

No. 38.
AUGUST, 1923'
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November 1922—June 1923.

The chief event since our last issue is the beginning, continuing and finishing (?) of a new St. Katherine's House. It is built on what was erstwhile a desolate corner of the grounds of which our well-wishers used to complain as the first to meet the eye of a visitor to Roedean. This corner, popularly known as the wilderness and mainly inhabited by wild cats, is now transformed. A beautiful courtyard surrounded by pillared cloisters, is flanked on the east and west in the upper storey by two large dormitories, sunny all day, with windows to the east and west, and one of them is also open to the north. On two sides over the cloisters run two wide balconies, and at the end of the dormitories and on the connecting side of the courtyard are the bathroom, linen rooms, matron and house mistresses' rooms, &c. Beneath round a central grass plot we have grouped class rooms, a drawing room and other living rooms. The whole effect is very pleasing.

The new St. Katharine's can scarcely have said to have been finished, though inhabited, before a new 4 fold ' for the Lambs has been begun, into which we hope to migrate in the September term. It is not as yet very far advanced, but it holds among other things, a very large room with windowed bays which is to be the girls' very own for their leisure hours and the pursuit of their hobbies* The walls of this are already up, and we can imagine what a beautiful room it will be. The name for this room has been much exercising all our minds—and the Heads have been vacillating between Scholay and Gaudium, both of which appear to them appropriate and distinctive.

We must congratulate Miss Jones, much as we miss her, on being selected out of many candidates as the Head of the new Parktown High School. As is to be expected, the new School is going with a swing—and we are proud that another member of our staff, Miss Moore, did a good deal of spade work during the first term as Miss Jones' deputy while the latter was on leave in England, We shall feel a great interest always in the progress of the school.

We welcome Miss Maude (History) and Miss Price (French) an old Brighton Roedeanian, oil to onr staff, also Rhona Gre-

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gory, who has returned to South Africa after a year at Bedford College, and taking Honours Moderations in Mathematics at Oxford. ■

In the December Matriculation we secured 6 passes, and one who passed in the three subjects oi a higher grade necessary as the first step towards the advanced five subject matriculation, and one more who passed all her subjects and failed only in the aggregate. In the College of Preceptors we gained 19 passes and 4 honours. * u

Our music work has gone on with marked success and though we much miss Miss Gadsden personally, Miss Goch of course sees to it that we do not look back. We are looking forward to the advent of Miss Clendinnion, another friend and fellow student of Miss Goeh's, next term. Miss Clendinnion is a brilliant pianist, and has taught for nine years at Roedean, Brighton, with marked success. —

At our recent examination of the school by Mr. Connell, he told us our standard of playing was quite above the average of schools. We are entering two candidates for exhibition this year. As regards sports we enjoyed a profitable season of La Crosse last term and have been successful with our hockey this term. 'Our position in the league is of course not as yet settled on going ito press but so far we have a chance of tying with the leading

-team. We have however two more matches to play.
We are glad to say we have been able to construct a third tennis court through the generosity of present girls and their parents, and we hope our tennis will benefit by it. Tho mothers of girls have been kind in coming to play with us, but generally manage to give us a beating. The general verdict is we play in good style, but somehow we do not manage to win the game ! Time and practice however will make us more certain, and in the meantime we note an aptitude for athletics among the girls which promises good tennis in the future.

Examination Results.

Matriculation. Class II.

J. Pomfret.

Class III.

E. Lloyd N. Sheridan

H. Beare.

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M. Barlow P. Crosby

School Leaving Certificate. Class III.

M. Goldsbury.

College of Preceptors.

Preliminary.

Honours.

C. Hutton L. Mundel

Pass.

A. Lezard E. Murray M. Roberts R. Selby

Margery Barry M. Hallamore B. Hodges N. Houthakker Irene Kanthack

Junior College of Preceptors.

Mary Barry Y. Carlyon

B. Carter

E. Hawarden N. Hemphill

Pass.

M. Hubbard M. Morisse A. Sneddon J. Stephen A. Gibson

M. Reading

R, Lloyd J. Pomfret M. Pritchard

M. Otley K. Solly

C. Wolf

A. Sneddon T. van Boeschoten

F. Barry N. Sheridan J. Stephen M. Morisse

School Officers

Senior Prefects.

I. Dearlove

School Prefects.

E. Healey M. Frew M. Downie

House Prefects.

G. Alderson

G. Cecil

I. Kanthack K. Graham M. Cleland Mary Barry S. Hart L. Joris

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Sub.-Prefects.

I. MacDonald H. Rose-Innes

B. Smith M. Mackintosh

L. Mundel S. Davies

M. Pyles */ B. Murray
 M. Mendelsohn *7 G. Guinsbersr
 P. Hubbard A. Gibson
 N. Houthakker M. Beaton
 N. Hemphill M. Roberts
 G. Sneddon E. Taylor
 P. Barry V. Walton
 N. Goldsbury C. Hutton
 B. Beare P. Wilson
 A. Sumner B. Phillips
 E. Hawarden D. Webb
 A. Normand A. Turner

News of Friends

• +u^>ei?ia^S mos^ important thing to chronicle in our news the advent of five new grand children since our last issue » On the 25th January Tru van Delden (née Brehm) presented us with a new grandson John Frederick of whom her people are intensely proud, as he is the first in the family. We hope he and his little ill manage to come to our next November party. Daqmar Scholtz s little “ Margaret ” (Miss Saise’s godchild) was born at her grandmother s (Mrs. Gilfillan's) house on March the 14th and we much enjoyed witnessing the christening on April 22nd! Just one day earlier on 13th March was born the son of Kathleen McIntosh (nee Power) in Natal, named Charles Stuart and we thank Kathleen, Dorothy and Mrs. Power for their delightful letters of which more elsewhere, and Kathleen for two Snapshots of tiny Charles. 1

Norah Auret's little son Anthony Tancred was born on Good Friday just a fortnight before the arrival of John Christopher Wagner the son of Ida Wagner (née van den Berg). Both John

u T^uy are e attractive little boys and their parents are ^dt do%ed)COng ratUlated (n0t 10 menti^ n theirSrand Parents real

Many of the letters we have received have centred round Foundation Day> when we had a record S.A ORA about 70 old girls Christa Fanre, who to ot de%hTman^ this year to attend writes how much the prefects made her^el at home. She tells us she means to get in touch with members

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of the S.A.O.R.A. in Pretoria, and we hope we may have some meetings over there sometimes for those who are not able to come to Johannesburg. Cecily FitzPatrick was disappointed again of coming, and did not even get her invitation in time to answer it, being away from Amanzi with her mother. The news from her is exciting, as she tells us she is engaged to Jack Niven 4 a really truly Roedean engagement ’ as she says. We heartily congratulate both him and her. They are awaiting the return of Sir Percy before settling anything about tne wedding, He and Oliver are making an extended visit to England and America which has lasted from last July, and they are not expected back until May at the earliest. We fear that Sir Percy is as usual over working and Oliver has also done wonders. Cecily is riding at the Agricultural Show at TJitenhage in the 4 Country Ladies Riding Competition,’ but with proper spirit refuses to enter her two horses as only ‘ men ’ are allowed to ride them !

Moir Slater has been asked by Miss Columbine to undertake the work of House Mistress in addition to her musical work at the Girls’ Collegiate School, Maritzburg, in the place of another mistress who is suffering from a break-down. She likes the work very much and we congratulate her on her being put into such position of trust. She bad a glorious week end motoring to Durban to see the M.C.C. match in the middle of February, a well deserved interlude in her absorbing duties. Helen Beare writes from Kuruman that her pass in the Matriculation was to her a delightful surprise —she tells us that they have had good, though somewhat belated rains, and sends us many good wishes especially for Foundation Day, but we should like to hear more of her future plans.

From England we have had many interesting letters. Joyce Raleigh writes very happily from Queen’s College, London. She finds her secretarial work very interesting, and is also continuing her general subjects, so her time is fully occupied. She misses her father and mother and the Greigs very much, but is not entirely alone ; as her brother, who has finished his course at Oxford, is doing a year’s practical work at a Gas works near Woolwich. When writing she was looking forward to a delightful holiday of winter sports in Switzerland, which reminds us that in the course of an interesting and full letter from lima Marx which we received last month, she tells us that both Mr. Spencer and Audrey were laid up as the consequence of a slight skiing accident at tiie winter sports, but we are glad to hear that no serious damage was done. Audrey is now with her mother in London studying singing. lima herself writes from Cannes,

where besides having a most delightful and interesting time she is doing serious musical work and meeting with a large measure of success. She created quite a sensation on Christmas day, when

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she sang "Come unto Him" from the Messiah and was recalled twice, singing "Rejoice greatly" from the same Oratorio and "Hear ye Israel" from the Elijah. From this she was engaged for a concert at the Cannes Literary and Musical Society where she attracted the attention of a musical critic from America. Her next appearance was at a classical concert at which she got an excellent notice from a French critic who spoke of "La magnifique organe qu'elle possède." At a subsequent recital she enchanted an Italian critic who pressed her to come to Milan, where he has offered her many introductions, and she was divided in her mind whether to go there or to America next, where through the American critiques she has had every hope of getting an engagement—and has introductions to influential Americans.

Before going to Cannes in December she gave a recital in London, for which she got good notices in spite of the disadvantage of a bad cold. In spite of hard work she has managed to get in lovely motor drives, and a good deal of gaiety, including two Battles of Flowers. She has decided on a tour through Italy at all events and will return to London in April. She loves to think that Roedean has again a Marx in the shape of her small niece Betty.

From Alice Ritchie we have the tantalizing news that an interesting epistle anent the League of Nations was written and lost and she does not offer to rewrite it! She writes to us concerning Bertha James, an old Roedeanian of Brighton, and a Newnham friend of Alice's, who is nobly doing her best to fill the void Norah Acheson creates by leaving our secretaryship for a post in Rhodesia which has the joint attractions of non residence, the neighbourhood of a brother, and excellent remuneration, on all of which we congratulate her. We, too, are to be congratulated, we think, on the acquisition of Bertha who besides Alice owns Bella Moss as her close friend and thus seems scarcely a stranger. Guenn Newnham writes from her new house, of various newspaper articles that she has placed which have landed her in voluminous correspondence on such various subjects as folk dancing for mentally deficient, 15th century glass, and herb growing for commercial supply. The last of these arose from a letter on the Roedean (S.A.) Reserve for native plants which she sent to the United Empire, the Colonial Institute's magazine.

Gudrun Mangold writes an interesting letter from Munich in which she gives a glorious description of the joys of skying,, adding that we must not however think that she spends all her time gliding along on skis. She is—she says—working like a Trojan.—“ In the morning I paint, in the afternoon sing, and the evenings I devote to the Opera or Theatre or reading. In between hours the machine is filled with fuel and during the dark hours it rests ! ” We are delighted to hear she is getting us a copy of the

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Matsys St. Agnes which we want so much for our dining hall, and perhaps a cast or two for the new hall. Theodora Annandalê writes delightfully reminiscent of our continental tour, and also» of the difficulties of bringing home the derelict ' Roland ' from Munich—the English customs have at present impounded himx incredulous of his sad little history.

