

The
HERSCHELIAN



No. 17.

1944-1945

THE HERSCHELIAN

No. 17

DECEMBER, 1942

FOREWORD

In the thought of another year drawing to a close, and in the thought of the seasons pressing forward into another full summer we find an analogy to our life at Herschel. There has been much this year that we have enjoyed and shall be sorry to leave behind us, and there are many leaving us whom we shall miss, but the School finds inspiration in looking forward to the future with its promise of greater opportunities and fresh interests.

From Founder's Day, the first big event of the year, through the interest aroused by the Staff play, the Upper III puppet show, the evening of entertainment by the Lower III and Elocution classes, the visit of the Municipal Orchestra, from beginning to end the year has been full of an interesting round of events, which we find very absorbing.

There is always a tendency for a community such as ours, with common interests and activities, to become self-centred, and it is sometimes useful to pause at this stage of the year to look at ourselves with a critical eye to see if this tendency is developing. There is no doubt that we have much to absorb us in both work and recreation. Even our practices of fire-fighting and first aid are necessarily directed towards the care of our own community; even our bigger war efforts are a source of great pleasure to us as well as bringing in money directed towards war funds. But looking still further we find that we have a number of activities which give us a valuable connection with the world outside. Many of us have thoughts frequently turned to friends and relatives in the struggle now on hand in different parts of the globe. Knitting and sewing done in house meetings and elsewhere adds our mite to the amount being collected and despatched from this country; and occasional letters of thanks from unexpected places cheer us into realising that such work has real value. Besides the war efforts at regular intervals, there are collections made on flag days in the School for divers war and charitable purposes, and we are anxious to maintain the standard we set ourselves of generous giving. We are constantly inspired by the example set by our old girls who are to be found in many branches of the Women's army. And many of those leaving us are about to take their place beside them.

So, weighing up the situation this year we are glad to find that so far our interests have not led us into forgetting that our part is but a small one in the great order of things. With this in mind we enter upon 1943 determined that it shall not fall short of its predecessor in keenness for school work, and in helpfulness in the general weal.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE

FIRST TERM, 1942.

- Jan. 28—Boarders returned. We welcome Miss Frogley.
29—School reopened.
- Feb. 5—We welcomed the Rev. M. Gibbs, our new School Chaplain.
7—Tennis match against Rustenburg.
14—Swimming and Rounders matches against Springfield.
18—The School went to a special Ash Wednesday service for children at St. Saviour's.
26—Founder's Day.
21—Tennis match against Ellerslie.
27—Old Herschelians Annual General Meeting.
28—Tennis and Rounders matches against St. Cyprian's. In the afternoon Miss Lansdale took a party of boarders to see "Sergeant York."
- Mar. 7—Inter-School Tennis match. In the evening Miss Willis took a party of girls to a Piano Recital by Niedzielski in the City Hall.
14—Boarders went to the Buxton Home Fête. Inter-School Swimming Gala at the Long Street Baths.
20—The Archbishop gave a lecture on Modern Poetry to Seniors. Inter-House Diving competition; win to Rolt.
21—Inter-House Tennis matches; win to Jagger.
24—Inter-House Swimming match; win to Jagger.
27—School Tennis finals: Senior singles won by J. Frost, Junior singles, D. Mellish.
28—End of Term.

SECOND TERM.

- April 7—Boarders returned.
8—School reopened.
17—Miss Robinson and Miss Lansdale took the Senior and Middle School to the film "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
25—Netball match against Good Hope. In the afternoon Miss Smith took a party of boarders to see "Citizen Kane."
- May 2—Hockey match against Observatory.
8—Entertainment for War Funds by Forms Upper and Lower II. Dramatised Nursery Rhymes produced by Miss Willis, and "The Christmas Scarecrows" produced by Miss Porter. £26 was realised.
14—Ascension Day. School attended morning service at St. Saviour's. Herschel Choir was responsible for the singing.
15—Debate at the Diocesan College.
16—Netball match against Springfield.
23—Miss Hill, Miss Bailey and Matron took boarders to see "Sun Valley Serenade."
- June 1—School Examinations begin.
5—Play-reading "Tons of Money" by the Staff. £23 was realised for War Funds.
6—Hockey match against Wynberg.
10—Music Club meeting. Programme of music arranged by Diana Brooke and students of the College of Music.
11—Gymnastics Competition; judged by Mrs. Gordon. Win to Form Upper III.
12—Pupils' Concert.
13—Netball match against Rustenburg. Miss Guyse Hill and Matron took a party of boarders to "Aida" at Alhambra Theatre.
17—End of Term. We said goodbye to Miss Smith.

THIRD TERM.

- July 20—Boarders returned.
21—School reopened. We welcome Miss Esther Taylor.
25—Hockey and Netball matches against Rustenburg.
31—Mr. Stewart gave a talk on Air Raid Precautions.

- Aug. 6—Netball match against Observatory.
 8—Netball match against Star of the Sea.
 15—Netball and Hockey match against Ellerslie. In the afternoon Miss Bailey took a party of boarders to see "The Corsican Brothers."
 22—Miss Hill took a party of boarders to see the film "Romeo and Juliet."
 24—Dramatic Entertainment: "The Stolen Prince" by Form LIII, produced by Miss Adderley, and "Between the Soup and the Savoury," produced by Miss Schenck.
- Sept. 3—Junior Netball match against Micklefield.
 4—Debate in the Library with the Diocesan College Debating Society.
 5—Inter-Schools Netball matches.
 10—Home-Nursing Examinations.
 12—Lacrosse match against St. Cyprian's. In the evening Madame Ellis took some Seniors to a French play, "Les Jours Heureux," at the Little Theatre.
 14—Staff v. Girls Hockey match.
 17 & 18—Inter-House Netball matches; win to Rolt. Inter-House Netball Shooting Competition; win to Rolt.
 18—Concert by Music pupils, School Orchestra and Choral Society, produced by Miss Willis, £20 7s. collected for War Funds.
 19—Inter-School Hockey matches. In the afternoon Miss Adderley took boarders to the Diocesan College Fête.
 21 & 22—Inter-House Lacrosse matches; win to Jagger.
 23—The Cape Town Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Dr. William J. Pickerill, gave a Concert in the School Hall.
 24—End of Term.

FOURTH TERM.

- Oct. 6—Boarders returned.
 7—School reopened.
 31—Tennis match against Observatory.
- Nov. 5—Miss Willis took a party of girls to the Symphony Concert at the City Hall, at which Miss Newman played the Schumann Pianoforte Concerto.
 7—Tennis match against Good Hope.
 10—School Choir assisted in the singing at the Diocesan Missionary Rally at the City Hall.
 13—First meeting of Herschel Guide Company.
 14—Tennis match against Ellerslie.
 16—The Bishop of Lebombo came to Prayers and talked to us afterwards.
 21—School Sports; cups presented by Mrs. Molteno. Jagger House won House Cup, Victories Ludorum: Clodagh and Fay Osborne.
 22—Confirmation Service at St. Saviour's at 7.30 p.m.
 24—Kindergarten plays, Collection for Prisoners of War: £5 3s.
 25—School Examinations began.
 27—Matriculation and Junior Certificate Examinations began.
 28—Tennis and Rounders matches against Wynberg.
- Dec. 4—Carol Service at 2.30. Collection of toys, books, etc., and money for the Janet Bourhill Institute and other local Christmas charities.
 5—Rounders match against Micklefield. Natural Movement Dancing Demonstration in which Herschel pupils take part.
 8—Pupils' Concert at 11.30. Piano Competitions at 2.0.
 9—Term ends. We say goodbye to Miss Bailey and Miss Esther Taylor.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1942

On the 25th February we celebrated our Schools' 22nd Founder's Day, which proved to be a great success. It was a fine day, with a slight south-easter blowing. There was a good attendance of old girls and parents at St. Saviour's for the morning Thanksgiving Service, and also at the Prize-giving in the afternoon. The altar at St. Saviour's was decorated with flowers of the School colours. The Senior Prefect read

the Lesson and the School Choir sang the anthem, "The Lord is My Shepherd," by Schubert. The Archbishop then addressed the School.

He took as his text a verse from the second Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, "I have kept the faith." The Archbishop interpreted these words as meaning, "I have been loyal to traditions and inheritance and the task set before me," and not, as most people would interpret it, "I have been faithful." He urged us all to be loyal to the highest traditions of our School, to our founder, and to St. Saviour's, which takes the place of a School Chapel to us. He said that no girl who regards going to church an unavoidable nuisance which she has to endure because Herschel is a good school, can say that she has been loyal to Herschel, because the foundation of loyalty to Herschel lies in loyalty to the Church.

He concluded by saying that we were fighting this war for peace, liberty and justice and thus for Christendom, but that at the day of settlement the great question would be whether the real body of the people would be able to say, "I have kept the faith." He said, "I hope and believe that as we keep the faith, we shall serve our generation, by the will of God, and so work for the coming of a true and lasting peace."

In the afternoon the School hall, which was decorated with dahlias and prunus leaves, was filled to capacity for the Prize-giving. The Archbishop, the chairman of the School Council, first asked Miss Robinson to give her report.

