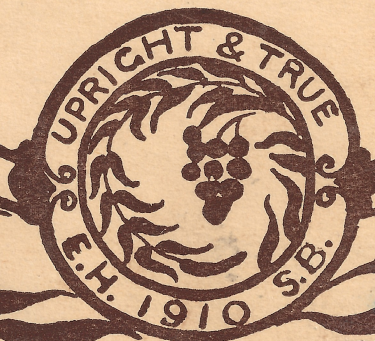


Hilary McKenzie

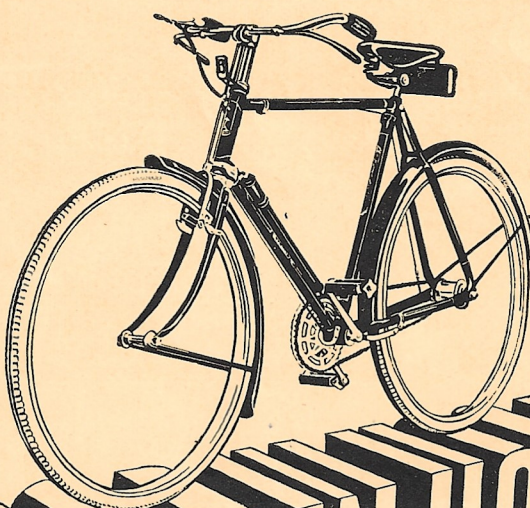
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OF THE
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1957



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HEADMISTRESS AND SCHOOL PREFECTS

Photo by Robal Studio

Back Row (left to right): P. READ; M. YESORSKY; C. COLLINS; J. ROOMER; A. TOZER; R. HAYES; J. OGILVIE; PAMELA RATTRAY; M. HONMAN; M. MCKENZIE

Front Row (left to right): V. SILBERBERG; M. FARRELL; PAULINE RATTRAY (Head Girl); MISS W. M. POWELL; S. ROBERTSON (Deputy Head Girl); I. SCHALSCHA; J. GAIT-SMITH

Annual of the Eveline High School

BULAWAYO, S. RHODESIA, 1957

EDITORIAL

The tremendously exciting news of the launching of "Sputnik" has filled us all with admiration for the achievements of modern scientists. It is interesting to notice how many contributions to this magazine, most of them received before the advent of the Russian artificial satellite, explore the theme of man's desire to solve the mysteries of the outer world of space. The American magazine "Time" has stated that according to statistics available, it is women who are best fitted physically for the dangers of space-travelling, and, no doubt, when the first trip to the moon is made in the not-so-distant future, there will be many volunteers from the Eveline Old Girls.

We must thank all those who submitted contributions and must express our gratification at the fact that so many of them were in verse form. May we remind all those whose work has not been accepted that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour".

Mrs. Hancock, who was Senior English mistress at this School for many years and the editor of this magazine some years ago, retired in April of this year and we are missing her help and inspiration

sorely. To the end of her teaching career, although for some time she had been far from well, she maintained her high standards in teaching, loyalty and courtesy. Those of us who had the privilege of being taught by her will always remember her with affection and gratitude for her ability to inspire us with her own enthusiasm for all that is best in English literature. We hope that she will enjoy her holiday in Australia and New Zealand, and that when she returns to settle in Rhodesia we shall see her frequently in as well as outside the classroom.

It is sad to have to record the death of a man who, throughout the time he lived in this country, was one of the keenest supporters of this School. We refer, of course, to Sir Allan Welsh, after whom our School Hall is named. For many years he was the Chairman of our School Council, and, long after he retired from that body, he continued to take an interest in the activities of this School.

We must thank our publishers for their unfailing courtesy and our advertisers for their support. We can assure our old and new friends that we, in our turn, will do our best to support them.

MESSAGE FROM THE HEADMISTRESS

My message for you for 1957 is being written during my voyage from Southampton to Cape Town and I have chosen this time deliberately as it appears an opportune moment, in its freedom from the minor daily problems which make up our daily routine, to reflect upon Rhodesian youth and where we are trying to lead it.

Since the end of April, I have visited five European countries and, while in each of them, I have had time to pause and think of the girls of the Eveline. This leisure and meditation from a distance has enabled me to judge our school and its aims from a new perspective. My confidence in Rhodesian youth, and youth altogether, has been in no way shaken and I believe that the material in our schools can compare favourably with that to be found anywhere. The standards of courtesy of Rhodesian youth are gratifying and are not, I am convinced, lower than those of other countries, but we must not be satisfied with our achievement, for it is chastening to remember that no standard will be good until it has been accepted by every member of the community.

Never, at any time, did I find it difficult to think of our Rhodesian youth without a mixture of pride and affection but I was often stirred to wonder whether or not things were made a little too easy for the average pupil in Southern Rhodesia. No question of blame arises for it is a matter which depends on the exigencies of each country and I have no doubt that a Rhodesian schoolgirl would be as willing to earn her fees for a commercial training by spending a summer holiday in a Swiss hotel as was doing the little Viennese girl I encountered grappling with unfamiliar dishes, customs and language. But in Rhodesia, there are few such avenues to self-education and it is all the more vital that all pupils should learn to accept the opportunities of higher education

which are being offered in our schools. It is not always easy to accept school discipline with its restrictions of pocket money and clothes; indeed it is a problem which is almost generations old though more peculiar to this century, during which so many more opportunities have been given to women. I shall not stress this aspect too much as the grasping of full Higher Certificate or one of the higher National Technical certificates must come of your own volition, but I should like to emphasize the fields it will open up for you.

Few are fortunate enough to be born with the urge towards self-education; most of us depend on outside stimuli to "cultivate our gardens". The years which sometimes seem so long to youth have not been wasted if your school days leave you with an overwhelming desire to explore at least one avenue; perhaps geography and W. H. Hudson will lure you to South America to see the cardoon thistle or the brightly-coloured birds. The stimulating atmosphere of the Art Room and the realisation of Browning's admiration for the Italian painters may entice you to Florence to admire the serenity of expression of Fra Lippo Lippi's "Virgin" and the lovely soft folds of her blue robe. Not always, however, is it the traveller alone who enjoys the widest vistas. Most fortunate of all, probably, are those who like Thoreau see the world from their back gardens and through their reading reach a wider understanding of the nations of this earth. If you read the Diary of Edward Wilson of the Antarctic, or some of the books of Albert Schweitzer about his mission station in Lambarene you may not agree with their views on inter-racial matters, but there is little doubt that you will have been made to think and, if you can face the problems of our country with the courage and independence of thought that may have been communicated to you through

either of these books, you will be a more valuable citizen. Should you not be ready for such contemplation, which must not be forced, you may learn much of biology from Edward Wilson or from Albert Schweitzer you may have the lasting delight of being introduced to Bach.

In guiding the youth of the Federation, we must feel conscious of our enormous task as, during the four to six years that you are with us, we must strive to put nothing but the best in front of you. This applies in every subject, for out of an inspired singing lesson may come the stimulus towards a hitherto undreamt of musical career and from a sudden awakening in a Biology or Science lesson may develop the first beginnings of a future scientist. For this short

period, we are the trustees of the future wealth of the Federation and we shall count ourselves fortunate if we have fostered an independence of thought, sincerity of purpose and an enthusiasm for living which will enable you to develop your own innate talents and to foster in you the desire to give something to the community. Most of you will remember Mrs. Blanche Gordon's words to us one morning at Assembly. She spoke vividly and encouragingly to those who were not going to have startling careers but whose influence in future homes would be inestimable. Perhaps, in this direction, lies the greatest power of women and, for this, you do not need less education but infinitely more for in your care, breadth of sympathy and wisdom lie the success of the Federation and its prosperity.

Ecole d'Humanité at Goldern, a village in the Bernese Oberland

Miss W. M. POWELL.

If you were walking along a quiet road in the Bernese Oberland and saw a large, attractive wooden house with the sign-board "Ecole d'Humanité", I feel sure that your reaction would be similar to mine and that you, too, would not have rested until you had found out what lay behind those idealistic words.

I should like to share the reward of my curiosity with you, for I think it is an inspiring experience to see the ideals of sincere educationalists being put into practice. Perhaps before I give what will be an enthusiastic picture of this school, I should explain that I have no axe to grind. I believe that we must each, in every school, find our own solution which will depend on many things — the exigencies of a particular country, any racial problems and any difficulties in the community itself. But, however different the machinery of our education may be, there is a definite place in it for an interest in and an admiration of this educational community which is founded on ideals not only worthy of, but often forming an integral part of great religions.

The setting of L'ecole d'Humanité is a quiet, very small village, Goldern, in the Bernese Oberland. The wooden buildings of the school are typical Swiss wooden houses and the chief building was once a holiday home for priests. The view from the school should be one calculated to enlarge mere human horizon, for it is majestic. Behind the school stretches the Wetterhorn range with the glacier of Rosenlani. In the July afternoon sun, after a heavy shower, the glacier appeared with a bright turquoise light to the left, showing where ice had just been formed. The particular mountain, which is included in the address of the school, is Engelhorn — so called on account of the peculiar indentations resembling angel's wings. The school prospectus contained one item which made me very envious on behalf of the children of our country — a pair of skis.

Paul Geheeb, the founder of this school, is an impressive man. He is 87, erect, slight and though he has a frail look, one is conscious of great power. He was deep in his correspondence, but left it very courteously to discuss his school with visitors from Southern Rhodesia. His wooden walls were lined with photographs of eminent men, who have been his friends and, upon our recognising several, including Albert Schweitzer and Rabindranath Tagore, he said that these he had known personally, but a quick sense of humour showed when he waved towards other portraits of Goethe, Schiller, etc., and said with a smile that those were portraits of his friends, too, though he had not been privileged to know them personally. Joining in our conversation as if to prove that this really was Ecole d'Humanité, were Mme. Geheeb, and

Mr. Bose, an Indian physicist who has now turned from science to translate Rabindranath Tagore. His translation "A Flight of Swans", has already appeared and "A Herald of Spring" is to appear this autumn. Mme. Geheeb gives the impression that she has the qualities which make her well suited to be the wife of a great man. She is considerably younger and her downright, practical manner combined with a sense of humour probably help a very great deal in the smooth running of an establishment which has such an idealistic basis.

The ideals of this school are to establish separate working communities of different nationalities, so that all benefit from the best in each culture. In no way is the importance or love of one's own nation minimised, but the aims are infinitely higher — that the great nations of the West should be able to share their culture with those of the East, particularly China and India. No one language is allowed to dominate and a child will naturally enter the group to which he belongs by birth and upbringing. The community is comparatively small, being roughly about 80 children with 16 teachers. This large ratio of staff is needed by a system whereby the child is not put into a class but works with a group for a set period on a set subject. As one might expect, the atmosphere is very free — two girls coming in addressed Mr. Geheeb as Paulus and his wife is known to every child as Edith. Yet, there is no lack of discipline. The ideals of simplicity and common service are carried into practice — each pupil is responsible for a certain amount of work as there are no servants. A small boy of about eight was busily emptying rubbish. I suspected that his zest was due to the fact that the rubbish went down a chute to the basement. The one exception was the cook — possibly a very wise exception and one contributing a great deal to the happiness of the community. Certainly the Sunday supper which we saw being arranged was one to tempt the most jaded appetite.

In the course of conversation, I mentioned problems and both Mme. and M. Geheeb said that there were always problems, but one felt that their wisdom and enthusiasm would probably succeed in solving the majority of these.

A visit to this school does more than arouse one's admiration of an attempt to put the highest ideals into practice; it excites our admiration of great courage. A review of the history of this century, with the failure of the League of Nations, tends to destroy our faith in a school of mankind and it is moving to find a great educationalist eagerly working to build up what the war has, besides creating financial difficulties and prejudices, several times destroyed.

WINDSOR WORLD CAMP

Form Va

LOUISE LADBROOK

My first glimpse of Windsor World Camp showed me a very large expanse of green covered by thousands of little white and pale green tents. As we came nearer I could see that the tents were of all shapes and sizes. If our camp were as big as this, and there were only 4,000 of us, what must the Scouts' camp look like, as there were 35,000 of them!

As soon as our bus stopped, we were surrounded by English Guides, demanding (in different accents) where we came from, and what our section and group numbers were. The whole camp was divided into sections. Each section, which consisted of 500 Guides, had its own colour and was divided into groups of 50, and each group had its own colour.

At the reception tent we were given our discs, which had our name on one side and our section and group colours on the other. We were conducted by our Group Commandant to our group and told where our tents were. We had really arrived!

The whole idea of the camp was for us to meet Guides from other countries and get to know them and some of their customs. In our group there were Guides from the British Isles, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Luxembourg, Australia and Rhodesia. Our uniforms were different in colour and pattern, and our methods of doing things, our languages and customs were all different.

"What did you do in camp?" is the question I am asked over and over again. During the day we were taken to see places of interest, such as Windsor Castle, Eton, Oxford and Blenheim Palace. On occasions we had various ceremonies, such as the opening ceremony, the service on Sunday which H.M. the Queen attended, and the Finale, all of which needed practices. We spent the rest of our time getting to know the Guides of other nations. They came from almost everywhere — even from such places as Poland, Hungary, Lichtenstein, Iceland, Hong Kong, etc., as well as from such places that you would expect Guides to come from, such as France, Spain, Holland, U.S.A.

The uniforms were many and varied. Some wore skirts and blouses, others wore a dress uniform. The colours of the uniforms ranged from black to white, with every shade of blue, green, grey and brown in between. Headgear varied, too. Some wore berets, some caps, and some had turbans, while the Rhodesians wore the "good old-fashioned" hats with the wide brims.

Almost every evening we had "campfire", where the Guides of various countries performed for us. On these occasions, national costume was worn. One of our Swedish Guides told me that her whole costume had been woven by hand about 100 years ago. She wore a red woollen pleated skirt and an embroidered sleeveless bolero over a long-sleeved white blouse. She wore nothing on her head at all and told me that in her part of the country only the married women wore caps.

The Guides from Trinidad became very popular, because their item was colourful, musical and gay. There were about 15 of them. They wore white skirts and tartan bustles. Over a white blouse they wore a bright red scarf. They wore tartan head-dresses and had large earrings. Their skins ranged in colour from dark brown to white, and all the shades in between were represented. They had a steel band made entirely from Esso petrol drums; while some played these instruments, the rest danced and sang calypsos.

The dances from the East were slow and consisted mainly of hand or neck movements (or rather, jerks)

put to music, but they were wonderful to watch. Lichtenstein Guides performed a beautiful dance, each girl holding a semi-circle of flowers, and making lovely colourful designs. In the choral singing the Canadians and Americans were outstanding.

The Finale was the most impressive ceremony I have ever attended. We all sang little camp ditties until both of our guests of honour had come. Our guests were Lady Baden-Powell, wife of our Founder, and H.R.H. the Princess Royal, our President. We gave them a selection from the items of our ordinary campfires. Then the actual ceremony began. At first the platform was bare, but soon four heralds and the camp "crier" came on the scene. As time went on the platform became more and more crowded. Tableaux of the History of Guiding came on, and each stepped back to allow room for the next. Then all the colours of every country represented at the camp were carried to the front. Then H.R.H. the Princess Royal spoke to us and then each county in England presented a foreign country with a hand-worked sampler, commemorating the birth of our Founder. After this, Lady Baden-Powell spoke to us and at the end of her speech we sang "God Save the Queen", and were treated to some excellent fireworks, while the visitors (some 20,000 members of the movement from all over the British Isles) dispersed and went their ways. Windsor World Camp was officially over.

The next morning we said our sad goodbyes to all our new friends, and set off for Herefordshire.

Un Aventure près de la Rivière

IVa

VALERIE SCHOFIELD

Fou-rou, le petit chien, avait six semaines. Il avait vécu toute sa vie dans la cour et il voulait sortir ailleurs.

Ainsi, quand il vit que la porte était ouverte, il décampa lentement vers la rivière. Il faisait chaud et toute la famille dormait. Personne ne vit l'escapade de Fou-rou.

Bientôt il se lassa de courir et parce qu'il était déjà près de la rivière, il était content et ne voulut pas aller plus loin. Le petit chien fatigué se coucha dans l'herbe sous un arbre ombrageux et dormit comme un sabot. Fou-rou rêva d'os succulents et de scarabées. Quand il se leva, le soleil était parti et tout était obscur. Le pauvre petit chien était effrayé car il ne s'était jamais égaré avant pendant la nuit. Il commença à crier.

Subitement, on le ramassa et le mit dans un sac. Fou-rou était très tranquille maintenant parce qu'il n'osa pas crier.

L'homme qui le portait, cependant, s'arrêta après peu de temps au-dehors d'une auberge pour boire. Il jeta le sac près de la porte et se promena vers le comptoir.

Quand Fou-rou se rendit compte qu'il était stationnaire, il commença à mâcher le sac jusqu'à ce que le trou était tout à fait grand, alors il courut le long de la rue (très tristement).

Bientôt, cependant, il entendit les cris de ses frères et de ses soeurs à droite. Alors, il vit la porte ouverte et courut par la cour et se jeta sur la paille dans le chenil—chez-lui!



PRINCESS ROWENA

Form IIIa

JOAN HOPWOOD

THE GOLDEN MOON

Form IIa

DOROTHY LOWENSTEIN

Once there lived a King whose daughter, Rowena, fell ill of a surfeit of raspberry tarts and took to her bed. The Royal Physician was worried and sent for her father, the King.

"I will get you anything your heart desires," the King said. Rowena replied that she wanted the moon, and when she had that she would be well again.

So the King went to the throne-room and pulled a bell cord, three long pulls and a short pull, and the Lord High Chamberlain entered. He was a fat man, with thick glasses that made his eyes look twice as large as they really were. This made him seem twice as wise as he really was. When the King asked him to get the moon for Princess Rowena, he said it was out of the question. The moon was 35,000 miles away, was made of copper, and was as big as the throne-room. The King flew into a rage and summoned the Royal Wizard, a tall, thin man with a long face. He said it was impossible. The moon was 150,000 miles away, was made of green cheese and was twice as big as the palace. The King was angry again, and called for the Royal Mathematician. He said the task was highly impossible, as the moon was 300,000 miles away, was round and flat as a coin, was made of asbestos and, furthermore, was glued to the sky. At this the king executed all three, and decided that he,

himself, was going to have a rocket built, and discover for himself what the moon was made of, and bring it back for Princess Rowena.

Finally, the rocket was completed and the king and I set out for the moon. We felt sure that if we followed the "milky-way" we would eventually reach the moon.

So we followed the milk-drops of the "milky-way", marvelling at the outer space, which consisted of brightly-coloured spheres, icicles, shooting stars, rubies, emeralds and other shining jewels. We had pills for food and drink, and quite enjoyed the speed and height of the rocket.

We were no nearer getting the moon, however. We passed numerous planets and finally, very discouraged, we decided to pull the reverse gear and get back home to the palace.

Once back at the palace, the King decided to ask Rowena what her ideas of the moon were. When asked how big it was, she replied that it was a little smaller than her thumbnail, for when she pointed her thumb at the moon, the nail just covered it. When asked how far away the moon was, she replied that it was as high as the big tree outside her window, for it often got caught in the topmost branches; she also said it was made of gold.

So the King went to the Royal Goldsmith and ordered him to make a tiny round moon, a little smaller than Rowena's thumbnail, out of gold. He put this on a chain for Rowena to wear around her neck. Rowena was overjoyed for once more she was able to go out in the gardens to play, and was well and happy.

THE NONSENSICAL ZOO

Form IVa

YVONNE MASTERS

*Have you heard about the nonsensical Zoo?
You'd like to see it I know
For the animals there are stranger than strange
And nonsensical from head to toe.*

*First there's the tiger who's famous, I hear,
For singing songs lonely and sad
And when he grows tired of wearing his stripes
He changes to Scottish Plaid.*

*And next there's the Zebra, another striped beast,
Who hankers to change his hue.
Instead of appearing in plain black and white,
You'll find he's in red, white and blue.*

*And then comes the Elephant, weeping all day,
And this is the cause of his woes:
He can't tell if he has a nose on his trunk
Or if there's a trunk on his nose.*

*And also I'm told that the bears, when they play,
Are gentle and never get rough,
For each Mr. Bear wears an eyeglass and hat,
And Madame Bear carries a Muff.*

*I wish I could visit the Nonsensical Zoo,
Though it's quite a long way I won't mind it,
But the problem that troubles me most of all is
That I really don't know where to find it.*

INHERITANCE

Form IIIa

M. GRUSHKA

A Short Story

Alfred Biggins lowered his morning newspaper and eyed his wife, Mabel, over the breakfast table.

"Goodness knows," thought Alfred, "what her Uncle John saw in her to leave her five hundred pounds."

