



**MERRIMAN**

**MAGAZINE**

**'81**

*(Faint mirrored text from the reverse side of the page is visible in the background.)*



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**E**EDITOR:

**Maggie du Toit**

**S**UB **E**EDITORS:

**Susan Bowley**

**Cheryl**

**Hemingway**

MERRIMAN HOUSE LIST

MERRIMAN STAFF

Mrs Thompson (Head of Merriman and Latin)  
 Miss Wood (Maths)  
 Miss Heathcock (Music)

STD. 10.

N. Deal (Head of Merriman)  
 D. Diamond  
 R. Haden  
 M. Hommerson (School and Boarding House Prefect)  
 L. Jones (School Prefect)  
 C. Ovenstone (Head of Boarding House and School Prefect)  
 F. Paine  
 A. Rabie  
 C. Roberts  
 K. Saunders (Head Girl)  
 S. Schroder (Boarding House Prefect)  
 A. Singer (School and Boarding House Prefect)  
 J. Yeats

STD. 9.

J. Batchelor  
 D. Booth  
 S. Bowley  
 M.L. Du Toit  
 M. Du Toit  
 K. Gottgens  
 C. Hales  
 S. Hammond  
 C. Hemmingway  
 D. Hine  
 V. Hommerson  
 C. Krauss  
 R. Loch Davis  
 A. McCullum  
 D. Partiger  
 G. Parker  
 J. Quibell  
 J. Richards  
 A. Robb  
 W. Sharpley  
 K. Smit  
 G. Socikwa  
 J. Steven  
 N. Theopilou  
 M. Thomas

STD. 8.

A. Abdy  
 S. Ashley  
 E. Baker  
 S. Bell  
 S. Bester  
 R. Butler  
 R. Evans  
 C. Fletcher  
 N. Jones  
 A. Ovenstone  
 B. Purcell  
 L. Richards  
 J. Steven  
 H. Tasker  
 P. Thesen  
 J. Walker

ZE  
 MATPOST

MERRIMAN HOUSE LIST CONTINUEDSTD. 7.

L. Bailey  
L. Carlyle  
D. Crane  
S. Dutkiewicz  
C. Fioravanti  
D. Flanagan  
I. Hommerson  
J. Krige  
L. Maisel  
M. Ovenstone  
W. Perold  
J. Postlethwaite  
H. Schubert  
J. Schulman  
C. Shubb  
D. Taylor  
D. Tanner

STD. 6.

L. Alves  
J. Bosma  
H. Botma  
L. Challis  
C. Christie  
E. De Wet  
L. Fioravanti  
J. Foster  
S. Frith  
F. Gilliland  
N. Hanekom  
D. Hathaway  
L. Hosking  
F. Knight  
J. Saunders  
T. V.D. Spuy  
J. V. Reenen

MERRIMAN HOUSE REPORT

At the beginning of 1981, Mrs Thompson became Merriman's new House Mistress, and the great interest and enthusiasm she has encouraged has been clearly evident in Merriman this year.

Jerseys were knitted as usual for the children of St. Michaels Home, and these were most welcome as the bad weather has set in. It was decided by vote that the money collected for charity each term would be sent to a very worthwhile organisation, "Meals on Wheels."

The first Inter-house event of the year was the swimming gala, where Merriman put up a tremendous fight, but only managed to come third, - one point behind Jagger. The House spirit was at the best I have ever seen, but Rolt must be congratulated on winning the gala, and Jagger for being the best turned out house. Well Done! For the first time in approximately ten years, Merriman came second in the Inter-house Diving instead of her usual third. Well done to all the divers and particularly to Jenny Saunders.

However, no-one was able to beat Merriman's determination when it came to the hockey, and once again we walked off with the hockey cup. Well done to both the Under 15 and the Open teams.

Culturally, Merriman has not been tops, but has kept a good consistent second place in all the Inter-house events. Well done Rolt for winning all the events so far. Unfortunately, we were pipped at the post by one point in the Inter-house Public Speaking.

As usual Merriman has maintained a very good academic record so far this year, thanks to the consistent hard work of everyone in Merriman, in particular, Jane Yeats, Kate Saunders, Maryke Hammerson, Cheryl Hemmingway, Elizabeth Baker, Stephane Dutkiewicz, Wendy Perold and Leanne Carlyle. Well done!

Although the year is not yet out, I would like to thank the Merriman Prefects, Kate, Lindsay, Chloe, Alexa and Maryke for their untiring help and support. I hope that the rest of the year will be even more successful and that we will go from strength to strength.

Just remember that we want the Efficiency Shield back, so keep up the determination, spirit and sportmanship.

NICI DEAL  
HEAD OF MERRIMAN



WANT POST  
**HARD AT WORK...**



A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

Once upon a time, in the happy land of Herschel, there was a competition. It was the very important Inter House Magazine competition.

Great was the excitement in the land of Herschel when Merriman House chose it's editor and two ugly sub editors. They set to work immediately, and very soon, all the land knew that they had to hand in entries for the magazine. Collecting these entries gave the editor and her two ugly sub editors many headaches!

With everything collected, many, many hours were spent in the du Toit Palace and Bowley castle, putting everything together. It was a difficult task, but slowly but surely... an enchanted magazine started to appear! The editors could hardly believe their eyes. A magazine was being born!

Finally, the last letter was written. The editors had spent many long, weary hours working, and were relieved that it was all over.

But now, with nothing to do, the threesome while away the lonely hours, waiting for Prince Charming.

MAGGIE DU TOIT  
EDITOR

# MEET

# THE

# EDITORS



SUSAN AND CHERYL  
RECEIVING DIVINE  
INSPIRATION FOR  
MAGAZINE....



...SEEN HERE  
IMPLEMENTING THE IDEA.



MAGGIE LEADING PROTEST  
MARCH AGAINST SHORTAGE  
OF NIK-NAKS AT TUCKSHOP.



## MERRIMAN PREFECTS

Head Girl, Kate and House  
Captain, Nici - during a  
frivolous song and dance  
routine!



Maryke; Kate; Lindsay;  
Chloe; Nici.

## HISTORY OF MERRIMAN

When Herschel was founded (1922), the school only had thirty pupils, too few to be divided into the House System. By 1930 however, the numbers had crept up to eighty-eight, and the following year the three Houses were inaugurated.

Our house was named after John X. Merriman, a prominent statesman and the last Prime Minister of the Cape Colony before the Union. He had performed the official opening of the school, and along with Mr Jagger and Dean Rolt, was one of the three men most closely associated with the founding and opening of it. Dean Rolt was Herschel's first chaplain, and William Jagger had given a great financial help to the school.

In the early days, each house met every Friday at 2.40pm. The meetings opened with a House Prayer, after which Order marks and Distinctions won during the week were reported and recorded. A collection was taken each week to buy sewing materials, and surplus money was donated at the years end to Christmas charities.

On alternate Fridays, the whole time of the meeting was given over to sewing for the Child Welfare Society, and nowadays we complain at having to knit a jersey once a year! The other Friday was devoted to practising for Inter-house events.

In 1934 the Efficiency Shield was presented to the school by R.C.Garlick, in response to a heavy hint about the school's lack of one in the Herschel magazine. (This was the magazine's official name in the early years; the snappier title of the Herschelion was only assumed later).

The nature of Inter-house activities through the years has changed greatly. Order-marks used to be given for bad behaviour and neglected homework, and one comes across fretful warnings in the House Reports "... if the Junior members continue to get so many conduct marks, Merriman will not win the Efficiency Shield," or "The average standard of work is very good, but the number of Distinctions are outnumbered by order marks." They were replaced at a later date by a Department Cup which was reawarded each term, and which has mercifully disappeared.

Before the swimming pool was built (1938), the Inter-house swimming was held at St James pool. The school owned its own bathing box there and it must have been a gala occasion when the whole school descended on the beach. Rolt won the very last gala there, but in case anyone gains the impression that it has been an unbroken tradition ever since, I would like to point out that Merriman has won it in the distant past. There was a time quite recently, in the seventies in fact, when we actually came second, a feat of which we can be proud.

For a few years there used to be Interhouse volleyball, and, even earlier, Lacrosse. Cricket was also played in the earliest days, but was gradually superseded by hockey. In the sixties, Flower-Arranging and Art Exhibitions were also conducted on an Interhouse basis. The art gave over to magazines, a relatively recent development.



Support for St Michaels Home has always been a Merriman charity. At different times we have raised enough money to buy the children a jungle-gym and a slide for their playground, and provided general financial assistance since the early fifties. Before that we gave clothes to the society for the Protection of Child Life, dating back to the inception of the Houses. During the 1939-1944 years, the whole school was involved in wartime fund raising efforts, and Merriman played its part in contributing to the Mayor's Fund and "Speed the Planes" fund. In 1942 they bought three sheepskin coats for the Navy League as their contribution. In spite of fire-fighting practices, however, the war did not seem to disturb the calm routine of the school.

Merriman won the Efficiency Shield for the six years prior to 1980, but lost it last year to Rolt. Our strongest point is work, and we are consistently top in Mark readings and Exams. So although we have had unsuccessful patches in our past, we now appear to be on a crest of success, and we hope it will continue.

NATASHA THEOPHILOU  
STD. 9.



Last Year's Head of Merriman and Head Girl, CLAIR GROOTENDORST, is now a Rotary Exchange Student in the U.S.A. She wrote this letter to us from Unadilla, New York.

To all Merriman Magaziners,

No, I don't approve of your "brilliant" idea of roping me in - But I know what it's like trying to compile a magazine with little other than "Peter the Raindrop" stories, so, out of the kindness of my heart.....

Surprisingly enough, life here in the United States is both entirely different from, and yet similar to that in S.A. (Amazingly, they also have televisions, cars, toasters, clothes dishwashers, schools and houses here, even in "Backward America" funny they thought we didn't have all those things! I live in a very rural area - the heart of dairy country - in a village with 1200 people. Unadilla is picturesque, with old wooden houses (no brick houses in N.Y. state) built on the banks of the Susquehanna River amidst rolling maple-covered hills. As I sit here there are wild rabbits playing on the lawn, and two deer in the driveway, (and they believe it's we that have wild animals roaming around!) The United States is certainly not at all like Manhattan.

I think the biggest change for me was school. The school district has to provide free transport, so most kids rattle there in huge buses - that alone is an experience. The very first day I found myself in the middle of a spitball (chewed wad of paper) and shaving cream fight - not fun! - and the busdrivers are almost powerless. In the classrooms, there is also very little respect for staff. The majority of the kids are not there to be educated, but simply to pass the time and "goof off" - many literally don't do a thing. I was also amazed to find several pregnant girls, (even 7th graders=std5) walking around at school! Bathrooms or cloakrooms are unusable unless you want to smell of smoke for the rest of the day, and it's not only cigarette smoke!

Unatego is a relatively small school, with 630 pupils from grades 7 to 12, but it has fabulous equipment, especially in the auditorium, gym, computer room and audiovisual centre. There are televisions in most classrooms, and they are all linked to the central audiovisual station. We regularly watch newscasts as well as all sorts of films and educational background material - all monitored centrally. Announcements are made over the intercom system, while we sit in our classrooms - much less fun than watching some poor headgirl make a fool of herself.



- 2 -

School work is definitely much easier here. There is even more spoonfeeding than back home (believe it or not), and almost all tests are in the form of multiple choice questions. You really are dumb if you get below 85%, and all the bright students complain if they score less than 95%! Yet there are still high school graduates in my grade who cannot even read properly!

Graduation from High School is the highlight of everyone's school career. The girls wear white gowns and mortarboards and the guys are in green (school colour). After processing down the aisle two by two, to the accompaniment of "Pomp and Circumstance March", we sit through welcomes, introductions, speeches, farewells and award presentations. Instead of book prizes, the Seniors (Matrics) receive money awards and scholarships, donated by local companies and trust funds, and a bright student can walk away with \$750 - \$1000, or even a free college education!

Another big shock for me was the weather. I arrived in the middle of a snow storm, and that set the trend for the rest of January - the coldest since 1917, I'm told. Temperatures went as low as -35°C, though the average winter day is about -5° to -10°C (just a little different from "Sunny South Africa"!) I walked around bundled in thick sweaters, coats, scarves, woolen hats and mittens, and I've even worn longjohns once! Inside we're never cold, because all buildings and cars have central heating. Actually, school here is warmer than Herschel in winter! The snow is fun to have around - for a while at least. The first thing all us South Africans did when we arrived in New York City was have a snowball fight - beautiful Rotary blazers and all!

Most Americans know quite a lot about their own country, or at least state, but are very naive and ignorant about others. I never really believed the stories of strange questions South Africans are asked, until I came here. An almost standard question I'm asked when I say I'm from South Africa is: "Which country in South Africa?" People are also amazed at how quickly and "correctly" I learnt to speak English - till I tell them I've been practising for 18 years.... Of course I get lots of questions about the lions and elephants in the streets, especially from kids, but I was amazed when a 6 yr old asked what our inflation rate is! Rotarians have asked me if we have a slave at home, and "I hear you live in a very conservative society (no playboys etc.), are the women allowed to wear perfume?"!!!

Early in April we celebrated International Foreign Language week, and all the Exchange Students bought a speciality from their country for a cake sale. I made a Melkert and Koeksusters. I received many compliments and was asked for the recipe. "Elephant hide", I told them, "they're made of elephant hide."

"You see, we have 6 elephants in our back yard, and every few years we shoot one for Koeksuster ingredients..." I kept this story up for about a month, and they all believed me - in "Africa" anything can happen.

As you know, I've just returned from a 30 day, 9000 mile bus trip round the USA (and I never want to sit in a bus again.) I saw a great deal of a beautiful country, and made many friends on the way. I can't believe what a small world we live in though. A girl from New Zealand met her next - door neighbour in Yosemite National Park, and I bumped into a group of 23 Vrystaters in a cable car (like a tram) in San Fransisco! My ears nearly fell out when I heard them "prating" Die Taal! It's amazing how patriotic one becomes when away from home. I became so excited to hear Shaun Thompson and Cliff Drysdale commentating on a sports program, and I was very proud when people told me Terry van der Merwe was world champion. Gary Player is a household name here. (Actually, more people associate South Africa with Gary Player than anything or anyone else.)

The Americans are very friendly, hospitable people, keen to share whatever they have with you. When I walk down Unadilla Main Street, passers - by wave or greet me, even strangers do. Motorists usually stop to let you cross (and not only in the villages - it's happened in Washington D.C. and San Fransisco!)

They are always ready to help, especially if they see you are a "foreigner" - but in Unadilla I was soon considered almost "one of the locals". They have accepted me into their community with open hearts, and I love it here!

I could fill the whole Merriman Magazine with an account of my experiences here, but I don't think that's the idea. All I can say is that this is the most fantastic, rewarding, fun year of my life. I'm learning a great deal, and I'll never forget it. If any of you get the opportunity to go on exchange, no matter where, grab it with both hands - you'll never regret it!

All the best

Love from  
Clair



42 HIDDINGH ROAD  
BERGVLIET, 7800  
CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA



**CLAIR GROOTENDORST**

ROTARY EXCHANGE STUDENT  
1981

HOST CLUB: UNADILLA, NY (D. 717)  
SPONSOR CLUB: CLAREMONT, CAPS TOWN (D. 935)

A LETTER FROM MRS MCGIVERN AN EX-MERRIMAN  
MATHS TEACHER

Dear Kate and Merriman,

Thank you all very much indeed for the beautiful glass cream jug which you gave to me on leaving Herschel last term. I shall really enjoy using it, but more than that I shall enjoy the memories of the happy days which I spent with you all!

I do hope that you are all well and happy, and ready for more hard work after your holidays. Matrics, I shall be thinking of you during your prelims and finals, and wish you all great success.

Thank you all once again; I look forward to seeing the tennis girls in September, and any other girls who may come up to Johannesburg, please contact me at Kingsmead College after 9 September.

With love and best wishes to you all,  
Mrs Di McGivern.



# ENGLISH



"YES," HE REPLIED SADLY, HE MADE GOOD BOOTS"

As a child, I would frequently accompany my mother to the shoemaker in the town, on account of my feet growing so quickly. Much as I hated the consequences, that of having new, creaky boots and no excuse for not wearing them, I felt that the means compensated the end.

Firstly, there was the ride into town on Saturday morning, on top of the pumpkins and mielies and fruit, on top of the wagon. The horse clip-clopped along the early-morning road and he snorted and tossed his head in the cold, clear air with it's promise of a fine, dry winter day. When we reached the town, Ma would go to visit Tant Nolsie or Tant Mynie, the dominee's wife, for the local news along with her coffee and melkert, and she would send me off to see Oom Stewels about my new boots.

I ducked into his dim, leathery, cool workshop out of the rattling street, and Oom Stewels would always say, "My hemel, Janie, but you have grown!" as though it were something quite out of the ordinary, and he had not seen me only a month or two before. He would take his pencil out of his hat and a straight piece of wood, to measure my bare feet all dusty from the road. But it was not Oom Stewels in whom I was interested, but his handlanger, Jack. Jack was an old Basotho and he was both deaf and dumb. He did the unskilled work in the back of the shop, cutting and working the leather for boots and making riempies for chairs and long stock-whips. His peppercorns on his head were grey, and his frame shrunken, but he always smiled, and his eyes shone, and he would gesture happily when I went into the back to see him. I would nod and smile back at him and watch him at his work, which he did with a slow skill that I wondered at. I wanted to talk to him and ask him about his life and where he lived, and if he had any children and grandchildren, but he would only nod and laugh in a funny way because he could not hear himself. Some people said he had been one of Moshesh's mountain kingdom, and had been taken captive by the Boers, but no-one could explain his handicap. When Oom Stewels came he would frown to see me talking to the native, and I hated to see Jack awkward and ashamed, so I would leave.

The last time that I went to have my boots made by Oom Stewels was a week before my departure to a new school in Cape Town. I was so excited and in a hurry that I almost forgot to go to the back to see Jack. I felt a sharp remorse when I did remember, and immediately turned to the door while Oom Stewels wrote down the measurements. When I looked in, there was a surly, young coloured man at the bench. I asked where Jack was, and he said, "Dead missies," in a stubborn way. I turned back to Oom Stewels in desperation and pain inside me, and asked if it were true.

"Yes," he replied sadly, "he made good boots."

After that I bought my shoes from one of the big stores in Cape Town.



(LIFE CYCLE OF A) BLACK BUTTERFLY

Born to be a butterfly,  
A lowly worm  
Stretching and reaching out,  
Aiming far above himself,  
Frozen in his ebony armour.  
A trapped chrysalis,  
Trapped by iron of oppression.  
Desperately trying to be  
A true butterfly  
With outstretched wings  
Pulsing with life and strength  
Crushed

This was a man  
A Black man, my brother  
Born to be a butterfly,  
Died a captive creature  
In his and our strange land.

ROSEMARY LOCH DAVIS  
STD. 9.



MEAL A LA MARS

Mrs Fenton was not expecting any visitors that afternoon, but when she opened the door to observe a little green gentleman tearing little metal slips out of her doormat, she was not in the least surprised. She naturally presumed that he was one of her husband's friends. Bending down to stop this destructive practice, she inquired with polite menace, "Harry expecting you? All right, come in!"

She led him down the passage with a carpet chosen for its hard-wearing qualities. "In here," she directed, giving the diminutive man an unnecessarily vicious jab to show the way into the sitting-room for tea. Once in there, the sight of her laden tea-table with her favorite granadilla cake dominating all the lesser edibles mollified her slightly.

She lowered herself into a Victorian armchair to preside over the tea.

"Tea or coffee?" she asked in a bullying manner. Her visitor's search light eyes focused on her in an unnerving gaze while he articulated "Neither" with painstaking care.

