piece of broken, pale blue glass? Sleep eventually took over.

The following morning he got up early and went to the only person whom he could trust and who would know whether his precious piece of glass really was a diamond - a blue-white diamond, the shopkeeper. But the shopkeeper told him that it was just a piece of worthless broken glass, throwing it onto the floor and giving him four toffees for it, and shattering his dreams into splinters.

A couple of days later the shopkeeper took the 'piece of worthless broken glass' to a jeweller in Kimberly, where he was given ten thousand rand for Bonsile's piece of blue broken glass.

Kate Gottgens
Std 7

DEATH OF A POET

With his eyes he saw things we dared not look at,
things like poverty, death and war,
things we turned our backs on,
pretending they did not exist.

Out of his heart he expressed feelings,
feelings we could not explain,
feelings we did not understand,
they were feelings of love.

In his mind he culminated his thoughts,
thoughts of love of nature,
thoughts of boldness to express,
they were thoughts of how to create a better world.

With his hand he wrote his thoughts aloud,
thoughts we could explore,

10/thoughts...

thoughts from his mind,
they were thoughts of his ideals.

Through his death we lost,
lost his body and his soul;
but we were left his mind, his heart, his thoughts,
by what he wrote, with his hand.

Sandra Nichol
Std 9

WALLS AND FENCES

In a dark, dirty cell sat a man, approximately forty years old. With age creeping up rapidly, his beard was gradually turning grey and his sad and desolate eyes stared despairingly out of the small barred window. He needed company. All that he had for company were the walls; the walls of the prison that incarcerated him in this tiny cell. He was lucky enough to have a few living bodies with him too; this included the rats, spiders and various"goggas". There was even a flowering plant which did not flower; probably because of the poor light and air, Spencer thought. He often used to think back to the days when he had attended the local grammar school in a small mining town in Wales. Biology had been his favourite subject and he thought how the cells of the plant were being starved of turgidity; comparing these plant cells to the prison cell-starved of friendship and happiness. Occasionally he would think as far back as his primary school days to his history where he had learned about the 'Great Wall of China'. He had hated history, especially Chinese history, and now it dawned upon poor, old Spencer that he must have sensed that walls would surround him in the most unpleasant way. But he would not make history as the 'Great Wall of China' had.

At last Spencer could bear it no longer to be shut up inside this vast complex of cold, unfriendly walls. They were his enemies; his utmost enemies. It was six thirty and the usual dull footsteps of the gaolkeeper echoed down the passage. He was bringing his prisoners their tray of food consisting of tripe with a rather strong odour and a few measly carrots and peas. Spencer stood behind the door of the cell and as the gaolkeeper entered he received a nasty blow from the malevolent Spencer. In a few minutes Spencer was disguised as the gaolkeeper with the keys around his waist. He locked the door of cell Eight A leaving the gaolkeeper with the tray of food inside.

Spencer, now a disguised gaolkeeper, found his way through the vast cold walls to the main entrance of the prison without being seen by any of the prison warders. The prison was surrounded by a high barbed wire fence; virtually impossible to climb over without setting the alarm off. But Spencer made his way towards the fence, as he would do anything to get away from those cold and unfriendly walls of the prison. He had

11 /enough...

enough skill to climb over without any alarm being rung, but unfortunately the back of his khaki gaolkeeper's shirt got caught in this maze of barbed wire. Spencer tore off his shirt and ran as fast as he could, trying to get away from the walls and fences that haunted him. But he was out of luck as his foot invaded a miserable pothole and he twisted his ankle. Before he knew what had happened, sergeants, inspectors, wardens and even the major had appeared.

He was taken back to the prison, cell Eight A, and he was severely castigated with a life sentence. He would be surrounded by these cold, familiar and conquering walls and the high barbed wire fences for the rest of his short life unless the judges pitied him and alleviated the sentence. So walls and fences would probably surround him and confine him to his permanent cell.

Rosemary Fletcher
Std 10

THE GO-BETWEEN

The subdued mumble of the people lessened as they departed, just before closing time. Soon only the security guards were left. They checked the galleries for people, and saw no-one. They checked the alarm system, put the lights off, and when they had finished their duties at the Rijksmuseum, they all went home, except for the one solitary night-guard. He sat in a small, brightly-lit room.

At the rear of the museum building a pantry door opened a fraction, opened a little wider, and a man started to move stealthily through the darkened rooms, darting from wall to wall to avoid being seen by the drowsy guard. On he crept, until he reached a self-portrait of Rembrandt in his old age. He deftly disconnected the alarm system, took it off the wall, and brought it to the window where he again manipulated the alarm. He opened the window and whistled softly. He dropped the painting into safe hands below and jumped out. The men hurried silently to their waiting van.

Van den Linden waited patiently for the telephone to ring. He had made it known, both openly, and in the artistic underworld of Amsterdam, that he was in the market for any valuable paintings. Whether they were legally for sale or stolen did not matter to him personally. The telephone rang, once, twice, and then he picked it up.
"Van den Linden" said a voice, "hello. I hear you're looking for something worthwhile."
"Yes, I am", he replied.
"I have a self-portrait of Rembrandt which you may be interested in."
"I don't have to ask if it's stolen?"

12 /"You.....

"You don't mind?" asked the voice.
"No, I'm only the go-between for my American client," he answered. "I can't say any more on the phone. Meet me at the Dam, the cafe on the north side, in twenty minutes."
"Right," was the reply.

Van den Linden waited only five minutes before a swarthy Italian sat down next to him and ordered a cup of coffee. He and Van den Linden soon agreed on the price, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, considerably less than painting's value would have been if it had been sold legally. Van den Linden was to bring the money to Hawe Straat on the west side of Amsterdam at half-past eleven that night. The painting would be waiting.

Two cars faced each other with the headlights on. Van den Linden saw the other car flick its headlights. He got out of his car, holding a briefcase, and saw a man simultaneously get out of the other, holding a rolled-up painting. They walked very slowly towards each other until they met. Van den Linden opened his case and, in front of the man, counted the dollars. The man showed him the painting and, very slowly, they exchanged briefcase and painting.

As Van den Linden picked up the painting, a whistle shrilled. The street was lit up by harsh spotlights. Policemen filled the road. The criminals stood paralysed with surprise, realizing there was nothing they could do.

Van den Linden wiped his forehead and surveyed his good work. Everyone was congratulating him. "Well done! Sergeant Van den Linden."

Katherine Eve
Std 8

THE BALLERINA

Twirling round and round
escaping the fantasy of life,
up onto her toes.
She lifts her hands
feeling the light above.
She lowers her body
until she is eventually
standing in her shadow
and twirling round and round.

Amanda Rabie
Std 8

"CHILDHOOD - A TIME WHEN IT MATTERED ALL THE WORLD THAT YOUR SISTER WAS TAKING TOO LONG ON THE SWING..."

As the daughter of a technical nomad, I have lived all over the world and now, at the mature age of sixteen, I can look back and remember my childhood with a mixture of joy and regret. My childhood, those days in which I had three aims: to reach the pudding bowl and lick the baking spoon before anyone else; to receive the biggest pile of Christmas presents and to murder the hairdresser. This last is perhaps a little peculiar but my aversion to the hairdresser stemmed from the haute coiffure of Bombay. At regular intervals, I was taken to a particularly greasy specimen who cut off two inches of hair. Now, I realize that this does not sound excessive but when you consider that my hair was never much below my ears, you will understand why each visit invariably ended in tears.

We lived in India for five or six years and apart from those excursions to that hairdresser, life was good for this little four-year-old. We lived in Thana, a small colony about forty miles, or should I say sixty kilometres, from Bombay. I was spoilt outrageously by the Indians, being the only white child, especially by the large mamas. I was filled with delicacies like caviot pudding, a peculiar type of tapioca and sickeningly sweet sugar-candy. These were impossible to refuse because it was a sign that one disliked the cooking of one's kind hostess and even I, who was never the most tactful of people, knew enough about the Indians to realize this.

After India, we moved back to Scotland, where I was considered to be a native of exotic places. You see, after a few years in India, I had developed an extremely strong Indian accent which was very difficult to erase. My mother was horrified, on walking into a shop, to hear little Angela's mummy say that little Angela had an Indian girl in her class. However, my accent soon changed, becoming instead a strong Glaswegian dialect filled with typical expressions like "Away ye go!" and "Och, aye!"

Unfortunately, I still had an aversion to the hairdresser, intensified by the fact that all the other girls had long hair. I became very sensitive about this whole matter after numerous "There you go son"'s from well-meaning shopkeepers. It was not feminine to have such short hair and it was a slight hindrance in games such as "Kiss, Cuddle, Torture". Nevertheless, I recovered later, but even today, I watch that hairdresser, snipping away with gay abandon, very carefully.

After falling in love and breaking my heart over a few dozen Angus MacTavishes, I salved my wounded ego by going through the "Boys are silly" phase. However, I have grown out of that. I hope though, that when I return to Scotland I shall not meet any of my previous loves or my early little boyfriends!

14/Our.....

Our next move was to Zambia, where I spent my time being one day, "best friends" and the next, "worst enemies." However, having finally abandoned "Cindy" and "Barbie" dolls, play-play houses and schools, I progressed to Mummy's lipstick, eyebrow pencil and mascara, high shoes, and, so I thought, high fashion.

However, I eventually grew out even of that and progressed further to long, long telephone conversations and agonizing discussions about Saturday night. But, even today, I still rush to lick the baking spoon and I still count presents under the Christmas Tree.

Morna Lawson
Std 9

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN WITH THE GLASS EYE

"It was terrible. Thank heavens the neighbour was in!" began Jenny. "I must have been asleep for an hour when the graveyard scene appeared. I was kneeling next to a newly dug grave, fully aware of the man six metres away. As I looked up, I noticed a strange look in his one eye.

Dave sat in his office, puzzled. The conversation had taken place two days ago and he had just received another call from a nearly hysterical Jenny.

"Where were you last night, Dave? I was in the graveyard with that man again, but," crying with fear she struggled on, "but his face was the same as the one in the portrait on the next grave!" "Jenny! Calm down!" he said. "It will be lunchtime in a few hours. I will meet you in the 'Green Apple' at midday."

The atmosphere in the restaurant somewhat calmed the terrified girl. After a drink Dave discovered that the graveyard was a Hungarian one, hence the portraits on the graves. By the end of the lunch-hour it was decided to leave the matter until further discussion that weekend.

On Friday night Dave put his foot flat on the accelerator. Jenny's neighbour had called, "The doctor is seeing to the wounds, but the lass is in a state of shock. She is asking for you."

"Good evening, Dr Hugo, how is she?" he asked on entering the house. "She has calmed down a bit, David, I have not called the police as she first wishes to talk to you."

After ten minutes Jenny began, "It was the...the same as before, the graveyard and....and....," she hesitated,

15/searching.....


MELISSA TOWNSEND · STD. 7

searching the room with her eyes," and that man! When he looked at me, oh no! It was awful!" she said, breaking into uncontrollable sobs. "Jenny, I am here. Carry on when you feel you can." Dave soothed.

"When he looked at me," she continued, "his left eye shone like a torch with a red beam. He ran up to me and sunk his yellow teeth into me, here, in my neck."

The bandage already revealed traces of blood, she was very pale. Dave was perplexed, and after a lengthy discussion with Dr Hugo he made plans to visit the only Hungarian graveyard in Hörn.

It was snowing, the wind screeched through the swinging gates. Dave and Jenny, huddled together, headed for the only new grave. The moon was almost totally hidden behind the snow-laden clouds.

Dave heard Jenny's cry and felt the mysterious presence almost simultaneously. He turned round. The red beam from the bulking man-like mass shone onto the snow giving the impression of blood.

The Being advanced, aiming for Dave's neck. Just as its teeth's slimy wet enamel touched his neck, Dave lifted his arm and aimed for the brilliant eye. It shattered. The Being disappeared.

Maryke Hommersom
Std 8

EN ROUTE

Three years ago I went overseas with my family. Travel in our family is a hazardous undertaking at the best of times, but this promised to be exceptional because my mother has a great dislike of flying- and we had to fly to get to London!

Ours being a close family, we left Cape Town amid tearful injunctions to "Come back soon" and "Hang on to your money." I was more excited than scared, but on the flight it was obvious that my mother was gritting her teeth. She has a morbid fascination of articles on aeroplane crashes in newspapers, so it was obviously a trial for her. My brother and I talked to a Welshman about Paris - about which neither of us knew anything, but it was only a substantial tea that sustained my mother.

At Jan Smuts Airport, after struggling to find our luggage and re-direct it, we were searched and then boarded a somewhat predatory-looking "Jumbo" jet. Being tourists through and

16/through...

through, my mother and I had our eyes open in case we should see an article that would look good in our holiday scrapbook. The aeroplane menu was one of the first articles to subtly vanish. Food is very important in our family, and I noticed that aside from the menus which we stole, my diary is full of descriptions of the meals we ate.

The flight to London was memorable for our whole family. Only my father managed to sleep while my mother twitched at any foreign sound. She then crowned the flight by waking us from our doze to point out the Bulge of Africa. We were somewhat surprised to find that it never seemed to go away, until we found that it was the edge of the aeroplane wing.

After that incident, I found it even more difficult to get to sleep. Actually, it did not matter because at 2am we were officially wakened as we were about to land at our only stop en route - the island called Ilha do Sal. (incidentally this is where my mother is convinced her suitcase was stolen!) South African Airways wanted to give us orange juice and wash our faces. On landing on the island - and we did not drop into the sea at the edge of the runway - we had to wait in the hottest room in which I have ever been. To make it worse, there were two fans twirling desultorily above us, and to complete the nightmare, soldiers were walking around carrying guns. For me, the room also seemed full of legs, and, as I faithfully recorded in my diary - the restaurant was closed!

Later, we boarded the aeroplane again and only one small incident occurred to mar the otherwise comparative tranquility of the flight. In the early morning, my mother and I went to the toilets. Now, I have a phobia about aeroplane toilets, because,- in a weird combination of "James Bond" and "Airport 77/78" imagery - I always fear that I shall either find a bomb-threat on the mirror, or else the floor will vanish from underneath my feet when the toilet flushes. In this case, neither calamity occurred. However, just as we entered the toilets, a strange grinding noise reached our ears. We both erupted from the toilets as if we had just seen a bomb-threat, and rushed back to our seats. To our surpirse, nobody had even noticed the noise, but we stayed strapped in anyway.

On the whole, the flight was certainly an experience, and I must acknowledge that most of the excitement en route was as interesting as many of the tourist attractions at our overseas destination.

Fiona McLennan
Std 10

GUILTY CONSCIENCE

I struck the match, a small yellow flame
Jumped to life. I threw it into the prepared sticks
and waited.
A wisp of smoke curled upward and a small
Flame licked the dry wood with a growing tongue,
And I watched with an excited furtiveness.
What's that!
I darted behind a bush.
It was nothing but the dog!
I crept out, back to the fire.
And tried, desperately to demolish
The evil gold fingers.
A run for water, a splash, and an
Angry sizzling of a dying fire.
I heard a car, my mother's!
I scurried inside the house
To safety!
I was free!
Free from my conscience?

Shelley Mackay-Davidson
Std 6

THE INDIAN BOY - (Taken from the photograph "I am" by Glen Lambrecht at the Shell Press Photograph Exhibition)

One little child, a little boy, was sitting on the steps when I approached. The narrow alleyway through which I walked had been overlooked by the sun and was damp and dark. At the end of this lonely path the child sat gazing at his forsaken home. What memories were passing through that tiny mind? What childhood pleasures did he recall? His family would settle in a new home - but how long would it be before they were forced to move again. Why were people so unkind? A beam of sun, coming from the left, lit up the scene before my eyes. The boy was still gazing at his beloved home as if half expecting his mother to come through that old brown door in her cotton sari with a basket over her arm. When no-one came he turned his face to see if his friends were coming, running to meet him; instead he saw a lone stranger bearing down on him. His dark eyes widened with fear and his precious ball fell from his clutch, rolled towards me and stopped at my feet. I stooped to pick it up and then walked towards him with the ball in outstretched arms. He sat motionless until I reached him. We gazed intently at each other for a while but then, wakened to reality, he snatched his ball and ran towards a beckoning voice.

Fleur Hanekom
Std 9

WOMEN HAVE WON

Yes, women have won. Yet, in the typical female way, there are still women who believe they have not won - that they must fight on until all their ideals are achieved. In some cases, this ideal is a good one - for example, in the case of women who take karate. They are awarded black belts, but are not allowed to do any free fighting with men, because it is supposed to be "too dangerous". All free fighting is so rigidly controlled, however, that this is a ridiculous situation.

However, I believe that the average woman has won. She has won her battle against men - and other women - and she has been emancipated. Although she does not get equal pay in certain cases, she can hold a job, as well as run a household, and moreover she is often far more capable of doing it than the average man! A woman can vote, wear what clothes she likes (in most countries), live alone if she so wishes, and does not have to get married. Think of the advantages she has over a simple man! The "age of chivalry" and good manners is certainly not dead and a woman can be equal to man in many ways, yet she must still be respected, precede a man through a door, and have a hundred other things done for her that men do not have done for them. An example of a simple advantage over man is that women can wear dresses, skirts, slacks or shorts (or variations of these). A man can only wear slacks (or trousers) or shorts - and in the case of South Africa - Safari Suits.

Yet there are still women who want to be completely equal to men! If they cannot see, by that one small example, what a futile course theirs is, then they would have a rude awakening should their ideals ever be realized.

Men have realized, I think, what a woman is. She can be anything from a chemical engineer to a gentle mother who washes her children with Palmolive soap. Billy Joel, a contemporary singer - songwriter has summed up a woman in one of his songs, called "She's always a woman". He says, "She can take you or leave you... She'll take what you give her as long as it's free... She never gives out, she never gives in; She just changes her mind." Personally, I feel that that is a good description of a woman.

I believe women have reached a point where they can command the luxuries of life and yet can still clean out the engine of their car if they so desire. Of course, a real woman would make a man clean the engine; while she gave orders, but that might not please the man!

Women today are still discriminated against, but I feel, where necessary, that this will change. Women can paint a car, read a book on Sartres philosophy, and go out to a dinner-dance, all in one day, probably with the owner of the car in attendance, treating her as if she were a fragile object - despite the fact they spent the morning in filthy jeans, with paint-smeared faces, abusing each other good-humouredly. What could be better

19/than....

than that? I think women have won and I hope they realize it soon!

Fiona McLennan
Std 10

A SONNET

If I could pluck all the stars from the sky
And hang them round your tiny waist
And with a golden moonbeam from on high
I would have it entwined and laced.
Your lips are curved in an inviting smile
Your hair gleams and shines like ripened corn.
Your eyes are passionate and me beguile.
Your tiny face glows freshly as a summer morn
Your arms are soft and warm
They hold me close and near
And comfort me in storms
Chasing away the fear.
These words are but a part
Of what I feel for you in my heart.

Lindsay Jones
Std 8

Reflections

PROPAGANDA

You! will follow where we lead
("through the mud and the shame")
We will lead you to
   eternal glory
And when you come through
("Downtrodden, smeared, embittered")
Emblazoned with glory
("Perhaps dead")
Then
    dulce et decorum est
    ("etc, etc, etc,.....")

Morna Lawson
Std 9

BREAK THE GLASS BEFORE IT BREAKS UNDER YOU

His finger slid across his cheek, then down over the bridge of his nose and down the other cheek. Then he did it again, backwards. His eyes never left the mirror - they were glued there, immobile and expressionless. He pushed his hair back and traced the line of his eyebrows - or what had been his eyebrows, and then slowly, again, for the hundredth time, his forefinger prodded his left eye.

His left cheek was plastic, his left eye was glass and a long scar trickled over his white forehead. He had only fallen the day before and he was not asking: "why" - no, he was just asking: "is this me?" And slowly, silently he was not seeing "the guy every girl fell for" and "the face that killed with only a smile." He was seeing Bobby Acres who was afraid to leave that front door and be seen.