But there it was. Mabel was a rich woman, while he, Alfred, was more than two hundred pounds in debt. He owed Watkins more than 50 pounds, and that little Cockney bookmaker a hundred and fifty. Altogether it was a bad situation, and the pawnbroker had given him only two pounds for his gold watch. It was no use telling Mabel, she'd only tell him not to go racing any more. Yes, something more useful would definitely have to be done. He eyed his dowdy little wife again. Something would have to be done . . .

It was when Mabel had gone to visit the Lady Bauble home for Aged Women, and Alfred was sitting in his armchair by the fire that the solution came to him. Every Tuesday afternoon Mabel went to visit the Lady Bauble home for Aged Women, taking sweets and magazines with her. Alfred was thinking of a way to obtain two hundred pounds. Now if only they'd leave him something like they'd left Mabel. Now, who could possibly leave him some money? Who had some money to leave? Only Mabel. Mabel . . . ?

And that was when he first thought of poisoning Mabel. Later on, the idea became an obsession. Now, if he used cyanide it would seem as though Mabel had had a heart attack. Very safe; Mabel did have a bad heart. It would be very easy to obtain the poison if he pretended to be a gardener trying to dispose of wasps' nests.

It did not occur to him that he might miss Mabel. He supposed that he had never paid much attention to her, she was so quiet and mousy. Mabel had merely existed. She had been there as someone in a dream is there; not important, just in the background.

He reached for his hat and coat and set out for the chemist's shop.

When Mabel returned home at five o'clock, Alfred was just putting the kettle on to boil. She came into the kitchen.

"Let me help you, Alfred."

"No, no, it's quite all right. You go and wait in the dining room!"

Obediently she went, and Alfred, left alone, reached in his pocket for the packet of poison. With hands that trembled he shook a little of the powder into Mabel's tea. Suddenly he was filled with a feeling of remorse — Mabel did not deserve this — but then a wave of exhilaration and excitement swept over him. This was the most important thing he had ever undertaken.

He carried the tea tray into the living room. He set it down on the table and handed Mabel her cup. It was one of the best tea-set—blue china decorated with pink rosebuds. Mabel took the cup.

"Thank you, Alfred," she said.

She raised it to her lips and drank. She slumped forward on the table, the cup crashing from her hands, the brown liquid oozing out over the cloth.

"Alfred," she gasped.

* * *

Sitting in the lawyer's waiting room, Alfred was thinking.

"Didn't know she'd made a will," he thought. "But then, it's only to leave one or two things to her sister — her charm bracelet, perhaps. I'm glad I did it. They didn't even suspect a thing. But it's a nuisance to have to listen to the will."

A door opened, and an alert-looking young man said, "Please sir, Mr. Parker will see you now."

Alfred entered the office. Parker came forward.

"Do sit down, Mr. Biggins."

The lawyer slit a large envelope and began to read, "I, Mabel Louise Ann Biggins, of 23 Harris Road, Newcastle, declare this to be my last will and testament . . ."

As he listened to the formal legal introduction to the will, Alfred thought again, "I'm really glad I did it. Just think — five hundred pounds!"

His thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the lawyer. "The Lady Bauble home for Aged Women," he was saying.

"What about it?" asked Alfred, startled.

"To the Lady Bauble home for Aged Women," repeated the lawyer, "your late wife left her entire estate and income — five hundred and thirty five pounds."

"What?" cried Alfred, dismayed. "What about me? What do I get?"

"You, sir," answered the lawyer apologetically, "inherit nothing whatever."

NEXT STOP--NEW YORK

Form Ia

ALVERA HERSHEY

Two years ago I awoke one morning to find myself flying over the sea to New York in a Pan-American aeroplane. We had been woken up several times during the night to find ourselves in Ireland and Newfoundland. Our watches had been put back a number of times, and the result was an extra five hours added to our long and uneventful night.

We flew into the sun-rise, which made the clouds below us seem silver-edged. Islands soon appeared below, and we amused ourselves by trying to find the different ones marked on a map that our pretty air-hostess had given us.

Only one thing spoilt my sight-seeing. Mummy made me plait my hair over and over again, as it kept getting untidy as I rushed from window to window. Finally, our joint efforts proved to be sufficient for my home-coming.

Then our interest in the outside world was stimulated by the sight of Long Island, 10,000 feet below us. We soon recognised Staten Island and the Statue of Liberty far below us. In another five minutes we saw Idlewild Airport — the biggest in New York.

We were rapidly coming down, and soon a bump told us we were on the ground again.

I felt shy and conspicuous as I stepped out on the tar-mac leading to the Immigration shed. All around me were sheds, and many people waving to us.

After three hours of standing in the Customs shed, we finally walked through a barred gate — into the arms of Uncles, Aunts, cousins, and friends.

I was then rushed along to the car-park by a host of cousins. There I stared dumbly at a bunch of expensive-looking cars, was pushed into one, and driven out of Idlewild.

We headed straight for the centre of New York, where I witnessed two accidents, and several traffic jams.

After being lost several times, we found ourselves on a four-lane highway leading to the New Jersey-Pennsylvania Turnpike. In another five hours we were in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

I was very glad to have a comfortable, soft bed once again, as you can imagine — and I fell asleep right away.

A WEDDING CEREMONY

Form IVa

ARETI PHILOTHEOU

Having attended so many Greek weddings, I know a Greek Orthodox wedding ceremony practically off by heart. It usually takes place on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon at about five o'clock. The guests come to the church about half an hour before that time. The ladies are always dressed "très chic", their hats are lovely and their gowns beautiful. The priest comes to the altar, saying prayers, while the choir joins him, singing.

The bridegroom, holding a bouquet of flowers (which he is to offer to his bride when she arrives) comes with the bestmen (usually more than one) and wait outside the church. When the bride arrives, escorted by her father, the bridegroom gives her the flowers and together they enter the church and stand in front of the altar. Behind them stand the bridesmaids and next to them the flower girls and page-boys. The bestmen stand by the bride, while next to the groom stand the bride's and groom's parents and relations. The ceremony begins.

The priest reads out the gospel. When he stops, the choir sings hymns. The groom then takes the two wedding rings and gives them to the priest. He puts them on the fingers of the bride and groom and then exchanges them three times (that is, he puts the bride's ring on the groom's finger and vice-versa), uttering prayers. When this is done he takes two wreaths, joined by a white satin ribbon and places them on the couple's heads. He exchanges them three times and then each bestman in turn exchanges them three times. The ancient Greeks used to say that if the bride manages to tramp on the bridegroom's foot while this is done, she will have him for a lifetime.

The priest pronounces them man and wife and asks them to drink three times from a glass of wine (representing Christ's blood). Then he leads them three times around the front part of the church, while the choir sings for them. And thus, the ceremony ends.

Everybody then goes to congratulate the happy couple, while the bridesmaids, waiting at the doors of the church, holding a tray of "bonbonnières" (that is sweets and chocolates all nicely tied in white nets) give one to each guest. After that, the guests go to the bride's house or wherever the reception is held.

DESERT ISLES

Form IVa

V. SCHOFIELD

*The desert isles with waving palms and silver-sifted sands
Are strewn in azure waters like pearls from careless
hands.*

*Of human life these ocean jewels have not remotest trace,
No man destroyed dear Nature's gift from out the earth's
green face.*

*The crimson crabs, their eyes erect, crawl to and from
the tide*

*And search amongst the seaweed where the little fishes
hide;*

*And here and there are beachy pools with simmering
shells near-by,*

Their waters cool and silent, there creeping cockles lie.

*Away from scenes of sand and sea near fields of tropic
flowers*

*Along the ferny forest paths, the monkeys play for hours.
Oh, brightest gems of ocean blue with beauty stretched
for miles,*

Would I could live for ever in the haven of those isles.

IMPRESSIONS OF VENICE

Form IVb

PAULINE WARD

When I was seven, my parents decided to come to Africa. We went through France, Switzerland and a little of Italy, to catch our boat, which was sailing from Venice. When we arrived we had to wait ten days for the boat, as it was late.

The first thing I remember was going into a café with a sign of crossed cutlery hanging above the door, and there we had what appeared to be a large pancake, (smelling delicious).

They are cooked in ash chips, in a furnace, on a shovel. The pancake is the size of a breakfast plate but I suggested to my father that it wouldn't be enough. I had a good appetite even at that age. Our waiter seemed highly amused. I soon found out why. They are the most filling things I have ever eaten. Even two pounds of potatoes could not equal them, although they are comparatively small.

We were staying at a very expensive hotel and if you stepped out of the french windows, you stepped on to a landing stage at the edge of the canal. At breakfast one morning, my mother ordered bacon and eggs. After a great deal of bother and amusement, my mother looked it up in the dictionary. The waiter at last understood and went off. He took a very long time to come back, but when he did it was with raw bacon and eggs and my father and I thought it a tremendous joke. My mother now gave up all hope of having an English breakfast. Eventually, we had rolls and coffee instead of our hoped-for bacon and eggs.

We went in gondolas because they are the only means of transport besides the launches. We went to the Rialto, the shopping centre, by the launch, known as "the bus", and bought a handbag (which has fallen apart only now, after eight years of heavy use), and some of the glace fruits for which Italy is famous. By this time we had found a guide. His name was Memo. He was a young man, very pleasant, and he spoke English well. I was his "Bambino Paulino". He bought me a beautiful pair of gloves which I have had for nine years. He was an excellent guide.

We saw the Doge's palace, the Rialto, the Bridge of Sighs and the famous glass works, where all the glass is hand-blown and in the most delicate colours, and is made into the most intricate designs.

The most famous place in Venice is St. Mark's Square, known for its cathedral and its pigeons. The cathedral is marvellous. There are 300 pillars supporting it and inside there are the most beautiful mosaics. On top of the buildings are a great number of statuettes. Cherubim and Seraphim and all their companions are there.

The only drawback to Venice is that the vegetables, which are conveyed by gondola, are dumped on the landing stages and in summer, when it is quite hot, they are not always fresh, so that there is often a rather strong smell of rotten cabbage.

All the gondolas are tied up to poles in the water. Those used for tourists or richer people are tied up to very gaily-striped poles that resemble barbers' poles, but the other stakes used by tradesmen are just left plain.

But, in spite of its cabbages I would go back there to see it if I had the chance. It is a city with both old and new parts and has an air of having seen history go by.

Le Jour des "Poissons d'Avril"

Vlb

MARGUERITE FARRELL

C'était le premier jour d'avril qui s'appelle „April Fool's Day", en Angleterre.

Il y avait un air d'excitation dans la salle de classe. C'était la classe d'anglais et nous attendions Madame Davies.

Elle entra dans la salle de classe et nous avions de petits sourires sur nos lèvres quand nous lui dîmes, „Bonjour Madame", mais Madame Davies ne remarqua rien.

Maintenant, nous nous préparâmes à produire un drame nommé „She Stoops to Conquer", et Madame était producteur et elle avait pris très sérieusement les productions et les répétitions parce qu'elle voulait que le drame soit un succès. Le drame allait être produit en juin. Une élève de la classe, appelée Judy, avait un des grands rôles du drame, celui de „Madame Hardcastle", un rôle vraiment important.

Madame Davies s'assit mais avant qu'elle eût le temps de dire quoi que ce soit, Judy jeta sa main en l'air. „Eh bien?" dit Madame en la regardant, „que voulez-vous?"

„Il faut que j'aille à l'hôpital pour une opération, et le docteur dit qu'il est absolument nécessaire que je ne revienne pas à l'école pour deux mois."

Madame Davies regarda Judy en silence, sa figure un peu pâle. „Mais Judy," dit-elle, „que ferai-je si tu vas à l'hôpital? Il n'y a pas le temps pour instruire une autre fille."

„Ah, je suis très malheureuse, mais j'ai avalé une arête et le docteur dit qu'il est nécessaire que je parte bientôt à l'hôpital pour une opération."

„Mais le drame," dit la pauvre dame, „qu'est ce que je vais faire. . . ."

Mais par ce temps nous ne gardions plus le rire, et nous éclatons de rire.

Madame Davies sembla tressaillir mais quand nous chantions „Poisson d'avril," un petit sourire joua sur ses lèvres.

„Ah, que tu es bête, Judy," dit elle, „tu me donneras une maladie de coeur si tu continues comme ça."

FRED'S NIGHT IN THE VELD

Form IVc2

JONEE SIERRA

The evening had never been so wonderful before; the breeze was cool and exhilarating, there was an invigorating nip in the air, the sun had not quite set and was a brilliant golden ball on the horizon, and the highway was free of intruders who might otherwise have interrupted the beauty of the place. The only person to see this lovely picture of nature was Fred. Only Fred enjoyed the beauty of this scene. Even though he was a piccannin of not more than 12, he could understand what the white man saw in sunrises and sunsets and anything of beauty, and what more beautiful than this evening in his own country?

Fred had been sent by his father, Mziki, to look for a "job" in the city. He would earn "plenty money", his father had said, and he would bring it back to the kraal to help his family financially. This evening Fred had started. He had been sad to leave the country with its fresh air and beautiful trees, but his father said the money would help his mother, so he must go. He was dressed in a patched pair of shorts, one of the white man's discarded tee-shirts, which was several sizes too large for him, and he had no shoes upon his feet. Thus he walked along, and mutely and sadly bade goodbye to this country in which he had lived and which he had loved all his life. He would now have to go into the city and work. Why could he not have been employed by one of the "bosses" on the farm? But they had said that they had no use for him, and now he must be off.

Thus he walked along, moping sadly, and wishing very much that he could stay.

At last he came to a little gate by the side of the road. He was so tired and hungry that he was sure he would faint. Perhaps, if he went into the farm here, someone would give him some water to drink and a place in which to sleep. He would be no trouble. Hesitantly he opened the gate, and slowly walked up to the little farmhouse about 400 yards from the gate.

Fred settled himself to sleep on the hard ground by the side of the road. He was very cold and very hungry. His father had not thought of supplying him with food or blankets, and no white man on his journey had given him anything. When he had gone to that little farmhouse a little way back, the white "missus" had called him names and had chased him off. He was very sad. He was very cold. He was very hungry.

Night came upon the earth like a velvet blanket, enveloping everything with its inky blackness. A little piccannin lay, frightened, hungry, too exhausted even to sleep, by the wayside. Fred thought of all the things one thinks of when alone at night; the ghosts that were said to haunt the country, the robbers that came and kept you as a hostage, and cut off your ears when they received no money, and many other things. A poor illiterate piccannin like himself had never heard of God, or Christ, and only these frightening thoughts entered his head.

A cricket chirruped and Fred received such a fright that his heart started to pound madly in his breast, he was sure it could be heard miles away. An ant started to crawl up his legs, and this made what little hair he had on his head seem to stand on edge. Oh, why had he come? Why was his father so cruel and heartless as to let him come? He would lie like this till morning, and he would not move. Tomorrow he would hurry to the city, and tomorrow night he would be in his own bed in some "kia". How many more hours would it be till morning? He was sure that he had lain here for hours and hours. He was so cold, so cold. At last he fell into exhausted slumber . . .

"It is him! It is my boy! I was so afraid for him. I hope he is all right. Fred, Fred, my boy!"

Fred opened his eyes. In the pale light of dawn he could see his father's face, looking down at him with tears in his eyes.

"Good morning, Papa," he managed to say.

"Fred, come, we must take you home to the kraal. Your mother was anxious for your sake, so I came along to look for you. We are going to send you to school, as I have been given a job on a farm. You can stay in the country now."

Fred was cold, so his father put a blanket around him and lifted him into the cart.

"Forever?" whispered the little piccannin.

"Forever," his father replied.

Rocket Journey to the Moon

Form Va

JUDY JORDAN

With a high-pitched squeak, Vadir oozed into the Control Room, his jelly-like ecto-derm quivering with wrath. "What in Evu's name has come over this landing station — there is absolutely no organisation at all! What is the matter and what is the cause of this outrageous consternation?" Apologetically the Chief slid over to Vadir and explained the reason for his men's strange behaviour (strictly speaking these creatures could not be biologically called men, for to look at they were nothing but shapeless blobs of yellow-coloured protoplasm through which a form of internal structure could be seen). It appeared that the Earth was again launching a rocket to the moon after a lapse of ten years. To make matters worse, this rocket was to be manned with humans. Vadir's extremities turned purple with anxiety. In a minute his wrath had subsided and he became all concern for the safety of the men under him. On seeing the change, the men at the control board slid towards their high chief, all the while squeaking with apprehension and terror.

Meanwhile, on Earth, final arrangements were being made for the X.A. rocket. Captain Vice had been chosen as pilot. He was a brawny, genial man capable of displaying great courage and foresight. He was also one of the ace rocket test pilots of his day. Under him he had a crew of six men, a Navigator an Observer, Pressure Expert, Co-Pilot, Doctor and Research Scientist. Care had been taken that none of these men were married or had relatives living. Thus, in the event of the rocket not returning, the only people inconvenienced would be the Government, who has lost a very expensive piece of machinery.

Early on the morning of April 7th, 1986, seven men walked across the bare expanse of land to where their rocket stood encased by a network of heavy steel girders. At the foot of the stairs leading to the opening stood the brains behind the whole idea and expedition. Shaking each man's hand as he climbed into the rocket, he handed the Research Scientist the specially-made radio with which the party would be able to contact Earth on landing at their destination. Nervously the "brains" joined a group of officials standing a small distance away, and, as the power was switched on and the rocket leapt into the air, he muttered a prayer for their safe return six years later.

By this time Vadir had had an audience with the Don — the moon equivalent of an Emperor. Together with the top moon scientists they had discussed every aspect of the situation. It was only after several days that a decision was reached. It was doubted whether these Earthmen meant any harm at all, but, whether they did or not, one thing was certain and that was the impossibility of allowing them to return. How they were to effect this was not clear.

In the meantime, the approximate date of their landing was calculated and their guidance machine put into continuous operation. The latter was a device whereby the pull of gravity, such as it was, was increased over a certain area together with a whirlwind of immense strength. These two forces thus ensured the landing of the rocket on a suitable place. Suitable, that is, for the Lunatics (inhabitants of the moon). All the while, more and more precautions were made and prizes were offered to the first man who could think of a way in which to keep the Foreigners from returning. At last a solution was found which was, however, kept top secret.

As time went on, the rocket seemed to become smaller and smaller to the seven men. Tempers were continuously frayed and it was only Vice who more

than once prevented serious incidents occurring. As they neared the moon, they saw to their surprise that it was not devoid of habitation, as they had been led to believe. Through their high-powered telescopes they could see what they presumed to be well laid out dwellings and towns. I say presume, for they were not dwellings such as we are accustomed to, but rather cone-shaped plastic-like edifices. As they approached nearer and nearer, they saw, to their dismay, that their control panel had broken down completely and that they were slowly being sucked towards a crater. At this point the Co-Pilot lost his nerve and in a mad frenzy broke his pressure suit, thus killing himself. His cries as he died from suffocation were horrible to hear. This unknown force continued to draw them down until at last they landed with a sickening jolt. Expecting what? — they did not know. They looked out of the portholes and saw to their surprise, several dozen yellow blobs differing in intensity of colour gathered round. Although they possessed no facial features, Vice had the instinctive feeling that they were smiling. He also had the feeling that they were waiting for something amusing to happen. He chided himself for his imagination and summoned his crew. They alighted, or rather floated down, from the rocket. On touching the ground, they were immediately surrounded by a squeaking mass which bore them to what they afterwards concluded was a civic reception. On arriving at the base of a larger cone than those round about, Vice was "greeted" by an orange blob which, wrapping itself around his legs, led him in. A strange sight met his eyes. The interior was fitted with a spiral shelf extending some three feet out and reaching to the top of the cone, some 60 feet high. In the middle of the floor was a circular depression towards which the party was guided. Thereupon began a deafening noise which sounded as if all the crickets in creation had been liberated. Food and drink were served, although there was no difference between the two, for everything was jelly-like, but with different piquant flavours and aromas. Bewildered, the men began to eat, and that was the last they knew, for when they regained consciousness, they were — yellow blobs. They had no voices and could only squeak, and when they tried to walk, they slid.

Outside, the prizewinner of the contest was happily sliding up and down his prize, the rocket.

SONG OF THE SUN

Form IIIa

MARY-JANE DAVIES

*Radiant rays peep through the mist,
Till trees and grass with gold are kissed.
Till each bird's song doth fill the air,
Beasts of night retreat to lair.*

*Filling the sky with gold and pink,
While sleepy flowers curl and prink,
Growing in heat and splendour rare,
Becoming beyond all glory fair.*

*More hard and cruel comes each ray,
Till burning, glaring, harsh midday
Strides forth to conquer all the world,
Animals shrink in cool shade curled.*

*Softly sinking, day's work done,
Home in glory glides the sun.
Clouds flame-tipped gild the sky,
Trees in homage softly sigh.*

VELD PATHS

Form Va

SALLY McNEILL

Life in Rhodesia has one distinct advantage — the everyday opportunity of exploring those many fascinating paths of the Rhodesian veld.

