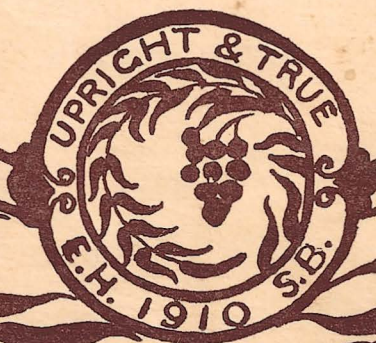


ANNUAL
OF THE
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1955



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HEADMISTRESS and SCHOOL PREFECTS

Standing (left to right): C. LEWIS, D. GRADDON, W. MOUNTFORD, P. OLIVIER,
J. SLABBERT, E. SNYMAN, L. HIGGS, F. KEET

Sitting (left to right): M. MANNING, L. ARNOLD, A. FERGUSON, M. MARAIS
(Head Girl), Miss POWELL (Headmistress), V. MADGEN (Vice-Head Girl),
M. McDONALD, L. MOORE, M. VAN PLETZEN

Annual of the Eveline High School

BULAWAYO, S. RHODESIA, 1955

EDITORIAL

A criticism of last year's edition of this magazine was that it lacked humour. There was, undoubtedly, some justification for this criticism but, in self-defence, we must hasten to add that very little of a humorous nature was submitted. This year, therefore, by entreaty, cajolery, flattery and every other method short of actual bribery, we have tried to persuade would-be contributors to attempt that most difficult form of writing in which "an innate aptitude is required for real excellence," for, as Stephen Leacock remarks, "the art of humorous speech cannot be imparted, the humorous outlook cannot be acquired."

It is generally recognized that the subject of humour is a very broad one and one in which it is very difficult to make specific and categorical classifications. Jests and japes which cause some people to laugh uproariously leave others politely puzzled and unsmiling; "Punch" delights Britons and mystifies foreigners, while to the American the "New Yorker" is the quintessence of humour.

These statements need no elaboration, but we feel that it is necessary to stress the fact that much schoolgirl humour is meritable because it is impromptu and related to special circumstance. Such humour does not cause enduring laughter and, therefore, does not warrant inclusion in any publication; in fact it loses what worth it has by being subjected to the cool impersonal touch of print.

Nevertheless, in this magazine there are a reasonable number of articles written in humorous vein, and we hope that, even if they do not receive boisterous acclamation, some at least will cause gentle smiles.

As for the rest of the articles — "The spirit bloweth where it listeth, the wind of inspiration carries our dreams before it and constantly refreshes them like clouds." Perhaps it would be presumptuous to claim that any of the writers of the articles in this magazine has been breathed upon by the wind of inspiration, but we have here poetry, travelogues, descriptive writings and a variety of subjects to suit all tastes.

Several girls in the Post-Certificate classes have served as an unofficial sub-editorial committee and have cheerfully and willingly read through the numerous articles submitted. To that committee, to the Art and English teachers, to all the girls who submitted contributions, to the advertisers who have continued their generous support, and to the publishers of this magazine we say most sincerely "Thank you."

We hope that the girls who are leaving school will accept Lord Llewellyn's adjuration to "enter their new phase of life in a spirit of service." Here in school they have learnt loyalty to the community of staff and girls, and we trust that larger loyalties will follow naturally. Our good wishes go with them.

Message from the Headmistress

In these pages you will read of successes of many kinds but, as long as you are not content with the standards you have reached, and aim always still higher, you will be able to maintain the fine tradition set by the early generations of this School.

My message to you is concerned only very little with material success; it is something much more intangible and more important. It is, stay at school as long as you can and until you have acquired a perspective of life and standards which will enable you to lead happy and useful lives. You may think this a strange message in a year when we have such very large classes at the top of the School. It is, however, of those who have left too early and are probably already filled with doubt and regret that I am thinking. Your school days may not be the happiest of your lives and I think that, frequently, they are not, but it is my profound conviction that

during those years you are developing the valuable philosophy which will make you realize that your age, whether 17 or 70, is the ideal one, because you have learnt the art of living. Those of you who are in Form III may be passing through a phase in which you feel that school life can be tedious, for often the beginnings and the endings are exciting while what seems the long middle course appears monotonous, and longings to escape arise.

If you can realize, at that difficult stage, that even five or six years in a high school make only a small slice of one's whole life, perhaps you will stay to learn the lesson to which E. M. Forster refers when he makes a character remark to another who seems to have no material success, "Perhaps, in the way you live, you will be great." I think every one of you could be great in this way if you could have enough time to enjoy your heritage of literature, history and science.

Shelley says :

"Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

They are lovely lines and it would be gratifying to think that the colours of your lives were like the brilliant dyes of a stained glass window. Though you encounter sorrow and difficulty, just as an artist uses black, these will merely heighten the intensity of the other colours of your window introduced through your understanding of humanity and your appreciation of all the beauty on this earth.

Give yourself these years to "stand and stare" at the wonder of the world and you will not regret the time you have expended. If you will read carefully these words of Thomas Traherne (written about 1670) and meditate on the "palace of your glory" and "men who are everyone sole heirs as well as you," you will be just a little nearer that greatness of living for which we hope.

"You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself gloweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you.

"Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and Kings in Sceptres, you can never enjoy the world. . . . Till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into it: and more rejoice in the palace of your glory, than if it has been made but to-day morning."

W. M. POWELL

The Beauty of Everyday Life

LINDSAY ARNOLD

The splendour of the awakening day is expressed in beautiful simplicity in the lines of Robert Browning's poem "Day":

"Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim;
Where spurting and surprised it lay."

and the poem ends on the lines of

"Rose, reddened, and its seething breast,
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then over-
flowed the world."

How many of us pass through the world careless observers of the glory of nature? Do you see the trees laden down by fruit, their branches straining under the weight of ripened fruit? Do you observe the grass, springing up like green-clad cavalry at the ready, and the sun gleams on their silver spearheads of dew?

The earth gives up that damp, fruity odour, the delicious smell of leaves, peat, and moss combined with moisture. The early dew is still visible, staining the leaves and turning their crystal drops into myriads of iridescent rainbow colours.

"The year's at the Springtime,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside dew pearled,
The larks on the wing,
The snails on the thorn,
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

and so its with this wonderful sense of newness and expectancy we greet the new day.

Out in the country, soft native noises are heard. The cock crows, greeting the sun as a long-awaited friend. Milk pails clang, and cattle low gently. Birds rise out of their nests, shake their plumage with a busy pre-occupied air, then fly off in search of food, for the early bird catches the worm. Farm animals, domestic or otherwise, slowly open their eyes and gaze around them with vacant stare, then with a jerk, as though shedding the last threads of slumber, they become fully alive and face the new day. New-born calves totter on delicately fragile, though knobbly, legs, and their liquid brown eyes survey this new earth they are to inhabit.

Light steals gently over the earth, o'er brimming its rounded cup, and spills in profusion of golden amber light. Sunbeams race in their chariots along the shafted beam. Tenderly the light touches roof tops, and they emerge from their clerical grey gown of night, and don their pastel gowns of rose and gold, and stand proudly to greet the new day. Light streams into a living room, spreading over a bowl of fruit. Peaches have a round furry look, bananas a speckled yellow and black suit of clothing, and apples shine rosily from sunlight patches. The table set is a unity of rich dark wood, gleaming silver and snowy napery. The cutlery is neatly and evenly set, giving pleasure to a mathematical-minded surveyor.

Perhaps the light steals into an attic. Immediately we visualize a room such as Rembrandt made immortal in his picture "The Philosopher." The man sits, quietly thinking, while the shadow-barred light makes its way quietly into the sanctuary of the thinker, and then he looks up to welcome his sunny companion.

A pantry is a fruitful and excellent, and last but not least, satisfying store-room. In its small space for storage, it holds the delights of the breakfast, lunch and dinner table. The chocolate, tea, bacon, eggs and fruit-juice are there, as are the salads of the lunch table. The ingredients of the royal dishes set before you are in the small room called a pantry. The coffee that percolates so aromatically has for its home a pantry shelf, and the herbs that flavour your dishes of wild fowl and roast, reside upon a pantry shelf. Bottled fruit, the harvest of last year's produce, stands proudly, row upon row of gleaming gold, sage and raspberry.

Their glass jars gleam as crystal, and their dumpy forms hold much goodness and nourishment. At the topmost shelf of the pantry, almost hidden from view,

stand the bottles of maturing wine. But if I have dwelt too long on victuals, then pass on. Recall to mind the words of William Thackeray in his "Memories of Gormandising"—"Remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world as a poet, painter or musician, has had a good appetite, and a good taste."

Turning now to another of the senses, we encounter the sense of smell. The perfume of the flowers and plants, of violet, the sweet pea and the queen of flowers, the rose bush. She gives her scent to her subjects to enjoy and to wonder at. There is the smell of crushed leaves, of ginger and of lemon, sharp and tangy. There is the smell of moisture-soaked earth, of peat fires, of roasted chestnuts, of antique treasures and of humanity. Are these, too, not the beauties of everyday life?

The sight of a Church is always a poignant one. To enter its dim and ecclesiastical sanctuary is to find peace and content. The waves of quiet content break and flow over you, and the troubled soul finds rest. Light, pale and silver shines through the high windows, shafting the altar and stained glass in a gown of glory. The building stands, evidence of the lasting power of the Church, and of the strength of God.

Books are an everlasting joy. For as Bacon wrote, "They generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages." The best-loved books are the books in worn and tattered covers, their titles are worn smooth or obliterated by handling, but they are known, are constant and very familiar friends.

Yesterday I watched my cat giving herself her early morning toilet. Her delicate pink tongue lapped busily over her furred body, smoothing, cleaning and shining. The paws were gently washed, dried and brushed, the nails appearing in the ecstasy of her cleanliness. After a very thorough toilet she roused herself, shook her body as though settling her furred clothing, and then proceeded to lie full length in the sun. Before her eyes closed completely she gave me a contented dreamy smile as though saying: "I'm off for forty winks—no disturbances, please." And with that her lidded eyes closed, and she surrendered herself to the warmth of the sun.

To pick out just a certain number of the beauties of everyday life would be impossible. There is beauty in dancing, whether it be the throbbing rhythm of tribal dancing, the gay stampeding of young children or the polished sophistication of an acclaimed ballerina. There are the beauties of voices, those of rich and mellow tone, and the pure angelic ring of young choir boys. There is beauty in sport, a game of good cricket, a fast tennis match, a strenuous but exhilarating horse ride. The beauty of speech, rich in expression — James Ellroy Flecker's "Gates of Damascus," "the dragon green, the luminous, the serpent-haunted sea." We find beauty in the curve of a wing, in the curl of hair, in the gentle murmur

of rain, or in the sight of the glorious multi-hued rainbow.

But now our day is closing. In the valleys shadows rise, day goes giving his benediction to the coming night, with her "train of stars."

The warm flush of sunset dies, and everything takes on the grey and silver of evening. Buildings once again don their clerical grey gown of evening. The sea loses her shimmer of light and in its place gains the gleam of moonlight. The night is upon us. The moon rises, a horn of yellow in the studded pattern of the night. She gnaws at shadows, glides as silent as a serpent over rock and boulder. The familiar things of day are gone, and round every shadowed corner the unexpected is waiting, waiting for us, lurking in the night light. The stars come out, following their golden queen.

"If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which had been shown? But every night come out these envoys of beauty and light the Universe with their admonishing smile."

Let us, therefore, pass on to sleep "that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." For who complains of wants, of wounds, of cares, while he sleeps.

Let us to our beds, for our bed is our harbour. After the day of long, weary toil we come to rest. Rest in darkness, forget the past day, and find sweet solace and refreshment in slumber.

THE OLD SALT'S TALE

Form IIc

PAULINE WARD

In Cornwall, a country famous for its scenery, there is a little-known village of Clovelly, on the coast. Here many "old salts" are to be seen. One of these old grey-bearded men told me some of the local legends.

He told many tales of smugglers, landslides, escapades of the days when he was on a "lugger" and of the experiences of sailing these large semi-flat boats. One of the legends which I liked best ran thus:

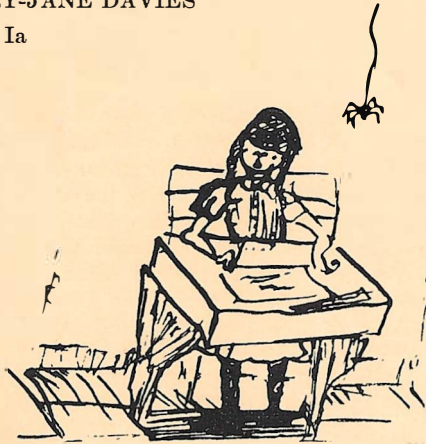
Two children in Clovelly on holiday saw a hole in the cliffs, so they asked their old friend the boatman to row them over to the cliff, which could be climbed by an agile person. The cave, being low, was easy to reach. It could only be approached at high tide because of the submerged rocks. The children clambered up to the cave and went in. They stayed a while then re-appeared, white-faced. They told the boatman they had seen a skeleton of a Spaniard in armour and helmet bound to a stake of wood on which was burned a word meaning "Traitor."

They deduced that the Spaniards first put the victim there when they visited the coast. This is the story as it was told by the ancient seaman.

A Letter to Daddy-Long-Legs

MARY-JANE DAVIES

Form Ia



Eveline High School,
P.O. Box 577,
Bulawayo.

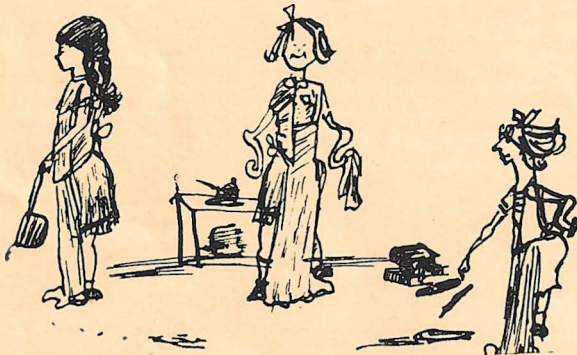
28th February, 1955.

Dear Daddy-Long-Legs,

Our homework to-night consists of an English exercise, a Maths exercise and some Domestic Science. Our Domestic Science teacher has told us of the dreadful things that will happen to us if we write her an essay in her subject, but just imagine what our English teacher would say if I wrote her a composition as follows:—

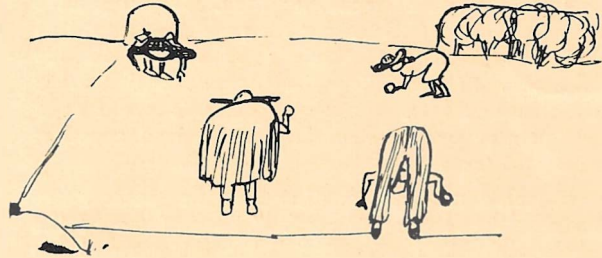
1. School enjoyable.
2. Prefects particular.
3. Teachers most particular.

In Domestic Science we have to wear white aprons which have to meet at the back (in case we wipe our crumby, floury hands on the backs of our school tunics—"a habit of most little girls!"). They also have to be extremely long.



Amo* Latin, a most interesting subject. One word in Latin does the work of three in English. I think I shall write letters in Latin as soon as I save enough money to buy you a Latin dictionary, for it will save time, and although I work hard I am a little lazy.

"Bonjour Monsieur Daddy-Long-Legs." I am going to tell you about the French lessons. I find it



a bit hard to pronounce the words and they sound quite fantastic when I do. But perhaps one day I may be able to "parlez Francais."

In English we are reading "The Wind in the Willows" and I parodied a poem in it the other day when I was watching some bowlers play. It starts:—

"All along the bowling green,
And through the hedges tall,
Bowlers are a-bending,
Up tails all!"

Explosives and bad smells introduced us to Physics and now every time we go to a Physics lesson I expect the lab. to blow up.

Our Gym. teacher was showing us how to skip at the beginning of the term and she had her dog with her. She was skipping, the dog was hop-skipping and we were laughing!



Regularly every week I die at rehearsals for a play in which I am a most wicked magician. I do this most unconvincingly because the floor is very hard and I am very soft.

But enough of this. My Maths. is still to be done or "An order-mark, Judy," and black looks from all the pairs of eyes that belong to members of Buxton House.

Yours studying hard,

Judy.

*"Amo" means "I love" just in case you have forgotten your Latin, for it must be a long time since you were at school.

AN OLD HOUSE SPEAKS

Form IVa

V. SILBERBERG

I am an old house, a very old one, since I was built in 1578, or rather people began inhabiting me then. I was built very slowly because my owner kept having parts of me pulled down and rebuilt to his liking. In the end I became a typical house of that period with jutting gables and an overhanging second storey. My walls were covered with fretwork designs but little remains of them now. Some of my beautiful leaded, diamond-paned windows have been replaced by clear, plain, glass ones, but they do not feel or look right in me.

The first pieces of furniture which were placed in me were very uncomfortable, except for the beds which almost smothered people, and I suppose that is why ladies used to wear so many pieces of clothing to pad them against the hard wood and upright chairs. In the days of the Industrial Revolution they changed from the still very prim and proper pieces of furniture to more comfortable but uglier chairs. To-day they can make furniture attractive yet comfortable. A man called Morris began the "comfortable furniture" fashion.

