

ARTIST'S

Sketch Book



MOULD MADE PAPER

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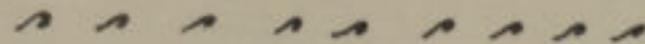
J.D. 544

A John Dickson
PUBLISHING

School Prayer

O God, we beseech thee to bless this our school.
 Make it as a field which the Lord hath blessed,
 that whatsoever things are true, pure, lovely, and
 of good report may here forever flourish and abound.
 Preserve in it an unblemished name, enlarge it with
 a wider usefulness and grant unto all its members
 past, present and to come, that they may serve their
 generation, whether in small things or in great, to Thy
 honour and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.



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School Activities



Sociological Club

During the past year, the Sociological Club has played a great part in the activities of the school. Every Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 p.m., we have 'Clubs' for half an hour. The Debating Society uses some of these afternoons, and also the Art Club, but the majority of the afternoons are taken up by the Sociological Club.

The theme for this year is 'The duties of a Citizen'. In order to carry out this theme, we have various people coming to talk to us and occasionally we go and visit institutions. This year we started off with a visit by Mrs. Monica Savage, wife of the Bishop of Zululand. Coloured slides were shown illustrating her talk on the work they do in Zululand. Mrs. Harison, warden of the Janet Bowhill Institution, came to speak to us on this Institution which is of special interest to us since half of the Carol Service collection is given to the Janet Bowhill. We have had someone to speak to us on Cambridge, on the Community Chest, on St. Cuthberts, a mission hospital in the Transkei, on the American Field Scholarship and on the Urban Bantu.

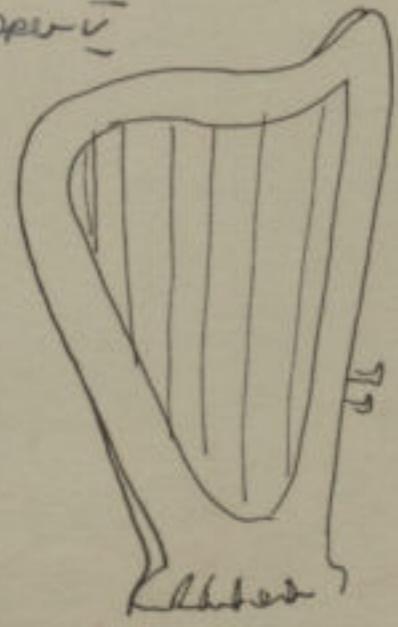
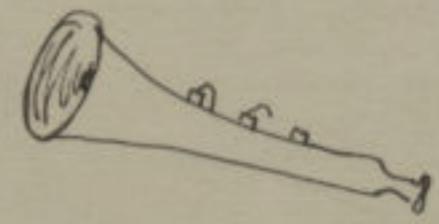
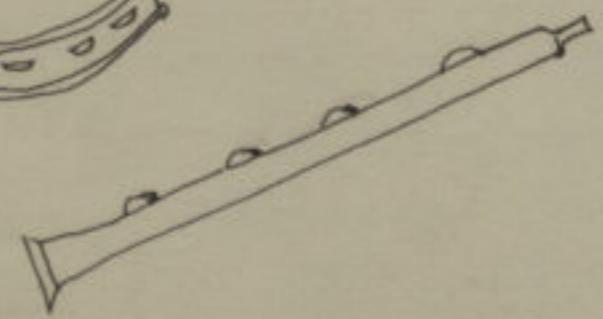
At the beginning of May, the Manculation form paid its annual visit to Parliament. This visit was made possible by Dr. Parker who was our host for the afternoon. We first watched part of a debate on South West Africa and then, after a delicious tea, were shown all over the buildings. We shall plan to visit the Janet Bowhill Institution this year and late in August our 'Careers Evening' will be held. The Sociological Club is the most active club in the school and is most successful in carrying out its theme.

E. Henderson, Upper V

Music and Drama Club

The Music and Drama Club has been very active this year and is showing under the chairmanship of Mrs Popham-Smith and vice-chairmanship of Mrs Saffery. There have been a great number of new members this year mainly from upper III. The Club usually holds two meetings a term and these evenings are arranged to be evenings of light entertainment of music and drama. These meetings are as informal as possible, sometimes there is communal singing, the choir will sing a few light songs. There are pianoforte solos and duets and on one occasion another piano was moved into the Hall and two piano pieces were played. The Drama pupils contribute greatly to these evenings. They act short scenes of various descriptions - both serious and humorous. Some scenes are acted to music and there are improvisations in which everyone can take part. These improvisations are great fun and very amusing (especially when the staff guests join in). These Music and Drama evenings are great fun and most enjoyable and I think the Club is a tremendous success.

M. Nessley. Upper V



The Photographic Competition 1964.

The announcement, that the Photographic Competition was to be held, was met with a variety of opinions. Some thought that it was a silly idea (although they were soon to be won over) and some were wildly enthusiastic. Others thought it was just a "lark" and good humouredly turned out some pretty fine photographs. In the end, an overall surprising interest was taken in the competition; especially by the juniors.

After weeks of bullying and ragging, and many excellent lectures on Photography by Lesley Gawn, entries began to pour in. Giant size ones, miniature ones, miniature ones, professionally neat ones and very amateurishly mounted ones, - they arrived: So did the day of the competition, and with cool nervousness and a reasonable number of ten-thumbed representatives from the two top forms began to set out the entries to their best advantage.

Using Mrs. Sach's Domestic Science kitchen as the selecting chamber, the presentable photographs were sorted out from the results of certain half-hearted efforts. Photographs were mounted and re-mounted. Captions were invented with the idea of being as witty or poetic as possible. Then up to the art room where the entries of the three houses, Jagger, Merriman and Rolt, were to be displayed. After many arguments and discussions and decisions, the wall, which Jagger had chosen to use as a display-board, was a mass of well set-out, glossy photographs. The whole room rather resembled an up-and-coming photographs studio when all three houses had finished.

The next morning, which was a Sunday, the Photographs were kindly

S. Clayton, Lower V

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judged by Mr. José, and on Monday morning, Mrs. Kildow read out amidst much suspense, the winner of the House Competition. Congratulations Merriman! It was well-earned, but don't worry, next time we will beat you. Anyway, Tagger, well-tryed and well-done for missing the first place by only half a point. Thank you all for being so keen and, especially, thanks to Lesley Brown who led the whole house to a very near victory.

Matric Dance

The Matric Dance was held on July 15th this year, ^{after} in a whirl of preparations. For weeks before hand we were planning and scheming, and eventually decided that Greek Mythology should be our theme. During the holidays, Sue Williams drew most of the murals with the help of Lesley Brown and Sue Hibernant and during the week before the dance we all helped to paint them, which was great fun.

The day dawned bright and fair, which was fortunate as most of us were having our hair done. We finished putting up the decorations on Saturday afternoon. There were painted murals on the walls, and the ceiling was lowered and covered with gold leaves and fern. It really looked effective.

We arrived at school at 8 p.m. and were met at the door by Mrs. Kildow and her partner. The dance was 'fantastic' and everyone enjoyed it. At ten o'clock we were given a delicious supper prepared by Mrs. Sachs and the Domestic Science Girls. We returned to dancing, to the music of an excellent colored band, until the dance ended at 12 p.m. H. Hennessy.

Hockey Report

The Hockey team last year reached a high standard and our teams will have to work extremely hard to maintain this high standard. However we were successful in the Inter Provincial trials and two of our members managed to reach the Western Province team. This team did extremely well and came first in the junior section.

This year the team has lost three matches to Sand. Souci, Ellerslie and Rustenburg. Herschel Hockey generally lacks combination. We must realise that a good team does not consist of individual players but of players who have understanding between them. The forwards must make use of their halves and must learn to tackle back without muddling the defence.

This year the Inter-Schools Hockey will be played on grass and the first team will therefore have to practise on the grassfield and realise the difference of a hockey ball travelling on a grassfield and on a gravel field. However, bearing these few facts in mind, there is no reason why the Herschel team should return once more for the Inter Schools with the cup.

S. Raath capt.

Tennis

This year, the tennis season came to an anti-climax. The senior teams worked very hard, had many practices, and were quite successful during the term, losing only to Ellerslie. We were very disappointed on the morning of the Inter Schools,

when the tennis was cancelled owing to rain. However, arrangements have been made that we should play the Inter Schools in the first summer term. This means that the players concerned will have to practise extremely hard in the September holidays to maintain the standard reached last season.

Hershel tennis lacks attacking play and many of the players hit the ball too late. This results in the ball passing into the net. The service, in general, is weak because the players either throw the ball up too high or too low and consequently the ball is hit with a bent elbow.

However, hard work to improve shots and service, good practice, and improving court craft, could produce a good, successful team.

S. Raath, Upper V

Swimming

Swimming is a great favourite in the summer season. The teams trained very hard this year and were well rewarded for their hard work. Every Thursday afternoon was the senior followed by the junior swimming trials.

