

THE MURKMAN'S



MAGAZINE

1968

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± 1968.

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PROLOGUE

herchel

by j. faulds sta 10

# HOUSE REPORT

by . s . abbot st. 10

First may we extend a warm welcome to all the new staff and members who have joined the House this year, especially to Mrs. Williams who replaced Mrs. P. Muller as Senior Afrikaans mistress and Miss Theron who took the place of the late Mrs. Anderson. We hope that they will be very happy with us. We should also like to thank Mrs. Muller who, as head of Merriman has given us continued guidance and encouragement.

On Founders Day Merriman received the Netball and Magazine cups for 1967 and also the Tennis cup which was shared with Rolt. This year, however, the Tennis cup was not shared but won with overwhelming victory and I should like to congratulate the entire team on this wonderful feat.

The swimming gala was as usual a very exciting event. Although Merriman came third in both the swimming and diving, I should like to congratulate the House on their house spirit - the way in which they encouraged the team with their songs and different types of instrumental backing such as tin plates and spoons, was wonderful. I should also like to congratulate Vanessa Weintig on being awarded "The Swimmer of the Year" cup, Well done Jagger on winning the swimming and well done Rolt on winning the diving.

The Inter-House hockey was held in the second term, earlier than usual this year. Right from the start there was a "right tussel" between Rolt and Merriman but Rolt eventually triumphed and our congratulations go to them. The Merriman teams must, however, not go unpraised, for they tried so hard and long before the match most of them had voluntarily been practising in their spare time. The Inter-House Magazine, Photographic, Netball, Volleyball and Athletics competitions have still to take place and I wish all those participating the best of luck.

At the beginning of the second term, Merriman, as usual gave jerseys knitted by each respective member to the St. Michael's Home. Three of the Merriman Matrics also attended their annual General Meeting for 1968.

The general standard of work this year has not been as good as it could have been, but I hope this will improve. Susan Stent, Julia Morkera, Machteld van Lennep and Alexander Reay, however, must be congratulated for they have maintained a high standard of work throughout the year.

In conclusion I should like to thank Ethel Hacking, Alison Burns, Edwina Abbot, Deborah Turner-Smith, Alexander Leay and Sandra de Woronin for the hard work which they have put into producing this House Magazine, and last, but not least, Devon Lees and Nicky Currie, for the support that they, as fellow prefects in Merriman, have given me this year.

I should like to take this opportunity of wishing all the Merriman members the best of luck and every success in the future.

## tennis report

by D Lees (tennis captain) stD.10

The Inter-House Tennis was held on 21<sup>st</sup> March, towards the end of the first term. The important event was the fact that Merriman won. Rolt came second and Jagger third. We won by a large margin and this was mainly because the majority of girls who played are in the school tennis team. Everybody played very well and I should like to thank the supporters for all the shouting and encouragement they gave us. It was a very enjoyable afternoon's tennis and all I can do is thank everyone for playing so well.

## swimming report

by S. Stephens stD.10

I can guarantee that if Merriman does not have the best collection of swimmers to praise and applause, it certainly has a screaming, enthusiastic, spirited cat's choir, second to none! Needless to say singing practises drew far more volunteers than did the swimming, but I must confess that when all is said and done, there was sporting co-operation from all, which helped the gala day turn out into such a success.

We were placed a glorious first - from the bottom - but as they always say, tomorrow is another day. Vanessa Weintig was our heroine and deserves a special vote of congratulations for winning for Merriman, the cup for the "Swimmer of the Year" and butterfly champion, in addition to other races.

The divers too, deserve a special "thankyou" for their lovely performances. Best of luck for the future!

Our very gifted sculptor for the occasion proved to be Alison Burns who, with her handiwork and skill, created our masterpiece, the monkey! The swimming season ended on a very pleasant tone this year when we celebrated (and snored) the terrific success of Rolt at a party held at school. Well done Rolt, and exceptionally well tried Merrimans!!



The Merriman Swimming Float,  
taken by G. Burns.

# hockey report

by S. Duncan. st. 10

This year, the Merriman Hockey teams were hard working and extremely enthusiastic. They turned up for practices every morning before school and most afternoons as well.

When the day dawned, we were all extremely excited, and donned red bibs, and tied red ribbons in our hair. We won several matches in the Under 15 section, and one match in the Senior section. Everyone played extremely well and the overall result was: Rolt first; Merriman second and Jagger third.

I would like to thank the teams all very much for their fantastic co-operation.

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merriman

teams



← swimming

volley-ball



← hockey

# ACT ONE

nb: The following two essays were awarded Honours Certificated in the Eisteddfod.

## modern fashions

by L. woodsworth  
std. 9

I feel that modern fashions reflect the rebellious mood of the youth of today. The young people no longer feel that they must dress alike and wear the same conventional clothing as their elders. No longer do girls count the months and years until they are old enough to copy their mothers, but instead many of the older generation are wishing that in their youth they had had the initiative and ideas to be different. People are not stared at if they wear extreme variations of a certain fashion, or looked down on, but are regarded as someone with imagination and a unique standard of taste.

Today's mood is unconventional. All of a sudden, the teenagers forget their dreams of copying Parisian haute couture fashions, and started setting their own fashions which proved far more flattering and a great deal less expensive. The latter point was indeed true because handbags and shoes now do not necessarily have to match, nor do jackets and skirts, and leathers and corduroys are frequently mixed.

Teenagers' modern fashions are a complete contrast to what they used to be. Gone are the wispy-washy, pastel colours and demure hemlines which reached the middle of the knee. Shades of purple, red, orange and green are combined in lurid stripes to form colourful "cut-away" dresses that have been raised twelve inches about the knee. Wavy lines, spots, stripes and all sorts of weird patterns are mixed together in vibrant hues in many different outfits to achieve a psychedelic effect. With these startling clothes are often worn patterned or plain stockings of clashing colours, and knee length boots.

Hats come in all shapes and sizes, that is, from the perky little "Donovan" caps to the festive Mexican sombreros. Uncomfortable stiletto-heeled shoes have disappeared and

have been replaced by sensible but amusing, round-toed, ankle-strap shoes with chunky heels. Personally, I feel that these are a combination of both baby's and grand-mother's shoes, but they are to our advantage as there are so many and varied shoe-styles which offer a great deal of comfort.

Very "mini" hipster-skirts, worn with tight, thin-ribbed, sleeveless jerseys, called "skinnies", are very popular and are frequently worn to create a casual mood. Mini-skirts look very attractive on the right people (even boys are known to wear them as well, in some places, that is) who are those who are young and who possess reasonably slim legs.

