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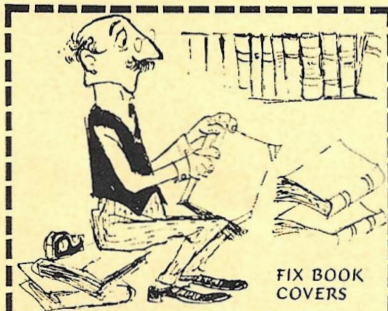
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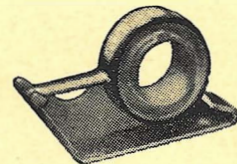
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HEADMISTRESS AND PREFECTS

Back Row (left to right): I. MOORE, G. WEST, J. GOLDSCHMIDT, L. MACKENZIE, P. CLEMINSHAW, R. MARRIOTT, J. HOPWOOD, M. GORDON, H. DU PLESSIS.

Front Row (left to right): R. MEYER, B. STEVENS, A. ALLEN, MISS W. M. POWELL, A. CROZIER (Head Girl), A. WEINBERG, A. CHAPPELL.

Annual of the Eveline High School

BULAWAYO, S. RHODESIA, 1959

EDITORIAL

This has been a comparatively uneventful year and that calm is, we feel, reflected in the pages of this magazine.

Last year we went to press just after the triumphant opening of the School Swimming Bath which had been preceded by the excitement of a visit from H.E. the Governor of S. Rhodesia and those events, naturally, provided a good deal of material for the magazine.

The 50th anniversary of the founding of this school is to be celebrated in 1960 and therefore next year's magazine will be devoted mainly to records of the school's history. We appeal therefore to all who have been connected with the school in some way and who know something of its early history or who have photographs of

interest to the school in their possession to get in touch with the editor of this magazine as soon as possible. Sir Robert Tredgold in his address at the Eveline Old Girls' Dinner told of the times when as a small boy he was entertained at Government House by "a very gracious lady" Lady Eveline Milton after whom, of course, our school was named. Although there cannot be many others who knew Lady Eveline there must be many who were among the school's first pupils and who have vivid memories of Miss Grace Milne Langdon, for example.

Although it was necessary for various reasons to raise the charges for advertisements most of our advertisers have continued to support us and we thank them most gratefully. We thank, too, our publishers for their patient help.

MESSAGE FROM THE HEADMISTRESS

To be alive as a citizen in any part of the world in what is almost the sixth decade of the twentieth century is to be aware that you are facing a challenge; but to be alive in that particular part of the world, the Federation, is to face a double challenge. As a citizen of the world, you are facing the challenge of Science with the international competition in the exploration of various important fields such as space travel, medicine and others. As citizens of the world, we are asked to show the largest loyalty, that is one to humanity itself for out of these scientific investigations and daring feats must emerge an understanding of other nations, that is if we are to have peace in the world and make the enormous efforts in study and daring worth-while. As citizens of the Federation, the challenge is somewhat less important to the world in general, but it is not less vital to those who were born in the country or who have settled in it and intend to remain, and whose present plan is to spend their lives in it; in fact, it is even more than this, it is to build up a Federation in which children of future generations can live and work in security and harmony. This second challenge is not remote; it is at our very door and events in the next year or two will indicate which way things are likely to go. I want you clearly to understand that there is no political bias whatsoever in my message, but you must realise that politics do affect the destiny of a country and, therefore, it is expedient that the schools should aim at producing pupils who have not only a lively interest in the problems and the welfare of the Federation but who have the power of independent thought and wise judgment.

I have put the two-fold challenge before you; how should you, as a citizen of a changing, exciting world, destined to live in a particular corner which has its own peculiar problems, best equip yourselves to meet this challenge?

The answer is not simple nor will the solution be achieved in a moment. First of all you must be aware of all the opportunities around you and seize them while they are available. Rhodesian youth has many endearing characteristics but among them is one

which can have a devastating effect — a light-hearted, casual attitude which can be the destruction of ambition. Be ambitious, seize every opportunity and aim high; it will be your future duty to contribute something to the welfare of the state. Not all of you will become career women but all of you must aim high and later realise that by giving service to the state, you are also doing more ultimate good to that smaller circle of your family, for you will be building a better environment for the future generations. Important as is the academic aspect of your school career, you must not forget the social aspect and you should welcome every opportunity of greater experience. It is a matter of pride to us in this school that girls of any other European nation and all new immigrants to this Colony can be assured of a cordial welcome; can we not also make it a further matter of pride and allow ourselves to be intensely interested in the development of a less civilised race and to set this race the highest example. Surely, there is space enough in the country to allow the parallel development of both a black and a white race. It seems to me that the best armour with which to face the future is the highest education. Those who are responsible for education must have vision so that our citizens are no longer afraid of the future. If justice and humanitarianism can prevail, there will be little room for sentimentality, familiarity and patronage.

In the September issue of "Optima", Professor Clyde Mitchell of the University of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, has contributed a very interesting article on the importance of the African women in the Federation, stressing the fact that the development of the African race depends on the progress of its women folk. The European woman has travelled far since the days of the Suffragettes but there is a challenge to you to take a greater part in the public affairs of the Federation. In the early history of this Colony, there was Mrs. Tawse-Jollie in Parliament; now that the population is so much larger there should be a correspondingly greater number of women in important roles. We should like to see more of you becoming doctors, lawyers or pursuing other

careers from which you could emerge, after a certain amount of social experience, to develop into leaders of this country.

In conclusion, do not let us forget that, although the future of the Federation is of vital significance to all of us who intend to spend our lives here, there remains the larger issue that we are citizens of the world. We are moved by the stories of joy, sorrow and heroism of any nation. In his short poem, "In the Time of the Breaking of Nations", Hardy explains the universal things which touch the heart of man or as Vergil says — "Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt".

*Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.
Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.
Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.*

Youth rightly has its joys but do not forget that we are trying to lead you to the larger loyalty to humanity in order to ensure that youth will always have joy and that men will have peace.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Form IVb

JOAN HARDY

A white fluffy cloud sat on top of the rainbow; through a space in the cloud the sun sent its beams down to rest gently upon two golden faces. Their big brown eyes absorbed the pictures in the sky.

Holding hands they walked slowly up the sunbeams, on and on. Their shining heads popped through the hole in the cloud; upon each head was a tiny circle of mist.

They saw a soft pathway winding to the moon; they danced along it, while powdery blue dust swirled around their feet. Breathlessly, they stopped as the pathway broke off in the middle of a pastel blue sea; the pale moon bobbed gently towards them, and stopped at the edge of the pathway. They stepped inside, and it floated gently over the sea . . . Oh! how cold they felt. Ahead, a little gold beam broke through the water, from it hung four little slippers; the moon stopped and they put the slippers on. The rainbow threw her colours over them and two fleecy cloud-coats slipped on to them.

Thus adorned they stepped out of the moon on to a "big wheel" of stars. Swinging round and round, with the noise of thunder, the "star-wheel" carried them to the top of a large "helter-skelter" made of silver. Here it tipped them out, and, as they whirled down the "helter-skelter" sparks flashed out, sizzled across the sky, and sank into the darkening blue sea.

Suddenly the night disappeared and they were standing on a rosy ball. Sliding down the ball they landed on soft, pink clouds. Hearing music they looked up: sleepily, thousands of crystal drops were falling from the stars, and the moon, on to the clouds; which let them fall upon the earth. Little friends must you leave us!!!

The warm crystals dropped gently on to their little faces; washing away the "castles in the air".

"Molly, Colleen! Come inside: it's starting to rain".

No! Not rain — tears; yes—tears.

SAILING ON THE MATOPOS DAM

Form IIC

KATHLEEN COCHRANE

One Sunday morning during the holidays I was sitting on the lawn reading when my friend, Johnny, drove up to our house. His father belonged to the Yacht Club at Matopos and he had invited us to go out in his boat.

On arriving at the dam we parked the car and raced down to the boat house belonging to the Club. It was a lovely morning: the sun was shining down benevolently on us while a sharp, fresh wind played havoc with heaps of tangled rope and canvas sails lying around.

Johnny's father, Mr. Wilson, walked up and told us what to do. Apparently two people were to go in the boat which was wildly bobbing about at its moorings. Neither of us knew much about sailing but I had read a few books in which the subject was mentioned vaguely.

We were given a bag of canvas sails to carry and we were told to sit on the pier and drop into the boat. With a last farewell to firm ground, we closed our eyes and dropped.

After sitting on the bottom of the yacht for a few minutes we got up, I straddling the centre board box in a vain attempt to keep upright and to shake the sails out of the bag.

"Now", I said, in what I hoped was a casual tone, "if you will please hand me the main halyard".

"The what?" said Johnny.

"The rope you tie on to the top of the sail to hoist it up".

"Why didn't you say so? Where does my Father keep the thing?"

A ganglion of ropes was slapping angrily against the mast. Shielding my eyes, I looked up at the masthead which was behaving like an inverted pendulum. I was immediately forced to clutch the edge of the deck until the dizziness left me. I then devoted my attention to the pile of canvas at my feet.

I passed the edges of the mainsail through my fingers until I came to a corner. That might be the top. I continued along the edge. Another corner. Why didn't they mark the thing "Back", "Front" and "Top". Maybe it didn't make any difference which one you used.

Just then two girls dropped into the yacht beside us. "Pleasant breeze" they called out. I watched with astonishment as they went about their business of putting up the sail. Oh! that was it. The top was the corner with the black number and the part that went along the mast had zips.

I worked in frantic haste; somehow or other the sails were on and up, slatting savagely as if resenting such amateur handling. One of the girls in the next boat cast off. "Race?" she called, from the tiller. Rather foolishly we took them on. Johnny cast off: I took the tiller. Nothing seemed to go right. I knew nothing about steering our tossing craft and we narrowly missed a collision with another boat. Suddenly, we were caught in the cross winds. The sails flapped wildly and I saw a mass of white canvas descending. We had capsized.

The water was cold, icy cold. Johnny and I were soon rescued from the debris and after drying out, we occupied ourselves with a safer hobby for the rest of the day. We watched the graceful yachts skimming over the dam but this time I did not have quite such a longing to go in one.

THE FRIENDS

Lower VI

MONICA GRUSCHKA

It was the year 1943. In the shabby London street the driving rain made shining puddles on the cold stone pavements, and the street lamps tried valiantly to shine through myriads of raindrops that blotted out their light. Outside it was damp and miserable, but inside the house, in the little cramped room, it was warm, the gas fire glowing with a golden heat, the smell of toasting crumpets saturating the air.

There was a click, and the lights and fire went out. The heavy darkness was broken by a sigh, the rattle of coins as she groped in a box for a shilling, an empty click as it fell into the meter, and a whirring noise as it was greedily swallowed up. The lights flickered on, and slowly the warmth seeped back.

She sat in a high-backed chair, her tired limbs carefully arranged. She was a frail old woman, her pigeon-like features indicative of her neat, gentle mind. Since her husband had died, leaving her alone, she had worked in order to live and this, combined with the tensions of the war, had made her tired and worn.



ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE FRIENDS."

Form Va

MONICA GRUSCHKA

As she reached forward for a crumpet the siren began. It reached a wailing crescendo and died away. There came the sound of hurrying footsteps as the inhabitants of the building prepared to run to safety.

When she got back from the shelter she found her room in darkness. The fire had gone out, and the once invigorating smell of crumpets had become stale, and seemed encrusted on the air. She switched on the light, and suddenly she saw it, caught in the middle of the room, blinded by the sudden light and too bewildered and terrified to run. It was a mouse, a thin, grey, scraggy creature with beady eyes and a long nose that twitched pathetically. She did not move. Soon the mouse's whiskers shook less violently, its nose ceased to twitch and it stopped trembling. They stood looking at each other, appraising each other, the mouse and the little woman.

Both were alone, one whose husband had died, one whose family and home had been destroyed by bombs. Both were weary, the mouse of being hunted of the cold and hunger, the woman of the war. They were very much alike.

These two became friends. Every evening instinct would forewarn the mouse, and it would dart from its hole in the wall into the welcoming warmth of the room, where the woman would be waiting, sitting straight-backed in her old cane chair, surrounded by pot plants and warm odours. She always gave it food, and had the satisfaction of watching it grow gradually plumper. The mouse, had it known about these things, would have detected, in her eyes, the return of life, the eagerness of one who waits.

Often the siren would sound, and in its uncanny way the mouse seemed to understand, and would patter off, leaving the woman to reach for her coat and make for the safety of the shelter.

It was a friendship of mutual understanding.

One night the mouse arrived early. Scurrying into the middle of the room, it sat up, its nose twitching eagerly. Smiling, the woman went to the cupboard and took out a piece of cheese, which she placed in front of the mouse. It started to eat, and the woman watched it with affection.

Suddenly the siren sounded. For a moment she almost forced herself to go to the shelter, but lately the raids had been heavier and the tension worse, sapping her little remaining energy. She was old and tired, so tired that she sat without moving. The mouse, sensing a change in the atmosphere, looked up from its cheese and, seeing its friend was still there, scampered over and sat next to her chair.

A heavy silence fell, and at last she heard them coming, a faint drone in the distance. Together they sat and waited for the bombers. In the room, the only sound was the ticking of the meter, but outside the droning grew to thundering proportions. Still they did not move but, sharing the danger, held their breaths as the noise ceased suddenly. They, and hundreds of others, were awaiting the explosion.

It was a direct hit. Workmen, clearing the rubble next day, found their bodies together in the ruins of the building. They were lying next to each other, the little woman and the mouse.

DIE PRENT

Form IVb

JOY DARE

*Saggies val die blare op die grond,
En stadig waai die blomme in the wind;
Die bye gons so rond en rond
Asof hul die soet heuning wil vind.
Die rivier loop oor die blink wit stene
En verdwyn dan onder 'n brug,
Ses hasies spring in die hoë gras
En vol blydschap sing 'n voël in die lug.*

IMPOSSIBLE, MISCHIEVOUS PUPPY

Form Vb

LESLEY DUGMORE

I was given my puppy for Christmas when we were spending our holiday at the sea. Early one Christmas morning I was awakened when four little feet were planted very firmly on my chest and my face was washed by a very wet tongue.

The appearance of my puppy was deceptive right from the start. He had the most angelic-looking face, but in reality, he was a bundle of mischief. I had had vague ideas of calling him Angel, but after a few days I changed my mind and called him Imp. The letters, very suitably, stood for "Impossible, Mischievous Puppy."

Everyone at the hotel fell in love with Imp at first sight. They would come up to pat him, murmuring, "What a darling", but they soon changed their minds once they had received a playful but painful nip on the ear or a very wet lick on the nose.

Imp had the largest appetite that I have ever known a small dog to have. Every morning he had a large bowl full of porridge, but by the time we arrived at the beach, which was soon after breakfast, he was eyeing every interesting-looking parcel that the swimmers might be carrying. While I was bathing in the sea, I left Imp on the beach to look after my things. I tied him to my basket with a strap but that did not hinder him in the least. He chewed through the strap and ran off to a spot near by where two small boys had dumped their things while they swam. Imp started on their sandwiches, ate his way through their biscuits and finished with their worms which the boys had spent many laborious hours digging up, to use for fishing. It was bad enough having to endure the wrath of the small boys when they found their lunch had been eaten, but when they discovered that their worms had gone as well, their wrath was unbearable. I hastily stood them to lunch at the nearby cafe and spent many long hours searching for worms and Imp made no attempt to help me!

The time on the beach that Imp enjoyed most was after lunch when everyone was resting. He would then go around and dig big holes, with the intention of spraying sand over everyone. If he saw a person lying with her hat over her face he would rush up to it and pick it up and run down the beach with it. If the person jumped up and gave chase, Imp would think it a great game and scamper round to the sleeping forms of the other people. He would frequently try to jump over a sleeping body, and as his legs were not very long, he invariably landed right on the stomach of the sleeper. I leave you to imagine what the reaction of the sleeper was. Bright red with embarrassment I would mutter apologies and explain that the small village did not have a dog chain, and I had exhausted my supply of leather straps.

True to tradition Imp loved to chew up shoes. I supplied him with innumerable rubber bones and balls, but to no avail. He always reverted to my pair of slippers or to anyone else's pair of shoes. After he had been running around on the beach until he was exhausted, he would flop down on the sand and gnaw any pair of shoes that he could lay his teeth on. I spent much of my time retrieving other people's shoes — or the remains of them!

When I had had Imp for a few weeks, he suddenly developed a mania for dolls. He would dash up to any doll's pram he saw and lick the occupant and try to get it out of the pram. This habit was bearable when he stuck to dolls, but when he started to mistake babies' prams for dolls' prams, it was annoying. He

would lick the poor baby's face — making it cry loudly, and the mother would come running to see what was wrong.

However, I made quite a surprising number of friends through Imp. After I had apologised to the persons for what ever misdeed he had performed, and explained that Imp was a puppy just bursting with energy and the joy of living, they would smile and offer their hands in friendship. At times I longed to disown Imp when he had done something really naughty and I was getting a lecture, but then I would think what an adorable puppy he was and of the good friends I had made through him, and I would forgive him once more.

At the moment Imp is chasing our neighbour's hens. The air is filled with the loud protests made by the poor hens and feathers are fluttering in all directions. I am looking forward to making an apology though, as the hens belong to a charming young man!

THE DISAPPEARING ACT

Lower Sixth

ANN CROZIER

Robert Grant is a brilliant scientist in one of the highest positions at an atomic research centre in America. A few years ago he was a scientist in a small research centre, but, after the work he did on the effect of X-Rays on green plants, he was soon promoted, and since then he has never looked back. His promotion came about after he had made extensive tests on the results that large doses of X-Rays have on successive generations of plants.

The plants with which he was experimenting were cultivated in the research centre under artificial conditions. After several successful experiments under these conditions, it was decided to place the treated plants outside the building and note their reaction under normal weather conditions.

That evening, Robert duly placed three mis-shapen plants, in their pots, outside the building in a position where they would be subject to all weather. Being a scientist he was extremely absent-minded and forgot to tell a gardener about the pots.

The following morning, after working inside for a few hours, Robert went to inspect the plants outside. When he came to the pots he stood stock-still and gaped. The pots were there, but the plants had completely disappeared. All sorts of explanations for this phenomenon came to Robert, and he even thought of asking a gardener if he knew if anyone had touched the plants. The gardener did not know anything about them, but he said he would ask the other men which, of course, he did not do.

Robert took the pots inside and conscientiously made tests on the soil. When at last he was satisfied that there was not a vestige of a plant left in the pot, Robert told his fellow-scientists about what had happened.

They were all very interested in the disappearance of the plants, and during the following months many tests were made on X-Rayed plants. Robert, however, made the most extensive and finally, after dozens of plants had disappeared overnight, he was able to state in an article in "Scientific America" that he put down the disappearance of the plants to a change that had taken place in the cytoplasm of the plant cells.

This article gained Robert great recognition as a scientist. He was promoted, and from then on he had as safe a career as he had ever wished to have. His theory of the change in the cytoplasm was proved as being incorrect a few months ago, but this has not hurt his career because, after all, anyone can make a mistake, and there is no doubt that Robert is an

excellent scientist.

He was very lucky, however, that no one heard two gardeners speaking about him as they watched him leave the research centre before his promotion. One of the men said to the other: "He's a rare chap. Never seems to communicate with anyone. Every so often he puts his queer plants outside to be thrown away, and for the pots to be refilled with soil, but he's never given me a word of thanks for doing it so promptly".

"BARUCHIM HABAIM"

Form Vb

ASNE MARGOLIS

I had never imagined that I should one day visit Israel and, although in fact I was travelling towards the Holy Land, the realisation of this event dawned on me fully only when the flash of "Fasten Your Seat Belts" showed first in English and then in Hebrew — the language of the bible. This was verified when we stepped off the gangway and the ground hostess welcomed us in the true Israeli manner with the words "Shalom Baruchin Habaim" (Welcome to all). After passing through the customs we boarded an El Al bus and within twenty minutes we were in Tel Aviv.

It amazed me to see how the Israelis have built up the State of Israel in the past eleven years. In Tel Aviv there are shops, side-walk cafes and buildings which can be compared with those in Paris and London.

Walking down one of the main streets, Rehov Allenby, I was amused to notice a sign in a leading fashion shop which read, "20% Discount for Foreign Currency — English Spoken, American understood". In contrast to the modern, bustling town, a turn off Rehov Allenby transports one to an oriental atmosphere, where one is surrounded by grubby-looking kiosks, displaying all kinds of wares from American cheese to fashionable "sack" models. The air is filled, not only with rare smells, but with the intense activity of housewives looking for bargains. Adding to this bedlam are the kiosk owners who shout down prices with, "Tari! Tari! rak hayom, Lira ve chetzi, Lira ve chetzi" (Fresh! Fresh! only for today at a Lira and a half).

Many small and light-hearted incidents helped to make my stay a memorable one. I was walking down the street eating "Falafel" (ground chickpeas fried in oil and served on Peta, a round unrisen bread, filled with salads and chili sauce), when I was stopped by a complete stranger who looked at my "Falafel, gave a broad smile and said "Betay Avon", the Hebrew for eat with appetite. In the same way I was stopped and questioned about a jacket I was wearing: "Where did you get it? How much did you pay for it? Why do you wear that colour?" and after I had tried to answer all these questions the stranger smiled and said "Beseder", which means it is in order.

If an argument is started by two people it soon becomes a "free for all" as everyone eagerly joins in, although no one is quite sure what the argument is all about. Invariably one can breathlessly reach a bus-stop shouting "Regga" (wait a minute) after a departing bus, when the cry is taken up by all the passengers and the driver, with very little choice, pulls up for you, for, if he did not, he would have to listen to the insults thrown at him by his passengers.

An inter-city bus ride is not the most comfortable means of transportation, but it is certainly one of the most interesting. Your toes will be stepped on by young farmers from Kibbutzim, soldiers and new immigrants from almost anywhere, and you may even

share a seat with a live chicken or young lamb. One may start a conversation with almost anyone anywhere (for if you do not they will) and find them friendly but frank and perspiring. If they dash off after your first question, do not despair as they have probably gone to find an interpreter in the nearest grocery shop.

After having stayed in Israel for five months I learnt to love the country with its strange assortment of people and I hope to return there in a short while.

A KARIBA TRIP

Form III(Alpha)

IRENE STYLES

We climbed quickly into the waiting bus in eager anticipation of the journey and scenes ahead and, as we wended our way up the narrow road, consisting mainly of hair-pin bends, we could gaze down at the silvery waters of the Zambesi which stretched out several hundred feet below us.

The air journey from Bulawayo had been just as exciting as a first trip can be and now we had at last reached Kariba — that project of world-wide discussion and speculation which had reaped fame for itself even before it had been opened.

We had now reached the Engineer's post and from here caught our first sight of the dam-wall curving away like some medieval turreted castle. This particular vantage point overlooked the narrow suspension bridge, the only link with the Northern Rhodesia side, excluding the cableways. Our guide gave an eloquent discourse on the project, Impresit, Kariba and anything that was even remotely connected with Kariba, but his words were being drowned in the clamour which reached us from the opposite side.

Below the dam-wall, lying in a mangled heap on the almost-dry river bed, were the remains of the old suspension bridge, and beyond it, the two cofferdams — one nearly levelled to the ground, the other dwarfed by the great wall which towered high above it. A few trees seemed to be struggling to outwit the steadily rising water and as we walked, we stepped carefully to avoid any snakes which the rising water had caused to congregate at the river's edge.

Returning to the bus we continued our journey and passed the Shell depot, the water-cleaning plant and the site where tractors were depositing loads of river-sand to be used in making concrete and then arrived at the water-level behind the dam-wall. Now we could see a ferryboat carrying people to and from the Northern Rhodesia side, the cables overhead straining at their loads, and the orderly mounds of machinery which all helped to build this wall.

By now everyone was watching the bus with their hearts in their mouths. The driver was attempting to turn it around in preparation for the return journey and in doing so, in the extremely narrow road, was making several people imagine a strenuous walk back along the dusty road to report that a bus was in the lake. However, they had no cause to do so and soon we were travelling slowly back to the airport and the Coca-Cola store for which many were craving as the atmosphere was dry and stifling.

We settled ourselves back in the Dakota aircraft and made ready for the take-off. The aircraft circled the site once again as we were given our last glimpse of the dam and how awe-inspiring it was, even though it is only half-built! Our only wish as we flew, and the sinking sun shone glittering on the lakes below us and on the silvery aeroplane-wing on our left, was that we might return here once more to see the finished project.