Dorothy van der Byl has taken a resident post in a School at Broadstairs. We are delighted to think she has embarked on what we still think the only profession, and feel sure she will make a success of it.

We were delighted to receive a most interesting letter from Ray Reynolds. She had been travelling for nine months, including a hasty but much enjoyed visit to the Falls before leaving? South Africa. Her itinerary included a flying visit to Paris,, and a sudden unpremeditated trip to Lisbon, where the Reynolds^ family stayed three days ! She writes from a Pension in Paris where she has (a pure accident) Jo Ross Frames for a room mate-It is a pleasure to hear of Jo again and Ray finds her very good company. Sadie Andrews, who writes from Roedean, Brighton» also gives us news of her, as she meets her constantly in the holidays, and tells us that she is more sedate than when she knew her in the old Roedean days. But neither Ray nor Sadie saw her in the last days when we already found in her promise of her future development—it is good to hear that we shall not be disappointed. Ray enjoyed having some one to talk to about our Roedean and S. Africa, and also revelled in lectures and pictures* and music. At Easter her family came to Paris to celebrate her 21st birthday which fell on Easter Sunday, after which she went into a French family for a few months. She writes alas of the* unpopularity of the English in France—“ I try very hard to settle the affairs of the world, but I invariably have to give it up.”—Her letter reached us in the neighbourhood of Foundation Day, and! we thank her very much for her good wishes for our Twentieths Birthday.

Foundation Day brought us another interesting letter from* Olga Bentwich, who says she never realized all that Roedean meant to her until now, when every day she feels more thankful for the seven happy years she spent there.

She is very happy and seldom hears an English word. She has spent a great deal of time acting in French plays, and has taken up dancing again and arranged a matinee dansante at St. Raphael's in the holidays, composing some original dances. She tells us she has adopted the French fashion of brushing her hair back smoothly off her forehead and twisting it into a simple knot behind, which we think: must look charming.

Ernestine Fouché (née van den Berg) sailed with her husband and Margaret for England on 8th March until the beginning-

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of next year. We are very sorry to say that Margaret had only just recovered from a light attack of diphtheria. Luckily prompt administration of antitoxin led to a marvellous recovery in one week, and all ill consequences were avoided, and before sailing she was quite firm on her legs again. We hear from Mrs. van den Berg that Ernestine is much enjoying London and that Margaret delights in Hyde Park, where under the tutelage of Bas-combe, her nurse, she feeds the wild duck and other water fowl. Dr. Fouché meanwhile has paid an instructive and interesting visit to the University in Brussels. Biihiah Buckle is taking her -second tripos this June, not in 1924, as we wrote in our last issue, and she is, we are happy to say, joining the Roedeian staff in September. She writes from Spain where she was spending the Easter vacation perfecting herself in Spanish, which together with French is her subject for her second tripos. It will be a great feat if she succeeds in passing in this after one year's work. We print the greater portion of her letter elsewhere. Needless to say we are much looking forward to having her again with us.

Bertha Hagart is enjoying her work at the Royal Academy and doing tremendously well. She entered for practice for the Liszt Scholarship, the biggest at the Academy, and came out second, being "very highly commended." The winner and she were recalled to play again and it is probable that the fact that she already held a big scholarship weighed with the Examiners in making the award. She has been hearing wonderful music, including Beethoven's 9th Symphony and enjoying it to the full. On going to press Miss Goch has shewn us a letter she has just received from her professor, which we print in full elsewhere.

An interesting engagement is that of Muriel Vail. She went for her Christmas holiday to stay with some S. African American friends, and from there made an expedition to visit the Leggets in New Jersey, also S. African friends of the Boer War days. There she met Tom Leggett, a childhood friend, whom she had not seen since they were both children. In a fortnight they were engaged, annulling the intervening 20 years ! She is now sublimely happy % she assures us, and we much congratulate him on a delightful fiancée a girl among thousands. She has for the present gone back to her work in Atlanta, overcoming a disinclination to settle down, and working really hard. She hopes after marriage to see a good deal of Helen Gatlin, who is also living in New Jersey. Helen Davis hopes to do her examination in Greek, which she says is slowly but surely progressing, in June, after which she and Dorothy much look forward to real College life.

We hear that Mrs. Eland, and Dora, are planning a tour in America, and we hope they will see many South African friends there, and have an interesting time. Dorothy Sanders loves every minute of her time at St. Hilda's, Oxford, but finds her

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work very hard, She has to pass in four different Sciences in five terms, three of which are entirely new to her, The best of which arrangement she writes, is that she is certain of two years at Oxford even if she fails ! She has lectures and practicals every morning from 9-1. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday a lecture at 6, and Thursday and Friday coachings with tutors, and in the evening there are often lectures on general subjects and student meetings, and we wonder that besides this she finds time to get in rehearsing of a play (Quality Street) and a hockey match against Lady Margaret College. She has not found time to see much of Erica and Maud, but sees Renée occasionally. She met Serita Bucknall (née Glynn) at Waterloo station one day, and also ran into Bertha Hagart in Oxford street just after her Scholarship Examination. From Maud Sumner we hear the joyful news that she has passed Moderations and can now give her full time to her English work, which we know she will enjoy ; she goes to most of the same lectures as Erica Barry, who is also now able to devote practically all her time to English, though she has to pass moderation mathematics again at Christmas, and has to spend one hour a week over these. She is visiting S. Africa in her long summer vacation, when we are much looking forward to seeing her. Serita Bucknall, who visited her in Oxford looking very happy, has already returned to South Africa, and we much appreciated a visit from her and Commander Bucknall on their way through Johannesburg ; he was returning at once, but Serita Was going to spend a few weeks with her family in Sabie. Marjorie Guinsberg was married on 29th March to Barton Myers, the brother of Beryl,

Marjorie and Freda. We were much disappointed at being prevented from attending her wedding.

Jean Beaton writes from Pretoria High School into which she has passed from our Upper IV (Junior School) and is doing well in her Termly examinations. She likes the school very much, though not as well as Roedean, and she is longing to come and look over the new buildings. Since this letter she has been to see us during her half term eneat. Joan Lord writes after her first Foundation Day as an old girl telling iis how much she has enjoyed it and that she can never forget it. She is at present living at home and helping her mother. Since our last issue Frances Robinson, has been engaged and was married early in June to Mr. Levey. We caught a glimpse of her passing through Durban on our way home from a holiday on the S. Coast, and were lucky enough to see her fiance also. She seemed very happy but looked rather tired from the rush of preparations for the wedding. We also visited the Cookes—wh^re we saw Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, Blanche, Stella and Hilary, Mai y, who has left school, was away on a visit. We much enjoyed looking over their house and the beautiful garden Mr. Cooke has made. They

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all seemed very well and happy. Blanche has for the time given up her secretarial work and is enjoying a holiday. Dorothy Pearse was unable to come up to Johannesburg for Foundation Day as she is busy teaching at Lichtenburg. She visited Johannesburg in the Christmas holidays, but had unluckily left before we returned from Simonstown. Part of these holidays she had spent at the Kowie, where she met at the same hotel Mary Slater, Pauline Marais, and Cecil Myers, and had a glorious time golfing and bathing.

We were delighted to have a visit from Heath Hodgson (née Hudson) and her little daughter Mary just before Foundation Day —we hoped they would both stay over for the celebrations, but an untimely ailment on the part of her younger daughter hurried her back just before the week end.

We liked very much hearing from Elizabeth Worrall, though we fear hers is but a sad home just now since the long illness and death of her mother. Elizabeth does her best to keep things going, and we are glad to hear that her brother is home from college, and feel sure he must be a comfoot to her and her father. They all much enjoyed a visit from Elsie van Boëschotën just before Christmas. Elsie also spent a night with us last term, on occasion of her playing at a Students concert of the Musical Society. We much enjoyed going to hear her. She is continuing her violin with Miss Rowland and also studying singing.

We thank Molly Parker (nee Taberer) for her interesting letter in answer to her invitation to Foundation Day celebrations. She is making, we hope, a great thing out of her chickens, which just now is she says the only paying part of farming in Rhodesia. In February she had 700 hens, but after six months of incubating she hopes to have 2,000 laying birds, keeping away all direful chicken pests by scientific methods. She misses her sister Kathleen Walters and her little daughter, “ the sweetest child ”, very much. Kathleen and her husband have given up farming and have gone to live in England.

Daisy Krause (née Hamilton) writes from her new home afe Luipaardsvlei where she has been settled for 6 months. Her husband has carried out his wish of leaving Durban and settling again on the Mines, and is managing the little property of East Champ d’ Or. Daisy finds it very out of the way and rather dull but likes to think Mr. Krause is once more happy in his work. Mob a, her eldest daughter, is somewhat of a tom boy, and provided excitement one night after she had been left in bed, by visiting her mother’s wardrobe with a lighted candle and setting her dresses on fire. Fortunately it was discovered and a tragedy averted, though the wardrobe and dresses were burned, and as may be imagined the parents received a great shock to their nerves. A month later the house was struck by lightning, another

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disagreeable shock, though, mercifully, again no serious damage was done.

Sadie Andrews in a long letter from Roedean, Brighton, besides giving ns news of Jo Ross Frames, tells us that Doris Parr visited the school and that she showed her everything. She is at the Royal Academy studying singing. Adéle Alexander also visited her. The latter has since come back to S. Africa and visited us. She is now quite grown up. Sadie seems to be having a good time and doing well, but is longing to return to South Africa and feels that after all there is no place like home.

Vera Shepherd has also written to us from No. 1 House, Roedean. She misses Erica Barry as a link with South Africa as she says she sees very little of Sadie and Katherine Whiteley, from No. 2. She was full of the Gondoliers which No. 1 were acting for their house play. She also tells us that the whole school went “ election mad ” during the time of the general election, and that they had a mimic election in some of the houses., the Prefects standing as candidates. On going to press we receive another letter with the news that she has been made a House Prefect. We are so glad.

Lucy Sutherland continues to do well at the Witwatersrand University, obtaining a first class in each of her four subjects at the end of the year. At the end of this year she will take her ordinary degree. After this she intends to spend another year reading for honours in History. She will then, we hope, try for a scholarship at Oxford for which she will stand a good chance.

We were glad to see Peggy de Jersey at Foundation Day and to hear since how much she enjoyed it. She tells us that she feels it a privilege to have been a Roedeian girl. We fear we have only indifferent news of her father's health and extend our sympathy to her and Mrs. de Jersey.

We much enjoyed having Mrs. McGregor (nee Roechling) for Foundation Day, and thank her very much for photographs of her little boys for the school album. We must appeal once more for photographs for some noticeably blank pages. Snapshots are often more pleasing than professional productions and we hope that everyone can at least manage this.

Anne Ross writes us sad news from Australia. Mr. Ross has been ill since November and we fear there is very little hope for his final recovery. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Ross and Anne. The latter has passed her first year's examination as a masseuse, and has now, though somewhat delayed by Mr. Ross's illness, begun on her second year, a practical course at the hospital in Adelaide. She thinks she is going to like it and hopes to specialize in children's work—helping to combat the plague of infantile paralysis which is growing in the Commonwealth.

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It was a great pleasure to see Daisy Nicol at Foundation Day, though she had to hurry off early on Sunday, as she and her father were leaving on Sunday night for the Cape.