Many middle-aged women try to reach back to seize their lost youth by wearing teenager "mod" clothing, but instead of this resulting in the young, "with-it" mother-look which they expect to achieve, they only succeed in looking ridiculous. For who would find flabby, fat on skinny muscular thighs, with odd varicose veins accentuated by the briefest of mini-skirts, even remotely attractive? It is funny to realise how, for centuries, young girls have tried to imitate the older generation's fashion and now the opposite change has taken place.

How long will this "mod" clothing last? What will tomorrow's fashion be? Already people are beginning to tire of the floral prints and blinding, clashing colours in their lurid designs, and many hemlines are dropping to the opposite extreme. I have a feeling that whatever fashion may attempt to dictate, teenagers will keep right on setting their own fashions in their own unconventional way, and I am certain that they will always show that remarkable unique taste which requires a great deal of that imagination which is prerogative of youth to possess.



# modern fashions

by S. Stent.  
std 10

We are living in a decade of the "Swinging Sixties" and no doubt this name will go down in history just as the "naughty thirties" or the "Gay Twenties" did.

In the clothes world, fashions are becoming more flamboyant and extreme every day. Are you wearing the latest "Bonnie and Clyde" outfits and the make-up and

looks of the '20's and '30's, or are you dressing tastefully, but unobtrusively in beige



with a neat string of pearls? If you are wearing the latter, you are definitely not "with-it", but I think very lucky not to have been swayed by the mad, "mod" world of the "Pink Panther", "What's Happening" and "Go-Go girl" Boutiques, where you wade through a rather musty jingle of the weirdest of weird outfits, proliferate everywhere. With more money and leisure at the teenagers' disposal than ever before, they are always ready to buy anything different and respond to novelty in a big way. This new horrific "mod" fashion is riddled with gimmicks and the desire to over-stress, whether it be with purple, orange and red tent-dresses like sailing-boats in full rig, golf-ball earrings, maxiskirts and fills, or dresses twelve inches above knobby knees and legs resembling melted bottles.

linked up with modern fashions is the "pop world". Pop has become so familiar that we take it for granted nowadays. It is very much a reflection of a new generation's way of life, standards, attitudes and aspirations. As a trend-setter it has shown a marked influence in many fields of entertainment, modern design, fashion and beauty.

"Pop" music, to the composers, means to be alive right now and to have a good time at all costs. It is the cutting edge of today's youth culture; the beat of the "sixties", the new language of the contemporary state of mind which seems to be in the control of the "under-twenty-fives" at the present moment. It "digs" so-called freedom "love", community, energy, sensuality and rebellion against conventions. The lyrics express the problems of modern society and strengthen the feeling of teenage separateness. It is both a mixture of superficial values and materialism, as well as a social consciousness which springs from genuine feeling or sheer commercialism. All the time "pop" music is finding more "way-out" directions in Baroque, Indian, electronic, psychedelic and "occult" music.

Where is it leading young people? It is producing a nightmare of temporary euphoria, strange emotions and idyllic dreams, where "love", in the current misused sense of the word, is predominant.

Yet it is also part and parcel of growing up today, and maybe a favorable factor is that it is a means of expression, and a





Winter

fashions

by s stent

st 2.10

release for frustrations and tensions formed by modern living. It will not last however.

In England, the cities seem to be seething with youths in rebellion: in rebellion against their parents, who can often be blamed for it, against authority, against teachers and against society itself. This results in the "hippie" - bohemianism, the "drop-out", long-haired social parasite who takes drugs, and the "won't-work" existentialist, all with their basic irresponsibility.

"Pop" music and its trends have become so popular with the young because of the growing independence of the teenage society and their desire for freedom. Yet surely these pullible followers of the trend-setters of unconventionality are not finding freedom but are simply conformists of a non-conformity, where they are really seeking security as well as sensation and recognition.

In the art world, originality and experimentation seem most important. Modern artists are continually looking for new forms and new meanings so that they reach out first in one direction, then in another. We note less and less interest in subject matter of a traditional kind. In this present time, where the concern of our age with the deep, psychological motivations of human actions is found, artists are finding many forms of expression in art at different levels. It is a world of the imagination and subconscious.

Architecture reveals yet another aspect of modern trends. Social changes and the rapid advancement in the technological "Machine Age" world have made architecture progress radically to fit in with modes of contemporary living in which it plays such a vital rôle. The modern style in architecture is evidence of new directions in a new and changing world. Art, architecture and sculpture can be linked together nowadays, and in these spheres, great development and possibilities lie ahead which we cannot clearly foresee but which will inevitably happen.

Let me not forget to mention the literary field. Undoubtedly we know there are still a great many authors producing fine books of a high standard, but if you run your eyes over the rows of books, you will be affronted by hundreds of garish paper-backs with lewd covers to attract the inquisitive buyer looking for a little modern pornography. More and more often we find these cheap novels, many of which I would not think fit for a combustion stove, being churned out to the unsuspecting public. We find sordid "romances" set either in idyllic conditions or in depressing slums; we find bad murder stories, "James Bond" espionage novels, or racy, sophistic-





mod's

by m. s p o o o o s

st 9



ated novels which often reveal a rather shattering reflection of a pathetic modern society, swept along by a tidal wave of progress and not able to find a firm footing. What has happened to the current state of English fiction? You begin to wonder what possible point there is in publishing these books, let alone writing them - I suppose they appear because that is where the money lies - in fooling the gullible middle-class public into believing that they are keeping up with the significant new books and authors.

Time is a valuable commodity, but the general tempo of living has increased to such a degree that there is never enough time for deep thought, the exchanging of ideas or the enjoyment of anything. The majority of people seem to be caught up in the rat race of trying to succeed in the material sense, striving all the time for more and more as if they can never be content or happy with their lot in life.

On the moral side, integrity, chastity, reliability, and unselfishness do not seem to fit into this new world of today. As well as this, the things that matter - the things of the spirit - seem to be fighting a losing battle, and the art of leisure is indeed a lost art.

Modern fashions are merely springboards to something else, something new, renewed, modified or different, but although to us they are impermanent they also seem inevitable and yet the older generation asks of the spinning world, "Quo vadis?"

## antarctic voyage

by D. Turner-Smith std. 8

On the tenth day after we had left Cape Town, I awoke to see through my porthole a white glimmer of ice in the distance. I leapt out of my bed and pulled on my clothes, consisting of a large pair of warm woollen trousers with rubber boots up to my knees and a thick polo-neck jersey, and went up on deck into the dazzling sunshine. It was not an iceberg, but instead it was my first sight of a loose pack of ice. The sheets of floating ice were cracked and broken and the trailing fringes had drifted away from the rest of the pack.

