



MERRIMAN
MAGAZINE
1967

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IS OVERPOPULATION A GREATER THREAT TO OUR CIVILIZATION THAN WAR?

ADVISE

WILD FLOWERS

AS DONKER WOLKE OP DIE HORIZON SAAMPAK.

DEDICATION:—

JOHN X. MERRIMAN,
MAY OF MANY PARTS
ROCK-LOBSTER CANNER
PATRON OF THE ARTS
POLITICIAN — PREMIER
ITS VERY OFTEN ASKED
WHY THE HOUSE OF MERRIMAN
INVARIABLY COMES LAST!



HOUSE REPORT.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Mrs. Raich to Merriman. She took the place of Miss Braun in the Science department and her help has been very much appreciated by all. This term Mrs. Scott-Shaw, who has been with Merriman for so long, was appointed head of Jagger, ^{and} we hope that Jagger appreciates its good fortune in acquiring her. Although we are sorry to lose her we wish her all the best in her new house and hope she will not completely forget Merriman. In her place we ^{sh}would like to welcome Mrs. "Petro" Muller and hope that she will be happy with us. We ^{sh}would also like to thank Mrs. Muller, head of Merriman, for her invaluable help, encouragement and interest (shown towards the House).

The first Inter-House competition was the swimming gala which was held in the first term. Merriman started well but unfortunately ^{ultimately} came third, with Rolt first and Jagger second. However, I ^wwould like to congratulate the swimmers, especially Sig Trevor-Jones, on their stout efforts, and also the girls of Merriman who kept up the house spirit by their cheerful and encouraging songs.

The next Inter-House match was the tennis one. In an exciting finish Merriman tied with Rolt to win the cup. Our Middle

TENNIS REPORT.

Merriman was very fortunate this year to have so many girls who played in tennis teams for the school. Although this was lucky, it made it all the more difficult for me to choose a team but, however, after making a few girls play each other I soon managed to draw up a very good one.

So, on March 22nd. the Inter-house tennis was held and what an exciting day it was! Right from the very beginning we were fighting neck and neck with Rolt. We lost the Open section, won the Under 15 section and tied with Rolt in the Under 13 section. In the end the score was a dead heat for first place with Rolt.

It really was a very exciting day for both houses and I would like to thank the girls for practising so hard and making it so exciting. Everyone had such a terrific spirit and kept fighting right up to the last point. If they carry on as they have done Merriman should come out on top. Good luck to the teams next year.



PATRICIA BRAILEY



DROOGTE.

Uyfuur is almal reeds uit die bed uit. Elke dag is dieselfde. Die lug is blou, met geen teken van 'n wolk. Die son is groot en rooi, oral waar die strale val, droog dit uit, die aarde is kurkdroog, so droog dat dit kraak. Die Karoo bossies wat sommer net hier en daar staan, is uitgedroog. Daar is geen groerigheid nie, geen water nie.

Dit is warm, verskriklik warm. Almal is vaak van die hitte. Hulle loop en werk sommer so stadig en die arbeiders fluit nie. Dit is net die vlieë wat nie warm voel nie. Hulle is oral, hulle gaan aanhoudend, dit vererg 'n mens. Dit gaan aan, daar is miljoene van hulle, maar 'n mens is te warm om iets te doen.

Buite, lig 'n skaap sy kop en blêr. 'n Ander antwoord dan blêr elkeen hartverskeurend en kyk rond met verwyterende oë. Hulle blêr van dors en honger. Hulle staan in groepe van drie, met hulle koppe geboë onder die ander se liggaam, om 'n bietjie skaduwee te kry. Party lê hulpeloos op die grond en wag vir die dood.

Hierdie diere wag nie eersaam vir die dood nie, die aasvoëls wag ook. Hulle sirkel bo die sterwende diere, gered vir die fees, maar hulle is nie so dikwêre nie, want ver, ver in die horison versamel die wolke, swaar swart wolke.

THE SWALLOW

How I wish I could fly

Like the swallow

Who sweeps

And swoops

Without effort at all.

The speed

And swiftness

As it glides through the sky

Seems to take the air

From my lungs and hair.

The long streamlined body

Looks to me

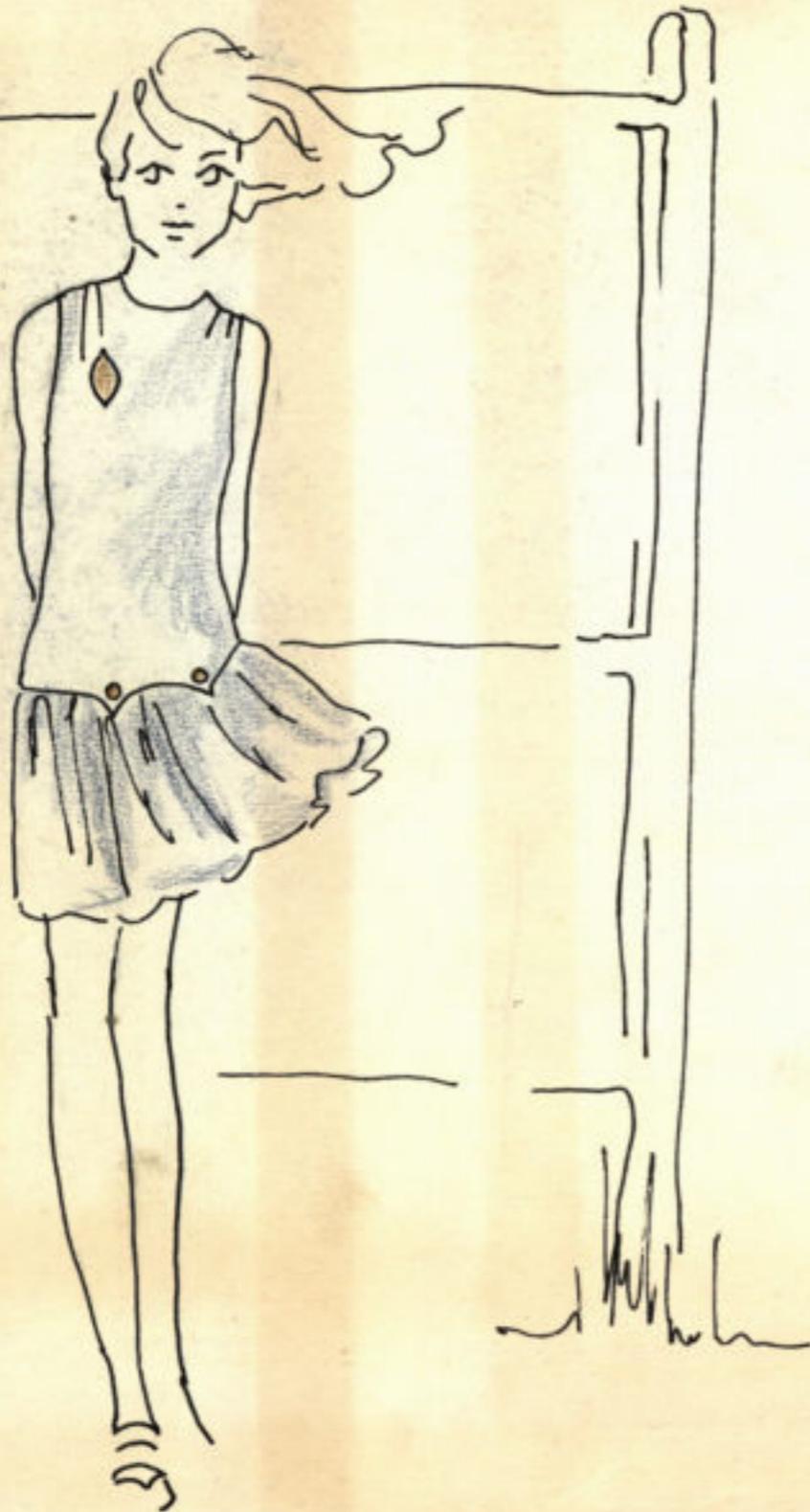
Like a tiny speck

Ascending from the sea.

PRACTICALLY PRETTY:

FOR A VERY LONG TIME, IN FACT SINCE THE FIRST SCHOOL PICTURES WERE TAKEN AT HERSHEL, AT LEAST 40 YEARS AGO, OUR UNIFORM HAS REMAINED UNCHANGED. WE FEEL IT IS TIME WE HAD A CHANGE. WITHOUT BECOMING "MOD", WE HAVE TRIED TO UPDATE THE CLOTHES WE WEAR FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF THE YEAR. AT THE SAME TIME WE HAVE TRIED TO BE PRACTICAL. FOR EXAMPLE THOSE HORRIBLE KNOBBLY SUSPENDERS HAVE BEEN DONE AWAY WITH AND REPLACED WITH TIGHTS. ALSO THE BAGGY BLUE PANTS WE WEAR, WHICH CHAFF (AND WE SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE!) HAVE BEEN EXCHANGED FOR PANTS WHICH ARE SLIGHTLY LESS VOLUMINOUS AND DO NOT RESEMBLE VICTORIAN BLOOMERS.

IT IS OUR SINCERE HOPE THAT EVEN WHILE THIS 'COLLECTION' MAY NEVER BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, THE IDEA OF A CHANGE WILL TAKE ROOT IN THE MINDS OF SOME OF THE POWERS - THAT - BE.





LYNN HARRIS USZ

THE MATRIC DANCE

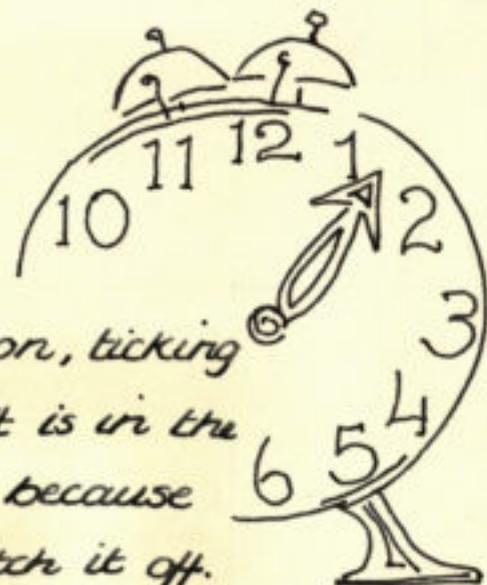
PRICE 7

LATROBY AND S



SUE STENT LV

A DAY IN BED.....



The ticking of the alarm-clock goes on and on and on, ticking incessantly. I can hear it loudly and clearly, even though it is in the bathroom. I keep it there because it ticks so loudly and because when the alarm goes on, I have to get out of bed to switch it off. I am lying in bed listening, waiting for the next tick to come, but dreading it as it jars my nerves. Will it ever stop, stop, stop ticking, it is so loud and it gets louder and louder until it is like thunder crashing in my brain and my head wants to burst?

What is the time, is the alarm about to go? No, not just yet, a few more ticks and then it will come, shattering my semi-conscious dreaming. My muscles are tense and I am waiting for it, any minute now, it is coming soon. The ticking goes on and on.

I am on the station, standing, waiting, with crowds of people around, jostling and pushing. I am standing quite near the edge of the platform, watching the man in a tattered, navy-blue denim overall, banging the loose bolts on the railway line into place with a huge sledge-hammer with a heavy iron head. He does this every morning, he even greets me sometimes but I wish he did not have to make such a racket. Metal strikes metal and the sound seems to ring through my bones and turn my heart



cold. The train is due in thirty seconds, here it comes now, round the bend, hurry up mister, here comes the train, can you not hear it, hurry up, hurry up? Everyone stands with expressionless faces and unseeing eyes, they just stand and watch the train bearing down on this man. I try to move, to scream to warn him, but I am frozen by some sort of fascination. I can not take my eyes off him. The train draws up at the platform with the screech of iron brakes, the man turns round, utters one loud, high-pitched scream and is consumed by the big black monster.

