

# HOUSE NEWS

Herrinal House was named after John X. Herrinal, once Prime Minister of the Cape Colony. Our special care is St. Michael's Orphanage in Plumstead. The house has been giving charity to St. Michael's since 1952, and baskets of Easter eggs have been taken from both Senior and Preparatory Schools since 1953. Every winter jerseys are knitted by every girl in the Senior School and sent to the Orphanage. Presents are also given from saved donations during the year, and these have included a Jungle Jim, a slide, nursery toys and equipment, and percussion band instruments. One of the Herrinal girls has "adopted" a child, whom she sees regularly.

## inter-house sport

The inter-house swimming, held one afternoon at the end of March, was, as usual, great fun and well-supported by a large number of parents. Herrinal began well, by winning the 100-yds in a record time of 68.8 seconds, which was achieved by Wicky Storch-Nielsen. In the end we finished third, with a friendly and sporting spirit having been maintained throughout the afternoon. Rott won with 80 points, Jagger was second with 78 points, and Herrinal third with 69 points. We managed to win the Diving Shield, largely due to Colleen Butler who has unfortunately left since. Rott was second and Jagger third. It was a most exciting and enjoyable afternoon. The inter-house tennis was held on a Saturday afternoon in March. An under 15

and an Open team, each with two couples played. Rolt won, with Merriman second and Jagger third. The inter-house athletics was held one afternoon at the end of March. There were the usual events — 100 yds, 220 yds, hurdles, Long, and high jumping, relays, and the egg-and-spoon and potato races. Events were held in three age-groups, under 13, under 15 and open. It was an exciting afternoon as the houses were so close, but in the end Rolt won with 65 points with Merriman second holding 64 points, and Jagger third with 56 points. The inter-house hockey, netball and squash matches for 1964 have not yet been played, but we are looking forward to these matches with great keenness — as we are to the inter-house Drama. The best of luck to the cast of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In the second term of this year a photographic competition was held for the first time. There was great interest and enthusiasm shown, and finally the photographs were ready to be judged. Mr. Dozé placed us very narrow leaders with  $17\frac{1}{2}$  points, Jagger second with 17, and Rolt third with  $10\frac{1}{2}$  points.

# HOUSE PHOTOGRAPHS

## seniors





TENNIS

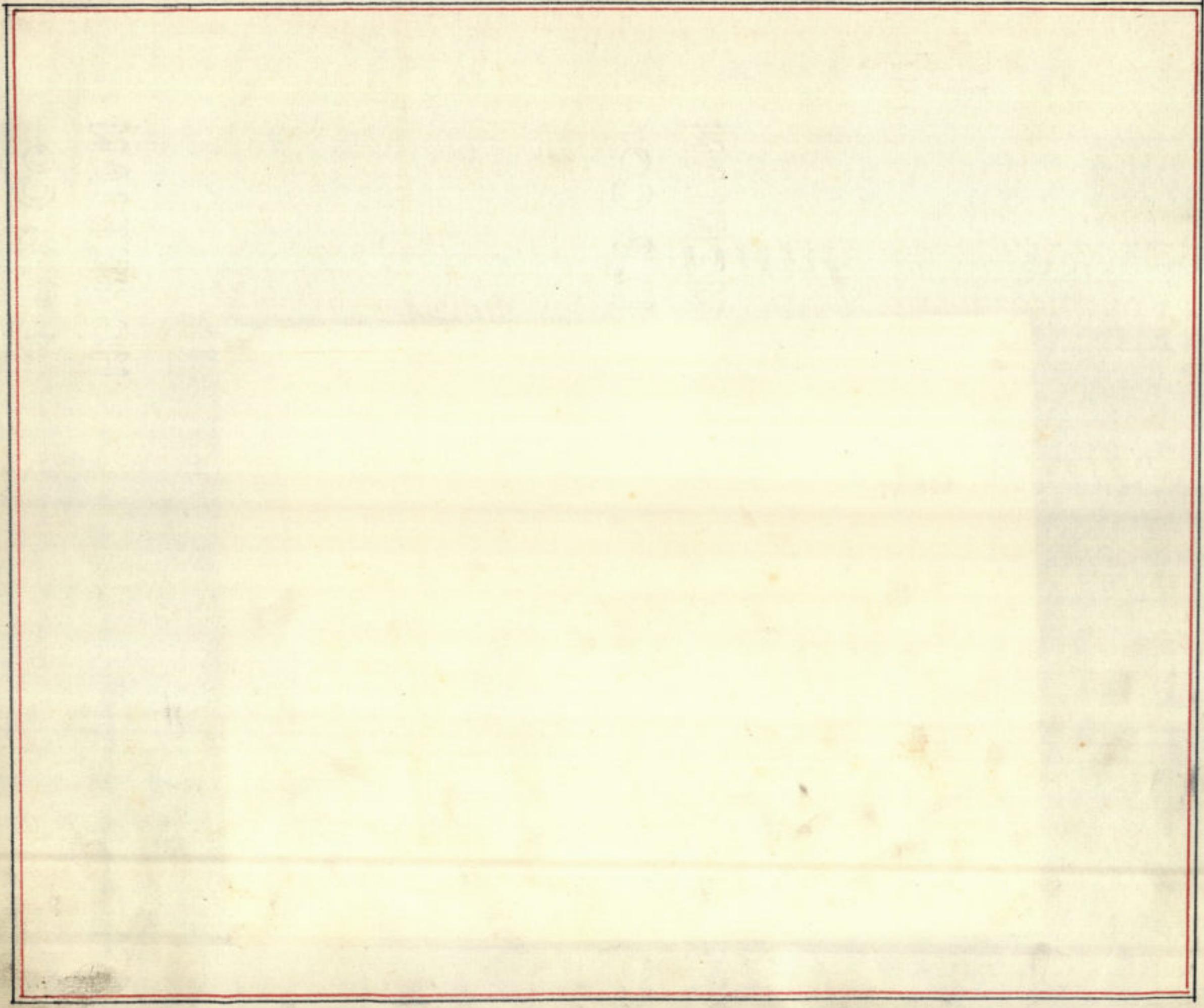


HOCKEY

*juniors*



L. Blackman.



AN EXTRACT FROM  
MARK ANTONY'S ORATION  
— FROM JULIUS CAESAR

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest;—  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men, —  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.



AN EXTRACT FROM  
MARK ANTONY'S ORATION-1964  
— FROM JULIUS CAESAR

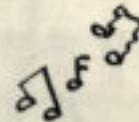
Mods, rockers and squares, lend me your flappets;  
I come to sink Caesar, not to praise him.  
The stickers men do, haunt them;  
Their virtues sink with them —  
Caesar's with it, that stunk Brutus  
Spilt that Caesar reached for the presidency;  
If so — it was a rotten deal;  
And rottelly Caesar paid for it.  
So, with Brutus and co's permission  
For Brutus is a stinking stunk  
So are they all, all pathetic stunks  
Come I to yakk at Caesar's cremation.



— WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE

# a-b-c of school

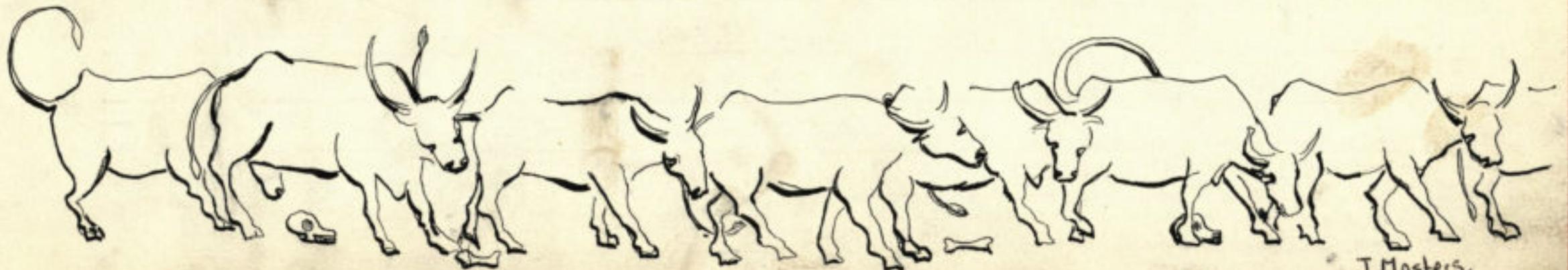
A is for Algebra, which we all love,  
B is for Biology, the starting, the dove,  
C is for Chemistry the study of matter,  
D is for Dom. Sci. - Making us fatter,  
E is for Exatology the study of races,  
F is for French know to most faces  
G is for Gym to keep us fit,  
H is for History we learn lots of it,  
I is for Ink which makes such a mess,  
J is for Jik to which ink must confess,  
K is for Kitchen where the school food will cook,  
L is for Literature off to read our new set-book,  
M is for Mistresses there are plenty of these,  
N is for Nature Study - the birds and the bees,  
O is for October Exams are on the way,  
P is for Piano - nearly all of us play,  
Q is for Quickly - on each school day,  
R is for Rugby - which no girl must play,  
S is for Singing - our voices high in pitch,  
T is for Time to save every second stitch,  
U is for Usus in Latin meaning "one";  
V is for Venus, astrology is fun!  
W is for Week-end hip! hip! hooray!  
X is for Unknown in the Algebra way,  
Y is for you and N is for me  
Z is the end - the hols! - we are free!!



# POEMS

## nomad herds

Moving in long, straggling, ragged bands  
The herds pass on;  
Drifting through the smouldering haze  
Afforded by a blazing, searing sun  
Their shadows falling hard upon  
The white-hot, yielding sands  
Of this great desert plain  
They <sup>drift</sup> waft among half-buried bones  
Of countless weary herds, as if they come  
To challenge yet again  
The scorching, killing days,  
The breadth of these untravelled lands.



J. Masters.

# the snow



Slowly, silently and noiselessly,  
Drops each little snowflake.  
But many of these  
Will change many a scene  
To form a white covered bed.