Yes, this was my first and most exciting voyage on board the South African ship, R.S.A. It was my first opportunity of going south to be stationed on Marion Island. Here I was on the way, as excited as a young schoolboy, at having my first experience of seeing icebergs actually floating around in the water.

As we drew nearer the icebergs were all very grateful to the people back in Cape Town for issuing us with so many clothes, including heavy ouffel coats and oilskins. While I was leaning over the metal rails in a thick coat, I remembered having read about the Russians in the war, who, if they leant up against any metal, had their skin torn off because of the intense cold; and they also had to be careful when smoking, not to tear the skin off their lips when they took their cigarettes out of their mouths.

One of the largest icebergs we met on our way was one which was nearly two miles long, but was fairly narrow. Another thing that stuck in my mind is the sunset each night. On most nights the sun set at about eleven o' clock when it looked like a flaming yellow ball as it sank down behind the horizon and the icebergs looked pink as last rays of the sun were reflected in them.

Being far out at sea, we found that very simple things amused us and kept our spirits up. For example, seeing a small family of penguins drifting around on an iceberg out of sight of land, kept our minds occupied for a while. Occasionally one would disappear off the iceberg and return a few minutes later with a small fish of sorts in its beak. Just seeing them waddle awkwardly around the iceberg kept our attention fixed for a few minutes.

I had recently read that a penguin's love-life begins, when the male penguin picks up a pebble in his beak and gallantly places it in front of the female's feet. Scientists can rarely distinguish between a male and a female without dissecting it, and there is a faint suspicion that penguins cannot either, because sometimes when the woo-er drops his pebble in front of a male, he is violently attacked by the insulted gentleman. So, naturally, when I saw this actually happening I was quite fascinated although it did cross my mind to wonder where the pebble came from.

Of course there were plenty of seals playing and frolicking in the water. While seeing them swimming around in the water, looking as if nothing mattered, I realised how cruel humans must be to kill them in cold blood.

Eventually after our long voyage, we arrived at our station on Marion Island. After the R.S.A. had returned to Cape Town, I sat at my station surrounded by miles of frozen ice, and thought of the voyage.

# Die diertjies in die kerkhof

by a raey std 7

Verlede quartaal het ek elke dag deur die kerkhof gestap. In die bome woon daar baie klein diertjies veral duiwes en eekhoorns.

As jy stadig en stilletjies met die pad afstap dan sal jy nie al die diertjies laat skrik. Wanneer dit baie stil is, sit ek op my tas en fluit saggies. Ek moet nie lank wag nie tot h nuskierige eekhoorn uit sy boom klim en stadig my aankom.

Soms het ek h neut en as ek dit in my opehand vir hom hou om te ruik, kom hy nader en gryp dit om te eet. Soe hy klaar geëet het, sit hy daar en wag vir nog h neut, maar as ek net h half duim beweeg dan hardloop hy weg en klim hoog in sy boom.

Party keer as ek dunkskap, het ek h bietjie saad en ek sit dit op die grond. Ek moet net h paar voet wegstap en dan kom die duiwes om dit te eet. Soms kom daar amper twintig maar soms net een.

As h mens stadig beweeg sonder om die diertjies te laat skrik kan jy baie interessante dinge van hulle leer. Ek hou van daar namiddae te loop wanneer niemand daar is nie, om die diertjies nie te laat skrik nie.



by g. de ber  
std 6

# dawn

by s de woronin std.9



# dawn comes

by t. helfet std. 8

A baby shrieked, piercing the oppressive silence. Her mother looked with glassy eyes, uncomprehending and unmoving. Finally a movement arrested her eye and she became aware that her daughter was crying, hungry for food and attention that had been denied her for most of the night.

Hands groped mechanically to cup the lukewarm coffee served in the mugs stamped with the ship's insignia. Sporadic hushed whispering was the only noise besides the gentle wash of the waves as they met the prow and left the sides of the ship.

The night had left its mark on all the muddled passengers of the refugee ship as they fled in convoy. It was a night of thought; — thoughts of life and of death as life was nearly finished and death nearly begun.

The submarine was spotted as the periscope trailed its wake one hundred yards off the starboard bow. The general alarm had sounded, freezing all into fear: a constant accompaniment to wartime life. For six hours the wake marked a road immediately obliterated as soon as it was formed. For six hours eyes strained to outline the black shape momentarily washed by waves or obscured by foam, constant in its foreboding as well as motive. It was a prolonged night until at last came the dawn.

# death of an old woman

There she sat;  
An old woman,  
Carrying in her gnarled hands  
a bunch of withered flowers,  
Upon the station.

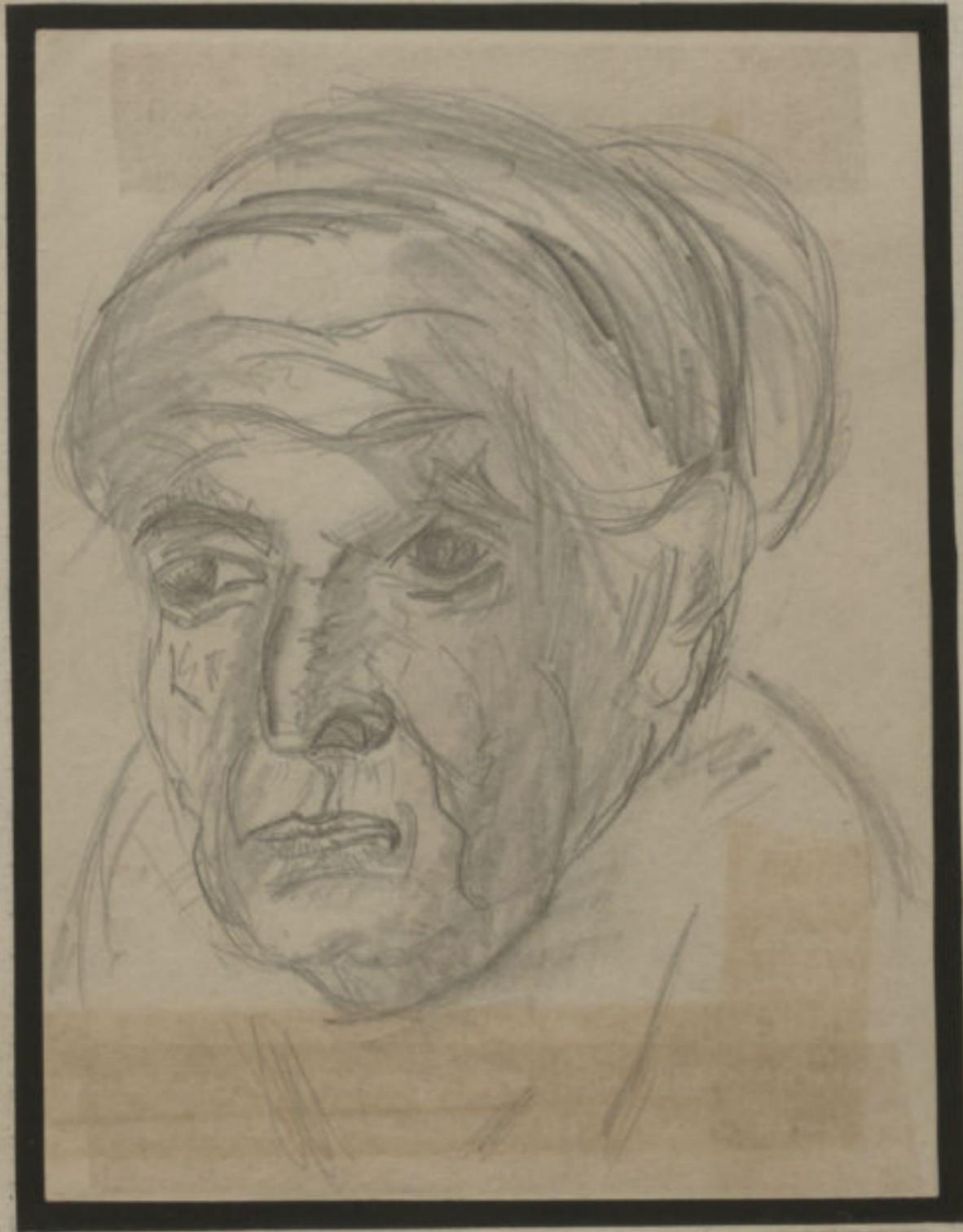
No-one knew  
That in her heart  
she mourned the death  
of her beloved one,  
upon the station.