"Granadilla cake? Scones?" she pressed in a more peaceable manner, possibly taken aback by the metallic quality of his voice...It sounded remarkably like a tape-recording on the other side of a telephone.

"No."

Nonplussed by his insubordination, she was now at a loss as to how to manage him. Before she had time to recover herself, he stretched out his three-fingered left hand, and remarking "I am hungry," helped himself to a cake fork. She watched first in amazement, then in admiration, as he chewed and swallowed it. Mrs Fenton did not approve of her husband's circus connections, but she knew talent when she saw it.

"Another?" she pressed on him eagerly, delighted at his free performance. Four electro-plated nickel silver cake-forks followed the first, but after the fifth one, his accurate chomping began to annoy her, especially as she realised he was fast becoming a threat to her household economy. When he reached out politely for the sixth and last fork, clasped in her hand, she deftly withdrew it from his grasp, and reproved him strictly. "That's enough. You've almost eaten up the whole set. Now, I am going to fetch you some plain food from the kitchen." She sailed out not forgetting to take the last fork with her.

Five efficient minutes later, she returned with the neat plate of sandwiches. Her guest examined them with curiosity. He passed his fingers over them in a peculiar gesture and turned a slightly paler, more delicate shade of green.



"Take one," Mrs Fenton ordered. His only reply was to rise hastily and start moving for the door.

"No thank you." he turned and with a thump on his stomach that reverberated strangely round the room intoned "I have had enough."

"I suppose the five forks filled you up," she said sarcastically.

"No, I did not only eat them."

She then remembered her shredded doormat. She reminded herself that, strange as he was, he was a member of Harry's circus. Harry would deduct the cost of the forks and doormat from his pay.

"I must go now."

This rudeness irritated her immensely. "Haven't you forgotten something? That you came to see Harry, perhaps?"

"No," he replied emphatically. "Goodbye."

He stepped unconcernedly over the mangled doormat. His hostess, with a commendable show of restraint, stopped herself from throwing a pot-plant at his retreating back, and withdrew into her insulted house.

She went straight to her sitting-room where, she was sure, the influence of her surroundings and restorative effect of her granadilla cake would calm her. She stood in the doorway and let her eyes travel from the forkless tea-table to the chair which her iron-teethed visitor had polluted with his presence. Then more tranquilly, she let them pass over her familiar ornaments. Her china shepardess, her collection of cut-glass which she had received for her wedding, her - silver plates!

She stared in disbelief at the empty space where they had been. Her first reaction was to scream "Thief!", but she was arrested by the sight of her teapot. The spout was missing. She harshly inspected it more closely. It had strange teeth-marks, -realization hit her!

She rushed outside and down the neat path. Then she stopped. Her eyes fixed on a point above the trees on the opposite side of the road.

Then she watched the spaceship, glowing with a shimmering orange light, rise slowly into the sky and fade noiselessly into the distance, carrying away her visitor, the spaceman - and her five spoons, silver plates and teaspout.



THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW

Ants, that's what they look like, ants - up and down, rushing around in pointless directions, some faster than others, bumping, pushing, running, strolling. They line the pavements, some bravely skip into the lines of temperamental traffic to make their journeys shorter, gambling with life, too busy to wait for the green light and the zebra stripes that would lead them to safety to their destinations. It's strange how one small figure can almost take the breath out of me when he foolishly attempts to dash behind that red bus. Does he see the flashy silver sports model about to charge at him, and show him into another world he doesn't know? He's out of my sight, but suddenly the red shirt catches my eye and disappears into the darkhole of a building. I shall not see him again, and he will not know that I walked that journey in my heart for him.

If only I could tell them how foolishly they are, how irresponsible, that I too used to dice with death until that day, that flash of red and screaming noise and then the silent hospital ward for so long.

My window is my life, so many floors up high above the reality of what the man in the street feels. Please be careful, I watch from my wheelchair and my legs cannot run for you. I see so much more than you do.

DEBBIE TANNER  
STD. 7.



ALONE

Where are the colours?  
All is dull, grey, heavy.  
A melancholy feeling of  
                  abandonment  
prevails, spreading, engulfing.  
Alone, downcast and distressed  
one searches  
for light

In a world  
empty  
sombre, cold dismal  
it is an effort

to exist

dolefully  
living.....

MAGGIE DU TOIT  
STD. 9.

UNTITLED

She was outspoken  
I was shy  
She was experienced  
I was innocent  
She was confident  
I was unsure  
She had a perfect smile  
Mine went unnoticed  
But you reached out to me.

CATHY SMIT  
STD. 9.





DEBBIE CRANE  
STD 7.

LEAVES IN THE WIND

A gush of wind leapt in at the window. The sky grew dark, and the clouds hung low. A storm was brewing. The wind whined and screamed to a crescendo, and the leaves fluttered at the window, desperate to get in. Only one small leaf found the open space, and drifted in with serene ease. Gliding and tilting, the leaf landed on the white sheets. There it sat, lost, lonely and isolated, but it was safe. Slowly the man in the bed opened his eyes to see his visitor. Visitors were scarce in this place, and any were welcome. The pain in his eyes and the aching in his side welled up and lashed out at his frail body. There was something familiar about his visitor, but he could not place it.

Suddenly the window slammed shut. His helpless visitor was swept off the bed by the nurse, and thrown back outside to face the threatening storm. The man's vision blurred, and the screaming agony was too much to bear. His body shook and convulsed with incredible pain. Suddenly darkness blotted it all out. Nothing.

Doctors rushed into the room. Nurses took his pulse. Everyone was rushing around the bed, connecting tubes, filling bags, testing samples. Confusion and desperation.

All pain had gone now, and the man lay peacefully, oblivious of the chaos and confusion around him. Air rushed past his face, and he saw the dried leaves rushing along the ground, leaping and swirling about. A small boy was rolling in the neatly swept mound, scattering them high, to be swept away by the wind - setting them free to glide with the currents. With a shoosh, the mound of leaves and the small child were lifted up into the air. All seemed to fuse into a single, dried leaf.

The lonely leaf tilted and fell, landing on the white sheet in front of him. He could see the dried veins and crinkled edges. A colourless leaf with no life left. It had come out of the storm and the cold, seeking protection and peace. It had come to show him the way.

Cold crept over the restless man lying quietly on the bed. His body lifted, and he felt himself drifting through a narrow gap in the darkness. All pressure and pain was left behind, and he soared through to a new and peaceful existence. He came to rest on a white ground, filled with purity and peace.

He still felt the fear of evil. The fear that it would come and grasp him and throw him back into the world from which he had come. The world of suffering and pain. He could not face that storm again.

KATE SAUNDERS  
STD. 10.



REMORSE

I repent  
But how can one say sorry to the dead?  
The time for pardon was long ago  
When she was here.  
But I was dumb and would not speak  
Pride had held me captive  
Chained link to link  
A bond too strong to break.

My silence drives me into a frenzy  
How I long to tear my clothes  
Smother my head with ashes  
But nothing helps,  
For there is no rest for my guilt.  
I wish that I, like she, may die  
But my body lives on although my spirit is dead.

But is that true?  
Perhaps, in this recognition of my dead,  
Lies the need of growth  
The bud of life.

KATE HALES  
STD. 9.



CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY

Cry, the Beloved Country is a very suitable name for this book which really makes us understand why we should all be crying out for our beloved country, crying out for a land so full of fear and cruel injustice and for a land with such potential, being destroyed.

Paton not only shows us the truth, but he proves to be an intense humanist who really has a profound understanding of South Africa's problems. By his humanising of the Black man he shows how deep the problem is, how the white man has an inescapable duty to replace the broken tribal system, as the city life has not created values to replace it.

The lack of understanding is a vast problem and Paton's use of different characters shows us how great the lack of understanding is:- Young Jarvin, a symbol of hope and of a new generation who realises the need for a common society; Old Jarvin, a man with different views on the Black man who changes in the novel and becomes paternalistic Kumalo, a humble, religious man with a great belief in the tribal system, who changes and becomes a social reconstructor in the village. Simply to think of the disunity is enough to make one cry out, but Paton takes it a step further and shows us how the Black man needs to be humanised and accepted as a person with strengths and weaknesses, no different from the White man.

He really cries out about people being victims of detribalization and this enforces his thesis that we need to replace the system. Absalom Kumalo is a victim of detribalization and of his own weakness. He illustrates how detribalization has affected people and how a Black man can have feelings and faults.

Paton makes the book so poignant and emotional that one empathizes with the characters and feels their intense heartache and desperation at times. His description of the way in which Kumalo prays and is so humble and believes that God is the answer shows us how deeply he feels the problem. His way of showing how different people feel about the Black man is brilliant. Jarvin is a typical product of his time and although to the end he shows kindness, it is heartbreaking the way he has to learn that Blacks are humans. Kumalo's deep hurt and crying out against the Johannesburg life adds to the way in which Paton shows the truth. The problem of racialism is such a deep one and the complexity of the problem is vast, but surely we should all be crying for the victims of white man's greed and power-searching ideas. Surely we cannot escape our duties and surely we must accept the Black man as a human and not an underdog. The book is not unrealistic and the ways of correcting the faults are not impossible if by learning to share and love one another, we all cry for a common cause.



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This book ends very dramatically with the simple priest meditating over the problems and with yet another life ending tragically. Yes, cry for our beloved country because so much is wrong and by reading this book, one begins to see the depth of it all.

ROSEMARY LOCH DAVIS  
STD. 9.

GLOOM

Vast and empty  
Full of nothing  
Space  
A warp in time  
A hole  
Desolation

WENDY PEROLD  
STD. 7.



SUICIDE

The cloakroom is empty,  
the washtowels are finger marked.  
The face that appears in the long mirror,  
a mirage of my degradation?

The smooth, cold metal -  
like the water taps and hard marble surfaces.  
The door bags and the water flushes.  
Away goes the executioner, into the pocket of life.

The tilted floor exudes disinfectant, the cigarette stubs  
lie in sand bins. A pink mess that clutters up the sink.  
Will that be me?

The killer shows itself again, drawn out by my mind;  
it even dares to put it's fingers into my mouth.  
I am numb as the humiliation floods again, like the  
drinking fountains down the hall.

That miage looked drab and defeated,  
is that me?

The nerve reaches the butt, the finger slips and the  
window shatters  
.....Was that me?

DEBBIE PARGITER  
STD. 9.

MY IDEA OF THE GOOD LIFE

No style of life is perfect. However interesting one's life may be, there are bound to be boring or repetitive aspects to it. In my ideal life this would be eliminated, for my idea of the Good Life would be to experience the best of different styles of life, lick the cream off it, then be on to the next. There would be no bounds of time or space in this life-hopping. An example of a day could go something like this:

Still pleasantly drowsy, I sipped my morning tea and gazed dreamily at the fire. A fire was certainly necessary on this frosty Scottish morning. I rang for my maid. This was a large castle and we had all been allowed to bring our personal servants with us. A bath has already been placed near the fire, so all Mary had to do was undress me.

I luxuriated in the warm water and idly watched her set out my clothes. She reminded me in her soft voice that breakfast would be early that morning because of the grouse-shooting. I responded by rising out of the water and she hastened forward with a fire-warmed towel to wrap around me.

When dry, I was dressed in one of my new Worth dresses. I had had several made from dark material because of Queen Victoria's death, although my natural preference was for lighter shades. My hair took a comparatively short time to do as it was in a fashionably short style. I was now ready for breakfast.

The sun glinted on the silver and cut-glass of the long, white table-clothed table. There were thirty guests in all. We sat down and set to with determination, for shooting is exhausting, and it would be several hours before the next meal. There was bread, baked only that morning, creamy Jersey butter and milk, oatmeal porridge and many meats, all supplied by the estate. I enjoyed food and gaiety, but my tight Edwardian corsets were now pressing on me, and as I wish to avoid the bird-slaughter, I decided to leave for warmer climates.

Delicately, painstakingly, I brushed away at the hard, desert earth. I was slowly bringing a giant storage jar out of two thousand years of sandy oblivion, and I felt as if I were creating it anew.

Masada. To me it was not merely an archeological site, but a place of spiritual renewal, a celebration of my Jewishness. Here under this same furnace of sun, my forefathers had made their last heroic stand against the Romans. One hopeless year they had held out, then killed themselves rather than surrender. I moved restlessly to a dark slice of shade beneath an



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excavated wall. Shade was a luxury. This life seemed so simple, as simple as the storage jar, the sheltering wall and the almost solid blue sky.

The jar drew me back to work. It was nearly complete now, my thoughts returned to the dry skeletons who had used it as I brushed the last of the sand of ages away. I sat back reverently, only to become aware of my hot shirt sticking to me, and a powerful smell of perspiration. The spell was broken. The silence and aridity made me long for a change.

I was giggling so much I almost fell over. Sheila pinned a placard onto me which said like a newspaper headline, "FISH FLY ENGLAND, CHIPS AFTER THEM" and I was complete. I was a Parisian kiosk, rather hastily pinned together out of magazine covers and plastic for the fancy dress party that night.

With a struggle, accompanied by many shrieks, I managed to pass through the cabin door and started on my triumphant way to the lounge. I was frequently stopped and turned round by people who wanted to read all the headlines we had made up, and who then joined on behind us. I felt like a modern Pied Piper by the time I reached the site of the party. A pirate politely stood aside to allow me in at the door, and before me I glimpsed Dr Chris Barnard with a necklace of paper hearts and a slogan saying "I collect hearts."

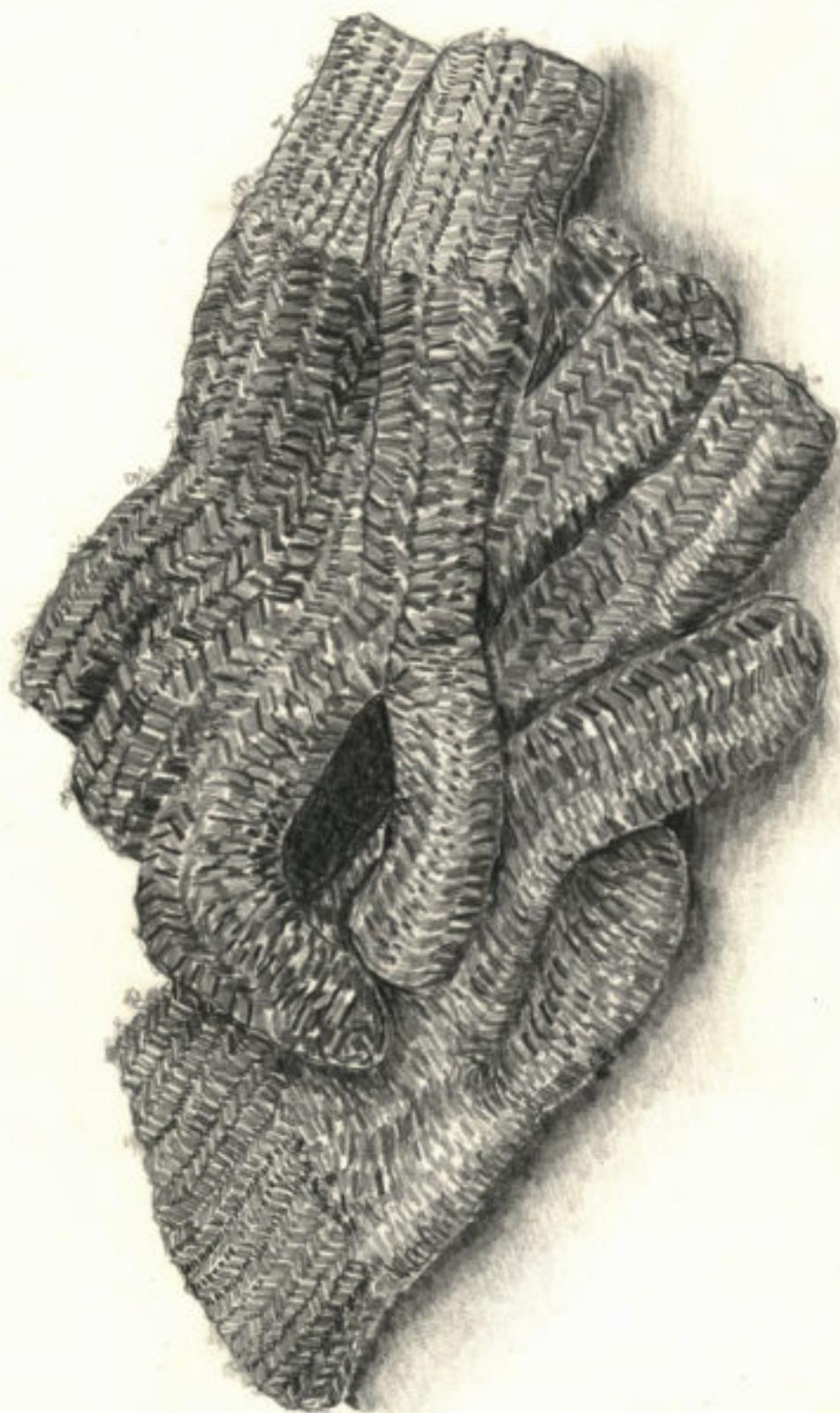
The competitors formed a large circle on the dance floor and moved round in a procession. The flash-lights lit up the laughing teeth of the other passengers, and around we went to the music, and again. A harem of five Indian women wearing saris and chained together by a golden chain was behind me, and a Pepper and Salt before, but now they were counting up the votes and we were allowed to dance. I danced as well as I could while holding up the umbrella which was the roof of the kiosk, but all I managed was a stiff bobbing. "Get someone inside with you," a slightly drunken harlequin was advising, when the loudspeaker came on to announce the prizes. "Third, second, and the first prize goes to....."

Tomorrow I think I will wake up in a New England farmhouse, then join a commune focusing on Transcendental Meditation in Sausalito, San Francisco, and in the evening, I will come back for a sunset dip in False Bay.

Unfortunately, as with any real life, this life is impossible. The nearest I can probably come to it is the sunset swim in the holidays - and imagining the rest.

NATASHA THEOPHILOU  
STD. 9.





NIGHT - NIGHT

I shrink  
 my toes re-arrange themselves,  
 my hot water bottle bites and spits,  
 my pyjamas bicker with the sheets.  
 Won't relax until, "Who is under the bed?"  
 Look nervously,  
 "Sweet dreams."

ROWAN HADEN  
STD. 10.

LIMERICKS

There once was a girl of New York  
 Whose body was lighter than cork;  
 She had to be fed  
 for six weeks upon lead  
 Before she went out for a walk.

LUCINDA RICHARDS  
STD. 8.

There was a young lady - quite stocky  
 Who was crazy on some game called hockey  
 Much to my dismay  
 She trained me to play  
 And made me wear beige shirt and sokkies.

JOANNE BOSMA  
STD. 6.



VOYAGE OF THE CAPRINNA

"The most humble time in a man's life is when he compares his life as it is with what he had intended to make it." Not everyone has a need to be humble though, for even in my decrepit state, at the age of eighty-six, I remember William Jackson, the captain of the sailing ship "Caprinna" who saved the lives of so many children.

The year was 1794. France was in a turmoil. The Reign of Terror was proceeding and I, a member of the crew on the "Caprinna", along with the others, risked my life helping the children of the nobility to escape by sea across to the New World. The journey was risky, and the risk when we entered France was tremendous, but these perils just added to the challenge, and the challenge to the adventure, for which I have always striven.

The trip started as usual, and we set out from the New World for France. The people of France were in a frenzied panic, and Robespierre was intensifying his Reign of Terror. Nobody was safe. We had been warned that the officials were aware of our visits, and that men had been set up everywhere in order to track us down. We had had uncanny good luck on our previous trips, and I only prayed that it would not fail us now.

It was dusk when we entered the harbour in France. The sky was dotted with lights, all of which were reflected in the quiet water that swished softly as we cut through it. The city behind the water was tranquil and it was hard to imagine the terror and bloodshed that was prevalent there.

