



1982

ANNUAL



OF THE

EVELINE HIGH SCHOOL

BULAWAYO, ZIMBABWE - 1982

HEADMISTRESS'S MESSAGE

My appointment as your Headmistress at the beginning of this year was, to me, the greatest honour I could have been given. After sixteen years at the school, I had come to love the old buildings and cherish the traditions for which Eveline has long been renowned. However, it was also with a feeling of trepidation that I sat in the hot seat knowing so well that so many illustrious past headmistresses had set standards which would be difficult to maintain and almost impossible to improve upon.

In this period of tremendous change the challenge has been greater than ever and I must, at this stage, pay tribute to the core of dedicated members of staff without whose support the challenge could not be tackled. You only have to page through this magazine to see for yourselves the achievements of the year — from academic successes, heights of glory in sporting competitions, to outstanding awards in the aesthetic extra-curricular activities, to realise that, with a united effort, we are all adapting to change. The tradition of 'service above self' shows no signs of exhaustion — indeed it is gratifying to

be able to say that more pupils are participating in various efforts than ever before. I repeat the oft-quoted "All people are good except those who are idle". We are obviously very fortunate at Eveline in that few are truly idle.

Have you ever asked yourselves why you attend school or why our Government is dedicated to the task of ensuring that all people have the opportunity of obtaining an education? What does the word 'education' mean to you? These are questions you should ask yourselves and I am sure there will be a variety of answers. This does not mean that one answer will be right and another wrong. I can just imagine one answer — 'education is the acquisition of knowledge'. But is this all? Surely the criterion of a good education is one which produces people able to utilise any knowledge acquired for the betterment of themselves and their fellow human beings. In other words education is a training for life and for living and sharing in harmony with fellow human beings. It is thus important to have contact with others and to understand and be



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prepared to help those less fortunate than yourselves.

"No man is an island, native of itself; every man is a piece of the continent" — so wrote John Donne and how true this is. Each one of you has something to offer and I suggest that if each develops her talent and shares the results this country can only go from strength to strength.

Do not be discouraged if you do not come top of your class. Academic success is not the be all and

end all of living. As long as you have not wasted your time and have learned to live with your fellow pupils in a spirit of understanding and tolerance and have recognised and developed your own attributes, you will succeed in life. Many people achieve success long after they have left school but the seeds of that success were probably planted and nurtured through contact with those who have imparted knowledge and stimulated the desire for the acquisition of more, and, above all, for its utilisation.



MRS. S. M. RENAHAN

After four-and-a-half years as Deputy Head of Eveline, Mrs. Renahan was appointed Head-mistress in January 1982, a position which she is eminently qualified to hold.

After attending Kirkcaldy High School in Scotland where her interests were music, hockey and athletics — she won Victoria Ludorum in the last — she obtained an M.A. Honours Degree in Geography at Edinburgh University and a teaching diploma at Moray House. In her first post in Scotland, she taught S2 Standard 3's every subject including woodwork and basketwork! In this country she taught Geography first at Tiverton High to all Forms from One to Six, then to Sixth Forms at Foundon High, where she ventured briefly into 'O' Level Biology as well.

At the end of 1981 Mrs. Renahan went to live in Luxembourg for one-and-a-half years, experiencing the coldest winter ever known in Europe, with temperatures of minus 20°C. In spite of this, she was able to tour much of Central Europe. For the next two-and-a-half years, she lived in Colombia in South America at an altitude of over 2,500 metres and ran a company school for children whose ages ranged from five to ten, all of different languages and nationalities — Spanish, German and English. She travelled widely in Colombia, touring the coast and the Caribbean Islands as well. On her return route to this country she toured Mexico and the U.S.A. Subsequently in 1986, she began teaching Geography at Eveline.

This interest in travel has taken Mrs. Renahan to many parts of Africa — East, South, Central and North-East; to Turkey, Israel, Greece and most European countries, her favourite being Spain. She has travelled to Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand and has been through the Suez Canal three times. Her other interests are reading — with preference for travel books and historical novels — and music; she is a very capable pianist. Her life has been interesting in other ways too; once, the team in which she was a driver won the Ladies Trophy in the Preston to Lourenco Marques (now Maputo) Motor Rally, the second in which she participated.

Clearly a career woman, she has found time to raise a son and a daughter of whom she is justly proud and to take a deep interest in the welfare of the less fortunate, as a member of the University Women's Association, which tries to improve the circumstances of women in this country, and as the current president of the Rotary Arms. Mrs. Renahan is probably the happiest kind of career woman, one who enjoys the warm support and encouragement of her husband in all she does. We welcome yet another headmistress with a strong sense of responsibility and devotion to the cause of education. We value her for her integrity and her dedication to young people.

R.G.

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OBITUARY

Mr. Gavain L. Hart

Three years ago, we bade a reluctant farewell to Gavain Hart when he relinquished his chairmanship of what was then the School Advisory Council. Little did any of us foresee that three years later we should have to record that our final farewells had been said. Early on the morning of August 2nd, Mr. Hart died in his sleep. When the people of Bulawayo gathered at the Hillside Church of the Ascension to pay tribute to him, not only was the church itself packed to capacity but throngs of people filled the grounds; for Gavain Hart was an essential part of this city for fifty years, and every one of those who came to honour him (and many more who would have liked to be there) had not only known him personally but had a reason to be grateful to him. He had an exceptional ability for making friends, not superficially but by his warm and concerned interest in people. Repeatedly he has said that he loved his work because, through it, he met so many interesting and delightful people. The truth is that they did have these qualities, at least temporarily, even in casual contacts, as an immediate response to his generous and outgoing personality.

Eveline School had a special place in his large heart. His wife, Ray, was educated here and still maintains her keen interest in all its affairs. His two daughters, Robyn and Janet, following in Ray's footsteps, maintain a love and loyalty for their old school. They also, like their father, were generous and self-effacing in their service to Eveline and, through it, to others. In the midst of our grief, it was a joy to hear our present School Choir raise their voices in jubilation and in acknowledgement to Mr. Hart when they sang,

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me".

for, indeed, it had been the pattern of his full and active life in which he had communicated this uprightness and compassion to all men and women, regardless of age, class or race.

We recall so many practical benefits that he conferred on the school. The paved area outside the Domestic Science rooms came about through his responding to an appeal for paving; his determination and goodwill carried through the building of the Swimming Pool and the Powell Pavilion; and it was by his persistence and encouragement that we ultimately achieved improved classroom seating; full chairs; and even new toilets. He visited our Hostels from time to time and supported, with considerable success, our requests for better toilet facilities there, and more readily available hot water; and he sampled the Hostel meals to convince himself that they were adequate — even for a man of his size! Recreational facilities, too, he encouraged and, on occasional holidays, organised picnics to the Matopos.

We remember, with pride, his presence at our Lectors' Assemblies. His impressive size was enough, in itself, to make us sit up and take notice, but by his genial manner when he rose to make his report or to give his annual 'message', he held the attention of every parent and every girl. His sense of humour, in the widest sense of the word, never failed him; he always had something worthwhile to say and, having said it, he sat down, without repetition or embellishment. We loved him for it.

For those in authority, he was always accessible: never too busy to listen and offer well-informed and practical advice; always there when he was needed and sometimes, almost like the magician, he would produce, 'out of a hat', loud-speaker equipment, transport, additional tables and chairs. At fêtes, swimming galas, P.T.A. functions and sports-meetings, even when, true to Eveline tradition, they were held in rain, wind and thunder storms, Mr. Hart was present, not just as a patient spectator but as a whole-hearted participant, cheering loudly for Buxton, his wife's old house. He added sparkle and excitement to every event he attended.

We shall miss him; indeed, it is impossible to believe that we shall not see him again at our Eveline functions and that Bulawayo will not hear again the voice of its favourite auctioneer. We shall not readily forget him, for he has left his mark so indelibly on the school. But in our sadness and sense of loss we remember the infinitely greater grief of his wife, our own Ray, and his two daughters who are also ours. To them we extend our deep and sincere sympathy on the loss of so outstanding a husband and father, so well-loved and so universally respected and admired.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

EVELINE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

In writing this short report I have the opportunity of sending good wishes to all our old girls, many of whom are living in far-away places. In Bulawayo, I am grateful for the support which old girls have given me during the year. The committee has met regularly in the school library and members have worked hard to raise money for our bursary fund. A morning market was held at Angel Centre, and the beautifully iced fruit cake, made by Mrs Sal Anderson, was successfully raffled. Our attractive notelets are still on sale at 50 cents a packet and we need items for our 'jumble suitcase'. We are extremely grateful to the girls of the sixth form who gave us a cheque for two hundred dollars — from money raised at their annual and most enjoyable fashion show. Their most generous donation has been added to our bursary fund. The school library has been redecorated and enlarged, and Mrs Nan Reybren, the Librarian was presented by our association with new curtains for one section of the library. Members of the committee again arranged a school leavers' party. At Leavers' Assembly we shall again be presenting cheques to a number of girls who are going on to further their education.

I appeal to old girls to attend our social functions, especially the annual reunion dinner and the quarterly luncheons, and to pay their subscriptions to Mrs Valerie Winter, our treasurer. Our luncheons are held at the Selborne Hotel and they have proved to be lively and happy occasions in these times of stress and uncertainty. We also like hearing from old girls in other parts of the country, or beyond. I offer my sympathy to those who have lost loved ones recently.

RAY HART, Chairman

"I have just overcome a bout of depression after realising that I have joined the ranks of the three million unemployed — rather a depressing place to be, but it has its blessings. I enjoyed my two-term stint at — Comprehensive but it was hard work and some of the adolescent males gave me a hard time. My survival was no doubt due, in part, to the years of teaching experience at Eveline. But, honestly, our 4 C of 1970's vintage were gentle ladies compared to some I have had to deal with here. Had I been a probationer I would not have survived at all. In fact my great mates on a staff of eighty nine were the probationers. We often compared notes and bolstered one another up

when the going got rough, especially towards P (in TGF). I got on top of the tykes in the end and found they were not as bad under a veneer of toughness. When I left I was given wine, chocolates, flowers, et al, by the kids who had given me trouble. No doubt they were amused I hadn't cracked under their onslaught." (from a letter written to Mrs Glavin by Mrs Vicki Walker, who taught Money at Eveline in the 1970's)

"I have survived my first term at the bottom of the pecking order and now look forward to my first holiday — two glorious weeks without school commitments. The period of adjustment has been traumatic ... My bins and pictures have finally arrived and the gifts from all my friends at Eveline serve as constant reminders of the good times. Addie's painting has pride of place above the fireplace and when I admire it my thoughts are very much with you. Housework and gardening are so exhausting that I have little energy for anything else, and have declined invitations to become involved in WP hockey. Travelling to and from school is a problem, but now that I have a new Datsun it only takes me thirty minutes to cover the 35 Km to St. Cyprian." (from a letter written to the staff by our former housemistress, Miss Dwyer, now in Cape Town)

"My mother had the bright idea of sending my sister and me to an Afrikaans school. After much persuasion we agreed to give it a try, so on Monday 8 February we went along to see them and I was put into standard 10B. Strangely enough the uniform was basically maroon and brown; I just can't get away from it, can I? But as it happened my first day at this school was to be my last. In the first period, when there was supposed to be a test, we sat and talked for a whole twenty-five minutes. I told my life story and my new classmates told me how strict the school rules were. Just how strict, I found out in the next lesson — Biology. Most girls had taken handfuls of popcorn from a machine in the corridor, and walked into the classroom openly eating it. The teacher came five minutes later, also with a handful of popcorn. I stood up as she entered but soon realised I was the only one in a class of 30 not sitting, not marching, and not talking. The lesson, on photo-synthesis, could hardly have been more basic — I think I had done this two years before, in form 3 — but half the girls seemed not to know much. As soon as the door sounded the class just packed books and walked out as if the teacher, who was still talking to us, wasn't there. During break the girls in 10B clambered over the fence into the grounds of the boys' school. In the English

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lesson soon afterwards I was asked by the teacher whether I thought I could cope with the high standard of English at the school. I said I thought it was obvious I could. "There is nothing obvious about it. You come from a backward country." So I asked my mother to find me another school and we are now at a co-ed of 500 boys and 250 girls. At least I shall not be climbing over the fence at break!" (from a letter written to Mrs Smith by Antoinette Nethenged, 4A, 1991)

"Surprise! Surprise! I suppose you thought you'd never hear from us again. All is well down here. Both Hazel and I will be touring Europe next year, having visited our sister Janice in Australia. Hazel is doing well at Barclays. She now holds a very NB position in the dealing room; she could make or break a bank depending on how she sells or buys foreign currency. I am still studying catalography (sic) and will qualify at the end of 1992. I will be settling in Europe after that, but will write before then to give you more information about the 'Caribe Twins'." (from a postcard written to Mrs Smith by Anetta Carella, LVI, 1990)

"I eventually decided to study International Relations. It is a very good department, with a variety of IR experts, qualified not merely as academics but with valuable past careers as active participants in the machinery of the state. This year I am enjoying studying Conflict and Co-operation, together with Modern History, International Law and International Trade and Development. The other evening we had A. J. P. Taylor speaking at the university — the man himself! I found myself very excited by the prospect of actually seeing and hearing the man to whom I owe a third of my A Level. He illuminated my approach to the 1848 Revolutions in my upper sixth year. He spoke to us about the origins of the Second World War, and despite his somewhat dogmatic approach and cocky attitude he was marvellous to listen to. I guess he is justified by the fact that he is an expert. He has a lot of courage in challenging some commonly held notions but it was also very interesting how he 'put straight' some of the views he himself held in 1959-60, when he wrote his first book on the subject. I consider myself very lucky to have had the opportunity to hear him and, of course, very lucky to be able to benefit from this sort of education in general." (from a letter written to Mr. Stewart by Gabriella Granaelli, LVI, 1978, now in her final year at Keele)

HEAD GIRL'S REPORT

This year Eveline has had its share of the proverbial trials and tribulations. However, 1992 has been highlighted by some outstanding achievements. Details of sporting and social activities are dealt with elsewhere, but I think that special mention should be made of the netball team, which was awarded the Old Maran Trophy — the first time Eveline has been the recipient of this coveted award. A number of our girls have been selected to represent Matabeleland in various sports, and deserve our congratulations. Also, past pupils continue to excel in sport, particularly hockey, and we note their progress and achievements with pride.

The teams in the Business Management Course did exceptionally well this year. Two teams reached the semi-finals and the other team the finals in Matabeleland. We seem to go from strength to strength in this event.

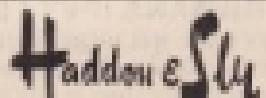
For the second year in succession the Eveline choir, under the direction of Mrs Bass-Ward, gained Honours in the Bulawayo Eisteddfod and — also for the second successive year — was awarded the Niki Antoniadis Cup for the best senior school choir. We are also proud of the success of individual girls in this Eisteddfod. As was the case last year, both our entrants in the Lions public speaking contest reached the finals and gave a good account of themselves against some strong competition.

The *Pajama Game*, staged by Gifford and including in its cast many of our girls, was a most successful production. It was entered in the National Drama festival and received a good adjudicator's report.

I would like to express my special thanks to our Deputy Head Girl, Linda Pringle, and to the Prefects, especially those of the Lower Sixth, who in the frequent absence of the Upper Sixth at classes at Milton have managed very well. I would also like to thank Mrs Renshan and Mrs Smith, who have given us all so much help and encouragement.