When I was built I was on the very edge of a fine residential area. I could see the green countryside and yet had neighbours. The farm houses must have been lonely amidst the acres and acres of land belonging to them. Now the City of London has crept round me and engulfed me. I can see no larger stretch of green turf than the park in front of me. I am thankful for that turf in the park. It is something, anyway. Many of my neighbours have been pulled down, to be replaced by shops. Shops! The poor street vendor has more right to sell his produce than the large shops theirs, I think. He needs the money far more than they, and appreciates it more. Is there anyone in those shops who could not take another job and be just as content? My poor street sellers could never do that!

The street has since been cobbled and the pavement, too, and one can hear busy feet clattering on the paving-stones above the high, excited chatter of the people. Ladies walking sedately along make a tap-tap-tap along the street. Often one hears children running along and I feel that children are the same in any age and any place.

Hundreds of beggars must have knocked at my door in the years gone by and, according to the folk in the house, have either been warmed and fed, or turned sharply away. I am glad to say that the former type have been in the majority.

Every Christmas I have heard carol singers outside my door, except in those years when Cromwell ruled, the bleak years of the Commonwealth period. I have always thrilled to see the gay band, giving up their Christmas Eve or night to make others happy. Whether their voices are discordant or sweet, I have always blessed those singers of "Silent Night" and "While Shepherds Watched."

The years 1649—1660 were a period of excitement for me for my inhabitants were Cavaliers and many a time my secret hiding places have been very full of men, while the women-folk tried to trick the Roundheads. Mostly they succeeded, but once the Roundheads found one man and killed him on the spot. I still bear a faint blood-stain on my main staircase. I do not believe it will ever fade. Another time the Roundheads tried to burn me down, roasting all the inhabitants; but the fire was noticed in time, though four rooms were destroyed. I was delighted to see that one of my malefactors was drenched in water.

I no longer feel a faint brushing of my floors by women's dresses, except occasionally when they are going out to a dance. The nearest I can get to the feel of the old days is the rustle of dozens of skirts at a dance in my large ballroom. People seem freer to run and play than in my early days, but I do not approve of shorts and jeans for girls, nor of shorts for men. They should realize that they are living in a house which has the dignity of great age and pay me the compliment of not being too modern.

Children! There do not seem to be so many children about to-day as in old days. If one of my families has three children, visitors say: "What a large family!" Formerly a family would normally consist of six or seven children as many died early. Nowadays the children live at least until they are forty and have their own families. I suppose modern doctors and less clothing work that miracle.

One of my proudest memories is of the time when Queen Victoria came to stay for the night. One of her favoured courtiers lived in me then, and she granted him the honour of entertaining her to dinner. A great banquet and ball was planned for weeks ahead, and all the preparations checked and counter-checked. New bed clothing was bought for the Queen's bed, and the lady of the house even tried to remove the blood-stain, but found it impossible. She supervised all the cooking herself and at last the night came! Everything went off perfectly, from the steaming soup to the general curtsy and bow at the end of the ball. The Queen slept like a top and left after praising everything.

Such was my proudest day. No more such days for me, I fear. My owner, whom I previously quite liked, although he is an American, has had me condemned. I am to be pulled down. My lovely thatch and fretwork and diamond panes will go on to a rubbish heap! In my stead there will be a block of flats! Ah me! but I suppose my day is over and my story has now come to an end. Goodbye, London. Goodbye, all!

EXAM. HOWLERS

English, IVc2: A M.O. is a medical offence.

English, Ib: A granary is a home for old women.



THE WRONG GAME

Form Ia

JOAN HOPWOOD

THE WRITING OF A NOVEL

(Extracts from my Diary)

Form VIa

C. LEWIS

26th January: I began to-day what for years I have been intending to do, that is, write a novel. Uncle Clem came to see us yesterday and it was he who put the idea into my mind again. "Oh, James," he said, "now you've got Uncle Henry's legacy and no work to do, you can begin that novel of yours, eh?" I could not help feeling a little hurt by his suggestion that I have no work to do, but I let it pass.

And so I started it. This morning—at eleven o'clock precisely—I sat down at my desk and drew the virgin paper towards me (I finally decided not to use the typewriter as I am not very efficient on that instrument, and shall save the red leather-bound book for this diary. I am beholden, therefore, to write my very best).

I remembered the words of my English master at school: "Carruthers, you may go far." Dear old Stickle-back! He never went very far and so I fear pinned all his hopes on me. I must not disappoint him. He shall, in time, be the recipient of an autographed volume, and not a slim one either, for mine is to be an historical novel set in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte. It concerns a young English nobleman—I have not yet decided on his name—who is a spy at the Emperor's court where he falls in love with Josephine. He is not a happy character, for he has been repudiated by his family and now by Napoleon, whom I see as a jealous introvert. After many vicissitudes my young nobleman returns to France in disguise, intending to comfort the now divorced Josephine. Unhappily, he falls in love instead with the second Empress, Marie Louise. I am not quite certain what happens in the end, but feel like sacrificing history in the interests of love.

The weather is fine and Bridget has recovered from her cold. I think I shall write in this diary every evening, marking the progress of my novel. I shall call it "Hearts of Destiny."

1st February: I have changed my mind. It shall be named "Where Napoleon Reigns."

22nd February: I have scuttled my novel. Oh no, not the writing, merely the plot. I do not consider myself fitted to write an historical novel and Bridget has torn the page about Napoleon in my encyclopaedia, so I shall turn it into a detective novel. Fortunately the change-over will be easy as I had not yet reached the part where James Havanagh Courtland sees Josephine for the first time. And it really had to be discontinued because the hero had become entangled with a French countess, who penetrated his disguise, threatened to denounce him unless he married her and was then killed violently by her fiancé, who had overheard all. As the figure of Désirée has become so popular I did think of introducing her, but that is all over now.

My new novel will be called "Murder in the Classroom." My little daughter Bridget gave me the idea when she told how her classmates put a nail on the teacher's chair, and my own happy school days are not so far away that I cannot recapture the atmosphere. Of course, the mistress concerned will not be killed by a nail as that would hardly be thorough enough, but by curare painted on the point of a blackboard compass, with which she pricks her finger. In case this should fail the murderer also anoints the bunsen burners and other laboratory equipment, thereby killing the temporary Science mistress, who, however, wanted to die. There is to be a certain tragic, and I believe unusual, element in this story.

2nd March: It is a wonderful day to-day. My wife has managed to mend the door of the chicken-run and my book is working out beautifully. I am so enchanted with it that little Bridget found it hard to get a word in edge-wise. I have reached the third death, that of an inquisitive child in the second form (her long red plaits were discovered protruding from a cupboard in the staff room) and bloodstains were found on the History master's pen and his own copy of "Spinsters in Jeopardy." He swore the book belonged to the Geography master, but it had his name inside. But, anyway, the third victim was poisoned. I have not yet decided who the murderer is. It might be the headmaster, or the Art mistress, because the first body was found embalmed under a plaster cast, or the Gym. mistress, because curare was found with the resin for rope-climbing, or the caretaker, because he is suave. But, after all, that can wait until the end.

17th March: The body of the first victim has been exhumed and found to contain enough arsenic to have killed her.

23rd March: The private detective on the case—James Plumblind—is rivalling the Maths. master for the affections of the Domestic Science mistress, who has a lurid and suspicious past and cooks shockingly.

31st March: The Geography master is discovered to have concealed a bottle of arsenic in a globe of the world. He says he takes it regularly for indigestion.

1st April: That is unfortunately true. Traces of the poison have been found at the roots of his hair and on his finger nails. The Art mistress has gone on leave under very suspicious circumstances; James and I are not at all sure about her, and the head boy has discovered arsenic and curare in the headmaster's study. Bridget was given a puppy for her birthday.

7th April: I have introduced a ghost into the library. It can be seen wandering palely behind the doors, but I do not quite know what use to make of it. My first thought was that it might be Napoleon's ghost, which would not be in keeping, for I am sure Napoleon would not be so petty as to traverse the earth after his death. And another body might be superfluous.

Uncle Clem came to see us yesterday and he said: "Well, James, my boy, how's the novel going?" When I told him, he was kind enough to remark that it would certainly take any publisher's fancy.

11th April: The most appalling thing has happened. My manuscript, my precious manuscript, which I have kept locked in my drawer, has disappeared. Yes, it has disappeared. I have turned the house upside down in my emotion: interrogated the family to no avail. It is gone—lost forever. But I shall not stand still. I shall leave my wife, who has gone to bed in tears, Bridget, who is screaming in the passage, the chickens in the chicken run, the puppy under my feet. In righteous anger shall I go. Nobody cares in the least what has happened to my novel—three-quarters finished as it was, and with the end just working out nicely—so I have booked a passage in the "Arundel" sailing in December. Before I go I shall, however, arrange to have this diary published.

FLYING SAUCERS

Form IIIa

ZURADAH TOWNSHEND

I had never believed in flying saucers until the day when I was nearly hit by one.

As I opened the kitchen door, my intention being to get a cup and saucer, they came flying through the air to meet me. A single cup and saucer was not all, however. They were followed by more cups, saucers, plates of all sizes, soup bowls, and even vegetable dishes. A few glasses, forks and spoons were also flying towards me.

When I had recovered sufficiently to be annoyed at this phenomenon, I re-entered the kitchen. There, sitting on the now almost empty dresser, was the "Man from Mars." This person was really my young brother. Some person who thought that little boys who **look** good, are good, had given him a "Space-man's" suit. He was wearing it at the time. It consisted of what I called a small-sized boiler suit, boots and gauntlets, and the head-piece looked to me remarkably like a goldfish bowl.

The "intruder" from Mars had heard of flying saucers, and was throwing them up into the air to see if they really would fly. He had got a bit over-excited, however, and had decided to see whether cups, plates and bowls would also fly.

On seeing me, this "Spaceman" hurried outside, into the "Flying Saucer" which he, himself, had constructed. It was quite a masterpiece, consisting of the top of an old petrol drum, supported by narrow pipes, and a few boxes. I was chasing after the "Martian," and he hurried into his "spaceship." He went in too quickly, however. When climbing in it was most important to wriggle in carefully, not touching anything but the ground. When the "Marsman" climbed in he exceeded the speed limit, and the whole "Space-ship" collapsed on top of him. He looked so queer that I also collapsed—laughing.

Never again has he attempted to be a "Martian," build a "Space-ship" or experiment with the china. An interview with father was the reason, as well as his fate when he tried to enter his "Space-ship."

VISITE PARISIENNE

Form Va

ROSALIND MANNING

Nous nous trouvions sur le quai de la gare du Nord, avec nos bagages autour de nous. Nous étions excités car c'était notre première visite à Paris. Nous fûmes portés avec la foule grouillante à la sortie de la gare et nous nous trouvions bientôt dans un taxi en route pour "Le Grand Hôtel, Rue de Liège," un bâtiment haut mais étroit avec un ascenseur singulier, comme une cage.

On mit nos bagages en haut, et nous sortîmes prendre le diner. Les magasins étaient encore ouverts et dans les étalages nous vîmes beaucoup d'aliments étranges alouettes, jambes de grenouilles et longs pains. Nous découvrîmes un petit restaurant où nous mangeâmes un repas français.

Le jour prochain il neigeait—notre première vue de la neige et au-dehors de l'hôtel j'en ramassai du trottoir et la goûta. Un passant me dit en badinant. "Jetez votre tête en arrière pour attraper la neige, filante; ne la ramassez pas!"

Chose surprenante, je compris!

Nous passions la journée en regardant les plus fameuses vues à Paris dans un "Renault" bruyant. La Tour Eiffel était couverte de neige. Elle ressemblait à un gâteau de noce. On ne nous permit pas d'ascendre. Notre Dame était très élégante et dedans, on achetait des bougies pour mettre sur les autels. Au-dehors de la cathédrale un petit chat noir frétillait dans la neige—sa première neige aussi.

Nous vîmes Le Louvre, L'Arc de Triomphe, le Panthéon et les Champs Elysées, les Invalides, L'Opéra et le Tombeau de Napoléon au-dessous d'un vaste dôme.

Les autos s'élançaient partout et entre eux, on dispersait le sel sur la rue pour faire fondre la neige.

Le jour prochain nous retournâmes à Calais. Eh bien! C'était un tour très bref, mais je me souviens encore de la belle ville Paris!

A Newe Girle's Gyde to the Staffe

Form Va

LESLEY POUND

Whan of January, the hotte sonne
 Has ybeen yshinyng for dayes one
 And thirty; eek whan the gaities,
 For of the English the way it is,
 To marke the daye of Cristus
 With a greate and glorious festus;
 Whan the gaities of Cristmastide
 And the Newe Yeer namo abyde,
 Than alle children, wyse or fool
 Thogh they be, go offe to scole.
 Clad in clothen of varying hue,
 Blacke and broun and grene and blu.
 Of these children, hundreds fyve
 At Eveline High School do arrive.
 For the use of newe girles ther
 I think it only juste and faire,
 That I should compyle a booke
 Of Eveline staffe, ther ways and lookes.
 If per chaunce, I leave some out,
 Do nat scream or rave or shoute,
 My witte is shorte, ye understond,
 And nat the finest in the lond.
 Than at the toppe I wille starte,
 For alle but foles knowe, ther's no arte
 In startyng thyngs the wrong way round;
 Who calles me fole? Let hym be drowned
 As he deserves! A creature foule.
 And so I'll starte with W. M. Powell,
 A worthy woman alle hir lyf
 Who weathers calmly storme and strife,
 Hir grey heer done up in a bunne,
 Quyk to see a humorous punne,
 But capable of being chilly.
 After hir comes D. E. Willy,
 Capable of glibly stating
 Archimedes' Principelle relating
 To bodies dipped into som water;
 Whan this happens than they ought to
 Lose some water; but I digress
 Fromm Willy and hir worthynesse.
 She is hardily undergrowne,
 Big of brawne and cek of bone.
 By now you will have judged this creature
 Of Science to be a noble teacher.
 Celia Davies is among
 The sweated teachers of our tonge
 Those who worke for meagre paye,
 And turn their youthful heer quyte grey,
 Instilling into mindes lyk jelly
 Love of Byron, Keats and Shelley,
 A crooked smyl hir face upon,
 She weareth shos with spottes on.
 R. Gwinnell hails from far-off lond,
 Hir speech is hard to understond,
 With Latin verbes she can't go wrong,
 She chanteth them the whole daye long.
 Down infante throtes she crams,
 "Porta, porta portam."

But alle foles knowe, 'tis righte and juste,
 Thet every single person muste
 Knowe Latine of som descripsioun,
 Howe else to read the Doc's prescripsioun?
 She weereth glasses for to spye,
 What goeth on beneath hir eye.
 Doghtless she'll accomplish fame,
 Rosemary it is hir name.
 One teacher her whose wayes are wynnyng
 Is Mrs. Dawes who teaches synging.
 Even thogh the doores be shutte,
 Soundes still emerge from the army hutte,
 As if somebody was in pain
 Shrightyng oute for helpe in vain.
 But I assure you this is illusion,
 And praye don't jump to a conclusion,
 She's only teaching Form 1b,
 To sing correctly "Do, re, me."
 One corner thet is filled with gloome
 Is aptly named the History Roome,
 For in ther noght but History's done,
 And people ne'er have any fun.
 In ther, they're always having tests,
 The atmosphere is of unrest,
 The texte above this doore of fere,
 "Abandon hope, who enter here"
 And alle foles knowe that that was wrote,
 By Dante, then a man of note.
 Miss C. L. Horn, aged thries times ten,
 Juste lyk a dragon in its den,
 Resides within, a charming girle,
 Among alle wommen she's a perl.
 I see my space is running short,
 And I have nat said alle I ought,
 But ne'ertheless, I've done my best,
 I'll leave you to find out the reste.



"PETER"

Form IVb

JASMINE BLIGH-WALL

WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER

Form 4c¹

ELLEN LYON

It was a dark, rainy and cold night when I heard
 the distant whining. I hurriedly slipped on my rain-
 coat and boots, fetched a rather worn torch and made
 my way towards the noise.

The most pathetic sight greeted my eyes as I stared down on to the ground. There, lying on its back, entangled in wire and almost purple with cold, was the most adorable little brown spaniel puppy.

I picked him up hurriedly and opened my rain-coat, settled his wet little body against mine and made back for the glowing fire I had left behind.

As soon as I reached the house and put him on the carpet, I fetched several tattered towels, returning to find him trying desperately to climb into the fire.

A few moments later I was rubbing him vigorously and speaking to him tenderly. Finally I wrapped him up in an old blanket, cooked him some mince meat, and settled down to watch his little stomach swell as he devoured it hungrily.

Instead of the weather calming down it was getting worse. Each time the thunder roared my little friend would wince sharply and bury his nose deeper into my toes.

Next morning he was an entirely new member of the household; he followed me all over the place, getting in between my legs; but nevertheless obviously very happy.

For many days I watched the local paper to see if anyone was missing a pet, but there was no advert, and after a week I realized no one had missed him and so when we sat around the fire I gently murmured, "Welcome, little stranger."

For now I knew he was mine to care for and to keep.

MEDIEVAL MISCHIEF

By TWO MONKS

M. M - CD - N - LD

A not-heed hadde he with a broun visage.

