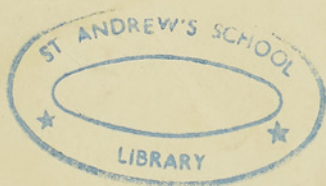


# St. Andrean

1959





*Jean Rosenberg.*

# St. Andrean

1959









## SCHOOL HISTORY

3rd TERM 1958 — 2nd TERM 1959

This year's history is, unfortunately, a chronicle mainly of staff changes in every section of the school, and the departure of so many people who have been part of the school for so long seems almost to mark the end of an era.

Mrs. Kellie's resignation at the end of 1958 was a very serious loss to us all. She came to St. Andrew's as Vice Head at the beginning of 1950 when a period of transition was in progress. This was the year in which the foundations of the new buildings were laid; numbers were increasing in spite of crowded and uncomfortable conditions; the old buildings were being painted and renovated; there were staffing difficulties, but the battle to raise the academic standards had begun. Into these somewhat chaotic conditions Mrs. Kellie stepped with the calm and good-humoured approach which was to characterise her attitude in the nine years she was here. She became at once the pivot of the staff room and the loved and trusted adviser and friend of the girls. As I look back over those early years of my regime I, more than anyone else, can realise what a debt we owe to Mrs. Kellie. Her ability as a teacher, the high standard of attainment set by her own example of hard work; her sterling worth as a person, her high ideals and devotion to duty; her delightful sense of humour — all these would set her high in our regard. But her service extended far beyond the ordinary duties of a teacher. She was ready to turn her hand to anything. I remember her on a hot Saturday morning, waist high in weeds, clearing the rose garden. For two terms she moved furniture every weekend in order to clear rooms for painting. I have seen her dishing up meat and vegetables in the kitchen; measuring windows for curtains; taking levels for the terracing at the Junior School and doing a hundred other unlikely jobs! She acted in almost every capacity, — as Headmistress, Head of the



Junior School, Matron, Sister, Housemistress — and whatever she undertook was perfectly done. Hers was a very special place in the school. I must add my personal thanks to her for her loyalty and friendship in the happy years in which we worked together. Whatever was achieved in those years was largely due to her good staff work and never-failing support.

Dr. Fejer's decision to go to Canada, dealt us another blow, for Mrs. Fejer was another of the stalwarts from the early days. She came in May, 1949 and, through all the vicissitudes of re-organisation, she quietly went on with her job of building up the standard of Afrikaans in the Junior School, and we look back on plays and songs and Open Day concerts with Mevrouw and excited juniors enjoying their performances. Many of the present seniors are, I am sure, grateful for Mrs. Fejer's teaching. As a member of the Junior School staff she was a tower of strength through very difficult years: always unruffled and good tempered; always efficient and ready to volunteer her services; always completely loyal. The juniors loved her very dearly — as did we all — and many tears were shed when we said goodbye to her.

Then, in August Miss Moore left us. We cannot thank her enough for her contribution to the building up of the standard of gymnastics and games. In her five years here we all, both staff and girls, found ourselves infected and carried along by her bubbling enthusiasm. This, allied with the high standard of her work, her quiet discipline and her devotion to the school, brought about a transformation in all branches of sport. We miss her very much, too, for her charming, friendly self and we remember her not only with gratitude but with very great affection.

We appreciate Miss Azor-Smith's three years' service in the Music department, especially her interest in pupils who had particular difficulties, and her work for the Music Club; and Miss Calcutt's eighteen months' struggle to raise the standard of needlework in the junior forms.

We thank all these who have made so big a contribution to the school and, as well, the temporary members of the staff without whose help we could not have carried on.

On the domestic side we bade farewell to Mrs. Burt who decided to retire in December, and Miss Palin when she was married at the end of the first term. The Junior School were very much the losers with their resignations. Mrs. Burt came as Junior Housemistress in 1950 when the juniors were still mixed up with the seniors in the main buildings and she did much to help us through that difficult time and the equally difficult period when the Junior School was opened and the settling in process was going on. Hers was no easy task and



she accomplished it with kindness and good humour, her organisation being responsible for the establishment of an ordered routine for the junior boarders. Miss Palin, as Matron from March 1952, organised the routine upstairs. Under her regime the dormitories were spotless — so were the junior boarders! Her training was excellent, and if her charges did feel she was over fussy at times, they have much to thank her for.

Another big change came when both Mr. Wallace and Mr. Snyman resigned at the end of the year. During Mr. Wallace's three years in charge of transport and other machines, we had less trouble with transport and things mechanical than ever before. Mr. Snyman and his family had become so much part of the school — he came in May 1952, and his younger son was born at St. Andrew's — that when we heard he was leaving, we found it difficult to picture the school without him. Whatever he was asked to do — and the demands upon him were many and varied — he did with efficiency and cheerful good-humour. His inevitable reply, even if he was asked to turn out of bed at midnight, was "It's a pleasure", and I always felt there was a ring of sincerity in it: it *was* his pleasure to do whatever he could for members of the school. We miss his willing, friendly service and hope that he and his family are happy in the new venture he has undertaken.

We were very sad when Mr. Botes died in July and we miss the familiar figure who, for eight years directed the garden boys.

In the office Mrs. Krogh took the place of Miss A. Clarke who had hankered to get back to the Cape during the whole of her two years here. We were very sorry to lose her.

Even the Board of Directors has not been free from change, for in September Mr. Hopkins moved to Durban and had to give up his "portfolio" as "Minister of Transport". Our geographical position makes transport an essential service and, therefore, often, a major problem and, over the last ten years, Mr. Hopkins has coped with difficulties both great and small. No one could have been more patient or more helpful. However busy, he was always ready to discuss and advise. He was always, too, most keenly interested in our sport. We remember particularly his part in making the annual Father's Match so successful. He captained the fathers for four years and was the first father to win his Colours! This year's match in August was memorable for the sad fact that it was the last of these happy afternoons for both Miss Moore and Mr. Hopkins. We are most grateful for all that he has done for us and are very sad that he and Mrs. Hopkins will no longer grace all our school functions as they have done for so many years.

With all these upheavals, there have, naturally, been



hitches in the smooth running of the school but, thanks to the solid core of loyalty and efficiency among the staff, these have been only temporary and, although this has not been an easy year, stability has been maintained.

The 1958 Matriculation results were the best we have achieved. Twenty-five girls entered and all gained Matriculation certificates, five in the First Class, one with distinction in French and Latin and two with distinction in History; eighteen in the Second Class and two in the Third Class. Twenty girls wrote the Hoër Afrikaanse Taaleksamen, sixteen passed, two on the hoër graad, while of the twenty-three girls who tried the Laer Taaleksamen, fifteen passed. Eleven girls sat for the examinations of the Royal Schools of Music, and all passed, four with merit.

At the end of 1958 the First Tennis Team was demoted from First League and the Second was promoted from Third, so both teams started in 1959 in Second League. In the first half, of this season the First Team won four of their six matches and the Second Team lost five. The Junior Team played and won two matches. At the Inter-High Schools Gala we gained only 19½ points but our team had an interest in almost every race for which they entered, and, as we do not aspire to enter into competition with the bigger schools, we felt they had acquitted themselves well, and they had great fun both at the gala and in training for it. This hockey season was not quite as successful as last year but the First and Second Elevens kept their places respectively in First and Third League and the Junior Team won four of the six matches they played. This year, for the first time, a Standard 5 team played Standard 5 teams from Kingsmead and Roedean and were delighted with themselves when they won both matches.

We enjoyed the usual school functions in the last term of 1958; the Art Exhibition, St. Andrew's Day, the Christmas Party and the Carol Service. In the first term the Music Competition organised by Miss Mallett with Mr. Stout as judge, was as successful as usual, and in the second term under Miss Ludgate's guidance, the Drama Competition took place. This was shortened considerably this year and consequently the audience enjoyed it more. We thank Mrs. Diplock for judging this and the staff for their help and interest and congratulate all the House Captains who organised these competitions so well.

This year the Clubs have been reorganised, both Music and Drama Clubs being divided into junior and senior sections to allow of more frequent meetings. The Music Clubs have had a number of successful evenings, a new feature being an outing each term to a concert or something of interest musically. The Drama Clubs have been somewhat overshadowed by rehearsals for *Deirdre* which is to be produced in October. The senior

Debating Club unfortunately died of inanition, but the juniors have held some successful meetings. The Senior Art Club was abandoned too, but under Mrs. Frerich's guidance an enthusiastic Junior Art Club has started.

This year we have arranged for Form IV to visit some place of interest each term in order that they may gain some insight into social problems and what is being done to try to deal with them. In the first term they went on a tour of the Native Townships and in the second visited Alexandra Health Centre and St. Michael's Mission in Alexandra Township. Forms IV and V also visited the Steelworks at Vanderbijlpark — an expedition fraught with disaster, as the bus broke down on the homeward journey, and it was a very tired and hungry party that arrived home at 8 p.m.! After their Matriculation examinations were over in December, Form V had a marvellous day at West Rand Consolidated Mine, thanks to the Manager and his staff and to Mr. McLean who sponsors this expedition for us every year. They also spent a morning at the Margaret Ballinger Home.