Miss Robinson spoke of the large increase of pupils, partly due to evacuation from war areas, and said she wished to obtain larger playing fields and perhaps even a house in the neighbourhood for Junior boarders. She mentioned various changes on the Staff and expressed our regret at losing Canon Le Mesurier, who had left us to take over the parish at Wellington. She welcomed the Rev. M. Gibbs who is taking his place as School Chaplain. This year saw the formation of the Art and Science Clubs. We took part in a combined schools' concert, which Miss Robinson said she hoped would become an annual event, as the contacts with other schools did us good. Miss Hill was congratulated on her excellent production of G. B. Shaw's play "Caesar and Cleopatra." Herschel's war effort during 1941 yielded the splendid sum of £400, £250 of which was brought in by the School fête, held in October. Miss Robinson concluded with a few remarks on the present state of the world. She said we were responsible for the formation of a new world order, and were the pioneers of liberty, justice, mercy and peace, whose duty it was to uphold democracy.

Lord and Lady Harlech were our guests of honour, and at this point Lady Harlech was called upon to present the prizes. The Efficiency Shield was awarded to Rolt House. The Archbishop then asked Lord Harlech to speak to us.

Lord Harlech discussed the purpose of school under three headings. Firstly, as a means of learning to live with one's contemporaries; secondly, to acquire knowledge; and, thirdly, to develop individual character. He likened the brain to uncultivated soil which is weeded and sown with seed at school, but the harvest is reaped in later life. He then told us that we were living in a hard, new world, full of the problems of reconstruction, and he advised each one of us, if we wished to ensure a lasting security and peace, to take an active part and interest in the government of our country, and not to leave it to the politicians alone. It was for this government of security and peace that we were fighting. He also pointed out that unless man fears God and keeps His commandments we shall have wars to the extermination of the human race. We must be careful, when we have succeeded in exterminating the idolatry of race, money and living for what we can get out of life, not to raise new false gods to take their place. He said that a moral and spiritual rearmament was vital not for one nation only, but for all, and that it was absolutely necessary that there should be a greater revival of religion.

Lord Harlech closed by wishing us busy lives of high endeavour and achievement, devoted to our country and to the betterment of humanity.

The company then dispersed for tea in the dining-room and on the lawns, after which they visited the exhibition of art, including a most interesting exhibition of weaving, set up by Mlle. Rouillard, and a science exhibition in the laboratory.

At evening prayers the boarders sang the special evening hymn chosen for the occasion. So ended Founder's Day, 1942.

JOY PINGUSON, Sixth Form.

CONFIRMATION

On Sunday, November 22, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, the following candidates were confirmed by His Grace the Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Darbyshire: Nicolette de Villiers, Marjorie Harbottle, Patricia Layard, Dorothy Mellish, Robin Samson, Charlotte Crole-Rees, Mary Crosland-Taylor, Mary Elliott, Felicity Halls, Elizabeth Keeling, Clodagh Osborne, Fay Osborne, Ann Palmes, Elizabeth St. Leger, Margaret Joan Stobie.

SCHOOL MUSIC

The number of music pupils has increased considerably and this has meant additions to our Music Staff this year. In February Miss Leffler came to us to take some extra violin pupils, and Miss Stevenson joined the Staff as Piano Mistress. In July we needed yet another Piano Mistress and we were fortunate in obtaining the services of Miss Adelaide Newman, the well-known South African pianist. We welcome these mistresses to Herschel.

Unfortunately, in September, owing to health reasons, Mrs. Stokes was obliged to give up her violin pupils and the Orchestra. We were very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Stokes who has taught violin here for many years, and to whose patience and enthusiasm we owe our Orchestra. We have been fortunate in getting Mrs. Holgate to carry on Mrs. Stokes' work. We welcome Mrs. Holgate to Herschel, and we hope that her enthusiasm for the Orchestra will be rewarded by more girls taking up the study of the violin.

The Choir. Choir Admission Service was held at Morning Prayers on November 18. The following girls were admitted to membership of the School Choir: Betty St. Leger, Felicity Halls, Anne Hailey, Catriona Farquhar-Oliver, Diane Beard, Yasmin Petersen, Rosemary Halls, Clodagh Osborne, Fay Osborne, Pauline Vogelpoel, Anne Palmes. The Choir sang Sterndale Bennett's 3-part Anthem "God is a Spirit."

THE MUSIC CLUB

President: Miss Robinson.

Chairman: Miss Willis. *Committee:* Diana Rimer (Hon. Secretary), Pamela Smuts, Barbara Hunt, Elizabeth Cathcart-Nicholls, Brenda Hirschan, Pamela Hockly, Nicolette de Villiers, Valerie Kinghorn.

Our first meeting this year was held on 10th June. After tea, we had a programme of music arranged by one of our old Music Club members, Diana Brooke, who, with some of her fellow-students from the South African College of Music, gave us an hour of delightful music. Diana played a Bach Prelude and Fugue and a Brahms Intermezzo. We had violin solos from Helen Whittaker; Helen Keen played a 'cello sonata; Ruth Gebers played two piano solos, and the programme ended with the 1st and 2nd Movements of the Arensky Trio. It was very pleasant to have Diana with us again, and we are grateful to her and her friends for the excellent programme they gave us.

On Friday, 18th November, the Music Club organised a Concert in aid of War Funds. The first half of the programme consisted of items from the School Orchestra, piano solos and duets (which included some interesting 2-piano items) and 'cello solos. The second half consisted of a programme of British songs ranging from the 13th Century to modern times. A collection taken at this concert resulted in a sum of £20 7s. which was sent to the Merchant Navy Fund.

The outstanding musical event of the year was the Concert given in the School Hall on 23rd September by the Cape Town Municipal Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. William J. Pickerill. There is not space to give the programme. We had an hour of very beautiful music and the Concert was so much enjoyed by everybody that we hope to make it an annual event. After the Concert the members of the Orchestra were entertained to tea by the Music Club Committee.

The Music Club wishes to record its sincere thanks to Mrs. Phineas Smuts who, in a letter of appreciation of our 18th September Concert, enclosed a gift of £5 for the Music Club. This came as a most delightful surprise, and we are very grateful to Mrs. Smuts for her appreciation and her generosity.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Miss Lansdale.

Chairman: D. Gibson.

Secretary: D. M. Mills.

Form Representatives: J. Ferguson, D. Rimer, P. Hockly, M. J. Stobie.

The above officers were elected at the general meeting in February. We have participated in two debates this year, both of which were with Bishops Debating Society. The first was held at Diocesan College on May 15th, the subject for discussion being, "Old World Chivalry is incompatible with woman's status as she claims and exploits it to-day." The discussion, slow moving at first, developed into one of humour and interest, and though it appeared to be in favour of the opposition, the proposition won by a wide margin.

The second debate was held at Herschel, the subject being, "The House agrees with Mr. Galsworthy in saying that the aeroplane is an instrument of evil." The speeches from the platform were good and the discussion was one of energy and interest from the outset, nearly everybody proffering a remark. Once again the motion was lost to the proposition.

The attendance at both debates was good and the keenness of the Society was evident and may we hope that next year this factor will have more opportunity of developing.

AVE ATQUE VALE

NEW PUPILS, 1942

FIRST TERM.

Kindergarten: Diana Michelson (in November, 1941), Norma Bettison, Natalie Coke, Norman Cusden, Gillian Hochschild, Fiona Janisch, Pamela Jones, Elisabeth Larkins, Barbara Sandell.

Lower First: Jean Campbell, Eileen Cusden, Sandra Fisher, Carolyn Hill, Stephanie Shub, Marion Walder, Jane Worswick.

Upper First: Jane Janisch.

Lower Second: Roma Ashton, Judith Simpson, Elizabeth Worswick.

Upper Second: Mary Gibbs.

Lower Third: Gayle Banghart, Patricia Diecy, Marygold Page-Wood.

Upper Third: Diana Compton, Prudence Duncan (returned), Lucille Rocher.

Lower Fourth: Justine Cole.

Upper Fourth: Dorothy Mellish, Robin Samson.

Fifth: Pauline Vogelsoel.

SECOND TERM.

Kindergarten: Suzanne Jerome, Patricia McCarthy, Helena Rose-Richards, Moira Woolford, Timothy Coke, Brian Wilson.

Lower First: Cecilia Burns.

Upper First: Thalassa Forsyth, Catherine Bryson.

Lower Third: Kathleen Layard.

Lower Fourth: Pamela Jefferies.

Upper Fourth: Cynthia Jefferies, Patricia Layard.

THIRD TERM.

Kindergarten: Peter Barrett, Alice Hofmeyr, Jennifer Jones, Karen Langerman, Robert Mortlock, Diane Pearce, Don Rowand, John Scully, Philip Taylor, Caroline Wilson.

Lower First: Jennifer Grove, Audrey Mortlock.

Upper First: Patricia Mortlock.

Lower Third: Virginia McKenna (returned).

Lower Fourth: Anne Palmes, Joan Percival, Madeleine Billiard.

Upper Fourth: Rosemary Robertson.

Fifth: Shirlye Israel.

FOURTH TERM.

Transition: Edna Myers.

Lower First: Rosemary Bond.

Upper First: Carmel Myers.

Domestic Science Student: Delphine Dowler.

LEFT.

End of 1941.

From the Matriculation Sixth: Elizabeth Appleyard, Madge Brown, Suzanne Drennan, Joan Fuller, Dawn Johnston, Wenda Petree, Joan Rees, Sylvia Sandes, Jeanne Southall, Helen Steyn, Pamela St. Leger, June Te Water, Cynthia Villet, Nada Waterman.

From Other Forms: Audrey Taylor, Margaret Jones, Gillian Wilks, Pamela Jeppe, Shirley Galpin, Nicolette Louw, Peggy van der Bijl, Joan Ketchen, Avril Mellor, Jennifer Stokoe, Margaret Smith, Karen Thorbecke, Jean Louw, Henrietta Panner, Patricia Hare, Evelyn Thorbecke, Anne Wilkinson, Iona-Mary White, Christopher Johnstone, Anne Cooksey, M. Nomikos, Isabel Trans, Christopher Seaman, Helia Walker.

