

M. RIMAN

PREFECTS



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## HOUSE REPORT

First, may I thank Mrs Muller, who as head of Meriman, has given us guidance, and support, in all our undertakings. She has taken a great interest in our charities, and inspired, by her enthusiasm, almost every member of the house, knitted a jersey. These were handed in at the beginning of the first winter term, and Mrs Muller, accompanied by a number of girls, presented them to St Michael's Home. Three Meriman girls, also attended their annual General meeting for 1969.

May we extend a warm welcome to all the new staff: Mrs Mathews, Mrs Edelhyse, Mrs Stephens, Mrs Riley, Mrs Bergdon, Mrs Bagnal, Mrs Phillips, Miss Gross, Miss Bam, and the last but not least Mrs McCormick, whom we are specially pleased to have on the staff once again after an absence of two years, as Headmistress of Rhodan. May we also say good-bye to Miss Theron, Mrs Riley, and Mrs Bagnall, and we wish them the best of luck, in the next chapter of their lives.

So far this year, Meriman has not made her true colours in the sporting world, but with half the year still left, I am sure we will see a marked improvement. However, we are all very proud of Vanessa Weirliq who won the Swimmer of the Year Cup for the third time in succession.

The general standard of work has not been as good, as it should have been, however Julia Mortera, Alexandra Reay, Jane Whypps and Jennifer Mann have displayed outstanding merit.

Sally Abbott is to be congratulated on obtaining an American Field Scholarship, and we wish her every success for her life in America.

May I thank the Meriman prefects and prefect's helpers for their support, and especially Alison Burns, who has been particularly willing and competent.

Ethel Hacking Upper V

## SWIMMING REPORT.

"at swimming they havent a notion,  
at swimming they're all out at sea....."

This was part of our gala song, and when it came to singing, we were unbeatable, nevertheless, I am sorry to say that our words were pilled with "Dramatic irony," owing to the fact that we were completely beaten by Kolt and Tagger, whom we really do congratulate, on their very good performance.

However, "hope" is not lost, as a number of things point towards the future victories, to which I know that we will enjoy. Firstly, Vanessa Weineig, for the third time in succession, has won the "Swimmer of the year cup," which with, any luck she should retain for her final two years, in the senior school.

Secondly, the Meridian juniors, Jessica Lazar, and Vicki Slau, put on an extremely fine exhibition, of diving for their house, and as they are in 5006. at present, they should win the diving cups for Meridian in 1971, if they continue with their present enthusiasm. Jessica became inter-school's junior diving champion, and we are all very proud of her.

all that remains for me to say is "good luck."

Ethel Hacking Upper V



SWIMMING TEAM.



TENNIS TEAM



HOCKEY TEAM

## TENNIS REPORT

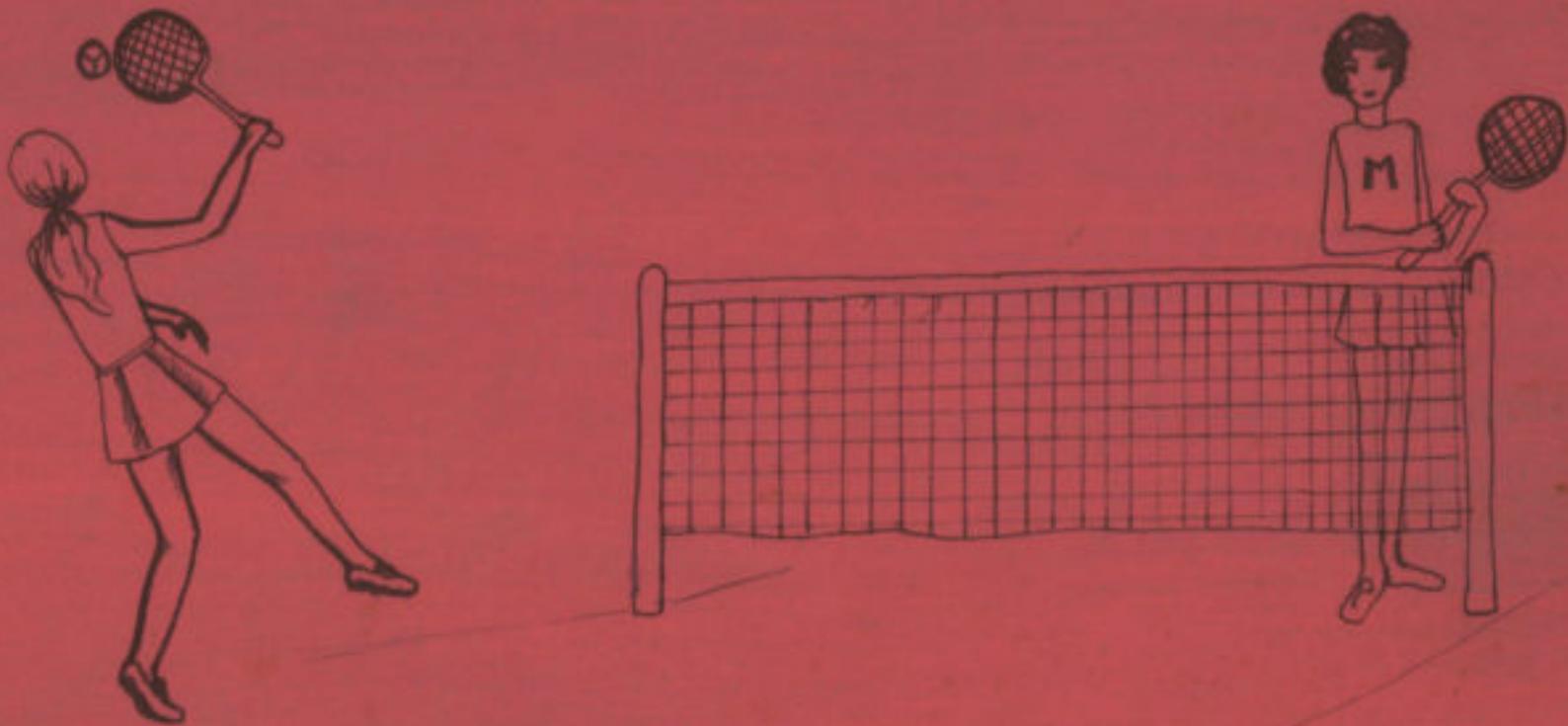
This year, although Merriman did not manage to win the inter-house tennis as they did last year, the standard was still very high, and we were only just beaten by Fagger, who won.

In the senior inter-schools tennis, Edwina Abbott and Jill Eyfolding who played U16A, managed to win their section, and were awarded their tennis colours. Other Merriman girls, who represented Kerscheil in the senior tennis were Deborah Turner-Smith, Louise Bradley, Glenda Harris and Mary Foot.

Jill Eyfolding and Edwina Abbott must also be congratulated for winning the junior school's tennis championships. Nicola Little, and Louise Bradley won the senior doubles in the school championships.

The enthusiasm shown amongst the Merriman tennis players this year was most gratifying, and was one of the reasons for a most successful, and enjoyable tennis school.

L. Bradley  
[tennis captain]





BY EDWINA ABBOTT '12

## WATER MUSIC

While I sat amongst the whorlberry and the camassia, listening to the brook babbling balderdash, I pondered over the different kinds of music the water makes. Think of the seas murmuring tenderly to themselves as they swirl gently backwards, and forwards over the well-worn sand of the oceans. Under the sea, it is like a fantasy world, where the vegetation, of the hydrosphere sways to and fro, and one can hear the distant beat of the waves, on the rocks.

One day, when walking along in a lush green forest, where the scent of ambrosia pervaded the air and the moisture fairly dripped off the leaves, I came upon a beautiful scene. The chattering stream tumbled down, over a jewel-like rock and landed softly on an eiderdown of (autumn) autumn leaves in a perfect little pool. The sunlight filtering through the trees overhead, struck amethyst and amber rays in the water as I leant to look down upon myself, my amulet fell twinkling into the water, crystal-clear, and the ripples carried dozens of golden amulets away with the running water. At the edge of the pool, the water gurgled along its water course singing, a ballad, all of its own. All around was the sound of water. I was caught up in the mood of the gay little brook and ran willy-nilly along with it. Imagine yourself (yourself) lying in bed, all snug and cozy, the room lighted up with the orange and pink glow of the fire in hearth, and listening to the beautiful sound of rain drops, pattering on the tin roof. Look out of your window, and the drops dancing in the puddles, and making a tinkling sound, like glass. It gives one, the marvellous feeling listening to this music.

