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JENNY

MERRIMAN

PREFECTS



ROSEMARY LOCH DAVIS, JUDY RICHARDS, MAGGIE DU TOIT,
CHERYL HEMINGWAY, JACKIE BATCHELOR, AND NOT FORGETTING,
MIGHTY MOUSE.

HOW MERRIMAN BEGAN....

Merriman, one of the three Houses at Herschel, has existed for about fifty years. It only first began in 1930, for, when Herschel was founded eight years before, there were only 30 pupils in the school - just too few to be divided into three houses. However, by 1930, as Herschel was becoming more and more popular, the numbers had crept up to 88. This was when the three Houses were established.

The prominent John X. Merriman, at that time a statesman and former Prime Minister of the Cape, performed the official opening of the school. Along with William Jagger and Dean Rolt, he was one of the three men most closely associated with founding and opening Herschel.

In the early days, each House met every Friday at 2.40 p.m. The meeting opened with a House Prayer, after which order marks and distinctions won during the week were reported. A collection was taken each week to purchase various materials and for the support of charities.

On alternate Fridays, this time was allocated to sewing for the Child Welfare or Inter-House events - and to think we still complain at having to knit a jersey once a year!

The nature of Inter-House activities has changed greatly through the years. Order marks used to be given for bad behaviour and neglected homework. Here one comes across anxious warnings in the House reports:

"If the Junior members continue to receive so many conduct marks Merriman will not win the Efficiency Shield."

or

The average standard of work is very good, but distinctions are outnumbered by order marks."

These were replaced later by a deportment cup, which was re-awarded each term. However, this has in turn mercifully disappeared.

Before the swimming pool was built in 1938, Inter-house swimming was held at St.Janes' 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 has 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!

For a while there was Inter-house volleyball, lacrosse and even cricket. However, these were superseded by hockey. Flower arranging and art exhibitions were conducted on an Inter-house basis. A relatively recent Inter-house activity were the magazines.

Merriman has, as a tradition, supported St. Michael's Home. This charity effort has always been most successful in providing general financial assistance. Earlier, dating back to the inception of the Houses, involvement in wartime fund-raising was extensive. Merriman contributed to the "Speed the Planes" Fund. In 1942 they bought sheepskin coats for the Navy. Despite the numerous fire-fighting practices and drills, however, the war did not seem to disrupt the calm routine of school life.

Until 1980, Merriman has for six years won the Efficiency Shield. Merriman has consistently outshone the other Houses in Mark Readings. Our academic standard has always been high. Maybe we do not excel in all fields - sport for example - but we certainly can maintain high standards and tons of spirit. In fact, we appear to be remaining firmly on the crest of our wave for a long time yet - LONG LIVE MERRIMAN!

ELIZABETH BAKER
STD. 9



MERRIMAN FARM

In the earlier part of this century, a railroad was commissioned between Cape Town and Johannesburg, passing through the Karoo. It cut through a farm in the Great Karoo. It did and still belongs to the Paul family. A railway station was built and named after John X Merriman. Hence the farm became known as Merriman. Today the little station still stands only a few hundred meters in front of the original farmhouse.

Merriman is like any other Karoo farm, hot in the summer and unbearably cold in winter. In 1976 part of the original farmhouse burnt down and it has since then been restored, but thankfully, most of the original antique furniture remains, making it historically interesting.

Merriman also played a big part during the Anglo Boer war, as there is a block house used during the war on the farm. One can see the bullet holes in the walls, and if you scratch in the ground, bullet shells are often found. There is one old man living on the farm who insists that he was the horse boy for the Boers and that he saw many battles fought from the block house.

As on any farm, Merriman has its fair share of "characters". There are people (coloured people) who have been and worked on the farm for many years. Many of them were born there. "Fytjie" is a woman who has been on the farm ever since she can remember. She is almost illiterate, but can read and write a little, due to the decision by Mrs Paul to attempt to teach her to read and write. She does not know how old she is, and has no birth certificate, but has been with the family for almost 60 years. She raised both the Paul daughters and their daughters. Both daughters are married now, one living in Cape Town and the other living in Richmond. Both remember with affection how they were force-fed by "Fytjie" and being spanked when they refused to eat.

Another character is April who has been on the farm for longer than the Paul family can remember. He lived in a hole dug into the ground, covered by a sink plate. No one could persuade him to leave this hole and live in the houses reserved for the farm labourers. He had a strange story to tell..... He is looking after the Paul Kruger gold. He claims to have been a "tou leier" (a boy who leads the oxen) for Paul Kruger and, according to him, Paul Kruger buried the gold and asked him to remain with it until he returned. April has not moved since, not even to buy food.

The main source of income is sheep - mainly the wool. The Merino rams are housed in big sheds at night because they are very valuable.

JULIE WALKER
STD. 9



MERRIMAN FARM



SERVANTS WHO HAVE
BECOME PART
OF THE
FARM.



DIAMOND

JUBILEE

The 60th Anniversary of Herschel was celebrated on February 19 this year. Friday morning dawned hot and sunny and on arriving at school one could sense the feeling of suppressed excitement.

Amid much organisation and preparation, Herschel junior and senior school crocodile down to partake in our annual Founder's Day service at St. Saviour's Church. The service was lovely - as is characteristic of all our services. The choir, lead by Miss Sweet, echoed beautifully in the old stone church.

Towards late morning the school and visitors assembled under our dear old Ilex tree in the shady bricked amphitheatre to listed to Mrs Barbara Payne, an ex-Headmistress of Herschel. After speaking of her memories of Herschel she cut the beautiful birthday cake. Tea for the visitors was then served and the girls went off to the Hall to produce a "spur of the moment" variety show which, although put together very quickly, was hilarious and most successful.

It certainly did prove to be a successful day - the weather was on our side and everyone seemed to enjoy it - HAPPY BIRTHDAY HERSCHEL!

FOOTNOTE

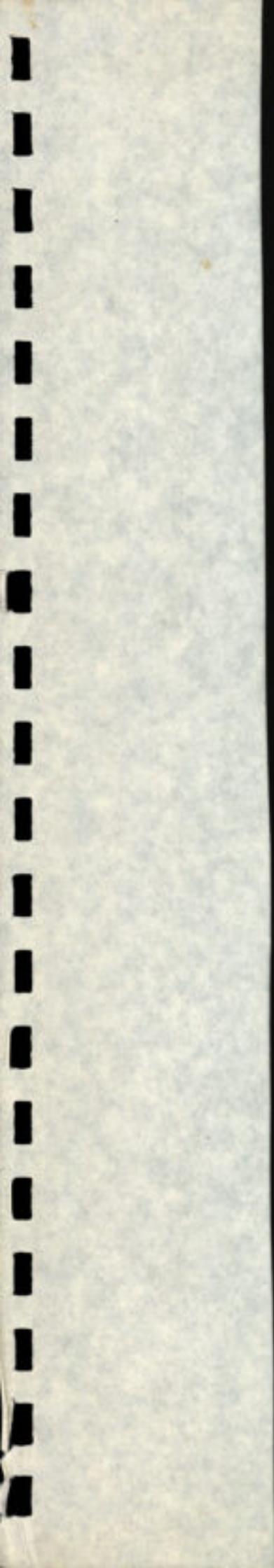
Part of our Jubilee celebrations will include a fete, being held in the fourth term of this year, which will aid school funds. Each class has been allocated a particular stall to which it must contribute the necessary goods. The fete will spread throughout the school grounds and will include food stalls, film shows, a tea garden, competitions, a helicopter and a gymkhana. Let's hope that it will be a great success and widely supported.



THE JUBILEE CAKE



LYNNE STAMPER
THANKING
MRS BARBARA PAYNE.



HERSCHEL SCHOOL

« MERRIMAN MUM »

This year Merriman Magazine has decided to choose a "Merriman Mum". After careful thinking, picking and choosing we decided on Mrs Deirdre Jones, mother of Nicky and Lindsay, both of whom are in Merriman.

We really chose her because she has, in the past ten years, become such a part of Herschel and, in particular, Merriman. She unfailingly supports Merriman at hockey matches, tennis, swimming and all other inter-House events. And she is never without a fresh bunch of red flowers, appropriately pinned to her dress.

Mrs Jones can always be relied on when it comes to school functions. At present she is playing an active part in the organising of our school fête, in charge of the Std.9's Baby Stall. If ever one wants to find her, she is always parked, on time, in the school grounds in her familiar white Mercedes with the blue roof.

Mrs Jones was born in the Falkland Islands and came to South Africa as a young girl. She was a speech teacher before her marriage and has four children. She recently celebrated 25th Anniversary with a trip overseas with her husband. Congratulations Mrs Jones, and thanks for all your encouraging support.



MRS DEIRDRE JONES

HOUSE MISTRESS' LETTER

Dear Merriman girls

I hope you don't expect a report of my holiday abroad that will set the Thames on fire! In fact I never went near the Thames, and gave London a wide berth. My views were the Trent and the Avons (did you know there are more than one Avon? The word "Avon" means "river"!)

The Trent, and Trent Bridge, where cricket tests are played, is in Nottingham and I was in a small town about 14 miles out. I had a lovely bedroom overlooking a farmer's field and woke each morning to find cows gathered underneath. We had the country all around and England is indeed a "green and pleasant land". The climate in summer is variable but gentle and even the smell is gentle - that of new-mown hay.

A Mrs Tiggywinkle came into the garden each day from the fields or hedgerows and tipped the saucer of milk we left for her to get the last drop. The daylight of course lasted from about 5.am to after 9 at night.

I had a feast of Wimbledon. To cope with the back-log of matches, the tournament got started at 11.55 each day, so we could watch on either of two channels from then until 9 in the evening. My other passion, crosswords, was also indulged. Arthur, my host, found his secretary about to throw away 100 back copies of the London Times. Margaret, my hostess, and I snipped out 100 crossword puzzles. I'm still not quite finished them!

We shopped in Nottingham. The highlight was the odd weirdos one saw - Punk hair styles in various colours of the rainbow all on one head, Mohican hair-cuts and noses pierced for rings were some of the passing sights. I helped Margaret serve in her "Shabby shop" - a charity shop in aid of the Church of England's childrens' fund, but found it very difficult to interpret the Midlands' accents. My son, James, is told at school that he "talks posh" because he says "harf" and "clars", not "haf" and "clās" and "mum" and "money", not "moom" and "moony".

James and I hired a mini-metro and toured for six days. We stopped overnight with friends and relatives, and enjoyed the countryside by driving along secondary roads through all the villages in Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Sussex and Surrey. These changed from Tudor beamed houses with bulging walls, to cotswold stone like those in Castle Coombe and beautiful thatched cottages in the South. I saw hundreds of possible cottages for me to buy! We did pilgrimages to Broadlands (Louis Mountbatten's home) and Chartwell (Churchill's home) for James, and I squeezed in Charton (Jane Austen) for myself.

During the month I rejoiced with the English as the ship returned from the Falklands, was indignant with them at the lack of palace security and the Queen's amazing experience at entertaining a young interloper who sat on the edge of her bed and was horrified by the bomb attack by the IRA in London. In true

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English fashion most indignation was vented on the fate of the horses. We were shown Sefton's horrible wounds, but comforted by the fact that he was recovering, with his stall piled with sugar, carrots, barley-sugar and huge crates of similar gifts.

Now that I'm back, like you, I have to get down to some hard work, so let us hold thumbs for one another.

With love and best wishes

Ann Thompson.



MERRIMAN HOUSE MISTRESS
MRS. THOMPSON.

MERRIMAN

NEWS ROUND-UP

- 1978** ALLSOP - Julie-Anne is doing a B.Sc at UCT.
- 1978** BAKER - Catherine spent a year in Post Matric at Bishops and is now in her third year at UCT doing a BA.
- 1980** BAKER - Susan is at the Michaelis School of Art, UCT where she is studying for her degree in Graphic Art, after spending a year doing a BA at UCT.
- 1980** DE KOCK - Lindy is in her 2nd year at UCT, doing a BA.
- 1980** EVE - Cathy is at Abbots after returning from England where she and her family spent a year.
- 1980** EVE - Susan is doing a BA at UCT after returning from England.
- 1980** GRODTENDORST - Clair, our ex-Head Girl is doing Engineering at UCT after returning from America where she spent a year as a Rotary Student.
- 1980** HANEKOM - Fleur is in her second year doing Graphic Design at Stellenbosch.
- 1980** LLOYD ROBERTS - Susan has been in London auditioning with her friend, Marie Enthoven. Together they have been travelling round Europe on a Eurail pass and managed to get to Greece where they visited Athens and worked in a boarding house - making beds and washing dishes!
- 1980** MOLL - Cathy began a BA degree at UCT in 1981 and is now in Johannesburg doing a computer course at Tech.
- 1981** DEAL - Nicki, our ex-Head of Merriman, is training at Marks and Spencer in England.
- 1981** HAYDEN - Rowan is in her first year at UCT doing a degree in Architecture.
- 1981** JONES - Lindsay is at UCT doing a course in Social Science, hoping to eventually do Personnel Management.

- 1981** DVENSTONE - Chlöe, who was head of the Boarding House, is at UCT and is doing a Business Science degree. She is staying in one of the University residences.
- 1981** PARKER - Gillian left in Std. 9 for America where she repeated a year in Std. 9 and is now doing very well in her new school and enjoying America.
- 1981** SAUNDERS - Catherine, our ex-Head Girl is studying occupational therapy at UCT.
- 1981** SINGER - Alexa began university, studying a BA in French, English Drama and Psychology and then started modelling. She has now accepted a contract with the top modelling agency in New York and has flown to fame in the world of fashion and beauty. At the moment she is modelling in Rome for Harpers Magazine.



ALEXA SINGER

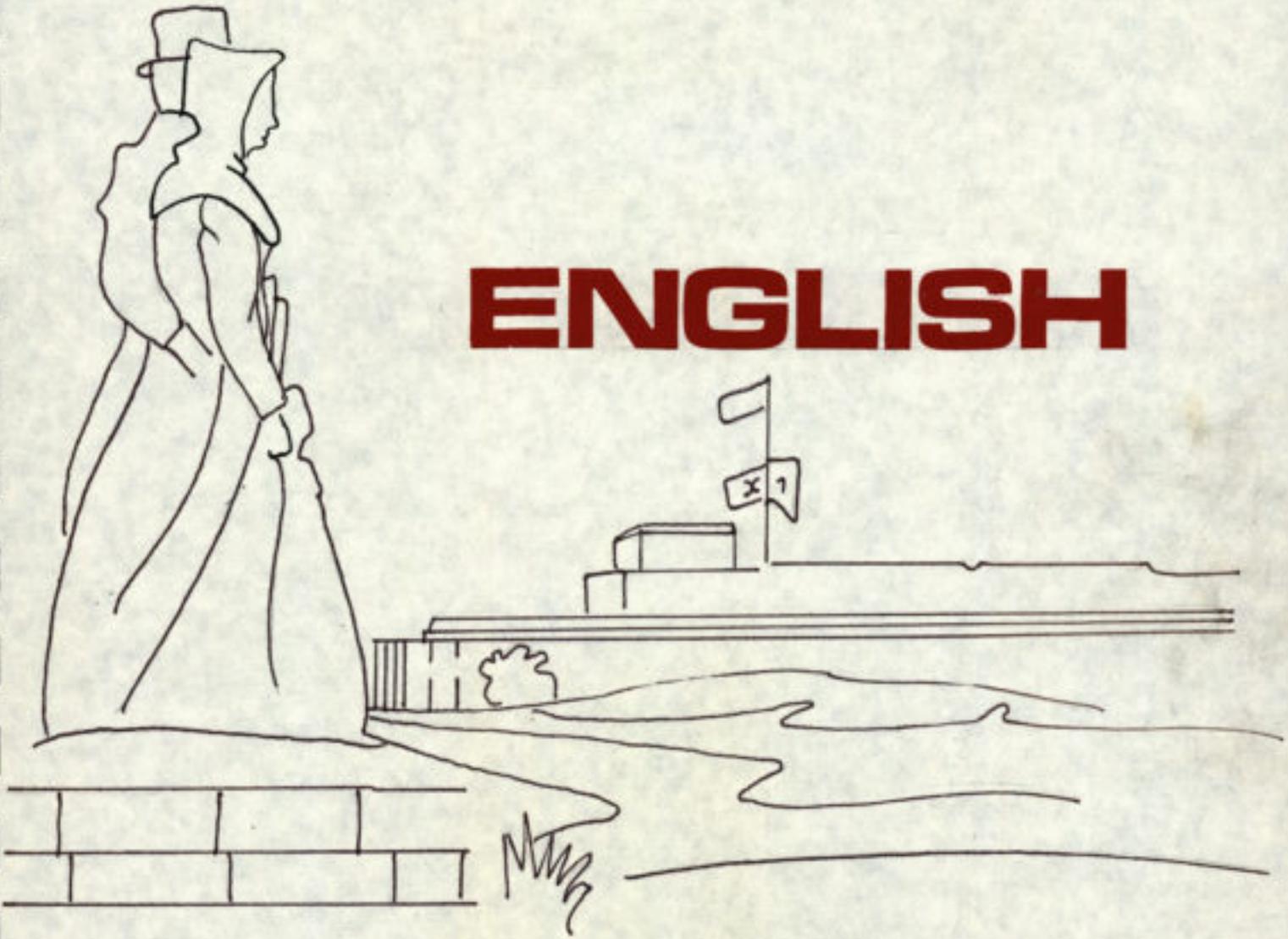
MERRIMAN GIRL IN THE NEWS!

Blooming beautiful!



ANYTHING but lily white, this unusual flower has been the blooming pride of Mrs Maud Hendricks of Muizenberg during the past few days. Mrs Hendricks acquired the bulb of the black lily about three months ago — 40 years after she had seen one of the flowers in her mother's garden. Wendy Sharpley, 18, of Rondebosch is holding the flower.

ENGLISH



RED BALLOONS

The balloons - bright red- bobbed about him, and for once he was happy. He had his own balloon too, which floated above like a banner proclaiming his happiness to the world. He had an ice-cream as well, which he clasped tightly in one grubby hand; afraid, almost, to eat it as he stumbled along beside the girl and boy. They were older than him - the girl and the boy - for he was only ten. They smiled at him, not laughing nor showing pity, and he liked them.

They left the other balloons behind as they walked down the path that ran through the park, but his own special balloon floated above him still. The girl laughed at something the boy said. He did not understand, but he laughed as well and they all laughed.

They passed a shop. The girl looked at the window, pretending that it was a mirror, but he did not look in it. He never pretended anything was a mirror, not even a real mirror, for he did not like looking at himself. Not many people did. An old lady crossed the road hurriedly, and looked everywhere else but at him. He knew why, but now he did not care. He was so happy.

He did not often come down this street, or any street, for the other children jeered at him and the grown-ups always looked the other way. Usually he would want to cry and would have to run away till he was safe in his own private world and nobody would be there to see him cry. Today was different; today he didn't care if they jeered; today no grown-up mattered for today he had the girl and the boy and the red balloon and his half-melted ice-cream and today he was laughing.

"Come, meet some of our friends". He pulled away slightly. He didn't want to meet their friends - he was happy enough with them alone.

"Oh, come silly. They all want so much to meet you. They even bought red balloons so it would be like in the park. We all know how much you love the balloons in the park." And he went with them.

He went down the steps and in through the door, and there were red balloons, lots and lots of them, and everybody was laughing and he was laughing too. Then the boy pushed and he fell amongst all the people, and his ice-cream fell and everyone laughed more. He didn't laugh. He looked around at them all laughing and poking him and laughing and then spinning him round till he was looking at a mirror and then laughing more. He screamed; he screamed at their laughter and at the disfigured face in the mirror and the broken ice-cream on the floor and most of all at the red balloons which bobbed mockingly above him and his own precious balloon, which had popped.

STEPHANIE DUTKIEWICZ
STD. 8





JACKIE STEVENS
STD 9

A N E Y E S O R E

The erratic spurs of light that escaped through the pine trees evoked in my mind the consciousness one has of flashing beams of light reflected onto one's face in the cinema. They were similar sensations. Only the surrounding paradise banished from my mind all thought of the scruffy cinema scene. Around me lay, I concluded, the epitome of natural beauty. The reality of the pine trees' flickering light, the vitality of the birds singing and the purity of the air struck me forcibly.

As I gazed, mesmerized, at the passing ground, I became aware of the unobstructed path I was able to follow. It seemed unreal, everything so wild and untouched and yet, on the other hand, so perfect created for my own enjoyment. I revelled in the unfolding nature as new scenes and atmospheres awaited me every corner that I turned. As I soaked up the beauty of my surroundings, I became aware of a dark object through the dense bushes ahead. Feelings of curiosity mixed with those of annoyance at the disturbance of my haven swirled in my mind. I walked rapidly towards the disturbing force as the darkness merged into the form of a house. I hastened with curiosity to see its full structure. My curiosity turned to anger as the ramshackled hovel met my eyes. Corrugated iron sheets lay strewn around it, a washing line was attached to an oak, its tatty clothes flapping in the wind. Tears swelled up in my mind. I wanted to strike down the man-made sheets that created in the pressure of the wind. It was my duty to destroy this disruptive creation. The adrenalin gushed to my face. I could feel my teeth clench as I strode towards the eye-sore. The unbroken beauty of the birds singing was the only sweet consolation that had not been destroyed by this filthy presence.

"Rock a bye baby..." - the sweet music gushed into my ears, her voice penetrating deeply into my subconscious, relaxing my anger and excitement. The melancholy voice continued, filling my head as my intense anger subsided. I was drawn by it towards the revolting jumble of corrugated iron, but as I drew closer, I became aware of a woman crouching over an infant clutched in her rocking arms. The singing continued..... She was unaware of my presence. I couldn't speak - the voice filled my senses. As I watched her singing to the child in her arms I felt strangely fulfilled. In the mellow green light that was created by the grass, I experienced a sight so beautiful that the surrounding paradise merged into insignificance. The purity of her singing harmonised with the bird calls that gushed from the trees. I hesitantly retreated, not wishing to disturb the lullaby and then, once more, became aware of the nature around me. Yet, this, as I surveyed the hovel, seemed to merge into the surroundings. The singing filled the air, increasing the perfection of the atmosphere. The past annoyance, that had bothered me so much, no longer destroyed my haven; on the contrary, it seemed to enhance my enjoyment of its beauty.

I retraced my steps, relieved at not having disturbed the scene I had stumbled upon. I felt a sense of complete satisfaction. The flickering light of the pine trees felt more and more lovely as I dwelt on the joy of my experience.

I continued but halted at the sight of a clump of lilies that nestled beneath a log. The purity of their white contrasted with the darkness of the log. The sight of their beauty reminded me of the innocent purity of the infant cradled in its mother's arms. They had newly sprung from the soil and would grow more beautiful as they went forward from their childhood into maturity... Summer. As I went on, I wondered how I could have missed them on my previous walk and I wondered also how, when I recollected the joys of my experience, the eye-sore seemed insignificant.

SARAH ASHLEY
STD. 9

YOUNG

MERRIMANERS

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

My Mother

My Mummy has brown eyes and dark red hair. She is nice. I like her. She buys me dresses and shoes. She makes my bed. She takes me to swim. She is nice.

KAREN

Easter

On Easter Sunday the Easter bunny gave my brother and I eight eggs. We gave the Easter bunny a carrot. My Mummy and Daddy gave us some Easter eggs. I like the Easter bunny because he gives us Easter eggs.

MIA

All About Me

My name is Caroline. I am seven years old. I have fair hair and blue eyes and I like swimming. I like school and I like running. I don't like fighting and I like walking in water.

CAROLINE

MOMENT OF TRUTH

I, like many teenagers, was obsessed with myself and the cocoon I had spun around myself and my interests. I lived from day to day oblivious of the world around me. The news about the rest of the world did not penetrate my little world. The wars, starvation and other world crises seemed far away.

My friends and I chatted about the new season's fashions and what new outfits we would wear. We gossiped about the guys we had met and what we did on the week-ends. For me, my life was already planned. I would finish my secondary education at school and then go to university where I would further it. Later I hoped to get married and rear a family of my own. I visualised my life as comfortable; maybe a little dull but it was what I knew and what I knew as safe.

