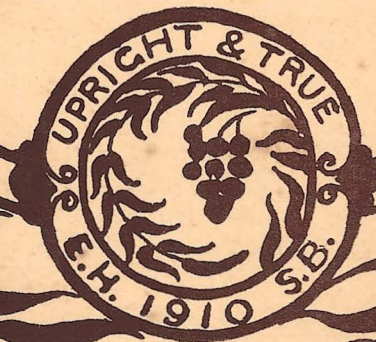


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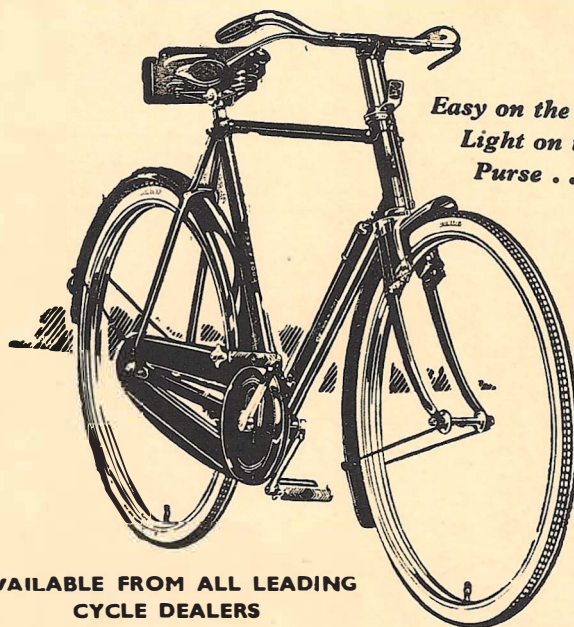
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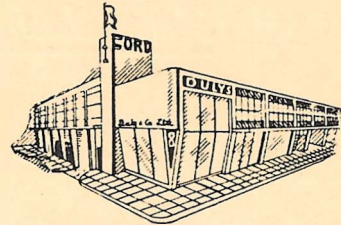
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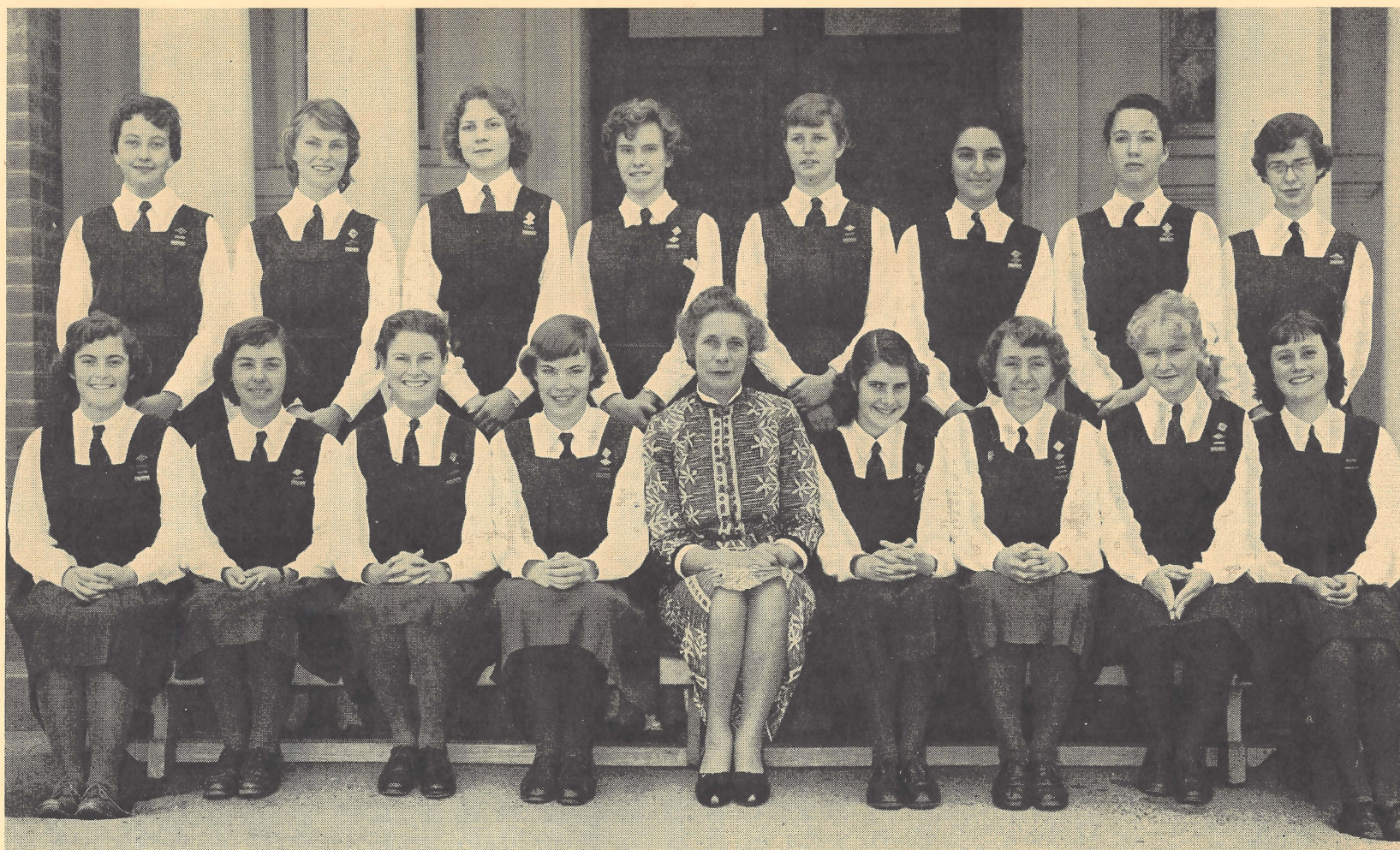
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HEADMISTRESS AND SCHOOL PREFECTS

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A. CHAPPELL.

Front Row (left to right): J. ALPORT; V. CALVER; M. PASS; V. INSKIPP (Deputy Head Girl); MISS W. M. POWELL;
(Head Girl); M. McKENZIE; P. FULLER; S. McNEILL; T. BOTHA. Absent: E. SPENCE.

Annual of the Eveline High School

BULAWAYO, S. RHODESIA, 1958

EDITORIAL

The magazine this year is bigger and, we hope, better. Its outstanding features include photographs and accounts of those events which have made the year 1958 such a significant one in the history of the School.

It is not often that a school is honoured by a visit from a Governor or a Prime Minister, but in the first term of this year His Excellency The Governor of Southern Rhodesia, and Lady William-Powlett, visited the Eveline, while on November 15th our Swimming Bath was opened by Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation. Those visits will be remembered with pride and pleasure for many years to come.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Eveline Old Girls' Association, Mr. Greenfield, Minister for

Education, said "Serious consideration must be given to some proportion of the school calendar in the upper forms being devoted to the study of good race relations". That we in this School appreciate that point of view and are doing something about putting it into practice may be seen from the accounts in this magazine of visits to various African villages and schools, and, above all, in the message from the Headmistress, in which is indicated Miss Powell's conception of "the right way of living in an inter-racial community".

We thank all those who have advertised in this magazine, the schools who have sent us copies of their magazines and our publishers for their kindly help and unfailing patience.

MESSAGE FROM THE HEADMISTRESS

If one were to analyse the qualities of the girls who represent the school in this magazine, one might justly feel heartened. The contributors show an interest in the welfare of their community, i.e., our school; a love of beauty of all kinds and a generosity and warmth of spirit. The girls who are represented in the magazine do not belong to a specially selected group, but they have either chosen topics which appealed to the selectors, or, by chance, found themselves in that happy mood in which they were able to communicate their sincerity of thought. I believe that this magazine represents not only the girls who have written the articles but the spirit of the whole school. It is a generous spirit, quick to admire, in the article on the beloved Welsh grandfather; generous in appreciation, in the delight in this year's Senior Dramatic Production, "Pride and Prejudice", and hospitable in the anxiety for our distinguished visitors of 1958, Sir Peveril and Lady William-Powlett and Sir Roy Welensky, to see everything at school at its best.

With this good quality clay to mould, we must ask ourselves whether we are going to fashion something which will be as enduringly beautiful as a Grecian urn. It is for us, therefore, to answer the challenge by putting only the highest standards before you; it is for you to measure up to those particular standards.

In an article of limited length, it is necessary to select one of those standards as the field is too large to discuss any more in detail. I am going to try to put before you what I consider the right way of living in an inter-racial community. I am dealing with the subject only from the human angle and what I have to say has no connection with politics, though I would add that our treatment of any human beings who live in our country is an important part of ideology. Now, I should not presume to try to give you a solution when so many who are so much more knowledgeable have failed to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion but I do believe that we, as educationalists must see that you develop the right attitude of mind, as the future solution will be possible only if the majority of the citizens of our Federation develop the right approach.

How is this right attitude to be developed? I believe that it lies in two important ways; the first by taking advantage of the highest education within your reach and the second, which is a subsidiary aim and perhaps incorporated in the first, to obtain a detailed and realistic knowledge of the races whose home is in the Federation. By the highest education, I do not mean that all who have university degrees will, of necessity, have the best attitude, though they may. I mean the cultivation of the art of living and allowing to live. Whatever your religion, I am sure you will find this attitude to be one of the fundamental precepts; in Christianity, it is "in as much as ye do it to one of these, the least of my people, ye do it also unto me." You must start, therefore, with the premise that all are human beings with a human dignity which must be respected. That approach will be an achievement; therefore build on that but not on sentimentality, familiarity or patronage for your foundations must be strong as human interest and knowledge can make them.

With an interest in the welfare of the African, come countless questions; the prosperity of the country, possible parallel development and even the threat of future strife. It seems expedient, therefore, that you should know as much as possible about these other races and that you should develop the power of independent thought. It will be generations, if ever, before we can afford to accept or echo ready-made opinions.

As you all know it is our aim to urge you to grasp the highest education so that you can achieve courage, sincerity and independence of thought. Many of you will have noticed, too, that we are trying to give you a more detailed knowledge of the races with whom you share this country. Visits to Luvuvu, Cyrene, Inyati, Ntabazinduna have been arranged; a number of post-certificate girls had the privilege of seeing over Mpilo Hospital before it was opened. Sometimes, as many as a hundred girls were able to go on one expedition. Are we achieving anything in this way? I believe that this opportunity combined with the

qualities I mentioned earlier, is going to help you to achieve the right attitude. Already the interest is greater; your questions at Mpilo, your comments on the lively, humorous nursery school teacher at Ntabazinduna, your eager interest in the exercise books, your amused sympathy with the children who on the coldest day, pulled off their multi-coloured outer garments in order to show you their uniforms, all illustrate this.

This is only one aspect of all we are trying to give you in the widest sense of education. Academic studies give little free time for meditation, but if you will bring that courage and sincerity which is your heritage, whether your ancestors came from Britain or the

Netherlands, you may fulfil our hope for the Federation. After the dark days of the Battle of Britain, Churchill wrote these fine words: "Let us hope that in the troubles that beset our country much that is evil may be swept away; all that is splendid must, we know, endure. And let us hope that our sons and daughters who inherit this land may bring high hearts and an unclouded vision to build a better and finer England than the world has ever seen."

After our anxieties of the far-off Rebellion, the various vicissitudes of status, Crown Colony, Federation and other problems which beset those who are responsible for our government, can we not trust that this hope might come true for us in the Federation.

AN OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY

Form IVa

MARY-JANE DAVIES

(Rhodes Essay Competition Prize-winner)

It was on a noisy, dirty railway station that we first met ten years ago. I remember my Mother excitedly hauling us along towards the train which had just come rushing in and my Father saying, "He hasn't changed a bit." Grandpa had arrived.

He is a short but broad man, married to a tall woman. His eyes are blue and twinkly and his grey-black eyebrows bristle with curiosity. He has a lilting Welsh voice and a powerful command of words. He is the most outstanding personality I know.

Grandpa was brought up in a small "pub" in a small mining village in the valleys of South Wales. His stories of the beauty of the countryside; of the peace of that village and of the stern ministers of the Puritanical faith that ruled it, have enthralled us for hours.

The warmth and smell of his home and the smoke-filled tap-room was almost real to us. Stories of his father who was a keen student of the Bible and who was determined that his son should become a school-teacher, and of the lotteries they used to have at Xmas time in which one could win a goose or a bottle of beer — provided one had a ticket — would keep us sitting on the edge of our chairs, our mouths open as Grandpa flung his arms wide or frowned and gesticulated as the village "tough". The names that were given to the people in the village such as "Dai the White" or "Griffith the Post" or "Bil Bola mawr" (Big belly) would amuse and at times puzzle us, although Father would laugh and say, "Yes, I remember."

Grandpa has a gentle sense of humour. "Pathos and laughter are closely akin," he would say if we laughed at something sad. He enjoys puns and small jokes but anything in bad taste makes him scornful and even angry.

Beauty he loves. The tall pink-leaved trees and the quivering brown grasses thrill him. The wide spaces and the often bright, brittle beauty of Rhodesia excites him and he murmurs, "Why, oh why didn't I come here sooner?"

His philosophy of life seems pessimistic. His favourite quotation is from "Macbeth". "Out, out brief candle" he says, sadly, as he watches the red sunset merge and fade into the darkening clouds. Yet he is enthusiastic about the achievements of modern science and in the evening, as we sit around the crackling, rosy fire, he exclaims, "Oh, if only I could live another 20 years! You are on the brink of new discoveries which will revolutionise the world," but then he says, "I've had my time, I've had my time," and, dropping his head on to his chest, he closes his eyes and falls asleep.

Oh, Grandpa! How we shall miss you if you go

EVENING IN THE KRAAL

Form Vb

PHYLLIS GULLICK

The sun, now a great orange ball, slipped slowly down the horizon, as if reluctant to miss the renewed activity which heralded the approach of night.

The country seemed to come to life again with new sounds. The far-off-cry of the piccanins or herd-boys came closer, and the sound of bells could be heard. The piccanins, who had been roaming the veld paths or herding cattle, goats, or sheep, were all returning, tired but happy. Those who were older and worked in the towns made their way out to their kraals for the night.

It was not dark yet, and some of the little piccanins still played in the semi-twilight. The older girls helped to light the fires and prepare the evening meal, and the sound of the banging of pots was heard.

Evening in the kraal is very peaceful and leisurely. All round one can see the fires flickering, and hear the low murmuring of voices as the men sit talking while waiting for their food. When it is ready the whole family sits around the fire and dips into the "sudsas". This is usually served with pieces of meat and gravy. The meal itself is also very leisurely as the natives sit and discuss the day's events.

All this time one can hear the bleating of the sheep and goats and the lowing of the cattle. However, these sounds gradually die out, and are replaced by the cry of the jackal or hyena, and the noise of beetles.

The meal over, the pots are stacked up and put aside until the morning, or washed by the young girls. The natives usually gather together round a fire or form groups, and once more the day's events are discussed. Some of the men may have pipes and these are taken out, while others will gather round for a beer-drink.

Stars are coming out now and it is getting dark. The cries of babies gradually die out and the piccanins go to the huts to sleep. Occasionally one can hear the low crooning of a mother sending her baby to sleep. Sometimes a boy will take out his mouth organ or guitar and play the same tune over and over again, as is their custom. By now it is quite dark but the older natives sit round the fire talking, smoking and drinking until very late.

Eventually, however, the fires are built up for the night and the men, too, go to their huts to sleep. Another evening is over, and soon the morning will come when once more the kraal will burst into life. Now everything is silent and only the cries of the wild animals and the crackle of the fire can be heard.

back to Wales! The house will seem empty and the scenery less lovely; the flowers will mourn and their blue and gold petals will be limp and crumpled; the sunlight will seem less brilliant and the wind will rejoice and whistle smugly through the empty rooms. Please don't go away . . .

FUN AT BLACKPOOL

Form IVb

ELAINE SMART

Five-thirty, and the motor-coach was nearing its destination. We had been travelling since three o'clock in the afternoon on an excursion from Burnley to see the famous Blackpool Illuminations. Earlier, when I had told a friend that we proposed going on a night excursion, she had thought it sounded very dull, but this was to be a motor journey with a difference.

Since we had started off my smaller sister had been looking at a book in which the popular Illuminations were illustrated. There were seven miles of glittering pictures which hundreds of people come to see at this time every year when the darkness comes early in the evening. As it was already fairly dark nobody seemed interested in the passing scenery except my sister, who looked hopefully every so often through the window in search of the illuminations.

By the time we reached Blackpool bus station, darkness had really set in. We had a few moments to stretch our legs, then we were on our way towards the South Promenade where the fairyland of lights began.

When we reached the beginning of the illuminations, my sister and I had our eyes almost glued to the window. Along the Promenade as far as the eye could see, were cardboard trees lit up with coloured lights. Placed at adjacent angles were poles with strings of flickering lights joining them. One could just make out the three piers jutting out into the sea, and the majestic Tower, standing almost 600 feet, with its powerful searchlight sweeping the sea. It was a truly breathtaking sight which must have cost thousands of pounds.

There was so much traffic that the coach travelled at the rate of about three yards a minute. For this we were thankful, as it enabled us to have a better look at the wonderland.

We passed an entrancing fairground with its Noah's Ark, side-shows, switchbacks and lively music stencilled out against the night by shining lights. When I saw the effect of the slight rain which had begun I was glad because it threw a reflection of the illuminations on to the ground and sea, making them even more beautiful than they were.

A series of nursery rhymes came in view. Right down from "Little Miss Muffet" to "Little Jack Horner", they were all there and brought to life by the cunning flickering on and off of the globes. The figures seemed to move. Of course my sister loved all these characters.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, appeared two tramcars along their narrow lines. They were aglow with coloured lights. One was the Blackpool Tram with the popular places in the town lit up on it. The other, a gondola, seemed to have sailed straight off a canal in Venice, it was so lifelike. We had only a glimpse of a great dragon which had lights going on and off so that fire seemed to blaze from its mouth.

Oh! there was so much to see but one could not keep turning one's head this way and that way. There was so much more to write about, the pictures in lights of the Royal Family, the Coronation, the story of Cinderella, a scene of Guy Fawkes' Night and Mickey Mouse's Rocket Journey to the Moon.

Most of all I liked the Gipsy Encampment. The entrancing music of "Lady of Spain" was played by fiddlers and drummers. Caravans, fires, a sheep being roasted—they were all there, making an exciting picture created by lights.

We were away on the road again, towards our hometown which now seemed so dull after this glittering land. Almost everyone was singing, but my sister had happily fallen asleep on my shoulder. I was sorry it was over but it was certainly a night journey I would always remember.

SHADOWS

Form Va

DOROTHY KEET

Shadows! The very sound of the word conveys to me a feeling of mystery, remoteness and tranquillity. I have always associated shadows with noon-day calm and somnolence but that is not the case with all people. During the last few decades mistrust and fear has cast a shadow over the world and so overpowering is the sense of impending woe that imaginative people can almost see the shadow over us. The threat of war and destruction, poverty and suffering, lies over the world but, amidst this fear is still beauty, the beauty of shadows — real shadows cast by real people and objects, not by a fear and hatred so strong as to make the world a place of grey gloom.

Shadows convey to me a feeling of lazy idleness and here in Rhodesia with the strong tropical sun beating down almost all year one can really appreciate the cool, deep shadows.

I love watching the shadows of people; seeing them distorted and elongated to almost three times their proper length at sunset and watching them shrink into dumpy gnomes and then disappear altogether at noon. The shadows of children leaping, romping and cavorting are even more exciting to watch than the children themselves. The impish shadows perform such amazing feats on the ground, walls and in every nook and cranny that one cannot help but laugh.

The fitting shadow of a shy animal rouses one's imagination by its suggestion. One can only guess at the size and shape of the creature, its errand and destination and the mere shadow can rouse one's curiosity to follow and find the owner.

You proceed to follow the shadow and its master into a little glade, and there, oh joy, you come upon a whole world of shadows — blue, grey, black, big and small shadows! They surround you, chase you, tease you, frighten you and overwhelm you with their mysterious beauty. They sway and sweep with the movements of the trees and because they are so alive in their fun they give one a feeling that they are living creatures.

Here a few spots of sunlight have succeeded in trespassing into the shadows' domain and they are immediately reproved and punished for their audacity by the shadows who sweep them away with one majestic gesture. There a big black shadow creeps between the trees and stands gaunt and silent, watching and waiting and here again a smoke-blue shadow, faint and wispy, flits along silently whispering to you not to be afraid.

One can lie for hours watching, and being watched by, talking and being spoken to by the shadows. Then, one emerges again from the little glade, and the harsh, bright sunlight hits one hard after the soft, sympathetic shadows. Then you appreciate all over again the wonder and beauty you have just witnessed in the glade.

Once, as a little girl, I read a story about a boy who lost his shadow and for months afterwards I was gripped by an agonizing fear of losing my one companion, faithful to me in all circumstances and situations. Today, of course, I don't think thus but I have come to the realisation that my thoughts as a child were indeed correct. What would the world be like if it lacked the scintillating contrast of bright sunshine and blue shadows?—a world of dull greyness and sameness, lacking variety.

PUPPIES

Form Ia

MARIAN LINDSAY

Some years ago our Dachshund bitch had three little pups whom we called Winkin, Blinkin and Nod. They were really delightful, tiny, long "barrels on legs". They were, all three, a golden brown colour which added to their sausage-like appearance Blinkin and Nod were dogs, while Winkin was a very petite little bitch.

Winkin was so called because even as a pup she had a habit of winking slowly, as if fluttering her long, curly eyelashes at one. Blinkin, however, was so called because, when puzzled, he would wrinkle his brow and blink slowly to make sure what he saw was real. Nod, on the other hand, was not so wide awake; from very puppy-hood he was a sleepy little bundle who seldom ran about if there was a corner to creep into and sleep. He did, however, grow out of this in later years.

They, as soon as they were able to walk, started to explore and it was not long before two of my brother's models of aeroplanes were in splinters. "If they are partial to flying let them grow wings," said my brother crossly as he stored away his other models.

One day, while picking flowers for Granny, I found a huge hole in the middle of a prize carnation bed and at the bottom, with a bone twice as big as himself, lay Nod, fast asleep. It may well be imagined, he did not sleep long. Grandpa was furious!

I lost two pairs of felt slippers, try as I did to keep them safe. Dachshunds are so long they can reach things easily. When they were still very small I found them tumbling over each other in an attempt to use each other as a ladder to climb on to my bed.

While they were still young we must have lost at least a dozen magazines and I well remember the untimely end of two vases, three tablecloths and a pair of plastic bathroom curtains.

However, eventually we gave Winkin and Nod away to friends and kept only Blinkin for ourselves. They all turned out very good watch-dogs and were safe with even little children who tried to ride them. Winkin, herself, had four pups, equally naughty in puppyhood. Blinkin was given to friends in South Africa when we left the country.

No matter how troublesome, destructive, or annoying puppies are, how strange the world would be without these wicked yet cuddly, lovable creatures!

