

1902

lhe . .

St Z;\nhrsan

e o

=

s Ty g Qe
Z NG
%hb S e SEE0)
<: i~\201p._/ S o A\ s

\wâ\200\231_%@f

SN
SRR 6,

STOCOSGIGHHIOTISTTOD

NOVEMBER
1952

OOOCVO00OVSLCOTOODOTTO

2895

b/

I
|

0

e

1952 i~\201
@@@%X@%W%@@K&

HWV 112027 11.52.

THE

St. Andrew's School

The last term of 1951 ended, as last terms always do, with a spate of events crowded into a very short time.

As we had had the opening Nowv. of the Hall late in October we did not have Open Day, but instead invited parents to an afternoon exhibition of Art and Craft work and a dancing display by Miss Lane's pupils.

St. Andrew's Day saw a goodly gathering of Old Girls, and it was lovely to end a happy day with Evensong in the Chapel at which we were very pleased to see many present girls join the Old Girls.

The Hall made our Christmas Party much easier to organise. There was room to play games and to dance, Father Christmas was able to arrive by sleigh to dispense the parcels to our guests from the Undenominational Children's Home from the Christmas tree shining in all its glory on the stage.

In the absence of Miss Colwell on leave, Miss Irish and Miss Kenyon undertook to produce a Nativity play in the Chapel instead of on the prefects' lawn. The choir sang as we have come to expect them to, the reading of the nativity story was done by a speech choir from Form IV, and the producers were congratulated on the lovely grouping, particularly the final tableau.

Our first big gathering of School and parents in 1952 was a sad one when we met in the Chapel to pay tribute to the memory of His Majesty King George VI. Dr. Webb very kindly spared an hour on one of his busiest days to conduct this service and his fine address made the occasion a memorable one for all of us. We are indeed grateful to him.

At the end of the first term we met again in happier circumstances when we invited parents and friends to a presentation of two plays to mark the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the School. Miss Colwell and the Junior School produced a delightful operetta, 'The Masque of the Shoe', in which we met many of the Nursery Rhyme characters living happily together in the Old Woman's shoe from which they emerged to sing and dance and play until 'whipped to bed by the Old Woman herself. The staff of the Junior. School spent much time and

SCHOOL
HISTORY

ST. ANDREAN

Bedford Farm Johannesburg

thought on the making of the very charming costumes; Mr. Rogers and Mr. de Witt were responsible for the shoe, directed 1952 and helped by Mrs. Frericks;

and Miss Muffet's large and ferocious spider took shape in the science laboratory under the skilful fingers of Miss Organe. Miss Lane's pupils took part in two dances.

Miss Kenyon and Mrs. Weber were responsible for the Senior School production and Mr. and Mrs. Frericks gave much time and thought to * growing a tree. Miss Kenyon and Mrs. Weber wrote the play "An Inch of Time" based on the fifty years of St. Andrew's history, produced it and made most of the costumes. We saw a tennis group of 1910 come alive and step out of its frame and followed the history of three members of the team, their daughters and granddaughters to 1952 when one of the original group was on the staff of the School and the granddaughters of the other two were members of the 1952 tennis team. It made us realise that under all the changes in dress, manners and customs in the fifty years what the School has stood for has remained the same for successive generations and it made us wonder whether we appreciate to the full the value of our own "inch of time".

To all who were concerned in these first-class productions go our thanks and congratulations.

The Old Girls' Association held two pleasant functions at school during the first term, a "Grandchildren's" party on the lawns, with pony rides and games and a very good tea including a large birthday cake with fifty candles, and a Jubilee dance when the Hall was transformed into an attractive ballroom and many old girls and parents met to celebrate our fiftieth birthday.

It has been a relief this year to be free from builders and painters in the main school buildings although their work has gone on elsewhere. The bus drivers' cottages have been renovated and painted, the Native quarters cleaned and white-washed and necessary repairs done to the garages.

In the grounds the road to the Junior
(Continued on page two)

SCHOOL HISTORY

(Continued from page one)

School has been tarred, lights have been put up along the path from the Kindergarten, a garage for the staff and a new enclosure for swimming costumes erected behind it, while most of the ground in front and to the side of it has been cleared and tidied up and many new trees planted.

At the Senior School the flower beds on the north side of the big lawns and the hedge behind them have disappeared, the lawns have been extended and new trees put in, while the rose garden has been levelled and replanted.

Matriculation results last year were fair only. Twenty-two girls entered, ten gained Matriculation Certificates, eight in the Second Class and two in the Third Class. Five gained third class School Leaving Certificates.

Our swimming showed further improvement at the Inter-Schools Gala in March when we gained 22 points as against 12 last year and again we thank Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Foley and Mrs. Findlay for all their interest and help.

Our hockey has improved too and the end of the season saw us in the League, Our tennis is still undistinguished.

We have been fortunate in having fewer staff changes this year, and I mention here two valued members of the permanent staff who have left us. Miss Irish took a post in Rhodesia at the beginning of the year and her departure was a great loss to the Music department where her own high standard of performance set the standard for her pupils. Miss Walmisley has been appointed to a permanent post in her place. At the end of the second term we said goodbye to Miss Organe who is to be married in December, but as we could not replace her she kindly returned for a month at the beginning of the third term. The infinite care put into the beautiful blackboard illustrations for her lessons is an indication of the spirit she brought to her work, while the stage property cupboard has been much enriched by the work of her clever fingers. We shall miss her very much. We wish both Miss Irish and Miss Organe every happiness in their new spheres and thank them for the services they have given us.

At the beginning of the year a new post was created, a general subjects

post to which Mrs. Laroque was appointed, and we introduced Domestic Science for a special group of Form II.

Mrs. Kellie acted as Head during my absence on leave in the second term and to her and to Miss Kenyon who acted as Vice, I extend my thanks for the able manner in which they carried on the work of the School while I enjoyed myself in England.

During the first term we lost two other very good friends in Mr. Murdoch and Mr. Rogers. Mr. Murdoch has been our bus driver since 1946 and he was far more than that, he was a real friend to every member of the School. His care of the children on his bus round was outstanding, no job he was asked to do was too much trouble, and we never heard him grumble no matter what time of the day or night we called upon him to deal with our problems. We miss him very much. Mr. Rogers gave us two years of cheerful and ungrudging service. To both these we extend our thanks and hope that they and their families will be very happy in their new homes.

In July Mr. Tugman who had been our chaplain for three years gave up St Aidan's parish and Mr. Walls took his place. We are most grateful to Mr. Tugman for all he did for us and said goodbye to him with great regret.

Another change has been made in our chapel services this year. As we have a number of non-Anglican girls in the School we have arranged that twice every term we shall have a service conducted by Non-Conformist preachers. We thank Dr. Webb and Mr. Liddell for taking these services for us in the second and third terms.

Once more we acknowledge our indebtedness to our Chairman and Board of Directors, to the Secretary and all members of the Staff.

And so another year of progress is over and we have reached our fiftieth birthday, a milestone in our history at which it is natural to pause and take stock of ourselves. We have all the material advantages of beautiful grounds and buildings. We have set ourselves certain standards of behaviour and ideals of service. Intellectually, although progress has been made, we still need to attain both ambition and stability. This must be our task in the years to come.

JUBILEE PLAYS

The curtain went up for the Junior School's presentation of Thomas Dunhill's Masque of the Shoe, and revealed a complete with

shoe-laces, and a most attractive garden,

quaint, gay shoe-house, efficiently kept by Mary, Mary, quite contrary. The wily old woman who lived

Shoe her

numerous fairy-tale children, all of whom

in the introduced to us were gaily dressed and who sang of their

well-known adventures in clear The

the choral work which was excellent.

sweet, assisted with

The

voices. junior choir

The Masque of the Shoe The

actors were natural and well-grouped,

alive and entertaining, and much credit

is due to Miss Colwell for the altogether -

delightful production.

After an interval, during which tea was served, thoughts were concentrated directly on St. Andrew's golden jubilee when the play An Inch of Time, especially written and produced for the occasion by Miss Kenyon and Mrs. Weber, was presented. It cleverly depicted the lives of three girls who started as foundation members of the school in 1902, dressed in long skirts, leg-of-mutton-sleeved blouses and large bows. The girls reached the 1920's and survived the shapeless dresses,

button-over shoes and coal-scuttle hats of

the period to meet with success, disappointment or happiness.

Their daughters were sent to St. Andrew's, and their granddaughters too, who appeared in 1952. The acting was lively,

expressive, the costumes amusingly correct,

Scene from "An Inch of Time", Tennis Team.

the earlier ones arousing much mirth

among the audience. The play was both serious and amusing; it taught us what

St. Andrew means and teaches to all

Scene from "An Inch of Time".
Reunion of Three Old Girls.

of us who have come here that life is learning to serve others and benefitting that education is

the community, and

learning to live.

"Carole Dalling, Form V.

Page Three

ST. ANDREW\200\231S SCHOOL . . .

St. Andrew\200\231s School,
Girton Road.

(Above left)

Hockey Team, May,

LAl A Tense Moment.

(Above right)
School Tennis.

Page Four

. Â« Â« . YESTERDAY AND TODAY

St. Andrewâ\200\231s School,
1952.

(Above left)

Hockey Team, 1952.

Swimming Team,
1952. (Above right)

Tennis Team, 1952.

Page Five

Miss Fletcher and Miss Johnston founded St. Andrew's School in buildings in Esselen Street, in mid-January 1902. Johannesburg in 1902 was very different from the Johannesburg of today, as we know it. The Boer War was still on

The Bicycle.

the military were in control and permits were required for almost everything. Few of the streets were tarred and others were deep in red dust much to the detriment of the long dresses we wore then. Many shops were still closed and those that were open, had limited supplies of food and goods in stock. Labour was scarce and indifferent. The only transport consisted of horse cabs and there were not too many of those. This meant walking, walking everywhere.

Miss Fletcher came to Johannesburg a few months ahead to do the pioneer work. Her first task was to find a suitable building and after inspecting several, she decided on one in Esselen Street just behind the Hospital. It consisted of two

semi-detached double-storey houses, very roomy and a bungalow cottage in the garden. One house was the dwelling house and the other the school. The bungalow was kept in reserve and let till required. There were no electric lights, lamps and candles were the

order of the day. By dint of shopping and attending sales in private houses, sufficient furniture was acquired to equip the home.

Miss Johnston meanwhile attended to requirements in Cape Town where most of the heavy equipment for the school had been bought, desks, tables, chairs, blackboards, easels, maps, etc. and these were despatched north as soon as the building was found.

Page Six

I joined Miss Johnston from overseas in December 1901, bringing with me much household equipment in bed or table linen, blankets, cutlery, crockery, books, stationery and various smaller items required for school, and last of all, and most invaluable it proved later, my bicycle. Then we came north, a journey which took us nearly three days. The trains did not

travel by night; there were no dining saloons, the trains stopped at certain stations and we had meals in the restaurants there. We joined Miss Fletcher in Johannesburg and then got busy organising and preparing for the opening day.

We started with nineteen pupils, one matriculation student, Jean Hamilton, and eighteen others varying from six to fourteen years of age. The staff then were Miss Johnston, Senior School; Miss Fletcher, Junior School; Miss Bailey, music, and I, modern languages. Shortly afterwards a teacher of Latin and Mathematics joined us, by name I think, Miss Gauntlet.