We had a number of swimming galas. We swam against against Ellertie, Kusterberg, St Appians, Springfield, San Jacobi and Wynberg as well as other schools and did fairly well at all the Galas. A large number of girls entered for the Western Province trials and we managed to get one girl into the Western Province during term. The Inter-schools Gala was held at Newlands Swimming Bath and it proved to be a very exciting morning for all. We won

the Open Section and came second in the Under 14 and Under 15 sections which made all the teams' and Miss Jago's and Mrs Lowe's hard work worthwhile.

E. Henderson, Upper V.

Hockey Songs

Bully, Bully, Bully the ball
Get it out to the wing
Run like mad and catch the ball
It needs a very hard fling.



Dribble, dribble, dribble the ball
Gently down the field
Enter the circle and shoot at once
A goal for us you'll yield.



Remember, remember that well-known trick
You must have learnt that lesson
But do, oh forwards make use of the flick
Whenever you caught in possession.



Play clear and hard, and do your best
Be proud of your school and its name
Your team mates will do all the rest.
So play well, and play the game. Amer.

S. Raab, Upper V.



Theatre for Youth Drama School 1964

In the June holidays, five of us; Melissa Perse, Adrid Landsberg, Geraldine van der Bijl, Lesley Brown and Louise van Wieren, went to the winter school of Drama. It was organised by a group of Drama teachers, themselves actors and actresses, in collaboration with the drama faculty of the University of Cape Town.

There were about a hundred of us, boys and girls from schools all over the Peninsula. We were divided into four groups and were moved between the Little Theatre, and Cape Town High School, immediately opposite.

We were certainly worked hard! Lectures began at half past nine, and went on until half past twelve when we had an hour's lunch break. In the morning we had; firstly production. Here we learnt how to produce plays, how to choose and handle a cast, how to approach your play, and different techniques used in production, the work of a producer and stage manager, how to handle a script copy, and very important, how to conduct rehearsals. Secondly we had Props. In these periods, each group constructed a model stage, and designed, drew and painted backdrops and certain necessary props. We had movement. Here we learned how to move in every possible different way. How to use our bodies in, for instance, modern dancing, and how to be so concentrated as to be acutely aware of another person on the stage. Acting techniques and creative Drama were the last two things we learnt about. Here we did much imaginative work and improvisation, and we also learnt the simple, but very necessary techniques of the stage.

After lunch we had lectures for an hour. During the course we had some extremely fascinating talks. Stephen de Milliers talked to us on stage design and general decor. Robert Mohr, the well known producer lectured to us on production, and showed us slides of several of his different productions. Keith Anderson showed us how to construct, paint and handle props. We also had lectures on stage make up and lighting effects.

Each group in turn paid a visit to the S.A.B.C. in Sea Point. There we were conducted by Roy Seargent, who took us around, and also explained to us fully about radio production. We played several scenes from *Pride and Prejudice*, with full sound effects; and this indeed showed us how very complicated broadcasting really is.

For the remaining few hours each afternoon, we rehearsed furciously for plays that we produced on the last night in the little Theatre. Each group did a play; 'The Snow Queen', 'Tartuffe', 'Noah' and 'Our Town'. They were only short one act plays. but they were a delightful ending to a most enjoyable ten days during which time we not only learnt an incredible amount, but also had a most appetizing taste of University life.

M. Perse, Upper V

M i s c e l l a n y



A Glimpse of Christmas

The sun was peeping over the hill when the bells of the little village began peeling merrily. The ground was covered with snow and the trees looked like white ghosts, with the snow weighing down their branches. Suddenly the world seemed alive after the stillness of the night. People came running from their houses and called to each other the joyous words, "Merry Christmas!" Some were even met with a shower of snowballs while some little boys with their mischievous faces darted behind a wall, intending not to be seen.

It was customary on this special day, as everywhere else in the world, to go to church. It did not seem the same serious affair as it usually was, because everyone was so friendly. There was silence in the little village as the minister preached his sermon, then the whole village seemed to ring with the sound of voices singing praises to the Lord. When the service was over everybody dashed into the snow, laughing and chatting while the children showed each other their presence. Then all the people went to their own homes and had a huge dinner, with many interruptions for the pulling of crackers and the putting on of paper hats.

Later, one by one, the happy people crept into their beds while the stars twinkled merrily in the dark blue majesty of the sky. The old moon looked down tenderly on the sleeping village and, alone, stood guarding the blackness of the quiet night.

S. Mackenzie. Upper V



On Being Fifteen



What on earth have you got smeared around your eyes? Really, eyeshadow at your age. I just cannot understand the youth of today: they always try to grow up before their time. Stay young, enjoy your youth!"

"Oh no! you have been playing in the mud down at the river again with Mrs. Watt's little boy, haven't you? Many, when will you grow up, no-one would believe you are fifteen if they saw you now all plastered in mud."

These two little lectures were delivered to me on two consecutive days, by my mother. It appears that she has the same difficulty as I do about deciding whether a fifteen year old person is an old child or a new grown up. The difference between our points of view is that I have to live a muddled, and sometimes embarrassing life that is a mixture of ages, while she has only to criticize and advise.

Being fifteen is an experience which no-one is able to miss. I think your fifteenth year is your greatest year of discovery. That finicky shut portal blind which all secrets of adulthood are hidden, is slowly beginning to open. As we pass through that door in our fifteenth year we are able to look forward to what lies ahead of us, and before the door finally closes we often look back, sometimes with longing at what we have left behind in our childhood days.

Certain noises, smells or situations send our thoughts careering back to our carefree days and we try to be young again. We put on our oldest, dirtiest, tom-boy clothes and head for the mud down by the river. "Do you remember

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that mud village we built when Peter came to stay with us? Let's make another one like it, this time I want to be a garage owner and live in a house by a bridge." The sight of the mud is a little disillusioning, but we want to be young again and plunge into the task of house-making with gusto....., gusto which slowly wears off as the impediments of our age grow heavy upon us. I break my fingernail, the one I have specially been cultivating so that I can wear my pink pearly polish to the dance next Saturday. Then the Saint Christopher that John gave me falls into the mud. After a frantic search for this token of love, among the houses built on the mud hill, we give up the game. It is bitterly disappointing and disillusioning to find that our years of "clean dirt" and innocent fun" are behind us, for good.

With grim determination we turn about and start putting our way through that door again. All right! We are not children any more, let us see what it is like to be grown up. Tonight we will show them who is grown up "I am going to ask Mum if I can borrow her light evening dress with the low back. I could not bear to wear that old blue thing." Again disappointment comes. The blue dress it has to be. Anyway if I wear my highest heels, put my hair up ("Please pass the laquer") and use some eyeshadow and lipstick it will be all right. As we rush out of the door as fast as we are able to in order to catch the bus, we bump into Dad, who takes one horrified look at us and bursts out laughing. Oh well, he is just being a stick-in-the-mud. Does he not realise that we have to grow up sometime? The bus is overcrowded and we have to stand. If only we had our driving licence; grown ups do not have to.

put up with this humiliation. Some of the glory of being grown up begins to fade. While making the last desperate rush for the arena, I catch my heel in the gutter and nearly fall flat. No-one has ever dared to be out of petty clothes and high heels as much as I do now. I want to be barefoot and mud and jump freely. I do not want to be grown up, everyone laughs at you.....

Then come those bitter tears. What are you? You are not grown up yet. Who can comfort you? Who can confide in you? People younger than you are childish, people older seem old fashioned and would never understand. You just want to be alone. Then someone taps on your door. As you begin to say, "Oh go away and leave me in peace," little sister informs you that John is waiting in the sitting room to see you.

The excited flutter, but then, "Oh! just look at me." The hair is brushed, face cream and lipstick are hastily used and you rush down the stairs trying not to look too eager to see him. After he has greeted you and you have seen "that" smile, the world takes on a very big. Was it really you who was lying crying on your bed a few minutes ago? I wonder why? It is so wonderful being fifteen.



The Professor

It was night. All was dark in the large house on the hill save for the window of Professor Bawn's study through which the light shone like a lone glowworm on a dark night.

Inside the study, Professor Bawn leaned on his large desk. Suddenly, he sat up and sighed, allowing his gaze to travel slowly round the room. From a coloured print of an old house, to a marble bust of Shakespeare, to the drying embers in the hearth and at last his gaze alighted on a vase of daisies on his desk. These flowers had been picked that afternoon by his little girl; his own little Lucy. Lucy was all he had left since his wife had died leaving Lucy a pink and white bundle and she meant everything to him. He opened his wallet, and drawing a photograph out, he looked down on the little fair-haired, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked face beaming up at him. He sighed. Oh! if only he had not become mixed up in those experiments and secrets. Oh well, it was no use wishing; what was done, was done. The grandfather clock in the hall struck midnight.

Suddenly a shadowy figure stood in the doorway. Professor Bawn rose slowly: he had been expecting this.

"Where are the papers?" There was silence. Then.....

"I will never tell you. I am no traitor."