THE WITCHES

Form IIa

SUSAN WHITEHEAD

I often lie in bed at night and watch the shadow of a witch, "bearded, cloaked and cowed" which seems to fly across my bedroom wall on its broomstick. The nose is long and the chin protruding; the shoes are pointed and the cloak is long. This is the shadow of "Old Mother Demdike", as my grandfather, who has lived most of his life in the North of England, christened her. I bought her at a little Inn on Pendle Hill, in Lancashire, and brought her back to Rhodesia, where she swings and flies across the wall on her broomstick.

She is dressed in a red and white dress, and wears a pointed black hat, pointed black shoes, and a black cloak. She has a long nose and evil face and is seated on a broomstick.

She is reminiscent of the "Pendle Witches", whose well-known meeting place was Malkin Tower, and who are supposed to have killed many people by Belladonna poisoning. They are also known to have made wax figures of people they disliked. They prayed that evil might befall these people, and coincidental or not, many of the victims later died.

These witches were very much disliked and feared, and perhaps some of the most well-known are Old Mother Demdike, and the "Chattox", mentioned in "Mist over Pendle", by Robert Neill.

These women practised around Pendle Hill and were convicted of being witches at the Witches' Trials at Lancaster, and were condemned to death.

In several cases they were seized and "tried" by villagers, and had to go through the "Trial by Ordeal", in which they were tied hand and foot and thrown into the water. If they were drowned, it proved they were innocent, but if they floated they were proclaimed to be witches, and were often burned at the stake.

Every time I look at the shadow I think of the witches all seated around a table in Malkin Tower, or searching for the bella-donna plant in the woods, or putting curses on some unfortunate person who had in any way annoyed them, and I begin to wonder what it was like in those days, when, quite often, innocent people were burned at the stake as witches, and I feel thankful that I did not live then. But I must admit I have a certain sympathy for the "Pendle Witches", whether they were good or bad.



Form Ic1

SALLY CHANDLER

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL

Form IIa

RITA STEYN

Because my sister's working hours vary greatly, my mother and I often fetch her with the car to save her coming home alone in the dark.

On one of these particular times, mummy got out of our car, which was parked in 8th Avenue, opposite my sister's office, to go to a nearby shop to buy some fruit. I was left alone to wait for my sister.

The sun had already slipped behind the horizon in the richly-coloured early evening sky, when I spied a tall, heavy-set man carrying a small black bag under his arms with his coat collar pulled high over his neck. He was following another man who was marching briskly along the pavement. The latter made his way up the stairs of a nearby building and the former disappeared after him.

I suppose I let my imagination run, but I was positive that the man who was following the other was very suspicious-looking. I wondered what would happen next. Then a light on the very top floor of the building which they entered went on.

I waited patiently for one minute, expecting all sorts of weird things to happen; maybe a blood-curdling scream would pierce the peaceful atmosphere any moment, or maybe the burly man would come rushing out of the building with a large sack of stolen articles. All these thoughts passed through my mind as minute after minute passed by with nothing happening during them.

Something was going to happen. I knew it, I could feel it in my bones, but when, I kept asking myself the same question. When? When?

Eventually I turned round to see if mummy were returning yet, but what I saw instead turned my blood to ice, for there on the wall of Barclay's Bank was the shadow of a man, hanging, it seemed, in mid air. I am sure my heart was in my mouth as I realized my guess had come true. I shuddered to think of the dreadful crime that had been committed.

"Oh, mummy, please come back, quickly, quickly," I prayed.

As I stared up at the bold, black form on the brown-bricked wall, I had visions of all sorts of queer things that might have happened in that little room upstairs.

The figure seemed to tell of a mystery, for the darkness of the shadow seemed to penetrate right through me. Was it the supernatural? I asked myself. No! It could not be! There was a shadow of a man high on the wall. I knew there was. I could see it quite plainly. I was close to tears when mummy did eventually arrive, and before she could utter one word, I found myself blurting out the whole story to her.

"Now, now, dear. Don't upset yourself unnecessarily," mummy comforted me.

"But, mummy . . ."

"Yes, I can quite understand what you have in mind about the shadow, but you are wrong, it is not what you are imagining at all."

"Oh, but it must be! What do you think it is, mummy?" I queried.

"It is not what I think it is, it is what I know it is," mummy informed me. "You see that is the shadow of the statue of the honourable Cecil John Rhodes in Main Street, 8th Avenue, that is reflected on the wall of Barclay's Bank!"

A MEMORY OF CHRISTMAS

Form IIa1

ALVERA HERSHEY

One of my pleasantest memories of Christmas is of a snowy night way back in '47. Mummy bundled her two small daughters warmly in scarves, gloves and coats, while Daddy warmed up the old Model T Ford.

Away we sped into the city. Gay young couples were doing last-minute shopping for old aunts, and teenagers were happily spending Christmas allowances. Lenora and I ran starry-eyed on the pavements, until a mechanically-run Christmas scene drew our attention.

Santa Claus was sitting before a warm fire, toasting his toes on the hearth. Every now and then he would throw back his head and utter a loud snore — just as our Daddy did! His big toe, peeping out of a hole in a woolly sock, would wriggle contentedly every two minutes, bringing shrieks of laughter from the delighted onlookers. His huge tummy heaved with each breath, and a pipe blew wreaths of smoke from his mouth.

Mrs. Claus sat to one side, rocking to and fro in a huge chair. She was busily knitting a long stocking and a pair of spectacles was perched on the end of her nose. These fell off regularly, and, when this happened, she would lay down her knitting and pick up the glasses. Her cheery face beamed with happiness, while dimples, wrinkles and smiles brought a warm chuckle from our hearts. A horse-hair rug enveloped her from waist to toes, and a tiny cap covered her greying hair.

A little kitten slept on the hearth-rug in front of the fire. One could almost see a vision of fish and sugar-mice dancing above her head. Completing the picture was an old grand-father clock, which chimed out the quarter-hours in a deep, mellow voice.

At last Daddy pulled us away — I have never seen anything as beautiful since.

A SEA SCENE

Form IIc2

MARGARET ROY

As the day broke a red sun would show now and then like a shy child, trying to see what was going on, and yet afraid to show itself. The sea was green and cold and looked as unfriendly as a snake. The seagulls flew around crying and screeching.

Dark clouds were forming, low and misty. The south-easter was blowing them as a girl would blow a feather.

The sky grew dark and thunder roared like an angry lion. Lightning flashed: a ship was revealed cowering among rocks darkly silhouetted. The yeasty surf curdled over dark sands as a baby would dribble over its bib. The ship was dangerously near the gaunt, grey rocks. The tempest raved and the lightning flashed. The splintering crash was sickening. The ship was thrown on to some rocks below a cliff and the angry sea lashed out at the wounded ship, dashing it nearer and nearer the jagged cliff.

The ship was helpless as a baby as the wild torrent beat it to splinters.

All day the sky was dark and the sea wild and grey as death. Here and there pieces of the wrecked ship were tossed about like matches in a bath tub.

The rain stopped falling and all was still once more as the clouds were blown north. The storm had done its damage and now the sun came out, bold and bright as a god . . . The sea grew calm and had lost its green . . . Once more it was like glass, calm and shiny and still.

DYLAN THOMAS

(Rhodes Essay Competition Prize-winner)

Form Va

ANNE CHAPPELL

On November 9th, 1953, there died in New York city a writer who has been acclaimed the greatest lyric poet since Keats.

Dylan Marlais Thomas was born in Swansea, South Wales, on October 27th, 1914. After he left school he became a newspaper reporter, and then a "hack" journalist. At the age of nineteen he published his first volume of poetry. In 1938, aged twenty-four, he won the Oscar Blumenthal Prize offered by "Poetry", a Chicago publication.

Thomas's output during his lifetime consisted of short stories, B.B.C. scripts, film scenarios, plays and, dwarfing all these save, perhaps, "Under Milk Wood", his poetry.

Dylan Thomas used what has been described as his "Welsh-singing" voice to build up an additional career, broadcasting, and his accomplishment in this field led to lecture tours in the United States to read his own and other poets' works. Listening to a recording of one such occasion is an unforgettable experience, poignant through the realisation there will never be others.

It was during his third lecture tour in the United States that Thomas died. However, funds were raised in Wales to return his body to his home village of Laugharne, where he lies buried.

To assess Dylan Thomas as a prose-writer I have chosen "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog" and "Adventures in the Skin Trade" since, in my opinion, these two volumes of word-sketches follow on, one from the other, and are autobiographical. "Portrait of the Artist" is, in reality, a series of portraits of the Swansea schoolboy, from the comfortable middle-class house in Gwmdonkin Drive, growing up, fighting, arguing, quarrelling, liking and disliking the boys around him — developing from a youngster who played cowboys and Indians on his Aunt Annie's farm, to the cub-reporter on the "Tawe Times", a young man on the threshold of life, wearing a thin pseudo-sophistication as he looks with changing adult eyes on the town where he has lived all his life.

With the schoolboy we rolic on the sands at Rhosilli while we do not hesitate to accept the dream that one day, surely, we shall be one of the greatest writers in the world! At the same time, we are too young to fathom the hurt and disappointment suffered by Aunt Annie when the rich and rude Mrs. Williams refuses the offered peaches; too young to comprehend all the mental distress to Grandpa when his search for a "comfy" burial place makes him put on his tall hat and best suit and go seeking it. Yet, while not wholly understanding, the boy is brushed by pity, though his youth and high spirits shrug it off. In the last two stories, the boy is almost a man, and the pity and the wonder — sometimes the fear and even horror — at what he sees around depresses him, stirs him to anger and self-pity. Now, the sun and sea and sky, eating and playing, and visiting, are not enough. Now he is trying to understand by tentative efforts, the meaning of life. The "curly boy", "prince of the apple towns", is gone, as childhood and adolescence have gone.

In my opinion, Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood, a play for Voices", is the most appealing of all his literary forms. I find it gay, amusing, sympathetic, penetrating — and, most of all, exquisitely written, with wit and charm. In the mythical Welsh village of Llaregyb, the characters parade like a harlequinade, They spill helter-skelter out of the pages, characters

that go to make up the inhabitants of a small town, good and bad, young and old, respectable and dubious, the quick and the dead.

But, vivid and amusing as these characters are — and true to life — to me, they pale before the beauty of the introduction, unforgettable, surely, to anyone who has heard it spoken by Richard Burton:

FIRST VOICE (very softly)

"To begin at the beginning:

It is spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched courtiers'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloeback, slow, black, crowback, fishing-boat-bobbing sea."

To speak these words aloud is to feel the rhythm of Thomas's prose as much as in any of his poems. So the play starts and we share a day in Llaregyb, regarding it as Time, itself, might, observing it all but oneself a detached observer, until:

"Dusk is drowned forever until tomorrow. It is all at once night now. The windy town is a hill of windows, and from the larrupped waves the lights of the lamps in the windows call back the day and the dead that have run away to sea. All over the calling dark, babies and old men are bribed and lullabied to sleep."

It is probably true to say that this work will be cherished and loved wherever men love words, written as it is by a poet who loved them above all.

The volume "Collected Poems, 1934-1952" is one of the most outstanding contributions to modern literature. Dylan Thomas was a genius in his particular field; posterity will only confirm this. And his poems are strictly personal, having their roots in the heart and mind of the man. In every poem shines a love for people, for life and, most of all, for words.

The lines that end the "Author's Prologue" written to introduce "The Collected Poems" are a catalogue of birds and animals, joyously and fancifully named, they are Thomas at his best:

"King sing-song owls."

"The dingle furred deer."

"Welsh and reverent rook."

"Jack whisking hare."

Most delightful, to me, are the diminutives he gives to "Tom tit, and Dai mouse!"

These were the fancies the poet wrote of in his "sea-shaken house on a break-neck of rocks" — a love of the place where he lived and the life therein.

Naturally, the work of such a man can only be partially comprehended since he took pains, in many poems, to describe his own personal feelings. For, in Dylan Thomas's own definition, "poetry is the rhythmic, inevitably narrative, movement from an over-clothed blindness to a naked vision."

My favourite poem in the collection is "The Hunchback in the Park", perhaps, I must confess, because it has a clear descriptive form easy to understand, and because I have heard the author read this poem and shall never forget his voice taunting on:

"And Mister they called Hey Mister

The truant boys from the town

Running when he had heard them clearly

On out of sound."

and

"While the boys among willows

Made the tigers jump out of their eyes

To roar on the rockery stones."

at the end

"And the wild boys innocent as strawberries

Had followed the hunchback

To his kennel in the dark."

However, undoubtedly the most outstanding poems, I think, are the two dealing with the outward triumph of Death over man — which the poet ragingly denies. In the first poem there is one line that occurs in each verse, a trumpet call:

“And death shall have no dominion.”

The second poem, written for his father, on the same theme, is “Do not go gentle into that good night”, the first and last verses of which are:

“Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rage at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.”

The body of Thomas's poetry is not large; he wrote only six poems in the last six years of his life. It is to be regretted that his death, at the age of thirty-nine, cut short even this slim output. “Collected Poems, 1934-1952” has been awarded the William Foyle Poetry Prize in Poetry, 1953.

With the death of Dylan Thomas, there passed from the scene one who was undoubtedly among the greatest and most impressive of modern poets. I can think of no more fitting epitaph than the third short paragraph he himself wrote as an introduction to the volume of collected poems.

“I read somewhere of a shepherd who, when asked why he made, from within fairy rings, ritual observances to the moon to protect his flocks, replied: ‘I’d be a damn’ fool if I didn’t!’ These poems, with all their crudities, doubts, and confusions, are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I’d be a damn’ fool if they weren’t.”

THE PERSONALITY OF COLOUR

Form IVc1

DENISE WRIGHT

Like people, colours have their own special characters. Each colour expresses itself vividly and in detail. To many people colour is just bright, or dull, but I prefer to think that each colour has a certain significance.

Blue is a cool, reserved colour, withdrawn and shy, although various shades have different characters. Pale blue is weak and easily swayed while sky blue is cold, poised and self-confident. Deep blue is a kind, motherly colour.

Red reminds me of a vivacious young girl, perhaps a model. Red is vital, gay and sophisticated. She tries out all the latest fashions and walks around town in the chemise, trapeze line and ultra-short skirts. Red is bold and happy-go-lucky.

Yellow is a young, light-hearted teenager bringing warmth and life wherever she goes, whether she is a curtain, a frock, a wall or a bedspread.

Pink is another young girl of a different type. Pink is a girl just reaching her 'teens. Sometimes she is rough, loud and boyish and at other times she is diffident, unsure of herself and retiring.

Green is a very self-assured woman of thirty. She has a home, a husband and exactly three children. Nothing ever goes wrong in her life, which runs on well-oiled wheels. She is chairwoman of various women's leagues which, also, are naturally successful.

So, to me, colour has personality and moods.

THE HOUSE OF TO-MORROW

(Eisteddfod Prize-winner)

Form IVa

JANET JOHNSON

“And this, madam, is the lounge . . .” The speaker paused and threw open the door dramatically, standing aside while I entered the room.

“It's lovely,” I breathed in awe as I beheld the beauty of my surroundings.

The room was large and circular and had a domed ceiling. The translucent walls were green and of a thin, yet durable, material similar to glass, through which the light shone with a resplendent glow.

It was night-time, as my work experimenting with specimens from other planets occupied most of my daylight hours but, as I was so interested in buying the house, the estate agent had very kindly agreed to let me view it during the evening.

We paused awhile, while I gazed up at the transparent ceiling, through which the stars sparkled quite clearly, but the estate agent interrupted my thoughts by pointing out the extra amenities.

He explained that the room was centrally situated and was linked to all the other rooms by a loud-speaking device, which was also connected to all the gadgets in the kitchen, so that it was possible to have a careful check over everything and not leave the room.

We passed into the kitchen, which was also very spacious and airy as there was air-conditioning throughout the house. Fitted into the kitchen walls were numerous gadgets which completed the most involved domestic tasks in a matter of minutes and then announced their achievements over the loud-speaking system by means of a series of whistles.

The house had three bedrooms, all very similar and with large windows which could be closed like zip fasteners, merely by pulling a piece of lightweight retractable metal across the opening. The cupboards were built into the walls, and the beds could be folded back in the daytime and drawn out at night.

Most fascinating was the floor covering; thick, spongy material which Mr. Ponsonby, the agent, explained was the latest idea for softening footfalls.

The bathroom was the next on the agenda and Mr. Ponsonby led the way towards it, down the airy, well-lit passageway. He opened the door so that I might view the interior, but we did not enter, for, as soon as anyone passed over the threshold, all the showers began to operate — and we did not want to become wet.

The colour-scheme was aquamarine and white, and there was a special device for ensuring that the aqueous atmosphere did not persist after the bathroom had been used and leave everything damp.

I must admit that I was becoming very interested in the purchase of the house and had already decided where to place my interplanetary television set.

But there was yet another room to visit, the dining-room, which was situated next to the kitchen with a serving hatch between the two. The room was fairly simple and had large windows and a transparent ceiling like the rest of the house.

“Mr. Ponsonby, I'd love to buy it!” I exclaimed, and he was obviously delighted at my pleasure.

A week later I was the proud owner of this circular abode, with a front door with its own combination number.

And now, sometimes when I am seated in my lounge, waiting for the whistle which means that my meal is cooked, I often think of how strange it must have been to live in those strange square houses of the twentieth century.

THREE CITIES

Form IVa

MARY JANE DAVIES

The U.A.T. plane was nearing Le Bourget aerodrome and the excited Rhodesian and South African school-girls fastened their seat-belts.

Then we landed and the change from the heat of Salisbury, which we had left only the day before, to the icy cold of Paris was almost incredible. A gendarme, looking like an illustration from a French text-book, was standing on the cobbled road slapping his arms and stamping his feet as his hot breath steamed through the bitterly cold air.

Buildings all of the same grey colour and height, adorned with romantic-looking balconies guard the hurrying people and suicidal-speeding cars. Women carrying large, long loaves of bread gossiped or went about their business while men, their coats buttoned up to their ruddy faces, puffed at short pipes and pulled frequently at their peaked caps.

A hurried visit to the Louvre, where we probably broke the speed record of any American tourist "doing" that famous gallery, gave us an opportunity of seeing the classically-cold Winged Victory, the Venus de Milo and the serenely-smiling Mona Lisa.

At the famous Opera house, splendidly gilded and mirrored, we enjoyed "Romeo and Juliet". Juliet was a blonde with a rich voice and a lovely face and figure, but even his voice could not make me forget the fact that Romeo was too well padded to have suffered for long "love the long-endured" and his ginger hair clashed startlingly with his purple hose. He took a very long time dying and went on singing loudly and valiantly to the end.

Of all the famous places we visited in Paris, Sainte Chapelle, in my opinion, is the most poignantly beautiful. Streams of light shine through the windows glittering red, blue and gold and strike the brilliantly painted arches. A narrow winding staircase leads to this upper chapel.

Four days in Paris gave us very little time to explore the city but I have vivid memories of taking the Metro, getting lost, shopping in the Galleries Lafayette, using my limited French, and getting acquainted with the eccentricities of French plumbing.

We arrived in Venice in the evening and went by gondola to our Albergo (hotel). The yellowish-white moon made the black water seem as if it had sequins sewn on its surface. Music from the houses stole from the windows and harmonised with the gentle lapping of the waters in the canal.

Venice was a city of magic. By night it was liltily romantic like a waltz played softly on a piano; by day it was noisy and exciting. In St. Mark's square there is a continuous whir of pigeons' wings above the crowds of sightseers flocking like sheep.

The cafés smelling of warmth, sugar and chocolate, were inviting the people, cold and numb, as they came off the vaporette.

How old yet young the city seemed. The Rialto bridge with its fish market, bustling and smelling, contrasted with the sedate peace of the beautiful St. Mark's Cathedral and the Doge's Palace. For those who liked new things the shop windows displayed diamond-glittering shoes, excitingly coloured hats and gloves.

Assisi is a quaint village situated on a hill crowned and guarded by an old fortress built long ago. The town seems to be built on different levels. The winding streets twist and squeeze among the tall old grey houses. Men and donkeys slowly plod their way up winding roads untroubled by the hooting Fiats. All around this peaceful place there is rolling country blotched with olive trees and grey farm houses.

Our five-week tour took us to France, England, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Italy, but naturally in this short article I am unable to give my impressions of all the towns we visited and thus I have chosen to limit myself to the three I liked best.

INNSBRUCK

Form IIIb

MOYA du PREEZ

During the Christmas holidays of 1957, I was fortunate enough to go on a Continental Tour.

When I look back on my memories of this wonderful experience, one country holds an especially vivid corner in my mind — Austria.

In this picturesque country we spent a few days in Innsbruck, an enchanting and typically Austrian town.

On our arrival at the "Gruer Bar" hotel, questions of where and when we would ski were on all our lips. We were, as you can well imagine, anxious to try and master this world-famed sport.

Our hopes for ski-ing were temporarily dashed when we were informed of the unusual shortage of snow on the mountains. On learning this, we resolved with one accord that even should grassy hillsides represent snow-covered slopes, we would not leave this famed ski-resort without having tried ski-ing.

We were, however, taken to the higher slopes which had not really enough snow on them, the professionals said, but there was more than enough snow for our inexperienced skiers.

A ski-lift was our transport from Innsbruck to the highest of ski slopes. This form of travel was at first thrilling — especially when the lift seemed to hover dangerously in mid-air just before crossing on to an adjoining wire although later the long minutes which we spent standing in the lift, seemed very tedious and unending.

Ski-ing was really wonderful, once we managed to manoeuvre our skis in a direction not quite opposite to our supposed destination! Nothing was more thrilling than skimming down a ski-slope with the crisp snow spraying in my wake, until a sudden bump informed me that I was sitting on the back of my skis.

On the eve of New Year all the tours of boys and girls met at the "Gruer Bar" hotel and had a lovely dance, overflowing with gaiety from beginning to end.

Austria, land of the pine forests, frozen lakes and snow-covered mountains — I will come back to you some day.

BRUSSELS

Form Vb

ESME COHEN

When one mentions Brussels one immediately thinks of sprouts, lace, "Mannekin Pis" and the beautiful flowers in the market square.

We arrived at Brussels on the 23rd of December. On our first evening there we caught a street car to the Grande Place, or public square. Along almost the entire south side of the square is the town hall, an imposing Gothic structure with a spire three hundred and sixty-four feet high. The buildings surrounding the square are the original guild houses.

Next morning we went to see the famous little boy "Mannekin Pis". Then we went to the Market Square where we were delighted by the colour of the beautiful flowers for sale. Here we made wishes after touching the nose, arm and leg of the famous wishing statue.

We were taken to a factory and saw girls and women making Brussels lace. It was most interesting to see how it is done.

On Christmas Eve we had dinner by candle-light and later some of the girls went to midnight mass in the Cathedral of St. Michael and St. Goedule and returned in the early hours of the morning.