The trees and the grass become sparkling  
And the same with the other things.  
This whiteness is a call  
To both big and small,  
To enjoy the snow of the day.



There are snowflights here and there,  
And snowmen just everywhere.  
Many people rush to the Photography shop,  
But are greeted with a great shock,  
Because no more spools are to be had.



We wait a few days but in vain  
Because the snow is melting away.  
But we all hope that it will come again,  
And swamp the ground, making it fun and play.

L. Abbott.

# Chou Ching

Over the sea in Ireland,  
There lived a lady of Hialand,  
She was very oriental.  
And wore very suitable  
Clothes of gold and yellow.

She had a little dog, Chou Ching,  
Who always had liked walking.  
So one day he left on one of his speers,  
And met his friend, little King Lee.  
This caused a great flutter among the Irish.

Searching parties were sent here and there  
But no one could find Chou Ching anywhere  
Then mysteriously one day, he returned  
To find his mistress overwhelmed  
To have her Chou Ching back again.



# little boy in london



(thinks) Magtag, allawêreld!

Daar is te veel mense in die wêreld!

Die geboue is hoog in die lug.

Al wat ek kan doen, is sug.



- I say old man,  
what a lovely brown jar!  
Did get it in Spain?  
It will appeal to Jane.



Oag baas,  
Ek speak better Afrikaans,  
Baas moenie raas,  
Ek het my paas.



Afrikaans? Africa!  
Having any trouble in Afrika?  
Why old man,  
let's go to the pub for a car!

# Monday blues

The colours of the rainbow  
Are made of many hues,  
And the artist with his palette,  
Has many more to choose  
But the answer to this question  
You don't need any clues  
Because it's obvious that  
The shades for Monday  
Can only be the Blues!



# A Summers day



Come let us run in the meadows green,  
It's the most glorious day you've ever seen,  
Oh, how merrily the birds do sing  
And listen..... you can hear the church bells ring.  
Today it is a joyous bride,  
A married couple side by side.

There my younger sister goes  
To where the gurgling river flows  
In that laughing river deep  
Many fishes swim and leap.  
Let us stroll in that shady glen  
We might spy a fairy den.



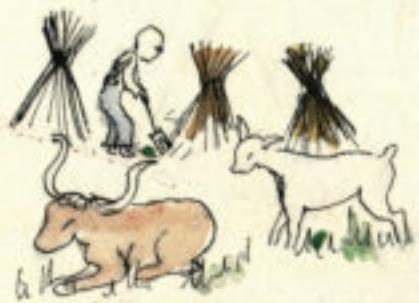
On this leafy carpet lie,  
And gaze up at the cloudless sky.  
Who could want a more perfect day?  
Everything is alive and gay  
There, I see a frisky deer  
Full of life and animal fear.



Now the day is drawing nigh  
And I can hear the eagle cry  
Homeward now we must tread.  
In to supper and then to bed.  
It's now goodbye to a lovely day  
But there's many more to come, they say.



# Spring life



One man in spring,  
I heard a distant bell ring,  
The sleeping town so far away.  
The men so near in a meadow of hay,  
The sheep and lambs in the field at play,  
This was the break of a new spring day.



At noon again the chime did break,  
The town, so far away, was now awake,  
The country lane was full of life,  
Yonder in a bed of poppies stood a young wife,  
The cows, contently, chewing their cud,  
Pigs near the river, wallowing in the mud.



As time draws nigh,  
The moon rises high in the sky,  
The lights of the town in the distance, wain,  
Far away is the smoke of a train,  
All the countryside lies in peace,  
As the hours of the old spring day, cease.

L. Harris

# White winter

The curtain of dawn lifts,  
The haze of the morning shifts,  
To reveal to the world, its pride and joy,  
The white carpet, the wish of every girl and boy



The ponds are all frozen still,  
Supplies of water are cut for the mill,  
People walking to and fro,  
Warm, protected against the icy snow.



The animals warm within their shed,  
Babies tucked in their little beds,  
Granny sitting by the fire,  
Jimmy playing with his home-made toys.

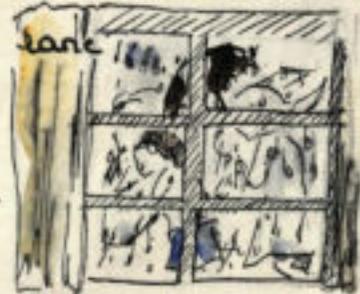


A cold winter's day is spent at home,  
Few people in the streets do roam,  
Beside the fire, in the kitchen, is best  
Enjoy the warmth and forget the west.

L. Harris

# Rain

The rain falls gently against the pane,  
Figures hurry through the lane,  
Shelter is on every mind,  
For shelter they must find.



Then the rain, from the Heavens pours down,  
To drench and soak the country down,  
Figures huddle together,  
This is real wintry weather.

No sooner had the storm begun,  
For now the end had thankfully come,  
Again once more life had stirred,  
And human bustle once more was heard.



L. Harris

# matron's dream



Herschel girls are always bright,  
Through the day and quiet at night,  
They're always dear  
And never mean

That's why they're matron's joy and delight.



Herschel girls are neatly dressed  
Especially in their Sunday best.

They're never naughty  
Neither naughty

Therefore they give matron peace and quiet.



# my cat

My cat's name is Pushtin,  
It may sound queer to you,  
But she's named after the Russian poet  
whose name is known by few.

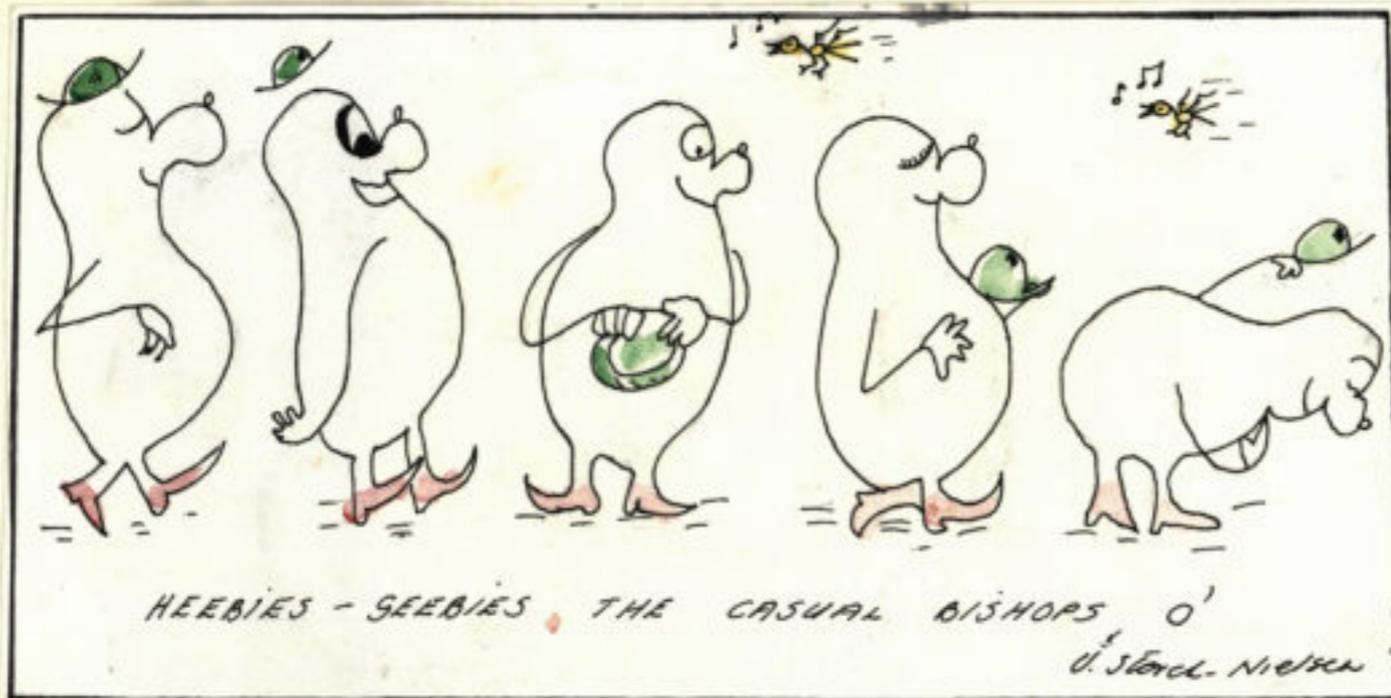
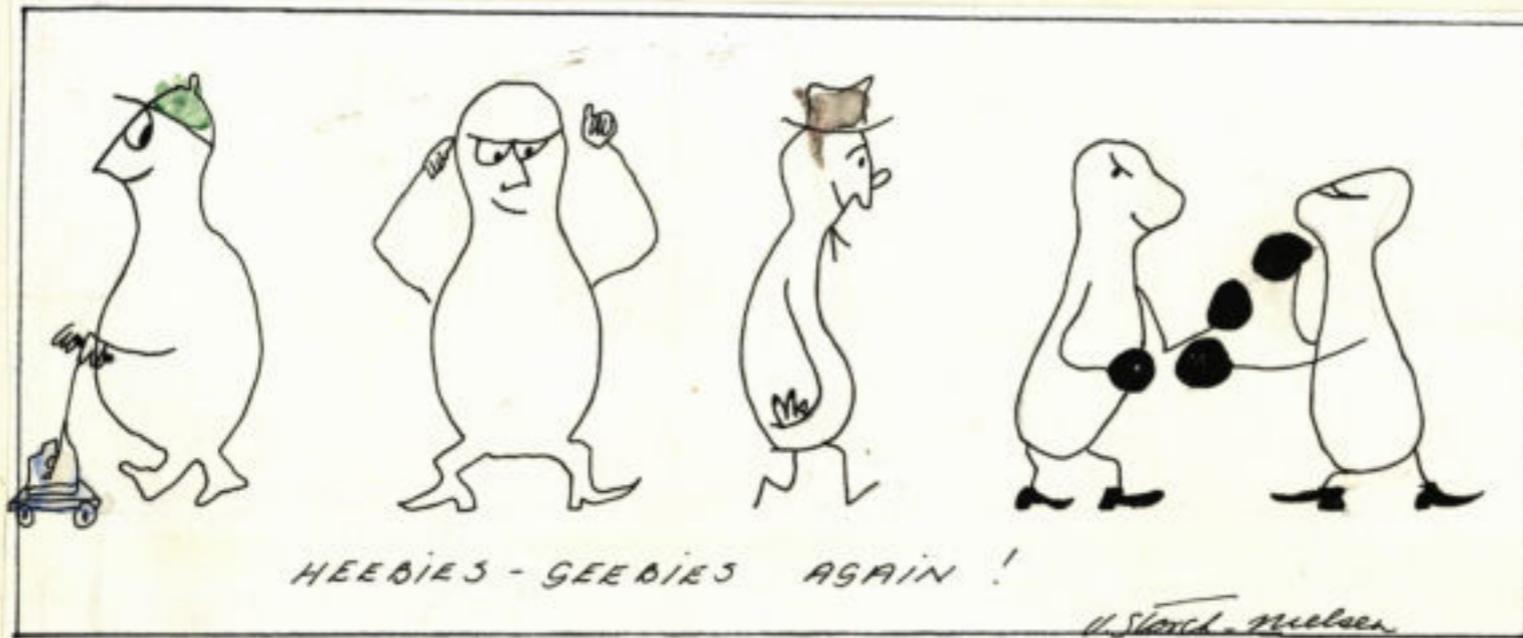
She's a very sweet pussy  
And her coat is black and white.