As time went on more and more refugees returned home, our numbers increased from day to day. These parents were anxious that their children should start school at once so enrolled them one day and brought them as pupils the next. There were no motor cars then and children were brought to school in all sorts of horse drawn vehicles - dog carts, buggies, spiders, victorias and cape carts. There was no organised sport that came later and drill was given in the garden if the weather was fine, and in the classrooms if not.

As the Boer War finished, things began to ease gradually in every way. Sufficient staff became available for the increasing number of pupils. By the end of the year we had ninety-two pupils, of whom nine or ten were boarders. We staged a very charming operetta, called "Princess Ju-Ju" at the Gaiety Theatre and a most successful performance it was. Our matriculation student sat for her examination and passed. Thus ended the first (and possibly the most difficult year) of St. Andrew's.

Time passed, numbers increased and it was realised that more commodious premises were necessary. Ground was bought in Girton Road, Parktown and a school

(Continued on Page Seven)

TO THE PAST

AN EX-PUPIL REMINISCENCES . . .

This year, 1952, St. Andrew's School at Bedford Park celebrates its Fiftieth Anniversary.

It is going back a long way to the days of its beginning as a small school on Hospital Hill. The site, was at the back of the block in which the Florence Nightingale Nursing Home stands today facing the Hospital Grounds. There were just a few girls that first term whose parents had felt the need of such a school for their daughters.

If my childish memory serves me well, we moved shortly afterwards to the Girton Road School. A memorable day was when we walked down Hospital Hill to the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the new school in Girton Road, Parktown in 1904.

Miss Johnstone and Miss Fletcher, the founders of St. Andrew's School, were very fine and esteemed Principals. The integrity and high standards they both demanded of their pupils, laid the foundation of the great school of the St Andrew's of today! A few of the teachers whom old girls will remember were: Miss Annie Fletcher, who taught us German and French and also was our Games Mistress, Miss Webb Maths, and Miss Ford, and much later Miss Pargiter.

The rivalry, between St. Andrew's and Roedean, the only two Private Schools of those days, was always very keen. Our exciting Hockey matches were perhaps the most keenly contested of all the Sports between the two schools. We were proud of our tennis courts acquired later when we bought the few acres adjoining the school. A

The school outgrew its Girton Road limits and in 1908 acquired Sir George Farrar's home at Bedford Park.

Miss Johnstone retired shortly after this and some years later when our much loved Miss Fletcher died in England, Miss Cheetham became Head Mistress.

Miss Johnstone and Miss Fletcher would be very happy and astounded to see the progress of their enterprise.

The past fifty years have brought such glory, honour and progress that today St. Andrew's School stands out as one of the finest in South Africa. :

Educationally it is complete with its large, well-built classrooms, a lovely

Chapel and Concert Hall, Sanatorium, Tennis Courts, Swimming Pool and Playing Fields, all in the wonderful setting of many acres of a beautiful garden. All building "additions have preserved the Herbert Baker architecture of the original school. Wonderful surroundings for any small girl to start and finish her school days.

Great credit and appreciation must be

The Cart.

given Miss Neave for her enthusiastic aid in making the school beautiful and furthering its progress and for the happy atmosphere that dominates the school today.

â\200\224 Winifred Solomon (neÂ¢ Cullinan)

â\200\224â\200\224â\200\224â\200\224â\200\224â\200\224â\200\224â\200\224â\200\224â\200\224

(Continued from Page Six)

built. There was ample space for playgrounds for the pupils, then a tennis court was ~made and a hockey field acquired. Hockey was a very popular came and we had a very fine team whose success was recorded in the Inter-School Hockey shield. In a short time an

Assembly Hall was built enabling classes in dancing, gymnastics and art to be established, staff for all these being readily available.

And so St. Andrewâ\200\231s was settled in its first permanent home and it could be safely said that its foundation had been well and truly laid.

â\200\224 A. S. MacPhail.

Page Seven

A VISIT TO MISS CHEETHAM

After seven years of retirement in England Miss Cheetham's greatest joy is to contact any St. Andreans who are visiting the country. She seems to have second sight as to who really is in London because she never misses an opportunity, whatever the time of year, or however far she may have to travel, of getting to London to see any of her old pupils, staff or friends.

She has had several illnesses, and at the beginning of this year her heart was giving some cause for concern; she is always having to be reminded that she must conserve her strength. Her thoughts are always with her School and her memory for every detail is very alert. The School

activities, the new buildings, the growing up of her girls, are topics of conversation of which she never wearies.

Miss Cheetham's recent gift of paintings of the School and garden done some years ago are greatly appreciated by the present School. She took them to England as some of her treasures but she has spared them to come back to St. Andrew's where she feels they have a fitting place.

We wish her many more years of health and happiness and we know she will always have cause to be very proud of St. Andrew's, the school to which she devoted so much of her time and to which she gave so much of herself.

224 M. Way.

THE SUNBEAM CLUB

Selborne's very great interest is the Sunbeam Club. The little children in that Club have become very dear to the hearts of Selborne and in fact 15 of our girls are taking a real personal interest in special children and their homes; they have adopted them, send them greetings for birthdays and Christmas, write to them, send parcels of food and clothing and in some cases, with their parents' knowledge, visit the homes and meet other members of the family. They do this in a spirit of genuine friendship. The picnics which are a termly feature at Giloolies Farm are anticipated with great excitement; we go armed with plenty of food, oranges, cokes, ice creams, sweets and boxes of clothing, shoes and toys for our 80 little guests. The expenses of these outings are heavy, but every girl in the House contributes 2/- very willingly out of her pocket-money every term, and the rest of the School wholeheartedly

support our Fund-raising efforts, which take the form of a Swimming Fete, Fancy Dress Party, Scavenger or Treasure Hunt,

Here we should like to thank parents and friends who have so generously helped us with gifts of money, food, clothes and toys.

The Sunbeam Club is not very big or widely known, and for that reason we have asked their Secretary to allow us to quote from their small pamphlet:

â\200\234The Sunbeam Childrenâ\200\231s Club (for European children) was founded during the War years by a few young peoples who wished to bring brightness, entertainment and spiritual instruction into the lives of less privileged children of this

Page Eight

city. It was realised by the founders of this Club that children who were provided for by such institutions as Orphanages and Childrenâ\200\231s Homes were, in most cases, better off than some of the children in

_the poorer areas, and so the main ideal

of the club was to reach these needy children in their homes, and to display personal love and interest in each child. This ideal still remains the theme of the Club.

* Picnic outings are arranged into the country twice a month, and have become one of the highlights of the childrenâ\200\231s lives. On arrival at the venue the children assemble in groups â\200\224 Springboks, Duikers, etc., etc., and competitive games are organised, thus a spirit of unity and sportsmanship is cultivated between the Afrikaans and English speaking children. Sunday School lessons and instructive talks are given regularly; the Club is absolutely undenominational. Wholesome and attractive food is provided and is greatly enjoyed by the children.

* Another important feature of the Club activities is the visiting of the childrenâ\200\231s homes by the Club workers. On these visits the background of the child is gauged and problems discussed with the parents, and clothing is distributed. At Christmas time the Club (in conjunction with Toc H) arranges a Christmas Party for the children.

â\200\234A recent expansion of the Club has been to help with the education of some of the more promising senior children who are anxious to continue with their studies so that by taking J.C. or Matric

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

ROUND THE HOUSES

Athlone

During the first term of this year, the girls of Athlone House won the â\200\234finesâ\200\235 competition and earned second place in the Inter-house Swimming Gala. They trained hard for this and made a splendid effort. Later in the term there was a dramatic art competition â\200\224 the first of its kind in the school and we were very proud of our actresses and producers although we only tied for second place with Milner.

At the beginning of the second term we were all very sorry to find that Athloneâ\200\231s

head girl, Cecily Niven had left. During the first term she proved an excellent

Head of House and we felt the loss deeply.

We wish her every success in her new career in London.

The House Music Competition, held during the second term was a great event and Athlone ran Selborne a close second. Athlone won the Junior Hockey matches and in the Senior came second.

Throughout the year we have been collecting silver paper and lead for St Johnâ\200\231s Eye Hospital where it is badly needed, and everyone has responded very well to this appeal.

Athlone has done fairly well during the past year, but the coveted Efficiency Cup has still to be won.

Milner

Milner completed a very successful year last year by winning the shield and continued their success into this year by winning the Cup for general achievement in the first term.

We were unsuccessful, however, in the

House swimming, music and dramatic competitions, but compensated for these

by winning the Inter-House hockey and

the awards for tidiness, for behaviour and for good work. We hope to do well in the Inter-house tennis tournament and the art exhibition.

Our charity work for St. Jamesâ\200\231 mission and the European refugees is flourishing and we have been able to provide much material aid in both.

Selborne

Selborne is justified, this year, in look-

ing back on the achievements of the past twelve months with some satisfaction. We had our first taste of disappointment at the end of last year, when the Efficiency Cup just eluded us â\200\224 we lost by half a mark.

Since that early defeat, though, we had the honour of winning the Drama Competition held at St. Andrewâ\200\231s. It was great fun and our victory was due to much hard work. We are also proud of our swimmers, who won the Inter-House swimming. We were less proud of getting the lowest grade in the final mark reading, partly because of a heavy burden of * finesâ\200\235.

Miss Way left for England at the end of the term and we all missed her during the second term, and are looking forward to her return. We are very grateful to Miss Cardew who has taken so much

interest in the House, and should like to thank her for her help so willingly given.

Finally, to end the second term, we managed to win the House Music Competition, judged by Mr. Drummond Bell. Inter-House hockey matches were played last term and though Selborne team are to be congratulated on their efforts, Milner won the Cup.

Throughout the year we have held our Sunbeam picnics as usual, raising funds to finance these by entertaining the School to Swimming Galas and a fancy-dress party.

So at the end of this successful year, we like to feel that the spirit of co-operation which makes our House a happy one, will continue. To our girls who are leaving Selborne we say, â\200\234 Thank youâ\204¢ for all you have done. Good luck and our best wishes go with you.

Page Nine

MATRICULATION RESULTS. 1951

2nd Class Matriculation Certificates:

M. Cooke, D. Cullinan, E. Dal-
cymple, S. Fleming, W. Griffin, E. Lewis, P. Mitchell, J. Rutherford.

3rd Class Matriculation Certificates:

M. L. Gray, V. Hathorn.

School Leaving Certificates: R. Bateman, P. Brooks, J. Cook, C. Evans, S.
Thompson.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

Pianoforte Examinations:

Grade I. J. Bennett, J. Harland, C. Stanley, H. Thompson.

Grade 1II. F. Butcher, J. Schlimmer.

Grade III. S. Stewart.

Grade IV. S. Milne.

Grade VI. V. Edge, H. Johnstone. M. Roberts.

Singing Examinations:

Grade IV. M. Pearce.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS. 1952

Head of School
P. Drake.

Milner House:

Senior Prefects C. Dalling (Head), J. Allan, N. Porte, J. Browning (2nd term).
Junior Prefects P. Dodman, F. Marshall.

Selborne House:

Senior Prefects P. Drake.

Junior Prefects S. Yardley.

Athlone House:

Senior Prefects C. Niven

(Head. left at end

of 1st term), V. Manning

(appointed Head in 2nd term), P. Goldberg.
Junior Prefects J. Ratcliffe.