On Christmas day we went to Waterloo. On the way we saw the canal to Antwerp, the Brussels harbour, and the monument to King Leopold I. We saw the site for the world fair. Brussels is world-famous for its exhibitions and many tourists make a point of visiting the exhibitions, where all the latest articles are shown.

We climbed two hundred and twenty-six steps to the top of Waterloo Hill. On our return we saw a monument to the Dutch and the Prussians on the left and one to the Belgians on the right.

Brussels has a free university, which is unique in Europe, in that neither church nor State co-operated in its establishment.

At our Christmas party held at six o'clock, we were each given a "Mannekin Pis" by the members of staff in charge of us. The girls sang and danced the Palais Glide, the Congo and the "Hoky Poky". The food in Brussels was very tasty and I am sure everyone enjoyed the Christmas dinner.

We left Brussels that night for Munich.

ROME

Form Va

JACQUELINE SWART

"Civis Romanus sum" — these were the words that sprang to my mind on my arrival in Rome on the night of the 12th January, 1958. I could hardly believe that, at last, we had arrived in the eternal city, for a whirlwind tour.

My first sight of the Vatican City filled me with awe. The massive pillars in the symmetrical semi-circle conveyed a feeling of peace, which was added to by the throngs of robed monks padding up and down the marble stairs, the sparkling water of the fountains, and the muted cooing of dappled doves.

The spacious rooms of the Palace, filled with books, paintings and works of sculpture, needed more time for appreciation, and after a hurried inspection we left these paintings to see those of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel. I was enthralled by the perfection of his perspective and the gigantic stature of his figures. The most remarkable panel was no doubt the "Creation of Adam" but the "Last Judgment" also filled me with wonder and I gazed in wonder at the powerful figure of Jesus, and the ascent and descent of the souls. The enormous prophets painted around the tops of the sides, were so remarkable that at first I thought that they were statues. The whole atmosphere of the chapel and the beauty of the paintings make this chapel, I think, unique.

But the feeling of time was conveyed even more fully in the Catacombs, and in this network of dark, damp and dreary passages I felt as though I were intruding on the privacy of the numerous bodies buried there so long ago. All that remains is, of course, their bones, which peep eerily out at you from slits in the walls. I really felt like an intruder, when we came upon the spot where St. Paul and St. Peter were first buried, and after a while it was quite a relief to see daylight again.

We were again reminded of the past when we explored the Colosseum. How I would love to have been living when this Amphitheatre was alive with the colour, excitement and drama of the fighting and the imitation naval battles!

Naturally, after seeing this much of the city, we were all extremely eager to make sure that we would, sometime, revisit it; and so we went off to throw our

coins into the Trevi Fountains. We were told that to ensure our return, we had to throw three coins in (we were informed about this by the extremely friendly Italians).

We were also told that we could not possibly leave Rome without having eaten some of the famous ice-cream — "Gelati", which we all agreed after tasting it, was the finest ice-cream we had ever eaten. And thus we had crammed into these few days everything from the most famous art works to the most famous ice-cream!

LEMMER IN FRIESLAND

Form IIIa

JANE VISSER

Of all places I have ever been to, and those are many, for I have travelled a great deal, Friesland, Holland's most northerly-situated province, has always attracted me most.

In Friesland there is a small village called Lemmer and it is in this place that I would most like to live. As my grandparents still live there, I have often visited Lemmer and I am always very happy when I go there for a holiday.

It is the most peaceful and quiet place imaginable. The people there are mostly fishermen who never seem to be in a hurry, yet are always very busy. They all wear long black jerseys with polo-necks and wooden clogs, which they call "klompen".

Lemmer has a busy little shopping centre where you can buy everything you need. It has many bridges, for there are many canals. This attractive little village is surrounded by green meadows in which the fat Friesland cows graze peacefully. All the Friesland cows were originally exported from this village.

If I lived in Lemmer I would often wander in "The Dark Wood", which is a group of very dense trees, mainly consisting of beeches, oaks and elms. Many exciting stories have been told about this wood and small children are always a bit afraid of it. They prefer to play in "The Light Wood" which consists of some trees standing further apart and thus making the wood lighter. In this wood grow hundreds of mushrooms and in spring the grass is covered with flowers such as dark-blue forget-me-nots, pale white veld lillies and numerous coloured forest violets. At Easter time all the children go out into the woods to pick the lilac-coloured Easter flowers to put them in vases in their homes.

Then there is the big lake called the "Yselmeer", right next to this delightful village. This lake runs out into the sea and is so big that it is almost like a sea itself. The beach is not like all other modern beaches. It consists of many rocks all of different shapes. Between these rocks grow little bushes which provide the necessary shade. Behind them are the brownish-yellow sand-dunes covered with long, tough grass on which the people lie sunbathing.

In winter, when all the lakes, canals and rivers are frozen, all the children and also adults go skating. You can then see small children of about five years old learning to skate for the first time and trying desperately not to fall on to the cold, slippery ice. You can also see big children skating with large, powerful movements with their hands behind their backs.

One whole week of the winter is spent on ice matches and festivals. All the children are then let off from school and take part in the skating or are enthusiastic spectators.

With all these delightful places to go to and all these lovely, enjoyable things to do, I have always considered Lemmer, the peaceful village in Friesland, as the most pleasant place to live in.

NOTRE VISITE A LOURENCO MARQUES

Form Vb

R. ABRAMSON

Pour nos vacances d'été, nous avons décidé d'aller les passer à Lourenço Marques.

Malgré la chaleur étouffante nous eûmes un voyage plaisant. La première chose que je fis à notre arrivée, fut d'aller voir la mer. Une étendue bleue infinie perlée d'écume blanche m'occueillit. C'était superbe. Quelques jours après, nous décidâmes d'aller à Maracucna, une place lointaine où la rivière Komati passait à travers. On pouvait aller sur des barques afin de voir de près des crocodiles et les hippopotames. Nous prîmes une petite barque à moteur. D'autres passagers étaient une grande famille avec cinq petits enfants et deux jeunes filles. On mit le moteur en marche et tout le monde se prépara à voir les animaux sauvages. Nous vîmes un crocodile et de nombreux hippopotames que notre guide nous faisait remarquer. Soudain notre moteur s'arrêta. On essaya de tout pour le faire marcher mais en vain. Nous regardions autour de nous quand je vis un immense hippopotame venir vers nous à une grande vitesse, sa bouche était grande ouverte et toutes ses dents étaient visibles. Les deux jeunes filles voyant ça commencèrent à lancer des cris aigus et à la suite les enfants se mirent à pleurer, en ce moment, miraculeusement le moteur commença à marcher. Tout ce vacarme mélodieux effraya la pauvre bête qui était tout simplement curieuse et elle s'échappa.

Enfin comme la nuit tombait déjà nous retournâmes à la maison fatigués de cette journée émouvante ainsi qu'amusante.

LE BAIN DE NATATION

Form IIIa

LILIAN ROTH

Les élèves et les professeurs d'Eveline sont très heureux comme leur bain de natation sera fini et ouvert en novembre. Sir Roy Welensky viendra l'ouvrir le 15 novembre.

Beaucoup de personnes ont travaillé bien fort pour procurer assez d'argent pour le bain de natation. Quelques parents des élèves ont donné de grandes sommes d'argent pour les fonds. D'autres ont fait des lotteries de poupées, de nappes, de sacs et enfin de gâteaux.

Les élèves et les professeurs ont aussi fait beaucoup envers les fonds. Le mois passé elles ont joué une pièce de théâtre qui s'appelle "Pride and Prejudice". Il y avait une grande foule là et tout le monde s'est bien amusé. L'argent reçu était une grande somme et on s'en est aussi servi pour mettre dans les fonds.

Le bain de natation est situé au milieu de l'école. Malheureusement où le bain de natation est on a dû démolir deux cours de tennis, mais nous avons vite trouvé une solution. Ayant un petit peu d'argent qui restait nous avons fait construire les cours de tennis de l'autre côté.

Enfin nous attendons toutes l'ouverture du bain de natation remerciant encore une fois tout le monde qui nous a aidé à construire ce bain magnifique. Maintenant nous pourrions nager quand nous voulons et les pensionnaires pourront pratiquer leur natation.

„OM DIE KAMPVUUR“

Form VIa

SALLY McNEILL

Drie manne sit om die vuur. Terwyl hulle na die springende vlamme kyk, dink hulle almal dat dit die enigste vry en blywende ding in hulle slegte en nuttelose lewe is: Mōre sal hulle weer masjine van 'n wraaksugtige oorlog wees, maar nou — nou is hulle net drie moeë en eensame soldate in 'n donker en stil wêreld.

Pieter kyk stip na die rook met dromerige oë, oë wat meer as die toneel voor hulle kan sien. In hul diepte is prente en gesigte van dae wat gelukkiger was. Daar is Kate — lieue, lieue Katjie . . . die wonderlike aand voor Kersfees wanneer hulle twee verloof was . . . die stroom voor die groot ou huis waar hy en Kosie gedurende die somermaande visgevang het . . . hul skuitjie wat met hul jong gretige hande gemaak is . . . die gras en die groot, ou bome . . .

Jan bewe. Die koue wind waai om hom, en hy is bang dat dit die vuur sal doodmaak. Hy kyk na Kristen, en sien dat die Duitser het voor hom met aangapende oë kyk. „Arme kèrel,” dink hy, en kyk weer na die donker lug. „Gister was dit oorlog, mōre is dit oorlog en mōre en mōre . . .”

Hy wil wegloop! Hy sal homself doodmaak! Hy sal . . . hy sal . . . maar nee, hy kon nie!

Dapperheid en een moet altyd eerste in sy gedagtes staan — voor pyn en siekte, dood en angs. Hy moet vergeet die dood en trewighid wat hy elke dag orals sien — hy moet maak asof hy nie bang vir so 'n dood is nie. Ja, hy moet die lewe van 'n bedrieën lei. En daar sit Kristen — 'n krygsgevangene. Hy sit kalm en stil soos een wat dood is: sy blonde haar skyn soos gond in die rooi gloed en bewe saggies in die wind.

Dit is nie sy oorlog hierdie nie. Hy het nie daarvoor gevra nie, en hy het seker nie 'n rede om te dink dat die Engelse en Amerikaners sy vyande is. Hy is nou 'n krygsgevangene en mōre sal daardie twee Amerikaanse soldate hom na hul kamp neem. Maar hy kan nie jammer voel nie . . . nee, daar is nog „hoop”. Ja, eendag sal hy na sy plaas in Duitsland teruggaan . . . Erika sal vir him wag . . . die Duitsers sal seker die oorlog wen (het Hitler dit nie self belowe nie?) en hy sal die lewe van sy jeng weer voortleef . . .

Hy glimlag en staan na die vuur. Sy metgeselle lyk asof hulle ook ander tonele in die blamme kon sien. En hoekom nie? Is hulle nie ook jongkêrels soos hy, alhoewel hulle in 'n ander land gebore is nie?

Die maan kom saggies van agter die swart wolke uit. Dit is orals doodstil. 'n Kampvuur brand in 'n eensame veld, en drie moeë soldate verlang na die toekoms.

DIS AAND

Form IIIa

SHEILA VAN RENSBURG

*Dis aand, en die son sink lomerig.
Sy strale, so rooi soos 'n roos,
Verkleur die blomme op die grond
Met skarlaken, rooi, karmosyn.
Groot wit wolke hoog in die lug
Lyk soos brandende vuur.
En stadig, so stadig sink die son
Agter 'n blou berg in.
Met die Donker kom stilte
En die sterre flikker omhoog,
En stadig raak die land aan slaap
En alles is stil.*

A LETTER HOME

Form IIIa

CERIDWEN MACKENZIE

5, Hereford Road,
Hillcrest,
Bulawayo.

7th July, 1958.

My dear Mother and Father,

I am looking forward to seeing you both as I have missed you greatly. I think I am extremely lucky to have such intelligent, understanding parents. Now some girls' parents would never have the understanding and gentleness to take the shock of their daughter getting bad marks calmly. If I were to get a bad mark, I am sure you would send me some money to console me and never let the thought of giving me something to think about enter your intelligent and placid minds.

By the way, make sure you finish reading the letter, as there, everything shall be explained. As a matter of fact I got 42 per cent. for geometry — quite a lark! Please read on — remember anger gives you high blood pressure. Now to continue, I got this mark only out of consideration for the other girls. They all try so hard and they would be terribly disappointed if I got a better mark than they did, and when you see on my report the remark that I have not done a stroke of work, do not be misled. The work is really so elementary I can afford to sit back and relax. I save my mental powers for other subjects.

When I saw the paper I thought, "Oh, how simple!" I then took to meditating — I was going to do the paper later on. However, when I saw the rest of the girls looking pale and agitated as they wrestled with the paper in vain, my heart was filled with compassion. If I were to get 100 per cent., as I could have done only too easily, I would have been held up to them as a shining example of mathematical genius and they would have been utterly confused and confounded. This decision, even though I say it myself, was most noble and self-sacrificing.

Naturally what little I did do was most untidy as my brain is too quick for my hand to cope, and thus I have to scrawl. Personally I should imagine ten marks would be taken off for that, and then another ten marks for spelling, for even though there was hardly any writing, it is generally understood that I am weak at this and thus ten marks would be subtracted.

I lost eight marks on the construction. This was most unfortunate. We were meant to use just a pair of compasses, a ruler and a pencil, but, as my compass point was blunt, I used a protractor, a most ingenious idea, and I consider I should have got a few extra marks as my construction had less lines and looked much prettier.

Thus you can see I should have got at least 70 per cent, and that was without even trying, so I consider this to be a good mark. Imagine it, 70 per cent, without working all the term and that in spite of trying to get a bad mark out of the goodness of my heart. Yes, I must admit that it was a brilliant effort.

I am sure that I can rely on your understanding and appreciation of my feeling for the other members of my class.

Your considerate daughter,

Ceridwen.

STANZAS ON FALLING

BLOSSOMS

Form IIIa

SHEILA VAN RENSBURG

*Oh, lovely Jacaranda
You stand so proud and tall
And when the wind blows softly past
Your blossoms gently fall.
They make a grey-blue carpet
Of beauty at your feet.
And then the whirling breezes
Call with voices sweet.*

*Mimosa, tree of sunshine,
With blossoms of bright gold,
When summer sun shines on you
And blossoms are grown old
And wind comes creeping softly
And whis'ring on the grass,
Your blossoms gently drift away—and pass.*

THE WORLD BENEATH THE SEA

Form IIIc2

ROSEMARIE BUNDOCK

"All set?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied and I felt a weight on my my shoulders as a head-piece was swung into place.

"Good luck," was a word of encouragement from my Commander, before I gripped a steel rope and swung through a small but efficient hole in the bottom of our ship into the strange and silent waters of the sea. What a strange, itching excitement I could feel aroused as I went on my maiden voyage into the mysterious unknown depths of the land of water.

Suddenly I recollected my thoughts, as I landed with a bump, and slimy particles of dust and plants rose above my head, before I trudged towards my comrades.

At last our party was complete and we moved mysteriously and lightly between the jutting reefs and crags of coral, exotically displayed in the dim watery sunlight. Here and there shiny fishes of all shapes and sizes swam and darted to and fro, displaying their beauty with a mild vanity. Bright crimson coral waved and floated gracefully about, and gaily coloured fish painted every colour of the rainbow, with glinting eyes, flashing tails and shiny fins, seemed to blow bubbles all the time, as they chased each other, and darted in and out of the coral, daucing folk dances in a fishy fashion. A tentacle flickered from beneath one of the crags and then a grey, slimy bulging figure glided warily out of its crag. It looked at us menacingly before it controlled its waving tentacles and moved off. Somewhere else a shark darted past and a sun-ray fish, flapping its bat-like wings and holding rigid its sting of ivory black, circled with care about our heads.

As we half-walked, half-floated off through a weird world, we saw a sunken battle-ship lying peacefully on her side at the bottom of the sea, housing the many thousands of fishes. There she lay, her guns ready to fire. Oh, she must have been a beautiful ship, but now she was covered with sea moss and shells.

We returned to our research ship and my mind was filled with wonders I shall never forget. The World under the sea is a beautiful, silent one, serene through and through in her peaceful life.

THE BIRTH OF VENUS

Form IIIa

WENDY MASTERSON

The summer evening was warm but after the oppressive heat of the day was welcomed throughout the great city where windows were flung wide and the lights dimmed to keep the houses cool. The city's old and very large art gallery was practically deserted except for a few art lovers and others who had nothing else to do except examine the pictures with their unfeeling eyes.

The gallery filled with copies of the old masterpieces of the Renaissance was lit by the feeble glow of antique gas-jets placed at intervals along the walls which were cracked and peeling from age in many places.

As I walked down the gallery, my footsteps echoing hollowly in the emptiness, I noticed something odd about one of the pictures which was by Botticelli. Although the corner in which the picture was situated was dim, the picture seemed to glow and vibrate, as if alive and the figures seemed to quiver with life and expectation.

Astounded, I drew closer and saw that the picture was "The Birth of Venus" and also that the figure of Zephyrus or the West Wind had turned his head in my direction.

"Ah, welcome, little maid," he said with a slow smile, "here, I can see is one mortal who will not just pass me by as a figure on canvas, painted by a man who died hundreds of years ago. Also if you care to listen, I can tell you the full story of the scene depicted here."

Not knowing whether to believe my eyes and ears or not, I replied somewhat falteringly, "Why, yes, of course, I should love to hear your story, for I know very little of classical mythology."

"Well, then, here is my story which may be almost forgotten or, at any rate, very different in books. When the world was still very young, before war and strife had torn the happiness from people's hearts, and when the Greek civilisation was at its height and people built white marble temples like the Parthenon to their adored gods, Venus was born in the foam of the sea.

"I can remember clearly how one hot, sultry day I was driving some fleecy clouds over the Ionian sea towards Greece that I might keep the people of Greece cool as they went about their daily tasks. With me was the spirit of the north wind who, like all the maidens of the cool northern lands, had fair, delicately-tinted skin, long hair like strands of burnished gold with sunbeams spilled on it, and who tired easily in the warm Mediterranean climate.

"So easily did she tire that eventually she had to cling to me with her arms about my waist.

"It was as we neared the middle of the sea where the waves sometimes rise to the height of hills when the winds are strong that we first noticed how the foam on one of the waves was bubbling strangely. Here the waters of the sea are the colour of the blue cornflowers yet as clear as crystal and we could see the form of a beautiful woman with long tresses, sitting in a huge white pearly shell, rising through the water. At length her head broke through the bubbling foam and she rose, her hair falling down her back in a cascade of golden light.

"She stood poised in the shell, her arms stretched towards the sun and we realised that this must be Venus or Aphrodite, Goddess of Love and Beauty whose birth out of the foam of the sea had been foretold by the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi.

"So the spirit of the north wind and I, Zephyrus, the West Wind, took it upon ourselves to deliver the goddess to the shores of Greece where her maidens would be awaiting her arrival eagerly.

"As we reached the coast of Greece, birds of many different species, large and small, with brightly plumaged wings, flew out to greet the goddess. With them came myriads of exotic butterflies which flittered about her and settled in her hair which fell around her like a thick mantle. Flying fish leapt from the water which, when it fell from their gleaming tails, caught the sunlight and flashed like precious stones.

"Ah, what a sight we must have presented to her maidens who stood in the cool shade of the trees along the shore, for Jupiter, although we did not realise it at the time, had sent the creatures out for a very special purpose. The birds flew just above the shell to give shade to the goddess, while the coloured butterflies fanned the air with their tiny wings to cool it, and out of the sea rose many tiny sea-horses who helped to pull her to the beach more quickly.

"The shell grated on the sand and stopped abruptly, thus giving the creatures the signal that their work was done. They disappeared to their respective homes and the goddess rose and stood waiting on the edge of the shell for her maiden, who had appeared from among the verdant trees that lined the shore to give her the heavily embroidered cloak which she carried.

"This, then, is the story of the picture that Botticelli painted so many years ago after he had learnt the story of Venus, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, from a book of Greek and Roman myths. As well as Venus and her maiden you can, of course, also see the Spirit of the North Wind clinging tightly to me and around Venus many lovely, fragrantly perfumed flowers blown from the cool lands by the Spirit of the North Wind.

"That, dear maid, is all I have to tell and I am pleased to see that at least one person in this modern age has time to listen to the incredible doings of an age hidden for the most part by the curtains of the Clouds of Time and forgotten by almost everyone . . ." his voice trailed off to an inaudible whisper, the glow disappeared from the canvas and I sat up on the floor of the gallery, rubbing a large bump on my head reflectively.

Beside me was a large and heavy copy of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" which had fallen from the wall.

I picked myself up and walked out into the warm summer night, my head aching intolerably. Had the person of the West-Wind spoken to me or had I merely had some sort of hallucination?

MY NEIGHBOUR

Form IIIb

JOY DARE

*My neighbour is my neighbour
For just a little while,
We share the happy mornings
And barter smile for smile.*

*My neighbour is my neighbour
Until the first month's end,
And then forever after
My neighbour is my friend.*



Form IIa

YVONNE COWLEY

MY VISIT TO 'NTABAZINDUNA

Form IVc1

ANN COULSON

We set off at ten o'clock and after going twenty miles out on the Salishury road, we turned off, passing a notice which read " 'Ntabazinduna Township". We did not stop in the township but went straight on to visit the school.

When we arrived at the school, the chief and all the officials of the township were there to meet us; he was dressed in his ceremonial clothes. The chief wore a scarlet cloak with black ribbon trimmings, and a half-moon of gold with an engraving upon it, hung ends up from a cord around his neck. Underneath his cloak he wore European clothes. His shiny black shoes were a contrast to his brilliant white topee, which he carried in the presence of his visitors.

After a cordial welcome, he invited us to see his school, of which he was the principal. We visited the classrooms in groups of five or six, the first group being the Chief, Mr. Inskipp (our escort for the trip) the Native Commissioner for Inyati, Miss Powell and the accompanying teachers.

I noticed that all the important people of the township spoke excellent English. First of all we visited Standard Four, where the pupils were mostly boys. The lesson in progress was Geography; they displayed their books such as History, Arithmetic and Hygiene books.

Standard Three were doing business letters, first a

copy from the board and then one of their own. Standard Two were doing oral translation into English, and Standard One were doing reading. Then there were the three sub-standards or baby classes; the first class was doing arithmetic, the next writing (and it was extremely good) and the last class was doing English oral.

The standard of work was very good, in my opinion, and the children were made to remove their coats so as to look neater. The two highest forms then went into the Church to sing for us, in their own language, telling of a man who went overseas to find out why it was necessary to pay taxes; the second song was a three part song called "Under the Greenwood Tree", and as it was getting late we started to file out. We did so to the strains of "Stand up, stand up for Jesus", in alternate verses of English and their own language.

As the buses moved away, all the children stood and waved goodbye. We then paid a short visit to one of the houses. It consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. In the main room there was a table, some chairs, a dresser, a stool on which were folded blankets; two bicycles lay against the wall. In the bedroom were two beds, a dresser and a table and some hooks which served as a wardrobe.