Only I knew  
that she waited,  
For in her heart she knew  
she was ready to go,  
upon the station.

She stood up;  
Her time had come,  
Picking up her ticket she moved forward,  
she stood  
upon the station.

The train came,  
She stepped aboard.  
It bore her silently away,  
I sat alone  
upon the station.

by p. pettigrew  
std. 8



by e. burns std. 7

# INTERVUE

## the scarecrow

The scarecrow sits in a lonely field,  
To try to get the crops to yield,  
And bring forth a good crop.  
But, of course the crows he cannot stop.

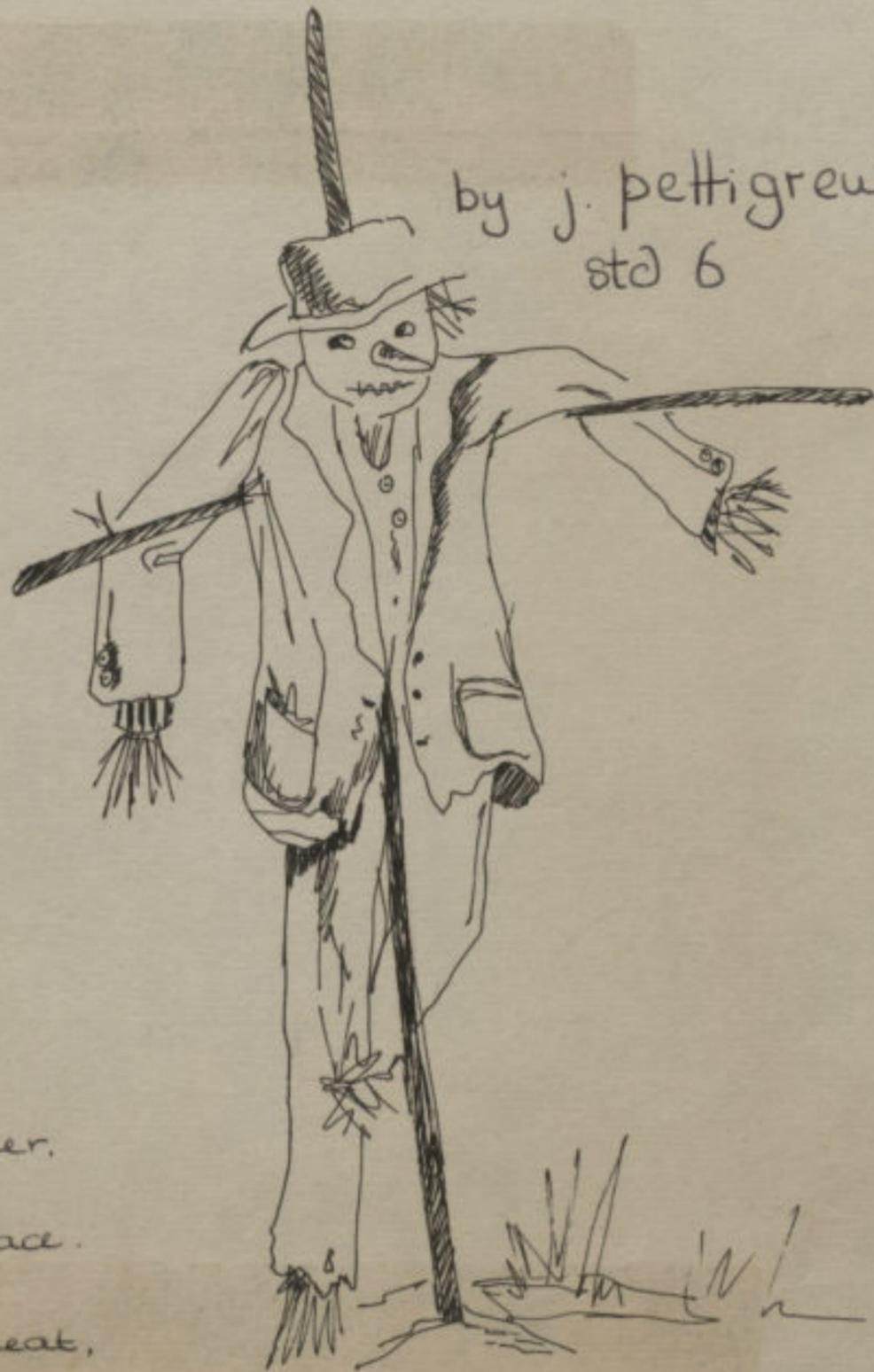
Although he isn't of much use,  
Standing around in orange and blue,  
But, on rainy days  
His form comes in use in many ways.

Excited children rummage around,  
Underneath and above the ground,  
Looking for carrots, hats and scraps  
To make one of those "exciting chaps!"