A TWO-DAY VISIT TO ROTTERDAM

Form III(Alpha)

SUSAN WHITEHEAD

Most of Rotterdam was bombed during the last war and the centre of the town has been re-designed on modern lines. However, I think a great deal of thought must have gone into the planning, and the result is that I should think Rotterdam is one of the most attractive towns in the world.

In the centre of the town are boulevards, wide and airy in which no traffic is allowed. Down the centre of these boulevards are flower-beds and lawns.

The shops are beautiful, and have the most marvellous souvenirs, and silverware in the windows. Every time we saw anything we liked, we stood outside the shop and tried mentally to change the price into English shillings and find out how much it would actually cost us.

The first day was spent in walking around the town. There was something different around every corner. I liked the older part especially, as there one came upon canals in the most unexpected places.

After a thoroughly enjoyable day ashore, we returned to the ship by ferry boat across the River Maas. This trip took about twenty minutes including one stop for other passengers to get on and off, and cost the equivalent of 2d. per person. We went to bed that night hoping and praying for better weather the following day.

Our wish was granted, and we awoke next morning to find the sun shining warmly from a blue sky from which all traces of the cloud of the previous day had vanished.

We all climbed into the glass-roofed coach, and started off on the tour of "Windmill Land". We were taken right through the town, and then off into the country, up one side of the River Maas. On the right hand side were the patchwork-like fields, and on the left the river lapped the dykes, while only a few months previously it had become a raging torrent and flooded the fields which were about twenty feet below the level of the water.

However, in spite of the recent flooding and bad weather, the fields were miraculously neat and tidy and the houses looked to me as though they had been freshly painted and fairly gleamed with cleanliness. All the windows looked as though they had just been cleaned.

After travelling for about eighty kilometres, still following the course of the river, we crossed the Maas by a high-level bridge, and soon drew up in a small town where we were to have coffee. In front of the cafe was the river, up and down which chugged boats of all descriptions. Especially noticeable were the flat barges travelling to and from Germany.

We left the town and started passing through real country, crowded with windmills. When passing through the villages that followed one could almost imagine that it was not the twentieth century, but the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The villages had a sleepy air, and the buildings were ancient and most spectacular. Some of the windmills were too beautiful to describe. They looked like toys set among trees, houses and canals.

We then passed through Gouda where the cheeses are made, but were unfortunately not able to watch this process so we then headed straight back for Rotterdam having made a circular tour visiting Schrenhaven and Gouda.

We returned to the docks through a tunnel under the River Maas. This tunnel was completed during the last war. We could then claim to have been over the Maas by bridge, across it by ferry, and under it by tunnel during our two-day stay in Rotterdam.

Our ship left Rotterdam early that afternoon and I can truthfully say that nearly everybody on board would have liked to have stayed at least a month longer.

The only thing that disappointed me was the fact that we did not see any tulips growing. I later discovered that they are not grown around Rotterdam, but around Amsterdam.

However, I am determined to visit Holland again soon and see all the things I did not have time to see in my brief, but very enjoyable stay there last year.

PORTRAIT OF BUSTER

Form IIa

LESLEY PATTISON

"Wuff! Wuff!" A deep bark broke the silence of the night, and with a yawn, I turned over in bed, wondering why Buster had barked. Then I heard the voices of two men as they walked along the road past our house. Soon they turned the corner and I settled down in my bed, trying to find the sleep that would not come. As I lay there, turning and tossing, my thoughts went again to Buster, the disturber of my rest.

Buster is a mongrel — a cross between a ridgeback and a red-setter. He is an enormous dog, with a sad, lugubrious face, and soft brown eyes. He has the red-setter's face and colouring and the ridgeback's short hair and ridge. To which parent he owes his gigantic paws, I do not know, but they are certainly the largest I have seen. He has a happy, gentle, peace-loving nature and loves to play with young children. But, though I hate to admit it, he is a coward! A dog, whether a Great Dane or a Scottie, has but to growl at him and he will turn tail and fly, much to the amusement of anyone who happens to be watching. But that is perhaps his greatest fault and he has many good points in his character to make up for it.

When I say "his greatest fault", I do not by any means mean his only fault. He has certain annoying habits that cast many oaths and numerous black looks in his direction. For instance, in one of his "mad fits", he may dash across the garden, no matter what may be in his path and the result is — great holes in Daddy's precious vegetable garden, made by his large paws, and trampled flowers in Mummy's carefully tended flower beds. Each time this happens, Daddy announces that he is going to ring up the S.P.C.A. and have Buster taken away. But each time the threat passes unnoticed, since we all know that the family is too fond of the dog to part with him.

Now, Buster has a beautiful set of teeth and although he has bones on which to sharpen them, he seems to prefer a pair of good solid shoes to chew, or a scarf that Mother has left on her bed. If anything disappears, the blame automatically falls on poor old Buster. Whenever we go out, we do not always look forward to our return. The reason for this is probably Buster's hearty welcome. With a bound and tail wagging, his front feet are on your shoulders, and helpless, you have to submit to the eager licking. Of course, in these encounters, the clothes come off second best. Buster, as most dogs have, has a favourite place to lie in. This, unfortunately for one member of the family, is my Father's bed. There is now a permanent dent in the middle and the bedspread never seems to be clean. When one comes quietly into the house, one may catch him by surprise, but, if he hears you, you hear only a creak and find only a warm patch on the bed.

The clock in the dining-room struck midnight and with a sigh, I turned over, thrusting memories from my mind. As I drifted off to sleep, I thought that, despite his many faults, Buster really was a pet.

A BOY AND HIS CATERPILLAR ARE SOON PARTED

Lower Sixth

JANET JOHNSON

It was all because of Beethoven. Perhaps I ought to explain that Beethoven was the name of a pet caterpillar of mine, so named because, when he waved, his body rippled and reminded me of a piece of music written by Beethoven, at least I think it was by Beethoven; it might have been by someone else, but names like Bach and Handel are not so suitable for a caterpillar.

Now Beethoven was no ordinary caterpillar; from the very first moment that I set eyes on him, viewing the world from a lettuce in Mr. Thompson's green-grocer's shop I knew that. He was a beautiful pea-green colour and had thick fawn stripes running all along his body. He crawled in a very elegant fashion too. In fact I have never seen a caterpillar so light on his feet, and, as he crawled, his body looped up into a beautiful pea-green velvet cushion. Beethoven certainly was magnificent, and was my pride and joy. I carried him around on my school cap, much to my mother's horror and disgust, and sometimes he lost his way and crawled down my neck, but I did not mind — I loved Beethoven.

Then one day disaster struck. I lost Beethoven! It was all my own fault really, because I hung up my school cap on the peg in the cloakroom and completely forgot about my caterpillar. The realisation of my loss came to me during Arithmetic, when I was wondering how I could slip off my shoes to use my toes to work out a sum as I found my fingers were insufficient. I thought "toes", then I thought "legs", then I immediately thought "Beethoven". Beethoven! Where was he? Beethoven was nowhere in sight and I began to cast evil glances in the direction of Tom Spothole who sat beside me. Spothole was a bully and I was certain he had squashed my poor little Beethoven; it was just the sort of thing he would do. "What's the matter?" said Spothole, looking up at that moment, with what I immediately took to be an expression of triumph on his face. "You murderer!" I hissed. "You beastly murderer!"

"Micky Jenkins, do you wish to leave the room?" rapped Mrs. Jones-Brown, my teacher. "No thank you," I replied. "Then stop wriggling about in your seat!" was her rejoinder. Spothole sniggered and I longed to box his ears.

The next few minutes were the most painful I had ever known. I started to work out plans for getting revenge on Spothole. I knew exactly what I would do: I would meet him in the cloakroom and — My wicked concoctions ended as I suddenly remembered where Beethoven really was; I had placed him on the head-board of my bed while my mother brushed my school cap. I began to feel much happier, and perhaps Spothole was not so bad after all.

I rushed home as soon as the bell rang. Poor little Beethoven, how lonely he must be feeling! However, all thoughts of Beethoven were immediately banished from my mind, because, as soon as I opened the door, I found myself in the lavender-scented embrace of a large fat lady. It was only at that moment that I realised I had not wrapped up Aunt Marie's birthday present. She was not really an aunt; she was my Godmother and since she never could remember my birthday she always used to give me my birthday present on her own birthday. I always dreaded that day, because to me it was an annual torture of being hugged by her, while all the time I was longing for the moment that her hideous fox fur with its dull staring eyes stopped tickling my nose.

"Happy Birthday, Aunt Marie", I said with what I hoped was an amiable smile.

"Why, you dear little boy, how you've grown", she squealed and for a moment my heart missed a beat because I thought she was going to torture me again. But no: she decided against it. I was spared! I made an excuse and dashed from the room to wrap up her present. I seized a piece of brown paper lying on my bed, threw it around a bottle of that vile lavender water which I hated and she loved, inscribed the usual sentimental rubbish on it, re-affixed the amiable smile on my face, and entered the sitting-room once more.

I must admit that what happened next did come as rather a surprise to me, for instead of the usual "What lovely perfume!" that I was expecting, a loud "Oh!" came instead, followed by a series of louder "Oh's". Angrily Aunt Marie turned to me, her face purple with rage: "You wicked, wicked little boy!" she bellowed, pointing to the bottle of scent which she had so ungratefully thrown to the floor. I looked at the offending object and felt sick with dismay, for there on the label, just where it said "Finest English Lavender Water", was my Beethoven. Squashed! He must have lost his way and somehow become hidden in the wrapping paper. Oh, what an end for such a fine caterpillar! A bottle of scent! What humiliation for him!

Aunt Marie continued to squeal and would listen to no explanations. She just irately advised my mother on the best methods of dealing with small boys who strayed from the path of virtue and marched from the house.

And that is why a certain Micky Jenkins did not receive a birthday present that year. As I said, it was all because of Beethoven.

STEMMINGSUR

EDA GOLUB

Ek het na die sitkamer gegaan om 'n bietjie op die klavier te speel. Dit was donker en toe ek daar gewom het, het ek my hand op die skakel gesit toe ek 'n baie sagte melodie gehoor het. Ek staan stil. Dit gaan asof die klank uit die radio kom wat aan die ander kant van die kamer staan. Ek luister weer en nou klink dit asof die geluid van al vier mure kom. Ek kon niks sien nie want my oë was nog nie aan die donker gewoond nie. 'n Motor gaan vinnig voor die huis verby en vir 'n oomblik skyn die lig van die motor in die kamer in. Daar in die hoek naby die klavier, in 'n diep stoel, sit my vader. Onbewus dat iemand na hom luister, sit my daar en sing saggies.

Toe my oë aan die donker gewoond raak, sien ek dat hy sing en sy oë glinster in die donker. Partymaal beweeg hy sy hande effentjies asof dit hom sal help in die woorde te verduidelik. Terselfdertyd sing hy 'n bietjie harder en omdat dit 'n lied is wat bid vir geluk en veiligheid breek sy stem partymaal.

Hy maak sy oë toe en sing iets anders ook baie saggies. Stadig en stiltejies gaan ek weg, na my kamer toe.

TSALI

Form IIIa

IRENE STEYN

*Die ferweelagtige poot gaan stadig
As met verwagte stap, Tsali gaan drink.
So in oertye het haar voorouers gestap,
Hul pad versigtig kiesend uit vrees vir dorings.
So oor die tapyt gaan sy,
Na eeue van kalmte.
Nog versigtig.
'n Kat, ongesien in die donkerte
van die saal;
'n Skaduwee swarter as swart,
Tog Trots.*

BLUEPRINT FOR PROGRESS IN THE FEDERATION

Upper Sixth

HONOURS AWARD, RHODESIAN EISTEDDFOD

DOROTHY KEET

The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland is a country with vast natural resources, great potentiality and the promise of a good future, but it is important to note that, although there is so much to promise progress, it does not necessarily follow that we can sit back in comfort and watch this progress and development. It is up to us who have enjoyed an exceptionally high standard of living in a country far removed from the centres of international strife to ensure now that this progress becomes more than just a promise. We, the future citizens of this country, must now make up our minds as to what we think is best for progress, and then, as we become active members of our country's government, to pursue the policy we have decided upon.

The Central African Federation, like any other country in the world, cannot progress without economic stability or, even better, economic prosperity. Of course, at the moment we are secure and comfortably well off, but as the population increases, and a desire for easier living grows, we will have to take a big step and improve our sources of national income. If we do this we can have a higher standard of living and thus a contented people, but this is virtually impossible while there is strife between the people of this country. It is of vital importance to keep in mind that, as long as there is friction and discontent within a country, there can be no, or only a little, progress.

The United States of America solved her problem of internal strife during the two world wars by impressing upon her teeming population descended from Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, Jews and Englishmen that they were first and foremost citizens of the United States of America, not Frenchmen or Italians merely living in America. This is very important to note because it applies in a similar way to this country. We have communities of Europeans, Africans, Asiatics and Eurasians and we must impress upon them all that they are first and foremost citizens of the Federation. That is to say, we must all become one people, and remove all distinction or prejudice on account of colour only.

How can we go about this? At the moment the country is divided in its opinions. Some take the short-sighted attitude of the people of the Union of South Africa, that any equality of whites and blacks side by side is quite impossible; others think black equality is possible, but shirk at thinking when, where or how it will come, and yet others, unfortunately still in the minority, understand that we must take firm steps towards racial partnership NOW.

At the moment we must regard the Africans as children and ourselves, the white people, as their fathers. We must tell them, as a father does, that the parent knows best and will care for and advise the child until he is of age. A parent should try hard to bring up his child to be a credit to him and he, himself, must always set a good example. Then one day that child will turn to his father and say, "I am no longer a child, you can leave me alone to do as I think best and as you have taught me. Our relationship will now be as man to man, no longer parent to child, but I will always respect your opinion as you are older and have cared for me so well". In this

way we, the "fathers" of the African, may be spoken to after we have taught him all we can, but there is no injustice in it, for we have been training him towards this end; we have aimed at making a child into a responsible grown up. Should we then feel dissatisfied?

I heartily disagree with those people in this country today who say the African cannot rule himself, or have a say in ruling the country, like the father who says his son cannot help run the household until he is of age, because many of those people are not prepared to act like good fathers. These white people think they can tell the Africans they are not ready to rule themselves, and then proceed to treat them unjustly. How would a child feel towards a father who says, "Trust me, I know what is best for you" and promptly disregards all his parental responsibilities towards the child, and maltreats him? That child would immediately feel betrayed and thoroughly resentful, and might even turn against his father one day. So if the white people of this country insist upon treating the Africans like children, they must remember to act like good fathers at the same time.

I do not disagree with the argument that all Africans are not yet ready to take their places alongside the white people, but I do, of course, strongly support the view that we must NOT withhold the right from those qualified to take it on account of the rest of their people.

Fear is the worst breeder of intolerance, and in the Federation to-day there is an enormous number of people who vehemently oppose the very conception of racial partnership. They cry out that their children will have to compete with Africans for jobs, and then may not get them. How unfair, what gross injustice! But what claim have those European children to get jobs if other persons of better qualifications want the same job? Is his claim a white skin against the black one of his opponent? Of course, there is that fact that Africans far outnumber Europeans and will swamp Industry and Commerce so that Europeans will have a hard fight for work. Those white nationalists who are against racial partnership protest violently that the standard of European living will drop and suggest a politically and economically unrealistic idea of "Rate for the job". This cannot work because it results in a strain on the finance of the companies involved, witness the annual £4 million deficit in the Rhodesian Railways.

A drop in European standard of living need not occur for, as the Africans rise, there will be a greater demand for all manufactured goods and a greater rate of consumption, and new Industries will arise giving employment for all.

But, presuming that such a thing does happen somehow, that there arises a lower class European; which is worse, having about one hundred thousand poorer Europeans, or seven and a half million poverty-stricken Africans? We must remember that no country can be considered prosperous when she has three hundred thousand whites living at an exceptionally high standard, and about eight million non-whites at an appallingly low standard. A prosperous country is one where all people are contented.

Therefore, my blueprint for progress in the Federation would read thus: improve Economic

conditions and the general standard of living by increasing trade with foreign countries and bringing in capital. To increase trade, however, we must advance and improve Industries, Agriculture and Mining at home. To improve there we must be able to concentrate our best brains of the country on dealing with this improvement instead of battling racial conflict. Therefore begin now an enormous scheme to educate the Africans; wipe out this racial conflict prompted through differences in education, both in personal way of life, and academically, and then remove any discrimination

on account of colour. Having done this, we can use the vast man-power, which white people have unfairly exploited for so long, and then employ, not on what is suitable for any individual, but what is for the benefit of the job to be done, and hence for the whole country and us all.

This is my blueprint for progress and I would add that progress means success, and success means recognition in the eyes of the whole world. No country to-day can be recognised as a progressive country until the colour bar and all race distinction is completely removed.

THE SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO THE VICTORIA FALLS

Lower Sixth

BERYL SCHERMBRUCKER

On Friday evening, the 23rd of October, nine girls from the Eveline Scientific Society accompanied by Miss Omer-Cooper, left Bulawayo by train for the Victoria Falls. Well-armed with a weird collection of glass tubes, butterfly nets and various other equipment, including the "gas chamber" for the purpose of murdering any captured insects, we departed in very good spirits upon our adventure. "Adventure" it proved to be! We little dreamed of the exciting experiences set before us. The ominous word "Scientific" echoed in our minds as the train drew nearer our destination. Miss Omer-Cooper was definitely determined to catch every insect that dared to venture forth into her field of vision! Insects, here we come!

The next morning we were met by Mr. Sullivan, who was very kind to us throughout our stay at the Falls. His hospitality was a major reason for the success of our expedition. Without him, I am quite sure we would have been left stranded on numerous occasions. Our heart-felt thanks go to him and Miss Omer-Cooper for an enjoyable trip. We were soon installed in the huts on the Southern side of the river. We could hardly contain our curiosity as to where those insects were hiding themselves. Our determination to discover something spectacular somewhere in the tangled jungle beside the river, made the work ahead of us take on a quality of impatient expectation. However, Saturday proved to be a day set aside for exploring the museum in Livingstone, after which we were fortunate to meet an American missionary, who entertained us with his American accent and opinions of Rhodesia. In the evening Mr. Sullivan arranged for us to attend a formal dance at the Falls Hotel. We all slept soundly that night in spite of the intense heat. The temperature was very high during our stay, and we were constantly drinking cold drinks!

The next morning we all awoke bright and early ready for a hectic chase after nature! We were soon deeply buried in the art of bottling dragon flies and any other little animals we happened to find. We all marvelled at Miss Omer-Cooper's sharp eye-sight! She seemed to catch sight of everything without any effort at all, while we girls laboriously scrutinized every inch and only occasionally came across anything interesting! She found a most unusual little bug with a magnificent pattern of colours on its back. The "gas chamber" was busily performing its gruesome task all day! We then found relief from the intense heat when we walked through the cool spray of the rain forest. Here all the trees were numbered, and

names accordingly entered in a catalogue. The Zambesi was comparatively dry, but on Sunday we noticed that the spray seemed slightly heavier than it had been on the previous day. We concluded that it must have rained further along the river. We took a number of photographs as we continued our long walk along the gorge. We must have covered at least five or six miles, or so it seemed! Those who were not too exhausted went down the Palm Grove to see the Boiling Pot, just beneath the bridge. The rain came down before we reached our huts, but it did not last very long, and the weather was slightly cooler. We retired to bed early so that we could rise early the following morning.

Monday saw us on a boat trip up the Zambezi to Kandahar Island. Mr. Sullivan, once more a helping hand, kindly arranged for us to travel at half price, and he, himself was in charge of the trip. We had very good views of hippo and a baby crocodile during the cruise. Mr. Sullivan pointed out King George VI Island and Queen Elizabeth Island. We then arrived, well-equipped with our killing bottles, etc., at Kandahar Island. Here we added vegetable ivory to our collection and various leaves and berries. Mr. Sullivan readily explained to us how the elephants and monkeys made use of the vegetable ivory. Monkeys came out of the trees for cake and sweets. We also found some red insects which we eagerly drowned in alcohol, and carried all our discoveries back in a "scientific" looking black tin. Mr. Sullivan gave up a great part of his time showing us different types of soil, and a variety of trees. We took as many specimens with us as possible, and by the time we left the Victoria Falls, our bottles and tins were well supplied with rare-looking beetles and other contributions to the "gas chamber".

We left the Victoria Falls that evening after a very successful period of research. The black tin was full, and with all our luggage and equipment we were soon speeding towards Bulawayo. Our train journey proved unexpectedly exciting, owing to the fact that there were a great many school children on the train.

Our thanks go to Miss Omer-Cooper for an unforgettable expedition and to Mr. Sullivan who was always at hand to solve any problems. Another factor which contributed to the success of our excursion was the transport with which we were provided, and without which we could not have gone very far.

WHAT BALLET MEANS TO ME
HONOURS AWARD, THE RHODESIA INSTITUTE
OF ALLIED ARTS LITERARY FESTIVAL, 1959

Form IIa

GWYNETH DAVIES

When I was young I had books on ballet to read, pictures by Degas to gaze at, and my sister, who was learning ballet, to watch. Despite these things ballet did not appeal to me greatly. My mother and sister used to talk eagerly together, discussing which was the next ballet star to arrive in the city, but I was never very enthusiastic.

When I was old enough to learn ballet I became a little more interested in it. I soon discovered that dancing was not as easy as it looked and found it hard work. I entered for competitions and exams, which took up much of my free time since I had to practice.

It was not until I saw "Pineapple Poll" at the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition that I really began to appreciate ballet. "Pineapple Poll" is a humorous story of a woman called Pineapple Poll, who falls in love with a handsome captain, and disguises herself as a sailor so that she may go abroad with him. I enjoyed the ballet, mainly, I think, because of the outstanding miming. Since then I have never found ballet uninteresting. Other ballets I saw and enjoyed



Form IIa

GWYNETH DAVIES

at the Exhibition were "Coppelia", "Swan Lake", "Facade", "Ile De Sirenes", "Les Sylphides", "The Haunted Ballroom", and "Harlequin in April".

When I go to watch the ballet, I love to look at the dancer and see what steps I have learnt in my ballet classes. The scenery fascinates me and I feel that if the dancer is enjoying herself, the story is enjoyed by the audience. I do not like watching local ballet shows where little Mary is hobbling on her toes or trying to do complicated steps which, instead of looking graceful, look hideous and awkward. It is on these occasions that people who have never seen ballet before say, "Oh I do not like ballet!" Thus they do not bother to go to a good ballet when the opportunity comes.

Everyone sees something different in this art. The musician sees the whirling mass on the stage interpreting the music. The artist enjoys ballet because he likes seeing and criticising the scenery and costumes. The actor or actress goes to see the dancer mime and act.

I enjoy ballet because it is so lovely and graceful. The costumes hold me spellbound, the steps the dancer performs seem wonderful, and the music carries me off into another world.

BREAK AT EVELINE

Form IIIa

PATRICIA LLOYD

*All is quiet, still and calm, but suddenly a bell is rung,
 Break at Eveline has begun.
 Out of classroom with laughter and shout,
 For twenty whole minutes they've been let out,
 With packets in hand to the quad they go,
 And hungrier ones to the tuckshop flow,
 There in a mass they surround the table,
 While the women behind work as fast they're able.
 Another attraction is the notice board,
 Around which congregates such a horde
 Of girls all eager for sporting news,
 Of possible teams which the staff will choose.
 While lined up outside Miss Powell's room,
 A dismal crowd await their doom.
 Down the corridors the prefects prowl,
 "Get out of the classroom," is their daily howl.
 Around the grounds in twos and threes,
 Sit the girls beneath the trees,
 Some with their noses buried in books,
 Far too busy to spare us looks.
 They're learning for the test to come
 Or doing the prep that's not been done.
 But all too soon the bell is rung,
 Into the cases the books are flung,
 And with feet that drag so slow
 Back to their lessons now they go.*

WINTER NIGHT

Upper Sixth

AVRIL WEINBERG

*Gathering dusk heralds a wintry night,
 And frosted moons sparkle cold and bright;
 No-one knows the beauty of that lucid sky,
 They accept its lustrous wonder and pass it by.
 Glittering snowflakes cling to frozen boughs
 Like silvery ghosts of summer's missing flowers,
 The moon-lit frigid floods, that once were midnight
 blue—
 Have frozen now, and are a tranquil crystal hue.
 O wintry night which basks in boundless glory,
 Must thou give way to day-light's blighting fury?
 There is no other choice, O blessed Polar sky;
 Step back awhile, and wait, till day has flitted by.*

THE BUTTON BOX

Form Ia

HILARY BURL

Gwen peered round the sitting room door to perceive her great aunt darning a pair of her younger brother's socks before a roaring fire.