After this we said "Goodbye" to the chief and then set back to school, waving to all the women and children of the township as we went. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to 'Ntabazinduna and I am grateful to all who helped to make the visit possible.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE VINES

Form IIc1

IRENE FRANCIS

While we were staying in Cape Town, we met a friend who lived in Kalk Bay and was at one time a mistress at Eveline. Mrs. E. J. Davies was also Mayoress of Bulawayo and headmistress of Coghlan, but has retired to a house overlooking Gordon's Bay and Simonstown. One day she rang up and asked us out as she had a surprise for us.

Next day we were ready for her when she arrived at ten o'clock. As she got into her car, she said she wanted to take us to some of the beauty spots of the Cape Peninsula. We climbed up Red Hill, behind Simonstown to look at Cape Point, where the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet. We passed through several small fishing towns, and climbed the road to Chapman's Peak. When we got there, at last, the view was splendid. There is a saying that one cannot throw a stone into the sea from this point, and after having several tries, I decided that this was true, as the wind seemed to blow them back on to the ledges below.

At last we began to wind up Table Mountain, on the opposite side to Cape Town, and, awed, we looked down at Muizenberg.

All around were fir trees and here and there a sturdy old oak. At last we came to two gate posts bearing the name "Kirstenbosch".

One did not have to ask what Kirstenbosch was, for from the gateway one could see a wonderful view of flamboyant trees, flowers and bushes, with lawns and gravel paths.

We went around looking at the different proteas and other South African flowers. All flowers were arranged in groups, according to their species and colour, and each colour seemed to run into the colour neighbouring it.

On the drive back we visited Groot Constantia, home of one of the first Dutch settlers in South Africa, Van der Stel. The bedsteads were designed in wood, in the sixteenth century style. The winery was behind the house and contained huge one-ton casks of wine.

Underneath were the slave cells, mostly thirty-six feet square with one small window. At one time they used to hold a hundred slaves at a time. There were about fifteen of these rooms.

On our journey homewards we went through Constantia Valley. Lady Packer has written a book on this wine-grape valley, and called it "The Valley of the Vines".

We were soon back at our hotel in Simonstown, where we had lunch. That was a red-letter day in our holiday.

MY PET

(This was the first composition in English of Ruth Abramson, now in Vb. It was written in 1952, after Ruth had been learning English for four months.)

My Pet is a dog brown and white. My anty give me this dog for my 10 birthday and now she have one year. She are a saucisse dog very long but short. She have brown eyes. She like very much to run in the garden and catch the ball. But I dont like her for some-thing she catch all the choes and she eat. The last month she make 4 little doggies. The Name of my dog is Rock.

Everyday she accompany me for the school after she return at home. When I go to home she wait me.

When I go buy some-thing for my mammy she accompany me, but when a person came she bark too much. She have a long tail hou mouve all the time. The 13 May she dead ill and I pray very much because she are a nice dog. But in front she dead she came to my room and she leck me and she dead.

FRUIT

Form IIIf

M. HODKINSON

On the sixth day after the creation of the world, God looked down into the garden of Eden. He decided that there should be someone to have dominion over the things of the earth, so he created man, whom he called Adam. Later he created a companion for Adam whom he called Eve. These two companions lived in the wonderful Garden of Eden.

The Garden of Eden was surrounded by a golden wall and at one end was a huge golden gate bearing the name the "Garden of Heaven". Leading up to this gate was an avenue of cherry trees, the scarlet cherries looking like the eyes of frightened animals peering through the thick green foliage of the leaves.

In one corner of the garden grew banana trees, the bananas stretching out their long yellow and black fingers waiting to be picked.

Next to these were planted fig trees, their fruit shaped like falling drops of water. Their colours varied from a dark green, to a yellow with a lime green stripe.

There were many paw-paw trees with their huge, ripe, golden moons clustering together under their clouds of green.

Underneath the trees there was spread a carpet. This consisted of tiny strawberries like lanterns showing up brightly against the dark green, gloomy leaves surrounding them.

In the centre of the garden stood the tree of life, a stately and tall apple tree. The red and green apples shone like rubies and emeralds, and the orange, gold leaves formed dainty patterns as they swayed in the scented breeze. Coiled around the rough brown bark of the tree was an evil, grey-green serpent with smoky eyes and a poisonous mouth. He was meant to guard the tree but instead forced the two companions to taste the fruit. As soon as Adam and Eve tasted this fruit all the evils of the world were put upon them, and they were banished from man's wonder, the Garden of Eden.

I LIKE GINGER

Form IIIf

CLAIRE DONKIN

I like Ginger.

Every morning Ginger, our kitten, miaows outside my door. I know I should not let him in but I do because I like Ginger!

Ginger leads me to the fridge. He is getting rather fat but I give him some meat because who could resist Ginger? He plays with our other cat and hits her with his paw and this shocks me because she is so special, but I still love Ginger.

He sleeps on beds and I know he's got a few fleas but I don't chase him off because I like Ginger. After all, what are a few fleas?

We have some chicks and Ginger is very interested in them; we have to chase him away but I still like Ginger!

At night Ginger sneaks into my room and Mummy has to remove him, but I don't mind because it is only Ginger, and I like Ginger.

When Ginger plays with me he bites and scratches my hand, but I still love Ginger.

He climbs up trees and then he can't get down so we have to get a ladder and get him down but I don't mind because I love Ginger.

Don't you think Ginger is a nice kitten?



Form IIc2

MAVIS STIDWORTHY

MY FAVOURITE AUTHOR

(Library Competition Award)

Form IIa

IRENE STYLES

My favourite author is the great adventurer, Hammond Innes. In his tales he is tremendously observant of the minor details which make a foreign country exciting and interesting. He must have travelled far in order to write beautiful descriptions of remote and majestic scenes of wild, carefree magnificence. His gripping mysteries, almost unendurably thrilling, create a tense atmosphere.

He writes about far and hardly thought of stretches of land such as secluded villages on the Cornish Coast, a valley high in the Rocky mountains of Canada, a lonely part of Norway or of French Morocco and the blinding whiteness of the relentless South Pole, yet also the pleasant familiarity of England and Germany, too.

His writing shows great thought and he must be a keen observer to describe such proud, moving scenes and places of complete and utter loneliness, filled with swirling, driving snow, or to describe, with such patience and exactness, the hard ascents to summits of rough, steep mountains, or the fear of a lashing sea, or of a trapped submarine.

His characters also reveal his intense interest in people of the world; the cruelty, anger and slyness of some, the determination and grit of an adventurer, the hopeless finality and weariness of a dying man, the simple-minded, the slow and meek, the gentleness, pluck and courage of a woman in dangerous places.

This, surely, is a man to whom God has given the gift of writing about the wonders and peculiarities of our world and the human mind.

HOW THE TOAD GOT ITS LOVELY EYES

Form Ia

GWYNETH DAVIES

When Princess Claralinda was a baby a witch put a terrible curse on her. If Claralinda ever looked into a mirror it would crack into a thousand pieces and she would turn into a toad. Naturally, the King and Queen were very worried and the King, on the advice of his councillors and the chief magician of the kingdom, ordered all the mirrors in the country to be destroyed and made a law stating that anyone found with a mirror should be put to death.

The beautiful ladies of the court were very distressed by the lack of mirrors, for they feared that without them they would be unable to complete their elaborate toilets. Soon, however, they learnt to use the nearest brooks and streams in whose clear, blue waters their beauty was reflected, rippling and alive.

Even the merest kitchen-maids learnt that by polishing the bottoms of the saucepans until they winked and twinkled they could provide themselves with very good substitutes for the mirrors which had been banished from the kingdom.

The Princess, who was very beautiful, had never been told about the curse which had been placed on her. She was now sixteen years old. Her hair was as black as a moonless night and hung down in soft, silken clouds. White as hawthorn buds was her skin and red as pomegranate pips were her lips. Above all, Claralinda had the loveliest eyes in the kingdom. They were big and golden-brown and twinkled like stardust.

One day Claralinda went for a walk with her ladies-in-waiting. Gay and happy she danced along the road until, not very far from the palace she met a pedlar. Alas! Little did the Princess know that this interesting person with her exciting-looking bundles was the wicked witch in disguise.

"Come, come, buy my wares," she quavered in a small, dry voice that sounded like the whispering of the wind in the reeds.

The ladies-in-waiting looked shocked and all they could say was, "Oh, your Royal Highness! Oh, your Highness."

Being very curious and unaware that there was anything of which to be frightened Claralinda commanded the pedlar to show her her wares; laces as fine as spider-webs, enchanting balls of red, green and orange, ribbons of rainbow hue and — oh, horrors! — looking-glasses of all shapes and sizes. As she did not know what a mirror was, Claralinda asked the pedlar "What are those glittering things shining in the sun? I've never seen anything like them before."

"If you look into one of them you will see yourself," croaked the pedlar.

The ladies-in-waiting held up their hands in horror and begged the princess not to look into the mirror.

"I shall if I want to," retorted the Princess and she did. "Oh, how lovely! Oh, how beautiful I look!" she said as she gazed at herself with delight.

Crack! Crack! The mirror was shattered into a thousand pieces. Bang! The beautiful Claralinda was changed into a toad, a fat, ugly toad. Only the eyes, sad and wistful were the same, the eyes of Claralinda. The maids, weeping with sorrow, picked up the toad and went back to court to tell the sad story.

It is because of Claralinda's unhappy story that toads have such lovely eyes.

"THE LAMENT OF THE SQUARE"

(With apologies to W. H. Davies)

Form Va

VALERIE SCHOFIELD

*What is this life if, full of care,
I am reproved for being a square?
I feel so different from the youth
Of nowadays. I seem aloof.
For everything I say or do
Is four by four or two by two.
No hope if gracefully I move,
But if you squirm you're in the groove.
Tchaikowsky must not be my passion.
"Why, don't you know, he's out of fashion?"
I still like Bing and poems and school:
How can I hope to be real cool?
"I love it," is a phrase most vile.
"It sends me," is contemporary style.
They ask me, "Don't you dig that beat?"
But I hear noises far from sweet.
In vain I try to learn to jive,
But experts scream out, "Man alive,
That kid could never get real gone
'Cos she ain't got no blue jeans on!"
But I could never like it there,
Where all the men have grown their hair,
And all the girls wear jeans and "mocs"
And horrid, flashy, lime-green socks.
The days of crooners now have fled —
It's Elvis, Haley, Fats instead.
The former days I oft recall
When singers sang and did not squall;
When dancers danced and did not wriggle
And girls would rather smile than giggle.
At last, I am resigned to be,
Whatever they may think of me,
A square, as my queer taste compels.
I'm different, if nothing else!*

'N SOMMER DAG

Form IIIa

SHEILA VAN RENSBURG

Lomerig verskyn die son in die ooste. Sy strale verkleur die blomme van die doring bome na 'n ligte rooi en die wit blomme op die grond na skarlaken rooi.

Dis dagbreek luggie maak klein golfies op die meer en 'n voëltjie sing sy lied.

Stadig klim die son in die lug en sy strale glinster op die dowwerige gras.

Saggies ritsel die wind deur die perske-bome en die perske-bloeiels val stadig grond toe. Onder die bome lê 'n tapyt van bloeiels.

Die son skyn nou warm en op die horison lê 'n bank wolke wat digter en donkerder word. Skielik blits 'n weerligstraal en kort daarna kom die donderslag en die reën stort neer.

Laat die middag het die lug oop getrek en die son verskyn weer in die lug en skyn 'n die modder plas soos 'n groot geel ballon.

In die weste word die lug rooi en die son sink na die horison in 'n vlam van kleur-skarlaken rooi, karmosyn, oranje en ligblou. 'n Paar wolke lyk nes vuur en stadig sink die son agter 'n blou berg in.

Met die donker kom stilte en in die swart fluweellug flikker die sterre. 'n Uil toet en dan is daar stilte.

AS DIE SKEMER DAAL

Form Va

SUE VAN DER LINDE

Wanneer die skemer daal ondergaan alles 'n verandering.

In die stede word die besigheid geslaan en die groot deure van die besige winkels word gesluit. Die gedrang van die haastige mense versprei na wagtende karre, en in 'n paar minute is die sypaadjies verlate, en die strate 'n gedrang van ongeduldige, rasende motoriste. Al die paaie na die woonbuurte is verpak met haastige en dol rytuie.

Na al die mense huistoe is, is die strate leeg en verlate.

Hier en daar is 'n mens te siene en straatkatte en honde snuffel deur vuilgoed kanne.

Die vaart van die stadsleve staan stil en net die honderde blinkende liggies wat vriendelik wink en flikker lyk lewendig.

In die veld begin die diere stadig en dan al hoe vinniger, aanstap na die watergate toe. Kleintjies loop springend langs hulle wakende moeders en bulle hou 'n waaksame blik op hulle troppe.

Die troppe skape en beeste loop vinnig huiswaarts na die veiligheid van hulle krale.

Die wagters, moeg na 'n lang dag, kry weer nuwe lewe en swaai en klap hulle swepe agter die vee om hulle vinniger te laat beweeg.

By die huis is alles wawyd wakker en die geskree-en-fluit van die melk kaffirs kan ver gehoor word. Melkemmings raas en koeie bulk na hulle honger kaffirs. Plaasseuns skree en raas na mekaar en knoop luidructige gesprekke met die piekaniens aan.

Hierdie raserige tydjie duur nie lank nie. Na sowat 'n uur is die werf stil en verlate. Die outas is almal op pad na hulle struise toe en die vee in hul kralle.

Die seuns gaan die huis in en vertel ywerig van die dag se gebeurtenisse.

By die rivier begin die meide met hulle kruike vol water aanstap huistoe en die enigste geluide kom van die se sagte voetstappe en hulle geneurie. Af en toe tjank 'n natuurlike-hond in die verte en 'n vroeë jakkals gee klaand antwoord.

In die vroeë aandure begin die nagdiere uit te kom en die veld word meteens 'n koor van diere-en-goggaliedjies. Paddas brul aanhoudend in die waterkuile en die groen biesies mymer as die nagwindjie deur hulle waai.

Orals teen die heuwels kan ligte van vure gesien word, en die oostelike kant van die lug het nog 'n donkergloed van die dalende son.

Die nag is koel en verfrissend na die ondraaglike hitte van die skroeinde dag, en die windjie waai strelend oor alles. Die mense slaap, die diere sluip in die veld rond en rus en stilte sak op die aarde neer.

ROSIE

Form IIIa

JEANETTE VILJOEN

*Die dou glinster nog op jou blare,
Soos sterretjies wat flikker daarbo.
O Rosie so klein en so geurig
Jy is nog my grootste genoeë.*

*Jou blaartjies is fyn en bekoorlik,
Soos smarag wat skitter en glans
En wanneer die wind saggies ritsel
Begin julle almal te dans.*

THE "SILENT NIGHT"

Form IVc

PANAYOTA STYLIANOU

The sun has gone to his kingdom and night takes his place. The night begins to spread her black veil on the greyish sky. The first stars begin to twinkle in the sky and a dead silence falls everywhere.

All signs of the day disappear; the birds stop their beautiful hymns to the Creator and hide in their nests. The children stop their games in the fields and the farmers return from their work, waiting for the next day, before they again commence their labour of love.

Everything is quiet, as though afraid of the darkness and all the mysterious things of the night.

No wind is blowing and the trees do not move their huge branches, because they do not want to interrupt the silence. The waters of the small stream flow calmly, joining the mysterious silence.

The night continues in darkness and silence. The night-owls interrupt the silence with their flight.

Suddenly the moon — Queen of the night — appears on the far horizon, wearing her silver crown and spreading a silver light on the earth. She smiles for the silence. She is the best friend of all the sleeping creatures and the sea takes a silver colour and dances slowly before her.

The "Silent" Night is so mysterious. Every creature keeps the silence imposed by her queen.

A MARKET I HAVE VISITED

Form Vb

PAULINE WARD

One of the most striking markets I have ever seen is in Lourenco Marques. It is a large market covering about half an acre. Its wares are extremely colourful and fascinating and over the whole floats a spicy aroma.

The market is quite a way from the town, and we had to be directed by several policemen. The road goes through a poor section of the Indian quarters. There is a large Hindu School, and, at intervals, there are old-fashioned wells and pumps, to supply water to the inhabitants. These pumps are always busy and make a remarkable spectacle. The women are all in brightly-coloured dress and they queue up with calabashes and water pots. It is as though one were in another and more ancient age.

After passing these wells you arrive at the market itself. There is a white wall around it, with a small room at the gate. This is for the policeman on duty to watch over the market. There is an incessant squawking of chickens and the buzz of conversation. Just outside are bales of brightly-coloured cloth and the Indian traders shout and vie with each other for trade.

Inside the market are innumerable stalls of every possible ware. There was one of strange fruits, yellow and unlike anything I have ever seen. There were red fruits, too. I enquired the names, but I was told them in a native language. Next to these there were three women with machetas, cutting away the outer coverings of coconuts. They worked very fast and had huge mounds of coconuts by them. Sacks full of them were continually being brought to them and it took very little time to remove the husks of a sackful.

Next to these women was a large shed. In here were many varieties of fish. There were large flat

pieces of dried fish, shrimps, prawns, winkles and many other kinds. Strangely enough, the fresh fish did not smell, but the dried certainly did.

The biggest crowd was around the bangle stall. This was very brightly coloured, and such articles as belts, bangles, brooches, knives, scissors, balls, guns and peculiar toys were on display. They had most unusual things. There also seems to be great rivalry in scissors and knives as the amount of these for sale outnumbers anything else.

Then there are the vegetable stalls, the fruit stalls and the curry stalls. There are many different colours of curry, presumably of different strengths. There is a yellow curry, an orange one, a red and a brownish curry. They have a strong smell and one feels that one would like to try them all. Every vegetable and fruit monger has a different price for his wares and there is much rivalry amongst these stalls. There was a bread stall which had a delightful smell of hot bread around it.

Nearly all the stalls were selling the large type of red lucky bean, which is, I believe, the mahogany bean. The natives were eating them after they had been soaked in hot water. They did not look very appetising to us, but seemed to be a great delicacy to the natives. Many different types of nuts were sold and every Indian chewed betel nuts.

As well as the other smells, there was a definite garlic smell. This helped to create the cheerful and continental, if not oriental, atmosphere. Spinach was sold in large bunches and it seemed to be very popular.

Near one of the stalls was a piccanin seated on a box. He was about two years old, was well-built and was dressed in a pair of blue dungarees. He seemed to be having a wonderful game on this box. He was grinning to himself and crawling all over the box like a young puppy. We took a cine film of him, but his mother, like all the women, would not have her picture taken. They did not like the cine camera at all. To get any films we had to use the extra lens and take films sideways.

I think that this market is one of the most fascinating and, definitely, the most colourful one I have ever seen. I would readily go and see it again. It is so unusual that I cannot forget any of it.

ENTENDU DANS UN CAFE

Form Va

VALERIE SCHOFIELD

"Tu es très fortuné de posséder une telle beauté," dit l'homme râpé à la table voisine à son grand, beau compagnon. Je me trouve souvent à écouter les conversations d'autrui et celle-ci avait commencé avant que je me dressai les oreilles.

"Ses yeux sont aussi bleus qu'un ciel tropical; sa peau ressemble au satin crème; ses mains sont comme les papillons délicats; ses lèvres sont comme deux pimprenelles couchées sur la neige; ses cheveux d'ébène bouillonnent doucement sur les épaules, brillant de leurs bleues; elle a un charme exclusif et silencieux."

"En effet, elle semble une vraie déesse," dit son compagnon.

"Il est très amoureux," dis-je et je commençai à envier cet homme avec une amie aussi belle qu'une immortelle. Ainsi, quand il dit que la belle fille était dehors, dans son auto, je décidai de le suivre pour voir la beauté sans égale.

Je me hâtai par la porte du café et vit l'homme tirer de l'auto, un tableau d'une très belle fille.



Form IIb

CHARLOTTE MATTHEWS

RUSTLING NOISES

(Rhodes Essay Competition Prize-winner)

Form IIa

ALVERA HERSHEY

There is nothing like a solitary walk in the veld to arouse all your senses and deep emotions. To enjoy a walk of this sort is a rare experience and an art which takes some time to acquire.

To be able to interpret the sounds along those narrow, winding paths is an art in itself. The first step in this art is to collect one's nerves and not let one's imagination run away to create fantastic adventures.

I, myself, have often followed a crooked path around some bush or clump of grass and heard the dry grass rustle with the patter of small paws, and with every nerve a tingle have found myself very quickly reversed and running in the opposite direction.

To cure myself of this, I immediately forced myself to stop at the first sound I heard, and then to investigate the matter.

After several days in the veld, one soon learns to distinguish the difference between the noise of wind fanning the tall grass and the quick, sharp, hollow rustle of wind in a maize field. You learn the difference between the soft, gentle sound of fresh, green grass and the harsher rattle of dry twigs, these blown by the sudden whirlwind tearing through the bush. You recognise the crisp, clean sound of a raindrop falling on to the freshly-washed leaves after a refreshing

summer rain. You may even be lucky enough to hear the great trees moaning and complaining during a short fierce storm.

Perhaps you will hear the sudden movement of a hare or baby bunny. This sound is completely different from any other sound in the veld. A quick rustling, a short pause, a quicker movement and then a sudden scamper and the hare is away to safer ground.

Snakes are not a danger in the veld if they are not disturbed. You will probably be the only one disturbed, especially if you suddenly find yourself face to face with a sleeping puff-adder in the middle of your path. This is the time to listen to the noise he makes as he slinks into the dry grass, that is, if you have not already taken to your heels in terror. A snake moves in a smooth, rhythmic movement, and the sound which he makes is the same.

You may hear other rustles on your tramp. One day you might be rewarded for "braving the unknown." You may round a clump of grass on tip-toe and watch two turtle-doves, the one trying to impress his lover, little Miss Dove taking no notice whatsoever, until they both fly away, he having gained the victory -- this is your reward.

Let me warn you -- you might hear the sound of some animal chewing on a clump of grass around an ant-hill. It could be an impala or small deer, but do not be disappointed if it is a cow!

Those rustles in the veld are exciting and mystifying, but to hear and interpret them you must use your mind, senses, soul and body.

THE EMPTY SCHOOL

Form IIa1

CAROLE WHITEHEAD

It was December, and all the pupils were at their homes, eagerly anticipating Christmas Day. The teachers had gone to their families and all was silent in the school where seven hundred normally thronged daily.

The majestic gates at the entrance were closed, and the gritty gravel path lay unmolested. The quiet gardens were disturbed only by the shivering leaves in the trees, and the flowers bloomed unnoticed.

Inside the school all was desolate. The ink-stained desks, on which film stars' names had been scratched, were neatly ranged, row by row, before the shining boards on whose virgin surface no scratch had been made.

No deafening noise, chatter or the clattering of books was heard. The gay and flowing gossip was stilled, and the irate and domineering voices of angry teachers had vanished.

The long, cold passages were bare of stockinged legs, upon which were mounted the fat, thin, or slender forms of bustling schoolgirls.

