

No. XXXI

... The ...

St. Andrean



NOVEMBER
1951

THE ST. ANDREAN

ST. ANDREW'S,
BEDFORD FARM,
JOHANNESBURG.

NOVEMBER, 1951.

SCHOOL HISTORY

August, 1950-October, 1950

The year 1950-51 will go down in the annals of St. Andrew's as one of rapid change and development in every sphere.

The Junior School was handed over to us by the builders on 15th December, 1950, and when the new term opened on 2nd February, 1951 the School was fitted and furnished, and the thrill of going into the new buildings took the edge off the painful business of returning to school after a long holiday, for the small people who inhabit it.

The removal of the Juniors gave the Senior School space to expand and spread out. The New Wing classrooms now house all forms, and in spite of an increase in the number of boarders, rooms in the main building, become available for other purposes so that we are able to have three common rooms, as well as a prefect's sitting-room. The dormitories are no longer overcrowded, and new carpets and some new curtains and covers have made them much more comfortable and attractive.

The first term of 1951 still had its own difficulties. In the Junior School both Staff and girls had to adjust themselves to a new organisation and, although the "shaking down" process went fairly smoothly, we soon found the inevitable snags which took a certain time to unravel and iron out. In the Senior School the builders were still with us, working below the New Wing lawns, and to add to the confusion the painters were in the New Wing itself for the whole term, so that we had the inconvenience and irritation of constant moving from one room to another. It was a good exercise in patient and cheerful co-operation for both Staff and girls, but we were not sorry to see the painters take their departure for Cheetham House early in the second term! Both Cheetham and the Sanatorium have been completely repainted and the outside of the buildings is now being smartened up.

The Laboratory was finished and occupied early in March, and in April the other buildings were handed over to us by the contractors, although we still had workmen putting in the finishing touches right up to the end of the second term.

On 14th April, School, Parents and Old Girls met for the first time in the Chapel when the Bishop of Johannesburg conducted the Blessing Service, a lovely simple service in which the exquisite singing of the Choir played a great part. To the Old Girls' Association we are deeply indebted for their gift of this, the spiritual centre of the School. Our Sunday services are no longer preceded by the scraping of a hundred chairs being dragged along the passage, and have in consequence an added calm and dignity. Every Saturday morning we are able to have a Communion Service, and Sunday School for the Junior boarders. We realise how much extra strain this entails for Mr. Tugman and tender him our grateful thanks. In September, the Bishop of Johannesburg conducted our own Confirmation Service in our own Chapel.

The official opening of the hall, delayed because the stage was not ready, took place on 12th October, and was a happy function which we all enjoyed. We were sorry that Dr. Raikes, who was to have performed the ceremony was unable to do so owing to illness, and are grateful to Mr. McLean for taking his place. We congratulate Miss Kenyon, the cast, and the many members of Staff and School who contributed to the success of *The Six Wives of Calais* with its attractive scenery and lovely colourful costumes, and we thank those who made this performance possible—the Directors for allowing us to have a properly fitted stage and particularly Mr. Payne for the tremendous interest he has taken, Mr. Hermer and Mr. Cochrane for the advice and practical help they have given us.

The hall has already become very much the centre of our School life. We were able to hold the Music Competition there in June. At the end of September the Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Gideon Fagan gave us a delightful concert, and in October Mr. Hugh Tracey enthralled us with his records of African music and fascinating folklore stories.

At the end of 1950 Mr. Long was appointed to advise us on improving the grounds and under his guidance and the supervision of Mr. Botes, who was put in charge of the garden boys in March, a great transformation is taking place. During the Christmas holidays the road to the Junior School and a path up past the Kindergarten were laid, the terrace and hillside in front of the Junior School were grassed and many trees have been planted. By dint of confining the Juniors for the first term to the level patch outside their assembly hall—a situation accepted with

admirable patience by both Staff and girls—we gave the grass a chance to grow. The jungle of hedges and bushes below and around the main assembly hall has been cleared and lawns are growing there too. Creepers have been planted along the bank on the front drive, and many flowering shrubs inside the main gates, while the areas above the bank and on the other side of the drive have been cleared and are ready for grass. We have now started to tidy up the strip between the new School and the swimming bath and hope here, too, grass will be planted by the end of the year.

These changes have overshadowed everything else since the last magazine was printed, but through them all our ordinary activities have continued.

The last term of 1950 saw another successful Open Day, the highlights of which were an outstanding display of Art and Craft work, a delightful Operetta—The Music Makers—on which Miss Colwell and the Choir were enthusiastically congratulated, and attractive costumed dancing by Miss Lane's pupils.

St. Andrew's Day 1950 was a very special one as it saw the laying of the foundation stone of the Chapel by Mrs. A. McPhail, a sister of Miss Fletcher, one of the founders. The Dean of Johannesburg very kindly conducted the service, which was attended by a large gathering of Old Girls and parents. This was followed by the presentation of a cheque to the Chairman of the Board of Directors by the Chairman of the Old Girls' Association, a great part of this being the proceeds of the successful Fete arranged by the O.G.A. on the first Saturday of the last term, a gay occasion which left us all somewhat exhausted but very happy!

We held our usual Christmas Party, complete with Father Christmas and a Christmas Tree, on the last Saturday of the December term, our guests this time being twenty children from the Undenominational Children's Home, and on the last Sunday once again we had the joy of the Nativity Play in the same lovely setting, and with the singing of the Choir more beautiful than ever.

In spite of all these excitements, sixteen Matriculation candidates managed to produce fairly good results. Ten achieved Matriculation Certificates, eight in the Second Class and two in the Third Class. Three gained Second Class School Leaving Certificates, and there were two failures. One girl re-wrote the whole examination in March and gained a Third Class Matriculation Certificate, and one converted her School Leaving into a Matriculation Certificate by writing a supplementary examination.

In games we have not distinguished ourselves, but our swimming shows great improvement, and our thanks are due

to Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Foley and Mrs. Findlay for their great interest and the many hours they have spent giving special coaching. We are glad to see a new interest growing up throughout the School, and we hope that the courage and perseverance necessary to achieve success will be developed.

There have unfortunately again been many Staff changes. We were very sad to say good-bye to Miss Davies who had been at the School from 1932. She demanded and got from her pupils a high standard of craftsmanship as the exhibition on Open Day showed, and she will be very hard to replace. We miss her friendly, charming personality and hope she is very happy in her new home in England. At the end of the year, too, we lost Mrs. Calvert who, as Housemistress in the Senior School during 1950, gave so much of her time and attention to the personal problems and interests of the boarders. Mrs. Roux who joined the Staff in September, 1949, and battled valiantly, first with geography and then with mathematics, also resigned in December, and Mrs. Cook after a year's outstanding work in the Kindergarten gave up her post to return to England, much to the sorrow of her small charges and their parents. We extend our grateful thanks to these members of the Staff. In April, 1951, we parted reluctantly with Mrs. Mackenzie, who had been in charge of the tennis since April, 1949, and are glad that we still see her once a week when she comes back to give special tennis coaching.

In August the Junior School were very sad to say good-bye to Mrs. Fejer who has gone to England for a year, but we console ourselves with the thought that she has promised to return in September, 1952. We envy her her new experiences and hope she is enjoying them.

From the domestic Staff we were sorry to lose Mrs. Louw, who had been Matron in the New Wing for nearly five years, and we hope that, now that she has no unruly boarders to quell, her health is improving.

At the beginning of 1951, two new posts were created. With the opening of the Junior School it became necessary to have a Senior Mistress there and Mrs. M. K. Wyche accepted the post. We congratulate her and hope, now that the stress and strain of the first year of the new organisation is nearly over, that she will enjoy her office.

The expansion of the School made it almost impossible to run the domestic side without some correlation of the various units, so it was decided to appoint a Warden. Miss Tulloch held this post until August, but Mrs. C. Wyche (Mrs. Cyril) has now taken over this strenuous and somewhat thankless position, and we hope it will not wear her out!

A full list of other Staff changes appears elsewhere. We thank the many people who were here for only a short time, extend a warm welcome to all our new members and hope they will be very happy with us.

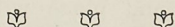
In the first term of this year we divided the Senior School into three groups—junior, middle and senior—each group having its own common room and increasing privileges as the higher status is attained. Promotion from one group to the next must be earned by good behaviour, and bad behaviour may bring its penalty in demotion. We are glad to find that promotion is eagerly sought after, and we hope that this system may train girls in taking responsibility for their own actions and attitude.

