

MERRIMA



MERRIMAN
MAGAZINE

1961

FOREWORD

Since 1925 the *Herschelian* has been published annually. Apart from the house reports emphasis has been on school activities. During the last few years Herschel has become increasingly aware of the importance of house spirit in contributing to the unity of the school. Post school competitive activities, such as sport, art and music are now organised in and through the Houses — except the magazine.

Last year the entries in the Original Work of the *Herschelian* were grouped into the respective houses and points awarded towards the Efficiency Shield on quality and quantity. This year it was suggested to hold an Inter-house Magazine Competition — each house to edit and publish its own magazine. Mrs. Muller, editor of the *Herschelian* will then be able to choose the best entries for the school magazine.

It is with gratitude that, on behalf of the Neornians in Upper V, I thank Mr. Muller and Mr. Silberbauer for making our part of running Neornian so easy. They especially helped and encouraged us at the beginning of the year when we did not know what was expected of us — except to stop girls running through the hall.

Unfortunately this year Neornian has achieved only one cup and lost several which were on its shelf last year. The good work and distinctions have been woefully marred by the many refusals. I am sure that if every girl really did her best we could get the shelf full again.

In conclusion I would like to thank all Neornians — from the Upper III's in the study reciting poetry to my fellow prefects — for an entertaining and happy year.

Good luck and best wishes,

Anne Hacking.

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POEMS.



ESSAYS.



DRAWINGS.



The Sunset.

2

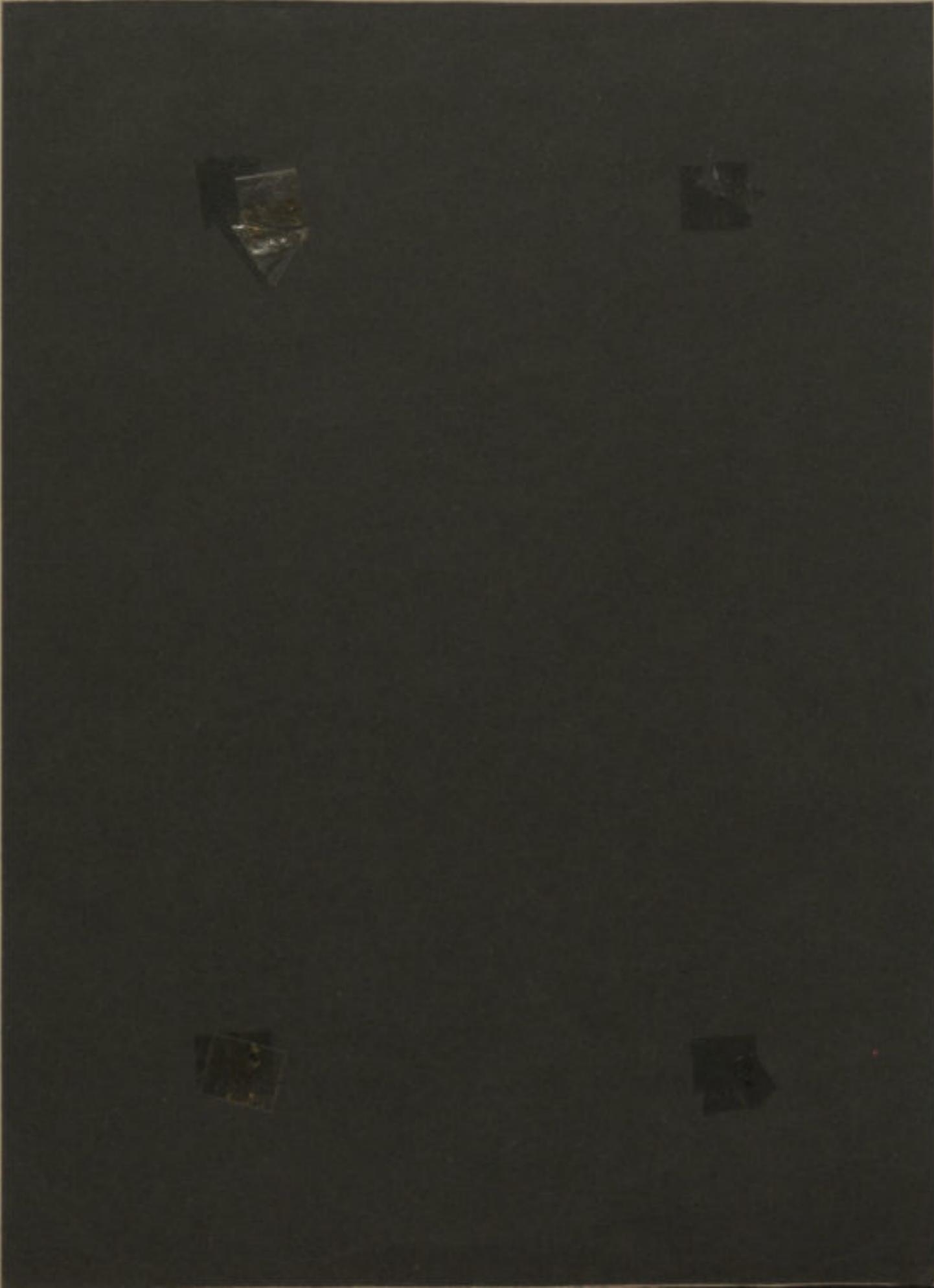
She stood looking out over the sea which lay before her in a spreading carpet of dappled blue and gold. The sun was setting and had, in fact, nearly disappeared behind the thin blue line of the horizon which seemed to stretch out into the sky. It was for this moment that she had been waiting - this moment when the sea and the sky and the hills and all the countryside nestling around were suddenly plunged into incredible depths of living, fiery colour.

She saw the rippling waves along the line of the horizon turn purple and then change to a soft and downy colour that was as pink as a cloud of flamingoes in flight. She heard the quiet murmur of the stream as it leapt onward to the sea and, turning, beheld the range of hills which sprawled along the coast, and saw that the setting sun had cast shadows among the burnished gold of the sands.

In another moment the shadows would lengthen and chase the lingering light from all that she surveyed and then only a kind of faint weak afterglow would remain as evidence of the majestic glory of the sunset. Then Darkness. Utter Darkness, void and empty blackness.

She shivered, but the light had not yet quite gone. Soon the fishing fleet would return from its day's work out at sea, and she would hear the hearty laughter of the men and sniff the friendly wafting odour of fishing nets and the day's catch. As she turned quietly and started to make her way homewards, she thought that she would never forget this night when she had been so close to nature that she felt almost part of it. Behind her the sea lay like a patchwork-quilt of lengthening shadows under the brow of the hills.

Jail Fincham - Form: Upper IV S - Age: 14.



A Thing of Beauty is a
Joy Forever.

By John Keats. Lower V.M.

Tapping the Trees

Every year towards the end of February or just as March prepares to blow himself in with a blustering gale; when the snow begins to melt, swelling streams and rivers, while the first few shoots peer timidly through; then all across Canada from coast to coast sounds the chorus: "The sap's running, the sap's running!"

During this period the forests are infested with men, women, and children alike, all eager to tap the maple trees for the clear, sweet sap and to convert it to either syrup, sugar, or even maple coffee. Some people earn a livelihood by producing maple syrup on a large scale for retail marketing, but most people tap the trees merely for the pleasure it affords.

But now, let us see exactly what this process is. Let us find out how it is carried out, and when, and where. Let us travel to a farm on the shores of Lake Huron in northern Ontario and watch the syrup-makers at work.

It is early morning. The sun is rising over the rim of the horizon, slowly preparing for his day's work. Deep in the forest comes the sound of pails rattling, men shouting, and horse's hooves trotting through the sludgy snow. Suddenly a large sleigh with several men and a few large metal cans aboard swings into view. The occupants of the sleigh have been busy collecting the night's deposit of sap which does not amount to much as it has frozen during the night, but the day promises to be bright and clear - ideal for the tree-tapper.

The season is now several days old. When first the sap began to run, everyone hastened to the woods with especially constructed metal boxes, consisting of about two or three inches in length. The narrow ends of these were inserted into small holes drilled about three feet above ground level - one hole to a tree, although several of the larger maples were favored with two. Through these boxes the sap passed, dripping steadily into pails provided to catch it. No harm ever comes to these ^{trees} during this process, for some boxes can be plugged at the end of a season and used for many successive years.

But now we must hurry and follow the sleigh through the forest to watch the sap being processed. In a large shed lying near the farm-house, the cans of sap are deposited. A roaring furnace blazes inside the shed, and the sap bubbles merrily in a huge vat. As it boils, it slowly becomes thicker and is then passed along into a long trough down which it slowly moves being heated continuously from underneath while it passes through various stages of thickness. When it reaches the end of the trough, it is thick, syrupy, and golden in color with a strong woody

small-maple syrup. It is then caught in cans ready for shipment to the largest retail centers.

The profits from this business are very small. Ten gallons of sap are needed to make one quart of syrup, as the syrup is only ever a fortieth of the original amount of sap. As a tree will usually produce at the most about half a gallon of sap every day, it is small wonder that most farmers produce maple syrup only as a sideline in addition to their regular farming activities.

But syruping has always been and always will be part of Canadian life despite the difficulties involved with its manufacture. Perhaps it is because it dates back to the times in centuries past when the Indians roamed the plains of North America, and as such has become a tradition and part of the great heritage left to every true Canadian. But whatever it is, it is certain that as long as there are maple trees in Canada, there will always be someone near to tap them every spring when the sap begins to run.

Annette White, Form, Upper III, Age 14

My Dog.

