

J. Marais.



St. John's High School
Maritzburg
Magazine.

May

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St. John's High School Magazine.



Maritzburg.

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1st XI Hockey Team, 1928.



1st Tennis Six, 1928.

Old Girls' Letter.

St. John's High School,
Scottsville, Maritzburg,

March, 1929.



Y dear Old Girls,

In gathering the material for this letter, there has come constantly before my mind the motto, which one often sees on a weatherbeaten sundial in an old-world garden, "I chronicle only the sunny hours," for indeed 1928 as far as the school was concerned, was one of the most sunshiny years ever known; and as one looks back down the vista of its months, one seems to see happy faces, sunshiny hours and some measure of success..

There are, of course, one or two outstanding events; Miss Thorndike's visit, chronicled elsewhere, the Old Girls' Reunion in May (about which an illustrated leaflet was circulated), and then the election and enthronement of the new Bishop.

The Upper School went in force to the Bishop's enthronement on November 17th, an evening which we are not likely to forget. The school had already made his acquaintance in 1925. The Cathedral has seldom been so full, and although we arrived one and a half hours beforehand, by the time the service began several girls were sitting two deep in the seats, and during the sermon some of them sat on the floor of the middle aisle. There were some rather heated remarks from late arrivals as to the desirability of the young attending such functions, but we did not mind, as we had already discovered that the Bishop held a brief for the young, and we were sure that he was glad to see so many schools there.

The annual confirmation was held in the School Chapel on December 9th, and was attended also by the candidates from St. Lucy's and St. Cross. The Chapel looked a wonderfully pretty sight, with the vivid afternoon sunshine streaming through the windows. The Lady Chapel was filled with the little ones, who sat there with eager faces, taking the keenest interest in all that was going on.

An inspiring Church Pageant was staged in the Town Hall on May 18th and drew crowds of people from all over the diocese. It had something of the spirit of the old Mystery Plays about it and it was also notable for the number of representative Maritzburg people who took part in it.

It is very pleasant to be able to chronicle that we had all but 100 per cent. passes in the various examinations taken by the School during the year. Four girls have matriculated, Margaret Houghton and Ruth Robinson obtaining a Second Class and Joan Davidson and A. van Renen a Third. Eight girls passed the Cape Junior Examination; seven obtained a First Class (B. Deeks, T. Glasse, E. Payn, M. Robinson, E. Raw, R. Trebble, N. Van der Riet) and D. Newborn obtained a Second. All the girls who entered for the Trinity and

Cape Music Examinations, The Royal Drawing Society's Examinations, The Shakespeare College Elocution Examinations, the Junior Red Cross, and Book-keeping Examinations passed. The Red Cross classes are a new departure for us. The lectures were given voluntarily in 1928 by Mr. Harlech-Jones, of whose recent death we were very sorry to hear. His enthusiasm and patience could not fail to inspire his hearers and he had a real gift, denied to some teachers, of making his pupils want to find out more about the subject for themselves.

The physical culture, about which you can read for yourselves on the Games pages, is at present on a sounder footing than it has ever been before.

The one cloud during the year was the outbreak of influenza and chickenpox during the months of August and September. There were about 70 cases in all, equally divided between the two. St. Margaret's Dormitory was the sick-ward, and very glad we all were when it was finally disinfected and we started the last quarter of the year with a clean bill of health.

The Missionary Sale, held on October 13th, raised the sum of £57, which was shared between missions at Kwamagwaza, Ntloza and Maritzburg. The Old Girls' contributions were, as usual, a very material help. Old Girls write sometimes and ask the date of the sale; it varies a little from year to year, but it would always be right to send contributions in the third week in September.

The School acted Daisy Ashford's "Young Visitors" and a Nativity Play to a large audience in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on December 8th. The proceeds, £47, were given to the Sports Fund, which has financed several very useful outlays during the last two years, namely, the gymnastic apparatus, the re-making of a tennis court, and the buying of a new hose and netting for the courts.

Our numbers at present are 150 in all—110 boarders and 40 day girls. Both the increase in our numbers and the conversion of the Y.M.C.A. into a cinema have made more extension here necessary as there is no suitable hall in Maritzburg at all for entertainments, so we are at present proposing to begin the building of a new School Hall. It is to be between the present School and the front gate. The plan shows a very stately building, in the classical style, capable of seating 300 people, with an adequate stage and proscenium. It will make a good finish to our block of buildings. We hope in time to have beautiful pictures to hang there and have at present two fine Medici prints towards the collection. One of them was very kindly given by Mr. Hamlyn, of Frasers, and was won by Form III. for the best year's work in the Lower School. The Upper School trophy was gained by Form Vb.

Sister Mabel is going to England from April to August, which will leave a blank here. The other Sisters here at present are Sister Frances Mary, in charge of St. Anne's Dormitory and Sacristan; Sister Miriam, who is Mistress of Forms Va and b; Sister Dorothea, who cares for St. Margaret's; and Sister Mary Ancilla, Headmistress. Miss Bertram will be in temporary charge of the Day-school during Sister

Mabel's absence in England. Dear Mother Anna still takes the keenest interest in all St. John's doings. It is most refreshing to hear her inquiring about examination results and hockey scores. Sister Esther Mary, whom many of you will remember, is living at the Convent at present.

There will be one innovation this year. We find that as St. John's Day, May 6th, is also the Sisters' Festival, it is better to keep May 13th, the Octave Day, as the School Festival, as otherwise the Sisters are debarred from the Convent festivities. The magnificent new School banner, which will first be used on Easter Day, is well worth coming here to see. The eagle, a most spirited bird, is worked in soft silks on a blue background, and the name of the School and the motto, *Laborare est orare*, are in gold. The work has been done by church needlework experts in England.

I want to say in conclusion what an unusual pleasure the Old Girls' Reunion was. You must try and come in far greater numbers in 1934 and plan it out long beforehand. It was possible in a small measure to see a little of the harvest which we had had the privilege of sowing, sometimes "almost in tears," in your characters, and to realise how important the Old Girls are to the School as they carry its traditions far and wide. One is glad to see a little more ambition in girls now as they leave school; it is such a poor thing to take up the occupation which will yield the best salary and need the shortest training, without any sense of call or fitness. So many misfits result from this. If this is done for the sake of helping one's family, it is regrettable but quite permissible, but it is not right on purely selfish grounds. A girl should consider her own fitness for any work and she should also have a sincere longing to live her life so as to leave the world a little better when her course is run.

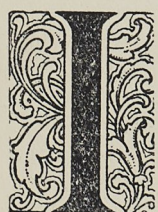
The news about the Old Girls will be found in another place in this magazine, and we will end by sending you our most cordial and loving greetings and all good wishes for the current year.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

+ MARY ANCILLA, S.S.J.D., Headmistress.

+ MABEL, S.S.J.D., Sister-in-Charge.

SYBIL THORNDIKE—AN IMPRESSION.

T was such a grey misty day, damp and depressing, when Sybil Thorndike whirled up to Scottsville and came like a flood of sunshine into the School Hall at St. John's. The young, like horses and dogs, are keen, instinctive judges of character, and the ovation she at once received was no small tribute to her powers. To the elders she seemed the embodiment of their ideal of a normal woman with a radiant personality, a strong body ("I always prefer standing to sitting," she said, "I have legs like a donkey."), the mind of a genius and, above all,



Miss Sybil Thorndyke's Visit, October 18th., 1928.

a well balanced spirituality, to use a hackneyed phrase, an ability to put first things first. She is a woman who has found her true vocation in dramatic art and whose standard, as that of all true artists, is perfection.

