

Merriman

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STEAD

Swimming Report

The inter-house swimming gala was held one afternoon early in March, this year, and was as usual great fun, and well supported by many excited parents and staff.

Menihan began well, but finished 3rd, with a very friendly and sporting spirit. We came 2nd in the diving.

On the whole the girls swam well, but there needs to be far more constant practice.

V. Storch-Nielsen: Lower V.



P. Peary: Lower E

Sir Winston Churchill

The great Golden Gates swung open and invisible trumpets sounded their liquid notes. The small portly man, looking slightly at a loss without his fat cigar, walked over the threshold to be greeted by St. Peter who quietly showed him into a small house next to the gates. Instantly a rosy-cheeked cherub appeared and, dancing in front of him, led him to an imposing crystal palace which looked gilded in the early rays of the sun. He walked up the red carpet, stretched before him, until he reached a large hall with a vaulted ceiling. At the end of the carpet, on an enormous golden throne, sat a large benevolent-looking man dressed in white flowing garments.

The new-comer, looking rather incongruous in his grey pinstriped suit and border hat, walked up to God, and kneeling deferentially, kissed His feet.

Two hours later, having had a serene talk with God, he was led to a smaller, less imposing palace surrounded by large grounds filled with blossoming fruit trees and large multi-colored flowers. He went into one room in the large palace and there was invited in his new white robes. Churchill was now, at last, enjoying the fruits of the Eternal Rest after a long and arduous life.

The main hall of his new residence was paneled with paintings which showed graphically his life, all his achievements and mistakes, his happy and sad moments and was a magnificent tribute to the great statesman and orator. Wonderingly, he followed his life, seeing himself grow from a little boy to a full-grown man and thence to the shrunken little man he had been at his death. He gazed fondly at his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, and his brother Jack who died at the age of 67. He relived again his years as an active soldier in the Hussars regiment and imagined that he could feel the fatigue which had become a matter of course in those long and arduous, yet happy years of his married life. As he looked again upon his beloved wife, he remembered with nostalgia the happy years he passed with her. A feeling of gentle melancholy overcame him until he remembered with a start that Clemmie would quite soon be joining him in his new residence. Feeling reassured he passed onto the next picture and saw again the familiar faces of the M.P.s in the House of Commons. The first time he had entered it as a Conservative member for Oldham. He relived again the many speeches he had made in the House and his unpopularity among its members in this first stage in his career. He saw himself as the

Under-Secretary of State for the colonies, President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty. Towards the end of the first World War he had been Secretary of State for War and he felt and remembered his bitter conviction that the Russian revolution boded no good to the rest of the Western capitalist world. Lloyd George's face stared at him from the golden frame and he stopped for a moment to contemplate about the English Prime Minister who had played such an important part in the First World War and who had been one of his colleagues in the unsuccessful Krumpholtz which had broken down in 1922. He passed quickly over the great part of his life, being anxious to see again his great speeches, delivered over the radio to a despairing populace; "We shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be." They had defended their island and had won the war at the end of those tragic years which have been called, and were, Britain's finest hours. He felt a great surge of pride as he remembered the great contribution he had made to that hard-won peace treaty at which that Hind Reich, that abomination of civilized man, had been crushed forever. In spite of himself he felt again the bitterness of those next six years in which he had not been able even to acquire a seat for himself in Parliament but he smiled happily as he saw the picture of himself again sitting in the House of Commons as premier of Britain, this time in times of peace and not under the stress of war, as in his first years of office. Two special frames showed his contributions to literature and art, great, as had his contributions to Britain been. He turned away from the impressive pictures of his life, happy and at peace with himself and everyone on earth.

Life in heaven was exciting and satisfying and he enjoyed every moment of his new existence. The harmony in which the sinners lived saddened him as he remembered the earthlings with their petty jealousies, race prejudices and self-importance, but even so he was as happy as it is possible for anyone to be so. Thus the great Churchill, benefactor and redeemer of mankind spends his days in peace and happiness surrounded by the evidence of his great life and at last, at peace.

S. Jenner: Lower V.



One woman M.P., who was noted more for her strong independence of mind than for her beauty, once turned on Churchill after a rather heated exchange.

'Mr. Churchill, you're drunk.'

'And you, madam,' replied Churchill, 'are ugly.'

But I shall be sober tomorrow.'

D. Shawgin
Upper V

Merriman Cubicles

Merriman cubicles? Oh yes, the one that says, "out of bounds, do not enter, or else..." The punishment usually being a housemaid. Those dreaded housemaids, having to miss your brother and family, or someone else, visiting you!

Anyway, back to the gay life in Merriman cubicles. The members call it gay, but the housestaff seem to prefer calling it just noisy. This resulting in "Muffin, to the above!" or, when not so loud, "Bennett, keep your voice down we can hear you right in the office," or otherwise just "Merriman cubes again!" These are all famous words in the boarding house. Before we came back to school this term, the housestaff tried their utmost to move Merriman to a different room owing to the staff sitting-room just below us. It was impossible so they have to make sure they get us out of bed sooner, to stop the twenty past seven early morning rush.

Owing to the size of Merriman cubicles, and the number of girls, one member had to move to Jagger, but she still remains faithful, proved by the number of visits we receive a day! We are a small house, and as a result, when anything funny is said, everyone hears it and shares the joke. This is a grave problem... for Mrs. Stewart.

Merriman is keen on the societies she forms in the boarding house. Unfortunately they always seem to fade out after a couple of days. The hair-dressing saloon is also found in Merriman. The unfortunate victim sits in the middle of the aisle, looking at her interested and amused audience of about ten and screaming "ow! my neck!" or usually, "it's too short, it's too short!" while the cutter wanders round and round with Susan Skent's rather large pair of scissors, until the required length is obtained.

Merriman also tried to produce its own communicating system when we were put "out of bounds," but it soon collapsed as we found it much easier to shout from one end to the other, the distance being extremely short.

Sunday mornings are really something to see. At a quarter to eight the rush to Merriman cubes begins. Clothes are seen everywhere in a frantic attempt to tidy the cubes for inspection. Some of the articles, which just will not fit in, are often thrust behind the door or behind the shoes, at the last moment.

Interspersed between the noise one can hear "I'll never be ready on time!" and "my cube is an absolute mess!" The inspection always goes smoothly with no exceptions.



Before.



After.

When it is time to pack, at the end of term, we all become exceptionally happy and friendly. We seem to have the most suitcases and largest trunks out of all the houses. The main problem is the checking. Everyone wants to be checked at the same time, and in the end, the housestaff have to go on a hunting expedition to find us among our clothes and suitcases. After the packing, the trunks have to be carried to the sidebay balcony, resulting in someone getting a sprained ankle or a sore toe, usually somebody in Merriman. Everyone in our house seems to have straight hair, and it has become traditional for us all to curl our hair. Rollers and hairnets start flying everywhere and everyone shouts at the same time. This time the famous words are, "Shirley Jenner, will you kindly not make so much noise!" and "Joan Waring can't you curl hair any faster? You are the slowest hairdresser in Cape Town!" At last, Merriman lights go out and everyone departs to bed, exhausted.



J. Waring: Lower V.

Comparison Between Film Becket And Eliot's Becket

Eliot's play deals only with Becket's life after he has been ordained as Archbishop, and after he has been in France for seven years -

"Seven years since the Archbishop left us!"

Anouilh's presentation, on which the film is based, shows Becket as companion to the king, and as Archbishop of Canterbury.

T.S. Eliot has four tempters, each one tempting Thomas Becket with thoughts of his old life, temporal power, loyalty to the king, and worst of all, with his own thoughts; the idea that Thomas wants to be a martyr for all the glory he will achieve - "To do the right deed for the wrong reason."

Although the film does not show Becket's temptation, he is seen as the gay, high-spirited companion to the king; and also as his chancellor, outwitting the present Archbishop. Becket is then seen as the Archbishop, torn between loyalty to God and Henry. Eliot, however, shows none of Henry's or Becket's dismay - in fact, Henry does not appear in Eliot's presentation. I think that Becket (in the film) finds Henry difficult to understand, but is always ready to forgive him, as he dies saying "Poor Henry". However, Eliot's Thomas, too, is a royalist, as he says once, "O my King!"

In Eliot's play, there is no sudden change from Becket's gay life to that of his priestly life, when he turns to God and away from Henry. Looking at it one way, this is a good thing, as one does not notice that Thomas, all at once, is not "winning or wenching" anymore, but has become almost saintly in his devotion to the church. On the other hand, one does not see Becket, going to a strong character, supporting what he knows is right. I think that Eliot does, however, show Becket's fearful character when he resists the temptations.

I do not think that either Eliot's Becket or the film character were sure of themselves all the time - "Where is Becket's honour?" Both are very self-confident in public, but their prayers show otherwise. There is a difference in that Eliot's character knows he's to be a martyr. In his sermon on martyrdom, which is given on Christmas Day, he says that he fears Canterbury is soon to have

another martyr, "and that one not the last". Thomas, in the film, knows only that he is to die soon.

In Eliot's play, the three priests try to protect Becket: - "Bar the door, bar the door."
The door is barred, we are safe"

In the film production, Becket's companion, a young monk, merely says that as long as he is able to hit one of them, he will be satisfied. In both presentations, Becket orders the doors to be opened, saying it is vespers, and God's House must not be closed to anyone.

