

Merriman
'80

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cover : Kate Saunders

Life is not a
problem to be
solved, but a
reality to be
experienced.

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FROM THE EDITOR

I can truly say that the production of this magazine has been great fun right from the beginning. Although entries came in sluggishly at first, our early start enabled us to take things at a leisurely pace, and we have therefore had no last minute rush.

We have all benefited a great deal from this first experience at compiling a magazine, and I would like to thank our Head of House, Clair, for her encouragement and guidance. I think that we have learnt how to co-operate with each other, and I would also like to thank the entire house for their splendid co-operation and enthusiasm.

Although we have tried to put in several original and interesting articles, we have not deviated far from the conventional form of the House magazine. I hope, however, that the reader will enjoy the various entries as we have attempted to maintain a high standard of literature. The art entries are of a particularly high level this year, and I would like to thank Sonja Schröder for her wonderful drawings.

I think that special thanks should go to Lindsay Jones (Std. 9), who has taken on the mammoth task of typing all the entries for us, and also to Kate Saunders for her beautiful cover design. Thanks a lot both of you, we appreciate it.

Finally, I would like to wish both Jagger and Rolt good luck, and may the best house win!

Alexa Singer
EDITOR



The editors at work - Chloë, Lindsay, Kate, Alexa & Grace.

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MERRIMAN HOUSE LIST

MERRIMAN STAFF.

Mrs Rauch (Head of Merriman and Science)
Mrs Thompson (Latin)
Mrs Meinert (English and Librarian)
Mrs McGivern (Maths)
Miss Wood (Maths)
Miss Ruttle (Music)
Miss Heathcock (Music)

STD. 10.

S. Baker
K. Barron
L. de Kock
M. Enthoven (Boarding House Prefect)
J. Gray (School Prefect)
C. Grootendorst (Head Girl and Head of Merriman)
F. Hanekom
S. Lloyd-Roberts
C. Moll
L. Moore
P. Sharpley (Boarding House Prefect)

STD. 9.

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

STD. 8.

J. Batchelor
D. Booth
S. Bowley
M. L. du Toit
M. du Toit
K. Gottgens
C. Hales
S. Hammond
C. Hemingway
D. Hine
V. Hommersom
C. Krauss
R. Loch Davis
A. McCullum
D. Pargiter
G. Parker
J. Quibell
M. Ranchod
J. Richards
A. Robb
W. Sharpley
K. Smit
N. Theophilou
M. Thomas

MERRIMAN HOUSE LIST CONTINUED

STD. 7.

- A. Abdy
- S. Ashley
- E. Baker
- T. Barenblatt
- S. Bester
- R. Evans
- C. Fletcher
- N. Jones
- A. Ovenstone
- E. Perry
- L. Richards
- P. Thesen

STD. 6.

- L. Bailey
- L. Carlyle
- D. Crane
- S. Dutkiewiez
- C. Fioravanti
- L. Fioravanti
- D. Flanagan
- I. Hommersom
- J. Krige
- L. Maisel
- M. Ovenstone
- W. Perold
- J. Postlethwaite
- H. Schubert
- J. Schulman
- C. Shub
- D. Taylor



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HOUSE REPORT

We have done it again! Merriman triumphed once more last year and won the much coveted Efficiency Shield for the sixth year in succession. A very big thank you goes to Pippa Leighton-Davies and her team of prefects for all they did for the House last year.

Under Mrs Rauch's guidance - we did miss you when you went on long leave at the beginning of the year, Mrs Rauch! - this has once again been a very happy year for Merriman. Thank you for your ever present help and encouragement.

As usual, we all knitted jerseys for the children of the St. Michael's Home, and these were very welcome, especially since the cold weather has set in. The girls voted to send the money collected for charity each term, to the Peninsula School Feeding Association and "Meals on Wheels," both very worthwhile organisations.

The swimming gala, held during the first term, was great fun, and although we did not win, Merriman was bubbling over with life and spirit. Well done Rolt for winning both the swimming and diving sections.

However, with determination and enthusiasm, our hockey team was tops in the Inter-House hockey competition. Well done, and a big thank you to our captain, Fleur Hanekom, and all you keen, hard-working hockey players.

Merriman has maintained her almost unbeaten academic record this year, scoring the highest average in all the mark readings and the June exams. This fabulous result is thanks to the hard work of everyone in Merriman, especially K. Saunders, J. Yeats, G. Parker, M. Thomas, E. Baker, L. Carlyle and S. Dutkiewiez. Well done!

I'd also like to take this opportunity to congratulate Lindy de Kock on her wonderful performance as Judy in the school play, "Love from Judy."

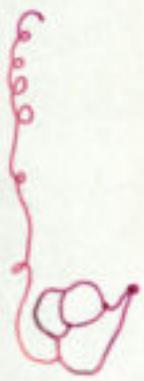
Thanks also go to the Merriman prefects, Jenny Gray, Susan Lloyd-Roberts and Susan Eve for their help and support. We are sorry to have said good-bye to Sue Eve when she left for England, but I am sure she will be happy there.

I hope Merriman will go from strength to strength - keep up your wonderful spirit, sportsmanship and determination.

Long live Merriman!

CLAIR GROOTENDORST

Head Girl and
Head of Merriman.



HOUSE HONOURS

SCHOOL PREFECTS:

Clair Grootendorst (Head Girl and
Head of Merriman)
Jenny Gray
Susan Eve (now in England)
Susan Lloyd-Roberts (Boarding House)
Maddie Enthoven (Boarding House)
Penny Sharpley (Boarding House)

LIBRARY PREFECTS:

Clair Grootendorst
Lynne Moore
Lindsay Jones
Susan Hammond
Anne Abdy

SPORT CAPTAINS:

Jenny Gray (Vice Tennis Captain)
Fleur Hanekom (Vice Hockey Captain)

ACADEMIC BADGES:

Nici Deal
Jenny Gray
Maryke Hommersom
Alexa Singer
Natasha Theophilou

ACADEMIC SCROLLS:

Clair Grootendorst
Kate Saunders
Jane Yeats

ORAL COMMUNICATION
AND DRAMA BADGES:

Clair Grootendorst
Alexa Singer

CHOIR BADGES:

Cathy Moll
Susan Lloyd-Roberts

DEPARTMENT BADGES:

Clair Grootendorst
Lindsay Jones
Kate Saunders
Chloë Ovenstone

SWIMMING BADGES:

Anne Abdy
Lindy de Kock

ZETA
MATTPOST



HOUSE HONOURS CONTINUED

TENNIS BADGES:

Jackie Batchelor
Nici Deal
Lindsay Jones

HOCKEY BADGES:

Fleur Hanekom



*Prefects (from left to right) :
Jenny Grey , Clare Grootendorst (Head girl),
Maddie Enthoven, Sue Lloyd-Roberts and
Penny Sharpley.*



English
and

Afrikaans

ZETA
MATIPOST

Life is a competition.
People who run away
from competition
don't survive.

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A LETTER FROM KATHERINE EVE, WHO RECENTLY LEFT TO LIVE IN
ENGLAND

Dear All

I hope you've recovered from your exams which I heard were rather disastrous. When you read this you'll be back at school after the June holidays - aren't you lucky! In a couple of weeks I'll be on holiday for ages. I'll be thinking of you slogging away with the December exams rapidly approaching!

I don't know how much most of you have heard about my new town, which, although small, is quite nice. (If my letter seems disjointed, it's because Fiona McQueen is sitting next to me talking non-stop!).

It really is super seeing a Herschelian again. I've just been brought up to date with the "skinner stories." (I hope those of you who went to the Bishops' Matric Dance enjoyed yourselves).

Our house is a super place - has 7 bedrooms! Susan and Andrew have bedrooms on the third floor, and I have a huge one on the second floor.

The town is situated in a really lovely position overlooking the estuary with super views from all our windows.

I work two nights and Sunday mornings at a private hotel called the "Woodgrange." My pay is about R2,50 an hour. I really enjoy working as a waitress, although it's quite hard work, specially on Sunday mornings when I make beds, dust and vacuum the whole hotel etc.

Every morning I catch a bus to school in Kingsbridge, at the top of the estuary, and it takes us 25 minutes to get there every day. Yesterday Fiona spent the morning at school with me, and you can ask her for her opinion of it. There are 2 000 people in the lower and high schools together. When we first arrived people thought we were Australian or German, Dutch or Canadian, and were very curious about us. One doesn't realize that in South Africa we use many sayings such as "lekker," "go for a jol," and people here don't know what we're talking about!

It is really quite difficult to make friends - one sees different people in every lesson. I'm fairly friendly with a girl called "Mouse," and a guy called "Jamie." At first it was really weird working with guys (or "chaps," "fellows" as they say here).

The new school year begins in September, and then I'll move up into the 6th Form which is fairly segregated from the rest of the school. You don't have to wear uniform - which, by the way, is only any navy blue skirt and light shirt. The girls can wear high

shoes, make-up, etc., but I can't totter round school in high shoes, so I wear noisy clogs. In this 6th Form you have a common-room, record player and canteen, and miles less regimental.

I do miss Herschel. I miss the weather and beautiful Table Mountain - you are all very lucky to live in Cape Town which is really beautiful.

If any of you come to Britain, please feel free (and you really will be most welcome) to come and spend some days with us.

Also, if any of you are keen letter writers, please write to me because I would love to hear from you.

Lots of love,

Katherine.

ZETA
MATTPOST



A DREAM

A yellow haze of molten gold;
 the sunlight through the grass;
 Reflections of a forest green
 on a lake of shattered glass.

A misty swirling scarf of cloud
 around a tower clings;
 And through a multitude of trees
 appears the home of kings.

A home of kings? A fairy queen's,
 with crystal chandeliers,
 and staircases and ballrooms,
 and echoes of music from forgotten years ...

But with the evening's gentle breeze
 Floats the sound of cowbells jangling;
 this softly brings one back to earth
 from the magical paths of dreaming.

C. Roberts
Std. 9.

TANKA
MORNING

Sparkling diamonds
 hang goblet-like on green spears,
 Fine lace work glistens,
 Delicate, spidery art
 Suspended in frosty air.

C. Moll
Std. 10.



MUD

I can't stand mud.

It is undefined, nondescript, messy, smelly and ugly, and it loves me.

If mud were a person, it would be very muddled, not being able to decide between earth and water. Both are equally pleasant things to me. Earth is the home of beautiful plants and animals, while water is the home of seaweeds and fish.

Undecided people often hover worriedly together, in the same way that mud's occupants are undecided.

Ugly, wriggling mudprawns cannot decide between being useful earthworms or tasty shrimps.

Mudweed, which is stringy and slimy, cannot decide between grass or seaweed. So mud just fumes in its uncertainty.

Mud acts as cats do. It makes straight for the people who hate it most and sticks to them, and it always manages to get into the boat with me. Once it's in the boat, it ignores the glares of others and manages to slide and splat all over the beautifully packed picnic baskets. I always get the blame.

However, I used to adore mud and would spend endless hours decorating myself with it. I was a pretty professional body painter, although I never experimented with any colour other than brown. Perhaps it influenced my body, because although I was born with blue eyes and black hair, they have since become brown and the majority of my clothes have brown in them.

Occasionally I get nostalgic and slip into my old mud-madness. The proverb that says that the young keep the old young at heart applies in these cases. It takes my young cousins to get me mud-splating again, and on these occasions, I only lose my enjoyment of it when faced with my aunt and uncle.

All that remains to be said is that my relationship with mud is neither undecided nor uncertain:

Either I love mud, or I hate it.

R. Haden
Std. 9.



TO A CAT WHO DIED

When my cat was brought home,
Eyes staring
and gasping and choking,

I remember thinking of writing
poetry,
Of crying and of comforting.
Yet I remember those eyes
and that terrified gasp,
Gurgling of blood
and my mother's crying.

A. Singer
Std. 9.

ZETA
MATIPROST

DEATH

Just to tell you
What happened this morning -
I saw fountains lying still
And confetti was blowing in the wind.
A different bus came
And I joined the old, sad people
Who sat with nothing in their eyes.
I looked out of the frosted window
At the non-existent sunshine.
Death stained the air
and I heard someone crying.

A. Rabie
Std. 9.

CROWDS

A cancerous throng
of black and white dominoes,
distantly etched
onto a thin manuscript of leaden sky.

A. Singer
Std. 9.



PHOTOGRAPHS

A thin stream of swirling light squeezes through the narrow window, and falls like a golden moonbeam on a musty, well-worn page. The black and yellow figures in a disintegrating scrap book are stained and bent.

A little old woman with a fluff of spindly hair crouches over these lifeless photographs. Her lips part expectantly, and a cracked, weary smile breaks the furrowed face. The silence throbs around her, and light swirls gently across the walls, reaching out to the shadowy corners.

The golden, life-giving sun streams downward. A spotlight on those happy days. Please come again!

The warm beams gently caress the pictures. The images begin to sharpen. Figures on the page awaken, yawn and stretch. Suddenly everything splinters into a mass of colour. Bright, frilly dresses, leaping children sparkling with joy and laughter. Pink, yellow, orange, red, purple. A merry-go-round of fleeting colours. Ascending, higher and higher. Streamers fly from the Big Wheel. Crowds squeal and shout with delight as they reach the top. Children in socks and shoes, and pretty pink dresses, slide down the shafts of light. The huge mechanical monsters juggle their giggling passengers. What a scramble of bouncing children. Lights, colours

Slowly it all begins to fade. The colours melt away and the children gently tumble down, back to their gloomy places in the photographs. Black and white. The remaining orange threads have moved across to the opposite wall. Now they are gone. Only the silence remains

A hoarse laugh cracks the dreamy silence, exposing the reality of the dull enclosure. Slow tears roll down the old woman's face. One by one they dribble down and drop onto the fading memories of the cloudy past. Bony fingers shakily close their prized possession. Her bent body shuffles its way to bed. She must sleep the present away for tomorrow to come, and with it another sunbeam to kiss the lifeless figures of the past so that they may once again be lifted from their graves, to play and laugh in the sunlight.

K. Saunders

Std. 9.



ABOUT OLD AGE

I often wonder what the old think about,
How their days flitter past in a scintillation
of glorious memories,
What they read, and pretend not to have read,
What they have done, and now have forgotten.
So convenient for the scolding of youth.

What freedom to be old?
"To wear purple" and not to mind
what others think,
To be forgiven because you aren't young.
Well, I'd hate to grow up and overnight
become old,
It must be terrible to walk near the sea
and not have a swim.

A. Singer
Std. 9.

UNTITLED

A little drop of water
Of a conflict race
Following the wrinkle of an old
black man's face.

C. Ovenstone
Std. 9.



Hoofstraat 10
WYNBERG
7700

12 Mei 1980

Liewe mev. en mnr. Potgieter

Ek wil graag aan u skryf om my meegevoel met Annett se dood te betuig. Soos u weet, was Annett my beste vriendin, en ek het so baie van haar gedink en is ook baie hartseer oor haar dood.

Annett het my hele lewe verryk. Sy was so geduldig, vertroubaar, en lief vir almal. Sy het altyd mense met probleme gehelp en ook my gehelp toe my ouers in die vliegtuigongeluk gesterf het. Soms gebeur dit dat net die mooiste mense sterf.

Almal was lief vir haar en is so hartseer oor die ongeluk. Ek wil haar voorbeeld volg en sy sal altyd in my hart bly. Annett het altyd oor haar familie gepraat en was so trots op haar ouers. Sy het alles met haar hele hart gedoen; werk en sport.

U kind was die mooiste meisie en die beste vriendin in die wêreld. Ek voel hartseer en jammer, maar ek weet dat sy nou gelukkig in die hemel is.

Groete tuis.

U dogter se vriendin
Marie

K. Saunders
St. 9



MASS PRODUCTION

factories clatter
people chatter
children mutter
friends utter
telling a tale
posting the mail
improving their looks
buying some books
studying the fashions
indulging in passions
joining a craze
watching displays.

Always the same talk
wherever I walk
people are, and seem to stay the same
playing the norms of society's game.

I've had enough
of this boring stuff
I'm going to pack
and follow a track
in four-wheel drive
Inside I'm feeling alive
Away from the people's chitter-chatter
the monotonous clitter-clatter.

Living by the hours of the sun
that's my way of fun
feeling suspense in the midday heat
the burning earth under my feet
stretches and stretches of barren land
seas and oceans of desert sand.

In this vast solitude
away from some silly feud
that's where I want to be
happy and free.

S. Schröder
Std. 9.



THE OUTCAST

I hesitated for a moment before ringing the doorbell. Almost immediately the huge oak door opened and in front of me stood a well-dressed man whom - I recognised later - was the butler. "G...Good evening," I stammered, "may I see Mr Cartwright?"

The butler looked me up and down a couple of times before replying, "If you'd be so kind as to step inside while I inquire as to whether or not Mr Cartwright will receive you, Mr er ...?"

"Cartwright," I said awkwardly, "Daniel Cartwright."

To my surprise the butler showed no signs of surprise and I was left alone.

I felt somewhat uneasy standing there in the midst of all that splendour, and yet only fifteen years ago I had taken it all for granted - the antique furniture, the Persian rugs, the silk curtains ... I froze suddenly at the sound of approaching voices and then without any warning I stood face to face with my father. I became suddenly aware of how pathetic I must have seemed, rather like a small boy about to be punished. At the thought of my appearance I felt myself redden, but I forced myself to look straight at him. His hair had become very grey and his face was lined and old, but his eyes had not changed. They were still as black and as penetrating as ever. He had not yet spoken and at the sound of his voice I started visibly, something I instantly regretted.

"Welcome to Cartwright Estate, Daniel," he said, and as he spoke he attempted to smile. "Long time since you've been around," he continued, "how long since they let you out?"

I never had the chance to reply as just then my attention was focused on a woman standing at the top of the staircase. She might easily have been my age, but it would not have made the slightest difference for she, too, regarded me like a disobedient child. "William," she beckoned to a servant standing nearby, "bring us some champagne, we're going to celebrate."

The sarcasm in her voice made me flinch and in an attempt to hide my embarrassment, I remarked, "You certainly have enough servants, don't you?" But I could have saved my breath for she appeared not to have heard, and instead made an unnecessary fuss of straightening a wall-hanging beside her. Just then the servant appeared with a tray on which were two bottles of champagne and three glasses. Once seated in the extravagantly furnished lounge I made a few futile attempts to converse with my hostess.