As simple as the pie man,
Is my spaniel called Simon,
Who longs with soulful eyes,
For tit-bits and meat pies.
One thing he adores is honey,
Don't worry it may sound funny,
He would swallow cups and palters,
In order to get what matters

He's jealous, loving and a dear,
From tail to his long floppy ear;
With coat of gleaming gold,
And black nose wet and cold.
Tradesman he likes to irritate
Barking and biting at the gate,
But with all his tricks so sly,
I'll love him till I die.

Denise Payne, Form, Upper III, Age 14.

Sea- Elysium

There is a jayous land of peace and light
 Beneath the ocean deep,
 Where porpoises and fishes leap
 'Midst waving weed and sea-shell bright.

And there the golden sunlight casts its rays
 On glowing rock and dewy pearl,
 And mermaids sing their mournful lays
 While mottled plants their leaves unfurl.

And colour and beauty and life abound
 In that glad realm in the deep,
 Where the sea's full glory is found
 And fish in the sparkling waves leap.



Illustration - by Heather Walker.

Gail Fincham. Form: Upper IV s. Age: 14.

Airborne

Tomorrow was going to be my first venture into the air. My father, who was taking me, sent me to bed early, as we were to leave at first light.

Full of excitement I turned and tossed in bed for what seemed to be the whole night through, with only tomorrow's prospect clearly in my mind. Suddenly I found myself still tossing and turning, but now in the air, with the craft bouncing, turning, diving, listing then to starboard then to port until finally I woke up with a lump, having beaten my father's alarm clock by only seconds.

At six thirty sharp, we embarked into my father's Tri-Pacer from the Ueyburg Aerodrome, and, after priming and serving the engine, we became airborne which seemed to me a very long and fast run on the ground. It was a smooth take off, and very soon we had climbed to four thousand feet and reached cruising speed of 120 miles per hour. It was a dual control plane, and I was allowed to use the extra controls. The sky was clear, the atmosphere calm and we sped along so comfortably that to me it seemed as though we were making no headway but merely suspended in the air.

Our destination was Isalong in the British Bechuanaland Protectorate, some 180 miles North of Ueyburg. The country, as seen from the air, was generally featureless, except for one low ridge of hills and the Molapo River which was clearly visible. Exactly an hour and twenty minutes after taking off, we landed in a large pan at the police outpost known as Isalong.

There we found only two Europeans, one being the District Commissioner and the other a police officer, but many smartly dressed African constables. Their large police hats cocked to the left side were very striking. The police operate from here for many miles into the waterless desert and patrol on camels keeping a constant look-out for game poachers. I saw many camels and was told that this was probably the biggest camel breeding station in Southern Africa. I was offered a camel ride, but refused because

the animals emitted frightening noises and looked menacing.

My father having completed his business, we returned home in perfect weather, and had an uneventful but enjoyable flight, which I shall never forget, and which was very much in contrast with my dream flight of the previous evening.

Wendy Walker - born: Upper III B - Age: 13.



Pat Bellairs - Lower V.



Pat Bellairs.

An Ode to Spring.

Maion Vertue. 16 yrs. L.V. P.

Oh the blessed triumph of Spring,
The joy and comfort it doth bring -
(From the dark, cold wintry days,
To everything.

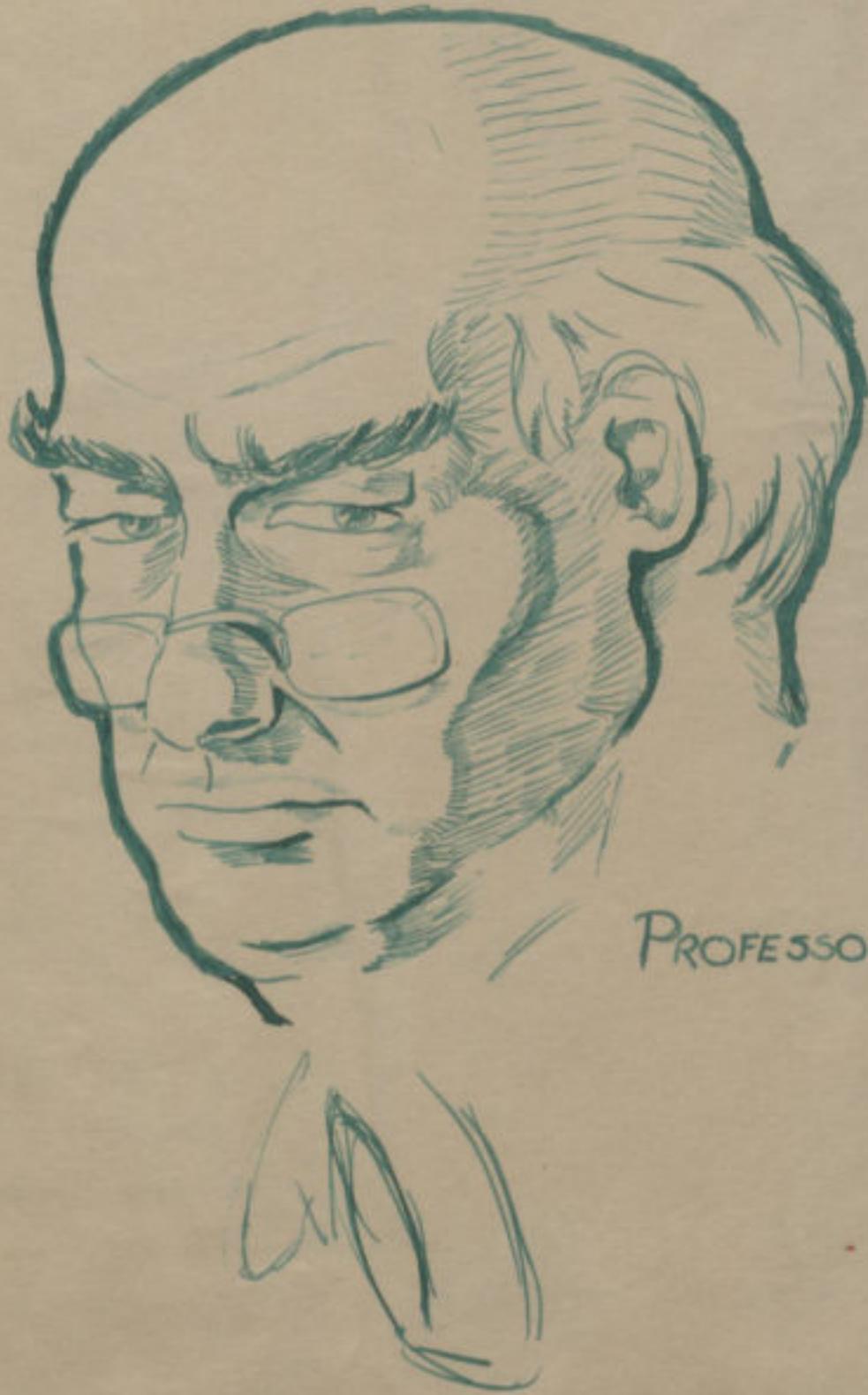
The new green leaves of old oak trees,
The young little buds that now one sees,
A time of grandest new life!
- for everything.

The baby in his mother's arms,
The golden fruit brought from the farms,
A miracle is wrought
From everything.

Laughter and sunshine a great new bliss;
The loveliest time of the year, never to miss
For giving and sharing
With everything.

And at this time love flourishes,
Gladning the hearts it nourishes;
A grand new wonder glowing
From everything.

YOUTH this season 'tis a wondrous thing!
And the hearts of young and old will ring
With the great new glory brought -
To everything.



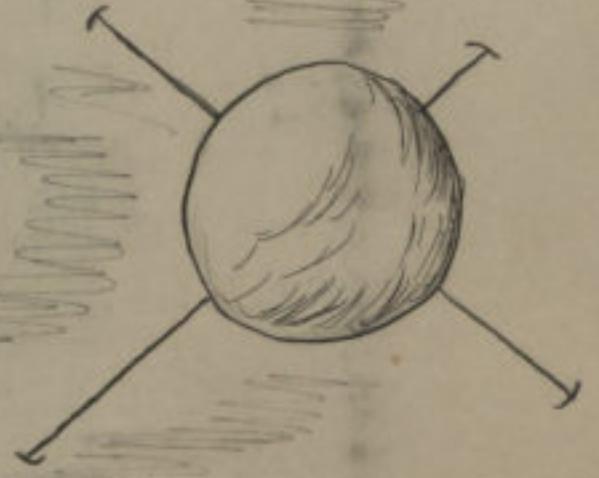
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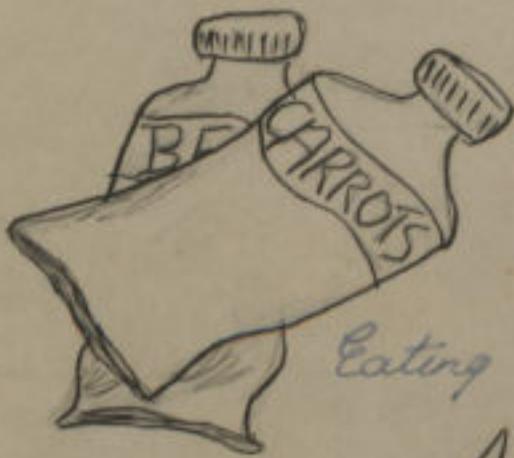
Zeehoi Uei.
By Hilary Bark.
Upper V.