A delightful long letter from Gladys Laver (née Henwood) was our best substitute for her presence on Foundation Day. She had hoped to be present, but Diana's last double teeth proved an unsurmountable obstacle! She is very happy but terribly busy with two of the best babies in the world, and seems indeed to be a wonderfully devoted mother. We are sure with all the care they receive that Diana and Shirley (corrupted by her small sister into Pearley) will amply repay her in time to come. We thank her for charming descriptions and snapshots of our grand children, and do indeed wish they were near enough to come to our baby party.

Lena Scott (née Bennett) was also kept from Foundation Day by her small daughter Pamela. We long for the time when years make these small people more independent—but we do occasionally see Lena especially now that Glyn is at the Ridge School, where at the age of 12 he is now in VIth Form. We suppose he will soon have passed the Preparatory stage.

From Lindsay Hunter we have two letters. She is at the Huguenot University College, Wellington. She means to enjoy it and make the most of it though, at the time of writing she still found College a poor second to Roedeian. We expect she will enjoy it more and more as she goes on.

Judith Kan was married quietly on 20th December to Mr. Language. ^ She is living at Stellenbosch, but her address is the same as Willem in a's, as her husband works in the same office as Mr. Perkins, her brother-in-law. Both she and Willemina Perkins are well and happy and send us their best wishes for Foundation Day for which we thank them. We wish they were not so far off.

We have very happy letters from Mrs. Cannon (née Hare) who seems to be thoroughly enjoying married life in Umtali. She sees something of Miss Peacey, who has been appointed head mistress of the Preparatory School there. Miss Peacey visited Johannesburg in the Christmas holidays, and we were glad to see her at Roedeian. We believe she finds life at Umtali rather lonely, and we are sure she will be glad to see something of Mrs. Cannon. We hear, however, on going to press that Mr. Cannon has been transferred to Salisbury.

Bella Moss and Dorothy Manus (née Moss) are still delightful correspondents. We cannot be grateful enough for all their letters, and feel sorry that we cannot make a more frequent response. Some day we hope either or both of them will pay a visit to their friends in South Africa. We have a delightful photograph of Dorothy and Mary Bella. She seems to be a very

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charming baby, with cheeks like 'apples'—or as Bella, says like 4 peaches.' Dorothy is, we are glad to say, quite well again though thinner than before. Bella sees her quite often. There is a boat service which only takes about 3 hours from London to Amsterdam where Dorothy lives, which makes it very easy to visit her. She and Bertha James spent 5 delightful days with Dorothy at Christmas. Dr. Simson, Bella's chief, has just joined with 9 other leading doctors in starting a 'clinic' the first of the sort in England. There is a consulting general physician with a specialist in every branch, including a dentist. A patient is first overhauled by the physician and then sent to the right specialist. An

interesting departure, and we think Bella very lucky to be associated with it. We hear from Bella that Alice Ritchie is once more in London, and that she is enjoying much of her society.

We have heard regularly from Kathleen Sewell as well as seeding her at Foundation Day. She is now in her final year at the T.L.T.C. and hopes to get her degree at Christmas. She has obtained a Bursary and has gone into residence. Her subjects are English, Psychology, Latin and Logic ; she also attends lectures in Metaphysics which she finds very interesting. She much enjoys being in residence, and finds she can work better than at home. We congratulate her in taking her second class teachers by the way. She gives us excellent news of her sister Florence, who has obtained four first classes in her drawing examinations, namely, in Light and Shade, Freehand, Design and Geometry. Having only obtained a second class in modelling and ornament she intends to take that over again. We heartily congratulate her. Kathleen spent a very happy holiday with Dora Eland in July. We keep in close touch with the latter, as during more or less every holiday one or more of our staff visit Ravenshill Farm. Mrs. Eland and Dora also visited Johannesburg during our Easter holiday when they came to Roedean. Since writing the above we have later news from Florence Sewell herself. She has eight first grades out of the eleven necessary. After boarding at the Training College for a term, she and a friend are living with a family, which they find better for their work. She thinks Gra-hamstown an almost ideal neighbourhood for work and play. She has plans for the future of starting handicrafts in Pretoria, and has begun to make a little already in artistic leather work.

Joan Carlisle (née Burden) writes very happily from England and gives us, we are glad to say, good accounts of Penelope and her small sister Judith. She is much enjoying a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Burden, and says that Mrs. Burden's report on Judith is quite favourable ! Phil Burden was expected, when Joan wrote, for a visit on his way to Ireland, after which Joan is glad to say

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his regiment is to be stationed in England. Though happy, Joan often longs for South Africa, which she says is becoming very dreamlike to small Penelope. ;

Dorothy Power writes regretfully of her inability to be with us for Foundation Day—but naturally her place was with Kathleen She tells us Charles Stuart is the most wonderful baby—he was christened on March 19th, Dorothy standing Godmother. Kathleen had hoped for a little daughter as she has already two stepsons, but as is always the way she would not now have him changed for worlds. Mrs. Power is very proud of her grandson. Dorothy tells us she is very little changed during all the years we have not seen her. She is still devoted to her garden, from which she produces the most wonderful results. Her Barberton daisies are quite famous. She has forty different colours and shades besides the ordinary red variety, and sends them to all parts of South Africa. We had a delightful letter from Mrs. Power, 11th which, besides offering us Barberton daisies of rare shades, for which we are deeply grateful, she paints us a very pretty picture of home life—Dorothy the nurse training her elder sister and the baby in the way they should go in the future. We are sorry however that Dorothy's trip to the Falls is postponed.

From Philippa Brickman (née Lys) we have most delightful letters, one of which we print at length elsewhere. Mrs. Lys has returned to South Africa and it was a great pleasure to see her again and hear news at first hand.

We enjoyed very much a visit of one week from Margaret Harris (née Lawrence) and her small daughter Hazel during the holidays. We are delighted that she has been chosen to represent the old girls on the Council in the place of Ernestine Fotiche', who, we regret to say, handed in her resignation on account of her long absence in Europe and the tie of her small daughter who has prevented her attendance at meetings for the past year.

We missed Cecile Holliday (née Playford) and Marjory Peel (née Playford) very much at Foundation Day. We regret to say that they and their whole household (Marjorie was staying with Cecile), was down with Influenza from which they have now happily recovered. Cecile has since been on a visit to her small sister at Roedean, when we much enjoyed seeing her and her little daughter Patricia and shewing them and Mr. and Mrs. Playford the new buildings, Marjorie Peel is now living in Johannesburg at Mountain View.

We were delighted to have Gwendolen Burkhardt with us for a fortnight at the beginning of this term—helping us temporarily with matroning work. She nobly leaped into a breach at a moment's notice, but though she had intended to stay six weeks,

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we could not let her refuse the offer of a permanent post at the Medical Research Institute which came to her after she had been at work for a fortnight much to our regret ! She is now the third Old Roedeanian to work at the Medical

Institute, Freda Pom-fret joining Doiothy Dix there at the beginning of the year. Mrs. Dix has bought a charming little house in Forest Town to which she has again given the name of Abberton, and where Dorothy lives with her mother not far from Kathleen Store.

Eustasie Baines is living with her parents at Rosebank and teaching at a little private school in the neighbourhood. We hear she is doing well. Elsie Shillito is most satisfactorily engaged to Mr. Udal, and Mrs. Shillito and Audrey have put off their visit to Europe until next year, to help her prepare for her wedding in December. We much enjoyed a visit from them giving us first hand news of the exciting event.

We are delighted to have help once more from Dorothea Campbell (née Niven) who is taking class singing for us on Saturday with all her former competence. Kate Greig has rallied to us also, rendering efficient and very welcome aid as Vice-Captain of our Girl Guides. Our latest engagement is that of Marjorie Greig to Mr. Ussher—a most satisfactory and interesting event—we wish her every kind of good wish. Davey Greig is working hard for her Matriculation at the Houghton College. The Greig}s see much of Marjorie Stubbs who is going to teach dancing in Johannesburg, she has just paid us a farewell visit as she is going home to Louis Trichardt for a months holiday. It is pleasant to receive an occasional visit from Ina Cullen who helped organize the Old Girls' Dance with Madeline and Rhona Gregory who are both helping us on the staff. We fear that Ina is not yet quite strong, though better than she has been. She is busy preparing for her future sister-in-law's wedding to whom she is acting as bridesmaid. Dorothy Sumner still keeps up her interest in poultry and though her time for it is so much limited by her work at Roedean, obtained a first prize for a pullet at the Agricultural Show, and has just received a telegram that for her three entries at Bloem fontein she has obtained 3 first prizes and two specials. We heartily congratulate her. Her birds are Anconas, and she has now won for the third time running the S.A. Cup for the best pullet. We see quite a good deal of Ethel Mien who lives in Johannesburg working at typing and short hand at the Wit-watersrand Board, where we have signs that she is much valued-We thank her for delightful snapshots of Roedean taken at Foundation week-end. Marjorie Goldsbury writes from Tours in France where she

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is spending the six months which intervene between before her college course begins in September. The house she is in is on top of a hill, and from windows on three sides of her room she enjoys wonderful views. The town, she says, is very ugly and dirty, but St Martin's Cathedral (of which a small portion remains though the most of it was rebuilt in XV century) is interesting and beautiful. As Marjorie wrote spring was painting the world green and white, the first European spring she had seen and she had never imagined anything so wonderful. She finds her lectures interesting and can follow them easily and enjoys her work with Madame Sourchillon—and can now express herself with energy and vehemence necessary to carry on an argument ! Before leaving England she saw the Principal of the Froebel Institute and was shown over the College and told about her work. Betty Carter writes from Highfield, Watford, after she has been at school there a month. She still misses Roedean, finding Highfield very different. There are only 57 girls and tennis is the only game played. She finds her lessons easy, as the work is naturally of a lower standard. Greta Kohlberg gives only sad news. She has lost her father very suddenly, this just a year ago, and six months later even more suddenly an uncle w'ho lived next door to them and who has left two little orphans. Greta herself has had to undergo an operation in Bloemfontein, which however fortunately proved not quite so severe as was feared. From there she went to stay with Bessie Snijman at Kroonstad, but found when she arrived that Bessie had had to leave unexpectedly for Cape Town. Dr. and Mrs. Snijman however were very good to her and made her enjoy her stay. Bithian Buckle writes from Burgos, Spain :—

My Dear Heads,—

We arrived here about 2.15 p.m. and I was met by two daughters of the family, one a quite astoundingly pretty girl. These people are very nice indeed and have been extremely kind to me. The family consists of the mother and three daughters, and there are besides four English students whom I happened to know. All these are contained in a flat of four rooms ! Each pair of men (they come in pairs) shares a room, I have one to myself, and the whole family sleeps in a tiny room opening out of mine. There is just room for their beds, and I can't imagine how they dress and undress, because the room is so full that the door will only open half way. My room is almost in two parts., as the bed, like all Spanish beds, is in an alcove separated from the rest of the room by particularly hideous lace curtains Which

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were bought, I am told, specially in my honour, so I have to admire them. We feed in a glassed-in gallery at the back of the house, and the family feeds in the minute kitchen. We sometimes speak Spanish at meals, quite often French, just to keep our hands in, and occasionally English. The house is scrupulously clean, and the food is pretty nearly the

best I have ever tasted now that they have been convinced that we really don't like garlic. The only drawback to the place is that there is no bath (of course), no fireplace and no armchairs. Fortunately the place is not living up to its reputation for cold. The bath question is remedied by going to an hotel. I have trained the place I go to so well that when I enter the door someone immediately rushes upstairs and lights the geyser ! This place is exceedingly dusty so a bath is necessary fairly often. I gave the family a shock the other day by asking for some hot water to wash my hair in. They asked how often I washed it, and when I replied " About once a fortnight " they nearly fainted. It seems they wash theirs once a year and not always that, and I don't believe they ever bath. But they are extremely nice and will talk to us all day long.

