







St. John's High School

MARITZBURG

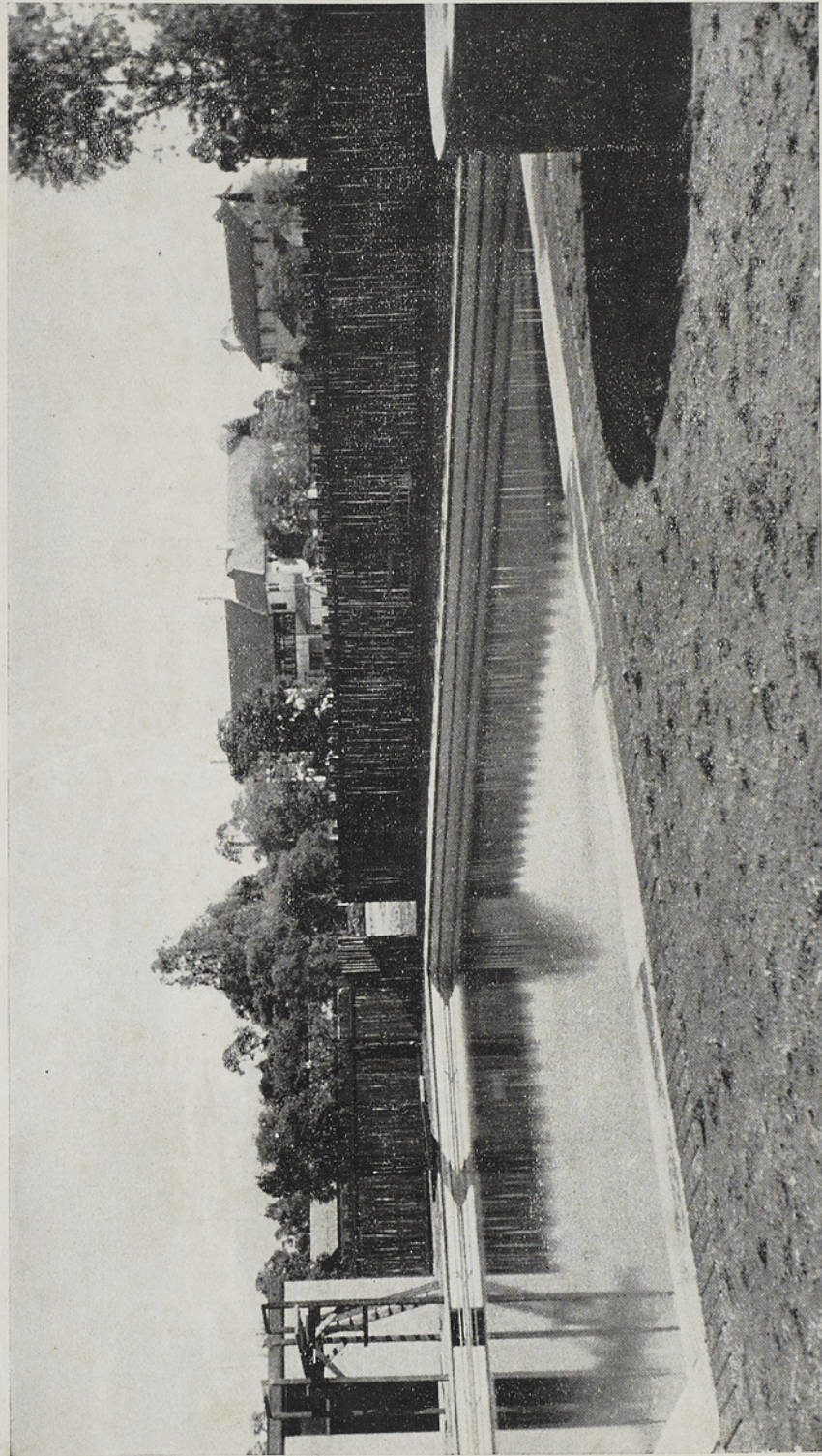
Magazine



Vol. IV.

January, 1939





*The Swimming Bath.*



## Letter to Old Girls.

**M**Y dear Old Girls of St. John's,

Once more we send you our loving greetings for the great Festival of our School Patron.

Many of you have written during the last year, and we need hardly say how greatly we value this means of keeping in touch with you, and knowing of your doings and interests. We shall not easily forget the happy days of the Reunion, when so many Old Girls spent the week-end here—one, being accompanied by her baby son!

All the general news of the school you will find on other pages of the Magazine, but I should like specially to tell you of two things. Our dear Mother Anna who played so great a part in the foundation of our Sisterhood of St. John the Divine, and of your school, has passed away at the age of 94. How she loved St. John's! One knew that there was no detail of our doings too small to interest her. It was Mother Anna and Mother Margaret who watched the School grow up, as it were, from the bare veld, and every stone was precious to them both; we must indeed be grateful to these pioneers for all we inherit, now.

The second thing I should like to write of is the record of another valiant soul, Dr. Herbert Allanson, known to and beloved by us all. Not only was he our School Doctor for many years, but he was also Honorary Medical Officer for St. Cross Orphanage for 27 years, caring for the children there, voluntarily, with the utmost skill and kindness.

May these great souls rest in peace, and may we follow their example of high aim and perseverance—such indeed are the friends of the Beloved Apostle, St. John!

In addition to Sister Miriam, as Headmistress, we have with us Sister Esther Mary, Sister Pauline, and Novice Joan, all in charge of various departments in the House, while the two latter give some assistance in the School.

Our boarding department is very full this year, and the number of Day-girls has increased considerably. One of the greatest joys of our work here—to some of us at least—is our St. Joseph's House. Our little boarders, now, include some school grandchildren, and they form such a happy care-free family; it is a place of real childhood—dolls, dwarfs, and dogs, complete! and not least of all is it a great tribute to our good Nurse-Matron, Miss Baxter, and her assistant, Miss Herbst.

Some of you may have heard by now that we have applied for the Government Grant, and shall probably be constituted a Government-Aided School. This will not entail much change in the working of the School, except perhaps in the matter of shorter holidays (!), and in the fact that we shall undergo the regular official Inspection. This latter we shall welcome as a means of co-operation with the Department, and we feel sure that it will greatly benefit the School.

Any number of you will remember Eva Hubbard, our faithful pantry-maid, who watched over your needs, and over the comings and goings of countless girls and parents and friends for so many years. At the end of last year she felt the need

of a complete change and we bade her a very sad farewell. She has just returned to the Cape after paying a visit to her native island of St. Helena.

Our actual boundaries have widened since I last wrote. We have purchased the strip of land which lay between our fence and the Child Welfare Infants' Home. This was specially done to secure privacy for the Swimming Bath.

Mr. and Mrs. Westbrook, the parents of Esmee, Joan and Shirley, have made a most valuable gift to the School, of a portion of land at Bayon-on-Sea, near Margate. We hope ultimately to put up a cottage on this new school property, and feel sure that it will be an increasing source of pleasure and benefit to us, as the years go by.

It is hardly necessary for me to say what gratitude we feel for such a generous and kind donation.

We have frequent news of Miss Bertram, and are endeavouring at the moment to extract a promise from her that she will soon pay the school a visit. This would indeed be a delight to us all.

Reverend Mother pays us a weekly visit, and never loses an opportunity to keep up her loving interest in the girls and in all their activities. It is her custom to take the evening meal at each table in the dining room, in rotation, and this is a means of her getting gradually to know each new girl by name.

Let me, now, wish you all a very happy St. John's-tide, and close with the assurance of a very warm welcome for any one of you, whenever you have the opportunity of paying the School a visit.

Yours affectionately in Our Lord,

+ BENEDICTA, S.S.J.D.

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## Music Club and Orchestra.

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**D**URING the last six months, musical interest in the School has developed considerably.

At the end of last year Miss Louise Starke began an orchestra. At first there were very few instruments, so it was impossible to attempt anything but light music. This year, however, the number of instruments has increased, so making it possible to help in a concert, on Saturday, 11th March, to obtain funds for a set of drums, which we hope will be here very shortly.