The Marula tree in the quadrangle was no longer to see the gay breaks, with contented pupils screaming with laughter, nor was it to hear prefects trying, in vain, to arrange girls buying tuck in a neat, orderly line, so that the wizened old man who was in charge was not driven to distraction by the endless demands for "A bun, please, sir."

No, the school was empty now. Only the soft crooning of an ancient gardener was heard, the low whisper of the almost immobile trees and the dulled roar of a machine — oh, so far away.

Most weird were the notice-boards, empty in room after room. These boards, bitten to a pulp, almost, by the vindictive drawing pins, glared round the classrooms, devoid of illustrations, of Latin calendars, of timetables and of notices.

Nothing remained in the empty school — the irritating cupboard doors, which forever are swinging open, were shut, the equally irritating classroom doors were neatly fastened back.

Swinging sadly on an ancient flagpole, floated the Union Jack, seemingly so unnerved by the silence that it was trying its hardest to strangle itself.

Silence. Oh, hark, a voice whispered, "School starts next week."

Joy. The Marula tree visibly straightened itself. Strong and beautiful it stood in the morning sunlight, a symbol of man's everlasting struggle to lift himself from the level of animals to the glorious heights of unsurpassable intellect.

NONSENSE

Form IIIb

JOAN GORDON

*My heart is like a singing cat—
It contemplates the perfect rat;
It beats a tattoo 'neath my hat
And bounces like a Judo mat . . .*

*I'm dreaming of the golden moon
Where all good tabbies come to spoon—
They sit upon the wall and croon:
And dodge the neighbours' flying spoon . . .*

*I do assure you it's a lark—
Their caterwauls make mad dogs bark—
As in the silvery light they park
And sponsor cat fights in the dark . . . !*

*My heart is like a well-fed cat
That has imbibed the perfect rat:
And licks its whiskers (rat was fat)
Then purrs content upon the mat.*

THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT TO BEITBRIDGE

Form IIIa

DEIRDRE HAGELTHORN

The 16th May was a great day for the few inhabitants of Beitbridge as it was the day of the Governor's arrival. This day was eagerly awaited, and it seemed impossible that such a small place could have such an honour. The Governor, Sir Peveril William-Powlett and his wife arrived at the hotel where they had tea. The other people accompanying them were the Aide-de-camp, the lady secretary, his daughter and son-in-law.

That night a sundowner party was held in their honour at our house, where they had a chance to meet the people of Beitbridge. Although it was very formal, everything went off very well.

The following day we took them out to Fulton's Camp where the Indaba was to be held. Before going they had a quick cup of tea and then proceeded to the Indaba site. The natives were all assembled around a huge shady tree with all the chiefs sitting sedately in front. As the Governor stepped out of the "Austin Princess" all the natives cheered, and the police saluted him smartly. Dad made his speech of welcome and it was followed by the Governor's speech. These were both interpreted into Bevenda and then the native chief's speech was also interpreted into English. They then watched several different tribes each doing their own tribal dance, and with their gay clothes they certainly played their part very well. Before being escorted away, the Governor saluted the cheering natives once again. We then returned to the camp and sat on the sandy river bed for a cold picnic lunch.

That afternoon His Excellency and Lady Powlett left with my parents for Tuli, where they spent two days camping. Everything worked out very well as they managed to see game of all kinds. At dusk they sat on the banks of the Shashi River where they watched the game appearing out of the trees on the other bank and drinking from the water pools. They were very impressed, especially as the Governor is a keen photographer. Further down the river they managed to see crocodile, hippo and many different kinds of buck. While travelling across the river in the Land-Rover, they saw a half-eaten carcase of a buck which was surrounded by scavengers such as vultures and jackal.

On Sunday they went across the Shashi to see the old Tuli cemetery of the early pioneers and the old fort. They also looked over the new Shashi irrigation scheme. The following day was a day of rest.

The camp site, which had been like a forest before it had been cleared away had a large tent for the Governor and his wife, a large tent as the dining-room and smaller tents for the rest of the campers. It was not quite what we would have called camping as they had beds, carpets, tables, cupboards, dressing tables and other furniture in the tents, whereas we are used to sleeping under the stars in sleeping bags.

The first night two prowling lions caused a great deal of excitement and the game ranger was compelled to be very alert, as, because of the heat everyone had slept with tent-flaps wide open.

My parents enjoyed themselves very much and received a number of letters which they will keep in memory of those few days which they spent in the company of the Governor and his wife.

A VISIT TO AN AFRICAN VILLAGE

Form IIIa

WENDY BOWEN

Before my recent visit to Luveve, I honestly thought that what I had been told about African children, their schooling, and what they are like, had been very much exaggerated.

I had been told that African children loved school — that to keep them away from it was a terrible punishment. Not being quite as enthusiastic about school, I found this extremely difficult to believe, at one time. Not now, however, because the children at Luveve school were more keen, and proud of their work than I would have thought possible.

We asked them many questions such as whether they enjoyed school and what work they wanted to do when they left school. The class I visited was Standard Five, and the ages in that class ranged from thirteen to sixteen, but I noticed that they were doing English Grammar which we, in Standard Eight, did only in the first term of this year.

The African children asked us many questions and were very interested in the kind of work which we do. The Headmaster told us how few of the children could stay on after Standard Five. This is because of the inadequate number of senior schools for Africans. Before we left the school choir sang for us without any musical accompaniment at all. They sang more beautifully than I can explain and I was surprised to find that they are all taught music without a piano.

I must confess that I and a number of others left the school feeling quite ashamed of ourselves.

Next, we went to the hospital where we saw newborn babies and their mothers and other people who were ill. They were all very friendly and we asked them questions. We especially enjoyed asking the mothers what they were going to call their children, and noticed that they are using more and more European names, such as Peter and John. They seem to be especially fond of using names from the bible.

After thanking the sister for showing us the hospital, we went to the Reformatory school, where we were shown around by an African teacher called Melita Mayo, who spoke beautiful English. There were only six girls in the school and they all seemed quite contented. They sleep in a dormitory and clean and cook besides doing school work. They also sang for us and one of them had a lovely voice. In the dining room there were coloured tables and chairs and the staff had lovely bedrooms painted green and pink.

We also went to see the unfinished buildings of the college. There will be several hostels for boys and not as many for girls, but they are all big and the rooms are very spacious. The college is supposed to be an academic one, but the headmaster at the school said he thought they might make it a Technical College, because there isn't one for Africans in the whole of the Federation at the moment.

I came back from Luveve having enjoyed myself thoroughly, realising how very keen the Africans are to make the best of education and realising, also, that, whatever race and colour children are, we all have the same thoughts, ambitions and interests.

HOWLERS!

"We would go for a sail in a gondolier."

"Men hardly ever wear colourful things like women."

We would do statue dancing, illiteration and spot dancing (Apologies to "Alice").

Hastings was made an enzyme in the army.

WINTER DAYS IN SCOTLAND

Form IVa

MARGARET MACLEOD

I remember most vividly the place of my birth on the sea-washed shores of an island off the west coast of Scotland. I remember, too, the jagged bays into which the fishermen of the island would cast their nets in order to haul a good catch or roam far out to sea on the frosty mornings in fish-smelling trawlers. I remember the way the daisies and buttercups used to quickly fade away and die when winter's killing frost descended.

When I got home from school in the afternoons in winter, when it was almost dark, I used to be fascinated by the sound of the roaring waves on the shore. Sometimes, when the day was fast withering, I would wander off, as in a dream, along the high and foreboding cliffs of which I had heard so much from my father and my adventure-loving friends. In winter time there was no calm sea. The waves would rise to many feet and then plunge, as if to their doom, lashing themselves against the coarse sand and shingle. It looked so fierce and determined and always reminded me of the story my mother had once read to me of "Beauty and the Beast". I thought the sand was "Beauty" and the sea "Beast".

On winter days, when the schoolchildren came home, they used to play football or, if the day were stormy, they went indoors and hung around their mothers' apron strings, irritating her so much that she wished it were eight o'clock when she could hustle them off to bed. There was a young lad in the village where I lived who was several years older than the others and who often invited all the children to come along to his barn and there he would teach them some Latin or French. The young ones enjoyed this and in the end their fathers had to come to drag them away.

Often on winter days I used to go for a walk along the mountain sides and sometimes sit down there and survey the green pasturelands, which were then turning to white under the softly-falling snow. On my journey homeward I would pass the village graveyard where I knew many of my ancestors slept but a childhood fancy made me turn and run for the shore, thinking that they would chase me for disturbing their peace, and I would return home by another route along the damp sand.

There was not much to do on winter days in Scotland. Everything was so barren that the men used to brood over their peat-fires and think of spring when they could put their cows into their pasturelands and let their horses romp about as they pleased. On stormy, windswept nights, when the wind whistled around the age-old houses, they used to tell their children exciting stories of bygone years and then, with a tear or two sparkling in their eyes, they would make their way upstairs to bed in silence.

When I left Scotland and came to sunny Rhodesia, I could not believe that in Rhodesia they had a very hot Christmas Day because I had always been so used to the snow falling on rooftops and the roaring peat-fires on which the turkey or chicken was roasted and on which the Christmas Pudding smelled delicious under a lid. Christmas was so exciting in Rhodesia, where the sun always shone and the birds chirped gaily. Both Scotland and Rhodesia have much beauty in winter and I still have not made up my mind which of the two countries I prefer.

SEEN IN THE SANDVELD

Form IIc1

KATHLEEN COCHRANE

The sky slowly turned from purple to dark grey. The wind howled among the trees and sent the ominous clouds piling into a thick bank. A far-off rumble was heard and jagged lightning seemed to tear the sky in half. Animals in the game reserve scampered to their shelters before the storm broke.

The wind died down — not a tree stirred, not a sound was heard. Suddenly the rain came down as the lightning flashed and turned everything as bright as day and a terrific clap of thunder made the forest rumble. The wind became a hurricane of destruction, uprooting small bushes and flinging them far off.

When the storm was at its height, the lightning struck a large tree. It heaved, groaned and fell, crashing to the ground, the noise echoing through the forest. The huge tree lay in the pouring rain, its years of growth lying useless, uprooted by mysterious, unfathomable elements.

After a long time the thunder grew fainter, the lightning did not strike so often and the rain ceased.

We watched the animals coming down to the drinking pool. The wart-hog, tail erect, came trotting boldly out of the scrub. A large koodoo and a shy ostrich watched the landscape cautiously and listened to every sound. The crocodile emerged from the water and opened wide his burnt-orange jaws as he slithered on to a rock. A few giraffe came to the edge of the water and bent down in their absurd attitudes to drink. Some large black crows flew down to the pool, croaking, talking and scolding in their own language. Smaller birds stirred in the old msasa trees.

Frogs slipped silently to their shadowy cool bed beneath the water.

The rains had broken; it was the end of desolation.

A CONTRAST — BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Form IIb

JOAN HILLS

One evening I decided to visit the ballet. I had not been for a long time and was particularly looking forward to this as it was one of my favourites, namely the tragic love story of Giselle.

While the overture was being played it seemed as if a spell had been cast upon me and I could do nothing but listen to the beautiful music that held me entranced. It seemed amazing that the young conductor could control that huge orchestra with the smallest gesture of his sensitive hands, making me imagine I was listening to the very music of Heaven played by a host of gentle angels.

As the lovely story of Giselle unfolded itself, I could think of nothing but how fairy-like the dancers were, how gracefully and without effort they danced, putting their whole heart into the story and making everyone in the auditorium sigh and share the Prince's despair when, having begged in vain for mercy from the cruel Queen of Wils, he was condemned to dance to his death. None of the dancers seemed real; they were as delicate and dainty as gossamer and could float away like tiny specks of white fleecy cloud before the slightest breeze.

As I left the theatre I was so intoxicated by what I had seen I did not realize where I was going until I was brought back to earth from an enchanted world

by the very unromantic noise made by a guitar, skiffle-board, a mouth organ and a squash-box. I had entered a park in which stood a dirty looking pavilion. To one side of it, on a raised platform, stood what I supposed was a band but after the orchestra at the ballet, the musicians looked as if they had descended from the moon and were invading the earth. On the platform was another man, dressed in blue jeans and dazzling shocking pink shirt and socks. He stood in front of a microphone and was raving about 'Purple People Eaters' and 'Hard-Headed Women.' He was accompanied by shrill, deafening screams, each of which sounded like an express train screeching through a tunnel. They came from a lot of rockin' rollin' fanatics who were jiving before him. They were dressed either in 'Stove Pipes' and 'Sloppy Joes' or very wide skirts. They were not only rocking and rolling but seemed to be leaping around like primitive people dancing war dances. The unfortunate girls were pulled through their partners' legs and thrown over their heads.

As this kind of dancing 'sent' them, I was also sent, but in a different manner. As they were sent to madness I was sent home.

That night when I was in bed I thought about the 'Rock 'n Roll' and ballet and after comparing the hilarious gangsters with the frilly ballerinas, I could not help liking the latter better. There was so much more in it and I was sure that the ballet would always last while the 'Rock 'n Roll' would eventually just fade out.



Form IIIa

SANDRA SCHOFIELD

MURDER IN THE GEOGRAPHY ROOM

(With apologies to St. Trinians)

Form IIIa

SANDRA SCHOFIELD

Agatha Crompt and Jezabel Tawn were two good friends who were pupils at St. Mecates. They were notorious even in that school and would do anything to get out of trouble. Of course, this could mean murder! (Nothing unusual at St. Mecates.)

The innocent pair were getting rather bored with school and especially with Geography lessons. Like all girls of their kind they sat in the very back desk during this lesson which they dreaded. They usually spent their time throwing ink-bombs, rubbers, pen-nib darts, pairs of compasses and bits of chewed paper at the Geography mistress' large grey bun which sat in an untidy heap a little to the left hand side of her head. She was so short-sighted that she could not see to the back of the class even with the aid of her inch-thick "pince-nez". By the end of a lesson she had quite an assortment of articles in her hair while the other ammunition had sailed past and stuck on or into the black-board.

Agatha and Jezabel hated Geography and whenever it was time for homework to be given out they would throw fits, choke, cough, scream, cry and finally . . . faint! In this way they escaped their homework and were carried off to the sick-room on stretchers, writhing like eels until Geography was over.

Alas and alack the dear teacher was not as innocent and unsuspecting as the pupils thought. The next time the two miscreants began their act, she drove the stretcher bearers out of the classroom and bolted the door. The poor girls tried convulsions, heart attacks, etc., etc., but nothing would move that solid-rock heart of the pitiless tutor.

The ill-fated girls had to face the horror of detention. The day came and the girls had a tricky plan worked out. They arrived at detention after everyone had left. They waited for the irate teacher to storm out of the classroom. Our friend, Agatha, stood outside while dear Jezabel swung like her forefathers from the window-rail. Teacher stormed back into the room. From outside the window a mouldy cabbage came hurtling in and hit the teacher on the back of the neck "Whack"! She pirouetted daintily round and poked her swan-like neck out of the window to find out what had caused the bombardment. She soon saw Agatha, who was not able to escape in time.

Meanwhile, still swinging upside-down from the rail, Jezabel had made a lasso after the style of Buck Jones, Kit Carson and Co. (Jez. is an ardent film fan!) Teacher was still leaning out of the window. The next thing that happened was that the lasso was pulled tight, teacher went blue and her eyelids fluttered like autumn leaves. She was hanged from the window rail!

Dusk drew near. Our friends dug a trench in the hollyhock bed. With a big bread-knife they sawed off the teacher's head and hid the body in their trench. It would not have been right for them to leave the head on as the body might have been recognised. In haste they put the head in a school satchel and carried it back to the Geography room. Here they took an old globe and cut it in half. This was the ideal hiding

THE STORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL

Form IIa1

ANNE WINTER

How he had hated it! Those years of fighting, of crowds, of noise, and stress and pain and horror. Those years in the prisoner of war camp, herded together with hundreds behind barbed wire.

From one of his fellow-prisoners he had heard of the space and warmth of Rhodesia. Through his friends' influence he was granted a farm there. The happiness of possessing this piece of land, this ground and bush and hills were his and the blessed quiet and peace and privacy that went with it.

Here on the river bank where there was a clearing he would build his rondavels, where he could sleep at last in peace and quiet; lulled to sleep by the murmur of the waters.

The one old inhabitant of the farm was a wrinkled old Matabele who lived in a kaia under an old thorn tree nearby. When he saw John removing the grass and weeds from the spot, he protested volubly but John understood very little and laughed at the old fellow's protests.

At last his rondavels were finished. He could leave his lodgings in town, leave all the noise and clamour of the city and sleep in peace. It was so restful lying in his bed listening to the murmur of the water instead of the dull throb of automobiles and seeing the stars and the silver moon instead of the blinding light of flickering neon signs. Soon John fell into a deep slumber.

Suddenly John stiffened in his bed. Blood-curdling yells, piercing cries of women, and children calling their mothers and the drumming of many bare feet running on the hard earth, filled the air. Terrified sheep bleated.

John dashed to the window. But there was nothing outside. He sat down on his bed; at last the terrifying noise was gone. But John could still hear the blood-curdling shrieks and cries. Wet with cold sweat he crawled back into bed, but he could not sleep.

Night after night he had the same terrifying experience until, desperate from lack of sleep, on the Saturday morning he visited his neighbour. Over tea he told his neighbour of his terrible nocturnal experiences. The neighbour, a sympathetic fellow, told him this story. In a village on the river bank had lived a beautiful young girl. Now a fierce young warrior had sought her hand in marriage but her father had refused him. The young man collected an army and raided the village, murdering its occupants and carrying off the young girl.

The terrible noises he had heard were made by the ghosts of these people reliving the terrible night.

place. They wrapped the head in lunch-paper and placed it neatly in the globe!

The girls soon spread the rumour that the teacher had left St. Mecates very suddenly. The following week the new Geography mistress arrived. During class she was not able to hold up the burdened globe. She fell and the globe clattered to the floor. The ghastly head was revealed and the guilty girls were conveyed to the headmaster.

"Tsk, tsks," he said. "You naughty girls! Please don't do such a thing again or I shall be obliged to smack you!"

THE BACK-SEAT DRIVER

Form Va

CYNTHIA SCHERMBRUCKER

Back-seat drivers can either be regarded as a help or a hindrance to road safety. In my opinion these nervous beings are instrumental in causing unnecessary accidents by their hysteria and screeches of fright.

I sympathise with the young person endeavouring to learn to drive. The unfortunate does not have to bear only with the unrequested advice offered by fond parents, but every occupant of the car announces his presence each time the learner exceeds the speed limit by a fraction of a mile. Nobody realises that the accused is a member of a fast-moving, adventurous world and a higher speed must result. Have these back-seat drivers forgotten how they went through stop streets, failed to notice robots or omitted to give various hand-signals?

I have my first driving lesson clearly in mind. My mother sat with her hands tightly clenched; my father patiently requested me not to start the car with the key off and my sisters peered over the top of the seat, shouting instructions until my head swam. I experienced my first case of back-seat drivers. A herd of donkeys was being driven ahead by an African piccanin and my father commanded me to reduce my speed. My mother informed me that I must change the gear and my maiden aunt, who had failed her driving test thrice, instructed me to apply the brakes. I found obedience almost an impossibility. I duly pressed the accelerator firmly downwards and all I saw in front was a tree. I felt for the brake, which fortunately was the nearest pedal near my right foot. The piccanin scuttled away in fright and the donkeys, braying loudly, stampeded to safety. The tree was not more than three inches from the front mudguard! By my own initiative, I had avoided sending a whole family into eternity. An awkward silence greeted my achievement. No one shook me by the hand or patted me on the shoulder. My back-seat drivers had failed me at an important stage in my car-driving career. I had received no word of commendation. Does an actor after a perfect performance bow before a silent audience? Even the least pretentious expects a half-hearted hand-clap or a (perhaps ironic) shout of "Well done, lad! We enjoyed the closing scene best of all!"

The back-seat driver must be an audience, not there to criticise only, but to applaud. His remarks must be constructive. It is not for him to make audible remarks in horror-stricken tones and yell at intervals, "My sainted amnt, we missed that kerb!" "For the love of Jehosophat steer the car round the corner, not under the knees of that stupid horse!" "By all that is holy, we are heading for the culvert!" "Oh, calamity, calamity!"

This affects the chicken-hearted driver and forces him to give in after the first effort. Fortunately the more dramatic-loving learner finds that this type of back-seat driver acts as a spur. The more frantic the oaths, the more virulent the curses behind him, the more he strives to cut the corner on two wheels instead of the recognised four. His whole being rises to the occasion. Like a rider spurring his horse, he plunges his foot madly on the pedal, and triumphantly thrusts his way between the vehicles with scarce an inch to spare. His roguish laugh answers the burst of anguish behind him. "This is Life!" he shouts above the roar of the engine.

The back-seat driver should now play another useful part. He should peer at intervals between the

fingers that cover his frightened eyes. His ears must be attuned to every passing noise so that he can give ample warning when a squad-car gives chase. Warnings are definitely his responsibility and it is here that so many fail.

They do not realise that the gleaming black car standing by yonder hedge has something vaguely suspicious about it. Why must a car lurk at that corner and attempt to camouflage its lines in the shadow of the trees? Too late comes the falsetto voice of the back seat driver quavering, "The police are after you!" The siren is already screaming behind, ordering the car to stop.

Fortunately, as one becomes a more experienced driver, the influence of the back seat driver lessens a great deal. One becomes experienced, too, in allowing the left ear to develop a hitherto unsuspected deafness. The face must assume the placid mask of the very deaf and if a back seat driver screams excessively loudly, look round mildly and point out some landmark that has gained one's interest. This method educates the back-seat driver and in the end he can save a nasty accident by shouting only when it is really necessary.

At this stage the back-seat driver is of immense value. He has learnt by now to lift his voice only when one is approaching a 100-ft. precipice, or when an express train is a few yards in front of the vehicle. His words come at an important moment of crisis. He has developed from an hysterical, temperamental critic into a seasoned veteran of travel, calm in judgment and cool in decision.

WHAT THE MOON SEES

Form III d

MEGAN HORNABROOK

The moon looks down on shining water. The moon looks down on still, dark forests. She sees the hare come out of her burrow to get food for her young. A sly fox she sees, a-creeping on helpless fowls. A tiny field mouse scampering about is unaware of a silent owl. The moon sees happy and sad things such as birth and death. The moon looks at the watch-dog asleep in his kennel, and the cat walking on silent feet. The moon may see a fairy ball, and the fairy people with golden slippers on their fairy feet. The moon shines on the sea and makes a silver pathway for you and me.

The moon looks upon gallant soldiers. She also sees lovers walking in a world of dreams. The moon peeps into moonlit windows and sees young babies in their young mother's arms. The moon dances across the world at night and sees the lights of many towns, the yellow, green, blue and red lights going on and off. She peeps into cars where lovers, kissing, smile on her and say: "Is the moon not bright tonight?"

