

# St. Andrean

1955



# School Officials and Form Captains

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## 1955. PREFECTS

**Head Girl** ..... Sally Kleyn (Athlone)

**Athlone:** Sheena Lindsay (Head).

**Sub-Prefect:** Elizabeth Williamson.

**Milner:** Carol Ann Somers-Vine (Head), Morag Mullins (Vice-Head).

**Sub-Prefects:** Creina Girdwood, Gillian Hurd, Priscilla Lefson.

**Selborne:** Prunella Antrobus (Head), Hilary Edwards.

**Sub-Prefects:** Jennifer Knight, Anthea Campbell.

### Form Captains:

	1st Term	2nd Term	3rd Term
IV.	Pat Dighton	Elizabeth Curtis Setchell	Vanessa Marthinusen
III.	Joan Ratcliffe	Sheila Milne	Joan Wishart
IIA	Marion Lucas	Margaret Wallisch	Ann Thompson
IIB	Gillian Hopkins	Joan Campbell- Pitt	Pat Ratcliffe
IA	Diane Davidson	Sally Lawson	Phyllis Ketley
IB	Rosemary Short	Avrille Murphy	Haidee Marklew

## JUNIOR SCHOOL PREFECTS

Tara Campbell (Head), Sally Smith, Philippa Holford, Diana MacWilliam, Lindsay Andrews, Chloe Antrobus, Lesley Ann Ormsby, Deborah Parkhurst, Anne Peregrine, Tessa Holloway, Anna Sheat, Frances Sheat, Margaret Gear.

### Form Captains:

Std. 4	Gail Campbell	Robin Lindsay	Patsy Lucas
Std. 3	Diana Krause	Penny Hopkins	Diana Krause

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1955





## **St. Andrew's School, Bedford Farm, Johannesburg.**

### **School History, 3rd Term, 1954—2nd Term, 1955.**

This year has been much like other years and there is no major development to record. It has seen our usual school functions and the usual quota of outside concerts and entertainments, although in the first term of 1955 such activities were much curtailed owing to the polio epidemic in Johannesburg, which meant the cancellation of all inter-schools matches and a ban on attendance at any big gathering.

The 1954 Matriculation results might have been better, but, in view of the fact that all members of Form V were allowed to write although we knew that two or three had little hope of achieving a pass, they were fairly satisfactory. Seventeen girls wrote, four gained second class passes, six third class passes and two gained School Leaving Certificates, both of these girls later writing supplementary examinations and converting their certificates into Matriculation passes. Of the girls who failed, three rewrote the examination in March, two gained second class Matriculation certificates and the third a School Leaving Certificate.

During the second term the First Hockey XI managed once more to gain a place in the First League and although they won no matches in the First League they had some good games and learnt a great deal. We were pleased that two of our 1st XI were chosen to play in the Southern Transvaal Schools XI and one in the Southern Transvaal Schools Second XI. We congratulate Miss Moore and the 1st XI on a good season's work.

At the end of 1954 Miss Niblock, owing to ill-health, unfortunately had to give up the good work she has done with the Brownies and Guides in the Junior School, and we are most grateful to Miss Wright who in spite of her busy life has found time to run our Guide Company this year, and to Mrs. Cownie and her helpers for their work with the Brownies. We thank Mrs. Adley, too, for her constant help and interest.

Of the outside events attended by the school we remember particularly St. John's outstanding performance of "Macbeth", Emlyn Williams, and Sir Edmund Hillary's lecture on the Ascent of Everest; and of concerts, Marie Thérèse Fourneaux, the joint recital of M. T. Fourneaux and Demus, and M. Fournier's beautiful 'cello recital.

At school we enjoyed tremendously Mrs. Urquhart's talk on the work of Albert Schweitzer. She spoke with first-hand knowledge as a personal friend of Albert Schweitzer and the films which Mr. Rosenberg showed us and the photographs which

Mrs. Urquhart brought helped to add to the interest of a most inspiring evening. We are most grateful to both Mrs. Urquhart and Mr. Rosenberg. The evening Mr. Wiesner came to tell us something about broadcasting is another which we remember with pleasure. We learnt a great deal about the hard work and thought which goes into every programme and we enjoyed Mr. Wiesner's easy, informal manner and his delightful sense of humour. Margaret Inglis talked to us about the theatre, and her advice on why not to go on the stage did not entirely destroy the glamour for some of us.

We did not have an Open Day in 1954 but we held an exhibition of Art and Craft work in October and were glad to see so many parents and friends interested in our work. The competition was won by Milner in both the Senior and Junior Schools with a high standard of work and arrangement, and we congratulate both Mrs. Frerichs and the girls on their achievements.

In October, too, Miss Kenyon produced "The Immortal Lady", the thrilling story of Lady Nithsdale's successful plot to effect the escape of her Jacobite husband from prison. Mr. Savage's clever scenery, the delightful costumes designed by Mrs. Frerichs and made by Miss Kenyon and some of the staff added to the enjoyment of a most successful production. We congratulate the cast and particularly Anthea Crosse on an outstanding performance and thank Miss Kenyon for her hard work and untiring interest, without which the play would never have appeared.

We invited parents and friends, taking a silver collection, and made this our first effort to launch a fund for the building of a new library, as we feel that the present one, beautiful as it is, is quite inadequate for the needs of the school. The play started the fund with £82 11s. 8d., and since then three generous donations from the Old Girls' Association and two parents have brought it up to £728 1s. 8d.

The School Dance, the Inter-House Music and Drama Competition were as successful as usual, and St. Andrew's Day and the Christmas Party rounded off the year. Owing to the polio epidemic we could not invite children from Ekutuleni to come to visit us, but we sent the party to them. Instead of the usual Carol Service in the Chapel, Miss Colwell produced a Nativity Play which, owing to the very unsettled weather at the beginning of December, was held in the hall instead of in the New Wing Courtyard as originally planned. This change made no difference to the singing, which was as good as usual, and the tableaux of the Nativity were beautiful up against the black backcloth on the stage.

We have this as a lovely last memory of Miss Colwell, who resigned at the end of 1954 to return to England. For her creation of the choirs and for the high standard of singing throughout the school, we owe her an enormous debt of gratitude. As an enthusiast and a perfectionist herself, she passed on her own ideals to the girls she taught, and she left behind her much of her own enthusiasm and a power of self-criticism rarely found in young people. We hope she is enjoying her work in England.

Madame Colonna, too, left us at the end of 1954 after seven years in charge of French. She will long be remembered not only for her enthusiasm for her subject, but also for her devotion to the interests of Milner House and her almost fierce championship where its members were concerned. We thank her for her interest and her work for the school and wish her very good fortune in her new home in Florence where she hopes, in the future, to have an opportunity of taking charge of young people studying or sight-seeing there. The Junior School lost a good friend when Miss Brown retired. For five years she guided successive groups of Standard 2 and her wide experience and her ability to take charge during moments of crisis were a great asset. We are grateful for all she gave during her time here. We are grateful, too, to Mrs Jackson for her three years of hard work with the Mathematics of the Senior School and hope she enjoyed the trip to England which was her reason for resigning. We miss her charming personality. On the Saturday after the December term ended Cheetham House was the scene of a happy party on the occasion of Miss Way's marriage to Mr. Eslick. Our good wishes go to them both and we count ourselves lucky that although we had to say good-bye to Miss Way when she went out of residence, we were able to welcome back Mrs. Eslick at the beginning of 1955 to continue her good work as head of the Music department.