"Can I help you Aunt Meg?" Gwen asked.

"Oh please, if you would dear, I have such a pile of mending to do", replied her great aunt. Gwen sat down on a cushion and threaded a needle.

"Please pass me the buttons dear", said Aunt Meg. Gwen opened the work basket and picked up an old, ornately-carved camphor wood box, and handed it to her aunt.

Aunt Meg tipped the buttons on to her lap. She fingered some of them as though they were old and dearly-loved friends. She laid a delicate pearl button in her palm and let her mind stray from the blouse she was sewing for a moment. Aunt Meg saw herself as a young girl once more. Her mother had made her a beautiful white, lacy nightdress and Meg was to choose the buttons. She had seen them in a little corner shop. They were a terrible extravagance for a garment that would soon be outgrown and that would only be worn in bed, but Meg was to choose the buttons, so she bought them. Aunt Meg picked up a china button shaped as a little mermaid. It was green in colour. She remembered the dress from which it had come. It had been pale green, with the then fashionable flounces at the side. She had bought a pair of black Louis-heeled evening shoes with gigantic green bows over the arch. Her friends had admired them very much, but how Gwen would laugh if she could see them now.

Aunt Meg caught a tiny round mother of pearl button, as it almost rolled off her lap. It had come off a long navy blue and white frock with "leg o' mutton sleeves, which she had worn the night of her engagement to Uncle Tom. That night had seemed like a dream from which one never wanted to awaken. Aunt Meg gently put a big red button decorated with an ugly yellow flower back into the box. It had been an ugly dress and she had disliked it, not only because it had been given to her by an aunt she disliked but because it had been a gaudy yellow, and yellow had never suited her, but she had worn it when as a little girl, she had first met Tom. She remembered how he had pushed her into a stream because she had remarked upon his extraordinary large ears, a tender point with Tom. He had then dragged her out and shyly apologised for spoiling her pretty dress. Aunt Meg loved the dress after that, because Tom had proclaimed it "pretty". A tiny, white, silk-covered button caught Aunt Meg's eye. She laid it in her hand, smiling. It had come off her dress, which had been lost when she came to Canada from England. She only had the button now, because as she was about to walk up the aisle forty-eight years ago, the button had snapped off her sleeve. As Aunt Meg laid down her little sentimental, valuable button, a hard, tough button found its way under her fingers. She lifted it up, finding it to be a leather-covered boot button. It had come off Tom's riding boot three weeks before he died. He had worn the boots when he went for an early morning ride and the button had caught on a fence as he passed. Tom, being a true Scot, had dismounted and searched for it. He had succeeded in finding it too, for here it was in Aunt Meg's hand, more than twenty years afterwards. Aunt Meg quickly dropped a small black china button into the box and sniffed. It had come off the long, black mourning frock, which she had worn at Tom's funeral, but she did not want to think of that now.

Gwen's cheery voice suddenly interrupted Aunt Meg's train of thought as she asked impatiently, "Well, don't you Aunt Meg?" "Don't what, Gwen?"

asked her great aunt, surprised.

"Oh, Aunt Meg, you haven't been listening to a word I've been saying and are you still playing games with those buttons? Oh, sorry, but now I'll have to start all over again. Don't you think Ricky ought to mend his own stockings and do you think I'm likely to get into the softball team?" groaned Gwen.

Aunt Meg smiled as she started to sew once more.

"I'm certainly not going to teach that young brother of yours to darn, but if you will, I certainly think he ought to mend his own socks, and yes, I think you're very likely to be chosen for the tennis team".

"Softball, Auntie darling", retorted her great niece.

"Oh-er of course. Please put on the kettle, dear".

MY FAVOURITE RHODESIAN SCENE

Rhodes Trustees Essay Competition— Prize Winner

Form IVa

CAERIDWEN MacKENZIE

My favourite Rhodesian Scene is one which always makes me feel very patriotic and a little lonely. I refer to the Matopos Hills at sundown.

At this hour the whole red-tinted countryside seems to belong to me, and the hills hold themselves up most proudly and survey their vast domain. They go on and on forever and perhaps remember the sound of the war drums or the natives they once gave shelter to.

Gusts of wind sweep round the koppies and bend the grass in the valleys in rippling waves of yellow. From the seclusion on the top of a koppie the grass looks like a bountiful wheat crop but on closer examination one can see occasional ant-hills parting the grasses most rudely and standing there as stoutly as any "go-away" bird. The scraggy thorn trees stand out like stark sentinels against the blue and gold sky, and in winter when they have no leaves, they have very beautiful lines about their twisted and gnarled branches.

The huge granite rocks are still warm from the sun and some nervous dassie may be seen basking in the last rays of the sun, while a black speck floats dreamily over the surface of the black water in some tiny rock pool. Patches of green, orange and blue mosses are scattered around on the hard grey granite giving it a very beautiful appearance.

Shadows lie everywhere, thin thread-like shadows and huge giant-like shadows.

The hills cast black shadows on the twisting road, and cars hurrying along like shiny beetles seem to go even faster when they reach these cool, dark patches.

Across the valley the Allan Wilson memorial stands out vividly and seems to remind me just how lonely and difficult the life of early settlers was.

Everything now looks deserted and only empty food tins and litter can be seen in the camping site and an occasional spiral of smoke drifts up into the still air, and native women hurry along the narrow winding paths to the comfort of the evening fire.

The small dam looks cold and forbidding and a greyness creeps down from the hillsides. Just before the last rays of the sun slide over the furthest hill-tops there is a sudden twittering in the birds' nests before they settle down for the night. I imagine this is a signal for all day creatures to be away and all night creatures to be about their business.

Silence falls and the hills seem to be saying their prayers before slipping into the gloom of the dark night, and only the ants pursue their task of dragging a dead upturned beetle homewards.

EVERY CALF HAS ITS DAY

Form III(Alpha)

C WHITEHEAD

One hot summer morning my friend and I, having a free period, were sitting in front of the tennis courts. Suddenly she remarked, "What a strange dog; it looks just like a cow!" As I looked up to see a large animal blunder into view she cried in amazement, "It is a cow". Watching, I saw the brown calf stumble off behind some buildings and after wondering why it was in the school, I dismissed it from my mind.

I was staying at school for lunch and at one o'clock, together with thirty other girls, I sat down in the quadrangle under the Marula tree to have a picnic lunch. All at once I saw the calf approach the quadrangle, stagger drunkenly down the steps and gallop wildly towards us across the lawn, causing us to scatter hastily.

He then stumbled up the steps on the other side and the excited girls, recovering from their shock, streamed thoughtlessly behind him; chasing him into a wash room. He covered back as the girls stood shouting and gaping at him, and from the back I tried to press through the crowd, imploring them to be quiet. At this moment, the secretary arrived and on being informed of the matter, authoritatively commanded us to go and sit on the lawn again and to keep quiet.

With the aid of two prefects she gently herded the terrified animal out of the wash room and along the passage. The next thing was to get the calf down the steps and past the chattering girls on the lawn. Carefully, she and the prefect slid the calf (which had been skating on the polished passage) down the steps. It fell on its front knees on the gravel and lay there, panting, for a moment, then raised itself.

A prefect appeared to guide the animal out of the school. Brisk, kind, confident and totally unsuspecting, she reached the calf and our admiration was swiftly turned to shock as the temperamental animal, true to the best music-hall tradition, snorted once, snorted twice; jabbed two sharp horns in the prefect's rear and charged.

Tottering with surprise the prefect gave a strangled yelp and regaining her balance, tried to escape, but the calf, determined to exact vengeance, carried her across the quadrangle until she eventually managed to unhook herself and dash red-faced into the buildings, from which she did not appear until a long, long time later.

Those in the quadrangle had scattered. After an indescribable moment of wide-eyed amazement at the prefect's ungainly mode of transport I retired, shaken and full of wicked, ecstatic hilarity. Weeping with joy in the passage I watched the belligerent calf trot angrily round the Marula tree looking for more victims, then fall, exhausted by his wild charge, into the flower bed.

Soon a policeman arrived with a rope, but as he could not lead the animal away, he went to return later with two others and a European policeman. Through their combined efforts the calf was restored to its rightful owner, a farmer. By then, however, this enterprising animal had made its small mark not only in the annals of school history but firmly and unmistakably on the sacred person of a school prefect.

FULL BAG

Form III(Alpha)

ALVERA HERSHEY

My father is a missionary, preacher, farmer and teacher. He firmly believes in trash farming and corporal punishment and used to raise pigs as a

hobby. In this modern age one feeds pigs on pig feed which is expensive — trash and garbage are free.

Well, in the good old days when no one had heard of "Petco for Plumper Pigs" or "Bone-ash for your Baconers", Daddy bred his beloved pigs. These fat beauties supplied the new maroon living-room drapes and the new kitchen stove. But, if one sells pigs, one occasionally is forced to buy.

One day, Mr. Zechariah-Haggai (all names herein are purely fictitious except Umfundisi) came to Daddy and said, "Umfundisi, I have heard that you want a very big pig to eat. Now, at my village behind the hills I have such a pig". Mr. Zechariah-Haggai then proceeded to tell Umfundisi about his pig in glowing details. Umfundisi trustingly decided to take him at half his word (Daddy has been in Rhcdesia for twenty years) and to travel the five miles up the hills to inspect the beast the next morning.

But, alas, my forgetful papa forgot this pig, and, instead, went to the grain depot to buy some maize for his boys and girls living at the mission. There, he was busily occupying himself by weighing out "200-lb." bags of maize, and then carting the full sacks of grain back to the mission. Mr. Zechariah-Haggai came promptly (or as near to promptly as one in Africa can) at seven o'clock to guide Umfundisi to his village. But there was no Umfundisi there so Mr. Zechariah-Haggai gave up his visions of five pounds and went home.

Around mid-day Umfundisi suddenly remembered his pig. Without further ado he jumped on his rattle-trap of a cycle and, following his nose and eighth, ninth and tenth senses, he eventually arrived at Mr. Zechariah-Haggai's house.

Mr. Zechariah-Haggai was full of apologies. He could not believe that Umfundisi had cycled up all those hills in the boiling hot sun, for Umfundisi was known for his appetite and, consequently, was not exactly narrow around his middle portions. (Heaven help me if my Father reads this.)

Well, to continue, Mr. Zechariah-Haggai poured out his sympathy to the puffing Umfundisi. "Oh!" said Umfundisi, "I am not weak, I have plenty of 'ingusu'. Look at my muscles. And you know, Mr. Zechariah-Haggai, I weighed myself on the depot scales, and guess how much I weighed—200 lb.!"

Mr. Zechariah-Haggai had also been to the depot. His eyes bulged out as he gaped at Daddy. "Ah! Ah! Full bag, Umfundisi. Full bag!"

MY PET WORM

Form IVa

JOYCE BROWN

*I once found a worm in a pea
And he was as small as could be;
Although he was good
And ate little food,
Nobody loved him but me.*

*I once took him down to the sea,
Where he basked in the sun on the quay;
He was gentle and small —
No trouble at all,
Yet nobody loved him but me.*

*I took him to school on a spree
And taught him the ABC.
He tried very hard
But his progress was marred
Because nobody loved him but me.*

*One day he crawled right off my knee
And was drowned in a cupful of tea;
And though I was sad
All the others were glad,
Because nobody loved him but me!*

HUMOUR

Upper Sixth

MOLLY-ANNE CHAPPELL

When we speak of "Humour", we are inclined to think of what is known as a "sense of humour", meaning the ability to laugh at the comic — either intentionally, unintentionally or, plainly, because if we do not laugh we may weep; for today, when even the legend of Shangri-La has been shattered in the course of a few days, the ability to laugh is surely more necessary than ever before!

On referring to the meaning of "humour" in the dictionary, we read that it is a state of mind, a mood, an inclination; temper for good or ill. For myself, when I think of the word, I am inclined to imagine a marsh vapour-covered—"good humour" envisaged rosy with the light of dawn, good-omened for a happy, successful day; "bad humours" would be dank, snake-like, writhing, a suitable background for Macbeth's Witches. When, therefore, I read in Jane Austen's novels of a young lady suffering from "the vapours", I ask myself if my thoughts are, after all, so fanciful? In Medieval English, humour was the fluid of the body. Cardinal humours were the blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy and, from these, mental and physical qualities were determined. We follow this train of thought today when an ill-tempered man is said to be "liverish".

A sense of humour is, necessarily, a peculiarly personal characteristic but it is through our sense of humour that we are able to appreciate the offered humour of others, enjoy it or repudiate it. Chaucer, the "Father" of English Literature, is as brimful of happy, sly humour, indicating and chortling over personal peculiarities (but in no hurtful fashion) today as he was in his own times. Swift and Pope are as bitter as Chaucer is felicitous. Congreve and the Restoration Dramatists appeal to the bawdy as much as the limitless, hilarious vulgarity of the Crazy Gang. There are students of literature who shudder from the bitterness of Swift, the cynicism, which shrivels like a leaf after frost, of Pope. Others maintain that the contributions of these writers to English Literature are among the greatest. This depends, wholly, upon personal tastes or "humours". In our day, the Olympian figure of George Bernard Shaw is an outstanding example of this. Some say he is an iconoclast, a "breaker of images"; others follow him as disciples of the Prophet of This Modern Age. All, without exception, recognise and take delight in his wit.

Cartoons and cartoonists have an especial place in any analysis of humour — probably they are direct descendants of the lampoons and the sketches that went with earlier more hectic and even more unkind political battles. A pungent, clever cartoonist can be one of the strongest weapons for any Party. (A pit, if one sympathised with the Russian point of view, they do not understand and apply this! No political party, I am certain, will be successful among the British that does not claim a humorist among its campaigners.) An example of a sophisticated cartoonist who delights the English especially is Osbert Lancaster, begetter of "Maudie Littlehampton" and "deadly analyst of O.K. Behaviour". Bracketed with Lancaster in this respect, though she is lampoonist in words, is Nancy Mitford. Dorothy Parker, too, that American satirist who, perhaps, has had wished upon her more New York witticisms than even her genius thought up, is another humorist symptomatic of the age we live in — wry, cynical, close to the despairing but capable of evoking instant delighted recognition and laughter. Another female humorist who is collecting a band of devoted

followers is Siriol Hugh Jones who has more than a touch of Thurber's "innocent wit". From this it will be seen that humorists need, perhaps more than most writers, quick wit, an unusually agile brain and, not surprisingly, though this may not be apparent to their victims, a deep and compassionate sympathy. Lacking this last, they are only facile. Another quality that must be theirs, a rod and a staff to them, is a faith in people and the world as it is and as it will be. If they did not have this, after "showing up the cracks" as well as "making the cracks", they would surely go out of their minds!

The rise of the cinema has brought its own brand of humour into all families. (Let us hope Television can keep up the standard!) The Marx Brothers, Danny Kaye, Fernandel, Cantinflas as the incomparable Passepartout — all, in differing styles, from different countries, have made their contribution, and we British can well be proud that the greatest clown of them all, the little man with the shuffling gait in too-big shoes, baggy trousers, battered bowler, was born in London's East End.

From this it will be seen that "wry" is the adjective for 20th Century humour, as well it might be. With the world around us the way it is, when, maybe, we can be forgiven for thinking it might be best to glimpse the future "through a glass darkly" but know, in our hearts, this is of little use and the future must be faced, it is a point of pride, of honour, to laugh at horrors lest they grow like nightmares. That is why I think, too, the current vogue of Angry Young Men so pitiable — where is his sense of humour? (Or is he afraid to recognise he has one in case he laughs at himself?) I believe it is a fact that to laugh uses up 14 facial muscles; to frown, a whole lot more. Why the extra effort?

There is, though, one brand of so-called humour for which I feel the utmost detestation and contempt and, were I a critic, against which I would wage ceaseless war. This is "humour" which finds funny the disabilities, mental and physical, of others — who wring a laugh out of a squint or a stammer or a lame man slipping on a banana skin. Dramatists and writers who use these disabilities as a prop to hang a laugh on are not worthy of the name. There is no genuine humour near them for they lack that lovely quality the Ancients referred to as "Charity" which we call "Brotherly Love", that universal compassion on which, surely, all real humour rests.

Perhaps, though, as a postscript, I should add another brand of "humorist" which makes great demands on my own sense of humour and tolerance. I refer to the "funny man" at parties . . . who is inevitably found abysmally "unfunny" and a bore.

Thus, humour is as characteristic as the colour of one's eyes, the shape of one's nose. What is funny to one leaves another unsmiling. All I know is that if the Bad Fairy Carabosse leaves out a sense of humour, at one's christening the outlook is black, indeed! For without a laugh how could we face the daily list of crises, the friend who irritates by saying what one knows he or she will say, the grave injustices and the aggravating gnats-bites of daily living?

We may be a race in danger of becoming prone to "wise-cracking" but it does afford some help. Also, as Dorothy Parker herself said, "Wise-cracking is just calisthenics with words. A mental exercise, a cow-jumped-over-the-moon joke. . . ." But she went on to finish her quotation: "Wit has truth in it". It has, indeed. Truth and tolerance and compassion — these three — without which Humour is but a "tinkling cymbal".



ILLUSTRATION: "THE CHARIOTEERS."

Lower Sixth

MARY-JANE DAVIES

THE CHARIOTEERS

Lower Sixth

MARY-JANE DAVIES

Rome at any time of the year is beautiful. The buildings both Roman and Renaissance have an elegance and charm of their own while the many fountains playing happily add a splash and sparkle to the grey of the pavements and statues.

Being a great admirer of Italy and interested in art, I had come to live in Rome and to learn of and love her many different moods. I inhabit a rather small, dingy flat in one of the lesser-known and older streets near the famous Spanish Steps.

I have learnt much about art and have, occasionally, indulged in the foolishness of painting pictures. This occupation was unrewarding as the paintings rarely looked as enchanting as the originals. Thereafter I tried to express myself in words and, having a few published stories and verses to my credit, I decided to visit the Colosseum at night to get atmosphere — authentic atmosphere — for my next article.

It was a strange night that I chose. Still, cold and clear it was. The buildings were etched against the sky which, because of the white moon, seemed laced with starched, pale clouds. I remember my footsteps tapping on the pavement, the small heels of my shoes clicking and the large, broad toes clapping, while my hair, unwinding itself in the breeze, whispered round the edge of my beret. I passed several fountains each glittering like strings of crystals in the pale light and statues which looked much more impressive than they did in the daylight.

The Colosseum seemed very naked and gaunt when I stood near it. The loop-holes in the walls glared like eyes, formerly of commanding strength but now they stirred only pity. Twelve glowing lights startled me and as I became accustomed to the shadows I made out the forms of six, thin, scraggy cats whose whiskers trembled with fear and want.

As I passed through the imposing entrance I thought of the Venerable Bede's warning: "As long as the Colosseum endures, so will Rome. When the Colosseum falls, Rome will fall with it. But the end of Rome will also be the end of the world".

This is one of the most famous of all buildings in the world and I could not help wondering if Bede knew that the Colosseum still stood, gloriously proud even in ruin, against the Roman sky.

Selecting a seat so that I could look at the arena with the dressing rooms showing where the floor used to be I told myself not to doze and to keep alert. I sat for an hour listening intently to various noises. The traffic was a dull murmuring, like the noise made by a swarm of bees busy in a citrus orchard while the street lamps cast a cold eeriness on the arena like the reflection of a masked spot light.

Perhaps I fell asleep . . .

The forest of shadows on the far side began to take form and shape and the noise of the traffic ceased. Everything was silent, still and expectant. The six cats had crept closer to me and they, too, were still and silent. I dared not move.

An angry whispering filled the ancient amphitheatre. I heard horses neighing and shouts in the language of old — the tongue the priests still use in the churches of the city. Then a stranger happening took place. I saw six men in the dress of the ancient Romans drawing chariots of a burnished metal across the arena where a few minutes before there had been just the ruins of the underground dressing rooms. The rich, red plumes in their helmets, the determined expressions on their faces, the sinewy strength of the straining horses — all was startlingly clear.

Although I could see nothing, all around me I felt people; people who were excited and anxious about the race; people who shouted or sat rigidly tense. I

was, quite honestly, intensely afraid. The atmosphere seemed close and old. I, alone, of all the people in the arena, was real and alive; I and six alley cats.

The horses clattered past me, their hoofbeats loud and clear. Suddenly there was a scream of anguish as one of the horsemen fell, ripping the rich crimson stuff of his cloak, a piece of which fluttered on the floor of the arena. His horse angrily pawed the air and fell heavily on his master turning the superbly made chariot so that it lay on one side, its other wheel whirling insanely.

To see the anguish of the poor man as he lay under the horse's great weight and the savagely barbarian unconcern of the spectators who were enjoying the excitement was too much for me. I screamed shrilly and the six cats left me, slinking off reproachfully.

Perhaps all this so vividly real to me was a dream. For when I opened my eyes again the Colosseum was as it had been when I entered. The traffic could be heard, the street lamp could be seen and the six alley cats were walking away stealthily.

Reassuring myself that I had dreamt it all, I descended to the arena to where, in my dream, the charioteer had had his accident. I was in a highly nervous state and wanted to persuade myself of my own folly. But there, flapping solemnly in the slight breeze was a piece of rich, crimson material.

THE IMPROVEMENTS TO THE SCHOOL GROUNDS

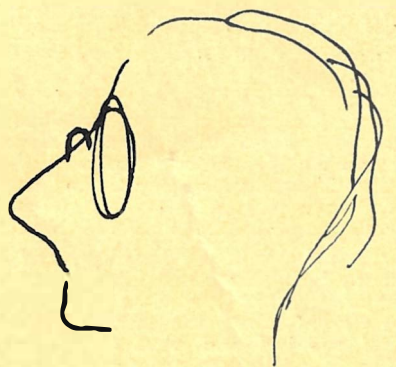
Lower Sixth

LYNETTE CLARKE

During the past few years a great deal of work has been put into the school grounds and many changes have occurred. The only alterations of which we disapproved were the removal of the old pavilion and three tennis courts, and the cutting down of some of our many trees. We are, however, quite reconciled to both now and definitely appreciate the swimming bath more than the pavilion. Three new tennis courts and a practice wall have since been built to replace those bulldozed out of existence.

Last year just before the visit of the Governor to the school, drains were laid in the grounds, and all the roadways and the area around the hall were tarred.

We now have a lawn and shade garden in front



Mr Pease

R. Steyn W. alpha

of the Staff Room. The path leading to the old Commercial Block now has crazy paving and crazy paving has been laid under the two pepper trees above the steps leading into the quad.

The front gardens have been terraced and lawned, and flower gardens laid out. A rose garden has also been planted, and the whole makes a very pleasant impression from Selborne Avenue. Lawns have also been planted above the quad and the bougainvillea have been moved from their drums and are now growing over a trellis.

Mrs. Wells and Mr. Pease have put much energy into developing the swimming bath grounds, and in planning and laying out the rest of the grounds, and at the moment the grounds can hardly be identified as being the same as those of four years ago. Our very grateful thanks go to both for all their hard work.

MING, THE SIAMESE CAT, BECOMES A HERO *Rhodes Trustees Essay Competition Prize Winner*

Form IIa

VALERIE WHITE

I shall always remember the day that Ming arrived. It was on my eleventh birthday and I recall being very disappointed at not receiving a present from Granny. At teatime there was a knock at the door, a great commotion in the hall, and Frisky, our dog, started barking.

We eventually quietened Frisky, and Granny brought in a large wicker basket, which she set in the centre of the lounge. As we watched with bated breath, Granny slowly undid the clasps and lifted the lid. There, sitting in the basket, gazing rather bewilderedly around him, and uttering faint little mews, was a Siamese kitten. I rushed to him and put him on my lap, where he immediately settled down and went to sleep.

Ming had soft, creamy, coffee-coloured fur, deepening to chocolate brown on his ears, tail and paws. However, the prettiest part of him was his eyes, which were large and a beautiful deep sapphire blue, surrounded by long curling eyelashes.