In the second term, we re-organised the competition for the House Cup so that games, work and general reliability all carry a proportion of the marks, thus making it possible for every girl to contribute something, whatever her talents.

Our general activities have been many and varied; concerts, lectures, films, expeditions have all helped to widen our interests. These activities were unfortunately somewhat curtailed in the second term owing to an epidemic of chicken pox, and Dr. Bovet was probably the most unpopular man in Johannesburg when, just before half term he decided we must all stay at School. This ban lasted until the second last week of the term.

It is most gratifying to see that, in spite of changes and excitements which might have tended to unruliness and disorganisation, a new spirit is growing up, a new interest both in work and games which we hope will raise our standard of achievement, and a new sense of order and responsibility is improving discipline and giving us a new stability.

Once more we express our appreciation of the efforts of all those without whose help the development which has taken place this year would not have been possible—the Directors, especially Mr. McLean, and all branches of the Staff, academic, administrative and domestic.



ROUND THE HOUSES

The brisk and healthy spirit of competition among the three Houses in the School has been given fresh direction this year by the presentation of a cup to the School by Marilyn Daly—to be known as the Efficiency Cup and to be competed for each term. To those whose future is more likely to be influenced by the Fixture List on the Games Board than by the shadow of a Mark List, this will perhaps bring a little anxiety, since prowess

not only in the sports field but also in the intellectual field is demanded of the winning House. Work and play now become equally important. Selborne are therefore to be congratulated on winning this cup as a reward for their efforts in the second term of this year, while Milner and Athlone must be determined not to be content with the results of the first term, when the honours were shared between them.



ATHLONE HOUSE

Athlone began the year well by winning the Inter-House Swimming Competition and the Senior Tennis Competition; but were unable to repeat last year's success in the second term, and lost the Music Competition to Milner.

These successes and a commendable dearth of "fines," etc., enabled Athlone to share with Milner the honour of winning the Efficiency Cup presented by Marilyn Daly.

Unfortunately the second term brought a regrettable slackening of effort, and if Athlone is to win the Cup or to rival seriously Milner and Selborne for the Shield, each and every member of the House must work as hard as she can.



MILNER HOUSE.

When Marilyn Daly, who was Head of Milner last year, left, she presented the School with a cup for general achievement, which Milner has tried to keep in the House. In the first term, the House tied for the first place with Athlone, and in the second term came second to Selborne.

In the House tennis matches, the Junior team came first and the Seniors, third. Milner came third in swimming, captained by Jane Cook. The result of the House Hockey matches was that Milner tied for second place with Athlone, the Seniors, having come second and the Juniors third. The House Music Competition was won by Milner, with the Seniors first and the Juniors second.

Milner is to be congratulated upon her efforts for charity. In the second term Milner gave a Scavenger Hunt, and out of the proceeds donated a cheque of £10 to the St. Mary's Orphanage for European children. In the third term, the Milner girls collected money and Christmas presents for the St. James Mission at Magaliesberg, which aims at educating Native children to become teachers and nurses and gives them Domestic Science training as well. At this date, we have collected over £60.

SELBORNE HOUSE

Selborne have been going from strength to strength this year. The first term found us with no honours of which to boast; but in the second term there came a great surprise with the winning of the Efficiency Cup, a new cup awarded each term for the final position gained for work, games, conduct, music, commendation marks, "house" marks and fines.

Selborne's charitable activities are numerous and gratifyingly alive. Waste paper is collected and the money gained thereby is given to St. John's Ophthalmic Hospital. Selborne's greatest interest, the Sunbeam Club, has been entertained each term and so far in 1951 over £50 has actually been raised by the House.



MATRICULATION RESULTS, 1950

2nd Class Matriculation Certificates: H. Bell, M. Boyd, M. Cochrane, J. Home-Rigg, A. MacLaren, S. McNeil, E. Midgley, R. Rosset.

3rd Class Matriculation Certificates: M. Daly, M. Davis, V. Smithers.

School Leaving Certificates, 2nd Class: J. Cullinan, E. Donaldson, J. Murray-Hudson.



ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

Written Examination in March: All candidates passed, three of them with 90 per cent.

Grade I.—P. Antrobus, E. Setchell.

Grade II.—P. Stahl.

Grade III.—S. Kleyn.

Grade IV.—E. Fotheringham.

Grade V.—M. Dawes, M. Pearce.

Singing Examinations

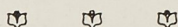
Grade IV.—Pass: D. Steels, D. Vaughan.

Pianoforte Examinations

Grade I.—J. Emery (distinction), F. Butcher and J. Schlimmer (merit), H. Harland and J. Wishart (pass).

Grade II.—S. Stewart (merit), N. Bryant and K. Short (pass).

Grade III.—S. Milne (distinction), P. Mosenthal (merit).
 Grade IV.—M. Loots (distinction), P. Antrobus (merit),
 J. Frost and J. Knight (pass).
 Grade V.—V. Edge, S. Kleyn and M. Roberts (merit).
 Grade VI.—M. Pearce (distinction), M. Dawes (merit).



SCHOOL OFFICIALS, 1951

Head of School: S. Thompson.

Milner House:

Senior Prefects—V. Hathorn (Head), P. Mitchell (Vice),
 D. Cullinan, S. Fleming, D. Vaughan.

Junior Prefects—F. de Courseulles, S. Percival.

Selborne House:

Senior Prefects—L. Hood (Head), A. Kenny (Vice),
 S. Thompson.

Junior Prefects—N. Cox, E. Wallisch, V. Marthinussen,

Athlone House:

Senior Prefects—D. Steels (Head), W. Griffith (Vice),
 R. Lawlor, C. Evans.

Junior Prefects—M. Scott, S. Brecknell, S. Milne, F.
 Harland.



Form Captains

Senior School

	First Term	Second Term	Third Term
Form			
IV	P. Drake	J. Amato	P. Drake
III	P. Scott Lane	M. Chambers	G. Dighton
II	S. Simpkins	D. Baird	S. Simpkins
I	S. Lindsay	S. Lindsay	V. Hodgkinson

Junior School

Std.

	First Term	Second Term	Third Term
4	J. Wishart	J. Ratcliffe	M. Thompson
3	M. Wallisch	D. Hadfield	G. Hopkins

SCHOOL CALENDAR

FIRST TERM:

February	2nd	...	Term began.
February	3rd	...	New Girls' Concert.
March	3rd	...	House Swimming Competition. Sunbeam Picnic.
March	10th	...	Swimming Gala.
March	17th	...	Performance of "Everyman" at St. Aidan's.
March	30th	...	Form V and Form IV see "Oedipus Rex."
April	7th	...	Party attend "La Boheme." Film Show at School in evening Sunbeam Picnic.
April	10th	...	Junior House Tennis Match.
April	11th	...	Music Pupils to "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."
April	14th	...	Ceremony of the Blessing of the Chapel.
April	17th	...	Senior House Tennis Match.
April	24th	...	Party attend "Madame Butterfly."
April	26th	...	Term ended.

SECOND TERM:

May	24th	...	Term began.
June	2nd	...	Fancy Dress Party for Sunbeam Funds.
June	9th	...	Film Show—"White Cliffs of Dover."
June	16th	...	Students' Concerto Festival at University.
June	26th	...	Party to "Tales of Hoffman."
June	27th	...	House Music Competition.
July	7th	...	Scavenger Hunt by Milner House for St. Mary's Orphanage.
July	21st	...	Beetle Drive arranged for Form IV.
July	27th	...	Half Term.
August	4th	...	Form II Entertain: "The Adventures of Odysseus."
August	9th	...	End of Term.

THIRD TERM:

Sept.	14th	...	Term began.
October	6th	...	Sunbeam Picnic.
October	8th	...	Visit of City Orchestra.
October	12th	...	Opening of School Hall.
October	13th	...	Repeat Performance of "The Six Wives of Calais."
October	19th	...	Lecture-recital by Mr. Hugh Tracey.
Nov.	2nd	...	Half Term.

Nov.	8th	...	Dancing and Art Display.
Nov.	30th	...	St. Andrew's Day.
Dec.	8th	...	St. Andrew's Party.
Dec.	9th	...	Nativity Play and Carols.
Dec.	13th	...	End of Term.