The orchestra owes all its thanks to Miss Louise Starke for all the work and unflinching interest she has shown towards it.

Miss Peckham has started a music club, for the purpose of furthering interest in classical music throughout the School. The club will hold entertainments for its members every month, which should prove very interesting.

BARBARA KNUBLEY, Form VIA.



## Headmistress's Report.

*Extract from Natal Mercury, Saturday, December, 10, 1938.*

ST. JOHN'S School, Maritzburg, closed its doors yesterday morning for the Christmas holidays with a distribution of house and form trophies, which attracted a large number of parents and friends to the ceremony. The function, at which the Mayor, Mr. F. J. Lewis, Mrs. L. N. Fisher, Father St. John, Mrs. G. Pennington, and Archdeacon and Mrs. Rogers were present, opened with a musical programme. The trophy distribution was made by Mrs. G. Pennington.

In the headmistress's report for the year Sister Miriam stated that the most outstanding event of the year had been the opening of the School swimming bath.

"Thirty-two girls," continued the headmistress, "joined a course of lectures organised in the school by the St. John Ambulance Association, which were given by Dr. M. Bronstein, and 11 girls obtained the certificate of the association. We arranged to have these lectures as a part of the Domestic Science course, and I think the experiment has been amply justified."

The sport of the School, it was reported, had been maintained in a satisfactory manner, and an inter-school orchestra had been brought into being.

### DISTINCTIONS.

It was also stated that the Old Girls' Association would in future offer two bursaries in the School. These were designed for the daughters of past girls. In reference to past girls, it was recorded with pride the distinction gained by Irma Rhind in obtaining her Master of Arts degree. Another old girl achieved distinction of being the first bride to have her wedding in the School Chapel. This special privilege was accorded to Molly Lawrence, for many years the school bursar, who was married to Mr. Alec. Carbarns.

Sister Miriam outlined the School's future policy in regard to the Taalbond examinations. "We intend in future to present pupils only for the Laer Taalbond. This is a move springing not from cowardice but from common sense. The Higher Taalbond imposes far too great a strain upon girls in the Matriculation year. The papers, as they are framed at present, can be successfully negotiated only at the cost of an immense amount of extra study, and this inevitably tends to more time being devoted to Afrikaans than is fair to the other subjects. I suggest that girls desiring to take this particular examination should work it up as a special subject after the Matriculation."

Sister Miriam conveyed expressions of regret from the School that this would be the last occasion presided over by the School Chaplain, Father St. John, who was leaving for overseas after a sojourn of 10 years in the Union.

Father St. John replied to the tributes paid him.

## School Chronicle, 1938.

- January 26.—School reopened.
- February 25.—Girls visited the Art Exhibition and were taken round by Professor Oxley. (Loan of Water Colours from the Victoria and Albert Museum.)
- March 5.—The Swimming Bath was opened by Mr. Currie, then Rector of Michaelhouse.
- March 8.—The Chaplain gave a gramophone recital, "H.M.S. Pinafore," in Library.
- March 23.—Mr. Slater South, of Michaelhouse, gave a pianoforte recital at the Training College. A few girls went.
- April 28, 29, 30.—"Macbeth" was acted by the senior girls who were very carefully trained by Miss Abraham, the producer.
- May 7.—Several of the girls went to see "As You Like It" in the Town Hall. It was acted by the Durban Shakespeare Company.
- May 13.—The yearly Empire Competition was held, and G. Cook came third out of thirty in the Junior Solos. The Intermediate section was won by B. A. Henderson, and in the Senior, J. M. Slater took a place.
- May 13, 14, 15.—The Old Girls' Association Reunion at the School.
- May 14.—The Graduation Ceremony took place in the Town Hall. I. Rhind received her M.A. Gown and J. Clark her B.A.
- May 14.—Several girls witnessed the opening of the Pietermaritzburg Airport by Mr. Pirow, Minister of the Interior.
- May 25.—The Empire Day Concert was held in the Town Hall. The Hockey Trials were held at G.H.S. M. Piers was chosen for the S. Natal team, and K. McCalman and I. Smyly were in the N. Natal team. R. Chennels was a reserve.
- June 9.—The geography pupils in VIA and VIB visited the "Witness" Printing Works.
- June 10.—Professor Oxley came to the School and gave a lantern lecture on Cape Dutch Architecture.
- June 11.—A School Musical Evening was held in the Hall.
- June 22.—The girls visited the Royal Agricultural Show.
- June 23.—Some girls went to see 'The Princess' which was put on by the Convent High School, in their school.
- June 24.—VI Form Dance was held in the School Hall.
- July 2.—A wedding was held in the Chapel of Mollie Lawrence and Mr. Alec Carbarns. J. Pope Ellis was the bridesmaid, and B. A'Bear was flower-girl.
- August 12.—The St. John Ambulance Lectures were started in the School. 32 girls.
- August 17.—Senior School watched the British v. Natal Rugby match at Woodburn.
- August 21.—The Hockey Carnival was held at G.H.S. for all the 1st Teams, and at the Standard Grounds for the 2nd Teams.
- September 10.—Miss Potter, the Organising Secretary of Toc H Women's Organisation, addressed the senior girls.
- September 20.—Mr. Havemann conducted Tests in Visual Memory.
- October 20.—Professor Hattersley addressed the School in the Significance of the Maritzburg Centenary, and presented the Centenary maps to the girls.



- October 23.—Centenary week began with various services.  
 October 24.—Girls went to the aerodrome for their flips.  
 October 26.—School holidays.  
 November 2.—Matriculation Afrikaans Oral Examination took place in School.  
 November 7.—Juniors went to see "Snow White."  
 November 10.—Senior girls went to the Armistice Peace Meeting in the Town Hall.  
 November 11.—Armistice Day—Silence in Chapel.  
 November 12.—Old Girls' Association held the Sale of Work in the School Hall with side shows, and in the afternoon the Swimming Display.  
 November 18.—The Trek Wagons arrived in Maritzburg. A team of 12 girls were sent to help in drawing in the wagons.  
 November 21.—Dr. Kidd examined the girls for the St. John Ambulance Certificate. All passed.  
 November 26.—The examination picnic was held at Henley.  
 December 3.—A Gymnastic Display and Country Dances were given by the junior school and a Swimming Display was held in the afternoon.  
 December 5.—The Kindergarten Party was held, and then they had a swim, with "life savers."  
 December 10.—School broke up.

## Trophies.

Form VIA.	Double.
„ VIB.	Double.
„ VA.	Single—for Order.
„ VB.	No Trophy.
Standard VI.	Single—for Work.
„ V.	Single—for Order.
„ IV.	Double.
„ III.	Single—for Order.
„	I and II Double.

## Cups.

INTER-HOUSE TENNIS :	Connaught.
INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY :	Athlone.
INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING RELAY :	Rhodes.
SENIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP :	P. Braatvedt.
JUNIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP :	P. Jones.

## House Shields

### BOARDING SCHOOL :

Senior House :	St. Anne's.
Junior House :	St. Mary's.

## Macbeth.

To ALLFIFTYOFOYOU—

who gave us that lovely feast of colour and flow of speech and three hours of solid enjoyment at MACBETH in April—I want to send this word of parental and personal appreciation.

My wife, who has acted in, and seen, and produced many amateur plays, said it was “the best school play she had ever seen.”

You were natural in your acting, not stiff and starched, you didn’t “declaim,” except when it was the right thing to do, and nearly all the scenes were really convincing.

All this was the more surprising and delightful because I suppose most of you had never known before what it feels like to be a man!

Among so many who did such good work it is difficult to pick and choose, but I think you all agree that “Mr. and Mrs. McBeth” did marvels! And of course we enjoyed Malcolm’s clear delivery. The porter was amazingly realistic, and the witches were almost *too* gruesome. Some little twiddles ran up and down even my old spine, at the cauldron business. They danced a bit too prettily for old women, I thought. The two murderers, I’m afraid, made us laugh, they looked so fearsome and determined. I was impressed, too, by the two tall guards, they and their spears looked so strong, and stern and stately.

