

St. Andrean

1962



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SCHOOL HISTORY, 1961 — 1962

The last term of 1961 saw the usual end of year functions, the Exhibition of Art and Craft work, the Christmas parties and the Carol Services. The work on the exhibition was of the usual high standard but the day was tinged with sadness as it was Mrs. Frerich's last exhibition. For ten years successive generations, under Mrs. Frerichs, learnt to produce beautifully finished craft work of all kinds, delightful designs and illustrations, and to experiment in all branches of art. The exhibitions were always a joy and every year there was something new and original to admire. Her work for the school went far beyond the art room. During the two years that Mrs. Kellie was away she acted as senior mistress, for eight years she was Head of Milner and she was the founder and inspiration of the Junior Art Club which is enjoyed by so many of the younger girls. Everything Mrs. Frerichs undertook was done with enthusiasm and quiet efficiency and we are indeed fortunate to have had her with us so long. We thank her for her loyal service to the school and are glad to know that she and her family are happily settled in their new home in England.

The Christmas parties evoked the customary exuberant enjoyment and the Carol Services were even more lovely than usual. Miss Joubert and the choirs are to be congratulated on the high standard they maintain. Both at these services and at the special Easter service held on Palm Sunday they excelled themselves.

The end of the year brought another resignation from the staff which leaves a great gap both personally and scholastically. Mrs. Wills was on leave during the last term and, in December, we were very sad to hear that, because of ill health, her long period at St. Andrew's had to end. She came to us in February, 1953 and for nine years reigned in the science laboratory. Over the years she gradually built up the laboratory equipment and the Science library and the high standard of work which she demanded stood her pupils in very good stead. Her annual gloomy prophecies of wholesale failure were never fulfilled: during all her years here only one girl failed in biology in the matriculation examination! Her caustic wit is much missed by the staff and the senior girls.

In April Miss Mallett left to be married. She, too, had been a member of the staff for a long time. She first joined us in 1955 and, after a year,

spent 1956 in England. She rejoined the music staff in 1957 and from January 1959 she organised the music department. Both as teacher and organiser she did very good work. She set a very high standard for her pupils and they enjoyed their lessons, as did her classes in musical appreciation, while the tedious routine jobs of the music department, like placing music orders, sending in examination entries and organising concerts and competitions, were accomplished efficiently and without fuss. As Head of the Senior Music Club and founder of the Quest Club, her interest and enthusiasm did much to make both these clubs very active and alive and a source of great enjoyment and stimulation to their members. She showed interest in all sides of the life of the school and was a most loyal and valued member of the community. We wish her and her husband a long and happy life together. Miss Cumming also resigned at the end of the first term, after two years in charge of the domestic science department, where she effected a tremendous improvement in all branches of the work. The beautifully made garments and attractive cakes displayed at the Art and Craft Exhibition were evidence of her good work. She, too, was interested in all sides of the life of the school and gave much beyond the classroom. We hope she is happy in her new post. We were sorry, too, to say goodbye to Sister Blackmore who had been in charge of the sanatorium for five years and who had to give up the post owing to ill-health, and to Miss Mackintosh who relinquished the post of Housemistress after nearly two years service to return to her family in Scotland. We are grateful for all they did for us. Miss Mathis and Mrs. Baxter left us in August, the former to return to England and the latter to welcome an addition to her family. Miss Mathis, during her three years here, maintained the standard of games and, in the 1961 season, for the first time in our history, the First XI was top of the First League. She always gave unsparingly of her time and energy and was a most loyal member of our staff.

Mrs. Baxter's two and a half years' efficient work in the library and her battle to raise the standard of Latin will be remembered with gratitude. Mrs. Rothschild's resignation in April was a loss to the music department and we were sorry to lose Mrs. Block from the mathematics staff. We thank them for their work and wish them joy in their newly founded families! We thank, too, those who have served on the staff in a temporary capacity and we welcome new members.

The Matriculation results again reached the standard we have come to expect: no one failed, two gained first class certificates, eleven second class, one a third class while two girls gained school-leaving certificates. Twenty-two girls passed the practical examinations of the Royal Schools of Music, two with distinction and five with merit, while forty-one passed the written examinations. Eleven girls gained Laër Taalbond certificates and two, Hoër certificates.

Our games record was not quite up to last year's standard. The A Hockey XI won two, lost two, drew two while the B XI won two, drew one and lost one. The A Tennis Team, having won all its matches in the last term of 1961, won only two league matches out of six in the first term of 1962, while the B Team won two and lost two in the first term of this year. The Under 15 Team won two of the three matches they played. Our per-

formance in the Inter-High Schools Gala was slightly better, although we won very few points. A little more training would probably have made all the difference between a place and just missing a place. The team have yet to learn that only through real and consistent hard work can success be achieved.

This year the girls have been particularly fortunate in the number of concerts and entertainments it has been possible to attend. We enjoyed, at school, in the third term a talk by Hugh Tracy on African Music, the visit of the Capediums conducted by Mr. J. Mazibuko, who sang Haydn's "Creation", and an excellent documentary film, "Majuba", lent by Mr. Taeuber. Outside, the seniors heard Fritelli perform, the Form IV girls enjoyed the usual annual visit to West Rand and, after their matriculation examination was over, the Form V girls visited Iscor and Baragwanath Hospital. This year the seniors have been privileged to see the performances of Marcel Marceau and Michael MacLiammoir and to hear Stravinsky and Moiseiwitsch and we were fortunate enough to have both the Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra and the Rhodes Choir, conducted by Dr. Gruber, at school. Dr. Gruber, under whom Miss Joubert began her training, asked specially that our senior choir should sing to his choir and was most complimentary on their singing of Palestrina's "Hodie Christus Natus" est. We congratulate them and Miss Joubert on their performance. The juniors enjoyed their visits to "The Mikado" and "The Talking Horse".

The Drama Competition was abandoned in the second term as so many girls were involved in rehearsing "The Boy with a Cart". This was performed on 22nd and 23rd June and Miss Mansfield and the cast deserve high praise for an outstanding production, which made the long months of rehearsals well worth while. It was a very polished performance. Harriet Copelyn was a very sincere and convincing Cuthman, Gillian Millar, as his mother, provided amusing contrast and light relief, the other characters were very well cast and portrayed, while the beautifully modulated voices of the chorus did full justice to Christopher Fry's lovely words. Movements and grouping, costumes and lighting were equally good and we thank all who were responsible, including Miss Foster and the staff and girls who helped to make and iron the costumes.

The play was hardly over when influenza attacked first the staff and then the girls, and very soon the school was decimated. Although many girls went home, the sanatorium was full to overflowing and we had a "convalescent ward" in the Old Wing. We are grateful to Sister for her cheerful and untiring hard work and to Mrs. Morris who came to help and was ready, from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., to turn her hand to anything from taking temperatures to sweeping floors. So many girls were away that we had to abandon end of term tests and a second mark sheet. No one was sorry when the term came to an end!

1962 marks another important milestone in our history — our sixtieth anniversary — and, to celebrate this, just before the third term opened, on 11th and 12th September, parents of past, present and future pupils, old girls and staff were invited to attend dinners at the school. These were made possible through the generosity of Dr. McLean whose guests we were. Mrs.

Grinaker, Chairman of the Old Girls' Association, did much preliminary work, spending many months last year checking names and addresses and compiling lists of old girls, while the actual arrangement of the dinners was done by a Committee of Old Girls under the chairmanship of Mrs. Joy Bell. On this committee Mrs. Grinaker again undertook an arduous job: that of arranging the hostesses, a piece of organisation which took much time and thought and which required the exercise of much tact and patience but which was very well worth while and contributed more than anything else to the success and enjoyment of the evenings. The whole management of the function was first rate and we are most grateful to Mrs. Bell and all her helpers for the months of hard planning which went into it. We shall all long remember the huge marquee with the magnificent central flower arrangement and the tables, attractive with their red carnations and blue menus; the transformation of the hall into a bar and the happy, friendly spirit which prevailed on both evenings. Even a sharp storm on the first evening with high wind and a minor deluge could not quell the cheerful camaraderie. At the dinners Mr. A. H. Johnstone was called upon by Dr. McLean to outline for us the present position of the school and its needs for the future. His very able speech launched an appeal for funds, badly needed to reduce our debt and to provide essential amenities for both girls and staff. Mr. Johnstone heads the Appeal Committee of fathers who also spent many months on preliminary organisation. We thank them for their efforts on our behalf and hope that they will be adequately rewarded by a generous response to the appeal.

I have expressed our thanks to those members of the staff who have left and to people who have been doing special work for us this year, but we must not forget those whose continuing interest and effort are responsible for the efficient organisation of the school and for any success we may achieve: our Chairman and Board of Directors and all branches of the staff, academic, administrative and domestic.

STAFF CHANGES

Left:

December 1961:	Mrs. Frerichs, Mrs. Wills, Mrs. W. van Rensburg.
March, 1961:	Mrs. Block.
April, 1961:	Miss Cumming, Miss Mallett, Mrs. Rothschild, Sister Blackmore, Miss Mackintosh (Housemistress).
August, 1961:	Mrs. Baxter, Miss Mathis.