The steel black knife flashed out and Professor Bawn fell to the ground. Upstairs Lucy tossed in her little bed and awoke crying.

Un Jour où le lapin s'est sauvé

J'avais trois lapins blancs qui habitaient un clapier au fond du jardin. Le jardinier le nettoyait tous les jours mais malheureusement c'était un jardinier très adroit.

Un jour, après que le jardinier eût nettoyé le clapier on m'a dit qu'un de mes lapins s'est sauvé. J'ai couru au fond du jardin voir mon lapin blanc qui disparaissait par le trou. Je l'ai suivi par le trou dans le jardin d'un voisin. Le lapin ne m'a pas vue. Je me suis approchée du lapin mais au moment où j'allais le saisir, il a sauté afin que je ne puisse y arriver.

Je suis retournée à la maison pour chercher des feuilles de chou et des carottes. Quand je les ai trouvés, je me suis approchée de nouveau du lapin. Cette fois j'étais levée et j'ai saisi le lapin par une oreille. J'ai relevé le lapin et l'ai rapporté au clapier. J'ai mis le lapin dans le clapier et je l'ai fermé, en voyant qu'il n'ouvrait pas.

Je suis allée au jardinier et lui ai dit qu'il devait voir toujours que la porte du clapier est fermée.

C. Payne. 1899



La Grèce

La dernière fois que j'étais en Grèce j'avais six ans; cependant je ne rappelle encore très bien ce Pays.

La Grèce est un Pays très ancien et très petit, mais elle est entourée d'îles nombreuses, ces îles belles sont situées dans la Méditerranée et plusieurs touristes y vont chaque année, particulièrement en été parce qu'ils peuvent se baigner aux belles plages.

D'autres touristes s'intéressent à l'archéologie de la Grèce ancienne. Aujourd'hui on peut voir des monuments anciens, comme l'Acropolis où se trouve le Temple de la Déesse Athènes, et aussi les neuf Caryatides célèbres, l'une des quelles n'est plus l'originale parce qu'il y a plusieurs années Lord Elgin l'a emportée avec lui à la Grande-Bretagne à Londres.

J'espère qu'un jour je pourrai visiter de nouveau le Pays de mes parents.

L. Maratos, Laver V



The magic box

It was the night of nights; the night that all the witches look forward to. The night on which ghosts abound, black cats dance on the cannon and witches fly through the air. Halloween! This particular Halloween the witches of the 'Old Barn' Witches Society had met to decide what mischief to perform. As they talked, a young boy passed the barn. Seeing him, an old hag with a wart on her chin waved her stick and he found himself in the barn, surrounded by witches.

"Let's turn him into a fat frog," one of the witches suggested

"wait!" the boy cried drawing a box from his pocket. "This is a magic box. See!" he pressed a knob and arousing a melody which filled the barn. The witches stared. They had never heard such music before. All at once their feet started tapping and their hips began to swing! They were twisting.

Suddenly, Helvas, an old dame with green hair, snatched the box and off they flew

So if you venture through the wood at dead of night you may see the witches twirling away or perhaps they will be sitting in a ring listening to the Magic box advising them to use 'Surf' for their washing or maybe they will be ever listening to huc Radio Theatre; You never know

E. Spillhaus, upper III



'n Avontuur op 'n jagtoer

My vader is 'n swaar jagter. Ons woon op 'n plaas naby Leopoldville in die Kongo. Eendag het my Pa 'n jagtoer geëel. Hy het al die nodige voorbereidings gedoen - al die ammunisie, gewere, eetware en tente gereed gemaak.

Daar was elf van ons. Eers het ons per motor na die Kongo-rivier gegaan. Daarvandaan het ons oor die rivier in 'n boot gegaan. Daar het ons 'n kamp opgestaan. Toe het ons begin loop. Ons het 'n gekwete bok gesien wat my vader geskiet het. My broer het 'n jakkals geskiet.

Na 'n paar ^{uur} het my hand, Toggie, 'n ^{groot} skeef die reus gekry. Meteen het ons 'n leeu hoor bult. Ons het die geluid na 'n dichte strook bosse gevolg. Daar het ons 'n bok, wat deur 'n leeu verskeur is, gesien. Die leeu was besig om sy prooi te eet. Toe hy ons reuk gekry het, het hy gan-gou opgestaan. Hy het ons begin bekimp. My vader het goed konseel geval en die sneller getrek. Die geluid het oor die vlakte ^{werklik} gevol. Die leeu het in die lug opgesprong, plat neer geval en sy ^{gê} gê.

Ons twee ^{parties} parties het die leeu afgeslaag. Daarna het ons weer kamp toe gegaan na 'n baie spanende en aangerende dag.



The absent-minded professor.

Professor Antworth was very absent-minded. He frequently ran by students at the university to be wearing a pair of trousers which belonged to a different suit from that of the jacket. Sometimes he even wore one black shoe, and one brown. He was tall, thin and wore thick horn-rimmed glasses which always slipped to the end of his nose. He had white hair which he always wore rather long and which was inclined to curl at the ends. One day he left the lecture room and left his hat on the sancer and put the cup on his head. He was also known to come into the lecture room with a wetland suitcase in his hand instead of his brief case.

One day, while he was travelling from Oxford to London on business, he forgot to collect his luggage from the taxi as he left for the platform. He also forgot to pay his taxi fare. After he had sat down on a bench on the platform to read his newspaper, he saw his taxicab driver running along the platform and looking into each compartment. The professor did not realize that the driver was looking for him, so he went on reading the newspaper.

About ten minutes later, the taxicab driver came up to him and told him that he had forgotten to pay his fare. The professor said he was terribly sorry and paid the driver at once. Then he went to fetch his luggage and climbed into the train. About three hours later he arrived at Newcastle instead of London, further from his destination than when he set off.

O. Payne, Lower V.

Surfing

Down to the sea with my board I go,
 Unwrap and wash it from nose to toe.
 Three jumps and a run before I begin
 Then away we go in the great ocean.

Out there we wait,

For waves so great -

Then down we go,

like a sleigh in the snow.

Angling and turning from nose to toe

This is great fun standing,

But not so great when landing

when time is up and the swimmer begins,

Out we go till our next wax in.

H. Schipper, Lower IV

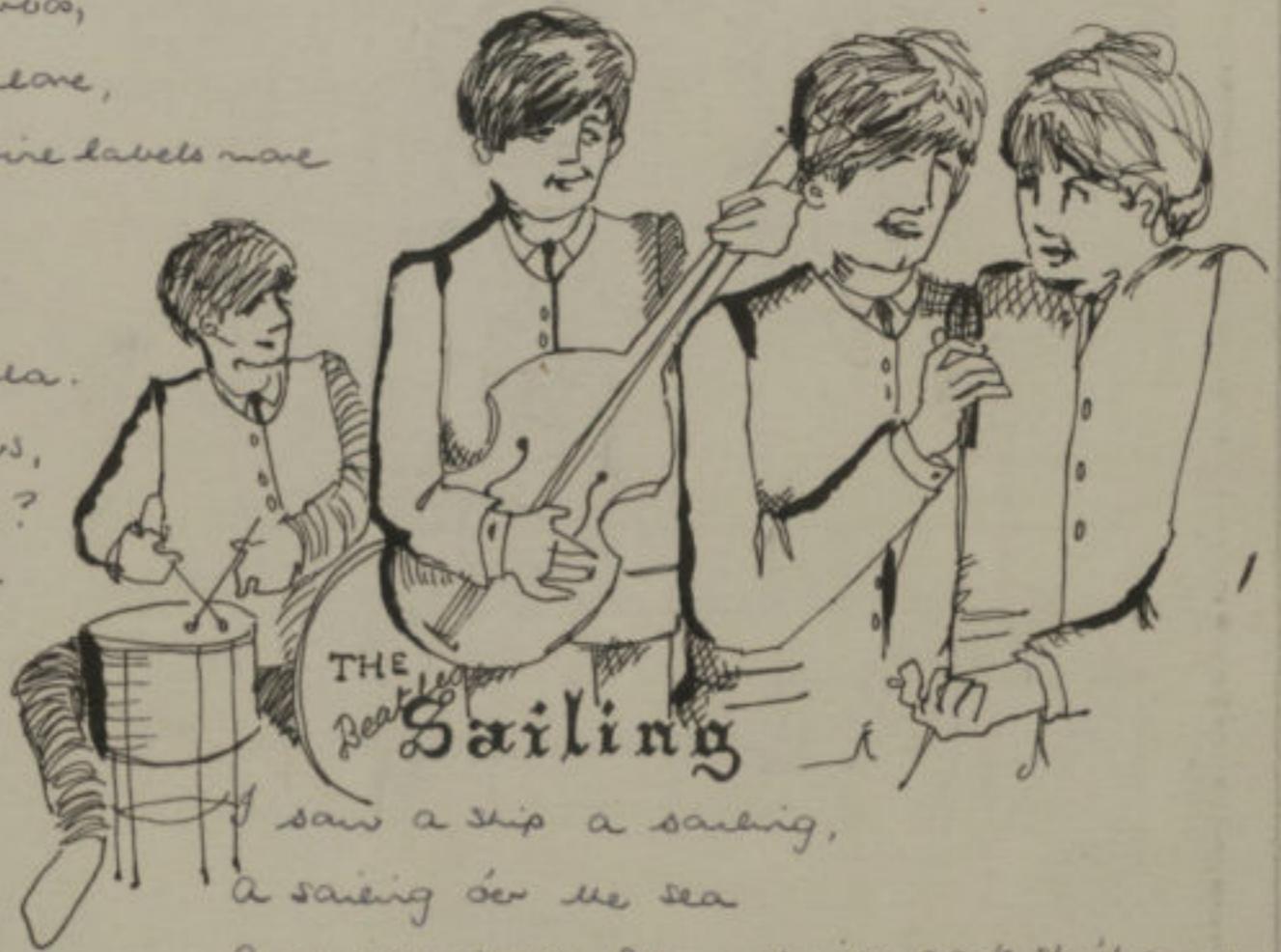


Interior Decoration

On one of the walls was a pattern of Stones,
Beattles and Daves and Trays and Garbos,
The corners were filled with shadows galore,
But the cupboard was covered with wire labels none

