ROLT

1964

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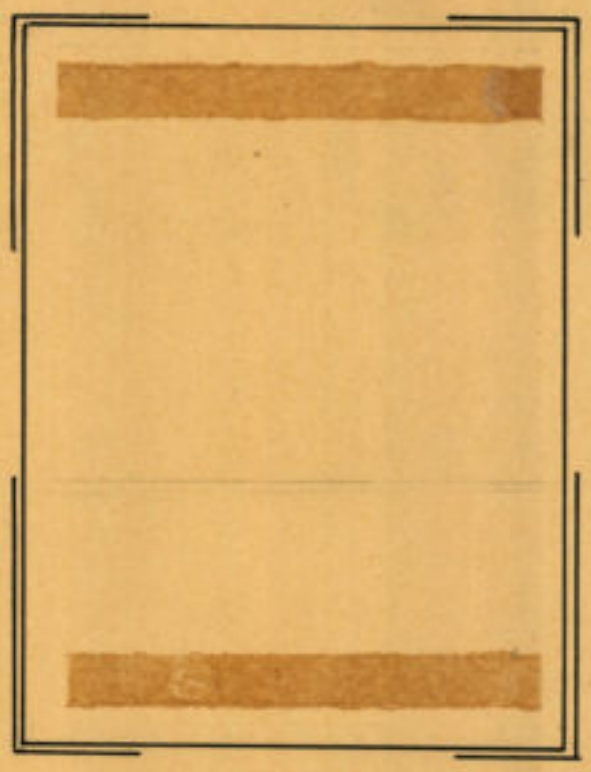


DEAN CECIL HENRY ROLT

ROLT.

In 1931 the House System was introduced, whereby the whole school with exception of the Kindergarten were divided into three groups called after Mr. Jagger, Mr. Merriman and Dean Rolt. These three men were the most closely concerned with the founding and opening of the School. Dean Cecil Henry Rolt, after whom Rolt House was named was the Dean of Cape Town at the time of the foundation of the School in 1922. He came to Africa for the mission of help and took a mission at the Cape. He became Dean of Cape Town in 1917 and he helped a great deal in the solving of housing and child welfare problems. In 1926 – four years after the foundation of Herschel – he resigned as the Dean of Cape Town and went to England where he died in 1926.

J. Rhodes. UV

Foreword.

This is the second time an inter-house magazine competition has been held. Much hard work has been put into this magazine and we would like to thank especially Alison Boyes, Angela Gilbert and Jayne Curvic for all the work they have done.

A good start was made this year when we became proud joint holders with Jagger of the Efficiency Shield. Towards the end of the first term the inter-house tennis and swimming was held, both of which we won. In the diving we came second to Merriman. In the second inter-house athletics held we had a close win, with Jagger only one point behind us.

On September 19th the inter-house plays are to be held. Rolt is producing the Trial Scene from The Merchant of Venice, and we wish the cast who have been practising hard, the best of luck.

Seven months of the year are already behind us during which time we have had our share of both success and failure. As long as we do not let these failures discourage us, and maintain a good fighting spirit, the remainder of the year's activities are sure to run smoothly and enjoyably.

J. Rhodes
(Head of Rolt)

THE OLD BUILDING

THE NEW BLOCK

Princess Alice

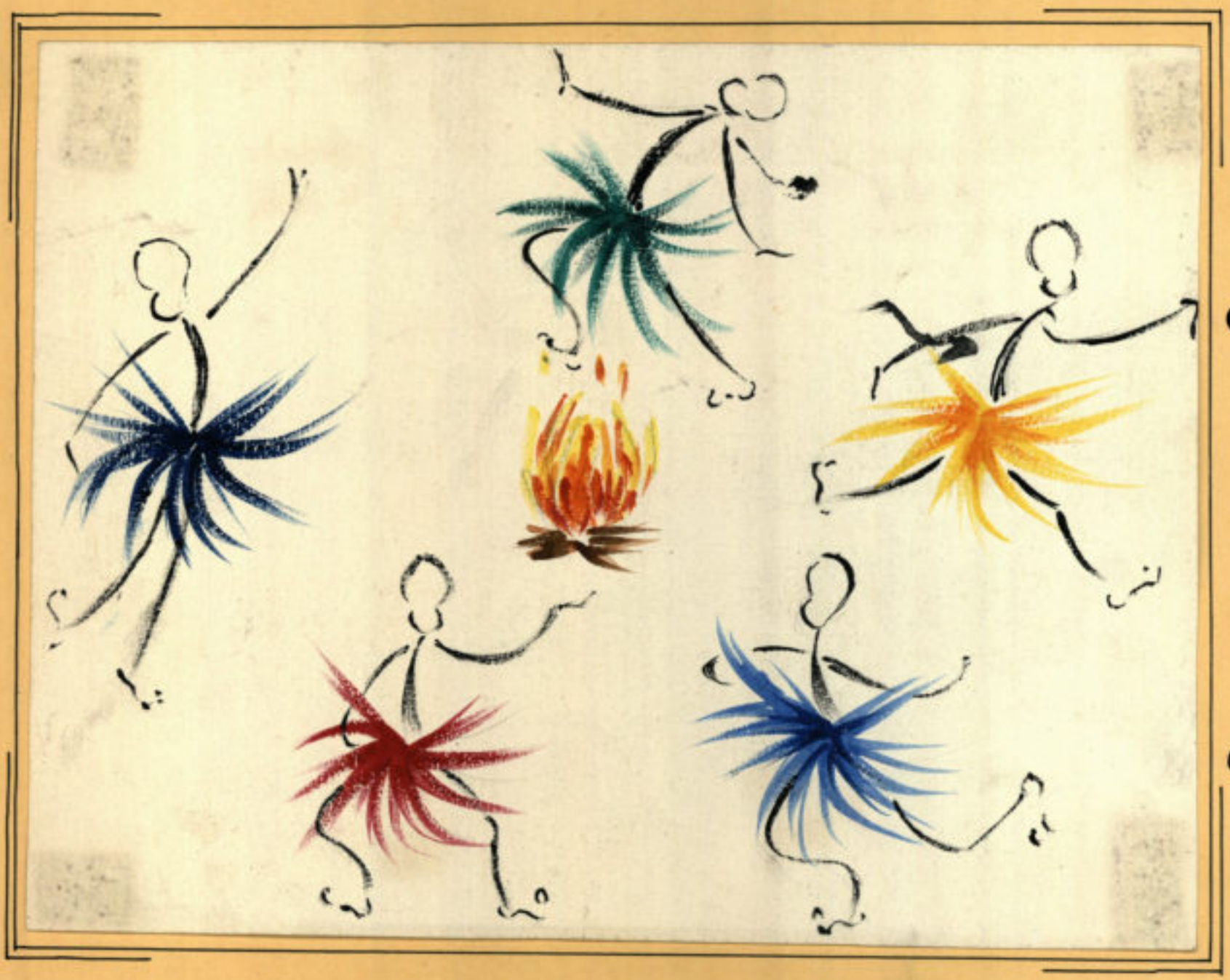
For many years now, Rolt House has supported "Princess Alice" the Orthopaedic Home at Retreat. Through the years we have become very attached to this hospital, and we make it our duty every term, to go to the Home and give presents to the patients! The matron sends us a list of European and non-European patients who have had birthdays falling in the preceding three months, and with presents and sweets given by members of Rolt we visit those patients. We go from one ward to the next giving presents, and talking to the patients

Recently, we have introduced a new method where we take with us extra sweets to give to those patients who do not have birthdays at the time. Among these children there are some who lie for many months on their backs in iron or plaster casts as a result of tubercular infection of the joints in their backs. There are some who, owing to a deficiency of the spinal cord are unable to walk, and wear irons.

At "Princess Alice" there is a majority of non-European patients. Here they have physiotherapists who give the patients daily exercises. The most popular exercises take place in the pool. The water is warmed, and the physiotherapist, who is in the pool with the patients gives them their various exercises. Then there are the occupational therapists who give patients exercises in bed, and teach them how to use paralysed joints. Formerly Mrs. Theser, one of the paraplegics who represented South Africa in the Paraplegic Games overseas, was an occupational therapist and used to treat the patients from her wheelchair

These children attend school here every day in the schoolroom which has been recently built in the new block. They are taught to read, write and later various subjects besides school work, they have sport in which archery plays a large part. The patients' beds are pushed outside from where they shoot at targets. They are taught by a Polish lady who at one time was a world-famous archer.

The hospital has one theatre for operations, which are carried out on defective joints. There is an out-patients' clinic where discharged patients are frequently examined, or where people with stiff joints or slight paralgais of hand or foot are fetched by ambulance and brought in for treatment by the physiotherapists once or twice a week.



SUSIE DAVIS
LOWER V

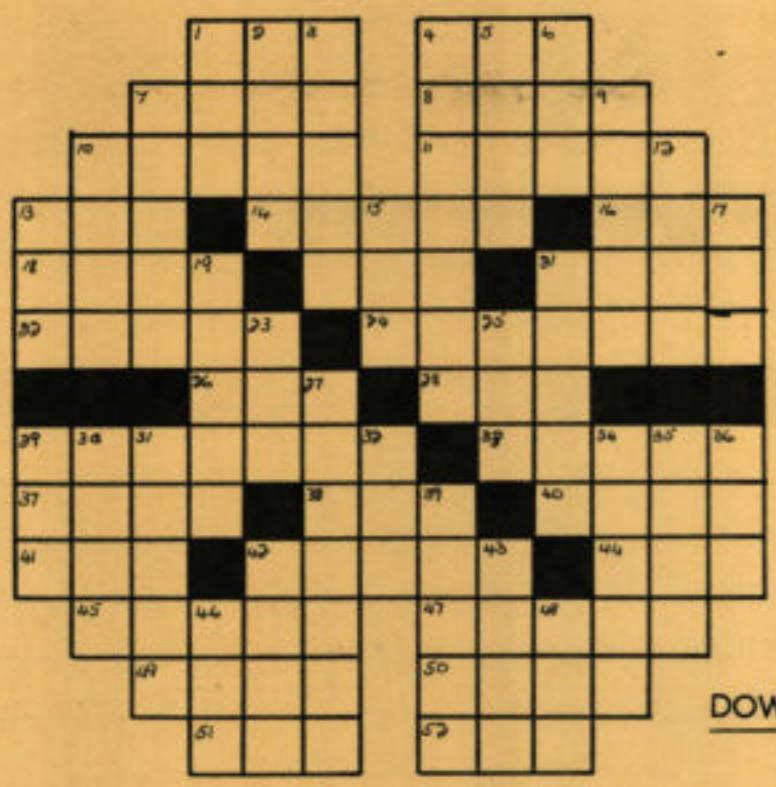
Judy managed to push the little girl onto the level ground.- and then she climbed up after her. The girl had a badly cut head and she was suffering from shock. Fortunately there did not seem to be any broken bones. Judy tied her handkerchief round the girl's head. And then hoisted her into the saddle. She mounted and gallaped off as fast as she could to the hospital. Here she left the little girl in the care of the doctor in charge.