Senior School:

First Term
Form

IV B. Rainier

I A. Dunlop

II P. Antrebus

IISp S. Campbell

I G. Hagger

Junior School:

First Term

Std.

4 A. Whaley

3 D. Davison

Page Ten

Form Captains

Second Term

A. Craven

D. Dawes

S. Kleyn

J. Pienaar

S. Milne

Second Term

A. Thompson

H. Marklew

Third Term

M. Chambers

A. Dunlop

P. Dighton

P. Pelletier

B. Flather

Third Term

1. Ratcliffe

SCHOOIL. CALENDAR

FIRST TERM

Feb., 1st Term began.

9th Selborne entertainment.

15th National Day of Mourning, Service conducted by Rev. J. B. Webb.
March 1st Sunbeam Picnic.

S5th House Swimming Competition.

21st Drama Competition.

April 18th School Jubilee Celebration.

19th School Jubilee Celebration.

24th Term ended.

SECOND TERM

May 23rd Term began.

24th Selborneâ\200\231s Fancy Dress Party.

27th Vienna BoysÂ® Choir.

30th Piano recital by Dorothea Vincent.

31st School goes to see â\200\234H.M.S. Pinaforeâ\200\235 and *Trial by Jury.â\200\235
June 7th Sunbeam Picnic.

13th Old Vic Production of â\200\234 Midsummer Night's Dream.â\200\235

95th Dancing students attend performance by Nadia Nerina and Alexis Rassine:
July 2nd House Music Competition.

4th Old Vic Production of â\200\234* Othello â\204ç.

11th Piano recital by Miss Kassner and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor.

95th Old Vic Production of â\200\234Macbethâ\200\235.

926th â\200\234 Fathers'â\200\235 match against 1st Hockey Team.

Aug. T7th Term ended.

THIRD TERM

Sept. 12th Term began.

13th Sportsâ\200\231 Afternoon (Combined Houses).

Oct. 11th Sunbeam Picnic.

30th Open Day.

Nov. 28th St. Andrewâ\200\231s Day Celebration.

Dec. 6th St. Andrewâ\200\231s Christmas Party.

11th Term ended.

... . SPORT AND

SWIMMING-SEASON 1951-1952

The swimming season began in the last term of 1951 and from the outset St Andrew's decided that their ultimate goal was to attain a higher place at the twenty-fifth Annual Inter-School Girls' Swimming Competition.

Virginia Barker was unanimously elected School Swimming Captain and a great deal of hard work and training was done by the team. The consequent result in the Competition, which took place on March 8th at Ellis Park, showed that effort had not been without reward.

In the Open Team Race, the final, and therefore the most exciting event in the whole programme, St. Andrew's gained second place, thus bringing a record breaking afternoon to a most satisfactory conclusion. The girls representing the school in this race were:

M. Bryant, H. Heywood, P. Pienaar, J. Caldwell.

Much valuable coaching and assistance to the gala team was given by some of the mothers and we hope that, with their support, we may gain an even better result in the 1953 competition.

The Inter-House Swimming Gala took place in February, at school. We had a very warm afternoon for this and the Inter-House spirit was so keen, that by the time the final relay races had been completed there were many hoarse voices and sore throats. Selborne House had a victorious day, winning both the Senior and Junior School Swimming Trophies. The following girls gained swimming colours :

V. Barker, M. Bryant, J. Caldwell, H. Heywood.

HOCKEY-WINTER SEASON 1952

School League

St. Andrew's started the season with the 1st XI in the Third League and the 2nd XI in the Fourth League.

As far as League Hockey is concerned we Independent Schools always commence with a handicap, and the four term schools have had at least three weeks or a month's practice before we return to school. However, in spite of a rather poor start with several defeats, by June, when the High Schools were perhaps beginning to tire, St. Andrew's were feeling very alive and full of fight and had a

succession of wins which brought the league season to a victorious conclusion. Although the final position of the High School League teams has not yet been officially announced, we think our 1st and 2nd XI's will have progressed into the 2nd and 3rd Leagues respectively.

Towards the end of July, School had gained so much confidence in its standard

of play, that the Fathers were challenged to a match one memorable Saturday. This match provided a jolly afternoon in which the Daughters were triumphant. At the conclusion of the battle there was a lavish tea which the mothers had provided and to which the Fathers, the team and the staff were invited.

Inter-House Hockey Matches

In these matches each House played with such enthusiasm and feeling ran so high that it became almost a matter of bringing the game to a safe conclusion and the umpire had many anxious moments while the minutes ticked past until the final whistle was blown. Milner were the winning house. Selborne came second and Athlone third.

The following girls were awarded Hockey colours:

J. Browning, C. Dalling, R. Dunlop, V. Harper, A. Lindsay, J. Maynard.

TENNIS

With a good deal of hard practising during the winter the 1951 School Team managed, in the third term, to win all their matches and thus put us back in the 2nd League. This was all very well, but with the departure of the fifth form girls, away went several of the team. With new members in the team and much stronger opposition it was a little too much for us at the start of the 1952 season.

We were well beaten by our first few opponents, but with each match we im-

Page Twelve

proved and the last one was lost by only one game and if only the decision had gone the other way, we should still be in the 2nd League, but, as it is, we have now been put down to the 3rd League again.

We are now endeavouring to arrange more matches for the younger players so that by the time they are needed for the School 1st Team they are not only playing good tennis, but have had match ex-

perience.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

IMUSTIC g% =

MUSIC REPORT

Musically speaking, we have spent a very interesting year, with a programme which included the Inter-House Music Competition, choral activities and many varied recitals by eminent musicians.

We were very grateful to Mr. Drummond Bell for adjudicating our Inter-House Music Competition which showed a very high all round standard. The cup was awarded to Selborne.

The Senior and Middle school choirs combined with St. Aidan's choir for Evensong on the 3rd of August. It was a most inspiring service and we all greatly enjoyed the special music with C. V. Stanford's setting of the Magnificat.

The recitals included an enjoyable evening with Dorothea Vincent, the British pianist, and a piano and violin recital given by Miss Kassner and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor.

The City Orchestra and then later the wood-wind section of the orchestra gave two very instructive and entertaining evenings when members gave individual and ensemble demonstrations to combine the instruction with the entertainment in a most enjoyable way.

It was a red-letter day for the school choirs when they were taken to hear the superb singing of the Vienna Boys' Choir; and the senior and middle groups were given the enormous pleasure of hearing the brilliant Chilean pianist, Claudio Arrau.

Our music examiner this year was the eminent concert pianist, Kendal Taylor and, in spite of the high standard he expected, the results in the piano and solo singing examinations were very good indeed.

ENSEMBLE

During the August holidays Miss Colwell kindly arranged for two violin pupils of St. Andrew's to take part on September 3rd in the Festival of Seasons Service which was held at St. Aidan's Church, Yeoville. Mr. O'Hogan, the choirmaster had arranged this festival and among the many anthems that the choir sang was

PLAYING

Purcell's 4th Bell Anthem with organ and string accompaniment.

We found great pleasure in playing together and hope that more girls will learn a stringed instrument so that we can do some ensemble playing at school.

â\200\224 M. Loots, IL

ST. ANDREWâ\200\231S CHOIR PRACTICE AT ST. AIDANâ\200\231S

The choirs were very excited when they learned that they had been invited to sing with St. Aidanâ\200\231s Choir because of the experience of singing with male voices. The date was fixed for August 3rd, with a combined rehearsal on the previous Friday.

At last the Friday night came and the Choir members were taken by some of their parents to St. Aidanâ\200\231s Church, where they were welcomed by the Rector. the Reverend H. G. Walls. As we entered through the side door we were joined by a collection of smaller boys (members of the choir), who had been having great fun in the church garden. On Sunday they appeared, not as grubby little boys, but bright and clean, with well oiled hair.

The senior choir was arranged in seats adjoining the choir pews. and they

watched with interest the proceedings before the practice began. The small boys, now dressed in black robes, efficiently brought in a piano, and gave out the music copies.

At first the St. Aidanâ\200\231s boys had a short rehearsal of the hymns they were going to sing at Matins on Sunday, 3rd August. This gave the St. Andrewâ\200\231s girls time to settle down and get accustomed to everything. Both choirs then sang the Magnificat, especially arranged in four parts by C. V. Stanford. To the St. Andrewâ\200\231s choir it was really inspiring to hear the Magnificat sung in four parts, and when the organ began to play all the voices soared up to the high notes, in the full joy of the beauty and feeling of making music and harmony.

THEATRE.

St. Andrew's appreciate...
PP

Among the most enthusiastic THE OLD VIC which gestures, or certain back-
and entranced audiences that grounds would have on the
crowded His Majesty's this last COMPANY. audience. At times the words
winter season, were the girls of seemed to flow with all the
St. Andrew's School, who live May's July feeling and rhythm of an or-
again those moments of tension, 1952 chesters playing in the cool even-

horror and gladness and for

whom Shakespeare is now alive in a way
they had not dreamed was possible, thanks
to these actors and producers of the Old
Vic. Company.

We feel we owe so much to the pro-
ducers of these plays: producers with
such imagination, able to enlarge on the
details provided by the author; each time
we saw the work of a producer who, with

his innermost eye, could see the influence

*

Midsummer Night's Dream

...the fairies, strange creatures who

glided on mysterious errands, who melted
unobtrusively into the setting: tall, green
half-human shapes with cat-like grace;
yet so realistic that one would register
no surprise if one of them, leaning against
a tree, merged with the slender trunk.

...before the curtain fell on the last
scene in Athens, the stage was in dark-
ness, except for the flickering light of
the fairies as they danced, and when the
curtain fell and lights came up, how
reluctantly were we transported from the
enchantment of the Dream to reality.

% 3 3

Macbeth

Throughout the play a background of
realistic, colour-changing sky played its
part, showing day, night, dawn, kindling

ing air, rousing in you the very
emotions they portrayed; the gestures
themselves seemed woven into the phrases,
emphasising their value. But, in the
tragedies the words no longer blended in
harmony, but were harsh, and clashed
heavily against the disturbed calm. The
gestures forced on you each fresh idea,
the tension grew both on the stage and
in the audience. The words had a strange
OWEE & 56 o

%

in us fear and a growing excitement. As
the play moved to its climax, the audience
sat spellbound, and when the curtain fell
for the last time, they were almost as
exhausted as the actors.â\200\235
3% Å¥*

Othello

â\200\234Several weeks later we were again at
His Majestyâ\200\231s, this time to see Othello.
I feel sorry for those who did not go, it
was terrific. I felt as if I could see it
again and again. Not the least thrilling
part was the economy in scenery. The
same sea lapped the shores of Venice and
of Cyprus. A change in banners and
you had left Venice for the island, and
although we had seen Desdemona put to
bed for the last time in her life â\200\224
when the bed curtains hid her, the
shadowy mass became a house and Iago
stole into the street scene.â\200\235

3%

ST. ANDREWâ\200\231S MOST ENTHUSIASTIC COMMENTS ON THEIR FAVOURITE
ACTORS CAN BE IMAGINED. THERE IS NO ROOM TO PRINT THEM !

(Continued from Page Twelve)

GENERAL NOTES ON GAMES

Two new games were started in the season;; rounders for the summer terms
and netball for the winter.

and a good standard of play has been reached.

the games field is scarcely large enough.