At first he was a little puzzled by his strange surroundings, but as he grew older, he became very naughty. He was very like a dog in his habits, and would love to go for a long walk on a lead. On rainy days, he would pretend he was a trapeze artist in the lounge. He would leap from chair to chair with amazing speed and agility, but with fateful endings for our chair backs and ornaments. Then, tiring of this amusement, he would clamber up a curtain until he could reach a picture, and tap it gently with his paw so that it swung smoothly to and fro, bumping against the wall.

One day when Ming was about two-years-old, I was doing my homework in my bedroom, and Ming was asleep on my bed. My young brother and his friend were playing "Indians", or some other game of that nature in the loft above the garage. Later on Ming jumped off the bed and went for a walk, and I decided to make afternoon tea for Mummy.

As I was pouring out the tea, Ming jumped on to the chair beside me, jumped off it and started pacing backwards and forwards behind me, mewing softly. I poured him some milk in his saucer, but he ignored it. Finally it "dawned" on me that he wanted me to follow him. He led me to the garage where I saw smoke billowing out of the windows, and heard the

hoarse cries of the boys trapped in the loft. I rushed indoors, called Mummy, and 'phoned the fire station.

The next day when explanations had been given, Ming was the centre of attraction. He was petted and spoilt, and was in his "element", and to crown all, the newspaper photographer arrived and took Ming's photograph for front page news. I shall never forget the expression on Ming's face, as he posed with the two boys. It was an expression of pride and princeliness mingled with contempt.

Ming was the hero of the day!

AN ADVENTURE ON THE MULUNGUSHI DAM

Form IIa

JILL BREBNER

The journey from Bulawayo to Broken Hill was long and arduous for it was hot and dusty and the roads were far from good.

Every now and then we would come to road blocks where we had to drive into tall corrugated iron sheds where two or three Africans rather half-heartedly would spray the cars for tsetse flies.

The final stage of our journey was over a dirt road about sixty miles outside Broken Hill to a manganese mine. The country was ruggedly beautiful but strangely enough we saw no animals at all, not even cattle, for here the tsetse fly still takes its toll. The mine is situated between two very big rivers, the Mulungushi and the Lensemfwe, having the biggest hydro-electric schemes in Southern Africa apart from Kariba. On the first mentioned dam we had quite an exciting afternoon. My uncle owned a big launch on the dam large enough to hold easily six adults and three children and we decided to take our lunch and tea and spend the whole day on the dam.

While we were cruising lazily up the dam my uncle explained to us that the dam was twenty miles long, unfortunately infested both with crocodiles and bilharzia and an even more grim prospect was the fact that boats were unable to land on the one bank as this was infested with tsetse flies.

In the evening after an unlucky day of fishing we turned back towards our anchorage seeing thousands of birds and the occasional crocodile.

There was a strong wind blowing now and waves on the wide expanse of water were becoming increasingly large so that we had to move away from the bow of the boat to avoid getting drenched.

Suddenly, when we were about half a mile from the shore the engine gave a few last splutters and stopped; we discovered that the petrol tank had been leaking and was now bone dry. The danger of our situation was soon made clear to us when the boat started drifting away from the anchorage towards the tsetse fly bank. As there were no oars the floorboards had to be unscrewed. These were long, thin and very heavy and there was room for only four oarsmen so our aim was to try and keep the boat on course for any progress towards the shore but this was virtually impossible as the boat was extremely heavy.

We tried shouting to the native guard on the shore but without much success, so we struggled on at what seemed to be a hopeless task for we were being steadily blown to the tsetse fly bank and the mosquitoes were beginning to make their presence known to us. To add to the confusion the young children were tired and crotchety and were demanding supper.

Just as we were getting really desperate we noticed flickering lights on the shore and the sound of a motor boat starting up. Rescue was at hand and we were ignominiously towed to the shore.

A RHODESIAN FARM

Form III(Alpha)

BRENDA SOLOMON

After spending two hectic weeks of the school holidays in Bulawayo, I eventually seized an opportunity to escape from busy city life to spend a few days on a lonely farm. The farm to which I was invited is situated near the village of Essexvale, approximately twenty-eight miles from Bulawayo.

Thus early one evening I climbed into an overloaded farm lorry, and after a pleasant drive along the Johannesburg road, I arrived at my destination. The setting sun gradually disappearing in the west, the monotonous croaking of frogs, and the soft ripple of the muddy, stagnant lake water managed to add to the tranquil serenity of rural life.

My days spent on the farm were most enjoyable, and every minute was filled with something to do. I had never really expected a farm to have much else but cows and sheep, but on this farm lived, Ossie, the ostrich, and Punsu, the buck. These two animals were kept in an enclosed paddock known as the "Farm's Zoological Garden". After feeding Punsu with a saucer of milk I was taken to the herd of Friesland and Jersey cattle. Luckily for me a cow was on the verge of calving and I was able to witness the birth of quite a huge bull calf. Soon after birth the mother began to lick the calf to start the circulation of the blood, and the calf was then able to stand on its own feet within a few minutes.

The milking of the cows was also most interesting to watch. Each cow was fastened to a separate stanchion and was given lucerne, oats or barley to eat while milking was in progress. Each cow having been milked, the milk was weighed and strained into ten-gallon cans. The cans were sealed and placed in

an enormous cooler inside the dairy before being loaded on to lorries to be taken into Bulawayo.

In a calf shed separated from the cows, all newly-born calves were kept until they reached six months of age. One of these calves, a cheeky Friesland heifer, was due to be dehorned. The heifer unsuspiciously came towards us, and her head was immediately clamped between two poles. The hair over and around the protruding horns was cut off and vaseline was smeared on. Then with great care caustic soda was applied. Once the caustic soda had been applied the process was complete, and the angry heifer was allowed to return to her stall.

One characteristic of the cows which continually amused me was the chewing of the cud. The stupid-looking cows would sit lazily for hours with their jaws moving up and down. Once a cow had finished chewing, another lump coming up her throat would be visible, and chewing would begin once again. Incidentally, one cow was named after me and I really can't make up my mind if that is a compliment or not.

In the surrounding countryside, buck were fairly plentiful, and some were shot to make biltong. The skins of the animals were used to make karosses and the horns were sometimes used to decorate the walls. One buck had been shot, and as the carcass could not be found, it was completely forgotten about until an African accidentally stumbled over it a few days later. The stench was unbearable, but the African managed to saw off a prize pair of horns which were left to dry on the top of the farmhouse roof.

Thus my few days on the farm soon passed, and once again I found myself back in Bulawayo, ready for a new school term. This time, however, I had had a holiday with a difference — a holiday on a farm.



MATOPOS

M. A. BUCKLEY

*High in the grey Matopo hills
Three silent graves I saw,
The fulfilment of three men's wills
They are, but mean much more.*

*They see what no man other sees
Through mornings and through nights,
As they look out across the trees
They see some wondrous sights.*

*The glory of the setting sun
Their silent world transforms,
Robed in grey hills one by one
As every new day dawns.*

*The sun bears down upon them hard
And shadows across them fall;
The hills be silent as a guard
As does a city wall.*

*Here solitude and silence reigns
Amongst these rocks and graves
And as the moon majestic wanes
Life creeps from bushmen caves.*

*This is Matopos, haunt of Rhodes
At will his burial place,
So many men have seen his grave
Though few have seen his face.*

GOING TO SCHOOL IN 2,000 A.D.

Form IIa

A. SCHERMBRUCKER

I woke up this morning in the year 2000 A.D. hearing the announcer on the radio advising us that the large space ship taking us to the planet Mars for a Geography lesson would be leaving in an hour's time. I touched the control of the automatic dressing robot and high pressure suits were fitted on me. A small radio in my wrist watch warned me it was time for breakfast. Two tablets were inserted in my mouth. I had enough nourishment now to last all morning.

I stepped on a high-powered elevator which took me to a flat platform a hundred stories above, where my miniature rocket awaited me. In the distance I saw the space ship with great billows of gas escaping from it. I soon had the engine working and the machine took off vertically. I landed in a nearby airfield where my friends were waiting. We all looked alike with huge heads and rather undeveloped bodies. We were encouraged to use our brains to absorb knowledge, but sport was considered unnecessary. This had caused our brains to become massive.

We assembled in the space ship for our first lesson. A penetrating voice told us we had left earth. It discussed the various layers of atmosphere through which we passed. We studied the effect of space on various animals in cages. Finally, we had a refreshment of one pill each. When we were within a few thousand miles of Mars we had to prepare for the descent on to the planet.

We put masks on and our speed slackened. The Martians welcomed us and led us to their huge study room. Specimens of their vegetation were on the tables and discussions were held on the different types. The Martians were very primitive compared with our race but they had been taught a great deal.

That concluded our lesson and we left for our return to earth. We had learnt a great deal from first-hand knowledge of outer space.

LA VIEILLE FEMME DU VILLAGE

Form IVa

L. ROTH

Il y avait une fois, une vieille qui habitait un village en Argentine. Elle était veuve, son mari était mort il y avait déjà très longtemps. Cette vieille femme demeurait dans une petite hutte au bord de la forêt. Les gens du petit village étaient bien effrayés de cette femme parce qu'elle avait de longs bras minces, et des ongles bien sales et longs. Elle avait les cheveux blancs qui pendaient comme des lques, et sur le dos elle avait une grosse bosse. Ses mains étaient pliées et pleines de gerçures. Elle est en réalité une méchante sorcière, disait-on dans le village, mais qui le sait ?

Les voyageurs qui venaient par la forêt nous racontaient que pendant la nuit des bruits effrayants et terribles se firent entendre dans sa hutte sinistre.

Les enfants du village avaient peur d'aller se promener dans la forêt, de crainte qu'elle ne les attrape. Cette sorcière sortait d'habitude de sa sombre solitude une fois dans l'année et cela était un mardi au mois de décembre ; elle venait en ville, personne ne sait pourquoi faire ni dire.

Qui était cette femme mystérieuse ? Que voulait-elle du monde ? D'où venait-elle ? Croyez-vous qu'elle aille au ciel ou à l'enfer ?

LE NAUFRAGE

Upper Sixth

VALERIE SCHOFIELD

Plusieurs pêcheurs m'avaient décrit le vieux naufrage qui se trouvait sur les roches blanches près du phare de l'île Grise et enfin j'allai le voir.

Vers le coucher du soleil notre bateau "Mathilde" s'approchait de l'autre côté des falaises qui menaçaient la seule petite baie sur l'île. Je le quittai aussitôt qu'il toucha la plage et courus avec hâte vers les roches blanches. Quel spectacle !

Mille et mille oiseaux de mer couvraient le naufrage comme une voile blanche et noire tremblant dans un vent doux. En effet, je ne pouvais guère voir aucune partie du bateau où il n'y avait pas d'oiseaux. Vraiment, ils faisaient une vue magnifique, mais je n'étais pas venu pour regarder des oiseaux, ainsi j'agitai les bras dans l'air en criant jusqu'à ce que le naufrage fut déserté.

L'écume des vagues troublées se levait et tombait sans cesse contre les poutres rouées et le vieux bois, plein de trous. Dans les crevasses mouillées se trouvaient d'étranges plantes brunes et vertes qui ne perdaient jamais leur rosée salée.

Une cabane était encore au-dessus de l'eau et j'entrai tentativement par la porte cassée. On y trouvait encore une pipe une assiette, une grande tasse de fer-blanc et un paquet de tabac — tous très vieux et mouillés. Je les ramassai du coin et songeai au pauvre matelot qui, longtemps avant que je sois née, avait fumé sa pipe pour la dernière fois avant que la mer l'avait englouti si cruellement avec tous ses compagnons.

Les larmes tombaient de mes yeux sur la planche craquée et je quittai tristement le vieux naufrage, si aveuglée que je n'aperçus guère sa beauté brillante et rouge dans la dernière lumière du soleil couchant.

MY SCHOOL

Form IIa

VALERIE WHITE

1

*When we remember, in years yet to come,
Hours of our school days left far behind,
The classrooms, the teachers, lessons and games,
Wonderful pictures will rise to mind.*

CHORUS:—

*"Upright and true" is our motto,
Pepper's the plant for our crest.
Blood and sand are our colours,
And Eveline School is the best.*

2

*The memories of friendships are dear to us,
Of the sports and the honours we won,
Of the rules, and the triumphs and failures,
And the pleasures, and gladness and fun.*

(CHORUS)

3

*We're proud to belong to a school like this,
And our voices will be raised in song.
We will always honour the rule we knew
Of this great school that've handed on.*

CHORUS:—

*"Upright and true" is our motto,
Pepper's the plant for our crest.
Blood and sand are our colours,
And Eveline School is the best.*

HER FIRST FANCY-DRESS DANCE

Form Ia

JEANNIE DUNNING

The chauffeur-driven car glided up to the steps of Amalie's house, and Lisa, shrouded in a large, warm coat, stepped out gracefully, walked up the steps, and entered the large mansion. A maid took her coat, and slipping on the black silk mask, Lisa glanced at herself in the mirror, set her filmy tulie head-dress at the correct angle then proceeded into the crowded ballroom. The chandeliers twinkled with a thousand lights, and Lisa blinked at their brilliancy. Brightly coloured balloons were strung up around the room, and hilarious guests were throwing streamers from end to end of the huge room. A tough-looking cowboy waggled a fairy's wand in her face, and a saucy-looking sailor blew a shrieking blower in her ear. They laughed gaily as the band struck up a lively tune and she was whirled around the floor by a bearded pilgrim.

As the ball proceeded, Lisa noticed that the costumes her friends were wearing were exceptionally good. Gail, her special friend, was dressed as Maid Marion, and her friend, John, as Robin Hood. Both were teased as neither had ever held an archer's bow or arrow in their hands. Muscular cousin Brian was dressed as an ape-man, and his sister as the First Elizabeth. She looked magnificent as she waltzed around the room in the voluminous skirt and stiff white ruff. Her escort was a scarecrow in patched rags. Although Lisa was not supposed to know their identities she could easily guess. She was not quite sure who the delicate looking Columbine was, but she greatly admired her costume. A handsome Rob Roy with a grisly beard, came up to her and asked for the pleasure in a soft Scottish accent. It was Sandy McGregor, the school master. They were whisked into the midst of the people by a villainous looking pirate, and then by a jolly Queen of Hearts. In between dances, Lisa talked with a Hollywood producer in a brilliant yellow shirt, and pink Bermuda shorts, a chilly Julius Caesar, a stately Queen Anne, a large brown bear, an intelligent looking Scarlet Pimpernel, a tight-fisted Scrooge, a lime-green Caterpillar, a heavenly-looking Cherub and a gallant Cavalier. She hardly had time to finish her conversation before she was whisked into yet another dance. She was thankful, when, at last, a Roundhead led her to the refreshment room. There she sank thankfully into a chair, sipped an ice-cold drink and munched a few sandwiches. As Lisa finished, a Red Indian Chief pulled her back to the ballroom, where a fox trot was beginning. They stopped abruptly when they saw the multi-coloured balloons gently floating down. As first one bunch cascaded down into what looked like an everlasting rainbow, the dancers crowded around with outstretched arms, trying in vain to catch them. As the last balloon sank to the ground the host and hostess rose to the platform and said that as it was midnight and would everyone please remove their masks. Many exclamations reached Lisa's ears. The hub-bub immediately ceased as the host announced the prize-giving.

Everyone pushed and jostled to get the best view of the platform. First came the usual speech of welcome then the host said, "First in the Ladies' section—Titania, Queen of Fairies". Lisa gasped, she was Titania. "Second, ladies and gentlemen is Madame Butterfly, and third, Cleopatra". The guests applauded loudly as the host presented the prizes. A beautiful Swiss clock was Lisa's prize, and she blushed hotly at the thundering applause. The runners-up both received gold watches. "First in the men's

section is the Hollywood producer, second Scrooge and third the Scarlet Pimpernel". They all received money prizes. "The prize for the most amusing costume goes to the Ape Man". Brian went up, grinning broadly to receive his prize — a large bronze door knocker. "Now, folks, so that there are no hard feelings, there are prizes for all — perfume for the ladies, and pipes for the gentlemen", beamed the chubby host. Everyone cheered enthusiastically, and hurried to receive the kindly host's gifts. Lisa was so tired, that she just managed to thank her host and hostess, collect her coat, and climb into her car. The chauffeur drove her swiftly home. There she climbed into her soft, roomy bed and fell into a peaceful sleep, dreaming of the most enjoyable dance of her life.

MY FAVOURITE RHODESIAN SCENE

Form IVb

GILLIAN STEVENS

At the river behind our house there is a high, flat-topped rock from which one can see for miles around. It is a very quiet, peaceful spot which is very rarely visited by anyone and which is the home of squirrels, rock rabbits, lizards and very probably, snakes. It is to this dwala that I go if ever I feel like an evening of peaceful solitude. I usually wander down there at sunset and take up my abode on the rock which balances precariously on top of the dwala.

The river at this point is small and very fast-running as its source is about a mile to the right of the dwala. It runs over and between the rocks at the foot of the dwala, joining tiny waterfalls and gurgling as it whirls into unseen cavities beneath the rocks. A little to the left of the dwala it joins the M'pisi river which is fairly large and which meanders over the flat countryside, bordered with reeds, flat rocks, sandy banks and overhanging trees.

On the opposite side of the river the land is undulating and is covered with long, yellowy-brown thatching-grass, occasionally swaying in the breeze but otherwise still and erect. At intervals there are patches of short green grass caused by overgrazing. These patches break the monotony of the countryside and are refreshing to look at as an oasis in a desert.

To the left is the native compound with its thatched-roofed huts, irregularly situated, but neat and clean. Scrawny fowls wander around near the fires hoping for a chance to dart in and peck at the mealie-meal which is being prepared in big earthen pots for the evening meal. Sitting on stones or boxes at their hut doors are the native men, some of them sitting alone pondering over the day's work and smoking pipes from which the smoke curls up as milk does when it is poured into black tea. Others sit in small groups talking or crooning in low voices.

At the top of the rise there are a few trees but not enough to block the view of the sunset beyond. They are the type of tree which never gets many leaves and their branches are outlined angularly against the sky. The sun by this time is a gigantic fiery ball slipping away beyond the distant hills, leaving behind it an apricot sky with occasional silver-tinted clouds lined with a deep red. Halfway up the arch of the sky, the apricot intermingles with the blue producing a deep mauve. Sometimes, depending on the density of the clouds, the rays of the sun can be seen like the spokes of a massive bicycle wheel.

This is my favourite Rhodesian scene and one of which I shall never grow tired because every evening the sunset is different creating new colouring and giving the scene a different outlook.

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF LIVING UNDER CANVAS

Form IVa

SANDRA SCHOFIELD

If ever you are invited to go on a camping and fishing trip there is one of two fates awaiting you. You may accept or refuse the invitation. (The latter suggestion is advised strongly!) If you accept the invitation I trust you have a modern caravan equipped with all modern facilities for cooking, washing, cleaning, etc. However, if you do not have time or money with which to buy this essential vehicle you are faced with a weary week of labour and depression under a beautiful khaki canvas tent. Good luck to you!

How thrilling it must be for you to arrive at your fishing spot near a Rhodesian river probably not unlike the picturesque "grey, green, greasy Limpopo".

After the goods are unpacked and you have found out that most of the goods were left at home you start to erect the tent. With a cool breeze blowing through your hair and the same cool breeze blowing the tent away you struggle laboriously to complete your work as the tent has to be your home for a few days. Please do not let the wind be your master but struggle on.

It is bed-time and under your canvas, a camp bed (also canvas) waits to welcome you to sleep. It does not feel exactly like foam rubber but will be sufficient. I find it rather a pity that camp beds are so low. Even when people are not overweight they tend to touch the ground while lying down as the canvas sinks in the middle. After much tossing, turning and tipping over sleep comes at last. Outside a strong wind is blowing and rain clouds are hovering overhead. The rain comes down in torrents. As the tent is waterproof the rain runs off onto the ground and slowly seeps under the canvas bed and there are puddles all around it. There is no flit-spray for killing mosquitoes and so you just have to endure the monotonous hum until morning.

There are no refrigerators, stoves, electric kettles or irons in canvas tents. There is a substitute for a stove, fortunately, and this is a wood fire.

In the Girl Guide Movement one test which has to be passed is that of lighting a fire with two wet sticks and one match. One can cheat a little when camping as there is no Chief Guide to pour water on the sticks and ensure that they are wet. Oh! I must not forget that it rained last night and your sticks are wet after all. So are the matches. Now everything is ready and correct. You are lucky. After about an hour's struggle the fire is blazing. As your hosts went fishing last night there is fish for breakfast, fish for lunch and fish for dinner. As your friends go fishing every day there is fish for every meal and you are staying for a week. (Incidentally, I am afraid I am not fond of fish at the best of times).

Unfortunately, there is no fresh milk, bread, cheese, butter, vegetables, meat or toothpaste to be bought by the riverside. Therefore, you must be content with tinned food and fish.

Have your hosts got a zinc bath in their tent? I hope so, as you cannot possibly suffer for a week without bathing (or can you?). Of course if they are lucky enough to own a bath you can always fill it with bilharzia-infested water from the river. If you do not particularly want this sickness you may sit by your fire and boil saucepans of water. You will need only about 25 pots-full and that will take approximately four hours, six minutes. Then you must wait another half hour for the water to cool down. (The boiling kills the bilharzia snails).

I think that the only pleasure of living under a canvas tent is that we have something to look forward to. That is — going home.

THE DAY ZIMBABWE WAS CAPTURED

Form IIa

LINDSAY THOMSON

As I lay on my stomach on the flat, sun-warmed granite rock at the top of the kopje, under the shade of a mopani bush, I gazed down on the tranquil loveliness of the grandeur of the Zimbabwe Ruins. It was a typical Rhodesian summer day. The blazing sun beat fiercely down upon the parched shrubs and rock of the veld. In the distance a clump of brilliantly-coloured Redhot Pokers bloomed, giving colour to the drab scene. Through the foliage of a small bush I could just discern a great stone tower rising out of the midst of the huge, crumbling walls. Around me flies buzzed drowsily in the heat, and a slight rustle in the grass proved to be made by a small animal scratching for food.

My mind wandered aimlessly, and I thought of the strange unsolved mystery of Zimbabwe and wondered who had built this great stone fort and why the inhabitants had left so suddenly without leaving a trace of their identity. I endeavoured to think of a story to fit this riddle.

A long-forgotten tribe at one time had been the masters of Africa. They had originally come from the east coast of Africa, and had wished to extend their trade. This they did by pressing into the interior and erecting a number of magnificent stone forts, where they traded with the natives. Zimbabwe, then known as Rolotongbagwena, was ruled by a great and powerful king, who reigned in all his glory for twenty years, until a local king with great influence, raised an army of equal strength and attacked the great fort, out of jealousy.

It had been a hot, airless, uncannily silent night when the silent brown, feather-clad bodies of ten thousand warriors had crept up to the heavily-guarded entrance of Rolotongbagwena. The general of the army and a few chosen men had clubbed the unsuspecting guards into unconsciousness and then hurriedly opened the huge, heavy, wooden gates. With blood-curdling screams the warriors had rushed through the gates and ruthlessly massacred the entire population of the fort, with the exception of the king's first wife whom they abducted for their king.

My meditations were rudely interrupted by my dog, who, tired of waiting for me, had aroused me by bumping my face with his cold wet nose.

A MACARONIC

Form IIIa

ALVERA HERSHEY

*At domus these days
A certain res
Semper bothers me
Enim sum fat
(Non possum mistake that)
My tummy bulges ecce
"Oh me miserum!"
Dedi genitum
"Eheu! sum fat eheu!"
Habeo iam famem
Sed also nunc fidem
Ut thinness ent my state
Enim per diet I try
Eet per famem I sigh
Amittere hic horrible weight
Di immortales! this pray I
Please facitis me thin
Et datis me vim
If ever I am capere a mate.*

THE MANNEQUIN PARADE



Prize-winners and Judges: MISS M. O'BYRNE, MRS. MILLAR (MAYORESS) and MRS. FRASER-ROSS.

Form IVb

MOYA DU PREEZ

On Friday the 30th of October our whole school assembled in the hall to see a mannequin parade. The elegant young ladies taking part in this most enjoyable performance were girls from our own school.

The mannequins modelled numerous garments consisting of a great variety of dresses, night-wear and sports-wear, all of which they had made themselves during needlework classes this year.