Once more this year we have had a number of mistresses who have done temporary work for short periods, and to these we say "Thank you" for undertaking these far-from-easy posts. Mrs. Caswell taught Form I English and some Junior School work for the first two terms, and in the third Mrs. Phillips took over from her. Mrs. Raath came on two occasions when Miss Lobban was ill, Mrs. Moodie took Mrs. Jackson's place in the first term of 1955 and Mrs. Davis taught the senior History during the second term while Miss Kenyon was on leave. During the first term Mrs. Strangman taught Standard 2 until the arrival of Miss G. Newman in May, and Miss Achber came for a month in February to take Speech Training and some English until Miss Scowen, whose arrival was delayed through an accident, was able to take up her appointment. Other new members of staff are Miss D. Newman who replaced Miss Colwell, Mrs. Keet in

Madame's place, Miss van der Riet in Standard 3 and Mrs. Sampson who is teaching Domestic Science. Miss Boston has given up her Music teaching and has undertaken the arduous job of senior Mathematics. Miss Mallett has been a member of the Music staff and Mrs. Michau (an Old Girl) has been doing part-time Music. At the beginning of the third term we wished Miss Walmisley a "happy leave" and welcomed Miss Topham, who will teach her pupils until the end of the year.

There have been changes in the domestic staff too. After a succession of Housekeepers, Mrs. Brady took over the post in November, 1954, and in April undertook in addition the work of Warden. In the Junior School Mrs. Morrison was appointed Housekeeper in January, and in October, 1955, Mrs. Dwelley replaced Mrs. Fraser in the New Wing.

Once more we record our gratitude to those whose constant work and interest keep the school running smoothly—all branches of the staff and our Chairman and Board of Directors.

## **MATRICULATION RESULTS**

### **December, 1954**

**Class II :** Valerie Edge, Susan Gray, Lindsay Long, Carolyn Stevenson.

**Class III :** Elizabeth Burrows, Angela Dunlop, Jennifer Frost, Maud Jefferay, Jennifer Robertson, Denise Rosset.

**School Leaving Certificates :** Jane Allan, Jean Yardley.

### **March, 1955**

**Class II :** Jennifer Donaldson, Helen Johnstone.

**School Leaving Certificate :** Elizabeth Shaffer.

Jane Allan and Jean Yardley wrote Supplementary examinations and converted their School Leaving Certificates into Matriculation Certificates.

## **ATHLONE**

In the first term this year our luck seemed to be right out, for even though we had worked hard we came last in the Drama Competition and in the competition for the Efficiency Cup, although we managed to be the tidiest house with the fewest fines.

During the second term we all missed Miss Kenyon, who was away on long leave and whom we are glad to welcome back for the third term. We are very grateful to Mrs. Wiesner for all the help and encouragement she gave us during Miss Kenyon's absence.

In the second term Athlone showed great improvement, as we won the Music Competition, gained the most commendation marks and again had the fewest fines but, unfortunately, had to take second place for Hockey by allowing Selborne to beat us. But it was our work that let us down, for we gained the fewest number of points for school work and as this carries most weight in the competition for the Efficiency Cup, again we failed.

We are all extremely sorry to be losing Miss Kenyon who is leaving at the end of the year and who became our House Mistress five years ago when Athlone had only been a house for four years and was, therefore, comparatively youthful, and we should like to thank her very much indeed for all the enthusiasm she has shown in Athlone and we hope that she will be very happy at her new post in Cape Town. We should also like to thank Miss Newman, who, although she has only been with us for a year, has shown great interest in our activities and we wish her every success for the future.

### **MILNER**

1954 was a very successful year for Milner; we won the Shield. So far in 1955 we have succeeded in winning the Efficiency Cup for the first term.

In the first term, because of the drama captain, Priscilla Lefson's and the cast's hard work, we won the Drama Competition.

In the second term, however, we were not so successful, gaining only third place in the inter-house hockey. In the Music Competition, too, we unfortunately gained only third place in the Senior section and second place in the Junior section. Although we lost the Music and Hockey, we managed to pull up to second place at the end of the term through hard work in class and good examination results, losing the Cup by half a point. We have had far too many fines and black marks this year and will have to reduce the number greatly in the third term to win the Shield at the end of the year.

We should like to express our thanks to Miss Christison, as House Mistress, for all the encouragement and help she has given us this year and hope she will be very happy at her new school.

### **SELBORNE**

At the beginning of this year we managed to gain second place and by the end of the second term we had won the Efficiency Cup, being only half a point in front of Milner.

The second term proved us winners of the inter-house hockey, and through the keen enthusiasm of our hockey captain, Anthea Campbell, the team, inspired with determination, put up a noble fight. Although we did not win house marks or fines, the hockey pulled us up and left us with the Efficiency Cup. We came second in the house Music Competition, coming very close to Athlone who won it. During the first term Selborne managed to come second in the Drama Competition. We have still the Art Competition and inter-house tennis to prepare for.

The polio epidemic in the first term prevented us from having the inter-house swimming gala or the Sunbeam picnic. We continue to collect a large quantity of clothes for Sunbeams, whose increase in numbers to 160 children gives us a great deal of pleasure. The extra expense involved is partly met by our entertainment which we have every year.

This year we owe our thanks to Mr. Yardley, who provided the entertainment for us. He very kindly showed us some films, including one of the Royal wedding gifts.

We should like to welcome Miss Scowen to Selborne House and hope she will be very happy.

## MUSIC EXAMINATION RESULTS

- Pianoforte: Grade I. M. Burton (Merit).  
F. Ferguson.
- II. C. Antrobus (Merit).  
D. Parkhurst (Merit).
- III. C. Bulman.  
D. Davidson (Merit).  
R. Graham.  
D. Gregson.  
I. van Niekerk.  
A. Whaley.  
P. Zipp (Merit).
- VI. E. Irving (Merit).
- VII. E. Wallisch (Merit).

Pianoforte Duets: Junior Grade. K. Short and E. Curtis  
Setchell.

General Musicianship: Junior Grade. C. Bulman.



*The cast of "The Immortal Lady"*



*Miss Neave and the Prefects 1955*

## MUSIC EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1954—1955

- Theory: Grade I. M. Beiler.  
F. Ferguson.  
H. Marklew.  
T. Melville.  
L. A. Ormsby.  
G. Parker.  
J. Sceales.  
L. Woodward.  
P. Zipp.
- Grade II. D. Gale.  
S. Kohler.  
D. MacWilliam.  
A. Parkhurst.  
I. van Niekerk.  
C. Weedon.
- Grade III. J. Bennett.  
J. Bradford.  
F. Butcher.  
J. Clemes.  
S. du Toit.  
S. Harvey.  
S. Sceales.  
M. Whiteside.
- Grade IV. D. Bell.  
E. Irving.  
V. Marthinusen.  
J. Wishart.
- Grade V. E. Irving.  
J. Knight.  
S. Milne.  
E. Wallisch.

## CLUBS

### Debating

The standard of debating has been greatly raised this year thanks to our chairman, Prunella Antrobus. Although we do not yet feel capable of debating against other schools, we hope this will come in time.

Our most successful debates have been: "Science will be a prevailing factor in a third world war" and "Speed is an asset to mankind."

We would like to thank Miss Kenyon and Miss Christison for their unfailing support and interest in the club.

### **Drama**

This year the Drama Club has had five meetings. We had one during the first term when we did a play reading, "World Without Men", which was most amusing. At the other meetings we did charades and individual mimes which were in some instances very good. On the whole we think the standard of acting has improved. We are grateful to Miss Kenyon and Miss Scowen for their help and interest in the club. We should also like to add another word of thanks to Miss Kenyon for bringing out some invaluable plays from England.