Susans and Ringos surrounded Roma
While at the side was a picture of Cilla.
The rest of the space, cluttered with guitars,
Drums, crash helmets Is this Mars?

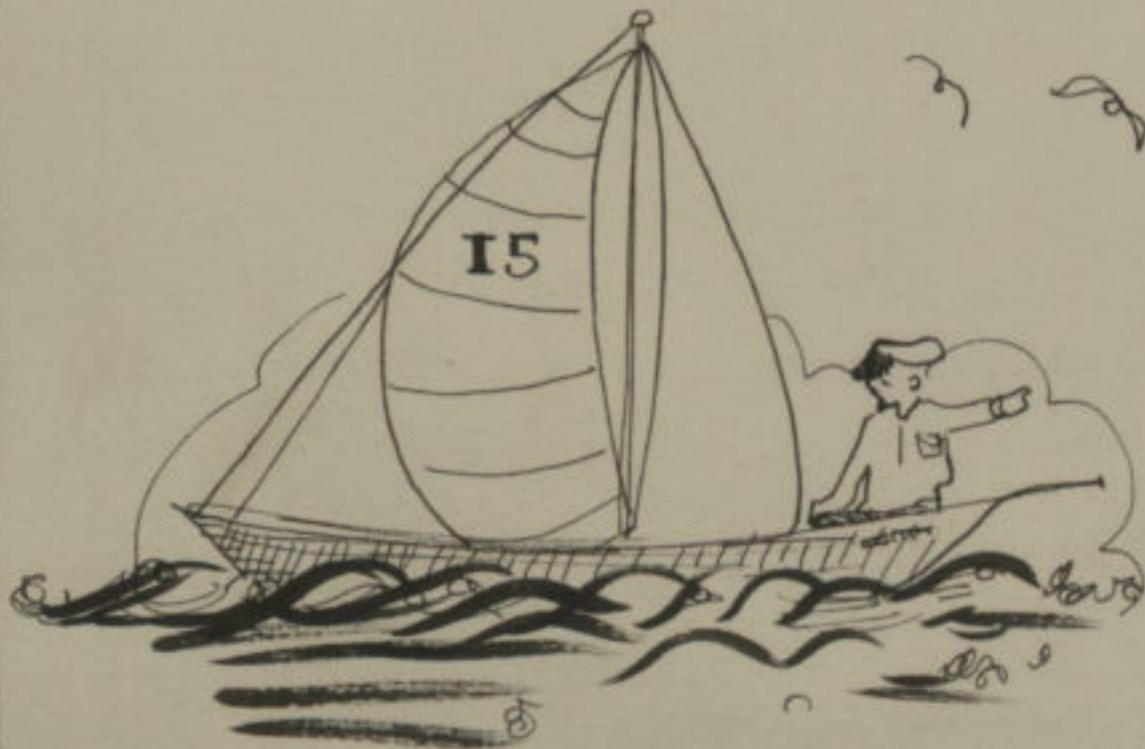
J. Fawcus, upper IV



I saw a ship a sailing,
A sailing over the sea
And wondered from which port she'd come,
And where she soon would be.

I thought of jolly sailor boys,
A climbing up of masts.
And hoped they liked the work they did
And how long each voyage would last

A. Payne lower V



Die Kings

Hy staan daar, teen die bloue lug,
 Ruitersboos sy fiewe rug.
 Sy maakhaar waai, sy kop is hoog
 Hy soek gevaar met oar en oog.



Sy neemis staan aar elke kant.
 Sy kinder's hardloop oar die land.
 Die wind mis saggies soos hy waai,
 Er nan begin die bane swaai

Sy maats die tier, die woël, die bul,
 Die wildebas, die skrauwe.
 Sy vyand die newe er leeu,
 Die kane, seer er winterneeu



Die tyd, wie kan, het geen bestaan,
 Oar veld er vlakke mag hy gaan.
 Die wildebok, die leeu, die aap,
 Gedwing om kan waar hy slaap.



Al vlieg hy spoedig hervandaar,
 Die skoonheid van sy beeld bly staan.
 Herwinerig aar getrande rug
 Self nan daar niks in bloue lug.



J. Her Sheldwood
 Lower K

Mugget

One day on our door-step,
 Arrived a big black cat,
 With personality and pep,
 He matched our front mat.



His carriage is grand,
 His legs long and strong,
 He meows pitiously loud
 If his dinner tastes wrong.



He adores his comforts
 And sleeps on my bed.
 He snores and snats
 In his slumber like the dead.

His family tree's a mystery,
 No matter on the Poona;
 But I'll go down in history
 Sole survivor of Instar da Cunha

C. Ward, Lower V



Too Late

Too late! Too late! I cried again,
 I'll never be able to make my name
 Writing prose or writing verse,
 I'll have to end up being a nose.

C. Payne, upper V

Limericks

There was a young man from Calcutta
 who ran over a deer on his scooter.
 He said to the deer,
 "So sorry old bear,
 I should have looked my horse."

W. Cranwright, upper IV

In an island between Turkey and Greece,
 was a Russian who longed for Peace,
 So he warned President Makarajit,
 that it really would be serious,
 if the dropping of bombs did not cease.

A. Macris, Lower IV

Arrival of Dawn

The world was still and hushed as if waiting,
For some great spectacle a-wakening.
The stars around shone with all their strength -
The last bright light for eastern breath.

Then slowly, surely, arose the dawn,
Distant and glowing to announce early morn.
The rose light increased, the stars faded
Then suddenly a splendid round face - made it!

J. Fawcett, Upper IV.



Aurora

Mihi prima lucis puerum
Est quicquam mirabilissimum.
Aurora obscurum nocturnumque
Tegret terra renouet.
Luce terram integre
Quae nunc viva fieri videtur, spargit

Terres suas partes disingunt
Et Aves caere institunt
Omnia pulchra Aurora
Haec, sola causa cur exonerantur
Noctem cupiam est quod
Alia prima luce accedit

H. Robb, Upper V

Art



"At the Beach"
NICOLA JONES - 5m.





En
i gorn
Tigger
"Cart"

"It's Clever, But is it Art?" - Kipling

The trend of nineteenth century art, be it music, painting or sculpture, is towards expression rather than realism. The conventional, classical period of 1400s, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, and Goya in finished; and in its place in the period where artists are striving towards expressing themselves in their painting, and transferring onto canvas, not exactly what they see in front of them, but rather trying to introduce the atmosphere and emotional elements in the object being painted or modelled. Modern art, like everything else, must be fully understood to be appreciated; and to understand modern art, it is necessary to look at some of the causes and reasons why people have sought after such a different means of expressing themselves.

After the 1844-1848 war, German expressionism flourished. The opponents of this were Beckmann, Baumgarten, Nolde, George Grosz and Käthe Kollwitz. Their art was ugly, stark and harsh; their colour was crude; their paintings told the tales of honour, faith and poverty of war. George Grosz is known especially for his terrible cartoons of the fall, and recedance of Berlin in this period. Käthe Kollwitz expressed in her work the starving mothers and children resulting from the war. After this war when Naziism came into being, Hitler's taste for late eighteenth century art, romantically sets the trend, and all contemporary art was scorned. Thus it can be seen how German art was affected at this time. Little attention was paid to drawing, perspective, foreshortening composition, design and colour. The artist focused on harsh colour, and distorted his shapes and objects to produce the desired effect. Yet this is still art. As this time, there was a concentration of artists in Paris. Here the

freedom-loving artist was at liberty to paint and think what he wished. The fauvists with Henri Matisse as their leader, came into being. This group of artists tried to free themselves from the current political unrest in the world, and they used very simple and decorative style of painting.