Many of the dresses had pencil skirts and looked extremely neat and sophisticated. A few girls had made their own confirmation frocks and presented a fresh and original touch to the parade.

The sports-wear consisted mainly of neat white shorts with matching blouses and some of the younger girls looked enchanting in their shortie pyjamas.

The well-chosen accessories worn by the girls emphasised the style and individuality of each model.

Fay Brooks, who modelled a delightful tangerine frock, with all the poise and confidence of a professional, was awarded a prize for the best-made frock.

I found the Bachelors' mannequin parade most entertaining and was sorry when the lovely apparitions floated out as swiftly as they had come in.

CHURCHES

Form IVa

JANE VISSER

When I think of the word church there always comes into my mind a picture of a magnificent ancient building with high towers and a weathercock, like those churches built in the seventeenth century. The modern churches with their up-to-date architecture have lost that religious, warm atmosphere which makes the older churches so appealing.

Most of the twentieth century churches of today do not possess those magnificent organs whose pipes cover the whole front wall. Their hymn tunes are, therefore, not as rich and powerful as those played on the older organs, such as that of St. Thomas in Leipzig, by great musicians like Bach.

The church that will always linger in my memory is the St. Bavo Church in Holland. It is situated on the riverside and is surrounded by drooping willows. It is a magnificent building with numerous small towers after the Gothic style. The beautiful reflection of it in the water has inspired many artists to paint it. It has indeed been painted successfully by great Dutch artists such as Rembrandt and Vermeer.

One of the oldest Dutch churches is the Bakernessee Church in Haarlem. It was built in the thirteenth century and has remained unchanged and unharmed up to this day. It is so old that one of its towers leans towards the ground, just as the famous tower of Pisa does. Many tourists who have visited Haarlem have stood amazed when they see this leaning tower and they cannot be convinced that it is too strong to fall. For me this tower holds no fears, but is very familiar as I used to go to the Bakernessee Church every Sunday for Sunday School.

There are many true stories in connection with ancient churches. One of the most tragic ones I know is that about Jan van Schaffelaar, a very religious Protestant. He lived during the time when the followers of Martin Luther were heavily persecuted. When he was praying in a Protestant Church one day, some Roman Catholic soldiers entered and demanded that he should kneel down and worship an image of the Pope which they had with them. Jan, who would not betray his God in any circumstances, ran up to the tower. From there he flung himself down and fell down dead in the street.

Today, when I think of churches, I often wish that I were in Holland again, only to hear the church bells peal invitingly and to listen to those beautiful organ melodies, which I miss greatly.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE SEA

Form III(Alpha)

RUTH HITCHCOCK

"The sea". What a magic name that is! To little boys and girls that word spells sunny beaches, paddles in the sea, sandcastles, buckets and spades. However, the sea has another fascination for me, for there are so many strange and beautiful plants and fishes in it. Beautiful shells can be found at some of the less popular, rocky beaches, and lots of brightly-coloured seaweed. Also there are beautiful and interesting rock-pools among the rocks, filled with different types of anemones and lichens, and of course, crabs everywhere. There are many strange, fierce and pretty fish too. Some of these are shown to advantage in Durban's new Aquarium.

This has been recently opened. It is a big building, consisting of a huge tank, which can be viewed through windows in the walls. This tank contains seventy-three different varieties of fish. They may be seen at ground level, where there are all the

scavengers of the sea gliding over the sand at the bottom; also in the middle, where most of the beautiful, graceful fish can be watched swimming about; and at the top, where it is open, and from which one looks down into the tank. Here the turtles are usually swimming along the walls. One of the most recent additions to the Aquarium is a six-foot Lazy Grey Shark. This has been in captivity for two weeks now, and has not been induced to eat anything. Two pilot fish have attached themselves to this shark and it takes them with it all the time. The pilot fish leave their host only to take a hasty bite at feeding time, darting back immediately. What a thrill it was to catch a glimpse of this shark for the first time!

Another interesting fish that could not fit into the Aquarium is a whale, but these may be seen at the Whaling Slipway or Station. These colossal fish, with their small eyes, big tails and long, narrow bottom jaws, are the biggest fish and their big blunt noses make them look queer.

An Octopus was hooked up by a fisherman by a tentacle. It hung there, writhing in its usual grotesque manner, not seeming to feel the hook. Its weird, horrible eyes and suction pads on the bottom of its tentacles were clearly visible. It was killed by being turned inside out.

Porpoises are quite often seen "gambolling" in the sea. Unfortunately they are sometimes mistaken for sharks. They are big fish and can grow very tame. They love to be tickled when they are tame.

The sea has many changing moods. Sometimes it is almost as calm as a millpond, very blue and sparkling and then the waves just seem to roll lazily over. Sometimes the sea is seething and white caps appear. Sometimes, however, it is in a very angry mood. Then the waves crash over with a noise like thunder, and the water is grey and uninviting. The sea guards many secrets — shipwrecks, lost treasures, and all its very strange, weird, grotesque and sometimes, very beautiful animals and plants. I would love to be able to explore down in the cool, green, silent depths, and find out more of the mysteries of the sea.

A VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL

Form III(Alpha)

ROSAMUND McCOMB

My sister, Anne, had been in hospital for some weeks and my cousin, Marian, and I had promised to take Marion's two small brothers, Robert and Richard, aged six and seven respectively, to see her.

We began regretting our promise on the way to the hospital in the bus, as they argued loudly all the time about who was to give Anne the flowers we had brought. They were still arguing when we arrived so Marion divided the bouquet in half and gave them each half of it to carry. Thus pacified, they were silent and gazed about with awed eyes as we entered the building.

We decided to take the lift up to the second floor but this, as we soon discovered, was a mistake because then all that the two small boys wanted to do was to ride up and down in it all the time.

However, we eventually reached the ward where Anne was, and on seeing her they rushed towards her with loud shrieks. Marion and I followed behind trying to look as if we had never seen either of them before! We sat down by the bed and prepared to talk to Anne while they swarmed in and out of the bars under the bed. Suddenly Richard caught sight of a handle under the bed. "What's that?" he demanded. Anne replied that it was to wind the bed up and down, whereupon they both seized it and began winding vigorously. Poor Anne was shot first up in the air then down and then up again. Blushing furiously, Marion and I dragged them away, returned the bed

to its right position and sat down again. We had now become the target for several black looks from the other patients.

The next thing they discovered was the wireless headphones hanging at the side of the bed. As this kept them quiet we heaved sighs of relief and sat back thankfully. About ten minutes later we realised that everything was unnaturally quiet and looked up. Robert and Richard had disappeared. We separated and began a frantic search. Robert was found out on the balcony trying to climb over the wall and I discovered Richard at the lift pressing all the buttons and causing the lift to sail up and down. Fortunately it was empty.

It was with some relief that we heard the bell ringing at the end of the visiting hour and we said goodbye and departed holding them both firmly by the hand. We walked down the stairs in grim silence and got out as quickly as possible. They, nothing daunted by our grim looks, discussed the events of the afternoon and wanted to know when they could come again. Marion and I vowed silently that if they did come again it certainly would not be us who would bring them!

TWO INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

Form IIa

GILLIAN ANKERS

During my childhood one of my favourite personalities was an old Danish man.

His pockets in his long, black, tailored suit always held a host of amusements, whilst his large hand always carried a huge silk handkerchief with a "J" embroidered on it, but, to my knowledge, he never used it.

A round jovial man, with ginger hair and bristling eyebrows, his twinkling blue eyes closed completely when he laughed and his nose twitched like a curious rabbit's. As he was very deaf he had a small pink hearing-aid which fell out when he cupped his hand round his ear.

Very methodical in his habits, at six o'clock each evening he went for a walk, tapping his long cane walking-stick on the stony pavement, noting each incident surrounding him and admiring the beauty of nature. At eight o'clock he went to bed and listened to the radio or he called me, if I was staying with him, to have a chat.

He had a light, musical voice with a slight foreign accent and between each sentence he gave a puff on his cigar and would tell me delightful yarns about each spiral of smoke. He had a great sense of humour and sometimes would sway with laughter remarking, "Dear, dear!" meanwhile wiping his glasses.

Yes, to me he was a wonderful old man: generous, gay and charming and I will never forget him.

Another outstanding character I know is a great friend of my grandmother. I call her Auntie Carrie.

Auntie Carrie is of medium height, plump and walks very fast which leaves us out of breath when we are accompanying her. She chatters away like a magpie and is never at a loss for words.

A slight drawl adds charm to her speech and she has a very expressive face which betrays her thoughts, which are very seldom unkind, although at times she is rather prim.

At ease with everyone she makes many friends and I have never known a better mixer. Her ready laugh is very infectious and a lively characteristic is her great sense of humour. She has a restless disposition and must always be on the move. Having no special looks she has a vivacious and friendly expression.

These are the two outstanding personalities whom I know, the Danish man and dear Auntie Carrie.

ALPHABET OF THE LOWER VI

*A is for Ann the head of the school,
She's "mostest" at Maths and surely no fool.*

*B is for our Beryls and Brenda as well,
In beauty and brains they surely excel!*

*C is for Carole a swimmer so fast,
She worked last year, but that year is past.*

*D is for Davies or plain Mary-Jane,
She's artily different but really quite sane.*

*E is for Eda who plays the "pianer",
According to some in quite a grand manner.*

*F is for Fairley so silent and shy,
In spite of all this she always gets by.*

*G is for Gruschka who dabbles in paint,
This female of art is really quite quaint.*

*H is for Hester, so careful and calm,
She'd ne'er hurt a fly or do any harm.*

*I is for Ishbel, a canny, dour Scot,
She rolls her R's as others do not.*

*J is for Janet who's great in debate,
And also for Joan who never is late.*

*K is for Keats, a poet who is set,
In spite of exams he's the best we've met yet.*

*L's for Lynette, a scientist so bright,
In test tubes and acids she takes a delight.*

*M is for Maryllin and Mary, too,
We hope you will like them as much as we do.*

*N is for nothing at which we excel
All teachers will tell you we do it quite well.*

*O is for nought, the result of our work,
This is what happens when labour we shirk.*

*P is for patience, we need it for prep,
But all of us think that Shakespeare's quite "hep"!*

*Q is for questions, we ask quite a lot,
Our intentions are good, but our knowledge is not!*

*R is for rock which most of us "dig",
For Bach and Beethoven we don't care a fig.*

*S is for sport at which we are slow,
In the Inter-Form Relay we came—
well, you know!*

*T is for Tone we loudly display,
At the contest of singing we carried the day.*

*U is for us—no autographs please!
We know we're important, the school's V.I.P.s.*

*V is for Vera, who speaks her own mind,
But under it all she's really quite kind.*

*W for West the surname of Gwyn,
By kindness and smiles our hearts she does win.*

*X, Y and Z we end this with zest,
After this mental effort we need a long rest.*

REHEARSAL: "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."



Form III(Alpha)

RITA STEYN

THE REHEARSAL

Lower Sixth

MARY-JANE DAVIES

"This is the last play I am ever going to produce a play", muttered the producer sitting hunched up in her solitary chair in the gloom of the hall like a hen miserable on a rainy day. Obviously she was brooding bitterly.

"Louder girls, louder", commanded the musical director, pacing rhythmically up and down on the stage, or just in front of it with her head on one side and her eyes either closed or gazing intently on the ceiling. The girl in the wings operating the gramophone obliged by producing an almost frightening volume of Mendelssohn melody.

"That bit of blue in the corner is magnificent. We must have the whole of the back drop that colour", enthused the art mistress, running her fingers through her rebellious hair and placing one hand on her hip. She had a veritable army at her command, small gnomes clad in blouses and brown bloomers, gnomes who scaled precarious ladders and strange contrivances made of chairs and tables with daring ease, and wielded huge brooms dripping with blue paint of assorted shades.

Amid the seeming chaos, Hermia was listening enraptured to her Lysander, but now and again her attention wandered to a fire-bucket hovering

menacingly over her head!

Occasionally, after a brilliant green flash, the hall would be plunged into darkness, for the mistress in charge of lights was experimenting eagerly and there would come a plaintive plea from the producer, "The show starts in a week's time".

Suddenly Puck, who had been having his costume fitted, leapt on to the stage. "That's slightly better, but please tuck your tummy in".

The musical director, who had ceased to speculate on the strange noises issuing from the gramophone, was now busy rehearsing the giggling fairies for their song while the dancing mistress stood waiting, every now and then executing strange little steps when a fresh inspiration seized her.

Backstage, someone dropped a hammer on someone else's toe, a few studious girls were getting on with their homework, and the newly-silvered wands of the fairies were being admired loudly.

Miss "Lights" was running hither and thither leaping clean over all obstacles, her brow puckered and fingers bandaged as a result of one of the explosions heard previously.

Loudly and earnestly the back-stage workers debated whether the third flat on the left could be moved a quarter of an inch to the right, or if platform "A" was too heavy to be moved in the

few minutes allowed for a change of scenery.

With slight encouragement the art mistress was now cutting Lysander's hair in the style of Ancient Greece. She snipped her pair of scissors ruthlessly and with almost vicious zest, and Demetrius, standing ready for "his" locks, too, to be sacrificed for the sake of art, shuddered.

The rehearsal of the play continued. Oberon and Titania quarrelled amid ladders and buckets while Theseus, hunting in a forest of wires, arc lamps and electric cables, made one wonder what kind of game he was seeking.

Suddenly a strange creature appeared on the stage. It had the head of an amiable ass while its nether portion was clad in Eveline School uniform. An inaudible muttering emerged from the creature. "Speak up Bottom! I can't hear a word". The creature removed its head and a flushed, aggrieved face emerged. "I'm shouting, really I am".

At length, all activity ceased. The producer declared that the rehearsal, "if rehearsal it can be called", was over. Frantic attempts were made by various "guinea pigs" to remove their make-up, the back-stage workers collected together the shattered remains of their domain and the art mistress smoked her last cigarette.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Upper VI

VALERIE SCHOFIELD

Since we had not produced a Shakespeare play since 1950 ("Merry Wives of Windsor"), the Senior Dramatic Society chose "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as their 1959 production. No one, perhaps, was more delighted than Miss Lacey, who immediately began to design scenery and costumes as delightful and effective as any to be found in professional theatres. So, although the cast was rather younger and less experienced than usual this year, they were helped by costumes which themselves created half the character, and scenery which maintained the atmosphere required, whether it was the formality of Theseus' Palace, the fantasy and eeriness of the wood, or the rude jumble of Quince's home.

The comparative youthfulness of the cast set an obstacle which the producer, Mrs. Davies, overcame magnificently. The play is essentially a comedy and it is the trying task of the producer to make sure that the cast is fully aware of every comic remark or implication. That this unspoken rule was observed to the full was especially obvious in the Athenian workmen. Ceridwen Mackenzie as the bumptious, over-enthusiastic Bottom gave just the hearty performance one expects of this character, and the other workmen retained the air of simple, earnest fools, adequately supplying most of the comic element in the play.

Of the Greeks, no one was better fitted for her part than Jean van Ryneveld as Helena: she played the part naturally with no traces of either affectation or insipidity; Carole Whitehead as Hermia, by her incessant frivolity and fiery tempers, also proved to be well cast.

Undoubtedly, the most enchanting scenes in the play, however, with their profusion of sylph-like immortals, under the command of the imperious Oberon (Irene Styles) and an extremely graceful Titania (Moya du Preez). But a wanton, darting flame of a Puck (Mary-Jane Davies) supplied most of the sparkle and fantasy in the fairy

scenes. Her miming was outstanding, her movements were natural and graceful and she delighted all with her performance.

The producer, cast and helpers are to be congratulated upon a lively performance which had scarcely a dull moment from beginning to end.

Mr. IOWERTH JONES

BY HIS GRANDAUGHTER

Form Ia

AVRIL PINCHEN

We all called my grandfather "Tad". His name was Iorweth Jones and he was born in Corris in North Wales. "Tad" was a truly patriotic Welshman and could still speak Welsh after living in Rhodesia for 54 years. I remember, he was very proud when somebody said to him, "Mr. Jones you look more like David Lloyd George every day!" There were eight boys and one girl in the family. All "Tad's" brothers died of consumption at an early age and his sister Sarah went to America. At 14 "Tad" became a butcher's assistant and because of all the cruel killing he saw he decided to become a vegetarian. He also brought up his children as vegetarians. In 1904 he went to Rhodesia and joined the railways.

"Tad" used to ride a bicycle wherever he went, even until his death at the age of 81. He preferred the Welsh "Nos da" to the English "Goodnight" and used to have only one or two meals a day. Invariably there were some papers on the carrier of "Tad's" bicycle and often he would bring home an apple tart of which he was very fond. "Tad's" railway pass used to be made out to so many places that it gave officials quite a headache! He went on a holiday nearly every year and I think he had travelled everywhere in Rhodesia and South Africa.

My grandfather attended nearly all the council meetings and the monthly recitals of the city orchestra. He enjoyed the cinema and had an extensive library. His books dealt with many subjects; geography, history, languages, religion, classics, politics, theosophy, astronomy, biology, medicine, nature cure, and novels. "Tad" thought nothing of just speaking to some V.I.P. and had some good friends amongst them. He disliked slang and often reprimanded us for using it. He liked a good joke, but beware those who told him a silly one! "Tad" was a great believer in the Bible and would often use it to illustrate a point he made.

On a Saturday he would usually visit the synagogue or attend a Barmitzvah. On Sundays "Tad" would go to the Christian Science and Presbyterian churches. If he wanted to hear a special minister "Tad" would go to the church, whatever its denomination. It didn't matter to "Tad". He used to look in the paper every day to see who had died and usually he went to at least one funeral every fortnight.

When "Tad" was 81 he was knocked over by a train. He was found conscious, but minus an arm and his leg below the knee. When he was in hospital they found he had seven ribs broken, a fractured skull, badly bruised eyes and his leg and arm had to be amputated. He decided to go on a fast and only later was persuaded to eat. He had a "No Visitors" sign on the door but "Tad" ignored it and told everyone to come in. His telegrams were as numerous as his visitors. Even to the end "Tad" displayed tremendous stamina and courage. A fortnight later he died from pneumonia, not from his wounds which had nearly healed.

THE FALL

Upper Sixth

VALERIE SCHOFIELD

She drove the car over the stony road across the moor, glad to be away from the stifling atmosphere of the city and her mother's small flat with its white rugs, jade Buddhas and Chinese prints which almost covered the walls of the sitting-room. She had been invited through her mother, to stay with people whom she had never met, or ever heard of, but she needed the holiday. . . .

As the car turned the next bend she saw the house and, having come eventually to the end of a meandering drive with stark poplars on either side, she drew up before an oaken portal, so entwined with convolvulus that she could scarcely see the door behind it. From under this mass of green and white entanglement stepped Michael and Karen Trevennan.

Caroline had always found her mother's friends dull in their similarity, but the Trevennans, she saw immediately, were different. Karen was less than five feet tall, pale-complexioned and dark-haired and spoke with a slight foreign accent which Caroline could not place. Michael had auburn hair, streaked with grey, deep-set green-yellow eyes, and a sparse red beard. He wore a soiled, loose-fitting jersey, maroon corduroy trousers and open sandals.

As they greeted her and helped her take her luggage from the car, Caroline had an uncanny feeling that all this had happened before; that she knew these people intimately. The strange feeling of familiarity increased as she entered the large log-cabin in which they lived. She knew she could never before have seen a room quite like this, and yet every article in that room was familiar. Three of its four walls were lined with books from ceiling to floor. A strange and rather frightening mural filled the fourth. At a first glance, one might have called it "The Fall of Icarus", but not only were there burnished, orange rays where the sun should have been, but also in the place where one might expect to see the ocean. Here, also, were bushes and trees, houses and telegraph poles, all alight in a splash of flaming colour. There was a cliff, too, a steep white cliff which towered above the hall-fire. Was that Daedalus on top of it? Who was that misty figure close beside him and why was Icarus a woman . . . ? She had gazed upon this picture so often, it seemed, yet now she could not under-

stand it.

Michael said, "I finished it this morning. You will come to understand it". His yellow eyes stared into hers until it seemed that his gaze alone fused them inseparably. They remained transfixed, the panther and his prey, for some moments; then he turned away. She noticed now that Karen was no longer with them. She avoided meeting Michael's glance a second time, letting her eyes wander to the exquisitely-carved furniture, the thick red and orange carpets and the unfathomable clay models which filled the room in which she stood. She felt incongruous in her fashionable, expensive suit and high-heeled shoes and longed to unpin her hair so that it would fall over her shoulders. She wished she were dressed in sacking, or a sarong or just draped silk — anything out of the ordinary.

At dinner, Caroline sat opposite Michael, but she forced herself to chatter lightly with Karen, occasionally asking him for his opinion, but never looking at him directly. She went up to bed straight after the meal, saying that she was tired after her journey. Karen promised to send a hot drink in to her.

She had not been in bed more than a few minutes when Michael knocked on her door and brought in a glass of hot punch. He put it on the table beside her bed and once more his eyes caught hers and burned them with the intensity of his gaze.

"You have not forgotten me, Carli", he said.

After he had gone, she lay in bed and searched her memory for the only person who had ever called her by that name before, but it was a fruitless search, for it seemed that only Michael had ever used that name, and that he had always used it. . . . She began to wonder if the search was really fruitless. Was there somewhere else to search? How could she explain for herself the strange experience through which she was passing, the strange inevitability of everything she had done and said since her arrival here and the almost subconscious knowledge that the crisis of this mystical event was still to come?

The following morning Caroline, Karen and Michael went for a long walk over the moors. There was hardly a trace of wind and the sun beat down upon them with a heat that was almost tropical. They stopped to rest at the top of a hill, almost half of which seemed to have been sliced off and carried away. Some years ago, limestone had been excavated there, but by the time they had cut away half the hill, they decided that there was not enough to make further excavation profitable, so the hill had remained in its semi-demolished condition.

After some minutes, Karen stood up and walked to the edge of the flat side of the hill.

"Oh! How beautiful this valley is in summer!" she said.

Michael knew what was about to happen, yet he could not, would not move to combat the inevitable. He called out to her and warned her that the ground at the edge of the precipice was dry and crumbly, but she fell all the same, and when her agonized scream ended abruptly, they both knew that no one and nothing could alter or erase a single factor in the long reel of their prearranged existence together.

Yes, it was beautiful down there. Bushes and trees were covered with blossoms, the fields were blanketed with buttercups, red roses climbed over the portals in the cottage gardens and the cottages themselves — and even one of the telegraph poles — were covered with flame-covered honeysuckle: almost as though they were on fire. . . .



Form Ic

ROSEMARY PIKE

THE NIGHT I THOUGHT THERE WAS A BURGLAR

Form IIa

JULIETTE SCHOFIELD

It was one of those hot, restless night, when windows rattle and bedroom curtains bulge as though someone is behind them and then suddenly flap back with a thud on the wire gauze. I had not wanted to put my book down that night but I soon felt my eyelids fluttering. I had crept fearfully out of bed and with one hand on the switch I measured the distance I had to run. I always ran and leapt into my bed in case someone was underneath it, ready to grab my leg by the ankle. After the light was out my fear remained and I lay still and stiff, listening to the dogs shuffling and sniffing outside.

I suppose I must have been half asleep when I heard several crashes coming from the kitchen. I was frightened and only my ears seemed fearless. I listened hard. There was my father's steady snore, there was the shuffle of the dogs, there was the rattling of the windows but for a while no other sound. Suddenly another noise started. It sounded as though someone was pushing a glass dish along a floor, a dish like a butterdish. I did not dare to move and when the noise stopped I pictured a burglar creeping from room to room on his toes, with an iron bar in his hand.

The silence lasted for a few more minutes and I was still shivering when I heard some music. At first I thought someone had switched on the wireless but then realised that someone was in the lounge playing the piano. It was not really music but the soft strumming that a child plays when it does not know any notes. But who could be playing at this time of night? Surely the burglar would not find the piano more interesting than his stealing! I decided I had to see what was happening.

I slid out of bed and ran silently to the door. The music continued undisturbed. I switched on my light. The music continued. I walked slowly to the lounge, put my hand on the switch, closed my eyes and filled the room with light. The music stopped and when I opened my eyes I nearly cried out. At the other end of the room no one sat on the piano stool but Frosty and her three white kittens sat on the keys, their faces content, their ears twitching as though with curiosity and their eyes blinking lazily. I looked towards the kitchen door. There was no light there but leading from the door to the piano stool were four trails of buttery paw marks.