During 1942.

Patricia Schofield, Fay Bowerman, Joyce Redler, Patricia Hamilton, Valerie Kirby, Vera Avakoumovitch, Marigold Davies, Catherine Bryson, Thalassa Forsyth, Suzanne Jerome, Hugh Waters, Tessa Hawkins, Brian Wilson, Jane Siddeley, Madeira Billard, Susan Justice.

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES, 1941

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH AFRICA

MATRICULATION

Class I.

Elizabeth Appleyard (Distinction in Latin),
Suzanne Drennan,
Nada Waterman.

Class II.

Madge Brown,
Joan Rees (Distinction in French),
Sylvia Sandes,
Jeanne Southall,
Pamela St. Leger,
Cynthia Villet.

Class III.

Dawn Johnston,
Helen Steyn.

Entrance Scholarship,
University of Cape Town,
Elizabeth Appleyard.

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE

Class I.

Elizabeth Cathcart Nicholls,
Susan Ethelston,
Diana Rimer,
Pamela Smuts,
Anne Stutchbury,
Doreen Warren.

Class II.

Barbara Hunt,
Margaret Mellish,
Diana Moorsom.

Class III.

Brenda Hirschon,
Zelda Marks,
Wendy Thomas,
Gillian Wilks.

TAALOND

Lower — — — Joy Ferguson.

Preliminary — Nicolette de Villiers,
Pamela Smuts,
Margaret Mellish.

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH AFRICA

PIANO

Transitional Division — — — Margaret Alston.
Higher Division — — — Audrey Williams (Hon. Mention),
Elizabeth Wolfe.

CELLO

Transitional Division — — — Margaret Joan Stobie (Hon. Mention),
Higher Division — — — Barbara Hunt.

OLD HERSCHELIANS, 1941

Pamela Rose: M.A., Second Class Honours (English), University of Cape Town.
 Isabel Ethelston: M.A., in Fine Arts, First Class Honours, University of Cape Town.
 Elizabeth Gordon: Diploma in Agriculture, Boschetto College; Honours in Agriculture
 and Animal Nutrition; Silver Cup for Theoretical Work.

SOUTH AFRICAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

HOME NURSING CERTIFICATES (JUNIOR)

Joy Ferguson, Dorothea Gibson, Mariel Mills, Brenda Hirschon, Barbara Hunt,
 Zeldia Marks, Fay Osborne, Clodah Osborne, Betty St. Leger, Felicity Halla, Margaret
 Joan Strobie.

SCHOOL OFFICERS FOR 1942

PREFECTS:

SENIOR PREFECT: Mariel Mills.

HEAD HOUSE PREFECT: Dorothea Gibson.

PREFECTS: Joy Ferguson, Evely Fisher, Joan Prost, Pamela Jeans, Barbara Kilpin,
 Hilary Watson.

GAMES CAPTAINS:

Hockey: Joan Prost.

Netball: Mariel Mills.

Tennis: Pamela Jeans.

Lacrosse: Pamela Jeans.

Swimming: Jean Williams Freeman.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL.

We offer the cordial thanks of the School to:

Miss Eastwood for books for the Library.

Carine McKinlay and many members of the Junior School for books for the Junior
 Library.

During the year a very generous donation was made to the School by a parent, who
 wishes to remain anonymous, as a mark of gratitude for the education of his daughters
 at Herschel. The donation is spread over a period of years and will be set aside for some
 special purpose, or purposes, which have still to be decided on. The Council is grateful
 both for the very substantial amount donated and for the reason which actuated the
 donor in making the gift.

HOUSE NOTES

JAGGER HOUSE

House Mistresses: Miss Hill, Miss Bailey, Miss Powkes, Miss Adderley.

House Captain: J. Prost.

We were sorry to say good-bye at the end of last year to P. St. Leger, our House
 Captain, and to others who left. A hearty welcome is extended to all new members.

Our congratulations to those who passed the Matriculation examination, and also
 to the Junior Certificate candidates.

In December 1941 we sent £1 15s. to the Child Life Protection Society, and a further
 amount of £1 10s. in June this year. We also sent £1 to the Navy League to buy a sheep-
 skin coat. The House has made many useful garments both for the Child Life Protec-
 tion Society, and for the Services. These efforts are much appreciated and contributions
 this year have been as generous as ever.

Congratulations to Rolt House on winning the Efficiency Shield for 1941. Competition
 was very keen, and the results were close.

We all enjoyed the sports last year, and though our team work was not as good as
 usual, we were very proud that a member of Jagger, P. van der Bijl, was the winner of
 the Victor Ludorum Cup.

This year our successes in inter-house sporting events have been very satisfactory,
 as we managed to win the Swimming, the Tennis and the Lacrosse matches. We hope
 that all members of Jagger will have ample reason to be proud of their House, and to
 feel that their own individual efforts have contributed towards its success.

MERRIMAN HOUSE

House Mistresses: Miss Taylor, Mrs. Abernethy, Miss Lansdale, Miss van der Merwe, Mrs. Slaterus-Barendsen.

House Captain: Joy Ferguson.

We were sorry to lose our former captain, Sylvia Sandes, and also Madge Brown, Helen Steyn and Cynthia Villet and we extend our congratulations to all of them on passing their Matriculation examinations and wish them luck for the future. We should also like to congratulate Brenda Hirschon, Zelda Marks, Elizabeth Cathcart-Nicholls, Barbara Hunt and Anne Stutchbury on passing their Junior Certificate examinations, especially Elizabeth and Anne who obtained first class passes and to welcome all new members in the hope that they will become happy and helpful members of the House.

It is gratifying to see that this year distinctions have far outnumbered order marks, but nevertheless these latter are still far too numerous. There are still certain members whose unruly behaviour spoils the good work of the rest of the House by cancelling out their hard-won distinctions with order marks.

This has been a poor year for sports but there are members who show promise and who should do better next year, having gained a wider experience in that field during this year. We should like to congratulate Jean Williams-Freeman on obtaining her swimming colours and Pat Layard on obtaining her hockey colours.

This year we had no special war effort but we have bought three sheepskin coats for the Navy League, and have collected a number of garments for a parcel to be sent to the Society for the Protection of Child Life. More could have been done by the Seniors in this direction at House meetings as the majority of garments have been donated by Junior and Middle School members.

ROLT HOUSE

House Mistresses: Miss Porter, Miss Skeeles, Miss Harsant, Mrs. Ellis.

House Captain: H. Watson.

At the beginning of the year we were all very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Bright who left to do war work, after having taken much interest in our House for many years. We also said good-bye to Miss Pare who left shortly before her marriage, and in their places we welcome Mrs. Ellis and Miss Skeeles.

We were sorry to lose the Matriculation form and our former House Captain, Elizabeth Appleyard; and we wish to congratulate them and the Junior Certificate candidates on their successes. We were glad to welcome to the House the new members.

We were successful in winning the Netball and Netball Shooting. We also won the Efficiency Shield.

This year we have been able to make quite a number of knitted garments for the Bombed Babies, but unfortunately wool is now very difficult to obtain, so that our amount of knitting has been very greatly reduced.

Recently during House meeting we were given a very interesting talk by Mrs. Campbell-Ross on her experiences in France during her art training, and we hope to be able to have some more such talks soon.

THE STAFF PLAY

On Friday, June 6th, the last day of our half-yearly examinations the Staff arranged to give a reading of the play, "Tons of Money," by Will Evans and Valentine, in aid of war funds. Much to the consternation of the Staff, the Jagger Hall was crowded with parents and friends.

Contrary to the usual procedure in play readings, the players dressed to suit their parts, and Miss Smith as the butler, Sprules, entered in stiff shirt front and tails, and was greeted with the first of many peals of laughter which were to go up on that uproarious evening. Sprules was the scheming butler whose ideas conflicted with those of others, and in one scene became dreadfully involved in his desperate signs of "Be careful, Danger" to the unconscious Aubrey Allington, who was himself playing the part of George Maitland from Mexico.

Aubrey Allington, who was urged by his wife to fake a death so as to be able to procure some much-needed money, was well portrayed by Miss Lansdale, whose every

entrance raised a gasp and a shout of mirth. She appeared in a dressing gown; in the tatters of an Aubrey who, by his wife's and the gardener's conflicting ingenuity, had nearly been blown up; as the Rev. Ebenezer Brown; in cushions and boat-covers from the boat-house, having been stranded with no clothes at the river; and as an Aubrey who had lost his memory and was in a sorry state of vacancy. Miss Harcourt, as Giles the gardener, provided variation by coming in periodically with a vegetable or an egg. Miss Willis took the part of the lawyer who broke the news of the death of the cousin, George Maitland of Mexico, and the probability of money to be had, and who had the necessary effect of calming down the various situations, as she handled her part with ability and dignity. Louise, impersonated by Miss Hill, Aubrey's ingenious wife, was excellently played. She was determined to get his cousin's money for him by fair means or foul, and she found her ideas conflicting with those of the butler who also had an eye on the money, which he needed for his marriage with Simpson, the parlourmaid and fellow-conspirator, who was amusingly played by Miss Powkes. Louise, through her own scheming, became violently jealous of Jean Everard, her friend, and the wife of George Maitland, whom Aubrey impersonated. Miss Bailey threw herself into the part of that infatuated young lady who could see no difference between "Henery," the butler's brother, who also impersonated George Maitland, and her own husband George himself. Miss Guyse Hill played with gusto the part of "Henery," the awkward, nervous imposter who in many a predicament managed to extricate himself admirably. Finally, Louise's aunt, Miss Benita Mullett, who lived with them, an aggravating woman played to perfection by Miss Porter. She was deaf and never heard the things she was meant to hear until they were repeated. But she never failed to pass the remark, "You needn't shout. I'm not deaf," after every repetition for her benefit, which remarked ended as the password for the evening.