REBECCA MACKENZIE, LVI

GOOD SHOPPING —



— GOOD SERVICE

SCHOOL ADVISORY COUNCIL

The functions of the School Advisory Council are to support the Headmistress and her staff, provide liaison between teachers and parents and to endeavour to improve school amenities and conditions. Sometimes we can persuade the Ministry to provide improvements but, in these days of severe financial constraints, we are forced more and more to rely on our own resources. The Fund Raising Sub-Committee of the Council have done sterling work over the past year. Our three principal fund raising activities, the Tuck Shop, the 100 Club and the Secondhand Shop, continued to function efficiently under the able guidance of Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Robbins and Mrs. Fomison. To them and the parents and friends who assisted them we offer our sincere thanks, but they are still all too few. A very successful Morning Market was held on Open Day at the school. More recently, film evenings have been started, the first of which proved most popular. It is intended to hold two such evenings each term and we look forward to welcoming many parents, as well as pupils, to these.

Finding projects on which to spend the monies raised presents no difficulty, except in the selection of priorities. Visiting Committees of the Council to all three Boarding Hostels have defined improvements required. A request was made to the Ministry to improve the hot water supply and increase the number of baths and toilets in all hostels, but we were informed that the present facilities were adequate in terms of the Ministry's normal schedules. However, we are continuing to press for improvements and have offered to purchase hot water geysers if the Ministry of Construction can install them. It is also planned to install built-in cupboards in some dormitories and a grant has been made to each hostel for the purchase of leisure furniture. The Council is assisting in the purchase of a new, or rather secondhand, 16 seater school bus and delivery is expected about the time of writing.

At the request of the Council, the City Council erected "Children Crossing" signs on either side of the hostel entrance in 7th Street. However, these are rendered ineffective by the girls crossing the road three times between the hostel and the school in order to take advantage of a short cut! The lunch-time traffic congestion at the Borrow Street/6th Avenue entrance to the school continues to be a hazard, with no prospect of relief, as the City Council lacks the funds.

We can only appeal again to parents to park off the road, thus reducing congestion and the danger to pedestrians.

Representations have been made to the Post Office for the installation of a Public Call Box adjacent to Northward and McIntosh Hostels. To this they have agreed but, inevitably, there is a waiting list. Extensions to the library have been completed by the Department of Construction and the Council have agreed to purchase a folding door to subdivide the new room and additional shelving for the extension.

It was with a deep sense of shock and sorrow that the Council learned of the sudden death of Gavain Hart in July. He served for many years as chairman of this council and of the P.T.A. and set standards of dedication and loyalty that will be difficult to surpass. A fuller tribute to him appears elsewhere in this magazine, but here we would like to express our appreciation of his services to the school and offer our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Hart and her family.

In closing, may I thank the Headmistress and her staff for their assistance and guidance, my fellow councillors and fund raising committee members for their support and enthusiasm and, in particular, our secretary, Mrs. Brebner, who, in response to many pleas, agreed to continue for "one more last year".

DIREK FOMISON
Chairman

SATURDAY MORNING
STREET COLLECTIONS

We look at them, they look at us. Will they or will they not? Our stares penetrate into pockets and handbags; we must look like hungry dogs. But, to our dismay they walk past! We stand shivering, clad in stockings, socks, jerseys, scarves and blazers, waiting for that warming penny to drop into our tin. Ahh, here comes an old man; he's digging in his pocket, he stops in front of us, this is it! He is going to ... Yes, we think, he is going to ... We step forward to give him his tag, but ... he blows his nose instead. Sadly we step back, wishing that the crack in the pavement would open and swallow him — or us. As we stand there we watch the reactions of the stingy people. They turn sideways so as not to notice us and, like seals on the beach, scuttle away trying to avoid our looks of scorn. However, our day was not totally apolit; we were sometimes fortunate enough to hear the clink of coins dropping into our hollow tin. Do not let this article put you off; street-collection is interesting, good fun, and worthwhile.

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PUBLIC SPEAKING

One of the main inter-house activities in the first term is the Inter-house Public Speaking Contest. This year the adjudicator was Miss V. McDade and she certainly had a difficult task in selecting two girls to represent Eveline in the "Lions Public Speaking Contest" which was held in March. For some of the girls it was the first time that they had spoken in public. However, all the speeches were well prepared and delivered. It takes a tremendous amount of courage to stand up and address a group of people, especially if you know them, and all the participants should be congratulated.

Helen Purchase and Leena Pandjji were chosen to speak in the Lions Public Speaking Contest. Helen spoke on "The Greasy Pole of Success," and Leena spoke on "A Test of Willpower". The quality of their speeches is shown by the fact that both Helen and Leena were selected for the final round, an achievement which not only brought credit to themselves, but to the school as well.

An added incentive for the participants in inter-house public speaking is the "Audrey Hewitt Memorial Shield". The Lower Sixth Form of 1981, with the profits of the Leavers' Dance 1981, decided to donate a shield to the school in memory of Miss Audrey Hewitt, a former teacher of theirs. Miss Hewitt tragically died in the first Vickersair crash of 1978.

Miss Hewitt's main fields of interest were English and History, and it is for this reason that the "Audrey Hewitt Memorial Shield" is to be awarded to the house which gains the most number of house points in the annual contest. This year the shield was won jointly by Gladstone and Langdon.

REBECCA MACKENZIE US

SCRIPTURE UNION

Scripture Union meets every Monday at 2.15 pm. in one of the art-rooms, providing an opportunity for the young Christians of the school to meet and have fellowship together. Our numbers this year have fluctuated and we are always pleased to see new faces in the ranks.

Just a note on how S.U. is run. Each term we deal with a theme. For example, in the second term we dealt with the life of Peter. The lessons are devised by Scripture Union International, a worldwide and interdenominational organisation which exists to help and serve churches and Bible study groups. Not only does the S.U. staff provide the programmes, but they also organise camps and conferences on a local level.

Often the group is visited by one of S.U.'s travelling secretaries and this year we have been fortunate to have Pam Spence visit us. On behalf of the Eveline S.U. group, I would like to thank Scripture Union International for all the help and guidance that they have given us.

REBECCA MACKENZIE US

TOASTMISTRESSES' CLUB

President — Alberta Picotra
Vice President — Helen Purchase
Secretary — Marie Lewis
Programme Planner — Rebecca Mackenzie
Treasurer — Linda Shantz

The Eveline Toastmistresses' Club continues to give members experience in the art of speaking and helps them to overcome their shyness. The club has continued to go well this year although in the beginning we did have difficulties in finding a venue for our evening meetings, owing to the rising cost of food. The hostels are the new venue and our first dinner meeting was held at McInnes House, an impressive and most enjoyable evening. At this point, I would like to thank all those who made the meeting possible, especially the hotel Cook Marron for the delicious food without which we could not have survived the whole evening.

During Fiona MacLeod's presidency, 1981, the Toastmistresses' raised funds with which they bought "The Toastmistress Cap" for the best Toastmistress and Fiona herself was the winner of this. Mrs. Schonken, the mother of a former pupil, Kathleen van Zyl, last year donated the "Schonken Cup" for the most improved Toastmistress and the winner of this was Jennifer Roselieb. This year funds were raised for a gong which has been bought and has come into very good use — mainly in relieving the nervous, tongue-tied girls giving one-minute impromptu speeches.

I would like to thank the small but dynamic Miss Bartiss for all her valuable assistance which has helped to maintain the high standard of the club in all aspects of its activities.

ALBERTA PICOTRA, US

BREAKING THE ICE

In Toastmistresses there is a speech known as an "ice-breaker" — usually the first speech one gives in this the speaker is given the opportunity to reveal the truth about herself and her youth; though perhaps not the whole truth. It usually goes something like this.

My name is Penonella but I am commonly known as 'Peapod'. I was born on the 31 August 1543 and from then on I was not only a mistake but also a vegetable. Of course, I was not a real vegetable, but parts of me resembled various fruits of the earth. With my cauliflower ears I could hear a sound from miles away, so without knowing it, I soon began to pick up stompies. I must confess that this soon came to be one of my favourite hobbies. Let me now go on to tell you about my fantastic brassed sprout eyes. Strangely enough, with these small shot-out things I could only see something near me and nothing far away. I soon learnt that I suffered from myopia. Allow me to tell you in confidence at this point that had I known what myopia was, I probably would not have boasted about the cucumber sunglasses I had to wear. I can assure you that I went as red as a tomato when I made this discovery. Then of course came my sexy banana lips. These lips were not only a mordid yellow but they were thick, wide and juicy. Out of these lips came some of the most amusing, striking and astonishing words and in through these lips went the most sweet, sensational and scrumptious foods. With my snarpy nose everyone accused me of being a stuck-up snob. However, they all soon discovered that I was as crazy as a carrot. Pumpkin-coloured hair! Yes, I was a weird child but what could I do? I could not change my needle teeth to normal ones, nor could I change my narrow arms and legs to bangles or anything else. I was me and that's how I would be for the rest of my life. So remember that when you look at me and want to laugh, it was not my fault; I could not do any unnatural tricks to be born beautiful or good.

ALBERTA PEROTTA, 16

BLOOD DONOR

My knees turned to spaghetti as I arrived at the school hall. I peered inside. There were rows of stretchers on which lay some of my friends, with huge needles in their arms, from which hung bags. The hall had an eerie atmosphere and the donors all lay still; hardly anybody was speaking. I took a deep breath and joined the queue. To my dismay, I was number thirteen in the line.

Many of the teachers were there, although most of them had given blood before. When I reached the nurse, she smiled and told me it would only be a prick, which would not hurt, but my dentist has been describing his injections in the same manner for years. My thumb soon felt bruised and stinging! Next I had to have my name and age taken and I wondered whether or not I had just signed my death warrant.

"Did Dracula exist?" I wondered while I waited for the next stretcher. My thoughts were interrupted by a nurse who told me to lie down and relax. Relax? When you're about to be punctured by a large needle? Next to me one of the pupils was crying as the doctor could not reach a blood vessel and had to inject three or four times in the same area before being successful. When my turn came I shut my eyes, curled up my toes and waited for the pain. There was none, I had felt nothing. I was so relieved that I almost forgot to continue squeezing the little black ball.

When I had given my pint, I was told to go over and drink some orange juice. As I loved orange juice and was thirsty, I took a large gulp. My stomach felt terrible and my lungs began to wheeze for the orange juice was highly concentrated. One of the teachers, feeling confident, leapt off the bed and promptly fainted. He soon recovered, however. It was wonderful to see how many people were willing to donate.

The best part was still to come. I was given a large packet of sweets which I was permitted to eat in class! The sweets were revolting, but the idea of being allowed to munch in class was delightful.

DEBBIE PUTTER, Form 4A

FRENCH CLUB

A club with a difference has been started here at Eveline — the French Club. It is run by an organisation called the Alliance Française.

What does the French Club do? On alternate Friday afternoons, junior French pupils and then senior French students meet. We hold group discussions, learn many games so as to increase our vocabulary and also watch films; all this in French. When we have films, pupils from other schools join us.

At the end of last year the French Club staged a successful concert, and was joined by Townsend, Convent and Hamilton. We were honoured and perhaps a little awed, to have in the audience a gentleman from the French Consulate, Monsieur Rigard.

This year on Open Day some members of the French Club staged a selection of traditional French dances, wearing the traditional costumes and dancing to folk music.

As a final note we would like to extend our thanks to Mrs. Moffat for her inspiration, and to Marlene de Seara, a pioneering member of the French Club. They have given us much help and encouragement.

THANDERA MILALA, 4A

LIBRARY

The beginning of the second term saw a great change being wrought in our school library. In addition to the extension of the reference section into Room H., which will also be used as a lecture room, redecoration also took place with the walls being painted throughout and the floors sanded and varnished. During this long process, unsuspecting pupils found themselves pre-empted into moving piles of books from one section of the library to another, morbidly consulting each other that if they did not manage to find a section in life, they could at least find an opening in the furniture removal business with all the experience that they were gaining. As a result of many hours of hard work, our school librarian, Mrs. Borthner finally restored the library to its present order.

It should be noted that the Ministry of Reconstruction carried out the renovation and alteration of the library while the School Advisory Council generously financed the new "concertina" door dividing the newer rooms, as well as the shelving for the new room and the Sixth Form Library. The Eveline Old Girls' Association generously donated \$100 towards the cost of new curtains.

To end on a gloomy note, it is disappointing to see the conditions of some books being returned to the library. Girls should realize that it would be to their advantage to treat books with care, as this would enable the school to buy more new books instead of having to purchase replacements for ill-treated books. The number of books which have gone missing this year is alarming, especially considering the inflated price of new books. We therefore urge all library users to take care of their books to ensure that the library can serve the school to its best advantage.

BEVERLEY NEWMOUR, 1A

FASHION SHOW

This show was organized and largely "manned" by members of the Sixth Form. Though we had been rehearsing evening after evening, we decided to have a last quick run-through on Friday afternoon. Platforms, doors, seats, everything was ready; all we needed now was a little more confidence — and an audience. The first show was scheduled for 5.30 p.m. and well before that there were queues at the doors. But something had gone wrong and our early afternoon rehearsal had not taken place. As soon as our modelling team of seven were assembled we rushed into a frantic and confused final rehearsal. Meanwhile, the crowd at the doors was growing. Then panic. It was already 5.30 and we weren't ready.

When at last we began in some confusion, I wonder how many in the audience could have guessed at our feelings or at what was happening behind the scenes. All those outfits, and only seven of us; and all that quick-changing; and all those steps. Finding that the stepping down and up in such a confined space was causing delay, we began ripping off clothing as soon as we were off the ramp. In no time there was a chaos of shoes, discarded outfit, jewellery, make-up, not only on tables and chairs but all over the floor of a dressing room crowded with dressers, models and dances. Meanwhile, our DJ was having trouble finding the right place on the tape; and one of the joints on the carpeted ramp began to gape ominously.

Although we were all relieved to see the end of the first show, we were certainly not eager to polish up the routines during the interval. Nevertheless we coped better with the late show. It was, all in all, a most enjoyable evening, and we were thrilled to hear that over \$300 had been collected, of which \$100 was donated to the Eveline Old Girls' Bursary Fund.

Compiled from material provided by

SOPHIE NCUBE, 4A

JUNIOR COUNCIL

"All rise for the Mayor." A deathly silence steals over the council chamber as the Junior Mayor and Junior Mayors of Bulawayo, followed by members of the executive council, enter. When the prayer has been said and the minutes read we all wait expectantly for the meeting to continue.

The Bulawayo Philharmonic Orchestra has thanked us for our help at the last concert, at which we ushered and sold programmes, and asked if we could assist at another concert. Audible groans emanate from the end of the table. "Not again, I shanghaied five people last week," and "Well, it's good exercise anyway, I'll see Bulawayo won't have one of the longest city halls in Zimbabwe." Ten councillors, willing or otherwise, are chosen. Our next objective is to find a way to raise money for the S.P.C.A. Much pernickety, pencil chewing and careful deliberation goes into our endeavour before we finally decide to have a cake sale in town one Saturday morning! Next on the agenda is our monthly visit to the K.G. VI centre for which we have no trouble enlisting volunteers, as it is a pleasure to entertain the children for an afternoon.

