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The
HERSCHELIAN



No. 14

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THE HERSCHELIAN

No. 14.

DECEMBER, 1939.

EDITORIAL

The past year has been filled with all the usual School activities and, in addition, for many months Herschel has been in the throes of expansion. We have worked to the sound of hammers and watched the buildings grow from their foundations, and we look forward to appreciating them next year.

Among the most notable and enjoyable of our out-of-School activities was the production and performance of Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan," which afforded all who saw it much pleasure. Great credit is due to Miss Hill who produced the play and to the girls who took part in it. The inspiration of the central figure, combined with Shaw's brilliant dramatisation, makes "St. Joan" a play that is not easily forgotten.

There have been several changes on the Staff since the last issue of THE HERSCHELIAN. In February we welcomed back *Miss Eastwood* after her nine months' holiday in Europe. We were very sorry to lose *Miss Macdonald* and *Mrs. Morris* at the end of last year, both of whom had been with us for several years. *Miss Macdonald* returned to her home in England and *Mrs. Morris* is now working at the Cape Town Training College. We have pleasure in welcoming *Miss Fowler*, as Domestic Science Mistress, and *Mrs. Abernethy*, who is in charge of the Art Department.

In September *Miss Raffel* left suddenly for England to be married. It was very fortunate for us that *Mrs. Michan* was free to come to take over the History work, and to remain with us till the end of the year. We hope she has enjoyed her work amongst us.

During the Second and Third Terms of this year *Miss Willis* was enjoying a much-needed holiday overseas. We missed her very much, especially at our Morning Prayers.

We should like to congratulate the Choir who carried on manfully during *Miss Willis*'s absence. We were very sorry to lose *Miss Joy Buchanan* who left us at Michaelmas to be married, and *Miss Fairlie* (Matron) who has taken up hospital work. We extend a hearty welcome to *Mrs. Hawker*, our new Matron, and to *Miss Schenk*, who takes the Elocution Classes.

We were sorry that the Margaret Morris Dancing lessons had to be discontinued at the end of June as, owing to ill-health, *Miss Gunson* was compelled to return to England.

To *Miss Nancy Watson-Morris* we extend a very hearty welcome. She is teaching the Madge Atkinson Natural Movement Dancing.

With all its successes and failures, its hopes and disappointments, the year draws to a close. In spite of much hard work it has gone all too quickly. We wish success to our examination candidates, and to all those who are leaving, happy memories of their school-days and many even happier years ahead.

For the first time in Herschel's comparatively short history the cloud of war again hangs darkly over the world. It is our earnest hope that before another year has passed the difficulties and the misunderstandings which bar the way to a lasting peace will have disappeared for ever and that the spirit of "peace and goodwill towards men" will once more prevail.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1939

FIRST TERM

- Feb. 2—School reopened. Peg Hill appointed Senior Prefect. We welcomed two new members to the Staff, Miss Fowkes and Mrs. Abernethy.
- 11—Tennis match against Star of the Sea; win to Herschel. The junior boarders went to St. James with Matron again.
- 17—Founder's Day. A thanksgiving service was held at St. Saviour's in the morning, and in the afternoon Miss Darbyshire presented the prizes and Mr. Duncan Baxter opened the swimming bath.
- 18—Tennis match v. St. Cyprian's. Win to St. Cyprian's. A party of boarders went to St. James.
- 23—Miss Willis took a party of senior boarders to the Symphony Concert to hear Miss Elsie Hall play Beethoven's Fourth Concerto.
- 24—Old Herschelians' Annual General Meeting.
- Mar. 3—Miss Bright took the seniors to the French film "Mayerling" in the afternoon.
- 4—Tennis and swimming matches against Wynberg High; tennis—win to Wynberg; swimming—win to Herschel.
- 11—Inter-School tennis, won by Springfield. Herschel's senior couple succeeded in getting into the finals.
- 17—The Debating Society held their only debate for the quarter in the evening.
- 18—The Buxton Home Fête at which Herschel had a sweet stall.
- 23—Tennis and swimming matches against the Old Girls. The tennis was not finished owing to rain. Swimming—win to the present School.
- 24—Form Three Upper gave a performance in the evening of "The Princess and the Swineherd," presented by Miss Willis.
- 25—Inter-Schools swimming gala, in which Herschel competed for the first time. Senior cup won by Ellerslie, junior cup shared by Ellerslie and Good Hope.
- 29—Inter-House tennis matches, won by Merriman. Miss Whitney took a party of seniors to the Little Theatre to a performance of Bernard Shaw's play "You Never Can Tell" in the evening. Miss Margaret Fairless gave a violin recital in the hall in the afternoon.
- 31—End of term. Miss Willis left for England for six months' holiday.

SECOND TERM

- Apr. 12—School reopened. Mrs. Pargiter took over Miss Willis's singing classes and Miss Buchanan the speech-work classes. Final of senior tennis singles championship in the afternoon between S. Sandes and L. Eriksen. Won by L. Eriksen.

- Apl. 15—A party of boarders was taken to see the film of Bernard Shaw's play "Pygmalion" in the afternoon.
 21—The Bishop of Lebombo addressed the girls after morning prayers.
 29—Tennis match against St. Cyprian's cancelled owing to rain.
- May 6—Netball match against Star of the Sea. Win to Herschel. In the afternoon a small party of boarders was taken to see "The Drum."
 19—First performance of Bernard Shaw's play "St. Joan."
 20—Second performance of "St. Joan."
 26—A party of boarders went to hear the pianist Rubenstein in the evening.
 27—Hockey match against Observatory. Win to Herschel. The junior boarders produced a short play, of their own composition, in the evening.
- June 3—Senior hockey and junior netball matches v. Wynberg. Hockey—win to Wynberg; netball—win to Herschel.
 13—Inter-Form gymnasium competition won by Forms Six and Five, Upper Three and Lower Three.
 19—Netball match against Old Girls. Win to present School.
 20—Netball match against Women's Club. Loss to Herschel.
 21—End of term.

THIRD TERM

- July 25—First day of term. New cloakrooms in use.
 28—Miss Watson-Morris, with five of her students, gave an exhibition of the Madge Atkinson system of dancing.
 29—Matches against St. Cyprian's. Junior netball—win to St. Cyprian's. Lacrosse—win to St. Cyprian's.
- Aug. 4—A lecture on the development of Traffic-sense.
 8—Junior netball matches against Rustenburg. Win to Herschel.
 12—First eleven hockey match and junior netball against Good Hope. Hockey draw, netball win to Herschel.
 19—Netball against Observatory. First team win to Herschel. Second team win to Observatory. Third team win to Observatory. Junior team win to Herschel.
 25—Miss Whitney took a party of girls to Rustenburg to a performance of "The School for Scandal," by Sheridan, in the evening.
 28—The School went to see a display by Niel Bukh's team of Danish Gymnasts at Newlands football ground in the afternoon.
- Sept. 1—Netball match against Loreto Convent in the afternoon. Win to Herschel. In the evening the Staff read Galsworthy's play "Escape" to the girls.
 2—Inter-House netball matches. Merriman first, Jagger second, Rolt third. A debate in the afternoon against Wynberg High, subject that "Socialism is a better institution than Capitalism."
 5—Miss Ruffel left to go to England. Her place as History Mistress was taken by Mrs. Michau.
 8—Hockey match against the Old Girls; win to present School. In the evening the Sixth Form read the play "Dear Brutus," by J. M. Barrie.

- Sept. 9—Inter-School hockey postponed owing to rain.
 16—Inter-School netball matches. Senior—win to Wynberg High. Junior—win to Rustenburg.
 21—Inter-School hockey. Won by Wynberg High and Observatory.
 22—Miss Ball took a party of girls from the Sixth and Fifth Forms to see over the Waverley Mills.
 29—End of term. We said good-bye to our Matron, Miss Fairlie.

FOURTH TERM

- Oct. 10—School reopened. We welcomed Mrs. Hawker as the new Matron.
 18—First meeting of the Music Club.
 20—The Fifth and Sixth Forms read the play, "The Lady with the Lamp" in the evening.
 21—Tennis match against the Old Girls. Win to the Old Girls.
 27—Miss Bright took the Sixth Form to the French circle in the evening to hear a reading of Molière's play "L'Avare."
 31—Choir Admission Service.
 Nov. 3—Tennis match against Diocesan College. Win to Diocesan College.
 4—Tennis match against Star of the Sea. Win to Herschel. The boarders had a few fireworks in the evening.
 10—Miss Willis took a party of girls to hear Adolph Hallis' piano recital.
 11—Tennis match against Wynberg High. Senior—win to Herschel. Junior—win to Wynberg. The junior boarders gave a short entertainment in the evening.
 17—Second meeting of the Music Club. Diana Brooke read a paper on Mendelssohn and arranged a programme of his music.
 22—Sixth Form tea party for the Staff.
 25—Sports.
 26—Fourteen girls confirmed at St. Saviour's.
 28—Matriculation and Junior Certificate Examinations begin.
 Dec. 8—End of term.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1939

Founder's Day, a red-letter day for Herschel, was celebrated on Friday, February 17, by a service in St. Saviour's Church in the morning and the distribution of prizes at the School in the afternoon.

The church was filled with parents, friends and the girls who had come to attend the service, at which the School choir gave an excellent rendering of the Anthem, "God is a Spirit." The Archbishop's interesting address inspired us all. His text was, "Knowledge puffeth up; but love buildeth up," and he showed that although education and the acquiring of knowledge were very good and to be desired, goodness was more important.

For the distribution of prizes many parents and visitors were present. The hall looked especially beautiful, with bowls of artistically-arranged dahlias and zinnias decorating the stage.

Bishop Lavis welcomed Miss Darbyshire, who had come to present the prizes, and he said that the previous year had been a peak year for Herschel, with increasing numbers, good examination results and the

materialisation of two things which had seemed hitherto unattainable—the swimming bath and the passing of plans for the new buildings. After congratulating Miss Robinson, the Bishop asked her to read her report.