In a short address to the School, she let them into some of the secrets of her success. "I measure all I try to do by the perfection of the Sacrifice of the Son of God in the Holy Mass, and hold that before me as the inspiration of my work," she said. She told them also that she and her brothers were very high spirited, temperamental children and that their father, Canon Thorndike, encouraged them to act as much as they liked, as he found it directed their overflowing mischief and impulse into safer channels and was also a safety valve for their emotions. Even now her daughters say, "Mummy is never nicer than when she is acting Medea." Miss Thorndike revealed the secret of her unbounding generosity of character by telling the girls that she had cultivated sympathy and understanding by trying to get right into the lives of others and acting them, even if their characters were antipathetic, or worse still, uninteresting. She maintained that she could find something human and lovable in the starkest Grand-Guignol. Another original idea of her's, which seemed an innovation to us, was that people who had suffered from night terrors had found them removed by going to her creepy plays, which seemed to lift the incubus from their minds.

Her acting in St. Joan and Macbeth is marvellous and beyond any criticism; the bouquet of firelilies which she received here seemed to typify her flaming, soaring genius, which seemed to have so much kin to our own land of flame, fire and far distances, which was indeed honoured by her short sojourn on its shores.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAYS.



T. JOHN'S School is to be congratulated on a very creditable performance at the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Saturday night. Their selection of plays was a fortunate one, both "The Young Visitors" and the nativity play being sufficiently simple to be entirely suited to the youthful casts.

The hall was packed and a large and appreciative audience left no doubt as to the success of the entertainment.

Of Daisy Ashford's well-known book, written at the early age of seven, no comment is required. It is sufficient to say that the dramatised version, which was substantially the same as the one that ran so successfully in London some years ago, did full justice to the theme and made the most of the unconscious humour of the situations.

The players were well chosen. Ethel was acted with the assumed dignity of the author's childish conception of that character, and any

shortcomings contributed in creating the spirit of make-believe in which the book was written. Alfred Salteena carried his part with conviction particularly in his first interview with the Earl of Clincham and in the court scene. Bernard Clark did very well in the fainting scene, and his acting throughout was very natural.

The Earl of Clincham's performance was perhaps the best in the cast. It was played in the unruffled aristocratic manner which the role demanded, and provided a good contrast to the intentionally gauche acting of Salteena "not quite the gentleman."

The production was unfailingly good, although the shortness of the scenes made a certain jerkiness unavoidable. The scenery was unassumingly well designed. Special mention must be made of Ethel's appearance, although one wonders if the author would have approved of her choice of a hat. Mr. Salteena's court dress, with the "garters and a star or two" was an ingenious arrangement which fortunately escaped the danger of becoming over-grotesque.

The selections from the book read between the scenes by a child of the author's own age were happily thought out.

NATIVITY PLAY.

The nativity play which followed, although a striking contrast to "The Young Visitors" immediately created the essential atmosphere, and held the audience throughout.

Against a black background the coloured costumes of the angels, with their brilliant wings, made a charming picture. The grouping was effective, and the singing behind the scenes by pupils of Miss Ellen Conway was well done.

The second scene showed the arrival of the shepherds, with Mary in her blue gown with the Babe in her arms, gracefully and silently receiving the gifts. Even more beautiful was the Adoration of the Kings, which was a pageant of gorgeous colour and costume. The deep salaams of the Kings were gracefully done, and the incidental music contributed to the impressiveness of the scene. Perhaps the most charming incident was the adoration of the small attendant who bore the gifts of gold and myrrh.

Again the players were very well chosen, particularly those of the shepherds and the Kings, while the angels, and the wind, the moon and the Star of Bethlehem carried themselves gracefully.

In both plays the simplicity of the scenery obviated the necessity of long intervals.

The incidental music was supplied by Mrs. Sutcliffe's orchestra, who played excellently throughout.

A special feature of both productions was that the players of the parts were unnamed.—*Natal Witness*.

OLD GIRLS' NEWS, 1928-1929.

(The compiler begs to apologise for any slips or defects in this column, and begs to state that she has done what she could with the material to hand.)

ADDISON, D., is in Durban at present, working in the *Natal Mercury* Office. She is Secretary to the Editor. She goes home every night to Isipingo Beach.

ABBOTT, B. Her name occurs yearly in the Cape Music Examination passes. She is one of the home girls.

ALLANSON, E., is still teaching in Durban, at the Macdonald Street School.

ARNOLD, B., is teaching Standards II., III., IV., in Weenen Government School. She seems to have packed a good deal of experience into that one year.

AUBREY, O.,. Helping at home; still keeping up her business and music.

BAIN, D. Still working in the Bank at Roodepoort and finding plenty to do at home as well.

BLACKMORES. No news to hand this year, except that Estelle's baby is very bonny.

BOYCE, F. Just married.

BOYD, A. At home teaching her little sister, and chicken-farming.

BRIDSON, R. At home, just recovering from an operation.

BRISTOW, A., writes enthusiastically about their new car, which she has just learnt to drive.

BROWN, H., still in training at the Addington. Seems to have been some time on night duty.

CAMPBELL, E., is on the staff of Dalcruce School, Nottingham Road. She seems to like it very much.

CARTER, E., is engaged to Billie Buhr, and chicken-farming.

CHAPMAN, L., is still working for her Medical Degree.

CHAPMAN, D., spent January at Creighton with Olive Stokes and it was a great joy to see her here in February. She is still studying music and has a few pupils.

CHAPMAN, M., is on a tour in England, and will stay in Lincoln and London.

CLIFF, V., was married to Mr. Woodiwiss at St. Peter's Church, Maritzburg, on March 9th. The Upper School attended the wedding.

COLES, R., is in an office at Harding and studying business as well.

COLENBRANDER, T., is going to nurse at the Addington.

COOPER, D., was at the Reunion.

CROMPTON, K., is private nursing and has just had a breakdown.

CORRIS, A., is hoping to appear soon at St. John's on a long promised visit.

CROOKES, M., was married at St. Saviour's on December 10th.

CROOKES, V. and E., are seen in town from time to time.

DALGARNO, E., came to see her old School in January. She is nursing at the Johannesburg General Hospital.

DAVIDSON, J., matriculated at Xmas and is at home working for an advanced Elocution examination.

DAVIES, R., is having her last year's dancing study with Miss Grigson.

DAVIS, ALISON, is training at Grey's for Nursing, and is on temporary furlough in Griqualand.

DAVIS, AUDREY, is at the Maritzburg Training College.

DUNCAN, M., is still faithful to the South African climate after four years' experience of English weather.

DUNCAN, B., is still working at the same business in Benoni.

DYER, I., still training as a nurse at Grey's Hospital. Gwen was married to Mr. Whitelaw in January this year.

ECCLES, N., still at the Technical College. She is very keen on animals and outdoor life.

FLEMMER, G., teaching Domestic Science in Johannesburg.

FLINDT, N., having a nurse's training at the Durban Sanatorium.

GARNER, A., teaching in Griqualand.

GAZZARD, N., living near Durban, on the Ottawa Estate.

GLASSE, M., has been having a splendid time at the Cape while getting old enough for her nurse's training at the Johannesburg General.

GOODRICKE, D., is at present in a bank in Durban.

GORDON, E., is a most faithful Old Girl who is, however, only seen from time to time as she is very busy in the Colonial Buildings.

GRADWELL, N., is in an office in Bethlehem. She has had the real pleasure of seeing a little church grow up there.

HALE, R., is back in South Africa and is rather unflatteringly homesick for England. She has studied window-dressing.

HAMILTON, B., is practising very hard and also attending Johannesburg Technical Institute.

HAMILTON, J., was in the Gestetner business in Durban and is now at work in Johannesburg.