STAFF CHANGES

September, 1950-September, 1951

Came Third Term, 1950:

Sept., Mrs. M. Fisher—Senior Afrikaans. Left Oct.
Miss M. MacLeod—Gym. and Games.
Oct., Mrs. E. Weber—Senior Afrikaans in Mrs. Fisher's place.
Miss E. Wilman to act as Housemistress to the Juniors during
Mrs. Burt's illness.

Left Third Term, 1950:

Miss P. Davis—Art.
Mrs. W. Roux—Senior Mathematics.
Mrs. Harris—Senior History.
Mrs. Cook—Kindergarten.
Mrs. M. Calvert—Housemistress in Senior School.
Miss E. Wilman.

Came First Term, 1951:

Mrs. Jackson—Senior Mathematics.
Miss Carmichael—Art.
Miss Dowling—History and English in Forms I and II.
Mrs. Miller—Junior School, Standard I.
Miss Niblock—Kindergarten.
Mrs. Arnheim—Music.
Mrs. Howell—Housemistress in Senior School.
Miss Tulloch—Warden.

Left First end of First Term, 1951:

Mrs. Weber.
Mrs. Howell.
Mrs. Mackenzie—Tennis.

Came Second Term:

Mrs. Walker—Senior English. Miss Kenyon took over Senior
History and Miss Dowling became Assistant Secretary
and Games.
Miss Venter—Senior Afrikaans.
Mrs. Stirrup—Housemistress in Senior School.

Left end of Second Term:

Miss Tulloch.

Mrs. Fejer on a year's leave.

Came Third Term, 1951:

Mrs. Allen in Miss Fejer's place.

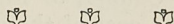
Mrs. Theron in Miss Colwell's place while she is on a term's leave.

Miss Jones, Gym. and Games—Miss MacLeod became Assistant Secretary and Games.

Mrs. C. Wyche—Warden.

Left September:

Miss Dowling.



THE CEREMONY OF THE OPENING OF THE HALL

Addressing Miss Neave, members of the Staff, girls, parents and friends of the School, Mr. C. S. McLean explained the absence, through ill-health of Dr. Raikes, Principal and Vice-Chairman of the Witwatersrand University, from the function, and then referred specially to some of the guests present. He extended a hearty welcome to Mr. Neave, the Headmistress' father, to Mr. Abernethy, Chief Inspector of Schools, to Mr. Everest, partner in the firm of architects responsible for the building of the Hall, and to members of the firm of contractors, to Mr. Hermer and to Mr. Cochrane, advisers on the stage arrangements and to others whom it was impossible to single out by name.

On such an outstanding occasion, Mr. McLean said that he would take that opportunity of expressing his deep appreciation of the work of his colleagues—the Board—and said he felt sure St. Andrew's, well-equipped as it now is, could take its place among the leading private schools for girls in the Union.

Giving a short history of the School, Mr. McLean referred to the founding of the School by Miss Fletcher and Miss Johnston, in what was then a small mining town. In 1904 the School was moved to Girton Road and the number of pupils grew to two hundred. In 1920 Miss Fletcher bought Bedford Farm, which became the School's new quarters. After the death of Miss Fletcher, Miss Cheetham who had joined the Staff in 1918, became Headmistress. At this stage a Board consisting of parents interested in the advancement of the School took over the Administration, and formed St. Andrew's School Ltd.—a non-profit earning company. Mr. McLean referred at this stage

to Mr. Cyril Webber, one of the original directors, with a record of more than thirty years continuous service to the School. Extension to existing buildings at Bedford Farm were soon found to be necessary, though it was not until 1936 that any further extensions were made. A new wing was completed and two years later a Sanatorium was begun. During the War no further expansion could be undertaken, until in 1945 new accommodation for resident teaching Staff, extended bathroom accommodation, etc., was added, and finally, the building they were to declare open.

Mr. McLean then touched upon the subject of finances. The cost of the New Wing and Sanatorium was met partially by the sale of land and partially as the result of an appeal to parents and friends. In 1939 the Council of Education made a grant of £25,000. Briefly listing the cost of the additions to School buildings and provision of equipment for both Junior and Senior Schools, Mr. McLean gave the total cost as exceeding £100,000. Land to the value of £40,000 had been disposed of, leaving 95 acres. Mr. McLean explained the intentions of the Old Girls' Association to provide the cost of the Chapel, including pews, and all this left an outstanding indebtedness of £70,000. The School had increased the number of pupils considerably, but would consider two hundred and eighty to be the maximum number desirable. The immediate programme, then would be to liquidate their present indebtedness. Mr. McLean then went on to mention the subject of fees, explaining the necessity for an increase of 10 per cent. on existing basic fees.

In conclusion, Mr. McLean expressed the Board's appreciation of the outstanding services provided by the Headmistress and entire Staff of the School, and then declared the building open.

After he had turned the silver key in the lock to symbolise the opening of the new Hall, Miss Neave thanked Mr. McLean for his presence on so auspicious an occasion as the opening of what was in actuality the very centre of the corporate life of the School, the place where the threads of the tapestry of school life were woven; where members of the School might learn to adopt as their ideals the sacrifice of self for the good of the community. The School realised with gratitude that the turning of the key meant the opening of opportunities of development which would not have been possible but for Mr. McLean's interest and initiative, and but for the support of the Board of Directors, and Miss Neave was very pleased to have the opportunity to express the appreciation of the School of Mr. McLean's efforts on their behalf.

MUSIC REPORT

Our new music wing is a very great joy to us, we have really spread ourselves beyond our wildest expectations with five practice rooms and a teaching studio attached to the new Hall, and the music rooms at the Junior School.

We were pleased to welcome to our Music Staff Mrs. Arnheim who came in January, and Mrs. Theron who came in September while Miss Colwell was on leave.

Every term brings some event of musical interest; visits to functions in the town, visits from outside artists; music competitions or music examinations.

During the Italian Opera Season, the girls went to performances of "La Boheme," "Madame Butterfly," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"; later to the film "The Tales of Hoffman."

Another outing of interest was to the University Hall where six young students had the opportunity of playing a movement of a concerto with the Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra.

Madame Zuppinger, an Austrian pianist, gave us a very pleasant afternoon when she visited us in July and gave us a recital.

A very recent visitor was Mr. Hugh Tracey. He entertained us with a lecture recital on African music. He must be not only the greatest authority on this subject but certainly the most fascinating storyteller of African folk lore. He travels into the real depths of darkest Africa with his recording van and lures the Natives into singing their own songs and playing their own primitive instruments. We were spellbound with these recordings, with his lively commentaries and demonstrations.

Perhaps the most interesting of our concerts was a visit to School by the whole of the City Orchestra. We were indeed very favoured that so important an orchestra of 50 players conducted by Mr. Gideon Fagan should find time to come out to play to us.

This year we were fortunate in having Mr. Stewart Hylton Edwards to judge our House Music Competition. Prior to this competition there was an eliminating round in which the piano pupils played Scales, Sight Reading and a Piece according to their Grades and their marks were counted for their Houses. At the competition five pianists, a Junior and a Senior Choir, as well as a completely unaided Surprise Item were entered by each House and Milner, the winning House, was indeed to be congratulated.

For the last two years we have taken the Examinations of the Royal Schools of Music; seventeen candidates entered for the written examinations, two for Singing and nineteen for Piano. The results of the November written examinations are not yet known, but in the March examinations every candidate passed and in the Piano section four passed with Distinction and nine with Merit.



GAMES NOTES

HOCKEY

We started this year's hockey season with our 1st and 2nd teams in the 2nd and 3rd leagues respectively. We were rather slow in learning to combine and play as teams, with the result at the end of the first round, both teams were dropped a league.

In the second round there was a steady improvement and we were able to hold our own against our opponents.

On 23rd June we had a most enjoyable day leaving here in the School bus, stopping at Fountains for lunch and then continuing on to Pretoria Girls' High. By the end of the afternoon both schools were even, having won and lost one match each in two very exciting games.

Here are a few points for all our hockey players to remember:

Goalkeepers: To play this position well it is necessary to concentrate, anticipate and move more quickly than any other player on the field. Each movement must be controlled in order to maintain balance.

Defence Players: Must cover a great deal of ground, for not only have they to mark their opponents, but must be able to cover their own defence when defending and back up their forwards when attacking.

Forwards: Must have good ball and stick control and learn to receive passes from all angles while facing and moving at good speed toward opponents' goal.