Do you come from a conventional Rhodesian family? If so, you are well-acquainted with the veld, and have a natural love for those weekend picnics and fishing expeditions at the favourite family-spot. Should I ever leave the country to make a new home overseas, it would be the veld and wide-open bush that I would long for most passionately.

The many intricate paths which wind their way through the veld will always hold for me a feeling of mystery and amazement, because of their number and apparent lack of function.

One often follows a definite trace of a path which suddenly tapers into nothingness. "How did it get to be there?" we ask ourselves searchingly, "If it is no longer in use, why is part of it in existence, whereas the remainder has completely disappeared?" But, although one may ponder this, it is a mystery which will never be solved, because nature is the sole cause of this often-repeated occurrence.

While Father is enjoying his afternoon's fishing at the river, and Mother is preparing the tea, the children invariably begin to explore those many fast-paths which wind their way crookedly, but distinctly through the bush; but always it is the same: several of the paths may lead us to a small African village, of little interest, on to a well-frequented fishing-spot, but the majority of them simply taper off, and yet another exploration ends in disappointment.

Do not get the impression that such excursions have little interest to us, owing to their usual destinations, because a veld-path provides many other joys for those who are fortunate enough to be travelling along it.

A snake may flash across the path suddenly; or, if you are very fortunate, you may catch sight of a buck or large bird in the distance.

Most young people have a natural love for the beauties of the veld, and they will certainly not be disappointed, for along their way they will undoubtedly see some beautiful wild-flower or some fascinating plant. I, personally, have picked innumerable bunches of lovely sweet-scented flowers, while out on such an outing.

The veld has a fascination of its own — the breath of those wild miles of long yellow grass will always call me back to Rhodesia, reminding me of the long hours I spent wondering alone along the paths, sometimes singing and sometimes silent, but always happy and contented. Unhappiness or an urge to be alone have usually caused me to seek the solace of the veld, but the moment I have left the house and family behind me, and am faced with the tangled bush and partly overgrown paths, my discontent is replaced by a feeling of freedom and absolute seclusion from the outer world; only then do I feel "free to be free", without bounds and sure in my loneliness.

There is no one on the paths winding over the kopjes and vleis beyond the inhabited section of the mine, and therefore one need not consider the feeling of one's acquaintances, but only revel in the joy and beauty of the neighbouring hills, and the typical Rhodesian scenery surrounding them.

It is this scenery with its paths, firmly trodden down by the heavy bare feet of Africans, who now have ceased to use them, frequenting the smooth highways instead, that will keep for me a memory of freedom and joy, because of their unbounding distances and unknown, unpredictable destinations.



Form IVa

JACKIE SWART

What I like about School Holidays

Form IVc1

GERALDINE VAN DER WATT

What I like best about school holidays is naturally the fact that there is no school. It is a very pleasant sensation to wake up in the morning and be able to relax, knowing that there is no bus to be caught, no books to be collected nor any of the other trifles that make term time such a hurry scurry business. Then, in the afternoons there is no prep to be thought out or worried over when you are trying to relax at the swimming pool.

There is far more place for the new Elvis record just on the market and the toffee boiling on the stove when English Grammar, Shorthand phrases and Book-keeping methods are stored safely at the back of one's mind, ready — with the aid of a little polish — for future use next term.

The annual holiday is usually arranged to take place during the Christmas vacation. More often than not we go to the coast, which means meeting new people and doing a lot of sight-seeing, besides finding out all sorts of other interesting things. A coastal holiday also means hours of lazing in the sun reading, sun-bathing, swimming, licking an ice-cream, or wriggling toes in the soft sea sand.

Failing any of the above-mentioned occupations, you buy yourself a piece of material plus paper pattern and proceed to make a dress. After you have spent hours of thought on zips and facings, the final result is achieved and closely, though unintentionally, resembles the new sack style. So popular; but not with me!

After experiencing every possible holiday joy, however, I long to be getting back to school. This feeling lasts until about one week after school begins, when again I begin to think of end of term and of all the things I enjoy during school holidays.

THE OLD MAN OF KHARTOUM

Form IIIa

JANET JOHNSON

*There was an old man of Khartoum,
Who went for a trip to the moon.
He arrived there in haste
By a monster was chased.
So back to the earth he did zoom.*

*Now on his way back to the earth,
A sight he saw filled him with mirth.
For there on a star
Was a tiny red car,
With a parachute tied to its girth.*

*He asked why the small car was there,
And was told by a boy with red hair
That it was used every noon
By the man in the moon
Who went for a drive in the air.*

*So now his long trip he resumed,
And would soon be on land, he presumed,
And I am glad to say
That the very next day
Before him the plains of earth loomed.*

*He soon landed on a green field,
And from him his space suit he peeled.
Then he went off alone
To his dear little little home,
And hoped that he soon would be "mealed".*

*But as soon as he opened the door,
He went pale at the sight which he saw,
And was filled with dismay
On his homecoming day,
For his wife did await him no more.*

*In the bedroom she'd left him a note,
(It was pinned to his second best coat.)
"Fare thee well," it did say,
"I am going away,
For 'tis another on whom I now dote."*

*In sorrow he tore at his hair,
(For it really did make him despair.)
He vowed he'd leave soon
For the faraway moon,
And the rest of his life he'd spend there.*

COLD MORNINGS

Form Va

FRANCES STEWART

The first thought that one has on a winter's morning is that one has to get up and that one has to leave that warm, snug aura of blankets, hot-water bottles and pillows. As grey clouds and drifts of rain spatter across the window-pane, the fact that one must arise and prepare to do battle with a world driven angry and irritable with the cold is enough to make anyone climb out of the wrong side of his bed.

It is always more difficult to put on clothes in the winter. Buttons become puzzling lumps and hooks and eyes are treacherous to numb fingers. Most garments turn themselves inside out and evoke much irritation when one discovers that one has put them on in this state. Shoe-laces have the habit of breaking in two and buckles prove equally obstinate in refusing to be fastened. After all these pitfalls in dressing, one is usually late for breakfast and finds one's tea both literally and metaphorically cold comfort.

Outside, the world is grey. Rain and mist do not add to the attractions of a cold morning. If the wind is blowing strongly, one is forced to battle with an

opened umbrella or a hat which refuses to remain on one's head. Tempers are short. Everyone is in a hurry to avoid being late for work and many anxious glances are cast at watches and clocks as people wait at robots or stop-streets.

School teachers, parents and employers are on the alert to discover one doing wrong on a cold day. The cold braces their spirits and sharpens their tempers and they are constantly on watch to find one of their charges in mischief. Policemen, standing on traffic duty, have no sympathy with offenders. With thoughts of a roaring fire and hot muffins in mind, they are unwilling to spend hours directing streams of cars and bicycles.

Cold days seem much longer than the warm days of summer. When one leaves one's bed in the morning with few other thoughts than of returning to it, supplied with numerous hot-water bottles, the hours tend to become very long. One feels that bears and hedgehogs are very wise in hibernating until it is warm again. One envies cooks and smiths their employment, which keeps them before a hot stove or a blazing fire all day. Those who are forced to work in dairies and cold storages have everyone's sympathy.

Clothes are not bright in winter. The muted browns and greys reflect sombre, depressed moods. The summer freshness of cotton and muslin is replaced by heavy flannel and tweed. The weight of these fabrics lowers one's spirits considerably and turns the crowds to dull, muddy gatherings. Most cold days are Black Mondays and one is pleased when summer is in the air again and the horrors of cold days are over.

My first attempt to play the Violin

Form IIa

JANE VISSER

At last Friday morning had arrived, the day when I was going to have my first violin lesson. As soon as break was finished, Ruth, Dorothy and I walked with an excited feeling over to the classroom in which we were to have our lessons.

Mr. Thorn, our violin teacher, was already waiting for us with three violins. Each of us chose the one which we thought looked most attractive. After some broken strings were repaired, and the violins tuned, we started our lesson.

First of all we were shown all the different parts of the violin and their functions. Then, after having had some practice in holding the bow and the violin, we had to try to play on one string at a time.

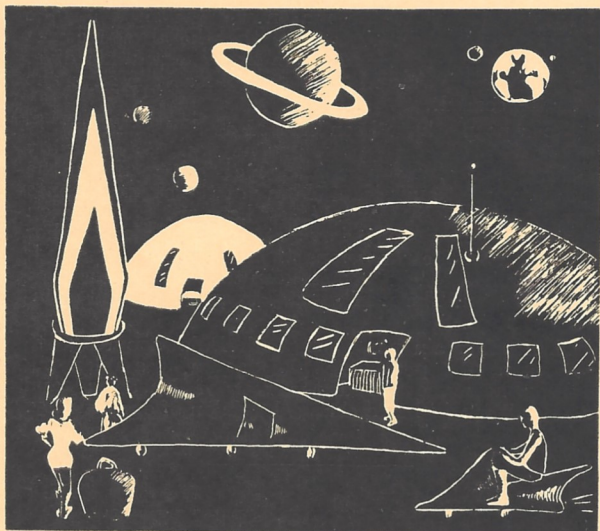
To play the violin had never seemed so difficult to me so I thought that I would easily be able to play each string without touching any of the others. When I tried, however, I was utterly hopeless. I could not even get a proper sound out of my violin and it seemed impossible to me to play on one string at a time.

After a little while, though, I managed to produce a reasonably good sound out of the E and G strings (which are the two outer strings.) But when I played one of the middle strings, I repeatedly touched some of the others, producing a scratchy and sometimes squeaky sound — just the noise a cat makes when you're closing the door on its tail.

Mr. Thorn, however, did not seem to mind our unbearable noise very much. To my great surprise he said that we had done very well in our first lesson and gave us each a book of studies.

The bell went far too soon, I found, and we hastily packed our violins in their cases.

As we walked out of the room with our violins in one hand and our study books in the other, I could not help feeling important and proud. After all, we could play the violin while those who stared at us could not!



Form IIIa

M. GRUSHKA

GRANDMOTHER, 2000 A.D.

Form IIa

SANDRA SCHOFIELD

It was the year 2000 A.D. I am a grandmother who was born in 1943. I was a healthy person before my first visit to Mars.

The atmospheric conditions on this planet give me rheumatic pains and I was advised to limit my journeys to 90,000 light years distance. Therefore, I often visit the moon, which is not far away. I stay for a while with my grandchildren for a cup of orangeum postum. (In other words, coffee.)

This weekend I intend to spend a day on the moon, and afterwards continue my journey to Saturn via Jupiter.

We set off from Yerrock (New York) at base 2, in rocket ship X2016, whose common name is one of a trio of rockets, called "Faith", "Hope" and "Charity". It is a brand new ship replacing "Blue Moon", which disintegrated some days ago on account of magnetic force frequenting the Lunar regions.

There are not many inhabitants on the moon and only four dome cities, Eeny, Meeny, Miny and Moe. Meeny is the capital and the home of my eldest son and his family. He owns the largest domus in the urbetrator (city square) being chief meteorographical-torographer of the Solar system.

As I stepped out of the rocket ship in my conditioned clothing, I saw a striking young girl dressed in a space suit which followed the current vogue in both design and hue. I realised with surprise that this was my 19-year-old grand-daughter, Marla, who had been at University in London studying pnitenography for two years.

She took me to their home in the new Ford helicopter 611, which her father had given to her on her birthday. We had a delicious lunch of Potassium potatoes, manganese Mutton and feric fishes. My daughter-in-law made a supersonic sauce to go with the dessert which she called suphentic cocarus (which I called Coconut Mousse in my younger days).

Marle took me to see a variety show after lunch. The performers were Venusians. The acts were mostly aerobatics and it was fascinating to watch their lithe green bodies performing antics impossible to earth dwellers. After this enjoyable performance, I set off on my way to Saturn.

A Visit to the Cadbury Chocolate Factory at Bournville

Form 1a2

GLENDIA JOHNSON

The most exciting day of my life was the day I visited the Cadbury chocolate factory at Bournville, with my family.

First, we went into a hall, where we were introduced to the lady who was going to show us around.

We then went in to a big room where we saw the cocoa beans being crushed, and were told that one tree produces 25 pods each year, each of these pods containing 40 beans. We were surprised to hear that 25 pods make one tin of cocoa.

The next room we entered was very noisy. This was where the tins were made. The tins were sliding down bars all over the room, and making a terrible noise. We were pleased to get out of this room, and could still hear the noise in our ears for a long time afterwards.

In the next room we saw the pictures for the chocolate boxes being printed and also in this department we saw the boxes being made, and we were surprised to discover that the ribbons around the boxes were all hand-tied.

After this, we entered a room where the centres were made for the chocolates. We also saw these centres being coated with chocolate as they passed under a machine. The markings on the chocolates were done by hand with a metal stick.

We then went back into the big hall where we saw two films, one on almonds and the other on cocoa beans.

When the films had finished we went into a room where we had a lovely tea, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Before we left we were each given a tin of chocolates with a picture of Cadbury's factory on the front as a souvenir.

DAGBREEK OP DIE PLAAS

Form IIIc1

VALERIE MASSYN

Die vuur in die oolstoof begin knetter en die rook draai stadig uit die koorsteen uit. Die hane begin kraai en die uil gaan sit op boom se tak en begin slaap. Die windjie suis saggies deur die bome en die blare ritsel. Die stamme lyk soos donker vorms wat skaduwees oor die land gooi.

Hope hout lê rond op die baan wat vir vuurmaak-hout gebruik word. Die mielies suis ook in die windjie. Kraaie eet saad van die gesaaide lande af. Terwyl die bulle wei melk die kaffers die koeie.

Van die groot Maroela boom af, ver bo in die takke, hang vlermuise. Die son kom up oor die berge en die skaduwee van die berge val oor die lande. Mossies en sprees vlieg rond en soek na allerhande kossies vir hulle kleintjies.

Die glinsterende water van die rivier bruis oor die klippe en spoel oor die krans. Verskillende kleure vygies en purpewinde maak nou hulle blomblare oop. Die boer begin nou sy lande ploeg en die geur van die nat vars grond ruik heerlik. Dit gaan waarlik 'n helder dag wees.

FLAMES

Form Ia

CAROLE WHITEHEAD

*The evening was purple and heavy and dark,
As the fire was started and logs, twigs and bark
Were laid on its radiance, dancing and bright,
The fire burned richly and sweetly that night.*

*A world of eternity rose in its flame,
And a story of wonder was told in the same.
And striving 'gainst atmosphere heavy as lead,
The flames leapt up higher all golden and red.*

*The myriad of colours rose up to the sky,
And violet and orange they danced the night by,
And throbbing a melody old as the sea,
Triumphant, ecstatic, it rang in the lea.*

*Now solemn, majestic, flames swelled in the blaze,
And the smoke rolled up evenly in a grey daze,
And jewel-like with brilliancy, child-like with mirth,
The flames furlled more flags with tempestuous birth.*

*And molten red, ruby red, gloriously bright,
All the flames rose and danced in the dark purple night,
With splendour exotic and mystery of gold,
The fire was a mystic, salt-sweet song of old.*

*Then wafted a breeze from the fold in a hill,
And the fire fell to sighing — and then — it lay still.
The ashes were grey-blue, the sky was pale fawn
As the soft morning dew fell to herald the dawn.*

CIRCUS PEOPLE

Form IIIc

CAROL FOTHERINGHAM

Bulawayo was recently visited by W. H. Wilkie's Continental Circus. The circus train was stationed in a siding near our house. I became very friendly with the people and I was very sorry to have to say goodbye to them.

One day I was speaking to a young couple and their baby daughter. The lady was from Italy, her husband from France. The lady's mother has a circus of her own in Belgium, but they have never visited it. I asked them questions on circus life and they said it is a very hard life, but one that they would never change. They had worked very hard to make their act a success. They had a beautiful home in Italy, but they have not seen it for four years. They never know to which circus they are going next. They just take a chance on being employed.

One of my favourite friends was the midget clown, Charlie, or, as he is better known, "Pepsi". He showed me many photographs of the different people and countries he has seen and visited. I was rather disappointed to learn that he is not very fond of Rhodesia.

"Tosca" and the Riva family were also good friends of mine. "Tosca" is one of the Rivas. She has two younger brothers, Adolph, who is nine, and Bertos, who is 13. She has a sister younger than she is and two older sisters. The children have school lessons every morning, and are well ahead in their work. It is very hard to understand the Riva family when they talk. Bertos and Adolph speak the best English and they served as interpreters.

The man who performs the death dive, Leon de Roussou, is rather interesting to talk to. He has a little son whom he hopes will also be a great diver. Leon says that he is very scared before he performs

his act and that is the reason why he shouts while he is waiting to dive. He says that he always comes out in a great sweat after he has finished his dive. His wife never watches him perform as she says she is far too scared.

Circus people have been classed as dirty and untidy people, but the circus people I knew and was friendly with are not so. They keep their compartments in the train very neat and clean. Many of the compartments have a wireless in them. They have photographs on their walls, a little primus stove, and many other things that make the compartment like a one-roomed, tidy little house. The women keep themselves and their children clean. The men usually wear shorts and open-necked shirts.

When the train passes through Bulawayo to go to the Union, I hope to see them again. I am longing to hear how they liked the rest of Rhodesia, and whether "Pepsi" has a changed opinion of our country.

AUNTS AND UNCLES

IIIa

MARY-JANE DAVIES

My presents lay in colourful disorder. Papers with the usual bells and "Merry Christmas" inscriptions sighed every time I moved them. Limp labels bearing cheerful messages were attached to the rustling paper by silver cord. These presents had been given to me by my aunts and uncles, and each one was reminiscent of its donor.

Aunt Mirilda had given me a small, silver brooch. She is a maiden aunt, demure and petite. Her hair is silver-grey, gracefully swept back into a bun. Her dress is usually pale blue in colour and fashioned high at the neck and long in the sleeve. Her manner? Well, she has a manner all her own. She walks like a ballet dancer, uses her long, slender hands as eloquently as a Frenchman, and keeps her head erect as a queen.

Uncle Ben is quite different. He is fat and podgy, and reminds me of pastry, puffy and plump. His stomach is curved like a Christmas pudding and his face glows jolly and red. He had given me a £1 note for he vowed no one knew less than he what to give a girl "growing-up".

Next to the £1 note was a bottle of scent, smelling violently of some blatant, but unrecognisable, flower. Ugh! This was a present from my Aunt Ellen. "Aunts of all kinds are damn bad things," laughed Tony Lumpkin. I always think he was talking of my Aunt Ellen. She is married to my handsome Uncle David, but why he married her, I do not know. Her face is always wrinkled up with disapproval, her hair is frizzy from too many "perms", while her feet are thrust into tight, green shoes two sizes too small.

Uncle Algernon's gift lay lightly on my pink coverlet; a necklace sparkling and winking in the mellow light of my bedside lamp. This uncle certainly knew what a "growing-up" girl would like for Christmas. He is the dandy of the family. His hair is almost offensive in its sweet-smelling smoothness, his elegantly tailored suits fit him as closely as the skin of a snake fits it after it has shed its first one.

And then there was my cuddly Aunt Carole's donation, a jersey of pink Angora wool, which tickled my arms when I tried it on. My Aunt Carole? Dumpy and round, soft and smooth, are the adjectives which describe her exactly.

I began to move the paper, crinkling and sighing its disapproval, off my bed. I carefully lifted up my gifts, letting the necklace trickle through my fingers — how pleasant it is to have aunts and uncles.

FIRST RAIN

Form IIa

JOSIE TAYLOR

*And suddenly, in the twilight,
The evening sun is clouded over,
And as the day turns into night,
The gentle rain begins to fall.*

*Soaking into the sun-hard soil,
Until the earth smells damp and fresh,
And rushing, in a frothy turmoil,
Down a long-empty river-bed.*

*Half the night the rain comes clattering,
Till the threatening clouds are empty,
Till the noise dies to a dismal pattering,
And in the first light the sky is clear.*

*And glad in the blue-skied dawning,
A bird sings from his heart;
Green things grow in the pleasant morning,
For the rains have come at last.*

A FISH

Form IIIc2

DONETTE READ

*A fish, a fish I'd love to be
And swim about the dark blue sea,
A seaweed here, a starfish there,
Water, water everywhere.*

*A tiny bubble upward flows,
And through the reeds the sunlight shows,
An old sea buoy would be my home
And through the reeds I'd often roam,
Another bubble upward flows,
Above, on top, an old tug goes.*

*A crab in search of fishes crawls,
Away above, a sea-gull calls.
The moon would light my shabby home
And back to it, I'd slowly roam.*

Rhodesian Schoolgirl Becomes a Farmer's Hand in Scotland

Form IIa

HEATHER MILLER

A few years ago, I stayed on a farm near Marandellas, then during my recent visit overseas we went to stay on a farm in Scotland and I was able to compare farm life there with farm life here.