At last when all is sewn together,  
And the body is stuffed with many a feather,  
Buttons and wool are sewn on his face,  
And under his chin hangs a bunch of lace.

Then placed in the ground of a crop of wheat,  
He will have to stand forever on his feet,  
But, although there for many a year,  
The horrid black crows he never will fear.

by j. pettigrew  
std 6



by j. fauld's  
std. 10



winter

by s. de wovnin sto.9

# view from a window

by a. reay std. 7

Getting up in the morning, you may, perchance, look out of the window. If you rise early enough, you will see the sun, pink, on one of the highest peaks.

Through the window you will probably see icicles hanging like transparent fingers pointing forever downwards from the roof. Further down the street, on other houses, you will see people on the roof, shovelling the snow on to the street below, here there will be the sound of iron chains being dragged along a hard surface, and looking down a cloud of snow, shooting upwards will be seen, that would be the snow plough.

On the hill's side there would be a scar in the snow on the past avalanches. You will see the ski-lifts deserted, except for one man going up and down, flatterring the snow for the day. After a fresh fall of snow you will see the fir trees covered with the snow that had just fallen.

If you are a late-riser and are near the ski-lift, you will see long queues of people, holding skis, waiting for their turn on the lift. These people will be clothed in brightly coloured garments.

These are some of the many things you can see from a window of a hotel in a small Austrian village.

# puzzle

by s. abernethy std. 7

1. Remove the cat, but leave the dog.

HOMAN UNXD.

2. Remove the continent, but leave the country.

EGAFRYPTICA.

3. Remove the girl's name, but leave the boy's.

MIJACHAENEL.

see page 45 for answers.



my dog

by s. abernethy std. 7

# king fisher days

by l. fauld's std. 8

The sun slowly ascended the sky, and the birds in the trees welcomed the day with a variety of chirps and twitters. Outside, the dew lay heavily on the grass and half-opened flowers.

It was a day of beauty, a day to be enjoyed. As the sun rose, the sky became a brighter and brighter blue, and the air became heavy with the scent of flowers. The humdrum bees flew busily back and forth, and the gay butterflies fluttered hither and thither. Clearly this was a Kingfisher Day.

I remember days like this, at sea, when the wet beaches shimmer in the sun and the waves curl over in a foam, demure as lace. Above in the blue sky the grey and white sea-gulls whirl and swoop, fanning the air with their grey tipped wings. On days like this, the sea is usually patterned green and purple by the shoals, but sometimes it is pale and translucent.

In Autumn, the days are golden and the air is heavy and sweet. Everywhere one sees fields of golden wheat intermingled with bright red poppies and orchards full of trees laden with fat fruit.

The evenings of 'Kingfisher Days' are always very lovely, and at these times, I sit up on the mountain and survey the scene below me.

During the evening, the sky is pale blue and pink, and in the west, a fiery ball sinks slowly into the sea. The city down below me is pink and throbbing. In the distance are the mountains forming a back-drop to the city and the glassy sea.

# my dog

by l. olds std. 8

Thump, bump, my dog Paul,  
He loves the dustmen best of all,  
Oh, what fun it is to tear  
Uniforms that dustmen wear.



involvement

by s. stent st. 10

# knitting

by s. pemberthy std. 6

Clickety clack, clickety clack,  
Oh! I wish I had not chosen black,  
Must I do pull or must I do pleain?  
Oh bother it, I've dropped one again.

Clickety clack, clickety clack,  
I've finished the front, I've started the back,  
Ounce after ounce, row after row,  
Slowly it's started to grow.

clickety clack, clickety clack,  
I've sewn up the front and the back,  
I've put on the collar, alas and alack  
You'll never believe it, I've knitted a sack!

## the sad world of marko

by k. resnekov std. 6

On a stool beside the river,  
A little boy does sit and shiver.  
He is Marko,  
Son of Marko,  
Marko the poor man.  
You can hear him cry.  
You can hear him sigh.  
Why?  
He asks no questions,  
He answers none.



by j. fauld's  
std. 10



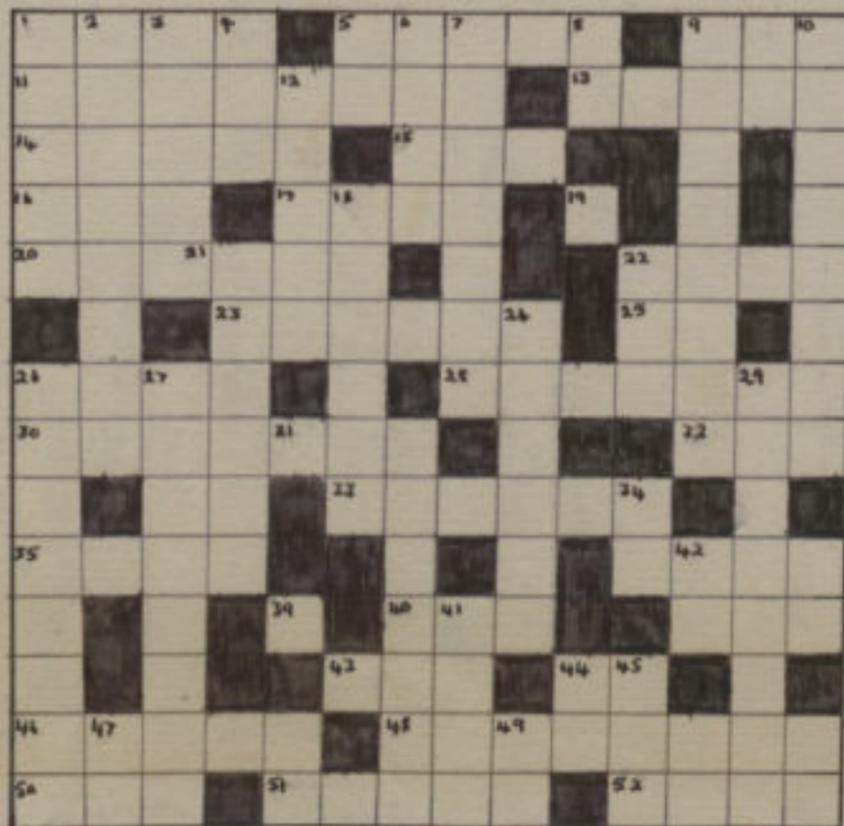
by j. fauld's  
std 10

All he will do is lie and cry  
 And sometimes watch the clouds go by.  
 He lives in a dream world;  
 A world of love,  
 A world made of ice-cream.