That banquet-scene, with the appearances and disappearances of poor old Banquo’s ghost, was almost alarming, so realistic was it.

Balance of grouping, restraint in action, verve in speech, speed between scenes, clearness of diction, naturalness of movement, and vividness of colour—they were all there.

But the thing that, as a public speaker, I admired and envied you the most was your marvellous memories, not only did you all seem to know exactly where to go and what to do at the exact moment—but you all seemed word-perfect, I could hear no prompting at all, and I don’t believe there was any. Congratulations on this, too, to your producer and yourselves.

The costumes were, to a mere masculine eye, simply marvellous. We all appreciated the colour schemes and groupings of the big scenes, and wished some of them were not finished so quickly. It intrigued me to know how the clever lighting effects were being done. The gaps between the scenes were almost too brief, for us to get our breath again, sometimes.

Another thing that impressed me was the clever artistic work of your poster-artists.

You all enjoyed it tremendously—and so did we. We’re glad to know that so much came in for the Swimming Bath—and, if it really won’t spoil your school-work, we hope the Sisters are going to let you do it again in the Town Hall. If it is this coming week, I shall be there.

But I must stop—Thank you—and all the people who trained you, and dressed you, and made-you-up, and encouraged you and helped you in all sorts of ways, *very much indeed*.

LEWIS E. HERTSLET.



## Library, 1938.

### *Librarians :*

Y. Edgcumbe, A. Fike, B. Henderson,  
J. Pope-Ellis, H. Rawlins, J. Thompson.

The Library ran very smoothly last year; there were several books presented, and *Punch* was continued by the prefects. Avonol Norton supplied a magazine, *South Africa*, for six months.

The Girls' School library at Frere supplied the junior library with many books, which were in excellent condition and it is now felt that more books can be bought for the senior library rather than the junior.

More shelving has been added to the Library, which enables us to have more books.

There is now an Afrikaans section in the Library, and it is hoped that it will stimulate an interest in Afrikaans among the seniors.



## The Swimming Bath.

“RAGGED brown carpet, vast and bare, seamed with grey rocks, scathed black with flame.”

The sun had no mercy on that blistering summer's day. As I looked across the hay-field past the gum-trees, and over to the dry, brown hills, quivering in the intolerable heat and exposing a few white-roofed farm houses, I little thought that one day that scene would change completely. That scene, which was so dry, so brown, and uninteresting, where turfs of grass struggled through the scattered shale, and occasionally a grass snake would bask lazily on a cracked rock.

But there was a peculiar change. First there were a few words which sounded wonderful but impossible, then came great enthusiasm followed by fetes, concerts, and sales, later a very progressive step—a carefully turned sod; builders, contractors, pits, shovels, cement and tiles, seem to be mixed together.

Instead of the bare, hot scene we now see a cool expanse of blue-green glistening water. At night we see a silvery trail of moonlight reflected in the dark peaceful water, and when the moon shyly hides behind a cloud the chirping crickets and grasshoppers plunge in with the frogs for their midnight bathe.

“The shadow of the dome of pleasure floated midway on the waves.”

JEAN WESTBROOK, FORM VIA.

## Prefects 1938.



*Top:* V. MEUMANN, M. PIERS (Head Girl), V. BRAATVEDT, D. CLAYTON.

*Bottom:* L. Y. ANDERSON (Head Girl), R. M. MIDDLETON.  
Holding O.G.A. Bursaries.



## Examination Results, 1938.



### MATRICULATION.

#### *Class II :*

D. Clayton, P. Gray, K. McCalman, J. Slater,  
I. Whitclaw.

#### *Class III :*

M. Bamber, P. Bradtvedt, F. Hertslet, V. Meumann.  
Five others have written in the February Supplementary Examination, and we trust they have successfully completed the Certificate.

### JUNIOR CERTIFICATE.

#### *Class III :*

J. Buckley, A. Cowie, M. Cross, S. Edkins, D. Fenn,  
M. Middleton, I. Tatham, H. Sutcliffe.

### MUSIC.

TRINITY COLLEGE—*Senior* : D. Hay.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH AFRICA—*Intermediate* : M. Stead.

*Elementary* : P. Jones.

*Primary* : J. Stead.

In ELOCUTION O. Dale gained the intermediate grade and B. Hughes the preparatory.

In the Royal Academy of DANCING Examinations the results were :

*First Grade* : D. Holt (with honours), E. Davis ; *Second Grade* : R. Stewart ;

*Third Grade* : P. Jones.

### OLD GIRLS' SUCCESSES.

I. RHIND, M.A., has been appointed as a Lecturer in English at the University of Cape Town.

PHYLLIS WRIGHT, B.A., with distinction in English.

KATHLEEN MIDDLETON holds the position of President of the Natal Training College for 1939.

The Examination for St. John's Ambulance was very kindly conducted for us by Dr. Kidd, and he passed every candidate, as follows : C. Wynne, J. Pope-Ellis, I. Tatham, D. Hay, J. Milborrow, M. Stanford, S. Thatcher, T. Harman, M. Stead, Je. Edmonds, H. Addison, C. Addison, J. Thompson, B. Henderson, D. Ward, A. Muir, Y. Anderson, J. Forster, E. Brown, J. Anderson, A. McKenzie, J. Westbrook, P. Gray, V. Meumann, F. Hertslet, K. McCalman, R. Chernells, M. Piers, M. Middleton.

## Games Report.



### TENNIS.

THE tennis this year has suffered greatly owing to wet weather, and there have been very few practices. The team has played keenly and has improved considerably: they are hitting harder and with more accuracy, they are much quicker on their feet, and their court craft has improved. It has been a great help to the team to have Mrs. Gibson and Miss Murray to play with them, we are most grateful to them both for their kindness and help.

Final position in the League: Fourth.

### TEAMS.

#### FIRST VI.

##### First Couple:

P. Braadvedt (*Capt.*).  
M. Piers.

##### 2nd Couple:

N. Minchin.  
H. Rawlins.

##### 3rd Couple:

V. Meumann.  
I. Smyly.

#### SECOND VI.

##### 1st Couple:

D. Clayton.  
R. Chennells.

##### 2nd Couple:

A. Rose-Innes.  
A. Boyd.

##### Colours:

N. Minchin, H. Rawlins.

### FIXTURES.

Training College	v.	1st VIII	Drew on matches	Home
Staff	v.	1st VI	Lost	Home
G.H.S.	v.	1st VI	Lost	32—85 Home
G.H.S.	v.	2nd VI	Lost	37—80 Home
Convent	v.	1st VI	Scratched	



Epworth	v.	1st VI	Won	64—53	Away
Epworth	v.	2nd IV	Won	32—12	Away
St. Anne's	v.	1st VI	Lost	47—70	Away
Collegiate	v.	1st VI	Lost	Unfinished	Home
Wykeham	v.	"A" Team	Lost	Unfinished	Away
St. Anne's	v.	Junior Team	Won	40—4	Home

Senior School Singles Champion : P. Braadvedt. Runner-up : N. Minchin.

Junior School Singles Champion : P. Jones for 2nd time. Runner-up : P. Martin.

Inter House Matches won by Athlone.

# HOCKEY.

There were good first and second XI's this year, as many of them had played the previous season—they combined well, and were strong in both the attack and defence.

## TEAMS.

### 1st XI.

D. Hay.  
R. Chennells.  
N. Blackler  
N. Minchin.  
J. Slater.  
I. Smyly.  
D. Clayton.  
K. McCalman.  
J. Anderson.  
M. Piers (*Capt.*)  
H. Rawlins.  
Y. Edgcumbe.

### 2nd XI.

M. Robinson.  
O. Dale.  
P. Gray.  
M. Palmer.  
M. Middleton.  
S. Thatcher.  
M. Cross.  
P. Wright.  
A. MacKenzie.  
Y. Anderson (*Capt.*)  
P. Braadvedt.  
J. Buckley.  
A. Rose-Innes.

