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SCHOOL  
1956



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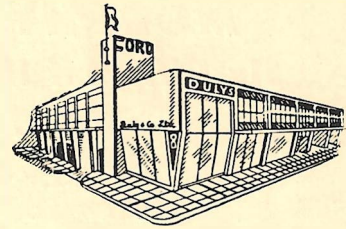
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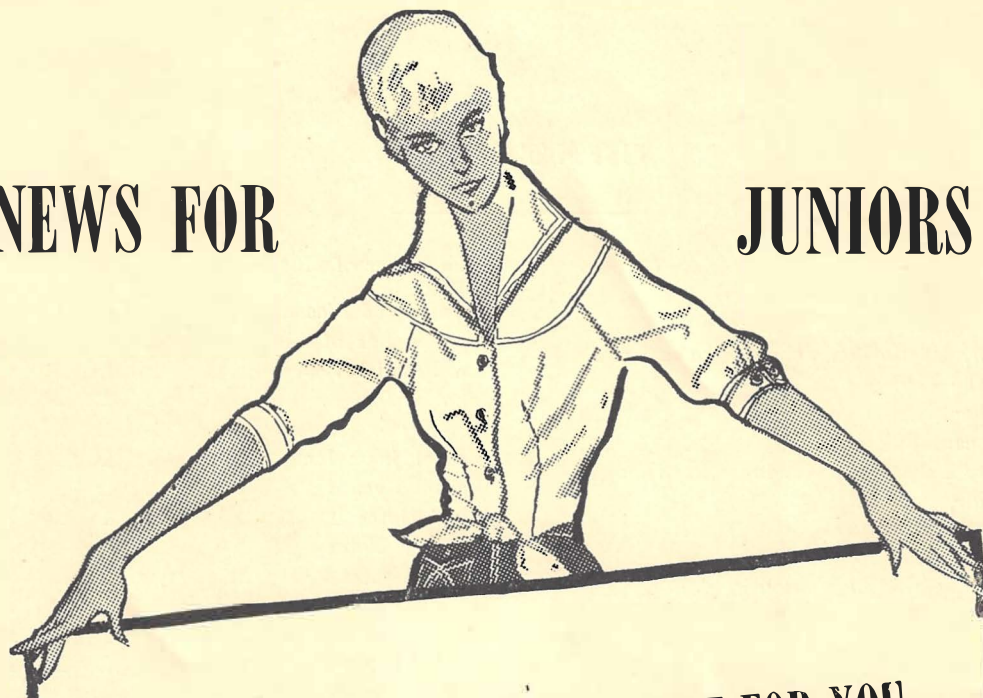
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# Annual of the Eveline High School

BULAWAYO, S. RHODESIA, 1956

## EDITORIAL

This year has been a particularly full one for both staff and pupils and it has, therefore, been more difficult than usual to persuade people to submit contributions for this publication. We were fortunate, however, in having available a selection of prose and poetry which had been entered for the Literary Section of the Salisbury Eisteddfod and which had won awards and high praise from the adjudicator.

Among the contributions is an extract from the travel diary of Miss E. M. Cassels who, after her retirement in April, spent some time in the U.S.A. as a student and tourist. This interesting extract illustrates her keen observation and humour and reminds us of our good fortune in having had Miss Cassels on the staff of this school for so many years. Her remarkable ability to organize crowds and games' time-tables deserved and received general admiration, while her personal courage, unfailing good humour, friendliness and wit earned for "Susan" or "Cassie," as she was known by members of the staff and girls respectively, the affection of all. We are glad that she has chosen to settle in the Federation and wish her success in the work she has undertaken.

We have received news that Molly Skinner has

obtained the F.R.C.S. We congratulate Molly on her success and the school on producing the first Rhodesian-born woman surgeon in the country as, some years ago, we produced the first woman architect. We hope that the news will inspire those who are leaving school this year and remind them of the advice given to them recently to think of a career not so much as something out of which they themselves will gain materially, but as something which will enable them to contribute in some measure to the sum total of human happiness.

In the notes of the Eveline Old Girls' Association mention has been made of the death of Miss E. Mitchell. Despite the fact that she retired many many years ago Miss Mitchell was such a well-loved personality that the news of her death brought with it a sense of personal loss to many generations of Eveline Old Girls: She was a keen botanist and gardener and her life was filled with purposeful activity to the very end.

And now it remains for us to thank our publishers for their kindly help, our advertisers for their generous support and various members of staff and senior girls for their untiring assistance.

## MESSAGE FROM THE HEADMISTRESS

In the busy round of School life, we frequently take stock of what the School is doing for you in the material way; advice is given to you on how to answer examination questions and, in every direction, we try to fit you for the serious business of earning your living.

But there is the other far more important aspect of your development—your way of living, what you have to learn not only to take from life but to give to it. When you were born, I expect that most of your parents prayed, though the prayer may not have been put into words, as did W. B. Yeats in "A Prayer for my Daughter."

"In courtesy I'd have her chiefly learned;  
Hearts are not had as a gift but hearts are earned.  
That all her thoughts may like the linnet be;  
And have no business but dispensing round  
Their magnanimities of sound.  
O may she live like some green laurel  
Rooted in one dear perpetual place."

In expressing this way of life, courtesy, generosity of thought and deed, and an abiding loyalty, I think Yeats has summed up both what your parents and we, the staff, wish for you.

In working together for a limited period of about four to six years, you are laying a foundation which must be lasting. It does not matter just how you acquired the lasting principles on which you are going to build—perhaps it was in working together for the common cause of the Swimming Bath or perhaps in watching the courage and success of a girl who

was physically handicapped. It does not matter whether you realize anything about the principles and how you acquired them, as long as they are there.

As long as you are enjoying the world aright and are eager that others should do so too, we need not fear for your future. While considering enjoying the world aright I should like you to read this poem by Gerald Bullett as it should heighten the intensity of your enjoyment.

Be still my soul consider  
The flowers and the stars.  
Among these sleeping fragrances,  
Sleep now your cares.  
That which the universe  
Lacks room to enclose  
Lives in the folded petals of this rose.

To encourage you, I should like to say that the older generation does not lack confidence in youth. In its turn every generation is criticized about its manners, fashions and habits. The criticism is both necessary and salutary. But it is for us to have confidence in you and for you to justify that confidence.

It is for all of us to remember the words we sometimes say together "Let us go forth into the world in peace, hold fast that which is good; render no man evil for evil; strengthen the faint-hearted; support the weak; help the afflicted; honour all men; love and serve the Lord."

W. M. POWELL





### HEADMISTRESS AND SCHOOL PREFECTS

*Photo by Robal Studio*

Back Row (left to right: R. GAFFEN; D. VEITCH; M. GOLDMAN; E. FRIPP; A. BROOKING; C. DEWAR; M. WHITE, L. GOATLEY  
 Sitting: L. FOSTER; R. MANNING; L. POUND (Head Girl); MISS POWELL; M. BEETS; C. VAN RYNEVELD; M. HONMAN



## EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVEL DIARY

Miss E. M. CASSELS

### ENGLAND. MAY-JUNE.

**24th May.** My first day in London—woke up at 4 a.m. to hear a blackbird singing his heart out and went out early to look at the city. Many big buildings had a new look—with their faces washed and window-boxes full of flowering tulips. The trees and grass in the squares and parks were a lovely soft green, the big red buses still thundered down Oxford Street.

**26th May.** Arrived in Gloucestershire, to find the west country as attractive as ever. Every cottage garden was a riot of colour, with lupins, wall flowers, apple blossom and lilac blooming gloriously against the background of grey Cotswold stone.

**June 1st-20th.** Travelling round by motor coach, visiting relations; gaining a variety of impressions—Oxford "High's," solid mass of traffic and shoppers, in contrast to the calm of the stretch of the river Cher beside a cousin's house at Kidlington, 3 miles away; Coventry—with its famous three spires still standing above the shell of the bombed cathedral; a day at Stratford-on-Avon, and the startling performance of *Othello*, by Emlyn Williams; London again—crowds feeding pigeons beside the fountains in Trafalgar Square—going to the Test match at Lords—and a morning watching tennis at Wimbledon.

### AMERICA. JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER.

**23rd June, New York.** With its roar and bustle—the amazing sky line—shooting up to top of Empire State Building with its 101 floors—buying milk in a cardboard "can"—lunching at the soda fountains of drug stores—the fabulous shops on 5th Avenue and Broadway—gum-chewing "cops" revolvers on hips—and everywhere, Yankee twang and Yankee "pep"—(a most exhausting city!)

**Yale University, Connecticut, 1st July.** Nervous arrival at Siliman College, Yale; lovely ivy-covered buildings, fine big auditorium for our lectures—the wonderful Stirling Library.

Met the 230 men and women students—all but myself from America or Canada; admired the well turned-out women, but gazed in horror at the fancy shirts and crew cuts of many of the men; gradually got used to the American voice talking the American language; and to people peering at my name tag and saying: "Rhodesia? Never heard of it; in Africa? Well, you certainly are a long, long ways from home, Yes Mam!"

**July 27th. Massachusetts.** Worcester and a cab driver remarking—"English, I guess," and when I said that I had lately been visiting the other Worcester, he "opined" that "Worcester, England, surely must have been named after this burg"—my suggestion that the English town had been there about 300 years longer was not well received.

**Boston**—famous for the "tea party"—a beautiful New England city—with the Charles River flowing right through the centre of the town; Harvard University, with fine colleges founded in early 17th century—lunch "under the spreading chestnut tree," where Longfellow's blacksmith worked; a cruise up the coast in a millionaire's sloop, past the fatal spot where the wreck of the *Hesperus* occurred; a drive up to New Hampshire—state of a hundred lakes—and back through Bangor and down the coast of Maine—which reminded us of the song about the student and the "beautiful, petite" village maiden.

**1st August**—New York again, to make arrangements for a 7,000 mile bus trip across the continent.—

Boarding the huge, air-conditioned Trailways bus, on 6th August, murmuring to myself—"California here I come."

**7th August** — Travelling south through New Jersey and industrial Pennsylvania, to Maryland, with its rolling downs and lovely maple trees.

**11th August**—Toured Washington, D.C. beautifully laid out, with fine leafy avenues and some wonderful buildings—the Capitol, and the unforgettable Lincoln Memorial—immense bridges over the swiftly-flowing Potomac River, which is crowded with enormous, American automobiles.

**13th August**—Dawn breaking on a misty morning high up in the Alleghany Mountains;—with the bus speeding smoothly along the Blue Ridge Mountain Highway—far down below us in the valley, the Shenandoah River winds in and out; Lovely Virginia, with its fine tobacco lands, its spotless white frame houses, with fields enclosed with equally white palings—there were horses and hounds in the meadows, and even—(which is rare in the States) flowers growing in the gardens—instead of the more common impeccable lawns. On and on we went—eating up the miles—60 to the hour—night and day—a fresh driver every six hours and an occasional stop for the inevitable hamburger and cup of "cawfee;" at night, we tip back the seats and settle down to sleep, but the bus goes on.

**15th August**—Through Tennessee's busy little towns, through Arkansas, by Memphis, Little Rock and Hot Springs—past lovely cool lakes with unpronounceable Indian names—to Oklahoma City—where we stopped off the bus to feel a real African heat—and indeed it is 114° Fahrenheit! (Sometimes I felt I must stretch my legs or die—and then I got off for 24 hours or for a few days—the first motel I selected to stay in was, of course, provided with the inevitable T.V. and air-conditioning, and shower. I often enjoyed the traditional American hospitality, and stayed as a "house guest" in private homes; and how different these homes were! There were boisterous homes with the children and the T.V. both at full blast all day; there were homes which specialized in teen-agers of the American brand, dressed in pedal pushers, heavy bobby-sox and sneakers—with weird hair cuts and shirts dangling—(how I would have enjoyed hearing Miss Powell's comments—and how many unfavourable comparisons I myself made—sotto voce—between these odd-looking creatures and the average Rhodesian school girl!) Then there were peaceful little homes of the frame house variety, and large, imposing ranch houses—but in each one there was great kindness and a warm welcome for the "foreigner from Africa."

**17th August**—Meanwhile we reached Texas, largest of the American States and at first sight strangely like Matabeleland; until there was an influx of gaudily-dressed Indians, and we saw written up at each stop such names as—"El Sombrero Motel"—"Tomahawk Trading Post" or "Hiawatha Cafeteria"—last stop for gas and water.—Then through New Mexico with its vast ranches and on to Arizona and its amazing canyons—we saw movie locations for Wild West films, and in the distance were the mountain ranges, with huge slabs of rock—yellow, brick and orange coloured—standing out against the glaring sky. Near here, we were told, is America's highest mountain peak, Mount Whitney, 17,895 feet, and close to it, strangely, is the lowest spot in the States, Death Valley, 280 feet below sea level.

**19th August**—And so, at last to California, the Pacific, and Los Angeles, where we “took time off” to see a little of that extraordinary place—Hollywood! Sunset Boulevard with its huge film and T.V. studios, and Beverley Hills dotted with every possible type of mansion, ranch house, chateau or chalet—the homes of the movie stars.

**19th August**—From Los Angeles, we turned north, and started on the beautiful drive up the coast of California—which reminded me of the Cape—with the road twisting sharply round the steep mountain side—up there are many deer, and even bears, we were told—and it was intriguing to hear too that in the northern state of Oregon, deer are still hunted with bows and arrows!

**21st August. Santa Barbara**, an exquisite Mexican town, the hills above the beautiful bay covered with the enormous estates of millionaires.

**24th August. Monterey**, a delightful little place, with its Pebble Beach and the Del Monte woods, where we had the luck to spot President Eisenhower—playing a quiet game of golf and relaxing from the rush of the election campaign; we waved enthusiastically, “Ike” removed his hat and gave us his friendly grin, and drove off from the tee in great style!

Near Monterey is the enormous fertile valley, known as “The World’s Salad Bowl,” where every sort of green vegetable is grown, including avocado pear—and all over California there is citrus; here too, for a change, were flower gardens, and everywhere we went, we passed through forests of red-wood trees of great height and beauty.

**1st September. San Francisco**, and its wonderful bay and Golden Gate, were one of the highlights of the tour, and from there, we turned eastward to start back across the northern states; over the Sierras Mountains, up to 7,000 feet, through magnificent pine woods; past Squaw Valley, Goldrush Post Office and Roaring Camp—down to Reno, where speedy divorce

and all-night gambling are legal; through Utah state to the enormous salty pan where Brigham Young, in 1847, led his pioneers to found the Mormon settlement which now is Salt Lake City. Up the Colorado Rockies we climbed, and down again through rugged mining country, rich in iron and coal; past the Clementine Mine, home of the ill-fated maiden whose story is known to all singers of the famous ballad—“O my Darling Clementine!”

**3rd September**—From Denver, Colorado, we took a quick trip into Wyoming, for a highly-flavoured Mexican supper—before settling down for the long run across the mid-western states of Nebraska and Iowa; wonderful farming country—mile upon mile of wheat—thousands of head of magnificent cattle—busy cowboys seen in the distance riding the ranches—and pigs galore! More pigs than I have ever seen before—grunting and munching in open fields.

**5th September. Chicago, Illinois**—a miniature New York—and the great lakes, where I at last abandoned the bus, and took a train (with Judy Garland in the next coach!) across the north-eastern states and back to Boston, Mass.

**15th September**—And so by T.W.A. across the Atlantic again—for a week in Ireland, where the Irish brogue was a pleasant change after the strident Yankee voice; a few days sight-seeing in Dublin and then up to Belfast, with glimpses of Ireland’s beautiful mountains and sea coast, unfortunately often obscured by rain and mist.

**22nd September**—Back to England for a final visit to relations, and an epic evening watching Ulalova dance at Covent Garden.

**8th October**—Took off from London air port by B.O.A.C. for the last lap of my journey, and finally touched down at Salisbury on 9th October, after an amazing tour, covering 24,000 miles—a wonderful experience indeed, but all the same, I was very glad to reach home and to be back in Southern Rhodesia at last.

## The Work of the St. John Organisation

Form Va

LYNETTE GOATLEY

To be a member of a division of St. John, means to be a member of a worldwide organization with noble and high aims in life.

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The aims of the St. John organization are to teach people how to respond in emergencies, and how to keep calm and unruffled in even the most serious accidents. In order to achieve this efficient attitude, each member has to be well grounded and trained in first aid. This entails a certain amount of study of elementary anatomy and physiology, which can be made very interesting with the help of charts, and “Archie,” the school skeleton.

When members are the proud owners of at least one certificate in first aid, and one in home nursing, they move up the scale and are taught the correct approach to accidents and the practical side of nursing.

A few years ago, a group of people formed themselves into what was known as a casualty union.

With the aid of sticks, paint, putty and powder, etc., having chosen some poor unfortunate person to be their patient, they secured pieces of wood to his limbs, dusted his face with white powder, and applied red ink mixed with syrup, or some such substance to resemble blood, to the “wound.” By the time they were finished, the poor patient looked really ill, shaken and uncomfortable. Of course nobody is denying that he was not. I heard of the case of one of the patients who was requested to keep some vile mixture in his mouth, until the first aiders came to the scene, and then he was to start spitting it out. I believe it looked amazingly like a case of foaming at the mouth and internal haemorrhage.

A team of four or five members is called on to deal with the faked accident, which is, incidentally, treated as if it were a real accident. Team tests, for such are these tests called, are a great help to first aiders, as they learn how to diagnose injuries, and to act promptly and efficiently, and they can be great fun, that is, if your stomach is not easily upset by gruesome sights.

I have made no mention of the assistance rendered in war time, by this praise-worthy organization, nor the help given in hospitals, and the nursing of illness in the home, but I leave the extent of this work in these spheres to your imagination. No task is too difficult, no aim too high for the association which has advanced through the centuries with ever-widening interests and activities.



## “I DISLIKE . . . . .”

Vla

LESLEY POUND

I think it was Naomi Jacob who wrote a book entitled “Me . . . likes and dislikes.” The dust-jacket had a large close-up photograph of the authoress glaring out at you through horn-rimmed glasses as if you were certainly one of her dislikes and as if she was trying to mesmerise you into purchasing a copy. I do not know whether the book had a very large sale; potential buyers were doubtless put off by its outward appearance as I am sure that I am not alone when I say that I prefer a book to have a more restful cover. I could never rest peacefully with Miss Jacob staring accusingly at me as if she thought that my hair needed combing. With respect to covers; I think those of detective stories are my favourites. Many a hesitating buyer has been persuaded into indulging in the latest Peter Cheyney or Agatha Christie because of the gruesome portrayal on the cover of a dead female lying on her back half-way down a flight of stairs with the hilt of a knife protruding from her bosom. This appeals to the sadist which is present in most people and they buy the book in order to satisfy themselves as to why the female is reclining in such an awkward position and in such bloody circumstances. More often than not the story is disappointingly commonplace. But I am straying from the appointed subject; I must write about “what I dislike,” not “what I like.”

I dislike people who render, gratis, an obligato to some perfectly respectable tune in church. There was once a lady (I learnt afterwards that she was a very well-known personage in our City) who frequently sat in the row behind me and who constantly did this. She was a large lady, which doubtless accounted for the volume of sound which issued from her throat; always clad in some sort of shiny black material of which I do not know the name; perhaps it was Bombazine. In the middle of some really pleasant hymn, such as “For all the saints who from their labours rest,” when you can really let yourself go and the organ thunders so that the floor under your feet vibrates and everybody sings fit to raise the roof, she would start up the descant or the second part of the tune. She probably meant it to harmonise but all she achieved was the blasting of her neighbours into a resentful silence. I remember stealing a covert glance at her during one hymn when she was absolutely bursting with variations and trills, and being struck by her intense concentration on the matter in hand. It was so intense that she failed to notice the accusing stares of all the people in her vicinity and flopped back into her seat after the Amen as if she were exhausted, which she probably was. I do not recollect having seen her at any services recently, probably her lungs have at last succumbed to the long intense strain placed upon them.