It was one of those beautiful clear mornings that we often experience in the Cape. It was a Saturday and I had decided to go shopping to see what clothes I could buy for winter. Many other people must have had similar ideas as the streets were thronged with people. Some were hurrying along with a determined stride while others loitered looking at the luxurious items displayed in the windows. After my morning of shopping I returned by train and it was while I was waiting for my father to fetch me that the incident occurred that changed my life.

While I waited, I watched the people entering and leaving the station. Most of all the people were black and they scurried along laden with packets. It was then that I saw a police van idly yet ominously drive around the square in front of me. Suddenly it stopped and two men climbed out. They approached a black man and asked him something. I saw fear flash across his face followed quickly by relief. He fumbled in his pockets and pulled out something that looked either like a book or a piece of coloured cardboard. The policeman nodded and turned away.

The rest of the people looked apprehensively around and began to hurry away. A black woman quite a distance from me was unaware of the situation as she was wiping her son's nose. I saw the policemen approach her and their shadow fell threateningly over her. Hastily she stood up. Her back was towards me and out of curiosity I walked nearer and stood behind another interested passer-by. I heard the police ask her about a pass. In a panic she looked around for someone she knew. The fear on her face made the whites of her eyes stand out against her dark skin.

It was then that I recognized her as Ethel, our maid. She could not see me behind the man I was standing. I knew she had no pass and I was helpless. All I could do was watch in horror as she was bundled into the van with John, her son, screaming in terror. The door clanged shut and I saw her terrified face behind the wire mesh as the van drove away.

I had known her for fifteen years but how little of her family and her people I knew or of the fear that they lived with in our country. That was my moment of truth and I vowed to do something for my and their country. No longer would I allow myself to be obsessed with my own trivial world.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE - BOON OR CURSE?

There is no doubt that the advance of science through the ages has visibly improved our lives. Motor cars, aeroplanes, radio and communication systems, cures for disease have all been of great help to mankind. In spite of all this, in recent years, man has made such enormous strides in the field of science that he can hardly keep up with the advances that are being made and indeed, if not careful, he will be responsible for his own destruction.

As new scientific advances are made, so the pace of life quickens. Fifty years ago it took several days to travel a few hundred kilometres. Today man can fly around the world in less time. Many people suffer from nervous breakdowns and heart attacks as they are unable to cope with the pace. In America, in the late sixties, the "flower children" began to emerge as a result of this fast living. They wanted to opt out of society and return to nature in order to lead a more relaxed lifestyle. They were concerned with the quality of life in the U.S.A. and wanted to change it. In recent years many such groups have established themselves in various parts of the world.

The advance in the field of medical science has been, in many ways, a boon and has helped modern society greatly. Advances in medical research have gone as far as to eliminate almost all of the diseases which in earlier days caused many deaths. Lives are today also prolonged by organ transplants and other techniques.

Many people now feel that medical science is going too far. They do not agree with test tube babies and many other modern ideas. They fear man is interfering too much with the normal course of events. Scientists are now experimenting with They have already succeeded in this way, in producing identical frogs. They hope one day to be able to produce identical babies. Many people have already expressed their feelings against this.

Today we live in the Space Age and the age of nuclear power. There are many advantages as well as disadvantages in these fields of science.

Some of the many pay-offs of space exploration have become an integral part of our daily lives as in the case of space age communication. Today, transcontinental and transoceanic telephone calls and television broadcasts are relayed immediately by satellites. More and more people, living thousands of kilometres apart, are thus able to share in events almost as they happen. Other benefits are satellite photography, giving us details of our weather. They have detected severe storms and ocean currents. In doing so they have been able to help avert disaster.

The mood of the space age has been largely one of protest. As man reaches for the stars a booming population, poverty, pollution and social and political tension destroy the quality of life on his home planet. Many say space travel is an extravagant use of resources that should go to feeding, clothing and housing the poverty stricken multitudes and to better the quality of life on this planet.

Many people think nuclear power is a necessity. Oil prices are rising and the supply is diminishing and uncertain. New coal fields will take time and money to develop and will involve detrimental environmental consequences. Our only alternative is nuclear power. This is the view of many people but nuclear power has many disadvantages. It is very difficult to dispose of nuclear waste from nuclear power stations. In America nuclear waste was encased in "non-crackable" containers and disposed of in the sea. Some of these "non-crackable" containers cracked, letting out radio-active waste which caused the deformity of plants and animals on the sea bottom in that area. Another ecological problem is that nuclear power plants give off heat. In our case, with Koeberg, the sea water temperature in the area will be raised by several degrees. This sudden change in habitat will come about too quickly for the plant and animal life to adapt and living organisms all in the region will die.

Intricate ecological webs connect the lives of all living beings. Through scientific adventures, as in the case of the nuclear waste and the nuclear plant raising the water temperature, the precarious balance of nature is being upset.

When the web of inter-relationship between plants and animals is broken too quickly, when human beings change the habitat in which they were evolved, they can only die out. This is the threat and it is present-day man who will stand condemned unless he does something soon. The ancient question remains: Can man, the most creative and destructive creature on earth, learn to control himself? If so, perhaps science in the future may become only a boon and not a curse.

SUSAN BOWLEY
STD. 10

H A P P Y

Carousels twirl, a whirl of colours and smiles. Happy faces everywhere, in the land where only fun and children exist. Laughter drifts high into the air like pink sugary candy floss. Carnival music provides the background to useless idiotic chatter as families step quickly around the stalls and happy faces that surround them, toffee-apple-sticky fingers clasped.

Hysterical screams float high above the laughter from the dipping steel construction; happy screams, let-all-your-frustrations-out screams. Dusty feet in dusty sandals tramp the endless lanes of expensive pleasure. Pink teddy-bears adorn every female arm and luminous bands surround every neck. Uninhibited, businessmen and housewives, college students and postmen frolic in the sea of faces, oblivious to others, but happy.

Gunshots pop, mocking war and killing, advertising cracked bowls and blue rag-dolls. Grinning clown faces turn this way and that, mouths agape receive red tennis balls. Magnetic fishes cling to lines and tiny wooden horses charge along glossy green-painted tracks. Miserly fathers toss coins to their children, thinking that tomorrow they will count their losses as they laugh their way from stall to stall, world to world.

Streams of hair fly out behind bubble cars as they rush across the floor, trailing a line of sparks, to crash into other rubber-sided cars. Laughing, chattering girls seat themselves in train seats and prepare to be terrified, screaming gamely through the black tunnels and laughing gaily in the sunshine.

Gyrating bubble-shaped seats throw exhilarated passengers against cracked plastic-upholstered back-rests. Crowds gasp with one breath as a daring young motorcyclist races around a perpendicular wall as if suspended by an invisible rope.

Hot dogs and cokes are sold on every corner and popcorn falls like hail to be trampled underfoot by the fun-seekers. Red balloons rise gas filled into the dim air, like the happiness of the fairground crowd, to burst in the silence of the lonely, dark night.

WENDY PEROLD
STD. 8

THOUGHTS ARE LIKE A GLASS
PANE THAT ARE SPLINTERED INTO
FRAGMENTS EACH ONE
RAZOR SHARP!

OUT
OF
ADVERSITY
EXCELLENCE
IS BORN.
GOETHE

LIFE IS A COMPET-
ITION. PEOPLE WHO RUN AWAY
FROM COMPETITION DO NOT
SURVIVE.
O. WILDE

SOMETIMES I THINK
WRITING IS LIKE DRIVING
SHEEP ALONG A ROAD... IF THERE
IS ANY GATE TO THE LEFT OR RIGHT, THE
READERS WILL MOST CERT
C.S. LEWIS

WHAT MATTERS IN MOMENTS OF
DESPAIR IS NOT WHAT IS TRUE
AND WHAT IS FALSE, BUT
WHATEVER HELPS US TO
LIVE.

THE
ENCHANTERS

TO BE
IRRITATED BY
CRITICISM IS TO ACK-
NOWLEDGE IT WAS
DESERVED. TRISTAN

PAIN IS GOOD BECAUSE
ONE FEELS...
THEREFORE I HAVE
LEFT YOU SOME
SPLINTERS

AN UNINVITED GUEST

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 favourite 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 first 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 curiously. 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 granddilla 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 shepherdess, 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 teethmarks, - 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 spout.

NATASHA THEUPHILOU
STD 10

DRUGS - BANE OR BLESSING?

We all know people whose day is an infernal round of taking drugs. They banish pain, both physical and emotional, with headache powders and tranquillizers, close or open their stomachs with antacids and laxatives, send themselves to sleep with hypnotics and often compound the effects with alcohol. Are these drugs a bane or blessing?

To the man in the street all drugs have a single common effect. They cure. The truth is that any medicine you take is a foreign substance introduced into your system and is never entirely harmless.

Any drug consumed indiscriminately is dangerous. The medications which injure and kill are not only those clearly toxic but also the everyday remedies taken in any way at any time. Even Aspirin misused is dangerous. If over-used it causes bleeding in the digestive tract and on rare occasions this may be severe, inducing ulcers. Taking painkillers for any persistent symptoms is also extremely dangerous as it may delay urgently needed specific medical treatment.

Many sufferers mix pills, tablets, capsules, granules and powders and do so without giving a thought to what they contain. This leads to many severe accidents. Most often the patient collapses and lapses into a coma.

Drugs which are chiefly misused today, especially by the young, are those which cause euphoria in the taker and predisposes him to addiction. The most well known of these is opium. The first effect of these drugs is a temporary excitement. The final effect, if the dose is large enough, is to produce a peculiar helpless, languid stupor called drunkenness. Alcohol in all its forms falls into this category. All these drugs artificially soothe the nervous system which demands more and more until the victim is enslaved.

It can be deduced then that any drug taken or used in the wrong way, without a doctor's prescription or advice, is extremely dangerous. This self medication can jeopardise your health - even your life.

Drugs on the other hand are life-savers. Taken at the right time in the right way, used and controlled by medical practitioners, they relieve pain, reduce fever, combat diseases of all kinds, control epidemics and have cured many former "incurable diseases".

All kinds of operations are able to be performed while patients are sedated by drugs, thus saving lives. As a result of drugs the average life expectancy in South Africa has risen dramatically in the last century. Viewed in this light, drugs are a blessing to which many thousands of people owe their lives.

It can be deduced then that drugs are a blessing but also a bane. Drug abuse is a reflection of the tensions, demands and values of our society. Perhaps, if society was made to change, drugs could become only a blessing and not be a bane to us at all.

SUSAN BOWLEY
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. The umpire waits patiently, his mouth poised above the microphone while his eyes gaze indifferently at the temperamental mass crowding him like a huge army.

The umpire's deep, piercing voice penetrates through the spectators. "Missto 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 its 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 ball 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 other's weaknesses and flaws, which at our level are scarce. Psychologically, we play on each other's thoughts, equally determined to hold out longer than the other. The points are long, the tension is nerve-tearing, for one mistake could lose me 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 band having been stretched too far. My body has been used to its absolute ability. I feel like a bird, uncaged and soaring into the sky.

SARAH ASHLEY
STD. 9

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES

The screeching of the train's brakes became less intense and then stopped. I climbed in, clutching only a brown paper bag containing my lunch, and looked around. The train was practically empty but I noticed someone sitting at the far end of the carriage. It was going to be a long journey. I should be glad of company.

It was only after I sat down that I realised that I knew the middle-aged woman seated opposite me; an inquisitive stare was on her face. I groaned inwardly, for I had chosen the worst possible company and I was not going to sit and listen to that dreadful woman's mundane chatter for the whole journey. I was in no mood for being bored and would sit and occupy myself with eating my peanut-butter sandwiches and ignore her.

I curtly inclined my head towards her and very deliberately opened the brown paper bag containing my peanut nutter sandwiches. That really must have put her off. How would she ever speak to me after being so snubbed? But I unwrapped the peanut butter sandwiches, and, looking out of the window as though deeply interested in the monotonous passing scenery, took the first bite.

After some time, her presence made itself felt. Stealing a glance at her, I noticed that she was staring fixedly at me. Stupid old woman, trying to make me embarrassed by glaring indignantly at me. Well, I would just continue eating the sandwiches - after all, that is all I could do. However, with each mouthful, I felt more uneasy.

Some time later, I gave her a surreptitious glance. She was still looking at me. I felt myself redden against my will, but I pretended to ignore the looks she was giving me and stared uncomfortably into the brown paper bag in which there was only one peanut butter sandwich left. This one would have to last a long time. Did she perhaps want a bite of my sandwich or had I been too abrupt? Well, I wasn't going to do anything about it. Silly old woman, sitting up straight like that and glaring at me!

I snatched another look at her. She was still staring rigidly at me, her gaze never leaving my face. I knew I was blushing and sought refuge in contemplating the last peanut butter sandwich. Thank heavens for peanut butter sandwiches, I smugly thought.

I thought perhaps I should make up for my bad manners and talk to her. After all, the journey would soon be over and it would soothe my conscience. I gathered my energy and courage together to make some insignificant remark to her. I was checked by the expression on her face, still staring glassily. Forgetting my attempt to be polite, I stared back at her. A sudden panic seized me when I noticed the slight bluish tinge of her face. The compartment was silent. Quickly, letting the brown paper packet with the forgotten peanut butter sandwich slide off my lap, I reached out and felt her hand. It was stiff, blue and stone cold.

ELIZABETH BAKER
STD. 9

SAND PRINTS

The sand was like a great golden-white board, without any impression on it. On and on it stretched - perfect, even, smooth. Yet, there was an imperfection; two footsteps side by side, as if someone had stood there a while, lost in thought. Their shape cut into the sand. They were small feet, like those that belonged to a child. They were perfect. Nothing else stood around them, no trail led up to them and none led away. Just two perfect footsteps in one almost perfect stretch of sand.

Maybe they were the art of a craftsman, patiently carving into the sand, aware of nothing else but the beauty and perfection he was creating.

Maybe a small boy, flying in his dreams, chanced to stop a while and stand still and think - and then lifted off again to fly away, leaving his footmarks in the sand.

Maybe they were the footsteps of a child patiently waiting for its mother, but no footsteps came towards it, for its mother had never come.

Maybe they were carefully made to be a signature of one who wished to be remembered, but was yet too young to have performed any act of merit.

Maybe a child had left them behind when he had stood to cry for the one he had lost.

Maybe they were the footsteps of a child looking for love, but, thinking no one could love her, had given up hope and remained where she stood.

Maybe they were the footsteps of someone about to die, standing alone, meekly accepting death.

Or could a little girl have stood there quietly watching while her footsteps and those of others were destroyed, like a bomb destroying the world. Then, all alone, she had faded away into unhappiness, leaving her footsteps behind as a reminder of what had once been.

I do not know how they came to be there, nor who had made them, but I do not think it matters. Isn't it enough that there are two perfect footsteps in one almost perfect stretch of sand? Isn't it enough when most of the sand in the world is stained with the pollution of mankind and the footsteps are tainted with greed and hate? Two perfect footsteps in one almost perfect stretch of sand.

STEPHANIE DUTKIEWICZ
STD. 8.

Five years ago, when we lived in London, we used to visit the London Zoo quite frequently.

I particularly remember the first visit. After looking at the lions, the rest of the party hurried on to see the monkeys' tea-party. As I was about to follow, my hat blew off to land on the other side of the fence. Quickly, I climbed over and, just as I was about to pick it up, the wind blew it a few meters nearer the sleeping lion. I crept closer and suddenly the wind blew it right into the lion's face. I picked up my hat and ran. With a roar he woke up and charged me. As I climbed over the fence, he pulled at my leg - just as I am pulling yours!!

SARAH CRAWFORD-BROWNE
STD. 6

There was a headgirl called Lin,
Who became as thin as a pin;
To put on some weight
Her koki's she ate
Now she has rainbow-striped skin.

SARAH CRAWFORD-BROWNE
STD. 6

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

The cloudless, blue sky promised another scorching day. The soft, onshore wind did nothing to cool the sunbaked sand. Even the small, slow-moving waves seemed listless, as if the heat had already taken hold of them.

A seagull circled the turquoise-coloured sea, hesitantly. He seemed uncertain, cocking his head to the side occasionally, as if trying to discover the reason for his nervousness. A heavy whine settled his doubts. He swerved sharply to the right and with a fast, downward thrust of his wings, was gone. The droning noise continued, increasing steadily in volume. Six black specks appeared high up in the sky, moving quickly. As they drew closer they began to take shape; German aeroplanes.

Down below them, an old man walked with his old Alsatian - Min. He rested his hand on the dog's neck, each trusting and loving the other. He talked softly to her, knowing that his companion would always listen. "Min, old girl, it's going to be a scorcher today. You and me have seen worse, though, ain't we? You know, Min, us two are getting on now. We ain't as young as yesterday. My bones are cracking up - I feel it. Must admit you look like a puppy still. But me; why I look like a right old doddering fool. Remember what I said, girl? I said I never wanted to get old. I couldn't bear to sit in an old-age home, slowly going senile. Well, Min, I've decided the time has come for me to lay down my head, forever. I thought about you, and, though you like to pretend you're a puppy, you are getting on too, you know. So I've brought my old Webley. Remember it from the 1st World War? You weren't born yet, but I used it then. It worked well. Thought it might as well work for a last time - today. How about it, old girl?"

The dog looked up with adoration in her soft brown eyes. She wagged her stiff tail slowly. She would go wherever her master went, do what he wanted her to do. They walked on, until they were over the ridge, descending into a tiny, rocky cover.

As the waves broke on the smooth, weathered rocks, the old man paused, with a sad look in his weak eyes, before continuing, "Min, I've heard that England is going to war again. I wonder who'll win this time, how many lives will be lost and how long it will last. I'm glad that I won't be fighting, that I won't be around to see if England loses or not. Well, we won in the end, didn't we? You and me, we won!"

Two quick shots followed. The waves crashed endlessly against the rocks, the wind ruffled the hot sand, the beach was empty and far to the east several bombs shattered the peace. As the day drew on, the tide crept up the beach. The liquid fingers gently erased the signs of civilisation imprinted in the sand - a man and a dog's footprints.

LEE-ANNE CARLYLE
STD. 8

BALLADS


Once a young man in a faraway
land wanted to ask
for a young maiden's hand

She was, oh, so charmingly fair,
He thought they would make the
prettiest pair.

But oh, great woe!
The pretty maiden said no!
and broke the poor man's heart.

Never, vowed he,
would he let the memory
of her from his mind depart.

One day, however,
in lovely spring weather
There was a knock at the door,

And there stood his love
as pretty as a dove
with a dress that swept the floor.

"I will wed thee"
The fair maiden said,
Then by him to church was she led.

Then hand in hand in pure
wedded bliss
They sealed their vows with a
kiss.

JAHANARA WILLIAMS
STD. 7

The bridge over the river Tay
Reaches the further shore.
But alas one very windy day
The bridge became no more.

From London Johnny MacKindoe
Hastens his homeward way
His spirits rise with every mile
The train approaches Tay.

The night is fiercely blustering
And gully grows the sea.
The wind blows out rumbustious,
The bridge is breaking free!

But on the train still thunders
Across the arching span
One of the world's great wonders
The longest built by man.

John never sees his home again
They plunge beneath the waves,
And mermaids gently toll his knell
In dark and watery caves.

CAROLINE CHRISTIE
STD. 7



LEAVES IN THE WIND

The first time Janine ever noticed the leaves in the wind was when she was about eight. She was wrapped up in warm clothes against the autumn breeze, playing with her dog in the garden. As the leaves danced, as if they were gently teasing each other, she wanted to laugh. They were so pretty, almost like ballet dancers. She wanted to catch them and she enjoyed the dry, crunching sound they made when she crushed them. She laughed a free and bubbly laugh and the leaves seemed to respond by dancing merrily to her music.

Janine sat in her bedroom with the radio on. As a teenager she needed to hear her music. It was an integral part of her life. It altered her moods and heightened her emotions. That boy had been allowed to take her out and her father knocked before he came into her room. She wanted her new-found freedom and yet why was she so desperately alone with her new feelings? Outside her bedroom window the leaves drifted independently before touching the ground. Like her, she thought, nearly touching something then being swept off in the opposite direction in sudden determination and then not having the strength to go on.

Janine looked at her hands. Everyone said she had beautiful hands and the ring on her finger made her feel warm inside. Outside the kitchen window an occasional leaf fell to the ground unnoticed, the wind not even bothering to keep it moving. She felt secure in her new environment. After all, she had a special place and the leaves did not.

The leaves soared and dropped, turning, swirling and colliding in the gusty wind. A swirling wind was sweeping around inside her. Her inward conflict and emotions were moving, like the leaves, with great force, rising, then falling. But the leaves were free, they could move in a boundless world. They could always carry on moving, even if they stopped for a while. The wind never neglected them for too long. She laughed a bitter, inward laugh at the thought of her limits! A 'comfortable' home, a 'reliable' husband and an 'enchanted' child. As she laughed the leaves seemed to mock her in her despair and frustration and then raced off, as if to show her the freedom that they had and she lacked.

The day she and her husband separated Janine looked out of her bedroom window. A pile of leaves stood in the driveway, useless and dry, without their former crispness and colour. Then a sudden gust swept them into the air and they became active and lively once again. It was possible to start living again and to regain lost happiness. This thought made something inside her lift, as if the gust of wind had reached her dead soul as well.

ROMI LOCK-DAVIS
STD. 10

(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 LOCK-DAVIS
STD. 10

BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW

Sir James Sotheby dusted the gleaming gold lapels of his smart black suit with his equally gleaming gold-encrusted tricorne hat, and, beinding over, adjusted the large gold buckles on his shoes and straightened the seams of his breeches. Then, waving away the last wisps of smoke from his immediate vicinity, took his first steps into the Twentieth Century.

He hadn't gone very far along the road before he stopped in amazement and horror. The streets were a strange black colour and as smooth as water-eroded rock. All around him towered rectangular edifices apparently constructed of stone sheets as they were very few joints. There was so much glass in each building that Sir James' breath came in short, shallow gasps and he paled considerably at the thought of such large scale extravagance. Millions of people bustled up and down the street without noticing Sir James in his unusual outfit. A few cursed the stationary figure blocking the sidewalk, using words that caused the gentleman in question to blush to the roots of his hair. On closer examination, he found that no all the people were men, as he had originally thought - there were women wearing breeches. And barely a soul wore a hat! When a very attractive young lady proceeded towards Sir James, wearing strange shoes with spikes on them and a skirt above her knees, he hastily averted his eyes and continued up the sidewalk, his face scarlet.

Suddenly he realised that he was hearing a strange sound he had not noticed before - a rumbling droning sound all round him. On closer inspection it seemed to come from the carriages that hurtled up and down the street at a hair-raising pace - without horses! The people within the carriages swung wheels as they negotiated the corners with grimly determined countenances. Sir James was horrified. Peering into the large glass windows as he passed, he noticed bakeries placed next to clothing shops, which were next to strange, grim-looking shops called banks. How odd not to have bakeries in one road and clothing shops in another! He wondered what they sold in the banks.

After continuing along the road for a considerable amount of time, Sir James found himself amongst many small houses set in pretty gardens. He thought they must belong to the lower class, as they had only about twelve windows facing the street. He had by this time discovered these people could not walk in the road and had to be very careful indeed when crossing it. Gingerly he stepped onto the road, only to be terrified by a loud honking noise as a huge carriage went hurtling past him, flashing lights at him in its fury.

Coming upon the open field, Sir James was relieved, as well as surprised, to see the horse. It was a large animal and looked so dearly familiar that he immediately formulated a plan - he would escape from this dangerous place. Striding confidently

over to the fence that enclosed the field, he opened the gate after a considerable struggle and went over to the horse which stood grazing peacefully beside another monstrous red carriage. He reached toward the horse and grasped its rein. Immediately the stallion threw up his head and whinnied, prancing around in circles. Sir James, who forcibly restrained himself from calling for a groom, glanced at the red monster as he mounted the circling horse and thought, "Better the devil you know"

WENDY PEROLD
STD. 8

C O L O U R S

I stand poised for my daily madcap sprint to my waiting lift, halted by that sublime workday occurrence, the sunrise. Fiery orange, rosy pink, pale blues and green - the description of it grows hackneyed, although the sight itself remains as beautiful and uplifting as it always has been. It is not the shapes or forms that are so beautiful but the colours themselves.

