

n' stormetige dag

picture

canadian interlude

clouds

by the light of the moon

the beggar

recipes

darkness and punishment

the picture i admire most

le printemps

arrivals and departures

im not drunk

pigeons

roads

the sea

on a piece of seaweed

die sluipmoord op hendrik verwoerd

the republic 1961-1966

toilpiece

house report

At the beginning of this year Mrs. Muller was away, teaching overseas and Mrs. Scott-Shaw took her place for the first term. I ^{shd} would like to thank Mrs. Scott-Shaw for ^{her} help and encouragement she has given us all. I feel that it is due to her enthusiasm that the house spirit at the gala and the tennis soared.

After the disappointment of coming third in the gala, we won the tennis cup, ^{owing} due to the exceptionally good play by the juniors, especially of Deborah Turner-Smith, who held her place well in the Under 15 team.

In the first term the Methman matrics. attended the Annual General Meeting of St. Michael's Orphanage. After tea we were shown round the building by one of the girls. The afternoon helped us to establish a better idea of what the house was doing in ^{the} way of helping the orphanage. We sent them Easter eggs and the jersey-knitting brought in a number of beautiful garments which we hope have been useful this winter.

The Charity money collected at the beginning of the terms has been sent to the Raapkraal Crèche.

Mrs. Muller returned in the second term and once more took over her duties. She gave the school a fascinating talk ^{and} of her travels and seems to have had a wonderful few months.

The work this year has been of a good standard, and our average,



as yet, has not been bettered. If this could be maintained I feel that we may ^{right} have a good chance of winning the work cup; however each member of the house must double her efforts to ^{attain} carry this through.

The Inter-House Hockey brought great excitement. Merriman won the junior but found Rolt a stiff opponent in the senior. The final result was a draw between Rolt and Merriman. Joan Waring, the captain, played extremely well and kept everyone's spirits up throughout the matches.

The House play is progressing well, with Lynn Harris and Rosalind Overstone as producers. I wish them the best of luck and hope that it is a great success.

I should like to thank the matrices for their help this year and especially Shirley Jenner, the house prefect, and Joan Waring, for the interest they have shown in the house activities.

I hope that the house continues to keep up the spirit they have shown this year and that they are successful in the inter-house competitions that are still to come.

SWIMMING

The enthusiasm and good sportmanship shown by the house is something they may well be proud of. Every girl did her best and in spite of the fact that we came third, the cheering and encouragement was kept up right to the end.

I would like to thank Liz Trevor Jones for her help in the drawing up of the team and her willingness to help out at any time.

Helen Brauer should also be congratulated for her tremendous house spirit and Keenjos to swim in every race.

I am sure that if this spirit is kept up the results next year will show much improvement.



SWIMMING TEAM

tennis

Congratulations all Merriman tennis players! You deserved to win the cup this year!

For the first time in the Inter-House Tennis Tournament, the Under-13 age-group was included. Every morning during both tea and lunch breaks, and sometimes even after school, our four little "stars" worked hard and conscientiously, practising for the great day. They were determined to do their best for Merriman and they did, without losing one of their eight matches. This is truly a record!

In both the Under-15 and Open age-groups, the competition was strong but not for one minute did Margaret and I think that they would do as well as they did. In the Under-15 they only lost one of their eight matches, 6-5, and in the Open all three Houses drew, each obtaining eight points.

This was a wonderful victory, but without the support of all our other Merriman enthusiasts, not forgetting the staff members, cheering us on, we ^{sh} would never have done so well. Thank you to all of you and good luck.

RESULTS: 1st - Merriman. 2nd - Roll.
3rd. Jagger.

TENNIS TEAMS



hockey

In the Inter-House Hockey Tournament last year we just missed the cup, tying with Rolt for second place, but this year Merriman and Rolt moved one step further, hand-in-hand once more to share the cup, with Jagger just behind us.

This was a great joy to Margaret (McGregor) and I after weeks of planning and encouraging our teams, as we did not have as many school-team players as Rolt or even Jagger.

Our Under-15 team played excellently, when they beat Jagger 1-0 in a thrilling game, and were losing to Rolt until the last five minutes, not giving up for one second, and scoring a goal to make it a draw, giving Merriman a 1-point lead.

This gave our Open Team the encouragement we needed, and although we lost 2-1 to Rolt in the first match, we managed to beat Jagger 1-0 after a really hard battle, and when Jagger drew with Rolt, Merriman and Rolt tied once more.

I feel I must mention our two goalkeepers who were really wonderful. They were Helen Brauer and Jane Bennett. These two girls really practised hard and without them we ^{do}would never have won!

Merriman's house-spirit, on the gamesfield, this year, has been wonderful. Keep it up, and on no account are you to let the cup slip through your fingers next year!

RESULTS: 1st - Merriman and Rolt. 2nd Jagger.





OPEN TEAM

UNDER 15 TEAM



john x. merriman

John Xavier Merriman after whom Merriman house, at Herschel, was named, was a South African statesman born on March 15th, 1841 at Street, Somerset, England. He was the son of a clergyman who afterwards became the Bishop of Grahamstown in the Eastern Province.

In 1849 the Merrimans moved to South Africa where John was educated at the Diocesan College, Rondebosch. Later, he continued his education at Radley College, England, returning to the Cape in 1861. In 1869, he entered politics and in 1875 he joined the Molteno Ministry as commissioner of public works, and was virtually Secretary of War during the Tzuleka War of 1877. He was commissioner of public works in the Stalen Ministry (1881-1884). The fall of this administration was caused by the Afrikaner Bond because the Ministry opposed the attempt of the Transvaal boers to seize Bechuanaland; and when Rhodes formed a ministry in 1890, Merriman, alienated by the extreme policy of the Bond, joined it as treasurer-general. Meanwhile the Bond had adopted a constitutional programme, and 1890 saw a drawing together of the Dutch and British elements at the Cape, but the Uitlander troubles in the Transvaal became acute and Merriman resigned in 1893.

He was chairman of the Cape Parliamentary Committee which enquired into the Jameson raid of 1895, and drew up its report. In 1898, the general election in the Cape Colony gave the Bond a very narrow victory, and Schreiner became Prime Minister, with Merriman treasurer-general again, though not a member of the Bond. He was among the ministers who in 1900 opposed the measure to disfranchise the Cape rebels, causing the cabinet to resign. At the general election four years later, Merriman was defeated,



but was returned shortly afterwards at a bye-election. He succeeded Dr. Jamieson as Prime Minister and Treasurer-general in January, 1908.

Merriman was now head of the Afrikaner Bond party (renamed the South African party) He was a member of the national convention which hammered out the new constitution and he supported the unitary as against the federal principle in South African policy. It was expected that Merriman would be the first prime minister of the Union but the position fell to Botha and he remained outside the ministry, though he gave the government steady support. Merriman opposed the disruptive policy of Hertzog as strongly as he had formerly supported the independence of the Boer republics and finally died on August 2nd, 1926.

MERRIMAN AT WORK



MERRIMAN AT WORK



rosalind ovenstone 67

head of merriman
mim mc gregor



prefect
shirley jenner



making up the cast for the
merrimen fest



merriman play

This year it was decided to have another Inter-House play competition. All Merrimans got to work immediately and first it was necessary to choose a suitable one act play. The seniors read through the one act plays in the library and finally it was decided that we should produce the "Dear Departed" by Stanley Haughan. This is a comedy about a middle class English family. Mrs. Slater's husband, Henry and daughter, Victoria live in a house in London and Mr. Abel Merriveather, Mrs. Slater's father, lives with them. Mrs Slater and her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Jordan do not get on well together since they have quarrelled about their father some years previously. One morning Abel goes out and returns home, feeling sick and goes to bed. His daughter decides to take him his lunch and on entering the room finds him asleep and thinks he is dead. Everyone goes into mourning and Henry telegraphs Mrs. Jordan and Abel's sister. Before the relatives arrive at the Slater's house, Mrs. Slater decides to quickly remove some of her father's belongings so that her sister cannot claim them.

The relatives arrive and suddenly during tea Abel walks into the room and he cannot understand why his family is not pleased to see him. He then remarks on the fact that various pieces of furniture have been removed from his room. Mrs. Jordan then realises what her sister has been up to and an argument arose between the two. Abel settles the argument by telling his family that although he is 72 he has decided to marry Mrs. Aggie Shorrocks, the widow from the public house down the road.

The following cast was chosen from the members of Merriman.

MRS. SLATER - Carol Reid

MR. SLATER - Shelley Stephens



MRS. JORDAN - Patricia Cowan

MR. JORDAN - Patricia Brailly

VICTORIA - Julia Mortera

ABEL MERRIWEATHER - Joanne Faulds.

We ourselves added in three extra characters.

THE CHAR, MRS. MEEK - Carlotta Vaughan MRS. AGGIE SHORROCKS - Helen Brauer

AUNT EMILY MERRIWEATHER - Sally Abbott.

Thus we had a cast of nine.

We started rehearsals within the first week of the third term and Mr. Faulds kindly had our scripts typed. Rehearsals were held on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. Saturday rehearsals were started and all members of the cast worked keenly and with much enthusiasm.

Joanne Faulds and I worked on the props with the help of the whole cast. Hilary Burns designed the costumes and with the help of Susan Stent designed a suitable programme. The poster was artistically painted by Joanne Faulds. Alison Burns helped with lights, curtain and stage management and Pippa McCormack helped with sound.

Various members of Merriman helped as "stage-hands".

Mrs. Muller has given us every encouragement and we were grateful to see that some of the matrons showed interest.

At the time of writing for the House Magazine the final production has not taken place and we will all be held in suspense till the 24th September. However, I must add that the house spirit has been "terrific" and the cast has worked steadily and enthusiastically throughout. Good luck to the Merriman cast and not forgetting our sister houses, Jagger and Rolt.

Lynn Harris LV

ONE OF THE BATIKS



FLORAL ARRANGEMENT



DECORATED PILLARS.



matric. dance

The date was the 29th. July; the place our diningroom; the time 2 p.m. "Well," you might ask, "and what of it?" The answer, as any matric. would feverishly reply, "The Matric Dance is tomorrow!" The long-awaited day was now fast approaching, and on that particular Friday we were very kindly allowed to begin decorating the hall at 2 p.m.

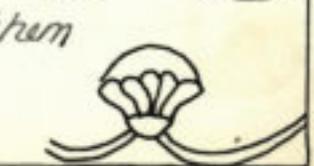
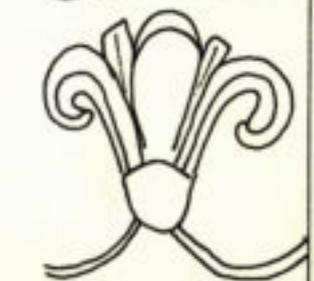
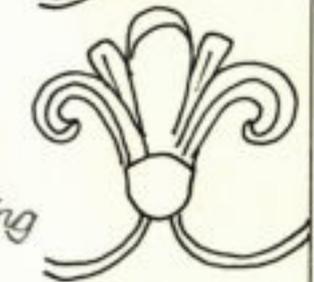
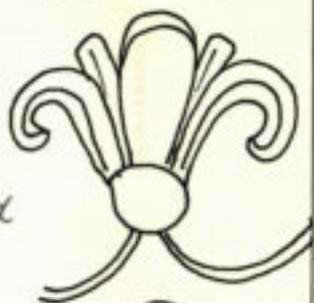
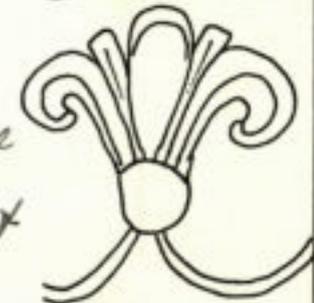
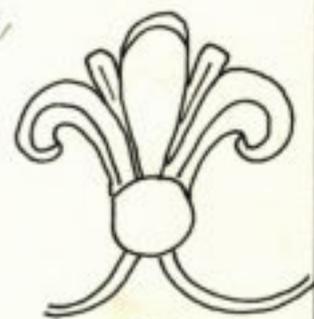
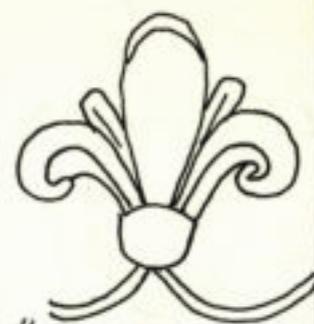
Our theme was Egyptian, worked in batiks with ^{Nefertiti} ~~Reptetiti~~ ^{nephtiti} taking top position. All credit should go to the art girls, who drew the figures on the sheets, and to those who spent their weekends melting the wax, putting it on the batiks - at great risk of being burnt - and then crinkling the batiks when the wax was inclined to go everywhere.

The idea was to have the batiks to picture-rail level, then string black and gold streamers conveyly across the room. There Mr. Withers was in his element; and very efficiently strung a stout string along the length of the diningroom, to which we could attach the streamers.

The "cubby hole" for the staff was to be decorated with black pillars, painted with gold, and black and gold streamers attached to a hoop suspended from the ceiling round a yellow light bulb. (Again thanks to Mr. Withers!)

Our "floral" arrangements were to consist mainly of leaves, sprayed gold and copper - very kindly done for us by a professional florist.

Well, at 2 p.m. we set to work, all at our respective tasks. By 4 p.m. the theme began to show great promise; nearly all the batiks were up, the strip-lights behind them



were switched on, and the lovely rich colours - maroon, gold, orange, blue, - glowed in the light.

Feeling pleased with ourselves, we worked on, the streamers were finished and pinned up, chairs and tables were carried to and fro, till finally, at about 6 p.m., only the finishing touches remained to be done.

The next morning, in between all the hair-dos, many of us brought admiring parents - surprised too, at the changes in the former dining-room? to have a look - and, of course, to take photographs.

That Saturday went very quickly; indeed before we knew it, we were at Herschel, having the most marvellous time, and then, suddenly, our Matric Dance was over.

Not quite, however! Sunday morning came, and we staggered out of bed to clear up! People began arriving at 7.45 a.m., and by 11.30 a.m. we were ^{hot} finished, and the diningroom looked stripped and lonely.

In conclusion, very many thanks go to Mrs. Kittow for allowing it, to the staff who helped and admired - to ^{all} the long-suffering staff who must have been bored with the dance three weeks beforehand!