Once more we thank the Board and all branches of the staff for their work for the school and I should like to thank particularly Mrs. Frerichs, who is acting Senior Mistress, for all the help she has given me.

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## STAFF CHANGES

### Left:

December, 1958: Mrs. Kellie, Mrs. Fejer, Miss Azor-Smith, Mrs. Hood.

April, 1959: Miss Mackay.

June, 1959: Mrs. Stead.

August, 1959: Mrs. Archibald, Miss Calcutt, Miss Moore, Mrs. Diplock.

### Came:

October, 1958: Miss Ludgate.

January, 1959: Miss Pearson, Miss Riedl, Miss Thom, Mrs. van Rensburg.

September, 1959: Miss Mathis, Miss Reid, Mrs. Harison, Mrs. Feit.

### Temporary:

Miss N. Clarke, Mrs. Harker, Mrs. Livingstone, Mrs. Szalla.



# SCHOOL OFFICIALS and FORM CAPTAINS, 1959

## SENIOR SCHOOL

Head of School .....	Diane Davidson.
Vice-Head of School and Head of Athlone .....	Rosemary Short.
Head of Milner .....	Ann Mullins.
Head of Selborne .....	Avrille Murphy.
Prefects .....	Gillian Skeen, June Snelgar (Games Pre- fect), Sally Sceales, Sonja Ollemans, Angela Mathieson.
Sub-Prefects .....	Veronica Greig, Haidee Marklew, Janet Sceales, Margaret Evans.

### Form Captains:

	1st Term	2nd Term	3rd Term
IV .....	L. Jones	P. Holford *	A. Ramsay
IIIa .....	G. Sceales *	C. Frerichs *	P. Sutherland
IIIb .....	F. Rosset *	C. Antrobus	R. Churcher
IIa .....	J. Daly *	C. Curtis-Setchell	J. Daly
IIb .....	B. Dowdle	P. Hopkins	J. Pon
Ia .....	K. Taeuber	B. Allison	J. Fulton
Ib .....	P. Ramsay	J. Munro *	S. Loftus

## JUNIOR SCHOOL

Head Girl and Head of Selborne .....	Gail Lawson.
Vice-Head and Head of Milner .....	Denise Butler
Head of Athlone .....	Joan Rosenbaum.

**Prefects:** Diana Cousens, Mary Gluckman, Jennifer Marthinusen,  
Gael Ussher, Sandra Maggs, Robyn Dryden.

### Form Captains:

	1st Term	2nd Term	3rd Term
Std. 4 .....	A. Berry	C. Daly	H. Mentis
Std. 3 .....	P. Johnstone*	C. Robertson	R. Linton
Std. 2 .....	J. Fraser	S. Pringle	D. Stanton

(\* : Commended.)



*Miss Neave and the Prefects, 1959*



## MATRICULATION RESULTS, 1958

(Distinctions indicated in brackets)

### First Class Certificate:

L. A. K. Arkwright (History).  
C. R. Bulman (French, Latin).  
C. L. Galloway.  
E. D. Landsberger.  
E. A. Whaley.

### Second Class Certificate:

D. E. Bell.  
J. L. Coney.  
J. E. A. Crichton.  
S. du Toit.  
J. R. Emery.  
A. H. Farquhar.  
D. P. Gregson.  
D. M. Hadfield.  
S. Harvey.  
G. M. Hopkins.  
S. M. Kohler (History).  
M. E. D. N. Lucas.  
K. P. McLean.  
D. C. Orr.  
V. W. Readhead.  
A. V. Thompson.  
M. Wallisch.  
S. C. Yardley.

### Third Class Certificate:

W. J. Campbell-Pitt.  
P. A. Ratcliffe.

**Susan Gray Cup for Best Essay of the Year:**  
1958 Catherine Galloway.

**THEORY OF MUSIC EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1959 ?**  
**ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC**

Grade I	R. Rogers.
Grade II	M. Gluckman. P. Hopkins. V. Malan. E. Ollemans. J. Rosenbaum. J. Turner.
Grade III	J. Campbell Pitt. L. Morris. S. Ockleston.
Grade IV	K. Crichton. G. Rogers-Cooke.

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**MRS. RUTH KELLIE**

At the end of last year we bade farewell to Mrs. Kellie, our Vice-Principal. Was she as sorry to leave St. Andrew's as we were to have her go? That would be impossible.

Mrs. Kellie had been at the school for nearly a decade. That is a considerable span in a lifetime, particularly when the years are thought of in terms of months, weeks and hours of assiduous devotion.

But it is not only for her readiness to give her time and for what she did that we remember Mrs. Kellie. We think also of what she was. Her wisdom and her practical common sense, her sense of justice and her sense of humour, her interest in the things of the mind and her understanding of human nature were relied upon and admired by the girls and the staff alike. We all found in her both a mentor and a friend.

It is good to know that she has not entirely severed her ties with the school. We wish her all prosperity, all happiness: and we thank her for everything that she did for St. Andrew's.



## ATHLONE

At the beginning of this year Athlone started out with new determination after being unsuccessful in winning the shield at the end of last year.

Our determination to do better this year has been such that we have advanced our position from third to second place in the swimming, music and drama competitions: and at the end of the second term we were proud to win the fines, housemarks and commendation competitions.

We were sorry to lose Miss Azor-Smith at the end of last year; also Miss Mackay and Miss Calcutt (now Mrs. Paul), who always showed an interest in our activities. We are glad to welcome to our House Miss Riedl, Miss Reid, Mrs. van Rensburg and Mrs. Szalla.

After much discussion we decided to give support, as our work for charity, to Woodside Sanctuary, a home for mentally and physically retarded children. We raised £11.18.0 by entertaining the school to an evening of unusual games. We owe the great success of this evening to the unfailing enthusiasm of Mrs. Wiesner.

ROSEMARY SHORT.

## MILNER

Milner has had a highly successful year over the period 1958-1959 and we are pleased to report that we succeeded in winning the Inter-House Tennis, Swimming, Music, Drama, Hockey and Domestic Science Competitions, with a second place in the Art Competition. The Efficiency Shield was ours once again.

We continue to work for our charity, Ezenzeleni and the Palmer Eye Hospital, and Phyllis Ketley has successfully launched a campaign to knit jerseys for the children at Ezenzeleni: this we have financed from our fund-raising activities and our thanks are due once more to Mrs. Holford for her co-operation in helping us to buy wool at a much reduced



rate. The response to this campaign has been good and the enthusiasm has infected members of our rival Houses who have very kindly joined in with this work: Milner extends her grateful thanks to them. The Milner blanket has at last been completed after four years of crocheting. Although it is not perfect, we hope that it will be of some service to the Palmer Eye Hospital.

Finally, we should like to thank Mrs. Frerichs and all the other Milner Staff for their unfailing help and encouragement.

ANN MULLINS.

Our successes were due to the team spirit of the whole House under the leadership of Ann Whaley and Ann Mullins, Heads of House for 1958 and 1959 respectively, and to June Snelgar, who, as Games Prefect, has done invaluable work for Milner as Captain of Swimming and Hockey, to Jennifer Coney as Captain of Tennis in 1958, and to Sally Sceales, Patricia Peacock and Gillian Skeen who were responsible for the Music and Art sections.

D. A. FRERICHS.

### SELBORNE

First and foremost, we are very sorry that Miss Lockey is to leave us at the end of this year. Her work for the House has been much appreciated by us all.

It was only by a fraction of a point that we lost the shield to Milner last year. Unfortunately we have been less successful this year, having taken third place in the Swimming, Music and Drama competitions. However, we were second in the Hockey competition. Outstanding work was done by the captains in each team and tremendous enthusiasm was shown by all participants.

A decided and successful effort has been made to provide more jumble for the Sunbeams, who seem to have enjoyed their picnics thoroughly this year.

We were sad to say goodbye to Mrs. Archibald at the end of last term. We are pleased to welcome Mrs. Harison into the House, and hope that she will see a more successful Selborne next year.

AVRILLE MURPHY.

## DEIRDRE

It was, in the traditional phrase, a 'flushed but happy throng' that gathered on the stage for a party after the last performance of *Deirdre* on Saturday, October, 24th. The happiness was justified because the play, over all, had been a success. Particularly justified in their happiness, by common consent, were Caroline Cater and Elizabeth Kelly, the former by virtue of her rendition, convincing and intelligent, of Deirdre and the latter for her insight into the complicated character of Conchubar. Both spoke their lines well, never over-acted, but showed a good sense of the stage, such that their gestures and movements accorded with the poet's words. Ann Higgerty's Fergus, likewise, was successful, particularly on the last night, when she got into her stride and used her good voice to good effect. Alice Curnow was a graceful and youthful Naoise. The voices of the threesome of musicians would have been more telling had they spoken more articulately: perhaps their introductory function would have been assisted if, on the programme, the audience had been given a synopsis of the play. Yeats's play is somewhat like an opera, with poetry instead of singing. The Libyans and the henchmen of Fergus provided the choral effect with verve.