Came:

January, 1962:	Miss Ernest, Miss Haden, Miss Harker, Mrs. N. Cohen (permanent).
May, 1962:	Miss Boxall, Mrs. G. Cohen, Sister Cooke, Mrs. Cordiner (Housemistress).
September, 1962:	Miss Campbell

Temporary:

Mrs. N. Cohen, Miss Lobban, Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Singer, Mrs. Graff, Mrs. C. Harker.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

<i>Head of School and Head of Athlone</i>	Fiona Collins
<i>Vice-Head of School and Head of Milner</i>	Mary Bolus
<i>Head of Selborne</i>	Gail Campbell
<i>Prefects</i>	Wendy Allen, Patricia Brawley, Colleen Jones, Claire Wallisch
<i>Sub-Prefect</i>	Jean Miller

Form Captains:

3rd Term, 1961	1st Term, 1962	2nd Term, 1962
IV C. Wallisch	IVa P. Carr*	L. Frank*
IIIa J. Pon	IVb S. Loftus*	D. Whittaker*
IIIb J. Shaw*	III M. Gluckman	E. Ollemans
IIa D. Butler*	II Y. Bilse	A. Craig
IIb J. Marthinusen	IIR S. Baillie*	E. Ballenden & P. Rowe-Williams
Ia E. Ballenden*	Ia P. Johnstone*	G. Borchers
Ib H. Mentis	Ib R. Linton	J. Maskew
Std. 5 G. Borchers*	C. Chase	D. Rowe-Williams*
Std. 4 D. Stanton	J. King	S. Mottram
Std. 3 S. Mottram*	S. Lucas*	J. Maughan-Brown*
Std. 2 F. Lincoln	H. Scrimgeour*	S. Ollemans

* Commended



Miss Neave and the Prefects — 1962

MATRICULATION RESULTS, 1961

(Distinctions indicated in parentheses)

First Class Certificate:

P. A. Mansell (History)

G. M. Rogers-Cooke

Second Class Certificate:

C. L. Antrobus

M. A. Beiler

M. Burton

R. C. Churcher

A. Curnow

F. E. Ferguson

C. A. Frerichs

V. E. Ganteaume

D. L. Kempster

F. O. Rosset

P. J. H. Zipp

Third Class Certificate:

L. A. Ormsby

School Leaving Certificate:

Second Class:

B. L. Centner

Third Class:

L. L. Andrews

Susan Gray Cup for the Best Essay of the Year:

1961 Rosalind Churcher

Books presented by French Government:

1961 M. Beiler, G. Rogers-Cooke

ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC
Theory of Music Examination Results, 1961 — 1962

OCTOBER, 1961

Grade 1

M. Chalmers	S. Latham
P. Griffiths	D. Mackenzie
A. Joubert	J. Maughan-Brown
M. Kark	J. Skeen
J. King	V. Stubbs
V. Koster	M. M. Yates

Grade 2

S. Collie	C. Reinecke
A. Maggs	S. Stewart
A. Mathewson	L. Turpin
H. Mentis	C. Woodward

Grade 3

M. Deacon	N. Smith
C. Robertson	

Grade 4

A. Bolus	P. Carr
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Grade 5

R. Dryden

MARCH, 1962

Grade 1

S. Hobbs	G. Karakashian
P. Johnstone	

Grade 2

M. Chalmers	D. Mackenzie
A. Joubert	M. M. Yates
S. Latham	

Grade 3

K. Coleman	A. Mathewson
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Grade 4

M. Deacon	A. M. Hartley
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Grade 5

S. Loftus	P. Millar-Watt
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PRACTICAL EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1961

(D—Distinction M—Merit)

Grade 1

A. Frerichs	L. Weil (M)
C. Hedgcock	C. Woodward
S. Latham (D)	M. M. Yates (D)

Grade 2

A. Mathewson (M)	L. Robertson
H. Mentis (M)	V. Stubbs
C. Mollergren	L. Turpin
C. Reinecke	

Grade 3

P. Gale	S. Stewart (M)
C. Robertson (M)	N. Smith
B. Sceales	

Grade 4

P. Carr	A. M. Hartley
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Grade 5

S. Loftus	P. Millar-Watt
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"THE BOY WITH A CART"

A boy with a cart, his mother, his Anglo-Saxon friends and neighbours, and Christopher Fry's poetry — these are the chief ingredients of "The Boy with a Cart" which was presented here on the evenings of 22nd and 23rd June. Other ingredients which contributed to a successful production were the good acting and diction of the cast, the colourful costumes, the artistic grouping of figures on the stage, the effective lighting and, above all, the balanced chorus of twelve voices which very successfully fulfilled its function as chorus in creating the necessary atmosphere and background to events depicted on the stage.

The difficult part of Cuthman, the simple shepherd boy with enduring faith who built a church in the village of Steyning, was played convincingly by Harriet Copelyn who captured, in turn, his boyish playfulness, his sense of loss at the death of his father, his vision of God and his determination to realize that vision in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties. Gillian Millar as Cuthman's mother, now complaining of her legs, now boasting of her boy and garrulously pondering on the past, acted as foil to Cuthman, and provided light relief. Her statement on falling out of the cart ("Of course I'm hurt. I'm more than hurt, I'm injured.") brought down the house. The part of old Tawm, taken by Diana Leal and played with just the right amount of petulant annoyance at being pampered by his daughter, also contributed to the humour of the play.

Miss Mansfield, her cast and helpers are to be congratulated on a fine production. This is not an easy play to produce but it is certainly a worthwhile one.

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Cuthman	Harriet Copelyn
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Neighbours

Bess	Karin Taeuber
Mildred	Jane Thompson
Matt	Joanna Munro
Tibb	Gloria Erleigh
Cuthman's Mother	Gillian Millar

Villagers of Steyning

Tawm	Diana Leal
His daughter	Loretta Reichhardt
His son-in-law	Muriel Greig
A farmer	Diana Whittaker
Mrs. Fipps	Susan Moodie
Alfred	her sons	Susan Byass
Demiwulf		Pamela Carr
First neighbour	Sueanne Loftus
Second neighbour	Janine Bjorkman



A scene from "The Boy with a Cart"

Other Neighbours

Nicolien Lulofs, Shirley Tremeer, Barbara Beiler, Amanda Craig, Barbara Poland, Diane Jones, Lynette Dunbar, Mary Bulman, Vivien Irving

Mowers

Penelope Candiotes, Barbara Sceales, Sandra Joubert, Gail Lawson,
Desere Rosenberg

People of South England (Chorus)

Phyllis Millar-Watt, Susan Linton, Penelope Gale, Jean Turner, Carol Stayne,
Elizabeth Ollemans, Pamela Wood, Linda Hunt, Judy Lauf, Margaret Mulder,
Susan Collie, Daphne Borkum

Costumes

Designed by Miss Mallett, and executed by the Misses Cumming and
Foster and Mrs. Paul.

Producer *Miss Mansfield*

THE LIBRARY

At last it seems that the wish of the school is to be realised, and all the books of the reference and fiction libraries are to find space in a new building to be built next to the pergola joining the Old and New Wings. This will be a great asset, since librarians have found it increasingly difficult to find space for new books, and many books have had to be locked up in cupboards elsewhere.

We have thoroughly enjoyed our term of office. Mrs. Baxter has been very helpful, especially in cataloguing and covering new books, and in checking the books at the end of each term. We are very sorry indeed to have lost her, but are pleased now to have Miss Fitschen as the head of the library, for she is just as interested and helpful.

On our outings in the first and second terms to buy books, we were able to buy a fairly large number of books which, we hope, are being enjoyed by borrowers. We have also acquired several new books for the reference library. Mrs. Wills has given a set of books of myths, as well as several books for the fiction library. Several other people have also very kindly donated money and books.

Altogether, we have enjoyed a very successful year, and have been very pleased to notice that more and more girls are taking out books, especially from the reference library.

Mary Bulman, Gloria Erleigh, Joanna Munro, Diana Whittaker, Librarians

SENIOR CHOIR

Under the leadership of Miss Joubert, the Senior Choir has maintained steady progress throughout the past year.

In April we took part in a special Passiontide Festival in the City Hall, "The Cross of Christ", together with several other Johannesburg choirs. A recording of this service was made, and several of our choir members have bought records to keep as mementoes.

A visit was paid to the City Hall to hear a performance given by the Capedum African Choir. It was such an enjoyable evening that we arranged for them to sing here at the school, much to everyone's delight.

While the Rhodes University Chamber Choir, under the direction of Dr. Gruber, was touring the Republic, Miss Joubert arranged for them to give a recital at the school. This proved to be one of the most enjoyable visits paid to us. At the end, our choir was asked to sing. We chose *Hodie Cristus Natus Est*, *We Love the Place Where Thine Honour Dwells* and *Expandi Manus*, which are all favourites of the choir. *Hodie* was received with a shout of "Bravo!" from Dr. Gruber, who praised the choir highly in his speech which followed.

At the end of last term the Fifth Form left the choir to study for their Matriculation Examinations, and we thank them and Mary Bolus, Leader of the choir, for their support and hard work.

We should also like to thank Miss Mansfield for giving up her spare time to accompany us during rehearsals and chapel services.

DIANA WHITTAKER

JUNIOR CITY COUNCIL

The Junior City Council is now in its fourteenth year and its councillors are drawn from various schools in Johannesburg. The Council is divided into six committees and is modelled on the City Council, there being a Mayor and Deputy Mayor.

This year thirty schools are represented on the Council, each school having sent two members from its Matriculation form. After a period of three years, St. Andrews is once again represented on the Council.

The aim of the Junior City Council is to give the future citizens of Johannesburg an idea of how their city is run. At the beginning of this year the Mayor, Mr. Keith Fleming, invited the Junior Council to attend a meeting of the Senior Council. This was to give us some idea of how to hold our own debates.

We elected the Junior Mayor at our first formal debate, which Mr. Fleming attended, and he presented the mayoral chain to the 1962 Mayor.

In an endeavour to fulfil the aims of the Junior City Council, the Junior Councillors were taken on three conducted tours. Our first tour was of the Johannesburg Public Library and Africana Museum, where we saw the necessity for an increased annual library grant to expand the library facilities. We were told that the Museum would eventually be housed in the new Civic Centre. To see how the problem of traffic congestion is being solved, we visited the construction site at Harrow Road. On a third tour we saw the contrast between Dube, a modern township which served as an example of the type being built, and Pimville, a slum area.

Although the Junior City Council has been in existence for fourteen years, it is still not well-known. However, it does a great service in instructing the future citizens of Johannesburg in the importance of local government.

MARY BOLUS, PATRICIA BRAWLEY

SCHOOLS CONFERENCE, 1962

This year the annual Schools Conference was held at St. Andrew's soon after we broke up in August.

The aim of this Conference is to broaden the minds of the younger generation concerning happenings in their country, and to inform them of all that is being done to improve the conditions of the under-privileged.

Three representatives from each of eight schools in Johannesburg attended the three-day Conference.