Nephretiti
NEPHRETITI



brownie culley LV

horses, horses, horses

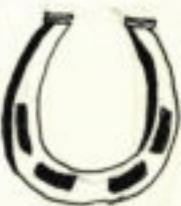
Zandvliet Stud lies in the centre of the beautiful Ashton valley. Besides the farm the Langeberg Mountains loom majestically, sparkling in the sun, and vineyards and peach trees stretch to the horizon; but where there are horses there must be green fields for the bucksome young foals to romp on, beside peaceful mares.

All my life I have lived on a horse stud and have grown to love horses as much as those working with them.

On the farm there are about twenty eight thoroughbred mares and a few which do not belong to the farm, but to other breeders. These are "visiting mares" who remain on the farm for the mating season. The two stallions that visit are: Oligarchy, a red chestnut who is imported from America, and Noble Chieftain, a dark bay and one of the leading sires in the country.

From the beginning of August the stud farmer, and the boys who work in the stables, begin to watch the mares who are then nearly ready for foaling. Records are kept of when exactly they will foal and when this date is reached, the mares are put into the foaling stables at night and one in the main foaling box where all the necessary medicines and instruments are kept. The chief stable boy or my two brothers usually spend their nights in these stables to watch the mares. When a mare grows restless and at last lies down in the thick hay, the watcher quickly phones the farmhouse and the boss will soon be there to deliver the foal. He always hopes for a stallion as they are better and usually faster racehorses and therefore much more valuable.

In September, Spring as well as a new year starts for the stud farmer.



Most of the foals are born in September, but already the paddocks are occupied by proud mares who anxiously watch over their young foals as they jump and run through the thick lucerne, and whinny with pleasure as they chase the black butterflies. Soon after these young ones are born, the mares will come to the stallions and if they mate successfully the mares will be pregnant until the following Spring.

When the young foals are about five months old, they leave their mothers and come to the stables at the farmhouse where only the young horses live. They are now independent and are trained to manage without mothers' milk. Every morning at eight the young foals have to be lunged which helps to break them in. For the rest of the day they romp about in the fields and roll in the sand. At five o'clock they will return to the stables which are now clean and filled with their feed as well as a layer of new hay on the floor. A new life begins for the young horses when they leave their mothers, they are now yearlings and full members of the stud. Each one gets its own name which is fully registered.

As the Yearling Show is now approaching the stallions are separated from the fillies and go to different paddocks. The few stallions are separated from one another too, as they are inclined to kick. At the show any yearling with even a slight mark will be withdrawn from the Gold Cup Prize. Ten yearlings are taken every year from Handuliet and from there they go to their future owners. Then they are sent to certain racing stables where they are trained. Now they are ready for their racing career.

Stud life is not as easy as it looks and it also has its disadvantages. Every week the neighbouring veterinary surgeon comes to see the horses and sometimes he will come to operate on a sick mare or foal.

During the foaling season, the stud owner of Zandvliet does not need a vet. to help him, and he himself will sacrifice his time for his children, as he calls them, and he will get up in the middle of the night to watch over a sick horse or to deliver a foal.

The life on a horse farm is also by no means quiet. From day to day the owner is interviewed by nosy reporters and very often visitors from foreign countries come to see the stud and I recall the day when a man from America walked up to our front door in a light blue suit with shoes of the same blue colour; on his head he wore a cheese cutter with a blue ribbon! Then the elegantly dressed lady from England who "simply adores" horses but is afraid to touch them.

With all its fun and fancies stud life is certainly one of the most busy and interesting farming that there is, and one day when I leave for good, it will certainly have to be a very enterprising young man who will deprive me of my life with horses.



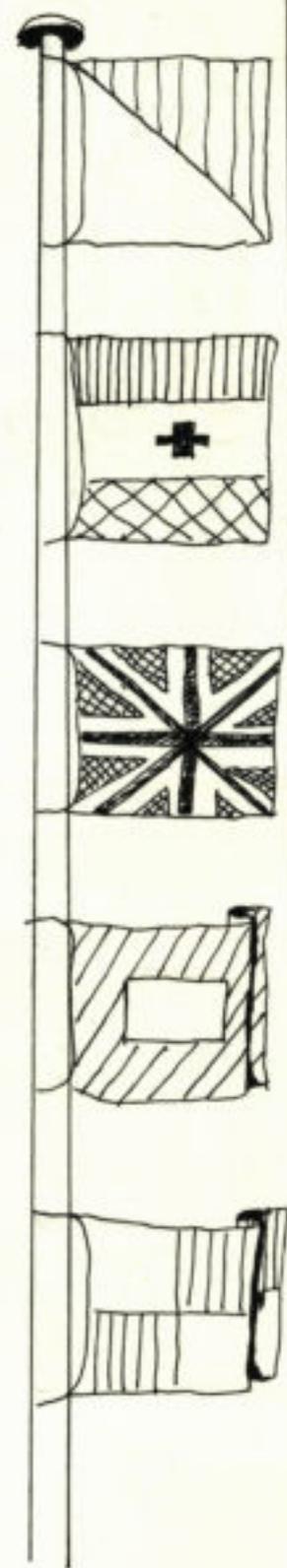
brownie culley 07

an adventure with john

When the last war broke out, I, being twenty years of age, was called up. I had previously done my nine months' training in the navy, so was commissioned on a naval tanker helping to guard the south-eastern coast of Britain. During my nine months' training I had been on a similar ship to Durban on which I had learnt the use of a compass, how to steer the ship, all about the controls, and of course, how to scrub the decks. I therefore knew a little about naval ships.

The day of our departure came, and crowds of families, girl-friends and even dogs were on the Simonstown quay to say their farewells. Amidst shouts, screams and tears, we set sail. The ship was a greenish colour and we did not have separate compartments. Everybody slept in one big room filled with hammocks accomodating each man. The boy in the hammock next to me was called John. He was twenty-four years old and after being educated at Michaelhouse College, in Natal, had gone to the Witwatersrand University to study medicine. He had, however, ceased his studies on hearing that he had been called up. We soon became great friends.

The first seven days were quite calm and we encountered no enemy ships. It was just as well, because we were still being initiated on first-aid, what we were to do if bombed, and how to let down the life-boats. On the eighth day we encountered stormy weather and John and I, as well as many others, were violently sea-sick. The next day the sea was calmer but there were still dark clouds in the sky, and I just cannot explain why, but there reigned a feeling of uneasiness.



At dawn on the tenth day, about twenty miles off the north-western tip of Africa, I was awoken by a violent shuddering, and then another. From above came screams, shouts and hysteria. We had been torpedoed!

Taking John by the arm, I charged up to the deck. Everything was in turmoil. The lifeboats had been lowered but they were already full. There was no room for us and we, that is John, two other fellows, the captain and I, seemed doomed. I was shaking from head to toe, but trying not to lose my head, charged down the companionway, and with the help of one of the remaining sailors, carried the large dining-room table up to the deck. By this time I was a bit hysterical and John tried to pacify me. The radio had ceased to function and we could not communicate with the mainland. While, however, the ship stayed afloat there was hope.

About two hours later, the ship sank beneath the ocean. There was nothing left but for John and me to cling to the table for dear life. The captain and the two others had acquired some other pieces of wood, and were also hanging onto them. There we bobbed up and down on the waves. Death seemed just around the corner. There was not a soul in sight. We were thirsty but could not drink the sea water. The captain eventually collapsed from exhaustion. John was sea-sick and his eyes rolled round and round.

Then the tragic moment came. A huge swell engulfed the captain and the remaining two, and they disappeared from our sight. We never saw them reappear. John was by now vomiting and he could not sit up on the table, only lie. I was just nearing the end of my tether when a ship appeared on the horizon. John was only half-conscious and was groaning incessantly.

However, the ship had spotted us! We, so weak that we were unable to walk, were hauled up on to the deck. There the crew fed us with glucose and water, and after a few days we recovered. After staying at the headquarters of one of the army regiments in Britain for a month to get over our ordeal, John and I were sent this time to different ships.

It was sad to part company, but a few years after the end of the war, I, by some good fortune happened to recognize him in a street in Johannesburg. We had a reunion party and even though he is now married and living in England, John and I still keep in contact with each other.



"THE FLOWER-SELLER"

J.E.F.

joanne faulds UIV

traffic jam

Paul came out of work whistling a tune, happy as today was his first wedding anniversary. He had come out especially early so that he could go and buy something for his wife.

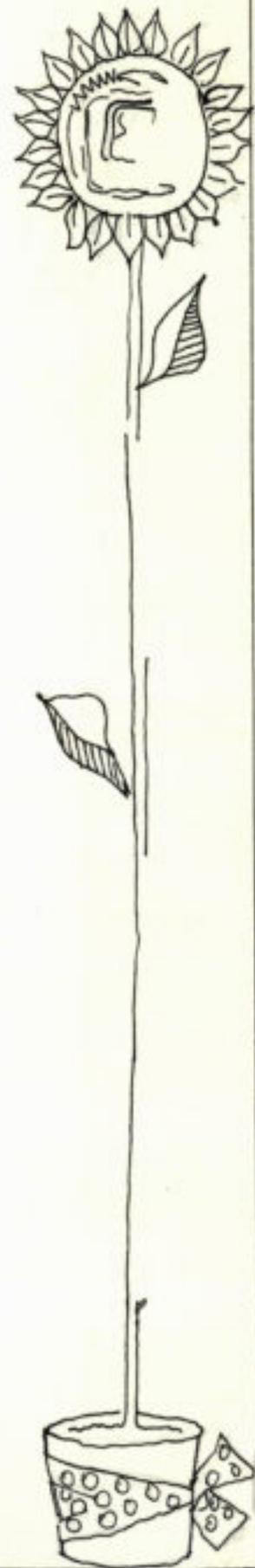
He climbed into his car and drove off to the chemist for some perfume. He parked and went in. On coming out he found that he could not get his car out as there was a car in front and another behind his. He hooted and a man came running out of the barber, with shaving cream all over his face, and moved his car.

Paul then went to the florist. Finding no parking space except for the taxi rank, he parked there, went in and came out with a bouquet. He arrived at his car and found a ticket stuck to the window. He swore as he put it into his pocket. Opening the door he found a silly man telling him that he wanted to go to one of the suburbs.

Eventually Paul managed to move him out of the car but was in such a hurry that he sat on the flowers. He threw them hard out of the window and drove off. He did not come get far before he came to a stop, a traffic jam. Why did it have to be on his first wedding anniversary!

He sat trying to wait patiently. He turned on the radio and watched the man in front of him who was reading a newspaper. Suddenly he put down the newspaper, threw his cigarette out of the window, put on his spectacles and drove about seven feet. Then he stopped, took off his spectacles, lit another cigarette and picked up the paper again. This was repeated several times.

Paul counted the number of cigarettes the man had thrown out as he



crawled along. Suddenly he saw a woman selling daisies on a street corner. He switched off his engine where he was and got out to buy a big yellow sunflower in a pot.

By the time he had reached his car there was hooting and shouting. Quickly he got in and found that the flower would not fit in so he opened the sunshine roof and let it stick out. He drove forward, stopped and was able to get comfortable. He noticed that the number of cars was slowly decreasing and soon he was able to drive steadily the rest of the way home, by this time not very far.

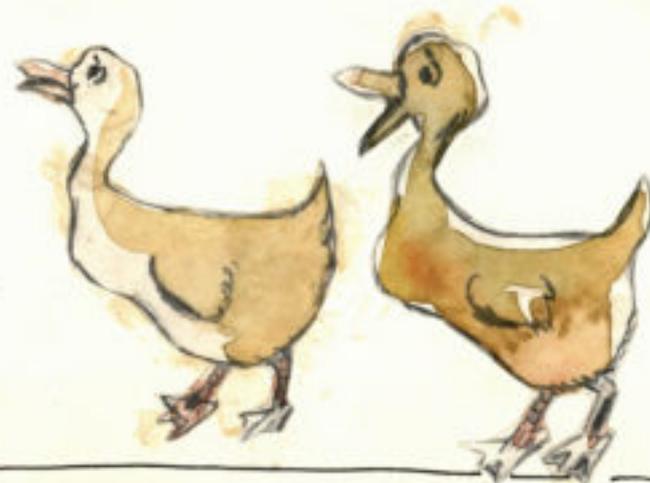
On arrival there, he got out, picked up the parcels, looked up and saw the sunflower sticking out of the roof, but he had the pot in his hand. He realised that he had shut the sunshine roof on the flower. He pulled out the rest of the flower, infuriated.

Having run up the steps he opened the door, walked in and listened. As he did not hear his wife, Jean, he went into the dining-room to find her sleeping over the table. Half the snacks and half the bottle of wine were gone. He put down his presents beside her, went round the other side, poured himself some wine and sat down to eat the rest of the snacks.

imaginary animals



farmyard animals



seaward scenery

Wheeling, dashing, spurning and lashing
Crying, calling, yearning and mourning,
Drinking in sunshine salt air and glory
The seagulls life is one endless long story.

Splashing, dashing, gurgling and flashing,
Whipping, crashing, stinging and lashing,
The sea states its fancies
From season to season.

Rearing, surging, towering, cutting
Subsiding calmly, glowering sullenly
The waves roam the beach
From sunrise to sunset.

Lashing, twirling, screaming, whirling,
Stinging, biting, blinding, blazing.
The wind whips my person,
As I stand facing westwards.

Pink, orange, blue, greying,
Glowing sullenly, blooming and fraying
The clouds catch my gaze,
Transfixed and upraised.

And yet here I stand.
I turn to the north, the south, the east
And westwards my gaze meets a glory of seawards
The seagulls, the waves, the whitewashed beach
The rocks and crags, the place where the skies meet
I am blessed by the beauty that God has created.



why school?

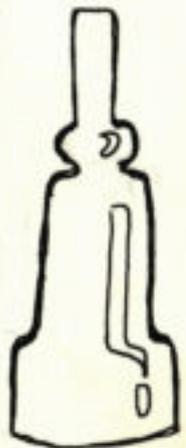
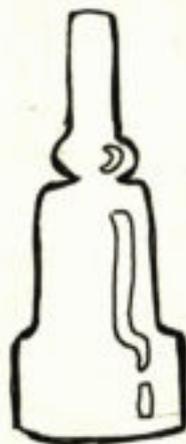
The strangest thing since creation came
Is the function of the human brain,
Which unlike other senses which naturally start,
Needs training to make it play its part.

Leave us alone, and will walk, run or swim
We need no training to make us begin.
We throw or hit a ball with ease
And eat and drink just as we please.

We can smell or breathe without being shown.
Or laugh or cry if left on our own.
Our sight and feeling are naturally there
No tuition is needed to recognise fear.