Think of the drought-dried land, and the cattle are dying, and then comes the long-awaited rain. It lands on the parched ground with a sharp, hiss, and the pungent smell of the wet-dry earth rises up to one. The laughter and gaiety - the music of the people floats across the way, and mingles with sound of rain drumming on the ground.

The sound of storm-lashed sea, is music too, - but of a different kind. It comes from the deep-toned instruments of the marine orchestra, the lulling beat of the distant waves riding high on the beach, and breaking with a roar of thunder, drives one to look, out of the door at the tempestuous sight. The wind moans in the trees, and carries wave upon wave of frozen rain before it. The hail pricks the face and clunks on the stones, and one wants to run and laugh, and shout, and join in with the music of the night.

Compare snow, the softest of frozen vapour, which falls lightly but insidiously everywhere, and shrouds the world, muffling all sound. But when the snow has lain for some weeks, and the winter is passing, then comes the thaw. This is a true symphony of sound. Everywhere, is the drip-drip of water falling from iced-up roof-gutters, the laughing of streams running away with themselves, and the sloshing sound of the dock disintegrates and inches forward. The trees are relieved of their heavy burdens, with dull thuds, and the birds begin to sing again. The frozen tap is leaking again. At its base, a young snowdrop reaches for the sky; and as the drip falls down, a leaf is caught, swung back, and releases its load, with a soft 'plip' as it springs back to catch the next.

At the beach, the frozen lethargic waters revive at the sign of spring. The rock pools, laugh and gurgle, as the waves swish towards them, with a hiss in the sand. The wavelets recede, and plunge forward with a roar, to try and frighten the toes, at its edge.

Everywhere, is the sound of water; falling down the mountain side and rushing happily to meet the sea with frivolous laughter. I ran up the hill and stood, arms *quibus*, gazing at the shimmering sea. A ridge of

of water curled into arched foam, and broke with a quelling roar.  
The spray no longer gilds the waves, but races the beach.

by P. Pettigrew. Lower V.

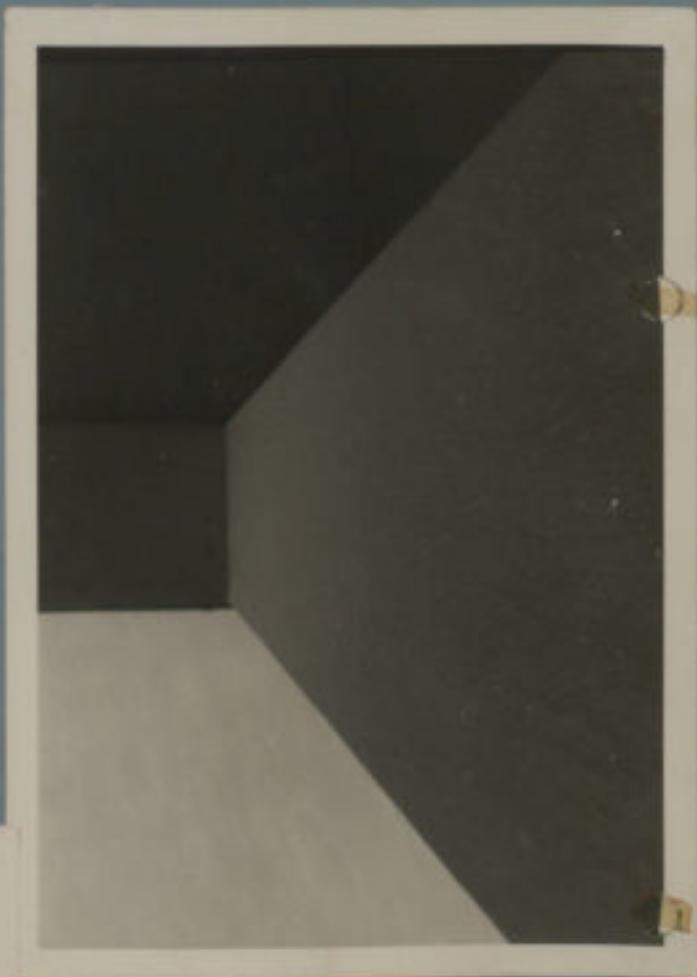


VANESSA WEINLEB '57



HERSCHEL





## STORM

The evening light fell on the troubled sea,  
The sun sunk behind a bank of cloud,  
Threw out a last beam  
Across the threatening water.

The rains came and thunder drowned the roar  
Of raging seas and tempest's mastery.  
A flash of lightning lit the shore  
Where earlier all was peace and quiet dignity.

by Priscilla Perberthy

## LA MAISON OÙ JE SUIS NÉE

Je suis née sur l'île de Homme. C'est une petite île située au milieu de la mer Irlandaise. La maison où je suis née était située au sud-est de l'île à Geonish. C'était une très petite maison de trois ou quatre chambres et qui avait des écuries et des kiliers à l'autre bout. Pendant ce temps, mon père était avocat et ma mère ménagère.

Au dehors, la maison était blanche et il y avait des volets grimpantes. Le toit de chaume jaune et les murs étaient de pierre. Le coin de feu était de terre de la famille et la cheminée passait au milieu de la chaume du toit. Les roses se pressaient par les petites grilles de chaque chambre, et autour de la maison, il y avait beaucoup de fleurs en été.

En hiver, il y avait beaucoup de tempêtes. Le vent gémissait dans la cheminée, et les chiens lui répondaient. Le foyer qui était aussi notre salon, c'était le cœur de la vie de la famille.

Il y avait beaucoup quelques ans que nous avons visité la maison où je suis née, j'étais très triste parce qu'on y avait fait un musée et les gens qui y visitent ont déformé la maison où je suis née.

by S. de Woronin

Janet V



## DISK

As the light disappears,  
I shall soon return to a dreamworld,  
The web is glowing in orange and yellow  
Changing the sky from blue to gold  
I feel like a bat  
Dark is my happiest time  
Because for me it hides all sorrows.

by Susan Perberry  
upper III



## SURFER

The square structure of the combi is silhouetted against the pink dawn,

the murmur of voices, excited, waiting for the surf,  
as the surfers stretch themselves.

Suddenly, it is light.

A new day for surf to be enjoyed and appreciated.

The door swings open, and they run towards the sound of breaking waves.

The waves are regular, smooth, glassy, fantastic!

Perfection at Cape St. Francis.

The sun shines on the waves,

a five to six foot swell with a soft off shore breeze  
unbelievable rights peeling off, making a fast shoulder.

Ropes are untied, boards waxed,

and surfers rub themselves to be rid of  
gooseflesh from the chilly breeze.

5 a.m.

They step carefully, avoiding sharp rocks,  
into clear, warm, water.

They shiver, push, spring, and paddle.