Miss Robinson said that she regarded her annual reports as chapters in the history of Herschel, to which she had contributed six. She said progress in all departments of work had been steady, and that the girls were using the opportunities given them to develop their talents in art and music satisfactorily, as could be shown by the exhibition of art, the Inter-House singing competition and the class music demonstration.

The training of a young mind toward independent thought and essential qualities of good character, such as tolerance, moral discrimination and faith, was however not able to be demonstrated, but it was very important, for Herschel girls must preserve the good tradition that had been entrusted to them.

Miss Robinson was glad to say that the health of the School had been very good, and that the swimming bath was being much used and appreciated.

After this Miss Darbyshire presented the prizes, there being great excitement among the members of Merriman House when Miss Robinson announced that their House had won the Efficiency Shield.

Miss Darbyshire gave a very interesting speech, which though short, was instructive. She said that although methods of teaching had changed very much, being more interesting than they used to be, schoolgirls themselves had not changed at all. Her advice was "Be true"—to one's self, one's country and to one's God, the latter duty being the most important. If we remembered this advice we should be a magnificent help to the community.

Miss Darbyshire thanked the School for the lovely bouquet with which she had been presented. Afterwards Mr. Alers-Hankey proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Darbyshire for distributing the prizes and for her speech.

The visitors then had tea in the dining-hall and on the lawn, afterwards adjourning to the swimming-bath, which was opened by Mr. Duncan Baxter in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Baxter. In a letter from Mrs. Duncan Baxter, which he read, she said that the bath represented the appreciation of the parents for the excellent work done by Herschel. Captain Struben spoke on behalf of the committee of fathers, and this was followed by a very enjoyable display of swimming, fancy swimming and diving given by some of the girls and Miss Goyse Hill.

D. BROOKE, Form V.

"SAINT JOAN"

MAY 19 AND 20, 1939

Two years ago Massfield's "Philip the King" was produced at Herschel, and at moments reached such heights as made us think that it would be some time before we could again recapture that elusive rightness of everything which makes a play so impressive that it lives in one's memory.

With this in our minds, and aiming at something that should in no way fall short of our last production, the School, under Miss Hill's direction, embarked on the production of Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." From the very

outset enthusiasm for the play was such that, for producer and players alike, the work was a labour of love. This was the spirit that characterised the weeks of preparation; each member of the cast worked with heart and mind for the success of the whole. It was this spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation and sincerity which raised the performances on those two memorable nights in May to heights undreamt of.

The spirit of Shaw's great play captured players and audience alike, and the Herschel players carried the audience along with them from the moment the curtains opened on the room in the Castle in Vaucouleurs till they closed at the end on those wonderful words of Saint Joan, "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy Saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

It was a most moving and memorable performance. We again congratulate and thank Miss Hill and all her players. We are grateful also to Mrs. Abernethy, Miss Bailey and Miss Fowkes, whose work with scenery and costumes helped so much towards the success of the production.

THE MUSIC CLUB

President: Miss Robinson.

Chairman: Miss Willis. *Secretary:* Elizabeth Kay.

Committee: Diana Brooke, Marigold Elsworth, Fiona Howie, Helen Steyn, Wenda Petree.

The first meeting of the Music Club was held on October 18, at 3.30. Miss Willis explained the object and aims of the Club. The election of officers took place. In accepting the office of President, Miss Robinson expressed her pleasure in the formation of the Club, and wished it all success. Diana Brooke undertook to arrange a programme for the November meeting. At the end of the meeting members listened to a recording of the Slow Movement of the Max Bruch Violin Concerto played by Yehudi Menuhin.

The second meeting took place on November 17 at 3.20. After an excellent tea, which had been prepared by the Committee, Diana Brooke read a paper on Mendelssohn and his music. Then followed an interesting programme of Mendelssohn's music. We are grateful to Mrs. Wolfe who kindly illustrated Mendelssohn's vocal music. She sang the song "On Wings of Song" and parts of "Hear My Prayer" very beautifully. We were pleased to have Mr. Wolfe with us also that afternoon; he played Mrs. Wolfe's accompaniments, and we should like to thank them both for their kind help and interest in the Music Club.

DEBATING SOCIETY NOTES

Chairman: Peg Hill.

Secretary: Anne Denniston.

Additional Members: L. Jooste, S. Sandes, J. Frost.

Our first debate this year was held on March 17. B. Barry proposed the motion "That the Daily Press is an influence for the bad rather than for the good." She was seconded by S. Sandes, M. Howie and D. Brooke speaking for the opposition. The motion was passed by a small majority.

We had our first Inter-School debate on September 2. Wynberg Girls' High School were invited to debate with us, and the subject chosen was "That Socialism is a better institution than Capitalism." J. Honoré proposed the motion and was seconded by M. Howie. B. Barry summed up at the conclusion of the meeting.

The subject was rather a difficult one for most members, so the discussion was not very animated. The motion was lost by one vote.

During the year we were sorry to lose Miss Ruffel, our President, who did much to further the success of the Society.

SCHOOL MUSIC

One of the most enjoyable events this year was the Violin Recital which Miss Margaret Fairless gave in the School Hall on March 29.

We have had the opportunity of hearing two other great artistes this year. On May 26 Miss Robinson took a large party to the City Hall to a Pianoforte Recital by Rubinstein, and on Friday afternoon, November 10, a party of 23 went with Miss Willis to hear the South African pianist Adolph Hallis.

We have had a particularly good Choir this year, and we shall miss very much the VIth Form members who are leaving. They have been helpful Choir members for many years and they will be a great loss. Choir Admission Service was held on October 31; the Choir sang "God be in My Head," arranged in three parts by Walford Davies, and the following girls were admitted to Choir membership: Madge Brown, Pansy Cunningham, June Allen, Helen Steyn, Fiona Howie, Sylvia Sandes, Pamela St. Leger, Hilary Watson, Dorothea Gibson and Elizabeth Kay.

We congratulate the winners in the Pianoforte Duets Competition at the Eisteddfod in May. Some of us enjoyed listening to Brigid Orr and Diana Rimer when they broadcast their duet from the Cape Town Studio. They played very well.

Much interest is being shown in the newly formed Music Club which is mentioned in detail elsewhere.

Many interesting and useful books have been added to our Music Library; we have not space to print a list of them. These books have been procured through the efforts of Form Upper III who donated the collection (£8 19s. 1d.) taken at their excellent performance of "The Princess and the Swineherd," on March 24, to the Music Library. This effort of the Upper IIIrd Form had a further result when, a few days later Mr. Douglas-Hamilton very kindly sent us a splendid gift of over 50 gramophone records. These records were not new, but most were in very good condition, and among them are complete sets of concertos, symphonies, etc., and many useful single records.

Another gift this year is the complete set of records (five albums) of "The Columbia History of Music" from Miss Willis. We are very grateful to these donors and offer them our sincere thanks.

CONFIRMATION

On Sunday, November 26, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, the following candidates were confirmed by His Grace the Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Darbyshire: Heather Cook, Pansy Cunningham, Patricia Denniston, Susan Ethelston, Dorothea Gibson, Jasmine Honoré, Pamela Jeans, Dawn Johnston, Sonja Malcomess, Mariel Mills, Moira Mills, Diana Rimer, Pamela St. Leger and Audrey Taylor.

AVE ATQUE VALE

NEW PUPILS, 1939

FIRST TERM.

Kindergarten: Mary de Villiers, Sally Harris, Jean Pollard, Caroline Sellar.

Lower First: Gene Adams, Ingrid Brinckman.

Upper First: Marian Goodwin, Patricia Goodwin.

Lower Second: Marjorie Lawton.

Upper Second: Betty St. Leger.

Lower Three: Elizabeth Wilson.

Upper Three: Dew Warren.

Lower Four: Barbara Bennett, Dorothea Gibson, Hilary Watson.

Upper Four: Meryl Jaffe, Pamela St. Leger.

SECOND TERM.

Kindergarten: Joan Mellish, Anne Robertson, Anne Mary Scully, Jennifer Johnston.

Lower First: Elizabeth Walton.

Upper First: Alix Graham, Diani Thomas.

Lower Second: Jennifer Graham.

Upper Second: Charlotte Crole-Rees.

Upper Third: Alice Brooke.

Lower Fourth: Maureen Egeland, Pamela Jeans (returned).

THIRD TERM.

Upper First: Valerie Kirby, Joan Macintosh, Ruth Withiel.

Lower Second: Rosalyn Ruskin, Elizabeth Dunlop.

Lower Third: Margaret Grant-Hodge, Glendyr Orr, Irene Ruskin.

Fifth: Elizabeth Kay.

FOURTH TERM.

Kindergarten: Shirley Godfrey, Mary Jones, Elizabeth MacGillivray, Clemency Watson.

Lower First: Theresa Hawkins, Joy Watson (returned).

Upper First: Patricia Bostwick.

Upper Second: Clare MacGillivray.

Upper Third: Sylvia Griffin.

Fifth: Pauline Rankin, June Te Water, Patricia Denniston (returned).

Domestic Science Student: Bawn Dowler.

LEFT

End of 1938.

From the Matriculation Sixth: Sheila Ball, Pendre Dykins, Dorothea Ferguson-Davie, Pat Hill, Ray Hubner, Joy Osler, Phyllis Withinshaw, Betty Gibbons, Yvonne Heslop.

From Other Forms: Joan Turner, Stephanie Gohl, Averil Howell, Dorothy and Alison Carswell-Smith, Philippa Gibson, Gertrude Graf, Seonaid Watson, Heather Pitt, Mabel and Naomi Graham-Parker.

During 1939: Cynthia Rhodes, Dorothy Karstel, Carinne McKinlay, Caroline Sellar, Patricia Goodwin (died), Yvelot Sandon.