Eliot's Thomas seemed to find the fourth temptation hardest to overcome. In fact, it is the only one he is unsure of. He knows he is right about the first three, and he also knows to expect them. The fourth, however, is a surprise and tempts Thomas far more cleverly than the others had. Becket in the film, thinks that everything is far too easy, and is puzzled by it, "Lord, are you laughing at me?"

Becket had an extremely strong character, and it is portrayed, although differently, in both productions. Not only did he do what he knew was right, but he was able to turn to God completely, and he faced the prospect of death without a tremor of fear - something not many people can do.

A. Gow: Lower I.



P. Pearcy.

Lords Prayer

Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθητω το
ὄνομα σου. Ἐλθετω ἡ βασιλεια σου.

γενηθητω το θελημα σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῳ και
ἐπι γης. του ἄρτου ἡμῶν του ἐπιουσιου δος

ἡμιν σημερον. και ἄφες ἡμιν τα ὀφειληματα

ἡμῶν ὡς και ημεῖς ἀφηκαμεν τοις ὀφειλεταις

ἡμῶν. και μη εἰσενεγκης ἡμας εἰς πειρασμον,

ἀλλα ῥυσαι ἡμας ἀπο του πουηρου.

ὅτι σου ἐστιν ἡ βασιλεια και ἡ δυναμις

και ἡ δοξα εἰς τους αἰωνας.

ἀμην.

C. Mortera, Lower S.

Ancient

Greek



B. Culley : Lower L.

Floral Art

History: It is said that the first people to arrange flowers were the Buddhist priests. These men went out after storms and brought broken flowers to their temples. They tried to lengthen the life of the branches by placing them in water on the altars of their Gods.

When Buddhism was carried to Japan in about 550 A.D. it brought a change in religion and art. It was at that time that the first school of floral art was founded in Japan. It was named Ikenobo or "the priest at the lake", and still exists today. Since then more schools have been founded, but the methods are still the same.

In the 15th century the Tokonoma came into fashion. This is an alcove in the living room, about half the size of the wall. In it is placed an arrangement, with some artistic object or an incense burner, and a parchment scroll bearing a painting or some lines of verse hanging on the wall. At the same time a new style of arrangement became popular. It is SIKWA, and although it retained the basic rules and classic method, it is much simpler in composition.

The Japanese word for flower arrangement is 'Ikebana'. This means the arrangement of branches, leaves and stumps, as well as flowers. The European peoples arrange flowers with an emphasis on mass and colour, whereas to the Japanese, the most important thing is line. Flower arranging is regarded as a feminine art, but in Japan, the leading figures in Ikebana have always been men and their art exhibitions have a masculine line.

There are many interesting facts about floral art, unknown to most people. For instance 1) It is important to blend the shades of flowers from light to dark eg. light lemon to deep flame. The light colours must be at the top and must be blended into the darker colours at the bottom. The largest bloom, the focal point, must be at the bottom. 2) There are three different textures of flowers which must not be mixed. For instance, the bulb species such as Frezias, tulips and daffodils etc. are classified as the velvet texture. Zinnias, marigolds, daisies etc. are classified as the cotton and linen, whereas the proteas and heath are the tweeds. Light feathery foliage is called the lace and different shades of green give depth to the arrangement. 3) There are also many lines of floral

arrangements. For instance there is the Maritana line, the 'L' shape, the 'S' shape, and the triangle, which is the most popular with florists and is called the "florist's delight."

S. Ireland: Lower II.



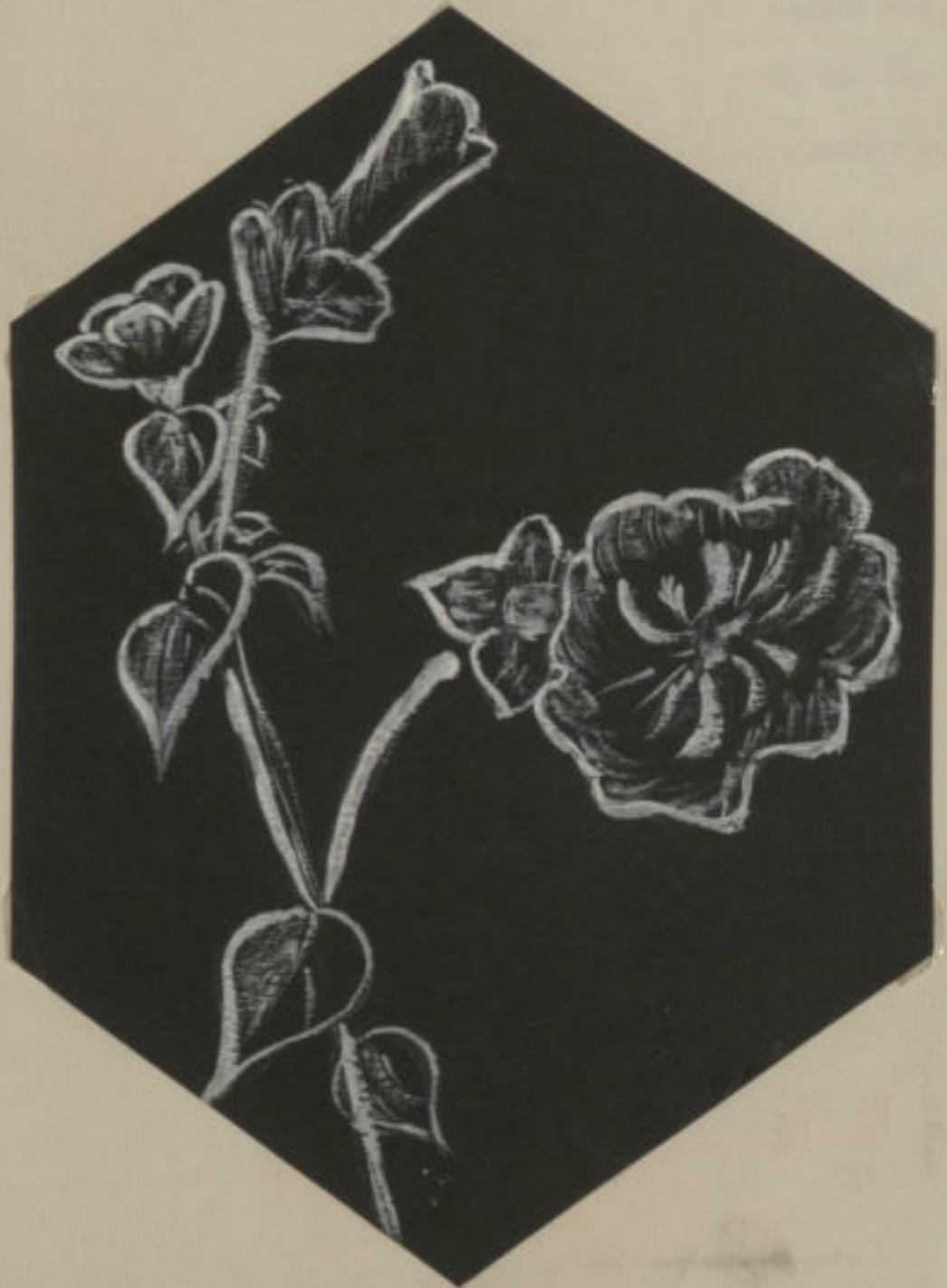
E. Trevor-Jones: Upper II.



L. Harris: Upper II.



L. Trevor-Jones: Upper L.



The Flower

She is tall and elegant,
 With hair of lustrous gold,
 She is quite intelligent,
 And not so very old.

She is willowy as a lemon tree,
 And sometimes rather sour,
 How glad I am that I'm not one,
 ~ I'd rather be a flower.

P. Percy: Upper III.



B. Culley: Lower II.

Fellow Travellers

The mud was now thick, as the rain continued to pour down from the heavens. The darkness seemed to close in from all corners of the earth. Although it was raining the atmosphere in the trench was hot and humid.

I sat huddled with my friend in the narrow muddy ditches; only the rain and the continual boom of guns disturbed my thoughts.

Overhead, the drone of enemy bombers was incessant, until the noise made my whole body vibrate. Suddenly a flare lit up the dark sky. I crouched low. The tension was at its height; another flare was dropped, and, as it lit up the surroundings, I could see only the dark outline of the other men's bodies, as they sat crouched in the trench. We were all waiting and preparing ourselves for the dawn attack on the heavily fortified enemy bridge, which lay in the valley below us. I heard someone sigh, and somebody muttered under his breath, "Why can't we do something?"

Now all the world around us was silent; the bombers had passed over us; the rain had stopped and the guns had ceased to fire. Half an hour had passed, and in the east the first light appeared. With a wave of his arm our captain gave the signal. We started to crawl towards our objective - fellow travellers, on a road to destruction!