He did not know I knew; and yet again the finger traced its never-ending line - and the mirror reflected. Then suddenly his jaw began to shake. His whole body trembled with horror and a tear slithered down his cheek, his only cheek. I wanted to cry out: "Let me help, Bobby, I care, I really care!" But, naturally, I could not, and my eyes became as fixed on him as his were on the mirror. I watched his eye, and saw fear - fear so intense that I almost ran - ran from someone who was experiencing real pain for the first time in his life.

He did not wipe the tears away. They just trickled and fell from his chin. He was less than defenceless; and the mirror just reflected.

Then his hand clenched into a fist. He kept it at his side.

21/It.....

It was in shadow, but I felt, even from the door, the fierce resistence building up. I looked at his face - hate had crept into it. A hatred of the white stained face, not a hatred for the mirror - he was still facing that - he had to overcome the challenge; the challenge that everything he had ever stood for was lost : "Gone" reflected the mirror.

And as the hatred strengthened, the fear drained, and his right cheek reddened to a feverish, yet vague recognition that perhaps there was something more to live for, something that could be more satisfying than social acceptance. Gradually the hate dwindled and his eye released the glazed, though intense, look it had had and blinked and relaxed.

A new hope initiated on this face that had appeared almost dead some hours ago and a death had taken place - the death of his old image. But more important, he was just beginning to live - to be aware of what potential he had - to become dissatisfied with the exterior. A tremendous metamorphosis had taken place .... in thought. For he, silent and motionless, had woken up.

And I, I had also come a long way in those few, still, silent hours. I had learnt that everyone, even Bobby Acres, who seemed to have been living on a glass stage all his life and had been happy there, was actually intensely human.

Abigail Mathieson
Std 10

MAYBE .....

Maybe if I had been born tomorrow instead
of yesterday,
Maybe if my skin had been another colour ...
Maybe then I could have reached out like
a man and taken my birthright - life!

Maybe then I could have escaped this diseased
poverty - this, the garbage heap of humanity.

Maybe then I'd never feel the growling hunger
pains at the pit of my stomach,
the ache of weary bones,
the pinch of these boots on my
reddened heels,
or the bitter cold biting into my skin.

But dreams fade and reality is harsh and cruel,
and I am just a small unimportant boy
fated to bear the sin of my birth.

Kim Westaway
Std 8

FLEUR HANEKOM
STD. 9

THE SYMBOLS OF LOVE

She sat at the open window, looking out onto the sun-drenched garden, her face pale and twitching, her hair straggling onto her shoulders. Her long, thin fingers played with a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles which were lying on her lap. Her mind was in a turmoil. She could not think of a future without Henry. She could not believe he was dead. Why, only three weeks ago he had finished the dove cote out there on the lawn. He had planned to buy a pair of doves. "You'll love them Nan," he had said. "They'll be something to brighten your day now that Jean and the kids have gone." Her daughter and grandchildren had been to stay for a holiday. Now they were back, helping her to recover from the shock.

She saw the two toddlers Jamie and John who were twins playing on the lawn, chasing each other like two overgrown puppies and squealing with laughter. Her favourite grandchild David went running out, "Shush, you two, poor Gran is trying to sleep. Stop making that din. Come on Jamie, let Mum fix your nappy. Oh! you've lost your safety pin! Come on let's find it" he cried; and away they ran, looking for the lost pin.

Nan watched them and tears of self-pity welled up again. What was she going to do when they left? How was she going to survive? There was no-one to care, no-one to talk to, no hope; nothing. She lay on the bed, closed her eyes, and drifted off into a restless sleep.

"Can I come in Gran?" She was awakened by a tapping at the door and David's voice.
"Yes, come in David, what is it?" she said impatiently, as he walked in with his face alight with excitement.
"I've got them Gran! I've got them! Grandad gave me the money for them when he was in hospital. He told me to be sure to order them, and they've arrived and I've got them," he shouted.

"Calm down, calm down, what on earth are you talking about?" she asked. He took her hand and dragged her to the window.
"Look!" he pointed. She looked out and saw the white dove fluttering down to settle on the dove cote. She began to shake. She watched, her eyes brimming with tears, as a second dove came out of the dove cote and preened itself.
"They're for you, Gran, from Grandad. He told me to get them". She watched the doves rise and circle in the sky and her heart jumped."Dear Henry," she thought, "Dear Henry, you have given me hope; I can carry on. The doves were the symbol of love and peace which she needed to restore her spirits. She took her grandchild's hand and walked down into the garden.

Jayne Thomson
Std 8

MADNESS

Satan's closest friend,
In a labyrinth of darkness,
In outer space,
Which cripples him for life.

As fathomless as the sea,
He is unhinged from our world
By hallucinations and fantasies
Which do not set him free.

His mind is a whirlpool of deranged thoughts
Engulfing one another.
And drowning in futility.

A slow torture
Of mental aberration,
Eating and depressing the mind
To utter destruction.

Chloë Ovenstone
Std 8

RAIN

It rained yesterday.
I laughed,
Catching quicksilver.

It rained yesterday.
I danced
And the raindrops
Danced at my feet.

Clair Grootendorst
Std 9

A SOUL IN TORMENT

"Is he dead? Please ..... no. Mr Jacobs, Mr Jacobs! He can't have hit his head that badly. I didn't mean to make him fall, I just wanted to talk to him. He can't be dead... if he is... I murdered him!"

There was the running of footsteps along the stone passage outside. They had heard the sound of the falling ladder. Simon leapt to his feet, raced across the large expanse of the library and clambered out of the window. Behind him lay the sprawled figure of Mr Jacobs, a dark stream of blood on his forehead.

Simon ran sobbing, out of the school gates, away from the figure of Mr Jacobs, away from the teachers and his friends. They knew it was him. They knew he had left the assembly hall to speak to Mr Jacobs, the librarian, about his novel he had finished writing. Mr Jacobs had been standing on a ladder, putting away books when Simon entered the library, his favourite room. Simon called out to him, but was not heard. He shook the ladder trying to attract Mr Jacobs' attention. Then it happened. Mr Jacobs slipped and fell heavily to the ground, hitting his head against the bookshelf as he fell.

Simon put his hands to his ears as if trying to block out the terrible sound of the falling ladder and the gentle "thud"of Mr Jacobs' body as it made contact with the floor.
"No! It was an accident, I didn't kill him," moaned Simon softly to himself.

He did not know where to run. He could not escape from the knowledge that he had probably killed a man. His parents would know what to do, but the police had probably phoned them. The police! He could not go home, not yet.

He wandered aimlessly for hours, tormenting himself with horrible thoughts of death and how he would be punished for something he did not mean to do. How his parents would suffer, how his brother and sisters would suffer, knowing that he, a part of their family was a murderer.

"Maybe he isn't dead. Maybe he was just unconscious. Mr Jacobs is young and strong. Yes.... maybe he isn't dead. I must know. I must know for sure! I'll phone the hospital, say it's a friend... Yes."

Simon walked slowly home. Every step was for him an agony. He realised he didn't know the name of the hospital Mr Jacobs would have been sent to. If he was dead, Simon thought, he would have been taken home.

His parents met him at the front door. They were smiling. "They're smiling," thought Simon, "they would still love me, even if I murdered someone. Again, they may be smiling if Mr Jacobs is not dead, yes."

25/"Mr.....

"Mr Jacobs is asking for you at the hospital, Simon," said my mother in her gentle voice.
"We'll take you there now if you want," smiled my father.

Simon nodded and smiled. Mr Jacobs was alive, and he was not a murderer. The police would not arrest him and Mr Jacob wished to see him. His hours of torment, the doubt and uncertainty, were over at last.

Lindsay Jones
Std 8

LANTERNE

How
far does
space extend,
and what when it
ends?

Jane Yeats
Std 8

MY ISLAND

For the record: it was a tropical island off the Queensland coast of Australia. Area: six hectares. Name: Susavitch.

It had all the attributes necessary for making it a dream isle: sparkling white beaches, a naked equatorial sun for tanning and celestial blue seas surrounding it. It's all my own. I exulted but that was before I landed. As soon as I landed, I felt it - an atmosphere which gave me a feeling of being watched; constantly, patiently, watched; one's slightest presence. It bristled with deadly hostility towards the intruder from another world, a transitory, unheeding modern world. We were of two different ages, my Island and I.

The beaches were dead, the sun joyless. A brooding, overwhelming silence hung over everything. No, it saturated everything, making my small noises but a paltry foam upon a

26/deep.....

deep sea of silent stillness. It was peaceful - what an immovable, deathly peace!

I lived a dream-life. I had - well, the island seemed to have turned me into an animal with dull blunted feelings, with no thoughts. My island was stronger than I, and it made me into a brute of aeons ago. Of its age.

On a night towards the end of the month, I was awakened by a throb, a pulsating beat like that of a heart. It drew me, animal, primaeval me. I got up. Got dressed. Walked to door. Opened door. Tok! A black arrow, glowing with devil - light, struck the door's framework.

What is it? Instantly, I was functioning fully, snapped out of my animal trance. With my heightened awareness, I felt the malevolent spirit of the island again. In a split second I was indoors, my mind working feverishly. I was in fear of immediate death, and I suppose my long underworked brain could not take it. What did I do, I took a sleeping pill and went to bed.

The next morning I woke up, again in my animal trance. But it was not complete, I could still think. Last night ... drums ... opened door... Tok! Arrow in door's framework. I wonder... is it still there? I went outside and blinked blearily at the frame. In a sudden shock I realised there was no trace of it, not even a dent in the door. And again I could think, again I became aware of the concentrated deadliness of the island, and I knew I must get away from it, now, before it could reclaim me. I ran in a sheer frenzy to the jetty where my motorboat was, knowing that with every second the island was regaining me. With a supreme effort I leapt from the jetty to the motorboat, with willpower generated by the instinct of survival, I started the motor and headed out to sea. I only looked back once to bid farewell to my island. My island of menace.

Natasha Theophilou
Std 7

FEAR

It comes creeping
To envelope
Your mind
In a cloud of black
Clutching
At your existence.

Sonya Bester
Std 6

CATS

ROWAN HADEN
STD. 8

ENIGMA

What is the enigma of life? Nobody can answer that question because life is an unanswerable enigma. People are enigmas. No single person can clearly define the character of another. Oh yes, life can be explained scientifically and biologically, without a doubt. However, if that was all that life consisted of - cells, reproduction, and other biological facts - then at the best, philosophers and psychologists would be out of business, and at the worst, human beings would be mindless creatures, searching only for food on which to live.

Nowadays, people are always searching for the meaning of life. Some feel they have found it in going "back to nature" and living entirely natural lives. For them, that is the answer to the enigma of life. It is a question in their minds that they have answered. Some people never try to look for any enigma - their finding an answer would not pay for the groceries, so why bother with it?

Many young people nowadays - and in fact every member of the "younger generation" tries to search for the answer to the enigma inside them by doing what they feel is right and natural. To a certain extent this is a wholesome, almost cleansing, time of life. For different people it may involve different things - some may wish to leave home to become independent of their family, and others may seek self-expression in a more dramatic way. These people are all trying to find the answer to an unanswerable question in their lives. It is very difficult to define why you are on the earth. You can go on asking "Why?" for ever and yet never get an answer. Trying to explain the puzzle of life and existence is like saying, "If God created the earth, then who created God?"

People are motivated by different things and this is what so interests psychologists and philosophers. There must be more to a suicide than a family history of mental instability or circumstances that cause the breakdown of a person's will. There has to be a complex interaction of thoughts and emotions that no-one could ever define, and that is why life is an enigma - because people themselves are enigmas.

The word "life" itself cannot be defined, because it is almost an abstract emotion. One cannot say that "Life" is an existence on earth, because if that was all it was, there would be no stimulation of the human senses, and I think human beings would gradually die out.

There are, however, some people on the earth who have found an answer to their enigma of life. Perhaps one is a hippy, wandering about in the winter cold with bare feet, dressed in a sack and with a dirty beard down to his waist. But perhaps that hippy, strange as he may seem to a middle-class suburban housewife, may have discovered something that the housewife would never dream about - that life is a poem filled with every abstract emotion to titillate the senses. Perhaps a person like

28/this.....

this could show another what the joy of living is all about.

One wonders if the answer to the enigma is to fulfil oneself in any way one can. And if, at times in your life you can think to yourself "I'm alive", then perhaps your enigma of life is solved and you know how to live.

Fiona McLennan
Std 10

DEPRESSION

Depression is a coat of grey engulfing one's whole being, keeping out the sunlight and casting a shadow, cold and wet about it.
It is a cloud enveloping the jagged tip of a mountain, hiding its true form from prying eyes. It is a wave crashing down upon the shore, erasing the footprints of a child and the heart shape drawn upon the sand commemorating the loves of youth.
Taking all happiness from one's memory, leaving only regrets.
It is a miner's drill, intense, drowning all other sounds with its shrill screaming aching through one's brain.
It is the tears falling from a widow's eyes, a grey veil of sorrow, when no words can explain the desolate feeling throbbing inside you.
It is all about us in the faces and expressions of the people who inhabit our 'concrete world.'

Kim Westaway
Std 8

Disaster

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

Thirteen is usually my lucky number so I was not particularly worried that anything unfortunate would occur when I awoke on Friday the Thirteenth. How was I to know that that day would fill me with terror such as I had never imagined before?

The morning was unusually still, nothing stirred, but the cattle on the mountainside moved restlessly and the dogs in our village would suddenly jump up and run out into the gravel streets and begin to bark, and then walk dejectedly back to their kennels. I looked out towards Corado, the majestic smoking volcano which I could see clearly from my window. If one climbed to the edge of it, one was able to see the whole of our tiny Greek island surrounded by the deep blue of the ocean. I was indeed fortunate to live in such a beautiful land.
"Marie," called my mother,"come for breakfast."
"Coming," I answered, and finished combing my hair.
My three brothers came in from the yard and we sat down at our wooden table and ate our piece of bread. My mother, who is very superstitious, said she felt that something was going to happen that day, and as it was Friday the Thirteenth, she would prefer to remain inside the house. I laughed, for I knew that thirteen was my lucky number.

As I was on holiday I climbed to the foot of Corado with my dog, Romulus, but when I reached it, Romulus refused to go any further and began running around in little circles and crying. I could not understand what was the matter with him and when he ran away in the direction of our home, I did not call him back. He only behaved like this if there was any danger or if he was afraid of something. I smiled, and wondered if he knew it was Friday the Thirteenth and had decided to spend the day in his kennel so nothing could bother him. I thought no more of Romulus and began to climb Corado from which much smoke was coming.

At midday it became overcast and chilly. I stumbled over a jutting rock and as I hit the ground I heard a terrible grumbling noise. It was not thunder. I looked up and what I saw made me jump to my feet. I felt a stab of fear. Corado was angry today. Smoke was leaving the heart of the volcano and the disgruntled sound I had heard was certainly coming from Corado. Suddenly, down in the village all the dogs began to bark and howl, and their voices echoed and re-echoed all over the island. I decided I would go home.

"Marie, Marie! Oh where is that child?" came the voice of my mother. "Adoni, have you seen your sister?"
"Here I am mother. What is the matter?" I asked.
"Come inside. The mountain is angry and it is dangerous to be outside. You know that if rocks begin to roll down the mountain you could be killed," my mother said in a concerned voice.
Rocks were indeed beginning to fall down the mountain and one could hear the grumbling of the volcano all over the island.
"I have never before seen Corado so angry in all the years we

30 /have .....

have lived here," said my father as he entered our home. He had a worried expression on his face.

Half an hour later our family was talking in the kitchen when the sounds of screaming reached our ears. Soon after that came a series of what sounded like explosions. We rose as one and rushed to the front door. The sight which met our eyes made us recoil in horror and terror. My father acted at once, giving us orders.
"Phyllida, Marie, pack only what you need and then make your way to the beach. We will meet you there at our fishing boat. Hurry!" cried my father.
"Adoni, Stratos and Perseus come with me. The rest of the village will need help," he ordered as he rushed out of the house.
I could not believe that Corado was erupting. I could not believe it. I stood in the doorway and stared at the mountain and only came to my senses when my mother dragged me inside and told me to pack. There was another explosion and I hurried.

My mother and I, with Romulus at my heels, together with some of our neighbours, made our way quickly to the sea where all the boats of the island were ready to take us to safety. Behind us, lava began shooting out of the volcano and pouring down the mountain towards us. The sky was lit with the most exquisite colours. It was the most horrifyingly beautiful sight I have ever seen. The noise was deafening.

People were piling into the fishing boats and making for the main island as quickly as possible. My mother and I caught sight of my father and brothers helping the villagers into the fishing boats. By this time the lava was half way down the mountain, leaving death behind, in its scorching trail. I stood transfixed, unable to tear myself away from the sight of the river of lava. Soon it would reach and smother the village, leaving only ash.

Our family, with Romulus, was the last to leave, but we were together. Looking back at our beautiful island which had been our home for so many years, I felt the tears prick my eyes. What would become of us now? I heard one last explosion and Corado seemed to come apart. Lava seeped through our village, behind every door, and poured in a molten stream into the sea which began to steam. My mother was crying and I heard her say, "It's Friday the Thirteenth." I started. Thirteen had been my lucky number. Never again could I say it was so. My eyes wandered over the sea and without realising it I was counting all the fishing boats, filled with the people of our island, taking us to safety and away from a horrible death. There were thirteen!

Lindsay Jones
Std 8

The Editor
"The Argus"
St George's Street
CAPE TOWN
8001

Dear Sir

Recently, there has been much talk about alternative energy sources, and nuclear power has often been mentioned as one.

But how safe is nuclear power? We are glibly assured that the chances of an accident are one in one billion, yet less than three months ago a major disaster was only just averted at Harrisburg.

Now ESCOM is going ahead with plans to build a five hundred million rand nuclear power station on our doorstep. But the reactors it plans to use are condemned by overseas scientists as potential killers. Several American scientists are also having second thoughts about the safety of nuclear power. "Cheap, clean safe nuclear power is a delusion", they say.

Even the "safe" amounts of radio-active fallout that are emitted during the normal working of a nuclear power station have been found to be dangerous in the long run.

It is not too late to act. Come one, Capetonians, let us at least <u>try</u> to prevent the building of Koeberg-I.

Yours faithfully

C Grootendorst (Miss)

11 Bertha Avenue
Claremont
7700

23 July 1979.

<u>Clair Grootendorst</u>
<u>Std 9</u>

DO - IT - YOURSELF

It all started when I finally managed to persuade my father that my room needed redecorating. "It is embarrassing to bring my friends into a room that has Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse on the walls." I tried patiently to explain, while my father looked astonished and said, "But it was because of you we put Walt Disney cartoons on the wall." I said hopefully "Dad, I was five - now I am fifteen." My father finally agreed that five and ten made fifteen and that one changes mentally during those ten years and that ,no, I couldn't stick "ABBA" over my walls, as Donald Duck's feet sticking out from John Travolta, would look queer, to put it mildly!

One Saturday, my father appeared in my room in his army trousers and rugby jersey with my sister's new Cordon Bleu apron on top of his rugby jersey. He lugged with him a big roll of flowery wall paper which was the cheapest he had been able to find. Unfortunately, it looked like it. I told him the wall paper itself was sticky and we did not need the one tube of 'Bostik' he had bought. My sister came in carrying the kitchen stool and told my father in so many words to "get out of my best apron!" My father took the apron and his rugby jersey off and cut a small piece of wall paper with my manicure scissors, when I was kissing my favourite picture of Donald Duck goodbye. He cautiously got on top of the kitchen stool and tried to stick a daffodil onto the ceiling. By this time I was too flabbergasted to do anything but push my father off the kitchen stool, pull the daffodil off the ceiling and scream tearfully "I don't want wall paper on the ceiling."

I spent the morning pulling bits of wall paper off the wall and convincing my father that it was not necessary to cut wall paper with garden clippers as a razor blade would do it. At lunchtime I was fed up with the whole affair and, when my father reappeared, I told him I loved Mickey Mouse too much to part with him and that it was not really worth carrying on as we had one roll of wall paper still in-tact and a whole room to do. Maybe my mother and sister voiced my opinion of the morning when they said in unison as they gazed at the six dustbins overflowing with wall paper, "What a disaster!"