### **Entertainment**

In the first term Mrs. Kellie very kindly obtained for us the film, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips", which we all greatly enjoyed. We are most grateful to Mrs. Kellie for the interest she shows in our club.

We should like to thank Mrs. Botbyl very much for obtaining the film "Prisoner of Zenda" for us, which was shown during the second term.

### **Music**

We would first of all like to thank for their help and interest during the year all the Music Staff, and especially Miss Walmisley, who has arranged many outings to concerts for us. We give special thanks to Sally Kleyn for the interest she has taken in the club as chairman. The new chairman is Erika Wallisch.

During the first term Miss Steel very kindly came and played to us. Two music mistresses from Kingsmead gave us a very enjoyable concert during the second term. This term an old choir member, Mary Chambers, is coming to sing to us.

With the generous subscriptions from our members we have been able to buy quite a number of long-playing records and we hope to be able to buy some more in the near future.

### **Sports**

In the club meetings this year, we have had four gym competitions. We are grateful to Miss Kenyon, who judged our competition in the first term. The cups for first and second places went to Form IV and Form V respectively. Miss Neave kindly judged our second competition, and Form IA came first and Forms IB and IIA tied for second place. We collected £3 6s. 0d. which went towards the buying of deportment badges.

# St. Andrew's School Charity and Subscription Account

## CHAPEL COLLECTIONS

Receipts and Payments for the Period 1st October, 1954, to 13th September, 1955

To Balance .....	55	11	9	By Donation—Rev. J. B. Webb .....	6	6	0
Chapel Collections .....	32	19	2	" Purchase of Friedieu .....	25	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Fuerst, in .....	26	5	0	" Flowers for Chapel .....	2	10	0
memory of Betty .....	5	5	0	" Transfer to Charity Fund .....	20	0	0
Miss J. Home-Rigg .....	64	9	2	" Cash at Barclays Bank D.C.O. .....	65	14	11
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	£120 0 11				£120 0 11		

## CHARITY ACCOUNT

To Balance .....	60	8	4	By Rose Day .....	14	9	7
House Charity Collections and .....				" Kutlwanong School for the .....			
Entertainments .....	69	17	0	" Deaf (School Girls' Confer- .....	42	15	0
School Girls' Conference— .....	22	15	0	" Sunbeam Picnics .....	22	5	10
additional collection .....	14	9	7	" Christmas Party for Natives .....	11	10	0
Rose Day Collection .....	32	18	2	" "Rand Daily Mail" Christmas .....	20	0	0
Nativity Play Collection .....	13	12	0	" Fund .....	10	0	0
Sale of Easter Stamps .....	20	0	0	" St. Mary's Orphanage .....	10	0	0
Transfer from Chapel Collec- .....				" Donaldson Centre .....	10	0	0
tions .....	173	11	9	" Association of Girls' Clubs .....	10	0	0
	<hr/>			" Guide Dogs Association .....	10	0	0
				" St. Joseph's Home .....	10	0	0
				" Care of Non-European Blind .....	15	0	0
				" Iterele School .....	13	12	0
				" Easter Stamp Fund .....	1	12	3
				" Bank Charges .....	201	4	8
				" Cash at Barclays Bank D.C.O. .....	32	15	5
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	£234 0 1				£234 0 1		

## MAMMIE

Ek het 'n mammie,  
'n Wonderlike vrou.  
Sy't ogies wat dans  
En skitter soos dou.  
Haar hare lyk soos sonskyn  
En haar hart soos 'n vuur.  
Ek wens ek mag by haar bly,  
Nooit weggaan van haar sy,  
God help haar asseblief,  
Sy is vir my so lief.

SALLY SMITH, Std. 5.

## SAILING

In May we bought a sailing dinghy called "Ladybird." She is fourteen feet long, painted bright red, and has white sails. She belonged to a man who is too sick to sail her any more. He still loves her, I am sure, because he sits on the stoep of his cottage and watches us when we are sailing her. We sail her on Hartebeestpoort Dam, which is a very pretty spot. Recently an island appeared in the middle of the dam. It is a very good place to watch birds. Last Sunday we sailed close to it and saw cor-morants, wild duck, and spur-winged geese. A fish-eagle also landed there, uttering his queer cry, which sounds like a Siamese cat.

"Ladybird" is very fast on the water, and I am learning to crew for my father. She has brought great happiness and interest to us.

MARGARET GEAR, Std. 5.

## SPEELGOEDJIES IN DIE WINTER

Oe! Kyk net vir my teddiebeer.  
Aan sy arm is weer 'n seer.  
Rosie word nou baie oud.  
En Jannie sê „Dit word nou koud.”  
Hier's die winter, droog en skraal,  
Met die wind in meid se kraal.  
Die blare word rooi,  
Die blare word bruin,  
En orals gestrooi,  
Vernaamlik ons tuin.

DIANA MacWILLIAM, Std. 5.

## MY BUDGIE

I have a pretty budgie,  
With feathers green and blue.  
I've tried so hard to make him talk  
But this he will not do.

He loves to climb his ladder,  
And in his bath he'll shriek.  
I love my darling budgie,  
But how I wish he'd speak!

As soon as I get off the bus,  
I always hurry home  
And hope one day to hear him say,  
"Look, Peter, here comes Joan!"

JOAN FULTON, Std. 4.

## THE UNKNOWN PORTRAIT

One day during a visit to an antique shop, we noticed a small, dark, foreign-looking man enter the shop with a rolled up canvas under his arm. We could not help overhearing what he said to the owner. He was trying to sell the painting that he had brought with him. The owner was not interested because the painting was damaged. Before he could leave the shop my mother asked if she could see the painting. The man was only too pleased to show her. He unrolled the painting again and we saw the face of a lady, but through the neck and shoulder of the painting were two round holes. We asked him how the holes got there. He told us that during the war, his home in Holland was occupied by German troops and that they had fired two shots at the painting.

After the war was over he had returned to his home only to find the painting ruined.

When he came to this country he had brought the painting with him because he was so fond of it. But now he had to sell it as he had needed some money.

My mother bought the painting and we took it home. As it was covered in dust and in dirt, we decided to clean it up. We were surprised to find that as it was cleaned, more and more began to show. We found out that the lady in the painting was dressed in a velvet dress and she had a brooch in her hair.

After it was repaired and the bullet holes did not show, we had it framed. We do not know who she is or who painted her but today she hangs on the wall looking as she must have looked hundreds of years ago.

GRETCHEN HERRICK, Std. 4.



ETD. 3 CAROLYN NORCOM 1955

## KANO AIRPORT

Kano was particularly interesting. We arrived at noon and it was extremely hot. Vultures were hungrily walking about the airfield, their bare necks adding to the ugliness of their general appearance. Coloured medical officers came aboard the aircraft with spray with which they disinfected us! Only then were we allowed to go into the restaurant for refreshments. Most people were utterly exhausted by the intense heat.

Outside the restaurant native traders displayed dozens of home-made articles—wallets, cushions, blankets, bags, necklaces and many other things, mostly made of leather. These traders are very persistent. On the other side of the road two scruffy camels were tethered to a post. I do not think that anyone could resist taking home a souvenir of this fascinating market. Then all passengers for Johannesburg were “kindly requested to board the aircraft.”

The vultures were still roaming the airfield when we soared up into the air bound for Johannesburg via Brazzaville in the Belgian Congo.

PHYLLIS KETLEY, Form IA.

## LONG JOHN SILVER

Long John Silver from Bristol came,  
He owned an inn, “Spy Glass” was its name.  
Sailors went there for rum and a game,  
Yes, you are right, Long John *was* lame.