We toured various townships such as Ferreirastown, Orlando, Coronationville and Albertville, and we attended High Mass at St. Alban's in Ferreirastown on Sunday morning. After a delicious tea at the Rectory, the Reverend Yates showed us around this township and Riverlea.

We found the little patients of the Margaret Ballinger Convalescent Home most appealing, and we played with these crippled children for most of the morning.

Baragwanath Hospital, with its great size and large number of patients and staff, almost overawed us as we walked around. In our tours we also visited the Sheltered Employment Workshop and Ezenzeleni for the Blind.

On each of the three evenings of the Conference, we attended lectures, and we were all most impressed by what Mr. Braaf, the Vice-principal of the Coronationville Secondary School, told us. We realized then how little we had known about the Coloured community.

We all felt that the Conference was a wonderful experience, and that more tours of this kind should be arranged, so that we can all learn more of the conditions in our country.

CLAIRE WALLISCH, FIONA COLLINS, MARY BOLUS

WITWATERSRAND HIGH SCHOOLS' SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

At the beginning of this year we joined the above Science Association. It is a young association whose aim is to encourage interest in the different fields of science not usually dealt with in schools. Although there have been few meetings this year, they have all been very interesting. At one meeting films were shown on sound, the production of radio-active fuel, atomic energy plants, and life in the Canadian forests.

During July the annual congress was held at the University, which is closely allied to this association. It was a great pity that the congress was held during our school term, as members visited the National Institute for Personnel Research, the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, the Medical Research Institute and other very interesting institutions. Lectures were given by members of the University staff and members who had undertaken projects or were interested in a particular branch of science.

Although, due to transport difficulties, only twelve girls were able to join, it is hoped that those girls interested will form a group and undertake a project here.

We hope that joining this association will arouse interest and enquiry, and we look forward to another enjoyable year of participation.

S. ROSENBERG and S. LOFTUS

HOUSE NOTES



ATHLONE

The third term of 1961 was a difficult one for Athlone. We came third in both the Tennis and Art Competitions, yet managed to win the Cup for the term and the Efficiency Shield for the year. Our success was mainly due to our large number of Commendation Marks. It was in this term that Athlone entertained the school with a successful Ranch-style evening. The money raised was given to the Guide-Dog Association.

At the end of the first term of this year we were thrilled not only at having the least housemarks but also at winning the Cup. Our victory was due to the high number of points achieved for our school grades and our tie for first place with Milner in the Music Competition. We thank Clorinda Curtis-Setchell and Sueanne Loftus for their enthusiastic work in coaching the Athlone choir. We are grateful, too, to Jane Thompson for her enthusiastic encouragement of our swimmers at the Gala.

We were very sorry to say farewell to Miss Mallett at the end of the first term. As a member of Athlone, Miss Mallett was most helpful and encouraging. We were unfortunate in losing Mrs. Baxter at the end of the second term. However, we are always grateful for Mrs. Wiesner's unfailing and helpful support. This year we welcomed Mis Harker to Athlone and hope she will enjoy being part of the House.

Although Athlone came second and thus failed to win the Cup last term, we hope to win both the Efficiency Shield and the Cup at the end of this year.

FIONA COLLINS

MILNER

During the past year Milner has been successful in most of the Inter-House competitions, although this has not meant that we have won the Cup, for we always seem to come down on the marks for school grades and house marks.

In the third term of 1961 we were very pleased to win the Art Competition, especially as it was Mrs. Frerich's last term at St. Andrew's. In the same term we won the Inter-House Tennis Competition for the second successive year.

At the beginning of this year we came first in the Swimming Gala but Selborne followed close on our heels, being only two points behind us. The Music Competition proved to be a close struggle for first place, as Athlone

had received highest points for the music grades for the year and we obtained top position in the actual competition. With the combination of the grades and the competition points, we tied for first place with Athlone. We gained second place in the Inter-House Hockey Competition.

At the end of 1961 we had to say goodbye to Mrs. Frerichs who, with her husband and family, is now living in England. Mrs. Frerichs was head of Milner for eight years and encouraged us through thick and thin. Mrs. Glen, her successor, has inspired the girls with much enthusiasm. We were sorry to lose Miss Cumming at the end of the first term of this year, but are glad to welcome Miss Haden, Miss Boxall and Mrs. Paul.

Over the past years, Milner has endeavoured to support Ezenzeleni and the Palmer Eye Hospital. Recently we were pleased to be able to send a large box of clothing to the Africans there. We hope to visit the hospital and the craft centre for the blind before the latter is moved to Hammanskraal.

MARY BOLUS

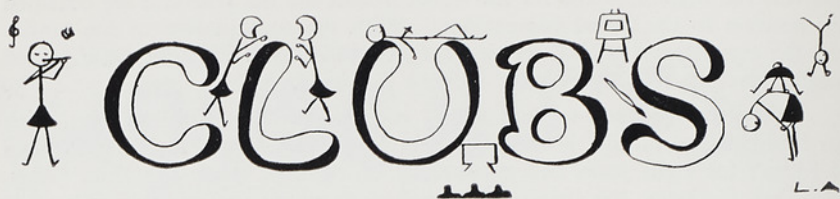
SELBORNE

Making a determined effort this year to win the Shield, Selborne achieved second and first places in the first and second terms respectively. As a result of enthusiastic team spirit, Selborne managed to come first in the Hockey Competition. Unfortunately, we were beaten by Athlone and Milner in the Music Competition, but achieved a very close second place in the Swimming Competition; we should like to say a special "Thank you" to Susan Byass who broke three records at the swimming gala.

The Sunbeam picnics for the entertainment of under-privileged children have been greatly enjoyed this year. We are very grateful for the continued interest of Mr. Wallisch and for the quantities of oranges and naartjies he has so kindly donated. The clothing which the House collected for the "Sunbeams", came in very useful when the latter went on holiday to the coast in June. Much appreciated, too, were the Christmas cards given to these children.

We were sorry to have to say goodbye to Mrs. Block at the end of the first term. We welcomed Mrs. Harker in her place. We should like to thank Miss Fitschen for the encouragement and enthusiasm she has given to Selborne throughout the year.

GAIL CAMPBELL



ART CLUB

The Art Club was very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Frerichs at the end of last year. We are grateful to her for the invaluable help and advice she gave us.

The Art Club has enrolled many new members this year, who have enjoyed the meetings immensely. During the first term Mr. Haupt gave us a demonstration of pewter work. It was most interesting and helped us a great deal with the pewter work we did during the first and second terms. Part of the second term was devoted to painting.

We had a very interesting debate on Tretchikoff versus Picasso, and illustrated their works with coloured pictures from our beautiful books on art.

We should like to thank Miss Haden for all the help and encouragement she has given us.

YVETTE BILSE

SENIOR DRAMA

Under the enthusiastic supervision of Miss Mansfield, the club has spent many enjoyable evenings miming and acting to music. Even our shyer members have lost their inhibitions, and in our more recent meetings we have departed from the habit of acting as one group and have acted definite scenes in small groups.

Two outings were arranged this year. The first of these was to a performance by Marcel Marceau, the celebrated French artist, which was attended by the whole school. It was a most successful afternoon and was enjoyed by everyone. Later on this year Miss Mansfield arranged for the club to see "Oliver" at the Brooke Theatre. We all enjoyed this musical immensely, and the songs haunted us for weeks afterwards.

Although our meetings have been somewhat fewer than usual owing to rehearsals for the school play, we have had a happy and successful year.

The club has grown a great deal in size since last year and we hope it will continue to be as popular.

FIONA COLLINS

JUNIOR DRAMA

This year the Junior Drama Club has enjoyed a most successful year with Miss Mansfield to supervise our entertainment. Although up till now

for lack of something suitable, we have not had any outings, Miss Mansfield is shortly to arrange a visit to the cinema for the whole club.

We feel that the success of this club is due largely to Miss Mansfield's great enthusiasm for everything she does. She encourages all our Members to relax completely and so to show their talents as actresses.

We have enjoyed many evenings miming, romping about and building up our confidence.

VIVIEN IRVING, DESERE ROSENBERG

SENIOR MUSIC

The past year has been an enjoyable and interesting one for the Senior Music Club, and entertainments have included concerts both within and outside the school.

Our first outing this year was to the Bedfordview Village Hall where we heard the Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jeremy Schulman. Later in the term they also gave a performance for us at the school. We attended a performance of "Hansel and Gretel" which was all the more interesting to us because of our eagerness to see the Johannesburg Civic Theatre. Recently the well-known South African pianist, Lionel Bowman, visited the school. His programme included works by Beethoven and Chopin. His playing and his introductory explanations were greatly appreciated by all who attended.

At the end of the first term we all regretted having to say goodbye to Miss Mallett who had been with us for four years. Her unflagging enthusiasm drew many members, and her hard work and excellent organisation made the club what it is today.

We were pleased to welcome Miss Joubert as our new head. I should like to thank Patricia Brawley for her support and co-operation as secretary of the Club.

WENDY ALLEN

JUNIOR MUSIC

The Junior Music Club has had a most enjoyable and successful year. We were very sorry to say goodbye to Miss Joubert when she took over the Senior Music Club, but we were very pleased to welcome Miss Boxall as our new Head.

Unfortunately, we were not able to visit the South African Broadcasting Corporation as planned, but we spent many enjoyable evenings listening to records bought with subscriptions through the years. We also enjoyed a most interesting debate on "Is jazz or classical music the more beneficial?"

The Senior Music Club kindly invited us to the concert given by the Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra who visited the school early in the year.

ROSEMARY ROGERS

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

We were sorry to lose the enthusiastic fifth form members at the end of last year, but we have been very active throughout this year.

To begin the first term, we went to the University to see the winning films of the South African Ciné Society. They were all so good that it was difficult to believe that they were the work of amateurs.

We spent another enjoyable evening when Mr. Victor de la Porte came to school, to show us the slides which he had taken during an East Coast holiday. He gave us many useful hints on taking pictures, from his past wide experience in the United States.

Unfortunately, we had to cancel our outing to "Cinerama" because of the 'flu epidemic, but we hope to go as soon as an opportunity arises.