P. ALB - RTS - N

That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy;
Hir rose tretys was, hir eyen greye as glas.

L. F - ST - R

Ful longe were his legges and ful peen
Ylyk a staf, ther was no calf yseen.

M. V - N PL - TZ - N

Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he seemed bisier than he was.

L. P - - ND

He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt.

A. M - LDR - M

Benygne he was and wonder diligent
And in adversitee ful pacient.

L. M - - R -

With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.

F. K - - T

Ilise resons he spak ful solempey,
And short and quik and ful of hy sentence.

R. M - NN - NG

She koude muchel of wandrynge by the weye,
Tardy she was, soothly for to say.

AT THE DAM

Form IIIb

L. WHITEHEAD

At seven o'clock the sun started to set, and turned the grey evening sky a dusty red and yellow, with patches of blue and grey. On the dam, it cast a vivid reflection, which seemed to ripple and move with the water in and out of the reeds. The air was cool and a light breeze was blowing over us as we sat on the dam wall after a good supper at the nearby kraal.

The old native lifted his hand and pointed to the sky. I thought he was showing us the bright stars, but then I saw some birds. One by one they came to the edge of the water and drank, lifting up their heads after each sip, then they flew away and settled on the trees.

The boy had been watching the grass to our left, and I saw him point to a tree in the grass. A leopard came slinking out, looking carefully from side to side, his eyes sparkling green in the dark. He stopped by a tree and lay down watching the water. I caught my breath as a young duiker came trotting down to the water, but the leopard got up and slunk back the same way as he had come.

Some twigs cracked behind us, and I thought the noise was made by the leopard, but nothing came. It was getting darker and darker, and I was aware of the lonely feeling you get when you are alone in the dark. Twigs seemed to crackle near me, and owls screeched in my ears.

Two shining eyes came out of the grass, and the boy whispered: "One of those things with a big tail." I guessed he meant a Spring-hare. It hopped about disturbing many other things which we had not seen, a pair of duck in the reeds, two nightjars in the clearing, and a little animal which scurried away.

Out of the gloomy shadows stepped four koodoo, the bull first, looking majestic with his long curly horns. The cows came next, their white stripes showing clearly in the dark. They drank and then carefully walked back.

I was rather tired and nervous by one o'clock, and therefore I decided to ask the old boy to take me home. Hares scurried out of our way, and at last we reached the kraal, where my father and mother were waiting to hear what I had seen.

WATER FALLS

Form IIa

V. SCHOFIELD

*A miniature torrent of water cascading
Down sheer rocky ledges, all hid by the fall.
With colours that sparkle and dance without fading
And rainbow-hued bubbles, some large and some small.*

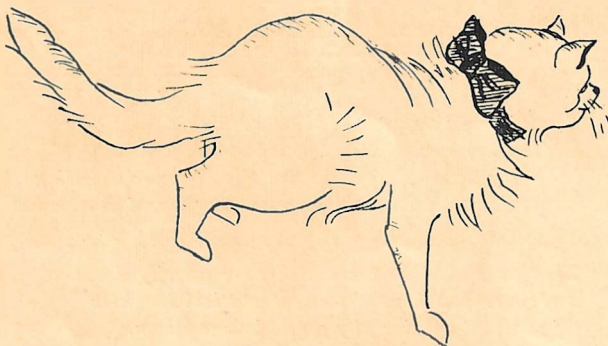
*The bright coloured fishes are swept through the water
That falls to a stream which runs merrily down.
And ever you hear the sweet musical laughter
Of reeds all a-quiver, by gentle breeze blown.*



OUR DAUGHTER AND THE GIRL NEXT DOOR
Form Vb YVONNE WARTH

**Our Lovely Cat and
The Creature Next Door**
Form IVb DAWN EITZE

Our cat Pixie, who was not really a pedigree animal, was nevertheless very beautiful. Her mother was a Persian and the strain seemed to have come out in Pixie, so that anyone who was unaware of the fact that her father was one of the most disreputable alley cats which ever walked did not realize that our little darling was not a thoroughbred.



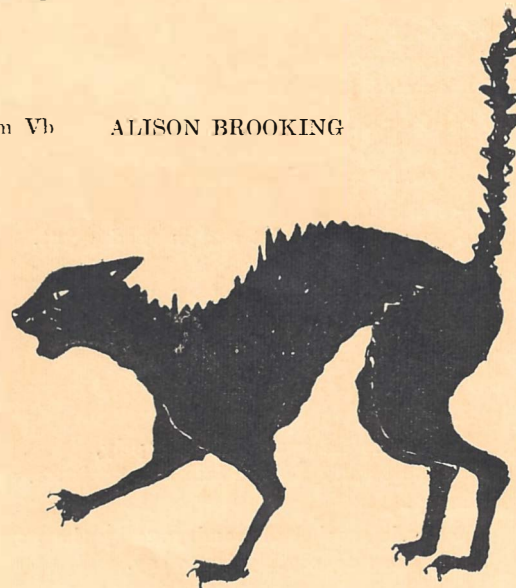
Pixie had a very beautiful coat. It was a soft, silvery grey, and in the sunlight it shimmered and gleamed with iridescent light. Her voice was soft and musical and it was always at its best after a dish of cream or a piece of tender fish. Altogether Pixie was an exquisite cat, dainty, lovable and highly intelligent, although, sad to say, this opinion was not shared by our neighbours, the owners of "the Creature."

The Creature was the most decrepit-looking tom cat on which we have ever set eyes. His coat was a dull, lustreless black. His one eye, the other having been gored out in one of his numerous conflicts which usually took place in our back-yard, was also black, and it was his wont to glare maliciously at us from the sanctuary of his back door-step. The Creature's tail did not exist, having been removed in his infancy by an unfortunate accident. Although we did not regret the loss of the Creature's tail, we did regret that the same unfortunate accident had not removed the Creature. Its ears, or what remained of them, were ragged, as a result of one of numerous battles. To cap this delightful picture, the Creature had a voice, if it could be called such, which one usually hears only in the wildest nightmares.

Every night this frightful apparition sat on the back wall and proceeded to render the air hideous with his vocal achievements. The most lamentable part of the whole ghastly process was that, as well as the Creature's misguided owners enjoying his nightly "concert," our darling, adorable little Pixie was simply ecstatic over the incessant wailing.

The sequel to this dreadful story came several months later, when our adorable little Pixie proudly presented us with three, dull black, mewling kittens; their voices had not reached the same tremendous proportions as that of their arrogant father, but they showed great promise and, all through the procedure of the presentation of the kittens, the Creature was leering cynically upon us from the safety of his back door-step.

Form Vb ALISON BROOKING



CYCLING

Form Ia

W. BOWEN

*Along the road and over the hill
I love cycling, what a thrill!
Tyres humming, pigtails flying,
Breezes in the hedgerows, sighing!*

*Passing everyone, I'm so proud
I startle the blackbirds, shouting aloud;
Can't go any faster, no use trying,
I feel like an airman, flying!*

*Time to turn for home again
Down the shaded leafy lane;
Time is passing, week-end flying,
Into the house I go—sighing!*

ZAMBESI VIGIL

Form Vc

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

It was about half past five, when I decided to sit on the bank of the river, and watch the sun setting. I have watched the sun set over mountains, but I think sunset on the Zambesi River is much lovelier. I was sitting on a bench, in front of the boathouse, when the sun began to sink behind the islands.

A thrill of expectancy ran through me, as I watched the changing of the scenery around me. The river, which had looked cool and inviting during the hot day, now began to wear a mysterious, forbidding look, especially near the trees that overhung it. A breeze played softly among the leaves of the trees nearby, and the river rippled delightfully. As the sun was setting, there seemed to be a beautiful orange-red carpet along the water. The trees around me looked beautiful in the half light, and the whistling of the birds quietened. Just before the sun disappeared, the colour of the "carpet" became a rippling, golden-red shade, and I watched, as though the night would never come.

The sun disappeared at last, and the shadows of the trees across the river became hideous, mysterious and weird shapes. Just sitting there, I imagined all sorts of horrible things that might happen to me. I started to feel cold shivers run up and down my spine, each time I saw or heard a movement near me. The river became more forbidding in the night. I was trying to make a murderous shape of the shadows near my feet, when I heard a tapping of something on the pathway. I was relieved, when Judy, my cousin's dog, bounded up to me, then sat and watched with me.

The stars began to twinkle in the sky and were reflected on the water like ever-rippling water-stars. The stars were more comforting, and I sat, and watched the moon's progress. The pathway was a beautiful silvery shade, and made me want to walk on it. The trees facing the moon, wore a lovely silver-green shade, but the shadows cast behind the trees were ominous, and frightening.

The birds on Long Island and the other two islands nearby were hushed, but other strange sounds were coming from them. I could hear the noise of a cricket near my seat, also the buzz of the mosquitoes, which made me finally get up and go indoors. Just before I made my decision, I heard a queer grunt, the splashing of water. This sound was repeated and I was not feeling very brave by the time the sound was repeated again. When I asked my cousin that night what the noise might have been, she said it had probably been made by a stray family of hippos.

I began slapping my arms and legs, where mosquitoes were settling for a feed, and when the weird noises from across the island reached me, I decided that although I should like to stay longer, I did not want to be eaten alive, or scared out of my wits by strange sounds. I went indoors, but I do not regret watching the sun set and the approach of the night on the Zambesi River.

CONTEMPORARY ART

Form Va

FREDA KEET

Apart from having to make polite conversation at tea parties, there is no more horrifying an ordeal a human being can undergo than visiting a modern art exhibition, especially if that human being happens to regard modern art as amazingly hideous, and modern artists as perverted lunatics. How much more horrifying is this ordeal when one is accompanied by a connoisseur of this grotesque art, who sincerely enjoys all these more than slightly peculiar paintings.

The first painting in the exhibition is composed of a mass of yellow squares, and is entitled "Spring-time Harvest." While your companion gazes rapturously at this through half-closed eyes, and murmurs words of praise and admiration, you struggle in vain to discover what connection spring and harvest could possibly have with this monotonous conglomeration of perfect yellow squares. The next painting is a portrait of a woman, at least that is what it says in the catalogue. To you it is merely one of those paintings which can go anyway round with equal effectiveness and where the subject has only one eye, the other one being left, by the artist, to your imagination. The actual woman consists of three triangles, all of singular beauty and shape, but what resemblance they can possibly have to "homo sapiens" is beyond understanding.

There follow, in rapid succession, "Marine," a sheet of canvas painted in one shade of faded blue, with a few lethargic sea weeds scattered here and there; "Nymphs in the Wood" in which it is absolutely impossible to distinguish between tree-trunk and nymph, and the predominant colour is a depressing brown; "Birds in Flight" which bears an amazing resemblance to the first efforts of a very young child with a paint brush; "The Storm" which is quite an improvement on the other paintings in that the

lightning vaguely resembles lightning, and many other paintings and sculptures all with the usual triangular, tortured, Martian-looking humans.

Your companion becomes more and more entranced and ecstatically declares praise of each picture. You come to a painting consisting of a mass of thick, black lines, criss-crossed by wavy green lines; this masterpiece of imagination, colour and harmony is known as "Eternity." Your companion points out to you how the lines stretch on forever into the empty vastness of space, and the feeling of timelessness the picture creates; you search in vain for these hidden meanings, but unfortunately they remain hidden. At a picture entitled "The Cornfield," and looking about as much like a cornfield as you do, your companion all but suffers an apoplectic fit at the sight of so much beauty, while you are unaware of this beauty, and struggle in vain to probe the hidden meaning of this picture; for instead of producing the peace and tranquillity it is supposed to produce, it merely arouses in you a fierce desire to burn either the painting or the painter.

This continues, "ad nauseum," until in the shimmering distance you faintly perceive a sight which overwhelms you with joy, and your tortured soul is at peace once more; it is the door. You gradually work your way closer to this enticing haven, and then, at last, you find yourself outside, breathing in deeply, and feeling very surprised to see people with two eyes in the normal place, and the sky unchecked and un-dotted. The one and only advantage of this sort of exhibition is that you appreciate your fellow men all the more, and have nothing to complain about in the landscape around you.

Die Eveline Nethal Wedstryd

Form IIIb

ISME DE WET

*Die meisies hardloop op die baan,
Om in hul plekke te gaan staan,
Die toeskouers gaan te keer,
En skree „Een punt meer!”*

*Die aanvallers spring en val,
Die speletjie lyk maar mal.
Nou is hul weer aan die woel,
En dan is dit weer 'n doel.*

*Die rooirokke bly maar bo,
Tot die ander se misnoe.
Nou rol die bal weer uit,
En daar gaan die fluit.*

*Na 'n stukkie soet lemoen
Word maar weer die bes gedoen.
Die rooies hou maar aan,
Op en af die baan.*

*Na 'n stewige geveg,
Is alles nou weer reg,
Want die rooies het gewen.
Hul is goed ons moet erken.*

OUR VISIT TO VESUVIUS

Form IId

ASNE MARGOLIS

One of the most outstanding sights we saw on our tour of Europe this year was the active volcano Vesuvius, and the City of Pompeii.

We set off from Naples for Vesuvius at 10 o'clock and arrived at the foot at 11 o'clock. We climbed three thousand, five hundred feet by car and for the last five hundred feet we went by cable car. At the top we hired a guide and then set off for a tour of the crater.

We went down one hundred feet into the crater. The guide took his cigarette and held it to a hole and then blew on the lighted end of it and a gust of steam came from a hole near by. This, he said, was caused by the sulphur in the hole. After that we went back to the top and from where we stood we could see the Bay of Naples. Unfortunately it was very cloudy and we could not see the City of Pompeii which is reputed to be visible from this point. We left Vesuvius and proceeded to the City of Pompeii.

It was incredible to think that after nearly seventeen hundred years Pompeii was discovered, as in 79 A.D. a mighty volcanic eruption from Vesuvius descended upon this city (which had existed since the sixth century B.C.) and buried it in ashes.

The first place we visited in Pompeii was the museum where we saw pieces of pottery and a plan of the old city. We also saw bodies of people and animals, which were in a wonderful state of preservation, and it was explained to us that this was due to the deep covering of volcanic ashes which had sealed them up.

Strange as it may seem the ruins made by chariot wheels are still visible. In some of the buildings we saw beautiful paintings and mosaic floors.

As we wandered around the old city it was like turning back the pages of history and seeing how the people lived in Pompeii before this great tragedy.

"MLILO"

Form Vc

E. WRIGHT

The merciless rays of the winter sun beat down on the parched earth. The nights were bitterly cold, but the heat of noon was sometimes unbearable.

The piccanin, who was herding cattle, wandered aimlessly about, flicking flies from his face and bare arms with a twig. Suddenly a small column of smoke caught his eye about a hundred yards from him. Gradually the smoke grew thicker and greater in volume. He ran to within about twenty yards of the fire and then turned around. With all haste he drove his cattle back to the kraal and hastened to tell his father. "Baba, mlilo, mlilo!" he gasped out.

Soon all the young and able men and youngsters from the village had run to the scene of the fire. Breaking huge branches off the trees, and hurrying to within safe distance of the fire, they lit a fire-guard about five yards wide. They beat out the fire

as soon as the dry grass had been burnt. When the flames came to the fire-guard the natives beat savagely as though to kill some devouring monster. The bright yellow, orange and crimson flames leapt up like demons, but some natives on the other side of the fire prevented it from growing wider.

A breeze sprang up, and the flames leapt further afield. Fire-guards were burnt on either side and still the natives struggled on, remembering what the District Fire Patrol had taught them about fighting fires. Another wind sprang up and flames caught on to the trouser leg of one of the fighters. A friend quickly extinguished the flames, but the boy collapsed and was carried into the shade of a large tree.

Slowly the flames died down, but the smoke was choking the Africans and the sweat was dripping from their bodies. Only when the flames were completely under control and there was no more danger of the fire spreading did they cease their vigorous beating.

After resting a while, the exhausted men left the charred remains of the vegetation, and wound their weary way slowly back to their village.

RHODESIAN NIGHT

Class IIa

V. SCHOFIELD

The sun, as though tired by its wondrous work of shining radiantly all through the day, sinks gracefully to rest; and the little rocky hills are dappled in pink, orange and gold. So ends the day and the moon shows her pallid light against the darkening heavens. Stars begin to peep, like many little windows in a sleepy, black curtain drawn completely over the earth to close out the dazzling sun. The tiny twinkles grow ever brighter as the night grows deeper.

Leisurely across the veld, three giraffes lope and glide through the breeze-kissed silver grass. They seem like dream-creatures, with graceful necks outstretched as though hoping they might reach the pale moon in her heavenly throne of silver light. Or perhaps they appear to some as light and feathery creatures which are blown by the slightest breeze in smooth rise-and-fall movements.

A flutter of wings above shows a nightjar—tiny bird with mouth agape to catch some little flying insect.

A tiny yellow light darts here and there or hovers over something worth the owner's curiosity. It is the firefly, tiny lantern of nocturnal wanderers in the lonely veld.

In the midst of a clump of nearby leafless trees, around a small clearing within, a family of lions dwell. Two month-old cubs scamper and play with a tiny black dung-beetle, tossing the tiny creature this way and that or tapping it with furry paws. A low growl, and the pair scamper away from their game for a meal of tender young hare. They gulp it down much too fast as they are unaccustomed to meat-eating. With tiny pink tongues they lick their chops where the warm blood has trickled, then lie to rest for a while after their meal. At the hoot of an owl,

the restless two spring up and try to growl, but little mews resound and the owl sits unwinking on the tree branch, heedless of the would-be fierce pair.