Our hearing just operates as it should
To listen to praises or things not so good
Our likes or dislikes don't have to be taught
Right or wrong is a natural without heeding thought.

So to sum it all up in the simplest degree
There's a custom with which we just don't agree
If our bodies and senses know every rule
Why on earth do we have to go to school.





TIBET

MALAYA



CHINA

in german



U nser Vater der du bist in Himmel geheiligt werde Dein Name, Zukorame
uns Dein Reich. Dein Wille geschehe, wie in Himmel also auch auf
Erden. Gib uns heute unser tägliches Brot, und vergib uns unsere Schuldigen
wie auch wir vergeben unseren Schuldigen, und führe uns nicht in
Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns vom Bösem. Dein ist das Reich, und die
Kraft, und Herrlichkeit in Ewigkeit. Amen.

in afrikaans



O nse Vader, wat in die hemel is,
Laat U naam geheilig word,
Laat U koninkryk kom,
Laat U wil geskied
Soo in die hemel, net so ook op die aarde,
Gee ons vandag ons daaglikse brood
En vergeef ons ons skulde
Soo ons ook ons skuldernaar vergewe,
En ly ons nie in versoeking nie
Maar vertoos ons van die bose
Want aan U behoort die koninkryk
Die krag, en die heerlikheid,
Tot in ewigheid. Amen.

the Loyalty of a Lion

His name is Basil Kennedy - sixty years old, sunburnt, blue-eyed, white hunter-turned-game-ranger in the Mala-Mala Game Reserve that borders the Kruger National Park. He has been the game ranger for this reserve for a long time and has had a life time of interesting and exciting experiences. Mr. Kennedy told us the following story when we were up in a tree hut at night, watching for the lions that were looming in the shadows:

"It happened a long time ago." He paused for a while - remembering. "I was taking some of the guests, who were at the time, in my open jeep to look for animals. It was a hot, sultry morning and we had not seen much apart from a few impala, kudu, waterbuck and giraffe, when we came round a corner there he was. A beautiful lion was wonderfully camouflaged in the long yellow grass, dozing lazily in the hot African sun. I drove the jeep closer so as to enable the visitors to photograph him. As we came closer, he struggled to his feet and only then did I realize that he was not as beautiful as we had, at first, imagined. He had been horribly wounded and it looked as if he had not eaten for many days or even weeks. His skin was like a cloth draping a skeleton. My immediate reaction was to feed him so off off we went to shoot a buck. We shot two impala and brought them back. The lion was so hungry that he did a remarkable thing. He consumed the buck immediately and when he was strong enough he moved away from that place.

For the next few days, we tracked the lion and fed him regularly. When at last he realized that we were taking food to him, he found a shelter on the river bank and settled there, as if to say, "Well here I am now. You can feed me



right here." For three months, we fed that lion until he became quite tame. Whenever he heard my jeep, he would give a low roar to indicate where he had his lair. I realized that he was becoming lazy and dependant on humans for food so I gradually decreased the amount of food I gave him and increased the time between each feeding until I was feeding him once a week. If the visitors wanted to see a lion, I would just drive through the dry bush until I would hear the familiar call of that blue-blooded beast, and then out he would come to see me. He became so friendly with humans that, at one time, he came across the river walking in front of the jeep and practically touching the bumper. By this time, the whole district knew of this lion and how he had become so tame, and had been asked not to harm him.

Life in the reserve was very peaceful and happy for the next few weeks until one night, I heard them - first one shot which was later followed by a series of others. Someone had been firing a rifle about three quarters of a mile from the camp. I felt there was something wrong in the bushveld and could hardly sleep that night. The next morning, I received a telephone call from a resident of the neighbouring game farm to say that her husband had had a small accident and had been taken to the Nelopruit hospital. I was told that there were jeep tracks along the sand at the river, therefore I immediately took my jeep to investigate the circumstances. I found patches of blood spattered on the white sand. The sand had been disturbed and there was a shallow hollow indicating that there had been a fight. I accused the people on the neighbouring farm of poaching but they denied it so I asked the "police-boys" from that farm to come and help my "policeboys" to investigate. Eventually the whole story had fallen into place.

There had been poaching. The man who had been hurt had come into Mala-
Mala, and, although he had been told of the tame lion, had taken full advantage
of his friendly attitude towards humans and had shot him. Once more wounded,
the lion attacked the poacher, pinning him down by the arm on the sand. Then,
instead of mauling him to death as any wild lion would, he released his grip from
the human and sprang on to a rock. The poacher had immediately picked up his
rifle and had fired a number of shots into him, finally killing him. I admit
that the poacher must have had great fortitude to pick up his rifle and shoot my
friend after he had so badly ripped his arm but even though I finally decided
to forgo prosecution, I could not inwardly forgive him for what he had done
to that wonderful creature."

By the end of his story, we found that we had been listening so
intently that we had not noticed a lion and lioness just below the tree hut.
They had stealthily emerged from the shadows and had settled down to eat the
zebra which Mr. Kennedy had left for them. Obsessed with the wonder of
the ranger's story, we turned round to observe these beautiful animals in their
wild state.



hilary burns hV

the facts about wine

The writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes said, "Eat thy bread with joy and drink thy wine with a merry heart." The joy of wine has been a part of man's normal experience from unrecorded times. It is now known that the vine and its grapes existed on earth before man began. He has therefore had the whole of his life of a quarter million years to become familiar with grapes and their beneficial juices. Today wine is something of perfection, the result of continuous experiment, pick-and-choose, and the survival of the best through the ages.

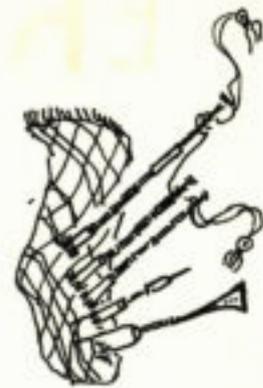
Wine-making, defined as the fermentation of the juice of freshly gathered grapes, probably began in the Middle East, between the Caucasus Mountains and the Mediterranean. The Persians knew the art and saw it spread to ancient Chiria and ancient Phoenicia, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Italy, the western lands of France, Germany and Britain. Wine in the first civilizations of history can be distinguished in hieroglyphic records and the cuneiforms of Babylon, let alone for the writings of the Old Testament, and the Greek and Roman classics.

The ancient peoples regarded wine not only as man's companion but as a gift of the gods. Dionysius, Bacchus, Osiris all had their "finger in the cup" and man, in turn, used wine in his worship. This is still found in Christian times, and even when almost all culture disappeared in Mediaeval Europe the monks planted and preserved vineyards and kept the art of wine-making alive.



scottish country dancing

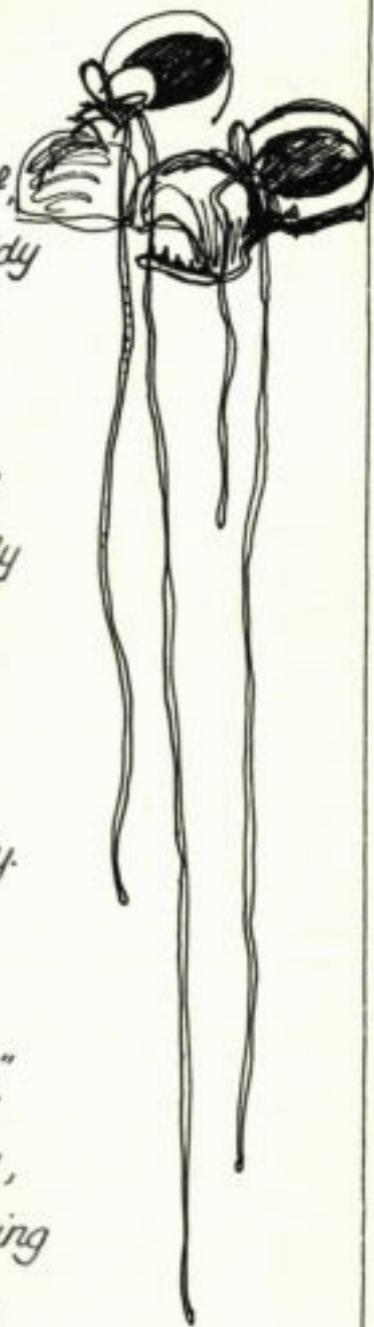
Scottish Country Dancing has been popular in Scotland for many generations. It cannot be called Folk Dancing because it is a Scottish tradition known and loved by all classes of the people. Although Scottish dancing (Country) has had its ups and downs it has never died, as many truly traditional dances have been saved by dancing teachers of different periods who have written them down for their pupils. Unfortunately Scots were never good at writing things down. Instead they handed down their traditions from generation to generation by the spoken word. The longways type of Dance is British. It is found in all the four countries - England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, also on the Isle of Man. It is in the steps, presentation, and some special formations that the Scottish tradition lies. Scottish technique and presentation is French. The elegant dancing and carefully detailed steps are closely allied to the French Court, and it is from there that Highland dancing and country dancing originated.



Tramps

Those of us who lead well-regulated ^{lives} obviously find it difficult to cope with the problem of tramps who lead a life so unlike our own. However, the study of vagrants is very fascinating. The Roget's Thesaurus gives innumerable definitions for the word "tramp" (sluggard, cadger, waiter-on-providence, do-little, lotus-eater). All denote a parasitical existence, but these synonyms do not adequately cover the problems of tramps in modern society. The word, "tramp", which originally meant to walk heavily, has come to mean one who travels through countries in search of work, or as a vagrant. These men fall under three categories: those who are forced by economic circumstances to take to the road, those who are thus inclined by temperament and those who are rebelling against modern society.

In periods of great economic pressure, the number of tramps increases. During the depression of the 1930's many men took to the roads after having been thrust from their jobs. They travelled through the country by "freight jumping". As many of these were looking for employment they were not permanent tramps, and having found a job would return undismayed to the boom of society. Dealing with tramps who touch our lives more nearly, we read almost weekly of police rounding up "idlers." In reality they are Africans from rural areas who have migrated to the towns in search of work. Because of the prevailing pass system, these "idlers" cannot obtain work permits, and in locations all over the country there are thousands who have become tramps through no fault of their own. They must remain unemployed and live on their wits because they are prevented from obtaining



gainful employment in their own country.

There are also many tramps who are not economically forced to become so. These men have no wish to conform to modern morals. They want to be free from convention and routines. As tramps they are not required to live by the clock and have meticulously planned lives. A few have had domestic troubles and prefer the feel of the hard earth and the bird-song in their ears, to feather-beds and the screeching of nagging haridans.

The majority of tramps in Europe in these times of economic boom, are those who do not want to be encumbered by the shackles of society. These are the "Beats" with whom are included the pavement artists. The majority of these are able-bodied men and women who would find no difficulty in earning a living in a more conventional manner. Their existence is a rejection of bourgeois society. These scruffy individuals travel through life free from possessions and responsibilities. They live from hand to mouth. This existence is dealt with in George Orwell's "Down and out in Paris and London."

A few branches of the "Beats" are the "Togs" and "Ravers," those who live permanently in caves, or retreat there during weekends. The members of this cult are in search of "kicks". It has been stated that they indulge in many perverted practices. — black-magic rites, drug-smoking and sex orgies. This is perhaps but another result of the fatalistic feeling, which appears to be evolving in a section of modern youth, in this atomic age. They feel that they will not live long, so why not enjoy themselves now?

Even within these categories there is an overlapping of the different motives for hoboism. A person, who in times of full employment is a "work work" by choice, is similar to one who, having lost his employment, takes to the road. He becomes used to not working and is unable again to conform to the rigours of a job.

The depression in America gave rise to many giants in literature, Steinbeck ("Grapes of Wrath"), O'Henry, John dos Passos ("Manhattan Transfer"). Some of the greatest books of our time have derived their inspiration from tramps of the different categories. Many great writers, indeed, have themselves followed the life of the road to gain experience. As a result of their hoboism these writers have been able to gain more insight and identify themselves more closely with the object of their writings. Public sympathy has also been aroused by many of these books. For example Arthur Koestler's "The Scum of the Earth" deals with those political and racial refugees forced to become floater and jetsam because of their expulsion from Germany in Nazi times.

Perhaps the most striking thing about tramps and hoboism is that over the generations a national and international fraternity of tramps has grown up. This has evolved its own conventions and sets of values, such as the nihilistic rejection of bourgeois society. It has also become a brotherhood with its own philosophy of share-and-share-alike. Thus, even tramps, those free, sometimes lonely, men, have felt a need to conform to something, be it only a set of values directly opposed to the society which many of them are rebelling against and which will give them a sense of "togetherness" with their own kind.