The girls are professional embroiderers and have taught me a lot of their stitches. I sit with them in the gallery and sew, and they take me for walks, or rather strolls, up and down the fashionable parade—and introduce me to their friends, so I get a lot of talking. Besides, I go to one professor for an hour in the morning, and another one comes here for an hour in the afternoon. The idea is that the professor teaches you Spanish for half-an-hour, and you teach him English for half-an-hour. It is really great fun. The afternoon man is a professor of music with a passion for R.L.S. and he makes us translate Treasure Island into Spanish.

The country here is extraordinarily like S.A. in its brown and yellow colouring, and in the suddenness with which little hills rise from the plain but the resemblance ends there, for the hills are smooth not stony. Burgos is a small town huddled under a low range of hills on the edge of an immense plain, that would be very like the veldt if it weren't for the lines of poplars that cross it in every direction. The town is dominated by the Cathedral, which stands on a sort of platform hollowed out of the side of the hill. It is a most beautiful building. Somehow, I don't think it would do in England, its altogether too ornamental—but here it seems just right. Its very elaborate gothic, with a lot of Moorish influence. It has, besides a central lantern tower at the crossing, two very beautiful open work towers, which look almost like lace against the sky. It is a huge place—gives the impression at any rate of being about twice the size of St. Paul's. It must be fabulously rich, because the plate on the altars is something marvellous.

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vellous, and the vestments are the most beautiful things I have ever seen. Some of them, the sacristan told me, are many hundreds of years old. Among the particular treasures of the place are a painting by Leonardo do Vinci, and one supposed to be by Michael Angelo—though I gather this is mostly supposition. They have a miracle-working image too—the Santissini Cristo de Burgos—a horrible thing, which is supposed to be a dried human body, but which looks too thick to me, and much more like leather. Its chapel is always crowded. The Cathedral is, of course, the show place, but there are forty something other churches, convents, and monasteries, each with something worth seeing, a reredos, or a statute, or a picture. The place that impressed me most was a Carthusian monastery about 3 miles away that 3 of us walked out to see one afternoon. We were let in by a lay brother who looked as though he might have been any age over about 200. There is a wonderful marble tomb there of a King and Queen of Portugal, and a most extraordinarily life-like statue of San Bruno. The people hereabouts say that San Bruno doesn't speak only because he's a Carthusian and mayn't. It seems possible, too, when you look at the statute. We met several of the monks who were as affable as it is possible to be without speaking, and waved us towards all the things we ought to see. We were told by the lay brothers that there are 3 Americans and 2 Englishmen in the monastery.

There are some beautiful old Spanish houses in the town, and a large part of the old walls are still in existence. You go to the Cathedral through a very large and solid arch adorned with figures of the notable people who have existed here since the year one. The other very famous arch is a Moorish one, still in perfect repair.

The chief amusements in this town are strolling and talking. In every spare second the whole population goes to the Esplanade and the Plaza Mayor to see its friends, and every evening there is just one seething mass of people—especially soldiers. The town is full of clerics in black and soldiers in the brightest possible colours. There are two seminaries and about four barracks here.

The Easter ceremonies here have really been wonderful. The culminating point was the procession on Good Friday night. The whole population of the province comes to see it, and the town was one solid mass of people. It is a rough crowd too. I went with one of the Englishmen and was very glad of him occasionally when the people pushed more than usual. We were fortunate enough to get a first-class position at the corner of the Cathedral square. First came some very splendid lancers, then some priests singing, and then the images of the various stages of the Passion, on platforms draped with purple silver. Each

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one was carried by about 10 men right underneath, so that the things seem to wove of themselves. At intervals came more priests and the rare was brought up by lancers. With the procession went two files of small boys carrying lights, and all the priests carried candles. It really was a most impressive sight.

During Lent the woman here don't wear mantillas, but just black veils. At the High Mass on Easter morning though, combs, and mantillas came out in full force. They really are extremely graceful things, but they are only worn here on great occasions.

At the moment, I can't think of anything more to tell you but when I do I'll write again.

Ever so much love to you and to Roedean,

Bithiah Buckle.

— May 20, 1923.

Dear Miss Goch,

It has long been my intention to write to you about Bertha Hagart, not only to tell you how she was getting on but to thank you for the splendid preparation you had given her. It is not often that we get pupils who give us nothing to undo, and since she has been with me ; it has only been a question of building up on the foundation you so ably laid. As far as progress is concerned, it is only necessary for me to tell you that she is amply fulfilling every promise, and even in the very high level of piano playing at the R.A.M. she has made a very good impression. Indeed, I know that the Principal thinks that she promises to be one of the best pianists the Academy has turned out.

Believe me to be,

Yours very truly,

Ambrose Coviello.

Loralai, Baluchistan^

India,

May nth, 1923.

Dear Miss Earle and Miss Lawrence,

Mother writes that she has been to see you and that you had such a splendid Foundation day on March 10th. I thought of you, but left it too late to cable. However, this is to make up for my omissions, and to tell you about beautiful Kasdimir, where we honeymooned. By the way, did you get a long letter from me at Christmas time or New Year ? I wrote an account of our journey-

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ing to get here—I am risking boring you again now—but Kashmir is not a very well known spot ; at least in S. Africa one does not hear much about it so I hope this will interest you.

After my wedding, we motored to Chotare (a small hill station 7,000 ft. up) and spent the night. It was bitterly cold (October) with the wind sighing in the Juniper trees all round the bungalow. Chotare stands in the huge Juniper forest that one motors thro' for twenty miles on one's way from Loralai to Quetta. It is said to be the largest natural forest of its kind in the world. Leaving C. we motored on next day thro' Ziaret (another hill-station 8,000 ft. up) to Quetta, where we stayed two nights and then took trains for Rawalpindi via Lahore. The journey from Quetta to Lahore is at first entirely thro' desert— weird and barren—hills that look as if the giants had been at play and had tossed great heaps of stone and sand together, seeing who could raise the highest hill. We went thro' at least ten tunnels the first evening, and then the country flattened out into green plains shaded by feathery trees—the crops were ripening so everywhere men stood on what looked like very high tables, and cracked long whips to keep the birds off the corn. Lahore is a large town, typically Indian. The country round is good going —they have very good hunting in the winter. Rawalpindi is lovely, nearly all the streets are shaded by huge feathery-leaved trees, and a long avenue leads out away to the wooded mountains to enchanted Kashmir. We lunched (having got two motors, one for ourselves and one for our kit) at the door bungalow built in 1884. The kan sama (cook) must have been there then too—he was extremely aged and cooked very badly. A word on travelling in India. One is never parted from one's bedding or bearer, if possible. All else may be delayed or lost, but one never allows them out of one's clutches ; staying with friends or in hotels it is just the same. After lunch we took the road to Kashmir and motored steadily for hours thro' the foothills—I believe I said in my last letter that one never travelled fast in India. It was true until one starts for Kashmir ; we fled round corners on one or two wheels. The driving of the hired cars on the Rawalpindi-Srinagen road is terrific. Every corner is blind and the traffic is very heavy, tongas, bullock carts, and huge overloaded lorries being the main trouble. When “ Pa,” that is what our driver was called, got too reckless, Briero thumped him on the shoulder with his noble foot. It affected him for about 3 corners and then he was off again ! The scenery on that drive is wonderful. One climbs along the sides of the mountains, getting the most lovely views of the fehlum which winds below one running at the

foot of the hills ; everywhere the waterfalls cascade from between masses of ferns. We often stopped to fill the radiator and have an ice cold drink at one of these. Always the moun-

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tains in front were snow-capped ; and as the crops were being gathered and put into sheaves all along the banks of the river, the effect was most rural, and yet grand. We took three days to get to Srinagar, as we did it slowly. I shall never forget our one and only glimpse of Nanga Parbat (a huge mountain in the Pir Pimjal ■flange, 26,662 ft. high) I hope I am correct in saying it was so, and, as Sir F. Hungersbad says it can be seen from Baramtila ; we saw our snow-capped peak at Murree : which is a hill station about 60 miles from Baramula. We had been climbing about the paths in Murree (all beautifully shaded, but very steep) when we suddenly turned a sharp corner, and found ourselves looking over a vast valley away from which the hills receded in range upon range. The light was that wonderful gold colour one sometimes gets in the evenings, and just caught the top of the snows on Nanga Parbat. The eagles were sailing slowly across the valley, turning and dropping, giving one a marvellous idea of the hugeness of it. We stood and watched it spell-bound until the glistening white had turned from palest pink, thro' crimson and violet to cold blue. We reached Srinagar the next day at lunch time. I enclose some little snaps of Srinagar, the Dari Lake, etc. I am afraid they are not very good, as they were taken with a Brownie camera and cannot give one any idea of how huge Kashmir is, or how exquisite its colourings. Certainly it is the amateur sketcher's paradise. I saw more bad sketches there than ever in my life !

Thirty miles outside of Srinager one reaches a poplar-lined road, which goes the whole way into the town itself, and then fringes the Dal Lake to the Salimar Bages (old Mogul gardens). We chose a houseboat, after some trouble that evening, and next morning were poled up to the Dal Lake. Everywhere in Kashmir one comes across the beautiful Chessar tree. People rave about K. in the spring, but to my mind the month (October) when we were there takes a lot of beating. I did not know such colours existed ; the Chenats used to be green, orange, and flame colour all at once. An orchard we used to walk thro' ranged from palest lemon yellow to blood red, and always with the mountain as a background, and the most delicate blue sky. Srinagar itself is very picturesque but amazingly dirty ! I have never seen such dirt, and hope I never shall again. However one forgot it in the interest of other things. One goes everywhere by shikara (a little boat like a gondola rowed by four or five natives, with heart shaped paddles), as all the roads are waterways. One of the main thoroughfares is lined with dark brown, wooden thatched houses on the roofs of which the Irises, grass and other plants grow. The peasants often put red chillies to dry on them. The peasants themselves are very kindly, tho' frightful thieves where

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selling one their wares is concerned ; the women are often very good looking with red cheeks. They wear djibbars of brown cloth and silver bracelets on their arms and wrists, which jangle pleasantly as they row their boats about the lakes getting weeds for cattle fodder or bringing down fruit from the gardens. Everyone in Kashmire works ; the children stamp the chillies into red pepper in the round mortars about 2 or 3 ft. deep, with a stout pole : or help with the winnowing which is done as the Israelites must have done it years ago, i.e. the corn stands in a heap and the women and children fill sieves and then let the chaff blow off while the corn is let pile up into another heap. The children can row or rather paddle, as well as any grown up; they are nearly always singing and usually smile at one as one passes. I used to be so amused at babies of four or five running over the matting roofs of the houseboats carrying pots of charcoal (which they put in front of their djibbahs to keep a very necessary spot warm in winter) or food, or running errands of some other kind. As there is not much land round Srinagar; nearly everyone lives in a houseboat. They line the water ways thickly ; the native ones usually have matting roofs, and sides over which the chickens scramble ; the back of the boat is used for cooking and the inside for sleeping. We lived in a houseboat for nearly a month. We ambled round the Dal Lake ; when vve got tired of one spot we were polled up to another. It is a glorious holiday, but I don't think the " dulce fa niente " life would suit me for always, as it does some people there, who live year in year out in houseboats, with a slight change to hotels in the winter.