A tiny new-born duiker with big brown-velvet eyes cowers beneath its protective mother as a brown snake slithers past along the cold, sandy ground.

Breaking the silence of night, a little stream gurgles gaily with its bubbles dancing over the round pebbles and weed-covered rocks. On the sandy bank three or four rock-rabbits frisk and leap from rock to rock and some play hide-and-seek in and out of their tiny little holes.

As dawn draws nigh, a pair of very small "red velvet" spiders crawl between the dew-laden grass blades. The crickets' mingled song grows, as though they want to sing their very best of songs before the sun arises. At last this lovely night is at an end, the stars begin to fade and everything is tinted rosy pink.



WOODLAND SCENE

Form IIIb

STEPHNE LOTTER

THE TREE

Form Ia

MONICA GRUSCHKA

*Leafy branches, green and cool,
Spreading far to offer shade,
Calm and shady by still pool,
Lovely in a leafy glade.*

*Red its leaves in autumn turn,
And swiftly rustle to the ground,
In smoky bonfires then they burn,
They make a lovely crackling sound.*

*In the winter, grey and gaunt,
Battered by the wind and rain,
Nothing can the good tree daunt,
It will show its leaves again.*

UNE LEÇON DE FRANÇAIS

Form VIa

MARGARET MANNING

Il y a dans notre école une petite classe de sept jeunes filles qui apprennent la Française. Elles trouvent que la langue est un peu difficile et la grammaire fort embrouillante. Mais parce-que leur maîtresse est sévère et exigeante quelquefois il faut qu'elles travaillent fort. . . .

"Bonjour mes enfants!"

Silence!

"Oh! Bonjour mademoiselle."

Une élève se lève avec précipitation et à contre-cœur ferme la littérature pornographique. ("The Daily Sketch"). Une autre murmure sa salutation avec répugnance pendant qu'elle essaye à finer son devoir. Il n'y a aucune signe des autres.

"Ah!" une vient, toute seule. Elle ne porte pas de livres.

"Excusez-moi, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle, je n'ai pas entendu la cloche. Mon devoir? Oh, je l'ai laissé chez moi. J'en suis très fâchée."

Maintenant viennent deux élèves dont l'une a fini son devoir, une fille exemplaire! Les autres élèves lui lancent des regards terribles. Et en retard les deux élèves absentes arrivent avec beaucoup d'excuses. Elles s'asseyent bruyamment et après avoir réfléchi, elles regrettent qu'elles n'ont pas complété leurs devoirs. Mais certainement ils seront complétés avant une heure.

Maintenant la leçon commence et pendant un quart d'heure elles travaillent bien parce-qu'elles ont une maîtresse sévère aussi bien que pour passer les examens.

A CARAVAN HOME

Form Vc

JULIANA SLABBERT

For the past six years I have been wandering around with my parents in a caravan, almost like a nomad, because I have no other home. My father is a driller and goes from one place to another and puts down borehole after borehole, and Mother and I go with him, because it would be very lonely for him by himself as we are sometimes miles away from civilization.

Life in a caravan has its advantages as well as its disadvantages, but what I think is the best about travelling like this is the fact that I never get bored with home. Every time I go home it is in a different place, my bedroom—a tent—is in a different position and I walk a different way to go to the kitchen! One often hears people who are moving from one house to the other complaining that they have accumulated a great deal of rubbish during the time they have stayed in one place, but we never have that complaint, because we move so frequently that there is no time to accumulate rubbish.

Sometimes Dad drills in European areas and I find it a pleasure to show people around our home. Home, incidentally, consists of a caravan, two tents

and, in the winter, three, and a big sail which is pulled over the caravan and kept up by two long poles on each side. Behind the caravan the tent is used as a shelter for the car, and in front of the caravan it is used as a sitting room as well as a dining-room during the summer. We also put up a few pieces of corrugated iron which is made into quite a cosy little kitchen. Although we are very far away from any shops we always have good meat, hard butter and ice cream, because Dad bought a paraffin refrigerator which has come in very handy, and has paid for itself by preserving all the food which might have been wasted. Another advantage is that once we have changed the appearance of the caravan by painting it, no matter where we move to, we do not have to paint the caravan again when we get to the new site as one would have to do if one were moving from one house to another. Also, we do not have to go to the trouble of finding a furniture removal van when we move, because everything is packed in the caravan and it serves as a furniture removal van in itself.

There are many disadvantages and I think what I dislike most is the fact that I have to heat water every day to bath. I feel that I get spoilt at school where I can quite conveniently go to the bathroom and just turn on the hot water tap.

What is not very pleasant is when we have to move into a new reserve and we have to travel on very bad roads. So bad are they at times that they can hardly be called roads.

As I am the only child at home I also find it quite lonely after being with so many girls at school, and, as we are usually quite a distance from the nearest Post Office, I cannot be pacified by the thought of receiving many letters, because I can never get mail more than once a week, and sometimes once a fortnight.

I also miss the electric light switch very much. If I want some light during the night at home it usually takes me about ten minutes to get it because I have to light a Tilley lamp, and it takes quite a time for the lamp to warm up. It usually takes me a week before I get used to ironing with coal irons, and I find that I just about get used to ironing with them when I come back to school, when I am once more able just to switch on the iron without having to change the iron as soon as it gets cold.

I often feel that if only I could settle down and stay in one place, where we could have a little garden of our own I should be much happier, but I suppose there have to be people like us who have to supply water for many thousands who are away from town. I cannot honestly say that I really like living in a caravan permanently because I am getting rather tired of it.

EXAM. HOWLERS

Biology, IIIc2: Prevent bilharzia in Rhodesia by spraying every dame.

FEMININE FARE

Form VIA

CYNTHIA LEWIS

I have long considered the possibilities of a journalistic career and I have come to the conclusion that I should like best to work on a magazine, a woman's magazine. They are so jolly and all-girls-together-ish, such shining, healthy examples of British womanhood, with their Dorothy Beauties and Jennifer, our favourite model, and Judy, the editor, and Cecile, who to-day is going to take you into the heart of the Parisian fashion world. Which post shall I occupy?

If I am Judy, the editor, they will probably let me take a turn at them all. There are other compensations, too, if Judy is the one who does the twiddly little introductory bit on the first page. That is where she mentions that Sir Lawrence and Lady Olivier dropped in on their way to a film premiere to wish her a happy birthday, and she said to Lady Olivier: "What a darling dress you're wearing, Viv! Would you mind awfully if we had it copied for our readers?" What can the unhappy Viv do but agree, "with such a charming smile, dear readers, we wish you had been there to see!"

It is the editor also who prints those fascinating little letters which say: "My little boy always calls me Daddy and his daddy Mummy!" and sends the writer a guinea for a "delightful titbit!" And it is the editor who organizes the competitions and awards the prizes.

I could think of some lovely prizes for such competitions:—

A Trip to the Matopos with Your Favourite M.P.

Your Portrait Painted by a Contemporary Artist.

A Thrilling Visit Round the Shops with the Vigilantes.

Next in importance to the editor is undoubtedly the fashion editor, that engaging creature who is always hopping off to Paris or tripping up to London to pinpoint new trends, and whose articles show a comprehensive, though somewhat rose-coloured, grasp of the English language. "A Dior gown of pendant pink, a delicious pink, almost edible, with a billowing, undulating, oscillating train of Esmeralda green, the new French, fascinating shade, and an underskirt of fabulous, fabulous fur. . . ."

I do not find that side of the business so interesting. What I should prefer to do are the bits for housewives who want to make hats out of worn pillowslips and lampshades out of old hats. I imagine the fashion editress at her table with a telephone in one hand and a cup of tea in the other and her minions round her, working with piles and piles of curtains and bedspreads and old shoes and torn dresses, trying to turn dross into gold. There are torn and curled up photographs of last year's bright ideas on the wooden walls, two packets of cigarettes in the ashtray; the sun streams in through the window, our heroine has removed her shoes and outside her

closed door the newspaper world hurries by. Exquisite! But I must not allow myself to be carried away.

After fashion, there is the department beauty and I am sure I should soon become an expert. I should like to specialize in beauty from nature ("Nothing like Nature! Hear what the Swan of Avon, our own national poet has to say: 'Tis beauty truly blent,' etc., etc."), for example, here's a simple home-made mask specially for the over 30's. Mash the pulp of one paw-paw finely with half pint tomato juice (wrinkle-removing), chopped carrot (which also, by the way, promotes curly hair and long eyelashes) and the shredded skin of one banana (banana skin is the new wonder discovery. Have you ever seen a mature banana that hadn't a clear, firm flesh? Well then). Apply with light, horizontal movements of the last three fingers, up to a depth of half an inch. Leave for thirty minutes, then wash off with a soothing mixture of milk and tea, being careful to remove every trace. (You know what happens to too-mature bananas.) I also have a number of gay little ideas to enhance your beauty when going to a party. You may, for instance, sprinkle your hair with coffee sugar for a sparkling, different effect, paint your nails green, leave your legs bare and draw on them tasteful little designs in charcoal. (But you will be careful, though, won't you, not to arrive at your mother-in-law's dressed like that!) and (but this is properly my sister Dorothy's department) why not wear that old dress back to front? We are certain no one will guess.

But now we have reached the last page of our magazine and it is time to turn our thoughts from the gay to the grave. In all women's magazines, as you know, there is an undercurrent of sadness beneath the laughing exterior and this undercurrent is usually found on the last page. It is here that Mother Mary—no, Mother Mary is the nurse—Ruth Broadwood, or the possessor of some such comforting name, helps her readers to find happiness. And it is here that I am certain I shall find my métier. To be a help to others in time of trouble, to brighten the downcast eye and cheer the lonely heart—ah! I should be the comforter of comforters and to the pitiful queries: "Please, what can I do? My husband and my daughter have both left me because my daughter was rude to her grandfather and now he's cut me out of his will and they both say it was my fault and have gone," with the deepest consideration and tenderness. Yes, I can see it all now. Me, with tears in my sympathetic eyes, reading unhappy letters such as these, while hundreds of miles away the unhappy souls who wrote them are waiting for the wise and kindly advice they know they will get. Yes, it is decided. That is what I shall do.

EXAM. HOWLERS

IVb English: In Greenwich museum we saw some of Nelson's holy underwear. It was very moth-eaten indeed.

HERMANUS

Form Vb

VEREKER BINDON

About ninety-six miles from Cape Town at the end of a broad, smooth, shady road, Hermanus nestles in a clump of hills overlooking an ever-changing stretch of sea. Into the sea a broad, cool, calm, river winds its way.

All along the rugged coast houses rise in irregular shapes, and above them one or two large hotels look out over the bay. Small ships sail peacefully along the water to meet the warm comfort of the houses and the harbours brilliant in the sunshine. The peaceful atmosphere of this little fishing village is broken only by a quiet undertone of exuberant youthful spirits and the gaiety of a summer day.

Perhaps the most interesting place at Hermanus is the old Harbour. This little place of industry and bustle has the quiet, simple charm that all such harbours possess. It has not changed through the years; the seagulls still greet the boats with mournful cries when they come into the harbour with their catch; the whirlpool still crashes round in a furious movement and the children are still wise to its antics. The fish hang on ropes stretched like washing lines in the sun to dry and the ever-busy fishermen mend and paint and repair their nets and boats. Visitors click their cameras with excitement and laugh happily at the antics of the seals far out in the sea. But the old harbour with its quaint steps and long wall has a rival in the new harbour as far as trade is concerned, for the new harbour is larger, far more modern and far more frequented by the professional fishermen.

At the new harbour one can see the rough perle-moer boats and their crews. The big flat shells covered with a fungus are thrown from the boats on to the pier where they are loaded on to large lorries which carry them to the factories. The new harbour has none of the charm which the old harbour possesses. It is just a conventionally industrious modern harbour.

One can never really enjoy Hermanus until one has visited the "Grotto," which is about three miles walk from the harbour, and the road runs past the popular Riveira beach. It is densely vegetated with trees whose foliage is so thick that only little specks of sunlight shine through on to the ground covered with a carpet of leaves below. The road winds through these trees and over a swampy area covered with the foliage from the trees and with myriads of tiny yellow flowers with their roots firmly embedded in the liquid mud below them. Beyond this area lie the caves which are so beautiful that one can hardly take one's eyes off them. The pitch blackness of the rock is accentuated by the vivid startling white of hundreds of lilies and the pale green of the moss growing around them. The constant drip of the crystal-clear water is almost as sweet and clear as the song of the birds above it. The little running streams coloured amber by the fertile soil, wind merrily through the trees down to the swamps. Old gnarled branches of the large, ageless trees make excellent rests and seats.

The Mossel river which flows into the sea just below the "Grotto" has a large, blue lagoon situated at its other end. Here white-sailed graceful yachts run races over its vivid blueness, and the merry occupants shout words of encouragement which ring clearly across the water to the club which lies on the left side of the lagoon. The club is frequented by keen yachting parties, some experts and some young amateurs.

Across the lagoon stands an old house mellowed with years and years of storm, forbodingly close to the shore. People point their fingers at it through the windows of the club and tell the visitors that it is haunted.

Out along the coast, stretching right from the lagoon to the other side of the village, quaint tea-rooms may be found. The most popular one by far is the "Kraal Rock Tea-room." This "refreshment station" is situated just above some very favourite fishing spots; and men proudly displaying wife, family and catch all meet here to discuss the catches of the day. It is also a favourite haunt of the young folk who walk all along the coast enjoying the sight and the sound of the sea and finally the tea on reaching the Kraal Rock. It is a quaint little open-air tea-garden where one may sit under shady trees on seats of cool, grey stone and survey the brilliant sea as it moves and flashes in the sunlight, or the flash of a fish as it is pulled out of the waves with excited eagerness by the fishermen.

The people of Hermanus are mostly holiday-makers and retired families and, of course, the fishermen. They are people who consider the beauty and the tranquillity of the scenes around them and who abound in fun and the usual holiday spirit. They frequent the rocks, beaches, theatres and hotels.

There are, too, the houses in which the people live (or the hotels). If one strolls along the shady streets at Hermanus one may view the variety of the houses. A number of them are built in the traditional Dutch style and most of them are quaint English cottages with thatched roofs and shiny door knobs. There are, too, the modern houses with their large glass windows and green lawns, and there is even the usual mansion which was built long ago by a wealthy lover of Hermanus. It is quite the most fascinating house in Hermanns, rising high above the others with its turrets and balconies, and the climbing creepers almost covering the blinking diamond-shaped window panes. Its great dark door at the top of a long flight of stairs looks invitingly out at passers-by.

Altogether Hermanus is a little paradise all of its own, with the happy fun-loving people and the beautiful scenery and favourite haunts; a perfect place to retire from the conventional world.

EXAM. HOWLERS

Domestic Science, IVa: Flour should be bought in air-tight cellulose packets to prevent any weasels entering.

AT WORLD'S VIEW

Form IVb

F. TURTLEDOVE

We are quiet for this is consecrated ground. Rounding a clump of bushes we see a cluster of rocks far above us on the top of the hill. Among those tall yellow, orange and maroon streaked sentinels we know is the grave. On every side we see small bushes growing in cracks and crannies and prominent among them is the Resurrection plant.

Our footsteps echo beneath us. The surface is worn smooth and we walk carefully until we reach the highest rocks.

Around us we see bejewelled lizards with turquoise, green and blue bodies scintillating as they hide under loose rocks. They sit and watch us, their beady eyes flashing, and, if we dare approach, they whisk away out of sight. Here, on top of one of the great rocks sits a squirrel, brown as if to merge into the rocks, and only his black dilating eyes betray his presence; as we move towards him he scampers, with flirting tail held high, down the opposite side of the rock and vanishes. As we walk to our right we see a rat, large, and brown-furred, fighting with a lizard, but at our approach again both vanish under the rocks.

Now in front of us is the grave of Cecil John Rhodes.

The silence hangs about us like a gossamer curtain. Awe has descended upon us, and a feeling of gratitude to this man who gave us a country that we love.

Birds flash in the valleys below us as we now walk down to an imposing monument. It is built of blocks of granite, and around the top on all four sides are carved panels showing heroic Allan Wilson and his men.

We pay our respects to the graves of Sir Charles Coghlan and Dr. Jamieson before we return to the main grave. From here we see dipping valleys in a haze of grey and blue. They are covered with green, a dark green of grass spotted with trees that are dull and black.

The sun is behind a cloud, but one ray of golden light shines through, striking a clump of sombre trees. This one spot has a brightness that contrasts with the murk, gloomy plain.

Behind us the valley is lighter, the grass is brighter and everything is clearer. Birds fly past chasing each other. Far below a native woman swishes through long grass, balancing a pot on her head. Everything is peaceful and quiet.

We slither down the mountain-side turning now and again for a glimpse of the rocks guarding precious dust, until we reach the turn and the shrubs and trees hide them from our view.

EXAM. HOWLERS

English, IId: How can I sew with my eyes in this poor light?