What a surprise we all got, for on this farm most of the work is done by my uncle and aunt as labour is so expensive. We even helped to chop wood for the fires, as well as helping with the farm work.

In Rhodesia, farmers have thousands of acres, but this Scottish farm, which was considered large, was only just over one hundred and twenty acres.

Needless to say, all the land was used for growing crops and feed for the dairy cows.

We were all given certain jobs to do and mine was to feed the six hundred hens twice a day. If I overslept in the morning, as it does not get dark until eleven o'clock at night, they would gather below my window and screech until I fed them. If I were awake early, I would scatter food to the nearby hens and call the others. With much clucking and flying feathers they would come at me.

These hens had to be fed no matter what the weather was like. I had on one occasion to feed them in the snow. After the feeding there were eggs to be

collected. You would not believe how silly a hen can be when it comes to laying an egg. There would be eggs under oil cans, in boxes, in the loft where the grain was stored, and even on top of a boiler.

Have you ever listened to the various voices of hens? You really should, they are very amusing. Some have haughty voices, and some pathetic voices and some sound so angry that they quite frightened me. I remember one old black hen who was far past the age of laying, but who was just kept as a pet, with the most ridiculous "S-q-u-a-a-r-k", who was most upset whenever I stole an egg.

Besides hens there were ducks, bantams and also tame guinea-fowl. One of the guinea-fowl was sitting on eggs and always flew at the cats, their kittens and dogs. Just before we left these chickens were hatched out and it was a funny sight to see these tiny things being dragged everywhere by their mother. While she was dragging them around, she lost several of them and they must have been killed as we could not find them.

We were very fond of the three calves and the kid, Smokey Jean. The calves were called Annette, Billy and Sydney, the latter having been born during our stay. We had fun feeding them with buckets of powdered milk mixed with water and eggs which had been cracked while we were washing them. We would rattle the pails and they would thunder down to us. Poor Sydney was nearly always last and often got cheated out of his milk, but if he finished at the same time as them, they would begin to suck each others ears, making a revolting noise and leaving their ears very sticky.

Smokey Jean was such a lovely kid but so naughty! One of her tricks was to join her aunt—called Noire because she was white—on a sloping hen-house roof. Then she would bleat until we came to rescue her, when she would jump down without a second thought. She and her mother also used to chase the hens and would rush through the hen-house causing complete havoc everywhere.

My favourites were the kittens. During our stay fifteen were born but only four were kept—two lovely white ones, a black and white one, and a fluffy grey one. They were very naughty and did not stop teasing the huge, fat dog Nick. In the cupboard with drawers that did not quite reach the back of the cupboard it was here that the kittens would squirm and sleep so cramped that they could scarcely breathe.

How I wish I were back on the farm! I enjoyed everything about the farm—the bracing air, the smell of the newly-mown hay and, most of all, the absolute peace there.

CAMP-FIRE AT NIGHT

Form Ia

MARGARET BUCKLEY

*The paper smoked,
Up sprang a light,
It chased the darkness
From the night.*

*It spread and grew
It licked the bark.
Into the air flew
Many a spark.*

*The smoke rose up
Above my head,
The light it glowed
And then it spread.*

*That camp-fire was a friend to me,
When I was out alone,
It gave me back the company
I missed away from home.*



Form IIIa

MARY-JANE DAVIES

SWAN LAKE EXTRA

Form Ia1

IRENE STYLES

One Saturday morning I received the most exciting news of my life — I was to attend the rehearsal of "Swan Lake" the following day at 9 a.m. It seemed that extras were needed to take part in the performances as pages, peasants and ladies-in-waiting. Five girls were chosen and we walked about on air for the remainder of the day. It was uncertain whether we would all be wanted, as there might be too many of us, but our hopes were too high to be banished, and only a slight fear reigned.

The next morning, although instructed to be at the City Hall at nine, we all arrived at about a quarter past eight, with carefully ironed leotards, tights, and hair bands.

I mentally ran through the list of all the things I needed. I had to borrow a pair of unblocked shoes, as mine were about to fall to pieces, and I had cleaned my point shoes as best I could. I had remembered, too, hairpins, clips, pins, needle and cotton (clothes have a habit of coming apart at the last moment) and other necessities. We roamed the grounds for a quarter of an hour, then went up to the cold, bare dressing rooms and changed.

On finding that we still had a long time to wait, we put on coats and climbed into a car belonging to one of the girls (who is seventeen) and rode around the town (we were all in a rather hilarious mood).

On arriving again at our starting point, we tip-toed quietly into the hall and sat down. In front, the famous Dulcie Howes and the manageress, Mrs. Rosthcoe (we found out later) stood discussing various matters. Just then Miss Howes called us over and, taking a deep breath, we rose and approached her with awe.

She has a lovely face and her kind smile, as she shook hands and asked our names, set me, at least, at ease. Without hesitation she dealt out parts and seemed to know instinctively what part would suit each person.

"You're too tall for a page. You, Peggy and Irene, will be pages, Judy and Marlene peasants, while Maureen will, be a lady in waiting." She smiled again, charmingly, and sent us off to various girls to learn our parts. None of us had big parts, but we were all honoured to be working with the company. I was the youngest by at least two years.

Our "teacher" was a lovely girl with a charming manner. We had entrances in the first and third acts, both of which we learnt quickly, although in a narrow passage-way — the only available space. The rehearsal then began.

With eager eyes we watched Patricia Miller as she danced with light, flowing movements and the corps as they made a perfect background to the principal dancers. The role of the wicked magician, von Rothbart, was taken by the famous David Poole, whose portrayal of the part was wonderful.

The day wore on, with an hour's break for lunch. For me, it seemed an endless whirl as I learned to come on, how and where to stand. We were taken by the aforesaid Mrs. Rosthcoe to the costume-room, where all the dresses were being ironed. Luckily, my costume, of yellow tights and blue jacket, did not have to be altered, and after I had shown it to Miss Howes, the rehearsal continued.

At five o'clock, when we had been through our parts twice with Miss Chrimes (who teaches at the University) we went home discussing the day's events and in anticipation of the following week when "Swan Lake" would be presented to the Bulawayo public.

I shall always remember this day as my most exciting one — the day I met the whole company of "Swan Lake".

The Sounds of the City

Form IVa

LORETTA LOTRIET

Early in the morning, when people huddle in bed hugging the blankets round their ears, the earliest sound of the city is heard. It is the tramp, tramp, of the newspaper boy as he walks up the garden path. Jock, the trusty watchdog, heralds his arrival with growls and barks, but his noise subsides when a head pops out of the window. The master, sans false teeth, screws up his prickly face and growls at Jock to stop his noise. There is a split second of silence and the newspaper swishes on to the verandah.

There is a clink of bottles as the milkman goes from house to house depositing milk on people's doorsteps. A kitten, locked inside one of the houses, lets out a plaintive meow as it smells the milk, inches from its nose.

The city begins to liven up and buses rumble out of the terminus. Bicycles begin to appear all over the streets and bells tinkle. Natives shout to each other and native women babble about the cost of vegetables. Cars hoot at tardy men on their way to work, with lunch tins hugged under their arms and collars about their ears.

The school bell faithfully "ding-dongs", calling all unwilling boys and girls to school. They seem to be

calling out in a mocking way, "School to-day, ha-ha, school to-day, ha-ha!" An African servant pulls an unwilling little Johnnie to school. Johnnie's "shining morning face" is glistening with tears and he digs his little fist into the laughing African.

The clippety-clop of mare's hooves is heard as Fox & Bookless' mares trot up the road.

In Grey Street an unwilling donkey pulls a heavy cart and snorts every time the whip cracks about his ears. Little black piccanins sit on the cart, incessantly jabbering and flashing their white teeth at all who pass by.

An old Indian woman cackles as her grandchildren run squealing up to her. Two Indians are arguing about the price of a hat.

In town, loud music comes from a music shop. It is the latest "rock 'n' roll" music, and Africans stamp their feet and twist their bodies in time to its enthralling tempo.

There is a screech of brakes and a car comes to a speedy halt as a dog runs yelping to the pavement.

A car crawls down the road. It is a "loud-speaker" car and a man blurts the great news that a circus is in town. He announces the great event that the "Greatest Show on Earth" is soon to be in the city; no one can afford to stay away. Bring the children to see the funniest clowns yet born. People stand and listen. Some are really impressed, but others walk away. They are used to that type of advertising.

At one o'clock everything seems to be moving. Cars hoot and heavy lorries rumble by, all intent on getting home.

From the school gates children pour like sugar from a bowl. They talk at the tops of their voices. Bicycle bells ring and children's voices are heard all over. On the pavement some little boys argue about a game of marbles.

Soon the streets are lively with children on bicycles racing home to have their lunch.

When all this noise has subsided, the Bantu Brass Band can be heard in the City Hall gardens. The lawn is littered with people who love music. The city seems peaceful and contented. The swing of the music soon makes people walk along with a swing in their steps.

In the pet shop one hears sounds that people do not usually associate with the sounds of a city. Away from the bustle, away from the hooting, ringing and loud voices is a little shop. Little puppies sleep in boxes. The loveliest sounds come out of the door. The voices of about a hundred birds can be heard. They are all chirping, singing and squeaking at once. A bantam cock crows and struts about his cage.

At the end of the day the City Hall clock faithfully chimes out the time and some people return to their homes to have their supper and go to bed. Then the town livens up again and one can hear music from the dance halls.

Everything seems peaceful when a fire engine breaks the peace and howls through the streets, with its bells clanging and siren howling.

Finally, no sounds are heard but the periodical chiming of the City Hall clock.

I love the city. I love the sounds that come from the city.

BEEP-BEEP

Form Va

ANNE GREENWELL

*The Russians launch a satellite
To fly around in space.
It shoots into the Milky Way
At some terrific pace.*

*Now when the news of this great deed
Leaks from the Iron Curtain,
It is received with great concern
By men who feel uncertain.*

*Meanwhile the Martians, up on Mars,
With language growing coarser,
Recruit all Territorials
To man their flying saucer.*

*And back on Earth the Stock Exchange
Have left off selling cars,
They've got a more important trade,
They're selling land on Mars.*

*But why should Martians stand for this?
The Earthlings must be stopped!
The saucer zooms up into space,
The "Red Moon" must be popped!*

*And here I end my little tale
Of war between the nations,
And leave the Martians and the Men
To end their complications.*

A RHODESIAN RIVER

Form IIIb

CAROLE BOND

The Shashi River begins as a small spring many miles from my home. When it reaches our farm, of which it forms a boundary, it is nearly a quarter of a mile across. The Shashi is very deep in many places but in other places it is shallow rapids. It is by means of these rapids that the Africans can get from one side to the other.

This river is very beautiful and in many stages of its journey it passes through some lovely picturesque scenery. Although the Shashi is beautiful it is infested with hippos, crocodiles and bilharzia.

In summer, when the rains come, the river gets very swollen and rough. As it rushes past on its way it often carries down huge trees. These trees get caught by a bridge and they wedge themselves so that they stop smaller twigs from getting swirled down. This mass slowly builds up until the water flows over the bridge, carrying some of the debris with it.

Often in this season many lives are lost and many crops are destroyed, but the river has one good aspect. This is that the river brings with it a lot of silt which is left behind when the river calms.

In winter, spring and autumn the river is very quiet and small channels are cut from it leading to our garden. It is in these seasons that the crocodiles come out of the back-wash into the open. They capture many sheep, which are then dragged into the murky depths of the Shashi.

Occasionally we swim in the pools, which are all shallow and are formed by running water so that there is no fear of crocodiles or bilharzia.

From certain hills in the country one is able to see the Shashi River, winding its way through the veld, like a lost silver ribbon.

A NIGHT VIGNETTE

Form IVc1

LYN HARDY

The moon shone brightly in a star-studded sky. It was a full moon and there were no clouds to hinder its warm glow from reaching the earth or to hide its beauty.

Its bright yellow face seemed to look down on the earth with a smile. From her position she could watch everything that went on down on the earth below her.

She could see trains whistling along with their lighted windows flashing in the darkness.

Through bedroom windows she could see little children saying their prayers or kissing their parents good-night.

Moving away from the peace of the country, she could watch the gaiety at a city fun-fair. Laughing voices rose up to her and skirts blew in the wind. The big wheel looked like a ball of twinkling stars turning ceaselessly round and about. Strains of lovely music could be heard faintly in the breeze. It seemed to her that the stars were reflected in the millions of coloured lights which were either standing still or whizzing round.

After hours of this incessant change and whirl, the earth became silent. A soft pink glow filled the sky. Dawn was breaking. The moon shone for a few seconds more and then disappeared. The light grew brighter and the sun rose to hold sway once more over the earth.

My First Impressions of the Farm

Form IVc2

ROSE HERBST

I was brought up on the Turk Mine until the age of seven, when my father decided that mining was not good for his health and the doctor prescribed open air and country life. He went to see the land agencies about buying a farm in the Nyamandhlovu district.

Within a month we had found a suitable farm adjoining my grandfather's farm, with the Khami river running through it. Getting ready to move and packing up made me feel quite distressed as I was not looking forward to leaving my old home and friends behind and going to live on a farm. But at last everything had been packed and sent off and we were ready to move to the farm.

We were going to live with my grandparents until our own house had been built on the farm. I had been on my grandparents' farm before, but when I went to see our farm I was rather disappointed as there were no buildings and it did not look like a farm to me but like uncultivated bush land. I immediately burst out crying and told my parents that I wanted to go back to the Turk Mine.

Within eight weeks our house had been built and we moved in. At the mine we had had electricity and once, after a hunting trip, we came back while it was dark and I started fumbling for the switch. Used as I was to turning on the taps whenever we wanted a bath, I found it was no joke to me to carry in a zinc bath and put water into it and have a bath, then to carry it out again and throw the water away. The bath, too, was almost too small for me, so I do not know how father managed to enjoy his bath. Until the well had been built we had to boil our water, which came from the river. Keeping food fresh was another hardship as we had no refrigerator, so we kept it in the dairy. Ants were our biggest problem

as they swarmed over the food and often did not allow us to eat. In the end mother put the legs of the safe in small tins of paraffin. We had only one civilized African, the rest spoke only Sindabele, which nobody but father could understand. They were not thorough in their work but under father's stern words they soon began to learn right from wrong. Now they have proved to be hard-working servants.

We had few privileges but those we had were valuable. My father found it very pleasant to be his own boss and start his work at any time although the work was hard; but his health improved and there was no cause for complaint. Another joy was the delightful peace in our neighbourhood, in place of the constant throbbing of machines which we had had at the Turk Mine. We could go to the river at any time to catch fish without paying a high price for the pastime.

I now appreciate life on the farm and look forward to the holidays as we have water laid on and no zinc bath! We have a paraffin refrigerator, and a telephone which saves us a lot of trouble, even though we have rude remarks said to us if we answer to the wrong ring.

ON STARING

Form IIa

CERIDWEN MACKENZIE

Some time ago I read, with a great deal of interest, an article in a magazine in which it was pointed out that most people cannot look a total stranger straight in the eye. For example, while travelling in a lift, most people stare hard at the buttons, or the "No smoking" sign, or suddenly have to start rummaging in their bags. They do anything rather than look directly into other people's eyes. If caught stealing looks out the corners of their eyes, people feel embarrassed and awkward.

Having read the article, I decided to disprove it by carrying out some investigations. Having found out that the writer knew what he was talking about, I decided to cure myself and any other converts I could make.

Our two dogs were the first guinea pigs in my experiment. I stared them out of house and home, and it gave me no end of pleasure to see them look away from me uncomfortably and set about the task of catching non-existent fleas. Good, I'd passed my first test with flying colours, so I was ready for the next subjects, namely people.

Whenever I got the chance, when sitting opposite any girls at school, I would stare at them. (Musical appreciation is an excellent place for this.) The main thing to be remembered, however, is not to laugh, and to keep a straight face, otherwise the training is not being done properly. A silly grin on one's face belies the seriousness of scientific purpose.

I have not mastered the art yet, but hope to improve gradually. Today, while in town, I had the pleasure of making no fewer than four people examine the pavements and the shop windows very intently. Even so, it was a great relief to me to look at the pavement myself once they had passed.

Now I know it's considered rude to stare, and there may even be some people who may be scornful of the value of my pioneer work in this field. It is most interesting, however, to see how everyone reacts when stared at, and I'm hoping by the time I reach the second childhood of my Post Certificate year, I'll have a Master's Degree in the Art of Staring.



Form IVa

DENISE WRIGHT

PETS IN FACT AND FICTION

Form IVb

JUDY LAIDLER

Pets have always played an important part in life all through the ages.

In an early Nursery Rhyme we learn of Mary, who had a little lamb, who was so fond of her it even followed her to school. In so many stories the pet plays almost as an important a part as the main character; for instance, one could not imagine "Three Men in a Boat" without Montmorency, or Dick Turpin without his horse "Black Bess", Don Quixote without his horse "Rosinante", or Bill Sykes in Oliver Twist without his cur "Bullseye".

There have been many stories written about pets. There are these two lovely stories, by Paul Gallico—"The Snow Goose", which is about a goose who returns every Christmas to visit a cripple; "The Small Miracle", the story about the little Italian boy, who, when his beloved pet and companion "Violetta" the donkey becomes ill walks all the way to Rome to see the Pope and ask him to come and cure Violetta.

There is also the moving story of "Black Beauty", by Anna Sewell. Heidi had many pets among the goats she and Peter took up into the pastures, the favourites being Swanli and Barli. These animals were all very intelligent and knew when Peter whistled it was time to go up to the pastures or to come down.

Uncle Arthur's stories of pets who risked their lives and had the intelligence to run for help or lie on their owners' chests, as one dog did when his master was dying of cold in Alaska, always interests me very much.

The faithfulness of dogs, especially, has been the theme of many stirring stories, such as "Flame", the lovely story of an Alsatian whose job was to look after the baby daughter of his owners. This he carried out very well, never allowing strangers near the pram, and once when the baby's bottle fell out of the cot, he actually managed to put it back. The story goes on to tell of the day when fire broke out in the house, with only the baby there with Flame in charge. Flame, sensing the danger, barked and barked to raise the alarm, but without success, as the only way out was through a window. Flame, who was now burnt, caught the baby in his mouth, jumped through the glass, and delivered the child safely to some onlookers who had now arrived, and then died as the result of burns.

Many of our great authors and poets had their pets who have become almost as famous as their owners.

There was Flush, a brown and white Cocker Spaniel whom Miss Mitford, the author of "Our Village", gave to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Byron's dog Boatswain, who is buried in the gardens of Newstead Abbey, Lord Byron's home. Charles Lamb had a dog called Rash, and Sir Walter Scott's dog was Hamlet, and he also had a favourite Deerhound called Maida. Alexander Pope's dog was called Bounce, and Dr. Johnston had a cat, Hodge. William Cowper had two chaffinches about whom he wrote a poem, "The Happy Prisoners", who sang as blythe as finches sing who flutter loose on golden wing." In Kettering, which was near where I was in England, there is a park, "Wicksteed", and in this park is a statue of Jerry, the little brown Terrier that was Charles Wicksteed's constant companion. The Queen's Corgis, Sugar Spice and Rookie, who are always taking pieces out of the Guards' trousers, are all well-known characters.

There are weird pets also. Some people in Bristol kept several alligators and crocodiles, of whom they claimed to be very fond. The quaint little magpie is quite common as a household pet. One even hears of snakes as pets. My brother loves snakes as pets, and when he was quite young he had a cobra in a box, but one day it escaped and could not be found. So for three weeks my mother had to do out his room as the girl would not enter it. My two budgies and canary, one a great source of fun to me. The one budgie, Chippy, who is seven years old, is very affectionate and talks a great deal. The other budgie, only a baby, is really a great acrobat, doing somersaults, hanging by one leg and many other stupid things. The canary, who has reached the great age of eight and a half years, is a lovely little bird whose name is Dixi. She is both affectionate and clever; for instance, when she feels it is time to be covered up, she peeps and peeps until you do this; she then fluffs up and goes to sleep.

I love pets and find them both interesting and companionable.

DIE VOORTREKKER-LAER

Form IIIc

JOAN VAN WYK

Aan die voet van die hoë Drakensberge staan die groot laer van Piet Retief. Op 'n afstand lyk alles rustig, maar sodra 'n mens nader kom, kan daar 'n gelag en gesels gehoor word, en in die agtergrond speel 'n konsertiena en 'n ghitaar opgewekte deuntjies. Die enigste lig is die vlamme van die kampvuur, en die mense sit in groepe en gesels en lag. Die mans se gesigte is bruin gebrand deur die son, maar hulle oë is helder en hulle spiere is sterk. Die vrouens se velle is spierwit, want hulle groot kappies beskerm hul gesigte teen die son en wind. Meeste van die jong meisies het lang glimmende hare wat baie goed versorg word.