shirley jenner UV



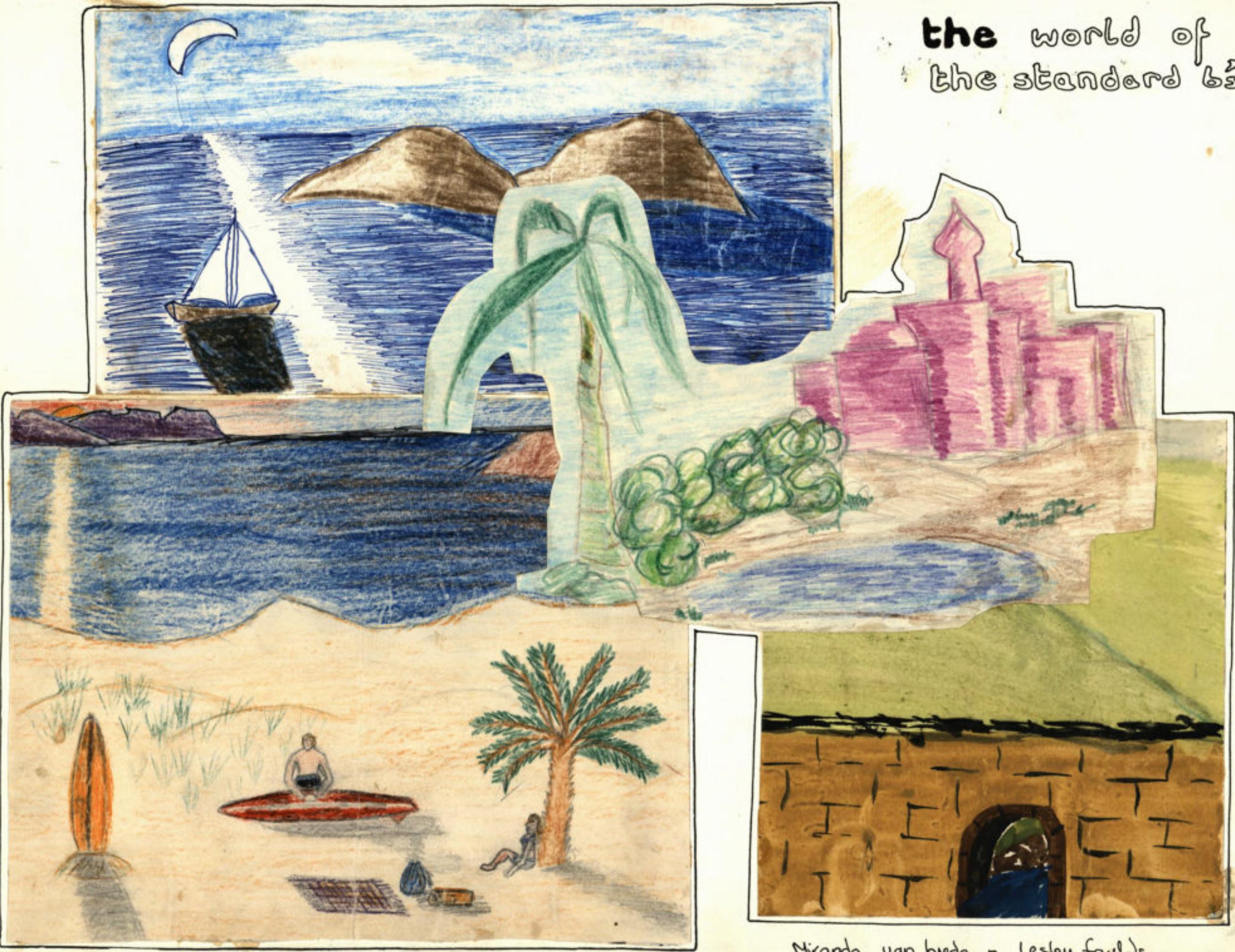
susan stent UIV

surfin'

"Seven-thirty in the morning, we pile into Ho-dad's jammie with the boards on top, an' we're on our way to whichever beach the surfs working. When we get there, we check the surf an' if its closing out we kraak to some other place. At the beach we check where the peaks are working, then out o' the jammie to untie our boards and waac 'em. The sun's up, the surfs stoked an' we're all ready in our baggies. Then with our boards, down to the shore. We kneel on 'em an' paddle out. The water's cold but we don't notice it, we're jus' eager to reach the line-up where the waves are breaking, to get real stoked an' hang ten on our first ride and then pull out at the end. Muncher can pull out on the nose like a real hot dogger, but I have to walk my board. Sometimes, if you're unlucky, you get wiped out an' its min if you lose your board. After an hour or two, you fade out and come in an' its only cold!"



the world of
the standard b's



Miranda van breda & Lesley Faulds

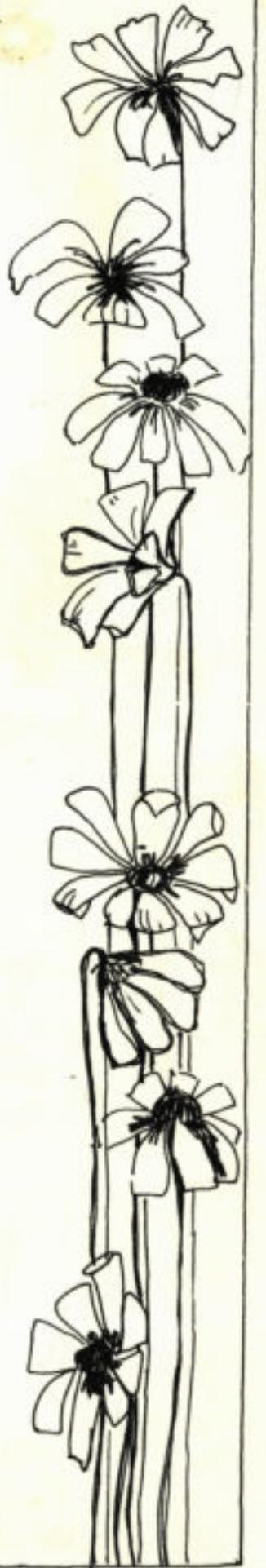
colours

Why does the grass grow so green
And how does it wave in a wind so slight.
Why does the garden look so clean?
And why have they colours so bright.

The meadow is always soft and pale,
With daisy petals of white and yellow.
And the flowers go up for sale
In spring when the ground is so mellow.

Why is the sea so blue. Oh! so blue
With the white billowed sails of the lovely yachts,
Or the moon shining on their fairy dew,
And leaving behind it bright silvery spots.

miranda van breda



do you know?

Do you know that the Houses of Parliament in England cover 8 acres, have 2 miles of passages, 100 staircases, 1,100 apartments and cost R 6,000,000?

Do you know that the Great Fire which raged across 396 acres from the Tower of London to Temple Church, in four days destroyed 88 churches including St. Paul's, also the Royal Exchange and Guildhall?

Do you know that Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment weighs 186 tons and measures 68 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches high?

Do you know that Britannia (with the waves) was a Scots lass?

Do you know that the Tower Bridge which spans the Thames cost R 1,660,000 and has a footway 142 feet above high water?

Do you know that when the Great Plague of 1664 swept across London, 68,596 persons died, and fires burned for 3 days and nights to destroy infection, which was not finally stamped out till 1666?

Do you know that the Bank of England was founded by a Scotman, William Paterson of Dumfriesshire, the present building being completed in 1827?

Do you know that the present London Bridge built of granite, has 5 arches, with a total span of 928 feet and is 65 feet wide?

shirley ireland



jokes

A girl talking to a friend says, "My brother-in-law is the laziest man I know. Have you ever met him?"

The friend replies, "I'm not sure. Is he tall?"

The girl answers, "I don't know. I have never seen him standing up."

Louise olds UTII



patricia gillanders

Hey, there goes my pillow!



gloria



"I'm going home now, because I'm not supposed to talk to rough boys like you"

"It's not fair - when I'm big enough to push you, you will be too big to be pushed."

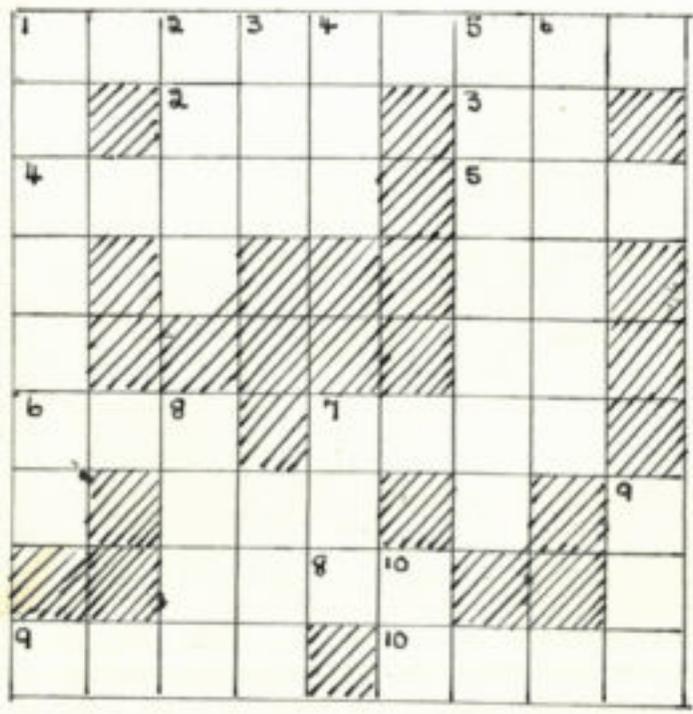
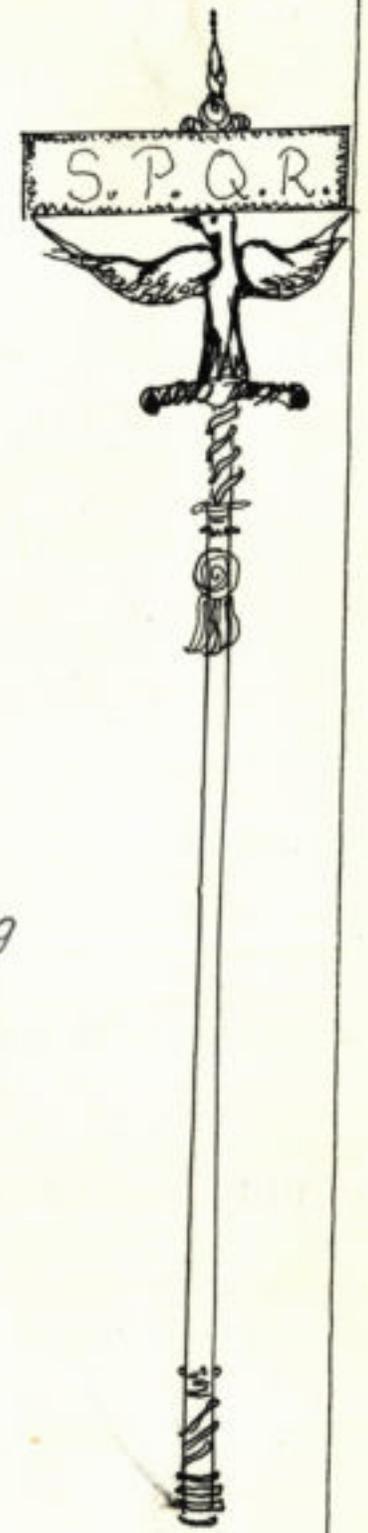


One day an elephant was walking through the jungle. All of a sudden he heard a voice say "Ooch!" and he looked down to see a small mouse just in front of his right foot. "Don't you look where you're going," said the mouse. "Yes," replied the elephant, "but you are so small, I didn't see you!" "Well," replied the mouse, "I can't help that. I've been sick."

deborah turner-smith VIII

Latin crossword

S.A.



Across

- 1) Com
- 2) thing
- 3) and
- 4) He will give
- 5) unless minus i
- 6) So
- 7) Roman god
- 8) it
- 9) Day
- 10) for.

Down

- 1) You (pl.) dig
- 2) City (ablative)
- 3) of me
- 4) and
- 5) Darkness
- 6) Useful
- 7) Me (genitive)
- 8) Early in the morning
- 9)
- 10) About.

Class names

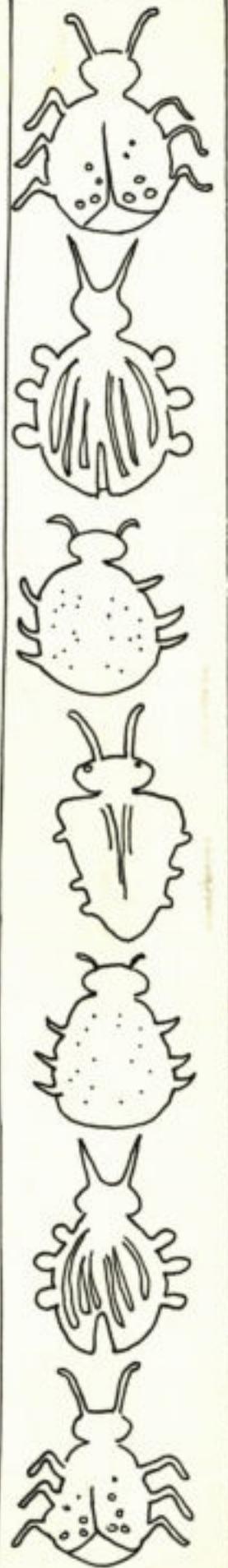
- Knight - always in armour.
- Strong - Muscles, whew!
- Hall - Always the platform
- Caine - Not me, please

the beetles

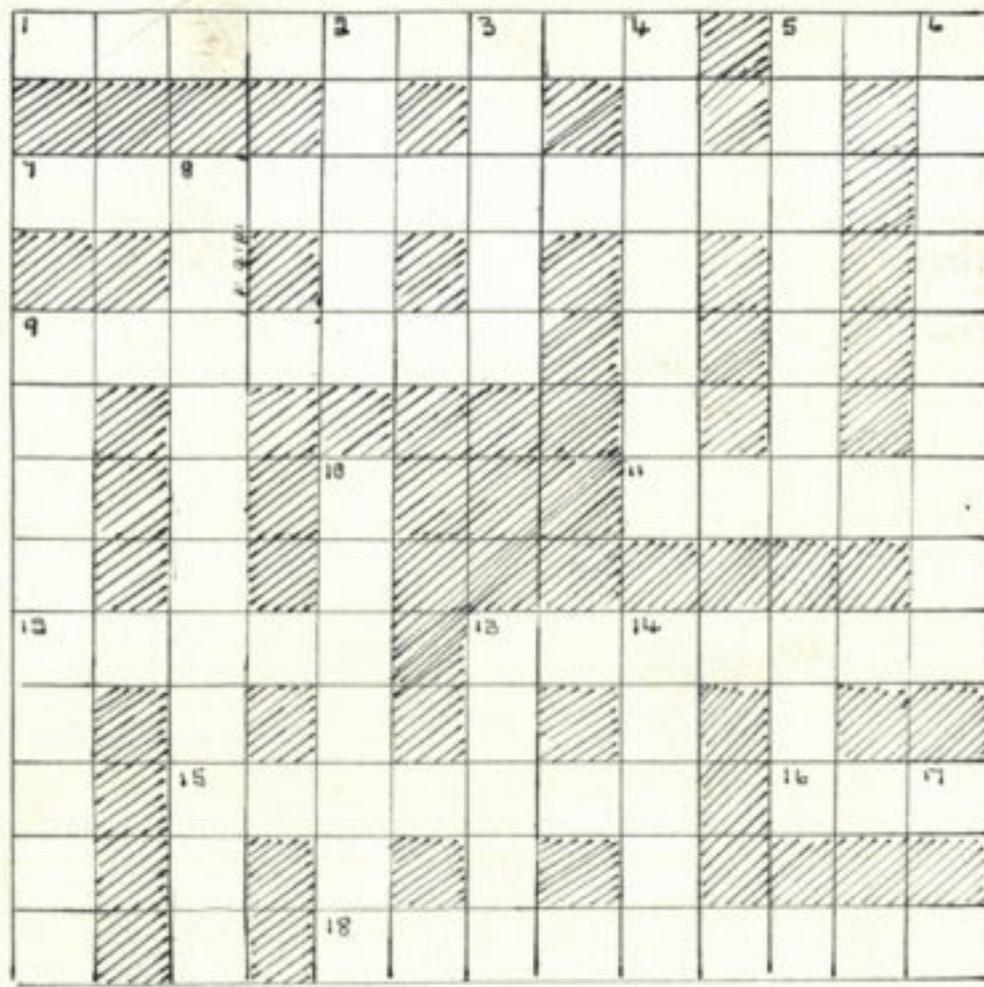
They aren't a group of insects,
But a group of boys.
Their hair is long, they play guitars
And make a lekker noise.