The climax came when Miss Adderley arrived as the real George Maitland from Mexico. She gave the impression of being the strong man used to "roughing it," and when she and Miss Guyse Hill met on the stage the house was in a state of intense excitement, and the stamping of feet reminded one of the Saturday afternoon thriller at the cinema.

The whole cast was excellent, and it was not until we got home and thought about it that we realised that we had forgotten to notice the books the players held, and that it was only a play reading that we had witnessed.

MARIEL MILLS, FORM VI.

AN EVENING OF PLAYS

BY THE LOWER III AND THE SENIOR ELOCUTION CLASS

On Friday night, August 28th, two plays were acted in the School Hall by members of the Lower III, and by the Senior Elocution Class. Miss Adderley produced the former, which was called "The Stolen Prince," and the second was produced by Miss Schenk, and was called "Between the Soup and the Savoury." The plays had originally been intended to be acted on August 21st but were postponed owing to illness. Nevertheless, though many people were unable to come owing to the change of dates, the Hall was filled by the time the curtain went up on the "Stolen Prince."

The Junior play was a most interesting performance. It was acted in the way that the Chinese act their plays, that is, all the properties that were used were handed to the actors by the Property Man, who is usually a very comic figure, and who, in this particular play, is bullied by his master. When a boat was needed to sail down a river, the Property Man, directed by the Chorus, had to unroll a blue carpet, and place two chairs facing each other beside it, thus making both the river and the boat. When the nurse cried she was handed a handkerchief by the Property Man with which to dry her eyes. The Band meanwhile played drums, gongs, dulcimers and clappers to mark the entry and exit of each actor. Another custom was the bow of the player at the beginning and end of each scene, while the Chorus stood at the side of the stage and ordered about the sleepy Property Man. He also introduced the players, himself he told the story, and thanked the audience for listening to their play. He says, "My good and patient friends, our play is now over, and for your kind attention I bow . . . and bow . . . and bow." At the third time the poor Property Man is carried away and begins to bow also. "You are discharged," says the Chorus disdainfully, and the play ends.

All the actors from Hayti, the fisherman and his wife down to the brother and sister of the chief cook, Long Fo and Wing Lee, from Li Mo the duck, whom the Property Man took special care of, to Joy the stolen Prince, from the Lord High Executioner to each player in the Band, gave a most interesting and colourful performance. They were all dressed in Chinese clothes and wore pig-tails. One of the most amusing moments occurred when the Band was brought tea in the interval consumed with relish on the stage.

The Elocution play was a humorous entertainment consisting of a conversation between the cook, parlourmaid, and a poor "tweeny" who was largely ignored by the other two, while the family of the house were having dinner upstairs. The story of the kitchen was mixed with that of the family, as related by the parlourmaid. It is all conducted in Cockney, and is a very apt picture of what must surely take place in many a kitchen. The oppressed scullerymaid begins inventing many stories and applies them to herself, in order to impress the others, and looks like succeeding until she is at last found out to be using her young mistress' love letters. In her despair she finds that the cook is not such a tartar as she appears, and the one and only scene ends on the climax of the maid bringing back to the kitchen the empty savoury dish, of which they had all intended to have a goodly share. Not one scrap of the food that the cook had prepared for their own plates is left.

It was a delightful evening of light entertainment, enjoyed by both actors and audience, and the collection of the evening amounted to the splendid sum of £22, all of which went to the Red Cross.

B. KILPIN, Form VI.

GAMES NOTES

HOCKEY

There has been a renewed and stimulating interest in the game this year, many new recruits have joined the ranks, but, alas, too late to help to win any matches! Stickwork and tactics must be learnt very much more seriously before we can hope for better team results.

Colours: J. Frost (Captain), S. Kihelston, P. Layard, P. Smuts, D. Warren.

LACROSSE

For the first time we were able to play Lacrosse House matches, which aroused much interest and showed some good play, particularly among the Junior players, some of whom should do very well in the future. Catching and "cradling" have improved, but the "passing" still needs to be far more accurate and careful, while more use should be made of the "under-arm" pass.

The match against St. Cyprian's ended in a draw 5-5.

Inter-House Matches were won by Jagger.

NETBALL

This season has not been so successful as usual, but towards the latter part the Juniors pulled up splendidly, in fact, nearly won their section in the Inter-Schools' Tournament, losing by only one point. There is still a lack of good shooters, particularly among the Seniors, without which we cannot win matches.

Inter-House Cup: Roit.

Inter-House Shooting Cup: Roit.

Colours: D. M. Mills (Captain), D. Mellish, W. Thomas, H. Watson (1941).

TENNIS

Great enthusiasm is taken in this game; the standard of play is therefore of a good, high level. Greater attention must still be given to volleying though, in order to develop a good "attacking" type of game, while "foot-work" must also be given more thought and attention. The "service" throughout the School has much improved.

In the Inter-School Tournament the Juniors again did well, losing only one match 3-4.

Inter-House Cup: Jagger.

Senior Singles Shield: J. Frost, who beat P. Jeans 6-4, 5-7, 6-2.

Junior Singles: D. Mellish, who beat A. Lomax.

Doubles Cup: F. Osborne and M. Harbottle who beat E. C. Nicholls and H. Watson in the final.

Colours: J. Frost, P. Jeans (Captain), E. C. Nicholls.

SWIMMING

We were only able to swim for one term last season owing to the cold weather, so we did not do as well as usual in the Inter-Schools Gala; the Seniors came third, the Juniors only fourth. The House Sports, however, went very well; much enthusiasm was shown by every one and a good standard of efficiency was displayed.

Inter-House Cup: Jagger.

Diving Shield: Rolt.

Colours: P. Osborne, J. W.-Freeman (Captain), G. Orr, C. Osborne, V. Kinghorn (previously awarded).

ROUNDERS

This game, which was started mainly for the Juniors, has now reached Inter-School standard, and several matches were played among Seniors and Juniors, which we usually won. "Hitting" still needs improving if we want to secure Rounders.

House Sports Cup: (1941): Rolt.

Victor Ludorum (1941): P. v. d. Bijl.

Deportment Cup (1941): Upper IV.

Inter-Form Gymnastic Cup (1942): Upper III.

V. GUYSE-HILL, (Games Mistress).

LANGS DIE VUUR IN DIE WINTER GEHOOR

Pieter stap stadig die trap af. Hy is 'n klein siekerige seuntjie, te klein vir sy ouderdom, maar tog is hy baie flink vir sy twaalf jaar. Telkens as hy die trappe afloop en die koue saal van die voorhuis bekyk, het hy gewonder wie die groot huis gebou het, wie sy vader was en waarom hy nie soos ander seuns skool-toe gegaan het nie. Vanaand voel hy asof iets van groot belang gaan gebeur.

Dis 'n koue aand. Hy gaan in die sitkamer langs die kaggel sit, en kyk na die dansende vlamme en die groot skaduwees wat hulle op die muur gooi. Pieter kon nie vanaf die deur gesien word nie, daar hy agter 'n groot stoel sit. Stadig gaan die deur oop, en 'n onbekende man kom binne. Pieter verroer nie. Die man stap na die boekrak en haal 'n boek daaruit. Hy gaan by die venster sit en lees in 'n fluisterende stem. Pieter kruip nader en verwonder hom vir die man wat so ongenooi die huis ingekom het. En toe meteens hoor hy dat die man sy naam noem. Met gespanne aandag luister hy wat daar volg.

„Ek, Pieter van Ryn, skrywe dit voor ek na my dood gaan. Ek is nou dertig jaar oud en ek is vier jaar getroud. Ek het al my sake in die hande van my half-broer, Hendrik van Ryn gelaat, en hy het belowe om my vrou en kinders goed op te pas en die plaas te bewerk tot dat my seun, Pieter van Ryn, oud genoeg is om oor te neem. Die mense het nie geweet dat ek nie vir Daniël Vorster vermoor het nie, maar ek sal nou hier die waarheid vertel. Daniël en ek het vir maande oor die verkoop van die plaas „Vergelyk“ gepraat, maar gisteraand die agste Mei, neëntienhonderd een-en-dertig, het Daniël na my plaas gekom en ons het die koop gesluit. Om twaalfuur het Daniël weggery met die geld in sy sak.

Hendrik het geweet van die koop en dat ek nie nou vir hom die geld kon leen wat hy wou hê nie. Hy het vir Daniël agtervolg, hom met my geweer doodgeskiet, en toe weer die geweer in my huis gesit. Ek kon nie my saak bewys nie, want ek het nie getuie gehad wat kon verklaar dat ek die aand nie uit die huis was nie. Terwille van sy vrou en kinders sal ek nie vir Hendrik in die moeilikheid bring nie. Ek het net een kind, en ek het my vrou alles vertel, maar het haar verbied om vir die kleintjie niks van my te vertel nie. Hulle het altwee by my suster gaan woon. Ek kan niks meer doen nie. Ek sal hierdie brief in die ou geskiedenis boek laat bly. Niemand sal dit kry voor ek tereggestel word nie.”