Fixture List

May 29	P.T.C. vs. St. Andrew's 2nd XI.	Lost 7-0.
June 2	Kingsmead vs. St. Andrew's 1st XI.	Lost 1-0.
June 5	St. Andrew's 1st XI. vs. Jeppe.	Draw 1-1.
June 5	Forest High vs. St. Andrew's 2nd XI.	Lost 5-0.
June 9	St. Andrew's 2nd XI vs. St. Mary's.	Lost 0-6.
June 12	St. Andrew's 1st XI vs. P.T.C. 1st XI.	Lost 0-1.

- June 12 St. Andrew's 2nd XI vs. Redhill. Cancelled.
 June 19 St. Andrew's 1st XI vs. P.T.C. 2nd XI. Draw 1-1.
 June 19 St. Andrew's 2nd XI vs. Parktown High 2nd XI.
 Won 3-0.
 June 26 St. Andrew's 1st XI vs. St. Mary's. Lost 1-2.
 June 26 St. Andrew's 2nd XI vs. Roedean. Lost. 1-2.



SWIMMING

After our first two years of struggling to avoid the last place in events at the Inter Schools Gala, this year we really began to show what we could do.

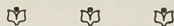
As well as accumulating a few more points for places, the most noticeable improvement was the very short distance which separated us from the winners in the majority of races. If this very keen spirit prevails and our swimmers are prepared to put in many hours of training, we should continue to improve our position in the swimming world.

The members of the swimming team were:

J. Caldwell, P. Scott-Lane, S. Kleyn, S. Lindsay, M. Bryant, J. Symons, N. Niven, C. Dalling, H. Heywood, D. Dawes, D. Sayle, J. Pienaar, E. Fotheringham, D. Rosset, D. Locke, N. Bryant, J. Maynard, L. Findlay, A. Lindsay, M. L. Gray (capt.).

Mention should be made of the reserves who spent just as many hours training and preparing themselves to take their places if and when they were needed.

We should also like to say how grateful we are to all the parents who so nobly gave of their time and energy in taking us to Ellis Park for practices and for giving us so much help with our swimming.



TENNIS

The results of the tennis matches for the first half of the year were rather disappointing.

The effect of continually losing matches has at last made the girls realise it is not sufficient to have mastery of stroke production. In order to use these strokes, it is necessary to anticipate and be able to move quickly into position; in other words, brain work and footwork, combined with good stroke production, are the essentials for complete success and fullest enjoyment.

Fixture List

- Feb. 6 Jeppe A vs. St. Andrew's. Lost 75-24.
Feb. 13 Kingsmead vs. St. Andrew's. Lost 70-29.
Feb. 20 Parktown Convent vs. St. Andrew's. Lost 67-32.
Feb. 27 Johannesburg B vs. St. Andrew's. Lost 56-43.
March 6 Johannesburg A vs. St. Andrew's. Lost 55-44.



ARTICLES AND POEMS

SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa is like music, with beauty for its theme,
There is beauty from a desert to a small and stagnant stream.
There are miles of veld and barren land yet its beautiful to me,
Yes, there's beauty in this country for everyone to see.

In the evening have you heard the cricket sing his nightly song?
Have you seen the paleness of the moon, and the glory of the sun?
Have you smelt the tang of the grassy veld, or climbed a rocky
Krantz?

Have you ever strolled alone and seen a baby buck, by chance?

Have you seen the setting sun transform the flat and dry karroo
Into a coloured symphony, of black, red, gold, and blue?
Have you seen the rugged kopjies, with their small gray thorny
trees,

Lit up by red-hot pokers, as they quiver in the breeze?

Have you seen a native kiya on a sunny summer's morn?
Watched the fat old native mfazis wash the clothes and crush
the corn?

And round-bellied little piccanins absorbed in idle play,
While their fathers model calabashes from thick red clay?

There are dongas and steep kopjies in this country that I love.
There are storms; but always after shines a fierce gold sun above.
South Africa is like music, with beauty for its theme,
And high ideals, and joy and hope, a land where men still dream.

J. IRVIN, Form IV.

MINERS

Mile upon mile the gum-boots crunch the dusty compound grounds,
From the horizon murky with dust the chant of a war-cry sounds,
Coal black Apollos, stripped to the waist they stride,
A battered, dusty blow-lamp jangling at their sides,
Out of the throbbing heat and hum
The African gold-miners come.

The platinum-sanded waste dumps like an army they descend,
One after one, in straggling line that seems to know no end,
Sweating their brows, mud-caked each weary limb,
Deafened to outer sound by an ore-drill's clanking din,
Out of the darkness, into the sun
The African gold-miners come.

C. DALLING, Form IV.



WAR AND PEACE

War and peace: such very contrary words, yet so often they are used together. On first thoughts I see two gardens the one symbolic of all the war stands for, and the other of the products of peace.

And in my mind war conjures up a picture, vivid and terrifying, a picture of a garden where the sun never shines, where black, engulfing clouds for ever cover the sky. It is overgrown with cruel ugly weeds and clawing creepers. What trees are to be seen are torn and naked with gigantic parasites clinging to their twisted branches. Grotesque serpents crawl through the overgrown vegetation, and vultures, evil and immense, hover high in the sky. The streams that sluggishly run through the garden are dark and clogged by water weeds; enormous brown toads croak behind the rocks. No birds ever sing, but the freezing winds moan through the creaking trees, telling tales of bloodshed, starvation and ruin.

My garden of Peace is filled with soft green of grass, the most glorious colours of every kind of flower, with trees under the soft, green leaves of spring. Birds sing merrily in their branches. The streams, crystal clear, make running music as they tumble over the smooth round pebbles. Cows graze quietly near the banks; everything is still and severe.

And yet my first picture I see illuminated here and there with brilliant light the light of those heroic, selfless deeds that I remember are often the children of war. How they show up the blackness of wrong and pain and death—and a closer view of the peace picture shows me the growth of ugly strangling plants, flourishing and gradually spoiling the beauty of the garden—the plants of giant selfishness, which seems to thrive when the dreariness of war vanishes.

Reluctantly I give up my conception of a picture that is perfect.

E. FOTHERINGHAM, Form III.



THE CHERRY PIE

Fair blooms the cherry tree
High up for all to see,
And vastly dear to me.

But wishes fail
To stay the falling snow
Of beauty both to go,
All petals falling slow,
Work of the the hail.

The tree is stark and bare :
—No cherries red and fair
Will hang in clusters there,

Yet still it stands
Clear cut against the sky,
Watching the last rays die,
Lifting bare branches high
Like moving hands.

But when the cold days pall,
Light rains around it fall,
Birds from its branches call,

Hailing the spring,
Then birds burst forth anew,
And cold winds are but few,
The cherry tree looks new,
Bride of the spring.

S. A. GLASS, Form III.

SELBORNE SUNBEAM PICNIC

On Saturday afternoon the 6th October, Selborne set out for Gilloolie's Farm, where they were going to give the "Sunbeams" a picnic.

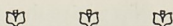
It was a beautiful afternoon and as we walked down we noticed the beautiful green grass, and the lovely willow trees under which we were to have our picnic. After we had carried all the food and cakes, etc., down to our picnic spot, we went up to the road to wait for the big municipal bus which would bring our young guests to the picnic. Sure enough we saw a red speck on the horizon which gradually, as it drew nearer, it took the shape of the double-decker bus.

Eagerly the faces hung out of the windows, each searching for the particular friend who would entertain them again. As soon as the bus stopped the children rushed out and formed an orderly line, and in this way we all proceeded down to our picnic spot. Then we all formed groups and began playing all sorts of games, which the children loved. After this the attraction was the swings and merry-go-rounds. We spent hours there and nobody seemed to tire. At last we went down for the great attraction, the tea.

The children all sat in a circle and we mixed in with them, some of the other Selbornes brought trays of cakes, sandwiches, meat-pies and many other things around. Everyone had much joy drinking "cokes." This took quite a long time and afterwards we went up to the big bus which would carry our "Sunbeams" away from us again. Before they left we all had delicious chocolate ices, and each of them was given an orange and a bag of sweets.

Once again the big bus roared into life with the "Sunbeams" waving out of the windows. We said "good-bye" but not forever; we shall see them again next term.

J. CALDWELL, Form III.



THE OPENING OF THE HALL

For months the School had been a busy bustling place—full of activity. We were very lucky because we were having a Chapel, a Laboratory and an Assembly Hall built. Day by day the walls grew up. At break we would stand and gaze and try to make out the plan of the buildings. Now the Chapel has been dedicated and the night for the Official Opening of the Hall has come.