Oh, I wish that alarm would stop ringing. I suppose I shall have to get out of bed and switch ^{it} off. No, it has gone off by itself. I am cold again, my toes are numb and I am shivering, but the blankets are on the floor. I shall pick them up and wait another five minutes more. There is a dull throbbing ache behind my eyes and when I open them I am dizzy, better just lie here for a bit longer. My back is hot and prickly, but I feel as though I am walking on ice or cold, wet sand, now I am an Indian walking on red-hot coals and needle-like icicles are pricking my back.

It must be late, I wonder what the time is, it is light outside. I jump out of bed, and all of a sudden I see black

patches before my eyes, everything is spirring round and round and I fall back on my bed. I must have a temperature, my cheeks are burning and I still have a headache. I will have to stay in bed today.

Mother comes in with the breakfast tray, takes one look at me, puts the tray down and fetches the thermometer. "Good heavens! a hundred and four! No school for you today, I'm afraid." Half relieved and half angry, I sink back onto the pillows. I can not afford to miss school, even one day, why, we write exams. in two days time.

The sight of the breakfast tray makes me sick, but Mother forces me to drink some orange juice. "You must be really sick if you can't eat," she says, and takes the tray out.

I do not want to open my eyes because everything moves, the creases on my counterpane turn into worms, real, live worms, wriggling and crawling, with hundreds and thousands of legs, crawling in and out all over me, on my face and hands, no, not really, wake-up, wake-up and stay awake.

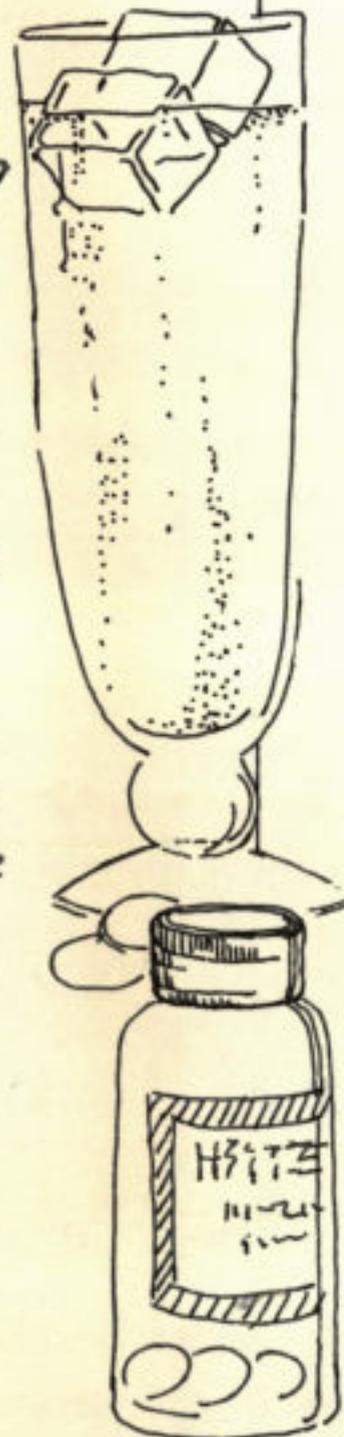
Someone is knocking at the front door. I hear footsteps and the murmur of low voices outside the door and my mother walks in accompanied by the doctor, a tall dark man with glasses, a sympathetic face, a low, deep voice and cool, gentle hands. He



smiles at me, takes my temperature and pulse and asks me to stick out my tongue and say "Aahh". He "hums" and "haws", paces the room and stares out of the window with his hands clasped behind his back. Then he turns round and writes out a prescription, which he hands to my mother, instructing her on my diet. Turning to me with a "You'll feel better once the fever's over. See you tomorrow," he follows my mother out of the room.

My counterpane again turns alive and the picture-rail on the wall turns into a crack which grows and grows into a huge gaping hole. As I half open my eyes it shuts suddenly with a bang. I am thirsty, so thirsty. My mouth is dry and parched. I am shipwrecked on a desert island with no water. I hear the clinking of glass as my mother enters the room with a large jug of fruit juice, some of which she pours into a glass and hands to me with a large red pill. I take a gulp of the juice, swallow the pill and feel it going all the way down.

I doze off into a more relaxed sleep without dreams or thoughts. I wake again, have some more fruit juice and lie down again in a peaceful state of semi-consciousness. I hear the household activities continuing in the back of my mind, but my head-ache is gone and the ticking of the alarm clock is not so loud.



as I descend into this dark cavern
of Meaningless Time,

Vague shadows of the Past cluster
round me.

I am afraid

I should not have come

But I am told that it is too late to turn back
and I continue down, down, down.....

My being floats.

Across there, around this wall of blinding mist,
I know is happiness.

I must reach it.

It is for this that I came surely, I am told.

Across there I will find all that I have ever longed for
all the reasons why I retreated.

I must reach it.

I press on.
Shadows loom around me, still
Dark shadows of fear, and mystery.
Who are they.
They are memories surely, I am told.
They call me back,
but I shall not go, not yet.

I see my own face before me, huge,
and chiselled in the misery and torment of life.
Ah, no more for me, misery and torment.
Across there I will be free
free with only myself, and happiness,
for across there these vague shadows, nor any other human,
may ever trespass.



Afternoon Seata.

MY CONTRIBUTION:

Something for the "mag" I had to do,
So straight to my fountain pen I flew.
Ideas came and went that night,
For I could not think of a thing to write.

The time was quickly passing by,
So I had to have another try.
Writing poems should be great fun,
If only I could think of one.

Alas! I thought that I would fail,
When all at once I hit the nail -
That these few lines I've written down
Will perhaps be read by all the town.

WINTER LANDSCAPES.

Winter - the bitter cold and the wind's icy fingers caressing my cheeks. Winter - the warmth of a blazing fire, and a good book. Winter - the breath-taking starkness of country landscapes. These are but a few of the things that I sub-consciously associate with winter.

The beginning of winter and the end of autumn sees the remains of leaves of burnished gold perilously attached to the branches of deciduous trees and then falling with the onset of a fresh gust of wind, to add to the brown carpet beneath, or bounce away over the ground. These noble trees are then left naked, showing their fine anatomy as they stand dormant, preserving their life within, and waiting for spring and a re-birth.

On the other hand, the coniferous species indigenous to the colder latitudes, keep their needle-like leaves and stand majestically in all their glory, as symbols of courage ^{and} hardihood, to withstand extreme adverse conditions.

In contrast to the prosaic grey of the trees anatomy, is the lusciant green grass. I love to go mushroom-hunting in winter after the rain has abated, and after an exhilarating walk up the hills, it is a wonderful experience to sit on a rock and gaze out at the panorama of green hills rolling away into

the distance, the woods and the flat plains where sheep can be seen, heads bent, nibbling at the grass unceasingly. The air is so crisp and cold that your face tingles and you feel as if you could cut through the air with your hand and grasp a handful. The light is bright, almost harsh caused by the reflection of the winter sun, and the air is filled with piled-up clouds.

Landscapes take on a different appearance as a storm builds up. The black, ominous clouds slowly move together, obliterating any trace of sun or cheerful blue sky. Everything is covered by one big shadow and the landscape is no longer bright and crisp, but dull and grey. The trees seem desolate and appealing, in fact they are unprotected against the elements. The wind howls in and out of the groups of trees making the leafless branches of the trees crack and rattle, and whistling through those who have still retained a goodly number of their leaves. The wind becomes a howling, merciless gale and the storm becomes fiercer and fiercer until it reaches a climax. The climax comes with the opening of the heavens, and thereafter the stormy conditions calm down until all is quiet except for the sound of the rain pattering upon the earth.

When the rain stops, the clouds disperse to a certain extent, and the sun filters through, once again brightening up the landscape

and causing the rain-drops to sparkle like a thousand diamonds. How glorious it is to run over the countryside after the rain, to be carefree and joyful, to appreciate the magnificent winter landscape and realize that God is in and above everything, including nature.

Winter landscapes differ the world over but all have a special indescribable "something" that appeals to man's love of pure, raw beauty. The landscape at this time of the year has this appearance of purity because its true structure appears, the structure of nature to be marvelled at again and again. Whereas, in summer, at the fullness of time in nature, the fruits of the earth are being yielded and harvested, in winter the landscapes, stripped of their rich bounty are really more beautiful, with a beauty that can only be appreciated by personal experience.

Winter is a time of rest, a time for doing things neglected during the summer months, and ultimately time for the appreciation of landscapes in their purest form.



SANDRA DE WORONIN UIV

À LA CHRISTIE

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson lived just out of Smythedale in a large mansion. Near Christmas, Mr. Wilson unfortunately became seriously ill with pneumonia and after a short spell in hospital he was compelled to return home with a fully-trained nurse.

He made steady progress, but, however, unknown to him, his wife was having an affair with a local farmer, and between them they were scheming to get rid of Mr. Wilson. With the money from his will they were planning to leave the country, and settle in America.

One night the nurse was downstairs preparing dinner when she accidentally overheard the two talking of getting married and also the plans for murdering Mr. Wilson. She immediately told the person concerned who thus privately altered his will.

After two months Mr. Wilson was fit enough for the nurse to take a weekend leave, and Mrs. Wilson was left with strict instructions for his care. Everything went well until the Sunday evening.

That night Mrs. Wilson boiled some milk, and fetching a bottle of some liquid, she poured half of it into the milk

with his dosage of pills. Then she went to bed, feeling very pleased with herself.

That night, the nurse returned, but unfortunately did not go and see Mr. Wilson. In the morning when she arrived with his breakfast, she was confronted with a dead body. Poor Mr. Wilson! The police, an ambulance and doctors were summoned. Immediately they became suspicious because Mr. Wilson had been progressing so well. A post mortem revealed that he had been poisoned.

The consequences were that the poison was found in the bathroom medicine-cabinet. Mrs. Wilson had bought it before the murder from a chemist, the purpose of this action being to kill rats - and also Mr. Wilson. However, before she and the farmer were arrested, the will was read. It stated that the mansion was to be left for the making of an orphanage, to be named in his memory, and all his money was to go to the nurse who had looked after him so well. Mrs. Wilson and the farmer were convicted of murder and spent the following twenty years in gaol.



FROM ONE EXTREME TO THE OTHER





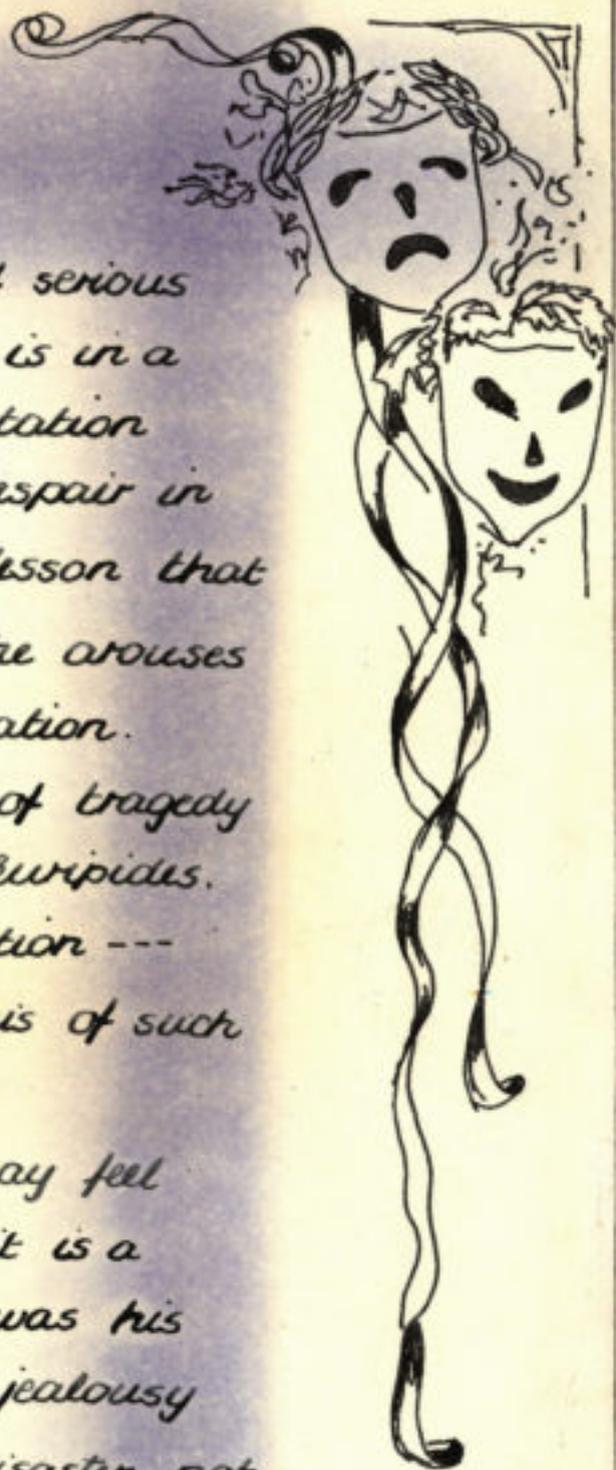
MERRIMAN GIRL WINS 1967
SHAKESPEARE-FLOATING-TROPHY.