## FIXTURES.

### LEAGUE.

Epworth	v.	1st XI	Won	7—0	Home
Convent	v.	1st XI	Drew	1—0	Away
Wykeham	v.	1st XI	Drew	4—0	Away
G.H.S.	v.	1st XI	Lost	4—6	Home
Collegiate	v.	1st XI	Lost	4—3	Away
St. Anne's	v.	1st XI	Won	5—1	Home

### FRIENDLY MATCHES.

Old Girls' Team	v.	1st XI	Won	4—3	Home
Epworth	v.	2nd XI	Won	1—0	Home
Convent	v.	2nd XI	Won	1—0	Away
G.H.S.	v.	2nd XI	Drew	2—2	Home
Wykeham	v.	2nd XI	Lost	0—2	Away
Collegiate	v.	2nd XI	Lost	3—4	Away
St. Anne's	v.	2nd XI	Drew	1—1	Home
N.U.C.	v.	1st XI	Lost	1—4	Home

At the Hockey Carnival the 1st XI came second and the 2nd XI fifth.

The Inter-House Hockey results were :

Connaught	<i>v.</i>	Rhodes	4—2
Athlone	<i>v.</i>	Rhodes	6—0
Athlone	<i>v.</i>	Connaught	5—2

Total :

1st Athlone	..	..	..	..	11 goals
2nd Connaught	..	..	..	..	6 goals
3rd Rhodes	..	..	..	..	2 goals

### SWIMMING.

The new bath has been a great joy to us all, and all the girls swim almost every day. With so much practice we hope that the standard of swimming and diving will improve tremendously. At present only about thirty girls take swimming lessons, but more are joining after Xmas, and we hope to be able to produce quite a strong team by the time for the Inter-School Sports : the Inter-House Swimming Relay was won by Rhodes.

## Via. As You Like Them.

..DR..LL..N: Come, come, you are too young in this.

J..ND..RS.N: I will no longer endure it.

M..R. B.MB.R: I prithee do, to make good sport withal, but love no one in good earnest.

PH.LL.S BR.DVDT: When I think I must speak.

R.S.M.R CH.NNLS: And your experience makes you sad!

D..N CL..T.N: Sans Teeth!

P..GG G.R.Y: Her very silence and her patience.

F.L.C.T H.RTSLT: If they will patiently receive my medicine.

K.THL.N McC.LMN: I shall never be aware of my own wit until I break my shins against it.

..DR. McK..NZ.: When I was at home I was in a better place.

V.R M..M.NN: A rich man that hath the gout.

M.LDR.D P.RS: And one man in his time plays many parts.

M.RN R.B.NS.N: I'd rather bear with you than bear you.

J.N Mr SL.T.R: Full of wise saws and modern instances.

J.N W.STBR.K: And there begins my sadness.

..S.D WH.TL.W: Weeping and commenting upon the sobbing deer.



## St. John's Old Girls' Association.

### EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

OUR membership now numbers 130 Ordinary Members and 23 Life Members.

The Annual Meeting was held on Saturday, May 15 in the School Library, 28 members being present. Sister Benedicte (*President*) took the Chair, supported by Sister Miriam (*Vice-President*), Miss M. Murray (*Chairman of Committee*) and Miss M. Simkins (*Secretary*). At the meeting it was decided to form sub-branches of the Association in Johannesburg and Durban. Miss Bertram, who unfortunately was not able to attend the meeting, and Mrs. L. Armitage kindly undertook to start them, and we have had most satisfactory reports of their activities.

A Reunion was held at the School the week-end May 13—16. We were sorry not to see more members availing themselves of this opportunity of keeping in touch with the School and other old girls. It was nevertheless a very pleasant and successful week-end. Starting with an entertainment on Friday evening by the present and past girls, Hockey and Tennis matches were played on Saturday afternoon, present girls being victorious in both. The Hockey match was particularly exciting, the present girls doing very well to win 4—3, as there were four inter-provincial players in the Old Girls' team.

The Annual Dance was held Saturday evening, again at the Imperial Hotel, and was voted a great success—the sum of £10 being placed to the Bursary Fund through the generosity of the Provincial authorities.

The Annual Bazaar in aid of the Bursary Fund was held this year at the School. This venture proved a great success, and we were able to add £45 15s. 5d. to the Fund.

We have now £200 on Fixed Deposit in the Bursary Fund and as this is almost sufficient for one Bursary, it was decided at a Committee Meeting to give another Bursary on the same lines as the previous one—so that there will now be a Bursary offered every year. The holder of the 1938-39 Bursary is Yvonne Anderson. Molly Middleton has been chosen for the 1939-40 one.

The following members joined in 1938 :—

S. Carter, G. Dorning, E. Isabelle, J. Johnson, J. Matravers, E. Minchin, P. Nicholson, M. Marshall-Smith, M. Southey, R. Turnley, O. Trebble, M. West, also M. Bamber, A. Allan, M. Robinson, V. Braatvedt, P. Braatvedt, A. McKenzie, D. Clayton.

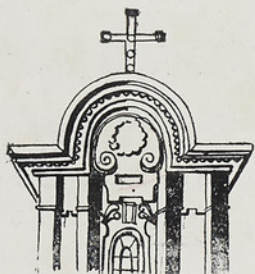
At the close of the financial year the accounts showed :—

Association .. .. .	£14 3 7
Bursary Fund .. .. .	5 8 3
Bursary Fund Fixed Deposit .. ..	200 0 0
Life Members .. .. .	19 6 0
Life Members Fixed Deposit .. ..	50 0 0

## Changes of Address.

- CRONWRIGHT, A. (BRISTOW)—Box 109, Luanshya, Northern Rhodesia.  
 INMAN, A. AND J.—267, Prince Alfred Street, Maritzburg.  
 MATRAVERS, J.—Wendover Road, Maritzburg.  
 POTT, S. (HEWLETT)—The Shieling, White River.  
 ASBURY, J.—270, Loop Street, Maritzburg.  
 GARDNER, A. (HOLMES)—Valley Field, Pte. Bag, Maritzburg.  
 HINDLE, D. (KOE)—461, Kirkness Street, Pretoria.  
 KENNAN, D.—Children's Aid Society, 223a, Fox Street, Johannesburg.  
 WHEELER, N. (MEANWELL)—Box 29, Newcastle.  
 DAVIDSON, M. (MALDEN)—10, Armadale Court, Prince George Avenue, Brakpan.  
 NEWBORN, D.—29, Claridge Court, King George Street, Johannesburg.  
 MOFFETT, J. (NEWBERRY)—Box 1, Gumtree, O.F.S.  
 SPENCER, OWEN E. (PAYN)—Connaught Road, Durban North.  
 PEMBERTON, R.—C/o S.A.I.M.R., Hospital Street, Johannesburg.  
 WILLIAMS, D. (SUTTON)—Box 34, Vrede.

## Chapel Notes.



BEFORE the Magazine comes out, we shall have had the sad experience of bidding farewell to Father St. A. F. St. John who for seven years has been the Chaplain to our School. Only the coming years will show the fruits of all the training he has given the School in the noblest ideal of worship, and of his patient teaching. We can regard the conclusion of his labours here only with the utmost regret, and we most warmly record our appreciation of all he has done for us, and offer our good wishes for much blessing on his future work.

The Bishop confirmed 19 girls on August 22nd. Parents and friends had tea with candidates after the service, and this closed a very very happy day.

Mollie Lawrence was married by the Chaplain to Mr. Carbars in the School Chapel on July 2nd. This was a very special privilege accorded in view of Mollie's long connection with the School, first as a pupil, then as a House Mistress, and finally as our valued and efficient Bursar.

Some new Vestment Chests have been acquired, and these are a great convenience.



## O. G. A.

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### ENGAGEMENTS.

W. Dorning to L. Varty, Esq.

G. Dorning to Mr. Hart.

### MARRIAGES.

Amy Holmes to Mr. Gardner.