BY DIE WATER

Form IIa

SHIRLEY HERBST

*Waar ek by die water loop
Is daar goed geen geld kan koop.
Vissies wat in die water speel
Is beter dan die goud so geel.*

*Die sonlig wat op die water skyn
Wys die riete in 'n lyn.
Dis in hierdie ruie gang,
Waar die paddas kossies vang.*

*En die water giggel en lag
In die middel van die dag.
O, ek sal dit vreeslik haat
Om hierdie goedjies te verlaat.*

MIRRORS

Form IIIId

ROSEMARIE RHODES

I love to look in mirrors, for in the mirror there appears to be a land of fantasy. My favourite mirror is a river, lake or pool. I love to sit and watch the fluffy clouds blowing to and fro in the river, and the picture of the tall majestic trees mirrored in the lake takes me far away to a dreamland into which no other human being can enter. Perhaps now and again a fish will swim through, or a boy will throw a stone and cause my mirror to be broken up, but it is soon together again.

As I fall into a daze, it seems to me that some one is calling me. Perhaps it is a graceful nymph, or perhaps it is Neptune himself, and slowly, but surely, I am being drawn in from the brink. As I enter the water I see the tall majestic trees coming nearer, but when I reach them they disappear. A curious fish then comes to look at me; a crab scurries by, then, as the sun sets, a red light appears over the water and appears to curtain the river.

As we enter the palace of rocks we see several nymphs in flimsy dresses doing a graceful and immortal dance; their hair is long and it seems to flow around them as they dance. Before entering the palace we have to ring a tiny bell which tinkles and mingles with the chattering of a little stream. Slowly the door is opened by a solemn fish who does a graceful bow and disappears. Slowly we walk through rows and rows of nymphs, mermaids, and fish, each of whom in turn bows solemnly as we pass. Neptune seats himself on a throne and waves me to a chair beside him. Two graceful nymphs in frilly frocks dance daintily up and hand first me, then Neptune a glass of some rare, strange beverage; its taste is something which I cannot explain. Then as we wait fishes and nymphs, each in turn, do a dance.

But the ripples have disturbed the surface of my mirror and I have no time to wait for the next picture.

ST. IVES

Form Vb

SANDRA SIEBERT

We arrived at St. Ives in Cornwall at half-past ten at night. We had spent the previous day in Falmouth, where it seemed as if half the population of the north of England had migrated in a southerly direction. It was in August, and around August Bank holiday time all the people from the industrial towns of the north take their charabancs and trains down to Somerset, Devon and Cornwall. Every hotel and boarding house and bed and breakfast establishment was crammed full. We stayed in Falmouth while the other half of the party went off in search of accommodation in a somewhat quieter spot.

When we got back to the house in the evening there was a message telling us to go to St. Ives, where they would meet us. The country roads in Cornwall are barely wide enough to let one car pass, and when we met a hay wagon it was a complicated mathematical and engineering problem. We crept into St. Ives down very narrow, steep, dimly-lit streets, some of which were cobbled. We came out on to a quay glittering with bright lights and thronged with people. We found our friends and they showed us where to park the car. The car stayed in the car park for the two weeks we were in St. Ives, because the streets are so narrow and twisting that it is almost impossible to get a car through them.

Our friends had rented two storeys of a house right on the quay; we could not see where we were in the darkness, only the reflections of the lights. Our house was three storeys high but only two rooms and a staircase wide. Our rooms were on the top floor under the roof, the ceilings were slanted and we looked through little dormer windows over the harbour. We had no dining-room or sitting-room, and the whole house consisted of bedrooms and bathrooms. We were to go for our meals to a boarding house up the road.

We awoke next morning to a fine day, the sky was tinged with pink, and the water was lapping on the sand just below our window. There were several small yachts bobbing in the harbour, and the fishing fleet had just come in and were unloading their catch into horse-drawn carts that stood on an iron scale set in the cobblestones. Fish does not look nearly as repulsive straight from the sea as on a fishmonger's slab.

We dressed and walked along the quay past the innumerable homely little cafes, which, towards the end of our stay, we knew well, such as the "Copper Kettle" with its black beams, and windows that looked as if they were made with the bottoms of bottles, while inside the tables were laid with red-checked gingham cloths to match the gay curtains. We walked past the cafes, the souvenir shops, where you have to go down steps in order to get inside, and the amusement park which looks so out of place, past the lifeboat house, with its gleaming paint and brasswork. Then we turned a corner and started

climbing a steep, narrow cobbled road, and, looking down, I saw at my feet a window, and inside the window a tray covered with cotton-wool and, on this, precious and semi-precious stones which looked as if they had been put out for "Kim's Game," and, poring over them was a little old man with a magnifying glass in his eye; I always stopped to watch him at work on my way to breakfast.

Often we used to go down to Porthmeor beach and splash and ride the surf on the great white Atlantic breakers. On the farther side of the beach the sea pounds on rocky cliffs and the spray flies high into the air.

After our days on the beach we would come home and tidy up, then go for supper to one of the cafes, eat fresh fish, or steak and chips, or lobster or crab with salad, followed by ice cream and fruit salad, horribly fattening, but absolutely delicious. One day we decided to try a new place that the "Good Food Club" had recommended. The "Good Food Club" knew what was good, but they did not know the price, so we continued to frequent our cafes. Afterwards we would go into the amusement hall and spend large numbers of pennies in machines.

"The Old Smuggler Inn" is very famous, apparently, though I had not heard of it, until we lived next door but one. Next door was a milk bar, not the usual sort of milk bar, with chromium slating and juke boxes, though it had a juke box which was pushed insignificantly into the corner. However, the younger people would gather there while the parents gathered in "The Old Smuggler."

The lifeboat was called out three times while we were there, and the slipway was just opposite our house. The boat was towed from its shed up the quay to the slipway by a red tractor; a very difficult and slow process.

St. Ives is famed for its artists, who paint lovely pictures of Norway Cottage and its geraniums, and the harbour. There is one street which is inhabited solely by artists. I do not know if they come only for the summer, but I should think so. You can get a portrait done in oils, pastels, water-colour or just pencil sketches, and most of them are very good.

I shall never forget St. Ives and shall always want to go back. I should like to rent one of the little houses with slanting roofs along the quay; there was one painted sky blue with pink geraniums in its window boxes. This sounds ugly, but the colours blend beautifully with the golden sand printed with seagulls' feet when the tide goes out. I am very partial to fresh fried fish and chips and St. Ives has the best fish and chips in England. The only drawbacks are that in winter the sea sprays right over the house with blue paint, and in summer there are too many holidaymakers, and I have no money nor time to settle down yet, but I shall keep it in mind, and until such time as I have some money and time, I have a Cornish kelpie on my charm bracelet, and a book of photographs called "The Beauty of St. Ives."



OLD AGE

Form VIb

MAUREEN VAN PLETZEN

A SPIDER'S SOLILOQUY

Form Ia

JANET JOHNSON

"I still feel somewhat muzzy-headed after that party last night. I reckon it was the champagne—or the whisky, for I've heard tell that liquor does make a spider feel funny-like. Ah! It was a good party. Everyone was there. I wasn't invited, I never am invited, for those so-called friends of mine seem to think I don't speak well enough to meet their fine relations. Nothing wrong with my speaking, I'm sure, but perhaps they are jealous of my beautiful wife. It isn't all wives who have striped legs. Yes, it was a good party, even if I did have to gate-crash.

"When I awoke this morning, I said to myself: 'Joshua, you really must make more fly traps, for here you are with a family of nineteen young spiders, whose appetites grow larger every day. Soon you won't be able to feed them all, so you must set to work to-day, and no shirking, mind, for you'll have to do it sooner or later.' That's why I'm sitting here working. I think I'd better make about a dozen more traps, just to be on the safe side. Phew! The sun is hot. I think I'll—now, Joshua, no shirking! Just you sit where you are and get on with your work! I do wish trap making wasn't such hot work.

"Who's that loafer sleeping under that leaf? Why! Rastus I believe. But he's a good polite lad, and he helps his mother with the quads.

"That's nine traps made. The other three shouldn't take long. Why! What's that? Oh good! It's my wife Emma telling me that my lunch is ready. I'll leave those traps till later, in case Rastus gets there before me."

Midnight in the Churchyard

Form IIIc

MERLE NICHOLSON

Late one rainy night as I was walking home after visiting a friend, I walked past the churchyard; everything was quiet and still and something inside me made me want to explore.

So, pushing open the rusty gate which creaked and groaned, I walked bravely up the overgrown footpath. When I was about to open the door, I heard a blood-curdling scream which came from just above me. Petrified, I stood still and for some moments dared not move. After plucking up enough courage I looked up only to see an owl glaring angrily at me.

As I walked, my footsteps echoed in the stillness of the night, and all around me dark still forms appeared in the silvery moonlight. The large wooden door creaked as I carefully pushed it open. Inside the church the moonlight was streaming in the windows, leaving a dim eerie light by which I could imagine almost anything.

I walked down the aisle and my heart seemed to be hanging against my side. Suddenly there was a bang behind me. I screamed and not waiting to see that it was only a hymn book that had fallen off the pew, I raced outside and did not stop running until I was safely down the road.

The next time I explore a churchyard it will be in broad daylight!

AN EXCITING DAY

(By a Puppy)

Form Ib

ANNA VILJOEN

One day I decided to explore the garden, and the wide world outside.

I ran all around the garden, and suddenly recognized a faint, rabbity smell. I saw a hole under the fence and inside there was a female rabbit who merely glanced at me, and said in a bad-mannered way: "Get out of my way."

I ran off into the street and chased a little boy, biting into his flesh with my sharp, little teeth.

When I passed a butchery, I let go and entered the butchery. I seized a piece of meat and ran homewards, with the postman, the butcher's boy, and a newspaper boy at my heels.

I ran across the street, and suddenly I saw a policeman chasing a "scruffy" looking man ahead of me. I stopped immediately and then gave chase. I bit him hard on the ankles, and held on until the policeman came to catch him.

The policeman was very pleased with me, and told the postman, the butcher's boy, and the newspaper boy to leave me alone. I felt very proud of myself, especially when the photographer printed three photographs of me in "The Times," and my mistress was given a reward.

EXAM. HOWLERS

IIIb French: Translation of "Je ne peux pas trouver ma bague de rubis":

"I can't find my bag of rubbish."

HOUSE NOTES

House	Head	Staff	Captain	House Prefects	Position	House Achievements
ATHLONE	Mrs. Sibson	Mrs. Winter Mrs. Howarth Mrs. Smith Miss Behrman	Ann Ferguson	M. Farrell M. Goldman M. Beets	Third	A. Ferguson: Tennis Team A. Ferguson: Netball Team M. Beets: Hockey Team " Matabeleland Junior Hockey Team " Swimming Team " Gymnastic Team (Winner) " Gymnastic Colours C. Meikle: Gymnastic Team A. Greenwell: Under 15 Hockey Team A. Yates-Smith: Form I Hockey Team M. Beets: Bronze Cross J. Stinton: Tennis Team J. Stinton: Netball Colours E. Morgenstein: Rounders Team W. Welman: Rhodes Trustee Essay A. Ferguson: Selous Essay M. Favell: Swimming Team H. Ham: Swimming Team Runners-up in House Tennis, 1954
BUXTON	Miss Smith Mrs. Davies (Acting Head)	Mrs. Berry Mrs. Bodmer Mrs. Sperring	Pat Olivier	D. Graddon C. Lewis O. Schegar R. Hulett A. Palphromand	Seventh	R. Hulett: Tennis Team R. Hayes: Tennis Team S. Jonker: Gymnastics Team M. Steyn: Hockey Team C. Barker: Swimming Team R. Hayes: Swimming Team First in Inter-House Gala, 1954 P. Crowther-Smith: Milne Langdon Bursary C. Lewis: Salisbury Eisteddfod—Prose (Honours) M. J. Davies: Salisbury Eisteddfod—Prose (Honours) W. Bowen: Salisbury Eisteddfod—Verse (Honours) C. Lewis: Rhodes Trustee Essay D. Graddon: Rhodes Trustee Essay D. Graddon: Typewriting Diploma C. Lewis: Dolan-Markova Medal P. Olivier: Ellis Wright Memorial Prize
CONNAUGHT	Miss Wilby	Mrs. Robertson Mrs. Donkin Miss David	F. Keet	M. Marais B. Lerman L. Pound	Eighth	M. Marais: Hockey Team M. Marais: Matabeleland Hockey Team J. van den Berg: Tennis Team J. Penny: Matabeleland Swimming Team J. Parry: Morgan Cup, 1954 L. Pound: Softball Team V. Silberberg: Rhodes Trustee Essay M. Gruschka: Salisbury Eisteddfod—Prose M. Gruschka: Salisbury Eisteddfod—Verse L. Pound: McLellan Chemistry Prize
GLADSTONE	Miss Horn Mrs. Dawes (Acting Head)	Mrs. Bacon Miss Tyson	L. Arnold	M. van Pletzen R. Gaffen M. Manning	First	M. van Pletzen: Hockey Team " Matabeleland Hockey Team " Gymnastic Team " Softball Team R. Gaffen: Tennis Team " Hockey Team " Matabeleland Hockey Team D. Phillips: Hockey Team D. Phillips: Matabeleland Hockey Team E. Frupp: Netball Team J. Gates-Smith: Under 15 Hockey Team E. Aldridge: Under 15 Hockey Team R. Manning: McLellan Chemistry Prize " Gymnastic Colours " Softball Colours " Salisbury Eisteddfod (Prose) L. Arnold: Rhodes Trustee Essay H. du Plessis: Rhodes Trustee Essay M. Steyn: Salisbury Eisteddfod M. van Pletzen: Runner-up, Dolan-Markova Medal

HOUSE NOTES (continued)

House	Head	Staff	Captain	House Prefects	Position	House Achievements
LANGDON	Miss Waudby Miss Williams (2nd Term)	Miss Trenent Miss Johnson Miss Palmer Miss Wellington Miss Williams	Lola Higgs	B. Ashley T. Chalmers F. Loraine-Grews E. Paterson E. Snyman C. van Ryneveld J. Slabbert R. Koen	Second	F. Loraine-Grews: Netball Team J. Slabbert: Netball Team J. Slabbert: Netball Colours B. Ashley: Hockey Team B. Ashley: Matabeleland Junior Hockey Team L. Higgs: Hockey Team " Matabeleland Junior Hockey Team " Hockey Colours A. Gracie: Under 15 Hockey Team W. Jones: Under 15 Hockey Team Second in Inter-House Hockey Second in Inter-House Netball Life-saving Shield—Runners-up J. Slabbert: Senior Music Cup L. Whitehead: Salisbury Eisteddfod—Prose
McINTOSH	Mrs. Hancock	Miss Potterton Miss Hobson Miss Sorour Miss Trengoning Miss Keegan	V. Madgen	S. Swart E. Walton W. Frost L. Liddle B. de Necker D. Veitch	Sixth	First in Inter-House Netball V. Murdoch: Netball Team M. Pass: Under 15 Netball Team J. Swart: Under 15 Netball Team I. de Wet: Under 15 Netball Team J. Alport: Under 15 Netball Team S. Oosthuizen: Form I Netball Team C. Holland-Smith: Form I Netball Team E. Walton: Softball Team S. McNeill: Under 15 Hockey Team B. Banks: Form I Hockey Team C. Bond: Form I Hockey Team Second in Inter-House Gala, 1954 P. Rattray: Intermediate Championship Cup S. Swart: Salisbury Eisteddfod—Prose S. Swart: Selous Essay (1954)
NORTHWARD	Miss Harvie Miss Williams (Acting Head)	Miss Behrman Miss Grey Miss Gwinnell Miss de Klerk Miss Roland	M. McDonald	W. Mountford A. Fuller E. Wright M. Lassman V. Bindon J. Christie	Fourth	M. McDonald: Hockey Team M. McDonald: Matabeleland Junior Hockey Team L. Tarr: Hockey Team L. Tarr: Matabeleland Junior Hockey Team P. Fuller: Hockey Team E. Wright: Hockey Team P. Fuller: Tennis Team N. Kemp: Netball Team S. Swanson: Netball Team F. du Preez: Netball Team I. Grayvenstein: Under 15 Netball Team T. Botha: Under 15 Netball Team J. van Wyk: Under 15 Netball Team G. Christie: Under 15 Hockey Team P. Tarr: Under 15 Hockey Team Life-saving Shield Rounders Cup Hockey Cup Tennis Cup, 1954 V. Schofield: Salisbury Eisteddfod, 1955 (Prose) V. Schofield: Rhodes Trustee Essay
SELBORNE	Miss Williams	Miss Hadfield Mrs. Lavelle Mrs. Bins-Ward	L. Moore	A. Meldrum E. Wolferman J. Steyn	Fifth	C. Moore: Runner-up, Junior Tennis Championship Z. Lazarus: Selous Essay J. Steyn: Gymnastics Team I. Schaska: Under 15 Hockey Team V. Calver: Under 15 Hockey Team D. Gent: Under 15 Hockey Team O. Kerswell: Under 15 Hockey Team D. Gent: Swimming Team C. Moore: Tennis Team J. Steyn: Tennis Team L. Moore: Softball Team P. Partridge: Softball Team F. Turtledove: Rhodes Trustee Essay P. Partridge: Hockey Team

DERATING SOCIETY

We regret to record the temporary passing of this companion of our School leisure hours. Miss Rowland officiated, the pall-bearers were Lindsay Arnold and Wendy Mountford, and the chief mourners were Lesley Pound, Freda Keet and Rosalind Manning.