Gathering the children was not the difficulty, but the manner in which they were to be put on board was. On that particular trip there were forty children and a Lord of great importance to take aboard. The children and the Lord were waiting, locked in large wine barrels. Carefully we carried them aboard and stacked them high on the decks. I was aghast at the number, as at least thirty barrels more than I had expected were waiting to be piled onto the decks.

The captain paced up and down, urging us to make haste. That was the time that one person need look suspicious, or make one mistake, and over seventy lives would undoubtedly end up at the guillotine. That infernal guillotine! It was always at the back of our minds.

At last the remaining barrels were secured and we prepared to draw out of the harbour. We had only just made it, for about twenty men dressed in the revolutionary red and blue uniform entered the dock. A second later and we would have been trapped! I had however breathed my sighs of relief too early.



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It was only when we were at sea, making good time, and homeward bound, that the small but fast moving fleet was sighted on the horizon. We were immediately summoned to an emergency meeting, and the competent crew, each of us being a master in our own particular field, helped arrange a defence. We had the right equipment, but I doubted our chances against the fleet, however small it might have been.

Unfortunately, we had no choice! It was our duty to protect the innocent children, even if it was until death, for that would be the outcome if we failed.

The "Caprinna" was making good time, and it was long after the first sighting that the fleet began to grow on the horizon. All of the crew including myself, were agitated and nervous, and when eventually the fleet did come into shooting range, we were in a murderous state of mind. The fleet consisted of three flimsy, large-sailed ships. We all lined the leeward side of the "Caprinna". The children obeyed instructions and stayed below.

I watched the French fall; as the guns bellowed for all the world to hear. The vessels swayed dangerously, two overturned spilling their contents into a disordered sea. Screaming men jumped from the third ship which had caught alight after we had shot the sails with long flying flames.

It was a massacre! It gave neither the captain nor us any jubilation. It was an occurrence that not one of us will ever forget, including the children who reached America safely.

It was all thanks to Captain William Jackson. He is today probably one of the most satisfied of men, having spared over one hundred children from the guillotine.

CHERYL HEMMINGWAY  
STD. 9.

MATTPOST  
ZETA



FOR THE SKIPPER

Six a.m. on a summer Sunday,  
 Buttercup glow and tea and rusks,  
 Pull on a T-shirt and unstrung tackies;  
 Departing grab at the sandwiches on the kitchen table.  
 "Where's your hat, kid?" Hate hats.

Open air through the bakkie window,  
 Stop at the cafe for a bottle of Coke.  
 There's the others with a couple of rods,  
 And packages, waiting on the quay all ready;  
 "Morning, people"  
 Jump down the tyres and shove off.  
 "St. Blaize, St. Blaize, St. Blaize, Areca, Areca, Areca -  
 Reporting out of harbour, five on board, heading for Malgat..etc"  
 Sleek, silky swells  
 No problem run across the bay, hang on,  
 Lean out the side, keep an eye out for bird life.  
 Engine relaxes and then the slow sink;  
 "Right, lines in everybody"  
 Strands trail dashes of colour in the wake.

"Vat, vat, vat - where's the buggers?"  
 Wait for the eleven o'clock rise.  
 Zing, zing, zing - strike!  
 "Everybody in? Full house." Stop engine.  
 Ay, little 'uns;  
 Splat on the deck; then off again.

Reel in the morning.  
 There's the birds working, 'bout eleven o'clock from here.  
 Take a run out - then you're fighting.  
 Wind and wind;  
 There goes the line, again, under the boat,  
 Bend in the rod - tuna for sure.  
 "Pass us the gaff here." Quick jab.  
 Psychedellic blue-streaked silver-fish.

High sun, head for jolting home.  
 Shock-absorber knees, aching arms.  
 "Where's the rope-bucket?"  
 Wash down with wet water.  
 Curious gazing at the nonchalant catch.  
 Wait while you moor the boat and row.

Stinging bath; salt-tangled hair; burning face.  
 Thank you for taking me with you.

JANE YEATS  
STD. 10.



LEAVES IN THE WIND

The wind was blowing strongly across the marshland which appeared bleak and desolate in the face of the on-coming storm. The inhabitants of the area seemed to stir with a new life that quickened their limbs and sent them scurrying home to their hearths and young children. However after this transitory flurry of movement, there was no-one to be seen on the marshes, and a brooding stillness settled ominously on the shrubs and grass tufts.

Two little boys, tired of the oppressive heat, ran out of their houses. They were both small and sturdy, and moved as if there was life, very different and very strange, in every part of them. Their bodies trembled with a suppressed vitality which was now heightened by the looming storm and eerie stillness that was present everywhere. They did not speak at all as they ran ripping down to the brooks which lay hidden in the marshes. They seemed to have a knowledge of each other which needed no words, and which grew by watching the other run or move in his own way.

Upon reaching the brooks they plunged in, and lay trembling with the gentle currents that bobbed them up and down. Both boys seemed entirely cut off from each other, yet each one knew of the other's presence, felt that much of the other in his limbs, and revelled in this knowledge of his own being and also the growing knowledge of his friend's.

The two boys never talked about being friends, they just were. Each boy felt the other deep inside him, and this was enough. They needed no confirmation of each other's loyalty. It was unnecessary. They instinctively knew with a child's instincts, the bounds and the limits which they could not traverse in each other, and were content in their acceptance. Neighbours found their friendship refreshing. It brought new awareness, and was life-giving in its innocence. The boys were sub-consciously aware of other people - their teachers, their parents, their relatives, yet they were consciously only aware of their surroundings and of each other. They lived their lives together and alone, suffusing with the brooks and marsh ground, blending with their environment. They were content with knowing themselves and each other. That was all they needed, it was enough to sustain them.

Each boy received more life as he gave life to his friend. They stimulated each other, and their friendship was great. Each rippled with the new life that the other had given him. They were like pools that had been formed by a boy throwing a stone into a pond from a river bank on a Sunday afternoon - firstly the ripples had emerged, quietly and naturally, and then had enlarged into a life - giving churning mass of water, that was strong and vibrant.

The storm was upon them now. The boys leaped home, feeling and revelling in the moistness of their clothes. They felt as if they were taking a part of the brook home in this moistness, and they clung to this feeling, unwilling for it to slip away and be gone.



... BUT I'M A ... UGMFHMM  
MERRIMAN SUPPORTER!



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The wind blew them home, and it seemed as they went,  
as if they were moved endlessly and beautifully before  
the buffeting currents that carried them towards their  
destiny.

ALEXA SINGER  
STD. 10.

THE WIND

Screaming in it's rage  
like a stallion  
It challenges everything  
in sight  
Rearing, he slashes, rips  
and tears with hate.  
He whistles his challenge  
Then there is silence,  
And the stallion screams  
his victory.

JANINE VAN REENEN  
STD. 6.



THE PATHWAY TO HEAVEN

Tom was climbing the thorn tree in search of a nest when he heard it - a strange, drumming sound. He peered through the branches, scanning the hillside and the plain, where a dry river bed threaded through the bush. There was nothing for miles around. Tom grew afraid, and suddenly felt very lonely in this wide open space.

The branches began to slacken like those of a willow tree, and there was nothing secure under his fumbling feet. The drumming grew closer and louder. It seemed to press down upon him, and squeeze the air from his lungs. The egg, the egg. He had to get the egg. Tom's brain thumped on. He lunged forward, grabbing the white shape in the fuzziness. The smooth feel of the round egg seemed to soothe his aching body. The throbbing faded into a whine, which screamed to a crescendo, until something burst in Tom's head. The release sent him soaring up and up, spinning around. The dizziness grew, but Tom held the egg tightly. It was his only friend in this deep darkness.

With a sudden jerk, Tom was flung from the grips of the spinner, into a dark empty hole. Was it really empty? Although Tom could see nothing, he could feel the presence of evil, and grew terribly cold and afraid. "Where are we?" cried Tom in a shaking voice. Screeches of malicious laughter burst out from all around. A hand grabbed his egg. Another dug in his pockets. Another grabbed his neck. Tom's flesh crawled at each touch, but he could not move. He felt like a blind rat amongst a group of brawling cats. Helpless.

Slowly, Tom's frustrated eyes became accustomed to the dark. Ugly, bent bodies dressed in rags were crawling towards him. Gnarled, furrowed faces stared up at him; the whites of their eyes rolling. "Get away, get away from me," screamed Tom, panic-stricken. Kicking and pulling, Tom tried to escape from these repulsive creatures. He struggled in vain. They were clinging to him as if it were a matter of life and death. "Take us with you," they cackled in desperation, "don't leave us here forever."

A flash of fingered lightning grabbed the darkness, and lit up the fearful faces of the dead. A harsh murmur sounded amongst these wretched bodies. "Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with you. Hail Mary full... Our Father who art ...." Thieves, murderers, pickpockets sat praying to the light. Before Tom could understand what was happening around him, he was picked up, and withdrawn out of the dark hole. The pull was too great, and he felt his inner-self being sucked out of the shell of his body. The egg cracked in his hands. A feeling of joy and ecstasy overwhelmed him, and he laughed as he saw the two souls dancing towards the hallowed light of eternity. The two shells remained.



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Under the thorn tree stood Tom's father and Dr Wessex. A tragic silence loomed over the plains. "A heart attack, Mr Caskin," said the doctor after examining the body. "It must have happened when he was up the tree," murmured Mr Caskin, "look. He's still got the egg in his hand, and it's broken."

ZETA  
MATRICE  
KATE SAUNDERS  
STD. 10

MORBID AND HEAVY? - PROFOUND

Blood is the fire that warms me.  
Death is the hole which gave me space,  
do "right" and "wrong" feed each other?  
the circle turns, yet, still, forever, endlessly  
and we are the drops in the current,

or is there else?  
a pattern, a chain, a burst of fire  
which must blush at our calling  
and arrange itself to our whim,  
Is that where the pattern begins.  
(Big bang theory?)

ROWAN HADEN  
STD. 10.



CENTRE COURT

Steep banks of expectant spectators in print dresses with flowered hats surround the closely-cropped grass court. The precise, white lines stand out against the green. Smart ball-boys poised at the ready at each corner of the wide, open expanse of space. The umpire waits patiently, his mouth poised above the micro-phone while his eyes gaze indifferently at the temperamental mass crowding him like a huge army. The score-board stands empty but within a few hours, it will hold the results of the match.

The umpire's deep, piercing voice strikes through the spectators. "Miss ..... to serve." Whereas before I was watching the crowd, now the crowd is watching me. My hand feels the rough leather handle. I stare at my opponent, crouching like a leopard about to leap on it's prey. Crack. The ball is a shock of light, like the sun's rays on a moving aeroplane, controlling the attention of 1400 people as it hurtles across the net. A straight ace.

"Fault," asserts the umpire. I serve again, the balls curls and hooks just over the net near the side-line. My rival reaches out and returns it, but it has pulled her off the court. I run to the net and volley down the line. 15-0.

The tension has begun to rise. A man waits to light a cigar, not wanting the strike of the match to be heard below and upset the rhythm of a stroke. Between points spectators speak, cough, breathe easily once more.

Then the ball is in play again and the sharp twang of the tight gut strings is the only sound heard in the large stadium. The first game is over. 1-0 is the outcome. Two hours later the white letters on the black board read "6-3; 2-6; 6-6." A tie-breaker is to be played. There is a hushed silence. The climax of the match has been reached.

Within the next half hour there will be a winner and a loser. I must be the winner. We both play with equal power and precision, the rallies seeming like infinity yet even so, my mind is at the height of its concentration. We struggle to disclose each others weaknesses and flaws, which at our level are scarce. Psychologically, we play on each others thoughts, equally determined to hold out longer than the other. The points are long, the tension is nerve-tearing, for one mistake could lose us this hard-earned game - Six all. I win the next point. Match point. A gasp is released from the anxious crowd.

An ace. I have won. The tension is broken, like an elastic having been stretched too far. My body has been used to it's absolute ability. I feel like a bird, uncaged and soaring into the sky.



HARRY'S DREAMS

"Ahoy there! You villain! I shall avenge this poor damsel in distress. Make way Coward!" His spurs pressed into his horse's sides, he waved his arms, and as the bold horse went thundering towards his opponent, he grabbed his sword and prepared to kill the villainous knight....

"Harry! Harry! Where are you, you silly man? What trouble you cause me. Ah, here you are! What are you doing? Don't you realise that I've been calling you for the last half hour? Stop staring at me with that half-doped grin on your face, do you understand me? Harry!"

Harry started. Oh no! Failed again! Couldn't he ever finish his dreams? Every time he started one, he was rudely interrupted by his wife, Martha. Funny how she always appeared at the most interesting and exciting parts. "Yes, dear I...I...I'm sorry. I didn't hear you calling. I was just dreaming."

"Oh Harry! Stop going on like a nervous hen. Really, one would think that you were terrified of me. I just came to tell you that tea's on the table. Do you know that Mrs Wilson phoned to say....."

Before brushing his teeth, Harry stood and looked critically at himself in the mirror. Oh, why did his ears have to be so big? And as for the mousey brown hair and bristly beard; red would have been more dashing. And blond, well the ladies seemed to like blond. When he looked at his narrow shoulders and thin arms and legs, he felt overwhelmingly depressed, especially when he'd spent forty-three pounds on buying "Charles Atlas" super body-building machines. He'd bought them secretly and had worked on them during his lunch breaks at the office, but they had obviously not been successful.

He climbed into the bed and within minutes was dreaming of being awarded the V.C. for his gallant action in the First World War. His dreams seemed to jump from one subject to another. Now he was dancing with a beautiful lady covered in diamonds and furs. She was gazing up at his tall muscular frame in admiration and her heart missed a beat when she looked into his dark blue eyes and perfectly featured face, surrounded by curly blond hair.

He woke up with a jolt when Martha climbed into bed, her hair covered in curlers. With a shock he realised that he was in actual fact lying next to a plump, broad woman who loved nagging; and not a beautiful, vivacious redhead who whispered words of love and admiration into his ear.

"Good night Harry. Sleep well and please don't snore!"  
 "Good night Martha dear," he whispered, already in another world of dreams. Now he was lying on a tropical island with four lovely girls next to him.

to you, somewhere,

i say,  
     even then,  
 yes even then,  
 in that our last  
 of that our great relation (?)

ship,  
     like a sailing on the horizon,

    i set forth,

flying higher  
                     (for those burning lights,  
                     churning bright,  
                     in winter's summer sky)

yes, i say, even then  
     did i go  
                     (solitude calling,  
                     mid-air falling,  
                     for a love affair with me).

i cried, and distantly heard,  
                                     from my inside,

oh great (?) friend,  
                     where are you now?

and me, and i and mine alone,

shall travel on,  
                     finding summer,  
                     never ending summer,  
                     never ending,

oh never ending light,  
 burning bright.

ALEXA SINGER  
STD. 10.



THE KINGDOM

Far up the river a dust haze rose in the still air. It hung over a green wall with a crest of gold, like a breaking wave. A train of state, the swell and lull of a sea of gold, came rolling over the sand and boulders after it, overflowing the banks in a swirling rush towards the ocean, a hundred miles distant.

The boy dropped from the tree which held him, careered down through the bluish scrub which caught at his legs as he flung past. At the river's edge he stopped and turned to the strange wave. It surged around the bend and suddenly emerged from obscurity into enormous closeness, like a dragon fly which drops from nowhere, swoops and zooms loud past one's ear.

"Stop!" he shouted above the roar.

The writhing, spindly mass of sunflowers seemed to be carried in a rush right on by, but then they swarmed to an uncoordinated, undecided halt.

"We are going to the sea," they whispered to him.

"What do you want there?" he asked.

"We will cling together and float out on the water like a mat of waterlillies, until we are washed out onto a distant shore."

"What country is that?" he asked.

"The Promised Land."

The emerald king spoke. His crown was so dazzling the boy could not look in his face.

"This land is dry and barren. We have been stripped of our rich fruit every summer. It is time for the new kingdom. The same hot winds which blew over us in the red fields will turn cool as they blow us before them in their migration through the cosmos."

"I would like to go with you," said the boy.

That night the moon shone silver upon gold as the sunflowers drifted out of the river mouth into the vast gleaming sea. The boy dreamt with them as they swayed like kelp with the changing tides. The seagulls swooped low over the suspended garden, their beady eyes glinting in the pale, salt light.

Towards dawn they began to submerge into the emerald twilight, and as the sun climbed, they absorbed the illumination of the East, the rose and orange, lilac and indigo which dappled the sand.



- 2 -

The world was bare there also. The psychedelic -blue- streaked, silver fish wove between the castles of the reef, the brindled manta-rays glided with slow flaps of their great wings over an empty plain. Snails spun silver threads to shroud the nakedness in lace, but it was a sad and gaunt place.

As the boy watched, the flowers were transformed under the magic emanating from their king. Some crystallized into delicate corals, others into bright, branched stars and still others into swaying, luminous anemones. They settled like a scattering of full-blown summer roses after a gust of wind, filling the gloom with the loveliness and light of a stained-glass window.

JANE YEATS  
STD. 10.

LONGING

I long for the freedom that strays in the wind,  
dappling noiselessly from summer into spring,  
for all gorgeous coloured things,  
that move to the wild adventure of some far away calling  
leaving me in my shadow  
crying silently into the earthly void of falling night

Oh great stars,  
    come shake a little brilliance,  
    and light me from here to eternity!

ALEXA SINGER  
STD. 10.

ZETA  
MATTPOST



BORDERLINE

Bands of convention  
 Pin me to my seat,  
 although I want to rise  
 and stalk out of the classroom  
 (with a rude parting remark)

To

Outside

Freedom

Bare-footed happiness  
 Instead  
 I am caged within  
 Cold walls.

Summer beckons  
 Through the window  
 Come -

But  
 I only draw a controlled breath  
 And sigh -  
 Through clenched teeth -  
 Frustrated.

NATASHA THEOPHILOU  
STD. 9.

ALONENESS

Who calls calls  
 Across the lengthening darkness  
 As we move further apart.

WENDY SHARPLEY  
STD. 9.



TEENAGERS ARE NOT SENSATION SEEKERS

Some people seem to think that all teenagers are sensation seekers. I once read an article in which experts stated that sensation seeking teenagers were on the increase because of the constraining institutions of family, church and school have lost much of their authority. These experts felt that family stability is the long term answer.

Many teenagers are not sensation seekers. They find no need to seek sensation. They feel perfectly content and secure in their lifestyle. There are others who, by nature, tend to seek adventure and excitement in an innocent way. Others seek sensation to fill a gap in their lives. They are after "kicks" - something different, something more exciting to lift life out of the rut they feel they're in. Many of the latter seek sensation just to gain attention.

Young people in the first category mentioned are generally ones from homes where they have very loving and caring parents - where the parents show and display an active interest in their activities, their friendships, their joys and their problems. They come from homes where there is discipline, moral standards and a deep faith in God. Children from these homes find life satisfying.

Then, there are the teenagers who also belong to the above group, but who enjoy the stimulation of adventure. They enjoy healthy sensation seeking such as surfing or hang gliding. They have a daring spirit. They thrive on being in seemingly dangerous situations.

In the third category we find the troublesome sensation seekers. These teenagers may come from broken homes, from homes where there is either too much or too little money. They may come from homes where parents have no time for or no interest in anything they do. Often children are given many material things but little love and attention.

Here young people seek sensation in dangerous driving, smoking, drinking and drug taking. Some rob, rape, maim and murder. These children often feel neglected, unloved, unwanted and misunderstood. They usually long for guidance but seldom receive any, and only turn to sensation seeking to fill the emptiness in their lives.

Often children from slum areas have to provide their own entertainment as nothing is provided for them. They resort to fighting, narcotics and even killing. Many are victims themselves, abused or abandoned by parents who tend to have a history of crime, alcoholism or emotional disturbances.