Phyllis Ketley introduced the first item of the programme, the songs. Her clear diction and her composed demeanour made her an excellent announcer. Everybody enjoyed the songs. Whoever it was who thought of introducing Yeats's play with these melodies should be congratulated. Possibly the ditty, 'Soldier, soldier, will you marry me' was out of keeping but, appropriate or not, it was enjoyed. The best song we heard was 'Deirdre's Farewell'.

To Miss Ludgate, our Irish producer, for bearing the brunt these many weeks; to Mrs. Frerichs for her artistry in designing the set and the costumes and for her expert advice (that of a born actress); to Miss Neave for her presiding spirit; to Mr. Savage for his craftsmanship; to Mr. Ralphs, to Miss Mallett and to Miss Mathis; to Miss Reid for her intelligent awareness of what Yeats means and what the songs mean; to all and one, players, conductors, workers in the wings, high praise is



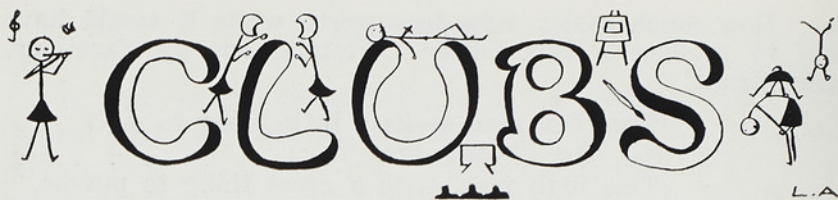
due. How much easier, how less worth while it would have been to produce a Box Office Certainty, snappy, facetious, insignificant!

That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
 Sees it and does it.  
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
 Dies ere he knows it.  
 That low man goes on adding one to one,  
 His hundred's soon hit:  
 This high man, aiming at a million,  
 Misses an unit.

It is in the spirit of Browning's grammarian that our production of W. B. Yeats's *Deirdre* should be judged. It would have been easy for us to have depicted Laughter holding both his sides. Instead, we elected to attempt the play wherein Irish Yeats turned back to ancient lore to show an eternal case, the problem of split allegiance.

Such a play, however far we fell from an ideal presentation, belongs to the nature of our school. Our aim is to be aware of problems, and to elect the way that is righteous.

Musicians	.....	Patricia Peacock, Philippa Holford, Anthea Ramsay.
Fergus	.....	Ann Higgerty.
Naoise	.....	Alice Curnow.
Deirdre	.....	Caroline Cater.
Conchubar	.....	Elizabeth Kelly.
Messenger	.....	Chloë Antrobus.
Libyans	.....	Valerie Malan, Priscilla Zipp, Francoise Rosset.
Followers of Fergus	.....	Catharine Frerichs, Louise Anderson, Clorinda Curtis-Setchell, Elizabeth Stewart-Munn.
Costumes: Designed by Mrs. Frerichs; made by Mrs. Szalla, Misses R. Mallet, G. Lockey, M. Hofs, L. Byass, K. Crichton, F. de Sarigny and E. Wevell.		
Make-up, Properties, Lights: Mrs. Frerichs, Miss Mallett, Miss Mathis, C. Curtis-Setchell, M. Gear, M. Hofs.		



## DRAMA

We have been very fortunate this year in having Miss Ludgate to organise the Dramatic Society. At present she is busy conducting rehearsals of W. B. Yeats's play, *Deirdre*. It is a long time since a play was last staged at St. Andrew's. We are looking forward to the production in October, for all our efforts this year have been devoted to it.

Mr. Ralphs of St. John's College came one evening and gave us valuable advice on the art of stage make-up. We enjoyed his demonstration very much and thank him for sparing us his time.

Mrs. Frerichs has always helped the Dramatic Society a great deal: the stage sets and the costumes for *Deirdre* will owe much to her. We acknowledge her kind interest with thanks.

A. MURPHY.

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The Junior Debating Society was formed in the second term of this year. At our first meeting we discussed the motion 'Smoking and Drinking should be abolished'. A humorous debate ensued and the motion was lost.

At our next meeting we debated the proposition 'Sport plays too large a part in the lives of South Africans', and this topic encouraged a somewhat more serious discussion.

We should like to thank Miss Hughes very much indeed for all that she has done for our Society.

VERITY WIENER.





## SENIOR MUSIC CLUB

At the beginning of this year, the Music Club was completely re-organised into Junior and Senior sections. Miss Mallett has been the enthusiastic and hard-working member of staff behind the Senior Music Club.

The aim of the Senior Music Club this year has been to provide an opportunity for music lovers to further their interests and widen their horizons. All our members have taken an active part in the Club, each contributing to it according to her capabilities.

The Senior Club has kept a book in which minutes are recorded, as well as anything of note.

We have had much enjoyment out of writing to famous musical personalities, and are proud to have received encouraging replies from such notable musicians as Yehudi Menuhin, Eileen Joyce, Joan Hammond, Marian Anderson, Mantovani, Mimi Coertse and Winifred Atwell.

During the year both the Senior and the Junior Music Clubs have been fortunate in having outings as well as performances at school conducted by various musical personalities. Miss Thom and Miss Riedl gave a flute and piano recital; Mrs. Harker organized an evening of chamber music and Mr. John East of St. John's College gave a lecture and recital. We went out to a piano recital by Michelangeli, and to Walt Disney's film 'Fantasia'.

We feel that this has been a most profitable year and that every member of the Club has enjoyed and supported our endeavours.

ROSEMARY SHORT and SONJA OLLEMANS,

## JUNIOR MUSIC CLUB

The Junior Music Club made its debut at the beginning of this year. We have thoroughly enjoyed the last two terms and look forward to a happy future.

We went out with the Senior Music Club to hear Michel-angeli play and to see the film "Fantasia" and we enjoyed several visits from local musical personalities, again in association with the Seniors.

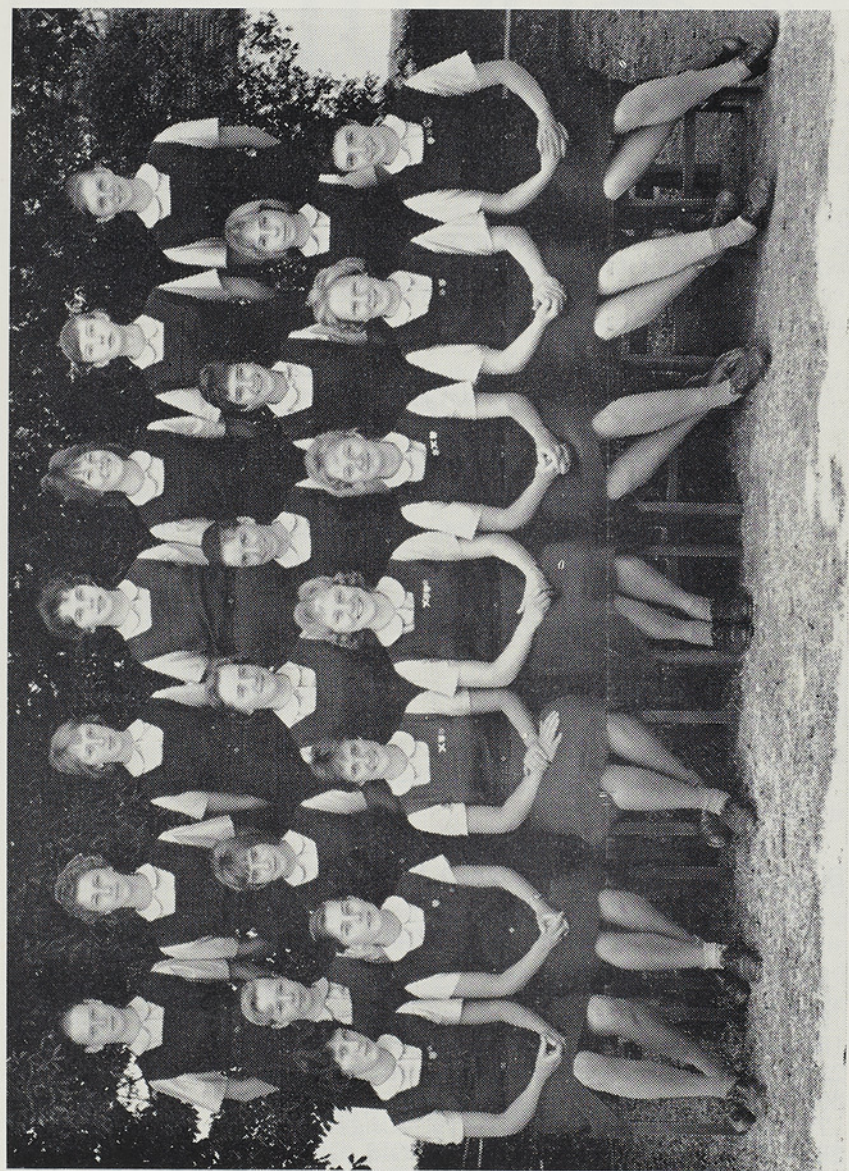
One evening we went up to the Junior School where we heard a song recital given by two ladies. They were accompanied by a guitar and they sang African songs and some well-known pieces.

Sometimes we had our own girls play or sing to us and it was fun discovering that we have a fair share of talent in the school. In addition, we have collected pictures, articles, criticisms and programs for a musical scrapbook.