Poor Long John was minus a leg,  
All the same he did not have to beg,  
His devoted wife whose name was Meg,  
Helped him to sell full many a keg.

Long John Silver went to seek treasure,  
Ever since then he's a man of leisure,  
Giving the sailors a liberal measure,  
And living at home a life of pleasure.

HAIDEE MARKLEW, Form IB.

## A MIDNIGHT RIDE

It was dark; one could not see a thing through the inky blackness. My master urged me on, and I suppose it was pure instinct that guided me along that road. My hooves sounded hollow as I galloped, and I was dead tired—foaming and sweating like a mad thing. I felt ready to drop down dead; only my master's whispered encouragement kept me going.

Dark shapes flashed by, and I heard my master breathing heavily. My master was desperate, and though he had never used

the spur on me before, he used it now. I sensed his agitation, and took on a new life and galloped for all I was worth. Galloping, galloping, might I never stop?

Suddenly, as we came over a rise, there down below, twinkled a few desolate lights. But few as they were they gave my master and me joy, for we had reached our destination.

SONJA OLLEMANS, Form IB.

### AT THE SEA

Wavelets lapping on the shore,  
The white sea-gulls soar, and soar  
In the sky so blue and clear,  
They have their nests so far from fear  
—At the sea—

The beach is washed by greedy waves,  
Splashing by the rocks and caves.  
Relentlessly the tide comes in,  
Fights against the shore, to win  
—At the sea—

Massive breakers grey and white  
Tumble to the shore at night.  
'Tis a storm so frightening  
Accompanied by lightning  
—At the sea—

Now the sea is calm again,  
Washed by drops of pure, sweet rain.  
We love the sea in any mood,  
Whether calm or angry, still or rude  
—O! the sea.

PAT PEACOCK, Form IB.

### DIE GRAAF EN DIE HARK STRY

*Graaf:* Hansie Hark, jy is so 'n lang, maer ou ding. Jy is seker te swak om te werk.

*Hark:* Miskien is ek lank en maer, maar ek is nie swak nie, Meneer Gert Graaf. Ek kan die blare van die grond bymekaar hark.

*Graaf:* Dis niks nie! Ek kan die tuin omspit. Die tuinjong kan nog die sand met sy hande oor die saadjies strooi, maar hy kan nie die tuin met sy hande omspit nie.

*Hark:* Ja, maar hy kan die tuin met 'n vurk omspit. Hy hoef jou nie te gebruik nie. Danie Vurk is baie sterker as jy.

- Graaf:* Nou ja, laat ons na die tuinjong gaan. Ek sal vir hom vra watter een van ons die beste is.  
 Tuinjong, wie is die beste van ons twee?
- Tuinjong:* Dit is 'n baie maklike vraag. Jy en die hark is ewe goed. Julle is altwee baie nuttig.
- Graaf:* Baie dankie.
- Hark:* O, maar ons was dom! Ons was altwee verkeerd.
- Graaf:* Ek is baie jammer, Hansie.
- Hark:* Ek is ook baie jammer, Gert. Nou is ons weer goeie vriende.

JENNIFER MacWILLIAM, Vorm IIB.

### LA MAISON DE MES RÊVES

La maison de mes rêves est une petite chaumière en France. Je désire une petite chaumière blanche sur une colline verte avec une rivière qui coule à travers le jardin.

Dans la maison il n'y a pas beaucoup de pièces mais elles sont grandes. Dans la cour il y a un jardin potager avec beaucoup de légumes et d'arbres fruitiers. Le jardin devant la chaumière est énorme, plein de fleurs. De grandes pelouses avec trois ou quatre bassins avec des poissons rouges et des fontaines. La meilleure chose est la vue, une vue magnifique sur Paris.

SUSAN YARDLEY, Form IIB.

### THE TALE OF A FOX

A fox went out on a moonlit night,  
 His scent was keen and his eyes were bright.  
 Away, away o'er the hill and the dale,  
 The red fox was running in search of a kill.  
 His red tail was waving, his howl echoed loud  
 When across his path a wild boar did bound.  
 His leap was with power but red fox's like death,  
 And then his teeth tore right through its flesh:  
 Swiftly it died, and the blood flowed freely.  
 Then red fox's teeth bit into its neck,  
 And he struggled home, home to his den,  
 Home to his mate and his foxes ten.  
 All of them had a feast that night,  
 And slept till dawn and the broad day-light.

ALAINE FARQUHAR, Form IIB.

### NELSON

Eendag, lank gelede, toe ek nog nie gebore was nie, het 'n arme, siek Wolfhondjie by ons huis aangestap gekom. Die hondjie was baie maer en haar een oog was toe en het seer gelyk.

My ouers het die hondjie jammer gekry en haar kos gegee. Daardie nag het sy in die tuin geslaap en die volgende môre het sy weer kos gekry.

Mammie het die polisie opgebel en gevra of iemand 'n hondjie verloor het. Die polisie het gesê hulle sal probeer uitvind en na 'n paar dae het hulle vir Mammie opgebel en gesê dat niemand die hondjie opge-eis het nie, en sy mag, as sy wou, die hondjie hou. Mammie en Pappie het haar gehou en het haar „Nelson” genoem want haar linkeroog het blind gelyk. Later het die oog beter geword maar sy was nog „Nelson”.

Sy was 'n baie getroue hond en toe ek gebore is, het sy elke dag by my kinderwaentjie gebly. Ek het eendag, toe ek nog baie klein was, haar oor gebyt, maar sy het net getjank en weggehardloop. Mammie het my gestraf deur my oor ook te byt!

Ja, Nelson was 'n goeie hond. Die enigste stout ding wat sy ooit gedoen het, was die keer toe sy 'n hele hoender van die tafel af gesteel het, toe Mammie en Pappie voor middagete in die tuin gewandel het.

Ek was baie jammer die dag toe Nelson dood is. Sy het baie siek geword (van vergifte vleis, het ons gemeen) en na twee dae van ellende het sy doodgegaan. Ons het nou 'n ander Wolfhond wat ons „Roo” noem en ons het haar ook baie lief, maar ons sal „Nelson” nooit vergeet nie.

CATHERINE GALLOWAY, Vorm IIA.

### AFRICA

Have you ever seen the glory of the darkening mountains,  
Silhouetted sharply against the fiery sky?  
Or heard from the depths of eerie darkness  
The call of the jackal and his mate's answering cry?  
Or thrilled at the sweet smell of damp, rain-spattered earth  
After the parched, barren land you had passed on your way?  
Or maybe you've sat huddled round a comforting campfire  
And eaten a grilled buck that was shot earlier that day?

If you have ever done so, then you'll know what I mean  
When I say that there's much beneath Africa's hot screen  
To fill you with awe at her beauty serene  
And to lure you back there again no matter where you've been.

ANN THOMPSON, Form IIA.

### LA MAISON DE MES RÊVES

La maison de mes rêves est une petite maison avec un toit de chaume, des murs blancs. Dans le jardin il y a trois grands arbres et une petite fontaine. Il y a un grand bassin rond, où il y a des poissons rouges. Au printemps, chaque arbre est vert et

les grandes pelouses sont aussi vertes. Mon jardin est très joli, et tout le monde regarde les fleurs. J'habite à la campagne et j'aime beaucoup ma maison.

VALERIE READHEAD, Form IIA.

### TOE EK NOG SOMMER BAIE JONK WAS

Ek wens dat ek nog sommer baie jonk is, want die herinneringe aan die dae toe ek net vyf jaar oud was, is baie aangenaam. Ek wens dat ek die pret, die grappies en al daardie katterkwaad weer kon geniet.