The minutes ticked by meaninglessly and I saw how my father grew impatient; my hostess looked bored and I began to get angry.

Suddenly I could take the humiliation no longer, I stood up and addressing them both directly I began, "You know as well as I do why I'm here. Fifteen years ago I was accused of betraying government confidences during the war and without even a fair trial I was arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment. A year ago I was released on parole. Since then I have had a dozen different jobs ranging from collecting garbage to working in an office as a clerk, but no sooner had I begun than I was fired because of my background. What I want is help and a chance to prove myself. After all, you have money and influence whereas I have only the clothes I'm wearing." Not waiting for a reply I turned and fled.

I had no idea of time or direction. I ran blindly until physical exhaustion overcame me and I collapsed. Until then I had not even noticed the rain which had already soaked me to the skin. If only that rain could have erased the truth, the fact that I had become an outcast from the only society I knew.

M. Thomas
Std. 8.

UNTITLED

I watched the rain trickle down the window pane.
I gently carved your name
And traced the future
through the patterns which remained.

A. Rabie
Std. 9.



SHE

she feels ...
loves...
she cares ...
loves,
she frets ...
loves,
she perceives ...
loves,
she loves,
cares,
she is ...
Mother.

M. du Toit
Std. 8.

HAIKU

A gentle breeze blows
and the forest is filled
with the voice of pines.

S. Lukens
Std. 8.



PRELUDES

"Curse this dam weather. Me bones ain't never been so cold."

"It ain't so much the weather, Joe, it's the war."

"Aye, the war the bloody war."

A sudden blast of icy wind caught their words, blowing them away momentarily. Joe leant against the lamp-post, drawing his coat tightly around him. His narrowed eyes revealed little of what the mention of the war meant to him. He stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his pipe (unlit) clenched between his teeth, staring solemnly into the distance.

It was the beginning of winter and already the world was covered in a dazzling blanket of snow. At intervals the howling wind would cease, just long enough for one to hear the distant sounds of guns, the roar of a cannon, or perhaps, if one's imagination were willing, one could even make out the voices of men and women, wounded and dying, calling out to the world for mercy.

"Mac, why is it that the beginning of the war is always so much more painful than the end?"

"I guess, in the beginning you can't 'elp feeling for the others who must die. Then near the end you come to look the other way, to close your ears and to forget about people for whom you once cared. After all, by then, if you're still alive, you're darn lucky." He spoke harshly, choking on his last words. Yet he knew that what he'd said was true, even for him. At first he'd cared, they'd all cared, but not any longer. The pain and the suffering had somehow hardened their hearts, blinded their eyes and deafened them to the gradual destruction of their contemporaries.

"Did you 'ere what they said on the wireless this mornin', Mac?"

"Na, I don't listen much to that no more. It's all lies, I tell ya, just lies."

"But Mac, you've gotta believe, we gotta 'ave faith. They said we gotta pray for a chance to start at the beginning again."

"Huh, an' 'ow long d'you reckon it'll be before they're all out there killing, murdering, slaughtering"

He broke off, fighting to control himself, then added soberly, "We've come too far to start at the beginning again. It's all just a shapeless mess."

Joe opened his mouth to protest, but decided against it.

"Why waste one's breath arguing," he thought, "don't get one nowhere any more."

From over the hill one could hear the faint sound of church bells. The clock in the square struck five. It was the morning of January the first, 1915.

"Hey, Mac, I'd almost forgotten about it being New Year. You 'aving a celebration? Nelly and I don't believe in 'em big parties. You and Sarah can come over to our place for dinner though. We'll be real glad to 'ave you."

"Na, we're stayin' home." Mac shifted uneasily.

"Now that's a pity, but how about coming to tea? Nelly makes 'em hot scones with"

Mac cut him short impatiently, "I told you, I ain't goin' nowhere, you deaf or somethin'?"

After some time Joe shrugged and said casually, "You comin' to Church Mac?"

He hesitated, then, "Wha' for?"

Joe shrugged again, "Jus' thought you might, since it's the beginning of the New Year; Nelly says it's good to begin the year in the right way."

They stood together for some time before Joe started towards the hill. Mac gazed after him, until all that was visible was a tiny black speck in the distance. He closed his eyes to shut out the sight of ruin and desolation and then, he heard a voice, which seemed to come from the sky, "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without shape and void"

Thus it was that Mac, a man who had become bitter and indifferent towards life, past, present and future, came to realize that no matter how shapeless things seemed, it was still possible to build something worthwhile; to begin, as it were, at the beginning, with a simple prelude.

M. Thomas
Std. 8.



DESTRUCTION

A city,
 A country,
 An enemy, a war.
 A scientist,
 A theory,
 A THEORY - no more.
 The theory develops,
 A weapon is built;
 The theory develops ... destruction and guilt.
 The weapon - bomb -
 In a second destroys
 Lives that are innocent,
 Small girls and boys.
 The idea was to end a too drawn-out fight,
 To cripple a country of military might.
 The idea was good - it concluded the struggle,
 By shattering a town to a pile of rubble.
 But the twist in the story is that one more such blast
 Could blot out our future,
 Erase our past.

C. Roberts
Std. 9.

SUICIDE

When the man reached the dizzy heights
 of Muizenberg metro
 he was the hero of the suicide,

but when he wised-up
 and cracked up
 and didn't jump,

he became a coward.

A. Singer
Std. 9.



LINES ON AN ISLAMIC ART WORK

This ancient pageant;
Following the battle (to us long since fought)
By quaint jointed warrior figures in
embroidered linear robes,
(Porcelain moon doll faces and oriental eyes
enscensed in balaclava helmets),
Grasping long spears, flags and ribbon reins,
Astride the wooden rocking-horse ponies.

What richness in this tapestry of pattern,
Reds, oranges, white, black and gold,
Detail recorded in a cobweb
beard, a strip of braid, a knotted tail;
And then the shaggy, doughnut-ring
trunked elephant,
Guided by a dark Numidian behind the
belled ears,
(Slave to the Emperor, resplendent
in the ebony box chair),
Each odd foot in profile with four egg
toes,
A needled tusk prods forward the star-
shielded mediator.

All this captured, but distantly, on the
fading manuscript,
By a master.

J. Yeats
Std. 9.



Aan die Natalse kus is daar 'n plekkie waarheen mense altyd vir vakansies gaan. Hierdie plekkie word Pearlsoe genoem en dit is een van die wonderlikste plekke ter wêreld. Die natuurskoon is asemrowend en die verblindende wit strande wat so ver as die oog kon sien uitstrek, is baie pragtig.

Omtrent tienjaar gelede het 'n baie tragiese ongeluk hier gebeur en die mense sê vandag dat as die see baie onstuimig is, kon hulle die see hoor praat. Die sand op hierdie strand alleenlik kan 'n storie vertel. Dit is hierheen waar Dorothy vir haar vakansies gegaan het. Sy was 'n enigste dogtertjie en haar moeder is dood toe sy twee jaar oud was. Sy het by haar ouma gebly en hulle het altyd na Pearlsoe gegaan. Dorothy het as 'n kind daarvan gehou om op die strand te loop en skulpe te versamel. By haar ouma se huis was daar honderde skulpe wat sy oor die jare opgetel het.

Toe Dorothy 'n tiener was, het sy haar klein wêreldjie verlaat en na Johannesburg gegaan. Sy het 'n nuwe lewe begin en die meeste van haar vriende was stralerjakkars. Sy het baie van die teater gehou en sy het altyd mense rondom haar gehad. Sy was nie gelukkig nie. Diep in haar hart het sy na die see verlang. Die see het met haar gepraat en sy het gevoel asof sy alleen in die wêreld was.

Tien maande het verbygegaan en Dorothy het 'n Amerikaner ontmoet. Hulle het verlief geraak en in November is hulle getroud. Jack, haar man, het altyd baie gewerk en moes elke maand na Amerika teruggaan. Na twee jaar van getroude lewe verloop het, moes haar man weer na Amerika gaan. Dorothy het besluit om alleen na Pearlsoe te gaan.

Voor Jack vertrek het, het hy vir Dorothy 'n present gegee. Hy het altyd geweet hoe sy van die see gehou het en dis hoekom die present 'n pêrel was. Dorothy het daarvan gehou omdat dit so pragtig was.

Sy was baie gelukkig toe sy terug na Pearlsoe gegaan het. Sy het ure lank op die rotse gelê en na die see geluister, maar eendag het iets tragies gebeur

Die son was daardie dag baie warm en toe Dorothy iets in die water sien roer het, het sy besluit om op te staan om dit beter te sien. Alles het donker geword en sy het in die water geval en haar kop teen 'n rots gestamp. Sy het ure lank in die water gelê en die see het oor haar gespoel en sy het verdrink.

Ja, die stem van die see het teruggeroep wat syne was - die meisie en die pêrel.

A. Rabie
St. 9.





S. Schröder

CLAMMY

He watched the slow movement of the liquid as it dripped from the suspended bag and down the narrow plastic tube. His left arm lay motionless while the other moved occasionally to flick away imaginary flies. Everything was quiet, the only sound was his regular breathing which seemed to echo through the ward. The silence was only broken by the clink of a metal instrument or the click of the sister's heels on the marley tile floor.

The heat was unbearable. The open windows offered no relief as the only breeze which came through was hot and humid. The patient lay motionless on his back, gazing from the other patients, all fortunate enough to be able to sleep, to the blank expanse of the ceiling. He could not sleep, no matter how much he wanted to. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead, and his moist cotton pyjama top clung to his back. There was nothing he could do but lie in this unpleasant state and wait patiently for the relief of the slightly cooler evenings.

The patients would wake from their afternoon rest to groan about the clammy heat, and ring for the nurses on duty to help them change their sweat-soaked pyjamas for a dry pair. Suddenly the silent ward had become alive with activity. He watched patients reach thankfully for glasses of icy-cold water and looked bitterly at the suspended liquid-filled bag - drip drip drip , that was his refreshment. He closed his eyes tightly to block out the relieved expressions on his fellow patients' faces. It had been like this for a week now. He had not minded the drip so much at first, but being deprived of the simple pleasure of a glass of water on a hot and humid day had led him to loathe the very thing that was keeping him alive. How much longer before he would be allowed to drink again, and then how much longer after that before he would be allowed the light meals the other patients enjoyed in the evenings? The question passed through his mind continually. He was always full of hope until the doctor's stern frown drove all hope away until it returned the next day.

Once the nurses had passed through the ward, and everyone's needs had been satisfied for the time being, it was relatively quiet. It would not be long before Mr Macdonald in the next bed, unable to bear the unpleasant heat, would become agitated and begin moving about restlessly. When this happened he felt more hampered than ever. His moist sheet seemed to hold him down and the drip apparatus seemed to tie him to his bed. He longed to scream, to rip the sweaty top from his body and to run through the corridors, totally uninhibited. Clenching his fists he chased these thoughts from his mind. Eventually Mr Macdonald would grow weary and the heat would force him also to lie still.

At the onset of evening his patience was all but gone. At last, in fresh pyjamas, he could lie comfortably and smile quietly as a cooler breeze played over his hot body. He would close his eyes and fall asleep before he even had a chance to think about tomorrow - the restless patients, that moist sweat-soaked top and the unbearable heat.

F. Hanekom

Std. 10.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A SCHOLAR NURSE AT GROOTE SCHUUR
HOSPITAL

My friends thought I was stark-raving mad when they heard of my plans for the Christmas holidays of 1979, and, realizing what they knew of my plans, I don't really blame them.

Actually, I suppose getting up every morning at 5.30 a.m. and staying on one's feet until seven o'clock at night wasn't really very attractive to anybody, not even to me.

What I am talking about is nursing. Looking back on the really enjoyable month I spent at Groote Schuur hospital, I realize how valuable that experience was, and also how much more I saw and learnt than those who spent a relaxing holiday soaking up the sun on the beach. I also have now made a very important decision about my career; that I will enjoy nothing else but nursing.

I first heard about scholar nursing from my sister, who is herself, a fully qualified nurse. Reluctantly I decided to apply to work as a nurse for a month in my school holidays. Things were made easier by a friend applying with me, and so it was with much joy and excitement that we eventually heard of our acceptance. Thus, after what seemed like an age, my friend and I entered the nurses' home which was to be our home for the next four weeks.

The first day arrived and I crawled lazily out of the cocoon of my blankets at five-thirty, and after a super breakfast the two of us walked to where we were to meet the rest of the group. We were given a guided tour of the hospital and were shown the basics of nursing: washing and feeding a patient, making a bed, taking temperatures and blood pressures. We were later told the various wards to which we had been allotted. I was to spend my month in the orthopaedic ward.

From then on time seemed to fly. The nurses and sisters in my ward were extremely friendly and kind, and we had much fun together. Christmas day and New Year's day were also very enjoyable, and we got time off to decorate the wards. We also had a five-course Christmas dinner at the nurses' home which added to the fun.

I learnt many things of value during my "holiday." Patience and kindness are an integral part of a good nurse's character, and I also gained a lot of much needed self confidence. Many patients were old and lonely, and a few were frightened of death which they knew would be coming fairly soon. It also was a very rewarding experience to hear the thankful words of one of them after you had taken off some valuable time just to sit and talk to them.

I had rather hoped I would not come into contact with death, but thinking back, I am glad I did; it certainly was an unusual but valuable experience.

A favourite patient, an old woman whom I had really grown to love while I had been nursing her for a few weeks, died when I was feeding and talking to her. I had to use a lot of self-control when her family came, but I soon became hardened to this kind of thing.

One day, a patient had a heart attack, when his heart stopped beating. I shall never forget the extreme efficiency and quickness of the medical staff. Within minutes about ten specialized doctors and sisters had arrived and later a fascinating machine, nicknamed "MAXCART" had arrived on the scene. It was pushed to the patient's bed-side, and he was lifted onto the flat surface. Immediately machines began working. Air was pumped into him and his chest heaved rhythmically as it was filled. Another object was rhythmically pushing down on his chest, giving heart massage, and electric shocks were given to his heart. It was with awe and wonder that I watched him as his eyes opened and the heart monitor showed a regular heart beat. How wonderful science is! A man who had been dead earlier was actually given life again!

I was also fortunate enough to be invited to see an operation. A man was having a steel pin put into his hip. It lasted about an hour, and it was like watching a carpenter at work. With his "screwdriver" the doctor made little holes in the bone and then "hammered" the pin into the patient's leg. With a saw, he cut off pieces of bone and very efficiently sewed the wound up again.

The cheque I received on my last day was most welcome. I thought one hundred and thirty rands was a lot of money for working from seven o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock at night with three free days a week. The food was also excellent, and so I think it was a really worthwhile experience.

It was with a very heavy heart that I said goodbye to all the patients and nurses, and left Groote Schuur, ready to begin at school the next day.

What an anti-climax!

K. Barron
Std. 10.



ZETA

MATIPROST

THE BLACK HORSE OF THE NIGHT

Go faster, go faster
 Says my worried master
 I must reach my patient in time
 If I don't the fault will be mine.

My patient will die
 If you don't try
 Says my worried master
 Go faster, go faster.

It's fifty miles to go
 I think to myself as I slow
 Please try, oh please try
 Or my patient will die.

I'm trying my best
 But I must have a rest
 Please try, oh please try
 Or my patient will die.

We're here, we're here and we've made it in time
 I'm glad you're my horse and you'll always be mine
 But I cannot hear the voice of my master
 And I will never hear the voice say go faster.

The patient of the house was saved by the horse
 And that's how we get the night ghost of course
 The horse still lies where he once stood
 And at night he runs with the man in the hood.

The noise of the night
 Still gives many a fright
 When the voice of the master
 Says go faster, go faster.

R. Ovenstone
Std. 7.

TIT FOR TAT

I snap at you
 You snapped back
 SNAP!

R. Haden
Std. 9.



JOURNEY

"Sorry!"

"Excuse me, is this your bag?"

"Gerowovtheway!"

"ClêmontKennulwerthWaanbergPlumstet to Saamonstewn!
Kaarthies asseblief - tickets pleez."

The claustrophobic smell of stale smoke teased my nostrils. I was squashed into the corner as a huge female specimen oozed onto the seat beside me. She had dark black circles of make-up around her rat's eyes and her mouth was too red against the powdered, ploughed, white backdrop of her face. She wedged herself against me and the seat, and sat, vibrating slightly, staring straight ahead.

"Look at that fat lady," remarked a little wide-eyed boy opposite me. Red-faced, his mother nudged him to "Shh!" "But look," he persisted, "she wobbles!" Little giggles followed, while "that fat lady" stared stonily ahead - only her chins wobbled more.

The strong stench of wine wafted over to me. The baby across the aisle yelled, and yowled, and howled ... while her white-faced mother tried unsuccessfully to calm her.

"But you know, Irma, you should never have let her go. Irene was such a decent girl until she met Chris."

My ears pricked up.

"Yes, but what could I do? Irene has always accused me of being too conservative. She said I was the reason for her having no boy-friends. When she met Christopher at the party, she went wild - and now? She'll never be able to get an abortion. A daughter of mine

"Do you mind if I open the window?" I asked.

An icy wind blew in, so I shut it again hurriedly, but some of the smells had gone. The little boy and his mother had left the train at the previous station, and there were now new people to study. A model-type woman filed her nails to further perfection, but the incessant rasping noise sent shivers up and down my spine. Next to her was an oniony man who hid behind his sports pages. He kept making munching and slobbering noises from behind the newspaper. His short, fat legs beat time, keeping the rhythm of the wheels.

A young, studious-looking man squeezed onto the opposite seat, lugging a huge instrument with him - probably a cello.

The light gleamed on his Brylcream. A tall, imposing woman towered above the musician, glowering at him, until he shamefacedly stood up for her. The Lady swirled into her seat, followed by an aura of heady perfume. Her fingers were heavy with rings, and her vast bosom was also well covered with gold. She made her presence known to everyone in the carriage by snorting haughtily every few minutes, and staring at all the people round her in turn. When she turned to me, I boldly returned her gaze - but it was only a few seconds before I glanced down again, only to see a large hole in my skirt. No wonder she had looked so horrified!