Susan Hammond
Std 7

FIRE

Whipping it into life
A gust of wind catches
A tiny flame.
Recklessly, it increases
Over the dry ground
Like a glowing python
That wraps its prey
In its embrace.

Another gust of wind
And the flame leaps
Joyously,
Sending out others
To lick and enfold -
To devour and consume.

The flames, wild and twisting,
Writhing and hissing,
Teased by the wind,
Reach their peak -
And start to decline.

Shimmering in the inky
Darkness,
The blazing, crackling
Flames
Fade away,
Leaving only a grey,
Desolated space.

Elizabeth Baker
Std 6

ON TRYING TO LOSE WEIGHT - FAMOUS LAST WORDS!

We are going to take over Clifton and render all the bird-watchers speechless today! I, together with a crowd of lovely, long-legged ladies, am going to the beach for the first time this summer, to dull the glare of my skin. I have spent hours in front of the mirror, getting the last eye-brow hair in line, curling the last eyelash and trying to hide the last pimple. I look ravishing; now all I have to do is get into my slinky new bathing costume.....

I don't look quite so ravishing anymore. Strange, how electric blue not only emphasizes shapely curves, but also unshapely bulges that I never knew were there. Fat, wobbly thighs and a pudgy tummy are among the many remains of winter. I sure will stun the guys! I'll probably knock them stone cold. No, I can't go to Clifton like this. I must first lose some weight.

I am going to be a model dieter. No breaking diets, no rich food and no sneaking chips from the cupboard for me! I will

34/be...

be a paragon!

"You're not ill are you, Clair?"
"No, I just don't feel like cake; I'll have a carrot instead."

My family was not very encouraging. I told Dad that I was on diet, and of my good intentions. He laughed. That horrible man just laughed. "You won't keep that up for more than three days!" He was right - The diet lasted for two days, and my fat lasted much longer.

The following Monday I started again - and ended on Friday. After two weeks of Monday to Friday dieting I had gained three pounds!

In desperation I did what all books tell you not to do. I bought an expensive skirt in the size that I wanted to be.

Then I put the pressure on. I jogged every morning and did exercises. I ate my half grapefruit and cycled to school. There were no midmorning biscuits for me, much to the boarders' delight. Lunch consisted of two lettuce leaves and a hard-boiled egg. Skinny schoolfriends were no help either. Cake was passed around on Susan's birthday, sandwiches, rusks and biscuits were exchanged and ice-creams and noogy-bars were too! I think that non-dieters should be prohibited when I am trying to lose weight.

For somebody with no willpower, the loss of two and a half pounds a week is marvellous. But I was miserable - that is, miserable until the Invasion.

Four old family friends from Holland were on holiday in Cape Town. Of course there were mounds of chocolates, meringues, roasts, potatoes, sauces and puddings, and I couldn't.....

Within two days I have put on what it took three weeks to lose - and I am happy again.

Conclusion: I would rather be overweight, enjoy my food, live well and be happy, than be a walking skeleton and feel like I did then.

I shall just have to be content with sitting behind the rocks at Clifton, instead of draping myself over them!

Clair Grootendorst
Std 9

FRIDAY THIRTEENTH

The stifling summer air lay in a shimmering mist over the quiet Japanese island of Hiroshima. Mr Saki, the teacher in the tiny village of Batan, which was situated in the south of the island, was already at school. He cleaned the classroom and the small blackboard that stood in a corner. Then he wrote in his small, neat handwriting:

"The date today is Friday the thirteenth of August 1945. Thank God, my children, for this wonderful day."

The children filed in talking noisily about their domestic troubles, their adventures and their animals. They talked in fact, about everything under the sun, but about the great war not one word was breathed or whispered. It was regarded as a code of silence among the children. Anyway, many of the smaller ones did not know what was happening in the world outside, and had not even heard of Hitler.

"Children it is very hot but we have to learn. Let us continue." The voice droned above the childrens' heads, the sound floating tonelessly out through the small hole that served as a window. The day grew hotter and hotter.

It was Toshu who heard it first, a faint droning high above in the blue sky. "Do you hear that?" he whispered. "What?" returned his neighbour, a small, attractive girl whose wide eyes reflected her innocence. "The noise high above, up there!" "Yes", she exclaimed excitedly, her voice rising as the droning got louder, "I wonder what it can be?"

Mr Saki had heard it too, though of course he had wished he had not. It was very seldom that one heard 'such' a noise in their quiet village.

"Children, children it is nothing. Let us continue please," he ordered.

But nobody was listening. The children had gathered around the hole and had hoisted the smaller ones up, so that they too could have a good view of the small speck that was becoming larger and larger, as it descended upon them.

"It's a bird, a great wondrous bird sent to us from heaven" said the little girl with the wide eyes. "Come to us, great bird. Come and visit us. Come and bring fruitfulness to our island of Hiroshima. We need to be saved," they shouted in unison, their eyes like saucers, filled with wonder.

They turned surprised to see their teacher on his knees, saying a silent prayer. They soon forgot him, however, as they turned once again to watch the great, black bird fall from heaven.

"What a wonderful Friday," they breathed.

Alex Singer
Std 8

DISASTER

I am not going to babble on about the sinking of the Titanic, the fire of London or any other famous disaster of the past. Instead, I will merely point out the many disasters of our everyday life. You will agree that we have sufficient disasters of our own with which to cope, without having to fret about the Titanic sinking!

The poor housewife has the worst time. Only too often, the baby chooses to bawl his head off the moment the kettle boils, the phone rings and the doorbell sounds - a typical household disaster!

Try baking a cake. Here again, disaster rears its ugly head. How many times have you only the eggs to beat and fold into the delicious looking cake mixture, and find there is not an egg in the house? It would not be too bad if you could drive down to the local store and buy a dozen, but then you realize the car is in the garage being serviced.

Your husband's boss and wife are coming to dinner, and you are only told at 4.30pm - just time for a quick roast. You pop down to the shops for a while and return to a smoke-filled kitchen. Needless to say, the roast was somewhat burnt!

All is not lost however, as there is still some Snoek in the refrigerator. They can make do with fried fish. But even here, disaster strikes. You trip with the pan of fish in your hand. In a flash, the cat is off with a large piece of golden-brown Snoek! Oh well, let's hope the boss likes semi-frozen TV dinners!

After spending ages with your make-up and dress, you are ready to meet the boss and make a good impression. The doorbell rings, and in walks your husband and the guests. You get the feeling you are being stared at, and to your horror, it suddenly hits you....., you forgot to take your curlers out!

No, Titanic, we don't have time to worry about you, not when we have our very own disasters right here in our own homes!

Maggie du Toit
Std 7

The World Around Us

THE OPEN PLAIN

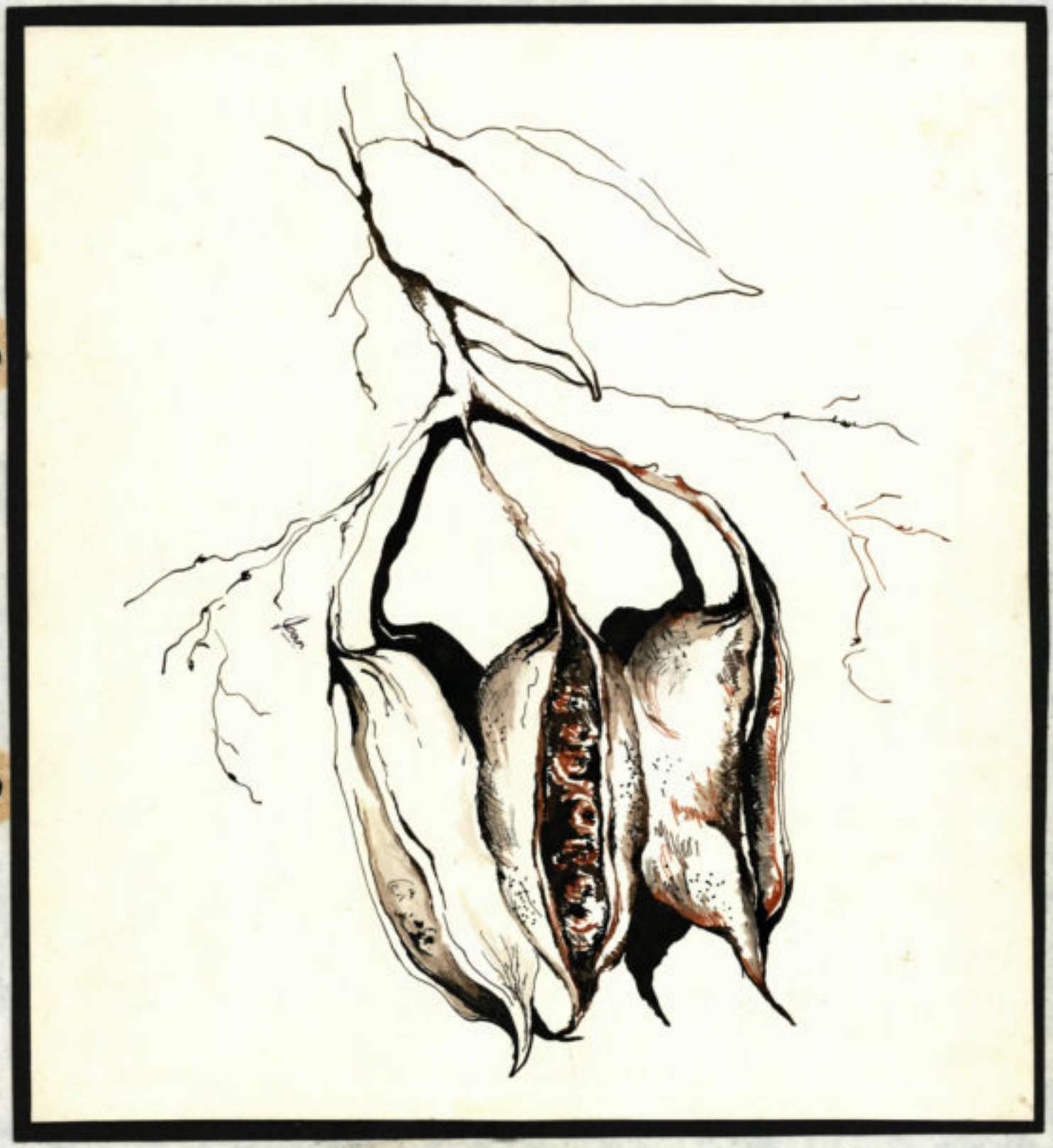
Out in the mysterious land, where everything lies unharmed and beautifully still, there is a place where the wind plays his tune as a contented flautist plays on his pipe and feels only satisfaction in his perfection. The wind has lived life, far from the scandalous murmerings of the callous, calculating kind in the cities. He has found his peace in the placid plains, amongst the wise and sleeping hills, in tune with nature and all the elements with whom he shares his endless existence. The tune has no end nor beginning. Like the surrounding hills, undulating, he lives and moves, breathing ripples of folding air into a perfect paradise.

As I looked out on the plain, a thousand doves flew down, listening to the tune: motionless, attracted and bound by the magical melodies. I felt like an intruder on this plain, their home. So, being the intruder, I kept silent, watching and worshipping their beauty. The cool wind blew through my hair, touching me with freedom. There was a shy sun, pouring his warmth on us, and placing the earth tenderly with a golden veil.

The hours passed, though I did not have any conception of time, I could feel it was getting late. The flautist's tune started to fade, and as I turned my head, I saw the hazy sun sink behind a single tree, like liquid gold. Slowly, I felt insidious darkness encroaching upon us. The doves left me - flapping into flight, groping for the sun, reaching out, holding onto the last glistening rays, the final glow.

The time changed : bleak. The doves had left the alien plains. I ran, caressing the breeze as it blew into my face. My hair was lifted, stretched and filled by the hands of the breeze. I fell down and cried. Through the blur of my tears the hills flattened, the land stretched, expanding into eternity. As I got up and walked, I saw lights and buildings, tall monstrous things with people hanging out of their smoke-filled windows. They felt no wind. They were only suffocated in their silence. As I turned around, I saw one thousand doves flying low in the sky, winging towards another plain, another paradise.

Susan Lloyd-Roberts
Std 9



JOAN SAUNDERS
SD10

MY ISLAND

Come with me to my dream island, the island of tranquillity. If ever I need to get away from the bustle and worries of my life this is where I would go. Follow me through this paradise and find out if you too need a place of quiet and rest.

The clear water ripples onto the golden sand spilling out rainbow coloured shells. In the translucent water, seaweeds sway and multicoloured fish swim at random among the rocks and weeds. No footsteps other than ours mar the windswept sand. A number of sentinel palm trees stretch their arms to the hazy blue sky, guarding the entrance to this paradise.

Leaving the heat behind, we enter the quiet green gloom of the forest. Above us tower the trees forming a canopy by extending their arms as if to embrace each other. Monkey ropes, like lifeless snakes, entwine themselves amongst the greenery. On the forest floor we see the struggle for survival; plants strangle and choke each other in their eternal efforts to reach the light. During the heat of the day, the animals slumber to the crooning lullaby of the birds. The forest thins and we stand once more in the dazzling sunlight.

Before us towers a mountain, with jagged rocks and crevices, which give the impression that an unseen force has carved and moulded this huge giant to perfection. Below, at our feet, a flock of boulders graze like sheep. The green forest forms a Persian carpet and the trees and flowers add colour to this carpet fit for a Czar. The distant sea sparkles and the waves play catch - catch onto the beach. All around we see the beauty of nature.

Rested and renewed in spirit by the peacefulness of my island, you and I are now ready to leave this fantasy and to return once more to reality. Every-day problems no longer seem insurmountable.

Catherine Hales
Std 7

POLLUTION

Grey fingers of smog
Creep through the polluted streets.
Dirty dustbins,
Yellowing paper,
Lie in its path.

Stagnant puddles
Filled with garbage
Litter the streets.

Cars roar past
Leaving a putrid smell
Of burning oil
Behind them!
Pollution sends her dirty
Slaves over the once
Beautiful city!

Shelley Mackay-Davidson
Std 6

CONSIDERING THE SNAIL

A soft silver trail
Invaded the cold dew,
And lay upon its bed for the night,
The grass.

The sun rose slowly
Casting its weak rays upon the sparkling grass,
Whilst diamond droplets
Provided a path of wealth
for the slow trail.

The trail grew longer
And longer
His journey was almost complete.
The sun's rays were directly overhead
They were long
And strong.

Diamonds and jewels
Had been stolen
By the murderous sun.
The grey trail trudged on and on -
Weakened, and stopped.

The heat rays
Invaded the silver trail of life,
Which lay down to rest
For the night,
Forever.

Rosemary Fletcher
Std 10

PORTS

Slowly the trawler creaks and moans at the ropes, and gently heaves against the old black rubber tyres, protecting it from the harsh concrete of the pier. She relaxes and sinks again into the clear coolness, creating a gurgling, bubbling sound of water rushing, and then forming tiny waves against the belly of the boat. She creaks and moans again and rises and pulls and, defeated, heaves again onto the rubber rings.

The sea and sky reflect the coming of the dawn with mysterious perseverance. Flaired streaks of light adorn the sky, with scattered diamonds of light sprinkled upon it. The night sea-breeze timidly flaps the untidy sails of small fishing boats, and gently wraps its cool, refreshing fingers around masts and ropes and dark sleeping figures stretched out in blankets on decks. It whistles into cracks, harmonising with the creak of the trawlers and the splash of the water. Far out a fishing boat bobs, and distant shouts can be heard across the quiet waters. Then up come the nets, and the boat begins its home-ward journey, bringing in enough fish for a weeks wages and for the breakfast of the gulls, who keep an ever-watching eye upon it.

The flock of gulls sails the skies, soaring and dipping, crying and flying; then sweeping down and deftly stealing and fight-ing over a sardine or tuna-fish.

Human life begins again in the small port, as slowly as the rising sun. Far over the misty coast rise frosty hills; sil-houetted against the paling sky, they lie crouching in antici-pation of the coming day. A little way along the pier, and up the rocky face of coast are the factories, dirty and depres-sing in contrast to the fresh healthiness of the sea port.

And so the busy day begins. As the sun lifts its first rays and peers over the faint, pin-thin line of the horizon, the first machines begin their endless churning and chugging. They pump salt-water and fish, packing thousands of squirming sar-dines into thousands of crates. Many trawlers sail out into the deep blue of the sea to catch yet more fish. Old Cape Coloureds sing in rhythm as they work, spraying and cleaning the fish with water from huge hose pipes.

The pitch of the gulls' crying grows ever louder as they still fight for fish, pecking and clawing blindly, pushing for a single scale. The boats now become larger, as the fruits of the night's fishing arrives home. Huge gusts of wind catch the sails every now and again, while the sun beats down on the water, reflecting brilliant yellows of sparkling light.

The fishermen, in brightly coloured clothing, and with dark hotten-tot features, are rested and now set out to work again.

41/Far .....

Far out to sea the wind drops, but the continual churning of the engines never ceases. The nets descent; then only are the boats still, and the water about them is calm.

Theresa Campbell
Std 10

THE GIANT AWAKES

The volcano rumbled like a restless giant tossing in his tormented dreams. It belched large black-yellow clouds of sulphur into the air like the breath of a drunken man. The clouds of smoke discoloured the world making it strange and unreal. The cauldron of lava bubbled and jets of fire spurted into the air and lit the waiting world below. The outline of the darkened town was silhouetted against the brilliant sky of red, yellow and orange.

The people seemed to be unaware of the sinister volcano that towered above, which sent forth its ominous warning. The volcano became more violent and some hearts were filled with dread. They desperately grabbed their belongings in their haste to reach safety. But others mocked and laughed and returned to their jobs, oblivious of the cauldron of death.

The lava began to spill over the brim - first slowly, then it quickened its pace until an avalanche of destruction rushed downward, engulfing all in its path. The lava pressed forward as if its main aim was to blot out man and his creation. The wall of molten gold reached the town. The foundations snapped, walls crumbled, turning to dust; trees were bowled over, falling to the ground like giant sparklers on Guy Fawkes Night.

As the wave of scorching brimstone rushed towards them, the people stood transfixed in horror, their mouths agape, but their screams of terror were drowned by the toppling, crashing and crushing of the falling buildings. The sizzling red-hot mass enveloped the city, destroying the vibrant life which it once maintained. Later, the silence screamed out its tale of horror, pain, anxiety and terror.

The giant, his anger stilled, returned to slumber.

Catherine Hales
Std 7

THE STARS

Look up towards the dark heavens,
and see the millions of stars
scattered like glistening eyes on black velvet.
Will we be there someday -
exploring, finding out and writing down
those facts which always muddle us?
Or will they become holiday resorts
Filled with fun and millons of people?
Or maybe life will carry on without them?
No matter what
they will always look evil -
Evil eyes on a dark background,
staring, unblinking -
forever afterwards.

Susan Baker
Std 9

BUSHMAN PAINTING WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO
"THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI"
BY LAWRENCE VAN DER POST

Soon after they came into existence, the Bushmen started to paint. In the earliest paintings mainly animals were drawn, and hand prints were left as a signature. Later more men appeared, and later still, when the black men came, they also featured in the paintings. However, as the Bushmen were driven back to the Kalahari Desert they painted less and less, and some tribes stopped painting altogether.

Bushman paintings are usually found on smooth rock surfaces on the walls of caves, rock shelters and protected natural ledges. They were usually painted in reds, browns, blacks and whites. Berry juice or blood was used, and they also obtained powders which they mixed with animal fat or marrow. Haematite nodules were broken up and ground into a fine powder to produce colours from red to brown. Gypsium was used for white and charcoal for black. Rarer colours are pink, khaki and blue. Paints were often kept in hollow bones or small horns.

The painting of animals improved and later pictures were very good. For instance in the Tsodilo Hills the oldest pictures are simple silhouettes in one colour, but later they became well-drawn outline pictures.

43/As.....

As far as people were concerned, the Busmen and Hottentots were painted in red. The Bushmen never painted themselves small. Bantu and other African tribes were painted black with large feet and splayed toes, and Europeans were painted in white. In South West Africa there are no pictures. Few of the pictures show hostility between the Bantu and Bushman.