„Kom — aan, neem julle maats!" skree 'n ou oom met geel tande (van al die pruimpies!) en skuiwe hom lekker reg om die jong klompie van sy troontjie gade te slaan. Die klompie hoef ook nie twee keer genooi te word nie. Guo-Gou is daar 'n groot sirkel en hulle val sommer weg met: „Afrikaners is Plesierig." Die berge gee eintlik antwoord soos hulle sing en Oom Gert se ou viooltjie huil ook saam. Kort-kort hou hulle op en dan word gemmer-bier en biskuit uitgedeel. So gaan dit aan tot laat in die aand.

Dan word alles stil. Piet Retief, met 'n groot bos swart baard klim op 'n yslike klip en praat met sy mense in alle erns om nie moed op te gee in dae voorlê nie. Dis plesierige aandjies word afgesluit met 'n vurige gebed om hulp vir die oortog oor hierdie onbekende Drakensberge wat nog voorlê.

A CUP OF TEA

Form Va

JILL HARRISON

One dark and stormy evening my mother was feeling rather depressed as she had had a tiring day. She decided to try her favourite remedy, a cup of tea, and asked me to go into the kitchen and switch on the kettle. I went out, filled the kettle and laid out the tea, milk and sugar, then I went upstairs to bed.

In the meantime my small brothers, who were supposed to be asleep two hours before, had started a pillow fight. In the excitement of the battle, Richard, the youngest brother, had fallen on his head and my mother had rushed upstairs to comfort his cries of pain and indignation. After she had settled the two scamps in their respective beds and restored their room to order, she resolved to retire to bed herself.

A few minutes later the whole house was in darkness and the occupants sleeping peacefully. Then the strange noises began: grandfather heard them first and made up his mind to investigate. Unfortunately, the good old man was not very brave. He had to keep up his courage by shouting loudly all the way down the stairs and along the passage that "he was coming to catch it". What "it" was no one knew and grandpa hoped that "whatever it was" would flee before he arrived on the spot. When the old man reached the kitchen and discovered that the hissing, banging noise had not grown less, he retreated to look for reinforcements.

Half-way up the stairs he met my father, who was creeping along, feeling his way with one hand, and holding a loaded pistol cautiously in the other. Feeling much braver now, grandpa fell in line behind my father and they proceeded on their way to the kitchen. As they reached the bottom of the stairs they saw a strange apparition. Our old Polish nurse, dressed in a red flannel nightgown and with her hair standing up from her head in various angles in curling pins, burst from her room nearby and rushed screaming down the passage. Grandpa took off in pursuit, trying to calm the nurse as he ran. She, however, took refuge in the broom-cupboard and refused to emerge until the ghosts had been driven from the house.

By this time smoke and flames were coming from the kitchen and mother had awoken and was rushing along with a bucket of water to quench the flames. My two brothers slid down the bannisters and joined the procession, which proceeded without further delay to the kitchen. There we discovered that mother had completely forgotten about the kettle which I had switched on for her. The strange noises we had heard had been made by the hissing steam and the knocking of the lid when the water boiled. The kettle was standing on a wooden table and this had caught alight but, after mother had thrown her bucket of water on the flames, we discovered that not much damage had been done. Only a small round patch in the table was charred and this could be covered with an oil cloth in future. The kettle, of course, was out of order, but father promised to mend it in the morning.

After all the excitement mother felt that she really needed a cup of tea. She filled the other kettle and placed it on the stove to boil. I cut some slices of bread and butter and we all sat round the table ready for a refreshing cup of tea. The upset was not yet over, however, for we had forgotten about the nurse who was still in the broom cupboard. Nobody realised that the unfortunate lady was locked in, as the lock on the door was a Yale lock. We were soon made aware of this fact, for the nurse began to thump on the door with all her strength and added a few kicks, just for good measure. Richard was despatched immediately to release her. She entered the kitchen

grumbling and muttering about giving in her notice, but when her eyes alighted on the tea she changed her mind and graciously accepted a cup.

I retired to bed wondering at the charm a cup of tea holds for most people. After the desire for a cup of tea had caused all that trouble they could still enjoy that strange, magic beverage, a cup of tea.

BLUE

Form VIa

VERA SILBERBERG

Blue is a universal colour favoured by men and nature alike.

The blue of the sky varies from the palest powder blue to deep azure and midnight blue at night. Although it has been proved that the blue of the sky is an optical illusion, one still feels protected by that lovely canopy, which is spread over the earth. A young American flyer wrote of the "footless halls of air" and the "long delirious, burning blue". He was right. On a summer day the sky shimmers and glows with a "burning blue". It is beautiful, seen over all the earth.

Superstition has it that if one can see a patch of blue sky, big enough to make a sailor a pair of trousers, no rain will come. A silly saying, you may say, but it is surprising how often it proves true.

The other great blue expanse of Nature is the sea. The shades of its blue indicate its mood. On a bright sunny day it will dance and sparkle with azure ripples and bring joy to those on it. At night it mingles with the sky to enclose one in a blue-black velvet covering. It is quiet and soothing. Before a storm, however, it becomes dark and an almost metallic grey, while its waves swoop and crash. Its deep blue is laced with foaming white, and when its anger is spent, it is again joyous and friendly.

Mention of the sea makes us think of the sailors, the men who brave that unpredictable element for the good of mankind. They traditionally dress in blue, too, that dark blue which has taken their name—Navy blue. They are brave men, in the same colour as their element, fighting it and working with it.

The Girl Guide movement has for its colour blue. Whether Navy blue or pale, greyish blue, or the gay blue of a bright summer sky, blue is the colour of the Guides. Their flag is blue, representing the sky over all Guides. It is a symbol of their endeavour to be true and noble citizens and to be ever faithful and trustworthy.

Blue is a colour for flowers—morning glory, blue-bells, cornflowers. Morning glory is a mass of blazing blue horn-shaped flowers, glowing brightly to say "Good morning". Although useless to the farmer, cornflowers make a brave show among the fields. Like Flanders' poppies, they are part of a wheat crop.

Johann Strauss' "Blue Danube Waltz" is an ever-popular melody. It is gay and bright, sparkling with the light of sunshine on water. "Blue" is popular in musical tunes—Gershwin named his piece, "Rhapsody in Blue". "The Bluebells of Scotland" is a popular traditional song, gay in tune but sad in words.

When someone is said to be of blue blood it means that they are of nobility or royalty. In bygone years it was a great thing to be able to boast of coming from blue blood.

Blue books are the Acts of Parliament, since they are usually brought out under a blue cover. A blue stocking was formerly a derogatory term for a learned woman, in the times when a woman's business was to get married and have a large family. Nowadays the sting has gone out of the word, and it is seldom used.

The Blue Peter is flown by ships about to raise anchor. It is a blue flag, with a white square, the letter "P" in the International Code, from whence its name "Peter". Blue figures largely on many National flags—the Union Jack, and British Colonies have blue flags with the Union Jack in the corner and the country's crest superimposed on the blue.

The blue ribbon is the sign of the highest award in any sphere, such as in racing and animal shows. At Universities the "Blue" is awarded to those who represent the University in athletics. It corresponds to a "cap" in an English team.

Oxford and Cambridge have dark and light blue as their colours, and at any contest they are known as the "lights" and "darks". This is clearly shown at the annual boat race between these two Universities.

Blue is known, either as a colour, as a term, in most spheres of life. It can be bright and sparkling, or rich and deep. It is used, seen and familiar everywhere, and is, I think, one of the loveliest colours known.

On Buying a Pair of Shoes

Form IIa

CERIDWEN MACKENZIE

How I hate having to buy a pair of shoes! I know, before we even set out for the shop, that I am not going to get the pair I want.

I usually talk a great deal before hand, as I know with a dreadful certainty that for the next hour or so, I shan't get a word in edge-ways. I also take a last loving look at my feet, while they still appear normal. Whenever I buy shoes it's "not that pair, your feet are too broad" or "your big toe's too long for that pair", or "those have no support, you know you are flat-footed". This carries on till I come away, with the dreadful new shoes, convinced that my feet are really in a bad state, and I proceed to rest them for a few days on a footstool, while I listen to the wireless.

My mother always insists on accompanying me, when I need a new pair of shoes, as she cannot erase the memory of a black pair of shoes I bought; lovely, but several sizes too small, which left me crippled with a terrible blister, in the middle of the town, while she had to leave work to drive me home, as I couldn't catch the bus barefooted.

To add to the terrible prospect of buying new shoes, my mother insists on taking the lift up to the shoe department. She then recalls the time she was trapped in a lift for a few hours, the lift hanging suspended on one little cable, and I just nod my head and rush out of that lift like a scalded cat, the moment the doors open. Then a little lecture on manners follows and I am led in disgrace to a chair, where I sit and wait for the assistant to bring the first pair of the twenty or more pairs of shoes which I have to try on.

After my feet have been analysed, the assistant brings the shoes and the fun starts, while everyone gives her opinion of the shoes, and takes no notice of me when I give my views on "made-to-fit American shoes", or some dreadful make of English shoe. That decides my mother and the assistant that that pair of shoes is just the pair for me.

On the way home I declare in no uncertain terms that I won't wear the new shoes, inquiring angrily if my mother likes to make me look a fool! Then my mother begins, "Why, when I was your age", and I prepare to go to sleep, quietly cursing those shoes.

SCENES BY A RIVER BANK

Form IVa

SUE VAN DER LINDE

Rivers, especially large ones, are delightful and attract all who live in the surrounding neighbourhood.

I can remember a lovely river which flowed through a valley with towering mountains on either side, on whose banks I spent many happy hours as a child.

The river banks were only about three feet above the clear, running water and short, green grass covered them, while little daisies and other veld flowers emerged from between the blades of grass. Great blue river-rocks rested on or against the banks, and their smooth surfaces were ideal for children to play on. Dotted along the river banks were palm trees with vines and ferns creeping up them, and willow trees overhanging with their lowest branches almost dipping into the water. These trees were laden with birds' nests hanging far out over the water and out of reach of egg-collectors.

Birds, singing and calling to unwilling mates, sat on the gently-swaying twigs and ruffled their feathers.

At intervals baboons would come racing down from the mountain sides and frolic on the river bank undisturbed by humans.

At sunset when the trees and rocks took on the glowing colours of the evening sky, buck of every description came to consume the cool water to quench their thirst. The young buck raced on the soft green grass and nuzzled their mothers who lay on the bank to watch their offspring with alert eyes. Baboons sat in the trees on the bank, chattering quietly and watching every movement of the game, eager to partake in the enjoyment.

In the mornings native children came laughing and dancing from their hillside homes to play on the river bank. The little picannins wrestled on the soft, green grass while the other children watched or played games. After this first burst of energy, they often dug clay out of the bank and spent hours modelling animals, and then drying them in the sun.

In the afternoons young native girls came down to the river to wash their legs and rub soap into them till they shone like polished surfaces. After the process of beautifying was concluded, they would sit on the bank and idly chat for hours or play native games with river pebbles.

The old native women also came down in the afternoons and brought all the washing down to the river. The youngest members of the family were also given a daily treat by being allowed to crawl around on the banks picking flowers and rolling in the soft grass. While the old nannies hummed contentedly, they knelt on the rocks washing all the family clothes, but keeping an ever-watchful eye on the little ones.

Sometimes Europeans came along to the lovely river bank to have picnics beneath the huge shady trees and to allow their children to play on the green river bank.

Older boys and girls sat on the bank enjoying the warmth of the sun, and the beauty of nature away from civilization, while the little ones played with balls on the grassy bank.

Dogs, used to being cooped up in yards, leaped and ran around on the green bank giving vent to their high spirits.

Many have been the enjoyable scenes I have witnessed on this river bank, and every day more people and animals flock to it, learning to love and appreciate it.

IN AN ANTIQUE SHOP

Form IVc1

RHONDA JAMES

One day while I was doing some shopping, I passed a little shop which I had never noticed very much before. As I was passing, I experienced a strange feeling, I seemed compelled to enter this quaint shop. I was drawn through by some magnetic force. I entered feeling very queer, and unfamiliar.

When I got into the shop, I was quite taken aback by the shop-assistants. One was dressed like a Chinaman, one like a horrid-looking lizard, and one like a clown!

The lizard, much to my disgust, was the one who attended to me. When I asked him for an old watch about the size of a tickety, he said he would see if they had one.

When he had disappeared into the back, I glanced at the clown, I was struck speechless, for he was standing and doing the most horrible things with his nose. First he would make it long and pointed, then round and flat.

When I could stand it no longer, I turned and fled, but I could find no door. I started to cry out for help, as a big fishing-net fell over my face.

Then a surprise! — I awoke to find myself lying on my bed, where I had flung myself exhaustedly after my shopping, and over my face lay my mosquito-net. It had broken and caused me to have this curious night-mare. With keen pleasure I once again entered the world of reality, glad for once to leave fantasy behind.

PAGEANTRY

Form Vb

A. WILLIAMSON

This very word pageantry brings marvellous visions to both young and old, visions such as that of handsome knights in sparkling armour on huge sable steeds fighting each other in a wide field hung with flags and decorated with beautiful women in long dresses and veils. But that was many years ago, and which young lad at the age of seven does not wish that he were a courageous, handsome hero of the olden times? Not very many, I am sure.

Our pageantry to-day consists of "beauty queen" contests, the olympic games, town processions which bring much delight to the British populace, especially if the Queen of England is in the procession.

The finest procession I ever saw was on "Victory Day" after the second World War. I went to watch this procession not really understanding why it had come about, but I remember clearly wearing red white and blue striped ribbons in my hair and frantically waving a "Union Jack" at the passing people.

There were tall stately policemen, old soldiers, and a branch of the Home Guard, but what impressed me was that their buttons shone brightly, and they looked so neat. The women in the parade were mostly nurses and their uniforms were so very stiff starched that they looked like dolls in cellophane paper.

On the continent pageantry seems much more vivid and colourful, for example in France they have a flower procession in which all the floats are decorated with flowers, and what a beautiful show it is. Even some poor farmers contribute to this procession by painting their carts bright colours and making wreaths of flowers for their farm horses. In Normandy they have a play every seven years which is called the "Play of the Holy Rood." Thousands of people act in this play and it celebrates the coming of some of Christ's blood from the Holy Land,

brought by a Crusader. This play is a most colourful and original one, not only for the story but because it is performed outside in the open air in a market square and the church in the market square plays just as important a part as the many actors. People from all the world come to see this wonderful pageant.

A popular pageant in England is the choosing of a "Cotton Queen." The lucky winner of this contest is given a complete wardrobe and a tour of the continent.

The most famous pageant of all in Britain is a coronation. This pageant is one of the oldest in history and usually comes once in a lifetime and sometimes not even then. It is a pageant I shall never forget. I was lucky enough to go to London two weeks before the actual coronation and what a change had come over that old city. The street decorations brought new life to the city and they were beautifully and artistically designed. There was an air of buoyancy about the city; everyone was cheerful and you could not buy a single article without a coronation stamp on it—even the article itself was wrapped in "coronation paper." I saw the whole pageant of the actual coronation on television—then a comparatively new thing in Britain. This pageant, I assure you, was better than any procession of handsome knights.

When small imaginative boys grow up they realise that that wonderful land far away, inhabited by knights and ladies, is not so wonderful after all. They will learn from history that the shining armour of their hero knights was heavy and uncomfortable!

But people's delight in the colour and excitement of spectacle will never die and pageantry will always have its place in our hearts.

THE JACARANDA

Form Ia1

CAROLE WHITEHEAD

Silhouetted against the grey sky, the jacaranda gives one an impression of ethereal beauty. Delicately formed the foamy, mauve flowers merge into a mass of intricate loveliness, and cunningly etched are they against the silver-grey bark in the twilight.

In the late spring, when the veld is a wilderness of orange-red leafy trees, the jacaranda, with a gentle sigh, sacrifices her regal gown to the earth, according to a promise she made to Demeter a thousand years ago, when gods and giants roamed the world. So now, she spreads her glorious beauty around her slender bark, unknowing that at this time her lithe beauty is most admired in this, our world of men.

THE JACARANDA TREE

Form IVc1

JONEE SIERRA

*From a little bit of nothingness I saw it rise and grow
Into something grand and slender; lovely sight to see,
With purple blossoms dropping like gently-falling snow
On to the dew-wet grass—the Jacaranda tree!*

*A lovely, scented perfume does to it belong,
And breezes gently sighing, proclaim its majesty.
And a happy bird can still be heard to sing a joyous
song
About this work of Nature's art—the Jacaranda tree!*

*Rhodesia, homeland of King Sun, can claim no finer
sight
Than this, resplendent, glorious, beautiful and free.
A tree among all other trees, grand by day or night
For other trees yield pride of place to—the Jacaranda
tree!*



Form Vb

ODEEN WALTON

THE MURDER OF MAPLAAS

Form IIIb

ANNA VILJOEN

As the sun dipped behind the mountain, casting a rosy glow over the countryside, and decorating the clouds with a delicate trimming of pink lace, everything appeared peaceful, outwardly.

Cattle were drowsily chewing the cud in the native kraal, while the lambs bleated after the ewes. A few hens still scratched hungrily in the earth, after discovering an over-turned pot of porridge, and then retired for their rest.

Seated round the fire was the whole African family, and their friends, chatting happily about their day's labour, as they ate their porridge and meat hungrily. Maplaas was giving a vivid account of how Chongo had asked for his daughter's hand in marriage, but was denied, not being able to supply the necessary number of cattle in payment.

When Maplaas had told his friends how many cattle were required for the hand of his daughter, a young African immediately pricked up his ears, and said that he could pay the required price. As he was wealthy, Maplaas said that he wanted a larger amount of cattle, and the young boy, Matunzi, became extremely angry.

When everyone had retired for the night, a shadow could be discerned creeping stealthily up to Maplaas' hut. The person was Chongo, the African who had been denied the hand of Maplaas' daughter. He was coming to have his revenge on Maplaas, and was intent on murder. As he had overheard the conversation that evening, and knew he was not the only

suitor, he had stolen Matunzi's knife so that Matunzi would be blamed for the murder.

He crept up to the hut stealthily, and swore under his breath when he tripped over a porridge pot, which c'attered loudly, and made an eerie noise in the silence. He entered Maplaas' hut and, after discovering the form of Maplaas, snoring loudly, in a corner of the hut, he instantly drove the sharp point of the knife into Maplaas' heart. Maplaas made a gurgling noise, and died.

At once Chongo left the hut, after leaving the knife by Maplaas' side. Obviously he was unaware of the fact that he had left his finger prints on the knife, and that was enough proof against him.

The next morning everyone was weeping and moaning because Maplaas was dead; and because Matunzi's knife had been discovered beside the corpse, he was eyed with suspicion, much to the satisfaction of Chongo.

When the African constable came on his monthly round, which occurred on that day, he drank his beer with them, as was his custom, but left immediately afterward, to call in the police. The murder was soon solved when the finger prints had been taken, and all the tales about that evening repeated several times.

Chongo denied the accusation of murder, for he was very surprised that the police could disentangle the murder plot. This was the cause of Maplaas' daughter marrying Matunzi, whom she thought was very honourable, and Matunzi secretly thanked Chongo for getting rid of the one and only obstacle that had been in his way.

The Rumour that Grew and Grew

Form IIb

JEAN VAN RYNEVELD

One day a little boy named Brian rushed into his mother's house shouting, "Mummy, Mummy, I have just seen the satellite; it's big and grey and quite low down."

"Oh, how lovely; I must 'phone Mrs. Fleming and tell her it is grey and flying quite low down. She will be thrilled; actually she hardly even saw it, just a slight flash in the sky. I am so glad I have seen it before her."

"But mummy," said little Brian, looking slightly ashamed, "you didn't see it," and after a time he added in an undertone, "and neither did I, really."

"Oh, nonsense," snapped his mother, and picking up the telephone proceeded to 'phone Mrs. Fleming.

"Doris," she gasped, "you would never guess what I have just seen," and without waiting for an answer, "it was the satellite, it was hovering over Main Street about thirty yards from the ground. It is bright green with windows all round."

"Really," gasped Mrs. Fleming in amazement. "Oh, I must tell Rhoda James."

And so the rumour went round, growing and growing all the time, till everyone was in the streets all straining their eyes to see the marvellous satellite, which was now supposed to be only a few yards from the ground, purple in colour, with three legs, diameter of about thirty yards, and even with a person inside it. People were 'phoning the great news to friends and relatives all over the country.