The fat lady was still safely wedged in her seat, and she sniffed periodically in my ear. The train ground to a halt again, setting all her chins a-quiver. I squeezed myself out of my place and my blood started flowing in my freed limbs again.

I joined the shoving throng of nameless faces which the train disgorged, each of us going on a nameless journey to a nameless destination - nonentities, yet individuals.

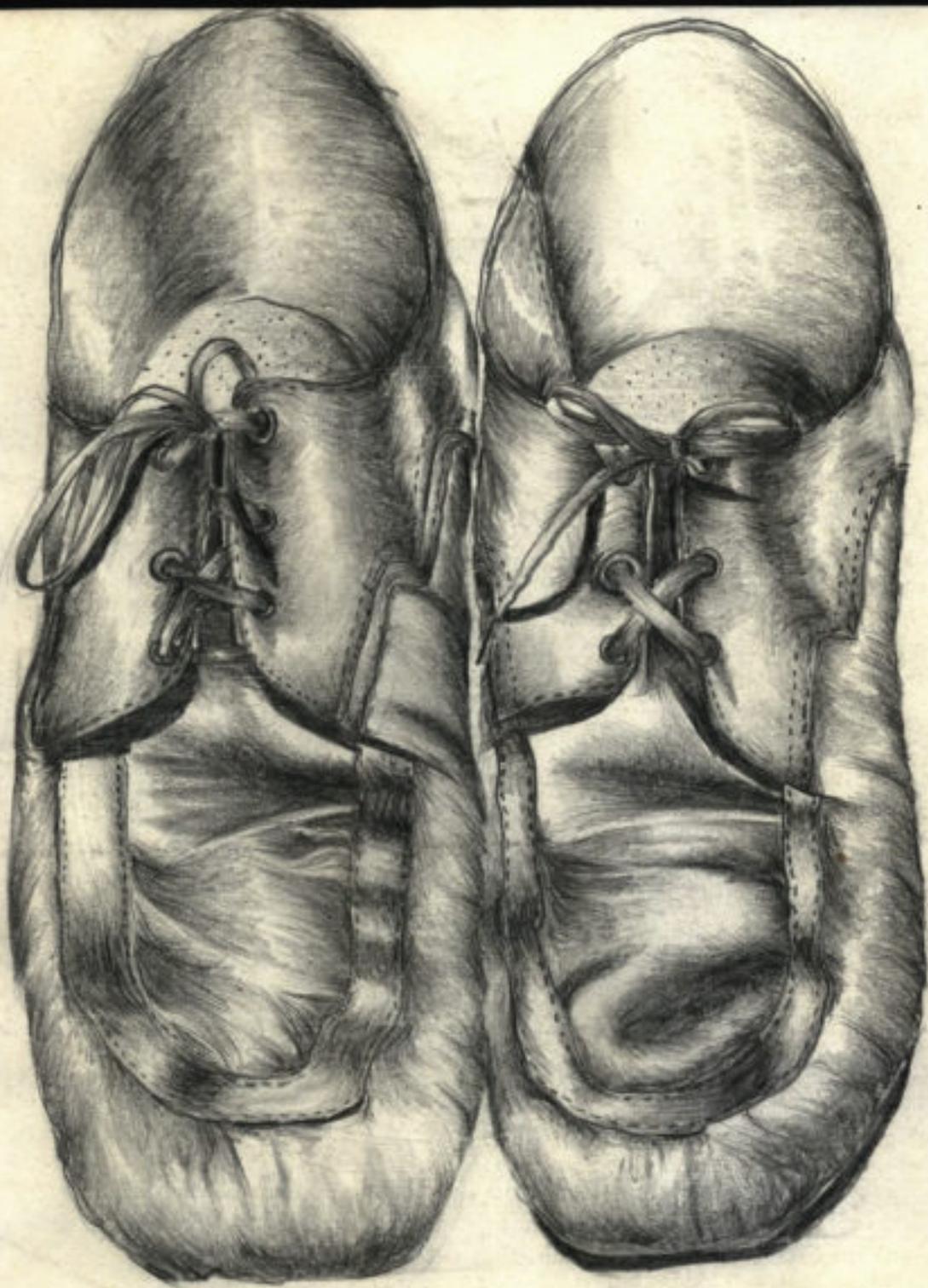
C. Grootendorst
Std. 10.

UNTITLED

People -
a necessity,
but also an oddity.

A. Singer
Std. 9.





K. Barron
Std. 10

FLIGHT

It was a cold and clear night. I sat nervously at the bus stop, waiting for the nine-thirty bus. Most people were in bed by now. I listened. There was an utter dearth of human sounds, only the wind howled, as it has howled since the beginning of time.

Opposite was a half-completed block of flats. Moonlight gleamed cold and grey on deserted concrete-mixers and heaps of sand. When would the bus arrive? I had just been visiting a family who lived in a neon-signed building with shops on the ground floor. They, like most Germans, were hospitable, but I resolved not to make any more visits on letters of introduction. Ten past. The block will be deserted by the time I get there. I hope I can find it. My flat was in a complex of blocks, all identical and all arranged in a haphazard fashion.

The bus! How homely it seemed, stilling all my fears of a moment before. There was one other passenger, a man. The bus-ride was endless, but I alighted at last. The bus drew off and I was alone? No! The other passenger had alighted here too ... Well, why not? It is a large complex, isn't it? Many people live here.

I set off at a brisk pace, tensed up like a stretched elastic band. I glanced round. The man seemed to be following me. I quickened my pace. Faster. I turned a corner and began to run. Footsteps pounded behind me. I speeded up. Another block was passed, a great, uncaring stone finger. The hunter and the hunted, running through a concrete jungle.

I ran and ran, on and on, through the concrete maze. Block after block passed. Number five. Where is Number Five? My block. Another entrance passed. Number Seven. I dodged around the back. The relentless tattoo followed me still. One-step-a-second, one-step-a-second.

Five! I flung myself through the doorway. He saw me. I could not wait for the lift. The stairs. Up, up. I paused. Could I hear footsteps? Yes. No. Wait! He has taken the lift! My flat is on the top floor. Five more flights ... Will he know which floor to go to? I stopped. I have two more floors to go.

Then I heard the lift door open on the floor below me. I tried to still my panting. I crept up the last flight. Slow, cautious steps followed me. They paused. Softly, now ... And then, tired out and exhausted, I tripped over the last step. The sound reverberated down the stairs. The key! The footsteps started again. I lunged for the door, turned the key, and fell forward into the flat, slamming the door behind me.

At this moment he reached the top of the stairs.

I was safe!

EK HOU VAN DIE HERFS

Die herfs is die rykste seisoen van die jaar.
 Dis die tyd wanneer jou beloning kom; vir 'n somer se harde werk of
 luiheid.
 Elkeen kry wat hom toekom!

Dis oestyd, met groot masjiene wat oor die veld ry om die koring te
 oes, die ryk goudegeel koring met 'n hele somer se son daarin.
 Kraakvars groente en vrugte word gepluk en verpak. Dis die tyd
 wanneer diesel-reuk saam met die vogtige grond-reuk meng en in 'n
 mens se keel bly haak.

Dis tog te mooi as 'n mens dan deur die veld stap en die blare en
 stokkies deur die wind sien tuimel. Rooies en bloodrooies, goud-
 geles en geles, oranje blare, bruin blare en somtyds groen blare.
 Wanneer 'n mens in so 'n kort verfrissende herfs-reëntjie deur die
 woud stap, lyk dit asof die hele wêreld met diamante wat in die son-
 skyn vonkel, bedek is.

Dis die tyd wanneer dit buite nog taamlik warm is, maar binne brand
 daar al 'n vriendelike vuur in die kaggel.

En as jy dan so deur die veld te perd ry en die son skyn in jou oë en
 die wind ruk en pluk jou hare en die hele wêreld lyk so rustig en ver-
 sadig, kan jy dit maar nie help nie - jy raak verlief op die herfs.

B. Olek
St. 9.

VANDAG - LANGS DIE SEE

Vandag het ek jou naam in die sand geskryf,
 Môre sal dit verdwyn het.

Langsaan lê 'n blommetjie,
 Môre sal dit dood wees.

Die letters sal wegspoel,
 Maar my liefde sal altyd bly.

M. Hommersom
St. 9.



Die Visse :

(19 Februarie - 33
20 Maart)

Die maand is u gelukkige maand. U sal baie groot verrassings ontvang, hoofsaaklik in die finansiële veld; daarom sal u baie reis. As u gaan reis, dan moet u na Rome en Parys gaan. As u 'n romantiese persoon is, is die sterre in u guns, maar passop: gevaar kan enige oomblik verskyn. U gelukkige nommer is 3, 7 en 15, en kleure is wit en donkerblou.

Die Skerpioen :

(23 Oktober -
21 November)

U sal deur 'n baie moeilike tyd gaan, maar moenie moed opgee nie - dit kan gevaarlik wees. Moenie bedruk voel nie, voel opgeruimd en geesdriftig. Die maand moet u al u talente ten volste gebruik - dit kan u toekoms help. Vergeet van gister en lewe vir môre. Gelukkige nommer is 4, 17, 41 en kleure is groen en geel.

Die Krap :

(21 Junie -
21 Julie)

Moet asseblief nie alles aanvaar nie - dit kan u in situasies laat beland wat u verlee kan laat voel. As u private lewe vervelig is, wees maar geduldig omdat daar 'n verrassing agter die skerms wag. Daar sal ook 'n verbetering in u finansiële sake plaasvind aangesien u verantwoordelikheid by die werk definitief sal vermeerder. U gelukkige nommer is 5, 27 en 47, en kleure is rooi en goud.

G. Parker
St. 8

Drawings: N. Hommersom
St. 8.



ARMED MEN ROB WOMAN

Four men armed with knives and batons attempted to rob 84 year old Mrs Williams. To their astonishment a blood-curdling yell emerged from this petite woman as she dropped her bag and raised her arms in a karate position. One of the men ran in fear from the glinting look of confrontation in her eyes. Another attempted to take her bag, but was swiftly stopped by the graceful swing of Mrs Williams' leg which sent him sprawling to the pavement with a broken arm. With movements as swift as lightning, each of her aggressors fell to the pavement. The three men were picked up (literally) by the police, and the fourth man was captured too. This remarkable woman is a black-belt karate champion.

Granny's, why not join the police force?

L. Jones
Std. 9.

LIMERICK

There was a young man from Bengal
Who went to a fancy dress ball.
He thought he would risk it
And go as a biscuit,
And a dog ate him up in the hall.

C. Shub
Std. 6.



LOOMING IN THE MIST

This story started not so long ago, when I was travelling with a friend along a lonely, narrow, dust road, which leads to his home. It winds and twists down a steep, rocky slope through an eerie valley. As we drove he pointed out the landmarks of this desolate area to me. We edged our way nervously around a sharp bend and there, about half a mile further, was an enormous rock at the side of the road; but the significant thing about the rock was an enormous gash spread from side to side.

"That's Sebebes' Rock, you know, and there is a fantastic story told about that gash," he said. I settled down to listen to his extraordinary tale.

"Not so long ago there was a large village in this valley, and a son was born to Chief Tebuza. What a fine boy Sebebe was, and as a man, he was easily the strongest of the tribe. Now, it happened that Sebebe fell in love with Medra, the princess of a neighbouring valley. But her father, Chief Mbandra, hated Sebebe with a hate that was ever smouldering. He had a plan, a clever, cunning plan. A plan to kill. He would hold a race, a race to kill, and the winner could marry his daughter, Medra.

As Sebebe ran, his face drawn with the strain, the breeze in the grass murmured "Sebebe must win," and the whole valley answered the same. On top of the big rock sat Chief Mbandra. The last thing Sebebe had to do was to climb the rock. He started climbing, quickly at first, but then slowly and more slowly, and when he nearly fell, the people gasped. On and on he climbed, till at noon King Mbandra could stand it no longer. He threw his cloak down for Sebebe to catch, and pulled him up to receive his prize. Just as Sebebe reached the top, Chief Mbandra let go of the cloak, and with a blood-curdling scream, Sebebe crashed to the ground, and the rock roared with rage and split. Every month on full moon nights, Sebebe visits this rock and roams over his homeland and looks for Medra, and woe betide anyone else if he finds them on his land on that evening." I shuddered, and we drove up the drive in silence.

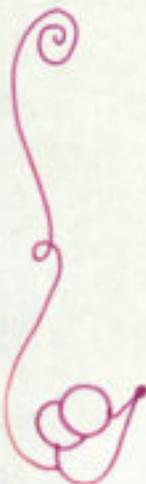
It happened that a few months later I was driving down that same stretch of road on my own, and there was a dreadful storm brewing. As I rounded the sharp bend, the lightning flashed, and I saw the scar on Sebebe's Rock, and, yes, it was the full moon. The car skidded on the wet road and came to a halt at the foot of Sebebe's Rock. To my horror, around the rock through the driving rain I saw a man looming in the mist, and slowly he came towards me. The rain pelted down, and I felt a cold sweat break out on my forehead. The form walked slowly down to the car, nearer and nearer. I prayed and prayed. I did not want to die; why should I die? Anyway, what had I done? The lightning switched the world on, and through the howling wind came the sound of tapping on the window. I was too scared to breathe, and my mind went blank. I watched the form

silhouetted against the mist go around to the passenger side. A big, black face was pressed to the window, and big menacing eyes stared at me. He tapped again. Seeing that I would not move, the figure glided around to my door.

The door opened and I screamed. "Excuse me, Nana," said a bewildered African, regarding me with mistrust, "excuse me, but Nana's baas sent me to wait for you. He thought you might get stuck."

L. Moore
Std. 10.

ZETA
MATTPOST





F. Hanekom
STD.10

DIE OU BEDELAAR OP DIE STRAATHOEK

Ons sien net 'n hoepelkrom figuur wat in die koue wind sit en droom. Waarvan droom hy? Hy droom nie van rykdom en sukses nie. Nee, hierdie arme ou man droom van 'n warm bord sop, of 'n stuk gebraaide vleis.

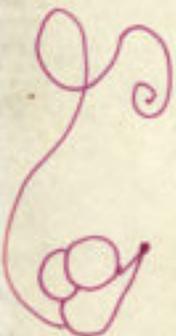
Daar is geen doel in hierdie man se lewe nie. Hy leef net van dag na dag en hy vra nie wat hy op die aarde doen nie. Vir hom, is die koue en hongerte so natuurlik soos die son.

Elke dag wag hy totdat iemand vir hom jammer kry en 'n sent of twee in sy vuil, grys hoed sit. Daarmee kan hy miskien 'n bietjie brood koop, maar gewoonlik slaap hy met niks in sy maag nie, net 'n gevoel van honger.

Wat van sy verlede? Sy ouers is oorlede toe hy nog net 'n jong kind was. Hulle het min gehad en daar was natuurlik baie min vir elkeen van die drie kinders. Toe hy ouer geword het, het dinge sleg met hom gegaan en dit is hoekom hy vandag so op die straathoek sit en bedel.

Is daar 'n toekoms vir hierdie man? Hy het nie sy omstandighede gekies nie. Wat sal môre vir hom bring? Wie weet? Al wat hy nou kan doen, is om in die straat te sit en hoop.

M. du Toit
St. 8.



ZETA
MATTPOST

LADY OF THE ICE

Everything was white. There was no other colour anywhere. Suddenly something moved. A woman turned to face him, she stood there, and held out her arms to him. He moved forward. She was dressed in a long white dress and her arms, which were uncovered, were as white as the snow that lay around them. Her deathly white face was surrounded by a mass of black hair, and her eyes were as black as the night. Her lips were as red as blood. They opened and called his name. Her voice was like the bell his mother rang when it was dinner time, sweet and rippling. He came to her; she was cold and suddenly her sweetness fell away and she was laughing, a cold, cruel laugh.

The little boy screamed. The darkness of his room was suddenly pierced by a gleam of light. His mother was holding him in her loving arms, and telling him that everything was safe now, and that it was just a nasty nightmare. Soon he was asleep again, cuddling his teddy bear.

John stood on the edge of the lake, his ice-skates over his shoulder. What on earth was he afraid of? He had skated on this same lake with his friends only yesterday, and Mrs Nowl, his landlady, knew where he was. Anyway, he was not a little boy any more, he was twenty-three, old enough surely to look after himself. He sat down on a log and put on his ice-skates.

The sun was beginning to go down. He had better start to go back. He turned and looked across the lake. He had never realized how white everything was here in Alaska.

He pushed hard on his skates and flew easily across the ice. A sudden movement caught the corner of his eye and made him stop. He turned and faced it. To his amazement, he saw a tall woman standing on the edge of the lake. He moved towards her. "What on earth is a woman doing here?" he thought. He stopped again and stared at the woman. There was something familiar about her. She was incredibly beautiful with dark hair, dark eyes and a deathly white skin. To top it all, she wore a strange long dress without sleeves. She beckoned to him. He moved towards her again. He stopped suddenly as he had been warned not to go to that part of the lake. It was dangerous. But she beckoned to him again, and a force stronger than anything he had known before, pulled him towards her.

There was a loud crack under his feet. He was falling, falling into the freezing water below him. Before he went under, he caught a glimpse of her. She was laughing, a cold cruel laugh, and he remembered a dream he had had, almost twenty years before.

The old man shook his head as the body was pulled from the water. "He was a fool, that one, he should not have gone skating alone for the Lady of the Ice punishes those who enter her kingdom alone."

DOLICHOCEPHALIC HEAD

He had a supercilious smile
On his silly, stupid face,
And his eyes sank back most horribly
And his chin stuck out like a promontory
Around which grew prolifically
A beard as fine as lace.

A beak-like nose of ghostly hue
Featured sharp on his long, drawn head.
His prow-like forehead protruded yet,
With furrows abominably deeply set,
And his close-knit brows were crossly met,
On his dolichocephalic head.

J. Richards
Std. 8.

SOUTH AFRICA

As a newspaper
Black cannot be without white
Nor white without black.