Three of them are married,
Paul of course is not,
But very soon you'll find,
He's going to tie the knot.

Their latest disc is Rubber Sole,
Which is not a type of shoe,
And of course it is a hit,
Like all the things they do.



shakespeare crossword



Across

- 1 Elizabeth Taylor in a 5 queenly role.
- 5 " — the eye of childhood." Macbeth
- 7 Agitate a weapon for a great writer.
- 9 Those linen cheeks of thine — counsellors to —." Macbeth 2 words (3,4)
- 11 A fantastic from Measure for Measure
- 12 "All the power this — doth owe." Midsummer Night's Dream.
- 13 7 across is often called this.
- 15 The sword — — the crown imperial Henry V. 2 words (3,4)
- 16 " — not alone my irky cloak" Hamlet.
18. At first -- ewling & puking." As you like it. 2 words (3,6)



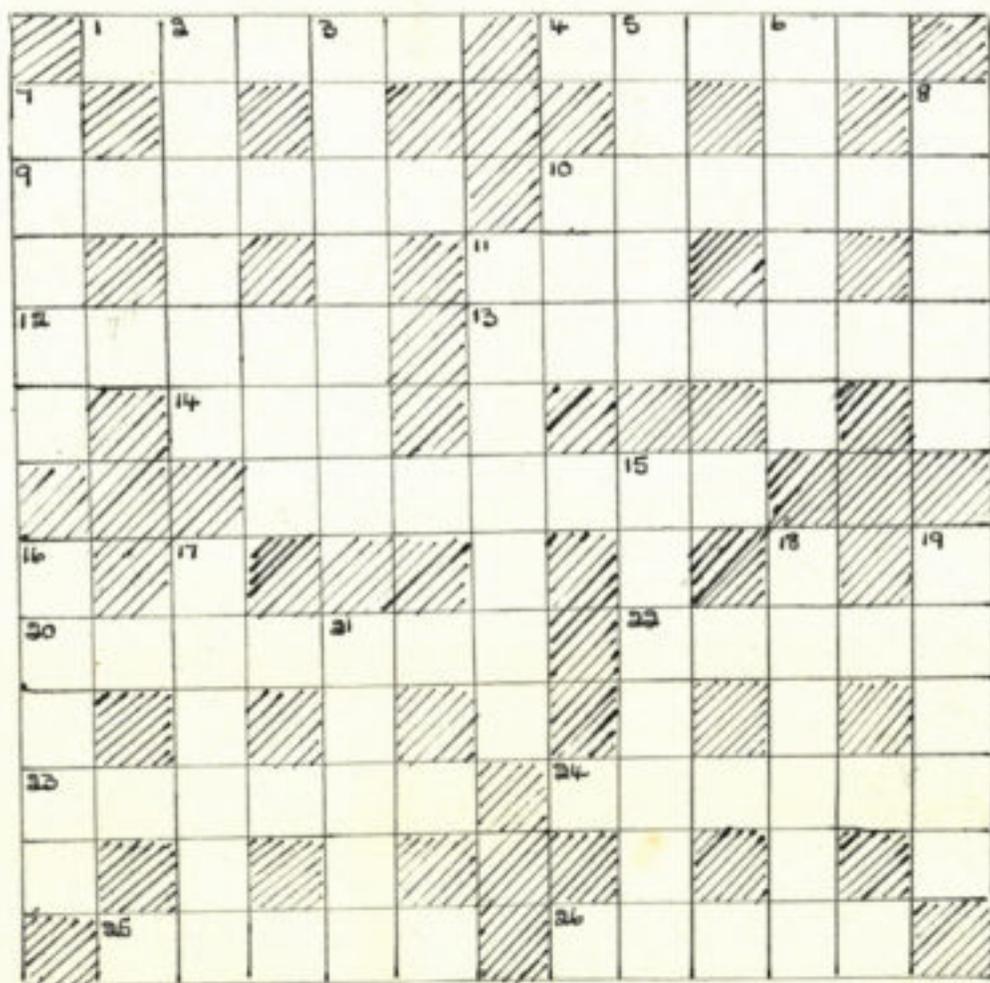
Down

- 2 A shepherdess from As you like it.
3. Anagram of " — — come to judgment"
4. Merchant of Venice 2 words (1,6)
5. He was the victim of Shylock.
6. You shall not seal to --- for me." Merch. of Venice (4.1.4)
- 8 There are more things in heaven & earth Horatio than --- " Hamlet (3, 6, 2)
- 9 Did this knight have a sore face? Twelfth Night
- 10 Prospero caused this.
- 13 Macbeth was — of Glamis.
14. Merchant of Syracuse. Comedy of Errors.
17. "Till then — still my soul." Hamlet.

general knowledge crossword

Across.

1. Scottish trousers made of tartan cloth.
- 4 This means to do with birds
- 9 Name of American space-craft which took closeups of moon.
- 10 Boy scout's ring through which he threads his neckerchief.
- 12 Famous explorer whose son, Peter is also well-known.
- 13 Another name for the Society of Friends, William Penn was a leading one.
- 14 Fish eating bird with long beak & huge elastic pouch.
- 20 One of the Great Lakes, giving its name to Canadian province.
- 22 An open space in a wood.
- 23 French port nearest to Dover.
- 24 River that calls the Beatles to mind.
- 25 A small opening to the sea, not as big as a bay
- 26 The scorpion has one in its tail.



Down.

- 2 Money demanded by kidnappers.
- 3 To grapple and try to throw or pin your opponent.
- 5 A parody, or instrument in orchestra.
- 6 Isaac Wilton wrote "the Compendium"
- 7 A place where printing is done
- 8 This Russian distance is about $\frac{2}{3}$ of an English mile.
- 11 When night and day are equal, about 23rd September
- 15 To increase as the members of an orchestra.
- 16 A sea-shell that can be used as a trumpet.
- 17 Marshal of Soviet Union in 2nd World War.
- 18 Biblical character of great strength who was blinded.
- 19 Goliath's name. Also the name of gemstone.
- 21 One of the great rivers of Europe on which Cologne stands.

ANSWERS

Latin crossword solution

Across 1. frumentum 2. res 3. et 4. dabit 5. nis 6. lam
7. Mars 8. id 9. dies 10. num

Down 1. fodiati 2. urbe 3. mei 4. et 5. tenebra 6. utilis
7. mei 8. mane 9. num 10. de.

Shakespearean crossword solution

Across 1. Cleopatra 5. tis 7. Shakespeare 9. are. fear. 11. Lucio
12. charm 13. The bard 15. the mace 16. tis 18. the infant

Down 2. Phebe 3. taper 4. A daniel 5. The merchant 6. such a bond
8. are dreamt of 9. Aguecheek 10. Tempest 13. Thane 14. Egeon
17. sit.

general knowledge crossword solution

Across 1. brews 4. avain 9. Ranger 10. loggler 12. Scott.
13. Quakers 14. Pelican 20. Ontario 22. glade 23. Calais
24. Mully 25. inlet 26. Sting

Down 2. Ransom 3. wrestle 5. Viola 6. Angler 7. Press
8. Verst 11. Equinox 15. Augment 16. 17. Stalir
18. Sarnoom 19. Beryl 21. Rhine.



hildary burns LV

canadian interlude

During the recent June holidays I was fortunate enough to visit Canada for the winter vacation. We left South Africa in a very cold, wintry state by air. from Jan Smuts Airport in Johannesburg, stopping at Salisbury, Luanda and Las Palmas. The following day we arrived at the huge Heathrow Airport in London. London is a large metropolis with crammed streets and buildings on top of each other. As first time visitors we eagerly surveyed St. Pauls, Buckingham Palace, Picadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, London Bridge, Big Ben and Westminster Abbey. We noted teenagers in their strompolis, bell-bottoms, mini-skirts and



VIEW OF LONDON TOWER
FROM TOWER BRIDGE

weird fashions, not forgetting the long hair and beards on the boys. We then flew across the Atlantic to New York. The beat group, Hermano Hermits, were also on board and I was fortunate to meet them. New York is very big and the John F. Kennedy Airport is a maze of buildings. We arrived in the middle



of a heat wave and everything was hot and stuffy. Catching the next plane to Toronto we flew over Niagara Falls and finally landed at the Toronto Airport. Our relations were at the air terminal to meet us and they then took us to their home in St. Catharines, a city twenty miles from Toronto. They drove us to a "Nut House", a factory where they make only doughnuts, and we bought two dozen, each completely different from the next.

After spending a few days in St. Catharines and visiting the Niagara Falls

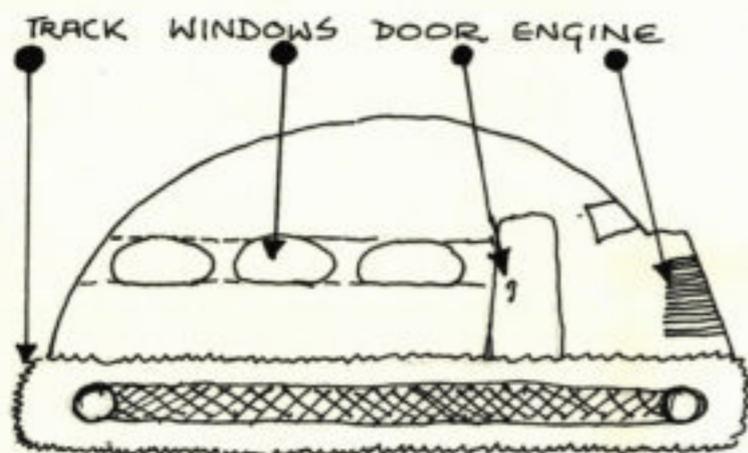


AMERICAN NIAGARA FALLS

and the St. Lawrence Waterway we flew to Edmonton. Edmonton is a lovely city in the province of Alberta and in the middle of the Prairie Lands. It is one of the centres of the oil industry and is a very modern city. Our friends in Edmonton entertained us and took us around the city. All the "kids" were on vacation as it was their three-month summer-vacation time.

We then motored up into the Canadian Rockies with our friends, stopping

first at Calgary, which is where the Calgary Stampede is held. Then we went to Banff situated in the mountains from where we got a lovely view especially from the top of Mount Sulphur which we reached by means of the ski lift. Next day we arrived in Jasper, right in the centre of the Rockies, where the scenery was beautiful and indeed just like a fairyland. We then returned to Edmonton via Lake Louise and the Columbia Ice Fields. We stopped at the latter and went for a ride in a snowmobile on the Athabasca Glacier. It was an exciting experience and I was surprised to see how dirty the surface of the glacier was. The snowmobile was a remarkable machine. It had tracks instead of wheels and seated about twelve people. It was driven just like a car and moved smoothly along the glacier surface. Two miles up the



SNOWMOBILE

glacier we were allowed to get out and walk on the ice. It was terribly cold and the surface was very slippery.

The next day we arrived back in Edmonton and a few days later we flew across to the province of British Columbia to Vancouver.

Vancouver is very much like Cape Town. It is a very large city on the West coast, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and ascends from the shore up into very high mountains which are always covered in snow. It has a population of just over a million and it is the centre of the lumbering industry. I found it a very pleasant city, and being summer, everyone was out in their bermuda shorts and bathing costumes.

We, being South Africans, however found their summer rather cold. We visited all the various landmarks of interest including the Capilano Suspension Bridge which was very long and suspended across a deep canyon. The frail structure swayed frighteningly as we walked across and we also went up in the cable car to the top of Mount Grouse and had a picturesque view of Vancouver. One day we went by ferry to Victoria Island and took our car with us. It was quite an experience since we drove our vehicle right into the interior of the ferry and then went and relaxed on the sun-drenched decks. On reaching the island we embarked in our car onto the mainland and then drove to Butchard Gardens which is said to be one of the seven wonders of the New World. It consisted of sunken gardens, Japanese gardens, Italian gardens and all the indigenous flora of Canada.



BUTCHARD GARDENS

The food in Canada was "terrific"; huge pancakes and maple

syrup, extra thick chocolate milk shakes, doughnuts, ice creams, and steaks and hamburgers that you would never find in South Africa. The people were very hospitable and friendly. Their homes lovely, but once again completely different from ours. All the houses and apartment blocks have basements underneath with T.V. Of course all the people are crazy over baseball and I was fortunate enough to see the "Giants" playing in San Francisco on the T.V.

After a week in Vancouver we flew back to London over the North Pole and Ireland, and I said a sad goodbye to the lovely country of Canada. From London we returned via Italy visiting Rome and Florence. Our last day was spent in Rome, and we then flew back to South Africa. I was glad to be back in my home country although it was so cold, but I really missed the Italian ice-cream, Canadian hamburgers and the English strawberries.



MALIGNE LAKE, CANADIAN ROCKIES.



I saw red

devon lees UTV

clouds

There he lay in solitary state
With not one word upon his slate,
And saw white, wild and flashing horses
Fighting blue skies with their forces.

And as he lay there in a trance,
Mesmerized by the snowy dance,
He saw marargues piled thick and high,
This the greatest caught his eye!

A polar bear stalked a Spanish galleon,
He saw the captain's bright medallion,
Gleaming in the surlit sky,
And then some seagulls fluttered by.

And soft white powder puff clouds still drift,
Sometimes slow but sometimes swift,
Sometimes far higher than the mountain top,
Or else like mist to the valleys they drop.

Imagine the young boy's calm blue eyes
Still searching for clouds in the vast blue skies.
His slate and his chalk before him still lie,
And his eyes still gaze up to the clouds and the sky.





by the light of the moon

It was Easter and the moon was the biggest I had ever seen. Our little stoep looked over the shimmering sea, and a small portion of the beach was all we could see, as the rest was hidden by bushes, which started growing directly in front of our cottage.

Not all the sea was lit up, but just the path upon which the moon shone. It sparkled, with an occasional wave breaking the stillness. When all was still it looked rather like a dew-sprinkled cobweb, which glistened in the sun.

Sometimes a young couple would walk solemnly across the shining sands, hand-in-hand. Behind me was the noise of the gramophone, people playing cards on the floor and others reading under a lamp. All this was behind a great glass door, but I was facing a world of beauty, that stood, like eternity before me.