L. Harris: Upper IV.



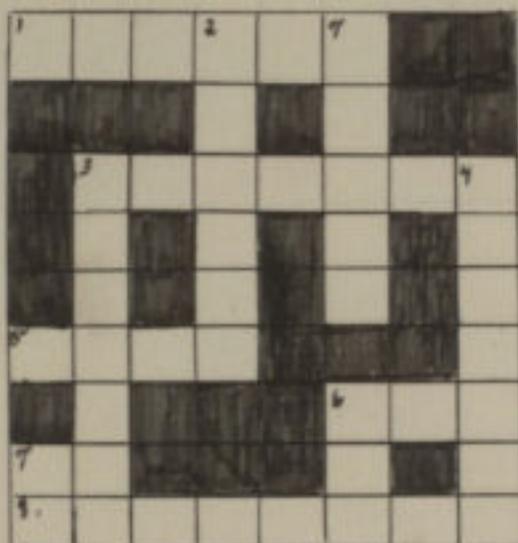
Ein Deutscher Winter

In Deutschland ist es im Winter meist sehr kalt, und es gibt viel Schnee. Die Kinder mögen den Schnee natürlich gerne, denn welches Kind liebt es nicht rodeln zu gehen, oder Schlittschuh zu laufen. Warme Pudelmützen, Schal und Mäntel werden angezogen, und mehrere Paare Socken und warme Stiefel, dann kann es losgehen den ganzen Tag draußen in der eisigen, frievollen Luft während die älteren Generationen am warmen Feuer sitzen und sich mühsam über die Kälte beschweren. Abends, wenn es dunkel wird kommen die Kinder dann durchnässt und frierend zurück ins warme Haus. Dicke, heiße Suppe wird hergerichtet, und trockene Kleider herausgelegt. Aber trotz mancher Frostbeule oder manchem Schnupfen sind die Kinder glücklich dass es dieses Jahr wieder einen weißen Winter gegeben hat und sie wieder an Schneeballschlachten und Rodelwettbewerben teilnehmen können. Es ist ja schließlich wahr, um den Winter genießen zu können muß man jung sein.

L. Rowe. Upper E.



Happiness is cowboys and
Indians ~ and no kissing.

Across.Down

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. largest desert in Africa. | 2. Floating at random |
| 3. to make something dull. | 4. Dangers. |
| 5. a deposit in water of mud or sand | 5. A person who delivers his country to the enemy. |
| 6. the atmosphere. | 6. a dull, obstinate, stupid fellow. |
| 7. negative. | 7. a plea by the accused that he was elsewhere when the crime was committed. |
| 8. the art of dancing, especially in the ancient Greek style. | |

Answers on page 69



B. Culley: lower L.

THE

FIRST



NOEL

F. Newton: lower V.



P. Brailey: Upper IV.

The Veld

The air is hot and dry
 Water is scarce and all will die,
 All the Koppies are bare,
 To see a jackal would be rare.

The rain pours down from the sky
 To wet the ground and drench the dry,
 Rivers split with the flood,
 Water soaks and forms new mud.

The ground is carpeted by daisies fair,
 Behind a green bush crops a hare,
 Life is sprouting out everywhere,
 A change, after the dreaded water scare.

L. Harris: Upper E.



Nature

What would we do if it weren't for the trees,
 The Dogs and the Cats, the Birds and the Bees,
 If the sun didn't shine, and the leaves didn't fall,
 If the frogs didn't croak, or the birds didn't call,
 How would life seem, no flowers to see,
 No grass to walk on, how dull it would be,
 If the clouds disappeared and the wind ceased to blow,
 The fun of the sunshine, the beauty of the snow,
 What if there wasn't a fish in the sea,
 What if there wasn't a you and a me!
 If the world stopped turning and all went dark,
 If there wasn't a sunbeam, not even a spark,
 But let us thank God for the birds and the bees,
 For Mother Nature, the mountains and the seas.

L. Harris: Upper K.





B. C. Wiley : Lower L.



AL-LE-LUYA!
A!

F. Newton: Lowell

Midnight Fishing Trip

When we were staying in a little fishing village on the west coast, my sister and I decided to go on one of the boats which fish during the night.

We boarded the fishing boat at about 5.00 p.m. with about two jerseys each because the nights can be very cold. We also took a few sandwiches with us because we were to stay out all night. It was a beautiful evening, with a vivid sunset and a clear sea.

A little way out of the harbour there is a small island on which many penguins live. These penguins are very strange animals and I was enthralled by them. Also, along the border of the island there are seals, which are also very fascinating.

The sea was fairly rough and looked very beautiful, I could have sat and watched for ever as it was both fascinating and terrifying. When we were a few miles out at sea, the men on board dropped the nets behind the boat while it was still moving. Then we dropped anchor and afterwards we sat around and watched. By this time it was almost midnight. I enjoyed talking to my parents on the intercom, telling them all about the trip and what was going on.

Then, after we had left the nets in the water for about an hour and a half everybody helped to pull the nets in. In the nets there were many fish, the sizes differing from six to nine inches long, they looked very beautiful in the moonlight.

After all the fish were in the hold we set back to shore. It was about two a.m. and I was very tired. I sat in the prow of the boat with the wind blowing in my face; it was very refreshing. The sea, by this time, was very rough, and every now and again the spray would come over the prow, wetting me.

When we got back to the shore, at about four a.m. we found that we had caught about forty tons of fish and even though the biggest boat can hold one hundred and thirty tons, it was quite a good haul.

P. Lees: Lower II.



S. Stent: Lower II.

Children's



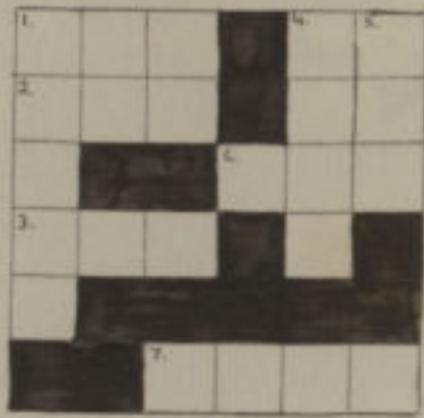
B. Culley: lower E



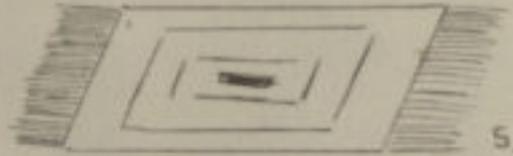
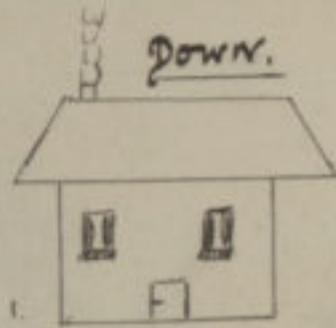
Common

KIDDIES CROSSWORD.

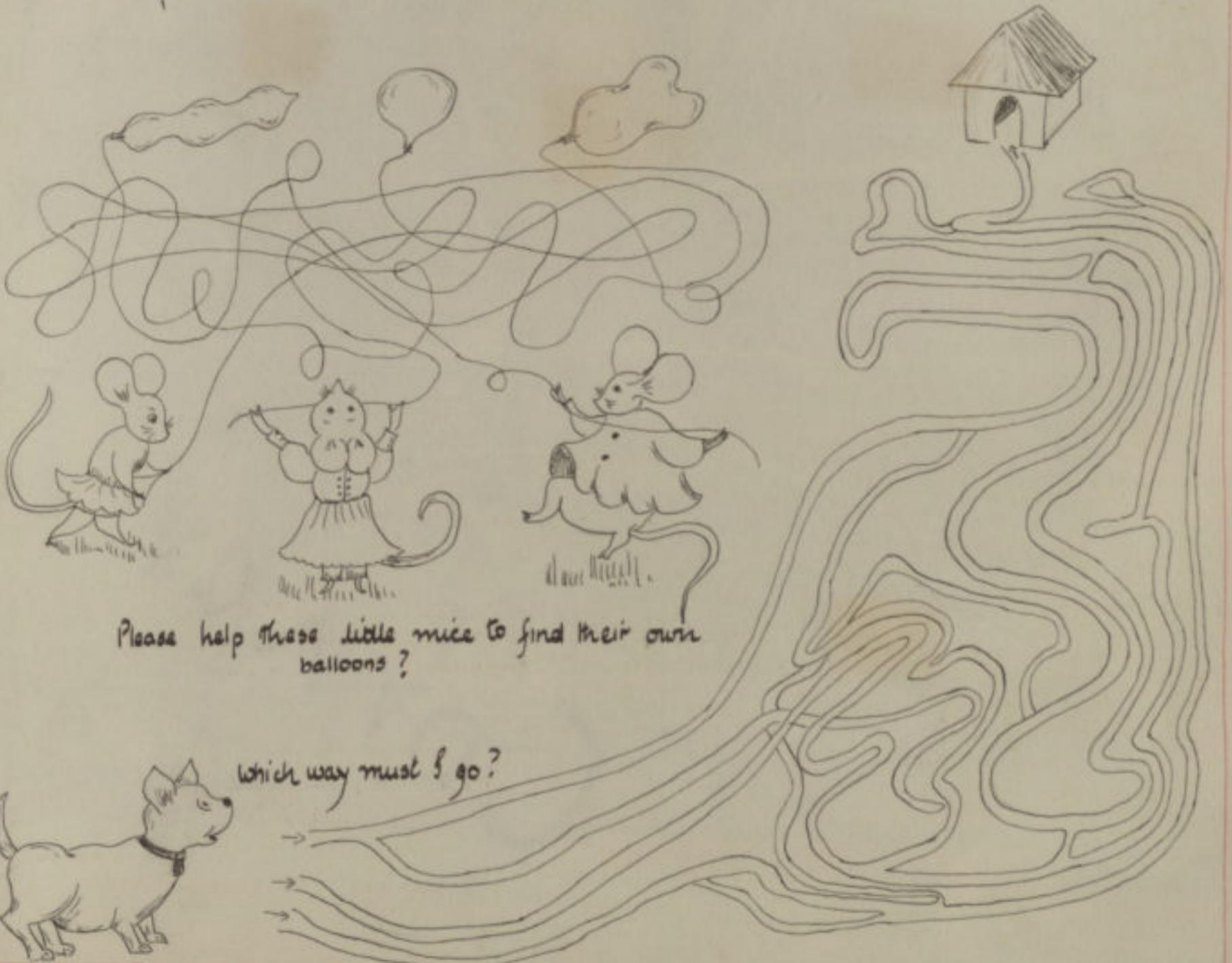
Across.