C. Ovenstone
Std. 9.



41

THE SMELL OF HOT BUTTERED TOAST

The tiny contracted figure of a small black child, huddled close to a brick wall, trying desperately to avoid the icy wind which makes his uncovered feet numb, he gazes into the cloud darkened sky. He does not question his situation; he accepts it. He bears no grudge against society. He knows no other way of life. No feelings of remorse fill his soul. To this boy, poverty and hunger are as natural as the sun.

Slowly he gets up, and walking down the road, he lets his small, dirty feet drag along the pavement. As he wanders, he dreams. Of what? Not of aeroplanes or motorcars. No, this unfortunate little child dreams of something far more important to him than any aeroplane could ever be. He dreams of good, solid, filling food!

Deeply engrossed in his thoughts, he strolls past a small café, where the owner is hurriedly buttering a thick piece of toast which he has recently made. At first, the boy merely stops in the doorway and stares as if in a trance. But suddenly, his nostrils are filled with the incredible aroma of the newly toasted bread. He can almost taste the creamy tang of the heated butter oozing into the crisp brown toast. He watches, helplessly envying the rather large shop-keeper as he unappreciatively swallows the last piece of crust.

Despondently, the child trudges on down the road. He has now walked a fair distance, and yet his thoughts still remain in that café. Somehow, he no longer feels the chill of the cold wind beating harshly on his barely covered back. As he remembers the butter, a smile comes over his face, and once again the moist sweetness of the liquid gold lingers in his nostrils, kindling the warm happy memory, but at the same time, haunting, even tempting.

As time passes, the remembrance of those few wonderful seconds slowly fades away. Once again, he feels the hunger pains in his stomach, and the bitter cruelty of the night.

It is now dark, and the figure of a poor innocent boy, who had no say in his existence, can be seen wandering through the empty streets. For the first time in his life, he asks the question, "Why?"

M. du Toit
Std. 8.



BOYCOTTThe 1980 Stay-Away

On the 18 June, it was believed that 75 % of the black labour force would stay away from work, but this changed as many workers defied the threats made by the riot leaders. The boycott call was ignored on the Reef, as the expected stay-away, to commemorate the 1976 Soweto riots, did not materialize. From Pretoria, it was reported that thousands of blacks streamed into the city without incident.

The situation in the Cape Peninsula however, was very different. In the many coloured townships - Elsie's River, Grassy Park, Retreat and others, the violence was severe. Buses and trains entered the city virtually empty as more than half of the area's black and coloured man power stayed at home.

The police force had direct instructions to maintain law and order at all costs. Looters and arsonists could expect no mercy. Many people were shot during these riots, but the sad part is that most of the victims were innocent women and children. The gang members were not shot due to perfect gang organisation. The total of riot deaths appeared to be 42 or more, and police said that 29 had died in the Peninsula.

Mrs Christine Horn, 22, was shot when she went out to look for her two brothers. She has three very young children, Santel 2, Divoda 6 and Christopher 5. Santel now waits for her mother to arrive home every night when she sees other women returning from work.

When Edith Lewis, 45, went out to buy bread, she stayed away too long for her husband's liking. He and his son went out to look for her. They went to the shop and saw people running so they decided to return. Mr Roodt felt a bullet hit his back, and tried to get home. His son was later brought home with a bullet in his leg. The riot police then took them to Epping police station. "As we entered the station, I saw my wife's body lying on the stoep. She was covered with a blanket, but I recognized her shoe lying beside her body. I kicked the shoe aside because I did not want my son to see his mother," said Mr Roodt.

William Lombard, 15, was shot dead on his way to the shop to buy milk for his puppy. "The police are supposed to be there for our protection, but they didn't give us one warning," said Mr Lombard.

There are children and adults alike who live with the knowledge of how their closest ones died. They will not forget. Mrs Van Wyk said that her daughter of three does not understand what happened, but she will continue telling her child how her father died.

Bitterness and depression has been intensified during these riots, and unemployment has increased. Factories and shops are now coping with fewer staff, and whites have been given the jobs of those coloureds and blacks who stayed away, in case this happens again.

This sort of violence and rioting is inevitable. The black youth of today have had enough. The elders still suffer patiently, but the young rebel against the government, and apartheid.

K. Saunders
Std. 9.



ZETA
MATTPOST

THERE ARE TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS

Fate, like a gloomy fog, hangs over the heads of some,
 They flounder in the depths of depression,
 And flood their hellish world with tears,
 While
 light airy music lingers leisurely above the heads of others,
 Romancing, with laughter lapping at sparkling shores,
 And rolling in the sleepy sunlight of their heavenly world.

Cowered in the dusty corner of some damp lonely room he sits,
 Faded memories of those forgotten fancies haunting him still.
 Too weak to cry, too strong to die,
 Forgotten is he
 By those newly fledged sprites, still safe and secure in their nests,
 Leaping and laughing in their youthful adventures.
 The whole world is open to their exploration.

Those riddled with the weevils of cancer are destined to die,
 Sometimes lying silently, waiting, waiting for their turn to come,
 Sometimes shaken by violent, hopeless depressions.
 Blocked from the minds
 Of the light-hearted ones who frolic freely,
 Disturbed only by their own trivial concerns,
 And not bothering to think of those who suffer.

In the smelly gutters, a tiny black boy burrows in the dirt.
 Maybe he will find some small morsel for his swollen stomach,
 His place is outside in the dirty cobbled streets,
 While
 The big white chief sits on his throne, basking in his pleasures,
 Too content to bother to look around a while,
 For, after all, there is nothing he can do.

We worry over small things while others are dying
 In depression, suffering and loneliness.
 Yes, our worlds are so far apart.
 Could we ever be united to form one caring world?
 No, we just carry on living,
 Moving from one world to the next.

K. Saunders
Std. 9.



ALLEEN IN DIE WÊRELD

Ek is 'n weeskind, my ouers is 'n jaar na my geboorte in 'n motorongeluk oorlede. Omdat ek nie familie het nie, het ek in 'n weeshuis grootgeword. Op my veertiende verjaarsdag het ek die weeshuis verlaat om 'n skool in Amersfoort by te woon. Ek was ontsettend bly gewees, uiteindelik kon ek soos 'n normale kind leef en nie net 'n nommer in 'n uniform wees nie. Maar ek het nie beseft dat dit 'n swaar stryd sou wees nie.

Die eerste dag het almal baie tyd aan my bestee, ek was vir hulle iets abnormaals. Ek was bang gewees, ek het soos 'n rots wat uit die see gestee het gevoel, dit was asof die swerm kinders branders was wat my probeer omtrek het of wou gebreek het. Ek het my tranes teruggehou, dit het die weestuis my geleer. Na die lesure verby was en almal huis toe gegaan het, het ek alleen na die koshuis gestap. Al die kinders het in motors geklim op pad na hulle warm huise en ouers wat hulle liefhet. Ek het niemand gehad nie, my lewe was leeg.

In die klas, as iets verkeerd geloop het, het die kinders onmiddellik gesê: "Ek sal my ouers hiervan laat weet!"

Wie kon ek vertel? Wie kon ek vertrou? Wie het my lief? Niemand.

Ek het my skoolmaats lekker laat lag, maar niemand het in 'n intieme vriendskap belanggestel nie. Niemand wou 'n weeskind as 'n beste maat hê nie. As iemand tog belanggestel het, het die ouers die vriendskap gou-gou ontmoedig, almal was agterdogtig oor my.

Vandag, na jare van treur, beseft ek dat almal net in my belang stel as ek hulle kan laat lag, maar sodra ek stil raak of probleme het, verdwyn hulle soos die oggendmis in die son.

M. Hommersom
St. 9.



THE SMALL GREEN SUITCASE

My mother and I spent a long time trying to find the right case for the holiday we were about to spend in Israel. We searched every single shop looking for a strong overnight case and finally found a small green suitcase in Garlicks, with one side pocket and a strong zip.

The case was quite perfect for our trip to Israel. There was even space to take all my mother's medicines and presents, which she likes to carry in her overnight bag. Unfortunately, on arrival in Israel, to my mother's dismay, she was stripped of her packages for security reasons, and so the small green case looked decidedly empty.

Now, my mother did not want to ruin the shape of her "darling little case" and found it necessary to buy an awful amount of souvenirs to try to fill up "the dear." Well, my father didn't enjoy cashing travellers cheques for the sake of my mother's case which was already stretched. My mother therefore started asking people if they had anything she could carry for them back to South Africa. Nobody knew anybody in South Africa and my poor mother begged my father for one more souvenir until the problem was solved by some Arabs we met in Nablus. A friendly Arab there asked us to take some tea back to a friend of theirs who lived in Mauritius. This, you can imagine my mother happily agreed to do. None of us had any doubts about the fact that it was tea and were rather relieved when our bags, or shall we say the small suitcase, which to my mother's joy was now full, were not checked at the airport.

The journey started off comfortably enough and would most likely have been completely uneventful if, as is only natural, my mother had not wanted to clean her teeth. Seeing the tea in her case, she began to tell a nervous-looking man sitting next to her about some charming Arabs on the West Bank who had given to her some tea for a friend of theirs in Mauritius. She went to the bathroom, cleaned her teeth and came back to find the man asking if he could go and sit near an emergency exit. Asked the reason why, he told the steward that my mother was carrying a bomb.

I think that by this time my mother felt that perhaps she was carrying something suspicious and was slightly nervous too. In fact, to put it lightly, we were all on edge. She put her case back on the shelf above us and held our hands so that we would all die together. An airhostess bravely asked to see the package and my mother started to lift her case down. By this time she was in such a state she was shaking, and she dropped the case onto the ground. There was an almighty "boom" from inside the case. Our alert neighbour rushed to the emergency exit, but we were in such a state of shock, we stood and stared. Our shaking fingers finally managed to open the case so we could throw it out (with our companion if they would allow him to open the door and jump).

Inside the case was a deodorant can which had burst all over some rather delicious looking Arab tea.

S. Hammond
Std. 8.

LIKE A CAT

The bite had gone out of the air this morning
 When I caught the bus at half past seven,
 The sky outside was still and indigo and
 The lights were on inside, glowing around
 the people.

But when I got off (3 stops later)
 It was light outside.

I sat through the droning till break
 Then outside, stretched out on the bricks
 behind the white wall,
 Soaked up the sun with my face muffled
 In a jersey,
 Eased out the stiffness and cold in my back,
 Took off my shoes and the warmth
 Reached my toes,

And that's as far as I've got.

J. Yeats
Std. 9.

STORM IN THE KAROO

Goodbye to dryness
 As forked lightning stabs the sky
 The thunder applauds.

D. Diamond
Std. 9.

ZETA
 MATTROST





S. Schröder

S. Schröder
Std. 9

SITTING DUCKS

As Captain Jansens came on deck, he looked at his watch. "Dead on time!" he muttered approvingly, more to himself than to me. "Those inspectors are always punctual."

There was a faint buzzing, like that of two angry bees. Almost simultaneously, all of us on deck looked up. Two grey specks came rapidly closer, and eventually we recognised them as helicopters. They hovered overhead for a few moments - and then dropped, like dead birds, onto the huge deck of the Savdoil, one of the world's largest oil tankers.

There were at least eight men in each helicopter. Ducking under the whirring blades, the Captain and I (his Lieutenant) went to meet them. We led our guests - only two of them came with us - to Captain Jansen's suite, where they would check all the Savdoil's official documents. Both men kept their caps on, and both wore heavy glasses.

"..... Yes, all the papers are in order. The Savdoil is registered in Riyadh; destination - France; cargo - two hundred thousand tons of crude oil"

I replaced the folder in Jansen's desk, and as I turned round I felt a sharp object sticking into my back.

"Don't say a word, just sit down," I heard a voice say.

I saw Captain Jansen standing on the opposite side of the cabin - also at gunpoint.

"There is no point in calling for help," the 'inspector' continued, "our men are in control of all major sections of the tanker - including the radios! We are close to the South African coast. A message is already being relayed to South Africa. Breyten Breytenbach must be released within twelve hours. If this is not done we'll blow up the Savdoil, and the South African beaches and coastal ecology will be severely endangered by the resulting oil slick - and two hundred thousand tons is a lot of oil" A helicopter carrying explosives is already on its way here. Other than that, no aircraft or vessels are to approach this tanker."

My mind was running riot. "This cannot be true, it must be a joke!" At the same time, I realised that there was nothing we could do if the tanker was indeed controlled by the 'inspector's' men.

After several hours our captors allowed us to go above deck. I heard the buzzing throb of a helicopter in the distance again. Of course, the explosives! When it landed, three of the hijackers approached the helicopter - unwittingly sitting ducks for any hostile man in the helicopter.

Within ten minutes all the hijackers were either dead or captured. The South African Navy officials bundled the hijackers into the helicopters, and after a final check, they left again. Their efficiency was almost unbelievable, their plan daring, clever and well-executed - and made possible by a small flaw in the hijackers' plot. The fact that the third helicopter might not be theirs never entered their minds. They took no precautions in approaching the helicopter!

Once again the Navy found the crack, widened it and marched right in!

C. Grootendorst
Std. 10.

ZETA
MATTPOST
A FOOL

I feel like being a fool
Feel like being a benevolent clown
Feel like smiling at people I don't know at all -
But I won't -
I'm not that much of a fool!

A. Singer
Std. 9.



DIE STEM VAN DIE SEE

Toe ek nog jonk was, het my gesin en die bergagtige binneland van Lesotho gewoon. Ek het eers die see ontdek toe ons met vakansie in Oos-Afrika was. Ek en my oupa en ouma het Kersfees naby Mombasa deurgebring.

Dit is 'n tropiese hawestad langs die Indiese Oseaan waar bote heeldag in- en uitvaar, en die strate wemel van bruingebrande vissermanne en duikers. Daar is heerlike lang stroke wit sand en die blou-groen water is amper loutwam. Ek het elke dag op die strand langs die oerwoud gebaljaar en het kastaiingbruin van die son geword. Daar het ek geleer swem en ons moes altyd sandskoene in die water dra, want onder was daar skerp rotse.

Een geval wat ek duidelik onthou, is die dag toe twee duikers voor ons deur kom staan het. Voor my oë het hulle die grootste rooskleurige skulpe vertoon! In 'n ander mandjie was daar ses yslike krewes wat later in 'n bad water gekook is.

Die volgende jaar het die see my ouers na Mosselbaai gelok. Dit was my gelukkigste dae; ons het ver buite op die see gevaar om vis te vang. Van die boot kon ons klompes robbe op die eiland beskou, en die wonderlikste seediere was die dolfyne wat deur die branders gedruk het.

Ek het ook dae op Umdlotistrand in Natal met my pa deurgebring; op 'n ander geleentheid het ons in Engeland kus toe gegaan. Daar het ek nie die see gesien nie, want dit was laaggety en die water was drie myl ver!

Vandag is ek die gelukkigste wanneer ek huis toe kan gaan. Snags, as ek aan die slaap raak, kan ek die see hoor tuimel en die soutlug ruik. Soms as ek die kans kry, haal ek die trein wat langs Valsbaai, St. James en Kalkbaai tot by Simonsstad ry. Maar ek hou nie van die Kaapse waters nie, hulle is koud en onvriendelik en ek verlang maar net meer na dié van my tuisgebied.

J. Yeats
St. 9.



CLONMACNOIS - AN IRISH MONASTERY

We arrived from the Shannon River with the west wind blowing us up the hill. We had left our boat moored to the little jetty as many had done over the past 1 500 years, and after tramping through heavy peat, we finally reached the ruins of an ancient monastery, Clonmacnois. Although it had been the second most important ecclesiastical centre in Ireland, Clonmacnois was by far the greatest centre of art and literature.

The monastery was founded by St. Ciaràn in 545 A.D. Many Kings and other important people from all over the country were buried there. As we entered through a magnificent archway, we admired the beautiful Celtic crosses that adorned the crumbling walls.

The monastery itself was never as peaceful as it would have liked to have been. Fire ravaged it many times and Vikings invaded it eight times between 832 A.D. and 1163 A.D. English and Irish enemies assailed Clonmacnois continually, and finally it was reduced to complete ruin by the English in 1552, after everything had been either stolen or burnt. Today only one tiny chapel still has its roof, and to us, as children, it appeared like a doll's house because of its smallness.

Some monks devoted themselves to solitary, lonely lives in which they copied the Bible onto parchment. They often wrote poems to console themselves. This most famous one about a scholar and his white cat was translated from the Irish by Robin Flower.

I and Pangur Bàn my cat,
'Tis a like task we are at
Hunting mice is his delight
Hunting words I sit all night.

Often times a mouse will stray
In the hero Pangur's way;
Often times my keen thought set
Takes a meaning in its net.

'Gainst the wall he sets his eye
Full and fierce and sharp and sly;
'Gainst the wall of knowledge I
All my little wisdom try.

So in peace our tasks we ply,
Pangur Bàn my cat, and I;
In our arts we find our bliss,
I have mine and he has his.

J. Richards
Std. 8.

ON BEING LATE!

My mother has a policy which used to upset me when I was younger; she never dashes for anything. Let me give an example which caused me great embarrassment at the time.

Having checked in at Jan Smuts Airport, we were waiting in the lounge with some friends for our flight to Heathrow. I was in the cloakroom when the first call for boarding passes was broadcast in the usual sing-song voice, so I rushed out to gather up my goods and chattles and join the queue. However, there sat my mother, calmly ordering another whisky and soda, "just for the meantime."

"Oh," she said, "They'll be hours sending that lot through customs," motioning to a crowd of about four hundred disappearing through the doors.

I clung to the edge of my seat in consternation and jerked up on hearing,

"This is the final call for all passengers travelling on flight BA 307 to London, etc."

At this my mother drifted along to have a look at the duty-free shop, and having told me to stop whining, firmly ignored all further pleas of "Let's get on now, ma."

The final straw was the announcement,

"Will the last two passengers for flight BA 307 please board immediately through exit 3."

At this my somewhat surprised mother completed her transactions and we were rushed through a superficial baggage check by several harassed guards. I was acutely aware of the rows of indignant faces as we were led to our seats by a politely restrained steward. My mother seemed immune.

However, the engines of the boeing had not been running for longer than three minutes when they wound down to a halt. The take-off was delayed for an hour while a technical hitch was sorted out.

Although my mother proved her theory, the episode left me quite unnerved and the effects have lasted to this day. I make sure that I am always inconspicuously in the middle of any queue for transport, except that I will be first into a lift - for horror of the doors squashing me as I jump in late.