It cannot be said that teenagers are not sensation seekers. This is, however, a gross generalization. As I have explained some are not, but many are and in almost every case the stability of the home has much to do with the behaviour of the child.





DEBBIE PARGITER

STD. 9.



Skopelos

Jacqui

THOUGHTS FROM A BORED HISTORY PUPIL

i wish i were upandaway  
from here,  
- and dashing,  
                    childhappy and chewinggumfree  
                    into the sea.

i wish i were walking  
in earth's wild wisdom,  
calling to the birds, and them calling to me  
childlike, lookalike,  
                    all the same to me.

far, far away  
with the wind straying from here to next year,  
gorgeously moving me, going without fear,  
to these, and all other secrets,  
                    an echo of spring,  
                    and me, and ME and ME,  
                    going along  
                                    eternally.

ALEXA SINGER  
STD. 10.

FILAMENTS

A filament is a fibre, a thread. It is also the stem that holds the pollen-filled anther, and a non-fusible conductor. Incorporating all these types, it is the link between us and ourselves. It is the great link between willing and obeying.

If our wills, spirits, consciences, (choose your own name,) are like balloons flying in the breeze, they would be attached to us like filaments. We, with our unique minds, bodies and environments are led by our wills via the filaments.

The filaments are basically all the things that are created by us under supervision of our wills. They may be ideas, solutions, achievements, acquired skills. But the larger (more developed) they are, the further our spirits can fly in joy, discovery and desire. They must, however, also be sound and thus honest to ourselves; otherwise they will fall away, entangling and fusing other threads. We would be left lost to ourselves.

For this reason, our wills must will wisely. They must know the length of a particular type of thread that we are able to create strongly. They must know our potentials well. They must be elastic enough to meet long and short threads at the same time, without letting the long threads trail or entangle. This elasticity is called patience. However no will has endless patience, so a balance of lengths must be kept.

Our balloon-wills, floating lightly and high above us should inspire other wills to soar to similar sun-filled heights. This shining inspiration is the pollen that our filaments bear. It is the seed of new green sprouting filaments, within ourselves as well as other people.

Our wills need threads to carry their message-currents down to us. Stronger and more numerous threads will carry clearer, easier followed messages. The higher, free spirits are more far-sighted to carry more perceptive messages to us.

Finally we should reach a stage where our wills are connected strongly enough to us and float in winds and light vital enough to lift our feet away from the earth. Who knows what becomes of us then? Maybe we become stars.

Either we carry ourselves away with our wills or we are cut from them. Our objective should be to have many and great streaming filaments soaring when the cut occurs. Our wills are where our happiness lies. Serenity is in the filament.

ROWAN HADEN  
STD. 10.

ZETA



# OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

HERE ARE A FEW ENTRIES FROM SOME OF OUR UP AND COMING  
MERRIMANERS. (ALL THE ENTRIES ARE WRITTEN BY SUB B'S.)

I wish I was a Princess  
I would live in a castle  
I would marry a Prince  
I would go out with him  
in the bushes.

DEIDRE VAN SCHALKWYK

I wish I was a fairy  
I will live in a tulip.  
my tulip eil bey turgse.  
I hav u wond. I mac magic  
in farry land.

HALEY LUMB

## OUR CAKE SALE

Today Mrs Davies had a  
bright face like a  
tomato. I spent 20c.

SALLY Mc KENZIE

I wish I was a fairy  
then I would be kind and I  
would give money to all  
the people and I would fly  
and I would be magic and I  
would be very very happy.

PENE FINCH

2/.....



I wish I could go to England  
 I wood throw snow bolls  
 I would play in the snow  
 I would fall and I would  
 freeze to death and sneeze.

SUSIE TYSON

A rainy day. My mum wear hot  
 clothes because she will get  
 cold. When I go to the shops  
 I run into the shop and then  
 I run back and some time I get  
 splashed and my mum laughs  
 and I wear my boots and my  
 mum gloves.

PENE FINCH

I wish I could go to the  
 shop with 100r to spend  
 I would like to buy a dot  
 to dot book My shop would  
 close at 7.00pm.

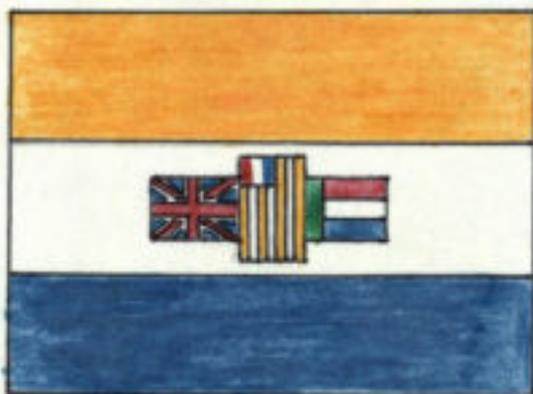
SALLY McKENZIE

We went to the fair we did  
 las of things I saw u bull.  
 the necs day we went to  
 the circus.

HALEY LUMB



# AFRIKAANS



DIE GROOT STAD SNAGS

Omhels deur dir onvoorspelbaarheid van die nag le die groot stad. Die gedreun van die verkeer en die skerp ligte is al tekens van werklikheid. Verder hang die ewige nag-gewig van die pikswart kombers swaar oor die geboue. Die sekerheid wat die dag bring, kruip stilletjies weg agter die deure en vensters van winkels en kantore. Tussen die werklikheid kom die sluwe wese van onwerklikheid ingesluip. Stadig word alles omring deur die duiwelse nabyheid van die swart spook.

Die poppe in die vensters word onnatuurlik bevrore deur die ysige vingers wat aan hulle raak en die winkel se ligte wat aan hulle skyn, openbaar die naarheid van hul gelaatstrekke. Die klere wat gedurende die dag sag en aantreklik is, word aaklige simbole van die mens se gulsige geaardheid. Skrikkerig loer jy af en toe agter jou, miskien hoor jy dan en wan 'n geluid of miskien voel dit asof jy dopgehou word. Die duisende beelde wat plotseling deur bewussyn kruip, laat jou effens bewe, maar jy maak jou oe vinning toe, skud jou kop en stap doelbewus vinniger langs die straat af. In die skielike skade van 'n hoe gebou kry jy koue rillings wat by jou ruggraat afloop. Die kilheid van die eensame straathoek laat jou hart vinnig klop. Die gevoel van onnatuurlikheid van hierdie dinge wil jou laat gil, maar jy durf nie. Dit is asof jy versmoor word deur die onvoorspelbaarheid van die nag. Voor le doe ergste want agter le die wat ondervind is. Nog net twintig tree tot by die motor. Jy moet eenvoudig uithou, maar die besef van die gevaar van hierdie spookagtige atmosfeer laat jou kop begin brand, jou bene behoort ook nie aan jou nie en voordat jy die dringende begeerte kan keer hardloop jy blindelings na die enigste stuk sekerheid.

Terwyl jy daar in dieveiligheid van die motor sit, met nat gesig en vuurwarm hande, besef jy die werklikheid van die krag van die groot stad snags.

MIRIAM THOMAS  
STD. 9.



OUMA SE DAGBOEK

As ek Ouma se lewe geleef het, sou ek op 'n jong ouderdom gesterf het. My oupa het met skape en vee geboer en hul het 'n tamaai groot plaas besit. Hul het net kruideniersware soos suiker en sout by die dorpswinkel gekoop, al die ander goed is deur Ouma gemaak. Boonop het sy baie aan die sosiale lewe deelgeneem, tafeldoeke, kussingslope en baie ander dinge borduur en musiek gespeel. En vyf kinders opgevoed!

Sy moes vroeg opstaan om betyds ontbyt voor te berei. Die kinders moes die huis om sewe-uur verlaat om skool toe te gaan. In die winter was dit yskoud en die kinders het warm kos geet om hul teen die koue te beskerm.

Sy het elke dag vars brood gebak. Daar was 'n outydse oond in die muur langs die vuur. Later het oupa 'n koolstoof vir haar gekoop, maar as jy haar dagboek lees, kom jy agter dat sy meer van die ouer oond gehou het.

Sy het haar hoenders self kos gegee. Daar was omtrent vyf-en-twintig van hulle, maar ek het besef dat hulle haar troeteldiere was. Sy het hulle op hulle name geroep "Kolletjie Kor-Kor, Bruintjie...." Maar haar gunsteling was Bianca, 'n oulike wit leghorn. Sy het haar in haar arms geneem en gestreel. Sy het baie getreur toe haar gunsteling gevrek het.

Al was sy hoe besig, het sy altyd 'n paar minute afgeknyp om by haar rose besoek te gaan afile. "My Golden Dawn het nou bloeisels" of "Vandag het ek twee Pink Dreams afgesny. Hul is so mooi!" het sy op 'n tipiese dag geskryf.

In die namiddag het sy 'n bietjie gerus, maar nie te lank nie. Sy moes seep maak, of klere maak, of die honderde ander dinge wat 'n gesin nodig kry.

Kos was 'n belangrike deel van haar lewe. "Hild's Where is it?" deur mevrou Duckitt was haar enigste resepteboek, maar sy het ook resepte van haar ander mense gekry. Toe sy gesterf het, het sy 'n interessante versameling gehad en jy kan sien dit is met liefde versamel. Na al die jare kan ek die blydschap van haar lewe nog voel. Dit is die nagedagtenis aan my ongelooflike ouma.

NATASHA THEOPHILOU  
STD. 9.



SKIELIK BEGIN JULLE HONDE EN DIE BURE S'N  
OPGEWONDE BLAF

Dit was na middernag en alles was stil en rustig. Die wind het saggies deur die bome se blare geruis. Skielik het ons honde en die bure s'n opgewonde begin blaf. In die stilte van die nag het ek 'n skoot gehoor. Dit het vanaf die bekende staatsman, J.R. McCarthy, se huis gekom.

Die hele gesin het wakker geword. Ek en my pa het ons klare aangetrek en besluit om ondersoek te gaan instel. Senator McCarthy se groot huis was oorkant die straat. Toe ons daar aankom, het ons net polisie gesien. My pa het vir een van hulle gevra wat gebeur het, en hy het vir ons die storie vertel.

Senator McCarthy het om tien minute oor twalf van 'n partytjie terug huis toe gekom. Toe hy uit sy motor klim, het iemand vanuit die straat op hom geskiet. Die koeel het hom in die maag getref en hy het inmekaar gesak. Sy lyfwag wat eerste uit die motor geklim het, is nie getref nie.

Die polisie was binne minute op die toneel van die misdaad en Senator McCarthy is dadelik hospitaal toe geneem.

Ek en my pa was albei vreeslik geskok. Ons het geweet dat daar niks was wat ons kon doen nie en het stadig huis toe gestap. By die huis het almal ons gevra wat gebeur het, en ons het die treurige storie vir hulle vertel. Hulle was almal baie geskok.

Die nag kon ek nie slaap nie. Ek het aan Senator J.R. McCarthy gedink. Hy was 'n goeie man en 'n uitmuntende staatsman en politikus. Waarom wou iemand hom skiet?

Die volgende more het die storie in die koerant verskyn. In die hospitaal het die geneeshere lank gesukkel om sy lewe te red. Hy was vier uur lank in die operasietheater, maar hulle pogings was nie suksesvol nie. Om halfvyf vanmore het Senator McCarthy gesterf.

Die sluipmoordenaar is nog nie gevang nie, maar die polisie dink nie dat dit die werk van 'n individu was nie, maar dat dit deel van 'n komplot was.

SUSAN BOWLEY  
STD. 9.



MY VRYHEID

Ek weet ek sal dit nie kan doen nie. Dertig meter, net dertig meter na vryheid. Maar die grond is onegalig en die soldate het gewere en ligte. My bene voel lam; die honger knaag diep in my maag en my kop suis van die doodse stilte. Rondom my is die nag. Dit druk my vas teen die grond. Net die soekligte om die kamp breek die donkerte. Soos hulle in die rondte draai, kan ek die metaalheining en koue grys geboue sien. Die wind sug deur die takke van die hoe dennebome en ek kan hul silhoeette teen die dowwe lig van die die aanbreekende more sien. Ja, more sal ek kom. En ek moet gou maak. In die strale van die moeson sal die figuur van 'n klein mensie duidelik teen die heuweltjie sigbaar wees. Ek druk my harder teen die koue, nat grond vas en maak my gereed vir die sprong. Net dertig meter, dan teen die heuwel op en ....vryheid! Soos blits is ek op my voete en oor die bos, ek struikel oor die harde klippe, ek hardloop, strewe na vryheid...Maar die ligte soek my, hulle sal my vind! Ek strewe na....die skoot knal deur die vroeë oggendlug en 'n brandende pyn skiet deur my skouers... vryheid, vryheid van 'n ander soort, vryheid!

WENDY PEROLDSTD. 7.

ZETA  
NATPOST



S.O.S....PO95 ROEP....S.O.S.

Dit was 'n mooi dag in Bermuda, 'n stad aan die kus van Noord-Amerika. Die see was baie kalm en die water was mooi helder. 'n Paar mense, 'n vrou en twee mans, het besluit om die dag op hulle boot deur te bring. Hulle het vroeg in die more van Bermuda vertrek en na die diepsee uitgevaar. Later het hulle in die see om die boot geswem en toe het hulle geet. Na ete het hulle in die son op die boot gele en bak.

Later in die namiddag het hulle besluit om huis toe te vaar. Hulle was op pad huis toe, toe die boot se enjins skielik gestop het. Die see was kalm; te kalm. Die son het al hoe harder neergebrand en die see was voll seeplante. Hulle was bruin, en dik en het reg rondom die boot in die water gele.

Skielik, het die lug donker en bewolk geword en die see was baie onstuimig. Die groot golwe het teen die boot geslaan en skielik het die seewater die hele boot oorstroom. Een van die mans het Bermuda probeer skakel. Hy het gese: "S.O.S....PO95 roep....S.O.S." Maar dit was te laat. Die boot het begin sink. 'n Paar minute later was die see alweer kalm, die lug was blou en die see was mooi helder. Niemand sou gese het dat hier 'n paar minute vroeer 'n storm was nie.

CLAUDIA FIORAVANTI  
STD. 7.



"MAAK ASB. U SITPLEKGORDELS VAS EN  
DOOF U SIGARETTE UIT."

"maak asseblief u sitplekgordels vas en doof u sigarette uit," het die Kaptein se steur deur die vliegtuig weerklink. Skielik het die ligte ook uitgegaan en alles was pikdonker. 'n Paar kinders het begin huil terwyl hulle ouers probeer troos het.

"Ons het nie genoeg brandstof nie en ek moet 'n kortpad oor Angola neem. Daar is niks om oor bekommerd te wees nie, maar julle moet almal stil sit en die ligte is afgeskakel sodat die Angolese soldate nie die vliegtuig kan sien nie. Dit sal u...."

Skielik het ons soekligte wat heen en weer verby ons beweeg het, gesien. Die kaptein se steur het baie ernstig geklink en hy het die lugwaardin na hom toe geroep. Toe het ons die kвал van geweeskote gehoor. Een dame het histories geraak en 'n lugwaardin moes haar kalmeer. Die klink van die geweeskote teen die metaal van die vliegtuig het opgehou, maar die soekligte het nog om ons beweeg. 'n Groot fris man met donker hare het opgestaan, 'n yslike geweer uit sy tas gehaal en na die kajuit gestap.

Toe kom die kaptein se steur weer oor die luidspreker: "sal u almal still sit en wag totdat ons in Ulaputo land. Dit sal nie lank wees nie."

Die groot man het in die gang gestaan en 'n radio uit sy sak gehaal. Hy het in 'n vreemde taal gepraat en toe het die soukligte verdwyn. Sy gesig was vol littekeus en 'n mens kon aan sy gelaatstrekke sien dat hy baie vreed was. Die geweeskote kon geen ernstige skade aangerig het nie, want die vliegtuig het normaal gevlieg.

'n Klein tuigerige mannetjie het probeer om die vreemdeling aan te val, maar hy is gou-gou vewusteloos geslaan en die man het gedreig om enige persoon te skiet wat weer beweeg. Die kaptein het iets beplan, want die groot man was onbewus van die feit dat die navigator 'n andere roete gemerk het en die vliegtuig het skielik skerp gedraai terwyl die ander mans op die groot man afgestorm het. Hulle het hom op die vloer vasgepen en die geweer teen sy kop gehou.

"Dames en here, ek hoop u het die reis geniet. Ons sal binne oomblikke op Jan Smuts - lughawe land en sal u asseblief bly sit totdat die vliegtuig tot stil stand kom. Ons vra om verskoning vir die gebeurtenis en dit is te danke aan kaptein Meyer en navigator Brown dat ons veilig op die lughawe geland het. Tot siens," het die lugwaardin se steur toestend opgeklink.



"VANDAT EK JOS RABIE DIE EERSTE KEER GESIEN  
HET, HET EK BENOUD GEVOEL..."

Vandat ek Jos Rabie die eerste keer gesien het, het ek benoud gevoel, want - nee, laat ek hom eers beskrywe.

Hy het liggrys oe gehad, dooie oe, wat soos die van 'n standbeeld gelyk het. Sy hare was steil, 'n bruin kleur, en dit het soos 'n pruik gelyk. Sy naels was lank en geel, hulle het na die pote van 'n wrede voel gelyk. En daar was 'n nare reuk rondom hom, soos die vanuit 'n graf.

Ek het hom in Kaapstad ontmoet. Ons het altwee affsiene in die Britse Leer en ek het hom die eerste keer by 'n dans in die Kasteel gesien. Soos ek gese het, het ek benoud gevoel, swak. Ek het my dansmaat verlaat en buitentoe gegaan. Ja, ek weet dat dit snaaks was, maar ek kon myself nie beheer nie. Ek was jonk en fris, heeltemaal gesond, maar daardie aand kon ek nie slaap nie en in die donker ure van die more slaaploos aan die dood gedink.

Ek het Indie toe gegaan. Die klimmat was warm en nat en in die somermaande het die meeste Britte na die hoer Himalayae ontsnap. Ek moes in die laeveld bly en het as gevolg daarvan koors gekry. Dit was 'n nagmerrie; die hitte, die rustelose aande, die onbehulpsume mede-offisiere. Dit was die tweede keer dat ek Jos Rabie ontmoet het. Eendag het hy soos 'n spook in my kamer opgedaag. Ek het hom nie eers gesien nie, maar die atmosfeer het verander. Ek het 'n kilheid in my hart gevoel, die kamer was skielik donker. Sonder om op te kyk, het ek geweet wie daar staan: Jos Rabie.

Na daardie dag het ek die dokters gese dat ek sal seker doodgaan. As laaste toevlug het hulle my na die Himalayae gestuur. Daar het ek Anna ontmoet, 'n verpleegster (en nou my vrou) en sy het my lewe gered.

Na vyftien jaar het ek Engeland toe teruggegaan. Ek het 'n huis in Southampton gekoop en ses jaar daar gebly, alhoewel my longe my begin pla het. Ons het na Londen gereis en ek het 'n operasie ondergaan. En toe ek aan die herstel was, het ek Jos Rabie weer gesien. Ek weet nie hoekom hy die hospitaal kom besoek het nie, maar dit was net die beste sorg wat my laat oorleed het.

Daardie koue oe, daardie geel, perhamentvel, daardie reuk dit het my na 'n beskrywing van iemand herinner. Maar wie? Ek het lank daaraan gadink. Ek het my Bybel weer in daardie tyd begin lees en die antwoord daar gekry: Lazarus.

Die volgende keer wat ek Jos Rabie ontmoet, sal ek doodgaan. Dit weet ek nou al. Ek het alreeds te lank ontsnap.