While on the subject of singing I shall discuss some more of my dislikes in that line. Chief amongst them is Johnny Ray. This young man is a teenager's idol who has achieved his immense popularity through an unusual aptitude for bellowing into the microphone as if his life depended upon it. On reliable authority I am told that his full name is Johnny “Cry” Ray—the “Cry” is prefixed because of his habit of singing a love song as if his heart is breaking. This is apparently what teenagers adore about him and whenever he goes anywhere he is mobbed by hysterical females who fancifully picture themselves as Mrs. Johnny Ray. This devotion reaches such a pitch that it sometimes warrants a newspaper article on it, as in the case of the girl who, after being patted on the head by her hero—whether accidentally or on purpose was not made

clear—washed her head and preserved the water in a bottle and firmly refused to part with one drop of it to various Ray fans who wrote to her seeking to purchase some. Recently in our own newspaper, we have seen accounts of the arrival in London of the American pianist Liberace. This chubby little fellow is renowned for his antics on and around the piano more than for his actual rendering of musical pieces and is different from Johnny Ray in that his devotees are to be found, not among teenagers, though there are a certain amount of them, too, in the ranks of his followers, but among middle-aged women, who should be old enough to know better. I was fascinated by the assertion in the newspaper that he had a bed shaped like a grand piano, fascinated because I do not really see how he can sleep comfortably in such a bed without adapting his body to the various curves which are the recognisable feature of a grand piano. I suppose that everything, even a good night's rest may be sacrificed on the altar of art. Ray and Liberace are only two in the horde of popular performers. There is a multitude of others, different in name only—Dickie Valentine, Frankie Vaughan, Frankie somebody else (personally, if I were a man, I should hit anybody who distorted my name into Frankie). No wonder old ladies mutter that times are so different from their young days, when they worshipped at the feet of dark and mournful Rudolph Valentino.

If there were sufficient space and time, I could go on more or less indefinitely on things I dislike and make a regular jeremiad out of this essay. It would be topical to say I dislike exams but such subjects are dangerous, and I think it is much more profitable and much more pleasant to think on things which I like.



Form IIIb

HILARY CUNNINGHAM

## CALL OF THE VELD

Form IIa

M. J. DAVIES

*If across the seas I roam,  
The veld will always call me home.  
Where kudoo graze and lions hunt,  
Buffalo and wild boar grunt.*

*Coloured grasses gently sway,  
Keeping time with jackal's bay.  
Thorn trees shine with morning dew,  
Hosts of cosmos pink and blue.*

*Mimosa white or gleaming yellow,  
Old man's beard so soft and mellow.  
Egrets swooping, rollers black,  
All these things will call me back.*



## LADY JACARANDA

Ia

J. TAYLOR

*Oh, lovely Jacaranda,  
You tree of sun and light,  
I crept one night to see you  
By the pale moonlight.*

*Your twigs were sketched in black,  
Against the dark blue sky;  
Your leaves were blowing back,  
And grey clouds floated by.*

*Your branches formed a latticework,  
Upon which, sleeping flowers  
Dreamt of the cooling rains to come,  
And slept away the hours.*

*To me it seemed that 'neath your boughs  
The angels must have danced,  
And left with you their beauty,  
With which I was entranced.*

## Our City Park on a Sunday Afternoon

Iic

E. SMART

When walking round our city park on a Sunday afternoon you will see many people. It seems, to many of them, the perfect meeting place or a most pleasant and enjoyable way to spend an afternoon. There will be the young, the old, the friends and the babies in the prams. Some friends will be talking excitedly about the events of the past week. Others may be waiting impatiently for the band to arrive.

The people who are old sit on the benches and chatter about their old days, the days when the children were not allowed to romp around and pick flowers as they do now.

To lovers, the park has the quietness and beauty they require. They will walk around admiring the breath-taking view till they come to a lonely spot where they sit on a bench and talk of the future.

The children think of the park as a place for fun and adventure. They play on the swings, roundabouts, slides and the many other things which the playground has to amuse them. When they are tired of this some have games of "hide and seek" or "blind man's buff" and some daring ones even play Tarzan and climb the trees.

Most people gather round the band stand, some sitting on the benches while others are sprawled on the grass reading books. The fish pond is a popular spot with the youngsters who try to grab the gold fish which from time to time come darting up to the surface. Peacocks and swans are a great attraction. People gaze in awe when peacocks spread their magnificent tails.

Nearly every Sunday some religious man will come and the children will gather round him. He tells them stories from the Bible and teaches them little prayers.

About three o'clock the band and choir arrive and everyone, even the children, sit and listen to the music and songs. You may see tears trickle down the cheeks of the old as they hear songs which recall many memories. The children gaze at this and do not think any songs will ever make them cry.

At the interval there will be a rush for the refreshment stall where people will buy minerals, ices, cakes, toffee apples and other things which they long for after the long wait.

The music will begin again and will go on till about five o'clock. By this time the lovers return and talk to their friends. The children will be bored by the music now and return to their games. At last everyone stands up and "God Save the Queen" is played.

Mothers look around for their children, fathers put the babies into their prams and friends say goodbye.

As the people walk out of the many exits and admire the rose gardens and the many different trees, they are sad because they must leave this park of beauty where they have so much enjoyment.

## Llangyndr, the Beautiful Village in Monmouthshire

Form IIB

H. CUDWORTH

Llangyndr, is a very small village in Monmouthshire. Early in the morning just before dawn is breaking a few people leave their houses to pick fresh mushrooms, which are growing in the nearby fields. The mushrooms must be picked before sunrise, because if they are not picked then they will have disappeared.

All the houses in the village are very small, and they are whitewashed. Some of the houses have thatched roofs. Of all the twenty houses in Llangyndr I think the most beautiful is my great-grandad's cottage, which has red roses growing over the front door, over the roof and down to the door at the back of the cottage. When you first approach the cottage you are able to hear the grunting of pigs and the clucking of hens, which are kept in the garden at the back of the house.

There is no running water at the cottages; the people have to go to the nearest river, which is the river Usk to get their water supply, and in the early hours of the morning people, young and old, can be seen collecting water. In the distance there are mountains surrounding the valley.

There is only one shop in the village and that is the village shop, which sells everything from a pin to a barrel, but the village shop is not open yet.

After seven o'clock people start arising from slumber. The village shop opens, cocks start crowing, the farmer brings his milk around to the cottages; the storekeeper talks to the milkman who is a very jolly man and very tall. The shopkeeper is a little old lady, with chubby, rosy cheeks just like a character out of a fairy tale.

Everybody in the village is awake; the cows are mooing, the pigs are grunting, and what a noise there is. It is different from the same village early in the morning. Now it is time to leave Llangyndr, and its people.

## DIE STORM

Form VB

MARLENE SCHWIM

*Bruisend en geweldig val die reën,  
Op die dorre landstreek neer,  
Verdroogde wortels vind 'n nume moed:  
In die water wat God stuur en seen.  
Gebede van dank bereik hom keer op keer  
Vir die druppels wat hul wortels voed.*

*Die storm bedaar; en 'n awend windje waai  
Saggies oor die natgemaakte land,  
Die eens verlepte plante is genees,  
En daar is genoeg vir almal om te maai.  
Orent, verfrissend aan elke kant,  
Staan die planteryk stewig en sonder vrees.*

## SAVED FROM THE INQUISITION

Form IVa

S. McNEILL

Don Jermino opened his eyes. For one wondrously happy moment, he forgot where he was; but this rapture was short lived, for the realization of it all, suddenly came back to him.

The damp darkness of the place, made it impossible for his dream to last more than a few moments.

Jermino groaned, and turned over on to his left side, hoping to blot the whole dreary scene from his view.

What was the use of trying to go to sleep again? It would only mean that he would have to awake once again, and his surroundings would be the same as they always were. There seemed to be no escape from the cell, even sleep was denied to him. Besides his right side was stiff from the hardness of the bed.

The dampness of his surroundings caused him to sit up suddenly, but he fell back almost immediately, wincing, because of the sharp pain that stabbed through his right side.

Heaving a great sigh, he began to think back over the two years which he had spent in this prison.

Every morning had been exactly like this one, although at first he had been haunted by the constant fear of death. Stretching his aching legs, he thought that he would now welcome death; it would be something to which he could look forward, and it would be an easy means of escape.

As it was, every day was a living death for him, and other than the filthy guard, who brought him a meal that consisted of dry bread and water every morning, he never saw a living person. Perhaps everyone, except the guard, had forgotten that he was there.

His great faith in God had prevented him from ending it all; and his religion had also helped him to keep a firm hold on himself, although he had often thought that the monotony of the place would eventually cause him to lose his sanity. This strong faith, which was now helping him to survive, had also caused him to be thrown into prison.

Perhaps he ought to think himself fortunate to be alive at all. During this terrible sixteenth century, the persecution of the Protestants had been carried out in great numbers, and Don Jermino's family, who had been staunch Protestants, had been among those who had been cruelly thrown into prison. He did not know what had befallen the other members of his family, but he hoped that if they had been killed, they had not suffered too many cruelties.

The damp, musty air of the place, had often caused him to imagine that he was suffocating; but whenever he felt this "closed in" sensation, he would fall on to his knees, and pray for greater strength.

The only window in the cell was built so high up in the wall, that the little sunshine that he ever saw was far above his head. He longed to feel the sunshine on his face, and to see the birds and the sky again. This longing in his heart was often unbearable.

Unbeknown to Jermino, the Spanish Inquisition was drawing to an end, and the English troops were marching across Spain, and freeing many hundreds of Spanish Protestants.

On the day that the troops entered the prison in which Jermino and many other innocent men had been imprisoned, Jermino was on his knees, with his head held up, facing the barred window, and his hands clasped to his breast. He thought that his imagination was running away with him when he heard the heavy tramp of feet outside his cell, and the clanging of many doors being thrown open.

He sat waiting with anticipation, until his door was flung open, and about five angry-looking troopers burst in. One of them asked him his name, and after he had answered them, they gave him a bundle of clothes and told him to go out and get something to eat. Jermino was overcome, and he could do nothing but stand there and gape at them.

He was told that he was a free man, and that his rescuers were Englishmen. On hearing this, he staggered blindly out of his hated cell, and begged to be allowed to go outside the dungeon gates, and see the sky and the sun once more.

The guards were astonished when they heard that the poor young man had not seen these two things for over two years.

As he rushed out into the fresh, open air, Jermino was suddenly blinded; but after the darkness had slowly cleared away from his eyes, it was replaced by a sight which he had longed to see for a very long time.

The grass was just as green as it had been before, and the moat surrounding the great prison was exactly as he remembered it to be.

There were willows beside the moat, and birds were flying overhead. It was a breathtaking sight for one who had not seen such beauty for a very long time.

Jermino sighed, and sank to his knees. He looked up at the blue heavens, and gave thanks to God for his rescue, and for keeping everything so beautiful. Tears of joy were blinding his wide-open eyes, and his arms were outstretched, as if he were taking the whole world to his heart.

The kindly soldier standing beside him patted him on the shoulder, and when Jermino looked up into his eyes, he saw that they, too, were filled with tears.

He drew a deep breath, and noticed that the air seemed strangely sweet, compared with the musty air of his cell.

Walking slowly down the slope, towards the moat, he plucked a sweet-scented flower from its stem, and held it to his heart. He then sat down beside the moat, and let the cool, clear water trickle through his eagerly outstretched fingers. His shoulders were heaving up and down, and the soldier knew that he was weeping with happiness.

As Jermino looked out into the horizon, his mind was full of thanks, because now that he had escaped from his cell, an exciting new life lay before him—a life of happiness and wonderful new prospects.

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## PRAYER

Form VIa

R. MANNING

*O Lord,*

*We pray to you in time of need  
When we are sick, oppressed and bitter,  
When death o'ertakes dear friends we knew  
And we are full of tears and sorrow.*

*Help us to remember you,  
When happiness o'erflows our lives,  
When sunshine dries up all our tears  
And joy and mirth go hand in hand.*

*Teach our simple minds to know  
The power that has created us,  
That all our lives burst from that power  
Whence comes your light to guide us.*

*Amen.*





Form IVb

MARION McKENZIE

## THE OUTSPAN

Form IVb

LUCY WHITEHEAD

Outspans are seldom seen nowadays because people travel in cars and trains, and no longer by ox-waggon or donkey cart. Cattle are now sent by train and very few move on the "hoof," except those from ranches which are not near a railway junction.

When the sun is beginning to set, and shadows begin to form, the drivers of the cattle hurry on to the outspan, where they can rest and water the cattle.

The outspan is usually near the road, and against a boundary fence. As it is near the road it is easy for the drivers to get started early in the morning, also if they are near a boundary fence the cattle cannot wander far, but stand around the gate and along the fence.

When the cattle arrive they are driven to water, and left to graze, while the native drivers collect sticks and twigs to make a fire, to cook their food on, and keep them warm and also to keep away any wild animals.

Some natives start the fire burning by rubbing a stick between their hands, on to a piece of soft old wood; this takes only a few minutes. Other natives use matches and when the fire is burning put their pots on with water to boil.

The natives squat around the fire, eating their mealie meal porridge with lumps of meat which have been cooked on the coals. If there are only two or three drivers the gathering is quiet and lonely as

they eat and talk. But if there happens to be another party of drivers at the outspan, it is a cheerful gathering because natives are very friendly towards each other.

After the meal they go to make sure none of their cattle have strayed too far, or are getting mixed and that no beast is sick. They talk to each other in loud voices across the camp, enquiring about each other's cattle and where they are going.

When they return once again to the fire, they begin to sing and chant, and passers-by on the road are often alarmed to see a fire, but feel at ease when they see the forms of the natives outlined against the fire and hear their voices.

Now and then they throw a log on the fire, and one native gets up to see how the cattle are, calling back to the others in a high sing-song wail, to reassure himself, and scare any animals which may be near.

Early in the morning, the drivers herd together their cattle, and after many farewells to each other, set out on the long and dusty road, resting only in the heat of the day to water their cattle.

The outspan looks lonely and deserted when they have all gone, with the grey ashes and charred pieces of wood lying where there was once a fire, and papers, and pieces of porridge left over from their morning meal before they left the outspan.

## LE GALA DE NATATION

Form VIa

LINDA FOSTER

Chaque année, les jeunes filles de notre école célèbrent un gala de natation. Toutes les semaines avant novembre, les jeunes filles de tous âges s'assemblent au bord du bain de natation à Borrow Street, pour pratiquer les événements dans lesquels elles nageront. Elles ressemblent à ces pestes qui mangent les fleurs, ces filles avec leurs costumes marrons ou noirs—pas d'autre couleur n'est permis.

Puis, après des semaines d'instruction le jour de fête est arrivé. Aussi bien que les courses pour celles qui peuvent bien nager—il y a les courses pour les novices.

Premièrement, les très jeunes filles de douze ou treize ans nagent la course nommée "La Course des Ballons." Elles doivent nager vingt mètres avec les ballons sur les jugulaires. Pauvres petites! Cette fille-ci met son pied par terre, celle-là ne peut pas nager sur l'eau, et est submergée de temps en temps, seulement pour trouver, à la fin de la course que son ballon est perdu.

Mais enfin elles ont fini, et les plus grandes filles nagent, une brique sur l'estomac. Quelle dommage! Ici, celles qui sont très maigres et minces trouvent que les briques sont comme des montagnes, et elles ne nagent pas comme des bateaux, mais comme des sous-marins.

L'événement le plus amusant, cependant, est celui de la course de crocodile, où six élèves font une ligne et nagent en file. Il y a aussi une équipe comprenant les maîtresses. Naturellement, on laisse à triompher cette équipe!

La dernière course s'appelle "All In." Là toutes les élèves, même celles qui ne peuvent point nager, sont obligées d'aller vingt mètres pour gagner un quart de marque pour leur maison à elles. Si les maîtresses tentent cette course, elles s'acquiescent une marque entière même si elles la finissent en une demi-heure.

Ainsi, avec les sauveteuses toutes prêtes, le gala arrive à sa fin. L'année suivante, peut-être que les élèves nageront dans leur propre bain de natation, parce-qu'elles se procurent à présent l'argent nécessaire pour faire construire le bain de natation du Lycée d'Eveline.





Form VIIb

Illustrated by ALISON BROOKING

## A New Gyrle's Gyde to the Staffe

Form VIA

Part II

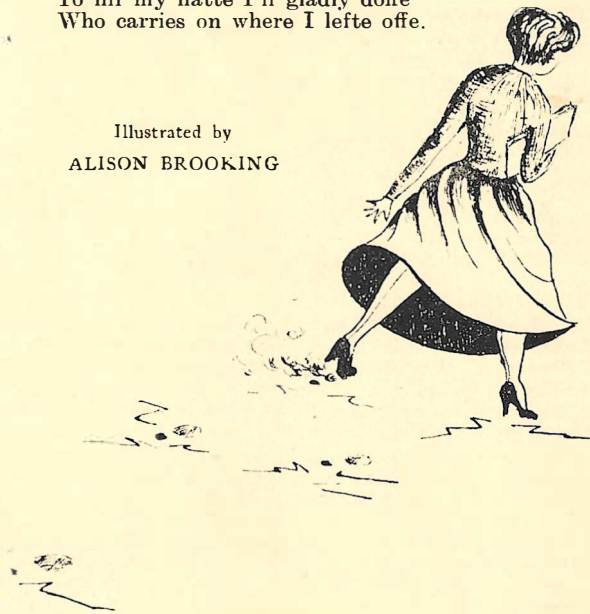
LESLEY POUND

Oon longe, harde yeer is ygone and past  
 Since I wrote in this fashion laste,  
 But now withe rhyme schemes undiminished  
 To compleet an article unfinished  
 Is my plan. Liste and take heed,  
 If parte oon ye wishe to reed  
 Laste yeer's mag. ye'll have to view,  
 I'll now procede to write parte two.  
 Miss Smith shalle starte this tale of myne,  
 Hir clothes are oft of strange design,  
 Of elegance she has no lacke,  
 Hir frockes do fasten down the backe.  
 Now this is not a usual fittyng  
 A most uncomfortable one for sittynge.  
 Enwrapped in furs, she has the ayre  
 Of a large and cuddly Russian bear  
 Producing plays is hir big line,  
 At this she does most surely shyne  
 Alle actresses shake in thir shoos  
 Whan they forget to learn thir cues.  
 Despite alle this, she is grete funne,  
 And so beloved of everyoon.  
 If passyng down the passage waye  
 Ye chaunce to pass the tyme of daye  
 With J. C. David, she'll responce  
 (As if of you she is quyte fonde)  
 "Ah bonjour! Comment allez-vous?"  
 You than replye "The same to you!"  
 But this is nat an anciente spelle  
 Designed to sende you straghte to H—  
 She's juste enquiring from afar  
 In French, exactly how you are.  
 In this ungodly tonge she'll speke  
 Without hir tonge placed in hir cheeke,  
 And whan hir every sound you've hird,  
 You won't "compris" a single word.  
 'Midst alle this female grace, the lone  
 And lucky man is Mr. Bowen.  
 He is a rose amonge the thornes;  
 Perhaps thatte phrase is rather worne,  
 'Twould be more tactful, I suppose,  
 To saye a thorne among the rose.  
 He labors harde as we're aware  
 The scole's respondyng to his care,  
 The lawns and shrubs are lookyng fine,  
 Our door-nobs have a lovely shyne.