J. Yeats
Std. 9.



DIE OU BEDELAAR OP DIE STRAATHOEK

Op die hoek van 'n woelige straat, sit 'n ou man. Hy het 'n paar grys haartjies wat onder sy laphoed uitsteek. Sy vaal oë kyk jou vraend aan terwyl hy saggies prewel. Om die dun skouers is maar net 'n slordige kombes van toeka se dae en sy broek is ook lankal net 'n stuk geskeurde lap. Sy voete is kaal, vuil en effens blou om sy tone en sy hande is maar net 'n paar beentjies met 'n stuk vel daaroor getrek. Die man is 'n bedelaar en dag vir dag sit hy teen die muur van 'n winkel op die hoek van 'n woelige straat, heeltemal alleen, verlate in 'n wêreld wat nie meer vir hom tyd het nie, wat nie meer vir hom omgee nie. Maar sy lewe was van die wêreld waarin hy nou besig is om te vergaan.

Op 'n warm somersdag, in 'n klein dorpie iewers in Engeland, het daar 'n jong kêrel van omtrent drie-en-twintig langs die pragtige blomme en bome van die veld verbygeloop. Hy het vrolik gevoel en het af en toe gaan staan om met 'n diertjie te gesels of maar net om die uitsig te bewonder. Vir hom was die lewe iets wonderliks, iets wat uit 'n sprokiesverhaal gekom het, iets waarvan hy nooit sou moeg raak nie. Sy gesin was welgestelde boere in hierdie omgewing, en hy en sy broers was almal baie trots op hulle plaas. Hy was 'n uitstekende leerling in die skool en het naderhand universiteit toe gegaan om hom as 'n advokaat te bekwaam. Nou was hy 'n beroemde regsgeleerde en daarby was hy so pas verloof aan 'n ryk stadsmeisie. Nou ja, dis geen wonder dat hy so vrolik gevoel het nie. Maar ongelukkig was daar iewers in al sy vrolikheid iets wat nie heeltemal pluis nie. Hy was 'n gulsige man. Hy wou alles hê wat hy kon kry, en nog meer. Hy was glad nie tevrede om net so te bly lewe nie. Vir hom was daar geen hoogtepunt wat buite sy bereik was nie, en daarom het sy gelukkige, gesellige lewe stadig verander. Oor die jare het hy sluerer geword, bitter teenoor sy medemensse en suinig soos die duiwel self. Hy het sy vrou en kinders verlaat, sy familie verlaat en sy vriende verlaat. Al wat hy wou hê was geld, nog meer geld en nog meer. Skielik was dit asof die Here self sy vuus op hierdie man afgebring het en elke sent wat hy ooit gehad het van hom af weggevat het. Oornag was hy 'n arm ou man wat by elke ou vriend om hulp gevra het, wat by sy familie simpatie gesoek het en toe eindelijk op 'n straathoek gaan sit en bedel het terwyl die wêreld verby gegaan het.

Tot vandag nog is die tragedie van hierdie man se lewe nie heeltemal te verstaan nie. As jy eendag so 'n grysaard langs die straat sien sit, dink eers aan hierdie verhaal voor jy hom jammer kry. Miskien is dit maar ook sy straf om dag vir dag op 'n straathoek te sit terwyl sy lewe verbygaan. Miskien sit jy ook eendag daar. 'n Simbool van die gulsige geaardheid van die mensdom.

M. Houghton-Thomas
St. 8.



I'VE LOST TIME

I've lost time to enjoy the sunshine and the grass at home. Whenever I'm there, I'm dashing hectically here and there, "doing things." I've lost time to read good books from beginning to end, in an afternoon. Most of all, I've lost time to dream. I've lived in many worlds and done many fantastic (in the literative sense) things, but for the last couple of years, I've basically only had time for one world, this one. It might be a good thing eventually to have to face up to reality, but it is certainly not relaxing.

I have also lost my chief, childhood dream. This weekend it's going to become a reality, I'm going to turn sixteen. Sixteen has always been my magical age. I was going to be a ballerina, a film star and a wife, all at sixteen. I was going to live in a "Snow White" type castle, in the middle of the misty woods with all my animal friends. If you laugh, I'll warn you that I seriously believed that I was going to do this. It looks as though I'll only have time to spend one day celebrating the romantic age of sixteen.

I'm actually quite excited about it, which is unusual, as I haven't felt this way about a birthday or Christmas for a long time. I have simply lost that tense excitement which causes running stomachs and sleepless nights before a great occasion. Christmas used to be "the" occasion of the year. The presents were heaven, even little things were enormous. As I grew older, although growing, they seemed instead to dwindle in size. I stopped getting surprise presents and instead got something I'd decided on. I also started getting presents before the special day.

I'm also, in a way, sorry that I'm not ever again going to go to one of those awful parties, where you hog chips and sickly sweet birthday cake, then proceed to squabble over prizes for the egg and spoon race.

When I was small, I used to ask "brilliant" questions like "Why don't aeroplanes flap their wings?" People used to say, "Isn't she a clever little girl." Now I'm considered stupid if I don't know the answers.

It was also very easy to do well at school. I went to a homely little private school, where exams consisted of twenty word spelling tests.

Perhaps the most embarrassing, but most practical problem, that I have, in a sense, actually gained with age. Most children are greedy, but grow out of it. I used to be totally indifferent towards food. I have since grown out of that, and am now quite a pig as far as food is concerned.

Most of my problems, with the exception of the greediness, are doubtful. They basically boil down to the fact that I have been forced to come out of my mind and, practically and methodically, set my feet on the ground. This actual action is a good thing, and is essential if I am eventually going to have to make my own life. It is the situation which forces me to do this, that I consider a pity. It is a pity to have to rush into life, and suddenly find that you simply can't cope with more than one world.

R. Haden
Std. 9.

COOKING

Baking cakes is so much fun
Mixing ingredients all in one,
Whisking the eggs till they're frothy and light
It looks so good so let's have a bite.
Tasting is the best part of all
My cake must rise and please not fall,
Now into the oven it must go
Cooking, not fast but not too slow.
Oh what a sight! Oh what a mess!
I've spilt all over my brand new dress.
Look at the cake it's rising high
Up, up into the sky.
It tastes so good, it's fluffy and light
I just can't wait to have a bite.

M. Ovenstone
Std. 6.

LIMERICK

There once was a girl from Bulgaria
Who wished that her head could be hairier
As she ranted and raved -
By mistake her head shaved
And she found it to be much, much airier.

C. Roberts
Std. 9.





Khosa

UBUHLE BOMHLABA

Isibhakabhaka neentaka zaso ezinemibala-bala ekhanyayo sigqume umhlaba njengengubo. Ngelinye ixesha amafu amhlophe angumla phambi kwelanga elityheli; axabise imithunzi emhlabeni. Ke invula iyawa ukwupha umhlaba ubomi obutsha.

Iintaba ezintsundu ezityheli zosiwa lilanga ngoko zomile. Eminye imithi enganamagqabi sisithunzi, sifana neminwe egaso. Iintaba zoluleka zibende ngathi zifuna ukuhlaba amafu.

Amathambeka agqunywe ngengca entle eluhlaza. Amatyholo abomvu anjengamabala emahlandengukeni. Iintyatyambo ezibomvu, ezityheli, nezibomvu zithe sa ecaleni komlambo. Ukhula luxomeke ezantsi apho amanzi ayaduduma! Iintyatyambo ezikhula ngaphandle kwamanzi ziluhlaza zimtyibilizi, zikhula ngasendaweni yokugubha equmayo, ecocileyo. Amanzi agquma agaza phakathi kwamawa. Imithombo iyajikeleza. Yo! kukubona okuhle kakhulu.

Ulwandle olunzulu duluhlaza lunyibilikela esibhakabhakeni phaya. Umoya uvuthuza amahashe amhlophe elinxwemeni. Amaza abetheka esantini nasemaweni. Iintlanzi ezinombala zikhanzimla zilakhaza phakathi kwamanzi. Ukhula lwaselwandle luphaphatheka kancinci ngamandla alwandle. Conokwece abanjengejuxeli, batshonile elizweni labanjengcenkwekwezi elethu.



Umhlaba ubuhle buminzi obukufuneka bungcinwe sithi ukwe abantwana bethu babenako ukubuka yonke le ndawo entle.

THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

The sky with its bright multi-coloured birds covers the earth like a blanket. Sometimes the white clouds float in front of the bright sun; they cast shadows on the earth. Then the rain falls and gives the earth a new life.

The yellow, brown mountain is baked by the sun, and is therefore dry. Some leafless trees are silhouettes which look like crooked fingers. The mountains stretch high, and stab the clouds.

The valleys are covered with lush, green grass. The red bushes are like spots on the slopes, and the multi-coloured flowers tumble down the banks of the river. Weeds hang down the waterfalls, and the green mosses beside the sparkling pools are slippery. The water gurgles and bubbles through crevices and crags, and the streams swirl and dance. Wow, but it is a very beautiful sight.

The deep green sea melts far away with the sky. The wind blows the white horses to the shore. The waves beat against the sand and rocks. There is a different world under the water. The colourful fishes are shiny and streak through the water. The seaweed sways a little with the power of the sea. The shells are like jewels, they shine in their world like the stars in ours.

The earth has great beauty which we must care for so that our children will be able to admire and enjoy all these beautiful places.

K. Saunders
Std. 9.

ZETA
MATTPOST

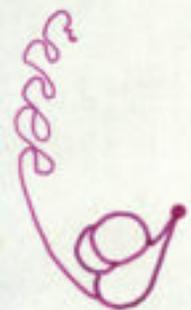


khala
 sizwe sam
 intliziyo yazo yaphukiwe
 ngokulwa kwabantu baso
 yirhazuka igazi impompoza
 inene sizwe
 khala!

cry
 my country
 your heart has been broken
 by a conflict of your people's
 as it tears blood flows
 indeed country
 cry!

C. Ovenstone
Std. 9.

MATIPPOST
 ZETA





Latin

BELLUM TROIANI

Priamus erat rex Troiae, urbis antiquae. Olim, Paris, Priami filius, ad Graeciam navigavit. In itinere in urbem Menelai, regis Spartaë, pervenit. Menelaus Parisem salutatum ad suam regiam duxit. Paris conspectam Helenam, pulchram uxorem Menelai. Statim Helenam amavit et cum ea Troiam festinavit.

Menelaus et tristes et iratus erat. Militibus ex multis partibus Graeciae coactis, multas naves longas aedificavit ut ad Asiam navigaret. Tandem in Asiam pervenit et magna castra collocavit. Agri Priami deleris, multos necaverunt. Urbem Troiam magna oppugnaverunt; Hector autem, frater Parisis, Troiam magna virtute defendebat.

Tramen, Graecus nomine Achilles, Hectorem in pugna imperatum necavit. Sed Graeci urbem non statim ceperunt; Troiani enim fortiter urbem defendebat. Tandem Graeci novum consilium ceperunt. Magnam equum ligneum aedificaverunt et in quo multos homines collocarent. Troiani equum in arcem traxerunt quod credebant equum donum deorum esse.

Primo, pauci equum hincverunt, sed multi laudaverunt. Tamen, pauci pastores invem Graecum nomine Sinonem ad Priamum traduxerunt. Sinon, vir sceleratus, Priamum monuit, "si equum deleveritis, Graeci urbem olim capient, sed si equum in urbem intraveritis et in arce collocaveritis, equus urbem contra hostes defendet." Tum magno gaudio viri equum in urbem traxerunt.

Ubi nox erat cives in cubilibus omnes dormiebant. Signo dato, Sinon statim homines ex equo liberavit. Homines summa

celeritate ad portas contendebant. Custodibus necatis, urbem intraverunt. Omnia aedificia deleverunt et multi cives necaverunt. Mulieres captas, ad naves longas traxerunt. Graeci cum regiam intravissent, et Priamum et eius filios necaverunt.

Aeneas, Troianus, auxilio paucorum sociorum hostes aggressi sunt. Diu et acriter pugnatum est, sed multis proeliis socii defessi negaverunt se unquam urbem servare posse. Ad montes igitur fugerunt. Tum Aeneas auxilio horum sociorum naves aedificavit et ex Asia navigaverunt. Post ingentia pericula et per multa maria, ad solem occidentem iter faciebant. Consilium ceperunt novae Troiae in Italia aedificandae. Haec Troia nova et dives, fortis et acris futura erat bello.



THE TROJAN WAR

Priam was the king of Troy, an ancient city. One day, Paris, Priam's son, sailed to Greece. On the journey, he came to the city of Menelaus, King of Sparta. Menelaus greeted Paris and took him to his palace. Paris saw Helen, Menelaus' beautiful wife. He fell in love with Helen at once and fled with her to Troy.

Menelaus was both sad and angry. He collected together soldiers from all over Greece and he built many battleships so that he would be able to sail to Asia. At length, they arrived and set up many camps. The Greeks destroyed Priam's lands and killed many people. They attacked the city of Troy with great force, but Hector, Paris' brother, defended Troy with great courage.

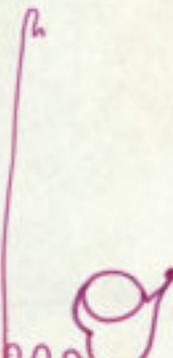
However, Achilles, a Greek, defeated Hector in battle and killed him, but the Greeks did not capture the city immediately because the Trojans bravely defended their city. At last the Greeks adopted a new plan. They built a huge wooden horse and placed many men inside it. The Trojans dragged the horse into the citadel because they believed that the horse was a gift from the gods.

At first a few were afraid of the horse, but many cheered it. However, a few shepherds dragged a young Greek called Sinon to Priam. Sinon, a rascal, warned Priam, "If you destroy the horse, the Greeks will one day capture the city, but if you drag the horse into the city and place it in the citadel, it will always protect the city against enemies." Then, with great joy, the men dragged the horse into the city.

When night came the citizens were all in bed. When the signal was given Sinon immediately freed the men from the horse. The men hurried to the gates. They killed the guards. They destroyed all the buildings and murdered many of the citizens. The women were seized and they dragged them to the boats. The Greeks then entered the palace and killed Priam and his sons.

With the help of a few allies, Aeneas, a Trojan, attacked the enemies. Long, fierce fighting took place, but after many battles, the allies were exhausted and said that they would never be able to save the city. Therefore, they fled to the mountains. Then, Aeneas, with the help of these allies, built boats and sailed from Asia. After great dangers and after sailing across many seas, they travelled east. They decided that they would build a new Troy in Italy. This Troy, with the blood of the new Trojan race, would be rich and brave and fierce in battle.

D. Diamond
Std. 9.





lettuce - muscovinus - cross wd

G. Maclean
Std. 9



French

Nous sommes arrivés à Orly dans l'après-midi. Notre Hotel n'était pas loin du centre de la ville et les chambres étaient très plaisantes. Après s'être reposé, nous sommes allés au tabac pour acheter chacune un carnet pour le métro. La gare la plus près était Rue Montmartre. Il m'avait fait plaisir d'aller dans les trains. Il y a de grandes annonces sur les murs des longues tunnels. En arrivant, nous avons regardé Notre Dame, l'intérieure et l'extérieure. Puis, dans un petit restaurant sur le Rive Gauche, nous avons mangé le dîner. (Les fromages sont très bons). Il y avait beaucoup d'étudiants et beaucoup de Tunisiens et de Chinois. Les musiciens jouent aux coins des rues. Un peu plus tard nous sommes montés sur un bateau au Pont Neuf pour une excursion à la Seine et pour voir les bâtiments illuminés à chaque côté de la rivière. Nous sommes rentrés très tard et le lendemain matin je ne me suis pas levée de bonne heure. Il y a toujours des croissants et du café pour le petit déjeuner. A toute vitesse nous sommes allés au Jeu du Faune dans les Jardins des Tuilleries où il y avait déjà une queue pour entrer. C'est un musée tout à fait merveilleux. Dedans il ya des peintures des Impressionistes - Monet, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Lautrec, Renoir et beaucoup d'autres. Un peu plus tard nous sommes allés au Centre Pompidou qui est une structure moderne étonnante. Il pleuvait quand je suis tombée dans mon lit cette nuit là. Le lendemain nous nous sommes promenés dans le Louvre (qui est si grand que c'est ridicule) et le long des Champs Elysées à l'Arc de Triomphe. L'après-midi nous nous sommes arrêtés au Tour Eiffel

en route pour le Musée Rodin où on peut voir Le Penseur.
Nous sommes partis le lendemain après une excursion
par train à Chartres dans la campagne. Je voudrais
retourner en France un jour pour explorer la reste du
pays.



La Tour Eiffel sous un ciel gris

semer

MY VISIT TO PARIS

We arrived at Orly in the afternoon. Our hotel was not far from the centre of the city and the bedrooms were very pleasant. After having rested, we went to the Tobac to buy a ticket book for the underground. The nearest station was the Rue Montmartre. I enjoyed travelling on the trains. There are large advertisements all along the walls of the long tunnels.

On arriving, we looked at Notre Dame, both the interior and the exterior. Then, in a little restaurant on the Left Bank, we had dinner (the cheeses are superb). There were many students and many Tunisians and Chinese. The musicians play on the street corners.

A little later we boarded a boat at the Pont Neuf for an excursion on the Seine, and to see the illuminated buildings on each side of the river. We returned very late and the following morning I did not get up very early. There were always croissants and coffee for breakfast.

We went very quickly to the Jeu de Paume in the Tuilleries Gardens where there was already a queue at the entrance. It is a marvellous museum. Inside, there are paintings by the Impressionists - Monet, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Lautrec and many others. A little later we went to the Pompidou Centre which is an amazing modern structure. It was raining when I fell into my bed that night.

The next day we walked in the Louvre (it is so big that it is ridiculous) and the length of the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe. In the afternoon we stopped at the Eiffel Tower on the way to the Rodin Museum where one is able to see "The Thinker."

We departed the following afternoon after a train excursion to Chartres which is in the country.

One day I would like to return to France, to explore the rest of the country.