Down.

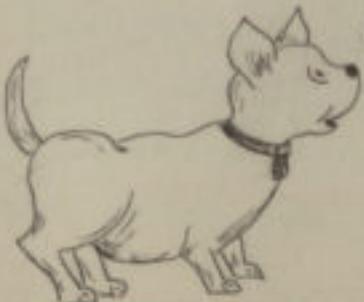


- Answers
- Down
 1. HOUSE.
 4. STAR.
 5. MAT.
 Across
 1. HAT.
 2. OWL.
 3. SUN.
 6. CAT.
 7. BOAT.



Please help these little mice to find their own balloons?

which way must I go?





P. Brailey: Upper IV.





V. Payne: Upper V.

Beatlemania Retrospective

This is Radio Jupiter and here is what you have come to expect every year on 1st January at two p.m. ~ a résumé of what happened during this year, one hundred years ago.

Most of you have not heard of the "Beatles". Well, one hundred years ago, in 1970, they sparked off a civil war on one of the colonies on Earth. Five years previously, the Beatles, who had long hair and who spoke in a dialect no one would be able to understand today, had been awarded the M.B.E, a medal which no one, except the teenagers, thought they deserved.

Many people began to send back their medals but Mr. Harold Wilson, who ironically was later killed in the civil war he had provoked, was not deterred. The following year, the Beatles were awarded the O.B.E, and the Rolling Stones, the Pretty Things and the Animals were given the M.B.E.

The adult world was seething in Britain, Europe and the U.S.A. Teenagers frequently had strikes if adults dared to say one word against their heroes. The climax was reached when, in 1969, the Beatles were invested as Knights of the Order of the Garter and Mr. Harold Wilson made it a law that anybody or any group who could stay at the top of the British hit parade for a month was to be awarded the M.B.E, and anybody who could stay at the top for two months was to be awarded a title.

There were many attempts to assassinate Mr. Wilson and when someone succeeded in shooting him in the arm, the teenagers in Britain delivered an ultimatum: ~ Either the adults stopped objecting to Mr. Wilson and his policies, and agreed that the 'pop' groups had every right to be in the House of Lords, or war would be declared.

The adults did not take the teenagers seriously but were forced to ^{do} so when the British youth, reinforced by the youth of Europe, U.S.A, and South Africa, began to take over all the factories by the simple means of exterminating those who did not agree with them. Obviously a full-scale civil war was soon declared. None of the adults of other countries joined in as they did not wish to be ruled by teenagers.

In the end, the Beatles and Mr. Wilson were killed and the teenagers lost

their spirit. The adults had all the leaders and pop-groups shot and the rest of the teenagers were sent to rehabilitation centres. By 1972 everything was cleared up and no teenager was allowed, on point of death, to form a pop-group.

That is why we hardly understand what the 'pop group' means today. It makes me feel very thankful that we never see teenagers unless we are one of them, as everybody under the age of twenty is placed on the planet of Uranus and left to fend for themselves.

Thank you and goodbye for now.

C. Vaughn: Upper 4.



Happiness is ten out of ten
for spelling.

La Cosa Più Bella

C'è un bel sole nel cielo,
 e dà luce e calore;
 C'è una vela sul mare,
 e corre via col vento;
 C'è nell' erba stelo,
 il sorriso d'un fiore;
 C'è un uccello a cantare,
 il suo pio nel concerto;
 C'è nell' orto, da un lato,
 una rosa fragranza;
 C'è un ruscello sul prato,
 queruleo e festante;
 C'è la menta odorosa,
 d'un nasso nelle uepe;
 C'è una viola azzurra,
 di là, sotto la rupe;
 C'è, vella primavera,
 il mandorlo fiorito;
 C'è una stellina, a reia,
 dentro il cielo infinito;
 Ma la più bella cosa,
 il più roave incanto,
 è una mamma amorosa
 col suo bambino accanto

A polle, figlio di Apollo, fece una palla di pelle di pollo. Tutti i peoli vennero a galla per vedere la palla di pelle di pollo, fatta di Apelle figlio di Apollo.

C. Mortera: Lower F.

Heat-wave

Sickness, no birds chirping, I felt hot and sticky as I woke up that hot, April morning. My cat was lying on the floor under the chair, and hardly seemed to be breathing at all. "A heat-wave is about to descend upon us," my brother whispered through the door. As I heaved myself out of bed, I suddenly felt dizzy and had to sit down again. A heat-wave was certainly coming on. My friends and I would most certainly have to go to the beach, I thought.

At 11 o'clock, I found myself lying in two inches of thick, white sand. "Come on Heidi," someone said, so I heaved myself up and ran into the blissfully cool water. There were some excellent surfing waves. Someone thrust me a board. Oh! What utter bliss it was to be cool and to be racing in on that board. My friends around me were following my example. After I had surfed for about half an hour, I swam back to where I could stand and waded into shore. There an ice-cream man was hopefully standing. Poor man, I thought to myself. I bought ice-creams for my friends, we then all sank down into the sand and licked up what were now liquid ice-creams. We started chatting and eventually the conversation turned to the unnerred business man in town.

Oh! How I pitied them sweltering away in those hot, dusty offices, thinking I supposed of the cool sea. How irritable all those shopkeepers must be getting, perhaps even being rude to their customers. What about the stations and the trains? They must be like ovens. My thoughts turned to myself and I thought that I should be getting back home.

When I eventually ventured home, I found my cat still lying under the chair, my father in the shower with a raging headache and my mother lying on her bed. Outside, all the plants were withering, and the grass was brown and withered. Even the house itself seemed to be sweltering, although the worst of the heat wave was over.

S. Punian: Lower IV.

The Old Man

When all was dry, and all was drooping,
I came past an old man slooping
Digging, digging uselessly for water.

His mouth was dry and his brow was parched,
And dry, dry as the old man would
He could not find a drop of water.

I offered him mine, he refused of course,
He'd rather find his own, so he told me
So I left him there, without a care
For I knew he would not last much longer.

Next day, I came to that same spot
And all I could see was a large dry hole
And the old man, dead, beside it.

P. McCormick: Upper III.



The Mail

On the seas the daily mail
 Sets in the hold, enjoying the sail
 Although sometimes it is taken by rail
 Oh! That horrible, horrible, chuf... chuf... trail.

The mail has landed
 In a gruesome building
 With faces peering all over its printing
 White hands, brown eyes,
 Oh! what a horrible, chuf... chuf... trail.

I have been tom and read with scorn,
 My friend was read with joy
 Wish I were dead, with no worms on my head
 Oh! what a horrible, chuf... chuf... trail.

V. Powell: Lower III



Dogs View Of Herschel

I, a spaniel, am now old and weak and know that I shall surely die soon. My legs are full of rheumatism and I am no longer as energetic as I was when I was young. I am sad and unhappy as no-one ever plays or says kind words to me anymore and I realize with sorrow that my happy days are now over.

When I was young I had many adventures and amongst them, I like most to recall the day when I visited a place near us called Herschel school. I was then only about ten months old and had always wondered why so many children, clad in blue uniforms used to wander down our road talking loudly, or sometimes singing in the early mornings around about eight o'clock. One day I decided to follow some of these girls. I managed to escape through a trap-door in the kitchen used only by my bitterest enemies, the two cats, Puckin' and Curly. From there I managed to escape through the back yard gate which luckily had been left open by the dustmen who had just called.

All I could see were brown legs, brown shoes, and blue skirts, as I looked up. I was completely lost and felt like turning back home but my curiosity drove me to follow one of the many girls that surrounded me. I chose one who seemed to have a kindly face, and then followed her. I walked along beside her but she did not, or pretended not to notice me. I felt a little heartsore to think that no-one had even bent down to pat me. They seemed to treat me like a mongrel and I was not. I was a pedigree spaniel and proud that I was of noble birth.

As I was walking along, my head erect, deep in thought about this, the crowd I was following appeared to turn a corner, well twenty yards, and then sit down on their suitcases on some grass. I walked around sniffing for a familiar smell, but in vain. Suddenly I heard the clanging of a bell and gave a yelp of fright. Then I saw the girls I had followed, hurriedly pick up their suitcases and walk towards a large white building. I followed them again but soon lost them amongst numerous girls, all dressed alike. I was timidly upset but decided on following some other girls carrying no suitcases, only books. I hope it will be made clear that following a few girls amongst a large crowd was no easy matter and that I continually lost those whom I hoped would be my friends.