TRAGEDY OR COMEDY, MY PREFERENCE.

What is tragedy or comedy? A tragedy is a form of serious drama in which the hero suffers and often dies, but it is in a context which leaves the audience with feelings of exultation rather than despair. Some of us may feel or sense the despair in the heart or mind of the tragic hero, but the moral lesson that his fate impresses upon us and the human sympathy he arouses in us, leaves us, too, with this wonderful feeling of purification.

In the Western World, Aristotle based his criticism of tragedy on the great 5th century B.C. tragedians of Sophocles and Euripides. Aristotle defined a tragedy as "a representation of an action --- which through arousing pity and fear, achieves the catharsis of such emotions."

A person in an audience, in watching a tragedy may feel that the hero's weakness may be his own weakness and so it is a warning, or moral lesson for him. Othello's great weakness was his jealousy and the spectator may feel that just as Othello's jealousy brought his downfall, so will his own jealousy end in disaster, not necessarily tragedy. In fact, a spectator of a play or film that is a tragedy may even be watching his own tragedy. Although he may not realise it, the significance of the tragedy has a tremendous impact upon him. But although Aristotle's definition of a tragedy.



explains the 'peculiar pleasures' and the value of tragedy, the definition is limited by his concentration on Greek examples. The Greek tragedy developed from ritual and it derives its plots from myths, behind many of which lies the idea of redemptive suffering most symbolized in the widespread myths of a dying god. A tragedy is not really one unless it has some significance. We will hardly ever find one that has a superficial meaning.

Perhaps the best tragedies of all were born in the 16th 17th and 18th centuries. Tragedies re-emerged in Europe out of the medieval drama (Miracle Plays) and reached their peak in the Shakespeare in the late Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. Religious, popular and academic streams flowed into the Elizabethan tragedy; though, in these plays, the ritualistic and mythical elements are not always as obvious as they are in the Greek tragedies - they are deeply embedded and modern criticism, interested in symbols, located them in Shakespeare's tragedies, for example Hamlet, Macbeth and King Lear.

Shakespeare's tragedies are perhaps the most beautifully-written tragedies of all times. They are full of poetic verse as well as prose. The fact that they have both prose and poetry in them often alters the significance of the plot. The poetic verse is usually written for the heroes or more important characters, whereas the prose is reserved for the villain or common publican. Shakespearean tragedy with its deep

humanist interest in psychologic - moral problems, its profoundly exploratory use of language and its combination of popular entertainment with great subtlety and individuality of technique and insight, provides the spectator and, even more, the reader with an almost infinite richness of meaning. All of Shakespeare's tragic heroes begin with a weakness which gradually develops and becomes not a mere weakness but a major fault and which results in their final downfall or disaster. For example, Othello's weakness was his jealousy, King Lear's was his arrogance, Macbeth's weakness was his overmastering ambition and Hamlet's was his indecision. Each one of these weaknesses brought about the final downfall of these heroes. The moral significance of these plots in which the hero begins as an ordinary man of the people, not necessarily with rank or title, is portrayed by Shakespeare who feels that these faults can bring about the downfall of anyone with or without rank.

Modern tragedy owes much to Ibsen, modern dramatists having learned much from him how to investigate problems of social morality and to employ conscious symbolism in both plots and language. No great tragedy, in the classic sense, has appeared in the 20th century. O'Neill's attempt in "Mourning becomes Electra" to write tragedy on the Greek model was unsuccessful but Miller's

"Death of a Salesman" has perhaps been the closest to greatness. Tragedy really arises from the conflict between two forces in which the stronger, the more will one win.

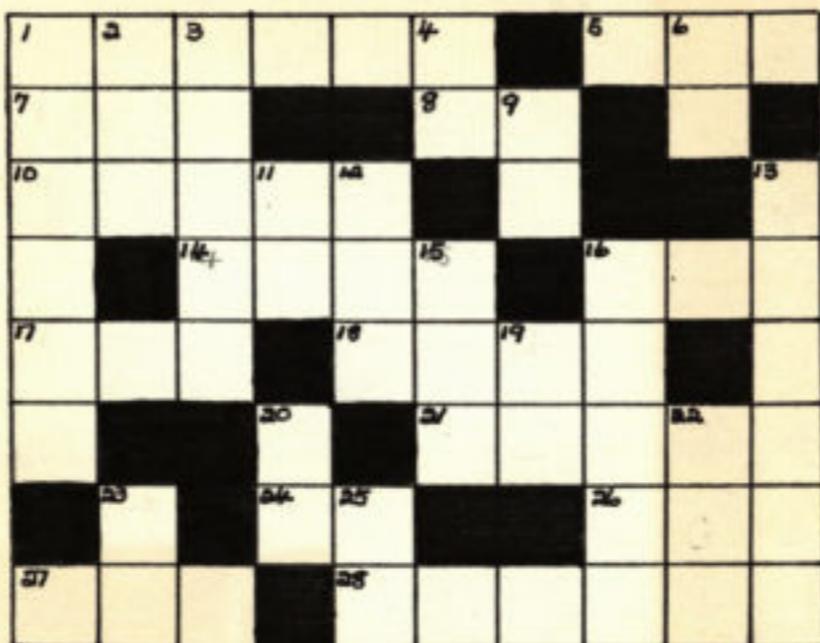
The term "comedy" can be limited to plays which are light and humorous in character. It is work less boisterous than farce, less exalted than tragedy and more realistic than either since its starting point is the actuality of life, however it may distort that actuality. It has included political satire (Aristophanes), moral satire (Ben Jonson), social comedy (Shaw, Moliere) and comedy of manners (Tennessee, Wilde) amongst others. Its view of human conduct varies from genial irony (Twelfth Night) to bitter cynicism (Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida"). The 16th century was an age of great comedy for example Sheridan (England,) Moliere (France) and Goldoni (Italy).

Comedy is based on contrast. It is when we see the unsuspected happening that we are amused. It too, like tragedy has a symbolical significance. There is one ironical factor in both tragedy and comedy. Comedy is tragedy, and tragedy - comedy. The fool that usually comes into Shakespeare's comedies seems comic to us but the fact that he cannot help himself and is often rather pathetic, is tragic. Tragedy can become comedy if it is over-acted. In Hamlet, the masque performed by the players

LATIN CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A story (Nominative)
- 5 Two
7. I love
8. Concerning (a prep.)
- 10 I try.
14. Utro, uti, - sum (Principal parts)
- 16 Stand!
17. From them
18. Without (a preposition)
21. Let him yield
- 24 This (neut. singular)
26. I (personal pronoun)
- 27 Them (accusative)
28. A speaker (nominative)



DOWN

1. You will make (sing)
2. I love.
3. Good (masc. nom. sing.)
4. Towards (preposition)
6. Word introd. a positive Purpose Clause.
- 9 By him.
11. A bone (nominative)
12. Country (nominative, singular)
13. A shepherd (nominative)
15. So. (adverb)
16. He sits.
19. Word introd. negative purpose clause.
20. If.
22. I do
- 23 I give. 25. Same as 23 down.



HORSES.



SUSAN MAGGS U III

THE DEPARTURE OF A FATHER MOTHER & DAUGHTER

"There it stands as white as snow against the black sky. That is where I am heading for," said the knight to himself, "the castle where my love will be waiting." He rode on and on through many a bush and tree, and road and path, drawn towards his true love. The hoofs of his horse went clinkety-clack as he galloped up the path to the castle.

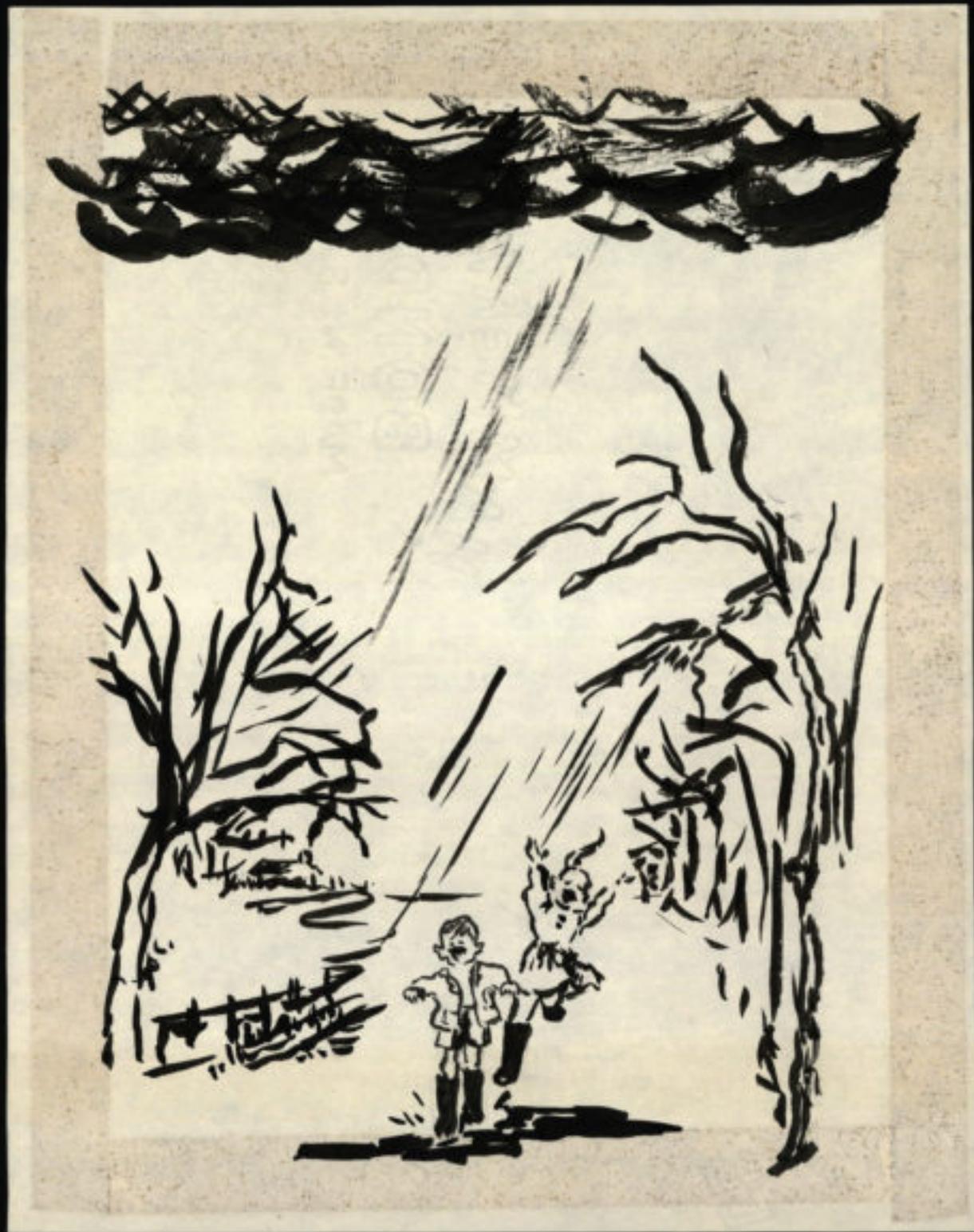
His armour was shiny; bright silver it was, and his head was covered in silver and rubies shining so bright. A plume, also, was swaying from his head.