J. Yeats
Std. 9.



LES FLEURS MAGNIFIQUES

Où sont les fleurs,
 les fleurs du printemps ?
 Je les ai cherchées -
 Partout,
 mais la terre est nue,
 et le ciel est sombre
 (comme un bâtiment),
 et je suis désolée
 parce que les fleurs sont magnifiques,
 et elles me manquent
 comme à un vieillard manque son jeunesse.

THE MAGNIFICENT FLOWERS

Where are the flowers,
 the flowers of Spring?
 I have looked for them everywhere,
 but the earth is bare,
 and the sky is sombre
 (like a prison),
 and I am desolated
 because the flowers are magnificent,
 and I miss them
 like an old man misses his youth.

A. Singer
Std. 9.



Chère Madame

J'ai l'honneur de vous rendre compte des décisions prises au cours de la réunion du 25 janvier. Cette réunion avait pour objet le renouvellement de la culture française en Afrique du Sud.

Ce rendez-vous avait lieu à l'Alliance Française. Il y avait cent personnes, dont beaucoup d'Anglais. Nous avons souper ensemble et après ce repas délicieux nous avons causé en français.

A neuf heures nous nous sommes assis et le professeur nous a adressé. Il a dit que nous allions présenter la pièce la Malade Imaginaire à 'Little Theatre' au Cap le 31 mai.

Après cette pièce nous donnerons un vin d'honneur auquel les acteurs et les spectateurs avaient l'occasion de parler les uns aux autres en français. La pièce commencera à huit heures et finira à dix heures et quart.

J'espère que vous êtes contente de ce renouvellement de français ici. Je pense que plus de personnes s'intéresseront à cette langue étrange.

Merci beaucoup pour votre gentillesse pour moi quand j'habitais en France.

Cordialement à vous

Alexa Singer

Dear Mrs Forestier

I have the honour to inform you of the decisions that were taken at a Reunion on 25 January 1980. This Reunion had, as its objective, the rebirth of French culture in South Africa.

The meeting took place at the Alliance Francaise. There were one hundred people of which many were English. We dined together and after this delicious meal, we chatted in French.

At nine o'clock we sat down and a professor addressed us. He said that we were going to present the play, *La Malade Imaginaire*, at the Little Theatre in Cape Town on 31 May.

After this play we will give a wine of honour at which the actors and the spectators will be able to speak to each other in French. The play will begin at 8.00 p.m. and will finish at 10.15 p.m.

I hope that you are happy at this rebirth of French. I think that more people will become interested in this foreign language in the future.

Thank you very much for your kindness towards me when I was living in France.

Yours sincerely

A. Singer

Alexa Singer

A. Singer
Std. 9.

ZETA
MATTPOST





German



WARUM, WAS, WO?

Warum leben wir?

Was wollen wir?

Wohin gehen wir?

Warum fragen wir solche Fragen?

Warum fragen wir überhaupt Fragen?

Und was sind Fragen?

Why do we live?

What do we want?

Where are we going?

Why do we ask such questions?

Why do we ask questions at all?

And what are questions?

B. Olek
Std. 9.



EIN SCHNUPFEN

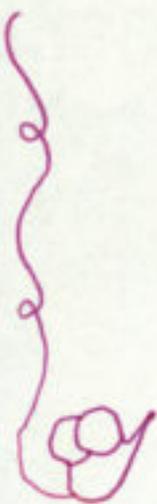
(We have decided not to translate this poem as we feel that the meaning will be lost if we do so).

Ein Schnupfen. Saß auf der Terasse
 auf das er sich ein Opfer fasse
 In der Nacht kriecht er ins Haus
 so leise wie 'ne kleine Maus
 Atmen fällt mir schwer in der Nacht
 dann hab' ich den Schnupfen in Verdacht.
 Ich hab' den Schnupfen in der Nase
 so wie 'ne große Blase -
 fühlt er sien an
 nichts was ich dran machen kann.
 Ich fühle mich dan so schlecht
 dann komme ich noch mit 'mer grippe in gefecht
 im Bett liege ich mit hohem Fieber
 nichts is mir unlieber
 wenn ich mich besser fühle
 bin ich bei der Arbeit - die Tretmühle
 - anderes wort für Schule.

ABOUT THIS POEM

The poet feels that she will get a cold which seems to be continually waiting around the corner for her. After she has been in bed for a couple of days, after she does catch a cold, she feels very glad to return to school.

S. Schröder
Std. 9.





Dutch

Op 30 April, haar verjaardag, legde Nederlands geliefde koningin Juliana haar ambt neer. Heel Nederland zal haar missen. Koningin Juliana genoot al veel sympathie toen zij haar ambt in 1948 crises doorstond aanvaardde. Door haar eenvoud, en de maniere waarop zij crises doorstond, is die in der loop der jaren uitgegroeid tot liefde. Zij is opgevolgd door haar 42 jaar oude dochter, Beatrix, die door sommigen ten onrechte als hooghartig wordt beschouwd. Een televisie vraaggesprek kort voor haar kroonbestijging had de mening al een beetje aan het wankelen gebracht. Door haar intree rede is die nog verder afgezwakt.

Die nieuwe koningin richtte zich eerst tot de leden van de Staten-Generaal. Zij zei, onder andere: „Dit ambt is nie verworven. Het is een functie waar geen mens om vragen zou. Waarvan wel zichtbaar is de uiterlijke glans, veelal niet de lasten zelf beperking zonder onderbreken. Toch sta ik hier, wel voorbereid, maar ook onwetend waarheen de weg ons voert. Voor de vervalling van de mij opgelegde taken beloof ik u de volle inzet, volgens de hoge eisen van het ambt. Ik ken mijn opdracht: te handelen buiten voorkeur en te staan boven partij- en groepsbelangen. Die opdracht wil ik vervullen naar plicht en geweten, vanuit het vaste geloof dat God mijn leven leidt.“ Zijn dit de woorden van een arrogante en eigenwijze vrouw?



OUR NEW QUEEN

On her birthday, 30 April, Holland's beloved Queen Juliana abdicated. The whole of Holland will miss her. When she came to the throne in 1948, Queen Juliana already enjoyed much sympathy. That sympathy has grown into love because of her simplicity and the way in which she has weathered the crises in her life. She is succeeded by her 42 year old daughter, Beatrix, who is regarded by some as arrogant and self-willed, but unjustifiably so. That opinion has been shaken to some extent, by a television interview held shortly before she ascended the throne, and her inaugural address at this ceremony further softened this view.

The new Queen first addressed the Dutch Parliament and Senate. She said, amongst other things, "This office is not sought. It is a function no human being would ask for. One sees the pomp and pageantry, but most often not the burden and unrelenting self-restrictions. Yet here I am, well prepared, but also ignorant of where the road will lead us. For the realisation of this task entrusted to me, I promise you my total dedication, according to the high demands of my office. I know my duty: to act without thinking of my own preference and to stand above party politics. This task I shall carry out conscientiously, in the conviction that God guides my life."

Are these the words of an arrogant, self-willed woman?

C. Grootendorst
Std. 10.





Irish

AN CAT

Chuaigh an cat isteach sa chistin.
 Bhí bainne ar an mbord.
 "Mi-abh", arsa an cat, "is maith liom bainne."
 Léim sé suas, suas.
 Léim sé suas ar an mbord.
 Tháinig Seán go dtí an doras.
 "Mi-abh", arsa an cat.
 Léim sé síos
 Léim sé síos agus rith sé amach.
 Tá an bainne rith freisin!

THE CAT

In comes the cat into the kitchen.
 There is milk on the table.
 "Meeow," says the cat, "I like milk."
 He jumps up, up.
 He jumps up onto the table.
 Seán comes in through the door.
 "Meeow," says the cat.
 He jumps down.
 He jumps down and runs out.
 The milk also runs!

J. Richards
Std. 8.



Gr. Maclean
STD. 9

Subject
Essays

Democracy is in
danger of the
conditioned mind
instead of the
enlightened mind.

Describe the internal conditions and developments in Germany which made possible Hitler's rise to power.

The people of Germany blamed the Weimar Government for making the harsh Treaty of Versailles. The unfair economic results and unequal distribution of wealth made the people very angry. They felt that it had not been necessary for them to surrender, but that it was because of the number of Jews in the new government and in big business that Germany had agreed to end the war. The members of the Weimar Government belonged to the Social Democratic Party, but there were several other parties such as the Conservatives, Socialists, Communists and Spartacists. As there were so many political parties it was very difficult to please the people. As a result the government was not strong and conditions in Germany were very unstable. The lack of trade and industry resulted in widespread unemployment, inflation and starvation. No effort was made to end the old system of land ownership and industrial monopolies. This made the working class increasingly discontented. In 1919 there was a Communist uprising which was successfully stopped, but it was a clear indication of the dissatisfied working class. In 1923 German industry came to a standstill and French troops occupied the Ruhr. This increased unemployment.

Adolf Hitler could not accept Germany's defeat and always maintained that surrender had been arranged by traitorous Jews. He became the leader of a group of young men and formed the German Worker's Party. Their policy was to recover Germany's power and self-respect by denouncing the Treaty of Versailles, uniting all Germans in a greater Germany, restoring German colonies and fully rearming Germany. In 1923 they tried to overthrow the government in Munich, but were unsuccessful. Hitler was arrested and imprisoned. While in prison Hitler wrote "Mein Kampf" in which he states his determination to rid Germany of all non-Germans, especially Jews.

He was released from prison at the end of 1924 and refounded his party now called the National Socialist German Worker's Party or Nazis, in 1925. At first the party made little headway, but a policy of terrorizing all opponents into submission proved effective in bringing support. A special symbol, the swastika, was found for the party; there were mass demonstrations and youth clubs were established; there was an "army" known as the Brown Shirts; a special brigade of "storm troops" which had to protect party meetings and break up the meetings of other political parties and also a secret police force called the S.S. which acted as a protection for party leaders. The Volkischer Beobachter, a newspaper, was bought and this was used to spread Nazi ideas.

Since the Dawes Plan in 1924 which eased the payment of reparations, loans from America had revived German industries. However, due to the American Wall Street financial collapse in 1929, Germany had to rely on her own resources. The result was that the economy again suffered. Exports and imports sank and there was vast unemployment.

This great depression of 1929 - 1932 gave Hitler his opportunity to rise to power. Hitler was a great orator - he compelled the attention of his listeners while at the same time responding to their needs. His speeches aroused intense national sentiments, for he promised to destroy the Treaty of Versailles and give back to Germany her self-respect, to suppress the Communists, thereby winning the support of big business and large landowners, to give employment to workers and rid the Jews from Germany.

Political conditions in Germany were very unstable. In 1929, Gustav Stresemann, the chancellor, died and the new chancellor, Müller (a Socialist), had to ask the president, Von Hindenburg, to back the government by using emergency powers. In 1930 Müller resigned and the leader of the Centre Catholic Party, Brüning, took his place. He asked for an election as he hoped to obtain a more solid majority in the Reichstag. To his surprise, the Communist Party and Hitler's Nazi Party increased their seats in the house. Brüning again had to ask Von Hindenburg to use emergency powers.

In April 1932, a presidential election was held. Von Hindenburg was re-elected, but Hitler, who had opposed him, gained 13 million votes - an indication of his growing popularity among the unemployed. A month later Brüning resigned.

A series of elections were held and each time the Nazis increased their number of seats. A coalition of the Centre Catholics and Social Democrats tried to form a new cabinet with Franz von Papen as chancellor. He was unable to work without emergency powers and soon resigned. He was replaced by Kurt von Schleicher in December 1932, but he was unable to control his cabinet. Von Papen (who hoped to "control" Hitler) suggested that Von Hindenburg make Hitler chancellor in January 1933.

Hitler refused to head a government which proved to be so unstable and called for a new election in March. Meanwhile his storm troopers and brown shirts gained support for the Nazis and successfully ruined the election campaigns of rival parties. The Communist Party was the most important rival. The Nazis had "organised" the burning of the Reichstag building the night before the elections, but they blamed the Communists. This caused many communist supporters to vote for the Nazis. The election results were a great success for Hitler's Nazi Party.

Combining fear, violence and clever propaganda, Hitler was able to persuade the Reichstag to pass a special Law, the Enabling Act, which gave Hitler dictatorial powers for four years. Using this Act, he disbanded the federal state parliaments, banned all opposition political parties and put an end to trade unions.

RIVER CAPTURE/STREAM PIRACY

This occurs when one more powerful stream erodes headwards (back from its source) through a watershed and diverts water from an originally separate system into its own course. This often causes rejuvenation of the capturing river as its volume increases. The captured river is left as a misfit - a small river in a large valley - because it has lost some of its headwaters.

Features identifying river capture.

1. A prominent, often right-angled bend in the course of a river. The bend is called an elbow of capture.
2. A breached watershed (river flowing across a line of hills).
3. A wind gap (dry valley connecting the misfit river to its original upper course).
4. The misfit or beheaded river (the one that has had part of its course diverted).

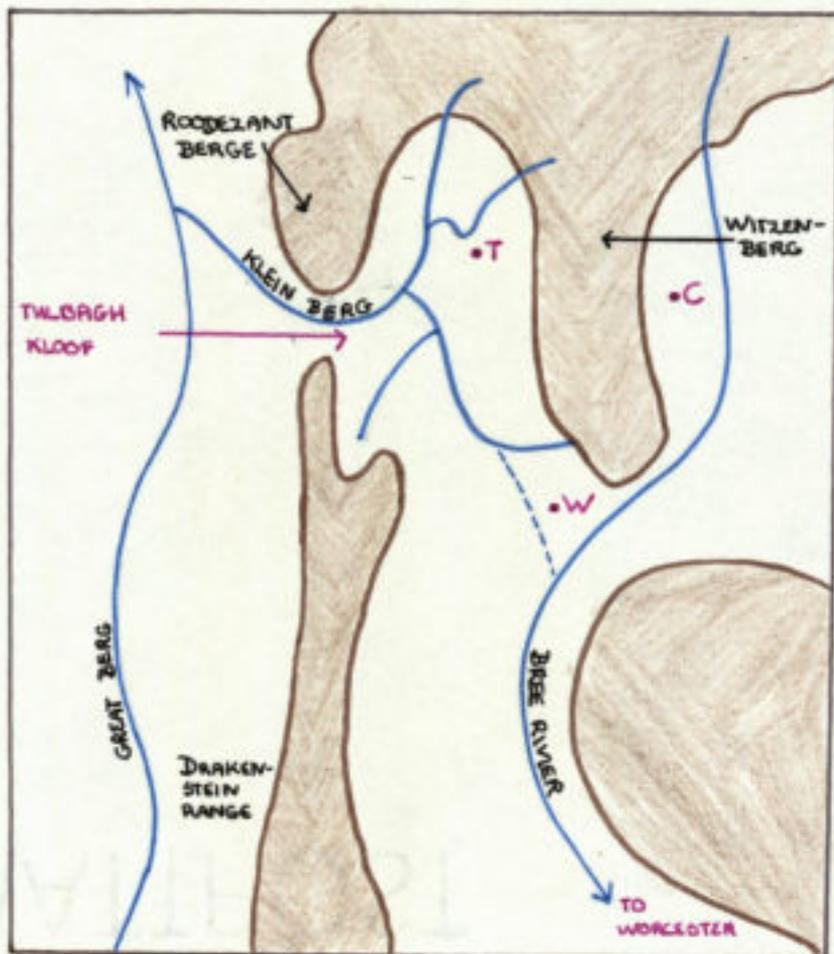
Conditions favourable to river capture.

For one river to capture another, it must be more powerful. This can happen for a variety of reasons.

1. It may be flowing in an area of less resistant rock. e.g. Klein Berg capture.
 2. It may have a steeper gradient and therefore have more energy. e.g. streams flowing down the escarpment as opposed to those flowing across the plateau.
- N.B. The rivers on the escarpment are working back across the watershed at one metre in every 300 years.
3. It may be flowing at a lower level than the river on the other side of the watershed. e.g. Cunene river (border of S.W.A./Namibia which originally flowed to the Etosha Pan, but now crosses the escarpment and flows to the Atlantic).

N. Deal
Std. 9.



RIVER CAPTURE

- T- Tulbagh
W- Wolsely
C- Ceres

WATER, THE IDEAL BIOLOGICAL MEDIUM

Water is odourless, tasteless and transparent; thus it is so benign that many diverse forms of life can thrive within it, and indeed it is the main constituent of all living organisms.

It is because of its unique chemical and physical properties that water is the only suitable biological medium. All its extraordinary properties can be traced to the structure of the water molecules.

One oxygen and two hydrogen atoms are bound by extremely stable covalent bonds to form a bent molecule. This misshapen structure causes an unequal distribution of electric charges so that the H end of the molecule is slightly positive, while the O end is slightly negative (a dipole). For this reason, H_2O is close to being the all-purpose chemical solvent - the water molecules will break the simple bonds of electric attraction (ionic bonds) in many other compounds (such as salt - $Na + Cl^-$) by its disruptive dipole effect. The ions will be separated and so dissolved in the water.

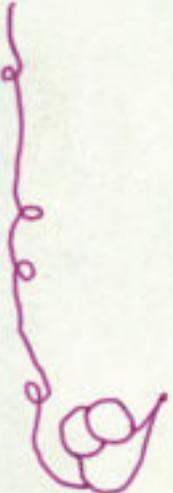
Without water's property of solubility, metabolism would cease because all chemical reactions in cells take place in an aqueous solution. Water is the common carrier of dissolved food and waste, oxygen and carbon dioxide.

Roots of plants can only absorb nutrients in the soil when they are in solution, just as food can only enter the blood-stream of mammals when dissolved.

The lopsidedness of the H_2O molecules also causes the attraction between the water molecules themselves. The H to O attraction holding water molecules together is called hydrogen bonding. These bonds require a great deal of energy to be loosened so that the H_2O molecules can gain kinetic energy and effect a rise in temperature. This is partly what allows water to remain liquid at normal temperatures - otherwise water would boil at below $0^\circ C$ and all the water in the world would evaporate, leaving life dehydrated. It also means that water must absorb a lot of energy for a rise in temperature and similarly, it gives off a large amount when cooling, thus regulating extremes of temperature which living organisms cannot tolerate.

e.g. The cooling action keeps the heat produced during metabolism from becoming unbearable. H_2O absorbs large quantities of metabolic heat with comparatively little increase (itself) in temperature.