DIE OU BEDELAAR OP DIE STRAATHOEK

Die mense stap verby en ignoreer die ou bedelaar. Hy is vuil en mense hou nie daarvan om met 'n maer, vuil ou bedelaar te praat nie. Hy het net een vriend in die hele wereld en dis sy kat, Smokey, wat elke nag vir hom in die doodloopstraat wag. Hy het haar so lief en wanneer Smokey hom sien aankom, hardloop sy vinnig na hom en loop tussen sy krom ou bene wat swakker en swakker word soos die jare verby gaan.

Nou, as hy hier op die straathoek staan en bedel, word die stad se ligte aangeskakel en die plein trioel van mense wat hulle kruideniersware by die supermart vir die naweek koop. Die bedelaar hou die mense met sy skerp oe dop en met sy oe vol tranes, sit hy sy vuil hoed neer op die grond.

'n Vrou en haar seuntjie loop verby en op die seuntjie se gesig ken die bedelaar teleurstelling sien. Is hy ook treurig en moeg vir die lewe op so 'n jong ouderdom? In die verte kon die bedelaar 'n man wat net van die hof gekom het, sien en loop stadig met 'n wit pruik op sy kop het! Die bedelaar glimlag suutjies.

Ryk mense loop verby met hulle duur klere en haarstyle wat in die mode is. Jong kinders wat rats is, skreeu vir mekaar en hardloop saam met kaalvoet seuns.

'n Klomp giggelende meisies kom verby en lag oor iets wat nie snaaks is nie. Hulle kyk in die vertoonvensters en praat oor duur klere. Die bedelaar dink terug en onthou hoe hy sy baadjie vir 'n appel en 'n ei gekoop het. Dit was die goeie ou dae, maar nie meer nie. Nou moet hy vir sy kos bedel.

JULIE POSTLETHWAITE  
STD. 7.



'N OU GRYSAARD VERTEL VAN SY LEWE

Die ou man sit in die groot sagte stoel. Stadig rook hy sy pyp. 'n Seun sit langs hom en hulle staar na die warm vuur toe. Buite val die reen hard teen die vensters. Toe se die kind vir die ou grysaard: "Oom, sal u asseblief vir my vertel van u lewe?"

"Ja seker kind, maar dit was nie baie interessant nie. Alhoewel ek baie daarvan gehou het."

"Die vroeer gedeelte van my lewe kan ek nie goed onthou nie, maar toe ek min of meer agtien jaar oud was, het ek in die oorlog gaan veg. Daardie dae in die oorlog was baie opwindend toe ek nog jonk was het ek baie van die lewe gehou. Voor die oorlog het ek in Engeland gewoon, maar toe die oorlog gekom het, moes ek Amerika toe gaan. Ons het nie baie geveg nie, maar ons het baie pret in daardie dae gehad.

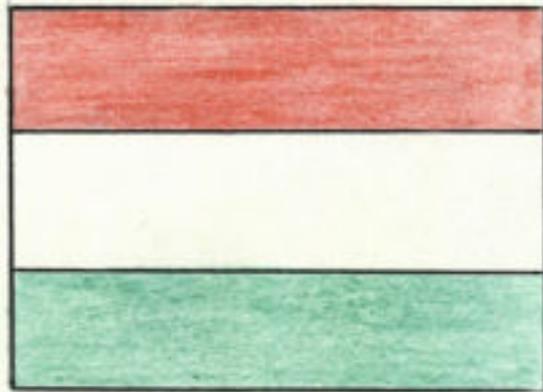
Toe die oorlog verby was, het ek na 'n universiteit in Engeland gegaan, maar ne vier jaar het ek besluit om na Suid-Afrika toe te gaan, want ek wou 'n boer wees. Ek het 'n lang reis in die groot skip na Suid-Afrika toe gehad. Een aand toe daar 'n partytjie op die skip was, het ek Tant Sarie ontmoet. Ons het lank gesels, en wel, 'n paar maande later is ons in Suid-Afrika getroud. Ons het na die Karoo gegaan en ons het 'n paar skape gekoop met die bietjie geld wat ek gehad het. Ons het in 'n ou pless huis gewoon. Die lewe in daardie dae was baie moeilik en ons moes hard werk. Sarie was 'n goeie vrou en het nooit gekla nie. Maar kyk wat het van ons geword - gerieflik an gelukkig. Ja, my seun ek is baie dankbaar oor alles wat ek nou het. Ek het baie van my lewe gehou, alhoewel dit nie baie interessant en opwindend was nie.

ELIZABETH BAKER  
STD. 8.



MATIPPOST  
ZETA

**XHOSA**



ABANTU BASEDOLOPHINI NABANTU BASEMAPHANDLENI

Intlalo edalophini lukhuphiswano. Abantu ngabantu bangxamile esitratweni, baphephane. Ingxolo ikhulu, umsi usinyene, wambathise abantu. Yonke into edalophini imdaka Ibala lingwevu. Amadoda angwevu ayabaleka asuke kwesi sakhino aye kwesiya. Abanye abantu bazimisele, baxomolozе ukufumana iziqhamo. Kufuneka bekhuthele. Kodna kukho abantu abancamilego. Abafiki encotsheni yabo. Bathi, tyiblili kude bafika ebunzulwini. Badauile, ithemba labo liyafa. Aba bantu balahla ithemba, lingxaki ziza kuhla kubo. Ngokoke abanye abantu baphanga baghatha, bagqiba bone kuba bahendiwe. Abantu basemaphandleni bashiya amakhaya abo neentsaphie zabo baye edolophini ukufumana ngethamsanga nomsebenzi kadwa apho kukho ukhuphiswano kakhulo. Ababantu abazi kusinda. Akukho buntu.

Kufuneka bahlale emaphandleni. Apho ilango liphumalitshane nobuhle obukhulu. Isibhakabhaka sicocekile. Umntu unako ukuva inkululeko. Amadada ayalima, acula ngovuyo. Ezinye zizingela ziphale ende. Amakhwenkwe ayabhuqa-bhuqa afakethele amatambazana. Abantwana nezilo bagquba kunye. Izilo azibophelewa konke. Iintaka ziphaphazela zicule. Abafazi bancedisa amadada ukutyola umbana nokugxotha iintaka ezitya imberu. Amagubu ebethna avakale ngoruyo kude. Abantu bagcinana baphana amacebo. Abantu basedolophini babuka ubani boba bantu abakufuphi nendalo. Inkosi yowudala lo mhlaba esihleli kuwo. Masingawujiki. Ulunge unjp.

KATE SAUNDERS  
STD. 10.

MATPOST  
ZETA



TRANSLATION  
PEOPLE OF THE CITY AND OF THE COUNTRY

Life in the city is competition. Many people hurry in the streets, dodging each other as they pass. There is much noise, and thick smoke which envelops the people. Everything is dirty and the colour is grey. Grey men move from building to building. Some people strive hard to achieve results, but there are others who have given up hope, as they haven't reached their peak. They have fallen to the depths of depression. They have been disappointed, and all hope has been extinguished as many problems have fallen on them. As a result of this, there are people who steal, cheat and sin as they have been led into temptation. People of the country have left their homes and families to come to the cities to look for work, but here there is only competition. These people will not be able to escape. There is no humanity in the cities.

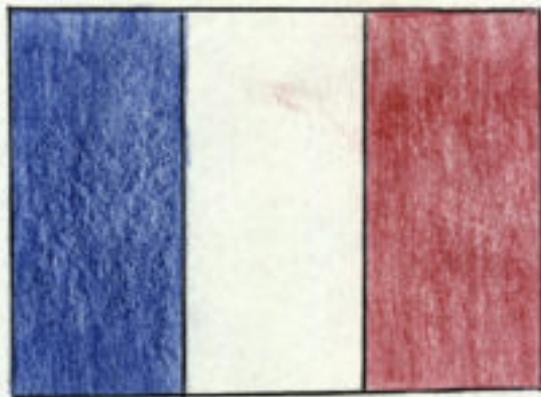
They must stay in the country. There the sun rises and shines on all the beauty, and the sky is clear. One can feel the freedom. The men plough, singing with joy, the hunters gallop in the veld, and the young boys follow behind them. The children and animals play together. The animals are not tied up, and the birds fly freely, singing in the trees. The women help the men pick the mielies and chase the birds from the corn. The drums are beat and the sound is heard far away. People care about each other, giving each other support and advice. The city people admire the lives of these people who are so near to nature. The Lord created this earth in which we live, so let us not change it.

KATE SAUNDERS  
STD. 10.



MATHIOSI  
ZETA

# FRANÇAIS



DANS QUEL SIECLE AURIEZ-VOUS AIME  
SI VOUS AVIEZ PU CHOISIR

Si j'avais pu choisir, je crois que j'aimerais vivre au dernier siecle. Ca me parait un temps romanesque, heroique, gai et surtout bienveillant, avant les guerres mondiales, la depression, la destruction de toutes les regions sauvages. Ce n'etait pas un temps superficiel ou ennuyeux parce que c'etait un temps changeant: des decouvertes scientifiques passionnantes, les premiers avions, la photographie, et aussi les gens qui trouvaient la joie de vivre.

J' imagine la vie a une petite ville anglaise en Afrique du Sud. Le cricket et le croquet sur les pelouses vertes le canotage sur la riviere en ete. Je me vois jouant au tennis habille d'une robe longue en dentelle et mousseline. Apres, nous nous asseierions a l'ombre des arbres pour boire du the et manger les sandwiches au concombre. Quelque fois nous ferions du velo a la campagne, ou il y aurait des soirees douces sous des chandeliers.

Ce qui m'amuserait le plus serait d'aller au bord de la mer en vacances. On se deshabillerait (si on osait!) dans les cabines pres de la mer, et puis on pataugerait et se baignerait dans les petites vagues. Fortant des maillots longues et inoffensifs, on batirait des chateaux de sable ou monterait en amazone sur les mules sur la plage. Le soir il y aurait la foire et les promenades sur la jetee.

Je crois que ce que je trouve beau est qu'on avait du temps pour faire les choses aventureuses comme de longs voyages marins aux Indes, et les plus simples choses comme lire au jardin parmi les fleurs. Aujourd'hui il faut travailler et se hater toute la journee pour maintenir le pas du temps.

JANE YEATS  
STD. 10.



TRANSLATION  
IN WHICH CENTURY WOULD YOU HAVE LIKED TO  
BE BORN IF YOU HAD BEEN ABLE TO CHOOSE?

If I had been able to choose, I think I would have liked to live in the previous century. That time seems to me romantic, heroic, gay and above all, gracious; before the world wars, the depression, the destruction of all wild regions. It was not a superficial or boring time because it was a changing time; exciting scientific discoveries, the first aeroplanes, photography and people who were discovering the joy of living.

I imagine the life in a small English town in South Africa. Cricket and croquet on the green lawns, rowing on the river. I see myself playing tennis wearing a long dress of lace and muslin. Afterwards we would sit in the shade of the trees to have tea and cucumber sandwiches. Sometimes we would cycle in the countryside or there would be happy parties under the chandeliers in the evenings.

What would amuse me most would be the trips to the seaside during the holidays. One would change (if one dared) in bathing closets next to the water and then paddle and swim in the gentle waves. Wearing long inoffensive bathing suits, one would build sand castles or ride sidesaddle on donkeys along the beach. In the evening there would be a fair and walks along on the quay.

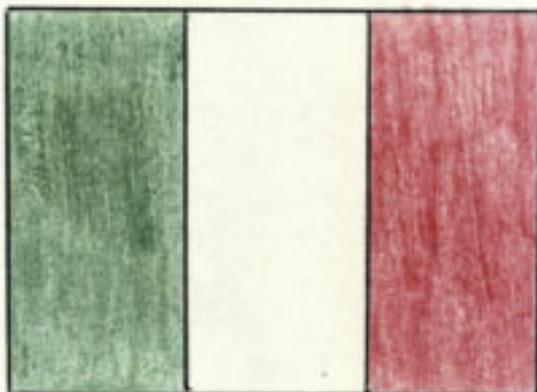
I think what I like is that one had time to do adventurous things like long sea voyages to India, and the simpler things like reading in the garden among the flowers. Today one must work and hurry all day to keep pace with the times.

JANE YEATS  
STD. 10.



MATPOST  
ZETA

# LATINA



A TRANSLATION EXERCISE  
LONDON IS BURNING

prima luce nonnullae ancillae in meum cubiculum ruerunt quae mihi dicerent Londinium ardere. statim e lecto prosilui ac ad proxinam femestram cucurri ut cognoscerem quid accideret; sed ratus incendium adhuc procul abesse rursus cubitum ivi ac aliquot heras aequo animo dormivi. secunda fere hora experrectus de fenestra rursus aspexi ut comperirem num incendium propius accessisset. ancilla quaedam me certiore fecit se audivisse plus trecentes domus incensas esse. statim igitur ad flumen contendere constitui quo facilius cognoscerem quantum periculi nobis immineret. ubique cives vel boma removebant ad salutem vel en in flumen coniciebant. columbae etiam miserae prope nidos manebant ac alis incensie mortuae decidebant. tum sensi mihi necesse esse totam familiam e somno excitare, mea quam plurima colligere, ut salutem peteremus omnes.

CHERYL HEMINGWAY  
STD. 9.



TRANSLATION  
LONDON IS BURNING

At dawn some slaves rushed into my bedroom to tell me that London was burning. I immediately jumped out of bed and ran to the nearest window in order to find out what was happening. but thinking that the fire was still far away I went to bed again and I slept, my mind at rest for several hours. The next hour, having awoken, I saw flames through the window again and found that the fire had come nearer. A certain slave informed me that she had heard that more than three hundred houses had been burnt. Therefore I immediately decided to hurry to the river in order to find out more easily how imminent the danger was to us. On all sides the citizens were either taking their possessions to safety, or they were throwing them into the river. The doves also stayed sadly near their nests and they decided to die their wings having been burnt. Then I realised that it was necessary for me to awaken the whole family from sleep, to collect as many things as possible and all of us to seek safety.

CHERYL HEMINGWAY  
STD. 9.

MATHPOST  
ZETA





**A**



**ROYAL**

**OCCASION**



CHARLES ET DIANAle 29 juillet

C'est le jour du Mariage Royal entre le Prins du Pays de Galles et Lady Diana Spencer. Elle a vingt ans et Charles a trente-deux ans. La ceremonie commencera a 10.05 du matin. La Famille Royal quitteront Buckingham Palace et rouleront le long du Mall, sous Admiralty Arch, ils passeront Trafalgar Square, puis le long du Strand et Fleet Street et monterent Ludgate Hill et puis ils arriverent a St Pauls Cathedral a 11.00 avant midi.

10.00 avant midi au Mall

J'attends l'arrivee du cortege au Mall. La foule applaudit et je vois le cortege de la Reine qui passe dans le semi State Landau qui est tire par quatre chevaux gris.

10.30 avant midi

Le cortege du nouveau marie passe. Charles et Andrew sont dans le State Postillon Landau de 1902 tire par quatre chevaux gris.

10.35 avant midi

La nouvelle mariee passe dans le voiture de verre de Clarence House.

11.00 chez mon amie.

J'ai couru du Mall et maintenant je regarde le ceremonie a la television. Lady Di est tres belle et sa robe est magnifique. Elle est le soie par les Emmanuel. Les demoiselles d'honneur adorable avec les fleurs dans leur cheveux. Charles est detendu. La ceremonie s'est bien passe et le Prins du Pays de Galles quittent St Pauls pour Buckingham Palace.

1.15 de l'apres-midi.

La Famille Royal pourrait sur le balcon ou Charles embrasse Diana.

4.00 de l'apres-midi.

Le Prins du Pays de Galles et La Princesse du Pays de Galles quittent Buckingham Palace pour leur lune de miel. J'espere qu'ils seront tres contents.

KATE HALES  
STD. 9.



TRANSLATION  
CHARLES AND DIANA

29 JULY

It is the day of the Royal Wedding between the Prince of Wales and Lady Diana Spencer. She is twenty years old and Charles is thirty-two. The ceremony begins at 10.05am. The Royal Family leaves Buckingham Palace and drives along the Mall, under Admiralty Arch, they pass Trafalgar Square, then along Strand and Fleet Street and climb Ludgate Hill and they arrive at St Pauls Cathedral at 11.00am.

10.00am at the Mall.

I am awaiting the arrival of the procession at the Mall. The crowd cheers and I see the procession of the queen which passes in the Semi-State Landau which is drawn by four grey horses.

10.30am

The procession of the bridegroom passes by. Charles and Andrew are in the 1902 State Postillon Landau drawn by four grey horses.

10.35am

The bride passes in the Glass Coach from Clarence House.

11.00am at my friend's house.

I have run from the Mall and now I am watching the ceremony on television. Lady Di is very beautiful and her wedding dress is magnificent. It is made of silk and designed by the Emanuels. The bridesmaids are adorable with flowers in their hair. Charles is relaxed. The wedding passes without a hitch and the Prince and Princess of Wales leave St Pauls for Buckingham Palace.

1.15pm

The Royal Family appears on the balcony where Charles kisses Diana.

4.00pm.

The Prince and Princess leave Buckingham Palace for their honeymoon. I hope that they will be very happy.

KATE HALES  
STD. 9.



MARIAGE DU SIECLE

Il est le vingt-neuf juillet. Hereusement, il fait beau aujourd'hui et tout le monde est sorti pour entrevoir Lady Diana Spencer et le Prins de Galles qui vont en procession du palais royale a la cathedrale de Saint Paul ou le mariage aura lieu.

Partout, il y a des gendarmes qui dirigent les foules. Rouge, bleu et blanc, on peut voir ces couleurs partout; tout le monde porte des Union Jacks et les chapeaux bleu, rouge et blanc. Il y a meme des gens qui peignent leurs visages en rouge et en bleu et en blanc ce qui fait penser au drapeau d'Angleterre. Les petits enfants portent des ballons sur lesquelles il y a des images du prins Charles et Lady Diana.

Tout a coup la foule assemblee dehors Buckingham Palace s'apaise. Maintenant on peut entendre des cris de joie on peut voir la mere de la reine Elizabeth qui va de Clarence House a Buckingham Palace. Il est neuf heures vingt et les demoiselles d'honneur et les pages quittent Clarence House en voiture. A la cathedrale de St Paul, les demoiselles d'honneur recoivent des hurlements d'approbation des foules heureuses. Le cortege de la reine part maintenant de Buckingham Palace et recoit un grand applaudissement. Elle est suivie des autres membres de la famille royale. Tous les corteges defilent le long du Mall, traversent Trafalgar Square. Puis ils continuent par les rues Strand et Fleet et ils montent Ludgate Hill et ils arrivent enfin a St Paul. Le cortege du marie part maintenant de Buckingham. Les foules deviennent folles. Le Prins Andrew accompagne son frere. Peu apres, nous voyons le cortege de la mariee Lady Diana Spencer est accompagne par son pere, Comte Spencer. Elle est tres belle est sa robe de mariee est magnifique. A St Paul tout le monde pousse des cris d'admiration comme ils voient la beaute de leur prochaine reine.

Il est dix heures et la ceremonie commence. L'archeveque de Canterbury conduit la ceremonie et donne sa benediction au mariage. Le Speaker de L'Assemble lit la lecon. Le marie et la mariee, suivis par leur familles, vont signer le registre de l'etat civil. Maintenant, ils descendent l'ile et quitte St Paul.

Il est onze heure vingt et le cortege de la princesse et du prins de Galles retournent a Buckingham Palace. Peu pres, les corteges de la reine et les autres membres de la famille royale quittent l'eglise. Ils vont a Buckingham Palace pour le lunch de mariage a qui tous les tetes couronnees des divers pays du monde ont ete invitees.



- 2 -

A midi et quart la famille royale se montre sur la balcon du palais. Un quart million de gens applaudissent Prins Charles embrasse sa mariee et les foules hurlent de joie. A trois heures les nouveaux maries partiront pour leur lune de miel. C'etait un jour fantastique que nous n'oublirons jamais.