She sleeps on my bed  
And is never a nuisance at night.

I love her very dearly  
As I hope she does me too  
We get on very well together  
And I hope you also do.

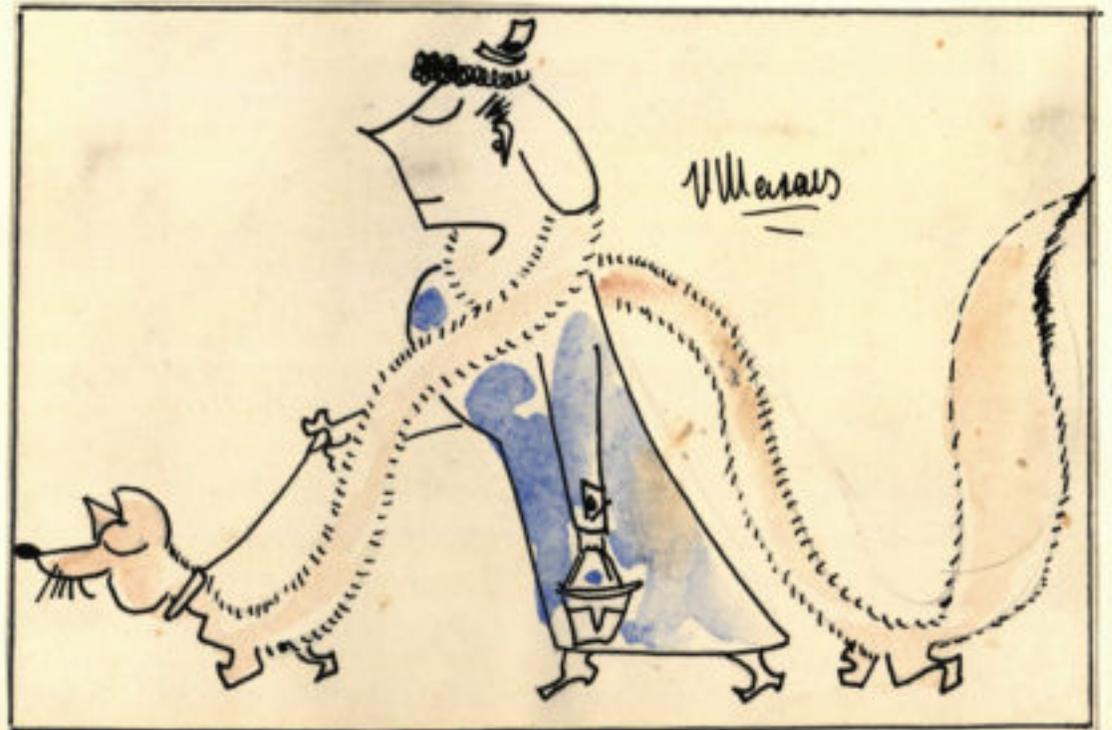


# CARTOONS



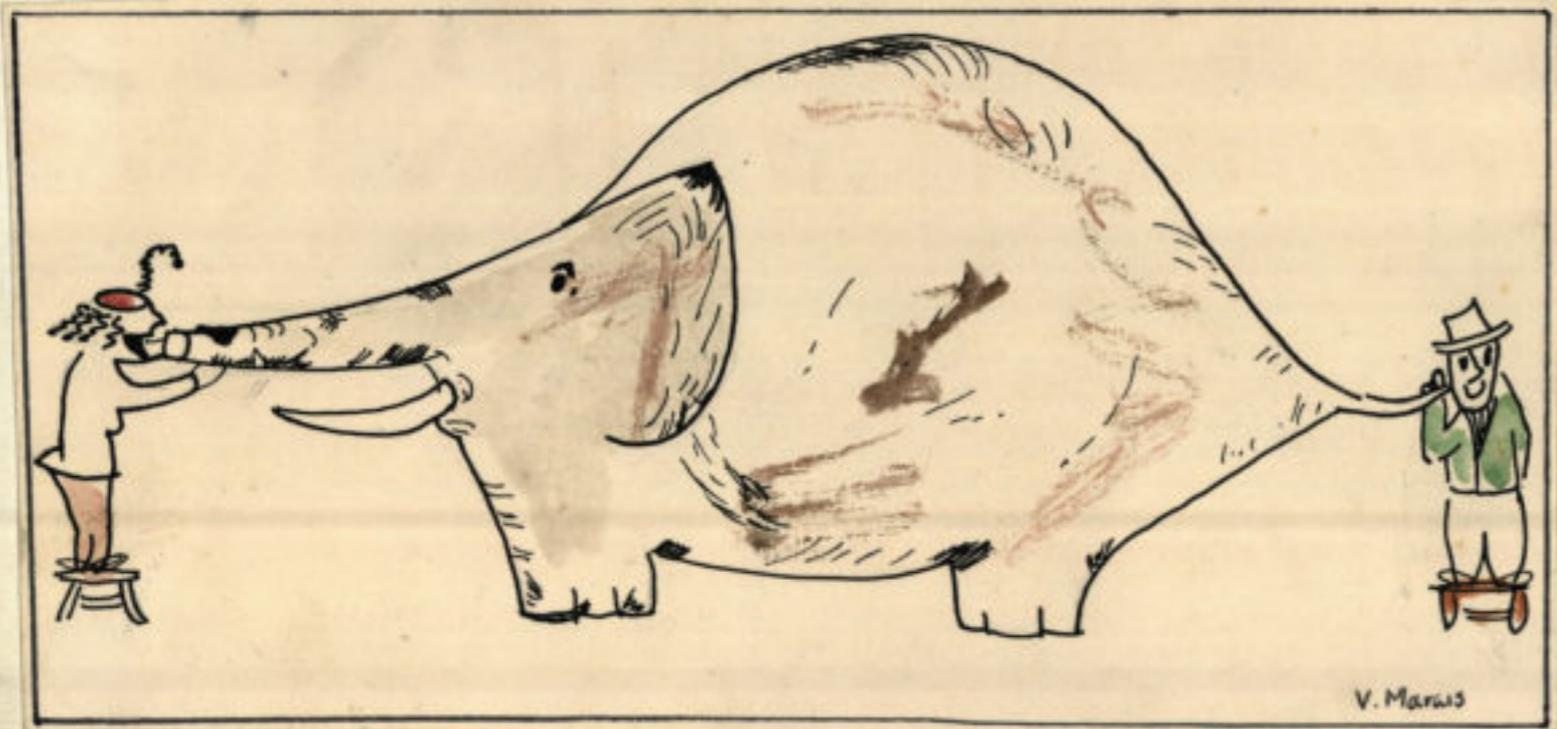
V. Storch-Nielson  
Upper IV







"But darling how can you exist without a telephone!"



# FASHIONS



D. Shawgn



B. Culley



A. Silberbauer

Pietro, (die bewondele) Seun van die Agterbuurtes.

Uitrig om die hoeries glijp Pietro in die donker nag. Orals om hom is agterbuurtes. Hy soek na die maatskaplike werker se huis, want sy ma is van warmte of ernstig siek. Alhoewel hy van 'n familie afhondig is, wat 'n sukkelbestaan woer, is Pietro nie 'n bedelaars kind nie. Dis nou twee jaar dat sy vader oorlede is en Pietro nou vir die gesin moet sorg.

Van vroeg soggens was Pietro aan die werk. Hy het eers koerante verkoop, toe in 'n kafee gewerk en weer in die aand koerante verkoop. Daardie aand, toe hy by die verroeste sinkhuisie aangekom het, het hy Kos vir sy ma saamgebring, maar sy het geen lus vir Kos gehad nie. Pietro kon self sien dat dit dringend was dat sy ma in dokter moet spreek. Omdat sy ma so siek was, moes hy nou die dokter gaan haal en hy het geweet dat die maatskaplike werkers altyd gereed was om 'n mens te help.

Toe Pietro aan die deur van die werkers klop, was hy kaalvoet en in loings gekleed. Die werkers was baie gaaf en het sy ma na die hospitaal toe geneem. Hulle het vir hom gesê dat sy ma witteerkeel opgedoen het. Pietro het niks van siektes geweet, maar hy was nie daaroor bekommerd nie, want die dokters het haar na die hospitaal toe geneem en gesê dat sy weer gou gezond sou word. En wat van more? More sou hy weer hard werk, vir sy broers en susters Kos bring en ook 'n present vir sy ma koop. Op Dondag sal hy die gesin Kerk toe neem en hulle sal saam vir hul ma bid.