Pictures of animals seem to be mostly of edible animals, in other words, Bushmen's food, and there are also mythological animals, such as snakes with animals' heads, and animals with human features. There are also so-called 'rain animals', which are common in the Eastern Cape and Drakensberg. Rain is often depicted as a cow or eland. A python with the head of a buck is also associated with rain-making. These sort of paintings were all to do with rain-magic.

The Bushmen painted for many reasons. Perhaps it was believed that by drawing an animal one gained power over it, shooting at a picture was supposed to ensure success in the hunt. The painting of a pregnant animal was thought to increase the number of food animals. They also illustrated myths, folklore and events.

In the Tsodilo Hills in Northern Botswana, near the Caprivi Strip, hundreds of Bushman paintings may be found. The Tsodilo Hills consist of Mount Male, a mass of little hills called Mount Female, and Mount Piccanin, which is a few kilometres away.

On Mount Female there is an abundance of Bushman paintings, but these change from place to place. At the south-western base there are paintings of rhino, zebra, three large gemsbok, giraffe, a baboon, eland and elephant and other unidentifiable animals - all in red ochre. However, at the south-eastern base there are more designs, such as grids, spoked circles and strange doodles in red and white. On Mount Female there are several handprints.

At the base of Mount Male is a shallow cave, which has Bushman paintings in it. These are crude and in white - an elephant, a man leading a goat, men on horseback and various other designs. These are obviously of a later period than those on Mount Female.

The Tsodilo Hills are very important as far as Busman paintings are concerned, and they show paintings, which have been done over a long period of time. Bushman paintings of all types should be preserved, because once one has been damaged or faded, it can never be replaced.

Cathy Moll
Std 9

FIRE

My nose twitches, my ears prick.
The choking smoke clogs up in my throat.
Drawing nearer, I see the firey flames leap into the fresh air.
Ochre, crimson, tan and orange.
The branches, once a crisp golden tan,
are now black and burnt.
The leaves crackle, the dry grass rustles
as the hungry fire grabs at nature with its hungry,
hot claws.

The fire is dying out,
Grey ashes are left.
Only wafts of smoke, like curled, wrinkled fingers drift
away into the polluted air.
Now, all is dead.

Rowena Evans
Std 6

THOSE HUMANS!

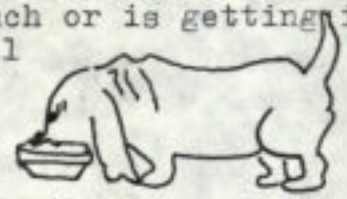
They are somewhat strange these creatures called Humans. Some are kind and loving, while others are cruel and thoughtless - quite a mixture. There really are not two alike. I often sit and watch, quite perplexed at all the things they do. When I was very young, it was at times, just all too much for me and I would roll over and fall asleep, but now that I am older, I have learned to play my part in their different world.

They must get so tired of using two feet instead of four. I have tried it but can't manage for long. Also, they seem to do nothing but eat and talk with their mouths. It all seems so stupid to me. I do wish they would try to use their mouths for carrying things. Mouths are so useful. I can carry a ball in mine or the newspaper or anything else that I feel like picking up. Why don't humans chew nice logs of wood? All they do is use them for burning. Oh, well! I suppose they are very different.

I am a lucky dog and live with those humans called kind and loving. The oldest in our house is Grandpa and I think he is my favourite. Although he is always so kind to everyone

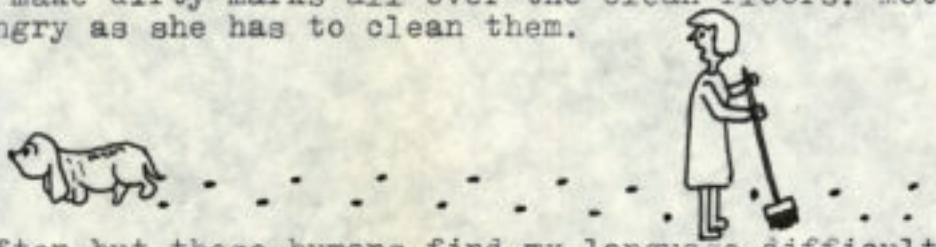
45 /especially.....

especially me, for he is always giving me tit-bits, he always seems to be in trouble. He either sits too much or sleeps too much or is getting into trouble for over-feeding me. It is all very difficult to understand.



Next in the family is my master. He is called "dad" and I am fond of him. When he comes home in a bad mood, I know at once that I should keep right out of the way and scurry behind my favourite chair. Mother is kind and feeds me, and this is a very important part of my day as I love food. This is one time of the day when she talks to me and pats me on the head - quite an odd habit, but I think I like it.

There are two small humans in our house called children. They play with me and I do so enjoy company. My humans realise this but my friend up the road gets so lonely, because she is shut outside all day so she often visits me. We sometimes dig holes together and then are not too popular at all. Holes are such useful things to lie in when it's hot. When I am chased from one of my holes I usually dash inside straight on to my favourite bed, but strangely enough that seems to land me in more trouble. I make dirty marks all over the clean floors. Mother gets very angry as she has to clean them.



I do bark often but these humans find my language difficult to understand. I expect if I could talk we would all understand each other better.

Susan Bowley
Std 7

WIND POWER (Picture of a wind-surfer
at the Press Photograph Exhibition)

Sleak
Ebony
Silhouette
L
e
a
n
i
n
g out.

Orange triangle
Backs a black form - fighting the wind and the waves.

A scene of contrast,
Control.....

Taut muscles
ripple
In fluent
lines
like waves
of
Power!

Haze
Of globules glistening -
Spray is a shower of light
Against deep blue - green sea.

A supreme symphony
Of Sea,
Sun and
Strength.

Clair Grootendorst
Std 9

GRACE MACLEAN
STD. 8

THE SEARED LEAVES

Slowly the huge distorted ball of orange heat descends like a penny into the pocket of the night. It moves too slowly for the eye to see, down onto the far distant horizon, and balances for a moment. Then, as though unable to maintain its balance, it dips, descends and then disappears. The last waves of heat shimmer with mirror-like images through the dust on the parched, brown-baked earth. Silently the still air toils with the weight and strength of the incessant heat; suffocated by its malignant intensity.

The ground lies sacrificed - outstretched - having long lost a battle, trying to maintain the normal balance of plants which feeds animals, and so in turn nourish the ground. All this is now gone, gone with the last winds, and now the silence thunders with heat, and the stillness echoes with motion. Huge, dark cracks on the surface of the ground, pattern themselves with geometric precision. In the distance a range of brown, heat-beaten mountains crouch, rooted to the ground, placidly accepting time and their surroundings - less vulnerable than the earth itself, which lies far, far below.

There is no motion; no visible life. Below out-crops of rock slither lizards, and beneath that, snakes grudgingly move their lithe bodies, stealthily revealing their forked tongues with evil intent. Bush mice sniffle, mouthing insanely to themselves as they incessantly wash their whiskers and faces.

The trees have suffered most and stand bare and parched, branches drooping, as though in mute recognition of a bad deed, but they are innocent and now stand alone in the dusty twilight of the day. The trees' white thorns stand out in protest at the heat, and a handfull of seared leaves, in shades of burnt brown, adorn the dejected branches. The leaves are small and deformed, dry and shrivelled, scorched by the strength of the sun. They symbolise the death and defiance of a greater strength against a weaker one.

Far above wheel crude vultures, laboriously crying and squawking, silently riding the heat waves on the sky, protesting at the lack of water in the drought-stricken plateau. Their crooked faces are ugly with the strain of the drought.

The sky has turned now to a rich shade of orange in the west, changing slowly to a mysterious purple on the horizon in the east; as though signifying a relief to the heat-laden west.....

Theresa Campbell
Std 10

ENIGMA

It stands alone .....
chiselled -
on the grey, misty sand,
with dawn's chill, swirling
above
in a shapely haze.

Cool fingers of water
wrap gently around the
gull's unflinching feet -
and then retreat;
solemn
steaming
denying.

Its motionless statue,
silhouetted in
mottled white-wash,
casts intangible forms on the desolate grains
of beach.
Its alabaster beak - perfect -
sniffs the salt-air
and it gazes
pensive
dreaming
scheming....

Its erect, proud form.

Theresa Campbell
Std 10

IN AID OF CHARITIES

ONE OF US!

"CIVVIES DAY"
(WE PAID FOR THE PRIVILEGE)

STD. 8 DANCE MARATHON. THEY RAISED R 420 FOR "TEACH"

IN FOREIGN TONGUES

Français

IL FAUT DU TEMPS POUR APPRENDRE QU'AVOIR N'EST PAS D'ETRE

La société de consommation attache trop d'importance aux plaisirs matérials en général, nous jugeons la capacité d'un homme par sa richesse. M. Thomard a deux voitures, une grande maison et il gagne trente mille par an - donc, il est plus capable et plus intelligent que M. Ronsard, qui a seulement une voiture et une maison modeste.

Comme Francoise Giroud a dit, "nous immolons notre identité à nos voitures "grand standing", tandis que notre spiritualisme s'étoite au fond des réfrigérateurs...." Nous avons perdu nos âmes à nos desirs, nos convoitises d'avoir plus et de gagner plus. Moi, je pense que la raison pour ceu, c'est la publicité. On doit seulement voir quelques magazines pour réaliser ceu. J'ai calculé qu'au moins la moitié des magazines comme "Fair Lady", "Darling", "Living and Loving" et "Your Family" sont pleines de publicité. On trouve que les gens se sentent privés s'ils n'ont pas tous les luxes modernes. La femme qui n'a pas tous les luxes de cuisine nargue son mari jusqu'à ce qu'il les lui donne. Et Dieu sait ce qui se passerait si la bonne partait le lendemain d'une partie! La publicité a pitié de femme qui n'a pas la machine à laver la plus moderne. Je pense qu'il y a un sens d'obligation d'avoir ou d'acheter des équipements luxueux, choses qui ne sont pas très importantes du tout.

Il nous faut réaliser que ce sont nous, comme des individus, qui sont importants. Le prix de notre voiture, le nombre de robes du soirs, n'est pas important. Ce n'est pas les possessions et l'argent qui fait la personne, mais l'intellegence et l'âme.

Morna Lawson
Std 9

Greek

Ο ΤΡΕΛΛΟΣ

Ἡ τρέλλα ἔχει πολλές μορφές. Μία ἀπό αὐτές λέγεται «ἔμμονος ἰδέα». Μιά φορά ἦταν ἕνας τέτοιος τρελλός πού εἶχε μιά αστεία ἔμμονη ἰδέα. Τοῦ καρφώθηκε σώνει καί καλά στό μυαλό του πώς ἦταν ἕνα σπυρί καλαμπόκι. Μόλις λοιπόν ἔβλεπε κότες γυρίζουν σέ κανέναν κῆπο, ἔτρεμε απ' τό φόβο του καί ἔτρεχε νά κρυφτεῖ, μήπως καί οἱ κότες τόν φᾶνε σάν καλαμπόκι πού ἦτανε.

Στήν ἀρχή οἱ συγγενεῖς του νόμισαν πώς αστειευόταν γιά νά τούς κάνει νά γελάσουν. Μά σύντομα κατάλαβαν πώς τό πρᾶμα ἦταν σοβαρό. Φώναξτε τό γιατρό. Αυτός προσπάθησε νά τόν φέρει στά λογικά του, μά ἀδίκως.

Πηγαίνει στό φρενοκομεῖο. Εκεί ἦταν ἤσυχος καί καλός ἄρρωστος, καί ὅλοι τον ἀγαποῦσαν. Δέν ἔλεγε πιά πώς ηταν καλαμποκι, παρά φαίνοτανε σά νά εἶχε πεισθεί πως ἦταν ἄνθρωπος.

Τόν φώναξε λοιπον ὁ γιατρος γιά νά τόν ἐξετασει γιά τελευταια φορά καί νά τόν ἀποχαιρετίσει. Τόν ξεπροβόδισε μέχρι τήν ἔξοδο. Εκεί ξαφνικά ἔκαναν τήν ἐμφανισή τους πεντε-ἕξη κότες που σκαλίζαν το χωμα γιά νά βροῦν τροφή. Ο ἄνθρωπός μας τινάχτηκε καί γύρισε πρός τό γιατρό. Τί συμβαίνει; τόν ρωτᾶ ὁ γιατρος. Δέν μοῦ εἶπες πώς ξέρεις πιά πώς δέν εἶσαι καλαμπόκι; Εκεινος ἀπάντησε; Ἐγώ, γιατρέ μου, το ξέρω πώς δέν εἶμαι καλαμπόκι. Γιά να δοῦμε ὅμως, τό ξέρουν καί οἱ κοτες;

TRANSLATION

THE LUNATIC

Lunacy has many forms. One of these is the "fixed idea." Once there was just such a lunatic who had a very queer "fixed idea." He had it well and truly fixed in his mind that he was a mielie-grain. Whenever he saw hens around in a garden he trembled with fear lest the hens eat him up.

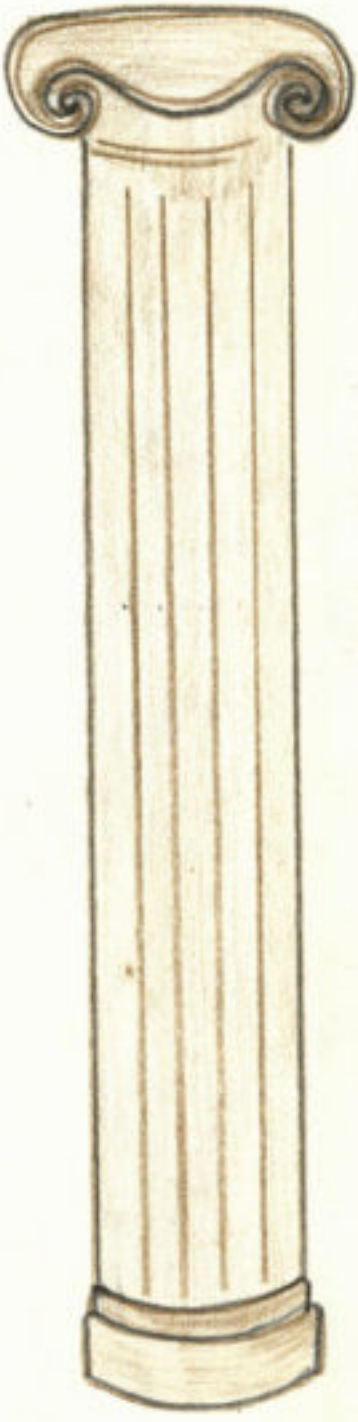
At first his relatives thought he did this to make them laugh. But quickly they began to understand that the thing was serious. They called the doctor. The doctor tried to bring him to his senses but in vain.

In the lunatic asylum he was a quiet and good patient, and everyone loved him. He no longer said he was a mielie-grain. He appeared to think he was a man.

The doctor came to examine him for the last time and to say good-bye to him. He walked with him to the gates. Suddenly, 5 or 6 hens appeared scratching up the ground for food. Our man started and turned to the doctor as though looking for help.

"What is it", asked the doctor, "You said to me that you know you are not a mielie-grain." His former patient answered: "I, my doctor, I know I am not a mielie-grain, but the hens, do they know it too?"

Natasha Theophilou
Std 7



Latina Lingua

FLAVIA ET TRES URSI

Quondam erat puella pulchra, nomine Flavia. Olim in silva ambulabat. Dum ambulat, casa visa, in ianuam intravit. Tribus poculis pultis visis, se famem esse intellexit. Gustavit pultem in poculo maximo, sed calidior erat. Deinde gustavit pultem in poculo secondo, sed frigidior erat. Denique gustavit pultem in poculo minimo, quae tam suavis erat ut omnem pultem comedrit. Defessa, Flavia sedere voluit. Primo in cathedra maxima sedebat. Quae rigidior erat. Tum in cathedra secunda sedit. Mollior tamen erat. In sella igitur testia sedit. Eheu! Fracta est.

Perterrita, scalis ascendit ibi tres lectos invenit in primo lecto cubuit. Hic lectus rigidior erat. Lectus secundus mollior erat, itaque in minimo lecto cubuit. Qui tam gratus erat ut mox dormieret.

Brevi tempore, tres ursi revenerunt domum. Intellexerunt aliquem pultem gustavisse et ursus minimus, Julius exclamavit, "Eheu! Puls meus comesia est!" Deinde ursus maximus vidit aliquem in cathedra sua sedisse, et ursus minimus flere coepit. "Sella mea", exclamavit, "fracta est!" Scalis ascendit et cubiculum intravit. Sed in lecto eius dormiebat puella pulchra. Statim puella e somno excitata est. Urso viso aufugit perterrita.

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS (Translation)

Once upon a time there was a pretty girl called Goldilocks. One day she went for a walk in the forest, and, espying a cottage, she entered it. There she saw 3 plates of porridge and, as she realised that she was hungry, she started to eat the porridge in the largest plate, but it was too hot. Then she tasted the porridge in the 2nd plate, but it was too cold. When she tried the 3rd plate of porridge, she thought it was so tasty that she ate it all. Goldilocks was tired and wanted to sit down. First she sat in the biggest chair. This was too hard. Then she sat in the second chair. However, this was too soft. So she sat down in the third chair. Alas! This one broke. Frightened, she ran upstairs. There she found 3 beds, so she lay down on the first. This bed was too hard. The second bed was too soft, so she lay down on the smallest bed. This was so comfortable that she soon fell asleep.

A little while later the 3 bears returned home. They realised that someone had eaten their porridge, and the smallest bear exclaimed, "Oh dear! My porridge is finished!" Then the biggest bear noticed that someone had sat on his chair, and the smallest bear began to cry. He wailed, "My chair is broken!" He went up the stairs and entered the bedroom, but a pretty girl lay sleeping on his bed. At once she awoke with a start. When she saw the bear, she fled, terrified.

Clair Grootendorst &
Cathy Moll -
Std 9

Espagnol

EL REY SALTAN

I TAS TRES ERMANAS

Un dia tres ermanas bonitas, paradas junto a la venta avierto, ablaban de ser la esposa del Rey. Ta ermana mas granda dijo, "Si yo fuera heina yo tendria una fiesta que nunca terminaria." Ta ermana mediana dijo, "Si yo fuera reina a los pobres les aria sarpes bonitas de muchos colores." Ta ermana mas peqena dijo, "Al Rey Saltan le dare un bijo con ojos azules como el mar y cabbello negro como el cielo de noche." Tas ermanas no savian que el Rey estava parado afvera oiendo los ablar. Y cuando la ermana dijo que ella de daria bijo el Rey la dijo. "Tu seras me esposa y Ta ermana grande puede ser cocinera y la otra mi tejedora."

Tas dos ermanas grandes estavan furiosas y cuando la ermana peqena tuvo al bijo como ella avia dicho. El Rey estava un la guerra. Y las ermanas mondo al Rey un mensaje, y el mensaje decia que el bébé estava feo. Tas ermanas creian que el Rey y va mandar un mensaje deciendo que mataran al Mana y bijo. Pero no lo hiso, el vino y vio al bébé y le dio mucho alégria. Que le dijo a su esposa, "Son tus ermanas castiga las como tu guires. Pero la ermana dijo, "Mis ermanas no som mallas deja las que casan y tegan un ijo asi comozel mio. "Y las ermanas se arepentieron.

KING SULTAN AND THE THREE SISTERS (Translation)

One day three pretty sisters were standing next to the open window. They were talking about marrying King Sultan. The oldest sister said, "If I marry the King I would have a never-ending ball and everyone could come!" The second sister said, "If I were to marry the King I would knit many colourful jerseys for all the people to wear and the people would think, what a nice Queen we have!" The youngest sister spoke very softly but enough to be heard from outside the window and said, "If I were to marry the King I would give him a son with eyes as blue as the sea and hair as black as the night sky!" And after saying this the King came into the house and said to the youngest sister, "You shall be my Queen and give me a son with eyes as blue as the sea and hair as dark as night, and your eldest sister shall be in charge of all the balls that take place in the palace and your other sister shall be the Royal Knitter."