We have learnt much in the way of printing and enlarging, and appreciate the deep interest which Mrs. Williams has shown in our club.

CLAIRE WALLISCH

QUEST CLUB

During the year of its existence, the Club has flourished and attracted many enthusiastic Questers. Under the leadership of Miss Mallett and Miss Foster, we are pleased to be able to say that the aim of the Club, to broaden our outlook in all fields of knowledge, is slowly being fulfilled.

In a quest for knowledge we have had many interesting guest speakers and have been on a number of expeditions. In the last term of 1961 Mr. Frerichs, before he left for England, came to one of our meetings and told us how the English public school system works. At the beginning of the year Mr. Rose told us something about astronomy and we spent an interesting evening looking at certain constellations through a telescope. Both speakers were Masters from St. John's College. The last visiting meeting we had with Miss Mallett, was an afternoon spent at the "Star" offices which was organised by Mr. Ollemans. The girls were amazed to see the rapidity with which the newspapers were printed and each came back with a copy of the "Star" hot from the press.

At the end of the first term, 1962, we were sorry to lose Miss Mallett, the founder of our club, who spent much time and energy on club activities. Because of Miss Mallett's demanding standard, we were able to improve our debating considerably. We debated on such subjects as "Euthanasia should be made legal" and "Will the present teenagers be capable adults?".

Miss Foster immediately took over the leadership of the club. She spends hours of her time arranging for interesting guest speakers to attend our meetings and for unusual visits.

In the second term of this year. Mr. Wiesner, who is at present in the throes of making a film, told us how the technical side of film-making is just as important as the acting. Major Louis Kraft gave an account of his experiences in the Sahara and stressed the fact that the Sahara is not merely a desert but a valuable source of oil for France. Included in our activities for the term was a visit to the S.A.B.C. when we were taken through the various departments. We were impressed with the smooth running of Broadcast House, and on visiting the Music Library we saw what care and precision are required in compiling the musical programmes.

We have decided to send our annual subscriptions to the Alexandra Health Clinic. Plans are being made for raising funds and we hope to be able to send a reasonable sum of money to a needy African concern.

MARY BOLUS



HOCKEY

Although only two members of the First XI remained from the previous season, we managed to win or draw all but two of our league matches and retained our position in the First League.

We were unlucky near the end of the season when many of the team were absent because of illness, in being unable to play our favourite match, that against the fathers. We also had to cancel our game against St. John's College. However, we played a hilarious hard and fast game against the Old Girls, and it took us all our strength to beat them 2-1.

The hard-working Second XI were also unfortunate in being unable to play all their league matches because of illness. Of the games that they played, they lost only one.

At the close of the season we were all very sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Mathis whose enthusiasm and hard work maintained the high standard of the hockey.

First XI Fixture Results

St. Andrew's A vs Assumption Convent A	Drew 1-1
St. Andrew's A vs Parktown High A	Lost 0-1
St. Andrew's A vs Forest High A	Won 3-1
St. Andrew's A vs Parktown Convent A	Lost 1-2
St. Andrew's A vs Kingsmead A	Drew 1-1
St. Andrew's A vs St. Mary's A	Won 2-1
St. Andrew's A vs Roedean A	Drew 1-1

Hockey First XI

P. Carr, F. Collins, G. Campbell (Captain), M. Mulder, C. Wallisch, J. Thompson, S. Stewart, B. Dowdle, W. Allen, N. Lulofs, S. Byass.

Second XI Fixture Results

St. Andrew's B vs Parktown High	Won 2-1
St. Andrew's B vs Parktown Convent	Won 3-1
St. Andrew's B vs Kingsmead	Lost 1-2
St. Andrew's B vs St. Mary's	Drew 0-0



1st Hockey XI — 1962

Hockey Second XI

M. Bolus, J. Rosenbaum, C. Jones, P. Wood, G. Millar, N. Payne,
C. Curtis-Setchell (Captain), A. Lucas, A. Rivett-Carnac, L. Dunn, J. Turner.

Results of the Inter-House Matches

First:	Selborne	3 points
Second:	Milner	2 points
Third:	Athlone	1 point

Colours were awarded to C. Wallisch, G. Campbell, P. Carr, M. Mulder.
G. CAMPBELL (Captain)

TENNIS

During the third term of 1961, the First Tennis Team continued to maintain the good standard achieved in the first term. Thus we managed to win all our matches and were promoted to the First League. We should like to thank Miss Mathis for her coaching and encouragement which helped us to gain a place in the First League.

The first term of this year proved disappointing. Out of six matches, we managed to win only two.

Tennis colours were awarded to Rosemary Dearlove, Gillian Rogers-Cooke and Denise Zeeman.

FIRST TEAM RESULTS

Third Term, 1961

17th Oct.:	St. Andrew's A vs Parktown Convent B	Won	72-27
24th Oct.:	St. Andrew's A vs Hill High A	Won	65-34
31st Oct.:	St. Andrew's A vs Northview A	Won	55-44
5th Nov.:	St. Andrews A vs Helpmekaar	Won	57-42

First Term, 1962

20th Feb.:	St. Andrew's A vs Kingsmead A	Won	54-45
27th Feb.:	St. Andrew's A vs Johannesburg B	Lost	45-54
6th Mar.:	St. Andrew's A vs Parktown A	Lost	47-52
13th Mar.:	St. Andrew's A vs Parktown Convent A	Lost	38-61
20th Mar.:	St. Andrew's A vs Forest A	Won	56-44
27th Mar.:	St. Andrew's A vs Jeppe A	Lost	45-54

First Tennis Team, 1961

F. Rosset, S. Ganteaume	First Couple
C. Antrobus (captain), R. Dearlove	Second Couple
G. Rogers-Cooke, D. Zeeman	Third Couple



1st Tennis Team — 1962

SECOND TEAM RESULTS

Third Term, 1961

3rd Oct.:	St. Andrew's B vs Jeppe B	Won	58-41
17th Oct.:	St. Andrew's B vs Waverley B	Lost	45-54
24th Oct.:	St. Andrew's B vs Parktown B	Lost	33-66
31st Oct.:	St. Andrew's B vs Queen's High A	Won	56-43

First Term, 1962

20th Feb.:	St. Andrew's B vs Waverley B	Won	50-49
27th Feb.:	St. Andrew's B vs Roedean B	Won	55-44
6th Mar.:	St. Andrew's B vs Yeoville Convent B	Lost	43-56
13th Mar.:	St. Andrew's B vs Hyde Park A	Lost	47-52

Second Tennis Team, 1961

L. Frank, S. Byass	First Couple
W. Allen, N. Lulofs	Second Couple
G. Campbell, C. Wallisch (captain)	Third Couple

DENISE ZEEMAN (captain)

SWIMMING

Soon after the beginning of the first term a gala against Kingsmead, held at St. Andrew's, was arranged by Mrs. Williams. The visiting team won.

In our Inter-House Gala which never fails to excite the school, Milner won with 41 points, followed by Selborne with 39 points and Athlone with 34 points.

As a number of school records were broken in 1961, it was suggested by Dr. McLean that a small silver badge in the shape of a fish be presented to any girl breaking records at this year's gala.

The successful girls were:-

- S. Byass (30 yds. Butterfly, open)
- S. Byass (60 yds. Breaststroke, under 16)
- S. Byass (60 yds. Breaststroke,, open)
- B. Dowdle (60 yds. Freestyle, open)
- L. Hunt (60 yds. Freestyle, under 14)
- K. Westwood (30 yds. Backstroke, 12 years and under)
- A Edmiston (30 yds. Freestyle, 10 years and under)
- A. Keyes (30 yds. Freestyle, Std. II)

We once again participated in the Inter-High Schools' Gala at Ellis Park. We managed to improve a little on last year's seven points and came eighth with twelve points. Bevely Dowdle, after winning the 50 yds. Freestyle under 16 in 1961, managed to come third in the 110 yds. Freestyle open this year, the other two places being taken by Transvaal swimmers. Susan Stewart is to be congratulated on coming fourth in the Inter-High Schools' Diving Competition.

We thank Mrs. Williams for all the time she has given to coaching, and Miss Mathis, whom we were sorry to lose at the end of the second term, for her concern in raising the standard of the diving.

Members of the Swimming Team

S. Rosenberg (Captain), L. Dunn, B. Dowdle, S. Byass, A. Edwards-Blair, J. Thompson, K. Taeuber, D. Jones, R. Dryden, N. Payne, G. Lawson, P. Millar-Watt, C. Serrurier, P. Gale, B. Sceales, G. Welton, E. Oversby, J. Rosenbaum, D. Rivett-Carnac, S. Hobbs, A. Craig, H. Mentis, V. Irving, P. Wood, J. Howell, S. Edmiston, L. Reichhardt, J. Lauf, L. Hunt, R. Hewitt, P. Johnstone, S. Joubert, D. Cullinan, M. du Toit, D. Stuart, A. Blake, E. Vanderstraeten, C. Reinecke, G. Borchers, S. Baillie, R. Rogers, E. Ballenden, V. Cronje.

Divers

M. Bulman, D. Leal, S. Stewart, H. Mentis, D. Cullinan.

S. ROSENBERG (Captain)

GYMNASTICS

Colours were awarded to Margaret Mulder.

JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS

Swimming Gala—

First, Selborne; Second, Milner; Third, Athlone.

Tennis—

First, Milner; Second, Selborne; Third, Athlone.



THE "WINDSOR CASTLE"

We were very excited when Daddy took us to the docks to see the "Windsor Castle". It looked so big. We went on board and a steward showed us over the ship. We saw some cabins and two staterooms, they were very lovely.

We went out on deck and saw the swimming pool. It is very small. We went on to the sports deck and looked down into the sea. It looked very cold and deep. The steward took us to see the first class lounge and dining-room, and cinema.

We went up some steps to the children's playroom but the door was locked. We peeped in at the window. We saw a rocking horse and some little coloured chairs. We went to the lounge again and had tea. We had sandwiches, biscuits, gingerbread and little cakes. They were delicious. A waiter gave us a lunch and dinner menu to keep. Then we had to go.