"Millionaire's daughter saved from certain death by brave nurse, Judy Grant." These were the headlines that met Judy's eyes as she glanced at the Tuesday morning paper. Later that morning, she had a visit from the girl's father who was so grateful to Judy that he had offered her a grand reward, which she had accepted. At the hospital she had been hailed as the great heroine and she did feel proud! What an adventure it had been!

SANDRA VERSTER
LOWER IV

DIANA SPENCER
UPPER IV

ANSWERS ON PAGE 72



ACROSS

1. No— is an island
4. Sailors home
7. Concern
8. Automobiles
10. Injuries
11. Inquired
13. Vice
14. Commonwealth
16. Method
18. Angers
20. Not stand but .....
21. Not there but
22. Cockroaches
24. Leaves
26. Used to row a boat
28. Disintegrate
29. Helpless
33. Unpaid bills
37. Auricles
38. Sailor
40. Risk
41. View
42. Conceals
44. Allow
45. Further down
47. Not fresh
49. Telegraph
50. Numerals
51. Sign of affirmative
52. Secret watcher

DOWN

1 Make or ——
2 Limbs
3 Homes for birds
4 Disappear
5 Comfort
6 Noah's vessel
7 Walking sticks
9 Tailor
10 Place on payroll
12 Flit
13 Drink slowly
15 Help
17 Affirmative
19 Halts
21 Disliked
23 Juice of tree
25 Home of pea
27 Withdrew
29 Beverage
30 Fence part
31 Bow and ——
32 Father
34 Dances
35 — trunk
36 Firm
39 Relaxing intervals
42 Brave man
43 Pace
46 Not lose but
48 One at random

ANNE HARRIS
LOWER V

The Last Long Walk.

I opened my eyes to the beauty of the rising sun reddening the sky and sending its warm rays across the miles of white sand. But I could not appreciate its beauty. It was just the beginning of another day of torture. I arose wearily and started walking slowly but steadily towards the sun. How many times I had wished I was dead, but each morning I found myself still alive driven by some strange impulse from within to rise to my feet, and walk and walk towards that far-distant destination which would have water, cool refreshing water, green trees and colourful surroundings,-anything but the white sand, the blue sky and the scorching, golden sun. This was the seventh day. The entire desolation and utter loneliness was slowly driving me insane. Each day I was seeing more elaborate mirages. At first I had just seen small oases, sources of water; then buildings, cities; and yesterday I had seen a camel caravan consisting of about fifty camels. I had shouted as loud as my parched throat would allow, waved my arms and had started to run. But, as usual, it had disappeared into the distance, and I had just assumed it was another mirage. Oh, but it had seemed so real! It had given me hope of being rescued, which had dissolved into despair. Just another mirage.

The day wore on; hours of walking, walking, stumbling and falling; rising painfully and wearily to continue again across the never-ending, never-changing miles of desert. It was after having fallen that I raised my eyes and first noticed something, a black object on the sand! I half-heartedly approached it, and when it did not disappear, I ran towards it. I grasped it, hardly able to believe it was real. I stared at it; a small black package about twelve inches square, wrapped in black cloth. Cautiously I unwrapped it, and to my delight, found it to contain a packet of dates. Only then did it dawn on me that the caravan I had seen the previous day had in fact been as real as it had seemed. At first I wished I had never seen the dates. The despair I felt at help having been so near, yet so far, was the worst set-back I had yet encountered. Then I realised how lucky I was to have found the dates. It would sustain me for a few days longer than I had dared

to think previously. I walked on, watching my shadow gradually lengthening before me as the sun set behind me. I continued until it was almost dark. Then I sat down and drank the last of the water-ration I had set for that day. At the rate I was travelling, I had enough water for the next five days and then ..... I could only pray I would be rescued before that fatal time. So passed the next four days.....

I woke up filled with the presentiment that this was my last day alive. I staggered to my feet, and walked slowly towards the sun. Yet surely I could not die! It was then that I felt the air about me moving, and the sun was blotted out. Oh no, it could not be! But it was. The sand was biting into my flesh. I sank to the ground and covered my face. I thought: "This is the end. What a way to die!" I have no idea how long the storm raged. The Time had lost all meaning to me. I knew only the rising and the setting sun. Finally the storm passed. I was barely conscious. I had not realised just how weak I was. I rested an hour and then continued. To my sun-scorched and desert-weary eyes things began to appear - palm trees, buildings and gay colours. Then I heard sounds - the familiar noise of people, animals. The sounds of an oasis? Was this just my delirious state or was it reality? I had seen so many mirages and had imagined many sounds since I had been alone. But I was tired. Perhaps if I walked towards it, the vision would fade like the others. Oh, I felt I could no longer bear it! I remember stumbling and falling, and my last thought before my scorching, glaring world of sun and sand turned black was that I might be rescued.....

It was cool, a gentle breeze rustled the leaves of the palm trees and the sky was slightly pink from the afterglow of the sunset. It was quiet. All the noise and bustle of the day had died down. It was so peaceful. Gradually I became conscious Where was the desert, the endless miles of sand and the vast expanse of sky? Where was I? I looked slowly around. I was in a cool, small room with wide windows letting in a refreshing breeze. How tired I was! But my whole being was filled with a deep sense of relief and gratitude at being found and rescued, and, whispering my thanks, I lapsed once more into a profound, soothing sleep.

MALLORY MOORE
LOWER V

The Rain Fairies.

They're running down the window,
They're dancing on the road,
Fairies all shapes and sizes,
From the skies helter-skelter
From heaven to earth they go.

They're sleeping in the petals,
They're sliding down the stalks,
They're playing with the north wind,
The teezy, breezy north wind
That blows them all about.

They're stroking tiny flower-buds,
They're splashing in the streams,
They're skiing down the wet roofs,
The mossy-covered wet roofs
That are so steep and wide.

G. Mortimer. L.V.C.

What shall I be?

A doctor? No you need maths for that,
A teacher? No you need brains for that,
A typist? No I can't really spell,
In fact I can't do anything well,
I'd better get married and have a flat,
At lest you don't need maths for that.

J. Scott Shaw. Up. III P

JAYNE CURRIE
LOWER V

My House Rolt.

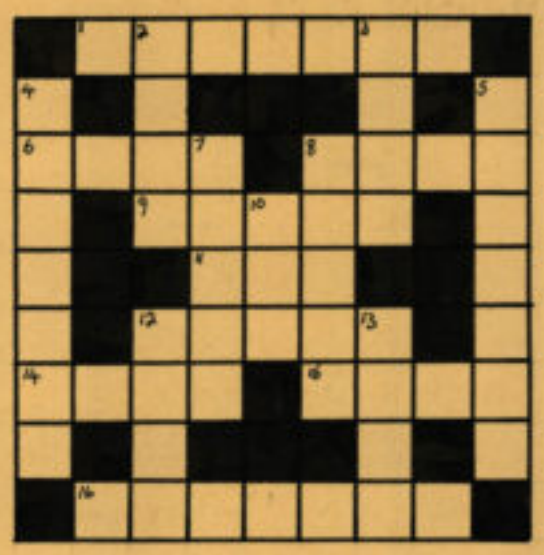
When I first came to Herschel,
It came as a jolt
To see on the house list
That I was in Rolt.
I thought that in Jagger
The girls had a swagger,
And the maids in Merriman
Would always have many men,
But now I have learned
With the passage of Time,
If you wish to be cultured,
the modest, sublime
You must be in the house
that's definitely best,
Way out in the front,
Ahead of the rest.
Be a person with brains dont be a dolt,
Insist that your house is none other than ROLT!

G. Verster. U.III.

Hershel School Hats.

Their hats, they drive them bats,
They, above all abhor straw,
They'd certainly not be seen in view
In a cartwheel encircled in a greyish blue,
Surrounding a dome,
Which is very well known,
High upon the head tilted back
Sits the Herschel hat which is the knack
Of how to show the head instead of the hat.
But still overall,
Hershel girls don't like their hats at all.

P. Dyke-Poynter. LV.



ACROSS

1 Capital of Kenya
6 Fishes resembling snakes in appearance
8 Past of 'tell'
9 Sailing vessel
11 Dark thick liquid used for coating roads
12 Found in a lake
14 Well pleased
15 Organs of hearing
16 Plaster at top of room

DOWN

2 Companion
3 Spot of ink
4 To give certain information
5 What one usually writes on an envelope
7 Name for the devil
8 A number
10 Domestic animal
11 A colour
12 Married woman
13 Falls in showers

FIONA DICEY
LOWER IV

ANSWERS ON PAGE 73

The Deserted Beach.

As I climbed up sanddune after sanddune, with my camera bouncing wildly as I slithered down the steep sides, I realised I might just be in time for sunset. At last I found I was climbing my last enormous sand hill, which I recognised by the thick grass and small, sleeping flowers.