Our Music Club has really been a success and this is largely due to Miss Riedl. She has given up her time to make the Club interesting and amusing and we are very grateful to her.

SUEANN LOFTUS.





Photograph of the Swimming Team



This year we had to say a sad good-bye to Miss Moore, who in the past five years has done so much for our sport. We cannot thank her sufficiently. We welcome Miss Mathis as our new sports mistress.

## HOCKEY

We once more retained our position, with Miss Moore's help and encouragement, in the 1st League.

The 2nd XI have also had a very successful season.

The Father's Hockey Match again proved to be most enjoyable. We were very sorry to have to say goodbye to Mr. Hopkins: he has endeared himself to all of us, and we shall miss him very much.

The Old Girls' Hockey Match was another high light of the hockey term. They deserved to beat us for they had a very good team.

Thanks to Miss Moore, we now have a smart hockey uniform.

We congratulate Melanie Brink who gained a place in the Southern Transvaal Combined Schools 2nd XI.

### First XI Fixture Results

2nd June,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Roedean A	... ..	Lost 2-1
9th June,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Parktown Convent A	... ..	Lost 8-2
16th June,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Parktown High A	... ..	Won 3-0
23rd June,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Assumption Convt. A	... ..	Lost 3-1
30th June,	St. Andrew's A	vs. St. Mary's A	... ..	Lost 5-2
7th July,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Kingsmead A	... ..	Won 3-0
18th July,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Old Girls	... ..	Lost 2-1
25th July,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Hilton Boys	... ..	Lost 6-2
1st Aug.,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Fathers	... ..	Won 5-2
4th Aug.,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Jeppe A	... ..	Won 3-2



## Hockey 1st XI Team

A. Ramsay, P. Sutherland, R. Short (vice-captain), P. Snelgar, M. Brink, F. Rosset, J. Snelgar (captain), M. Pon, L. Jones, H. Marklew, C. Antrobus.

## Second XI Fixture Results

26th May,	St. Andrew's B	vs. Waverley B	... ..	Won 4-0
2nd June,	St. Andrew's B	vs. Yeoville A	... ..	Drew 2-2
9th June,	St. Andrew's B	vs. Assumption B	... ..	Lost 3-0
16th June,	St. Andrew's B	vs. Parktown High B	... ..	Lost 1-0
23rd June,	St. Andrew's B	vs. Johannesburg High B	drew	0-0
30th July,	St. Andrew's B	vs. Redhill A	... ..	Won 1-0
4th Aug.,	St. Andrew's B	vs. Helpmekaar A	.. ..	Lost 3-0

## Hockey 2nd XI Team

F. Ferguson, V. Malan, G. Sceales, A. Sheat, L. A. Ormsby, J. Daly, M. Beiler, R. Jackson, B. Wilson, K. Williams (captain), L. Morris.

## Under 15 Team

G. Chase, A. Mackenzie, G. Campbell, P. Lea, W. Allen, G. Rogers-Cooke, B. Dowdle, P. Lucas (captain), C. Curtis-Setchell, N. Lulofs, L. Andrews.

## Results of Inter-House Matches

Milner vs. Athlone	.....	Milner (4)	.....	1st
Milner vs. Selborne	... ..	Selborne (2)	.....	2nd
Selborne vs. Athlone	.....	Athlone (1)	.....	3rd

Hockey colours were awarded to M. Brink and P. Snelgar.  
Hockey colours were re-awarded to J. Snelgar.

## TENNIS

After a disappointing third term, 1958, we were demoted to 2nd League. The first term, 1959 was, however, much more successful. The 2nd team have been promoted to 2nd League after their successful third term, 1958. Miss Neave presented J. Coney with a tennis racquet for reaching the top of our Tennis Ladder.

## First Team Results

### Third Term, 1958

7th October,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Roedean A:	... ..	Lost 41-58
14th October,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Parkt'n Convent A:	Lost	35-64
21st October,	St. Andrew's A	vs. Roosevelt A:	... ..	Lost 46-53
4th Nov.,	St. Andrew's A	vs. St. Mary's A:	... ..	Lost 27-72

## 1959 — First Team Results

17th Feb., St. Andrew's A vs. St. Andrew's B: ... ..	Won 65-34
24th Feb., St. Andrew's A vs. St. Mary's A: ... ..	Won 54-48
3rd March, St. Andrew's A vs. J.G.H.S. B: ... ..	Won 58-41
10th March, St. Andrew's A vs. Forest High B: ... ..	Won 68-31
17th March, St. Andrew's A vs. Rosebank Conv't A: ... ..	Won 54-45
24th March, St. Andrew's A vs. Yeoville A: ... ..	Lost 41-58

## 1st Tennis Team — 1958

J. Coney (captain), E. Landsberger ... ..	1st couple
M. Wallisch, S. du Toit ... ..	2nd couple
J. Snelgar, L. Jones ... ..	3rd couple

## Second Team Results

### Third Term 1958 — Third League

14th October, St. Andrew's B vs. Queen's High: .. ..	Won 70-29
21st October, St. Andrew's B vs. Sir John Adams: ... ..	Won 77-22
28th October, St. Andrew's B vs. Waverley B: ... ..	Won 53-46
4th Nov., St. Andrew's B vs. Roosevelt B: ... ..	Lost 36-56
11th Nov., St. Andrew's B vs. Redhill: ... ..	Won 53-46

### 1959 Second Team Results — Second League

24th Feb., St. Andrew's B vs. Roedean A: ... ..	Lost 20-79
3rd March, St. Andrew's B vs. Jeppe A: ... ..	Lost 16-83
10th March, St. Andrew's B vs. Athlone A: ... ..	Lost 18-81
17th March, St. Andrew's B vs. Hill High A: ... ..	Lost 20-79

## Second Tennis Team — 1958

M. Lucas (captain), R. Ryland ... ..	1st couple
C. Antrobus, F. Rosset ... ..	2nd couple
G. Hopkins, D. Gregson ... ..	3rd couple

## Inter-House Tennis Results

1st ... ..	Milner: 69
2nd ... ..	Selborne: 68
3rd ... ..	Athlone: 52

Tennis colours were awarded to J. Coney.



## SWIMMING

After training extremely hard for the Inter-High School Gala, we gained 19½ points. Although this result is not as high as last year's, we still feel we did comparatively well with our small team. This year's triangular gala against Parktown Convent and Athlone proved to be a great success for our team.

### Summary of Points

St. Andrew's	... ..	250 points
Parktown Convent	... ..	137 points
Athlone	... ..	33 points

### School Swimming Team

J. Snelgar (captain), A. Mathieson, D. Davidson, N. Wilder, P. Snelgar, J. Daly, F. Ferguson, F. Rosset, C. Antrobus, A. Mansell, L. Morris, W. Allen, B. Dowdle, R. Husted, B. Wilson, L. Voelcker, J. MacPherson, P. Hopkins, S. Read, A. Edwards-Blair, S. Rosenberg.

Swimming colours were awarded to: P. Snelgar, C. Antrobus, J. Daly. A. Mathieson had her colours re-awarded.

Diving colours were awarded to: D. Davidson and F. Rosset.

Milner was the winning house this year in the Inter-House Gala held on the 7th March.

Athlone gained second place and Selborne came third.

The House Relay Cup was won by Milner.

The All-Round Swimming Cup was awarded to A. Mathieson.

The Diving Cup was awarded to F. Rosset.

Mr. Hopkins kindly presented the cups. Seven school records were broken this year.

## GYMNASTICS

Colours were awarded to: R. Short, H. Marklew, D. Davidson, K. Williams. Colours were re-awarded to J. Snelgar.

## JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS

### Inter-House Swimming Gala:

1st, Milner; 2nd, Selborne; 3rd, Athlone.

### Inter-House Hockey:

1st, Athlone; 2nd, Selborne; 3rd, Milner.

### Inter-House Tennis:

1st, Milner; 2nd, Athlone; 3rd, Selborne.

— J. SNELGAR,  
Games Captain.





*1st Hockey XI, 1959.*

## THE LIBRARY

Throughout the year, Miss Lockey has been a keen and helpful head of the library, especially in encouraging the girls to make more use of the books at their disposal. We shall be very sorry to lose her at the end of the year.

During the year, books have been bought with school funds for both the Fiction and the Reference libraries. Many kind donations have been made. We are grateful to the Student Advisory Council of the University of Natal for its gift of many books; Marion Lucas for "The International Library of Famous Literature" and Mrs. Kellie, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Wills, Mrs. Holford and Mrs. P. Mark for the books they have given.

The shelves of the Reference Library have become very overcrowded and we continue to collect funds for a new Reference Library. This would be a great asset to the school.

There have been very few lost books this year, but too many girls ignore the fortnight's time limit for borrowing books.

We should like to acknowledge our thanks to those girls who helped us in times of difficulty and absence.

DIANA GALE and KATHERINE CRICHTON,  
LIBRARIANS.