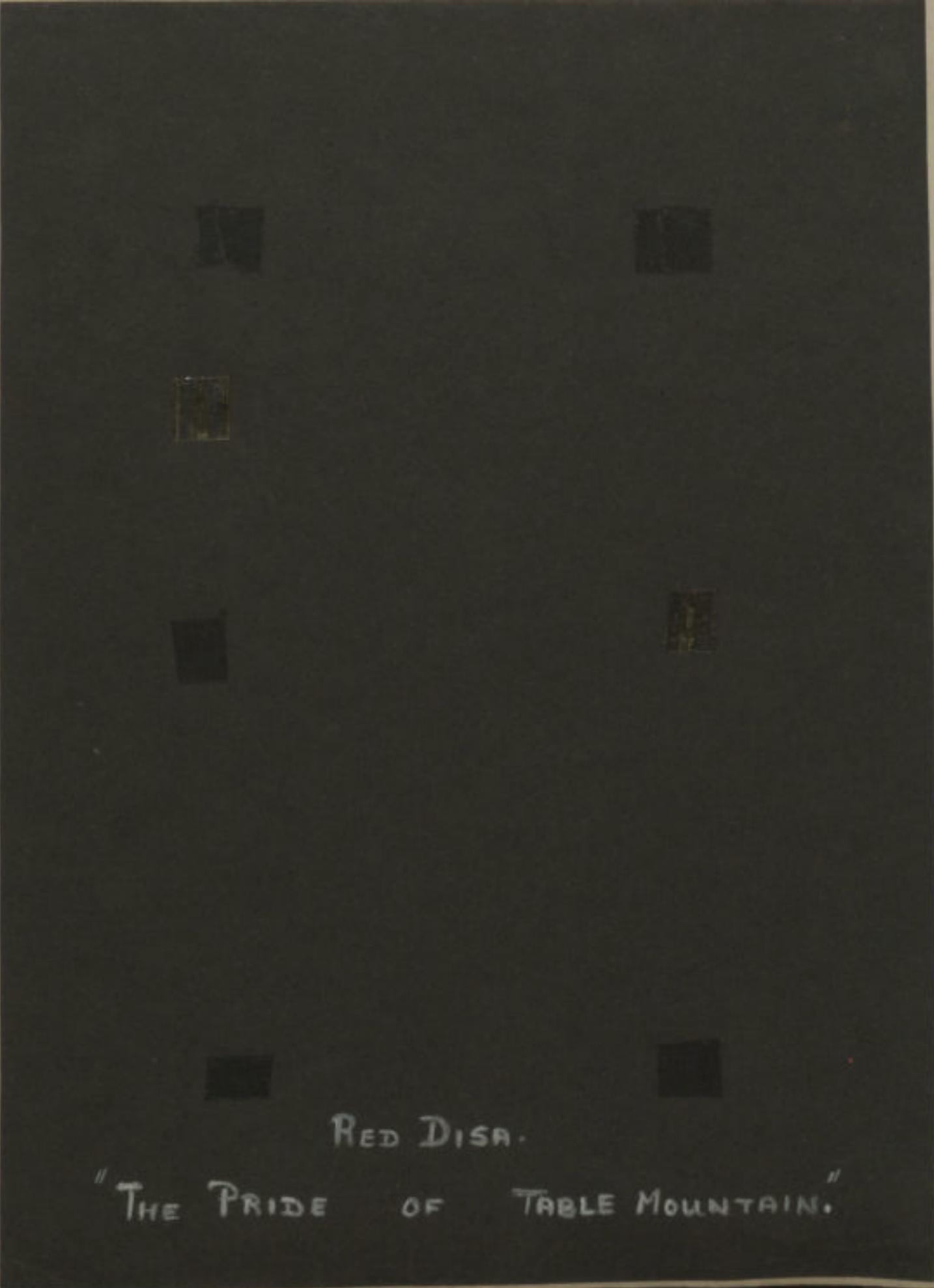
Titov's Travels



Five, four three two one zero,
There was Titov
At a height of
Twenty thousand miles



Eating pre-cooked foods in tubes,
In rubber coating
Gently floating,
"Astronaut of smiles"



RED DISA.

"THE PRIDE OF TABLE MOUNTAIN."

Joan Georgeu.
Form: Lower V.

14

THE FOREST FIRE.

THE FIRE BEGAN IN THE WOODMAN'S HUT,
ALTHOUGH THE DOOR HAD BEEN FIRMLY SHUT.
IT GAINED THE DOOR, THEN STRETCHED ITS FIERY
FINGERS FOR MORE,
IT GAINED A FENCE OF WOOD AND WIRE,
THEN ENVELOPED A HEDGE OF THORNY BRUR.
THROUGH THE TOWERING WOODS IT SWIFT,
LEAVING A SMOLDERING TRAIL OF CHAR,
WILE THE UNSUSPECTING TOWNFOLK SLEPT,
BENEATH THE GLOWING STARS.
"FIRE", THEN AGAIN "FIRE", CAME THE DREADED SHOUT,
WHILE THE DROWSY PEOPLE HURRIED ROUND ABOUT.
ROUSED BY THE FIREGUARD'S WARNING CRY,
ACHIVING IN THE DISTANT HILLS, FEINT AND MILD.
QUICKLY THEY CUT DOWN TREE AFTER TREE,
AS NOTHING ELSE WOULD STOP THIS FIERCELY RAGING SEA.
AT LAST, AFTER HOURS OF LABORS AND TOIL,
THEY SAVED THE TOWNS VALUABLE SUPPLIES OF OIL.



Hilary Beck.



"The age of Innocence".
Joan Georgeu.
Lower V.

Das Haus.

Erich und Maria sind zwei Kinder. Sie wohnen in dem kleinen Haus.

Es hat vier Zimmer, zwei grosse Zimmer und zwei kleine Zimmer, eine Küche und ein Badezimmer. Die Küche ist nicht grosse, es ist klein.

Der Garten ist gross. Es hat viele Blumen und Bäume. Das Gras ist sehr grün. Die Blumen sind rot gelb und blau.

Ist es Haus nicht schön!!!!

Vicky Storch-Nielsen, Form. Upper III.



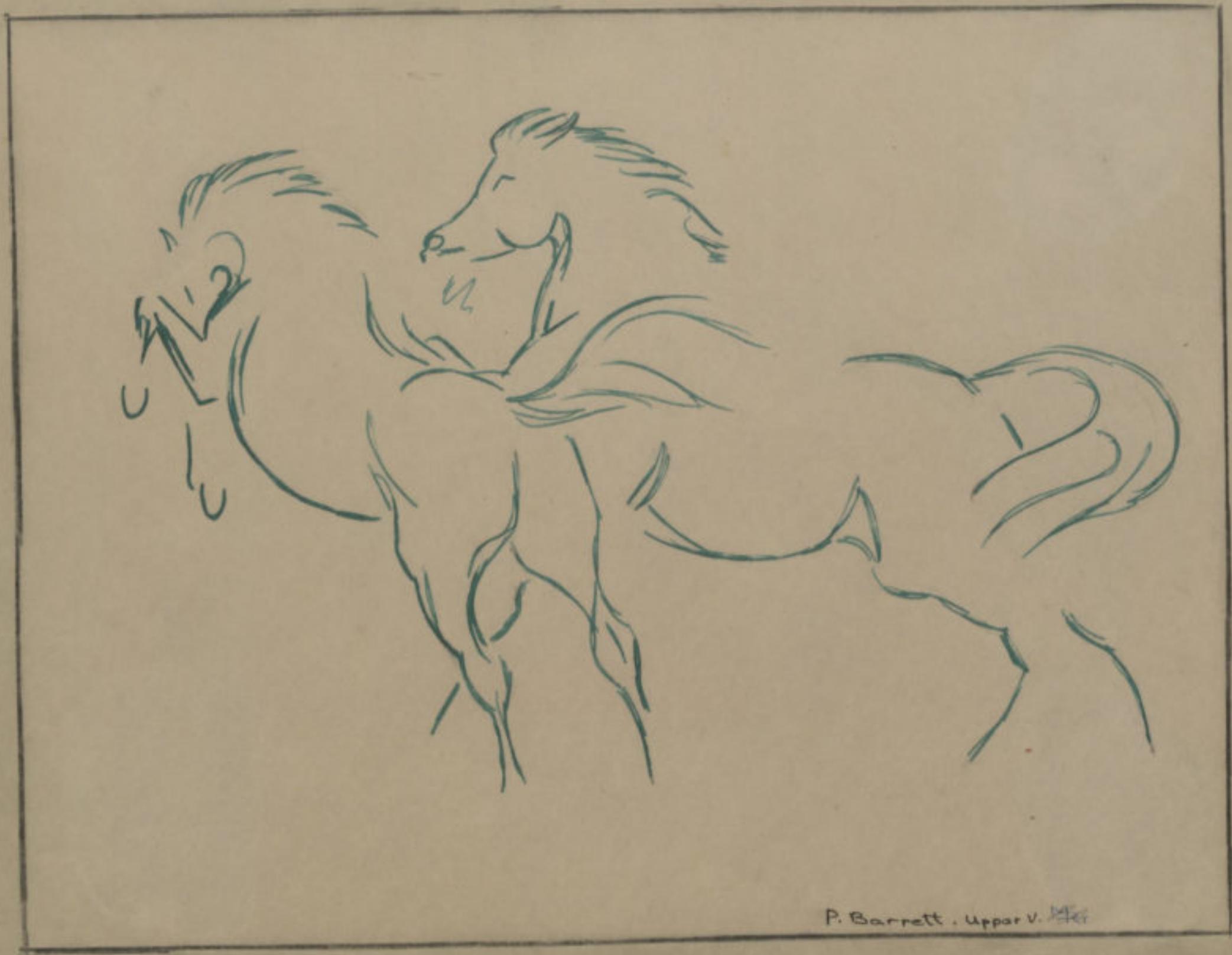


The Sunset
Philippa Thal Form: Lower U Age: 16

As I stood on the rock while watching the sea,
I knew that the time had ended for me,
For I was a gull with a broken wing,
Severed by an eagle with a deathly sting.

I wondered how long I had to wait,
And looked at the sea with angry hate,
For the waves stormed higher and the clouds were grey,
And thunder clapped down without delay.