I am also moved in a different way by clouds and wind-swept greys and pale storm blues. This type of colouring is completely different from the optimistic glow of dawn - it is wild and clean. Most of these scenes are seascapes. I remember looking down from Muizenberg Mountain on this sort of scene. The sea was a rainy grey, streaked with impure white, and the mountains a darker streak on the horizon. The clouds were a paler, purer reflection of the colour of the sea, large and racing. And then above the serene top layer was the wind-cold blue sky, looking as though it had mistaken the day on which it was to have appeared. The colouring was understated, yet dramatic.

A striking contrast between grey and pink is seen in the sophisticated pink of a parasite growing up through the grey sordidness of decomposing acacia leaves. A mixture of colours is never more beautiful than when found in a bed of bright vygies.

Each day is filled with a mixture of colours - a variety of multi-coloured flames, gaily splashing the world.

NATASHA THEOPHILOU
STD. 10

A MAN IN A HURRY

Pain, unbearable pain. A tiny prick; a stab of pain, growing into a sword which sliced through his veins, striking into his head till it throbbed wildly.

"The names, Joshua. Tell me the names."

The pain was mounting. Every time he tried to marshal his thoughts together they would be dispersed in all directions. He must not think! "The names, Joshua, the names ... the names ... the names..."

"No!"

He was falling through the blackness. He wanted to sleep; he wanted to rest, but there was something he must remember first.

"The names, Joshua."

He was in his cell again, the cold, stone-walled cell. He was lying on the hard bench against the wall, staring at the grey, dirtied ceiling. It was very quiet outside - no sound from the guards; no cries of pain from down the corridor - only complete silence. He placed his feet on the stone floor, stood up, uncertainly, and stumbled to the door. He steadied himself, gripping the iron bars tightly. The door swung open.

He stared at the open doorway, the empty corridor, the sunlight pouring in through an open window. It was an hallucination - he knew that. He stepped apprehensively into the corridor. This wasn't real. It was all a trick, a trick to make him tell them all they wanted to know. He waited, took another step - letting the door swing shut. He looked around the corridor, his eyes coming to rest on the door, far down the other end of the corridor, where they were waiting for him with their needles. He could not stay here - he must escape.

He must hurry. He must hurry so that they would never be able to catch him again. He began to run, down the corridor; stopping only for a moment at the open window; leaping out into the sunfilled courtyard. He did not stop to soak in the warmth, but hurried across to where the great trucks stood. He scrambled up onto the back of one, where he hid himself under the enormous sacks. If only the truck would leave soon - before they discovered that he had escaped. Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry.

The truck was moving - the gates slammed shut behind them. He was out, but he was still not safe. He must hurry. Hurry, when he jumped down from the truck. Hurry, across the green field with the birds singing in it. Hurry, into the sleepy village, where hens still clustered in the street. Hurry, towards the white house with the laden apple tree. His wife was standing in the doorway, dressed in the blue dress she had worn when he was taken away. She was smiling, her blue eyes filled with tears. He must hurry to her and take her in his arms - before he found that it was all a dream.

"The names, Joshua. Tell me the names!"

SEASONS IN A GARDEN

In spring everything is budding and the animals are peeping out of their cozy cracks after a long cold winter. The flowers are getting their colours back, and the trees' brown branches are all looking so happy, when the budding green leaves appear.

In summer the flowers are in full bloom, the crisp green grass is so long and spikey. All the squirrels are jumping in and out of the trees and the worms are crawling faster than ever. How gay the garden looks!

In autumn all the trees are losing their lush green colour, and all the leaves are falling to the dusty ground. Every animal is collecting the food for the windy winter ahead. All the flowers are folding up and falling to the ground. The grass is brown and the garden is looking so miserable.

Winter has arrived and the snow is now falling softly onto the trees and the ground; it is like white shreds of cottonwool. All the animals are well hidden in their individual homes. The howling wind howls around their homes, the trees and the delicate plants.

The seasons begin in the right place at the right time, bringing with them the gay colours and changes of nature, and somehow they always look more beautiful than in the season before.

NICOLA SHUB
STD.6



DEBBIE CRANE
STD 8

Untitled

Competition -
 The essence of survival.
 Survival -
 The basis for competition
 Inextricably linked
 Components of life
 And ultimately
 of Death.

Starving Child

Death surrounds a child
 protruding ribs stretch the flesh
 a boney hand grips
 a handful of nothing
 Wide eyes search a hostile world.

JENNY SAUNDERS
STD. 7

A Feather

Slowly,
 Slowly,
 The delicate feather
 Floats through the atmosphere,
 Touching the surface of the earth lightly.
 This feather is a special one,
 No other feather is the same,
 So soft and delicate,
 A feather to be framed.

LERISSE MAISEL
STD. 8



DESCRIPTION OF A PICTURE

Seeing this picture reminds me of an incident which occurred some years ago. My parents are both doctors as well as missionaries and before we moved to Cape Town we lived on a mission station called Mariendale Estate. We shared the ground with many other people, including many black families. My parents' hospital was about two minutes walk from the house and, if anything happened during the day, they could rush home to help us.

When I use the pronoun "we", I don't just mean my parents and I, because there are eight other children in the family, and I am the third youngest. Before we had to go to school, we used to roam around the estate all day and amuse ourselves. Naturally, we made friends with all the little black children who were also between three and fourteen years old. Our best friend was a little boy who was eight, the same age as I was, whose name was Zogoh. I used to spend long hours playing with him during the school holidays.

Zogoh took a great fancy to the latest and, I am happy to say, the last baby of our family. Her name is Lydia and she must have been about ten months old then. We often used to find Zogoh peering into her pram while she slept. One afternoon during the holidays my Mom asked Sweet-Pea, my younger sister, and me to stay in and look after Lydia because Blossom, the maid, had an appointment somewhere. We agreed to this, but not very willingly because we wanted to go and ride the "mad priest's" cows. When we saw Zogoh walking up to the house, we decided to give him the privilege of looking after Lydia instead.

When we arrived home we found Elizabeth and Mathus running around frantically, calling for us. They told us that Zogoh and Lydia had disappeared. I ran over to the hospital to call Mom, while the others continued looking. Mom and I decided to start looking near the river and around the huts but it was in vain; they were nowhere and no one had seen them.

Suddenly I realised where they must be, in an empty old hut near to what we called fun field, which was quite a big piece of ground with long grass. We ran up there and burst into the hut. There he was, sitting with Lydia in his arms. I was furious and started shouting at the frightened child, but Mom, who is also a therapist, knew what to do and sent me home. Later, when she returned with Lydia, she explained what had happened. Zogoh had a strange desire to possess a white baby. He thought that he was black because he had done something really bad in his life, and he was worried that, if he ever had a baby, it would also be black and, therefore, bad. He wanted to keep Lydia so that when she grew up she could be his white baby. We all felt very sorry for Zogoh and decided to buy him a substitute, a beautiful pink doll like the one in the picture. He was overjoyed and thrilled with the gift and naturally called her Lydia.

ARABELLA McCALLUM
STD. 10.

THE ART OF BEING LATE

There is definitely an art at being late. One can be late and one can be late

This is one art at which I can profess to be an "expert". I think I inherited the ability to do so from my mother and my art from assorted always-late comrades.

The first time I was late was for my birth. I was due to arrive in this world on the 20th July, 1965, but I made my entry on the 26th. Although I cannot remember the exact circumstances, I am certain that I had a very good reason for doing so!

I was also about nine years late for my christening. One would think one could never excuse that length of time but I'd gloss over any awkward question by saying: "My parents felt that the whole process would be far more fulfilling if I was old enough to appreciate it." Of course the enquirer would nod sheepishly and feel like a total ignoramus.

Anybody, absolutely anybody, can be late. Only when one does it with style has one acquired the art of doing it. Some people are born talented. There are ones who stroll into a dinner party as dessert is being served and make all the other guests feel as though they are early.

Others have to cultivate it. The following are golden techniques:

Never be a standard time late. Non artists think they can trick you.

A friend had a dinner party. I thought that during the past few years I had become notorious (a ridiculous adjective to use when applied to an art but it is, strangely enough, more socially acceptable) for invariably being half an hour late.

My invitation time read 7.30 p.m. Unbeknown to me all the other guests' invitations read: 8.00 p.m. On that particular day I was stuck in Hout Bay on a yacht that sailed at one knot an hour until 7.00 p.m. and I arrived at the dinner party at precisely 8.30 p.m. The moral to the story is that, despite my hostess's vain efforts, I was still exactly thirty minutes late.

Invariably I have a genuine excuse for being late. The trouble is that my reasons are so good that they sound false. I have found that it is in actual fact far better not to excuse oneself at all but rather to walk in (never rush) and enquire innocently "Oh, am I late?"

If one is unforgivably late, another good ploy to use is, in a terribly earnest tone of voice, to develop into a monologue of how 20th century western man is destroying himself by always hurrying and how time is man's new God.

Twenty minutes is the suggested waffling time. By then the audience will either be totally confused and will not say another word or they will be so bored that they will have totally forgotten that you were in late in the first place.

To be late successfully at school one is very fortunate to have an obliging mother. One merely has to produce the magic "note" and one is immediately excused. If, however, one's mother is not of the obliging species then one needs to tax one's own resources. A practically foolproof method is to hide the late piece of work in the classroom of the teacher concerned. On questioning one states emphatically that one did definitely hand the work in. On searching the work is duly discovered and who is to dispute the date of deposit.

If I were to recall every successful late incident I should be late to hand in this essay and, since the teacher concerned now knows all my tactics, for once the chances of my success are practically nil. Good late luck for the future and remember the old saying: "Nothing is ever too late".

ROSALIND BUTLER
STD. 9

A VERY SPECIAL FRIEND

If there's someone you can talk to

Someone no one can replace

If there's someone you can laugh with

Till the tears run down your face

If there's someone you can turn to

When you need a helping hand

If there's someone you can count on

To advise and understand

If there's someone you can sit with

And not need to say a word

If there's someone you can trust

To keep each secret she has heard

If there's someone you think more of

As each year comes to an end

You're a very lucky person

For you have found

.....a very special friend

GINA NIVEN
STD. 6

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

The people started coming out of crushed doorways and split walls. Like moles, emerging from their burrows, they blinked once and stared in horror at what lay before them. It was as if a giant foot had just crushed the city to rubble.

A thick red dust hung heavy over the ruins, and for a while there was silence. Then, before long, the screams of anguish and physical pain challenged the sound of the wind. In every flattened building lay a trapped person, wounded, terrified and unable to move.

In the gutter lay a beggar woman with both her arms trapped under an overturned car. Every bone in her arms was crushed to a pulp. Her eyes were huge, mad and staring. She was silent, but the pain showed in every muscle of her face.

Everywhere there was a sign of disaster, but the people who had lived were helping the trapped and helpless. Mutilated bodies and screaming children were brought out and laid in lines on the grass. The dead were covered in blankets while the wounded were tended to.

In a small property an old woman was tending her small seedlings, quite oblivious of the earthquake. The old woman's wrinkled face and the green shoots, pushing through the damp soil into freedom, were signs of hope, courage and even prosperity.

JENNIFER SAUNDERS
STD. 8

JULY 1982

It was a lunch-hour rush in London. Tourists catching cabs, builders opening lunch tins, businessmen rushing "downstairs" to grab a hot-dog and a beer, aristocratic ladies were being dropped at Fortnums for lunch with the "girls" while their chauffeurs sat in the Rolls under some trees with the Daily News and a sandwich. It was also time for the Changing of the Guard. Everything was in perfect routine.

Away from the hustle and bustle of London in a deserted farmhouse in the North of Ireland, three men sat around a table discussing plans for the future bombings. These men were the top men of the Irish Republican Army. Another bombing crossed off the list, Hyde Park. Have they thought what else goes with it; women, children, men, horses - all innocent and defenceless.

Meanwhile in Hyde Park an elderly vagabond had placed himself on the grass. He took out his lunch and filled his bottle up with water from a nearby tap. He sat down and waited for the small group of black horses and their red-coat riders which trotted past at the same time every day. The old man had never missed those beautiful horses walking through the park, and he wasn't going to miss them today.

A proud mother walking towards the pond in Hyde Park pushed a pram with her baby. The baby in the pram was propped up by a couple of cushions - he was a little overweight with a small knitted jersey and cap on. His mother picked up the bottle and gave it to her baby, who drank the milk greedily. She decided to sit on a nearby bench so she could see the horses as they came by. This woman is one of the many women who walk in Hyde Park every day. Walking down from the tube station, a party of really excited schoolboys from Brixton Preparatory School led by the school master walked towards Hyde Park. This, for most of the boys, was the first time they had ever seen London, and watching a small group of the Household Cavalry walk by was going to be the highlight of their outing. They were half running to get to the Park. A few minutes later they were all seated on the grass, waiting expectantly.

Here was the most beautiful free open space in London. Green trees, innocent people, excited, waiting. In the distance they heard the sound of hooves against the tar on the road. The children hushed as they saw the magnificent shining black beasts. These horses were as shiny as new shoes - every muscle stood out on their moving bodies. The horses were powerful and yet harmless.

A blue car was parked nearby horses squawking, men howling, children running. Chaos. A woman lay, choking in her blood. A baby not recognisable from the blast. Horses refusing to die lying in blood. My God what for? Why?

ANTHEA OVENSTONE
STD. 9

All About Me

I am seven years old. I am a
 bit short. I am thin. My brother
 is a bit fat and my other brother
 is thin. I have brown eyes. I
 have black hair. I have no sister.
 I am the only sister in the house.
 I have long hair. I love to write.

ARLENEIf I were a bird

If I were a bird I would sit in
 my nest and keep my eggs warm.
 I would like to be a pigeon.
 I would like to be grey.

TAMARYNIf I were a bird

If I were a bird I wood be a
 parrot and I wood have red
 yellow orange green blue and
 purple on my back and I wood
 live in a nest in the tree.

JENNIFER

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

In "Passage to India", the theme of separateness is certainly dominant as we see the English society, filled with pettiness and vulgarity, set against the sinister and mystical background of India; however, the book is far more than a study of racial contrasts. It is intensely personal, showing not only the failure of the English to reach terms of intimacy with an Indian, but the inability of Moslem and Hindu to reach other. The people are separated from one and another by race, sex and religion, and yet still there is desired union; the attempts of a "oneness".

In the first section, where the gap between English and Indian seems most obvious, it appears that just as a genuine bond between East and West is imminent, it is shown as impossible because of the social and religious differences.

The devastating experience in the Marabar Caves is disastrous to everyone - Mrs Moore, who came out with Adela Quested to seek the "real" India, is destroyed physically and spiritually, Adela is forced to near insanity, and the future of Aziz is harmed. It always succeeds in destroying all individual relationships. It is as though Forster has incorporated the muddle and mysticism of India with the incident in the caves to illustrate the failure of these relationships and of human personality. Most of the characters in the novel seem at the mercy of their fluctuating moods and nerves and subsequently fail to come in touch with one another. Nothing is left but hatred and fear. The Marabar succeeded in wrecking all relationships.

Adela and Ronny are separated in sexuality and their union lacks love. Even when Fielding marries Stella a gulf develops between the two. We see the separation of Mrs Moore from her son, from God, and from the universe. The story deals with Mrs Moore's realization of the inadequacy of Christianity - she instinctively becomes accustomed to the Indian way of feeling. Her experience at the caves causes panic and a feeling of the emptiness of the universe. Her personal understanding of Aziz was easily formed and lasted throughout. Maybe in the end it is love, represented by her spiritual presence, which saves Adela's reason, Aziz's life and his friendship with Fielding.

In the third section of the novel Hinduism seems to be dominant. The intrusion of the English at Mau really brings out the real theme of the book - the friendship between Aziz and Fielding. They meet and then part forever and Adela is forgiven by Aziz, and Fielding and his wife have differences. Again Hindu and Moslem emerge as being as separated as the English and Indians. The rocks that divide Fielding and Aziz, and the horses which swerve apart, all symbolize Indian differences. Forster accents the clash of human beings; the struggle that has to be endured to achieve oneness. The personal differences are aggravated by the racial tensions. Although Fielding and Aziz reach out to one another in friendship, too many things keep them apart. They cannot understand each other's emotions. Thus, our hope for unity was in the strength of friendship among the characters but this proved inadequate as has been proved in the disintegrating relations of Fielding and Aziz and at the end nature - the sky and earth - approves of their parting.

In Passage to India, Forster is telling us of the gulfs between man, and their own futile attempts to bring about unity - the failure of all efforts at union without love and it was this failure of love between human beings which initiated the failure of relationships.

ELIZABETH BAKER
STD. 9



AFRIKAANS



DIS NIE ALLES GOUD WAT BLINK NIE

Langsamerhand sek die son agter die horison terwyl die lug se helderheid stadig begin verander, en die berge geleidelik reus swart skadubeelde word wat naderhand nie meer herkenbaar is nie. In die intense stilte wat as getroue volgeling van die sonder sy plek inneem onder die skemerte kom die gemeensame geluid van h kreek wat as solis die koms van die nag aankondig. Stik, sit ek tussen hierdie onverklaarbare misterie van die skepping, diep geraak deur die omvang van die onmiskenbare vrede wat oor die wêreld toesak. Ek durf nie beweeg nie in geval ek op die volmaaktheid van hierdie tydlose patroon indring, en ek leun rustig agtervoor in my stoel om die gesogte swye ten volle te waardeer.

Meteens flits die beelde van die afgelope paar jaar meedoënloos voor my oë verby, maar dit is eienaardig dat terwyl ek hier alleen in die donkerte sit, die helder herinneringe aan my verlede nie langer soos h mes deur my sny nie. Die walging, die vrees, die bittere skaamte wat my tot onlangs nog soos h ondiër bevestig stook het, het blykbaar van my verpletterde siel afskeid geneem om elders onheil te bring en die heel eerste keer kon ek myself goed bekyk en tot h beter begrip van myself en die verlede kom. Ek het besef dat ek tot nou h nuttelose bestaan gevoer het; dat ek dag vir dag deur h beginsellose lewe gedwaal het, sonder om enigiets van waarde te beriek. My voorkeure was verwoerd en waardeloos. Skielik kon ek verby die materialistiese skyn van geld en goud sien en agter die verblindende glinstering van alles wat deur die samelewing goedgekeur word, is my lewe aan my blootgestel; leeg, betekenisloos en pateties. Ek sit nadenkend terwyl die maan in al sy volle stralekrans bo my glinster en die sterre blink in die donker hemel vonkel. Plotseling lê die ware betekenis van die lewe voor my soos die son wat stadig môre weer aan die onaantasbare donkerte van die hede, lig sal gee.

Die nugterheid van hierdie onthulling wat in die onpeilbaarheid van die nag soos h ligstraal my bewussyn deurdring, herinner my aan h eeus-oue gesegte en in hierdie kosbare skat van tydlose filosofie is die eindelike samervatting van my begrip van die mens en sy behoefte aan h beginselvolle bestaan.

MIRIAM THOMAS
STD. 10



DEBBIE CRANE
STD 8

h NUWE SNELWEG

Spreke-loos staan ek in die voorkamer en kyk deur die venster na die Munisipaliteitse werkers in hul oranje werksklere wat yslike groot hout- en staal penne in die grond vasslaan. Die drang om buitentoe te hardloop en hulle te beveel om weg te gaan, is so geweldig dat ek myself moet dwing om te sit.

Die transe bou in my oë op terwyl ek aan my kinderdae dink toe ek elke dag in die groot tuin baljaar het. Die blomme het altyd mooi helder gelyk, maar nou lyk hulle afgryslik en die ligte windjie, wat waai, laat hulle heen en weer swaai asof hulle skertsend lag.

Die mens is baie gretig; hy wil altyd hê en is nooit tevrede met wat hy alreeds het nie. Hy vernietig alles wat mooi is en ook wat sy medemens maande lank genseem het om te skep. Die gedagtes flits deur my kop en transe loop stadig oor my wange. Die groot huis waarin ek groot geword het, net soos my voorvader se kinders, sal gesloop word om plek te maak vir h nuwe, groter, beter snelweg. Die sorgvuldige werk wat maande lank geduur het om die huis te bou, sal binne oomblikke deur die enorme masjiene vernietig word.

Ek wil hulle keer, maar wat kan ek as h enkele persoon teen die Munisipaliteit doen? Ek staan op en stap buite na die tuin toe. Alles is dof voor my oë en h sterk gevoel van haat bou op in my teen die mense wat groter en beter dinge wil hê. Die rooi en wit strepe op die penne wat uitgeslaan het, lyk vir my soos die "geen toegangsteken" wat ek gister in die dorp gesien het. Ek voel asof ek in h nou straatjie afloop en daar geen plek vir omdraai is nie.

Ek kyk op na die huis wat in die middel van die nuwe snelweg se roete staan en voel asof alles wat vir my iets beteken, van my weggeskeur word. Weerloos, staan ek en luister na die gesuis van die wind deur die blare van die akkerbome wat seker ook eendag vir h nuwe iets sal moet padgee.

MARIE-LOUISE DU TOIT
STD. 10

h RY OU GEBOUE WAT AFGEBREEK GAAN WORD.

Verlate staan die ry afgeskilferde geboue. Alleen en vervalle gloor hulle in die verte. Die naaktheid van hul verwaarloosing lê ontbloom aan die wat dit sien, onbeskof in hul volslae herinnering aan h verlede wat liewer vergete wil bly.

Hulle het geen verligting van die wreedheid van die nuuskierige oë wat hulle elke dag bekyk nie. Die vensters wat op h dag met h fierhouding op die verbygangers afgeloer het, frons nou neerslagtig met hul gekraakte ruite en versplinterde luike. Die verf wat voorheen helder geblyk het, is vaal van die jare se reën en wind en algemene verwaarloosing wat dit geleidelik afgemat het. Hier en daar is die onbeskofte tekeninge en skrif, wat die lot is van sulke oues van dae van ons samelewing op die mure duidelik te sien, en dit is asof die ou geboue dit as h teken van die wêreld se houding teenoor hulle beskou, want hul skaamte is aan almal ontbloom. Die teëls van die dakke waarop die inwoners van die stad lank gelede so trots was, is lankal of stukkend of gesteel. Nou gaap die openinge soos die monde van aaklige ondiere wat graag die ganse hemel in hul leë mae wil insluk, en jy verbeel jou jy gewaar h rilling van walging wat skielik deur die ou geboue trek. Soos verstotelingte staan hulle daar, verwoes en wanhopig. Hul deure staan styf toe en soos mense wys die moedelose onsteltenis van die uiteindelijke besef van hul treurige toestand, duidelik in hul voorkoms. Agter die deure wat hard steun soos mankes wat onwillig hul stywe ledemate weer beweeg, lê die stof dik op die vloere en die muwe reuk wat soos mis in die lug hang en in jou keel vassit sodat jy benoud voel, beweeg swaar om die klam vertrek. Sodra jou oë gewoondraak aan die dynserigheid kan jy die vaal beeld van die ou trap sien. Onder jou kraak die ellendige vloerplanke en dis asof hulle smee om hulle te red van hierdie ewige het waartoe hulle veroordeel is. Verder wil jy nie stap nie, verder kan jy nie stap nie, want die teneergedruktheid van die atmosfeer begin jou verwurg. Jy kan voel toe die ysige kloue van gister en eergister jou probeer verswelg en skielik moet jy wegkom uit hierdie verskrikking. Buite draai jy weer vir h oomblik om, om h laaste vlugtige blik op erdie herinnering aan die verlede te werp voordat dit vir ewig uit die weg geruim word.

Daar staan die ou geboue weer, nes voorheen, eensaam en vergete, die ellende self staan op die verbrokkelende mure in die onsigbare skrif van wanhoop. Vir die mens wat in sy vooruitgang dit nie kan bekostig om gister te onthou nie, het hierdie ry ou geboue afskryfbaar geword.