In Paris, during the Nazi occupation, Picasso, Salvador Dali and Joan Miro were living. They were all Spaniards. These three founded the Surrealists or the super-realists. They have a quite original, almost unconscious style, yet there is a disturbing and emotional beauty, and sometimes humor in all their works.

Moving over to England. Here the effect of the second world war had devastating effects on English art. Paul Nash was one of the leading exponents of Surrealism in England. His work has been much influenced by the war, and tells of the horror and terror of those times. Two other artists at this time were Graham Sutherland and Henry Moore, who was essentially a sculptor, but who, with Graham Sutherland depicted the intense pathos of people seeking in underground stations, and wrecked bombers. They used crude, violent colours.

Thus, a few causes of the violent swing of art from absolute realism to the abstract art of today can be traced. However peculiar this art may seem to us; to the expressionists, the fauvists, the Surrealists, and the constructionist it was real and they believed in it, and therefore we have no right to condemn it. We today are so very wrapped up in all our conventional and material ideas, that we cannot see, and are not prepared to accept anyone else's point of view.

The impressionists in their day were thought quite mad, they were laughed

at; and yet today we appreciate their thoughts and original ideas to the full. Tchaikowski's music was completely shattered and also mocked at, but now we know him to be one of the greatest composers of all times.

"It is clever, and it is art." a study of the utterly fascinating subject of modern art, will show that this statement is true. We must realise that we must "move with the times" in every way, especially in the cultural aspects of life. Surely these are some of the most important and essential parts of an existence. "It is clever, but is it art?" should be changed: — "It's clever, and it is art!"

M. Perse, upper v





J. SEYMOUR.



"---The Clear Anatomy Arrive."

L. BROWN.







J. Seymour
V.P.P.

37.

Shakespeare.

We are of such stuff
As dreams are made of.

Experience is by industry
achiev'd.

'Tis the mind that makes
the body rich.

Love is merely a madness.

Loan oft loses both itself
and friend.

Make not your thoughts your
prisons.

Shakespeare's life

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon on April 23rd 1564. His father was a man of some importance in municipal affairs but about eight years after the birth of William, he fell into grave financial difficulties. William still managed to obtain a sound elementary education even though he left school at about 14 to become an apprentice to some trade.

At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway. There being no future in Stratford, it was probably in about 1585, that William set off to London to earn enough to be able to support his wife and three children.

At the time when Shakespeare was born, the Elizabethan Drama had not yet begun. It was not until 1554 that the first plays pointing the way to the new Romantic Comedy were produced. Three years later Marlowe's 'Tamburlaine' which fixed the type of tragedy and tragic blank verse for all beginners appeared.

In London William Shakespeare soon learnt the trade of acting. His abilities other than acting were soon recognised and he proceeded to work at the adaptation of plays for his company. In about 1590, Shakespeare began to write the plays that are so familiar to us. I will not go into any detail as to what plays he wrote - a great number are known to us. His plays differed to a great extent - There were tragedies such as 'Hamlet', the light romantic plays such as 'The Tempest', and his comedies which include 'All's Well' and 'The Taming of the Shrew', not to forget, however, his famous histories - the 'Henrys'. Shakespeare retired in 1611 and returned to live at Stratford. He led a very quiet life there until his death in 1616. This man of the small village of Stratford-on-Avon, will be familiar among the nations for many centuries to come, so great was his writing.

E. Henderson, Upper V

Theatre in Shakespeare's Day

When the name of Shakespeare's day is mentioned, a picture of the 'Globe Theatre' is immediately conjured up in the mind. This is probably because it is the best known of the Elizabethan theatres, ^{owing} ~~due~~ to William Shakespeare's association with it. There are other Elizabethan theatres such as 'The Theatre', 'The Swan', 'The Curtain', and the 'Rose' and 'Fortune', but these were all built on much the same lines as 'The Globe', which is an extremely good example of a typical theatre of Shakespeare's day.

The theatre doubtless ^{owed} ~~owed~~ its name ^{to} ~~from~~ its shape. It is a hexagonal, and shaped rather like a doughnut, or as Shakespeare described it, a 'wooden O'. Inside the theatre was a kind of yard which was called the pit so that the audience could hear and see the plays clearly, the stage jutted out into this pit.

There were three classes of seats in the theatre. The shilling patrons sat on the stage, the three-penny patrons had stools in the balconies, while the peasants were allowed to stand in the pit after paying a fee of one penny.

The fact that people were allowed to sit on the stage, and that the stage was ^{surrounded} on three sides by audience resulted in a certain intimacy between the actors and ^{the} audience. It was not considered strange to see a member of the audience talking with the players during the play and advising them as to how their parts should be portrayed.

None of the Elizabethan theatres ^{made} ~~had~~ any provision for scenery. This was left to the imagination of the audience who were merely shown plaques stating where the following scene was to take place. There was, however, a certain amount of machinery in the theatre including a trap door (which represented ^{the entrance to} hell) and a cannon which could be fired for sound effects.

There were no actresses in Shakespeare's day and all the parts of women were taken by young

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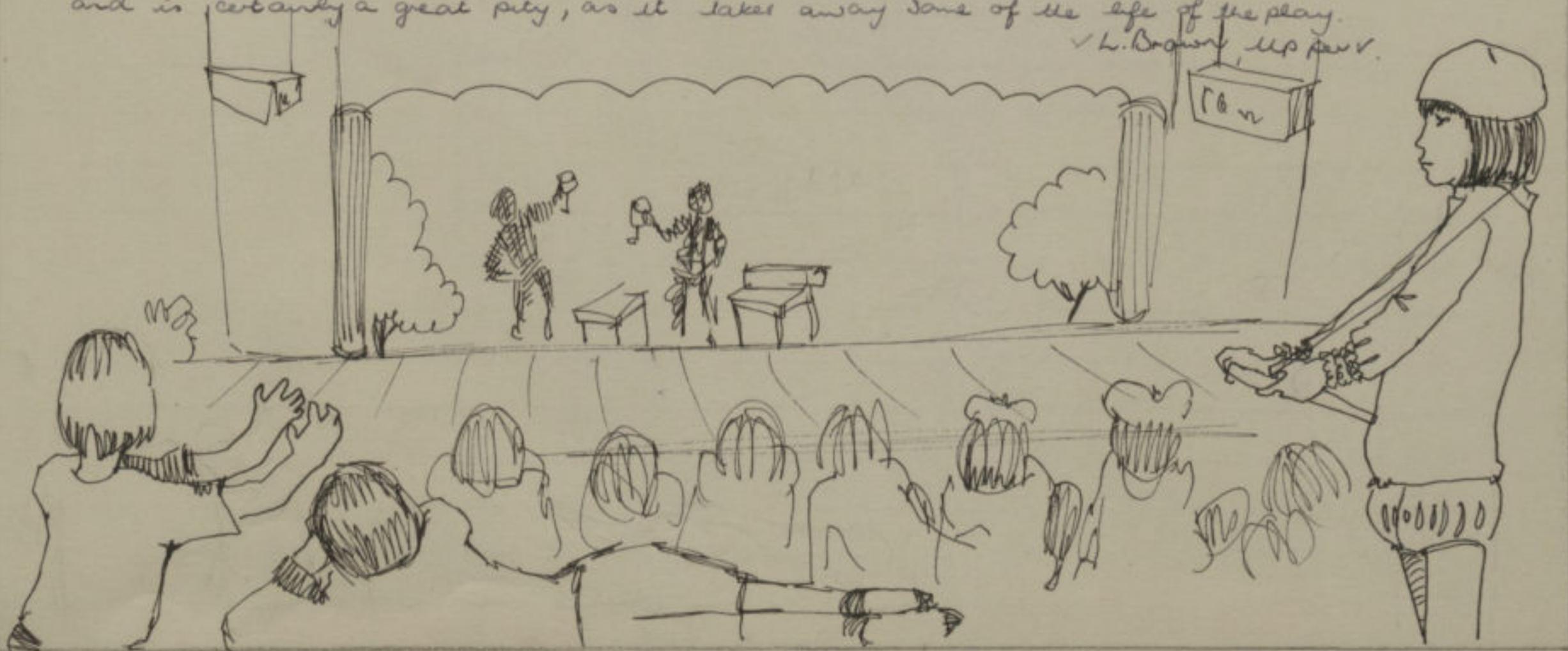
boys whose voices ^{had} ~~have~~ not yet broken. It was probably for this reason that Shakespeare was so fond of disguising his heroes as young men, as in 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'As you like it'.

The actors ^{was} wearing the costumes ^{that} were not correctly historically dressed. Caesar, Hamlet and Demetrius all wore the velvet tunic and Elizabethan ruff of the Elizabethan court.

Most of the Elizabethan theatres were roofless apart from the stage and the galleries, and the plays often had to be cancelled on account of the weather.

The Shakespearean-type theatre seems strange and old-fashioned to us. It is definitely superior to our modern theatre, however, in one very important aspect: the intimacy between the actors and the audience. This is so completely lost in our large theatres of today, and is certainly a great pity, as it takes away some of the life of the play.