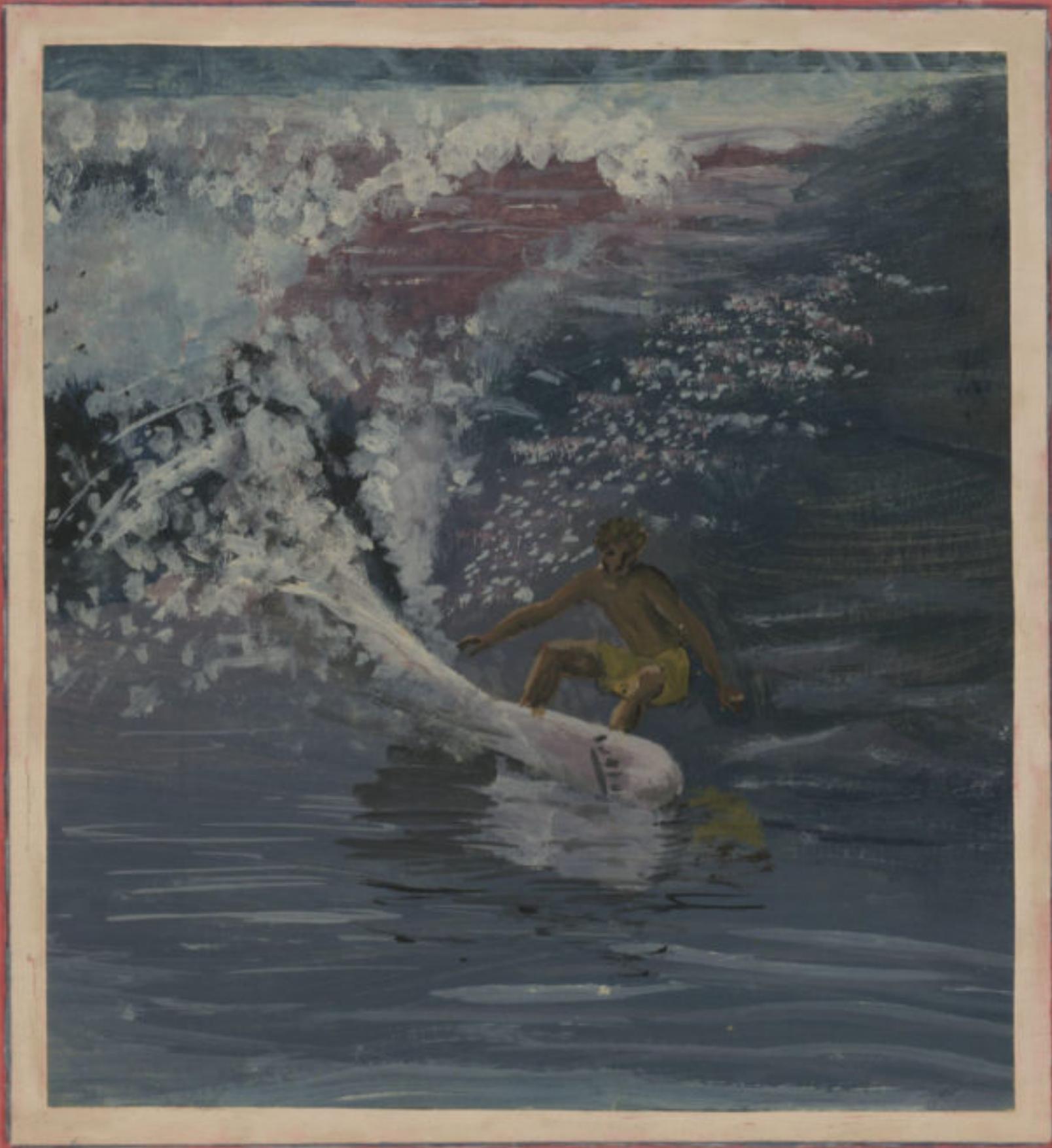
Lined up, they wait, silence, till a set comes through.

A surfer paddles, faster, he takes off.

Creates a bottom turn, and rides up.

Zoom!

Up, up into the lip of the wave,



by Tisha Gillanders.  
Lower II

It stretches, peels, with a ruler straight edge.  
He cuts back, arms fly, his skeg comes down clear.  
It picks up again.

Totally involved on a six foot board

There's a seal, an inruder.

A section threatens

and whoosh! he's through.

A wave is like a green cathedral, a castle, wonderful,  
Imaginary.

A green, yellow, blue, glittering substance  
of imagination,

in which man is unreal, immortal.

A sharp kick, and he is out, left behind.

The wave is free.

He paddles back to his friends;

to reality

to wait for another wave, another thought.

He is daring, brave

It is like a dose of LSD.

The mind is free, floating, blank.

Free, floating, blank;

Free, floating, blank.

by Mandy van Breda  
Lower VII



LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF

LOVE

IF NOT WHY NOT

Discothe

BY W. O. T. K. ABBOTT. 1. 15

## WHY I LIKE WINTER

The season of winter is slowly approaching us, with its dark, cloudy miserable days. This is the thought of many people, but I think of it quite differently.

On a cold, wet, winter's night, I like to snuggle up in bed and listen to the rain pattering on the windowsill, and the wind whistling through the trees, or sit quietly in a cosy room, reading an exciting book, with the warmth of the fire surrounding me.

This is also the season of animal hibernation. I love to sit and watch the squirrels collecting their nuts to keep them alive throughout the cold winter months. The bears sleep in their caves and snakes curl up in their holes.

One must also not forget the sporting activities that takes place in winter. In many parts of the world, skiing is the most popular sport. People do their ski-ing from the snow topped mountain slopes.

I often think, during the long winter months, one cannot help looking forward to the sunny summer!

by Jill Kent  
Upper III



ALISON BURNS UPPER 3.





1911-1912 22-500 AM

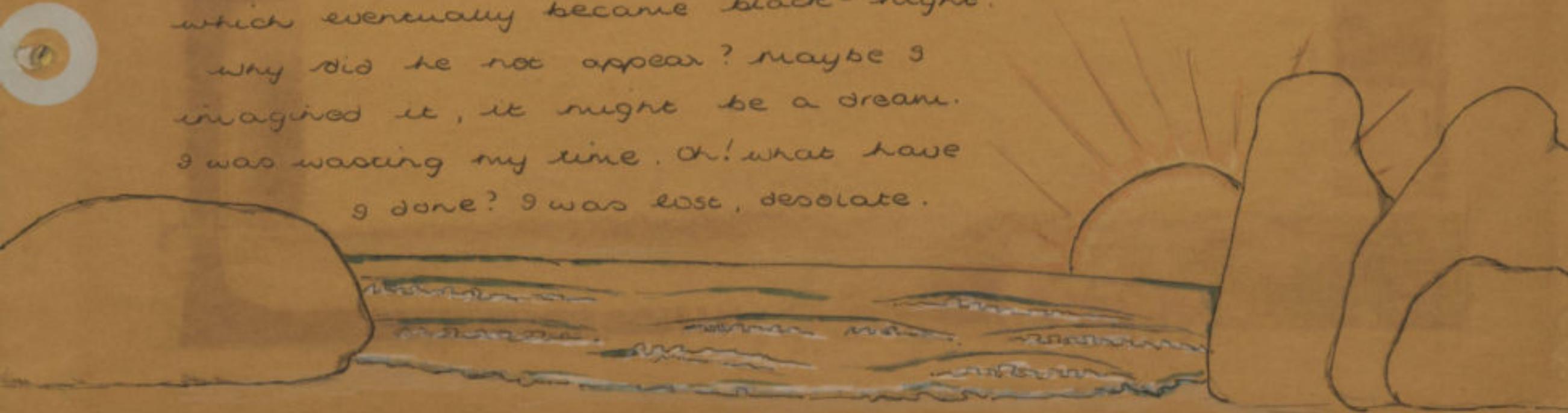
## SUNSET AND HIM

I was at the beach sitting on a rock, wholly engrossed in the setting sun. I was depressed, and was seeking solitude. As I watched the gentle motion of the waves, my mind began to relax and my thoughts to wander.

He is coming; he said he would. What kept him? Why, why..... I was silhouetted against the magnificent display. The rocks around me, and for miles further portrayed various colours; first orange, then pink, or more a brilliant crimson, then blue, which became darker as the sun stepped behind the mountain, filtering through every conceivable crack showing the dust, which to me looked like golden raindrops.

At first the clouds were wispy, then they began to build up forming an orange bank, that seemed to obscure the sun. Then, as the sun disappeared, the clouds returned first to their pink wispy form, and then turning to darker blue, which eventually became black-night.

Why did he not appear? Maybe I imagined it, it might be a dream. I was wasting my time. Oh! what have I done? I was lost, desolate.



I felt as if I'd lost a part of myself.

Everything was peaceful as a light breeze sprung up and waves lapped gently on the sand. I felt drowsy as I lay on the rocks, that were giving off the heat of the day. In the distance, I saw a spark of lightning. Then the murmur of voices came to my ears - fishermen returning with their catch. The moon rose gently over the seas, and seemed to light up the beach in a kind of eerie stillness, forming a strange atmosphere, as the clouds blotted out the moon, at intervals.