As he reached the door to the castle, his true one was there in her long blue dress and her blonde hair that was so fair. He lifted her onto his snow-white horse, and next, himself, by her side. Together they rode out of the gate and down the road until they were out of sight.

Next moment the Queen was awake and jumped out of bed to tell the king the tragedy that was near. So on with his armour he mounted his horse that was dapple-grey and rode away. He flew like the wind and rode o'er lane, country and town, through rain, wind, sun and frost but never did he see them again.

The Queen was upset, the king disappointed, the knight very pleased and the true one greatly in love.





muddipuddles

Its a wet winter

the rain splashes an'

drip

drip

drips

on the ground making

little muddipuddles.....

..... an' big ones

an' huc come herryisabel

with gumboots on to paddle

in the puddles.



PERINGESE.

SANDRA DE WORDIN UIV

MY MOTHER'S PARTY.

Ouma, as usual, was the first to arrive with her maid, Clara, to help in the kitchen. She stood in the large hall and shouted, "Yahoo, anyone at home?"

Of course we were all at home if we were giving a party. Mum, who had only just finished dressing, rushed down the stairs, apologising for not being ready. I do not quite know why, because it was Ouma who was early. I looked over the banisters, to see Ouma with the most wonderful fur draped over her shoulders. As Mum led her into the garden she did not stop talking once.

Soon after they were out of sight, I heard a car coming down the drive. I dashed to my room, put on a pair of shoes, and was waiting at the front door before Lyan's chauffeur was even out of the car. When Lyan did get out she was even more dressed up than usual. She had on a pair of very high heels and a strange blue dress obviously made to show off a slightly younger person's figure.

From where I was standing, I could hear the tinkling of her bangles and the drone of her husky voice telling her chauffeur to wait until she was ready to go home. That poor



man, I do not know why he had not given notice long ago. He was not even allowed into the kitchen.

Suddenly, from out of the other side of the car sprang a comparatively young man. As I walked towards them, Lyan was mumbling away through her cigarette holder. She introduced me to her male companion, saying she hoped my mother would not mind an extra person, because Sir Something-or-Other was so nice. Apparently she had met him at bridge the night before. (I knew that this was obviously another of her beaux, as she called them.)

As I led them to where Mum was making polite conversation to Ouma, Sir Something-or-Other kept on exclaiming about the lovely house and the beautiful garden. When Mum saw me she looked relieved, but when Lyan was in view her face fell. You see unless a few more people arrived soon it was going to be rather difficult keeping Lyan and Ouma on polite terms.

I then went to see how my sister was coping in the kitchen. For about five minutes no-one else arrived. Suddenly a stream of cars poured down the drive. The maid and I rushed to the front door. I stood and said "Hallo", while the maid showed them to the garden. Just as I was getting rather frustrated,



Mum came along to help. She must have thought it safe enough to leave Fran and Ouma, as there were plenty of people for them to talk to, without getting into too much trouble.

As suddenly as the stream of cars had started, it stopped. The snacks then had to be taken around. At last, about half an hour late as usual, Aunt Isobel, Mum's sister appeared, looking bright and cheerful in a rather tight mauve dress and pink shoes. I am afraid the only word to describe that get-up, was "revolting." I have nothing against Aunt Isobel; in fact she even brought me some chocolates that day, but she is too much of an exhibitionist. She went dashing through the hall and would not even let me show her the way to the garden.

At last there was only one person left to come. This was Rosemary, Mum's "crazy" friend. She did not come, and we waited, and eventually Mum telephoned her. Mum said that she answered the phone, and suddenly gasped. Mum's voice must have reminded her where she was supposed to be. Twenty minutes later she arrived in a cloud of dust, and did not stop apologising until she went away in another cloud of dust.

The kitchen was a glorious mess! Before I could get out quickly enough somebody gave me a tray of some weird-

looking sandwiches. The first people to whom I offered my tray, were my two grand-mothers, engrossed in some argument or other. I pushed my tray in between them, and Iyan, who was holding an empty glass, must have thought I was coming to collect glasses, because, without looking, she promptly went and put her glass on top of all the food, and just went on talking.

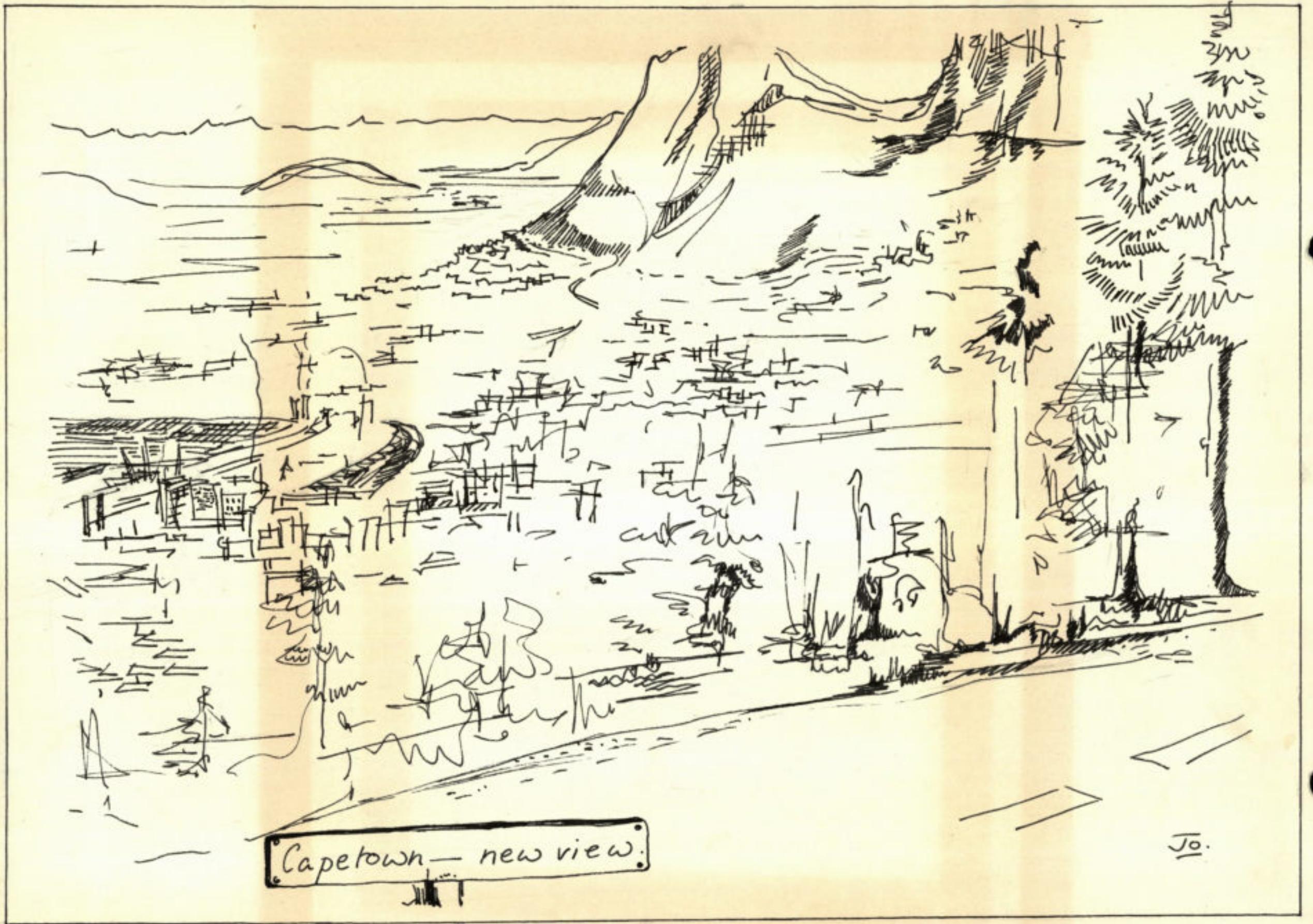
Of course the glass rolled off, and crashed to the floor. Everybody turned around and I heard people muttering things like "Much too young to be handing snacks around" or "What a careless child" as if it had all been my fault! Anyway, that split Iyan and Ouma up for the rest of the afternoon.

Like all these sort of parties, our one was not very successful. Mum was tired, the cook was cross and the kitchen was in an awful mess.

MEA MC GREGOR LIV



M. VAN LENNEP UIII



Capetown - new view.

MIEKE:-

As 'n mens 'n huis wil oprig, moet hy weet dat ander mense dit ook wil gebruik. 'n woonplek wat bestaan teen die reën, wind en vyande is, en goed van voedsel voorsien is, is nie maklik om in natuur te vind nie. Besoekers sal daarom nêtemin kom, selfs as hulle nie welkom is nie, soos rotte, muise, spinnekoppe, kakkerlakke, vlieë, verskillende soorte insekte, en veral muere.

Almal van ons maak beswaar om voedsel vol digte masse muere te vind. As ek muere sien, al is hulle besig om niks op daardie tydstip te doen nie, sal ek hulle doodmaak. Daar is iets in hulle houding wat vir my ergelik en ook aaklik is, en ek kan hulle net nie verdra nie. As hulle ons huise pla, kan ons hulle met insektgif doodmaak, as die muere net van buite ingekom het. Soms is hulle neste diep in die huis se fondament en om hulle regtig uit te roei, moet ons eers die nes vind, anders gaan hulle nooit weg nie.

As ons 'n plat rots in die veld wegrot, kan ons duisende muere, wat langs die paadjies wat die vore in die grond maak, sien weghardloop. Hierdie rots is die dak van die ondergrondse muerestad. In hierdie wonderlike stede, woon die muere 'n goeie ingerigte lewe. Sommige van hulle kweek oeste, terwyl die ander

alle soorte werkiis uitvoer. Een muurstad verklaar oorlog op 'n ander en die oorwinnaars bring die gevangenes terug en word as slawe gebruik. Daar is 'n Koningin van die muere, polisiermiers, ingenieurmuere en bouermuere. Muere staan in bekend vir ywerigheid en werk meestal hard, maar daar is ook oorlogsguchtige geslagte wat nie van werk hou nie. Hulle vang muere van ander geslagte en dwing hulle om die werk te doen.

Henry Thoreau het eendag buite gestap en 'n oorlog tussen rooimuere en swartmuere sien voer. Die grond was alreeds vol sterwende en dooie muere. Hy het een paar noukeurig opgelet, wat soos kwaai bulhonde gestoei het. Nog 'n rooi het geskyn om sy maat te help, maar eindelik het die sterker swartmuere die ander twee se koppe afgesny en soos 'n mank oorlogheld weggekruip.

Thoreau het gewonder wie op die end gewen het. Hy het gevoel asof sy gesindheid opgewonde gemaak is deur die stryd, die woede, in die slagting van 'n menslike geveg voor sy deur.



LYNN HARRIS UIV

WEDDINGS

All over the world, whatever the nationality or religion, I am sure the bride wakes up with some feeling of wonderment, that this is her wedding day and probably the most important day of her life. The old saying, "Happy the bride, the sun shines on to-day," makes her look anxiously out of the window to see whether the sun will shine on her that day.

I remember the first wedding to which I went. It was a beautiful day and the sun was shining in a cloudless sky. Above the soft organ music the crunch of the car tyres was heard on the tarmac, then the whisper, "Here she comes," as she glided down the aisle on her father's arm. The two bridesmaids walked behind her and the tiny flowergirl carried a small basket of rose petals. The groom was standing up at the front pew, looking down the aisle, lovingly admiring his bride. I am sure he felt slightly nervous, although he tried not to show it, but later on in the service, when they were taking their vows, the nervousness in their voices was clearly audible as they repeated the words after the minister.