He's most oblygyng whan you aske  
 Him to performe some menial taske.  
 We hope he'll for a longe tyme staye  
 Because he's really worthe his paye.  
 The girle's feer Mrs. Winter, for  
 She ygives detentions by the score.  
 Though you maye weep, hir heart she'll harden.  
 She groweth strawb'ries in hir garden.  
 Hir two talle sons helpe runne hir farme,  
 And this adds greetly to hir charme.  
 If you're feelyng fit and stronge,  
 To Miss Wellington haste along,  
 In her star-gym you'll finde a place  
 Hangyng upside doon in space,  
 Or climyng ropes with speede and skille  
 Higher and higher until  
 The ceeling's reechd withe gentle bumpe,  
 And than you descende or else you jumpe.  
 A worthy woman without a doubt  
 Is Miss Trentent of the Fundes Account.  
 Hir weary worke is littel known,  
 She does it alle without a groan.  
 She walketh faste because she muste,  
 So alle you se of hir is duste.  
 The tyme is now approachyng faste  
 Whan I shall sadly looke my laste  
 On Eveline Scole. My hert is soor  
 To thynk the thought thet never moor  
 My eyes this noble place shalle see.  
 (It's glad to see the backe of me)  
 I hope thet someoon has the tyme  
 Next yir to finish offe this rhyme.  
 To hir my hatte I'll gladly doffe  
 Who carries on where I lefte offe.

Illustrated by

ALISON BROOKING



## An Introdnction to a Famous Poet

Form IVd

DENISE GREEN

It was seven forty-five on the s.s. Rhodesia Castle,  
 the time when the passengers were dressing for  
 dinner, I was sitting in the foyer outside the dining-  
 saloon, waiting for my parents when an elderly man  
 stepped out of the lift and walked over to where  
 I was sitting.

Young as I was, I was immediately impressed  
 by the tall stranger with the kindly eyes and air of  
 gentleness. I made room for him on the seat but  
 he just stood in front of me and smiled. He greeted  
 me, I smiled back and then he did sit down.

He asked me whether I was enjoying the voyage and I replied enthusiastically that I was. Then we started talking about books and he asked me if I liked poems about cats. I love cats, so it wasn't difficult to get into conversation about them. He told me he had written a poem called "Gus the Theatre Cat."

As he was entertaining me and making me laugh I began to imagine he was an actor. A young man joined us and at first I was rather angry at his interruption but he joined in the conversation and ended by asking me if I knew who had been amusing me.

"This is T. S. Elliot," he said, "a famous poet."

"You a poet?" I burst out.

"Yes," he said, "me a poet, how do you do?"

My mother came down the stairs at that moment and overcome by shyness, I was glad of the interruption to excuse myself from the embarrassing situation.

The next day we arrived in Cape Town, but this tall, good-looking gentleman had made an unforgettable mark on my memory, and I shall always remember him as a fine poet and gentleman.

## KING HURON II

Form Ia

C. MacKENZIE

Once, way back in time there lived, deep, deep, down in the ocean a selfish, miserable, vain and ugly king of the Herring, by the name of King Huron II.

Now he was not so handsome as he thought he was, in fact he was ugly, as I have mentioned before. Nobody would dare tell him this, because he would just have them given to the blue-finned shark for supper.

Every year it was the custom of Huron II's subjects to have a hunt, just as we now have the fox-hunt. Only they were mounted on seahorses and hunted the sardines. When the day for the hunt came around, Huron II put on his magnificent attire of seafoam and coral, strutted past the guard of honour and proceeded to mount his fine seacharger.

Everyone was enjoying themselves at the hunt except King Huron II, who was such a miserable kind of person that nothing ever pleased him. Being selfish he could not stand seeing the others happy while he was miserable, so he made everyone leave the hunting and go home.

Angry words were whispered about Huron II. Everyone was feeling very tired of his mean and selfish ways and after what he had just done they decided to rise up against him and kill him.

They came to the royal palace in great numbers, muttering ugly threats in the language of the herrings which went something like this, blop, bubble, bop, bop.

Huron II was very angry indeed to have his beauty sleep disturbed. Going out on to the balcony, he demanded that the herrings should not make any more noise in order to let him finish his beauty sleep.

Slowly, but surely, when they continued to make their terrible noise, Huron II realized their intent. Turning blue with fright as is the custom with herrings, he hurried back to his room.

I would like to say how Huron II went out into the crowd and met his death bravely. I am afraid, however, he was a coward at heart and so took the easiest way out. He plunged his pearl-handled dagger into his royal heart and lay still.

So that was the end of a mean, miserable, vain and ugly King of the herrings who was punished for his sins.

## AN EXCITING EVENT

Form Vc

VALERIE MURDOCH

One bright Sunday morning my Father suggested we should go fishing for the day. Some friends of ours joined up with us too, so we were a party of seven.

We decided that we should go through the Victoria Falls Game Park, about fifteen miles up the Zambesi River. We were warned about the elephants coming down to the river to drink, and that we must not go far from our cars in case they did come down.

When we got to our fishing spot, we off-loaded the food and sat on the bank fishing. At first everyone seemed rather tense waiting for the elephant to come down, but after a few hours of waiting we all started to relax and started our lunch. We had a delicious lunch and had a rest in the shade of a lovely big tree, as it was very hot in the sun.

It must have been about half-past three when we heard the squealing of an elephant and the crash of a tree being broken. We all knew then that the elephants were on their way down to the river. We tried to pack away as many of our things as we could, hoping to get away before they arrived. Before we could get everything into the two cars the elephant were within ten yards of us. All we could do was to jump into the cars, close the windows, and wait. Wait!—that was the longest half-hour I've ever had! Anyway, to our great relief, their path was about eight yards from the cars. There were five elephants, and one of them came sniffing around the cars. I was terrified, and almost under the seat of the car. But he did not really seem to mind seeing the two cars there as he soon moved off to drink some water too.

After they had been splashing around in the water for half an hour, they moved off. As soon as they were out of sight, and everything was quiet again, we gathered the rest of our belongings and put them into the cars. We were not going to stay there any longer, and left as quickly as possible hoping that we would not meet any more elephants on the way back.

## I LIKE

Form IIa

LYNETTE CLARKE

I like the cool calm solemnity of churches and cathedrals. I like their bright stained-glass windows.

I like the sound of twittering birds in the early morning.

I like the veld, and the wild beasts that live there. I like the sound of the wind in the trees. I like a soft blue sky, and the crackle of grass beneath my feet.

I like the still mystery of ancient ruins, and the grass that peeps from between their stones.

I like the clatter of dishes in the sink. I like the columns of fluffy, grey smoke, which rise from the glowing embers of the fire.

I like the sparkling lights in cut glass. I like the solemn tick-tock of clocks, and their deep-throated chimes. I like the soft, swaying motion of leaves in the trees, as the wind passes by.

I like the deep, dark, shiny surface of well-polished wood.

I like the fresh smell of earth after rain. I like the soft, grey, fleecy clouds which bring rain.

I like the world as it is.



## VORM IVb

M. STEYN

Elke oggend voor die klok  
Kom sy in met 'n skok.  
Dis Minnie Steyn  
Wat loop en kwyn.  
Haar huiswerk is weer ongedaan.  
Trudy Botha stem met haar saam  
Dat hulle in die sop gaan land,  
Cheri Kantor met gewaai van hand  
Staan en praat aanhoudend, werruk.  
Floppy Read sit nou hard en sluk  
Want sy ly aan die giggel siekte  
Wat klink soos gonsende muskiete.  
Petra Grobler loop en wonder  
Hoe Vorm IVb sonder.  
Marion Mckenzie sal kan klaarkom  
Want met Aardrykskunde of 'n som,  
Word haar goed keuring altyd gevra  
En nooit sal jy haar hoor kla.

## ESCAPE

Va

V. SILBERBERG

Everyone, at one time or another, escapes from something, someone. It may be a physical escape, or, more likely, a mental one. Everyone has his own method of escape—some have hobbies in which they forget their job or chores of the rest of the day. Who could think of a legal problem, or a sinkful of dishes, or homework, when he, or she, is pondering where to put an Egyptian stamp on the already overcrowded page, or racing an electric train round a track? No-one. That is why hobbies are a form of escape from a humdrum everyday life.

Reading a book, learning of other people's problems (which you do not have to solve), is another way of escape from the ordinary world around you. You know that either the hero will be killed and avenged, or he will avenge a death that occurred before the time of the book. The problems there do not concern you—and, for the space of time that it takes to read the book, you have no problems either. Books are a wonderful form of escape.

Day-dreaming is a very common form of escape. There is such a temptation, when you have innumerable troubles, to sit back and dream of what you would do if those troubles would melt away. One loves dreaming about things that can never be, and this is a form of escape from day-to-day drudgery.

When the need for escape is such that no ordinary balm will cure it, many people commit suicide. This, I think, is the weakest form of escape. No trouble is so final that death is the only escape. Suicide shows weakness of the mind in the extreme.

Many people find a solace and an escape in music, or card-playing. From boredom, some find escape in doodling, or fiddling with a small button, or ornament, or pin. All these idiosyncracies are forms of escape from the present.

When a decision is placed upon us, nearly all of us try to postpone making up our mind to another time, to the future. "Let us wait and see what happens," we say, and so we escape. Procrastination, however, often means the ruin of some ideal, the loss of an opportunity, and to escape too much from life is not to live at all.

The desire to escape from pain or fear is a reason for the taking of drugs. If one is a drug-addict, one escapes continually from life. Drugs are administered in hospital to free the patient from pain and they bring relief to convalescents.

Dress fashions are made by the wish to escape

from wearing the same clothes as everyone else. A change in fashion is made when people become bored with the previous mode of dress and dress in extremes to escape from being the same. The feeling that to wear "the same" as someone else is a disgrace, comes from the feeling of escaping from uniformity. That is why new clothes are often bought before old ones are worn out—no-one wants to wear the same clothes again and again.

The desire for escape was shown by the hardy pioneers who first colonised America, Australia and Africa. They escaped from the country of their ancestors to a new country where they could mould their own way of life, and escape from any conditions or practices they felt were wrong. The new colonies formed a way of escape for their first colonies.

The same spirit of adventure and escape is shown by people who live outside the cities but return there for work. They show a double escape, escape from the over-busy town and from a too-peaceful, never-changing rural scene. These people will never feel frustrated because they are continually escaping.

It seems that Nature herself wants continual change, for she erodes mountain ranges, evaporates lakes, pours lava from volcanoes, and sends and withholds rain with no consistency. She seems to scatter her phenomena where she pleases and nothing is the same for very long.

One very famous result of the passion for escape was the Renaissance. For centuries Europe had been living for death, as it were, preparing always for after life. Then they dared to be joyous because they lived. This was a great mental escape for many people.

The desire to escape from ordinary life and people was the direct cause of the foundation of monasteries and convents. So these people fled to escape, just as hermits did, and they left behind all ordinary life, as we know it.

The passion for escape is the spice of all life, that changes it, and us and makes us want to live.



Form IIIb

B. BALDOCK

## The Adventures of George Guinea-Pig

Ia

WENDY MASTERSON

It was a hot afternoon and the Guinea-pig family were having a siesta in a cool corner of their hutch with their coats fluffed out and their tummies pleasantly full of lush green lettuce, juicy carrots, and a delicious variety of other munchable greens.

They were asleep—all except George Guinea Pig who was silently scratching a hole in the corner of the hutch—a hole now big enough to let him outside—outside to the Great Wide World.

Then with an excited squeak he jumped through the hole, landed on the sand beneath the hutch, scuttled away into the long grass and began his wonderful adventures.

For a while he contented himself with eating all the different kinds of plants which grew in tangled confusion at the end of the garden; but when at length he cut his mouth on some thistles and burned it with another plant he decided to go elsewhere.

So off he set and found an ants' nest which he watched with interest until he got bitten by a large black, shiny and vicious Matabele ant.

This made him jump backwards right into a large muddy puddle in which sat some croaking bull-frogs—also large and muddy—who thought that one of life's greatest pleasures was chasing bedraggled half-drowned guinea-pigs!

"Oing, oh Oing!" said George as he got his breath back, "I'm safe at last—."

At that moment a large grey rabbit accompanied by seven of her children hopped in front of George.

"Oh how awful, a rat-rab!" she sniffed in disgust, "Come along, children."

"I'm not a rat-rab!" said George indignantly, "I'm a guinea-pig!"

"You **are** ignorant, rat-rabs and guinea-pigs are the same thing—half-rat half-rabbit!" said the rabbit.

"At least I'm a thoroughbred grey rabbit—at least!" and with a stern "Come, children!" she hopped on her way.

After a short rest he set on his way again—this time to home—if he could get there, for now he was completely lost.

Then, horrors of horrors, it started to rain! "Oing!" said George in dismay, "how I wish I'd never left little wife Griselda and Grunt, Greed and Squeak, my excellent children. Oh dear!"

At length, however, he found the hen-run and sought refuge from the storm with a broody hen who called her mate to chase "that insolent 'rat.'"

"That insolent rat" was chased by the cock from the hen-run to the cow-shed where he had a lucky escape from being trod on by a cow who promptly kicked the pail of milk on top of him.

"Oing! My tailless aunt!" muttered George as he scuttled terrified from the cow-shed straight into a hungry-looking stray cat who chased him to the hutch. A luck stroke indeed!

George scrambled up inside the hutch just as Griselda and the children were about to wake.

"Oh, George, you're wet!" said Griselda, "Where have you bee—."

At that moment, Molly, their mistress appeared and wondered at George's dirty state, and also at the hole in the hutch which was soon mended.

However, no-one found out about his escapade; but his son, Grunt, possessed his father's wandering spirit; so when asked about the Great Wide World, George would sit back, look benevolently at his son and heir, and say,

"If you're a Guinea-pig who's clever  
Venture in the Wide World never  
I went out—and came back wetter  
So stay at home—it's good and better!"

## THE WIND'S STORY

Form IIa

B. GOSTLING

A baby face marked with delicate features peered out of the sky. It belonged to Hurri Cane, the youngest wind. His mischievous blue eyes were aglow with excitement as he thought of how he would upset the plans of the people below.

He was sitting astride a fluffy, white cloud, his chubby legs dangling. "Cloud, stop, please," he lisped. Obediently it stopped and, dismounting from it, Hurri looked around. So, this was Earth. The Tempests had been right for it was a "Land of Milk and Honey."

What could he do? A weather cock steeped in sun, sat basking drowsily in front of him. He puffed out his rosy cheeks and blew. The startled weather cock spun round dizzily. "This is fun," thought Hurri. He puffed and blew until the poor weather-cock felt giddy and the surprised people below began to wonder what the world was coming to.

Giving the exhausted weather cock one final blow he descended the church steeple into the streets. Curtains whirled, and a vase of flowers fell out of the window of a house, crashing about the feet of an elderly gentleman. A large beach hat went sailing down the street whilst its despairing owner fell over barrels and bumped into an approaching crowd, as he tried in vain to reach it.

A murmuration of starlings on their first flight fluttered back to their nest and refused to try to fly again despite their mother's gentle coaching. An agile spider spinning his silken web across a tree-top clung wildly as the impetuous wind buffeted him back.

Tired of dashing about the little wind was about to return home when looking up he caught sight of his great grand-father, one of the Great North Winds. The old man was pointing a wizened finger at him and seemed in such a temper, that poor little Hurri was sure he was going to turn into a cyclone.

Ashamed of his misdemeanour he sadly turned back to earth. He passed the weather cock who seemed to say, "I told you so!" as he winked knowingly. Suddenly he heard a sobbing and looking down saw a tiny girl hugging a younger brother to her.

"Don't cry, Clive, Mummy may still be able to iron our clothes for the party tomorrow," consoled the girl.

"Nasty wind blew the clothes away in the mud," sobbed the child in reply, as the wind above him blushed. Sadly Hurri passed on and saw their house. Suddenly an inspiration flickered across his repentant mind as he watched their mother hanging out the clothes again.

He blew, he puffed until his poor little chest was aching with the movement. At last the clothes were dry and he once again started for home. Hoping that he was not being perceived he crawled beneath his eiderdown of stars.

His grand-father bestowed a gentle smile upon the sleeping form, "He has learnt his lesson," mused the old man and gently tucked him in.



## MEMORABLE MOMENTS

Form IVa

VYVIAN CALVER

Quite a number of interesting things have happened to me and I shall always treasure memories of them. I shall always remember the moments when I got my first party-dress and my watch, but the moments I am going to write about are always foremost in my mind.

When I was about five, my father came back from the war and I saw him for the first time. I did not know who this strange man was and when he greeted me with open arms I was terrified and screamed. But I was soon reassured and, when he brought us parcels of sweets and a pretty dress each, I thought he was the nicest man I had ever met.

After about a year my father was transferred to Teheran in Persia and we were to follow him out by boat a little later.

We travelled down to the coast by train, and that was a new experience for me as well, but when I saw the massive cranes lifting up, without any effort, the great loads of cargo I was completely dumbfounded. The wharves were crowded as the dock hands wheeled the heavy trolleys away to the waiting goods-trains. The tugs were hooting and the great ships booming, and tower bridge was opening and closing like a big crocodile to let the liners go through. This was all new to my uninformed mind. I never realised so much could be done on a single river.

After we had been in Persia about two years the Ambassador's wife asked our governess if the children would be able to perform in a play with some of the staff. She agreed and we started rehearsing. The play ran for nearly a fortnight and on one occasion the Shah of Persia came to see it as he was a great friend of the British Ambassador. A party was held after the performance and, as I had the chief part of the children, I was elected to give him a bouquet. Feeling very nervous I went up to him and gave him the flowers. I thought that would be all but he is a very friendly person and spoke to me for a few minutes. After my initial shyness was over I asked him if I could have a piece of cake. Quite unperturbed, he gave me a piece of cake from a nearby plate. But I got a severe reprimand from my mother after it was all over.

About a year later the oil dispute started and we had to break most of our contacts with the Persian court. We moved to Isphahan because it was safer, although we had been surrounded by guards and alsatians at Teheran.

We asked to leave the country but the Persian Government forbade us to leave so the Embassy persuaded us that the best plan was to escape quite unobtrusively. My father was flown to Baghdad by plane and we had to go in an old rickety bus as far as Gez. But I'll never forget that journey. We thought the peasants would attack us as the country was quite desolate and we would have died of thirst if they had turned us out of the bus. But the peasants are simple folk and knew nothing of the impending disaster between Persia and England.

We met my father at Baghdad and flew on to Cairo, where we had to stay for a week as there was a sudden outbreak of cholera in the poorer parts of the city.

What a wonderful sight the pyramids are! These beautifully-shaped tombs rise so majestically from the ground and the Sphinx looks so proud.

After our short stay in Cairo we flew on to Rome. I shall never forget St. Peter's—I've never seen

such a beautiful church. The reverend monks kneel in silent prayer and the great bells toll, calling them to their never-ending task of helping the sick and the needy. Suddenly we heard a great noise and saw a crowd of excited students rush into the courtyard. Their matriculation results had been announced and by the look of things they were successful. The students wore peculiar pointed hats and at the end of the hats were miniatures denoting which professions they were entering.

Our guide then directed us to the Vatican City and there I saw the most beautiful statues, paintings and tapestries I have ever seen and I must confess it was so beautiful that I burst out crying. But the best part of all was when we were allowed into one of the little chapels where a service was being conducted. The Monks and Nuns harmonized beautifully as they chanted the prayers and hymns. Flowers were everywhere and a sickly smell seemed to hang over the whole place.