✓ L. Brown, M.P. for V.



Why I like Shakespeare No. 1

Why do I like Shakespeare? When I was asked to write to this effect I began to think - why do I like Shakespeare? My first thoughts were that I do not like his works, they bore me. Then, I thought again.....

Shakespeare was certainly a wonder under outstanding ability and it is only now, after years of having his works taught to me, that I realize this fact. The beautiful verse, the mystery and intrigue all fascinate me, but the relation to real life is what holds the great fascination for me. There are many instances in the thrilling play, Macbeth, when the scenes and scenes between Macbeth and his wife is so very and beautifully illustrated.

Although I find Macbeth, Hamlet, a midsummer Night's dream and all the other Shakespearean plays, which I have managed to find time to read, fascinating - Romeo and Juliet is definitely my favourite, and I am sure many people must agree with me. This play holds one's attention, gives one sympathy and makes one nervous through the love of two young people; that there is nothing else to do but enjoy it - which is not at all difficult.

Although hundreds of school children why they like Shakespeare, would give the same reply as I did - "I do not like his works." But Shakespeare was a wonderful writer and, for me, his works have a fascination which I cannot describe. I am sure that if everyone pushed the terrible memories of the English teachers, and the learning of Shakespeare by heart as a punishment to the back of their minds, they would also say - "Yes, Shakespeare's works do hold a fascination for me".
S. Mackenzie, Upper IV

No 2

As we live near Maynardville, I have been fortunate enough to see Shakespeare plays nearly every year in ideal surroundings. This, I think, has heightened my interest in Shakespeare and also I am interested in Elizabethan times.

I find Shakespeare an interesting author because he wrote with such variation. He wrote comedies, histories and tragedies. Of his tragic and historic plays, I think I like Hamlet best. After all the tense excitement of the tragic parts, there is always light relief, not only in this play, but in others too.

Midsummer Night's Dream is my favourite comedy. I think the setting is beautiful as well as the enchantment and lightness of the play.

When I read Shakespearean plays, most of them seem familiar to me. I think this is because many of the quotations are used in everyday life.

Reading about Shakespeare, I find I get an insight of Elizabethan times and to a degree on - away.

J. Susmar Upper III

No 3

Whether they are tragedies or comedies, Shakespeare still wrote wonderful plays. His great width of imagination produced both tragedies or comedies, with poetic words which made them more realistic. Although he never visited other countries, his ingenuity and intellect told him what they looked like.

I personally prefer Shakespeare's tragedies to his comedies, but I enjoy reading all his plays.

H. Henderson Lower IV

My Favourite Shakespeare Characters

'To be, or not to be; that is the question' these words have become famous, and not without cause, for I think Hamlet is one of the most wonderful of Shakespeare's characters.

The story of Hamlet is truly tragic, perhaps more so because it depicts a weakness many of us have; that of hesitating so long over a decision that, when we finally decide, is too late. Before his father's death, Hamlet was a true hero, seemingly the perfect heir to the throne. Yet, from the moment he was told by the ghost of his father that his mother ^{was} ^a the murderer, Hamlet's great fault became obvious and it finally brought him to destruction. He decided to avenge his father's death by murdering his uncle, now king, and even his mother too; but as he was going to perform the deed, his resolution would crumble away, and he would be once more in ^{an} the agony of indecision. The real tragedy of the play is not Hamlet's death, but the ruin of his character.

Another character which greatly impresses me is Macbeth. He was a truly brave, honest soldier, a wonderful lord, with a clear conscience and a fine personality. But the seed planted in his mind by the witches finally took root, and Macbeth's ambition spurred him on, even to murder. Perhaps he was not wholly to blame, as his wife, blind in her love of him to do any wrong, helped and encouraged him. Shakespeare shows us that Macbeth was not really a cruel man, as after, and ^{indeed} even before, he had committed the murder, his conscience troubled him and he drew back with the words:

'I'll go no more
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not'

Yet ambition was stronger, and Macbeth finally committed murder and treason and irreparably blackened his character.

The best of Shakespeare's comedies is, I think, "The Merchant of Venice." The story is so ingenious. When all hope seems to be lost for Antonio, Portia steps in with her brilliant words,

'Tarry a little: there is something else,
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood'

and saves his life. It is so well done that one ends by feeling sorry for Shylock, the villain. Portia is beautiful, rich and virtuous, as well as clever and brave. Her love embraced not only her husband-to-be, Bassanio, but his threatened friend, Antonio, whom she has never seen, but for whom she risks exposure and ridicule. Portia is a true heroine, with a spotless personality.

These are some of my favourite Shakespearean characters. Of course there are many more who impress us all. But then, who could fail to be impressed by almost anyone created by the greatest English writer of all time, William Shakespeare?

A. Kooy Upper IV



Fashions



CASSODY

GARMENTS

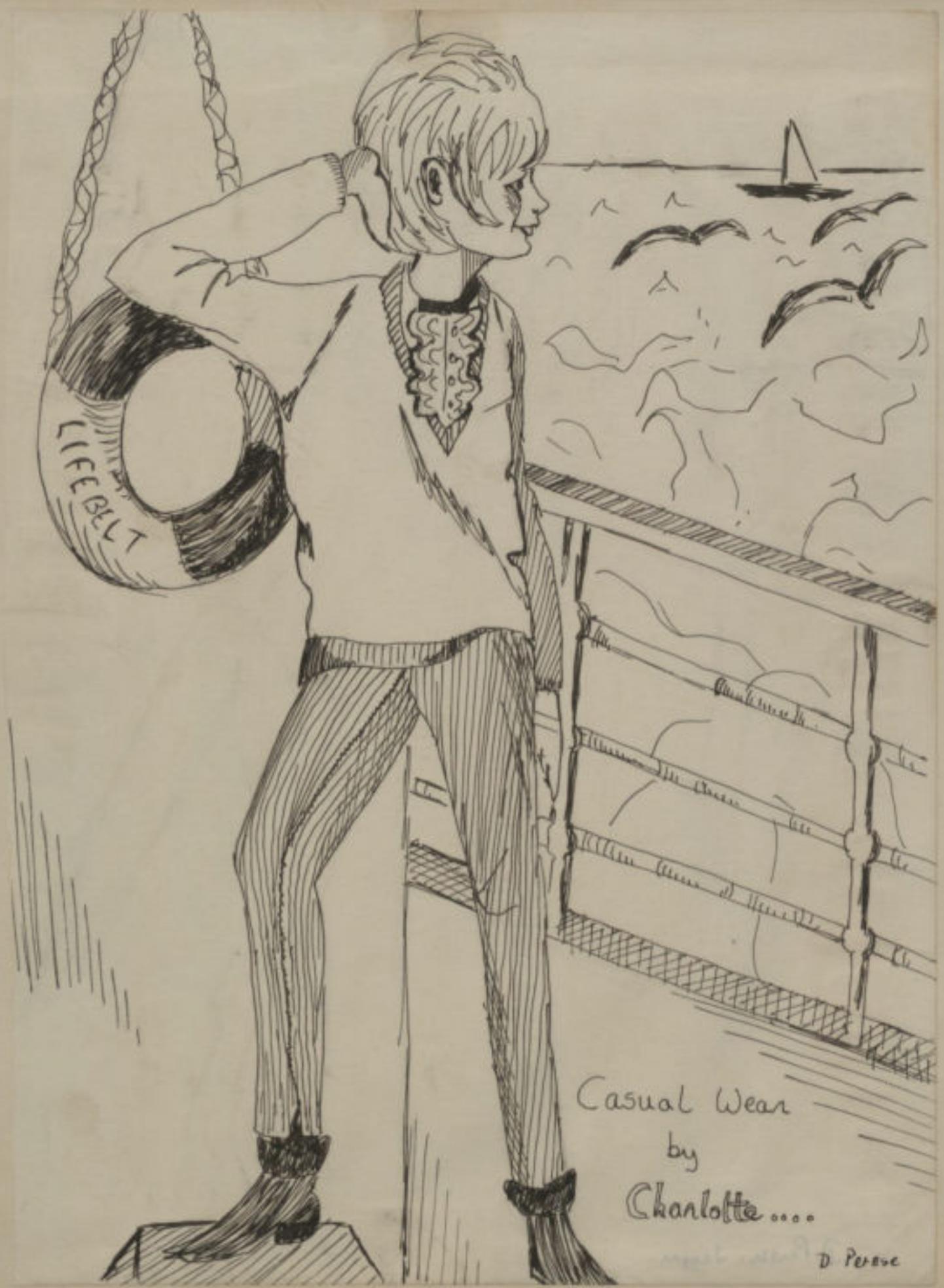
for

HAPPY

CHILDREN.



Jayser
Lower 2m
aka Jones - 6/4/19



Casual Wear
by
Charlotte....

D Perone



JASON BROS.

FOR SMART
STYLE WEAR.