However, every rumour ends sometime. Now the B.B.C. was heard announcing: "Here is the world news. Unluckily the Russian Satellite which was launched last Friday has crashed after burning itself out."

There was a great groan from the crowd and everyone started to blame everyone else, until a shame-faced Brian told his mother he had heard Mrs. Fleming talking about the Satellite and had pretended to see it.

NYASALAND

Form Vc2

BRIONE READ

In my opinion Nyasaland is the most picturesque spot in all the Federation. It is surrounded by mountains, unlike Southern Rhodesia, which always seems to me, when I come back to school, so flat and bare.

Probably the main attraction for visitors to Nyasaland is Lake Nyasa. The Lake lies two hundred miles north of Blantyre, which is the commercial centre.

It is amazingly large, but for a quiet holiday it is ideal. One can go out fishing or to Crocodile Island. Sailing is also very popular with most Nyasalanders.

The steamers do a round trip of the Lake, calling in at places like Monkey Bay, where they drop supplies and deliver mail. They take about seven days. One gets a very good idea of the country, as one is near land all the time.

Kota-Kota is a rice area. A great asset to it is that it is on the lake shore, and the rice can be shipped to Fort Johnson then by train to Blantyre.

Sunsets in Nyasaland are wonderful. There are some of the loveliest colours one could imagine, to be seen. As the sun gradually sets, the colours run into one another. It is something that has to be seen to be believed.

The Natives go out in their dug-out canoes before dusk, with their fishing nets. These are spread round a large area and left all night. Next morning early, they go out to collect their catch, with the early sun gleaming through on the fish.

What a wonderful picture it would make, with the Natives out in their canoes, and the sun gradually rising in the East!

RAIN

Form IVc

E. STRYDOM

Oh! how lovely and refreshing
To have raindrops round us splashing,
Mother Nature is rejoicing
To wake the seeds from their rest.

All the birds from the South come flying
The trees and blossoms awake with glee,
The cattle who from drought were dying
Go to rivers flooded and free.

Veld mice from their holes come peeping
Buck across the veld come leaping
They come to a halt at the dam's cool brink
To enjoy their first delightful drink.

King George VI Rehabilitation Centre

Form Va

SALLY McNEILL

At the beginning of the first term Mrs. Blanche Gordon invited those of the girls in the post certificate form who were interested to visit the Rehabilitation Centre each Sunday and help the physically handicapped children write their letters home, and entertain them for the remainder of the afternoon. Twelve girls volunteered to do this interesting work, and were divided into two groups; each group visits the centre on alternate Sundays, from 4 p.m. till 6 p.m.

We were fortunate enough to be invited to attend the official opening of the centre by the Queen Mother in July, and several of us took advantage of this great opportunity.

I hope that the girls who volunteer to continue this rewarding work next year, will enjoy their visits as much as we have done, and find it equally inspiring and worth-while.

ON BUYING A NEW HAT

Form IVc

ANN GRACIE

I was to buy myself a hat and I did not know what colour or shape would suit me, as I have one of the most extraordinarily shaped heads anyone could have. I have three sisters and they were all so excited as it was the first hat, other than my school hat, which I had ever been allowed to buy.

I was getting ready to go to town when my mother said, "Ann dear, you don't mind if your sisters come with you, do you?" I didn't even have time to answer, before all of them rushed in and said, "Aren't you ready yet?" Oh, dear I just knew what it was going to be like! Anyway we arrived. I found in my bag three suckers and gave them to my sisters, hoping they would stay in the car. After a lot of crying and arguing mother said, "Ann, let them come in. They promise to be good." They were out of the car like a shot and telling me to hurry.

When we got to the shop I reminded my sisters to be on their best behaviour. The assistant walked up to my mother and said, "Can I help you?" My mother replied, "Yes, I should like a hat for my daughter," pointing to me. In a few minutes I was trying on a lovely powder-blue hat. It really looked nice and it was one of the latest models out. Mummy did not like it and took a great fancy to the bright yellow one the lady was holding in her hand. Even the colour put me off, but I tried it on and Mummy was delighted. Then one of my sisters shouted out, "No, I like that green one." I was so glad that I had brought my sisters with me as one of them had come to my aid. I tried on this green one, but I didn't like it one bit. My mother said it was nice too, and so did my sisters. I did not know what to do as I knew I wouldn't win if they all liked it.

Then to my surprise an elderly lady came towards me and said, "Are you buying that hat? I replied, "I don't think so," then my mother said, "Yes, yes we are." The lady then said, "How very nice! It really does suit you, I was going to buy it for my granddaughter, but I think it suits you better."

All was lost! Mother was paying for the hat. I looked in the mirror again and I knew that it reminded me of Geography or something like that. When we got home I tried it on again and looked into the mirror. I've got it; It's nearly the shape of Africa. I just couldn't help laughing, until I realised it wasn't so funny after all. I have to wear it.

That was my first hat and I didn't even like it. The next time I went to buy a hat I went with my father who lets me choose.

AT THE SEA

Form IIIc

LYNETTE SHAW

I used to love it when we used to go down to Durban for the holidays, because when I was not swimming, I loved to go all by myself and watch the sea.

The sea has moods like a human being. Sometimes it is angry, then it threshes about and huge waves crash on the beach, then at another time you will find it calm as can be with waves lulled gently by a cool breeze and seagulls gliding over the waters.

On a cold cloudy day you will find the sea matches the day with a cold grey look about it. On a clear sunny day, the water seems warm and sunny and reflects the lovely blue of the sky.

SCHOOL EVENTS

We were very glad to welcome back Miss Powell from a well-earned leave spent in England and on the Continent. Miss D. E. Williams was our Acting Headmistress. Her task was not easy for she had to steer the School through the Asian influenza epidemic which followed the severe outbreak of polio. However, the term ended on a cheerful note for Miss Williams married Mr. A. R. Sibson on the day after we broke up. There were parties and much jollification to celebrate the occasion.

One of the most significant, and at the same time enjoyable, events of the year was the School Fête, which had to be divided into two sections because of the polio epidemic. The morning market was held in April, but the fun fair was postponed until June. The whole affair was a tremendous success and the financial gains in aid of our swimming bath fund far exceeded our expectations.

The Senior Dramatic Society gave a most creditable performance of "She Stoops to Conquer", which received high praise from the critics.

During the second term, Mr. Dawkes, Examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, gave us a delightful recital which he called "Music Through the Ages". He described the historical background of the various instruments and interpreted for us a changing world. He moved through the formal days of the spinet and clavichord to the gay French dances introduced to England by Charles II, and ended with the works of modern Hungarian composers.

Other visitors were Mr. de la Hunt, a Soil Conservation Officer, and Dr. Westwater, who conducted a medical inspection.

We had two special speakers at Assembly when Miss Semple, of the Scripture Union, and Miss Goode, of the Y.W.C.A., addressed us. While part of their talks were in humorous vein, both stressed the spiritual standards which were essential to complete living.

Dr. Taylor, University Exchange Professor from the U.S.A. who is attached to our own University for a year, will talk to us in November.

We also propose to hold a Carol Concert and the annual swimming gala in the very near future. Six Senior girls from this School, in the charge of Mrs. C. Davies, are taking the opportunity of making a winter tour of the Continent.

Although we have not had as many meetings in our Hall this year as in former years because of the epidemics, we have not hesitated to lend it to others for their communal efforts. The Girl Guides met there on Thinking Day. The Hillside Youth Dramatic Society used it for their play, as did various societies for their film shows. Heany Training College will avail itself of our hospitality in December: this contact is a very happy and interesting one for it was at Eveline that the first Rhodesian teachers were trained.

Last, but certainly not least, the School is to have a new block of buildings consisting mainly of Domestic Science, Craft and Needlework rooms. It has been an unenviable task to fit nearly 700 girls into a school built for not more than 500.

We all look forward with joy to the New Year when it will not be quite so necessary to do general post at the end of every lesson and some classes will not be confined to the cramped seclusion of the music room or the stage green room.

STAFF NOTES

Miss Powell took her leave during the second term; we were very glad to see her in her old place, well refreshed after her holiday.

Miss Williams acted as Headmistress for a term and on the 17th August joined the ranks of the "temporary married" staff. We wish her and Mr. A. R. Sibson "Good luck" and much happiness together.

At the end of last year we lost Miss Smith, whose place in the Dramatic Society has been ably taken by Mrs. Davies. Her Afrikaans classes were taught by Mrs. Strydom for two terms and now by Mrs. Mans. Mrs. Sperring left too and her place has been taken by an Eveline Old Girl, Mrs. Kibel.

We were very sorry to say "Goodbye" to Mrs. Hancock and Miss Behrmann at the end of the second term. Both had been with us for many years and we miss them. Mrs. Hancock has been particularly missed at McIntosh House, but Miss Trenent is managing there very well. Their places in School have been filled by Mrs. Donkin and Miss Procter.

Newcomers at the beginning of the year were Miss Conboy, Miss Montgomery and Miss Saunders, and in the second term Miss Osler, Miss Procter and Mrs. Sinclair joined the staff. This term we have several more new members of staff—Miss Leigh, Mrs. Mans, Miss Mastin, Miss Smeeton and Miss Winnicott. We hope all of these will soon settle down and enjoy long periods of teaching with us.

At the end of the second term Miss Bain left us and Miss Montgomery left to be married. We have

had four other members of staff married during the year—Miss Gray, Miss de Klerk, Miss Potterton and Miss Williams. These, we are happy to say, are still with us.

We have been grateful to Miss Morris, Mrs. Lee-White and Miss Vernon, who have deputised for staff during the year.

Parents Teachers Association

Three general meetings have been held during the year—one in each term, which is the usual custom. The first meeting was the Annual General Meeting when the Committee was appointed for the year and reports were given by the Headmistress on the School's achievements during the past year, and by the Chairman on the work of the P.T.A. A report was also given by the Fund Raising Committee Chairman, which included the progress of the proposed School swimming bath. More about this later.

The second meeting brought forth the talents of the Form II Dramatics Section in short plays for our entertainment. The third meeting produced the 1st and 2nd choirs in the School's singing competition and we heard delightful singing by the girls, who obviously love singing. Most of us know the high standard of Eveline School in Dramatics and Singing and the surprise of the third meeting was the mannequin parade which taught us something we did not know! More than forty dresses were shown, smartly displayed and worn by the girls who had made them.

The setting for the parade was the "Quad" with ornamental trees on the paths and floodlighting. The whole scene made an ideal stage and most comfortable accommodation for the spectators. I am not qualified to describe the dresses and I can only say that each dress was very pleasing and all concerned, pupils and teacher, are to be congratulated on another high standard achievement for Eveline School.

The attendances at our meetings are good but more and more parents should attend. The Association is an excellent way of showing you are interested in your daughter's progress at School; in seeing what is taught other than the usual school subjects; in meeting teachers who would like to meet you so that they may know your daughter better!

A little reflection on these points should convince you that it is your duty to attend the meetings—the pleasure is there for the taking.

Flowing from a decision made by the 1956 School Council that a swimming bath for the School should be built, a Swimming Bath Organising Committee came into being in September, 1956, with the prime object of raising funds. Its members were drawn from the School Council, P.T.A., Eveline Old Girls' Association, School Staff and students. Some of the original members of this committee continue to serve even though their connection with the School has ceased as their children have left school, and this gives the committee continuity of membership.

The Swimming Bath Organising Committee was responsible in the past year of organising a morning fete and an afternoon fun fair, the results of which netted over £1,100 clear for the Bath Fund. For both events parents and children gave excellent support and as a result the goal of the School having its own swimming bath is not far off.

When the Sweepstake Trustees were approached for help in the project, they expressed satisfaction that the School were aiming to raise £2,500 by its own efforts, and agreed to give a donation of £5,000. The Committee is most grateful for such generous help. However, the Committee has exceeded its target of £2,500 by about £600 to date.

The time will soon be on hand when a start to the building of the bath can be made. An architect has been appointed to draw up draft plans of bath and changing rooms, and the Committee is to study these at its next meeting.

DEBATING SOCIETY

President—Miss R. GWINNELL

Secretary—VYVIAN CALVER

Owing to the 'flu and polio epidemics, we have not been able to hold as many debates as we would have liked to.

A debate was held with Milton School early in the second term, the subject being "That art courses should be pursued in post certificate forms". After the principal speakers had overcome their initial shyness, they were able to put their points over very well. The speaking from the floor has improved considerably.

Another debate has been arranged with Milton this term and the subject will be "That the influence of the press is a good one".

Early next year we hope to have a quiz with Founders School and look forward to a year of interesting and argumentative debating.

VYVIAN CALVER



In December last year, there was a Rally for the Guides of Matabeleland to give everyone a chance to meet the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell. We were all very impressed with her friendliness and vitality.

This year is a very important one in the history of Guiding, because it is the centenary of the birth of our founder, Lord Baden-Powell. Celebrations have been held in different ways all over the world. I was lucky enough to be chosen to represent Bulawayo Central District at the world camp at Windsor.

The school company helped with Cub and Scout Rallies, served teas after the Scout Thanksgiving Service and at the Garden Party held when the Queen Mother was here. One of our Guides, Elsie Schmall, was lucky enough to shake hands with the Queen Mother unofficially as she was leaving.

The company held a jumble sale to raise funds and was helped by the 1st Bulawayo Company, which has several Eveline girls in it. Also, at the weekend camp with the 1st Bulawayo Company at Hillside, seven of our Guides enjoyed themselves immensely.

This has been a most enjoyable and eventful year for all the Guides in the company, and one which I shall never forget.

LOUISE LADBROOK.
(Company Leader.)

S.C.A. GROUP

This group meets weekly at Northward House. We are studying the inception and early days of the Christian Church as portrayed in that vividly-written book, "The Greatest Faith Ever Known", by Fulton Oursler.

Whenever they arise, problems and queries are dealt with in general discussion by the group. We enjoy and value this one hour of Bible Study each week.

R.J.S.



Photo by Camera-Craft

Left to right: J. SWART (Tony Lumpkin); J. JORDAN (Mrs. Hardeastle); P. READ (Sir Charles Marlow); C. COLLINS (Mr. Hardeastle); M. FARRELL (Mr. Hastings); S. McNEILL (Constance Neville); D. KEET (Kate Hardeastle); M. HONMAN (Mr. Marlow)



Photo by Camera-Craft

THE CAST AND STAGE HANDS OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

LIBRARY

The number of Junior books in the library has greatly increased as we obtained 80 second-hand books from the school fête. Room was made for these books on the crowded shelves by disposing of a number of books beyond repair. Over 50 Senior books have also been purchased this year. Room was also found to accommodate a number of books in the crowded Ancient History Section.

On behalf of the librarians, I should like to thank Miss Horn and Miss David for their unfailing interest, and hard work.

MARION McKENZIE

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

At the end of last year we were very sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Smith, under whose able direction our Society achieved a very high standard indeed. We should like to wish "Juffy" as many successes with the Townsend Dramatic Society as she had with us.

This year's play, "She Stoops to Conquer", produced by Mrs. Davies, was an outstanding success. The excellent acting was enhanced by the effective costumes designed by Mrs. Kibel and made by Miss Henderson, Miss Savory and Mrs. Cackett, and the attractive set designed by Mrs. Kibel and executed by Miss Rowland, Mr. Bowen, Ann Greenwell and other girls. We must thank Mrs. Winter and Mr. Jack Margolis for their help with make-up, Mr. Bowen for being in charge of the lights, and all those members of the staff who assisted us in any way. Miss Willy (Mrs. Sibson), as usual, undertook the arduous task of being stage manager and the success of the play was in no small measure due to her enthusiasm and help.

It is sad to think that at the end of this year we shall be losing so many girls who have been staunch supporters of our activities. In particular, we should like to mention Anne Greenwell who for some years has been a very efficient assistant stage manager, and who has been responsible for the construction of many sets. We know that she will continue to be interested in dramatic work and will, we are sure, be an asset to any society she joins. We wish her the best of luck and thank her for her unselfish work "back stage".

MUSIC NOTES

Some good work has been done this year in all branches of music — practical, theoretical and vocal. We would like to congratulate the Examination candidates in the Associated Board's Examinations, the winners of the Perry and Brittain Cups, the Progress Shield and the Singing Competitions.

Although the examination results were, on the whole, good, the work done by non-examination candidates is not always of the standard we would like. It is disappointing to find that the interest shown by individual pianoforte pupils at the commencement of their studies sometimes fluctuates alarmingly as they progress through the school and come into contact with the public school examinations.

The Bi-Annual Singing Competitions were rather upset this year by the epidemic of influenza at the end of the second term. The junior forms taking part are to be congratulated on the way in which they maintained their enthusiasm although in many cases their Forms were depleted considerably in number. The Senior Competition was postponed until October 4th of the third term. We are grateful to Miss D. McCulloch and Mrs. Binns-Ward for their adjudication of the Juniors, and to Mr. John Cowlard for that of the Seniors.

We had a most interesting and enjoyable pianoforte recital by Mr. Hubert Dawkes, the Associated Board's examiner. His programme ranged from Bach to Bartok.

The Bulawayo Municipal Orchestra continues to foster a love of music amongst the school children of Bulawayo by providing free seats for them at all their Symphony Concerts. We feel greatly indebted to them for their generous encouragement.

Miss V. Montgomery, who joined the Music Staff in January, left in August upon the occasion of her marriage and subsequent migration to England, and Miss Potterton returned to us in Term 3 as Mrs. Little. We offer them both our congratulations and best wishes. Miss Winnicott, of Port Elizabeth, has now joined the Music Staff. We hope that she will be very happy with us.

We are pleased to record that the school has now become a member of the Schools' Music Association of Great Britain. The aim of this Association is to foster the study of Music in schools. We look forward to the help and co-operation it will give us by keeping us in touch with schools' music and musical events in the United Kingdom.

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC—1957

Theoretical Examinations:

- Grade II.—J. Taylor.
- Grade IV.—C. O'Hagan.
- Grade V.—E. Golub; Y. Masters; V. Schofield; M. Steyn; S. van der Linde.

Practical Examinations:

- Grade I.—**Merit**.—J. Blowers. **Pass**.—V. Cunliffe; A. Holmedal; C. John; A. Wood.
- Grade II.—**Pass**.—P. Clewes; J. Taylor; E. Windell.
- Grade III.—**Merit**.—G. Stevens. **Pass**.—E. Nel; C. O'Hagan; S. Schofield.
- Grade IV.—**Pass**.—H. Wright.
- Grade V.—**Merit**.—V. Schofield.
- Grade VI.—**Merit**.—Y. Masters.
- Grade VII.—**Merit**.—V. Cruikshank. **Pass**.—M. Steyn.

Class Singing Competition

- Junior.—Forms 1a and 11c1 tied.
- Senior.—Forms VI, Va combined.