SUSAN BOWLEY  
STD. 9.

MATPOST  
ZETA



TRANSLATION  
THE WEDDING OF THE CENTURY

It is the 29th July. Fortunately it is a beautiful day and everyone is out to catch a glimpse of Lady Diana Spencer and the Prince of Wales who are driving in procession from the Royal Palace to St. Pauls Cathedral where their marriage ceremony will take place.

There are policemen everywhere, controlling the crowds. Red white and blue; one can see these colours everywhere; everyone carries Union Jacks and wears red, white and blue hats. There are even some people who have painted their faces red, blue and white like the English Flag. Small children carry balloons on which are pictures of Prince Charles and Lady Diana.

Suddenly the crowd assembled outside Buckingham Palace quietens down. Now, one can hear the cries of joy as one sees the Queen Mother leaving Clarence House as she drives to Buckingham Palace. It is twenty past nine and the bridesmaids and the pageboys leave Clarence House by car. At St. Pauls Cathedral the bridesmaids receive cheers of approval from the happy crowds. The procession of the Queen now leaves Buckingham Palace and receives a loud cheer from the crowd. She is followed by the other members of the Royal Family. All the processions move along the Mall and pass Trafalgar Square. They then continue along Strand Street and Fleet Street, climb Ludgate Hill and arrive at St. Pauls. The procession of the bridegroom now leaves Buckingham Palace. The crowds go wild. Prince Andrew accompanies his brother. Soon afterwards, we see the procession of the bride. Lady Diana Spencer is accompanied by her father, Earl Spencer. She looks beautiful and her wedding dress is magnificent. At St Pauls everyone gasps with admiration as they see the beauty of their future Queen.

It is ten o'clock and the wedding ceremony begins. The Archbishop of Canterbury conducts the ceremony and gives his blessing. The Speaker of the House of Commons reads the lessons. The bride and bridegroom, followed by their families go to sign the marriage register. Now, they move down the aisle and leave the church.

It is twenty past eleven and the bridal procession returns to Buckingham Palace. Soon afterwards, the processions of the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family leave the Church. They all go to Buckingham Palace for the Wedding Breakfast to which the Crowned Heads of State from many countries have been invited.

At quarter past twelve the Royal Family appear on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. A quarter of a million people cheer from below. Prince Charles kisses his wife and the crowd explodes with joy. At three o'clock the newly-weds will leave on their honeymoon. It has been a wonderful day which we will never forget.

NUPTIAE REGIAE

quarta hora post primam lucem a.d.IV katendas Augustus, reginae filius rex Britanniae in posterum, Dianam in matrimonium duxit.

Diana filia tertia et natu minimas Edwardi Ioanni, octavi comites gentis Spenseriae Kalendis Iuliis MCMLXI nata est. puella, aliquot annos vitam in ludo hospitis haud procul ab domo agebat postea, sedecim annos nata infantes curabant et Diana et Carolus ludis et vita delectantur.

Dianae pulcherrima stola pura ab David et Elizabeth Emmanuel facta est et longum flammeum gerebat. Nuptiae Sancti Pauli basilicae celebrantur. caerimonia ab Archiepiscopo Durovemo et decano viro Basilicae sancti pauli ducebatur. tria milia hominum caerimoniae adfuerunt.

Carolus fratri Edwardum reginae filium et Andream reginae filium esse favtores delegit anulus ex Cambrio auro factus est. quinque promubae nuptam comitabantur. mustaceum a regalis classis aquo fecit. deductio a multis milibus spectatorum spectabatur.

reginae in regali phanelo Britannia speramus nuptum et nuptas feliciter vivant.

CHERYL HEMMINGWAY  
STD. 9.



TRANSLATION  
THE ROYAL COUPLE

At 10 o'clock on the 29th June this year, the future King of England, Prince Charles, married Lady Diana Spencer.

Lady Diana Spencer, the third child and youngest daughter of Edward John, 8th Earl of Spencer, was born on 1 July 1961. Her childhood was spent at Norfolk, and then at a boarding school not far from home. At the age of sixteen she left school and later looked after young children. Lady Diana and Prince Charles both enjoy sporting activities and outdoor life.

Lady Diana's beautiful wedding dress was made by David and Elizabeth Emmanuel, and had an exceptionally long train. The couple were married in St Paul's Cathedral, and the service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Dean of St Paul's. The ceremony was attended by over 3000 guests.

Prince Charles chose his brothers to be his supporters, instead of the customary best man. Prince Andrew had charge of the wedding ring, made from a special nugget of Welsh Gold. Five bridesmaids and two pages attended the bride. The wedding cake was made by the Royal Navy Chef.

The honeymoon is being spent on the Royal Yacht Britannia. We hope that the bridegroom and the bride will have a happy life together.

CHERYL HEMMINGWAY  
STD. 9.



ZETA  
MATTPOST

**DEUTSCH**



ESGESCHAN AN EIHEN TREITAG

Niemand mochte die alte Madame Costello in Labiche, dem kleinen Dorf in der Camargue. Doch sie wohnte dort schon seit ihrer Geburt und die Bewohner hatten sich im Laufe der Zeit an den mürrischen und unbeherrschten Temperament der Frau dran gewöhnt.

Madame Costello besass ein grosses am Ortsausgang das sie von ihrem versorbenen Mann geerbt hatte. Wegen ihres Geizes verfiel das nur zwei Zimmer bewohnbar waren. In dem einen eine kleine Dochstube wohnte Madame Costella. Im anderen ihre Nichte Jeanne. Jeanne war ein Waiselknecht und sie führte ihre Tante den Haushalt. Sie war ein lustiges, aufgewecktes, junges Mädchen, das konnten einige Burschen im Dorf bestätigen. Allerdings hielten sie diese Romane nicht lange aus, denn sobald Madame Costella von diesem erfuhr, setzte sie alles daran und Jeanne und ihren jeweiligen Freund auseinanderzubringen.

Im Letzten, wie jeder wusste, war Madame Costella bei dem Rechtsanwalt, Simon, in der Kreisstadt, um ein Testament zugunsten ihrer Nichte aufzusetzen. Es war an einem heissen Augusttag, einem Mittwoch, als Madame Costella bei dem Priester des Dorfes unerwartet auftauchte und ihm überraschend anbot der Kirche gesamtes Vermögen zu vermachen, würde er für sie dann eine Grabstelle garantieren. Sie wollte nicht dass Jeanne ein sündiges Leben nach ihrem Tod führen würde. Natürlich sprach sich dieses wie ein Lauffeuer um das Dorf herum doch wurde das Dorf noch von der Nachricht übertroffen, die Doktor Japru, am Freitag bekannt machte: "Madame Costella ist tot! Jeanne fand die alte Dame heute Morgen tot im Bett. Jen will nicht gerade behaupten dass sie vergiftet sei, aber sie verstehen was man, nicht wahr, Herr Polizist?" Jerome, der Polizist, nickte. Er verstand was Japru dabei meinte! Er ging rüber zum Rechtsanwalt und erfuhr dass Madame Costella ihr Testament veranlassen wollte. Wusste Jeanne dieses vielleicht, und deshalb vergiftete ihre Tante? Das konnte sie getan haben, sie konnte nämlich für ihre Tante. Jerome ging kurz zum Metzger. "Die kleine Jeanne hat gestern noch ein Braten hier eingekauft." Ich weiss nicht recht, es würde mich nicht wundern, hätte sie ihrer Tante einen vergifteten Braten vergesetzt!"

Beim Apotheker fand er raus dass die Vergiftung aus einem roten Fingerhut gewonnen sei. Das ist eine Pflanze die dort in der Gegend gefunden werden konnte. Jerome bedankte sich und ging weiter zu Madame Costella Haus. Nachdem er diese Information erfuhr, wunderte er sich selbst ob nicht vielleicht. Jeanne stand an der Tür und sah den Sargträgern, die gerade heraus gingen, nach.

"Sie wissen, was die Leute sagen fragte Jerome. Jeanne goss etwas Bratensaft übers Fleisch." "Es stört mich nicht!" antwortete sie.

"Was haben Ihre Tante und Sie gestern gegessen fragte der Polizist.

"Gestern war Donnerstag also hatten wir Champignons und Kartoffeln, aber meine Tante ass nichts. Sie trank nur später am Abend ein Glas Milch, welches sie sich selber holte.

"Sie war eine sehr gläubige Frau, nicht wahr?"

"Ja, Sie wahr."



- 2 -

"Sie ging nicht mit der Zeit und glaubte nicht in meinen Verhältnissen mit den Jungs. Sie wollte sich Rächen und ihr Vermögen an der Kirche vermachen."

"Und heute ist die Dame plötzlich tot!" setzte Jerome trocken hinzu..

Sie goss nochmals etwas saft über den Braten.

"Sie haben das Reisch gestern beim Metzger gekauft, nicht wahr, und Sie wollten es heute auf den Tisch bringen für sie und Ihre Tante? Hackte der Polizist nach. Jeanne nickte wiederum.

"Assen Sie Freitags oft Fleisch?"

"Nein, nie, Tante...."

"....pflegte Freitags Fisch zu essen, nicht waar?" fügte Jerome hinzu. Jeanne schlug ihre Hand übers Mund und blickte mit Panik zum Polizist herüber.

"Aber Sie haben gestern den Braten gekauft? Sie konnten doch nicht wissen das ihre Tante in der Naght sterben würde oder wussten sie ses doch, weil Sie vielleicht den Krug, hier mit dem Saft des roten Fingerhutes draussen aus dem Garten vergiftet hatten....?"

CONNY KRAUSS  
STD. 9.

ZETA  
MATTPOST



TRANSLATIONIT HAPPENED ON A FRIDAY.

Nobody liked old Madame Costello, in Labiche, the little village in the Camargue. However, she had lived there since her childhood and the inhabitants had, as time went by, got used to her sulky, uncontrollable temper.

Madame Costello owned a large house near the exit of the village, that she had inherited from her dead husband. Because of her stinginess, the house delapidated, until only two rooms were in good enough condition to be lived in. In one of them, a little attic room, lived Madame Costello. In the other, her niece, Jeanne. Jeanne was an orphan and she looked after the house for her aunt. She was a friendly, excitable young girl - this many young men of the village could confirm. However, the romances never lasted long, because as soon as Madame Costello heard about them, she would do everything in her power to break it up.

In the passed year, as everyone knew, Madame Costello had visited the lawyer, Simon, in the "Kreisstadt", to make up her will, leaving everything to her niece. It was a hot August day, a Wednesday, when Madame Costello unexpectedly visted the Priest of the village and offered to give her complete inheritance to the church if he could in return guarantee her a grave. She didn't want Jeanne to lead a sinful life after her death. Of course, this news spread like hot fire throughout the little village, although it was to be even more astounded when it heard the news that Doctor Japru was to announce on Friday, "Madame Costello is dead! Jeanne found the old lady dead this morning on her bed. I do not exactly want to state that she was poisoned, but you understand what I mean, not so, Mr Policeman?" Jerome, the policeman, nodded. He understood what Japru meant by this. He went over to the lawyer and heard that Madame Costello wanted to change her will. Did Jeanne perhaps know about this, and poison her aunt? She could have done this; she cooked for her aunt.

Jerome went to the butcher. "Little Jeanne came here yesterday to buy a roast. I do not really want to say this, but it wouldn't surprise me if she had poisoned her aunt!" At the chemist, he found out that a poison could be made out of a red "Fingerhut". This is a plant that could be found in this region. Jerome thanked the chemist and went over to Madame Costello's house. After hearing all this information, he was wondering himself if maybe... Jeanne stood at the door, watching the coffinbearers, who were just leaving.

"You know what the people are saying?" Jerome asked. Jeanne poured a little souce over the roast. "It doesn't bother me" she answered.



"What did you and your aunt eat yesterday?" asked the policeman.

"Yesterday was Thursday, so we had champignons and potatoes, but my aunt ate nothing; she only drank a glass of milk later on, which she fetched herself."

"She was a very religious person, not so?"

"Yes, she was. She was old fashioned and didn't believe in my affairs with the men. She wanted to get her own back on me again and give all her possessions to the church."

"And today she is suddenly dead!" added Jerome with a dry tone.

She poured more souce over the roast.

"You bought the meat yesterday at the butcher, not so, and today you wanted to eat it with your aunt?" the policeman continued to ask. Jeanne nodded once again.

"Did you often eat meat on Fridays?"

"No, never, my aunt... "

"...prefered eating fish on a Friday, not so?" added Jerome.

Jeanne put her hand over her mouth and starred at the policeman.

"But you bought the roast yesterday? You could not have known that your aunt would die in the night, or did you know, because you poisoned the jug, here, with the juice of the red "Fingerhut" out of the garden...?"

CONNY KRAUSS

STD. 9.



# PORTUGUÊS



Fads.

Fads é o nome dado a balada em Português. Esta triste e sombria musica relata - se com o destino da pessoa. Abalada é muito popular com a população Portuguêsa, e constantemente se canta e ouve em tado os lugares onde há Portugueses. Estas melancolicas canções são contadas por um só cantador acompanhado pela guitarra.

TRANSLATION.

Fads.

Fads is the name given to Portuguese folk songs. This sad and and sombre music relates to one's destiny. It is very popular with Portuguese people and is constantly sung and heard throughout Portuguese inhabited countries. These melancholy songs are sung by lone singers accompanied by a guitar.

LUCILIA ALVES  
STD. 6



MATPOSE  
ZETA

# **GAEILIC**

**(IRISH)**



Tháinig Daidí go atí an doras.  
Chuaigh sé isteach.  
Tháinig Mamaí abhaile agus  
chuaigh sí isteach sa chistin.  
Rith Seán go atí an doras.  
Chuaigh sé isteach.  
Tháinig Róisin abhaile.  
Tháinig sí go atí an doras.  
Chuaigh sí isteach sa chistin freisin.  
Tá cáca milis ag siad agus  
tá siad ag ithe anois.

TRANSLATION.

Daddy comes through the door.  
He comes inside.  
Mummy comes home and she  
goes inside the kitchen.  
John runs through the door.  
He comes inside.  
Rosalind comes home.  
She comes through the door.  
She also goes inside the kitchen.  
They all have cake and they  
eat now.

JUDY RICHARDS  
STD. 9



# HELLENICA

(GREEK)



'Ελᾱτε ἔδῶ μαζί μου μὲς στὰ δάση

'Ελᾱτ' ἔδῶ μαζί μου μὲς στὰ δάση!

'Ελᾱτ' ἔδῶ στὴν πράσινη τὴν πλάση,  
μακριὰ ὀπ' τοῦ κόσμου τῆ βοί.

'Ελᾱτ' ἔδῶ νὰ νιωσετε μιὰ μέρα  
πιὸ καθαρό στὰ στηθὲς τὸν ἀέρα,  
πιὸ ζηλευτὴ νὰ βρῆτε τὴ ζωή.

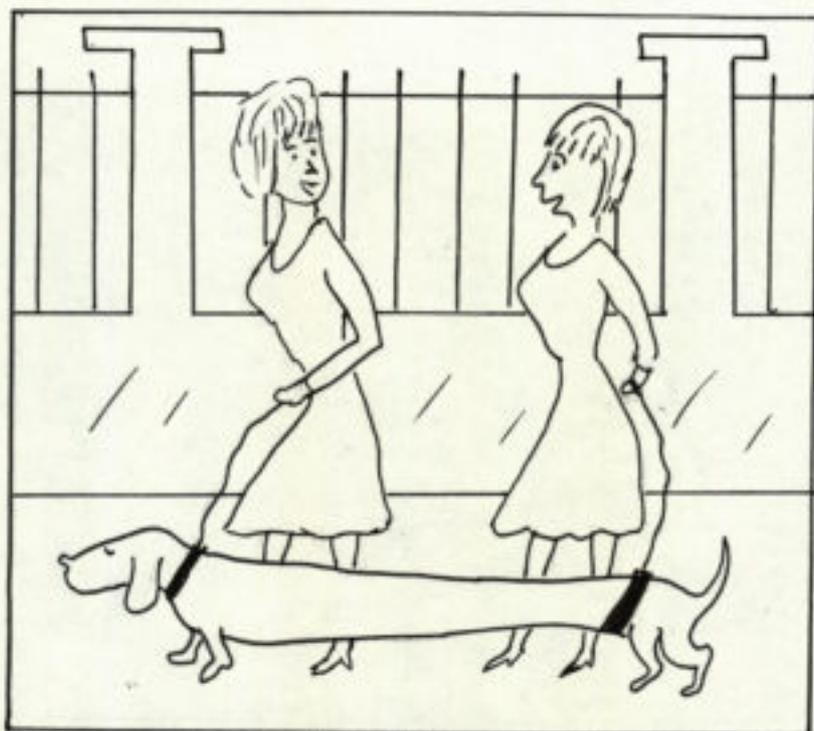
TRANSLATION.

COME WITH ME INTO THE FOREST.

Come with me into the forest!  
Come with me to the green fields,  
far away from all the noise.  
Come with me to enjoy at least one day  
of pure air in your lungs,  
and make you feel that life is worth living.

MAGGIE DU TOIT





- Καλή ή ιδέα σου, να πάρουμε  
Ένα μακρύ μακρύ σκύλο μισό-μισό...

It was a good idea to buy a long dog -  
so we can share it half-half....

MAGGIE DU TOIT  
STD. 9.





DEBBIE PARGITER

STD. 9.

**FROM**

**THE**

**CLASSROOM...**

# HISTORY

THE BOLSHEVIKS RISE TO POWER IN RUSSIA

Up until 1917, Russia was a feudal state, consisting of a powerful autocratic class which favoured the Czar; a wealthy middle class of businessmen who were quite satisfied with the situation, and as in the case of France before 1789, the poverty-stricken peasants constituted the lower class. It has been proved throughout history, that poverty and oppression lead to dissatisfaction and eventually to rebellion.

In 1861 certain concessions regarding land ownership and representation were made, however it soon became evident that these were merely theoretical and that in practice the peasants were very much as they had been before. To make matters worse, Czar Alexander II censored the press after the revolt of 1863 and increased the power of the secret police. This policy was continued under Alexander III in 1881. Increasing industrialization led to exploitation of the peasants or working class and when Nicolas II came to the throne, the conditions were added to by his policy of persecution of the Jews. Thus one is able to see how easily Marxist ideas impressed these people as their longing for equality and wealth became fanatical. As a result, certain "parties" were formed. The two most important of these were the Social Democratic Workmen's Party and the Social Revolutionary Party. The former divided into the Mensheviks, or the minority and the Bolsheviks or majority. After the mass demonstrations in St Petersburg caused by price rises owing to Russia's defeat by Japan in 1904, there was much rivalry for leadership between the two parties. Although Nicolas II promised freedom of speech and religion, he would not give up his rights as despot and after several short sessions of the Duma or parliament, the workers were deprived of the right to vote altogether. The internal unrest gradually reached a peak when Russia's numerous defeats in the First World War led to breakdown in communication and transport, and hunger demonstrations in Petrograd increased. In March 1917, the Czar was forced to abdicate as he realised that even his own troops were sympathetic towards the peasants. The Royal Family was exiled to Ekaterinburg where they were murdered and a new government led by Kerensky - a Menshevik was established almost immediately. However his failure to withdraw from the war against Germany led to dissatisfaction among the already desperate Russian people. Lenin, the Bolshevik leader who had been in Switzerland at the time, decided that his chance had come. He entered Russia secretly via Germany and together with Trotsky who was a Bolshevik leader of a Worker's Council, managed to gain tremendous support.