On the top of the high sanddune, I focused my camera and sat back to wait for the sky to become pink. Down below me, the sanddune stretched whitely to the hard, blue, tarmac road, as though nothing had cut it in two. The sand became slightly greyer and stretched on until it reached the dark wetness of the sea. The sand seemed unbroken, undisturbed and, like advertisements for crystalline sugar, "untouched by human hand". The brightness of the sand met the green sea in a long thin line of pale brown foam. The sea washed back from the shore and over the battered, still rocks to dissolve in wave after crested wave, and so to return in gentle force, as if drawn by a magnet.

The sea stretched on and on until it seemed to meet the begining of the sky, but to my left, the sea met the friendly barrier of the sea-coast of Table Bay. This evening I could just see the famous dark fortress with the city nestled amongst its roots and at its sides, like a growing fungus on an old tree. The blue-ish haze of industrial smoke was lifting and, looking up, I saw that the sky was streaked with pink and gold. I steadied my camera and waited for the clouds to turn a deeper pink. The pictures taken, I made my way slowly down the windy sanddune, and crossed the blue road.

Looking back I could see the coarse grass bend softly away from the wind. The small weather-beaten houses to the right also seemed to resist the wind as they faced away from it. I felt, as I walked onto the quiet beach, that no-one should disturb it after the busy week-end. I walked slowly in the heavy whiteness and then ran in the shallow water splashing no-one but myself. The waves thundered in my ears, and on hard, eternal rocks, and I thought that this beach should always be free of people. As I walked carefully in the

swirling tide, I became aware of the life around me.

The curve of the sand stretched before me, but it was not devoid of life as it had seemed from the sanddune. On the cool sand were shells and pebbles of all colours and sizes – a young town-child's paradise. The seaweed, brown and dried out, lying in clumps, also caught my attention. The hard, jagged grey rocks worn away by the washing of sand against it by the sea, the small, clear rockpools and crevaces filled with dark, pink tinged sea anemones, now closed, the seaweed draped over the barnacled rocks, all contributed to the wonder of the sea world. While clambering rather painfully over the rocks, I watched the sea crashing endlessly over the slippery rocks and saw the orange pink of the sun-set in the west.

Slowly I made my way back, down the rocks noting a small pink crab scurrying into a crack. Overhead the grey and white sea-gulls cried noisily and dived continually at the old crayfish baskets. I climbed the cold sand of the dunes and at the top looked down again at the beach. It was quiet and cold again. The sky had turned dark blue, and way above the first silver dots were beginning to show. To people standing on the dune, the beach would look cold, deserted and uninviting. But I knew that if they walked on the beach they would soon realise, as I had, that this beach with Table Mountain across the water, was still teeming with life even when there were no people on it.

JEAN SMALL

UPPER V

NICKY HUTTON
LOWER IV

Are school uniforms out-of-date?

This becoming outfit would suit the modern schoolgirl better than the unshapely uniform of the present-day

Wouldn't games be decidedly easier in shorts or slacks and cool shirts?

Sunday outfit for the boarders.

Would Mrs Louw approve of this for swimming? Maybe it is not quite the thing for racing.

ANGELA GILBERT LOWER V

The So-called Eel

MARILYN SIMPSON U III

One fresh winter's morning, while walking along the beach, my friend and I happened to come across what we thought was an eel. It was black on top and yellow underneath, with a flat spotted tail. Thinking it was dead we just walked on.

After a while we decided to turn back from our walk. Again we came to the curious eel. We stood there and watched it for a while, then an old gentleman came up and prodded it with his stick. To our astonishment, it was alive. He assured us that it was an eel but warned us not to go too near.

Some days later we both read in the newspaper, and were amazed to find out, that the eel had actually been a poisonous snake. We were so glad that we had taken the old gentleman's advice and had not touched it.

Shop Windows

Shop windows always look so cheerful and inviting. The dummies always wear the latest styles and fashions from different parts of the world.

I think the shops look their best at Christmas time. All the toy-shop windows are lit up, with all their toys on display and the little children stand with their faces pressed lightly against the windows and peer in hopefully at some of the toys.

At Easter time, some shops have a huge rabbit amongst Easter eggs, which are colourfully wrapped and attractively arranged in the windows.

In autumn, the windows are decorated in colours of gold, brown and red representing the colours of the leaves, and are filled with lovely winter clothes.

Summer windows are the gayest of all, displaying cool summer dresses. Some of the dummies wear bathing costumes, striped ones and plain ones.

I think shop windows are lovely all the year round and they provide much enjoyment for the passers-by.

JANE MARTIN U. III.

The Snow.

A month ago in Johannesburg town,
The snow came, quietly falling down.
When the morning at last did come
The snow had fallen and out came the sun.

It was a beautiful sight to see,
And snow had blanketed the sycamore tree,
But soon the children came bounding out
And the snow was soon being thrown about.

Government schools were allowed all day,
In the snow to go and play,
People didn't go to bed,
In case by morning the snow had fled.

But during the night again it did fall,
And in the morn it was one foot tall,
But people had had the snow and sun
And now they were back to the daily run.

The snow for three whole days did fall,
And the happy council had a ball,
'Cause snow had never fallen so deep,
While Africa was in its period of sleep.

E. Mackenzie. LIV.

JAYNE CURRIE
LOWER V

Imagination ?

Night was falling, and I was alone in the house. I was not at all worried at the prospect of spending the the night in the big, lonely house in its even bigger grounds. I made my way up the wide staircase and walked along the passage to the large double windows which overlooked the sea. The sun had set, but day still lingered on, making the sea and sky merge into an endless expanse of grey.

The house was built on a cliff-like eminence which suddenly dropped sixty feet to the sea and the sharp rocks below. That evening, as I looked out over it all, I noticed a difference. The air was very still, sultry and oppressive and the gulls had ceased their usual twilight cries very early. The sea moved only in slight swells as though it had been turned to oil, and there was so little splash that it seemed rather to roll over than break against the sharp rocks.

I realised there was going to be a storm, and suddenly I had a sense of foreboding. I tried to shake the feeling off, but failed. I went downstairs again and sat in the lounge by a window that had the same view as the upstairs one.

It was growing dark, but I sat there without moving. I still had a sense of foreboding and depression, and did not feel like switching on the lights, but was content to sit in the gathering darkness, waiting for the storm to break. I enjoy watching storms, and I hoped that I would feel better after this one had passed

At last it came, in big slow drops which soon began to fall faster and faster. Then, with a tremendous crash of thunder and flash of lightning, the rain slashed down in torrents. I leant back in my chair and closed my eyes, feeling the cool air on my face. I thought of the stories I knew of the 'wreckers' of the sixteenth hundreds who used to lure ships onto the same rocks that I had looked onto, by lighting false beacons on nights such as this, and then plundering the wrecked ship as it was held in the grip of the rocks.

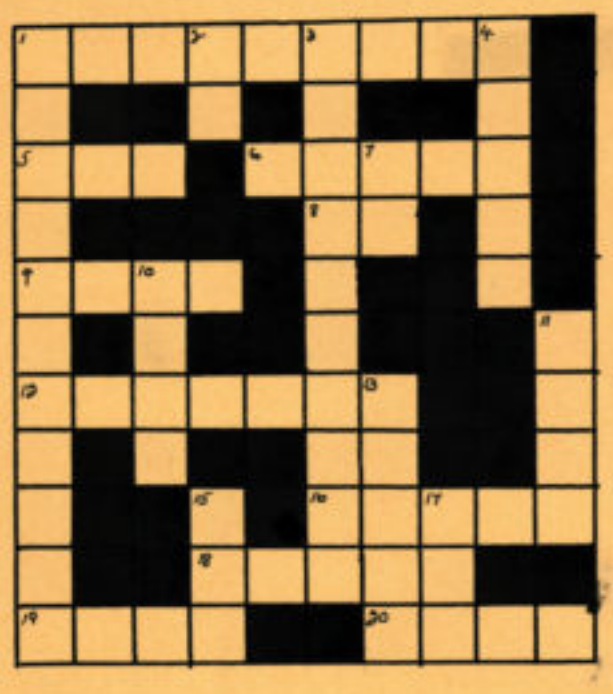
I opened my eyes again. Just then, lightning flashed. Suddenly I stiffened and gasped. Was it just my imagination or had I really seen a ship out there on the rocks? Lightning flashed again, and.....yes..... there it was – a ship in which Van Riebeek might have sailed! I do not know how long I sat there paralysed with fear, before I heard the sound of footsteps in the hall. They came towards the lounge door and I felt cold shivers down my spine as I stared terrified at the door. Then, slowly, she came into the room. She was a girl of about twenty. Her dark hair was wet and straggling across her face, her cape half torn from her shoulders and her lovely green gown bedraggled, torn and dirty where it had touched the ground. She looked dazedly around her, then walked towards the window where I sat. I thought she had seen me, but then I realised she was looking past me, through the window.

Once more, lightning flashed, and suddenly she pointed to the ship ~~and~~ gave a heart-rending cry, and then collapsed, sobbing, into a chair, with her head on her arms and her wet hair thrown forwards over them. As the thunder crashed, I looked away and in the next flash I saw that the ship had gone. I whirled round, but the girl had also vanished. Had I been dreaming or had I really seen a ghost? But I did not believe in ghosts. But then I remembered the clarity with which I had seen the girl, and that (Some of these old houses were supposed to be haunted!)

Yet, Although I have often thought about the incident I do not feel ~~that~~ sure that I shall never know the true explanation ~~answer~~.

BEVERLY MOORE

UPPER IV



ACROSS

1. Chlorophyll is the ..... matter in a plant
5. Pitcher plants have this.
6. Means by which gases enter and leave the plant.
8. Carbon dioxide is present .. the atmosphere
9. Made from plant fibres
12. Leaf stalk
14. Preposition in word "attack".
16. Modified leaf
18. Chlorophyll is ..... in colour
19. Protoplasm ..... the cell walls of a plant cell
20. Grows near water.

DOWN

1 A plant is green owing to this
10 Centre of root
2 Beast of burden
15 The respiration depends on the ..... of the plant
3 Dicotyledonous leaves are always net-veined or .....
7 Preposition in the word "collenchyma"
13 Absorbs fat
17 Monocotyledonous plants have ---- cotyledon
4 The mealie ----- is used as food for horses
11 The sun is overhead at ----

MALLORY MOORE
LOWER V

ANSWERS ON PAGE 73

THE HEIGHT OF INTELLEGENCE

JENNIFER RICHARDSON
LOWER III

A Visit to an Ostrich Farm.