On our way from England to Africa we stopped at the island of St. Helena. There we went into Napoleon's house and saw his grave, and I'll always remember it because I do not think that such a great man as he should have been left on an island like that.

We had been living in Nyasaland for about three months when I saw my first veld fire and it was truly a memorable moment. One moment there were miles and miles of scrub and trees and a few minutes later there were sheets of flame rising ten to twenty feet high. And the grass seemed to make music as it crackled and singed under the relentless heat, but as quickly as the fire had started it faded out leaving the ground black and the trees all charred.

But there was still a new pleasure in store for me when a few days later there was a shower of rain and you could literally see the little green shoots sprouting through, and in a few weeks the grass was all green and winter was over for another season.

I have had many memorable moments in my life; and hope that there are many more in store for me.

## Onder Die Sterre En Die Maan

IVa

SALLY McNEILL

Die nag is warm, en baie kaffers sit laggend en singend om die kampuur.

Die forlsekende sterre en die groot ronde maan skyn met 'n gons lig in die swart hemel. Almal is bly.

Eindelik begin een van die outas 'n spookstorie te vertel. Hy praat saggies en vertel die storie met sy hande so wel as sy mond. Die kinders hou hulle moeder se arms vas en luister met groot, bang oë.

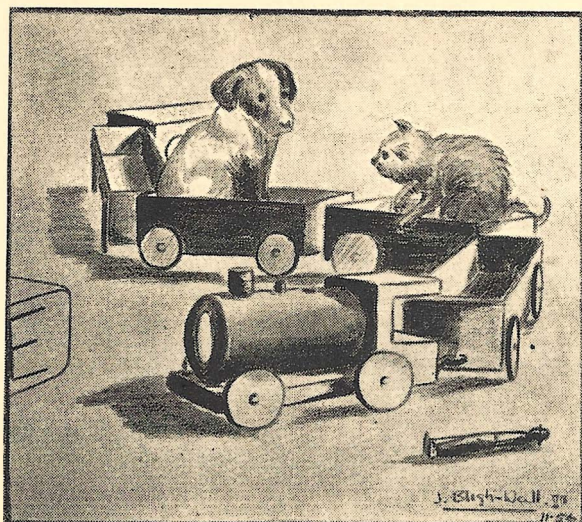
Die outa vertel van die spookbroer van Koning Tjaka. Hierdie koning het sy lie broer vermoor, omdat hy koning wan wees. Die broer het van die dood teruggeleef en Tjaka se geliefkoosde vrou het verdwyn.

Toe die outa sy storie voltooi het, het al die kinders hulle ouers gevra of die storie waan is. Niemand het geforaat nie Miskien is die storie waan. Wie kan sê? Saggies kyk hulle na die groot vuur en dan na die ligte hemel.

Stadig gaan die bang kinders na hulle hulte, maar hulle kan nie slaap nie. Hulle Mammies en Pappies kom ook.

Spookstories is pret as hulle by hulle overs sit, maar as hulle wil slaap is hulle nie so prettig





## ADVENTURES OF SHADOW

Form Ia

JOSIE TAYLOR

Shadow is a small puppy, of whom I became the proud possessor on my birthday, together with a kitten known as Nosey.

Once, while I took him for a walk, he saw a tiny whirlwind of dust, and tried to stamp it out. There was a stick in it, and when he tried to catch the stick the wind blew it around and it rapped him on the nose!

At home he is beginning to make friends with the kitten. Together they managed to climb on the sofa, via the chair, and from there they looked round, and Shadow looked as if he wished to say:—

‘I’m a brave pup! Look how far I’ve climbed!’

Nosey was too busy washing her face to say anything.

I am trying to teach him to behave well at meals. He will sit and bite the toe of my shoe, and yesterday I had a pair of open-work sandals on. Ouch! The remembrance of it makes me wince!

As I write Nosey is experimenting with the ink. Now she has a great blob on the end of her nose. That ought to teach her! But no, now she must stick her paws in it. She really deserves her name!

Shadow wants me to play with him. I know if I don’t he will bite the wool rug, and then I **will** have to move anyway.

This morning I taught him to sit up and beg. He sits there, his head on one side, looking at everyone so pleadingly with his blue puppy eyes, that I have to give him something. Immediately he sits on the floor, with his titbit between his forepaws, and tries to fight it. When the scrap of meat refuses to fight back, he becomes angry and swallows it to punish its disobedience.

Now what are they doing? Nosey and Shadow have disappeared from sight. Surely they are up to some mischief. What will it be this time . . . ?

Here comes the answer! My little brother’s railway tracks lead into the room. Nosey comes careering along in a truck, and Shadow is trying to stop it with his soft nose. It is coming down the slope, and twice Shadow trips over the line, making the job more difficult than it is. They reach the buffers, and Nosey calmly alights, and pats Shadow playfully on the back, as though saying, ‘Goodbye, porter.

Thank you for carrying my bags. Here is a sixpence, my good man!’ Shadow seems to want more for his pains, and knocks the kitten over. Nosey biffs him on the nose, and they scamper out of the room together, Nosey leaving inky pawmarks on the carpet.

## THE LITTLE BROWN HEN

Form IIb

M. McLEOD

I remember most vividly a tiny, fluffy, brown chicken which came to us by air with eleven other little chickens. In Scotland, especially during the winter, the weather is extremely cold, and of the dozen chickens ‘Brownie’ was the only survivor. Consequently she was spoiled and was brought up by the fire-side in our kitchen.

Brownie was different from the other chicks. She was fed and cared for in the house, whereas the others were kept in out-houses. She was treated more as a pet kitten or puppy, and indeed she was a great friend of the cat and dog.

Spring came and Brownie grew older and stronger and the warmer weather suited her well. The little brown chick was fast growing into a large pullet and very soon would be a full-grown hen.

Eventually Brownie was put with the other hens, but she did not like it at first. She rebelled and at every opportunity came inside the house. She was not frightened like other hens. If you chased her, she fought back and pecked at your leg or hand as a sign of revolt. One day my sister was sitting by the fire sewing when Brownie made an appearance. I never laughed so much in my life as I did on that day when I saw my sister chase Brownie with a giant needle and a strand of cotton from a reel stretched for yards behind her!

Brownie was soon a hen, and she was so well-fed that she out-grew all the other hens. She looked as if at any time she was ready to join the boxing ring as a heavy-weight champion! She was just like a person and used to look at me right in the eye with no fear at all. She even used to follow me around like a pet dog, and was the most popular hen in the neighbourhood.

When we left home, we did not have the heart to dispose of Brownie so we gave her to the new tenants, and I understand she is still alive and well.

If hens can speak, Brownie will, and as long as she lives, she will tell her exciting life-story to all her friends and descendants.

## WISHES

Form Ib

MARGARET BUCKLEY

*Oh! I am—tired so tired of Town,  
Of seeing the bus go up and down.  
I want to live in the Country fair,  
To feel the lovely, cool, fresh air.  
I want to lead the horses round  
To smell the nicely ploughed up ground.  
I want to pick the apples red  
To tumble early from my bed.*

*I want to feed the nice red hens,  
To gather good eggs from their pens.  
I’d love to feel the wind blow hard  
While I am in the big farm-yard;  
I’d wish the cows who give us cream  
Lie, in the meadows cool and green;  
To plant the seed and watch it grow,  
Oh! how I’d love it to be so.*



## Father Teaches Mother to Drive

Form IIa

J. JOHNSON

For a long time my father had been yearning to teach my mother to drive the car, but whenever he appointed the day for a lesson, mother sweetly thanked him and told him firmly that she would be unable to benefit from his motoring skill that day, or any other to come, because of the many household jobs which simply had to be done. However, there came a day when father was so zealous that he was determined to give the lesson, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Jones' letter had to be answered, my cardigan was in need of washing, and the cat was having kittens, and so poor mother had to comply with his wishes.

She had insisted that I accompany them, so a few hours later father and I were to be found waiting in the car for the not-so-enthusiastic pupil, who seemed to be taking an age to dress. "Wherever can your mother be?" growled father after half an hour.

"Here she is!" I replied, espying mother's plump figure approaching.

"Tom dear," she said, as she neared us "don't you think we should postpone this lesson? Those clouds look so ominous."

"Indeed not!" snapped father who was very impatient. "Climb into the seat and I'll show you how to start the car!"

Mother duly obeyed and after nodding understandingly at father's demonstration, tried first once, then twice, and the car was eventually started. "Now go slowly, Molly," said father as we lurched forward, "And—oh my precious roses!" he cried, as mother's vague efforts to steer, had driven us into and over a rose bush.

Somehow we managed to get on to the road, but the sight of the traffic made mother panic, the car stopped and all knowledge of starting it again had flown from her head. She tried valiantly to remember while father worked her into a state of frenzy by crying, "Now pull that! Push that! No! That's the windscreen wiper! Do sit back, Molly, every time you lean forward you press the hooter and everyone is turning round!" Mother bore these exclamations for some time then said hotly, "I can't possibly drive with you sitting next to me, waving your arms frantically and jumping up and down in your seat. If you get out and wait for me at the bottom of the hill I'll drive down to you and—" Father interrupted here with, "Don't talk nonsense, you dimwitted female! There are policemen dashing about all over the place!"

The car was at last started and we proceeded slowly down the hill, but then, once on level ground, mother began to swerve violently from one side of the road to the other. Cars overtook us cautiously, their inmates occasionally looking back to laugh. This made father livid as everyone of his acquaintance seemed to be in that vicinity. "You chicken-brained woman!" he shouted, clutching the seat as if for his life. "That was Mr. Hargreaves, my manager, who just passed! I expect he thinks I harbour an escaped madwoman! For goodness sake drive slowly and keep to the left side of the road!"

Mother obeyed as best she could and we travelled for some time without further mishaps and ejaculations. Father was beginning to cheer up, and mother was more confident. Then it happened!

A streak of lightning zig-zagged across the sky, followed closely by a clap of thunder. There was a great gust of wind and suddenly the rain started.

We decided to turn back and father instructed mother on the art of turning a car. All went well until the engine stopped and the car came to a rest in the middle of the road.

Try as she would mother could not move it, so father took over the wheel, and we drove home in silence.

He never again offered to give mother a driving lesson and in family conversations we always steer clear of this topic.

There is a moral to this little tale, added by my mother for the benefit of would-be women drivers. It is simply this: Never allow your husband to teach you to drive or you will regret it.

## A POLICEMAN ON PATROL

1a

S. DAYNES

*I'm a policeman on patrol,  
Doing my daily beat.  
To and fro and round about  
In the sweltering heat.  
Here I chase a crowd of boys  
Playing on the road.  
There I stop a lorry  
With a much too heavy load.  
Don't ever be a policeman  
You'll regret it I am sure.  
Because for your poor aching feet  
There's simply not one cure.*

## MY GRANDFATHER

Form Vc

YVONNE VAN DER MERWE

I should like to tell you about the life of my grandfather, Mr. W. G. Bremner.

He was born in Cape Town in the year 1871 on the 26th May. He was in Rhodesia in 1894 but returned to the Union just before the Jameson Raid. When he was in captivity in Krugersdorp he escaped and went to Mafeking where Mr. Zeederburg, the owner of a stage coach business, helped him to get back to Rhodesia in one of his coaches.

In 1897 he joined Spreckley's column in Rhodesia. In 1898 he was attached to the Seventh Hussars.

He was in the Rebellion in Mashonaland but afterwards he returned to Umtali with the Seventh Hussars and was later in charge of the transport from Umtali to Bulawayo.

In 1898 he went with Sir Arthur Lualaba's expedition to Barotseland and when he came back he joined the Charter Company.

When the Boer War broke out, he joined the 1st Rhodesian Regiment and was in the Relief of Mafeking. He was then attached to the Scouts—the intelligence spy ring of the English side, whose duty it was to find the position of the enemy. On one occasion they just escaped with their lives when they rode through and swam across the Caledon River in Basutoland. He made many narrow escapes throughout the war.

Two years later after the Boer War had ended he married in Pretoria and had eight children of whom the youngest but one is my mother.

He worked all over the Rhodesias as a farmer and with timber companies.

He is still alive and living with us, and although he has not been robust lately, he was always happy and strong. He is still a very pleasant person to talk to; and it is very interesting to listen to his stories of the Boer War.



## TREES

Form VIa

ROSALIND MANNING

When I see a tree ablaze with splendid blooms or a cloud of flimsy leaves, the green suffused by autumn tints, I find it impossible not to believe that there is some superior force behind the universe. It is a force which no one can really understand but which men have called "God."

"... I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused."

I am a lover of trees and like to see and hear and smell them: how dull life would be in a treeless land! Trees seem to have the power of influencing people and affecting various moods. This is very apparent in English literature for many poets and authors have used trees to create an atmosphere and express some almost intangible feeling. This idea of nature being in accordance with human moods is called pathetic fallacy. T. S. Eliot uses pathetic fallacy, connected with a tree, with admirable effect in the passage in "Murder in the Cathedral," when the women of Canterbury express their fear of something unknown that is about to happen. They sense a certain turbidity in nature which they associate with something that is about to curdle their own lives. The air is heavy and thick, there is a sticky dew on the backs of their hands and there is an eerie green light from a cloud on a withered tree.

In Yeats's "Red Harrahan's Song About Ireland," it is:

"The old brown thorn trees breaking in two high over Cunnun Strand," that expresses the feeling that Ireland is old and gnarled and crumbling, and that the Irish spirit is dying, "Our courage breaks like an old tree in a black wind and dies."

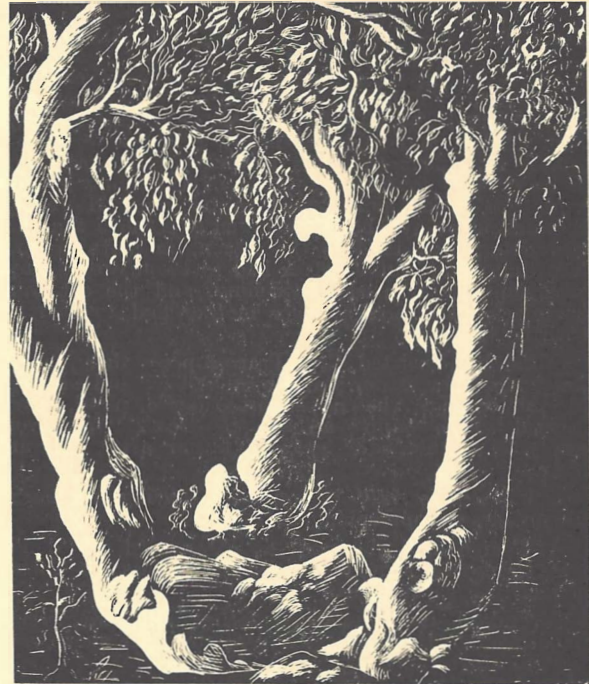
Mostly it is a sense of impending doom or something evil that authors express when they use descriptions of old, bare and withered trees. Every ghost story must have a description of a stark, naked tree with perhaps the moon shrouded with mist shining palely through its stiff branches. Such a description produces an eeriness such as nothing else can. Haven't you ever read a murder-story in which the heroine is terrified by the tapping of an old tree on a window or an old tree in the garden creaking like an unoiled door? On the other hand, of course, the heroine could have heard the creaking door open and have mistaken it for the creaking of a tree! Whatever the case, the desired atmosphere is created and the reader shudders accordingly.

Of course, trees need not be evil, in fact, on the whole, I like to consider that they are not. With a gentle breeze making the leaves shiver and the branches bending and flexing with the graceful movements of a dancer, the effect on the mind must surely be gentle and soothing.

"I think that I shall never see a poem as lovely as a tree."

Trees are very noble creatures and the bigger they are the more noble they appear. At this time of the year Jacarandas are in flower and what a glorious sight it is to see the flush of mauvey-blue blossoms which line both sides of many of the city streets! The Syringa trees, too, are a mass of sweet-smelling flowers, tall and elegant and infinitely beautiful. To me the Syringa blossom is the first sign of spring for the tree flowers before most others and when a warm breeze wafts the delicate smell towards me I think: "Ah, the Syringas are out and rain will follow soon."

When the rains do come, a warm conglomeration of different tree fragrances is suspended in the moist,



Form Vb

P. SERGEANT

clean air of the veld. The rains seem to catalyse a reaction, for the different scents are richer than before. The acacia trees, for instance, exude a delicate, warm perfume and the mimosa tree, bedecked with all its golden pom-poms, is the finest of the acacias despite its thorns. Even the bark of veld trees smells delightfully nutty when it is wet. It is no wonder that birds take such delight in scented trees, for colour and scent are nature's ways of attracting birds and insects. The blooms that we admire so greatly on indigenous trees frequently look insipid and droopy when picked and arranged in the house and they seldom last long, although, while they last, they do fill the room with a smell of the veld.

Trees "en masse" are always an attraction to nature-lovers and, although Milton's wood in *Comus* is allegorical of the tangled and perplexed ways of life, Keats has quite a different opinion for he wishes to escape from the world of sorrow into a world of trees and bird-music, "That I might drink, and leave the world unseen, And with thee fade away into the forest dim: Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget What thou among the leaves has never known The weariness, the fever, and the fret Here, where men sit and hear each other groan."

## HOWLERS!

IIIc Misquotation from a well-known poem:—  
"One kiss my hony sweetheart."

IIc The Romans introduced eccentric healing into Britain. (Ed. American magazines please copy).

IIIb The Cretans painted "flying frescoes."

IIIb Mammals have a cute sense of hearing.



## THE POWER OF MUSIC

Form VIa

LESLEY POUND

The view from the window was very uninspiring. Perhaps I was lucky in that it looked on to a railway line and not on to row upon row of grimy houses, as was the case with the majority of back windows in the district of Bloomsbury where I was living. Even so, the sight of half a mile or so of grimy railway track whereon equally grimy engines rushed past at various ungodly hours was not calculated to fill the beholder with soul-inspiring thoughts, and was much more likely to envelope him in a foul-smelling black cloud. The brickwork had long since given up the unequal struggle to retain its original red hue, which was now lost under the accumulating layers of soot and coal dust. Fifty-seven, Milton Avenue, Bloomsbury; that was the address which I wrote at the top of my letters, or rather which I should write, as so far, I had not written any. I should have liked to inform my friends back in Russia that I had arrived safely, but it was too dangerous for them. If it was discovered that they were smuggling people out of the country, it would be Siberia for life for all of them. Even now, safely in London, I cannot reveal the details of my escape as the Communists have spies everywhere. It suffices to say that I am a Russian living in Bloomsbury.

Dismally staring at the railway line I reflected that it was all so different from what I thought it would be. Back in Russia we had all pictured England as the absolute epitome of democracy—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and all the other little luxuries which in my country are just a legend containing as much truth as legends generally do. But, oddly enough, we had always associated democracy with green fields and rolling valleys and not with sordid, impoverished, overcrowded suburbs, not with endless miles of houses each boasting a wretched square of garden about as big as Poland after the third partition, wherein lines of grey washing were always to be seen. When I first dreamed up the idea of escaping from Russia, the peak of my ambition was to reach Britain, which we regarded very much as the Israelites looked on the Promised land. Having achieved this, I wanted to revoke my Russian nationality which branded me as a Communist to the parochial minds of the British working class, and become a British citizen. Unfortunately, I had not taken into account the splendid aloofness of the average Briton, and now, after three weeks, was not so sure that my decision was wise.

It was not just the way in which I was looked at in buses and shops, when I fumbled with the unfamiliar currency and the even more unfamiliar language, nor the manner of my colleagues at the factory who scarcely gave me a passing glance from one day's end to the other. It was something indescribable, something which was in the very atmosphere, something which proclaimed to me that aliens are absolutely beyond the "pale." I realized that this had no connection with democracy, but somehow I felt that Britain had failed to come up to my expectations.