The moon also sees the law-breaker at work and then the policemen who come running to catch him. The moon also looks upon the ships at sea. She sees the aeroplane flying in the deep blue sky. The moon lights the way for many people who have lost their way. The moon looks down on silver grasses which sway gently in the cool breeze. She sees young plants pushing through the rich, brown soil. Oh, I do love the Silver Lady who brightens up the sky at night!

On Choosing a Career at the Advanced Age of Seventeen

Form Va

ANNE CHAPPELL

(With deepest apologies to Mr. A. A. Milne's "Busy")

*I think I'll be a Teacher, I think it suits me well,
To walk about in cap and gown, to strut to stride to swell.*

*Perhaps I'll be an Air-Hostess? The uniform is cute,
You feel just like the heroine in a book by Nevil Shute.*

BUT

*Round about
And round about
And round about I peer,
At the moment desperate for a glimpse of that career.*

*I think I'll be a Secretary, the Right Hand to my Boss,
To whom the thought of losing me would be the direst
loss.*

*Or could I aim, in years to come, to be a Matron stout,
The terror of probationers; MY lamp would not go out!*

BUT

*Round about
And round about
And round about I peer,
At the moment desperate for a glimpse of that Career.*

*I dream I am an Actress — I find I dream so hard,
I wake up with my name in lights with that of Dirk
Bogarde.*

*Could I be an Author? My book would be a gem,
I'd sell the rights to "Woman" and the film to M.G.M.*

BUT

*Round about
And round about
And round my thoughts still prowl,
So that in desperation, I'll just have to ask Miss P --- ll.*

WINTER

Form IIIc2

R. BUNDOCK

One can always tell when winter has reached the doorstep, and when its icy fingers come in. The falling of the jacaranda leaves, leaving the tree stretching up its bare fingers to Mother Nature for pity and love; the carpets of dried leaves ready to be blown a little further at each gust of wind, the windy sheet from the east that draws tighter and tighter billowing and puffing, but dropping to get a gasp of air; bare, barren gardens, wanting warm sunshine, and dry grasses lying flattened out or shaking nervously with the cruel wind; black frost-bitten leaves tossing painfully, crying for warmth and shelter — all these are the symptoms of Winter.

The sheets on the lines and the shirts laugh and dance at the freedom they feel as they tug to get free from the line. "We would like," they shout and sing, "to be free like the birds in the air," and they billow and start dancing again.

But the birds are not free as they seem, for they are tossed on high like a ship on a stormy sea, and are robbed of their eggs by boys. They suffer from the feeling of hunger and thirst and the loss of their young as well.

Children dressed up in jerseys and coats huddle together like ewes and their lambs, or rush along with

the wind to collect a hat, a ribbon or a band that the cruel wind has snatched up as she passes.

But in the home, in the old log fire can be seen a bright yellow flame, which is so welcome to those cold little fingers and so kind to them all. The kitten, cosy and happy, is playing with the tail of the old sleepy dog, who is wisely watching it from the corner of one eye.

The room seems unknown to the bleak, cold winter that rages outside its doors. It does not feel the icy cold nip of the mind as it rushes past. Only the trees and the birds, tossed on high, can feel the wind as it rushes by, nipping at all that it passes.

A GUIDE'S VISIT TO SALISBURY

Form IVb

ANN MENGEL

During the evening of my first day home for the school holidays, I received an unexpected telephone call from my guide mistress. I had been chosen as one of the two guides in Matabeleland to attend the Governor's garden party, on Occupation Day, in Salisbury. It had been a complete surprise to me and indeed a great honour.

I had never been to Salisbury and a visit to the capital of the Federation roused my interest. Faith and I left Bulawayo on the Wednesday night train, excited about the visit ahead of us. The following morning we arrived in Salisbury at about a quarter to eight. Two ladies came to fetch us and took us to stay in Milton Park with some Salisbury guides.

After having a rather rushed breakfast, Faith, and two Salisbury guides, Jill and Merle, and I, went shopping so that I could see the town. We wandered around various shops, buying various things to take home as souvenirs of our visit.

I wanted to see Salisbury from a good vantage point, so we all went up the highest building, Trafalgar House, and had a wonderful, bird's-eye view of the country around us. That afternoon we went to the cinema to see "The Brothers Karamazov". It was an excellent film and well worth seeing.

The next morning we were up at an early hour preparing for the busy day ahead. At nine o'clock we went to the Central Park for a memorial service. The Governor, Sir William-Powlett and his wife, were there to lay a wreath in remembrance of the men who came up in the Column in 1887. Twenty-nine wreaths were laid around the cenotaph, and the beauty of the flowers added beauty to the plain but imposing monument.

I was asked to lay a wreath of blue and white flowers, in the name of the Girl Guides of Southern Rhodesia. It had been a short but very impressive service, and I am sure it made the many people present think of the hardships and danger the men of the Column had to face.

In the afternoon we went to the Governor's Lodge, in Highlands, to attend the garden party given to the children and grandchildren of the early settlers. Being the senior guide present, I had to serve tea at the main table.

Later in the afternoon His Excellency presented the George Cross for bravery, to two men. We had a very pleasant afternoon and all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. That evening Faith and I said goodbye to all our new friends, and at half past eight we were on the train bound for home after a very interesting and enjoyable trip.

MY YEAR AS HEAD GIRL

Form VIb

MARION McKENZIE

As I look back over the past year I realise that this year, which is almost at an end now, will always be one of the most memorable years of my life.

My year as headgirl has been a year of hard work and great enjoyment, and, in my opinion, has been a very successful year. Much of this success in the academic and sporting lines has been due to the unfailing interest and hard work of the staff and the school prefects.

One of the most important events which I can recall, and which took place at the end of the first term, on the 31st March, was the visit of the Governor, Sir Peveril William-Powlett, and Lady Powlett, to the school.

That day will be remembered by almost every girl in the school as an event never to be forgotten. I can still see how smart and proud the girls looked in their blue dresses, and how well the girls performed their national dances before the Governor. I have never heard the girls sing so well as they sang that day.

Another great success of this year was the performance of the school play, "Pride and Prejudice", which was produced by Mrs. Davies and which took place at the end of the second term. The play ran for three nights and each time it was performed the performance was better than on the night before.

During the past months the girls have been given first-class opportunities of widening their general

knowledge in the way of excursions. These excursions have taken parties to visit a sweet factory, Mpilo Hospital, Luveve, Cyrene and Inyati, which has been visited twice. In each case the girls have returned greatly impressed with their visits, and in many cases amazed at the little knowledge they had had of the places visited.

The girls were very fortunate in being shown over the new African hospital, Mpilo, before it was opened. They were amazed at the size and equipment of the hospital, and were given a very interesting talk on the hospital by Mr. White, the chief surgeon.

The trips to Inyati were also extremely successful and during the two expeditions the girls were taken around a native clinic, an African girls hostel and school.

Perhaps the greatest event of all which has taken place and is still taking place, was the starting of the building of the swimming bath and three new tennis courts. These tennis courts replaced the three that were pulled down in order to make room for the swimming bath. The swimming bath is due to be opened on the 15th November by Sir Roy Welensky and that day, in my opinion, will mark a great moment of achievement.

These are only a few of the events which have helped to make my year as head girl a most memorable one, and despite all the responsibilities entailed, I have enjoyed and valued the privilege of being head girl of Eveline.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT TO THE SCHOOL



DANCING DISPLAY DURING THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT

SCHOOL EVENTS

Seldom has the School enjoyed a year so full of exciting events. Our various activities, and they are many, have been carried on with more vigour than ever.

In February, we had an excellent talk on Conservation Day by one of the Government officers. These annual talks have surely borne fruit, for round about the school all things are new. There has been much activity in road making, terracing and planting of shrubberies, rockeries and grass. Besides a healthy growth of trees, we shall soon have pleasing, luscious lawns. A new block of buildings was opened in the first term. This houses the Commercial side of the School, the craft and needlework classes, besides giving us an extra kitchen for domestic science.

On Cecil Rhodes' birthday, some of the prefects attended the Memorial parade, held annually at the Statue in Main Street.

The highlight of the first term was undoubtedly the visit of His Excellency The Governor of Southern Rhodesia, and Lady William-Powlett. The School entertained the guests with a display of folk dancing in the Quad and community singing in the Hall. They spoke personally and individually to several of the girls, inquiring about their interests. His Excellency admired Angela Allen's painted history friezes of Rhodesia and Mary Jane Davies' portrayal of a sailor lad in the folk dancing. Girls and Staff carried away with them a clear-cut and unforgettable picture of two kind, understanding and gracious people, whose human interest in them heightened the existing respect and loyalty in which they are held.

The Folk-dancing Group was invited by the League of Student Parliamentarians to give a display in the Showgrounds on the 14th June. The folk dancers also entertained the Parent-Teachers' Association.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Cosens, who have been so kind and helpful to our tennis teams, showed them some excellent films which were most interesting. To them we offer our grateful thanks.

We had the good fortune to win several awards at the Eisteddfod in July. Jonée Sierra won the Cambrarian Cup for the best singer at the Festival and Angela Allen was awarded the highest place in the Art Section. The Choirs received enthusiastic praise. The Senior Choir sang at the P.T.A. meeting in July.

The School play was presented on the 1st and 2nd of

August, "Pride and Prejudice" was chosen, and proved to be an outstanding success, receiving high praise from the critics.

There was an exhibition of art, craft and needlework at Open Day on the 8th August. This proved most popular, and hundreds of parents and friends came to admire and remained to tea.

In September, we were given the privilege of listening to a most accomplished violinist from England — Irene Richards. We hope we shall hear her again.

Jane Visser, an Eveline pupil, has had the honour of being chosen as one of the three soloists at the twenty-first birthday symphony concert given by the Bulawayo Municipal Orchestra in the City Hall.

An innovation this year has been the morning excursions to African reserves and villages. The Post-Certificate class was invited to the opening of the Mpilo Government Hospital by the surgeon, Mr. White. This was followed by a visit to Thabazinduna, where the Seniors saw St. Richard's School at work. Two months later, Mr. Inskipp, Native Commissioner, arranged an outing to Inyati. We are very grateful to him for his interest. The Art Classes visited Cyrene and over one hundred girls from all grades of Form III travelled in buses to Luveve Village to see what is being done for the African population.

The usual social and sporting fixtures with other schools have taken place. Senior girls have visited Plumtree on several occasions and enjoyed "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the school dance.

The more serious side was the visit of Dr. Adams, Principal of the University in Salisbury, Professors McKenzie and Parker, and Mr. Angus, the Registrar, who came to interview prospective candidates from the sixth form.

The Rotary Club invited ten school leavers to their luncheon in the City Hall; previously only the Head girl or boy from each school attended.

The Post-Certificate class has been privileged to hear talks given by Mr. R. Powell, Mr. K. Lawson and Mr. Garfield Davies. Mr. Powell spoke on the Land Husbandry Act, Mr. Lawson gave an informal account of his life at Oxford University and in the South of France, while Mr. Garfield Davies spoke about the "Atoms for Peace" conference which he attended in Geneva.

The Visit of His Excellency The Governor of Southern Rhodesia

On the arrival of the Governor and Lady William-Powlett, they were taken to inspect the Domestic Science Room and the Art Room. From the photographs that were taken, and from the things we were told by the girls who were there, they were extremely interested in everything and spoke to many girls.

While the inspection of the Art Room took place, we all filed on to the verandahs around the quadrangle. In the quadrangle there were tables and chairs for the teachers, shielded by colourful umbrellas. Two huge bowls of dahlias added to the colourful scene.

There was an expectant hush over everything when the Governor and Lady William-Powlett came into the quadrangle. When they were seated at the table under the large tree in the centre, the dancing began. As the Governor was a sailor, a little story was brought into the dances to add a nautical touch. The attractively dressed dancers, wearing symbolical costumes, danced four dances from different European countries.

In the break we had after the dances, while the Governor had tea and met the staff, all the girls who

had spoken to the Governor were eager to tell us what he had said. Lady William-Powlett had also shown a great interest in the work going on, and had spoken to many girls.

After break we all went to the hall. There, with the visitors watching from the stage, we sang community songs. The songs were an ideal choice as we enjoyed singing them, and it was obvious that our visitors enjoyed listening to them.

Miss Powell gave a speech of welcome to the Governor and his party after the singing, and told him some interesting things about the school. The Governor did not speak long, but his speech was very inspiring and, because it was short, we remembered it. He complimented us on the dancing, and added a humorous touch by saying that if all the girls in the ports were as attractive as these girls, he was sure that his aide-de-camp would want to go back to sea again. He also spoke of the country's need for educated women. Then he asked Miss Powell if we could have a holiday. Miss Powell agreed and he left us all in a very jubilant mood.



SOME OF THE CAST OF "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"



CAST AND HELPERS OF "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

"Pride and Prejudice", the school play which was so successfully produced by Mrs. Davies ran for three nights and for the first time we had, in addition to the afternoon dress rehearsal, another performance, mainly for the schools, which started at half-past six in the evening. This was a great success.

We have to thank Miss Henderson, Miss Savory and Mrs. Sinclair for the very beautiful costumes, as well as all the other members of staff who helped behind the scenes, and in the arrangement of business matters connected with the play.

We were very sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Rowland, who left us at the end of the first term, to go to Chaplin School. Miss Rowland's work back-stage was greatly appreciated and we missed her cheerful help. Her place as stage manager was ably filled by Miss Wilby. The costumes and set designed by Miss Lacy, assisted by some of the senior art pupils were greatly admired.

Our final thanks go to our producer on whose work the success of the play depended.

M. McKENZIE.

DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Mrs. C. Davies

Chairman: Judith Jordan

Secretary: Vyvian Calver

Members of Committee: Sally McNeil and J. Swart

Despite the fact that there are so many other active societies in the school, and that the same girls seem to take a leading part in these various activities, it is gratifying to note that the Debating Society was supported enthusiastically by the girls throughout an exceptionally active year.

The first debate which was held was a "Balloon Debate". Eight characters pleaded for their lives, some of them quite seriously and others in a lighter tone. "Jayne Mansfield" and "Elvis Presley" provided the amusement, and "Mr. Presley" managed, by a large majority, to win the parachute.

We then had a debate with Milton in the Alan Welsh Hall where V. Calver and A. Chappell spoke for the motion "That films have a bad effect on modern youth", and G. McLean and R. Anderson spoke against it. The boys put forward a much more convincing argument, and won by an overwhelming majority.

At the beginning of the second term we had a "Hat Debate" in which about 25 girls spoke for two minutes on a variety of subjects. It was encouraging to notice how many girls attended this meeting and how many took an active part: once they had overcome their initial shyness many became quite eloquent.

During "Youth Week" an Inter-School's Quiz Competition was held in our hall, and Eveline was represented by Vyvian Calver, Sally McNeil and Judith Jordan.

In the third term a "Twenty Questions" evening took place at Milton, and it proved to be our most successful venture.

The Debating Society should be one of the most important school societies, because it is essential for any well-educated person to be able to express himself adequately in public, and I hope that next year our society will take an even more prominent part in the life of the school.

VYVIAN CALVER.

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"

Form Va

VALERIE SCHOFIELD

It was unanimously agreed by all who saw the school production of "Pride and Prejudice" that it was one of the most lively productions ever given by the Eveline Senior Dramatic Society.

Dorothy Keet and Crystal Collins were outstanding as Elizabeth Bennett and D'Arcy respectively. The former gave a lively and intelligent interpretation of this self-confident girl and, as the proud aristocrat, Crystal showed all the supercilious airs for which the character is famous.

The part of Jane Bennett, the pretty, kind and uncomplaining elder sister, was taken by Sara Isaacs. She acted this charming character in just the right manner, so that, by the end of the play, everyone loved Jane Bennett.

Mary-Jane Davies, as Lydia, romped through her scenes with convincing silliness and girlish giggles and was very evidently her mother's favourite daughter.

Most of the humour in the play arises from the conversations between the intolerant and clever Mr. Bennett (Pauline Ward) and his stupid wife (Sally McNeil). Sally made the most of these opportunities. It takes an intelligent understanding to put forward a successful interpretation of a person as stupid as Mrs. Bennett.

Jackie Swart, as Mr. Bingley, played her part with the pleasant manners and true aristocratic gallantry of the typical Jane Austen "pleasant young man".

Although the part of Lady Catherine de Bourgh is not a major one, Judith Jordan gave an excellent portrayal of this character, having obviously studied and analysed with care the character of this insultingly haughty woman.

Anne Chappell must be complimented on the fact that the snobbish airs of Miss Bingley, which she reproduced so well, earned her the dislike of every member of the audience.

In her portrayal of the fat, complacent Mr. Collins, Cynthia Schermbrucker, in her first stage performance, showed us how successful a girl can be in a rather difficult male part.

The minor characters cannot all be mentioned individually but special commendation should be given to Sue van der Linde as the commonsensical, plain, Charlotte, to Trudy Botha as the fickle Mr. Wickham, to Dorothy Lowenstein as the "catty" Lady Lucas and to Elaine Spence as the completely soldierly Colonel Fitzwilliam.

Congratulations are due to Miss Lacey and her helpers for the most effective scenery and costume designs and to Miss Henderson and other members of the staff who proved such skilful needlewomen.

All Mrs. Davies' endeavours to make the play a success were by no means in vain for her almost flawless production of "Pride and Prejudice" will not be forgotten by those who were privileged to see it and will set a high standard for all future productions of the school dramatic society.

S.C.A. GROUP

This group has met regularly every Friday and it is most gratifying that the number of girls interested in this society has increased to about 20 who attend regularly. We thank Miss Smeeton for her help and kindly guidance.

STAFF NOTES

It is all too often the sad duty of the magazine to record the departure of members of the staff. In this issue we must bid farewell to seven, all of whom leave a gap that is hard to fill.

Mrs. Robert Sibson (Miss Willie) served Eveline for eighteen years: we miss her never-failing help and cheerfulness. Just before her marriage in August, she acted as Headmistress while Miss Powell was on leave.

We wish her all happiness at Townsend School, where she is in charge in the Science Department. Miss Gwinnell has decided to exchange Matabeleland for Mashonaland and will teach Latin at Goromonzi when she returns from England. She endeared herself to many by her dry humour and it is with deep regret that we must say goodbye to her. Mrs. Bacon was transferred to the Salisbury High School as her husband is in charge of the Polytechnic. Her profound knowledge of book-keeping was a source of inspiration and comfort to the commercial classes.

Miss Rowland also left on transfer to Salisbury. In her comparatively short stay with us, she made many friends; so did Mrs. Marais (Miss Brewer) who is now teaching at Milton Senior School. We wish Miss Savory good fortune in her new life at Umtali High School.

Congratulations to Mrs. Angus and Mrs. Kibel on the birth of their daughters — future Eveline pupils, perhaps!

We welcome several new members of staff. Miss Clews came to us from a distinguished career in Coventry; Miss Cadman came on a year's interchange in place of Miss Gwinnell. We hope they have enjoyed their stay with us. Miss Irish joined the music staff and we are glad to see Miss Sorour back. Mrs. Good came in Mrs. Angus' place during the second term. Miss Dodds and Mrs. White have given us most sorely-needed assistance in the Science department while Miss Lacey came to take Mrs. Kibel's place in the Art department. Miss Reoch is a newcomer in the Domestic Science group.

We also welcomed back from leave Miss Harvie, Miss Wandby, Miss David, Mrs. Winter and Mrs. F. Sibson, all much refreshed. We extend a big thank you to Miss Morris for so generously filling the position of Superintendent of McIntosh at short notice. Miss Zachs was taken seriously ill; we offer our good wishes for her complete recovery.

Eveline had the excitement of three staff weddings this year. Stella Sibson was married in London to Mr. Peter Hodson; Miss Saunders to Mr. O'Shea at White River and Miss Trenent to Mr. Waters in Bulawayo.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Howarth have almost recovered from their serious accidents.

To all members of the staff who are going on leave at the end of the year we give our best wishes. We hope they will return brimming over with new ideas and plans.

PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

Committee:

President: Miss W. M. POWELL

Chairman: Mr. J. DONKIN

Secretary: Mrs. S. MARGOLIS

Treasurer: Mr. W. B. DAVIES

Members: Mesdames E. CROZIER, E. WRIGHT and C. KNOWLES; Messrs. R. G. CHAPPEL, J. KATZ and J. C. HANNEFORD.

This has been a most successful year and many parents have attended the meetings and have enjoyed meeting their children's teachers.

In April Mr. Lee-White kindly showed us the colour film he took of the Governor's visit to the School, and this was followed by a display in the quadrangle of the folk dancing which had been arranged for the Governor's visit.

A most enjoyable evening was spent in July listening to the musical items which had been given first-class awards in the local Eisteddfod.

On December 8th we are to have the very great pleasure of hearing once again some excerpts from "The Messiah", presented by the School choir, trained so ably by Mrs. Dawes.

A great number of parents have attended functions in the School such as the production of the School Play and Open-Day, and are fully aware of the fact that their daughters are privileged to attend one of the best schools in the colony. Our thanks are due to Miss Powell for her indefatigable enthusiasm and her interest in every child in the school and to the members of her staff, who support her so loyally.

Your committee has decided to show their appreciation in a tangible form by collecting for a bursary fund. Several parents have already made donations to this fund and we hope that many more will do so.

We wish to thank the members of the Swimming Bath Committee for their great work. The School Swimming Bath has been completed and by the time these notes go to press will have been opened by Sir Roy Welensky.

We would urge all parents to attend the meetings of this Association and to take an active and constructive interest in the affairs of the School.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

At the beginning of the year Mr. Powell gave us a very interesting talk on Kariba and showed us a film.

In the second term some junior members of the society heard a very authoritative talk on "snakes" given by Mr. Broadly. This talk was made memorable by the fact that the girls were allowed to handle some living specimens.

Recently Mr. Barbanell of The Milton showed us two films about the Schools' Exploration Society's trips to the Zambesi and the Mateki Hills. His talk on the general routine and organisation of such expeditions was very interesting and made us all envy the boys. There is obviously a great demand for a similar society to organise such trips for girls.

INYATI TOUR

One of the most interesting and enjoyable expeditions undertaken by the Post-Certificate class this year was the tour of Inyati arranged for us by Mr. Inskipp, Native Commissioner.

The only "flying-doctor" in the Federation, Dr. P. Evans, who is in charge of a vast area, showed us the clinic where we saw some very interesting cases which made us realise what splendid work is being done by such clinics and how frustrating it must be to be restricted by lack of funds and ignorance.

After tea at the Sports Club we visited the kraal which had been arranged to look as if the Africans were still living in the past untouched by European civilisation. Here we met the chief and his wives and, most interesting of all, a very old man, Ginyilitshe, who was Lobengula's praisemaker.

Mr. Inskipp spoke to us at lunch time about the Land Husbandry Act and told us some of the difficulties of implementing that act in Matabeleland.

The visit to Inyati Mission in the afternoon took us to the Girls' Hostel, the school and the historic site of the foundation of the first mission station in Rhodesia. Mr. Smith, the headmaster of the school, told us about the early history of the mission.