# ARTICLES

## THE GARDEN.

The stream flowed quietly down the slope under an old, decaying rustic bridge, and out beneath the high holly hedge on to the Moor. On one side of it rose a grassy, terraced hillside and on the other a stretch of golden gorse and wavy, weepy willows, until the ground fell away steeply into a beech valley. At the top of the gentle slope stood a tall white house, surrounded by lawns, so closely cut that not one daisy dared to show its head. They grew abundantly, however, in the cool shade of the majestic beeches on the other side of the burn. The hum of bees and the singing of birds mingled pleasantly with the sound of falling water that grew steadily louder as the well-kept rock garden gave way to the already blooming rhododendrons, brightening up the dark undergrowth with their brilliant splashes of colour. It was not long before the path petered out altogether, and only the rabbit tracks criss-crossed the rather stony earth beneath the silver birches, until the ground rose suddenly and fell away into a deep rocky chasm. The stream, now a river, thundered along the bottom, tumbling over boulders and rocks that lay in its way. Then it disappeared under a frail-looking wooden bridge, and rushed on out to the far-off, sparkling sea.

On the other side of the house was a walled vegetable garden, and here, many turnips, and other green vegetables were sprouting in long, neat rows. Beyond this was the orchard, cool in spite of the heat of the day, with tall rows of apple, cherry and plum trees. The front of the house faced on to a small rose garden, and where this ended, the lawn made

a wide sweep to the bottom of the hill to come to an end at a row of tall, strong beeches which divided it from the grassy paddock in which grazed three thoroughbred hunters. It was not long before a handymen came outside to mow the lawn, and the rhythmical "phut-phut" of the engine temporarily shattered the peace of the sultry summer's afternoon. It was late evening when the work finally stopped and the noise of the engine hung in the air for a moment after it had ceased, then lapsed into the silence of the gathering dusk. The man went indoors and the birds returned to the trees. The night grew darker and the scent of new-mown grass and roses was everywhere — the air hung like a heavy curtain over all. Then, with a brilliant flash of lightning and a mighty clap of thunder — the storm broke.

L. Rowe.

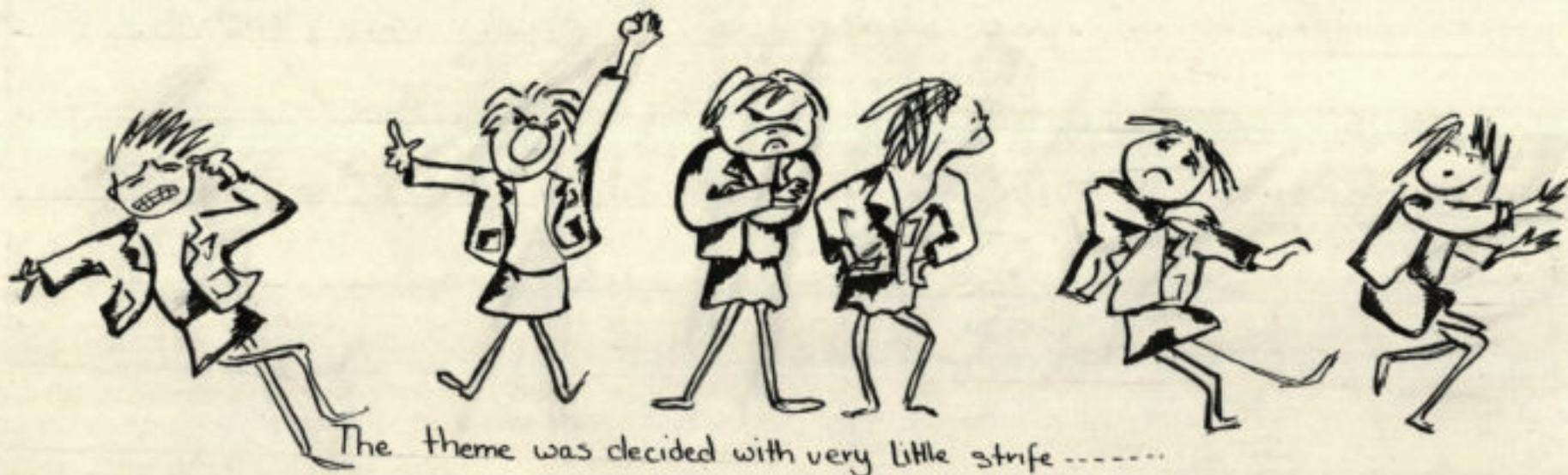
# matric dance

Most important school event of the year was undoubtedly the Matric Dance. After weeks and months of chaotic and frustrating preparation, the half dreaded night finally arrived. But in spite of all fears, it was a roaring success — went off with a real boom - clikka tickie-draai, one-two-three crash! Funny how those Ionic columns down the centre suddenly toppled over — we did fix them quite securely to the ceiling - - - - -



Our theme was ΕΛΛΑΣ myths and legends, and turned out to consist mainly of a B\*ceh\*n\*li\*n Krgy. There were other suggestions — Cleopatra Barguing down the Nile, and an Underwater Scene, but they both sounded a bit fishy so we shouted them down. Apart from that, the theme was

decided with very little strife.



The theme was decided with very little strife .....

Everyone looked really lovely in the fifth or sixth dress they'd bought, though the girls in Bacchus' train were the only ones to dare a topless. Certain mild objections to their share of modesty, however, resulted in carefully and strategically placed wisps of hair and vine leaves just before the big occasion. The one member of staff who threatened to wear a topless, didn't. And another member of staff who told us she was coming in vine leaves, didn't keep her promise either. But in spite of these disappointments, the staff who came, looked most glamorous, and we all enjoyed having them there. I think they enjoyed it too - the

atmosphere was very relaxed. At chess games mistress proved conclusively that she was just as good at teaching the Commodore of the Yacht Club to twist, as she is at teaching us hockey and swimming. Even the parties (usually a nightmare) sorted themselves out quite nicely in the end and were unusually respectable and sober.



"But madam — you've already bought them all....."

The dance wound up with the Congo — during which a lot of people got barged — the Hoky Poky and finally that old tear-jerker, Auld Lang Syne. Though it certainly didn't jerk any tears that night. Then after some school-provided hot soup, everyone roared off to a cosy little party at M's — leaving certain people to walk there — and finally we all dispersed in

various different directions. Most people got to bed before breakfast - or  
luck or whatever it was.

It was a very subdued lot of girls who cleared the dining-room  
that morning - - - - -



S Williams

# WRYBURG - the platteland 'dorp'

After constant teasing by friends, I have at last decided (to impart to impart to them some facts about my little home town. First of all, a word to my fellow History scholars; in the early South African history, Wryburg was known as the Stellaland Republic. It is situated in a cattle ranching district and is also the gambling area of the Great Maize Triangle.

Activity starts very early in the day especially in the factories - please note, we have factories including the manufacture of clothing, malt, beverages and many others. The main ones being those concerned with the type of agriculture carried on around the town. The meat-canning factory is very modernised and large and cattle not slaughtered, go to the markets of Johannesburg and Cape Town or are exported to the United Kingdom and Italy. Do you eat Blue Seal Butter? Have another look at the label and Wryburg may be printed on it. Our dairies is one of the largest in the Southern Hemisphere.

For a comparatively small town, Wryburg has many charitable institutions of which the Old Age Home and the Grechē are two. For those who are more interested in the social world, parties are plentiful, dances are known and bottle stores are a common sight. Tarzan, James Bond and Charlie Chaplain can be seen on the screen four times a week with the choice of a Bug House or a Drive-In. The Moths, Round Tables and many others are active societies.





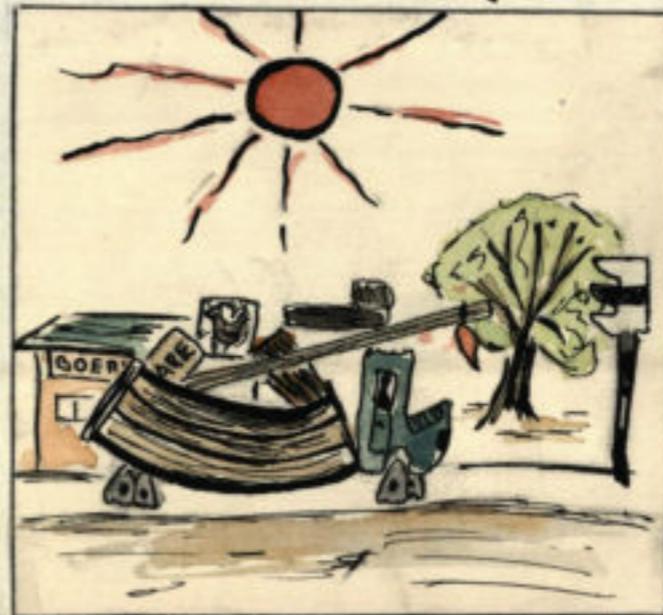
The people of Uryburg are great enthusiasts of sport and there are facilities for hockey, golf, bowls, netball, rugby, cricket, go-Kart racing, horse riding and last but by no means least, swimming! The play reading club meets once a week.

Friday is Uryburg's busiest day, when all the farmers come to town to fetch their children, stock up for a week end and go to the stockfair. Uryburg is

also known for its garages and the number of traffic inspectors in it.

Maybe you see the 'dorp' in a different light than, maybe not, but if I have portrayed it in a new and interesting light and anyone has a desire of wishing to view our paradise in the wild north and of confirming my statements, the roads to and in Uryburg are all tarred now and the first sign you will see is a welcome sign. So if you are interested, hurry up because it is growing fast and will not be a 'dorp' much longer!

P.S. The sunsets are very beautiful!