Since our "Miss Teen Queen" competition is approaching rapidly, discussion on the subject is invited and again we all engage in careful deliberation, well, most of us anyway, though some

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uninterested members gaze at the ceiling or count the window panes. When all "matters arising" have been finalised and everyone is satisfied that they have said enough for one afternoon, we all file out, avidly looking forward to the next meeting of the Bulawayo Junior City Council.

**BEVERLEY SHYMOUR and
JANE CONNELL, LP**

MUSIC

1981-82 has been a lively musical year. In the third term of last year we were delighted to be paid a second visit by the National Army Infantry Band under Capt. Alexander. A packed hall heard about fifty musicians in a gloriously noisy programme of popular 'military' pieces. Then we heard some of them performing equally impressively as first a brass band and then a Dance Band. The programme was rounded off with some rather bizarre sequences by a human contortionist tying himself in knots to music, but it was the music that was really exciting that morning. In the first term of 1982 we were visited by a South African gospel group, New Song; and in the second by The Northwesterners, a university group from the U.S.A., who sang a variety of songs, mostly religious, with a breathtaking discipline and polish and with infectious enjoyment. These twenty two singers, with their unaccompanied songs, hymns, musical tongue twisters, Masonic action songs, and spirituals, could have kept us there all morning. There wasn't a weak or a dull moment, and we were greatly privileged to be, perhaps, the only school in Bulawayo to hear them.

The end of the third term saw — or heard — the revival of the inter-form singing contest, which was divided into two sections, junior and senior. Each form sang two part-songs and a round — the latter sometimes so demanding as to lead to unintended amusement. It was obvious that all classes, under Mrs Birrell-Ward's energetic and expert direction, had made a great and worthwhile effort, and the audience loved it. The adjudicator, Mrs Shirley Smith congratulated us on the high standard of singing throughout the school. She awarded the honours to Forms 3A and 2B, but the competition had been close, as we heard in the course of her detailed and informative adjudication.

Our very keen choir now numbers fifty-five singers. At the Eisteddfod during the second term we were awarded Honours and the Niki Antonacci Cup. Our soloists also did well, Helen Purchase and Linda Bennie being judged the best soloists in their respective age groups at the Eisteddfod. The choir is to sing two items at the Combined Schools' Carol

Concert in the large city hall in early December, and we are already at work preparing both for this and for Leavers' Assembly.

It has been a most rewarding and enjoyable year. Our particular thanks go to Mrs Birrell-Ward for all her work with the various choirs, soloists and the choir.

Compiled from notes provided by

HELEN PURCHASE LS

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT GAME

During the second term of each year, Computer Processing (Private) Limited hold a series of inter-school 'Business Management' games each Saturday morning. This year, forty teams from twelve schools were entered. Five preliminary rounds were held each with eight teams competing and the winning team and runner-up from each round went forward to the two semi-final rounds in which five teams played. The finals were held between the two winning teams from each semi-final, and the overall winners and runners up who this year were C.H.C. and Milton, went forward to the National finals against the Harare schools.

Eveline entered three teams this year:

Team 1: Helen Purchase, Linda Pringle, Shirleen Pringle and Sandi Slamer, came second in the preliminary round and third in the semi-final.

Team 2: Lindiwe Sibanda, Rebecca Mackenzie, Deepak Chhatrabai and Tabeka Dupote came first in the preliminary and semi-final rounds and fourth in the finals.

Team 3: Jane Connell, Tyrol Nathoo, Lura Porris and Noxipho Sonkorere came third in the preliminary round.

The Business Game was invented to give pupils an insight into how a business is run. Three or four years in the business world pass by in a morning, and the effects of good decisions and errors are exaggerated. Twelve or sixteen 'quarters' are played, each quarter representing three months of a year. At the start of each game, each team is given a balance sheet, which indicates the starting positions of the companies, and a decision form. This is the only time that the companies are in the same financial position: after the first decision, everything changes and the battle is on! At the end of the game, the company which has the highest average share value on the Stock Market is declared the winner.

There are usually four people in each team, and each is given a particular aspect of the game to concentrate on. The Financial Manager is

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responsible for the financial policy; the Production Manager is concerned with production such as the plant capacity and the ordering of raw materials; the Sales Manager is responsible for criteria like the Foreign Sales offer and the Promotion level, while the Managing Director ties all the ideas together and is concerned with overall control and strategic policy.

It may all sound very complicated to someone who has never played before, (I had nightmares about the game before my first time) but once someone has played a game, especially a swindling one, things seem to click into place and the whole format becomes much clearer. Next year, seven of the girls who played this year will be returning, and we hope that the experience they have gained will help them do even better.

HELEN PURCHASE UV
Langdon

INTER-HOUSE DRAMA

Best Play: Langdon's *The Jungle Book* (excerpts)
Best Producer: Susan Edge : Selforth's *The Blaizers*
Best Actress: Penny Harworth-Mate : Baloo in *The Jungle Book*

Special congratulations to these, and congratulations to all who took part. Their names are listed below, together with comments on the plays and players by girls in form 2, some of whom may prefer to remain anonymous.

BUXTON HOUSE

The Crimson Coconut, produced by Gillian Jenkins

Jack Pincher	M. Patel
Robert	S. Dyason
Mr. Jabswick	T. Lennon
Nancy Jabswick	T. Robinson
Nitro Gisnerinski	R. Posthumus
Madame Gisnerinski	R. Parker
Stagecrew	F. Jasat; A. Patel; F. Jagger

"This had everyone crimson with laughter, but it was a bit too funny... Brought a little laughter to the bored crowd... Quite funny... The girl was a bit too soft but she was all right... The Gisnerisks didn't keep their French accents... Tracy Robinson: The way she spoke was serene... A very hysterical play... Rather slapstickish, and excessively rude... A very wonderful play. Wasted about ten plates... Were those plates supposed to

break or was it a mistake? We found ourselves arguing over this... The scenery was the only good thing... M. Patel was so silly, I couldn't even laugh when she told a joke or a figure of speech... Karen Parker was so beautiful, everybody gasped... On the whole it was average... A play to be acted at a junior school... The detective spoke as fast as lightning and as clear as ever... Very complicated, especially if you had come late.

Samantha was really hot stuff... Minazi Patel spoke like an express lawnmower... The waiter was very funny but I should not like to clear up the mess she made."

GLADSTONE HOUSE

The Heiress, produced by Marie Scales

Catherine	Jyoti Nathoo
Dr. Sloper	Sharon Studdon
Mrs. Penniman	Melanie Brading
Maria	Geraldine de Souza
Marcus	Malinconous Wolfe
Voice	Annette Bonnie
Stagecrew	The cast

"Heartbreaking... Okay... Better than last year's... The main actress conveyed her feeling with superb facial expression... Too much talking and not enough action... It was interesting to see how the moods changed... I am certainly glad I didn't have to judge it, because I would have been expected to stay awake and listen, but I'm glad they did it, as I was tired... I was amazed at the dying father speaking with a harsh strong voice... The play did not end very well, because it left many people hanging."

LANGDON HOUSE

The Jungle Book (excerpts) produced by Helen Purchase

Narrator	L. Sibanda
Winfred	R. Beckman
Toomai	L. Brenner
Bagheera	T. Gouveia
Baloo	P. Harworth-Mate
Col. Hathi	H. Purchase
Kaa	R. Purchase
King Louis	J. Sibanda
Mowgli	C. Zarf
Various animals	S. Beddy; M. Diaz; S. Dube; E. DuPreez; P. Gouveia; L. Hadriana; V. Katawala; T. Marshenganyika; T. Mate; M. Moeswa; N. Ngwenya; G. Parker; S. Sibanda; L. West; P. Whittlefield
Stagecrew	H. McConville; B. Rice; A. Smith; M. Strachan; C. Van Beek

"A soaring success . . . The singers were too soft, but Mowgli acted and sang well . . . The elephants were dressed smartly, but the first elephant did not learn her words properly. She should know an elephant never forgets . . . Langdon did expert from the Jungle Book . . . The monkeys did disgusting movements not fit for their costumes . . . The Bear showed that it was a bear . . . Penny was realistic; that is what she is in real life . . . Now we were back to where we belong, in the jungle . . . All the elephants were shy and silly, hazy and reluctant, but the Bear uplifted our minds . . . Helen had a strong and frightening voice which frightened me also . . . The elephants were not impressive, they do not act like this . . . The narrator was a real expert, she looked as if she was lecturing at a university . . . Interesting and exciting, short and intelligent . . . The elephants seemed a bit lousy . . . The Purchase girl tried also . . . They really deserved the trophy, for you reap what you sow . . . Lindie acted as if she really was from the jungle . . . The Colonel spoke very intelligently . . . Without beating the bush, Langdon deserved to win."

McINTOSH HOUSE

The Spelling Mistakes, produced by Marlene Groul

Jean	G. Chakola
Machet	P. Chakola
Blanche	M. Groul
Cabosseut	B. Nellova
Potritus	B. Sivakowai
Stagecrew	A. Nellova; J. Case; S. Zanderberg; D. Botha; V. Toolip.

"Good but not all that good . . . Patience Chakola acted well, though in some parts a little too boisterously . . . Marlene Groul has quite good acting potential . . . It was well acted though some people forgot their words and their voices were a bit soft . . . A bit boring in parts but at least it was short . . . It seemed to go on and on . . . A bit unrealistic. Since when do you get a governor who can't spell? . . . I enjoyed it, even if they did not get into the finale . . . If we had had seats to sit on, I think I would have concentrated more on the words than on my bottom . . . Not well presented, I would say, although I am in McIntosh myself . . . I felt like sleeping, but I still enjoyed it as we missed a double period of Maths."

NORTHWARD HOUSE

Tickets to Illeriville, produced by Alberta Perona	
Ed Piper	L. Pacella
Mayor	P. Vuna
Councillors	T. Mikwanase;
	S. Moyo; C. Nyika; I. Sithole
Mother	A. Durand;
	M. Johnson; M. McKay; C. Smith; B. Tarr; J.
	Tarr; A. Van Eeden
Fathers	Y. Armstrong;
	L. Mikwanase;
Kids	J. Callumbine;
	T. Callumbine; A. Flanagan; D. Jones; P. Jones;
	T. Marambanadzo; K. Nauk; Z. Nsimba; E.
	Stahl; C. Thornborrow; L. Thornborrow
Rats	J. Benney; L. Bhana;
	N. McLean; H. Nauk; D. Van Zyl
Stagecrew	C. Maxwell;
	P. McKay; V. Massa

"Groovy . . . I think almost everybody played her part in a reasonable way, that is superb . . . Nerina, who played the drums, was nice . . . Not very good, some of them forgot their words . . . The music was good . . . I enjoyed the play when it was coming to an end . . . Lyn Pacella was marvellous, if I was judge I would have given her the Best Actress trophy . . . Just what was needed to arouse our deadened interests . . . So perfect that it was unrealistic."

SELBORNE HOUSE

The Blowers, produced by Susan Edge

Mrs Muggins	K. Bryden
Georgie	R. Bowers
Daphne	S. Galanti
Beth	R. Nunn
Rose	D. Connor
Mrs Brown	D. Roberts
Reese	K. Wood
Emily	R. Sepanski
Stagecrew	The cast

"Well-acted though they did not get tragic results . . . Okay . . . Fantastic . . . The room was all cleanliness and positivity . . . In The Blowers Selborne gave us something fishy . . . It taught us how to behave if there are visitors . . . The inquisitive Kerrie Bryden, as the neighbour, was not even ashamed of her part . . . Every actress did jolly well."

"Soundest very funny when they were all meant to come from the same family but had different accents . . . When she told a friend that she came from a rich family, she built a castle out of a matchbox! . . . I enjoyed the way Rosanna used her hands to talk with, flinging them up in the air in anguish."

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THE UNPORTUNATE HEIRESS

My biggest mistake of the term was to offer to participate in our house play. Actually, I did not have any choice in a house with few seniors and a house captain's pleading that was enough to give anyone a guilty complex. The play chosen was "The Heiress" based on "Washington Square" by Henry James. We were to do two scenes, one about the unsuccessful elopement of Catherine, the heiress, and the second about Catherine's change in character and cruelty towards her ailing father.

By another stroke of sheer misfortune, I was landed with the leading part of Catherine. The prospect seemed rather challenging in the beginning. I was, in the beginning, for as the practice progressed, I soon realised how deep I was in disaster. Very soon came the day of the play, or perhaps, the day of the "laugh" would be more appropriate. Knowing Gladstone's luck, it was obviously inevitable that our play should be first, but our friends reassured us. "Don't worry," they said, "it will soon be over." The curtains parted to reveal a large bored-looking audience who obviously did not expect much. In the centre of the hall sat the adjudicator, Mr. Fuller, with a calm, knowing look on his face.

I walked timidly onto the stage and while bending down to put my suitcase on the floor, I felt my hat wobbling. My hands were clammy, and I could hardly walk in shoes that were too small for me. Melanie, who played Avant Penruiter was evidently even more uncomfortable. In her attempt to speak louder, she forgot her words and, unable to hear the prompt, she turned towards the wings and hesitantly asked, "What? Pardon?" By this time, the laughter was exploding inside me. Soon, the whole play became uncontrollable and I found myself walking across the stage saying whatever I could remember. Four times I repeated the melodramatic lines, "He loves me, he told me so, I am everything he ever yearned for in a woman," which had the audience splitting their sides when they should have been serious and upset — as I was supposed to be.

The second scene was a little better. However, as it lacked action, I could feel the audience losing interest and as the hilarious memory of the first scene kept on returning to mind, I struggled to keep a straight face.

The play was reaching its most serious part. I was being cruel to my father, Dr. Sloper, a learned man of about sixty, who was failing miserably to light a mere cigarette. The irony of this moment struck me suddenly and while haughtily telling my father that he would die soon without knowing how I

would spend his money, I had a mischievous grin on my face. I did not even try to get rid of it for it would have made little difference. Our play was drowning and nothing could rescue it now. Needless to say, we found ourselves in sixth position out of six plays, but we were congratulated on our beautiful costumes.

JYOTTI NATHOO, 4A

"THE PAJAMA GAME"

A woman's eye view

After waiting in the chilly night air for at least half an hour, we find ourselves wedged in a mass of humanity which is surging towards the door. Entry at last! Inside, the confusion is worse. A number of Gifford sixth formers, hands in pockets and nonchalantly chewing gum, attempt vainly to cling to their dignity, as they usher everyone into more of a confusion. It now looks like a game of musical chairs as people are told to vacate their seats, while others are unceremoniously jostled into them. Is there favouritism towards a certain girls' school? Curtain up was to have been half past seven, but it is now a quarter past eight. There are still throngs around the doors and we are still sitting on the very edges of our seats because two girls beside us are sharing a chair. Amid calls of "Flash", the Gifford headmaster makes a brief speech of apology while we sit rather miserably in our chairs, waiting, as a sea of heads bob up and down in front of us. But what is this? Some bloke is taking off his trousers! We crane forward and upward in a vain attempt to see better, but someone is gesticulating wildly in front of us. As we bob first to one side and then the other, we hear much cursing and muttering behind us. Oh dear, we seem to have started a riot, but there is no other way to run the show, and we are determined to get out fifty cents' worth, so we persevere. We wish they would turn the volume up. What with chip packets crackling, much giggling, whispering, and a general buzz of conversation, not much can be heard. Ah! This is much better. A group of factory girls are now singing quite a catchy tune; something about seven-and-a-half cents, and Helen's voice is believing away loud and clear in the background.