Squeezed in among our friends we stood watching the guests arrive. All the seats were marked, and we were delighted to find what a good view we had of the stage. Miss Neave wanted all the School, even the smallest juniors, day girls as well as boarders, to be present. The deep blue curtains were drawn across the stage, and Miss Neave sat up there with members of the Board on each side of her.

As Miss Neave spoke to us about our Hall and the significance it would have in our school life, we were able to visualise all the different scenes that would take place there when we gathered together at assembly.

Mr. McLean, the chairman of the Board, told us some very interesting things about the early days of the School—how it had grown and come out to Bedford Farm, and had continued growing until this big occasion when our Hall is ready for use. Another member, Mr. Webber, who had been on the Board since the beginning of the School, made a very amusing speech, in which he thanked everyone for what they had done, and ended up with three hearty cheers.

The play itself was a great success. Against the background of grey walls of a house in Calais—the play was just as though a piece of the famous Bayeux tapestry had come to life. One of the characters in the play was sewing a piece of tapestry, showing all the scenes of the siege of Calais. We soon felt we knew all the characters of the towns folk well—wives and husbands. The colours of the dresses were vivid and lovely—so were the beautiful head-dresses. Through a long open window we could catch a glimpse of the town beyond. It looked most exciting with turrets and spires.

When the play was over, I think we all realised that what before had been a big empty hall, had that night become something alive and real, like a big ship does when it is finally fitted out and all the different people who go to make its crew work together, and bring it to life, ready to go out and do its work.

The staff and girls had taken the Hall from the builders and architects. The girls and staff had made the costumes and helped with the scenery, and produced a play. Mr. Murdoch helped too, and each of us in our own way felt that we had had some part in it all.

J. KNIGHT, Form II.

THE SUNBEAM PICNIC

On Saturday afternoon we all set out for a picnic at Giloolie's pleasure resort, dressed in our picnic clothes and with the joyous prospect of a happy afternoon before us.

As we arrived we saw a big municipal bus standing in the road and we realised that our charges had beaten us in getting there.

Many girls had agreed to help their individual charges especially. The moment these girls were seen, there were shouts of joy and in a short while they were surrounded by small, eager-faced little children, all clamouring for a "turn" on the slides, the swings or any other such joyride.

After an hour or so of this "enjoyment" we took the children away from their various occupations and down to where Miss Way and the Prefects were preparing tea under the willows.

As they were not quite ready we amused the children by playing various games such as "oranges and lemons" and "French and English" for half an hour or so.

Tea was ready by this time. The Sunbeam children flocked in from far and near, some tall, some short, some dark, some fair, all, however, intent on the same purpose.

The children formed a ring on the grass and the picnic began. Coca-Colas were served out and the elder children handed round the cakes and sandwiches. To see those children's faces was a picture.

Our time was very short and after a few more games, and giving out of oranges and sweets it was "farewell" to our Sunbeams!

SUSAN GRAY, Form II.



SEA WONDERS SEEN BY A DIVER

Fish were swimming by my face,
Rocks lay quietly in their place,
A dark, grey monster loomed ahead,
It turned around and from me fled.

Shells were crunched beneath my feet—
Big ones pretty, small ones neat.
A star fish lay upon the ground,
It moved away and swam around.

Seaweed was swaying to and fro,
Stretching up high, bending down low,
Anemones' mouths were opened wide,
Waiting for food swept by the tide.

There lay the oysters, big and grey,
Whose pearls were famous in oyster bay,
I made my living in this way,
Diving down deep, day after day.

A school of porpoises raced overhead;
I broke open an oyster from the bed,
I opened another, and before my eyes
Glowed a lustrous pearl of wondrous size.

I filled my pockets with pearls and pearls,
From the oyster beds where the current whirls,
I saw strange things men go far to seek . . .
I can only write them I cannot speak.

J. ALLAN, Form II.



WHAT THE MOON SEES

Oh, wonderful moon so clear and bright,
What is it you see from your great height?
Why do you watch us all through the night?
What do you see with your endless sight?

Is it the river which seems so still,
Or is it the dovecôte on the hill?
Do you listen for the nightingales trill,
While weaving your beams over trees so still!

The stars twinkling up ever so high,
While wispy, gray clouds float laz'ly by.
Oh beautiful moon, your gold beams lie,
Right over the space in all the sky.

L. LONG, Form II.



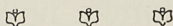
SUNSET

The fiery ball we call the sun has journeyed relentlessly over the earth, so it seems to earth dwellers, and now tired with its travels it drops faster—faster, till it sinks below the horizon. The last, red glow fades, and those near and intimate clouds are tinged with pink and gold and vague hints of green.

Twilight spreads over the world, making the sky a dim embracing cover, as though it were tucking the earth into bed. High overhead, faint wispy clouds are blown gently along: dim shadows guarding the sleeping earth.

How difficult it is to realise the earth is the traveller which never fails to keep her long-since arranged path round the sun.

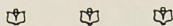
L. LONG, Form II.



STAR'S EYE VIEW

The soft white moon rose slowly
Over the jewel studded mere
Like a halo of the holy,
Through the great celestial sphere.
The moon walked down the milky way,
To where her path of destiny lay,
Through the night and twinkling stars
Past the planets, Venus, Mars.
She wore a dress and veil that glimmered
Silver white with thread of gold,
And as she smiled the river shimmered,
Flowing on to lands untold.
And on the silver hillside stood,
Rigid sentries made of wood,
Swiftly the moon passed on her way,
For she was aware of the approaching day.

DENISE DAWES, Form II.



THE FALL OF NIGHT

The brilliant rays of a setting sun,
Softened and dim in the waning light,
Shadows fall and grotesque shapes appear,
The heavens darken and bring the night.
A star comes out and stands far off,
Like some faerie suspended twinkling light,
Till joined by another and ever another,
They light up the sky through the long still night.

Peace for a while, and then a great shaft
Of light, illumines the sombre sky,
And into her place, o'er the slumbering earth
Slips the moon, to watch o'er the world from on high.

Night has fallen and the earth lies asleep,
With the sky and the stars and the moon to keep watch,
Till the dawn from her soft deep dream awakes,
And with her the sun that first sent us to sleep.

JENNIFER DONALDSON, Form II.



MAGIC

A silver fox crept through a silver glade,
A rabbit tensed and crouched low on the blades
of shimmering green.

A fieldmouse scampered quickly away from the
piercing eyes
Of a staring owl.

A glowing moon sailed tranquilly,
Over a glade of magic bliss;
While a nightingale broke the still of the air,
With a silver note that was sharp and clear,

Here a rabbit stood then darted away
As a weasel slunk, stopped, started again,
Seeing his quarry fly.

J. YARDLEY, Form II.



THE QUALIX

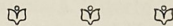
A few years ago my father had a great friend called Dr. James. He was a very old man, with the reputation of being a little mad. He lived in a large house, and worked all day in his laboratory. Sometimes he would come to see us, and then all he talked of was the Qualix. The Quailix he said, was an animal he was breeding. It was going to be huge and fearsome, and it was to be able to speak.

Naturally we were surprised to hear one day that the Qualix had turned out to be a very small and timid little animal. The shock sent the scientist to his grave.

The Qualix now belongs to us. He is about the size of a fieldmouse, and is covered with fur, of a pale green colour. His eyes are very large and sad. He loves neatness, and always washes and brushes his fur regularly. The English dictionary is his favourite book, and although he can speak English very well, he gets very muddled when he uses long words. Every evening he reads the paper; leading him to love politics. He is a communist he says, but we have never told him the actual facts about communism.

This queer little Qualix lives in the doll's house, which he calls "my residence." We have had electricity and water laid on, so that he can live in comfort. His meals he has with us, sitting on the table. He eats the same things as we do only cut into small pieces. Punctually at eight o'clock he retires to the doll's house for a bath and then goes to bed. At half-past eight the light in his bedroom is turned out and he is asleep, to dream of the terrible Qualix he might have been.

G. AMIES, Form I.



EVENING

The sun is now sinking low in the west.

Its last rays reflected on the wrinkled sea,

The gulls are flying home to nest,

Their shrill cries breaking my reverie.