D. Perse.

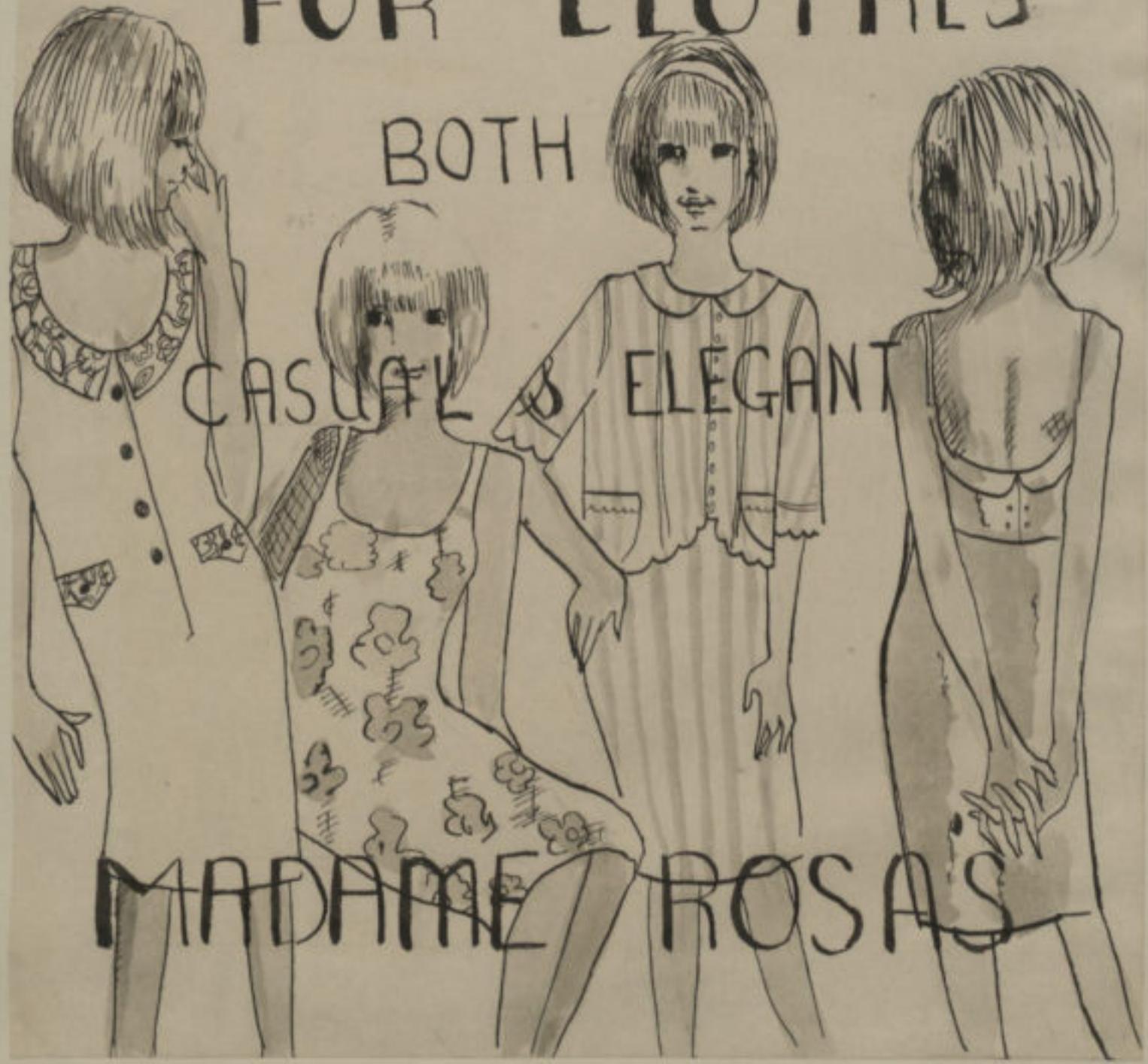
Nicola Jone Lum

FOR CLOTHES

BOTH

CASUAL & ELEGANT

MADAME ROSAS



A Record Party.

"It's been a blue day," the boys said, "let's have a party because we know where there's a place to twist and shout." Although I knew that it would be bad for me I agreed because I saw her standing there. I said, "Please please me and ask me why I want you to want me." She said "Do you want to know a secret, if I had a hammer you would be calling Dr. Casey and would be in hospital for forty days." When I woke up, I said "Good golly Miss Molly, I'm gonna get you because I want to hold you hard ever if you are bad to me and I'll keep you satisfied with sugar and spice from the nearby Sugar Shack." Now we are going to the Chapel of Love and there will be no more misery. We will live side by side with plenty of little children, one of whom we will call Lucille.

A. Payne, Lower V.



What am I?

My 1st is in hat but not in cap.
My 2nd is in paragraph but not in paragraph
My 3rd is in love but not in late
My 4th is in larger but not in stay
My 5th is in drawer but not in swim
My 6th is in Mathematics and also geography
My 7th is in yesterday but not tomorrow
My whole is what all school children do.
What am I?



Answer: A vocabulary

A. Payne, Lower V

Inspiration

My mind is blank, I've got brain fog,
Oh how can I possibly help the mag.
Those bright ideas have disappeared
Just exactly as I feared.

So here I am without a thought
And out of the my words are sought.
But let me hope that one fine day

Inspiration comes my way
And words pour out as I would like
To put my thoughts on black and white

A. Payne
Lower V



Sport

Sport gives vitality,
 Sport gives fun,
 Sport gives ability -
 Sport in the sun!

Jump up high,
 Jump up and catch,
 Reach for the sky -
 Then you've won your

Hit the ball,
 Hit the ball and run,
 That's all -
 Fun fun in the sun!

Sport gives vitality,
 Sport gives fun,
 Sport gives ability -
 Sport in the sun

S. Mackenzie, Upper IV





True or false

All animals which suckle their young are classed as mammals

Sir John Falstaff is one of the characters which appear in William Shakespeare's first play, "King Henry the fourth, Part one"

Hull is a port of Lancashire which stands where the river Hull flows into Humber. It is one of the chief fishing ports of Britain.

Ice in the polar regions pouring ice cold water into the seas keeps the temperature of the ocean low.

The perfect insect has eight legs and two antenna

True: Perfect insects have six legs.

True

False: Hull is a port of Yorkshire

False: "Kane's labour's lost" is Shakespeare's first play.

True.

Around the world in five minutes.

- 1. Australia - Bay's name.
- 2. France - Girl's name
- 3. Italy - Girl's name
- 4. Scotland - Bay's name
- 5. America - Famous man
- 6. U.S.S.R - Girl's name
- 7. U.S.A. - Girl's name
- 8. Australia - Lake in Queensland with Bay's name

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| ⑧ Gregory | ① Sydney |
| ⑨ Mary | ② Washington |
| ④ Douglas | ③ Florence |
| ⑦ Nancy | ⑦ Helen |

J. Susman



D. Perasse



"Christopher"

Nicola-Jones LVI m



Dagger.



House Report

Trudy we should like to welcome Miss Weston as a member of our house we are very pleased to have her and hope she will be happy with us. We were very sorry to have to say good bye to Mrs Jones in the middle of last year. She is making a great deal by everyone and we should like to wish everything of the best in the future. We also had to say a very sorry farewell to Mrs Lusk who had to leave us on account of health reasons.

We should also like to extend our most grateful thanks to Anne Blackadder for all the hard work and enthusiasm she put into her duty as head of Jagger last year. We managed to win the Efficiency Shield together with Rose this year which was a great achievement. All Jagger's hard extremely hard last year in all aspects of school life and with the help of Mrs Sears, Mrs Bouswell and Anne, we competed our staff with the Efficiency Shield.

This year, Jagger has not been as successful. We managed to come a very close second in the swimming and this proved a very exciting afternoon for all. Over the tennis and athletic cups were awarded to Rose and I think that Jagger must not forget that you cannot expect everything to come your way on the day of the event. Everyone must attend all the practices with enthusiasm in order to produce a really perfect team. We should like to thank Miss Roberts for all the work she has put into Jagger games.

The Photographic competition was held in the second term. I should like to congratulate the girls for all the enthusiasm they showed for this competition.

The others were all of a very high standard especially Janet Gault, Inoon Cleary and Leahy Brown's. We should all like to thank Leahy for all the hard work that she put into the competition.

Taggart has done extremely hard in the academic side. The girls have maintained a high standard throughout the year although a few girls have put extra effort into their work. Jean Henderson, Janet Hendersoo, Janet Ross, Helen Robertson and Jill Thurcott have maintained an especially high standard all year.

We have still the hockey and Netball ahead of us as well as the Taggart play. If everyone puts their best foot forward, there is no reason why we should not do as well as we deserve.

Leahy I should like to thank all the girls and Mrs Jacks and Mrs Brownell for helping to make this such a happy year. It must be remembered that to gain success, you cannot depend on a few girls for it up to every member of the House. I should like to wish you the best of luck for next year and remember to keep up the same spirit.