After the service was over, the happy couple, now man and wife, walked once again down the aisle to their waiting car. So begins a new life for them and so ends one of the most important ceremonies and happiest days of their life.



SUSAN STENT LV



H. Burns.

LAND OF THE NOONDAY SUN.

Geography books give notes on the dam, such as: "This is an important source of Hydro-Electric Power. It lies on the Zambezi River." You look at the map and imagine a small dam of economic importance, yet you ought to know about that world of the noonday sun. From the dry surrounding countryside you see a pale blue on the horizon, like the blue of the ocean. Motoring into a hot valley you see the shining water stretching out before you. Here is the land of the noonday sun, always hot, always humid. The great dam wall curves its back on thousands of tons of blue water. Running down the curve on the inside wall are brown, yellow and green stains, brilliant streaks. Far below, a small stream winds a muddy way out to distant Portuguese East Africa.

Behind the wall lies the sweltering heat of the Kariba valley. Along the shores, trees spring to green life. The lake is unbelievable. Three hundred miles long, they say, - but distance is tangible; this is not. The water laps at the banks, sucking. The little, green cabbage-like plants float loosely, part of the swells, sickly; they seem to be evil; quite clear but a strange, pale colour. They multiply so rapidly that there appears to be a green carpet. If there were not that slight dipping and the ones breaking off at the edges, you would be tempted to walk over them for they

seem solid.

Everything is steaming; not a visible steam, just a wetness. Like unpleasant warm water. The only thing the sun beautifies is the blue expanse; each fleck on the surface catches some of the brilliant light until the glare is too much, and you lower your eyes back to the shore. Half submerged trees, their grotesquely growing leaves above and in the water, have been covered with the slowly swelling waters of the rising dam. Some have rotted now at the roots, and hold only grey-silver arms up for help.

The whole valley has a strange atmosphere. You yourself are thrown off balance. The heat oppresses you, makes you languid, yet you cannot rest; your body is cumbersome, sticky. No wonder the plants are so strange, not so much treacherous as diseased, not evil but sick. Along the roads a small bush grows. It is the size of a low bush, but is woody like a minute baobab. With no leaves and smooth, living, grey branches it bears pink stars. Pink - a soft, feminine colour in this under-growth! But it is not so out of place here after all, where everything is distorted. A tropical wonderland abounds: red hibiscus and long, tubular, waxy moon flowers, arise and orange and shining green leaves flourish in the heat like those in a Tahitian landscape: banana palms with long, wide leaves and bunches of pendulous fruit,-

all types of parasitic vegetation flourish. The whole shore has been painted by an artist with metallic tints. The sun, using noontime light and soaking up moisture from the lake, has turned a dry valley into an insect-buzzing, languid basin.

Bright through the leaves is the whitewashed wall of a building; its stained-glass windows hold their own against the flowers. It stands like a little tropical shrine fitting the scenery so well that it could almost take to the whirling flight of a locust. Yet it is a church. Inside, cool marble makes a solid floor. Strewed over it, are cane mats. A white madonna stands to one side. Here is the shade, the answer to the noontime sun.

HILARY BURNS UVI

THOUGHT

Darkness

*The glow of a flickering candle
and from the darkness*

a voice

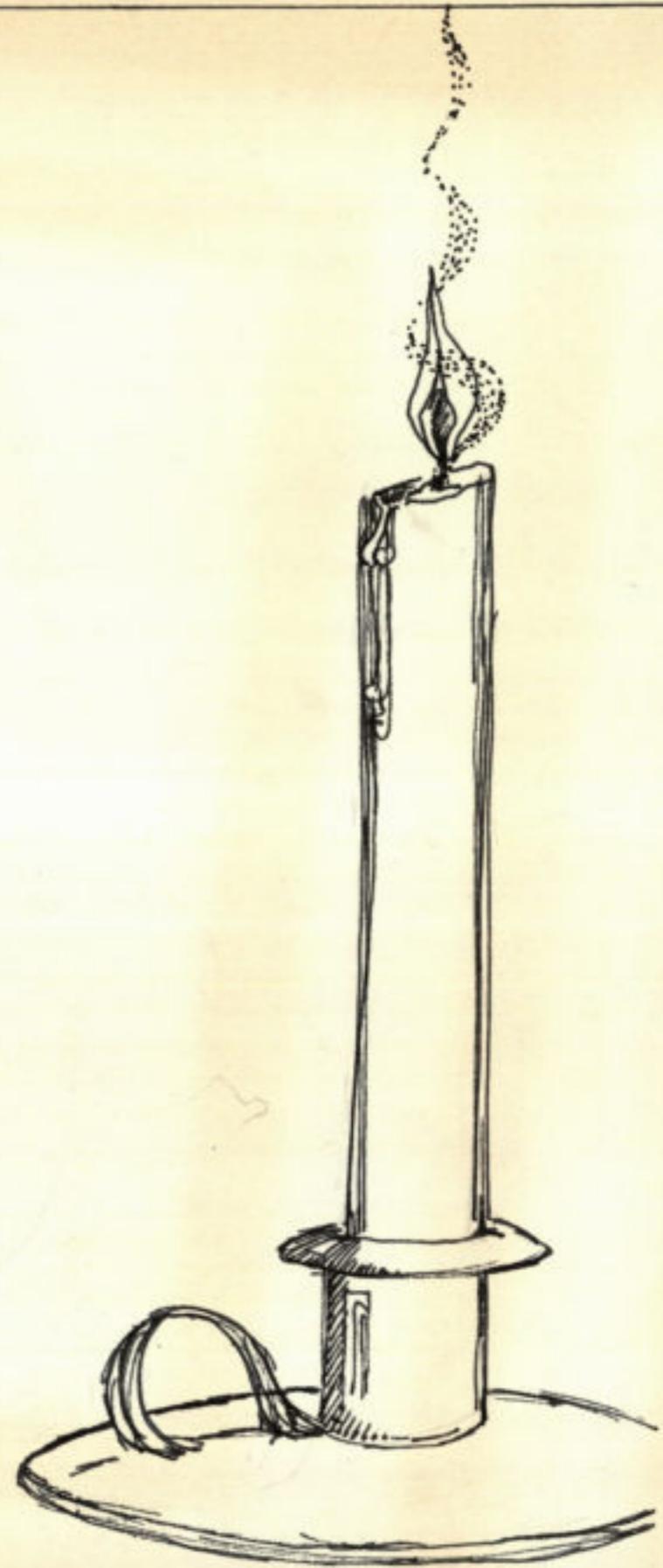
Soft.

*The strumming of a guitar
silhouettes against the darkness*

Intent, listening

a shadow of sadness

a pause.





SUSAN STENT LV



EDWINA
ABBOTT LIZ

THE HOCKEY TOUR.

After much practise^c and perseverance^a the first and second hockey teams left Cape Town on 21st June, 1967 by train for Rhodesia. Great excitement reigned as the bus drove away from school, and as the train pulled out of the station we sang our waycry. Everyone was very excited and for some it was their first train journey.

Our first main stop was Kimberley, the next morning. Those of us who had not been ^{here} before, went, during our forty-minute stay, to visit the Big Hole. In the evening we arrived at Mafeking and were confronted on the station by a host of boys, who were meeting the train. When we decided to play hockey there, they joined in and thus we had a Herschel versus Mafeking match. Journeying into Botswana we encountered many curio-sellers who came up to the train with their fascinating goods. On Friday afternoon we reached Bulawayo and were met by Townsend School who took us back to their hostel to have a bath, of which we were all much in need, ^{and} supper, and watch television. As it was the first time a great many of us had

seen "T.V." we were very intrigued by it. That night we caught the train to Victoria Falls.

Arriving late at Victoria Falls, we went to a restaurant to have breakfast and then walked down to the Falls. They were really beautiful, indescribable, and the amount of water plunging over them was unbelievable. We obtained permission to go half way across the bridge and on the way back we managed to catch lifts off great big coal lorries, which were filthy dirty, but that did not worry us. It was a lift! After lunch we got another lift down to the launch club from where we set off up the Zambezi River, stopping at an island for tea. Usually everyone is allowed off the launch, but the previous day a man had been killed by a hippopotamus and investigations were still being carried out, so we were obliged to remain on board. When we returned we were invited to have supper with a young man whom we had met that day and ^{who} had helped to transport us to the launch. I think he was a bit overcome by the numbers to start with - twenty-seven of us! ^{later} That night we left by train on our return journey to Bulawayo.

The following morning in Bulawayo a Mr. York met us, and clambering into ~~ready~~ waiting cars, we were driven to the Matopos. First we went up the World's View, but unfortunately, ^{the weather} ~~it~~ was not ~~a~~ very pleasant and the view was not at its best. Then we visited some Bushman paintings which were very interesting, and ^{ended} ~~landed~~ up by having a picnic-lunch on the banks of the Malwe Dam. After lunch we were shown over a very large cave which also contained Bushman paintings, and were then taken back to town, where we visited the museum before being dropped at the station. We remained there until the train for Salisbury left.

On Monday morning we arrived in Salisbury and Roosevelt School met us, as they were our hostesses, and we were to stay with different girls who attended the school. It really was such a relief to reach Salisbury after five nights on the train and six in a compartment! That afternoon we played our first match, against Roosevelt, which was very tough for both teams. The first team drew 1-1, and the second team won 2-1.

A very tight programme was arranged for us. On the Tuesday morning we met at Roosevelt and went by bus to the industrial sites to see a cigarette factory called the B.A.T. Co. This

was very interesting and there was a big tea provided afterwards. As if we had not had enough to eat, we were then taken to the Willard's Food Factory. That afternoon we played Arundel. The first team match was a very exciting one because we were held to a draw, 1-1, until the last few minutes when Arundel scored again. The second team won 3-1.

On Wednesday we were supposed to go on the daily flight to the Kariba Dam, but ^{as} there was a misunderstanding ^{about} with the bookings, ^{our trip} it was cancelled. Instead we were invited out to Linda Townsend's farm. On arriving there by lorry, we were shown all over the farm and then we had an "enormous" lunch. After we had recovered, we went to Mazoe and saw the dam and the citrus orchards there.

On Thursday a tour of the city was arranged. We went up the kopje ^{pe} and saw a magnificent view of the whole of Salisbury. Then we went to the State Lottery where its operation was explained to us, and then just out ^{side} Salisbury we saw the balancing rocks, which were quite remarkable. That afternoon we played Uits' High School. This was a very tough match and we had to battle to keep the ball away from the goal. Both ^{our} teams lost.

On Friday we went to the Museum and when shown behind

I threw a pebble
It glanced
and struck the death-still face
A shower of fragments ascended and caught
the morning sunlight in their frozen lips.
The ripples came back, the aftermath,
to the shoreline of the lake
to where I stood,
and accused me with cold, blue faces.
I had ruined their peace.
How petty, how foolish
to ruin someone's life
by one thoughtless action.

PIPPA McCORMACK UIV

LEFT:

A "BUM" PICTURE

RIGHT:

WHAT IS THIS ?



THE AVENUE

As I stand on this rock, intent on watching a ball of fire setting in the west, my gaze becomes attracted towards the Avenue. It lies beneath me, stretched out like a brown rope thrown over the sunburnt shoulder of the hill. Along its sides grow countless gum trees, each one now touched with a golden light. This avenue has character. Down the ages, many cart horses have plodded its length, grinding the dust into finer particles. Many sheep and cattle have trodden its softness, and many a weary traveller has slept on its grassy banks.

By day, the Avenue is used by foot-travellers, herds of animals, carts and wanderers, and it is alive with movement. At midday, when the noon heat descends upon it, it grows lethargic and still. At night, after the hubbub of the day and the stillness of the noon, it becomes alive with the silent activity of, perhaps, a small boy intent on raiding a farmer's orchard, or a tortoise or mole trundling across it. The moon throws silver shadows down its length in silent peace.

In winter, when the rains come, the Avenue is a river of red water, and swirls and gurgles about the feet of the gum trees. After the rain, when the water has disappeared into the ground, it

becomes an avenue of red mud, delightful to slide on, but treacherous to travellers.