All of a sudden I could not stop myself; I found myself running down the sandy path, between the bushes to that vast, empty space where I was free and away from people. It looked very different from its aspect in the daytime, as in the day it is teeming with people and aloud with noise.

I now realise what a very beautiful world we all live in, and what a wonderful Being it was who made all that beauty.



the beggar

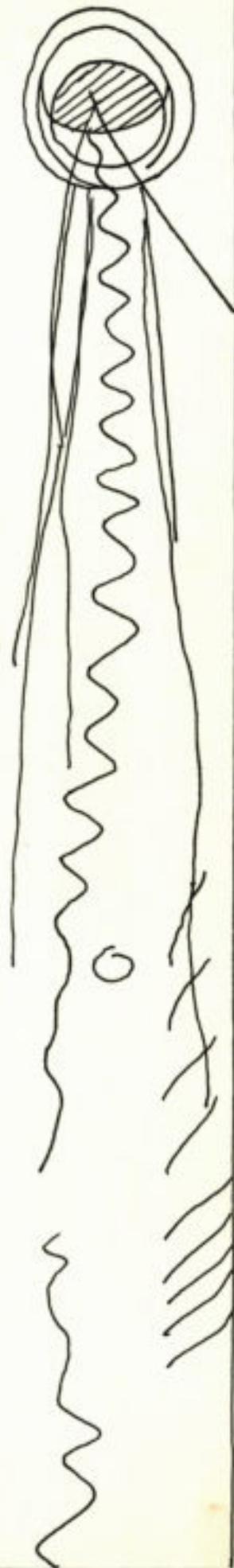
It was a chilly Saturday morning and I was walking through the park, with Jock, my Alsation dog. On a bench, in the weak rays of the winter sun, sat a beggar. He was an old man with white hair and a long, untidy beard.

He sat there with an old newspaper on his lap, eating some stale bread. Every so often, he threw a few crumbs to the pigeons who were strutting about in front of him. I decided to sit down and talk to him. Something told me that he would have an interesting tale to tell.

After greeting him, I began to ask questions as to where he came from. He soon began to talk in a quiet voice. His hands rested on Jock's head, and a faraway look came into his eyes.

As a young lad he had fought in the Boer War and had known Paul Kruger. After the 1st World War, he had become a wanderer, never staying in one place. Later he had become ill, and drifted from hostel to hostel. It was getting late, so I rose to go. I gave him my twenty cents worth of pocket money and bid him good-bye.

I turned back, as I left the park, and saw that he had closed his eyes and the newspaper was blowing across the grass.

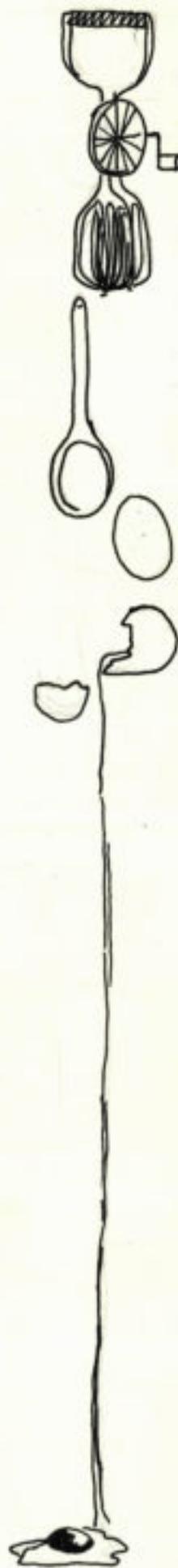


cocoanut macaroons

4 ozs. desiccated coconut
4 ozs. of Castor or Icing sugar
The white of one or two eggs.

Beat the white of egg and add the coconut and sugar alternatively. Add some water, if necessary. Form in pyramids on the baking sheet. Heat in a moderate oven for a few minutes until they are light brown.

julia mortera UTTT



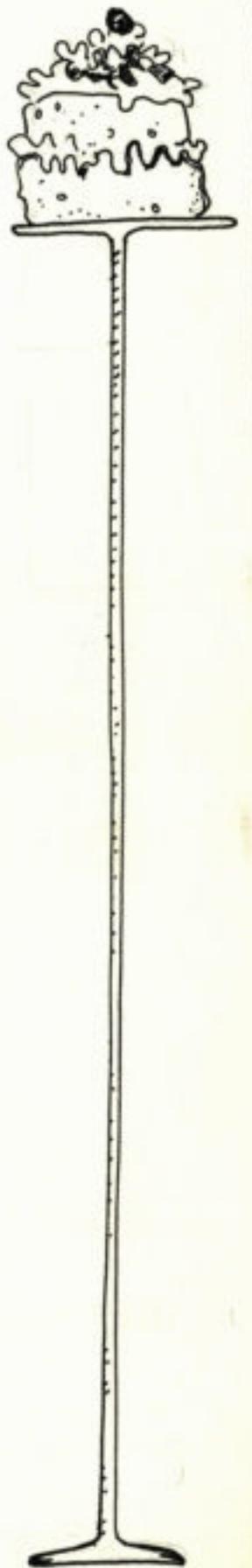
father's fattening favorite

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almond
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar.

Mix all the above well. Line two 3×9 " tins with tin foil. Divide mixture in two, filling each tin. Bake at 350° until golden brown. Leave until cold, which takes 10-15 minutes.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pt. cream whipped stiff.
1 teaspoon coffee essence
3 teaspoons chocolate flakes
Castor sugar to taste.

Place 1 thin layer on plate, spread cream mixture over. Place second layer on top. Paint the layer with chocolate melted down. Decorate top with $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint cream. Sprinkle chocolate flakes on top.



darkness and punishment

313

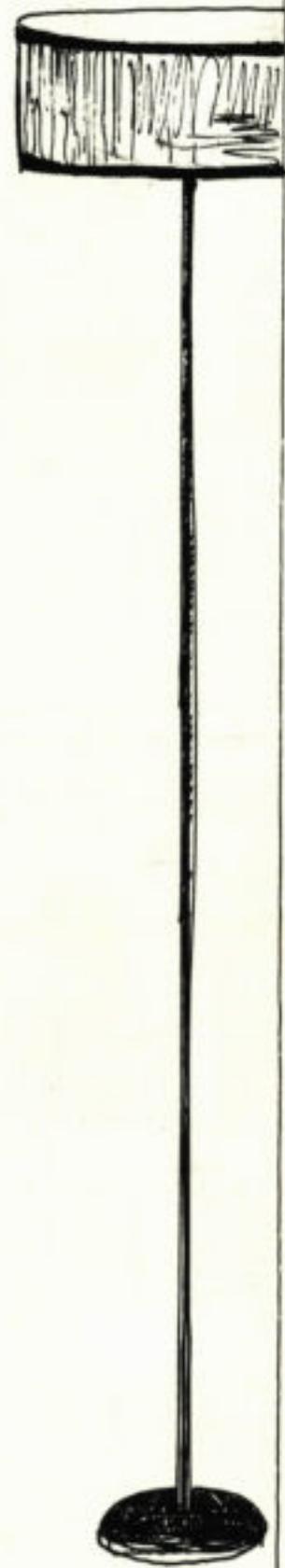
Then the lights went out, he was in solid, heavy darkness, hearing the ringing footsteps dying down the cold corridor. For a long time he lay, staring into the darkness, and finally he resigned himself to the fact that he had been naughty and deserved to be punished, for staying out in the mud so late, and deliberately stamping on the seed-bed.

He started at a slight rustling on the red mat, under the basin, which stood next to him. Maybe it was God's way of dreadful punishment for a four-year-old who should have known better.

If he had got up to ring the bell this noise might have turned into an awful creature and snatched him up. The standard lamp stood next to the writing-desk, which was right at the end of the room, and much too far away to run to. On the other hand, there was the light switch, at the door, but, to reach it, one had to walk over the red mat. The rustling sound came nearer and suddenly it was no more. Now he thought that the unseen must be crawling around somewhere on his bed.

If he called for help, the family downstairs would not hear him, as they were usually too busy talking, and, anyway, very far away. All of a sudden he shouted out, for his mother. He screamed, and he screamed, and he screamed until he was hoarse with screaming.

Not long afterwards the door was flung open and his mother's arms were around him. Oswald, the tortoise was tucked up in his box again, next to the basin.



the picture that strikes me most

Of all the artists past, Van Gogh appeals to me the most. His work shows depth and feeling which few artists manage to approach, let alone equal. His emotional display is caused by the artist's continual search for life, and his craving for the sun. His self-portrait shortly after he had cut off his ear to send to his unfaithful love shows his longing for life and this is mixed with the darkness into which he was plunged. The painting shows a pasty-faced, nondescript man with small eyes and a scarf wound round his head to cover the wound he had inflicted upon himself. Yet, in spite of the unfavourable subject, the feeling of loneliness and bitterness against the world is so touching that this painting, in my opinion, is one of his greatest. The figure is painted in dark colours, unlike his usual work and strikes one forcibly as the background is light and yellow. The whole painting gives an inward image of Van Gogh's character and we learn how, surrounded by happy people, he struggles with his mind and his passionate love for a worthless woman.

Several of Vincent Van Gogh's critics feel that this painting is lessened by the artist mixing human emotions with spiritual ones, but I, even if this be so, do not agree.

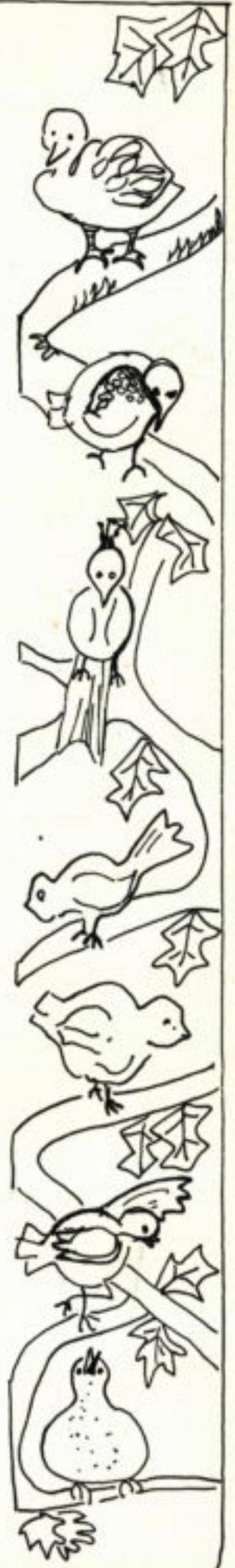
Le printemps

En regardant de la fenêtre, j'ai noté que l'air devenait plus chaud tous les jours et maintenant il était si doux que les plantes venaient de d'apparaître. La terre qui a été dure et couverte de feuilles mortes est percée par les brindilles et nouvelles fleurs. Ils apparaissaient entre les aiguilles tombées, des arbres et les feuilles d'automne qui avaient perdu même leurs couleurs roussâtres.

L'herbe sèche - rejoignait dans un étendue verte ou sautillaient les oiseaux avec des mouvements saccadés chercher les vers. Ils jouissaient aussi sur les branches avec une merveilleuse symphonie pépier gazouillement.

ou des marguerites bourdonnaient ^{les abeilles} dans un tourbillon épais.

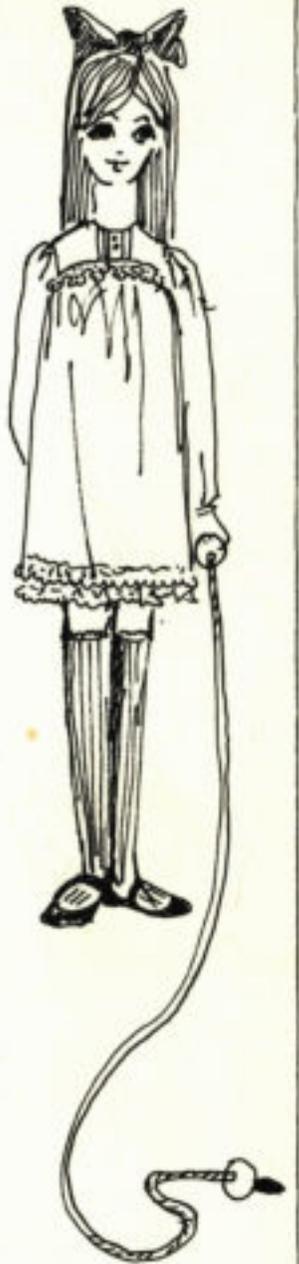
Inaperçu le monde s'est réveillé, les animaux et les plantes l'avaient secouru déjà et nous le montraient.



Le printemps

Le printemps arrivait lentement cette année. L'hiver était très froid et tout le monde désirait un temps plus chaud. Enfin mars et le printemps arrivèrent. On voyait l'arrivée par les hurlements des enfants dans les parcs, par les perce-neige qui se formaient en grappes autour des arbres, par le ciel clair, par les jeunes bêtes qu'on pouvait voir partout.

Dans les parcs, les enfants cuillaient les fleurs pour donner à leurs mères, pendant que les bonnes les surveillaient avec inquiétude. Dans les champs les pouliches faisaient un mouvement de tête en arrière à leurs mères et s'élançaient à travers les champs pour se rouler dans l'herbe.



arrivals and departures

Arrivals can take many forms: the loud, squalling arrival of some infant into the unwelcoming world, the impersonal arrival of a train, the equally impersonal arrival of an aeroplane, the very personal touching arrival of a ship.

A baby arrives in the world not knowing what is going to happen to him or her but, one would think from his squalls, realizing that the world is a cold, dark place for those who do not possess the quality of "lighting up" people. He has arrived in a place where Dame Fortune smiles only on the chosen few, disdains many more but frowns upon most of the world.

The noisy arrival of a train seems to portend the arrival of something important. When the puffing, screeching and steaming has stopped, however, one realizes that only an iron monster is confronting one, a monster that has no feelings and whose sole object is to carry its members in as great a discomfort as possible from one place to another.

The aeroplane is man's answer to the bird. Unfortunately, it does not possess the grace and beauty of the bird, but in all other respects it fulfils its purpose very well. The speed and impersonality of the aeroplane can be both an attraction and a deterrent. People who like symbolism hate to watch the arrival on an aeroplane, while those who like their decisions made at the snap of a finger admire the ruthlessness of the arriving aeroplane.