Ice floats: This is an ordinary but very significant phenomenon. As temperatures drop, water at first behaves by the rules of physics, i.e. its volume decreases and its density increases. However, when water is cooled below $4^\circ C$, its volume increases and its density decreases. Therefore, ice is lighter than water and floats thereon, forming an insulating layer on seas, lakes and ponds. If ice sank to the bottom of the sea, lakes and ponds, where the warmth of the sun cannot penetrate,



it would build up from there until most of the world's water supply would be frozen and, therefore, unusable to plants or animals. In the process, any organisms living in the depths below, would be killed.

Once again this factor is a result of the hydrogen bonds between H_2O molecules which cause the molecules to freeze into an open, airy, lightweight crystal pattern.

Another property of water which is of vital importance to organisms living in the oceans, etc., is its transparency. If water were not transparent, light energy from the sun would not be able to penetrate plant cells which need it for photosynthesis. This is the process on which all life depends because it is the only way that food can be synthesized.

One other useful effect of the hydrogen bonds is that of water's ability to climb inside tubes, even against gravity. The strong cohesion between H_2O molecules is a result of H-bonds. Opposition between the forces of cohesion and adhesion cause capillary action. This is important for the movement of water through soil, the lifting of water from roots in the xylem vessels of plants, and the circulation of blood.

All these unique qualities of water make it the one substance indispensable for life on this planet.

J. Yeats
Std. 9.

ZETA
MATTPOST



Memorable

Occasions

MATRIC DANCE

The Theme: Gauguin. The Place: Herschel Dining Room, and you could hardly believe it after the transformation. The Matrics certainly created a spectacular atmosphere which was complimented by the delicious food and the Hylton Ross Band which added the finishing touch with a "Mr Hairy Legs" competition, won by Mr Gilbertson in his kilt.



*One of the beautiful posters painted
by the Matrics.*





Beautifully decorated tables.

Finished at last! Now to get ready.



THE TSTSIKAMA TRAIL

On Thursday 27 March, thirteen girls namely: Fleur, Deirhble, Sue, Nici, Anne, Toni, Chloë, Mary, Jane, Ashley, Jackie, Emily, Kathy and three staff, Miss Kable, Mrs Banfield and Miss Aitchison left for the Tstsikama Hiking Trail which runs inland from Nature's Valley to Storms River.

Thursday 27 March.

After assembly our packs were loaded onto the bus and we eventually set off from school at about 11.30 a.m. The bus was most comfortable and we had a pleasant journey to Riviersonderend which was where we had our lunch stop. From there we drove on to Mosselbay where we made enquiries as to how to get to Eight Bells Hotel. Everyone being in high spirits, the staff were fortunate enough to have a Top 20 sung to them all the way from Mosselbay to Eight Bells. Why they did not consider themselves so fortunate is still a mystery to the "tuneful" singers!

Our rooms at Eight Bells proved most suitable and a hearty, but rather noisy supper was enjoyed by all that night. Supper was followed by ping-pong matches and piano recitals, or attempts, and then everyone went off to bed.

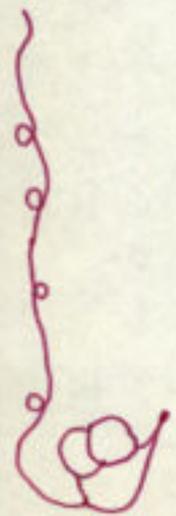
Friday 28 March.

Everyone was up at 7.00 a.m. to eat a breakfast of eggs and bacon, the last for some time. We stopped at Plettenberg Bay for lunch and shopped, and then set off for Nature's Valley. Here was our first hut, Kalandar, and we were welcomed by Godfrey, one of the forest rangers. Miss Aitchison and Mrs Banfield then set off with the bus to Storms-river, left it there and returned to Nature's Valley.

That night the cooks: Nici, Deirbhle, Mary and Jackie braated the meat. We were treated to guavas for pudding accompanied by coffee and then all packed off to bed. The rest of the party suffered the duet of the Ladies of the Lamp (Nici and Sue) that night. Little did they know they were going to have to tolerate their magical voices every night!'

Saturday 29 March.

Up and awake at 6.00 a.m. we had some tea and then, packs on backs, we set off on our first day's hiking. Unfortunately we encountered some stiff climbing at the beginning and after what seemed ages (1½ hours) we had our first breakfast stop. After breakfast we did some pleasant walking through forests and eventually arrived at Staircase Falls. Everyone took the plunge and then tucked into the lunch which they were going to eat for the next four days: 7 provitas, 2 cheeses, 2 jams, 2 nougats and an apple.





Rover and his mistress out for a walk (Nici and Sue).



*The operation - Patient (Lindsay Kable)
Surgeon (Jackie Rathfelder)
Assistant (Nici Deal)*

Later we set off, some feet showing signs of being sore, and eventually we arrived at the hut, Blaauwkrantz. There was a beautiful river below so all went for a dip where a good joke was shared with four Gray College boys also doing the trail. A good meal of toppers, smash and dehydrated carrots was cooked by the staff, and then off to bed.

Sunday 30 March.

We set off even earlier and had breakfast in the forest after which we found the most beautiful pool possible. What a spot! A lovely swim was enjoyed by all and then we set off again up a steepish hill. This time lunch took place at a trickling "river" where the chatting never stopped and many a hilarious and gory story was exchanged.

We reached the hut, Keurbos, early but there was no pool nearby so some enthusiasts set off for a pool twenty minutes away! Here unfortunately, Miss Kable was attacked by a tick and Fleur left the head embedded in her tummy. On returning, this was painfully removed by the doctor and her assistant, Nici and Jackie.

The cooks, Chloë, Sue and Emily served braised steak and vegetables that night and although its appearance was criticized, once tasted, it was quickly devoured. Blisters were dealt with and then off to bed.

Monday 31 March.

We started off the day with a wakening walk to the nearest pool. Here we had breakfast and then some, with feet enveloped in plastic bags (to stop blisters getting wet), took the plunge. Plunge is definitely an appropriate word as we were wet from head to toe, despite the plastic bags!

We then set off up "Rushes Pass" which was quite a climb, with a steep downhill stretch. By now some toes were screaming and a swim was a light relief. Here the Ladies of the Lamp were given a task - someone had not dug two feet deep - so our choir did it for them!

We had lunch in a forest, lying back on pine-needles. And then the food bargaining began. "Who'll swop my apple for a nougat?" That afternoon's walking separated the group drastically as some were really suffering, so those at the back struggled slowly along while the others marched ahead. Those at the rear stopped at the pool below the hut for a dip before heading up to Heuningbos, our hut.

The cooks that night: Anne, Fleur and Kathy served tuna, rice and peas, and managed to wash up in excellent spirit. What a team! While the hut was transformed into a massage parlour with Miss Aitchison as the masseur, others went to bed or for night time dips (with those gorgeous boys)!



What a team! (Anne Meynell, Fleur Hanekom, Cathy Dower).



First lunch at Staircase Falls - A moment to relax.

Tuesday 1 April - April Fool.

We woke up to the sound of Em falling off her bunk. She thought that she was on the bottom, but was not! She had dreamt that she was at a party and rushed off to dance! Fleur unsuccessfully tried an April Fool joke on Miss Kable, who was not fooled.

We had another early start as we had "Splendid Pass" to climb. It did not turn out as bad as we had expected, but was bad enough. A well earned breakfast was eaten by all while our garglers (Toni, Anne and Deirbhle), otherwise known as the tuneful trio, did their bit. We set off once again, the love stories from the rear keeping the morale high, so much so that we reached the top of a steep pass quite easily. The view of Plettenberg Bay - Robberg and Stormsriver bridge was terrific and after a rest we trudged down into a forest where we had lunch. Lunch was enjoyed by all despite the fact that Anne's nougat supply had dried up!

It was not too far to the hut, Sleepkloof, but unfortunately we were in two rooms on our last night, much to the disappointment of all. We found a stream which some braved, but this being unsatisfactory, some enthusiasts followed Miss Aitchison to a pool. Here she spoke unforgettable words: "Well girls, I think I'll go for a slide," and I can assure you, a slide it was. We left the pool with the addition of an egg on Miss Aitchison's head.

Supper, consisting of toppers, rice and mixed vegetables, was well cooked by Jane, Toni and Ashley. Before going off to bed the girls joined the boys. Was it for chocolate or company? A bit of both we hope.

Wednesday 2 April.

After breakfast at Sleepkloof, we set off minus Mrs Banfield, who had gone ahead. We managed to miss the path thus ending up doing an extra three kilometres along the National Road.

The hiking over, our packs were piled onto the bus and we headed for the Stormsriver mouth. Here we had a beautiful view from the suspension bridge, of the river meeting the sea. We then walked a little way along the Otter Trail to find a lunch spot. After lunch, the weary group climbed back into the bus.

The action soon started again on the Bloukrans Pass where a wood-carrying pantechnican, tried to pass a Stuttafords removal pantechnican, on a hairpin bend. We were held up for over half an hour - most of the group trooped off to see what was going on. A select few stayed at the bus, where to the amazement of everyone around us, we turned up the tape and danced on the pass. We felt like celebrities for a moment as passersby took cinés of the "dancing dames."

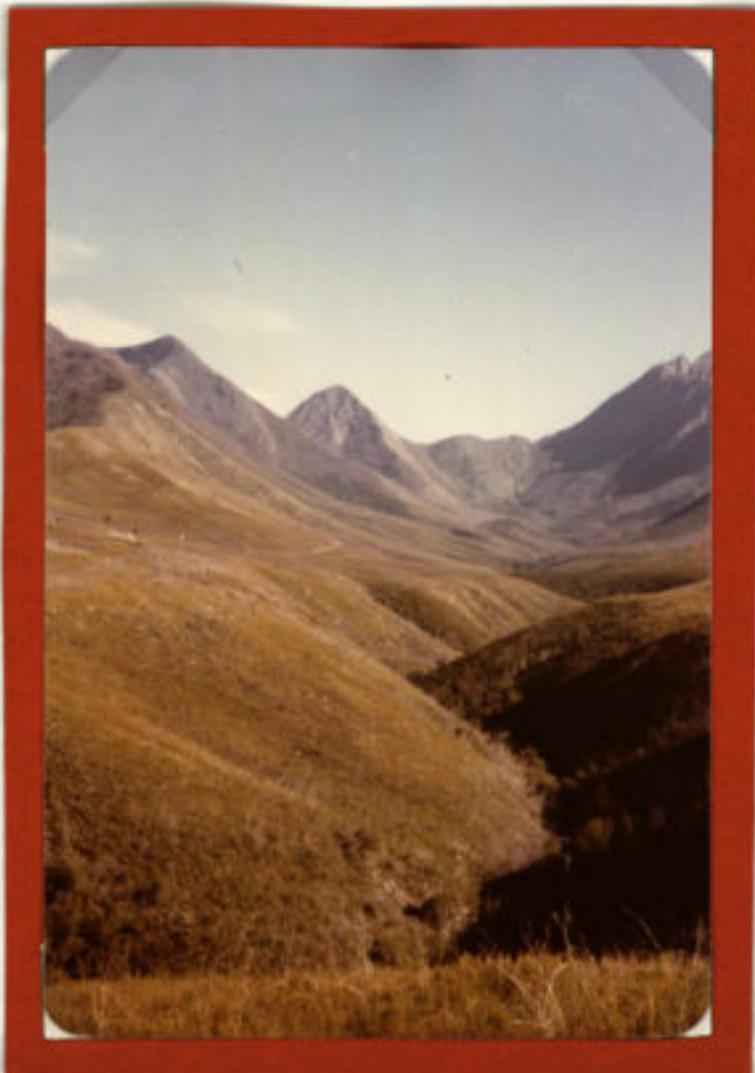
The problem sorted out, we set off for Karboomstrand. Here we stayed in a very nice hotel where the Matrics and staff were given a flat. The meal that night had to be seen to be believed. Being off rations was a great relief! Feeling under-exercised, all set off on an after dinner walk, and then flopped into bed that night.

Thursday 3 April.

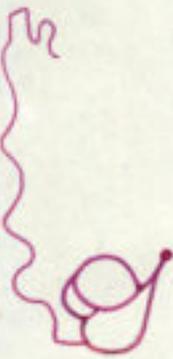
After breakfast we set off, sadly for the last time, to the Formosa Inn where we said goodbye to Miss Kable before the long slog home. Unfortunately a good thing always has to come to an end, but the togetherness which we learnt is still with us, as are many happy and unforgettable memories.

All that remains for me to say is a big thank you to everyone, especially our organisers, Miss Kable, Mrs Banfield and Miss Aitchison. Thank you, we will never forget it! :

N. Deal
Std. 9.



*View
from
Rushes
Pass*



CIVVIES' DAY

When Miss Aitchison walked into our Maths lesson and tried (!) to explain a problem, Mrs Cheadle was doing poetry in the classroom below. Something was wrong? Yes, Miss Aitchison and Mrs Cheadle were dressed as twins in Bishops rigger jerseys, peak caps and baggy jeans on TWIN DAY - a civvies' day with a difference. To passers-by it may have seemed odd seeing two people dressed as Mexicans in sombreros walking out of the hall, more strange when two girls in Bishops uniform strolled out, and bizarre when two girls in one clown's costume came bounding out; but to us they were merely the finalists of the TWIN DAY COMPETITION - the most alike twins.

It was a thoroughly successful day, and although we had to pay 30c for the privilege, we regretted returning to our school uniforms.

Congratulations go to Std. 8B for their organisation, and for raising R47 for SANCOP.



*Lucinda Richards and Nicky Jones -
"Bestest Buddies"*





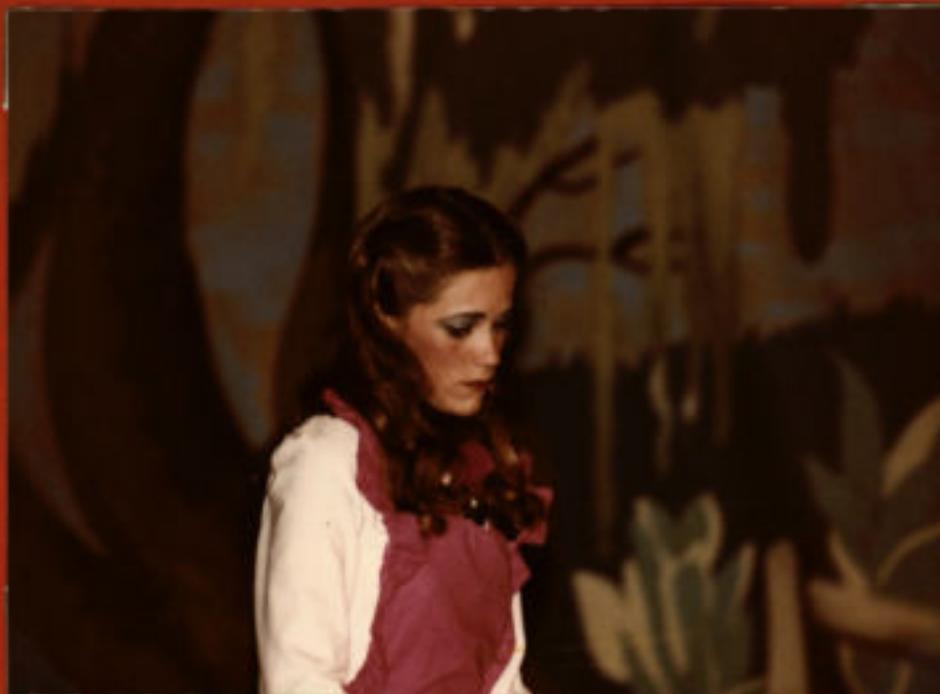
What a couple!
Alexa Singer
and
Maryke Hammersom



Off to the
Xhosa Class

THE PLAY

86



Lindy de Kock as Judy.



This year the school decided to produce the musical, "Love from Judy." Thanks to Mrs McClurg's skill and experience, it met with great success, and congratulations should go to all the actors and actresses, especially Lindy de Kock (Merriman) who took the lead role of Judy.



Items
of
Interest

RECIPES FOR MERRIMAN'S MENU

SNOEK PATÉ

- 350 g smoked snoek
- 100 ml fresh cream
- 1 clove garlic (crushed)
- chopped parsley
- dash of tobasco sauce
- 1 carton smooth cottage cheese
- lemon juice (not much)
- salt and ground pepper to taste

Fillet and flake the fish.
 Mix with all the other ingredients.
 Blend until very smooth in an electric liquidizer (which may protest!) Chill for several hours before serving with melba toast or nutty brown bread.

QUICK SODA BREAD

- 250 ml Perfection rolled wheat
- 250 ml Brown Bread Flour
- 400 ml Crushed Whole-Wheat meal
- 10 ml Honey or 2 Tablespoons Brown Sugar
- 5 ml Bicarb
- 5 ml Salt
- 1 x 500 ml drinking yoghurt or buttermilk

Mix all ingredients to a sticky dough.
 Place in greased loaf tin. Sprinkle a few rolled wheat or sesame seeds on top, and pat down.
 Bake at 400° F (200° C) for ½ hour, then 350° F (180° C) for another ½ hour (1 hour altogether).
 Take out of tins and put back in turned off oven for 10 minutes.





*Snoek paté and quick soda; stuffed chicken and vegetables.
bread;*



Delicious Queens of Puddings.

ROAST CHICKEN WITH SWEET POTATO STUFFING

Stuffing

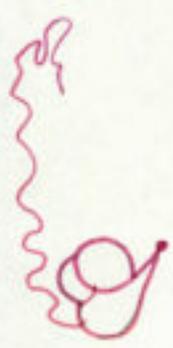
- 1 packet Ever Green Sweet Potato
- 2 tablespoons Ever Green Onion
- Salt, pepper
- Little sugar

Cook Sweet Potato and mash.
 Allow to cool, then add rest of ingredients.
 Carefully stuff chicken and roast at 350° F for 1½ hours.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS

- 2 slices bread
- ½ pint milk
- Little butter
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons sugar

Place bread in dish without crusts.
 Warm milk, butter and sugar.
 Beat egg yolks, add a little of warmed milk. Mix then add all of mixture to yolks.
 Pour over bread and mash. Cook in oven at 300° F till set.
 Remove, cool and spread jam (strawberry, youngberry, apricot) over pudding.
 Beat egg whites stiffly to a meringue and spread over pudding.
 Sprinkle a little sugar on top of meringue.
 Bake in oven at 200° F till meringue is crisp (+30 - 45 minutes).