ALICE PATRICIA ASTLEY GOODWIN

Patricia, aged 7, came into the Upper First Form in February of this year and very quickly found a place for herself amongst her companions. By her gentle, lovable nature, her smile and her unusual gifts she soon endeared herself to all. Her sudden death from pneumonia on Tuesday, September 5, was a great shock to us all. We offer again to Patricia's parents, her little brother, and to Marian, our sincerest sympathy in their irreparable loss.

SCHOOL OFFICERS FOR 1939

PREFECTS:

SENIOR PREFECT: Peg Hill.

HEAD HOUSE PREFECT: Anne Denniston.

PREFECTS: Barbara Barry, Elizabeth Gordon, Mary Howie, June Petree, Anne Standing, Betty Starck.

SUB-PREFECTS: Ruth Gurney, Lynette Jooste. Elected in November: June Allen, Diana Brooke, Marigold Elsworth, Jasmine Honoré, Patricia Denniston, Elizabeth Kay.

GAMES CAPTAINS

HOCKEY: Anne Standing.

NETBALL: Peg Hill.

TENNIS: Betty Starck.

LACROSSE: Ruth Gurney.

SWIMMING: Mary Howie.

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH AFRICA

MATRICULATION, 1938

1st Class	Dorothea Ferguson-Davie (Distinction in Botany).
	Patricia Hill.
2nd Class	Yvonne Heslop.
	Ray Hubner.
	Joy Osler.
3rd Class	Pendre Dykins.
	Betty Gibbons.

SCHOOL LEAVING CERTIFICATE (Five Subjects)

P. Withinshaw.

S. Ball.

Matriculation in February, 1939 S. Ball.

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE, 1938

1st Class				June Allen.
				Diana Brooke.
				Philippa Gibson.
				Ruth Gurney.
				Jasmine Honoré.
				Lynette Jooste.
				Kathleen Walker.
2nd Class				Dorothy Carswell-Smith.
				Marigold Elsworth.
				Shirley Mauerberger.

TAALBOND, 1938

Higher				Dorothea Ferguson-Davie.
				Ray Hubner.
				Joy Osler.
Lower				Diana Brooke.
				Jasmine Honoré.

SOUTH AFRICAN EXISTEDDPOD, CAPE TOWN, 1939

Pianoforte Duet (12 yrs.)	Gold Diploma		Brigid Orr and Diana Rimer.
	Silver Diploma		Elizabeth C. Nicholls and Brenda Hirschon.
Elocution—Mime (16 yrs.)	Gold Diploma		Dorothea Gibson.
Poem (13 and 14 yrs.)	Gold Diploma		Evryl Fisher.
	Silver Diploma		Dorothea Gibson.
Literary Section.	Maskew Miller Book Prize for Poem		Anne Denniston.

TRINITY COLLEGE

MUSIC (PIANOFORTE) EXAMINATIONS

Initial Division			Gene Adams.
First Steps			Jean Elliott (Merit).
			Jeanette Mauerberger (Merit).
Preparatory Division			Nicolette de Villiers (Merit).
			Charlotte Crole-Rees (Merit).
			Yasmin Petersen (Merit).
Junior Division			Brenda Hirschon.
			Zelda Marks.
			Elizabeth Cathcart-Nicholls (Merit).
			Pamela Smuts (Merit).
			Diana Rimer (Merit).
			Brigid Orr (Honours).

LIBRARY REPORT

During this year a great many books have been added to the Library and we should like to thank *Mr. Duncan Baxter, Mrs. St. Leger* and *Miss Ball* for their generous gifts of books. We are very grateful, too, to the *Old Herschelians* for the subscription to the Junior Book Club which they have so generously given us, and we appreciate the contributions of the Juniors to the Junior Library.

It is pleasing to notice that more girls have joined the Library this year and we hope that the beautiful new Library will prove an inspiration to every girl, for no one can do better than cultivate the love of reading good books.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

The gifts of books to the Library and of records for the Music Library are mentioned elsewhere in this magazine.

We are grateful also to the following:

To *Joun Cross*, for a cheque for £4 for a House Diving trophy. We have asked *Isobel Ethelston* to design and model a suitable figure for this trophy, instead of the more ordinary cup.

To *Carine McKinlay*, for the long-wished-for picture as a Form Award for home-reading. Carine has given us a Medici print of Suardi's beautiful picture, "The Youthful Sforza Reading Cicero."

To *G. A. L. Green, Esq.*, for the lovely doll's house so much appreciated by the Kindergarten.

To *Pamela Rose*, for £2 to be spent on French books for the Library.

HOUSE NOTES

JAGGER HOUSE

House Mistresses: Miss Hill, Miss Sharp, Miss Bailey, Miss Fowkes.

House Captain: Betty Starek. *Colour:* Green.

There has been a marked endeavour on the part of many members of Jagger to raise the level of achievement in all House activities. Since the thoughtless conduct of a few can do much to lower the measure of success, we hope that pride of membership will inspire everybody to make that individual effort which, combined with team spirit, assures the well-being of the House.

At the end of last year we were sorry to lose Miss Macdonald who, we hear, has taken up an appointment in Malaya, but we welcome in her place Miss Fowkes.

The number of new House members has increased steadily throughout the year, though several of our senior girls have left.

In September of this year Jean Robertson, our House captain for 1933, was married to Kenneth Godbold. To her we extend our heartiest congratulations and we wish her every happiness in her married life.

The number of garments made in House meetings has been good, and in June we sent a parcel plus £1 5s. to the Child Life Protection Society. We hope to send another parcel of garments at the end of the year, and

we wish to thank J. Osler and S. Ball for the garments which they have sent us.

So far this year we have not been very successful in House competitions and have managed to win only the Netball Shooting.

Merriman is to be congratulated on winning the Efficiency Shield for 1938.

We should also like to congratulate our last year's Matriculation girls, Sheila Ball, Joy Osler and Betty Gibbons, and we wish them every success in the future. Our Junior Certificate candidates were very successful, Kathleen Walker, Philippa Gibson and Ruth Gurney, each of whom obtained a first-class pass.

MERRIMAN HOUSE

House Mistresses: Miss Ball, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Abernethy.

House Captain: Peg Hill.

Colour: Red.

At the end of last year we were very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Morris, who was always a great help in the House, but we are glad to welcome Mrs. Abernethy in her stead. We also lost Pat Hill, our former House captain, after a very successful year. We hope that the members who have entered the House during the year will do well.

The high standard of work has been maintained and many distinctions have been gained. We heartily congratulate Pat Hill, Ray Hubner and Y. Heslop on passing the Matriculation examination, and J. Honoré, D. Brooke and M. Ellsworth on passing the Junior Certificate Examination.

The number of order marks has unfortunately increased and it is to be hoped that next year our record of conduct will be better.

The girls show a great keenness for sport and we have had good results. We were pleased to win the Sports at the end of last year, and the Inter-House Tennis and Netball this year. Our congratulations go to L. Eriksen on winning the Tennis Championship.

The amount collected for charity during the year was £3 19s. 4d., and the girls have helped considerably by supplying their own materials for garments. Several parcels of clothes have been sent to the Child Life Protection Society.

We were very pleased to be the winners of the Efficiency Shield last year.

PEG HILL.

ROLY HOUSE

House Mistresses: Miss Porter, Miss Whitney, Miss Bright, Mrs. Michau.

Head Prefect: Anne Denniston.

Colour: Orange.

At the end of last year we were very sorry to say goodbye to our House captain, D. Fergusson-Davie, P. Dykins and Phyllis Withinshaw; also to D. Carswell-Smith and A. Carswell-Smith. In April C. Craf went over to Germany, and we were sorry to lose her eager house-spirit. To all our new Senior and Junior members we extend a hearty welcome.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Ruffel, who left us suddenly in September to be married in England, and we wish her every happiness in the future. To Mrs. Michau, who came in Miss Ruffel's place, we offer a hearty welcome.

We were very glad to welcome P. Denniston back from England this term. Our hearty congratulations go to D. F. Davie who passed her Matriculation with honours in Botany, to P. Dykins who passed her Matriculation, and to P. Withinshaw who obtained her School Leaving Certificate. L. Jooste, J. Allen and D. Carswell-Smith also deserve our congratulations on passing the Junior Certificate Examination.

In June we sent a parcel of clothing to the Child Life Protection at Wynberg, and we have another parcel ready to go at the end of the year, with a contribution of £1 10s. During the third term we moved our abode from the Preparation Room to the Kindergarten, which is much more satisfactory.

The conduct of the Juniors, it seems, still leaves much to be desired, while our record of distinctions shows a marked improvement on that of last year. We have made marked progress in sport, coming second in both the Inter-House Tennis and Netball Shooting this year. I sincerely hope that Rolt was persevere and aspire to greater things in the future.

A. DENNISTON.

GAMES NOTES

The year 1939 has been quite a successful year for games and although a small School we have been able to hold our own at all Inter-School events.

NETBALL

The great improvement made at the end of last season has been well maintained throughout this year. Playing on the hard courts has greatly helped the style and technique of the game, especially in jumping for the ball. This stops players from running and so they acquire more control and better, neater footwork. The defence play has also been good this season. There is still need, however, for quicker dodging when getting free for the ball and more careful, accurate passing.

The Junior Team did especially well this season, winning all their matches except one, which was during the Inter-Schools Tournament, and made them finish only second in their section, which was a pity as all the Juniors, both the team and others, have worked splendidly throughout the year.

<i>1st VII</i>		<i>2nd VII</i>
M. Howie.	G.K.	A. Standing.
*D. Osborne.	D.	H. Watson.
L. Jooste.	D.C.	B. Barry.
*P. Hill (captain).	C.	S. Malcomess.
W. Petree.	A.C.	H. Steyn.
*S. Sandes.	A.	R. Gurney.
L. Eriksen.	S.	M. Elsworth.

*Denotes colours.