Poor Sid! His and Babe's Yankee accents keep slipping, but they sure do try. Those willy-nilly fluctuating accents are a bit off-putting when we're watching the play only with our ears; the girl in front with the wild "Alfee" is still fidgeting in her seat, and our heads are sore from continually being banged together, as we both try to peer through the crook of her elbow at the same time. What's wrong with her anyway?

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interval at last ... We thought it would never come. Quick girls, let's go to "Eddies". We shove, push and barge our way through the multitude of elbow, getting a few "fairy" glances in the process. The cold air is refreshing after the stuffy hall, and we hurriedly make our way across the damp grass to our parked "wheelie", as couples disappear into dark corners, less eager for the delights of "Eddies" than we are.

"Three Wimbledon Wonders and a king size Twirly-Twin." Trust Jane to choose the biggest ice-cream! After quickly shoving and shoving our way through these delicious calories, we hastily return to Gilford, only to find that we could have had another ice-cream each. Oh well, we didn't have enough money anyway. After another session of pushing and shoving, we are at last in our seats again, and this time, thank goodness, we can have the two whole seats all to ourselves — such a privilege!

We don't quite understand what's going on. We're sure we didn't doze off, but here is some tippy-like fairy prancing across the stage in a diaphanous garment, and what's more, Hines is dancing with her ... A most unusual play. But wait, now he's throwing knives at Gladys. Oh dear, have they missed out a scene, or what?

Coooh, this looks interesting and romantic: a Spanish restaurant with low lights and Spanish-dancers. We must say, they make quite impressive figures.

This must be the final scene; it's just got to be — please. Babe and Sid are getting quite good at kissing each other now. We wonder how much practice they've had during rehearsals and between scenes!! Shane, we'd hate to be in his shoes tomorrow morning at school — his mates are ragging him enough even now. Wow! Does Babe realise how far her pyjama-top rises when she lifts her arms up? If only we could somehow tell her, as we actually feel embarrassed for her sake.

All we ever seem to do is push and shove our way out of this hall. Now to get all the boarders together ... This is worse than rounding up a bunch of sheep, and of course it will be all our fault if we leave someone behind. At last, here comes Audrey, our right-hand woman, scold flying out behind her as she stumbles over stones and potholes in the dark. And so to bed. Sleep tight!

S. and L. BLAUNON LO-

FIRST TEAM HOCKEY

The season began with first team tournaments, which helped the selectors in their choice of a Manzbeloeland team. Two of our girls, Heather Willows and Colleen Sauerman, had the honour of being invited to the Manzbeloeland trials. Colleen Sauerman is to be congratulated on being selected to play for Manzbeloeland and later being selected to represent the Zimbabwe schoolgirls' team.

1982 has been enormous fun. There was a memorably sleepless train journey to Harare, and we have enjoyed bus journeys to Gwanda and Harare.

Hockey at school improved tremendously throughout the season. Although we did not beat Townsend, we came second overall in Bulawayo and therefore had the opportunity of competing in the Mayor's Cup Finals held in Harare.

I would like to thank Miss Boehmer, our coach, and Miss Clayton for their encouragement and enthusiastic support. They made us work as hard as we have ever worked, with creditable results. There has been a very good spirit both on and off the field, and I would also like to thank all team members for their loyal co-operation.

The final results were:

1st	Convent	won	4-0
2nd	Berthles	won	3-0
3rd	Monrovia	won	2-1
4th	Bounden	won	2-0
5th	Townsend	lost	1-3
6th	Chaplin	won	1-0
		lost	0-1
7th	Thornhill	won	2-1
8th	Oriel	lost	0-2
9th	Q.E.	lost	1-3
10th	Marlborough	drew	2-2
11th	Rosebank	won	2-1
12th	Harare Convent	lost	0-2
13th	Watson	lost	0-1

COLLEEN SAUERMAN, SF

DIVING

As many of our divers left at the end of last year, Mrs. Penny, our coach, concentrated on training and encouraging the beginners. This proved effective, as shown below in the results we attained in both the Southern Sections and Harriers' Shield games held in the first half of the diving season:

1st : L. Williams; K. Pennington

3rds : P. Turrell; N. Zandberg

4ths : L. Faccia; L. Thornborrow; C. Thornborrow

I should particularly like to congratulate Lexley.

Williams on her very good performances in the only joined the diving team two weeks before the first gala. Her determination was an example to us all, instilling confidence in the juniors too. They also did very well. I should like to thank Mrs. Penny for her continual understanding and encouragement, and I wish all divers the best of luck in the future.

PAM TURRELL, LV

TENNIS

Although the results of our tennis matches against other schools this year were not at all good, the girls played well and with determination and enjoyment. The scores shown below do not do justice to the players, who came up against some very strong opponents. Thanks go to Miss Hedd for coaching us during the 1st term.

First Team Results

vs. Convent	draw	4-4
vs. Thornhill	lost	2-6
vs. Chaplin	lost	2-6
vs. Norville	won	8-0
vs. Monrose	lost	3-5

HEATHER WILLOWS, LV

ATHLETICS REPORT

The athletics season began with the well organised inter-house athletics meeting which was won by McIntosh, Northward coming second. Congratulations to those girls who won trophies:

U13	Veronica Lutteman	S. Robertson
U14	Veronica Lutteman	T. Mylne and G. Murray
U15	Veronica Lutteman	R. Kestens
Senior	Veronica Lutteman	C. Saunders
200m	Best Time	H. Wilcox

After much hard work and training, Eveline gained second place in the Inter-Schools Athletics. The final positions were:

Monrose	175	Founders	20
Founders	1475	Northville	52
Townsend	1186	Convent	?

A new addition to the season's programme was the Inter-Zonal meeting held at the Pitt Jackson track at the end of the first term. Eveline was included in Zone 6, which came first out of the eight zones participating.

The following girls must be congratulated on being selected to represent Matabeleland in the Junior Inter-Provincials: L. Hadzira, R. Kestens, H. Wilcox. L. Hadzira established a new Matabeleland

record in the U16 shot put.

The standard of our athletics has greatly improved. On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Miss Todd and Mr. Maynard for all their hard work and encouragement.

HEATHER WILLOWS, LV

BASKETBALL

The first team did not do too badly this year even though we lost most of our matches. The turnout of girls trying for the U13 and second team was encouraging. The top scorer this year was Julie Slater, followed by Leslie Williams.

Results of the matches played this year:

vs. Founders	1st lost	6 - 18
vs. Monrose	1st lost	17 - 32
vs. Chid	1st won	32 - 6
vs. Queen Elizabeth	1st lost	14 - 28
vs. Northville	1st lost	17 - 35
	2nd won	24 - 34
	2nd lost	16 - 10
	U13 lost	2 - 20
vs. Monrose	1st won	20 - 26
	2nd won	40 - 18
	U13 lost	19 - 20

This year's highlight was the Inter-School Basketball Tournament staged at Northville. Congratulations to Leslie Williams and Sandi Slater who were chosen at the tournament to represent Matabeleland. On behalf of the team I should like to thank Mr. Maynard for his patience and enthusiastic encouragement. I wish next year's team the best of luck.

RUTH SHIRK, 4A

SWIMMING

The first half of the 1982 swimming season was very disappointing owing to the unfortunate breakdown of our pool. This, however, was no excuse for the poor attendance at practices, as these were held by arrangement at Borrow Street pool only one block away. We might have gained better results than those shown here had the team not had to carry so many visiting swimming passengers. In the Harriers Shield Gala Eveline came fourth; in the Southern Section gala we came fifth; and in the Relays Gala we came third. I sincerely hope that more effort will be put into training in the third term, and more enthusiasm shown. I should like to thank Miss Clayton and Miss Todd for their hard work and encouragement, and I wish our swimmers all the best in the future.

PAM TURRELL, LV

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EXAMINATION RESULTS**A'Level**

+ Distinction Distinction

No Distinction grades at S'Level

S. Apps (English, French, Maths); L. Chak (History); T. Clever (Maths, Physics); M. de Souza (French, History +, Maths); C. Fletcher (Economics, English); P. Hesse (English, French); N. Horro (Maths, Physics); F. McLean (Mathematics, English); History +; M. O'Connor (Biology, Economics, English); S. O'Hagan (Afrikaans); S. Rakata (English); C. Wilson (History).

B'Level

+ Distinction Distinction

M. Botha (English); H. Bouw (Afrikaans); G. Connor (English, History +); Z. Moye (English, History); S. Day (Afrikaans, Maths); T. Dlamini (Afrikaans); L. Giese (English); A. Hess (Biology); S. Karkusha (English +, French +, Maths); M. Lamb (Afrikaans, English +, History +); A. Liddell (Afrikaans, Maths, History); D. Lucas (Afrikaans, English); H. Maca (Geography); R. Mackenzie (English, Maths, Biology); S. Mchunu (Maths, Geography); P. Mergen (English); S. Mkhala (English, Maths); S. Nkosi (Geography); A. Ntshwa (Maths, Physics, Biology); N. Ntshya (Biology, Geography); J. Overberg (Afrikaans); P. Pauw (English, French); A. Peters (Afrikaans, French, History +); B. Pogu (English, Biology); R. Purchas (French, Maths +, Physics); S. Rose (English); T. Rossouw (English); L. Sibanda (Maths, Biology); L. Tambwe (Afrikaans, History); S. van der Merwe (Maths, Biology); S. van Zyl (Afrikaans); J. Wilson (History, Art); E. Woolacombe (Afrikaans +, Maths +, Physics, Biology); M. Young (Afrikaans).

C'Level

(Figures in parentheses denote number of distinctions)

Nine Passes

D. Chikudzwa (1); N. Dv-Sarot (2); L. Pringle (2); S. Pringle (2)

Eight Passes

K. Breyer (2); S. Heldengardie (1); A. Nottingal (2); B. Seymour (2); H. Wilson (1)

Seven Passes

S. Chapman; J. Connell (1); S. Edge (2); M. Soper (1); A. Smith; S. Staines; E. White (1)

Six Passes

A. Crotton; R. Nunn; L. Pendle

Five Passes

S. Barry (1); D. Bremner (1); M. de Souza; H. Day; G. Jenkins (1); M. Martin (1); T. Morris (1); A. Paull; F. Turnbull (1); L. Whitaker

Four Passes

P. Bhagat; S. Jackson (1); N. Lambie (1); L. Machava (1); G. Sali (1); H. Prage; S. Richardson (1); S. Shatto (1); C. Stoye

Three Passes

J. Chikudzwa; J. Coets (2); M. Khalipay; B. Smith (1); M. Vianca

Two Passes

B. Balmer; L. Lubwachaga; S. Lulow; S. McIlivin; N. Maponga; T. Sharpe; D. van Zyl

One Pass

M. Walker

Distinction Certificate of Education

(Figures in parentheses denote number of distinctions)

Higher Level**Six Passes**

M. Currah (2); H. Craigie (2); C. de Chaves (2); H. Spencer (2); C. Stephenson (2); T. Tomlin (1); A. Vennall (2)

Five Passes

H. Barker; D. Bourne (2); C. Brown; M. Chacha (2); M. Corriva (1); C. Goldthorpe (1); J. Hauchard (2); J. Hopkins; S. Marshby (1); L. Mofisa; B. Nuth (1); V. Nwanga (2); F. Obi (2); M. Odege; L. Russell (2); I. Ryan (2)

Four Passes

D. Botha; P. Chodilo; T. Howlett; M. Keith (1); S. Mawhinney; P. Moller (2); C. Mathee; S. Motsepe (1); S. Rasmussen (2); G. Sanderson-Smith; R. Sepulveda (1); S. Schofield (2)

Three Passes

S. Motsepe; J. Mow; L. Moerdyk-White; V. Trapp (2); D. Kulu

Two Passes

M. Gibson; A. Kruger; S. Sibanda; C. Tait; S. Wilson

Lower Level**Three Passes**

D. Brady; L. Chandler; S. Hassan; A. Janat; A. Lutat; C. McConville; T. McNaull; K. Mbokadi; N. Mkwana; P. Padi; S. Peletz; L. Roberts; T. Sibilo; L. Sibaledi; D. Sweet; M. van der Westhuizen; C. van Niekerk; H. Visser

Two Passes

B. Bellig; A. Cudlipp; L. Gies; N. Jack; B. Pyle; D. Tomlinson

One Pass

S. Roberts

EISTEDDFOD AWARDS**Voice and Free Speaking****Honours**

Louise James; Margot Laddell

First Class

Antoinette Durand; Margot Laddell; Lindsay MacKenzie; Debbie Tomlin; Patricia Verna

Second Class

Wendy Bell; Firdaus Hoque; Missed Paul; Form 1A; Form 1B

Vocal Music**Honours**

Heike Purchas; Choir

First Class

Linda Bonsu; Gillian Jenkins; Lynn Mkwana; Helen Purchas

Second Class

Gillian Jenkins; Lynn Mkwana; Sybil Ngwenya

Mid Assisted Caps**Choir**

Belgrave Cecilia Society Cap

Helen Purchas

Rita Cromer Cops.

Linda Bonsu

A.P.**Honours**

Kathy Mitchell; Amanda Sonnenber

First Class

Trevor Armstrong; Sharron James; Lynette Lubwachaga; Anna Lutat

Second Class

Trevor Armstrong; Michelle Biss; Paula de Souza; Elizabeth Gouws; Lynette Lubwachaga; Samra Piley; Tracy Sharshan

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PRIZE WINNERS 1981

Powell-Harris Scholarship: Marlene de Souza UVL
Miller-Langdon Scholarship: Fiona Mackintosh UVL
Penobscot Cotton Scholarship: Cheryl Hartshorn UVL
ED.G.A. Bernoulli Scholarship: Cheryl Hartshorn UVL Marlene de Souza UVL Suzanne Apps UVL Patricia Mangan LVP, Hilary Brown UVL Brenda van der Merwe LVP, Dawn Bassett IVC
Leadership Cup: Marlene de Souza UVL
Achievement Cup for outstanding service to the school: Elizabeth Norton UVL
Walketon Cup for outstanding service to school sport: Kathleen van Zyl UVL
McLellan Award for Scholarship: Fiona Mackintosh UVL Marlene de Souza UVL
London Cookies Cup for the best 'M' Level Scholar: Helen Purchase LVP, Karen Williamson LVP
Hugo Cup for the best 'O' Level Scholar: Shalene Pringle IVA, Gwyneth Davies Drama Cup: Helen Purchase LVP
Grovesome Cup for Public Speaking: Charlene Wilson UVL
Dolls' Marbles Medal for contribution to the cultural life of the school: Antonette Naidoo IVA
Liberator's Award for outstanding service: Helen Macrae LVP
Bassett Cup for outstanding performance in Science: Karen Williamson LVP
McLanglands Cup for Mathematics: Helen Purchase LVP
Southernland Cup for Biology: Charlene Wilson UVL
Shirley Cup for outstanding junior academic performance: Lynn Nathan IVA, Kim Tressler IIIA
Hancock English Prize: Fiona Mackintosh UVL
Decorating Trophy 'G' Level Mathematics Prize: Despina Chaitoglou IVA, Shalene Pringle IVA
Kids' Wright History Prize: Elizabeth Norton VII, Gina Natac VII
Best 'O' Level Geography Prize: Linda Pringle IVA
Wits Form Athlete: Alison Liddell UVL
Wits Form French Prize: Marlene de Souza UVL Marlene de Souza UVL
'M' Level Geography Prize: Deborah Cawson LVP
'M' Level Chemistry Prize: Karen Williamson LVP
'M' Level Biology Prize: Karen Williamson LVP
'M' Level Athlete: Alison Jacqueline Corrie VII
'M' Level Biology Prize: Denise Chaitoglou IVA, Linda Williamson VII
'M' Level English Prize: Marlene Pringle IVA
'M' Level French Prize: Shalene Pringle IVA
Art Prize: Linda Williamson VII
Z.C.E. (Higher) Prize: Helen Spencer IVC
Anderson Award for interest in Cookery: Dawn Bassett IVC, Helen Spencer IVC
Tyson Prize for the best Headteacher: Marie-Odile DVP
Cook Off The Team: Shalene Pringle VII
Headteacher's Prize for Progress: Linda Williamson VII

Colours Awards 1981-1982

Academics: Elizabeth Norton, Despina Chaitoglou, Marlene de Souza, Linda Pringle, Shalene Pringle
Braves: Smita Edja, Helen Purchase, Kym Wood
Athletics: Heather Wilson
Basketball: Kathleen van Zyl
Bootsby: Lesley Green, Colleen Stevenson (most award)
Football: Lindine Hobbs, Kathleen van Zyl

Hall-Colours 1981-1982

Athletics: Lindine Hobbs, Rosalie Kotzeva
Nettles: Farren Terrell
Basketball: Sandi Smita, Lesley Williams
Football: Smita Mamodeka, Faridah Hooper

INTER HOUSE SPORTS SUMMARY

Athletics			
McLanglands	162	Southernland	47%
Northward	158	Grovesome	38%
Langdon	123	Bassett	30%
Swimming Gala, third term 1981			
McLanglands	177	Southernland	48
Langdon	142	Bassett	35
Northward	129	Grovesome	37
Football			
Junior final:	Langdon beat McLanglands 1-0		
Senior final:	McLanglands beat Northward 8-0		
Hockey			
Junior final:	McLanglands beat Langdon 2-1		
Senior final:	McLanglands beat Northward 4-0		
Tennis			
Junior final:	McLanglands beat Southernland		
Senior final:	Langdon beat Northward		

cranciel, et trois grandes mouettes volent au-dessus de ma tête, leurs cris resonnant étrangement dans ce monde nébuleux.