W. Walker.

# "GENERAL SMUTS I PRESUME"<sup>ASSUME ME</sup>

While searching for THE Smuts Statue, I had purchased a packet of "Monkey" nuts, ostensibly for the pigeons, and was enthusiastically attacking the shell of my fourth, when I approached the terrace where it was situated, as yet still ignorant of its whereabouts, but eager to find it. My questing eye glanced quickly from Major General Sir Henry past the centrepiece, past a particularly odd tree which had previously escaped my notice, and on to the Statue of Bartholomew Diaz. Determined to locate OOH Jannie and (or so I thought) prepared for anything, I ever studied the queen at the far end, in the hope that she had been coaxed into relinquishing her exalted position for this so-called "holster". However, it was unmistakably her <sup>majesty</sup> highness at the distance.

By this time my tarsals (or would it be meta-tarsals) were feeling the strain of the unawaited exercise, and begged to be temporarily relieved of their burden. Thus I <sup>began</sup> commenced to cross the terrace, but had taken perhaps three paces when I felt my eyes depart from their sockets. The "tree" had resolved itself into a strange look of leverage?

Suddenly my metatarsals ceased complaining and I recollect joyously thinking, "At last! and I'm in luck - another vandal has obviously had a go at demonstrating his disapproval, this time with the tar and feather treatment! Pity I wasn't here earlier though, they've already removed the feathers!" Chuckling, I hasticated the shell of the peanut now safely stored in a nearby pigeon's nest. Walking towards the unfortunate victim, I reflected that from afar it looked as if the dissenters had spread the tar not only thickly but evenly, (considering it was tar) for one could discern head, body and limbs. It was hardly fair to judge the statue in that plastered condition, but it did look remarkably like the sort of gorilla one finds in a Tarzan comic strip. Doubtless, with the peculiar casing removed, this barbarous concept would vanish, so I went nearer to see if I could imagine what the actual statue would be like.

I progressed serenely until, at a distance of some ten yards, I felt as if I had received a physical blow. It could not be, surely not - great was the agony of apprehension as I investigated my alarming fears - I had

to be absolutely certain that there was no hope - - - yes, the worst had happened  
there was no far at all - - - THIS was Smuts, in the raw!

That Harpley's statue would not resemble Smuts, I had expected, but  
THIS scarcely ever resembled him! However, its mount proclaimed it  
General Jan Christian Smuts, so, resolutely struggling to retain my open mind,  
I tried to envisage the Spirit of Africa which I had read somewhere was  
present here, besides the character of Smuts himself. If this is the case,  
what I saw is misleading. There is strength <sup>all</sup> alright, strength is plenty, but  
the whole statue suggests brute strength, all brawn and unfortunately  
no brain. At this stage, disappointed and disgusted, I de-shelled another  
nut and absent-mindedly ate it. Continuing my contemplation of the  
monster, I reflected that if one knew nothing of Smuts, one would never  
guess, from this statue, that he was a wise man, an eminent statesman, let  
alone a gentleman, for these are the characteristics of a cultured man, and  
there is no culture whatsoever to be found in the unfinished thickness

and solidarity which cause this monstrosity to emanate barbarity.

Despite the statue's unfavourable reputation amongst the majority of the controversialists, I think I had inwardly hoped to be favourably impressed by the real thing, which accounted for my deep disappointment as I crumpled my empty bag of nuts, and turned towards the National Gallery, where I knew Cecil Higgins's "Ebb Tide at Margate" would offer the necessary solace.

✓  
W. Whithead.

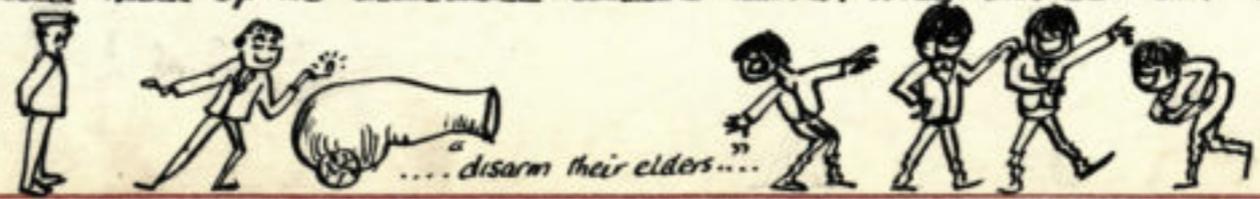
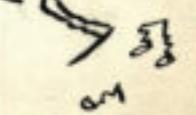
# 'the beetles'

Nowadays, anyone who spells beetles with a double "e" is either a "square" or a sole survivor of some disaster, marooned on a lonely little island, where there are no newspapers, radios, televisions or commercial products. For all these faculties have now been monopolized by the "insects" from Liverpool. School staff, parents, employers, governments and royalty have eventually been forced to accept the foursome, who, quite candidly, do not profess to be musicians at all, but "just do it for fun." Admittedly, the defence forces all over the world would probably have preferred the "fun" to have come singly, as it is they who are confronted with the problem of protecting the idols, who are in constant danger of being torn to shreds by "all too eager" fans. But, apart from the "noise" the Beatles make, and their slightly eccentric hairstyles, I do not think that the older generation can protest against them. There is nothing repulsive, dirty or immoral about them, and they are always happy. This last fact is of great importance in a world which is full of famine, war and disunity, and the mere fact that they do not discuss politics does not mean to say that they must be stupid. John, Paul, George and Ringo, as they are known to teenagers, are four boys from England's ugliest town by the Mersey, a town in which everyone stands the same chance -- to get trodden underfoot, and only the strong stand a chance of survival, as it is often said. They do not try to hide this fact and actually use their delightfully disrespectful ways to disarm their elders. The Duke of Edinburgh, for instance, could think of no suitable answer when they asked him "How's Liz?"