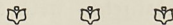
Everything now is touched with gold—

I hear the waves lapping against the rocks,

As the shepherd drives home his sheep to their fold

Comes from the hill the bleat of his flocks.

A. CROSSE, Form I.



THE SIX WIVES OF CALAIS

The atmosphere of anticipation which pervaded the Hall was visible in the excited gestures of the guests as the interval preceding the speeches drew to a close. "The Six Wives of Calais," the play into which a large section of the Staff and pupils of St. Andrew's had put such sincere and corporate effort, was about to be performed. Suddenly all the lights were extinguished and the Choir broke into the opening song, managing to introduce

a note of hushed expectancy into their voices. The subdued murmur of the audience subsided, as the velvet curtains, shimmering in the glare of the footlights, slowly drew apart, revealing the upstairs room of a comfortably furnished house in Calais.

The figure of Marguerite de St. Pierre (Lisabeth Hood) is seated by the window, industriously plying a needle to her tapestry which is a record of all the memorable events which occur in Calais during the siege. She is magnificently attired in purple brocade, her face framed by the folds of a picturesque mediaeval head-dress. Marguerite is aroused by the entrance of Jeanne de Wissant. Jeanne, excellently portrayed by Denise Cullinan, introduces an element of sardonic humour into the play.

The next visitor is Catherine D'Oudebolle (Cecily Niven). She refuses to admit the seriousness of the food shortage, and makes a series of censorious remarks concerning her "idiot huband" who holds the position of food controller. Ignoring the scepticism of her companions, Catherine announces her intention of holding a dinner party, and is only dissuaded from pursuing this theme by Jeanne, who distracts her attention with a malicious reference to Suzanne D'Aire, wife of the richest citizen in Calais.

After the entrance of Suzanne, the chief topic of conversation is the "parley with the English" at which the burgesses should come to an agreement with Edward III. At the suggestion that the garrison should surrender, Suzanne becomes distrait and asserts amid hysterical sobs that King Edward is certain to hang Gaston de Vallois, with whom she is infatuated.

Claire de Wissant, who is related to Jeanne by marriage enters the rooms and joins heartily in Suzanne's lamentations, pausing at intervals to murmur commiserations and inquire the cause of her tears.

At this juncture Anne de Rosty (Hazel Groves) who has been keeping watch on the battlements and is attired in a tunic and hose which form an incongruous contrast to the more conventional garments of her companions, hurries in with the dramatic announcement that the six leading burgesses have gone to Edward, clad only in nightshirts—with ropes around their necks. "Our six husbands!"

Marguerite rises slowly, grasping the table as if for support. She cannot immediately realise the implications of Anne's words. As she approaches the exit with measured steps, her head is bowed—as if under the impact of a crushing blow. The silence following her departure is broken by Suzanne, who is precipitated into helpless laughter by a mental vision of her husband, Jean, arrayed in a nightshirt. Abandoning all her simulated affection, her only concern is that he may have time to alter the terms of his will before the execution.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling, Jeanne repents the cynicism and cruelty which she has displayed towards her husband. Claire, who is unable to remember "what her husband looks like," is astonished at the spectacle of her sister-in-law, whom she has come to regard as cold and unemotional, shaken by uncontrollable sobs. Anne remarks that she will consider the death of her husband as the loss of "a good comrade."

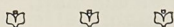
Suddenly the silence is broken by a chorus of "bravos" proceeding from the square beneath the window. Catherine, who has made a hysterical exit some minutes previously, furiously refuting the suggestion that she has called her husband "a born idiot" re-enters with the news that the burgesses have been reprieved through the entreaties of Queen Phillipa.

Anne bursts into tears, while Jeanne, reverting to her former manner expresses the hope that her husband may become aware of her existence. Suzanne makes an effort to conceal her disappointment, and emphatically reiterates the statement that she is "very fond of her husband."

One by one, the wives leave to meet their husbands. When Marguerite returns, Jeanne is alone in the room. The curtain falls as Marguerite resumes her tapestry, having requested Jeanne to hand her a skein of white wool, "for their shirts."

After the play, Mr. Weber, the oldest member of the Board of Directors, congratulated the entire cast on the excellence of their acting, and both the cast and the audience joined with him in offering a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Kenyon, and all those members of the Staff and girls who had contributed, either directly or indirectly, to the success of the performance.

V. SOMERVILLE.



THE SEA

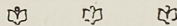
Pounding, splashing,
Rippling, crashing,
Ever taking,
Always breaking,
That's the sea.
Seagulls crying,
Diving, flying,
But the sea goes on
Shouting, mounting,
Crashing, splashing,
Always toppling,
Never stopping.

E. SETCHELL, Form J.

SEA WONDERS

In and out the rock pools,
Tiny fishes swim,
Dodging between the seaweed,
Seeing who can win.
Big ones, small ones,
Colours dull and gay,
Red ones, orange ones,
Dark blue and grey.
Sea urchins of all colours
Laze in solitude,
Opening out their tentacles
In hope of catching food.
In and out the monstrous waves,
Sea horses spring,
Tossing their heads in splendour,
Joyous for everything.
Far down in the dark green depths
Sea mammals cruise.
While up above small fishing boats
Sail in the breeze.

J. ROBERTSON, Form II.



THE GHOST

There once was a ghost
Who lived in the hall,
He wasn't too big
And he wasn't too small.
He used to make shadows
He used to make noises;
But he really took fright
When he heard human voices.

But now when I pass
Through the hall at night,
I think of the shadows
And noises that might
Distress someone else
When they are small,
When they pass, in the night,
The ghost in the hall.

M. SCOTT, Std. V.

A HAPPY DAY

Early in the morning,
When the sun is rising red,
I hear the larks a'singing
As I jump out of bed.

I rise up very early,
As I've a lot of work to do;
But when I've finished everything,
Just guess what I will do?

I'll play with my round puppy
And I'll feed the hopping birds,
I'll play catches with the butterflies
On the moors, among a herd
Of gentle browsing cows, and when
I feel I'm growing tired,
I'll roll up in a heap
Under spreading willow trees,
And dream of happy new-born lambs
That frolic in the breeze.

M. SCOTT, Std. V.



THE GREEDY SPIDER

Spider crawled into his web muttering angrily to himself, "Oh, I wish Mrs. Pigeon would stop that silly noise, I may be missing something." But Mrs. Pigeon went on singing, "Coo, coo, what'll I do." Spider heard a few words in between her cooing. The ants said there was to be a feast at . . . "What'll I do," cooed Mrs. Pigeon. Spider was very cross. If it had not been for Mrs. Pigeon, he would have heard where the feast was to be, for he dearly loved feasts.

Suddenly he had an idea. He would call all his children to him and ask them if they knew where the feast was to be. He beat on his drum and soon four of his children were on their way. "What is it father?" they all asked. "Do you know where the feast is to be?" Spider wanted to know. "The leopards are having a magnificent feast in the south," said the first child. "The antelopes are having a feast in the east," answered the second child. "The bull frogs say they are having a feast in the north," replied the third. "And I know that Kalulu, the rabbit, is having a feast in the west," said the fourth.

As each child answered, Spider's eyes grew rounder and rounder. Then he had an idea. He tied a thread round each of his children's waists and the other end round his own. Each child had to pull the thread to let him know when the feast was to begin.

Then Spider crawled into his favourite web, intending to have a rest before the feasts.

That night it was full moon. Spider was awakened by an urgent tug of the thread by the child who lived in the north. He eagerly climbed out of his web and took a few hurried steps towards the north. Just then he felt a sharp tug from the south then one from the west and then from the east.

"Oh dear," thought Spider, "four feasts on the same night, that is silly." While he was thinking which feast he should attend, the threads round his waist grew tighter and tighter until Spider felt sick and dizzy.

Suddenly the threads all snapped and he went rolling along the ground, and lay there unconscious. His four children all came running to Spider's home to see what had happened to him. They found him lying quite still on the ground. It took him days to recover but ever since that night all spiders' waists have been very small indeed because of the one greedy spider who would not miss a feast.

M. ROBERTS, Std. V.



TROPICAL FANTASY

Langurous lapiz-lazuli lying
Lapped in the sun-flaked sand,
Salt-flecked waves on the crushed-shells dying—
And the vibrant palm leaves sighing
Over the bone-bleached beach.
Sprays of opals caught in sunlight,
Flash with colours from poppy dreams—
Twist and fall, and rejoin the wave,
Swirl and flow in the azure cave—
Reaching up to the lime-green beams.
Handfuls of turquoise freely flung
Fan-shaped on wind-quilted dunes.
Strands of amethyst strewn among
Sapphires from jades flaunting hung
Under the ebony-velvet night.