We wound our way, one day, thro' the almost Elizabethan streets of Srinagar to a carpet shop where we saw many rather dull carpets and then went to watch the weaving which is far more interesting. By a dingy little rickety mudded wood stairs, we came to aj large upstairs room in front of whose windows were large looms. This is where the small boys shine —they weave carpets splendidly. All over Northern India, Persia, etc., one man at the end of the long bench, sings the pattern, which he sometimes reads, or if very practised, can remember ; while the others, holding a sharp knife, curved like a sickle with the back of which they cut, make a special knot with a quick twist of the fingers and a piece of bright wool, and cut it close up. When they get to the end of the line, they push the wool into place with

a wooden fork with many frongs. It is most fascinating to watch.

The inhabitants all bring their wares to your houseboat. Beautiful shawls (very expensive), scarfs, brass work, papier mache work, carpets, dresses, slippers, fur-lined gloves, etc., and much

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wood carving. Another attractive shop (Mahomed Amin's) had lovely carved tables, chairs, desks, etc., in it. I could have spent a fortune on his papier mache alone. It is beautiful. We watched two old men doing two lovely vases. The back grounds were black and they painted innumerable flowers and birds on the vases with nothing to guide them. I believe it is a trade that goes from father to son. The finish of their work is exquisite—they certainly are experts. I loved being rowed up the main waterway of S., watching the women washing on the long flights of stone steps that lead to the water's edge. They put the wet clothes on the lowest step and beat them with a thick stick ! I never saw any soap. Why worry over dirt ? They always have a smile for one. I also liked the peeps into the houseboats, where they had lovely brass pots to work with for cooking, etc. Often the women were carding wool, with funny little spinning wheels to make the thread with. I hope Kashmir never loses her industries—if she ever is touched by machinery she will lose her vitality and all her charms.

Best of all I loved the old Mogaul gardens on the edge of the Dal Lake. No words can describe them. They stand stately and beautiful on the sides of the mountains, their terraces coming to the water's edge. The Chenar trees on the lawns giving one the restful feeling that they have stood guardians for centuries over the pleasure houses of the kings, and their attendant flowers, birds and lawns. The gardens are very large, and so peaceful. We used to sit listening to the wind rustling the leaves of the dreaming Chessars, the birds calling and circling overhead, the streams gurgling at the sides of the paths, and feel as if we could never tire of the utter beauty. There are three gardens within easy reach : the Shalimar Bags, the Nishat Bags, and the Nasim Bags. Each different and yet exquisite in its way. The two first are laid out in terraces and masses of flowers. The last is a large park. The bullocks were treading the beans out of the pods the day we were there. I must not forget the little gem called the Chasma Shahi (king's spring). It is a long way back from the lake, perched high on the hillside, a miniature garden, with its pleasure house in the middle and a spring that never fails, in a summer house at the back of the terraces. There we found Major Stockley (a great hunter) eating pancakes under a chenar. Bricko knows him well, so we ate pears to keep him company and he told us of his hunting experiences, which would fill a book. He looks a typical hunter—very tall and broad, with slightly grey hair, piercing steel blue eyes, and always I can see him with a long, stout stick and grass sandals on his feet, and the woolliest of clothes as he is always on the mountain tops, He was shooting

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Barasings when we met him. They are small black and white buck with slightly twisted goat-like horns. He wanted two heads for museums.

Next time I go to Kashmir, it will be the way he said, up the Liddar Valley with tents, and ponies to ride. I want to see the mountains and the wild scenery. I enclose some snaps (very inadequate) but they give one an idea. The descriptions are on the backs.

I hope this has not bored you.

With love, from

\ Philippa Lys Brickman.

Foundation

For the first time for a great many years we had blazing sunshine throughout Foundation week-end. At 9*30 011 Saturday morning the entire school, with the exception of the full prefects and 1st Lacrosse XII, went out to Langlaachte swimming bath, and after a good swim we had our lunch in Mr. Payne's garden! Mr. Payne very kindly gave us big trays of grapes, which alleviated the dusty drive home. We started off amidst three lusty cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Payne.

The Old Girls, meanwhile, bathed in our swimming bath, and we arrived back in time to watch the Lacrosse match against, apparently, all our former games' captains. However, in spite of inward quiverings, we managed to beat them by three goals

S~~2\

Scottie, in her usual marvellous manner, directed the laying of the tables, and produced quantities of plates and cutlery from nowhere. Over seventy old girls sat down to supper—a larger gathering than we've ever had before. Irene Dearlove proposed the Old Girls health, and Mrs. Campbell (D. Niven) answered her and proposed the health of the Lacrosse VII. She was answered by Mary Reading, who in her turn proposed the health of the staff, assuring them that their efforts were occasionally appreciated by their apparently unresponsive pupils. Miss Saise answered her, and

proposed the Prefects' health. She was answered by Rita Lloyd, who proposed the health of Roedean, Brighton. Miss I rice, (an old Roedean Brighton girl), made a very good and amusing speech in reply.

After supper Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey" was acted after which we dined and cut the Birthday cake.

Q. Wolf,

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Foundation Day Play

This year the Present Girls entertained the Old Girls ; a task calling for much thought and care, lest the performance should not be of sufficient merit to please such grown ups as the Old Girls are usually felt to be.

The play chosen was Northanger Abbey ; the cast was almost entirely taken by prefects, who certainly produced it very well. The parts were as follows :—

Henry Tilney John Thorpe James Morland General Tilney Catherine Morland Mrs. Morland Isabella Thorpe Mrs. Allen Eleanor Tilney Maid

Mary Reading Cecil Wolf May Pritchard Joan Pomfret Elsie Healey Topsy van Boeschoten Rita Lloyd Irene Dearlove Lulu Joris Mabel Downie

"Northanger Abbey" is a skit on the behaviour of the young ladies of Jane Austen's day, and Isabella, as a gushing young woman, was exceedingly well acted by R. Lloyd. All the young ladies of talent and education read the most horrifying novels imaginable and enjoyed them. Catherine always read them with thrills of terror, and looked forward to a day when she might go to stay at some haunted castle or manor. Therefore she was overjoyed when the Tilneys invited her to spend a week or two with them at their country home, Northanger Abbey.

Henry Tilney had fallen in love with Catherine, but all the same could not refrain from teasing her, and, taking advantage of her romantic turn of mind, made her believe that there was a horrible mystery attached to the Abbey, Catherine finds out too late that she has been deceived, and returns home very sorrowful, Henry follows her and all ends happily.

The acting of the whole cast was excellent, but M. Reading and E. Healey are especially to be congratulated on the way in which they carried out the proposal ; it is very rarely that such scenes are acted so well.

The atmosphere of the play was very good. The lighting and dresses did much to make it a success. The audience was properly thrilled, and the Old Girls were, we hope, duly impressed by the talents of the Present Girls.

M. Otley.

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La Crosse

CAPTAIN'S REPORT.

La Crosse has greatly improved since the beginning of the season. There are several girls who show very promising style, but their stickwork needs improvement. The combination of the team has been on the whole good, the passing having become better towards the end of the term. The team still however show Inexperience, and are inclined to lose their heads in matches.

We have had several matches this season. The match against the old girls at Foundation resulted in a win to the present girls after a hard hot fight. We also played an exciting match against the staff, which we won. For the first time we were able to play a match against another school ; St. Andrew's has taken up La Crosse much to our joy, and we defeated them in a match which we all enjoyed. We are looking forward to playing them every year in future.

The house matches were as exciting as usual, the cup being won by St. Ursula. ' M. Reading.

Cricket

CAPTAIN'S REPORT.

Owing to the team's being rather young and inexperienced, the standard this year was unfortunately much lower than usual. The batting in particular was weak, the members of the team showing themselves reckless or lacking in confidence or style. There were, however, several very promising young players in both the first and the second elevens, whose fielding was generally very good, so it is to be hoped that a higher standard will be reached next year when they will have had more experience.

Pretoria High School came over to us this year, and we played a very exciting match against them, in which we were beaten. The Fathers' match, which we all thoroughly enjoyed resulted in a victory for us. We also played a match against P.T.S. and were of course utterly defeated, as no one could stand up against their bowling, but nevertheless we all enjoyed the match. The House cricket cup was won by St. Agnes.

Mary and Janet Macintosh very kindly gave a cup for the highest individual batting score in the season's matches, which was won by Enid Andrews. M. Reading.

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The Staff La Crosse Match

Last Thursday, we had the thrilling and hair-raising experience of playing the Staff at La Crosse. Both teams; were equally excited and nervous when they went on to the pitch* but the unique feeling soon wore off, when v*e began to knock: each other about, each sufferer having a fellow feeling for her neighbour.

The game was fast and furious (as was the desire of the Staff to shoot goals.) The first part of the play was fairly even, until by some unhappy mischance, one of the staff shot a goal for us.. Then our score mounted steadily to “ five-two.” At half-time,, both sides were pretty equally dead, and panting figures could be seen spread in all manner of attitudes on the shady spot of the pitch. When the whistle went again, there was a general groan,, but all struggled manfully to their places. Then the Staff playedi up brilliantly, scoring another goal.

During this half of the game, the play was delayed considerably by the persistency of the ball, which loved the wrong side of the fence. (These few delays were greeted with applause by several of the players). By “ time,” the score was eight-three ; a brilliant victory for us.

I don't think that I have ever enjoyed a game as much as that ope. The mistresses played up marvellously, and proved remarkably tough rivals. We all earnestly hope to meet them in combat again next season. Marian Morisse.,

Lambs' Night

It all happened under tho sea : and unless you've been there yourself, you cannot imagine how strange and beautiful it all is. The floor of yellow sand has sparkles in it, and the coloured seaweeds wave above your head like trees, and, instead of birds, you have fishes of different colours, that seem to make a low musical sound as they dart through the shafts of light in the water. When I remember how friendly and hospitable the mermaids were—not looking shy or tripping over their tails—I think, perhaps, it must have been a dream. We were such a very motley gathering—you see each one of us was a “ whatyouwishyouwere—ifyouwerenot-whatyouare,” and we each wanted to be something other than what we were, but the oysters and mermaids made no distinction, but waited on Babies and aeroplanes alike—the oysters were most

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attentive. King Neptune—as became his dignity—sat in state, and smiled in a gratified way on his banquet.