Eventually, after going down a long corridor I followed the girls into a room where they all sat down and put their books into what I thought were

thick tables. After this had been done I heard another bell ring, and they began to line up, each carrying a little book. They walked back, along the corridor and went into a big room where they opened their books and began singing. After this they returned once more and sat down at their tables. I, not knowing what to do, lay down at the back of the room, waiting for what would happen next. Eventually a stern lady, whose face I did not like, appeared at the door. Looking around her, she noticed me, and gave a stern command to a girl who was sitting in front of me. Obediently, she rose, took me roughly by my collar and dragged me out of the room. This done, she slammed the door in my face. There was nothing for me to do but to try and make my way home. Walking along the grass I encountered a large ridgeback, about twice my size. He seemed friendly and after chatting a while we became great friends. He told me his name was Caesar, and that he belonged to the housekeeper. He also explained to me that the place where I was was, was a school called Herschel, and that the girls that were all dressed alike were the pupils. This having been explained, he asked me if I would like to go and explore a place where a few of the pupils, after being given a sandwich for their morning break, congregated. I replied enthusiastically as I was hungry and he had mentioned that one or two of the kinder girls sometimes gave him tibbits and that they might give me some too.

He took me to a huge wall which appeared to stand in the middle of a field. We waited here until a bell went and the girls began filing out of the building singly, in pairs and in groups, a few passed but gave us nothing.

Then, a short, rather shy-looking girl, with glasses, bent down and patted us lovingly. She talked to us in a language neither of us could understand, and shared her sandwich with Caesar and me. I thanked her by giving her a few licks. Then another bell went and the kind little girl left us. I gathered that break was now over, and that there would be no more tibbits so Caesar and I left the wall where we had sat so patiently. He told me that the school only closed, late in the afternoon and that that he usually rained the streets or went to see his wife, who had just had a litter of seven ginger-haired pups. However, he said that today he would take me round the large white building where the pupils worked and that he would visit his wife later.

He did take me over the massive building (not the rooms with thick

tables in them) but unfortunately just as we had completed our tour of inspection we encountered the headmistress, who took me by the collar and looked at my licence for my mistress's name and telephone number, engraved on it. My mistress arrived about ten minutes later, armed with a big whip.

I was then taken out of the room and whipped, Caesar had disappeared, but I caught a glimpse of him crouching behind a corner. I wagged my tail, thanking him, but I think he did not see me. I returned home in the car with my mistress, in disgrace. Although my back was painful from my whipping, I had learnt much in those few hours and now that I am old I can still remember that day and dear old Caesar.

S. Abbot: lower II.



V. Powell: upper II.



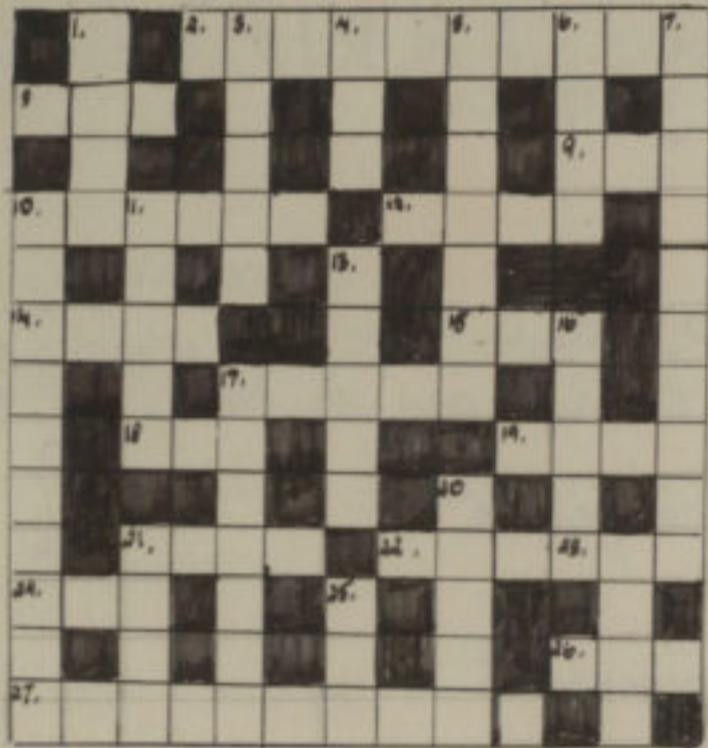
Happiess is playing
with Daddy after
school.



P. Brailey: Lower II.



E. Newton: lower P.



Across.

2. Bird song at daybreak.
5. Best weather for haymaking.
9. Found in a pod.
10. Hebridean cattle.
12. This bitter hedgerow fruit, has no fast-sounding name.
14. Eft.
15. Bovine lady.
17. Could be a collection of birds or sheep.

18. Bitter herb bringing regret
19. Silage store.
21. Spider's webs are made of this.
22. In the morning it is called the shepherd's warning but at night his delight.
24. Could be the beginning of three cheers, or just the fruit of the rose.
26. Pig's house.
27. This insect sounds like an embarrassed naval officer.

Down.

1. The donkey's serenade.
3. Land measures.
4. Nose.
5. Small round-topped hill.
6. No. 24 is not his until it is red.
7. Travel on this "steed" is slow but pleasant.
10. Royalty on the wing by quiet streams
11. When clouds threaten a storm, they are said to this.

13. Could be the result of a tip by T down, or the fruit of the oak.
16. Fudge wishes.
17. Flat country is typical of this.
20. This donna is another name for deadly nightshade.
21. Could be a small potato or a narrow spade
23. This bird of prey flies high, but not on a string.
25. It looks as though this end of the animal has been docked

Answers on page 69.

CORNY JOKES

1. Q. How do you fit four elephants into a Mini?

A. Two in the front, two in the back, and the trunks in the boot!

2. Q. What is yellow, and goes "bleep-bleep"?

A. A yellow bleep-bleep.

Q. What is green, and goes "bleep-bleep"?

A. A green bleep-bleep.

Q. What is red, and goes "bleep-bleep"?

A. (A person usually says "a red bleep-bleep"). No, they only come in yellow and green!

3. Q. What is the height of silence?

A. An ant walking across a Persian carpet, 6" thick, with tacks on!

4. Q. What is powdered, grey, and comes in a plastic bag?

A. Instant elephant!

5. Q. What is the height of impossibility?

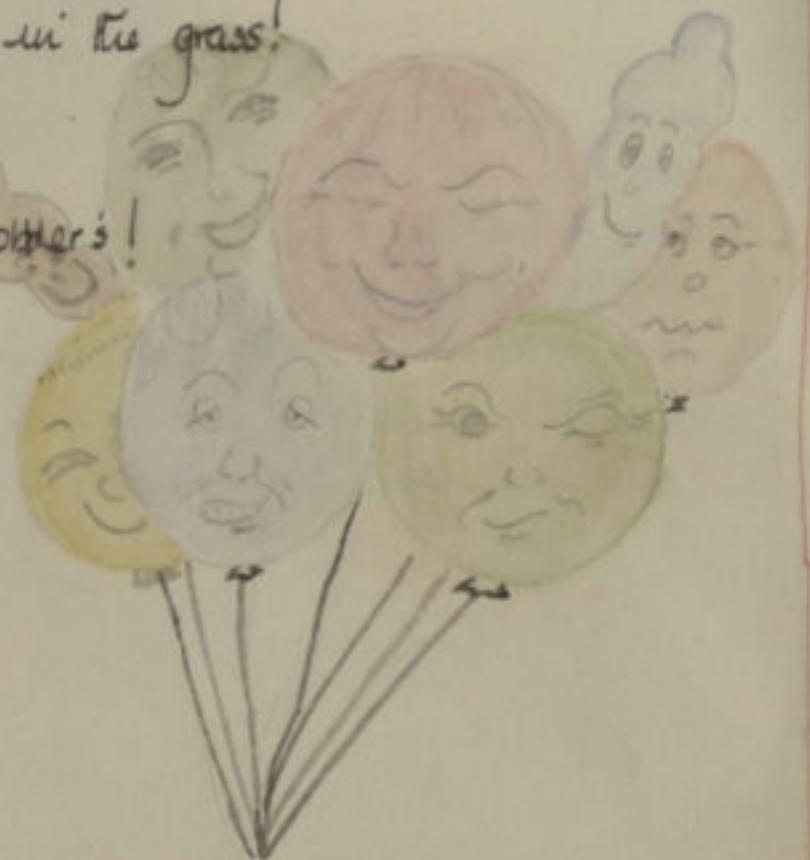
A. Trying to corner a fly in a rodavel!

6. Q. Why did the elephant wear green tacks?

A. He wanted to camouflage his feet in the grass!

7. Q. Why did the elephant wear red tacks?

A. Because his green ones were at the lottery!



DO YOU WANT TO LAUGH ?

1. Why can't a mouse be milked?

Answer: Because you can't get a bucket underneath it!

2. What is black, with yellow stripes and goes zzub, zzub?

Answer: A bee flying backwards!

3. What does a hen do when she stands on one leg.

Answer: She holds up the other!

4. There were two oranges rolling down a hill, one stopped, why?

Answer: Because it ran out of juice!

5. 'Germany got Hungary and ate a bit of Turkey, slipped over Greece and broke a bit of China'!

6. There was an old man of Madrid,
 who always wore shoes made of kid,
 He developed a bunion,
 The size of an onion,
 of which he could never get rid.

7. What has a face and two hands?

Answer: A clock!





S. Stent. lower IV.

Holiday In Greece

Athens! We were really in Greece. As we stepped out of the big Boeing 707 jet, my mother and I looked around at the strange scenery and faces, fascinated. I could not believe that this wonderful holiday was before me, but I realized it when I saw Greek writing, and heard Greek being spoken.