I walked from the room and in bed fell asleep while the four burglars walked happily up and down the piano.

PORTRAIT OF A CAT

Form IIa

MARTHA CROZIER

One day, when I was doing some gardening, I heard a faint, plaintive miaow and, looking around, saw a little, grey kitten gazing hopefully up at me. It was so miserable and thin that I picked it up and took it into the kitchen to give it some food. On the way I remembered that some six years ago our cat, Felix, had adopted us in much the same manner.

Although Felix is getting old, her coat is as sleek and glossy as ever and her brilliant, green eyes, which in some lights seem to be yellow, make a sharp contrast to her coal-black fur. She is not exceptionally large and hates the whole canine

population of the neighbourhood so much that she will turn on a dog of any size. She protects her young fiercely but, as soon as they are nearing adulthood, she will either pad disdainfully past or hiss menacingly in her bewildered offspring's face if it makes any overtures of friendship. She will even go so far as to refuse to eat at the same dish as the object of her disapproval.

I can remember many times when she has sent dogs howling through the gate simply because they have wandered into her domain. Quite recently a big, stupid-looking ridgeback wandered into the garden and had the temerity to sniff curiously at a wobbly-legged kitten. The fur on her back and tail rose until it was upright and, hissing in his face, she advanced to do battle with the offender. At first the dog just stood in nervous indecision and, before he could escape through the gate, she was to him, a hissing, scratching mass of claws and fur. After a few seconds the dog managed to back out through the gate, but she was clinging on to his back and let go only some fifteen yards away. Then she stalked complacently back, cleaning the dust of battle off her fur.

However, she does not often get a chance like this and has to content herself with stalking all the creatures in the vicinity, from birds to mice, lizards and grasshoppers. She is not very popular with our neighbours for she has twice caught one or other of their tame budgerigars. At the moment she is having a fine time, because, as soon as we put her and her kittens on the verandah, she will find some way of transporting them back into the house.

UNTIL THE RAINS CAME

Form Vc

DONETTE READ

*Across the hot Savanah land there barely stirs a breeze,
The rains are late, the leaves are brown upon the thorny trees:
All is still and quiet whilst the sickening smell of death
Wafts dustily across the land with every stifled breath.*

*The animals are troubled as they pace a lonely plain,
They dig into the sun-baked earth, their hooves are racked with pain,
They dig until exhausted beneath a starry sky,
Then in the blush of dawn, they lay them down to die!*

*From up the mountain slopes, parched in relentless sun,
Comes the hollow sound of a native, a banging on his drum.
His prayer is to the rain gods, his cry is not in vain,
For at the fall of dusk, there come the clouds of rain.*

*To the sheltered hillsides like one continuous sway
The animals are wandering beneath a sky of grey,
Then suddenly at noon day, when everything is dry,
The raindrops fall in torrents from a newly opened sky.*

*And then a few hours later the land is wet like clay,
Small valleys now are hidden beneath a flooded vlei,
The sun shines soft and gently 'tween the fleeing clouds,
And the mist is rising smokily like ghosts within their shrouds.*

"A WINTER NIGHT"

Form IVa

S. VAN RENSBURG

*As the sun sank in its glory
As it sank like burning fire
Its last rays they touched tall grasses
Till they burnt with crimson fire
Like unto the dying sun.*

*Then night's icy curtain tumbled
And the heavens paled above
And the stars began to sparkle
Sparkle with a silvery light.*

*Then the moon so bright and shining
Sailed into the starry sky
Like a boat upon the water
Like a snake in dewy grass.*

*With the moon the wind came running
Came running over hill and vale
Icy like death's endless calling
Mighty like the rushing stream.*

*And the wind so strong and mighty
Bent the grass so parched and white
Bent it till it touched the earth
So it seemed to be in prayer.*

*High above the clouds came sailing
Brought by icy winter winds.*

*As the wind's voice screamed so loudly
Came the rain in frozen droplets
Fell upon the stormy lake
Where the waves crashed on the sand
Fell upon the ground so icy.*

*And the last dry leaves fell whirling
Whirling as if in a dance.*

*All the night the wind continued
And the frozen rain fell down,
And winter walked in all his power
Touching man and beast alike
Till he crept and cried for mercy
Mercy from the cruel night.*

*Then the wind no longer screaming
But with a sighing, singing voice
Swept the rain-grey clouds away
And itself died slowly down.*

*Cruel winter looked around him
And in the east he saw the sun
So far and pale behind the hills
And he fled from its pale glory
Heaving broken trees and grasses
Frozen by the icy rain
Broken by the cruel wind.*

*And so the sun as slow it rose up
Brought new life to frozen land
And new hope to humble people
Breaking winter's icy hold
Ending thus a winter night.*

'N BRAND

Form IVa

JEANETTE VILJOEN

Dit was presies drie weke gelede dat Koos sy boor laat sak het om vir olie te soek.

„Ag, ek hoop dat ek tog vandag die olie sal vind”, dink hy by homself. Haastig trek hy sy werksklere aan, en toe gaan lui hy die groot brons klok om sy helpers wakker te maak.

Die son se eerste strale, wat die lumier aandui, verlig die ooste met 'n sagte geel glans. Die koel morewindjie ritsel saggies deur die goud bruin blare, en die vroeë more-dou glinster effens in die huiwerige songlans.

Vaak-vaak begin die werkers uit hul hutte kom,

en dan volg hulle vir Koos na die boorgat toe, vol hoop en energie van 'n nuwe dag, het die mans met hul werk begin. Na 'n tydperk van drieuur, het die mans, wie se beurt dat was om die boor te bewerk, 'n hees skreeu geuiter, en toe merk almal dat daar 'n klein stroompie swart vloeistof bo uit die gat begin to bruis. Met 'n gil van pure vreugde hardloop Koos vorentoe met die dosie vuurhoutjies. Met vingers wat bewes het hy 'n vuurhoutjie by die vloeistof gehou; „Hoera! dis olie!” skreeu die mans toe daar 'n helder rooi en oranje kleur vlam in die lug opskiet.

In sy opgewondenheid het Koos die vuurhoutjie agter hom neergegooi op 'n hoop droë gras. Eers toe al die mans hulle klaar bewonder het aan die geweldige stroom olie wat opbruis, het een van hulle omgedraai, en die benoude skreeu war oor sy lippe gebars het, het vrees en angs in die ander gewek nog voordat hulle omgedraai het.

Voor hulle oë was 'n vreesaanjaende skouspel. Van die ses hutte was daar nog net een wat nie brand nie. Dit was waarlik 'n tragiese gebeurtenis, want, al wou die mans iets doen, was dit te gevaarlik om naby die vuur te gaan, en daar was geen brandslange om die vuur mee te blus nie.

Al hoe harder het die geknetter van die vlamme geword. By elke venster het rook uitgeborrel. Nou was al die hutte aan die brand, en die vuur het al groter en groter geword. Party van die vonke en vlamme het hoog in die lug opgeskiet sodat daar 'n rooi gloed aan die lug was, en die lug het al hoe warmer en benoudër geword.

Vir drie uur het die brand aangehou, en dit was eers toe die laaste vonkie geblus was, dat die mans besef het hoe honger hulle was, en hoe hulle oë en kele brand van die ure by vuur staan.

Toe Koos omdraai, sien hy nog hoe die sterk stroom van die olie voortvloei. Dit kon die vuur nie verslind nie.

RECOGNISE THEM BY THEIR SAYINGS

Mrs. Gr-nt: Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.
Mrs. W-t-rs: I'm not warning you; I'm just making a statement.

Mrs. D-v-s: It won't take you long to learn that.

Mrs. D-w-s: Trumpet-shaped mouths, girls.

Mrs. W-nt-r: Let op!

Miss H-rn: Learn in view of an essay test.

Miss L-c-y: A magnificent piece of work!

Miss W-dby: Now, we haven't got time for any more little chats.

Miss -m-r C-p-r: Don't ask silly questions.

Miss W-ll-ngt-n: Bend your knees, girls.

Miss D-v-d: I shall be forced to give you an order mark.

Mon Testament Leguant Tout Ce Que Je Possede a Mes Heritiers Nombres

Form IVa

HAZEL CUDWORTH

Moi, Hazel Cudworth, je lègue mon chien et mon chat a ma soeur et je désire qu'elle les nourisse très bien. Je lègue mon méchant oiseau et ma souris à mon frère. Bien que je n'aie pas de bijoux précieux je legue mes bijoux imitations à ma mère.

Je lègue mes robes à mon amie Wendy mais elles seront trop grandes pour elle. Je lègue toutes mes images d'Elvis Presley, John Saxon, Paul Newman et Rock Hudson à mon amie Susan.

Je lègue mes livres aux pauvres enfants qui n'ont pas beaucoup de livres.

Je lègue à mon père mes timbres-poste et mon radio.

Mes souliers je lègue à celle qui a de grands pieds.

Je désire que tout le monde soit content et je désire que tous mes vœux soient faits.

S.C.A. GROUP

This group has met regularly every Friday and the number of girls interested has increased from 20 to about 48 over the past year.

The meetings are now held in the "Army Hut" under the leadership of Miss Smeeton. They start with the singing of choruses and the singing has vastly improved since we have had the use of the piano as well as our own Chorus Books.

This year we have had three outside speakers: Miss Semple from Salisbury, and Mrs. Pilcher and Mrs. Anderson from Bulawayo. We enjoyed having them as our guests and our sincere thanks go to them for their inspiring messages.

During the second term we studied the First Epistle of John and Miss Smeeton also organised a library for the use of the S.C.A. girls. It is pleasing to see the keen interest the girls show in these books. We hope to increase the number of books by charging a penny for each book borrowed from the library.

During the first term we were invited to a braai-veis organised by the Townsend Scripture Union. This kindness was much appreciated and the evening was a great success. Our group also attended the birthday party of Joan Mourisby, a member of the S.C.A. and our sincere thanks go to Joan and her mother for a most enjoyable evening.

Our grateful thanks go to Miss Smeeton for her help and guidance, and for the keen interest she has shown in the group.

We enjoy our meetings every Friday and new members are most welcome.

H. DU PLESSIS.

SENIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

This year's production was "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and a great number of members of the staff and girls contributed to the success of the production, a review of which may be read elsewhere in this magazine. The cast in order of appearance was as follows:—

Attendants at the Court of Theseus:

Mary-Ann Brownlee-Walker, Valerie Cunliffe, Claire Donkin, Brenda Stevens, Gwyn West, Susan Whitehead.

Courtiers:

Theseus, Duke of Athens, Shirley Jowell; Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, Wendy Bowen; Philostrate, Denise Williams; Egeus, Dorothy Lewenstein; Demetrius, Joan Hopwood; Lysander, Ann Crozier; Hermia, Carole Whitehead; Helena, Jean van Ryneveld.

Workmen:

Quince, Wendy Masterson; Bottom, Ceridwen MacKenzie; Flute, Ishbel MacDougall; Starveling, Pat Lloyd; Snout, Asne Margolis; Snug, Alvera Hershey.

Fairies:

1st Fairy, Anne Fotheringham; Puck, Mary-Jane Davies; Oberon, Irene Styles; Gnome, Barbara Friedman; Titania, Moya du Preez; Peaseblossom, Rita Steyn; Cobweb, Carole Coupe; Moth, Lynette Clarke; Mustard-Seed, Monica Gruschka; Other Fairies, Heather Millar, Carole

Jolly, Jane McNeill; Indian Boy, Meredith Sutherland.

Backstage workers were: Roiseen Marriott, Angela Allen, Lynette Smith, Freda Levin, Eveline Morgenstern, Paddy Andrews, Gillian Stevens, Dredre Hagelthorn, Irene Moore and Frances Page. Mary Carroll was the prompter while Dorothy Keet and Valerie Schofield helped with make-up.

Members of the staff concerned with the production were Mrs. Davies (producer), Miss Lacey (costumes and set), Mrs. Sinclair and Miss Henderson (making of costumes), Miss Tyson (head-dresses), Mrs. Dawes (singing and incidental music), Mrs. Hill (dancing), Mrs. Grant (business manager), Mrs. Redman (stage manager).

Our thanks are due also to Mrs. Styles, who made the costumes worn by Oberon and Titania, and to Mr. Richards who tuned the piano to sound like a harpsicord.

The Senior Dramatic Society is a very popular one although its activities seem to be limited to the annual production because so many other things are scheduled to take place in the third term.

The Junior Dramatic Society

During the past year the Junior Dramatic Society has increased its membership and we have enjoyed the meetings very much.

In the first term we benefited immensely through a play competition in which eight groups produced plays. Mrs. Davies helped Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Botha to judge the competition.

First place went to "The Crimson Coconut", produced by Thelma Boyce. Those in the play were Z. Fourie, J. Schofield, M. Gammie, M. Hovell and C. Croyle. "Seeing the World", produced by Avril Pinchen and Jeannie Dunning and with Diana Messiter-Tooze, Joan Paraskeva, Jean Forrest, Fiona Quick and Margaret Coleman in the cast took second place.

Many miming and acting games were played during the second term and two small concerts were given.

This term we are rehearsing for a Christmas play which we intend to stage on 4th December. For this performance we have been joined by members of the Junior Choir.

GILLIAN ANKERS and GWYNETH DAVIES.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

President: Miss P. Omer-Cooper.

Chairman: Ann Crozier.

Secretary: Roiseen Marriott.

Members of Committee: Angela Allen, Lynette Clarke, Janet Johnson.

The Society was started once again during the winter term, and we were pleased to see that many girls who do not take Science at school have joined.

At our first meeting in the third term Mr. Welham gave us a very interesting lecture on underwater life, which he illustrated with slides.

An excursion to the Victoria Falls over half-term week-end has been arranged. Nine girls, accompanied by Miss Omer-Cooper, will stay at the Rest Huts on the South Bank for three days.

It is hoped that many similar excursions and lectures will be arranged in the future, and that more girls will take an interest in the Society.

R. A. MARRIOTT.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM — Fairies in the Enchanted Wood.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM — Courtiers and Workmen.

SCHOOL EVENTS

This year our modest triumphs have received gratifying notice.

The colourful work on the Museum Art Exhibition was much admired by the judges and a large panel by Verona Ordman was acclaimed as absolutely outstanding. At the Salisbury Literary Festival many first class certificates were won and three honours certificates were awarded to Dorothy Keet, Valerie Schofield and Gwyneth Davies. Our congratulations go to Monica Gruschka and Dorothy Keet on winning the first and second Dennis Allen Memorial prizes for their essays on race relations.

The Choirs continued to win high praise and it is with a feeling of pride and satisfaction that we thank Mrs. Dawes for making music and song belong to the school.

The Senior Dramatic Society's play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" produced by Mrs. Davies was excellently performed by a fairly young cast. It was pleasing to see the co-operation which the producer received from the Art and Craft sections and our catering department and from many willing helpers on all sides of the school. This was a truly creative effort.

In March, Mrs. Heale brought us the John Wright puppets and gave two shows, one to the Juniors and one to the Seniors. It was a rare privilege to see them.

The following month we entertained Girl Guides of all races to tea.

It came as a great boon and pleasure when Mrs. Cordell gave a flower demonstration in the School Hall. It was followed by a visit the following week, to the Women's Institute when Mrs. Hubbard delighted a class of girls with her floral arrangements.

Senior pupils attended an interesting lecture on Cecil Rhodes given at the Museum by Mr. Summers. A few weeks later they went on an expedition to the Khami Ruins.

Dr. Lemar-Johnson of California University gave the whole school a most informative lecture on American universities today. Another interesting talk was given by Mrs. Bloomhill to the Juniors on the folklore of Rhodesia.

In September another American, Professor Haugh of Michigan University, spoke to the sixth form on Joseph Conrad.

One of the highlights of the second term was undoubtedly the recital given by Mr. and Mrs. Maddocks. Their programme was most unusual. We listened to Mrs. Maddocks play Benjamin Britten's "Pipes of Pan" and the "Metamorphosis of Ovid", unaccompanied on her oboe. Her husband, a violinist, and she played pieces from Handel, Dvorak and Morgan Nicholas, a modern Welsh composer. It was a delightful experience.

Open day drew the usual large crowd of parents and friends.

A highly successful Mannequin Parade was held in the School Quad at the end of October when parents and friends viewed the various creations of Mrs. Sinclair's dressmaking classes. The girls are certainly learning to take a pride in perfection.

In November, School leavers will attend a Rotary Club luncheon and Sir Robert Tredgold will be the principal speaker at the Eveline Old Girls' dinner.

To finish up the term, Carols will be sung in December and the Junior Dramatic Society under Mesdames Grant and Botha will put on some Christmas scenes.

The first swimming gala in our own Baths takes place on the 7th December, followed by the School Leavers' Dance.

The enthusiasm for lawns and gardens continues to grow and the grounds now wear that well-cared for look. We are grateful indeed to Mr. Hardman, an old boy of the School and the Mesdames Turnbull, Rattray and Emery whose ideas gave birth to such beauty and to Mrs. Wells, the driving spirit who carried out the work ably assisted by Mr. Pease.

STAFF NOTES

Although it is bound to happen that on so large a staff there are many changes during the year, it is always sad to say goodbye to old friends.

At the beginning of the year seven of our members left; Miss Cadman, who had come on a year's exchange and who endeared herself very much to us during her stay — we hope she will one day return — Mrs. Bradley who was transferred to Technical, Miss Martin who has gone further afield to Guinea Fowl, Mrs. O'Shea who had a daughter early this year, congratulations Penny! Miss Osler, who went up to Salisbury to get married, Miss Winnicott and Miss Sorour who both returned to the Union. Good luck to them all in their new undertakings.

At the end of the first term we were very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Sibson who is now looking after her parents and helping to run the farm. We all miss her very much, particularly the gardening section on the verandah at break-time. It was goodbye also to Mrs. Howard and congratulations to her on the birth of her daughter, and to Mrs. Williams for so nobly helping with the Commerce during the first term.

Then at the end of the second term it was the saddest goodbye of all to Miss Harvie, who by her integrity and loyalty has been such a mainstay to both school and hostel during her eight years at Eveline. We are glad that she has not yet deserted us completely and has remained as Superintendent of Northward.

Miss Fitzsimons also left to get married and we wish her the best of luck.

We welcomed many new members to the staff, some of them old girls and old friends. Among them were Mrs. Grant, who, as Miss Wallace, taught for seven years before her marriage and transfer to Salisbury, Mrs. Waring our Science teacher and Mrs. Anderson our Domestic Science teacher who, both as old girls and former teachers are welcomed back as friends of many of our members, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Ofenberg who have come to join the staff of their old school. Then again there are Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. White and Mrs. Mans who have so willingly helped out in previous years and finally Miss Matthews, Miss Oxley, Miss Omer-Cooper, Miss Hymes, Miss Pretorius, Mrs. Redman, Miss Turner Miss Jowell, Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Cosens, who are entirely new to the school. We hope that they will be with us for a long time to come.

Several members have been on leave overseas and to the Union; Miss Wellington and Mrs. Smith went in the first term, Miss Horn and Miss Dodds in the second, Miss Dodds was subsequently transferred to Que Que, and Miss Henderson is away at the moment. We are always pleased to see their return and to learn of their travels, so getting good ideas when our turn comes.

MUSIC NOTES

This year has seen the inauguration of a School Music Library. School Funds Account Committee allocated a generous sum of money with which some 50 books on Music and Ballet have been purchased, together with a handsome book-case cupboard in which to house them. We hope soon to purchase a quantity of Music to add to the shelves. When open, it will be available to all girls in the School. We should like particularly to see all pianoforte pupils make use of these books and of the Music, for we feel that the latter will be a tremendous aid to Sight-Reading.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Nora Price for giving the School a number of scores, songs and piano music. These are now being bound prior to being put into circulation.

The Bulawayo Municipal Orchestra has continued its policy of giving seats to the School, at each Symphony Concert, and we would like to thank the Musical Director for his generosity in this direction. We are sorry that each time there is a Symphony Concert we have to disappoint a number of girls, for there are always more applicants than there are seats.

Associated Board's Examination results were, on the whole, satisfactory, especially as far as the Theory is concerned.

Results of the Practical Examinations would be even more satisfactory if girls would endeavour to increase their practice times. It is always possible, if a student is keen enough, to allow her the use of a School piano for extra practice.

We were fortunate, this year, in being given an oboe and violin recital by the Mills-Maddocks Duo, and a delightful Pianoforte Recital by Miss V. Irish of our own Music Staff, which we greatly enjoyed.

Our congratulations go to Upper and Lower VI and to Form IIa, winners of the Senior and Junior Singing Competitions respectively, and our thanks to Mrs. Millar and to Mr. Noel McAdam for adjudicating.

Sight-Reading Tests in Pianoforte were given this term to all School Pianoforte pupils. There are a number of promising students who read well, but on the whole, the standard is low. We hope to see an all-round improvement next term.

Cup-Playing this year takes place on 16th and 17th November when we look forward to having Miss U. Etheridge with us as adjudicator. At the end of November our Choirs will take part in the Annual Schools' Carol Concert, and in December, they will take part in our own Carol Concert, when the Junior Dramatic Society will share the programme with us.

We said goodbye to Miss Winnicott in December last on her return to the Union and welcome Miss S. Jowell in her place. Our thanks go to Mrs. Binns-Ward and to Mrs. Scott for helping with the overflow of pianoforte pupils.

RESULTS

Brittain Cup (Juniors): Gail Winchester.

Perry Cup (Seniors): Jane Visser.

Progress Shield: Nevileen Chamberlain and Lindsay Thompson.

Sight-Reading Senior: J. Buehler.

Sight-Reading Junior: V. Nash, M. Gammie.

Associated Boards of the Royal School of Music 1959

Practical:

Grade VIII: J. Visser.

Grade VII: A. Winter.

Grade I: J. Buehler, C. Marais.

Grade III: J. Schofield, B. Green, C. John, A. Darlow, G. Winchester.

Grade II: L. Evered, J. Maurice, G. Davies, A. Hershey.

Grade I: I. Bogdan, M. Coleman, M. Gammie.

Theory:

Grade V: A. Winter, J. Brown, J. Buehler, C. Marais.

Grade IV: J. Blowers, J. Brown, S. Harris.

Grade III: J. Buehler, V. Cunliffe.

Grade II: T. Boyce, V. Hird, G. Winchester, M. Coleman, G. Davies, M. Gammie, Y. Seligman, I. Bogdan.

Grade I: G. Winchester, G. Ankers, M. Bancroft, M. Cloete, M. Coleman, G. Davies, M. Nel, M. Gammie, F. van Aardt, B. Code, K. Karlander, K. Blizzard, M. Gillman, J. Grimes, W. Maclean.

GUIDE NOTES

The past year has been most enjoyable and eventful for the Guides of the School Company. During the first term we attended the annual Thinking Day Parade and provided three Colour Parties for the occasion. An exciting event during this term was the Guide Swimming Gala which takes place every third year. The School Company entered and finished third after much hard work and excitement. Our two most outstanding swimmers were Jean Dunning and Diana Messiter-Tooze who were placed in all the events they entered. The whole company showed good team spirit throughout the afternoon.

This year the first edition of the Bulawayo Guide Magazine was published. We hope to see contributions from the Guides of the School Company in the next edition.

We all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly at the week-end camp with the 1st Bulawayo Guides at Hillside during the winter term.

However, the highlight of the year was the visit of the Commonwealth Chief Commissioner, Miss Anstice Gibbs to Bulawayo during the Second Term. She came to Bulawayo for the Council meeting of the Girl Guide Association of Southern Rhodesia and during her visit attended a big campfire in the Centenary Park as our guest. A Special Service was held at St. John's Pro-Cathedral during her visit, and once again the School Company provided two Colour Parties.

Miss Tyson took some of us to Rowallan Park for a day. This Park became the property of the Guide Movement in 1957 when the Scouts handed over the lease to us. Not many camps have been held there as it is still very wild and until this year there was no well there. However, a great deal has been done to improve the Park, and we hope that soon the School Company will be asked to spend a week-end there.