<i>Junior "14 years"</i>		<i>Junior "Under 13"</i>	
P. Smuts/H. Watson.	G.K.	D. M. Mills.	
P. Jeans.	D.	E. C. Nicholls.	
S. Drennan.	D.C.	M. Elliot.	
B. Kilpin.	C.	W. Thomas.	
Moirs Mills.	A.C.	D. Rimer.	
H. Cook.	A.	E. Wolfe.	
S. Machanick.	S.	B. Hirschon.	

MATCH FIXTURES

1st VII	v. Star of the Sea			Won 25—10
2nd VII	v. Star of the Sea			Won 11—8
Junior	v. Star of the Sea			Won 31—4
Junior	v. Ellerslie			Lost 8—13
Junior 14 years	v. Ellerslie			Lost 11—14
Junior	v. Wynberg			Won 17—12
Junior 14 years	v. Wynberg			Won 19—4
1st VII	v. Peninsula W.N. Club			Lost 15—18
2nd VII	v. Peninsula W.N. Club			Won 17—15
Junior	v. St. Cyprian's			Lost 8—12
Junior 14 years	v. Rustenburg			Won 15—11
Junior	v. Rustenburg			Draw 12—12
Junior	v. Good Hope			Won 10—8
1st VII	v. Observatory			Won 14—11
2nd VII	v. Observatory			Lost 1—20
Junior 14 years	v. Observatory			Lost 10—17
Junior	v. Observatory			Won 12—8
1st VII	v. Springfield			Lost 13—17
2nd VII	v. Springfield			Won 16—11
Junior 14 years	v. Springfield			Lost 8—13
Junior	v. Springfield			Won 16—8

The *Inter-House Matches* were won by Merriman House and the *Inter-House Shooting Cup* was won by Jagger House.

HOCKEY

A fresh interest seems to have been taken in this game during this season, which has been stimulated by Miss Porter's invaluable help and enthusiasm. Many of these enthusiastic beginners play Lacrosse and Netball as well. We had quite a successful and most enjoyable season and managed to come second in our section of the Inter-Schools' Tournament.

1st XI

G.	H. Steyn.	R.W.	M. Howie.
R.B.	B. Starck.*	R.I.	P. Hill.
L.B.	A. Denniston.	C.F.	L. Eriksen.
L.H.	J. Petree.	L.I.	S. Sandes.*
C.H.	A. Standing* (captain).	L.W.	W. Petrec.
R.H.	P. Cunningham.		

*Denotes colours.

MATCH FIXTURES

1st XI	v.	Observatory				Won 3—1
1st XI	v.	Ellerslie				Lost 2—5
1st XI	v.	Wynberg				Lost 0—9
1st XI	v.	Good Hope				Draw 3—3
1st XI	v.	Rustenburg				Scratched
1st XI	v.	Old Girls				Won 3—0

LACROSSE

The game is now well established and two or three games are played each week. The passing still needs, however, to be very much more accurate—there are far too many players who cannot use the under-arm pass properly. Hence the ball is on the ground for too often, and although as a result of this we get plenty of practising in "picking-up" balls, this is also still very badly done. During the game, too, players must try to make more spaces and "open up" the game, especially round goal.

We had our first match against St. Cyprian's, and although we enjoyed it very much and played very hard we were beaten. The team was as follows:

G.	D. Brooke.	C.	R. Gurney (captain).
Pt.	S. Maurberger.	R.A.W.	P. Hoekly.
C.P.	B. Kilpin.	L.A.W.	E. C.-Nicholls.
3M.	S. Malcomess.	3H.	L. Eriksen.
R.D.W.	J. C.-Nicholls.	2H.	S. Ethelston.
L.D.W.	P. Jeans.	1H.	D. Moorsom.

TENNIS

The style of all players has much improved throughout the School; there are very few people now who do not at least understand *how* the dreaded back-hand stroke should be played! The service has also improved considerably. Team players, however, should now concentrate on playing up at the net and get as much practise in volleying as possible. Even in the first couple this part of the game needs developing. Our first couple—S. Sandes and L. Eriksen—however, did very well last season in all their matches and managed to get into the finals of the Inter-Schools' Tournament, but were beaten there by 6 games to 3.

1st FI	2nd FI	Juniors
S. Sandes.*	M. Howie.	B. Kilpin.
L. Eriksen.*	A. Standing.	S. Drennan.
L. Jooste.	J. C.-Nicholls.	E. C.-Nicholls.
E. Appleyard.	W. Petree.	G. Wilks.
P. Hill.	P. Denniston.	B. Hirschon.
A. Denniston.		
B. Starck (captain).		

*Denotes colours.

The result of the School Championships for the various trophies were as follows:

Senior Singles. L. Eriksen, who beat S. Sandes 4—6, 7—5, 6—4.

Junior Singles. S. Drennan, who beat B. Kilpin 6—4, 6—3.

Doubles Championship. S. Sandes and P. St. Leger.

Inter-House Cup. Merriman House.

MATCH FIXTURES

1st VI and 2nd VI	v.	Observatory			Won 106—79
Junior	v.	Observatory			Won 27—17
"A" Team	v.	Star of Sea 1st VI			Won 49—32
1st VI	v.	St. Cyprian's			Won 48—33
2nd VI	v.	St. Cyprian's			Lost 39—42
Junior	v.	St. Cyprian's			Lost 31—50
1st VI	v.	Wynberg			Lost 30—51
Junior	v.	Wynberg			Lost 10—26
1st VI	v.	Old Herschelians			Lost 46—53
1st VI and 2nd VI	v.	Star of the Sea			Won 60—19
1st VI	v.	Wynberg			Won 29—15
2nd VI	v.	Wynberg			Draw 22—22
Junior	v.	Wynberg			Lost 12—24

SWIMMING

Swimming is now taken as a regular School sport. One lesson a week is given instead of gymnastics during the summer terms and two or three a week during afternoon games. We entered girls for the Inter-Schools Gala this year for the first time and really did very well indeed, considering it was the first time we had competed. Those girls, both Junior and Senior, who took part worked excellently, but there are far too many people in the School who are not yet good swimmers, who give up trying far too easily. To be a good or even average swimmer each individual needs to work really hard.

Diving seems to attract the interest of most pupils, though at present the standard in the School is poor. More spring is needed in the "take-off" and a better lift and flight through the air, before entering the water.

Both in the Junior and Senior sections of the gala we tied for third place.

Senior Team

M. Howie (captain).
S. Sandes.
H. Graf.
D. Osborn.
A. Standing.
E. Appleyard.
J. C.-Nicholls.
S. Malcomess.

Junior Team

V. Kinghorn.
P. van der Byl.
E. Wolfe.
D. Rimer.
E. C.-Nicholls.
B. Hirschon.
W. Thomas.
N. Louw.
G. Wilks.

MATCH FIXTURES

1st and Junior	v.	Wynberg			Won 34½—29½ points
1st Team	v.	Old Herschelians			Won 30—13 points
1st and Junior	v.	Good Hope			Scratched

ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1938

These were held as usual on the last Saturday in November. There was an excellent entry, especially in the Junior and Middle School sections, so much so that they had to be divided into those aged 10 years and under, and a middle group aged 11 to 13 years. Records of times, distances and heights are now being taken to establish School Records.

The *Victor Ludorum Cup* was won by P. Hill.

The *Inter-House Sports Trophy* by Merriman House.

Mrs. G. A. L. Green very kindly distributed the prizes.

GYMNASTICS

Miss Duchek very kindly came to judge our Gymnastics Competition, which was held in the second term and was won by VI and V Class and III Form Class, both tying for first place.

V. GUYSE-HILL, Games Mistress.

THE REFUGEES

Out of China's desolation,
From its cities, and its rivers,
Out of Spain's disintegration,
From the snowy Pyrenees;
Out of Europe's tribulation
Come the wails, the cries of anguish
Of the homeless refugees.

Procession of white, stricken faces,
Men and women, cowed, dishonoured,
Children orphaned; it disgraces
Civilisation, so miscalled;
Misery in many places
Calls to heaven for redress;
Humanity should stand appalled.

Burdened with everlasting sorrow,
Bereft of country, home and friends;
Condemned to beg and plead and borrow,
Striving for some chance to live;
Victims they of nations' hating,
Mourning those who've gone, yet waiting
For what hope the world can give.

SONIA MACHANICK, Upper Fourth.

JOAN OF ARC

The simple peasant maid from Domrémy
 Was but a child, young innocent and true,
 But yet inspired by God. When soft was rung
 The angelus through the Burgundian fields,
 Her angel voices wafted hopes and fears—
 Her inspiration were they, from the Lord,
 She swung her father's scythe and reaped his wheat,
 Till her angelic voices bade her go
 To rescue France—to purge her stricken land
 Of cruel English armies. Robed in white,
 And girt with brilliant steel, her hair clipp'd short,
 A pure white banner, wrought with crusted gold,
 Rippling above her head, did she inspire
 Her men to victory. Mounted upon
 A snow white charger, urged she on her troops,
 Storming the ramparts of some stubborn town—
 Or shouting words of courage to her band.
 When she had driven out the English, then
 Did she crown Charles at Rheims. Her mission done,
 She begged that she might go back to the land—
 To live her simple life, and dream again,
 Which every man deserves when his work's done.
 At English instigation, she was brought
 Before a court of French ecclesiasts,
 Condemn'd was she, as heretic, as witch,
 To die at burning stake, in sight of all,
 And this the fate of one who did great deeds.
 So ended her brave life, but not her name.
 After a lapse of centuries, in Rome
 To a great gathering of all the world,
 She was declared a blessed saint—
 Saint Joan. ANNE DENNISTON, Form VI.
 (Awarded the Maskew Miller Book Prize, S.A. Eisteddfod.)

SUMMER NIGHT

The air was very silent as we glided down under the tall pines. Only a little ripple came every now and then, as the dark water lapped against the boat. The scent of resin was everywhere and the pine-needles stood out sharply against the little patch of sky above the river. The way seemed endless and we just floated down, smoothly and silently under the trees. We seemed entirely cut off from the rest of the world and it was as though we were in a dreamland, dreaming of night and darkness and water.