MIRIAM THOMAS
STD. 10

W A A R O M ?

Die moderne lewe is so vol probleme en hartseer. Die vraag wat op almal se lippe is, is: Waarom?

Waarom moet sommige mense altyd onderdruk word net omdat hulle velle donkerkleurig is? Is dit nodig om hulle te behandel asof hulle diere of ondiere is? Hul hele lewe lank lewe hulle in armoede en in skaamte oor hulleself. Hoort hulle nie trots te wees op hul voorvaders nie? Maar hulle leef voort in die duisternis wat opvoeding en geleerdheid betref - voorregte wat hulle mag nie geniet is.

Moet mense sonder vryheid voortbestaan? Hulle leef sonder dat hulle enige keuses mag maak, want hul omgewings en sosiale kringe maak die besluite. Sy mag nie met hom uitgaan nie omdat sy ouers in h fabriek werk terwyl hare advokate is. Hy moet die spit afbyt om h jaar langer op universiteit te bly terwyl sy moeder honger ly omdat hy sonder h goeie opvoeding nie h goeie betrekking kan kry nie.

Waarom?

In sekere dele van die wêreld mag mense net so wel nie bestaan nie omdat hulle soos masjiene deur die lewe gaan. Jan en Alleman sal daar werk en hy mag daar woon en die daar nie. Hy mag wel trou, maar hy mag net soveel kinders hê, en hy mag soveel keer per jaar met vakansie gaan, maar net na daardie vakansie-oord. Hy mag nie in h God glo nie maar net in die regering. Sy eie vrye wil bestaan nie meer nie.

Waarom?

In elke kind sien jy die stralende glimlag van vreugde. Jy sien hoe hulle hardloop en speel; hoe hulle vriende maak met ander kinders, swart of wit, ryk of arm. Die volwassenes van die toekoms lag tesame.

Waarom? Ken jy die antwoord?

WENDY PEROLD
STD. 8

'N GEMASKERDE MAN

Dit was h koel somersoggend. Ek het vroeg uit die bed geklim. Alles buite was ontsettend stil. "Dis te kalm," het ek gedink. "Iets is aan die kom."

Ek het winkel toe gestap waar ek elke Saterdag gehelp het om baie mense hulle inkopies kom doen en ek was nie h oomblik ledig nie. Toe, net voor sluitensyd, het iets verskriklik gebeur.

Daar was net h paar mense in die winkel, toe h gemaskerde man deur die een winkel deur ingebars het. Almal het doodstil gestaan en nie geweet wat om te doen nie. Een ou vrou het so geskrik dat sy flou geword het.

Een man wat agter die gemaskerde man gestaan het, het skielik probeer om hom te oorrampel. "Nou sal jy sien wat met mense wat probeer om moeilikheid te veroorsaak, gebeur", het die gemaskerde man hard gesê.

Hy het sy geweer opgelig en die man geskiet. Die koeël het hom in die sy getref. Een harde gil het deur die stilte geweerklink en h paar sekondes later het die man doodgelê. "Plat op die vloer!" het die vrede man geskreu. Niemand het teenstand gebied nie en almal het so gou as moontlik op die vloer neergesak.

Toe het hy een arme meisie beveel om op te staan en met die geweer dreigend teen haar kop het hy haar gedwing om die geld uit al die kas-registers te neem. Toe sy klaar was, het hy haar vloer te gestoot.

"Niemand moet opstaan voordat ek by die deur uit is nie," het hy ons beveel. "Jy weet wat sal gebeur as jy iets probeer." Met die woorde het hy by die deur uitgevlug.

Toe ons seker was dat hy weg was, het ons almal bewend opgestaan. Die polisie is gebel en ons is almal huistoe gestuur. By die huis het my bekommerde ma gevra wat gebeur het toe sy my bleek gesig gesien het. Ek het huilend ineengestort en haar die aaglike storie vertel.

Die gebeurtenis sal ek nooit vergeet nie. Die gil van daardie arme man wat doodgeskiet is is altyd in my gedagtes. Of die polisie die gemaskerde man ooit gevang het, weet ek nie, maar ek het nie weer my voete in daardie winkel gesit nie.

SUSAN BOWLEY
STD. 10

KOMBUIS OF KANTOOR?

Die rol van die moderne vrou in die samelewing is baie belangrik, maar dit is nog iets wat deur die meeste mans aanvaar moet word. Vandag se vrou is van die nuwe geslag vroue wat onafhanklik wil wees en nie net in die kombuis sit en vergaan nie, maar daar is baie vroue wat in die kombuis wil bly en nie heeldag op kantoor wil sit nie.

Eeue lank was die vrou net vir een ding bedoel en dit was om vir die man te sorg. Die vrou is soos 'n slaaf behandel en die tragiese ding is dat dit nog vandag gebeur. Baie mans sê dat die vrou se plek in die kombuis is. Hulle waardeer hulle vrouens nie. Party mans beskou hul vroue as onbetaalde bediendes. As 'n moeder jong kinders het wat nog nie skool gaan nie dan moet sy by die huis bly om vir haar kinders te sorg. Die vrou, wat klein kindertjies het en werk, doen dit omdat sy die geld nodig het en dan moet die kinders in die bewaarskool bly. Die houding van die meeste mans is dat die vrou in die kombuis behoort. Die man wil nie hê dat die vrou ook geld verdien nie. Hy wil hê dat die vrou afhanklik van hom moet wees.

As die man en die vrou werk en die kind is nog op skool dan moet die kind in die middag na h leë huis kom. Die kind moet die huis self oopsluit en dit veroorsaak emosionele skade wat later in die kind se lewe na vore kom. Daar is niemand wat die kind kan oppas nie en die kind kan wild raak, maar as die vrou nie werk nie en al wat sy heeldag doen is net kos kook en wasgoed was, dan sal sy mal word van die verveelheid. Die beste ding sal dan wees om iets te kry wat jou besig sal hou. Die dokters sê dit is beter vir h kind om h moeder te hê wat by die huis bly. Dit is beter om h vriendelike gesig te sien wat jou tuis verwelkom as om by h donker huis in te stap. Die vrou moet alles in perspektief sien en self besluit wat sy wil doen. Miskien sal sy h oggendwerk kry en dan sal sy nog tuis wees wanneer die kinders van die skool af kom en sy sal nie verveeld wees nie.

Nie een van die twee is die beste rol vir die vrou in die moderne samelewing nie omdat elkeen sy voordele en nadele het. Elke vrou se situasie is verskillend en sal baie redes hê waarom sy die kombuis of die kantoor, of altwee, kies. Die een is nie belangriker as die ander een nie. Hulle is altwee h deel van die moderne vrou se lewe.

SONYA BESTER
STD. 9

DIE KUNSSKILDER

Ek onthou die dag toe ek by my suster se nuwe huis gekuier het. Ek het haar een jaar lank nie gesien nie en was baie opgewonde. 'n Paar dae tevore het ek Parys verlaat en ek wou alles vir haar vertel.

Ek het voor die huis stilgehou en uit my motor geklim. Die huis was pragtig, sneeuwit mure en sienaardige hortjies. Ek het binne gestap en my suster omhels. Sy het my na die sitkamer geneem waar ek in 'n groot leunstoel gesit het. Terwyl my suster koffie in die kombuis gemaak het, het ek om my gekyk en skielik 'n ou skildery teen die muur gesien.

Ek het na die skildery gekyk en onthou toe ek twintig jaar oud was en dit by Arniston geskilder het. Ek het oor 'n heuweltjie geklim en 'n ou bouvallige huis gesien. Ek het voor die huis met my skilderboek, verf en kwasse gesit en geverf. Na 'n ruk het wolke opgekom en dit het begin reën. Die kleure in die skildery was nie fel kleure nie en ek het ook onthou dat ek baie gedagtes gehad het terwyl ek geverf het. Dit het hard gereën en ek het na die huis toe gehardloop en binnegestap. Ek het ook onthou dat die dak in dele ingetuimel was. Terwyl ek in die huis gesit en mymer het, het 'n jongman in die huis ingestap. Hy het 'n stewige bou en goeie gelaatstrekke gehad. Sy oë was bruin en sy hare was 'n ligte kleur. Sy naam was Neils Malherbe en hy het daar naby visgevang. Die reën het vir hom ook laat skuiling soek. Ons het ure in die huis gepraat. Hy het my vertel dat sy voorvaders in die huis gewoon het. Ek het van sy lewe gehoor en ek het ook van my lewe aan hom vertel. Ons het gelag en gesing terwyl dit gereën het.

Gedurende die kort vakansies het ek hom altyd by die huis ontmoet en ons het saam oor die duine geloop. Dit was my eerste liefde.

"Hier is jou koffie" het Janine gesê. Skielike het ek wakker geword en die koffie gevat. "Hoekom huil jy" het my suster gevra.

"Ag, dis net 'n treurige gedagte" het ek geantwoord.

JACQUI STEVEN
STD. 9

h NUWE SNELWEG

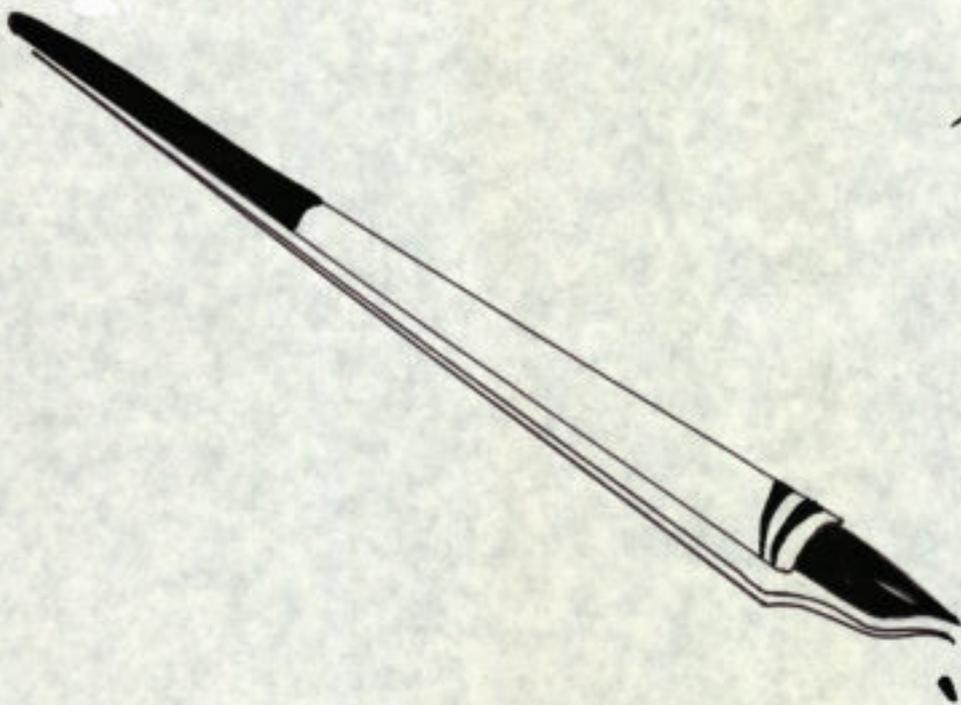
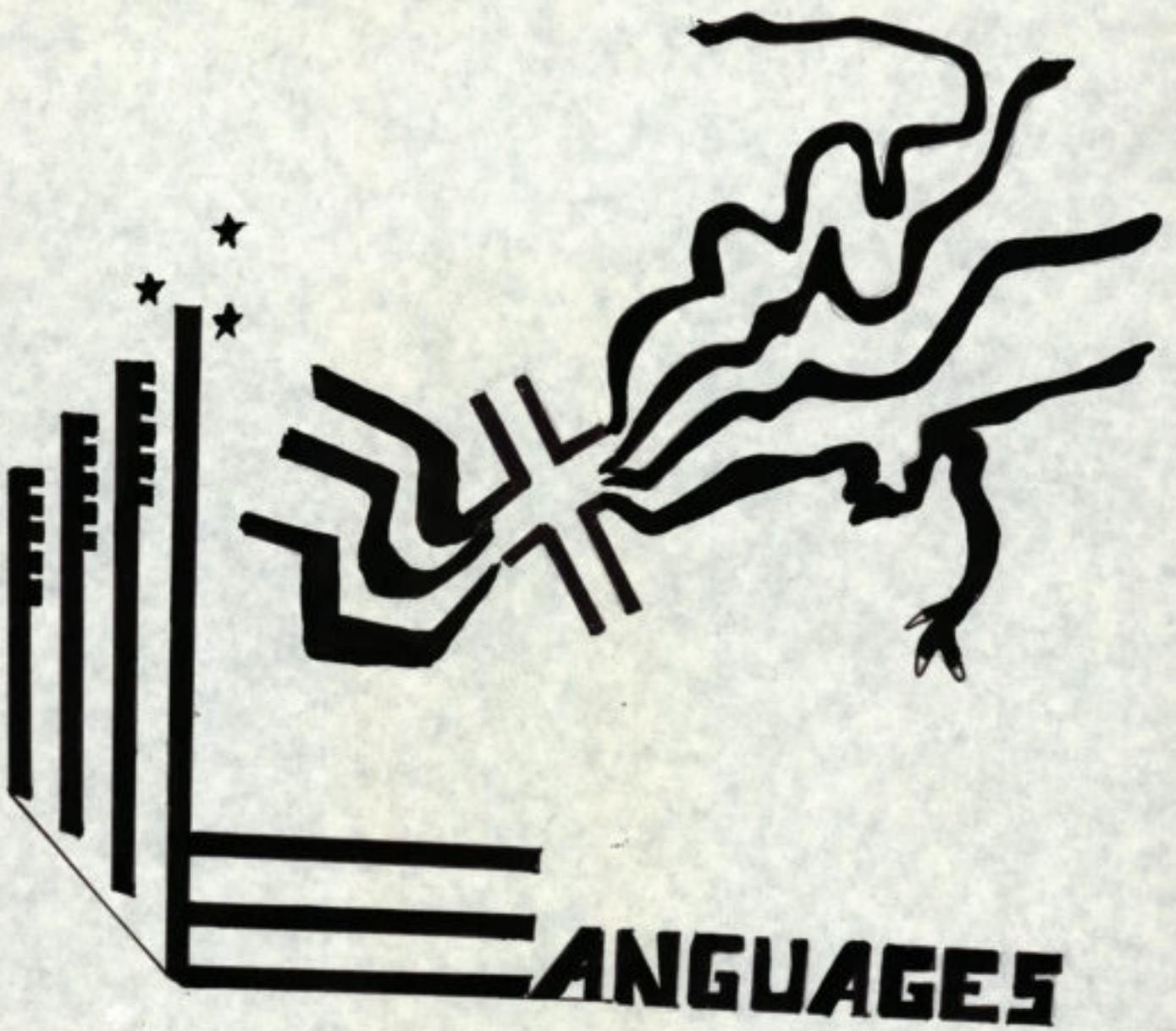
Dis net h stukkie grond, maar dis my lewe. Ek is hier gebore, die enigste dogter onder ses seuns. Ons het in armoede gelewe, maar ons was gelukkig. En toe, een na die ander, het die voeltjies die nes verlaat - getrou, hulle eie plase gekoop, of in die stad gaan werk. Behalwe ek. Ek is die dogter en dit is van selfsprekend aanvaar dat ek by die huis moes bly en ons ouers versorg. My ma het eers gesterf. Pa kon nie sonder haar klaarkom nie en het haar kort daarna gevolg. Nou is daar net hierdie stukkie grond wat oorbly.

Ek voel bitter, ja. Hulle betaal geld. "Jy's h gelukkige mens, Mejuffrou, want die grond is glad nie daardie prys werd nie." Hulle verstaan nie wat dit beteken nie. Geld het geen betekenis as jy h deel van jouself verloor nie. My netjiese kombuis, my vyeboom, waarvan ek honderde potte vyekonfynt gekry het, die reusagtige kaggel in die sitkamer, wat op wintersaande lewendig van die vuur is - hulle sal almal verdwyn om h gladde pad vir Mercedes Benze van ryk Johannesburgers sal oor hulle grafte rol. Ag, ek raak sentimenteel. Woorde lyk altyd so dom en lomp as jy jou gevoelens wil neerskrywe. Maar hoe kan ek my gevoelens anders beskrywe?

Hoe kan ek my gevoel van verlies beskrywe? Dis soos h droom wat ek jare terug gedroom het, toe ek my eerste nag weg van hierdie huis geslaap het. Ek was in h hoë gebou, in h kamer met vensters tot by die grond. Die grond was nie stil nie en ek het stadig venstertoe gegly, alhoewel ek desperaat na die meubels gegryp het. Stadig na die venster wat gelyk het asof dit nie daar was nie; stadig na die eindelose val gegly. Toe het ek wakker geword. Nou voel ek dieselfde vrees. Die fondament, die sekerheid van my lewe is weggeneem.

Ek is oud; ek is alleen. Ek kan nie by my broers gaan intrek nie want ek wil nie h gas vir die res van my lewe bly nie. h "gerieflike" ouetehuis is my toekomstige tuiste. Daar sal ek eindelijk sterf, h vaal ou vrou. Ek voel heeltemal leeg, wanhopig, want my band met die lewe is verbreek.

NATASHA THEOPHILOU
STD. 10



Handwritten Japanese text in a cursive style. The text is arranged vertically and includes the characters "ペン" (pen) and "力" (power/force). There is a small circular mark at the bottom right of the text.

FRENCH

LE JEU

Je joue depuis deux heures et quinze minutes. Je sens la sueur sur mon dos. Qui a dit que le tennis n'est - ce pas un vaillant jeu?

C'est le dernier jeu la vingtaine est quinze-quinze. Je suis inquiète et nerveuse. La personne qui gagne ce jeu, gagne le match. Je ne peux pas voir avec la sueur dans mes yeux. Mon bras tremble de fatigue.

Je pense à une piscine et l'eau étincelante, mais je sens la chaleur du soleil. Je pense à une glace fraîche. Je pense à un doux lit. Mais je ne dois pas ... je ne dois penser que du jeu de gagner!

Maintenant, la vingtaine est quinze-trente. Je suis déçagée. Je regarde mon adversaire. Elle semble confiante. Bon, Je la laisserai faire une bevue. Elle ne peut pas retourner une balle très fort de moi et la vingtaine est trente-trente. Je pousse un soupir de soulagement. Maintenant, j'oublie ma fatigue, la chaleur, la sueur sur mon dos, mon bras tremblant et la confiance de mon adversaire. Je ne pense qu'à gagner un autre point.

Mon adversaire sert et nous jouons et quand la balle tombe de l'autre côté du filet elle est trop fatiguée de l'attendre. La vingtaine est quarante-trente. J'ai besoin d'un jeu pour gagner. Après deux heures et vingt minutes je suis déterminée que je gagnerai.

Encore, nous jouons. Nous avons soin de ne pas faire une bevue. Je n'entends personne. J'oublie complètement qu'il y a des personnes qui me regardent. Concentre - je me dis - ne pense pas aux trivialis!

Mon adversaire est forte, très forte et très déterminée! Elle la balle avec force et puis ... elle frappe la balle dehors! J'ai gagné! Je ne peux pas le croire. Tremblante d'émotion, je serre la main à mon adversaire.

Soudainement je remarque les spectateurs, les visages souriants et le déçagement de mon adversaire. C'est vraiment un moment magique.

MAGGIE DU TOIT
STD. 10

TRANSLATION:THE GAME

I have been playing for two and a quarter hours. I feel the sweat on my back. Who said that tennis isn't a brave game?

It is the last game. The score is fifteen-all. I am anxious and nervous. Whoever wins this game, wins the match. I am not able to see because of all the sweat in my eyes. My arms shake from strain.

2/.....

FRANCAIS

LA FEMME QUI TRAVAILLE

Aujourd'hui, ce n'est pas rare pour une femme de travailler, mais, au debut de vingtieme siecle, ce n'est pas agreable, parce que la femme etait supposee etre menagere. Elle etait consideree inferieure. Peu a peu ceci a change et la femme a acquis de plus en plus de droits et, maintenants, elle est egale a l'homme et mene, quelques fois, superreure a lui.

La jeune femme d'aujourd'hui est ambitieuse. Elle ne veu plus etre dependants sur un homme pour son vivre. Elle n'est plus satisfaite de faire le menage et il elever les enfants. A la place, elle veut etre une femme de carriere avec ses propres interets et ideals. Dans quelques domaines professionnels en est prejugé contre la femme qui travaille. L'avancement n'est pas aussi bon pour la femme que pour l'homme qui fait le meme travail et les femmes ne sont pas nommees aussi facilement que les hommes. Ce qui veut dire que la femme n'a pas nemes possibilites. Mais, heureusement, ce n'est pas toujours le cas et dans la plupart des professions il y a des occasions egales pour la femme qui veut attendre son but.

A cote de la femme qui veut avoir une carriere est celle qui trouve soudain que ses enfants sont maintenant a l'ecole et quelle a besoin de quelque chose pour la tenir occupee. Donc elle travaille mais d'une facon ou d'une autre, cela lui fourmit un horizon immense de gagner une experience de grande valeur et de rencontrer des gens interessants.

Les opinions des hommes sont differents au sujet d'une femme qui travaille. Les uns sont contre cette idee parce quils croient que la place de la femme est dans la cuisine, et les autres sont tres acharnes que leurs femmes travaillent. Il y a aussis ceux qui sont indifferents, mais dans le monde d'aujourd'hui, plus en plus de femmes choisissent la voie independente de la vie sociale et financiere et se prouvent être, des individuelles qui peuvent facilement survivre dans ce qui etait auparavant un domaine domine par les hommes.

MIRIAM THOMAS
STD.10

TRANSLATION

THE WORKING WOMAN

Today, it is quite common for a woman to work but, at the beginning of this century, it was not at all fitting, because a woman was expected to be a housewife. She was considered inferior. Gradually this has changed and she has acquired more and more rights and is now equal and sometimes superior to man.

The young woman of today is ambitious. She no longer wants to be dependant on a man for her survival. She is not satisfied with doing housework and bringing up children. Instead, she wants to

be a career woman with her own interests and ideals. In certain professional fields one is prejudiced against working women. Women are not nominated as easily as men, which means that women do not have the same opportunities. However, fortunately, that is not always the case and in the majority of professions there are equal opportunities for the women who wants to attain her target.

Besides the woman desiring a career there are those who suddenly find that her children are at school and that she needs to be occupied. So she works. But in one way or another, that provides her with an immense horizon to gain experience of great value and to meet interesting people.

The opinions of men differ on this subject. There are those who are against the idea because they believe that a woman belongs in the kitchen, and there are others who are very eager that their wives work. There are also those who are indifferent, but in today's world more and more women choose an independent way of life and prove themselves as individuals and able to survive in that which was formerly a domain dominated by me.

MOMENT MAGIQUE

Un Noël quand j'étais tout petite nous avons décidé d'avoir une fête pour célébrer le Noël. Mon frère et moi avons invités tous nos amis et mes parents ont tout arrangé. C'était très excitant quand le grand jour s'est approché et tout le monde est arrivé.

Nous nous sommes assis autour de la table pour le dîner qui était délicieux. Quand ceci était terminé nous nous sommes rassemblés devant l'arbre de Noël pour attendre l'arrivée du Père Noël. Puis, le moment magique est venu tel que le Père Noël est descendu de la cheminée et il est entré dans le cercle d'enfants. Il y avait un moment de silence et tant que nous retenions notre haleine. C'était vraiment excitant de voir un véritable Père Noël. Tout le monde a senti la magie en l'air. J'ai remarqué ses yeux pétillants et son visage rond en souriant. Son ventre s'agitait quand il riait. J'étais enchantée par sa barbe longue et blanche comme la neige. Puis il a mis son sac rouge par terre et m'a levé sur son genou. Pour moi ce moment - l'a été le plus magique de ma vie.

Ce soir-là je n'ai pas dormi. Je pensais tout le temps de ma première rencontre avec le Père Noël.