We must thank Mr. Inskipp for arranging such an interesting programme and all those who received a host of visitors with such friendly hospitality.

GUIDE NOTES

The School Guide Company started off very well this year with a practically full company. Since then it has dwindled and there have been only two enrolments this whole year, Thelma Boyce and Jean Forrest.

Second Class badges have been gained by Margaret Buckley and Jean Morrisby who are now Patrol Leaders.

Others who have gained this are Elizabeth John, Zena Walker and Myrtle Stowe. Zena Walker has also gained her Child-nurse Badge. Alfreda Hellmuth has gained her Laundress Badge and Christine Hellmuth has gained both Child-nurse and Laundress badges. There are now seven girls in the Company working for First Class badges.

The Company is very pleased to have Miss Smeeton as their Lieutenant as we have not had one for some time. The Court of Honour has met once a term to discuss Company matters. The Company sent a generous donation of dolls' clothes to the Red Cross Fete.

The Company provided two Colour Parties for the large Thinking Day Parade which all Guides and Brownies in Bulawayo attended. This year it was held in the Drill Hall.

This year certain members of the Company had the privilege of taking part in the "Youth in Action" night during Youth Week. Some of them also went to the Training Night, which took the form of an indoor campfire in the Guide Hall. Some members of the Company also attended the Scout Party which was a very enjoyable evening, and the Cub Rally.

During the month of July nine Guides went for a six-mile expedition to Government House. This was enjoyed immensely. Previously they had been to the Hillside Dam for a practice. Near the end of July the Company held its annual camp on the Sander's plot near the Hillside Dams. Once again this was thoroughly enjoyed.

The Company hopes to have a number of keen recruits next year.

ROSEMARY LEEDS.

MUSIC NOTES

The musical side of our school life continues to thrive. As well as Symphony Concerts, large parties of our girls have attended recitals by Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano, and Pierino Gamba, pianoforte. A violin recital was given to the whole school by Irene Richards, and a joint recital by Mr. and Mrs. R. Thorn, violin and pianoforte, all of which were very much enjoyed.

The Eisteddfod in the second term attracted a large number of entries in both Instrumental and Vocal Sections. Though results on the whole were good, we should not be satisfied with second-class results. Given a little more polish and attention to detail, together with a really intelligent use made of practice periods, we feel that first-class results will be within the reach of many more entrants. We were very pleased that the Bulawayo Cambrian Society's Cup for the most promising girl singer under 18 years, came to the school for the second time, and we congratulate the winner, Jonée Sierra.

This year for the first time, the Bulawayo Municipal Orchestra has held auditions of young local instrumental players. The School has the honour of having one of its most promising pianoforte pupils chosen to play part of a Beethoven Concerto, with the Orchestra, on November 18th. We congratulate Jane Visser on being chosen, and also her teacher, Mrs. Thorn.

During the past few months we have established the nucleus of a library of long-playing records on Musical Appreciation. Our next task is the establishment of a Music Library. Should any past pupils of the school feel the urge to contribute either books or records, they will be most gratefully received. Among our records are those of the operas: "The Magic Flute", and "Dido and Aeneas", the vocal scores of which we should very much like to possess. Owners of unwanted copies of these please note.

We would remind readers that it is possible to take violin and 'cello lessons at the school. We can even lend would-be students violins and 'cello's if necessary.

At the time of going to press, Senior Choir is busy rehearsing Ernest Reed's arrangement for 3-part voices, of "The Messiah", and both Senior and Junior Choirs are busy rehearsing Carols for the annual Carol Concert given by the Schools in December.

Before concluding these notes, I should like to urge all Teacher Training Candidates to take pianoforte lessons as soon as is possible. The ability to play simple tunes is a most useful accomplishment and one that is very necessary to all potential Kindergarten and Junior School Teachers.



SENIOR EISTEDDFOD CHOIR

Back Row (left to right): U. BROOKSTEIN; D. LAUGHTON; B. BANKS; J. STOLTZ;
J. VAN WYK; D. MARSBERG; R. MARRIOTT; A. CROZIER.

Middle Row (left to right): J. GORDON; J. SIERRA; T. BOTHA; J. SWART;
S. MANTLE; E. SPENCE; V. CRUIKSHANK; J. HOPWOOD; D. VAN RENSBURG.

Front Row (left to right): E. SWANSON; J. VAN RYNEVELD; D. WILLIAMS;
H. MILLAR; M. J. DAVIES; S. McNEILL; J. MITCHELL; J. VISSER; J. ALPORT;
P. ANDREWS.



LANGDON HOUSE

It was with real regret that we said goodbye to Miss Sibson at the end of last year on the occasion of her marriage. We miss her cheery humour. Mrs. Little left us at the same time and we congratulate her on the birth of a daughter. We welcome Miss Sorour and Miss Irish in their places and hope that they will be very happy with us.

ASSOCIATED BOARDS THEORETICAL EXAMINATIONS

Grade II: J. Blowers, J. Maurice—Honours.
Grade V: E. Nel—Merit; J. Visser—Honours.

PRACTICAL

Grade I: G. Davies—Merit.
Grade IV: C. Marais, J. Buehler.
Grade VII: J. Visser—Merit; B. Emery.
Grade VIII: V. Cruickshank.

BULAWAYO EISTEDDFOD, 1958

Pianoforte:
Class 5: Y. Seligman—1st Class.
Class 6: E. Windell—3rd Class.
Class 7: J. Visser—1st Class; B. Emery, H. Wright—2nd Class; I. Dugmore—3rd Class.
Class 8: M. Steyn, E. Golub, T. Botha, V. Cruickshank—2nd Class.
Class 14 (Duets): J. Visser, B. Emery—1st Class.

Class 18 (Duets): T. Botha, V. Cruickshank — 2nd Class.

Class 57: J. Visser—1st Class; E. Golub, V. Cruickshank—2nd Class.

Class 61: J. Visser, V. Cruickshank—1st Class; M. Steyn, T. Botha—2nd Class.

VOCAL

Class 70—Solo:

J. Beattie, J. Gordon, J. Sierra, J. van Ryneveld—1st Class; B. Banks—2nd Class.

Class 97—Duet:

U. Brookstein, J. Sierra—1st Class.

Class 94—Sight:

C. Marais, R. Steyn—2nd Class.

Class 95—Sight:

V. Cruickshank—1st Class; E. Golub, M. Steyn, J. Visser—2nd Class.

Class 112—Choirs:

Form III Choir—1st Class.

Class 113—Choirs:

Senior Choir—1st Class.

Bulawayo Cambrian Society Cup for most promising girl singer under 18—Jonee Sierra.

Brittain Cup:

Progress Shield:

Perry Cup:

HOUSE NOTES

HOUSE	STAFF	HOUSE PREFECTS	ACHIEVEMENTS
ATHLONE Head: Mrs. SIBSON Captain: J. SIERRA	Mrs. WINTER Mrs. HOWORTH Mrs. SMITH	J. GREENWELL C. KANTOR P. SPALLE N. YATES-SMITH	J. CONRADIE: Matabeleland Finals, Under-15 "A" Team, Tennis and Hockey M. CONRADIE: Matabeleland Finals, Under-15 "A" Team, Tennis and Hockey N. MACDONALD: Under-15 "A" Team, Tennis and Hockey C. SIMS: Swimming Team, 2nd Hockey Team A. YATES-SMITH: Swimming Team D. VAN RENSBURG: 1st Hockey Team N. ZLATNER: Under-15 Tennis Team J. SIERRA: Cambrian Cup (Eisteddfod)
BUXTON Head: Miss ROWLAND (1st Term) Mrs. DAVIES (2nd and 3rd Terms) Captain: M. PASS	Mrs. BOTHA Mrs. GOOD Miss SEROUR	M. TIPPING M. J. DAVIES D. RYWIN	PEARL CARPENTER: Swimming Relay Cup, 1957 M. PASS: 1st Netball Team, 2nd Tennis Team P. CLEMINSHAW: 1st Swimming Team, Swimming Colours, Matabeleland Swimming Team, 1st Hockey Team, Star Gym Team, Intermediate Swimming Cup, 1957 C. SCHERMBRUCKER: 1st Tennis Team, Runner-up Under-18 Matabeleland Singles, Winner Under-18 Mixed Doubles B. SCHERMBRUCKER: 1st Tennis Team F. LEVIN: 2nd Tennis Team L. STOWE: 2nd Hockey Team, Reserve Star Gym Team G. MACMEEKING: 2nd Hockey Team A. SCHERMBRUCKER: Under-15 Tennis Team R. FINKLESTEIN: Under-15 Tennis Team M. J. DAVIES: Rhodes Trustee Essay Prize M. J. DAVIES: Art Eisteddfod Award, Literary Eisteddfod Award L. DUNBAR: Art Eisteddfod Award E. GOLUB: Eisteddfod Music Award B. SOLOMON: Eisteddfod Needlework Award L. STOWE: Eisteddfod Needlework Award J. HOPWOOD: Eisteddfod Literary Award
CONNAUGHT Head: Miss WILBY Captain: J. ROOMER A. CHAPPELL	Miss DAVID Mrs. BRADLEY Miss CLEWS Mrs. DONKIN	A. GRACIE D. KEET S. ISAACS	A. CHAPPELL: Rhodes Literature Essay Prize, Hancock English Prize A. GRACIE: 1st Hockey Team
GLADSTONE Head: Miss HORN Captain: E. COHEN	Mrs. DAWES Mrs. WATERS Miss TYSON Mrs. O'SHEA	M. McKENZIE H. DU PLESSIS R. MARRIOTT	M. McKENZIE: Markova-Dolin Medal G. DE VOS: Eisteddfod Art Award I. STYLES: Eisteddfod Art Award D. CHIVERS: Eisteddfod Art Award, Eisteddfod Art and Craft Award A. CHIVERS: Eisteddfod Art and Craft Award J. VISSER: Eisteddfod Piano Award M. STEYN: Eisteddfod Piano Award J. GOLDSCHMIDT: 1st Hockey Team, Matabeleland Team Swimming Team E. HEISTEIN: 2nd Hockey Team



McINTOSH HOUSE



NORTHWARD HOUSE

HOUSE NOTES—Continued

HOUSE	STAFF	HOUSE PREFECTS	ACHIEVEMENTS
LANGDON Head: Miss WAUDBY Captain: D. MARSBERG	Miss WELLINGTON Miss MASTIN Miss SMEETON Miss WINNICOTT Miss CADMAN	B. STEVENS L. SMITH G. WEST L. HARDY W. JONES M. GORDON N. WEBSTER	INTER-HOUSE ROUNDERS CUP INTER-HOUSE TENNIS CUP (1957) RUNNERS-UP FOR NETBALL CUP RUNNERS-UP FOR HOCKEY CUP W. JONES: 1st Hockey Team A. MICKLESFIELD: 1st Hockey Team, 1st Tennis Team, Matabeleland Junior "A" L. DU TOIT: 1st Hockey Team, 1st Matabeleland Team "B" D. HAGELTHORN: 2nd Hockey Team G. STEVENS: 2nd Hockey Team S. TERBLANCE: 2nd Hockey Team D. MARSBERG: 2nd Hockey Team, 1st Tennis Team (1st Term), 2nd Tennis Team (3rd Term) J. GORDON: 2nd Tennis Team J. VAN RYNEVELD: 2nd Tennis Team M. SIMPSON: 2nd Tennis Team (3rd Term) S. WRENCH: Under-15 Hockey Team C. CLACK: Under-15 Hockey Team, Under-15 Tennis Team M. STOWE: Under-15 Netball Team J. VAN NIEKERK: Under-15 Netball Team M. VAN WYK: Under-15 Netball Team B. STEVENS: English Scholarship, awarded by Eveline Old Girls' Association
McINTOSH Head: Miss TRENENT (1st Term) Miss MORRIS (2nd and 3rd Terms) Captain: S. McNEILL	Miss SAVOURY (left 2nd Term) Miss PROCTER Miss DODDS Miss IRISH Miss REOCH	J. ALPORT E. SPENCE P. GULLICK R. MEYER R. JAMES J. SWART V. CRUICKSHANK	S. McNEILL: 1st Hockey Team, Eisteddfod Speech Awards, Ellis Wright History Prize, Selous Memorial Essay Prize V. CRUICKSHANK: 1st Hockey Team, Hockey Colours, Matabeleland "A" Hockey, 1st Tennis Team, 1st Swimming Team, Star Gym, Eisteddfod Music Awards J. ALPORT: 1st Netball Team (Captain), Athletics' Captain, Star Gym Team, 1st Swimming Team E. SPENCE: Swimming Captain, 1st Tennis Team, 2nd Netball Team R. MEYER: 2nd Tennis Team, 2nd Hockey Team B. BANKS: 2nd Hockey Team, Eisteddfod Singing Awards L. DUGMORE: Eisteddfod Music Award C. COUPE: Star Gym Team J. MORRIS: Star Gym Team, Diving Team D. WILLIAMS: Under-15 Swimming Team A. HERSLEY: Rhodes Trustee Essay Prize J. McNEILL: Under-15 Hockey Team C. MATTHEWS: Under-15 Hockey Team V. CUNLIFF: Under-15 Netball Team A. SCOTT: Under-15 Netball Team L. EVERARD: Under-15 Tennis Team, Eisteddfod Art Award B. MORRIS: Under-15 Swimming Team S. CHANDLER: Eisteddfod Art Award S. FLUNDER: Eisteddfod Art Award Z. FOURIE: Eisteddfod Art Award, Form I Tennis Team J. COUPE: Form I Hockey Team M. NEL: Form I Hockey Team
NORTHWARD Head: Miss HARVIE Captain: V. INSKIPP	Miss HENDERSON Miss OSLER Miss DERHAM Miss LACEY Miss HANDS	V. COLVER P. RIXON-FULLER L. LADBROOK T. BOTHA M. QUALLY A. ALLEN J. VAN WYK	INNER-HOUSE HOCKEY CUP INTER-HOUSE NETBALL CUP P. RUXON-FULLER: Games Captain, 1st Hockey Team, 1st Tennis Team, Captain Matabeleland Junior Hockey Team, Rhodesian Junior Hockey Team, Athletics' Team, Star Gym Team V. CALVER: 1st Hockey Team J. VAN WYK: 1st Netball Team, Netball Colours A. ALLEN: 1st Netball Team, Netball Colours, Athletics' Team, Star Gym Team M. QUALLY: 1st Netball Team E. SWANSON: 1st Netball Team, Athletics' Team, Star Gym Team V. INSKIPP: 2nd Hockey Team, Star Gym Team A. TARR: 2nd Hockey Team, Star Gym Team S. OOSTHUIZEN: 2nd Hockey Team; 2nd Tennis Team H. GREYVENSTEIN: 2nd Hockey Team, Swimming Team E. QUALLY: 2nd Netball Team S. VAN DER LINDE: 2nd Netball Team, Star Gym Team B. VAN VUUREN: 2nd Netball Team P. MURPHY: 2nd Netball Team B. CHRISTIE: Under-15 Hockey Team, 1st Tennis Team P. RONNIE: Under-15 Hockey Team, Athletics' Team J. STOLTZ: Under-15 Hockey Team, Swimming Team A. WOOD: Under-15 Netball Team J. MAURICE: Under-15 Tennis Team E. KUTTNER: Under-15 Tennis Team A. DAUMMOND: Swimming Team V. CALVER: Eisteddfod Speech Awards J. VAN WYK: Eisteddfod Vocal Awards A. ALLEN: Eisteddfod Art Awards
SELBORNE Head: Mrs. LAVELLE Captain: C. COLLINS	Mrs. SINCLAIR Mrs. FERGUSON Mrs. HOWARD	I. MOORE L. MACKENZIE J. JORDAN	C. COLLINS: 2nd Tennis Team D. DOWELL: 2nd Tennis Team G. SIMONCELLI: Swimming Team, 1st Netball Team, Star Gym R. WARTH: Swimming Team M. CROZIER: Swimming Team E. OGILVIE: Under-15 Hockey Team I. MOORE: Hockey Team R. STEYN: Art Eisteddfod V. ORDMAN: Art Eisteddfod M. STIDWORTHY: Art and Craft Eisteddfod H. WRIGHT: Music Eisteddfod R. STEYN: Music Eisteddfod A. CROZIER: Literary Eisteddfod S. OGILVIE: Under-15 Hockey C. HOLLAND-SMITH: 2nd Netball Team L. KATZ: Under-15 Tennis Team

EXAMINATION RESULTS

FULL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

V. I. Silberberg (Latin, English, Mathematics, Chemistry and Biology).

SUBSIDIARY HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

C. B. Collins (English, Biology); M. A. Farrell (English, Biology); J. A. Gait-Smith (Latin, English, History); A. J. Greenwell (Geography, Biology); J. M. Harrison (Latin, English, History); R. M. Hayes (Geography); M. Honman (English, Mathematics, Biology); M. C. Johnson (English, Geography); J. M. P. Jordan (English, Biology); K. L. Ladbroke (Latin, English, History); S. M. McNeill (English, History); P. J. Rattray (English, Geography, Biology); P. A. Rattray (English, Biology, Geography); J. R. Roomer (History); P. A. Sargeant (English, Geography, Art); I. D. Schalscha (French, German, English); F. E. Stewart (Latin, French, English); Z. M. Townshend (English, Biology); L. Wrench (English).

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1957

(Distinctions shown in brackets)

Eight Credits:

M. E. Pass (2).
M. H. Stewart (3).
E. M. Vaughan (1).
L. C. Whitehead (1).

Seven Credits:

G. P. Bond (1).
Y. L. Flint.
E. M. Fredericks.
L. Lotriet (3).
A. Philotheou (1).
M. K. Spalle.
E. Spence (2).
J. Swart (1).
O. G. Walton.
D. E. Wright (1).

Six Credits:

G. C. Botha (1).
D. L. Keet (2).
P. J. Read.
P. E. Stewart.
A. S. van der Linde (1).
S. E. Watson.
H. A. L. Westcott.

Five Credits:

J. Alport (2).
B. C. Charnley.
V. J. Cruickshank.
I. de Wet (1).
M. C. Gordon.

P. J. S. Grobler (1).
D. R. Kalina (1).
S. M. Krongold (1).
R. Leeds.
L. Mackenzie (1).
M. E. McKenzie (1).
P. Rixon-Fuller (1).
V. Schofield (2).
K. C. Sims (2).
D. Wilson.

Four Credits:

C. B. Hill (1).
Y. Masters (1).
J. Ramsay.
A. M. Williamson (1).
J. M. Rose.

Three Credits:

E. N. Cohen.
A. E. Collins.
S. Kavin.
A. M. Weinberg.

Two Credits:

D. S. Isaacs.

Supplementary Credits:

V. A. Calver (1).
M. A. Farrell (1).
A. J. Greenwell (1).
P. A. Rattray (1).
J. R. Roomer (1).
M. Yesorsky (1).

1958 AWARDS

Milne Langdon Scholarship:

V. Silberberg.

Penelope Gordon Scholarship:

S. Krongold.

Markova-Dolin Medal:

M. McKenzile.

Hancock English Prize:

A. Chappell, V. Schofield.

McLellan Chemistry Prize:

J. Jordan.

Selous Memorial Prize:

S. McNeill, J. Jordan.

Ellis Wright History Prize:

S. McNeill, L. Ladbroke.

Wallace Latin Prize:

No award.

Northward House Junior Prize:

E. Kuttner.

Selborne House Junior Prize:

Buxton House Junior Prize:

BULAWAYO ESITEDDFOD, 1958

Verse-Speaking:

V. Calver, A. Crozier, J. Hopwood, S. McNeill, D. van Rensburg.

Essays:

M. J. Davies, J. Johnson, M. Steyn, W. Stinton, S. van Rensburg.

Art:

A. Allen, M. J. Davies, L. Everett, V. Ordman, R. Steyn.

Craft:

D. Chamberlain, A. Chivers, K. Cochrane, S. Evans, A. McClelland, B. van Vuuren.

Sewing:

M. Bemmister, A. McClelland, B. Solomon, L. Stowe, M. van Rensburg.

Other awards appear in the music notes.

Rhodes Trustees Essay Competition, 1958:

Group	Prize-Winner
2	K. Cochrane
3	A. Hershey
4	V. van Staden
5	M. J. Davies
6	A. Chappell, V. Schofield
7	E. Heistein

N.T.C. EXAMINATION RESULTS

NOVEMBER, 1957

* = Distinction.

Commercial Subjects — Standard VII:

Allen, A. R. (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); Burton, G. (English); D'Ewes, A. L. (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); Evans, A. A. (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); Galloway, W. (Arithmetic); Gracie, A. H. (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); Grant, C. J. (Bookkeeping); Herbst, R. C. (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); Joubert, J. (English); Kerswell, O. J. (English); Marsberg, D. (English); McIntosh, J. (English); Meikle, M. M. (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); Moore, B. (English); Morrisby, R. A. (English); Peiser, T. F. (Bookkeeping); Radford, M. J. (English, Arithmetic); Read, B. J. P. (Bookkeeping); Smith, L. (English); van Dyk, L. (English); van Niekerk, S. (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); van Rensburg, B. M., (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping*); Wantenaar, A. (English); Wilson, M. M. B. (Bookkeeping).

Commercial Subjects — Standard VI:

Davidson, E. (English); Galloway, W. (English); van Rensburg, G. (English); van Vuuren, E. (English).

Commercial Subjects — Junior:

Allen, A. R. (English, Geography, Typing); Brookstein, U. E. (English, Afrikaans, Arithmetic, Typing, Shorthand 50 w.p.m., Bookkeeping*); Burton, G. (Typing); Christie, V. G. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Geography, Typing); Clark, C. M. (Geography); Davidson, E. (Typing); D'Ewes, A. L. (English, Typing*); Dodds, R. E. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Shorthand 50 w.p.m., Typing); Eltringham, G. R. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typing, Shorthand 50 w.p.m.); Evans, A. A. (English); Fraser, M. C. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typing, Shorthand 50 w.p.m.); Galloway, W. (Typing); Gillman, E. G. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Geography, Typing*, Shorthand 50 w.p.m.*); Gracie, A. H. (English, Typing); Grant (Fraser), C. J. (English, Geography, Typing); Greyvenstein, J. E. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typing, Shorthand 50 w.p.m.*); Hardy, E. M. (English, Bookkeeping, Shorthand 50 w.p.m., Typing); Heistein, E. (English, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Typing* Shorthand 50 w.p.m.*); Herbst, R. C. (Typing); Hill, M. P. (English, Typing, Shorthand 50 w.p.m.); James, R. (English, Afrikaans, Bookkeeping Typing); Joubert, J. (Typing); Kerswell, O. J. (Typing); Laughton, D. (English, Bookkeeping, Typing); Marsberg, D. (Typing); Maxwell, M. A. (Geography, Shorthand 50 w.p.m.); McIntosh, J. (Typing); Meikle, M. M. (English, Typing); Moore, B. (Typing); Murdoch, R. J. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typing, Shorthand 50 w.p.m.); Ogilvie, J. (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic); Peiser, T. F.