And then all at once our dream faded. We left the narrow river and passed out on to the pale glistening lake. The moon was setting and she cast her long beams over the surface of the water. The wind barely stirred and the hot scent of wild flowers hung heavily over the lake. The reeds rustled as some frogs played, while we moved gradually nearer to the island.

We left the boat and landed, climbing up the sharp rocks until we reached the highest point, our sandalled-feet making no sound. The languorous scent of the flowers, mingled with that of damp earth, refreshed us after a day of baking sunlight; yet mingled with the heavy quiet there was a feeling of unrest. Time was beginning to move again and no longer stood still. Something seemed to draw us on, away from the loveliness of the night, and we felt that we must go before disillusionment broke the enchantment.

Already the stars were beginning to pale and the outline of the mountains was lost in the blackness of the sky. The heat and quiet were beginning to pass, and a cold breeze gently moved the rushes and set the grasses rustling. A few dry leaves pattered down and we saw one fall in the water and twirl slowly round and round, then float down the smooth current into the darkness. With it seemed to go all the beauty of the night. The first leaves were falling, the wind was cold; that could have but one meaning—that the summer had really passed and that autumn was come, although we had not realised it.

Over the mountain ridge, restless grey phantoms moved and clouds began to gather round them as the boat slid towards the narrow opening. The dawn was breaking, as we passed into the gloom under the trees.

JASMINE HONORE, Form V.

WATCHING THE SEA

I hear the wild call of the birds
 As they fly into the light;
 Each pale streak swerving up, gleaming,
 Smoothly, fading grey, then white,
 And tracing out through the bright air
 Wide curving paths in their flight.

I watch the flecked foam strike the rocks
 And drift down the smooth-worn grooves;
 And the gentle waves caressing
 The soft white sand that it loves;
 And the cry of the wind as it
 Ploughs up the waters it moves.

I feel the soft showers of spray,
 As light as a half-dreamed thought.
 A drop shines in the waning light
 And for an instant is caught
 By the sun—then it quietly falls
 To the oblivion it sought.

JASMINE HONORE, Form V.

THE SHEPHERDS

There was no sound upon the cool night air
 Silence was Queen o'er that wild Palestine.
 The shepherds, round a fire, were gathered there
 Watching their flocks graze on an open plain,
 When suddenly upon the wind was borne
 A sound as of a whispering, murmuring stream,
 Or the night wind rustling through a field of corn:
 Growing in volume soon it did become
 One great triumphant, joyful, glorious song.
 And, looking up afraid, the shepherds saw
 A multitude of angels throng on throng.
 All clad in colours gleaming in the light
 Which turned the clouds about it to a sea
 Of radiant, heavenly beauty. Now at last,
 As if in answer to an unspoken plea,
 Forth from the host a shining figure came,
 And to the watchers on the earth he spoke,
 And bid them calm their fears: it was
 The angel Gabriel, robed as in a cloak
 Of glory: from the Lord he came to bring
 A message of Goodwill and Joy and Hope.
 And while he spoke, from all the angel throats
 Burst forth again a wondrous song of praise.
 They sang: and with their song the shepherds' hearts
 Were lifted up to Heav'n and they believed
 It was for them the Holy Child was born
 Of whom the angels sang: and forth they went
 Into the night to seek and find the Child
 Of God, sent unto them to save mankind.

PATRICIA DENNISTON, Form V.

HOME

Oh! how I long for Africa, my home,
 For trackless spaces, sunburnt, dry and brown,
 For dongas, dried up sluits that crack and frown,
 And skies that form a cloudless azure dome.
 I see the stretches where the jackals roam,
 The drinking pools to which the buck go down,
 And distant lights of some small, inland town
 That wink and twinkle like the phosphorus foam.
 I sometimes dream of sunsets pink and gold,
 Of heavy, humid air and midday heat,
 Of brilliant flowers, colourful and bold,
 And sand that bears the mark of natives' feet.
 And all this splendour will unfold once more
 When I behold again my native shore.

BETTY STARCK, Form VI.



E. APPLEYARD

THE END OF THE DAY

NINEPENCE'S STORY

One day while I was sitting on the bench outside the house with nothing to do, our old native servant Ninepence came up to me and said, "Have you got nothing to do?"

So I said, "No, Ninepence, I am waiting for the Doena."

"All right, Miss Betty, I shall tell you something about my parents." And this is the story he told me:

"A long time ago, when I was young, I lived in Zohungmee Village. The chief of our village was very cruel, and whenever we did wrong he would throw us down the hill.

"We used to worship gods in those days. One day my mother and father went for a walk, and did not come back for a week.

"When they came back they were holding a cross; on it was our Lord Jesus. The natives came running out to them and said, 'What is this awful thing?'

"They answered and said, 'It is not awful; it is our Lord Jesus who died upon the cross to save sinners. We have given up the old gods for they are not true people.'

"Then a cry arose from the natives. They took my mother and father to the chief, who threw them down the hill. When I heard this I ran to the chief and said, 'Throw me down the hill.' So the chief said, 'No, no, not that; you are banished from the village.'

"So I took my things and ran away, and became a Christian. Then I came to Mufulira, and here I am. I have been here fifty-five years."

Just as he had finished mummy came out to call me in to dinner.

ELIZABETH DUNLOP, Lower Second.

THE RACE

A flash of white and the yacht shot past
Round the buoy, till the top of the mast
Seemed as if it would touch the water,
The end was still far, but the distance shorter.
The boy at the tiller turned back to see
If anyone else went as fast as he.
A yacht close by was speeding near,
And the dread of losing became a fear,
His only pride was in yacht and race
And he was sure he'd the fastest pace.
The crowd on the bank began to urge
The yacht behind, which was on the verge
Of passing him close on the leeward side;
Came a gust of wind, and he seemed to glide
Out of the danger, then onward he sped,
He had won the race, and the terrible dread
Which had made his body all go numb,
Passed, and he thrilled with the thought, he had won!

PAMELA JEANS, Lower Fourth.

THE STORM

The sun was sinking in the West
 O'er the silvery sea,
 And the moon rode high in the darkening sky
 As bright as gold could be.

A handsome galleon sailed along
 O'er the silvery sea,
 With her sails out full and her prow held high,
 So gallant, so proud, and so free.

As the night wore on, a cold wind blew
 And ruffled the calm, smooth sea;
 And the light of the moon was hidden 'neath
 A cloud of no small degree.

The waves grew high, the galleon rolled
 And the water washed the deck,
 While the sailors rose with one accord
 To save their ship from wreck.

But all night long the tempest roared,
 While the breakers heaved and tossed;
 And the men strove hard, strove hard in vain,
 For alas! the fight was lost.

The grey dawn spreading o'er the world
 Now finds the storm asleep.
 But 'neath that cruel sea lies one more
 Victim of the deep!

E. CATHCART-NICHOLLS, Upper Third.

FULL CYCLE

As the grey marsh mists dissolve into haze,
 Evaporating—twisting—eluding,
 As the night wind blows the cold bitter spray
 Mockingly over the dead rocks, brooding
 Black clouds raise their sullen heads to gaze down
 On the earth, left deserted. Forsaken
 By the great giver of life—the great sun—
 Gone! Too late our selfish thoughts are shaken.

The mountains are buried in ice. White snow
 Covers the frozen seas as the foam did.
 The ruins of once populous cities
 Of corrupt civilisation are hid
 From our eyes. The lonely pines in the south
 Are shrouded in mist, with decaying grace . . .
 Oh! Why do we live? Of what use is life?
 We here on earth are but a dying race.

JASMINE HONORE, Form V.

SUNSHINE

Sunshine in spring brings joy to all,
 To all young life and blossoming trees
 Its touch is gentle and its call
 Hastens all growth and nature frees.

Sunshine in summer is less kind,
 Its heat and glare remove spring's bloom.
 Dahlias and cannas they can find
 Warmth which they craved in winter's gloom.

Sunshine in autumn does not spare
 The green lawns, but it ripens fast
 The season's fruits—grape, apple, pear,
 And colours leaves for winds to cast.

When clouds are dark and sky is grey,
 And trees are bare in winter's dress,
 How welcome is a sunny day
 Which brings with it the sun's caress.

SHEILA DUNCAN, *Lower Third*.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AN APPRECIATION

"If I have faltered more or less
 In my great task of happiness . . ."

Stevenson falter! His story throughout is one of inexhaustible courage; only occasionally one catches the smallest trace of gloom in his writings, and that trace only deepens one's admiration for this man who suffered from his childhood almost unceasingly, being a hopeless consumptive, but who never lost his zest for life, and by his untiring work gave lavishly to the world of his supply of joy. Surely if anyone ever left this world a better and happier place than he found it, that man was Stevenson.

Never a dull platitude does one meet in all his work, but deep thought and simple, philosophical wisdom. He looked back on his youth without regret; that one should change one's ideas completely, as one grows older, he regarded as only natural, but he realised that for all that, the opinions of the old are not necessarily nearer the truth than those of youth: "For God's sake, give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself, . . . if youth is not quite right in its opinions, there is a strong probability that age is not much more so."

"A Child's Garden of Verse," which one appreciates more when one has grown up than when one was in the nursery, shows Stevenson's love of children, and his understanding of all their moods and pleasures. He never forgot his childhood, as he never forgot a friend. Of boys he was especially fond, as we can see from his autobiographical essay, "The Lantern Bearers." For them he wrote his immortal adventure stories, "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Black Arrow" and others.

After reading these enthralling tales one experiences a fresh surprise and pleasure in passing on to his books of travel, particularly "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes" and "Across the Plains." His style is simple, his descriptions beautiful, and he reveals so much of his lovable self in all that he writes, that one comes to love Stevenson the man almost more than Stevenson the writer.