However, it is always darkest before the dawn, and there is hope of reincarnation. Faint stirrings of life have become evident and we have hopes of a complete revival in the near future.

W.M.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Rehearsals for this year's play, Gordon Daviot's modern drama, "Richard of Bordeaux," commenced during the first term, although the play was actually performed towards the end of the second term. The play was rather an ambitious undertaking for school-girls, but it afforded tremendous scope to a great many members of the Dramatic Society, among whom the play was extremely popular.

"Richard of Bordeaux" is set in the year 1385, during the reign of Richard II, and is a very real and very human story; the exotic costumes of this period were authentically copied and beautifully made by Mrs. V. Bodmer, assisted by the non-acting members of the Society. The realistic scenery was constructed by Mr. H. Potts and Miss P. Rowland assisted, and the decor was ably supervised by Miss N. Wilby, assisted by some of the School's art enthusiasts. The lighting was once again controlled by Mr. F. Gearing, whom we should like to thank for his continued interest in the Dramatic Society. We should also like to extend our warm thanks to Miss D. E. Williams, our stage manager, and Mrs. C. Davies for make-up.

The play was very well received by our Bulawayo audiences, who were sincerely appreciative; we would very much have liked to have taken "Richard of Bordeaux" further afield, but owing to the exceptionally large cast this was not possible. The credit for this very successful production must go to the unflagging efforts of Miss J. Smith, the producer, who is now enjoying a well-deserved holiday overseas.

We hope to increase still further the highly favourable reputation of our Dramatic Society, and are eagerly anticipating next year's production.

FREDA KEET.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

During the first term of this year we prepared and performed a play for a Parent-Teachers' Association meeting at the end of the term. The play, "Old Wives' Tales," dates back as far as Shakespeare and allowed for a large cast. Everyone in the cast managed her own costume, members of the Society made and arranged the scenery, of which there was a

minimum. We should like to thank Mrs. Davies and the two seniors who coached and helped us with the make-up, and Lesley Pound for her able assistance with the lighting.

It was decided in the second term that our next project would have to include a number of members who had been left out in the first term's activities. At first we had meetings consisting of charades, play readings and stage craft, but towards the end of term we planned our programme for the rest of the year.

The Society has divided into small groups, each of which is preparing some form of entertainment for our Entertainment Evening at the end of term. This promises to be of a high standard since each group is working hard at play, words, and plans and arranging costumes and other necessities. Each Society member will bring a friend to this entertainment where the most enjoyable performance is to be chosen by popular vote. This meeting will conclude with a party among the performers and their guests.

Throughout the year we have derived a great deal of fun from our meetings and we have enjoyed working together. We are sorry to have to lose a number of our valuable members to the Senior Society next year, but we are confident that they will be very useful there and give them our good wishes.

F.J.

FENCING NOTES

During the past year the interest in Fencing has not been quite as great as it was last year. Nearly all the girls who took Fencing last year have now left school and there are only three proficient members left.

We started a new class at the beginning of the year with six members, one of whom later had to leave us. Unfortunately Mr. Golden, our instructor, has been very ill and has been unable to take us. As a result we have not progressed very much. But we hope that with next year more girls will join our ranks and we will be able to start a new class with renewed enthusiasm.

ELEANOR FRIPP.

THE GARDENING CLUB

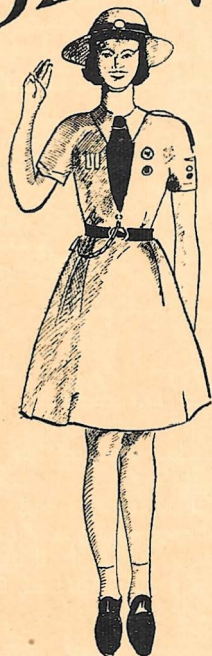
The Gardening Club was started last year by Mrs. Shaw and Miss Wilby, and this year has done extremely well in its task of making the School gardens presentable.

A lawn, and many seedlings, some of which were generously contributed by parents of the girls and the Club's two supervisors, have been planted, and the front grounds are flourishing.

At the beginning of the year we had a good attendance on Fridays, but unfortunately many members left owing to other afternoon activities. However, our numbers are on the increase again, and we hope to succeed in creating a garden of which to be proud.

GERALDINE VAN DER WATT.

GUIDE NOTES



This year the School Guide Company has been working satisfactorily and we congratulate Louise Ladbrook on gaining her First Class badge. We also congratulate Wendy Jones, Norma de Klerk, Marie du Preez, Hester Wrey and Rose Herbst on gaining their Second Class badge. We hope to see them, as well as Radiane Prescott, Valerie Inskipp, Rosemary Leeds, Alison Williamson and Peta Fuller, who have almost completed their First Class tests, First Class Guides soon. We also hope that those who are almost Second Class will work hard and also go ahead with their Guiding. We are very pleased to know that Rosemary Leeds has obtained her Little House emblem and that a number of Guides have gained Proficiency badges.

Miss Tyson left us at the end of the mid-term as she has gone to spend a year in England. The Company gave her a Conway Stewart pen as a parting gift. We miss her a great deal and are looking forward to her return. We are very grateful to Miss Mawhinnie, who has taken Miss Tyson's place until she returns, and we should also like to thank her two friends who are acting as Lieutenants.

A number of Guides from our Company camped for a week-end near the Hillside Dams on the site that is lent to Bulawayo Guides by Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, and they all had a very enjoyable week-end. One of our Second Class Guides, Rosemary Leeds, attended the Inter-Racial Camp which was held at the Matopos during the August-September holidays.

Next term we are hoping to have a social evening in the Allan Welsh Hall and we are very grateful to Miss Powell, who has kindly allowed us the use of the hall.

MUSIC NOTES

In reviewing the musical activities in this last year, it is evident that progress has been made by many pupils in both examinations and competitions.

We are especially proud of the excellent results gained by last year's Forms IIa, IIIa and IVa in the Associated Board Class Singing Examination. While on the subject of singing, we should like to congratulate Mrs. Dawes on the continued high standard of singing in the School as shown in the Class Singing Competitions.

With regard to the Class Singing and Instrumental Competitions held during the year, we should like to express our sincere thanks to the following adjudicators: Mr. Fenn, Mrs. Scott and Mr. Lourie.

Mr. Thorn has started violin classes in the School and is to be congratulated on the results achieved. Our dwindling hopes of having a School orchestra have now been revived!

As visiting artists to the School this year we had Mr. Hugh Tracy, who gave an extremely entertaining lecture on "African Music," and Miss Gertrude Collins and Lady Herbert, who gave a most interesting violin and piano recital.

In addition to the above artists, the School was given the opportunity of attending public recitals by Joan Hammond, the Vienna Boys' Choir and Solomon.

Our thanks go to the Municipal Orchestra for continuing to make available a number of seats for the School for every concert.

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS AND COMPETITION RESULTS, 1954 and 1955

Perry Cup Competition (Instrumental):

Third Term, 1954: Lynette Payne.

Second Term, 1955: Juliana Slabbert.

Brittain Cup Competition (Instrumental):

Third Term, 1954: Yvonne Masters.

Second Term, 1955: Barbara Quick.

Class Singing Competitions, 1955:

Senior: Winners, Forms VI and Va.

Junior: Winners, Form IIa.

Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Class Singing Examinations, 1954:

Grade II: Merit—Form IIa.

Grade III: Pass—Form IIIa.

Grade IV: Merit—Form IVa.

Practical Examinations, 1955:

Grade I: Merit, J. Greyvenstein; Pass, C. Holland-Smith.

Grade III: Merit, P. Read.

Grade IV: Pass, Y. Masters; M. Pass, B. Quick.

Grade V: Pass, S. Swart.

Grade VI: Pass, E. Paterson.

Theoretical Examinations, 1955:

Grade V: Pass, A. Rixon-Fuller, M. McDonald, V. Madgen, E. Paterson.

LIBRARY NOTES

This year the Library committee consists mainly of new members, who have done very valuable work in helping to run the Library.

Miss Horn, the library mistress, left to go on leave at the end of the first term, but she has made up for her absence by sending to us nearly £200 worth of books from England.

The fiction, science, travel and French sections of the Library have all been greatly enlarged by the addition of these books. Another large consignment of books is expected before the end of November, and I hope that many more people will take the opportunity of reading these books.

The History section has been completely re-organized and divided into five sections to facilitate selection of books.

Our sincere thanks go to Miss David, Miss Gwinnell and the assistant librarians for the splendid job of work they have done this year.

P. OLIVER, Form Vb.

The Junior Naturalist Society

Much of the fun of being a member of the Junior Naturalist Society is that we join several other schools in our activities. We have had two meetings and one outing this year. The first was a film show, when Mr. Garley, of Milton Senior School, showed some thrilling films he had taken in the Wankie and Kruger Game Reserves. Another afternoon he showed us his collection of colour slides of many beauty spots of the Federation. He had many showing our great variety of plant life from giant baobabs to minute lichens struggling for existence on the bare granite of the Matopos.

Our visit to the Khami Ruins took place one Saturday morning last term, when a coach was hired for about 40 boys and girls from various schools. We had time to hunt for souvenirs, to explore exciting passages and form our own theories of the origin of the ruins, before Mr. Robinson, an American archaeologist, gave us the facts and showed us the various levels of habitation.

We are glad to see that an increasing number of Eveline girls are becoming interested in the Society.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

The Society owes much this year to the interest and encouragement shown by Miss Behrman, who succeeded Mrs. Waring at the beginning of the year.

Our first term meetings took the form of two excursions, the first to the Gotz Observatory to study meteorological instruments, and the second to the Matopos to study rock formation.

Early in the second term Mr. Smithers gave us a talk on the Makarikari Salt Pan and showed us some films, while towards the end of the term Miss Behrman showed us colour transparencies of her recent trip overseas.

This term it has been arranged for Dr. Bond, from the Museum, to talk to us, and Miss Waudby will show some films on glaciers. Miss Williams will also give us a talk. We are looking forward to all these meetings.

This year has proved a most profitable one and we hope the Society will continue to flourish.

W. MOUNTFORD.

ST. JOHN NOTES

We have only a few members in our division this year.

The annual Cadet competition took place in Salisbury. Unfortunately our team lost in the elimination trials in Bulawayo and so were unable to compete in Salisbury. Our new hall will soon be completed and we hope to have all our classes there.

This year's team consists of: M. Schwim (capt.), L. Goatley, G. West and L. Hardy.

M. SCHWIM.

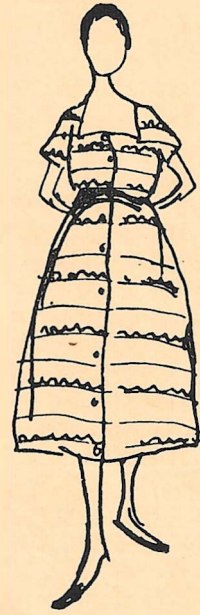


LANDSCAPE

CANDID COMMENTS



Form VIa



CYNTHIA LEWIS

STAFF NOTES

We hope that Miss Horn, Miss Smith, Miss Harvie and Miss Tyson are benefiting by their well-deserved leave and are pleased to hear about them from time to time.

Miss Horn and Miss Prosser, who is teaching in England, hit the headlines of the Rhodesian and South African Press a month or more ago when they were put off the train on the border of Yugoslavia as their passports were not in order. They had been on holiday in Austria. All ended well with the help of the Foreign Office.

Miss Munro has now sailed from Singapore and is on her way to Australia and New Zealand, where, no doubt, she will find much to interest her. We regretted her departure from us after her long faithful service, both to Northward and to the School. We wish her good fortune in her new life.

We wish to welcome back to the staff Miss Waudby, Miss Trennent, Miss David, Miss Potterton and Mrs. Robertson, who enjoyed their holidays thoroughly and returned both stimulated and refreshed. A big thank you is extended to Miss Williams, our Deputy Headmistress, for so generously filling the position of Superintendent at Langdon while Miss Waudby was on leave, and again at Northward in the last term when she relieved Miss Howie.

Eveline had the excitement of a staff wedding

at the end of the first term. Miss Clews was married to Mr. Anderson. We said farewell to her at the end of the second term, and to Mrs. Nickles, who had done yeoman service in the office for seven years. We hope they are very happy in their new surroundings.

Congratulations to Mrs. Waring on the birth of a daughter—a future brilliant Eveline scholar, we trust!

We should also like to welcome new members of the staff, both from overseas and elsewhere, including Miss Williams, who took Miss Prosser's place, Miss Rowland, Miss Wellington, Miss Tregoning, Miss de Klerk, Mrs. Vernom, Mrs. Halle and Mrs. Berry. Mrs. Bodmer has returned to the School staff once more and Mrs. Bradley came back for a term.

It was with regret that we heard of the passing of Miss Olive Carpenter in Accra. She had just returned from long leave to her post as Librarian at the University there. Several of the staff remember Miss Carpenter, who was Latin mistress during the war years and left in 1945 to take a Librarian's course at Cape Town University. To her mother and her great friend, Mrs. Capstick, we offer our deep sympathy.

We give our very best wishes to members of the staff who are leaving at the end of the year.

N.M.L.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1954

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

8 Credits:

L. A. Foster, E. Lowenstein, E. D. Wolferman.

7 Credits:

J. E. Bezuidenhout, J. C. Colin, M. M. Herbst, A. R. Hulett, E. Keet, R. S. Manning, L. V. Pound, P. A. Walker.

6 Credits:

D. P. Alberston, M. M. Butler, N. F. Clough, H. A. Ferguson, R. R. Gaffen, A. Gordon, D. R. Jacobsen, M. A. Marais, A. R. Meldrum, D. A. Schegar, A. N. Soutter, P. A. Stanley, S. Swart, M. Van Pletzen.

5 Credits:

L. E. Arnold, M. J. Boulter, A. R. Fuller, J. Jowett, N. F. Kemp, V. M. Madgen, L. W. McKenzie, L. J. Moore, J. N. H. Roffey, H. L. Share.

4 Credits:

J. U. Austin, M. E. R. McDonald, E. A. C. Paterson, G. M. Whitehouse, M. K. Whittaker.

3 Credits:

H. C. Cargill, E. C. Walton.

1 Credit:

M. Paterson.

2 Supplementary Credits:

M. H. Cargill, A. P. Haresign, J. C. Stinton, J. D. Sutcliffe.

1 Supplementary Credit:

M. Paterson, B. E. Webb, S. Gershbone, W. A. Mountford, S. Shmukler.

Higher School Certificate:

P. Crowther-Smith: General Paper (Dist.), English Literature, French, Geography, History.

Subsidiary Higher School Certificate:

M. H. J. Cargill: General Paper, English Literature.

D. P. Dolan: General Paper, English Literature, Geography, Biology.

A. P. Haresign: General Paper, English Literature, Biology.

C. M. Lewis: General Paper, Latin, English Literature, History.

I. N. Scott: General Paper, Afrikaans.

J. C. Stinton: General Paper, Geography.

J. W. Sutcliffe: General Paper, English Literature.

F. E. Tonkin: General Paper, English Literature.

S. L. Wagner: General Paper, French, English Literature.

S. A. Youatt: General Paper, English Literature, Mathematics, Afrikaans.

O. M. Young: General Paper, English Literature, Geography, Biology.

GOVERNMENT BURSARY, 1954

Pauline Crowther-Smith.

1955 AWARDS

SALISBURY EISTEDDFOD, 1955

Literature:

Honours Certificates

Prose:

17-19 years: Cynthia Lewis.

12-13 years: Mary-Jane Davies.

Verse:

12-13 years: Wendy Bowen.

2nd Grade

Prose:

15-17 years: Salome Swart.

13-15 years: Valerie Schofield.

12-13 years: Monica Gruschka.

Verse:

12-13 years: Moira Steyn.

3rd Grade:

Prose:

15-17 years: Rosalind Manning.

13-15 years: Lucy Whitehead.

13-15 years: Judy Laidler.

Verse:

12-13 years: Monica Gruschka.

1. **Dolin-Markova Medal:** C. Lewis (outstanding literary work); Runner-up, M. van Pletzen (Art).

2. **Ellis Wright Memorial History Prize:**

Patricia Olivier.

3. **McLellan Chemistry Prize:** R. Manning and L. Pound.

4. **Wallace Latin Prize:** No award.

5. **Selborne House Junior Prize:** Ann Crozier.

6. **Northward House Junior Prize:** Edith Swanson.

Rhodes Trustees English Competition, 1955:

Group 2: Hester du Plessis.

Group 3: Valerie Schofield.

Group 4: Wendy Welman.

Group 5: Vera Silberberg, Freda Turtledove.

Group 6: Cynthia Lewis, Lindsay Arnold.

Group 7: Diana Graddon.

Milne Langdon Scholarship, 1955:

Pauline Crowther-Smith.

N.T.C. EXAMINATION RESULTS

NOVEMBER, 1954

* = Distinction (C) = Full Distinction

Commercial Subjects—Standard VII Grade:

B. Lerman (Bookkeeping); L. E. Liddle (French); M. H. Reid (Bookkeeping); J. V. B. Robinson (Bookkeeping); M. M. Roets (Bookkeeping); L. D. Tarr (Bookkeeping).