I thrust my head up and prayed to the sky,
That God would help me never to die,
But death had come with the seventh wave,
Which swept me under to the bed of my grave.



P. Barrett . Upper V. 1964

"Wild Horses"

Polly's thoughts of Lady C's lover.

① Oh dear, what can the matter be,

Polly's just read all about Lady Chatterley,

She thinks that the author has written quite badly,-

Such horrid descriptions of life.

② She says Lady C. is just a monstrosity,

As for her lover, well he's a pomposity,

The things that they do - the books an atrocity,

Should have been banned long ago.

③ She reckons that it is all plain insanity,

Writing a book that's so bad for humanity,

and when you think of some people's mentality,

well really, it's hard to believe.

④ It's all too much for a small mind's capacity,

(Most of us have such a rotten tenacity,

for remembering books that aren't a menace.)

Here endeth our dear Polly's thoughts.

S. Kennedy,

Upper IV S. (15)

21

LATE!

When the sun's slowing on the horizon,
And all the worlds stirring again.
I put on my hat and my blazer,
And leave home to run for my train.

But just as I get to the station,
The train to my horror flies by.
With friends waving out of the window,
As I'm stranded alone high and dry.

If you've ever been left on the platform,
As your train hurtles out with a din,
You will understand why I am late, girls,
And what a great fix I am in!

P. Thal.
Lower V

I spent the June holidays with my parents in Luanda, capital of the Portuguese colony of Angola, and I think it was one of the most memorable holidays in my life.

We left Capetown on the "Angola", a passenger ship of the Companhia Nacional de Navegação. There were several of us travelling from schools in Capetown to Lobito or Luanda in Angola, and we were all on deck at the beginning of the journey watching Table Mountain, enveloped in a thick mist, slowly disappearing into the grey and hazy horizon. It was raining torrentially and the ship was pitching and rolling like a twisting corkscrew on the Cape Roller as we left Capetown behind us. That first day was rough and stormy but the next day, however, like the three days that followed, was fair and warm and the sea was blue and tranquil and shimmering, only broken here and there by a solitary, curling white wave. We spent most of our time in the ship's pool, splashing happily in the heat of the day.

The first port at which we stopped was Moçamedes, a hot, dusty town that lies across desert dunes. From the docks, no sign of human habitation is visible, and nothing but miles of brown sand meets the eye. Here, we disembarked and walked along the docks and over the large mounds of dunes. Finally, we reached the houses and shops of Moçamedes, and walked back over the sands to our ship.

Our next port of call was Lobito, which has the best natural harbour on the African West Coast, and is Angola's busiest seaport. The residential part of Lobito is attractively set on a small, palm-fringed spit of land attached to the mainland, and it makes a charming picture, with the crowded harbour and mainland on one side and the white-beached promontory on the other.

Early next morning we reached Luanda. I woke up at four o'clock and went on deck to catch the first glimpses of the town that will be my home for the next three years. It was still quite dark then, but as the dawn broke, we could see land quite clearly - at first, only the red cliffs of the coast, and then, as we swung round, the tip of the island, with its flashing lighthouse.

¹³ Luanda has the same bay-formation as Lobito, with a natural harbour enclosed by the mainland and a spit of land on the ocean-side, built by the rising and falling tides of the Cuanza River. The Island at Luanda is inhabited by native fishing tribes, who build mud huts with palm-thatched roofs in between tall coconut-palms and golden beaches. It is a picturesque sight.

Our ship moved maddeningly slowly through the channel and down the harbour, but at last we approached the docks, which were rapidly filling with onlookers who had come to greet the ship. In a flurry of excitement, we presented our papers, got our luggage, and raced madly to the deck, waving madly to parents below. My mother and father came aboard, and then we all went off home, thinking how lovely it was to be together again. As we drove up to the house, I was surprised at the modern buildings and large shops of Luanda, which is half the size of Capetown.

Next day, after I had been introduced to our animals - a ridgeback, Sandy, a cat called Lappies, and an aviary of fifteen birds - we went down to the sea again and I saw our sailboat for the first time. We sailed nearly every day, visiting different islands and picnicking amongst the shady palm-trees. We swam in the blue, tropical waters and collected many types of shells.

I shall never forget the varied wild life we encountered, as we walked along the beaches of the islands or cruised in the shallows of the lagoon. There was a school of enormous, ramping porpoises which passed us one fine day as we were sailing. There were innumerable orders of large, small and middling-sized crabs that we met, sidling sheepishly through mangrove swamps, retreating en masse at our approach, or repasing in curled comfort in their holes in the sand. It was one of the most gruesome sights I have seen. Each square foot of beach contained many holes, in which could be seen pairs of neatly folded arms and legs, with purple claws curled defensively on top. And there were hundreds and thousands of these crab-holes. There were birds - small wild birds, gulls, pelicans, storks, herons, cranes and flamingoes which rose in downy pink clouds as they saw us. Every island had its birdlife, tucked secretively out of sight in the mangrove swamps or in clusters of bushes.

We spent nearly all the three weeks swimming, sailing - "messing around in boats" - and returning home in the evenings to enjoy the society of our animals and, perhaps, to go out to the open-air cinema to watch a film. Sandy, the ridgeback, accompanied us on all boat-expeditions and used to sit downstairs in the cabin while we were on deck with his ginger muzzle pointed out of the

partly, sniffing the air and surveying the scenery, with an excited yellow eye.

At last the three weeks drew to a close and it was time to return to Capetown again, this time on a brand-new ship on her maiden voyage. As we set out to sea, I thought what a lovely holiday it had been and looked forward to the next holidays when my brother and I would return to Luanda again.

Gail Fincham Form: Upper IV 5 Age: 14.



Die Wondermens.

Hoe is dit? Hy is blind maar hy is 'n wondermens! In die vakansies het ek een van die beste klavierspekers in die wêreld gehoor. Dit was nie soos enige ander klaviersuitvoering nie want die man was blind. God het seker vir hom die gawe gegee. Die gawe wat so min mense in die wêreld het is seker vir hom gegee in stede van die gawe wat die meeste van ons het. Dit is, om te sien.

George Themeli is blind gebore en het die klavier begin te speel toe hy net drie jaar oud was. Toe hy tien jaar oud was het hy sy eerste klaviersuitvoering gelewer. Sy wonderbaarlike talent het sy gehore verbaas. Gedurende die oorlogjare het Themeli in die Nabye Ooste getoer en by baie geleenthede het hy Suid-Afrikaanse soldate behoort met sy verruklike musiek. Na die oorlog het hy in die grootste stede van Europa met wonderbaarlike sukses konserte gelewer en as lid van verskeie van die wêreld se bevoemste orkestre opgetree.

Beavers



Grace Reid. Form. Lower V.

We beavers are busy throughout the long day,
 As we work in our lodges beneath the blue bays,
 Or peacefully swim in the waters above,
 Or build up new dams on the rivers we love,
 And bring up our children to toil and to thrive,
 And teach them at danger to 'slap tails' and dive;
 We are happy and fat in the land of our birth,
 We count ourselves luckiest of beavers on earth,
 For there's no joy like living, and all life's a dream,
 And we beavers are happy by marsh, lake or stream.

Gail Finchan: Form, Upper IVS, (1W).

The Box of Dreams.

- 36 kegs of gunpowder.
- 36 lengths of fuse wire
- 1 burning taper.

These were the ingredients on a slip of paper addressed to Thomas Dyer Esq., Gunpowder merchant. This incriminating document was the beginning of the explosive story of Guy Fawkes and his plot which gradually unfolded itself before my enthralled eyes.

I was reading by the light of a candle in the attic of my grandmother's house where I was staying. She had asked me to tidy this most neglected part of the old, rambling house in London. Wearily, as I worked my way through the piles of rubbish surrounding me, I came across a little, carved, wooden box with waxy latches. I opened it up and was just about to throw away the pile of old papers within, when this slip of paper with its deadly message, fluttered to my feet.

Fascinated, I delved further, my eyes straining in the half-gloom. There they were, everyone of them; - the letters to and from Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators. Further and further my eager hands rummaged through the yellowing paper, my mind absorbing the facts set out in alarming clarity.

Gradually, the dusty attic around me faded and instead there was the close atmosphere of a small basement room close to the Houses of Parliament where twelve desperate men make their revolutionary plans. Then again the scene changes giving place to the damp, rat-ridden cellars of the Houses of Parliament themselves. A desperate man is skulking from the pillar to pillar with a lighted, burning taper held aloft. Just distinguishable in the background are black silhouettes of barrels, barrels upon barrels. Nearer and nearer the figure approaches them, his face set with grim determination, his eyes staring forward in the dark. He bends down; for a moment the light disappears and his business is nearly complete.

Suddenly a sound like thunder penetrates and vibrates in the silence. The man starts and turns to find himself surrounded by helmeted, armed men.

Trapped! Wildly he looks around him, seeking a way of escape, but there is none. Dejectedly he submits himself to the steel clasp of handcuffs. And then the cellar is empty again - left once more to the scurrying rats.

Once again the scene changes - this time it is a lonely hill outside London, - Tower Hill. Standing out against the sky are twelve galleys, the symbols of death. Twelve men are suspended from the ropes, paying the price of their crime. There is nothing to be seen except the rooks circling in the air. - circling - - - - circling.

Gently I closed the little box and laid it reverently on a shelf. Bemused, as in a dream, I walked from the attic and three deadly sentences rang through my brain:-

36 kegs of gunpowder

36 lengths of fuse wire

1 burning taper

Josephine Dean: Up N. L. : 15 years.

The Sailors' Goy

1. Happy sailors are we three,
Always sailing the bright blue sea.
The sea is cold and very rough,
And we three find it very tough.

2. When we see a bright blue sky
And we hear the sea birds cry.
We three sailors are very charmed,
Then we know the sea is calmed.