HARTLEY, E., is married in Harrismith. Her name is Woodcock.

HENDERSON, J. and N., are living at Northdene. Natalie attends Durban Ladies' College and Jessie is in business.

HENSMAN, M., is at a business college in Durban enjoying herself and keeping up her music.

HERBERT, M., is still in the Revenue Office at Benoni.

HIGGINSON, E., has not been heard of for some time.

HINDLE, D. (nee Koe) lives almost next door to the School and has a very bonny little boy.

HODGES, I., is at Miss Bousfield's Business Training College in

Maritzburg. Joan Rowley is going to live with her at Edendale and come into town daily for a Domestic Science Course.

HOLEY, B., is still house-mistress at St. Anne's Preparatory School.

HOLEY, D. (Mrs. Koe) lives at Estcourt.

HOLMES, A., is at home helping her mother.

HOUGHTON, M., matriculated in December and is sailing for England with Mrs. Houghton on May 31st. She is going to train as a teacher at Ambleside in 1930.

HOWELLS, M., is working at Thomas Cook's office at Durban.

HUDSON, E. (nee E. DOWN), was quite a leader in the Old Girls' Reunion last May. She works very hard teaching music in Benoni.

HUGHES, N. (Mrs. Clayton), has a little son.

HUXTABLE, T. (Mrs. Lawrence), has her hands full with two tiny daughters. Those who know her will not be surprised to hear that she finds her babies very mischievous.

IONS, M., drafted her last little pupil here and is now teaching at the Noodsberg. She kindly sent the Sisters one of her paintings.

INGLIS, I., is known to be still in Maritzburg. She is doing photographic retouching.

JACKSON, E., came up to see us in January. She is doing the book-keeping in her father's business.

JACKSON, EUNICE, has had her nurse's training in the Pretoria General.

JAMES, D. (Mrs. Evans), lives at Broken Hill, in Rhodesia. She finds plenty of occupation in tennis and gardening and in making cakes for all her callers.

KEAL, T. (Mrs. Palmer), writes quite enthusiastically about hockey, although she has a little son to occupy a good deal of her time.

KEAN, J. We should all like to extend our loving sympathy to Jean in the recent loss of her father.

KOE, R., is living with Dorothy Hindle in Ridge Road, Scottsville, and is working in Barker & Smith's office.

LAWRENCE, M. We miss Mollie's cheery personality at School. She is living at home and teaching her little brother.

LEE, M. There is a rumour that Mollie is engaged. She is living at Rorke's Drift.

LEE, K., finished her course of Physical Training at Liverpool last October and returned to South Africa, having heard of a good opening which, unfortunately, did not materialise. The School feels proud of Katherine's achievements at college, and hopes she may soon find a good post.

LESLIE, J., is still working in Harvey Greenacre's, in Kokstad. She comes to Maritzburg occasionally for hockey.

LEWIS, N. (nee Fann), is living near Creighton. Her baby is very pretty, we are told.

LLOYD, G., is at present on furlough from the Addington where she is a Sister, and is taking a trip to India with Mrs. Alfred Lloyd,

who was once house-mistress here.

LORD, M., had a very pretty wedding last July and is now Mrs. Jehu; her husband is lecturer at the Natal University.

LODGE, K., is librarian at the Railway Library in Maritzburg.

MALDEN, G. (Mrs. Lewis), has a little son.

MALDEN, M., is doing X Ray work, and came to Maritzburg for a little time last year to help in that department in the Sanatorium.

MANNING, S., is in her fourth year at the Johannesburg General Hospital. She is mothering Margaret, Betty and Billy during her mother's (Elaine Holder's) absence in England.

MARAIS, MOLLIE, was married to Mr. Hojem last year and did nursing for a little time after her marriage. She is now living in Maritzburg.

MARAIS, E., is at home and finding plenty to do until she enters Grey's to train as a nurse in November.

MARTIN, J., is chicken-farming at Howick.

MARTIN, M., is living at Greytown.

MAURICE, P., is going to England after Easter and is going to study Art.

MAYDEW, G., is living with her father in a delightful flat in Durban. Her little kitchen reminds one of the fulfilment of every housewife's dream.

MEANWELLS, The, have not been heard of for some time. We believe Ruth is still at the Museum.

MACDOUGALL, E., is Sister at the Health Clinic in Maritzburg. Her hundred guinea smile is a great acquisition and must cheer up many a patient.

MCLEAN, B., is now Mrs. Moxham.

MILNE, B., seems very happy, engrossed in meetings, and typing, and many other interesting things.

MITCHELL, B., is keeping house for her father and looking after her little brother.

MOGGRIDGE, J., is still in Mr. Palmer's office in Durban. She is going to have a lovely holiday in the Berg with Gloria Maydew.

MOORE, B., is engaged and seems to have plenty to do.

MUNDEY, D., is in the same office as J. Moggridge. The Mundeys live at Warner Beach.

MURRAY, J. M., is a nurse at Durban Sanatorium and nursed M. I'ons when she had her tonsils out.

MURRAY, M., has been housekeeping with some success and is going to the Cape to study music and singing.

NEWBERRY, J., has been on a visit to P. Maurice. We were very pleased to see her at School for a night. The gramophone she gave on leaving has been, and will be, a real boon.

NICHOLSON, I., has been teaching at Underberg. She sent some

lovely yellow lilies which decked the dining-room for the Shrove Tuesday dance.

ORN, E., had a lovely holiday in the Northern Transvaal. She is a district nurse in Fordsburg.

THE THREE OXLEY-OXLANDS, seem to be enjoying themselves so much that not very much has been heard of them lately. Dagmar left school at Xmas.

PADDAY, R., is now Mrs. L. I. Jones. She had a public farewell at Harding, where she taught before her wedding, and now lives in one of new Durban suburbs.

PALMER, E. Congratulations to Eva on her perseverance in passing the entrance examination to the Atholl Crescent Domestic Science Training College, Edinburgh. Eva spent a few months in South Africa in 1928, and brought some lovely snaps to St. John's of her Italian, Swiss and English experiences.

PASSMORE, V., is nursing at the Addington.

PAVEY, V., came up to see us last year. She is also at the Addington.

PAVEY, E., enjoyed her trip to England very much.

POLGLASE, M., is working in a lawyer's office in Johannesburg.

POTTER, D. (Mrs. Westwood), lives at Elandskop. It was a great pleasure to see her here the other day.

PRENTICE, E., was married last year.

THE REARDONS have moved to Johannesburg. Viola is engaged to Dudley Wheelwright.

ROBINSON, L. and J., are nursing at the Addington. I think they enjoy life.

ROBINSON, R., who matriculated at Xmas is at a Business College in Maritzburg and hopes to take up Journalism.

ROHDE, J., is living at home and helping in her father's business.

THE ROUTLEDGES have been for a trip to Europe where they met E. Palmer.

RYAN, K., is studying Domestic Science at Johannesburg.

RYMER, M., is getting on splendidly with her nursing in the General Hospital in Johannesburg.

SACKETT, B., is still at school in Essex, but seems to have begun to take a great interest in sport. Her present ambition seems to be to have a holiday in a barge on a canal. Brenda always was original.

SANDMANN, E., is living at home in Randfontein.

SANKEY, J., is, we believe, living in the Cape.

SHAW, I., is a fully qualified nurse. She went to see D. Bain the other day.

SIMKINS, M., has been living at home helping her mother. She is doing sub-bursar work for part of each week at S. Anne's College.

SMITH, E., No news to hand.

SMITH, F., has just recovered from an operation and is working in Johannesburg.