When the Queen had her son the two sisters were mad with jealousy and since the King was at war, the two sisters sent him a message saying that the son was born but he was very ugly and deformed. The sisters thought the King would send back an order telling them to kill the baby but he didn't. Instead he came home and saw how beautiful the baby was. King Sultan was so happy that instead of punishing the two sisters himself, he said

54 /to .....

to the Queen, "They are your sisters. You may punish them as you wish." But the Queen did not punish them. She said, "I shall not punish them but only wish them to marry and have children of their own." The sisters were truly sorry for what they had done.

Jackie MacKenzie
Std 7

Deutsch

DOCH ZWECKLOS

Professor Carl von Schleich hatte im Krankenhaus in Lichterfelde einen jungen Mann operiert. Dieser was sehr um seine Gesundheit besorgt und erwänt bei der abschlieszenden Untersuchung, er möchte gern hundert Jahre alt werden. Professor von Schleich möge ihm doch Ratschläge geben, denn er wolle seine Lebensweise ganz darauf einrichten.

Von Schleich entdeckte bei der Untersuchung absolut nichts Bedenkliches und fragte:

"Rauchen Sie stark?"
Der Patient antwortete, er rauche überhaupt nicht.
"Aber gegen den Alkohol haben Sie nichts einzuwenden?"
Gekränkt bedeute der junge Mann er sei Abstinenzler.
"Aha," nickte von Schleich verständnisvoll, "dan sind Sie wohl ein Genieszer in Sachen Liebe?"
Empört wies der Gefragte darauf hin er sei unverheiratet und möge überhaupt nicht trauen.
"Na sagen sie mal Mensch," fragte von Schleich, "wozu wollen Sie dann überhaupt hundert Jahre alt werden?"

WITHOUT PURPOSE (Translation)

Professor Carl von Schleich had operated on a young man in a hospital in Lichterfelde. This young man worried very much about his health and at his final examination he mentioned that he would like to live for a 100 years. He said he would like to have advice from the Professor on how to live to achieve this.

At the examination Professor von Schleich found absolutely nothing wrong with the man and asked him:

"Do you smoke heavily?"
The patient answered that he did not smoke at all.
"But what about drinking?"
The young man felt very insulted and said he was a teetotaller.
"Aha", nodded the Professor knowingly, "then you love women very much."
Indignantly the man pointed out that he was unmarried and did not like women at all.
"Well, asked Professor von Schleich, "then why on earth do you want to live for 100 years?"

Connie Krauss
Std 7

Das Heute ist das Wichtigste des Lebens
Schau' nicht zurück,
Bedaure nichts was war!
Blick nur nach vorn,
Denn Taten von Heute bestimmen das Morgen,
Und Taten von Gestern bestimmten das Heute,
Darum schau nur nach vorn,
Blick nicht zurück in Vergangenheits Schlucht
Schau auf die Sonne,
Das Leben, das Heute, das Jetzt!

(Translation)

Today is the most important day of your life
Don't look back,
Have no regrets
Because today's deeds make your morrow
And yesterday's made today.
So just look forward
Don't look back in Yesterday's Abyss
Look to the sun
Life, the present, now.

Birte Olek
Std 8

Po Polsku

ZACHOG SŁANCA

Stonce wschodzi
Rozwija swoje zlote skrzyolla poprzez
Budzace sie niebo
Barwne morze nieskonc zenie plucze brzegi
Mewy witaja nowy dzien piskliwymi krzykami
Oszolomiony pieknem i potega przyrody
Czuje
E slow mi zabrakto.

SUNSET (Translation)

The sun rises,
Spreading its golden wings across
The wakening sky
A coloured sea laps timelessly on shore -
Gulls greet the new day with plaintive cries.
Struck by the awesome beauty of nature,
I find
There is nothing to say.

Magda Rosenworth
Std 9

Nederlands

MARKEN

Marken was vroeger een eilandje in de Zuiderzee. Dit is het echter nu niet meer want deze zee is voor een groot gedeelte drooggelegd om meer landbouwgrond voor Holland's 14 millioen inwoners te bekomen.

Alles wat nu over is van de Zuiderzee is een groot meer, het Ijsselmeer; de rest is omgezet in vruchtbare vlaktes bouwland.

Tijdens onze vacantie in Holland in 1974, hebben wij een bezoek aan Marken gebracht. Toen wij daar aankwamen, was't eerste wat me opviel dat alle huizen van hout waren en hoog op palen stonden. De reden was dat, toen Marken nog een eiland was, het verschillende keren overstroomd is.

De meeste mensen die ek zag lopen, droegen de kleurrijke plaatselijke klederdracht. Marken is een van de weinige plaatsen in Nederland waar nog klederdracht gedragen wordt, maar de opgroeiende jeugd onttrekt zich steeds meer aan deze traditie. Maar zolang dit nog een toeristen-attractie blijft, zullen er altyd nog wel Markers zijn die hun klompen en pofbroeken blijven dragen.

MARKEN (Translation)

Marken used to be a small island in the Zuiderzee. This is however no longer the case as a large part of the sea has been reclaimed in order to acquire more land for Holland's 14 million inhabitants.

All that is left of the Zuiderzee is a large lake, the Ijsselmeer; the remainder has been transformed in fertile agricultural plains.

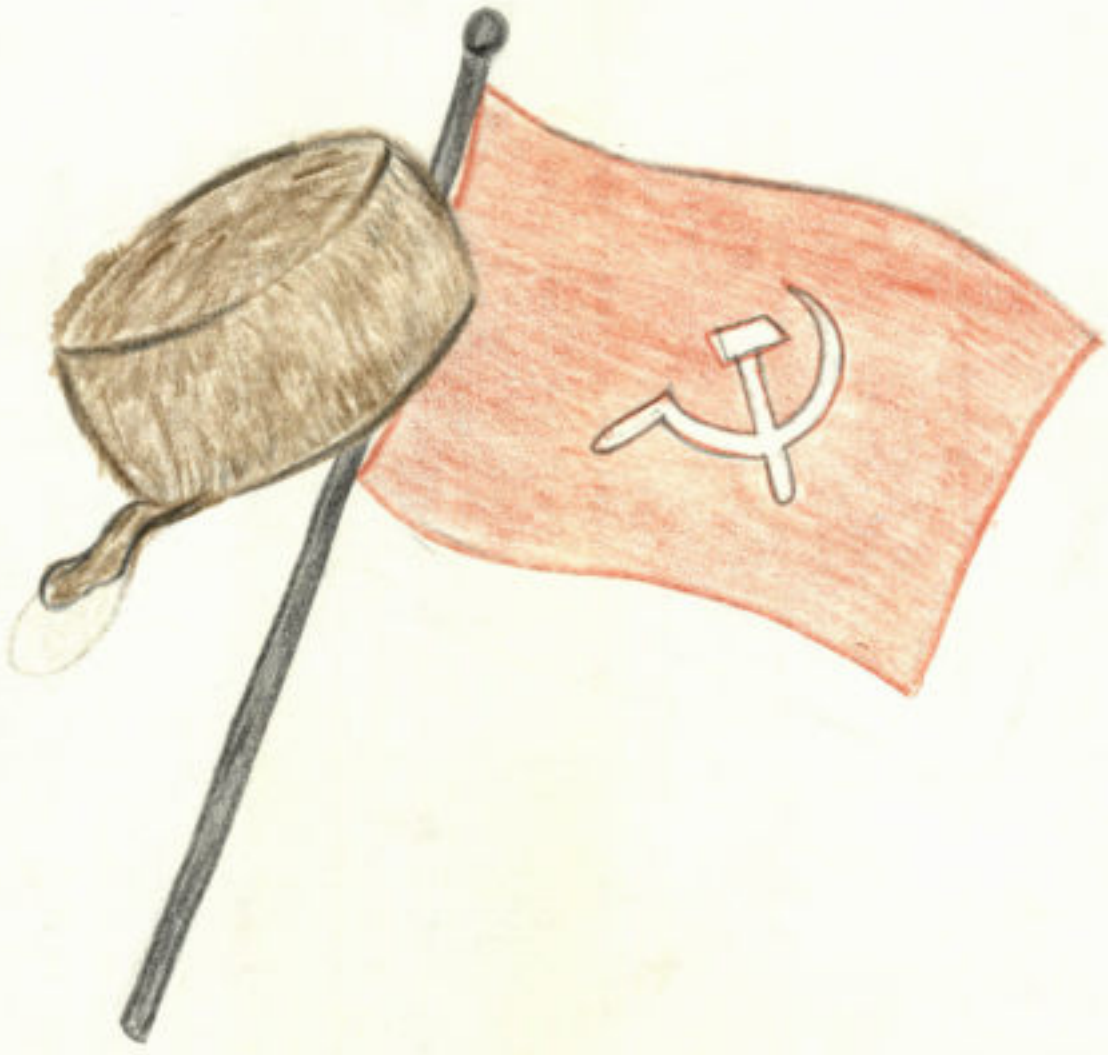
While on holiday in Holland in 1974, we visited Marken. When we arrived there, the first thing that struck me was that all the houses were wooden and stood on piles. The reason for this is that, when Marken was still an island, it was flooded by the sea several times.

Many of the people that I saw there wore the colourful local costume. Marken is one of the few places in the Netherlands where national costume is still worn, but the young people are inclined to abandon this tradition more and more. However, as long as it remains a tourist attraction, there will always be 'Markers' who will wear their clogs and knickerbockers.

Clair Grootendorst
Std 9

MARKEN.

Russian



Письмо в селёдке[59]

Соня Шрёдэр

Однажды человек, проживающий в Алма-Ате, купил селёдку. Крупная, жирная, она ничем не отличалась от сотен таких же атлантических сельдей, которыми торговал магазин. И всё-таки она оказалась необыкновенной. В ней была обнаружена ампула с письмом на русском языка.

Дорогие друзья! – говорилось в письме – Просим сообщить, где, на чьём столе окажется эта селёдка. Мы выловили её в Атлантическом океане и послали путешествовать с ампулой содержащий это письмо. Селёдка отличная, желаем вам приятного ~~от~~ аппетита.

Рыбаки

Ни адрес, ни фамилии рыбаков не были указаны Забыли.

TRANSLATION

LETTER IN A HERRING

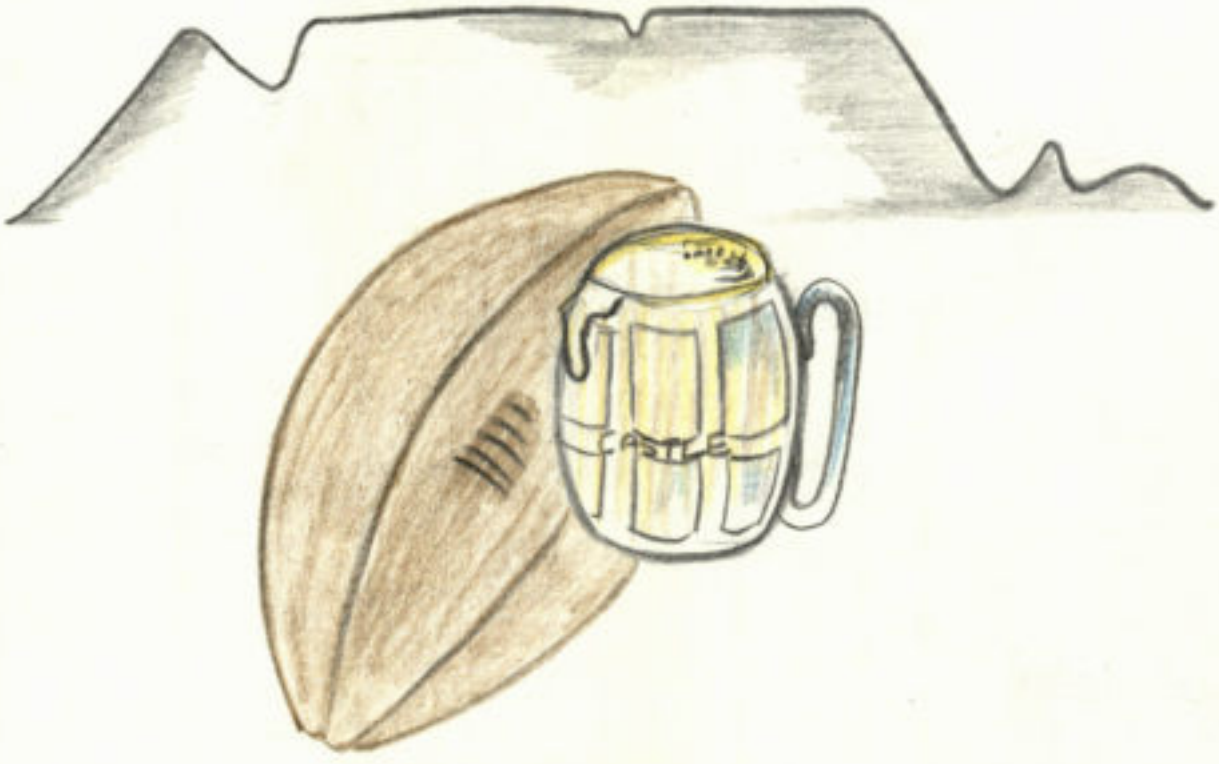
Once a man living in Alma-Ate bought a big, fat herring. It did not differ from the other Atlantic herrings which the shop had for sale. And yet it was unusual. Inside it a bottle with a letter in Russian was found.
"Dear friends" the letter said.
"Please inform us where and on whose table this herring will appear. We caught her in the Atlantic ocean and we sent her to "travel" with this letter in the bottle. The herring is excellent and we hope you have a good appetite.

Fisherman."

Neither the address, nor the surname of the family was given. They forgot to write it down.

Although Afrikaans and Xhosa are not "Foreign Tongues" in the strictest sense, we have included them in this section as they are "non-English" languages.

Afrikaans



AS DIE SKADUWEES LANK WORD

Ek sit op 'n rots in die skemerte, die branders slaan teen die krans in 'n poging om my in die see te trek. Almal wil my seer maak, selfs die see, maar soos ek oor die water tuur , sak 'n vrede in my. Die laaste paar maande is nou so ver van my af as die sakkende son aan die kim is.

Drie maande gelede het my ma my vertel dat Alex in 'n motorongeluk oorlede is. Dit het my vreeslik getref; my gedagtes was in 'n storm, my hart het vir 'n oomblik stilgestaan en toe soos 'n wildeperd gehardloop. Ek het 'n minuut lank, die langste minuut in my lewe, doodstil gesit. Die hele wêreld het stilgestaan. Meteens het die trane begin loop en ek het my longe leeg gegil.

Waarom Alex? Waarom my? Drie jare het ons saam deur die lewe gewandel, mekaar gehelp en verstaan. Saam het ons probleme bespreek. Alles was so perfek; ons was vir mekaar bedoel.

'n Portret is al wat van hom oorgebly het, maar daar is 'n stuk glas tussen ons. Ek wil met hom praat, hy hoor my nie, hy staar deur my; na al my moeite is die portret besmeer met trane.

Ek is te jonk om so te bly. Elke brander verminder die pyn 'n bietjie,maar sodra ek omdraai en weer saam met die wêreld leef, sal ek herinner word aan die liefde wat eens myne was, maar wat ek nou kwyt is.

Maryke Hommersom
Std 8

'n BLAD UIT DIE DAGBOEK VAN HENRI CHARRIÈRE

Dinsdag, 26 Oktober 1931.

Om agtuur het die bewaarders my uit die tronksel kom haal, die sel waarin ek al 'n jaar deurgebring het. Ek het my beste klere aangetrek. Ons het per motor hof toe gery. Ek het tussen twee bewaarders gesit. Ek was aan een gebind. Ek was baie bewus van die mense wat na my gekyk het. In die hof het niemand getuienis teen my afgelê nie. Ek het gehoop dat hulle my sou vryspreek, maar toe het twee mans verskyn.
Hulle het vals getuienis teen my afgelê.
Ek was baie ontsteld.
Alles was rooi, bloedrooi, - die tapyte, die gordyne en selfs die regter se klere.
Ek is skuldig bevind.

61 /Binne.....

Binne twee weke gaan ek "Devil Island" toe. Sal ek ooit daarvandaan bevry word?

Amanda Robb
Std 7

SONSONDERGANG BY DIE SEE

As ek aan sonsondergang by die see dink, is daar een wat in my geheue bo al die ander uitstaan. Dit was 'n pragtige aand 'n jaar of twee gelede, toe ek een van die passasiers was wat saam met die S A Vaal op een van sy laaste seereise gevaar het.

Dit het al skemer se kant toe gestaan toe ons die hawe verlaat en binnekort was ons met volle vaart die diep see in. Ek het bo-dek toegegaan om die vars seelug in te asem. 'n Mens kon die beweging van die magtige skip op die bo-dek beter voel as onder in die kajuit. Ek het aan die reling vasgehou om my ewewig te behou tot ek aan die beweging gewoond geraak het. Ek was totaal betower deur die asemrowende sonsondergangstoneel wat besig was om voor my oë afgespeel te word.

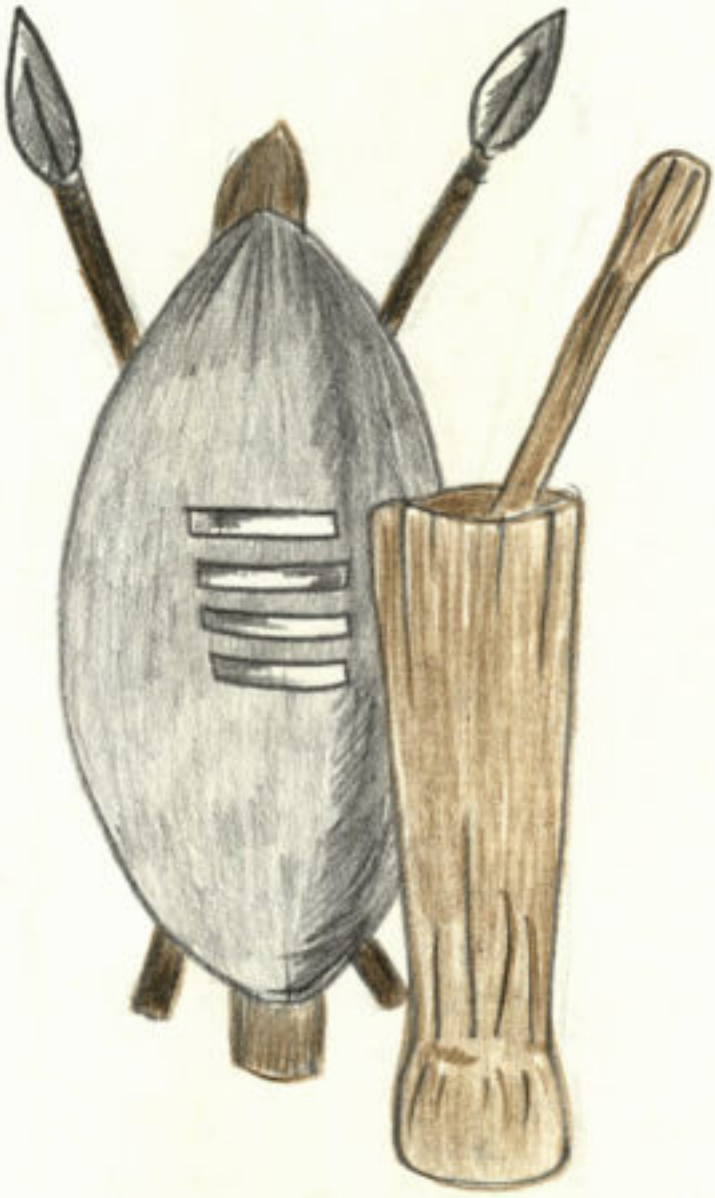
Die son het die wolke pienk en goud geverf en dit was asof hulle die mas van die skip omsingel. As gevolg daarvan het die mas vir my soos die vinger van God wat na bo wys, gelyk. Die son het op die kim gehuiwer en van die water weerspieël. Sy strale het na ons gewink en dit was asof ons direk in die oog van die son sou vaar.