Let him live in his world  
 Do not disturb him.  
 For his make-belief land  
 Made of make-belief sand  
 It's all he has got to live for.

# Latin crossword puzzle

by s.abbott st2.10



## across

1. on the ground
5. immediately
9. but, conjunction
11. having copied agreeing with acc.  
case of a mass. noun 2nd declension.
13. I cut; past indicative.
14. the south east winds, acc.
15. there, advrb.
16. with my (pers).
17. the book of yours.
19. away from, preposition.
20. let them wander
23. of the day.
27. city walls, acc.
25. he goes.
26. from there
29. by pursuing
30. you are snowing, singular.
32. you may be, singular.
33. rashly
35. neut. nom. superl. from inferus
36. from thirst
39. away from, preposition
40. a law, nom. singular.
42. six.
43. a matter, nom. singular.
44. it, acc. singular.
46. gift, gen. singular
48. let them announce
50. there, adverb.
51. I went
52. tomorrow

## down

1. in the winter.
2. 3rd person plural perf. indicative  
of - to be moist
3. I wander.
4. I go
5. he goes
6. he loosened
7. you drink
8. a bone nom. singular
9. a drought nom. singular
10. you will disagree singular
12. with an ass
14. she stood
21. perf. subjunctive, primary
22. sequence 1st person sing. to buy  
for a long time adverb.
24. nom. masc. sing. adj. (+made of)  
bronze.
26. of that kind
27. gen. of perf. participle, having  
performed.
29. by the reservoir
31. six times
34. you are singular.
37. this (man) nom. singular.
38. same as 39 across.
41. perf. participle nom. masc. of  
the verb to use
44. same as 5 down
45. imperative say singular
47. in front of preposition
49. why not? quid . . . . ?



seascape

by j. faulds. st0.10

# mr. washkansky

by e. hacking std. 9

During the holidays I went to tennis with a great friend of my mother's and she asked me to recruit three friends who had a knowledge of foreign languages to go with her to sort Mr. Washkansky's letters. The friends I chose were Judith Riley, Julia Mortera and Sue Wilmore and between us we had a knowledge of English, Afrikaans, French, Italian, German and Russian.

I was rather worried about the prospect of meeting Mrs. Washkansky, but I need not have been, she could not have been a nicer woman. She did not harp on her husband's death, although she was quite willing to answer our somewhat impertinent questions. I was obliged to meet her son, as she left soon after we got there, because I had to ask him some questions about addresses. He seemed much more affected by his father's death than his mother, although he was quite calm and willing to help me.

After a lovely tea, we set to work. A great majority of letters came from Italy, France, Poland and America although there were many letters from many other countries. It was quite understandable that people of other countries wrote in their own language, but it seemed a bit strange that directors of newspapers and other companies overlooked the fact that the Washkansky would not be able to speak French or Spanish! As well as letters for the Washkansky there were letters for the medical team which had been given to us as well. They were all very interesting, (we had to make précis of them) and we managed to decipher the majority of the letters.



landscape

by s. de worrinin std. 9

# AFTER TWO under the street-light

by m. mac.gregor.

Across the street from my bedroom window is a sombre lamppost. At night there is nothing more beautiful than the heavenly pool of light, surrounding it. — perhaps, because one feels that it is a refuge from worries — and is this not our heaven? We, of course, can create our own heaven with enough will power, but very few of us have will power to that extent.

It is a shimmering pool of gold, with an indefinable boundary. Yet one can definitely see the difference between light and dark. It is like all great human misdoings. We know what is right and what is wrong, but where is the boundary line? That is one of the strangest things about this light and this life.

Sometimes a stray dog enters this golden dome and is entirely lit up. Then, sitting on the edge of this pool, as on the precipice of the known and the unknown, he will howl deep in the night, as though warning us all of something ominous to come. It is a noise which chatters all quietness of thought and makes one shiver with the suddenness of it.

Often, a contented couple walk beneath the light and are lit up in such a way that you wish they would stay there and not leave that encircling glory to tread so assuredly and positively into the unknown. Something within me wants to shout out: "take care!" But what would be the use, when so many others say the same thing, yet heed it not themselves? Sometimes they pause, leaning against the post and whispering sweet things to each other while their faces are cast in a glorious gold.

Then, of course, one sees the lonely drunkard flounder along and enter that small paradise to lie down and sleep. It is then that I think those golden pools were especially created for the despised, to obtain sweet relief. Soon he is up again, always restless, leaving that comforting warmth to enter the treacherous black world of reality. For him, I am almost sure, the world is black, or, if not black, then a fog; a dim disillusionment. He can obtain no real reward from his bottle of wine and none, seemingly, from a sober, guided life. Probably the reason that he can find nothing in a guided life is purely that he thinks that sort of life will not do him any good — for the simple reason, that he has never experienced it fully.

I always feel very sorry for those harmless old rogues. — unless, of course, self-destruction is harm?

They depress me endlessly; but, as with all human problems, the only persons who can help them in their grievous misery, are they themselves.

So it is that so many and so few, enter that circle of hopefulness, discard it, and hope to find an even simpler and better solution, beyond it, on their way. But nothing that is satisfying to the heart is ever easy to find.

## oor 20 jaar

by m van lennep  
std. 6

Wanneer ek, jaai, weer oor twintig jaar sien, is ek seker dat sy in boesrou sal wees. Sy hou baie van plase, en sy sal seker eens op in plaas in suid afrika woon. Sy sal my met in groot voorstoot aan, groot, omdat sy net besiq was om kos vir die werkmense te kook. Sy het die oggend in melktert gebak en wil ek nie graag in stukke daarvan proe nie? Vanmiddag gaan sy saam met haar man op in bokkejaag. Sy het in ou broek wat ek kan leen. En kan ek perdry? Hulle gaan te perd.

Ek is heeltemaal daarvan oerluciq dat sy op in plaas sal lewe oor twintig jaar. as ek tessa weer oor twintig jaar sien, sal sy gelukkig getroud wees met sewe kinders. Sy sal in switserland woon en met haar familie lang skitlogte deur die berge maak. sy sal in heerlike lewe hê en sy sal die gewildste persoon in hulle klein dorpie wees.



by s. stent  
std. 10

# fishing

by t. helfet st. 8

The moon played softly on the water as we headed towards the open sea. The captain shouted muted commands to the men and the tasks were wordlessly fulfilled. Lights flashed between the two boats as we glided towards the shoals of sardines. The waters played with the prow, and the nets with the water.

The sailors slowly let out the lines between the boats, and the nets were lowered into the quiet depths which held the story of the fishermen, their families and their lives. Lights shone into the depths - a shaft penetrating their region. A silver back flashed through the light, only to turn in the face of the net; - the oncoming threat which trapped them all.