Rounders has proved most popular in the Junior School

The batsmen hit so powerfully that

THE SUNBEAM CLUB

(Continued from page Eight)

they may train for better posts than
would otherwise be possible. The Club
is endeavouring to provide money for the

Page Fourteen

school hostel fees and for the necessary
school uniform.â\200\235

And so the efforts of Selborne to help
such a needy cause are well worth while,

and we hope as time goes on to be able
to do even more for the Sunbeam Club.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS NEAVE'S LETTERS

From Switzerland

T've spent a fortnight in Switzerland, partly on Lake Lucerne and partly at Wermatias. Zermatt is heavenly, a little village right at the top of a valley with the Matterhorn towering up, looking down on it. There is no motor road to it so there is no traffic, and cows and pigs, villagers and visitors all stroll up the middle of the street. The village goats are all collected up, some joining the procession at each corner and three joined just outside one of the most fashionable

hotels ! and morning and evening by one of the village children.

From England

Dartmoor in the rain was gorgeous, wide and open and lonely, with the rain swirling across it. I spent the night at a crazy little inn perched up on the hillside called the Old Ferry Inn. It's been an inn for about four hundred years and the house climbs up the hillside in steps. It was a fascinating place looking out over the river towards Fowey on the other side.

FROM THE SENIOR

A Walk in the Rain

The rain falls gently, softly, on to the wet earth. After the raging storm the night before the quietness, the very stillness holds a balm. The wet gauzy sheet of raindrops falls but with faint swish, the merest echo of what had been, to caress and heal the bruised earth. Little oozi-
ings of mud spread slowly round each footprint, grass sinks, squelching under-

foot. How restful it is. A wagtail searches jerkily for worms. Not a leaf stirs. Each hangs limply, transparent drops trembling from its edge. In the

pinewood, feet press soundlessly on the damp carpet of needles. Yet the storm has not passed without leaving some traces of its fury: here lie blocking the way, great branches torn from tormented trees; the path is covered by the green of leaves rudely wrenched from their parent stems; tree trunks are slippery and dark. Yet the spicy air tingles with a pungent wood smell. A brilliant flash of blue and a rain bird lightens the dull sky for a minute, and is gone leaving but a memory.

The sky is still grey but a smile from
heaven seems to shine through the clouds
as the rain tears trickle, stop and the
world is clothed for one illusive moment
in faery light.

â\200\224 B. MacAndrew, Form V.

Echoes

The little wind whispered through the
house, down a dark, silent corridor and
into a large room whose beautiful furni-
ture slept under white sheets. As the
wind wandered across the floor, pools of
dust were disturbed and formed tiny
whirlpools which glittered in the cold

SCHOOL SCRAPBOOK

moonlight filtering through the faded
curtains. Only the old black piano was
uncovered, a dark sentinel watching over
its sleeping companions. Eager to ex-
plore, the wind crept into the instrument
and ran over the strings delighted by the
melodies it created, melodies which were
echoes of lilting waltzes.

Suddenly, the room is filled with the-
strains of â\200\234The Blue Danube 7. At first
young couples begin to dance the new
waltz, unsure of the steps but compelled
by the rhythm. Slowly the room becomes
filled with gay laughter as a cascade of
filmy dresses twirl to the music. Young
and old are enraptured and caught.

The music changes and the gay phan-
toms become soldiers in uniform dancing
a hectic fox-trot with girls whose forced
laughter and eyes betray their fear of
war.

A sudden discord shattered the air and
the little wind, terrified, fluttered from
the room and scurried under the worn
carpet of the corridor leaving the room
to â\200\224 echoes.

â\200\224 V. Manning, Form V.

The Mystery of the Missing Halo

Johannesburgâ\200\231s most famous detective,.
Mr. D. Tecton was having breakfast in
his apartment. With him was his secre-
tary, Miss Terious.

â\200\234Sfunny thing you know,â\200\235 remarked
our modern Sherlock Holmes, â\200\234I haven't
had a case now since â\200\224 since when?â\200\235

â\200\234Fourth of January.â\200\235 Miss Terious ran
her finger down a file, â\200\234Let me see now
-â\200\224 that was six weeks ago when you found
who had stolen the duchessâ\200\231 pearls.â\200\235

â\200\234Yes, yes,â\200\235 the great detective waved

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Page Fifteen

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING HALO

(Continued from Page Fifteen)

marmalade at the
The point

a slice of toast and
ceiling, " That's not the point.

is that I'm not getting any money. I have
nine-pence three farthings in cash and

I'm overdrawn at the bank!

= Something will turn up," said his
secretary calmly. Just then the telephone
started to ring. They both made a rush
for it, but Miss Terious got there first.
*Hallo, this is -Mr. D. Tecton's rooms

St. Andrew's school ? St. Andrew
lost his halo ? Mr. Tecton is very busy
just at present urgent 7 well, we

be over straight away. Good morning.
She hung up the receiver and said tersely,
SR CaseEl

Johannesburg's leading criminologist
swept the breakfast things off the table
with one arm to make room for his
shabby attaché case. Into this he threw
a notebook, a magnifying glass, an auto-
matic pistol, a few atom bombs, some
dynamite, a bottle of jujubes, a few
aspirins and other necessary articles. Also
he took a copy of the Collins's magazine.
A false moustache and a pair of dark
glasses were put on for disguise and Mr.
D. Tecton was ready.

Together he and his secretary raced
downstairs and into the street. In the

basement garage stood his 1920 Ford. The
car was cranked up and soon, regardless
of danger, they were careering on their
way to St. Andrew's school.

A short while later the ancient Ford
drew up with a deafening screeching of
brakes in front of the imposing school.
The moment he stepped out of the car,
our hero was surrounded by all the St.
Andrew's girls who were violently waving
autograph books. Suddenly, a bell rang,
and, to the detective's relief, the girls re-
treated reluctantly to their classes. The
Headmistress, who had come out to quell
the riot was apologetic about the be-
haviour of her pupils. They are a little
excited to-day," she began, when she was
interrupted by the arrival of St. Andrew
himself, who was still hunting wildly for
his halo. He was a tall, thin man, robed
in a long white gown.

"I haven't found it yet," he moaned,

wringing his long thin hands. "It's such a nuisance. I can't do without one, you know. Being a saint, one has to keep up one's reputation. Besides, the cheru-him would laugh. No, there's nothing for it. I'll have to make a special journey to

L)

Page Sixteen

Heaven to buy one, and they're so expensive."

"Just a minute, Andy," interrupted the Head. "This gentleman here is Mr. Detection, the famous detective. He has come to help find your halo, so you can't give up hope just yet."

St. Andrew, who had not noticed the detective in his anxiety, now shook hands with him and Miss Terious.

"Now, St. Andrew," began Mr. Detection, "tell me how you lost your halo."

"Well," answered the harassed saint, "it was getting rather tarnished, so I asked the native boy to polish it up with Brasso. When I had given it to him I suddenly realised that you can't really polish a halo. (They're mostly made out of sunlight and laburnum petals) so I rushed to the kitchen to get it back, but it wasn't there. I found the boy and asked him where it was, and he told me it was on the table in the kitchen. When I could not find it there, he came back with me to look for it. It had vanished! Since then I have hunted everywhere for it. In the common rooms. in the dormitories, everywhere. I even dragged the swimming pool, and the ponds in the garden. We found some very interesting things there, but my halo was not among them."

"You're sure some of the girls haven't been playing a trick on you," Miss Terious asked.

"Well," St. Andrew fiddled doubtfully with one of his wings. "The Form II's are rather a wild lot"

"No, St. Andrew," broke in the detective triumphantly, "Just from listening to your story I have solved the riddle! Come on everybody. I'll take you to the missing halo!"

By this time, quite a crowd of people had gathered round, and it was a queer group that made its way to the kitchen. First came our Sherlock Holmes of 1952, striding forward with a proudly triumphant look on his face. Behind him walked the Head, Miss Terious and St. Andrew.

Next came the head-girl, a few prefects,
Madame the French mistress, and Monty,
the school cat.

When he reached the kitchens, Mr. D.
Tecton called for the native boy who
had been given the halo. He spoke to

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

SONNET TO A RED ROSE

O see this bloom so fair and crimson red,
Its sweet face blushing in the sunlight now,
Smell the rich scent held in its regal head,

Observe its grace, as it the light winds blow.

The stately queen of all the garden this
Exquisite shape! so pleasing to the eye.
With you a lover well might court his bliss,
And need no longer heave the heavy sigh.
You other sisters have, both white and pink,
Who lack the queenly magic of the red.

Your beauty lies in that dark cloak, I think,

Or, 'tis the easy carriage of your head.
But soon, sweet rose, so ruby red, you'll die,

And on the ground, faded and brown will lie.

â200\224 L. Findlay, Form IV.

NIGHT

Sweet Night whose name spells peace and quietness.
The calm and lovely ending to the day,

Wherein the moon and stars find place to rest:
Where sorrow and hurt minds can hide away,

A barrier between the days, o when

One wakes to find night given way to dawn,

Fresh thoughts have risen in our minds again,
Giving us power to face another morn.

But yet your sombre blackness can bring fear,

For in the blindness that you bring, comes fright.
Let happiness and revelry occur,

When brightness shines beneath your mantle, Night.
So spread across the heavens your velvet glow,

This tired world needs the peace which you bestow.

â200\224 F. Secretan, Form IV

COLOUR

The purple mountains far away,

Brown and white cows in the golden corn,
Dark green firs that swish and sway,

All pause to watch the flaming dawn.
The flame dies out and fades away,

In the greenest glade lies a mottled fawn,
In fragile blue, drifts in the day.
The sleepy world views the golden morn.

â200\224 M. Mullins, Form II.

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

him for a moment and then the boy gave
him something. :

â\200\234 Now, ladies and gentleman,â\200\235 he said,
coming back to them, â\200\234I will explain
everything. I got my first clue when Andy
here said that you couldnâ\200\231t polish a halo.
The native boy didnâ\200\231t know what to do
with it and so he used it to polish the
bhrass. When St. Andrew was looking for
it, it was there all right, but it was so

dirty and crumpled, that he just didnâ\200\231t
recognise it. The poor boy was too
frightened to explain his mistake, but he
owned up to me just then and gave me
back the halo. Here it is.â\200\235 He waved
a dirty yellow object before them. â\200\234 Have
it dry-cleaned, St. Andrew, as it may
shrink in the wash, and your halo will
be as good as new! My fee is fifteen
guineas please!â\200\235

â\200\224 G. Amies, Form II.

Page Seventeen

The Sailing Ship

Little white ship, so swiftly sailing

Far on the sunlit sea,

Each foam-capped wave so bravely scaling,
Alive and joyous and free.

Silver-winged bird o'er the wild waves
racing,

With a foaming wake behind,

Second by second your pace increasing,

Swift as the whistling wind.

Oh! thing of vigour and speed and light-
ness,
Lithe exultant and gay,
With the wind singing high in your sailsâ\200\231
pure whiteness,
Fly on in the leaping spray.
â\200\224 G. Amies, Form IL

The Fawn in the Woods

Silently, softly steps the fawn,

Out of her cover in the shade,

Watching the breaking of the dawn
Slant slowly, quietly over the glade.
Through the trees with grace she glides,
Dappled in the morning glow,

There where the purple violet hides,
She rests where the bubbling waters flow.