E. LEWIS, Form V.

LA FRANCE

“Douce France” . . . Depuis des siècles ce nom est donné à ma Patrie. Les étrangers disent toujours, qu'ils ont deux patries : la leur et la France.

Mais si l'on se dirige du Nord au Sud, de l'Ouest à l'Est, tout est beau, toutes les régions ont leur charme et leurs attractions.

Dans le Nord se situent les villes industrielles, qui sont une part des grandes richesses de mon pays. Mais parlons de Paris.

Mot magique, s'il en fut un ! Il vous fait ouvrir de grands yeux à cause de ses beautés, sa gloire, ses monuments, ses jardins, son luxe et sa gaieté. L'étranger dit que Paris est la ville de lumière et des plaisirs. Paris est la lumière ; c'est peut-être une ville où l'on s'amuse beaucoup, mais où l'on travaille plus encore.

Notre Sorbonne, qui est la plus ancienne Université du monde, avec son Quartier Latin, ses vieux coins, le fameux Boulevard Saint Michel, la Seine et ses longs quais brumeux en Automne et si gais en été. Notre Dame, dans la Cité, vieille de tant de siècles, est un havre si accueillant à tant de misères et à tous les croyants et même à ceux qui ne le sont pas. La Basilique du Sacré Coeur, sur la Butte de Montmartre semble dominer ce vieux quartier d'études autant que de plaisirs. Paris nous est cher au cœur et nous tient par tant de tentacules, et loin ou près, c'est toujours avec une douce pensée que nous songeons à Paris.

Si nous quittons Paris, que l'on aille en Bretagne ou en Normandie, on ne peut que s'y arrêter pour en admirer toujours leurs beautés. Qu'elle est jolie la Bretagne et ses grands Pardons, sa côte rugueuse où les pêcheurs rustiques épousent des bretonnes aux longs cheveux et aux coiffes de dentelles.

Qu'elle est jolie, ma Normandie, dit la chanson, et comme elle nous le répétons, quand nous admirons ses gras paturages et son bétail prolifique.

Mais de toutes les régions de France, celle que je préfère c'est la Riviera, cette côte d'azur, où le soleil semble briller toujours et où la mer est toujours bleue.

Cannes, “la Perle de la Riviera” a une longue histoire. Ce n'était autrefois qu'un petit village de pêcheurs et le “Vieux Cannes” qui s'appelle suguet rappelle un petit village du Moyen Age. Sa chapelle pas très grande est entourée de hauts murs. Ses maisons les unes près des autres, s'étagent en grand escalier, qui descend jusqu'aux vieilles portes de la ville.

Un jour lord Byron passait par Cannes pour aller en Italie et ne pouvant passer le Var à cause de la fonte des neiges, il

resta dans la petite ville des pêcheurs, trouvant cet endroit joli. Il pensait qu'une ville balnéaire pourrait y être construite, et c'est de cette date que commença la célébrité de Cannes et de ses alentours. Près de la mer, au bas des collines couvertes de mimosas et de palmiers gris vert, s'étend la ville elle-même, celle du luxe et des touristes et qui se pâme dans le soleil radieux et le bleu azuré. Elle s'accroche à l'Esterel, chaîne de montagnes, unique dans son genre et dont les roches descendent à la mer, Par endroits elle est sauvage et mystérieuse, cette montagne, où l'on trouve tant de beaux jardins, servant d'écrin à des villas splendides, surplombant la côte et où se voit l'infini des vagues douces et sans reflux, ne cessant leur clapotis que pour changer en rugissements sinistres par les temps de tempête Nice au loin nous appelle, mais pe l'aime moins à cause de l'élément étranger. De Nice à Monte Carlo, s'étend la plus belle partie de la Riviera française. Du haut de la Grande Corniche, on a vue sur la mer autant que sur, les petits villages environnants. Monte Carlo est une perle aussi avec ses jardins magnifiques et ses casinos et ses salles de jeux; et là-bas sur la colline, en partie caché dans la roche, se dresse le château du Prince de Monaco. Et de Menton le paysage enchanteur continue toujours. En pensée je reste quelques instants devant ce spectacle où le soleil descend à présent dans un crépuscule immense, et j'admire des yeux, et du coeur cette beauté suprême si chère à tous ceux qui connaissent la Riviera.

N.P.



Woodviewweg 4,

Westcliff,

Johannesburg,

Suid-Afrika.

31 Julie 1951.

Beste Jean,

Ek hoop dat jy 'n aangename somervakansie gehad het. Soos jy weet, is on nog hard aan die werk, maar oor vier dae sluit ons vir die lentevakansie.

Ongelukkig het ons 'n waterpokkies-epidemie gehad en kon dus nie ons gebruiklike lang-naweek of half-kwartaal hê nie. Maar ons het dit toe verlede naweek gehad en ek en my familie het na die Krugerwildtuin gegaan. Ons was baie gelukkig en het verskeie diersoorte gesien.

By Letaba, 'n mooi kamp in die wildtuin, het ons ses olifante gesien. Jy het waarskynlik al foto's van hierdie groot diere gesien. Hulle is grys met lang slurpe vir neuse en groot ore wat heen en weer waai as hulle kwaad word. Natuurlik

het ons orals Rooibokkies gesien, klein roesbruin en vaal bokkies wat mooi horings het en wat baie fyn en fingerig is. Hulle is die algemeenste bok in die tuin.

Naby Shingweds, omtrent die mooiste kamp daar, het ons 'n klomp leeus gesien. Die leeu, „koning van die diere,” is 'n katagtige, vaal dier met lang maanhare, swart of vaal en 'n angswekkende gebrul. In hierdie omgewing vind mens ook hiënas. Die geraas wat hulle maak, is net soos 'n hoë gelag en hulle is lafhartige diere met stomp sterte. Hulle eet altyd die oorskiet van die ander roofdiere.

Vroeg een more het ons langs die rivier afgery. Op die wal het ons allerhande bokke gesien, koedoes, rooibokke en waterbokke, wat mens aan die wit kring om sy stert kan herken. Laasgenoemde is pragtige diere met horings en 'n wollerige vel. In die rivier was daar omtrent veertien seekoeie wat nou en dan hul groot grys koppe uit die water gelig en reusagtige bekke oopgemaak het.

Blouwildebeeste, erdvarke, bobbejane, kwaggas en kameelperde was ook volop, maar ek kan ongelukkig nie almal beskryf nie. Die wildebees lyk egter iets na die Gnu wat julle in Engeland het.

Ek hoop dat jy hierdie brief kan lees, of het jy al die Afrikaans wat ek jou twee jaar gelede geleer het, vergeet? Dit is ongelukkig dat jy nie destyds kans gehad het om die Wildtuin te sien nie, maar as jy weer kom, sal ons definitief 'n plan maak.

Jy kan maar in Engels antwoord as jy dit verkies, maar skryf net gou.

Jou toegeneë vriendin,
Barbara.

L. RAINIER, Vorm III.



DROOGTE

„Die landman staan alleen
Waar die veld rondom ween.
En hy send sy droewe klag
Op die vlerke van die nag,
Na die sfere waar God woon,
Biddend dat daar tog weer eenmaal
Uit Sy hemel reën sal val.”

MALHERBE.

Bloedrooi rus die son op die swartgeskroeide rante. 'n Paar wolkies hang yl en vaal in die lug. Eens was daar groen bossies, die laggende doel water wat in die sonlig speel en die aandblom met sy lawende geur. Wat is daar nou oor? Niks anders nie as die swart stowwerige aarde wat soos 'n tipiese woestyn lyk.

Die lande lê daar voor die boer onversorgd en verlate. Die plante waarvoor hy so gesorg het, lê nou 'n duim onder die droë sand. Maandelank treur die plante en die ploeg verroes. Traag sleep die maande van verwagting verby.

Die diere is maer by gebrek aan water en voedsel en elke dag vrek 'n paar meer. Selfs die plaastuin is 'n kaal woestintjie.

Water is daar nie, en die put is kurkdroog. Snags waai 'n koel windjie buite, maar daar is geen teken van reën nie. Die bome is kaal en lyk soos eensame palmbome in die woestyn. Buite staan die boer en kyk na die hemel en hy smee dat God tog sy toestand moet sien en hom help.