3. We see the lands of distant places,
Spain for bull-fighting, Belgium for lace.
We think of the windy Plain of Spain,
And of the Spanish Armada again.

Lucinda Abbott: up 1118 : 13 years

LIMERICKS AND ADVERTISEMENTS!



The man from Peru.
~

There was a fat man from Peru,
who was always going to the zoo.
One day, he became stuck,
In the door of his but,
So he could not go to the zoo.



for
HATS

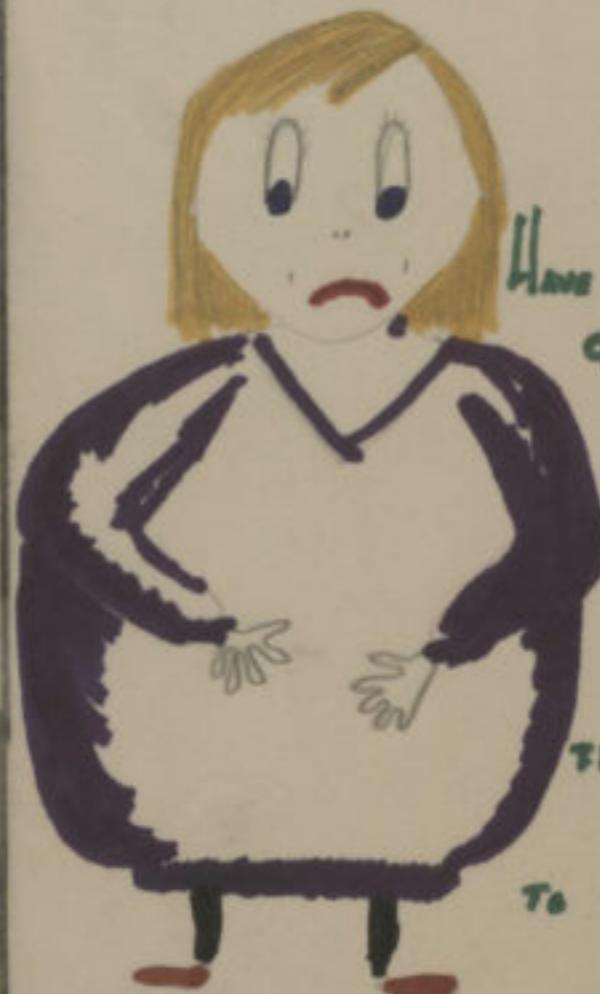


VISIT



THE
AMERICAN
HATBOX

F. Smith
Form - Upper III.



Have you BEEN EATING
GREEN PLUMS AGAIN?
OR GUZZLING AT SWEETS
TILL YOU HAVE A PAIN?
IF SO
THERES ONE THING
TO COVER THE SIN,
TAKE ENO.

J. Smith
Form - Upper IV.



Toity Purple Boids,

A - SiHin' on the coib,

A-choipin' and a - boipin'.

And eating doity worms.

MOTS CROISÉS



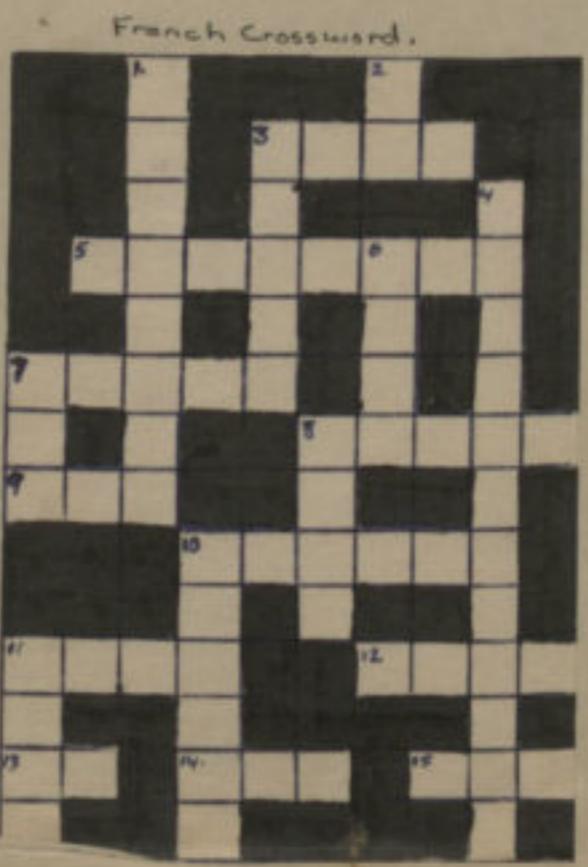
CROSSWORD
CORNER!

HORIZONTALLEMENT

- 3 Les robes sont ---- les dames.
- 5 Le noir est une couleur très
- 7 10 + 15 = dix heures et
- 8 Elle a, ---- ont, etc.
- 9 Le bleu --- la couleur du ciel.
- 10 Les jupes de l'école Herschel sont
- 11 Six + trois =
- 12 Un monsieur et une
- 13 Avez-vous -- frère ?
- 14 Nice --- une ville Française.
- 15. Quel âge avez-vous ? J'ai trente ----.

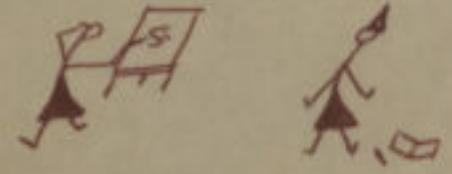
VERTICALEMENT

- 1. Son fils est très ----- et gentil.
- 2 Je suis, -- es, il est, etc..
- 3 La table est grand mais le livre est
- 4 Presque tous les enfants sont des garçons mais
----- il y a deux filles.
- 6 ---- âge as-tu?
- 7 Je mange parce --- j'ai eu faim.
- 8 ---- vous à la maison?
- 10 Les assiettes sont dans le ----- de la salle à
manger.
- 11. ---- avons des cahiers.