â\200\224 P. Antrobus, Form II.

Shadows

A roof.

The dark shadows creep,

Into each secret deep

Of the cold, grey wood.

They reach

The spot where the old oak stood,
Aloof.

Then birds forget to sing,
Although the owl takes wing,
And spectral shadows crawl,
Vague :
Till night has covered all :
A roof.
â\200\224 S. Kleyn, Form 1I.

High up upon his plateau,
Like a marble image stands
A horse of silver ivory,
Frowning oâ\200\231er the land.
His tail a banner flying,
His mane a silver flag,
His nostrils flared with fury,
As he peers down from his crag.
Far off in the blue distance
A thundercloud appears,
Then with screams of anger
The stallion disappears.
â\200\224 B. Flather, Form I.

Rain

The thirsty days of drought are past,
The worldâ\200\231s expecting rain at last.
The lightning cuts between the cloud
And thunder follows, rumbling loud.

Down pours the rain upon the ground
And freshens everything around.

The soil is turned from earth to mud.
But trees use water as their blood.

When all the world is fresh and new,
The smiling sun comes shining through.
The watery drops reflect its light

And turn into a rainbow bright.

â\200\224 L. Holford, Form I.

The Ballad of the

Vanishing Snowman

â\200\234Farewell, my young companions,
Itâ\200\231s time for me to go.

The south wind sighs, the warmer skies
Are melting fast the snow.

â\200\234The hat you kindly lent me,

To place upon my brow,

Though it once stood as all hats should.
Is sadly tilted now.

â\200\234 My pipe is also falling;

I cannot keep it in,

The bowl you see, in spite of me,

Is resting on my chin.

â\200\234 And this dear broom you gave me,
Is sliding from me fast,

Down it will go, to yonder snow,
Where I shall lie at last.

â\200\234So farewell my young companions,
T'm off,â\200\235 his voice grew low.

And nought was seen where he had been,
But pools of melting snow.

â\200\224 E. Burrows, Form IIL

The Desert

Stretching wide before our eyes,
The empty, endless desert lies.

The burning sand beneath our feet,
And blazing sun's incessant heat,
The weary desert travellers bear.

No life is seen, no sound we hear,
As patient camels, plodding slow,
Under the cloudless sky must go.
Over the rolling desert grand
Travels our tired and thirsty band.
How we long for day to die,

The burning sun to leave the sky.

O. beauty of a desert night,

Where overhead the stars burn bright,
And camels halt and slowly kneel.
Across the desert softly steal

The subtle spirits of the night.

The dunes are bathed in silver light
Shed by the radiant moon on high.
Exhausted on the sand we lie,
While breezes soft our cheeks caress.
Allah we pray to bless our rest.

M. Jefferay, Form IIL

Ballad of William Shakespeare

Our Shakespeare's forehead, broad and
wide,

Suggests the genius housed inside.

That great and famous brain he had,

Though he was but a country lad.

His father was a bailiff stout,

A kind and gentle man no doubt:
His mother was a lady fair,

Who fostered William with great care.

His nature gentle, wise and free.
Informs his plays, and critics see
In every character Will made,

Frank human nature, Will displayed.

Fat Falstaff with his wit so true:
Shylock, wise Portia, Hamlet too.
Are characters in William's plays.
And all are great in their own ways.

His fame shines brighter year by year:
His work stands up to praise and sneer:
Chaucer, Spenser, Byron, Greene!
None great as he our world has seen.

He died when he was fifty-two.

Those who forget are hut few,
Still people flock, of every age
To see Willâ\200\231s plays upon the stage.
â\200\224 A. Dunlop. Form III.

SONNET

When in the peacefulness of bed, at night,
I may escape from the dull drone of day,
To gaze on distant shores, mystic, yet bright
With foliage green; conjure up faces, gay
And cheerful, not oppressed with nameless pains,
Not full of the solemnity of life,
But carefree towards those stresses, those strains
That must occur through all our earthly strife;
Then seem these creatures of a race apart
From any kind of whom I've ever heard.
They gain an entrance to my secret heart,
Uplift and help me by their every word.
Then when I leave that land, my own work seems
Play, rich thoughts arise from memories of my dreams.

â\200\224 R. Gale, Form IV

KOM BLAAI DEUR

VORM V

Sondag op â\200\231n Rustige Dorp

Dis alreeds half-tien â\200\234en daar is nog geen teken van enige beweging nie. Die son skyn uit 'n helder, blou hemel en af en toe kraai 'n haan of blaf â\200\231n hond. Aan elke kant van die nou lanings ritsel die blare wat amper bo inmekaar vloei, en die koerantjong fluit op sy fiets terwyl hy 'n koerant oor die hek gooi. Die melkkarretjie klater oor die steenstraat en die perd snuiwe en stamp sy voete.

Binnekort begin daar tekens van lewe verskyn. Daar slaan â\200\231n deur toe en hier kan jy die geluid van â\200\231n steenkoolbak teen die steenkool hoor; daar begin die kerkklokke lui, diep en deurdringend bo die gekwetter van die voÃltjies. Een vir een stap die mense uit hul huise langs die straat of na die ou, grysklip grasdakkerk toe. Die bakker en sy vrou, die vrou aan wie die rokwinkel behoort en haar kinders, die slagter en sy familie â\200\224 hulle is nooit 'n Sondag afwesig van die kerkdienste nie. Selfs die ou predikant het jarelank hier gewoon en hy is reeds deel van die dorpie.

VORM II

â\200\231n Huisbrand

Een aand om middernag het ek wakker geskrik. Daar was â\200\231'n groot geraas buitekant in die straat. Ek het gou opgespring en na die venster gehardloop. Toe ek tussen die gordyne uitkyk het ek gesien dat die huis oorkant die straat aan die brand was. Ek het gou my kamerjapon en pantoffels aange-trek en daarheen gehardloop. Pappie en Mammie was al daar.

Toe ek in die straat gekom het was daar â\200\230n skaar mense om die huis. Vuurtonge het uit een van die vensters en die skoorsteen nitgeskiet en daar was â\200\231n groot gekraak. â\200\231'n Paar balke het geval en die dak was stuk-kend. Daar was soveel rook dat ek amper nie kon sien nie. â\200\231'n Paar minute later het 'n brandweermasjien in die straat stilgehou. Die brandweermanne het die waterslange vas-gedraai en die water oor die huis begin spuit, maar hulle het nie daarin geslaag om die vlamme te blus nie, en na â\200\231'n paar uur het die huis totaal afgebrand.

Die volgende more het ek weer die plek

ondersoek. Omdat die huis oud en meestal van hout gebou is, was dit nou net 'n rokende puinhoop. Daar was huisraad orals in die tuin rond. Gelukkig het die bome in die tuin

nie aan die brand geraak nie.

Toe ek weer vir middagete huis toe gegaan
het het ek gehoor dat die huis verseker was,
maar nie die huisraad en klere nie. Gelukkig
is 'n deel van die huisraad gered, maar die
eienaar het seshonderd pond skade gely. Nie-
mand is beseer nie en die gesin het by ons
zebly totdat die huis weer opgebou is.

â\200\224 Marianna Loots, II.

Page Twenty

'n Paar jongmense hou piekniek buite-
kant die dorp en hul stap sing-sing langs
die pad af met hul knapsakke en kom-
berse. Om â\200\231'n dag in hierdie pragtige om-
gewing deur te bring is so heerlik dat dit
n lewenslange herinnering bly.

In die middag is dit kuiertyd en as jy
nie self gaste ontvang nie besoek jy jou
vriende en familie, of stap jy in die
dorpie rond, of kyk jy na die winkels.
Die speelgoed in die vensters is die ge-
wildste wat kinders betref.

Wanneer die son so0os 'n vuurbal in
die weste ondergaan en die wolke soos
aarbei-roomys in 'n blou bord lyk en die
blare aan die bome soos goue muntstukke
wink, weerklink die klokke weer deur die
stilte. In die dowwe lig wat uit die kerk
straal stap die mense stadig die gebou
binne. Die deure sluit en stadig styg die
harmonie van orrel en stemme op so0os
heilige wierook na die sterversierde hemel.

â\200\224 Carole Dalling, V.

VORM I
Uit Tant Chloe se Daghoek

So0s ek nou hier op mev. Shelby se plaas
sit en deur die venster van my huisie Kkyk,
val die jare in my herinnerings weg, en dink
ek aan daardie dag vyf jaar gelede.

Dit was 'n mooi warm dag in die somer,
daardie dag toe mnr. Haley Tom en klein
Harry wou koop. Daardie nag toe almal ge-
slaap het het Harry se ma met hom wegge-
loop. Sy wou hom na Kanada neem. Ek het
nou die dag gehoor dat hulle veilig daar aan-
gekom het. Ek is baie bly vir Elisa se ont-
wil wat so dapper was.

Mnr. Haley het my ou Tom weggeneem en
ek het gehoor dat hy hom op die skip verkoop
het. Dit was alles vir die beste want die
man wat hom gekoop het was â\200\231'n goeie man.
EKK het dag en nag aan Tom gedink en ek
het probeer om meer geld te verdien om hom
terug te koop.

Vier jaar lank het Tom vir mnr. St. Clare
gewerk, maar kort na sy dood moes Tom weer
verkoop word. Hierdie keer was hy nie ge-
lukkig nie, want sy baas was baie wreed.
Eendag nadat hy â\200\231'n jaar by sy nuwe baas

was het Tom 'n ander slavin gehelp om weg te loop. Sy baas was so kwaad dat hy hom so geslaan het dat hy amper dood was.

Kleinbaas George het gegaan om Tom terug te koop, maar toe hy Tom gekry het hy gesien dat hy nie meer sal lewe nie. Tom was baie bly om George te sien en nadat hy na ons verneem het het hy gelukkig gesterwe.

My ou hart is gebreek. Ek weet regtig nie hoe 'n mens so wreed kan wees nie, en ek hoop net dat iemand hierdie slawerny spoedig sal beëindig.

'224 Glen Haggard, I

ONS PLAKBOEK

VORM 1V

â\200\231n Land om van te Droom . . .

Suid-Amerika! Die land van sonskyn
en opwindende musiek; van goue strande
en wuiwende palmbome; dit is wat ek my
voorgestel het en in baie opsigte is my
verwagtinge bevredig.

Dit was â\200\231'n koel, helder aand toe ons
die eerste ligte van Buenos Aires gesien
het. Toe ons die hawe stadig binnegeseil
kom het die skepe met hul ligte wat in
die donker water gefonkel het so aantrek-
lik gelyk. Gou was daar 'n geweldige
zeraas! Hulle het die loopplank laat sak
en baie mense het aan boord gekom:
vreemdelinge met donker hare, oÃ© en ge-
laatskleur, wat Spaans gepraat het.

Buenos Aires is â\200\230n stad waarin n
menigte indrukwekkende standbeelde en
geboue is, onder andere die Ministerie van
Qorlog, die Kongresgehou en die stand-
beeld van Colon. Een van die verras-
gendste skouspele is miskien die kinders
se dorpie. Dit is deur Eva Peron opgerig
en bestaan uit â\200\231'n klein poskantoor-tjie,
'n parlamentsgebou, 'n pragtige kerk, â\200\231'n
eetkamer en 'n hele paar slaapsale. Daar
is ook 'n klein IndiÃ©r moskee waarin die
kinders leer om te brei en naaldwerk te
doen. Die dorpie is omring deur 'n moot
met 'n klein valbruggie.