I looked up, and there he stood. He had come; my dream had come true. I was once more happy. He sat down beside me; my heart turned over, and became warm; calm sweet words were uttered into my ear. Everything seemed right; the world was "at peace". I was happy. He gathered me into his arms, we were together, he and I.

As the moon rose higher, it changed from a yellow to a silver which made a 'silvery pathway' towards eternity.

by Sally Brimble  
Lower IV

## PARTIES

The music thrubs and  
boys and girls go through  
mechanical gyrations.

a beer-can roles across the floor,  
and a couple, legs and arms,  
twisted, lie prone on the grass.  
somebody waves.

a dog drifts amongst the tables,  
lapping at spilt wine.

music, soft and low, human  
bones strewn everywhere.

somebody feeds the dog  
on sausage rolls.

by Lesley Faulds  
Lower VI

## THE WAIT

She sat wanting, waiting, though they never came. The telephone remained silent, the drive empty, while she waited .....

The rocker moved gently, her hands listlessly held the knitting in her lap. The creaking of wood breaking the silence, the only interruption to a monotone.

The sea at the base of the cliffs wrinkled as if in perplexity before deciding to rise and reach the tops of the cliffs, a sparkling wall rising, dropping, continuous, constant, as much of the family clock in the parlor; a dark antique room filled with Victorian relics and heavy containing. The house designed to be sturdy, had become the museum of a time past, the lonely reminder of a time past.

Pictures of children, and grand-children were placed lovingly around the house, a dying grand mother waited for their visits.

The sound of a car engine broke her impassivity, and with a half-ory of hope and longing, she strained at the windows to watch it pass unbelievably. She sank back to resume her waiting, the creak of the chair between the waves, the shadows between the sea.

Seagulls sawing in the distance, and their days end, another night ever more fearful, in its solitude to begin. An empty road, an empty house, an empty woman.

A childish face beamed out from the picture, a face known and yet unseen. A child belonging to a known person, a person belonging to an address, and yet not to a place.

It was a grey dawn which greeted the old woman submerged in slumber, her head on her shoulder, in the rocking. Her needles had fallen to the floor as the wind had risen to challenge the combers, and the crows of the cliff, the sea, beating a steady tattoo on the on the rocks, foam, crawling into the riches to die. The life of the sea rose to challenge her own, and yet it was not she who answered the summons but a servant. It was not she who succumbed but another.

The surf beat crazily against the rock, as a car disgorged its contents. A little boy chattering loudly, in excitement to a grandmother, who was waiting, a little boy shouting loudly of a surprise that had been planned, and yet was not to be, as the sea rose to plummet down once more.

by Tessa Helfet  
Lower V



## MY DROOM

Ek droom ek sien 'n feesjie,  
diep in 'n blom se hart.  
Daar kom toe 'n kabouter,  
sy skoentjies blitse en swart.

Myl gryp haar aan haar handjie,  
hul dans, en sing en jou.  
Ek droom ek dans ook saam tot ek,  
so van my bed af tot.

by Martene Tennyson  
Upper III



By Jolly Brinslie Laurer ES.

BY HANDBY VVV BKEDA 2E



© 1975  
E.W. CO

ALMIGHTY  
MAN

Handwritten text in blue ink at the bottom of the page, appearing to be a signature or name.

## THE BEACH

waves crashing down on the sea sands, damp and brown,  
while seagulls with outstretched wings, swoop and plunge  
into the white waves heaving high.

I walk.

not a care in the world,

Just that feeling of the fresh sea breeze.

blowing through my body and hair,

while the waves with soft white heads erase  
my footprints in the sands.

I am free to go on walking forever,

no one will miss me, or even know I am gone.

I will walk and walk,

and the tide will rise, and the tide will fall,

but I shall continue to walk.

walking barefoot, digging my toes into the cool damp sand.

what could be better?

nothing.

except for the chattering, and mournful cries of the gulls,

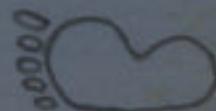
there is silence

for me to be left alone with my thoughts

and the sea.

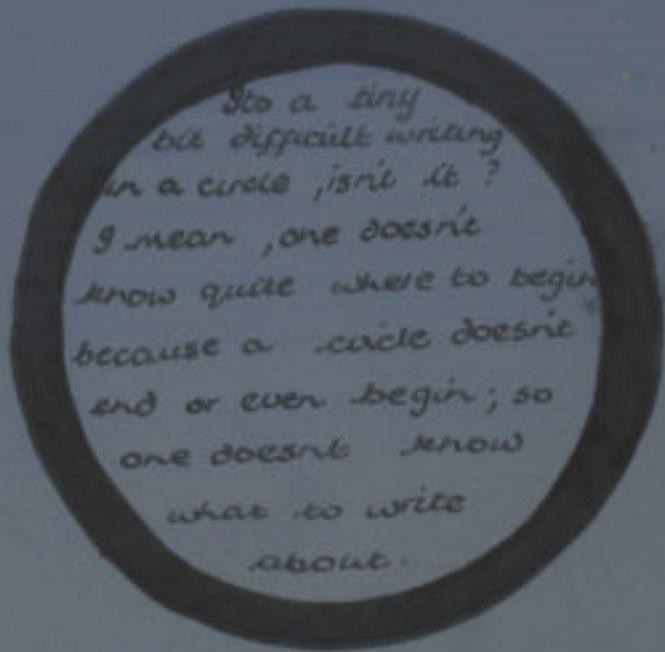
where I will end, no one knows - not even me.

by Binny Bailey UK





By Priscilla Pettigrew.



It's a tiny  
bit difficult writing  
in a circle, isn't it?  
I mean, one doesn't  
know quite where to begin  
because a circle doesn't  
end or even begin; so  
one doesn't know  
what to write  
about.



BY MACHIE VAN JUNNEP U IV



LOVE  
GOD SAVE MY  
EMPTY HEART.

GOD SAVE MY  
EMPTY HEART.

LOVE

CROSS

BLACK IS BLACK

MAKE  
LOVE  
NOT  
WAR

## MENEER NIEMAND

Ek dink, in ons huis bly 'n spook.  
my sussie sê sy dink dit ook,  
want as 'n ding nie op sy plek,  
sê almal gou: „Dit is nie ek!“

my mami sê sy ken hom goed,  
'n seunjie, hy is, met 'n hoed.  
sy laat my soms onrusdig voel,  
Ek wonder tog, wie sy bedoel.

sy sê (sê) sy naam is meneer niemand,  
maar, ek weet glad nie van so iemand,  
maar mami kyk altyd na my;  
asof hy dink, ek is dalk hy.

.Einde.

by Marlene Tennyson  
Upper III

ABSTRACTS

Black,

venomous,

soul-searing,

HATE.

yellow,

acid,

spine-chilling,

FEAR.

green,

vicious,

self-destroying.

ENVY.

red,

valiant,

steeple-storming,

COURAGE.

gold,

vital,

splendor-lending,

LOVE.

by Deborah Turner-Smith  
Lower V



## ROMEO AND JULIETTE

Cette pièce de théâtre est un tragédie de l'amour qui est condamné par l'hostilité entre les parents de Romeo et de Juliette, dans les familles habitent à Verone.

Par hasard Romeo va au festin il rencontre Juliette et il passe la soirée avec elle. Ils deviennent amoureux.

Après le festin Romeo va au balcon de Juliette et là il la regarde à son insu. Elle se dit qu'elle aime "Romeo." et l'entend et il lui dit qu'il l'aime aussi. Ils décident à se marier. À contre cœur Romeo quitte Juliette avant le pont du jour.

Il arrive de bonne heure chez le moine Lawrence. Romeo lui parle de l'affaire de cœur entre lui-même et Juliette lui donne le message de Romeo. Après midi Juliette lui donne et Romeo vient à la cellule du moine et il les marie.

Après leur mariage Juliette va chez elle et Romeo rencontre ses amis. Un de ses amis, Mercutio a blessé Tybalt, le cousin de Juliette. Ils se querellent et Romeo d'arrêter la querelle parce que la veille il y avait eu une mêlée entre les Montagues et les Capulets. L'un moitié de la ville aide les Capulets; ils furent forcés de mettre à bas les armes par le prince de cette région sous peine de mort. Mais ils en sont venus aux coups et Tybalt tue Mercutio.