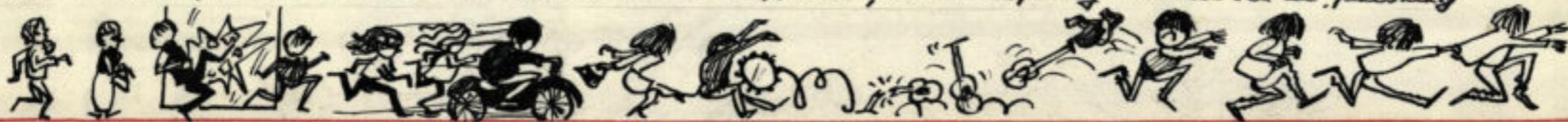


A SQUARE

"Insects" from Liverpool

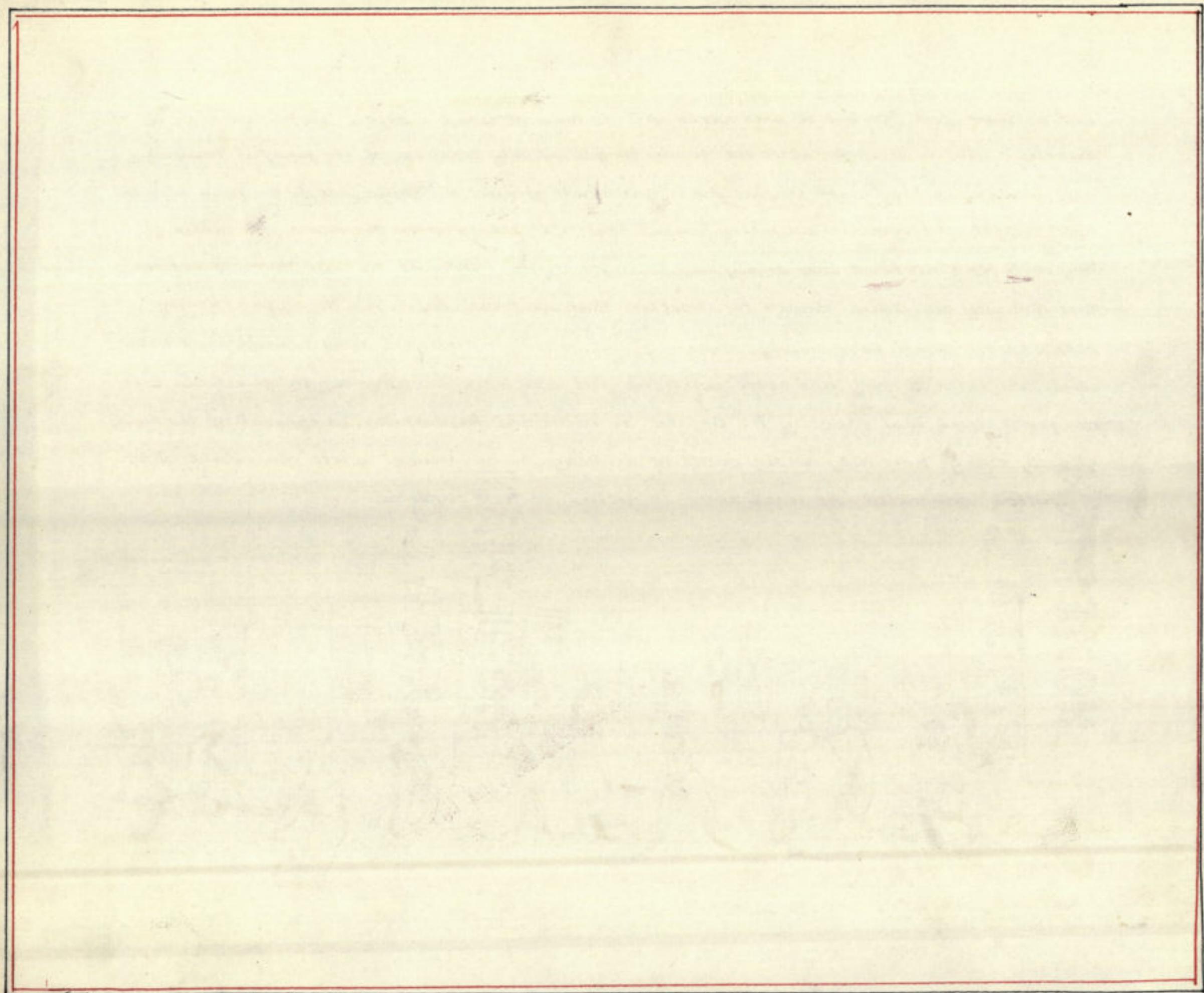


People in general have accepted them as four boys who grew up under poor circumstances, and who, with a little talent and a great deal of personality "made the grade." The question is, for how long? They have, in under a year, made a tremendous leap from nothing to too much; they have, apparently lost count of their wages, which, with the help of their Manager Brian Epstein has been invested. Many teenagers declare that even such great success has not changed their natures, but to be honest, I think it all happened so quickly that they did not have time to change at all. Only one of the Beatles spent his childhood with his mother and father, which goes to prove, really, that with parents, they would not have gained such success. Parents, with the best of intentions, keep their children from such wild ideas as forming a beat group and having sloppy "lur" cuts, and so, the Beatles, without too much fuss, were able to follow up their idea, and reach the top. But I am not implying that parents should let their children have their slightest whim. The Beatles have boosted trade exports from Britain tremendously. Lately they have brought out Beatle pillows and blankets. This seems to me to be carrying things to the extreme, but all the same. Beatle wigs, shoes, shirts, suits, record players, tea towels, not to mention records and pictures, have been on the market for some time, and they have been bringing in a lot of money. Another thing which is being carried to the extreme, and which occurs wherever the Beatles go, is the hysteria. This is the thing that many older people complain about. Regardless of what obstacle might be impeding them, the fans stampede to their idols, smashing windows, denting cars and causing chaos. To admire the Beatles is one thing, but surely there are quieter forms of Beatlemania. A girl attending a Beatle performance was carried out with severe injuries, and when asked how it all happened, she blithely described it, finishing



with a heart-felt, "Oh but it was worth it." To have attended a Beattle -performance is an experience that a teenager will not easily forget, if only because of the painful bruises and black eyes. They make stupid jokes, gallivant around the stage, while the fans scream with delight and wonder why they cannot hear their idols above the noise, for although they each have at least two amplifiers it is sometimes difficult to hear them. I believe that actually our elders should be thankful that we have chosen as "the typical young people of our time" fair, happy, ordinary, reasonably intelligent individuals, and not some evil, dark, broody and cruel political cult which would give us false ideals to aim for. I think that choosing the Beattles as universal favourites, is typical of the lappy slightly crazy, mentality of the youth of to-day. As one member of the proverbial "older generation" commented "At least there is method to their madness."





## "THEATRE FOR YOUTH"

Drama course, Winter - 1964

During the winter holidays I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the course arranged by "Theatre for Youth" on speech and drama. It lasted for ten days and lasted from 9.30 until 4.30 in the afternoon. Each morning we had lectures on acting technique, movement, set production, production and period movement from men and woman experts in their fields. These lectures given by Mr. Malan, Mrs. Movukian (an old Herschelian), Mrs. Kogern and Mr. Hoekstra were entertaining as well as instructing <sup>ive</sup>.

Each lunch hour we spent in the Public Gardens, within easy reach of both the C.T. High School and the Little Theatre where the course was held. After lunch we had lectures from such people as Steven de Villiers, Robert Mohr and Miss van der Gucht <sup>ch</sup> under whose auspices the course was held. These lectures were exceptionally interesting and informative, particularly that of Robert Mohr. Also during the afternoon <sup>too</sup> the students rehearsed extracts from such well-known plays as "Lartuffe" (and English adaption) and "Our Town" in groups, which were produced for the parents on the last evening.

One afternoon during the course, we were taken to the S.A.B.C. where we were conducted over the building and shown where radio plays, shows, advertisements and musical programmes were recorded and the way in which this was done. The highlight of the afternoon was the recording of some of us reading a play! The results were no doubt technically appalling but very amusing all the same. Also the S.A.B.C

we were shown the extremely extensive record library, a room with an unbelievable number of records all carefully and precisely catalogued.

On the last evening of the course the extracts and <sup>to</sup> adaptations were produced for the interest and amusement of the parents. As well the students gave impromptu demonstrations of work done in the movement classes. The miniature sets designed and made in the art classes were on view to the many who came.

The evening reflected the enjoyment and interest the course aroused. In each and everyone of the ninety-two, from almost all the peninsula school (students), <sup>who were</sup> fortunate enough to attend, and 9 for one, gratefully thank Miss van der Gucht and the "Theatre for Youth" for a wonderful ten days!

✓  
A. Landsberg.

# MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS ON THE CLIFF.

One late afternoon The Dave Clark Five decided to climb the Cliff near Dakota Town.

But they were rather afraid to go because of the danger of Rolling Stones.

Eventually they started on their expedition. On the way they came across some Bachelors. These Three Bachelors were very keen on insectology and collecting different types of mountain Crystals, so they asked if they could join the Dave Clark Five on their expedition. The latter agreed.

As the Shadows began to creep over the Cliff, the eight young men reached the end of their climb. Soon it started to rain and they spotted a Cyclone coming towards them. In a frantic effort to get out of the path of the Cyclone, they slipped on the Rolling Stones and went hurtling down to the rocks below. They were badly injured, but were soon found by the Searchers who took them to the Courier's Hospital.

After they were put to bed, one of the Bachelors who wasn't quite so badly hurt, told Dr. Dickie Loader that they had found some queer, long-haired Beetles. The Interns found them in a pocket of one of the Bachelor's Blue Jeans. These Beetles were taken to Hollies Museum, they were very

rare and valuable (worth enough money to buy many Diamonds).

Meanwhile, very sadly, four of the Dave Clark Five, and the Backslors had died and the Undertakers buried them, from where they were soon met by the Angels. Out of the eight mountain climbers, only Dave Clark was left to tell the sad tale of the tragedy on the Cliff.

R. Overstone

# The Hold up

It was growing dark, and I was alone in the house except for the Johnson's baby, sleeping upstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had gone out to dinner and had asked me to baby-sit. They said they would be back at about eleven o'clock and asked if I would mind keeping an eye on the baby as it was the maid's day off.

After going around the house and locking up carefully, I settled down to some geography homework in the study. It was a cold winter's night, so there was a warm fire blazing cheerfully in the grate.

At about half-past nine I got up to have a bite to eat and to see if the baby was alright. Satisfied, I retired again to the comfortable arm-chair in front of the fire. Suddenly I heard a noise — it seemed to come from the dining-room. It sounded like the clink of china or silver. Now, the Johnson's were very rich, and their house was beautifully furnished with antiques, and the cupboards were with costly china and valuable enamel silverware. I began to have my suspicions, but I could not be sure. There! surely that was it again! But it was practically inaudible against the falling rain outside. Suddenly I was afraid and looked all about me, fearing to see someone standing in the doorway, or hiding behind a chair, or a wicked, leering face peeping in at the window. Then I heard the noise again, it was quite unmistakable this time. Taking my courage in both hands, although I was terrified, I crept silently to the dining-room which led off the kitchen. I noticed something, the kitchen door was open. I crept to the door of the dining room and what I saw there, made my heart leap into my mouth. Two men with felt hats pulled low over their eyes, were removing the silver and china from the

cupboard and putting it as noiselessly as they could into a large brown sack. As I stood debating what to do, one of them turned and saw me! He whipped out a gun and levelled it at me. "Just yer try any funny business and yer'll find a bullet through yer nut!" he growled.

Keeping the gun levelled at me, he motioned the other man to go on looting the cupboard. How long I stood there, my heart banging against my ribs, I do not know. I had to do something. All of a sudden I saw something moving by the window, and a face peered in, just one glance, and then was gone. It was Mr. Johnson! How I prayed that he would not come in but go and fetch the police - quickly! The burglars would soon be finished.

Eventually, the man called Gabe had finished emptying the cupboard. The man with the gun brought the ugly-looking automatic close up to my face and said, "Now, if yer make one false move, yer'll be shot!" You stay 'ere until we've gone. Otherwise you will be a dead duck."

With these threatening words the two house-breakers prepared to leave. They backed out of the door, still training the gun on me. I prayed for the Johnsons to come but they did not appear.

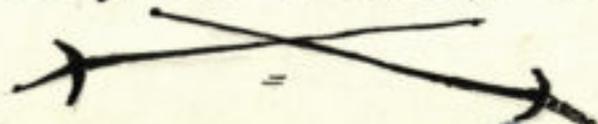
I heard the kitchen door bang shut. They had gone. But they did not get away after all, for suddenly a stern, guttural voice broke the stillness of the night. "You are arrested in the name of the law - hands up!" The two men were led away to the police van waiting in the street below.

And so I returned home that night, exhausted with the evenings hair-raising events.



The modern-day sport of fencing is derived from the ancient art of self-defence with swords. From the dawn of history, all ancient races practiced swordsmanship according to set rules and movements. When armour came into use, a heavy 'bludgeon' was used, but this was modified to form a rapier, for quick, neat movements, when gun-powder was introduced into warfare. Proficiency with a rapier became an indispensable accomplishment for a gentleman who used duelling to settle his quarrels.

Fencing as a modern sport is becoming increasingly popular, and has been a major Olympic sport since 1912, apart from having its own World Championships. Men fence with the light foil, the heavier épée, and the sabre, but ladies use a foil only, and a mask, glove, and jacket are used for protection, although the weapons have no sharp points. Fencing teaches agility, speed, good co-ordination and good sportsmanship, besides being an excellent training for all other sports.



# SHAKESPEARE



The anniversary of the quarter-century  
of William Shakespeare's birth, on the 23rd April



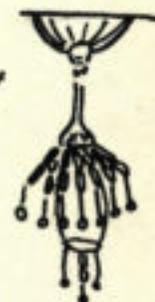
1564 has been marked by extensive productions of

his plays, by talks and lectures, film-shows, exhibitions  
and by the production of Verdi's "Otello", everywhere in the  
Republic. Such immortal plays as "Hamlet", "Romeo  
and Juliet", "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Taming of  
the Shrew" have been produced at Haywardville, in  
the University Quadrangle Theatre, and at the Little  
Theatre, in almost the same way as they were pro-  
duced three-hundred-and-fifty years ago at the  
Globe and the Fortune Theatre. May they  
continue to be produced in the future.