Te wyte aan Eva Peron se sterwe was
die mense in rou. Die werksmense het
haar vereer en hulle het haar naam aan
al die mure, geboue en standbeelde aan-
gebring. As iemand probeer het om dit
al te was het hy sy betrekking verloor.

Montevideo in Uraquay en Santos in
BrasiliÃ© was ook aantreklik maar nie %o
interessant as Buenos Aires nie. Daar is
in Montevideo 'n fantastiese Kongresge-
bou. In Santos moet 'n mens die goue
strand sien om dit behoorlik te kan be-
wonder. â\200\231n Mens vergeet dat Santos 'n
bietjie vuil is.

Ons het na een plek gegaan wat regtic
onaangenaam is. Daar is driehonderd
vyf-en-sestige kerke, maar ek is bevrees
dat dit geen verskil gemaak het aan die
mense nie. Qor die algemeen is hulle
maar baie smerig en hulle probeer om
soveel moontlik die toeriste uit te buit.
Party van die strate is so nou dat â\200\230n
mens teen die muur moet staan wanneer
trems verbygaan.

Rio was egter die hoogtepunt van die
reis. Dit het miskien een van die mooiste
hawens in die wÃ©reld. Daar is die
Suikerbrood, 'n berg waarvandaan 'n mens

'n asemrowende uitsig kry: blou-groen water, die rooi en wit van die geboue, en die donker berge. Die Copacabanastrand wat in die nag verlig is word die ,,PÃ©rel-halssnoerâ\200\235 genoem omdat die ligte van die kus saans in 'n halfmaan op die water glinster. Miskien is die beroemdste skouspel die Christus-monument. Dertig meter hoog, is dit op 'n berg geleÃ©. In die aand, teen die donker hemel, staan dit met uitgestrekte hande asof dit die hele land bewaak. Dit is die indrukwekkendste toneel wat ek nog ooit gesien het. In Rio is daar ook nog die nagklubs, en die mooiste renbaan in die wÃ©reld. Die palmbome in die botaniese tuin is meer as eenhonderd vyf-en-twintig voet hoog.

Ja,-Suid-Amerika is â\200\230n baie interessante en fantastiese plek. Maar tog het dit veel nadele. Dit is verskriklik warm, die lewenskoste is fabelagtig hoog, en die bevolking is baie gemengd. Dit is o heerlike ondervinding om die land te besoek, maar nie, meen ek, om daar te woon nie.

â\200\224 Elizabeth Fotheringham, 1V.

BEROU

Besig om haar naaldwerk te doen het Aletta du Plessis onder 'n bhoom gesit en dink. Dit was herfs en bruin-geel blare het geval terwyl die vrou gedink het. Haar gedagte het s6 geloop: ,, Mense is s00s daardie blare, klein en onbeduidend. Ek wonder of ek die regte ding gedoen het. Is dit berou of is dit net dat ek verlang?â\200\235 Toe het sy met haar maandoud kleinseun begin praat, miskien sou dit help.

Sy het begin: ,, Jare gelede was ek die moeder van vier seuns. Ons was baie arm. omdat daar 'n droogte was en dit was al wat ons kon doen om ons seuns gekleed te hou. Jou oupa, my liefeling, het daaglik meer bekommerd en kort van draad geraak â\200\224 ons het amper geen blou duit besit nie.

,Â» Eendag het 'n bloedverwant in Frank-

(Vervolg op Bladsy Twee-en-twintig)

Page Twenty-One

(Vervolg van Bladsy Een-en-twintig)

rvk aan ons geskryf en hy het gesê dat
as hy een van ons kinders mag aanneem
die seun al sy rykdom sou erf. Na maande
van getreur en heraadslaging het ons be-
sluit om een van ons seuns af te staan.

.Ek het die twee jongstes, Jan en Hen-
drik, in 'n klein, vuil skippie na Frankryk
geneem. Dit het gereën en storms het
zewoed en my hart was net soos die weer
â\200\224 droef en donker.

.. Uiteindelik het ons die kus van
Frankryk gesien. Die bloedverwant het
ons ontmoet en al was hy 'n iesegrim het

Humor op die

Dit is die eerste skooldag van die jaar.
Op die skoolterrein is â\200\230n rumoerige bende
skoolkinders vergader, wagtende om die
.. Groentjies-parade â\200\235, een van die belang-
rikste gebeurtenisse van die jaar, te sien
verbygaan.

Daar kom hul nou aan, flink mars-
jerend! Heel vooraan kom â\204¢ klein
seuntjie, ingehaak met 'n amper sesvoet-
lang meisie. Op sy kop is 'n vergulde
papierkroon, in sy hand 'n rietjie en om
sy nek â\200\231'n plakaat met ,, Fairy Queenâ\200\235
daarop. Die meisie se klere is almal
binneste-buite en agterstevoor aangetrek;
sy dra een lang swart kous met n wit
seilskoel, een wit sokkie met m swart
skoel, en haar hare is in 'n menigte klein
vlegseltjies gevleg. Verder is die hele
parade ook min of meer soos die twee.

Die skare kinders loop saam met die
parade na die atletiekbaan waar die ein-
like verrigtings plaasvind. Spoedig sien
â\200\230n mens kinders wat rondhardloop en
skree: ,,Hoera! Ek is mal!â\200\235 en klein

hy 'n goeie hart gehad. Na n paar weke
het hy Jannie gekies.

. Toe ek weer op die plaas aangekom
het, het alles anders gelyk â\200\224 daar was
n leë plek aan die tafel en 'n leë plek
in die familie. Miskien is dit omdat jy
so na Jannie lyk dat ek nou so sleg voel.â\200\235
Die blare het nog geval toe sy klaar
was en Aletta het gedink: ,,Die blare
van die boom van mense val net so. Hulle
is klein en wanneer 'n blaas val dink ons
nie daaraan nie. Miskien is die ding wat
ons gedoen het onbeduidend. Maar is dit
berou of nie?â\200\235

â\200\224 Lyndall Findlay, IV.

Skoolterrein

groepies ., groenesâ\200\231 wat demonstreer hoe
daar in Amerika ge-, jitterbugâ\200\235 word.
Ander weer word beveel om skoene te

poets of om groot slukke spesiaal-gemeng-
de. ,, medisyne te drink. Paarlmet met
die belowendste stemme moet weer
., Boegoeberg se dam op die wysie van
.. Drink to me only sing.

Tot die verligting van die ,, groenes
verlos die klok hulle van hul ellende.
Nou is dit weer die ou veterane van die
skool wat paniekbevange raak, want die
,, groenetjies mag mnie in hul huidige
toestand godsdiens bywoon nie. Haastig
moet hulle nou help om klere reg aan te
trek en hare netjies te kam, onderwyl
daar nog vir oulaas geterg en gelag word.

Daar stap die rye nou stil en ordelik
die saal binne. Die ontgroening by die
skool is vir nog 'n jaar verby, alhoewel
daar veel erger vir die ,, groenes by die
koshuis wag!

Karin van der Merwe, IV.

Die Townares

Die klonkie het nou al twee uur lank
op die groot, witgeverfde rots aan die kant
van die pad gesit. Nou en dan het groot,
blink motors verbygegons, maar Zinzela
het hom nie daaraan gesteur nie, hulle
nie eers gesien nie. In die stroois sy
suster Lela op die bed van blare en gras;
sy ly aan siekte wat selfs Indebela,
die toordokter, nie kan genees nie. Dis
nie net Lela wat siek is nie; omtrent
ses ander mense in die stat het dieselfde
pyn in hul liggaam en sommige het slegte
geeste in hulle wat hulle laat skree en
praat met mense wat nie daar is nie.

Zinzela probeer dink hoe hy sy suster
kan help. Skielik vang iets sy cog. Daar
op 'n koppie tussen die bome staan
kraal wat deur almal in Zinzela se stad
vermy word, want daar woon 'n townaers

Page Twenty-Two

van vreemde stam. Sy kan mense gou
gegtond maak as hulle siek is, maar nie-
mand van Zinzela se stam het haar ooit
om hulp gaan vra nie, omdat die mens
wat dit doen deur 'n slegte gees geneem
sal word. Die klonkie onthou die strenge
bevele van sy ma goed, dat hy nooit naby
daardie kraal moet gaan nie, maar . . .
sy het mense genees en as Lela sterf kan
hy ook maar sterf.

Hy pak die bul by die horings en gaan
haastig na die kraal. Toe hy binnekant
die heining is ontmoet hy 'n vreemde vrou
wat hom vra wat hy daar soek. Hy ver-
tel haar alles en sy gaan die stroois
binne. Na 'n rukkie is sy terug en gee
hom vier ronde, wit pille, met die bevel
dat Lela dadelik twee moet neem, en die
(Vervolg op Bladsy Tuwee-en-twintig)

{Vervolg van Bladsy Een-en-twinitig)
ander twee die volgende dag. Hy het
geen benul dat die ghmlaggende, gawe
persoon die heks is nie, en gaan juigend
huis toe.

In die stroois vind hy Lela alleen en
gee haar die medisyne. Hy doen dieselfde
die volgende dag. Niemand kon dit be-
aryp hoedat Lela ses dae later soveel beter
kon wees dat sy rondloop nie. Daardie
aand voel Zinzela gelukkig want die
volgende dag sal hulle weer klei-osse by

die rivier kan maak en met mekaar cpeel
Maar die volgende more kan hy nie
opstaan nie en sy liggaam voel asof dit
aan die brand geraak het. Daardie aand
maak hy sy oâ\202\201 oop en daar staan Inde-
bela, â\200\230Indehela wat net sy tiervel dra as
daar 'n baie slegte gees in die nabyheid
is Die klonkie onthou: ,Zinzela, jy
moet noolt nabw die townares gaan nie,
want dan sal â\200\231 n <legt<â\200\230 gees jou neem en

jy sal sterf .
Barbara Rainier, IV.

YORM III
â\200\231n Pikkenien kom Stad toe

.. Piet het 'n nuwe baadjie aan en
kyk na sy hoed! Dis die nooi se sonhoed!â\200\235
Â»Ja, en kyk wie se ou broek het hy
aangetrek. Dis Baas Jannie sm. En kyk
hoe loop hy met sy neus in die lug en
sy hande in sy sakke. Ai! Kyk hoe
swaai hy as hy lcop. Hy is so trots soos
n pou.â\200\235

Die klonkies staan
gesels in hul rooi komberse.
nien gaan saam met die baas
en is hy nie trots daarop nie!

Hy staan by die motor met een voet op
die trap en wag vir die baas. Daar kom
hy nou aan. 'n Oomblik later is hulle
weg, op pad stad tce. Piet se oÃ© val toe
en hy slaap. Skielik skrik hy wakker.
Wat op aarde is al die geraas?

Daar is motors orals om hom wat al
die geraas maak. Piet kyk na 'n ding in
die straat wat eers rooi, dan geel en dan
groen is. Die geboue is so groot dat hy
nie eers die bopunt sien nie, al rek hy
sy nek ook hoe.

Piet en die baas klim uit die motor.
Piet staan net en kyk. Nooit in sy hele
lewe het hy so baie mense gesien nie;

by die kraal en
Piet Pikke-
stad toe,

daar is ook mense agter glas wat so stil staan.