We were very sad to leave the "Windsor Castle".

ELIZABETH SHORTEN, Grade II

OUR BABY

We've got a baby in the house,
She's really rather sweet,
Her favourite games are pinching me,
And playing with her feet.

Her cheeks are fat,
Her eyes are blue.
Just one tickle,

And she'll smile at you.

JANINE OVENDALE, Grade II

MY DREAM HOUSE

My dream house is made of rose petals. It has one room. In the room is one chair made of cardboard. I smell its perfume. Of course I have to shrink myself to get in and out of the door and look out of the window. My bed is made of autumn leaves. And my blanket is made of a spider's web. All my fairy friends come to visit me. Would you like to come to my house?

ANGELA THOMAS, Std. I

I WISH

I wish I were a little fish,
I'd eat the seaweed in my dish,
And then I'd go and say swish, swish
To all the other little fish.

LORNA HEUNIS, Std. II

FINDING AN EGG

It was a lovely day. The sun was shining down and there was a slight breeze blowing among the trees. The weeping willows had just got their new leaves and their beautiful branches were reflected in the water of the river. We chugged along in our boat keeping a good look-out for birds' nests.

All of a sudden I saw a beautiful Goliath Heron standing proudly on the bank. As soon as it saw us, it lifted its giant wings and flew swiftly away. We turned our boat and headed for the tree beside which the bird had been standing. Unfortunately there was no sign of a nest camouflaged in the brown branches of the tree.

A number of coot and yellow-bill floated up and down on the rippling water. The only sound I could hear was the call of the birds and the splash of water against the sides of the boat. Then the sudden cry of the Ha-de-da broke the silence. I looked up and there, flying from a tree, came two Ha-de-das. We stopped the boat and I could just see the rough outline of a nest. We rowed the boat to the bank, I jumped out and started to climb the tree. The nest was not far up and was easy to reach. I put my hand into the nest and pulled out a lovely greeny-brown egg.

I climbed down and jumped into the boat. Soon we were motoring home. The sun was now shining across the water and the willows were casting shadows over the river.

SANDRA LUCAS, Std. III

SCHOOL

Practically every day
Children hear their parents say,
"When I was young and went to school
I never ever played the fool.
I did my lessons very well
And learnt to read and write and spell;
I did my homework every day,
Before my mother let me play.
The teachers found no fault with me —
I was as good as good can be."

INGRID DE KOK, Std. IV

IN THE SHADOWS

The sun was sinking. There were now shadows across the empty hall.

Suddenly there was a blood-curdling scream. I stood in horrified silence as the scream rang out once more. My body froze.

Was there a murderer in the hall? I took five daring steps forward and was now at the door. It was slightly open, and as it was now dark, the place looked eerie.

Slowly the door creaked open, and I stood still as a dark figure emerged from the shadows. I dared not move in case he saw me. He came slowly towards the door. I stepped back. In a moment I would be face to face with him.

I shut my eyes and screamed. Suddenly I heard a laugh and a voice say, "Hey, missy, you scream like To-to".

The voice was familiar and a wave of relief swept over me when I opened my eyes to see Jim, the gardener, who had come to fetch his naughty parrot, To-to.

AMY MATHEWSON, Std. IV

BOASTER

I arrived at the stables fairly early. The sky was clouded except for a few pale blue patches. There was a nippy wind which made me snuggle even more into my warm jersey. As I walked towards the paddock, a gust of wind blew some sand into my face causing me to turn in the opposite direction. In doing so I saw a handsome bay thoroughbred staring at me, the wind blowing his forelock here and there. So this was the new school show-jumper.

Later I was asked to fetch the new horse, Boaster, in and saddle him. I took a halter and caught the immense animal very easily. I put him in a stable and groomed him until even in the dim stable light his flanks shone. I had never before really groomed a horse so I found it quite tiring. I saddled and bridled the proud show-jumper and left him in his box.

When the first riders came back, I was asked to ride the new horse which was not quite used to the crowds of horses with him. Gladly I led out Boaster and tightened his girths. I mounted, my heart throbbing. I adjusted my stirrups, checked my girths again, and walked off. Once the ride was going on I felt a great deal calmer. We were trotting after a while and I noticed every muscle rippling as Boaster trotted out strongly. His neck was arched and he was playing with the bit as he pranced along the track, and I could think of nothing nicer than to be having the wonderful experience of riding a show-jumper.

SALLY HARTLEY, Std. V

THE LAST TRAIN

It was the end of term. All the mothers were there, fetching their daughters. This was the Glenford Boarding-School for Girls in Dover. The popular red-brick school blended perfectly with the fresh-looking English country-side.

I was different from all the other girls because, as I lived in London, I had to catch the train from the little country station near our school. So, saying cheery goodbyes to all my friends and the teachers, I ambled along the leafy lane with my attaché case. (My trunk was to be sent on later.) It was Autumn, and the leaves of the trees had turned a rich golden colour. As I walked past the green meadows, I looked at my watch. It was three o'clock exactly. "There ought to be a train now, on this Friday afternoon," I thought.

Soon I came into sight of the station. It was rickety and old, but was rather quaint. Anyway, it suited the country-side. There was a little village near the station, which was called Honeycove. The station-master was no-

where about, so I stood there — undecidedly. Eventually he appeared from somewhere, and asked me in rather savage tones, what I was doing there, late on a Friday afternoon. Gradually, I got him to understand that I was there to catch a train, and *not* to make mischief! “This ’ere train’s been gone fer nearly an hour now, Miss,” he stated, “an’ the next un’ comes early Monday mornin’!”

“The last train, gone nearly an hour ago?” I managed to gasp. “Oh, no!”

“That’s right, Miss! See yer Monday mornin’!” And with that, he trudged slightly more gaily than before back indoors.

“Well,” I thought, “here we go again!” I turned round the corner, and soon the quaint Honeycove station was out of sight. It was a lazy afternoon, and the scenery was beautiful; but the walk did not seem nearly as pleasant and interesting as when I had set out half an hour before. Perhaps it was the prospect of spending a whole week-end, with some of the teachers, at school!

JOAN BENNET, Form IA

KINDERPRET OP DIE PLAAS

Een winter het ek my vriendin, Jenny, vir ’n naweek na ons plaas genooi. Dit was die middel van die winter en bitterlik koud.

Die Saterdag was dit nog taamlik donker toe die haan kraai. Ons het gou-gou opgestaan en lekker warm aangetrek. Ons het ons ontbyt bestaande uit pap, eiers en melk in die kombuis genuttig.

Toe ons by die agterdeur uitgaan, het ons glad gebibber van die koue. Ons het na die stalle gehardloop en ons perde se tuie gaan haal. Nadat ons hulle opgesaal het, het ons ’n bietjie hawer gaan haal om vir hulle te gee.

Ons het by „Klipkuil”, een van die kampe, ’n klompie grootuier-ooie gaan haal en dus moes ons hulle baie versigtig aanja. „Klipkuil” is taamlik ver van die plaasgeboue af en daarom het ons eers etenstyd tuisgekom. Ons het dadelik die perde afgesaal en gaan was voordat one geëet het.

Die volgende dag was dit Sondag en ook ’n bietjie warmer. Ons het gaste gehad en terwyl die grootmense voor die vuur gesit en gesels het, het ons ses kinders gaan bergklim en op die berg met klippe klein pondokkies gebou. Toe ons pondokkies klaar was, het die helfte van ons riete en die ander helfte besembosse gaan pluk. Ons het die riete vir dakkies gebruik en toe die besembosse daarop gesit sodat die wind nie kon inwaai nie. Binnekant was ook klippe vir stoele met bossies daarop sodat ons sag kon sit. Toe alles klaar was, het ons tussen vier klippe ’n vuurtjie gemaak. Dit was heerlik warm.

Ons het almal die naweek baie geniet en nou is ons weer kiep-kiep binne in die hok!

CAROL ROBERTSON, Vorm IB

THE STORY OF A RIVER

To most, a river is just a long stretch of water which serves mankind by supplying water for irrigation and drinking purposes. Although this

may be the case very often, there are a few exceptions, I being one of them; for I am Lethe, the River of Forgetfulness. My waters are inky black because no sunlight ever reaches me here in the Underworld and, if you will pardon my immodesty, I am tremendously important to all the inhabitants of Hades, which is the Kingdom of Departed Spirits.

My dark waters hold the secrets of many a king and queen because, before anyone has the right to enter the Underworld, he or she must decide whether to drink of my waters and forget all memories of life on earth, both good and bad, or whether to pass on, keeping and cherishing these memories forever.

I find usually that most spirits coming into the Underworld accept the latter alternative, but many of those who have done wrong on earth, regard my water as a source for unburdening their consciences. I am situated at the entrance to Hades, and so everyone without exception must be ferried across the Lake of the Outside World to my waters. I form the true boundary between the two worlds.

Even when spirits have settled here in Hades and have come to accept it as their permanent home, I am still of great use to them, because they drink my water to forget any difficulties which may arise. Sometimes, when I have a visitor who comes and sits on my banks and stares into my black waters, I wonder if perhaps he is experiencing a certain sense of longing for the world above. One of the most frequent of my guests is Proserpine and, when she is deep in thought, it is almost possible to determine that she is thinking of her mother on earth, with whom she spends only three months in every year.

My waters have become exceedingly heavy over the centuries, burdened as they are with people's cares, fears and troubles, and having been in this eternal kingdom for so long already, I can safely say that "men may come and men may go, but I go on forever".

DESERE ROSENBERG, Form IIA

THREE CATS

Flora is grey, and a Persian and purrs,
Eyes that are glowing and golden, are hers;
Miles is stately and pompous and plump,
You won't find the mouse that could make him jump!
And Pammy? It's sad, but it's truthful that —
He isn't much more than a black alley cat.
Early each morning and late every night,
They're waiting, the black and the grey and the white.
And when they've been fed and there's no more to eat,
They're off to the garden on powder-puff feet.
They're not to be seen and they're not to be heard,
But under a tree is a little dead bird.