Die man neem die brief en gaan na die vuur. „Ek, Hendrik, is 'n man, en 'n slim man ook. Die seun is so sieklik dat hy nooit sal dink om met my te veg nie. Ek wonder of dit nie beter sal wees as hy alles weet nie. Ek word nou al oud, en ek is seker dat hy noual oud genoeg is om dit te verstaan.” Maar Pieter bly stil. Hy weet nou waarom niemand ooit van sy vader praat nie. Hy besef ook waarom sy moeder

altyd met haat van oom Hendrik praat, en waarom hy so verskillend van ander seuns is. Maar hy sal hulle wys. Sodra hy ouer is, sal hy die inhoud van die brief bekend maak. Dan sal hy sy plaaas kry, en die wêreld sal van sy vader se onskuld hoor. Saggies klim hy deur die venster in die tuin. Hy loop in die donker en sy gedagtes is vol van die nuus wat hy nou net in die leef kamer langs die vuur gehoor het.

PAMELA SMUTS, FORM 5.

AUTUMN EVENING

It is evening in autumn in a garden
Near a town, where the peace and gentle sounds
Have a charm that's almost strange, compared
With busy streets. The tarrying flowers,
Whose colours seem enhanced against
The lovely brightly-fading hues of creeper,
Scent the mist-laden air.
Slowly, silently, brown leaves are falling.
And birds their mates are softly calling.

It is evening in autumn in the country,
Where the sounds of farm life going to rest,
Seem to carry sweetly in the acrid
Lovely scent of wood-smoke. And the distant
Mountains, pencilled against pearly clouds,
Appear to float in seas of purple mist,
So delicately are they drawn.
Soon the moon, silver bright, will rise,
Rousing her sister stars to open twinkling eyes.

S. DUNCAN, Upper IV.

L'INVENTION QUI ME SEMBLE LA PLUS PRÉCIEUSE

Avant mil huit cent quarante-cinq les maladies se propageaient rapidement. Les pestes répandirent la terreur. La petite vérole était capable d'enrichir en un jour l'Achéron. La fièvre typhoïde et beaucoup d'autres étaient invincibles.

Mais alors un génie est arrivé. C'est Pasteur. Sa grande invention est le sérum. Non sans le péril pour lui-même il a inventé le contre-poison. Quand on injecte celui-ci dans le sang, le malade devient immunisé, on peut l'utiliser comme une mesure préventive. Pasteur a inventé le contre-poison de la rage mais les autres savants faisant usage de son sérum, ont découvert les contre-poisons de la diphtérie.

Je pense que l'invention du sérum est la plus précieuse. Toutes les conquêtes de la science sont pacifiques mais beaucoup ne sont pas bien utilisées. Par exemple, on découvrut la dynamite, et l'inventeur pensait qu'on l'utiliserait dans les mines pour aider les mineurs, mais on l'utilise maintenant pour mutiler des hommes. C'est très triste. Mais on ne peut pas faire un mauvais usage du sérum de Pasteur. Il a sauvé beaucoup de vies. Maintenant on ne craint pas de peste, et la petite vérole n'est plus le voleur qui emmène beaucoup de gens tous les ans.

Les ouvrages de Pasteur méritent la reconnaissance de l'humanité. Ses découvertes sont la récompense d'un pays qui honore les savants et encourage les recherches.

EVERYL FISHER, FORM VI.

A FAIRY

She is a little fairy small,
She loves to dance and sing;
She likes to swing on trees so tall
She's such a dainty thing.

Her cheeks are like two roses red,
Her eyes are sapphire blue.
The flowers are peeping from their bed
To watch her wash in dew.

K. LAYARD, Lower III.

THE ENGULFED CATHEDRAL

The moon shines dimly, half-awake,
Upon the dark and lonely lake.
The stars are hidden, wrapped in shrouds
Of drifting hosts of misty clouds,
Which waft their way across the sky
Forming shapes, which fade and die;
Always moving night and day
Ever onward on their way.

But hush! there steals through the air
The faintest murmur of a prayer;
A fairy choir sweetly singing:
The sound of muffled bells a-ringing.
See! the waters of the lake
Seem to move and then to shake,
Murmuring with the wandering breeze
That whispers 'mongst the willow trees.

See the deep black waters parting;
See the silver ripples darting.
Oh, surprise of all surprises!
Through the water there arises
A cathedral, green with slime,
Ruined by the hand of time.
Once the object of esteem,
Now a long-forgotten dream.

There it stands—a great grey ghost;
From its empty shell a host
Of sounds pervade the empty air—
A weeping woman in despair—
The silver voice of a choir boy—
Christmas hymns being sung with joy.
Grandly the notes from the organ roll,
Loudly the bells in the belfry toll.

Gradually there comes the dawn
Beginning of a cold, grey morn.
One by one the stars go out;
The weak sun puts the moon to rout,
And looks in vain for the wondrous sight
That thrilled the creatures of the night;
But only they and the moon shall see
La Cathédrale Engloutie!

Once it stood upon a plain
Challenging the wind and rain,
Close beside a thriving town
Overlooking sea and down.
Then one night the town was cursed
And the frightful deluge burst,
And the waters down did pour
Till the town was there no more.

Swept away upon the waters,
Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters
Cried aloud for aid—in vain.
No one heard them, saw them strain
To elude the frightful waves
That would sweep them to their graves.
Some were drowned, and some with fright
Died upon that awful night.

Only the cathedral stood;
Viewed with quiet disdain the flood;
Though the windows all were shattered
And the ancient stones were battered
It stood and watched and quietly waited
Till the furious storm abated,
And the waves, now peaceful, make
Upon the sodden downs a lake.

But at night, when all is calm,
Hear the murmur of a psalm;
Through the water comes a spire,
See, it rises higher and higher,
And the old cathedral stands,
The patient work of many hands,
On the water, grey and cold,
Haunted with the sounds of old.

E. CATHERY-NICHOLLS, FORTH V.

TATRINIA

Up the steep hillside I toiled with my donkey following close behind me. It was nearing nightfall and we were looking for a place to rest. We found what we wanted in a little alcove cut out of the side of the hill. After a light meal my donkey wandered off, and I lay back to watch the sun setting. I felt that we were like that great man, Robert Louis Stevenson, and his donkey, Modestine, leading the same wandering life, thinking the same ideas, but in a different country. Miles of endless ocean separated us from the Cevennes. It was a beautiful sunset; all the sunsets there are beautiful; the sun was a great ball of fire which seemed to hesitate above the horizon before suddenly dropping, leaving behind a world bathed in gold and azure lights.

A few days later it was on a similar evening that we came to Tairinia, a tiny country in the hills. It is no bigger than a small town, with a scattered population. Friendliness and happiness are the passwords of this small community. The laws are few and made to fit the convenience of the people; the gaol has stood empty as far back as history records, while the sole duty of the one policeman seems to be that of plucking small boys out of apple trees.

The governor and his wife are two of the most friendly and hospitable folk I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. Between them they rule the country, helped by a parliament consisting of two leading citizens.

The reason why Tairinia has had no place in an evil and unhappy world is that it has no wealth or attraction for other countries. This is the secret why it has never been invaded by covetous enemies. For Tairinia is a farming country producing only enough for its own needs. Each peasant has his own land to look after, and in this way there is no poverty and on the other hand no wealth. But they do not want money: they are happy as they are, and have no desire to lead a life of greater luxury; they are workers of the land and they hold the key to happiness. All this was explained to me by the governor and his wife who were my host and hostess.

The morning after my arrival I rose early, and set out to explore this country. The peasants were already up and working in the fields. They waved cheerily at me and I stopped to chat. Then I followed a little path up the hillside, but it wound about so much that I eventually lost it and so had to make my own way up.

It was near the top that I made the great discovery. I found a cave, and, caves holding a particular fascination for me, I went inside to investigate. It was so dark that I struck a light. Then I stood still in amazement. Running round the walls of the cave was a yellow streak, gold quartz! I examined it more closely and knocked a piece off. I had made no mistake, it was certainly gold; any novice could see that.

I put the piece in my pocket, and retraced my steps as quickly as possible. I found the governor working in his garden. I told him that I had made an important discovery. He led me inside, and he and his wife listened to my story. To my surprise they looked not the least bit pleased, but rather sad. When I had finished the old lady sighed. Her husband looked at her questioningly, and she nodded her head. He turned to me and put his hands on my shoulders.

"Your discovery of gold is not new," he said. "We, and most of our people have known of its existence for years. All these hills contain this mineral, and if it were known Tairinia would become one of the wealthiest countries in the world. But the hills would be covered with ugly mine dumps; our lovely country would be overrun with money-grabbing men from the great cities. In time we would be invaded, for wealth such as that cannot go unnoticed and uncoveted. My poor peasants would be turned out of their cottages, and have to take to the roads like so many refugees. Gone would be our happiness and peace, and our simple living. But then we would be wealthy," he concluded, ironically.

There were tears in the old lady's eyes, and he was shaking with agitation. I felt ashamed and looked at the floor. I gave my word that I would keep this secret as my own, and they thanked me gratefully.

As my donkey and I left this haven of peace, the peasants were singing in the fields. They waved to me as I passed and I waved back. I realised then that the governor was right when he said they held the key to happiness. They had no wealth, and desired no material gains.

D. WARREN, Form V.

THE START

The fishing boats have started out,
The seagulls fly on high.
The little children run and shout,
"The fishing boats have started out,
We hope there'll be some fish about"
The billows all do sigh,
"The fishing boats have started out,
The seagulls fly on high."

YASMIN PETERSEN, Upper Third.