There was a fire on deck when we joined the fishermen after the catch had been brought in. The smell of sardines and tomato frying on a grill scented the air. The warmth of the coffee filled our hands as we gripped our mugs, savouring before drinking. The sardines that night became a dish of the few, an Epicurean feast.

As I looked at the faces of this dying race, a race of today and not of the wantless tomorrow, I wondered which is better: to live for today or tomorrow, to think for today or for tomorrow.

The nets were dragged for two more hours while we huddled against the foredeck, the wind in our faces. The moon blacked out and then reappeared once more, lighting our course to Lagos as our prow beat the tide upon the morning swell.

# the wave

by m van breda st. 8

Beyond the dew damp sand lies the clear, cold sea that sparkles.

Every whisp of seaweed is visible through the greenish blue.

In the icy sea man's warm body is chilled. He tingles.

And Neptune sets out to do what he first set out to do.

The never ending cycle begins again. Every wave the same yet quite unique.

The wave rolls over shifling sandbanks like a snowball rolling to utmost strength.

Silently babbling to the unsuspecting birds over head as if it could speak.

And say "For how long must I move? For what time? For what length?"

The wave is untouched, almighty, with no sad tales of shameful cowardice.

It peaks, cries, stretches, cracks, then breaks in flood of tears, as though.

It had stretched too far, too much, further than needed, beyond its outer limits.  
Of elasticity and were exhausted, old, like a cripple, feeble and slow.

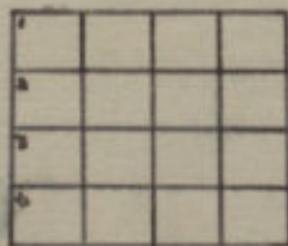
A surfer churns up the sand around him as he marches down to the sea.  
He surfs to obtain freedom of thought, to feel real and at peace with the world.  
He paddles out with rhythm, deep in thought, unsuspecting that he  
Partakes in a plot, and watches the wave in front which has curled.

He watches the surf and turns his board to paddle for the coming wave.  
He stands, surfs into the curl, turns, rides up and roller coasters down.  
He hugs the curl manoueuering up and down, but nothing can save  
His mistake as the powerful wave beats the rails and covers him up like a gaur.

Neptune smiles with secret glee because he has proved that he is greater  
Than any man who rides his waves and tries to become totally involved  
In this strong, unusual and unexplored curl, but wait and maybe later  
man with new and shorter boards will have the secret of the wave curl solved.

# puzzle

by s. a bernethy st. 7



Solve the puzzle by using the four clues given below the diagram. If done correctly the same four words  
will appear when you read downwards.

1. Halk.
2. kind or sort.
3. What one does with a door when entering.
4. Revial of an instrument with which one writes.

see page 45 for solution



# the yacht

by u. weinlig std. 7

# the day the horse had colic

by p. jesse std. 8

Last Thursday afternoon, Maya and I were going for a ride. We reached the forest when suddenly the horse I was on lay down. Maya quickly rode to her friend's house from where she had borrowed her horse and asked Mrs. de Vos to come and examine my horse, Matchlight. It is really Maya's horse but I was riding it. She was lying on the ground moaning and groaning and trying to roll the whole time. She said that we must lead it home at once and call the veterinary surgeon.

It had been raining heavily and just as we were about to cross the river, the horse slipped and started to roll right in the middle of the river with the saddle and everything on.

We pulled it up out of the river and made our way home as fast as we could. We saw Dita just unsaddling her horse and asked her to phone the veterinary surgeon who said he would come in an hour or so. Now began the tedious job of walking the horse round and round, because if it rolls there is a chance that the intestine might become twisted and the horse will die. So I walked her round and round while Maya cleaned out the stable and kept the foal under control.

After about two hours the veterinary surgeon arrived and said that Matchlight had colic from too much green grass and weeds. He gave her two injections which were meant to make her feel drowsy. After supper we went to have a look at her and she was still grunting, so once again we walked her round and round until the drug took effect and she became drowsy. Then we went to bed absolutely exhausted and frozen, only to be awakened by the alarm bell four hours later, when I was trying to forget the horrible sight of the horse stamping in agony with colic.



by s. de wovonin  
std. 9

# Do modern communications promote international understanding?

by e.hacking  
std.9

The modern systems of communication are extremely varied: television, radio, satellite, travel by ship, aeroplane, train, car and an efficient postal service to mention but a few of them. These are all mediums in which we can use one or more of our senses of communication namely sight, speech, and hearing, writing and even touch.

One cannot discuss the promoting of international understanding by modern communication without analysing it as it is a very broad and generalized heading which encompasses a great deal. The verb to understand means to comprehend or to perceive the meaning of something. In the case of international understanding it is the people who have to be understood: the conditions in which they live, their religious and superstitious beliefs, their political views and their general attitude to life and living.

Personal communication is without doubt the best method of communication. This type of communication can only be obtained by personal contact with the people and this usually entails travelling. In this way one is able to understand their attitude to life and therefore their reactions to conditions in which they live.

Passing through a region gives one little better idea of the region other than the probable weather conditions for the time of the year in which one visited it, and a few environmental factors which may be influencing the people.