Die dag wat ek nog goed onthou, is my eerste dag op skool. Almal was baie vriendelik, maar ek het skaam gevoel. Een van die onderwyseresse het by my voor die klas gestaan en gesels. Die bloed het na my sproet-gesiggie geskiet, my bene het gebewe, en my koue hande ook. Daardie oomblik sal ek nooit vergeet nie.

Die ander gebeurtenis wat ek nog onthou is die dag toe ek by die skool aangekom het en gesien het dat dit een van my vriendinne se verjaarsdag was. Ek was baie jaloers op haar mooi presente en ek het besluit dat dit die volgende dag my verjaarsdag sou wees! Ek het omtrent twaalf dogtertjies na my partytjie genooi. Toe het ek ongeduldig gewag vir die groot dag. My vriendinne het omtrent drieur opgedaag met my presentjies. Mammie, wat van niks geweet het nie, het net die twaalf gaste aangegaap! Ek moes al my pragtige presente teruggee!

Die dag toe een van my melktandjies uitgeval het, was een van die opwindende dae van my lewe. Ek het 'n hele halfkroon gekry van 'n muis. Dit was vir my wonderlik en die volgende paar dae het ek probeer om nog 'n tand uit te trek!

Ek hoop dat die toekoms nog meer sulke avonture en opwindende vir my sal bring.

CAROLINE MONTGOMERY, Vorm III.

### THE HUNT

Tally-ho! Tally-ho!  
And away we go,  
Over the mountains we ride,  
The fox is before us,  
The village behind,  
And we ride and ride and ride.

Tally-ho! Tally-ho!  
And on we must go,  
The whistle of wind in our ears,  
The laggards behind,  
The dogs at our side,  
And we ride and ride and ride.

Tally-ho! Tally-ho!  
Through the fields we go,  
From a gallop to canter we change,  
For the dogs leap ahead,  
Poor fox he is dead  
And home we must go,  
Tally-ho!

PAT BLACKWELL, Form III.

### WHILE WE WERE ASLEEP . . .

The rocks were tinted red, blushing as the sun cast a final glowing ray onto their warmed sides. The wind whispered through the grasses, and they bent, bowing to departing majesty. I sought among the rocks for a tiger-striped wild gladiolus, which grows in sheltered places. Coming round into the shadow of a rock, I saw one of Nature's secret gardens, where black soil had collected in a hollow, and clumps of growing gladiolus made a scene, not from dusty Africa, but from a land no man has seen.

I knelt in the soil, loth to pick their simple glory, and I noticed two footprints in the damp ground—a little cloven hoof-print, followed by the widespread spoor of a wild dog.

I turned to the lilies. What had they seen and heard last night, while we were asleep—a terrified little squeaking buck, and the coarse hungry panting of a wild dog . . .

SUSAN BULMAN, Form III.

### THE RESCUE

Out of a depressed and wretched sleep came that penetrating sound of dropping bombs in my ears. I wanted to scream; I always did when I heard them although they were English bombs. Being a prisoner of war in Russia for four years so far, had made the days interminable and they seemed even more so when bombs dropped in the everlasting uncertainty of night. All the prisoners like myself lived through these perilous nights, how, we don't know. We all knew that a bomb on our building would finish us off. Perhaps it would be better that way . . .

Slowly and painfully I dragged my half-starved body to a sitting position. I looked around me. All the others were there though they had made no attempt to move yet, they lay gazing into a black half-rotted ceiling as I had been doing a few minutes before. I threw off my covering (one thin blanket) got off my plank (which I was quite used to by now) and went to the window to get a better view. One could not lie in bed and listen, one had to see; the window just drew one there whether one liked it or not.

The noise was infernal. The sky was full of falling, snarling planes which dived to meet their doom below in shattering pieces

and among clouds of smoke. The shrill whistle of shells was heard above falling bombs. By this time everybody there had come to the window. No one could talk in normal voices—that was impossible—but nobody wanted to then, for at that moment our eyes were fixed on a solitary plane, an English plane which seemed to be making its way to our fort. No one moved, all talking had ceased, all eyes were fixed on the plane which was coming nearer and nearer. This was just about it. In a few minutes everyone would be dead. I wanted to do something, but what could I do? How could I tell that English bomber that we were friends, not foes? I hoped they would miss, but no, the fortress was too big, an ideal target for even the worst and most inaccurate bomber. They wouldn't miss. Nobody moved; everybody seemed to stop breathing as we watched.

The bomb was descending; down, down, down it came, gathering speed all the time. It looked like the devil, just ready to enclose all of us in its iron grasp. It seemed determined to give us no chance of living, no chance of escape, no chance of anything.

All eyes were turned to parts of the cracked ceiling, eyes that were forced to follow its movements, eyes that lay embedded in completely expressionless faces. Then it came, and as it seemed to hover a little, came crashing down, exploding everywhere. Tongues suddenly went loose and wild. I screamed and then screamed again a desperate prayer to God to make me live, live whatever happened. The prayer circled my brain I don't know how many times before consciousness snapped.

My prayer was answered. Yes, the stone fortress was very big and very strong, perhaps a little too big and strong for the bomb, whose limited area of destruction and terrific power had not moved our part of the fort which was at one of the ends.

Helicopters were flying round—the first thing I was aware of when I was coming round. I didn't care about them and didn't care about anything then. One hovered above my head. This was the end, I thought, I would only go to another stone fortress and stay there for another four years. But no—surely this helicopter was something different; it looked friendly—something clicked in my brain. It was English. I was going to be rescued in a minute from now. I would soon be home and free. Free—the word did not register in my mind, but I did not care, for at that moment an overwhelming surge of happiness circled my whole body as the entire company of heaven seemed to sing in my brain. I wanted the moment to go on and on, I wanted to live for ever, and as these things circled my brain, I fell into a contented and peaceful sleep, only waking to find myself in a joyous, friendly country.

JANE BRADFORD, Form III.

## MY EERSTE SKOOLJAAR

My eerste skooljaar is vandag nog vir my 'n mooi herinnering.

Ek was maar net twee en 'n half jaar oud, toe ek in 'n kleuterskool begin het. Ek was te klein om regte werk te doen, maar my broer het gesê dat as hy skool toe gaan, dan moet ek ook gaan, dus het my ouers my maar saamgestuur.

Die Juffrou het 'n seuntjie net so oud soos ek gehad, en ons twee het met blokkies gespeel. Ons het saam met die ander kinders gesing en speletjies gespeel.

Die een speletjie wat ek nog goed onthou, was „reuse en feë”. Die Juffrou het op die klavier gespeel, en toe sy saggies gespeel het, het al die meisies (die feëtjies) rondgedans, en toe sy hard gespeel het, het die seuns (die reuse) probeer om ons te vang. Dit was my geliefkoosde speletjie, en ek het uitgesien na die dae toe ons dit gespeel het.

Eendag het ek geleer hoe om viers te skryf, en daardie aand was ek so trots, dat ek my mammi se lipstiffie gevat en groot viers orals op die mure van my slaapkamer geteken het!

Ek het baie van die Juffrou gehou, en elke môre het ek lekkers of 'n appel vir haar saamgeneem. Ek was so gelukkig op skool, en daar was nooit 'n enkele dag wat ek nie wou gaan nie. Ek dink dat dit is omdat die onderwyseres ons so goed verstaan het.

As ek nou dink dat, na daardie jaar, ek nog dertien jaar van harde werk op skool gehad het, weet ek glad nie hoekom ek nie toe reeds weggehardloop het nie!

VANESSA MARTHINUSEN, Vorm IV.