How well the mermaids acted ! They acted the story of their '■unhappy little ancestor, who fell in love with a human prince, and had a very sad life, because she changed her tail for a pair of legs, and then the prince married someone else, and the poor little 'mermaid was turned into a wandering daughter of the air. The :soft green lights played on the water, and the mermaids' tails rsparkled, as they combed their long hair, amidst the tall gracefully waving sea-weeds. Dancing with mermaids under the sea is a totally different affair from an ordinary dance, with an ordinary mortal—we tried it, so we know. When it was bed-time we explained to King Neptune how very much we had enjoyed ourselves, and he only smiled an inscrutable smile. J wonder what he was thinking about; perhaps he was thinking how very curious we all looked amongst his beautiful surroundings. It was very kind of him to ask us. C. Wolf.

The Junior House Afternoon

"On June 23rd the daughters of S. Margaret and S. Natalie, appropriately disguised as “ mere insects,” entertained 44 more insects ” at their House Party. As this is the first year that the Onats and Midges have had their house to themselves, the occasion was a very special one, and the Seniors showed their sense •of it by turning out in even* more horrific costumes than usual. Any slackers who dared to expect entertainment without providing it in their own persons, perished miserably and unregretted, stung to death by savage hornets.

While missing Miss Carr and Miss Hare, we yet found a -delightful hostess in Miss Bayley, who further, disguised as “The Hidden Hand,” inspired an original and beautiful Insect Play, as to which it is difficult to say whether the frocks (if insects have frocks), the sentiments, the dancing, the elocution, or the dramatic ability, was the most praiseworthy. The delicious little interlude of the lady bird Red Riding Hood and the wicked Spider was a thing of joy.

There was another performance of the play on the following Monday, to give the parents a chance of seeing it. It was a great success from both a dramatic and a pecuniary point of view, as by it was raised the sum of five pounds, which was given to the Jane Furze Memorial Hospital.

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House-Warming

. There will be a meeting of prefects and sub-prefects in the dining room at 8.15.”

8.15 found us in the dining room nerving ourselves for a. possible lecture. But our fears were soon dispelled by Miss Earle s first few words, for she asked us to accompany her and! Miss Lawrence round the new building. Having put on

our heaviest coats we followed Miss Earle into the new building.

Scottie met us at the top of the stairs and led us into one of the dormitories. As the floor was only half boarded we had to be rather careful where we walked; Scottie had put a double row of candles to show us where to walk. It reminded one of a minefield at sea with buoys to guide the trawler in safety.

Once in the dormitory a very pleasant surprise awaited us_ On a cloth spread in the middle of the floor Scottie had put cakes, and fruit and lovely hot cocoa. The dormitory was lit by Chinese lanterns and candles. We sat on heaps of boards round the walls and to add a touch of picturesqueness stirred our cocoa with enormous nails. We sang during the little feast, school songs-and such songs as “ Clementine ” and 41 Polly Wolly Doodle.” Miss Lawrence sang a solo, a delightful little ditty about Abraham and Zebedee ; poor Zebedee always had the worst of it. For instance if Abraham rode a horse, Zebedee ran behind, but in the last verse Abraham to heaven went and Zebedee went as well. To warm up every room thoroughly we then walked right round the building carrying candles and lanterns and singing “John Brown’s baby has a cold on his chest.” In the quadrangle^ at the end of the round, we sang u Forty Years on ” and “ God Save the King.” Then with three cheers for the new building; we went to bed.

We hope that the new building feels nice and warm and wilÊ keep 11s so next term. L. Joris*

The Orpheus Club

Owing to the Cape and Durban Orchestra concerts the meetings have not been held as regularly as usual, but at the beginning of the year we were able to hold our meetings every week. At some we had exciting general knowledge tests on the music of great composers, and at others we read articles from “ Youth and Music,” a paper which Bertha Hagart very kindly sent to us, and which we now receive every month.

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Mr. Connell gave us a lecture on the History of scales, which in spite of the title proved very interesting and greatly increased the enthusiasm for scales for the house competition at the end of the term.

May Pritchard, Joan Promfret and Mary Cleland have been clected members of the committee. M. Reading.

Gifts Received.

Tennis Court.

The following are the donors of the new Tennis Court :—

£ s. d. £ s. d.

G. Alderson 1 1 0

B. Marx ... 1 1 0

I. Dearlove 1 1 0

F. Barry... 1 1 0

E. Rough 2 2 0

l. Corbett 1 0 0

G. Cecil ... 1 1 0

J. Pomfret 1 1 0

M. Reading 1 1 0

I. Kanthack ... 1 1 0

M. Kanthack 1 1 0

D. Webb 1 1 0

E. Orr ... 2 2 0

P. Davis ... 1 2 0

M. Martin 1 1 0

M. & J. Cleland... 1 1 0

A. Sneddon 1 1 0

G. Sneddon 1 1 0

J. Pitchford 1 1 0

M. & M. Barry ... 1 0 0

P. Crosby 1 1 0

N. Houthakker ... 1 1 0

M. Mendelsohn... 1 1 0

E. Knecht 1 1 0

E. Fraser 1 1 0

R. Heard 1 1 0

R. Lloyd	1	1	0
E. Edelstein	2	2	0
S. Martin, K. Solly	1	1	0
A. & D. Normand	1	0	0
F. Knight	2	0	0
M. & J. Mackintosh	1	1	0
H. Rose-Innes ...	1	1	0
M. Morisse	1	1	0
E. Healey	1	1	0
I. MacDonald ...	1	0	0
Total ...	41	5	0

Panels.

We have to thank the following Old Girls for the gift of panels for the Dining Hall :—

D. Nicol, M. Lister, H. Fisher, B. Carter,
M. Roche, I. Cullen, R. McKinnon, R. Gregory

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Sunday Evening Music

On February 18, Miss Phyllis Wall gave us a charming piano recital of modern work.

On February 25, Miss C. Hagart, Bertha's sister, sang to us delightfully. We especially enjoyed her Mendelssohn.

On March 18th, was Mrs. Sinton and Mrs. Campbell's concert for violin and piano, which included Sonatas by Handel and Beethoven, which we very much appreciated.

On March 25, Miss Rowland played ; we very much enjoyed the Irish Air from County Derry, and were glad to have an opportunity of hearing the concerto in G Minor by Max Bruch.

On April 8, Miss D. van Niekerk played us the Schumann Sonata in G Minor, a beautiful and interesting work.

On April 22 was a trio concert, by Miss Rowland, Mr. Bilmark, and Mr. Mossop. They played the Beethoven Trio in E flat, which we all enjoyed very much.

The Library

The number of books in the library has been rapidly increasing until we now have about five hundred books. We need new shelves badly, but are waiting until we can move into the new building. All the books are to be on the stage in the new recreation room. This will make a very good background for acting, especially for the sitting room scene which occurs in every play. The subscriptions amount to five pounds odd a term. We buy from fifteen to twenty new books every term, but I am afraid that nearly half of the money goes in re-binding the old books. We should be very obliged if people treated the books in a more considerate manner so that we could spend all the money on new books. We should also be very grateful for presents of books or suggestions for new ones. A. Sneddon.

The Dancing Competition.

The House Dancing Competition, coming in the last week of the first term of the year, was an event of great importance. The teams were well coached by their respective captains, with the help of the Miss Mossop's. We were very much interested to note the different finishes made by the three teams. The Cats excelled

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themselves in the Dutch dance, which was performed cleverly and with very amusing expression by Alfreda Sumner and Margery Barry. The St. Ursular team was finally awarded the cup, which they thoroughly deserved and we are glad to see them with it. Their team work was a particular feature; they had all sorts of little extra touches which made us admire their dancing ; so, coming last, and being most cheerful and natural about it, they were the best team and after all their hard work we congratulate them on winning the cup.

M. Barry.

The Garden

Early in the year, we planted several new flowering shrubs, from Anderson's Nurseries, Orange Grove : Strelitzia (Bird of Paradise), Dentzia (Japanese Snow-flower), Brunfelsia, Golden thyme and marjoram for the herb garden, which is now quite old English with its sage, mint, parsley, tarragon, fennel, rosemary, lavender, old man (Artemesia), common thyme and Santolina, a little shrub with silver leaves and golden flowers.

In the front courtyard we have planted a tecoma to climb up the wall, and a veronica below it.

The new building has caused the uprooting of two loquats, a Pride of Madeira, two plum trees, a bush of plumbago,

the yellow shrub Habrothamnus, tecoma, and two rose-trees. Of these, we have rescued roots of the plumbago and habrothamnus for planting elsewhere, and have transplanted the roses and one plum-tree to other parts of the garden. Three new plums are to be planted just above the lower tennis court, and the apple tree which stood there year after year firmly resisting our efforts in pruning and manuring by refusing to bear fruit, has at last been dug up and thrown out.

The rescued plum tree with some apples and figs collected from various parts of the garden, is being planted on the farther side of the new sluit near the vegetable ground, so we have hopes of a real orchard on a small scale.

In the vegetable line our most successful crops have been artichokes, beans, dwarf, French and scarlet runners, and spinach; the latter grows wild, and sows itself every year for our use.

We have broad beans, French beans, celery, cauliflowers, savoy cabbages, turnips, beet and onions, but they are very slow-growing at this time of year.

Winter is the busiest time of year for big jobs, such as making changes in the garden, thorough deep digging two or
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three feet deep and manuring, dividing and replanting perennials, pruning and spraying and planting roses and fruit trees.

B. M. Evans*

Saturday Night Plays.

1ST TERM, 1923.

As always there has been a great variety of entertainment on Saturday nights this term. The usual amount of originality was displayed, and the same wonderful costumes worn as in former days, and the audience, which is fortunately very appreciative, did not appear to mind the sometimes queer stage effects.

The "Scarlet Pimpernel" was the first play of real note, and with C. Wolf in the title role, was a great success. The "Rose in the Ring" too was very successful, and certainly Angela's histrionics were the crowning touch of real drama.

Next "The Babes in the Wood" was produced as an example of silent tragedy; great was the joy of the onlookers when two rather large robins,

C. Wolf and N. Sheridan, appeared, bearing one leaf each, with which to cover the fated babes, P. Hubbard and L. Joris. These three plays were the productions of C. Wolf and M. Otley, ably assisted by their talented Owls and Savages.

A purely Savage production was "Christabel," acted by E. Healey, L. Joris, and M. Otley. This play appeared to thrill the audience by its ghostly candle light and strange plot.

"Tutankamen's Tomb" was a later production, and under the skilled directions of R. Lloyd became a great success.

The Owls produced, with great effect, "A Simple English Maiden," in which J. Healey, A. Turner and Irene Kanthack took the chief parts.

The last play in the term was a French play, "La Voyage de M. Perrichon", produced by Miss Price, and acted by the Senior Local and Sixth. Solemnity was added to the occasion by the presence of two French professors from the University. L. Joris and R. Lloyd were commended for acting and speaking. L. Joris certainly played M. Perrichon very well. This was the first French play acted for a long time, and even if part of the audience did not understand every word, they were sufficiently amused. Otley.

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The Junior House Page

* THE STORY OF A SQUIRREL.