A number of badges have been earned by various Guides during the year. Second Class was gained by Jean Forrest, Diana Messiter-Tooze and Joan Pareskeva. Other badges which were gained are Athletes: Vivien Rose, Kirstin Karlander, Margaret Bundock, Diana Messiter-Tooze, Zena Walker, Myrtle Stowe and Margaret Buckley. Thrift: Hazel Coulson. Cook: Joan Pareskeva and Diana Messiter-Tooze. Child Nurse: Hazel Coulson, Joan Pareskeva, Diana Messiter-Tooze, Margaret Buckley and Myrtle Stowe. Needlewoman: Joan Pareskeva. Hiker: Margaret Bundock. Swimmers: Zena Walker and Margaret Buckley. Congratulations to them all. I hope that as many badges will be gained next year.

The Company wishes to thank Miss Tyson and Miss Smeeton for making 1959 such a happy and successful year for us all. May 1960 be a year of even greater interest and growth of our School Company.

MARGARET A. BUCKLEY.

DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Mrs. C. Davies. Chairman: Anne Chappell. Secretary: Vera Heller.

During the past year we have had several debates both amongst ourselves and with other schools. The debates themselves were successful although the support and standard of debating could be improved.

Our first meeting was in the form of a "1 minute please", in which some of the younger members had an opportunity to show their capabilities.

This was followed by a debate with Milton High School on the subject "Space Travel is a Waste of Time and Money". Janet Johnson, supported by Bill Grieve, proposed the motion, and John Crawshaw opposed it with the support of Dorothy Keet. Although some very convincing arguments were put forward by both sides, the motion was lost by a narrow margin. Anne Chappell presided.

A later event was our debate with Founders' High School. The Founders' speakers proposed the motion that "Rock 'n Roll is significant of the decadence of the youth of today" and were opposed by Dorothy

Keet and Monica Gruschka. Although the motion was defeated it was our unanimous opinion that the Founders' speakers were outstanding.

The second term ended with a debate on the subject "Military training should be introduced into girls' schools". Vera Heller, aided by Rita Steyn, proposed the motion and Janet Johnson, using some extremely amusing arguments, opposed it and was supported by Dorothy Lowenstein. Unfortunately, as there was very little speaking from the floor, the motion was quickly carried.

At the time of writing, we are looking forward to a second debate with Milton High School on the subject "History is bunk". Speakers will be Leonard Rix and Monica Gruschka for the motion and Mary-Jane Davies and Michael Faul against it.

If debates were held regularly every week I feel confident that the standard of debating in the school would improve and reach a high standard.

V. HELLER.

NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

NOVEMBER, 1959

D=Distinction.

JC=Full Junior Certificate.

IC=Full Intermediate Certificate.

Commercial Subjects — Standard VII:

A. D. Barkhuisen—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping; M. L. Bemister—English, Arithmetic; C. Benzie—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping (D); P. A. Cleminshaw—English; G. Cunningham—Arithmetic, Book-keeping; K. A. Daynes—Arithmetic (D), Bookkeeping (D); K. Duncan—French; C. E. Ellis—Arithmetic (D), Bookkeeping (D); J. E. Greenwell—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping (D); J. Hamilton—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping; I. J. Haynes—English; D. E. Herbst—Arithmetic; G. Hill—English; M. C. Ingle—English, Arithmetic; J. A. Jones—Arithmetic (D), Bookkeeping (D); A. G. Kotze—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping (D); S. B. Mantle—English; G. McCuaig—French; J. E. McIntosh—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping (D); A. G. Pakeman—English, Arithmetic; L. Parr—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping; A. J. Shacks—English; L. D. Shawe—English; L. Smith—Bookkeeping; L. Stow—English; A. T. Tarr—Bookkeeping; A. C. Viljoen—Bookkeeping; N. White—English, Arithmetic; J. L. Wilkinson—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping (D); A. J. Yates—Arithmetic, Bookkeeping; S. D. Marriott—Arithmetic (D), Bookkeeping (D).

Commercial Subjects — Junior:

A. R. Allen—Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic; E. B. Banks—English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting; A. D. Barkhuisen—English, Geography, Typewriting; M. L. Bemister—Typewriting; C. Benzie—English, Typewriting; C. A. Bond—English, Bookkeeping, Geography, Typewriting; U. E. Brookstein—Geography; P. M. E. Clarke—English, Arithmetic; H. L. Cock—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m. (D) 60 w.p.m., Bookkeeping (D), Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting; A. Coulson—English (D), Shorthand, 50 w.p.m. (D) 60 w.p.m., Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Type-

writing (D); K. Daynes—English, Typewriting; N. L. de Klerk—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting; K. Duncan—English, Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic (D), Geography, Typewriting; C. E. Ellis—English, Typewriting; A. E. Evans—Shorthand, 60 w.p.m. (D), Afrikaans, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic (JC); C. Fotheringham—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., 60 w.p.m., Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting (D); H. W. Gillman—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m. (D), Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic (D), Geography, Typewriting (D); J. E. Goldschmidt—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m. (D), Afrikaans, Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting (D) (JC); A. H. Gracie—Bookkeeping; J. E. Greenwell—English, Geography, Typewriting; J. Hamilton—English, Afrikaans, Typewriting; E. M. Hardy—Afrikaans; F. J. Haskins—English, Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting (D); R. P. Hayes—English, Bookkeeping, Geography, Typewriting; D. E. Herbst—Typewriting; G. Hill—Typewriting; C. C. Holland-Smith—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting; E. D. Horton—English, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting; R. James—Commercial Arithmetic (JC); V. E. James—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Bookkeeping, Geography, Typewriting; J. A. Jones—English, Geography, Typewriting; L. M. Kemp—English, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting; A. C. Kotze—English, Afrikaans, Typewriting; D. Laughton—Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Afrikaans (JC); S. B. Mantle—Typewriting; S. D. Marriott—English, Geography, Typewriting; D. Marsberg—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Bookkeeping, Geography; M. J. F. Martin—Bookkeeping, Geography; G. F. McCuaig—Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting, French; J. E. McIntosh—English, Geography; M. M. Meikle—Bookkeeping, Arithmetic; I. M. More—English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Typewriting (D); R. J. Murdoch —

Geography; S. E. Oosthuizen—English, Afrikaans, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting (D); M. Peo—Typewriting; D. B. Plumb—Geography; E. Qually—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting (D); M. M. Qually—Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Commercial Arithmetic; L. J. Radford—Shorthand, 50 w.p.m. (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting (D); D. N. F. Read—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Bookkeeping, Geography, Typewriting; V. Schmidt—English, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic; P. Stylianou—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting (D), French (JC); E. Swanson—English, Afrikaans, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting; A. T. Tarr—English, Typewriting; J. van Wyk—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Afrikaans, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting (JC); A. C. Viljoen—English, Afrikaans, Typewriting; S. C. Viljoen—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m. (D), Afrikaans, Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting (JC); C. A. Webster—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m., Afrikaans, Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic, Geography, Typewriting (D) (JC); J. L. Wilkinson—English, Geography, Typewriting; D. E. Wright—English, Shorthand, 50 w.p.m. (D), 60 w.p.m., Afrikaans, Bookkeeping (D), Typewriting; N. A. Yates-Smith—Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting; L. D. Shaw—Typewriting; K. C. Simms—English (D), Shorthand, 50 w.p.m. (D), 60 w.p.m. (D), Bookkeeping (D), Commercial Arithmetic (D), Typewriting (D); J. C. Sierra—Afrikaans, Geography (JC); L. Smith—English, Afrikaans; L. Stow—Typewriting.

**Commercial Subjects—Intermediate
(National Commercial Certificate)**

A. R. Allen—Typewriting; A. E. Evans—English, Shorthand, 80 w.p.m., Typewriting; E. M. Hardy—

English; E. Heistein—English, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic; R. James—Afrikaans, English; D. C. Laughton—English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Commercial Arithmetic; J. E. McIntosh—Typewriting; M. M. Meikle—Typewriting; R. J. Murdoch—Typewriting; D. B. Plumb—Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Typewriting, Commercial Arithmetic; M. M. Qually—English; J. C. Sierra—English, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Commercial Arithmetic; U. E. Brookstein—Afrikaans, English, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic (IC).

Senior :

A. A. Evans—Typewriting; D. Marsberg—Typewriting; E. Hardy—Shorthand, 90 w.p.m., 100 w.p.m. (D); A. Gracie—Typewriting; J. C. Sierra—Typewriting

Diploma :

E. Heistein—Typewriting; J. C. Sierra—Shorthand, 120 w.p.m.

JUNE, 1959

Junior :

E. B. Banks—Commercial Arithmetic; P. Cleminshaw—Typewriting; H. Gillman—Shorthand, 60 w.p.m. (D); C. Holland-Smith—Shorthand, 60 w.p.m.; G. McCuaig—English, Bookkeeping; M. Martin—English, Typewriting; I. Moore—Afrikaans; D. Read—Commercial Arithmetic, Shorthand, 60 w.p.m. (D); J. van Wyk—Shorthand, 60 w.p.m. (D); A. Yates-Smith—Typewriting; E. Horton—Shorthand, 50 w.p.m.

Intermediate—N.C.C. :

C. Bond—Typewriting; H. Gillman—Shorthand, 70 w.p.m. (D), Typewriting; J. Goldschmidt—Typewriting (D); C. Holland-Smith—Typewriting; E. D. Horton—Typewriting; I. Moore—Typewriting; D. Read—Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Typewriting; J. van Wyk—Shorthand, 70 w.p.m.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

FULL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

J. M. P. Jordan; S. M. McNeill; K. L. Ladbrook.

SUBSIDIARY HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

J. Alport (Afrikaans); G. C. Botha (Geography, Biology); E. G. Cairoli (English); M. A. Chappell (History, English); V. J. Cruickshank (Mathematics); K. M. Estran (English, Afrikaans); M. C. Gordon (History, English); V. M. Inskipp (Biology); T. R. Kalina (Art); D. L. Keet (History, Geography, English); R. Leeds; L. Mackenzie (Biology, English); M. Mackenzie (Geography, English); M. Pass (Geography, English, Maths.); P. Rixon-Fuller (English, Afrikaans); C. M. Schermbucker (History, English, Latin); V. Schofield (English, Latin, French); M. K. Spalle (English, Afrikaans); E. Spence (English, Afrikaans); J. Swart (English,

Afrikaans); C. M. Tipping (English, Biology).—All the above girls have passed the general paper.

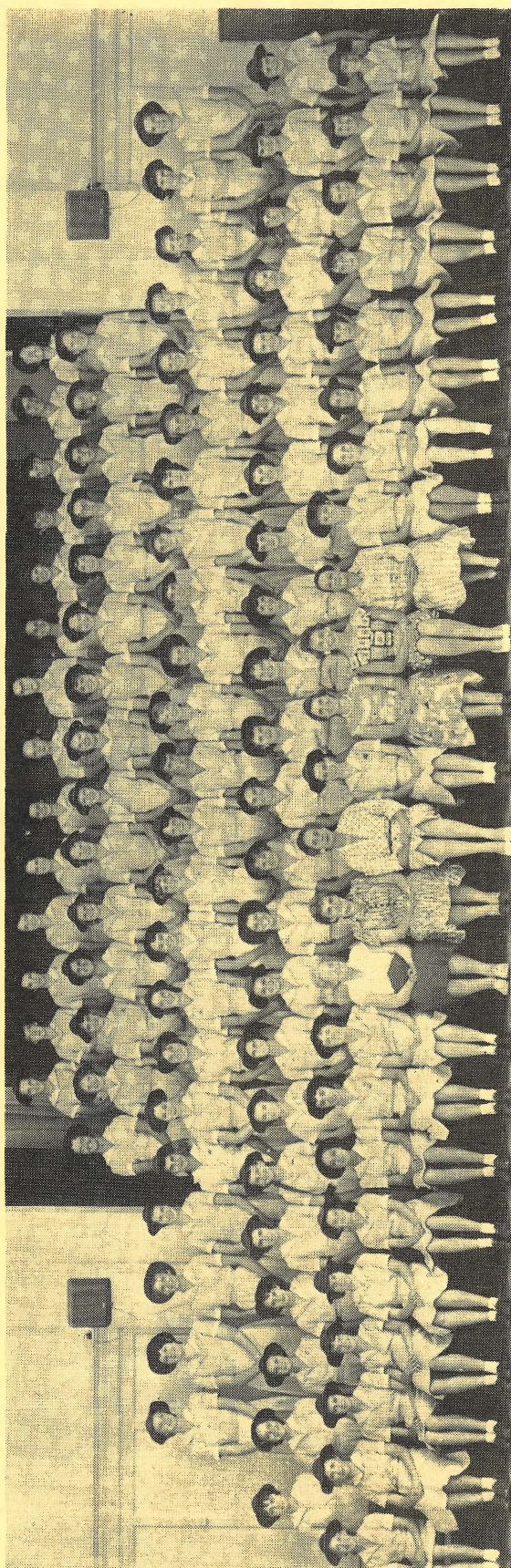
CAMBRIDGE RESULTS

(Number of distinctions in brackets)

I. R. Abramson (2); V. Brine; L. Clarke (4); E. Cohen (1); C. Coupe (1); A. Crozier (5); M. J. Davies (1); H. du Plessis (3); E. Golub; B. Gostling; D. Greef (2); M. Gruschka (1); P. Gullick; V. Heller (2); J. Hopwood (1); J. Johnson (5); W. Jones (1); C. Kantor; R. Marriott; M. McLeod (1); G. McMeeking (1); R. Meyer; M. Norris (1); S. Nosel; R. Pearson; E. Rumbold (1); D. Rywin; A. Shaw (2); A. Sierra; B. Stevens; B. Schermbucker; D. van Rensburg; P. Ward; G. West.

Supplementary Credits:

V. Inskipp; S. Isaacs; M. McKenzie.



CONNAUGHT HOUSE

SCHOOL TEAMS

(cl—colours)

HOCKEY:

1st XI: I. Moore (cl), A. Micklesfield (cl), S. Wrench, J. Conradie (cl), B. Christie (cl), J. Goldschmidt (capt.) (cl), E. Ogolvie, L. du Toit, P. Ronnie, D. Williams, P. Cleminshaw.

2nd XI: B. Windell, P. Andrews, B. Banks, N. Bushney, M. Simpson, J. Stoltz, D. Hagelthorn (capt.), K. Nel, W. van Vuuren, B. Stevens, A. du Preez.

Unded 15 XI: N. McDonald, M. Conradie, A. Drummond, S. Ogilvie, J. McNeill (capt.), M. Korsten, D. Matthews, H. Stow, P. Walkden, D. Herring, C. Matthews.

NETBALL:

1st VII: J. van Wyk (capt.) (cl), B. Marks, E. de Lange, M. van Wyk, V. Cunliff, G. Simonselli, A. Allen (cl).

2nd VII: R. Oosthuizen, A. Steyn, L. Kapp, B. van Vuuren (capt.), V. Gatt, A. Scott, A. Wood.

Under 15 VII: E. Cumming, R. Margolis, M. Potgieter (capt.), J. Wayland, M. Bancroft, J. Strydom, J. van Vuuren.

TENNIS:

1st VIII: A. Micklesfield (capt.), B. Christie, J. Conradie, M. Conradie, M. Simpson, B. Schermbrucker, J. Gordon, J. van Ryneveld.

2nd VIII: R. Finklestein, I. Moore (capt.), C. Munger, D. Hagelthorn, V. Cunliff, J. McNeill, J. Blowers, J. Maurice, N. McDonald.

Under 15 VIII: L. Evered, E. Kuttner, A. Schermbrucker, R. Finklestein (1st term), J. Maurice (1st term), N. McDonald (1st term), A. Benzon, H. van der Heever, P. Walkden (3rd term), L. Pattison (3rd term).

SWIMMING TEAM:

P. Cleminshaw (capt.), L. de Beer, D. Sutcliffe, M. Crozier, H. Greyvenstein, M. Goldschmidt, J. Goldschmidt, J. Peterson, R. Warth, H. Barrowman, S. Dawson, V. Nash, G. Simonselli, F. Pretorius, N. McDonald, V. Schofield, A. Drummond, D. Williams.

ATHLETICS TEAM:

B. Schermbrucker, B. Morris, A. du Preez, P. Ronnie, V. Demster, P. Hazleton, J. V. Niekerk, M. Bartholomew, S. Terblanche, C. Marais, E. Oosthuizen, R. Hitchcock, N. McDonald, C. Clack, P. Walkden, J. Kirkup, A. Henderson, D. Banks, L. Gleeson.

INTER-HOUSE RESULTS:

3rd Term, 1958:

Tennis Cup won by Northward.
Life-Saving Shield won by Langdon.

2nd Term, 1959:

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

INTER-FORM RESULTS:

3rd Term, 1958:

Rounders Cup won by Form IID.

2nd Term, 1959:

Relay Cups won by Forms IIIB and IC.

EVELINE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

COMMITTEE—NOVEMBER, 1959

President: Miss W. M. Powell; Chairman: Mrs. Nan Brebner; Vice-Chairman: Mrs. May Quicke; Treasurer: Mrs. Ada Barbour; Secretary: Mrs. Ray Hart. Members of Committee: Mrs. Jean Hunt, Mrs. Felicity Johnston, Mrs. Gladys Kiddle, Miss Helen Harvie, Mrs. Olive Merritt, Mrs. Joyce Laing, Miss Shirley Youatt, Mrs. Myk Frogel, Miss Barbara Clinkske, Staff Representatives: Miss Thomas, Miss Ofenberg.

The year under review has seen the Association maintaining its activities quietly and pleasurably. Committee meetings have been inspiring and inspired with an ideal of service.

The monthly luncheon at the Hotel Cecil has continued to be the regular rendezvous and has been well supported on the whole. Speakers have been varied and interesting, and a variety of topics has been discussed. We have enjoyed a travel talk (Miss Sanders), and hearing about the trials and tribulations of a Rhodesian novelist from Mrs. Chappell. The Vigilantes Movement was explained by Mrs. Mai Cordell. Most enjoyable demonstrations were arranged by Madame Gish and Mrs. Joan Konson, on hats and flower arrangements respectively. African problems of health, education, etc., were discussed by Mr. White, Mrs. Stakesby Lewis and the Rev. Rufus Green. Professor Willard Rhodes of Columbia University spoke about his travels and his work in Africa.

Fund-Raising Activities

Chief among these was the Morning Market and Jumble Sale splendidly organised by Mesdames Nan Brebner and Ray Hart. These affairs, held on April 25, were both highly successful, resulting in a very satisfactory total of approximately £118. Very acceptable contributions in our fund-raising efforts have been the beautiful supper cloth, embroidered by Mrs. Davies, Senior, a stole made and presented by Mrs. Tomlin, and a "perm" promised by Mrs. Bowyer of Salon Carol Anne, Bradfield.

The lucky winners of these raffles will be announced at the Annual Dinner on November 14.

E.O.G.A. Scholarships have this year been awarded to Brenda Stevens and Marguerite Farrell. Marguerite is now in her second year at St. Thomas's Hospital, training in Physiotherapy.

Mrs. Doreen Ritchie, on resigning from the secretaryship in June, was presented by the Committee with a brooch as an affectionate token of their appreciation of her excellent and cheerful services in that capacity.

HELEN G. HARVIE (Chairman).

FAREWELL TO MISS HARVIE

About 20 Committee members and friends were present at a farewell party for Miss Helen Harvie which was held at the home of Mrs. Ray Hart on August 17th. Miss Harvie was presented with a cheque from the Old Girls and an embroidered cloth from present Committee members.

Miss Harvie is retiring from the staff of the Eveline School and she will be sadly missed by members of the Association. She has been Chairman since 1952 and has done so much to revive what was a flagging interest in the Association. Her enthusiasm and un-failing interest have been an inspiration to us all.

NAN BREBNER.

1959 AWARDS

Milne Langdon Scholarship:

Denise Wright.

Penelope Gordon Scholarship:

Vyian Calver.

Markova-Dolin Medal:

{ Mary-Jane Davies.
{ Valerie Schofield.

Hancock English Prize:

Valerie Schofield.

McLellan Chemistry Prize:

No Award.

Ellis Wright History Prize:

Dorothy Keet.

Wallace Latin Prize:

Valerie Schofield.

Dennis Allen (Race Relations) Essay:

1. Monica Gruschka.
2. Dorothy Keet.

Buxton House Junior Prize:

Gwyneth Davies.

Connaught House Junior Prize:

Fiona Paton.

Northward House Junior Prize:

Juliette Schofield.

SALISBURY LITERARY FESTIVAL, 1959

Honours:

D. Keet, V. Schofield, G. Davies.

1st Class:

M. Crozier, A. Crozier, M. J. Davies, V. White, M. Gruschka, J. Visser, R. Margolis, A. Schermbrucker, J. Beattie, C. Whitehead, B. Friedman, A. Kirk, V. Ordman, S. Stenton, J. Wayland, N. Zlattner.

2nd Class:

R. Steyn, B. Solomon, M. Justin-Smith, E. Maaske, A. Weinberg, J. Styles, D. Hagelthorn, G. Ankers, J. Blowers, M. Broomhead, D. Climenhaga, G. Johnson, J. Schofield, J. Theobald.

3rd Class:

M. Gillman, J. Brown, J. Johnson, S. van Rensburg, G. Goddard, L. MacKenzie, H. Dawes, V. Gott, V. Hird.

MUSEUM ART COMPETITION

Special Prize Awards:

H. Burl, R. Pike, V. Ordman, J. Hopwood, A. Allan.

1st Class Awards:

M. J. Davies, R. Jacobs, S. Hill, M. Shepard, C. Matthews, F. Hannaford, L. de Beer, J. Steyn, D. Wilson, D. Lowenstein, J. Theobald.

2nd Class Awards:

B. Winter, J. Sillery, B. Frost, V. Bailey, J. Childs, S. Flunder, M. Olver, A. Botes, V. Schofield, S. Schofield.

MANNEQUIN PARADE PRIZE WINNERS

1. Fay Brooks.
2. Katrina Devenish.

Consolation Prizes

Joy Henneberger, Barbara Wertheimer, Valerie Burgess, Denise Vernon, Lorraine Meyer.

Mollie Chappell Short Story Competition

Moya du Preez.