WHAT'S UP, TEACH?

We decided that to add a little difference this year, we would interview our Merriman Staff members to see whether they had any interesting facts to tell us about their lives, both present and past. They did, and these are just some of their replies.

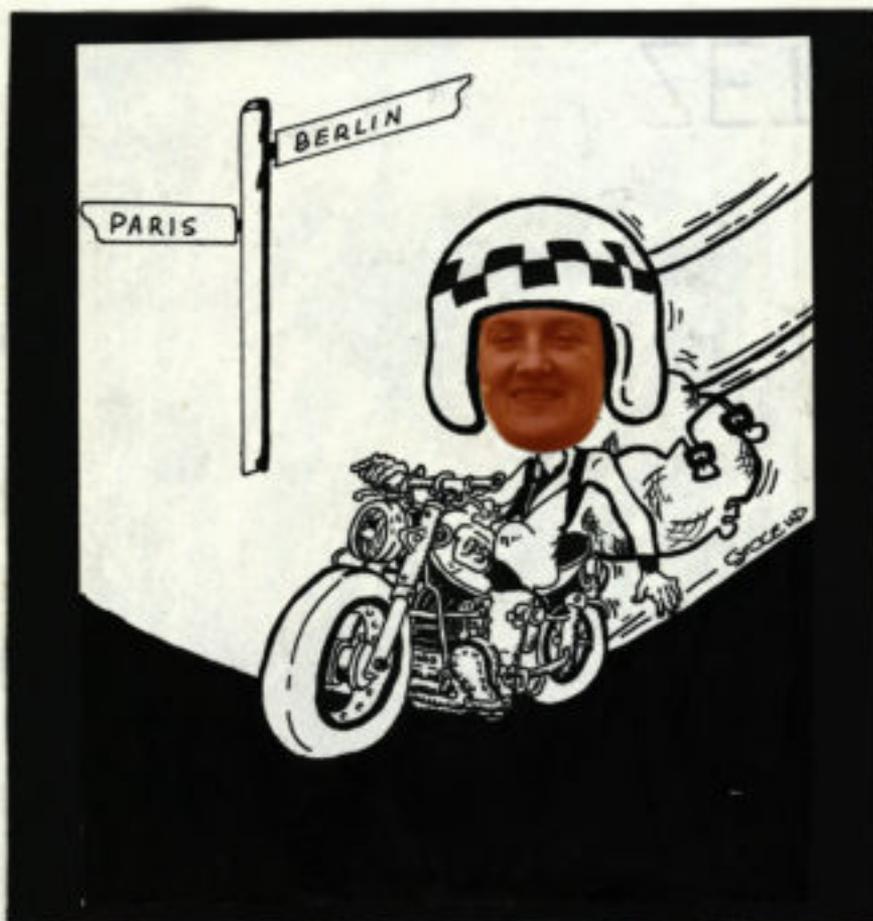
MRS RAUCH (Head of Merriman and Science teacher)

Mrs Rauch has been the head of Merriman ever since we have had the Efficiency Shield, and has enjoyed every minute of it.

As all members of Mountain Club know, Mrs Rauch is an avid hiker, but what we did not know was that she has also traipsed around Europe on a scooter, with amongst other things, a coffee-making machine!

Mrs Rauch grew up in the beautiful Hex River Valley. She has worked at many interesting places during her lifetime, amongst them the Technical College where she taught Oceanography for two years, and also at Ysterplaat where she taught Biology and Junior Science to children who were a "different kettle of fish from Herschelians."

"There's hope for you yet," says Mrs Rauch when referring to the interesting fact that she did not take Maths for Matric. Perhaps there's still a chance for all you 20 %, 30 % Maths girls.



Handwritten red scribbles and a signature-like mark.

Mrs Thompson is renowned throughout Herschel for her incredible General Knowledge. Her knowledge has enabled her to win R2 065 on Springbok Radio's Quizz Programme, Venture. When asked whether she would like to appear on Specialist, she replied that she was altogether too nervous (she lost three pounds during Venture) and would break the cameras if she went on.

Mrs Thompson is planning to publish a book called "1066 and All That." I am sure that this book will only be a faint reflection of Mrs Thompson's incredible knowledge, which besides History and Latin, also includes Greek.



Review

Mrs McGivern and Miss Wood are very new to Herschel, in fact they have only arrived this term (3rd term). We had to be very persuasive to elicit any information from them, but eventually we did manage to glean the following interesting facts.

MRS MCGIVERN (Maths teacher)

Mrs McGivern who was born in Rhodesia, was an Industrial Chemist for ten years before she became a teacher. She says that she did so in order to become more involved with people and education. This has been clearly demonstrated to all the Maths pupils who have already benefitted greatly from her enthusiasm and willingness to help them.



2mm
9

MISS WOOD (Maths teacher)

Miss Geldard said at the beginning of the term that she had been very impressed with Miss Wood's "love for Maths." Although this is very true, many of her Maths pupils wish that it were not.

Miss Wood who had actually never taught before she came to Herschel, has studied at the University of Cape Town, during which time "she was never arrested." Although we had to censor most of her true hobbies, we can reveal that she enjoys music "a helluva lot," sewing and loves building lego with her little nephew.



Handwritten red scribble.

MATPOST

MISS RUTTLE (Music teacher)

We are lucky to have Miss Ruttle, who is half Irish, with us because she was involved in a frightening bomb explosion in London. Whilst at a station, a bomb exploded in a nearby building, rocking the train and causing people to flee in terror including Miss Ruttle.

Later, on the other side of the globe, in quieter circumstances, Miss Ruttle snorkled in the Great Barrier Reef in Australia. She then decided to come to South Africa to see the country and to meet the people. She liked it so much that she stayed.

To return to her experiences in England, she qualified in Music Therapy and helped rehabilitate handicapped children. She later joined a choir, made a few records, and toured Europe with them.

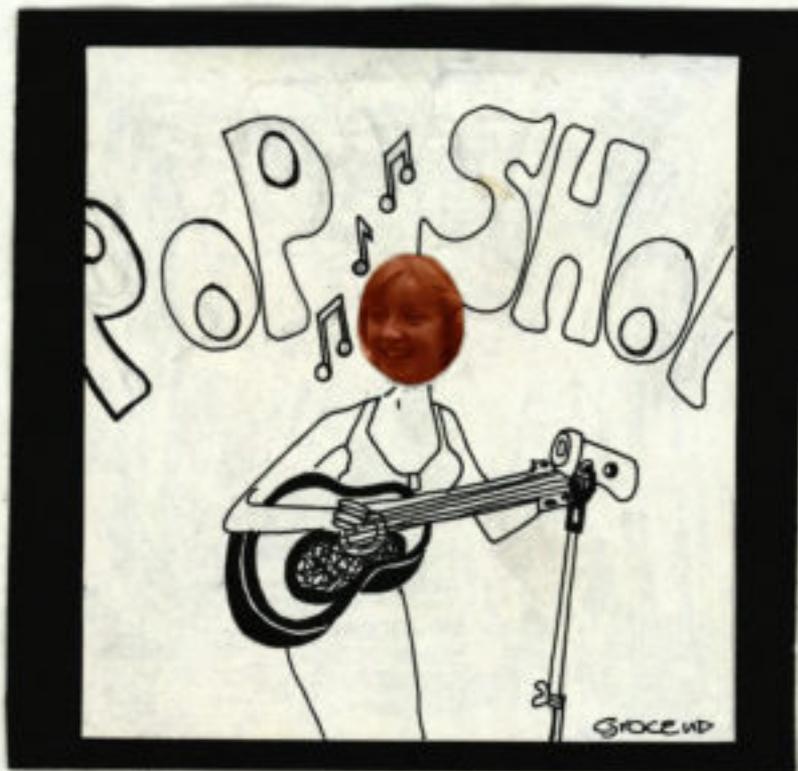


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MISS HEATHCOCK (Music teacher)

Miss Heathcock classifies herself as an average person who did not do badly or very well at school. She is academically minded and liked Latin, History and English. She trained as a Music teacher at the Royal Academy of Music, and likes the guitar and violin. She admits that she is not an "accomplished" piano player.

But, she says, "Just you wait, one day I'll do something famous and you'll all say that we knew her as our Music teacher!"

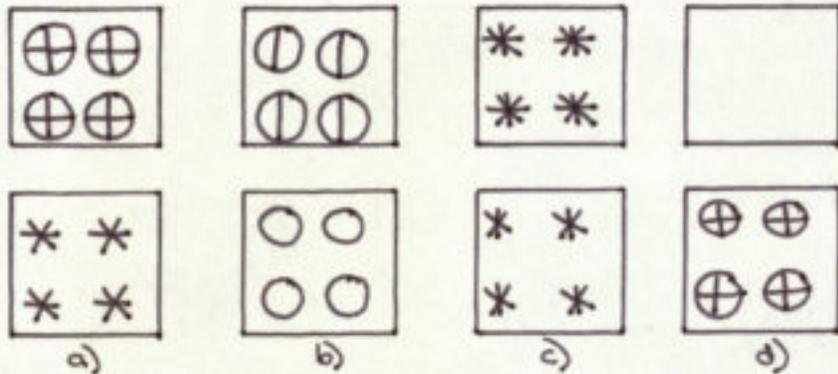


Senior

ARE YOU A GENIUS?

1. Complete this analogy with a 7-letter word ending in T.
 POTENTIAL is to ACTUAL as FUTURE is to _____ T.

2. Which of the lower boxes best completes the series on top?

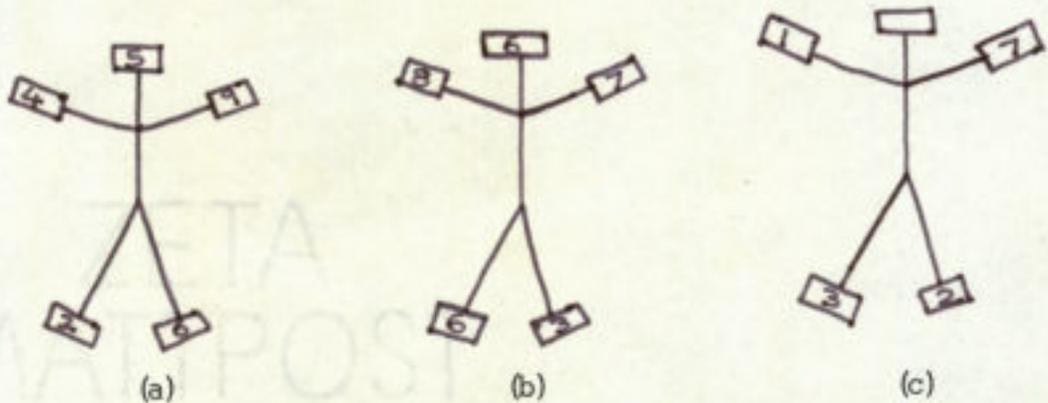


3. Fill in the missing word.

(a) Triangle, three; pentagon, five; circle, _____

(b) Balloon, gas; bath, water; hourglass, _____

4.



Fill in the number in number (c)'s head.

5. If three days ago was the day before Friday, what will the day after tomorrow be?

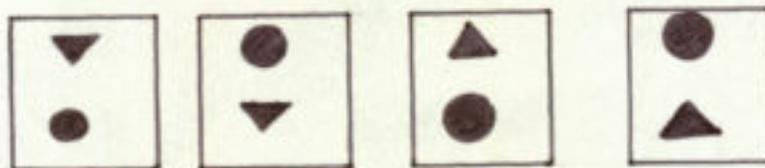
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6. If Jim turns right or left at the stop sign he will run out of petrol before he reaches a service station. He has already gone too far past a service station to return before he runs out of petrol. He doesn't see a service station ahead. Which statement can be positively deduced:

- (a) He may run out of petrol.
 (b) He will run out of petrol.
 (c) He should not have taken this route.
 (d) He is lost.
 (e) He should turn right at the stop sign.
 (f) He should turn left at the stop sign.

7. Which lower section best completes the top?



(a)

(b)

(c)

(d)

8. Find the pattern that governs this familiar sequence, and work out what the next letter will be?
 OTTFSSSE_?

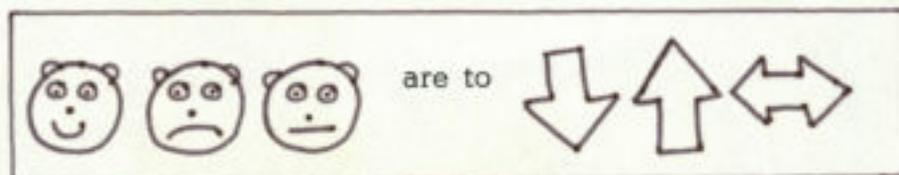
3/



9. In a row of four houses, the Browns live next to the Smiths, but not next to the Bruces. If the Bruces do not live next to the Joneses, who are the Jones' next-door neighbours?

- (a) The Browns.
- (b) The Smiths.
- (c) The Browns and Smiths.
- (d) impossible to tell.

10. Complete:



as + - 0 are to

- (a) + - 0
- (b) - + 0
- (c) 0 + -
- (d) + 0 -
- (e) 0 - +

Please turn to page 100 for the answers.



ANSWERS TO: ARE YOU A GENIUS?

1. PRESENT.
2. (c). Omit the horizontal asterisk as it was omitted in the circle.
3. (a). one. Number of lines of figure.
(b). sand. Substance in object.
4. 3. Subtract the numbers on feet from those on hands.
5. Tuesday.
6. (a). Just the fact that he can't see a service station doesn't mean that there isn't one.
7. (d). The ball gets larger, triangle stays the same size, but the ball and triangle alternate positions.
8. The letter is "N" - the first letter of the word NINE. The series consists of the initials of the counting numbers i.e. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR etc.
9. (a). The Browns.
10. (b). Positive and minus change positions, neutral doesn't. The smile opposes the down arrow, the cross face opposes the upward arrow.

SCORING

Give yourself one point for each correct answer.

If you finished in under 15 minutes, give yourself 5 extra points.
If you finished in under 20 minutes, give yourself 2 extra points.

If you scored 11 - 15 points: You are among the top brains.
Definitely a Mensa candidate.

8 - 10: You are a clear, unflustered thinker who should be able to win most arguments.

6 - 7: Generally sound reasoning; sufficient to cope with most day to day problems.

5 - below: You are probably better at practical tasks than at mental gymnastics.



PROBLEM COMPETITION

You have 12 identical billiard balls and an accurate balance (no weights). You are told that one of the balls is slightly heavier than the others. In three "balancings" how would you find which is the odd ball, and whether it is heavier or lighter?

Send entries to the Editors. Prize money:- R1,50

ADDRESS: The Merriman Editors
Herschel School
Herschel Road
CLAREMONT
7700

ATLAS
T20PTAM



ZETA
MATTROST

• *Merriman*

• *Reports*

ZETA
MATTROST

Out of adversity
excellence is born.

SWIMMING REPORT

Like Rolt's swimming reports, Merriman's are also rather monotonous - with one exception. Rolt always wins the swimming gala whereas Merriman comes third - and this year was no exception! Never mind Merriman, it's the spirit that counts, and there we win hands down.

Brightly-clad Merriman arrived at the pool, optimistically chanting the good old favourite, "Go, go, go Merriman, you'll make it today!"

The Gala was not totally without success, though. We are very proud of Anne Abdy for winning the Under 15 Individual Medley trophy. Well done, Anne! Anne was also awarded her swimming badge as was Fleur Hanekom.

Keep training Merriman, and surprise them all next year!

(Remember: "Aanhouer wen!")

Fleur Hanekom
Swimming Captain.

HOCKEY REPORT

Well done Merriman! What didn't happen at the gala, did at the hockey matches - we won! Keep it up players.

Thank you Merriman, for your strong support and lusty shouting, which really spurred the players on. We must not forget to thank our most loyal supporter - Mitey Maus!

However, it was certainly not an easy victory - Rolt put up a tough fight, but with our usual spirit and determination, Merriman won the day!

Fleur Hanekom
Hockey Captain.





Go, Go, Go, Merriman!



Merriman in full support.

TENNIS REPORT

Although Merriman did not manage to walk away with the tennis trophy, both Under 15 and Open teams showed great spirit, and fought hard, giving Jagger strong competition. Well done, Jagger - hang on to the cup while you've got it!

Special congratulations go to Jackie Batchelor for winning the Under 15 School Championships and for getting through to the finals of the Open Championships. Well done, Jackie! At the end of last season, tennis badges were awarded to Jackie Batchelor, Nici Deal and Lindsay Jones.

The 1980 Inter-House Tennis competition has not yet been held. Merriman has many strong players and stands a good chance of winning!

Good luck to all future players and play hard!

Jenny Gray
Tennis Captain.

SQUASH REPORT

There is not much news, as the Inter-House Squash competition has not yet been held. However, Merriman has many strong players, among them Nici Deal, Nicky Jones and Fleur Hanekom, and we have a fairly good chance of doing well. Good luck everyone, and do your best!

Fleur Hanekom
Squash Captain.



TENNIS

Service first, wow what an ace!
Fifteen love calls the scorer.
Serve again, lose the point.
Bad luck, next time better.
Thirty fifteen, balls go flying.
Slashing, smashing, backspin volley!
Forty fifteen, matchpoint
GAME TO MERRIMAN!

L. Maisel
Std. 6.



I have never let
school interfere
with my education.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank everyone involved in the compiling of this magazine, especially to the following:-

Lindsay Jones (Std. 9), our dedicated typist.

Kate Saunders for the cover design and lovely language illustrations and writing.

Grace Maclean for her invaluable help as art editor.

Jane Yeats and Sonja Schröder for their original help in selecting English and Art entries.

Cathy Shub, Nicky Jones, Susan Bowley and Maggie du Toit for their help in collecting entries.

To the staff members whom we interviewed.

To those who have contributed photographs and entries.

To the entire house for their co-operation and enthusiasm.



7/2/20