# Poetry & Prose

## ONE MORNING

One morning I went fishing and I caught a golden fish and it had black stripes on its back and purple spots. We put it in a tin and took it home and put it in our pond and it had grey baby fish. The next day I went to see my fish and there were frogs eating the grey baby fish, so we had to empty the pond and throw the frogs away. I went to see my fish in the afternoon and they were all dead, all dead because the dog had jumped in the pond and had given the fish such a shock that they all died of fright.

VICKY STUBBS. Std. I.

## A STORM AT SEA

I am a sea gull. Sea gulls are very useful if you are sailing because they can tell that there is land quite near. I have a beautiful coat of white feathers, and a yellow beak.

One day I was flying about when a storm arose. The sky turned dull, overcast by great, big, Nimbus clouds. The sea was rough, and grew rougher and rougher. Thunder rolled, and lightning flashed, so I flew off as fast as I could go to somewhere safe. I could see the rain beating on the water. I saw a little boat being tossed on the big waves. It went down into the trough, and up again.

At last the storm abated. The sky was blue again, the sea was calm, so I went flying happily to dive for my dinner.

C. JACOBS. Std. III.

## ST. ANDREW

St. Andrew was a Galilean who lived on the shores of the Sea of Galilee and he was a fisherman. He belonged to a poor family and lived a simple life. He wore a woollen garment girt with a leather belt. His ship was clumsy little wooden sailing boat with one sail. On board, he went bare-foot. He had a brother Simon, called Peter, also a fisherman.

One day when Peter and Andrew were mending their nets, Jesus called them and said, "Follow me and I will

make you fishers of men." They left their homes and their work and their relations and followed Him. St. Andrew was His second disciple, for Peter was the first. Then they came across three fishermen busy with their nets. They were James and John, with their father, Zebedee. Jesus called the two sons to follow Him and they did. That is how Jesus found His first four disciples.

Andrew was with Jesus wherever He went. He watched many miracles and was with Him when He preached the Sermon on the mount.

R. LINTON. St. III.

### THE UNDER-SEA KINGDOM

The water rippled gently, the sea-gulls swooped and called, as Sally and Philip dived deep into the cool, green depths of the ocean. They passed a beautiful red coral reef, and many-coloured sea-plants swayed gracefully around them. All sizes and shapes, the fish sped effortlessly by. If Sally and Philip had counted them, they would have numbered over fifty different kinds. On they swam, until they could hold their breath no longer. Then they surfaced and climbed back into their boat. They regretted leaving the beautiful and mysterious under-sea kingdom, but the shadows were lengthening as their small boat skimmed homeward over the shimmering waters of the ocean. The sky was deep golden with streaks of reddish pink in it: over the bay the sunset was as beautiful as the world underneath the waves.

S. COLLIE & L. DUNBAR. Std. V.

### 'N AVONTUUR MET BYE

Toe ek klein was, het ons op die platteland gewoon. Ons standplaas was groot, met bome beplant en 'n klein riviértjie het daardeur gekronkel. Ek en my suster, Marie, het baie daarvan gehou om die bome te klim en in die rivier te speel.

Eendag het Marie en ek 'n groot boom, wat op die wal van die rivier gestaan het, geklim. Per ongeluk het ons 'n byekorf laat afval. Al die bye het uitgeklim en ons was so bang dat ons uit die boom uit, en in die rivier in, geval het. Dit was net ons geluk, want as 'n mens in die water is, sal die bye jou nie steek nie. Ons het onder die water verdwyn en die bye het oor ons gezoem.

Toe ons ons koppe uitgesteek het om asem te haal, het die bye ons weer gepak. Daarna het ons besluit om 'n endjie onder die water te swem, en verder op in die rivier uit te klim. So gesê, so gedaan, en vinnig het ons huis toe gehardloop.

As ek nou bome klim, is ek baie versigtig.

PATRICIA BRAWLEY. Vorm IIA.



### SERVE HIM RIGHT

There lived a man at Magna Fell,  
A felonious man was he.  
He used to steal a pound of salt  
And put it in his tea.

He wore a stolen coat of black  
With red and white striped scarf:  
And every morn he went to town  
To steal the latest laugh.

At noon-day when the sun was hot,  
And also when t'was cold,  
He'd take a walk to Arthur's mine  
And steal a pot of gold.

Alas, my friends, he was found out  
As all bad men will be:  
And he was sent to Magna gaol,  
To steal some jeu d'esprit.

LESLEY-ANN ORMSBY. Form IIIA.

### A STRANGE OLD MAN

There lived a man at Magna Fell,  
A strange ol' man was he.  
He nary would come oot his house,  
Except to walk the lea.

When first I set me eyes on him,  
I turned me round and ran,  
And ran, and ran as fast I could  
Awa' frae that ol' man.

For he had ugly devil eyes  
That shone with evil light,  
And cruel mouth that seemed awry:  
He was a ghoulisn sight.

The stories say that this ol' man,  
Wi' lean and hungry face,  
Is seen sometimes wi' long, thin stick,  
Wee childers for the chase.

And off at night he walks the lea,  
And shouts at yon bright moon,  
Why this is so, why, none can guess,  
He shouts till t' moon is doon.

And when dawn breaks, he's still again,  
And why, not one can tell;  
I sits me doon and thinks of that  
Ol' man frae Magna Fell.

VALERIE MALAN. Form IIIB.

## RAINBOW GORGE

Having arrived at our destination, Rainbow Gorge, we descended the rope ladder that hung precariously over the cold, damp, black rock into a deep chasm.

On reaching the yellow sanded bottom, we were too amazed for speech. Rainbow Gorge certainly deserved its name! All around us, thousands upon thousands of shimmering, glittering rainbows hung gently suspended in the cool, delicately scented air. Colours flashed and sparkled everywhere when silvery drops of water from the stream above were shattered against the shining stones into a fine mist. We stood spellbound, admiring this breathtaking scene and, as we turned back for the hostel, we thought that this sight was more than enough reward for all the hardships we had encountered.

A. MANSELL. Form IIIB.

## VENETIAN WINE GLASS

Standing alone,  
Living, though without the breath of life,  
Remote from man's eternal strife,  
Your beauty your own:  
Crystal glory given for my earthly eye,  
To wring my heart and raise a sigh  
To see your crystal strength:  
Your rainbows sparkle beautified;  
In iridescence glows your pride,  
The sun your strength.  
All magnificence you stand  
With iceberg crispness.  
When the grand, royal wine  
With bubbling beauty fills  
And the lights shine,  
Your globe begins to speak, instils,  
In the inner soul, a radiance divine.

DIANA KEMPSTER. Form IIIB.

## A LONDON TAXI

Taxis galore came hurtling towards us, as we waited our turn in the queue. One black cab came to a sudden halt. We bundled in our bags and ourselves.

"White City, please!" we yelled to the driver. He turned round the notice "Taxi for hire," and off we sped to the White City Stadium. The driver was a plump little man. He wore a



Harris cap pulled over his eyes and a suit two sizes too small for him. A large cigar hung from his jaw.

The black taxi shone brilliantly as the sun streamed down on this warm summer's day. The inside of the cab was dark and sinister looking. The rear window was covered by a blind to shut out the glare. The driver was cut off from us by a glass window that could be opened and closed.

The taxi drivers have to know every place in London and its suburbs or else they would hardly make any money at all: our driver certainly knew his way to White City all right. We lurched forward as the taxi turned a sharp corner and came to a halt. There, in front of us, was the White City Stadium. We were positively jerked out of the cab onto the pavement, paid the driver his fare and away went the taxi curving at speed in a large circle, off to capture more passengers.

ALISON FLETCHER. Form IIIA.

### DIE EERSTE AAND NA DIE VAKANSIE

Ja, ons is terug op skool. Die gewone ou slaapsaal is vol babbelende meisies. Tasse en klere lê orals rond. Ek is bly ek hoef nie in dié kamer te slaap nie!

Gelukkig slaap ek en my vriendin, June, in 'n aparte kamer-tjie. Terwyl ons die kamer aan die kant maak, gesels ons oor die vakansie.

Daar is 'n groot venster bo die koppenent van my bed en die wind waai saggies daardeur. Terwyl June badkamer toe gaan, kyk ek by die venster uit. Die sterre skitter hoog in die lug en die ou maan seil stadig verby. Verbeel ek my of lyk hy 'n bietjie anders vandat die Russe hom raakgeskiet het! Alles is rustig en my gedagtes vlieg huis toe. Ja, ek is weer op skool, ver van die natuur, die groen velde en die singende voëls. Die skool is weer aan die gang en dit sal lank wees voordat ek weer my ouerhuis sien; drie maande lank.

June kom terug van die badkamer en het so baie snaakse stories te vertel dat ek gou my heimwee vergeet, en ons lag lekker saam. Dit is omtrent half-elf voordat ons ophou met klets. Daardie dag het ek ver gereis en nou is ek baie moeg. Ek klim in my bed, vou die komberse om my en raak gou aan die slaap. Waarvan droom ek? Dit is seker nie moeilik om te raai nie.

FRANCOISE ROSSET. Vorm IIIB.