On the night of 6 November 1917, the Bolsheviks gained control of all vital centres such as the railway stations, garrisons, power stations and telephone exchanges and Kerensky's headquarters. Thus the Mensheviks were forced to withdraw and Lenin because of the Bolshevik government known as "The Soviet of People Commissars"

# **GEOGRAPHY**

MATTPOST  
ZETA

THE AFFECTS OF PRESSURE BELTS ON  
OUR WEATHER

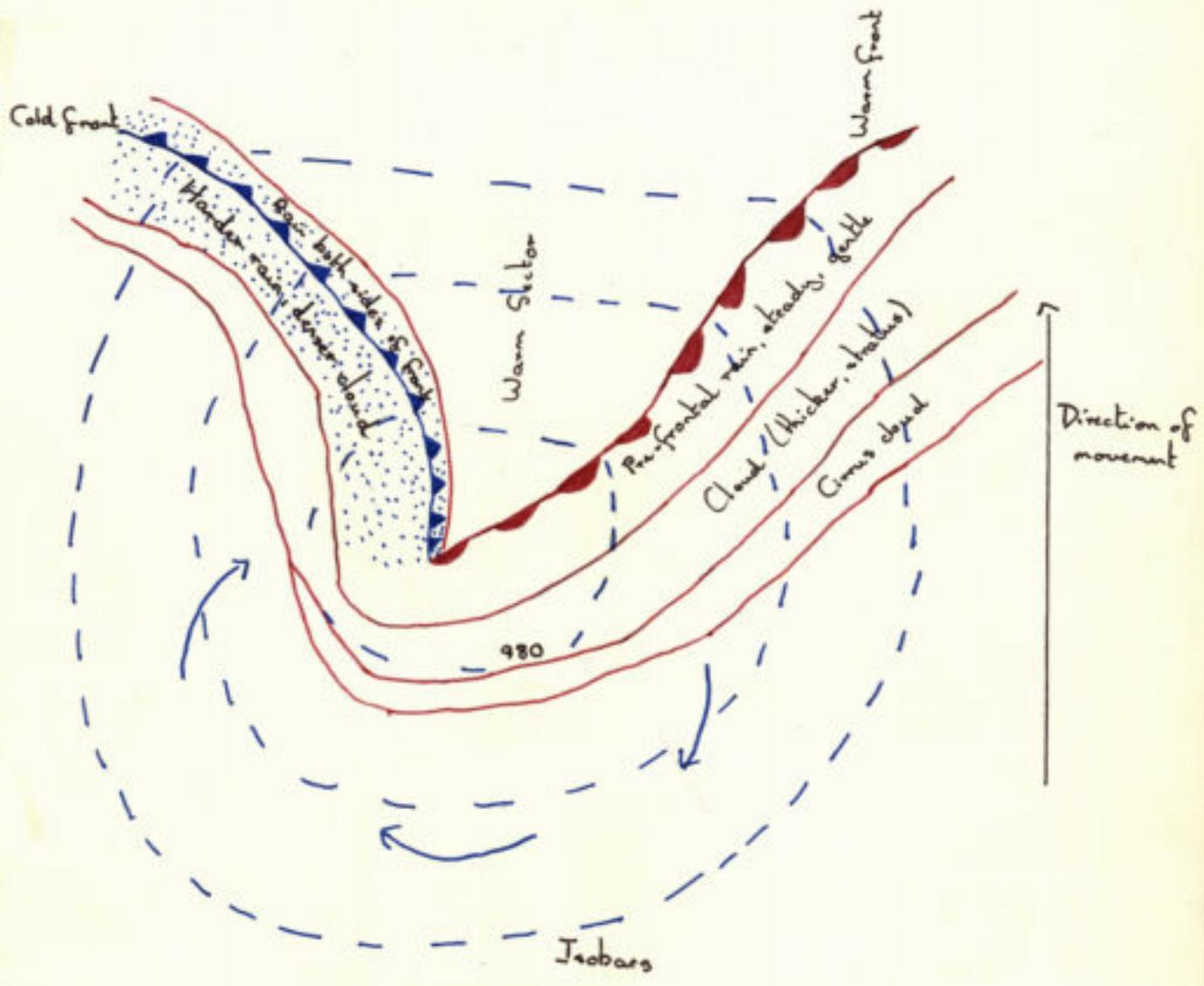
Pressure belts have the greatest affect on the weather in South Africa. The pressure belts seem to follow the overhead position of the sun. In the summer, in the Southern Hemisphere the sun is overhead at the Tropic of Capricorn. The sub-tropical high pressure system is found at 35°S. The high pressure cells are more dominant over the sea than over the land. This results in South Africa being affected by the Easterlies and the fair conditions associated with them. In the interior of South Africa strong convection currents are able to upset the ill formed high pressure system, and thunder storms occur.

In winter, the sun is over the Tropic of Cancer and therefore the pressure belts have moved north. The sub-tropical high pressure belts are now at 25°S. The pressure cells are more dominant over the land. The convection currents are unable to disturb the dominant high pressure cells so the interior of South Africa experiences fair conditions, but cold because the sun is in the Northern Hemisphere. The Low Pressure system at 60°S with its associated Mid-Latitude Cyclones reach South Africa by the Westerly Winds. The cold front of the Mid-Latitude cyclone affects the Western Cape and the East coast as far as Natal. It brings cold rainy conditions and gusty winds and snow occasionally on the Cape and Drakensberg mountains.

ZETA  
MATTPOST



A PLAN DIAGRAM OF A MID-LATITUDE CYCLONE



KATE HALES  
STD 9.

# **TYPING**

MALPOST

ZETA



WALTON  
POST  
ZETA

**COMPUTER  
SCIENCE**

WALTON  
POST

Even though Computer Science is not offered as a subject at Herschel, it is in fact offered as a matric subject at many schools. The following is an example of a short computer program. It is written in one of the many computer languages - "Basic"

This simple program demonstrates the way in which a computer works out FACTORIALS.

e.g. The factorial of 5 is  $5 \times 4 \times 3 \times 2 \times 1$ .

The computer will work out the factorial of a large number such as 33 in less than a second - the answer is huge! (8.683314 x 10 to be precise)

The following program works out the factorial of any number below 34.

```
5      PRINT "ENTER NUMBER TO BE FACTORIALIZED:"
10     INPUT A
20     IF A > 33 THEN PRINT "NUMBER TOO LARGE" PRINT GO TO 5
30     C=1
40     FOR B=A TO 1 STEP -1
50     C=BxC
60     NEXT B
70     PRINT "THE FACTORIAL OF";A"IS";C
80     PRINT
90     END
```

MAGGIE DU TOIT  
STD. 9.



# PHONETICS

[Fonetiks iz a junivɜsɪl læŋwidz.  
 eni læŋwidz meɪ bi ɹaɪtən ɪn  
 fənətɪk skɹɪpt, æz fənətɪks iz  
 ə læŋwidz nʊ saʊndz, nɒt lɛtɜz.  
 ɪf wʌn ɪz eɪbl tu ɹɪd fənətɪks  
 pʊrplɪ, wʌn meɪ ɹɪd ə læŋwidz  
 sʌtʃ æz ɹʌʃn (pɹəvaɪdɪd ɪt ɪz  
 ɹaɪtən ɪn fənətɪks) wɪθ  
 æbsɪlutɪ pɹɪfɪkt pɹənaʊnsɪɪʃn,  
 wɪθaʊt nəɪsɛwɪlɪ nəʊɪŋ wɒt  
 wʌn ɪz seɪŋ.  
 pɜhæps wʌn deɪ fənətɪks wɪl  
 bɪkɪm ə junivɜsɪl læŋwidz - spʊkən  
 ænd lɜnt baɪ ɔ:l.  
 dʒɪst ɪmædʒn spɪkɪŋ pɹɪfɪkt ɹʌʃn  
 ɔ tɜkɪʃ.]

TRANSLATION.

Phonetics is a universal language. Any language may be written in phonetic script, as phonetics is a language of sounds, not letters. If one is able to read phonetics properly, one may read a language such as Russian (provided it is written in phonetics) with absolutely perfect pronunciation, without necessarily knowing what one is saying. Perhaps one day phonetics will become a universal language - spoken and learnt by all. Just imagine speaking perfect Russian or Turkish!



# REPORTS

INTER HOUSE SWIMMING GALA

Red, yellow and green lined the edge of the Herschel swimming pool, and songs, shouts and screams aimed at the splashing swimmers, were heard for miles around. Yes, it was the inter-house swimming gala.

This gala was a little different to previous galas, as points were not only being given for the swimming, but also for the houses' spirit and behaviour. This did put pressure on the House Captains who had to keep law and order, but the enthusiasm was not spoilt and the colours and songs were only strengthened.

We sang out hardest, and looked out best, but there was nothing we could do to stop Rolt from swimming to victory. Maybe next year will be Merriman's lucky year, and we will have our chance to succeed with our sport. Keep up the determination, Merriman!

KATE SAUNDERS  
SWIMMING CAPTAIN





Our team is RED, our team is HOT,  
our team is RED HOT.



Teacher's Race.



TENNIS REPORT

At the end of the first term, the annual Inter-Schools tennis tournaments were held. Three Merriman Under 15 players, namely Sarah Ashley, Lucinda Richards and Rowena Evans were chosen for the team, which actually won the tournament. These girls were awarded their tennis badges - Well Done! Again three Merriman girls were included in the Open team, namely Jackie Batchelor, Lindsay Jones and Nici Deal. Although they did not win, everyone played very well, and Jackie Batchelor must be congratulated on being awarded full tennis colours. The inter-house tennis is still to be held in the fourth term and should prove to be a close competition.

NICI DEAL  
TENNIS CAPTAIN



Our Tennis star - Jackie Batchelor.



INTER HOUSE NETBALL

From the inter-house netball results; Rolt 1st, Jagger 2nd and Merriman 3rd, one may think that netball isn't one of our stronger sports, however, in spite of the fact that we only have a few school team players, Merriman plays a good game. In the open section, we were narrowly beaten by Rolt, and drew with Jagger. In the Under 15 section, we were unlucky to lose both matches.

All in all, Merriman can be proud of their netball, and good sportmanship. Congratulations go to Jackie Batchelor and Julie Walker who play in the first team, and to Jenny Saunders and Lucinda Richards who play in the Under 15 team.

We hope that next year, Merriman will play as well as always and win the cup.

CHLOË OVENSTONE  
NETBALL CAPTAIN



INTER HOUSE HOCKEY

Once again proved to be the best hockey players at the annual inter house competition. We won both the Under 15 and the open sections as well as well as having the best goal average over all 6 games. Rolt followed in second place with Jagger close on their heels.

Merriman's high standard of hockey was carried even further when Kate Saunders, our Head Girl, and Chloe Ovenstone were both chosen as members of the Western Province team. Chloe was their Right Wing, while Kate was their non - travelling reserve.

I would like to congratulate the following Merrimaners for achieving their hockey colours: Kate Saunders and Chloe Ovenstone. Nicky Jones and Maggie du Toit received their their hockey badges.

I hope that Merriman will up our wonderful hockey tradition and with so many up and coming stars, I do not think that Rolt and Jagger will be taking the cup away from us yet.

KATE SAUNDERS  
HOCKEY CAPTAIN



SQUASH REPORT

Squash is a sport that is growing rapidly in popularity, and in Merriman, there are a few players with great potential. Two Merriman players, namely Deon Hathaway and Nici Deal were chosen to play in the Western Province Squash trials, and Deon, in standard 6, must be congratulated on being chosen for the Under-15 B side. A mini Senior Inter-Schools Squash tournament was held at the end of the second term, and Nici was chosen for the "A" side. Unfortunately, they did not win, but put up a good fight. Nici was awarded half colours for squash.

NICI DEAL  
SQUASH CAPTAIN

ZETA  
MATTPOST



HERSCHEL HOCKEY TOUR '81

The Herschel Hockey Team consisted of both the first and second teams with two reserves. All twenty four of us girls as well as Mr and Mrs Goosen, Philip and Paul left Cape Town station on the 24th June. The train journey was long, but great fun as we made up new songs and sang them at various stations along the way. During this time we were able to build up our team spirit.

On the 26th, we arrived in Durban, and were determined to make our presence known, although the station was deserted. Our small, green bus was waiting to take us to the Umhlanga Rocks Hotel. The first thing we wanted was a bath, but the first thing we did was to run along the beach.

The hotel is on the beach front so we were able to swim in the warm sea. The hotel staff were very kind and the food was fantastic.

Every afternoon, we played a hockey match, and all together we played six games. The schools we played were Eshowe, Durban High, Pinetown, Epworth, Grosvenor and Durban College. The hockey in Natal is of a high standard, but Herschel put up a good fight, playing very good hockey. The scores were very close, and were not a good reflection on our hockey. The firsts won 1, drew 2 and lost 3. The seconds did very well, winning 3, losing 1 and drawing 1.

Besides playing hockey we did much touring around Durban. We went to the Dolphinarium, Indian Market, Ten pin bowling alley and the amusement arcade where most of us braved the roller coaster, mini town and the ice-skating rink.

Travelling around in one bus enabled us to sing everywhere we went, and thus increase our spirit. Taking two teams was well worth it, as the fun and enthusiasm was doubled. Our spirit lasted right until the end of the tour when we arrived back at Cape Town station on July 6th. We were all very sad that the tour was over, and were also sad to have to say goodbye to Mrs Goosen and her family.

The tour was a great success. The hockey was good, and the spirit was fantastic. None of us will ever forget the wonderful experience.

KATE SAUNDERS  
HOCKEY CAPTAIN





Warm ups.



Our mascot - "Gloria"

ZETA  
MAGAZINE



ORAL COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA

In the first term, the inter house public speaking competition was held. This was for senior students only, and Merriman was represented by Nici Deal, Susan Hammond, Maggie Du Toit, Alexa Singer, Nicky Hommerson, Julienne Walker and Chloë Ovenstone. The competition was divided up into three sections: interviews, forum discussions and solo-speaking - (both prepared and unprepared). Merriman won the interview section, and ended up with second place overall, behind Rolt.

At the end of the third term, the inter house one act play competition will be held. These plays are directed by Std 9 pupils, and the cast is chosen out of all senior school girls excluding the matrics. The houses may use either a one act play or one act of a full length play. Merriman will present one act of Arthur Miller's play "The Crucible" and it will be directed by Maggie Du Toit.

Merriman girls who acted in this year's play "An evening with Noel Coward" are: Rosalind Butler, Catherine Shubb, Marseilles Ross, Julie Postlethwaite and Anthea Ovenstone.

Merriman has been extremely successful in the drama field over the years, and we hope that we will be able to uphold our high standard this year.

MAGGIE DU TOIT  
STD. 9.

MATTPOST  
ZETA



THE SCHOOL PLAY  
"AN EVENING WITH NOEL COWARD"

This year Herschel produced a selection of Coward's works directed by Mrs Margeret Safferey. The program was introduced by a chorus of "flapper girls" singing "Forbidden Fruit" which was written when Coward was fourteen years old. A hilarious one act play, "Hands Across the Sea" followed.

After interval the delightful chorus sang Twentieth Century Blues and selected scenes from "Cavalcade" were performed. These proved to be very moving.

Coward's beautiful "I'll see you again" was sung which introduced the last play of the evening, "Weatherwise." This was an extremely funny farce. The evening ended with the entire cast singing "I'll see you again."

The final dress rehearsal had an audience of elderly people and a further five performances were staged with one matinee. Merriman girls in the play were Marseilles Ross, Julie Postlethwaite (chorus), Rosalind Butler (Hands across the sea) Anthea Ovenstone (Cavalcade), Catherine Shubb (Weatherwise) Julienne Walker, Sue Bell (Assistant Stage Managers).

The Argus Tonight gave the play an excellent write up, and its review ended with these words, "This production would have looked good on the professional stage, from a cast of schoolchildren it was excellent.

ROSALIND BUTLER  
STD. 8.

MATTPOST  
ZETA



THE INTER-HOUSE JUNIOR SINGING COMPETITION

In the first term of this year, it was decided that the Std 6's would have an inter-house singing competition. This would be shown to the whole school along with two members of staff as judges.

Each class of std 6 was divided into the houses:- Rolt, Merriman and Jagger. Each group was supplied with a suitable folk song, which they could present in any way they wished. There were about seven girls in each group, and a leader to decide how to present the song. Every break was spent practising and perfecting the songs, with the help of any accompaniment.

Finally the great day arrived! Everyone was so excited, but very nervous. One by one the small groups of singers sat down on the stage, and quietly and self-consciously sang their songs. The audience leant forward, straining to hear the weak trickle of sound that came from the stage.

Finally it was announced that Rolt had won the competition, with Merriman coming second. Regardless of the end result, everyone thoroughly enjoyed preparing for the contest.

JENNY SAUNDERS  
STD. 6.



GRAHAMSTOWN, AND THE ENGLISH FESTIVAL 1981

Although Grahamstown may not be Cape Town's equivalent in bright lights, magnificent beaches and a busy metropolitan lifestyle, (I don't think it was ever intended to be), it certainly lit up for the English Festival that was held there during the June holidays. The festival is an annual occasion which is open to all schoolchildren in South Africa. It is designed to "bridge the gap between the university student and the matriculant", and to "make English alive for the school student."

Although structured towards helping the student in his understanding of the prescribed setwork books (there were some excellent lectures on these,) many events, including poetry workshops which encouraged interaction and communication amongst the pupils. Unusual film versions on Hamlet and Macbeth and several very interesting plays were included in the programme. We were lucky to see Emyln Williams and Peter Schaffer's brilliant play Amadeus. Chris Mann, a South African poet, sang and read his poetry to an audience of 900 appreciative schoolchildren. A poetry couage, as well as a reggae version of Robinson Crusoe, called Man Friday were also very much enjoyed.

We were given a taste of university life as we stayed in the Rhodes residences. This helped us to meet more children from other schools - an important factor in the festival.

① ← Although an academic week in Grahamstown during the June holidays may not sound like everyone's idea of fun, it is an experience from which most people who are appreciative of art will benefit.

ALEXA SINGER



MATRIC DANCE REPORT

First it was Arabian Nights, then Fantazia. We wanted a romantic and different theme. Finally we unanimously decided on Egypt - The Valley of the Kings.

We lost no time in raiding the library for books so as to be able to begin painting. Thanks to the excellent organization of Mary Jooste, who, with the help of Jane Yeats, measured out the hall, we were able to cut our cardboard to the exact size of the walls. We wanted to cover every wall and this we did.

Throughout the holidays and the few days before the dance, the class worked in a garage on the murals at different times of the day and night. Art, and non-art girls worked together. The spirit and enthusiasm was wonderful, and the excitement and anticipation mounted.

Classrooms and lunch breaks were buzzing with the sounds of "Valley of the Kings." However, to the rest of the school, it was a closely guarded secret.

Then it was time to make over a thousand silver stars to stick onto black hesian which was to be our roof. Our thanks go particularly to the Std 6's who gave us so much assistance in this regard, and to others who helped.

Thanks too, to Miss Geldard for the interest she showed throughout our exciting time. To Mrs Plöner for all the time she gave discussing our menu, and for making parts of it, and the punch. Mr Park and his assistants saved us much time and work by putting up our starry roof for us, which will now be used for future matric dances. There were so many people who helped and donated goods to us to make our dance the success it was, and to them go our sincere thanks.

We finished decorating the hall and then, bubbling over with excitement, left school to have our hair set and prepare ourselves for the important evening ahead. At last the night we had dreamt about for so long had arrived.

Before the dance we all gathered at Luanna Shonfeld's home to introduce our parteners and to start the evening on a happy note all together. It was a perfect beginning for something wonderful ahead.

As we entered the school gates, our paths were lit by candles edging the lawns. The hall and foyer had become "The Valley of the Kings."

As we crossed stepping in the sand of the foyer, we were surrounded on each side by exquisite batiks made by Rowan Haden. We moved through an entrance designed as a pyramid, to be welcomed by Mrs Geldard, our Head Girl and their parteners.