BARBARA SCEALES, Form III

GLO DIT AS JY WIL

Jy vra of ek bly is om weer op skool te wees? Maar natuurlik! Dink net hoe lekker dit is om half-sewe wakker gemaak te word, en dadelik op te staan sonder om te kla; hoe lekker dit is om 'n klavierles of -oefening vroeg in die môre te hê, en om, nadat jy hard gewerk of geoefen het, na die eetsaal te gaan en 'n smaaklike ontbyt bestaande uit pap en eiers te eet. Ek geniet dit! Daarna is dit lekker om na die slaapsaal te gaan en jou bed op te maak. Dit maak jou spiere baie sterk.

Maar lekkerste van alles is die vyfuurse skooldag. Al die interessante feite wat ons moet leer: iets oor Archimedes en Pythagoras en sulke groot mense; alles oor suurstof en koolsuurgas en stikstof; twee en twee is vyf; allerhande inligting oor werkwoorde en bywoorde en selfstandige naamwoorde; van Abelard, Charlemagne, Alfonso, Lodewyk XIV, Luther en van Caesar, Romulus en Nero.

Hoe lekker is dit om die hele dag net te doen wat die rooster sê en om gestraf te word as jy een sekonde laat is vir 'n les.

Ek hou baie daarvan om doodmoeg bed toe te gaan en op die harde bed te moet slaap — as 'n mens ooit aan die slaap kan raak met al die „aangename” geluide rondom jou in die slaapsaal.

Ek hou ook daarvan om so dikwels alleen te wees sonder iemand anders naby, soos hier op skool.

Is dit lekker om weer op skool te wees? Jy vra nog!

ELIZABETH OLLEMANS, Vorm III

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Gallop ing hooves on the road in the night,
Travellers laden with goods of great might;
Packed in a carriage sit ladies and men,
Dressed all in wealth, these eleven or ten,
Watching dark trees and dirt road passing by,
Watching all under the black, night sky.

Rounding a corner, each traveller sees
Highwaymen come from behind the tall trees,
Guns in their hands and with masks on the face,
Stopping the carriage and robbing the case,
Robbing of jewels and pistols and gold,
Robbing the travellers of all things untold.

Gallop ing hooves on the road in the night,
Taking the highwaymen safely from sight,
Leaving the women a-weeping and white,
Leaving the men all a-shaken with fright,
Leaving the carriage all tattered and torn;
Highwaymen gallop ing into the dawn.

PENELOPE GALE, Form III

THE RETURN OF THE FISHING BOATS

It was a cold, misty day. The sea was breaking thunderously down upon the beach and rocks, sending up a thick spray of salty, sticky sea water. Apart from all this dampness, there was a strong gale blowing, but all these factors did not worry the inhabitants of Hout Bay.

Hout Bay was expecting the return of the fishing boats that day. All was hustle and bustle in the streets, and down on the beach people were congregated in large numbers: young girls waiting for their lovers, mothers for their sons and husbands; everyone knew someone who was returning on the fishing boats.

It was almost sunset before the fishing boats were sighted far out on the horizon. First, they were just little black specks, bobbing helplessly about on the cruel sea, but gradually their black shapes changed into well known fishing boats.

Back in the village the streets were now deserted, and all the shops were closed. Lamps were gleaming from all the empty houses, and large kettles of coffee and pots of stew were steaming slowly on the stoves. Everything was ready for the return of the fishermen.

On the crowded little beach, the hour of six could be heard, slowly chimed out by the church bells. The boats were making slow progress as the sea was tossing them about recklessly, but soon men were jumping over the side of the boats and pulling them ashore.

As soon as the boats had come aground, there were happy reunions. Mothers and wives fussed about their men folk, while impatient children tugged at their fathers' trousers, so that they could be taken to the boats.

Back at the boats, men were unloading barrels and barrels of fish, all ready to be sent off to the fishmongers to be sold. Already over-eager salesmen were arguing with the fishermen as to how much money should be paid for the fish.

Activity continued on the cold dark beach throughout the night, but back in the village happy families sat round blazing fires while the men told their eager women of their last adventure. Yes, an envelope of happiness surrounded Hout Bay harbour on the day of the return of the fishing boats.

SHIRLEY TREMEER, Form III

St. Andrew'sskool,
Pk. Orange Grove,
Johannesburg.
7 Februarie 1962

Beste Marie,

Ek was so bly om uit jou brief te verneem dat jy dit oorweeg om na St. Andrew's te kom. Ek wil jou graag ompraat om dit werklik te doen!

Eers wil ek vir jou n prentjie van die skool in woorde skilder, sodat jy dit in jou verbeeldingsoog kan sien. Jy moet jou 'n ou gewelhuus met wye

grasperke daarom voorstel, so groot dat as jy na die onderste grasperk loop, jy heeltemal kan vergeet dat jy in die skoolgronde is. Wanneer jy na die skoolgeboue terugstap, is dit byna 'n skok om weer die wit en groen klaskamers te sien. Die skool het ses tennisbane en ander goeie sportfasiliteite. Ek weet hoeveel belang jy in swem stel, en wil jou verseker dat ons baie swem, en 'n spesiale swemonderwyseres het.

Ek hou van die meeste van ons onderwyseresse, en die standaard van werk is hoog — te hoog! Maar dit is glo wat die meeste ouers (myne ook) graag wil hê.

Die aangenaamste tyd van die kosskoollewe is die aande, wanneer ons baie pret het. Ons het onder andere 'n drama- en fotografie-klub, waarvan ek baie hou. In die drama-klub voer ons toneelstukke op, en in die fotografie-klub leer ons om fotografiese vermoë te ontwikkel. Een keer per termyn, reël elke klub 'n uitstappie.

Nou ja, Sondag moet jy die skool maar self kom bekyk. In die tussentyd, moet jy asseblief jou ouers oortuig dat hulle jou hiernatoe moet stuur. Dit sal heerlik wees as dit gebeur.

Jou toegeneë vriendin,

Raina.

HARRIET COPELYN, Vorm IVA

ON THE DEATH OF A ZULU WARRIOR

Die, feeling bitterness, wickedness, hatefulness,
Revel in the glory of your well-fought fear,
Kick free from your ankles the shackles that bound you,
For smeared is your war-paint and broken your spear.

Through your head is still raging the battle like thunder,
Throbbing and thudding is the thick dull tread;
The thrust and the smite of a spear strike above you
So fall, tasting dust and blood thick in your head.

Their minds were not with you, but raging about you,
Exalted with blood and then beating with flame,
But still through your breast strikes the wildness which maddens you,
You heave in the dust, feeling hatred and shame.

Fight not with the death that creeps sullen all o'er you,
Nor with the pride that was struck to the bone,
For the fire that flamed in you so hot for their blood,
Lies glowing and smouldering, quenched by your own.

Was it pride that was holding your head high in fighting?
Or the vials of wrath that rose high in your gall?
Then hide it all now for the battle is over,
And spit in the dust with the shame of your fall.

No pride lights those eyes once so wild with a fever,
No spur drives your anger, and trembles your hand,
Has the blood-lust been quelled now, or is it the silence?
For a tear lies a-smouldering hot in the sand.

PAMELA CARR, Form IVA

MY PARROT

Mary Elizabeth is a dark grey parrot, cynical of eye and wrinkled of skin. Not a very imposing bird perhaps, one might think, but what she lacks in brilliance of feather, she makes up for in originality of mind.

She is not one of your flighty, tropical parrots, always preening glossy plumage, vain and superior. No, Mary Elizabeth is as steady as the perch she sits on, and as wise as an old parrot can be, which is very wise indeed. I used to think of her as a goddess, stern and unmoving, above all the freaks and foolishness of human nature, and even now, watching her as she dozes, like the Sphinx always asleep yet always watchful and wakeful, I realize afresh that she is rather a wonderful old bird.

I like to think of her as having a human character, and it sometimes strikes me that, with her conflicting moods and shrewd, knowing expression, Mary Elizabeth would have made the perfect diplomat.

Stately, yet absurd, artful yet ingenuous, she studies her nails contemplatively, settling at once the problems of a hundred warring nations and satisfying the hungry eyes of Flip, the cat, with a single seductive glance.

All at once she is like a woman, coquettish and frivolous, yet watching Flip carefully to see how much she may provoke him. Teasing him is one of Mary Elizabeth's greatest pleasures but, for all her pretended disregard, she is possessive and jealous of him.

She makes subdued kissing noises and, as I watch in entranced silence, she becomes dreamy and quiet, ignoring the green, glassy, staring eyes of this strange lover, who would eat her without wasting a thought on the intelligence he destroyed. She has returned to her favourite pose of professor, prophet and politician.

Although most parrots can speak, or at least sometimes come out with a cheeky, lewd expression hilarious to their owners, Mary Elizabeth is long past that age. It is beneath her dignity to speak of the ancient wisdom she learnt from her parrot-ancestors, for she is too old now, too old and too dignified.

In this dreaming, silent mood, Mary Elizabeth looks down into the garden, and I imagine what pictures draw themselves before her beady eyes. She despises the grandeur of the Cape mountains in the distance, for South Africa is not the natural home of parrots, and yet she loves it too, for the scarred cliffs awaken a wander-lust in her heart. She wants to see the shifting sands of Egypt, the ancient pyramids and the Great Sphinx, whose thoughts are as mysterious as her own. She longs for the gloomy jungles where parrots abound, and she thinks of their bright plumage, and wings that have grown smaller and smaller for lack of usage. She knows that there are larger parrots than she, parrots that can crack open with their beaks, nuts on which a man would have to use a hammer.

Suddenly she is an invincible warrior, proud, brave and of noble lineage. Her feathers become a knight's armour; the red feathers in her tail a lady's favour. Flaunting herself, she stops, hesitates, and decides on a sunflower seed.

Then, a more lovable and genteel old lady than Miss Mary Elizabeth never existed. Imagine her bedecked in a white lace shawl, grey feathers smoothed neatly down — a dear, smiling grandmother, gently reproaching Flip, her errant grandson.

Mary Elizabeth now sits perched, motionless, staring around the room with her beak in a queer line that is almost a smile. She is as still as if she were a statue, a perfect, beautiful statue of the perfect companion.