Romeo s'empete et ils se sont battus avec acharnement et Romeo tue Tybalt. Avant Juliette apprend que Tybalt est mort, elle pleure à chaudes larmes. Mais cette nuit les nouveaux mariés sont réunis dans la chambre de Juliette c'est une soirée triste parce que Romeo a été exilé par le prince. Après une nuit de la cour, Romeo fait ses adieux à Juliette au point du jour et il part pour Mantua.

Le matin, la mère de Juliette vient à sa chambre et lui dit qu'elle qu'elle sera épousé à Paris qui est au petit soir après de Juliette morte mais qui elle n'aime pas. Juliette au cœur gros va au moine Lawrence.



'Houses' by Peta Brownlie.

Il lui donne une drogue pour la faire dormir comme une morte à peu près deux jours.

Elle est posée dans le tombeau de sa famille par ses parents tristes. Le matin envoie un homme avec une lettre à mener Romeo au tombeau de sorte qu'il ramène Juliette à Mantoue demeurer, chez lui. Mais Benvolio un ami de Romeo que ne sait pas la vérité court à comte bride chercher Romeo et ils retournent à une vitesse vertigineuse.

Romeo entré dans le tombeau où Paris est déjà et il tue Paris en colère et il embrasse Juliette, puis il s'empoisonne.

Le prince vient au tombeau et garde les parents des malheureux. Leurs parents ont honte et l'hostilité est terminée par la mort de leurs enfants éperdus d'amour.

by Ethel Hacking  
Upper II





by Susan Naggs Upper IV

## DESCRIPTION OF A PAINTING

Mercury passing before the sun as seen through a telescope.

This is a very psychedelic picture, signifying a boy drugged and dreaming, his brain in absolute turmoil, lying on his bed. The white searing light turns his eyes, and he is seeing it in his imagination, the black signifying sorrow. The sorrow he is trying to escape, from, the sorrow that will come to him, but it could also be of the pain, he will endure, when he is not under; he has become an addict, and craves for his journeys and hallucinations under drugs. These journeys release him from the tensions, the loneliness, and happiness of his life, his family, and his friends. The yellow signifies the cowardice, of not being able to face reality, of sadness, heartbreaks, hardships, and having to run away into a world, that he will never be able to avoid, and from which he should run away.

The green is the envy he has when he sees how happy and peaceful other people are, while he and his friends have superficial happiness. The green could also be for the peace and serenity he hopes to find in his new world. The red is anger, when rain turns to blood, having started as tears. The purple is the unjust feeling of royalty, he has, knowing he can escape, and has found an outlet for his emotions. But, for how long? soon! he will not be able to endure his life, his hands will twitch, and he will crave from drugs to relieve him. He will eventually, and sadly become mad.

by Pamela Jesse.  
Lower II

## WINTER EVENINGS

An old lady blew teeteringly round the corner, clutching her grumpy shopping-net with its newspaper, Pets-d-hite, and Moomicks.

Elsewhere a man strode through a deluge. His neck was uncomfortably damp. At home, the children were bickering cheerfully, the wife (she had forgotten his slippers) was knitting, much needed mittens, and the cat sat on the heater (total monopoly). During dinner, they had to out-shout a howling tsisteraus wind.

Later, happy sleep came to each, accompanied by a concert of sound-effects produced by the wind and rain - from the occasional departure of a tile, to a cat's heavy vocal disapproval of heaven's weeping.

Winter nights pass on.... Drizzles, cosy evenings at home, discomfort, friendship, fires, wet clothing, fog, delayed traffic, hot muffins, thundering rains, winds, moonlight ice skating, influenzas, bright mew-cheeks, stories, happiness, and despair.

The little old lady climbed up the tall stair-case, feebly holding her wet umbrella, and shopping-bag. The snog outside her window, was pierced by city lights, and rain-bullets. The dear grim edifice of the Printing-works frowned unusual across the street at her. Kitty received her Pets-d-hite and she for the last time, boiled milk for her Moomicks, taking pleasure, in these familiar routines, courage being given by her security of these old habits.

Her long, bleak winter was drawing gently, slowly to its close, culminating in its evening. That evening.

In her little narrow room, she kissed her cat and her hyacinth goodbye, the creases of her face damp. Outside, the wet rain pattered, glistening brightly on the pane. She slept; - and winter passed into bright Spring.

by M.V. Lennep.  
Upper III.

## HAPPINESS IS:

- (a) sitting before a fire, with the rain pouring down outside;
- (b) managing to get catch your first wave, and surfing upright on this 2 foot monster, all the way to the shore;
- (c) is knowing that you have got 15% for latin, instead of the usual 14%;
- (d) is knowing that your family has not forgotten your birthday next week;
- (e) knowing that tomorrow is the first of the month because you are broke;
- (f) is the beginning of the exams when you know all your work;
- (g) is the end of the exams, when you realize you did not know all your work;
- (h) is realizing that Mrs. Brown does not want you to baby-sit her son, but has come over to borrow some peas;
- (i) is going to a party where you knew your hero will be;
- (j) is twelve o'clock, after the party when your parents arrive to take you home, after having been a wallflower all night.
- (k) is receiving a phone call from your boyfriend.
- (l) is having handed in all your meridian entries and not having Tessa nagging you all the time!!

by Sally-Ann Wells.  
Upper III

## A MYSTERY OF A SHIP ON SKELETON COAST

Memories of that horrifying night came back to me, as I stood in the art gallery, gazing at a picture of a galleon, wrecked on an unknown coastline, in those days, off the cape of Good Hope.....

The wind howled through the torn shreds of sail, as the ship was hulled back and forth, by the mighty waves. The boy in the crew's nest screamed out in terror, "Rocks ahead!" a gigantic wave hurled the ship onto the rocks and it began to founder - Terror Reigned!

The mizzen-mast snapped under the great strain, with a crash that rivalled the thunder, it hit the deck, and bounced into the sea. Water flooded into the hold, and the captain bellowed "save the treasure." But as the ship hit the rocks, a great hole was torn in the bottom of the hold. The treasure, which had been carried all the way from India sank through the hole, and down to the bottom of the sea, beyond our reach, never to be seen again! The fierce waves pounded down on the helpless ship which shook asunder and began to break up!

Our lives were at the mercy, of this cruel sea. It was every man for himself.

I plunged into the icy water, and struck out in the direction that I hoped, was the shore. A huge wave caught up with me, and dragged me beneath the surface, the salt hit into my eyes as I struggled against the strong current, as it then seemed, an unending fight, as I fought desperately for my life.

I bobbed to the surface, gasping and spluttering. Then fortunately I saw a rock, and clambered onto it.

Wave after wave, hit my tired and aching body. The rock was covered in sea-weed, and suddenly my grip slipped, and I was flung once again into the lashing sea.