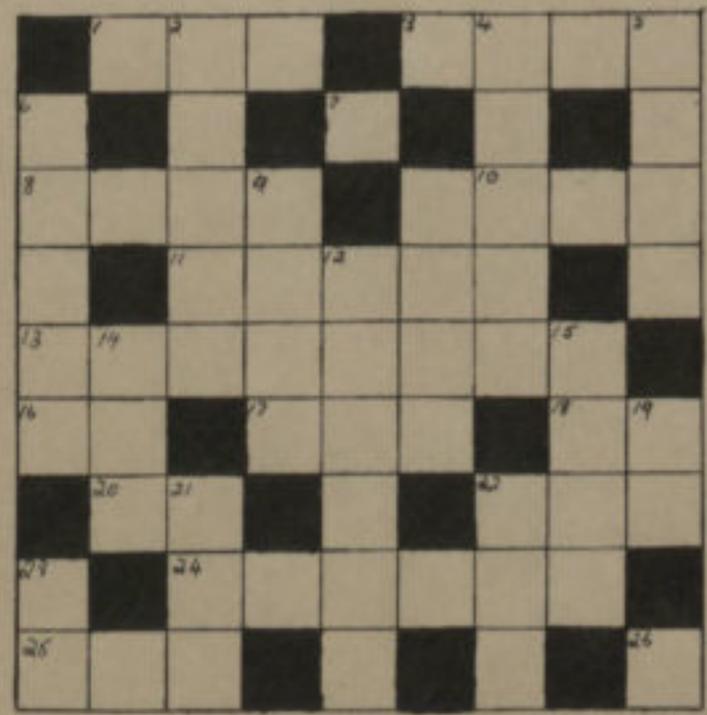


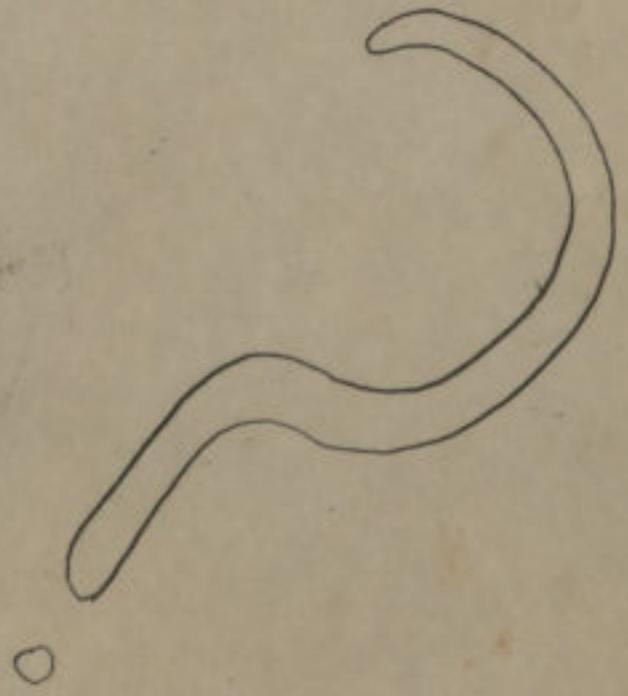
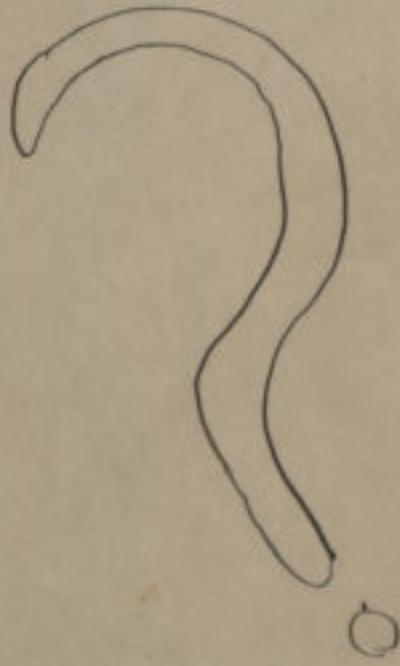
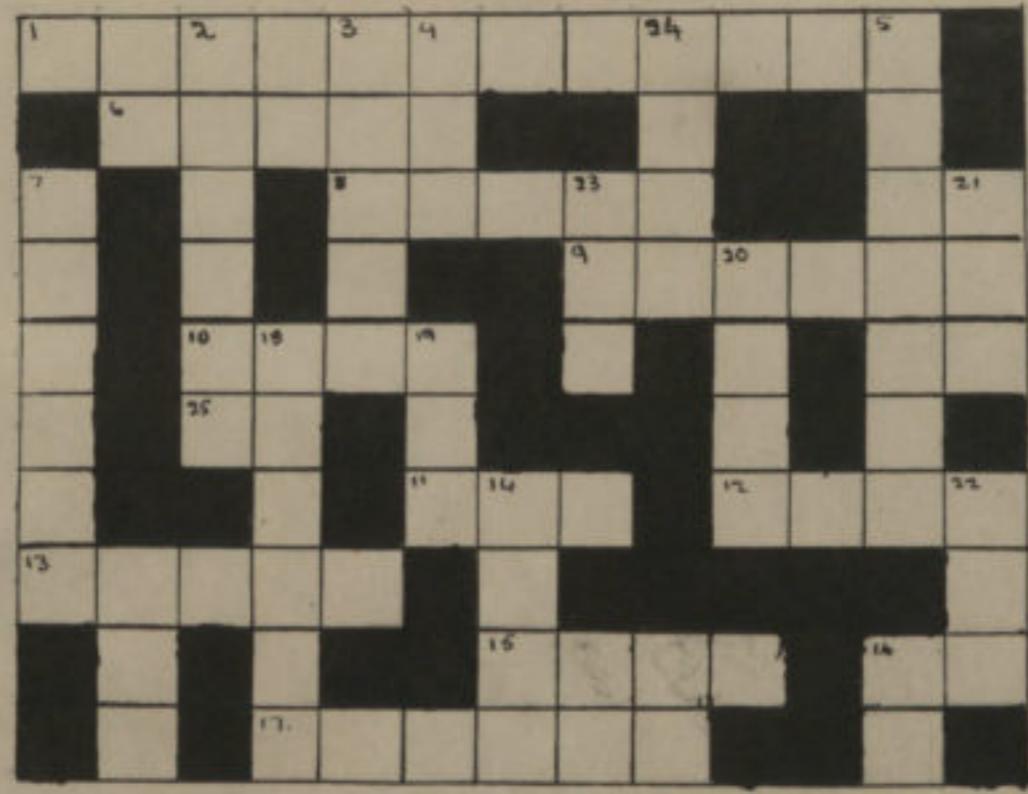
G. Fauville
L.V.P

- 2 THEY GIVE MUTTON. (5) 1 THE WHOLE NUMBER, EVERYONE. (3)
- 4 HORSES AND _____ (5) 3 4540 SQ. YARDS. (4)
- 5 REGARDED AS THE MOST IM-7 THIRD LETTER IN ALPHABET. (1)
- PORTANT THING ON YOUR FACE. 8 IT GIVES OFF LIGHT. (4)
- (4) 10 "TALL AND STATELY." (4)
- 6 DO YOU _____ MOUNTAINS? (5) 11 GREAT AUSTRALIAN _____ (5)
- 9 JUST INSIDE THE ORANGE SKIN. 13 ONE WHO TEACHES US. (8)
- (4) 16 LITTLE _____ -PEEP HAS LOST HER
- 10 THERE ARE MANY IN THE CEM- SHEEP. (2)
- ETRY. (6) 17 A GRASS GIVEN AS FODDER.
- 14 I OWE YOU. (3) (3)
- 15 IN A MINUTE. (4) 18 BUTTER _____ BREAD (2)
- 19 NEGATIVE (2) 20 OBJECT OF FIRST PERSON PAU-
- 21 YOU DO IT BY HAND AND BY RAL (2)
- MACHINE. (3) 22 AS WELL, ALSO. (3)
- 22 A VEGETABLE DRINK. (3) 23 FIRST PERSON SINGULAR. (1)
- 23 I'LL GIVE YOU A CHOCOLATE 24 21-7 + 8 + 6 - 20 + 8 - 5' _____ (6)
- _____ YOU WILL DO IT. (2) 25 NOT MANY, A _____ (3)
- 26 R,S,T,U,V,W,X,Y _____ (1)



ALANDSBERG, LOWER (U B)





ACROSS

- 1. Purse (Two words).
- 6. Spade
- 8. To wander
- 9. To adore
- 10. To dare
- 11. Island
- 12. Strong
- 13. Lounge
- 15. Eye
- 17. To give
- 25. Born

DOWN

- 2. District
- 3. Pupil

CLUES

- 4. Sea
 - 5. To hope
 - 7. Easter
 - 13. Water
 - 14. Lion
 - 16. There
 - 18. Second
 - 19. King
 - 20. Egg
 - 21. Meadow
 - 22. Tea
 - 26. North
- (Answers in French).

Diana Pogram.
Form: Lower IV.

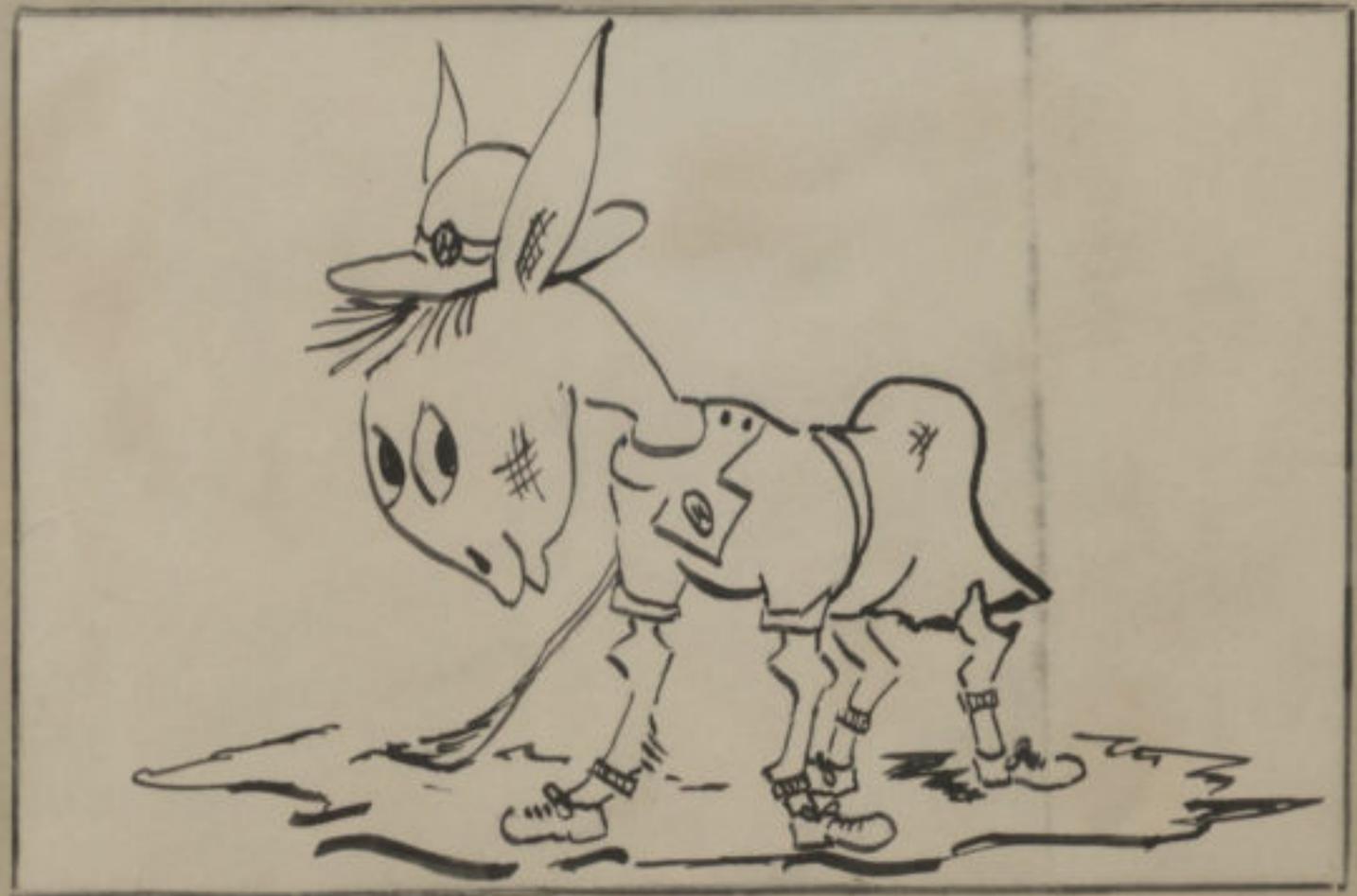
FASHION!