STOKES, E., very kindly helped here with St. Margaret's Dormitory for a month or two. She is now at home.

STUART, D., is going to England for a trip by the East Coast route.

STUART, J., took her B.Sc., at the Natal University at Xmas. She gained a medal for Botany.

SURTEES, K., is living at home, and doing secretarial work on the mine.

TALBOT, P., is living at home, and helped to make the beautiful dresses for the Nativity play.

TEDDER, A., is living in Durban now, and keeping up her music.

THOMAS, J., has just taken her full business Diploma in London.

TREBBLE, R., is just back from a delightful trip in the Transvaal.

TRELOAR, A. and G., are still working in Johannesburg.

TUCKER, P., very kindly came to see us during her holiday at Durban. She does figuring on a mine.

VAN DER RIET, N., is just going to take a course of poultry farming. She seems to have had a lovely time with M. MURRAY.

VAN REENEN, A., is at home studying music, and teaching a few pupils.

WALLACE, E., is teaching at Lidgetton and likes it very much.

WALLACE, E., is nursing at Grey's Hospital.

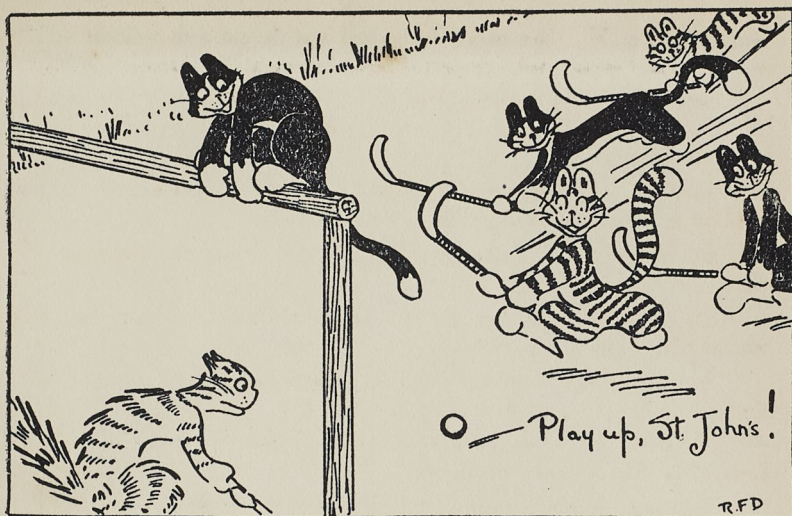
WEIL, V., hopes that she will soon get her long promised holiday. It is a year or so overdue.

WOLFAARD, O., is nursing at the General Hospital at Pretoria.

WOOLEY, N., came to the Old Girls' Reunion. She is teaching.

WRIGHT, A., is beginning to get a nice little teaching connection of piano pupils.

DE WITT, M., is living in Durban now.



SPORTS NOTES.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1928.



SCHOOL Sports Committee, 1928 :—M. Houghton, J. Davidson, A. van Reenen, N. van der Riet, M. Jones, A. Boyd, B. Boyd, J. Boyd.

The Inter-Form Tennis Cup was won by the VIth. Form.

E. Payn (V.a) won the Senior Tennis Singles Cup.

J. Boyd IV.b won the Junior Tennis Singles Cup.

HOCKEY.

1ST XI. LEAGUE MATCHES.

- St. John's v. Convent, home ground, won 6-1.
v. Collegiate, away, lost 2-1.
v. Epworth, home ground, won, 3-2.
v. G.H.S., away, won 4-3.

2ND LEAGUE MATCHES.

- St. John's v. Convent, home ground, won, 5-0.
v. Scottsville, away, won, 4-1.
v. Collegiate, away, drew, 1-1.
v. Epworth, home ground, drew, 1-1.
v. G.H.S., away, lost, 4-0.

Owing to chicken-pox the matches versus St. Anne's and Wykeham were scratched.

Several friendly matches were played with good results.



S. John's School Sports—Ascension Day, 1928

The hockey this season has improved all round. The team work is much better, but the shooting is still very erratic.

I. Hodges (L.W.)—Very fast, but does not use her head enough.

M. Jones (L.I.)—Greatly improved.

M. Houghton (centre)—Has made an excellent captain, whom we shall be very sorry to lose (Reserve for Intertown B.).

C. Jones (R.T.)—A very useful player. Should hit harder.

I. Houghton (R.W.)—A steady and consistent player ; must centre more quickly.

F. Glasse (L.H.)—Very promising.

M. Robinson (C.H.)—Played for Intertown. Must learn to hit harder.

J. Giles (R.H.)—Too slow on the ball ; needs to work harder.

D. Evans (L.B.)—A hard worker, but inexperienced.

E. Newberry (R.B.)—A most useful member of the defence. Plays a good game.

L. Strachan (goal)—A good, steady goal-keeper. Should clear quicker. (Reserve for Intertown B.).

The 2nd XI. has improved owing to its keenness, but must learn to combine.

Several inter-house matches were played. Also the Staff and Vith played the School.

TENNIS.

LEAGUE TENNIS MATCHES.

St. John's v. Convent, home courts, won, 78-39.

v. Collegiate, home courts, lost, 57-60.

v. St. Anne's, away, lost, 52-65.

v. G.H.S., home courts, lost, 56-61.

v. Epworth, away, lost, 48-69.

v. Wykham, away, lost, 32-85.

The team on the whole has improved. Volleying and net play is still weak.

J. Davidson (captain) has made a good captain, and we shall be sorry to lose her.

E. Payn has very much improved all round.

A. Boyd plays a steady game. "Footwork" still weak.

B. Boyd—Her net work is good, but she must learn to use her head more.

A. van Reenen—Good style. Must try not to be too careful. We shall be sorry to lose her.

M. Murray is improving but still erratic.

Practice and play in connection with the School trophies has raised the standard of School tennis.

SWIMMING.

Quite a number of the drill classes have swum between 6.15 and 7.0 a.m. Between 24 and 30 girls have been to the open air baths once a week.

There are not many girls now at St. John's who cannot swim.

DRILL.

Drill classes have been much more interesting since the arrival of the gymnastic apparatus, which was bought by the proceeds from the entertainment at the end of 1927. We now have a double travelling boom, complete with saddle, two forms, a jumping stand, rope and mat.

SPORTS DAY.

CHAPTER I.

Ascension Day. Sun evident also 9 flags suspended from the wire and fluttering in the breeze.—Two glittering cups.—150 be-ribboned girls.

CHAPTER II.

200 Yards.—1st I. Hodges (V.c.); 2nd, C. Jones (VI.) and M. Jones (V.b), dead-heat.

Obstacle Race.—1st, E. Raw (V.a); 2nd, C. Bridson (V.b).

50 Yards.—1st, J. Boyd (IV.b); 2nd, B. Bridson (IV.b).

Egg and Spoon Race.—1st A. van Reenen (VI.); 2nd, C. Bridson (V.b).

100 Yards.—1st, I. Hodges (V.c.); 2nd, J. Giles (V.b).

Bun Race.—1st M. Strachan (III.); 2nd, J. Boyd (IV.b).

Sack Race.—1st, M. Houghton (VI.); 2nd, J. Newberry (V.c).

75 Yards.—1st, I. Hodges (V.c.); 2nd, J. Giles (V.b).

Three-legged Race.—1st, C. Jones (VI.) and I. Houghton (VI.); 2nd, I. Hodges and D. Oxland (V.c).

Potato Race.—1st, H. Strachan (V.a); 2nd D. Raw (V.b).

Thread-the-needle Race.—1st, C. Jones and I. Houghton (VI.); 2nd, J. Newberry and A. Boyd (V.c).