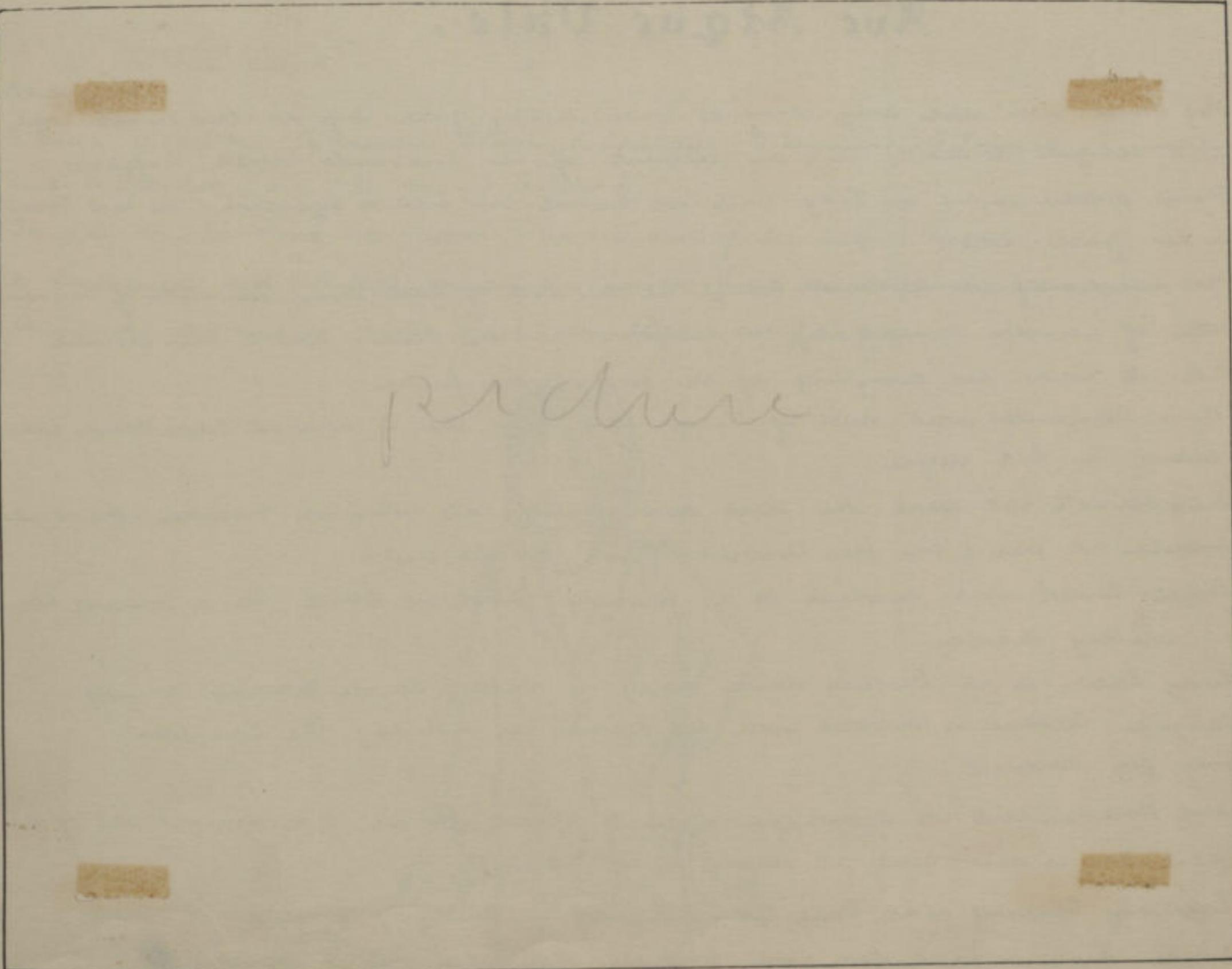
E. Henderson.

Taggart has always supported Captain. Every term we collect twenty five cents from each girl and this is sent to Captain.

In the first term every girl entered a jigsaw and these were taken to Captain by two prefects accompanied by Mrs Hiving. The jigsaws were welcomed for the winter break. A group of girls were taken to Captain one afternoon and after their visit, they realize of what great importance our twenty five cents and Tavers are E. Henderson.



1964.



picture

Ave Atque Vale.

Mrs James: we were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Mrs James who was obliged to leave us on account of her husband's health. Professor James passed away in July and we extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs James in her great loss.

Mrs Hillbrand had to leave Herschel at the end of last term because of her health. Most of us were taught by Mrs Hillbrand in the Junior school and should like to wish her everything of the best in the future.

Anne Alexander was head of Tagger last year. She is now at Cape Town University taking a B.A. degree.

Shirley Atwell has spent the last seven months at home in Lusaka. She is in America at present on the American Field Scholarship.

Juliet Butters went overseas to a finishing school in France. She is coming home on holiday shortly.

Lenny Raith is at Barclay House doing her Nursery School teaching training.

Jasmine Stephens is overseas with her parents on holiday. She has been over the continent.

Sue Boshner went to Nyanganga Training school for the first six months of the year. She is overseas at present.

Rosemary Pickering is at Cape Town university studying music.

Diana Seymour is at Red Cross hospital doing her nurses training.

Jane Ellis and Anne Cooper are both in Cape Town.

New girls:

S. Beer, U. Hennessy, A. Levedon, J. Aster, E. Spielhaus, J. Seymour, J. Truscott, J. Sumner and H. Robertson are all new in upper III.

Sandra Howell came into upper IV at the end of the second term.

U. Galbraith and P. Phillips are new in lower IV at the beginning of the year.

A. Grant was new in lower V at the beginning of the year.





Jagger would like to thank the following girls for putting so much work into the magazine.

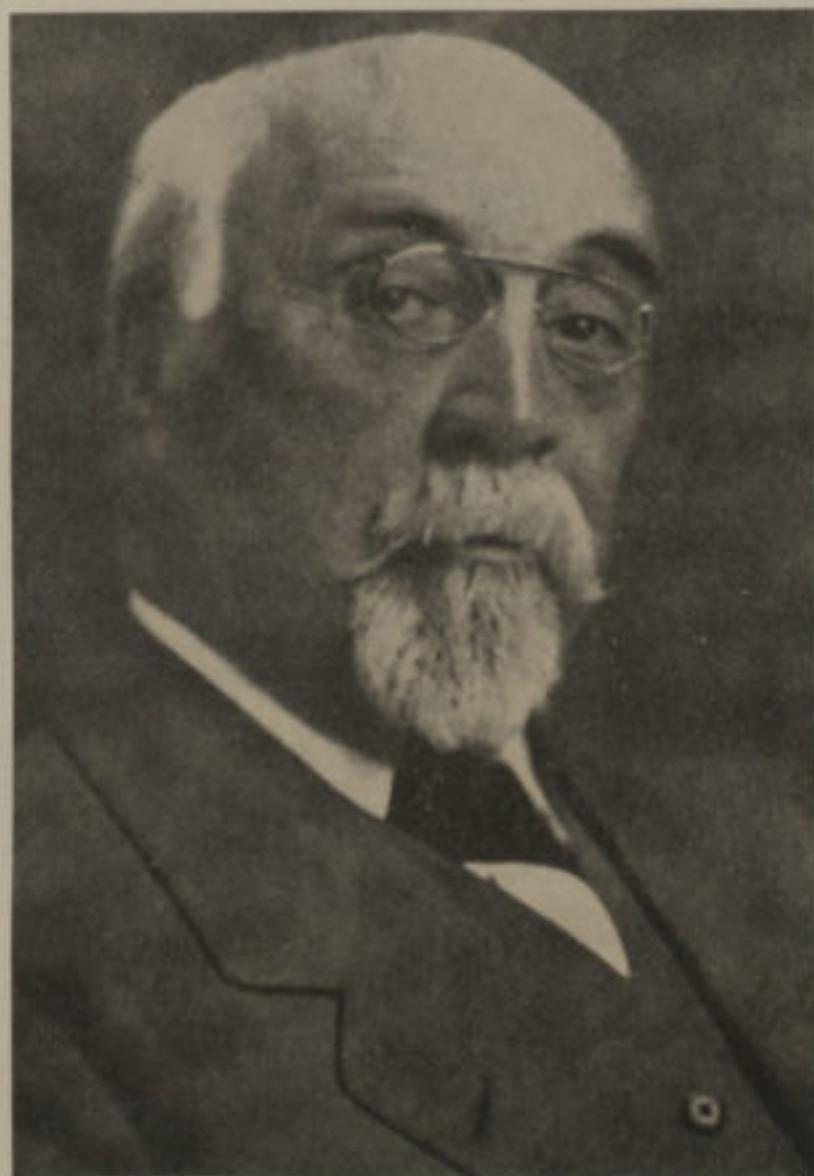
Jean Henderson

Nicola Jones

Janel Henderson

Allison Payne.





J. W. Jagger

John William Jagger, the founder of Herschel
and the man whom Jagger House was named after