## DIE LASTIGE KATTE VAN ONS BURE

„Miaau! Miaau!”

Ongeduldig trek ek my kussing oor my kop en draai vies in my bed om.

„Miaau! Miaau!”

Die geluid dring nog deur na my. So waar as vet, dis die laaste aand wat ek daardie lastige katte sal duld. Môre sal ek planne beraam om hulle te vang en dan—! Die laaste week al pla daardie lastige katte van my buurman vir my.

„Miaau! Miaau! Miaaaaaau!”

Ek ruk die beddegoed van my af en staan op. In die badkamer langsaan staan 'n groot beker water. Ek gryp dit en stap na die oop venster waar ek sommer die water met beker en al in die rigting van die geluid gooi. Daar is 'n laaste verskrikte „miaau,” dan is alles doodstil.

So ja, nou kan ek weer gaan slaap. Voor ek aan die slaap raak begin ek al klaar planne beraam om daardie kat te vang. Daar is 'n gat in die draadheining waar die ellendige ding deurkruip dan gaan sit hy altyd op die vuilgoedblik agter die huis. Hoekom hy nou juis my vuilgoedblik moet kies, weet hy alleen! Langs die blik gaan ek 'n kassie met 'n deurtjie stel. Ek sal 'n blik sardientjies as buit gebruik. Ja, 'n hele blik. Ek sal 'n lyntjie aan die deur vasbind en sodra hy inloop sal die deurtjie agter hom toe val. Ek sal die wekker stel vir omtrent twee-uur, dan sal ek hom gaan uithaal en ai! hy sal tog boet vir al die slaaplose nagte!

Nou ja, so gesê, so geslaan. Ek was nie heeltemal seker of die lyntjie reg vasgebind is nie, maar dit het reg gelyk. Ek het die blikkie sardientjies oopgemaak en ingesit en die hele affêre die volgende aand langs die vuilgoedblik neergesit.

Ek was eintlik opgewonde toe ek gaan slaap. Om twaalfuur maak 'n bekende geluid my wakker.

„Miaau! Miaau!” kom dit van agter die huis. Ek bly maar in die bed lê. Ek sal seker die sardientjies netnou ruik. Ek draai om en slaap maar weer. Om twee-uur maak die wekker my weer wakker. Ek gryp my jas en loop haastig uit. A! nou gaan ek hom vang, die vabond!

Toe ek die agterdeur oopmaak hoor ek: „Miaau! Miaau!” Skree maar, dink ek, dis jou laaste kans! en stap toe triomfantelek buite toe. Dis helder maanlig en ek kan alles sien. Toe ek om die hoek loop sien ek net 'n swart streep soos iets weghardloop. Ek loop vol verwagting na die kassie maar—die sardientjies is opgevreet; die kat is skoonveld!

Van twee-uur af tot sesuur het ek nie 'n oog toegemaak nie. Al wat ek hoor is die tartende „Miaau! Miaaaaau! Miaaaaaau!”

Toemaar, môre is nog 'n dag . . .

HILARY EDWARDS, V.

## A WALKING TOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA

We love a family holiday and one of our favourites is a walking tour on the Amatola Range, with the Hogsback Inn at Arminel as our headquarters. Arminel is a small village on the eastward slopes of the Amatola Range, between Cathcart and Alice.

Last year we drove down to Grahamstown, left the car there and caught the bus which goes up through Alice to Cathcart. Leaving the bus we began our first leg of the journey by walking up the Tyumie River valley. On a fine day this should be delightful with beautiful views up the valley, and impressive mountains on each side. On the way, however, we headed into a tearing gale driving straight down the valley, which as we went up, developed more and more into solid rain. There was nothing for it but to put down one's head and beat off into the deluge for

the ten mile trek up the Tyumie River. That ten miles was the wettest walk I ever did in my life. Normally we should have been following a clearly defined track through the bush; but that day there was very little track to be seen, because the Tyumie River, just beside us, was coming down in roaring flood and every creek and tributary had backed up over everything. It was pretty wet and grim, but on the other hand the beauty of that part of the walk consists in the innumerable small streams falling in cascades and torrents down the wall-like sides of the gorge; and under our conditions, these were simply magnificent. Looking at it that way, we had the ideal day for it.

By the time we reached the inn, the rain had more or less stopped. We had a great welcome on our arrival, because we love the place, and have been there many times. Big log fires were burning, because although it was summer the rain and high altitude help to make the evenings cool. The inn itself dates back to the very early days of the 1820 Settlers. I do not think there is another inn or hotel in South Africa that can compare with the Hogsback Inn for atmosphere and charm. It has thick stone walls, deep set windows, uneven floor levels—with rooms inter-leading from one to the other. There is a huge sitting-room and people sit and plan their walks for the following days. We planned our tours and asked for the reliable Xhosa guide whom we knew well.

We started off about mid-day the second day, having dried out our things, and packed up sufficient provisions for one night at a hut. We planned to climb half way up the largest peak of the Hogsback and stay at a hut for that night. The name Hogsback comes from three peaks that dominate the landscape, the first of which has high upright cliffs that look like the bristles of a hog's back. They are over six thousand feet. As we set out from the inn, the ridge looked completely inaccessible—it isn't; it is a fairly easy climb of about three thousand feet. After our big effort of the first day we were glad to turn in early at the hut. The hut itself is rather a depressing place, apt to be damp and cloud-enveloped; its wooden bunks are the hardest I have ever slept on. They do not *look* worse than others but for some reason they are. Our guide helped us to make soup, porridge and tea, and we built a big log fire and tried to keep warm. We left very early the next morning while it was still dark. We had a long steep climb through forest, and then a tedious five miles along to the top. But once we arrived there above cloud level we had our first real feeling of exhilaration, for far away to the south we were able to see the sun in far, far distance rise up over the sea. For the rest of that morning until after lunch we rested and explored the top, enjoying the glorious high altitude sunshine, and revelling in the views. Francis Carey Slater studied at Lovedale College at Alice for many years and he and the



*Hockey Team 1955*



*Marian Lucas, Form IIA*

Stewarts spent all their free time among the Amatola Hills, of which the peaks Gaika and Hogsback form a part. He has written so much in verse about them, and even today he always steals away to the Hogsback when he wants rest and happiness.

The second night we spent with friends at Huntertown. Leaving them early in the morning we went on down to the old military road to the Boiling Pot and the Swallowtail Falls. Coming out on the edge of the Forest further down the road we had a magnificent view of a waterfall known as the Madonna and Child. That night we stayed at the forester's cottage and we were able to leave again early in the morning for the Kettle Spout. This waterfall is one of the landmarks of the Hogsback and in its way a natural wonder. It drops in three falls. The water shoots out into space from a natural spout. When the wind blows up the valley, spray comes off the stream of water and looks like steam. But when the wind is very strong, it stops the water altogether and causes the stream of water which has fallen over the edge to reverse its direction, swinging upwards thirty feet or so and falling back to earth behind the lip of the fall. This happens when the wind is blowing with great force up the valley from Alice.

After three days' walking we returned to the inn, rested a day, and then took a shorter one-day trip returning again each evening. The natural forest is lovely to explore. The Big Tree is there; it is a large Yellowwood, one hundred and ten feet high and twenty-eight feet in girth, the British Association determined its age to be about two thousand years. Because of the heavy rainfall the vegetation is luxuriant and the colouring of the hillsides magnificent. All the English berries grow easily and brambles grow wild. All the landowners there are hospitable and welcome people walking through their grounds provided they do not tear up the flowers and ferns or light fires.