HARRIET COPELYN, Form IVA

THE PIONEERING SPIRIT

If it were not for that urge in man to venture into the unknown, to discover new and exciting places and creatures, the civilized world today would be confined to lands bordering the Mediterranean Sea. Lands such as South Africa, Australia and America would be unheard of, and most people would still regard the earth as "flat".

In all of us there is a pioneering spirit. It is true that we do not all wish to discover new lands, but all of us sometime in our lives have searched for something new and different. Take, for instance, children moving into a new house. At once they are out into the garden to find the most exciting hiding places or the position of the birds' nests. Is that not a spark of the pioneering spirit?

The desire for the unknown must have been very strong in a man like Christopher Columbus. With very little knowledge he set out across the Atlantic to find a new route to the East. Instead, he found himself in America which he, needless to say, thought was India. For days he and a mutinous crew sailed across a seemingly endless expanse of water. Food ran short and perhaps he felt a little hesitant, but still the pioneering spirit drove him on.

Those who left Europe to open up the vast continent of America had also to face grave dangers. They had to face the trials of a sea trip, the hostility of the Red Indians and a lack of food and water. Driven on by an uncontrollable urge for what was still unexplored, they did not remain in one place, but drove ever on.

The pioneering spirit drove men like Livingstone, Stanley, Retief, da Gama and the French Huguenots to open up that unexplored continent — "Darkest Africa." Fighting back the fear of the inhabitants, mysterious sickness and wild beasts, they pressed forward and built for themselves towns and roads, and made the lands fertile.

Then, too, there are the pioneers of medicine and science; men like Pasteur, Lister and Jenner. These men wished to find out more about those microscopic objects which can destroy human life or assist it.

As a child, Louis Pasteur witnessed a dog afflicted with rabies, biting a child. He resolved that he would prevent human suffering, and in later years developed a serum which prevented the death of humans bitten by "mad dogs".

In this age there are no longer lands to discover, so men are reaching for the skies. "Space" is no longer something so far away that it cannot be mentioned. It is right here on our doorsteps, and men take it for granted that in a few years time those heavenly bodies, such as the moon and Mars, will be inhabited. The pioneers of space, Major Gagarin and Colonels Glenn and Shepard, have already crossed some of their major barriers, such as the force of gravity, and have travelled where early men believed the ancient gods to have lived.

As long as the pioneering spirit in man remains alive, and as long as there are diseases to cure and mysteries in space to be explained, man will strive after those things. The pioneering spirit in man will never be stilled.

GILLIAN MILLAR, Form IVB

ONDERWYSERES WORD? NEE DANKIE!

Terwyl ek in die Wiskunde- of Latynse les sit, verveeld en vaak, dink ek aan die arme ou onderwyseres. Hoe kry sy dit reg om jaar vir jaar dieselfde dinge te sê? En jaar vir jaar boeke na te sien en kinders te beduie hoe om dit te doen of dat te doen?

Dan weet ek: om onderwyseres te word, is die heel laaste ding wat ek ooit in my lewe sal wil doen.

Die Wiskunde-onderwyseres moet oneindige geduld hê: hoeveel kere per jaar, of per dag, moet sy hierdie som verduidelik of daardie probleem? Ja, om onderwyseres te wees het Job se geduld nodig en ek, ek is bevrees, het nie daardie soort geduld nie!

Ek dink dat die Engelse onderwyseres nog die moeilikste werk van almal het. As ek net dink aan die honderde opstelle wat sy moet nasien, begin ek byna huil. Om al die vervelige, of te dramatiese, of die sleg-uitgedrukte stories van kinderagtige tienderjariges of giggelende agtjariges te lees, sal my rasend maak. Ook moet sy poësie verduidelik, nie een keer nie maar twee of drie kere vir elke deel van standerd agt of nege, en dan is daar die dommes of die kinders wat te slim is en wat alles weet.

Nie net om dinge te verduidelik en om boeke na te sien is aaklig nie, maar om die kinders te probeer beheer is 'n vreeslike deel van die werk.

Wanneer ek aan 'n sekere jong onderwyseres op ons personeel dink, voel ek amper treurig. Die kinders wil nie luister nie en in elke les van haar word so 'n groot lawaai en geraas gemaak, ek glo nie sy sal dit baie lank hier uithou nie. Miskien sal sy rus en vrede op 'n ander plek vind.

Op die oomblik weet ek nog nie wat ek eendag gaan word nie. Een ding weet ek egter alreeds: Onderwyseres? Nooit nie, dankie!

JOANNA MUNRO, Vorm IVB

'N MIDDAG OP DIE STRAND

Ek sit hier op die stoep van ons strandhuisie en probeer werk — maar tevergeefs! Wie het nou lus vir Aardryskunde as die geel, warm strand en die blou-groen see 'n mens so lok?

'n Sagte windjie en die reuk van die soutbedekte rotse laat my skielik opstaan, en kaalvoet hardloop ek die klein voetpaadjie af strand toe.

Ek sien die wit koppe van die branders en kort daarna voel ek die fyn sand tussen my tone. Ai, dit is heerlik om net hier te wees — met die warm son op my gesig en die groot, wit seëvoels in die lug bo my kop.

Ek sien die klein figuurtjie van 'n eensame hengelaar op die rotse waar die see oor sy voete spoel. Ek wonder of hy al iets gevang het. Ek wonder ook waaraan hy so staan en dink — of sou hengelaars sommer net staan, sonder om te dink?

Daar is niemand anders op die strand nie en ek voel asof die hele plek aan my behoort. Ek laat al my bekommernisse oor my werk en die naderende eksamen met die wind wegwaaier.

Ek loop stadig na die see en die brandertjies spoel oor my voete en bene.

Maar die water is koud dus loop ek liever weer terug na die sand. Ek tel 'n stuk hout op en gooi dit ver in die see weg. 'n Oomblik lank sien ek dit dryf op die krui van 'n brander wat dit weer terugspoel na die strand.

Stukkende skulpies lê orals rond — pienk, grys en geel, en hulle skitter in die son. Ek loop vinnig na die swart rotse 'n hele ent daarvandaan en as ek begin huis toe stap, sit die son reeds laag en die see is 'n goud-rooi kleur. Die wind waai my hare oor my oë en, asof in 'n droom, gaan my voete in die rigting van ons huis. Nou voel ek lus om 'n bietjie werk te doen. Die middag aan die strand was baie heilsaam!

WENDY ALLEN, Vorm V

DROUGHT

“ . . . He'll never come through alive, poor boy. He was pretty sure the rains would come this year or he would never have followed up that bet . . . ” . . . “ . . . and a horrible death it is too, dying of thirst, nearly did the same myself, once, and there wasn't no drought to speak of that year. To play with old Kal. during a drought is to ask for death!”

These words were being spoken throughout South Africa by old-timers, geologists, anthropologists and members of the safaris which occasionally crossed the Kalahari Desert, both for purposes of study and just for interest's sake.

They were true too, for never before, in the life of the very oldest bushman, had the Kalahari been so forbiddingly dry, so God-forsaken and parched. Her usual semi-desert appearance, so breathtakingly beautiful in springtime and early summer, seemed to have become wrinkled and parched and had aged into a true and fierce desert. The tender buds and seedlings had been cruelly tortured to death before they had had a chance to be awakened, in birth, to add beauty and gentleness to the harsh face of the desert. Their intricate and fragile forms, brilliantly coloured and delicate, would never grace the world with fields of perfumed perfection. Instead, that face had become unbelievably ugly; ravaged by thirst; its eyes, the occasional pools of precious waters, had gradually sunk into the depths of the surrounding cracked, thickened skin, finally becoming completely buried; its cheeks, the smooth plains, had become hollowed by the everblowing wind, now that the bloom of vegetation had faded; its mouth, made gentle by the kiss of the rain, had become opened and cracked, as the earth had opened and cracked in great rending splits, and the vegetation had become burnt and black and was like the thickened, black tongue of one dying of thirst. As the lips had drawn back into that terrible grin, pearly-white teeth had gradually appeared in the ever-increasing presence of skeletons of animals and men, bleached by the burning, searing heat of the merciless sun. Even its voice had changed: changed from the angry roar of thunder and gentle murmur of breezes, to the high-pitched, agonised scream of the wind through dead branches, and the dry, hissing whisper of sand on sand.

There was still life on that dreadful face though, for its patient and faithful members, the bushmen and a few hardy animals such as the ratel, or honey badger, occasional lions and one or two species of buck, still survived

and moved there. The movements were, however, without exception, all in the same direction — towards the distant rolls of thunder which issued from the great, heavy, black thunderheads which collected on the far horizon every evening. Yes, the rain was there, struggling to water its forlorn friend, but the wind, the enemy, always won the battle and forced the clouds to retreat so that each new, hopeful dawn only brought another clear, blue sky without a single merciful teardrop to the agonised suffering of the Kalahari and her brave, resigned inhabitants.

CLORINDA CURTIS-SETCHELL, Form V

ST. ANDREW'S OLD GIRL'S ASSOCIATION Committee

Mrs. Peggy Grinaker, Chairman
Mrs. Denise Challinor, Vice-Chairman
Miss Elizabeth Curtis-Setchell, Secretary
Mrs. Jean Bannink, Assistant Secretary
Mrs. Hope Meikle, Treasurer
Mrs. Marjorie Brebner
Mrs. Sally Gawith
Mrs. Sheena Rosekilling

Annual Dance

As 1962 is the school's diamond jubilee year, the Committee decided to make this year's dance a glittering occasion. The dance was held in March at the Bryanston Country Club. The decor consisted of silver leaves, and flowers of deep red and pale pink. With the Club's pink table linen this created a lovely effect.

Much to the joy of the happy crowd in attendance, Miss Neave in one breath extinguished sixty candles on the large birthday cake provided for the occasion. As well as this cake, there was an ice-cream cake made in the shape of "60" which was later donated to the children of the Sans Souci Home.

Altogether, the dance this year was a happy occasion and very well attended. It is hoped that Old Girls and parents of present pupils will continue to support it each year and thus make it easier and more encouraging for the organisers.