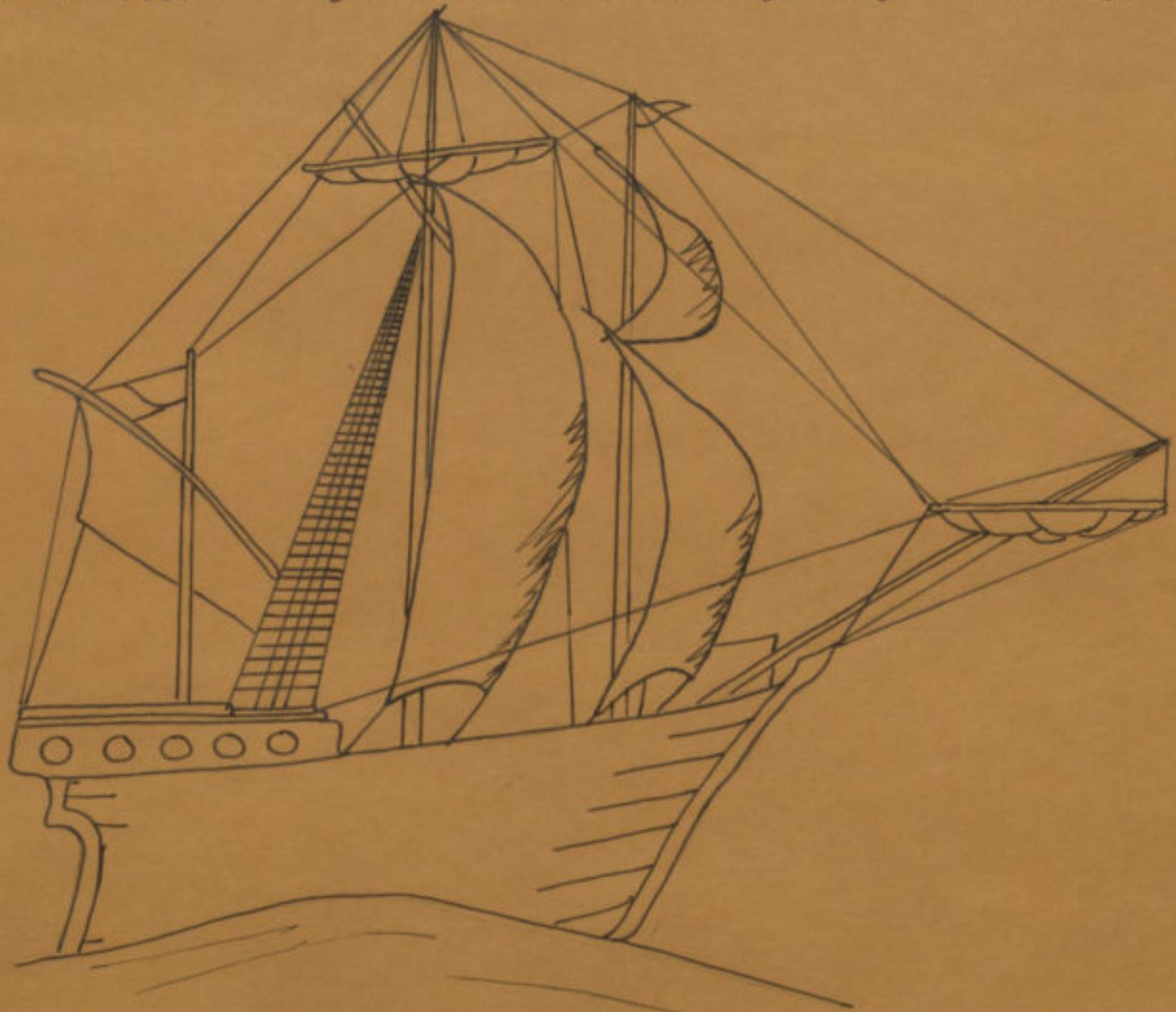
A wave hurled me forward, and I was thrown with unrelenting force onto the shore. I crawled farther up on the beach, and lost consciousness. I awoke to see the captain gazing down at me. I and five others, including the captain, alone escaped with our lives. We were more than a hundred miles from the Cape of Storms Settlement, the nearest habitation of man.

The storm subsided, and the sky became clear. We looked out to sea, but nothing could be seen, to tell the tale of our tragic shipwreck.

by Gail de Beer

Lower III

My eyes were still focused (when) on the picture when I was brought back to normality, by an impatient caretaker, telling me that it was past closing time. I walked out of the building, still feeling rather dazed.





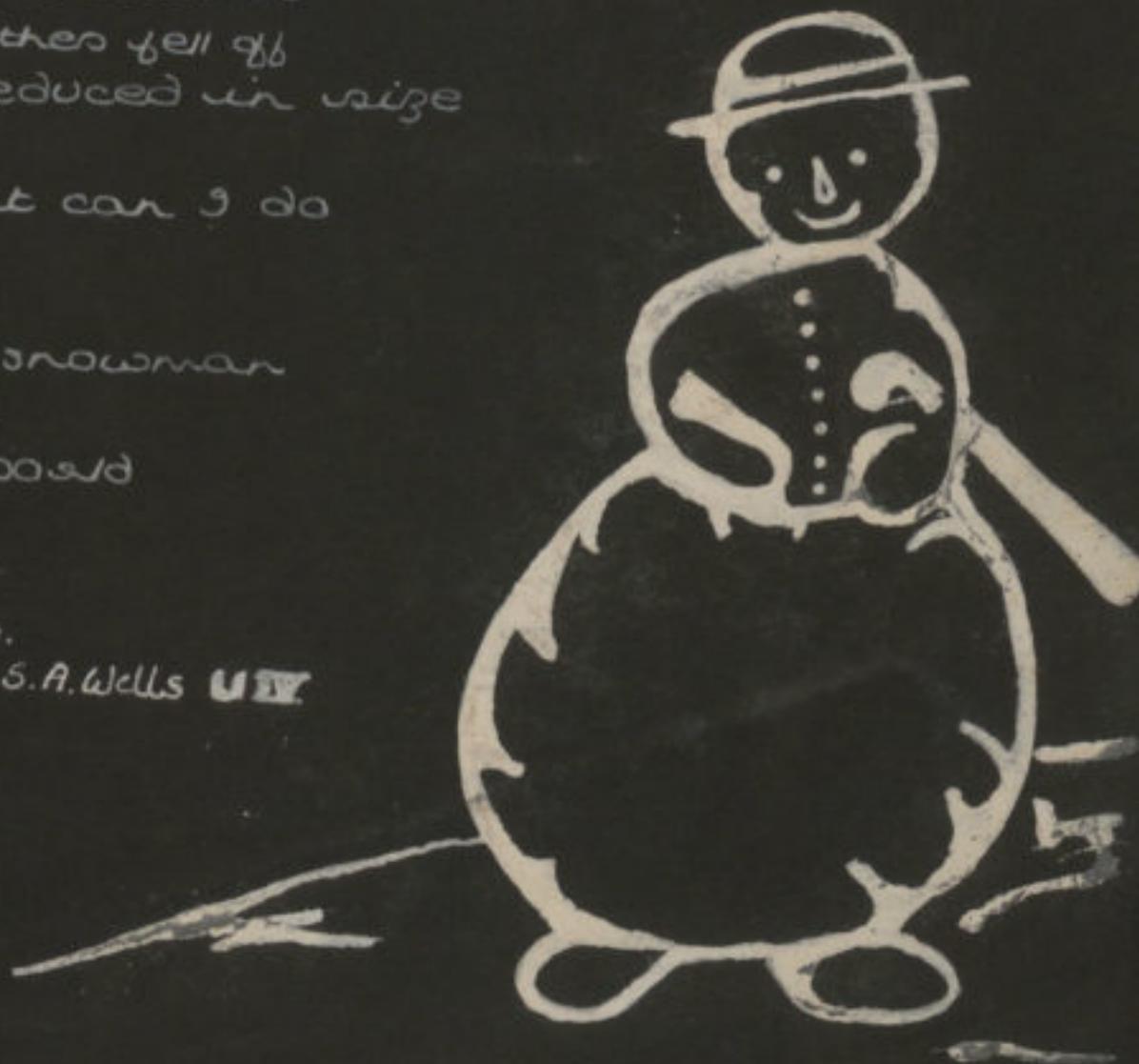
'Bottles' by Marie van Lennep Upper II.

## MY FRIEND

He took us how to make,  
Every joint fitted perfectly,  
But a circus came  
And the children ran away  
I stayed!  
I had to watch him.

The sun appeared and I went frantic  
But there was nothing I could do  
His smile drooped, his clothes fell off  
Our chubby friend reduced in size  
Then height!  
Oh God, what can I do

But it was too late  
For he was mud - Our snowman  
My friend had left me  
In this saddened world  
Just sitting -  
Thinking -  
- Crying.  
by S.A. Wells **UW**





## I WANT

I want to paint the world,  
And fly to the stars.  
Eat apple pies.  
Shake the Superior Being's hand  
And kiss his groovy son.  
I want to take my  
Honeymoon on Pluto and  
Toast my marshmallows  
On the sun using Neptune's trident.  
Above all I want love.

by Lesley Faulds  
Lower IV

## A FOOL

As the dawn opens its arms to greet us  
And stretches forth helping arms to all the world  
I sit at my window dreaming  
A dull thoughtless dream  
My warm breath on the cold lifeless window-pane  
Enshrouds the scene before unseeing eyes  
As minutes tick by  
The day becomes warmer  
Yet I sit and dream of what life should be  
The sunrise ripens from a dark shadow to  
A pale and deeper pink  
As life ripens  
The blinding light strikes their eyes but still I dream  
The world is sleeping  
The bright light throws out learning  
But not for me. Why?