Junior Relay Race.—1st, IV.b; 2nd, III.

Senior Relay Race.—1st, V.b; 2nd, VI.

Two points were (eagerly) counted for 1st place.

One point (better than nothing) for 2nd place.

Form Relay.—4 points for 1st place. Lucky winner! 2 points for 2nd place (might help quite a lot).

CHAPTER III.


VI. Form victorious—with Senior Cup.

CHAPTER IV.

IV.b victorious—with Junior Cup.

CHAPTER V.

Better than ever! £10 13s. 6d. to be spent (chiefly on cups).

T is a popular belief to-day that the twentieth century showed the most rapid progress in the science of invention that the world has ever known. Why this idea should prevail I do not know; it is almost a tradition, I suppose, but, candidly speaking, the thought is absurd. The previous century was merely the beginning of the great inventive era, which is in full swing to-day, and we have ceased to marvel now at the progress which science has made.

During the last hundred years there have been thousands of inventions, some important, some trivial. I would like, however, to deal with two inventions which will, I think, show very clearly with what huge strides science has gone ahead.

First, then, Sonnelli, the Italian, caused a great stir when he presented his "aero-wings," or "shoulder wings," to the world in 1980. Of course they are quite common nowadays, but they will easily bear description.

The whole apparatus weighs thirty-five pounds and is fixed to the shoulders with straps. The small black box resting on the shoulder-blades contains complicated electric wires and batteries, quite unintelligible to the ordinary individual. From this case two wings protrude and two wires curl over the head, giving an appearance of a giant moth. The control levers are attached to these wires, and those on the left hand wire are used in ascent, while those on the right bring the machine down to earth. Ascending into the air the wings flap slowly, then, as the speed increases, they cease to flap, but vibrate slightly.

Of course these little machines do not rise to any great height, nor are they any use for long distances, but the business man finds them very useful to him. Also, they are very inexpensive, costing as much as those queer contraptions used in the twentieth century, called "push" bicycles. I think we have a couple of specimens in the museum, and, believe me, they *are* queer.

It is really delightful to go up in your "aero-wing" just to watch the policeman, in his air-station, directing the heavy traffic! But I am getting away from my point.

The second invention, which is a masterpiece, was that of the Motoplane, in 2009. Jerome, the Englishman, invented this machine. It is so constructed as to travel on land, air and water. In appearance this machine is not unlike a big motor-car. It stands rather high from the ground, but the wheels are light. The body of the machine is narrow, though the sides are unusually thick. In front the body tapers to an abrupt point, while underneath, the motorplane is shaped like a boat. The hood is made of the newly invented glazo-glass—unbreakable, transparent, and as light as a feather. A roller curtain keeps off the heat of the sun. On the hood above the driver's head is a long box, which will be explained later.

Within, the "moto" is fitted up with the ordinary button-gears and brakes, but it is steered with a joy-stick.

I remember well my first ride in a motoplane. We were in rather a hurry, and, to my disgust, got into a traffic jam. Nothing daunted, my friend swung the machine into an aerodrome on one of the flat roofed garages. Then I gazed in amazement, for calmly he pulled down a lever and from either side two 'plane wings swung out. Gradually the wheels were drawn up into the body of the car, the box overhead slid open, revealing a propeller, and in a few seconds we rose straight into the air without the bother of a preliminary ground run. The surprises were not over, for on reaching the Thames we slowly glided down until we were cutting through the water like a hydroplane! A truly marvellous invention was the motoplane.

In concluding I feel I must say a word about the very latest experiment which is being carried on now. Ekstein, the great German scientist, claims to have discovered how to prolong life to a hundred and seventy years. He has not as yet revealed his method, but we know that he does it by injection, using pure spermaceti from the head of the sperm whale.

Doubtless in another hundred year's time life itself will be created in laboratories, then indeed it will be said that *this* century was merely the beginning of the great inventive era!

J. Davidson Ula.

PROVERBS.

I loathe the moral teachings that are forced across my way,
" 'Tis Proverbs are the Wisdom of the Streets " they always say.
Yes, while at school especially these, quite unbidden, wander
Amongst my thoughts in hopes that they will force me then to ponder.

To rise from bed on winter morns when loudly rings the bell
I am compelled, for "Live and Learn," my sloth begins to quell.
Our prep. it must be done: my brain seems always in a flurry,
For "He That Strives and Thrives, Spins Gold" provides me food
for worry.

To work again when breakfast's o'er, and beds are neat and straight,
" 'Tis Perseverance That Prevails," so does strict conscience state.
"Lost Time is Never Found Again"—such words as these in numbers,
In aggravating hosts they come, to wake me from my slumbers.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine"; this one by far the most persistent;
My undarned stockings week by week soon make this reminiscent.
"To-morrow Never Comes," is what they nearly always say:
"How dare you leave such jobs undone until some other day?"

When waiting for the longed-for ice, or when just off to town,
A voice says "Look Before You Leap." Then I can't help a frown.
It seems to me these proverbs soon will drive me almost frantic
I sometimes feel the best plan were—to drown in the Atlantic.

I. HOUGHTON (Form VI.b)

THE CONVERSION OF BLOEDDRINK.



WE have five beautiful silver sports Cups in the Sixth Form of which we may well be proud. These Cups are very valuable, and so it was no wonder that a notorious marauder, one Bloeddrink, heard their silver tinklings one night when, as was the custom, they were put away into the Form cupboard for the night.

Bloeddrink's eyes glittered when he thought how soon our five silver Cups would be his. "Why," thought he, "what could be easier than to enter the Sixth Form through that window with the broken latch and take the Cups from the cupboard. It would be child's play!" And so one beautiful night, one of those fresh starry nights which the fairies love, this bad man made his way to St. John's. He strolled leisurely to our window, sprang on to the sill, and was in the room. He sat down in a desk and gloated over the wealth which would soon be his.

Twelve o'clock was striking. Listen! Immediately things began to stir in the room—and yet there was not a breath of wind. Bloeddrink sat up with a jerk! What was that? A musical tinkling like silver bells came from the cupboard. Bloeddrink tried to jump up, but found he could not move. Everything was very still now. The first Cup was speaking. "Touch me if you dare, dare, d-a-r-e-," it said. The second Cup echoed, "Beware, beware, b-e-w-a-r-e." The third Cup rang out, "Take care, take care, care, c-a-r-e." The fourth chimed, "We are rare, rare, r-a-r-e." The fifth, "Cage this bear, bear, b-e-a-r." Their voices died into a drowsy murmur.

Everything in the room was alive and moving. A silent army of compasses, pointers and set-squares were advancing towards the petrified Bloeddrink. They marched in ranks which were perfect squares and regular polygons, hexagons and trapeziums. They were at his feet—they were swarming up him! Each was armed with a protractor and a hundred of these instruments were laid against him and he heard murmurs of degrees ranging from 0 to 360. He seemed to be no longer flesh and blood but a huge moving mass of degrees, acute and obtuse angles.

The strange fact about this measurement was that not a single right angle could be found upon Bloeddrink. A ruler rapped upon the desk and all were silent; he said, "Owing to the absence of any right angles upon this person, I find it necessary to drop a perpendicular from A, his head, to B, his feet, and hence deduce the ratio of his sides to his base (feet). We shall then be able to prove by the formula $c^2 = a^2 + b^2 - 2ab \cos C$, that x, his conscience, is the missing quantity." This was proved and the mathematical instruments proceeded to find his diameter by means of π

Bloeddrink was stretched upon the floor parallel to the wall, and for half an hour he was in turn described as a circle, a tangent to the same, and as triangles which were equilateral, isosceles, and whose angles were both acute and obtuse. He was drawn as a cone, a pyramid, and variously shaped quadrilaterals.