Our hotel in Athens was in the Plaka district, situated below the Parthenon, which we could see from our window. The Plaka is an old part of Athens, and is, not surprisingly, a fascinating area. On our first day we explored, and had great fun reading the Greek letters ~ as my mother had learnt a little Greek before leaving Cape Town, we did not have all the difficulties we might have had.

The next stop was Herakleion, in Crete, which became one of our favourite spots. We were there for three days, and we saw all we could, in spite of the bitter cold and snows on the mountains. A visit to the Kissithi plain was among our trip. There are about eight thousand windmills on this plain ~ I had never seen so many windmills before. Here we also paid a visit to the cave where Zeus is reputed to have been born.

Another island was our next port of call ~ Rhodes; where we had really lovely weather. Our hotel faced the sea, and in the early morning we saw men sweeping the beach. We could also see the coast of Turkey, six miles away. I swam twice in the beautiful blue, clear water, which was cold, but exhilarating. We visited the pottery factory, and could not resist buying some of the beautiful soultos.

We spent three days in Delphi, and passed through Arachova. Both these places are mentioned in Mary Stewart's book, "My Brother Michael". From Delphi, we moved on to Olympia; and so back to Athens for the night.

The next day we set sail for a small island called Mykonos. As our ship was too big to dock in the harbour, we had to transfer to motor-boats, literally in the middle of the night! We stayed a week there, and spent it swimming, donkey-riding, and eating Greek food ~ which

is delicious. We tried octopus and found it to be very tasty. We also ate dolmades ~ meatballs in vine-leaves, shish kebab, and far too many of the gorgeous cakes! One of our acquaintances was the famous pelican, Peter, who was a great favourite among the tourists.

We arrived back in Athens for our last week, which we spent admiring the Erechus ~ Greek soldiers, the shops, and last, but not least, the Parthenon. We were lucky to be in Athens for the Greek Easter, we saw King Constantine and although it was only for a few minutes, it was a great thrill.

At midday, the next day we left for Rome. Needless to say, we were both sorry to leave a country where we had had an unforgettable holiday, and had made new friends. However, we were cheered by the thought that we would have a few days in Rome; after which we flew home, my mind full of wonderful memories, which I shall never, ever forget.

A. Gow: Lower IX.



C. Reid: Lower IX.



B. Culley: Lower E.

Arabic Advertisement

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C. Morera : Lower II



My Favourite Pastime

The day of the week that I enjoy most is Saturday, for then I attend a drama class at the new Maas-Phillips studio in Fish Lane, opposite the 'Three Ullas' Restaurant. The studio is big but compactly built with its own private entrance. It consists of a make-up room, a ballroom. (Ballroom dancing is also taught) and behind it, a radio control room, a speech room, three private rooms, and Miss Maas's office.

My lesson is from 10.30 to 12.30 and is divided into two sections, one for movement and one for speech. Movement is mime movement, which is very useful in acting. This class is held in the ballroom. To "warm up" we do exercises to the accompaniment of music. Then we do a mime story or an effort study in which the following eight movements must be used: a float, a glide, a dot, a flick, a lash, a thrust and a press. At the movement we are concentrating on movement in space which can be straight, curved, or a twisted one. One girl got so carried away by whirling, that she landed in a heap on the floor. Movement is most interesting and we have great fun in this class.

After this movement we have a speech class. This lesson is started with humming exercises and the like. After that we progress to reciting nursery rhymes. Then the class is usually divided into groups, who each work out a set poem in a different way or the whole class has a play reading. Last term, the two groups, A and B, broadcasted a play each in the studio, to learn radio technique. We also learn the art of make-up and dress-designing, both of which are very interesting. This term we are concentrating on stage management and production.

I enjoy myself each week immensely and I find theatre very interesting. Even if I do not pursue it as a career, I think it is a very educational pastime and it will give me a better insight into the world of show-business.

S. Ireland. Lower IV.



B. Culley, Lower L.

The Boarder's Lament

Not long ago, I now realise
 I was in a kind of Paradise
 Sleeping late ~ then gorgeous food
 Cold drink or ice-cream, according to mood.

Music and pictures of my choice,
 Any outing or which I chose to voice.
 Freedom unlimited all they day
 No work at all ~ just pleasure and play.

Then suddenly, the whole scene changed ~
 I felt my mind had become deranged
 Bells were ringing, teachers roared
 My outlook confined to a very black-board.

Exercise books, pens, paper and ink
 Cluttered my mind like a kitchen sink
 In an atmosphere of restrictions and rules,
 I was supposed to turn out good results.

This I assumed was part of school life
 Intended to train me for future strife
 To appreciate light, one must know shade
 To enjoy true freedom a price must be paid.

So let's try to get down to the rules and the books
 The do's and the don'ts, threatened with dirty looks
 It won't be for long and if we keep sane
 We'll survive this ordeal and see heaven again.

S. Kent: Lower II.

The Surfers

The life I love is the life of the sea,
 Come, sit a while and watch with me,
 The waves pound in' hour after hour,
 While the surfers ride with all their power,
 Out they paddle, in a swirling sea
 To catch the wave where they long to be,
 Come, stay a while and watch with me.

The life they love is the life of the sea,
 Come, stay a while and watch with me,
 And over the sea our souls will glide
 To catch each wave on a rising tide
 Till the sunset falls and the seas grow chill
 We'll be surfing there 'till the seas grow still,
 Come, stay a while, and watch with me.

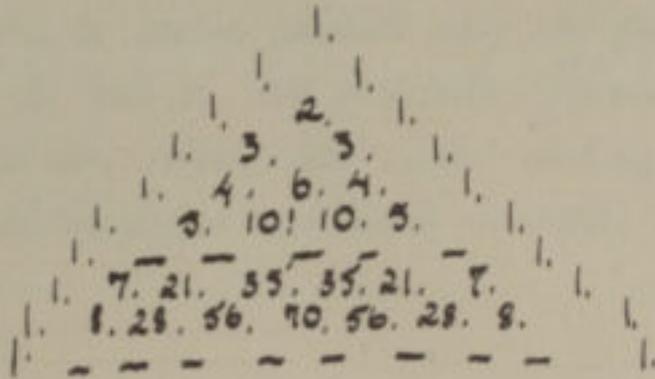
P. Pearey: Lower E.



... An' God dont let my frogs
 in the bath-tub die this time,
 Cause I gave them hot water to
 keep them warm...

C. Reid: Lower E.

PUZZLES



- Fill in the seventh line of figures in the triangle.
- Fill in the last line of figures in the triangle.
- The odd one out?
 - 1, 2, 4, 8, 15...
 - 1, 7, 27, 64, 125...
 - 10, 15, 21, 25, 30...
- The missing one?
 - 81, 27, ~, 3, 1...
 - 1, 4, 9, ~, 25...
 - 2, 6, 12 ~ 30...
- There are four books each one inch thick standing side by side in order in a bookshelf. A bookworm starts outside the front cover of the first book and eats its way through to the outside cover of the last book. If the worm travels horizontally in a straight line, how far does it travel?
- Said a certain young lady called Gwen
 Of her group of handsome young men,
 'One less and three more
 Divided by four
 Together gives one more than ten.
 How many boyfriends had she?

Answers on Page 70.

R. Orenstone: Upper K.



"I'm on the corner of Telephone and Telephone".

P. Kearney: Lower E.

Florence

We arrived in Florence on a warm winter's day in January. Although it was warm with much sunshine we had to put on our overcoats. Florence, as many people know is on the Arno river. It is a very lovely city with many old masterpieces.

It was late that evening when we had checked in at our hotel so that all we could do was walk around the streets looking at the shops in the neighbourhood. The next day would be quite hectic as we were going to see the sights.

The next morning we were met by our guide at 9.30 a.m. and were taken by bus across one of the bridges, Ponte alle Grazie, to the Pitti Palace. Here we saw many masterpieces of Raphael, Titian, Rubens and many others. This Palace was begun in 1458 and is an example of Italian Renaissance architecture. It has lovely gardens which are beautifully kept. It was begun by Luca Pitti who was a rival of the Medici family whose hands the Palace fell into in 1549.

On our way back to the Piazza della Signoria to see the Palazzo Vecchio which is the town hall of the city we passed to Ponte Vecchio which is the oldest bridge in Florence. This bridge is no longer used as it is so old and there are now many jewellery and other shops on it. The Palazzo Vecchio was built between 1298 ~ 1314. Outside this building there is a copy of the David and another statue. After we had driven past this historic town hall we went to see the Santa Croce which is a small Franciscan church built in the 13th Century, but it was later enlarged. Today you can see many art treasures in it also.

Our next stop was at the cathedral which is called the Santa Maria del Fiore (St. Mary of the Flower). It is the second largest cathedral in Italy. It was built in 1298 but the dome was added later. In this cathedral is one of Michelangelo's pias "Descent from the Cross". It is unfinished and in the statue is an old man, a self-portrait of Michelangelo. After seeing the cathedral, we went to see the Baptistery which is circular. It has a mosaic dome of the Roman era. It also has lovely bronze doors which Michelangelo called "The Gates of Paradise".

After this we were taken to see the Lorenz and Medici Chapels. In these chapels there are many statues by Michelangelo. All these statues are of white marble. Most of these statues are on the tombs in the one chapels.

That afternoon we had free so we all decided to go to the supermarkets, straw-markets, leather shops, silk shops and silver shops. We had a wonderful time gazing at these shops and buying as well. It always goes too quickly, and this time was no exception, but the next morning we had to be up early again.