D. Sutton to Mr. Williams.

S. Hewlett to Mr. Pott.

H. Lumsden to H. Heard, Esq.

M. Lawrence to A. Carbarns, Esq.

D. Oxley Oxland to Hugh Murray, Esq.

### BIRTHS.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Wauchope—a son (Roger).

Mr. and Mrs. G. Stacey—a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooker—a son.

Mr. and Mrs. King (N. Simkins)—a second son, Edward.

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## To Bonzo.

*(with apologies to Shakespeare).*

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Who is Bonzo? What is he,  
That all the maids ignore him?  
Pugnosed, short, and stout is he  
For fate such looks did lend him  
That he might alarming be.

Is he brave as he is stout?  
For looks by deeds are proven  
Can he e'er a burglar rout?  
Yes, if his house is chosen  
Of his bark there is no doubt.

Then to Bonzo let us sing  
For Bonzo is excelling.  
He excels each canine thing  
Upon this dull earth dwelling  
Let us chop bones to him bring.

PEGGY VOWLES, Form VB.

## The Old St. John's Association, Johannesburg.

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IT was decided in June, 1938, to try and form an Old Girls' Association in Johannesburg, and the first meeting was held at the Victoria Hotel in July.

About twenty Old Girls were present. The meeting took the form of an afternoon tea. Miss Bertram outlined the purposes of the association, which were primarily to enable Old Girls to keep in touch with each other, and to enable them to hear of the continued progress of the School, and to assist the School if possible. It was decided that gatherings would be as unbusinesslike as possible, and to be of a social nature, as it was felt that in this way more interest might be maintained.

Mrs. Manning was elected Chairwoman. She was at St. John's years before the School moved to Scottsville. Miss Byas, an ex-member of the Staff, was elected secretary. The members were asked to do something for the Annual Bazaar, and to try and find out the addresses of any Old Girls not present.

The next gathering was in September at Mrs. Gilbert's home, and quite a large collection of various articles was brought for the bazaar.

Unfortunately the next meeting to be held in December was cancelled, as Sister Miriam was not able to be present, and the gathering was arranged in order that the Association could meet her.

There are numbers of Old Girls in Johannesburg and on the Rand, and may I take this opportunity of asking them to join the Association and come to the next meeting, which will be held, I hope, in May. There is no subscription—you only pay for tea!

D. E. BYAS,

*Secretary, Old St. John's Association.*

25, Abel Road,

Johannesburg.

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## Notes from the Durban Branch of Old Girls.

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THE Durban Old Girls decided at the last General Meeting held at St. John's, that the branch would hold Social Meetings, which would be in no way formal. This means that no minutes were kept of the meetings.

The first of these gatherings was held at Katharine (Lee) Armitage's house, where there were ten Old Girls, most of whom came in Meryl Gilson's car.

Articles to be made or collected for the Durban Stall of the Old Girls' Bazaar were discussed and it was decided that everyone should bring something to make while at the next meetings.



Iris (Houghton) Hood offered her house as the next meeting place and after much transport arranging, thirteen were gathered together each with their sewing, knitting, boxmaking and crochet. A merry evening was spent, with the girls sitting working, round a log fire.

The next gathering was held at Edna (Dorning) Gallier's, where a 3d. Fund was started to buy oddments and novelties for the Stall and 5s. 6d. was collected. The number of members had increased to fifteen and names with addresses were given of other Old Girls in Durban, with the idea of getting them actively interested in the Association.

The last meeting before the Bazaar was held at Esme (Payne) Owen's, where finished articles were handed in. Unfortunately the night was very wet and with no cars available for transport, the attendance was low.

The total amount made by the Durban Stall is recorded elsewhere, but as the writer of these notes, I would like to thank all those who contributed so freely and gave so much time and energy to making our Stall a success. I would also like to thank Meryl Gilson, Gaynor Arbuthnot and Iris Hood for helping considerably with "taxi" work.

If all Old Girls in Durban would make an effort to join in at our meetings and come even once, I am quite sure they would long to come again. Roll up Old Girls!

KATHARINE ARMITAGE,

Phone 61752.

35, Chelsea Drive,

Durban North.

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## Howlers.

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A widow's mite is the child of a widow.

Shakespeare wrote a famous book called "Histories, Comedies and Tragedies."

Laborare est orare—To work is to play.

Modern poets use neither rhyme nor rhythm. This is called blank verse.

The Great Armada sailed up the river Thames with a light breeze blowing, Sir Francis Drake jumped into his little boat, took his torch, and sailed in and out the big Spanish ships.

The Inquisition was the first Prayer-book of Edward VI.

Bismarck was the leader of the Great Trek.

Montcalm was wounded while in a battle and he was packed in a basket and carried by a Huron.

Marie Therese gave Sir Theophilus Shepstone a grant of 16,000 acres of land which helped him a lot.

The Pilgrim Fathers were a number of men who worked together for parliament. They wrote books and poetry and did some paintings of the Sistine Chapel.

## A Seaside Adventure.

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ONE day I went to play with my friend, whose name was Margaret Frazer. After playing a little she suggested that we should go for a row on the bay. And I agreed. So we went down to the boathouse, and asked the man in charge if we could have my uncle's boat. He shook his head and replied "No." We tried to persuade him but he was very firm. "You may have another boat," he said, and he led us into the boathouse and pointed to another boat. "There you are, take that one." With that he walked out.

I looked at my uncle's boat wistfully. It was quite a large one with small oars. It was comfortably fitted and it just suited us. Whereas the other one was too large for us to handle. "Let's take my uncle's boat," I said. "We'll do it no harm." "All right," Margaret agreed. Taking hold of it we pushed it out and clambered into it. Margaret took her place at the oars. I seated myself at the rudder. We pulled out into the bay and round the headland.

We had been rowing for quite a long while when Margaret ceased rowing and opened the hamper we had brought with us. "Here, have a sandwich," she said, passing me one. Suddenly I was aware of a slight bubbling sound, and looking down, I saw a small hole in the bottom of the boat, into which the water was coming. "Look," I cried. Margaret grabbed the oars and started rowing for dear life towards the shore. The boat was slowly filling. Seizing my hat I started baling out as fast as I could. But it was no use. We were near the shore now. The boat was sinking, so I told Margaret to get out and swim for it. Soon my arms began to ache, and Margaret was just the same way. I began to shout, and to my relief someone plunged in and grabbed Margaret and me. It was my uncle. He got us safely to the shore. "So it's you, is it," he said. I stammered my thanks but he cut me short. "You've got to get to bed." He took Margaret and me home, where we were put to bed. "So that was why the man in charge of the boathouse told us not to take your boat," I said. He nodded.

Never again will I disobey grown-up people.

ERICA CHAPMAN, Std. IV.

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## The End of a Film.

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IN a large audience there are always some people who can sense the end of a film long before anyone else. It is these people who begin to grovel under chairs for hats, and their arms appear to stretch right across the screen in their efforts to wrap themselves in big fur coats at the first indication of the last hectic love scene. They are usually the first people up before the curtains are drawn.



Others spring up at the first note of the National Anthem, while still more have to wait for at least three bars to be played before they can collect themselves and draw their minds away from the exotic heroine or the dashing young hero. They drag themselves to their feet and retain that look on their faces as if they belong to another world.

After an enormous amount of shuffling and struggling and pushing and pulling that has gone on right through the playing of the "King" the audience appears to be on the move, but how slowly! There is just one continuous babble of voices and one can catch the often repeated words either in praise or disgust. Here and there are eyes welling with tears, and here and there sighs for things that can never be.

It is interesting to see how an audience transports itself from the seats to the doors. Somehow or other there is always a stoppage at the doors no matter how rapidly the audience has advanced as far as that. It is usually caused by a fat woman who will persist in standing in the middle of the doorway to survey the audience for her small son who has by this time, in all probability, escaped through someone else's legs and is out into the open once more.

It is strange also how one can be detached from one's companion on that short route. Someone will push in between and before very long the companion is about ten people deep away. The advance is made like a solid mass of humanity progressing between rows of chairs. Here and there one solitary figure takes a zig-zag course and cuts its own path through the solid block.