On a walking tour it is probably better to explore a smaller area, providing it is interesting, than to try and cover too much ground. The country round the Hogsback is delightful for walking, for there you have the smell of the forest, the sound of running streams and endless blue vistas of distance.

JENNIFER KNIGHT, Form V.

This essay was awarded Susan Gray's cup for the best essay of the year.

## OVERHEARD IN THE KINDERGARTEN

5-year-old: What's exams?

6-year-old: When the big girls write down all they don't know.

And this is what they produce:

During the meal we have to learn to liberate our voices.  
The whole story is friction.

A bird in the hand is worth a skeleton in the cupboard.

Discipline is when a man works for money and is kept in order by the manager.

Modern poets ramble on without feet or rhyme.

Even Queen Elizabeth became a Doctor of Music at the University of Whales.

A ship has to wait for a birth at which to unload its cargo.

The people of the Venetian Republic grew rich and then they wanted to learn the facts of life.

Translation of "Me miserum!"—"Wow is me!"

A misanthrope is a) a "sicollagest", b) an intelligent sort of person, c) a parent!

## TENNIS

The results of the tennis matches played during the third term last year were rather disappointing and, as a result, the 1st team was demoted from the 2nd to the 3rd League.

No matches were played during the first term on account of the polio epidemic. But our standard has greatly improved and so far this term none of our teams have lost any matches, either league or friendly, and the 1st team hopes to be back in the 2nd League at the end of the year.

The couples of the first team are: G. Hurd (captain) and E. Williamson; P. Dodman and F. Butcher; M. MacGregor and J. Ratcliffe.

## Fixture List

League

September 20th: St. Andrew's 1st vs. Kingsmead 2nd. Won 75—24.

September 27th: Roosevelt Park vs. St. Andrews. Won 51—48.

Friendly

September 20th: St. Andrew's 2nd vs. Kingsmead 3rd. Won 54—45.

October 4th: St. Mary's 2nd vs. St. Andrew's 1st. Won 74—25.

October 4th: St. Mary's Under 15 vs. St. Andrew's Under 15. Won 52—47.

## SWIMMING

Unfortunately due to the polio epidemic the annual Inter-High Schools Gala was cancelled and there was no swimming at all in the first term, so rounders was played instead.

## HOCKEY

We began this year's hockey season with our 1st XI in the 2nd League and we learned from last year's bitter experience and from Miss Moore's and Miss Tatlow's coaching how important good stickwork and team combination are. Under the enthusiastic captaincy of Prunella Antrobus we won all our matches for the first half of the season and thus gained promotion to the 1st League. We found games in the 1st League much faster and of a much higher standard and although the matches were a tough struggle, we thoroughly enjoyed them but did not meet with our former success.

The 1st XI also played very enjoyable friendly matches against Kingsmead, the Fathers and the Old Girls and managed to win them all.

The Under-15 team did very well to win three of the four friendly matches they played and to draw the other one.

Prunella Antrobus and Sheena Lindsay gained places in the Southern Transvaal Combined Schools' 1st XI, which won both its matches against the East Rand Combined Schools' team and lost by one goal to the Northern Transvaal Combined Schools; and Anthea Campbell gained a place in the 2nd XI which won both its matches against the East Rand Schools' 2nd XI.

**Hockey Colours** were awarded to: Prunella Antrobus, Sheena Lindsay, Anthea Campbell and Elizabeth Williamson.

**1st XI:** P. Antrobus, E. Setchell, S. Lindsay, G. Wroth, E. Williamson, M. Macgregor, J. Ratcliffe, M. Thomson, P. Stahl, A. Campbell, V. Marthinusen.

### Fixture List

Parktown Convent vs. St. Andrew's. Won 3—0.	May 24th:
St. Andrew's vs. Kingsmead. Won 3—2.	May 31st:
Forest High vs. St. Andrew's. Won 2—0.	June 7th:
Rodean vs. St. Andrew's. Lost 1—4.	June 14th:
St. Andrew's vs. Jeppe High. Lost 1—2.	June 21st:
J.G.H.S. vs. St. Andrew's. Lost 0—3.	June 28th:

S. LINDSAY.

## NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

### Girls Leaving in 1954

Jane Allan and Valerie Edge are at the Medical Research Centre doing a technologist's course.

Jennifer Donaldson has been overseas and is going to Wits next year.

Jennifer Frost is at Stellenbosch University doing a B.A.  
Angela Dunlop is at Cape Town University doing a B.A. in broadcasting; Carolyn Stevenson is also there, doing Medicine, and Elizabeth Burrows doing a B.Sc.

Susan Gray is at Rhodes doing a B.A.

Jean Yardley is at the University of Natal doing a B.A. in Fine Arts.

Rosamund Hawke and Jennifer Robertson are taking a secretarial course at Queen's College, London.

Helen Johnstone has been overseas and is now nursing.

Elizabeth Shaffer is in Spain, Denise Rosset in Switzerland and Lindsay Long in Italy, studying languages with Madame Colonna.

Maud Jefferay is doing speech training.

Margaret Gass is doing a course in shorthand and type-writing.

Bridget Flather and Anthea Crosse are also in Switzerland; Anthea hopes soon to go to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Veronica Hill and Joy Smith are at the Technical College doing commercial art.

### Old Girls of an Earlier Generation

Virginia Barker has returned from a year at Queen's College, London.

At Wits, Margaret Pearce is doing a B.A. in Music, Marion Dawes Medicine and Lyndall Findlay a B.A.

Elizabeth Fotheringham is doing a B.Sc. in Natal University.

Susan Pratt was six months in Switzerland and is now doing a course in Domestic Science.

Pauline Vaughan is reading for a degree in Philosophy, Politics and Economics at Somerville College, Oxford.

Mary Chambers, Sheila Campbell, Anne Craven, Denise Dawes and Valerie Manning are nursing.

Gillian Dighton took a riding instructor's course in England and after that went hitch-hiking through Europe.

Margaret Scott is Head Girl of Heathfield, Ascot.

Congratulations to Barbara Mandel on being appointed the first woman T.V. reporter.

Diana MacNess has gone to Rhodesia, Barbara Venning to Durban, Margot van Eyssen to Virginia, O.F.S., Pat Collins to Umkomaas, Diana Duff to Cape Town and Brenda Yates to Blyvooruitzicht. Jean Gillies has moved from Gibraltar to Cyprus and Margot Plummer from India to England.

Susan Griffiths, Elspeth Roos, Lizbeth Hood, Christine Bulman, Norma Niven and Joan Thorne are now in England, while Peggy Sceales, Jean Boyd, Joan Ross, Madge Fieldgate, Vivien Knight and Peta Mosenthal have recently returned from visits overseas.

Miss J. B. Johnstone, Co-Founder and Headmistress with the late Miss J. Fletcher of St. Andrew's School when it was first inaugurated in 1902, celebrated her 90th birthday last May in London.

At the Old Girls' meeting on St. Andrew's Day in November, 1954, held at the School, a collection was made in order to commemorate the occasion for her. All the other old St. Andrew's pupils, as far as possible, were notified and asked to contribute. The money collected this end was then sent overseas (together with a list of all the names of those who had donated) to Mrs. Ronald Gervers (née Dorothy Black), who contacted as many of the Old Girls in England as she could and got contributions from them.

On the 14th May, which was the birthday, she had sent to Miss Johnstone a very beautiful, large basket filled with growing hydrangeas of a vivid, deep blue, which she remembered was her favourite colour. The flowers would last for quite a while, the basket being filled with soil, moss and ferns, and it could be used afterwards to put other plants in. She also sent a lovely, pale pink, hand-knitted bed-jacket, very soft and fleecy with long sleeves. The list of names was included and a card was attached to the two gifts inscribed: "To Miss Johnstone with gratitude, affectionate remembrances and best wishes for a Happy Birthday from some past and present pupils of St. Andrew's School."