The next morning was also free so everyone took the opportunity to visit the Accademia Gallery where Michelangelo's famous 'David' is situated. There were also four other unfinished Michelangelo statues which are titled 'The Prisoners', these were meant for the tomb of Pope Julius II. We were also going to visit the Uffizi Gallery so that I could see Botticelli's 'Birth of Venus', but we were unable to. In a way it was a good thing because about that time a madman got in and slashed twenty valuable paintings, a few of which were painted on wood and therefore unrepairable. That afternoon we were taken to see Pisa.

The next morning we were all very sad as we had to leave this wonderful city of Florence. To see the view of Florence over the Arno River we were taken to the Michelangelo Square. From here we could see the cathedral, the town hall and all the other beautiful buildings of Florence.

L. Abbott: Upper L.



Il Mio Giardino

Nel giardino nascono cose,
 Dotti fiori, dulle e rose,
 Vi son anche parassiti, vermi ed orrida lombrici
 Ma il più bello fiorellino,
 Che spuntò nel mio giardino,
 È il roseo ciclamino.

Translation.

In the garden grow many things
 Sweet flowers, dahlias and roses.
 There are also peats, worms and horrible bugs,
 But the prettiest flower of all
 That grows in my garden
 Was the pink cyclamen.

J. Mortera: Upper III.



A Paley.

Lente

Nuuse ond of jonk,
 Is gereed om te groet
 Meisies dra hul rokke kort,
 Beunis kry weer nuwe moed.

Daar's niemand wat rus,
 En niemand is lui,
 Want almal is fris,
 En almal is bly.

Bo is die loom,
 Wag'n voel,
 Ouder by die stroom
 Is daar water kool.

Orals bloei die blomme,
 Huis perkes, boues en gells,
 Oor berge, velde en wyer.
 Dis die wuid wat oor hul sees.

Groen is die grass,
 Oor die hele wêreld wyd.
 Bedags en snags
 Dis lente tyd!



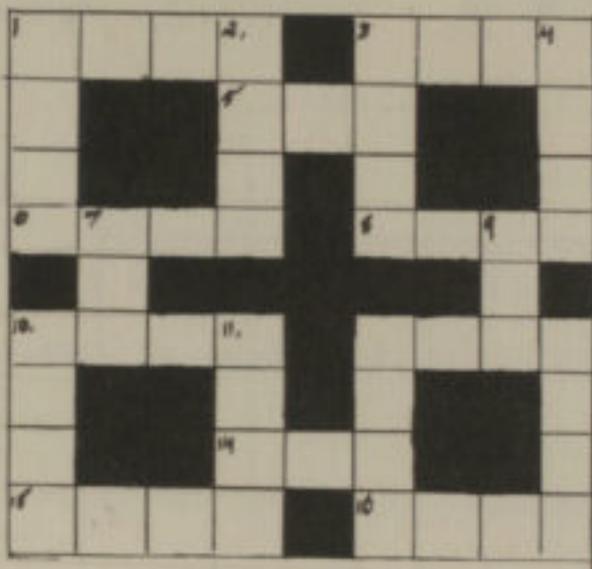
W. Walker: Upper V.



Drought

The murderous sun rises again for another day of drought, cruelly it beats down upon the veld, parching it mercilessly. Orchards of fruit trees are coated with dust, and lie about the veld. Frequent whirlwinds of sand blow trees down and leave them lying broken in their wake. Cracked and barren land is all one can see. Gaunt cattle wander around aimlessly in search of water. An avial may see a mirage and make for it, only to get lost and die. Crafty vultures hover overhead and dive down upon the corpses of dead cattle. Soon, unwillingly, the sun disappears. Darkness overcomes the veld, and all things droop and die.

P. Macormick: Upper III.



CLUES.

Across.

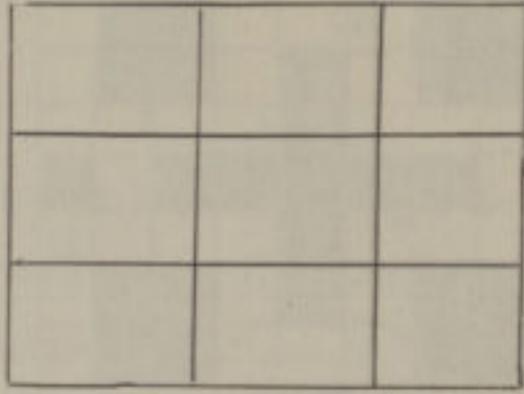
1. Burden.
3. Jupiter's consort
5. Acc. of "is."
6. some people do — in exams.
8. allow.
10. Time.
12. At home.
14. Another word for "colb."
15. That 16 with out.
16. Without.

Down.

1. one.
2. sit!
3. lowest.
4. origin of ornament.
7. nourish.
9. synonym for "enim".
10. yesterday.
11. Alters.
12. Acc. of a numbers.
13. self.

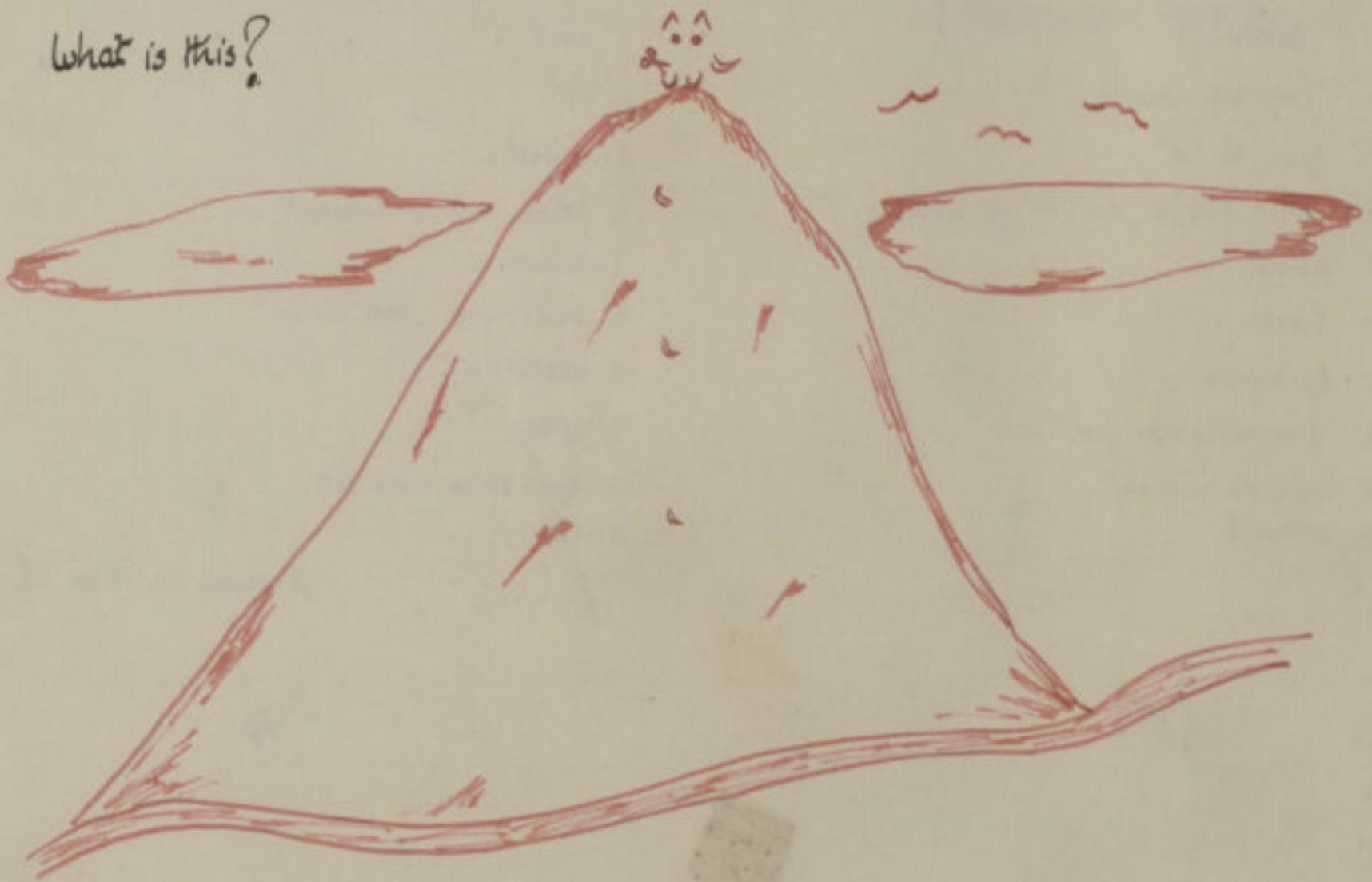
Answers on Page 69.





In the above squares place the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, so that each line adds up to 15, whether added across or down. Answer on page 69

What is this?



Answer: A cat, sitting on top of a mountain, cutting his toenails!