It is old, this avenue, so old that it seems eternal, and I realize that if, in a hundred years' time, my bones become part of the red dust of the Avenue, I too shall still be alive.



MUSIEK

Musiek - die sagte note van die musiek kom van alle kante aangevoel, uit die hemel, uit die natuur en uit die alledaagse woelige aarde. Dit word harder en harder totdat die oorverdowende geluid hard om jou klink en dan word dit sagter en fyner, en die silwer note sing sagges en duidelik, totdat net die geheimisinnigheid agterbly. Musiek - die woord is so onheilspellend en vol emosie, en tog is dit die gelukkigste en mooiste klank ter wêreld.

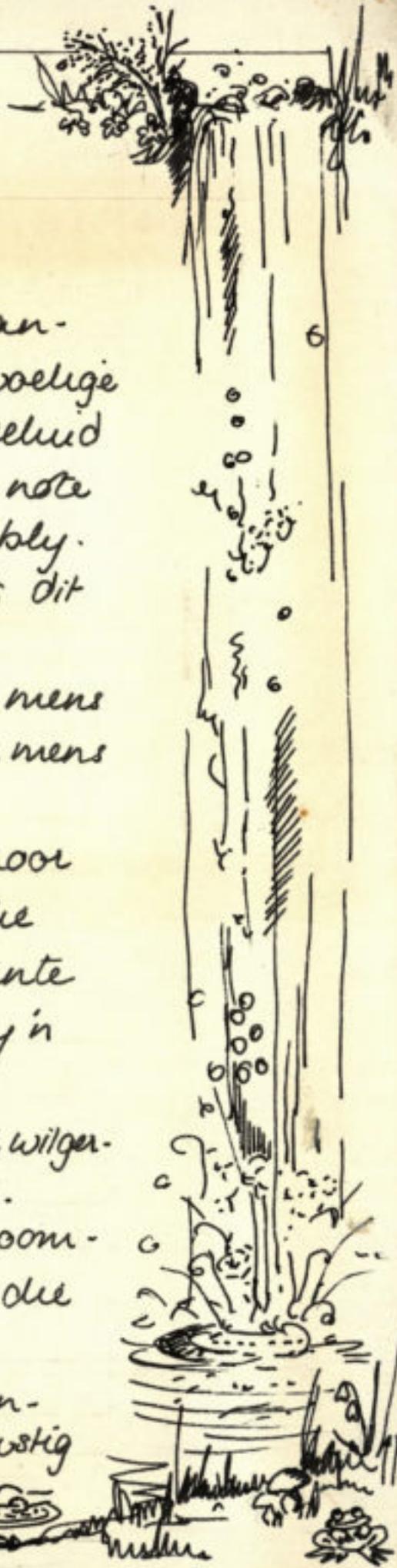
Ons kan musiek orals hoor, maar ai, daar op die plaas waar 'n mens weg is van die gevoel van die stad - daar waar alles so stil is, kan mens musiek die mooiste hoor en leer liefkry.

Soggens vroeg kan die "klip-klop" van die perdewaentjie gehoor word as die melk na die dorp geneem word. Die gedraai van die wiele deur die driffie as die water soos 'n waterval aan alle kante gesprei word. En dan weer die "geswies" van Poon se stert as hy 'n lastige vlieg probeer wegslaan.

Onder by die dam, neurie die oggendwindjie sagges deur die wilgerboomtakke en die laaste padda kwaak nog sy nagliedjie vir outlaas.

Die wind het alweer effens begin waai en by die bloekomboomlaan kan die gesing van duisende stammietjies gehoor word, soos die wind deur die takke stoot.

By die rivertjie wat stadig deur ons plaas vloei, is daar 'n aanhoudende klank van musiek. Die watertjies wat kabbelend en lustig



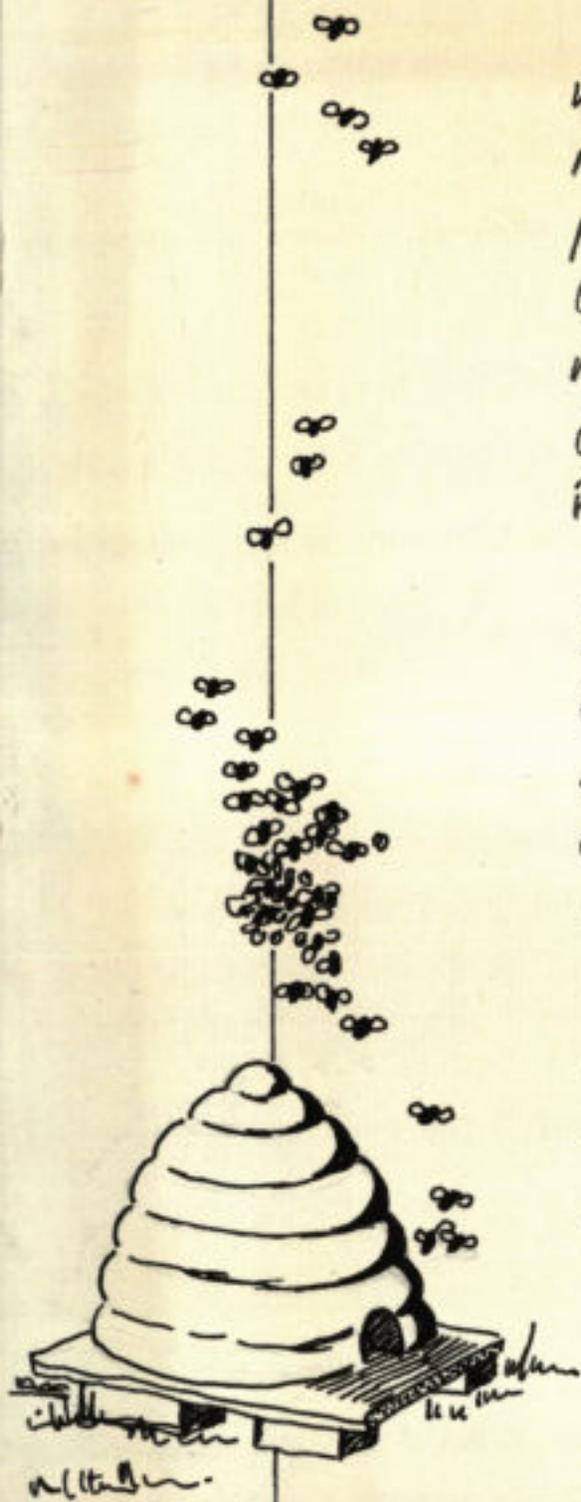
verbyloop en dan klats teen die wit rivierklippe. In 'n straaltjie wat met moete verby twee klippe syfer en dan "drip-drip" in die waterpoelletjies val. In die wessies wat welig op die kant van die rivier groei, tjelp die mossies aanhoudend terwyl die geel vuarke kwetterend vir mekaar vertel van die lieflike dag. Nou en dan vlieg 'n gryskleurige tortelduij na die hoogste takke van die akkerboom, om daar sy maat met in "koer-koer" in te wag.

En as ons verder stap tot waar die volkies singend te saam werk, kan ons kyk en hoor hoe hulle die koring sny. Die silwer lem van die sekel wat met 'n "gints-gints" die ryp geel graankorrels afsny en dan laat val op die aarde, waar dit later met 'n vevinge beweging opgelê word, wat dan met 'n "plof" op die hoop aan die end van die ry gegooi word.

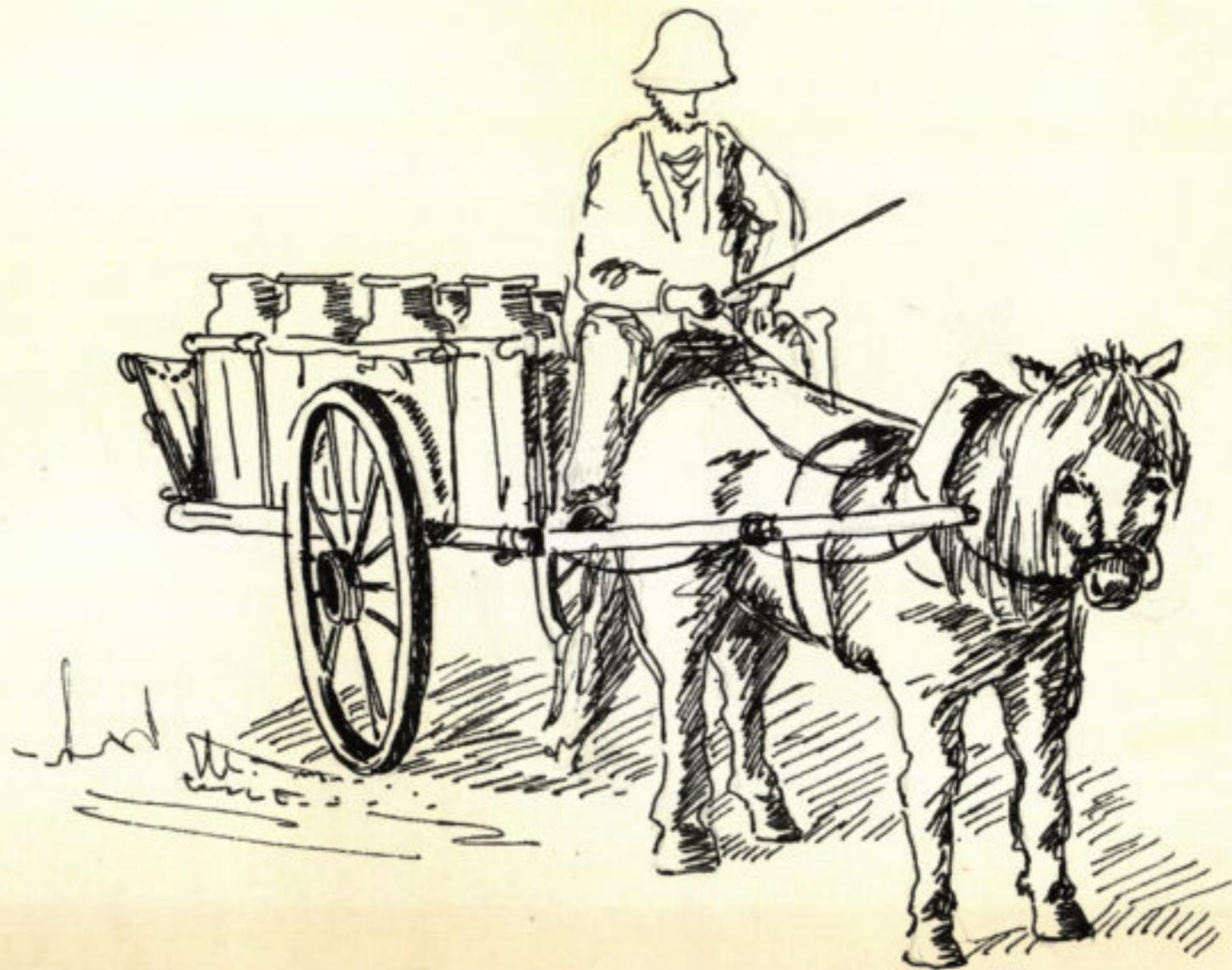
As die laaste sonstraal nog speel op die aarde, kan ons die "getjor" van die melk in die emmers hoor, en op die lande blêr 'n lammetjie of rannik in vullietjie wat die warmte en veiligheid van sy moeder soek. Met 'n "tonge-longe-long" ty die klok in die vente en die volkies staak hul werk om te gaan rus vir die nag.