Commercial Subjects—Junior Grade:

M. E. Abreu-Rino (Bookkeeping*, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting*, Portuguese*, Arithmetic); S. M. Benzies (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting); S. E. Bowne (Bookkeeping, Typewriting); J. J. A. Calver (Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., French) (C); Y. J. Clover (Typewriting, Bookkeeping); A. J. Davis (Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); C. J. Dodds (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting); S. F. du Preez (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 60 w.p.m., Typewriting) (C); M. D. E. Ellis (English, Typewriting, Bookkeeping); W. Frost (English); M. A. Garner (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting); N. A. Goosen (English); R. Green (Afrikaans, Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.*) (C); B. P. Lerman (English); L. E. Liddle (Typewriting); F. C. Loraine-Grews (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting*); E. A. Palterman (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting); C. J. Parker (Arithmetic, Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); R. E. S. Peattie (Arithmetic, Typewriting); B. S. Peiser (English); M. H. Reid (English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting); M. M. Roets (Afrikaans, English); J. B. W. Slabbert (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting*) (C); M. M. Smith (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Typewriting); E. Snyman (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Geography, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting*) (C); L. M. Spenser-Higgs (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting) (C); I. N. Steyn (English, Typewriting); A. N. Sullivan (English, Bookkeeping); M. I. Sullivan (English, Bookkeeping); A. Talbot (English, Bookkeeping); L. D. Tarr (English, Typewriting); D. E. Taylor (English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 60 w.p.m., Typewriting); J. E. N. Wright (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Shorthand, 60 w.p.m., Typewriting) (C).

Commercial Subjects—Intermediate Grade:

J. J. A. Calver (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Arithmetic); Y. J. Clover (English); A. J. Davis (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting); D. M. Graddon (English, Bookkeeping*, Typewriting*); R. Green (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Arithmetic); C. Parker (English, Typewriting); G. E. M. Peattie (Bookkeeping); L.

Rowe (English); J. P. Van den Bergh (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting); E. M. Waring (Bookkeeping); M. Werth (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Afrikaans).

Commercial Subjects—Senior Grade:

D. M. Graddon (Shorthand, 100 w.p.m., Typewriting*); R. Green (Typewriting); C. Parker (Typewriting); J. P. Van den Bergh (Typewriting*).

Domestic Science—Standard VII Grade:

L. J. Combrinck (Cookery, Physiology and Hygiene); A. E. Fleet (Cookery, Physiology and Hygiene); D. Fogarty (Cookery); L. J. Helmuth (Cookery); A. M. Jansen (Cookery); A. U. Lester (Cookery); L. E. Marriott (Cookery, Physiology and Hygiene); D. M. Thompson (Cookery); C. B. Webb (Cookery).

Domestic Science—Junior Grade:

L. J. Combrinck (Child Care, Dressmaking); A. E. Fleet (Child Care); L. J. Helmuth (Dressmaking); A. U. Lester (Child Care); L. E. Marriott (Child Care); D. M. Thompson (Child Care).

JUNE, 1955

Commercial Subjects—Standard VII Grade:

W. Frost (Bookkeeping); L. E. Liddle (Bookkeeping); R. E. S. Peattie (Bookkeeping).

Commercial Subjects—Junior Grade:

A. E. Abrams (Typewriting); M. E. Abreu-Rino (English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.) (C); A. C. Browning (English, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Shorthand, 60 w.p.m., Typewriting*); J. J. A. Calver (Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); W. Frost (Typewriting); N. E. Kemp (English, Afrikaans, Arithmetic); G. Laurent (English); B. P. Lerman (Typewriting); L. E. Liddle (English); F. G. Loraine-Grews (English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.); R. E. S. Peattie (English); J. D. Phillips (English, Arithmetic, Typewriting*); J. B. W. Slabbert (Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); E. Snyman (Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); A. N. Sullivan (Typewriting); M. I. Sullivan (Typewriting); S. A. Swanson (Afrikaans); S. Van den Bergh (Typewriting); E. C. Walton (English).

Commercial Subjects—Intermediate Grade:

M. E. Abreu-Rino (Typewriting); S. F. du Preez (Afrikaans); F. C. Loraine-Grews (Typewriting); M. M. Roets (Afrikaans); J. B. W. Slabbert (Afrikaans, Typewriting); E. Snyman (Afrikaans); L. M. Spenser-Higgs (Afrikaans); J. E. N. Wright (Afrikaans, Typewriting).

Commercial Subjects—Senior Grade:

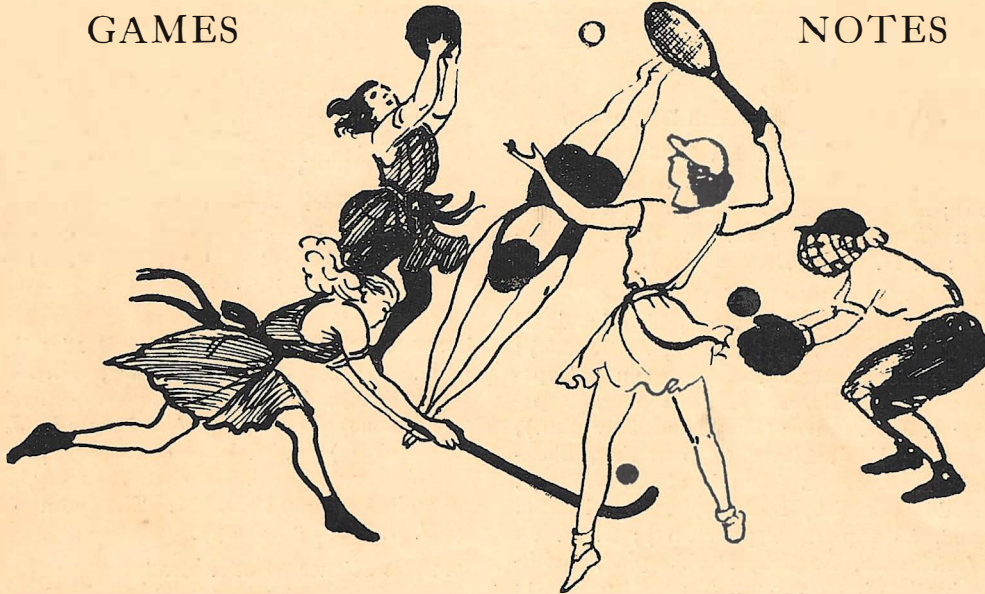
J. J. A. Calver (Bookkeeping); D. M. Graddon (Bookkeeping).

Commercial Subjects—Diploma Grade:

D. M. Graddon (Typewriting).

GAMES

NOTES



SCHOOL TEAMS

(cl = colours)

Hockey :

A Team : M. van Pletzen (capt.) cl, M. Marais, cl, M. Beets, R. Gaffen, M. Steyn, L. Tarr, P. Fuller, B. Ashley, D. Phillips, M. McDonald, cl, L. Higgs, cl.

B Team : M. Manning (capt.), M. Ashley, L. Moore, M. Honman, R. Wither, L. Liddle, A. Brooking, L. Ramsay, P. Partridge, T. Button, L. Pound.

C Team : E. Snyman (capt.), R. Mayes, D. Schegar, C. Dewar, J. Ogilvie, R. Manning, M. Davidson, P. L. Rattray, S. McNeill, E. Hesstein, G. Christie.

Under 15 : S. McNeill (capt.), D. Gent, W. Jones, L. Aldridge, P. Tarr, A. Gracie, V. Calver, I. Schalscha, O. Kerswell, G. Christie, E. Hesstein.

Netball :

A Team : J. Slabbert (capt.) cl, F. Loraine-Grews, A. Ferguson, E. Fripp, S. Swanson, V. Murdoch, F. du Preez.

B Team : V. Madgen (capt.), D. Wright, R. Koen, S. Swart, B. Bezuidenhout, B. Quick, L. Goatley.

Under 15 : T. Botha (capt.), J. van Wyk, M. Pass, J. Swart, J. Greyvenstein, J. Alport, I. de Wet.

Tennis :

A Team : R. Gaffen (capt.), R. Hulett, A. Ferguson, E. Lyon, C. Moore, P. Fuller, R. Hayes, J. Steyn.

B Team : M. Honman (capt.), M. Schwim, M. Goldman, J. Ogilvie, A. Baxter, S. Jonker, M. Farrell, M. Beets.

Softball :

A Team : E. Walton (capt.), M. van Pletzen, cl,

D. Wright, L. Moore, L. Tarr, P. Partridge, M. MacDonald, E. Wright, L. Pound, R. Manning.

B Team : J. Slabbert (capt.), C. Lyon, D. Phillips, L. Foster, P. L. Rattray, S. Swart, J. Hawkins, L. Liddle, V. Murdoch.

Star Gymnastics :

M. Beets, cl, R. Manning, cl, S. Jonker, J. Steyn, C. Meikle, M. van Pletzen.

INTER-FORM RESULTS

Folk Dancing :

Senior Picture won by Form Vc, d.

Junior Picture won by Form Ia.

Relay Races :

Senior Cup won by Form Vc, d.

Junior Cup won by Form Ie.

Deportment Awards :

3rd Term, 1954 : 7 girdles, 9 recommendations.

1st Term, 1955 : 8 girdles, 8 recommendations.

2nd Term, 1955 : 6 girdles, 26 recommendations.

In the 2nd Term, 1955, a complete check was made of deportment awards, and in consequence a number of girls with good deportment were discovered to have been left out of these awards.

A ruling has now been made that no girl will be included in the School gymnastic team in future unless she has won a deportment girdle.

Inter-House Results :

3rd Term, 1954 :

Tennis Cup won by Northward.

Swimming Cup won by Buxton.

1st Term, 1955 :

Rounders Cup won by Northward.

Life-saving Shield won by Northward.

2nd Term, 1955 :

Hockey Cup won by Northward.

Netball Cup won by McIntosh.



HOCKEY TEAM

Standing (left to right): R. GAFFEN, L. TARR, B. ASHLEY, D. PHILIPS,
E. WRIGHT, P. PARTRIDGE, L. HIGGS
Crouching (left to right): P. FULLER, M. McDONALD, M. VAN PLETZEN
(Captain), M. MARAIS, M. STEYN, M. BEETS



UNDER 15 HOCKEY TEAM

Standing (left to right): L. ALDRIDGE, O. KERSWELL, G. GAIT-SMITH,
D. GENT, P. TARR, G. CHRISTIE
Sitting (left to right): A. GRACIE, V. CALVER, S. McNEILL (Captain),
E. HEISTEIN, W. JONES, J. SCHALSHA

HOCKEY NOTES

By MAUREEN VAN PIETZEN

The 1955 Hockey season, though not entirely successful, has been an eventful and enjoyable one.

The 1st XI were slow in settling down, and some sweeping changes had to be made before they started to play as a real team.

Unfortunately, all our early matches were played "away," and on very varying types of ground; this seemed to upset our play and, in consequence, we lost to Guinea Fowl, Chaplin and the Salisbury schools.

However, we did much better in our League games, and also beat St. Peter's, Townsend and Convent, and we had our revenge on Guinea Fowl by winning our "home" match 3-1.

The Technical boys proved much too fast and wily for the Eveline girls, and beat us 5-1, and the hard-fought game against Eunice School's touring team was deservedly won by the visitors 0-4.

L. Higgs, our hard-kicking goalie, won her team colours this season.

For the first time in Eveline hockey history, we produced an Under 15 team, some of whom showed great promise. Although they lost their matches in Salisbury, they drew 1-1 with Guinea Fowl, and beat Convent and Northlea.

The "B" and "C" teams played regularly in the League fixtures, and some of their members should do well in the future.

After preliminary trials, nine Eveline players were selected to play in the Matabeleland side. This team, captained by Margaret MacDonald, drew with Midlands in a match played in Bulawayo.

The Rhodesian schoolgirls' trials took place later in Salisbury. We were sorry that no Matabeleland players were included in the Rhodesian side this year, but M. v. Pletzen, M. Marais and M. MacDonald all played in the Possibles versus Probables game.

The annual Staff versus School match resulted (by fair means or foul?) in a win for the Staff, the game being erratically controlled by our distinguished visitors, Lady Eveline Milton and Miss Langdon!

The School players were disguised as Mr. and Mrs. Eveline and family, while the Staff preened themselves in new maroon sports gyms. Miss Cassels presented the School with a pewter goblet, which was awarded by Miss Powell to the hard-worked Staff team.

The best of luck to Eveline hockey, and may many of our players win inclusion in future Rhodesian sides.

LIFE-SAVING NOTES

By MARGARET MACDONALD

Owing to the polio restrictions during the first term of this year, only those girls who had been working for Life-saving examinations in the previous term were allowed to continue classes.

The Life-saving Shield was awarded on the results of the third term, 1954, and first term, 1955, and was

won by Northward House, with Langdon as runner-up.

Results of examinations were as follows:—

Award of Merit, 2; Bronze Cross, 2; Instructor's Certificate, 1; Bronze Medallion, 9; Intermediate Certificate, 4; Elementary Certificate, 4; Total, 23.

A large number of girls are attending Life-saving classes this term, most of them from boarder Houses. We wish that more day scholars would take up Life-saving seriously.

T. Button and M. MacDonald are working for the Distinction Award, and hope to reach the required standard by the end of this term.

Mrs. Phillips (nee Daphne Forbes) an Eveline Old Girl who has won her Life-saving Diploma, has very kindly presented the School with a handsome cup, which will be awarded annually to the girl who has been the outstanding life-saver of the year.

We hope that all those who are working for examinations in Life-saving this term will be successful, and so help to keep up the School's high standard in Life-saving.

NETBALL NOTES

By JULIANA SLABBERT

The 1955 Netball season was a highly successful one. Not only did the new Under 15 team win all their matches and the 1st team all but one, but both teams travelled up to Que Que and Gatooma for "away" games, and we also had the pleasure of entertaining these teams in Bulawayo. Colours were awarded to Juliana Slabbert.

The Under 15 side showed great keenness, and so did the Form I team; these young players should do very well in the future.

The 2nd team were only able to play one match, which they unfortunately lost, but it is hoped that next year's 2nd team will be stronger.

McIntosh swept the board in the Inter-House matches, winning both senior and junior sections.

The Staff match caused a great sensation, as we were honoured by the presence of Lady Eveline Milton, who distinguished herself as shooter for the Staff team, and Miss Langdon was also present, though she did not take part in the game! The match was won by the Staff, but a very strong resistance was put up by the Eveline "Queens," who were their opponents.

Our thanks are extended to Miss Hadfield, who coached most of the Netball this season.

I hope that next year's teams will work with as much enthusiasm and team spirit as the teams did this season.

ROUNDERS NOTES

The Inter-House matches, played during the 1st term, 1955, were won by Northward, with Langdon taking second place, and Selborne third. Inter-school matches were cancelled owing to polio.

In the third term, many Form IIs transferred from Rounders to Softball, but Form Is went on



NETBALL TEAM

Standing (left to right): V. MURDOCH, F. DU PREEZ, E. FRIPP, S. SWANSON
 Kneeling (left to right): A. FERGUSON, J. SLABBERT (Captain), F. LORAINEGREWS



UNDER 15 NETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): J. VAN WYK, J. GREYVENSTEIN, I. DE WET, J. ALPORT
 Front Row (left to right): J. SWART, T. BOTHA (Captain), M. PASS

with Rounders, and won both their "A" and "B" matches against Coghlan School.

The Inter-Form matches will be played shortly, and so much keenness and promise is being shown by some of the Form I teams that the Form IIs will have to look to their laurels if they wish to retain the Inter-Form cup.

SOFTBALL NOTES

By ESTELLE WAITON

No League matches were played during the 1st term, 1955, owing to the polio restrictions, although practices continued and teams were picked.

This term we are exceedingly sorry to lose the services of Miss Berry Stroud, who has coached us for so long, but we are very grateful to two Eveline Old Girls, Mrs. Peters and Miss Ware, who have stepped into the breach and taken on our coaching.

So far, the 1st team are doing well in League matches, although the 2nd team have not been so fortunate. But many of their players are still inexperienced, although they show keenness.

A large number of Form IIs are starting Softball this term, and show promise. These girls should do very well next season.

SWIMMING NOTES

By DAWN SCHEGAR

No Swimming team was picked for 1955 as the Inter-School Gala had to be cancelled, and the polio epidemic also stopped any serious training.

The Inter-House Gala, usually held in the 3rd term, was also somewhat restricted, and the main events were taken a few at a time on Thursday afternoon. Results were as follows:—

MacDonald Inter-House Cup: Buxton, 230 points; runner-up, McIntosh, 176½ points.

Senior Championship Cup: E. Webb.

Inter-House Championship Cup: Pl. Rattray.

Junior Championship Cup: D. Gent.

Aitken Cup (free-style): E. Webb.

Diamond Cup (breast-stroke): D. Schegar.

Morgan Cup (back-stroke): J. Sutcliffe.

Howell Cup (Open Diving "A"): E. Webb.

Diving Cup (Open Diving "B"): M. MacDonald.

Junior Diving Cup: D. Gent.

Carpenter Relay Cup: Buxton.

Senior Inter-Form Relay Cup: Form IVb.

Junior Inter-Form Relay Cup: Form IIa.

One School record was broken, when Selborne House won the Inter-House Medley Relay (25 x 3) in 54.5 seconds.