Once into the clearing everything after that is plain sailing. The audience once more breathes in the fresh open air, and at last they can give their varied opinions of the picture they have just seen. It is soon conveyed to the general public that Robert Taylor is "the most marvellous man that ever there was," and as for Garbo "she is just too exquisitely divine."

The first stage in the dispersal of the audience having been reached, the rest of the journey is more rapid and varied in nature. Everyone moves in opposite directions, some hurrying to catch trams and buses, others getting leisurely into their cars and others just walking.

How easy it is to determine people's characters by watching them leave a theatre. There are those who are quite overcome with emotion and weep freely. Then there are those who come away without saying a word, yet they have been stirred to the depths. Also those who are laughing now and appear to have forgotten all about it so soon, even if half an hour ago they too felt that queer lump in their throats.

Just as the doors are about to close who should come puffing and blowing along but the fat old man who was still struggling out of his chair when everyone else had gone. So the doors shut once more, on the scenes of the day's little dramas.

KATHLEEN MCCALMAN, Form VIa.

## A Storm.

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The sky blushed crimson red,  
The clouds hung low, like lead,  
The thunder growled,  
The winds howled,  
The air quivered with sound,  
As the elements tore around,  
The lightning flashed and flamed,  
—A giant tree was maimed—  
The furies grew apace,  
Running a gorgeous race,  
To see which was the greatest,  
And which could stay the latest,  
The sea was flecked and white,  
—'Twas a wondrous sight—  
The waves to the heavens did rise,  
Drowning the seagulls' cries,  
The glory faded and grew weak,  
And to end the tumult did seek,  
And lulled to sleep,  
On nature's breast,  
The Earth again did silent keep,  
And the clouds which veiled the West,  
Slowly passed to rest.

CHRISTELLE ADDISON, Form Vb.

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## Pillarboxes.

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JUST a plain, solid-looking red structure on a street corner, known to all yet noticed by few, but through it all world correspondence passes, and small insignificant little people are the ones to notice it most.

To a tiny child a letter-box is a mystery, an adventure, a quaint gay structure with only a tiny opening, all black at the back. If one was careful the letter could be made to balance on a thin lip and then a gentle push and it would disappear. "Daddy it's hit something." "What's in there, and doesn't letters ever get left behind?" Oh so many questions about a letter-box. Why it is red? Does it end? Queer!

"I'm nearly as tall as our pillar-box," a small urchin stated. Every inch of him was proud of it. Across his nose and cheek dark red lines yet remained; I could imagine him on tiptoe trying "to see inside," trying to see a great mound



of envelopes "like on the *Boys' Own* editor's page." He must have scorned the thrill his little sister had on finding the place where the postman opened it. A little brass square and "when you breathed on it, it went all cloudy, but shone like anything when you rubbed with your jersey sleeve." It slid up and down and left a little keyhole which one would never even guess was there, if you didn't find the little secret panel. What mystery! a secret panel.

There is something in posting letters. A large pile, each one to go in differently; one slowly and another with a rush so that it hardly touched anywhere. The brass plate always made pulling faces exciting. It was not the same at home as there one did not look so fat and short, and eyes never looked like long slits. Hands were so different when pushed against the brass, they really looked exciting. Then again Mr. Pillar-box always wore his coat and hat, but they looked like those worn by the Chinaman in his picture book.

In time children forget the excitement of a pillar-box, and it loses its mystery, but others follow and to them a pillar-box has the same atmosphere of adventure. Adults know that through it pass letters of love and hatred, joy and sorrow, friendship and business, to all parts of the world, near and far, day or night.

ISOBEL WHITELAW, Form VIA.

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## A General Election.

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A GENERAL election is one of those great national events which sweep the country once every five years, and concerns every one who has grown to the full state of manhood or womanhood.

In this strange event the candidate is the one who for months before the fatal day is most in the limelight. He is always making speeches, and is quite convinced and will try to convince you also that he and he alone is the only person who can save your country from total devastation and ruin (modest people these candidates) and any little matter you want rectifying—well he will just speak to the Prime Minister about it. But first of all he must get into Parliament, so all you have to do is to vote for him.

There is also the type of candidate who knows his forte lies with the ladies. He is very suave and his whole personality and bearing are charming. Very gently he persuades his feminine audience to believe that after all he is the only one who ever will do anything for them. We hope that the Prime Minister will give him such an appreciative hearing. The funny part is they all admit that they will vote for him because, "well—he is so charming."

As election day draws near, things begin to get more feverish, eggs and tomatoes become rampant at public meetings, nasty scathing remarks appear in the papers, placards shout at you from all directions whom to vote for—the town is getting quite excited.

Then on the great day, how many hopes are fully realised, how many dashed to the ground. That is left to the discretion of the people. Business is at a standstill,

everyone is rushing to the polling ground. They are a serious minded crowd to-day, as they all realise that the fate of this country is in their hands, and when they slip their little vote into the box, they must feel thankful it is over. Then Mr. So and So, candidate for this constituency, thanks you kindly for your vote. How impatient he must get of saying so, when all the time he must be itching to know what the outcome of it will be.

Think of the triumph he must feel when he hears the good news. Think of the despondency of his opponent, all his money, all his energy, all he has put into it has resulted in failure.

KATHLEEN MCCALMAN, Form VIA.

## A Nightmare.

I SWITCHED off the light after reading a hair-raising thriller, "The Trail of Blood," and tried to sleep. Thoughts flitted through my mind . . . Would Patrick be caught? . . . Had anyone heard Ruth scream. The clock struck midnight as I counted sheep. "Ninety-two . . . ninety-three . . ."

A silver, circular gleam of light blinded me, smoke choked me, yet I was fiercely determined to reach the end of this seemingly-interminable passage. What lay beyond the phosphorescent gleam of silver? What was it? . . . An unintelligible shape penetrated the clouds of smoke, a huge shape that seemed to blot out everything else! I flattened myself against the wall, but still the shape came on . . .

Two balls of leaping, burning fire stared at me, stared through me, till I could bear it no longer. I screamed . . . a scream floated back on the air to me, it froze my blood, terrified me. My feet seemed to be made of lead, but I ran, ran until I sank, sobbing for breath at the mouth of a cave. The shape came after me with those terrible eyes. Gradually, as it stared, it took shape—half man, half gorilla, and leered down at me, revealing a row of sharp, white fangs . . .

A jolt, a thud, and I was across the Creature's back. To struggle only made things worse—his iron grip tightened till I nearly fainted with pain. Where were we going? What would he do with me? My back . . . cracking . . . Dull thoughts flickered through my subconscious mind. Was hell like this? . . . Oh, for a cool draught of water . . .

I hung, tied by my feet to a rope which disappeared into the gloom. The two balls of fire once more approached, burning through the rope, thread by thread . . . A sickening lurch, and I was hurtling down, down, down, into a deep, fathomless void . . . in a minute I would crash on the bottom of this pit . . .

"Your coffee, sir! . . ."—a light tap on my shoulder woke me from the recent horror—I was back in a friendly, sunny world, away from the shape that had haunted me.

MARY CROSS, Form VA.



## The Printing of "The Natal Witness"

TICK-tick-tick-tick, and the words typed themselves on the paper. News from China, news from India, America and England. The news came through into the Tell-X in a code and was corrected and immediately sent to the editor.

This wonderful Tell-X machine enables news to be sent from one place to another at lightning speed. News is phoned to the Post Office, and they send it to the Witness Office by means of this amazing machine.

The editor wrote the news in an attractive style and sent it to be transformed into lead type. The linotypes, wise looking machines, somehow sorted out the various letters and formed them into words. The keyboard is very similar to an ordinary typewriter, but they are much more complicated, and the actual machines are infinitely more intricate.

These words were then made into sentences and paragraphs by men who seem only to be able to read mirror writing. They also set the type into great lead blocks which were placed on a machine one by one, covered by a damp blotting-paper sheet, a felt cloth, a thick rubber sheet and finally a sheet of copper. This pile was then slid under a terrifically powerful mangle, the pressure of which was two hundred pounds to the square inch. The great pressure upon these sheets caused the lead moulds to make a deep impression into the blotting sheet.