(A short time afterwards another small amount was received and one of those little growing gardens—a kind of miniature rockery—was also sent.)

When Mrs. Gervers went to see Miss Johnstone on her birthday she was sitting up in her dressing-gown with the basket of flowers placed on the floor where she could look straight at them, and the bed-jacket beside her. It had all been a little much for her, and she was rather shaken and tearful but deeply appreciative. (It has since been learnt that she was so overcome that she had to go to bed for some days!)

Miss Johnstone asked Mrs. Gervers to thank *everyone* for her and said that she could never express how touched she was by the thought of her after all the long years. "Please tell them," she said, "that it has brought me such great happiness."

D. M. ALTSON.

### Engagements

Judy Irvin to Dr. Oliver Charlton.  
Elizabeth Donaldson to Tom Bryant.  
Evadne Murphy to Jack Geere.  
Sally Anne Glass to Bill Swemmer.  
Christine Evans to Neville Lobb.

## Marriages

Valerie Hodges to Hugh Farthing.  
Heather Bell to John Stroud.  
Jennifer Griffith to Brian Gilfillan.  
Dale Evans to Tom Wilson.  
Rosemary Dunlop to John Morkel.  
Denise Frames to Peter Needham.  
Felicity Kassner to Peter Coltman.  
Denise Cullinan to Mark Gaisford.  
Barbara Foster to Derek Spurgeon.  
Jennifer Browning to Richard Chance.  
Jill Dalrymple to Dick de Castle.

## Births

Margery Brebner (MacKenzie), a daughter.  
May Arthur (Mennie), a daughter.  
Joan Tucker (Mennie), a daughter.  
Peggy Grinaker (Steyn), a son.  
Pamela Holderness (Chapman), a daughter.  
Jill Adams (Burrow), a daughter.  
Elizabeth Rouse (Burrow), a daughter.  
Grace Berger (Denham), a son.  
Susannah Hill (Graham), a daughter.  
Ann Bell (Scott), a daughter.  
June Tapson (Wilson), a son.  
Maureen Kusel (Anderson), a son.  
Denise Challenor (Beynon), a daughter.  
Murrae Cowley (Richardson), a daughter.  
Pam Blundell (Braithwaite), a daughter.  
Margaret Mae Kuenton (Massey), a daughter.  
Jill Mills (Dadswell), a daughter.  
Ann Andrew (Galpin), a daughter.  
Joy Boustred (Cade), a daughter.  
Maureen Yardley (Watt), a daughter.  
Atholl Gardner (Forbes), a daughter.  
Diana van der Byl (How), a daughter.  
Deborah Kirkwood (Collings), a daughter.  
Susan Fraser (Thompson), a daughter.  
Elizabeth Marais (Weber), a son.

## Deaths

We are very sorry indeed to have to record the deaths of Betty Fuerst, Mr. B. M. C. Rainier, Colonel Stevenson and Mr. Walker. We offer our deepest sympathy to their relations and friends.

Extracts from Anthea Crosse's letters home from Switzerland:

We walked to Grand Vaux, which is right on top of the hill and one has a wonderful view of the Lake of Lausanne. It is right out in the country, and all the hills are covered with vineyards right down to the lake. We walked down through the town, which is just riddled with little cobbled, winding streets with queer old houses, barns and carriage-gates, and old grapevines crawling all over the houses . . . We went through fields of wild yellow flowers—I don't know what they were—and lovely forests, and then we came out into the fields of green wheat, almost blue-green, with scarlet poppies growing all in amongst it. I had heard so much about the poppies in the corn, but it was even lovelier than I had imagined it, because in some places it was absolutely red with poppies and one could hardly see the wheat at all. A glorious sight, and with the sun shining on them they were just flaming. . . . The air is real "champagne air"—crisp and clear, but at the same time heavy with the scent of the narcissus. It is sunny and hot, but every now and again, the breeze—cool and fresh—comes up from the valley, bringing with it an even stronger perfume from the flowers. There is a kind of ravine below our hill, filled with trees of every imaginable green, and on the other side of this are the grassy slopes and snow-capped peaks of the mountains opposite us. All the different greens of the trees and slopes are just incredible.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts to the School:  
Dr. and Mrs. I. Milne. Donation of 50 guineas for the Library and Chapel funds.

Mr. F. Rosenberg. Donation of £200 for the Library.

O.G. Association. Donation of £400 for the Library.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuerst. Donation of 25 guineas to the Chapel memory of Betty.

Miss Goldie Black. Altar linen embroidered by herself.

Mr. T. Barker. Prie-dieu for Chapel.

Mme. Colonna, Miss Solomon and Mr. Galloway. Books for the Library.

Susan Gray. Cup for the best essay of the year.

Carolyn Stevenosn. Cup for Inter-House Drama.

Angela Dunlop. Picture.

Miss Colwell. £20 towards the gramophone.

Mr. MacWilliam. Geological specimens.

And the School Magazines of our many friends, which we read with renewed interest and admiration every year.



# Staff

## HEADMISTRESS:

Miss M. F. Neave, M.A. (Cantab.), Tvl. Teachers' Diploma.

## Senior School Staff

### AFRIKAANS:

Mrs. M. E. Wiesner, B.A. (Stellenbosch), Higher Education Diploma.

### ARTS & CRAFTS:

Mrs. D. A. Frerichs, Cert. London Central School of Art.

### BIOLOGY:

Mrs. H. B. Wills, B.A. (South Africa), Tvl. Teachers' Diploma.

### DOMESTIC SCIENCE:

Mrs. Sampson, N.S.T.C. Teachers' Diploma, E.A.W.

### ENGLISH:

Miss M. E. Christison, M.A. (Oxon.), Oxford Diploma in Education.

### FRENCH:

Mrs. M. F. Keet, L. ès L., Diplômée d'Etudes Supérieures.

### GAMES & GYMNASTICS:

Miss M. D. Moore, Diploma of Physical Education, Dunfermline College of Physical Education.

Miss J. M. Tatlow.

### GEOGRAPHY:

Mrs. R. Kellie, B.A. (Rand), Tvl. Teachers' Diploma.

### HISTORY:

Miss J. Kenyon, B.A. (Cape Town), Teachers' Certificate (Cape Town).

### LATIN:

Mrs. G. G. Walker, B.A. (Hons.) (London), Cambridge Teachers' Diploma.

### MATHEMATICS:

Miss P. N. Boston, G.R.S.M., L.R.A.M.

### MUSIC:

Mrs. B. M. S. Eslick, L.R.A.M.

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

Miss J. Lobban, Mus. Bac. (Hons.), L.R.A.M.

Miss D. M. Newman, L.R.A.M.

Miss R. Mallett, Mus. Bac., L.T.C.L.

Miss R. M. Topham, L.R.A.M.

### SPEECH:

Miss J. Scowen, Diploma, Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art.

## Junior School Staff

### HEADMISTRESS:

Miss M. W. Wilson, M.A. (Edin.), Diploma, Edinburgh Training College.

Mrs. N. P. Norman, Tvl. Teachers' Diploma.

Mrs. F. Fejer, B.A. (T.U.C.), Higher Education Diploma.

Miss P. S. Townley, Teachers' Certificate, Reading University.

Miss J. van der Riet, Primary Teachers' Certificate, Cape.

Miss G. E. Newman, Teachers' Certificate, Southampton University.

## Kindergarten

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