HOUSE NOTES

HOUSE	STAFF	HOUSE PREFECTS	ACHIEVEMENTS
ATHLONE Head: Mrs. SIBSON Captain: M. FARRELL	Mrs. HOWORTH Mrs. SMITH Mrs. WINTER	A. GREENWELL S. KROGOLD C. KANTOR	M. FARRELL: 1st Netball Team, 1st Tennis Team, Swimming Team A. GREENWELL: 1st Hockey Team D. van RENSBURG: 1st Hockey Team, 2nd Tennis Team C. SIMS: Swimming Team A. YATES-SMITH: Swimming Team J. CONRADIE: Under-15 Tennis Team M. CONRADIE: Under-15 Tennis Team E. MORGENSTEIN: Under-15 Tennis Team S. KROGOLD: Eisteddfod English Award J. BROWN: Eisteddfod English Award C. WHITEHEAD: Eisteddfod English Award
BUXTON Head: Miss GWINELL (Replaced by Miss ROWLAND, Third Term) Captain: M. YESORSKY	Mrs. DAVIES Mrs. BOTHA Mrs. STRYDOM	R. HAYES E. FREDERICKS M. PASS	R. HAYES: Games' Captain, 1st Tennis Team, Swimming Team, 2nd Hockey Team M. PASS: 1st Tennis Team, 1st Netball Team P. CLEMINSHAW: Swimming Team F. LEVIN: 2nd Tennis Team M.J. DAVIES: Eisteddfod English Award L. DUNBAR: Eisteddfod English Award W. BOWEN: Eisteddfod English Award
CONNAUGHT Head: Miss WILBY Captain: A. TOZER	Mrs. DONKIN Miss DAVID Miss ZACKS Mrs. VERNON	J. ROOMER V. SILBERBERG E. VAUGHAN	A. GRACIE: 1st Hockey Team, Matabeleland Hockey Team, Hockey Colours L. De BEER: Swimming Team M. GRUSCHKA: Eisteddfod English Award (2) V. SILBERBERG: Eisteddfod Award, Rhodes Trustee Essay Prize V. SILBERBERG: McLellan Chemistry Prize, Wallace Latin Prize, Hancock English Prize
GLADSTONE Head: Miss HORN Captain: J. GAIT-SMITH	Mrs. DAWES Mrs. BACON Miss TYSON Miss SIBSON	M. MCKENZIE E. COHEN Z. TOWNSHEND	J. GAIT-SMITH: 1st Hockey Team, Matabeleland Hockey Team, Hockey Colours E. HEISTEIN: 2nd Hockey Team M. EVANS: Under-15 Hockey Team, Swimming Team T. ALMOND: Under-15 Netball Team M. TAYLOR: Under-15 Netball Team C. NEILL: Under-15 Netball Team S. NAUDE: Swimming Team J. GOLDSCHMIDT: Swimming Team S. DAWSON: Under-15 Swimming Team I. STYLES: Eisteddfod English Award (2) W. MASTERSON: Eisteddfod English Award (2) A. WEINBERG: Eisteddfod English Award
LANGDON Head: Miss WAUDBY (Replaced by Miss GWINELL, Third Term) Captain: P. READ	Miss ROWLAND Miss BAIN Miss WELLINGTON Miss MONTGOMERY Miss ADAMS Miss MASTIN Miss ROBERTS Miss SMEETON Miss WINNICOTT	S. ROBERTSON L. WRENCH E. STRYDOM L. WHITEHEAD O. WALTON P. GROBLER P. VARKEVISSER	E. STRYDOM: 1st Hockey Team W. JONES: 1st Hockey Team A. MICKLESFIELD: Under-15 Hockey Team A. MICKLESFIELD: Under-15 Tennis Team A. MICKLESFIELD: Semi-finals of Under-16 Matabeleland Tennis Championships A. MICKLESFIELD: Junior Tennis Cup, 1956 L. Du TOIT: Under-15 Hockey Team M. Van WYK: Under-15 Netball Team S. STRYDOM: Under-15 Netball Team J. GORDON: Under-15 Tennis Team J. Van RYNEVELD: Under-15 Tennis Team D. HAGELTHORN: Under-15 Tennis Team LANGDON won Tennis Cup in 1956, Rounders Cup in 1956
McINTOSH Head: Mrs. HANCOCK (Replaced by Miss TRENT, Second Term) Captain: J. OGILVIE	Miss SAVORY Miss BREWER Miss CONBOY Miss PROCTOR Miss KEGAN Mrs. LITTLE	Pm. RATTRAY Pi. RATTRAY S. McNEILL I. de WET G. BOND Y. FLINT	J. OGILVIE: 1st Hockey Team, 2nd Tennis Team, Swimming Team Pm. RATTRAY: 2nd Hockey Team, Swimming Team, Swimming Colours Pi. RATTRAY: 2nd Hockey Team, Swimming Team S. McNEILL: 2nd Hockey Team S. McNEILL: Eisteddfod English Award I. De WET: 2nd Netball Team J. SWART: 1st Netball Team V. CRUICKSHANK: 1st Hockey Team, 1st Tennis Team E. SPENCE: 1st Tennis Team, 2nd Netball Team, Swimming Team J. ALPORT: 1st Netball, Netball Colours K. NEL: 2nd Hockey Team, 2nd Tennis Team J. McNEILL: Under-15 Hockey Team E. OGILVIE: Under-15 Hockey Team B. BANKS: Under-15 Hockey Team D. BOULTER: Under-15 Hockey Team Allan Welsh Cup
NORTHWARD Head: Miss HARVIE Captain: M. HONNAN	Miss HENDERSON Miss OSLER Miss SAUNDERS Miss DERHAM Miss LEIGH Miss De KLERK	P. RIXON-FULLER T. BOTHA C. CLARK V. RUSSEL-SMITH J. GREYVENSTEIN M. QUALLY V. INSKIP	INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CUP, INTER-HOUSE NETBALL CUP, LIFE-SAVING SHIELD P. RIXON-FULLER: 1st Tennis Team, 1st Hockey Team, Matabeleland Hockey Team M. HONMAN: 1st Tennis Team, 1st Hockey Team G. CHRISTIE: 1st Tennis Team, 1st Hockey Team J. GREYVENSTEIN: 1st Netball Team, Netball Colours J. Van WYK: 1st Netball Team, 2nd Tennis Team A. ALLEN: 1st Netball Team V. INSKIP: 2nd Hockey Team V. CALVER: 2nd Hockey Team G. BURTON: 2nd Hockey Team S. OOSTHUIZEN: 2nd Tennis Team B. CHRISTIE: Under-15 Hockey Team, Under-15 Tennis Team P. RONNIE: Under-15 Hockey Team S. Van De LINDE: 2nd Netball Team B. Van VUUREN: Under-15 Netball Team H. GREYVENSTEIN: Swimming Team D. GREYVENSTEIN: Swimming Team S. JOHNSON: Swimming Team, Junior Championship Cup V. SCHOFIELD: Rhodes Trustees Essay Prize, Eisteddfod English Award W. STINTON: Eisteddfod English Award A. WILLIAMSON: Eisteddfod English Award J. TAYLOR: Eisteddfod English Award S. Van De LINDE: Eisteddfod English Award V. CALVER: Eisteddfod English Award M. BUCKLEY: Eisteddfod English Award (2)
SELBORNE Head: Miss WILLIAMS Captain: I. SCHALSCHA	Mrs. LAVELLE	C. COLLINS P. SARGEANT J. HOOPER	C. COLLINS: 1st Tennis Team I. MOORE: 2nd Hockey Team, Under-15 Tennis Team O. KERSWELL: 1st Hockey Team R. KERSWELL: Under-15 Hockey Team E. SWANSON: 2nd Netball Team G. SIMONCELLI: Under-15 Netball Team R. McCOMB: Eisteddfod English Award A. CROZIER: Eisteddfod English Award C. HILL: Eisteddfod English Award D. LOWENSTEIN: Eisteddfod English Award, Rhodes Trustees Essay Prize

1956 EXAMINATIONS

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

- R. Gaffen: History, Biology, English Lit., General Paper.
 L. Foster: English Lit., French, Music, Biology, General Paper.
 R. S. Manning: English Lit., Chemistry, French, Mathematics, General Paper.
 L. V. Pound: English Lit., Chemistry, History, Mathematics, General Paper.

SUBSIDIARY HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

- M. J. Ashley: Music, Afrikaans.
 M. D. Beets: General Paper, English Lit., Geography.
 A. R. Brooking: General Paper, English Lit., Art (dist.).
 E. T. H. Button: General Paper.
 M. A. Coutts: General Paper, English Lit., History, Geography.
 J. C. Dewar: History, Mathematics, Biology.
 E. J. Fripp: General Paper, English Lit., Biology.
 L. D. Goatley: General Paper, Latin, English Lit. (dist.), Afrikaans (dist.).
 M. Goldman: General Paper, English Lt.
 Z. M. Lazarus: General Paper, English Lit.
 J. A. Peterson: General Paper, English Lit., Geography, Biology.
 M. F. White: General Paper, English Lit., Afrikaans.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

(Number of distinctions in brackets)

Eight Credits:

- D. M. Dixon (2).
 D. D. Eltze (6).
 P. E. Knight (4).
 E. C. van Ryneveld (1).

Seven Credits:

- A. S. Crombie.
 J. A. Gait-Smith (1).
 J. Gracie.
 R. M. Hayes.
 A. D. Lyle (1).
 S. M. McNeill (1).
 W. A. Norvall (1).
 V. P. Strachan.
 F. Turtle dove (4).
 D. C. Veitch (2).
 L. Wrench (1).

Six Credits:

- J. M. Goldie.
 A. J. Greenwell.
 M. Honman.
 K. L. Ladbroke (1).
 Y. C. Riding.
 K. S. Robertson (1).
 M. Schwim (1).
 A. V. Tozer (1).

Five Credits:

- J. M. Bligh-Wall.
 D. R. Bowes.
 M. A. Farrell.
 M. M. Morgan.
 P. A. Rattray.
 I. D. Schalscha.
 Z. M. Townshend.
 M. D. Walker.

Four Credits:

- V. M. Inskipp.
 P. J. Rattray (2).
 J. C. Roomer.
 P. A. Sargeant.
 M. L. Sonnabend.

Three Credits:

- V. A. Calver.
 M. R. Yesorsky.

One Supplementary Credit:

- E. T. H. Button.
 C. Heyman.

1957 AWARDS

Milne Langdon Scholarship, 1956:

R. Manning, L. Pound.

Penelope Gordon Scholarship:

J. Bligh-Wall.

Hancock English Prize:

V. Silberberg.

McLellan Chemistry Prize:

V. Silberberg.

Northward House Junior Prize:

A. Battersby.

Selborne House Junior Prize:

R. McComb.

Selous Memorial Prize:

E. Fripp.

Wallace Latin Prize:

V. Silberberg.

Rhodes Trustees English Competition, 1956:

Prizes in the above competition have been awarded to the undermentioned pupils of this school:—

Group

- 2
3
4
5
6
7

Prize-Winner

Jeanette Mitchell
 Dorothy Lowenstein
 Jonee Sierra
 Valerie Schofield
 Vera Silberberg
 Judith Jordan
 Carol Clark

N.T.C. EXAMINATION RESULTS

NOVEMBER, 1956

* = Distinction.

Commercial Subjects—Standard VII:

A. Baxter (Bookkeeping*); A. M. J. Bezuidenhout (Bookkeeping); G. M. Carlisle (Arithmetic); C. M. Clark (Bookkeeping); D. C. Duff (English, Arithmetic); Y. A. Elliott-Darlow (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping); A. Fraser (Arithmetic); J. A. Hamill (English, Arithmetic); N. Heiberg (Bookkeeping); H. M. Hill (English, Arithmetic); R. H. Hilliar (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); G. A. Hopkins (Bookkeeping*); A. M. Marks (Bookkeeping); G. A. McLean (Arithmetic*, Bookkeeping*); V. J. Morris (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); M. Nicholson (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); J. Ogilvie (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); N. O'Reilly (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); H. Rhine (English, Arithmetic); M. J. Rollinson (Bookkeeping); G. Stinton (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); A. A. M. Stroebel (Arithmetic*, Bookkeeping*); P. A. Tarr (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); E. Taylor (English); D. A. Van Rensburg (Arithmetic); M. I. Van Vuuren (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); P. H. Varkevisser (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); S. A. Young (English, Arithmetic).

Commercial Subjects—Junior (Standard VIII):

A. E. Baxter (English, Typewriting); A. M. J. Bezuidenhout (Typewriting); C. H. Brennan (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting*); L. Brodie (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting*); M. Brown (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.); G. M. Carlisle (English); C. M. Clark (English, Typewriting); T. R. Coetzee (English, Afrikaans, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Typewriting); Y. A. Elliott-Darlow (English, Typewriting); E. E. Everett (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.*); A. A. Fraser (Typewriting*); S. G. Fraser-Kirk (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting*); J. Hamill (Typewriting); F. Haward (Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., 60 w.p.m., Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic (C)); N. Heiberg (Typewriting); M. Hill (Typewriting); R. H. Hilliar (English, Typewriting*); G. A. Hopkins (English, Typewriting); V. J. James (English, Bookkeeping, Geography, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting*); S. K. H. Jonker (English, Bookkeeping*, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting*); E. R. Kerswell (English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting*); G. Laurent, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.); A. M. Marks (English, Typewriting); M. A. Maxwell (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting*); A. McDonald (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting); G. McLean (English); C. J. Moore (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting (C)); V. J. Morris (Afrikaans, English); D. M. Morrisby (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting); V. R. Murdoch (Bookkeeping); M. Nicholson (English, Geography, Typewriting); J. Ogilvie (English, Typewriting); N. O'Reilly (Typewriting*); C. Page (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting (C)); T. F. Peiser (Typewriting); S. E. Robertson (English, Bookkeeping*,

Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., 60 w.p.m., Typewriting*); V. N. Russel-Smith (English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting); B. M. L. Savage (English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Typewriting); B. A. Smith (Geography); T. P. Smith (English, Bookkeeping*, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting); G. Stinton (English); A. A. M. Stroebel (English, Afrikaans, Typewriting); P. A. Tarr (English, Typewriting); P. M. Talbot (English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting); E. Taute (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting* (C)); Y. Van der Merwe (Afrikaans (C)); D. A. Van Rensburg (Typewriting); P. J. Van Rensburg (Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping*, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., 60 w.p.m., Typewriting); H. Van Rooyen (Bookkeeping, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.); M. I. Van Vuuren (Typewriting); P. H. Varkevisser (English, Typewriting); C. Vogel (Bookkeeping*); V. Y. F. Westley (English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting); D. A. Winter (English, Bookkeeping*, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Typewriting*); M. R. Wither (Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.).

Commercial Subjects—N.C.C. (Standard IX):

M. M. Brown (English, Typewriting); A. C. Browning (Bookkeeping); E. Y. Buckle (Bookkeeping*, Typewriting); S. G. Fraser-Kirk (English); F. Haward (English, Afrikaans, Typewriting); G. Laurent (English, Arithmetic, Typewriting); C. Meikle (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic); V. R. Murdoch (Typewriting); B. A. Smith (English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic); Y. Van der Merwe (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting); H. Van Rooyen (English, Typewriting); C. Vogel (English, Typewriting); M. R. Wither (English, Typewriting).

Commercial Subjects—Senior (Standard X):

A. Browning (English, Shorthand, 90 w.p.m., 100 w.p.m., Typewriting); F. C. Loraine-Grews (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting); B. A. Smith (Shorthand, 90 w.p.m., 100 w.p.m., Typewriting*).

Commercial Subjects—Diploma:

A. Browning (Typewriting); F. C. Loraine-Grews (Typewriting); C. Meikle (Typewriting); B. A. Smith (Shorthand, 120 w.p.m., Typewriting*).
Barbara Smith was awarded first place in the whole of Southern and Central Africa for Diploma Typewriting, out of an entry of 681 candidates.

Domestic Science Subjects—Standard VII:

H. Rhine (Cookery).

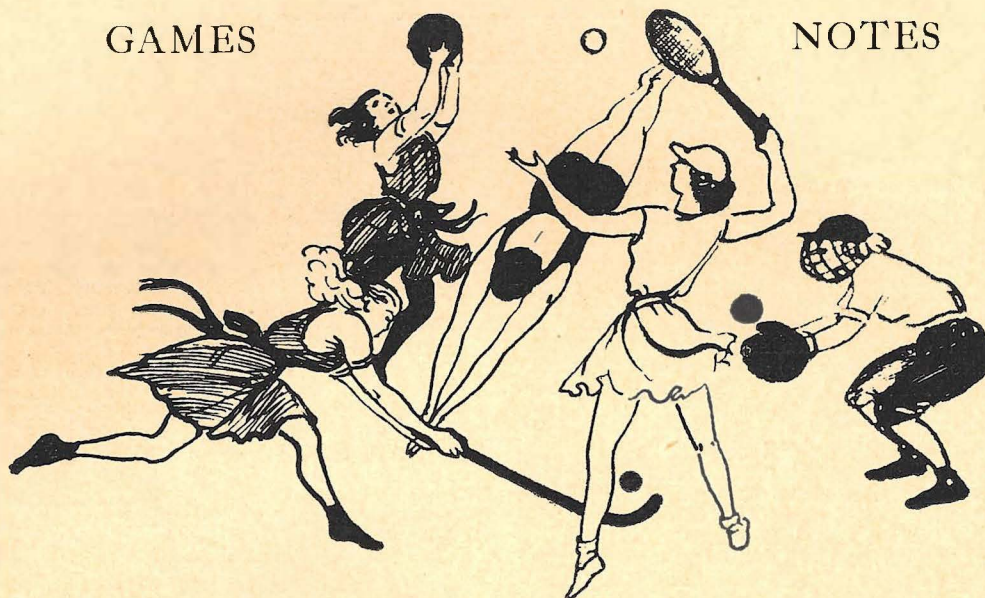
JUNE, 1957

Commercial Subjects—Junior (Standard VIII):

T. Coetzee (Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., 60 w.p.m. (C)); M. Maxwell (Arithmetic); V. Russel-Smith (Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); T. P. Smith (Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.); G. Stinton (Typewriting).

GAMES

NOTES



SCHOOL TEAMS

(cl — colours)

HOCKEY:

1st XI: A. Greenwell, G. Christie, A. Gracie (cl), J. Gait-Smith (cl), P. Fuller (capt.), M. Honman, J. Ogilvie, O. Kerswell, V. Cruickshank, B. Strydom, D. van Rensberg.

2nd XI: E. Heistein, S. McNeil, S. Watson, Pm. Rattray, Pl. Rattray (capt.), V. Calver, V. Inskipp, W. Jones, I. Moore, G. Burton, K. Nel.

Under 15 XI: D. Boulter, A. Micklesfield (capt.), B. Banks, M. Evans, B. Christie, J. McNeil, P. Ronnie, L. du Toit, R. Kerswell, E. Ogilvie, C. Matthews.

NETBALL:

1st VII: J. van Wyk, J. Alport (cl), M. Pass, J. Swart, M. Farrell, J. Greyvenstein (capt., cl), A. Allen.

2nd VII: M. Maxwell, E. Spence, P. Grobler, S. van der Linde, E. Swanson, O. Walton, S. Richards.

Under 15 VII: T. Almond (capt.), S. Strydom, M. Taylor, C. Neill, M. van Wyk, B. van Vurren, G. Simonselli.

TENNIS:

1st VIII: R. Hayes (capt.), P. Fuller, G. Christie, E. Spence (1st Term), V. Cruickshank (3rd Term), M. Farrell, M. Pass, M. Honman, C. Collons.

2nd VIII: D. Marsberg, O. Walton (capt.), J. Ogilvie, K. Nel, S. Oosthuizen, B. Strydom, F. Levin, D. van Rensberg.

Under 15 VIII: A. Micklesfield (capt.), B. Christie, J. Gordon, J. van Ryneveld, J. Conradie, M. Conradie, D. Hagelthorn, Des. Lowenstein.

SWIMMING TEAM:

Pm. Rattray (capt.) (cl.), Pl. Rattray (cl.), R. Hayes, M. Farrell, M. Beukes, J. Goldschmidt, P. Cleminshaw, L. De Beer, S. Dawson, J. Greyvenstein, E. Heistein, S. Naude, G. Morris, H. Greyvenstein, A. Yates-Smith, J. Ogilvie, C. Sims, M. Evans, J. Alport, V. Cruickshank.

INTER-HOUSE RESULTS:

3rd Term, 1956:

Tennis Cup won by Langdon.

Swimming Cup won by McIntosh.

Life-Saving Cup won by Northward.

2nd Term, 1957:

Hockey Cup won by Northward.

Netball Cup won by Northward.

INTER-FORM RESULTS:

2nd Term, 1957:

Relay Cups won by VI and Va and IIa.

DEPARTMENT GIRDLES:

3rd Term, 1956: 14 girdles awarded; 10 recommendations.

1st Term, 1957: 9 Girdles awarded; 15 recommendations.

2nd Term, 1957: 15 Girdles awarded; 16 recommendations.

ATHLETICS

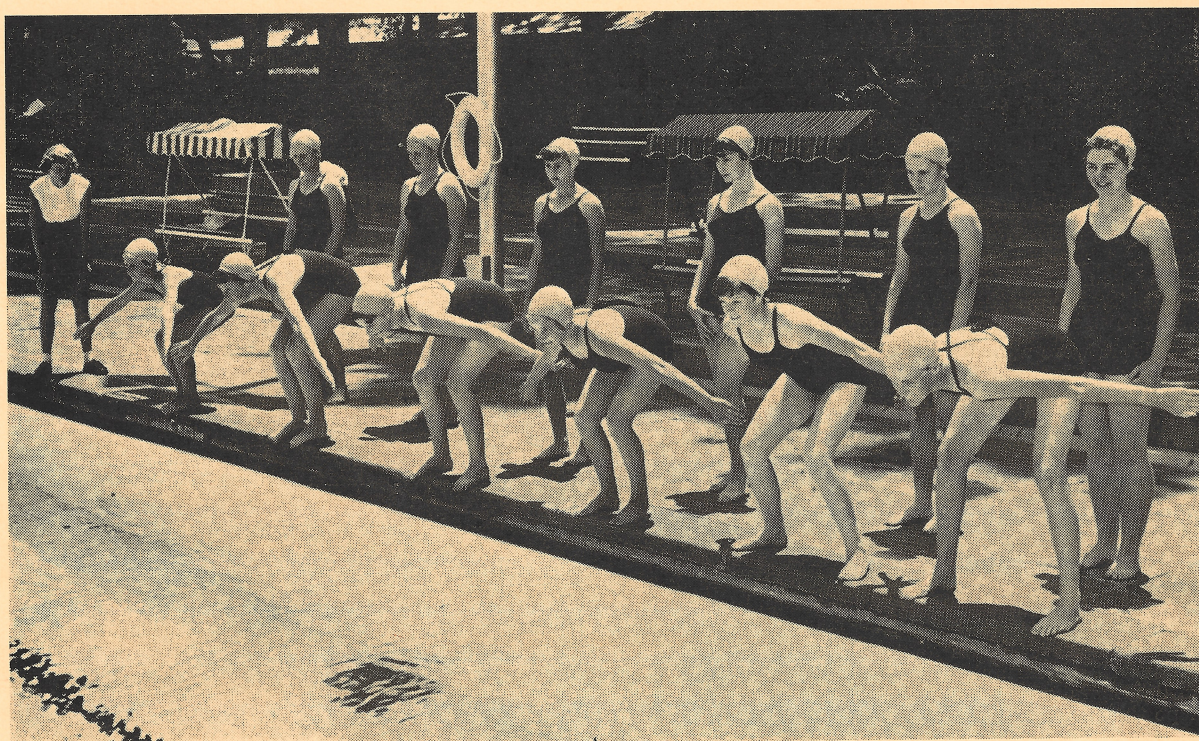
Athletics was introduced during the first term of this year in order to replace softball. Unfortunately, it did not flourish owing to very heavy rains and a polio epidemic, but we are hoping to have better luck this term.