After this sheet had been dried by hot air it was placed in a semi-circular cylinder. Boiling lead was poured into it and left for a few minutes to cool. This lead filled all the impressions and formed the new semi-circular sheet of paper to be.

The edges of this sheet of lead were cut off by a very powerful blade. During the whole of this process it was gradually cooling. Another intricate machine, controlled by one man, chiselled out all the raised pieces of lead. The smaller pieces were removed by hand chisel. These pieces were removed in order to emboss the letters and words.

Eight sheets went through this process and were finally put onto the rollers of the gigantic printing press.

There were five miles of paper rolled into huge rolls each weighing three tons. The paper was led through, the machine roared. Advertisements chased one another, across the vast expanse of paper. A lady smiling a McLean tooth paste smile chased another one round and round the rollers.

The sheets met, were folded and cut all in an instant. Piles of papers followed each other into the grate, at the rate of about sixteen thousand an hour.

All this work, rush and bustle till the early hours of the morning, and then at breakfast time, "Anything in the paper darling?"—"Absolutely nothing."

FELICITY HERTSLET, Form VIA.

## Our Heritage.

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THE veld lay cold and still under the dim light of morning, and Nature still slept, waiting for the first rays of the sun which would bid them open their petals to the rising day.

The first rays radiated in to the sky, lighting up the grass which was covered with sparkling dewdrops. As the sun rose higher in the pale blue of the morning sky, all the hills shone, like the great tall trees which had been transformed into towers of silvery tinsel. Spider webs wove in and out of the bushes and glistened forming small intricate patterns like lace curtains.

There was no hurry; everything shone and glittered from the tall dark trees to the dainty flowers and feather grass which danced and played in the light of the sun. Nothing disturbed this peaceful quiet; no groaning trams or barking automobiles, roaring lorries or lumbering waggons. No shrill voice was heard screeching out the deeds of warlike nations. There were no thin, pale and blue-lipped scraps of humanity running along the ground, scratching up nourishment for their frail starved bodies, but this scene made by Nature was free from cares and troubles of this world of selfish, grabbing and greedy men. This was God's world here—the world of Nature, with no sound to jar the beauty of its still silence.

The heat grew heavy and all the valley lay baking in the scorching sun, but there was still the night to come and

“When the light rode high and the dew was gone  
And the noon lay heavy on flower and tree  
And the weary day turned to his rest  
Lingering like an unloved guest  
I sighed for thee.”

So on crept the night till at length the sun sank under one of the rounded tops of a hill.

This is all ours, ours by heritage and yet we do not live here among beauty or Nature. If we lived there we would tear up the feather grass, cut down the lofty pines to lay down a road where the noise would frighten away the little songsters and the furry rabbits would scurry away from the racqueting screeches and buzzing of our world.

But some still can enjoy this pleasant sleepy valley, while others will miss the beauty which God has given us as our heritage.

HAZEL M. C. RAWLINS, FORM VI.B.



## A Wedding.

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THERE was a great confusion in the kraal—a herd of unbranded cattle had just been driven in. Instead of answering Lidia's questions Rampia sent the young girl to fetch water for the travellers.

The sun was setting ; the mountains were turning purple from a dark blue when Lidia walked away from the kraal, with a clay pot on her head.

She was a youthful, smiling girl with a rather handsome face. Her thoughts were at the kraal. Her eyes were puzzled. Why had her father sent her away ? Gradually, as she walked down the path her face softened, and her eyes became dreamy. She wondered where Mosapa was. He was the hero of the neighbouring village. He would be a very kind husband. She would give a great deal to the gods to know whom he would take for his wife.

By the time she had reached the fountain, it was rather dark. Suddenly, from between the reeds jumped three men. One, oh ! she could never mistake him. She screamed and shouted and scratched and kicked. Oh ! could Mosapa really be running away with her. How wonderful. She must not forget to fight. She at last seemed absolutely exhausted and could only moan. This was at least the best piece of acting she had ever done. They dragged her roughly to her feet. Who could the other two men be . . . She listened with closed eyes. Mosapa was giving them instructions to bring his horse. They must be friends of his. They pulled her towards the horse and Mosapa said he would beat her if she did not get straight into the saddle. Those were the first words he had spoken to her this evening. Was he not kind ? He had not really hurt her and he was running away with her, not that girl in his village. What would her father do ? She had opened her eyes when this thought came to her and found herself sitting in front of Mosapa and nearing his kraal.

He smiled at her and asked what she was worrying about. "Father ; and the cattle." You were supposed to speak very softly and timidly when someone had just run away with you. "Oh that." He laughed loudly and swayed about on his horse. He beckoned to his two friends and told them and they all began to laugh uproariously.

"Oh that," he said again, wiping the tears from his eyes. Then he told her that the cattle she had seen when she left the kraal had paid for her, of course she was not worth them. But he knew, she would like to be like her mother and have someone to run away with her, being the dreamy, worthless girl he had bought, and what a great deal of cattle he had had to pay for her. Yes, she was his wife and would have to work hard for him.

## News of Old Girls.

- X ALDER, M.—Is doing journalistic work in Durban.
- ALEXANDER, E.—Has written frequently, and will shortly take up her Nurse's training at Grey's.
- X BELL, I. (HIME).—Visited the school last year with her little daughter Diana.
- BUCKLEY, M.—Principal teacher at St. Margaret's Industrial School, Matatiele and liking her work very much.
- BUCKLEY, N.—Has been transferred from Maritzburg to Ixopo High School.
- BELLEW, M.—Is on the staff of Girls' Collegiate School, Maritzburg.
- BLACKLER, B.—Is to be married at Easter.
- BROOKER, M. (HOUGHTON).—Margaret and her husband and family of two small sons spent a holiday in Durban with Iris in August. She and her baby returned to Grahamstown by plane. She now has a third son born in March.
- BOURHILL, H.—Thoroughly enjoying life in Pretoria. Was assistant to the Professor of Geography at Pretoria University, and is now doing printing and photography at the Iron and Steel Works, six miles out of Pretoria.
- BARRETT, G. (LLOYD).—Writes that nothing eventful has happened to her during the past year. We should like to see her at some Old Girls' meetings!
- BENNETT, H. (BROWN).—Visited the school last year with two little ones, Jennifer Jane and Christopher.
- CRONWRIGHT, A. (BRISTOW).—Has left Cape St. Francis and has since been moving about quite a lot, just visited Swakopmund, S.W.A., then Rhodesia and now on to Northern Rhodesia.
- S. & D.   
 X CHAPMAN, D.—Is married and is living in England.
- CHENNELLS, H.—Is now the Games and Gymnastics Mistress at Girls' High School, Maritzburg.
- CHENNELLS, R.—Completes her Domestic Science Teacher's course in June. Has been very happy in Johannesburg and successful in her exams.
- COLLIER, W. (GOLDBOURNE).—Is a very reliable conscientious member of the committee of Old Girls' Union.
- CATHERINE, J.—Has left the Southern Assurance Co., and is working.
- DAVIS, AU.—Teaching in Maritzburg.
- DAVIS, AL.—Also living in Maritzburg.
- X DRUMMOND, B.—Teaching in Durban; comes home for the week-ends.
- DON-WAUCHOPE, I. (HODGES).—Has a small son Roger.
- DE VILLIERS, E. (GORDON).—Living in Bulawayo.



TAYLOR, J. (DREWE).—Was married recently and is living in Kokstad.

DORNING, W.—Engaged to L. Varty and is to be married at Easter.

HUDSON, E. (DOWN).—Spent most of 1938 in Durban, chiefly for the sake of her small daughter, who is not very strong.

ELLIOT, N. (VAN DE RIET).—Leading a busy life in Kokstad ; has a son and daughter.

FORDER, I.—A most energetic saleswoman at Old Girls' Association Bazaars !

FORDER, P.—Still working in the bank at Dundee. She has just returned from her leave which she spent in Johannesburg and much enjoyed.