He appreciated the good in everything he saw, and sincerity was one of his most striking qualities. "Truth of Intercourse" indeed is the heading he gives to a chapter in "Virginibus Puerisque," in which he makes one realise how little there is of real sincerity in all that we express. There are few things more difficult than really saying what one means; "R.L.S." recognised this lamentable fact, and remedied it as only he could.

Stevenson worked unceasingly, fearing death only because he feared to leave his task unfinished. Even in his sleep he did not relax, for that was the time when his "Brownies" brought him the material which he wove into his books. He dreamed the character of Long John Silver; "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" unfolded itself to him on two consecutive nights in a particularly unpleasant nightmare, from which he awoke crying aloud in horror. After reading his "Chapter on Dreams" who will not acknowledge the genius of this gaunt Scot, Stevenson, "the rainbow-eyed"?

In his essays, poems, novels, books of travel and tales of adventure are unfolded pleasure after pleasure for the reader; in his letters is much sound advice, in his fables, sage humour and philosophy. When one has read all, one cannot do better than to begin once more at the beginning, adopting as one's watchword his own simple, sincere little verse, which expresses his whole mission:

"The world is so full of a number of things

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

BARBARA BARRY, FORM VI.

UN CAUCHEMAR

La nuit était froide, et le vent mugissait autour de la vieille maison. Une jeune personne, qui semblait très fatiguée, descendit de son cheval et frappa à la porte. Une dame, portant une chemise de nuit, l'ouvrit et regarda, étonnée, cette étrangère. "Que voulez-vous donc, mademoiselle?" demanda-t-elle. "Madame, je vous prie de me laisser dormir dans votre maison. Je me suis égarée après la chasse. Comme nous sommes fatigués, mon cheval et moi!" "Je n'ai qu'une petite chambre pour vous, car j'ai beaucoup d'invités. Cette chambre n'est pas près de la maison; c'est tout près de l'écurie. Mais si vous n'avez pas peur..."

"Je n'ai pas peur," répondit-elle, "je ne veux qu'un lit dans lequel je peux dormir, et du fourrage pour mon cheval. Je vous payerai, si vous le voulez."

La dame était très bienveillante, et après une demi-heure sa visiteuse inattendue était prête à se coucher. La chambre était un peu sombre, mais le feu jetait une lumière vacillante. Elle se peignait les cheveux devant la toilette.

Tout à coup elle se raidit. Elle regardait fixement la glace. Une forme effroyable glissa des ombres sous son lit. Dans cette bête on ne pouvait guère reconnaître un homme. Il portait des vêtements sales et en lambeaux. Ses cheveux étaient longs; il avait une barbe grise. Elle le vit griffer l'air avec ses mains dégoûtantes, puis ramper vers le feu. Il avait une chaîne autour des chevilles.

Sans bruit elle se cacha vite derrière le rideau d'une armoire. Pendant toute la nuit elle restait là; elle n'osa pas remuer même la main. L'homme était assis devant le feu; de temps en temps elle l'entendit rire. C'était un aliéné qui s'était évadé l'hospice.

Le lendemain, quand on trouva la pauvre demoiselle, ses cheveux étaient tout blancs.

BARBARA BARRY, Form VI.

AS DIE WIND WAAI

Dit is vreeslik koud. Die reën kletter op die hoofweg, en die glinsterende dakke van die winkels. 'n Booglamp buite een winkel flikker en gooi fantastiese skaduwees op die lelike gebou en gee vir die dooierige fatsoenlike winkel 'n vonk lewe, wat dit nooit in die dag kry nie. Die verlate straat lyk leeg en eensaam, en daar is 'n merkwaardige afwesigheid van mense of diere of enigiets wat lewe.

Maar nou begin 'n soort woedende bedrywigheid, want nou kom die stormwind. Die onverskillige, roekelose, waaghalsige wind kom nou met sy volgelinge, die vars lug en fyn stof, wat deur die strate seil en die vensters vuil maak. Die vensters ratel en die horkies klap toe en klink asof iemand wil binnekom. Die gryns mure van die geboue, met hul swart gate vir die deure en vensters, lyk kwaad en boos deur die dowwe lig. Die reën val nog, en die glansende druppels dans on die grond.

Maar die wind se werk het net begin. Onverwags word die lig in die booglamp gedemp. Die verlate straat met sy welbekende tekens en uithangborde word in 'n dig mantel van swart duisternis gehul. Een van die skoorstene van daardie gebou is heeltemal weggeruk, as 'n teken van die wind se toorn. Net die reën val en die wind waaï . . .

Die rimpelende water word nou klein golfies. Die kalm agtermiddag word 'n rustelose nag. Daar by die vuil dokke draai die skuitjies wat nou vol water is. Langs die waterkant sit die ou nagwagter voor sy vuur, wat 'n warm rooi gloed op die yskoue water gooi. Onophoudelik waaï die wind, eers saggies, maar nou 'n stormwind. Die arme nagwagter maak sy jas goed toe, en hou sy ou rumatiesse vingers voor die klein vlammetjies.

Hy voel 'n bietjie skrikkerig vanaand. Hierdie sterk rondtrekkende wind wat oor die Heelal reis, het 'n wilde krag wat altyd na iets soek om te verniel. Dit is meedoeloes, en bring nooit vrede nie. Oor die water vlieg dit verby die ander skepe, sodat hulle op die see rond dobber en hulle ankers probeer breek. Sterker waaï die wind, en die skuim bespat die ou man se vuur. 'n Skielike vlag, en die vuur is uit. Die strale wat oor die swart water geskyn het, is dood, en daar is net die lig van die struikelende maan deur die pikdonker lug. Die ou man sug en probeer om sy vuur weer aan die brand te steek, maar die wind waaï aan . . .

Oor en oor die wêreld waaï die wind, onophoudelik, eindeloos en onverbiddelik. As dit waaï, moet 'n mens versigtig wees, want met die wind kom die krag van die natuur.

JASMINE HONORE, Form V.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY

"In the hum of the market there is money, but under the cherry tree there is rest."—Old Japanese proverb.

One evening as young Ndana was sitting on the summit of a small hill near his father's kraal, a sudden desire came over him to travel to the prosperous town of Johannesburg, where he could make much money with which to buy a great herd of cattle.

That night, as they sat near the fire, Ndana told his aged and wrinkled father of his plan. The old man said nothing but only shook his head knowingly.

During his journey towards the great city, Ndana had visions of money being poured into his open palm, and of his triumphal return to his father's kraal, rich and with great knowledge of the outside world. As he neared the city these thoughts fled from him and he felt a strange fear. No longer did he feel proud and secure, but nervous and insignificant. The noise in the streets was terrible and he was pushed from side to side by the throngs of people. No one seemed to understand his plight or to speak his language. Thoughts flashed through his mind of a long and weary journey back to his father's kraal—to which he would return, ashamed and beaten.

As night drew near the feeling of loneliness and strangeness increased, and he regretted that he had not taken his father's silent advice on the night he had told him of his plan.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his arm and turning he looked into the smiling face of Labiaan—a native that lived near him at home. Labiaan clapped him on the back, and with a great laugh asked what the young man was doing in the city. Ndana, pleased to find someone to confide in, poured out his troubles—his loneliness, and lack of work, and of a place in which to sleep.

Labiaan, who was a domestic servant, showed Ndana a place in which he could spend the night and promised to meet him the next day and to help him to find work. Next day he kept his promise, and the two natives spent the afternoon going from house to house to ask for work. Everywhere they received the same reply, and as it became late Labiaan led Ndana to an office of the Department of Mines—the last resort.

At the office, there were several natives applying for work. These men were not like Ndana, they were used to the towns, and they smelt of wine and tobacco, and they lounged against the wall speaking and laughing coarsely. An angry looking official, after looking Ndana up and down, told him that he could start work in the mines on the following Monday.

The work in the mines was unpleasant and hard, and the nights in the compound disturbed. The foreman was bad-tempered, and often treated the natives cruelly, sometimes even beating them. The close, damp atmosphere inside the mines made Ndana feel weak and weary. He lost his energy.

One night two pounds were stolen from his box under his bed, and on another occasion he dropped some money while in the streets, and when he returned to the place it was gone. This worried Ndana very much, for he had been saving all his money very carefully so that he could return to the kraal rich.

When the weary months of the contract drew to an end Ndana became happier and looked forward to the free life of the country once more.

Before leaving the city he bade farewell to Labiaan, and then he set off towards home, taking with him all his savings.

The first day at the kraal Ndana was warmly welcomed, and all his old acquaintances gathered round him to hear news of the city, but as evening drew near he left his friends and relations, and climbed to the summit of the small hill near his father's kraal. As the sun set behind the distant mountains, he looked at the great expanse of open country. There he saw what all the money in Johannesburg could not buy for him—perfect peace.

LYNETTE JOOSTE, Form V.

A VISIT TO MOONLAND

One night when I was asleep in bed, I heard someone calling:

"Come soon, come soon!

I'm from the moon,

There is a maid that's in a swoon.

Come soon, O come soon!"

I jumped out of bed and there standing on the apple tree outside my bedroom was the funniest little man, dressed in silvery clothes and holding two butterflies by silver bridles.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"What does what mean?" asked the little man.

"Your song, and why have you come?" I replied.

"There is no time to stand gossiping here. I'll tell you on our way up to the moon," answered the little man. So we mounted our butterflies and flew away. As soon as I touched the butterfly I grew small, as small, in fact, as the little man.

"Now," said the little man as we flew, "my name is Prinkopa, and I am the messenger of King Silverbeard of the 'Shiniest Half of Moonland.' His greatest enemies are the elves of the 'Other Half of Moonland.' These elves have stolen a fairy from our country and now we have at last managed to bring her back, but she has fainted. We fairies know that you mortals can recover her, that is why I have brought you here."

We alighted on the moon, and a great number of fairies came to meet us. All of them were dressed in the same kind of silvery cloth as Prinkopa. One little fairy came to me and drew me away to a little house made of moonbeams. She gave me a dress like the one she had on, and told me that I had to wear it when I went to the king. I put it on and off we flew to the palace of King Silverbeard.