During the July holidays, my family and I visited the Highgate Ostrich Farm in Oudtshoorn. It was most interesting and I enjoyed myself tremendously.

On our tour around the farm we first visited the breeding camps, where we were told how the ostrich breeds, how it is fed, and that a man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds can stand on the egg without its breaking or cracking, and that when it is right side up, from point to point, any object not exceeding five hundred pounds can be placed on the egg without breaking what one would normally call a fragile object. The reason for the shell being so tough is that, if by accident, the male or female bird, who each of whom weighs approximately two hundred and thirty pounds, stands on the egg, it will not break. The egg itself weighs three pounds, and when fried, it is equal to twenty four hens eggs. Up to fifteen eggs are laid each breeding time, and there are three breeding periods annually. When the male bird has mated once, he never mates again, and keeps one mate all through his life. The female bird sits on the eggs during the day, as she is best camouflaged for the daylight, being a greyish-brown in colour. The male sits on the eggs at night, as he is black in colour.

The ostrich has excellent eyesight, and can see as far as two miles. A sign of good health in the male is a bright pink mark down the front of each of his legs. The ostrich, when angry, gives a vicious kick forwards, but he does can not kick backwards. The ostrich will eat anything and once Highgate farm had an ostrich who ate coins fed to him by visitors, as well as stones, and as neither of these were very good for him, he died. Inside him two hundred and seventy coins which had been made smooth, and stones which resembled smooth pebbles were found. This ostrich was named "Decimal Dan" and this proves how good the digestive system of the ostrich is. We were also shown how the ostrich is plucked, and one was caught and several people sat on its back. Later there was a race between two ostriches and their jockeys, after which we had tea under a pepper corn tree outside the farmhouse. Near the farmhouse was a store where all the products concerning

was used We admired

the bird were displayed, especially the beauty of the feathers of the ostrich. After tea we all went to view all the beautiful and useful products made from the feathers, the skin, the feet, and the flesh meat. There were some perfectly delightful chicks which, despite their delightfulness also had a very powerful kick!

We bought two feather dusters made from the feathers and one pound of biltong which the whole family enjoyed eating. This was the end of our visit to Highgate Ostrich Farm, and I found it most interesting and enjoyable. I'm sure you will too, when you visit the farm.

P BROADBENT

UPPER III

DIANA KAY
UPPER IV

The Night Prowl.

When all is still – lions are prowling,
For they are hungry and hunt for deer.
They get impatient and start growling,
The animals look and jump clear.

What can they smell, something dangerous,
Zebras and deer, scurry away.
The lions try - but oh! they miss
And back in the long grass they lay.

P. Gilbert U.III

My Liefhebberye.

Ek hou baie van om in die see te gaan swem,
Om vissies te vang en berge te klim,
Om perde te ry gee my baie plesier,
Maar mees van al hou ek om te duik in die rivier

As die naweek kom,
En ek is klaar met die huiswerk som,
Dan gaan ek in die tuin speel.
En niemand kan my beveel.

Dit is so heerlik in die somer
Dat ek bly nooit in my kamer,
Ek doen alle soorte dinge
En dis mooi om dié te herinner.

G. Stuttaford. L V

Holiday Course

During the June-July holidays, Theatre for Youth organised a week's course of drama lasting for ten days. Miss. Rosalie van der Gucht - chairman of the association; as well as the head of the Department of Drama at the University of Cape Town arranged for the course to take place at Cape Town High School and the Little Theatre, with a few lectures at the Michaelis School of Art. It began on June the twenty second with an attendance of ninety-two young people. I was fortunate enough to have attended this series of lectures, and found them both educational and great fun. The object was to impart to the student a general outline of the many different aspects of drama, and in this I think they succeeded exceptionally well, considering the vast subject they tackled in such a short time.

From nine-thirty until twelve-thirty we were at Cape Town High School where we had three lectures, each lasting an hour. We were divided into four groups for these lectures. The staff consisted of Mr. Robert Malan who lectured on Production, and to some extent acting technique, Mr. Hoekstra on setting design and construction, Mrs. Mouvilchian on free movement and Mrs. Kurgan on acting technique. Miss. van der Gucht wandered in and out but only gave one lecture at the Little Theatre.

In addition to this, on most afternoons between one-thirty and two-thirty we had lectures by people who have reached the top in their particular sphere of Drama. One afternoon Mr. Stephen de Villiers gave a most interesting lecture on the history and techniques of set design. Another afternoon Mr. Robert Möhr gave an amusing and fascinating lecture on the different aspects of production and slides. His interpretation of Hamlet was particularly interesting. This he did with the students of the University of Stellenbosch a few years ago.

We also had a lecture on lighting by Mr _ _ _ who does all the lighting at the Little Theatre and by

Mr. Keith Anderson who makes all the sets for the Little Theatre productions. These two were given at the Theatre, and the other two at the Michaelis Art School.

One afternoon we went to the South African Broadcasting Corporation. This was the most interesting. We were shown over the whole building and listened to Mr Roy Sergent broadcasting the "Five-o'clock Show". After that we tried to do an extract from Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" adapted for radio, after which we had a perfect example of how not to do a radio play, but it was very good fun trying this type of play, anyway.

In the afternoons from one-thirty to four-thirty we rehearsed extracts from plays. We were again divided into four groups. The group in which I took part acted the third act from Thornton Wilder's "Our Town". The other three groups did an extract from "Noah" by André Obey, part of the "Snow Queen" by Hans Christian Anderson, and an extract from "Tartuffe" by Molière. These were all put on on the last night.

Altogether this course was most interesting and inspiring. It gave one an insight into University life as we were treated just like students. I think everybody enjoyed it immensely and a great majority will take Drama when they have left school.

LOUISE VAN WINSEN
LOWER V

BIRD

SHAKE

PATRICIA HUTTON
UPPER IV

Night Shadows.

The children were making daisy-chains in the meadow in the late afternoon. Suddenly their chattering ceased, when their mother's voice was heard, calling, "Children, supper!" They trailed in, leaving the daisy-chains lying on the lawn in the deepening twilight. The sun was sinking lower, and as it sank, the shadows lengthened perceptively.

Slowly the twittering of the birds died away. To replace the sound, the crickets could be heard in shadows tuning up their orchestra for the evening. Swallows could be seen in the sky, swooping homewards to their nests. Bats, looking like pieces of jagged, torn black material, flitted around the sky.

The sun had now almost sunk beneath the horizon, so that the entire sky was a rosy pink and the white clouds were touched with gold. As it disappeared from view, the sky became darker and the clouds changed to an ominous grey. They banked up together into fantastic shapes so that weird shadows were formed on the ground. The pallid moon changed to a more brilliant yellow as it climbed higher in the sky. Once again the clouds became transformed as the outlines took on a faintly silver glow.

Inside the house, the leaping flames of the kitchen fire cast shadows like groping fingers over the eager faces of the children as they listened to the story their mother was telling them. The entire room was

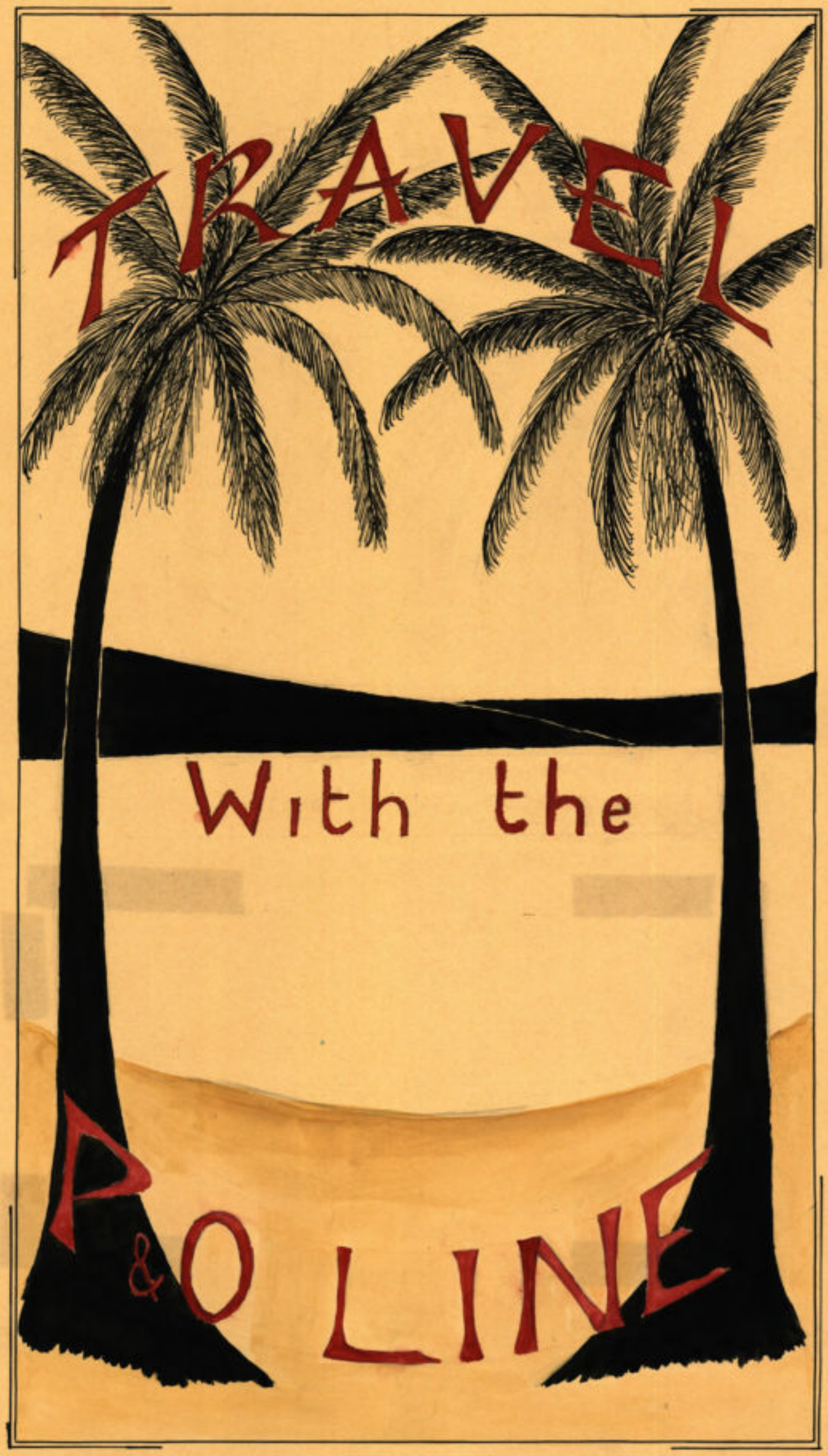
cast in murky shadows except for an area around fire.