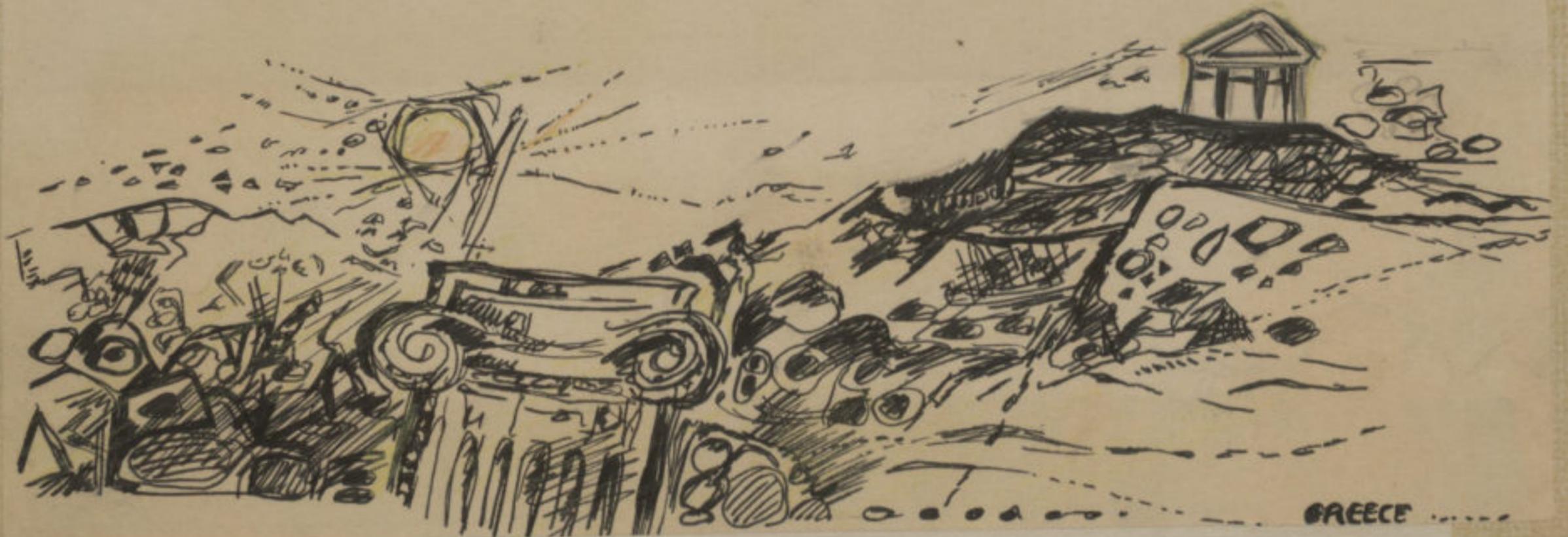
To really understand a people one must live among them for a period of time long enough to gain their confidence. Then they will speak freely giving their views on politics, religion and their superstitions. It is only by this personal contact that one can obtain a true, unbiased opinion of the people and in this way one is sometimes able to understand their subsequent morals and behavior to foreign people and customs.

Not everybody is able or willing to travel in this way as it is expensive and tiring. Although it is the best way of understanding people of other races, language or income groups, it is by no means the most common way.

The major methods of modern communication are the mediums by which second hand information can be passed on to the general public. This information is necessarily biased to a greater or lesser degree, because it has been through an analysing process in the mind of an individual. It is most often distributed in the form of books, newspapers, magazines, by radio, television and word of mouth each using one or two of the senses and thus being inferior to personal contact which uses them all.

Modern means of travelling are faster, safer and more efficient, and so is a greater percentage

of people are able to move about the globe. Since the invention of the printing press, which is continually being modified, books have become cheaper and more available. Even radio and television are now commonplace in most civilized countries. Education has reached untold heights and most people are literate and many can speak one or more foreign languages. Thus one can see that methods of communication are more available to the general populace than ever before and in this way modern communication promotes international communication.



by s. stent std. 10

# the moon

by j pettigrew st0.6

Severely in the sky she floats,  
Like one of those ghostly galleon boats,  
Giving light to a weary stranger  
Like as to the wisemen and Jesus's manger

Yellow as roses born in the spring,  
She casts her light in a round, bright ring,  
Giving everything a silver sheen,  
And making it look so bright and clean.

During the day she floats in the sky  
The colour of a man whose doom is nigh.  
And if you look carefully the man you will see  
With an ordinary face like you and like me

Some people say she is made of cheese,  
Others, like the knobbles on their knees,  
But I think she looks like a ping pong ball  
That one day out of the sky will fall.

Sometimes her face is very round  
Then in her light the earth is bound,  
So please do take at least one peep  
And say good-night to her before going to sleep.

Severely in the sky she floats  
Like one of those ghostly galleon boats  
But all night long on guard she will keep  
To see that no harm comes where'er you sleep.

# malaria dream

by j.faulds std. 10

sleep, and sink down into a half-world of people who don't care too much for you and dark is warm and prickly; when you walk on stretches of cool sand that like the mermaid are knives in your feet every

step

step

step

step along green belts passing palm-trees, hot, and the mobile shadows large, larger, largest, small and gone again like the lost boys after Ruler Pan. Wet water over you, hot to cold, sharp gritting to smooth, try to remember, and a stale knot of boredom in your back, aching, and metal in your mouth, copper-penny tasting. Feathers brushing dustily your cheeks, and heat, damp drawn like the airport at Entebbe with long glasses of green and pink and orange drinks, not clear-opaque - with sticky froth on top drying out with darker dirty coloured foam, flies, oh let it go, go and wake -

Wake the night is cool, cold; shiver with the grass rippling outside the window while the leopard coughs and bushbabies run in the ceiling with soft thumps,

wake quickly; it is here again.

j-faulds std 10.



# EPHIOGHE

## the matriculation dance



Months of hard labour were rewarded on Saturday the twenty seventh of July when we held our Matric. Dance. The cream of South African manhood was carefully scrutinized before partners were finally selected. Once the problem of partners had been solved, work went ahead with decorations. By more or less mutual agreement the chosen theme was "Magical Mystery Tour" but by the time of the dance this had deteriorated into "If not, why not?" and on the murals we let our imaginations run riot.

Work also went ahead on the dresses. It may only be the case of "fine feathers make fine birds" but in our opinion everyone looked lovely that night.

The catering was organized by a dedicated few and the food went down well. In fact the evening was a howling success and we will remember it all our lives.

The accompanying photographs, taken by Shirley Island, are of some of the murals which decorated the hall.

# answers to puzzles

from page 20

from page 35

1. Hound
2. Egypt
3. Michael

S	T	O	P
T	Y	P	E
O	P	E	N
P	E	N	S

from page 25

H	U	M	I	L	I	C	O	S	E	D		
I	M	I	T	A	T	U	M	S	C	I	D	I
E	U	R	O	S	I	B	I	C	S			
M	E	O	I	S	T	I	A	C	S			
E	R	R	E	N	T	B	D	I	E	I		
U	H	O	E	N	A	A	I	T	D			
I	N	D	E	T	S	E	Q	U	A	C	E	
S	T	E	R	T	I	S	R	S	I	S		
T	F	I	T	E	N	E	R	E	S			
T	H	U	M	X	U	S	T	E				
M	N	E	T	U	S	S	E	X				
D	C	R	E	S	T	B	R					
D	O	T	I	S	N	U	N	T	I	E	N	T
I	B	I	C	E	S	S	I	C	R	A	S	

# editor's note

by e. hacking st 9

I would like to thank all the girls who helped to make this magazine what it is—the result of teamwork. My special thanks go to Sally Abbot for her help and advice, to Alison Burns who did all the beautiful printing, and to the four girls who gave up so much of their time to write out this magazine.

Many thanks also to Mr. Bogelt who so kindly donated the paper and to all the Merriman girls who pooled their pocket-money to buy the materials which were needed.

## finis.

by a. burns st 9