# Venice

Our tour of Venice began early one morning on a hot day in July. We were staying at a hotel in Mestre, a town on the mainland, about nine kilometres from Venice and from here we were taken in the special hotel bus to the Central Garage, where all vehicles must be parked before going into Venice. From here we followed our guide to the "water taxi" terminus, where we boarded a large motor launch. This took us part of the way up the Grand Canal and then down a series of canals until we reached the open lagoon. Situated in the lagoon are several small islands, including the island of St. Michele which is the cemetery for Venice, the island of Burano famous for its lace and Murano famous for its beautiful glassware. This last island was our destination. We tied up at the landing place, went ashore and were escorted to a big glass factory. Here we were taken first to the great stove buildings, which had huge furnaces in the centre, where the glass was actually made, and then to the large showrooms. In these showrooms there was shelf upon shelf of the most beautiful glassware imaginable, ranging from necklaces and paper weights to chandeliers and fine glass goblets. There were many buyers from different countries, selecting the glassware they wished to purchase, as well as other parties of tourists buying small gifts and souvenirs. All too soon the tour of the factory came to an end and we were out again on the motor launch heading for the main islands of Venice. We landed at the first stop and from there we walked halfway across Venice, over little bridges and along narrow streets beside the canals, until we finally reached St. Mark's Square. Here our guide left us, after giving us instructions



or low to get back to the hotel and we spent what remained of the morning visiting St. Mark's Cathedral and the Doge's Palace. After lunch we walked through the shopping arcades and then along the waterfront where there were numerous little stalls, selling postcards, colour slides, jewellery, scarves and other small items which would attract tourists. At about three o'clock we took a "water taxi" to the Central Garage and from here we caught a train back to Mestre where we arrived about an hour and a half later, tired and footsore after a long days sightseeing.

B. Ellis



# night shadows

Night shadows are peculiar shadows, for they are capable of scaring a child almost to death with their weird shapes. On the other hand, when the moon is full, the ugliest, old tree, stunted and bare, is almost a thing of beauty, with the night shadows. Commonplace objects, a coat on a hook, for instance, take the menacing form of a strange man, perhaps a thief! A tall pole, with bars forming a ladder up it, looks like a man, out for someone's blood, with stump arms outstretched. That bush over there. Are those eyes of a cat, or of a person? The shadow across that window upstairs! It's a man, going through a cupboard! No or second thoughts it is a coat hanging in the window. A stunted tree, gaunt and macabre by day, by the light of the moon is a beautiful silhouette, almost graceful with its long spiky branches. Night shadows, at all times forming a world which is completely their own.



# the haunted house

We had heard so many rumours about a so-called haunted house nearby, that my sister Jean and I decided to explore it. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, we made our way up the drive leading to the house. The garden was overgrown with weeds and brambles and the house was completely hidden by trees. We finally found the front where there was a battered door. The appearance of this rambling place was really sinister. Most of the windows were covered with boards and many panes were broken. It was a double-storied house. The roof had caved in, in parts, and tall grey turrets protruded from it. The walls were grey and dingy where the thick creepers did not cover them. The door was unlocked and we stealthily crept inside. I hesitated - - - what was that noise? It must have been my imagination. The rooms were dark and bare, with cobwebs everywhere, and the floors were covered by a thick coat of dust. The atmosphere was very old and damp. Suddenly I felt a furry object brush against my leg. I sprang back in fright, but found that it was only a cat looking for affection. We stumbled on until Jean yelled; a faint light seemed to be moving down the winding stairs and then it disappeared mysteriously as it had come. We reassured ourselves that it was probably just a ray of light coming through the window or the landing. Not very long after that, we both heard a scream which seemed to come from above us. This was too much, we turned and fled from that building and did not stop until we reached home. We were shivering with fright, and made up our minds never to go there again, Ghosts or no Ghosts!!



S. Stent

# Valentine's Day

Spring is just around the corner, and all young hearts are light and gay. And this season the emphasis is on baking for your Prince Charming. Take a tip from me, the quickest and easiest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. My recommendation is this Ever-Lovin' Heart, that is slightly suggestive.

- (1) No heart shaped pans are needed! Instead, bake two round 8 or 9 inch layers with your treasured recipe.
- (2) Spread a fluffy pink frosting between layers;
- (3) Cut a wedge from one side, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and 3 inches deep.
- (4) The cut-out cake wedge goes on the opposite side of the cake, to make the point of the heart.
- (5) Now frost the entire cake, swirling the fluffy pink frosting over top and sides.
- (6) Decorate with coconut, and candy hearts.



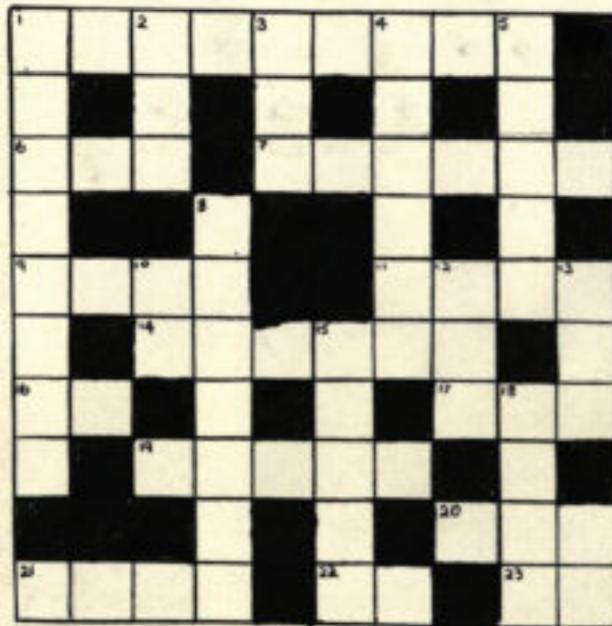


The little girl is lost. Please help her find her way home.

J. Waring

# PUZZLES

I



Across. I

- 1) South Africa's national emblem
- 6) A dog
- 7) Game played with a racket.
- 9) You use your ears to do this.
- 11) Adam and Eve lived here.
- 14) Red vegetable found in salads.
- 16) The Egyptian Sun God.
- 17) Slippery fish
- 19) In a triangle, this plus two others add up to 180°
- 20) You sleep on this at night
- 21) Another word for donate
- 22) Very funny - - -
- 23) Opposite of yes.

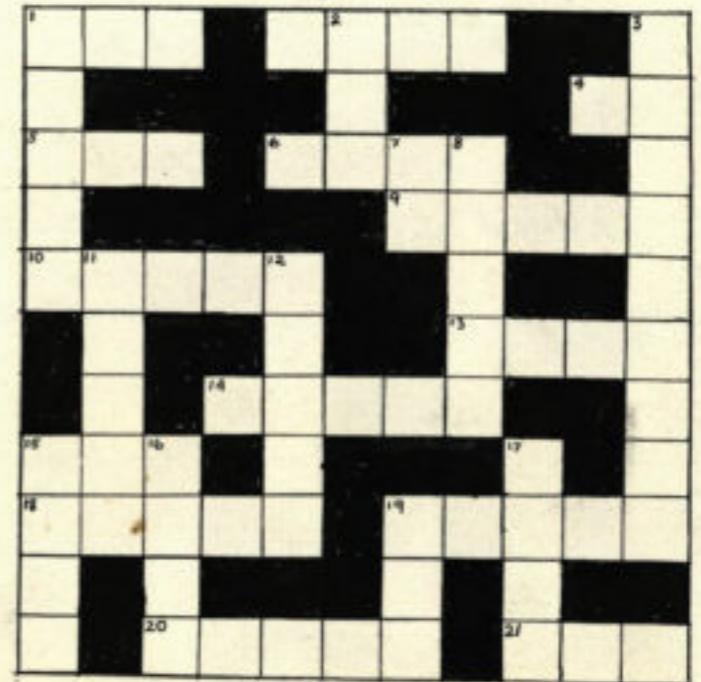
Down I

- 1) A blue precious stone
- 2) A small carpet
- 3) You hit a ball over this when you play 7 across
- 4) A baby wears one on its head.
- 5) You cut with one
- 8) You are usually one before you become a Girl Guide

Across. II

- 1) Artificial lead of hair
- 2) Original king of Russia
- 5) Orgas of sight
- 6) Weaving machine
- 4) Negative
- 9) opposite of last
- 10) Article for drying
- 13) Falls from clouds
- 14) Large boat
- 15) Nat hers
- 18) Type of poplar
- 19) Map
- 20) Metal ball
- 21) Orgas of hearing

II



Down. II

- 1) corn
- 2) place where wild animals are kept
- 3) large mass of land.
- 7) belonging to
- 8) clerical headress
- 11) desert fountain
- 12) to acquire knowledge
- 15) Harder than 13 across
- 16) Work on horseman's head
- 17) hair on horse neck.

Down contd. I

- 10) HAT without the "H"
- 12) A female deer
- 13) Nothing
- 15) Mohammedan name for God
- 18) "although" or shortened form of evening .R. Overstone

Across.