Die enigste hoop is om te bid dat daar weer eendag uit Sy hemel reën sal val. God is goed en die boer weet dit, en hy is seker dat die Ewige Vader reën sal stuur sodat die oes weer sal groei en hulle van kos sal voorsien.

PHYLLIS GOLDBERG, Vorm IV.



DIE MENSESLAGTING OP BLAAUWKRANS

Onmiddellik nadat die Soeloehoof, Dingaen, en sy krygsmanne die Boere, Retief en sy navolgers vermoor het, het hy drie van sy beste regimente (ongeveer tienduisend sterk) geëid om die laers te gaan uitroei. Hy het die gepluimde impies, wat met assegaie gewapen was, gebied dat hulle rats en versigtig deur die klowe moes gaan en die slapende Boere onverwags moes oorweldig.

Teen die tyd was die Voortrekkers orals in Natal versprei. Hul tentwaens het myle langs die Tugelarivier uitgestrek. Party was in laers of familie-groepe, ander weer was sommer rond en bont oor die veld versprei.

Op 16 Februarie, tien dae na die moord op Retief en sy manskappe, was daar duisende Soeloes orals in die veld versteek—hulle het net vir die beskutting van die donker gewag om op die slapende kampe of te storm.

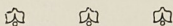
Die volgende more het die oorstelpte Boere hul dooie vrouens, kinders en vriende getel. Hul verminkte lyke het orals op die bloedbesmeerde grond gelê—driehonderd-sewe-en-veertig volwassenes- en vyf-en-tagtig kindertjies is vermoor. Alles was stil,

asof die hele natuur in meegevoel geswyg het. Net die getjank van 'n jakkals in die verte en die gesnik van 'n ontroosbare vader of man, het nou en dan die stilte verbreek.

Die skroeiende son het op die afgryslike toneel neergeskyn, sy pad na die weste voltooi en toe was dit weer donker.

Dit was die bloedbad van Blaauwkrans.

E. MURPHY, Vorm IV.



GIFTS

We acknowledge the following gifts to the School and thank the donors for their generosity.

Mrs. Vincent, ping-pong table and set for the Seniors.

Mesdames Barker, Dawes, Findlay and Foley, two cups for Inter-House Relay Race (Swimming).

Marilyn Daly, Inter-House Cup for best all-round achievement.

Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Tugman, Hymn Book and Holy Communion Service Book for Chapel.

Messrs. Corrigal and Crickmay, Statue of St. Andrew, which stands between the Chapel doors.

Berward Construction Company, Pulpit for Chapel.

Miss Carr, Mirror above the piano in Chapel.

Estate late Mrs. V. Jaegar, Piano for Chapel.

Mrs. C. S. McLean, Pictures for the Junior School dormitories.

Col. Stevenson, a special performance of "Odette." Tickets for the whole Senior School for "Tales of Hoffmann" and chocolates on both occasions.

F. Secretan and M. Cooper, Books for the Sanatorium.

Susan Thompson, Table and three chairs for the Hall.

Mesdames Susskind, Ratcliffe, Boyd, Herbert, Harper, J. Thompson—plants for the garden.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the many copies of School Magazines which have been sent to us.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Engagements

Sheena Henny to John Rosekilly.
Barbara Wilson to Neville Hamilton.



Marriages

Pam Brathwaite to Keith Blundell.
Joy Cade to Graham Boustred.
Denise Beynon to Alistair Bevis Challoner.
Anne Laven to Michael Gordon.
Mary Easton to Michael Marais.
Jill Dadswell to Pat Mills.
Pamela Cross to Raymond Robertson.
Pamela June Smith to Lt.-Commander Peter Wilcockson,
D.S.C., Royal Navy.
Patricia Jean Smith to Dr. Horace Pile.
Estelle Batten to Eric Wills.
Elaine Hunt to Dick Wedel.
Winonah Waite to Brian Law.



Births

Ruth Hardwicke, née Rolfes, a son.
Marjorie Brebnerf, née Mackenzie, a son.
Madge Fieldgate, née Taylor, a daughter.
Sheila Hulquist, née Langerman, a son.
Jane Stevenson, née Barker, a daughter.
Doreen Saunders, née Deane, a son.
Pat Collins, née Irvin, a son.
Pam Webber, née Bunyard, a son.
Margaret Murray, née Paul, a daughter.
Katherine McLeod, née Reunert, a son.
Helen Bosworth-Smith, née Mackenzie, a son.
Moiria Curtis, née Cowles, a son.
Jean Springthorp, née Wilson, a daughter.
Peggy Grinaker, née Steyn, a daughter.
Yvonne Anderson, née Mostert, a daughter.

THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

It is with interest to both past and present girls that the following news of some of the Old Andreans is published. Many of the Old Girls have paid visits overseas this year. Our Chairwoman, Joan Ross, and her daughter Elspeth; the latter and Jennifer Griffith were two of the debutantes presented to Their Majesties The King and Queen. Jennifer has remained in London and Elspeth is at Rhodes University. Gwen de Beer, Betty Home-Rigg and Joy Bell have also been recent overseas visitors. Betty has left her daughter Jennifer at the Monkey Club. Jennifer Cullinan and Rosemary Niven are also at the Monkey Club. Joy's daughter Heather is at present in England but is going out to Malaya on a visit to her aunt.

Two sisters, Patricia and Pamela Smith have both married overseas. Patricia is living in London, her address is 281 Ladbroke Grove, London, W.10. Pamela is living in Gibraltar and her address is 6 Old Naval Hospital, Gibraltar. Margaret Ritchie is teaching English in Spain but unfortunately her address is not available. Jennifer James is studying Occupational Therapy at Guy's Hospital, London. Murrae Richardson has left for overseas to further her studies in photographic work.

Margaret Parkes, née Daniel, has been overseas with her husband on a visit. Geraldine Quarry, née De Maine, has now left Madagascar and is living in Nairobi. Jean Gillies, née Mackenzie, is living in Anachuqu, Nigeria. Eunice Gluckman, née Black, is overseas on a visit to her sisters Dorothy and Stephanie. Doris Altson has returned to Johannesburg from a holiday visit to England and the Continent.

Monica Gwynne-Evans, née Church, and her husband have been to South America on a visit. Venice Smithers, Margaret Frost and Heather Bell are also recent visitors to England. Ann Scott is studying Art at the London Polytechnic and Suzannah Graham is at Ashbridge College, Birkhamstead. She was one of last year's debutantes presented to Their Majesties. Anne Galpin went overseas on a student's tour.

Anne Gordon, née Laven is living in Malaya where her husband is in the Colonial Service. Anne Bickford Smith is on a six months' visit to Johannesburg and then going to live in Italy.

Eve Foster is taking her final B.Sc. at Cape Town University and then going overseas.

Grace Denham, Mary Price, Marilyn Daly and Sheila McNeil are at Natal University. Grace Denham is going on a short visit overseas at Christmas.

Margaret Boyd and Anne MacLaren are at Rhodes University.

Susan Griffith, Jill Burrows and Eve Foster are at the University in Cape Town. Roma Reilly is teaching speech training at Vryheid. Ann Stannard is continuing her kindergarten training course at the Johannesburg Technical College.

Jackeleen Ryan and Barbara Wilson are working at the Medical Research, Johannesburg, Joy Becker is doing Social Service work and Margo Williams Commercial Art.

Moonyen Bentley was Assistant Stage Manager to the Brian Brook Company and Pam Blundell played the part of Marjorie in "Berkley Square."

Sheena Henny is studying engineering draughtsmanship with a Johannesburg mining house and comes out of her apprenticeship at the end of this year.

Dale Evans is nursing in Pietermaritzburg and Veronica Bishop is in Cape Town studying massage.

Marion Mackenzie, née Glenton, is now living in Mafeking after two years in Mbabane where her husband was Resident Commissioner.

We are glad to report that Ruth Foley, née Glenton is at last progressing after a serious motor smash. Ruth has done excellent work for our Old Girls' Association in her capacity as Honorary Secretary and the very sincere good wishes of all Old Andreans go to her in a speedy recovery.

Obituary

Molly Antrobus, née van der Byl. Deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. Antrobus and his daughters. To Cynthia Barlow, née Butcher, in the loss of her daughter Dinah. To Marjorie Juta on the death of her father, Mr. J. A. Juta.