MIRIAM THOMAS
STD. 10

TRANSLATIONMAGIC MOMENT

One Christmas when I was small we decided to have a feast to celebrate Christmas. My brothers and I invited all our friends and my parents arranged everything. It was so exciting when the big day approached and everyone arrived.

We sat around the table for dinner, which was delicious. When this was finished we gathered around the Christmas tree to await the arrival of Father Christmas. Then, the magic moment arrived when he descended from the chimney and entered the circle of children. There was a moment of silence and we held our breaths. It was truly exciting to see the real Father Christmas. Everyone felt the magic in the air. I noticed his sparkling eyes and round smiling face. His tummy shook when he laughed. I was enchanted by his long beard, white as snow. Then he put his red sack down and sat me on his knee. For me, that moment was the most magical in my life.

That night I could not sleep. I just kept thinking about my first meeting with Father Christmas.

LA FIN DES VACANCES

La fin des vacances quelle pensee terrible et ces quatre mots me signifient beaucoup de choses.

Premierement, a signifie la fin d'une epoque heureuse et memorable avec ma famille, avec mes amis et quelquefois aux lieux lointains excitiques, et aussi a signifie le retour a l'ecole ce que craignent la plus part des jeunes. C'est nomralement le dernier jour des vacances que je m'occupe a regarder sans cesse la pendule tout en regardant ecouler les minutes alors que je finis de lire les livres que j'au dû lire pendant les deux semaines precedantes des vacances!

Le jour epouvantable, je trouve que ma jupe d'ecole ou ma robe me serre la traille et, tout en regardant dans le miroire, que j'ai les bourrelets de graisse. Je me jure que ces bringues delicieuses sont maintenant terminees pour jamais et le regime va forcement commencer le lende main. Je ne me soucis pas de combien de temps a durera cera, c'est le probleme!

La jin des vacances signifie être obligé de faire front a des reveils a quatre treures et demie die matin pour apprendre des le ons au lieu des moments delicieux quand je suis paresseuse au lit indefiniment.

Les pressions et les tensions de la vie a l'ecole, les querelles et l'esclandres qui ont lieu parmi les jeunes ecolieres, autant qu'on essaie de les eviter, commencent d'amballer et dejaire ces valises dont se faite a ce temps ia.

Pour conclure, tout ce que je peux dire c'est que la fin des vacances n'est jamais un moment plaisant dans ma vie parce qu'il exige une attente de dix semaines avant que 'la vie de disco et de distractions recommence!

ROWENA EVANS
STD. 9

TRANSLATION:

THE END OF THE HOLIDAYS

The end of the holidays.... what a terrible thought and these four words mean many things to me.

Firstly, it means the end of a happy and memorable occasion with my family, my friends and sometimes far-away exotic places, to go back to school which most young people dread so much. It is usually on this day that I find myself looking endlessly at the clock, watching the minutes tick away as I hurry to finish my holiday reading book which I should have read two weeks previously.

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On this dreadful day, I find that my school skirt or my dress is too tight around my waist and, looking at the accumulated rolls of fat in the mirror, I vow to myself that these delicious binges are over for once and for all and the diet starts the next day. The thought of how long it will last never enters my mind. That is a sore spot.

The end of the holidays means having to face the fact of alarm clocks at four thirty in the morning to learn for tests instead of the lovely moments of lazing in bed till all hours.

The pressure and tension of school life, the bickering and gossiping between schoolgirls, however hard it tries to be avoided, begins all over again and the tiresome task of packing and unpacking has to be carried out at this time.

To conclude, all I can say is that the end of the holidays is never a pleasurable moment in my life as it means a ten week wait before the "nightlife" and fun starts up again.

COMPARAISON LITERAIRE : L'OISEAU BLESSE ET L'ENNEMI

Voila ici deux contes ecrits par les auteurs differents, mais nes, les deux, a Nimes a 1900. You les deux contes sont les histoires des jeunes adolescents en train de devenir adultes.

Dans le premier, on a une episode dans la vie d'une jeune fille, Annie, qui est au debut de son adolescence. Le changement est presente ici avec simplicité et avec une vraie tendresse. Elle est a la fois enfant et jeune fille et son pere, un homme sensible, la trouve mysterieuse et charmante - "Ce qui lui donnait de la joie et de la crainte". Il adore sa fille et il veut la comprendre.

La solitude et le desespoir quelle eprouve au moment quelle apprend que le mort est une fait de la vie sont tres bien exprimes dans ce conte. La confrontation realite. Elle la comprend quand le pere lui explique les choses de la vie et cela renouvelle le bien entre les deux.

Il y a un moment du suspense ou elle se rend compte que la vie est cruelle et indifferents - reellement elle fait face a la vie pour la premiere fois.

L'action dans le deuxieme conte est different. Ici aussi on a l'histoire des jeunes adolescents. Mais le suspense est developpe lentement dans l'aventure des garcons dans leur rivalite et dans leur passion d'attendre ce qui est insurmountable. Le conte est, os dans un paysage raboteux, dont l'hardiesse s'accord avec la resolution et la determination.

La vraie theme de l'histoire et peut-etre les prejudices impose par la societe aux jeunes, garcons - les anciennes croyances sont perpetuees d'une famille a l'autre.

Les jeunes garcons decouvrent devant la provocation des montagnes qu'ils se ressemblent - apres tout - avec la meme peur, les memes reves et la meme ambition. Pendant l'aventure ils perdent leur rancune - ce qui a commence comme une sorte de duel, finit comme un danger partage et leur vieilles animosites sont oubliees. Ils sont unis par leur origin et par ce pays de Cevennes. Au retour, le desagreement recommence - l'honte aussi, est la societe L'attend. Malgré les prejudices, ils conservent leur jeunesse et leur innocence.

Ici le paysage domine la conte. Dans tous les deux, l'innocence-celle de jeunesse-est essentiel.

ELIZABETH BAKER
STD. 9

TRANSLATION:

LITERARY COMPARISON : THE WOUNDED BIRD AND THE ENEMY

Here are two stories written by different authors but who are both born in Nimes in 1900. Both tales are the stories of young adolescents in the process of becoming adults.

In the first one, one has an episode in the life of a young girl, Annie, who is at the beginning of her adolescence. The change is presented here with simplicity and with a true tenderness. She is at the same time a child and a young woman and her father, a sensitive man, finds this mysterious and charming - "That which gave him both joy and fear". He adores his daughter and wants to understand her.

The solitude and despair which she experiences when she learns that death is a fact of life, are very well expressed in this story. The confrontation with the body of the bird is for her the true reality. She understands it when her father explains the facts of life to her and this renews the bond between the two.

There is a moment of suspense when she realises that life is cruel and indifferent - really she was facing up to life for the first time.

The action in the second story is different. Here too, one has the story of two adolescents. But the suspense develops slowly in the adventure of the boys - in their rivalry and in their passion to attain the insurmountable. The story takes place in a rugged country, of which the toughness accords with resolution and determination.

The true theme is probably the prejudices imposed by the society on the young boys - the ancient beliefs were perpetuated from one family to the next.

The two boys discovered in front of the provocation of the mountains that they were, after all, similar with the same fears, the same dreams and the same ambition. During their adventure they lose their grudges - that which began as a sort of dual, finished as a divided danger, and their old animosities were forgotten. They were united by their origin and by the land of Cevennes. On returning, the disagreement recommenced - shame as well, and their society expected that. In spite of their prejudices, they retained their youth and innocence.

Here the countryside dominates the story. In both of them innocence - that of youth - is essential.

L'ARAIGNEE

(Dans le salon il y a trois personnes, Louise, Mme le Feure et Mme Châtel)

Mme Châtel: (a Mme Le Feure) Avez-vous de la farine pour moi? Je n'en ai pas a la maison. Je desire faire un gâteau.

Mme Le Feure: Mais, oui assurément.

Louise: (a Mme Le Feure, sa mere) Maman, je desire un biscuit. Puis - je en prendre un?

Mme Le Feure: Oui

(Louise va a la table ou sont les biscuits. Tout a cup elle crie tres fort).

Louise: Oh la la! Voila une araignee!!!

(Elle laisse tomber son biscuit et puis elle saute sur la table)

Louise: Voila! elle est par terre!!!!

(Les femmes sautent aussi sur la table)

Les femmes: Aïe!!

Louise: (Elle indique l'araignee) Elle va sous le piano!!

Les femmes: Aïe!!

Louise: Je vois un homme dehors(a l'homme) Monsieur! Il y a une araignee dans cette piece. Venez nous aider, sil vous plait.

L'homme: D'accord

(Il entre dans le salon ou il trouve l'araignee. Puis il jette l'araignee dehors)

L'homme: Voila! Maintenant elle est dans la jardin

Les trois personnes: Merci, beaucoup monsieur

L'homme: C'est un plaisir, mesdames

(L'homme quitte le salon)

L. PREISS
STD. 7

LATIN

HERSCHEL

Tristissima fabula est quae in XIX centum A.B. in Herschel occidit. Herschel ludus puellae erat. In feriis ludus vacuus eret, paeter duas puellas quarum pater in Madagascer habitat, quod locum longus erat ut in feriis ad domum venirent. Atter puella sex annos natu erat, atter natu maiores.

Vespere fatalis die, magistra et materque fraterque seder unt et ex librum legit. Liberi soli in cubiculo erant. Ancilla in cubiculum venit ut liberis persuaderet ut dormirent. Natu minor puella ae illum candelam relinquere iussit. Itaque candelam in pavimento posuit, ancilla excessit. Puella ludum ludere coepit: iterum candelam saluit. Subito sua stola ardenscet. Perterritas clamores sustulit. Dominae statim ad eam cucurmerunt. Gravissime puella vulnerata erat. Ad inferior eam attulerunt. Medicus advenit, sed multi credent sua umbra ambulat.

NATASHA THEOPHILOU
STD. 10

TRANSLATION

This tragic story happened at Herschel in the nineteenth century. Herschel was a school for girls. It was empty in the holidays except for two girls whose father lived in Madagascar, too far away for them to go home. The one girl was six, the other older.

On the evening of the fatal day, the schoolmistress, her mother and brother sat and read from a book. The children were alone in their bedroom. A maid entered the room to persuade them to go to sleep. The younger girl ordered her to leave the candle behind. And so, after placing it on the floor, she went out. The girl began to play a game; she jumped back and forth over the candle. Suddenly her clothes caught alight. She raised a terrified cry. The women immediately ran to her - the girl was extremely badly burnt. They carried her to the lower floor. The doctor arrived but there was no hope. She died at dawn. But many people believe her ghost still walks.

LATINA

XHOSA

UKUYA EDOLOPHINI

Abazali bayuka kusasa, kanti abantwana bathanda ukulda. Umama uvila ucango. Ulchanyisa isibane. Abantwana baphakama ngotukbawuleza kuba bajuna ukuya edolophini. Bakutya amaganda nobisi. Unina ukhupha imali kuba ujuna ekuthenga amatikiti. Bonke abantu bakhwela ibhasi. Bahlala phantsi. Abantwana bakroba ejestileni. Edolophini baya evenkileni kuba bajuna ukuthenga iimphahla. Umama ukhethela izihlangu abantwana kuphela. Bonke imithengisi bathanda ukuthengisa izinto. Ngokuhlwa balindela ibhasi, kuba bajuna ukugoduka.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONGOING TO TOWN

The parents wake up in the morning, whereas the children like to sleep. Mother opens the door. She turns on the light. The children get up quickly because they want to go to town. They eat eggs and drink milk. Mother takes out the money because she wants to buy tickets. All of them get on the bus. They sit down. The children peep out of the window. At the town they go to the shops because they want to buy clothes. Mother buys shoes only for the children. All the sellers like to sell things. In the evening they wait for the bus because they want to go home.

JENNY SAUNDERS
STD. 7

IXHOSA

PRINCE CHARLES

Nge 29 ka Julayi 1981, u Prince Charles of Wales watshata u Lady Diana Spencer e St. Paul's Cathedral. Ilizwe lonte lauuyisana nabo. Umbuzo wonke umntu owayewubuza ukuba inkosona okenye nkosazana encinci iyakulakhona nini. Wonke umntu wayelindele le nkosona okonye nkosazana entsha ezakutondela ebukhosini.

Nge 6 Novemba 1981, kwabhesgeswa ukuba u princess Diana ukhulelwe emva kwertsuku ezingama 99 betshatile. Laphinda ilizwe lauuya kakhulu. U Lady Diana usahleli ethendwa kakhulu luluntu. Soloko ebonisa uthendo lwakhe lwabontwana ngalolonke ixesha. Ezindaba zokuba uzakuba nosena lwauuyisa lonke ilizwe.

Ngentsuku zaka Lady Diana zokugala ekhulelwe wayegula kakhulu ekuseni kodwa waghubeka ngembheko nobubele bakhe eluntwini.

Ngololonke ixesha lokukhulelwa kwakhe ilizwe lajonga lilindele usuku lokubeleka kwakhe - 1 Julayi 1982.

TRANSLATION

On the 29 July, 1981, Prince Charles of Wales married Lady Diana Spencer in St. Paul's Cathedral. The whole world rejoiced in their happiness. The question everybody then asked was, "When will we see a new royal baby?" Everybody was waiting for the Prince and Princess of Wales to produce another heir to the throne.

On 6 November, 1981, the announcement was made. Princess Diana was expecting a child, 99 days after the wedding! Once again the world was overjoyed. Lady Diana had always been, and still is, a favourite with the people. She has always demonstrated her love of children in public and the news that she would soon have a baby of her own made all in England and elsewhere extremely pleased.

In Diana's first few months of pregnancy, she suffered from morning sickness. In spite of this, she always showed a smiling, pleasant face and made quite a few public appearances. Throughout her months of pregnancy, the world watched her eagerly, waiting patiently for the set date - 1st July, 1982.

GALE SOCIKWA
STD. 10

ITALIAN

VI PREGO CHIEDERE

Stelluce, stellina
che state vicine
die casa al Signore,
vi prego chiedere
per quelli che han sete
qualcosa da bere,
per quelli che han fame,
per tutti, del pane;
e dite al Signore
che metta nel core
di grandi a piccini
la pace e l'amore.

TRANSLATION:

Stars, stars
which are near
the house of the Lord
I plead you to pray
for those who are thirsty
something to drink,
for those who are hungry
some bread to eat;
and tell the Lord
to put in the hearts
of the old and young
peace and love.

LINDA FIGRAVANI
STD. 8

ITALIANO

Όλες οι εποχές τις χάρεις τους. Ο
Χειμώνας, τὸ καλοκαίρι, φθινόπωρο,
ἡ ἄνοιξη. Στὴ βορεινὴ Ἑλλάδα ὁ
Χειμώνας εἶναι βαρὸς. Ἡ ἄνοιξη
εἶναι, ἀσφαλῶς, ἡ πιὸ καλὴ
ἐποχὴ. Τὸ φθινόπωρο ἐπίσης
εἶναι ὡραία ἐποχὴ.

TRANSLATION

All the seasons have their charms
In Northern Greece, the winter is severe
Spring is certainly the best season.
Autumn is also a beautiful season.

MAGGIE DU TOIT
STD.10

Das erste Mal als ich in Deutschland was ende 1976. Also, das heisst dass es dort winter was. Ich hatte noch nie schnee gesehn. Heilige Abend fiel der erste schnee, also hatten wir ein Weisses Weihnachten. Wir müssten viele Bekannte und Verwandte besuchen. Fedesmat haben wir schokolade, Plaätzchen und so weiter bekommen. Überall haben wir neer gegessen und gegessen und geredetlike. Wir sind auch den Kölner - et dom hochgestiegen bis oben wo die Glocken hengen.

Das was fantastisch. Wir haben auch enige Museem angesehn. Es was sehr schön in Deutsland aber es was doch sehr schön um wieder nach hause in Süd-Afrika zu kommen. Es sind einpach weniger Menschen hier und es ist nicht so hektisch.

TRANSLATIONMY VISIT TO GERMANY

The first time I was in Germany was at the end of 1976. That means that at that time it was winter in Germany. The first snow fell on Christmas Eve, which meant that we would have a white Christmas.

We also had to visit a lot of friends and relations. Every time we would be given lots of chocolate, biscuits, etc. Everywhere we had to eat and eat and talk. We did quite a lot of sightseeing which included the Cathedral in Cologne. We climbed up to the top of one of the towers where the bells can be found - it was fantastic. We also went to see quite a lot of museums.

It was very nice in Germany but it was even better to come back home to South Africa. There are simply less people here.

HILDEGARD SCHUBERT
STD. 8



IRISH

Chuaigh Roisin síos go dtí an siopa
 Fuair sí bainne agus tae ann.
 Chuir sí an bainne agus an tae sa mhála.
 Chuaigh Lusai síos freisin
 Fuair sí milseáin sa mhála
 Thainig siad abhaile
 D'ith siad na milseáin
 Chuir Roisin an bainne ar an mbord.

Thainig Daidi abhaile
 Bhi cota mor air
 Bhi hata mor air freisin
 Feach! sin é sean
 Nil cota na hata air
 Seo i Rosin
 Tá guna nua uirthi
 Tá hata agus cota uirthi freisin
 Nil hata na cota ar an madra.

TRANSLATION:

Roisin arrives at the shops
 to buy milk and tea
 She puts the milk and tea in her bag
 Lucy went with her as well.
 She bought some sweets
 She carries the sweets in her bag.
 They both come home.
 They eat the sweets
 While Roisin puts the milk on the table.

Father arrives home
 wearing a big coat
 and a new hat too.
 Hey! there is Sean.
 He hasn't got a coat or hat on.
 Roisin is with him
 displaying her new dress
 under her coat and hat.
 The dog is not dressed up.

LUCINDA RICHARDS
STD. 9

Gaelic

SPANISH

LA GRAN VIA

Que hermosa es la Gran Via! Los edificios son tan imponentes- algunos del estilo tradicional Espanol, algunos de estilo moderno, otros una combinacion de los dos estilos. Esta avenida es el centro comercial de Madrid. Recuerde que en ellas se puede encontrar a los grandes espanoles del pasado. Se puede caminar no solamente a traves de la historia sino tambien a traves de la literatura y del arte. Camine despacio por la Gran Via hasta la esquina en donde se junta con la Calle de Alcala. Entonces camine a la derecha, por el Paseo de Prado hasta el Museo Mismo. Mire el exterior del museo y admire la arquitectura magnifica del siglo 18, y la estatua de Velazquez, que esta delante del museo. Es muy interesante caminar por Madrid. Cuando vi todos aquellos monumentos y museos comprendi el orgullo de los espanoles en el pasado de la nacion.

TRANSLATION

How beautiful the Gran Via is! The buildings are so impressive - some in the traditional Spanish style, some in modern style, others a combination of the two styles. This avenue is the commercial centre of Madrid. I remembered that in them one can meet the great Spaniards of the past. One can walk not only through history, but also through literature. I walked slowly along the Gran Via up to the corner where it joins with the Alcala Street. Then I walked to the right, along the Paseo del Prado to the museum itself. I looked at the outside of the museum and admired the magnificent architecture of the 18th Century and the statue of Velazquez which is in front of the museum.

It is very interesting to walk through Madrid. When I saw all those monuments and museum I understood the pride of the Spaniards in the nation's past.

SONYA BESTER
STD. 9

ESPAGÑOL

HEBREW

בָּרַךְ אֶתְּהֵי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
 אֲשֶׁר חָרַב בְּנָבִי אִים וְרַבֵּי סוּרְךָ אֶחָד בְּרָה
 הַבְּאֵמְרִים בְּאֵתְּ בְּרַךְ אֶתְּהֵי חָדָל
 בְּתוֹרֶיךָ אֶתְּהֵי חָדָל בְּתוֹרֶיךָ
 לֵב מֵשַׁח עָבְדוֹ בִּישׁוּר אֵל
 יַעֲמֵד הַבְּנָבִי אֲשֶׁלֶם
 הָאֵתְּ אֲדָק

TRANSLATION

Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the Universe, who hast
 chosen good prophets, and delighted in their words, which were
 delivered in truth. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast chosen
 the Law, thy servant Moses, thy people Israel, and the true and
 righteous prophets.

LISA KANTOR
STD. 7

IVRIT

DUTCH

Ziegen Vader het geene wÿ ete
Laet wÿ nimmer u vergete.

O Here sÿt gedank voor het
genote spÿs en drank
zeggen wÿ u hartlik dank.

TRANSLATION

Dear Father look at what we eat
and let us never forget you.

Let us thank you for our food
and drink which we heartily enjoyed.

INGRID HOMMERSON
STD. 8

NEDERLANDS

MONDAY

TO

FRIDAY...

HISTORY

THE EFFECT OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION ON THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC IN THE 1930'S

Germany started the twenties in a very bad way. She was suffering in the aftermath of the postwar inflation therefore people were frustrated and unemployed. From the beginning the Weimar government was unstable because they were labelled with the faults of the Versailles Treaty. The government was not accepted because few Germans admired a government which had been born out of defeat and whose representative had signed the hated Versailles Peace Treaty. The Great Depression did a great deal of damage to the Weimar Republic but it was just part of the down hill road that the Weimar Government experienced.

After the war the first Weimar government had to face the problems of the backlog of the Versailles Treaty. The economy was bad and the inflation rate soared which resulted in high unemployment figures. There was never one party strong enough to govern in the subsequent governments therefore coalitions had to be formed and this presented a weak political situation.

Gustav Stresemann achieved a great deal for Germany, first during the Ruhr Crisis which occurred in 1923. The economic effects of the Ruhr Crisis were felt throughout Germany and widespread unemployment was caused. Due to him the situation improved and he became chancellor. Just as Germany's prospects brightened the Great Depression occurred. This affected Germany very strongly because the Dawes Loans ceased. Although Stresemann had built a firm foundation, chaos resulted. When Stresemann died in 1929 suffered another setback and there was instability in the government. Müller became chancellor and he had to ask president Von Hindenburg to use emergency powers due to the conflicting views in the government caused by coalitions. In 1930 Müller who was a socialist resigned and Brüning who was a Centre Catholic became chancellor. This was once again an unstable government because it consisted of a coalition of Centre Catholics and Socialists therefore Brüning also had to use emergency powers.

In the presidential election of 1932 Hitler proved his popularity by gaining 13 million votes although Von Hindenburg was re-elected. Hitler had developed the Nazi party and there had been a slow increase of popularity since 1923. In May 1932 Brüning resigned and Centre Catholic Von Papen became chancellor in the July elections of 1932. The Nazis gained some more seats in this election. Von Papen could not cope without the emergency powers due to the coalition of the Centre Catholics and Social Democrats and another election was held in November 1932 because he formed a coalition of Centre Catholics and Nationalists. He had to do this because the Nazis had gained the greatest popularity and therefore they combined to keep Hitler and his Nazis out but Von Schleicher resigned in mid January 1933.

Hitler became the new chancellor because old Von Hindenburg appointed him but the new cabinet was a non-party government which did not suit Hitler because there were only three Nazis in the cabinet therefore he did not have the majority support. Hitler

- 2 -

stated that the government was unstable so he called for new elections in March 1933. Hitler's brownshirts and S.S. broke up and disrupted all other political meetings therefore the Nazis gained support and the other political parties lost support. Hitler discredited his main rival, the communist party therefore Hitler easily won the election. The Nazi party gained a majority therefore Hitler could persuade the other parties to pass a law which was the enabling Act. Hitler then became a dictator. He disregarded all constitutions and the Nazi party became the only party. When Von Hindenburg died in 1934 Hitler made himself president and chancellor therefore he became the Führer. This was the end of the Weimar Republic.

The Great Depression was not entirely responsible for the collapse of the Weimar Republic in the thirties, it merely precipitated the collapse. There were many contributing causes. There was tremendous instability in the Weimar government from 1919 onwards. The numerous political parties weakened the political structure. The Ruhr Crisis caused further problems. The Great Depression was a huge blow to Germany and the government because unemployment, inflation and a weak economy resulted. Then there were the many coalitions that had to be formed because no party was strong enough to form a majority. Hitler's rise to power also added to the downfall of the Weimar Republic because had he not gained so much popularity then he would not have been able to become a dictator which ended the administration of the Weimar government. All these aspects contributed to the collapse of the Weimar Republic.