Once there lived three squirrels in a hollow tree; there was a mother, father, and a little girl squirrel. One day the father went out to nut-bush-town to buy some nuts for the winter. When he got there he saw the shopkeeper and said to him, "Have you got any nuts to-day?" "Yes, I have, how many would you like?" "1" The next morning the little girl got up and went to draw some water from the well for breakfast. As she was going along the path she saw a man carrying a big chopper. She watched him out of sight, then she crept after him till they came to where they lived. She found that her house was being chopped down, and so that was the end of the squirrels.

H. Mosely, Form II.

A STORY ABOUT A FIELD MOUSE.

Once upon a time there lived two field mice, but these two little mice were not happy because they had no children. After a long time they got a child. You can imagine how spoilt it was. The mother and father let it do whatever it wanted to. They called it Billy. But one day Billy was in the field when he saw a little acorn. He picked it up and took it home. But his mother would not let him eat it till the winter. So she put it in the little store-room. But Billy could not

wait till winter. One day when his mother and father were out, he went to the store-room and took the acorn and ate it up. When his mother and father came home they saw the shell of the acorn on the floor and his mother was very cross. Billy grew up and looked after his mother and father and they lived very happily for the rest of their days.

Joyce Dearlove, Form II.

SYCORAX'S ONE GOOD DEED

In Argier lived a very wicked witch called Sycorax. She with age and envy had grown into a hoop. She had a big hook nose and a chin which curled up and nearly met her nose. She would sit in front of her cauldron weaving terrible spells ; altogether she was very frightening.

There came a famine over Argier, and the poor people had nothing to eat; no rain came and nothing would grow. Sycorax by her spells had enough to eat. and «*vas quite happy. All magicians tried their spells, but none could succeed. Everyone knew

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that Sycorax could make rain come, but all were too scared to ask her. But at last one day the king asked her ; she spent two nights and two days weaving spells. At last rain came, and things began to grow, and all the country looked green and fresh. Harvest was reaped and everyone was happy. Sycorax had done one good deed that helped everyone. Therefore they would not take her life. Claudia Hopkins, Lower Vb.

“THE STORY OF CLARIBEL”

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful maiden called Claribel. Her father was very anxious for her to marry; he therefore sent advertisements to all parts of the world. About two months after, he received a letter answering the advertisements, saying that there was a King of Tunis in Africa who would take Claribel as his wife. When Claribel heard this she was very distressed and would not marry an African savage. Her father was very kind to her, and said that the King of Tunis was not a savage. In the end Claribel parted with many tears but a hopeful heart. As she reached the sunny shores of Tunis her face lighted up as if many lights were in front of her. The palm trees waved to and fro in the refreshing breeze, as the fair Claribel stepped ashore. She was greeted with many shouts and cheers.

On the day of the wedding, she felt very happy, until she saw her future husband ; then her heart fell. To her he looked worse than any savage. His eyes looked large and fierce, his hair was like pieces of black straw, and altogether he looked dreadful. ;After the wedding Claribel sat in her bedroom and wrote a long letter to her father.

After a week or so, Claribel began to like her husband and sunny Africa more than she ever liked any place or person, except her father, in Naples. They loved each other more and more as the months rolled on, and after four years they were a very happy family of five, with two beautiful girls and one little boy.

]*. F. Orr, Lower Vb.

ST. CHRISPIN'S DAY

The autumn leaves lay thick on the ground, the dusk had almost turned to dark, a cold wind, telling that a long and early winter was near at hand, whistled round all the corners.

Yet within the goodly walls of my house, an enormous fire burned in the large open grate ; the lights were low, and the

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cheerful hum of conversation, mingled with the popping of chestnuts, had a very comforting effect on me as I sat in my old oak settle.

St. Crispin's Day ! and a mighty cold one at that.

Some score or more of goodly folk were gathered around, and I was by far the eldest in the room.

“Just the night for a tale,” quoth one of the guests at my side ; everyone must needs turn their eyes on me expectantly, and I knowing what was demanded of me, with one or two more questions, began my tale of how I fought under the great Harvy on the bloody field of Agincourt. “ Well,” said I, “ as some of you may know full well, I was in the King's own body guard.

I was then but five and twenty and very full o' spirits at that.

The crossing of the Channel was not very pleasant, for the sea was running mountains high.

The stirring speech that the King made before Harfleur still minds me of the noble times we then did live in.

The night before the great battle was a restless one for me : the air seemed full of the spirits of Death and Destruction ; and when dawn came I had not closed my eyes for one instant.

With the dawn came Henry V and he with many a cheery word left all he passed with stouter hearts.

The battle itself ! Ah ! little of that do I remember except the noise, and dead strewn everywhere.

I fought like one possessed, the taste of battle in my mouth ; the clashing and splintering of swords in mine ear ; my

sword wet and slippery with blood. Only one scene has impressed itself well in my mind.

I came upon an open spot, my mind reeling with confusion ; then I stopped short and gazed at the scene in front of me ; for I saw the great Earl of Suffolk, gashes all over him, lying dead ; and near him lay the noble Duke of York, likewise dead. As I gazed as one fascinated I felt a burning, agonizing pain in my side. Then I was plunged into darkness, and knew nothing more, till four weeks later when I found myself 'neath the sheets of a bed.” “ And this good friends,” I said, “ is all I remember of the great field of Agincourt,” whereupon they thanked me, and made merry till it was time for them to go.

But long after they had departed I stared into the fire, and thought that I was again young, yelling in the lust of battle, as I had done, well nigh fifty years ago.

P. Crosby, Form Mva. .

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PISTOL'S ACCOUNT OF THE WARS

Scene :—The Boar's-head Tavern, Eastcheap. It is in the winter time, and there is a large fire burning brightly on the hearth, before which sits Pistol. There is a knock on the door ; in rushes a waiting maid, Doll, who says,

“ Prithee, honey-sweet love, don thy patches, for below are waiting a half score gentlemen, who desire to hear thee discourse, on the Gallia Wars.”

Pistol gets up and puts numerous patches on his head, rests his foot on a chair and settles himself comfortably. Doll goes out and presently nine gallants enter, followed by a closely muffled man, who seats himself in the darkest corner of the room.

Doll brings in ale and pewter mugs. After all have drunk, Pistol begins to speak.

“The Gallia Wars, savez-vous ? I served in Harry the King's own bodyguard. These patches, that you see, I gleaned them, fighting the King of France himself, in hand-to-hand combat, at Agincourt. He was down for the third time, and at my mercy, but my conscience smote me, at the sight of so brave a man, and

I had not the heart to kill him. I sheathed my sword, and said,

44 Rise, Roi ! ”

“ He answered, ‘ My preserver, for your kindness I do reward you. Take this paltry bag of gold, and with it my prayers, for a long life for you, that your grace and bounty may be well rewarded.’

“ Before Harfleur I had a consultation with the King. He suspected one Fluellen, a Welshman. He charged me never to let the man out of my sight. At the dead of night I followed Fluellen to the tent of the King. He entered, I closely following him, without the knowledge of the guard. In his hand was a dagger, and just as he was about to plunge it into the unsuspecting heart of the sleeping King, I jumped and caught his hand. We fought and as I was mastering him, the King awoke, and aided me in disarming him. I went down on my knees before Harry and begged him to spare the peppery little Welshman. I urged my case so well that the King agreed to pardon his fault. This fight so much more aggravated my wounds, that I had received at Agincourt, that I was obliged to return after having received the eternal thanks and prayers of the assassin.”

At this there is a sudden noise in the room, and the muffled man jumps forward, showing himself to be no other than Fluellen.

“ You magnanimous wretch ! You know as well as I do, look you now, who gave you your bloody coxcomb, and. the why and the wherefore of it. Here is a leek, hast ever seen or tasted one before ? Ay, I thought so. Scurvy knave ! You call me

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assassin. Here, another bite, I pray you. Rememberest thou, when you got your scars, now ? ”

“ Base Trojan, I will revenge me.”

“ Ay, come, follow me, where we can get more good leeks. They go out, leaving the company in roars of laughter.

I. MacDonald, Form Upper Vb.

Science Club Notes

At the meeting held in February, 1923, the business in hand was chiefly that of electing new committees for the coming year. The results were as follows :

General CommitteeM. Reading, I. Dearlove, E. Healey, T.

van Boeschoten, L. Joris.

Sub-Committees :—

Botanical : M. Pritchard, T. van Boeschoten, K. Solly, M.

Clelland, L. Joris.

Zoological : F. Barry, M. Barry, Irene Kanthack, M. Pyles, N. Sheridan.

Geological: Iris Kanthack, N. Ferris, M. Roberts, C. Wolf, B. Smith.

M. Morisse was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

N. Sheridan is the Club Librarian.

A vote of thanks to the retiring Secretary, T. van Boeschoten was unanimously carried. Criticisms of the entries for the Holiday Competitions were then read out. The results of these were as follows :

. — }M. and M. Barry, collection of butterflies, etc.

A. Senior 1st jE and j Heaiey? collection of seaweeds.

B. Junior 1st : N. Ellis, miscellaneous collection.

The following contributions are gratefully acknowledged :— For the Museum :

Collection of Asbestos, — Wallace, Esq.

2 pairs stuffed Humming Birds, — Payne, Esq.

Collection of Insects, M. and M. Barry.

„ „ Shells, Sponges, Insects, F. and P. Barry.

„ „ Birds' Eggs and Shells, M. Hallamore.

„ „ Shells, C. Allen.

„ „ Butterflies, M. Nitch.

„ „ Cotton Fruits, Miss Bell.

Scientific Apparatus.

Chemical Balance, G. M. Clark, Esq.

Native Plant Reserve.

Yellow Freezia corms, G. Leisching.

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30 packets of seed, National Botanic Gardens, Kirstenbosch.

Commelina (3 spp.) Asparagus “fern” from Umhlanga Rocks, M.t. Edgecombe, Natal, Miss Edwards.

Plants of Gloriosa, a wonderful pink swamp “lily”, Mesem-bryanthemum sp., Begonia sp., and a Composite from Pt. Shep-stone, Natal, Miss Evans.

Namaqua daisies, Mrs. Grant.

Moraea sp. from Margate, Natal, Miss Lawrence.

Aloe Pegleri, Vellozia sp. from Wonderboom, Miss Edwards.

Aloe variegata and Stapelia sp. from the Karoo, Mrs. Corbett.

At the Transvaal Horticultural Show held in the Town Hall in March, an exhibit of plants from the Native Plant Reserve was shown. It was surprising how much there was to pick at a time which one considers bad for flowers. The exhibit was non-competitive, but nevertheless was given a first-prize diploma ! It created a great deal of interest among the visitors and has helped to show people how attractive are many of our native plants. The foresight of Miss Lawrence and Miss Earle in establishing the reserve has proved them of service to education in yet another direction. The Star had the following notice :— “ Miss Edwards, of Roedean, has sent in a collection of indigenous flowers, both wild and cultivated from the school kopje reserve, arranged with the help of Miss Evans, the Roedean gardener, which makes one of the most charming exhibits of the show.”

Nature Notes.

Owing to the kindness of Mr. Eastwood and Mrs. Morisse, some of the Science Club members had a most enjoyable all day trip beyond Forest Hill.

Observations were made as follows :—

A lizard was met which immediately “froze” on the rock where it was sunning. It had a fat body, a thin elongated tail, a chequered back and blue-green colouring on its “cheeks.”

Hermannia was a charming, small orange-pink flower with overlapping petals—it has adopted a creeping habit.