Ons was nog nie te ver van die kus af nie en seemeeue het nog daar bo rondgedraai, maar hulle het ook geleidelik afskeid geneem en 'n tydjie lank was dit net ons en die son en die see. Ek het die warrellende water weerskante die skip dopgehou en toe skielik 'n entjie daarvandaan 'n groot, blink, swart vis waargeneem. Hy was ook nie alleen nie en binnekort het 'n skool dolfyne in die goue water van die sonsondergang gebaljaar.

Deurgangs het die gloeiende rooi pennie van die son dieper en dieper in die see afgesak. Soos hy gesak het, het hy sy strale stadig agter hom tot ondertoe getrek en die kleur van die wolke het hy ook teruggeëis. Met sy verdwyning het hy ons alleen en onbeskerm gelaat, bewus van die nietigheid van die mens en die mag van die Groter Hand.

Karen Croome
Std 10

Xhosa



IMFUNDIFO

Ngamanye amaxhesha
Ucinga ububa unelishwa
Akukho mntu akuthandayo
Viza apha
Ndiza kukubonisa angasaze uzilibale.

Uyalubona usana olubhityileyo
Lukhala lulele endleleni?
Usisi walo ulutyisa
Kuba unina wasweleka

Uyayibona inkwenkwe
Ethengisa amaphepha asequsuku kakhulu?
Uysie linseila
Ikhaya laya sisitrato.

Uyalibona ixhego
Lihlala ekhefi yonke imihla
Intliziyo yalo yaphukile
Kadwa akasikhumbuli isizathu.

TRANSLATION

The translation is not word for word because some phrases can't be translated directly.

LESSON AND LEARNING

Sometimes
You think you're unfortunate
And nobody likes you.
Come here,
And I will show you something that you will never forget.

Do you see the thin baby
Crying and lying in the road?
His sister has to feed him
Because his mother is dead.

Do you see the young boy
Who sells the late-night paper?
His father is a drunkard
And his home is the street.

Do you see the old man
Who sits all day in the cafè?
His heart is broken,
But he can't remember why.

Chloë Ovenstone
Std 8

ULWANDLE

Walakahla, walakahla, walakahla!
Amaza abetha ematyeni amakhulu.
Sebe, sebe, sebe!
Amanzi achwechwa esantini.

Amahashe amhlophe ayaleqana
Ayabaleka, ayabaleka eza esantini.
Xa kukho umoya omkhulu kakhulu, amaza
ayagquma nyengengonyama kodwa xa ulwandle
ezolile ilanga libalele amanzi ayakhazimla.

Ulwandle lunzulu, lulingewaba sozulwazi,
luneemfihlo. Ludala kunentaba kulo zininzi
isipho: ukutya, ulonwaba, impilo, ubuhle kanti
kukho iingozi ezininzi kwakulo apho.

THE SEA (Translation)

Crash, crash, crash!
The waves beat against the huge rocks.
Swish, swish, swish!
The water creeps onto the sand.

The white horses chase each other.
They race for the sand.
When there is a wild wind the waves roar like
lions but when the sea is calm and the sun shines,
the water glitters.

The sea is deep, it is a grave which you will not
fathom, it has many secrets. The sea is older than the
mountains and has many gifts: food, joy, health, beauty,
yet, at the same time, there are many dangers.

Kate Saunders
Std 8

FROM THE CLASSROOM

Biology

The man who made the greatest single contribution to the study of heredity and founded the science of genetics.

GREGOR JOHAN MENDEL

born: 22 July 1822
died: 6 January 1884

Gregor Mendel was the son of a poor peasant and he grew up on his father's farm. He was interested in natural science as a youth, but he entered the Augustinian monastery at Brûn where he was educated, and later ordained as a priest at the age of twenty - five. He attended the Vienna University, and although he never qualified as a teacher (failing ironically in biology and geology), he taught science at the technical high school at Brûnn. (Now Brno, Czechoslovakia).

His experiments which led to the discovery of the basic principles of heredity were begun in the monastery garden in 1856. He spent his spare time in carrying out long plant breeding experiments and grew many generations of pea plants to observe how various traits were inherited. He used pea plants (over 21 000 altogether) because of the sharply contrasting and easily recognizable characteristics, eg. long and short stems, smooth and wrinkled seeds. He carefully isolated plants, transferred pollen from one to another, collected and planted the seeds and counted the different types of offspring with great perseverence. In one of his earliest experiments he studied the inheritance of just two pairs of contrasting characteristics.

red x white

He crossed a pure bred red-flowering pea plant with a pure bred white-flowering pea plant and planted the seeds.

1st generation

red x red x red x red

The 1st generation of pea plants were all red. He then crossed the hybrid plants and planted the seeds from them.

2nd generation

red white red red red white red red

He counted the different coloured flowers of the offspring and found that 3/4 were red and that 1/4 were white.

MONO-HYBRID INHERITANCE

This is now known to genetics as mono-hybrid inheritance.

65/From .....

From his findings with peas, he worked out the simple laws of heredity based on the determining factors now known as genes.

After his election as Abbot of his monastery, Mendel's scientific work diminished. His work "Experiments with plant hybrids" (published 1866) was only recognised for its worth 34 years after his death by a Dutch biologist, Hugo de Vries. It was only then that the significance of his statistical work with peas was recognised and appreciated.

JANE YEATS
Std 8

History

THE CAUSES AND RESULTS OF THE RUSSIAN BLOCKADE OF WEST BERLIN IN 1948

If it had not been decided to divide Germany and its capital, Berlin, into 4 different sectors after World War II, there would probably not have been half as many crises between the West and Russia as there were. One of them was the Berlin blockade.

At the end of World War II, the Allied Council, consisting of representatives from Britain, France, U S A and Russia, decided to divide Germany and Berlin into 4 different sectors, each controlled by one of the Allies. Berlin was deep in the Russian zone.

Britain, France and the U S A wanted to improve their sectors to help them to set up a stable economy and to preserve a western democratic government. Russia, however, wanted to keep East Germany as poor as possible so that the people would welcome Communism. All meetings between Russia and the West were impeded by this, as each was equally obstinate about their own sectors. The Russians also wanted West Berlin to be joined to East Berlin under Communist rule. The West refused to even think of this.

The main crisis occurred in 1948. The Western powers decided to revalue the German Mark. Russia was invited to participate in this operation, but she insisted on being allowed to print the notes. The Western powers refused to allow Russia to do this, because they feared that Russia would overprint, so that the value of the Mark would be kept low, which was indeed what she wanted. Russia then withdrew from the operation, but the Western powers went ahead with the plan. The western zones became increasingly richer and Russia, fearing that the people in the eastern zone might become restless, decided to blockade West Berlin. They stopped all supplies coming into West Berlin, by blocking off roads and railway lines. For a while it looked as though war might break out, but then the West began an airlift carrying in supplies to West Berlin. This was done for almost a year, till May 1949, when Russia lifted the blockade.

Another two reasons which might have spurred the Russians on to put up the blockade are the Marshall Aid and the Brussels Treaty. In 1947, Marshall Aid was established by the U S A. This provided financial aid to any country who wanted it, to repair damage done during World War II. Russia did not join this scheme, but formed one of her own for the 'Iron Curtain' countries, called the Cominform. This did not offer financial aid, but merely Russian protection. This plan was under constant criticism from the U S A. The Brussels Treaty was formed between France, Britain, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. It was a military treaty formed to protect Western Europe. Both these probably made Russia feel alienated and alone and this encouraged her to adopt an aggressive policy.

67 /There.. .....

There were many results of the Berlin blockade. It showed the determination of the West Berliners not to surrender to Communism. It also showed that they were right behind the Western powers. The Berlin blockade made the Western powers realize that they could not afford to stand any nonsense from Russia, and in 1949, the three western sectors were unified into the Federal Republic of West Germany. Not long after that, Russia formed her sector into the German Democratic Republic. The Berlin blockade also brought about the formation of N A T O (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) which is a military alliance to keep peace in Europe. Another rather long-term result was the building of the Berlin Wall in 1961. This was built to prevent East Berliners escaping into West Berlin and so into West Germany. The Berlin blockade intensified the Cold War in Europe.

Although there was a blockade which should have 'cleared the air', the tensions did not cease between the West and Russia.

Pippa Leighton-Davies
Std 10

THE SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENTS IN RUSSIA FROM 1921 TO 1939

The civil war ended in 1921 with a red victory. The Bolsheviks, who had seized power in 1917, thus precipitating the war, took control of the government and formed a new constitution. In this constitution, Russia became the U S S R, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and at the time, it consisted of four republics. These four republics, the Ukraine, Russia, White Russia and Caucasia, were each regarded as independent states with their own language and customs. Stalin was appointed Commisar of Nationalities and his job was to safeguard the right of the many minority groups to maintain their own traditions and languages.

Although Russia was a Communist state, Lenin, the leader realized she was not completely ready for Communism. Therefore, he developed the "New Economic Policy" which was intended to stimulate the economy by allowing a form of competition. Private enterprise on a small scale was permitted, but large-scale private enterprise, banking, transportation and factories were put under state control. Lenin also permitted farmers to sell their corn on the open market after paying a tax on it.

These measures had the effect of slowly improving the economy: industrial and agricultural production increased. This was aided by giving people work wherever they were needed and by motivating people to work harder. Trade became active again and gradually Russia began to revive economically.

Lenin however did not live long: he died in 1924 and after his death, a struggle for power arose. A triumvirate was formed because it was considered that there was no one person capable of holding as much power as Lenin had held. The triumvirate consisted of Zinoviev, Kamenev and Stalin. Trotsky, who felt he should have been included in the triumvirate, soon clashed with Stalin. Trotsky believed in the necessity of spreading Communism whereas Stalin felt it was important to establish Communism firmly in Russia first. Stalin won the support of the Party and Trotsky was exiled.

Stalin's international Policy was to maintain peace and to have co-operation between the nations. Internally, his Policy was to create a new Russia which could compete equally with the rest of the world in terms of trade, industry and agriculture. He thus formulated the idea of "Five-Year-Plans." He formed a committee to draw up plans for these economic moves in 1927. Before the five-year-plans were implemented, Stalin introduced Gosplan, which provided old-age security and education for the people.

Russia's agricultural state was very poor, because there were approximately 25 million people tilling very small plots of land, which could not be farmed with advanced farming equipment because there were too many plots. Therefore, Stalin introduced the idea of "kolkhozes", or collective farms. About 75 peasant families lived in a kolkhoz and they each had to work 100 - 150 days per

69/year .....

year. The kolkhoz was administered by a chairman and his assistants, who were in charge of labour, discipline and increased production. The kolkhoz had to give all produce in excess of its needs to the state, which required it for urban workers.

Stalin first tried to persuade people to join the collective farm of their own will. He persuaded the poorer peasants easily by offering them money and security. However, problems arose with the kulaks. The "kulaks" were the wealthier farmers who refused to join the kolkhozes. Stalin was forced to eliminate the kulaks for two reasons: a) they demanded high prices for their produce and in the interests of industrialization this would not be permitted and (b) they were against the Communist ideology, and to allow them to continue farming would have been disastrous, because they would have become too powerful. Stalin taxed the kulaks heavily and they resisted by sowing less and by hiding crops. Stalin ordered the army to raid the farms and the kulaks retaliated by burning their crops. The peasants were encouraged to rise up against the kulaks and eventually the kulaks were all captured and either shot or sent to Siberia. As a result of this farming revolution, famine was widespread and 3 million people died. Stalin was forced to halt the collectivisation process.

The first "Five-Year-Plan" was implemented in 1928. It was intended to develop Russia agriculturally and industrially. Industrially, Class 'A' products, like coal, iron, steel, oil and machinery production, were to triple in output and Class 'B' products, like food, and clothing, were to double in output. To cater for the greatly increased production, transportation facilities were improved and towns and cities were enlarged where necessary. The cost, however, was so excessive that the industrial plan was not really a success.

The second Five-Year-Plan concentrated on quality and not output and as a result, Russia could enter the world trade market. This plan concentrated on textile production and improved housing. The third plan, implemented after the war, dealt with post-war revival but the fourth and fifth plans dealt with improved armaments.

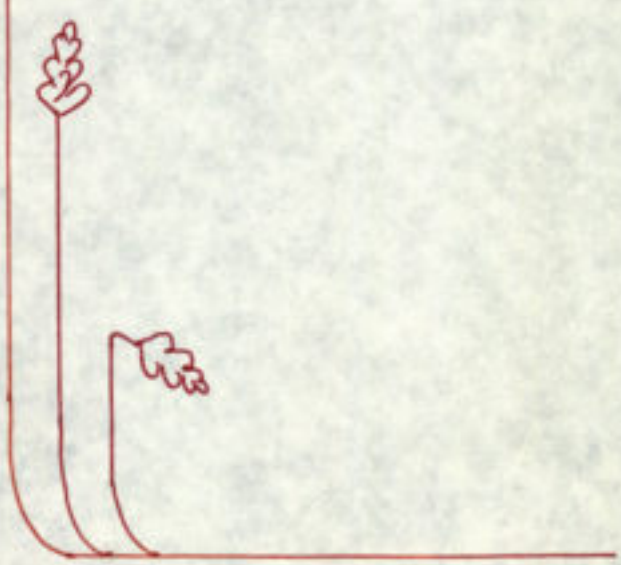
Socially, the people of Russia suffered during these years. From the time of the Revolution till the 1930's, more than 28 million people died. The people were deprived of many basics necessary for life, and were forced to work in horrific industrial conditions. As a result they were tired of Communism and wanted a change.

In 1936, Stalin, hoping to satisfy the people and outsiders who had been horrified by the purges he had made, introduced a new constitution. As before, the USSR consisted of republics which could, in terms of the constitution break away if they so wished. There were two governing bodies, the Supreme Soviet and the Council of Ministers. The Supreme Soviet elected a supreme court of Justice for five years and out of the supreme Soviet a presidium or Cabinet was elected. There was also a Politburo, which decided on the liberties and rights of the people. The main aspect to be considered was that though everyone had a vote,

70/there.....

there was only one candidate, and in fact everyone was compelled to use their vote - thus there was no democracy.

Morna Lawson
Std 9



Domestic Science

DELICIOUS . . . .

ASK THE EDITORS!

Geography

TO WHAT EXTENT CAN SOIL EROSION BE ATTRIBUTED TO NATURAL CAUSES? DOES IT PLAY A PART IN SOUTH AFRICA?

'Natural' causes are the most important forms of soil erosion, but in nature there is a dynamic equilibrium. This ensures that not more soil is lost than is formed each year. This balance of erosion is disturbed as soon as man uses the soil in one way or another, thus leading to accelerated erosion.

The action of water, wind, and to a lesser degree, gravitation are the chief causes of erosion, and are the main 'natural' causes. The following paragraphs on the different natural causes will reveal to what extent it plays a part in South Africa.

Climate: 86% of South Africa receives summer rainfall when evaporation is at its greatest. The result is that large areas of South Africa are favourable for erosion. The nature of the rainfall is also important. If the rainfall is erratic and the distribution of rainfall is irregular, much of the rain occurs in the form of many heavy downpours which cause great erosional damage. It is not always the prevailing winds that are the cause of soil erosion. Soil losses as a result of wind erosion are dependant on how often wind of a certain strength occurs in a particular region. Periodic droughts also promote wind erosion by drying out topsoil.

Topography: The faster the rate of movement of water or wind, the greater the load it can carry. The larger and steeper the slope, the greater the speed of the water will be, and the greater the rate of erosion. Erosion may thus be controlled by constructing contour banks and/or strip cultivation.

Vegetational cover: This serves to break the speed of water or wind over the surface of the soil. The most favourable plant cover is one in which the total soil surface is covered by a leaf mass. This causes an obstruction to the movement or erosion by wind or water. This is important in South Africa, in, for example, the Karoo, and the sea sand along the coasts. Another example in South Africa can be found in farming; for instance, crops planted in rows eg. maize, or irregular windbreaks, can create channels along which erosion can take place.

Soil type and depth: The degree of permeability and porosity of the soil determines how much water is absorbed before runoff and erosion can occur. Clay soils are not eroded as fast as sandy soils because clay can absorb more water to the same depth as sandy soil before becoming saturated. If a soil has a substrata as an impermeable layer, the topsoil will become saturated and runoff will occur because infiltration is limited. The shallower the soil, the more easily erosion will occur.

Erosion in South Africa is increased by human activities. Wrong farming methods have caused the most damage. By planting crops in regions where rain is unreliable or insufficient, erosion is encouraged. In times of drought, the dry areas are subjected to deflation and erosion. Inadequate provision of water and

73 /trampling.....

trampling leads to damage of soil cover. Veld fires are another problem.

In South Africa erosion is caused mainly by natural erosion and also greatly by human factors. Many of the farmers are uneducated and due to lack of knowledge, they contribute to erosion, eg. their reluctance to practice crop rotation promotes erosion. Overgrazing also increases erosion as it leaves the soil without vegetation to bind it. Because of the growing population, man needs more land for crops. This means that he is deforesting vast areas.

Natural causes attributed greatly to soil erosion, and this plays a part in South Africa, causing a major problem.

Katy Brossy
Std 10

SYNOPTIC CHARTS

A Synoptic chart or 'weather map' is a summary of many observations brought together and represented on one map. Weather observations all over the world are made at 00h00, 06h00, 12h00, 18h00. These data are reported in a uniform code, using figures which are internationally understood. A code report may resemble the following:

816 83225 60616 12526 8722xx 15812

If this were to be circulated and broadcast there would be few who would understand its meaning. The code would be interpreted in the following way:

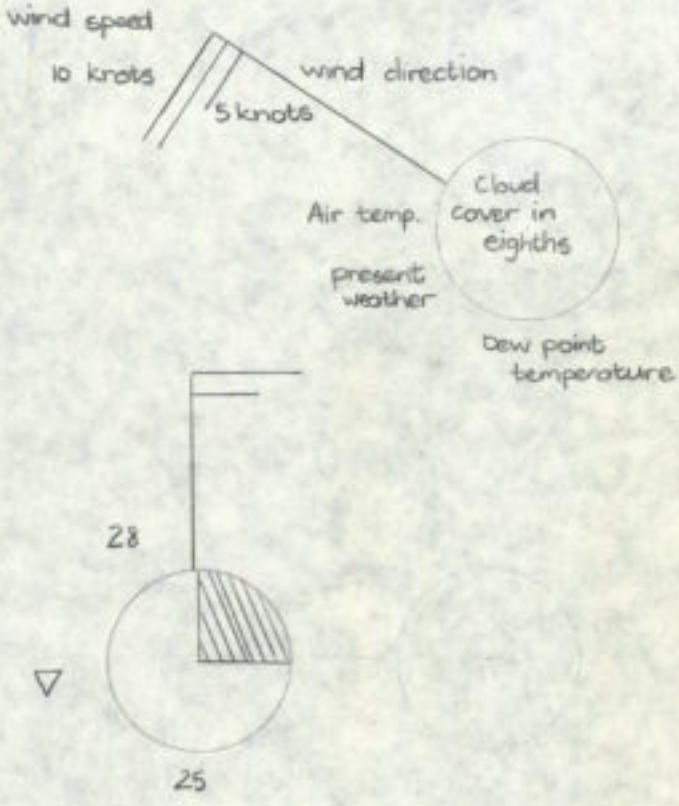
816	station number (in this case, Cape Town)
83255	8-amount of cloud cover (ie. total amount and therefore overcast)
	32 - wind direction (north-west)
	25 - wind velocity (25 knots)
60616	60 - visibility range (10 km)
	61 - present weather (rain)
	6 - past weather (rain)
12516	125 - air pressure (1012,5mbar)
	16 - temperature (16 degrees C)
872xx	8 - amount of low cloud (8 out of 8)
	7 - type of cloud (fractostratus)
	2 - altitude of low cloud (100-200m above ground)
	x - central clouds cannot be observed.
	x - high clouds cannot be observed.
15812	15 - dew-point temperature (15 degrees C)
	8 - trend of air pressure diving last 3 hrs(dropping)
	12 - amount of reduction in air pressure (viz.1,2mbar)

The information is then plotted on a map according to a standard method. Standard symbols which are recognized internationally represent the various data.