Down

Across

Down

1) Sprugbok

1) Sapphire

1) Wig

1) Wheat

6) Pug

2) Rug

2) Czar

2) Zoo

7) Yemio

3) Net

3) Eye

3) courtout

9) Hear

4) Bonnet

6) Loom

7) of

11) Edel

5) Knife

4) Negative

8) nitre

14) Tomato

8) Brownie

9) First

11) oasis

16) Ra

10) At

10) Towel

12) Learn

17) Eel

12) Joe

13) Rail

15) hail

19) Angle

13) Nil

14) Barge

16) spur

20) Bed

15) Allah

15) Lio

17) Hare

21) Give

18) Ever

18) apex

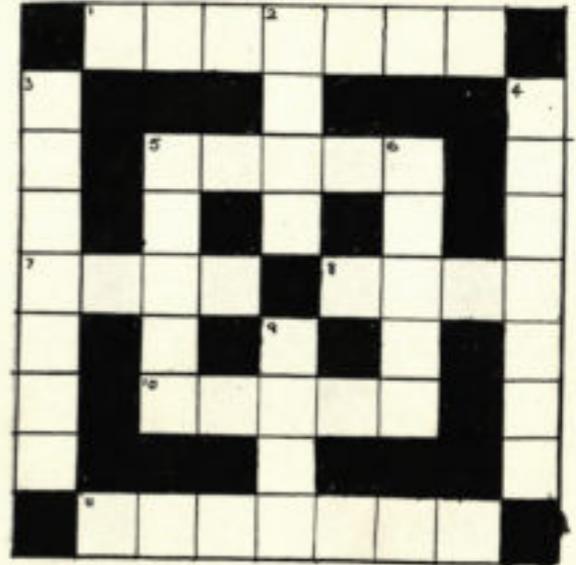
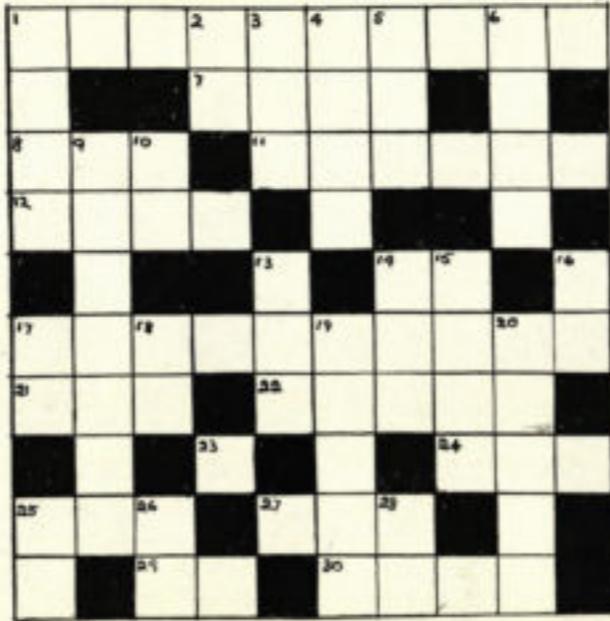
22) Ha

19) chart

23) No

20) cloer

21) ear



ACROSS

- (1) What dessert is made with all kinds of fruit.
- (7) This is something similar to a frog and is said to give you warts.
- (8) Sea and. (a suntan lotion)
- (11) Your waist is sometimes called this
- (12) Campers pitch one
- (14) Same as 18 down
- (17) Not accurate
- (21) Keeps your hair in place. Fishermen also use it.
- (22) Singular of entries
- (24) Try and try and - - - again
- (23) The letter in the alphabet that looks like a horseshoe.
- (25) Abbreviation of United States of America
- (27) A kind of water snake, some are electric!
- (29) Opposite of "Yes"
- (30) The Pied Piper of Hamelin got rid of these.

DOWN

- (1) A boxer clenches this before he hits.
- (17) Same as 10 down
- (25) Jack and Jill went - - the hill
- (9) Dogs usually sleep in these
- (10) Opposite of "out"
- (18) Same as 14 across
- (26) Better English to say - owl instead of a owl.
- (3) Girls who act like boys are called - boys.
- (2) Neither he, nor she but -
- (4) Sailing boats hoist them to catch the wind.
- (19) - The spreading chestnut tree
- (5) Opposite of subtract
- (14) The first three letters of a man who paints for an occupation.
- (28) Do, re, me, fa, so, - ti, do.
- (13) Not an apple pie but an apple - - -
- (6) Needed to keep the wheels apart
- (16) to - or not to - (Hamlet)
- (20) Goodyear and Firestone make these.

ACROSS

(Latin)

- (1) shop
  - (5) I approve
  - (7) A pound (slang)
  - (8) food (abl.)
  - (10) the sovereign (acc)
  - (11) At last
- DOWN
- (2) The God of love
  - (3) Never
  - (4) 2 Down is connected with these
  - (5) former
  - (6) hatred
  - (9) lands

A. Gow.

- (1) Fruitsalad
- (7) Toad
- (8) ski
- (11) Middle
- (12) Test
- (14) AT
- (17) Inaccurate
- (21) Net
- (22) Entry
- (23) U
- (24) Try
- (25) U.S.A.
- (27) Eel
- (29) No
- (30) Rato

- (1) Fist
- (2) it
- (3) Tom
- (4) sail
- (5) Add
- (6) Axle
- (9) Kernels
- (10) il
- (13) Ace
- (14) Art
- (15) Tart
- (16) Be
- (17) JL
- (18) AT
- (19) Under
- (20) Tyres
- (25) up
- (26) al
- (28) La

- (1) Taberna
- (5) Probo
- (7) quid
- (8) cibo
- (10) regen
- (11) desique

- (2) Eros
- (3) murquan
- (4) columbia
- (5) prior
- (6) odium
- (9) agri

# DRAWINGS



B. C. H. H. H. H. H.



A. Barlow.



Misty  
Glamourizing



Sa-Si-

the mystic  
perfume  
straight  
from  
Paris





W. Ridley



Merriman A. Barlow  
LIV.

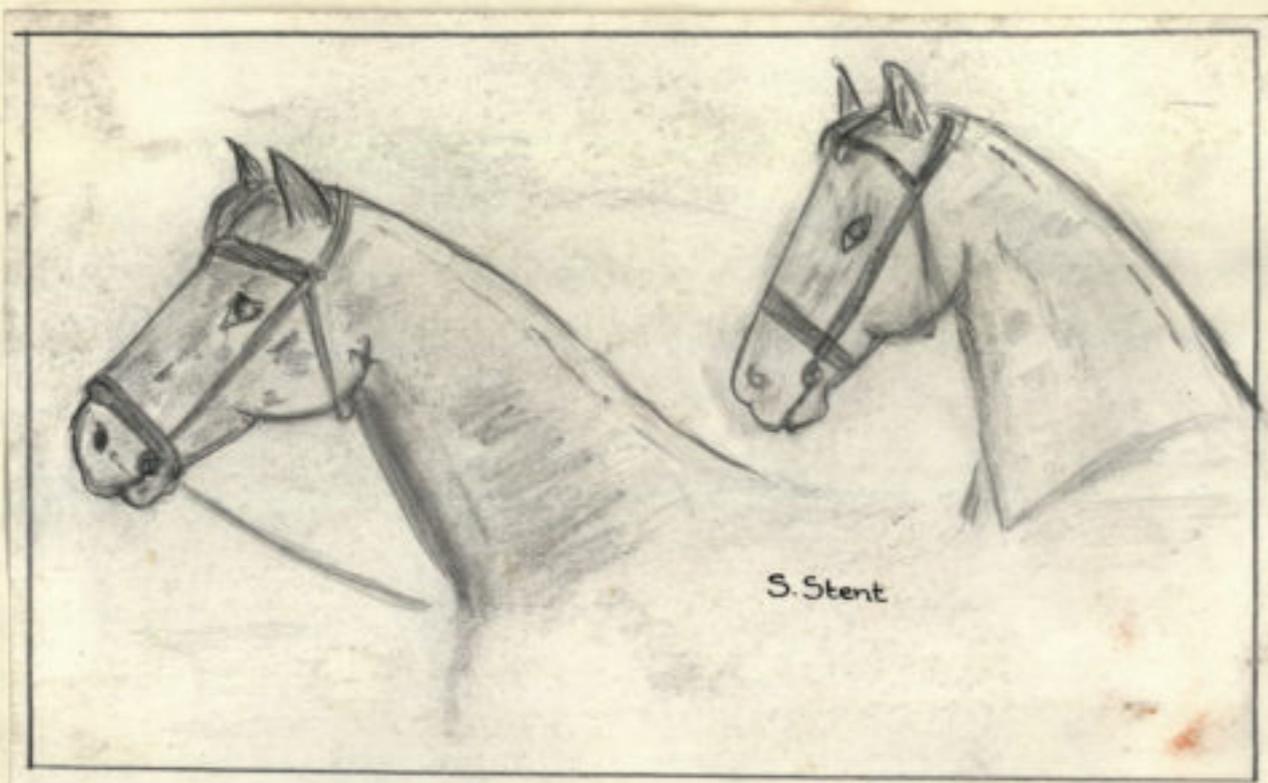


W. Walker



B. Culley  
New Haven

B. Culley.



S. Stent



Copied  
E. Trevor-Jones  
Lower IV

# LIMERICKS

There was a young lady of Paris,  
Whose hobby was breeding white rabbits,  
They bred and bred till they nearly saw red,  
Those little white bunnies of Paris!



There was a young man from Gaboon,  
Who had a big black baboon,  
He took a spoon and flew to the moon,  
That adventurous Baboon from Gaboon!



There was a young man of the Congo,  
Who delighted in dancing the Bongo,  
He danced and danced till he  
collapsed in a trance,  
That sprightly black Jam from the Congo!



There was a man from Mozambique,  
Who had an old Antique,  
He tried very hard  
To set it up in the yard,  
But that old Antique  
Sprung a leak,  
That funny man from Mozambique!



There was a girl from Tasmania,  
Who suffered from Beetle Mania,  
She had her hair styled  
Like those of the wild,  
That super-natural Beetle Mania!

J. Bennett

# PHOTOGRAPHS

s. Williams .

a. Landsberg.

# winter landscapes



The thin air hung over the river. On the opposite bank a covey of partridge rose noisily and flew into the distance. A small breeze moved the leaves with a hissing sound, and a few dried out plants rasped together as if to find warmth. The clouds in their everness appeared to enclose the landscape, forming a smooth cover to the untidely, cold scene. Below, the river moved on, washing at its sandy banks seeming to contain an immense force, yet submissive. And the moment passed, and spring came.

Q. Landsberg.