When I arrived I was taken before the king; beside the throne was a beautiful girl lying on a couch. This was the girl who had fainted. I asked for a bowl of water and sprinkled some on her face. At once the colour came to her face and she sat up.

That day the king married her, and at the marriage I heard someone calling me, but I woke up to find that it was all a dream.

MARGARET JOAN STORIE, Upper Second.

A DAY IN A SOUTH AFRICAN VILLAGE

The rays of the newly risen sun shone brightly through the open bedroom window. I sprang from bed anxious to make the most of my one day in this little village in the heart of the karroo. I had arrived late the night before, and was curious to see it by day. Soon I was out in the road surveying the village. In the centre was the Dutch Church, standing out among the little houses and shops clustering round it. In the distance I could see the veld stretching away to meet the rising sun. The air was frosty and exhilarating and I was filled with a desire to run and jump along the road, but I restrained my feelings as I noticed a number of people coming along the road, some on foot and others in Cape carts. All were heading for the market place, where a large bell was tolling. I joined them and, on arriving at the square, found the air to be filled with the scent of fresh fruit and vegetables. In another place some men were selling little calves which were looking round with wide, frightened eyes.

At this moment a gong sounded from the hotel, and I hurried back to breakfast.

Towards eleven o'clock I again strolled out in the now sun-baked street. Wandering up a lane bordered by old Dutch houses, I was evidently looking very lost and hot, for an old Boer lady beckoned to me from the stoep on which she was sitting drinking coffee and offered me a cup. I accepted gratefully and sat down on the cool verandah to await my hostess's return with the coffee.

Mrs. Cloete, my hostess, came back with an enormous cup of black coffee which she handed to me. She then returned to the kitchen to fetch some ruks. I tasted the coffee, which was so hot and so strong that I nearly dropped the huge cup. I heard a queer, throaty sound from the other end of the stoep, and for the first time saw an old, old man with a long beard, a pipe, and a wide Boer hat pulled low over his forehead. I wondered if he were laughing at me, but his face showed no sign of amusement. In the course of my conversation with Mrs. Cloete, who had returned, I heard several more chuckles when I made an ignorant remark about the condition of the veld, or the state of the sheep this year. I then thanked my hostess for her hospitality, and shook hands rather dubiously with the old man, for we had not exchanged a single word.

After lunch I decided to explore the village. The street was absolutely deserted, for the whole population seemed to have vanished as if by magic. After wandering about the roads for fully an hour without seeing man or beast, I felt quite desolate, and longed to see some living thing. To my relief, down the road with a graceful, easy walk came two natives. They wore orange blankets and their faces were painted with orange clay. On their heads they carried, with apparent ease, huge baskets of red prickly pears. At this moment the clock struck four. At once the whole village was alive again and people were bustling out of their houses. There was evidently a football match in progress, and I followed the crowd to a large dusty field where the game was to be played. It proved to be very fast and interesting, and the enthusiasm of the crowd was delightful to watch.

At length dusk began to fall and I felt a desire to be alone, and so I wandered down the road until I came to the open veld. There was a kopje in front of me which I climbed, and I sat down on a boulder on the summit.

Before me stretched the dark karroo, like a vast black ocean, and beyond it the setting sun, a molten orb, was turning the long dark clouds to fiery crimson arms which pointed towards it with flaming fingers. I flung out my arms as if to capture some of this unforgettable scene of great desolation, yet incredible beauty. I then turned sharply and ran down the hill. I was filled with an unspeakable desire that South Africa might remain, in this unsettled world, a land of everlasting peace, goodwill and beauty.

Sylvia Sandes, Upper Fourth.

A NIGHT IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE

The sun sinks, a golden ball of light in the west, and its last rays kiss the eternal snows of the Himalayas till they seem like molten gold. Then the glory fades and only a dull red streak in the west remains to show where the sun has disappeared. Slowly the night envelopes the jungle and silences the chattering of the monkeys and the chirping of the innumerable jungle birds. In that hush of twilight, just before the moon rises, the jungle seems to breathe to the heavenly blue of the evening sky, the fragrance of the mohwa blossom and of many other flowers. Then slowly the moon rises over the eastern mountains and touches the tops of the highest trees, and as it rises higher it bathes the jungle in silvery light.

Now down in the jungle, in the shadows, beasts and reptiles begin to move. The buck go down to drink, and stand knee-deep in the jungle pool, while occasionally they look back over their shoulders, with every muscle tense, and alert for the first sign of danger. The panther glides, a black form, through the moonlit trees and shadows of the jungle path. Suddenly the barking deer gives his danger cry, and this is taken up by the monkeys till the glades of the jungle echo and re-echo with the sound. It means only one thing—that the tiger, the lord of the Indian jungle, is about. Then with one mighty roar that makes the ground quake the tiger silences the bedlam of the forest. Buck and other animals move quietly on to their destinations.

The moon is sinking behind the western hills and suddenly it is gone. In the hush, just before dawn, the sambhur hurry towards the hillsides. Over the eastern mountains a light is breaking in the sky. An elephant trumpets in the misty distance and heralds the new day. Already the birds are bidding each other "good morning." The night prowlers slink back to their dens and lairs, and in the sky the wild ducks fly to their nests in some distant marsh.

Slowly over the hills the sun begins to rise, and, as it does so, it tints the Himalayan snows a rosy hue. Already through the bamboos and dew-drenched grass the Indian herd-boy drives his buffaloes to their grazing grounds. The sun climbs higher in the sky and the hot Indian day begins once more.

Sonja Malcomess, Lower Fourth.

HATS

Hats, hats, everywhere we go—in the town, in the country, on the beach—hats of every kind and description, and for every conceivable purpose. Never before in history have hats assumed such importance or achieved such variety as they have to-day.

One can tell the character of a crowd at a distance merely by observing the hats of the men and women assembled.

Even when viewed impersonally in a shop window each piece of head-gear, whether masculine or feminine, has a certain character. The sleek black bowler suggests the lawyer or stockbroker; the grey Homberg, the man about town; the pork-pie, the dashing young college man; while the silk topper suggests the happy bridegroom, or, alternatively, an undertaker. That smart severe toque, all black velvet bows and veil, in the next shop window is inevitably destined for the elderly matron; while the smart white straw, massed with flowers, will gladden the heart of some young girl at a wedding or some race meeting.

On the head, however, hats take on something of the personality of their wearers, and sometimes paint absurd contrasts or pathetic attempts at camouflage.

Glance up at the rows of pegs in the office cloakroom. The plain black sailor, shining and smart with prim white bow, indicates the senior typist, neat and efficient. The next one, a giddy affair with an absurd high crown and fetching veil, could belong only to the pretty new typist who is obviously destined for other things than office work; while the shabby straw, with a brave new ribbon, points to the filing clerk, a good girl who lives at home and helps her parents.

Glance along the theatre queue: here are some contrasts among the men. There is the smart grey felt of the young man in front, and next to it another felt, neat but worn, the ribbon a little discoloured. This belongs to a hard worker, a man who does not care to spend much on himself. A rather shabby bowler, worn tilted back on his head, might denote a bookie or racing tout; while the smart bowler next to it could belong to—well, one of our leading politicians. Over there is a flat khaki hat with a shiny peak; it must belong to a traffic cop—we had better move on. Even the sight of a hat can enforce law and order.

Such is the power of the hat. It can make us afraid, it can make us gay, or sad, or envious, and, more than this, it can indicate to us the feelings of a whole nation. In Russia, since the beginning of the Soviet Régime, the women almost without exception have taken to the old peasant style of a handkerchief or shawl bound over their heads. This is a general sign not only of economy, but of equality and communism.

To-day fashions in women's hats have never been so gay, so pretty, varied and fantastic. It shows the impulse to brighten up this gloomy old world, and demonstrates a determined optimism and desire to distract the thoughts of men and women from the many cares and worries of our time.

Likewise the presence on every side of so many uniform hats, peaked caps, and steel helmets is a menace to our peace of mind. Mad hats, indeed, in a world of Mad Hatters. "In this style, Sir or Madam, it will not cost you ten and sixpence, but in all probability your life!"

SONIA MACHANICK, Upper Fourth.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

Object: To promote fellowship between past and present members of the School.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Thirteenth Annual General Meeting was held at Herschel on Friday, February 24, in the Presidents' Drawing-room. The President had very kindly invited us to tea.

The following were present: Miss Robinson (who took the chair), Miss Willis, S. Baxter, H. Harsant, J. Keay, L. Garlick, J. Turner, P. Rose, T. de Villiers, Pat Hill and J. Hill.

Apologies for absence were received from A. Wray-Brown, J. Le Mesurier, I. Ethelston, B. Williams, J. Lawrence, B. Robertson, J. Robertson, F. Thorne, F. Douglas and P. Falconer.

Miss Robinson welcomed the Old Herschelians and then asked the Secretary to read the minutes for the last General Meeting, and they were duly signed.

The Hon. Treasurer presented the Balance Sheet and Financial Statement. The credit balance for the year was £50 8s. 10d.

Miss Robinson proposed that we should delay the spending of part of our Credit Balance until the end of the year, by which time she hoped that the new School Library would be finished. The way in which some of the money could be spent in the beautifying of the room would then be clearer.

Office-bearers and Committee for the present year were elected. The retiring members were J. Simpson, M. Porzig, P. Rose, M. Geber and R. Marwick (resigned because of absence).

OFFICERS FOR 1939

President: Miss Robinson.

Hon. Vice-President: Miss Ralph.

Vice-President: Miss Willis.

Hon. Treasurer: F. Thorne, S. Baxter.

Hon. Secretary: J. Hill.

Period Assistant Secretaries: 1922-26

1926-31, Y. de Villiers.

1931-38, J. Reay.

Committee: Y. de Villiers, J. Reay, P. Withinsaw (elected to take the place of Pat Hill, last year's head girl, who owing to distance was unable to be on the Committee).