75 /.....

- ● rain
- ● drizzle
- ✱ snow
- ⱮK thunderstorm
- ▽ showers
- ≡ fog

The symbols are arranged around a circle which again conforms to an internationally agreed pattern as shown below.



circle is known as station symbol.

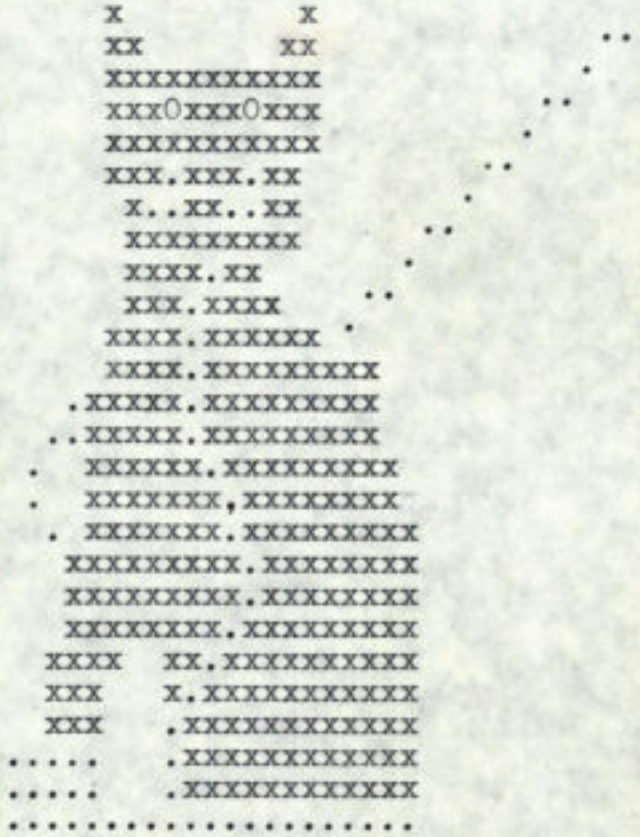
Cloud cover 2/8
wind: North; 15 knots
air temp: 28 deg. C.
present weather: showers
dew point temperature: 25deg.C.

Once all information from the observation stations has been plotted, the meteorologist can then draw in isobars, delimit high and low pressure areas and draw in fronts. Thus by reading a synoptic chart, we can "read" the weather.

Fleur Hanekom
Std 9

Typing

SIAMESE CAT



Vicky Hommersom
Std 7

Drama

THE THEATRE IN ANCIENT GREECE

The word theatre itself comes from Greek and means "seeing-place." The Greek plays were not produced only as a form of entertainment, but formed part of their religious festivals as well. The very earliest Greek theatre was simply a flat space with an altar, situated at the foot of a hill. The audience stood or sat on the hillside.Later, "theatres" were constructed by building wooden or stone benches against the hill. These were soon rearranged to form a semi-circle around the circular dancing space, called the orchestra. Behind the orchestra was a raised stage for the actors. On the stage was a changing room or "skene", which was later decorated. From this we get our word "scene."

There were very strict rules for producers of plays. They were not allowed to use more than three actors. As there was no curtain, scenery could not be changed, so they always had the same background.

All the actors wore masks, long, flowing robes in rich colours, and boots. Sometimes the theatres were so big that they had to have small speaking trumpets in their masks.

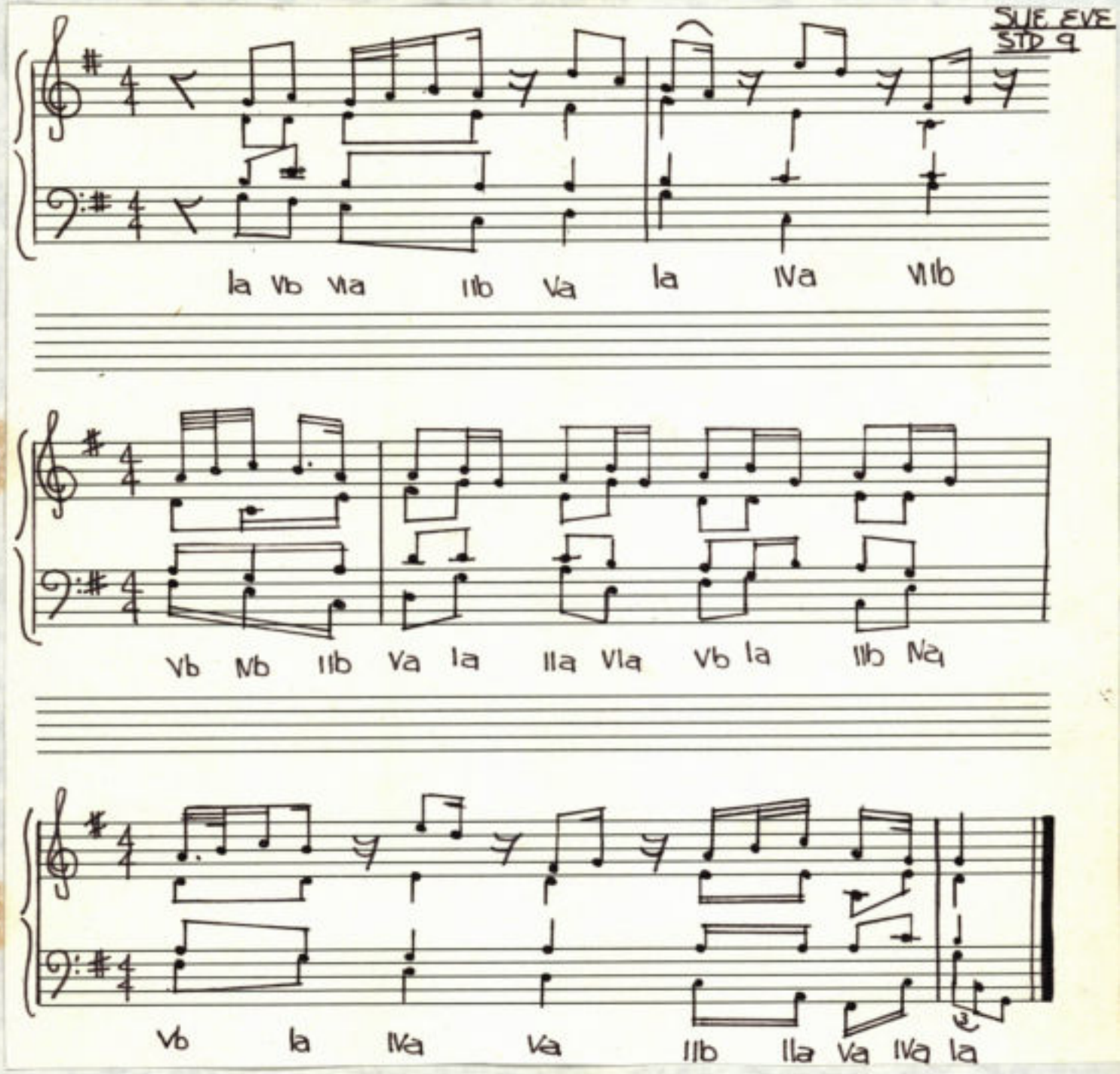
The audience was usually very critical. "The Greeks went to the theatre with the enthusiasm and lack of reserve that the English keep for their football matches," and we for our rugby! Indeed, during the performance the audience created an atmosphere of intense excitement and willing response which made the play a living thing and not a dull repitition.

Of all the Greek tragedies, only thirty three complete plays survive. The three main "playwrights" are Aeschylus, known as the father of Greek tragedy, Euripedes and Sophocles. There are only eleven Greek comedies left, all written by the famous Aristophanis.

Grace Maclean
Std 8

Music

A HARMONISED MELODY - MELODY BY HANDEL



Susan Eve
Std 9

Art

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PIETA -
BY MICHELANGELO

This is a statue of the Virgin Mary holding her dead son. It is marble and a little larger than life-size. It is found in St Peter's in Rome. This superb work of Michelangelo depicts Mary, seated, with the dead Christ lying across her lap. Mary has a very loose garment on,which falls over her body in many folds and gathers. The material around her neck has also been folded into many little gathers. A girdle is found acros the folds of her front from the left shoulder across to the right side. It is placed diagonally. There is a small veil over her head which falls in soft folds around the face. Her face has a smooth complexion and is very innocent. Mary has been represented as a youthful person who, due to her innocence and purity, has not aged. Her sad face is tilted downwards, looking at her son. Her left arm is bent but slightly outstretched as though she were presenting her son to the world or to God. Her right arm supports Christ's limp head and comes round under his arm where the hand holds cloth against his side.

Christ's body is totally relaxed. He seems to be in a deep sleep, rather than dead. His head is slightly inclined to the right and it has fallen backwards. The hair has a middle parting and is fairly long and wavy. The bearded face bears an expression of total peace. The right arm hangs downwards while the other rests in Mary's lap. The legs are bent at the knees with the lower part of the legs hanging downwards. Christ is naked except for a loin cloth. The curve of his body echoes the curve of the folds of the cloth between Mary's knees. This creates a feeling of harmony. The whole sculpture conveys a feeling of peace and serenity. The many soft folds falling gently over the body help to create this effect.

Fleur Hanekom
Std 9

REPORTS

MERRIMAN SWIMMING REPORT

Despite a good show of house spirit, Merriman did not win the Inter House Gala and we must congratulate Rolt for their success. Unfortunately, several of our swimmers were absent; however, we would like to thank those who did swim for their co-operation and willingness, and also Miss Kable for her invaluable help in choosing the teams.

We would especially like to commend Anne Abdy, who swam very well indeed and Fiona McLennan who won the cup for open Freestyle.

We wish future swimmers the best of luck and hope that Merriman will do better next year.

Joan Saunders
Swimming Captain

"SWIM ON NOW MERRIMAN..."

TENNIS REPORT

A high standard of enthusiasm and a pleasant spirit prevailed amongst Merriman players on the day of the inter-house tennis tournament. Overall, Merriman had an extremely successful day coming 1st with a total of 71 games with Jagger 2nd, with 64 and Rolt 3rd with 45. In the open section, Merriman excelled, winning all their sets. In the under-15 section, Merriman played steadily, managing to gain 2nd place. Our thanks to Mrs Rauch and all Merriman girls for their enthusiastic support.

Alison Bowley
Tennis Captain

MERRIMAN HOCKEY REPORT

The inter-house hockey was played on Monday 11 June. It was a wet day, but we managed to play all the games inbetween the showers. Overall, all the houses drew on points but Merriman won on her goal average. We shot 3 goals, 2 scored by Kate Brossy and the other by Fleur Hanekom. The most exciting game in my mind was the one played between Jagger and Merriman. It was an open, clean game and although Merriman beat Jagger, we were very evenly matched.

Five girls from Herschel managed to get into the Western Province Hockey Trials, 2 of which were chosen for the team. One of these girls, Debbie Partridge, is in Merriman and we hope she does well.

I hope Merriman's hockey players keep up this high standard in the future and I wish the house the best of luck.

Debbie Partridge
Hockey Captain

VICTORIOUS!

THE U-15'S PREPARING FOR BATTLE

MERRIMAN NETBALL REPORT

After an exciting afternoon of netball, Jagger was declared the overall winner of the Inter House matches. Well done, Jagger! Merriman followed, having lost by only five goals. Rolt came third. Special congratulations must go to our U15 team who won their section. The Merriman girls have played their Thursday afternoon matches with great enthusiasm and would like to thank Mrs Hudson and Miss Kable for their encouragement and support throughout the season.

Rosemary Fletcher
Netball Captain

GOAL! (OR IS IT?)

MERRIMAN SQUASH REPORT

Squash is becoming more and more popular and is a sport played by many girls at Herschel. Two Merriman girls play in Jill Eckstein's squad - one in the open section and the other in the U15 squad.

At the Junior Western Province Trials, held recently at the new Greenpoint courts, two Merriman girls got through to the second round. One of them, Fleur Hanekom, has been selected to play in the Western Province B side and will be touring in Johannesburg shortly. Meg van Niekerk of Rolt and Ruth Butters of Jagger have been chosen to play for the Western Province A side. Congratulations.

This year's Inter House squash tournament has not yet been played. However, the result of last year's matches was:

Rolt 1st, Merriman 2nd, Jagger 3rd.

Well done Rolt! Come one Merriman, beat them this time!

Fleur Hanekom

THE BOLAND TRAIL

On Friday 20 April, eighteen Std 8 Geographers accompanied by Mrs Westgate, Mrs Banfield, Miss Aitchison and Nina Hartman, left Herschel for the Boland Hiking Trail. Everyone was togged up with rucksacks, thick socks, not forgetting Luanna's speciality - satin running shorts!!

During the journey to the Nuweberg Forest Station, amidst much singing and laughing, we observed the landscape with inquiring geographical minds. We were met with a challenging sight on arrival at Nuweberg, when we looked up at the mountains which stretched ahead of us. Fiona, Sonya and Kathy set quite a rapid pace; most of us preferred to amble while the path was still flat. This casual strolling did not last too long, as we decided to take a short cut up a hill, which for some proved extremely strenuous, and for others, eventful. (I managed to trip over some barbed-wire and fell flat on my face, while my rucksack flew over my head and my apples tumbled downhill.)

We came to the first pool, where a couple of us swam while the others rested or continued walking. After a fair amount of persuasion we managed to get Miss Aitchison into the freezing water and thereafter she swam in almost every pool. Our first meal, lunch, was eaten at an exquisite pool where more people were persuaded to take the plunge, and our mealtime was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Walking from the "lunch pool" to the hut was extremely taxing, but it was along this portion that the most geographical observations were made. Our main study was of rock types and structures, and their agents of erosion. We thought the path would never end and we always had to go"just around the corner." Eventually, we all reached the hut, though some were suffering much more than others. Mrs Westgate acted as nurse with "blister-popping", "deep-heating" and general plastering up.

That night, Mrs Westgate gave us a Geography Lesson next to the fire and then the cooking began. Fiona, Grace and I braaied the meat. The entire supper, a four course meal, was scrumptious. Before the meal was over, many had quietly slipped off to bed while Sue and Cynthia preferred to sleep between each course. Those remaining partook of the last course, coffee and marshmallows, with relish. Many photographs were taken during that evening,with much joking and laughing. Everyone went to bed at their leisure although there were some disturbances during the night!!

The next morning only nine of us set off on the charted hike over the Franschoek Mountains, while the others, led by Mrs Westgate, took a short cut along the old road. I believe they had a great deal of fun and apparently their singing was "top class". The hike over the Franschoek Mountains was extremely tiring at times, but certainly worth it. We saw the Theewaterkloof dam complex and stopped to discuss its advantages and

/uses.....

AFTER SUPPER

BOTTOMS UP!

uses. There were several water holes where we knelt "bottoms up" to wet our hair, hats and T-shirts. We spent one and a half hours over lunch, when Luanna provided the jokes, Miss Aitchison the vocabulary lessons with a difference, and the rest of us just laughed until we were quite weak.

The last leg of the hike was very enjoyable and we made extremely good time. When at last we climbed over the finishing gate our dominant aim was to have our photograph taken. A woman who was nearby very kindly took this photo, which we labelled "The Heroes".

Mr Westgate and Mr Banfield very kindly came to meet us and transport us back to school. Speaking on behalf of everyone, I must say that the most important non-Geographical lesson we learnt was that our teachers are "very human" after all. The team spirit was marvellous and I would like to thank everyone for making this hike the success it was.

Nici Deal
Std 8

"THE HEROES"

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB REPORT 1979

Every Wednesday afternoon, the Standard 8's, 9's and 10's attend Sociological Club, in which a guest speaker comes to give a talk on a particular subject. During the first part of this year Sociological Club was held in a number of places because the Hall was being 'rejuvenated'. On one occasion, when members of the Capab orchestra came to play to us, Sociological Club was held outside, under the Ilex tree.

During the second term, Sociological Club was concerned with careers. Speakers from many fields came to give talks and demonstrations on various careers which are open to women. One of the most enjoyable of these was the demonstration of jazz dancing which took place in the Hall.

Our thanks go to Mrs McCormick, our Chairman, who is really responsible for the existence of the Sociological Club, and who always manages to find someone or something of interest for us on Wednesday afternoons.

Pippa Leighton Davis
Secretary

ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA REPORT, 1979

During the first term of this year, the school play 'Back to Methuselah', by George Bernard Shaw was put on at the Prep School. It was originally going to be staged in our new amphitheatre,but one cannot see very well there, so the play was acted outside the Prep School Hall. A number of Merriman girls took part. Susan Lloyd Roberts (Lilith), Grace McLean (Acis), Louise Gray (Chloë), Madeleine Enthoven (Strephon), Monica Gudehus (an Ancient) and Pippa Leighton Davies (Adam). In spite of a few problems at the beginning, the play was a great success, and the weather was perfect.

The first MAD (Music, Art and Drama) Club evening of the year was held at the end of the second term. This year the organization was left to the matrics, as Mrs Saffery was in hospital, and although the evening went reasonably smoothly, we did miss her.

The speech and drama section of the Cape Town Eisteddford was also held in the second term and several Merriman girls took part, among them: Pippa Leighton Davies, Anne Campbell, Clair Grootendorst, Susan Hammond, Maggie du Toit, and Jackie Batchelor, many of whom received Honours or Merit. Special congratulations must go to Clair Grootendorst for winning the R50-00 Nine Club Award.

This year, during the third term, Inter-house plays will be staged. There has not been an Inter-house play competition for some years, and so it will be quite a new experience for the Std 9's who have been put in charge. The producer of Merriman's play is Sue Lloyd-Roberts. We wish her the best of luck, and hope that Merriman will win.

Pippa Leighton Davies

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

The Depating Society is an important part of Herschel, encouraging girls to arrange their ideas and arguements in a presentable manner, and to gain self-confidence in speaking in front of an audience. We work in two main fields - forum discussions and debates.

Earlier this year Herschel entered 5 girls into the Interschools Forum discussion competition and 3 of them, Pippa Leighton-Davies, Clair Grootendorst and Louise Gray, are in Merriman. Herschel won their round and were then among the 5 finalists. Two girls from the team, together with 11 from other schools, were asked to compete in the Western Province public speaking competition.

Many other forum discussions have taken place in which Merriman girls have continued to take part.

This year we have also been very active on the Debating side. Pippa Leighton-Davies, Clair Grootendorst and Morna Lawson have taken part in the senior debates, and Niki Hammersom, Jackie McKenzie and Alexa Singer are part of our junior team.

I hope that the debating society will continue to go from strength to strength.

Louise Gray

LIBRARY REPORT 1979

Library Prefects:
Caroline Dowdle (Head Prefect)
Yvette Stockwell
Pippa Leighton-Davies (Merriman)
Clair Grootendorst (Merriman)
Caroline Marten
Lindsay Jones (Merriman)
Wendy Wilson
Linda Bettison
Camilla Broome
Mandy Crutchley
Erika Perry (Merriman)

In September last year we moved back into our "renovated" library, after spending almost two terms in a classroom! There is now a large study - lined with desks, in front of the library, and adjacent to that there are three small rooms. One is fitted with sound-proof cubicles, designed for the use of those listening to the many language tapes we have acquired. The other is a control room, planned for the future when we have more audio-visual equipment.

We were very sad to see Miss Tremble, our librarian, leave at the end of last year after she had been at Herschel for five years. She did so much for the library in making it 'come alive'. Through her, it became an integral part of the school.

Miss Tremble was succeeded by Mrs Meinert who is equally enthusiastic and determined to get the 'Philistines' (as she calls us) of Herschel to read more books, and to obtain a bit of culture. Many new books have come into the library this year as well as a number of beautiful donated ones.

The pupils of Herschel are lucky to possess such a beautiful library with such a fine selection of books.

Pippa Leighton-Davies

CHOIR REPORT

Last year's Carol Service, which is the highlight of every choir - year, was a great success and a number of the carols were recorded by the SABC for an evensong service which was broadcast on the English Service on Christmas Eve.