SONYA BESTER
STD.9

GEOGRAPHYGEOSTROPHIC FLOW

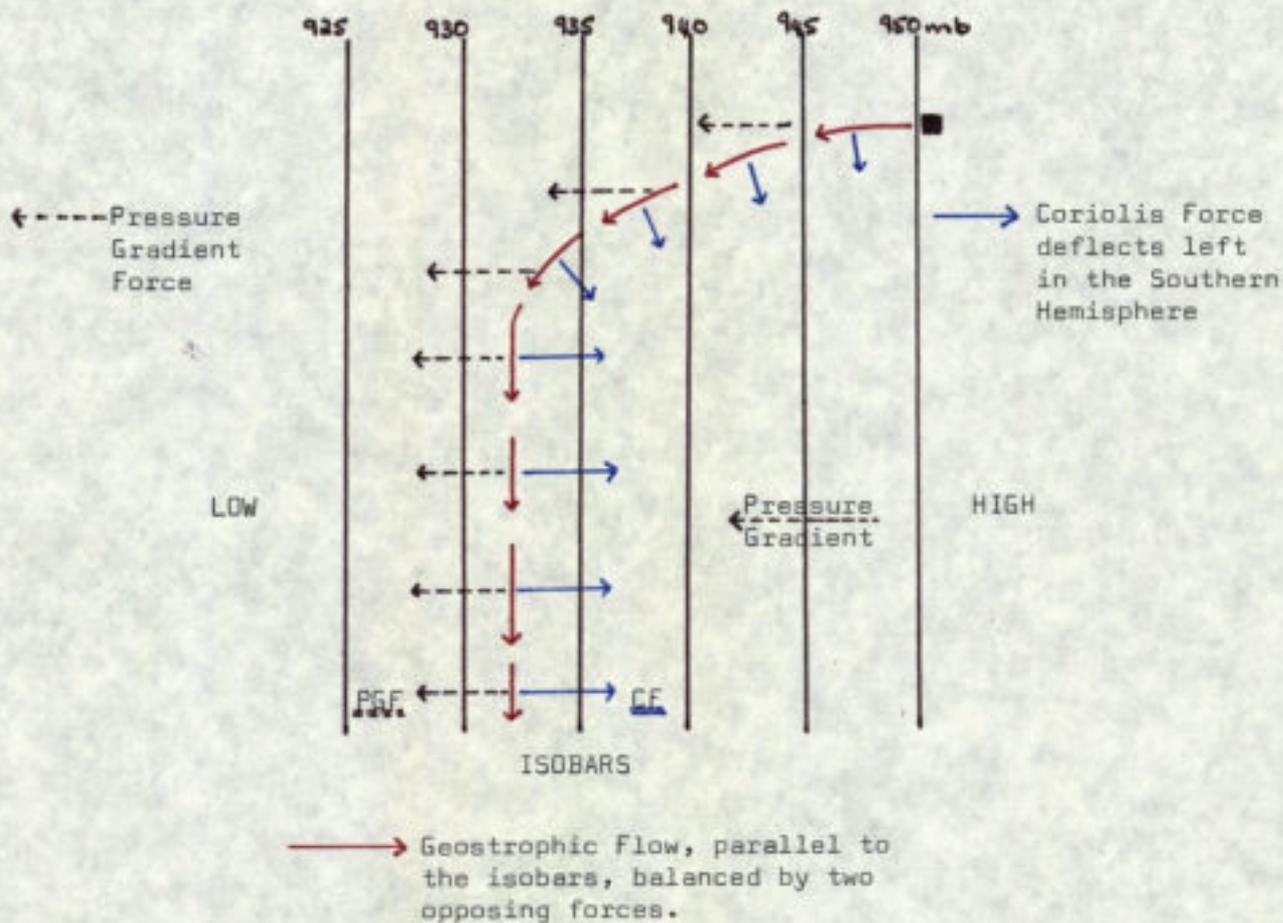
The following points show the main factors involved in the development of a wind.

- (1) Pressure gradients occur in the atmosphere.
- (2) Air tends to move along pressure gradients from high pressure to low pressure.
- (3) It immediately comes under the influence of the pressure gradient force which acts perpendicularly to the isobars and maintains the movement along the gradient.
- (4) However, as soon as air moves, it is acted on by the Coriolis force.
- (5) This is a small effect at first but it increases as the speed of movement increases.
- (6) The Coriolis force acts perpendicularly to the direction of movement and deflects the wind to the left in the Southern Hemisphere (to the right in the Northern Hemisphere).
- (7) Both the pressure gradient force and the Coriolis force act on the moving body of air. Therefore, the situation eventually comes about where they are acting in opposite directions and balance each other.
- (8) When this happens the wind blows parallel to the isobars and is then called geostrophic. This is the only situation in which the air flow is called geostrophic.
- (9) Further deflection by the Coriolis Force is impossible as the air flow would then be against the pressure gradient.
- (10) True geostrophic flow is not often developed near the surface due to the effect of friction with the surface; winds, therefore, usually blow across the isobars.

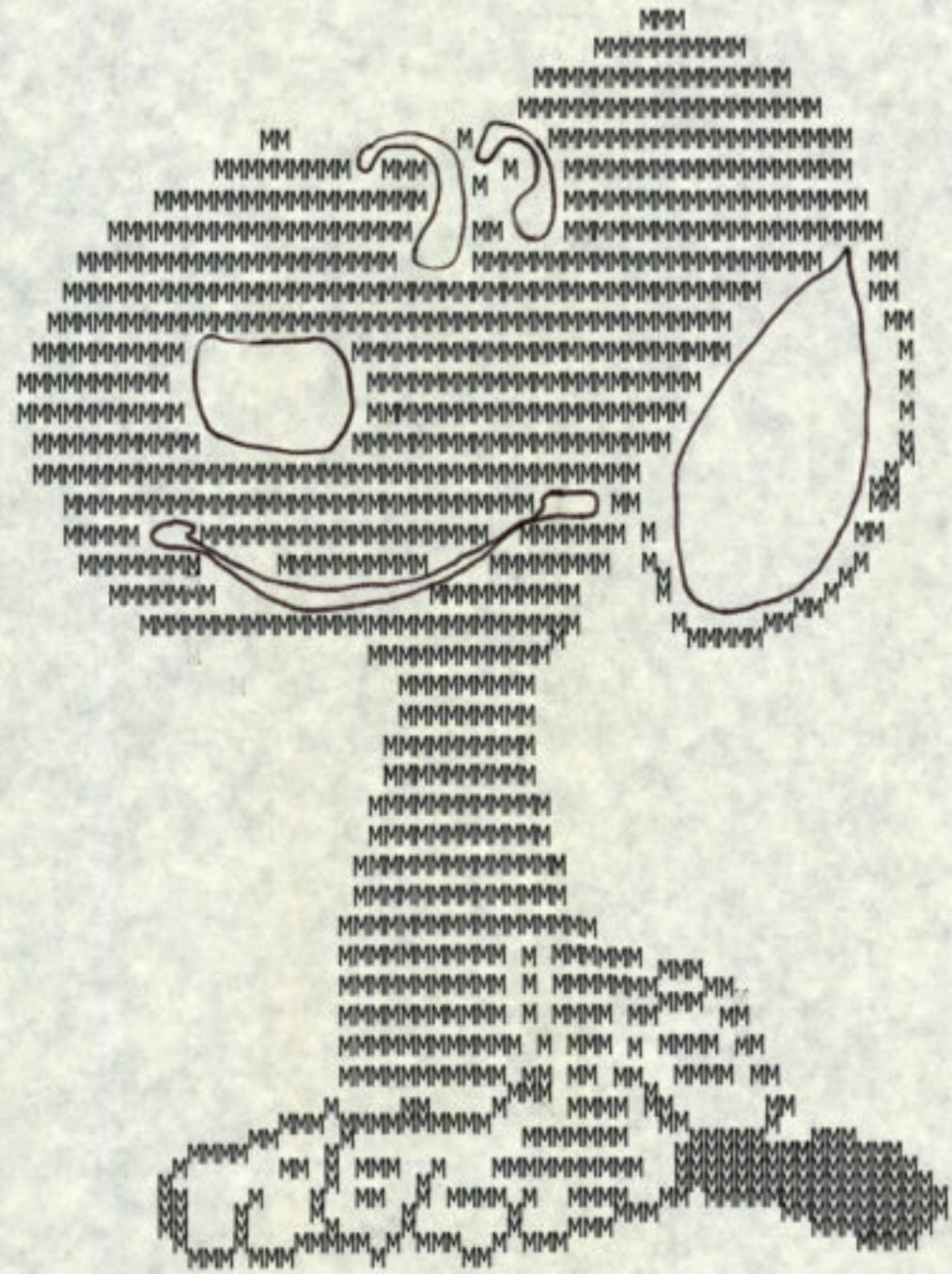
NICKY JONES
STD. 9

GEOSTROPHIC FLOW

THE MODEL OF THE WIND DEVELOPMENT



TYPING



ANTHEA OVENSTONE
STANDARD NINE

COMPUTER SCIENCE

As computers are a vital part of the business world today, more and more schools are offering computer science as a high school subject. Here is an example of an extremely simple computer program, written in a language called Basic. The program simply adds up five numbers at a time. It can, of course, add up any amount of numbers, but in order to illustrate the simplest of programs, it is programmed to accept five numbers only.

```
10 for I = 1 to 5
20 Input A (I)
30 Answer = Answer + A (I)
40 Next I
50 Print "The total is " - Answer.
```

MAGGIE DU TOIT
STD. 10.

THE

HEAT

OF THE

MOMENT...

THE INSECT COMEDY

"The Insect Comedy" by Josef and Karel Capek was presented by Herschel at the Claremont Civic Centre from the 26th to the 30th April.

It was directed by Dawn McClurg. The cast was very large with seniors and juniors taking part in the production as well as SACS, bishops and U.C.T. students.

It will be impossible to mention every Merriman cast member by name, but those who did take part, including the "invisible" cast members (i.e., back stage crew), are to be congratulated on their contribution to the successful production.

The main part, The Vagrant, was played by Kevin Martley. The Vagrant symbolises man who is dissatisfied with life in general. At the start of the play he is drunk and begins to see life in terms of insects. The Prologue introduces the Vagrant to the audience as well as the Professor who loves butterflies so much that she kills them for his collection.

Act I is the Butterfly scene and this too depicts youth. They are portrayed as empty, permissive and fashionable society. Iris and are two so-called "friends" who both desperately chase after the same "man" Felix, a pseudo-intellectual who writes the most abominable poetry. Predictably, they soon grow tired of him. This type of person is always searching for something new and is never satisfied. They can be likened to the modern jet set.

Act II contains the Marauders and this is also supposed to represent Middle Age. The Vagrant also ages progressively throughout the play. Greed is god in this act. Each is for his own. The chrysalis, who is striving for birth, is the only character who is good and pure.

Maggie du Toit (Merriman) played the beetle a la Italian mama. Her entire existence, as well as that of her husband's, is their precious pile of dung and they are totally distraught when the strange beetle eats it.

Rosalind Butler (Merriman) played the over-protective parent; in this case it was the Ichneuman fly. She thinks that her repulsive daughter, the larva, is too wonderful for words. She kills cold-bloodedly in order to feed her offspring. The larva (Dianne Dixon) stole the show. She was wonderfully revolting. Each night she dived into her lair to a round of applause.

The crickets were a typically suburban couple, mummy being heavily pregnant. All they required for happiness was their tiny home, their family to be, and curtains. Unfortunately the Ichneuman fly kills them before their dream is realised.

The Parasite (played by Julienne Walker - also of Merriman) thinks that the world owes him a living and very loudly complains about the injustice of it all. When it comes to the crunch, however, he is petrified. The scene ends after the Parasite has broken into the Ichneuman fly's lair and has devoured all its contents, including the larva.



ON STAGE



BEHIND THE SCENES

Act III, the Ants, was performed after interval. The Vagrant is almost an old man now. War is the theme of this scene. It is very reminiscent of the Third Reich and is very interesting because this was written in the early 1920's, years before Hitler's appearance. Michel Crudge played the first engineer and Janine Quibell (Merriman winner of 1981's inter-House best actress) played the second engineer.

The juniors played the yellow ants. The two engineers wanted the road between two blades of grass and they declared war on the yellows. A battle ensues and practically all the whites and yellows are slaughtered. The Vagrant is devastated by the senselessness of it all and this is ironical because he was a soldier once. For the first time life is beginning to mean something to him.

The Epilogue: Life and Death is a complete contrast to Act III.

The moths perform a hauntingly beautiful dance until they die, one by one. The chrysalis emerges from her cocoon and lives for only a moment. Death decides to pay a call on the Vagrant. The Vagrant struggles with him, trying to ward him off but predictably he loses. The snails, two amusing cameo roles, have a short dialogue which has a dig at fake sympathy.

A woodcutter, a woman and baby end the play. Life-death-birth, we have turned a full cycle. A children's choir (all juniors) sings a hymn and thus the play ends.

Despite several booking mishaps the play received a good write-up and was generally well received. Mrs McClurg is to be congratulated on excellent last minute work, as are all the teachers and parents who assisted. Both the Stage Manager (Dianna Booth) and the Assistant Stage Manager (Sue Bell), both of Merriman, are to be thanked for all the hard work behind the scenes.

On Friday, the 30th April, after the final performance, the entire cast went to Janine Quibell's house where the after party was held. Mrs Quibell had had the Matric dance after party there two weeks previously. It was very generous of her to go through another one in such a short space of time. The party was lovely with a tremendous amount of spirit. It was a perfect end to months of hard work.

ROSALIND BUTLER
STD. 9

MATRIC DANCE REPORT - 1982

Naturally, the Matric dance was a great success. We found the planning and decorating almost as much fun as the dance itself.

The actual choosing of the theme was the most difficult part. After much chopping and changing, we decided on "Venice". Postcards, photographs, travel brochures and books were polled and the most suitable pictures were chosen. Our artists - Zan, Marie-Louise and Tisa - designated pictures, papers and paints to the various groups and the posters were started. The holidays were spent eating hot-cross buns and painting like mad.

Our great aim was to fill the net, across the roof of the hall, with bouganvillia. Nearly every garden in the area was stripped down by the "Bouganvillia Raiders". For days it was impossible to enter the Matric common room, for the mountains of bouganvillia flowers occupied all the space. Of course, we then had to attach the flowers to the net. Any punishments given were to sew "bouganvillia". Soon many people were involved and despite this, it took hours to complete the net.

By early Friday morning the hall began look more like Venice and less like a school hall. On entering it over a bridge one looked onto a Venetian courtyard surrounded by the characteristic rustic buildings, gondolas and canals. The transformation was quite beautiful and the garlands of flowers and white doves added to the atmosphere. A colourful fruitstall was constructed to add to the effect and a fountain was installed. By these outstanding decorations the charm and liveliness of Venice was captured.

The waitresses were all dressed as gondoliers, and just as excited as the girls themselves. They really contributed to the evening's success by their pleasant efficiency. The dance was a tremendous success. The band was superb and it was quite obvious that everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.



JUDY RICHARDS
STD. 10

FINAL TOUCHES
BEFORE THE
BIG MOMENT

THE MATRIC DANCE WAITRESSES

The long list of Std. 9 girls' names read out one day at notices caused quite a few heads to turn around and exchange glances between each other. A faint humming of voices from the Std. 9 line had to be silenced by Lynn.

"Please will you all meet me at 1.20 p.m." announced Linda Merrington with a grin on her face.

Curiosity was aroused and at 1.20 p.m. a group of excited girls shuffled into the Matric common room.

"What's this all about?" were the only words uttered by the expectant girls and yet there were some big grins on the faces of the girls whose eyes twinkled knowledgeably.

"You are all waitresses for the Matric Dance!" Linda informed us. The anticipation was incredible and we all felt so privileged to be able to share the forthcoming evening with the Matrics. We all guessed the theme by the outfits we were to wear. After all, what does white knicker-bockers, striped tea-shirts and hats with ribbons remind you of? Yes, we were to be the famous gondoliers for one fabulous night.

The great Venetian night eventually arrived and the familiar sight of canals and Italian buildings surrounded the hall area and provided a lovely atmosphere. As the music started, the excitement in the kitchen increased.

"I know I'll drop the pate down one of those beautiful dresses" was the common remark that was uttered by anxious voices throughout the kitchen. A few catastrophes occurred, such as forgetting to put food onto someone's plate and only realising, when everyone sits patiently not eating, that something might be wrong.

Apart from the occasional upsets, the waitresses all had a fantastic time and really appreciated being allowed to enjoy the evening with the Matrics. We all hope that we created a friendly atmosphere and added successfully to the Venetian theme.



SARAH ASHLEY
STD. 9

TO VENICE
WITH LOVE

STD. 8 FORM DANCE

Finally on the 27th March, all the agonizing weeks of indecision and nerves were over. The questions "Who are you taking?", "What are you wearing?" had been on every one's lips. Now the dance was actually here - clothes and shoes had been bought and blind dates secured for wailing females.

Saturday morning saw the the Mannion's house overrun by Std.8's cutting, glueing, spraying, talking, tying and eating. Then at about 4.00 p.m. everyone retired home to begin the beauty preparations.

When everyone arrived at about 8.00 p.m. the tent was transformed into a glittering wonderland of music, neon lights, glamorous females and their hunky partners. The light snacks disappeared; the dance floor was always crowded; the tables, each beautifully decorated, were filled with happy, laughing couples; the photographer ran in hectic circles snapping and flashing amongst people and the atmosphere was fantastic.

The rain held off until at last at about 12.30 a.m. when everyone departed. It was a gorgeous evening and our grateful thanks go to the Mannions for giving us their home for the evening!

LEE-ANNE CARLYLE
STD. 8

THE STD.9 FORM DANCE

The much yearned for March 6th arrived at last. After hours of hairdressers, diets and organization we were ready for the big night.

The Lashbrooks were kind enough to risk their house for the occasion, but everyone promised to keep dangerous weapons at home, and the house was safe.

The tables were arranged in the garden and the scene was candle-lit which allowed for romantic expression and soft complexions (much needed) the colour scheme was red and white - a triumph a la Merriman.

As usual the Merriman girls turned out in full force and dress (along with famous companion, rugby captains, campus casanovas, models ... not to mention the Wynberg stud!)

The music was excellent and enjoyed by all. Disco, new wave, reggae and yes, can you believe it?, the Can-can, Charleston and Cha-cha. These were a great success and for some, years of dancing paid off after all.

After much gaiety and merriment (excuse the pun!) Monday morning school proved a drag, but we will always remember our Std.9 Form dance as a truly wonderful occasion. The spirit of Merriment lives on!

JULIENNE WALKER
STD. 9



MERRIMAN EDITORS
OFF DUTY
(AND IN HAPPIER DAYS!)

THE RANK XEROX NATIONAL SCHOOLS' FESTIVAL OF ENGLISH

For the 1982 Schools' Festival of English, eleven girls from Std.9 and 10 chose to participate from July 11 to 16. "Plays, Poems and People", the theme of this year's festival, provided a programme of cultural enrichment. These items came from all four corners of the earth - from Rome and Egypt, from Wales, from the dusty road to Canterbury and from the low flat hills of the Karoo. The writers spanned the centuries from the Fifteenth to the Twentieth and the speakers and actors came from all parts of South Africa. This outstanding cultural event, sponsored by Rank Xerox, has made possible a wider understanding and appreciation of one of the most expressive and universal languages.

There was something for everyone - dance, drama, poetry, music, art, puppetry, as well as lectures on the set works. The variety of the programme was exciting and provided opportunities for verbal and physical participation.

The Rank Xerox English Olympiad was established to encourage pupils who are sensitive to and gifted in the English Language and its Literature. It demanded a mature level of insight - the theme being "Short Stories of South Africa". Of the 2,760 candidates fifteen were selected as being the top entrants. The overall winner was announced at the end of the festival.

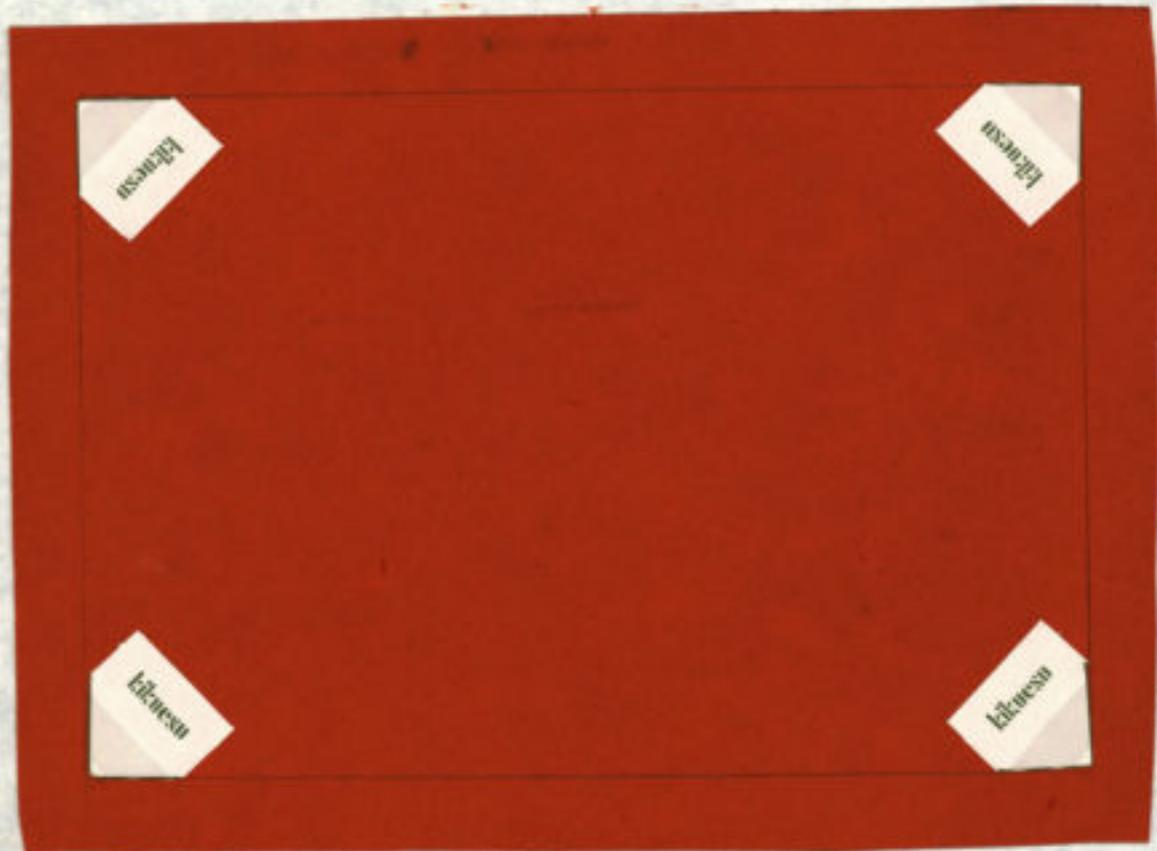
Nearly 1,000 pupils attended the Festival this year from schools countrywide and stayed in the various residences of Rhodes University. The charming Victorian town of Grahamstown, now South Africa's centre of English, was taken over by hundreds of schools in just a few hours.

The various activities took place in the 1820 Settlers' Monument, built to commemorate the contributions made by the English-speaking settlers to the development and enrichment of this country. The monument has superb facilities, used for festivals and conferences, as well as a variety of other functions. The programme included several plays - Oh Coward, The Canterbury Tales, Platkops Children and Anthony and Cleopatra. There were several collages, a jazz recital and dance display. The activities never seemed to lack a high standard and the fringe activities proved most successful.