Now the light is fading as life slips by  
The bright light is dimmer as an opportunity floats  
Unwanted away

The pale pink becomes darker as a warning  
Of a last chance

But now the pink has turned to grey  
And life has slipped away

As I sit dreaming,  
dreaming!

And now it is night.

Dark!

Like me!

Tomorrow is another day.

by Mandy van Breda  
Lower V

## THE HAUNTED BALLROOM

One morning as I walked down the stairs to breakfast, I took a quick glance at the headlines of the morning paper: "VALBARY BALLROOM BELIEVED HAUNTED." As I live right next to this hall, I read on: "Last night, during which a ball was held, someone mysteriously disappeared. There was no trace as to her whereabouts." I did not bother to read anymore but began thinking. Suppose..... suppose I go and investigate myself..... maybe I could find something. I began planning.

The following evening it would be fine - about 10 o' clock. When the time came, and the house was in darkness, I slipped out of bed and got dressed. Then I fetched some string from my cupboard and made my way outside. Once out I walked quietly to the hall next door.

Inside, it looked perfectly normal and tidy, so I made my way to the corner of the room. I pulled open the long velvet curtains and shone my torch on what lay behind. There I saw a flight of old dusty stairs that led to a musty smelling room. At the top of the stairs, I tied the one end of the string round the end of the banister, and led it along to the other banister, where I tied it securely. It was now about eight inches off the ground which was perfect.

Then I put the rest of the string back in my pocket and stood shining the torch around the room.

Suddenly I heard a muffled cry coming from the cupboard in the corner of the room. I quickly dashed behind a big trunk, and as I did so, the cupboard doors were pushed open and out jumped a rough looking man, holding a young girl of about

nineteen. I did not know what was going on, but I assumed this was the missing girl, Deborah Hanley, who was being held ransom by this man. They stopped for a second on the top step, and as they had their backs to me, I dashed out from behind the trunk. With one hand, I grabbed firmly the girl's arm and with my foot, I pushed the man down the stairs. As he fell, his legs got tangled in the string and his head crashed hard against the bottom of the banister. I could see he was out cold.

Then Deborah and I rushed to the police station at the end of the road and explained our story. The sergeant then took Deborah and I home, and some other men went to arrest the man.

Two days later, as I came down to breakfast, I picked up the morning paper and read the headlines: "LOCAL GIRL SOLVES MYSTERY OF VALBARY BALLROOM."

by Uicky Hau  
Upper III





by Alison Burns Upper II

## EMBARRASSMENT

I saw him stand  
Erect as stone,  
A duplicate of my handsome dream.

I had to speak to him,  
What could I say?  
"Hi!" I said in an embarrassed laugh  
But he never moved.

I touched him —  
He was a statue.

by Sally-Ann Wells  
Upper IV





by Mandy van Breda Lower V

## AROUND AND ABOUT THE DOCKS

The call of the sea is strong in everyone and for those who have neither the time nor the money to fulfill their dreams, a visit to the docks will in some measure, help to satisfy their longing.

The obvious place to begin a description of the docks is, of course, with the ships. The big steamer type of ship holds very little fascination for me. In no way do they personify the sea, or kindle a spark of adventure or longing. Their very size seems to have stripped them of any character. They are floating citadels, indifferent to the turbulent sea, and one can hardly describe travelling in them "sailing"; with their iron hulls carrying the latest equipment designed to obviate discomfort.

For me the smaller ship holds the greater attraction. They seem soaked in the very essence of the sea; from their battered barges to their barnacle-covered bottoms they exude a wonderful aura of seaworthiness and spirit. Each one seems to possess a different character. Let us take one, a whaler. "Krista Jan", "Copenhagen" can be painted in flaking letters on her stern. Imagine yourself striding her heaving decks, as she ploughs through the icy swells of the South Atlantic, in search of prey. Hear the lookout cry from the windswept masthead. Then climb to the wildly-pitching gun platform, and prepare the gun for the moment when the shiny black back of the whale breaks through the baine. How! The thud of the explosion is almost drowned by the water of breaking seas. The coiled rope at your feet becomes a white streak, stretching seawards.



By Peta Brownlie.

Was it a hit! You will never know, for the smoke of an incoming trawler has obscured your view.

How out of place this one looks in the calm water of the docks yet it is not hard to transfer her rust-streaked sides to the rough seas and mists of the fishing grounds. One can almost catch the smell of fish from her nets hanging in drying traceeries. She docks near an ancient coaster, a creak of pre-war days ekes out a living by carrying whatever cargo she can. Her patched hull is sadly in need of a coat of paint, yet there is a certain grandeur about her sagging ribs and dull ungainly funnel. And like the old, pipe-smoking men bollards talking of ships they have sailed and sights they have seen, she has a definite character.

Yet the attraction of the docks does not lie only in the ships. It lies in the shipyards whose skilled shipwrights build sturdy little ships. It lies in the teeming warehouses, that line the gangways piled with cargo, export and import. or that are empty and hollow-sounding, awaiting the next shipment. It lies in the yacht basin where slim racing yachts lie beside trim little cruisers, perhaps from the other side of the other side of the world. In fact, it lies in all things that throng the waterport and pass through the waters of the docks.