SUNDAY

The following is an extract from the diary of a young man on a walking tour in the Drakensberg.

Sunday, 5 a.m. I have just awakened to find John already dressed and packing up the provisions for to-day's journey. He has pulled me out of bed unsympathetically and has informed me that I have precisely five minutes in which to dress. . . .

It is now 6.30 and we have taken off our haversacks and are resting on a giant boulder overlooking a deep valley in which there is a calm silver lake. In front of and behind us are more snow-covered heights, and beyond them are the rolling hills which lead down to the luxuriant coast of Natal. The sun is rising now, but it has not its usual gentle fairy-like effect on the peaks and precipitous slopes. Everything is red, red, red. It is as if Dingaan had returned to his old home, and smeared it with the blood of the trekkers, but it seems vaster and more penetrating than the tragedy of Weenen. What can a day with a beginning like this hold in store for us? . . .

It is lunch-time. We have made a fire and John is grilling chops which smell really good. We have had a hard climb but have taken more pleasure even than usual in pitting our strength against Nature's obstacles. John the materialist wants me to put on the portable radio. We had resolved not to use it but a little music will not do any harm. . . .

It is now 5.30, and since I last wrote we have learnt of a great tragedy. What we heard on the wireless explained why the sunrise was so red. Two phrases are ringing in my ears: "We are at war," and "God bless you and defend the right."

When we turned on our radio, instead of music we heard the disappointed but determined voice of England's Prime Minister. We knew then that what we had all dreaded with anxious and aching hearts had come to pass.

We seem near to Heaven up here in the crisp mountain air and among the towering peaks. Nearer to God than man had ever been made by the acts of the Inquisition or the laws of Parliament enforcing worship and rest on the Sabbath. Although John and I had almost lost count of time, we are now very conscious of the fact that to-day is Sunday, the Lord's Day in the Christian world, set aside for worship and rest. Is a World War necessary to make one think deeply of these things? Genesis says that "in six days God made the world and on the seventh day He rested," and now on His day of rest men are starting to destroy it. How typical of man's unappreciativeness of God's goodness! But there is good in men just as there are easy slopes in comparison with these precipitous and frowning mountains. The sun is now setting but it has none of its fierceness of the morning. The snow on the peaks is gold and the strata of the mountains are tinged with pink and mauve. An atmosphere of peace and solidarity pervades the scene. We will remember this picture of the end of Sunday, September 3rd, 1939, and treasure it as a prophecy of the end of that strife which we shall meet when we descend to man's habitation.

E. FISHER, Form VI.

THE FALL OF TROY

The watchman stands upon the city walls;
Below him lies the sleeping town of Troy,
Whom he has served since e'er he was a boy,
And will do so until in death he falls.
But hush! Was that a movement near the Horse
That Jupiter left for them by the sea?
Or is it just a fancy? Nay, for he
Is pulled down from his post with brutal force;
A man leaps up and waves a torch on high,
While others run towards the city gate—
They are Greeks. The men whom Trojans hate!
The torch's glow lights up the winter sky.
The Grecian ships at sea are hurrying in,
The siege of Troy is o'er! The Grecians win.

M. J. STORIE, Lower IV.

EDUCATION OF THE STREETS

"For East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."

How foolish, he thought, how utterly stupid was all this learning. Why, he had been taught that poem, had taken it for granted, had believed in it, and now, only now, he had discovered the real truth. For here in this street East and West came together, met, merged and became one. The colours, customs and traditions had all been made into one glorious whole in this wonderful spot, "The Gateway to the East."

He let his thoughts wander back over his life-time, his ill-used youth. He had passed through school brilliantly in work; he had not been able to play games because he had not wanted to. The University came and went in the same way. He received honours in everything. Latin, Greek, English, Ancient Greek and . . . well, what good had that done him?

This new trend of mind had come to him in the streets of London one night. His bus had broken down and instead of waiting for the next one he had decided to walk home. The air had been chilly, and he had strode along briskly, his shoes making no sound on the damp hard pavement. He had stopped on Waterloo Bridge. This was predestined for him. He watched the people casually at first with a rather supercilious look; and then his brain had become interested. He wondered what lives these people led, what their daily pursuits were, their beliefs, their major and minor joys and sorrows, their ideas, their wretchedness, their hopelessness, their glory. Of course the rest followed automatically. He would educate himself in the streets. There he would complete his learning, and perfect himself both in body and mind. He would lead as many lives as possible, and work out a real life of his own.

He had worked his way by ship to Marseilles and on the voyage across on the dirty little tramp schooner he had become as fit and well as any trained athlete. He was browned and tanned, with muscles like iron, as taut as the hawsers that held the anchors. He had felt the salt wind sing in his ears, and the taste of the salt on his lips; the tang of the salt in his nostrils, and the sting of the salt in his eyes. He had stood with feet braced above the rough swell, he had heard the creak and groan of the rigging, the straining and whining of the huge sails. He had known the feeling of the sway and roll of the vessel beneath him, and he had been living as he had never lived before, and loving life as he had never loved it.

From Marseilles he had slowly made his way to Port Said, years being spent in the undertaking, and he sat there now with the sound of rushing and retreating water softly lulling him to tender memories. . . . He had learnt new customs, new languages, new ways, new manners. He had learnt to barter, laugh, swear and love in French, Italian, Austrian, Greek and Arabic. He had learnt the delight of pure robust health, of sound sleep, of a hearty appetite and of back-breaking work. He knew what it was to have not a care in the world, no ties, no binding promises, only freedom and liberty, yet to have his life at stake. He had seen wonderful sights, not sights that one can read about, such as the Colosseum, the Parthenon, the Pyramids; but the sights of which no traveller or sight-seer ever sees a sign, and of which no reader ever reads. He haunted the marketplaces, and back streets of great capitals. He listened to tales of the sea in wooden taverns by the water-front. He sang loud rolling songs with gypsies and bandits encamped in the fairground. He began to understand men and women; he could fathom a person's character at a glance, whether he was good or bad tempered, shy or friendly, greedy or generous, strong willed or weak; whether he could greet a man, talk for a while, wander with him for a day, then leave him with a care-less word and gesture; or whether he must approach him gradually and then gather all the information he wanted; or whether not to approach him at all. He found out who were gentlemen and who were rogues, who were vagabonds and who were wastrels, who were worthy of respect and who were contemptible. He discovered that the highest class were often the lowest of men, and that they had no creed at all and followed no code of honour; but that some were the most upright and greatest of men. He made friends with some poverty-stricken families, who, although without a penny to their name, were very, very happy; but some were completely depraved, and ugly with

madness and drunkenness. He was also taught to turn his hand to any kind of work from coarse manual work to tiring mental taxation. He sold wares as a packman, sat on a clerk's stool for a week in Palermo, carried oranges on a ship from Jerez to Smyrna; he became a stoker on a railway engine through Austria and Hungary; he drove a barge down the river Danube to Buda-Pesth; he did—oh, he did countless things. He sailed with sailors, sang with soldiers, talked with commoners, jested with servants, sympathised with those who had a hard lot; he cursed some men, he revered others, he found loathing, horror, hatred, suffering, anger, but he also found beauty, loveliness, joy and wonder.

Here he was now in Port Said with all the wealth of the Unknown East to hand, Aden, Bombay, Karachi, Ceylon, Rangoon, Singapore. The names sounded to him like some ancient chant sung to him by the myriads of warriors of the Orient. The Afghans, Pathans, Indians; Chinese, Tibetans, Mongols; Turks, Arabs, Javanese. These were all names out of fairy tales, which he had dreamed and were coming to life before his eyes.

He sat before the shimmering water of the harbour, dreaming of his new teachings. He would come to cities full of people who

"count their ships' full tale,
Their corn and oil and wine,
Derrick and loom and bale."

B. KILPIN, Form VI.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

In a manger gently laid,
Slept the little Jesus,
The three wise men their tribute paid
To the baby Jesus.

Mary sat behind the manger
Watching o'er Lord Jesus,
Guarding Him from any danger
Joseph stood by Jesus.

In the stable stood an ass,
Watching the Lord Jesus;
Round the crib knelt lad and lass
Worshipping Lord Jesus.

Soon away the people went,
Leaving sleeping Jesus.
As their homeward road they went,
Their thoughts were of Lord Jesus.

ELIZABETH DUNLOP, Upper Third.

A NIGHT UNDER CANVAS

It was to be my first night under canvas. My friend and I had pitched our camp in a small wood, beside a stream of clear spring water pure enough to drink and invaluable for washing up.

Between us we managed to get our tent up, and after a quick supper of sandwiches and coffee we unrolled our camp-beds and prepared to settle down for the night before it became too dark. It was all rather exciting, for the crisp evening air and the atmosphere of novelty was something I had never experienced before.

The fire-flies flitted from bush to bush like so many jumping candles; the wise old owl hooted loudly, and began his nightly hunt for rats; and in the distance I could hear a dog howling at the silver moon which was slowly rising higher and higher in the rapidly darkening sky.

The scene reminded me of a piece of poetry by Longfellow:

"Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, 'What is that, Nokomis?'"

The rippling brook could be heard much more distinctly in the silence of the night, as it swirled and bubbled on the stones, and tumbled over a low waterfall into a shallow pool of foaming water. Gradually all the sounds seemed to merge together, and I dropped into a deep sleep.

Bump! I opened my eyes and found myself sitting on the ground in a sea of bed-clothes. My camp-bed had collapsed and deposited me in my somewhat ungracious position. After re-establishing myself I found it very difficult to go to sleep again on

account of the cold, but I was largely compensated for my discomforts by being able to hear England's finest bird songster, the nightingale. Its clear notes rose above the rustling of the leaves and the harsh grating call of the nightjar, and as the dawn broke it was gradually joined by the whole wonderful chorus of the other birds who were just waking up.