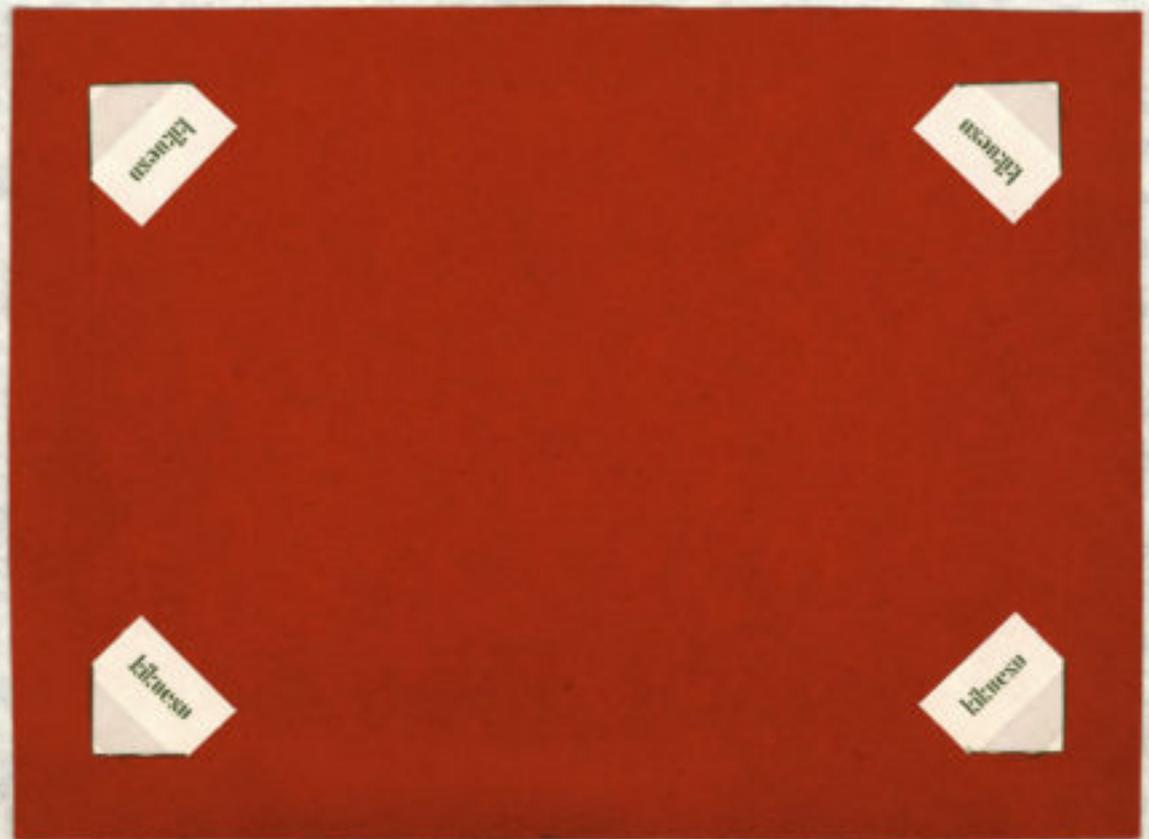
The Festival was a chance to meet others and a happy week was spent, leaving us with rich memories of time well spent.

ELIZABETH BAKER
STD. 9

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF
SOUTHERN AFRICA
SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF
MERRIMAN



SOUTH WEST AFRICA
(SONYA BESTER)



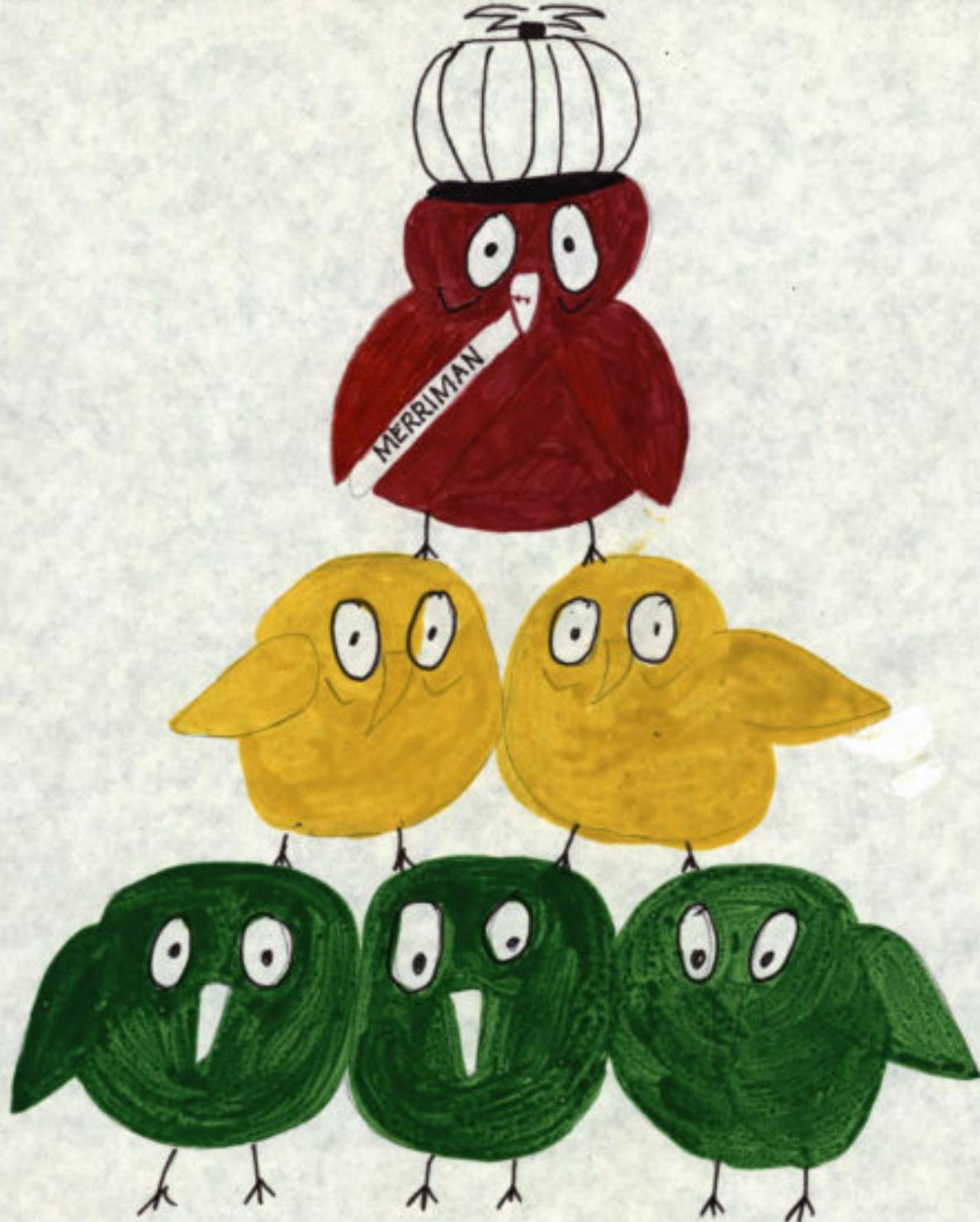
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G O R D O N ' S B A Y
(P E N N Y T H E S E N)



L L A N D U D N O
(N I C K Y J O N E S)



-50-

And we're still at the top...



YESTERDAY

1932



TODAY

1982





TOMORROW

2032

OUR

JETSETTERS...



ST. CYPRIAN'S ART TOUR - 1982

The St.Cyprian's art tour was both enjoyable and educational as it combined a study of art around Europe with the experience of travelling in new countries and getting to know many people.

In Greece, where the tour started, we saw the Acropolis, which was very exciting. We had all studied it and, although there were many tourists there, the atmosphere was not spoilt. From here we also had an excellent view of Athens. We went on a coach tour to Delphi, where we saw the temple of Athena Pronaea and the ruined city where the oracle used to be. In the sweltering 48°C heat we trudged up the hill to see the Temple of Apollo, the Treasury of the Athenians and the theatre. Also at Delphi was the museum, where we saw, among other things, the Charioteer. He was smaller than most of us expected, but even the most sceptical amongst us had to agree that he was really beautiful. On our way back to Athens we visited the Byzantine monastery of Ossiou Loutos. Here we found beautiful golden mosaics and ancient frescoes.

We were up at 5.30 a.m. the next morning to leave on an early flight for Rome, where we visited the Colosseum, the Roman Forum, the Borghese Gallery, Santa Maria Maggiore, St.Peter in Chains, the Vatican City and the Parthenon. The highlights of these visits were Bernini's David and his Apollo and Daphne in the Borghese Gallery, as well as the Sistine Chapel and St.Peter's, the largest cathedral in the world and one of the most beautiful. Next on our agenda was Florence and we stopped off at Assisi on the way there to see the monastery that was the original home of the Franciscan monks.

In Florence we saw more art than can possibly be listed, but the most important items were Michelangelo's David at the Accademia, the Duomo, Cathedral of Florence, The Uffizi Gallery and San Marco Monastery, where we saw some very beautiful illuminated scripts.

Venice was a novelty to all of us, and, although we only stayed there for two days, many of us enjoyed it the most. We saw St.Mark's Cathedral, the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs and Santa Maria della Sante. St.Mark's square and the Rialto were our favourite haunts during our free time for pleasure, shopping and ice-cream purposes. We also saw a glass-blowing demonstration, which was fascinating.

We travelled by train to Lucerne and, as we neared the Swiss border, the scenery became more and more spectacular. Lucerne was strictly a non-art visit and we enjoyed a trip around Lake Lucerne by boat, swimming in the lake, a day trip up Mount Titlus to play in the snow and, of course, the inevitable shopping. Paris was the next stop, where we visited the Louvre Museum, the biggest art museum in the world. The Winged Victory of Samothrace, Mona Lisa, Rubens' Life of Catherine dei Medici and Canora's Cupid and Psyche are only a few of the treasures to be found in the Louvre. Becoming more and more modern, we visited the Jen de Paume (impressionist gallery) and the Pompidou Centre, an amazing building incorporating a modern art museum. We also saw the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower illuminated from a boat on the Seine at night.

In London, our last stop, we saw St.Paul's Cathedral and Westminster. Some of us went to the Science Museum, but many preferred to shop in Hamley's or Oxford Street. We also took a boat trip up Greenwich to see the Maritime Museum and Observatory.

I strongly recommend this tour, which is held annually by St.Cyprian's school, to art students and non-art students and would like to thank Mrs Joyce Hoyle for guiding us so competently around Europe.



WENDY PEROLD
STD. 8

POMPIDOU CENTRE



CHATRES CATHEDRAL SPIRE

MY HOLIDAY IN AMERICA

Thinking back on the past month which I spent overseas, I can only say that it was a time which I most value.

We left South Africa on June 21st to return on July 24th. During that time we stayed in England, visiting relatives and friends, and even managed to fit into our tight schedule some sightseeing. We visited Yorkshire and Wales and spent 3 days in London. Unfortunately, there was a railroad and underground strike so we saw much of London on foot.

On Tuesday, June 29th, we left the Nunnery early so that we would avoid the heavy traffic caused by the strike. After half an hour we realised we were travelling in the wrong direction and solving it meant that we would have to travel with the traffic all the way into Heathrow Airport. From here, some hours later, we departed for Montreal where I left my father and travelled on to Boston.

The highlight of my stay was in Maine, on the 4th of July, and where we spent 3 days sailing up the coast on a yacht. The 4th of July is a national holiday and is a very "American" day. We spent the day with fifty guests, passing the day with baseball and throwing horseshoes. The food was bountiful - for example, clams, lobster, watermelon, icecream and brownies.

An exciting experience for me was flying alone from New York to Salt Lake City, where I met various relations. Before leaving for Montana, we spent some time at the Mormon Tabernacle. Utah is the home of the Mormon Religion and Marie and Donny Osmond.

Montana is one of the Wild West States, and is suitably named The Big Sky, and is greatly associated with American and Indian history.

My family have a ski lodge in the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by vast forests of pine trees. I spent a quiet and happy ten days hiking and fly fishing as well as enjoying the sun and nature.

Rather reluctantly, I boarded the plane to fly east where I joined my father to fly back home. These holidays really have made a strong and lasting impression in my mind - and will certainly remain there for a long time yet.

ANNE ABDY
STD. 9



PETTICOAT LANE



W A L E S



MONTANA
HIKING IN THE HILLS
NEAR HAMILTON



MONTANA
LAKE COMO

A LETTER FROM GILLIAN PARKER, AN EX MERRIMAN MEMBER, WHO
RECENTLY LEFT TO LIVE IN AMERICA.

116 Juniper Road,
NEW CANAAN. CT 06840
U.S.A.
12 June 1982.

Hi ya doing Merriman!

Sorry I haven't written for such a long time. I know I should've but I didn't.

This last month has been a really hectic one what with the final exams, Prom and Graduation etc. Unbelievable as it may seem, all these things were squeezed into a 2 week period, but only 6 days when holidays and days off are excluded. Before the finals, all term papers and other such forms of torture were due so everybody had sleepless nights reading books and magazines trying to scrape enough information together. Along with all this work came the first signs of summer. About time too, I might add! The last time I experienced summer and sun was last year at Hermanus during the Easter break. One problem though, none of us are looking forward to the 35/40 degree C weather with close on 100% humidity. That's going to be as bad as all the snow and temperatures well below freezing. Enough complaining, school's over and done with for the next 3 months and then I finally make it into Std. 10. What a relief! 18 months in Std. 9 didn't do me much good.

I wish each and every one of you the best of luck in all the exams that are coming, and hope you did your very best in the mid year ones. This may sound a little strange, but you have a lot to be thankful for. An education like that at Herschel is not easily come by, so I urge each of you to do your best and make the most of your last months there. You have no idea how I long for the challenges and the quality of the work at Herschel. You don't realise what "fun" work is until you don't have it.

Since I am enjoying photography so much, I was responsible for taking the photos for the school magazine and newspaper.

The exams this time were a little more challenging and difficult. On Monday we got all our exams back, i.e., we were given our marks. Nobody goes over exams here. Some teachers don't even let you see your paper.

Monday night was a big night: Prom Night. Unlike Matric dances, Proms are held outside the school. This year the seniors hired a dining room at the Longshore Inn in Westport. The only decorating done was a bunch of balloons hanging in the entrance hall, and a few pineapples and cocounuts on the tables - the theme was Hawaii. I went out to dinner with Joe (how American!), Matt (he's British) and Carin (she's German). That's what you can call a real hodgepodge of nationalities.

2/

-2-

Wednesday was the L-HT graduation and prize giving. I received the Yale Club prize for "outstanding personal character, intellectual promise and ex-curricular achievements". That reminds me. About 3 weeks ago, the sports dinner was held. In each major sport, a prize is given to the most improved and most valuable player. I was awarded the M.V.P. award for hockey. I have also been elected the Senior Vice president for the next year. In addition to that I am in charge of photography for next year's yearbook. That's going to be a tough job, but I'm looking forward to it.

That's about all the news/skinner I have for now. Once again, I hope you all have a great vac, study/work hard and give your all these next few months. I'll be thinking of all of you. Best of luck. Miss you all. Lotsa luv.

GILLIAN.

P.S. If any of you have any spare time now, please write and let me know how life's treating you. I'd really love to hear from you.





SPORT

TENNIS

Through the years Merriman has always done fairly well in sport, our team having good spirit. This year Merriman has three 1st team players, namely, Susan Bowley, Maggie du Toit and Jackie Batchelor. Maggie and Susan both received their half colours this year.

Although we lost the Inter-house tennis this year, Merriman players are not feeling at all discouraged and show great determination for winning next year's Inter-house Tournament.

We are holding thumbs now and hope that in 1983 the Inter-house cup will belong to us.

JACKIE BATCHELOR
TENNIS CAPTAIN



OUR NUMBER ONE!
JACKIE BATCHELOR.

THE TENNIS TOUR - SEPTEMBER HOLIDAYS 1981

An eight day tennis tour is an exciting way to spend the 1981 September holidays and 12 Herschel girls were lucky enough to be able to do so.

Mr and Mrs Hudson accompanied the First, Second and U.15 members through the Karoo on an eventful train journey and around bustling Johannesburg for a week. The train journey lasted $1\frac{1}{2}$ days and we all enjoyed watching the contrasting countryside as we travelled from the green Cape to the dry Highveld.

Unfortunately, the dryness of the Highveld air caused our tennis balls to spring up everywhere - the air exaggerated the bounce. This naturally affected our first attempts of victory but as we gained experience we were able to hold our own against our very tough opponents.

The Stampers organised our accommodation and entertainment, which included a trip to the Stock Exchange and a visit 1000 m below the ground on the mine tour! We were taken up the Carlton Hotel in order to experience the spectacular view of Johannesburg at night, which gave us a better perspective of the Golden City.

As a farewell gift, Johannesburg gave us a true Highveld thunderstorm. Consequently our match against Kingsmead was cancelled as conditions made play impossible. The tour was a great experience. We left Johannesburg more experienced tennis players despite our losses, and far more knowledgeable of the City than when we arrived.

Our thanks to the Hudsons and Stampers for making it possible and really enjoyable.

SARAH ASHLEY
STD. 9



SWIMMING REPORT

This year Merriman has greatly improved their swimming standard, although still retaining third place behind Jagger and Rolt. We have managed to gain more placings.

Merriman swimmers continue to train very hard at all times and special congratulations to Anne Abdy and Fiona Guilliland on breaking the butterfly, backstroke and freestyle records and for gaining half-colours. Caroline Christie and Nell Hanekom are also to be congratulated for winning their respective events and for receiving colours.

Our thanks go to the house for all the bursting spirit they created at the gala, giving the swimmers all the motivation they needed and thanks to Jagger and Rolt for being such tough competition!

ANNE ABDY
SWIMMING CAPTAIN



ANNE ABDY
BREAKING THE
BUTTERFLY RECORD.



MISS WOOD'S MATHS BRAIN
PUT TO USE AT THE
INTER-HOUSE
SWIMMING GALA.



A BLAZE OF RED!

OUR GOLLYWDG CHEERLEADERS:

DI, MAGGIE, CHERYL,

JACKIE AND JUDY.





IF I HAVE TO DREAM, I WISH I
COULD DREAM ABOUT SOMETHING
BESIDES DOING THE BACKSTROKE!



DIVING REPORT

Our standard of diving has remained very high this year, with our divers maintaining a firm position in Inter-schools - we took second place. The Inter-house diving was won by Rolt, Jagger second and Merriman third. The open diving up was won by Tania Landless and the U.15 Cup was won by Clodagh Mannion. The cup has been in Rolt's possession for many years. However, there is still a big chance for Merriman to claim it in future years.

JENNY SAUNDERS
STD. 7



HOCKEY REPORT

The inter-house hockey competition will take place in the third term, and, if Merriman is to live up to its hockey reputation, we should walk away with the cup! For the last five consecutive years, Merriman has excelled in hockey and has come first in the inter-house competition each time.

This year, Herschel's first team has two Merriman girls in it, and the second team has four.

Nicky Jones, the first team's left back, is to be congratulated for being chosen to play in the Western Province trials. She got through to the final round but unfortunately did not make the team. We're holding thumbs for her for next year!

A final "good luck" to Jagger and Rolt for the inter-house hockey - you'll have to play well to beat us!

MAGGIE DU TOIT
STD. 10



NETBALL REPORT

Netball is one of Merriman's stronger sports. Merriman has several good netball players who have great enthusiasm and will never give up even if they are losing without any hope of catching up.

The Inter-house netball has not yet been played this year. We hope to do well. Jagger has a fairly strong side but we hope to beat them. We hope that this year and in the years to come Merriman will keep up the good spirit and will also do well in all her sporting activities.

JACKIE BATCHELOR
NETBALL CAPTAIN



SQUASH REPORT

Squash is still an exceedingly popular sport. Afternoon lessons at the Junior School squash court are still continuing.

The Inter-Schools Squash Tournament was held during the second term at the Constantia squash courts. Two of our Merriman members were chosen to represent Herschel. Deon Hathaway and Nicky Jones played for the B team and Nicky Jones also played for the A team as they were short of members.

This year's Inter-house Squash Tournament has not yet been played. We are holding thumbs for our team. Best of luck!

I would also like to congratulate those girls in Rolt and Jagger who were chosen to represent the Western Province Squash teams during the July holidays.

NICKY JONES
STD. 9



MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT

We try to organise two Mountain Club outings a term. During the first term we had a successful weekend camp in the Steenboksberg. The Steenboksberg is the area in Bainskloof, below Bailey's Peak. About fifteen of us managed to climb almost half way up. It was very strenuous but very beautiful as our path took us up the bed of a dry stream. We had a well-earned swim when we returned to our camp, in a large natural pool.

Dwing to rain, we only managed one trip up Table Mountain. Mr Fletcher led us up Slangolie Ravine and we lunched as we sheltered from the wind, looking down onto Camps Bay. There were lots of new faces among our climbers and everyone enjoyed descending to our combi via Kasteel's Poort.

The highlight of this term is the possibility of a trail in the September holidays. It is great to have so much freedom to go where we choose on foot with only a rucksack.

JUDY RICHARDS
SECRETARY



OTTER TRAIL

THE OTTER TRAIL

During the June holidays our family and the Fletcher family hiked the Otter Trail.

The trail begins at Storms River Mouth. It took 2 hours walking along a very muddy path beside the seas to the small hut. When we reached the hut we realised why only ten people are allowed on the trail - the hut consists of two rooms.

The next day, which began very early, was really extremely strenuous with plenty of ups and downs through the indigenous forest, and along the beach. We arrived at Scotts Hut to find a refreshing river nearby where we could wash. After gathering up enough driftwood for an adequate fire we went to bed on very full stomachs.

On the third morning, much to our delight, we spotted two Cape clawless otters, swimming in a pool. Unfortunately, before the cameras were out, they had disappeared. We lunched beside a gushing river and hurried on in order to be able to wade through the Cottering River at low tide. That evening we photographed the unusually bright moon - we could even see the plankton in the crest of the waves.

In spite of rising that morning at 5.30 we still had to rush to reach the Bloukrans by 11.15 when it was lowest tide. Even though we didn't waste a minute we found ourselves having to swim across, floating our backpacks on lidos. From the cliffs of the krans we watched the schools of porpoises riding the waves below us. That night we were lucky to find two huts in the forest which gave us more comfort and room. From here we were only two hours away from our last destination - Nature's Valley - and so we took the last part at leisure. Towards the end of the trail we reached a hilltop to look over miles and miles of unspoilt, bleached beach, a kilometre of which we walked.

We really enjoyed the trail and probably the most pleasing thing was that we had the trail to ourselves. There was not another soul for miles around who could spoil the beauty of the trail.



LUCINDA RICHARDS
STD. 9

SINCE I WAS THREE

On Christmas morning of 1967 I woke up and found a hobby-horse at the end of my bed. It was the best present Father Christmas ever gave me. For years after that my sister and I played horsey-horsey, and I can't remember wanting to play anything else.

At the age of five my sister went to Herschel. In those days you could take horse riding as an extra at school, so she would go riding every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. The result was - I had no one to play with on those afternoons, which made me want to ride too. Despite my pleas, my parents said that three was too young an age to start riding. I knew that the only way I was ever going to ride was to ride something else. It was when my parents saw our dog with the hobby-horse's bridle and the rocking-horse's saddle on him that they thought I was more than ready for horse-riding.

My first encounters with horses taught me that walking behind a horse could be very painful and when feeding horses carrots to remember that a horse cannot distinguish a finger from a carrot, which could also prove dangerous. The first few horses (including my first pony) I rode were old and gentle. They were so easy to ride. I felt like a passenger, but I found out that horses could not be treated like a hobby-horse.

I started competitive riding at seven when I got my first horse. To start with I went to gymkhanas and showing shows, at which I won a few rosettes. I think that rosettes are a very good way to show how much or how little you've progressed.

Riding hasn't always been fun for me; one morning I went riding and I discovered that my horse had a lump on his right fore-leg. The vet operated on the leg and he removed the lump. Unfortunately he didn't take every last bit of the lump. It turned out to be cancer and so my horse was put down.