Finally, our hero's volume had to be found. At the command of the Cups, the solids descended one by one from the top of the cupboard and proceeded in volumes, cubes and areas to the pitiful object upon the floor. The pyramid suggested that they should place Bloeddrink in a bath of water and his volume could then be decided by the amount of water displaced. The tub in the garden was used to perform this operation; incidentally, this was Bloeddrink's first real bath.

By this time Bloeddrink had been mathematically solved and was found to be equal in all respects to a rhombus.

"Right about turn," chimed the Cups, and, all to order, the geometrical instruments and the solids returned to their places.

Having been drenched by mathematical means, Bloeddrink had yet to be soaked by the literary world. And so, at the order of the Cups, Shakespeare, Ovid and the poets flung their contents at Bloeddrink who received this onslaught like one dead. Hamlet, Shelley's Skylark, Burns's Mouse, Samson Agonistes and all the other creatures in literature marched in at this bereft man's right ear and out at his left in one endless moving stream. They surrounded him like bees and buzzed and whirled near him, pouring forth pretty rhymes and moralizing on his kind until he began to feel that he, too, was a book. He flapped his arms about wildly, just as all those books flapped their poor covers. He sang songs, he recited *Paradise Lost* and other monsters of literature. The bookcase was now empty, for the figures in History had joined in this procession; and had Scottsville been awake at that hour it would have heard the tramp of Napoleon's army, the yells of Chaka's men, and the prayers of those victims of the guillotine, all mingling like the endless sound of the waves around the person of Bloeddrink, who now cried for mercy. Now the Cups were very merciful, and ordered the sea of Literature and History back to its place on the Form bookcase.

They then said, "Science, Art and Afrikaans are itching to lay hold of you, but we will be merciful and you shall go whence you came, but not with the name of Bloeddrink; we will change your name and your character."

Bloeddrink (but I must not call him that now), was very good while the largest of the five Cups poured some water on him and christened him Theophilus John.

Theophilus John thanked the Cups and went forth into the world a better man: but thus do all who pass through the Sixth Form.

(The Sixth Form at St. John's has produced some remarkable MEN in recent years.—Ed.)

T. Marais U6.



R. CUTHBERT SPARKS had quite enough money to keep any young gentleman amused—and yet he was not amused!

One evening, on glancing through *The Star*, a striking advertisement for a farm caught his eye. "Just the thing for me," he thought, and lost no time in communicating with the given address. After about a month—behold!—Cuthbert and his dependent friend, Mr. Hector Hesketh, setting out for the farm—a gallant pair indeed! Hector was an old school pal of Cuthbert's, but he was one of those who had not quite enough money to keep a young gentleman amused.

The two adventurers arrived at the station, stepped out of the train, and began to wander round. "No doubt there is some arrangement made for conveying people to their farms," declared Cuthbert, with an air of contentment. They made a fruitless search for the "arrangement," however, and went off to interview the station-master. He promised to send for the taxi (the one and only), which, as he promised, arrived very soon.

They set off for the farm in the brightest of hopes, but sad to say, these were soon damped. The taxi stopped suddenly and simply would not move, although the three—Cuthbert, Hector and the driver—had turns in cranking, at least ten minutes each. The taxi-man decided that there was something wrong with the petrol tank and began to investigate. Guided by the very hand of fate, some ash from Cuthbert's cigarette found its way to the petrol tank. A tremendous explosion took place, the three were hurled, bag and baggage, far into the veld, and the remains of the Ford were now in flames. Nothing remained but to trudge unceremoniously to the farm.

They arrived shortly before midnight and were forced to sleep in the kitchen as all the other rooms were inaccessible. The next morning they got the other keys, and, having settled down, began to study "The Daily Routine on the Farm," a real treasure which had previously been purchased. They discovered that milking was their first duty. Hector valiantly offered to do this job and set off with a confident air. He soon returned, however, and declared that milking was not quite the gentleman's job and that it would be better if the natives did that work. Cuthbert noticed that he looked somewhat dusty and dishevelled and appeared to have experienced the wrath of the cow!

After an unappetising breakfast of mealie pap, Cuthbert thought he would take a ride and survey his new property. He decided to catch his own horse and went off with a bridle over his arm. He saw what he thought was one of the advertised pedigree horses and set off to catch it. It led him a terrible dance and he stopped, hot and panting, to see all the natives lined up watching his performance. He wondered what the reason for their laughter was and was informed that he had been trying to catch an unbroken mule. An umfaan saddled a pony

for him and he rode away in the best of spirits. Ten minutes later the riderless pony came galloping into the yard and, later still, Cuthbert, much bruised and with his clothes all dirty, came hobbling up the path.

They studied "the Routine" very carefully after this and discovered that this was the season for ensilage making. With great difficulty they got the natives to dig the pit to the exact measurements. This performance took a fair number of days, and, on examining "the Routine," they discovered that mealies were necessary! As far as these two knew, there was not a stalk on the whole farm. But Jim, the head boy, said that there was a field and they set to work to cut them. The packing was a tedious job, especially as after the first day Hector discovered that his coat, with all his worldly belongings, had been buried under that day's load of mealies. The upshot was that they were forced to unpack the whole layer and do it up again. They were much puzzled when a neighbouring farmer was at some pains to convince them that it was kaffr-corn and not mealies which they had carted!

Cuthbert and Hector had decided before they came that they would exhibit a lot of stock and produce at all the local shows. They examined *The Natal Witness* very diligently each day and eventually found that a show was being held in their nearest town in three weeks' time. Great were the preparations which then began. "The Routine" was carefully consulted and they found the chapter on fattening stock for shows. This gave a complete table of necessary foods and the times they should be given. Bran and oats were the chief articles of diet, and Cuthbert decided to send for a large consignment of these immediately. They decided that Quaker Oats was the only reliable brand in the line of feed, and ordered the amount which "the Daily Routine" advised. There was a heated argument as whether it was to be Post's or Kellogg's Bran, and after many heart-searchings, the necessary amount of the former was ordered.

Patiently they waited for the arrival of their goods, and then set to work with all their energy to feed the two heifers and a horse they were exhibiting. They were considerably annoyed when the food that was supposed to last three weeks was all eaten up in two days, especially as it was not possible for any more to be ordered in time. They were forced, much to their annoyance, to withdraw their entries. But the final blow was the arrival of the bran and oats bill. It totalled exactly twelve times the amount that "the Routine" had computed!

Space does not permit of any further narration of their experiences, but some months later the following advertisement appeared in *The Natal Witness*: Beautiful farm, 4,000 acres, well stocked with pedigree horses, ensilage ready for use, plenty of labour, easy conveyance from the station. May be had as a free gift on application.

THE END.

D. NEWBORN and E. RAW (Form Va.)

MAY'S LEGACY.
(A short Play in 3 Acts.)

CHARACTERS :

Elsie and Mary, two sisters; John, their brother; Jane, the maid.

SCENE I.

A room with a table in the centre laid for two; a sofa is drawn up near a window at the back of the stage; a girl is sitting reading; she looks up impatiently.

Elsie : I wonder what's happened to May, she ought to be here by now, it's half-past five (goes to the window) no sign of her (starts reading again (a door slams—she jumps up). Is that you May?

May : Yes (coming in) I've such good news. Listen. Now don't get excited.

Elsie : Well, hurry up, please.

May (sitting down) : You remember the letter I got from the lawyers this morning? Well, when I got to the office for my appointment with them, they told me that by my god-mother's will I have been left a little legacy which amounts to about £1,550.

Elsie : Oh, May! I don't believe you!