The sky darkened and the houses were hid in the merciful oblivion of the dark. Once more I was faced with the problem of entertaining myself until bedtime, and decided on some music. I proceeded to the kitchen—the unappetizing smells emanating thence told me of my landlady's whereabouts — and by exercising my arms, eyes and meagre vocabulary, I acquainted her with my desire. She fetched a newspaper and opening it at the leader page, she pointed out to me the various musical programmes to which I could go and give ear. I was not really taken

with anything until her podgy finger hovered over an advertisement for the last Promenade Concert of the season. I saw that a composition of Elgar's was being played and, though I knew him but by repute, as "capitalistic" music was frowned upon in Russia, I decided on this concert.

It took me a long time to reach the Royal Festival Hall and, when I did eventually arrive, all the seats had been taken and there was only standing room available. I dreaded another journey so soon, and found myself wedged between a pillar and an aristocratic-looking gentleman of about fifty or so, clad in a suit, the cut of which I have since learnt, signifies Saville Row and considerable means. His cold grey eyes travelled down the length of me and I felt a hardly perceptible stiffening of his body as he digested my ready-made blue serge suit, the ill-knotted tie, and my stiff black hair which had not then recovered from the "crew cut" which was customary in Russia for all engaged in manual labour. I stared with fixed intensity at the sight of the orchestra warming up.

To my foreign and untuned ear, the first part of the programme sounded tuneless and dull, and I was just thinking that I should have done as well to remain at home in Bloomsbury and look at the railway line, when the announcer's voice broadcast the fact that "Pomp and Circumstance No. 1," by Edward Elgar would now be played. I listened intently and as the first glorious bars of "Land of Hope and Glory" rolled out, I was infinitely glad that I had come. When the theme came round a second time, the audience surged to its feet and started singing. Suddenly, my eyes were a little misty and my throat felt queer and tight. It was peculiar really; they were singing in an alien tongue of which I could understand barely a word, but yet suddenly I felt united with them in song and in heart.

I caught the eye of my aristocratic neighbour. Perhaps I was wrong, but I thought his eyes were also a little misty. And then, he smiled at me.

## DIE TUIN

Form IIa

ANN CROZIER

Dit was 'n baie warm dag. Die son het in die blou lug bo die groen bome geskyn. In die park was daar baie blomme in die beddings tussen die grasperke. Op die grasperke het mense geloop. Onder die bome het moeders met hulle babatjies gesit. Al die mense was bly, maar die blomme was nie.

Die madeliefte het vir die gesiggie gesê: „Ek wens hulle wil vir ons water gee. Ek is baie dors en voel droog en siek.”

„Ja,” het die gesiggie geantwoord. „Dit is baie moeilik om my kop op te hou.”

„Laat dit sak,” het die lirie gesê wat naby die gesiggie gestaan het: „Ek het my kop laat sak. As die mense sien ons koppe hang sal hulle ons water gee.”

„Ja,” sê die roos „dit is 'n baie goeie plan. Ek sal dit doen.”

Binne 'n kwartier het al die blomme in die park hulle koppe laat hang en hulle het baie dood gekyk.

Iemand het hulle gesien en het vir sy vriend gesê: „Kyk daar. Die blomme is baie droog. Ek sal die tuinier gaan roep.”

Die tuinier het gekom en het die droë blomme gesien. Hy het die water aangedraai en gooi die blomme nat. Baie vinnig het die blomme hulle koppe opgetel en hulle was baie bly om die blou lug te sien.



## Temba, the Piccanin Comes to Town

Form IIa

M. J. DAVIES

Temba carefully donned his rich red shirt and pulled his almost patchless shorts over his legs. Dube, his father, was going to town to sell his prize pumpkins and sweet potatoes for which he hoped to obtain enough money to buy not only the usual monthly supplies but a new dress for Maria, his wife.

Jumping off his rickety bed Temba slipped the penny Mr. Harris had given him into his pocket. Then he ran out to help his father load the old cart and calm the very excited donkeys.

After many goodbyes had been said the old cart rattled on to the road and carefully wound its slow way towards the town. Temba, perched on the biggest pumpkin, sang merrily for he had a penny to spend.

Buscs and cars seemed rather surprised to see such a relic come stumbling into town and many eyes seemed to follow it as it drew close to the kerb and halted. Dube jumped off the cart and, after greeting his friends, began to unload it. Temba saluted his father's friends politely then ran down the pavement to meet Musa, his friend, who had promised to be there.

"Hey, Temba, come here," and Temba saw Musa standing gazing in awe at a shop window which contained a shining bright bicycle. It was painted sky-blue with red lines and was truly a wonderful sight. But it was far too expensive as Musa pointed out; far, far too expensive for either of them to buy.

So rather sorrowfully they slowly walked down the pavement, now and again stopping to exclaim over a shirt or a mouth-watering cake. Finally Temba dived into his pocket and bought a penny's worth of sweets which he divided between Musa and himself. Then, their spirits revived, they wandered back to Dube's open-air stall declaring it was wonderful to be alive in such an exciting town. Then Dube decided it was time for lunch and they sat down to their simple meal.

As it was then too hot for walking around and Temba's pot-belly was full, the two piccanins lay at full-length in the cool shade of the ancient cart while the donkeys dropped their long eyelashes and nodded their big heads lazily.

After a short rest Temba was quite refreshed and quite determined to see more of the town. He aroused an angry Musa and they turned again towards the long, sleek, black pavements which seemed to go on for ever.

The shops were all closed and the drowsy hum of traffic was stilled. Only the town clock boomed over the sleepy town.

Temba was astonished until Musa, who was no stranger to the town, explained that the shopkeepers were at home eating their lunch, possibly one of the handsome cakes they had seen that morning, he added gloomily.

But they heard Dube calling them and they turned back. It was time to return home.

Dube had not made as much money as he had expected to and so Maria would have to wait for her new dress. It was sad for she had had no new dress for many months and he had hoped to buy her a gaily striped one to gladden her heart.

The sun was setting, and a golden glow gleamed over the tired city. The silhouette of an old cart containing an old African and his son was seen to climb the road back over the hill towards their home. They were sleepy. One of them was happy

and the other sad. One of them was remembering the gay sights of the town while the other thought of his wife, the one who looked after his home and who was to have a disappointment when they returned.

The old cart rattled on. It carried now a fast-asleep Temba and a tired Dube. It neared the kraal and all at once a light appeared and the tired travellers were welcomed home by a cheerful wife and mother.

## THE SOUNDS OF THE COUNTRY

Form Vb

DAWN ELTZE

The country has many different moods and a sound to suit each occasion. In the summer when the skies grow dark and sullen, then the thunder crashes and echoes through the granite kopjes while the animals scurry trembling to a place of safety. In the winter when the bare trees lift gaunt fingers in supplication to the lowering sky, then the wind moans and whistles over the naked brown veld, battering the windows and doors of the lone farm-houses.

As the night turned to day over the veld and the air was spicy with the smell of damp grass, the birds awakened. At first a solitary bird was heard and the thin clear sound travelled over the silent veld. This song was soon taken up, and the morning became alive with the sounds of squabbling, laughing, singing and chuckling as the birds gathered their breakfast. But the birds were not the only ones who were awakened by the first light of day. In the kraal the cattle started a plaintive lowing, impatient to be let out, to wander over the stubby veld in search of grazing. A group of native children left their huts and made their way to the gully where the sluggish stream murmured sullenly over its rocky bed. The children laughed happily and splashed in the stream. When they had filled their pots they went back to their huts, where a bright fire crackled cheerfully in the clear air, and the native women bustled about, clanging dishes and pots as they prepared the morning meal. In the distance a dog barked and was answered by the neighing of a horse which waited impatiently for the farmer to bring his food.

Slowly the day advanced, and the brassy sun crept higher in the sky. The parched earth seemed to shudder as the cruel sun beat down mercilessly. The veld seemed to be holding its breath and a thick, oppressive silence hung like a pall over everything. A gentle, sighing breeze then sprang up and blew softly over the tired earth. Over the shoulder of the silent grey kopje, large scowling black clouds began to appear. Slowly and silently they grew until it appeared that the weight of them must cause the heavens to lean down lower. A distant growling rumble was heard and a small flicker of flame split the blackness. Louder and louder grew the thunder until the whole veld seemed to be filled with it. A breeze began to moan softly through the trees and then softly and silently came the rain. Faster and faster it hurried down, splashing on the parched earth, rustling the sighing leaves of the trees and beating against the grey rocks which were scattered over the veld. Harder and yet harder it fell, until it drummed incessantly against the red earth, fluttering and scurrying through the grass and bushes. The sluggish, sullen stream began to murmur, until it was gurgling and splashing over the rocks, laughing and chuckling as it tugged at the bushes and grass that grew at its edge. The murmur grew until it became a roar, and the stream swirled angrily along its bed, crashing and thundering. As suddenly as it had come the rain stopped and earth lay silent.



The wet trees murmured and shivered as the wind blew gustily through them and the waving grass rustled and whispered to itself. Once again the birds began to sing and the clear liquid bubbles of sound floated gently on the wind until the world seemed full of joyful sound. The stream which had grown to a river still grumbled sullenly. The cattle began to wander back to their kraals, splashing over the wet grass and squelching through muddy pools. All the time the cattle complained loudly at the drenching they had received. As the sun sank slowly to rest behind the glistening kopje, the birds fell silent, but their song was replaced by the night noises of the veld.

Once again the native kraal came to noisy, bustling, life as the women prepared the evening meal and fires began to crackle. By this time the moon was rising above the trees, bathing them in a silvery glow. Near the stream the deep, mellow voice of a frog was heard as he croaked contentedly among the reeds along the stream's edge. The shrill high chirping of a cricket broke through the velvet night and soon the air was full of the sound of insects as they scurried about in search of food. High in the kopjes the barking grunt of a number of baboons was heard as they moved restlessly through the night; while close by the shrill eerie howl of a hunting jackal rent the gloom of the night. In the cornfield the contented munching of a number of dainty buck could be heard as they nibbled at the tender green mealies.

In the country there are many sounds, the shrill cry of an animal in pain, the plaintive call of some lone bird, the gentle murmur of the wind in the grass, the crashing majesty of thunder. All these and many more form the sounds of the veld, each of which has a story to tell for those who care to listen.

## LE PREMIER ZEBRE

Form VIa

R. MANNING

Tout au commencement du monde les animaux s'assemblerent au bord d'un immense lac: ils regardèrent se lever sur les montagnes le grand soleil rouge d'Afrique. Quand le soleil était au zénith, ils s'en allèrent vers la grande caverne où ils allaient recevoir leurs robes et leurs cornes—car en ce temps ils n'avaient rien de cela—. "I-vila"—le zèbre—resta en arrière car il était si gourmand qu'il ne pouvait pas s'arrêter de manger.

Les animaux sortirent bientôt, portant leurs nouveaux habits. M'Shlovu, l'éléphant, avait grand plaisir de sa large robe grise avec une queue derrière aussi bien que devant. Il démontra à ses amis comme il pouvait déraciner les arbres. Le koodoo était fier de ses cornes en limaçon qui prévenaient que les rameaux lui tombaient sur le dos. Le sable avait une belle paire de cornes courbées et une robe du brun de chocolat.

Quand "I-vila" vit ce que les animaux avaient choisi, il s'arrêta de manger et trotta à la caverne car il voulut aussi une robe et une paire de cornes.

Le dernier animal de la procession à la caverne était le rhinocéros qui avait une robe qui ne lui allait pas bien du tout et une paire de cornes de différentes grandeurs. Ils les avait mis en longueur au lieu d'en largeur car il était myope. Le zèbre se mit à rire impoliment, mais quand il trouva qu'il n'y restait qu'une robe, facétieusement barrée et rien en fait de cornes, il n'y avait pas de quoi rire.

Il essaya la robe tristement et trouva qu'elle lui allait à merveille et que la robe possédait une bouche très grande pour manger. Il était heureux après tout, de sa robe gaie. Les autres animaux pourraient rire tant qu'ils voudraient, tout à ce qu'il tenait c'était à la nourriture.

## THE SABLE

Form IIIa

V. SCHOFIELD

It was dank, stuffy and very dark in the back of the lorry where the newly-captured sable bull stamped restlessly in the large (but not large enough) cage. The back of the lorry had a covering of khaki canvas which was so roughly framed, that the vehicle possessed the appearance of a boer wagon. The time was nine o'clock and the night was very drab as a result of the recent fall of heavy, tropical rain. The lorry was standing by a rough, whitewashed building, above the door of which was scrawled in black paint "The Bar." If one were unable to read this inscription, there would be no difficulty whatsoever in finding out what the building represented. From the interior rose the raucous laughter and drunken singing of rough men.

The bar seemed to be all that was left of the derelict gold-mine, for all the houses were falling down and the whole deserted settlement looked very desolate. The only people who ever came now were the few farmers who lived round about, and any travellers who chose to use the rough road which led through this settlement on its way to join the Jo'burg road forty miles further on.

Outside the only living building sat a small boy; he could not have been more than nine years old but his thin little face showed signs of a deep suffering. It was here he had to sit every night, while his father sat inside drinking. He could not remember his mother at all because she had died at his birth.

The little boy's only companion was a small bush-baby which stayed perched upon his shoulder day in and day out. The child adored animals and did everything in his power to prevent cruelty to them.

It must have been about a quarter past nine when the little boy got up, stretched and walked slowly towards the back of the covered lorry. He had heard movement inside, and could contain his curiosity no longer. He climbed over the back and into the lorry itself where the cage stood with the sable inside, stamping restlessly.

The little boy's eyes opened wide when he saw this beautiful creature enclosed in such a small space. He pulled a grubby apple out of his pocket and gave it to the captive. As the animal devoured the apple hungrily, an idea entered the child's head. Why should this thing of the wilds be taken into the civilization and dull routine of some modern zoo? Why, when he had the chance should he not free it? The cage was bolted on the outside—very simple to undo. He knew that the hunter who owned the truck was too engrossed to hear if the sable were to jump over the back of the lorry. He pulled the bolt and flung the cage door open.

There was a mad scramble of hoofs and the graceful sable bull cleared the back of the lorry in one leap and galloped down the road towards the low grasslands and kopjes whence he had come.

The boy was surprised at his own temerity and as he stood and watched the lovely creature disappear into the darkness, he felt as though he had accomplished something very great in freeing the sable. He looked now toward the bar to see if anyone had heard the sound of galloping above their own noise, but no one had noticed.

Only the following morning was the escape of the sable discovered, for the hunter had fallen into a drunken slumber in the bar-room and had not awoken until half past eight the following morning.

No one ever found out that the animal captive had escaped by means other than his own strength.

## INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

Form IVa

VIVIENNE STRACHAN

All through the ages there have been interesting personalities and it is my view that although many famous people have interesting personalities, as great a number of ordinary people have them as well. As far back as the time before Christ there have been interesting personalities such as King Solomon who, as we read in the Bible, was overflowing with wisdom and one feels that he must have had a twinkle in his eye when he was meting out judgement on minor offenders.

In modern times there are personalities as well, for example, Hitler, though not having a very lovable personality must nevertheless be considered one. He had great powers of oratory and with this he persuaded many people to adopt the Nazi cause, thinking it a true and just one, before the war.

There are famous personalities in all walks of life. In the world of the theatre for example there is Dame Sybil Thorndike. She has a very warm personality, which I think is essential for actors or dancers as they must make their personality shine through to the audience.

In the world of politics there is Sir Winston Churchill. He was an excellent Prime Minister and an inspiration to civilians and soldiers alike during the second world war.

One of the least lovable of all personalities was Richard III, an evil man without doubt and a devil in human guise. But he had a personality which is clearly shown in Shakespeare's play of the same name. This is shown in the film which starred Sir Laurence Olivier as Richard III.

Another personality who was not in the least lovable, was Rasputin, an evil priest who lived in Russia at the close of the nineteenth century. He had become a priest but he drank and swore and was connected with a great many evil practices. He was a very good herbalist and had been able to cure the infant son of the Tzarina of Russia. After that nothing was too good for him. He lived at court and influenced the Tzarina as to the policies of the country. He was extravagant and gave wild parties. At length the situation became so serious that the Bolsheviks tried to poison him and even the near relations of the Tzarina tried to murder him, but none succeeded. Then the Bolsheviks revolted and assassinated all the nobility and Rasputin completely disappeared. And nobody to this day knows what happened to him.

Many rulers have been interesting personalities "Good King Hal" was very popular and even when he was middle-aged, many beautiful ladies were attracted to him. He had a wise head on his shoulders and one needed to be a strong king if one was to stay on one's throne. He was always scrupulously honest when dealing with the commons and above all he understood the temper of the people and had a strong personality to hold them.

Another monarch with an interesting personality was Queen Victoria. Her mother was very strict with her but Victoria loved to draw and paint displaying humour rather than skill. Victoria, through her stern up-bringing, grew in her later years to be very stern and autocratic. Many people believe her to have been harsh and cruel but I feel that had she had a more understanding upbringing, she would have been a kinder person. But, nevertheless, she was an interesting personality.

A very interesting personality is the Duke of Edinburgh. It must be a very difficult task to be a consort. One must not dictate to the Queen nor must

one appear meek and mild. The Duke does neither of these things. He remains unobtrusively the master in his household and does not interfere with politics. He displays a kindly sense of humour and a firm will and these two qualities help to make him one of the most interesting personalities of to-day.

I feel that kings may come or go, kingdoms may rise or perish but no age will be without its personalities good or bad.

## HY SOEK . . .

Form IIIb

H. DU PLESSIS

*Kyk hoe stadig trek die swerwer  
In die helder dagbreak nog so pers,  
So pragtig uit die hemel.  
Hulle lyk nou nes miere wat wemel  
Langs hul wa-tentjies so hoog  
Wat gebuig is soos 'n boog.*

*Stadig en geduldig trek die span  
Stadig en geduldig volg die man  
Op soek vir meer en meer  
Vir die land was sy hart begeer.  
Elke môre in die wapad, baie vroeg  
Tot laat die aand want dan is die span ook moeg.*

*Onder 'n plafon van sterre elke aand  
Sit hulle om 'n vuurtjie, soos hulle trek maand na  
maand  
Die wa-tente so hoog en wit  
Dit is al wat hy nou besit  
Maar sodra hy by die land van sy drome kom  
Daar besit hy nie alleen 'n span osse en wa nie, maar  
'n groot rykdom.*

*Gaan voort soeker gaan voort  
Deur lewe of deur dood  
Môre is hy nog 'n dag nader  
En duar dank hy die Moeder Aarde  
Vir die pragtige land wat hy vind  
Jou genot en die erfenis van jou kind.*

## SCHOOL HOUR LUCKY DIPS

Form IVb

ODEEN WALTON

**The wheel of Fortune spins the Unlucky number—IVB**

"Walking Behind You." — IVB Marching into Assembly.

"The Thing."—Alison looking at Modern Art,

"Learning the Blues."—Christine in Art.

"Beautiful Dreamer."—Ann in Geography.

"As pants the Heart."—IVB at the end of P.T.

"More."—IVB still doing their first lot of History prep.

"Open up Your Heart."—Girls dissecting a rabbit.

"Twenty Tiny Fingers."—Lucy's hopeful wishes in Arithmetic.

"You've got me Wondering." — Esme doing Geometry with IVB.

"Don't you remember?"—Mrs. D.v.s. at the end of a Grammar lesson.

"Pass around the Bottle."—IVB's looking at Biology specimens.

"Zing a Little Song with Me."—Mrs. D.Ws. in singing.