For the next year I rode my mother's horse which I found a pretty difficult task because he is so big and strong. One day I was at a show when they announced over the loudspeaker that a little mare was for sale. Two days later we fetched her in our horse-trailer and she was mine. My new horse was an absolute horror, but when she felt like being nice she would be a star. I don't think I've ever fallen off any one horse the number of times I fell off this one. She was very stubborn and lazy and at one stage I thought that patience was not a virtue. I was very glad when my sister became too big for her pony and she offered him to me. Soon we had found a new home for my horse and I was given my sister's "hand-me-down" pony.

He was by far the best horse I've had - right from the start we got on like a house on fire. We both liked competition, whether it was doing a test in front of the judges in the Cape Show or racing past the Master of the Hunt (which is strictly against the rules of the hunt). We became reserve champion riding horse at the Cape Show in 1979. Unfortunately I had to stop riding him in 1980 because I was too old for riding in children's classes and I switched to juniors. We gave my horse away and my father gave me an ex-racehorse.

My new horse taught me so much. He was the worst behaved horse I've had. Never once did he let me forget that he was an ex-racehorse. I didn't blame him for wanting to run as fast as he could along the beach because he was bred to run and it was in his nature. In a showing or jumping competition I did not expect him to do the same thing as he did on the race track. Although we won a few prizes here and there, we didn't get on and I decided that it would be better to get a more sensible horse. I found him at a hunt near the end of last year.

My new horse is also an ex-racehorse and, therefore, he is a thoroughbred. The nicest thing about him is that he knows he isn't a racehorse anymore. We have been to quite a few shows, trails and gymkhanas and each time I've come back with a rosette. He is fun and a pleasure to ride. I can only say that riding is a worthwhile sport and I'm going to keep at it till I'm seventy-five. For those of you that haven't started riding remember it's never too late and for the people who are scared of horses remember that, because they're bigger than you, doesn't mean they're cleverer too!

ANTHEA OVENSTONE
STD. 9



LIBRARY REPORT

Last year a new library committee was elected. In addition to the prefects, there are a few younger members of the school who are willing to help.

Mrs Steytler, our new Librarian, took over from Mrs Meinert this year and has been most successful in organizing new and interesting books for the library. With the help of Mrs Meerburg and the prefects, she hopes to re-catalogue the library and it is a relief to see the project underway.

An important function of the library are the weekly library periods which provide a welcome and relaxing break from the hectic school schedule, for reading or discussing topics of interest. The library is a quiet, cool room and is frequently used for study.

We congratulate Sarah Crawford-Browne for receiving her library badge and Anne Abdy for winning the Jenny Torr prize for service to the library.

ANNE ABDY
LIBRARY PREFECT



TUCKSHOP

This year the tuckshop has been very successful. Every lunch break at about 1.15 p.m. a group of Matrics open the tuckshop. This year, by popular demand from boarders wishing to have something to eat in the afternoons, they have brought in a variety of chocolates to sell.

With the on come of a cold winter, soup has been introduced and served in mugs. This idea has been a great success and has been much appreciated by shivering girls. Thank-you Matrics!

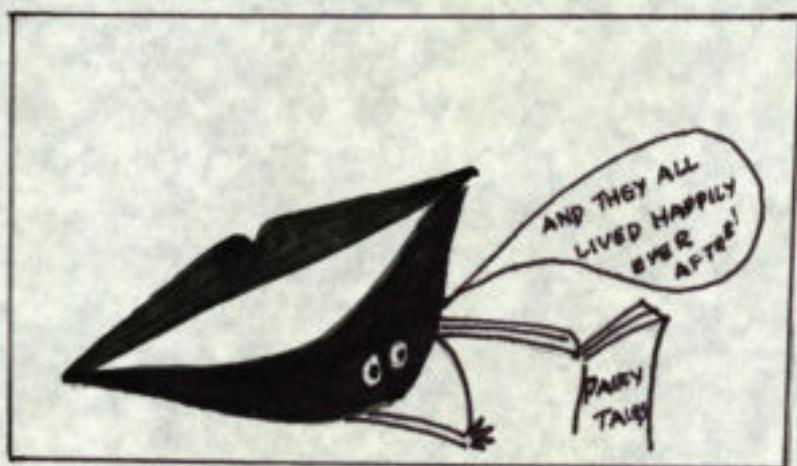
NICKY JONES
STD. 9



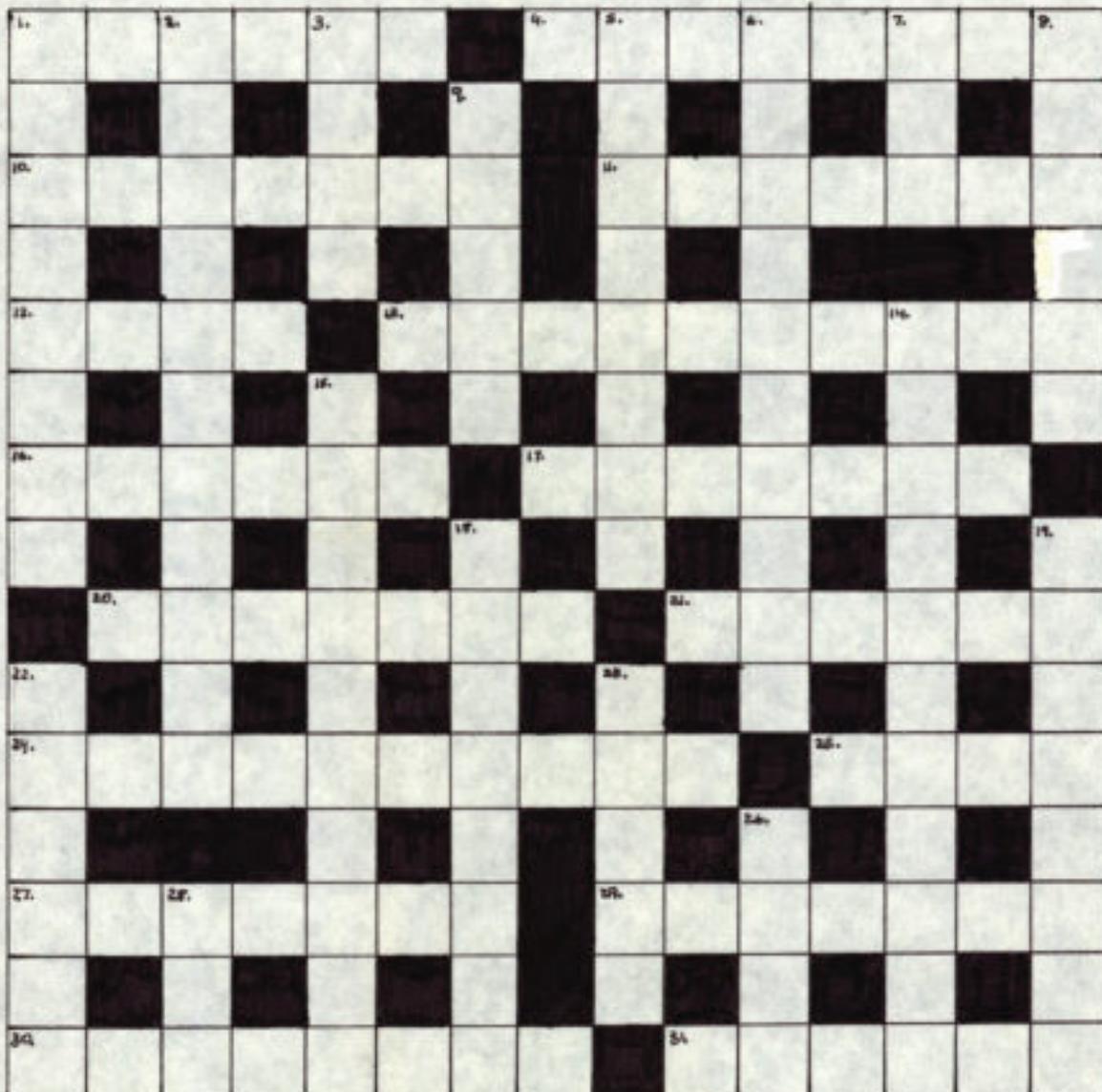
OUR HEAD, MAGGIE,
HAVING HER DAILY
BINGE!



Have some fun...

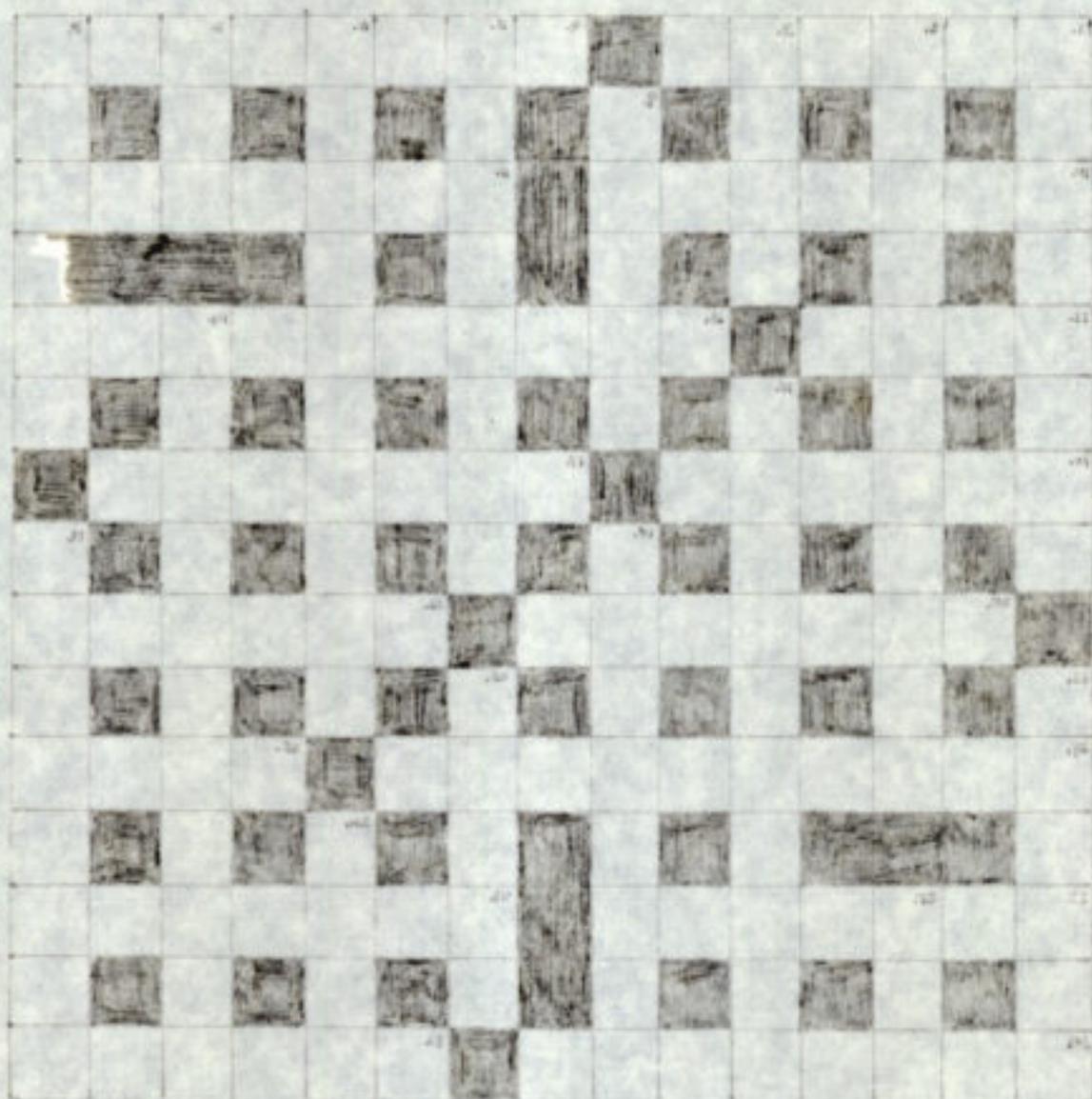
TRY THIS FUNETIC(Solution on page **124**)

Solutions can be found on page 124.



ACROSS:

- 1. Clean up the little editors on motor-assisted cycles. (6)
- 4. Surprises, as nuts do when broken up. (8)
- 10. Pinning down, with blows on the head. (7)
- 11. Concentrated and sounds as if it was done under canvas. (7)
- 12. Castle bird. (4)
- 13. Descriptive of saints. (4,6)
- 16. Note the mark on the seaman. (6)
- 17. The result of having no definite results. (7)
- 20. Take away from the former region. (7)
- 21. It's got a definite pattern. (6)
- 24. Paid back about a shilling to point, and let me down. (10)
- 25. Let out at a certain time of the year. (4)
- 27. Desert fellow. (7)
- 29. Fruity time for feathers. (7)
- 30. Quarrel with greed as I am upset. (8)
- 31. Flat travels for newly married woman. (6)



DOWN:

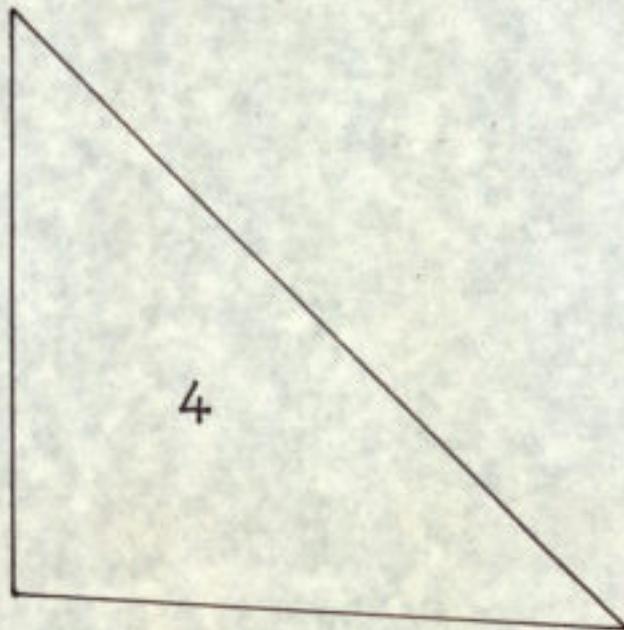
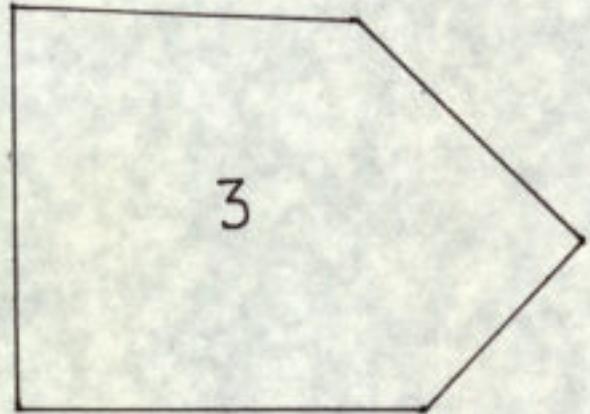
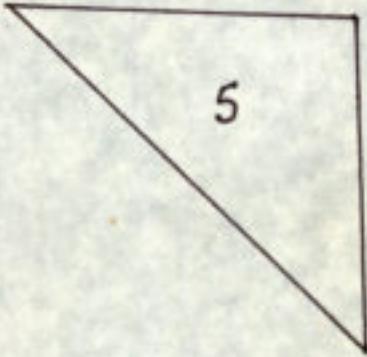
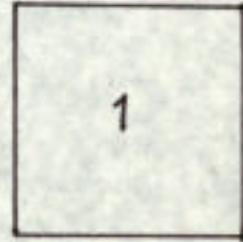
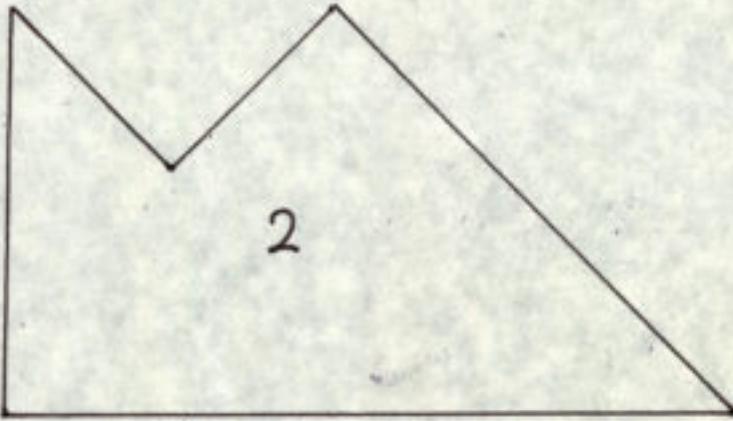
1. Soft drinks made by nature. (8)
2. Brag hand you can get in a shoe shop. (4,2,5)
3. He sounds a wet character. (4)
5. Pines with money for slender results. (8)
6. It might be to the child's credit, what he writes there. (2,3,5)
7. She upset Ann. (3)
8. Worried about the cooking. (6)
9. Shining on a beam. (5)
14. Give on application at the bank. (3,2,6)
15. Does the watchmaker get his shampoo water from it? (4,5)
18. Sponge many a sutgeon has got flutered about. (8)
19. Swears it is setved up differently by her. (8)
22. King of the potato business. (6)
23. Breaks the biscuits! (5)
26. Pleasing sound from an animal. (4)
28. Silly animal! (3)

LUCINDA RICHARDS
STD.9

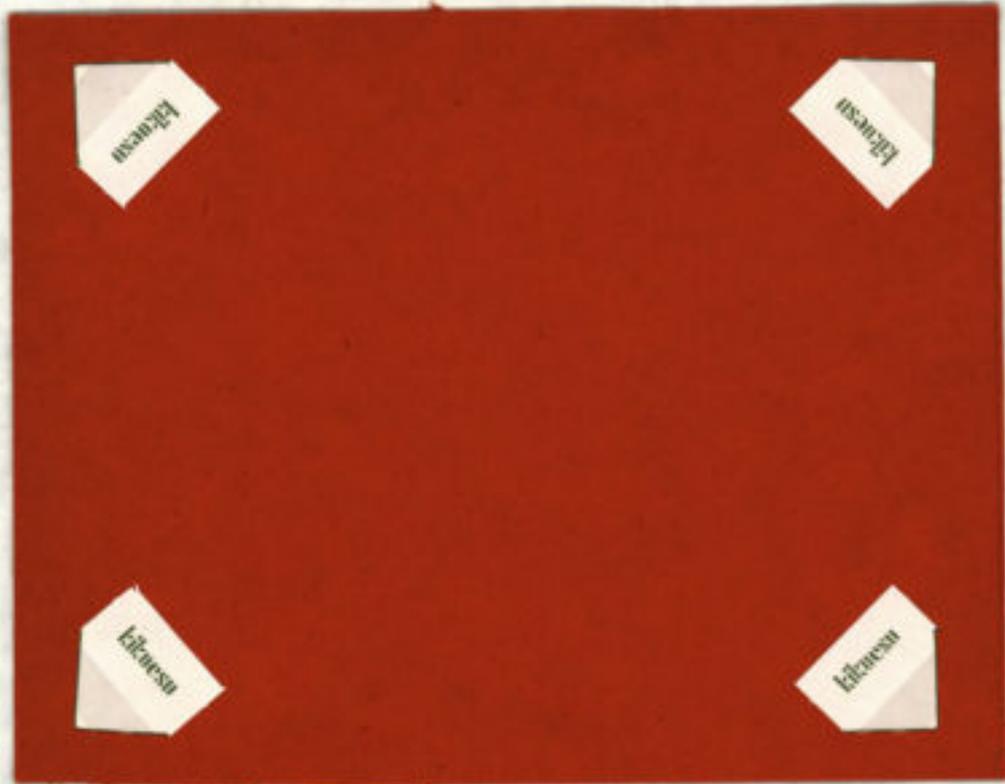
JOIN THE FIVE PIECES

TO FORM

A SQUARE



MERRIMAN MATHS
BRAINS



SHE WHO MUST BE OBEYED!



SHE WHO'S GOT IT MADE!

JUST FOR FUN



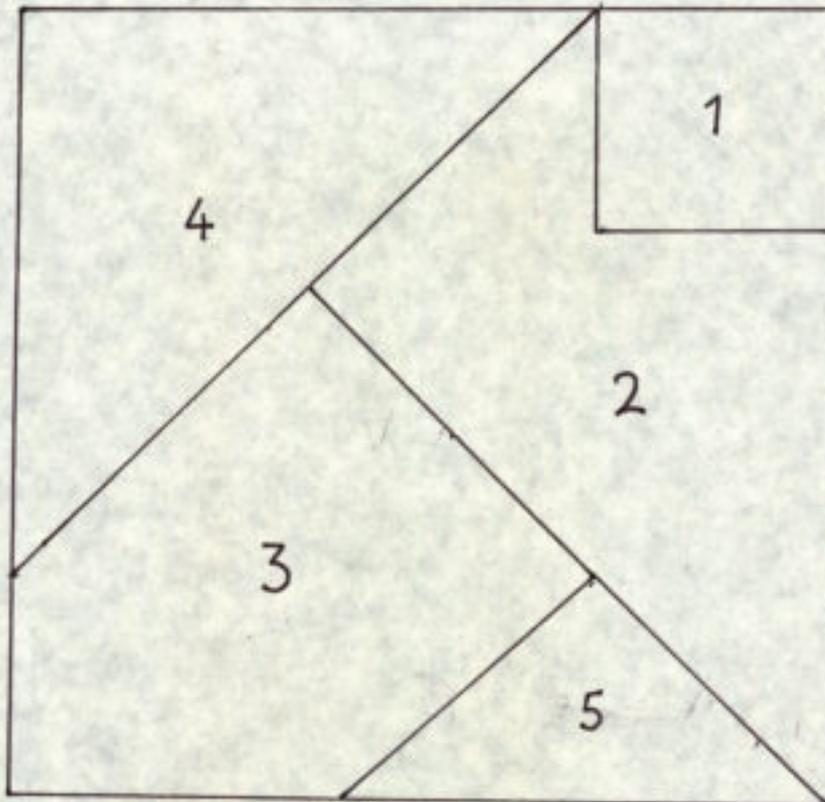
HELEN WOOD
STD.6



FREDA
KEEPING MIGHTY MOUSE COMPANY!

ANSWER PAGESOLUTION: "FUNETICS"

LIP-READ.

COMPLETED SQUARE BELOW:SOLUTIONS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE:

M	O	P	E	D	S		A	S	T	O	U	N	D	S	
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E		R		P		L		N		H				W	
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D	I	S	A	S	R	E	E			B	R	I	D	E	S

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are many people to whom we owe our thanks for all the help they have given us with the putting together of this magazine:

Our ever faithful Miss Wood for the loan of the typewriter.

We thank Myra Smyth for assisting Nicky Jones with typing when the going got tough.

The Merriman staff for easing off with tests, and putting up with hung over looks after nights of hard work.

Lucinda Richards, Jacqui Stevens, Penny Thesen and Roz Butler for all their help and encouragement.

Larice Maisel for being an efficient and dedicated entry collector.

Anne Abdy for collecting typing, while our Sub-Editor, Nicky, was spending her time having her Appendix out.

The Besters for the loan of their dining room table where the compiling of this magazine took place.

To all up and coming photographers and journalists, whom without them, this magazine could not have been possible.

Last but not least - Thank you Merriman!!!



The day was still . . . and bright . . . and warm . . .

the day the leaves came out

Bumblebees hummed incessantly among the
lilies, forget-me-nots and yellow dandelions.

-- sparkling crystal dragonflies seemed suspended
in the still air -- butterflies had left their cocoons
and were slowly fanning their coloured wings --

the day the leaves came out

Not one by one but spontaneously they
seemed to break their casings

The woods stood shimmering -- a delicate fantasy

--- the wind was still

the air was warm

a great phenomenon of life took place

the day the leaves came out



A rainbow through a misty cloud . . .
a snail nibbling a mushroom's edge
great waves with spray that rises high . . .
and breaks and falls
to rise again

perhaps just once these things are ours . . .
yet they are always ours

A hummingbird feeding her tiny young . . .
the slow beat of herons across the swamp
the quiet reflection of a nesting swan
as twilight absorbs dark shadows

for a fleeting moment these things are ours
then they are ours forever