## MIDNIGHT, 30th NOVEMBER

It was midnight, on November 30. As the clock struck, a curious creaking and groaning came from the direction of the Chapel. St. Andrew was about to take his annual walk around the school. Slowly he pulled down his hand and inched stiffly to the ground. He looked into the Chapel, thinking, as always, how exasperating it was to stand so near and yet never be able to look inside. After doing obeisance and satisfying himself that everything was in exactly the same place as last year, he walked up the steps leading to the hall and thence to the Science laboratory where he had an appointment with Sir George, the skeleton.

After an exchange of greetings and news, they decided to go together to the Junior School. They were rather concerned about the noise they were making, for one was made of bones and the other of stone, neither of which is conducive to silence.

At the Junior School, Sir George saw the diving boards: he insisted on visiting the swimming bath instead. He tried to persuade St. Andrew to take the plunge with him but St. Andrew strongly demurred for he knew what would happen if he did: he would sink!

Sir George, however, dived in and started to swim. If you have ever had the chance of seeing skeletons swim, you will know that although they battle along very bravely, they can only move about two inches a minute because the water flows right through them. After ten minutes he gave up and spent the next twenty minutes trying to get back to the side. At last he scrambled out and shook himself to get dry, his bones rattling violently.

The pair walked down to the Old Wing where they paid a visit to Haig dormitory. The inmates of Haig were listening to an exciting ghost story when Sir George and St. Andrew popped in: I leave the ensuing screams to your imagination.

The prefects flew out to find out what the noise was, but flew back faster than the speed of sound when they saw Haig's guests.

By this time it was almost one o'clock: time for the two to return to their stations.

St. Andrew locked Sir George in his box before returning to his own place, for, of course he couldn't lock himself in. St. Andrew, with deliberate tread, stamped down the steps, smiled benevolently, then arranged his limbs into their customary posture.

PRISCILLA ZIPP. Form IIIB.

### TRIOLETS

"To Port! To Port!" the skipper said.  
I pulled the jib towards the lee:  
The boom banged hard upon my head.  
"To Port! To Port" the skipper said.  
Stripes and asterisks overhead,  
World whirling upside down to me!  
"To Port! To Port!" the skipper said:  
The boom banged down upon my head.

ELIZABETH KELLY. Form IV.

### VARIATION OF "THE CAT SAT ON THE MAT"

A Persian rover was this cat;  
Around the rolling world she flew,  
A Persian flag above the mat.  
A Persian rover was this cat.  
A stalwart, staunch and loyal Nat.,  
She always upheld the Persian view.  
A Persian rover was this cat:  
Around the rolling world she flew.

ANNA SHEAT. Form IV.

### SHOPPING

Walking down the street in town,  
Bumping into passersby,  
Eyes glued on each Paris gown,  
Ambling, nibbling a Perk's Pie:  
Bumping into passersby,  
Dodging past the Salvation Band,  
Ambling, nibbling a Perk's Pie,  
Clutching Nannie's sticky hand:  
Dodging past the Salvation Band,  
Darting through the turning door,  
Clutching Nannie's sticky hand,  
Lost in the Department Store.  
Darting through the turning door,  
Gazing at the magic toys,  
Lost in the Department Store,  
Entranced with all the Christmas joys!  
Gazing at the magic toys,  
Told at once: "Now, please don't touch!"  
Entranced with all the Christmas joys —  
"Please buy me a rabbit-hutch!"  
"What's it cost? I hope not much!"  
(Eyes glued on each Paris gown)  
"Please buy me a rabbit-hutch?"  
Walking down the street in town.

KATHLEEN WILLIAMS. Form IV.



## THE POEM

Cackling over Mr. Punch,  
His satire and his toothsome wit,  
I hear the bell; it clangs for lunch  
And my poem is not yet writ.

Punch's satire and his wit  
Inspired me. "What a good idea!  
Though my poem's not yet writ,  
It'll be the poem of the year."

Thought I, "Well, that's a good idea!  
And so it was — a mighty thought:  
Could be the poem of the year —  
It didn't happen as it ought.

Yes, it was a mighty thought  
— Though my poem is not yet writ.  
It didn't happen as it ought,  
Lacking punch, satire and wit.

ELIZABETH KELLY. Form IV.

## THE TUCK SHOP

Strawberry tarts and pink gumdrops  
Sticks of sugar candy,  
Sticky buns and lollipops,  
Chocolates filled with brandy.

Sticks of sugar candy  
Stacked in rows upon the shelf,  
Chocolates filled with brandy —  
Come, my dear, and help yourself!

Stacked in rows along the shelf  
Candy floss and big bull's eyes —  
Come, my dear, and help yourself  
To biscuits, cakes and sausage pies.

Candy floss and big bull's eyes,  
Sticky buns and lollipops,  
Biscuits, cakes and sausage pies  
Strawberry cream and pink gumdrops!

WENDY SYDENHAM-CLARKE.

Form IV.

## NONE HEARD HER CRY

She sat on the edge of the broken bridge  
Laving her feet in the stream,  
But her eyes were fixed on the distant ridge,  
Where the browsing reindeer dream.

Laving her feet in the stream,  
The crumbling bridge beneath,  
She saw the distant gleam  
Of the ancient mountain wraith.

The crumbling bridge beneath  
Shuddered and shook awry:  
And into the stream she fell  
And no one hear her cry.

Shuddered, and shook and fell,  
And none to hear her cry:  
All that was left on the stream  
Was her cloak, that drifted by.

And no one to hear her cry,  
Save the ancient mountain wraith  
Who gathered the drifting cloak  
From the rippling river's face:

Save the ancient mountain wraith  
None heard the damsel's cry,  
And now the ghost wears a cloak of blue  
As she walks the mountain high.

CAROLINE CATER. Form IV.

### Roundel:

#### FLIGHT AT NIGHT

O Flickering Light, show me my way  
Along the road all through the night:  
Show me the pitfalls seen by day,  
O Flickering Light.

Help me face with my poor might  
The dangers of the long, lone way  
That, unscathed, I may end my flight

Before the sun announces the coming day.  
Then may luck guide my footsteps right  
And I, like you, be gay and bright,  
O Flickering Light.

ANNA SHEAT. Form IV.



## Spenserian Stanza:

### INQUE

The ancient chief with wrinkled brow awakes;  
With palest light and peaceful hush comes dawn;  
By noon the sun's harsh glare the cornfield rakes  
And tired is old Inque reaping corn.  
On kaffir shanties, on scatter'd hens, with scorn  
The sun looks down. Tinkling bells from far fields  
Foretell all's well, but Inque lies forlorn.  
He breathes a silent prayer, his face he shields,  
His day is o'er; his rest is come; his soul he yields.

FRANCES SHEAT. Form IV.

### LYRIC

I looked into the sky today,  
And saw a flash of blue:  
And then a streak of white flew past  
Like linen washed and new.  
I looked into the sky again  
And saw there something old:  
St. Andrew's pennant proudly flew  
All white and blue and bold.

F. DE SARIGNY. Form IV.

### TOUSTAAN

Toustaan is deesdae skynbaar onvermydelik. Vir sommige mense is toustaan net een van daardie alledaagse gebeurtenisse, maar ek vind dat dit ook baie interessant en grappig kan wees as 'n mens dit so wil insien.

Eendag het ek tougestaan om 'n bioskoopkaartjie te koop. Na ek 'n rukkie gestaan het, het 'n vet klein seuntjie voor my in die tou ingedruk. Voor ek iets kon sê, het hy my begin uitkoggel en toe het hy skewemond getrek. Die mense agter my het hard gelag toe hulle dit sien en ek kon voel hoe rooi ek word. Ek het probeer om my nie aan hom te steur nie; dit het geslaag want hy het opgehou en het besluit om aan sy roomys te lek. Ek sal nooit vergeet hoe verleë ek daardie dag gevoel het nie!

Terwyl 'n mens in 'n tou staan, sien jy allerhande soorte mense — mense wat ongeduldig is en, buie of bars, eerste wil wees, mense wat genoeg geduld het om amper die hele dag te

staan en wag en mense wat daarvan hou om net in die tou te staan en gesels.

Ook hoor jy toevallig baie snaakse praatjies. Terwyl ek eendag in die poskantoor was, het twee ou dames oor hul katte gepraat. Die een het gesê dat haar kat op 'n ferweel-kussing slaap; die ander het gesê dat haar kat op room gevoer word want melk is nie goed genoeg vir haar liefeling nie!

Ja, toustaan is nie altyd so vervelig nie!

LYNETTE JONES. Vorm IV.

### Spenserian Stanza:

#### THE ROSE

It was a shell-pink rose, almost full-blown,  
That thing of beauty rare I saw today;  
It had a beauty pure as Helen's own,  
And in its heart a dewy drop there lay.  
Upon the heart were shafts of light aplay,  
Changing, with gentle magic, dew to wine  
All pinkly tinted, as it gently lay  
On folded petals, delicate and fine.  
Alas, that all this gracious beauty should decline.

DIANA GALE. Form IV.

#### . . . AND THE CONCERT BEGAN

A few mellow lights shone through the gloom. The air was thick, the hall stuffy. Dresses rustled, shoes clicked, chairs creaked, smoke rings curled and twined as if around invisible supports. One could feel excitement in the air. The hum of voices kept a steady tempo. Slowly the lights were dimmed, voices hushed: the red velvet curtain swayed. Total darkness ensued, accompanied by an expectant hush. The curtain swept open and the concert began.