I must have gone to sleep again, for at half-past six my friend rudely awakened me, and I found the sun streaming in through the tent door. "No sleepy-heads in camp," she said, and after dressing quickly I went outside on to the dew-covered grass and found several brown shorthorn cows pulling up the clover. They looked at me with mildly surprised eyes, and wandered away to drink in the stream.

The sweet morning air was delightfully fresh and scented with hay. The many different kind of flowers which grew in wild profusion under the trees were opening themselves and all was alive. I should have loved to have stayed and watched the birds, but my friend reminded me that we had to be home for lunch. We cooked sausages over a fire, which incidentally took us almost an hour to build up, and after a hasty meal we busied ourselves and packed up all we had brought.

Regretfully I turned my back on our first camping site, and turned my footsteps homeward. In spite of a somewhat sleepless and cold night, both my friend and I had enjoyed ourselves immensely, and vowed that whenever we could we would take our tent and spend another night under canvas.

A. CHOLE-REES, Lower IV.

THE POOL.

In yonder dale there lies a pool,
Whose banks are green and waters cool.
And where the waters still and deep
The trout and salmon swim and leap.

And when the sunlight fades away,
The sky becomes a dusky grey,
Down the path towards the brink
Come the deer from far to drink.

Does with small and frightened fawns,
Deer with widely out-spread horns,
But when the twilight turns to night
The pool becomes a silv'ry light.

JOY GORNALL, Upper Third.

THE WARNING

I was one night sitting at the great drawing-room window, lost in the melancholy reverie of night, when suddenly on the moonlit grass before me flitted a strange and grotesque shadow. What could it be? I peered further into the blackness, but it had disappeared. I backed away from the window hurriedly and ran towards the flickering firelight. It was homely and comforting after that weird phenomenon that had just made itself visible to my mortal eyes.

I have always been told I am an imaginative child, and I thought perhaps I might have suddenly received second sight so as to enable me to see the spirits of the night. But soon I banished these thoughts from my mind, as they were foolish, childish thoughts, and I began to think of more reasonable causes. Could the window upstairs be open and the curtain fluttering? No, it did not have that appearance; it had some definite shape. Ah yes! but what kind of a shape? I should think it was a mixture between a beast and a man, a kind of human animal. Suddenly a thought struck me and I shivered. Could it be—? Yes, it might and probably was, the ghost, the Ghost of Glenpalvis. My Father had mentioned it at dinner that very evening but my Mother had frowned and looked at me, after which Father had said no more. Well, if it was the ghost I was very frightened, and as I always go to Mother when I am frightened I decided to go to her now and tell her what I had seen. Reluctantly I left the fire and made my way to the door at the far end of the drawing-room. I opened it and crept into the huge stone-flagged hall. Yes, the hall of Glenpalvis Castle, although I was born there, always made me feel small and sometimes a little scared. Now it was night and as I had no candle it was ten times worse. At every creak and shadow I jumped. Along I went, keeping next to the wall, until I reached the stairway. I ran up and

burst into my Mother's bedroom white and shivering, I told her all about it as I lay in her arms, but she kissed me, telling me it was just a trick of the moon, and sent me off to bed.

Next day I went out to the same place underneath the drawing-room window and examined the ground and the surroundings carefully, but there was nothing there that could have cast a shadow the shape I had seen. I began to believe what my Mother had said, and soon I forgot all about it.

That evening, when the footman was serving us at table, I noticed that his hand shook. I asked him if he was well, and he darted a furtive glance at my Father, and replied that he was in perfect health. After dinner my Father took him aside in the library and questioned him, and as I passed the door I heard him say, "But, my lord, 'tis true, 'tis true as I stand here, and my eyes are as good as any in Glenpalvis." Then Father came back and took me to the window where I had sat yesterday and said, "Come now, laddie, and we will have a look at your shadow." So we sat there hand in hand peering out into the night. Suddenly my Father's grip tightened on my hand and I squeaked with pain; but he took no notice and went on looking into the night. I followed his gaze and there in exactly the same position as the previous night was the ominous black shadow, hovering over the moonlit lawn like some great human bat. My Father flung open the window and jumped to the ground, which was a full eight feet below. He looked up into the sky but there was nothing to be seen. Then he looked down again, and the shadow had disappeared. He soon returned to the drawing-room and said gravely to my Mother and me, "That was the ghost. One of our family must be ill or in trouble, for my grandfather told me it always comes to warn us in the same way as my grandfather was warned, when my father was dying of smallpox."

And now I conclude this extraordinary narrative in recounting this happening. The next morning a messenger arrived at the castle bearing news that my brother Angus had been shipwrecked, but, by the providence of God, had been rescued in the nick of time. You may, or you may not, believe this story, but I can and will say it is true, and in Scotland I am called "Robin the Truthful" by all who know me.

CATRIONA FARQUHAR OLIVER, Upper III.

A CAROL

An angel chorus rose and fell,
The shepherds quaked with fear,
As from the Heav'ns came Gabriel
To tell them God was near.

Our God has sent His only Son
Upon this earth to dwell,
And to Him now the children run,
As their Emmanuel,

The Babe is laid upon the hay
Within an ox's stall,
And at His feet the shepherds pray,
As blessings on them fall.

The Guiding Star doth shine above:
All men shall hail its Light.
The Babe within the stall is Love,
And He shall teach God's might.

ANNE HALLEY, Upper Third.

EARLY SPRING

The crocus comes in spring,
Among the early flowers.
The iris and the sweet bluebell
Wait for the April showers.

The breezes light and gay,
Are flutt'ring all the leaves,
The foxgloves waver in the wind
And birds sing in the eaves.

The roses red and white
Do hang around the doors;
The oaks uncurl their youngest leaves
While fairies do their chores.

The daisies in the lawn
Are glist'ning, pink and white.
The children playing in the woods,
Do sing in great delight.

J. JOHNSTONE, Upper II.

THE HUNT CLUB

An enormous crowd and many strange faces,
The day we went to the Hunt Club races.
The sun was shining and excitement grew,
As we watched our riders in red or blue.

Between the races we strolled to the paddock,
Where a dappled grey horse created much havoc.
But young though the rider, her courage was strong.
We soon saw her up, and away through the throng.

In the cool of the trees we found tea was laid
And we drank cool drinks and sat in the shade.
We watched the bookies, and heard them shout,
But 'twas hard to win money we soon found out.

The last race was over, the cheers died down.
We counted our winnings, a whole half-crown!
But this did not matter, as much as the way
We had spent an enjoyable Hunt Club day.

M. J. HARRIS, Upper Third.

MY ADVENTURES

I am a little puppy called Wiry, because I am a wire-haired terrier. I am going to tell you about my first rabbit. My master had told me that I was going hunting in the early morning. I felt very excited and I didn't know why. Then I remembered that I was going hunting and I barked with joy. I had never been hunting before but I felt sure it was going to be nice. Then master came and unchained me and took me to the paddock where the horses and riders and hounds were getting ready. Then we started off.

We went for quite a long way before master shouted "Tally-ho," and the other hounds and I started at a gallop. But they were much bigger than I was and I was soon left behind, for they were after the fox. Then I noticed a funny-looking animal with long ears and a fluffy tail. It had not seen me, and I lay flat on my tummy and wriggled through the grass, taking care to make no noise. But I stopped quite soon as it was not safe to go further. I drew myself up on my haunches and gave a jump right on to the animal's back. It gave a little squeak and went limp, and I knew I had killed it. Then I carried it proudly to my master who said that I was a good clever dog. The hounds came back panting and exhausted, but with no fox. I was the only one who had caught anything.

I rode home on my master's saddle as I was quite tired. When we got home master gave me a big bone and told me I was a very clever dog. Then I went to sleep happy and tired and dreamed of rabbits.

JANE HENDERSON, Upper I.

ANIMALS

I wonder which I like the best,
Most animals are gaily dressed.
The peacock with a lovely hue
Struts gaily round in green and blue.

I really like the big brown bear,
The babies are so very dear.
Or what about the cockatoo
Lots of colour, but not much blue.

A. ROBERTSON, Upper I.

SQUIRRELS

I love to see the squirrels small,
And watch them climb the trees so tall.
They hide their little nuts away,
And eat them on a winter's day.

Their tails are curly, thick and long,
Their little feet are small but strong.
They jump about from tree to tree,
A pretty sight you will agree.

JUDY SIMPSON, Lower II.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

The 16th Annual General Meeting was held at Herschel on Friday, February 27, 1942.

The following were present: Miss Robinson (in the chair), Miss Willis, S. Baxter, C. McKinlay, E. Appleyard, C. Villet, N. Waterman, E. Kay, M. Brown, D. Johnston, S. Drennan, S. Sandes, M. J. Spilhaus, B. Starck, P. Hill, A. Denniston, J. Petree, J. Hill.

Apologies for absence were received from: P. Rose, D. Brooke, J. Reay, G. Syfret, R. Gurney, S. Field, J. Turner, J. Southall, L. Jooste, and M. Harsant.

Miss Robinson welcomed the Old Herschelians, and expressed her gratitude to them for all their help during the past year. She welcomed the last year's Vith Form, and once more suggested that more members should pay their life subscription.

Office-bearers and Committee were elected as follows:

President: Miss Robinson. *Hon. Vice-President:* Miss Ralph.