BUXTON HOUSE



ATHLONE HOUSE

HOUSE NOTES

HOUSE	STAFF	HOUSE PREFECTS	ACHIEVEMENTS
ATHLONE Head: Mrs. WINTER Captain: A. WEINBERG	Mrs. HOWARTH Mrs. SMITH	E. SMART E. MORGENSTEIN A. MENGEL	J. CONRADIE: 1st Hockey Team, Hockey Colours. 1st Tennis Team. M. CONRADIE: Under-15 Hockey Team. 1st Tennis Team. N. MACDONALD: Under-15 Hockey Team, Swimming Team, 2nd Tennis Team. L. SHEASBY: 2nd Hockey Team. D. HERRING: Under-15 Hockey Team. P. LLOYD: Under-15 (B) Hockey Team. A. FROST: 2nd Netball Team. F. PRETORIUS: Swimming Team. J. WAYLAND: Under-15 Netball Team. M. BANCROFT: Under-15 Netball Team. B. FROST: Eisteddfod Art Award. A. WEINBERG: Eisteddfod English Award. H. JUSTIN-SMITH: Eisteddfod English Award. C. WHITEHEAD: Eisteddfod English Award. J. BROWN: Eisteddfod English Award. H. DAWES: Eisteddfod English Award. N. ZLATTNER: Eisteddfod English Award. G. ANKERS: Eisteddfod English Award. J. WAYLAND: Eisteddfod English Award.
BUXTON Head: Mrs. DAVIES Captain: P. CLEMINSHAW	Mrs. BOTHA Mrs. JAMESON	J. HOPWOOD M. J. DAVIES F. LEVIN	P. CLEMINSHAW: 1st Hockey Team, Matabeleland "B" Hockey Team, Swimming Team, Matabeleland Swimming Team, Star Gym Team. B. SCHERMBRUCKER: 1st Tennis Team. A. SCHERMBRUCKER: Under-15 Tennis Team, Under-15 "B" Hockey Team. P. WALKDEN: Under-15 Tennis Team, Athletics Team, Under-15 Hockey Team. J. YESORSKY: Under-15 Tennis Team. F. LEVIN: 2nd Tennis Team. J. PETERSON: Swimming Team. H. S. TOW: Under-15 Hockey Team. E. DE LANGE: 1st Netball Team. V. GATT: 2nd Netball Team. R. MARGOLIS: Under-15 Netball Team. S. BENZIES: 2nd Netball Team. M. J. DAVIES: Eisteddfod Literary Award and Museum Art Award—1st Class. R. FRIEDMAN: Eisteddfod Literary Award. B. SOLOMON: Eisteddfod Literary Award. V. GATT: Eisteddfod Literary Award. G. DAVIES: Eisteddfod Literary Award. R. MARGOLIS: Eisteddfod Literary Award. A. SCHERMBRUCKER: Eisteddfod Literary Award. V. WHITE: Eisteddfod Literary Award. J. HOPWOOD: Museum Art Award—1st Class.
CONNAUGHT Head: Miss WILBY Captain: M.-A. CHAPPELL	Miss DAVID Mrs. DONKIN Miss CLEWS Mrs. WHITE	D. KEET J. JOHNSON A. McCLELLAND	L. DE BEER: 1st Swimming Team. B. MARKS: 1st Netball Team. M. VAN WYK: 1st Netball Team. J. STRYDOM: Under-15 Netball Team. W. VAN VUUREN: 2nd Hockey Team. M.-A. CHAPPELL: Eisteddfod Literary Award. J. BEATTIE: Eisteddfod Literary Award. M. GRUSCHKA: Eisteddfod Literary Award. D. KEET: Eisteddfod Literary Award. J. JOHNSON: Eisteddfod Literary Award. E. MAASKE: Eisteddfod Literary Award. S. VAN RENSBURG: Eisteddfod Literary Award. G. JOHNSON: Eisteddfod Literary Award.
GLADSTONE Head: Miss HORN Captain: R. MARRIOTT	Mrs. DAWES Miss OFENBERG Miss TYSON Mrs. WATERS	J. GOLDSCHMIDT H. DU PLESSIS	J. GOLDSCHMIDT: Games Captain, 1st Hockey Team, Matabeleland Junior Hockey Team, Hockey Colours, Swimming Team, Star Gym Team. M. GOLDSCHMIDT: Swimming Team, Star Gym Team. V. SCHOFIELD: Swimming Team. L. KAPP: 2nd Netball Team. J. VISSER: Eisteddfod Literary Award. S. STENTON: Eisteddfod Literary Award. M. BROOMHEAD: Eisteddfod Literary Award. J. THEOBALD: Eisteddfod Literary Award. M. GILLMAN: Eisteddfod Literary Award.
LANGDON Head: Miss WAUDBY Captain: B. STEVENS	Miss HYMES Miss MATHEWS Miss PRETORIUS Miss SMEETON Miss THOMAS	P. ANDREWS N. A. BROWNLEE- WALKER L. CLARKE M. C. GORDON A. MICKLESFIELD J. VAN RYNEVELD G. WEST	INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CUP. INTER-HOUSE LIFE-SAVING SHIELD. DAPHNE FORBES LIFE-SAVING CUP: L. Smith. A. MICKLESFIELD: 1st Tennis Team (Captain), 1st Hockey Team, Matabeleland Junior Hockey Team, Hockey Colours. J. VAN RYNEVELD: 1st Tennis Team. J. GORDON: 1st Tennis Team. H. SIMPSON: 1st Tennis Team, 2nd Hockey Team. C. CLACK: 1st Tennis Team (1st Term). L. DU TOIT: 1st Hockey Team. S. WRENCH: 1st Hockey Team. D. HAGELTHORN: 2nd Hockey Team, 2nd Tennis Team. N. BUSHNEY: 2nd Hockey Team. E. WINDELL: 2nd Hockey Team. B. STEVENS: 2nd Hockey Team. P. ANDREWS: 2nd Hockey Team. J. BLOWERS: 2nd Tennis Team. C. NUNGER: 2nd Tennis Team. E. CUMMING: Under-15 Netball Team, Under-15 Tennis Team. A. STEYN: 2nd Netball Team. V. NASH: Swimming Team. D. CLINENHAGA: Eisteddfod Literary Award. G. GODDARD: Eisteddfod Literary Award. D. HAGELTHORN: Eisteddfod Literary Award. J. BLOWERS: Eisteddfod Literary Award.

HOUSE NOTES—Continued

HOUSE	STAFF	HOUSE PREFECTS	ACHIEVEMENTS
McINTOSH Head: Miss MORRIS Captain: R. MEYER	Miss DODDS (Left 2nd Term) Miss IRISH Miss JOURDAN Miss OXLEY Miss PROCTER Miss REOCH	B. BANKS C. COUPE L. DUGMORE A. MARGOLIS P. VAN DEN HEEVER	RUNNERS-UP FOR HOCKEY CUP. RUNNERS-UP FOR NETBALL CUP. D. WILLIAMS: 1st Hockey Team, Matabeleland "B" Hockey Team, Star Gym Team, Swimming Team. B. BANKS: 2nd Hockey Team. E. NEL: 2nd Hockey Team, 2nd Tennis Team (1st Term). J. MCNEILL: Under-15 Hockey Team (Captain), 2nd Tennis Team. V. CUNLIFFE: Under-15 Netball Team, 2nd Tennis Team. A. SCOTT: 2nd Netball Team. C. COUPE: Star Gym Team. B. MORRIS: Athletics Team. M. KORSTEN: Under-15 Hockey Team. D. MATHEWS: Under-15 Hockey Team. A. BENZON: Under-15 Tennis Team. L. EVERED: Under-15 Tennis Team. H. VAN DEN HEEVER: Under-15 Tennis Team. N. CLOETE: Under-15 Tennis Team (3rd Term).
NORTHWARD Head: Miss HARVIE Captain: A. ALLEN	Miss HENDERSON Miss LACEY Miss TURNER Miss OMER-COOPER Mrs. REDMAN	V. SCHOFIELD L. MACKENZIE B. CARLISLE B. VAN VUUREN J. VAN WYK J. STOLTZ H. GREYVENSTEIN	INTER-HOUSE NETBALL CUP. A. ALLEN: 1st Netball Team, Star Gym Team. J. VAN WYK: 1st Netball Team, Star Gym Team. B. CHRISTIE: 1st Hockey Team, Hockey Colours, 1st Tennis Team, Matabeleland "B" Hockey Team. J. STOLTZ: 2nd Hockey Team, 2nd Tennis Team. B. VAN VUUREN: 2nd Netball Team. P. RONNIE: 1st Hockey Team, Star Gym Team, Athletics Team, Matabeleland "B" Hockey Team. H. GREYVENSTEIN: Swimming Team. J. VAN VUUREN: Under-15 Netball Team. L. GLEESON: Form I Tennis Team, Athletics Team. A. DRUMMOND: Swimming Team, Under-15 Hockey Team. I. SENIOR: Under-15 Netball Team. J. KIRKUP: Under-15 Hockey Team. Athletics Team. W. MACLEAN: Form I Hockey Team. M. POTGIETER: Under-15 Netball Team. J. GRIMES: Under-15 Hockey Team. V. SCHOFIELD: Museum Art Awards—2nd Class. Eisteddfod Literary Award. S. SCHOFIELD: Museum Arts Awards—2nd Class. A. ALLEN: Museum Arts Awards—1st Class. J. SCHOFIELD: Eisteddfod Literary Award.
SELBORNE Head: Mrs. LAUELLE Captain: L. MACKENZIE	Mrs. SINCLAIR Mrs. FERGUSON	A. CROZIER I. MOORE	I. MOORE: 1st Hockey Team, 2nd Tennis Team, Star Gym Team. A. DU PREEZ: 2nd Hockey Team, Star Gym Team, Athletics Team. E. OGILVIE: 1st Hockey Team. L. LIEBENBERG: 2nd Netball Team. P. WARTH: Swimming Team. J. FORD: 2nd Netball Team. J. WARTH: Swimming Team. R. STEYN: Star Gym Team. D. SUTCLIFFE: Swimming Team. M. CROZIER: Swimming Team. A. CROZIER: Eisteddfod Literary Award. A. FRASER-KIRK: Eisteddfod Literary Award. M. CROZIER: Eisteddfod Literary Award. J. CHILDS: Eisteddfod Art Award. M. SHEPPARD: Eisteddfod Art Award.

PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

The Association has had another successful year in that it has fulfilled what it set out to do. What we have not achieved, however, is to have every parent taking an interest in the Association's activities and in the School generally. The primary purpose of the Association is to obtain the co-operation of parent and teacher in the education and well-being of the child. This can be accomplished if parents will attend Association meetings which are held once in each school term. The meetings are arranged so that parents will hear and see what is being done for, and by, the girls at Eveline. The members of Staff are always present and available to any parent who wishes to discuss matters relating to the education of a daughter. Naturally, if parents show interest the child will be more interested and will make greater endeavour in the School work and activities.

The Association's meetings have their entertainment value too. Those who saw the Gymnastic display and heard the singing of the winners of the School's choir singing competition, at the meeting held in the second term, will confirm that it was entertainment of a high standard. Who could fail to appreciate the Mannequin parade at the meeting of the third term? In the natural setting of the

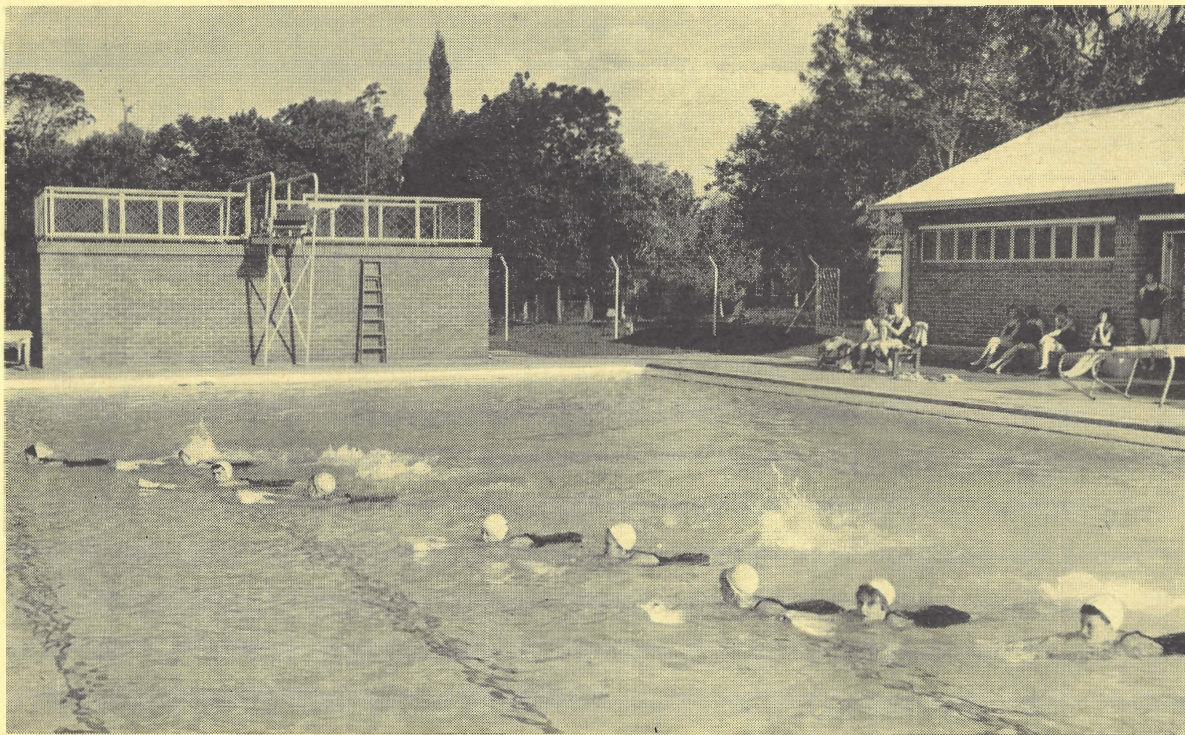
Quad under the newly acquired arc lights, parents witnessed a first-class show — with a difference. The Mannequins, Eveline girls, were showing dresses they had made themselves and their deportment showed they were proud of their achievement of which they had every right.

Parents who read this but did not attend meetings during 1959 will surely be determined to attend meetings in 1960 and thereby add support to the work of the School.

The Association sponsors an annual bursaries' fund and in 1958 and 1959 awarded two £50 grants in each year to assist girls who are pursuing higher education or training for special careers after leaving Eveline School. To raise the amounts, parents have been generous with donations and gifts for raffles and a successful morning market. The Committee would like to increase the number of such bursaries per annum, it is such a worthwhile effort, and would be assured of being able to do so with the active co-operation of every parent.

Members of the Committee wish all Association members, Staff and girls of Eveline School a very successful and happy year during 1960.

J. DONKIN.



SWIMMING TRAINING IN THE SCHOOL BATH.

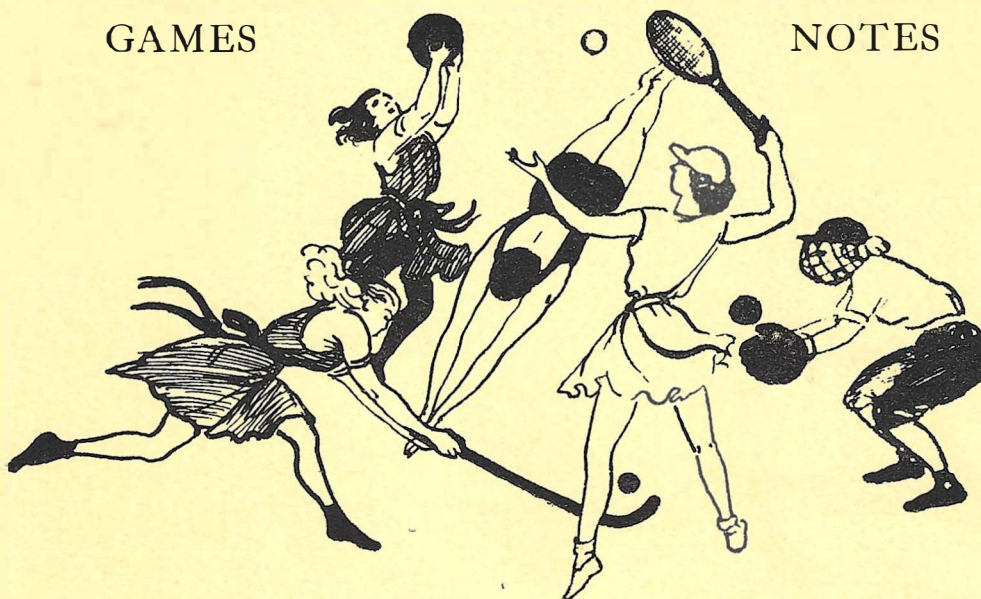


SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (left to right): G. SIMONSELLI, V. NASH, P. CLEMINSHAW,
H. GREYVENSTEIN, A. DRUMMOND.
Middle Row: D. SUTCLIFFE, M. CROZIER, J. GOLDSCHMIDT, R. WARTH,
J. PETERSON, N. McDONALD.
Front Row: L. DE BEER, M. GOLDSCHMIDT, F. PRETORIUS, D.
WILLIAMS, V. SCHOFIELD.

GAMES

NOTES



ATHLETICS

This year our athletics improved considerably. We have at last acquired a sand pit, and consequently our attempts at jumping techniques have met with greater success.

In April we again entered a team in the Annual Inter-Schools' Athletics meeting, which was held at Townsend. This was won by Townsend with Eveline second and St. Peter's third. Congratulations go to N. MacDonald and C. Clack who broke the record for throwing the cricket ball in the under 15 section, and to P. Walkden who broke the junior record for the same event. We had very little success in the individual flat races but our relay teams ran well against strong opposition.

We are now fortunate in being able to train twice a week, and have almost mastered the Western Roll, Javelin and Discus techniques.

Our success in the Inter-Schools' Athletics meeting has greatly encouraged us, and we hope to achieve even greater success in the future.

PAT RONNIE.

SWIMMING NOTES

Owing to the opening of our new school swimming bath at the end of last year, we were unable to hold our annual Inter-House Swimming Gala and consequently none of the usual trophies could be presented. These were retained for another year by the 1957 winners.

On November 15th, Sir Roy Welensky very kindly consented to open the new bath and members of the school swimming team put on a display of style-swimming, life-saving, diving and water-ballet for the

occasion. Luckily the weather remained fine and the afternoon was a great success.

Since February this year the team has been able to have extra training sessions and these have resulted in greater fitness among team members, enabling them to achieve greater success in all the galas held at the beginning of the year.

The Matabeleland Inter-Schools' Gala was held at Borrow Street in February, with Townsend, Northlea, Bulawayo Convent, St. Peter's and Eveline taking part. The result was a win to Eveline (116 points) with Townsend second (115 points), Eveline regaining the trophy from Townsend who have held it for the past few years.

In March, the preliminary round (Southern Section) of the Rhodesian Inter-Schools' Gala was held in Bulawayo. Spurred on by previous success the team swam extremely well, beating their nearest rivals, Townsend, by 24 points. Chaplin came third and Jamieson High School, Gatooma, fourth. These four schools qualified for the finals. Special congratulations go to D. Sutcliffe, L. de Beer, both Junior Relay Teams and both Senior Relay Teams, who either equalled or broke existing record times.

The four finalists from the Southern Section travelled to Salisbury in April where they competed for the championship with the five finalists from the Northern Section — Chisipite, Queen Elizabeth, Girls' High School, Salisbury Convent and Roosevelt. This Gala resulted in a well deserved win for Chisipite, with Girls' High School second, Eveline third and Queen Elizabeth fourth.

Our junior swimmers show great keenness and promise and if they continue to train hard, should do very well in future years. I wish them and all seniors who will be returning to school next year, every success in the future.

P. CLEMINSHAW.



1st TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): J. VAN RYNEVELD, M. SIMPSON, B. CHRISTIE,
B. SCHERMBRÜCKER.

Front Row (left to right): J. GORDON, A. MICKLESFIELD, J. CONRADIE,
M. CONRADIE.



1st NETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): M. VAN WYK, E. DE LANGE, G. SIMONSELLI,
B. MARKS.

Front Row: V. CUNLIFFE, J. VAN WYK, A. ALLEN.

NETBALL

The Netball teams this year, were unfortunately not as successful as usual, but the players thoroughly enjoyed their matches.

The 1st and under 15 teams travelled twice, the first time to Girls' High School in Salisbury, and the second to Gwelo where they played against Gwelo Convent and Que Que High School.

The first team played six matches; won four and lost two. The second team played two matches, winning one and losing the other, and the under 15 team played seven matches, but unfortunately lost the majority of these.

The staff versus girls' match was a serious one, the staff being dressed in white, and the girls in maroon sports tunics; the result was a draw with three goals to each team.

The Inter-House Netball Cup was won by Northward House, with McIntosh House as runners-up. Both Houses were well supported by their junior teams, which also reached the finals in their own section.

No Netball Colours were awarded this year.

All members of the teams, who are leaving wish to join me in wishing everybody returning, the best of luck in the coming season.

JOAN VAN WYK.

TENNIS

During the first term of this year the 1st and under 15 teams lost only one of their 4 matches, and play improved steadily throughout the term.

The 2nd and 3rd teams did not get off to a very good start but the players all practised hard and showed signs of great improvement this term. The 1st years did well to win their one and only match against Townsend and already several of the Form 1's show considerable promise.

Matches against Northlea, Girls' High School, Salisbury, Chaplin, Guinea Fowl, Townsend and Que Que have been arranged for this term, and with play having continued during the winter term we hope that the teams will get off to a good start.

As the school has acquired a new bus, the teams should be able to travel more often without too much inconvenience and extra cost. This term two teams will be travelling to Gwelo in the school bus to play Chaplin and Guinea Fowl.

Mrs. Cosens has continued coaching this year and there is a marked improvement in the standard of tennis. The trophy presented by Mr. and Mrs. Cosens for the schools' doubles championship was won by P. Fuller and E. Spence. The junior singles championship was won by C. Clack. Unfortunately, the senior cup could not be presented, because although A. Micklesfield and C. Schermbrucker reached the finals, rain prevented play.

This year we did not do as well as usual in the Matabeleland championships, and A. Schermbrucker is to be congratulated on reaching the finals of the girls' Under 14 singles championships.

Special congratulations go to J. Conradie who was picked to play for the Matabeleland tennis team.

A. MICKLESFIELD.

LIFE SAVING

Life-saving classes continued to be held on Saturday mornings throughout the summer season, and once again response from the Day-Scholar Houses was very poor. The boarders, however, have worked extremely hard, with very satisfying results, particularly amongst the Juniors.

Unfortunately, too few Seniors are interested enough to take an active part and consequently none of the higher awards of the R.L.S.S. Society were obtained. The number of girls working for Bronze Medallions, Instructor's and Elementary and Intermediate Certificates was very pleasing.

The Life-Saving Shield was won by Langdon, and the Daphne Forbes Cup by Letitia Smith, Langdon's Life-Saving Captain.

Our thanks go to Mr. Bridger, whose interest in the School Life-Savers has continued throughout the season, although classes are held in the school baths and not in the town baths. His patience and guidance while examining classes have been extremely helpful.

Several of the Senior Forms have been having Life-Saving instruction during school swimming lessons, and the overall standard is distressingly poor. Although several of the girls are themselves comparatively strong swimmers, their knowledge of Life-Saving techniques is so limited that many would have great difficulty in saving themselves in a crisis, let alone the drowning person.

The importance of this branch of swimming cannot be over estimated and I feel that Day-Scholars particularly should endeavour to take a more active part. I wish everyone already working hard for various certificates the very best of luck in the forthcoming examination.

D.N.H.

STAR GYM NOTES

During the winter season Star Gym classes were held every Saturday morning. These were open to anyone from Form II upwards, and from girls attending these classes, twelve were selected to take part in a gym display which was held at the end of last term.

This demonstration, seen by parents at the P.T.A. meeting, and on Open Day, consisted of various leaps, dive rolls, rhythmical hoop work, balance on forms, rope and bar work. It concluded with slow vaulting requiring good muscular control and a handstand tableaux.

Although these classes were well attended and there was very keen competition amongst the girls, it is a pity that so few of the more senior forms appear to be interested. However, we hope that in future many more Fifth and Sixth Formers will begin to take an active part, enabling us to reach a very much higher standard in Gym.

C. COUPE.



1st HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): J. CONRADIE, L. DU TOIT, P. CLEMINSHAW, S. WRENCH, B. CHRISTIE, D. WILLIAMS.

Front Row: E. OGILVIE, I. MOORE, J. GOLDSCHMIDT, A. MICKLESFIELD, P. RONNIE.

HOCKEY

This hockey season has unfortunately not been a very successful one, the first team managing to win only two games. Although the defence fought well in most of the matches and "fed" their forwards well, the latter did not show enough initiative when given the ball. They did improve, however, towards the end of the season, and there was always a great team spirit amongst the girls. The team beat Bulawayo Convent and St. Peter's; drew with Northlea and Que Que, and lost to Girls' High School, Salisbury, Townsend and Chaplin by a narrow margin.

The second team did not have many matches this year and consequently were a little unsettled, but they tried hard and thoroughly enjoyed all their matches. The under 15 team had a very successful season and a few of the players show great promise. I am sure they will do well in future years.

In the Inter-House matches Langdon beat Northward in the Senior Section and McIntosh beat Buxton in the Junior Section. Buxton, which is a Day-Scholar House, did exceedingly well. Although they lost the

match they were beaten by only a few corners by McIntosh. The cup was won by Langdon with McIntosh as runners-up.

Our annual staff versus girls' match, held at the end of the season was played as a serious match, and resulted in a win for the staff by two goals to one. The school playing out of position, were very much at a disadvantage.

Congratulations go to A. Micklesfield and J. Goldschmidt who were selected for the Matabeleland "A" and to B. Christie, P. Cleminshaw, D. Williams, E. Ogilvie and P. Ronnie who were selected for the "B" team. Unfortunately we were not represented in the Rhodesian team this year but hope for better luck next year.

Colours were awarded to J. Conradie, B. Christie, J. Goldschmidt, A. Micklesfield and I. Moore.

I wish all the future Eveline teams the very best of luck and hope that more players will be fortunate enough to get into the Provincial teams.

JUNE GOLDSCHMIDT.

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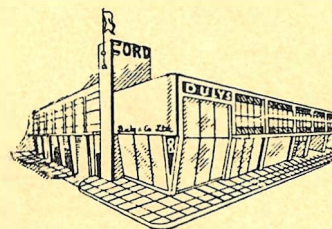
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