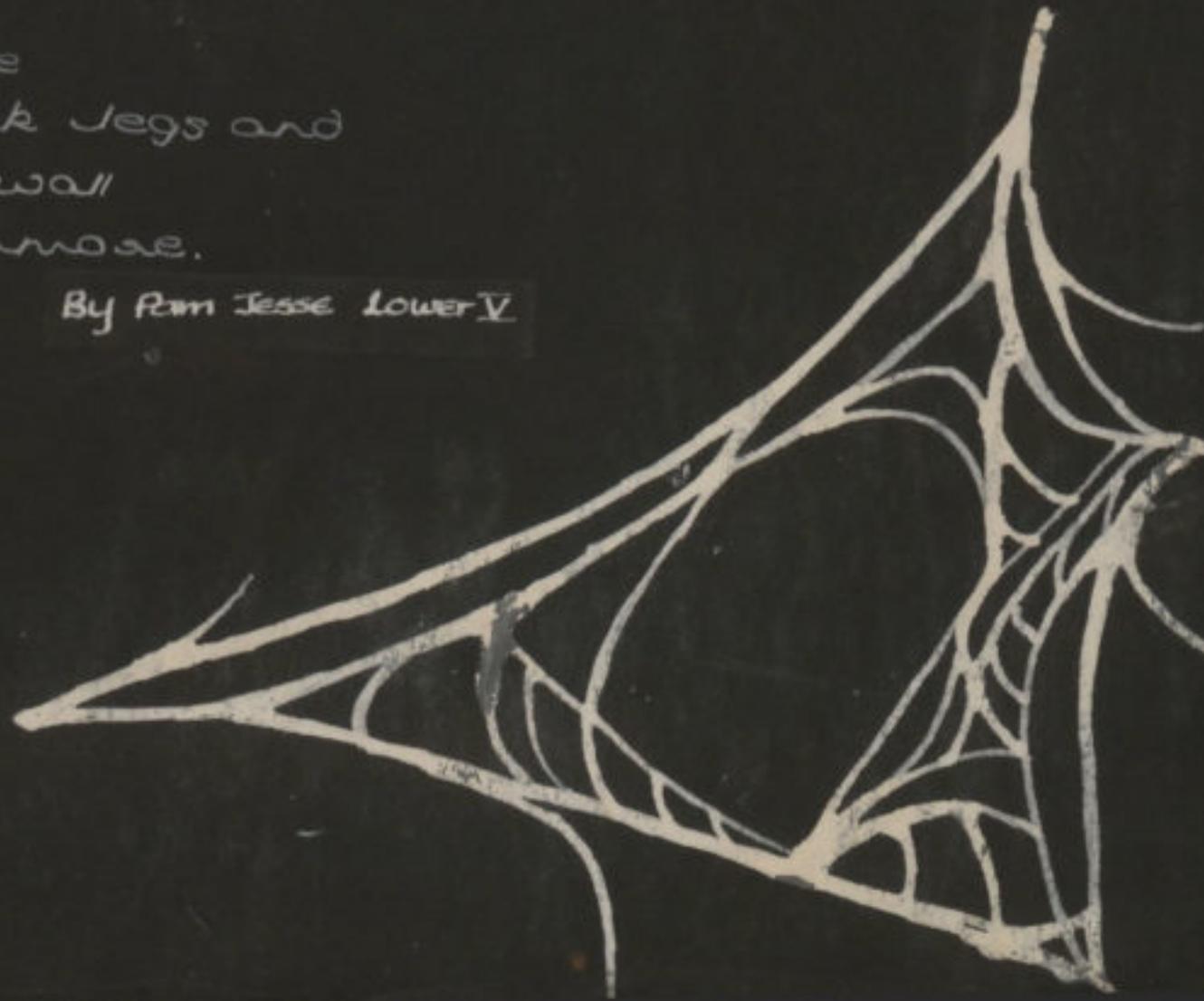
by P. McCormack  
Upper II

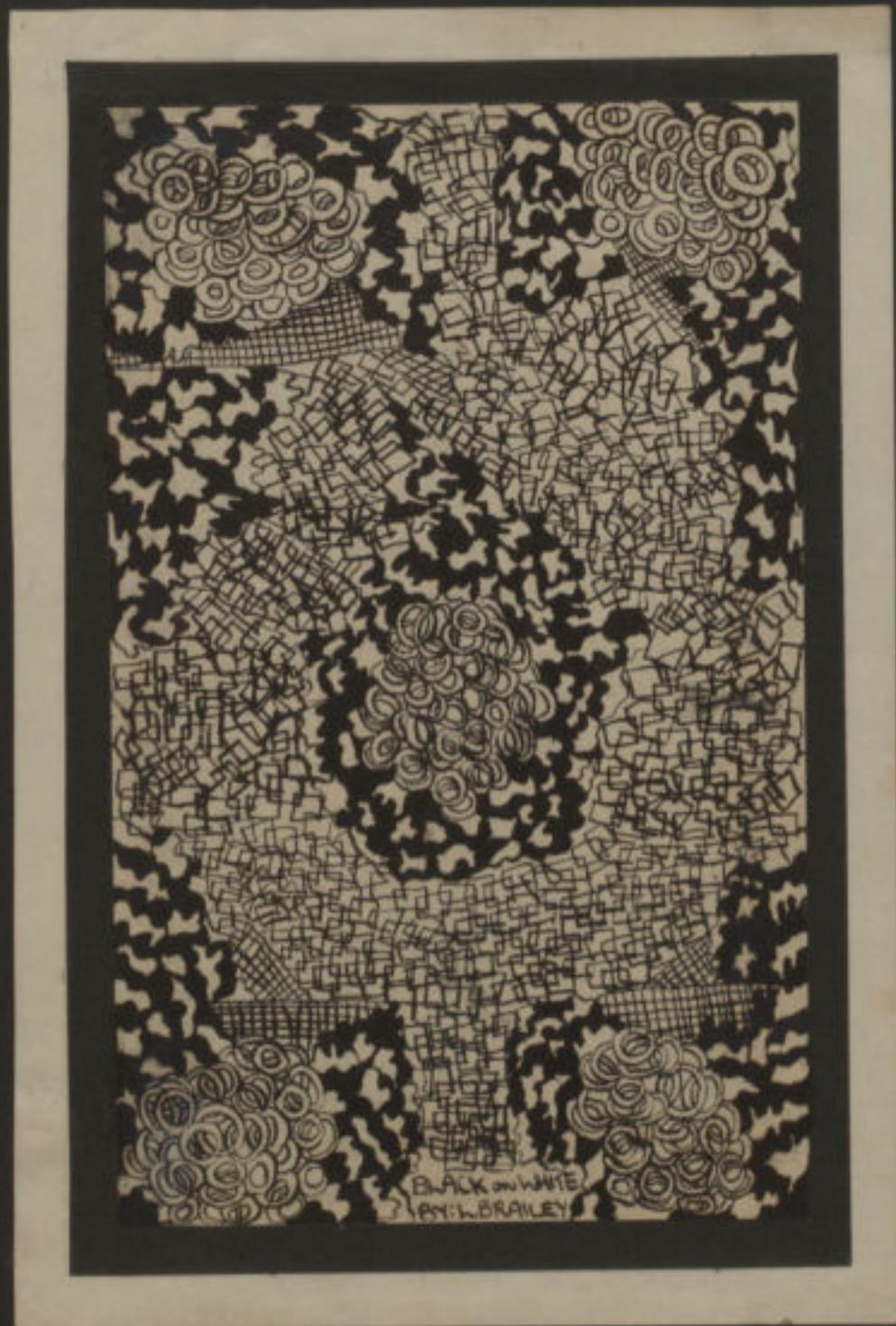
## SPIDER

Eight coal black legs and a red blotch  
Marked the deed on my bedroom wall,  
I was not scared  
No, it was not fright —  
It was radism.

The spider was quite harmless even quite beautiful.  
Just there, making its presence felt  
And the act with my Jethal slipper was quite superfluous,  
I don't know why  
Bud I,  
I murdered the creature  
And the eight coal black legs and  
The red blotch on my wall  
Mark my deed forever more.

By Ann Jesse Lower V





By L. Braley App. III.

## UN PERSONAGGIO INTERESSANTE

Uno dei personaggi più interessanti che io abbia mai conosciuto, e che ricorderò per tutta la mia vita, è la cuoca italiana che viveva con noi.

Aveva capelli grigi, un bel pancione, due occhi chiari in cui si leggeva la sua gentilezza.

È stata con mio padre per trent'anni ed è sempre stata fedele. Cucinava molto bene e conosceva i gusti di tutti, e se a qualcuno non piaceva un dato piatto, ne faceva sempre un'altro specialmente per lui. Aveva una memoria fantastica, ricordava tutto quello alle persone che erano invitate a cena, e così non lo ripeteva mai.

Amava tanto i cani ed i gatti e parlava tutto il giorno con loro, quando era sola. Era anche molto superstiziosa e non voleva mai che uno la guardasse preparare un pranzo, perché credeva che il piatto non sarebbe riuscito. Ad ogni luna nuova aveva un ritto, s'inchinava tre volte e diceva una poesia. Quando beveva un po' di vino, col dito si bagnava la fronte per allontanare la cattiva sorte.

Faceva parte della famiglia e voleva bene a me e a mia sorella come se fossimo figlie sue. Però era molto suscettibile e se qualcuno di noi faceva una esagerazione, si offendeva molto facilmente e piangeva.

Lei metteva da parte stracci e straccini, giornali e riviste, e pergeva sempre un regalo. Un'altra qualità era che non voleva mai imparare l'inglese, benché sia vissuta dieci anni in Sud-Africa.

Era gentile ed amabile e quando parti per la tua patria, sembrava che una della famiglia fosse andata via. Noi la chiamavamo Nini, come nonignolo, e Nini è una delle più affettuose e sincere persone che io abbia mai conosciuto.

by Julia Mortera  
Upper II



by Tisha Gillanders Lower V.

## WAR

The sky weeps,  
And the trees cry  
It's winter and the war goes on.  
"Why don't they stop?" we ask,  
Nobody answers,  
Students with white head bands  
Shout halt and wave petitions  
Nobody listens.  
The sky weeps,  
And the trees cry  
It's winter and the war goes on.

By Wesley Faulds XV.

Originally this page appeared more distant in my mind than if viewed from the 'backside' of a telescope. It took one month to create order out of chaos alone, and in doing so to right the telescope. Then the even more arduous task of focusing this enormous telescope required the assistance of many able hands - THANKS MERRIMAN!

(With so many pairs of hands, fine focus would not have been possible without three girls, not on this Muller's hand writing list - thanks Mary, Sharon and Vanessa, and the artistic touch of Kealey.)

Most important <sup>at</sup> my (co) renewed thanks to Edwina Abbott for being my co-Editor.

Tessa N. Helfet ..



The "backside" of the magazine.