THE HERSCHILIAN CRICKETER



Karin Shawgin.
Form: Upper IV.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS
TO DRESS FOR SCHOOL

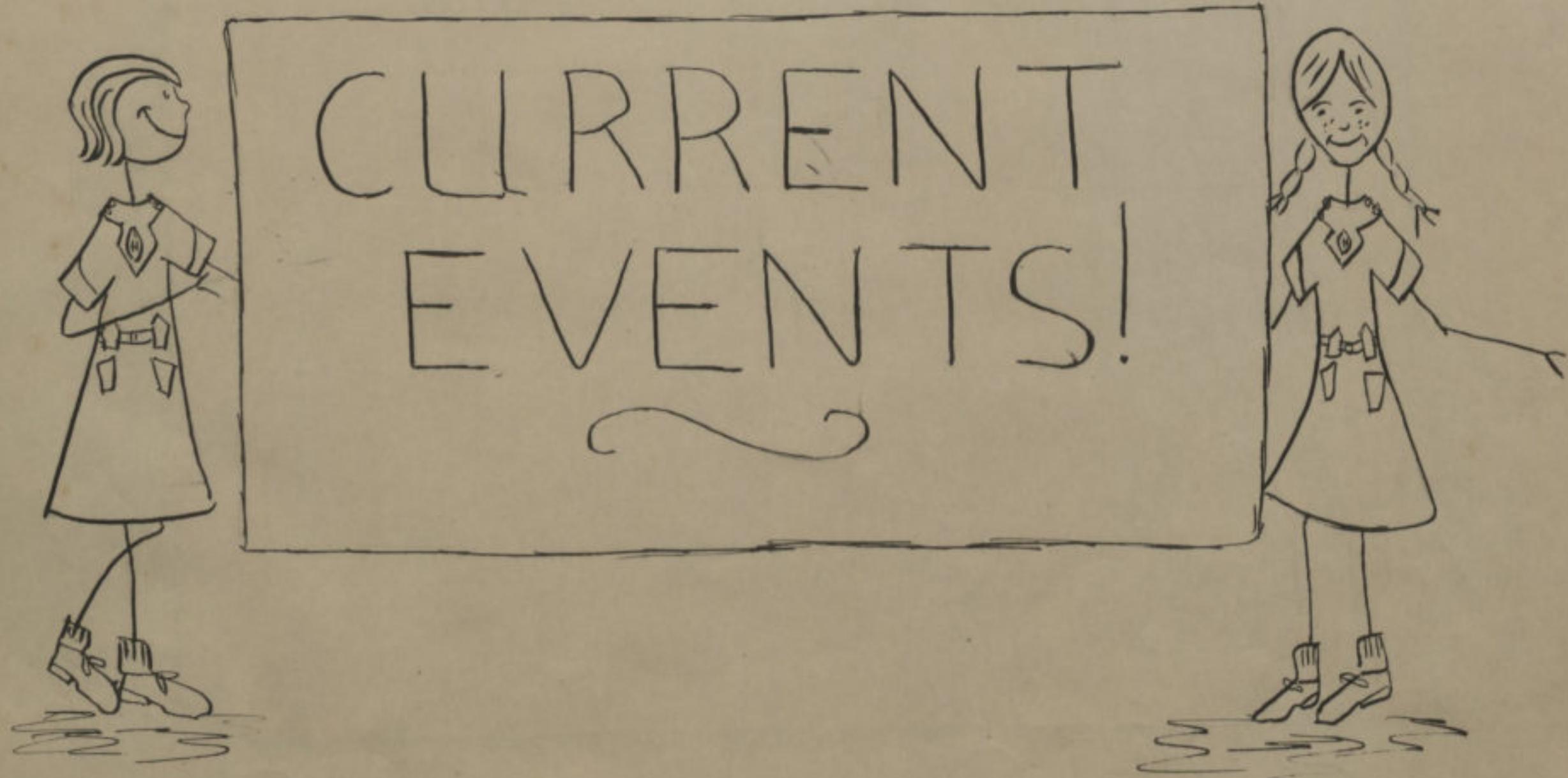
Incorrectly dressed for school!



Correctly dressed for school!



Diana Quenstone.
Lower V.M.



The Lower Five Borders in Fourteen Years Time.

Let us go ahead in time, say to about the year 1975. I have just been offered a round the world tour to drop in and see old school friends in their various walks of life.

I left New Zealand by plane and after six hours touched down at Fiji. As I strolled around, admiring the tropical scenery I espied a woman in a lagoon down on the reef, diving for pearls. I walked up to her and introduced myself and was much astonished to be greeted by my old pal, Heather Walker. She certainly has travelled far from her home town of Whylung.

At Hawaii we were welcomed by a group of hip swinging hula girls, among whom I recognized my dear friend Joan George, clad in a grass skirt, sarban top and wreathed with leis. Across the U.S.A. I first encountered Darchen Burrell, still strongly attached to horses and married to a first class cowboy from Texas. Connie Dixon entertained me and several friends one night at a night club in Las Vegas along with Frank Sinatra. They sang that most heart-rending of all songs, "Swister Bossie." Appearing at the same night club was the famous sword swallower, my old comrade, Rosemary Mackenzie.

One morning I was rudely awakened by a terrible clanging and banging and in stumbled a most awkward black woman, a moon I think it is termed, with

my tea. None other but good old Mandy Mookis, she certainly has gone far from those days of that Jamaican Meiman production of "Ballet-Hoo."

From the states I flew to Denmark and in a little village came across Nerte Brink, now a folk dancer in the local tavern. Val Foote I tripped over one day while viewing monuments in Paris. There she was, collecting shaves for her chalk drawings on the pavement. I offered to buy one of the pavement drawings but realized that a cement block would make my luggage overweight. Also in Paris I attended a fashion show displaying fashions created by the Jamaican South African designer, Diana Overstone, an old classmate. They were modelled by my two 'mes deux amis'; Patricia Anderson and Georgina Clark, both first class models and happily married now to two Roman Catholic priests.

My last visit was to Australia where I came across Aunt Cowley busy raising kangaroos and koala bears out in the South Australian desert. A noble task.

So I return to N.Z. having once again seen all my old classmates and return to my fifty acres of dry pasture where I am striving to raise a few sheep.

Denise White
Lover

H E R S C H E L.

- A is for Arithmetic that just wont come right
 B is for Bidge — I've been learning all night.
 C is for Cactus who sleeps in the sun.
 D is for Domski — cooking is fun.
 E is for English the language we speak.
 F is for Friday the end of the week!
 G is for Games we pant and we puff.
 H is for Homework we sure get enough.
 I is for Ink with which we all write.
 J is for jelly the boarders delight.
 K is for Kitchen to cook all our food.
 L is for Latin mine's not too good.
 M is for Man we hate to see go
 N is for Needlework — the seniors dont sew.
 O is for Obedience we all must obey
 P is for Prayers which start every day.
 Q is for Queens pudding we all have for lunch
 R is for Rest we enjoy very much.
 S is for Swimming we do with great zest
 T is for Teacher who always knows best
 U is for Undergrads — some may be next year
 V is for Vandals there are none of them here.

W is for Work we simply must do
 X is for Xmas and holidays too
 Y is for Yawn — I am nodding my head
 Z is for Zzzzzz I'll make when in bed

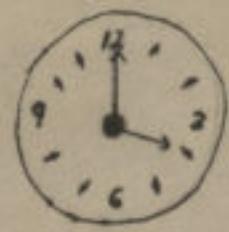
JOSEPHINE MOLL 14 YRS UPPER IV 5.

FROM THE SONGS.

"By the light of the silvery moon" — studying for exams.
 "Three o'clock in the morning" — last minute swotting
 "Dynamite" — exam. paper.
 "Theme for a Dream" — a first class pass.
 "The Isle of Capri" — geography lesson
 "Travelling Light" — no homework.
 "Pack up your troubles" — packing prep. books.
 "Don't Dilly Dally Sally" — late for lessons
 "Don't Fence me In" — a moan from a boarder
 "Whispering" — a talkative class
 "You're driving me crazy" — teacher's cry.

Dorothy Goss. 15 yrs. Upper IV-L

HERSCHEL



SCHOOL



4 o'clock in the afternoon.

(In winter time!)

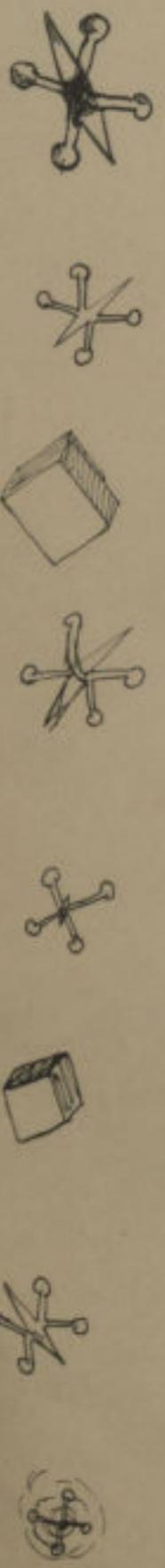
Biddy Swabey.

Form:- Upper IV.

TACKS, TACKS, TACKS!

Tacks, jacks, jacks, wherever you go, you hear the familiar 'chink-chink' of little silver jacks, or the click of blocks or stones. Anything will do for the keen jacks-player - she will use anything from the real jacks to pieces of twig or chalk, taken from the geography room! Stones, rubbers, wooden blocks and sometimes even gun-cups.

Wherever one walks, one trips over little groups of ardent jacks-fans, huddling together, enthralled and engrossed in their innocent amusement. People of all shapes and sizes, colours and ages. On the stairs, in the passages, in the classrooms, on the tennis courts, on the hockey pitch and even over our new tennis wall, never played on, has been taken over by little groups of jacks-crazed fanatics.



MERRIMAN GOES ON A HIKE

Although both Sue and Ann had Hacking coughs, they decided to join us on our day in the country. First of all, we sent Carol to the Baker to get some bread to make sandwiches. Josephine and Lucinda were especially pleased when they learnt that the Dean and the Abbot were to accompany us and ^{to} look after us. Heather, being the best Walker, was asked to lead the way up the mountain path. It was quite tough going and Denise and Annette flagged a little and looked quite white in the face.

Margaret Gordon spotted a Hogg and shrieked with delight so Dendre thought it a good idea if we all joined in a Hunt for the animal.