This year, the choir has sung at several weddings, at the Founder's Day Service and the opening of the School Hall. We are now working on the War Requiem by Benjamin Britten, which is going to be sung with the Bishops Choir and The Philharmonia Choir at the City Hall in August. Work will soon start on the carols for this year's Carol Service at St Saviour's.

Our thanks go to Miss Sweet, Mrs Dowdle and the choir leaders, for their hard work that they put into every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

Merriman girls in the choir are: Miriam Thomas, Lynne Moore, Lindy de Kock, Cathy Moll, Susan Eve, Clair Grootendorst, Sue Lloyd-Roberts and Pippa Leighton Davies.

Pippa Leighton Davies

BOARDERS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL REPORT

Last year the boarders decided to start a Boarders' Representative Council. In fact, a Merriman girl, Jane Coombe started the Council. An executive committee, consisting of a president, a vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer, was formed.

The BRC aims to create better communication in the boarding house between prefects and boarders. Two girls are elected as representatives from each class and are in office for a term.

The executive committee holds office for two terms and meets every two weeks. Any problems that the girls may have are discussed. This usually results in improved relations. All the standard nines and tens are welcome at these meetings and occasionally a whole class is invited to attend.

Theresa Campbell, in Merriman, has started a tuck shop which sells mainly health foods. It is open to the whole school and is extremely well patronized. To raise further funds besides the profit from the tuck shop, the boarders have held raffles and cake sales. The money goes to improving the boarding house, and the boarders have already bought themselves a hi-fi set for their sitting room. The window seats have been recovered and there are new curtains in the sitting room.

Keep up the good work BRC!

Louise Gray
Head of Boarding House

CHAPEL REPORT

Chapel committee members in Merriman: Louise Gray
Penny Sharpley
Chloë Ovenstone

At the beginning of the year the Chapel underwent a few alterations.

With the new tunnel underneath the diningroom, the girls would walk past the Chapel without even knowing it, so long windows were put into the side of the Chapel and a new door leads out into the tunnel. This improvement will hopefully draw more girls to the Friday morning Communion services that Father Eve still gives every second week.

When the Chapel was out of use, the boarders held their Tuesday and Thursday evening services under the Iylex Tree. We enjoyed these but are now happy to be back in our lovely little Chapel.

Louise Gray

MATRIC DANCE REPORT

On the first day of the first term, the Matrics were already deciding on a theme for the Matric Dance. We decided on it almost immediately - Moulin Rouge; luckily everyone was in agreement. We now had a problem, because traditionally, the Matric Dance was held at the beginning of the second term, but the Hall was being renovated and would not be ready by then. Eventually, someone came up with the idea of having it in the diningroom, we asked Miss Geldard's permission, and got it. A date was set, April 6, and everyone started.

Posters were worked on, crêpe paper was bought and other odds and ends were assembled. At the last minute, we decided to have a fountain, and so one was kindly lent to us by the Murdocks. Between Thursday afternoon and the Friday, the diningroom was completely transformed, and on Friday evening when everyone arrived at school, it seemed to us the most beautiful sight we had ever seen. Everybody, including the staff, agreed that the dance that followed was the best ever, the band was excellent and the food, thanks to Miss Way and the parents, was "divine." It is strange how the girls in your class change, once out of school uniform!

At twelve o'clock, everyone made their way to Sandi Nichol's house for the after-party, and after that to Jenny Anderson's for the Champagne Breakfast. On Saturday morning, a few 'hard-to-knock-outs' went to clear up, and then went home to bed.

On Monday and for the next few weeks, "post mortems" were carried out on the highlight of every person's school career.

Pippa
Leighton-Davies
Std 10

THE "HARD-TO-KNOCK-OUTS"

WHY GO TO PARIS?

OUR PUZZLING STAFF

This year, to really make it a house effort, we asked some of our Merriman staff to give us their contributions. In typical staff style, they gave us more work to do - in the form of puzzles!

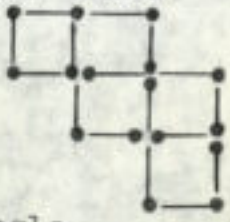
MATHS PUZZLES

1. Find out what the letters stand for:- each letter stands for a number, (the same letter is obviously the same number)

   a) ON & ON & ON & ON = GO

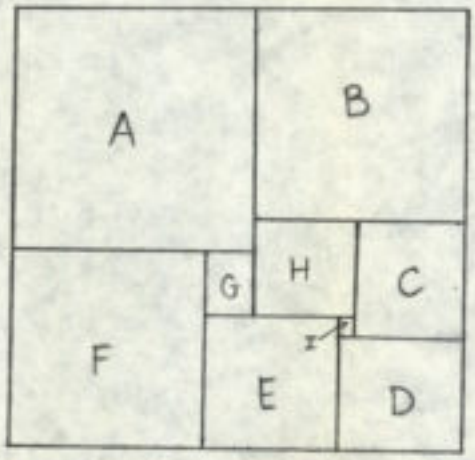
   b) SAVE & MORE = MONEY (Clue: M = 1, E = 6)

2. Sixteen matches make up five boxes: - move only 2 matches to make four boxes.

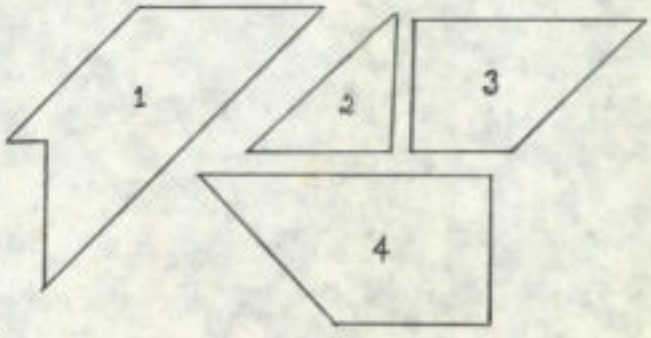


3. A Dissected Rectangle

The diagram shows an arrangement of squares put together to form a rectangle (they should be squares!!) If the area of square C is 64 and the area of square D is 81, can you work out the areas of the other seven squares?



4. The T Puzzle



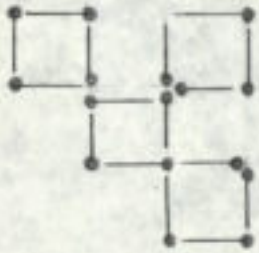
Fit the 4 blocks together to form a "T".

SOLUTIONS

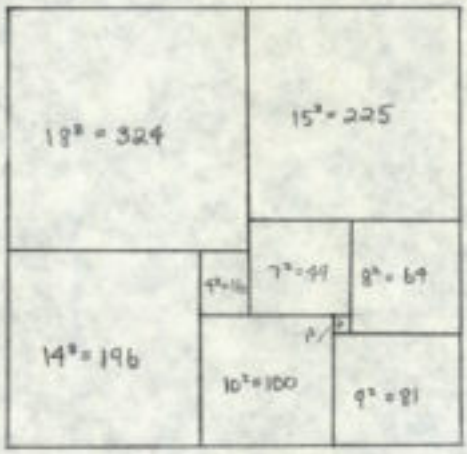
1a) 23 & 23 & 23 & 23 = 92

b)
SAVE	=	9486
MORE		1076
MONEY		10562

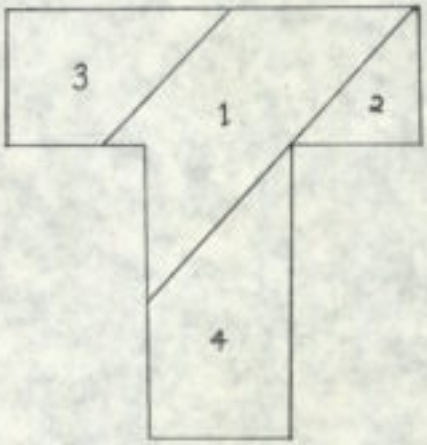
2.



3.

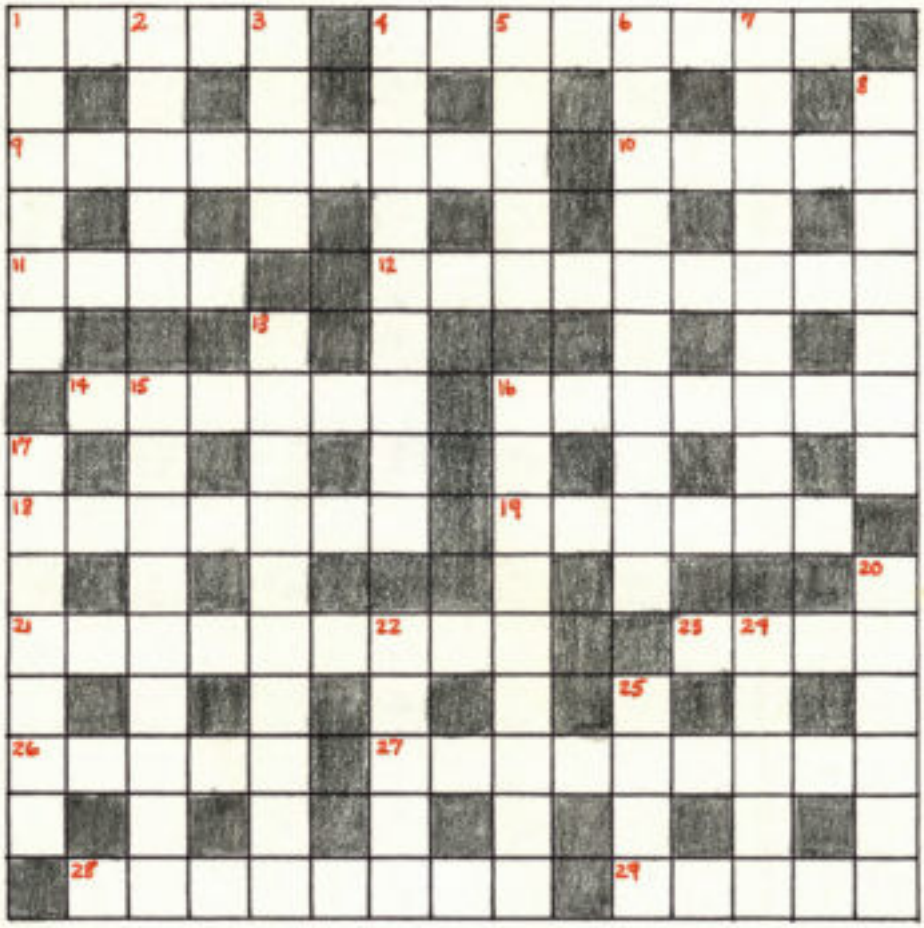


4.



Collected from
Mathematical Digests
by
Mrs Cheadle

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Nom de plume for Lorraine? (5)
4. All, or a degree to describe the view. (8)
9. In practice he may have many a bone to pick. (9)
10. As the Frenchman says "same to you." (5)
11. Ruled by a dame, not altogether by Mrs Noah. (4)
12. Effective - not in a minute way! (9)
14. Effect of the devil to play. (6)
16. Facial expression of literary tiger. (7)
18. Enthusiastic, tho' the wind up at first and trembling at the end. (7)
19. Scotsman has the answer, but he's probably up a tree. (6)
21. Cup final win to Sir Galahad. (4 - 5)
23. Did he split hairs about heirs? (4)
26. Near 4 o'clock, but later (5)
27. Bring in Mussolini at the end (9)
28. Possessively female at first, male at last - yes, a cowboy! (8)
29. He made one pay a monstrous price for apples. (5)

DOWN

1. Twelfth of eighth - glorious, so don't complain! (6)
2. Blue to the Romans? (5)
3. Love a rose by any other name. (4)
4. Sanction for Maria Theresa to succeed. (9)
5. With gallery attending a prophet becomes a poet. (5)
6. Inhabitants of brave new world. (3 - 7)
7. Fallen star. (9)
8. Some orchids for Miss Blandish. (7)
13. I punished - by locking up the players. (10)
15. Here no-one else gets a word in edgeways. (9)
16. Plain style for the foolish. (8)
17. Velvet glove not worn. (4 - 4)
20. In here is also in the soup. (6)
22. Sharp instrument, one for a backward doctor - this is obvious. (5)
24. Heard in Denmark. (5)
25. Dirty! Like chicken manure. (4)

Solution on Page 99

SOLUTION

1 G	U	2 I	S	3 E	■	4 P	A	5 N	O	6 R	A	7 M	A	■
R	■	S	■	R	■	R	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	8 C
9 O	S	T	E	O	P	A	T	H	■	10 D	I	T	T	O
U	■	E	■	S	■	G	■	U	■	I	■	E	■	R
11 S	A	R	K	■	■	12 M	O	M	E	N	T	O	U	S
E	■	■	■	13 C	■	A	■	■	■	P	■	R	■	A
■	14 I	15 M	P	A	C	T	■	16 S	M	I	L	I	N	G
17 O	■	O	■	S	■	I	■	I	■	A	■	T	■	E
18 F	A	N	A	T	I	C	■	19 M	O	N	K	E	Y	■
F	■	O	■	I	■	■	■	P	■	S	■	■	■	20 T
21 H	O	L	Y	G	R	22 A	I	L	■	■	23 E	24 S	A	U
A	■	O	■	A	■	X	■	E	■	25 F	■	O	■	R
26 N	I	G	H	T	■	27 I	N	T	R	O	D	U	C	E
D	■	U	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	U	■	N	■	E
■	28 H	E	R	D	S	M	A	N	■	29 L	A	D	O	N

Mrs. Thompson

MORE MATHS

Mathelimerick

An hypotenuse holding a square
Was heard to complain, "It's not fair!"
It seems such a shame
That my task's just the same
As the one that two other sides share."

Who lives where?

Ian, John and Ken live in different houses in the same street, which is numbered from 1 to 100. They each make three statements:

Ian: "My number is divisible by 7.
The sum of our three numbers is divisible by 9.
Ken's number is twice mine."

John: "Ian lives at 28.
Ian's number is one third of mine.
Ken and I live in even-numbered houses."

Ken: "Ian lives at 91.
John lives at 18.
My number is divisible by 4."

One of them made three true statements, another three false and the third alternated (either true-false-true or false-true-false). Now, who lives where?

Solution:Page 104

Assembled by
Mrs Banfield

GUESS WHO?

These are our youthful Merriman Staff. Can you guess who's who?

1.

2.

3.

4.

FUN PAGE

Your Horoscope

Aquarius: Be careful - you may land up in hot water.

Pisces: Don't enter into fishy business today.

Aries: Keep to yourself - don't butt in on other people's business.

Taurus: Be adventurous - take the bull by the horns.

Gemini: Don't do any double dealing this week.

Cancer: Be friendly - don't let your crabby nature show through.

Leo: Try your hand in the business world - you'll do a roaring trade.

Virgo: Sorry, the censor board got hold of this one.

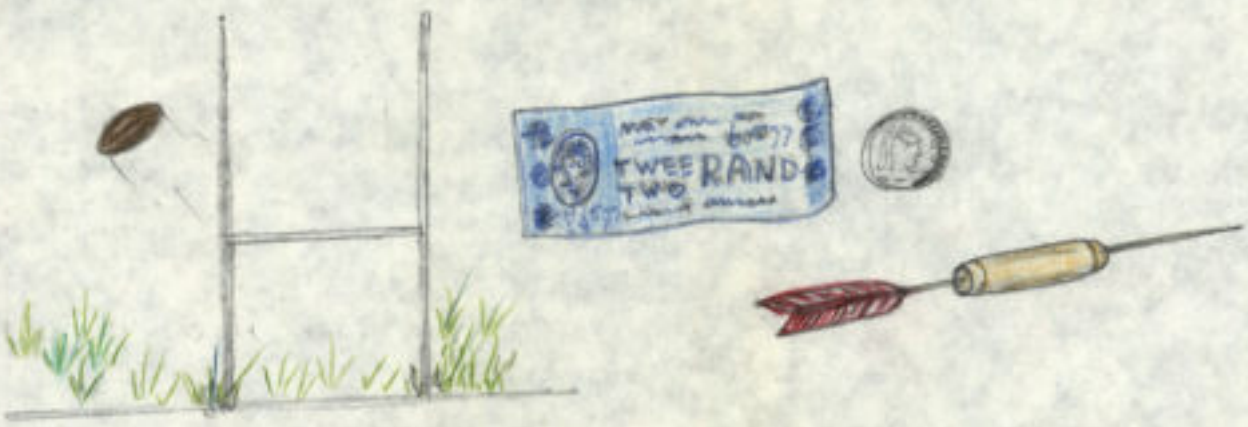
Libra: Your love-life is in the balance today.

Scorpio: Beware of the man with a sting in his tail.

Sagittarius: Cupid's arrow is about to strike again.

Capricorn: Use your head this week. Don't be a goat.

FUNETICS (Solution: page 104)



Clair Grootendorst
Std 9

SOLUTION - "WHO LIVES WHERE?"

Ian lives in No 21, John in No 63 and Ken in No 42.

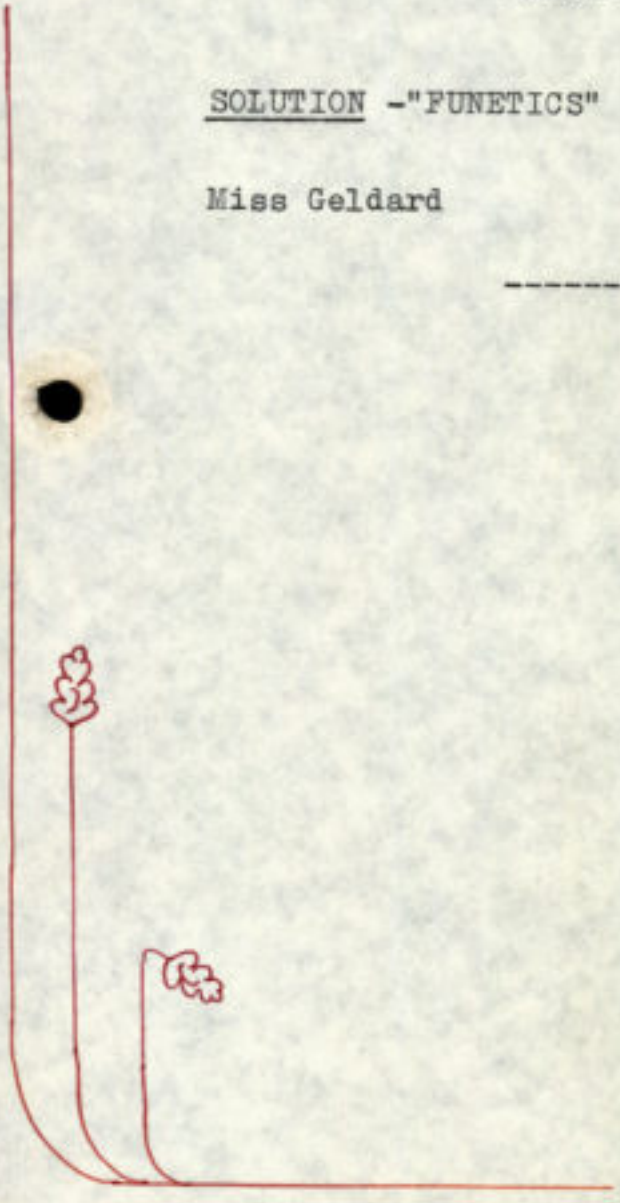
Mrs Banfield

SOLUTION - "Guess Who ?"

1. Mrs. Meinert
2. Mrs. Cheadle
3. Mrs. Thompson
4. Mrs. Rauch

SOLUTION -"FUNETICS"

Miss Geldard



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We are grateful to the following people for their kind help and co-operation in compiling this magazine:

Marjan Grootendorst, our dedicated typist

The Merriman Staff, for their encouragement (and their entries!)

Susan Baker and Kathy Barron for doing the page designs.

Pippa Leighton-Davies
Alexa Singer
Maggie Du Toit
Rowena Evans, for their assistance in collecting entries.

All those who took photographs for the magazine.

The contributors to this magazine.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Longfellow.