Je continue à marcher, mes pieds traînent dans le sable glacial, sans laisser de traces, mais toujours je vois la même vue — la mer rouge, le ciel cranciel, et les trois mouettes. Peut-être que je marche en cercles?

As loin, je distingue une figure brumeuse qui s'approche graduellement, si gracieusement, comme si elle flotte, je me tiens cloîtrée sur place. Ce visage luisant, ces yeux patients et affectueux, et ce sourire

LITERACY SECTION**MON REVE**

Tous autour de moi sont des vagabonds blessés qui erraient paresseux avec monotonie, et se bercent silencieusement sur le rivage. Un sentiment de solitude m'enveloppe tandis qu'une brise légère me caresse les cheveux.

Maintenant les vagabonds resplendent, jusqu'à ce qu'elles dévoilent la couleur du sang. Non pas la couleur seulement, mais elles déversent du sang même — épais et chaud. Le ciel bleu, aussi, devient tout

ARENEL

Playing a sweet part in the economy, every bite a delight

serain — ce sont ceux de ma soeur morte. Je lui tends les bras, mais elle échappe les lèvres me murmurent quelque chose, et elle fait signe de la main. Maintenant elle se renoue et se met à s'éloigner. "Attends!" crie je désespérément. "Ne me laisse pas ici, toute seule", et je lui saisit la main. Mais toutd'abord je ne tiens qu'une feuille morte qui tremble au posséder dans ma main.

Remplie d'angoisse, je me réveille, sautant dans l'obscurité. La peur et la solitude tombent sur moi. Ce n'était qu'un rêve. Ma soeur est encore morte, et personne ne peut ramener les morts. Tant que nous sommes en vie, ils restent hors de porté.

SHIRLEEN PRINGLE LV

McIntosh House

INDUKU ENHLE IGANTULWA EZIZWENI

Le-kwelomhombalanga kuendawo ebtwa kuthiwa yINdulana.

Kuyonzo indawo kusakikomfuna owayebhisa ngoliso. Wayekhalo koyisa mihala uzithanda ngoba abusali bakhe bubele igemukulu tempi yelodisha. Wayengamahlile umazulu kalamata, ephethwe emisionyewen yonko emisionen yaseINdulana, ejalo wayengamahlile rje entoda matibi. Wayekhalo ekuhle esandileni zenzintwini: eziqipiteyo.

Lapho eyeriyathela khona warungathi usandilini kusitiki usindikeni zemlagywini. Inwele ukho matimyanya okwamahale eMankuk eycotihwe amalaha, amelha la ayekhanyawula okwemkayeni phusika. Liya lishone ubone anguri ubuhle bakhe bayenda. Pho-ndoda mayelisa "ngoyamasiyo amphikulensi. Phela ikwakathi angabe lekhishla ukhulene haye, warungwadlu ngemahle emloeyen ikokatikha usenita, kusito waruphose ugijimela inkomo yokumananthisa Tokha okuchangalayo okhura kudzibago.

Hazhi umama abili, eyetadi unaka Toki kompanda zonke lezi. Nua uyelelebe qibukhalu usandilwa ethukhura pedva ethi. "Yav-ezi le tenu syekolihai ngoyekunonda intombi zonke amabuleni. Le iedobha enye elaza leyesagenzima) ngoyothandu mitamani, le aZo (indodakazi) yeduma iTokii usagisa ngoyo edumana kofihundala ..." unaka Toki akhono okunthukathu abili uZiso.

Toyeni hutsyi, narka amanzoeharana eschiala ethenga lokhu laboluya evinkilini lika Babu Mpofu Bathenga kusike lokhu besetela okufihundala impuzake kofihiso. Unaka Toki haye egoyeyse wabo, waruhengela Indodakazi yikhe umcipo kumharata, ikgopoko kogopoko esibuhla esingophupherela ngakoma ngaphansi. Inkapep yilanga chambelana fentebata zonke.

Malanga mangaki engenzaanga undlalo yokuthokozisita lunga kuzaziva kwemododakazi pakhe. Nango uZiso before ukusenza nobi wabo bet hi matukhapha aZo. Umengelo walokha yikudha uZiso umthobho lampanda uno ndla boekie, thanda mina. Ngumuyama anganati, uZiso vole akhabishi kumhambhi. Pho kovo khatibishi ebolingonivelu puma umasifilwa ngabasi.

Undlalo jinsiklo, imra kusike limkhalela umtanaalo. Likhlo lapho lingathi mihazi indodakazi yalo ethukhura lofihiso ngaphansi kwesibhakha, latidhaywe levado kaugla libe sekhili erihizipeni. "Kungasade kuregaphodilana." Kusike ke amajaba babemnyeyo uZiso ngemu yebubule bakhe.

Ondunye warujala wasiqanga indlindi wantibusi abafiso wathi "Kami nolola kufiso?" Awupeni ulum Uyiipholo yimi ekakhetheni intombi?

Awubosi ngan i ukuba imonti zonke kyo seINdulana ukuba ziyak afuna. Njalo ngijesa kuthiwa amazikazana angala qhawenewa leSpakewini aserisilo. UZiso yena umphendula ngelipholleyo ethi kusikera kusitiba ukuba aqezine.

Ngobamye abusuku ishega elieguphanda uyemekhulu kaSeliso lambusa umtakalo walo latu. "Hawa baba Dawa hawa likhombis nini? Hushu lambusa iMadhenindlongu angibusu wotalo umtakalo osene wangithula lam, Bengulu wyanoma lokha." UZiso Iwagala tyamethana ukwya umtakalo eyengewulindlongu rjalo engawewulungeli ukuthi umgavela emisionyeni kusikemkhulu.

Nyengendoda elomcabango ukuthali sangoma kallihaya wathi "Angikhla khaya yini elafhi indaka enthi qaziyeha entiveni." Pho usiyiganya nini nyengoba ukhala umgobasayo kokaphela. Kusito ukho eyipapide phansi eyipapide ngibone umlazi omutsa, latso inkhega libhathazekile ngomazakula walo. Wayenguya pofea uZiso abusulivo abalo Sibanda.

Ngeviki cyalandefayo wacela ukwemkeleniela umuhlemakhe cosmapalauini angasempatalanga yohMwala. Umakumakhe lo wayemthu okuphosa ukhala okakaTshaka. Kodwa koba uZiso wayepasa lempilakale elapha kuthandanga ukhala latso iikhulu, wabona kufazek aqelec ewyeyephelehe ngemandalu obudeka.

Ngeleboto yolekungwa waribona charbu labanye erikonzweni loba rje eINdulana waychambu kurya ngomnyaka. "Maye baba "that's an angel", kusiko uZiso lapho shone enye intombi, eyaphilesi phandu halale umthobhi. Usuthi uZiso wayibza wathi kuyimkhangele. like inkoma ihlanguma amelha syo ikuZiso yakhengela ngokuphangisa phambili umgakoni okhla uZiso abalo okwakolihua obumewi bayo. UZiso waritwa oklamabuso

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ngalokho aysakwemule. Wazirenda khonalapho umama anganamiso kumbe ngakibo ngumasa kumbe ngaphakabathi.

Wazigqisa ngolokuthi abathakathi labengeni heonto. Okwakhulwya ngamfundisi kalkwewanga wasi waphaphera lajho omvaliese esemphweli ukuba nkukyolokuthi uit uba baphume.

Kakabathathanga inkibathi sifiso late intombi ukuba banane. Uthando bwavutha kufuba abubhi. Umakunake ka Sifiso kwakarathokorisa ukubona ukuba waye ngakhethanga inkivane ngophaphela ibolile. Labusini buka Nienbylyelanga bujabola benoma indodakazi yabo ubandane lemkukulu wabantu abubekomiphaka kakhula.

Ekuveleni kula Nienbylyelanga kufihanda ondala, akwange kubo lenayo ngobo lalo inkhele labo fashoneta intibalo pentekoso lokuthola phakathi kwakulu abubhi lapha ubenbadile. Lasekuma inkhele kubhla intindandane luyolala littli "Induka otile iganyulwa oziwon."

WINFRIDA MPOFU LALI

TOE IK DIE EERSTE KIDDE IN MOTOR BESTUUR HET

Vergeloed jaar, toe ek die Kersnoevakanisie op my oom en tante se plaas denugebring het, het ek geleer hoe om 'n motor te bestuur, of liever, hoe om 'n ou Ford viagentaar te bestuur.

My neef, Leslie, wat negentien jaar oud was, het saamgestaan om my op my eerste les na te neem. — dit was die grootste kost van sy lewe. Ons het binne die ou Ford geklim, en hy verduidelik wat ek moes doen. Angenien ek dikwels vooraf doppieshou het terwyl ander mense bestuur het, het ek gedink dat dit soos eiers kliks sou wees.

Ek het aangekakel, in tru-vermalling geskakel, en stadiig die koppelaar laat skiel. Byna onmiddellik was daar 'n verskerlike gejask en ons terrehoed. "Vlossie", het van onder die trek uitgeskreef, sy ster tussen my bene, gevvolg deur vier hoenders wat hard gekryp en gefladdier het. Daar was net vere en elkeke en hawua crabs! Ek het nou pap gevrees van die skrik, maar nietemin het ek die rompende geitjie, ek het na versoek na ongeskakel, en het na die hande bestuur.

Op pad het ons drie plaatnatarele oppelaai, en die keer was daar geen ongevalle met die wegtrekking nie. Een natuurel was so besig om te praat en om gebare te maak, dat toe ek vinnig om 'n slagger gewensk het, het ek algival, binne 'n riedelvloep waterplas. Aansal het angst doedgedaan van die lag, maar by was nie gevrees nie — al wat jy los kan was reuse wit oogappels.

Later het ons hulle algelai nie voordeur ek deur 'n paar speselle bestuur het nie, en my besturing het so baie verbeter dat ek onseker geword het. Ek was heeltemal op my gesmak, en so besig om te praat dat ek nie die slot voor my gesien het nie. Leslie het geskreu en het tenselfdertyd die handbeen geskreu, maar dit was nevergeth. Ek het my kop pyunik teen die ruit geslaap, en die motor het doodgeraak. Terwyl ek agter die vragmotor gestaan het, het Leslie die motor aangeskakel, sodat die wiele rondgedraai het, en gevoldig is ek dan moerd en water na gespuip. Natuurlik kon Leslie nie opstaan so lig nie, maar toe die Ford dieper in die modder neergedaal het, het hy besef dat hulp nodig was. Ek het gesoege van besturing vir een dag gehad, en ons het stdig huis toe gekoop.

SHIRLEEN PRINGLE LALI
McIntosh House

SAFE DELIVERY

At three o'clock one morning we were awakened by a frantic knocking on one of the bedroom windows. Through the tintible of the labourer's outpourings we gathered that a cow in the barn was in difficulty. At once water was put on to boil. My Dad scrubbed his arms and heavily pulled on a pair of thick disinfected gloves. Soon he had flung himself on the floor beside the cow and I saw his arm disappear into her body. I positioned myself on an upturned bucket from where I could watch the proceedings. Time seemed to drag. Impatiently I clenched and unclenched my hands, silently urging my father to hurry lest both calf and cow were lost. I told myself that if he would give me the chance I should have the calf out in no time at all. Of course, I did not voice my thoughts but sat watching my father's every move in tense silence. Beyond the dazzling light of the spot-lamp the sky hung like a heavy black curtain broken by a sprinkling of stars. The air was fresh, but for the smell of the heaving animal. I don't think the farmhand breathed freely during the whole operation. His eyes were wider than wide open, as if afraid of missing something. His small, spare frame, with a sparse covering of greyish white hair, crouched tensely beside the cow's head as he patted and stroked the animal lovingly.

Suddenly the cow gave an almighty push and a sturdy little calf slithered to the floor. The silence was shattered by a whoop of joy from my Dad. The old labourer rushed to wipe the calf's body, his wrinkled face split by a toothless grin. Tired but happy we returned to the house. But we were too excited to go back to bed. It was just five o'clock.

NERINE MCLEAN, 4 B

THE LAST DAY OF MY LIFE

It is early morning. The first rays of sunlight creep through the bars and fill the room with bright haze. Outside, I hear the monotonous tranch of footsteps as wardens, guards and prisoners make their way across the large grey courtyard — going where? Possibly to some dark dingy cell like my own... or perhaps to freedom.

Freedom. The word rings in my ears. Freedom, freedom. It is a word I must forget; it no longer applies to me and my life. Freedom is gone, only darkness and gloom remain for me. Or perhaps freedom is appropriate to my situation after all: surely I will be free from the cruelty and unfairness of this world, from the inhumanity and lies of humanity. This cruel world has broken down my existence, through lies, hatred and indifference. I am guiltless, guiltless; why then do I have to pay such a price to satisfy blood-thirsty beings who delight in seeing others suffer. Why me? What have I done that I should be chosen to pay the price for someone else's crime. I didn't even know Mr. Andrews, how could I have murdered him. I didn't know him; I didn't know him. Why me?

The rhythmic sound of the guard's impersonal footsteps as he parades up and down along the corridor echo in my brain. The cold, emptiness of his features and the unchanging stare which always looks forwards, hold an expression of impending gloom and disaster. There is no cheerfulness and gaiety about today. Why should it be any different from every other day? It's only the last day of my life.