The arrival of a ship is the ultimate in mystique, the passengers from parts unknown carrying with them unheard-of delights. There are probably



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international personages or important pontiffs on board ship whose every utterance is listened to with bated breath. The arrival of a ship home on her last voyage is a very different affair, however. Then the air of sadness, of melancholy, of the past is indescribable. This boat has arrived so many times from different places, discharged cargo or passengers and then departed. Now she departs to the scrap-yard, an unworthy end for any ship, even though it be but a dinghy.

Departures can also take many forms: the departing of a peaceful old man from this world who is ready to meet his God; the departure from his pain of an angry, young man who is not willing or ready to meet his Master; the departure of a train, the departure of an aeroplane that longs to be off; the departure of a ship ready to break all the streamers and to sail into the deep blue sea where all cares should be forgotten but never are.

The departure of an old man can be a very beautiful thing. His family is around his bed while he gives his last blessing. A halo of goodness seems to surround him and when he has departed no one grieves for long because everyone knows he would not have wished it.

When a young man in the prime of his life is dying, it is a completely different matter. Perhaps he is suddenly stricken with an incurable disease; perhaps he has a stroke; but whatever it is, he feels that someone has been very unjust to make him die. He argues with Fate, not realizing that it is almost the joy of Fate to destroy beautiful things, to take away unwilling lives.

The departure of a train is as bad as its arrival, only there is more

was about it. People stand around getting covered with soot and saying strange things, while the passengers wish that the ghastly news would stop and that everyone would go. No one is happy; everyone is ill at ease and the true significance of departure is not realized.

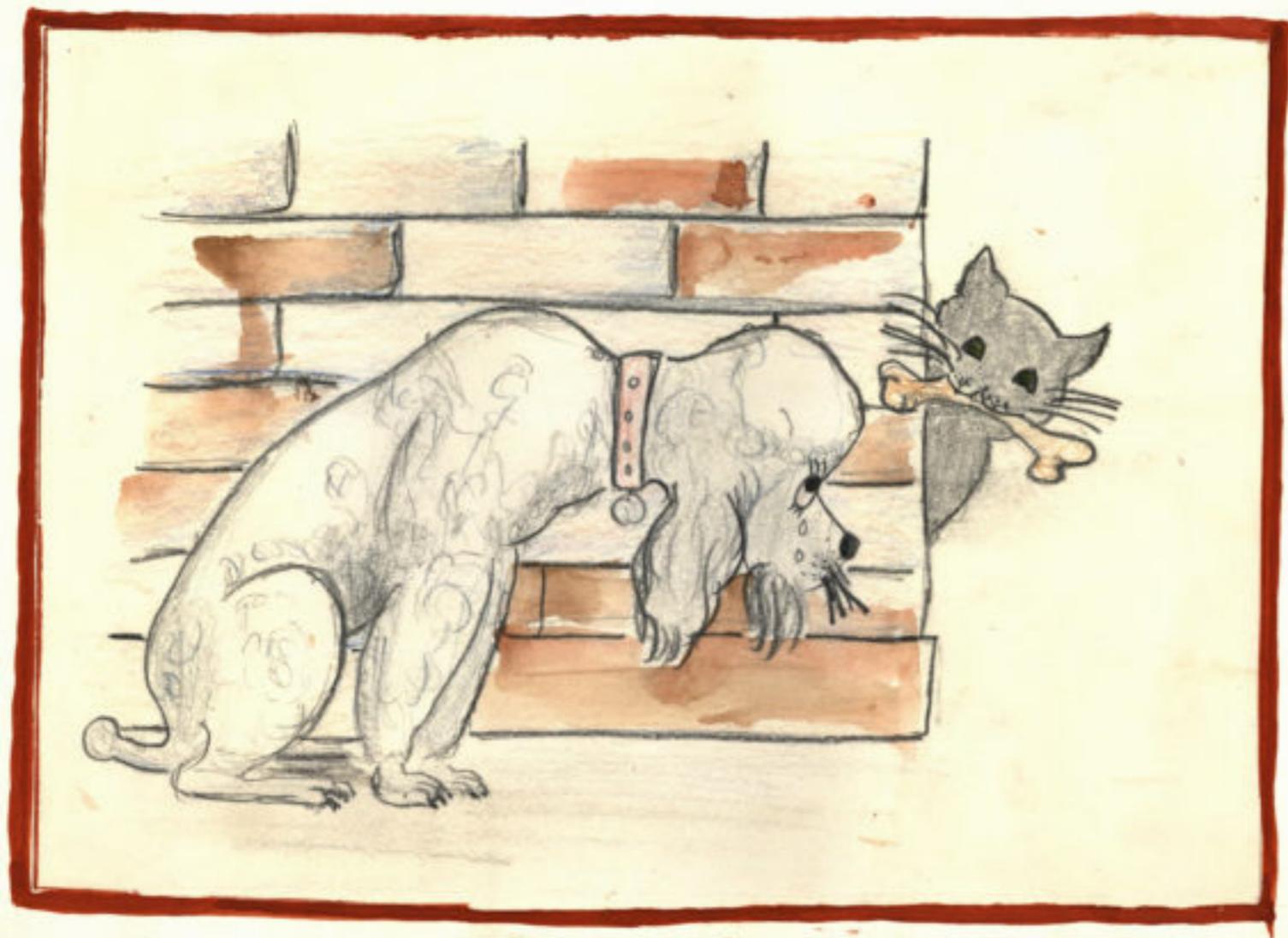
An airplane is even worse. One moment it is on earth; the next it is airborne. Feelings do not have a chance to adjust and so remain suspended. Half with the departing person, half with their terrestrial friends. It is almost as if an amputation has taken place, - not a slow, painful one with a hack-saw, but one that has been performed with the most modern of efficacious instruments.

When a ship departs, however, the true meaning of the words "to depart is to die a little," is realized. The symbolism of the steamer thrown on board only to be broken when the ship leaves, is true and sad. Whenever a place is left, ties are broken, and a ship seems to emphasize this fact. The departure holds true poetic beauty, which is usually obscured by the address that is unwisely felt when a ship, supported by her two subaltern tugs, moves out of the harbour.

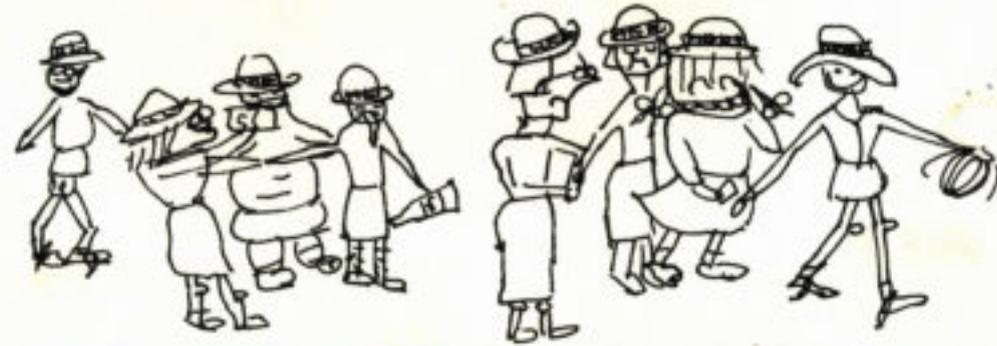
During the journey through life, many arrivals and departures are made, the most important being the first arrival and the last departure. The arrival upon the earth of a baby is of no great significance at the time, but it is the first of the many arrivals it will make in its lifetime that may or may not grow in importance. Perhaps the arrival

of the new-born baby (is) may too, however, one day have significance to the world, - or he may wander through life as another nameless nonentity whose living has not caused the slightest ripple in the sea of time - or does every life cause a ripple to take place?

One makes many departures, too, in life but again the last is the most important. Perhaps this is not a departure in the true sense of the word, for what is it but an arrival in God? Perhaps arrivals and departures mean nothing until one has died. (Perhaps arrivals and departures) Perhaps one has not died, not departed, but one has been living in God from time immemorial and death only serves to make us realize this.



HERSHEL THE GIRLS
THE YOUTH OF OUR NATION.



"Shhhhh! Who asked you to speak?"



pigeons

Through my window, morning light
Creeps to signal end of night.
Would that I heard not too
That dreadful pigeon's stupid coo.

Through my window, evening light
Starts to lead in quiet night,
Lonely silence - what will I do
Without that pigeons cheerful coo?



Roads

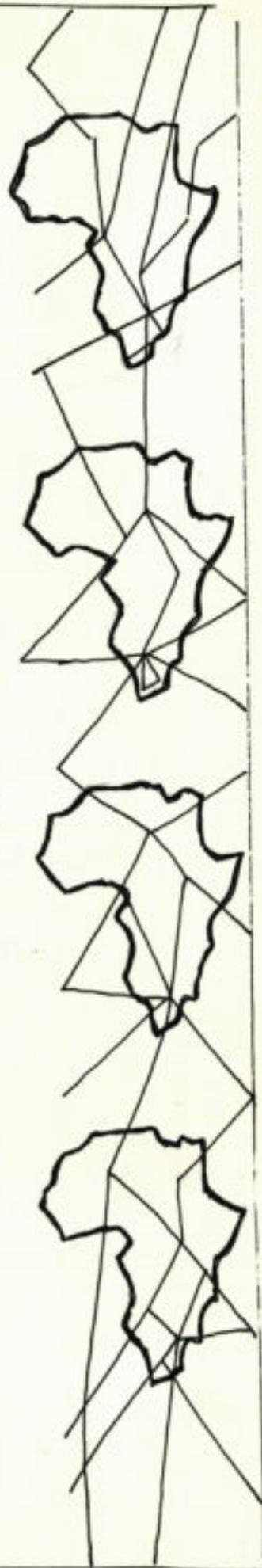
The routes of the world are seen spread across maps as myriads of spidery webs, radiating their impersonal lines, linking the far places of the earth.

The lines are impersonal, for they give no real picture of the character of the roads. The true road is one which has become such an integral part of the country that it does not intrude or push itself forward but leaves the way free for the scenery itself to impress you.

In the Karoo, the sheer size and wonder of the land is not marked by the road but rather seems to flow over it. Both radiate heat. In the very early morning, when the air is fresh, you are given the feeling of being privileged to experience ^{the} something rare. You sit in silence watching, then, slowly, as if laughing at you, the slight chill disappears, dusty heat permeates the area and the atmosphere begins to build up its strength to its midday force. Motoring through this in the heat, you never look back; it seems fatal to do so. The land is making a concession in allowing you to look once and that is enough.

A road is actually a line between two points, yet some hardly fit this description.

Moving along some roads in Central Africa, you appear to be moving, yet not arriving anywhere. The country seems to be able to lead you on and yet take you nowhere definite. This is true of dust roads in the heat of the bush country. The road appears as a very weak sign of man. The country surrounds it and you, waiting for the first chance to overrun both. Thick red



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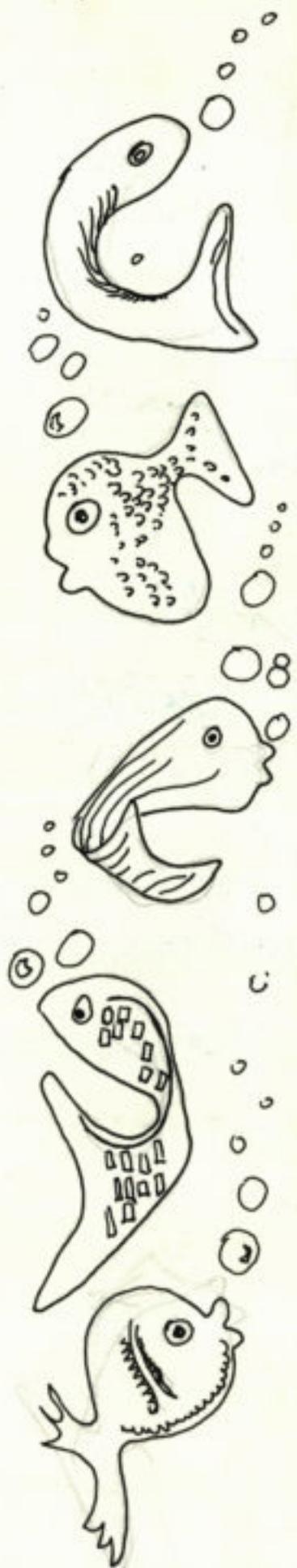
dust marks the road. as your car travels, it churns it up behind. The fine, choking particles suspend themselves in the air, then slowly sink in their soft, velvety piles on the edges of the road. Tall, drying grass, deceptively graceful, descends down to the edge of the road. You feel that the road has stood still just for a moment. Before you came it was doing something quite different, and, even while you pass, it is imperceptibly inching forward under the cover of the piles of dust between its verges.

Burnt grass by the roadside appears to have been doing something energetic, but by the time you pass, only black charcoal powder lies there, exuding a smouldering heat long after the fire, seeming to expend some inner force. In the powder, brittle clumps of stalks stand. Among the grass stalks stand trees seeming to move their leaves because it is their duty to do so, but in reality they are impatient to return to their secret business. The brief sunset closing the day plays out a splendour which has nothing to do with humans; the sun foreboding and ruthlessly red, sinks, its goodbye to the country, the vivid slashes of colour in the sky. So the road becomes a very small consideration in the scenery. Perhaps the road in any case is mainly our imagination. We like to think of our link between places as lies on a map, but in some cases the road is hardly there at all.

the sea

It's an unending source of delight to me,
To watch the wonder of the sea.
The seagulls wheel and call and call,
And scan each wave for fishes small.
The pounding surf with foam flying free
Beating the rock in ecstasy.

On summer days heat covers all,
Bathers and fishers seek their tea.
The water sparkles I hear its call,
It's an unending source of delight to me.





hilary burns HV

on a piece of seaweed

One tiny, green piece of seaweed stuck between two rocks. The significance of this seaweed seems almost nothing - one among millions and millions of similar pieces. Each has a small root, one long main stem and a number of leafy stems growing from the main one. The leaves are dark-green and slimy, and as the waves recede from the rocks and uncover the seaweed, it glitters and the remaining drops of water sparkle and shine in the sun, between the rocks.

The main stem represents the good way of life. The stems branching off represent the people who have been led off the main path of decent life. They have been side-tracked and have started living evil lives. The waves washing over the bit of seaweed are the skirmishes, wars and epidemics or sicknesses which so often - almost regularly - sweep over communities or nations of people. As the wave washes back with the sea, the sicknesses and wars pass and life is peaceful once more, leaving behind only the traces of those who have suffered which, in the sea-weed, are the drops of water left behind. The root of the seaweed represents the root of civilization wedged between good and evil - the two rocks.