Now that polio restrictions are over, swimmers are in training for the 1955 Inter-House Gala, which is to be held on 18th November, and also for the next Inter-School Gala, which will take place in Bulawayo next March, when we hope that Eveline swimmers will do well.

STAR GYMNASTICS NOTES

By MERLE BEETS

The Star Gymnastics competition was held at the end of the second term, the seven competitors consisting of six Eveline girls and one from Townsend, J. Cobb. She was included because she will be going to Bedford Physical Training College next year, and lacks facilities at Townsend School for advanced gymnastics. We were glad to have her with us.

As will be seen from the results, the competition was very keen, and the judges, Mrs. Cleaver and Mr. van der Watt, had a difficult task in selecting the winner.

The high standard attained by the team was, no doubt, due to the thorough training methods employed by Mrs. Kennedy, to whom our grateful thanks are extended for her hard work and for the extra time she put in when training the team.

Competition results were as follows:—

Star Gymnastic Cup won by M. Beets, 78 per cent. (colours); runner-up, J. Cobb, 77 per cent. (Townsend); 3rd, R. Manning, 76 per cent. (colours); 4th, M. v. Pletzen, 70 per cent.; 5th, S. Jonker and C. Meikle, 66 per cent.; 7th, J. Steyn, 60 per cent.

In the second week of the 3rd term, a display was given by the team for the Parents-Teachers' Association, which was well attended.

TENNIS NOTES

By ROSALINE GAFFEN

During the 1st term of this year, polio restrictions slowed down all sporting activities, with the result that no tennis teams were picked, nor matches played, and tennis players had much less practice than usual.

In spite of this, a few girls were allowed to compete in the Junior Matabeland Tennis Championships, and R. Gaffen and R. Hulett were able to reach the final round of the Under 18 Doubles, while R. Gaffen was runner-up in the Under 16 Singles event.

Now in the 3rd term tennis has once again begun seriously. The Under 15 sections are training hard, and we hope to select a team soon for local matches and to play Que Que Under 15's later on. Meanwhile the 1st and 2nd VIII's will have been picked and have played matches against St. Peter's, Queen Elizabeth School and Guinea Fowl. Unfortunately all these matches were lost.

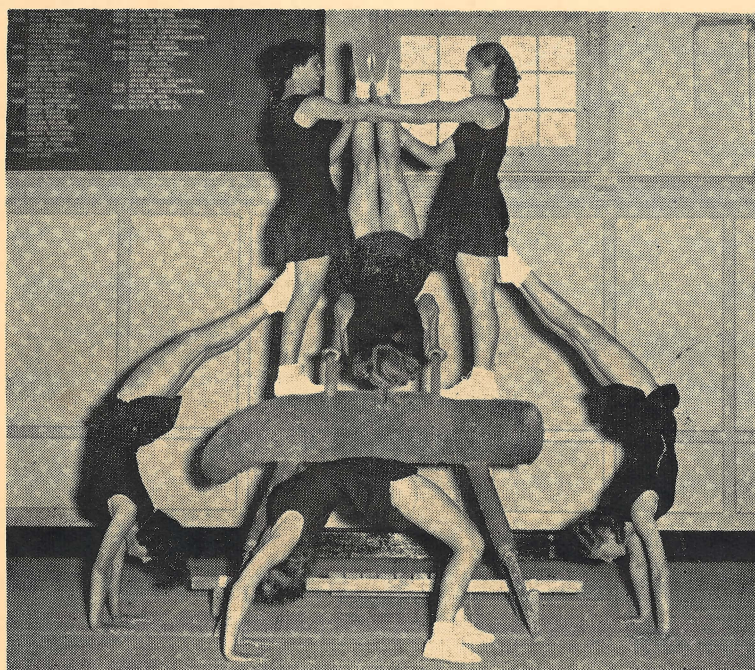
However, we are all eagerly looking forward to other matches, and hope by then to have reached a higher standard of play, with the help of Miss Wellington. She has now taken over the tennis section and we welcome her arrival to coach us.

The 1954 School Singles Championships were won by S. Youatt in the Senior section and G. Christie in the Under 15's. This year's championships have just started and we will soon be playing the 1955 Inter-House tennis matches.



GYMNASTIC TEAM

Sitting on the horse: M. BEETS (Capt.)
 Standing (l. to r.): M. VAN PLETZEN, R. MANNING
 Sitting (l. to r.): C. MEIKLE, J. STEYN, S. JONKER



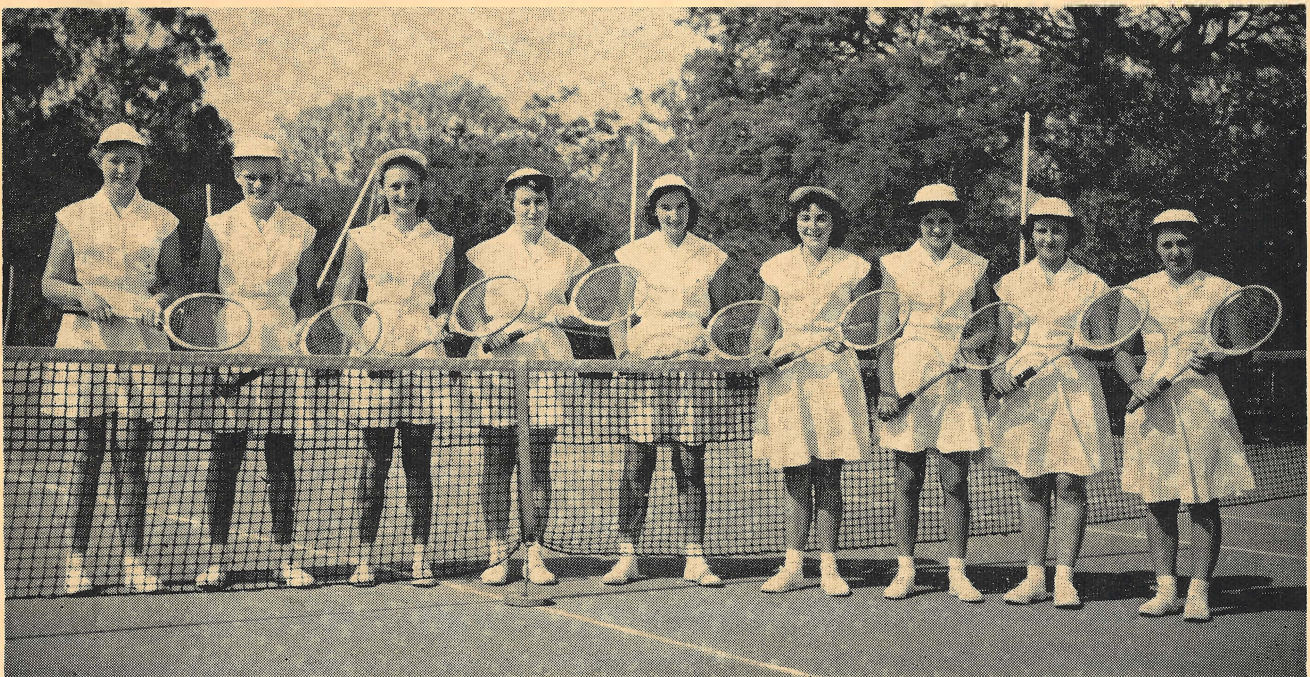
GYMNASTIC TABLEAU

Standing (left to right): M. VAN PLETZEN, M. BEETS
 Short-arm balance: R. MANNING
 Hand-stand (left to right): S. JONKER, J. STEYN
 Back-bend: C. MEIKLE



SOFTBALL TEAM

Standing (left to right): L. TARR, L. POUND, L. MOORE, E. WRIGHT, D. WRIGHT
 Crouching (left to right): P. PARTRIDGE, R. MANNING, E. WALTON (Captain),
 M. VAN PLETZEN, M. McDONALD



TENNIS TEAM

Left to Right: E. LYON, R. HAYES, J. STEYN, R. HULETT, A. FERGUSON,
 R. GAFFEN (Captain), C. MOORE, G. CHRISTIE, P. FULLER

Eveline Old Girls' Association

President: Miss W. M. Powell

Committee: Miss H. G. Harvie (Chairman), Mrs. G. Hart (Vice-Chairman), Mrs. F. Barbour (Treasurer), Miss C. Calder (Secretary), Mrs. P. Mutch (Social Secretary), Miss S. Sibson (Staff Representative), Mesdames Ritchie, Kiddle, Louth, Levy, Scott-Rodger and Miss S. Youatt.

Mrs. Louth has since tendered her resignation as she found it difficult to attend meetings.

A YEAR'S REVIEW

We were very pleased to hear of Miss Powell's appointment as Headmistress of the School, and we wish her many happy and successful years in her new position.

The Committee has worked keenly throughout the year. A Morning Market was held outside the City Hall in August, and the sum of £41 was realized for our Benevolent Fund. This fund was started last year to help any Eveline girl, with ability, who through unfortunate home circumstances would not be able to continue her studies. This year's benefactor is an Art student.

The monthly Luncheons at the Cecil Hotel continue to be popular, but new faces are always welcome. We have had some interesting speakers: Mrs. Ben Baron on "Young Housewives' attitude towards the African"; Mr. D. J. Avery on "Modern Art"; Mr. W. T. Brooks on Government matters; Mr. Lawson Nicholls on "Life at Luveve Village"; Mrs. Cargill on "Detective Stories"; Mrs. M. E. Fryer on "Early Days at Eveline"; and Mrs. T. Hubbard, who gave a demonstration on floral arrangement.

A large number of Old Girls gathered at our annual general meeting and dinner held at the Old Miltonians' Clubhouse in November, 1954. Among our guests were Mrs. E. J. Davies, who proposed the toast of the School. This was an opportunity for Old Girls to wish Mrs. Davies good luck on her retirement to the Cape. Mrs. N. MacDonald, the Mayoress, and Mrs. D. Goodwin, both Old Girls, and Miss Monica Coley, a St. Peter's Old Girl, were our other guest speakers.

The matter of Old Girls' blazers has now been settled. These blazers are now obtainable from Messrs. McCullagh & Bothwell, and for those girls wishing to have tailor-made blazers, from Messrs. Sanders, Ltd. The blazers may be purchased on production of current membership card.

Miss Harvie, our Chairman, left in September for a well-earned holiday overseas. We look forward to her return in January.

RAY HART, Vice-Chairman, E.O.G.A.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

This year we have had news of a number of Old Girls.

Avril Bushell, who trained as a nurse at the Bulawayo General Hospital, and who passed her State

Finals last December, was chosen to go to England under the auspices of the Princess Elizabeth Birthday Fund Scheme. She flew to Britain in May, and toured England, Scotland and Wales.

We hear that Bernice Shapiro (Kaplan) is in London, and Fanny Gershbone is studying engineering at a London Polytechnic College. She is working part-time with an engineering firm for practical experience.

Thelma Wallace is in New Zealand, Joan Hancock is married and lives in New Guinea, and Jill Marr-Levin (Huxtable) has gone to live near Fort Jameson. Daphne Trent, from Wankie, collected well over £3,000 for the Southern Rhodesia University Fund, and was chosen as the Bulawayo University Queen. Jean Blackburn, also from Wankie, was crowned Hockey Queen.

Noaleen Stafford, a soprano, who has been studying for six years with Count S. G. Stafford, made her debut at Bulawayo in April. Noaleen has been taught by the Italian Bel Canto method, and has a strong, clear voice of great richness. She plans to continue her tuition with Count Stafford, and then she will go to America.

Isobel Scott is at Grahamstown Training College, and Oonagh Benzie's toured Europe with Miss Penelope Cook and had an interesting and most enjoyable time.

We hear that Margaret Rose Knoesen toured America and Canada as a member of the corps de ballet of the Old Vic's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She is now back at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School.

Heather Cargill is nursing at the Bulawayo General Hospital, and was successful in the recent examinations held in Bulawayo.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mrs. Marion Munn (nee Welsh). She was ill for a long time, but her death came as a great shock to all the Old Girls who knew and respected her.

We were also very sorry to hear of the death in Salisbury of Mrs. Norma Muir (nee MacDonald) and of Miss Meriel Babb, who died suddenly in September while on leave in London. Meriel was a member of the Townsend School staff.

Greetings to all Old Girls; we are always pleased to hear news of you. To those leaving School in December, we offer our best wishes and we extend a hearty invitation to all to join the ranks of the E.O.G.A.

RAY HART, Vice-Chairman.

MARRIAGES

Joan Hancock to Philip Devine (in New Guinea).

Ivy Peters to Robert Watson.

Cynthia Nicholl to Basil Cooper.

Elaine Gordon to D. H. May.

Beryl Shur to Nathan Marks.

Pamela Sacks to Basil Katz.

Fay Manicom to Benjamin Loxton.

June Kingsley to Ronnie Kaplan.
 Rhona Klein to Stanley Leif.
 Jill Huxtable to John Marr Levine.
 Sally Huxtable to John Colman.
 Wendy Belton to David Gibson.
 Maureen Hancock to Billy Beal.
 Ruth Richardson to Thomas Wilson.
 Hannah Moritz to Solly Bloom.
 Elspeth Barclay Hoole to David Parry.
 Ailsa Botton to Robert Robertson.
 Agnes Hogg to Charles Moore.
 Salvia Clews to David Anderson.
 Jean Whitehead to Charles de Courpalay.
 Jeanette Bull to Cyril French.

BIRTHS

Nan Huxtable (Mrs. G. Brebner) a son in April.
 Pam Holgate (Mrs. W. Henning) a son in March.
 Jean Yodaiken (Mrs. S. Sher) a son in September.
 Thelma Bushney (Mrs. P. Pavlich) a daughter in July.
 Beryl Stone (Mrs. R. Ellis) a son and daughter in April.
 Peggy Plumb (Mrs. H. Hope Brown) a son in June.
 Myk Kaplan (Mrs. Len Frogel) a son in June.
 Hazel Pomeroy (Mrs. R. Ward) a daughter in April.
 Gladys Jamieson (Mrs. Rhys Jones) a daughter in September.
 Tamara Liberman (Mrs. Singer) a son in February.
 Naomi Weinblum (Mrs. Levin) a daughter in February.
 Maureen Harcourt (Mrs. Spencer) a son in November.
 Jean Cook (Mrs. J. Fairlie) a daughter in March.
 Jill McManus (Mrs. Walsh) a son in July.
 Althea Holland (Mrs. T. Garvin) a son in September.
 Jane Furmanovsky (Mrs. Lipschutz) a son in November.
 Margaret Tapson (Mrs. Ferguson) a daughter in December.
 Paddy Prior (Mrs. C. Butcher) a daughter in May.
 Mavis Butcher (Mrs. W. Bovett) a daughter in May.
 Ethire Markham (Mrs. Hageman) a son in July.
 Joyce Cheyne (Mrs. Clarke) a daughter in November, 1954.
 Melody Barlow (Mrs. Waring) a daughter in May.
 Norma MacDonald (Mrs. Masterson) a daughter in May.
 Thelma Baron (Mrs. Woolff) a son in May.

Parent-Teachers' Association

At the annual general meeting held on the 24th February, the following officers were elected:—Mr. Fripp (Chairman), Mrs. Margolis, Mrs. Shaw, Messrs. Browne, Clarke, Page and Turtledove. Miss Grey, Staff representative, and Mrs. Calver (Secretary).

The meetings have continued to be most successful and well attended, an average of one hundred of parents and friends at each meeting.

The girls and Staff have worked very hard and have given us four very enjoyable meetings, and on behalf of the Association. I should like to thank them for all the trouble they have taken.

In the first term there was a Folk Dancing display, which was very good indeed. Each class danced and we finished with a combined effort in which girls, Staff and parents joined in.

In the following May, the Junior Dramatic Club presented "Old Wives' Tale." The children and producer are to be congratulated on the high standard of the acting.

In July, three teams, representing parents, Staff and children, entertained us with the parlour game of "Twenty Questions." Our thanks are due to Mr. MacKenzie and his companion who acted as question masters. The evening was most successful.

In September the Star Gym team gave a brilliant display before a large audience. Before the display the three top classes from the annual singing competition sang delightfully.

After each meeting refreshments were served and parents had the opportunity of meeting their daughter's teachers. Many thanks are due to the Staff who organized the refreshments.

During the year two morning markets were held in aid of the School Funds and the Benevolent Society. These were very successful. Parents were very generous in their gifts to the School and a total sum of £161 4s. 2d. was raised from these two events. From the proceeds of the first market £24 was donated to the Music Society to buy violins, £18 to the Gardening Club and £50 to the Benevolent Funds. From the second market £30 was donated to the Fenella Redrup Hostel to help furnish a bedroom and £39 4s. 2d. to the Benevolent Fund.

To sum up, altogether a most successful and enjoyable year.

O. M. CALVER.

EXAM. HOWLERS!

English IIIa: Macbeth's nature was too full of the milky way.

History of Art, Vb: The Egyptians were great sculptures because they could obtain stone from the dessert.

French, IVb: He stole the jewels from a countess that he carried in a little black bag.

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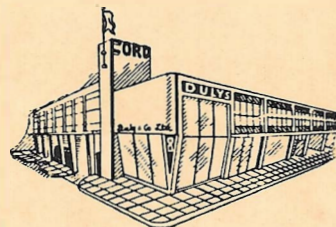
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