I gaze around my tiny cell. I feel claustrophobic and restricted, like an animal in a cage closed in and watched closely. There is not enough room for me to do anything at all. Surely human beings were not intended for this, as animals were not meant for captivity. This enclosure seems to be getting smaller — it is closing in on me, pressing me close, squeezing tighter and tighter around me. Let me out, let me out. I want to get out!

The number of footsteps in the passage outside increases: there are four people, not one. They're coming to get me. Where can I hide? Why do they make these rooms so small? Leave me alone. Let me go. You're hurting my arm. It wasn't me. It wasn't me.

All right. Take me. Satisfy your bloodthirsty natures. Use me to demonstrate your power.

HELEN PURCHASE UVI
Langdon

CHIRIMO

Chanya Chirimo
Iknow zvino kurze
zava nacho rinoshura mare.
Chiedza chakarbenekera nyika yose,
mudenga muure mousiyipiri,
tarisa uone makomo stryanga,
ongodzi nyirayipiri neneva rechirimo.
Mombi dzakati rakata manikwari,
Vanhu unazona rakata mukutwari,
svabva rwendo rucu.
Mombi dzavaya muchanya ayo angwa matari,
Richangoni kata dzakati handeza lugasha chembere,
kunwazi kwakwa kwadzimostangana nevipembera
nemwira.

Mirira yebani usgatona?
Chokwadi nhombu pahaya vashu.
Barwe rechirimo robes rapakata,
vhama kandal roka, bendel sinorina tsozi
kumatoro,
Harawa dzepeda mari pemberawera mukwakwa.
Bwo madoro mafari vedzwa = ej!
Ufumewa mari yose kuli cici kwashengi,
kushaya mari i warimembashikwa,
idzo harawa dzswerezo svvedza ndari,
kana nekunobva mari yache enokushaya,
nhombu nemwira himechivira,
anu enowwa volkumbes theeni romanyu, sebadha
baba vofi havana.

Gire gire wozza zvori ndichambenda kenderi,
ko mun yacho yagobepif?
namhindaro pacchi hawari,
baba vanolva vanda chinayarare,
vodecka valuchochcha hawawa bweChirimo Bwe
bukati hundapira sunare.

Zava rechirimo rinoshura mare,
wika bweChirimo unorara, shaya dzichinga
dzuChidakwa atukwa,
Denga rachina narerka,
ndiyengwerewere kenge rovavirwa,
Vanhu zvino vanira vafaranku.
Chokwadi faranakai,
hero, kuvika curvita zava rakatarewa
manange makamuna nemwiko matrukwa.

MEMORY CHABGWERA, LIL
McIntosh

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING SCHOOL

at last
I am free
free from the never-ending
routine of term
after term lesson
after lesson exam
after exam

Holiday Inn

The people pleasers

A FRIGHTFUL BUT AMUSING EXPERIENCE

One hot summer's night, while I was sleeping peacefully "au naturel", my sixth sense demanded that I open my eyes. I did so and was amazed at what I saw next to the bed opposite mine. At first I could not figure out what it was. Suddenly, I came to my senses, realizing that the two figures were total strangers and, what made matters worse, they were males! Very strange males; what were they doing here and at this time of the night? They did not know they were being watched, and just carried on staring at each bed in turn.

They spent five minutes in the dormitory crouching low as if they were spying on someone. Nervously, I pulled my sheet up over my head, leaving only a small hole through which I could breathe and observe what was going on. My heart was beating so fast I was sure they could hear it. I tried to think of ice-cream and chocolates, as I am very fond of ice-cream and chocolates, but instead I found myself thinking of my Biology: how fast my Adrenalin was acting. When at last they left, I jumped out of bed, pulled my dressing gown on and ran frantically towards the headgirl's room. She looked at me in confusion before getting out of bed. Together, heavily armed with a brush and an aerosol deodorant can, we made our trembling way to the superintendent's room, not knowing whom we might meet round the next corner.

No one believed me, until we walked into the bathroom and found all our underwear, which was supposed to be hanging on racks, scattered everywhere. The police were called and after checking that the mischievous males were not in the house, we went outside to check that they were not there either. But on the barbed wire above the wall were our pants and bras. We began imagining: "What if Mrs. Ronahan were to drive past in the morning and see this sight: imagine what other passers-by would say?"

"Hey, these are my pants!" I exclaimed excitedly, thankful they were not torn. Everyone laughed, though to this day I do not know why. After having some tea and biscuits in the superintendent's room, we made our way back to bed. Helen, our bed of house, had to escort me right up to my bed and tuck me in, though she refrained from kissing me goodnight.

Now my dormitory's doors are kept locked at night. For as long as two weeks after the incident, we even slept with hockey sticks and tennis rackets under our pillows. We are fully prepared for a repetition of this episode, and I have learnt that nightmares have their uses even in the warmest weather.

KIKI JOANNIDES, 5B

no longer will
my life be punctuated
by bells and sirens
by rules
and by the decisions of matrons
I am free to come
and go
as I please
what good have the
last thirteen years
of discipline done me
I have become
fanatical about freedom
and have yearned
for independence
from rules and regulations
from customs and capital letters
what do I gain
a few certificates
with meaningless symbols
in the dedication of the only
childhood I possess
worth it

yet ironically
as I look over my school days
and ask myself
the same question
what have I gained I remember
the fun I have had the
housel Christmas
concerts and the inter-house
plays the nervousness of waiting backstage
before public speaking
and the fulfilment
of taking part
in the combined carol concert
what have I gained
a sense of loyalty
and honour
the ability to discipline
myself to work
late at night
at problems that
simply won't come
right
more important I have
learnt about people
and other existences
and have
realized what it is
to be able to
live with and get
along with people from
all walks of life

Helen purchased a vi
langton

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CINQUAINS

Cinquain:
Tapering
Patterned phrases.
Rising, falling.
Fifth line always stretching.

Verses
Cinquain.

Wind
Shapeless
Colourless monster
Whispering, roaring.
Where do you come from,
Air.

Wind?

CHARITY NYONI, 2A

Watch
Noisy
Numbered circle
Ticking, ticking
Hours, minutes, seconds
Time-teller

Watch

TANDO MATE, 2B

Poetry
Delightful
Wonderful words
Rhyming, rhyming
Amusing all soft hearts

Lyric

Poetry

CECILIA SWARRES, 2B

Snake
Scary
Curly reptile
Slither, spitting

Reflection of the devil in the eye

Marliener

Snake

SIPHILISIWE SIBANDA, 2B

City
Large
Great Show
Showing, boasting
Life is not as easy as I thought
Crowds

City

NOMASIKO MOYO, 2B

Mysell
Ugly
Naughty child
Playing, crying
Everyone hates me
Human being
Mysell

Mathematics,
Numbers
Long division
Adding, subtracting
The hateful subject at school
Confuser
Mathematics

Wind?

JANET SIBANDA, 2B

Glass
Yellow
Wet sticky
Sticking, sliding
Ma! I can't get the stuff off my fingers
Substance
Glow

Watch

JENNIFER MAKAZA, 2B

School
Old
Noisy class
Smacking, stamping
The teacher's in a fit
Workroom

Watch

MEENA VAGHMARIA, 2B

My family
Large
Moneyless group
Loving, willing
Kids like rats
Representative
My family

World
Round
Big marble
Turning, burning
Pollution, pollution everywhere
Earth
World

LINDIWE SIBANDA, 1B

RENET COOPER, 1B

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"BUT SCREW YOUR COURAGE TO THE STICKING PLACE AND WELL NOT FAIL."

How now, why do you keep alone, sweet chuck? I looked up to see a grinning classmate and hastily closed my copy of Macbeth with an exasperated sigh. She knew what I was doing; of course she did. The whole class faced yet another Literature test on Monday morning. We had been having daily tests on every twenty pages and the whole week had become a daunting 'tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow'. Our lives had 'fallen into the snare, the yellow leaf'. While these tests lasted, we were almost unrecognisable, speaking our version of Elizabethan English and dramatising everyday happenings.

Some of the play had been great fun. I still chuckle when I picture Mrs Smith, our English teacher staggering between the desks shouting, 'Knock! Knock!' pounding a desk-top on the bellowed, 'Who's there, I the name of Beelzebub?' We laughed hysterically at her sudden transformation from dignity to drunkenness.

We found some of the lines very amusing, and not only in the Porter's scene. Our favourites were from the scene of Macduff's son's murder. For a while we spoke of people as 'thug-haiied villains'. We thought the solemn and serious words, 'He has killed me' particularly funny because of the punctuation. Another quotation that caused hilarity was 'You egg! Young fry of treachery!' because of the association of 'egg' and 'fry'. It was during the classroom performance of this scene that Mrs Smith suddenly grabbed a dozing girl in the front row with a ruler, roaring 'You egg!' loudly enough to crack her shell.

During those Macbeth weeks I had to burn the midnight oil every night, struggling to comprehend and memorise dialogue, colloquies, ambiguities and vital facts, more and more resembling a 'cream-faced loon'. Friends would enquire, 'Where goest thou that gosse-lock?' That at least gave me the cue to reply, 'The devil durst thee black.'

As it turned out, it was all a waste of time, for in the Macbeth question in the examination I achieved the magnificent result of two-and-a-half out of twenty. I 'should have died hereafter', but looking around at some of my 'weird sisters' I soon realised I was not alone. That witches' cauldron should include several examinees' hearts — if they have any.

CATHERINE MAXWELL, 4 A.

IMPROVING THE SCHOOL

I shall not be too demanding. There are only about one hundred and forty-five changes I'd like to see at Eveline, but relax! I will mention only a few here. Let's start with classrooms. There should be an air-conditioner in every classroom, though I would choose two for room 6. The air gets really stuffy in summer, in fact everything is stuffy — stuffy classrooms, stuffy passageways, stuffy teachers — oops, sorry! that just slipped out. And in winter there should be at least two heaters in each classroom, but even those would not be enough to warm us under the freezing stars we get when work is not done, or not done properly. No offence, really, I'm just writing what others would like to say. I think classrooms could be painted in more feminine colours. One goes slowly insane looking at three dull white walls all day. In the hall, for assembly, we should not sit on the floor but be provided with chairs. As it is, the teachers look down on us, which is quite wrong. If we, too, had chairs, it would be much easier to see eye to eye with our teachers. We have a sickness for the use of the physically ill or disabled, but why can't the school cater for mental cases as well? I'm thinking of those, quite a number, who each week have to go through a trying ordeal with the headmistress. There should be a recovery room, a room for repose, splendidly and comfortably furnished, so that such people could spend the rest of their day, if not the rest of their days, in peace. A schoolgirl's life is a hard one. So much could be done to ease it.

YASMIN NADAT, 2A

THE BURGLAR

Arnold Weinstaker was a clever man. The thoughts crossed his mind as he climbed silently through another window, and he smiled to himself. He moved in the darkness with an agility and assurance that was more cat-like than human. His feet neatly and instinctively evaded the familiar traps — the waste paper bin, the hat stand, the floor cushion. Any one of them, if accidentally kicked or dislodged, could give him away. Any one of them could cost him dearly. He knew this well. All that was on his side was his intuition, his guile, his professionalism. The man who possessed all three gave himself the edge — the knife blade distinction between the professional and the small-time criminal. The edge was the thing.

Arnold Weinstaker had the edge.

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He stopped suddenly. To the left his trained eyes picked out the symmetrical silhouette of a glass-fronted bookcase, dimly illuminated by the eerie yellow glow of a street lamp and the gassy swirling beams of passing motor cars. He glided soundlessly to the bookcase and tried the handle of the glass door. Locked! He tried again but without success. Arnold Weinbaker sighed and lifted the pocket flap of his dark blue anorak. He pulled out a small, elongated box. It looked like a piccolo case, but of course it was not. Arnold Weinbaker clicked it open to reveal a set of six gleaming lock picks, each bedded elegantly in the soft, velvet padding of the box. Having selected the appropriate tool, he dispatched the offending lock with contemptuous ease, replaced the instrument and slid the case noiselessly back into his pocket. Arnold Weinbaker was a professional in every sense of the word.

The bookcase opened smoothly on its well-oiled hinges. It was a good sign. If a man takes pride in his bookcase, he must also take pride in the books it houses. Yet, it was a good sign. Arnold Weinbaker liked good signs. He selected a book and opened it. It was a second edition of "The Merchant of Venice." That is worth a few bob, Weinbaker thought to himself. He replaced it and pulled out another. It was the first edition of "Antony and Cleopatra." Weinbaker smiled to himself. It was going to be a good night's work. The bookworm was a Shakespeare man — and so was Arnold Weinbaker. He moved to retrieve the book, but the professional seemed to miscalculate the distance and the book slipped from the shelf. It crashed on the carpeted floor with a thud that reverberated through the room like the crack of doom itself.

Arnold Weinbaker did not attempt to escape. Instead, he dove helplessly under the bureau and waited, his heart pounding, his breath stifled by the thrill of the moment. Sure enough, the footsteps came, the light clicked on, and an imperious voice challenged the silence.

"Who's in here? Come on out. I'm armed and I won't ask again!"

Weinbaker quavered out sheepishly. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I surrender! Please don't shoot!"

"So," his captor announced triumphantly, "you've been trying to steal my books, have you? Well, I'm sure the police will want to have a word with you." He moved towards the telephone.

"No! Look, wait," Weinbaker begged. "I've got a wife and children. This isn't the first time — if the cops get their hands on me again, they'll throw the key away. Look, I can make it worth your while."

"How?"

"My name is Weinbaker, maybe you heard of me? I got connections, see. Remember that job on the Rosenthal Collection, the one where they got the "Richard III" edition? Well, I can help you get hold of it, if you want it."

His captor laughed and moved over to the bureau. He drew a key from round his neck and opened the drawer. "You're lying, Weinbaker. I already have the "Richard III" edition." He pulled out a small book and waved it in the air.

Weinbaker was stunned. "You mean . . . you mean . . . you did the Rosenthal Collection job? It's impossible . . . but . . . how . . . I mean . . ."

"You small-time crooks disgust me, quite frankly Weinbaker. But I quite like you. Even so, I shall have to kill you. You know too much. And anyway, you're a burglar and you're in my house. I thought you were armed. The police will understand." The man gave a sinister smile. But he had not noticed the two men who had crept silently into the room, behind him. Before he could pull the trigger, he had been over-powered and handcuffed. Arnold Weinbaker smiled at his astonished victim and pulled out his identity holder. "Detective Inspector Arnold Weinbaker, New York Police Department." "You're under arrest."

REBECCA MACKENZIE LEE

A RELAXING HALF-HOUR

On Friday afternoon the pain became unbearable so I reluctantly passed out my woes to my mother, begging her to try home nursing first. If that failed, she would take me to the dentist. We tried everything that was available at home, but it was in vain. I knew it was hopeless to try to wish the pain away, so off we would have to go to Dr. R. My mother hooted violently in an effort to hurry me to the car; I staggered towards her, feeling wrenching.

In the waiting room I grabbed a magazine to try to relieve my fear. To my horror all the pictures were of rotten teeth and much of the words threatening. Lack of fluoride leads to false teeth — or worse. I slammed the magazine shut and heard my name being called. Soon I was faced by a grinning Dr R., motioning me to his chair. As I rather nervously reclined I felt myself being shot up about half a metre. Half blinding me with beams of light, he said, "Say aah." And then "Sorry. These are badgies!"