Vice-President: Miss Willis. *Hon. Secretary:* J. Hill. *Hon. Treasurer:* B. Starck.

Committee: A. Denniston, S. Sandes, J. Jackson, P. Hill, M. J. Spilhaus, E. Appleyard, E. Kay.

During the year 1942 there have been no matches against the School, and only a few Committee Meetings, as so many Old Herschelians are doing war-work.

The Buxton Fête took place on Saturday, March 14th. The Old Herschelians once more had charge of one of the sweet stalls. The result was exceptionally good. Over £50 was raised.

The Committee would like to thank all Parents and Old Girls who so generously sent sweets and money, and all the helpers who assisted so willingly.

NEWS OF FRIENDS

Sheila Baxter writes happily from Port Elizabeth. She is a Lance-Bombardier in the Coastal Artillery and is in charge of the sports. Phillida Compton, who is also in the Coastal Artillery, is stationed down here.

Joyce Wood and Joan Simpson (Beattie) are doing confidential war work in the Post Office. Joan is hoping to spend a few months with her husband, who is now stationed in Port Elizabeth.

Irvine Orpen (White) and Jean Gant (Baxter) are working in the stores at the Soldiers' Club in Cape Town. Jean left recently to join her husband in Durban.

Wenda Petree has given up her music and has now joined the Special Signals Corps. June is still working hard in the Cable and Wireless.

Gerda Syfret (Weinlig) is helping at the S.A.W.A.S. Recruiting Office in the Old Supreme Court.

Diana Struben is in the office of the Merchant Seaman's Welcome Club.

Betty Robertson has given up her art and is working in the Meteorological Department at Mowbray.

Phyllis Schofield (Hoey) is a military nurse at Wynberg Hospital and Joy Rhodes is nursing at the Zonderwater Military Hospital.

June Allen and Nan Walker are also in the S.A.M.W.S.

Mary Howie writes from Cairo that she has been promoted to the rank of Corporal.

Mayna Traill-Smith, Lesley Long and Yvonne Hyslop are also in the Middle East with the W.A.A.S.

Joyce Lewis, Rose Rawbone and Nancy Wood are in the Transport Section of the W.A.A.S. stationed in Cape Town.

Joan Oosthuizen (Smithers), Joyce Reay, Peg Hill, Lynette Jooste, Felicity Thorne, Rhona Anderson (Macintyre), Fenella Douglas, Isabel Ethelston, Heather Pitt and Audrey Taylor are working for the Navy in the Coast Area Headquarters in Cape Town.

Pam St. Leger is secretary to the Naval Padre at Simonstown, and Eleanor Wadlow (Vaughan Jones) is doing Naval Transport.

Joan Hill and Pam Thomas are working at the S.A.W.A.S. crèche at Kenilworth.

Pam Rose obtained her M.A. degree at the end of last year and is now lecturing in English at the University of Cape Town.

Betty Starck, Anne Denniston and *Barbara Barry* are hoping to get their B.A. degrees at the end of the year.

Elizabeth Appleyard, Sylvia Sandes, Madge Brown, Cynthia Villet, Betty Wilks, Suzanne Drennan, Elizabeth Kay, Ruth Gurney and *Lynette Eriksen* are all studying at the University of Cape Town.

Nada Waterman is studying Dramatic Art and Music at the College of Music. *June te Water* is studying sculpture at the Art School and *Patricia Denniston* is doing Art at the Natal University College.

Dawn Johnstone and *Helen Steyn* are nursing at Groote Schuur.

Elizabeth Gordon has been teaching at the Boschetto Agricultural College and hopes to come to Cape Town at the end of the year.

Molly Harsant is teaching Domestic Science at the Dower Memorial Training College, Uitenhage.

Jasmine Honoré has been to Johannesburg with the University Ballet; she finishes her course at the end of the year.

Jean Jackson was married to Flight-Lt. E. Lind-Dagseth at the beginning of the year. *Peg Hill, Joyce Reay, Betty Starck* and *Averill Howell* were bridesmaids. *Jean* and her husband left for England in July but as her husband has now been sent abroad, *Jean* is hoping to return home.

Mary (Baxter) Fiddian Green has been staying with her parents but returned in September to Nairobi, where her husband is in the R.A.F.

Hope Beaumont (Wood) and her two children arrived from Trinidad during the year. She has been joined by her husband and they intend farming at Elgin.

Jean Southall is taking a Pre-Nursery Training Course at the Buxton Home.

Our sincere sympathies go to *Mary Goch (Le Mesurier)* whose husband was killed in N. Africa last January. *Mary* is now teaching at the Diocesan College Preparatory School. *Joy Le Mesurier* is working in the Cape Town office of the Government Scheme for House Management.

We were glad to receive telegrams of good wishes on Founder's Day from *Miss Eastwood* and *Pat Hill*.

ENGAGEMENTS

Moir Black to Lieut. Ronald Abbott of the Anti-Aircraft, and now a prisoner of war in Italy.

Joy Le Mesurier to Norman Pollock.

Joan Rees to Flight-Lieut. George Gordon, R.A.F.

Molly Harsant to Corporal John Slingsby, S.A.E.C.

Pendre Dykins to Dr. P. Agerholm Christensen of the S.A. Institute for Medical Research, Johannesburg.

Miss Guyse Hill to Lieutenant André Mandois, Free French Naval Forces.

MARRIAGES

Lind-Dagseth-Jackson. On January 31, 1942, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, *Jean Jackson* to Pilot Officer Eric Lind-Dagseth.

Tyler-Orpen. On January 28, 1942, at Christ Church, Kenilworth, *Pamela Orpen* to Lieut. Walter Tyler, S.A. Coastal Artillery.

North-Lenton. On July 15, 1942, at Christ Church, Kenilworth, *Hester Lenton* to Captain David Brindley North of Chicago.

Cook-Klette. On August , 1942, at St. George's Church, Johannesburg, *Cynthia Klette* to Captain Patrick Cook of the Transvaal Scottish.

Clarke-Pare. On February 14, 1942, at Holy Trinity Church, Kalk Bay, *Miss Nancy Pare* to Mr. Arthur Robert Clarke.

Madigan-Rowe—Fowkes. On March 28, 1942, at Rondebosch Congregational Church, Miss Hilda Fowkes to Mr. Madigan-Rowe.

Young—Skeeles. On March 28, 1942, at Christ Church, Constantia, Miss Olive Skeeles to Gunner W. N. Young.

Schofield—Hoey. In Pretoria, on October 31, 1942, Phyllis Hoey to Major Schofield of the Imperial Army.

Potter—Clayton. In Uganda, in May 1942, Rosamund Clayton (née Wood) to Mr. John Potter of the Uganda Police.

BIRTHS.

Field. To Sheila van der Horst and Stanley Field, on 16th December, 1941, at Leeuwendal Nursing Home, a son.

Butler. To 2nd Lieut. and Mrs. Sam Butler (Miss Anne Parker) on 18th December, 1941, at Mowbray Nursing Home, a son.

Musgrove. To Pupil-Pilot W. J. D. Musgrove and Mrs. Musgrove (Betty Wray-Brown) on January 12, 1942, at Leeuwendal Nursing Home, a daughter.

Green. In England, February 1942, to Dr. and Mrs. Green (Miss Lois Ruffel), a son.

Walker. On February 2, 1942, at Bathampton Lodge, Bath, to Lieut. Commander and Mrs. Peter Walker (Pamela Hawley), a son.

Fiddian-Green. On 6th June, 1942, to Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Fiddian Green (Mary Baxter) a son, Richard William.

Boyes. On February 19, 1942, to Lieut. and Mrs. Boyes (Margaret Garlick), a son.

Koch. On July 5, 1942, at Umtali, S. Rhodesia, to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Koch (Miss Myfanwy Jenkins), a son.

Black. To Mr. and Mrs. Alex Black (Miss Joy Buchanan), 9, Wychwood Road, Forest Town, Johannesburg, a son on 11th July, 1942.

De Klerk. To Captain and Mrs. Theo. de Klerk (Lavinia Struben) a son, on September 13, 1942, at the Moedersbond, Pretoria.

Hill. To Kenneth and Yvonne Hill (née de Villiers) a daughter, on 28th October, 1942, at Vaucluse, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

Tilbury. On 26th March, 1942, to Lieut. and Mrs. Pat Tilbury (Dorothy Carswell Smith), a daughter.

Murray. In December, 1941, to Lieut. and Mrs. Murray (Peggy Stuttaford), a son.

Dumas. In England, to Captain and Mrs. John Dumas (Hermione Parry), a son.

DEATH.

Salisbury. On October 10, 1941, at a nursing home, Torquay, Gwendoline, daughter of Horatio and Esther Salisbury of Gateshead.

Miss Salisbury was on the Staff of Herschel for some time during Miss Ralph's Headmistress-ship. All who knew her will hear of her death with regret. Miss Ralph writes of her: "Her candour and uprightness, her love and interest, her conscientious earnestness and singleness of purpose were an inspiration to us all. A real Christian Gentlewoman."

Founder's Day, 1943, will be celebrated on Friday, February 19. There will be a Commemoration Service at St. Saviour's in the morning, at 11 o'clock. The Prize-giving Meeting will be held at 3.30 in the afternoon.

All Old Herschellians will be heartily welcome both at the Service and at the afternoon Meeting.

The *Annual General Meeting* of the O.H.A. will be held in the Library at Herschel on Friday, February 26, at 5.30 p.m. So many O.H.'s are working now that it was thought that the later hour for the meeting would suit most people.

Please make a note of the day and the hour, and make an effort to attend.