"Pretend."—Tone deaf girls in singing.

"Relax."—IVB in Geography.

"I wanna go Home."—Boarders at the beginning of term.



## SCHOOL EVENTS

In one way and another this has been a particularly full year.

Visitors to the school included Professors Rousseau and Mackenzie from the Rhodesian University. The latter took the Higher Certificate class for two hours one Saturday morning and gave a lesson on W. B. Yeats. Eight members of the Inspectorate spent a week with us at the end of June.

General Hawthorne, much loved by the Fairbridge children, came one morning and Mr. Foelcker gave us an inspiring talk on Conservation Day: trees were planted later in front of the school.

Henry Myles, the well-known actor, dressed as Master Shakespeare, recited famous passages from the works of the playwright.

In September, we had the pleasure of listening to Elsie Hall, one of the most accomplished pianists of the day, and May Muckle, the cellist, at a short recital. Miss Hall recalled that she had played for the school in the days of Miss Langdon.

On the social side of school life one of the highlights was the Eisteddfod when both the Senior and the Junior Choirs were awarded first-class certificates. They were highly complimented by the examiner. Several first-class certificates were awarded in the Literature and Art sections as well.

Competitors for the Perry Cup were well up to standard and we look forward to the 6th December when excerpts from the Messiah will be sung by the Senior Choir.

The Festival of Song and Dance, in April, was given in the nature of a farewell to Miss E. M. Cassels. This was a memorable occasion for the proceeds started the swimming bath fund. Now we have £1,000 in the bank, two trustees appointed and a surveyor engaged to choose the site. Apart from cake and produce sales by various forms and the Parent-Teachers Association, there have been competitions, concerts and plays to raise money.

The school play this year, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," provided good entertainment for appreciative audiences and helped to enhance the reputation of the Senior Dramatic Society.

Our inter-school activities this year have included dances and debates with Milton and Founders' Schools.

Senior girls have again attended the National Affairs luncheons. Two of the favourite talks were given by the author, Lawrence van der Post and the evangelist, Canon Bryan Green.

There is much that has been encouragingly eventful in our school life. Hopes for development are being fulfilled. Our shabby buildings have had a face lift; guttering has been repaired, the hall and classrooms have been decorated in delightful colour schemes and the grounds wear a new look.

We hope to see the foundations laid next term, of the new domestic science block.

Further, we are pleased to record that the Old 'Girls' dinner will be held for the first time in a school hostel—Northward.

## STAFF NOTES

Who was it said that words have a feeling of their own apart from their meaning? "Staff" is one of those words. It is a comforting sort of word ("Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me"); it gives one a sense of security, it has stability, it is something reliable, to be leaned on and when prefixed by Eveline it in no way loses its strength. The Eveline Staff was, is and will remain.

To prevent a false sense of security the staff notes are written annually to remind us of the many many changes that have taken place: Some retired, some were transferred, some went on leave and others replaced them. Of all those who left we shall miss Miss Cassels most and we wish her all success in her new undertaking. We shall remember her for many years to come for her great personality has left its mark on all who knew her. Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Anderson have both left and we congratulate them on the birth of two future Eveline pupils. Mrs. Binns-Ward is hoping to follow their good example. Mrs. Donkin, whose daughter will be at Eveline next year, has decided to be a parent and not a parent teacher.

Mrs. Bodmer, Miss Hobson, Mrs. Hally, Miss D. M. Williams, Miss Sorour, Mrs. Berry, Miss Swart and Miss Tregoning have left to teach in other schools and we extend them our good wishes. Those who replaced members of Staff on leave were Miss McLellan, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Bower and Mrs. Vernon. The fortunate ones who took leave were Mrs. Howorth, Miss Wilby, Miss Gwinell, Miss Tyson and Miss Williams. Mrs. Hancock very ably deputised for Miss Williams.

During the year we welcomed the following new members to the Staff: Miss Savory, Miss Henderson, Miss Bain, Mrs. Botha, Miss Brewer, Miss Zacks, Mrs. Taitz, Mrs. Lee-White and Miss Derham.

If these many changes seem a little frightening, it should be remembered that they represent but a small proportion of the Staff, and that it is these very changes which give the staff its vitality and keep it stable but not static.

J.G.S.

## LIBRARY NOTES

The smooth-running of Library affairs has been disturbed by the losses of the Science catalogue and the Library's rubber stamp. The catalogue was found but the stamp is still missing.

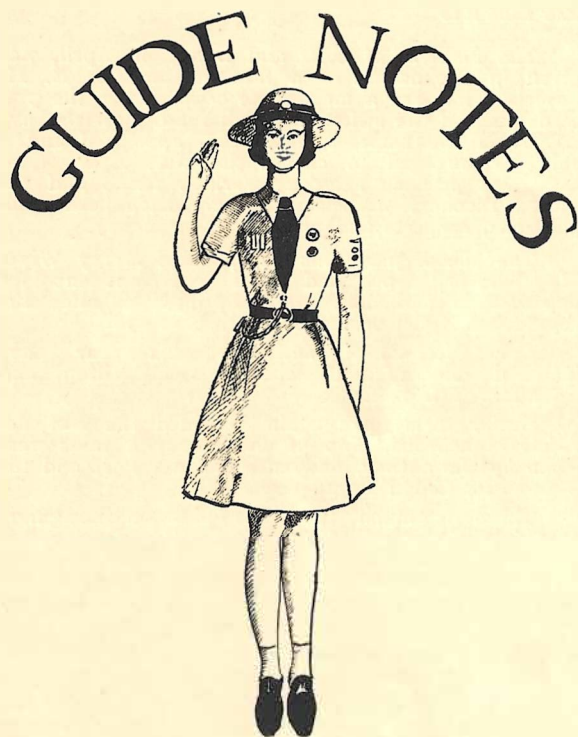
A number of new books have been catalogued during the course of the year, and many of them have proved to be very popular.

Great care has been taken to mark all the books in the library which are suitable for the juniors. This will make it easier for the juniors to find books which would interest them.

We were obliged to close the library to the school for a week, during which period it was used by the school inspectors.

Our gratitude is extended to Miss Horn and Miss David who spend so much of their spare time in organizing the affairs of the library.

A. BROOKING



During this past year the Guide Company was taken by Miss Mawhinnie and Miss Mason, while Miss Tyson was away. We should like to express our sincere gratitude to them both.

We are very happy to welcome home Miss Tyson who has been away a year in England.

Valerie Inskipp, Louise Ladbroke and Rosemary Luds were awarded their First-Class Badges in April and our Company is proud to have three First-Class Leaders. Louise and Rosemary have also gained their Little House Emblems. Congratulations to them all.

During the year we held a Braaivleis for Company funds and made a profit of £4 10s. with which we bought our new South African Patrol Emblems. The Patrols are now Tecomas, Proteas, Water Lilies and Poinsettias.

Next year, by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen, an International Guide Camp is being held in Windsor Great Park and a Guide is being chosen from one of three companies to represent Central District, Bulawayo.

Our good wishes will go with the lucky Guide chosen.

V. INSKIPP.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

At the beginning of this year, a new committee was formed with Lesley Pound as Chairman. One or two debates were held in the school, but the main events were undoubtedly a Debate-Dance at Milton School and a debate with Founders' School. The Milton debate was held with one member from each school participating in each team but the debate with Founders was an inter-school affair with Founders emerging the victors by opposing the motion "That Sport in Schools is a Waste of Time." We also hope to hold a quiz with Founders' School shortly.

J.H.

## P.T.A.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 22nd February, 1956, and there was a very good attendance of Parents and Teachers. Miss Powell thanked Dr. Harington (Chairman of the School Council) and all her staff for their work and support during the year, and emphasized the importance of the P.T.A. meetings both for the benefit of pupils and parents. The next meeting held on 19th March at which Dr. Adams (Principal of Rhodes University) addressed a large gathering. Dr. Adams gave an excellent account of the University to open shortly and answered innumerable questions from Parents interested in their daughters entering the University.

The usual hard work of staff and pupils has been continued with the object of obtaining even better exam results this year.

There has been an "all out" effort to swell the swimming bath fund, the object being £1,000 after the Fete to be held next year.

The school's entertainments this year have been a display of arts and crafts, which was very much appreciated; a P.T. Display, an entertainment by the Choirs which was most enthusiastically received by the audience, and a play put on by the Dramatic Society, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which was very well produced and excellently played by the girls.

A Morning Market was held, and all concerned were thanked for their support.

We hope that the coming year will prove an even better year in all activities of the school.

J. L. GAIT SMITH.

## SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Form VIa

LESLEY POUND  
ROSALIND MANNING

This year, as a change from the tragic dramas which we have staged for the past two years, we embarked into a really robust comedy—Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and rehearsals for this play started towards the end of the first term.

When several people ventured to suggest that this was perhaps a little daring for a school-girl production, it was pointed out that the play has a definite moral in that good triumphs over evil. Comedy is much harder to "put over" than tragedy, but the cast managed excellently.

As usual, the lion's share of the credit for this success must go to our producers—Miss J. C. Smith, who worked very hard. We were very sorry to lose Mrs. Bodmer to Townsend School at the end of last year, as for many years now she has been largely responsible for clothing the cast, but her job has been admirably taken over by Misses Henderson, de Klerk and Savory, to whom we should like to extend our heartiest thanks and our hopes that they will continue their interest in the society. This year all the scenery was constructed by Miss P. I. T. Rowland and Anne Greenwell, assisted by Mrs. Bowen. The décor was in the hands of Mrs. J. Sperring and her art pupils. Between them all they managed magnificently. Lighting was again controlled by Mr. Frank Gearing and we should like to thank him for the considerable interest which he has shown in the society in the past, and wish him and his wife every happiness and success in England. As ever, our thanks go to Miss D. Williams for efficient stage management, and to Mrs. C. Davies, Mrs. Winter and Mr. J. Margolis for their hard labour 'midst the grease-paint.

We have acquired a good name for good acting in the field of amateur dramatics, and we hope that this good name will be continued and added to in future years.



## S.C.A. GROUP

During the middle of last term an S.C.A. group was formed after Mrs. Kloppers had visited all the boarder hostels. These weekly meetings held at Northward under the leadership of Mrs. Kloppers, start with choruses. Each week we read a chapter from the book "The Hidden Years," which is a life story of Christ. Mrs. Kloppers then delivers a short talk which we afterwards discuss and the meeting is closed by prayer from one of the girls.

This term we have had two outside speakers at our gatherings. One week Mrs. Sibson spoke to us on "God and the Creation" and the following week Mrs. Partridge, from Hope Fountain Mission, spoke on the "Humility and Greatness of God." Both these talks were greatly appreciated and we hope to have many more speakers. Mrs. Partridge is the secretary of the S.C.A. committee in Bulawayo. Her visit to us was her first to a European school S.C.A. group in Bulawayo.

These meetings are very enjoyable and though our numbers have increased this term we have very few day girls amongst us. They are cordially invited to join us.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

We are grateful to Miss Behrman for the interest she has shown in the Society, and for the programmes which she arranged for us.

A large crowd of girls attended the first meeting, when Miss Wilby and Miss Behrman showed some very interesting colour films of coastlines and rock formations.

At the second meeting Mr. Plows, from the Nyamandhlovu Pasture Research Station, gave a talk and showed some excellent colour-slides of bird life.

The Cambridge girls enjoyed a visit to a dairy farm at Umgusa where Mrs. Schermbucker very kindly showed them the poultry and an ensilage pit. The next excursion was a visit to the Power Station. Everyone was astonished at the quantity and variety of equipment and machinery in use.

This term we are looking forward to having Mr. Simons at our next meeting. He will give a talk on the Schoolboys' Expedition to Kariba.

A. BROOKING

## MUSIC NOTES

This year has been an outstanding one with regard to the high standard of singing achieved both by the Choirs (Senior, Junior and Form IVa) and by individual pupils at the Eisteddfod. The awards gained by the competitors in the Vocal section reflect great credit on those taking part and on Mrs. Dawes and Miss Potterton, and it is to be hoped that the tradition of a high standard of singing in the School will continue for many years. It is particularly commendable that there were four Sight Singing entrants. Our congratulations to Katrina Neill who was awarded the Bulawayo Cambrian Society Cup for the Best Girl Singer under 18 years.

Apart from the Eisteddfod, the Choirs took part in the 1955 Carol Concert and are at present preparing for this year's Concert and for a performance of "The Messiah," arranged by Ernest Read.

The Eisteddfod Instrumental entries from the School, although comparatively few, were very satisfactory. The pianoforte examination results were rather disappointing this year but on the whole the general standard was good.

As visiting artists this year we had Elsie Hall and May Mukle, who gave us a Violoncello and Pianoforte Recital, and Lola Rubenstein who gave a Lecture-Recital.

The School was offered seats at recitals by Luigi Infantino and Julius Katchen. The Bulawayo Municipal Orchestra has continued its policy of giving seats to the School and we would like to express our thanks to the Musical Director for providing this opportunity to attend Symphony Concerts. It is to be hoped that more of our pupils take advantage of this in future.

A special work of thanks to Mr. Hugh Fenn for his very able adjudications of the Brittain and Perry Cups.

We are very sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Binns-Ward and would like to express our appreciation of her sterling work in the furtherance of music in the School.

## COMPETITIONS, 1955-1956

### Brittain Cup (Instrumental):

Third Term 1955: V. Schofield.

Second Term 1956: G. Stephens.

### Perry Cup (Instrumental):

Third Term 1955: L. Payne.

Second Term 1956: Y. Masters.

## ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1956

### Theoretical Examinations:

Grade V: G. Botha, V. Cruickshank; M. Pass; L. Payne.

Grade VIII: L. Foster.

### Practical Examinations:

Grade I: S. Harris (Merit).

Grade II: L. du Toit; D. Herbst; C. O'Hagan; S. Schofield; G. Stevens.

Grade III: D. Keet; H. Wright.

Grade IV: W. Jones.

Grade V: M. Pass; S. van de Linde.

Grade VI: G. Botha.

## BULAWAYO EISTEDDFOD, 1956

### Pianoforte Solo:

Under 13 years: 2nd Class—S. Schofield, H. Wright.

Under 15 years: 1st Class—Y. Masters.

Under 17 years: 1st Class—L. Payne; 2nd Class—G. Botha.

### Pianoforte Duet:

Under 17 years: 2nd Class—L. Payne and G. Botha.

### Two Pianoforte Duet:

Under 15 years: 1st Class—Y. Masters and M. Steyn.

Under 18 years: 2nd Class—L. Foster and V. Cruickshank.

18 years and over: 2nd Class—L. Payne and D. Winter.

### Vocal:

Solo, Girls 12 and under 16 years: 1st Class—J. Gordon; K. Neill; E. Swanson. 2nd Class—L. Kock; C. O'Hagan; T. Panayioti; J. van Wyk.

Sight Singing under 18 years: 1st Class—B. Smith. 2nd Class—G. Bell; E. Golub. 3rd Class—A. Brooking.

Duet, under 18 years: 1st Class—C. Meikle and D. Veitch; Y. Masters and K. Neill; J. Hooper and F. Lorraine Grews; T. Panayioti and G. Bell.

### Choirs:

Forms I and II: 1st Class—Junior Choir.

Form III Upward: 1st Class—IVa.

Girls Three Part Song: 1st Class—Senior Choir.

### Bulawayo Cambrian Society Cup:

K. Neill.

## EXAMINATION RESULTS

### HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

C. Lewis, General Paper, English Literature, History, French, Latin.

M. S. Manning, General Paper, English Literature, French, Biology, Geography.

W. A. Mountford, General Paper (Dist.), English Literature, French, Geography, Biology.

### SUBSIDIARY HIGHER CERTIFICATE:

P. Albertson, General Paper, French, English.  
L. Arnold, General Paper, English, Art.

A. Ferguson, General Paper, English.

A. Gordon, General Paper, English, Afrikaans.

R. Hulett, General Paper, English.

F. Keet, General Paper (Dist.), English, Biology, Afrikaans.

L. McKenzie, General Paper, English, Geography.  
V. Madgen, General Paper, English, Geography, Biology.

M. Marais, General Paper, English.

A. Meldrum, General Paper, English, Geography.

L. Moore, General Paper, Biology, English, Afrikaans.

M. Paterson, General Paper, English.

A. Rixon-Fuller, General Paper, Music, Afrikaans (Dist.).

D. Schegar, General Paper, English, Geography.

S. Swart, General Paper, English, Mathematics, Afrikaans (Dist.).

M. van Pletzen, General Paper, English, Art (Dist.).

E. Wolferman, General Paper, English, Afrikaans.

### CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1955

Number of Distinctions in Brackets

#### Eight Credits:

M. Coutts (1), P. Olivier (4), A. Palphramand (3).

#### Seven Credits:

M. Davidson, C. Dewar (3), P. Drowley (3),  
D. Dye (2), L. Goatley (4), L. Payne (1),  
S. Siebert (1), V. Silberberg (4).

#### Six Credits:

H. Albertyn (1), M. Ashley (1), C. Barker (1),  
V. Bindon, F. Boxall (1), A. Brooking (2),  
J. Summersgill (1), R. van Rooyen (2), M.  
White (2).

#### Five Credits:

M. Bartov (1), G. Bell (1), J. Denison-Hooper  
(1), E. Fripp, M. Goldman, M. Lassman,  
Z. Lazarus, J. Peterson, Y. Warth (2).

#### Four Credits:

M. Beets.

#### Three Credits:

T. Button, M. Chalmers, H. Gersh.

#### One Supplementary Credit:

P. Albertson, A. Ferguson, M. Marais, L. Moore,  
M. McDonald, E. Paterson (1), M. van Pletzen.

## 1956 AWARDS

### BULAWAYO EISTEDDFOD, 1956

#### Arts and Crafts (No. of awards in brackets):

C. Abreu-Rino (2); B. Baldock (4); J. Bligh-Wall (4); A. Brooking (2); V. Brine (1);  
H. Cunningham (2); M. J. Davies (3); Y. Flint (1); E. Golub (1); J. Greyvenstein (1); M. Gruschka (1); S. Harris (1); R. Herbst (1);  
J. Hopwood (2); L. Kemp (1); M. McKenzie (1);  
M. Morgan (1); E. Morrison (1); K. Neill (1);  
T. Panayioti (1); P. Sargeant (2); B. Savage (1); M. Schmahl (1); V. Schofield (1); M. Schwim (1); E. Smart (1); B. Strydom (2);  
G. Stevens (1); J. Taylor (1); G. van der Watt (1).

#### Elocution (No. of awards in brackets):

G. Bell (1); V. Calver (1); L. Foster (1);  
J. Hooper (2); D. Keet (3); S. McNeill (2);  
R. Manning (2); Y. Masters (2); L. Pound (2);  
P. Read (2); K. Robertson (1); V. Silberberg (1); L. Wrench (1).

#### Literature—Prose (No. of awards in brackets):

M. J. Davies (1); C. Fotheringham (1); L. Goatley (2); B. Gostling (1); J. Gracie (1);  
J. Johnson (1); D. Keet (1); S. Krangold (1);  
Dor. Lowenstein (1); W. Masterson (1); C. McKenzie (1); S. McNeill (1); I. Nel (1);  
P. Ferguson (1); L. Pound (1); V. Schofield (1); V. Silberberg (2); S. van Rensburg (1);  
S. Viljoen (1); Y. Warth (1); D. Wright (1).