Dans Le Train

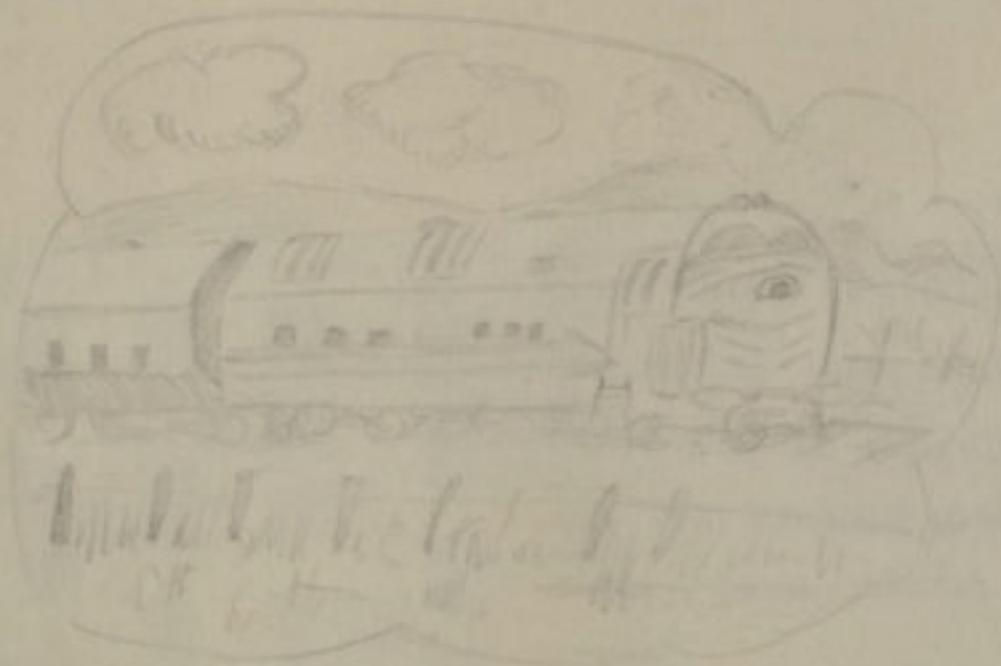
Dans un petit compartiment, il y a deux voyageurs, ils ont chaud. Il y a un frère et une sœur, ils sont à Londres à déjeuner, le frère ouvre la valise. Il dit à sa sœur, "Avez-vous faim?". "Oui", dit la sœur. "Qu'ont-ils pour déjeuner?" Ils ont les saucissons, le fruit, le pain, la mouton, le vin, l'eau et de la viande.

Après déjeuner le frère et la sœur paient, chantent, et regardent par la fenêtre du compartiment.

Tout à coup le contrôleur arrive, et ouvre la porte du compartiment. Il dit, "Vos billets, messieurs, s'il vous plaît?" Les voyageurs offrent leurs billets.

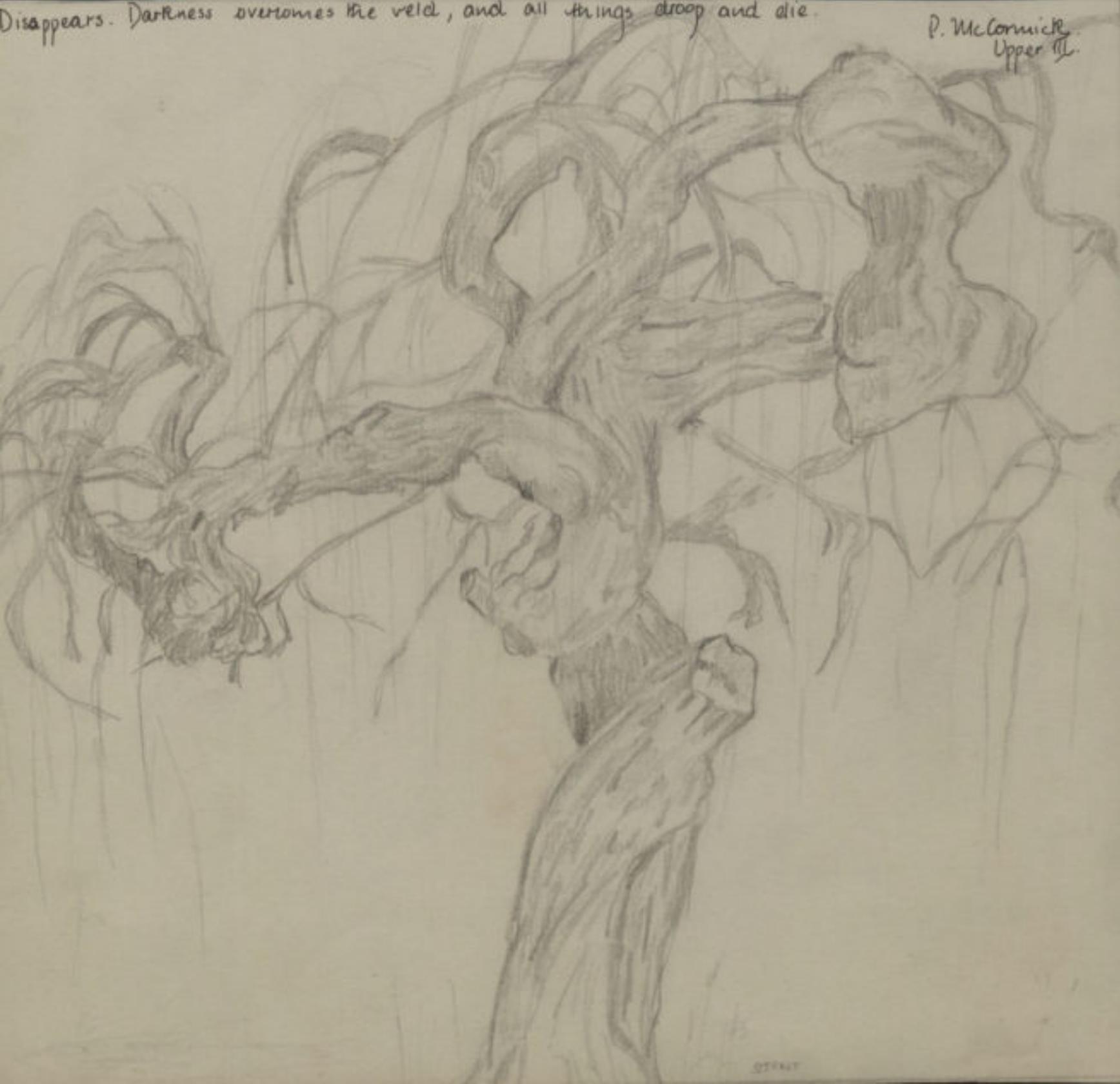
A dix heures le contrôleur crie "Londres", et les enfants descendent du compartiment.

S. Juncion : Lower II.



Disappears. Darkness overcomes the veil, and all things droop and die.

P. McCormick
Upper II.





harrubli

Pour Rire

Médi. Comment se fait-il que tante Foline ne soit pas encore là? Elle devait venir par le train qui arrive à 11 heures 30.

Midi un quart. Dépêche de tante Foline: "Ai manqué mon train. Partirai demain à la même heure."

~ Ah! Elle est extraordinaire, tante Foline, s'écrie soudain Robert.

~ Pourquoi donc? demande Alfred.

~ Parce que, si elle part demain à la même heure, elle manquera encore son train.

~ Tiens... tiens.. Alfred! Je croyais que tu n'aurais pas le porc, et cependant, ce soir, tu en as repris trois fois.

~ Pourquoi il n'en reste pas pour demain!

R. Gregor: Lower I.

There was a faith healer of Deal
 who said "Although pain is not real
 when I sit on a pin
 and puncture my skin
 I dislike what I fancy I feel."

P. Pearcy: Upper III.

Answers.

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2.	9.	4.	= 15.
7	5.	3.	= 15
6	1	8	= 15
15.	15.	15.	" 15

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'S	A	H	² A	R	⁷ A		
			D		L		
	³ T	A	R	N	I	S	H
	R		I		B		A
	A		F		I		Z
⁵ S	I	L	T				A
	T				⁶ A	I	R
⁷ N	O				S		D
⁹ O	R	C	H	E	S	I	S

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

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	¹ B		² D	A	N	³ N	C	⁴ H	O	⁵ R	U	⁶ S	
⁷ D	R	Y		C		E		I		I		H	
	A			R		B		L		⁹ P	E	A	
¹⁰ K	Y	¹¹ Q	O	E	S			L		E		N	
I		O		S		¹² A		O				K	
¹³ N	E	W	T			C		¹⁴ C	O	¹⁵ W		S	
¹⁶ Q		E		F	L	O	C	K		H		P	
F		¹⁷ R	U	E		R				¹⁸ S	I	L	O
I				N		N		¹⁹ B		N		N	
S		²⁰ S	I	L	K			²¹ R	E	D	²² S	K	Y
H		P		A		²³ F		L				I	
E		U		N		A		L		²⁴ S	T	Y	
²⁵ R	E	O	A	D	M	I	R	A	L			E	

Some of the jokes and pictures have been copied from books

Answers:

Page.

1. 6, 15, 20, 15, 6.
2. 9, 36, 84, 126, 126, 84, 36, 9.
3. a). 15, each no. is doubled.
b) 7, cubes of the natural number.
c). 21, each is 5' greater
- 4 a). 9, each is $\frac{1}{3}$ of previous no.
b). 16, squares of the natural no.
c) 20 = $1 \times 2, 2 \times 3, 3 \times 4$ etc..
5. 2 inches: take a look at a bookshelf.
6. 42.

PRAYER

O God, our heavenly Father, we pray
Thee to send Thy blessing on this our
house, and grant that by the help
of Thy Holy Spirit, we may strive
with our heart and mind to make it
more and more pleasing to Thee, for
the honour and glory of Thy Son,
our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.



7/2/2/5