The lights of a tractor cut through the shadows outside as their father returned from his work on his fields. He shivered involuntary, glad he would soon be in the comforting warmth of the house, for the shadows looked ghostly in the silver moonlight. Quickly he put away the tractor, said good-night to the dogs and hurried into the house.

The daisy-chains were still lying desolately on the grass. Their petals, however, were now tightly closed, like fingers clutching something precious. Now and then a dog could be heard howling at the moon. Occasionally the shadow of an owl passed over the ground as he searched for an errant field-mouse in the fields. Finally, there was silence as everything was covered in shadow like an enveloping cloak.

ROSEMARY FOWKES
UPPER IV

JAYNE CURRIE
LOWER V



MARION SAMPSON
UPPER V

En France.

L'année dernière au mois de mai j'etais avec mes parents au café dans le Bois de Boulogne. Il y avait beaucoup de monde parceque c'etait la saison de tourisine.

À côté j'ai apperçu un homme élégant, qui lisait un journal. Après quelque moments de conversations j'ai découvert qu'il habitait à Berlin. Il m'a demandé ~~de~~ mon pays. Quand j'ai dit l'Afrique du Sud il a répondu que son grandpére a fait l'etude des étoiles dans cet pays pendant le siècle dernier. Ca m'a étonné et je lui ai demandé le nom de son grandpère. Il m'a répondu "'erschel'. Toute de suite je nous ai commandé d'un Dubonnet. Quel rencontre pour moi en plein Paris en été. Nous avons causé pendant quelque moments encore avant que mes parents m'aient appelé pour rentrer chez nous.

D'un étranger j'ai appris des choses très interressantes au sujet de Monsieur Herschel le fondateur de notre école au Cap.

M. Stattaford UpV.

AGE OF INNOCENCE

PATRICIA HUTTON
UPPER IV

My Planne vir die Toekoms

Voordat ek oor die toekoms kan dink, moet ek vir die matriekeksamen slaag. Ek het na 'n beroepsvoorligter gegaan, om raad te vra oor my loopbaan. Hy het my vertel dat ek bo-gemiddeld is, en dat ek amper enigiets kan doen. Maar ek dink nie so nie. Nooit enigiets met wiskunde of wetenskap nie. Daar is baie soorte beroepe, en hoe om een te kies is moeilik. U moet die nodige kwalifikasies hê. Maar in die meeste gevalle is die matriksertifikaat nodig; daarom moet ek baie hard werk hierdie jaar.

Ek hou veel om te teken en om te skilder. Ek wil 'n Sertifikaat in komersiëlekunste neem aan die universiteit. Ek wil nie 'n graad in die skone kunste behaal nie, want ek kan nie om kinders te leer nie. Ek wil 'n beroep kry by 'n aankondigingfirma. Dit sal baie interessant wees. U kan possiëls aanplakkers, materiaal en papier ontwerp.

Komersiëlekunste neem drie jaar aan die universiteit en ons leer dit aan Michaelis die kunskool. Dit is nie op die kampus nie, maar in die stad. Ons leer Kunsteken en Kunstwee perspektiwes, lewetekening, modelleerkuns, ensovoorts.

Almal is baie bekommerd dat ek 'n beatnik sal word. Die meeste kinders wat kuns neem trek swart kouse, swart was-broek, groot trui aan. Hulle hare is lank en lang gedwing in hulle oë. Ek sal seker nie soos daardie mense lyk nie terwyl ek komersiëlekunste aan die universiteit neem.

PENNY ISMAY
UPPER V

JENNIFER RICHARDSON
LOWER V

SUSIE DAVIS
LOWER V

n Ou Bedelaar se Herinneringe

„Ek herinner my," sê die ou bedelaar sag, in die ou dae, toe ek nog jonk was het die son nog altyd vir my geskyn. Ons het in 'n groot kraal langs die Usutu gewoon. Die lewe was vir almal goed. Die koring het in die vruchbare grond goed gestaan en ons beeste was spekvet.

Ek herinner my hoe ek altyd die beeste gegepas het. Ek het die hele dag in die skaduwee van 'n doringboom gelê en droom. Rondom die boom het die beeste die mooi groen gras gegreet."

Die bedelaar het grus terwyl hy aan daardie dae gedink het. Toe het hy vervolg:

„Ek het baie van die stad gedroom. Dit was my idiaal om in die stad te gaan werk. Die manne wat teruggekom het, het sulke wonderlike stories van die stad vertel.

Weldra, toe my broer groot genoeg was om die beesta op te pas, het ek na die stad gegaan om ryk en deftig te word. Toe ek daar gekom het, het ek alles vreemd en onvriendelik gevind. Daar was geen werk in die stad nie. Binnie drie maande was ek terug in die kraal.

Maar toe ek daar gekom het, het ek net 'n verlate kraal gevind. Die naturelle wat bo teen die berg gewoon het, het die hele gesin vermoor, want my broer het een van hulle per ongeluk dood geskiet. In daardie dae was die Swazis 'n onmenslik wrede volk.

Dit was toe ek nog jonk was. Ek kon nie in daardie wyandige land bly nie. Ek het na die stad teruggegaan. Ek het 'n paar jaar werk gevind, maar toe mols ek bedel. Nou is ek baie oud. Ek het al

jare lank gevedel. Party mense is goed. Ek kry genoeg geld om 'n stukkie kos te koop. Snaps slaap ek in daardie ingang. Dit is nie te koud nie. Ek is nie ongelukkig nie maar dikwels dink ek aan daardie my mooi ~~land van my~~ geboorte en ek wil graag daar wees, maar ....."

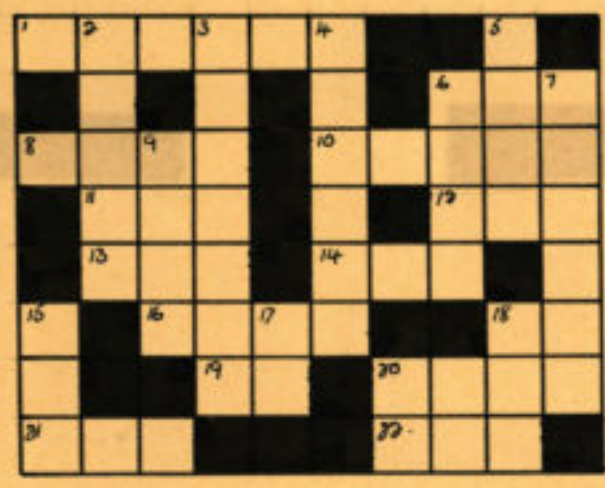
Hy het so effens geglimlag en toe was hy stil.

G van der BYL

UPPER V

DELIA BECK

UPPER III



ACROSS

1. Founder of Herschel.
6. A construction built to hold water.
8. An uncomfortable growth on the toe.
10. A decoration on. Vienna Schnitzel
11. An ingredient of Whiskey.
12. Colour of blood.
13. An abbreviation for numbers.
14. What we do with food at lunch.
16. Pears are canned in these.
18. An abbreviation for Oxford. University.
20 These are the shape of a snake about one to three inches in length, and one specie mixes the soil.
19. An abbreviation for Saint.
21. What do hens do to eggs.
22. Take away "ra" from a male duck.

DOWN

2. Seed of an oak.
3. First book of the Bible.
4. Surname of the Head girl of Rolt.
5. To talk furiously or wildly.
6. Matter in the wrong place.
7. Middle quality or degree.
9. An Indian Peasant.
15. Diesel engines run on this substance.
17. Take the "i" away from the word tin and read it backwards.
18. Native mineral yielding metal.
20. Abbreviation for War Department.

PAULINE GILBERT
UPPER III

ANSWERS ON PAGE 73

CHERYL WALE
LOWER IV

Record Mixup

"WAIT A MINUTE MR POSTMAN", said LUCILLE. "Don't forget IT'S MY PARTY tonight". On SATURDAY NIGHT she was GLAD ALL OVER because TOM DOOLIE said, "I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND and I'LL GET YOU 'cause I BELIEVE YOU'RE MY WORLD. After we've been to the CAPEL OF LOVE while you are wearing WHITE ON WHITE we will either go to MEMPHIS TENNESSEE or SURFIN' USA."

JULIET had NEEDLES AND PINS CONSTANTLY because the YOUNG ONES would not look after the LITTLE CHILDREN and the HIGH CLASS BABY.

THIS BOY said "CAN'T YOU SEE I'M THE LONELY ONE? COME ON EVERY BODY CLAP YOUR HANDS and PLEASE DON'T TEASE while JENNY JENNY does the HIPPI-HIPPI-SHAKE with me."

VENICE IN BLUE JEANS arrived on a BLUE TRAIN and very soon MY BOY LOLLIPOP said to her, "I WANNA BE YOUR MAN because YOU BELONG TO MY HEART." LONG TALL SALLY said, "MONEY CAN'T BUY ME LOVE, but THAT'S WHAT I WANT." MICHAEL said, "ANNA go to him," but as she went she SLIPPED, STUMBLED, AND FELL. As she fell her dress was torn into BITS AND PIECES, so somebody shouted, "HEY BOB, A NEEDLE."