GLASSE, T.—Is going to Johannesburg Technical College to take up Nursery School teaching.

GILSON, M.—Has left her job ; she acted Secretary of the Durban Country Club for three weeks which she found interesting and entertaining. She is now back on the farm.

HARMAN, C.—Is at the General Hospital, Pretoria.

HEWLITT, S. (PORTS).—Since marriage has been living at White River.

✓ HOLEY, B.—Is House Mistress at the Durban Girls' College.

✓ HOLLEY, P.—Living in Durban. Keenly interested in Art.

HOLMES, A.—Was married in April.

✓ HOOD, I. (HOUGHTON).—Has settled in Durban where her husband has a practice. She lives in a most attractive house on the Berea.

INMAN, J.—Is very busy being Secretary of Overseas Settlement for British Women and also being assistant secretary at Country Club.

I'ONS, H. (GLASSE).—Has another son—Rodney.

I'ONS, M.—Now a fully qualified nurse.

JONES, C. and M.—Had a marvellous trip overseas last year and went to the Coronation and Buckingham Palace Garden Party.

JONES, M. and J.—Visited school while on holiday in Natal. They both played hockey for East Griqualand again and went to Bloemfontein.

KINGSLEY, M. (B. BROKLEBANK).—At present touring in Scotland with British Film Star Doubles Co. in Variety. Doubling for Gracie Fields ; played in Dundee, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Glasgow.

CARBARN, M. (LAWRENCE).—Was married in the School Chapel in July. She is now living in Springs where her husband has been transferred. Very thrilled with her new house.

LYNE, B.—Is still at Magut housekeeping for her father. We are glad to hear she has quite recovered from her recent riding accident, when she dislocated her hip.

LUMSDEN, H.—Was married on December the 10th to Mr. Heard. She is now living at 19, Ashford Road, Parkwood, Johannesburg.

MEUMANN, R. (TREBBLE).—Was in Durban recently with her small sons, and she saw I. Hood.

MCCALMAN, P.—Has left Groot Schuur Hospital. She is now at City Hospital, Cape Town. Kathleen is being temporary assistant in a Kindergarten until she goes nursing at Groot Schuur hospital at the end of March.

MCDUGALL, E.—Still very busy with her work. Is hoping to have long leave at the end of next year and if so will probably go to New Zealand.

MARAIS, J.—We hear of her being in Durban and seeing I. Hood.

MOULTRIE, N.—Working in Matatiele.

HOJEM, M. (MARAIS).—Has a successful Nursing Home in Maritzburg.

MARTIN, J.—Has returned from a trip to England.

X GILLET, J. (MOGGRIDGE).—Lives in Durban and works hard on various committees.

MURRAY, E.—Has just returned from a wonderful holiday overseas. Has been visiting England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Sweden and finishing up with the Winter Sports in Switzerland.

MOXHAM, B.—Teaching on a farm school at Zwartberg. Recently visited the school.

NICOL, E. (CAMPBELL).—Comes into Maritzburg fairly often, she has two lovely children.

NICHOL, M.—Working very hard at N.U.C. Taking B.A. at the end of 1939.

X NORTON, A.—Working in Durban and has enjoyed meeting many other Old Girls living there.

ORR, E.—Lives at home and does private nursing.

OXLEY OXLAND, D.—Had a six months' trip overseas with her father. Was married to Hugh Murray in January.

PATTISON WHEELER, N. (MEANWELL).—Now living at Newcastle.

PAVEY, I. (MRS. RITCHIE).—Living in Ladysmith and liking it very much.

X PAYN, E. (MRS. OWEN).—Living in Durban North.

PITCHER, J.—Is head typist in the Witwatersrand Consolidated Exploration and Finance Co. and finding the work very interesting. Is looking forward to paying Natal a visit in May.

ROWLEY, J.—Has been staying with I. Don-Wauchope and helping with Roger.

RAW, D.—Is engaged to Douglas Pennington. Is going for a three months' trip overseas: returning in July when she is to be married and will live at Michaelhouse.

RHIND, I., M.A.—Passed her teaching diploma with distinction at N.U.C. and has been appointed Junior Lecturer at Cape Town University.

RAWLINS, H.—Working in the Transfer Department of the New Consolidated Gold Fields. Spent a very enjoyable three weeks at Qolora in the Transkei. Has enjoyed meeting other Old Girls at the meetings in Johannesburg.



- X SILBURN, S. (WATSON).—Now has two children and is living near I. Hood in Durban.
- SALMOND, S.—Has just obtained her M.B. Bch. degree and is hoping for a hospital appointment.
- SALMOND, J.—Just had a marvellous four months overseas with two friends. Writes most interestingly of extensive motor trips through England, Scotland and Ireland.
- X STRACHAN, L.—Has returned from overseas and has a post in Durban with Dr. Kerby (Radiologist).
- SOUTHEY, P.—Is teaching at Howick. She played hockey for Natal at Bloemfontein.
- STANFORD, C.—Is taking her Fine Arts Degree at N.U.C.
- KILPIN, S. (STANFORD).—Is living in Germiston. She has a small son, Brian. She hopes to take him to East Griqualand in April and then fly to the Cape for her husband's leave.
- SHORE, A. (CORRIS).—We were sorry not to be able to welcome her to the Old Girls' Association Reunion. She was at that time recovering from an operation.
- SPOONER, B.—Is living at home.
- TEDDER, A.—Living in Zululand, and hopes to be married this year.
- TREBBLE, O.—Ottley writes that they have had Ruth and her baby daughter staying with them. Joan was also home for her holidays. She has a job in a Private Nursery School in Pretoria.
- THORP, A.—Had a most enjoyable trip to England last year with Mary Lloyd. She was married on 3rd March to A. A. Kennedy.
- HILL, P. (TALBOT).—Has a flat in Johannesburg and is enjoying life.
- TALBOT, J. (ABRAHAMSON).—Sometimes pays visits to the school. She nursed Dr. Bews in his last illness.
- X UMPARY, W.—Nursing at Berea Nursing Home.
- WINDER, J. (KEAN).—Has entrusted the education of her small daughter, Shirley, to us.
- WEST, M.—Secretary to the head of the Engineering Department in Stewarts and Lloyds in Kimberley. Longing to pay St. John's School a visit.
- WOOD, E.—We are very glad to hear that Betty has now recovered from her operation.
- WESTWOOD, D. (POTTER).—Is now living on a farm near Byrne, and runs a farm school for her four children.
- WOLFAARD, O.—Married and has just had a daughter.
- WROUGHTON, M. (RYMER).—Visited the school lately and took her husband and two jolly little ones round on a tour of inspection.
- WILSON, RUTH.—In the throes of exams at Guy's where she is training in Massage. She finds London very distracting with its many gaieties and attractions.

## A Day in my Life.

By A Dog.

I AM a Scotch terrier called Laddie. We have a cat which I chase every day. But I'll tell you what I do every day.

To-day our cat annoyed me rather more than usual. Fluffy its name is! Soppy, isn't it? Well anyhow, this cat drank *my* water, ate *my* dinner, slept in *my* kennel, and I don't know what it didn't do! As if it didn't have its own things! Oh! well, I suppose I'd better not hurt the poor darling. Went for a walk with my pal Scamp. Came back again. Master wondered where I'd been. That cat again! In MY chair! Suppose I'd better lie on the floor. Ah! here come Dick and Babs from school. Now for some fun! Then! Marvellous fun! Run in the garden, lovely time! Here comes that cat. Always here to spoil the fun! Never, never, out of the way! Here comes Babs with the cat. What's she going to do? What! want *me* to make friends. All right Babs, for your sake I will.

Now that cat's reformed. Never drinks my water, eats my dinner, sleeps in my kennel, without permission from ME. But Babs says, I ought to let it always do those things. So I think I will. And not let other dogs hurt her so just for now I will. It's very nearly bed-time so I had better say "Good-Night," and let it sleep with me.

And that's a day in my life, and it's been a red-letter day.

P. GOWANS, Std. III (9 years).

## Acknowledgments.

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