The amount raised at the dance this year was R123.95. The Committee wishes to thank all those who gave donations, in particular Dr. C. S. McLean who kindly donated R20.

Jumble Sale

A jumble sale held in June brought in approximately R90.

St. Andrew's Diamond Jubilee 1902-1962

Two dinners attended by a total of 670 guests, were held on 11th and 12th September to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the School.



The First Home of St. Andrew's (Hospital Hill, 1902)

Dr. and Mrs. C. S. McLean were host and hostess, and welcomed the guests with Miss Neave.

The school grounds were floodlit and the dinners were held in an enormous marquee erected on the front lawn, drinks before dinner being served in the school hall.

All concerned are to be congratulated on the excellent organisation: Col. Arthur Johnstone, Mrs. Joy Bell and Mrs. Peggy Grinaker for getting the necessary organisation going; Mrs. Rosemary Serrurier, Mrs. Janet Irving, Mrs. Betty Burton, Mrs. Denise Challinor and Mrs. Peggy Grinaker for flower arrangements; Courtneys of Pretoria for the excellent food, service and table decorations; and last, but by no means least, the hostesses who were kept busy for at least six weeks before the dinners, making the necessary preparations and arrangements.

Dr. C. S. McLean introduced Col. Arthur Johnstone who explained the Diamond Jubilee Appeal. Miss Neave, in replying to the toast, pointed out that it is the spirit of a school which makes it what it is. An extract from her speech is given below.

We should like to express our most sincere gratitude to Dr. C. S. McLean who paid all the costs of both dinners.

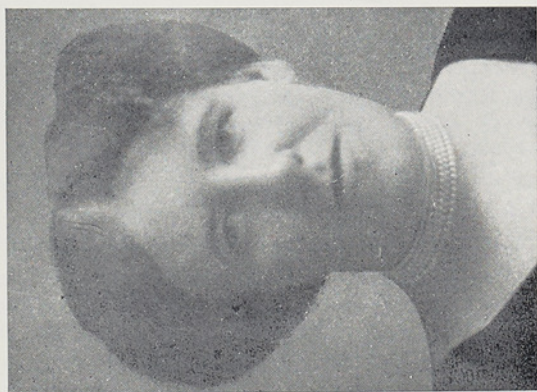
It is hoped that the Diamond Jubilee Appeal will be successful and that people will give as generously as possible.

Extract from Miss Neave's Speech

The setting of the stage for tonight's birthday party was begun sixty years ago when a young woman set up, in what was little more than a mining camp, a school and laid the foundations of something which has the power to bring together people of different ages, tastes and temperaments. What is "the school" which you have toasted? It is not merely the buildings . . . for there are Old Girls here who did not know the present buildings but feel the tie as strongly as later generations. It is not the staff . . . for this, of necessity, changes over the years. It is not the girls for these, too, are an ever-changing stream. Without the buildings, the staff and the girls there would be no school, but the indefinable, intangible something which transforms an ever-changing population and a pile of bricks and mortar into "the school", is something of the spirit. It is compounded of many things: of shared traditions, principles and ideals . . . which have been absorbed by all who have passed through the school and helped to make her what she is; of customs peculiar to us which make us different from all other schools . . . ; of shared experience . . . ; of shared pride in the achievements of members of the school both past and present. These things are woven together into something which holds our loyalty.

All of us here tonight are people whose lives have been influenced, or will be influenced by the school . . . All have taken something from the school and given something to the school (or will do so in the future) . . . either directly . . . or indirectly. For we all leave something of ourselves — some mark for good or bad, in a greater or a lesser degree — on whatever community we move in. And it is this contribution which the school has made to us and the part we have played in making the life of the school, which binds us all together.

Personalities who moulded St. Andrew's



MISS JEAN FLETCHER
Founder of the School in 1902



MISS CAROLINE CHEETHAM
*Succeeded Miss Jean Fletcher and
was headmistress for 25 years until
she retired in 1945*



MISS M. F. NEAVE
*The present headmistress
Master of Arts (Cambridge)*

Diamond Jubilee Appeal Committee

Chairman of Appeal Committee, Col. Arthur Johnstone

Chairman of Dinners Committee, Mrs Joy Bell

Hostesses: Mrs. Jean Bannink, Mrs. Helen Bosworth-Smith, Mrs. Marjorie Brebner, Mrs. Monica Buchanan, Mrs. Betty Burton, Mrs. Denise Chailinor, Mrs. Judy Charlton, Mrs. S. Constance, Mrs. Murrae Cowley, Mrs. T. V. Craig, Mrs. Mansell Evans, Mrs. W. M. Frames, Mrs. Sally Gawith, Mrs. P. Green, Mrs. Peggy Grinaker, Mrs. Lois Gluckman, Mrs. M. Hay, Mrs. Isobel Hunt, Mrs. Janet Irving, Mrs. Bridgit Martin, Mrs. Hope Meikle, Mrs. J. Millar, Mrs. D. Ollemans, Mrs. D. Paget, Mrs. C. Payne, Mrs. W. H. Potter, Mrs. A. J. Rivett-Carnac, Mrs. L. H. Rosenbaum, Mrs. A. L. Saffery, Mrs. Peggy Scales, Mrs. Phillip Scales, Mrs. Rosemary Serrurier, Mrs. E. E. C. Woods.

News of Old Girls

Anthea Crosse who has recently been successfully modelling for two leading Paris dress-designers, is now in London. Also in London are Diana McWilliam, Helen Johnstone who is nursing there, and Caroline Stanley who has recently finished a secretarial course.

Chloë Antrobus has also completed the secretarial course on which she was engaged, and left for England in August. Others still busy with secretarial courses are Melanie Burton, Lindsay Andrews, Ann Higgerty and Catharine Frerichs.

Veronica Somerville and Delia Gale were successful in their final degree examinations, the former obtaining a B.A. (Lib.) degree at the University of Cape Town and the latter B.A. (Hons.) at the University of Natal (Pietermaritzburg).

Still engaged on higher studies are: Fiona Ferguson and Gillian Rogers-Cooke at Rhodes University; Margaret Beiler, Alice Curnow, Anne Mansell and Priscilla Zipp at the University of the Witwatersrand; Phyllis Ketley at Bristol University; Leslie Ann Ormsby at University of Natal (Durban) studying speech and drama; Pamela Sutherland who is studying music; and Elizabeth Curtis-Setchell who has spent three months in Paris brushing up her French for her final examinations.

Caroline Montgomery and her husband are living in Switzerland. Diana Kempster is also in that country, at a finishing school.

Francoise Rosset is nursing at Grey's Hospital in Pietermaritzburg.

Christobel Kempster (Porter) and her family are now living in White River, Joan Jones (Ratcliffe) has gone to live in Toronto for two years, and Peggy Foster (Tillard) and her husband have retired to England.

A number of Old Girls who have been away from Johannesburg for some time, have returned. These include Meg Smythe, Diana Mackness (Mason), Joan Holt (Frames) and Isobel Hunt (Evans). The three last named

all have daughters at present attending St. Andrew's.

We congratulate Diana Krause on being appointed Head Girl of St. Anne's College, Natal, and Molly Weiss (Kisch) on being elected to Parliament as a member of the United Party.

Engagements

Nerith Bryant to David Guild
Lynn Holford to Michael Caldwell
Ann Higgerty to Roger Bentley
Alaine Farquhar to David McDonald
Elizabeth Wevell to Robert McAllister
Diana McWilliam to Sergio Petracchi
Ann Whaley to David Hulett

Marriages

Valerie Edge and Pierre Bovet
Joan Ratcliffe and Ivor Jones
Maxine Kohler and Carl Beckerling
Gail Wroth and I. Williamson
Susan Pratt and Robert Hoffman
Diana Hadfield and Clive Maltby
Carole Dalling and Anthony Chamier
Caroline Montgomery and James Montgomery
Susan Yardley and Christopher Leisowitz
Jeanne O'Kelly (nee O'Molony) and R. Sturgis
Anthea Campbell and James Robertson Bell

Births

Sheila Troyan (nee Kohler), a daughter
Elizabeth Wilson (nee Schaffer), a son
Jillian Pinkerton (nee Allen), a son
Barbara Elliot (nee Rainier), a daughter
Pam Keene (nee Marriott), twin daughters
Denise Tappe (nee Sayle), a daughter
Margaret Roxburgh (nee Bleloch), a daughter
Mona Marshall (nee Kirk), a son
Marion Filmer (nee Roberts), a daughter
Vivienne Ritson (nee Harper), a son
Judy Charlton (nee Irvin), a son
Heather Emery (nee Wilson), twins, a son and a daughter
Margaret Charlton (nee Ritchie), twins, a son and a daughter
Eve Crondice (nee Foster), a daughter
Carol Ann Woodhouse (Somersvine), a daughter

Obituaries and Condolences

Mrs. Geraldine Quarry (nee de Maine): our deepest sympathy to her family.

We extend condolences to: Bridget Martin (nee Flather) on the death of her baby son; to Barbara Coulter (nee Edwards) on the death of her son, Michael, in the Douala air disaster; to Mary Black on the death of her father; to Betty Clucas (nee Bryant) on the death of her husband; and to Phil Bilborough and Madeline Parfitt on the death of their mother.

In Memoriam

A lovely stained glass window was dedicated this year to the memory of the late Fleur Secretan in Holy Trinity Church, Leverstock Green, England. Mrs. Turvey, Fleur's mother, went over to attend the Dedication Service.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL: 1961/1962

We acknowledge with thanks these gifts:

Microscope and Books for Science Library — Mrs. H. Wills

Cup to be awarded for Academic Achievement — Form V, 1961

Cold drinks for Christmas Party — Mrs. J. B. Weil

Books for Library — Mrs. K. St. George

Ceremonial Candlesticks for Chapel — Mrs. Frerichs, Catharine and Andrea

Cup to be awarded for "Contribution to Music in the School" — Miss R. Mallett

Donation of R10 to library — Rosemarie Lindner

Books for library — Mr. R. L. Brentley

Tree for garden — Mrs. I. Mountain