L. CUNNINGHAM
LOWER IV

Homework

Amo, amas, amat,
Who on earth invented that?
Amamus, amatis, amant,
I'd better learn this chinese chant,
But I've still got heaps of work to prepare,
A poem to learn and an essay to write,
Will I ever get to bed tonight?

J. Scott Shaw. Upper III.

ANGELA GILBERT
LOWER V.

"AUTUMN"

Springbok Round-up

During the holidays, I spent a few days at Beaufort West. While I was there, a pony trek was held. On the second day of the trek there was a springbok round-up on horseback. This took place on a farm to which we had ridden the previous day, about twenty-seven miles outside the town, Beaufort West.

On the morning of the round-up we were all collected from the farm where we were staying and were taken in buggies to the farm where the horses we were to ride, were stabled for the night. Many of us had been lent horses by the farmers although most of the local riders had their own horses. Some of the horses were unfit for the round up, after the trek of the day before, as they had been ridden hard. Also many riders by the unfit horses were not good enough. These took part in the round-up in the buggies.

Those of us who were riding set off for the place from where the round-up was to start. When we arrived there the men incharge of the expedition explained what was to happen. The idea was to chase the buck all morning to tire them, and then to let them rest while we had lunch so that they would stiffen up, and then we would chase them again. By then they should not be able to run far and would drop from exhaustion. The vetinary was coming with us, and he could give them an injection to relax them while they were transported to other farms

Our job was to ride in a long line and when we sighted buck we were to chase them and shout, in order to move them. The buggies would also chase them. Before long we found a small herd, and chased them. We chased them into a very large camp where the buggies had chased others, after which we stopped to rest our horses. Some of them were very tired including my own, so we lined up across a corner where the buck would escape to lead them off when the others were chasing them. After a short while a large herd of them came towards us. We galloped towards them shouting and screaming, and most

of them turned away, but a few still tried to escape through the horses. Some passed us, but not many, and some tried to jump the high wire fence, but none cleared it.

One buck broke its neck in the attempt of clearing the wire the native boys slaughtered and gutted it, and produced a baby buck measuring about three inches in length. The body was jelly-like in appearance, the head and eyes were large and the legs were long. After this experience we stopped to rest our horses.

We made a fire, unsaddled the horses and had a braai-vleis lunch. When the horses were cool we watered them and later set off again. This time we galloped in small groups and hunted for the buck which were all resting. As three of us were walking along, a buck jumped out from the bushes nearby, and raced away. We chased it over a long stretch, and it began to slow down, until eventually it dropped. We called one of the trucks and they came and collected it. After that we caught a group of three buck, and then two in the same way.

After those three catches we joined other riders who had lucky in capturing buck. A little later all were advised to stop the chase for the day, and ride the horses back to the farm as it was late. The buggies had chased the most buck, but the riders had also captured many.

When we arrived back at the farm, the horses were trucked home to their own farms. Soon afterwards we were driven back to Beaufort West in the back of the buggies after a very exciting, but tiring day.

A LOMAX
LOWER IV

JAYNE CURRIE
LOWER V

COOK'S CORNER

Cream Chicken

Steam the chicken, then remove the skin, dissect and place in a buttered casserole. Add finely chopped onion, prepared mushrooms, salt and pepper. Pour over white sauce to which wine has been added and finally cover liberally with grated cheddar cheese. Bake in a moderate oven 350° until golden brown.

Sandwich Cake.

1 Sift flour, baking-powder, salt three times.

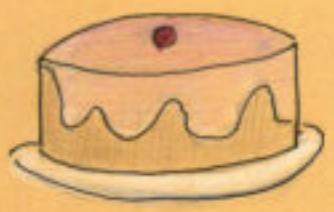
2 Put butter and milk into pot and bring to the boil.

3 Beat the eggs and pour sugar in gradually. Beat mixture until creamy. Add any essence.

4 Add the dry sifted ingredients to the eggs and sugar and mix well.

5 Pour in the hot milk and butter and mix quickly. Beat with egg beater for about ½ minute.

6 Pour into a greased cake tin. Smooth the top and bake for 12 mins. in hot oven 450° F.



7 When cool spread a thin layer of jam between layers and then ice the cake.

J. Currie L.V.

SUSAN DICEY
UPPER V

Description of a Tramp

As I warily climbed into the back of the slowly moving van, and settled down on a damp sack, I became aware of the crouched dirty figure at the opposite end of the van. He stared at me with a pair of beady eyes, which were bright, set on either side of a bulbous nose, and I stared silently back. At last I said, "Are you going to Rietown too?"

The tramp seemed to sigh and then delved into his grubby pockets, before answering me. A shaggy mongrel licked the broken soles of the tramp's enormous shoes and then looked expectantly into the same eyes. The old man grunted, "Well, if we are going to be friends for the next half hour, you better have some", and so saying he tossed an untidy, dirty brown paper parcel at my feet. A few squashed sandwiches fell out and were immediately eaten by the dog. The tramp told me the history of his little mongrel, while pulling from his pockets an assortment of articles for which only he would find a use.

As the van slowed at the stop street, he said mildly, "Here's where I jump off. thanks for the company. Be seeing you". He climbed down from the van and, turning his grizzly, ruddy face, to me, waved with a dirty, crumpled, spotted handkerchief. The old tramp adjusted his old, dusty, battered hat, if one could call it a hat, flapped away some persistent flies, and limped off slowly down the road into the distance, whistling a merry tune, with the little mongrel trotting silently after him.

JEAN SMALL

UPPER V

A BUTTERFLY'S DELIGHT

ANGELA GILBERT

LOWER V

The Hex River Valley

The river valley is an agricultural, fruit producing area of the Western Cape. Grapes are the main crop, and are exported to many countries all over the world. There are four seasons in the valley, each as beautiful as the other, but in a completely different ways. In summer the valley appears as a lake of green, rippling leaves, surrounded by magnificent blue mountains, while in spring it appears as a lake of gay blossom and new life. The mountains are thickly clad with snow in winter, which attracts many visitors from all over the Republic, but Autumn is still the most renowned season as the vine leaves are gloriously tinted. From above, a sea of hundreds of beautifully coloured leaves may be seen, ranging from pale yellow to a deep mauve.

Although in all these seasons the valley appears to be peacefully silent, work is not an unknown profession by any means. On the contrary, work starts early in the morning and ends late in the evening each day. Spring is the beginning of the life of all plants, and likewise the vine, and begins around September 30th when the shoots begin to develop being about three to four inches long.

Measures have to be taken to protect the vines from obtaining sometimes fatal diseases, and insects. Sulphur is dusted on the vines to prevent a disease known as philosera which causes the leaves to develop little bumps. (kroppie blaar). As shoots develop more rapidly when spring continues, and branches appear, the tip of the bunch is cut off to control the size, as bunches weighing more than two and a quarter pounds are not allowed to be exported. Irrigation is practised early in the spring as the dry season begins very early and sufficient moisture is essential for successful vineyards.

In November the bunches blossom, and give off a surprisingly pleasant scent which fills the air, adding to the joys of spring. Once this blossoming is completed the vines are once more dusted with sulphur. Thousands of bunches are formed, and in order to prevent overcrowding, women

thin the bunches and cut off the superfluous and badly shaped ones.

Once the berries are the size of peas, thinning of the actual grapes takes place and blemished and malformed berries are removed. They have to be thinned out once more when they are the size of marbles. Women labourers, helped by men and children are given this arduous work, which is carefully scrutinised by European or Coloured foremen. The neat vines make an extremely pretty picture with the gaily clad natives and cooloureds who go about their work singing happily, oblivious of the scorching sun above.

Summer is now in full bloom and once the grapes have formed it is necessary to wait for them to change their colour. It is amazing to see how they change virtually overnight. This change of colour occurs when sugar is formed Sugar and acid ratio tests are taken, and when the ratio is sixteen to one the select bunches are picked, placed in field boxes and removed to the packing shed, where meanwhile, boxes have been made. Packing on our farm continues from January the tenth till May the fifteenth, during which many locations are exported; Queen of the Vineyard, Alphonse Lavalle, Waltham Cross, New Cross, Barlinka, Red Emperor and Almeria, in that order. Each daily pack is recorded, loaded into a truck and taken off to the precooling plant at Cape Town Docks, after which it is reloaded into refrigerated ships for conveyance to Europe and America

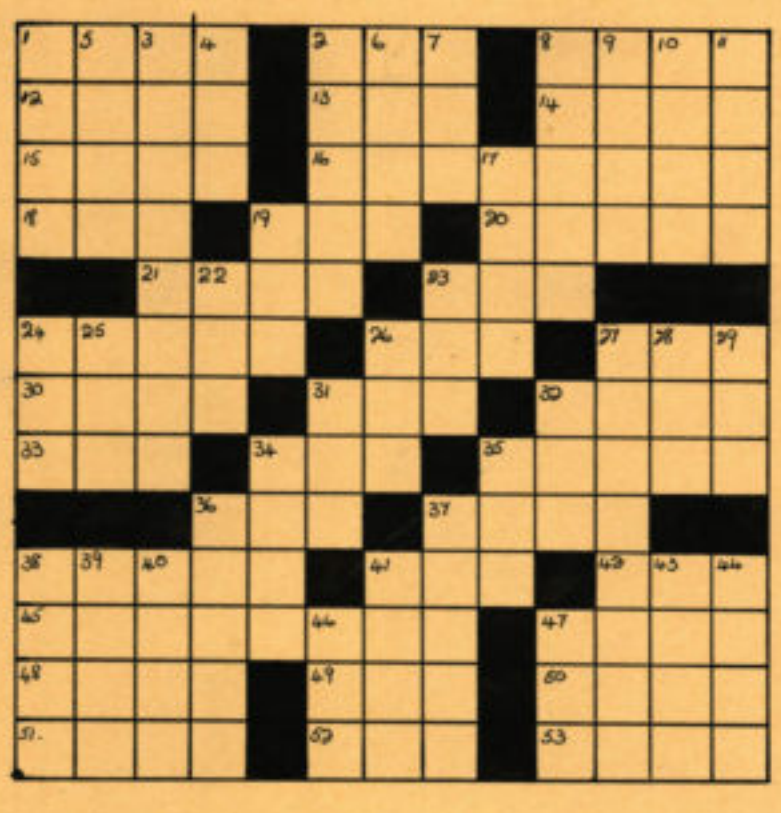
With one grape season over, work is not relaxed, and preparations are made for next year. It is now well into Autumn and again all hands are needed in vineyards. Dead vines are removed, and soil is prepared for new vines. Frost occurs frequently even to the extent of 13° frost, and if this continues till early spring, considerable damage may occur. The Autumn tints are magnificent while leaves turn from green to their respective colours and then drop off. It is an interesting fact that the leaves of the white grapes turn from green to yellow and then drop off, while the leaves of the black grape turn from green to red or orange.