Javelin and discus throwing have been introduced, and as the throwing tends to be a bit wild at present, groups working on these techniques are kept well isolated from everyone else.

Mr. Bowen has very kindly provided us with a sandpit, and we hope to start high jump (Western Roll) and long jump in the near future. Hurdling technique has already been taught, and even at this early stage, several girls show great promise.

So far everyone has been very enthusiastic, and if this continues we hope to be able to extend the athletics time to two afternoons a week, with a view to entering for some of the events in the inter-schools' athletics meeting.

D.N.D.



RACING START

Photo by Robal Studio



SWIMMING TEAM

Photo by Robal Studio

Back Row (left to right): J. OGILVIE; J. GREYVENSTEIN; R. HAYES; PAMELA RATTRAY (Captain); P. CLEMINSHAW; M. FARRELL; PAULINE RATTRAY
 Front Row (left to right): M. BEUKES; H. GREYVENSTEIN; J. GOLDSCHMIDT;
 L. DE BEER; S. NAUDE; C. SIMS; E. HEISTEIN

NETBALL

School netball did not flourish as much as we had hoped this year, due mainly to the polio restrictions at the beginning of the season. An epidemic of Asiatic 'flu towards the end of the term affected several members of the team, and consequently the staff versus girls match had to be cancelled, much to the disappointment of all concerned.

In spite of both polio and 'flu, several matches were played. The Under 15 team was the most successful team, being undefeated throughout the season. The second team won three of their matches and lost one, and the first team won two matches and lost one.

Colours were awarded to Joan Greyvenstein and Joy Alport.

Owing to the polio epidemic the teams travelled only once, and that was to Gatooma, to play Jameson High School. Unfortunately, the first team match had to be cancelled as Jameson had only a second and Under 15 team. We hope, however, that the teams will have better luck with their away matches next year.

The inter-house netball tournament resulted in a win for Northward House in both Senior and Junior sections. The runners-up were Selborne and Langdon in the Senior and Junior sections respectively.

My very best wishes go to all the Netball players who will be returning next year. We have some very good juniors coming up into the senior section, so I hope that next season all the teams will be undefeated.

JOAN GREYVENSTEIN.

HOCKEY

The restrictions imposed on all games because of the polio epidemic continued to be enforced for the first three weeks of the second term, so that the hockey season started much later than usual this year. Nevertheless, it has been a most enjoyable one with our 1st, 2nd and Under 15 teams playing matches regularly.

The teams played well, though they still lack the extra "dash". We played matches against Townsend, Chaplin, Queen Elizabeth's, Girls' High School and St. Peter's. In most of our matches our weakness showed mainly in the defence who must learn to clear the ball hard and quickly, and in the forwards who failed to make the most of their opportunities. We also played friendly matches against Milton and the Technical School.

The Under 15 team played extremely well this season. They showed great promise and we look forward to seeing them in the Senior teams.

In the Inter-House matches, Northward beat McIntosh in the Senior section and Langdon beat Northward in the Junior section. The Inter-House Cup was won by Northward. Colours were awarded to J. Gait-Smith and A. Gracie.

We were extremely pleased when the Staff team turned out to challenge the "Hockey through the ages" team. The School team were leading 1-0 until the last few minutes of the game when Miss Conboy scored a magnificent goal. Thus, according to the Umpires, the match ended in a draw.

The Matabeleland trials were held early this year as two teams from the Union were touring Rhodesia.

Congratulations to A. Gracie, J. Gait-Smith and P. Fuller on their selection for the "A" Team and to V. Cruickshank and Pamela Rattray, who were chosen for the reserves. P. Fuller was chosen to Captain the "A" side. No Matabeleland players were selected for the Rhodesian side this year.

To the future Eveline Teams I wish the very best of luck and I hope that some of them may be included in next season's Rhodesian team.

P. RIXON-FULLER.

SWIMMING

The Inter-House Gala was held in November, 1956, and resulted in a win for McIntosh House, with Northward as runners-up. The main gala results were as follows:—

MacDonald Inter-House Cup	- - -	McIntosh House
Pearl Carpenter	- - - - -	Northward and McIntosh House
Senior Championship	- - - - -	Pamela Rattray
Intermediate Championship	- - -	Pat Cleminshaw
Junior Championship	- - - - -	Sandra Johnson
Aitken Cup (100 yds. freestyle)	-	Pat Cleminshaw
Vic Diamond Cup (100 yds. breast-stroke)	- - - - -	Caryl Sims
Morgan Cup (50 yds. backstroke)	-	Pauline Rattray
Lorraine Howell Cup (open diving A section)	- - - - -	Merle Beets
B Section Diving Cup	- - - - -	Pat Cleminshaw
Junior Diving Cup	- - - - -	Elizabeth Ogilvie
Muller Life-Saving Cup	- - -	Pamela Rattray
Daphne Forbes Life-Saving Cup	-	Thurl Button
Senior Inter-Form Relay Cup	- -	Form IVa
Junior Inter-Form Relay Cup	- -	Form IIc

The awards were presented by Mrs. Abrahamson.

Colours were awarded to Pamela Rattray and Thurl Button.

As regards inter-school galas, the first term of this year was not very successful. The galas were postponed until the third term owing to the outbreak of polio. The Matabeleland inter-schools' gala, however, was held in February, resulting in a win for Townsend with Convent second, and Eveline and Northlea tied, third. The preliminary round of the inter-school gala will be held in Gwelo, and the finals in Salisbury, as previously arranged.

Our thanks go to Mr. Bridger, who, as always, has shown a keen interest in our swimmers and divers, and who ungrudgingly helped the team during extra training periods. We should also like to thank Miss Harvie, who very willingly provided transport for us on Saturday mornings before breakfast when we could have the baths to ourselves.

During the first and middle terms of this year, a fête and funfair were held, the proceeds of which went to the swimming bath fund. We hope that building operations will commence in the near future, and that when we have our bath, the standard of swimming will improve.

PAMELA RATTRAY.



1st NETBALL TEAM

Photo by Robal Studio

Back Row (left to right): M. PASS; M. FARRELL; J. VAN WYK; J. ALPORT
 Front Row (left to right): A. ALLEN; J. GREYVENSTEIN (Captain); J. SWART



1st HOCKEY TEAM

Photo by Robal Studio

Back Row (left to right): D. VAN RENSBURG; J. OGILVIE; B. STRYDOM;
 A. GREENWELL; G. CHRISTIE; O. KERSWELL; J. GAIT-SMITH
 Front Row (left to right): M. HONMAN; P. RIXON-FULLER (Captain);
 V. CRUICKSHANK; A. GRACIE



1st TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): M. FARRELL; C. COLLINS; R. HAYES (Captain);
M. PASS

Front Row (left to right): M. HONMAN; G. CHRISTIE; P. RIXON-FULLER

LIFE SAVING

During the third term of last year, life-saving practices were held every Saturday morning, and although the boarder-houses did well, the attendance of members of day-scholar houses was very poor.

The Royal Life Saving Society examinations were held at the end of November and yielded very pleasing results. Eveline School alone gained more awards than the whole of Mashonaland area, and our congratulations go to Thurl Button who gained the Distinction Award.

The Daphne Forbes Trophy was presented to Thurl Button, who was a most helpful and reliable school Life-Saving Captain, and the Muller Cup was awarded to Pamela Rattray.

Our thanks go to Mr. Bridger who, in his spare time, examined all our life-savers, and gave them many helpful "tips".

As a knowledge of life-saving is essential, particularly in this country, it is to be hoped that there will be an even greater response in the future.

D.N.D.

TENNIS

During the first term of this year, a severe outbreak of polio imposed restrictions on all games' activities and, as a result, our tennis suffered considerably. We were able to play only one match, against Guinea Fowl, which the first team lost 7-9 and the Under 15 team won 10-6.

The Junior Matabeleland Championships were held as usual, but then later had to be postponed and were finished during the third term. Gail Christie and Peta Fuller reached the semi-final of the girls' doubles and Ann Micklesfield the semi-final of the Junior Singles.

During the winter term we were lucky to have Mrs. Brazell-Wright to coach us once a week and the teams, as a result of this continued practice throughout the year, show definite signs of improvement.

The 1956 School Championships were won by R. Gaffen (Senior) and A. Micklesfield (Junior). The Inter-House Tennis Cup was won by Langdon, with Northward as the runner-up.

RHONA HAYES.

Eveline Old Girls' Association

The Association has continued to function throughout the year under review. The Annual General Meeting and Dinner, held on 10th November, 1956, at Northward House, was a great success, being attended by 87 members and guests. The toast to the School was proposed by Mrs. Blanche Gordon, and that to the Association by Councillor J. M. McDonald, replies being made by Miss Powell and Miss Harvie. Other speakers were Mrs. (Jessie) Greaves and Mrs. Brett. A musical programme was delightfully provided by the Hird sisters, accompanied by Stella Sibson; both before and after dinner Old Girls wandered about the quadrangle and had a peep into old haunts, nostalgically recalling memories of the past, and re-telling schoolgirl pranks with glee. An evening to be remembered.

Monthly luncheons have been held throughout the year but attendance has been extremely disappointing. These lunches are the only constant rendezvous for Old Girls, and unless they are more warmly patronised, the Committee feel that they had better be discontinued. It is indeed a pity that with so many Eveline Old Girls up and down Bulawayo, greater support should not be forthcoming. Please keep the first Wednesday of each month as a regular date for the Cecil Hotel at 1 p.m. We have had some stimulating and forceful lunch-time speakers. Mrs. Ben Baron gave a most absorbing talk on her recent visit to Israel; Mrs. Lloyd's, on the legal status of women, was provocative of deep thought; Mrs. Herbert—buyer for Meikles, and fresh from an overseas visit to England, France and Italy—gave a delightful glimpse into present trends in fashion in the fashion centres of the world. Last speaker of the year under review was Mr. Claus Toksvig, of the Federal Broadcasting Service, who gave us a most pleasant and revealing peep behind the mouth-piece of the microphone.

Incidentally, he appealed for more people to come forward to take part in broadcast plays and shows, if their voices proved suitable in a preliminary audition test. This is an aspect of broadcasting which should prove of great appeal to many Old Girls who have successfully won their spurs on the Allan Welsh stage, thus helping in their time to establish the proud reputation of the School Dramatic Society.

In July, Isobel McCalman held a delightful tea-party at her farmhouse home for Constance Davidson (Mrs. Hopkins), on her way back to Kenya from an overseas visit. Constance had many a tale to tell of incidents which occurred when she lived alone in their farmhouse near Thompson's Falls during the Mau Mau troubles while her husband developed their other property—and seemed to make light of her own and her neighbours' heroism and devotion. It was nearly "forty years on" since some members at that tea-party had last met each other.

On 11th September a pleasant "Housie-Housie" evening was held at Northward House. In spite of a disappointing attendance, an enjoyable time was spent by those participating. Mr. Johnson kindly acted as M.C. and very generously gave E.O.G.A. a donation to cover the running expenses of the entertainment.

On Sunday, 6th October, the chalice and patten which had been presented to St. Katherine's Church, Kingsdale, by E.O.G.A. as a memorial to Miss E. M. Mitchell, were in use for the first time. Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Brebner represented the Association at this service, which was movingly addressed by Canon Thelwall.

We continue to be proud of the nursing records of our Old Girls. Vivienne Bancroft, who passed first in Rhodesia in her finals last year, has now completed her midwifery course at Durban and has returned to nurse in Bulawayo. Joy Wulff recently passed her finals with honours—the only one in the Colony to do so in the last examinations. Congratulations to both of them, and to others of their ilk. We are proud of you!

Sarah Fox (nee Wolffe) and Phina Rosin (nee Abermann) went to Israel for the Maccabi Games. They were in the bowls team, and Sarah was, moreover, successful in winning the Silver Championship. They found life in a Maccabi village most interesting, and enjoyed their tour of Israel.

At the time of going to press, the Committee is busy organising the Annual General Meeting and Dinner to be held at Northward House on Saturday, 16th November. We are pleasurably anticipating a gala evening. Speakers will be Mr. Manning, Mesdames Rattray, Fryer, and Mr. Ben Baron, in addition to the President and the Chairman of the Association. A musical programme is being arranged by Miss Stella Sibson. We shall be exceedingly sorry to lose Stella, at the end of the year, when, upon her marriage, she plans to make her home in England. She has been a valuable member of the Committee for some years now, and has always given of her cheerful best. We wish her and David a future full of joy.

To all Old Girls near and far, young and old, we send greetings and good wishes. May you prosper in that to which you set your hand.

IN MEMORIAM — JENNIFER NASH

Jennifer came to the Eveline School at the beginning of 1953 and was with us for four years. Although the Rhodesian life and scene provided such a complete contrast to that in South Wales which she had hitherto known, she fitted in with an admirable friendliness and lent a zestful enthusiasm to all that she did. She was a particularly graceful dancer, and excelled in national dances. We are grieved to record her untimely death in August, 1957, in a motor accident near Gwelo.

HELEN G. HARVIE, Chairman.

Do you know your A B C?

- A.** Jill Abbott (nee Murdoch), recently married, has now made her home in Bulawayo.
- B.** Frances Boxall has studied at Pitman's College, Wembley. A pupil of Mrs. Hancock's while she attended the Eveline. Frances was successful in winning the first prize in the L.C.C. for Intermediate English. Lord Rowallan made the presentation at the Guild Hall, London.
- C.** Miss Cassels is the very busy and efficient secretary of the Salisbury Council of Alcoholism, with headquarters in Salisbury. She travels round and about the country in her usual energetic, time-saving fashion.
- D.** We are indeed sorry to hear that Merryl Dove (nee Blackman) has contracted polio. She lives in N. Rhodesia. We hope that she will make a speedy recovery.
Paddy de Schmidt has recently returned from a fascinating overseas trip. Travelling for the most part alone, she saw and did a tremendous amount in the two months at her disposal, visiting Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, France, Lichtenstein, Monaco and England. Has she any breath left. I wonder?
- E.** Evelyn Everret and Yvonne Elliot-Darlow are both working in Bulawayo, the former as a clerk, the latter nursing at the Infectious Diseases Hospital. They are both loving their jobs.
- F.** Alison Fenton, recently returned from St. Andrew's University, where she majored in Chemistry, took part in the recent Theatre Club production, "The Cocktail Party". She plans to do her final University year at the University of Rhodesias and Nyasaland.
Sheila Fox spent a year in London, and is now studying at Cape Town University with Merle Baron, Beryl Kagan and Sonia Zelichov.
- G.** Agnes Galvin (McCalman) looks forward to a busy time as the new Secretary of the Bulawayo Horticultural Society.
Dr. Emily Greenfield was in Rhodesia recently on a whirlwind visit, during which she managed to contact many old friends. She plans an overseas tour next year, previous to retirement.
- H.** Thea Holland (now Mrs. Garvin) is farming near Umtali. In spite of the cares of a large family (six now), she has maintained her interest in Art. Winnie Houston (nee Frost) has settled in New Zealand.
- J.** Annette Jacoby recently returned here for a holiday from London, where she has a most interesting post with a Broadcasting and Television Company. She has acquired, as an indispensable asset to her job, an impressive fund of facts and statistics—all of which she has at her finger tips. She has travelled widely to America and elsewhere in connection with her work. Miss Powell spent an interesting evening with her recently in London.
- K.** Dr. Irvine Kaplan (Eveline Old Boy) now works at the "Jaw and Joint Unit for Plastic Surgery" in Basingstoke.
Freda Keet has now returned to London to continue her study of Dramatic Art at R.A.D.A. She has refused an offer by Val Gielgud to do broadcasting, as she wishes to gain more experience before embarking on her career.
- L.** Leonora Lieberman, now Mrs. Kibel, has successfully linked past and present by joining the Eveline Staff, and has succeeded Mrs. Sperring in charge of Art.
- M.** Beryl Marks (nee Schur) has now left London and has settled in Bulawayo with her husband and baby daughter.
Jill Marr-Levin (nee Huxtable) lived a pioneer life for some time near the Congo border, a hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. She lives now in comparative civilisation on a manganese mine near Broken Hill. There she runs a valuable clinic for native children. The cares of a large family (Miss Jill is Number Seven) prevent her from accomplishing much in the way of botanical research meanwhile.
Melanie Margolis spent a year in Israel studying and working in a Kibbutz (settlement). She hopes to return to Israel after she has finished her commercial course in Johannesburg.
Ann McLellan spent a wonderful year in England doing her teacher-training course, and has now returned to teach in Townsend School, Bulawayo.
- N.** Eileen Nelson is spending a year at home on their farm near Bulawayo, before taking up secretarial work next year.
- O.** Pat Olivier, always "the glass and mould of fashion", works in the main branch of Barclays Bank.
- P.** Lesley Pound is studying at Rhodes University, with Margaret and Rosalind Manning. They are all enjoying the life tremendously.
- R.** Iris Robertson (Mrs. Forshaw) recently died in England. She leaves a husband and child, to whom we extend our deep sympathy.
- S.** Bernice Shapiro (nee Kaplan) lives in London with her husband and two children. Bernice does W.I.Z.O. work, and meets people from all over the world. In spite of coping with all her own housework, she takes French and Hebrew lessons in her spare time.
Joan Suttle (nee Hawke) now has a baby daughter, and is settled in Bulawayo.
- T.** We are proud to know that Diana Thomas is the present Senior Woman Student at Cape Town University.
Phyllis Treger (nee Lederer) has a baby girl. Gish Truman, at present back in Bulawayo on holiday, works for a theatrical firm in London.
- U.** "U", not "Non-U", naturally!
- V.** Maria Vosloo, now Mrs. Greenwood, has come to live in Bulawayo, and has shown herself actively interested in Association affairs.
- W.** Elizabeth Wightman (nee Greenfield) frequently accompanies her husband on exciting trips to out-of-the-way places. The thrilling game photographs which result from these trips are well known to most Bulawayans.
- X.** Who is Miss X?
- Y.** Olive Young has now completed her University course at Rhodes.
- Z.** Tania Zlattner has now returned to Bulawayo after a most interesting year in Switzerland.
Leonore Zacks spent an absorbing year in Israel, studying Mothercraft.
Esther Zacks, recently returned with her parents from a fascinating European tour, is now teaching at the Hebrew Nursery School in Bulawayo.

Zat's all, folks!

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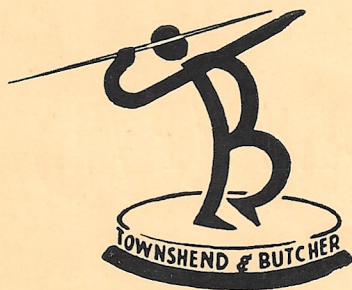
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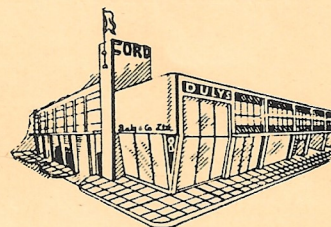


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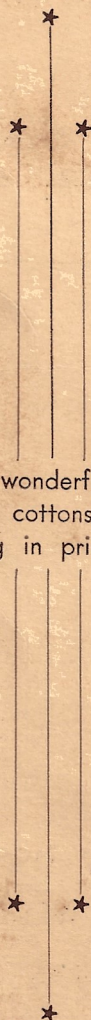
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