Yet this tiny piece of insignificant seaweed is as important as every other piece in the ocean: and all of them together keep the whole ocean alive. They make oxygen for the fish and underwater animals to use in respiration. They also provide food for the small fishes and nests for the fish to reproduce.



and lay their eggs. The seaweed gives beauty and an attractive finish to the ocean's bed.

This tiny bit of seaweed remains wedged between the two rocks. The waves continue to wash over the weed and recede back into the sea. The weed might still be there if some storm or tide has not washed it away to the deep. That is the sign when the greatest war or plague of all will destroy the world forever.

shelley stephens

die sluipmoord op Hendrik Verwoerd

In baie ander lande hoor ons deesdae van sluipmoorde. Ons simpatieer met die landgenote wat breur oor hul gevalle leier, wat skielik en onverwags deur 'n sluipmoordenaar om die lewe gebring is. Ons dink aan manne soos Julius Caesar wat eene gelede in die Volkstraad vermoor was, ook aan Abraham Lincoln en taamlik kort gelede aan President John Kennedy van die Verenigde State. Net so onverwags soos hierdie sluipmoorde was, was ook die skielike aanval op die lewe van ons eie Eerste Minister - Dr. Hendrik F. Verwoerd op Dinsdag, 6 September, 1966.

'n Ramp wat nooit verwag is nie - Suid Afrika die rustige land wat nooit kons droom van iets so vreeslik nie wat ook nou soos onder lande 'n geweldadige verlies moet lei.

Dr. Verwoerd is in 1958 as Eerste Minister gekies en was vir die volgende agt jaar die bekwame leier van die Nasionale Party in Suid Afrika. Gedurende sy leierskap is Suid Afrika in 1961 'n republiek gemaak, na dit vir al die jare aan Engeland behoort het. Sy glimlaggende gesig was onder al die inwoners van ons land bekend. Hy was die trotse figuur wat met ywer gewerk het.

Die Premier het soos gewoonlik die Volkstraadsaal binnegestap saam met sy raadslede; terwyl die Klokkeis gelui het om die lede bymekaar te roep vir die middagsitting, waarin dr. Verwoerd se begrotingspos bespreek sou word. Daar is aangeneem dat dr. Verwoerd 'n belangrike verklaring sou gedoen het



oor sy samespreking met die Basoetolandsê Eerste Minister en moontlik oor die wederuitbouing van die regering se beleid binners- en buitelands.

Die moord is deur Dimitri Tsafendas gepleeg. Net na die byfwagte van die Eerste Minister op pad was na die gallery van waar hulle waghou oor die hele saal, het Tsafendas, die bade ingekom en gemaak of hy sy broek wou optrek. Daarna het hy hom op die Premier gewerp en hom 'n paar mes stekke toegedien. Voor enigeen hom kon bystaan om die aanwaller af te weer was die daad gepleeg en dr. Verwoerd is na die Groot Schuur Hospitaal gegaan waar daar reeds omtrent vier deskundiges reg was om hom te verpleeg. Maar dit was te laat - dr. Verwoerd was alreeds dood.

Tsafendas is dadelik in hegtenis geneem en sal vir honderd-en-tagtig dae in gevangenes bly terwyl besluit sal word wat die vonnis sal wees.

Alhoewel die hele Suid Afrika treur oor die dood van hul Premier, sal dr. Verwoerd altyd duidelik in ons geheue bly. Natuurlik, kon dit nie verwag word dat almal met dr. Verwoerd in die politiek saamgestem het nie, maar al was hulle ook baie gekant teen sy politiek kon sy bekwaamheid, sy moed, sy integriteit en sy liefde vir sy volk nie in twyfel getrek word nie.

Op die 13de September 1966 is Vorster as nuwe Eerste Minister van Suid Afrika aangestel. Ons vertrou dat Suid Afrika hom sal help en ondersteun in die taak wat hom voorlê.





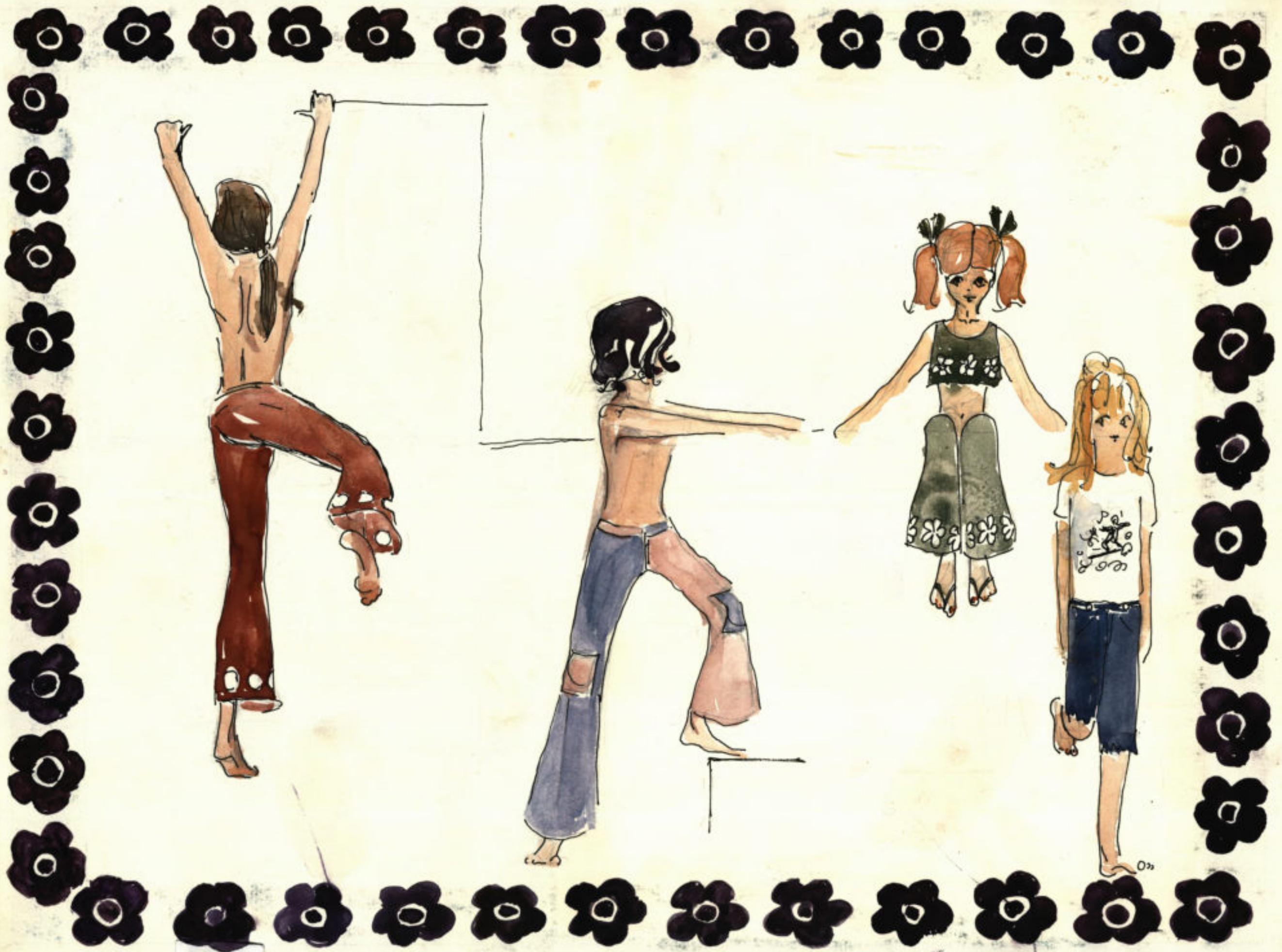
SPACE-AGE

HERSCHEL ???

joanne faulds UIV



julia mortera LIV







Titch



"SEA WITCH"

Looking back on the years 1961-1966 of south africa as a republic

In 1961 the Union of South Africa became the Republic of South Africa. New maps and coins bearing the proud new name were produced and South African citizens shuffled off the coil of allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. "Die Stem" became the only national anthem and "God Save the Queen" reverted to the foreigners. Since this time many events have taken place in the country, some directly attributable to the formation of the Republic and many which have just followed the natural course of events.

Economically, S.A. is flourishing and foreign capital is pouring into the country. Although, after becoming a Republic she was excluded from the Commonwealth and therefore lost all Commonwealth preferences and is now isolated in the world and has lost all automatic support, trade with Britain and the U.S.A. has increased. There has been a drive for exports encouraged by forced means to balance imports but recently there has been a cutting down of imports and the limitation of capital expenditure by municipalities and the government (even on the Orange River project which was begun in 1964) because of the lack of exchange (credit squeeze). S.A. manufactures her own motor cars, engines and other iron and steel goods, she exports manganese ore to Japan and in return gets motor vehicles, radios and other manufactured consumer goods. African labour has been drawn into industry very strongly. The setting up of Bantustans, and Africans are being brought in their thousands from the reserves into the factory areas. With her large mineral wealth S.A. is one



of the world's most important exporters of gold and diamonds. She is the world's fifth exporter of sheep and wool and exports, also, a large amount of fruit, although there is an increasing tendency among fruit farmers to stop growing peaches and other soft, easily perishable fruits.

In direct contrast to economic boom in the country, the political situation has deteriorated alarmingly. Freedom of speech is non-existent. The press is being censored and even that small amount of liberal thought which might have appeared therein has been annihilated. With pitifully few exceptions the press now eulogises or very mildly opposes, the government. Universities, the seats of knowledge and therefore liberal thought, are being restricted and bound by government legislation. Even here, spies of that infamous organization, the Special Branch, have been placed, who are making strong, effective attempts to obliterate N.U.S.A.S. and any of the liberal thought it might bring to the students. Freedom of private thought and speech has also vanished. Those who oppose the government even passively, are liable for imprisonment in solitary confinement under the "90 Days Bill" introduced by Mr. Vorster in 1964. In 1965 an even more terrifying Bill was passed. Herewith, alleged witnesses of any crime whatsoever (even, for example, the stealing of an apple from a fruit cart,) may be placed in jail for a period of six months without ever being asked to testify at a trial. Men and women are being placed under house-arrest every day and not being allowed, in some cases, ever to leave their domicile. Those unfortunates who were imprisoned without trial or explanation

after the Sharpeville incident of 1960 have been placed on a special "list" and are "visited" periodically at unearthly hours in the morning when they are (met) most vulnerable by members of the Special Branch, who have no compunction whatsoever of waking them from their needed sleep, and have their houses ransacked by men hopeful of finding anything which could, even by a long stretch of the imagination, be classed as "treasonable evidence". In 1963 these "listed" people, at the same time as the Poqo terrorism and Langa riots, were arbitrarily placed on a "Communist list", thereby proclaiming to the world the government's idea that all liberals are necessarily Communists, whether they are in reality drawn by marxist doctrine or not. These "listed" people are not allowed to speak to each other at all, are not allowed to join organizations such as the Black Sash and are prohibited from attending all political meetings.

In 1961 the replacement by the decimal system of the English sterling was a drastic and necessary change in the lives of South Africans. This has simplified matters for schoolchildren, shop assistants, accountants and many others. but it has taken a long time to be accepted, the majority still thinks in terms of £'s rather than R's. ("they sound so much more")

Another change which has affected a large portion of our land is the formation of Bantustans, the first of which was formed in the Transkei in 1963 under Chief Mantanzu, a government puppet. These Bantustans, in theory, will eventually enable Africans to govern themselves. Also in 1963, identity cards came into existence. Now, every European adult over the age of 16 has to carry

an identity card and this innovation has annoyed a great number of people as representing a loss of individuality and freedom and also emphasising the fact that this country is rapidly turning into a Police state. Under the Group Areas Act thousands of non-Europeans are being arbitrarily thrown out of their homes, in some cases for a hundred years, and carted away to live in one of the poky white-washed, lavatory-like houses in their identical straight rows, in the locations, which are built for them near the factories. Non-Europeans have also been excluded from the majority of the theatres and cinemas and the majority of multi-racial activities have been forbidden.

Facilities for Mental Health in South Africa have improved slightly over the past four years, but government grants are still too small for any really effective work to be done in this field. The mental hospitals, although more modern than before, are still far from the standard of similar institutions in Britain and the U.S.A. Owing to the opulence of the Rudolf Steiner movement, its work is gaining greater impetus everyday and other charitable organizations, at the moment, cannot even hope to compete. The Cripple Care is, however, receiving large grants from the government and their commendable work in the past few years has improved beyond all belief.

The Cultural Arts have begun, in a very short time, to flourish in this country. The formation of C.A.P.A.B., K.R.A.A.K., P.A.C.T. and many other artistic companies has encouraged the spread of the arts through the country tremendously. Where before there was only one ballet company in existence in S.A.,

the Cape Town ballet, there are now four, one in each province. The refusal of many European playwrights, notably Brecht, to have their work produced in this country has been a severe blow to its actors. However, drama has improved beyond recognition and is gaining more and more support especially among the Afrikaners and Jewish citizens.

Owing to the large number of first year failures at University the standard of education in government has been raised alarmingly (for the pupils) in an attempt to reach the standard of the Church schools, whose syllabuses have also, especially in the science and mathematics departments, been increased and intensified so that they are now equalling the standard of the Universities. New schools and universities are springing up like mushrooms all over the country and an attempt is even being made to improve African and Coloured education.

With the opening of the Hartbeeshoek radio space station in 1961 and in 1965 the opening of S.A.'s first nuclear reactor she joined in the "science race" and is now bitterly beginning to regret her lack of interest in the subject and the subsequent abdication of South African scientists to America where their salaries would be worthwhile.

With its tremendous emphasis on outdoor activities, S.A. has always been in the fore-front of world sport, but never has she been so prominent as over the past few years. South Africans such as Gary Player, Cliff Drysdale, Karen Muir and the Pollock brothers to name only a few, are evoking the respect of sportsmen all over the world. Although our exclusion from the Olympic Games owing to government refusal to send a multi-racial team to the Sports, has been a severe blow to sportsmen and aspirants. S.A. has enjoyed a golden age

of sport over the past four years.

Thus, in many ways S.A. has benefited from being a Republic although travesties of justice and freedom have been committed in its name. Perhaps one day its many problems will be resolved, that South African citizens of all races, colours and creeds will be able to live together in perfect harmony and enjoy their Republic in peace.

7/2/2/6

Shirley Jenner UR