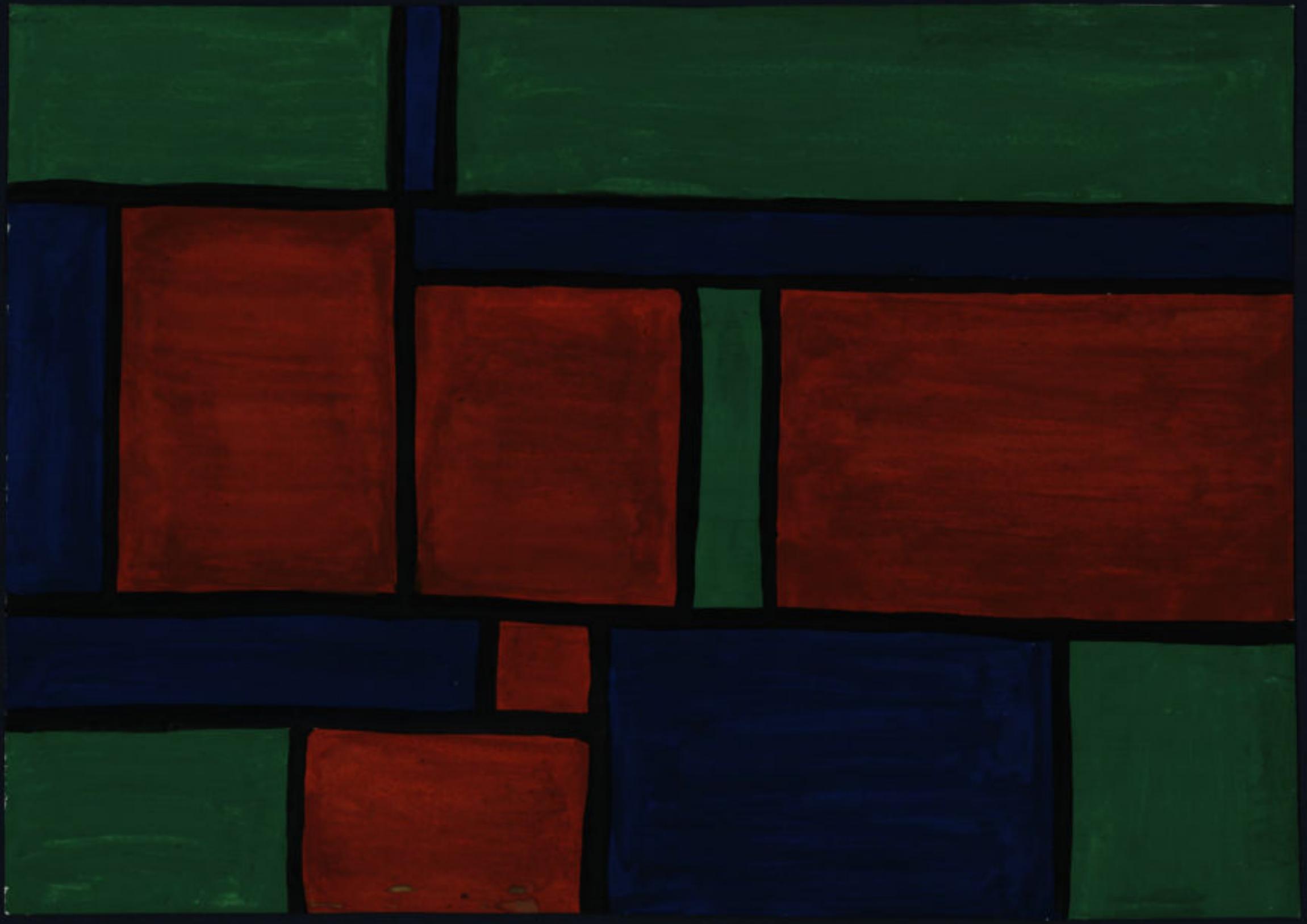
Dit is donker en die paddas begin hul aandkonsert sing, terwyl die krekies lustig op hul viooltjies speel. Die sterretjies vonkel en as 'n mens mooi luister kan die silwer gelag van Oupa Maan gehoor word.

Ja, musiek is orals te kry, nie net in die eenvoudige deuntjie wat oor en weer op die klavier gespeel word nie, maar ook in die



gesing van die sonbesies, die gehuil van die wind en die „geritsel“
van die klare op 'n herfsdag.





WALTER DUNN 1971

THE HUNT.

Even though every one of the men hated the deed they were about to perform, it had to be done. Fred, the new assistant game warden, was the youngest, and yet his love for animals surpassed that of any of his older companions.

It was too late now, if he felt he wanted to turn back, because they were five miles from anywhere, searching for "the Brute" — a legend among some of the African village people, but a cause of much sorrow to others. He was well known as "the Brute" to all wardens and rangers in that district, for he was a killer lion. Now, instead of his killing humans, humans were going to kill him.

The weary hunters trudged through the bush. The heat was terrible, and the men were wearing khaki clothes and large boots which made it worse. A few birds in the tree-tops squawked as the men approached and then flew off to warn the others of the coming of men.

The heat was almost unbearable now. It was Fred's first taste of the long life of endurance he had ahead of him, and he did not like it. Suddenly, across their path, about two hundred yards ahead, a whole herd of the most graceful buck galloped. It was the beautiful impala. A few minutes later a herd of zebra passed the men. These zebra were being pursued by two full-grown lions.

At first Fred thought the lion in the rear was "the Brute"; but he soon found out that he was mistaken. This lion was old enough only to have had one mate, yet it had the same long scar across its snout.

Fortunately, in the circumstances, Fred's shot missed its target. The others were all very pleased because none of them liked to kill unnecessarily. Soon all was still except for the occasional rustle in the bushes and the screech of a bird.

Ahead, the landscape of shimmering in the midday sun, and the hunters were disillusioned and tired, when out of the bush, and across the road, trotted a lion. He was about four hundred yards in front of the people and, luckily for the captors, the wind was blowing away from him. He was "the Brute"!

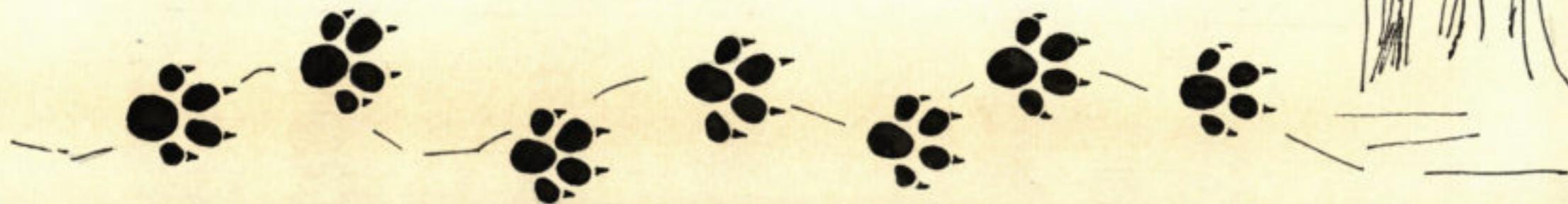
When the men were about fifty yards from the place where he had entered the bush, they stopped, not daring to venture too close, in case the wind changed and "the Brute" smelt man.

Two shots rang out, the huge body which had been basking in the filtering sunlight, writhed, and then lay still. The body was not that of a true king of the beasts, but of a huge, lone lion, one that had been chased out of his pride, and was now too old to hunt and fight in the correct way. Instead he had turned to the slower means of catching food — and had hunted man. His fur

was mangy and his whole body was scarred.

Neither of the fatal shots had been Fred's, and when he saw this great ugly body, he realized that he would always feel sorry for any animal that had been wounded, but he also knew that he would gladly shoot when necessary.

MEH MCGREGOR LIV



MAGIC

Magic is a word that fills us with wonder and awe. Our bodies tingle at the thought of it and our minds become tangled centres of confusion. We live in a fairyland of magic and we are the fairies and gnomes that inhabit it.

Magic can be found everywhere on earth and it is not necessary to look for it; it comes to us wherever we live and journey - Are not the plants of nature the magic inhabitants of the earth? A seedling pushes its way through the hard crust of the soil and grows there into a plant. Its leaves are the colour of a sunny morning in Spring and the shapely petals which develop into slender bulbs and cups bear the colours of a rainbow. Tiny seedlings grow into the tall trees of our land. Branches and clusters of leaves which seem so fantastical have suddenly developed and are now the homes of many squirrels and nest the many varieties of birds.

As we grope our way among the woodland, we see, perhaps, a perfect spider's web, each silver thread meticulously woven to form a wheel of delicate network. We come upon a woodland buck feeding its young one. And then, by magic, the sun's rays filter through the trees and dazzling lights are given off by the web. The air is dappled from the shadows and the sun and our ears are filled with

the music of the woods.

Seasons are the magical changes in nature. Spring is the re-awakening of life after the death-like winter. Where once the earth was bare and cold, thousands of plants push their way up to develop, nourish and feed. The gnarled trees in the orchards which looked old and dead, are now pictures of youth and the branches are covered in soft, fragile leaves and pure white blossoms. Where once there was a deathly silence, now there is a constant humming of bees and chirping of birds as they happily and joyfully burst forth in the praise of Spring.

And then, by magic, time passes, slowly, but surely and now the heat of summer settles on the earth. The ovaries of the plants and trees develop golden-cheeked peaches, into bunches of grapes and to all the other products we enjoy eating.

Yet another magic hour passes, and now definite changes take place and the crisp autumn winds sweep down from the sky. As if painted, the leaves change their colours from the deep green to yellow, brown and musty red. Vineyards stretch for miles to reveal their colours for the world to admire. Yes, indeed it is a season of "mists and mellow fruitfulness." A sudden gust of wind sweeps up the leaves which lie in the garden path and blows them into the face of the desperate gardener who once more attempts to rake the dead leaves into a neat pile.

Winter has arrived. The trees are cold and bear ^{are}? gnarled branches

stretch up to Heaven, like the arms of a beggar asking for food. It is deathly quiet and Death is about. Is not magic involved in the change of seasons?

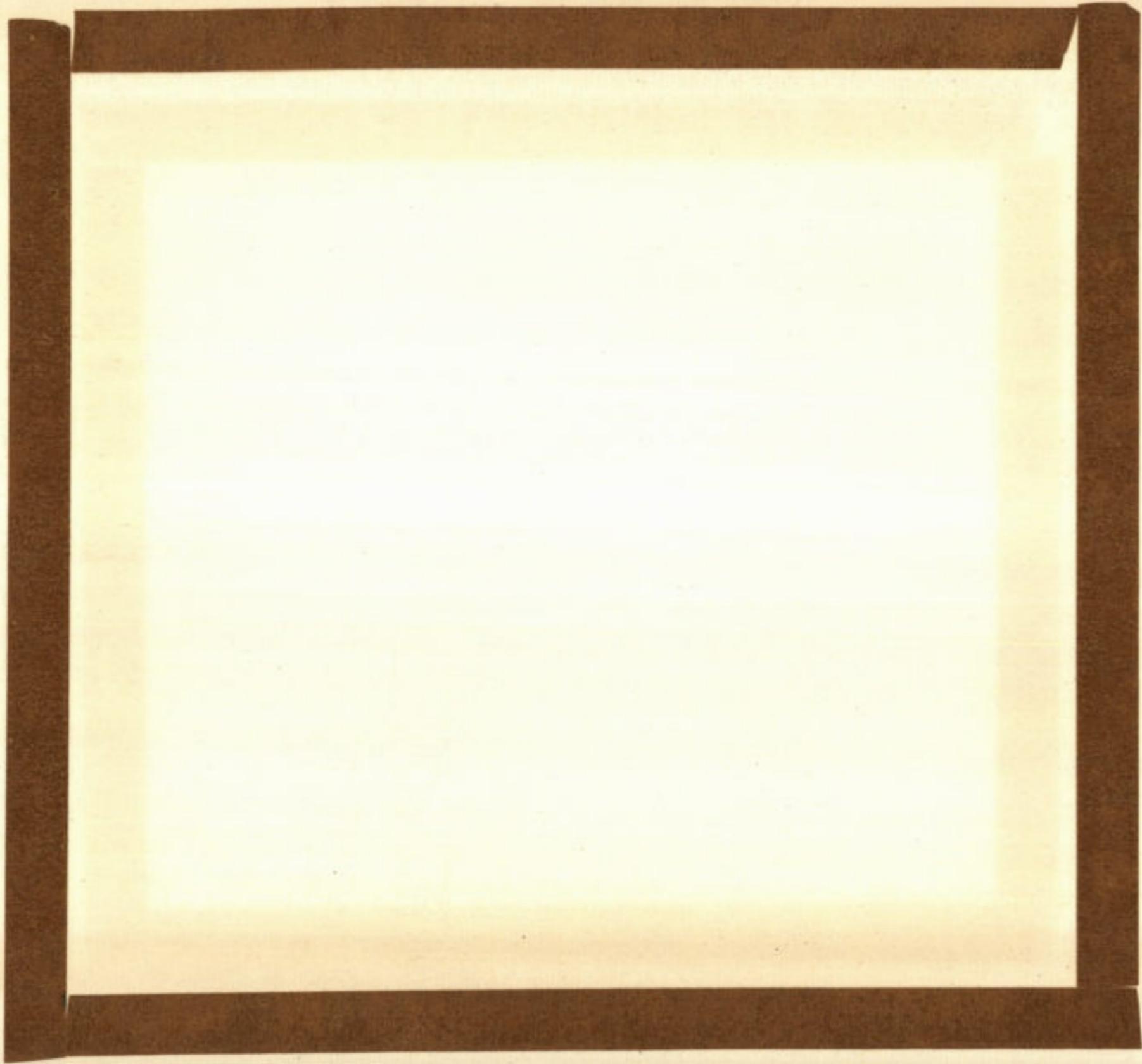
The magic of birth in Spring is also the magic of birth in man. A cell which matured and grew, developed at last into a being, into a human being with pulsating heart and working brain. A baby's cry when it comes into this sinful world is pure magic.