ANNE PEREGRINE. Form IV.

#### SAINT ANDREW

"As of old Saint Andrew heard it  
By Galilean Lake,  
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for his dear sake."

Two brothers, Simon and Andrew, sat in the dusk on the shores of the Galilean Lake. They sat far apart working at their nets in the silence of the evening. Simon's strong hands moved steadily, mending the holes in his net. Andrew's slender fingers holding the twine moved slowly; his heart was not



in his work. The tangled network seemed strangely symbolical of his own life. The twine was twisted crookedly in and out, following an errant path till it stopped abruptly in a knot at the end. His own life was full of curves and rough ways. Would it come to such an abrupt end? The knot his eye came to rest on seemed strong and secure. Would the knot at the end of his life mean security? Or could it mean union? But union with what or whom? Who could offer him security after death — was there any “after death”? Andrew’s hands ceased to move and he sat lost in thought. Was it possible to draw a parallel between his own life and a fishing net? A strange feeling of incompleteness possessed him. He spent his life fishing, mending his nets and keeping to himself. Like the waters of Galilee, his moods would change but he never permitted his feelings to show. The outer wall of reserve that he had built round himself must be preserved to hide the inner fire of his emotions.

Loneliness and a longing for something unknown gripped him — surely one day he would find someone to whom he could confide his desires, in whom he could place his trust, someone who would understand him, although he had not the powers of self-expression? He spent his days dreaming, not of wealth, of fame nor of power, but of a fulfilment, a consummation of his ardent aspiration. But what was it he desired? It was something so intangible and inexpressible that it eluded the grasp of the probing fingers of his mind.

He had had no chance in life ever to be anything other than a fisherman.

A corner of his net had curled upright while drying in the sun. Through this corner he could see the setting sun in all its glory hovering over the sea. The black silhouette of the network appeared like bars across the sun’s face. Instantaneously he was stirred by a curious sense of compassionate comradeship with the imprisoned sun: that glowing furnace behind bars would understand the imprisoned feelings of a fiery soul. In the extreme corner of the net there was a gap where he had not replaced the torn twine. Through this the sun’s light seemed more golden and full of promise. Through that gap there poured an intimation of release: the full light of the sun.

He turned his head and looked up at the figure walking towards him. Recognition of Him as the everlasting light flooded through him. He rose silently to his feet, the net slipping from his fingers:

“And Jesus said unto them,  
‘Come ye after me and I will make you fishers of men’,  
And they straightway left their nets and followed Him”.

FRANCES SHEAT. Form IV.

## 'N BAIE OU BOOM VERTEL

Dis herfs, en die blare val van die bome af. Oor 'n maand sal meeste van die bome lyk asof hulle dood is, maar in die lente sal hulle weer pragtig lyk, bedek met hul nuwe groen blare. Sommige van hierdie bome is so oud, maar hulle hou nooit op met groei nie en elke jaar val die blare af en elke jaar kry hulle nuwes. Kyk na daardie ou akkerboom. As hy kon praat kon hy my so véél vertel.

„Maar ek *kan* praat en ek sal jou baie kan vertel,” sê die akkerboom, in 'n growwe stem.

Ek kan my ore amper nie glo nie, maar die boom praat regtig en ek sak op die grond neer om sy storie te hoor.

„Soos alle bome, het ek my lewe begin as 'n klein saadjie. Ek het groter geword en nou is ek die grootste boom in hierdie bos. Maar ek sal jou nie van dié deel van my lewe vertel nie — almal weet hoe 'n boom groei.

„Nee, ek sal jou liever vertel van die dinge wat ek as boom gesien en gehoor het. Julle mense dink dat ons nie kan hoor of sien nie. Maar julle is verkeerd soos ek sal bewys.

„Ons hoor al jul praterij, jul geheime wat julle so saggies fluister hier in die bos waar julle dink dat niemand julle kan hoor nie. Ons vertel niemand van die dinge wat ons hoor nie, ons praat net onder mekaar en lag vir die dwaasheid van die mense.

„Die haastigheid van julle lewens bekommer ons nie. Ons leef ons lewe vandag — en môre? Ja, dit kom, maar wat daarvan?

„Van my hoogte kan ek 'n nuwe pad in aanbou sien. Ek het 'n ander pad ook gesien en ek weet dat honderde blink motors oor 'n maand by hierdie bos verby sal ry. Hulle sal nie die klein blommetjies sien nie; hulle sal nie die klein diertjies wat hier rondspring sien nie. Hulle sal net vinnig verby ry en ek weet dat party van hulle nooit by hul bestemming sal aankom nie. Ek het al baie ongelukke gesien en ek weet, soos almal van ons weet, dat die mense hul eie dood veroorsaak. Ons bome sien alles en ons weet. Ons is nooit verkeerd nie.

„Nou ja, ek is oud en jy is nog jonk. Ek het jou miskien verveel, maar as jy oud word, sal jy miskien 'n paar van my woorde onthou.”

VERONICA GREIG. Vorm V.



## THE SENTINEL

Stealing over the rim of the earth  
the pale fingers of the dawn touch  
the lonesome pine, sentinel on the far hill.  
Slowly an ocean of light flows  
down the hillsides to the villages  
sequestered at their feet.  
The day passes; the light spreads,  
taking all the valley within its golden warmth,  
till again below the earth it sinks;  
till again its rays fire naught but  
the pine, lone sentinel on the far hill.

NEAL WILDER. Form V.

## FISHERMEN

"The sardines are in!" The news is heard along the beaches,  
in the harbours, in the streets and in the shops.

Fishermen make ready their nets, rods and gaffs. They stream as if in a seasonal migration to the water's edge. Forests of bamboo, fibre glass and nylon spring from the jetties and rocks, while the surf is thronged with people scooping up fish. Black, brown, yellow and white — all are fishermen.

And there are other predatory types: the fish, sharks and the gulls do not have to hear the news from the buzzing telegraph wires — they know.

Clouds of sea birds hide the sky: clouds made up of a winging, soaring gyring mass of gulls. There are thousands upon thousands of them: squawking, crying, rejoicing together. They drop to the water, like hail in mid-summer, like a shower of falling arrows, like driving aircraft, streaking the sky with white until they reach the water, the surface of which is nailed with a million clusters of lilies. They grapple and splutter for a moment; then rise victorious to form a milkyway all along the coast.

As I watched these anglers, gulls, dolphins and the little fishing boats chugging excitedly out to sea, I knew that fishing is not a modern invention but is as old as time itself. It began when the amoeba caught the germ.

G. SKEEN. Form V.

## SKOONHEID

Wat is skoonheid? Een groot skrywer het gesê dis liefde; Goethe het dit beskryf as 'n geestestoestand. Gauguin, die Franse kunstenaar, het gesê dat lelikheid, maar nooit mooiheid nie, skoon kan wees.

„Skoon” is 'n woord wat baie gebruik word. Dit beskryf enigiets van 'n mooi meisie tot 'n mooi lied. Maar persoonlik dink ek dat dit te veel gebruik word; baie van die dinge wat dit beskryf is nie skoon nie, maar net „mooi”.

Daar is 'n groot verskil tussen „mooi” en „skoon”. Iets wat mooi is, is aantreklik en gesond, 'n ding waarna 'n mens 'n oomblik kyk, en dan vergeet. Maar ware skoonheid word nooit vergeet nie. Skoonheid, meen ek, is nie net uiterlik nie: dis integraal en rein. Skoonheid deurdring, en is nie net 'n vernis nie.

Sonder dinge wat mooi is, sou die wêreld eentonig wees; sonder skoonheid sou die lewe swaar, amper ondraaglik wees.

Ware skoonheid kan nie maklik geanaliseer word nie, maar dis nie te sê dat dit daarom seldsaam is nie. Om my, elke dag van my lewe, kan ek skoonheid opmerk.

Daar is skoonheid in die rimpels van 'n moeder se gesig, klein rimpeltjies wat deur bekommernisse, leed, maar ook geluk veroorsaak is. Die plooië is die tekens van die jare: jare van onselfsugtigheid, blydschap sowel as droefheid. Daar is skoonheid in die grys hare van 'n ou man en in sy kalme aanvaarding van die naderende einde. Daar is skoonheid in 'n glimlag en in 'n saggefluisterde woord van troos.

Die natuur is skoon. 'n Yskoue, blinkende stroom, die kleure van 'n reënboog, die perfeksie en détail van 'n liewenheersbesie, 'n boom se kaal, swart takke teen die winterson — dit alles is wonderwerke van skoonheid.

Daar is skoonheid in die gees van 'n pragtige skildery, in musiek en in 'n gedig. Daar is skoonheid in elke deel van die aarde, maar om dit raak te sien moet 'n mens voorbereid wees om dit te waardeer.

Dis onmoontlik om skoonheid te verklaar: ek kan maar nét sê dat daar altyd skoonheid is vir die mens wat dit wil vind.

JANET SCEALES, Vorm V



## EVENING

Shadows are running down a village street  
And moving like kind whispers in the leaves,  
Their long and purple fingers, coolly straight,  
Caressing silent places the earth loves.