Die - baas vat Piet in die grootste winkel in wat hy nog ooit gesien het. Hulle gaan na 'n klein kamertjie en skielik begin die kamertjie opgaan. Piet skree en is baie bang en toe die kamer stilhou spring hy soos n sprinkbok uit. Hy staan oopmond en kyk. Dis seker feëland : daar voor sy oë is fietse, poppe, lekkers, meer speelgoed en balle en Piet dog hy droom, maar toe die baas vir hom 'n knipmes koop skyn sy oë soos die sterre.

Hulle gaan weer na die straat en die baas vat Piet nou dieretuin toe. Toe hy die olifante sien, hardloop hy weer na die motor. Hy kruip naderhand uit en loop met 'n oop mond saam met die baas rond om na die diere te kyk.

Toe die motor by die plaas aankom, lê 'n klein pikkenien met 'n gesiggie wat met room besmeer is, 'n knipmes in sy sak, 'n pakkie lekkers in een hand en 'n gesmelte roomys in die ander een, agter in die motor en slaap.

â\200\224 Maud Jefferay, 111

Oor Buurman se Radio . . .

Marie, jy moet my asseblief verskoon as ek nie verstaanbaar skryf nie, maar van vroeg vanmore kan ek niks anders hoor as die gebabbel oor my buurman se radio nie.

As ek vroeg in die more wakker word hoor ek: . Vir 'n skitterende glimlag

gebruik Ipana-tandepasta . Dit laat my dink dat dit nou tyd is om te probeer om 'n skitterende glimlag te kry. Stadig loop ek badkamer toe om my Ipana-tandepasta te gebruik.

Ek gaan terug kamer toe, en daar heers n heerlike stilte. Ek maak my oë toe en raak aan die slaap. Skielik wip ek soos ek skrik. Iemand sê in 'n vrolike stem:

., Goeiemore luisteraars, jul omroeper is David Davies, en ek bied nou 'n plomam van sagte musiek aanâ\200\235

Temyl ek my koffie drink hoor ek: .. Geen koffie smaak so lekker soos Trekker-koffie nie.â\200\235 Dadelik dink ek hoe naar my koppie Nescafé smaak. Ek besluit om 'n pond Trekker-koffie te koop.

As jy my handskrif nie kan lees nie,

onthou asseblief dat die rede daarvoor is
dat ek nie â\200\230n Parker-vulpen gebruik nie.
Ek moet regtig een koop.

Ek wens tog dat my buurman daardie
radio afskakel, anders sal ek miskien alles
wat ek hier het verruil of verkoop . .

By ne s E

Page Twenty-Three

UNE CHASSE A L'ANTILope AU KATANGA

Il est Quatre heures du matin et nous sommes tous prêts à partir à la chasse. Pour voir le gibier, il faut partir de bonne heure sur les plateaux du Biano. Les chasseurs n'ont pas qui s'occupent du gibier abattu, montent dans la camionnette. Mon frère conduit, et pour jouir de l'air frais du matin qui est si délicieux sur les plateaux, je monte derrière, où les boys m'ont préparé une petite place confortable.

Nous voilà partis dans la pleine brousse. Nous passons quelques camps indigènes, où déjà les femmes s'assemblent autour des feux, et les picanines s'occupent tout nus dans l'air frais du matin. Tout est calme, à part quelques cris de *Yambo* pour nous dire bonjour.

Nous sommes bientôt sur les plateaux. (C'est une plaine immense qui s'étend à perte de vue: elle est parsemée d'arbres et de tiges de sources, et c'est là que nous chassons.

Nous envoyons les indigènes dans la tige de source et nous restons à l'affût. A moins d'être amoureux de la nature vierge ou chasseur acharné, on n'a aucune idée du sentiment d'immensité et d'admiration qui vous remplit l'âme, et quoique je connaisse ces endroits où je chasse depuis ma plus tendre enfance, cette impression est toujours la même quand je retourne au Biano.

Bientôt une bête sort, et nos fusils craquent. Les indigènes chantent une mélodie monotone et frappent de petites planchettes de bois, comme des castagnettes. Ce bruit étrange fera sortir les animaux cachés,

Et nos fusils n'arrêtent pas. Une dizaine d'antilopes sont tombés, et les indigènes les ont portés à l'ombre d'un bouquet d'arbres: et tant d'autres passent et bondissent avec une grâce légère au-dessus des obstacles, mais fuyant de peur au bruit de nos fusils.

Pendant que nous étions à Taffit, nous ne nous rendions pas compte que parmi le grand nombre de gibier qui sortait, nous aurions pu être attaqués par un lion, puisque je découvris soudain quelques-unes de ses traces.

Le soleil était déjà bien avancé dans sa course, quand nous nous décidâmes à

retourner à la maison. Nous étions fatigués d'une saine fatigue, et la

camionnette, chargée de notre riche butin reprit la route à travers la brousse. Les indigènes se régalèrent d'avance

de toute cette viande qui leur revenait et
leurs chants rythmés nous accompagnaient
jusqu'à Kiseba, pendant qu'au loin le
son de quelque Tam Tam se répercutait
à l'infini.
Noëlle Porte, Form V.

FROM THE JUNIOR SCHOOL SCRAP-BOOK

The Albatross

Out on the ghostly sea,
Under the new moon,
Silently, silently

Soon the Albatross
Will fly to doom.

Out there the sharks are waiting,
Waiting, waiting,
A-waiting for him !
He is flying over now,
Flying to die !

A low drawn sigh,
And he is dying.

A low drawn sigh,
And he is dead,

Dead is the Albatross.

R. Vincent, Std. 4.
The Sunflower

The little sunflower bright and gay,
Nodded to me as I passed on my way,
To the rippling stream and the mill be-
yond.

Page Twenty-Four

Everything's happy,
Everything's gay !

I'm as happy as happy
As can be to-day.

. Hopkins, Std. 4
Down by the River

Down by the river, far, far, away
Where the beautiful flowers are lovely
and gay,
Yellow and red and pink and blue,
The grass was thick where the flowers
were.

I went for a picnic when the sun was
high

And the bright flowers nodded as the bees

hummed by.

Daddy went fishing and so did I

We caught such a big fish, we heaved a
glad sigh.

My mother and I were walking one night,

When the moon was round and bright.

We saw the flowers all closed up tight,

As if they knew it was late at night.

A. Parkhurst, Std. IV.

CAMPING

One day our guide teacher asked if we would like to camp on the kopje. She said only the second class girls could go. I was thrilled to hear it because I was just ready for a second class.

The next morning we started our journey up the kopje. We climbed and climbed until at last we reached the top, <0 we unpacked our food and had some lunch, which we cooked on our fires.

After lunch we unpacked and put up our tents. We were busy all afternoon preparing things for the night. It was soon night-time so we had our supper and went to bed.

In the middle of the night there was a terrible storm. We all woke up and heard rumblings and saw lightning flashing

THE GAME

When we were in the Game Reserve we had great fun. We arrived there in the evening at five oâ\200\231clock.

That night we stayed at Pretorius Kop. The next morning we got up at five o'clock and drove off in the car. The first things that met our eyes were two baby impala. They were busy having their early morning romp. We then went back for breakfast.

After breakfast we went off in the car again and drove down to the hippo pool. We got out of the car and a native boy

round the camp. Then there was a gust of wind and to our horror, we saw our tent lifting up in the air and blowing away.

We were cold, wet and miserable. Then to our relief we heard a voice we knew, that of our guide teacher. She called to us to go into her tent for shelter. We ran as quickly as possible to her tent. We soon had warmth and a nice bed and soon we were asleep.

The next morning our teacher said we had better not stay any longer because it might happen again. So we climbed down the kopje and went back to school. There was such a lot of exciting news to tell our friends at school.

â\200\224 S. Harvey, Std. IV.

RESERVE

led us down to the pool. There the hippos were lying in the water enjoying the sun. We went back to the car and

drove off again. We spent a pleasant day looking at all the animals and that night I went to bed early.

The next morning we got up, ready to leave for Johannesburg.

It was a boring journey up, but we had had an enjoyable time in the Game Reserve.

â\200\224 D. Hadfield, Std. IV.

AN ADVENTUROUS RIDE

My name is Thunderhead. I am about fifteen and a half hands high, and pure white, with black nostrils, mane and tail.

My master is a boy of eleven, named Ken. We live right in the wilds, on a ranch in the West.

One morning my master came out to my stable earlier than usual. Quickly he saddled and bridled me. Then he brought out a rather heavy bag.

I knew now where we were going â\200\224

for a trip up into the mountains. I was wildly excited and jogged along, pulling at the bit. The sky was grey and overcast and it looked as though there was going to be a blizzard.

We came to the foot of the mountain, and started to climb up. The snow now came down in a thick white sheet, but I struggled on. By about twelve oâ\200\231clock

we had climbed half-way up the mountain so we stopped and had lunch.

On the move again, Ken suddenly gave a loud scream. A very large bird, with a hooked beak, and cruel claws, had swooped down upon him. I snapped at this strange bird who kept buffeting me

in my face. Ken made a tremendous effort and got the bird by its thick, taloned legs.

It was then that I did my bit. I caught

the big bird (which was an eagle) by the throat and shook it. Held in such a position it was helpless. I dropped it, and it lay dead.

Ken, although he was very weak, managed to climb into the saddle.

When we reached home I was given such a good supper, branmash, with crushed beans and a good deal of oats.

â\200\224 D. Bell, Std. IV.

ST. ANDREW\200\231S OLD GIRLS\200\231 ASSOCIATION

During the past year we have been celebrating the Golden Jubilee of St. Andrew\200\231s, and the chief effort of the Old Girls\200\231 Association was the Golden Jubilee Ball at the school on March 14th. This was a very gay affair and everyone seemed to enjoy it. The flower committee did wonders: with the decorations of gold flowers, and the hall was really beautiful. The supper, organised by Gill Dalrymple, and mostly prepared by the committee was a great triumph for all who worked so hard, and the band contributed enormously to the success of the evening. I would suggest to future dance organisers, however, that cabaret turns be omitted in any dance they arrange. They really are superfluous and people don\200\231t seem to want them. 4

The Grandchildrens\200\231 Party, given by the Association to the children of old girls under the age of ten was a very happy afternoon, and our young guests thoroughly enjoyed the pony rides on minute Shetland ponies and the really good party tea to which they did full justice.

This is my last year as chairman of the Association and I should like to say how very much I have loved the work. I

only hope your new Chairman will have as willing and helpful a committee as I have had. Ruth Foley has been an invaluable secretary, and in spite of untold anxiety and bad health during the past eighteen months, has given sterling service to us all. I know you will join in saying \200\234thank you, Ruth \200\235. During her absence in England Marjorie Brebner has nobly stepped into the breach, and has been a most efficient and willing secretary. We are greatly indebted to her.

To Miss Neave and her staff I must say how very much we have appreciated their co-operation and help at all times. They suffered uncomplainingly whilst we were turning the school upside-down for our various functions and always helped us most kindly and willingly.

In conclusion I must say a word of thanks to Mr. Maclean and the School Board for their great help in our building of the Chapel and in all our activities. I trust that it will not be long before we are entirely out of their debt financially.

Thank you all for your loyal support during the last three years.