The magic of death in winter brings us to the death in man. That breath which was brought about by birth is fought for to the bitter end until it is released by a peaceful sigh and Death descends to take away the soul on flying wings of angels.

Magic is indeed part of our life and although so many of us do not believe this is true, we must look around and see it, in the cry of a newborn baby, in the sigh of a tree, in the light of the moon and in the magic of all the world. Although magic is but a fantasy, is not life on earth an even greater fantasy?



MAGIC



IS OVER POPULATION A GREATER THREAT TO OUR CIVILIZATION THAN WAR?

Is our-population a greater threat to our civilization than war? It depends upon what one calls a threat. While it is true to say that our-population is inevitable unless drastic steps are taken immediately, is it not as true to say that war is inevitable, whether we take steps to prevent it or not? And when war occurs, the threat of over-population would be vanquished for a while, for war is nature's answer to over-population. The present crisis has arisen solely because there has not been a large internecine conflict within the last twenty years.

The world, say those who know, will have, if the present rate of birth continues, too many people on it by the year 2300 A.D. If every possible place were to be inhabited, the time limit could be staved off to 2500 A.D. However, people are attempting to vanquish the threat of over-population by means of birth-control. Never before have so many pills to prevent pregnancy been available and there is the promise of many more to come. If it could be established that the maximum number of children any one couple could have could be two, the threat would soon vanish. Is this possible? At the moment birth-control clinics are being set up all over the world and in educated countries, the clinics have achieved vast success. However, it is not in these countries that the threat lies. It is in tropical countries where girls mature and die early, whose

only purpose in life is to have babies, that the threat lies. While women who are civilized by Western standards would shudder at the thought of having five children every four years, these women believe that it is their mission in life to propagate their kind. Birth control clinics do not have great success in these places, but it has been reported that in Japan and China, people are not regarding contraceptives with as great suspicion as formerly.

It is notable that the number of children born to each family decreases in direct proportion to the literacy of the country. In Central Africa, Central America and the Far East, where the birth rate is highest, the literacy rate is lowest in the world. Is it perhaps coincidence that the higher the literacy rate of a country is, the lower the birth rate is? Surely not! And for this reason, perhaps, over-population could be combated by education. However, can the peoples of the earth be educated in time to stop over-population? It is a highly problematical and debatable question. And if they could, would not the world be plagued by under-population. No, for if every couple were to have two children, the world population would neither increase or decrease, but would stay static. If the population showed signs of decreasing, the quota of children per couple could be increased. Perhaps after a woman had

home her quota, she could be sterilized, thus making sure that no more children would be born than necessary. In the meantime, to educate the illiterate masses the American Peace Corps and the British U.E.S.O. are doing all they can to send teachers and doctors to the underdeveloped nations.

Is war a threat to our civilization? We have had two world wars this century and although, at the time, it was thought to be almost impossible for civilization to recover from the shock, we of the present generation have seen only too well how capable the world is in recovering.

If a World War were to develop it is thought that the whole world would be destroyed. Many comic strips show the President of the United States pressing a button, the head of the U.S.S.R. pressing one in return, and the whole world going up in flames. Is this realistic? No, of course not. If a war were to be declared between Russia and America, both heads of states would realize only too well the consequences of the use of the hydrogen bomb and therefore would not be so foolish as to use one. Perhaps a war would be a good idea for it would clear the air and mankind could progress, for a while, without the constant fear of being blown up. This year of war has made civilization progress rapidly in the sciences, but has made civilization retrogress irredeemably in the arts. To-day one has just to look at the tortured abstractions of modern art to realize how much the constant fear of a nuclear war

has injured the arts. One has just to read a book by a modern author, to listen to the jangled harmonies of modern symphonies to know without doubt that however far mankind has progressed in the sciences, he has gone back to the Dark Ages and before, for his arts.

War would not disrupt civilization permanently. For all the while there are minor wars occurring over the world. If there were to be a war between capitalism and communism, would we be injured greatly - more than by all the bickering that takes place now? And is it inevitable that war will come? Yes it is, for it is man's nature to fight. Man will always want to be stronger than his neighbour and therefore there will always be war.

However, over-population, I think, is a greater threat than war, for wars have taken place since time began. When there were but four people on earth, Cain killed Abel because he was jealous. Man will never stop being jealous and therefore he will go on killing his nearest neighbour and causing some slight danger to his other neighbours. Whether this takes place on a large scale or a small scale, civilization will go on developing and maturing but if over-population were to occur, starvation would be a natural result and thus war would occur again. Either that, or civilization

would retrogress completely, with man living from day to day. Among the starving nations, civilization is at its lowest ebb and it would be at its lowest ebb in the world as a whole if over population were to occur. I think that over-population would cause war and therefore it constitutes a far greater threat to civilization than the mere possibility of war.

CARLOTTA VAUGHAN LV



LIBBY BURNS LVIII



SANDRA DE WORDNIN UIV

ADVISE

Time: 3:30 a.m. He awakens in a deadly conservative manner, yawns twice and curses the hardness of the concrete floor, which had been his bed for the past five hours. He sits up stiffly, his body full of cramp. His head is pounding but he can think clearly. He curses again and hates himself for taking the drugs. But subconsciously he knows that his will-power is not strong enough to stop himself plunging into the depths of paralyticism and oblivion.

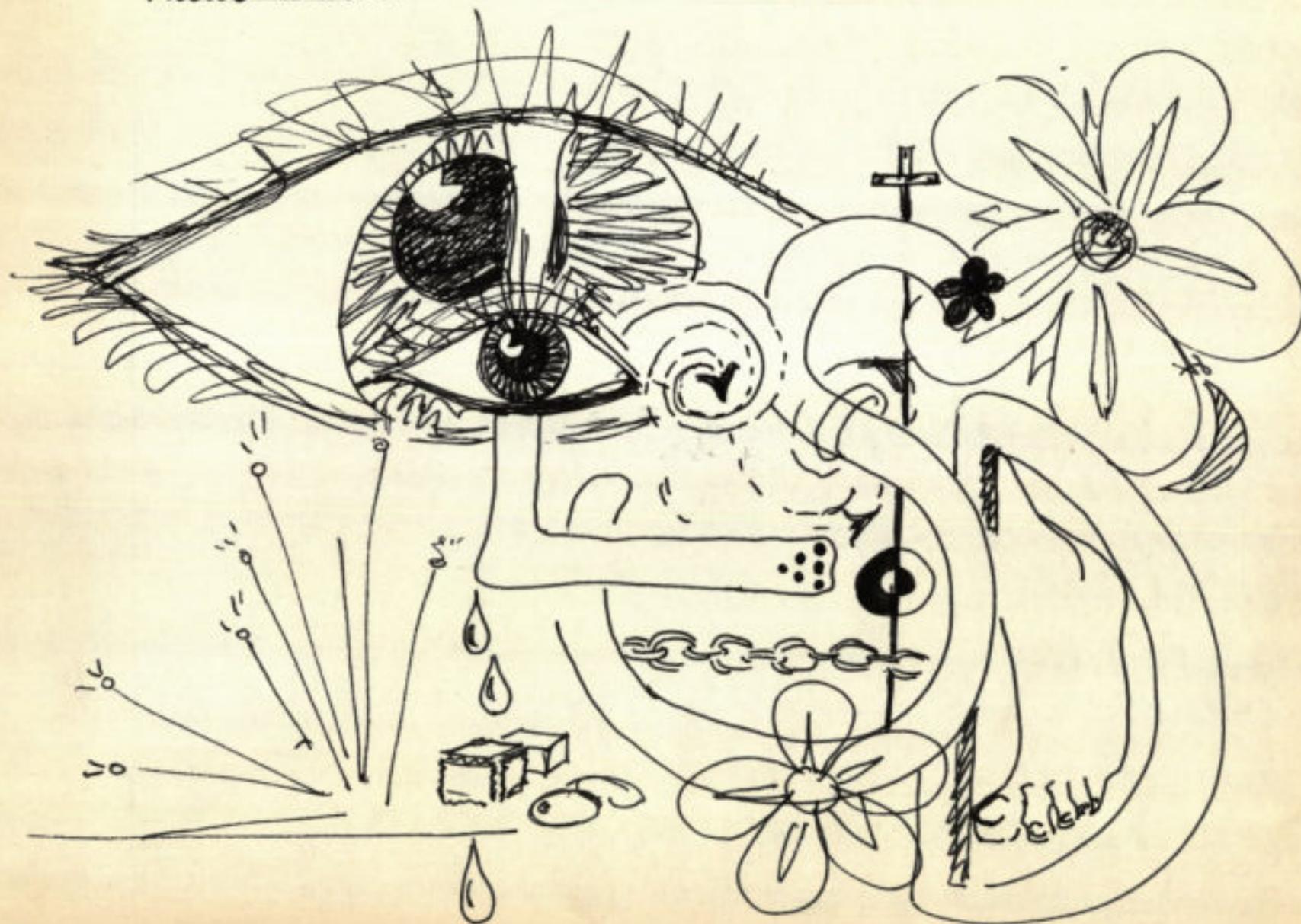
The pounding stops and he asks himself, "What is life?" There must be something more to it than this rut of addiction. The minds of the weak are confused and split into compartments, each taking different views and giving different advice. It is a mixture of morals, religion and social standards. This addict is yet another one of those people who are caught and trapped in this confusing whirlpool of human nature.

He went to a good school, in fact it was the best in the city. His parents had been wealthy, but their fortune had gradually ebbed and they had died shortly afterwards.

The boy was left bewildered, insecure - his castle of protection, crumpled. He was alone, looking into the terrifying jaws of

life . He could not face it and he slowly deteriorated to a
meaningless and aimless individual.

So have pity on the weak -it might happen to you. One
never knows.



SUSIE DUNCAN LV

WILD FLOWERS

See —

among green meadow-grass
other things growing

up —

up —

to sunlight; leaving behind
mother darkness.

Warm crumbling earth

pushed

aside

long-forgotten the

miracle of life

which came with Spring

—— so gently.

Now entering gangling their
equivelant phase of adolescence

Striving for their own perfection,

heavy sweet with honey

rich with pollen-gold

bright with coloured drapes

of soft petals

Too soon all gone.

a small and passing miracle

is their life.

They die, but not

forgotten.



竹葉青

LYNN
HARRIS UZ