There was no need to ask what had to be done; he had already picked up a fierce-looking device with which he began to dig eagerly into my gums. Next the nursing assistant strapped me down. When I asked why, she calmly replied, "Oh, some patients become violent when the needle is injected into

the gums; sometimes the needle breaks, and it might even stick in your throat.' I managed a nervous laugh, trying hard to seem brave. Next, a bib was tied around my neck, so tightly that I imagined my face must soon resemble a bluebottle. 'Open, please,' I had by now, instinctively, shut my eyes, but I forced a peep to see what was coming. A huge, hairy pair of callous hands was holding a gleaming syringe; the needle seemed as thick as a pencil lead. I screwed up my eyes and clenched my fists as I waited for action. With one sharp, almost painless stroke the ghastly stuff was injected into my gum but I lay shaking violently.

Unfortunately, the injection did not make me unconscious. From where I lay I could see a variety of shining objects being taken out of the steriliser. They looked more suitable for tightening nuts and bolts on a truck than for investigating the human mouth. 'Open wide,' said Dr H. confidently. I clenched my hands and braced myself like a marionette. I felt something go in and then grip a tooth. My whole rigid body rocked as the tooth was pulled from inside. Suddenly with an extra-violent jerk everything seemed to fly out of my mouth. I put my hand up to my flaming lips. My cheek felt like an exploded tennis ball.

Before even that cold dismissal, 'You can go now', I leapt from the chair and charged out of the surgery. For the next week I stayed at home recuperating, feeling like a bloated toad.

ANGELA FAIRLAMB, 1B

DROUGHT

The sun, bright and dazzling,
Scorches the earth
Right down to the core.
The land cracks.
The last of the water has gone.

What was green and beautiful!
When water was plentiful
Is now shrivelled
And brown, and dying.

The bones of dead animals
Lie bleached in the scorching heat.
The piles growing bigger
As the days drag on.

More and more of the few
Living things left:
Stagger and fall,
The burden of heat
Too heavy to carry.

LINDSAY MACKENZIE, 2B
who recited her own poem
in the Eisteddfod.

THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS, YET THERE'S METHOD IN 'T: Shakespeare anticipates Eveline in 1967

Mrs. Rosalie Manners In great ones must we unwatched go
Mrs. Swithin The lady hath plotted too much, methinks
Mrs. Headline Not let they soul contrive against thy mother single

Mrs. Bernards How dost thou understand the Scripture?

Miss Berkes This same sorceress and most obnoxious wench

Mrs. Beckets Here I newly came to court

Mrs. Blame-Ward Call me what instrument you will

Mrs. Bohemia Toss off before their buttons be disclosed

Mrs. Bedfords Within the bush and volume of my brain

Miss Chrysanthemum From this time forth, be something nearer of your madman presence

Mrs. Carlisle I am ill in these numbers

Mrs. Dene Mad for thy love

Mrs. de Plantes With fiery quickness

Mrs. Gorgon To sulphurous and tormenting flames

Mrs. Hawthorn In honourable fashion

Mrs. Isabella Almost to jolly with the act of love

Mrs. Isabella Divided from herself

Mrs. Kynaston Scarcen your admiration for a while

Mrs. Lenthall See you mark this?

Mrs. Lindegreen Devotion makes upon a second leave

Mrs. Mistletoe There no plants stir

Mrs. Mayhew You shall now kiss as you go up the stairs

Mrs. Marsh Pepperpot's cuffs

Mrs. Mollie My thoughts and whishes tend again towards France

Mrs. Morgan-Davies And drew you into madnes

Mrs. Montague Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air

Mrs. Peasey And think it past's time

Mrs. Sugars Mortals I smelt the morning air

Mrs. Stevens He hath not failed to poster us with message

Mrs. Shrewsbury Your pardon and my return shall be the end of my injuries.

Mrs. Towne Woods, woods, woods

Mrs. Todd Stand and stretch yourself

Mrs. Van Brakel The ears are innocent that should give an hearing

Mrs. Vickery This wench and commendable is your nature

Mrs. Westland As thou art to thyself

Mrs. Bass Neither a borrower nor a lender be

Mrs. Nelly O what a Cooper! a peasant's dove am I

Mrs. Andrews All trivial fiddling records

Professor Hattie Not to know it, that I . . . stay nuptio to my frivvys

Miss Form Study Periodic You so slender any moment break

Examination Person My lord is almost come

"Mind": O horrible! O horrible! Miss Horrible! This is my memory locked!

Final examination But next to my nose with all my imperfections on my head

Staff vs Girls March And you my slaves grow our instant old but bear me stiffly up

General Student Let me not live in ignorance

Music Students With infinite pleasure tell our addition

Public Speaking And draw the general ear with fervid speech

Mrs. Shrewsbury Come in, I desire to speak to you with you.

Quotations from Hamlet (reprinted by JULIAN BORRINCANTH and MARIE GULDENSTERN, 1C)

HOUSE NOTES

MCINTOSH HOUSE

Superintendent: Mr. McKillen
Headless Staff: Miss Joseph, Miss Hughes, Miss Edgar
Viking Staff: Miss Liddell, Miss Crozier, Miss Ward
Teaching Staff: Mr. De Plessis, Mrs. Balmer, Mrs. Margarette
Matrons: Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Neale, Mrs. Morris
House Captain: L. Pringle
House Prefects: A. Pollock (deputy house captain), S. Pringle,
 S. Zenderberg, T. Dupree, R. Nyakwazi, L. Mafunda,
 L. Williams
School Prefects: L. Pringle, A. Nollen, S. Pringle
Monitors: D. Botha

McIntosh kept up her reputation in the third term 1981 by winning the Allan Welsh Trophy for the third time, as well as winning the interhouse swimming competition for the second consecutive year. So far, McIntosh has managed to maintain her high position in house points and I hope the girls continue as successfully for the remainder of the year, and always. In the first term, McIntosh re-established herself in the athletics and came first, an improvement on last year. Our congratulations go to Coleen Sauerman who was Senior Vice-Chairwoman, Yvonne Nyabango who was U14 Vignis Ludorum, and Sibonile Ncube, who won the trophy for the best-improved junior athlete. We did well in the interhouse tennis, our juniors coming first and our seniors second. Once again McIntosh won both the junior and senior interhouse hockey and were very successful in netball, the seniors coming first, and the juniors second. Our special congratulations go to Coleen Sauerman who was chosen to represent Zimbabwe in the school girls' hockey team.

I would like to thank Mr. McKillen, the staff, matrons, prefects and the girls for all their help and enthusiasm.

LINDA PRINGLE L6'

Achievements

- L. Botha: U13 Team Netball, U13 Team Hockey
- L. Cipriani: 1st Team Tennis
- R. Crozier: Team Swimming, U14A Hockey
- P. Chaboda: 2nd Team Hockey
- H. Chauvenet: U14 Athletics, U14 Netball
- T. Dupree: 2nd Team Netball, Business Management Game
- S. De Plessis: Team Swimming
- L. Ferri: U13 Netball, U13 Team Athletics
- F. Ferri: U14 Team Netball
- D. Goodwin: U14A Hockey, Choir
- M. Great Choir
- H. Hill: U14A Hockey, Choir
- L. Hlabangana: U14B Hockey
- F. Haqoon: U15 Team Tennis, 1st Team Netball, 2nd Team Hockey, Bicentennial award

- H. Kruger: U15B Hockey
- M. Ladell: U15 Hockey, Bicentennial award
- C. Ladell: Choir
- L. Malagoli: Choir
- S. Mampelela: U15 Team Netball
- F. Mbane: Choir
- H. Moye: U15 Team Tennis, U15 Netball
- A. Mpofu: U15 Team Tennis, Choir
- T. Msimbati: U15B Hockey, Choir
- T. Neder: U14A Hockey
- S. Ntshate: Team Athletics, U13 Team Netball, U13 Team Hockey
- A. Nollen: 1st Team Tennis, 1st Team Netball, 1st Team Basketball, 1st Team Athletics
- T. Nollen: U15 Team Tennis, U15 Team Netball, U13 Team Athletics
- V. Ntshatepe: S. U. Leader
- P. Ntshatepe: U15 Athletics, U15B Netball
- D. Ntshatepe: U13 Team Netball
- T. Nyabango: Team Athletics, U14B Team Netball
- V. Ntshatepe: Choir
- P. Pathi: U13 Team Hockey
- D. Pollock: U14 Team Hockey
- L. Pringle: Deputy Head Girl, Librarian, Academic Colours, Business Management Game
- S. Pringle: Academic Colours, Business Management Game, Producer
- L. Quasham: Choir, 1st Team Hockey, Team Athletics, Team Swimming, School Play
- E. Rautenbach: Choir, U14B Hockey
- C. Sauerman: 1st Team Athletics, 1st Team Hockey, Matabeleland Team Hockey, Zimbabwe School Girls Team Hockey
- J. Sauer: 1st Team Hockey
- C. Sibanda: U14 Team Netball, Team Athletics
- S. Sibanda: Team Athletics, U13 Team Hockey, U15 Team Netball, U13 Team Tennis
- B. Nyakwazi: 1st Team Basketball, Choir, Librarian, School Play
- S. Townsend: Team Swimming
- V. Tindili: Team Athletics, 1st Team Hockey, Athletics Colours
- F. Van Heesel: U15 Team Netball
- L. Williams: 1st Team Basketball, Gym Team
- N. Zenderberg: Gym Team, Team Diving, Team Swimming, Team Athletics, U14A Team Hockey
- S. Zenderberg: Team Athletics, Team Swimming, Choir, 1st Team Hockey, Librarian, Athletics Colours
- E. Zenda: U14B Hockey

BUNTON HOUSE

Members of Staff in Charge: Mr. Stewart

Headless Staff: Mrs. Marvi, Mr. Drye, Mrs. Moffat, Miss Berlin

House Captain: G. Jenkins

House Prefects: Marlene Don Sante, (Deputy House Captain), S. Sauer, J. Sauer, B. Shiri

Monitors: H. Gehring, Marlene Don Sante, Z. Moye, G. Nolf, S. Ngwenya

School Prefects: G. Jenkins, S. Sauer

The house spirit is slowly dissipating from within the ranks of Bunton, made apparent by the vast number of excuse notes that inevitably appear at the mention of the word "Athletics". Despite this the house put up a spirited fight in the inter-house athletics competition, losing to Gladstone, however.

due to a combination of a lack of talent and the fact that a number of girls failed to turn up for the meeting, thus waiving the opportunity to represent their house. The house play, though, "The Crimson Coconut", aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and this, coupled with the many hours of hard work put in by both the producer and the cast, most notably Samantha Dyason, Minaxi Patel and Rosetta Posthumus, contributed to the large success which the house experienced. Samantha Dyason must be congratulated for being chosen as a nominee for the Best Actress Award. Baatos did not excel in the inter-house tennis, though throughout the netball and hockey competitions, enthusiastic team work and determination was evident. I would like to convey my appreciation to all those who supported the house during the year; however, more house spirit is necessary for Euston to once again achieve the success they deserve.

GILLIAN JENKINSON L6'

Achievements:

- C. Chikwanda: U14A Team Netball
- F. De Roos: U13A Team Basketball (Captain), U13A Team Hockey, 1st Team Athletics, Distinction Awards
- S. Dyason: Leading part in the "Pajama Game"
- A. Forfar: U13A Team Hockey, Life Saving, 1st Team Swimming
- A. Ismail: U14A Team Netball
- G. Jenkinson: Producer of House Play, Head Librarian, Tommies' Club, Choir 1st and 2nd Class Distinction Awards, "Pajama Game"
- T. Jensen: U14A Team Hockey
- T. Lawrence: U13A Team Hockey, 1st Team Swimming, Distinction Awards
- K. Mhlongo: U14A Team Netball
- C. Morgan: 2nd Team Hockey
- N. Moye: U14A Team Netball
- L. Mgqashile: 1st Team Netball
- B. Ndlovu: U13A Team Netball
- S. Ntshanga: Athletics Team
- C. Ngwenya: U13A Team Netball
- B. Nyamangwa: U13A Team Hockey
- V. Nyathi: U14A Team Netball
- R. Punda: U13A Team Hockey
- M. Puse: 1st Class Distinction Award (Speech and Drama)
- S. Puse: U14A Team Netball
- T. Robinson: Choir, U15B Team Hockey
- J. Samuels: U13A Team Netball, Athletics Team
- B. Sharpe: 1st Team Netball, 1st Team Basketball
- J. Sizwe: 1st Team Basketball
- S. Sizwe: 1st Team Basketball (selected for Manzilikulu Schools Business Management Game)
- J. Stephenstone: U13A Team Hockey
- V. Tsalane: U13A Team Hockey
- C. Van Riebeeck: 2nd Team Hockey
- I. Wirth: Choir
- T. Zenda: 1st Team Netball

LANGDON HOUSE

Teacher in charge Mrs. Sagar

Superintendent Mr. Fox

Matrons Mrs. de la Rose, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. David, Mrs. Nielsen, Mrs. Gilligway

Staff: Mrs. Cattini, Mrs. Penny, Mr. Maynard

House Captain Helen Purchase

Deputy House Captain Lindiwe Shabani

House Peadiots Alice Smith, Terence Gouws, Jason Maykens

House Matrons Kiki Jooste, Grace Masera, Zandie Mkhulu

Langdon started the year well by coming joint first in the inter-house Public Speaking competition and first in the inter-house Drama competition. Our Senior Tennis team won their competition, and although we only came third in the inter-house Athletics, Hatsuendo Katsutwa and Sylvia Richardson were Victories Ludorem in their respective age-groups. In the second term, we won the Junior Netball trophy and came second to McIntosh in the Senior Netball. At the moment, we are doing very well in house-points, coming second overall. The house members have shown tremendous spirit and enthusiasm this year and we hope to do as well in the inter-house Swimming Gala in the third term as we have done in other events. To conclude, I should like to thank all the members of staff, especially Mrs. Sagar, for all they have done for the house, and wish Langdon all the best for the future.

HELEN PURCHASE UVI

Achievements:

- R. Beckman: U14B Team Tennis, House Play, Drama Club
- S. Boddy: Team Swimming, U13A Team Hockey, House Play
- A. Conigal: Team Swimming, U13B Team Hockey
- V. Dlamini: 2nd Team Basketball
- D. du Souci: 2nd Team Basketball
- N. Dukobulo: S.U.
- S. Dube: S.U., U13A Team Netball, House Play
- E. du Preez: Team Swimming, Team Diving, U13 Team Basketball, House Play
- J. Fomison: Librarian
- K. Fostine: 2nd Team Basketball, Team Swimming, Team Diving, Team Athletics, U13B Team Hockey
- P. Govere: 1st Team Hockey, 1st Team Tennis, Librarian, House Play
- T. Govere: House Prefect, Choir, Typing Club, 1st Team Basketball, House Play, 1st Team Tennis
- L. Hachire: 1st Team Netball, 1st Team Hockey, 2nd Team Basketball, 1st Team Tennis, Team Athletics, House Play
- K. Jansen: House Monitor, 1st Team Basketball
- J. Koma: U13B Team Hockey, S.U.
- H. Kotzen: U13 Athletics Victoria Ludorum, French Club, Manzilikulu Athletics Team, Team Athletics, House Play, S.U., U13A Team Netball
- N. Malana: U13B Team Hockey, U15B Team Netball, Team Athletics
- P. Maghalia: U15B Team Netball, S.U.
- A. Marais: U15 Team Basketball
- B. Marais: U13A Team Hockey, S.U.
- T. Maphumengphela: House Play, S.U.