Committee Meetings have been held every two months.

Sport. Five matches have been played against the School this year. A Tennis Match and Swimming Races on March 23; a Netball Match on June 19; a Hockey Match on September 8; a Netball Match on September 25 and a Tennis Match on October 21.

The date, October 21, fixed for the annual *Reunions* was an unfortunate one, so many of the Old Herschelians had engagements for that day that

we were obliged to cancel the Reunion. The tennis match was played as usual.

When "St. Joan" was produced by the School in May, the Old Herschelians were responsible for the refreshments during the interval. The proceeds from the refreshments amounted to £9 10s.

The Swimming Bath is open to Old Herschelians at the charge of 6d.

The Association would like to thank Miss Robinson and Miss Willis for their help and interest during the year.

FOUNDER'S DAY AND THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1940

Founder's Day next year will be celebrated on Friday, February 16.

There will be a Commemoration Service at St. Saviour's in the morning at 11 o'clock. In the afternoon, at 3.30, there will be the Prize-giving Meeting and the official opening of the new buildings.

All Old Herschelians will be heartily welcome, both at the Service and in the afternoon.

The *Annual General Meeting* will be held at Herschel on Friday, February 23, at 4 p.m., when the President will be pleased to see all Old Herschelians at tea.

THE HERSCHELIAN

The current issue of the Magazine is being sent only to those who have paid their 1939 subscription. The Secretary, Joan Hill, The Lilacs, Rondebosch, will be pleased to forward a copy to any Old Herschelians on receipt of her subscription for this year (1939).

NEWS OF FRIENDS

STAFF

Mrs. Morris is teaching at the Cape Town Training College. She gave an exhibition of her work at the Maskew Miller's Gallery recently.

We hear that *Miss Macdonald* has accepted a post in Malaya.

Miss Shepherd is working at Fort Hare.

Miss Dickinson is still teaching in Egypt. We hear that she has left Cairo and gone into the Sudan.

We were all glad to get news that *Miss Ruffel* had arrived safely in England. She is now living in a flat at Colchester, where her husband has an appointment as House Surgeon at the Essex County Hospital.

OLD HERSCHELIANS

Pat Hill has been doing secretarial training at the Technical College, Johannesburg. She has recently obtained a post in the Radiography Department, Johannesburg.

Sheila Ball has been studying at the Commercial School, Wynberg, for some months. We congratulate her on being accepted for the Civil Service. In a competitive examination for the Union she was one of the 20 chosen.

Yvonne Heslop has been doing secretarial training at the Kerr-Sander Secretarial College, London.

Dorothea Ferguson-Davie has been spending this year with her parents at Fort Hare. She has been helping with her father's correspondence, helping to run the house and is getting quite domesticated. She had hoped to go to London at the end of this year to study Commercial Art, but her plans are now very uncertain. Dorothea's sonnet on the Victoria Falls was published in "The Forum."

Ray Hubner has been studying for six months at the Cape Town Training College. She is going to the University of Cape Town in 1940.

Pendre Dykins is at home in Durban, studying French and Art. She has a studio in her garden.

Joy Oaler is living at home. She is teaching her small brother in the mornings and she spends a good deal of time at golf.

Averil Howell returned from London in October. She had been studying Domestic Science and Music at Ivy House and was very sorry to have to give up her work there when war was declared.

Margaret Garlick, who was taking a Secretarial Course at Queen's College, London, returned to Cape Town when war was declared. She had been in England almost a year, and had spent one holiday in Switzerland and another in Norway. *Yvonne Botha* returned on the same ship. She had been studying Floral Decoration with Constance Spry.

Jean Godbold (née *Robertson*) is now settled in her new home at Claremont. Many Old Herschelians were at her wedding at St. Saviour's and *Pam Orpen*, *Betty Robertson* and *Joan Hill* were her bridesmaids.

Diana Struben returned soon after war broke out. She was presented at Court this year. *Margaret Geber* returned on the same boat; she has been studying singing in Paris. *Diana* was bridesmaid at *Lavinia's* wedding this October.

Phyllida Compton is studying in Geneva and is likely to stay there for the duration of the war. Her brother is with her.

Sheila van der Horst has returned after six months' study at the London University. She has written a thesis for a Doctor of Economics Degree, but has not heard the result yet and we hope we will be able to congratulate her in the next issue.

Mavis de Beer spent the summer vacation with her parents at Kuils River. She returned to England in October to complete her Degree at the London University.

Rose Rawbone went on a cruise to Mauritius this winter.

Jean Jackson is still another Old Herschelian who has been forced to break off in the middle of her studies and return to the Cape. She was at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Leslie Long is window dressing in Cape Town, and *Joyce Reay* and *Nancy Wood* are doing Secretarial work. *Jesse Wood* is in England waiting for a berth on a ship returning to the Cape.

Molly Sellar returned to England in June after spending seven months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne. Her small daughter *Caroline* went to Herschel.

Joan Simpson was presented at Court this year. She and her husband returned soon after war broke out, and are soon going to live in East London.

Orcilla Latch (née *Martin*) is soon returning from America where she has been visiting her sister *Jean*.

Marian Joy Spilhaus is still in London. She has finished her course at the London Theatre Studio and is now going to study Singing. She has just recovered from an operation for appendicitis.

Angela Struben returned home in April after several months in London, where she studied Commercial Art at the Westminster School of Art. She went ski-ing in Switzerland at Christmas.

We hear that *Everlie Apsey* was playing in the Follies at the London Casino this year, and later toured the Provinces.

Phyllis Hoey returned from Europe in September; she had thoroughly enjoyed her time at La Marjolaine, Geneva, where she had been studying Art and Languages. She went to Engelburg for the winter sports. At Easter she and four other students were cycling for ten days visiting Lucerne, Neuchatel, Bern, Zug and Interlaken.

Molly Harzant is now in her third year at the Grahamstown Training College. We congratulate *Betty Robertson* and *Isobel Ethelston* on jointly winning the Michaelis Art Prize. The subject set for interpretation was "Gold."

Yvonne Hill (née *de Villiers*) left with her brother, Arthur, on a trip to Australia early this year. Yvonne met her husband in Melbourne, and they were married in October. She is going to make her home in Melbourne.

Joan Hill is helping at the Board of Aid Day Nursery in the mornings.

Congratulations to *Jean Baxter* who has just announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Maidment Gant, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Gant of Sunninghill, Paarl.

Margaret Rawson and *Claire Glanfield* have been spending a month at the Cape. We were very pleased to have a visit from them in November. They had not visited Herschel for many years and were interested in the many changes which had taken place. *Margaret* finished her Nurse's Training last April. She is engaged to Mr. William Lowry from Dublin, and hopes to be married in March or April next year. *Claire* is living in Salisbury and is doing secretarial work for her father.

Kathleen Rawson is teaching gymnastics at the Girls' High School, Salisbury. Next year she is going to teach in the Modern School, Salisbury. She is engaged to Mr. Michael Burnett, Rhodesia. *Betty Rawson* was studying Art at Heatherley School, London, until the outbreak of the war. Now she is an Ambulance driver. Her first patient was a kitten!

Thelma Young has finished her Nurse's Training, and is now having a holiday. She may do more nursing later. *Sheila Young* is still training for Nursing. She is engaged to Mr. Lloyd Inkum of Salisbury.

We were pleased to see *Barbara* and *Pamela Menzies*, who paid a visit to Herschel in November. *Barbara* has done one year in her M.A. course at St. Andrew's, Scotland; she came home for the summer vacation and is

now not able to get back to Scotland, so her plans at present at very uncertain. *Pamela* is still at Roodean, Johannesburg.

Christine Wallace has completed her Domestic Science Training in Edinburgh, and is now back in Bulawayo. *Joan Cross* came out for the summer vacation and has been unable to return to finish her training at Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh.

MARRIAGES

Syfret—Weinlig. On January 19, 1939, in the Diocesan College Chapel, Gerda Weinlig to Miles Syfret, son of the late Mr. A. G. Syfret and Mrs. Syfret, of Silwood, Rondebosch.

Godbold—Robertson. On September 2, 1939, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Jean Robertson to Kenneth E. Godbold.

Brothers—Walker. On September 28, 1939, at St. George's Church, Parktown, Johannesburg, Miss Margaret Walker to Mr. Edward Brothers.

Hill—de Villiers. On October 3, 1939, in Sydney, Australia, Yvonne de Villiers to Kenneth, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hill of Crofton, Marlborough, Wilts.

de Klerk—Struben. On October 6, 1939, in Bishops court Chapel, Lavinia Struben to Theo. de Klerk.

Green—Ruffel. On October 21, 1939, at Oxford, England, Miss Lois Ruffel to Dr. J. B. M. Green.

Black—Buchanan. On November 15, 1939, at Mowbray Presbyterian Church, Miss Joy Buchanan to Mr. John Alexander Black.

BIRTHS

Rose-Richards. At Widdersley, England, on January 12, 1939, to Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Rose-Richards (Betty Patterson) a daughter.

Spottiswoode. On January 17, at Sea Point, to Hildegard (Miss Morrison), wife of Hugh Spottiswoode, Nigerian Administrative Service, a son.

Anderson. To Rona, wife of Captain G. C. B. Anderson, the Leicestershire Regiment, at Trafalgar Nursing Home, on April 5, a daughter.

Jacklin. To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jacklin (née Olwen Porzig) on April 4, a son.

Walker. To Pamela (née Hawley), wife of Lieutenant Peter Walker, R.N., of the Shooting Lodge, Brancaster, Norfolk, on August 2, a son (still-born).

Babb. To Ora Babb (née Loverock) a son.

Elliott. To Beatrice Elliott (née McLachlan) a son (Ian).

Garlick. To Lolie Garlick (née Burmeister) a son (Ronald Ault).

Hofmeyr. To Pamela Hofmeyr (née Risien) a son.