With the arrival of cold winter, pruning starts which is the selecting of the right type of cane, and cutting watershoots back to spurs. This continues till the end of winter when the young vines are planted

Spring returns once more after the winter and the year begins again. Year after year the seasons come and go, and the valley remains as beautiful as ever. The grapes are picked, the blossoms come and go, the leaves become green, red, then drop off, but the valley remains the same. After all, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

SUSAN DICEY
UPPER V

ANSWERS ON PAGE 72



ACROSS

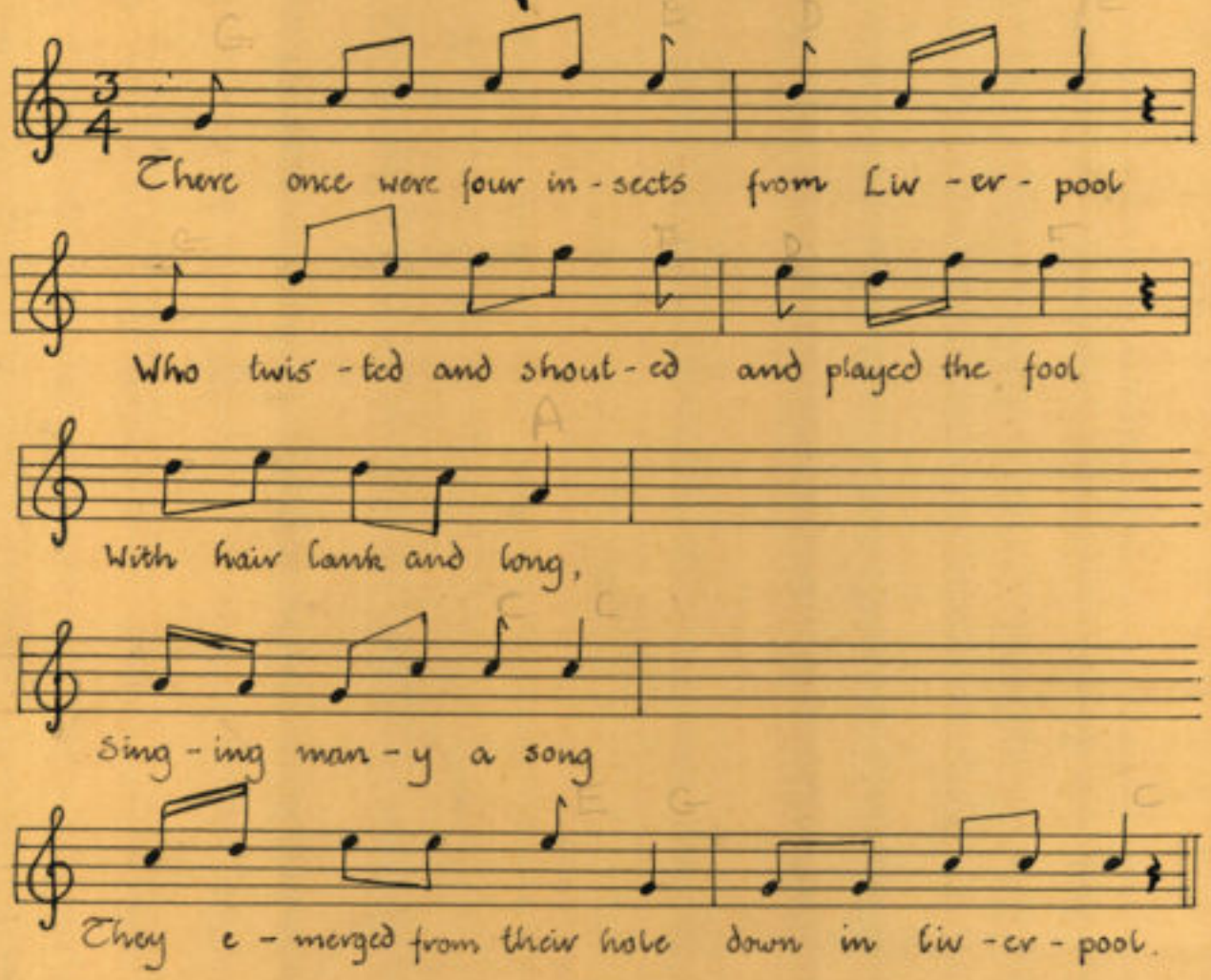
1. Yielding
2. Rises in the trees
8. Speak
12. Woodwind
13. Fasten
14. Notion
15. Simple
16. Quarrel
18. Potato Bud
19. Poke into
20. Intelligence
21. Converse
23. Spliced
24. Chimney dust
26. Write on this
27. — up
30. Lazy
31. Medieval song
32. Crowd noise
33. Danger
34. 24 hours
35. Linger
36. Passing gaze
37. Large book
38. Drive
41. Haggard title.
42. Drink slowly
45. Nettle
47. Water movement
48 Tower of Pisa
49. Latin for through
50. — of March
51. Perhaps
52. Female sheep
53. Irish fuel

DOWN

1. Not many
5. Listen to
3. Predicted
4. Golf gadget
2. Unadorned
6. Breezy
7. Wooden pin
8. Scheduled
9. Paradise
10 Optical glass
11 Tardy
17 Second-hand
19 Work at
22 Consumed
23 Route
24 Dear —— ?
25 Lyric poem
26 'Crime doesn't ....'
27 Front
28 Auricle
29 Thirsty
31 Young fellow
32 Male sheep
34 Swift movement
35 Part of foot
36 Parry
37. 'Here and ....'
38. Threshold
39 Woody trunk
40. Stages of history
41. Boil slowly
42. Not the front or back
43. Notion
44. Annoying person
46. Big monkey
47. Advice for one who bets

ANNE HARRIS
LOWER V

Script: E Dowie Dunn.
Illus; J Currie.
Music: A Boyes.
LOWER V.



LINDA TOWNSEND
LOWER IV

A Frightening Experience

MARGARET COPELAND U III

I was out boating with my eldest brother. The weather was holding very nicely, so John, my brother, said that we should sail out of the bay, and so we did.

When we were out for a few minutes, a storm suddenly broke out and the sea began to get very rough. The waves were washing over the boat which was slowly filling with water. John said to me that I must try to bail the water out. The boat was like a piece of wood floating on the angry waves

We seemed to be there for hours and the storm did not die down at all. I was very frightened but knew I had to be brave for John and myself. In the end we found our way back to the bay finding it hard to get through the rough water, but after an hour we made it. This is an experience I never want to repeat

GILLIAN VERSTER
UPPER III

The Enemy of the Wild — Man!

The undulating African veld stretched as far as the eye could see: miles and miles of tawny grass that after rain was a sea of rippling green, but was now the colour of the lions that moved through it with alert, stealthy tread. Here and there were clumps of brush and thorn trees that gave scanty shelter from the tropical sun.

The monotony of the grasslands, now touched with pink in the rays of the setting sun, was broken by a vivid patch of green in a large, deep depression in the ground. This formed the water-hole which was frequented dawn and noon by the herds of buck, zebra, elephant and lion, and was now bounded on the north side by a jagged wall of rock.

As the animals crowded to the water's edge, the short African dusk ended and night fell quickly. Soon the rock wall and surrounding cluster of trees threw dark shadows in the pale moonlight which lift a silver path on the water.

As the animals finished drinking and returned to the open veld for the night, a slight breeze sprang up, causing the shadows to move and take on realistic and life-like shapes, into which the last of the buck melted mysteriously or of which they became part.

The slightly-moving leaves and branches formed dappled patches of moonlight that bore the imprint of many differently sized hoof-marks.

Out on the plain, the moon shone down on the silent peace of the African night, which was only broken by the far-off mournful howl of a jackal, as it sat silhouetted against the sky on a rise in the ground.

But in the trees surrounding the water-hole, something moved. It could have been mistaken for a shadow, cast by a branch, moved by the night breeze, as it slipped from one tree to the next. However, as it came into a pool of moonlight, the figure of a man, carrying a rifle, could clearly be seen for an instant before he once more merged with the shadows.

The silent night wore on, and though the moon and stars showed no sign of paling, the approaching dawn was felt by all the animals, but mostly they remained waiting until sunrise before going to drink at the water-hole. However, a small herd of about ten does, led by a splendid buck, were already moving towards the water-hole. They took their time, grazing along the way and allowing the fawns to nurse. At last, they reached the trees, and stopped as the leader scented the breeze for danger. Then they moved on and stopped again as the leader tested the breeze. He seemed uneasy, and the does and fawns crowded close together behind him. Once more he moved on a few paces and once more stopped, with foreleg gracefully lifted, and swung his nose in circles, scenting the air-currents, his uneasiness growing, and a deep nickering warning sounded from his broad chest.

Suddenly, the silence of the night was rudely shattered by the loud report of a Winchester rifle. The splendid animal whirled and leapt in the air as the bullet struck, and then he crashed to the ground, and lay still. The click of the rifle being reloaded came from the tree and, as the man leapt down, the does and fawns, which had been paralysed by terror, turned and fled into the shadows of the fading night, leaving the man staring triumphantly down on the slain body of their leader, as the moon slowly began to pale and give way to the approaching dawn.