As the day wore on, the girls became rather quarrelsome because Jennifer had eaten the one and only Pear in the picnic basket. Anne, who has a real Welsh temper joined in the argument. Hilary became most annoyed with the noise and quarrelling and said "How you Belk!" Veronica agreed with her and said that the others gave her "a Payne in the neck". Marion who is always full of Virtue had to make peace in the party while Grace played a little tune on a Reid which made everyone happy again.

At last we reached school again after a really wonderful day.

Josephine Dean. 15-yrs. Upper IV-4.

The mentioned girls are in Merriman's

- Sue + Anne Hacking
- Carol Baker
- Josephine Dean
- Lucinda Abbot.
- Heather Walker
- Denise + Anette White
- Margaret Gordon - Hogg
- Dendre Hunt
- Jennifer Pare.
- Anne Welsh.
- Hilary Beck.
- Veronica Payne
- Marion Virtue.
- Grace Reid,

School Activities!



Ballet-Hoo

At the beginning of the third term, 1961, Maximian held auditions for the house play to be held on September 9th. Those chosen to take part were Josephine Moll, Josephine Dean, Annette White, Denise White, Tessa Barlow, Amanda Mookes, Jenny Thal, Wendy Walker and Fleur Smith.

Rehearsals were held faithfully each Monday and Friday after school and on Saturday mornings. Every girl taking part co-operated, there was never a quarrel or disagreement. A great deal of fun was had at every rehearsal as we all found pleasure in repeating and acting the humorous lines of the play. The spirit of enthusiasm ran high.

Gradually, after much practice, order began to ~~take~~ ^{appear} ~~place~~ out of chaos and the play began to take shape. Costumes, scenery and props were collected in readiness for the day of production.

All went well on the day of the presentation and although we didn't win the ~~house~~ competition, not one of us regretted the fun had in presenting for our house, Ballet-Hoo.

D. White. Lower VI.

Luisillo and his Spanish Dance Theatre

On Saturday the 12 of August all the boarders were taken to see Luisillo and his Spanish dancers at the Alhambra Theatre in Cape Town. It was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon for all of us, especially so most of us had never really seen Spanish dancing done as it should be done.

Luisillo has danced for as long as he can remember, devoting himself entirely to it. When he was fourteen his first teacher handed over to him the entire management of his Academy. Here he gained valuable experience both by teaching and dancing and over a period of a few years he gathered together ballets and created many for operas that were being performed at that time. These were so successful that Luisillo was persuaded to try his hand at more professional roles in the theatre both dancing and teaching. This proved to be very successful and Luisillo performed in celebrated theatres all over the world, achieving his fame. After this he joined a famous company of Spanish dancers and toured the Continent achieving such greatness that he decided to form his own company. Apart from being an excellent dancer and ballet teacher Luisillo is also a choreographer and has created all the ballets in his companies. These ballets show us the beauty and simplicity of the Spanish life.

Maria Uibel, Luisillo's leading lady and vocalist is only twenty and started her career when she won a vocal competition at the age of twelve. Two years later Luisillo saw her performance in Paris and asked her to join his company which he called "Luisillo and his Spanish Dance Theatre". Miss Uibel's records are great favourites in Spain. When we saw them Luisillo was engaged to Maria and they were married in Johannesburg shortly before leaving. I hope that some time soon "Luisillo and his Spanish Dance Theatre" will return here. There was far too much to see and our eyes just couldn't take everything in, especially the footwork or 'Zapatitos' which was really marvellous.

Amanda Drake

Form: Lower V P

Age: 15.

The Interschools' Netball

Herschel did not do very well in the Interschools Netball this year. The original Middle Interschool Netball Tournament was cancelled because of rain on the previous day. It should have been held at Rustenburg Job High School. Because of this cancellation an invitation tournament was offered to be held at Rustenburg by the school itself. This took place on Saturday the ninth of September, the Interschools Hockey was also held there on the same morning. The under thirteen and two under fourteen teams entered (the second team took the place of Star of the Sea) against several other schools. The first under fourteen team lost to both St Mary's Convent and Rustenburg. In the second under fourteen Herschel lost both matches to Good Hope and Observatory. In the under thirteen team Herschel did not do very well either - they lost to Observatory and beat St. Cyprian's.

The Senior Interschools for the senior, under sixteen and under fifteen teams was held at Springfield Convent on Saturday the sixteenth of September. Play was doubtful on Friday but fortunately the weather permitted play on Saturday morning. Once again Herschel did not do very well. The senior team played Wynberg and were only just beaten, the score being 4-3. They lost to Observatory as well. The under sixteen lost to Springfield Convent and St Mary's Convent as well. In Herschel's under fifteen team they beat St Cyprian's 8-2 but unfortunately they lost to St Mary's Convent 2-8. The final result was a win to Rustenburg in the senior, to Rustenburg in the under sixteen, and a win to Observatory in the under fifteen team.

It is a pity that Herschel did not do better in the Interschools this year, but we hope that with hard practice we will do better next year.

Kugela Crocker, Form:- Lower IV. B. Age:- 14

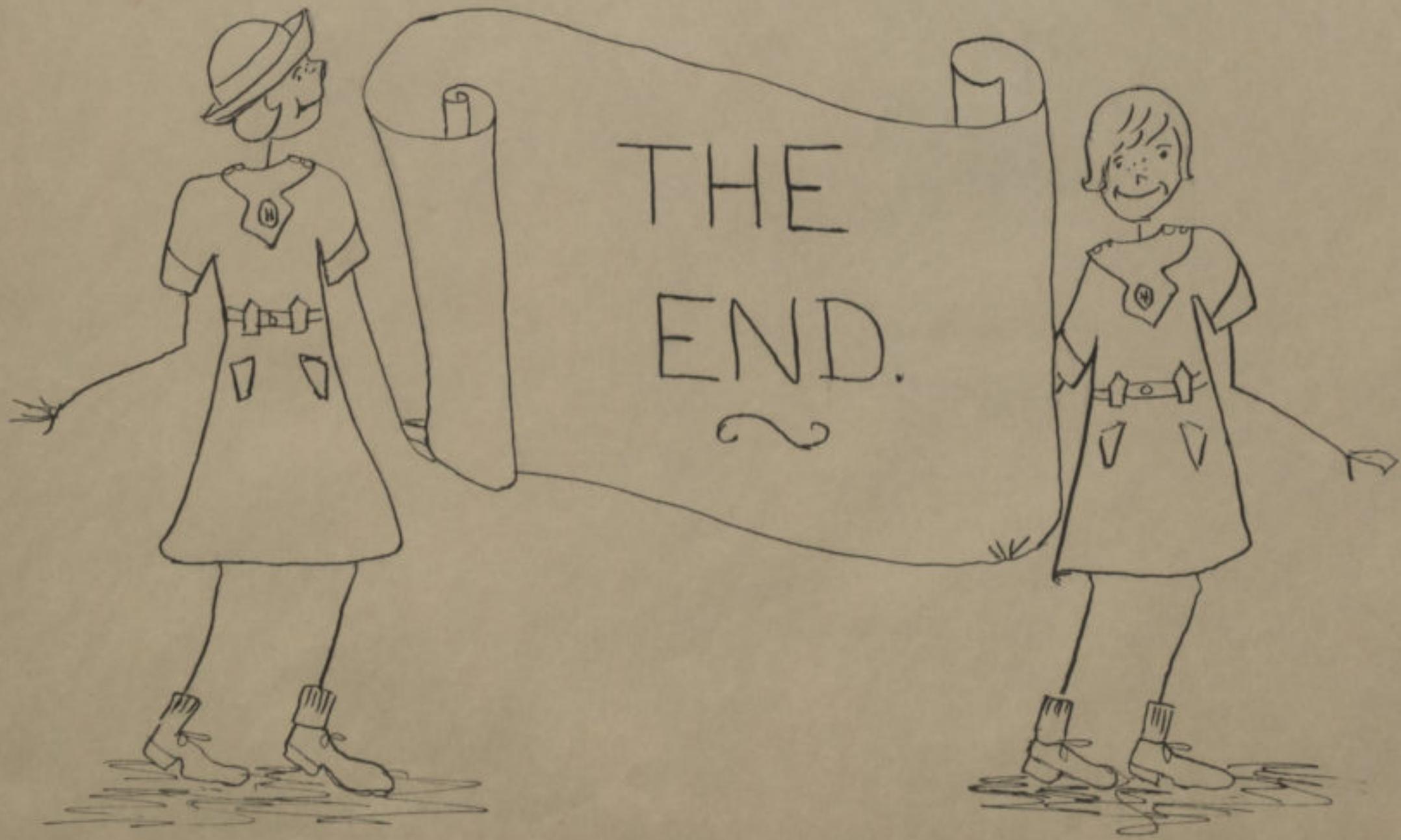
The Inter Schools Hockey

The Inter-Schools Hockey was held at Rustenberg on Saturday 9th September. During the week a few days before the match there had been heavy rain but fortunately when the Saturday dawned it was fine and clear but windy and the hockey fields were soggy and therefore heavy underfoot and very slippery. In addition to the Hockey the middle Inter-Schools netball was being played and, as a result, there were many girls and parents present to watch both events.

There were eight teams competing in the Hockey and these were divided into two sections of four teams each. In our section were Good Hope, Observatory and Wynberg. We beat Observatory 1-0, drew to Good Hope 0-0, and lost to Wynberg 1-2. Wynberg went on to reach the final in which they were beaten by Rustenberg. Rustenberg had an excellent team which included a number of players from the Western Province Inter Schools Team. They were without doubt the best team in the Inter Schools and deservedly won the cup. It was a very good game to watch and was very fast. The stickwork was excellent and I am sure the match was enjoyed by all who watched it.

A most eventful day ended about noon when we all boarded the school bus tired, beaten, but happy knowing we had played the games in the true sporting spirit and done our best for the school.

Diana Battell. Form: - Lower IV B. Age: - 14.



THE
END.
?