#### Literature—Poetry (No. of awards in brackets):

M. J. Davies (1); S. Daynes (2); P. Dyer (1);  
R. Manning (1); J. Taylor (1).

#### Selous Memorial Prizes:

M. McDonald, S. Swart, M. van Pletzen.

#### Dennis Allen Memorial Prize:

C. Lewis.

#### Milne Langdon Scholarship:

F. Keet.

#### Penelope Gordon Scholarship:

M. van Pletzen.

#### Beit Trust Grant (Art):

M. van Pletzen.

#### Dolin-Markova Medal:

C. Meikle and L. Pound.

#### Ellis Wright Memorial History Prize:

L. Pound.

#### McLellan Chemistry Prize:

R. Manning and L. Pound.

#### Wallace Latin Prize:

L. Goatley and V. Silberberg.

#### Selborne House Junior Prize:

Dorothy Lowenstein.

#### Northward House Junior Prize:

B. van Vuuren.



# N.T.C. EXAMINATION RESULTS

NOVEMBER, 1955

\* = Distinction

(C) = Full Certificate

## Commercial Subjects—Standard VII:

A. Abrams (Bookkeeping); A. J. Bezuidenhout (English); M. Brown (Bookkeeping); E. de Necker (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); V. E. Emmerson (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); P. E. Erikson (Bookkeeping\*); S. G. Fraser-Kirk (Bookkeeping); M. M. Grobler (Bookkeeping\*); C. S. Henahan (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping\*); R. A. Holmes (Bookkeeping); J. R. Koen (Afrikaans, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); A. G. Lues (Bookkeeping\*); C. B. McIntosh (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping\*); V. E. Murdoch (Bookkeeping\*); S. Nelson (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); V. M. Northmore (English, Arithmetic, Physiology-Hygiene); P. L. Partridge (Bookkeeping\*); B. S. Peiser (Physiology-Hygiene); R. H. Prescott (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); B. J. Quick (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping\*); M. J. Rollinson (English, Arithmetic); J. H. Steyn (Arithmetic\*, Bookkeeping\*); E. E. Taute (English); C. J. van Dyk (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); E. van Rensburg (English, Arithmetic); J. F. van Rensburg (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); C. Vogel (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); J. V. M. Whyte (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping).

## Commercial Subjects—Junior:

A. E. Abrams (English); M. E. Abreu Rino (French); B. A. D. Ashley (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting); W. Almond (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting, Arithmetic (C)); J. Barclay (English, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting\*); M. M. Brown (English, Typewriting); A. C. Browning (Bookkeeping, French (C)); E. Y. Buckle (English, Bookkeeping\*); J. E. Christie (English, Bookkeeping\*, Geography, Typewriting, Arithmetic); E. E. de Necker (Typewriting); V. E. Emmerson (Afrikaans, English); P. E. Erikson (English, Typewriting); A. E. Fleet (Physiology-Hygiene); D. L. Fourie (English, Bookkeeping\*, Arithmetic, Geography, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); S. G. Fraser-Kirk (English); W. Frost (Bookkeeping); M. M. Grobler (English, Typewriting); C. S. Henahan (English, Typewriting); R. A. Holmes (English); J. R. Koen (English, Typewriting); G. Laurent (Bookkeeping\*, Arithmetic, Typewriting); L. E. Liddle (Bookkeeping, French); F. C. Loraine-Grews (Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); A. G. Lues (English, Typewriting); E. Lyon (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting\*); L. C. McClintock (English); C. Meikle (English, Bookkeeping\*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 60 w.p.m., Typewriting); P. A. Moss (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Shorthand, 60 w.p.m., Typewriting); V. R. Murdoch (English, Typewriting); S. Nelson (English, Typewriting); P. L. Partridge (English, Typewriting); A. N. Petersen (Bookkeeping\*, Arithmetic, Typewriting); J. D. Phillips (Bookkeeping, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); R. H. Prescott (Bookkeeping, Typewriting); L. C. Prinsloo (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting); B. J. Quick (English, Typewriting); D. E. Ramsay (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting); M. M. Roets (Bookkeeping\*, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting, Arithmetic (C)); B. A. Smith (English,

Bookkeeping\*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Shorthand, 60 w.p.m., Typewriting\*, French (C)\*); L. M. Spenser-Higgs (Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); J. H. Steyn (English, Bookkeeping, Geography, Typewriting\*); M. I. Sullivan (Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.); S. Swanson (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting); S. M. van den Berg (English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.); Y. van der Merwe (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting); C. J. van Dyk (Afrikaans, English, Geography); J. F. M. van Rensburg (Typewriting\*); H. van Rooyen (English, Afrikaans, Arithmetic, Typewriting); C. Vogel (Afrikaans); M. S. Vogel (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping\*, Arithmetic\*, Geography, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting (C)); E. C. Walton (Bookkeeping, Geography, Typewriting); W. Welman (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping\*, Arithmetic, Geography, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting\* (C)\*); M. R. Wither (English, Bookkeeping, Geography, Typewriting); D. L. M. Wright (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting (C)).

## Commercial Subjects—Intermediate (N.C.C.):

A. E. Abrams (Typewriting); M. E. Abreu-Rino (Bookkeeping\*); B. A. D. Ashley (English); A. C. Browning (English, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Typewriting\*); S. F. du Preez (English, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Typewriting (C)); D. M. Graddon (Arithmetic); B. P. Lerman (Typewriting); F. C. Loraine-Grews (English, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); J. D. Phillips (English, Typewriting\*); J. B. W. Slabbert (English, Bookkeeping); B. A. Smith (Shorthand, 70 w.p.m.); E. Snyman (English, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Shorthand, 80 w.p.m., Typewriting (C)); L. M. Spenser-Higgs (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting\*); A. N. Sullivan (Typewriting); M. I. Sullivan (Typewriting); S. Swanson (Afrikaans); S. M. van den Berg (Typewriting); J. E. N. Wright (English, Bookkeeping\*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 70 w.p.m. (C)).

## Commercial Subjects—Senior:

M. E. Abreu-Rino (Bookkeeping, Portuguese); S. F. du Preez (Afrikaans); D. M. Graddon (English); J. D. Phillips (Typewriting); J. B. W. Slabbert (Afrikaans); E. Snyman (Typewriting); L. M. Spenser-Higgs (Afrikaans); J. E. N. Wright (Typewriting).

## Domestic Science Subjects—Standard VII:

J. Dimant (Cookery); V. M. Northmore (Cookery); J. K. Olivier (Cookery); H. E. Wray (Cookery).

## Domestic Science Subjects—Junior:

A. Fleet (Cookery—Theory and Practice); L. C. McClintock (Child Care); V. M. C. Northmore (Child Care, Dressmaking); B. S. Peiser (Child Care); B. K. Wilson (Child Care); H. E. Wray (Child Care).

## Domestic Science Specialized Subject (Intermediate):

A. E. Fleet (Nursery Helpers).

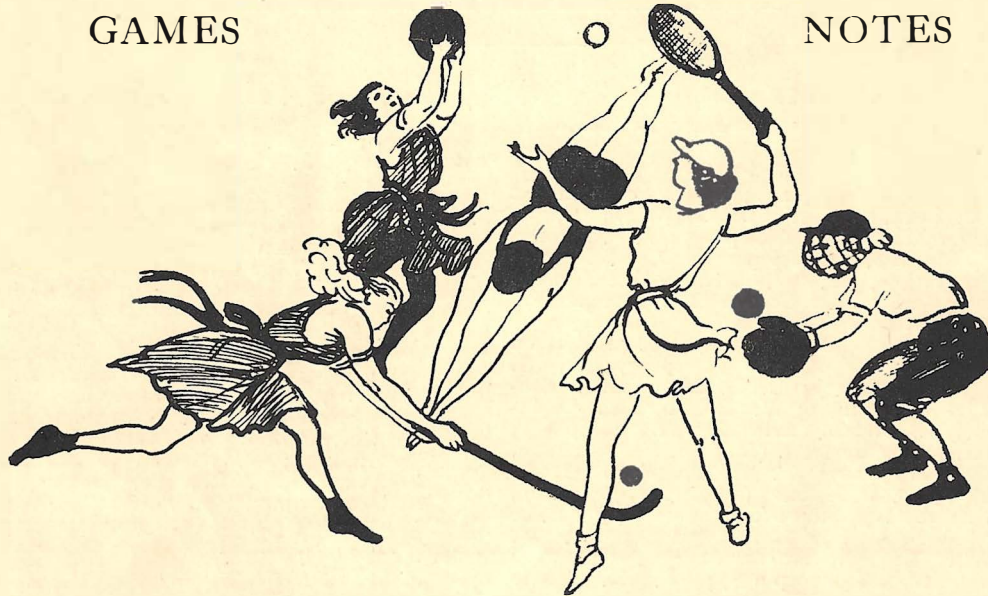
JUNE, 1956

## Commercial Subjects—Junior:

E. Y. Buckle (Typewriting); F. Haward (Afrikaans, English\*, Typewriting); C. Vogel (Typewriting, English).

## Commercial Subjects—Intermediate (N.C.C.):

A. C. Browning (Shorthand, 80 w.p.m.); B. A. Smith (Shorthand, 80 w.p.m.); J. B. W. Slabbert (Arithmetic).



### SCHOOL TEAMS

(cl.=Colours)

#### HOCKEY:

**A Team:** M. Beets (capt.), cl., P. Fuller, cl., M. Steyn, cl., L. Pound, G. Christie, T. Button, A. Brooking, M. Honman, R. Gaffen, R. Wither, M. Ashley.

**B Team:** R. Manning (capt.), E. Heistein, S. McNeill, S. Robertson or S. Watson, Pam. Rattray, J. Gait-Smith, Paul. Rattray, W. Jones, C. Dewar, A. Wright, V. Cruickshank.

**C. Team:** A. Greenwell, I. Schalscha, M. Brown, B. Strydom, A. Gracie, V. Iuskip, R. Hayes, J. Ogilvie, S. Robertson, P. Tarr.

**Under 15 Team:** A. Gracie (capt.), J. Greenwell, A. Micklesfield, B. Banks, R. Hayes, J. Goldsmith, R. Kerswell, O. Kerswell, V. Cruickshank, K. Nel, E. Ogilvie.

#### NETBALL:

**A Team:** J. Slabbert (capt.), F. Loraine-Grews, cl., J. Alport, L. Goatley, J. Swart, E. Fripp, J. Greyvenstein.

**B Team:** E. Taute, V. Murdoch, M. Farrell, T. Botha, G. van Rensberg, I. de Wet, S. Jonker.

**Under 15 Team:** J. van Wyk, E. van Zyl, M. Pass (capt.), S. van der Linde, T. Almond, G. Simonselli, C. Holland-Smith.

#### TENNIS—First Term, 1956:

**A Team:** R. Gaffen, cl. (capt.), G. Christie, C. Moore, P. Fuller, J. Steyn, R. Hayes, S. Jonker, M. Farrell.

**B Team:** M. Honman, A. Baxter, M. Goldman, M. Swim, J. Ogilvie, C. Cruickshank, S. Oosthuizen, M. Pass or E. Spence.

#### SOFTBALL—First Term, 1956:

**A Team:** E. Heistein, H. van Rooyen, J. Slabbert, L. Foster, L. Pound, V. Murdoch, T. Botha, M. Maxwell, R. Manning (capt.).

**B Team:** J. Greyvenstein, S. van der Linde, J. Alport, O. Kerswell, Paul. Rattray (capt.), A. Bezuidenhout, S. Watson, E. Potgieter, D. Rudman, M. Brown, M. du Preez.

#### SWIMMING TEAMS:

**Senior:** T. Button (capt.), M. Beets, S. Jonker, C. Naude, Paul Rattray, Pam Rattray, K. Robertson, M. Nicholson, M. Farrell, J. Ogilvie, L. Foster, P. Talbot, H. Ham.

**Junior:** C. Hill, S. Johnson, C. Sims, M. van Niekerk, D. Gent, P. Cleminshaw, M. Beukes, M. Evans, H. Greyvenstein, C. Ellis.

#### INTER-HOUSE RESULTS

##### 3rd Term, 1955:

Tennis Cup won by Northward.  
Swimming Cup won by McIntosh.

##### 1st Term, 1956:

Rounders Cup won by Langdon.  
Life Saving Shield Presentation postponed until 3rd Term, 1956.

##### 2nd Term, 1956:

Hockey Cup won by Northward.  
Netball Cup won by McIntosh.

#### INTER-FORM RESULTS

##### 3rd Term, 1955:

Rounders Cup won by Form Ic.

##### 2nd Term, 1956:

Relay Cups won by Forms IIIe and IIc.

#### DEPARTMENT GIRDLES

##### 3rd Term, 1955:

27 girdles awarded; 8 recommendations.

##### 1st Term, 1956:

6 girdles awarded; 6 recommendations.

##### 2nd Term, 1956:

5 girdles awarded; 20 recommendations.

### HOWLERS!

IVb The Queen's best friend was hung on the gelatine. (Ed. He came to a sticky end!)

IIa A phalanx is a tight army.

IVda There is a tea duct in the eye to wash away any foreign bodies.





### **1st HOCKEY XI**

*Photo by Robal Studio*

Back Row (left to right): A. BROOKING; R. WITHER; M. ASHLEY; T. BUTTON;  
G. CHRISTIE; L. POUND  
Front Row (left to right): M. HOFFMAN; P. FULLER; M. BEETS (Captain);  
R. GAFFEN; M. STEYN



### **UNDER 15 HOCKEY XI**

*Photo by Robal Studio*

Back Row (left to right): J. GREENWELL; A. MICKLESFIELD; O. KERSWELL;  
R. KERSWELL; J. GOLDSMITH; K. NEL  
Front Row (left to right): E. OGILVIE; V. CRUICKSHANK; A. GRACIE (Captain);  
E. BANKS; R. HAYES



## HOCKEY

By MERLE BEETS

The 1956 Hockey Season has not, unfortunately, been very successful for our Hockey Teams. Although we played and developed an understanding as a team, we somehow lacked that extra "dash" and determination necessary in the attacking circle.

Early in the Season we played against Chaplin and Guinea Fowl, but our defence was unable to hold back the quick attacking forwards. However, towards the end of the Season the standard of play improved considerably. Although we did not manage to overcome Queen Elizabeth or Girls' High School, we did manage to force a 3-2 win over Townsend. The league matches were not played regularly through the season, because of the occurrence of other unforeseen functions. We regret to say that the results were not encouraging and we do hope that next year's teams will do better.

It is most gratifying to see that we have a number of promising juniors, who, with increased practice and experience should do well as they continue through the School. A few games were arranged for the Junior Team, but we should have liked them to have played many more. They did, however, prove that they were keen and interested.

Owing to late examinations and an exceedingly busy middle term, we were unable to arrange our annual "staff versus girls" match. The staff as well as girls were most disappointed. We did, however, manage to have the Inter-House Hockey Matches which resulted in a well deserved win for Northward, with Langdon as runners-up.

This year Eveline were unfortunate in that we managed to have only three of our girls selected for the Matabeleland Team. Nevertheless, two of these girls, Peta Fuller and Minnie Steyn, were selected for the Junior Rhodesian Team which travelled down to Natal during the September Holidays. They fully deserved their selection because they played well throughout the Season.

Colours were awarded to Merle Beets, Peta Fuller and Minnie Steyn.

We wish the girls of future teams the best of luck for the coming season, and hope a number of them may be fortunate enough to be included in future Rhodesian Hockey Teams.

## NETBALL

By FIONA LORAIN-GREWS

The highlight of this year's Netball season was no doubt the selection of a Bulawayo Netball Team to play against the Touring English Team. We are proud to say that Juliana Slabbert and Joan Greyvenstein were selected as players, and Fiona Loraine-Grews as a reserve.

School Netball, however, did not flourish quite as much as last year and only five matches were played in all. Of these, two were lost. Because of lack of time, none of the teams travelled but we did play against Que Que who came to Bulawayo.

McIntosh once again walked away with the Netball Cup having won the finals in the Senior Section. Selborne won the final of the Junior Section, and Langdon was runner-up in both cases. Colours were awarded to Fiona Loraine-Grews.

Unfortunately no staff matches were played this year, and this was a great disappointment to both girls and staff.

Our most sincere thanks to Miss Hadfield and all the other staff who gave up their afternoons to come and coach our enthusiastic players. Owing to the fact that we had only one full time P.T. Mistress, Mrs. Brazell-Wright came in and coached us as well. To her we extend our sincere thanks and appreciation.

My best wishes to all the Netball Players who are coming back next year and I hope you'll play with as much enthusiasm as ever.

## SOFTBALL

By ROSALIND MANNING

This year we have been very fortunate in having Miss Hanson and Miss Kerr to coach us in the first term, and Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Butcher this term. On behalf of the school softball players I should like to thank them all most sincerely for their help.

During the first term the Softball teams certainly had their ups and downs. It was disappointing that rain washed out so many of our matches, several of which we were unable to re-play. The first team was lucky enough to win the Ada Marais Cup, the final fixture of which was left over from last year; but not so lucky in the semi-finals of the Len Ross Cup in which we were deservedly beaten by our old rivals, Convent A. However, we hope to counteract this defeat in the near future. Towards the end of the term, the second team was improving steadily and should do much better this term. I feel sure that experience will give both teams the confidence that they require to reach a good standard.

## TENNIS

By ROSALEEN GAFFEN

At the beginning of this year the standard of tennis in the School was extremely low, but thanks to the inexhaustible efforts of Miss Wellington, the standard has definitely risen. Towards the end of the first term signs of improvement became evident when the School Tennis Teams were providing strong opposition in their matches.

Signs of improvement have already been shown by the girls who are taking tennis coaching with Mrs. Brazell-Wright. We are greatly indebted to her for her thorough teaching and great interest she has shown. There are a number of "up and coming" tennis players from the Junior Section, who, with the correct coaching should be able to make a good team next year.

In the 1956 Junior Matabeleland Championships, Rosaleen Gaffen won the Under 18 singles event, and Gail Christie the Under 16 event.

In conclusion I should like to wish the future Tennis Teams the best of luck.





### **SWIMMING TEAM, 1956**

*Photo by Robal Studio*

Informal Group with MISS CASSELS standing at the back between M. BEETS (School Games Captain) and T. BUTTON (School Swimming Captain)



### **1st TENNIS TEAM, 3rd TERM, 1956**

*Photo by Robal Studio*

Back Row (left to right): S. JONKER; C. MOORE; R. GAFFEN (Captain);  
G. CHRISTIE; P. FULLER  
Front Row (left to right): R. HAYES; E. SPENCE, A. BAXTER



## SWIMMING

By THURL BUTTON

The inter-house gala was held in November, 1955, which resulted in a win for McIntosh with Northward as runner-up. There was keen competition and the Gala was a great success. Our congratulations go to Margaret MacDonald, Merle Beets and Pauline Rattray for being awarded their swimming colours.

The main Gala results were as follows:—

MacDonald Inter-House Cup: McIntosh House.

Pearl Carpenter Relay Cup: McIntosh.

Senior Championship: Merle Beets.

Intermediate Championship: Pauline Rattray.

Junior Championship: Maureen Evans.

Aitken Cup (100 yards Freestyle): Doreen Gent.

Vic Diamond Cup (100 yards Breaststroke): Carol Sims.

Morgan Cup (50 yards Backstroke): Marguerite Farrell; Pauline Rattray.

Lorraine Howell Cup (Open Diving: A Section): Merle Beets.

B Section Diving Cup: Carol Hill.

Junior Diving Cup: Maureen Evans.

Muller Life-Saving Cup: Merle Beets; Pauline Rattray.

Senior Inter-Form Relay Cup: Form VB.

Junior Inter-Form Cup: Form IIA.

A new cup, presented by Daphne Forbes for the girl who makes the best contribution to Life-Saving for the whole year, was awarded to Margaret MacDonald, who was the first Eveline girl to pass the Distinction Award examination of the Royal Life-Saving Society.