\200\224 Joan Ross.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Old Girls who have been overseas this year include Connie Voelcker who visited her son Christopher who is up at Oxford and her daughter Jennifer who, after a year in England, has returned with her mother to Johannesburg. Phyllis Beynon has been with her father Mr. Webber, on a trip to England and the Continent. We are glad to report that Mr. Webber's health has much improved since he went away.

Sucan Thompson, Christine Evans, Mary Lou Gray, Pam Marriott, Jane Cook and Pat Mitchell have been in London this summer. Elisabeth Dalrymple is now at Wingfield where her sister Gillian gained her cordon bleu. Heather Bell is still in Malaya as the guest of her aunt and is enjoying an interesting and lovely holiday. Ann Stannard has qualified as a nursery school teacher and is teaching in Johannesburg.

Olga Iehmann is working as a journalist in Fleet Street, Ann Bickford Smith is in Italy designing textiles, Nina Dyer is a mannequin in one of the leading Paris fashion houses. Dawn Toop has passed her L.L.R.A.M. and has returned to

Page Twenty-Six

her home in Natal where she is shortly to be married. Sheena Henny has also recently returned to her home in Johannesburg from a visit overseas. Murrae Richardson was presented to Her Majesty this year. She is returning home for four months, will go to Switzerland for the winter sports and then intends settling in Johannesburg to continue her career in

photography. Ruth Foley is in England but hopes to return to South Africa shortly.

Jackileen Ryan is back in Johannesburg after an extended tour of Europe which included a visit to the Olympic Games in Helsinki.

Among the Old Girls who are now living abroad the following have paid visits to South Africa this year: Margaret Wedderspoon and her husband came out from Scotland for three months at the beginning of the year. Dinkie Leonard Hawkins visited her mother Lady Cullinan in Johannesburg and her daughter Shirley Bairnsfather Cloete in the Cape. May Arthur came out on a visit at the end of last year with her husband and two

(Continued on Page Twenty-Seven)

GOSSIP

Engagements

Maureen Anderson to Robert Standing.
Gelda Cliffe to Julian Wall.

Athol Forbes to Brian Gardner.

Toni Frogosi to John Duffield.

Verna McLean to John Hunt.

Pat Trollip to Peter Graham-Mackintosh.

Marriages

Janette Bovet to Peter Oâ\200\231Kelly.
Merle Cameron to John King.

Isobel Evans to Henry Hunt.

Joy Knott to Ralph Amm.

Joan Marks to Richard Thorne.
Maureen Watt to Denis Yardley.
Barbara Wilson to Neville Hamilton.

Births

Dulcie Bartlett, nee Sharp, a son.

Pam Blundell, nee Brathwaite, a daughter.

Catherine Biesman, nee Simmons, a son.

Elinda Bramwell, nee Freemantle, a
daughter.

Monica Brink, nee Barry, a son.

COLUMN

Betty Burton, Nee Stewart, a son.
Barbara Cawse, nee T'oop, a son.
Heather Emery, nee Wilson, a daughter.
Joyce Foord, nee Fearnhead, a daughter.
Mary Graham, nee Stanley, a son.
Madge Fieldgate, nee Taylor, a daughter.
Joan Holt, nee Frames, a son.
Janet Irving, nee Stewart, a son.
Barbara Jager, nee Graham, a son.
Mary Marais, nee Easton, a daughter.
Jill Maughan Brown, nee Cullinan, a
daughter.
Hope Meikle, nee Pitts, a daughter.
Jill Mills, nee Dadswell, a daughter.
Janette Oâ\200\231Kelly, nee Bovet, a son.
Pam Russ, nee Jeppe, a daughter.
Peggy Sceales, nee Blacklock, a daughter.
Joan Shaw Smith, nee Pitts, a son.
Diana van der Byl, nee Walsham How, a
daughter.
Margot van Eyssen, nee Batten, a son.
Gillian Walker, nee Hudson, a son.
Elaine Weedel, nee Hunt, a son.
Lynette Wessels, nee Pink, a son.
Brenda Yates, nee Crawhall, a son.

OBITUARY

Millicent Pitt, nee Fraser Watson.
to Mr. Pitt and to her daughters Heather and Felicity.

Mrs. Webber, wife of Mr. Webber and mother of Phyllis Beynon and Lulu Hurd, to all of whom we extend sincere sympathy.

Deepest sympathy is extended

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

(Continued from Page Twenty-Six)
children and they intend returning in December of this year to settle in South Africa.

News of one of the Old Girls comes from Siam where Leslie Crook, nee Gazallet, is now living. Her husband, Major-General Crook, is in command of the Military Mission in Siam. Pam MacDonald, formerly Viviers, is now living in Salisbury. Veronica Bishop is now practising as a physiotherapist in Kimberley after receiving her training in Cape Town.

Grace Denham is in her final year at the Natal University. A special mention

must be made of Grace's achievements. She has brought great credit to St. Andrews in her brilliant career at the University. Among her many distinctions she had the honour to be chosen from eleven thousand students to be one of seven members of the National Executive of N.U.S.A.S. The post which Grace holds on the Executive is that of Director of Student Welfare. She is also secretary of the S.R.C., was organicer of the N.U.S.A.S. Congress held in Maritzburg in July, is the local N.U.S.A.S. Director of Research, and Chairman of the Debating Society. She combines with all these activities an outstanding academic career.

Page Twenty-Seven

FIXTURE LIST

Septie2 58 Hriendl yaves KG B S S0 st Rl =g

Oct. 16 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Roedean B. Won 73-26.

Oct. 20 Inter High at Ellis Park.

St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Pretoria. Lost 18â\200\22425.

Oct. 23 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Highlands North. Wor 56â\200\22443.

Oct. 30 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Jeppe B. Won 60â\200\22439.

St. Andrewâ\200\231s Under 15 vs. Jeppe Under 15. Lost 44-â\200\22455.

Nov. 6 St Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Parktown Convent B. Won 65â\200\22434.

Now. 10 Friendly vs. Mrs. Malcolmâ\200\231s Team. Lost 39â\200\22460.

Nov. 13 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. St. Maryâ\200\231s. Won 67â\200\22432.

St. Andrewâ\200\231s Under 15 vs. St. Maryâ\200\231s. Won 45â\200\22436.

Feb. 5 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Roedean A. Lost 47â\200\22452.

Feb. 12 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Kingsmead A. Lost 32â\200\22467.

Feb. 19 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Johannesburg A. TLost 32â\200\22467.

Feb. 26 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Forest. Lost 39â\200\22460.

Mar. 4 St. Andrewâ\200\231s vs. Kingsmead B. Lost 49â\200\22450.

HOCKEY FIXTURES. 1952

May 27th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v Roedean 2nd XI. Lost 1â\200\2240.

St. Andrewâ\200\231s 2nd v Redhill 1st XI. Lost 6â\200\22400.

29th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 2nd XI v J.G.H. Ist XI. Lost 3â\200\2241.

30th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v P.T.C. 1st XI. Lost 1â\200\2240.

June 7th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v Kingsmead 1st XI. Won 4â\200\224a0.

10th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v Redhill XI. Won 1â\200\2240.

St. Andrewâ\200\231s 2nd XI v Assumption 1st XJ. Won 3â\200\2242.

17th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v Jeppe 2nd XI. Won 5â\200\2240.

20th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 2nd XI v Helpmekaar 1st XI. Won 3â\200\2241.

24th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v Roedean 2nd XI. Won 4â\200\2240.

St. Andrewâ\200\231s 2nd v Parktown H.S. 2nd XI. Lost 3â\200\2242.

St. Andrewâ\200\231s 3rd XI v Parktown H.S. 3rd XI. Won 5â\200\2241.

July 8th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v Combined Hilton College and Michaelhouse. Lost

22nd St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v St. Maryâ\200\231s 1st XI. Cancelled on account of rain

.
St. Andrewâ\200\231s 2nd XI v St. Maryâ\200\231s 2nd XI. Cancelled on account of rain.

26th St. Andrewâ\200\231s 1st XI v â\200\234 Fathersâ\200\235. Won 4â\200\2241.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to acknowledge with gratitude the following gifts to the school:â\200\224

Mr. A. G. Webber â\200\224 clock and pictures.

Mrs. Chambers, Mr. Lorraine â\200\224 hooks.

Miss Cheetham â\200\224 pictures and book, â\200\234 Fun with Flowers.â\200\235

Corrigale and Crickmay â\200\224 picture of the school.

Council for Education â\200\224 Â£50 grant for library.

Mr. Fotheringham, Mrs. Sacco, Colonel Stevenson, Mr. Payne, Board of Directors
for most generous gifts to school and staff, of tickets for concerts and entertainments.

Mr. Fotheringham, Mr. Long, Mrs. J. A. Hyam â\200\224 plants for garden,
We wish to acknowledge with thanks the copies of School Magazines sent to us.

PRESENT STAFF

HEADMISTRESS : Miss M, F. Neave, M.A. (Cantab.)

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF.

AFRIKAANS: Mrs. A. E. Weber, B.A. (Wits.), Tvl. Teachersâ\200\231 Diploma.

- ARTS AND CRAFTS: Mrs. D. A. Frerichs, Cert. London Central School of Art.

BIOLOGY AND GENERAL SCIENCE: To be appointed.

ENGLISH: Mrs. G. G. Walker, B.A. (Hons.), London. Teachersâ\200\231 Diploma (Cantab.)

FRENCH : Mme. H. L. M. Colonna, Licenciãe s Lettres Sarhonne. Teachersâ\200\231 Diploma.
Brussels, Doctor of Psychology, Columbia University.

GAMES AND GYMNASTICS: Miss P. E. Jones, Diploma, Dartford Physical Educa-
tion College.

Miss M. C. Macleod, Diploma, Johannesburg Technical

College. Lawn Tennis Assn. Proficiency Certificate.

GEOGRAPHY : Mrs. R. Kellie, B.A. (Wits.), Tvl. Teachersâ\200\231 Diploma.

HISTORY: Miss J. Kenyon, B.A. (U.C.T.), Teachersâ\200\231 Certificate (U.C.T.)

LATIN: Miss F. J. Cardew; B.A. (Hons.), London.

MATHEMATICS: Mrs. E. J. Jackson, B.Sc (Wits.)

GENERAL SUBJECTS: Mrs. S. Laroque, B.A. (Wits.)

DOMESTIC SCIENCE : Mrs. M. de Mestre, Teachersâ\200\231 Degree (Dom. Sc.), Witwatersrand
- Technical College.

MUSIC: Miss B. M. S. Way, L.R.A.M.

Miss L. M. Colwell, L.R.A.M. (Piano and Singing).

Mrs. V. Arnheim, L.T.C.L.

Mrs. R. Baron, L.T.C.L.

Miss A. Walmisley, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. (School Music).

JUNIOR SCHOOL STAFF

Mrs. M. K. Wyche, B.A. (Rhodes).

Mrs. N. P. Norman, Tvl. Teachersâ\200\231 Diploma.

Mrs. F. Fejer, B.A. (T.U.C.), HE.D.

Miss I. M. Brown, Tvl. Teachersâ\200\231 Diploma.

Mrs. G. L. Rolland-Andrew, Tvl. Teachersâ\200\231 Diploma.

KINDERGARTEN.

Miss K. M. Niblock, Higher National Froebel Union Certificate.

Sy

5

s