May : Truly! You old silly. Well, here is the letter from her lawyers. Isn't it lovely? What ripping things we can do! We'll be able to go to that play next week. You can get that dream of a dress you saw up town yesterday.

Elsie (who has glanced through the letter) : Oh, how lovely! We shall be quite well off now, shan't we? What will you do with it, May?

May : Let's discuss it while we have supper, shall we? (She rings the bell, and a maid enters.) Bring in the tea Jane, please.

Jane : Yess, miss. (Goes out.)

Elsie : Righto! I suppose you'll bank some, won't you? And then get all sorts of lovely things. You can get a new coat for winter now.

May : I'll get you all you want, too. I mean I couldn't keep all of it to myself, and, as you say, I'll have to bank some—say about £750, that leaves £800 to carry out all our plans.

Elsie : Shall we go to the Beach this year?

May : Yes, or, better still, we could take a trip to the Cape and take John, too.

Elsie : How lovely it is to be able to arrange our holiday plans so long beforehand!

Jane (enters) : The postman, miss.

May : A post card from John. How lovely! "Arriving by the 6 p.m. train on Monday. Please can you put me up for night? Will explain when I arrive—John."

Elsie : I wonder what he is down for, and at such short notice, too?

May : Well, we musn't stay here talking. Why, it's Monday to-day! The train is due in now. We must send Jane to fetch something extra for his supper.

SCENE II.

Room as before. Table freshly laid for one. May and Elsie enter.

May crosses to the window.

Elsie: Don't stand at the window, May. Help me move the chairs nearer the fire. (The clock strikes seven—a knock sounds.)

John (coming in): Cheerio! Gosh, I'm tired. Have you had supper? (May nods). You needn't have kept any for me, I had some at the station; I was too hungry to wait half-an-hour to get here.

May: Well, if you've had supper, sit down and tell us the news. (All sit down near fire.) Or, rather, tell us what you are down for. Is it business, or are you ill? You look well enough though!

John: Oh!—er—I'm quite well, thank you, but the—er—truth is I had a bad fire in the sugar estate, and—well, I don't think you'll understand the extent of the damages—er—but it's pretty serious, and—er—I'm in a pretty bad way, chum, the whole estate has gone West (desperately) and the machinery is destroyed. (Gets up and walks to the other side of the stage with a worried look on his face.) I'm a ruined man! And what makes things worse is that my boss is seriously ill in England and the news may kill him. (Comes back to girls.) Goodness knows what I'll do to put things straight.

Elsie: Is there *nothing* you can do, John?

John: I thought of going to Jones to borrow £1,000 which would just set me right again, but a friend I met at the station said he'd gone away, and—er—have you any idea whom I could go to?

Elsie: Poor old boy. Rough luck at this time of the year, too

May: John, sit down. (When he is seated.) I suppose you have heard about the legacy I have just received?

John: No! When on earth did you hear?

Elsie: What are you doing, May? You know you need that money yourself.

May: Kindly be quiet. It's my money, Jack. It amounts to about £1,000 and you can have it with—

Elsie: May (desperately) we must keep at least £100!

May: Elsie, I've asked you before not to interfere. John *must* have it. Think how much more he needs it than we do after that fire.

Elsie: I think you are downright silly! Let Jack have £500 and borrow the other from someone else.

May: Elsie dear. (Elsie jumps up.) Please remember it is *my* money. (Elsie goes out angrily.) John, *do* take it.

John: No, May. How could I? Yet you'd be the biggest duck that ever was if you *would* lend it to me.

May: Why, of *course* I will, Johnny. I'd give you anything that would help you. (Shows the letter.) Elsie and I can manage quite easily as we did before.

Elsie (coming in again): I'm sorry I was such a pig, May. I was so upset at the idea of not going to the Cape. But (obstinately) I don't see why you can't keep £100.

May (taking back the letter and standing up): Please let me help you, John. I'll get the lawyers to send the money to you.

John : Thanks awfully, it's very good of you. You're a brick, May. I thought I'd have to see Jones but now you have fixed me up I might as well get back to the scene of devastation as soon as possible, so I'll catch the 4 a.m. to-morrow.

May and Elsie : Good-night, John !

John (awkwardly) : Good-night ! May, you're a regular brick. and—er—(abruptly) good-night ! (Exit.)

SCENE III.

Elsie and May sitting at breakfast.

Elsie : Tea, May ?

May : Yes, please.

Elsie : You know, May, you were a jolly old brick in letting John have that money. You will be going on *quite* a different errand to the lawyers to-day, won't you ?

May : Yes, I suppose it will be quite easy to get them to transfer it to John. Who is that ? (as a door bangs).

John (bursting in) : Hallo ! I left my ticket behind and had to come back for it, so, of course, I missed my train. I'm beastly hungry ! Anything left ?

May : Yes, tons. Sit down.

Elsie : Couldn't you have bought another ticket at the station ?

John : Yes, but I left my wallet behind as well. But, I say, do you honestly believe all I've told you about the fire ?

May : Why not ?

John : But, do you really think I'd take money from you girls and do you really believe all the yarn I told you ?

Elsie : What on *earth* are you driving at ?

John : Just this : do you remember last year you bluffed me beautifully ? Well, I thought this was a jolly good chance to pay you back ! But, my hat ! I never thought you would be caught so easily. (Laughs). This is the biggest joke I've enjoyed for a long time ! I nearly split when you got so worried. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping back my laughter !

The Girls : Then it was all bluff ?

May : Oh, you horrible boy ! Now I come to think of it, the agony was rather drawn out !

(The girls jump up and run to John.)

Elsie : Oh, you naughty, naughty, boy ! (All laugh.)

CURTAIN.

R. Rawlings on U6.

MY FAVOURITE COLOUR.

I have a little playmate,
Who's always dressed in red,
He sleeps within a pencil-box,
Which serves him as a bed;
And every morning when I come
To school to do my work,
He's always there to help me,
And never tries to shirk.

II.

And I have other playmates,
All standing in a row,
Who dress in red so lustrous,
And they, too, help, you know;
For when in need of meanings
Of words I have not heard,
I look up in the red books,
And there I find the word.

III.

And there's another playmate
I've great affection for!
He, *too*, has on a red coat
Which suits him well, I'm sure.
And at the corner of the street
He stands with open jaw
And swallows all the letters
Which friends are longing for.

IV.

Oh! what a shout of triumph
When to our eyes appear
The red and white of hatbands.
Which note our brothers dear;
For they from school are coming
To join our happy band
Till at the end of two weeks
Their school-time is at hand.

V.

Of all the colours in the quilt
That spreads across my bed,
I think the most attractive is
The very brightest red.
So now I've made it clear to you
In previous verses said,
My favourite colour I declare
Is always brightest RED.

E. VAN REENEN (Form Vb.)

A VISIT TO THE VICTORIA FALLS.

IT had always been a great wish and longing of ours to see the great Victoria Falls, and when at last our chance came, we had no hesitation in seizing it. We decided to make the journey from our home, in Greytown, by car. At length we set off with full confidence that our Hudson would serve us very well.

We left Bulawayo at about half-past ten one Friday morning. We travelled through some very hot dry and sandy country. At length we arrived at a small wayside hotel that evening, at about six. Here we decided to spend the night, as there were a great many lions round that part.

We rose before sunrise next morning, in order to get well on our journey that day. We had not gone far when we came upon a large herd of beautiful buck called inyala. No one wished to fire a shot at those beautiful creatures standing there so unalarmed, not knowing what humans were.

We had motored about ten miles further on when we came upon a large flat, and on looking at the road, which was very sandy, we were able to see the numerous footprints of lions, elephants, giraffes, and those of buck, both great and small.