BEVERLY MOORE

UPPER IV

P BROADBENT
UPPER III

Haig, the Dolphin.

"Fetch the skarf, Haig, fetch it, girl!" and the huge body of the dolphin surged across the tank in which it was kept at the Oceanarium in Port Elizabeth. It was quite amazing how the big sea mammal had been trained to do tricks. Haig dived under the water and came up with the scarf on her nose, swam back to her trainer and let him take it from her. He patted her and gave her (and gave her) a few fish as her reward. The trainer then threw about a dozen little rings in different directions into the tank and said, "Now fetch the rings Haig, and bring them to me," and again Haig collected all the rings and brought them back to the trainer. This time she was thrown a fish which she caught in the air.

Just below the platform on which the man was standing, was a bell and when the trainer gave a sign, Haig jumped out of the water and hit the bell with her nose, thus causing the bell to ring. Haig seemed to enjoy this trick and repeated it time and time again.

One trick that was really quite astonishing was the one when Haig's trainer held a fish upon the end of a stick about sixteen feet high, gave a sign, and Haig jumped out of the water to catch the fish, but when she landed in the water it was as if there had been a tidal wave and many of the spectators were soaked.

Some tricks which have been taught to Haig are extremely difficult to teach, such as the one when she jumps through a hoop. When first taught this trick, Haig was reluctant to go through because

she thought that it was solid, but now she does it happily because she realizes that she will be treated with a fish if she does it well.

Haig is a great show off and will swim around and repeat her tricks just to impress the crowd.

At the end of her act, she is told to wave goodbye to the spectators. She dives under the water, so that her tail is above the water, and she waves it around.

I found it quite amazing that an animal so like a fish could understand human words. It was heartwarming to see how she adored her trainer and kept nuzzling his hand with her nose. It just proves that a dolphin can be trained like any other mammal.

GAIL DICEY
UPPER III

SPORT.

NETBALL

The Interhouse Netball Match to be held on September 3rd will be very interesting as we must try our hardest to keep the Netball cup on our shelf. I really hope that the two teams – Open and Under Sixteen - will play well and that everybody will turn up to support the teams. Good luck to the team, and also to the new captains G. Mortimer and E. Dossie Dunn who are taking over next season.

Jean Small

HOCKEY

As yet the Interhouse Hockey has not been played. The standard of the hockey is good on the whole, and girls have attended practices regularly but unfortunately several of these have been missed because of rainy weather. The House has two hockey practices every three weeks on a Monday afternoon from three to four o' clock, the third week being taken for a Netball practice

In the Interhouse an Under Sixteen and an Open team will play. Best of luck to to the teams and play hard. From the begining of the new season the new captains M. Moore and A. Boyes will take over duties and we wish them the best of luck.

Jenny Rhodes

Herschel's Hockey Day.

It was the 21st, I remember,
Now let me think, was it September?
Indeed it was and off we went,
To try and win a great event.

The rain did come and it did go,
But we were determined to meet the foe,
Along the side line three-deep they stood,
Under umbrellas and Herschel school hoods.

The goalie watched with eager care,
When suddenly there was a tremendous cheer,
The Rustenburg forward had got the ball,
Were we going to win after all?

Up she ran with the speed of a bird,
When suddenly through the air was heard,
The ringing of the bell loud and true,
To mark that we were in the finals too.

For half an hour we waited to play,
The game that would mark the wonderful day,
Wynberg were our opposing team,
Now our supporters would have to scream.

On we went to play that game,
Which in the end brought us to fame,
We had drawn with Wynberg strong,
Now we were all a happy throng.

So our victorious day was up,
And we were presented with the cup,
Home we went full of glee,
To tell the news of our victory.

J. Rhodes U.V.

SWIMMING

In the first term of 1964 the Interhouse Swimming Gala was held. Rolt managed to win this after an exciting afternoon with Merriman second and Jagger third. An well-fought victory was thanks to those girls who swam so well and to the spectators who encouraged them.

Next term swimming starts again and the new captains A. Gilbert and A. Bayes will take over swimming duties. Good luck to them, and here's hoping that Rolt will win the gala in 1965 and retain the cup on its shelf.

The Diving was also held on the same day, but unfortunately the shield was lost to Merriman, with Rolt second and Jagger third.

Jean Small

TENNIS

Throughout the season the tennis has been of a good standard girls have attended House games regularly on Monday afternoons and each couple has had about fifteen minutes play

In the first term of this year the Interhouse Tennis was held on a Saturday afternoon. An Under fifteen and Senior team played and after an enjoyable afternoon, Rolt kept the cup for another year with Merriman second and Jagger third. At the begining of the new season, the new captains E. Dowie Dunn, and G. Stuttaford will take over Tennis duties. Best of luck to them and we hope that Rolt will be able to retain the Tennis cup on the shelf in 1965.

Jenny Rhodes

ATHLETICS

In 1963 Interhouse Athletics was held for the first time. In the first term of this year it was held again and after a very cold but exciting afternoon Rolt won the Athletics by one point with Jagger second and Merriman third. Congratulations to those who took part and helped the house to gain the victory, and for the encouragement that they obtained from the spectators. We hope that Rolt will prove itself victorious once again next year.

Susan Liebermann

SUSAN LIEBERMANN
UPPER V

LYMERICKS.

There was a young lady from Paris,
Who liked playing everyone malice.
When one day it rained,
No-one could be blamed,
Not even Miss Harris from Paris.

There came a young man to Spain,
Who began dissecting his brain,
The next day he died,
But nobody cried,
For the stupid young man was insane.

P. Ismay. U.V

There was an old man of Khartoum,
Who kept two tame sheep in his room.
To remind him, he said,
Of two friends long dead,
But he couldn't quite recollect whom.

There was a woman of Jana,
Who made her house a banana,
It was cosy she said,
To just SLIDE into bed,
That silly old woman of Jana.

S. Verster. L.IV.

There was a young lady of Venice,
Who decided to learn to play tennis,
She went to Houba,
Who said "Pooh-ba,
I do not teach tennis in Venice.

J. Mann. U.IV.

Upper III Book Review.

The fur Coat – Pells.
Cathedrals of England – Abbott.
Dentist's Delight – Beth.
Party Games – Dicey.
Across the Sea – Lyeland.
Famous Motor Cars – Ostin.
On the River Bank – Reid.
Little Bob – Robertson.
"Turn on the Light" – Seymour.
The Distant Stars – Verster.

M. Harris. U. III.

Magazine entries are such a bore,
But the magazine is not so bad after all,
Notices put up all over the place,
To get some enthusiasm into the race,
Lymericks are handed in by everyone
And some people manage to invent some fun.

K. Droomer U IV.

Jackus et Jillia iverunt ad collem,
Ut vas aquae comparavent,
Jackus deturbavit,
Et suum caput fregit,
Et Jillia deturbans venit.

Tres homines sapientes Gothami,
In vase ad mare iverunt,
Si vas fuisset fremior,
Mea fabula fuisset longior.

J. Curric. L V.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 10.

ACROSS

1 Man
4 Sea
7 Care
8 Cars
10 Harms
11 Asked
13 Sin
14 State
16 Way
18 Ires
20 Sit
21 Here
22 Pests
24 Departs
26 Oar
28 Rot
29 Trapped
33 Debts
37 Ears
38 Tar
40 Dare
41 Air
42 Hides
44 Let
45 Lower
47 Stale
49 Wire
50 Tens
51 Nod
52 Spy

DOWN

1 Mar
2 Arms
3 Nests
4 Scatter
5 Ease
6 Ark
7 Canes
9 Sewer
10 Hire
12 Dart
13 Sip
15 Aid
17 Yes
19 Stops
21 Hated
23 Sap
25 Pod
27 Retired
29 Tea
30 Rail
31 Arrow
32 Dad
34 Ball
35 Tree
36 Set
39 Rests
42 Hero
43 Step
46 Win
48 Any

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 57

ACROSS

1 Soft
2 Sap
8 Tell
12 Oboe
13 Tie
14 Idea
15 Mere
16 Argument
18 Eye
19 Pry
20 Sense
21 Talk
23 Wed
24 Sooty
26 Pad
27 Fed
30 Idle
31 Lay
32 Roar
33 Red
34 Day
35 Tarry
36 Fad
37 Tome
38 Steer
41 She
42 Sip
45 Irritate
47 Tide
48 Lean
49 Per
50 Ides
51 Lest
52 Ewe
53 Peat

DOWN

1 Some
5 Obey
3 Foretold
4 Tee
2 Stark
6 Airy
7 Peg
8 Timed
9 Eden
10 Lens
11 Late
17 Used
19 Ply
22 Ate
23 Way
24 Sir
25 Ode
26 Pay
27 Foreside
28 Ear
29 Dry
31 Lad
32 Ram
34 Dart
35 Toe
36 Feint
37 There
38 Sill
39 Tree
40 Eras
41 Stewy
43 Idea
44 Pest
46 Ape
47 Tip

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 25

ACROSS

1. Colouring
5. Lid
6. Stoma
8. In
9. Rope
12. Petiole
14. At
16. Thorn
18. Green
19. Line
20. Reed

DOWN

1. Clorophyll
10. Pith
2. Ox
15. Age
3. Reticulate
7. On
13. Ether
17. One
4. Grain
11. Noon

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 43

ACROSS

1. Jagger
6. Dam
8. Corn
10. Olive
11. Rye
12. Red
13. Nos
14. Eat
16. Tin
18. Ou
19. St
20. Worm
21. Lay
22. Dke

DOWN

2. Acorn
3. Genesis
4. Rhodes
5. Rave
6. Dirt
7. Medium
9. Ryot
15. Oil
17. Nt
18. Ore
20. Wd

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 16

ACROSS

1. Nairobi
6. Eels
18. Told
19. Yacht
11. Tar
12. Water
14. Fain
15. Ears
16. Ceiling

DOWN

2. Ally
3. Blot
4. Certify
5. Address
7. Satan
8. Three
10. Cat
11. Tan
12. Wife
13. Rain