- 2 -

The hall looked magnificent, and we were very proud. On the stage was an enormous painting of King Tutenkamen in blue and gold, in front of which stood our band, "Page Four" whose variety of music kept our party swinging. Beautiful flower arrangements of pampas grass and papyrus were placed on each side of the stage, and on the two dessert tables. Two pillars were also decorated with grasses.

Our oasis, filled with water, had floating candles and flowers on its surface. The hall was everything and more we had wished it could be.

Our tableclothes and candles were gold, as well as the print of King Tutenkamen on our serviettes. Our menu was shaped as a pyramid, around which were roasted almonds and chocolates wrapped in blue and gold papers.

We could feel the wonderful atmosphere. That night we were a united group of people, and for us, everything was perfect. Our feelings of excitement and wonderment, and the sound of laughter and chatter could be heard as we stepped onto the dance floor for the traditional waltz.

The food was superb, and the waitresses were outstanding. I cannot shower them with enough praise, for they performed their tiring and tricky tasks as though they had been waiting at tables all their lives. This year, the jobs of waitresses were more difficult, as our main course was not a buffet. They managed marvellously, Thank you waitresses!

Carolyn Chapman made our bread and delicious puddings, the most outstanding being a meringue pyramid which the waitresses carried in alight with sparklers.

Our Matric Dance sped past, and it was over far too quickly. No one wished to leave, but after our goodbyes to staff, we left for Chloe Ovenstone's house for the After Party. Here we changed from our evening dresses into something more casual. A merquee had been placed in the garden, and a magnificent array of eats laid out in the dining room. Again time flew, but girls and partners alike, still looked raring to go.

At about 4.30am, we moved to Lindsay Jones' house for the Champagne Breakfast. Seventy-six people were there, - a new record for attendance at a Champagne Breakfast. It was wonderful.

Throughout the evening, the excitement built continuously, and the pace and atmosphere did not fade once. At about 6.30am, people left to watch the sunrise on the beach, and at 11 o'clock people were still at the Champagne Breakfast eating croissants!

We felt we could begin the evening again. This was fortunate as some of the girls had to sing at a wedding at 11am, and the 1st hockey team were playing a match. The wedding was beautiful, and Herschel won the match.





Matrics taking a coffee break while painting posters in the Jones's garage.



The Std. 9 Egyptian waitresses.

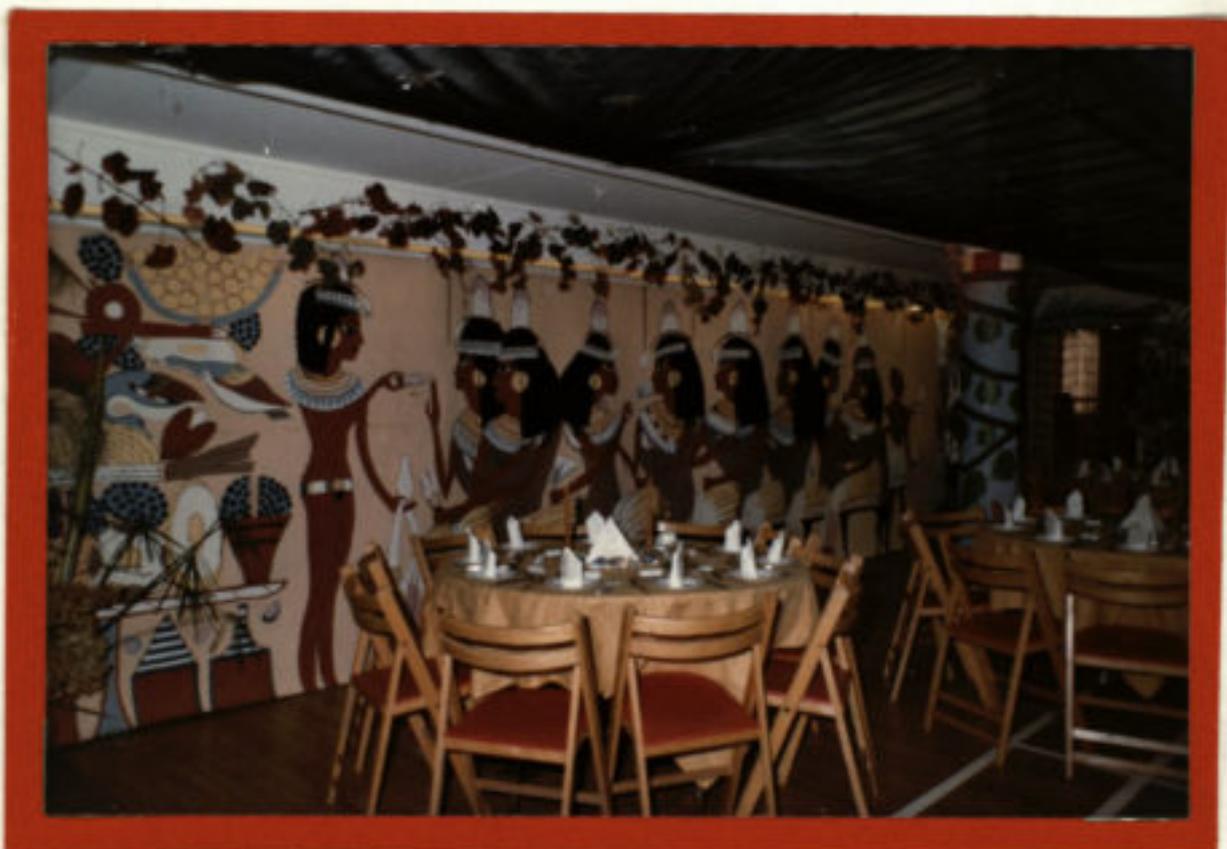


- 3 -

Then it was back to school for the tidying up of the hall, but again our waitresses, with the help of the boarders, came out tops, - they had almost finished clearing the hall.

Our special evening was over, but it was the beginning of new romances, and new friendships, as our class has worked together as a team, and as a team we had made our dream come true.

LINDSAY JONES  
STD. 10.



Part of the beautifully decorated hall. The Egyptian poster seen here is over 7 meters long!



# MERRIMAN

## GLOBE

# TROTTERS



MERRIMAN GIRLS ARE ALWAYS ON THE GO!  
THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE EXCITING HOLIDAYS OF 3 OF OUR  
TRAVELING MERRIMANERS.

JANINE QUIBELL IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

During the June / July holidays this year, Janine zoomed off to U.S.A. with her family. She also spent time in Europe. Here is her amazing itinerary :  
 London - New York - Nashville - Orlando - Fort Lauderdale - Atlanta - Houston - Las Vegas - Los Angeles - Reno - San Fransisco - Boston - New York - London - Corfu - Athens - Home !!

Janine stayed in london for 3 days, but was unfortunately not there for the Royal Wedding. They did, however, celebrate the wedding in Daniela - a small village in Corfu.

They stayed at Club Med for 2 weeks in Corfu, where fellow Merrimaner Bella McCullum joined them. They also stayed in the beautiful Costello Castle (see photo) for 1 week. It was here that George II was exiled.

They visited Disneyland in Orlando, which Janine said was "unreal and great!"

We asked Janine what the highlight of her holiday was. She said, "Every place was fantastic. If I could return for a holiday to one place, I would choose Costello Castle in Corfu. If I had to choose a place to live, I would choose Boston or Nashville, but the entire holiday was SUPERB!!"



A VIEW OF CORFU.





LEFT: JANINE AND HER  
SISTER INSIDE  
COSTELLO CASTLE.

BELOW: DISNEYLAND!!  
MAIN STREET IS  
SEEN HERE.



NICI DEAL IN THE FAR EAST.

Nici spent 6 glorious weeks in the Far East. Her itinerary was as follows:

Taipei - Hong Kong - Bangkok - Pattaya - Home.

Nici cannot choose one particular place as a favourite. "They were all fantastic" she says. As can be expected, Nici went "shopping mad". She bought many silks and pearls. She also bought the material for that very special dress - her Matric Dance dress!

Nici travelled with her family, and as they were the only family on the tour, they were given the nick-name "The Happy Family".

A highlight of her holiday was the day she went water skiing at 8am, then cruised to a coral island in Pattaya. They went in a glass bottom boat and had a breathtakingly beautiful view of all the coral. She went parasailing, and then had a sea food lunch. After lunch she rode on the "water-bikes" and finally cruised home!

It was a holiday in a million for Nici, and she spoke of the entire trip as "AMAZING!!"



NICI AND HER MUM AT CELESTIAL RESTAURANT  
IN TAIPEI, EATING PEKING DUCK.





HONG KONG HARBOUR. THE MOBILE HOUSES  
SEEN HERE ARE CALLED SAMPANS.



KINGS PALACE IN BANGKOK, THAILAND.



DIANA BOOTH IN HOLLAND AND ENGLAND.

Annie has just returned from a wonderful holiday in Europe. She spent 1 week in Holland and 4 weeks in England.

In Holland, Annie visited Delft, where they went to the famous pottery factories. They also visited other small towns such as Folendam. "Folendam was lovely" says Diana, "we saw some of the inhabitants in their traditional costumes, it was beautiful."

While in London, Annie didn't miss the great day! She was a speck in the huge crowd, watching Lady Di and Prince Charles go past in their carriages. She also said that she saw the "goings on" on the balcony.

Annie was amazed at the sight of people sleeping on the pavements outside St Pauls Cathedral. They had been there all weekend and were "all dolled up in British flags etc."

An unforgettable evening for Diana was the evening before the wedding day. It was the fireworks display! It was the biggest display in London since 1750, and Annie said it was "amazingly exciting!"

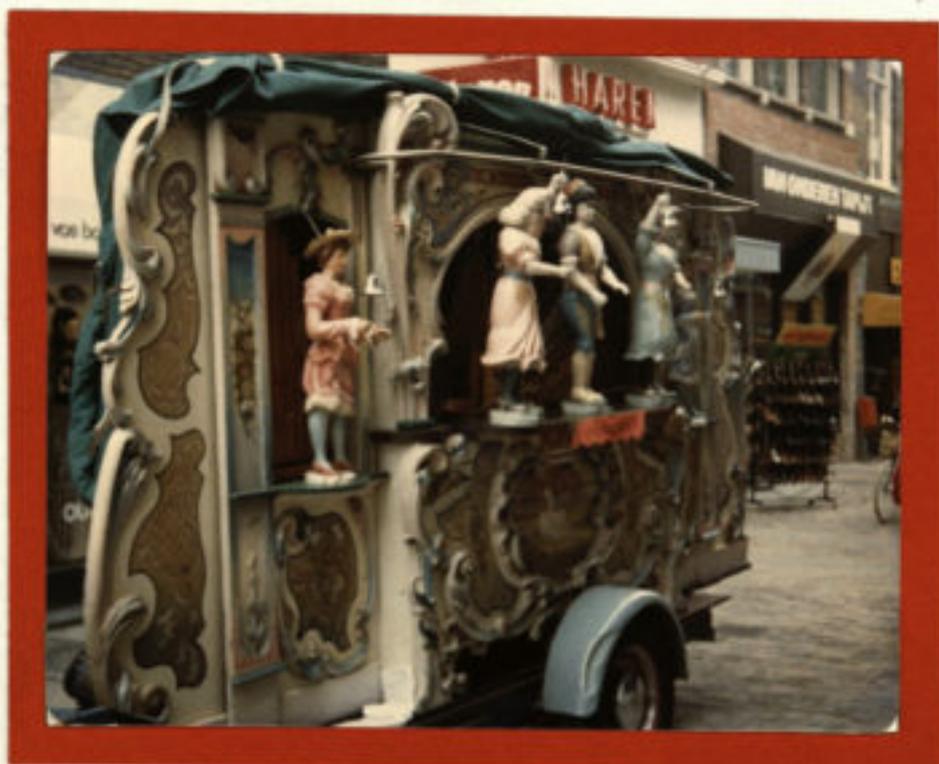


SMILING DIANA IN FRONT OF ST PAULS CATHEDRAL.





THE WINDMILLS OF ZAANS SCHAN, HOLLAND.



A STREET ORGAN IN DELFT, HOLLAND.



**JUST FOR**

**FUN...**

MATTPOST

ZETA

1

Match the  
**FACES** with  
 the **LEGS**  
 on the next  
 page



St. Thompson in an  
 angelic pose.



2



....or WOOD I prefer  
 the Crème Caramel...?

3



Miss Heathcock in a John  
 Denver look-alike contest.

A



B

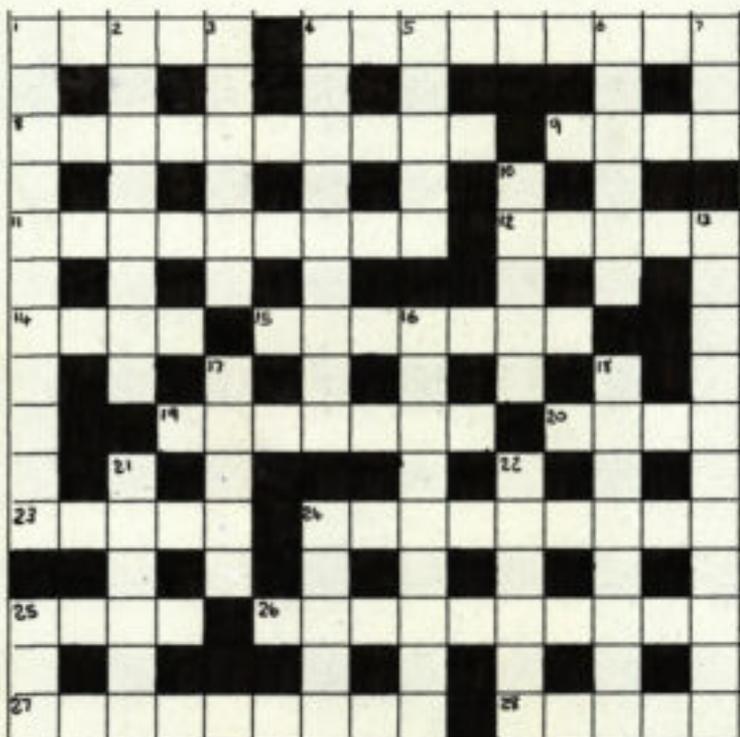


C



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Feel like using your head? Why not try Merriman's crossword puzzle. If you are able to complete (with all answers correct) in under three minutes, you will be considered a genius, and Merriman will give you a R3.00 prize! (The answers can be found on page 110). Have fun!



ACROSS:

1. These people sound as if they must have a way with them (5)
4. Down to earth, would you use it? (9)
8. Might have one over the eight, but certainly none over the nine. (10)
9. There was an angry one glowing iver Caesar's brow. (4)
11. Is Mrs Jones trying to keep up with the herdsman? (4,5)
12. Shoots, mostly in the vernal season. (5)
15. Not a conventional square. (7)
14. Who'd make this one a matter of murder. (4)
19. Cloying, and it seems to be a contradiction of terms. (7)
20. This ensures that your food is done to a turn. (4)
23. Swift beast. (6)
24. It sounds not so rare. (9)
25. In short, a company of players. (4)
26. "To be or not to be", that is his question. (10)
27. One might call her the original tragedy queen. (9)
28. Worse even than touching the bottom. (5)

DOWN:

1. Could the locksmith's trade be so described? (3,8)
2. A Roc, or a Dodo, or a Phoenix could certainly be one. (4)
3. "What charm can \_\_\_\_\_ her melancholy, What art can wash her guilt away?" (6)

- 2 -

DOWN CONTINUED:

4. They are responsible for rude crops. (9)  
5. He's a knave but could be made to blush in confusion (5)  
6. 'Pon my sole! No, on these!  
7. To do thsi loudly would be ill-mannered but taken by and  
large, quite an accomplishment. (3)  
10. Not jellied eels, not even jellied snakes, actually. (5)  
13. Not, as it would seem, an author of vision. Not even an  
author in fact. (5,6)  
16. This can hardly be said to record vital statistics. (9)  
17. He-tortoise? (5)  
18. Where the landing after the flight is. (8)  
21. It provides services, if not goods. (6)  
28. Bury the doctor finally. (6)  
24. In the kitchen, there is such room. (5)  
25. Drink to make you groggy. (3)

MRS THOMPSON

WORD SEARCHMERRIMAN AND LIFE AT HERSCHEL.

Find and ring all the words below and the remaining letters will make up a very true saying.  
You will find the answer on page \_\_\_\_\_.

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M | I | T | R | E | N | I | E | M | A | T | H | S | F | H |
| E | H | B | S | S | I | I | S | U | I | R | I | S | N | Y |
| N | N | A | H | L | T | L | E | S | S | O | N | T | R | M |
| R | W | G | A | E | A | A | C | I | W | T | I | S | A | N |
| E | K | S | L | E | L | Y | H | C | D | N | W | E | E | P |
| V | X | R | B | I | N | O | S | P | M | O | H | T | L | R |
| I | D | A | O | E | S | N | R | Y | O | T | E | I | E | A |
| G | E | M | M | W | L | H | E | D | A | I | L | A | P | C |
| C | R | A | C | S | E | L | B | F | T | C | E | E | A | T |
| M | I | G | H | T | Y | M | O | U | S | E | H | T | H | I |
| T | A | A | N | S | M | O | O | R | S | S | A | L | C | S |
| R | D | Z | L | M | R | N | K | H | S | K | S | E | D | E |
| O | E | I | E | K | A | E | R | B | H | C | N | U | L | I |
| P | R | N | H | E | A | T | H | C | O | C | K | R | O | W |
| S | F | E | H | C | T | A | P | E | G | A | B | B | A | C |

HEATHCOCK - MUSIC  
McGIVERN - MATHS  
WOOD  
BAGS  
BELL  
BOOK  
CABBAGE PATCH  
CHAPEL  
CLASSROOMS  
DESKS  
EXAMS  
FREDA  
HATS  
HOMEWORK  
HYMM PRACTICE

MEINERT - ENGLISH  
THOMPSON - LATIN  
LEARN  
LESSONS  
LUNCH BREAK  
MAGAZINE  
MIGHTY MOUSE  
NOTICES  
RED  
SPORT  
TEA  
TESTS  
WORK

MAGGIE DU TOIT  
STD. 9.



ANSWER PAGECROSSWORD PUZZLE:

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| K | U | R | D | S |   | P | A | R | A | C | H | U | T | E |   |   |
| E |   | A |   | O |   | R |   | O |   |   |   | P |   | A |   |   |
| Y | A | R | B | O | R | O | U | G | H |   |   | S | P | O | T |   |
| I |   | A |   | T |   | D |   | V |   |   | A |   | E |   |   |   |
| N | E | A | T | H | O | U | S | E |   |   | S | P | R | I | G |   |
| D |   | V |   | E |   | C |   |   |   |   | P |   | S |   | H |   |
| U | N | I | T |   |   | B | E | A | T | N | I | K |   |   | O |   |
| S |   | S |   | T |   | R |   | O |   |   | C |   | U |   | S |   |
| T |   |   |   | F | U | L | S | O | M | E |   |   | S | P | I | T |
| R |   | C |   | T |   |   |   |   |   | B |   | E |   | S |   | W |
| Y | A | H | O | O |   |   | R | E | S | O | N | A | T | O | R |   |
|   |   | A |   | R |   |   | A |   | T |   | T |   | A |   | I |   |
| R | E | P | S |   |   | O | N | T | O | L | O | G | I | S | T |   |
| U |   | E |   |   |   |   | G |   | N |   |   | M |   | R |   | E |
| M | E | L | P | O | M | E | N | E |   |   |   | B | A | S | E | R |

WORD SEARCH:

The remaining words are:

MERRIMAN WILL WIN THE EFFICIENCY SHIELD THIS YEAR.

MATCH THE FACES TO THE LEGS:

- 1 = C
- 2 = A
- 3 = B



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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