Night-armies creeping in a gentle host  
Are waiting, curious, outside lighted rooms  
Or softly fleeting in a soundless haste  
Towards their home, the West, where darkness roams

And then in sheltered places comes a pause:  
A small star-herald sounds a triumph note,  
And, for a moment, lights that linger poise  
In awe, then leave the shadowed world to night.

JANET SCEALES, Form V.

## ST. ANDREW

Calm, composed and silent,  
The sign of loving rule,  
His arm upraised in blessing  
Waits the guardian of our school.

From term to term, year in year out,  
Through days of joy or dole,  
Our patron saint, serene and strong,  
Stands waiting for each soul.

Beneath the strange remoteness  
Of the stone's unflinching stare,  
The symbol of a faithful heart  
Proclaims his timeless care.

With every fresh and trembling start  
His watch begins anew,  
And soon each pupil grows to love  
Our loyal saint, — Andrew.

PATRICIA PEACOCK, Form IV.

## NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Diana Duff, Maud Jefferay, Jennifer Donaldson, Pat Hill, Valerie Readhead, Deirdre Bell, Ann Thompson and Jill Mills (née Dadswell) are touring in England or on the Continent.

Lindsay Long is touring in the U.S.A.

Pat Mansell (née Sonnenfeld) has returned to S.A. after a trip to England and the Continent.

Susanna Hill (née Graham) is at the Hague with her husband and their two daughters.

Jennifer Frost, after obtaining the B.A. degree at Stellenbosch, is studying Dramatic Art at Munich.

Helen Johnstone, having completed her training at the Johannesburg General Hospital, is doing a Midwifery Course at the Groote Schuur Hospital.

Jane Bradford is nursing at the Royal Infirmary in Manchester. Moira Macgregor, Marjory Whiteside and Margaret Wallisch are nursing at the Johannesburg General Hospital.

At Capetown University are Marion Lucas (studying Art), Susan Bulman (Languages), Ann Whaley, Sandra du Toit, Diana Gregson, Creina Rankin (née Girdwood), Maxine Kohler, Elizabeth Irving. At the University of the Witwatersrand are Marianne Loots, Elizabeth Curtis-Setchell and Lissa Arkwright.

Carol Bulman is studying languages in Paris.

June Emery is at a university in America.

Philippa Raikes, Sheila Kohler, Denise Orr and Elaine Farquhar are at a finishing school in Lausanne. Ann Waldschutz is at the University of Vienna. Susan Gray is studying Physiotherapy at Guy's Hospital. Nerith Bryant is nursing in New York and her sister, Merril, is a games mistress at a school there. Prunella Antrobus is working for I. T. V. in London.

Jean Yardley is teaching in Tanganyika.

The following old girls are doing secretarial courses in Johannesburg: Joan Campbell-Pitt, Evelyn Landsberger, Susan Harvey, Diana Hadfield, Gillian Hopkins, Patricia McLean, Pam Mansfield, Pat Ratcliffe, Susan Yardley.

Antoinette Welsh (née Rossett) is living in Pretoria.

June Papson (née Wilson) is living in East London.

Kathleen Hathorne (née Cumming) and Grace Berger (née Denham) are living in London.

Jennifer Coney is window dressing in Salisbury.

Judith Crichton is doing a Domestic Science course in Edinburgh.



## ENGAGEMENTS

Jill Allen to James Pinkerton.  
Jean Caldwell to Dr. André Bannink.  
Fay Harland to Gilbert Fischer.  
Gillian Sayle to Basil Ambler-Smith.  
Marilyn Daly to John Orr.  
Adrian Kelly.

## MARRIAGES

Margaret Fulton and Anthony Rankin.  
Sally Kleyn and Richard Gawith.  
Mary Chambers and Robin Stevenson.  
Jennifer Allan and Anthony Meyers.  
Elizabeth Williamson and Robert Bell.  
Ann Swanevelder and Michael Brunner.  
Sheila McNeil and David Rimmer.  
Bridget Flather and Donald Martin.  
Kathleen Douglass and Theo Pretorius.  
Gillian Hurd and Angus Morrison.  
Susan Brecknell and John Brislin.  
Mary-Anne Milne and Peter Dunn.  
Erika Wallisch and Paul du Toit.  
Lyndall Findlay and John Popper.  
Creina Girdwood and Greville Rankin.  
Jane Allan and Peter Clucas.

## BIRTHS

Anne Brasch (née Lindsay), a daughter.  
Patricia Morkel (née Scott-Lane), a daughter.  
Virginia Wilson (néé Barker), a daughter.  
Vivien Lezard (néé Knight), a daughter.  
Kathleen Alexander (néé Short), a son.  
Jennifer Meyers (néé Allan), a son.  
Vanessa Dods (née Hodgkinson), a son.  
Margaret Evans (née Pearce), a son.  
Jean Springthorpe (née Wilson), a daughter.  
Joy Boustred (née Cade), a son.  
Jill Adams (née Burrow), a son.  
Dawn Ramke (née Steeles) a daughter.  
Denise Tappe (née Sayle), a son.  
Tessa Mead (née MacAndrew), a son.  
Dael Wilson (née Evans), a son.  
Margery Reynolds (néé Strachan), a son.  
Barbara Elliot (née Rainier), a son.  
Anne Stewart (née Curtis), a daughter.  
Jennifer Snodgrass (née James), a son.  
Grace Berger (née Denham), a son.  
Evadne Geere (née Murphy), a son.

## OBITUARIES and CONDOLENCES

Mrs. Marie Eslick.

Alma Lindsay (née Meyer) : our deepest sympathy to Anne, Sheena and Mr. Lindsay.

Valerie Solomon: our deepest sympathy to her mother, Lynne Solomon, her sister, Lynne Herrick and Mr. Solomon.

We extend condolences to Elizabeth Curry on the loss of her parents; to Betty-Home-Rigg (née Bowen) on the death of her son; to Maud Jefferay, whose brother was killed; to Christabel Kempster (née Porter) on the death of her mother; to Peggy Grinaker (née Steyn) on the death of her father.

## GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL, 1958-1959

We acknowledge with thanks these gifts :

Plants for the garden — Mrs. Contat.

£2 for the Chapel Fund — Mrs. Brady.

Three chairs for the Kindergarten — Mrs. Baillie.

Volumes of **The International Library of Famous Literature**  
— Marion Lucas.

Radio for sub-prefects' room — Catherine Galloway.

Radiogram for the Common Room — Mr. W. Greig.

A year's subscription to **Ballet Today** — Miss J. Carr.

Junior School Diving Cup — Mr. C. S. McLean.

A year's subscription to **The National Geographic Magazine**  
— Mrs. W. L. Campbell-Pitt.

**A History of Germiston** — Mr. C. J. Mogford.

Curtains for the Prefects' Study — Sally Sceales.

A Picture for the Library — Form V, 1958.



# ST. ANDREWS CHARITY AND SUBSCRIPTION ACCOUNT

## CHAPEL COLLECTIONS

Receipts and Payments for the period 15th September, 1957, to 14th September, 1959.

To Balance, 15th September, 1958	37	8	3	By Donation, Rev. G. B. Webb	10	0	0
" Chapel Collections	77	8	0	" Flowers, Candles, Wine for Chapel	7	3	1
" Chapel Donations	2	0	0	" Donation to School Chaplain	5	14	0
				" Hymn Books	16	2	6
				" Covers for Kneelers	11	17	6
				" Cash at Barclays Bank (D.C. & O.)			
				14th Sept., 1959			
					50	17	1
					65	19	2
					<u>£116</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>3</u>

## CHARITY ACCOUNT

To Balance, 15th September 1958	68	8	3	By Entokoiweni	26	0	0
" House Charity Collection and Entertainments	90	18	6	" Sunbeam Pienies	18	14	5
" School Girls Conference	26	0	0	" Xmas Stamp Fund	6	18	0
" Collection: Sunbeam Pienies	1	14	3	" St. Mary's Orphanage	10	0	0
" Sale of Easter Stamps	13	16	0	" Home & Orphans Fund	15	0	0
" Carol Service Collection	48	17	0	" Rand Daily Mail	15	0	0
" Sale of Xmas Stamps	6	18	0	" Cotlands Babies' Sanctuary	10	0	0
" S.P.C.A.	30	0	6	" Bridgman Memorial Hospital	10	0	0
				" African Children's Feeding Scheme	19	16	3
				" Alexander Health Centre	10	0	0
				" Ekutukeni	10	0	0
				" Talitha House	10	0	0
				" African Self Help Association	10	0	0
				" Sheltered Employment Workshop	10	0	0
				" S.A.G.D.A.	7	0	0
				" Easter Stamp Fund	13	16	0
				" S.P.C.A.	30	0	6
				" Selborne and Milner Knitting Parties	13	18	1
				" Refund to Sports Club — Proceeds			
				" Film Shows 1956-57	22	0	0
				" Bank Charges	3	14	0
				" Balance at Barclays Bank (D.C. & O.)			
				14th September, 1959			
					271	17	3
					<u>14</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>3</u>
					<u>£286</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>6</u>