(English, Bookkeeping); Plumb, D. B. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typing, Shorthand 50 w.p.m.); Qually, M. (English, Bookkeeping); Radford, M. J. (Typing); Read, B. J. P. (English, Geography, Typing); Russel-Smith, V. N. (Geography); Sierra, J. C. (English*, Bookkeeping*, Arithmetic, Typing, Shorthand 50 and 60 w.p.m.); Smith, L. (Typing); Smith, T. P. (Afrikaans, Arithmetic (J)); Stroebel, A. A. M. S. (Bookkeeping*); Strydom, E. (English, Afrikaans); Tozer, A. (English, Bookkeeping*, Typing, Arithmetic); van Dyk, L. (Typing); van Niekerk, S. (English, Afrikaans, Typing); van Rensburg, G. E. (Typing); van der Watt, G. (English, Bookkeeping*, Typing*, Afrikaans, Arithmetic (J), Shorthand 50 and 60 w.p.m.); van Rensburg, B. M. (English, Geography, Typing); van Vuuren, E. (Typing); Varkevisser, P. H. (Bookkeeping); Wilson, M. M. B. (Typing).

Commercial Subjects — Senior:

Maxwell, M. A. (Typing).

Commercial Subjects — N.C.C.:

Coetzee, T. R. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic); Hardy, E. (Shorthand 70 w.p.m.); Heistein, E. (Typing, Shorthand 70 w.p.m.); James, R. (Typing); Maxwell, M. A. (Typing); Ogilvie, J. (English); Peiser, T. F. (Typing); Robertson, S. E. (English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typing, Shorthand 70 and 80 w.p.m.); Russel-Smith, V. (English, Bookkeeping, Typing, Shorthand 70 and 80 w.p.m.); Smith, T. P. (English, Bookkeeping, Shorthand 70 and 80 w.p.m.); Stroebel, A. A. M. (English); Varkevisser, P. H. (English).

Commercial Subjects — Standard VII:

Wilson, M. M. B. (Arithmetic); Yates-Smith, N. A. (Arithmetic).

Commercial Subjects — Junior Certificate:

Evans, A. A. (Typewriting); James, R. (Shorthand 50 w.p.m.); Laughton, D. (Arithmetic); Plumb, D. B. (Shorthand 60 w.p.m.); Wilson, M. M. B., (English); Yates-Smith, N. A. (English, Geography).

National Commercial Certificate:

Brookstein, U. F. (Typewriting); Hardy, E. M. (Shorthand 80 w.p.m.*); Heistein, E. (Shorthand 80 w.p.m.); Hardy, E. M. (Typewriting*); Marsberg, D. (Typewriting*); Qually, M. (Typewriting*); Sierra, J. C. (Shorthand 80 w.p.m.*).

Commercial Subjects — Senior Certificate:

Heistein, E. (Typewriting); Qually, M. (Typewriting); Sierra, J. (Shorthand 90 - 100 w.p.m.).



Photo: Camera Craft

MR. STUART MANNING, CHAIRMAN OF THE SWIMMING BATH COMMITTEE WELCOMING SIR ROY WELENSKY.

THE OPENING OF THE SWIMMING BATH

November 18th was a triumphantly successful date for the School. On that day the swimming bath for which parents, friends, girls and members of the staff had worked for three years was opened by Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Federation.

The weather which had been so uncertain during the week preceding the opening proved most kind—perhaps our thanks are due to the witch-doctor who was consulted on our behalf by one of the parents.

At the pool the girls in turquoise ranks, the African bandsmen immaculate in black and white uniforms, the visitors in gay, summer dresses and the swimmers in maroon and pink combined to make a most colourful picture.

The guests included representatives of government departments, the municipality, the State Lotteries who had helped so generously with funds for the bath, the Eveline Old Girls Association, the School Council and the P.T.A.

After the official welcome to Sir Roy by Miss Powell and Mr. Stuart Manning, chairman of the Swimming Bath Committee, Sir Roy gave an address in which he stressed the fact that he had been delighted to receive the invitation to open the bath as he, himself,

was the parent of an Eveline old girl, and proud of his association with the school. "It is extremely gratifying," he said, "that in this school the word service has been given the meaning of service to the whole community, not just the privileged few."

The demonstration of strokes, life-saving, diving and swimming in formation, which followed Sir Roy's address was polished and graceful and received considerable applause.

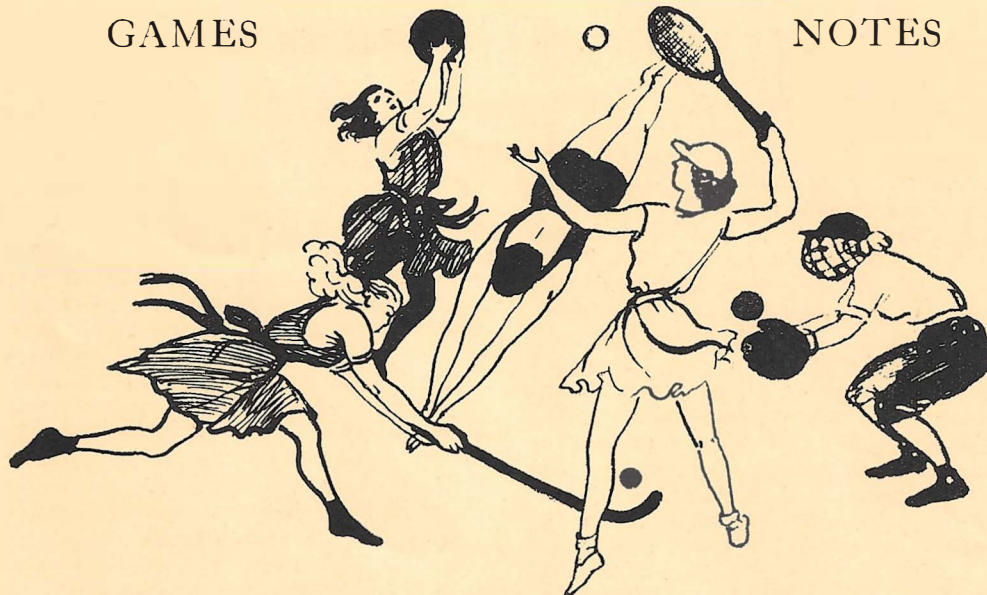
Marion McKenzie, head girl, thanked Sir Roy in a short, simple but effective speech and then the guests moved to the quadrangle for tea.

The quad., which we know so well in its everyday garb, was transformed. Boldly-striped sun-umbrellas sheltered tables bedecked with flowers and plates of delicious cakes. Trim and efficient waitresses proved the value of their domestic science classes and a cheerful, friendly atmosphere prevailed.

Displays of art, craft and needlework on verandah walls and in various classrooms were admired by many besides fond parents, and all those responsible for those displays must be congratulated.

Altogether a most memorable occasion.

GAMES



NOTES

SCHOOL TEAMS

(cl—colours)

HOCKEY:

1st XI: I. Moore, A. Micklesfield, S. McNeill, A. Gracie or J. Goldschmidt, P. Fuller (capt.), V. Calver, W. Jones, P. Cleminshaw, V. Cruickshank (cl), L. du Toit, D. van Rensburg.

2nd XI: E. Heistein, A. Tarr, B. Banks, G. McMeeking, R. Hayes or D. Marsberg, L. Stow or H. Greyvenstein, D. Hagelthorn, S. Oosthuizen, C. Sims, S. Terblanche or G. Stevens, V. Inskipp (capt.)

Under 15 XI: N. McDonald, M. Conradie, S. Wrench, J. Conradie, B. Christie, J. McNeill, P. Ronnie (capt.), J. Stoltz, E. Ogilvie, C. Clack, C. Matthews.

NETBALL:

1st VII: J. van Wyk (cl), J. Alport (capt.), M. Pass, E. Swanson, M. Qually, G. Simonselli, A. Allen (cl).

2nd VII: P. Murphy, E. Spence, E. Qually, J. Swart, S. van der Linde (capt.), B. van Vuuren, C. Holland-Smith.

Under 15 VII: B. Marks, M. Stowe, V. Cunliff, M. van Wyk (capt.), J. van Niekerk, A. Scott, A. Wood.

SWIMMING TEAM:

E. Spence (capt.), P. Cleminshaw (cl), C. Sims, H. Greyvenstein, E. Heistein, V. Cruickshank, J. Goldschmidt, A. Yates-Smith, C. Simonselli, L. de Beer, M. Crozier, R. Warth, B. Morris, J. Maurice, A. Drummond, D. Williams, J. Stoltz.

TENNIS:

1st VIII: P. Fuller (capt.), E. Spence, C. Schermbrucker, B. Schermbrucker, V. Cruickshank, B. Christie, A. Micklesfield, D. Marsberg (1st Term), J. Conradie (3rd Term).

2nd VIII: M. Pass (capt.), S. Oosthuizen, F. Levin, C. Collins, J. Gordon, J. van Ryneveld, D. Dowell (1st Term), R. Hayes (1st Term), D. Marsberg (3rd Term), M. Simpson (3rd Term).

Under 15 VIII: The following girls played regularly for this team:

1st Term: J. Conradie (capt.), M. Simpson, C. Clack, M. Conradie, A. Schermbrucker, L. Evered.
3rd Term: C. Clack (capt.), M. Conradie, A. Schermbrucker, L. Evered, K. Kuttner, J. Maurice, R. Finkelstein.

INTER-HOUSE RESULTS:

3rd Term, 1957:

Tennis Cup won by Langdon.
Swimming Cup won by McIntosh.

1st Term, 1958:

Rounders Cup won by Langdon.

2nd Term, 1958:

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

DEPARTMENT GIRDLES:

3rd Term, 1957:

14 Girdles awarded; 11 recommendations.

1st Term, 1958:

11 Girdles awarded; 20 recommendations.

2nd Term, 1958:

17 Girdles awarded; 21 recommendations.

ATHLETICS

This year our athletic attempts proved to be a little more successful than last year's, but as yet we still have not managed to acquire a sand pit. Although the hole has been dug for some time, we do not seem to be able to find any sand, and consequently all attempts at jumping techniques have met with little success.

This year, for the first time, we took part in the Annual Inter-Schools Athletics meeting, which was held at Northlea. This was won by Townsend, with Northlea second and Eveline third.

Unfortunately we are able to train only once a week, but have managed to grasp the elementary stages of hurdling, Western Roll (high jump) and hop, step and jump techniques, but at present we are hampered by lack of equipment. The rudiments of javelin and discus throwing have also been explained, but judging by the alarming way in which these objects seem to appear from all directions, not many girls are very skilful with them yet.

Our athletes show great enthusiasm, except when running round the field or doing limbering exercises. However, it is all good training and will, I hope, enable us to achieve greater success in the future.

JOY ALPORT.



1st HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): V. CALVER, A. MICKLESFIELD, L. DU TOIT,
P. CLEMINSHAW, D. VAN RENSBURG, S. McNEILL, I. MOORE.
Front Row (left to right): J. GOLDSCHMIDT, V. CRUICKSHANK, P. FULLER,
A. GRACIE, W. JONES.



SWIMMING TEAM

Standing (left to right): C. SIMS, G. SIMONCELLI, V. CRUICKSHANK,
P. CLEMINSHAW, E. SPENCE, J. STOLTZ, H. GREYVENSTEIN, E. HEISTEIN,
D. WILLIAMS.
Kneeling (left to right): A. DRUMMOND, J. ALPORT, R. WARTH.
Sitting (left to right): J. GOLDSCHMIDT, A. YATES-SMITH, L. DE BEER
J. MAURICE, M. CROZIER.

SWIMMING

The Inter-House gala was held in November, 1957, and resulted in a win for McIntosh House, with Gladstone second. The main gala results were as follows:-

McDonald Inter-House Cup - - -	McIntosh House
Pearl Carpenter Relay Cup - - -	Buxton
Senior Championship - - - - -	Pat Cleminshaw
Junior Championship - - - - -	Linda de Beer
Aitken Cup (100 yds. Freestyle) - -	Pat Cleminshaw
Vic Diamond Cup (100 yds. Breast-stroke) - - - - -	Sally Dawson
Morgen Cup (100 yds. Backstroke) -	Pat Cleminshaw
Lorraine Howell Cup (open diving A Section) - - - - -	Linda de Beer
B Section Diving Cup - - - - -	Gillian Morris
Junior Diving Cup - - - - -	Lorna Stewart
Muller Life Saving Cup - - - - -	Pamela Rattray
Daphne Forbes Life Saving Cup - -	Pamela Rattray
Senior Inter-Form Relay Cup - - -	Form IVA
Junior Inter-Form Relay Cup - - -	Form IA2

The awards were presented by Miss Fitzsimmons.

Colours were awarded to Pat Cleminshaw.

Three inter-school galas were held during the first term of this year. The Matabeleland gala in February was won by Townsend and Eveline came second. On March 22nd the Rhodesian inter-schools' preliminary gala (Southern Section), was held in Que Que and Townsend, Eveline, Que Que and Chaplin qualified for the final gala which was held in Bulawayo the following week. Townsend won with Queen Elizabeth as runners-up. The cups were presented by Miss Lowe. Eveline only managed to take 6th place but the standard of swimming was exceptionally high. Our girls however showed great team spirit and keen enthusiasm.

Special congratulations go to Pat Cleminshaw, Linda de Beer and Martha Crozier for their outstanding performances. We are confident that after the opening of our school swimming bath, early in November, by Sir Roy Welensky, the standard of our swimming will improve considerably.

Our thanks go to Mr. Bridger for his excellent coaching and the keen interest he continues to take in our swimmers, divers and life-savers.

Our Junior swimmers show great promise and I wish them and all the Seniors who are returning next year, every success for the future.

ELAINE SPENCE.

LIFESAVING

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 the day-scholar houses was very poor.

The Royal Life Saving Society examinations were held at the end of November and yielded very pleasing results.

Owing to Mr. Bridger's tour of the United States the examinations for 1958 had to be postponed until the third term although practices were held as usual every Saturday morning during the first term.

At the beginning of this term Captain Hale, Secretary of the Royal Life Saving Society gave a very inspiring talk which the school life saving instructors attended, on the importance of life saving, particularly in this country. He vividly illustrated his points with incidents recorded by the society and his encouragement was very sincere. As a result of this talk I hope that there will be an even greater response in the future, particularly from the day-scholar houses.

Our grateful thanks go to Mr. Bridger for his unflinching help and encouragement.

ELAINE SPENCE.

HOCKEY

This hockey season has undoubtedly been a most enjoyable and successful one. The 1st XI settled down well and soon developed good combination and team work. We lost only one match throughout the season and that was against Queen Elizabeth School. Unfortunately this match was the first of the season. Matches won were those against Northlea, Guinea Fowl, Townsend, Roosevelt and Chaplin. This was the first time since 1952 that Eveline had beaten Chaplin. Our matches against Que Que and Chisipite both ended in a draw.

The team showed great enthusiasm and team spirit and I think it was due to this that our results were so encouraging. Our congratulations go to V. Cruikshank, our main goal-scorer, who was awarded her hockey colours.

The 2nd XI were unfortunate in that the team was very unsettled throughout the season, but in spite of this they played well and had some good games. Our Junior players were very keen and showed great promise, winning all their matches except one, and I feel sure that with more practice and experience they will develop into an excellent team.

In the Hockey Tournament, held in Bulawayo during "Youth Week", our 1st and Under 15 teams won the "A" and "B" sections respectively. The League of Student Parliamentarians gave each player a very generous gift voucher which was very much appreciated.

Our annual Staff versus Girls match was very exciting and (by fair means or foul — mostly foul) the staff managed to outclass the "Hit Parade" team, defeating them 1-0.

In the Inter-House matches, Northward beat Langdon in the Senior section, and McIntosh beat Langdon in the Junior section. The cup was won by Northward with Langdon as runners-up.

Congratulations go to V. Cruikshank, J. Goldschmidt, A. Micklesfield and P. Rixon-Fuller on their selection for the Matabeleland "A" team, and to L. du Toit who was chosen for the "B" team. P. Rixon-Fuller captained the "A" team and was also chosen to play for the Rhodesian Schoolgirls' team which toured the Eastern Province during the September holidays.

I wish the girls of future Eveline teams the very best of luck, and may many of the players represent future Rhodesian teams.

PETA RIXON-FULLER.

STAR GYM

Saturday morning Star Gym classes began early in the winter term and were very well attended. We worked hard, and by the end of the term, due to the thorough training of Miss Wellington and Miss Derham, to whom we should like to extend our grateful thanks, we had reached a high enough standard to put on a display for the school's open day. A team of 12 was chosen with four reserves, and the girls began rehearsing steadily for the display which was, I think, considered a great success.

CARYL SIMMS.



1st TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): C. SCHERMBRUCKER, V. CRUICKSHANK, P. FULLER,
E. SPENCE, B. SCHERMBRÜCKER.
Front Row (left to right): B. CHRISTIE, A. MICKLESFIELD, J. CONRADIE,
D. MARSBERG.



1st NETBALL TEAM

Standing (left to right): G. SIMONCELLI, J. VAN WYK, M. QUALLY
Sitting (left to right): E. SWANSON, M. PASS, A. ALLEN.
Absent: J. ALPORT.

TENNIS

At the end of the first term of this year the Tennis teams began to show marked signs of improvement and were providing stronger opposition in their matches.

Col. and Mrs. Cosens presented a trophy to the school which will be presented for the first time at the end of the third term. Many of our players are being coached by Mrs. Cosens, and we are deeply indebted to her for her thorough teaching and for the interest she has shown in the girls.

In the 1958 Junior Matabeleland Tennis Championships, C. Schermbrucker was runner-up in the Girls' Under 18 singles, runner-up in the Girls' Open Doubles with B. Schermbrucker, and she won the Open Mixed Doubles with J. Youatt of Northlea School. J. and M. Conradie were runners-up in the Girls' Under 16 and Under 14 Singles respectively. In the Junior Rhodesian Championships held in Umtali over the Rhodes and Founders weekend, C. Schermbrucker (Eveline) and M. Aslin (Bulawayo Convent) were runners-up in the Girls' Open Doubles. Cynthia is to be congratulated on her fine record.

The teams played once a week during the winter term; and now in the third term regular practices have once again begun. We are very much looking forward to playing matches against Guinea Fowl, Roosevelt, Queen Elizabeth, Northlea, Townsend and Girls' High School, Salisbury.

The 1957 School Singles Championships were won by G. Christie in the senior section and A. Micklesfield in the junior section. The 1958 Championships have just started and we will soon be playing this year's Inter-House tennis matches. Last year the cup was won by Langdon, with Northward as runners-up.

Our congratulations go to R. Hayes, G. Christie and P. Rixon-Fuller, who were awarded their tennis colours at the end of last year.

My best wishes to the future Tennis teams and I hope they will play with as much enthusiasm as ever.

PETA RIXON-FULLER.

NETBALL

This year once more, the school fielded four Netball teams, and enjoyed a very successful season. The 1st and 2nd VII's were undefeated, while the Under 15 and Form 1 teams lost only one match each.

During Youth Week, a Tournament was held on our ground, and of the four teams which we entered, the 1st, 2nd and Under 15 VII's gained the first three places. A long-playing record was awarded to each member of the 1st team.

The 1st and Under 15 VII's travelled once this year, to Que Que for return matches. The 1st team, having previously defeated Que Que, again won their match, and the Under 15 team redeemed themselves by winning their return match.

In the Inter-House Netball Tournament, Northward was awarded the cup, after winning both the senior and the junior finals, with Langdon as runners-up.

The staff versus girls match was most entertaining, depicting an African family playing "The Schoolgirls". The "Africans", aided and abetted by the "Hit Parade" hockey team, enjoyed a resounding victory, but very magnanimously allowed the cup to be presented to the "schoolgirls".

Our congratulations go to Angela Allen and Joan van Wyk, who were awarded their colours.

My very best wishes go to all players returning next year. May you have another equally successful season.

JOY ALPORT.

LEAVES FROM E.O.G.A. NOTEBOOK, 1958

President: Miss W. M. Powell.

Committee: Miss H. G. Harvie (Chairman), Mrs. Ray Hart (Vice-Chairman), Mrs. F. Barbour (Treasurer), Mrs. D. Ritchie (Secretary), Miss J. Waudby (Staff Representative), Mesdames Brebner, Hunt, Johnson, Kiddle, Theodosiou and Miss Youatt.

The year has been a fruitful one, and brings promise of growing strength.

We have been able to initiate a bursary fund — two scholarships of £50 each — to assist pupils either past or present to continue their studies. Funds to this end were largely provided from the proceeds of a Morning Market and Jumble Sale held in the school grounds in May. Under the able organisation of Mrs. Nan Brebner and Mrs. Ray Hart the affair went with a swing, and was generously supported also by present pupils. This Morning Market and Jumble Sale is now a "Must", and will be repeated next May, to provide the nucleus of the Bursary Fund. Old Girls, give this most worthwhile object your fullest support.

Attendance at the Hotel Cecil monthly luncheons has been as varied as the topics discussed, and have ranged from 32 to 17, at times a distressingly low figure. Subjects:— War-Time Coventry (Miss M. Clews); Child Psychology (Mr. Hall); Travels in Austria and Switzerland (Miss W. M. Powell); Alcoholism (Mr. Lavelle); Pioneer Women of Rhodesia (Mrs. Lloyd); Heany Training College (Mr. Bone); Modern Art (Mrs. Sperring); Life as a Policewoman (Miss Hobson); African Land Development (Mr. Cumming). Old Girls, let the Hotel Cecil luncheon gong be to you a clarion call on the first Wednesday of every month. Roll up in your scores to enjoy an excellent lunch at this, our only regular monthly function. We miss some of the old familiar faces, and would welcome also some of the new. Don't forget — each **first** Wednesday.

We were sad to say goodbye to Stella Sibson at the end of 1957, and presented her with a flame lily brooch from the Association in token of our love and appreciation of her ready and cheerful help at all times.

Taking shape in front of the new Domestic Science block is the memorial to Miss Mitchell, in the form of a succulent garden. We hope next year to place there a commemorative tablet.

Under the extremely able treasurership of Mrs. Ada Barbour, our Association funds have been carefully nursed to a sound credit balance. No society could wish for a more efficient keeper of the money-bags and to her our grateful thanks are due, as we could not succeed in our self-appointed task were it not for her cheerful efficiency.

No chairman could desire a more devoted, cheerful and enthusiastic committee. During my absence on leave, Mrs. Ray Hart lent cheerful zest to the office of Chair. Committee meetings are a joyful trouble, and are anticipated with pleasure month by month. The spirit of these happy meetings is a constant inspiration.

We look forward to a happy Reunion Dinner on 15th November at Northward House, and are confident that this occasion, graced by the presence of the Hon. J. M. and Mrs. Greenfield, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Manning, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Inskipp and other guests, will be "a time to remember".

We appeal to all new school-leavers to join the ranks of E.O.G.A. They are sure of a hearty welcome.

HELEN G. HARVIE,
Chairman.

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