About six miles away from the Falls we were able to hear the incessant roar of the waters and, as we approached, we saw the great clouds of spray, rising like smoke high into the clear blue sky. Nearer and nearer we approached, and louder and louder became the roar. At last we were gazing down the great rocky gorge, worn by the fierce waters.

We were obliged to camp about half a mile from the Falls, up the river. We chose a spot right on the banks, among the tall palms, and tropical trees, with their bright green leaves. When our tents had been pitched we all eagerly bent our footsteps in the direction of the great roaring sound. We were able to walk along the bank of the wide blue river, and noticed as we approached the Falls how swiftly the water ran. At last we stood on a small flat piece of ground directly above what is known as the Devil's Cataract. The first look at those wonderful falls I shall never forget! As one watched the mighty torrent rushing over, and after it got about threequarters of the way down it was veiled from sight by great clouds of spray which rose high into the sky. By this time it was getting dark and we were obliged to return to our camping ground. We had to put up with the discomfort of having the ground for our mattresses that night. Every evening we took doses of quinine, as a protection against fever. We were very badly bitten by mosquitoes, which breed in the rushes by the great river.

Next morning we rose early and, after breakfast, wended our way down to the Falls. We entered into what is known as the rain forest. The ground was covered with many creepers and a few wild flowers, and towering above our heads were the gigantic tropical trees. Here and there, large baboons might be seen, scampering up the trees. When

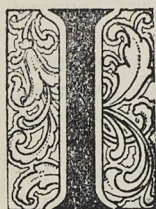
we had admired the main fall we crossed the grand bridge, which hung suspended three hundred and sixty feet above the water. We had our lunch in what is known as the Palm Grove. It was quite cold down there owing to the columns of spray which were continually blown along by the wind. We returned that night to our tents very weary, after a wonderful day.

Next morning we went about seven miles in the steam launch up the river and saw five crocodiles. They lay very still, basking in the hot Rhodesian sun. They did not appear to be in any way alarmed as we passed, sometimes only five yards away from them.

All too soon the time came for our return journey, and we were at length compelled to drag ourselves away from the wonderful Falls. We all resolved to visit this beauty spot again, if such a chance ever came our way again.

B. NEL (Form IVa.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE BOOM.



WAS once a tall pine tree in one of the great forests of Norway. I grew beside many trees of my kind, and we were all very happy and squirrels played and frisked about on our branches all day long.

Then suddenly our joy was turned to sorrow. Men began to come every day and cut down all the finest of the pine trees. I was about ten years old when at last my turn came. One morning I looked down and saw many small creatures coming along. I knew they were men, as I had often seen them before. They chopped underneath me and got ready to cut me down. I felt very unsteady all the time and I swayed about until, at last, my leg gave way under me and I fell with a great crash on to the ground. My branches were then cut off me and I was rolled down to the river beside many other logs.

We stayed there all the winter, and at last, when the ice on the river melted, we were put one by one into the water and lashed together and floated down. When we reached the mouth we were put into large cargo boats and taken to a place in England, called Leeds. It was a dirty, smoky, noisy place, and I longed for the forest and cool fresh air in which I had always lived.

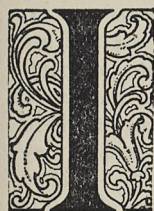
Then we were cut and made into long bars, about 3 inches thick and 8 inches wide, with one side of the thick part round and the other three sides flat. On night as I lay in the shed, along with the other booms, as I believe we were called, I heard the foreman say that a school in Maritzburg had ordered one. I did not catch the name, but found out afterwards that it was St. John's. I was wrapped up in hessian, put in a box, and came to Durban in a ship. It seemed a noisy town, but in a way reminded me of my forest home, as the sun was warm and the air was not smoky and I felt much better. After a day in a very stuffy goods shed, I was lifted into a rumbling old train and at last I reached Maritzburg. A trolley took me to the school, which I found was a very nice one, with large grounds. I was at once unpacked and when the hessian was taken off me, I saw many merry-faced girls

looking at me. I was quite thrilled with this new life, and when I was fixed up in the large, airy hall, I was quite happy.

I am now quite used to my new home and find it great fun when the girls hang and walk and turn somersaults on me. When they travel along me I cannot help laughing at some of them, as they are so clumsy. They think that I am only creaking when I laugh, because it sounds so cracked and dry.

J. BOYD (Form IVb.)

A TRIP TO THE TUGELA GORGE.



N the July holidays we went up to the Drakensberg. After a few days we decided we would take a trip to the Tugela Gorge. We got up very early and took our lunch in a basket. After having breakfast we started off. We saddled the horses and fetched the native guide who was to show us the way.

Soon afterwards we came to some beautiful scenery which looked beautiful at the side of the mountain that we took photos of it. Then we came to the skips which we had to get on to get across the precipices.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at the Gorge after taking it easily. When we arrived the boy was making tea, which did not take long to boil, as he had arrived before us. We had to leave our horses at a certain spot, because they could not climb where we wanted to go. In the bush we saw plenty of baboons with their babies. After that we went up the tunnel. The water was very clear so that you could see every pebble under the water. Right in front of us was the Devil's Tooth, Buttress and other peaks which were very beautiful. We took lots of photos of the different peaks and scenery.

After exploring just about the whole place we had lunch. About an hour after lunch we set off back to the hostel. We arrived in time for afternoon tea..

K. ROGERS (Form III).

IF I WERE A FISH.

If I were a fish in the sea
I'd swim about the rocks merrily
In and out the seaweed so green
Playing pranks then darting away unseen.
I would find where some treasure lies
Not seen by any inquisitive human eyes
And a mysterious wreck and diamonds and gold
With many more treasures all untold.
O! then to see the stars so bright
And the moon on a twilight night
To hear the sea-gulls call so shrill
In the night air so cold and still.
O! merry would my life be
In the depths of the restless sea!
And the waves breaking on the shore
And whispering their songs to me.

M. FOXON (Form III).

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

(A TRUE STORY).



AM a spider ; my home is a long sort of tunnel lined with silk which I spun. I have a door made of web and earth which can open and shut. In the night I open my door and tie it to a blade of grass near by. Then I spin a web up at the top of my tunnel to catch the night beetles and other insects. One early morning a giant was digging in the garden my home was in, and dug up my home. This giant gave me and my home to another giant, who took me into a room. After a while some other giants came into the room, and they all stared at me in my tunnel. Then I shut my door and held it with my claws so they could not open it. Later in the day they went and put me in a tub of flowers and I did not like it at all. Then it rained for three days and made all my home wet. Then after that those same giants came every morning to look at me, but sometimes I won't let them open the door. A wicked enemy came and broke off my door, and then that night I made another door, and the next morning when the giants came they thought it was wonderful that I should be able to make another door. It was very hard making the door, because every time the earth broke into bits while I was making the web. But at last I was able to make it, and I then spun it on to my tunnel. When I had finished I spun a web up at the top of my home and tied my new door to a blade of grass and caught two night beetles.

SHIRLEY CHAPMAN (aged 8 years, Form II.).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A competition was organised in connection with the contributions to this year's Magazine, and prizes were offered for the best article sent in from the Upper School and from the Lower School respectively. The awards were as follows: J. Davidson, VIa, and J. Marais, VIb, to divide the Upper School prize; J. Boyd, IVb., Lower School prize. We are very grateful to Miss Rowe for kindly judging the papers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, 3/-.

It is a very great help and convenience if Old Girls will kindly send their's in immediately upon receipt of the Magazine.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of Magazines from the Clapham High School and the Durban Girls' High School, in exchange.