The awards were presented by Mrs. Blanche Gordon.

The Rhodesian Inter-School Gala was held in Bulawayo this year. The winners were Girls' High School, Salisbury, who just managed to draw ahead of Townsend School by two points, while Queen Elizabeth School, Salisbury, took third place. Eveline did not do very well by taking fifth place, but this itself is an improvement since the last Gala in 1954, so we are not discouraged. The team showed excellent spirit, and among other records broken, our Junior Relay Team established a new time of 41.8 seconds.

Mrs. Mollet presented the cups and praised the schools on the high standard of swimming.

Our thanks go to Mr. Bridger for his excellent coaching, and the keen interest he continues to take in our swimmers, divers, and Life-Savers. We would also like to thank Miss Behrmann for the valuable time she spent coaching the team during week days. We appreciate the time she spent with us and we are sure it helped us reach a higher standard.

Other Juniors show great promise and we hope they will keep this up and encourage the rest of the school to set a higher standard in swimming in the near future.

## STAR GYMNASTICS

This year the competition was not run in the same way and more girls were able to take part in the demonstration which was given at the end of the 2nd Term. Miss Sinclair came to give her criticisms of the work and extra house points were awarded to J. Alport, M. du Preez, G. Keightly, P. Fuller for their good standard.

Owing to lack of practice the performance was not of a very high standard but at the demonstration given at the Parent Teachers Association meeting in the 3rd Term, the work was much more finished and pleasing to watch.

## FOLK DANCING

The usual inter-form Folk Dancing competition was not held in the 1st Term as Miss Cassels and Mrs. Dawes planned a Song and Dance Festival which was held in April, 1955. Two performances were given—one in the evening in the floodlit quadrangle and one in the morning for the benefit of those who could not get into the evening show.

All the forms in the school were represented and sword and Morris dances were performed as well as many English folk dances; in some of the items over 200 girls were seen dancing at the same time. The groups of songs were of English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish origin. The whole presented a delightfully attractive spectacle, especially in the evening.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Dawes and Miss Cassels for all the hard work they did to make the festival such a success.

The proceeds went to start a fund for the Eveline School Swimming Bath.

## LIFE SAVING

As everyone was so busy practising for the Song and Dance Festival towards the end of the 1st Term, it was not possible to arrange for the girls to take their Life Saving Examinations. It is hoped that many girls will be successful in them during the 3rd Term, 1956, as the value and importance of this work in swimming cannot be over-estimated.



Form IVb

ODEEN WALTON





### **1st NETBALL VII**

*Photo by Robal Studio*

Back Row (left to right): J. SWART; E. FRIPP; J. ALPORT; L. GOATLEY  
 Front Row (left to right): J. GREYVENSTEIN; J. SLABBERT (Captain);  
 F. LORAIN-GREWS



### **UNDER 15 NETBALL VII**

*Photo by Robal Studio*

Back Row (left to right): E. VAN ZYL; J. VAN WYK; C. HOLLAND-SMITH  
 G. SIMONCELLI  
 Front Row (left to right): T. ALMOND; M. PASS (Captain); S. VAN DER LINDE





**1st SOFTBALL TEAM, 3rd TERM, 1956** *Photo by Robal Studio*

Back Row (left to right): J. ALPORT; E. HEISTEIN; E. POTGIETER; M. MAXWELL;  
J. GREYVENSTEIN; H. VAN ROOYEN; V. MURDOCH  
Front Row (left to right): R. MANNING (Captain); L. POUND



*By kind permission of The Chronicle*  
**NETBALL MATCH—ENGLAND v. BULAWAYO**  
J. GREYVENSTEIN and J. SLABBERT on extreme right



# HOUSE NOTES

House	Head	Staff	Captain	House Prefects	Achievements
ATHLONE	Mrs. Sibson	Mrs. Winter Mrs. Howorth Mrs. Smith Miss Behrmann	M. White	M. Beets M. Goldman M. Farrell	M. Beets: 1st Hockey Team. Swimming Team Hockey Colours Swimming Colours M. Farrell: 2nd Tennis Team 2nd Netball Team Swimming Team M. Goldman: 2nd Tennis Team C. Sims: Swimming Team J. Greenwell: Under 15 Hockey Team S. Krongold: Eisteddfod English Award P. Ferguson: Eisteddfod Art Award W. Birnie: Eisteddfod Art Award J. Greenwell: Eisteddfod Art Award E. Morrison: Eisteddfod Art Award E. Smart: Eisteddfod Art Award C. Meikle: Eisteddfod Vocal Award Rhodes Trustees' Essay Prize
BUXTON	Miss Smith	Mrs. Davies Mrs. Sperring Mrs. Botha Mrs. Lea-White	L. Foster	A. Brooking J. Peterson R. Hayes	L. Foster: Swimming Team 2nd Softball Team Rhodes Trustees' Essay Prize S. Jonker: 1st Tennis Team Swimming Team M. Steyn: 1st Hockey Team Matabeleland Hockey Team Rhodesian Hockey Team Hockey Colours A. Brooking: 1st Hockey Team R. Hayes: 1st Tennis Team F. Levin: Under 15 Tennis Team P. Talbot: Swimming Team P. Cleminshaw: Under 15 Swimming Team Y. Masters: Perry Music Cup B. Gostling: Eisteddfod English Award M. J. Davies: Eisteddfod English Award B. Gostling: Eisteddfod Art Award M. J. Davies: Eisteddfod Art Award B. Baldock: Eisteddfod Art Award B. Savage: Eisteddfod Art Award J. Hopwood: Eisteddfod Art Award E. Golub: Eisteddfod Art Award Eisteddfod Vocal Award B. Smith: Eisteddfod Vocal Award B. Gostling: Rhodes Trustees' Essay Prize.
CONNAUGHT	Miss Wilby	Mrs. Donkin Miss David Miss Zacks	L. Goatley	L. Pound G. Bell J. Gracie	L. Goatley: 1st Netball Team Eisteddfod English Award L. Pound: 1st Softball Team 1st Hockey Team Eisteddfod English Award V. Cruickshank: Runner-up Perry Music Cup 2nd and Under 15 Hockey Teams 2nd and Under 15 Tennis Teams A. Gracie: Under 15 Tennis Team Under 15 Hockey Team G. van Rensburg: 2nd Netball Team C. Ellis: Swimming Team V. Silberberg: Eisteddfod English Award G. Bell: Eisteddfod English Award D. Eltze: Eisteddfod English Award D. Kect: Eisteddfod English Award J. Johnson: Eisteddfod English Award S. van Rensburg: Eisteddfod English Award M. Gruschka: Eisteddfod Art Award C. Abreu-Rino: Eisteddfod Art Award L. Kemp: Eisteddfod Art Award M. Donaldson: Eisteddfod Art Award Des. Lowenstein: Eisteddfod Art Award G. Bell: Eisteddfod Vocal Award
GLADSTONE	Miss Horn	Mrs. Dawes Mrs. Bacon Miss Tyson	R. Manning	R. Gaffen E. Fripp Y. Warth	R. Gaffen: 1st Tennis Team Tennis Colours Matabeleland Under 18 Singles Title Rhodesian Junior Tennis Trials 1st Hockey Team R. Manning: Capt. 1st Softball Team Rhodes Trustees' Essay Prize E. Fripp: 1st Softball Team E. Heinstein: 1st Softball Team Under 15 Hockey Team C. Naude: Swimming Team J. Goldsmith: Under 15 Hockey Team T. Almond: Under 15 Netball Team R. Manning: Eisteddfod English Award S. Daynes: Eisteddfod English Award W. Masterson: Eisteddfod English Award J. Viljoen: Eisteddfod English Award V. Blighwall: Eisteddfod Art Award S. Lotter: Eisteddfod Art Award M. Steyn: Eisteddfod Art Award M. McKenzie: Eisteddfod Art Award V. Massyn: Eisteddfod Art Award G. van der Watt: Eisteddfod Art Award D. Winter: Eisteddfod Piano Award C. Neill: Eisteddfod Piano Award Eisteddfod Vocal Award



# HOUSE NOTES (continued)

House	Head	Staff	Captain	House Prefects	Achievements
<b>LANGDON</b>	Miss Waudby	Miss Rowland Miss Trenent Miss Wellington Miss Bain Miss Dodd	J. Slabbert (1st & 2nd Terms)  C. van Ryneveld (3rd Term)	C. Dewar F. Lorraine-Grews M. Ashley R. Wither M. Brown P. Read	Tied Life-Saving Shield Rounders Cup Runners-up Netball Cup G. Stevens: Junior Music Cup J. Slabbert: Capt. 1st Netball Team 1st Softball Team Bulawayo Netball Team F. Lorraine-Grews: 1st Netball Team Netball Colours M. Ashley: 1st Hockey Team M. Beukes: Under 15 Swimming Team B. Strydom: Under 15 Tennis Team D. Marsberg: Under 15 Tennis Team J. van Ryneveld: Under 15 Tennis Team J. Gordon: Under 15 Tennis Team A. Micklesfield: Under 15 Hockey Team R. Wither: 1st Hockey Team Rhodes Trustees' Essay Prize F. Lorraine-Grews: Eisteddfod Vocal Award J. Gordon: Eisteddfod Vocal Award P. Read: Eisteddfod English Award L. Wrench: Eisteddfod English Award O. Walton: Eisteddfod English Award M. du Preez: Eisteddfod English Award M. Schwim: Eisteddfod Art Award B. Strydom: Eisteddfod Art Award
<b>McINTOSH</b>	Mrs. Hancock	Miss Potterton Miss Kegan Miss Savory Miss Tregonning Mrs. Ward Miss Gwinnell Miss Brewer Miss Mitchell Mrs. Botha Miss Henigg	D. Veitch	Pl. Rattray Pm. Rattray V. Murdoch J. Ogilvie G. Hopkins S. McNeill	Tied Life-Saving Shield 1st Inter-House Netball Runners-up Inter-House Hockey Pl. Rattray: Swimming Team Swimming Colours Pm. Rattray: Swimming Team J. Ogilvie: Swimming Team N. van Niekerk: Swimming Team J. Swart: 1st Netball Team J. Alport: 1st Netball Team 1st Softball Team M. Pass: Under 15 Netball Team Under 15 Tennis Team E. van Zyl: Under 15 Netball Team B. Banks: Under 15 Hockey Team E. Ogilvie: Under 15 Hockey Team R. Hayes: Under 15 Hockey Team K. Nel: Under 15 Hockey Team Under 15 Tennis Team E. Spence: 1st Tennis Team A. Baxter: 1st Tennis Team V. Murdoch: Softball Team M. Maxwell: Softball Team H. van Rooyen: Softball Team D. Veitch: Eisteddfod Vocal Award S. McNeill: Eisteddfod English Award K. Robertson: Eisteddfod English Award Y. Flint: Eisteddfod Art Award
<b>NORTHWARD</b>	Miss Harvic	Miss Gray Miss Gwinnell Miss de Klerk Miss Henderson Miss Dineen Miss McLellan	M. Honman	L. Payne T. Button M. Rollinson A. Browning M. Nicholson P. Fuller	Inter-House Hockey Cup Inter-House Tennis Cup M. Honman: 1st Hockey Team P. Fuller: 1st Hockey Team Hockey Colours Matabeleland Hockey Team Rhodesian Hockey Team 1st Tennis Team T. Button: 1st Hockey Team School Swimming Team Swimming Captain G. Christie: 1st Hockey Team 1st Tennis Team Matabeleland Under 16 Tennis Champion M. Nicholson: Swimming Team H. Greyvenstein: Swimming Team S. Johnson: Swimming Team J. Greyvenstein: 1st Netball Team Bulawayo Netball Team 1st Softball Team B. Christie: Under 15 Tennis Team I. van Wyk: Under 15 Tennis Team S. Swanson: Lilianfeld Cup E. Potgieter: 1st Softball Team V. Calver: Rhodes Trustees' Essay Prize J. van Wyk: Eisteddfod Vocal Award J. Taylor: Eisteddfod English Award V. Schofield: Eisteddfod English Award V. Calver: Eisteddfod English Award J. Taylor: Eisteddfod Art Award V. Schofield: Eisteddfod Art Award T. Botha: Eisteddfod Music Award S. Schofield: Eisteddfod Music Award L. Payne: Eisteddfod Music Award V. Schofield: Brittain Music Cup
<b>SELBORNE</b>	Miss Williams	Miss Hadfield Mrs. Lavelle Mrs. Tait	J. Steyn  Y. van der Merwe	C. Moore J. Hooper I. Schalscha	J. Steyn: 1st Tennis Team B. Bezuidenhout: Under 15 Hockey Team A. du Preez: Junior Rounders Team C. Moore: 1st Tennis Team I. Simancelli: Under 15 Netball Team C. Holland-Smith: Under 15 Netball Team R. Kerswell: Under 15 Hockey Team O. Kerswell: Under 15 Hockey Team M. Haydon: Under 15 Hockey Team I. Moore: Under 15 Tennis Team D. Gent: Under 15 Swimming Team Under 15 Hockey Team J. Hooper: Eisteddfod English Award Eisteddfod Vocal Award T. Panayioti: Eisteddfod Vocal Award



## Eveline Old Girls' Association

President: Miss W. M. POWELL

Committee: Miss H. G. Harvie (Chairman), Mrs. Ray Hart (Vice-Chairman), Mrs. F. Barbour (Treasurer), Mrs. D. Ritchie (Secretary), Mrs. Mutch (Social Secretary), Miss S. Sibson (Staff Representative), Mrs. Levy (Social Secretary), Mesdames Brebner, Goodwin, Kiddle, le Cordeur, Scott-Rodger, Youatt.

The monthly luncheon at the Hotel Cecil has been the chief regular feature throughout the year. We have had some interesting and at times amusing speakers—Mrs. Barkmann on the Psychology of Colour; Mr. Sibson on Cybernetics, and Mr. Rattray on Pasture Research. A most interesting and entertaining account was given by Sister Hughes on her work as Matron of the Mpilo Native Hospital. At the October luncheon Mrs. D. Johnston enlivened us with an account of the "Trials and Tribulations" in the day of a Minister's wife. Highlight of these occasions was the March luncheon when we had a record attendance of 51 to hear Miss Cassels describe, in her own inimitable way, some of her more unusual experiences during her twenty-one years as a member of the Eveline Staff. Certainly she showed little sign of the stress and strain of the years when at the April luncheon we presented her with a cheque in token of the esteem and affection of Old Girls of varying "vintage" and from widely scattered regions, subscriptions towards this presentation having come from far and near—Grahamstown, Somerset East, Durban and Cape Town, to mention just a few at random. The response and the attendance at this lunch were heartening, but in many instances numbers have been disappointingly small. We do appeal to our members to support more wholeheartedly what is after all the only regular Association activity.

In April a Jumble Sale was held, at which the encouraging amount of £25 was raised, to be donated to our Benevolent Fund.

We pay tribute to the memories of Mrs. Swales and Miss E. M. Mitchell, both of whom were members of the Staff in the old days, and who have passed to "higher service" during the course of the year. To the last Miss Mitchell was keenly interested in all our activities, was present at the last luncheon before her illness, and knew and loved many hundreds of Eveline Old Girls scattered up and down the Federation and in other countries. Not very long ago she renewed contact with many Old Girls in the course of a visit to Northern Rhodesia. The Benevolent Fund has benefited to the extent of £109, as a result of contributions to a Wreath Fund. This last loving thought on the part of our dear old friend has touched us deeply. We hope to raise shortly some form of memorial to Miss Mitchell. A Morning Market was held on 20th October to raise funds for this purpose. We hope that others who read these notes and who knew Miss Mitchell personally may like to join in this.

Old Girls continue to pop up doing unexpected things in unexpected places—in sport, in ballet, in the theatre, nursing. Latest of these to show that the spirit of adventure is not dead—Margaret Brennan—is off soon on an overseas trail of work and travel. Good luck to you all, whatever your particular walk of life and in whatsoever land you may be following your calling!

HELEN G. HARVIE, Chairman.

## BIRTHS

ADAMS—To Pat (nee Kiddle) and Dick, a daughter, on 13th December, 1955.

HOUGHTON—To Mary (nee Cummings) and Bill, a son, on 19th December, 1955.

DUNBAR—To Diana (nee Penny) and Gordon, a daughter, on 26th December, 1955.

LIFFMANN—To Lily (nee Rotbaum) and Richard, a son, on 14th January, 1956.

JOHNSTONE—To Mary (nee Davis) and Jock, a son, on 19th January, 1956.

MEADEN KENDRICK—To Elaine (nee Turnbull) and Paddy, a son, on 21st January, 1956.

BURR—To Sheila (nee Oldham) and Ralph, a daughter, on 27th January, 1956.

KEEN—To Flora (nee Gavin) and Bert, a son, on 29th January, 1956.

NEWNES—To Ray (nee Wilson) and Frank, a son, on 20th January, 1956.

WOOLF—To Olive (nee Keen) and Roy, a daughter, on 19th January, 1956.

TASKER—To Jean (nee Whyte) and Tom, a daughter, on 11th January, 1956.

DE COURPALAY—To Jean (nee Whitehead) and Dick, a son, on 7th February, 1956.

BLOOM—To Hannah (nee Dumas) and Solly, a son, on 18th February, 1956.

TINGLE—To Muriel (nee Thorne) and Sam, a daughter, on 18th February, 1956.

KATZENBERG—To Thelma (nee Chitrin) and Chookie, a son, on 21st February, 1956.

CODD—To Dawn (nee Davies) and Leslie, a daughter, on 18th March, 1956.

LANCASTER—To Vera (nee Hardy) and Harry, a son, on 26th March, 1956.

MITCHELL—To Thelma (nee Malton) and Roy, a son, on 14th March, 1956.

LOXTON—To Fay (nee Manicom) and Ben, a son, on 3rd April, 1956.

SLETCHE—To Mona (nee Mason) and Fred, a son, on 21st April, 1956.

TWELL—To Vida (nee Rundle) and Ron, a son, on 12th May, 1956.

FORBES—To Angela (nee Eckard) and Eric, a daughter, on 2nd June, 1956.

FAIRLESS—To Peggy (nee Aberdein) and Tommy, a daughter, on 15th June, 1956.

GARTRELL—To Dorothy (nee Broughton) and Ken, a son, on 29th July, 1956.

GAZET DU CHATTALIER—To Barbara (nee Taylor) and Louis, a son, on 6th August, 1956.

DE BEER—To Lorna (nee Stone) and Sonny, a daughter, on 30th September, 1956.

BALDACHIN—To Pat (nee Kaplan) and Basie, a son, on the 15th October, 1956.

LEATHAM—To Vanda (nee Roche) and Charles, twin sons, on 15th October, 1956.

## MARRIAGES

Mabel Scully to Lionel Churchill-Wright, in November, 1955.

Peggy Wieben to Brean Harding, in February, 1956.

Eva Otter to Keith Watridge, in February, 1956.

Penelope Spenceley to Albert Hutchins, in March, 1956.

Megan Howell to Tom Weeks, in December, 1955.

## DEATHS

BETTY JOHNSON in August, 1956.

GAIL BILANG, daughter of Sharon Bilang (nee Williams), in February, 1956.

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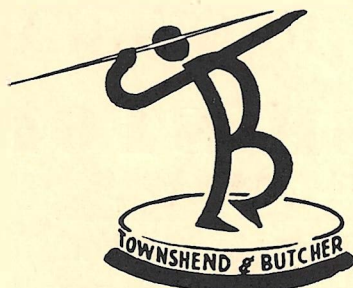
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