One or two species of Indigofera were seen. They are usually low shrubs bearing small, red, pea flowers. Pollination is effected in an explosive manner, the flower bursting open and scattering the pollen over the visiting bee. They require one insect visit only and the keel and wings remain open after the visit has been made.

A species of Crotalaria (Leguminosae) was found by the river side—this genus is often poisonous to stock.

We discovered some decumbent Erythraea (same genus as

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the “ Kaffir boom ”), some plants of which were in flower. There were Vetches, too, and Lathyrus, the wild Sweet Pea.

Red Clover was seen and several Compositae e g. Sphenogyne— yellow flower-heads with, later, white scales developed on the fruits for the purpose of wind distribution, Berkheya with white undersurfaces to the prickly leaves and a handsome yellow flower-head. There were also several species of Everlasting. Polygala looks very much like a Leguminous plant, but is distinguished from this order by the little brush on the “ keel.” The flowers are deep purple in colour. There were many Buttercups (Ranunculus) in the damper places.

Tulbaghia was a Liliaceous plant with umbels of greenish-orange, hyacinth-like flowers. There was a corona on each. The smell is, however, very strong and resembles that of garlic. There were several plants belonging to Labiatae, the Salvia family, such as Boecium. We saw several varieties of “ Reeds ” including one with a tufted growth which bore yellow, star-like flower-heads. There were other Cyperaceae with richly-coloured red-brown heads.

Cyanotis has sky-blue flowers with stamens whose filaments are covered with fluffy blue hairs. The Snapdragon family was well represented by a small, pink, wild “ snapdragon” (Nemesia) n species with a pink, flower which grow in marshy places and a yellow variety. White Lobelia was found creeping on the ground. There was a creamy-yellow wild Hibiscus. On the kopjes we found a shrub with attractive mauve flowers—Grewia— which belongs to the same family as the English lime tree. It has a curious “ four-cornered ” fruit. There was an interesting little plant, rather insignificant, known as Cliffortia, which bears male and female flowers on different plants. We found the former only. On the kopje were some very deep-coloured Gladioli—also some Tritonias. There were some white Grassulas and Lantana shrubs with pink massed flowers and black berries. The wild pumpkin climbs jby means of modified branches (tendrils) and male and female flowers are found on different plants. In the river were several crabs and a small brown frog with a white «underside. There was a large black beetle and numbers of large black caterpillars with white stripes which dropped from the willows on the smallest provocation. Among the lichen-covered •stems of the kopje shrubs were Cicadas—insects of moth-like appearance whose grey wings are difficult to discover against their chosen background. They keep up an almost incessant, very shrill sound by rubbing their legs against their wings and only desist when the passer-by draws near. They spend most of .their lives underground and only remain in the moth-like form for

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a short period which they make gay with sound. They are often known as “ Christmas-beetles.”

Expedition 8 th April, 1923. The route lay from the Orange Orove terminus over the kopjes beyond Mountain view and down the other side, through the Bezuiderahout farm to the tea-gardens at the tram terminus.

We saw some African “crocuses” or Babiana (Family iridaceae), While climbing up the kopje we started a hare with a red bob-tail. There were many butterflies—brimstone,” sulphur-coloured., ■ “ painted lady,” smoke grey and blue, yellow with black, yellow with blue “ corners,” pale-blue 11 lucerne butterfly./* Doctor-Dick,” and “cabbage butterflies ”. which were white. There was an Asparagus in flower which climbed up in the midst of a bush. It had coarse cladodes and large thorns. There was a heavily flowering spray of white Clematis which climbs by the leaf petirles while the wild vine uses modified stems as tendrils.

Zalusianskia was in flower, sometimes known as “ vesta matches.” It is moth pollinated as it has a Ion® corolla-tube and the flower is white and sweet-smelling at night, in the day it closes in a little knob to display the red undersides of the petals* It has a rather nasty-smelling leaf. There were several Haemanthus plants each with its pair of hairy leaves. We found insect galls on some plants and u M'soba Solatium Nigrum, was displaying its umbels of black berries. There were a number of poison apples. The two latter plants belong to the Potato family. We found a green orchid fruit, probably of the yellow Eulophia common in these parts. There were numerous “ black jacks.” There were several interesting trees and shrubs, notably the Dombeva, under which we lunched, and a number of silver-leaved J 1 7 * ■

shrubs lower down the slopes. There were many Lichens— many coloured ones on the rocks themselves, some on a bank, and yet others on the shrubs and trees.

There were shrubs of Carissa (“ Num-num ”) with a few red berries and very thorny branches. They are very nearly related to the Amatungulu.oi Natal. A species of Ficus is found on the kopjes with clinging roots which attach it in precarious positions in the cracks of rocks where one would' think it would find but little nourishment. The Crassulas have their leaves packed very tightly in geometrical designs ■; this is their winter habit. Other Grassulaceae were flowering, notably the brick-red Kalanchot, while the yellow variety was still in bud. A shrub like Michaelmas Daisy, Felicia fruticosa, was plentiful. There was a pale-brown locust with a white stripe, down his back, and a beetle which

shone blue and iridescent in the sun.

G. Edwards.

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Pasteur : As this year we are celebrating the centenary of Pasteur's birth, a most interesting exhibition was held at the Medical School and Institute describing his life and work. This being a subject of universal interest, the upper Fifts were allowed to spend the afternoon of Friday, June 8th, at the exhibition. After looking through numerous microscopes at the germs of leprosy, plague and anthrax, which we have apparently been breathing in all our lives, we are very thankful we have managed to live as long as we have ! Pasteur's discoveries have made a great deal of difference in the operating theatre, for in one room we saw an operation as done before Pasteur, contrasted with the modern aseptic method.

From the discovery of bacteria has evolved the practice of inoculation. For instance, if a man be suffering from Hydrophobia, he is inoculated with a weak culture of the germs ; this injection acts as an antitoxin to the live germs in the blood system. We saw a guinea-pig which had been injected with the blood of a man thought to be suffering from Tuberculosis. If the guinea-pig should die a post-mortem will be held to find out from what the man is suffering. We all felt rather sorry for the guinea-pig.

The demonstrators were very kind and answered our many questions, and we returned to school feeling very wise after having spent a most interesting afternoon.

Irene Dearlove.

Mr. Frith's Garden.

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 9th, Miss Edwards took some of the Science Club members to see Mr. Frith's collection of succulent plants. The garden is not very large and is situated between the Railway line and the Braamfontein subway—a very sooty and dusty position, and yet Mr. Frith has managed to collect and keep fresh-looking a great number of South African succulent plants. Among other things he has some very fine examples of “Elephant's Foot ”—a curious plant consisting of a large, succulent, food-storing stem, with a matted mass of leafy stems above. He has, too, a large number of Cycads, which are comparatively rare and the most ancient plants existing alive today. Right along one wall of the house is a bed of small plants of the Mesembryanthemum family, many of which imitate stones for protective purposes. At first sight the bed looks like a stony mound, but, upon looking again, the plants are easily distinguishable. In this bed, too, are a number of Stipelias or carrion flowers. There are many tree Aloes. “Cabbage trees,” Cycads and feathery grasses formed a picturesque group at the side of the

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house. Altogether the garden is most interesting and very different from the usual private garden.

Cecile Wolf.

At the Science Club evening held on June 14th, there was an informal talk on 44 The Life of Pasteur.”

The Fire Alarm.

The preparation bell had gone,

The Roedean damsels fair Were doing their arithmetic With diligence and care.

Then was there heard in the still air A whistle loud and clear.

The maidens started, paled, and sat

And trembled in their fear. 9

Again those whistles loud and clear !

The maidens one and all

Jumped up, and, making windows fast,

They rushed out through the hall.

And in the yard tall maidens stood Who each some young did take,

And then they hurried up the steps And seven lines did make.

Then up and spake the brave Miss Grant, u O maidens, list to me,

In the short space of minutes few A fire you shall see.

41 O come into the courtyard now,

O, haste and come to me,

O, come into the old courtyard Of lines the middle three.

“ And O, ye seven damsels tall,

Come down, and two and two,

Ye'll carry the extinguishers And put the fire through."
The seven damsels hurried down With fear in their souls.
Then Dick appeared, carrying A tin of burning coals.

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Then' up and spake again* Miss' Giant ;
“ O, take ye lumps of wood To pile upon the burning coals,
And make the life good/f
And when the mai!dens; this had done,,
And all the wood Was gone,-Two went to each extinguisher And turned the Water on.
Up shot at once three fountains cleary Which cooled at once the tifi.-But,- oh, alas I the hie remained.,
Uo Water bad got in I
And stiil they sprayed the petrol tin—
The maidens in tiheif glee,
Were jumping high, were j-umpift'g lowT.
The silly sight to see.-
At last the fire Was- put out—
The maidens,, sweet and fair,-Continued their arithmetic,
With diligence and- care.
ÍriS' Kant hack.

The Guides have made great progress- at Roedean this year. We had1 twelve new recruits from among those that came up from the Junior School. They all worked welt and soon passed their Tenderfoot tests. Miss Black came over and enrolled them at the end of the term, and at the same time presented* me with my captain's warrant.

Enrolment E>ay is always a great event for Girl Guides, and We were especially pleased with Miss Black's speech, and the fact tliat she was able to give eight girls their 2'nd class badges. We have now fourteen 2'nd class Guides in the Company, and hope to' have many more before the end of the term.

Miss Kate Greig have very kindly consented to be our Lieutenant, and has already proved herself to be most useful by introducing new ideas, and interesting us with new games, etc. We are delighted to have her.

Nearly ail the Guides have uniforms now, and they look particularly smart and neat—at least so I have been told by several outsiders.

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There is much keenness about the inter-patroi competition, which has greatly raised the standard of Work* We had a Path-rinding eXpedinion one Saturday afternoon this term. All the patrols proved themselves to be excellent path-finders, and some of the maps they drew illustrating where they had been were certainly very good. They all arrived honle punctually at 4 o'clock and ended up with a camp-fire tea on the kopjes. The Company Is divided in four patrols. The following is a list in patrol Order ;—

1

M. Pritchard (Leaded)

E. Orr (Second)

N. Goldabury

A. Sumner M. Carmichael

E. Fraser

3

E. Ha warden (Leaded)'

A. Gibson (Second)

I. Hart

B. Beare

F, Knight I. Dalton J. Cleland

D, C. StÍMNÊfcv

Eurhythmic Dancing

At the end of the term, we enjoyed watching a demonstra--tion of Eurhythmic doncing by Miss Zetterquist, and pupils. Miss Zetterquist interpreted Papillons and the Rachmaninoff Prelude beautifully.

The pupils showed how to dance aíf the different notes, and their values. One of the hardest things done, was the beating of different times by each pupil, in turn. The time beaten was played by Miss Zetterquist,

The audience were delighted with the whole demonstration,-which was lovely.

Miss Zetterquist is beginning classes: at school next term.

M. Cleland.

2

I. Kanthack (Leader) Irene Kanthack (Second) A. Denby P. Brodigan M. Brodigan J, Healey P. Davis M. Mofisse

4

S. Hart (Leadeff)

M. Beaton G. Goodwin T. Corder C. Hopkins M, Cleland

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