

LIVELY, POLISHED TEENAGE SHOW

"SPRINGBOK STAMPEDE" had its debut in Cape Town at the Groote Kerk Hall last night after successful runs in other parts of the country and in towns near by—and this team of 34 teenagers has enough talent, polish and slick presentation to keep it on the road for a long time.

These young people have an enthusiasm and energy that is in refreshing contrast to the bored style of so many professionals. Their show, a selection of songs which ranges from the very clever to the inane, is strongly influenced by the American college "sing out".

It is all a short-back-and-sides challenge to a long-haired world. They are trying to rearm us morally and many of their songs are blatantly propagandistic: "Clean up the nation before it's too late—you can't live crooked and think straight."

NO ALTERNATIVE

To them the world's a terribly dirty place. But, although they sing about love and co-operation between men, they don't offer any real alternative. I was constantly reminded of a Moral Rearmament rally I attended about seven years ago in the City Hall, where the same sort of songs were sung, suggesting that the grass was so much greener on their side of the hill.

All this should not detract from the praise which the show itself deserves. The members of the choir who performed solo numbers remained anonymous—it was a well-knit team which harmonised well together and in which the individuals were of lesser importance.

But I must single out a dark-haired girl in a red tunic who

sang "Water for a Thirsty Land". She has a voice the "Springbok Stampede" can be proud of.

The best numbers are the fast ones: "Speedy Stampede", "We're Gonna Shout" and "Up With People". There was a bright, catchy tune behind their tribute to the gold-mining industry but something should be done about the lyrics which can fittingly be called inane.

The singers are backed by three guitars, a banjo, a saxophone and drums. With a little improvement and a lot of encouragement they will be entertaining people for a long time.

Chris Pritchard