- H. Main: U14A Team Netball, Team Athletics
 T. Main: French Club, House Play, S.U., U15A Team Netball,
 U15 Team Basketball
 G. Marano: House Monitor
 H. McCorville: Team Swimming, U13B Team Netball, Drama Club
 N. Mignot: S.U.
 T. Miles: French Club, Grade 2 Music, Choir, 1st Team Tennis, 1st Team Netball
 M. Morris: U13B Team Netball, House Play
 Z. Mtsakas: House Monitor
 S. Naylor: S.U.
 N. Ngwenya: U13B Team Tennis
 J. Norton: Team Swimming, 1st Team Hockey, Senior Matilda Island Synchronised Swimming
 H. Purchese: School Prefect, Chair, Librarian, School Play, House Play, Eisteddfod cup for best U18 Soloist, 1st in interhouse Public Speaking, Speaker - Inter-school's Public Speaking, Vice-Chairman of Transvaalians Club
 E. Purchese: Team Swimming, S.U., Drama Club, U13A Team Hockey, U13B Team Netball, House Play
 R. Rice: Team Swimming, U14B Team Hockey
 S. Richardson: Team Athletics, U13 Athletics Victoria Laskerom, U13A Team Netball
 J. Silonda: House Play, S.U.
 L. Silonda: School Prefect, House Play, Inter-house Public Speaking, Treasurer of Transvaalians Club
 S. Silonda: U13A Team Netball, French Club
 S. Silonda: House Play, French Club, S.U., Chair
 A. Smith: School Prefect, Librarian, House Play, Inter-house Public Speaking
 N. Sommance: Choir, Librarian, School Play, Grade 3 Music
 M. Stretton: Team Swimming
 P. Taylor: Team Swimming
 C. van Beek: Team Swimming, House Play, 2nd Team Basketball
 L. West: U13 Team Basketball, Team Swimming
 P. Whieldon: Team Swimming, House Play
 E. Zangaro: U13A Team Netball, S.U.
 C. Zett: House Play, Team Athletics, Team Swimming, U13B Team Netball

SELBORNE HOUSE

- Member of Staff in Charge: Mr. van Beek
 Staff: Mrs. Brown-Ward, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Tones, Mr. Shumba
 House Captain: S. Seymour
 House Prefects: T. Batty, K. Bryden, S. Edge, R. Main, J. Cartwright, P. Turnbull
 School Prefects: T. Batty, K. Bryden, S. Edge, S. Seymour, P. Turnbull

Although Selborne has not featured prominently in inter-house competitions this year, there have still been notable achievements. Our house play, 'The Blooms', reached the finals of the inter-house drama competition and Susan Edge won the cup for the best producer. The junior tennis team are to be congratulated for winning the junior inter-house tennis while the junior netball and senior hockey teams managed to reach the semi-finals of the inter-house netball and hockey. Unfortunately Selborne's strength on the athletics track was sadly lacking this year as we were placed fourth and it is disappointing to note that this was probably due to a lack of house spirit in the preparation for this

meeting. It is hoped that there will be an improvement in this sphere next year; congratulations, however, go to G. Irimayi, joint U14 Victoria Laskerom. Finally I should like to thank all house-members who have participated in house events and have made it possible for Selborne to enjoy a successful year.

BEVERLEY SEYMOUR LG

Achievements:

- G. Adams: 1st Team Athletics
 C. Bain: 1st Team Hockey, Matildaland Netball U21A Team
 Z. Barry: Academic colours
 B. Bowes: House Play
 K. Bragg: U15A Tennis
 K. Bryden: 1st Team Swimming, 1st Team Lifesaving, Team-masters' Club, House Play
 J. Charles: U13B Hockey, Chair
 D. Connor: 1st Team Swimming, Librarian, Pajama Game, House Play
 F. Dale: 2nd Team Hockey
 S. Edge: Award for Best Producer, leading role in 'Pajama Game', Choir
 A. Fairhurst: U13A Tennis, U13A Hockey
 S. Galant: U15A Tennis, 4 Speech Eisteddfod Honour Awards, House Play
 J. Hendrickson: U15A Tennis
 G. Irimayi: 1st Team Athletics
 N. Kambula: U13B Netball
 M. Lazarus: 1st Team Swimming, U13A Hockey
 K. Main: 1st Team Athletics
 J. Mikoski: U14B Tennis, Choir
 M. Naylor: 1st Team Swimming, 1st Team Lifesaving, 1st Team Hockey, Transvaalians' Club, 'Pajama Game', House Play
 J. Ross: 1st Team Swimming, 1st Team Diving, U14B Tennis, U13A Hockey
 D. Robbie: U13A Tennis, U13A Hockey, Chair, House Play
 S. Roberts: U14B Netball
 L. Russell: 2nd Team Hockey
 B. Seymour: Deputy Junior Mayorette, Head Lifesaving, Senior Prefect, House Play, Choir
 C. Seymour: Team Gymnastics, U14B Tennis, U14B Hockey
 C. Tabatabai: U13B Netball, U13B Hockey
 P. Turnbull: 1st Team Swimming Captain, 1st Team Diving Captain, 1st Team Lifesaving, 1st Team Hockey Captain, Transvaalians' Club, 'Pajama Game'
 S. Tikkeli: U13B Netball, U13B Tennis

GLADSTONE HOUSE

- Member of Staff in Charge: Mrs. Hawthorn
 Staff: Mrs. Kyneish, Mr. Cargan, Miss Isaac, Mrs. Westwood
 House Captain: J. Connell
 House Prefects: M. Khalpey, M. Khalpey, R. MacKenzie, N. Macleod, J. Mathew, L. Panday, M. Scott, Y. Tinkan
 School Prefects: J. Connell, R. MacKenzie (Head Girl), M. Scott, L. Panday

It would appear that Mr Gladstone was not very academic and was a "useless" sportman. Being named after him, how could Gladstone House do anything to go against that reputation? After coming 5th in the interhouse athletic competition, we did

extremely well — of course — in the inter-house public speaking, with Leena Pandjil and Rebecca MacKenzie coming 2nd and 3rd respectively. Leena must be congratulated for her tremendous achievement in reaching the finals of the Lions Public Speaking Competition. Unfortunately both junior and senior netball and hockey teams did not reach the finals. I would like to thank all those who supported our house during the year, but more house spirit is needed if we are going to improve.

JANE CONNELL, 16*

Achievements:

- A. Babbage: Choir
- B. Blago: U14A Hockey
- C. Bothas: Choir
- J. Connell: Junior Council, Librarian, 1st Team Hockey
- G. De Souza: House Play
- H. MacKenzie: Chair, Public Speaking, Treasureress
- S. MacKenzie: Athletics, 1st Team Netball
- J. Nettbeck: Choir
- M. Nakani: Athletics, Choir, 2nd Team Netball
- L. Pandjil: Public Speaking, Inter-House 2nd, Inter-school finals
- M. Park: Choir
- C. Pillay: Athletics, Team Swimming
- M. Scales: Choir, Producer House Play, Treasureress
- S. Stockmeyer: Athletics, U14A Hockey
- C. Swart: 2nd Team Basketball
- H. Tabb: U14B Hockey
- C. Tolosa: U15A Netball
- V. Tokun: Librarian
- M. Voghtman: U14B Hockey
- C. Van Heeden: U14A Netball, Team Basketball
- M. Young: Choir, Head Librarian, School Play, Treasureress

NORTHWARD HOUSE

Head of House: Miss Lingwood

Superintendent: Mrs. Burgess

Viking Staff: Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss De Souza, Miss Joseph, Miss Kinsella

Tracking Staff: Mrs. Barnard, Miss Victoria, Miss Walters

Mermaid: Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Noble

House Captain and Head of House: H. Tarr

School Prefects: H. Wilson (Class Captain), A. Ferreira (House Vice Captain), D. Chitabane, B. Tarr

House Prefects: V. Moss (Vice Head of House), S. Moye, M. Wilson, B. Tarr, D. Chitabane, A. Ferreira

Maidserv: C. Maxwell, M. McKay, J. Scholtz

Although we have not been entirely victorious this past year, we have achieved reputable positions in all the activities. Our play "Tickets to Hirleville" brought us into the finals again this year and was enjoyed by all who took part. In the Inter-House Athletics we were a very close second. The team spirit on that occasion, as on most others, was outstanding. A hard battle was fought by both our netball and hockey teams, especially the seniors, who reached the finals in both contests. So keep up the house spirit Northward. "We are all one Company."

Achievements:

- V. Armstrong: U15 Basketball, Honoured Award
- J. Basson: School Play
- L. Blago: Team Athletics
- S. Debo: Team Athletics
- A. Durand: Distinction Award
- V. Green: U14A Hockey, Team Athletics
- M. Groot: 2nd Team Netball, Team Athletics
- J. Hamber: 2nd Team Hockey, Synchronized Swimming, Honoured Award
- N. Harris: U14 Team Swimming, U14A Hockey
- C. Hoffmann: U14A Hockey, U15A Swimming
- S. Horner: U15A Swimming, U13A Netball
- L. Labuschager: 1st Team Hockey, 1st Team Basketball, Art Award
- M. Mackenzie: 2nd Team Netball, Team Athletics
- J. Makana: U15A Netball, U15 Basketball
- J. Matsumoto: Choir, 2nd Team Hockey
- C. Maxwell: Librarian, Camera Club
- S. McLean: Team Athletics, 1st Team Netball
- M. McKay: 2nd Team Netball
- F. McKay: Team Athletics, Choir
- N. McLean: 2nd Team Hockey, Choir, School Play
- L. Mikkelsen: 2nd Team Netball, 2nd Team Hockey, Choir
- S. Moye: 2nd Team Tennis, 2nd Team Basketball, 1st Team Netball
- M. Mpofa: Team Athletics
- N. Mpofa: Team Athletics, U15D Netball
- V. Moss: Choir, House Prefect
- A. Nellikulala: U15A Netball
- S. Nolera: Choir
- S. Nolera: Team Athletics, U15B Netball
- Z. Nsimba: Choir, U14A Hockey
- T. Ntampi: U14 Netball
- L. Pacific: Team Diving, Librarian, Choir
- A. Pecora: Public Speaking, Treasureress, Choir
- E. Perrie: Librarian
- J. Ryan: 2nd Team Hockey
- D. Scholtz: Team Athletics, U13 Netball
- L. Sibanda: Team Athletics, 1st Team Netball, 1st Team Basketball
- D. Segobane: Team Athletics, U13A Netball, U13A Hockey
- R. Tarr: 2nd Team Hockey, Librarian, House Captain
- C. Theron: U15A Hockey, Team Swimming, Team Diving, U13 Team Tennis
- L. Thorburn: U14 Team Tennis, U14A Hockey, Team Swimming, Team Diving
- T. Underwood: Choir, Tennis
- A. Van Eeden: U15 Tennis, U15A Hockey, Team Athletics
- H. Wilson: Team Athletics (Matsholeland), 1st Team Tennis, 1st Team Hockey

Some Lower Sixth Girls during Swot Leave

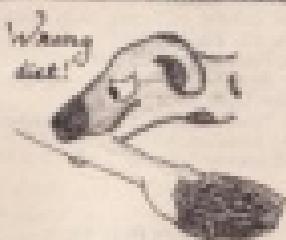
Lena



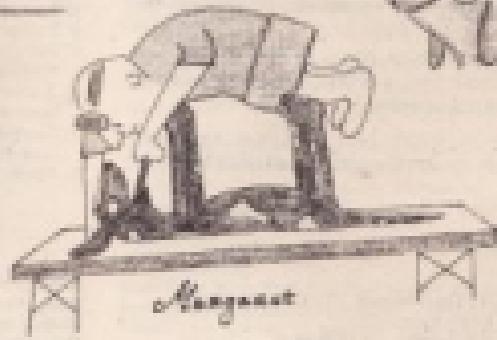
Ruby



Felicie



Wang-doo



Margaret

Rosi



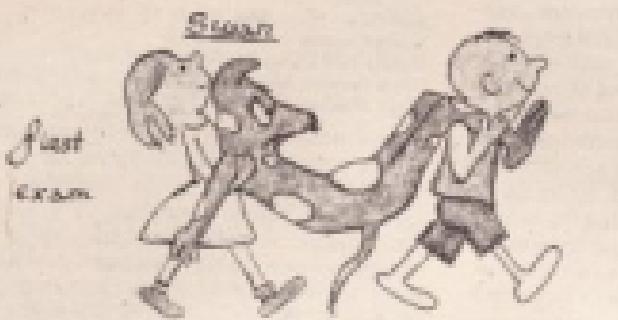
Jean



Elaine



J.L.



Dear G.
you I miss you
daughter so we been
duplicating - on her Journal.
We only getting good results
and hope to see you again
love
Bob C

March 06
well here is down south
I hope you are soon going
down South at the end
of the year

Cross zone.

March 07
write you in you
time write now.
Be great & good man
it is a
cross zone
again
- - -

March 07
Hoping you will
the same old man
whispering in mouth
Crossing mountain
It's winter no longer.
Bob C.

Cross zone having
a new man, but
mean you in Florida
"Highway"

March 08
Your writing file come
in very nicely have
a super Christmas.
Love
Bob C.



Printed Photo

Dear G.
Well my mother
has been sick
a while you know
and I have had
visiting me here
so you do little
but write me
all my love
Bob C.

I hope you are
doing good and
enjoying yourself.
All the best
Bob C.

Printed Photo
This map
shows the state of Florida
with major cities marked
such as Tampa, Orlando,
Miami, and Jacksonville.



1982

ANNUAL



OF THE

EVELINE HIGH SCHOOL

BULAWAYO, ZIMBABWE — 1982

HEADMISTRESS'S MESSAGE

My appointment as your Headmistress at the beginning of this year was, to me, the greatest honour I could have been given. After sixteen years at the school, I had come to love the old buildings and cherish the traditions for which Eveline has long been renowned. However, it was also with a feeling of trepidation that I sat in the hot seat knowing so well that so many illustrious past headmistresses had set standards which would be difficult to maintain and almost impossible to improve upon.

In this period of tremendous change the challenge has been greater than ever and I must, at this stage, pay tribute to the core of dedicated members of staff without whose support the challenge could not be tackled. You only have to page through this magazine to see for yourselves the achievements of the year — from academic successes, heights of glory in sporting competitions, to outstanding awards in the aesthetic extra-curricular activities, to realise that, with a united effort, we are all adapting to change. The tradition of 'service above self' shows no signs of exhaustion — indeed it is gratifying to

be able to say that more pupils are participating in various efforts than ever before. I repeat the oft-quoted "All people are good except those who are idle". We are obviously very fortunate at Eveline in that few are truly idle.

Have you ever asked yourselves why you attend school or why our Government is dedicated to the task of ensuring that all people have the opportunity of obtaining an education? What does the word 'education' mean to you? These are questions you should ask yourselves and I am sure there will be a variety of answers. This does not mean that one answer will be right and another wrong. I can just imagine one answer — 'education is the acquisition of knowledge'. But is this all? Surely the criterion of a good education is one which produces people able to utilise any knowledge acquired for the betterment of themselves and their fellow human beings. In other words education is a training for life and for living and sharing in harmony with fellow human beings. It is thus important to have contact with others and to understand and be



We would like to thank all our Sponsors for their support
and urge you to give them yours